

SHERLOCK

THE GHOST IN THE MACHINE

A Spec Script

Written by

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This story, originally written in 2012 after series one and two were aired, was envisaged as an episode in the show's future. Hence there is no continuity relating to the show past 2012.

This story is my vision as an independent screenwriter, born out of my love for both the series and the Sherlock Holmes canon. I do not own the characters or universe of BBC Sherlock. Obviously.

EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY

A sleepy, hazy London morning at rush hour.

Traffic light on red.

Lines of traffic waiting at the lights.

A woman's hand tightens impatiently around the handle bars of her state-of-the-art bike.

The lights change slowly. Red. Amber. Green.

The fine athletic form of a proficient CYCLIST, female, late 20s, European features. She wears a lightweight violet hijab under her helmet, complimenting her otherwise pragmatic clothing.

The Cyclist powerfully sends the bike into action, gathering momentum before skillfully gliding along a London cycle path. The bike and her are one; an extension of her body as she rides.

She anticipates the buses, cars and pedestrians as she effortlessly maintains her flow.

On the Cyclist, utterly in her element.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sherlock furiously looking for something, carelessly discarding whatever he finds in his way. He looks about the flat.

SHERLOCK

John! John?

He proceeds to send piles of paper flying about the room.

SHERLOCK

John!

CUT TO:

INT. MUSGRAVE CAFE. DAY

JOHN sits enjoying a cup of tea, keeping an eye on the every day action outside. The cafe is empty except for him and a bored BARISTA, female, 20s, in the background.

John's phone rings. It is Sherlock.

JOHN
(Tired)
Yes, Sherlock.

CUT TO:

Sherlock in 221B on his phone.

INTERCUT.

SHERLOCK
Have you seen my oyster card?

JOHN
You haven't lost another one?

SHERLOCK
Have you seen it?

JOHN
No.

SHERLOCK
I need it.

JOHN
Can't help you.

Sherlock stops to think for a moment.

SHERLOCK
Where are you?

JOHN
I am in the cafe you told me to go
to.

On Sherlock, something dawns on him. He checks the time.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET

The Cyclist pedals expertly up an incline, enjoying the pace,
before reaching the crest and relaxing into a gradual
descent.

She whizzes past a stand of newspapers.

A headline reads "HUNT CONTINUES FOR MISSING CYCLIST".

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET

Sherlock on the phone to John.

SHERLOCK

You haven't seen her yet?

JOHN

Not yet.

Sherlock traces a headline of a local newspaper with his fingers. It reads, 'LOCAL GIRL MISSING'. Next to it a photo of a young woman in her 20s with her bike. An avid cyclist.

INTERCUT.

SHERLOCK

Remember, you're watching to see who's watching her.

JOHN

I know.

SHERLOCK

Good.

Sherlock hangs up.

Frustrated, John puts his phone away and stirs his tea. With a glance around him, he shifts his position slightly for a better view of the street through the cafe window, though he can only really see the other side of the minor street.

EXT. MUSGRAVE CAFE

John is peering through the window of the cafe. Above the window hangs the awning shouting the name 'The Musgrave Cafe', along with a logo, that of an oak tree.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET

The Cyclist pedals very fast now along the road, gaining speed as she weaves through traffic then people, as she deftly mounts the spacious pavement.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSGRAVE CAFE

John slowly sipping his tea, eyes fixed on the street outside.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. SPACIOUS LONDON PAVEMENT

A LITTLE OLD LADY steps out with a SMALL DOG. The Cyclist, now at a safer speed, gracefully compensates with a kind smile. She continues along the pavement, gently and silently owning the space between everyone and everything in her path.

CUT TO:

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET

Sherlock theorising to himself.

SHERLOCK

She was good. Very good. Expert cyclist. She would have known exactly the weight of the bike on sharp turns, how wide a gap she could squeeze through, the point at which her brakes catch the wheel.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. MINOR LONDON STREET

The Cyclist back onto the road again, fast and invisible.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSGRAVE CAFE

John, unsure.

He drains his tea cup and stands up from the table, moving towards the doorway.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET

SHERLOCK

She knew her route. She knew the ebb and flow of traffic and people. She knew how fast she'd need to pedal to break clear of the car on her tail at the lights.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINOR LONDON STREET

The Cyclist at traffic lights once more, clocks a BLACK LIMO behind her. For the first time, she appears uncomfortable.

The lights change to green.

She pedals away furiously, the black limo following just behind her, steady as a shark.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET

Sherlock, as if having a vision.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINOR LONDON STREET

The Cyclist now into a narrow street.

She glances back over her shoulder, feathers ruffled. The black limo is still with her.

Ahead of her, an UNMARKED VAN approaches.

The Cyclist, eyes wide.

She has spotted her opportunity. Confident, she pedals with pure adrenalin as she rises to the challenge.

But the black limo starts to overtake her on the right.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET

SHERLOCK

Trapped.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINOR LONDON STREET

The unmarked van is closer.

The Cyclist suddenly turns to the right, the bumper of the black limo missing her by millimetres. She's into a small alley, deftly flicking the handlebars to swing herself through the gap.

The unmarked van and the black limo sit facing each other. No one gets out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSGRAVE CAFE

John steps out onto the street. It is dead. Nothing in either direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGES

The Cyclist pops out of a narrow alley way into a quiet alcove of garages.

She comes to a halt in front of Garage 4, stepping off the bike and activating the automatic garage door.

She removes her helmet, the hijab staying intact and covering her hair.

Shaken but brave, she catches her breath as she waits with her bike for the garage door to fully open.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINOR LONDON STREET

The unmarked van reversing up the street.

The black limo stays put, waiting for its path to clear.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE

The Cyclist stowing her bike and relevant gear away.

EXT. GARAGES

She activates the door and it closes behind her.

She walks away from it with a sense of duty and purpose, no longer the carefree rider, considerable weight on her shoulders.

She comes to a back gate which she unlatches and closes behind her.

EXT. FLAT B

She graces the outside steps to a private first floor entrance way to FLAT B.

She unlocks the door, but before walking in, she takes one long mournful look at the outside.

The Cyclist, composed but with watery eyes.

She goes inside and the door closes.

On the door, "FLAT B".

CUT TO:

INT. MUSGRAVE CAFE

John just paying his bill and leaving.

His phone rings. It is Sherlock still at 221B.

INTERCUT.

JOHN

Hi.

SHERLOCK

What's happening?

JOHN

Nothing.

SHERLOCK

What do you mean nothing? What can you see?

JOHN

Nothing. There's nothing.

SHERLOCK

She must have been through by now. That's the route.

EXT. MUSGRAVE CAFE

John steps back out into the totally dead street.

JOHN

I didn't see anything. I don't see why I would have. The view from here is rubbish.

SHERLOCK

No it's not.

JOHN

Yes it is. There's no one here and I could never have seen her coming even if she did come down this street.

SHERLOCK

You were in the right cafe?

JOHN
Of course. What?

SHERLOCK
Were you in the right cafe?
Munson's Cafe?

JOHN
Yes. (He looks up at the sign of
the cafe). Sort of.

SHERLOCK
John?

John walks a little way down the street to the corner.

EXT. MUNSON'S CAFE

A far busier and more spacious pavement cafe, 'Munson's',
positioned on a junction, complete with an excellent view of
the neighbourhood.

John takes this in.

Over the phone:

SHERLOCK
John?

JOHN
Oh f---

TITLES.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

Sherlock, hands steepled, his phone between them, staring
into space.

The front door slams. John appears.

SHERLOCK
Thank you for completely screwing
that up.

JOHN
You didn't say there were two
cafes.

SHERLOCK
I didn't have to. You only needed
to be in one.

JOHN
Two cafes in close proximity with
almost identical names.

SHERLOCK

They're nowhere near identical, and again if you'd gone to the correct one it wouldn't have mattered if there were 19 cafes.

JOHN

Okay! I'm sorry. I apologise. Human error.

Sherlock, a pointed look.

John starts to walk away. Then...

JOHN

It might help if you explained exactly what's going on.

SHERLOCK

I have explained.

JOHN

No you haven't.

SHERLOCK

Yes I have.

JOHN

Not in plain English, Sherlock!

SHERLOCK

It's not my fault if you can't understand and clearly it would be over your head anyway if you can't even follow a simple instruction.

JOHN

You might have pointed out there were two cafes with similar names!

SHERLOCK

I said the one on the corner.

JOHN

No you didn't.

SHERLOCK

Yes I did.

JOHN

No you... Oh forget it.

SHERLOCK

I would love to forget it but if I do it could lead to the kidnapping of another woman. I thought you were supposed to be the one who cared.

John, livid and indignant. He seethes at Sherlock for a moment before wisely stalking out of the room.

Sherlock scowling into space once more.

His eyes betray some remorse on hearing John's bedroom door slam. He looks down at the phone in his hand.

Sherlock scrolls down through his call log. An extensive list of calls between him and John, one with Mrs Hudson. One or two miscellaneous numbers. Then way down, one with Mycroft.

Off Sherlock - concern.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S THERAPY ROOM. DAY

John glaring silently at Ella.

ELLA THOMPSON
When was the last time?

JOHN
Last time what?

ELLA THOMPSON
You went out with anyone?

JOHN
On a date? Not sure. Been a while.

ELLA THOMPSON
And socially?

John shakes his head.

ELLA THOMPSON
Your friend...

JOHN
He's very busy.

Beat.

ELLA THOMPSON
Sherlock?

JOHN
Yes.

ELLA THOMPSON
But what about (she checks her notes)... Mike.

JOHN

I don't know. We just... I don't know. I got busy.

ELLA THOMPSON

Are you busy now?

JOHN

Yes. No. There's a lot going on. But I'm...

ELLA THOMPSON

You said earlier there was nothing going on.

JOHN

It depends on the kind of thing.

ELLA THOMPSON

You're still assisting Sherlock?

JOHN

I'm not his assistant. I'm not Debbie McGee. I'm a doctor. I'm...

ELLA THOMPSON

You're working together.

JOHN

Yes. Just the other day I was in the field. Doing field work. It was an important... thing.

ELLA THOMPSON

What was it?

JOHN

I had to watch someone. He tells me what I need to know.

Beat.

ELLA THOMPSON

What about now? Anything on the agenda?

John, fidgeting.

JOHN

He's working on something. He won't tell me what exactly but that's what he does. That's what he does. I'm used to it. And it's necessary.

ELLA THOMPSON

It's necessary?

JOHN

Yes, because sometimes that's how he needs to work. It's how he operates. That's him.

ELLA THOMPSON

So you don't need to know what's happening? You don't need to know what's going on with your best friend? And you don't need to know what you're doing while you're doing it?

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DUSK

Sherlock pacing in the flat impatiently.

He glances out of the window then checks his phone, nothing of interest each time.

Sherlock spies a pile of newspapers and starts to rifle through them.

SHERLOCK

Where are you?

He is interrupted by the sounds of MRS HUDSON'S voice.

He turns with excitement to the living room entrance.

It is LESTRADE with MRS HUDSON.

SHERLOCK

Good. Come in.

LESTRADE

It's weird when you're nice.

MRS HUDSON

I'll put the kettle on, shall I?

SHERLOCK

No need. You can go.

Lestrade admonishes Sherlock with a look.

SHERLOCK

Please.

Mrs Hudson takes a deep breath and gracefully withdraws.

LESTRADE

Spoke too soon.

SHERLOCK

Anything?

LESTRADE

No.

SHERLOCK

Nothing?

LESTRADE

I've got my best people --

Sherlock sneers.

LESTRADE

Yeah, all right. No need for that.
But if you can't find him.

SHERLOCK

I'm sure he's fine.

LESTRADE

Oh yeah. Clearly.

SHERLOCK

He doesn't want to be found. He'll
be in touch when he's ready.

LESTRADE

He has done this before? I mean,
you've gone for long periods of
time without --

SHERLOCK

Plenty. It's normal.

LESTRADE

But you're worried.

SHERLOCK

I'm not. I've no reason to be.

LESTRADE

Sometimes it's not about reason,
though, is it?

A door slams.

Sherlock looks at Lestrade pointedly. Lestrade nods silently.
They both sit down 'casually'.

SHERLOCK

(Loud and clear)

So I take it you have an update?

John, surly, walks in and scans the room. Greets both
Sherlock and Lestrade with a nod of the head.

LESTRADE

What? Oh yes. I mean yes I do. That cyclist --

JOHN

What cyclist?

SHERLOCK

The one you failed to see because you were pointing the wrong way.

John grits his teeth.

SHERLOCK

I take it you do mean the second cyclist?

LESTRADE

Yes. Started cycling the same route as Laura Adams after she went missing.

FLASHBACK

Lestrade by Munson's Cafe two weeks ago questioning PASSERS BY about Laura Adams. He is showing them her photo.

Sherlock in the background.

The cyclist glides past, grabbing the attention of both Sherlock and Lestrade for a moment.

Back to 221B.

SHERLOCK

Attention seeker.

LESTRADE

Probably. She was tracing the route every day, but then she stopped. No one's seen her. Just like Laura Adams, she seems to have disappeared.

SHERLOCK

People don't just disappear.

LESTRADE

No. Well. No they don't.

Lestrade looks nervously at John.

JOHN

So someone's stealing cyclists.

LESTRADE

But this one didn't appear until the last one went missing. It's like they're taking shifts.

JOHN

Maybe they both saw something they shouldn't have. Roadworks. Evil roadworks.

SHERLOCK

But the first cyclist, Laura Adams - everyone knew her. She was part of the community and that was her route.

LESTRADE

Well everyone *says* they knew her. Of course now, everyone wants to say they waved her on her way every morning to work. They probably just looked at the route she took and decided to be on it. Part of the drama.

SHERLOCK

Who else knew the route?

LESTRADE

Well, it was in the paper.

JOHN

Sorry, do you need me?

SHERLOCK

The paper. So everyone knew Laura Adams' route because you advertised it.

Sherlock raises his eyebrows at John.

John glowers at Sherlock.

LESTRADE

We published where she would have cycled to help jog people's memories. Make them think about the last time they saw her, or if they saw her go by that day. And then we could work out whereabouts she might have been taken, or gone off course.

SHERLOCK

So the second cyclist could have got that route from the paper. Didn't necessarily know Laura Adams. What was she after?

John starts to wander off.

SHERLOCK

John!

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

I still can't find that oyster card.

JOHN

Well you've already lost mine twice.

SHERLOCK

Have you seen it?

JOHN

No.

Silence.

John turns to leave again.

SHERLOCK

(Softer)

Wait. Have you...

Sherlock trying to find his words.

JOHN

Sherlock, I'm tired.

SHERLOCK

Have you been approached recently?
By Mycroft?

JOHN

What for?

SHERLOCK

Anything. For anything. Has he been
in touch?

JOHN

No. Not at all. All quiet.

Sherlock turns away. Lestrade watches.

JOHN

Not a sausage.

SHERLOCK

Okay.

JOHN

No gorgeous girls lurking on street corners waiting to accost me, to lure me to some secret government location so your brother can tell me to make sure you brush your teeth.

Sherlock ignores him.

JOHN

Quite peaceful, really. No being ushered out of buildings and into cars. No being escorted away for talking. No ambush outside my own home.

SHERLOCK

Or perhaps you just weren't looking. What's it like, John? Being so blind?

LESTRADE

Sherlock.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

Never mind. I need eyes I can rely on.

JOHN

If you want a job done, you do it. I'm not like you. Never did perfect my expert stalker routine. Too busy being well balanced.

SHERLOCK

Oh please.

JOHN

Seriously, Sherlock. Do your own dirty work. I'm not your...

SHERLOCK

My what?

LESTRADE

Lackey. Minion. Errand boy.

Sherlock and John look at Lestrade then at each other.

Lestrade, complacent. Then his phone rings. He answers.

LESTRADE

Hi. Yep. And it's her, it's definitely her? Text me the address. On my way.

He hangs up.

LESTRADE

They found our second cyclist. Dead.

SHERLOCK

Where?

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. FLAT B. NIGHT

Sherlock, Lestrade and John approach the back garden, crossing the police tape.

They walk up the external staircase to 'FLAT B'. A warm light softly radiates from within.

Lestrade goes into FLAT B.

At the top of the stairs, HARRIS VAUGHAN, the landlord, mid 40s, Londoner, waits nervously.

SHERLOCK

You found her?

HARRIS

Yes.

INT. FLAT B. NIGHT

Sherlock, John and Harris step over the threshold to Flat B.

A charming and comfortably sized studio flat lit by the mellow glow of one elegant lamp. Fairy lights twinkle across a rose-pink wall. A hue of magical warmth.

Posters from film and theatre grace the walls and the doors of a closet: Phantom of The Opera, RENT, Brief Encounter, Waterloo Bridge, Jules et Jim, Notting Hill, Laura, Les Mis and Carmen Jones.

A modern canvas print of the Eiffel Tower hangs above a compact single desk, which houses a small laptop and a notebook.

A large wooden bookshelf sits next to a single bed, many shelves packed with books, CDs, theatre programs, DVDs, the occasional ornament. A few guttered tea lights.

A large, half open window looks over the main street outside, cream curtains billowing gently, backlit by orange street light.

A kitchenette sits at the back of the room close to the window. A baby belling, cupboard, toaster, kettle, etc.

DONOVAN is briefing Lestrade.

ANDERSON, clutching an evidence bag.

The Cyclist, lifeless on top of the bed covers. Dressed in the same apparel from her last appearance, including the violet hijab.

No clear view of her face.

LESTRADE

(Having just been briefed)

Eleanor Rossignol. Went by Ellie Ross. 29. French. Here on a student visa.

John moves in to take a closer look.

Donovan rattles the overdose pills at John.

John, moved.

Sherlock notices.

JOHN

She's been dead for a good couple of days.

John kneels down by the bedside, studying Ellie.

DONOVAN

Clear overdose. Left a note.

Donovan presses a button on the laptop sitting on the desk.

A note displays on the screen.

Sherlock moves in to read it.

DONOVAN

Everything else on her hard drive has been deleted. She wiped it.

Donovan produces a letter and waves it at Sherlock.

DONOVAN

A letter here from the local Mental Health Trust. CBT appointments. She was being treated for depression.

Sherlock glances at the letter as John approaches the laptop screen to read the note.

JOHN

"The real world is not for me. In the dark it is easy to pretend that the truth is what it ought to be."

DONOVAN

It's a quote, that last bit. From Phantom of the Opera.

Sherlock raises an eyebrow.

DONOVAN

We Googled it.

Donovan indicates the poster on the wall.

DONOVAN

I'm guessing her favourite musical. Girl lived in a dream world.

John, takes in the posters.

Sherlock minimises the word document, revealing a desktop background image of kittens.

Sherlock curls his lip at the image.

Harris is looking out of the window.

SHERLOCK

(To Harris)

What alerted you?

HARRIS

Lights. They were on constantly for like, more than 2 days. And the window left open. She knows I don't like that. I told her when she moved in and she was always good about it. But then I noticed the fairy lights always on, even in the day.

SHERLOCK

You saw them through the window?

Harris nods.

John, enchanted by the room.

HARRIS

Surprised there wasn't a fire.

SHERLOCK

So she knew you'd check.

HARRIS

Yeah, s'pose. Like I say she was always good. Ideal tenant. Never told her she could paint the walls, though. Bloody girls. They always have to make things pretty, don't they! Homemakers.

Donovan glares at Harris.

Sherlock smirks.

SHERLOCK

When did she move in?

HARRIS

About 10 months now. She come to see me through Gumtree. I was surprised at first coz you don't see many Muslims, well, girls, on their own. More of a family affair, if you get me. But she's a modern one. I was more worried about her being French to be honest. Ha! Just kidding. Lovely girl, really.

SHERLOCK

What's through there?

ANDERSON

Toilet and shower cubicle. Nice and compact way to live.

Sherlock glances into a tiny Shower Room.

Everything is very clean. A photo of a cute kitten hangs on the wall above the washbasin. Signs of regular use.

Sherlock returns to the main room.

John staring at the bookshelf, distant.

DONOVAN

Straightforward suicide. Don't really need the immortal super detective.

Sherlock continues to scan the room.

LESTRADE

Sally...

SHERLOCK

She's right. There's nothing here. She was clearly a loner, seeking attention by copying the cycle route and then designing her own resting place. Her five minutes of fame.

John, saddened. No eye contact.

LESTRADE

Oh god.

SHERLOCK

Everything neatly prepared. Room cleaned and tidied. A self made tomb. With fairy lights. How sweet.

Lestrade, Donovan and Anderson, despairing.

John, distant.

SHERLOCK

Nevertheless I should like a minute. If you don't mind.

DONOVAN

What for?

Sherlock and Lestrade share a look.

LESTRADE

Five minutes. That's all. Behave.

Lestrade leaves with a resentful Donovan and Anderson.

Harris awkwardly joins them, closing the door behind him.

As the door closes, another film poster is visible under a light, mini dressing gown. The poster is for Nineteen Eighty-Four.

Sherlock stands silently, observing John.

SHERLOCK

What do you notice?

JOHN

She liked books.

SHERLOCK

John...

JOHN

She liked literature and music. And theatre and film. And candles.

John approaches the bookshelf. An old valentines card and a 'congratulations' card sit among tea light holders. A novelty photo frame holds a picture of a happy little girl in Paris, wearing a hijab.

John moves to touch the photo frame, then thinks better of it.

JOHN

Someone who loves art and culture.

SHERLOCK

It would certainly seem so.

JOHN

No, I'm sure it's a double bluff and she's actually a rocket scientist.

SHERLOCK

Nothing to say that rocket scientists don't enjoy art and culture.

JOHN

Well we know she wasn't a rocket scientist.

Beat.

JOHN

She liked her books.

A closer look at the bookshelf reveals copies of great classic literature, largely romantic. Authors include Jane Austen, Shakespeare, Blake, Bronte, Bernard Shaw, Dickens, Wilde, Moliere, Rumi, Twain, Coelho.

John is intrigued. He looks closer.

Titles include Rebecca, A Thousand Splendid Suns, Phantom of The Opera, Les Miserables, Nine Parts of Desire, Dangerous Liaisons, Harry Potter 1-7, His Dark Materials, Veronika Decides to Die. There are French and English copies of choice books.

In the centre of the bookshelf is a French-English dictionary.

Resting above it, out of place, a copy of The Nightingale and The Rose (in English).

JOHN

I studied that one at school.

Sherlock scans the bookshelf again, homing in on the music. An eclectic CD collection ranging from classical to contemporary, but featuring soundtracks of myriad musicals, reflecting the posters on the walls.

Sherlock sneers a little.

John scans the room.

JOHN

Um, clean and tidy - looks well kept.

SHERLOCK

So?

JOHN

She took pride in her home. Hadn't lost her self respect.

SHERLOCK

Erroneous.

JOHN

(Weary)
Sherlock.

John sees a wall calendar.

JOHN

Here, calendar.

John thumbs through the calendar. Dates written in for next couple of months.

JOHN

Looks full. Birthdays, theatre trips, appointments, weddings. Full life.

SHERLOCK

Or so it seems.

JOHN

Okay. You do it. I'm not your student, Sherlock. I'm not you. All I had to do was watch her and I couldn't even do that, so why don't you do what you do and I'll...

SHERLOCK

Go down the pub?

JOHN

Yes.

SHERLOCK

No. Pay attention.

JOHN

Sherlock, I've had enough of today!

Sherlock places a reassuring hand on John's shoulder.

SHERLOCK

Look, John. Remember what I said?

JOHN

What did you say?

SHERLOCK

The tomb.

JOHN

The self-made tomb. She -- you think she set it up?

SHERLOCK

She wanted to be recognised for something. The real world wasn't working for her so she created this one. Look, John.

More detail in the room.

SHERLOCK

Objects of love and affection everywhere, family photos, photos of cats, gift bag, old Valentine's card, degree certificates.

Sherlock opens the closet. At the foot is an array of different shoes: Dance shoes, running shoes, sensible shoes, posh shoes - all had good use.

A love poem clumsily written is stuck to the inside of the closet door:

"Roses are red,
Violet's are blue,
I never stopped hoping,
That I would find you."

Sherlock glares at it.

SHERLOCK

Roses are red. Violets are blue. I never stopped hoping that I would find you. Oh how sweet. Why do people insist on putting apostrophes in stupid places?

JOHN

For God's sake.

SHERLOCK

Romantic. All of this. This is how she wanted to be found, how she wanted to be remembered. Beautifully drawn picture.

JOHN

So?

SHERLOCK

The lady doth protest too much.

Sherlock spies the Nineteen Eighty-Four poster.

SHERLOCK

Perhaps not that romantic after all, but wished she could be. Disillusioned with life.

JOHN

We already knew that. She was being treated for depression.

SHERLOCK

So you see?

JOHN

See what?

Sherlock deliberately engages John.

SHERLOCK

She would have done this anyway. Do you understand? She was always heading for this. No matter what you or I did or didn't do, this young woman was going to kill herself. Do you understand?

JOHN

But if --

SHERLOCK

No. It was incidental. She had nothing to do with Laura Adams. There is no connection. She just used the publicity of a missing girl to become more visible. She wanted our attention. Anyone's attention. She was invisible in life so her only option was to be seen in death.

JOHN

But --

SHERLOCK

Case closed. We're leaving.

Sherlock sweeps out of the flat.

John takes one last forlorn look at Ellie and the room. It has touched his heart.

John glances towards the door before taking the copy of *The Nightingale* and *The Rose* from the bookshelf and concealing it in his jacket.

He leaves.

EXT. FLAT B

Harris is waiting just outside the door.

HARRIS
(To John)
That it, then?

JOHN
Yep. Sorry. Terrible thing.

HARRIS
Yeah. Awful. Such a lovely girl.

John glances around impatiently but can't see Sherlock.

HARRIS
Poor kid. She must have been lonely
I s'pose. 'Orrible seeing her face
like that. Not like the last time I
saw it.

This catches John's attention again.

JOHN
No. What?

HARRIS
Well, you know. She seemed so happy
when she got here. Full of romance
about coming here, London to see
the queen and all that.

JOHN
But that was a while ago?

HARRIS
Yeah but, you know, she's Muslim,
ain't she. Every time since then
she's had the full visor up.

JOHN
A niqab. The face veil is called a
niqab.

HARRIS

Yeah. Illegal to have them in France now. Well, next time I see her she's dead. Face all awful and white. It's a shame, she was pretty.

JOHN

Yeah. Well. Sorry. Gotta go.

John strides past Lestrade, Donovan and Anderson.

LESTRADE

Bye, John.

DONOVAN

Thanks for all your help.

John scowls at her.

DONOVAN

He went that way.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM. MORNING

Silence.

A sparsely decorated room.

John sits, fully dressed, perfect posture, on the neatly made bed.

Cold morning light illuminates the bare walls.

A small bookshelf with a handful of paperbacks plus one or two medical journals.

On John's lap, the copy of *The Nightingale and The Rose*.

His fingers grace the cover for a moment. Then stillness.

John, staring into the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

Sherlock studying newspapers again.

A headline reads: MYSTERY OF DERELICT TUBE STATION.

John enters.

SHERLOCK

I need your oyster card please.

JOHN

Sherlock, there must be a hundred oyster cards somewhere in this flat. There's probably a bed of them by now.

Sherlock shudders.

JOHN

Tidy up and you'll find one. You're not having mine.

SHERLOCK

Why not? You don't need it.

JOHN

What do you mean? Why wouldn't I need it?

SHERLOCK

Because you're going to be travelling by bike.

JOHN

Sherlock...

SHERLOCK

It's downstairs. I borrowed it. I want you to cycle Laura Adams' route and tell me what you notice.

Sherlock presents an Actioncam.

SHERLOCK

And I'd like you to wear this camera.

JOHN

I've actually got plans.

SHERLOCK

No you haven't. Have you?

JOHN

Yes! Well, no. But --

SHERLOCK

(Sincere)

John, I need you on this.

JOHN

Oh for -- All right.

John takes the Actioncam.

JOHN

You still think she's been kidnapped? Professional job?

SHERLOCK

A woman and her bike do not just disappear in broad daylight. Your bike's downstairs, locked up. Combination is my pin number.

JOHN

Okay.

SHERLOCK

Give me your oyster card.

John, cross.

He hands over his oyster card.

JOHN

If you lose this one, I'll...

SHERLOCK

I know. Thanks. Good luck. Oh, John?

JOHN

What?!

Sherlock throws a shiny bicycle helmet at John.

SHERLOCK

Be safe.

John, glaring.

CUT TO:

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

A dilapidated bicycle, complete with a rusty basket, is chained up outside the flat.

John crouches down to unlock it.

A deep breath.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY

John clumsily cycling along the route. He wears the helmet and Actioncam.

John, attempting balance and composure.

POV Actioncam:

Very shaky and noisy.

People turn and stare.

A car sounds its horn.

Picture stabilises.

John finds his stride.

John quite comfortable.

POV Actioncam:

A cat dashes out.

John swerves to avoid the cat, careering into an alley way.

He hits dustbins, sacks of rubbish, and an old road sign with a shout and lots of crashing sounds.

JOHN

(A very bad word).

CUT TO:

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

Sherlock leaving 221B.

His phone rings.

SHERLOCK

I'm just leaving. You're sure you saw him go in? No you can't - you can't just go in. Well if you do, whatever you do, don't talk.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINOR LONDON STREET. DAY

John walking the bike along the pavement.

Something catches his eye. He stops to look at an alleyway.

He ignores his instinct and continues back along the original route a few paces.

He comes to a sudden stop. Stillness.

John switches the camera off.

He turns back and heads down the alleyway that has somehow captured his imagination.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGES. DAY

John finds himself in the alcove of garages by Ellie Ross' flat.

He stands outside her apartment, unsure how he got there.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIOGENES CLUB. DAY

Lestrade stands outside, sheepish.

Sherlock approaches him.

LESTRADE

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. My mistake.

SHERLOCK

I don't believe you.

LESTRADE

He's not here, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

You saw him.

LESTRADE

I thought I did.

Sherlock dashes inside the club, Lestrade in pursuit.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRIS' FLAT. DAY

John is knocking on the door.

Harris answers.

HARRIS

Oh 'ello.

JOHN

Hi.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. FLAT B. DAY

Harris letting John in.

The flat is just as it was, but for the closed window, lights off and laptop gone. Still enchanting to John.

Sunlight glows through the cream curtains.

HARRIS

You think you missed something?

JOHN

Yeah - maybe. Have to be thorough.

HARRIS

Yeah. That's fine. If you have any questions, just let me know. Know what I think? I reckon it was her visa. I think that was up and she was facing going back to the Frogs.

JOHN

You didn't ever see her with anyone else?

HARRIS

Nah. Talked about them, though. Her friends. We'd often chat in the garden, like. She was always off to some book club, film club, special theatre night--

JOHN

Yeah, the posters. She obviously loved that stuff.

HARRIS

Oh she did. Head full of dreams that one.

Harris pauses in genuine sadness.

HARRIS

Awful. Awful. And you know what? Tonight would have been her Phantom night.

JOHN

Her Phantom night? Phantom of the Opera?

HARRIS

Yep. Her favourite show. About once a month on a Monday night, she goes and waits for a standby ticket. Cheaper that way.

JOHN

'Course.

HARRIS

Oh, her friend works there. Ernie I think. They were always hanging out.

JOHN

Right.

Beat.

HARRIS

I'll give you a moment, then?

JOHN

Please.

Harris leaves, closing the door behind him, the same dressing gown bobbing over the same poster.

John, now still, takes in the room again.

He glances at the empty bed.

He struggles for a moment, then gazes at the bookshelf.

He pulls out the copy of *The Nightingale and The Rose*.

JOHN

I took this. I had no right. I just felt... I felt like it was for me.

John tenderly places the book back on the shelf.

JOHN

I'm sorry. I'm sorry you felt the world wasn't enough.

John takes a deep breath.

He notices a CD on the bookshelf.

JOHN

Ha! This is one of my favourite albums.

John shakes his head, deeply affected.

He turns to look at the calendar on the wall.

The date with a note, "Phantom night!"

John, thoughtful.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR. DUSK

Lestrade driving Sherlock home.

Sherlock, deep in thought.

LESTRADE

We'll keep looking. But like you said, Sherlock, if he doesn't want to be found. I mean, this is clearly a family trait, isn't. Just clearing off. Plus, in his line of work...

Beat.

LESTRADE

Have you told John yet?

Sherlock, looking out of the window.

LESTRADE

Sherlock, there's no shame in admitting you're worried about your brother.

CUT TO:

INT. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. NIGHT

A performance of The Phantom of The Opera to a full house.

Enraptured audience.

John, bored, struggling to keep his eyes open.

He shifts in his seat, accidentally nudging an enchanted YOUNG WOMAN, who bares a striking resemblance to Ellie Ross, sitting next to him.

JOHN

Sorry.

John glances around at the audience.

He returns his focus to the performance with difficulty.

His eyelids drift closed once more.

JUMP CUT TO:

The Phantom gently sings 'The Music of The Night'.

John asleep.

His elbow slips and he jerks awake.

The Young Woman is looking right at him. Her white face appears to glow.

YOUNG WOMAN
(Whisper) Close your eyes for your eyes will only tell the truth.

JOHN
Ellie?

An AUDIENCE MEMBER shushes John.

JUMP CUT TO:

John jerks awake for real.

'The Music of The Night' reaches its climax.

John, blinking. He turns to look at the Young Woman but the seat next to him is empty.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE FOYER. NIGHT

The audience file out from the auditorium. John, underwhelmed, hangs back from the crowd and approaches an USHER, female, heavily made-up, early 20s.

JOHN
Um, excuse me. Is there an Ernie working here?

USHER
Ernie? No. We have a Bernie.

JOHN
Oh, great. I --

USHER
Bernie! Someone to see you!

BERNIE, a neatly dressed male usher, late 20s, sporting dreadlocks, saunters into the foyer from the cloakroom.

BERNIE
Hi?

JOHN
Um. Hello. My name's John Watson. I think you knew... is there somewhere we can go?

BERNIE
Is this about Ellie?

JOHN

You know about what happened?

BERNIE

Yeah the police came. Are you the police as well?

JOHN

Sort of. I'm a... Private Detective.

BERNIE

Jesus.

JOHN

Can we talk? Just you and me?
Doesn't have to be now. It's late.
Maybe tomorrow? Here's my number.

John scribbles his phone number on some scrap of paper and hands it to Bernie.

BERNIE

Well, what are you investigating?
The police said it was suicide.

JOHN

Yeah, I just want to get some details about her life straight. For the family, you know.

BERNIE

Cool. I can meet you before the matinee tomorrow. About 11? The Canary Cafe? Just on the corner.

JOHN

Great. See you then.

John turns up his coat collar and exits the theatre like a dignitary.

Bernie, in awe of John's mystique.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

Sherlock alone in the flat, thinking. A copy of a newspaper detailing Laura Adams' cycle route is in his lap.

John enters, a spring in his step.

Sherlock doesn't bother to look at him.

SHERLOCK

Did you cycle to Wales and back?

JOHN

Sorry, I had stuff to do.

Sherlock stares at John for a moment before feigning concentration on the newspaper.

JOHN

I got some footage. But the bike is a piece of crap, and...

SHERLOCK

You fell off it.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

Landed badly on your left side.

John straightens up, frustrated.

SHERLOCK

You have it all on camera? Including your crash?

JOHN

If it appears on YouTube I will publish the footage of you wrestling with a chimp.

Sherlock, a deadly look.

JOHN

I didn't get the whole journey, though. I think the camera must have switched itself off when I fell.

Sherlock peering at JOHN.

SHERLOCK

Well then. I'll just have to see what I can make of it.

JOHN

I'm fine by the way.

SHERLOCK

Obviously.

JOHN

I'm going to bed now.

Sherlock holds out his hand.

SHERLOCK
The camera, please.

John hands Sherlock the Actioncam.

JOHN
Goodnight.

Sherlock, watching John exit.

CUT TO:

INT. CANARY CAFE. LONDON WEST END. DAY

Bernie is wearing a T Shirt with the Fabian Society logo.

On the table is a bundle of newspapers Bernie has saved for John.

Bernie sips at a coke. John takes notes and stirs his tea.

BERNIE
I wouldn't say that we were BFFs.

JOHN
What?

BERNIE
Best Friends Forever. She was always sort of... unavailable. Distant. But when she was there, she just lit everything up. First time I met her, she was wearing the full burqa thing.

Bernie mimes a face veil.

JOHN
Niqab. If it covers the face, it's a niqab. A burqa covers the whole body.

BERNIE
Right, yeah. She was standing in the foyer, waiting for a standby ticket. I was selling ice creams as I'm wont to do. She sidled up to me. Those eyes were laughing at me. She whispered 'love the hair' in my ear.

JOHN
Did she always wear the niqab?

BERNIE
Only in public I think. Not around me. She just wore a head scarf.

(MORE)

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Really pretty, those. Very flattering.

JOHN

And she came to your book club?

BERNIE

Yep. She became a regular member of the group. Not much she didn't know about theatre and film. And music, too. And then we'd compare critiques of what we'd seen and write our own reviews.

JOHN

So is that what you do? Write reviews? For the plays?

BERNIE

Well that's my blog. It keeps me up to date with what's on, new plays. And films, too. It's not just theatre.

JOHN

Right. I keep a blog.

BERNIE

Oh really? What about?

JOHN

Well, the cases. The cases that me and my partner solve.

BERNIE

Oh you have a partner?

JOHN

Yes. He's learning. Slowly.

BERNIE

So you'll write about Ellie? When you know what's going on?

JOHN

Yeah.

John, a moment of conscience.

JOHN

So are you hoping to be a critic for a paper or something?

BERNIE

No, no. I do it for my own sanity. For fun. Keeps my mind going. I'm actually a writer. I mean, I will be.

JOHN

What do you write?

BERNIE

Plays. I still think theatre is a very powerful medium.

JOHN

Mmm. So Ellie also wrote these reviews?

BERNIE

Yeah. We wrote them together but she wouldn't take any credit. She was loving it. Until all this bribery business.

JOHN

What bribery business?

BERNIE

Didn't you hear about Charlie Corsar? The theatre critic for The Stage. He got the sack for taking bribes. Writing subtle but firmly favourable reviews for certain plays.

JOHN

How does that work? If the play's crap, surely that just makes the reviewer look stupid.

BERNIE

Sometimes, though, depending on where the review appears, mostly it gets bums on seats. And most people are stupid enough to enjoy what they've been told they will enjoy. Clever writing, you see. Emperor's New Clothes. Anyway, this all kicked off and it sort of demoralised Ellie. Against her Bohemian ideals of truth, beauty, freedom and love.

JOHN

But he got the sack. He got his comeuppance.

Bernie pats the pile of newspapers.

BERNIE

He's not the only one out there. Besides, we sort of found a pattern, Ellie and I. Certain plays with certain stars of stage and screen.

(MORE)

BERNIE (CONT'D)

So we tried to debunk the hype and write more balanced, or more honest critiques. We got good readership. Not great. But people were reading our reviews. And then of course, the bribe came to us.

JOHN

You were offered money to write good things?

BERNIE

I was offered a lot of money. Ellie was the one who told me to be true to myself. She also supported me when I was in the Occupy movement. Brought stuff to my tent.

JOHN

Oh right. Anti Capitalism are you?

Bernie stops sipping his coke for a moment.

JOHN

So it was getting to her. This corruption. Streets not paved with gold in the end.

BERNIE

I think that was the problem. All she ever talked about was the make believe; the plays, the stories. So romantic. She never talked about her life. Never mentioned her family. I got the feeling she'd run away. And then over the last few weeks, there was this far away look in her eyes. She just wasn't there.

On Bernie, it's suddenly all very real.

John reassuringly pats Bernie's hand.

JOHN

It does seem she was very lonely.

BERNIE

(Quietly)

She didn't have to be.

JOHN

No.

John stares at his tea.

BERNIE

Reality's not so bad. Maybe not for all of us.

JOHN

Maybe it was the city. I don't know. People do get lonely in big cities.

BERNIE

No, I don't think it was that. I don't think loneliness is about that. I think it's about finding a connection, you know? A real connection. With someone you can say anything to. With someone you don't have to feel guarded around. So you don't feel you have to edit who you are and you can just be. And that can happen anywhere.

John, distant.

BERNIE

London has everything, including small, friendly communities. But she hid herself away.

Beat.

BERNIE

I mean, it's a great city.

JOHN

It's a lot cleaner now than before.

Bernie, a questioning look.

JOHN

I lived abroad for a while.

BERNIE

Ah. "The eye altering alters all."

JOHN

What's that?

BERNIE

One of Ellie's favourite quotes. William Blake.

JOHN

Right. Clever girl.

BERNIE

No, John. She was a woman. All woman.

JOHN

Of course she was.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY

John getting on the bike. He straps on the helmet and plops the bundle of newspapers and his notebook in the basket.

He takes off with more grace than before.

As he rides, he takes in his surroundings with fresh eyes.

A SMALL CROWD OF PEOPLE laughing outside a cafe.

A Film and Theatre bookshop.

A MOTHER gently coaxing her SMALL CHILD to run for the bus.

A recruitment agency called "Oak Tree Recruitment".

A series of London taxis go by.

A occult shop with a sign, "The Sacred Feminine".

A grassy London square.

A food truck, "Fingers in Pies", with a line of customers. On the side of the truck, a discreet logo featuring an oak tree.

A tube station sign.

London pubs decorated with flower baskets.

Another cyclist gliding along in the opposite direction.

A talented and attractive BUSKER, female, 30s, Mediterranean, singing and tapping a tambourine.

Everything around him is full of life, music and light.

John cycles past a small theatre.

He comes to a stop.

To his left, a secretive and timeless cobbled lane, lined with cute little shops. He's never noticed it before.

He looks at the main street ahead, then back to the cobbled lane.

A twinkle in his eye as he turns left into the cobbled lane.

CUT TO:

EXT. STUDIO APARTMENT. DAY

John wheels up to Ellie's flat. He sits on the bike, looking up at the flat, indecisive.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

Sherlock reviewing the Actioncam footage on his computer for the nth time.

He is taking notes.

The footage isn't great.

Sherlock watching, eagle-eyed.

He slows down a section of the footage as John was travelling along the street. He freezes the frame as he studies the road.

Sherlock, thoughtful.

He continues playback and witnesses John's crash.

Sherlock enjoying himself immensely.

His phone rings.

LESTRADE (O.S.)
Sherlock. We've found her.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. GRAYS' BACK GARDEN. DAY

Lestrade leads Sherlock to some bushes at the end of the garden.

FORENSICS everywhere.

Anderson takes one look at Sherlock and leaves.

LESTRADE
Mr and Mrs Gray, just returned from Holiday last night. Picked up Sparky the dog from the Kennels this morning. They let him out. Sparky goes berserk. It isn't pretty.

Sherlock peers at the body and tries not to flinch.

LESTRADE
Foxes.

SHERLOCK
So I see.

The devastated corpse of LAURA ADAMS, mid twenties, dressed in biking paraphernalia but no bike helmet.

Sherlock examines her hands, finding red brick dust under some of the nails and on her palms.

SHERLOCK
She clawed the wall. Possibly pushed up against it.

Lestrade and Donovan, uncomfortable.

SHERLOCK
Clothing in tact. Signs of head trauma. I hate it when foxes eat my evidence.

Sherlock looks up and around the garden.

DONOVAN
Mr Gray said he thinks he forgot to lock the back gate before they left.

SHERLOCK
But why here?

He ventures out of the unlocked gate and takes in the network of alley ways. Red brick walls everywhere.

He returns to the garden and crouches down by the body.

LESTRADE
There's no sign of the bike. It's chipped so it should turn up sooner or later.

Sherlock doesn't appear to be listening.

SHERLOCK
What are you doing here, Laura?

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

John is listening to 'Somewhere Only We Know' by Keane on the stereo and typing on his laptop.

Sherlock bounds in.

JOHN
Hi.

Sherlock walks up the stereo and turns the music off.

JOHN
Do you mind?

SHERLOCK

Yes.

JOHN

Sherlock!

SHERLOCK

No.

Sherlock removes his coat.

SHERLOCK

The body of Laura Adams has been found. She's been dead for two weeks at the bottom of a garden.

JOHN

Jesus. She's been there for two weeks?

SHERLOCK

The owners of the house were on holiday.

JOHN

Oh god. Well, that's that mystery solved.

SHERLOCK

Not quite. But thank you for your help.

JOHN

Sherlock, I have been investigating...

SHERLOCK

Investigating what?

JOHN

I read this thing in the papers. Someone's been bribing theatre critics to write positive reviews for plays.

SHERLOCK

Hardly a revelation.

Sherlock goes to his laptop and opens it, immediately focused on the screen.

JOHN

Yeah but I think I've found a pattern. There's this one actor. We think it might be his publicist behind it.

SHERLOCK

We? We who?

JOHN

Me and my source.

SHERLOCK

Your source?

JOHN

Yes.

SHERLOCK

Well why don't you and your source
run and tell the police?

John closes his laptop and starts to leave the room

SHERLOCK

Who is this actor?

John stops in his tracks and reengages Sherlock.

JOHN

Justin Hughes.

SHERLOCK

Never heard of him.

JOHN

He was Best Newcomer 2012.

SHERLOCK

Smashing.

JOHN

Done lots of musical theatre.

Sherlock - a withering glare.

JOHN

Not a fan?

SHERLOCK

Are you?

JOHN

I've sat through one or two. Mostly
asleep.

SHERLOCK

What did you see?

JOHN

Well, back in the day, I took a
date to see one or two shows. Les
Mis was pretty good. RENT.

SHERLOCK

Rent?

JOHN

Yep.

SHERLOCK

There's a musical about rent?

JOHN

It's about the Bohemian lifestyle.
Based on an opera, La Bohème.

SHERLOCK

Oh God.

JOHN

Some great music. Someone dies of
AIDS.

SHERLOCK

During a song?

JOHN

Pretty much.

SHERLOCK

(To himself)

A musical about AIDS. Singing and
dying.

Sherlock's attention returns to his laptop.

JOHN

There was a poster for it in
Ellie's... in the flat. From the
other day.

SHERLOCK

I noticed.

JOHN

Right.

John retrieves his CD from the stereo.

JOHN

Upstairs if you need me.

SHERLOCK

I gathered.

On Sherlock reviewing the Actioncam footage again.

He gleefully re-watches John's crash.

A thought occurs. He rewinds the footage to take a better
look at John's landing.

On the old street sign: 'TEMPORARY ROAD SURFACE'.

Sherlock, major lightbulb moment.

He leaps to his feet and starts to call out for John.

He thinks better of it, grabs his coat and exits.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY

Sherlock leads Lestrade off the main street into an alleyway, the same alleyway where John crashed.

SHERLOCK

The footage that John took, albeit limited, shows the brand new road surface. And here!

Sherlock indicates the TEMPORARY ROAD SURFACE sign.

SHERLOCK

Temporary road surface. Enough to give you a puncture. She's still a good 15 minutes away from work by bike, approximately three miles. She knows she's going to be late so she cuts through the alleyways, walking the bike with her.

LESTRADE

But why did she go this way? Her office is south east of here.

SHERLOCK

She was cutting through to the nearest tube station. It's about a 15 minute walk from here.

Sherlock is scrutinizing the walls.

Lestrade's phone rings. He answers.

LESTRADE

Yes?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

John wanders into the living room looking for Sherlock.

JOHN

Sherlock?

He spies the Actioncam on the table. He picks it up, thoughtful, then puts it back down.

He wanders away despondent.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. DAY

Sherlock and Lestrade walk in, greeted by Donovan.

DONOVAN

Brick Lane, standard check. One of our guys recognised it. Definitely hers, registered to Laura Adams, 23 Princes Road.

Laura Adams' bike has been retrieved and now sits proudly in the centre of the office.

Sherlock immediately examines the bike.

SHERLOCK

No puncture... but scrapes. She fell off. And here...

Sherlock examines the front wheel. A small piece of grit is embedded in the tire.

SHERLOCK

She braked hard. The bike slid on the temporary surface. And here...

Red brick dust on one handlebar.

SHERLOCK

She propped it up against a wall. Why would she do that? An expensive bike she cares for so much. She wouldn't just lean it against a wall...Ha!

LESTRADE

What?

SHERLOCK

Concussion! She wasn't wearing a helmet. She hit her head when she fell off the bike.

FLASHBACK

LAURA ADAMS, wearing no cycle helmet. She's wobbly but determined to get to work.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

She walked some way with the bike, heading for the tube station, but the concussion set in. She's going dizzy. She feels sick. She props the bike up...

Laura Adams propping the bike up against the wall. The handlebar makes an indentation in the red brick.

She staggers on without the bike.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

She realises she's in trouble. She needs to find help. The red brick dust...

Laura Adams staggering along the alleyway, woozy. She uses the wall for support as she walks along, the palms of her hands pressing against the brick work.

On Laura's hands, the red dust getting under her nails.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

She's blacking out. She notices a back gate slightly open and stumbles through it.

Laura Adams deeply concussed, pushes her way through the unlocked back gate but loses her balance.

She capsizes into the bushes and moves no more as the back gate swings closed behind her.

Back to the Station.

Donovan and Lestrade regarding Sherlock, who is lost in thought.

LESTRADE

So the road killed her.

DONOVAN

It is consistent with her injuries. What we could make of them.

SHERLOCK

Dull.

Disapproval from Donovan and Lestrade.

SHERLOCK

I mean...

LESTRADE

We know what you mean.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. DUSK

Lestrade seeing Sherlock off.

LESTRADE
Thanks for that.

SHERLOCK
I should have ruled out kidnapping
earlier on. It's just that...

LESTRADE
It's on your mind.

Sherlock turns away.

LESTRADE
Sherlock, it might help if we can
file an official missing person's
report.

SHERLOCK
That would draw too much attention
to it.

LESTRADE
But it would also give me more
resources.

Sherlock, studying the floor.

SHERLOCK
Not yet.

LESTRADE
All right. Whatever you say. Also,
what's John up to?

SHERLOCK
John?

LESTRADE
Yeah. Mr Vaughan, Ellie Ross's
landlord, has been on the phone
asking if he's under suspicion.

SHERLOCK
What?

LESTRADE
Well apparently, John's been going
back to the flat regularly. Further
investigations, he says.

Sherlock, taken aback.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

John sits at his desk.

He opens the top drawer and pulls out his revolver.

He feels the weight of it in his hand, staring at the power of it.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

Sherlock sweeping down Baker Street, stopping for nothing.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM.

John, distant and still.

The revolver still in his hand.

Deep in thought.

With a deep breath, he remembers himself.

Groggy, he casts the gun in the drawer and places his head in his hands.

A door slams. John jumps.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

John!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET.

John running into the living room.

JOHN

What? What's happened?

SHERLOCK

What are you up to?

JOHN

What do you mean?

Sherlock scrutinizing John, noticing signs of lack of sleep and lack of self care; Yesterday's shirt, stubble, rings around his eyes.

SHERLOCK

This Ellie Ross business has upset you.

JOHN

No it hasn't. I'm fine.

SHERLOCK

I told you, she would have done it anyway. This has nothing to do with you.

JOHN

I know that. I just don't understand.

SHERLOCK

What don't you understand?

JOHN

It doesn't make sense. Her life. Seemed like a good life.

SHERLOCK

You weren't the one having to live it.

Sherlock still eyeballing John.

SHERLOCK

I told you. You saw what she wanted you to see.

JOHN

No. I've found out more about her.

SHERLOCK

John...

JOHN

I had to. I needed to know. I met a friend of hers. I looked into some stuff. I think I have a pretty good idea of who she was.

SHERLOCK

No you don't.

JOHN

Yes I do! I'm using the same methods you use. If you can solve complex crimes from a footprint then how is it that I can't understand who this woman was from a thousand different clues she left behind?

SHERLOCK

Because you've pieced together everything she wanted you to see and then filled in the gaps with guesses. I never guess. This impression you have isn't her.

JOHN

No. It is her. I can feel it.

SHERLOCK

What can you feel? She left this perfect picture, this illusion, for someone like you. How she wanted to be remembered. The perfect soulmate, John. Dead and can't dispel your image of her. Immortalised in the eyes of a romantic fool.

JOHN

Sherlock!

SHERLOCK

You have no business investigating her life. There's nothing to investigate. She's gone. It was suicide. Case closed. Do you understand?

JOHN

I...

SHERLOCK

No. Whatever this is to you it needs to stop. I need you back on form.

Mrs Hudson enters cautiously.

JOHN

Well maybe I need a break. I don't work for you Sherlock!

MRS HUDSON

Boys, please.

JOHN

You can't just tell me where to go, what to do.

SHERLOCK

I don't!

MRS HUDSON

Boys!

SHERLOCK

I thought you wanted this. If not,
fine. Move on. Move out. Whatever.

JOHN

Sherlock I just...

SHERLOCK

You just what?! What is it, John?!

MRS HUDSON

BOYS!

They both jump.

MRS HUDSON

It's late! What are you yelling
about?

SHERLOCK

J--

MRS HUDSON

I've had enough of this, I really
have. (To Sherlock) You, dead one
minute, alive the next, noise at
all hours, domestics. It's always
drama with you two!

John and Sherlock, deer in the headlights.

SHERLOCK

We--

MRS HUDSON

No! You listen to me young man or
you'll be out on your ear. I've put
up with enough.

JOHN

We're very sorry.

MRS HUDSON

(To John)

And as for you, I despair.

JOHN

Me?

Sherlock, blinking in disbelief.

MRS HUDSON

Yes, you. You're like a shadow of
yourself. Moping about, no
direction, letting him push you
around.

SHERLOCK

I--

MRS HUDSON

Quiet!

John and Sherlock flinch.

MRS HUDSON

(Back at John)

You want to pull your socks up, Doctor Watson. Heal thyself, isn't that what they say? I won't have both of you drifting around like wounded souls.

John and Sherlock steal a glance at each another.

MRS HUDSON

Now cut it out. I'm already adding that stain to your rent.

JOHN

What stain?

MRS HUDSON

The blood in the hallway.

Sherlock smirks.

JOHN

We are sorry.

Mrs Hudson, glaring.

John hits Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

Sorry.

MRS HUDSON

Good. Now keep the bloody noise down.

She exits.

JOHN

That was bracing.

SHERLOCK

There wasn't even that much blood.

JOHN

I'm going to bed.

SHERLOCK

You have been doing that a lot lately.

JOHN

Going to bed? That's what people do, Sherlock. They go to bed. Every night. Not just one night in three.

John exits.

Sherlock, troubled.

CUT TO:

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

Late morning.

Sherlock walking to the flat with a bouquet of white roses.

He glances about for witnesses before letting himself in.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

Sherlock inside. He deposits the white roses on Mrs Hudson's kitchen table.

He smiles warmly to himself.

Sherlock dashes up the stairs and enters the living room, searching for John.

Finding nothing he dashes up the second flight of stairs.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. JOHN'S BEDROOM. DAY

Sherlock knocks on the door.

SHERLOCK

John?

No response.

SHERLOCK

John? Are you in there?

No response. Sherlock lets himself in.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM. DAY.

John's empty bedroom. A neatly made bed.

Sherlock tentatively examines John's room.

He sees a copy of 'A Thousand Splendid Suns' lying on the bedside table.

John's laptop lies neatly on the desk. Next to it, a pile of DVDs from Ellie's flat including Midnight in Paris.

Sherlock opens the top desk drawer and spies the revolver, noticing it has not been placed back neatly, but lies haphazardly on top of some papers, including, just noticeable, John's C.V.

Sherlock, thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DUSK

Sherlock paces, then glares at his phone.

A text message sent to Mycroft:

Where are you?

Underneath the text message are several more unanswered brief and banal messages.

Sherlock, for once trying not to think.

He has John's revolver in his other hand.

He is on the verge of firing it at the wall.

Mrs Hudson enters with four of the white roses in a small glass vase.

Sherlock jumps guiltily and conceals John's revolver.

MRS HUDSON

Thank you for the flowers,
Sherlock. They're beautiful.

Sherlock smiles sweetly.

MRS HUDSON

You're a good boy really. Thought
I'd pop a couple in a vase for you.
Brighten the place up.

SHERLOCK

Mmm.

Mrs Hudson tries to find a suitable location for the flowers, with difficulty.

She places the vase down on an old newspaper - the one with Laura Adams' story.

SHERLOCK

Not there, I need those papers.

Mrs Hudson takes a closer look at the local paper which is magnified by the glass of the vase. The magnification reveals a logo: the oak tree insignia.

MRS HUDSON

Oh, I see you're still a celebrity.

SHERLOCK

(Bored)
What?

MRS HUDSON

That missing cyclist case.
"Sherlock Holmes rumoured to be helping Scotland Yard with their enquiries."

Sherlock jumps to his feet to look at the paper.

SHERLOCK

Where does it say that?

MRS HUDSON

Right there, at the bottom of the article.

The newspaper headline: 'MISSING CYCLIST: Police Asking For Help'.

The article includes a map of Laura Adams' route.

MRS HUDSON

Nice to see you as a footnote rather than a headline, eh, Sherlock? Bit more discreet.

Sherlock - another major lightbulb moment.

SHERLOCK

She knew I would see!

MRS HUDSON

What?

FLASHBACK

Ellie Ross cycling past Lestrade and Sherlock.

Back to 221B.

SHERLOCK

Ellie Ross! She knew I was working on the Laura Adams case. She knew I would see her tracing the route.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It wasn't anyone's attention she was going for! It was mine! John!

Sherlock sweeps out of the flat.

Mrs Hudson, a hapless sigh. She places the vase back down.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. FLAT B. NIGHT

John has nodded off in the arm chair with a book in his lap.

He's in and out of sleep.

The room spins slowly.

Snatches of music from forgotten times.

Then on the bed, the glowing outline of Ellie Ross sits.

She gives a warm smile and her enigmatic eyes twinkle as she watches John.

The room continues to revolve.

John half awakes for a moment. An empty room.

He drifts off again. Another snatch of music.

John, bleary eyed. He shifts and blinks, trying to focus, the room still moving around him.

John lost in thought.

The room finally comes to a stop.

Sherlock has entered.

SHERLOCK

What are you doing?

JOHN

Thinking.

SHERLOCK

(Gently)

I find that hard to believe.

Sherlock steps further into the room. He immediately starts scanning everything for clues.

JOHN

Why are you here? They're going to clear out the room tomorrow. I just needed some time.

Sherlock pauses his assessment of the room. He tenderly touches John's shoulder.

SHERLOCK

John, it's very important that you explain to me why it is you felt you had to return here. What is it about this place? Why has it affected you this way?

JOHN

I don't know.

SHERLOCK

No, come on now. Think. Look at this. (He indicates the room) Look at this wonderful picture. What was it specifically that caught your eye?

The curtains billow in the evening breeze.

JOHN

I can't explain it. It just felt familiar. Like I'd come home. Like it was waiting for me. Some of the books and films were ones I grew up with.

Sherlock, scared by what he's hearing.

JOHN

I'm sorry, Sherlock. I think I'm losing it.

SHERLOCK

John, that feeling you have. I think there may be a reason for it.

JOHN

You think I'm depressed.

SHERLOCK

Well obviously you're depressed. I think I'm more than qualified to work that one out. But no, it's not that. I was wrong. There is more to her death than I thought.

JOHN

Like what?

Sherlock staring at the posters, his mind turning.

SHERLOCK

This was deliberate. When I said she'd set it up... her own tomb.

JOHN

For me to find.

SHERLOCK

Not just you.

JOHN

No, not just me. Whoever found her would see all of this.

SHERLOCK

No. It *was* specific. This is a specific message for you. And me.

John, incredulous.

SHERLOCK

Look, John. You said you had many of these books growing up. The CDs, soundtracks of your life. Movie posters, theatre posters. John, this was set up for you to identify with her. Question is why. Why would she do that?

JOHN

How could she do that? Besides, loads of this stuff isn't to my taste. I'm not into science fiction. Or bee keeping.

Sherlock scrutinising the bookshelf again.

A stack of CDs exclusively dedicated to the violin; concertos, sonatas, partitas. Mendelssohn.

Sherlock, his mind still turning.

SHERLOCK

Good taste, but a lot of CDs for someone who lived on her computer. Why are these here? What's she trying to say?

JOHN

But how did she know we'd come here? Straight suicide, no reason to consult Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK

But she knew. The Laura Adams case - it was in the paper. She knew I was consulting Scotland Yard, so she flew right into my path.

FLASHBACK

Lestrade and Sherlock by Munson's Cafe again.

The Cyclist (Ellie Ross), glides past, the violet hijab billows from underneath her helmet.

Back in the Studio Flat.

SHERLOCK

She did it to get me here. Why?

Sherlock back to the bookshelf. His eyes have fallen on the English-French dictionary, in the center of the piece.

SHERLOCK

Ellie Ross! Eleanor Rossignol. Here right in the middle, a French - English dictionary. Why slap bang in the middle? A message to translate from the French to the English. Her favourite musical - Phantom of the Opera. And here the book; *Le Fantôme de l'Opéra*. And the other one..

JOHN

Rent.

SHERLOCK

Which was based on *La Bohème*. Italian opera but set in Paris.

Sherlock locates and waves a CD recording of *La Bohème*. He stands and looks at a poster of Carmen Jones.

JOHN

Yeah but she was French, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

No, there's some kind of double meaning here. A secret message. (Indicating the bookshelf) All of this, a smokescreen, left for us by our Nightingale.

JOHN

Our what?

SHERLOCK

Our Nightingale. Eleanor Rossignol. Rossignol is French for Nightingale.

John, struck by this.

SHERLOCK

(Under his breath)
Eleanor. Oh look at all the lonely people.

John, not following.

SHERLOCK

What else can we translate? The Phantom! Ha! A ghost. A spook. Sense of humour.

Sherlock stops in front of the film poster for Laura.

He is unfamiliar with the film. He closes his eyes.

FLASHBACK

Ellie Ross cycles past him again. The violet hijab.

Back to Sherlock perplexed.

JOHN

Do you think she tried to get your attention because she wanted you to prevent her suicide?

SHERLOCK

But if I'd prevented it we wouldn't be here. She had to be dead for us to find all of this.

JOHN

She sacrificed her life so we would find a message?

SHERLOCK

Unless it wasn't suicide.

JOHN

Then maybe she knew her life was in danger. Someone was after her. Maybe that's why she always covered up, Sherlock. So she wouldn't be recognised!

SHERLOCK

What do you mean, covered up?

JOHN

The landlord said he'd only seen her once without the niqab, the face veil. When they first met. And her friend Bernie said she always covered up in public.

Sherlock stares at the bed for a moment.

FLASHBACK

The dead Ellie Ross lies on the bed, face out of view.

Back to Sherlock, dawning comprehension. He finally sees the room for what it is.

SHERLOCK

John!

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

It's *all* a message. Not just this room, her entire life! Oh! The perfect smokescreen. The lady doth protest *far* too much. There is no Ellie Rossignol!

John glances around the room, dismayed.

He reaches for the copy of *The Nightingale and The Rose*.

JOHN

And this?

SHERLOCK

You studied it at school?

JOHN

Yes.

SHERLOCK

No coincidence, John.

Sherlock takes the book and flips through it.

SHERLOCK

That was also to draw you in. Rose. Roses... We have the *Nightingale*, where's the *Rose*?

FLASHBACK

A child's hand holding out a rose.

Back to Sherlock.

JOHN

Sherlock, if this is all a set up, how would a dead French girl know what I studied in school?

SHERLOCK

Because this French girl, this particular French girl, never existed! John!! I'm a complete idiot.

JOHN

But she did, Sherlock! She was here!

SHERLOCK

No. It's a trick. John I'm sorry, but someone has been pulling your strings. And mine. Someone very clever. And certainly not some sweet, romantic girl.

JOHN

Who??

FLASHBACK

Harris the landlord talking to John and Sherlock.

HARRIS

Never did give her permission to paint the walls.

Back to Sherlock.

The penny drops once and for all.

Sherlock takes one last look at the bookshelf.

SHERLOCK

Time to lift the veil.

Sherlock dashes to the bookshelf and attempts to topple it over.

SHERLOCK

Help me.

They topple the bookshelf to the ground with an enormous crash.

The rose-pink wall paint ends around the parameters of where the bookshelf stood, leaving a large rough patch of plaster in the middle.

In the center of the patch, in blue marker pen, is written in no nonsense handwriting:

"Hurry Up! - VH".

SHERLOCK

There she is!

JOHN

V.H?

Sherlock, synapses firing, turns and swings the closet door open, remembering the love poem.

SHERLOCK

It wasn't a mistake! The apostrophe was supposed to be there. Roses are red. *Violet's* are blue.

JOHN

Violet? Who's Violet?

Sherlock ignores him.

SHERLOCK

The violet hijab! *Violet's* roses.
Blue roses, blue roses, blue roses.

Sherlock, in his mind palace, mentally sifts through his knowledge of anything containing the words 'Blue Roses'.

The letters of BLUE ROSES appear before his eyes, falling into the following combinations at high speed:

ROSES. ROSS, E. BLUE. Depressed E Ross.

LEBUE, ROSS. Chemical Engineer, from Lausanne.

Sherlock discards these combinations.

FLASHBACK

A repeat of the child's hand holding out a rose. An older child's hand takes it.

Back to Sherlock.

JOHN

Okay. Blue Roses.

Sherlock pacing.

SHERLOCK

Blue Roses...

JOHN

There is a band...

SHERLOCK

No.

Sherlock clocks the NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR poster.

SHERLOCK

(Under his breath)
The eye altering alters all.

FLASHBACK

A country house surrounded by rose bushes. A wooden sign next to it points the way to a bluebell wood.

Back to Sherlock as he gets the clue.

SHERLOCK

Follow me.

They exit, John with renewed energy.

The door closes with a bang behind them.

The dressing gown falls to the floor.

On the NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR film poster.

Previously unseen tag line now revealed clearly reads:

"BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU."

CUT TO:

INT. BORROWED UNMARKED POLICE CAR. NIGHT

Sherlock speeding down the motorway. John in passenger seat.

SHERLOCK

Violet Hunter. A talented spook. Impressive powers of deduction. No family. Also a promising architect. My brother recruited her some years ago.

JOHN

Great. So she's one of Mycroft's Lady Ninjas. That's how she knows so much about us.

SHERLOCK

Expert ability to disappear and reappear. So much so she disappeared completely about three years ago. Mycroft was silent on the subject. I kept an eye out for clues as to her whereabouts.

JOHN

Why were you watching her?

SHERLOCK

I keep an eye on anyone who displays that degree of talent. A great mind in the wrong hands...

JOHN

So she re-appears after three years...

SHERLOCK

She's been here longer than that. Long enough to assume a new identity. Long enough to stitch together a safety net for herself if she ever got into trouble. A net she tailored so that only I...

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
we, could discover it. The room of clues, that entire legend... that would have been Miss Hunter doing her best work.

JOHN
Why go to so much trouble to get a message to us? Or to you? Why so covert?

Sherlock doesn't answer.

JOHN
You think she was being watched.

SHERLOCK
(Gravely)
I'm sure of it.

JUMP CUT TO:

Now off the motorway and into the depths of the pitch black English countryside, the only car for miles.

The car headlights reflect off various signs, trees, statues and milestones.

The occasional bunny scurries across the road.

JOHN
So this Violet woman created Ellie Ross. All of her - the music, the theatre, the art, down to the sodding fairy lights, all of it was fake.

SHERLOCK
Not necessarily.

JOHN
Then what?

SHERLOCK
Self portrait, John. It may be a thinner veil than you think.

JOHN
Or the woman herself is the sort of psychotic, cold minded game player that you usually attract.

Sherlock turns into a long road, an avenue of copper beeches. The tree trunks shine like white limbs in the headlights.

JOHN
She got a body from somewhere. Staged her own suicide. Obviously unhinged.

Sherlock blanks him.

SHERLOCK

The French student the landlord gave the room to in the first instance. Probably needed the money.

FLASHBACK

A FRENCH STUDENT, female, mid 20s, is seen shaking Harris' hand before pulling the niqab over her face.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

Agreed to rent the room under an alias, and then swap places with Violet. The landlord never realised because of the veil.

Violet Hunter (Ellie Ross) enters Flat B and pulls back her niqab.

Back to the car.

JOHN

And that student is now dead.

FLASHBACK

The dead Ellie Ross on the bed.

On closer inspection it is the student.

Back to the car.

SHERLOCK

If her own life was threatened, by default so was the life of the tenant she was impersonating. Violet made her escape by neatly slotting the student back into the role of Ellie Ross. Tricking her assailants.

JOHN

Knowing this girl would be murdered in her place.

SHERLOCK

Depending on it.

FLASHBACK

A montage of Violet Hunter (Ellie Ross) stocking the bookshelf with carefully chosen books and music. She smirks at the kitten picture on the shower room wall. She adds key dates to the calendar. She writes her message on the wall.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

How else would the clues in the flat ever be discovered? To the police it would seem like a cosy little home for Little Miss Lonely Heart. But to us... she had to get us there and wait for us to unveil the real message. A distress call.

Back to the car.

JOHN

Which we're now answering. Why, Sherlock? What if it's a trap?

SHERLOCK

I'm sure it's a trap.

JOHN

Great.

SHERLOCK

Just not for us.

JOHN

What?

The avenue of copper beeches is crowned by stately home, sitting in darkness.

In front of the house, a ghostly stone monument of remembrance stands in the centre of a small roundabout.

As they approach the monument, John spies an oak tree design engraved in the stone.

Sherlock takes a sharp left into an unmarked and unmade road before John can comment on the engraving.

John holds on to the grab handle as Sherlock takes them down the proverbial rabbit hole, a winding, twisting lane with numerous sharp bends.

Sherlock handles this with a perfect balance of speed and caution.

John, clinging on.

Weather beaten gargoyles are dotted around on the banks of the road, gleaming in the headlights.

A barn owl swoops in front of them.

John instinctively ducks to Sherlock's amusement.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. CAR. BLUEBELL ESTATE. NIGHT

The road opens out further to reveal a quintessential though modest English country estate.

An old house looms behind ample trees, hedges and flowers.

JOHN

Well this makes a change from London and ASBOs.

SHERLOCK

You might be yearning for London and its ASBOs before the night is over, John.

JOHN

Seems like a lovely and respectable neighbourhood to me.

SHERLOCK

Right, because nothing creepy ever happened in an old house in the middle of the English countryside. There's evil here, John.

JOHN

I expect it's lurking in the rhododendrons.

Sherlock swerves into a clearing behind some large trees away from the driveway, concealing the car.

Engine off. Headlights off. Plunged into darkness.

They get out of the car. A perfect yet eerie stillness.

Sherlock hands John his revolver without looking at him.

John taken aback. He recovers and takes it.

Sherlock immediately soars up the garden path, a moth to a flame.

John follows, taking in his surroundings.

A rotting wooden sign points the way to a bluebell wood that the house backs onto.

The front garden, though a little wild, is framed by flower beds, the house itself laced with rose bushes. Even in the dark, the colours jump out.

A disused stone water feature crumbles by a small pond.

No light through the dirty lattice windows.

John joins Sherlock at the front door.

SHERLOCK

Sleeping Beauty. Another fairy tale. Ready to wake the princess?

The front door is unlocked. They walk in.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE. NIGHT

Moonlight shines in through various windows and glows in the dark wooden hallway.

The house is furnished neatly; dark oak wood everywhere. There is a broad wooden staircase.

JOHN

You think she's upstairs?

SHERLOCK

Where do phantoms dwell, John? No. Down we go.

JOHN

Perfect.

Sherlock leads them down the hallway to another door. It creaks open at Sherlock's touch.

INT. BASEMENT. NIGHT

A neglected utility space. No natural light.

A bare low-watt light bulb hangs from the ceiling.

A single mattress and blanket lie in a dingy corner.

A desk housing several CCTV screens is the focal point.

At the desk stands VIOLET HUNTER, (previously the Cyclist and Ellie Ross), L'enfant terrible. Pragmatically dressed in black jeans and a black hoodie. A young face, haunted eyes. Her chestnut hair is pulled back in a pony tail.

She stays planted in position in front of the night vision CCTV screens which depict every room in the house and give external views of the estate.

Sherlock descends the stairs, John just behind.

Violet, complacent.

VIOLET

You took your time.

SHERLOCK

Don't start.

John cocks the trigger of his gun.

VIOLET

(Surprised then amused)

Hi, John.

JOHN

What's all this about?

Violet looks at Sherlock.

VIOLET

You really are taking your time.

Sherlock ignores her and studies the CCTV screens.

JOHN

Are you still working for Mycroft?

VIOLET

Are you kidding?

SHERLOCK

Answer him.

VIOLET

No. Wasn't much room for progression in the role.

JOHN

I know I'm going to regret asking this, but why are you doing this? Don't suppose you're prepared to unveil your evil plan?

VIOLET

My evil plan? Moral compass pointing in that direction, Mr White Hat?

JOHN

Doctor. Grey Hat.

Violet walks over to where she has left a small bottle of coke with a straw.

As she turns, Sherlock notices a discreet but crammed black money belt around her waist and the outline of a gun in her jeans.

SHERLOCK

Shouldn't drink that. It's bad for you.

She calmly picks up the coke and takes a sip, strolling back to the CCTV.

She checks the screens. All is clear.

VIOLET

There are times in life when you know you're drifting. No direction, no particular place to be. Could go anywhere, be anyone.

Violet looks right at John.

VIOLET

Meandering from one illusion to another. (To Sherlock) Equally there are times when you're a high speed train headed for one, ultimate destination. No request stops, no diversions, just 120MPH on the right track.

Sherlock, fascinated.

JOHN

You're not worried about how it will end?

VIOLET

We all know how it ends. It ends in death, Doctor Watson. I'm merely refining my in-flight entertainment.

John lowers the gun.

JOHN

Has life become that unbearable?

VIOLET

(Lightly)

Was it ever anything else? Do we just imagine the hope, faith and love - just create it. Self synthesised opiate.

Sherlock, entertained.

JOHN

Have you ever considered you might be suffering from depression?

VIOLET

Have you ever considered that depression is just a word for people who can't pretend?

JOHN

Yes, though from experience I'd say only a depressed person would put it like that. Or a blogger.

VIOLET

Then maybe I should get more fresh air and exercise.

JOHN

Besides, you're expert at pretending.

VIOLET

Too good.

SHERLOCK

What a web you've weaved. My magnificent apparition. God, the planning. The anticipation.

Violet beams.

JOHN

Sherlock! Don't...

SHERLOCK

Don't what?

JOHN

Praise her.

VIOLET

Do I get a gold star? Ellie Ross was my perfect disguise. Did you like her?

SHERLOCK

A sweet girl addicted to a better world? A life steeped in beauty; music, art and literature. Bit obvious in the end. No one could like musical theatre that much.

VIOLET

(Darkly)

You'd be surprised. Did you enjoy my nail varnish index?

JOHN

For God's sake.

SHERLOCK

You designed that room to be a treasure trove of clues.

VIOLET

I just had to get you there. The right hint at the right time. And then I needed to keep your attention. That was going to be harder.

JOHN

You left us a suicide as a clue.

VIOLET

(To Sherlock)

Thought you'd like that.

Sherlock, thinly concealed pride.

VIOLET

I needed to appeal to both of you, get to you, so you would stop long enough to see. (To John) So romantic, John. (To Sherlock) Did you like the violin concertos? I threw in some Mendelssohn.

SHERLOCK

Nice touch. You played on our favourite things and our memories to attract our attention. You built a world for us to walk into.

VIOLET

"Because the centre of a composition is not a building but an empty space."

SHERLOCK

Brilliant.

JOHN

You got inside my head. You took stuff from my life...

VIOLET

(Sincerely)

To save mine. And more. I'm sorry, John. It was meant to be a happy trip.

John, speechless.

VIOLET

Wasn't it beautiful? And it was all you in the end. You can get back there anytime you want.

JOHN

Shut up.

SHERLOCK

John, you're not the only person she got to. The double meaning. Musicals for you, operas for me. This house.

JOHN

What about this house?

Violet glances at Sherlock.

Sherlock, silent.

John, losing patience. He raises the gun again.

JOHN

That girl died in your place.

VIOLET

Yes.

JOHN

Why?

VIOLET

(Heavily)

All's fair in love and war.

JOHN

You faked your own suicide...

SHERLOCK

I'm sure she had her reasons.

JOHN

Sherlock!

VIOLET

Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

What? What is it? What are your reasons? All to get a message to me undetected by big brother?

JOHN

Big Brother? Oh god. Mycroft. That's why you had to be so covert.

VIOLET

He can be overbearing.

SHERLOCK

Doesn't mean I won't tell him.

VIOLET

That's not fair. I never told him when you tried to kill me.

JOHN

What?

VIOLET

First time we met he made me walk
the plank.

SHERLOCK

Protocol.

VIOLET

I plunged into the depths of the
lagoon. I could have drowned.

SHERLOCK

It was the duck pond.

JOHN

You were children? You played
together as children? (To Sherlock)
You *played*?

SHERLOCK

I wasn't playing.

JOHN

So why haven't I heard of you
before?

VIOLET

It's been a long time, hasn't it,
Sherlock? Since you handed me over.

JOHN

Mycroft?

VIOLET

Big brother. I was 18. Running
wild. Simply outrageous.

SHERLOCK

She was working in a library.

Sherlock and Violet staring each other out.

JOHN

So you two were... involved?

VIOLET

I think we've established I am not
the romantic lead here.

SHERLOCK

What do you want, Violet?

Violet, enigmatic.

SHERLOCK

Where were you before coming back to London? You're nervous. You know he's on his way.

JOHN

Mycroft's on his way? Here?

SHERLOCK

You're in trouble. You defected, didn't you? That's why you disappeared.

Violet, a flicker of remorse.

JOHN

You switched sides? Whose side?

VIOLET

Believe me it's not what you think. All this business about sides. (To herself) Circles don't have sides.

SHERLOCK

And now what? You want his protection? My protection? You think Mycroft won't deal with you if he has to come through me?

VIOLET

(Gravely)
Mycroft doesn't know.

SHERLOCK

Know what?

Violet looks to the CCTV screens. All is quiet.

VIOLET

They gave me an assignment.

SHERLOCK

And you refused it?

VIOLET

I locked myself out.

SHERLOCK

A fugitive from both sides.

VIOLET

There's that word again.

Violet turns to John.

VIOLET

What did you notice on your rounds, John?

John, perplexed.

VIOLET

You went to my theatre. You met my friend. What did Bernie say to you?

JOHN

About the critics taking bribes?

VIOLET

Yes. He gave you names.

SHERLOCK

What names?

JOHN

He did. But, he didn't know who you were. Not really.

VIOLET

Yes he did. You need to keep an eye on him. He may be in danger.

SHERLOCK

I see. A consulting spy. You're still working.

Violet ignores Sherlock.

VIOLET

(To John)

He thinks you don't see but you do. You do see.

FLASHBACK

John's cycle ride around London and his observations.

Back to Violet.

VIOLET

You have to keep looking.

SHERLOCK

Leave him alone.

VIOLET

(To Sherlock)

As for you, how long were you going to leave it?

JOHN

Leave what?

VIOLET

Tell him. Tell him how long Mycroft's been missing.

(MORE)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Not only that, but how long you've been pretending it's fine.

JOHN

What? Mycroft is missing?

VIOLET

Three months, Sherlock. Three months. And you knew something was wrong. That instinct. The one you keep ignoring because the facts just don't add up. How long were you going to leave it? Until you felt justified to worry about your own brother?

JOHN

Have you done something with him? Have you done something to Mycroft?

VIOLET

Not me, my 'side'. (To Sherlock) He could have been dead.

SHERLOCK

I would know.

VIOLET

Oh, you trust that.

JOHN

Sherlock? Why didn't you tell me?

SHERLOCK

It wasn't important.

JOHN

Yes it was! That's why you were acting so weird.

Sherlock, abashed.

JOHN

You had Lestrade looking for him as well, didn't you?

SHERLOCK

I wasn't sure.

JOHN

So where is he now?

VIOLET

The plan is that Mycroft Holmes will be brought to the house at midnight.

JOHN

The house? This house?

SHERLOCK

Why?

JOHN

But what is this house, Sherlock?
Where are we?

Sherlock ignores him.

SHERLOCK

(To Violet)

How are we supposed to know you're
not still working for them?

VIOLET

Well that's kind of the problem,
isn't it.

Something on a CCTV screen catches her attention. Violet
takes a closer look.

On the CCTV, a car is pulling up in the driveway.

VIOLET

Uh oh. Big brother's here. He
doesn't look very happy.

SHERLOCK

Well, then. You can tell him it was
all your idea.

VIOLET

No, you tell him.

In an expert move, Violet grabs the gun off John.

SHERLOCK

John!

She points the gun at both of them. They stay still.

VIOLET

Stay exactly where you are. You
must stay quiet.

SHERLOCK

What are you doing?

She backs out of the room.

VIOLET

Tell him.

John and Sherlock look at each other.

She locks the door.

Sherlock immediately run towards the door and tries to break it down without success.

John watching the screens.

JOHN

Sherlock!

Sherlock dashes back.

No choice but to watch the CCTV. There is no sound.

Via CCTV: MYCROFT enters the house with a security detail, an AGENT, MALE, 20s, one step behind him.

Sherlock and John watch, powerless.

Another CCTV screen: Violet, weightless, approaches in the dark with the gun.

JOHN

She's going to kill him! She arranged all of this so you could watch your brother's execution. Sherlock!

Sherlock, astounded.

CUT TO:

Mycroft and the Agent walk down the hallway cautiously, Mycroft still one step ahead.

They move into a sitting room.

CUT TO:

Via CCTV: Violet slinks into the room after them.

She flicks a switch and a light comes on, blinding at first across the CCTV screen.

Mycroft and the Agent are far into the room and can't be seen fully on the CCTV screen. The Agent remains behind Mycroft.

Violet glances up at the CCTV camera.

She positions herself and BANG, she fires.

Mycroft collapses back out of picture.

Sherlock and John recoil in shock.

Violet disappears from view.

There is nothing on screen except for a slow trickle of blood crossing the floor from off screen.

A second shot rings out, much closer.

Sherlock and John run to the door.

JOHN

Sherlock! Careful. She's still armed!

Sherlock stares at the door.

It is ajar with a hole shot in it.

SHERLOCK

She's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUEBELL ESTATE.

Violet, running for her life across the back garden and into the Bluebell Wood.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE.

John dashes through the door and towards the crime scene.

Sherlock follows steadily in a state of shock.

He sees John's gun discarded on the floor.

John running down the hallway.

Sherlock behind him slows down further, deducing.

SHERLOCK

The eye altering...

CUT TO:

A CCTV camera moves position.

CUT TO:

John enters the sitting room, horror on his face.

John blinking at the scene before him.

CUT TO:

Sherlock comes to a dead stop in the hallway.

SHERLOCK
...alters all.

CUT TO:

John steadily moves further into the room.

John, shock.

CUT TO:

Sherlock takes off in the other direction.

JOHN (O.S.)
Sherlock!

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUEBELL ESTATE. NIGHT

Violet runs; a silent bullet into the woods, fast and efficient. She knows the path.

Sherlock launches out of the back door and across the garden in pursuit.

Violet expertly hurdles over a side bar gate.

Sherlock shoots after her, stopping for nothing.

Violet picks up speed, focus and determination on her face.

Sherlock deftly hurdles over the side bar gate.

He sprints at full speed - a clear run.

Violet running into a clearing in the woods.

Sherlock right behind her, pure will driving him on.

Violet sees him on her tail.

She attempts to outrun him.

Sherlock hot on her heels.

Sherlock throws himself through the air and tackles her to the ground.

She puts up a valiant fight.

Violet in Sherlock's grip and no match for him.

VIOLET
No, you don't understand!

SHERLOCK

It was a stunt! I know it was a
stunt!

CUT TO:

Mycroft, sitting on the floor, unharmed but shaken and
distant.

The agent lies dead behind him, a bullet through the
forehead.

John examines Mycroft's shoulder; a small hole torn in the
suit shoulder where the bullet grazed past.

MYCROFT

I should have known.

CUT TO:

Violet still in Sherlock's grip.

VIOLET

Sherlock, please! There isn't time.

SHERLOCK

You wanted me to think you'd shot
Mycroft so you could get away.

VIOLET

Distracted you for all of 10
seconds.

SHERLOCK

John was right. Cold minded game
player.

VIOLET

Sherlock, I have to get out of here
now!

SHERLOCK

Why? Who are they?

VIOLET

People who want me dead.

SHERLOCK

We can protect you.

VIOLET

No you can't!

CUT TO:

John crouches down, taking a better look at the agent.

The bullet in the agent's head, a consummate shot.

A gun in the Agent's hand.

A panic button on his belt, activated. A red light glows.

MYCROFT

(Ominous) They're on their way,
John.

CUT TO:

Sherlock, starting to believe Violet.

VIOLET

Just keep looking. You and John
have to keep looking.

Sherlock, thinking furiously.

FLASHBACK

CCTV footage of Violet shooting at Mycroft.

The Agent with a gun in his hand pointed at Mycroft's back.

Back to Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

That agent was going to kill
Mycroft. Stage his suicide at the
house. It was a hit. You knew it
was happening!

Violet struggling.

SHERLOCK

You double crossed them to save his
life!

Sherlock loosens his grip.

Violet gets to her feet.

SHERLOCK

Triple agent! And now you're wanted
by both sides.

VIOLET

Yes.

SHERLOCK

He still won't forgive you.

VIOLET

I know.

Sherlock lets go of her.

She backs away.

Sherlock, the briefest hesitation.

SHERLOCK

Go!

Violet, still backing away.

VIOLET

John Watson is having a curious effect on you. A few years ago, a bullet in your brother's brain wouldn't have slowed you down at all.

She immediately disappears into the night.

Sherlock, shocked into stillness, white faced and alone in the woods.

Violet picks up speed as she streaks through the remaining woodland.

Sherlock, blinking into the darkness.

He turns to walk back.

FLASHBACK

The child's hand holding out the rose.

Sherlock stops in his tracks for a moment. He starts walking again.

Violet at the end of the bluebell wood.

She uses a tree stump to vault over the barbed wire, crossing the deserted country lane and jumping onto the bank.

Oncoming car headlights far off just miss her shadow.

Something makes Sherlock spin around, expecting to see her.

Nothing but tree branches swaying gently.

Violet scrambles over the bank and darts across a field.

Sherlock, still stunned, steadily returns through the bluebell wood.

Violet sprinting through the dark, a planned escape route.

Sherlock walking slowly, heavily.

FX: Distant sirens, a helicopter.

He glances over his shoulder towards the distant commotion.

Violet taking cover. She waits for the danger to clear and runs on under the cover of an avenue of trees.

Sherlock enters the garden to the house and comes to a stop.

Rose bushes rustling in the night breeze.

FX Helicopter approaching the house.

CUT TO:

John tending to Mycroft. He hears the helicopter.

CUT TO:

Sherlock in the garden, the helicopter closing in.

He takes a moment and looks up at the bright moon. He notices the beauty of the garden surrounding the house, the colours of the flowers.

Relative wind whips up in the trees and bushes, the helicopter above the house.

Sherlock stands in the wind.

CUT TO:

Violet tears down a country lane now some distance away.

FX: Distant helicopter.

CUT TO:

Mycroft and John sitting in silence..

Sherlock returns.

Sherlock, relief on seeing Mycroft.

Mycroft a cordial nod of the head, then a warm smile.

Sherlock, his face tells them she is gone.

Mycroft, avoiding eye contact.

Mycroft, Sherlock and John, silent.

CUT TO:

Violet still going until she comes to a sudden and unexpected stop.

Lights shine on her face.

Violet, breathless, eyes darting.

Something has gone wrong.

Violet, resolute.

MYCROFT (O.S.)

So romantic in the end. I always
knew it would be the death of her.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

John alone in the flat. Thinking.

MYCROFT (O.S.)

Every time I thought she was too
hot blooded, she surprised me with
her coldness.

John peeks out of the window. On the street is parked the
'Fingers in Pies' pie truck, with the same oak tree insignia.

The MIDDLE AGED TRUCK OWNER, MALE, is serving CUSTOMERS. He
looks up at John.

John moves away from the window.

MYCROFT (O.S.)

And just when I thought she
couldn't even be human, her heart
betrayed her.

CUT TO:

INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE. DAY

Mycroft stands behind his desk, the events of the previous
night etched on his face.

Sherlock sits opposite Mycroft's desk, watching him like a
hawk.

MYCROFT

Defected in order to find her
friend, of all things. Just like
that. Quite an acquisition for our
enemies. I never expected to see
her again. Better for her that way.

Mycroft sees a 'priority message' notification on his
computer screen.

He conceals and ignores it.

MYCROFT

Brilliant mind. I put her to work
but her excellence was rewarded
with alienation. She could have
been one of us.

SHERLOCK

Well, she did fake her own suicide.

MYCROFT

Definitely one of us.

Mycroft pours the tea.

Sherlock eyes him suspiciously.

SHERLOCK

What happened, Mycroft?

Mycroft, looking out of the window.

Beat.

MYCROFT

(Quietly)

I grew accustomed to her face.

Sherlock, pondering.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

John on his laptop.

Sherlock enters and John immediately stands.

JOHN

It's everywhere, Sherlock. This
company has financed or sponsored
small businesses all over the
country. Local papers, job
agencies, catering companies. The
same oak tree logo appears on most
of them.

John shows Sherlock his search results.

JOHN

Musgrave Financial Services.

Sherlock, perturbed.

JOHN

All these things are connected.
What are they up to?

SHERLOCK

Power, profit. Why does anyone do anything?

Sherlock starts to walk to his bedroom.

JOHN

I think we're being watched.

SHERLOCK

We're always being watched.

He disappears down the hallway leaving John to his thoughts.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

3am. Sherlock in the arm chair, unable to sleep.

He plucks at the violin strings and looks at the empty seat opposite.

Sherlock remembering:

INT. LIBRARY. DAY

Violet and Sherlock in a reference library, 10 years ago.

They sit at a table surrounded by books: Violet has many on architecture, then Blake, Oscar Wilde.

A book on chemical compounds for Sherlock.

VIOLET

Mycroft said you don't listen to anything except German music. Even violinists.

SHERLOCK

I do. Mycroft's an idiot.

VIOLET

Hardly. Okay then. Your verdict. Viktoria Mullova.

SHERLOCK

No.

VIOLET

Why?

SHERLOCK

Messy.

VIOLET
(Stunned) Messy?

SHERLOCK
How Deep Is Your Love?

VIOLET
What?

SHERLOCK
She covered the Bee Gees.

CUT TO:

Sherlock in the present talking to an empty chair.

SHERLOCK
Not a fan of the Bee Gees.

CUT TO:

The library in the past.

VIOLET
She also fled the KGB during a tour
of Finland. Thought you'd like
that.

SHERLOCK
Messy.

VIOLET
You didn't hear her play Bach's
Chaconne?

SHERLOCK
I suppose she did that well.

VIOLET
Well? Isabelle Faust, then.

SHERLOCK
An improvement.

VIOLET
Really.

SHERLOCK
Subtler, more delicate.

VIOLET
Just because she's German.

SHERLOCK
No, because she plays German. The
music, the life of it, is already
there.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It doesn't need extra emphasis. She clearly understands introspection.

VIOLET

Because she's German.

SHERLOCK

It helps.

VIOLET

Joshua Bell?

SHERLOCK

(With a smirk) American.

VIOLET

David Grimal?

CUT TO:

Sherlock in the present continuing his conversation, alone at first glimpse.

SHERLOCK

Yes, why do you love the French so much?

Then Violet opposite him, lounging in a chair, dressed as she was in the library.

VIOLET

L'amour. And the cheese.

They sit smiling at each other.

SHERLOCK

You're not really here.

VIOLET

No. I'm a memory now. Lounging in your mind palace. The ghost in the machine.

Sherlock regarding her.

Violet picks up the copy of *The Nightingale and The Rose*.

VIOLET

So let's see if you were paying attention.

She reads aloud from the story.

VIOLET

"The student looked up from the grass and listened, but he could not understand what the nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written down in books."

Sherlock, affected.

John meanders in, wearing his dressing gown.

Sherlock and the empty chair. No Violet.

John plonks himself down in the empty chair.

JOHN

Can't sleep? Were you talking to me again?

SHERLOCK

I'm fine.

Beat.

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry, John.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

I should have told you about Mycroft.

JOHN

It's okay Sherlock, I understand.

SHERLOCK

What? Why?

JOHN

I was hardly present myself. I expect you felt you couldn't count on me. I should have been helping you find Laura Adams. Instead of...

SHERLOCK

You still don't get it, do you? This was all down to you. If I failed to see her messages, which I did spectacularly, she knew it was down to you.

INTERCUT WITH FLASHBACKS.

Flashback to John in Flat B.

SHERLOCK

She knew she could appeal to you in a way she couldn't get to me. You didn't let it go. It struck you hard and you held onto it.

Flashback to John at the theatre.

SHERLOCK

You followed your instincts and your heart. Your heart, John. You even got inside her mind, whether you wanted to or not.

Flashback to John holding his gun.

SHERLOCK

You followed the trail.

Flashback to John cycling.

SHERLOCK

You led us to where we needed to be. She was relying on you to unravel this mystery, not me. She needed someone human.

Back to John, fidgeting.

JOHN

But it made no sense to me.

SHERLOCK

But you brought it to me. Like you always do. Like I said, John, I need eyes I can rely on.

John, dangerously close to blushing.

JOHN

She didn't need us, though. In the end.

SHERLOCK

No, we needed her.

Beat.

JOHN

So I'm not just the errand boy then.

SHERLOCK

If I ever hear you use those words again...

JOHN

Not my words, Lestrade's words. How the world sees us. Batman and Robin.

SHERLOCK

Shut up. Robin never served in Afghanistan.

JOHN

They missed a trick there.

Beat.

JOHN

I can't wait to write this up. Another Web. The Good Spider. The Anti-Moriarty.

SHERLOCK

She sang very prettily, our Nightingale.

JOHN

She did. Though it's not actually the female that sings.

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

Oscar Wilde got it wrong. It's the male that sings, not the female. Easy mistake to make. The sexes are quite similar. Tea?

Sherlock, brain cogs turning.

FLASHBACK

The child's hand holding out the rose, now revealed to be a very little girl giving a rose to a much older boy.

SHERLOCK

(To himself)

Keep looking.

CUT TO:

INT. MYCROFT'S CAR. NIGHT

Mycroft in the back of a car, a heavy heart.

Next to him, Violet. She has bruises on her face, signs of a battle.

There's a marked tenderness between them, yet no touch.

The car stops.

A parked helicopter. Blades starting to rotate.

Violet looks to Mycroft.

CUT TO:

Sherlock and John sitting together in comfortable silence.

John sips his tea.

Sherlock, day dreaming.

John takes a closer look at the 4 roses Mrs Hudson put aside for them.

CUT TO:

Mycroft, unable to look at Violet.

Violet hesitates.

Helicopter blades quicker now.

Finally Mycroft looks her in the eye.

She looks back firmly, solemnly, for a long moment.

She gets out of the car.

Mycroft, paralysed.

Violet running towards the helicopter.

She gets in. She looks back.

Mycroft's car starts to pull away.

CUT TO:

John turns the small vase around to reveal more detail on the roses. Whilst one or two are pure cream/white, one has a dramatic flush of pink on the petals.

John, thinking.

CUT TO:

VIOLET (V.O.)

"A delicate flush of pink came into
the leaves of the rose."

Violet inside the helicopter. Extreme and pure relief.

Mycroft, being driven away, the helicopter taking off in the background.

VIOLET (V.O.)

"But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose's heart remained white, for only a Nightingale's heart's blood can crimson the heart of a rose."

Violet, finally, her freedom. And not looking back.

DISSOLVE TO:

Mycroft, haunted.

Black out.

END OF EPISODE
TEN