

ELEMENTARY
"The Death of Sherlock Holmes"

Ben Wan

Le'Ander Nicholson
Believeland Management
Leander@believelandmanagement.com

TEASER

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - HALLWAY - DAY

DR. MORTON (male, 40s, schlub) walks down, rubbing his eyes and sipping coffee. His colleague, Dr. LOWE (female, 30s, playful), joins him.

LOWE

Someone was up late again last night.

MORTON

Give me, like, two more cups of this before I can hold a conversation.

LOWE

So what was it? Uber driving? Afterparty? Hot date?

MORTON

I don't kiss and tell.

LOWE

Oh come on!

They swipe their access cards for the lab.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - LAB - CONTINUOUS

They walk in together.

LOWE

Every morning, you've been coming in half asleep.

MORTON

I have insomnia.

LOWE

Yeah right. Come on. I won't tell Director Burke. Promise-

They stop, as they find the body of their colleague, VICTOR (40s), dressed in a lab coat, on the floor.

MORTON

Victor?!

LOWE

Oh my God!

They rush to him and turn him over.

Victor opens his mouth, pulling Morton down so he can talk in his ear. His voice comes out in an English accent.

VICTOR
Culverton...Smith...

His head drops to the floor. Dead.

LOWE
Victor? Victor?! Call 911!

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Two figures, covered in HEADGEAR, SPAR, each holding a SINGLE STICK. One is SHERLOCK. The other is JOAN.

SHERLOCK
Cover, Watson! Cover!

JOAN
I am covering!

He SMACKS her helmet with the single stick.

SHERLOCK
Not enough. Now, up! Up!

Joan lets out a grunt and SMACKS him back in the head.

SHERLOCK
Perfect! Now-

She SMACKS him twice more. She goes for another strike, but he SMACKS the stick out of her hand. It flies in the air, crashing to the floor. He takes off the helmet.

SHERLOCK
That's the side I need to see!

Joan takes off her helmet.

JOAN
Keep annoying me and you'll see it more often.

SHERLOCK
One shouldn't rely on anger, Watson. One simply needs focus. Something you've been lacking lately. So tell me, what's Prince Charming's name?

JOAN

What makes you think a guy has anything to do with it?

She picks up her phone, checking it.

SHERLOCK

The increased frequency you've been checking your phone.

Joan puts the phone down, caught.

SHERLOCK

I trust your suitor's enough of a gentleman to text you back.

JOAN

I'm not talking about this with you.

She heads over to drink water.

SHERLOCK

Really? After all our time together, I'd think we'd be comfortable discussing our personal lives.

JOAN

It'd be nice if it was an actual discussion, then.

SHERLOCK

You'll have to translate that for me, Watson. Passive aggressiveness is a language I'm neither fluent nor very fond of...

JOAN

We don't actually talk about my dating life. Alright? It's me sharing and you telling me how "the act of courtship" is stupid-

SHERLOCK

It is.

JOAN

Or that I could be spending my time reading up on the different types of tobacco.

SHERLOCK

You underestimate its potential value on a case.

JOAN

The point is, unlike you, I'd like to actually live a life.

SHERLOCK

Well, you may find yourself drawn to such distractions. But to be an effective investigator, I have to treat myself as a machine. Give me problems, give me work. For example-

He pulls up an article on his phone: "METH EPIDEMIC SWEEPS MANHATTAN."

SHERLOCK

If I'm to find these Walter White pretenders, I require complete focus and mental stimulation.

JOAN

What do you call the bees upstairs then?

SHERLOCK

Experiments. As I said, mental stimulation-

JOAN

And the violin? You haven't picked it up once since we started working together.

SHERLOCK

It used to help me think. It outlived that usefulness long ago.

JOAN

Sherlock, most people have hobbies. Things they enjoy doing. What you do isn't a way to live.

SHERLOCK

It's enough for me, Watson.

JOAN

But does it make you happy?

Before Sherlock can answer, there's the PING of a text.

Joan takes a look. Sherlock looks grateful for the interruption.

SHERLOCK

What did I tell you? He's a gentleman after all.

JOAN

Actually, it's not him. It's Marcus.

Sherlock's ears perk up.

JOAN

He thinks you're gonna like this one.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - HALLWAY - DAY

DETECTIVE MARCUS BELL walks Sherlock and Joan through the crime scene. Several parts of the hallway are taped off.

BELL

Vic's name is Victor Savage. English. Until further notice, we've put his lab under quarantine.

JOAN

What killed him?

BELL

We believe he contracted some kind of virus. We got paramedics examining the colleagues who found him, but they seem fine.

Bell dons a breathing mask while a MASKED TECHNICIAN hands additional ones to Sherlock and Joan.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE- LAB - DAY

Sherlock, Joan, and Bell walk in.

BELL

Normally we wouldn't see this as a homicide. But the vic's last words got us thinking.

JOAN

What did he say?

BELL
"Culverton Smith."

Sherlock looks at the body then stops when he sees the man's face. His eyes narrow and he moves in, closer.

JOAN
The name of his killer maybe?

BELL
Could be. But we've got no record of anyone by that name in the company. If it's this "Smith" person, he must've infected our guy before Dr. Savage got to work-

SHERLOCK
The victim's real name was Victor Trevor.

Bell and Joan look over to him.

SHERLOCK
He moved to New York sometime in the last five years. Had a love for board games. Brushed his teeth only once a day. Never flossed. But he loved his work.

BELL
Let me guess. You got most of that from looking at his fingernails or somethin'.

SHERLOCK
No. I got all of it because I knew this man.

He looks at the rest of the team, with a grave expression.

SHERLOCK
And if my suspicions are correct, whoever murdered him will be coming for me next.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - HALLWAY - DAY

Sherlock stands with Joan, Bell, and CAPTAIN GREGSON.

SHERLOCK

Victor Trevor was a key witness on one of my cases back in London. His evidence helped me expose the Gloria Scott Foundation.

GREGSON

That was you? I thought Scotland Yard nabbed that one.

SHERLOCK

I valued discretion. Even in my early days, Captain.

BELL

Sorry, but what's the Gloria Scott Foundation?

SHERLOCK

A research facility. Originally, Victor was hired to devise a vaccine to combat the latest form of the H1N1 virus.

JOAN

Turned out they were behind the outbreak in the first place. Spreading diseases so they could sell the cure.

SHERLOCK

Victor came to me once he learned what was happening. Together, we submitted evidence that showed the foundation's true colors: a factory profiting off death.

BELL

And I'm guessing someone went to prison for this.

Sherlock pulls up a picture on his phone.

SHERLOCK

Dr. Jack Prendergast. Head of the foundation.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

He would have spent his remaining days behind bars had he not hanged himself before the conviction. Prendergast had his fair share of followers, though.

BELL

So our killer's a scientist out for revenge who...what? Poisoned our guy and made it look like a flu?

JOAN

Fits the way he died. Was Victor under any kind of witness protection?

SHERLOCK

Unnecessary. With Prendergast dead, he wasn't in any fear of his life.

BELL

Yet he still changed his name and moved here.

SHERLOCK

Victor wanted a fresh start. It's why I recommended New York to him. But I suppose the past catches up to us all in the end.

JOAN

This was years ago. If this is a vendetta, the killer's waited a long time to act.

SHERLOCK

Perhaps he needed time to track us down. Not to mention, our man has a flair for the dramatic.

BELL

Why do you say that?

SHERLOCK

Today's the anniversary of Prendergast's suicide. What better way to mark the occasion than to avenge his death?

The rest of the team look at each other, now convinced.

GREGSON

So what've we got on this "Culverton Smith" then?

BELL

Not only doesn't he work here, he doesn't even exist in the city. Maybe it's not even a name.

SHERLOCK

Perhaps. Watson and I will talk to Victor's colleagues. See how he may have come in contact with the virus.

GREGSON

Hold on, Holmes. If you're in danger, you need to be in protective custody. Let us handle this-

SHERLOCK

I appreciate the gesture. But I owe it to Victor to see justice done. Besides, I think I have a right to be acquainted with my future killer. Don't you?

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - STAIRWELL - DAY

Joan tracks Sherlock down as he goes down the stairs.

JOAN

Sherlock!

SHERLOCK

Judging from your tone, I presume you want me to take up the Captain's offer.

JOAN

If "Culverton Smith" was able to find Victor Trevor, he'll be able to find you.

SHERLOCK

Oh, I have no doubt of that, Watson. But do you truly think the police have the skills to solve this without me?

A couple cops pass by, giving Sherlock dirty looks.

JOAN

I think it's probably not a good idea to ask that in front of them...

SHERLOCK

The Captain and Detective Bell are fine policemen. But as investigators, they lack the imagination to tackle this properly. Besides, if we find out how Victor was given the virus, we can predict how the killer will attempt the same with me. More productive than hiding, wouldn't you say?

He walks off. Joan stays for a bit, wondering if this is a good idea. Sherlock turns back.

SHERLOCK

Come, Watson. As Shakespeare said, "the game's afoot!"

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - LOBBY - DAY

Sherlock and Joan interview Morton and Lowe as they unroll their sleeves when they get off their stretchers.

SHERLOCK

Congratulations, doctors. It seems you've been given the all-clear.

MORTON

I don't know if I'd say "congratulations." You guys think Victor was murdered?

JOAN

It's looking likely.

LOWE

I can't imagine who would want to hurt him. Victor was the sweetest.

JOAN

So he had a lot of friends here.

MORTON

Well, I don't know about "friends." The man was pretty much a workaholic.

LOWE

The only one who never showed up to the holiday parties.

SHERLOCK

How come?

LOWE

Said they were "just distractions."

Joan looks over at Sherlock. Sounds familiar.

SHERLOCK

Wise man.

MORTON

We did hear an argument, though.
Between him and Director Burke.

JOAN

About?

LOWE

We don't know. To be honest...the
director fights with everyone.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - HALLWAY - DAY

DIRECTOR BURKE (50s, arrogant) yells at a JANITOR.

BURKE

How many times do I have to tell
you? My desk is off limits!

JANITOR

I'm-I'm sorry, Director-

BURKE

Do you realize how easy your job is
compared to other people here?
People who have a real education?

JANITOR

It won't happen again, I promise-

BURKE

This is your only warning!

Sherlock and Joan approach.

JOAN

I'm guessing that's Burke.

SHERLOCK

Charming man. In terms of bosses,
he's a small step above
Prendergast.

The Janitor, head down in humiliation, walks past them as they head towards Burke's office.

SHERLOCK
Emphasis on small.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - BURKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Sherlock and Joan sit across from Burke.

BURKE
Sorry you had to see that.
Obviously, Victor was a valuable part of our team. And, well, I've never been that great at dealing with loss.

As they talk, Sherlock stares over at Burke's desk. It's practically BARE, with just a computer.

JOAN
We understand. A couple of the doctors here said you two were in an argument earlier this week.

BURKE
Please. Just a disagreement. We argued over how long to test our latest cough medicine. That was his project: the cure for the common cold.

JOAN
When did you last see him?

BURKE
Last night, actually, when I was leaving. The man was dedicated. Usually pulled all-nighters.

SHERLOCK
Director, if I may ask, what's so important about your desk?

BURKE
I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK
Your little outburst at the janitor. I was wondering if there were any security concerns.

BURKE

Well, actually, one of my access cards to the labs has gone missing this week.

Joan and Sherlock exchange glances.

BURKE

You don't think that has anything to do with what happened to Victor, though, do you?

JOAN

We'd like to consider all angles.

SHERLOCK

Victor's last words were "Culverton Smith." That doesn't happen to mean anything to you, does it?

Burke thinks it over. Sherlock studies Burke's reaction as the man shakes his head.

BURKE

Not that I recall. But if you write down the name, I'll have my assistant see if we know anyone.

He hands Sherlock a pen. Sherlock nods, CLICKS it, and writes down the name.

BURKE

Sorry I couldn't be much help.

SHERLOCK

Actually, Director, you were more helpful than you think.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - LOBBY - DAY

Sherlock and Joan walk out.

SHERLOCK

Victor was infected here.

JOAN

You're sure?

SHERLOCK

Had to be. Someone gained access to the lab. Probably used one of the cards stolen from Burke's office.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Then they infected him at the lab last night. Didn't realize he was being murdered til-

He SNEEZES.

SHERLOCK

-til it was too late.

JOAN

Bless you.

SHERLOCK

Thank you. I have to say, Watson, Victor did us a favor by not having a life outside of work.

JOAN

I don't think there's anything favorable about that.

SHERLOCK

But think how quickly we've worked through this.

He SNEEZES again. Joan looks concerned.

SHERLOCK

With no personal connections, Victor has made it far easier to solve his murder. No drama with mates or girlfriends to waste our time. Just one location. For a one dimensional life.

JOAN

Well, I'm sure he'd appreciate that assessment if he were alive.

SHERLOCK

Perhaps you find me callous, Watson.

JOAN

That's an understatement.

SHERLOCK

We cannot let emotions get the better of us. You know me well enough by now. I am not prone to...

He COUGHS.

SHERLOCK
...sentiment.

He goes into a COUGHING FIT and slows his pace.

JOAN
Are you alright?

Sherlock's cell phone RINGS. Sherlock looks at it. It reads UNKNOWN. He picks it up.

A DISTORTED VOICE comes on the other line.

MAN'S VOICE
Feeling nauseous yet, Holmes?

Sherlock looks over at Joan.

MAN'S VOICE
Put me on speaker. I'd hate you to waste time repeating this to Miss Watson.

Joan takes the phone as Sherlock realizes what's happened.

SHERLOCK
You...infected me...

MAN'S VOICE
The same virus that killed Victor Trevor. A concoction I created myself. Which means only I have the antidote.

Sherlock looks over at Joan.

MAN'S VOICE
Don't worry about your apprentice. Or your cop friends. You're the only prey left for me, Holmes.

Joan pulls up a chair for Sherlock, who sits down, trying to breathe. They both look around, seeing anyone in the facility who might be on the phone.

MAN'S VOICE
You have two hours to live. Solve Victor Trevor's murder and you can solve your own.

JOAN
We already know who you are.
"Culverton Smith."

MAN'S VOICE

Good. Then find Culverton Smith and
you get the antidote. Don't? And
well...

Sherlock grabs a tissue and SNEEZES. He finds BLOOD dripping
from his nose.

MAN'S VOICE

Game. Over.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - LOBBY - DAY

Paramedics rush in with a STRETCHER as Joan helps them lift Sherlock onto it.

SHERLOCK

No, Watson. No hospitals...

JOAN

Don't be an idiot. You're going.

SHERLOCK

You heard our man. Two hours to find him...

JOAN

We are not playing his game. Understand? You're getting your blood analyzed while I work with the police to find Smith.

SHERLOCK

You'll be too late. Please, Watson. The paramedics can transport me around the crime scene. IVs should be more than enough to keep me awake.

JOAN

Sherlock, listen to me. Criminals are your expertise. Illness? That's mine. Now, you're going to do the one thing that Victor Trevor didn't: see a doctor.

Sherlock sits up.

SHERLOCK

Watson. If these are to be my last hours-

JOAN

Don't say that.

SHERLOCK

If they are, I prefer spending them saving myself. Solving one last puzzle.

Joan looks at him as the paramedics hook him up to the IVs.

SHERLOCK

Grant me that dignity. Please,
Joan.

She looks surprised as he calls her by her first name.

JOAN

One condition. I get a blood sample
to run by the lab. See if we can
work up an antidote on our own.

Sherlock smiles and gestures towards his arm.

SHERLOCK

As always, I'm at your disposal.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - LABORATORY - DAY

Joan takes Sherlock's blood as Bell stands by.

BELL

At least give us your phone so we
can trace back the call.

SHERLOCK

You won't find anything. "Culverton
Smith" used a disposable number.
He's smart. Probably even smarter
than me.

JOAN

We can't think that way.

SHERLOCK

This does confirm one thing,
though.

BELL

What's that?

SHERLOCK

The killer's here. At the Burke
Institute. It's the only way he
could infect Victor and me.

JOAN

Would he really be an employee? If
Victor knew Culverton Smith, he
would've recognized him way before
he was killed.

SHERLOCK

Either Victor only knew him by name. Or Smith found a way to disguise himself.

Sherlock goes into another COUGHING FIT. Bell hits him on the back so he can cough up more. He spits it into a tissue, then talks in labored breathing.

SHERLOCK

You were right, Watson. Should've known he'd find me. Should've taken precautions-

JOAN

Beat yourself up later. Let's just get you cured.

SHERLOCK

Wouldn't need to be cured if I took the Captain's offer-

BELL

Look, man. This isn't the time.

SHERLOCK

You're right. Still need to play the game. T-minus, one hour and 55 minutes...

JOAN

(to Bell)

Could you give us a second?

Bell nods and walks out.

JOAN

Listen. I know what you said this morning. But you're not a "machine." Not today. Alright? You made a mistake. Which means, you're only human.

Sherlock begrudgingly nods.

JOAN

Now, who would have records of Culverton Smith? I could maybe see if there's a picture, but the Gloria Scott Foundation's been shut down for years.

SHERLOCK

If anyone has a record, it's New Scotland Yard. That is, if you can get through to them...

JOAN

Well, I think we know someone who can.

INT. LESTRADE'S ROOM - NIGHT

A phone RINGS. GARETH LESTRADE brushes his teeth and spits into the sink before looking at the phone. He looks intrigued before he answers.

LESTRADE

Well, this is a surprise.

EXT. BURKE INSTITUTE - INTERCUT

Joan hails a cab, getting in.

JOAN

We need your help.

LESTRADE

How may I be of service? From my side of the pond...

JOAN

It's about one of your old cases with Sherlock. The Gloria Scott Foundation.

Lestrade looks up, surprised.

LESTRADE

Blimey. You're digging deep, aren't ya?

JOAN

I need you to look up any connection between Dr. Jack Prendergast and the name "Culverton Smith."

LESTRADE

Why isn't Sherlock telling me this?

JOAN

Because he's dying.

Lestrade reacts.

LESTRADE
Pardon, he's what?!

JOAN
I'll explain later. But I need info
on Smith. Now.

LESTRADE
Alright, alright. Give me some
time.

JOAN
Sherlock has less than two hours.

She hangs up. Lestrade grabs his coat.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - LAB - DAY

Paramedics wheel Sherlock into the hall, as he's joined by
Gregson and Bell.

GREGSON
Are you insane?!

SHERLOCK
You should know me well enough by
now...the answer is most certainly
yes.

GREGSON
This is ridiculous. You need
treatment!

SHERLOCK
This is my treatment, Captain.
Solving my own murder.

GREGSON
Bell, help me out here.

BELL
Look, I don't like it either. But
if it was either of us in that bed,
wouldn't you want the same thing?

Gregson sighs, knowing Bell's right.

GREGSON
Alright. Fine. Bell and I are here
for you 'til Joan gets back. What
do you need?

SHERLOCK
Another look at Victor's lab.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - LAB - DAY

They wheel Sherlock inside, with Gregson and Bell wearing masks. He holds up a hand for them to stop as they reach Victor's desk.

BELL
What exactly are we looking for?

SHERLOCK
Victor and I were deliberately targeted. Yet no one else has been infected. The killer made that abundantly clear. The first step is figuring out how both of us caught the virus.

GREGSON
Maybe it was something you both came in contact with. Something no one else did.

SHERLOCK
And yet Culverton Smith must've known I'd be the one to touch it.

BELL
So what did you touch?

Sherlock looks around the lab. Microscopes, test tubes, clipboards. He comments on each one, eliminating them.

SHERLOCK
No, no, no, no, no...

He looks further, eyes darting.

Until he spots a familiar-looking PEN on the table.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Paramedics wheel Sherlock into the room. Doctors Morton and Lowe stand up, alarmed.

SHERLOCK
Doctors. I'd say good afternoon but I can't imagine mine getting much worse.

MORTON

What the hell is this?

SHERLOCK

I require answers. And unless you want to live with my death on your conscience, I suggest you give them.

Morton and Lowe back away from Sherlock's stretcher.

LOWE

Shouldn't you be at a hospital?

SHERLOCK

Priorities, Dr. Lowe, priorities. Let's talk about Director Burke, shall we? He told my partner and me that an access card was stolen. What do you know about that?

MORTON

I mean, security's been tightening ever since. But if you ask me? I think he probably just lost it.

LOWE

Yeah, but what about everything that went missing?

SHERLOCK

What went missing?

LOWE

Well, I do inventory on the labs. Ever since that card was taken, we've been missing equipment.

MORTON

I didn't hear anything about that-

LOWE

That's 'cause you never pay attention.

SHERLOCK

I need a list of everything missing. Immediately.

MORTON

But what does that have to do with what happened to Victor?

SHERLOCK
Everything, Doctor. Everything.

INT. NYPD - LAB - DAY

A female TOXICOLOGIST (30s) shows a chart to Joan.

TOXICOLOGIST
I can't identify the strain but
they're definitely the same virus.
Looks to be some form of H1N1.

JOAN
Is it treatable?

TOXICOLOGIST
For a strain like this? I doubt
something like Tamiflu or Relenza
would have the strength to combat
it.

JOAN
We could make one, though, couldn't
we? I mean, you've got two samples
of the same virus. We could
probably do something with that.

TOXICOLOGIST
I'm sure it could be manufactured.
But it would take a couple days.

Joan walks away, frustrated.

JOAN
We don't have days.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - HALLWAY - DAY

Sherlock watches the view from the window as Gregson walks
back to him, holding a list.

GREGSON
Full inventory from Dr. Lowe. Looks
like whoever's been rummaging
through the lab took a bit of
everything. Test tubes, goggles.
Even some chemicals.

SHERLOCK
Which chemicals?

Gregson hands him the list. Sherlock examines.

GREGSON
I don't get it. If lab equipment
was getting stolen, why wouldn't
Burke report it to us?

SHERLOCK
Why indeed, Captain.

He closes the list.

SHERLOCK
Do you trust me?

GREGSON
What kind of question is that?

Using the file as cover, Sherlock PULLS out the IV needles.

SHERLOCK
Please. Just tell me.

GREGSON
Of course, I trust you.

SHERLOCK
No matter what?

GREGSON
Holmes. What are you getting at?

SHERLOCK
It's just that I'm running short on
time, Captain. So, whatever happens
next...you are not to interfere.

Sherlock GRABS Gregson's gun and LEAPS off the stretcher.

GREGSON
Holmes!

Sherlock RUNS towards Burke's office. Gregson and the
paramedics take chase.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - BURKE'S OFFICE - DAY

The door CRASHES open as Sherlock stumbles in.

Burke rises, shocked.

BURKE
Mr. Holmes! Go to a hospital!
You'll get all of us sick!

SHERLOCK

Then perhaps you shouldn't have
infected me!

He RAISES the gun on Burke as he LOCKS the door behind him.

Burke panics, hands in the air. Gregson and others POUND on
the door on the other side.

BURKE

Hey, hold on a second-

SHERLOCK

Not right now, Director. Or should
I say "Culverton Smith?"

BURKE

Put the gun down.

SHERLOCK

Very smart, getting me to write
down the name so you could inject
me with the pen.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - BURKE'S OFFICE - (FLASHBACK)

Burke hands Sherlock his pen. Sherlock clicks it before
writing down the name.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

So how'd you do it? Just a tiny
needle hidden inside to prick me
when I clicked it?

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - LAB - (FLASHBACK)

Sherlock sees the same type of pen on Victor's desk.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Is that how you got Victor? He had
a similar one on his desk in the
lab.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - BURKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Sherlock grabs Burke's pen, examining it.

BURKE

You're insane! That's just a pen!

Sherlock tosses the pen away.

SHERLOCK

It's funny, really. I thought this was revenge for the Gloria Scott Foundation. But it's not, is it?

BURKE

I didn't kill Victor!

SHERLOCK

Your first mistake was lying. You claimed you were tightening security after your access card was stolen. But according to your colleagues, they took much more. Chemicals. The ones typically used for cold medicine, which can double for-

He holds up his phone, showing a familiar headline.

SHERLOCK

-the ingredients to make crystal meth.

BURKE

What?! I'm not a meth dealer!

SHERLOCK

No, you're a manufacturer. And Victor figured it out, didn't he? That's what you were arguing about earlier. He knew your secret.

BURKE

No! I already told you that was-

SHERLOCK

It's why you infected him. Once you realized I was close, you infected me, too. The only part I don't know is what "Culverton Smith" was supposed to mean.

BURKE

I didn't infect anyone, okay?! This is crazy! Please! Just don't shoot me! Don't shoot me...

Burke bursts into tears as he keeps repeating it. Sherlock stops, studying the man's face. He lowers the gun.

SHERLOCK

You...You really have no idea what I'm talking about. Do you?

Burke shakes his head. Sherlock's phone RINGS.

He closes his eyes, knowing who it is. It RINGS again.

He pulls his phone out as he brings the gun to his side, then he answers it.

MAN'S VOICE

Holmes, Holmes, Holmes. Of all the people here, you thought I was Burke? Guess you're not so brilliant after all.

SHERLOCK

I'm going to find you. I'm-

Sherlock stumbles. His vision fades.

MAN'S VOICE

Will you? 'Cause you've already wasted 30 minutes on the wrong man.

Sherlock stumbles. He drops the gun to the floor.

MAN'S VOICE

Tick tock, Sherlock. Tick tock.

Sherlock COLLAPSES in front of Burke.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HOSPITAL - SHERLOCK'S ROOM - DAY

Sherlock wakes up, finding Joan, Gregson, and Bell above him, all wearing masks.

He tries to move, only to find himself HANDCUFFED.

SHERLOCK

I suppose I owe an apology to
Director Burke.

GREGSON

It took some convincing. But he
decided not to press charges, given
your state of mind.

BELL

We checked the pens you talked
about, too. There was nothing
hidden in them.

JOAN

Not to mention that the flu
probably wouldn't be injected. It
spreads through the air.

SHERLOCK

Yes, of course. I suppose that
makes more sense...

GREGSON

Also, Burke had no idea about the
missing equipment. Dr. Lowe was too
afraid to tell him earlier this
week, thinking he'd fire her.

SHERLOCK

Well then...is there anything I
actually got right?

No one answers.

JOAN

What the hell were you thinking,
going in like that?

SHERLOCK

I wasn't! Clearly. Or I wouldn't
have gotten it so wrong.

He lies back, closing his eyes with embarrassment.

SHERLOCK

I twisted facts to suit theories,
instead of twisting theories to
suit facts. I made the one mistake
I pride myself in never making.

JOAN

Which is why you're here now.
You're not yourself, Sherlock.

He pulls at his handcuffed arm.

SHERLOCK

I suppose it'd be pointless to ask
you to uncuff me.

JOAN

Why? So you can make yourself
worse?

SHERLOCK

I'm not spending my final minutes
in a bloody hospital bed.

GREGSON

Hey. Listen. You're not gonna die
here. Not on our watch.

SHERLOCK

You underestimate Culverton Smith.

He lies back, frustrated.

SHERLOCK

Knew I'd run into this eventually.
The case that would kill me.

GREGSON

We're gonna find that antidote.

SHERLOCK

I'm not talking about the virus.
I'm talking about my mind. It gives
me purpose. But without it? I don't
know how I can stop him.

GREGSON

Then leave it to us right now. You
asked me if I trust you. Now, do
you trust me?

Sherlock nods, resigning.

GREGSON

Good. Then hang tight. We're coming back.

Gregson walks out. Bell's about to follow.

BELL

We're gonna get this guy, Holmes. You just stay here and get better.

He nods to Sherlock, leaving him with Joan.

SHERLOCK

Are you as optimistic as the others, Watson?

JOAN

I want to be.

SHERLOCK

But your medical experience tells you otherwise.

She looks down.

SHERLOCK

Believe me, I have every faith in you. But on the chance you don't find him...promise you'll come back. It'd be good to have someone here. At the end.

Joan nods, fighting emotion.

JOAN

I promise.

Sherlock smiles at her.

SHERLOCK

Oh, Watson. I never deserved you.

JOAN

You're right. You didn't.

They share a smile.

JOAN

But I'm here anyway.

She squeezes his hand.

JOAN

This isn't good-bye.

SHERLOCK
Get Culverton Smith. The game's
still afoot. Even if I'm not in it.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Joan takes a breath as she steps out. Gregson puts his hand on her shoulder.

GREGSON
I didn't want to say it in there.
But we have to be prepared.

JOAN
Where's Bell?

GREGSON
He wanted to pick up a few things.
Something to make the waiting a
little easier til we figure out how
to save him.

JOAN
You mean, if we can save him.

GREGSON
Joan, come on.

JOAN
I'm not ready, okay? I admit it.
I'm not ready.

GREGSON
None of us are. But if there's one
bright side to this, it's that he
trained you. Hell, maybe he was
grooming you for a day like this. A
day when he can't do it anymore.

JOAN
I know. I mean, I figured that too.
I just pictured it sometime in the
future. I didn't think it'd
be...today.

She takes a moment, realizing...

JOAN
I don't think I can do this without
him.

Gregson wraps his arms around her.

GREGSON
Neither do I, Joanie. Neither do I.

INT. HOSPITAL - SHERLOCK'S ROOM - DAY

Sherlock channel surfs on the TV. Nothing good.

In the background, the heart monitor keeps BEEPING. He times each channel with each BEEP.

He looks up at the bare ceiling before shaking his head.

SHERLOCK
Not here.

He looks at all the needles attached to him.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Joan talks to another DOCTOR there.

JOAN
Thank you for getting him admitted so quickly.

DOCTOR
Of course. I know he means a lot to you.

A NURSE passes a file to the Doctor.

DOCTOR
Perfect. Thank you.

JOAN
What's that?

DOCTOR
His X-Rays just came in.

She opens it up. Joan joins in looking.

DOCTOR
Well, if you want good news, his lungs are clear. No pneumonia. At least not at the moment.

JOAN
Are you sure?

DOCTOR
Of course. Like I said, good news.

But Joan stares at the X-rays, disturbed.

JOAN
No. That can't be right.

DOCTOR
What?

Joan rushes over to Captain Gregson.

JOAN
Captain. We need to get back to the precinct.

Bell walks through the hall.

BELL
What's going on?

GREGSON
Not sure. But watch over him, will you?

Bell nods as Gregson and Joan rush off.

INT. HOSPITAL - SHERLOCK'S ROOM - DAY

A knock at the door.

BELL (O.S.)
Holmes? Thought I'd bring you some magazines.

He opens it.

BELL
Not like you'd read them, but-

He stops.

The bed is EMPTY. The handcuffs sit UNLOCKED, with the IV needle in it as a lock pick.

Bell rushes over to the wide open window, looking out.

BELL
Son-of-a-bitch.

INT. GREGSON'S CAR - DAY.

Gregson drives, with Joan in the front seat.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
My dear Watson. Surely by now,
you'd have heard about my escape.
Please don't see this as
disrespecting your wishes. But I'm
afraid I don't have much time. And
I have to put my own affairs in
order.

INT. BROWNSTONE - ENTRANCE - DAY

Sherlock stumbles inside, wearing a stolen surgical mask
around his mouth.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
So without further adieu...

He falls to the floor, then looks up at the ceiling.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
Should I die today, you are to take
ownership of the brownstone and all
my possessions in it.

With all his strength, he pulls himself off the floor.

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sherlock sets down a set of papers.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
Among them, you'll find an extra
copy of all my essays on deduction
theory and studies. Those are for
Marcus Bell.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Bell speeds around, with the siren on, looking for Sherlock
on the streets.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
Marcus. I realize it may be
arrogant for me to gift my own work
to you. But I'm afraid that's all I
can give in these circumstances. Of
course, I'm sure you can carry on
well enough without them.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Your bravery, your tenacity, your skills as an investigator truly make you one of New York's finest. Never forget that.

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sherlock sets aside cash on the desk.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Captain Thomas Gregson. You're to receive a healthy sum of \$250 that I lost to you in a poker game over ten years ago. You were, of course, too intoxicated to remember the next day, but I feel the need to honor the agreement anyway.

EXT. NYPD - DAY

Gregson parks the car. He and Joan run up.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Even in the darkest times, you've been there. And perhaps I've done you a disservice by not acknowledging how much you've been a true friend.

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sherlock opens a book, checking it for two envelopes.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

As for my father and brother, everything I have to say to them has been pre-written. You may find the letters stashed in the inside cover of Shakespeare's Hamlet.

He closes the book and places it on the shelf.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

A play with an absent father and a jealous brother. Allow them the luxury of debating the symbolism in that. If there's an afterlife, I'll need the entertainment.

He stops as he sees the fallen SINGLE STICK from his sparring session with Watson on the floor.

INT. BROWNSTONE - ENTRANCE - DAY

Sherlock takes one labored step after another, up the staircase. He breathes heavily through the mask.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Which leaves you, my dear Watson, I never planned on having a sober companion. Or a roommate. Or even a successor. But I cannot think of a better detective to take over in my stead.

INT. NYPD - HALLWAY - DAY

Joan storms through, determined.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

You've grown so much. Truly, you are the best and wisest woman, no...wisest human being I've ever known.

INT. BROWNSTONE - SHERLOCK'S ROOM - DAY

Hands button up a fresh shirt.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

In my life, I've been a drug addict. I've been violent.

Sherlock stands, wearing his best clothes. A full suit.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Egotistical. Rude. Brash. Maybe even amoral. But you. Bell. Captain Gregson. You all make me-

He lies back onto his bed, staring up at the wooden ceiling. The ceiling of his home.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

-better. So thank you. Thank you for making my life...a little more fulfilling during my time here.

He closes his eyes. Then opens them back up.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Oh and one last thing. Don't worry about the condition of my gifts. I took precautions to insure the virus wouldn't spread to them.

He pulls at the surgical mask around his mouth, taking it off. He then stops. Staring down at the inside of the mask.

Something clicks.

SHERLOCK

On second thought, Watson...forget everything I said.

He suddenly rises from the bed, reinvigorated.

INT. NYPD - LAB - DAY

Joan's phone BUZZES, showing Sherlock's name.

But it stays in her purse, which lies on the table, as she talks to the Toxicologist.

JOAN

You need to double check the blood work.

TOXICOLOGIST

What's going on?

JOAN

Victor Trevor. The virus that killed him developed into pneumonia. I could tell when I saw the body. Fluid built up in his lungs, cutting off his oxygen.

Joan holds up a photo of Sherlock's X-rays.

JOAN

But Sherlock doesn't even have pneumonia.

TOXICOLOGIST

Maybe he hasn't developed it yet.

JOAN

Or he was infected with a different virus.

INT. NYPD - BULLPEN - DAY

Bell rushes in, finding Gregson.

GREGSON
Bell, what's-

BELL
It's Holmes. He escaped the hospital.

GREGSON
What?! Where is he?

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - LOBBY - DAY

Returning to the scene of the crime, Sherlock stands in the lobby, looking around. He breathes in his surroundings, but goes into another COUGHING FIT. Everyone inside hears him.

The Janitor from earlier comes to his aid.

JANITOR
Sir? Are you alright?

Sherlock shakes his head and points towards the bathroom.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - RESTROOM - DAY

The Janitor brings Sherlock over to the sink, where he washes his face.

SHERLOCK
Ah. Much better now. Thank you.

JANITOR
You let me know if you need anything, alright?

The Janitor turns to go.

SHERLOCK
The American accent is tricky, isn't it?

The Janitor stops.

SHERLOCK
You have to sound out the R's more. Don't do enough and they'll catch your real voice. Overemphasize it, then it's obvious you're faking.
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Personally, I'm grateful you're the latter.

The Janitor turns back to Sherlock. His voice switches to an English accent.

JANITOR

I'm grateful too, Holmes.

Sherlock turns as the Janitor suddenly GRABS his throat.

JANITOR

I've always wanted to meet face to face.

INT. NYPD - LAB - DAY

The Toxicologist looks through the microscope, rechecking the blood work.

Joan returns to her purse. She finds a VOICEMAIL notice from Sherlock.

Right before she presses down on it, another CALL comes in.

The ID: LESTRADE.

She picks it up.

JOAN

What've you got for me?

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

It's Lestrade on the other side of the pond.

LESTRADE

Joan! Listen, I pulled up the records on Gloria Scott. There isn't a "Culverton Smith." But there is something else.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - RESTROOM - DAY

The Janitor SHOVES Sherlock to the ground.

JANITOR

Tell me. How'd it feel to be ten steps behind this time? To be an ordinary person?

Sherlock tries to get to his feet.

SHERLOCK
Give me the antidote and you'll
find out.

Sherlock reaches his hand out.

JANITOR
There never was an antidote.

SHERLOCK
I thought you'd be a man of honor.
That was the deal, wasn't it? I get
the cure when I find you.

JANITOR
But you only found me, Holmes.

INT. NYPD - LAB - NIGHT

Joan listens as Lestrade delivers the truth.

LESTRADE (V.O.)
Prendergast had two apprentices in
the Gloria Scott Foundation.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - RESTROOM - DAY

Janitor leans over Sherlock, smiling.

JANITOR
You didn't find Smith.

INT. NYPD - LAB - DAY

Joan's mind races as she figures it out.

JOAN
Victor didn't say "Culverton
Smith." He said "Culvert and
Smith."

LESTRADE (V.O.)
That's right. Richard Culvert. And
Brooke Smith.

JOAN
Brooke...

A text arrives. Joan checks it, seeing Culvert (the Janitor) and Smith- a VERY familiar looking woman.

Shocked, Joan turns, just as she's PUNCHED in the face.

The Toxicologist, aka SMITH, stands over her.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. NYPD - LAB - DAY

Joan falls, then recovers as Smith tries to KICK her.

But Joan ROLLS and gets back on her feet. Fists raised.

The two women trade blows. Lab equipment SPILLS over and BREAKS.

Smith throws punch after punch, but only hits Joan's forearms as she covers her head.

Joan then KICKS Smith. She grabs a microscope and SLAMS it against her head.

Smith goes down, unconscious. Joan stands over her, then smiles, proud of herself.

JOAN

Should've covered your head.

Gregson and Bell storm in.

GREGSON

Joan?! What the hell happened?!

Joan takes her phone, seeing the voicemail from Sherlock.

JOAN

I figured out who "Culverton Smith" is. And I think Sherlock did, too.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - DAY

Sherlock collapses in the corner as the Janitor, aka CULVERT, uses his key to start the elevator.

SHERLOCK

Culvert and Smith. Prendergast trained both of you...

CULVERT

Like a father we never had.

SHERLOCK

He profited off sickness.

CULVERT

Oh, we were always going to cure people from it.

(MORE)

CULVERT (CONT'D)

The money just would've gone towards other research. Curing cancer. AIDS. That's how medicine works today. The only thing that saves lives is money. All we needed was the currency. But you and Victor interfered.

SHERLOCK

We were anonymous. How'd you find us?

CULVERT

As I said, all we needed was the currency.

He smiles at Sherlock.

CULVERT

Smith went to the NYPD. You probably never noticed her. We accessed your files. Studied your methods. While I was here for Victor.

SHERLOCK

Yes, cleaning toilets. The lengths people go for revenge these days.

CULVERT

A necessary evil, I admit. But you know the one advantage about being the help? No one notices your face.

The elevator opens. Culvert GRABS Sherlock by his coat.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - UPPER FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Culvert drags Sherlock towards a staircase leading up to the rooftop.

SHERLOCK

He noticed your signature virus though.

Culvert looks back at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

That's how he knew it was you two. All the stolen equipment, you were using that to make it.

CULVERT

How'd you really figure out it was me, Holmes? It had to have been before I slipped the accent.

SHERLOCK

It's when I remembered the masks.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Culvert, wearing the protective mask, sprays into another one. Sherlock and Joan walk up to the crime scene and Culvert, disguised as the MASKED TECHNICIAN, hands the infected one to Holmes.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

With that access card, you could sneak onto the crime scene, disguise yourself, and spray the virus into my mask.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - LAB- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sherlock examines Victor's body.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

The whole time I was examining Victor, I was breathing it in. Just like he probably was during his experiments last night.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - LAB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Victor, wearing a similar mask, performs an experiment. He then takes off the mask as he starts coughing.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

If you were a scientist there, you'd already have an access card, you wouldn't need to steal it. So it had to be someone low on the totem pole.

EXT. BURKE INSTITUTE - UPPER FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Culvert drags Sherlock up the steps.

SHERLOCK

Someone like a janitor.

CULVERT

Finally. The world's greatest detective. I knew you were in there somewhere.

SHERLOCK

Well, I thought I'd give you the satisfaction of hearing me analyze you. Before you threw me off the roof.

Culvert's smile fades.

SHERLOCK

That's why we're heading up here, isn't it? Can't risk just waiting for me to die. So you're faking my suicide.

CULVERT

You say that as if you're disappointed.

SHERLOCK

Impressed, really. It's exactly what I would do as a killer.

EXT. BURKE INSTITUTE - DAY

SIRENS BLARE. Cop cars RACE up to the building.

Joan, Bell, and Gregson rush towards the entrance, hoping they're not too late.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - UPPER FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Sherlock struggles to keep talking as Culvert carries him.

SHERLOCK

Grant me a dying man's request.

CULVERT

What's that?

SHERLOCK

Why a virus?

CULVERT

What do you mean?

SHERLOCK

You could've found something that killed me faster. More effectively. Enlisted a sniper. Thrown a bomb even. But you didn't. You infected Victor but you invited me to play a game. Why?

Culvert grabs Sherlock by the coat. He then KICKS the door to the rooftop open.

EXT. BURKE INSTITUTE - ROOFTOP - DAY

Culvert drags Sherlock through the door.

CULVERT

Isn't it obvious?

Sherlock, lower on the ground, spots the COP CARS down below, but keeps silent.

CULVERT

Sherlock Holmes, the brilliant detective. Always right. Always gets his man. But this would be the one time you wouldn't.

Culvert brings Sherlock up to his face, gloating at him.

CULVERT

You needed to know, in your final moments...we were the one case you couldn't solve. Your own murder.

INT. BURKE INSTITUTE - LOBBY - DAY

The police storm through. Director Burke walks out.

BURKE

You people again?!

JOAN

Sherlock Holmes. Is he here?

BURKE

He better not!

Joan looks around, seeing the security cameras.

JOAN

We need to see what's on those cameras.

BURKE

Get a warrant, sweetheart!

Gregson grabs Burke by the arm.

GREGSON

Listen. You've got a murderer working in this facility. One of the best guys I know is using himself as bait. We don't need a damn warrant. And I won't need one to cuff you for obstructing justice! Now tell my friend what she wants to know or I'm taking you in myself!

Burke swallows as he's put in his place.

BURKE

This way.

EXT. BURKE INSTITUTE - ROOFTOP - DAY

Culvert drags Sherlock towards the ledge. Sherlock coughs further, too weak to fight back.

CULVERT

That's the funny thing about you, Holmes. You treat cases like a game. All the people merely players. Even when it's life or death. Not so fun when it's your death, is it, though? Not such a game then.

SHERLOCK

You're right.

Culvert finally sees the cop cars below. He freezes.

SHERLOCK

It's not.

Sherlock twists one of his arms in his coat.

Culvert tries to pull Sherlock over the edge, but Sherlock pulls out the SINGLE STICK hidden from his sleeve.

With all his strength, he SMACKS Culvert.

Culvert falls, stunned, as Sherlock PULLS himself to his feet.

The murderer charges back at Sherlock, who swings at him.

Culvert ducks it and SLAPS the stick away. It FLIES out of Sherlock's hands, FALLING towards the ground below.

The two GRAB each other, WRESTLING over the edge. But Culvert is far stronger.

The DOORS BURST OPEN as the police, Bell, Gregson, and Joan all arrive.

BELL
NYPD, freeze!

Sherlock looks relieved, but Culvert doesn't let up.

JOAN
Your partner's in custody, Culvert.
It's over.

CULVERT
It doesn't matter. Take me in and
Holmes is still a dead man.

JOAN
No, he's not.

Culvert looks surprised. Joan holds up an inhaler.

JOAN
Your partner tried to trick us but
I saw through it. You gave Sherlock
something different from Victor.
Something that just needs a high
dose of oseltamivir.

Sherlock smiles, proud of her.

JOAN
Pathetic, actually. You spent so
much time studying Sherlock. You
forgot I was a doctor, too.

GREGSON
Culvert. Let him go. Now!

CULVERT
No...

Culvert, not giving up, grabs Sherlock's shoulders, trying to heave him over.

Bell SHOOTS, HITTING Culvert in the chest.

Culvert starts to lose balance, about to head off the roof.

But he's still got his hands on Sherlock. He PULLS the dreary Holmes by the coat.

JOAN
SHERLOCK!

She CHARGES forward as Culvert FALLS BACK, TAKING SHERLOCK WITH HIM.

But Joan GRABS Sherlock. His weight, however, slides her towards the ledge.

Then another ARM wraps around her. It's Bell.

BELL
Captain!

Gregson joins in.

GREGSON
I've got you, I've got you. PULL!

Gregson, Bell, and Joan pull Sherlock back. Fighting to save his life.

Culvert's grip loosens on Sherlock's coat. The wool starts to TEAR.

SHERLOCK
Culvert.

Culvert and Sherlock share one last look.

SHERLOCK
Game. Over.

The coat RIPS.

Culvert SCREAMS as he FALLS TO HIS DEATH.

His body CRASHES on top of a police car down below.

Gregson, Bell, and Joan pull Sherlock back onto the roof.

He stares up at the sky.

JOAN
We've got you, Sherlock. We've got you.

SHERLOCK
Knew you'd find the cure, Watson...

Joan shoves the inhaler in his mouth.

JOAN
Shut up. No, you didn't.

She presses down on it. Sherlock breathes in, then relaxes.

SHERLOCK
You're right...didn't know...

His eyes start to close.

JOAN
Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
Can't be right...all the time...

JOAN
Sherlock, stay with me.

SHERLOCK
Like you said...I'm...only human...

His eyes close, cutting to BLACK.

INT. BROWNSTONE - ENTRANCE - DAY

VIOLIN MUSIC. Joan, dressed in black, walks down the stairs, solemn.

She finds a newspaper at the bottom and picks it up, reading through it.

JOAN
Hey!

The violin music stops as she walks into the other room.

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She walks inside to find...

SHERLOCK, dressed in all black, holding the violin.

JOAN
Thought you might like to see this.

Joan holds up the newspaper, reading METH RING BUSTED:
SCIENTIST AT BURKE INSTITUTE ARRESTED.

Pictured is none other than DR. MORTON in handcuffs.

SHERLOCK

Hardly the first time our work's made it to the news, Watson.

JOAN

Well, I thought you'd want to gloat.

SHERLOCK

About what?

JOAN

Even when you were sick, you were right about the meth lab. Though it wasn't Burke...

SHERLOCK

Well once I heard Dr. Morton's salary had been reduced and his supposed claims of insomnia, it was obvious how he was spending his free time.

Joan checks her watch.

JOAN

Ready to go?

SHERLOCK

Just one more rehearsal.

JOAN

You don't need it. It sounds beautiful already.

SHERLOCK

Thank you. But believe it or not, Victor was picky in his taste in music. I'd hate for him to roll in his grave before he even arrived in it.

Sherlock picks up the violin.

JOAN

Well, for what it's worth, I'm glad you picked it back up again.

SHERLOCK

We must all appreciate the little things in life, Watson. I suppose, in a way, I'm repaying Victor.

JOAN

For tipping you off on Culvert and
Smith?

SHERLOCK

For reminding me what's important.

He brings up the bow, but pauses.

SHERLOCK

I suppose I was wrong before when I
talked about distractions. I do
need work, Watson. I need problems
to solve. But I need help, too. I
need...people. I need you.

She smiles at him.

SHERLOCK

So let's consider this the death of
Sherlock Holmes, the machine.

He brings the bow back to the violin.

SHERLOCK

And the rebirth of Sherlock Holmes.
The man.

Sherlock returns to playing the melody.

Joan sits down, listening. Both grateful to have him alive.

END OF SHOW