

SHERLOCK

"The Empty Flat"

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FADE IN:

INT. MYCROFT'S FLAT - DAY

SHERLOCK sits on the sofa, deep in thought.

SHERLOCK  
No, it had to have been the twenty-  
third. John, hand me the calendar.

MYCROFT (O.S.)  
That is damned annoying, you realize.

SHERLOCK is startled to find MYCROFT seated across from him with a file on his lap.

MYCROFT  
All present and accounted for now?  
(beat)  
It's . . . normal to miss your  
friends.

SHERLOCK  
If I'd known it was going to be a  
therapy session . . .

MYCROFT pauses, comes to a decision to drop the subject. He hands SHERLOCK a page from the file. SHERLOCK takes it but does not look at it.

MYCROFT  
Colonel Sebastian Moran. Know anything  
about him?

SHERLOCK  
One of Moriarty's trigger men.

MYCROFT  
Not just any trigger man. One of the  
best. Military trained, came back from  
Afghanistan with nothing but his name  
and a reputation. Moriarty was quick  
to add him to his network.

SHERLOCK  
Jealous?

MYCROFT ignores him.

MYCROFT

He was spotted in Germany three days ago. We've got a list of potential targets he might be after, if you care to look.

MYCROFT indicates the page SHERLOCK is holding. SHERLOCK stands and drops it back in MYCROFT'S lap, starts for the door.

MYCROFT

He's writing a book.

SHERLOCK turns.

SHERLOCK

Moran?

MYCROFT

John. Going to salvage your reputation, let the world know how amazing you truly were.

SHERLOCK

Am.

MYCROFT

What?

SHERLOCK

I still am amazing.

MYCROFT

Yes, well, he doesn't know that, though, does he?

(beat)

Standard procedure. Your plane leaves at seven, try and stay . . .

But the door is already closing.

MYCROFT

. . . Out of sight until then.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT

JOHN sits at the table, his laptop open in front of him. A half-empty liquor bottle and tumbler are visible to one side. He types in fits and starts.

MRS. HUDSON tiptoes in, a bunch of tinsel wadded in her hands. She moves toward the mantel. JOHN doesn't look over, but he knows she's there.

JOHN

No.

MRS. HUDSON

You'd feel so much better if you'd just decorate a bit.

JOHN

No. I wouldn't.

A knock. LESTRADE enters. MRS. HUDSON goes to him, hands him the tinsel.

MRS. HUDSON

See if you can't do something with him. Just a little color is all I'm suggesting.

She bustles off. LESTRADE considers the tinsel for a moment, sets it down.

JOHN

I'm a little busy at the moment, Inspector.

LESTRADE

You could let her put up the tinsel at least, if not a tree. Might make her feel better, even if it doesn't you.

JOHN

They have you on decoration duty?

LESTRADE

They don't have me on much of anything after everything we let--

JOHN turns sharply to look at LESTRADE. A moment.

LESTRADE

Anyway, I just thought I'd stop by and wish you . . .

LESTRADE stops as he realizes the word "merry" is ridiculous under the circumstances. JOHN returns his attention to his computer.

LESTRADE

Right. You're busy.

LESTRADE turns to go, but JOHN's voice stops him.

JOHN  
I think I saw him last night.

LESTRADE  
Saw? Who?

JOHN's gaze remains focused on the screen in front of him.

JOHN  
Sherlock.

LESTRADE  
Sherlock.  
(beat)  
Look, John, it's . . . normal for you  
to miss him, but . . .

JOHN  
But you think I'm crazy.

LESTRADE  
He told you himself he was lying about  
everything.

JOHN  
And that was the only lie he ever told  
me.

LESTRADE  
Why? Why say something like that then  
jump off a building if it wasn't true?

JOHN  
I don't know. But I'm going to figure  
it out.  
(pointing to the screen)  
It's in here, somewhere. The clues.  
The answer.

LESTRADE  
Well, when you find them, fill me in,  
would you?

But JOHN is typing again. LESTRADE leaves. JOHN pauses to look  
out the window.

JOHN'S POV THROUGH WINDOW

We just see the hem of SHERLOCK's coat as he disappears around  
a corner.

TITLES

EXT. MRS DONOVAN'S HOUSE - DAY

JOHN knocks at the door of a respectable but uninspiring row house. MRS DONOVAN opens the door. She is slow, heavy, wears thick glasses.

JOHN  
Mrs. Donovan?

MRS. DONOVAN  
Yes?

JOHN  
I called earlier. About Sherlock Holmes?

MRS. DONOVAN  
Oh, yes! Come in, come in.

INT. MRS DONOVAN'S HOUSE - DAY

She ushers JOHN into a sitting room overcrowded with collectables. He takes a seat on the sofa while MRS DONOVAN settles her heft into a chair next to which a LARGE DOG is sleeping.

JOHN pulls out a pen and notebook.

JOHN  
So you called Sherlock because you'd been burglarized, is that right?

MRS. DONOVAN  
That's right. Police were useless, you see, but one of them told me if I really wanted results, I should call Sherlock Holmes.

JOHN pauses writing to glance around the room.

JOHN  
You seem to have got your things back.

MRS. DONOVAN  
Oh, it wasn't any of this. It was my watch. That's all it was at first.

JOHN looks at the watch on MRS DONOVAN's arm. Nothing fancy, not worth anything.

JOHN  
At first?

MRS. DONOVAN

And then a scarf . . . And my boots,  
and a bracelet . . . Even a library  
book!

JOHN

So you lost these . . . Not all at the  
same time?

MRS. DONOVAN

Well, that was just the thing. And I  
don't have help, so it's no use  
pinning it on the maid.

(off JOHN's look, indignant)

I may be old, Mr--

JOHN

Doctor.

MRS. DONOVAN

Really? You don't look it.

JOHN

(writing)

Never mind, do go on.

MRS. DONOVAN

Well, I still have full use of my  
faculties, let me tell you. I'm not  
crazy. My things were disappearing.

JOHN

Right. So you called Sherlock, and  
. . .

MRS. DONOVAN

He walked straight through to the  
garden out back, grabbed one of my  
trowels, and dug up my watch.

JOHN is briefly perplexed. Then his eyes fall on the dog.

JOHN

Ah.

MRS DONOVAN smiles, reaches to scratch the dog behind the ear.

MRS. DONOVAN

It was Bitsy all along.

JOHN is briefly surprised that such a large dog is named  
"Bitsy" but lets it pass and goes back to his notebook.

JOHN  
So how did he know?

MRS. DONOVAN  
Hm?

JOHN  
How did Sherlock know your things were  
buried in the garden?

MRS. DONOVAN  
I have no idea. I keep it all out of  
Bitsy's reach now, though, don't I,  
Bitsy? He committed suicide, you know.

It takes JOHN a moment to follow the switch in topics.

MRS. DONOVAN  
Jumped off a building. I read it in  
the paper.

JOHN  
I had heard that, yes.

MRS. DONOVAN  
Is that why you're asking about him?  
But you said you were a doctor.  
(before JOHN can answer)  
Such a shame, really. He was a nice  
young man, whatever else they said.

Now JOHN is surprised.

JOHN  
Nice? Sherlock? Sherlock Holmes?

MRS. DONOVAN  
Wouldn't take a penny off me. Said it  
wasn't worth it.

JOHN stands.

JOHN  
Thank you, Mrs. Donovan. I think I  
have what I need.

CUT TO:

EXT. MRS DONOVAN'S HOUSE - DAY

JOHN closes the door behind him, starts walking along the  
pavement. It's a quiet street. Then



MORAN (O.S.)  
(calling)  
Watson? Dr. John Watson!

JOHN stops, looks around perplexed. COLONEL SEBASTIAN MORAN comes hurrying across the street.

MORAN  
It is you!

JOHN  
I'm sorry, do I know you?

MORAN  
Couldn't blame you for wanting to forget. War is ugly, isn't it? Good to be home.

JOHN jumps to the conclusion to which MORAN has led him.

JOHN  
We were in Afghanistan together.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry, I usually have a good memory for faces, but . . .

MORAN  
Colonel Sebastian Moran.

JOHN  
Colonel!

JOHN offers an awkward, hasty salute.

MORAN  
Stand down. We're friends after all. Come on, there's a place just at the corner willing to give officers a bit of a break on their drinks.

JOHN  
Uh, I should really . . .

MORAN  
Don't make me order you, Captain.

JOHN relents.

JOHN  
Well, maybe just one.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT

JOHN enters the dark flat. He's noisy, clumsy, has had too much to drink. It takes him a couple tries to activate the light switch.

IRENE (O.S.)

It's impolite to keep a lady waiting.

JOHN starts. IRENE ADLER is sitting in SHERLOCK's chair.

JOHN looks over his shoulder, around, back at IRENE.

JOHN

But you're dead.

IRENE stands, walks over to him.

IRENE

You've been seeing a lot of dead people lately, or so I've heard.

(smoothing his jumper)

Late night, John?

JOHN steps back, now very awake and very angry.

JOHN

Twice over, you should be dead.

IRENE

And he shouldn't be. It's what you're thinking, isn't it?

JOHN

It isn't . . .

IRENE

What? Fair? You're old enough to know better than that.

JOHN

I hope I never live to be so old.

(beat)

What are you doing here then?

IRENE extracts a wrapped box from her coat pocket.

IRENE

I know the holidays are hardest when you're missing someone.

She holds the box out to JOHN, but he doesn't take it.

IRENE

Go on.

JOHN accepts the gift.

IRENE

Think of me as the Ghost of Christmas  
Past. Or Future.

She goes to the door.

JOHN

What is it?

IRENE

Merry Christmas, John.

She leaves. JOHN waits, listens for the sound of the outside  
door closing before opening the packet.