

SHERLOCK

"A Society of Martlets"

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FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

MADELINE DAWSON hurries down the pavement, mobile phone glued to her ear. She is fashionably dressed, if not pretty. A woman used to getting her own way. Spoiled. Impatient.

MADELINE

(into phone)

Where are you? Look, I'm almost there,  
so . . . Don't start without me.

MADELINE ends the call, rounds a corner, comes to

EXT. DANA'S BAKERY - DAY

Pauses to squint through the window, looking for someone. Pulls open the door.

INT. DANA'S BAKERY - DAY

A cozy space with a few tables and chairs, some occupied by tourists and people on laptops. MADELINE approaches the counter and addresses the clerk (nametag: JEREMY), whose attention is on his smartphone.

MADELINE

Excuse me.

He doesn't seem to hear.

MADELINE

Excuse. Me.

JEREMY blinks at her. A teenager who looks half asleep.

JEREMY

Yeah?

MADELINE rears back at his rudeness.

MADELINE

I was supposed to meet someone here.

JEREMY gestures at the few inhabitants of the bakery.

MADELINE  
About a wedding cake.

JEREMY  
Oh, you must mean David. He left  
already.

MADELINE  
Left?

JEREMY  
Cake's in the back if you want to have  
a look.

MADELINE  
But my fiance . . .

JEREMY  
Tall guy? With the hair? Went with  
him.

MADELINE  
Went where?

JEREMY shrugs.

JEREMY  
So you want to see the cake?

CUT TO:

EXT. DANA'S BAKERY - DAY

MADELINE slams angrily out the door back onto the street, phone  
at her ear again.

MADELINE  
(mid-rant)  
. . . Playing at, but it's not in the  
least bit funny. And the cake! I  
couldn't even bring myself to taste  
it. I'm coming straight over.

MADELINE marches across the street and up the block.

CUT TO:

INT. MARKHAM'S BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DAY

MADELINE stomps up the stairs to the first floor, stops in  
front of a door. Tries the knob but it's locked. She fishes in  
her pocketbook for a key.

INT. MARKHAM'S FLAT - DAY

A small space piled with half-packed boxes and stacks of books. Framed pictures lean against the walls. Clearly the person living here is in the middle of a move.

MADELINE steps inside.

MADELINE

Ben?

(pause)

Ben, are you here?

No answer. MADELINE dials her phone again. A second later we hear the responding ring from another room. The bedroom. MADELINE follows the sound.

MADELINE

Fantastic. Did you forget your . . .

She freezes in the bedroom doorway. Drops her phone. The ringing abruptly ceases.

TITLES

INT. MARKHAM'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

The room is filled with books, papers, boxes shoved against the walls, leaving a clear space around the bed central to the room.

A man (MARKHAM) lies in the bed, his bare back to the door, sheet tangled around him. He is tall, pale, has messy dark hair. It would be easy to mistake him for SHERLOCK.

But this man is dead. And he's not alone. There's another man with him, shorter, blond (LUMLEY). Looks a bit like JOHN.

DI DIMMOCK stands in the doorway to the room. He is clearly uneasy, startled when SHERLOCK appears abruptly at his shoulder.

SHERLOCK

I see you had the good sense to keep everyone out until I got here. Who are they?

But DIMMOCK is looking past SHERLOCK expectantly.

DIMMOCK

Where's your sidekick?

SHERLOCK retrieves exam gloves from his pocket, pulls them on.

SHERLOCK

Busy.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CULINARY SCHOOL - DAY

JOHN stands at a long table with other students, notably a cute girl (LIBBY) on his right. He catches her eye, smiles. She smiles back.

BACK TO:

INT. MARKHAM'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

SHERLOCK

Never mind, I'll figure it out on my own.

He steps past DIMMOCK and into the room for a closer look.

DIMMOCK

The one with his back to us is Benjamin Markham. Architect. Haven't identified the other one yet.

SHERLOCK

This is Markham's flat?

DIMMOCK

His fiancée found them, of all things.

SHERLOCK begins a rudimentary examination of the bodies.

SHERLOCK

Hours. And not many. They died here, though, just like this.

DIMMOCK

How do you know?

SHERLOCK indicates where LUMLEY'S hand clutches the other man's arm.

SHERLOCK

Cadaveric spasm.

SHERLOCK pulls out his mobile phone.

SHERLOCK

(while texting)  
When did she call?

DIMMOCK

An hour ago. And she'd last spoken to  
Markham about three hours before that.  
What are you doing?

CUT TO:

INT. CULINARY SCHOOL - DAY

JOHN is slowly and methodically dicing an onion. Next to him,  
LIBBY makes a distressed sound.

JOHN

You all right?

LIBBY

(sucking her thumb)  
Nicked myself.

JOHN

Good thing I'm a doctor then. Let me  
see.

She offers him her hand. JOHN takes his time looking it over.

JOHN

Not deep. No stitches.

LIBBY smiles, disengages her hand.

LIBBY

Are you really?

JOHN

Really what?

LIBBY

Really a doctor?

But JOHN is distracted by the buzz of his mobile. He smiles  
apologetically at LIBBY as he pulls it out and checks it.

BACK TO:

INT. MARKHAM'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

SHERLOCK has noticed the boxes around the room.

SHERLOCK

Moving out I take it.

DIMMOCK

The wedding was only a month away.

SHERLOCK is back at work, peering at the second body.

SHERLOCK

This one worked in a kitchen of some sort.

DIMMOCK

What makes you say that?

SHERLOCK

If you'd actually come look . . .

DIMMOCK takes a few steps into the room. He's clearly uncomfortable. SHERLOCK waits. When it's clear DIMMOCK isn't going to come any closer

SHERLOCK

He has flour in his hair.

DIMMOCK

That all?

SHERLOCK

Until we get a complete report.

DIMMOCK

(with forced levity)  
Maybe they baked cookies first.

SHERLOCK doesn't get the joke.

SHERLOCK

Then it would smell like cookies in here, which it doesn't.

DIMMOCK considers explaining the humor. Lets it go.

DIMMOCK

So he was in a kitchen.

SHERLOCK

Worked in one. Just being in one doesn't give a person many opportunities to get flour in his hair or . . .

(leaning in for a closer look)

Dough under his nails. Baker, pastry chef maybe.

The squeak of the front door of the flat.

JOHN (O.S.)

Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

In here.

JOHN appears in the bedroom doorway, takes a look at the bodies on the bed, and immediately freezes.

JOHN

What is this?

SHERLOCK

Come tell me what you see.

SHERLOCK and JOHN exchange a look, an unspoken acknowledgement that, yes, these two victims bear a resemblance SHERLOCK and JOHN themselves.

JOHN continues to show some reluctance to get any closer, similar to DIMMOCK'S earlier hesitation.

JOHN

Suicide pact?

SHERLOCK

No note.

JOHN glances over the bodies.

JOHN

Not much by way of lividity yet, so they haven't been dead long.

SHERLOCK nods his approval.

JOHN

And no signs of physical trauma, so . . . Poison?

SHERLOCK

Seems most likely.

DIMMOCK

If that one worked in a kitchen, could he have done it?

SHERLOCK

No note. People don't spend a quantity of time planning something like that without pouring out their insipid feelings and twisted excuses for everyone to read. They think because they care we all do. Anything else, John?

JOHN is resigned to the fact that nothing he says will have much impact; SHERLOCK already knows it all.

JOHN  
(indicating LUMLEY)  
Only that this one is or was married.

Surprise!

DIMMOCK  
Really?

SHERLOCK looks again.

SHERLOCK  
(with grudging admiration)  
Very good, John.  
(to DIMMOCK)  
Let us know when you've identified him.

INT. MARKHAM'S BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DAY

JOHN hurries down the stairs ahead of a more sedate SHERLOCK. ANDERSON is headed in the other direction, stops as JOHN and SHERLOCK pass.

ANDERSON  
What are you doing here?

But JOHN is focused only on getting away, and SHERLOCK ignores the question.

ANDERSON  
You better not have contaminated my scene!

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

JOHN walks rapidly, blindly, seeking to put distance between himself and MARKHAM'S flat. SHERLOCK follows in less of a hurry until

JOHN comes perilously close to stepping out into traffic. SHERLOCK snags him by the arm just in time. JOHN swings around, almost as if ready to throw a punch, but stops short of doing so.

SHERLOCK releases JOHN.

SHERLOCK  
Baker Street's the other way.

JOHN begins retracing his steps, more slowly this time, as SHERLOCK falls in beside him.

SHERLOCK

It spooked you.

JOHN

Yes, well, nothing ever spooks you, I'm sure.

(no answer)

Those two men are dead, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

We're not.

JOHN

It's not a zero-sum game. We didn't trick the Grim Reaper by tossing a pair of counterfeits under his nose.

SHERLOCK

You're jumping to the conclusion that the victims' similarities to us are the reason they were murdered.

JOHN

You think it was a coincidence?

SHERLOCK

I don't think anything yet, and neither should you. We have almost no facts, nothing to draw from, and so we think nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - STAIRS - DAY

SHERLOCK is already halfway up the stairs to the flat. JOHN starts to follow, is halted by the appearance of MRS. HUDSON.

MRS. HUDSON

I left your post on the table.

JOHN

Oh, uh, thank you.

MRS. HUDSON

And just a little something in your refrigerator, since the only thing you had in was something so old it looked like a jar of pickled fingers.

JOHN  
I think that is, actually . . . No,  
never mind. Thanks.

MRS. HUDSON  
Just don't--

JOHN starts up the stairs again.

JOHN  
(finishing)  
Get used to it. Right.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

SHERLOCK is already at work on his laptop. JOHN enters and stops to shift through the pile of post on the table.

SHERLOCK  
(still focused on the  
computer)  
What made you notice the ring?

JOHN  
There was no ring.

SHERLOCK  
The lack of one, then.

JOHN  
(distracted by mail)  
I don't know. I noticed how his hand  
was clutching . . . And then I saw the  
lines or something. On the ring  
finger.

SHERLOCK stops working and pegs JOHN with a look.

SHERLOCK  
The man was a baker, spent a large  
amount of time indoors, was relatively  
pale as a consequence. Those lines  
were practically invisible.

And with that, SHERLOCK returns his attention to the computer.  
But JOHN is nonplussed.

JOHN  
Are you angry I noticed? Upset that I  
saw something you missed?

SHERLOCK is so focused on his work, JOHN starts to think he's  
being ignored. He drops the mail beside the laptop and starts  
to turn away.

SHERLOCK  
Suppose you buy a car . . .

JOHN stops.

JOHN  
Sorry? What do cars have to do with anything?

This time SHERLOCK does ignore him.

SHERLOCK  
And then you start to notice how many other cars there are on the road that are just like yours. Same make, same model, same color . . .

JOHN  
Are we still talking about the case?

SHERLOCK  
What makes you notice?

JOHN  
I . . . Don't know.

SHERLOCK  
Hm.

JOHN waits.

JOHN  
Is that it?

No answer. JOHN gives up, decides to see what MRS. HUDSON has left in the refrigerator. But even as he opens the ice box, he remembers

JOHN  
Oh, God. Libby!

SHERLOCK  
(low)  
There it is.

JOHN  
What?

SHERLOCK  
Nothing. Who is Libby?

JOHN  
Girl in my cooking class. She was going to let me know what I missed.

SHERLOCK keeps working, doesn't respond.

JOHN

I'll only go if you're sure don't need me.

(no answer)

Mrs. Hudson's left something if you get hungry.

(nothing)

All right, then, I'll just . . . See you later.

JOHN hesitates. SHERLOCK continues to work. JOHN shrugs it off and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBBY'S FLAT - NIGHT

JOHN and LIBBY stand at the kitchen counter as she painstakingly walks through the steps of making homemade spaghetti sauce.

JOHN

Thank you again for . . .

He gestures to indicate the lesson.

LIBBY

Must have been quite a medical emergency for you to have to leave so suddenly.

JOHN

Something like that.  
(indicating the plaster on her thumb)  
How's the thumb?

LIBBY

Fine, thanks. Why don't you grab the pasta out of the cabinet?

JOHN opens cupboards until he finds the pasta.

JOHN

Here we are. Rotini or . . . Seems to be all rotini.

LIBBY

Easier to eat than, you know, spaghetti. With a fork.

JOHN takes down a box.

JOHN

Right. Pot?

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

SHERLOCK is still at the computer but has come to the end of what he can hope to accomplish with so little data. He looks to the kitchen. Gets up. We assume he's going to the refrigerator to find what MRS. HUDSON has left, but he stops and takes flour out of the cabinet and sets it on the counter. Considers it. Dumps a little out and sifts it with his fingers. Takes a cup from the cupboard, puts some water in it and pours it over the flour. Prods at the subsequent paste.

His mobile phone chimes.

SHERLOCK

John.

The phone chimes again. SHERLOCK glances around. No sign of JOHN. With a sigh, SHERLOCK wipes his hands and goes to the table, unearths the phone from under the unopened post. The message is from DIMMOCK: "Other victim is David Lumley. Ran Dana's Bakery."

A moment as SHERLOCK mulls this over.

SHERLOCK

(calling)

Mrs. Hudson!

He runs his hand over the mail while waiting for MRS. HUDSON to arrive.

INSERT

Shot of mail, the Martlet Envelope amid others.

BACK TO

SHERLOCK considering the post. Nothing interesting. MRS. HUDSON enters, stops when she sees the mess on the counter.

SHERLOCK

How would you bake a cake?

CUT TO:

INT. LIBBY'S FLAT - NIGHT

JOHN and LIBBY are seated at a small table, ready to taste test the fruits of their labors. JOHN takes a bite. Pauses. There's something not quite right about it. LIBBY watches earnestly.

LIBBY

No good?

JOHN

Oh, no, it's . . . It's fine.

LIBBY

It was probably better in class . . .

She starts to take a bite, but JOHN takes hold of the pasta bowls.

JOHN

This isn't really fair to you, is it?

LIBBY

What?

JOHN takes the food back to the kitchen.

LIBBY

What are you doing?

JOHN

I mean, you already ate this once today. You'd probably rather have something else.

LIBBY

I don't mind. Practice makes perfect after all.

JOHN

Not always. Should we order something in?

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

MRS. HUDSON is going through the cupboards.

MRS. HUDSON

Well, you have sugar at least.

She takes it out and sets it on the counter.

MRS. HUDSON

No baking powder, I'm sure. I'm surprised you even had flour. Do you have a cake pan?

SHERLOCK looks blank.

MRS. HUDSON

I'll just run down and get what we'll need. Why don't you clean up that mess while I'm at it?

She leaves. SHERLOCK pokes thoughtfully at the hardening flour mixture on the counter.

INT. LIBBY'S FLAT - NIGHT

LIBBY and JOHN now have Chinese take away in front of them.

LIBBY

So what makes a busy doctor decide to take cooking classes anyway?

JOHN

We're in danger of starving if one of us doesn't learn to cook. And Sherlock never will.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

MRS. HUDSON hands SHERLOCK an apron.

MRS. HUDSON

Keep your clothes tidy.

BACK TO:

INT. LIBBY'S FLAT - NIGHT

LIBBY

Who's Sherlock?

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

SHERLOCK still at work, the laptop now surrounded by printouts and notes and the unopened mail.

The rattle of keys as JOHN prepares to unlock the door, but then it eases open. Obviously, it was never locked. JOHN enters, ready to rant, locking the door behind him.

JOHN

It's impossible, you know. You don't even have to be in the room to ruin things. I'd find that impressive if it weren't so . . . I try not to talk about you, but eventually you always come up, and then . . .

JOHN notices the cake pan on the counter.

JOHN

Is that cake?

He goes to inspect it.

JOHN

I've got to find a better way to explain you, that's the problem. But you defy explanation. Why is there cake?

SHERLOCK

Research.

JOHN goes about getting himself a slice.

JOHN

If I had more hobbies, other things to talk about. As it stands, you're the only thing that makes me interesting. Just not in a good way.

JOHN sits down with his cake, starts to take a bite, stops short.

JOHN

Is this safe to eat?

SHERLOCK

Turned out better than your pasta, I'll warrant.

JOHN

How could you possibly know that?

SHERLOCK

Because you smell like Chinese take away.

JOHN sets the cake aside and stands.

JOHN

Right.

SHERLOCK  
Oolong.

JOHN  
What?

SHERLOCK  
You were going to make tea.

JOHN  
Actually, I was thinking I might  
shower.

SHERLOCK  
Make the tea first.

JOHN appears to consider this for a moment.

JOHN  
. . . No.

SHERLOCK finally looks up.

JOHN  
You have no idea why I'm irritated, do  
you?

SHERLOCK runs a mental spreadsheet.

SHERLOCK  
Because I want tea?

JOHN  
Then make yourself some tea. I'm going  
to shower.

As JOHN begins to walk away, SHERLOCK plugs his response into  
the mental equation.

SHERLOCK  
You're angry because I wanted you to  
make the tea.

JOHN  
Bravo. You're almost as brilliant as  
you think you are.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT (LATER)

On the computer SHERLOCK scrolls through news, information,  
images of LUMLEY and Dana's Bakery.

LUMLEY involved in local rugby, LUMLEY as a charitable contributor to various organizations, LUMLEY written up as a lesser known but well-reviewed maker of artisan wedding cakes, pictures from the bakery's grand opening, later news of a possible second location for Dana's.

SHERLOCK

And yet no sign of a wife.

Finally, an image of LUMLEY at a charity event. He holds a champagne flute in his left hand, and clearly visible is a gold signet ring.

SHERLOCK zeros in. Enlarges the picture. Attempts to get a look at whatever is on the ring, trying to puzzle it out.

Realization hits. SHERLOCK begins furiously digging through the amassed papers on the table, down to the day's post, and comes up with an envelope. The return address has only a mark: a crest featuring a bird flying over a castle tower. It is the same design as on LUMLEY'S ring.

SHERLOCK looks for the postage. None.

SHERLOCK

(calling)

Mrs. Hudson!

SHERLOCK goes to the door, tries to open it, is momentarily stymied by the fact that it's locked. He finally succeeds in opening it and

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - STAIRS - NIGHT

SHERLOCK starts down the stairs, envelope in hand.

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson!

A bleary-eyed MRS. HUDSON appears at the bottom of the stairs, dressed in her housecoat.

MRS. HUDSON

Goodness, Sherlock, you can't expect me to show you how to cook anything at this hour.

SHERLOCK brandishes the envelope.

SHERLOCK

This envelope, where did it come from?

MRS. HUDSON

What?

(gathering her thoughts)

It must have come with the post.

SHERLOCK

It didn't. No postage. Someone left it  
in person. Who's been here?

MRS. HUDSON

I don't know . . .

JOHN appears behind SHERLOCK.

JOHN

What's going on?

SHERLOCK

(to MRS. HUDSON)

Think, Mrs. Hudson!

MRS. HUDSON

I can't . . .

SHERLOCK turns on the stairs, looks up at JOHN.

SHERLOCK

Useless! She's utterly useless!

JOHN

It's late, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK rounds on MRS. HUDSON once more.

SHERLOCK

You can recall every little thing  
about those bloody television shows,  
but can't remember who might have left  
this envelope?

JOHN

And your yelling isn't going to help  
her remember.

SHERLOCK gives up, stomps back up the stairs. JOHN grimaces  
sympathetically at MRS. HUDSON.

MRS. HUDSON

I'm so sorry. I really don't know  
where it came from. Is it . . . Is it  
terribly important?

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

Only life or death!

JOHN  
 (to MRS. HUDSON)  
 He's . . . It's not. Really. Go back  
 to bed. And if you happen to think of  
 anything that might be helpful . . .

MRS. HUDSON nods, returns to her room. JOHN waits until she's  
 safely away before returning to

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

JOHN closes the door behind him. Locks it. SHERLOCK stands  
 beside the table; he has opened the envelope, is reading the  
 enclosed page.

JOHN  
 Want to explain why you're terrorizing  
 the landlady in the middle of the  
 night?

Wordlessly, SHERLOCK hands JOHN the letter and takes a seat at  
 the computer.

Tight on the letter, which features the same crest as the  
 envelope and ring on the letterhead:

*"Be aware.  
 Martlets are tireless; are you?  
 You have two choices: succeed or fail.  
 Bell."*

JOHN reads the letter once, twice. Can't make any sense of it.

JOHN  
 What is this?

SHERLOCK  
 A clue.

JOHN  
 But who's it from?

SHERLOCK  
 That is what we need to figure out.

JOHN  
 But this . . . Is it a family crest or  
 something? Is Bell a name?

SHERLOCK  
 Your standing there asking me  
 questions isn't going to help us  
 answer them any more quickly.

JOHN sets the letter on the table next to where SHERLOCK is working.

JOHN  
I'll let you get on with it then.

SHERLOCK  
Where are you going?

JOHN  
Back to bed. It's late, and some people do actually sleep.

SHERLOCK  
Sleep. I suppose we could do that and just wait for someone to murder us in our beds.

JOHN pauses. He realizes SHERLOCK is attempting to play on the anxiety he felt at MARKHAM'S flat.

JOHN  
(with forced bravado)  
Feel free to wake me if someone tries to poison you.

SHERLOCK watches JOHN exit. JOHN makes it a point to lock the door. SHERLOCK rededicating himself to the task at hand.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

JOHN stumbles in, still half asleep only to find SHERLOCK finishing a slice of cake.

SHERLOCK  
Finally.

SHERLOCK goes for his coat. He has the envelope, slips it into his coat pocket.

JOHN  
Did you stay up all night?

SHERLOCK stops short.

SHERLOCK  
You can't go in your pyjamas.

JOHN  
What about breakfast?

SHERLOCK  
I just had some.

While JOHN processes this, SHERLOCK opens the door.

SHERLOCK  
I'll get us a cab.

INT. CAB - DAY

JOHN and SHERLOCK share a seat.

JOHN  
(muttering)  
Even just a cup of tea . . .

SHERLOCK  
Really? Last night you didn't want  
tea.

JOHN  
Where are we going?

SHERLOCK  
To see the one person who might know  
something I don't.

JOHN  
A librarian?

SHERLOCK shoots JOHN a look of consternation as the cab pulls to the kerb. SHERLOCK is out the door almost before the cab has come to a complete stop. JOHN scrambles after him.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

SHERLOCK leads JOHN through an elegant lobby, making a beeline past a reception desk and heading for the lift. JOHN trails as he tries to take everything in. The RECEPTIONIST looks up, watches them go by, then picks up the phone to make a call.

SHERLOCK stops at the lift, presses the button. He glances back at the RECEPTIONIST who is now on the phone.

SHERLOCK  
She's warning him.

JOHN  
Who?

The lift doors open.

INT. LIFT - DAY

SHERLOCK pushes the indicator for the top floor.

JOHN

The penthouse?

SHERLOCK doesn't answer. The lift stops and the doors open.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

SHERLOCK and JOHN step out of the lift, walk to the single door on the floor. SHERLOCK takes a key from his pocket.

JOHN

You have a key?

But before SHERLOCK can use it, the door opens to reveal MYCROFT, dressed for the office excepting his suit coat.

MYCROFT

I want that key back, by the way.

INT. MYCROFT'S FLAT - DAY

It is a beautiful space, elegant as a magazine spread, and appears just as unlived in.

MYCROFT leads them through to a breakfast nook, where his morning meal waits half eaten on the table, his suit coat on the back of his chair. MYCROFT resumes his seat and picks up his fork, and SHERLOCK drops the envelope beside his brother's plate.

SHERLOCK

What is this?

MYCROFT

(beat)

A letter.

SHERLOCK

Very good. But who is it from?

MYCROFT

Based on the mark, I'd say it came from the Martlets.

JOHN

Sorry, what's a martlet?

SHERLOCK

An old heraldry mark, a bird with no feet. It was thought that without feet they couldn't land, that they flew forever, and so they came to represent ceaseless effort.

MYCROFT

Seems as if you know enough. So why are you here?

SHERLOCK

Who are they, Mycroft? What do they want?

MYCROFT sighs, takes up the envelope and removes the letter so he can read it. Sets it down again.

MYCROFT

It's an initiation letter.

JOHN

Into what?

MYCROFT

I can't say.

SHERLOCK

Can't? Or won't?

(when MYCROFT doesn't answer)

But the letter doesn't ask for anything, makes no demands . . .

MYCROFT

I'm sure they'll make their intentions known in time.

SHERLOCK

(bitter)

We're just supposed to wait.

MYCROFT checks his watch, rises from the table.

MYCROFT

Martlets don't, though, do they? Ceaseless effort.

MYCROFT takes his suit coat from the back of his chair, shrugs it on. Hands SHERLOCK the letter and envelope.

MYCROFT

They're exploiting your weaknesses. Patience never was on your very short list of virtues.

As MYCROFT walks them to the door

MYCROFT

You haven't found them online because they aren't online; they're older than that.

SHERLOCK  
Then where can I find them?

MYCROFT opens the door, pauses.

MYCROFT  
Benjamin Markham was an architect.

SHERLOCK  
But Lumley was the one with the ring.

SHERLOCK and MYCROFT stare at one another, a small test of wills.

SHERLOCK  
You won't tell me.

MYCROFT  
I can't.

SHERLOCK takes a moment to consider, makes a decision. As he starts to exit, MYCROFT clears his throat. SHERLOCK stops, looks a question.

MYCROFT  
The key?

SHERLOCK hands it over without protest, and MYCROFT comes to a dour realization.

MYCROFT  
This isn't your only copy.

SHERLOCK  
Of course it isn't.

SHERLOCK turns to leave once more. As he exits

SHERLOCK  
Come along, John. We need another look  
at Markham's flat.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

SHERLOCK is striding down the pavement; JOHN works to keep up.

JOHN  
Don't suppose we have time for  
breakfast?

SHERLOCK  
Call Dimmock. Tell him to meet us.

JOHN  
 (answering his own question)  
 Didn't think so.

JOHN fumbles for his cell phone.

JOHN  
 Can we at least get a cab?

SHERLOCK  
 No need. It's not far.

JOHN  
 (under his breath as he puts  
 the phone to his ear)  
 For you maybe.

DIMMOCK answers the call, but we only hear JOHN'S side of the conversation.

JOHN  
 (into phone)  
 Inspector Dimmock? Sorry to . . . John  
 Watson. . . . What? No, not . . .  
 Sherlock Holmes's . . . Yes, right,  
 that's me.

JOHN rolls his eyes at SHERLOCK, but SHERLOCK is focused only on what's ahead of him.

JOHN  
 (into phone)  
 We were wondering if you could meet us  
 back at Markham's flat.  
 (glancing at SHERLOCK)  
 No, I don't think it can wait.

SHERLOCK  
 Tell him we're practically there  
 already, so quit wasting time.

JOHN  
 (into phone)  
 He says . . . Oh.

JOHN pulls the phone away from his ear, frowns at it.

JOHN  
 He hung up.

SHERLOCK  
 He'll be here.

EXT. MARKHAM'S FLAT - DAY

SHERLOCK comes to a stop in front of the building. It takes JOHN a moment to recognize where they are; he glances up and down the street. How did they get here?

SHERLOCK

If we have so few leads, Dimmock has nothing.

A cafe down the block has caught JOHN'S eye.

JOHN

While we're waiting . . .

SHERLOCK glances, prepared to dismiss the notion. But stenciled in large letters on the glass: DANA'S.

SHERLOCK

The bakery.

JOHN

Fancy a pastry? I could do with--

But SHERLOCK is already hurrying down the block.

INT. DANA'S BAKERY - DAY

SHERLOCK enters, followed by JOHN. A few patrons are queued for their regular morning orders. Most take them out as they head off to work; few people inhabit the tables.

SHERLOCK and JOHN step into the queue.

SHERLOCK

This is where Lumley worked.

JOHN

Lumley?

SHERLOCK

If you're going to keep up, John, you can't go running off in the middle of things. Lumley was the other victim.

JOHN

I didn't run off, I--

But it's their turn now. JOHN realizes JEREMY is waiting, opens his mouth to order, but

SHERLOCK

Is David working today?

It takes a minute for JEREMY to process the question.

JEREMY

Haven't seen him since yesterday.  
You've seen him more recently than any  
of us here.

SHERLOCK

How . . . ?  
(understanding)  
Because we left together.

JEREMY

Yeah. Is he coming in today, do you  
know? We have another cake order.

But SHERLOCK is finished, already turning to leave. JOHN digs in, determined to get his breakfast.

JOHN

I'd like a muffin.

JEREMY starts to ask, but JOHN cuts him off.

JOHN

Any kind, I don't care, just . . . A  
muffin. Please.

But JEREMY has a different question.

JEREMY

Are you . . . ?

SHERLOCK understands the unspoken query but JOHN doesn't.  
SHERLOCK covers.

SHERLOCK

David's cousin. We thought we were  
meeting him here, but we must have  
been mistaken.

JEREMY

Oh.  
(beat)  
You must get the family discount then.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARKHAM'S FLAT - DAY

JOHN is devouring his muffin as he and SHERLOCK join DIMMOCK in front of MARKHAM'S building. DIMMOCK leads them inside.

INT. MARKHAM'S BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DAY

DIMMOCK  
What are you looking for?

SHERLOCK  
Clues.

DIMMOCK  
To what?

SHERLOCK  
I'll know it when I see it. Have they  
taken anything out of the flat?

DIMMOCK unlocks the door, but everyone remains on the  
threshold.

DIMMOCK  
The bodies. And any affects that were  
with them. Sheets and mattress and  
what all.

SHERLOCK  
That's it?

DIMMOCK  
They'll be back later this morning to  
start sifting through it all. Some  
stuff may have got moved around, but  
it's all there.

JOHN has finished his breakfast.

JOHN  
Are they supposed to move things?

DIMMOCK  
(defensive)  
Sometimes it can't be helped. Were you  
planning to go into the flat or just  
look at it from the doorway?

INT. MARKHAM'S FLAT - DAY

The living area is small, made smaller by the piles of books  
and half-packed moving boxes. The place is disorganized,  
chaotic.

Against some walls lean framed photos of London landmarks, not  
even particularly nice ones; they look no better than tourist  
bait.

SHERLOCK steps inside, pulls examination gloves from his pocket, glances around. Where to start?

SHERLOCK  
Do we know what killed them yet?

DIMMOCK  
Worried?

This gets JOHN'S attention.

SHERLOCK  
Just think it would be useful to know.  
You'd think they'd work a little  
faster to come up with an answer.

DIMMOCK  
Oh, they have an answer, though  
they're running the tests again to be  
sure it's correct.

JOHN  
The tests were inconclusive?

DIMMOCK  
On the contrary, they appeared quite  
conclusive. Just unusual.

JOHN and SHERLOCK wait for more.

DIMMOCK  
Seems they ingested a quantity of  
coniine.

SHERLOCK'S wheels are turning, but JOHN gets there faster.

JOHN  
Hemlock?

SHERLOCK notices the artwork, goes to look more closely. As he flips through the framed prints

SHERLOCK  
Not very inspired for an architect.

DIMMOCK  
Markham had already moved a number of  
things to the new flat. These might  
have been the least of his belongings.

SHERLOCK puts the pictures back against the wall.

SHERLOCK

Hemlock isn't something you drink on accident.

(flash of thought)

So what did they drink it from?

SHERLOCK goes on the hunt: the bedroom, the living area, the kitchenette. JOHN, meanwhile, is clearly reluctant to touch anything. The unease he'd felt the day before is returning. He speaks while SHERLOCK looks.

JOHN

It doesn't take immediate effect. They could have mixed it with their tea and put the cups away before lying down.

DIMMOCK

You seem to know a lot about it.

JOHN

It has medicinal uses. Not common, but works in a pinch.

SHERLOCK

You don't get up from a shagging, go drink a paralytic poison, then go back to bed. And again: there's no note.

DIMMOCK

(gesturing to the general disarray)

That we've found.

SHERLOCK

You wouldn't hide a suicide note. You want people to find it.

DIMMOCK

Then what do you think happened?

SHERLOCK closes a final kitchen cabinet, ceases searching.

SHERLOCK

I think there was someone else here. Someone else administered the poison.

A moment while this sinks in. JOHN is growing increasingly uncomfortable.

JOHN

That's just . . . Incredibly creepy.

DIMMOCK

There's no evidence anyone else was here.

SHERLOCK mimics DIMMOCK'S earlier gesture indicating the room.

SHERLOCK

It's the lack of evidence that proves it. Assuming they drank the hemlock, there would need to be at least one cup or glass containing the dregs.

DIMMOCK

Maybe they washed it.

SHERLOCK

Why bother? Why cover--?  
(to JOHN)  
Where are you going?

JOHN is easing toward the door.

JOHN

I have my class.

SHERLOCK

Your class isn't until this afternoon.  
(beat)  
You're running off again.

JOHN

I have things to do.

SHERLOCK

What about our work?

JOHN

It's your work.

DIMMOCK

We should wrap up here in any case. The forensic team will be arriving soon.

SHERLOCK goes back into action, chooses a box and begins to go through its contents.

SHERLOCK

Fine.

(to JOHN)

I'll move faster without you under foot.

JOHN is startled. He doesn't want to stay, but the dismissal still stings. He hesitates, catches DIMMOCK'S eye, exits.

DIMMOCK watches JOHN leave, turns to where SHERLOCK is absorbed in a scrapbook he's discovered.

DIMMOCK

He all right?

CUT TO:

INT. CULINARY SCHOOL - DAY

The classroom is empty. JOHN switches on lights, goes to the storage racks and chooses some tomatoes. He brings them to a table, selects a knife from the block, and begins to slice with single-minded concentration.

LIBBY (O.S.)

What are you doing here?

JOHN doesn't stop slicing.

JOHN

Practice makes perfect didn't you say?  
Why, what are you doing here?

LIBBY advances slowly.

LIBBY

I help set up the classroom.

JOHN

Teacher's pet?

LIBBY

Whatever that tomato did to you, I think it's had enough.

JOHN stops.

LIBBY

You know, I looked you and your friend up last night. Your blog is really interesting.

(beat)

His isn't.

JOHN

No? Well, maybe it's an acquired taste.

LIBBY is close now.

LIBBY  
 Maybe I could acquire it?

JOHN doesn't understand.

LIBBY  
 It sounds like you have fun solving  
 all these mysteries. It's why you left  
 early yesterday, isn't it?

JOHN  
 (clarifying)  
 You want to solve cases with us.  
 (off her nod)  
 We're not Scooby-Doo, you know.

LIBBY is momentarily disappointed. Shrugs it off.

LIBBY  
 Well, at least help me set up so long  
 as you're here.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

SHERLOCK returns from his search of MARKHAM'S flat with the  
 scrapbook tucked under his arm. As he closes the door, his eyes  
 catch sight of a small box on the table. SHERLOCK pauses,  
 glances over his shoulder.

SHERLOCK  
 Mrs. Hudson!

While waiting for the landlady to respond, SHERLOCK approaches  
 the table, sees there is a sticky note under the box affixed to  
 the wood: "Look for the book."

SHERLOCK is still regarding the note when MRS. HUDSON appears  
 at the door.

MRS. HUDSON  
 Really, Sherlock, this shouting for me  
 is becoming a bad habit. It's terrible  
 for my nerves . . .  
 (noticing the box and note)  
 What's that then?

SHERLOCK  
 It appears someone has been by again.  
 Did you happen to notice this time?

MRS. HUDSON

I only just came back from doing the shopping. Your cake used up the last of my eggs. Didn't you lock the door?

SHERLOCK considers.

SHERLOCK

John would have locked it . . . Never mind. I'll get it sorted.

MRS. HUDSON

See that you do. Can't have strange people running in and out at all hours. It's not safe.

MRS. HUDSON leaves, still muttering. SHERLOCK closes the door and wrenches the lock. Then he goes back to the table, opens the box. Inside is LUMLEY'S signet ring.

CUT TO:

INT. CULINARY SCHOOL - DAY

JOHN and LIBBY have finished setting up the classroom. LIBBY checks her watch.

LIBBY

It's still early. How about some tea?

JOHN flinches; the mention of tea reminds him of MARKHAM and LUMLEY. LIBBY notices his discomfort.

LIBBY

Or if you don't like tea . . . Lunch?

But this puts JOHN'S train of thought on a different track.

JOHN

Oh, God.

LIBBY

What?

JOHN pulls out his mobile phone, dials SHERLOCK.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

SHERLOCK asleep on the sofa. His phone rings unheeded.

BACK TO:

INT. CULINARY SCHOOL - DAY

SHERLOCK'S lack of response adds to JOHN'S rising worry.

JOHN

Come on? Where are you?

He lets the phone ring until it finally goes to voice mail.  
JOHN leaves a message.

JOHN

Answer your phone!

He ends the call in frustration.

JOHN

Sorry, I need to . . .

JOHN makes for the door. As it closes behind him

LIBBY

Does that mean you aren't coming to  
class?

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

JOHN is on the phone again, this time with DIMMOCK.

JOHN

Well, what time did he leave the flat  
then? . . . No, I haven't heard from  
him, that's why I'm asking you. Did he  
find anything? Say he was going  
anywhere? . . . Right. Thanks.

He hangs up. Stops walking and looks around. Realizes he has no  
idea where he is. Again.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - STAIRS - DAY

JOHN is finally home, though it took him longer than he would  
have liked. He takes the stairs quickly, comes to the door,  
finds it locked. Jiggles the knob just to be sure, then pulls  
out his keys.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

JOHN enters.

JOHN

Sherlock . . .

He stops when he sees SHERLOCK on the sofa. A moment of panic; is SHERLOCK dead?

JOHN eases the door closed behind him. Pauses to listen. Is there someone else in the flat? Trying to be quiet, he moves to get a better look at the figure on the sofa. Is he breathing?

And then: a snore.

JOHN relaxes.

JOHN

Sherlock.

SHERLOCK stirs.

JOHN

Not like you to fall asleep on the job.

It's meant to be a joke but comes out a little severe.

SHERLOCK sits up.

SHERLOCK

I thought you were in class.

JOHN

But then I thought of something.

SHERLOCK

So you came all the way home to tell me?

JOHN

You weren't answering your phone.

SHERLOCK glances around, sees his phone next to the ring box on the table, gets up to fetch it.

SHERLOCK

Did you leave a message?

JOHN

How could that matter? I'm here now.

SHERLOCK is looking at his phone.

SHERLOCK

You left several.

He holds the mobile to his ear, blinks in surprise at JOHN as he listens.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

JOHN yelling into his phone as people give him wide berth on the pavement.

JOHN  
 . . . Lost, so I hope you're happy  
 with yourself!

As he ends the call a LITTLE GIRL tugs his sleeve and points to a tube station down the street.

JOHN  
 Oh. Uh, thanks. Yes. Thank you.

The GIRL'S MOTHER snatches her away.

BACK TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

As SHERLOCK finishes listening to JOHN'S messages, JOHN notices the ring box on the table, picks it up, opens it.

JOHN  
 You found the ring. Markham had it in  
 his flat?

SHERLOCK extracts the box from JOHN'S grip, closes it, sets it down again.

SHERLOCK  
 The color of your car appears to be  
 gold.

JOHN  
 What?

But SHERLOCK has already moved on.

SHERLOCK  
 What is so important it turned you  
 into a raving lunatic somewhere off  
 Old Street?

JOHN starts to ask, but SHERLOCK cuts him short.

SHERLOCK  
 The background noise.  
 (beat)  
 Well?

JOHN

It's just that you assumed . . .

SHERLOCK gives JOHN a sharp look.

JOHN

. . . They drank the hemlock.

SHERLOCK

It's the most likely scenario for ingesting it. Works more quickly in a liquid.

JOHN

But it could have been eaten.

SHERLOCK

Dried hemlock is bitter and less effective.

JOHN opens his mouth, ready to make his point, but SHERLOCK'S brain is racing now.

SHERLOCK

But it can be dissolved in water, and therefore . . .

SHERLOCK'S gaze turns to the kitchen counter, where the cake he and MRS. HUDSON baked still sits.

SHERLOCK

The cake.

CUT TO:

INT. DANA'S BAKERY - DAY

SHERLOCK bursts into the bakery, followed by JOHN hurrying to keep up. They bypass the few people on line and go directly to the counter. JEREMY looks over at them in surprise.

JEREMY

Oh, it's you. David still isn't back yet.

SHERLOCK

Let me see your hands.

A PATRON grumbles something and SHERLOCK turns on him.

SHERLOCK

Oh, shut up. And if you don't want to risk being poisoned to death, I might suggest you get your coffee elsewhere.

The line begins to disperse amid mumbled chatter.

SHERLOCK  
(to JEREMY)  
Your hands.

Hesitantly, JEREMY holds out his hands, palm up. SHERLOCK grabs them and flips them over. Leans in for a close look.

SHERLOCK  
No, but then you wouldn't wear a ring  
while working in a bakery, would you?

JEREMY pulls his hands free and looks to JOHN.

JEREMY  
He's not quite right, is he?

JOHN  
He usually is right, actually.

SHERLOCK  
(to JEREMY)  
Who baked Markham's cake?

JEREMY  
David did all the special orders.

SHERLOCK  
Did?

JEREMY  
What?

SHERLOCK  
You just spoke of him in the past  
tense.

JEREMY opens his mouth but is unable to come up with any kind of response. SHERLOCK presses on, becoming increasingly worked up.

SHERLOCK  
You know he's not coming back. How  
many of you are there? Where is your  
ring, or haven't you earned it yet?  
Who are you people, and what do you  
want?

But JEREMY only shakes his head. It's unclear if he is afraid or simply confused. JOHN takes SHERLOCK'S arm, but SHERLOCK shrugs him off.

SHERLOCK

(calmer)

Tell us this then: where is Markham's  
cake now?

JEREMY takes a moment to consider if it's a trick question,  
decides it's safe to answer.

JEREMY

It's been thrown out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

SHERLOCK is digging through a commercial Dumpster while JOHN  
hangs back.

JOHN

Is this really necessary?

SHERLOCK

We need a sample. Something to test.

JOHN

Wouldn't they have found it in the  
autopsy? Stomach contents or  
something?

SHERLOCK only snorts his derision and continues opening bin  
bags and checking the contents.

JOHN

Or we could call Dimmock, have him get  
a team out here . . .

SHERLOCK

I'll have found it by the time they  
get here. Ah! See? Now this is a  
wedding cake. Or what's left of one.

SHERLOCK holds the bin bag out to JOHN, but JOHN makes no move  
to take it from him. With a sigh, SHERLOCK drops it to the  
ground and climbs out of the Dumpster. Looks up and down the  
alley.

SHERLOCK

Noticed any stray cats?

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

JOHN enters, followed by SHERLOCK carrying the bag with the cake. JOHN is in the middle of a lecture.

JOHN  
 . . . A defenceless animal for the  
 sake of--

JOHN realizes the door wasn't locked.

JOHN  
 You should start locking that, by the  
 way.

SHERLOCK takes the bag to his worktable and prepares to test the cake. JOHN goes to the cupboards and begins taking out cans of various items as if to pull together a meal.

SHERLOCK  
 (without looking up from his  
 work)  
 Don't cook, John, we'll order  
 something.

JOHN surveys the motley collection on the counter; they aren't terribly appealing.

JOHN  
 What would you like to eat?

SHERLOCK  
 Anything. Whatever.

JOHN knows better. If he orders "anything," SHERLOCK will only complain later. JOHN slaps a pen and some paper down beside SHERLOCK'S microscope.

JOHN  
 Write it down.

SHERLOCK shoots JOHN a disdainful look but does as instructed.

JOHN  
 And you should shower. You smell like  
 rubbish.

SHERLOCK  
 You're bossy this evening. Don't kill  
 cats, lock the door . . .

He finishes writing, gets up to hand JOHN the paper and pen.

SHERLOCK

You call.

SHERLOCK disappears to wash up while JOHN goes to the phone to order. As JOHN speaks into the phone, he goes to the ring box beside SHERLOCK'S computer, opens it, studies the ring, tilting the box this way and that, though he doesn't touch the ring itself.

JOHN

(into phone)

Yes, I'd like to . . .

(surprised)

Yes, it is . . . I didn't realize we had a "usual."

JOHN stops looking at the ring long enough to peer at the paper SHERLOCK gave him. Is it his "usual"? No idea.

JOHN

(into phone)

No, that's . . . That should be fine, yes. Okay.

He hangs up. Notices the sticky note that was under the ring box.

SHERLOCK enters, freshly dressed, settles back at his microscope.

JOHN

What's this note mean? "Look for the book." What book?

But SHERLOCK is absorbed in his work. JOHN looks at the ring again.

JOHN

Funny about this castle.

SHERLOCK is only half paying attention.

SHERLOCK

How so?

JOHN

You said martlets don't have feet. They don't land.

(when SHERLOCK doesn't respond)

So if it's not going to land on the castle, what's the castle for?

SHERLOCK draws back from his work, ready to condemn JOHN for wasting his time. But then a connection is made in SHERLOCK'S brain.

SHERLOCK gets up, retrieves the scrapbook he took from MARKHAM'S flat, begins flipping through it. Much of it is filled with newspaper clippings, the same sorts of things SHERLOCK has already seen online.

JOHN watches for a minute, waits, but SHERLOCK is not forthcoming, and JOHN can make nothing of SHERLOCK'S actions. So JOHN goes to put the cans back in the cupboard and make some tea.

SHERLOCK  
 (to himself)  
 Bell, book . . .

He pauses over an engagement announcement. Quick intake:

(1) Header: *Dawson-Markham*

(2) Text: *Madeline Dawson, daughter of textile magnate Geoffrey Dawson and interior decorator Pamela Dawson*

(3) Engagement Photo: *MADELINE DAWSON and MARKHAM; she looks happy, but he appears uncomfortable.*

SHERLOCK  
 A marriage of convenience.

JOHN  
 Hm? We're out of oolong by the way.

SHERLOCK  
 He was marrying her for her connections. But the castle . . . He was . . .

SHERLOCK begins flipping more rapidly through the scrapbook.

JOHN  
 He was the castle?

SHERLOCK  
 No. But he was an architect.

SHERLOCK slows his perusal of the scrapbook as a flurry of more recent articles begins to appear, each featuring photos of Lambeth Palace. The puzzle pieces are beginning to form a picture.

A knock on the door downstairs. JOHN goes to fetch dinner.

SHERLOCK skims the collection of clippings. They mention:

(1) Markham had been selected to refurbish the Lambeth Library offices in Morton's Tower.

(2) A planned mural depicting The Presentation of Christ in the Temple.

As JOHN returns with the take away, SHERLOCK is pulling on his coat.

SHERLOCK  
We need to find Markham's portfolio.

JOHN  
What about dinner?

SHERLOCK  
Later.

He's out the door.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

JOHN catches up to SHERLOCK on the pavement.

SHERLOCK  
Bell, book and candle, John. It's the old ritual of excommunication. Markham and Lumley were the bell, the death knoll.

A beat as JOHN absorbs this; the association clearly makes him uneasy.

JOHN  
Where did you come up with bell, book and candle?

SHERLOCK  
The note. This really would work better if you didn't disappear all the time.

JOHN  
So the portfolio is the book? Where do you intend to look?

SHERLOCK  
His flat.

JOHN stops walking. He'd rather not go back to the MARKHAM'S flat.

SHERLOCK gets a few steps farther before realizing he's lost JOHN. Turns.

SHERLOCK

What now?

JOHN

You would have found it already if it were in his flat.

SHERLOCK

He didn't leave it in plain view, John. He knew they wanted it, so he hid it.

JOHN

But . . . Dimmock's people. They will have taken it all out by now.

SHERLOCK

Do you really believe they're that efficient?

JOHN

How do you know it isn't in his new flat? Or his office, or . . .

SHERLOCK

Because I know what I would do if I were faced with an ancient, ruthless organization out to get hold of my notes.

JOHN grimaces, his discomfort deepening at the parallel example.

SHERLOCK turns away, exasperated.

SHERLOCK

Fine. Go home to your dinner.

JOHN considers. Going home would only mean waiting and worrying. Better to stay with SHERLOCK. JOHN catches up once more.

JOHN

So what would you do?

SHERLOCK spares him a glance, not entirely ready to forgive JOHN'S reluctance.

SHERLOCK

Markham didn't want the Martlets to find what they were looking for.

JOHN  
The portfolio?

SHERLOCK  
They need it to find the candle.

JOHN  
What's the candle?

SHERLOCK  
We won't know until we find the book.

JOHN  
And what did Markham do with the book  
then?

SHERLOCK stops walking. JOHN looks up and realizes they're  
standing in front of

EXT. MARKHAM'S FLAT - NIGHT

SHERLOCK  
If it were me, and I needed to hide my  
notes but couldn't destroy them . . .

SHERLOCK has pulled lock picking tools from his overcoat  
pocket. Out of habit, JOHN stands in such a way to screen him  
from potential observers.

JOHN  
Why couldn't you?

SHERLOCK  
What if you needed them?

JOHN  
Why would I need them?

The door opens.

INT. MARKHAM'S BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

SHERLOCK precedes JOHN up the stairs.

SHERLOCK  
For the same reason we need Markham's  
portfolio. To stop the wrong people  
from getting hold of . . . Something.

JOHN  
You'd expect me to do that?

SHERLOCK

I'm beginning to wonder if I shouldn't reconsider.

SHERLOCK uses the picks to unlock the flat's door.

INT. MARKHAM'S FLAT - NIGHT

SHERLOCK enters, followed more slowly by JOHN. There are fewer boxes now but still plenty of stuff to be sorted through. SHERLOCK scans the room, looking for a likely starting point.

SHERLOCK

Taking their time with it, it seems.

JOHN

Maybe they're just being thorough.

SHERLOCK homes in on a stack containing stray papers and file folders sandwiched in between the big architecture books.

JOHN

What are we looking for?

SHERLOCK is pulling loose sheets free to examine before setting them aside.

SHERLOCK

I'm looking for a sketch of a Candlemas mural. You, on the other hand, don't appear to be looking for much of anything.

JOHN glances at the open door and the stairwell beyond.

JOHN

This way I'll be able to tell you if anyone is coming.

SHERLOCK

We could be out of here faster if you'd help.

JOHN inches farther into the flat but doesn't touch anything until SHERLOCK gestures impatiently at a stack.

JOHN

What does a Candlemas mural look like exactly?

SHERLOCK

I can't tell you exactly. But it will have Mary and Joseph bringing baby Jesus to the Temple.

JOHN

It will be in his portfolio?

SHERLOCK

It's a piece of his portfolio. I'm assuming Markham did what I would have done, which means he dismembered his portfolio to make everything harder to find . . .

SHERLOCK finishes with the first stack, comes up empty. Glances around. Focuses on the ugly artwork leaning against the wall.

SHERLOCK

This artwork . . .

JOHN looks up.

JOHN

Not what I'd expect a stylish architect to hang.

SHERLOCK

Maybe that's the point.

SHERLOCK takes one of the pictures, turns it over, rips open the backing paper. Nothing. He drops it, takes the next picture, does the same. He's rewarded this time with a watercolor sketch. He pulls it free.

JOHN walks over for a look.

JOHN

It's . . . Interesting.

SHERLOCK

No need to spare his feelings; he's dead. And anyway, the picture is all wrong.

SHERLOCK points to the central figures in the sketch.

SHERLOCK

Mary and Joseph were to bring two doves or pigeons for sacrifice, but those . . .

JOHN

Have no feet. Markham was leaving clues?

SHERLOCK nods, sets the sketch down and pulls out his mobile phone to take a picture of it.

JOHN  
Starting a scrapbook?

SHERLOCK puts the phone away and picks up the picture.

SHERLOCK  
For reference.  
(beat as he studies the  
image)  
Markham appears to have made himself  
Simeon the Righteous, but Simeon was  
very aged. He was said to have died  
the following day.

JOHN  
He knew he was going to die.

SHERLOCK  
Doesn't help us. But that . . .

SHERLOCK indicates a part of the Temple painted to look like  
Lollards Tower at Lambeth.

JOHN  
Bell tower?

SHERLOCK  
Markham had been commissioned to do  
some work at Lambeth.

JOHN points to two men on a single horse.

JOHN  
They don't look like they belong  
there.

SHERLOCK  
That is strange.

JOHN  
So what does it mean?

SHERLOCK  
No idea.  
(flash of understanding)  
The Temple Church. Two knights on  
horseback.

JOHN  
Those aren't knights.

SHERLOCK  
He wasn't trying to be literal. And it  
makes sense.

The Templars were excommunicated,  
 their assets seized by the Catholic  
 Church and the crown. The Martlets  
 must think there's something at  
 Lambeth that belongs to them,  
 something from when the Archbishop was  
 still Catholic, and they want it back.

JOHN

Mycroft did say it was an old  
 organization.

JOHN considers the picture for a moment, points to one of the  
 men on the horse.

JOHN

He made that one look a bit like  
 Lumley.

SHERLOCK spares JOHN an odd glance then points out a female  
 figure holding a scroll in one hand and a small, carved casket  
 in the other, taps the casket specifically.

SHERLOCK

That. I've seen Anna with a scroll but  
 never with a casket. That's our  
 candle.

LIBBY (O.S.)

Are we having fun yet?

SHERLOCK and JOHN whip around to discover LIBBY leaning against  
 the door jamb.

JOHN

Libby?

SHERLOCK looks between JOHN and LIBBY.

SHERLOCK

(to JOHN)  
 Your car, I presume.

JOHN

What? No, this is . . .  
 (to LIBBY)  
 Have you been following us?

LIBBY saunters into the room.

LIBBY

Well, you weren't exactly willing to  
 share.

JOHN  
Share?

LIBBY  
Your friend.

SHERLOCK  
She's one of them, John.

JOHN  
One of who?

SHERLOCK  
A Martlet.

JOHN  
No, this is Libby. From my cooking  
class.  
(beat)  
And now some kind of Sherlock groupie.  
(to LIBBY)  
What are you doing here?

But LIBBY is focused on the paper in SHERLOCK'S hands.

LIBBY  
What's that?

SHERLOCK rips the sketch in half, rips those pieces in half  
again, then pulls a lighter from his pocket.

Off JOHN'S evident surprise

SHERLOCK  
I used to smoke. Found carrying a  
lighter handy in any case.

He lights the torn paper, drops it to the floor.

LIBBY  
They'll kill you for that.

SHERLOCK  
Unlikely. John and I are now the only  
two people who know exactly what and  
where it is.

SHERLOCK steps around the growing flames, heads for the door.

SHERLOCK  
Come on, John, we want to be gone  
before the brigade arrives.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

SHERLOCK and JOHN move fast, putting distance between themselves and MARKHAM'S flat. SHERLOCK is keyed up, agitated. JOHN glances back periodically.

JOHN  
What just happened?

SHERLOCK turns one corner, then another, weaving through the streets.

SHERLOCK  
The Martlets--

JOHN  
I thought they were Templars.

SHERLOCK  
Used to be. Much of the organization dropped the name when the pope dissolved the order. Some members joined other societies, some just went home, and some went underground.

Sirens are sounding in the distance. SHERLOCK takes yet another abrupt turn.

JOHN  
And Martlet is almost an anagram of Templar. If you change the p to a t.

SHERLOCK  
That's silly.

JOHN  
You'd think it was brilliant if you'd thought of it.

SHERLOCK  
I didn't think of it because it's ridiculous.

SHERLOCK stops suddenly.

SHERLOCK  
Do you have your gun?

JOHN  
No . . .

SHERLOCK  
Damn. That means we need to go back to the flat.

SHERLOCK starts off in another direction.

JOHN  
Weren't we . . . ?

SHERLOCK  
The Martlets want whatever's in  
Lambeth Palace. They used Lumley to  
get to Markham in the hopes of  
convincing Markham to fetch . . .  
Whatever this candle of theirs is.

JOHN  
Then why kill them?

SHERLOCK  
Because not only did Markham refuse,  
Lumley eventually did as well.

JOHN  
Why?

SHERLOCK  
Love is a very strong motivator, John.  
But it can also drive people into  
danger.

Another turn and suddenly they are

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

SHERLOCK opens the door. JOHN follows him inside.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - STAIRS

SHERLOCK precedes JOHN up the stairs, stops short when he finds  
the flat locked. SHERLOCK looks to JOHN, who produces his keys  
and steps forward. As he unlocks the door

JOHN  
So the Martlets killed them.

He opens the door.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

SHERLOCK and JOHN enter.

SHERLOCK  
And simultaneously contacted me.

JOHN

To find the clues Markham hid and retrieve the candle. Or whatever it is.

JOHN closes and locks the door behind him.

SHERLOCK

Some kind of artifact.

JOHN

You're planning to give it to them?

SHERLOCK

We need to go to Lambeth Palace. But it would be better to go with more than a cigarette lighter as backup.

JOHN takes the hint and goes to fetch his gun. SHERLOCK paces, stops to look at the bag of wedding cake still sitting beside his worktable, then frowns at the cake on the kitchen counter. He's making a connection . . .

SHERLOCK'S mobile phone chimes. He takes it out, looks at the message. From DIMMOCK: "Markham's flat on fire."

JOHN returns, pats his jacket pocket.

JOHN

All right.  
(beat)  
What's wrong?

SHERLOCK puts his phone away, even as it chimes again.

SHERLOCK

Nothing. Ready?

He goes to the door, is thwarted once again when it won't open.

JOHN

Lock.

SHERLOCK throws JOHN a glare, unlocks the door, exits. JOHN follows, and we hear him lock the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAMBETH PALACE - NIGHT

JOHN and SHERLOCK stand on the pavement, studying the gatehouse.

JOHN

We're going to break into Lambeth  
Palace. In the middle of the night.

(beat)

How angry do you think Mycroft will be  
if we get caught?

But SHERLOCK is concentrating. His phone chimes. JOHN looks at  
SHERLOCK expectantly, but SHERLOCK is focused on Lambeth.

JOHN

I suppose you want me to get that.

SHERLOCK

Don't bother.

JOHN glances left, right, over his shoulder.

JOHN

If we stand here much longer . . .

SHERLOCK

The door is open.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK starts for the gatehouse. After one more glance  
around, JOHN follows.

CUT TO:

INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MYCROFT is seated at his desk, working late as he sorts through  
the paperwork in his in-box. He picks up a letter, skims it,  
sets it aside. Takes up another, frowns as he reads it.

The phone on his desk rings, and MYCROFT turns his frown on it.

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBETH PALACE - NIGHT

The lights are on, despite the late hour. SHERLOCK and JOHN  
enter, stop just inside the doors.

SHERLOCK

Hello? Who's here?

JOHN

Oh, yes, let's just announce  
ourselves. Brilliant.

A young man (MICHAEL) emerges from a side room. He's dressed primly but plainly in black slacks, white dress shirt.

MICHAEL

Yes? Oh!

(beat; MICHAEL is visibly  
confused)

Mr. Markham. I'm sorry, we weren't  
expecting you. And . . .?

MICHAEL looks questioningly at JOHN.

SHERLOCK

My assistant. There have been some  
last-minute changes to the plans; we  
need to have a look at the site.

MICHAEL

Now? Only . . . It's rather late.

SHERLOCK

If we want to stay on schedule, then  
yes, now.

MICHAEL struggles a moment with this dilemma, relents.

MICHAEL

I suppose you wouldn't be disturbing  
anyone.

(attempting humor)

Not planning on bringing any walls  
down tonight or anything, right?

MICHAEL turns away to lead them while fishing keys from his  
pocket. SHERLOCK and JOHN exchange a look.

SHERLOCK

Actually . . .

MICHAEL stops and turns.

SHERLOCK

I've forgotten your name.

MICHAEL

Michael.

SHERLOCK

Right. Michael. We need to get into  
Lollards Tower.

MICHAEL

Lollards Tower?

SHERLOCK

Yes.

MICHAEL

But I thought you were working in the library offices.

SHERLOCK pauses, looks at JOHN.

SHERLOCK

John, you explain it to him.

JOHN

Me?

SHERLOCK

You're the historian, after all.

JOHN

I am? I mean, yes. I am. Of course I am.

(to MICHAEL)

I'm an historian.

MICHAEL only blinks at him. JOHN attempts to think on his feet.

JOHN

And they've . . . Expanded the plans, but I need to make sure none of what they're planning to do will . . . Threaten the . . . Structural integrity?

JOHN looks to SHERLOCK for encouragement, but SHERLOCK'S phone chimes again. SHERLOCK makes a show of taking it out and checking it, looking very busy indeed.

JOHN

. . . Of the Tower. Being that it's so old. And everything.

MICHAEL only continues to frown. JOHN looks at SHERLOCK again.

JOHN

Right?

SHERLOCK

Hm? Oh. Yes. Exactly.

(to MICHAEL as he pockets his phone)

Unless you want to go get the Archbishop out of bed to be sure?

This has the desired effect on young MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

Oh, no. No, it's fine, I'm sure it's fine. Just, uh, follow me.

MICHAEL walks away and JOHN takes a step, but SHERLOCK puts out a hand to stop him. SHERLOCK waits until MICHAEL gets a satisfactory number of steps away before speaking.

SHERLOCK

He's one of them.

It takes a moment for JOHN to comprehend.

JOHN

What, a Martlet?

SHERLOCK finally starts walking. JOHN walks beside him.

JOHN

You're getting paranoid. Suddenly you think everyone is part of some ancient, secret society. You'll be a conspiracy theorist next. UFOs, government experiments.

FLASHBACK:

Sign from Baskerville.

BACK TO:

INT. LAMBETH PALACE - NIGHT

JOHN

Well, I suppose the government experiments are a given.

SHERLOCK

They're closing the net. They don't want to risk losing the artifact.

JOHN

But they'll let us go once they have it. Won't they?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A silhouetted man sets up a sniper rifle.

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBETH PALACE - NIGHT

MICHAEL has stopped walking, is waiting for them at the bottom of a steep and narrow spiral staircase.

MICHAEL  
 (indicating the staircase)  
 It was made so that only one person at  
 a time could go up or down.

SHERLOCK  
 Charming.

MICHAEL  
 You know, so the prisoners couldn't--

JOHN  
 Yes, we get it.

MICHAEL  
 (sheepish)  
 You would already know that, I guess,  
 being an historian.

MICHAEL swings an open palm toward the stairs in a show of allowing SHERLOCK and JOHN to go ahead of him.

MICHAEL  
 Please.

JOHN balks but SHERLOCK strides forward and up the steps.

MICHAEL  
 (to JOHN)  
 There's a landing halfway up. I'll  
 meet you, just need to get the key to  
 the Tower door.

JOHN  
 I thought you had the keys in your  
 pocket.

MICHAEL  
 Not for Lollards.  
 (beat as JOHN continues to  
 hesitate)  
 I'll be right there.

JOHN goes up.

INT. LAMBETH PALACE - STAIR LANDING - NIGHT

A cramped space made even more suffocating by the alcoves filled with saintly statues. SHERLOCK is pacing. When JOHN arrives, SHERLOCK turns on him.

SHERLOCK

What took you?

JOHN

A lot of stairs.

SHERLOCK

You've been dragging your feet this entire case.

(craning to see around JOHN)

Where's the other one?

JOHN

Oh, good. Nice. Forgotten his name already, have you? He went to get a key.

SHERLOCK

He's calling someone, no doubt.

JOHN

He's not wearing a ring.

SHERLOCK

Hasn't earned it yet. This is probably his big chance.

Before JOHN can respond to this, MICHAEL appears with a large, antiquated key in one hand and a torch in the other. He holds the key up for them to see.

MICHAEL

(to JOHN)

Doesn't quite fit in my pocket, you see.

(offering the key)

Would you like to . . . ?

JOHN

Why would I . . . ? Oh, right.

JOHN takes the key, makes a show of examining it.

JOHN

Very nice. Very, uh, old.

He hands it back to MICHAEL, who starts up the remaining stairs.

MICHAEL

Just wait here a minute for me to unlock the door. There's not enough room for us all at once.

MICHAEL goes up. SHERLOCK glances around, zeros in on one of the statues, takes it, checks its heft in his hands.

JOHN

What are you doing?

But MICHAEL has returned.

MICHAEL

All yours, sirs.

He notices SHERLOCK holding the statue.

MICHAEL

What are you doing with Saint Thomas?

SHERLOCK

Architect.

This makes complete sense to MICHAEL, who nods in understanding and moves for the stairs that will take him back down to the gatehouse, handing JOHN the torch as he passes.

MICHAEL

I'll just be downstairs if you need anything.

Once MICHAEL is out of earshot

JOHN

Architect?

SHERLOCK hands JOHN the statue and starts up the stairs. JOHN goes up after him.

SHERLOCK

Thomas is the patron saint of architects.

JOHN

Why do you even know that?

They've come to the heavy wooden door that gives to the top of the tower. The key is still in the lock. SHERLOCK removes it, hands it to JOHN, whose hands are increasingly full.

SHERLOCK

Better to hold on to that, else he might try to lock us in.

SHERLOCK takes the torch, enters the tower.

JOHN

You have a real problem with locks,  
don't you?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The sniper watches the beam of SHERLOCK'S torch through the tower windows.

CUT TO:

INT. LOLLARDS TOWER - NIGHT

The room shows its age: some walls are covered in old timber, some parts are exposed old brick. The windows are set high. There is a large fireplace, no furniture.

SHERLOCK goes to a brick portion of wall, shines the light on it, examining. JOHN hangs back, squinting, still awkwardly juggling the statue and the key.

SHERLOCK

I need you to hold the torch for me.

JOHN

Hands are a bit full.

SHERLOCK turns to look at him.

SHERLOCK

(exasperated)  
You can set them down, John. Come take  
the torch.

CUT TO:

EXT. - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The sniper tracks JOHN as he sets down the statue and key and goes to take the torch from SHERLOCK. We see SHERLOCK begin to run his hands over the walls while JOHN aims the light for him.

CUT TO:

INT. LOLLARDS TOWER - NIGHT

With JOHN holding the torch, SHERLOCK methodically runs his hands over the brick. Stops. Goes back over an area.

SHERLOCK  
Here, I think.

JOHN  
There what?

SHERLOCK  
The artifact. It's in this wall.

JOHN  
How can you tell?

SHERLOCK  
The brick is uneven.

JOHN swings the light over a broad section of the wall.

JOHN  
Isn't it all uneven?

SHERLOCK  
Bring me the statue.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The sniper watches as JOHN goes to fetch the statue, brings it to SHERLOCK.

CUT TO:

INT. LOLLARDS TOWER - NIGHT

As JOHN hands SHERLOCK the statue

JOHN  
Maybe the brick was just laid badly.

SHERLOCK  
Yes, they had one terrible mason whom they allowed to lay a couple dozen bricks before chucking him out. And then didn't bother to fix it besides. Seems very plausible. Now, light.

JOHN dutifully trains the torch beam on the wall.

SHERLOCK takes the statue by the top and swings the base at the brick once, twice, a third time. The brick finally begins to give way. SHERLOCK continues until they are loose enough to pull free by hand. He sets the statue down, and JOHN looks at it in mild surprise.

JOHN  
It didn't break.

SHERLOCK  
(drily)  
Yes, it's a miracle. Keep the light on  
me, please.

SHERLOCK pulls bricks from the wall, drops them to the floor.  
JOHN glances nervously at the door.

JOHN  
Maybe you could, you know, not make so  
much noise?

SHERLOCK ignores him. His efforts have revealed a hole in the  
wall. SHERLOCK reaches in.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

From the sniper's POV we watch as SHERLOCK extracts a tarnished  
silver casket like the one Anna held in MARKHAM'S watercolor.

SHERLOCK takes the casket to the door, says something, exits.  
JOHN goes to get the statue, takes up the key, struggles a  
moment to keep hold of these things along with the torch and  
exits as well.

SHERLOCK appears in a window on the landing, turns to check  
that JOHN is coming, continues on. JOHN stops long enough to  
put the statue back in its niche.

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBETH PALACE - NIGHT

SHERLOCK comes down the last of the stairs, followed by JOHN.  
MICHAEL is waiting, shifting from foot to foot in a fit of  
nerves, his right hand somewhat concealed behind him. JOHN  
starts forward to offer MICHAEL the key.

JOHN  
Here's your--

SHERLOCK  
He's got a gun, John.

JOHN halts.

JOHN  
What?

SHERLOCK

Why else would he be standing like that?

(to MICHAEL)

Go on.

Looking almost apologetic, MICHAEL shows the gun, trains it on SHERLOCK.

MICHAEL

Also didn't fit in my pocket.

JOHN starts to reach for his own gun, but he's still holding the key and the torch; he looks to SHERLOCK and SHERLOCK gives a little shake of his head, a silent "no."

MICHAEL is trembling, unable to hold his gun steady.

SHERLOCK

(to MICHAEL)

Pretty new at this.

MICHAEL

Just give it to me.

SHERLOCK

You're earning your ring; this is your initiation. And if I don't give this to you, if you fail, will they kill you?

(beat)

How do they choose their candidates, I wonder?

MICHAEL

I don't know. It doesn't matter. I just . . . I need that.

SHERLOCK holds the casket out to him.

SHERLOCK

Then by all means, take it. No need to shoot anyone.

MICHAEL looks between SHERLOCK and JOHN as if suspecting a trick, takes a tentative step forward.

A window explodes and MICHAEL drops to the ground. He's been shot.

JOHN reacts automatically, stepping between the windows and SHERLOCK, while SHERLOCK merely stands there.

JOHN

Get down!

But SHERLOCK doesn't move. He is watching, waiting. Frowns at MICHAEL'S still body.

SHERLOCK

If whoever it is had wanted us dead,  
John, we'd be dead.

Slowly, JOHN relaxes. Also looks at MICHAEL, then stoops to set down the key and torch and check MICHAEL'S pulse.

SHERLOCK

No use wasting our time.

SHERLOCK is right, of course; MICHAEL is dead. JOHN stands.

JOHN

He was just a kid.

SHERLOCK

We should go.

JOHN hesitates.

SHERLOCK

Now, John.

JOHN obediently takes steps toward the door.

JOHN

I thought you said they weren't aiming  
for us.

SHERLOCK

They weren't. Aren't. Yet.

As JOHN reaches for his gun

SHERLOCK

You won't want to be seen with that if  
and when the police arrive. Though  
ideally we'll be gone by then, if  
you'd . . .

JOHN leaves the gun in his pocket, goes the rest of the way to the door, SHERLOCK following with the casket.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

The sky is beginning to lighten; it will be dawn soon. JOHN and SHERLOCK hurry along the pavement, away from Lambeth and the distant sound of sirens.

JOHN

Well, you've set fire to a crime scene, put a hole in a historic building, stolen an ancient artifact, and been indirectly involved in a murder. I suppose you count that as a good day.

SHERLOCK

Keep walking.

JOHN

Should we find a tube?

SHERLOCK

No need.

A beat as JOHN takes this in. He looks at the casket.

JOHN

Don't you want to . . .?

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

You know. Open it?

SHERLOCK

Not particularly.

JOHN

You're not the least bit curious?

SHERLOCK

No.

But SHERLOCK'S grip on the casket tightens.

CUT TO:

INT. MINISTRY OFFICES - DAY

It's early; the Ministry is nearly empty. SHERLOCK breezes past the GUARD, who jumps to his feet.

GUARD

Hey!

JOHN gives him a wave as he follows in SHERLOCK'S wake.

The GUARD grabs his phone.

INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - DAY

MYCROFT doesn't bother to look up from his work when SHERLOCK and JOHN enter. SHERLOCK sets the casket on MYCROFT'S desk.

MYCROFT  
(while signing a document)  
Thank you.

SHERLOCK  
I'll send you a bill.

MYCROFT finally gives SHERLOCK his attention.

MYCROFT  
If I had asked for your help, would you have given it?

SHERLOCK  
No.

MYCROFT  
Well, then, it all turned out for the best in the end.

SHERLOCK  
You didn't have to shoot the boy.

MYCROFT  
He would have shot you.

SHERLOCK  
Highly unlikely.

MYCROFT  
But not a risk I was willing to take.

JOHN has been listening, trying to follow the conversation, is frustrated that he is unable to put the pieces together.

JOHN  
Wait. Just wait.  
(to MYCROFT)  
How are you involved in this exactly?

But SHERLOCK is the one to answer.

SHERLOCK  
Keep up, John. Mycroft's office wanted the artifact.

JOHN

I thought the Martlets, or Templars,  
or whatever they call themselves now,  
wanted it.

MYCROFT

They do.

(to SHERLOCK)

We'll have a reasonable facsimile  
ready for you by the end of the day.

JOHN

A facsimile?

SHERLOCK

We have to give the Martlets  
something.

JOHN'S mind is whirling.

JOHN

I'm . . . Lost. Again.

SHERLOCK

As usual.

JOHN

But what's in it?

MYCROFT and SHERLOCK only stare at him.

JOHN

Why does everybody want it so badly?  
What's in it worth killing for?

MYCROFT looks at the casket.

MYCROFT

No idea. Hardly matters.

SHERLOCK'S phone chimes. He stops to check it. From Dimmock:  
"Murder at Lambeth. Markham working there before he died.  
Connected?"

SHERLOCK

And as always the Yard are paced for a  
marathon when the event is a sprint.

(to MYCROFT while putting his  
phone away)

If you'll excuse us.

But MYCROFT has already gone back to his paperwork. He gives a dismissive wave while scowling at something he's reading.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

JOHN and SHERLOCK stroll toward home. SHERLOCK'S phone chimes yet again, but SHERLOCK makes no move to answer.

JOHN  
Who keeps texting you?

SHERLOCK  
Dimmock.

JOHN  
What are you going to tell him?

SHERLOCK  
Haven't decided yet.

They walk in silence for a bit.

JOHN  
Are we walking all the way back to  
Baker Street?  
(off SHERLOCK'S look)  
I just, you know, like to pace myself  
if . . .

SHERLOCK  
(pointing)  
Tube station's over there. I'll meet  
you back at the flat.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

SHERLOCK enters, lock-picking tools in hand. He has just picked the lock to get into the flat. As he drops the tools onto his worktable, SHERLOCK'S eyes fall on the bin bag of wedding cake. He takes it to the kitchen counter, dumps in the cake he and MRS. HUDSON had baked.

The sound of someone on the stairs, and JOHN appears in the doorway.

JOHN  
How did you get here first?

SHERLOCK  
I walk faster when you're not with me.

SHERLOCK holds out the bin bag, but as before in the alley JOHN makes no move to take it.

SHERLOCK  
If you would.

JOHN waits.

SHERLOCK  
Please.

JOHN takes the bag.

JOHN  
Should we give this to Dimmock? As evidence?  
(braving a peek into the bag)  
Why is our cake in there?

SHERLOCK is setting at his computer to begin checking his e-mail.

SHERLOCK  
I didn't realize it was "our" cake.  
Anyway, Dimmock won't have use for any of it; the murderer is already dead.

A beat as JOHN tries to puzzle this out.

JOHN  
Michael?

SHERLOCK  
He was neither brave nor bright enough to poison anyone.

JOHN  
Who then?

SHERLOCK  
Lumley.

JOHN  
Lumley!

SHERLOCK  
Most likely with Markham's consent.

JOHN  
But you said it couldn't be suicide.  
There was no note.

SHERLOCK

The sketch for the mural was the note.  
Think about it. Markham modeled Simeon  
after himself, made Lumley into a  
beleaguered horseman, and . . .

SHERLOCK stops abruptly as something occurs to him.

JOHN

(prompting)

And?

SHERLOCK'S phone chimes once again, and SHERLOCK pulls it out but ignores the message, going instead to his photo album. He selects the picture of MARKHAM'S sketch, zooms in on Anna. She looks like LIBBY.

JOHN realizes he's still holding the bin bag, starts for the door to take it out.

SHERLOCK

Wait.

JOHN stops on the threshold.

SHERLOCK

Your friend Libby. Where does she  
live?

JOHN

(suspicious)

Why?

SHERLOCK answers while simultaneously brushing past JOHN and going out the door.

SHERLOCK

Just wondering how long a walk it will  
be this time.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBBY'S FLAT - DAY

Knocking on the door. LIBBY goes to open it, finds JOHN and SHERLOCK at her doorstep.

JOHN

Um, hi. We just . . .

SHERLOCK pushes past JOHN into the flat.

JOHN

. . . Came by to invade like barbarian  
Huns, evidently.

SHERLOCK'S eyes are everywhere as he takes in the flat.

SHERLOCK

(to LIBBY)  
You don't live here.

JOHN

Sherlock . . .

SHERLOCK

Furniture is industrial, barely used.  
It's been hired. The pictures on the  
walls, the kind of stuff you see in  
hotel rooms, also hired.  
(sniffing)  
And it smells of carpet glue.

JOHN

Maybe she's just had the floors done.

LIBBY

No, he's right.  
(to SHERLOCK)  
Impressive.

SHERLOCK

But you're here. You knew we'd be  
coming.

LIBBY takes a seat on the sofa.

LIBBY

I . . . Anticipated the likelihood,  
yes.

But SHERLOCK sees it differently.

SHERLOCK

No, you didn't anticipate anything.  
Someone else told you to be here.

JOHN is still stuck on the idea that LIBBY'S flat isn't  
actually her flat.

JOHN

But the rotini. We cooked here just  
the other night.

LIBBY

I knew you were coming and bought what we needed. And the dishes came with the flat.

(to SHERLOCK)

Yes, all right, but why are you here?

SHERLOCK pulls up the image of MARKHAM'S mural on his phone and holds it in front of LIBBY'S eyes.

SHERLOCK

Why did Benjamin Markham make you the Prophetess?

LIBBY takes the phone, studies the picture.

LIBBY

I hardly knew him . . . Just as a friend of David's, you know. I'm surprised he even remembered what I looked like.

SHERLOCK

He was an architect. He had a good eye.

LIBBY

Like you.

(beat)

We didn't pick David out of a hat, you know.

She holds the phone out and SHERLOCK takes it.

SHERLOCK

There's nothing in that casket.

LIBBY

(shrugging)

I don't know. Maybe they put something in, just in case you'd look.

(beat)

Did you?

SHERLOCK ignores the question.

SHERLOCK

But it was old.

LIBBY

Your good eye again. We keep a lot of artifacts, stuff carried back from the Crusades.

JOHN

What, the casket? It wasn't . . .

SHERLOCK

It's all been a game, John.

(to LIBBY)

And you were the Prophetess, the one to tell them when to leave the stage.

LIBBY

It wasn't a game. It was an initiation. And I didn't tell them when to leave. I only heralded your coming.

SHERLOCK

Amounts to the same thing.

LIBBY

Probably.

JOHN

No, wait. Look, I don't understand.

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS:

EXT./INT. DANA'S BAKERY - DAY

LUMLEY at the opening of his bakery.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

The Martlets selected David Lumley to open a bakery near Markham's flat. At that point Markham already had the contract to work at Lambeth, am I right?

MARKHAM passing the bakery, pausing to look through the window at LUMLEY, who is at the counter, serving customers.

LIBBY (V.O.)

We discovered Ben had a sweet tooth, thought a bakery would suit our purposes.

BACK TO:

INT. LIBBY'S FLAT - DAY

SHERLOCK

But you chose Lumley because of his resemblance to John.

JOHN

Me?

SHERLOCK

To get our attention.

LIBBY

It worked, didn't it? The DI called you the moment he noticed the likeness.

JOHN

Dimmock was involved?

SHERLOCK

No, just predictable.

(to LIBBY)

The relationship is established. But how did Lumley convince Markham to put the casket in the wall?

FLASHBACK:

INT. MARKHAM'S FLAT - NIGHT

LUMLEY holds the casket, is speaking to MARKHAM, who shakes his head in refusal. LUMLEY becomes more emphatic; he and MARKHAM are on the verge of an argument.

LIBBY (V.O.)

What makes you think David had to convince him? Would John have to convince you? If it were life or death?

The scene abruptly changes. LUMLEY hands MARKHAM the casket, says something. MARKHAM looks down at the object in his hands. No protest.

BACK TO:

INT. LIBBY'S FLAT - DAY

SHERLOCK

But Lumley was slated to die anyway.

LIBBY

He didn't know that yet.

SHERLOCK

Nice of you to feel sorry for him.

LIBBY

They were good men. But pawns. And we were after a king.

SHERLOCK

Am I supposed to be flattered?

JOHN

No, sorry, just . . . Markham put the casket in the wall?

FLASHBACK:

INT. LOLLARDS TOWER - DAY

MARKHAM slips the casket into the hole he's made in the brick then begins the work of replacing the bricks with fresh mortar.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

I knew when I felt the brick the work was recent and hadn't been done by someone who particularly knew what he was doing.

BACK TO:

INT. LIBBY'S FLAT - DAY

JOHN

(to LIBBY)

You had him . . . You had him put the casket in the wall, leave us clues, and then you killed them?

LIBBY

They killed themselves.

SHERLOCK

They were ordered to kill themselves. And you were the one to issue that order.

LIBBY

If you want to split hairs.

FLASHBACK:

INT. DANA'S BAKERY - DAY

LIBBY and LUMLEY in the kitchen. LIBBY holds a box, talks while LUMLEY kneads and rolls dough. Something LIBBY says causes LUMLEY to stop working and look sharply at her.

LIBBY (V.O.)

I even gave them the hemlock.

LIBBY tries to hand LUMLEY the box, but he doesn't take it. She sets it on the table and leaves. On her way out, LIBBY passes MARKHAM coming in; he pauses to watch her.

BACK TO:

INT. LIBBY'S FLAT - DAY

LIBBY

We gave them a week. To get their affairs in order.

JOHN

Oh, well, that's really very kind of you, isn't it?

(to SHERLOCK)

Should I call Dimmock, or . . . ?

But SHERLOCK is still focused on LIBBY and her story.

SHERLOCK

What could you possibly have said to them to make them do it, I wonder?

LIBBY

Just be grateful you'll never have to hear the same.

SHERLOCK

So if I told you the Martlets won't be getting their artifact back, I wouldn't need to be in fear for my life?

LIBBY is perplexed.

LIBBY

But we have it already. It was returned this morning.

SHERLOCK freezes at this new information, and understanding breaks over LIBBY.

LIBBY

You didn't recognize his handwriting.

JOHN

What? Whose?

But SHERLOCK is headed for the door. JOHN looks between LIBBY on the sofa and SHERLOCK'S departing figure before following him.

CUT TO:

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

SHERLOCK climbs out of a cab, JOHN scrambling after him.

JOHN

Why aren't we calling Dimmock again?

SHERLOCK is already half inside.

SHERLOCK

Pay the fare, John.

JOHN stops, turns to do as instructed.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - ENTRY

As SHERLOCK comes inside, he begins calling for the landlady.

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson!

She emerges from a back room, even as JOHN joins them in the entry.

MRS. HUDSON

There you are, shouting again. What is it now?

SHERLOCK

Has my brother been by?

MRS. HUDSON

He just was, actually. Been by a number of times the past few days. Keeps missing you.

SHERLOCK

And you didn't think to mention it?

MRS. HUDSON

Well, I asked him if he wanted to leave a message, but you know how he gets. Not very friendly, is he? I assumed he'd give you a ring if it were important.

SHERLOCK

Oh, he's given me a ri--  
 (abrupt)  
 He was just here?

MRS. HUDSON

Not a few minutes ago. I'm surprised  
 you didn't pass him on the pavement.

SHERLOCK darts up the stairs. JOHN looks helplessly at MRS.  
 HUDSON.

MRS. HUDSON

What's he on about now?

JOHN

I don't know any more. I've given up.

MRS. HUDSON

Oh, well, never do that. He needs one  
 person to understand him, at least,  
 and you're the only one who does as  
 far as I see. You and your blog are  
 what connect him to the rest of the  
 world.

MRS. HUDSON gives JOHN'S hand a squeeze of encouragement.

MRS. HUDSON

You go on up now and make sense of him  
 so the rest of us can, too.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET

As JOHN enters, SHERLOCK is at the table, scrawling a note on a  
 piece of paper. There are two ring boxes now. Curious, JOHN  
 comes over to open one, then the other. One is recognizable as  
 LUMLEY'S old ring, the other is also a Martlet signet ring, but  
 shiny and new. JOHN picks up the box containing the new ring  
 for a closer look.

JOHN

Another ring?

SHERLOCK takes the ring box from him, snaps it shut.

SHERLOCK

Mine, one presumes.

He wraps the note he's written around the box, hunts a moment  
 for some cellotape, unearths it and begins securing the paper  
 to the box.

SHERLOCK  
I need you to take this to Mycroft.

JOHN  
Me?

SHERLOCK  
Yes.

JOHN  
To Mycroft?

SHERLOCK finishes taping, holds the wrapped box out to JOHN.

SHERLOCK  
Was I somehow unclear?

JOHN takes the box.

JOHN  
Oh, no, you were perfectly clear. For once. Don't suppose you'd like to explain the rest?

SHERLOCK takes a seat at his computer.

SHERLOCK  
Just tell him I said, 'No, thank you.'

JOHN  
Then what's the note for?

SHERLOCK  
Just tell him.

JOHN gives up.

CUT TO:

INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - DAY

MYCROFT sits at his desk, holding the wrapped ring box. But his attention is on JOHN, seated across from him.

MYCROFT  
No?

JOHN  
That's what he said. To tell you. 'No, thank you,' were his exact words. Which is actually very polite coming from . . .

MYCROFT  
This isn't negotiable, John.

JOHN  
No, it isn't.

MYCROFT  
You don't understand. He needs to accept this. I can't be responsible for what will happen if he doesn't.

JOHN stands, begins moving for the door.

MYCROFT  
They're used to getting what they want, John.

JOHN  
Yes, well, so is he. There's a note, by the way . . .  
(gesturing at the box)  
On the paper he wrapped it in.

JOHN leaves. MYCROFT unwraps the box, smooths the paper to read it, then crumples it again in irritation.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

JOHN enters. SHERLOCK is stretched out on the sofa, reading. The table has finally been cleared of all the piles of mail, and the second ring box is nowhere in sight.

JOHN closes the door. Pauses to look at it. Locks it.

JOHN  
Well, that was . . .

SHERLOCK turns a page.

JOHN  
You don't really care, do you?  
(beat)  
Answer just one question for me? What was it with the cars?

SHERLOCK answers without looking away from his book.

SHERLOCK  
You see the cars because subconsciously you are looking for them.

JOHN takes a moment to think this over, trying to make sense of it in the larger context of the case.

JOHN

And that's what? A metaphor for . . . ?

SHERLOCK

You noticed the ring, or lack of one, because subconsciously you are looking for the kind of commitment it symbolizes.

JOHN thinks some more.

JOHN

Right . . . Huh. By that logic, you didn't notice the ring, or lack of one, because subconsciously you are avoiding--

He's cut short by SHERLOCK'S phone. Ringing this time, not chiming.

JOHN

You're going to have to answer him eventually.

SHERLOCK

It's Mycroft, not Dimmock.  
(before JOHN can ask)  
Dimmock knows better than to call.

The ringing ceases. JOHN starts to say something, stops. Turns toward the kitchen.

SHERLOCK

Darjeeling.

JOHN

Sorry?

SHERLOCK

You said we were out of oolong.

JOHN

I wasn't . . .  
(beat as JOHN resigns himself)  
Want any toast with that?

SHERLOCK looks up, hopeful.

SHERLOCK

Strawberry jam?

JOHN  
Not unless you bought any.

SHERLOCK  
(back to his book)  
Just the tea.

As JOHN goes to make the tea, tight on the doorknob, which turns slowly and quietly but is stopped by the lock.

BLACK OUT

END OF EPISODE