



## SHERLOCK SERIES 2

Episode 1 - "The Hounds  
of the Baskervilles"

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FADE UP FROM BLACK:

- 1      EXT. DARTMOOR. WOODS. DAY. 1991.      1
- Early morning.
- A wooded copse formed from strange, gnarled trees and tumbled rocks.
- Wandering out of it, lost and alone, is seven year old HENRY.
- He's bewildered, shocked, wide-eyed. Dressed for a hike but his clothes are muddled and disarranged.
- We cut with violent speed to --
- CUT TO:
- 2      EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT 1991.      2
- ECU:
- Bloodied hands.
- The snarling mouth of a huge wolf-like creature.
- Dark human eyes, wild and terrified.
- CUT TO:
- 3      EXT. DARTMOOR. EDGE OF WOODS. DAY. 1991.      3
- Young HENRY wanders on, his face is blank and expressionless.
- FAST CUT TO:
- 4      EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT 1991.      4
- Through the fog and in the stuttering beam of a torch, we can just make out a well-built man in his 20s, CHARLIE, fending off a savage attack.
- Snatched, horrible images.
- Fur.
- Claws.
- Teeth.
- The steam of the beast's breath.
- Charlie's fists smashing at it --

-- and little HENRY, hidden beneath an outcrop of boulders, watching in petrified silence.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. DARTMOOR. TOR. DAY. 1991. 5

An elderly woman, GRACE, is walking her dog. It's on a long lead, snuffling around on a dramatic, rocky tor. Suddenly its ears prick up as HENRY wanders down off the moor like a ghost.

Grace notices.

GRACE

Oh. Hello.  
(frowns)  
Are you alright?

Henry just stares at her.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT. 1991. EARLIER. 6

Snatched shots:

Razor sharp teeth. Dripping with blood.

CHARLIE curling into a ball as the thing pounces for him --

GRACE (V.O.)  
What is it, dear?

CUT TO:

7 EXT. DARTMOOR. TOR. DAY. 1991. 7

GRACE is staring down at HENRY, deeply concerned.

GRACE  
Are you lost?

Henry blinks and glances over at Grace's friendly-looking dog.

Then he **SCREAMS!**

We close in on his horrified face --

CUT TO:

7A EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. DAY. 7A

HENRY, twenty years older, is standing in the hollow, staring into the darkness. Fog drifts and billows around him.

He's deep in thought. His head snaps round. He's suddenly scared. Is there something out there?

He turns on his heel and goes.

CUT TO:

8 TITLES. 8

CUT TO:

9 EXT. BAKER ST. SPEEDY'S. DAY. 9

CLOSE on a 'nodding dog' toy. It's in the window of 'Speedy's' cafe. The dog starts madly nodding as a door slams (someone entering 221b!)

CUT TO:

10 INT. BAKER ST. DAY. 10

The flat door flies open, revealing -

- SHERLOCK, blood spattered, carrying a harpoon.

SHERLOCK

Well that was tedious!

Now we see JOHN in his armchair, staring at him.

JOHN

You went on the tube like that?

CUT TO:

10A INT. BAKER ST. DAY. 10A

SHERLOCK, now cleaned up and in his dressing gown, pacing, agitated, still carrying the harpoon, gesticulating with it.

JOHN's in his chair, surrounded by a litter of newspapers and the remains of breakfast.

SHERLOCK

Nothing?

JOHN

Military coup in Uganda.

(smiles)

Another photo of you in the...um -

In the paper, we see a picture of Sherlock wearing the deerstalker.

Sherlock groans.

JOHN (CONT' D)  
Cabinet re-shuffle -

SHERLOCK  
Nothing of I mean! Oh  
God.

He manically bangs the end of the harpoon off the floor.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)  
John, I need some. Get me some!

JOHN  
No.

SHERLOCK  
Get me some!

JOHN

Beat.

JOHN (CONT' D)  
Anyway, you've paid everyone off,

SHERLOCK

Sherlock spins round and looks Mrs Hudson up and down, forensically and not a little cruelly. He picks up the harpoon and points it accusingly at her.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You've been to see Mr Chatterjee again.

MRS HUDSON

Pardon?

SHERLOCK

In the sandwich shop. You're wearing a new dress but there's flour on your sleeve. You'd never wear that for baking -

JOHN

Sherlock...

Sherlock points the harpoon at Mrs Hudson's hands.

SHERLOCK

Thumbnail. Little traces of foil. Playing the scratch-cards again? We all know where that leads, don't we?  
(sniffs)

And Pretty racy for first thing on a Monday morning, isn't it? I've written a little blog about the identification of perfumes. It's on the website. You should look it up!

MRS HUDSON

Please -

SHERLOCK

I wouldn't pin your hopes on that cruise with Mr Chatterjee. He's got a wife in Doncaster that nobody knows about.

JOHN

SHERLOCK

Well, nobody except me.

MRS HUDSON

I don't know what you're talking about. Really, I don't.

She marches out, on the verge of tears. Slams the door.

JOHN

What the hell was all that about?

SHERLOCK

You don't understand. Of course you don't.

JOHN

Go after her. Go and apologise.

SHERLOCK

He throws down the harpoon and flops into his chair, hugging his knees to his chin.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I envy you so much, John.

JOHN

You envy me?

SHERLOCK

Your mind. It's so placid! So straightforward. Barely used.

A look from John.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Mine's like an engine. Racing. Out of control. A rocket, trapped on the launch pad, tearing itself to pieces. I need a case!!

JOHN

You've just solved one! By harpooning a dead pig, apparently!

SHERLOCK

That was this morning. Where's the next one??

JOHN

Nothing on the website?

Sherlock grabs an open laptop and shoves it at John.

SHERLOCK

"Dear Sherlock Holmes. I can't find Bluebell anywhere. Please, please, please can you help?"

JOHN

Bluebell?

SHERLOCK

A rabbit, John.

JOHN

Oh.



SHERLOCK

Ah, but there's more! Before it disappeared, Bluebell turned luminous! Like a fairy - according to little Kirsty. Then the next morning, Bluebell was gone, hutch still locked, no sign of forced entry - what am I say this is

(Grabs laptop)

Phone Lestrade, tell him there's an escaped rabbit!

JOHN

You're kidding.

SHERLOCK

It's this or Cluedo.

JOHN

No. We're playing that again.

SHERLOCK

Why not?

JOHN

Because it's not actually possible for the to have done it, Sherlock, that's why.

SHERLOCK

I couldn't see any other solution.

JOHN

It's not in the rules!

SHERLOCK

Then the rule are wrong!

The doorbell downstairs buzzes. Sherlock and John look at each other, suddenly.

JOHN

Single ring!

SHERLOCK

Maximum pressure, just under the half-second!

Big grins!

SHERLOCK & JOHN

Client!!

CUT TO:

Stock footage of Dartmoor. Bleak. Wild. Wind howls.

PRESENTER V/O

Dartmoor. It's always been a place of myth and legend. But is there something else lurking out there? Something very real?

Shaky, hand-held, drive by shots of a grim-looking military compound. 'Keep Out' signs and barbed wire everywhere.

PRESENTER V/O (CONT'D)

Because Dartmoor is also home to one of the Government's most secretive operations. The chemical and biological weapons research centre that's said to be even more sensitive than Porton Down. Since the end of the second world war, there have been persistent stories about the Baskerville experiments.

Close on a battered, tree-screened M.O.D. sign:

**BASKERVILLE.**

Now (if possible) on hillside with the military compound visible beyond him.

PRESENTER

Genetic mutations. Animals grown for the battlefield. There are many who believe that within this compound, in the heart of this ancient wilderness, there are

12

INT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

12

-- on the TV in Baker Street.

SHERLOCK has the remote.

SHERLOCK  
What did you see?

There's a newcomer in the sitting room - HENRY KNIGHT (20s, nervy) the man from the documentary. He points, slightly feebly, at the screen.

HENRY  
I was just about to say.

SHERLOCK  
Yes, in a TV interview. I prefer to do my own editing.

He snaps the television off.

HENRY  
Yes. Sorry, yes, of course.

He takes out a scrunched up paper napkin and rubs his nose, dislodging all kinds of rubbish from his pocket. He stuffs the napkin away.

JOHN  
In your own time.

SHERLOCK  
But quite quickly.

HENRY  
Do you know Dartmoor, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK  
No.

HENRY  
It's an amazing place. Like nowhere else - sort of bleak but beautiful -

SHERLOCK  
Yes, don't care, moving on.

HENRY  
We used to go for walks - after my Mum died, my Dad and me, every evening we'd go out on the moor-

SHERLOCK  
Yes, good, skipping on to the night he was violently killed - where did it happen?

HENRY

There's a place - a sort of local landmark - called Dewer's Hollow.

(A beat - grim)

That's an ancient name for the devil.

SHERLOCK

So?

Henry flusters in the face of Sherlock's indifference.

JOHN

Did you see the devil that night?

HENRY

... yes.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

Expressive flashes. Red eyes! Snapping jaws! Muscle and fur! A man thrashing under a savage attack. Now blood spattering across the screen and --

CUT TO:

Henry, shaken at the memory.

HENRY

It got him. Tore at him. Tore his throat out.

(shrugs)

I can't remember anything else. They found me the next morning. Just wandering on the moor. My Dad's body was never found.

John looks at the notes he's been taking.

JOHN

Red eyes. Coal black fur. Enormous.

(To Sherlock)

A dog? A wolf?

SHERLOCK

A genetic experiment?

Henry looks at him, sharply, catching something in his tone.

HENRY

Are you laughing at me, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK

Why, are you joking?



HENRY

How could you "notice" all that?

JOHN

He'll tell you later. It's not important --

Sherlock nods towards the floor.

SHERLOCK

Punched-out holes from where your ticket's been checked.

JOHN

Not now, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

Oh go on. I've been cooped up in here for ages.

JOHN

You're just showing off.

SHERLOCK

Of course! I'm a show off! That's what we do!

He leans over and pulls out the paper napkin from Henry's pocket.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Train napkin which you've used to mop up spilled coffee. Strength of the stain shows you didn't take milk. There are traces of ketchup on it and round your lips and on your sleeve. Cooked breakfast. Or the nearest thing those trains can manage. Probably a sandwich.

HENRY

How do you know it was... disappointing?

SHERLOCK

Is there any other kind of breakfast on a train? The girl -- female handwriting's quite distinctive -- wrote down her phone number on the napkin. I can see from the angle she wrote at that she was sitting across from you on the other side of the aisle. Later - after she'd got off I imagine - you used the napkin to mop up your coffee and accidentally smudged the number.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You've gone over the last four digits yourself with another pen so you wanted to keep the number. Just a moment ago, though, you used the napkin to blow your nose. Maybe you're not that into her after all. Then there's the nicotine stains on your fingers. Your fingers. I know the signs. No chance to smoke on the train, no time to roll one before you got the cab here. You're desperate. It's now a little after 9.15. The first train from Exeter to London is at 5.46 am. You got the first one possible so something important must've happened last night. Am I wrong?

Beat.

HENRY

No. You're right. You're exactly right. Bloody hell. I heard you were quick.

SHERLOCK

It's my job. Now shut up and smoke!

Henry takes out a packet of Rizlas, rolls a cigarette and lights up. The smoke drifts. Sherlock, not so subtly, inhales.

John shoots him a disapproving look, then turns to Henry. His approach is careful and gentle, full of genuine bedside manner.

JOHN

(gently)

So you lost both parents. And you were only - what? - seven years old. It must've been quite a trauma ...

HENRY

No -

JOHN

Have you thought maybe you invented this story, this ... big bad wolf, to account for it?

HENRY

That's what Dr. Mortimer says.

JOHN

Who?

SHERLOCK  
His therapist.

HENRY  
My therapist.

SHERLOCK  
Obviously!

HENRY  
Louise Mortimer. She's the reason I  
came back to Dartmoor. She thinks I  
have to ... face my demons.

SHERLOCK  
And when you returned to Scratch's  
Hollow last night, what happened?  
You went there on the advice of a  
therapist, and now you're  
consulting a detective - what did  
you see, that changed everything?

HENRY  
... It's a strange place, the  
Hollow - makes you feel so cold  
inside - so afraid -

SHERLOCK  
If I wanted poetry, I'd read John's  
emails to his girlfriends - much  
funnier. What did you

HENRY  
Footprints. On the exact spot where  
I saw my father torn apart.

JOHN  
A man's or a woman's.

HENRY  
Neither. They were -

SHERLOCK  
Is that all? Anything else -  
, is that it?

HENRY  
Yes, but they were -

SHERLOCK  
Sorry, Dr. Mortimer wins - it's a  
childhood trauma masked by an  
invented memory. Boring. Goodbye,  
Mr. Knight - thank you for smoking.

Sherlock is now striding through the back, as if to his  
bedroom.

HENRY  
But what about the footprints?



SHERLOCK

Paw-prints, I assume, could be anything - therefore nothing. Off to Devon with you - have a cream tea on me.

Starts heading away again.

HENRY

Mr. Holmes ... **they were the footprints of a gigantic hound!**

On the back of Sherlock's head as he jolts to a halt. Now turns slowly. Now he's looking at Henry, he's interested.

SHERLOCK

Say that again.

HENRY

I found paw prints - they were , they were - ...

SHERLOCK

No, no. Your exact words. Repeat your exact words from a moment ago, exactly as you said them.

On Henry. Puzzled, a little self-conscious. Exchanges a look with an equally bewildered John - who just nods. Do as he says.

HENRY

Mr. Holmes ... they were the footprints of a gigantic hound.

On Sherlock: eyes gleaming, mind whirling.

SHERLOCK

... I'll take the case.

JOHN

Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK

Thank you for bringing this to my attention, it's very promising.

JOHN

No, sorry, A minute ago footprints were boring, now they've very promising!

SHERLOCK

It's nothing to do with the footprints. As ever, John, you weren't listening. This place, Baskerville - ever heard of it?

JOHN

Vaguely. Very hush-hush.

SHERLOCK

Sounds like a good place to start.

HENRY

You'll come down then?

Beat. Sherlock looks at John.

SHERLOCK

No, I can't leave London at the moment, far too busy. But don't worry, I'm sending my best man.

(Claps John on the shoulder)

I know I can rely on John to send me all the relevant data as he never understands a word of it himself.

JOHN

What're you talking about, you're too busy?? You haven't got any cases! You were just complaining -

SHERLOCK

Bluebell. I've got Bluebell. The case of the vanishing glow-in-the-dark rabbit.

(To Henry)

NATO is in uproar.

HENRY

Sorry. You're not coming then?

Oh John - resigned, getting it.

JOHN

Okay. Okay.

John sighs hugely, goes over to the mantelpiece, lifts up the skull and retrieves Sherlock's emergency packet of cigarettes. He tosses them over.

Sherlock catches them, laughs and chucks them over his shoulder.

SHERLOCK

Don't need 'em any more, I'm going to Dartmoor.

HENRY

Sorry - you coming?

SHERLOCK  
A twenty year old disappearance!  
A monster Hound! **I wouldn't miss  
this for the world!**

CUT TO:

The cloudy sky lowers over the base like a bruise.

There are double gates and a Landrover has pulled up at the check-point.

CUT TO:

16

INT. LANDROVER. DAY.

16

SHERLOCK's driving. JOHN's in the passenger seat.

Sherlock looks out. Details: heavily armed soldiers, guard dogs, masses of security cameras.

Sherlock's window glides down with an electronic hum. He proffers a laminated ID card to a uniformed MILITARY POLICEMAN who takes it, frowning and crosses to his hut.

JOHN

You've got ID for Baskerville?  
How?

SHERLOCK

It's not specific to this place.  
It's my brother's. Sort of  
'access all areas'. I...acquired  
it. Ages ago. Just in case.

JOHN

Oh brilliant.

SHERLOCK

What's the matter?

JOHN

We'll get caught.

SHERLOCK

No, we won't. Not for a bit.

JOHN

Caught in five minutes. 'Hello! We  
just thought we'd have a wander  
round your top secret weapons  
base'. 'Oh yeah? Great! Come in.  
Kettle's just boiled'.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's if we don't get shot.

SHERLOCK

Well that's not a problem. We'll  
almost certainly get shot at some  
point.

CUT TO:

17 INT. BASKERVILLE. CHECK-POINT. DAY. 17

CLOSE on the ID card. A complicated bar-code and a signature:

The MILITARY POLICEMAN swipes it through a reader - then hands it back to Sherlock and waves the Landrover through.

CUT TO:

18 INT. LANDROVER. DAY. 18

JOHN puts the car in gear.

JOHN

Mycroft's name literally opens doors.

SHERLOCK

I've told you. He practically the British Government. Right. I reckon we've got twenty minutes until they find out something's wrong!

He puts his foot down, the Landrover roars ahead.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. BASKERVILLE. COMPOUND. DAY. 19

JOHN screeches the Landrover to a halt in a concrete compound. There are army trucks and civilian cars everywhere along with huge, mysterious pipes and metal tanks.

A uniformed Corporal, LYONS (20s, small, trim) darts from the brick entrance-way to meet them.

LYONS

What is it? Are we in trouble?

SHERLOCK

Are we in trouble,

Lyons comes to attention.

LYONS

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

SHERLOCK

You were expecting us?

LYONS

Your ID showed up straight away, Mr Holmes. Corporal Lyons.

(MORE)

LYONS (CONT'D)

Security. There something wrong, sir?

SHERLOCK

I hope not, Corporal. I hope not.

LYONS

We don't get inspected, you see, sir. It just doesn't happen.

JOHN

Never heard of a spot check?

Lyons looks questioningly at John who pulls out his own army ID.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Captain John Watson. Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers.

Lyons snaps to attention and salutes. John reciprocates.

LYONS

Sir!

LYONS (CONT'D)

(squirring)

Major Barrymore won't be pleased, sir. He'll want to see you both. Immediately.

JOHN

I'm afraid we don't have time for that. We need the full tour. Right now. Carry on.

Lyons hesitates.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's an order, Corporal.

LYONS

Yes, sir.

Lyons leads them through into the glass portico.

Sherlock checks his watch.

Lyons swipes his card through another reader -

Sherlock swipes his fake card -

And we **zoom** into the guts of the ID reader. The screen immediately crowds with a matrix-like scree of data.

A trail of golden numbers seem to follow Sherlock, John and Lyons as they head into the base.

CUT TO:

20 INT. BASKERVILLE. GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR/ELEVATOR. DAY. 20

LYONS leads them down a brick corridor.

SHERLOCK  
(to John)  
Nice touch.

JOHN  
Haven't pulled rank in ages.

SHERLOCK  
Enjoy it?

JOHN  
(delighted)  
Oh yes.

Lyons leads them into an elevator. As the doors close, SHERLOCK notices the number of buttons. The base obviously goes a long way down...

CUT TO:

21 INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB A. DAY. 21

The lift doors open onto a spartan, modern lab set-up. A contrast to the old brick walls. Stark white light alternates with pools of a sort of underwater green.

CLOSE on a shrieking, caged chimp, rattling the bars of its prison.

Masked and gowned SCIENTISTS are at work-stations, busy on innumerable and unknown experiments. A few glance round as the strangers walk past.

The scientists all seem equally blank and unknown. Their masks rendering them chillingly identical.

In cages all over the place are rats, mice, monkeys ... and dogs.

SHERLOCK  
How many animals do you keep down here?

LYONS  
Lots.

SHERLOCK  
Any of them ever get out?

LYONS  
(smiles)  
They'd have to know how to get through that door, sir. And we're not breeding them that clever.

SHERLOCK  
Unless they have help?

Lyons doesn't respond.

There's a door close by with a home-made cardboard sign on it. In cheery writing it says "Keep Out - unless you want a cold!!"

Through a window in the door, we see a figure in gas mask and protective suit getting out of his gear.

JOHN  
What exactly do you do in here?

LYONS  
I thought you'd know. This being an inspection. Sir.

JOHN  
(cold)  
Yes. But I'm not an expert. Am I?

Lyons is stung by this. Tries to make amends.

LYONS  
Everything from stem cell research to trying to cure the common cold, sir.

JOHN  
But mostly weaponry?

LYONS  
Of one sort or another.

JOHN  
Biological, chemical...

LYONS  
One war ends. Another one begins, sir. New enemies to fight. We have to be prepared.

The airlock door opens with a hiss, revealing DR FRANKLAND (50s, breezy).

FRANKLAND  
Can I help?

LYONS  
That's ok, Dr Frankland. Just showing these gentlemen around.

FRANKLAND  
Oh. New faces! How nice. Careful you don't get stuck here, though. I only came to fix a tap.



He smiles then passes them, walking to the lift. He jabs his finger at the button.

Close to them is an enclosed area made up of plastic strips. Through it we can see shadowy figures at work on who-knows-what.

JOHN  
(nodding to the lift)  
How far down does that go?

LYONS  
Quite a way.

Frankland gets into the lift and the doors close over his face. As they do, he narrows his eyes at Sherlock. Does he recognise him?

JOHN  
And what's down there?

LYONS  
(shrugs)  
We have to keep the bins  
somewhere, sir. This way, please.

Sherlock looks at his watch again.

Lyons and Sherlock swipe their cards again.

The golden trail of numbers suddenly branches out like a Tube map over the screen.

CUT TO:

22 INT. BASKERVILLE. SERVICE CORRIDOR. DAY.

22

A long, dimly-lit corridor. Antiseptic in its starkness. LYONS appears, SHERLOCK and JOHN following close behind.

JOHN  
Get out much, do you? From  
Baskerville, I mean?

LYONS  
Not really, sir. It's a bit like  
doing a tour of duty on a sub. We  
rarely come up for air. There's a  
room where we're meant to  
unwind. But you can only watch  
'The Lion King' so many times,  
you know.

They pass a door. Sherlock peers through the round glass panel inset in it.

Sherlock's POV: Another white-coated scientist is by a glass tank. He's wearing a surgical mask. The room is bleach-white. Microscopes, computer screens everywhere.

The golden tracery of numbers splits the screen into two, following the path of a phone line.

We stay with Sherlock, John and Lyons on one side of the screen. In the other, a WOMAN, seen only from behind, picks up a phone.

CUT TO:

23

INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB B. DAY.

23

Beep! Beep!

SHERLOCK, JOHN, LYONS enter another lab. It's a big white room studded with small amber coloured windows. There's a long row of sheeted rectangular shapes along one wall and a smaller room towards the back. It's labelled 'Clean Room'.

An experiment is coming to an end. One wall is like a huge light box. A sandy-haired woman - JACQUI STAPLETON (40s, hard) - is standing behind a lab monkey. The creature's

SHERLOCK

We're to be accorded every courtesy, Dr Stapleton. What's your role at Baskerville?

She laughs contemptuously.

JOHN

Accorded ever courtesy, wasn't that the idea?

STAPLETON

I'm not free to say. Official Secrets.

SHERLOCK

Oh, you most certainly are free. And I suggest you remain that way.

A beat on Stapleton - registering the threat.

STAPLETON

I have a lot of fingers in a lot of pies. I like to mix things up. Genes, mostly. Now and then, actual fingers.

SHERLOCK

Stapleton - I know the name.

STAPLETON

I doubt it.

Sherlock takes out a notebook and hastily scribbles down something.

SHERLOCK

People say there's no such thing as coincidence - what dull lives they must have.

He holds up the note. It says: **BLUEBELL.**

STAPLETON

SHERLOCK

Why did Bluebell have to die, Dr. Stapleton?

JOHN

The rabbit?

SHERLOCK

Disappeared from inside a locked hutch. Which was always suggestive.

JOHN

SHERLOCK  
Clearly an inside job.

STAPLETON  
Oh, you reckon?

SHERLOCK  
Because it glowed in the dark?

STAPLETON  
I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about.

SHERLOCK  
(checks watch)  
Well, I think we've seen enough for now, Corporal. Thank you so much.

LYONS  
That's it?

SHERLOCK  
That's it.

STAPLETON  
Just a minute!

SHERLOCK  
It's this way, isn't it?

JOHN  
(Catching up with him - sotto)  
Have we broken into a military base to investigate a

Sherlock swipes his ID through the door reader.

The golden tracery of numbers splits the screen into four.

Screen One: another phone call. Screen Two: another. Screen Three: a computer terminal.

On-screen, in the same golden font:

**UNAUTH04rtI SEDc3386.64 Tm -0. LETON**

24 INT. DIOGENES CLUB. STRANGERS' ROOM. DAY. 24

-- MYCROFT, in a leather armchair, sipping tea. His phone beeps. He checks it. Doesn't look pleased.

CUT TO:

25 INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB A. DAY. 25

SHERLOCK, JOHN and LYONS hurry through the first lab.

Sherlock's phone buzzes. He checks it.

On-screen text:

SHERLOCK  
Twenty three minutes.  
(smiles)  
Mycroft's getting slow.

Sherlock swipes his ID card through the elevator reader.

The elevator doors open - revealing Frankland.

FRANKLAND  
Hello again.

Sherlock, John and Lyons join him inside.

CUT TO:

26 INT. GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR. 26

The elevator doors spring Frankland.

Hi s phone buzzes agai n.

On-screen text:

JOHN

(tuts)

Computer error, Major. It'll all have to go in the report.

BARRYMORE

What the hell's going on?

FRANKLAND (O.S.)

It's alright, Major. I know exactly who these gentlemen are.

They turn. FRANKLAND has appeared from behind.

BARRYMORE

You do?

FRANKLAND

Getting slow on faces - but Mr. Holmes isn't someone I expected to show up in this place.

He's approaching. On Sherlock - bracing himself for rapid-fire explanation.

SHERLOCK

Ah! Well!

FRANKLAND

Good to see you again, Mycroft.

On Sherlock and John. Wha - ??

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)

(To Barrymore)

I had the honour of meeting Mr Holmes at the W.H.O. Conference. Brussels, wasn't it?

SHERLOCK

(blithely)

Vienna.

FRANKLAND

That's right.

He smiles pleasantly at Barrymore.

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)

This Mr Mycroft Holmes, Major. There's obviously been a mistake.

Barrymore looks them glacially up and down.

BARRYMORE

On your head be it, Dr Frankland.

He jabs his finger at the button and the door unlocks. Barrymore turns on his heel and goes.

FRANKLAND  
(to Lyons)  
I'll show them out, Corporal.

Lyons still seems suspicious.

LYONS  
Very well, sir.

CUT TO:

27

EXT. BASKERVILLE. COMPOUND. DAY.

27

SHERLOCK, JOHN and FRANKLAND walk briskly out of the main doors.

SHERLOCK  
Thank you.

FRANKLAND  
(urgent)  
This is about Henry Knight, isn't it?

Sherlock doesn't answer.

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)  
Thought so. I knew he wanted to get help. Didn't realise he'd contact Sherlock Holmes. Oh I know who you really are. Never off that website! Thought you'd be wearing the hat.

SHERLOCK  
It wasn't my hat.

FRANKLAND  
Hardly recognise you without it.

SHERLOCK  
Really wasn't mine.

FRANKLAND  
Love the blog too, Dr Watson.

JOHN  
Cheers.

FRANKLAND  
The Pink thing! And that one about the Aluminium Crutch!

SHERLOCK  
(cutting across)  
You know Henry Knight?

Frankland's tone darkens.



FRANKLAND

I knew his Dad better. He had all kinds of mad theories about this place - but still, he was a good friend --

He glances round. BARRYMORE is watching them through the window.

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)

Look, I can't talk now. Here's my cell number.

(Handing him a card)

If I can help, with Henry, give me

Sherlock just gives an enigmatic smile.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(sighs)  
Oh look. Can we not do this, this time?

SHERLOCK

Do what?

JOHN

You being all...mysterious. With your - - and turning up your coat collar so you look cool.

SHERLOCK

I don't do that.

JOHN

Yes you do.

A bit miffed, Sherlock gets into the Landrover. John gets into the passenger side and they drive off -- pulling up sharp at the check-point --

-- and then roaring away onto the moor.

CUT TO:

28

INT. LANDROVER. DAY.

28

JOHN

So, the email from Kirsty - the missing luminous rabbit...

SHERLOCK

Kirsty - whose mother specialises in genetic manipulation.

JOHN

She made her daughter's rabbit glow in the dark?

SHERLOCK

Probably a fluorescent gene. Removed and spliced into the specimen. Simple enough these days.

JOHN

So?





A huge, snarling wolf's head thrusts straight towards camera --

-- but it's a mask worn by FLETCHER (20s, skater-punk chic). A group of TOURISTS in walking gear are flocked round him in the pleasant village of Grimpen. Plenty of new housing and a veggie gastro-pub: The Cross Keys. The moor is visible through gaps in the twisty streets

One of the tourists shrieks delightedly, and then laughs as Fletcher removes the wolf's head.

FLETCHER

Gotcha! Hope you've enjoyed yourselves, anyway, ladies and gents! If you're with a loved one, I hope you held their hand. If you're on your own, I hope this was an opportunity to make new friends!

More laughter.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Three tours a day. Tell your friends. Tell Don't be strangers and remember, stay away from the moor at night! If you value your lives!

He howls like a wolf. Lots of laughter. The crowd disperse, leaving SHERLOCK and JOHN watching. Fletcher packs up his things including a big, home-made sign: a scary-looking woodcut of a savage dog and, in writing dripping with black blood 'Beware the Hound!!'

Sherlock turns up his coat collar. John gives him a look.

SHERLOCK

It's cold.

CUT TO:

32

INT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. DAY.

32

A nicely refurbished pub, veggie menu prominent. Lots of low light and iron furniture. It's pretty busy too.

Landlord GARY (50s, burly, Glaswegian) is behind the bar, facing JOHN and SHERLOCK, who's watching the punters. There's a spike with receipts on it next to a lifeboat appeal box.

GARY

(winks)

Sorry we couldn't do a double room for you.

JOHN  
That's fine. We're not -  
(sighs)  
Here you go.

He hands over some money.

GARY  
Ta. I'll just get your change.

He goes to the till. John glances down at the bar and something catches his eye. One of the receipts. Hastily John rips it from the spike and pockets it just as Gary returns.

JOHN  
(a bit thrown)  
Um - Couldn't help noticing. On  
the map of the moor. Skull and  
cross bones.

GARY  
Oh

GARY

Buggers up tourism a bit - so thank God for the demon hound! You see that show? The documentary?

JOHN

Quite recently.

GARY

God bless Henry Knight and his monster from hell.

JOHN

You seen it. The Hound?

GARY

Me? Nah. Fletcher has though.

He nods to FLETCHER who's now having a pint in the corner with some mates. He has a ruck-sack on his back.

GARY (CONT'D)

He runs these walks. Monster walks, you know. For the tourists. He's seen it.

Sherlock's ears prick up at this. As he watches, Fletcher's phone rings and he heads out of the back of the pub.

JOHN

That's handy. For trade.

A slim, younger man - BILLY - crosses from the kitchen.

GARY

Just saying, we've been rushed off our feet, haven't we, Billy?

BILLY

Yes. Lots of monster hunters. Doesn't take much these days. One mention on Twitter and -

(to Gary)

We're out of 'Wicked'.

GARY

Right.

BILLY

What with the monster and the ruddy prison, I don't know how we sleep at night, do you, Gary?

GARY

Like a baby.

BILLY  
That's not true. He's a snorer.  
Yours a snorer?

JOHN  
(quickly)  
Got any crisps?

CUT TO:

33

EXT. 'THE CROSS KEYS' . DAY.

33

The front of the pub. Benches and furl ed umbrellas.  
FLETCHER is on hi s phone.

FLETCHER  
(into phone)  
No. Tom's got plenty. No. I told  
him. Yeah. Ok. ' Bye.

SHERLOCK (O. S. )  
Mind if I join you?

Fletcher turns. Sherlock's right next to him. Fletcher  
shrugs.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
It's not true, is it? You haven't  
seen this...Hound thing?

FLETCHER  
(suspicious)  
You from the papers?

SHERLOCK  
No. Nothing like that. Just  
curious. you seen it?

FLETCHER  
Maybe.

SHERLOCK  
Got any proof?

FLETCHER  
Why would I tell you if I did?  
' Scuse me.

He makes to go past Sherlock just as JOHN comes out from  
the pub.

JOHN  
I called Henry -

SHERLOCK  
Bet's off, John. Sorry.



JOHN

What?

Fletcher stops in his tracks.

FLETCHER

SHERLOCK

My plan needs darkness. We've still got about half an hour -

FLETCHER

Hang on, hang on. What bet?

SHERLOCK

I bet John here fifty quid you couldn't prove you'd seen the Hound.

A quick glance between John and Sherlock. John gets up to speed straight away.

JOHN

The guys in the pub said you could.

Fletcher's eyes light up.

FLETCHER

(to Sherlock)

Well, you're gonna lose your money, mate.

SHERLOCK

(sceptical)

Yeah?

Fletcher scrolls through pictures on his phone.

FLETCHER

I have seen it. Only about a month ago. It was up by the hollow. It was foggy, mind. Couldn't make much out.

SHERLOCK

(sceptical)

I see. No witnesses, I suppose.

FLETCHER

No, but -

SHERLOCK

Never are.

FLETCHER

Wait -

Fletcher brandishes his phone triumphantly.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

There!

We see: a blurred, flash-lit image of some kind of huge dog. It's running. And fog obscures most of it. Fletcher scrolls through a few more similar photos.

Sherlock snorts.

SHERLOCK

Is that it? Hardly proof. Sorry, John. I win.

He turns to go.

FLETCHER

Wait, wait! That's not all. People don't like going up there, you know. To the hollow. Gives them a...bad sort of feeling.

SHERLOCK

Ooh. Haunted? Is that supposed to convince me?

FLETCHER

Nah. Don't be stupid. Nothing like that. But I reckon there is out there. Something from Baskerville. Escaped.

SHERLOCK

What? A clone? A super-dog?

FLETCHER

Maybe. God knows what they've been spraying on us all these years. Or putting in the water. I wouldn't trust them as far as I could spit.

SHERLOCK

Is that the best you've got?

Fletcher undoes his rucksack. As he does so, he leans conspiratorially towards John and Sherlock.

FLETCHER

I had a mate once who worked for the MOD. One weekend we were meant to be going fishing and he didn't turn up. Well, not till late. And when he did, he was white as a sheet. I can see him now. "I've seen things today, Fletch", he said. "That I never want to see again".

Sherlock and John listen, fascinated.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

He'd been sent to some secret  
army place. Porton Down, maybe.  
Maybe Baskerville. Or somewhere  
else. And in the labs there, in  
some of the really secret labs he  
said he'd seen...  
Rats as big as dogs, he said.

He looks gravely at them.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

And dogs. Dogs the size of

And now he takes something from his ruck-sack. It's a  
plaster cast of a dog's footprint. A HUGE dog's footprint.

Sherlock looks chastened. He turns to go. John clears his  
throat and holds out his hand.

JOHN

We did say fifty?

Reluctantly, Sherlock gets out his wallet.

JOHN  
You owe me.

SHERLOCK  
Do I?

JOHN

The door opens and Henry is framed there.

HENRY  
Hi. Come in, come in.

They pass through --

CUT TO:

34A INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 34A

-- into the hallway. JOHN glances into a plush, well-appointed Georgian room. Again, its opulence is surprising.

JOHN  
This is...  
(shrugs)  
Are you...

HENRY  
Yeah.

JOHN  
Right.

CUT TO:

34B INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT. 34B

A bit later. SHERLOCK, JOHN and HENRY are finishing cups of coffee.

HENRY  
A couple of words. That's what I  
keep seeing. 'Liberty'.

JOHN  
Liberty?

HENRY  
'Liberty' and 'in.' Just that.

Sherlock glances at John. He shrugs.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
(of the cups)  
You finished?

JOHN

Ta.

Henry takes the cups to the sink.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(sotto, to Sherlock)  
Mean anything to you?

SHERLOCK  
(grave)  
"Liberty in death"? Isn't that the  
expression? The only true freedom.

At the sink, Henry turns.

HENRY  
What now then?

What now, then?

JOHN  
Sherlock's got a plan.

SHERLOCK  
Yes.

HENRY  
Right.

He looks expectantly at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK  
We take you back out onto the  
moor.

HENRY  
Ok.

SHERLOCK  
And see if anything attacks you.

Beat.

JOHN

Henry looks appalled.

SHERLOCK  
That should bring things to a  
head.

HENRY  
At night? You want me to go out  
there at night?

JOHN  
your plan?

SHERLOCK  
Do you have any better ideas?

JOHN  
That's not a plan!

SHERLOCK  
Look, if there's a monster out there, John, there's only one thing to do. Find out where it lives!

CUT TO:

35      EXT. DARTMOOR. TOR. DUSK.      35

Montage.

HENRY is leading SHERLOCK and JOHN over the rocky tor. The sun is setting over the wild, bleak landscape.

CUT TO:

36      EXT. DARTMOOR. ENTRANCE TO WOOD. DUSK.      36

They enter the knot of twisted woodland where we first saw little Henry.

CUT TO:

37      EXT. DARTMOOR. WOOD. NIGHT.      37

Three torch beams slice through the darkness, lighting up the gnarled and sinister limbs of the ancient trees.

SHERLOCK points his torch down a narrow avenue of trees. The beam throws huge shadows over the ground.

He walks on down the avenue. HENRY follows.

JOHN lingers on his own for a moment, thoughtful. Then brings his torch to bear on the dark spaces between the trees.

They stand out like gaps in a mouthful of bad teeth. The darkness seems deep. Threatening.

He's about to follow the others when something catches his eye, some way away on the moor.

It's a light. Flashing intermittently on and off.

John is immediately intrigued.

He glances round for his companions but can't see them so takes out his notebook and urgently scribbles down what appears to be a Morse message.

JOHN  
U . . . M . . . Q . . . R . . . A.  
Umgra?

The light vanishes.

John waits.

It comes back on, flashing very briefly.

John scribbles and waits. But the flashing has stopped.

He hurries down the avenue of trees in search of Sherlock and Henry.

CUT TO:

38

EXT. WOOD. KNOLL. NIGHT.

38

SHERLOCK'S torch flickers over a grassy knoll.

SHERLOCK  
We met a friend of yours.

HENRY  
What?

SHERLOCK  
Dr Frankland.

HENRY  
Oh. Right. Bob. Yeah.

SHERLOCK  
He seems pretty concerned about you.

HENRY  
He's a worrier. Bless him. He's been very kind to me since I came back.

SHERLOCK  
He knew your father?

HENRY  
Yeah.

SHERLOCK

But he works at Baskerville.  
Didn't your dad have a problem  
with that?

HENRY

Mates are mates, aren't they?  
Look at you and John.

SHERLOCK

What about us?

HENRY

Well, I mean. He's a pretty  
straightforward bloke and -

He tails off. Sherlock is watching him closely.

HENRY (CONT'D)

They agreed never to discuss  
work. Uncle Bob and my dad.

SHERLOCK

It's this way? The hollow?

HENRY

Yes.

They walk on. The ground begins to dip.

Below them is a strange hollow with darkened caves inset in  
it. As they walk down the slope, mist begins to creep over  
their shoes.

CUT TO:

39

EXT. WOOD. GLADE. NIGHT.

39

JOHN enters a glade, where the trees thin out a little.  
It's silent as a tomb. He shines his torch. The strange,  
twisted trees throw grotesque shadows.

And then stops dead.

He listens. It comes again.

Regular as a heart beat. Where's that coming from?

John glances over his shoulder. Sees nothing. He frowns.  
Not frightened. Just intrigued.



In the warm emptiness, the sound is somehow strangely loud and unsettling. What is it?

John shines his torch into the darkness. Sweeps it over the trees.

The sound is closer.

John quickens his step again.

Definitely closer. He starts to run towards the sound --  
-- and almost falls over a big, rusted oil-drum that's lying abandoned in the wood.

He looks.

A gnarled tree overhangs the oil-drum and from the branches falls a steady stream of raindrops from a recent downpour. They're hitting the rusty metal --

John sighs. He turns back to face the way he's come and --  
flashes past him at speed.

We see it. He doesn't.

John turns back. Then --

**HOWWWWL!**

-- a blood-curdling, unearthly howl splits the night air!!

John races off in the direction of the sound.

JOHN  
(calling)

He runs on, his torch beam bobbing and weaving through the trees.

**HOWWWWL!**

It comes again. Even more haunting and scary.

In the beam of his torch, the stark tree trunks stand out like skeletal fingers.



JOHN  
Did you hear - ?

HENRY  
(over)  
We saw it. We saw it!

SHERLOCK

Beat.

HENRY

JOHN

Ok, get your head down now. Come on.

HENRY

Why would he say that? It was there. It .

John gently pushes Henry down onto the sofa and pulls a duvet over him.

JOHN

Just try and relax. Ok? Get some sleep.

HENRY

I'm ok! Really I am. This is good news, John. It's I'm not crazy. There is a Hound. There Sherlock saw it too. No matter what he says.

On John: he doesn't know what to think.

CUT TO:

44

INT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. NIGHT.

44

SHERLOCK is sitting alone by the fire. He looks pale and shaken.

JOHN comes in and sits down opposite him.

JOHN

He's in a pretty bad way. Manic. He's totally convinced there's some kind of mutant super-dog on the moor. But there isn't, is there? Cos if people could make mutant super-dogs, we'd know. They'd be for sale - that's how it works.

Sherlock: no response.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Listen, I saw someone signalling. Out on the moor. Morse. I guess it's Morse. Doesn't make a lot of sense, though. U. M. Q. R. A. Mean anything to - ?

Still nothing.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So. Ok. What have we got? There are footprints. Henry found them. So did that tour bloke. We all something...

(MORSE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Maybe we should just look for  
whoever's got a big dog.

SHERLOCK

Henry's right.

JOHN

What?

Beat.

SHERLOCK

I saw it too.

JOHN

Sherlock turns to look at John. There's a sort of mania in  
his red-rimmed eyes.

SHERLOCK

I saw it too, John.

JOHN

Hang on. You saw exactly?

SHERLOCK

A hound. Out there. In the  
hollow. A hound.

Worried, John glances round.

JOHN

(sotto)

Look. We've got to be  
rational about this. Ok? You of  
all people can't just - Let's  
stick to what we know, yeah? To  
the facts.

SHERLOCK

(grave)

Once you've ruled out the  
impossible, whatever remains,  
however improbable, must be true.

JOHN

What the hell's that supposed to  
mean?

Sherlock lifts his glass and gazes, fascinated, at his own  
trembling hand.

SHERLOCK

Look at me. I'm afraid, John.

JOHN

Sherlock -

SHERLOCK

I've...I've always been able to keep myself detached. Diverge myself from...feelings. But look. My body is <sup>me</sup>. Interesting. You see? Emotions - the grit on the lens, the fly in the ointment!

JOHN

Yeah, alright, Spock. Just take it easy. Look, you've been pretty...wired lately. You know you have. Maybe you got yourself worked up out there. A bit hysterical.

SHERLOCK

JOHN

It was scary and dark and --

SHERLOCK

There's nothing wrong with me.

Sherlock closes his eyes. His heartbeat pounds in his ears.

JOHN (O. S. )

Sherlock?

Sherlock doesn't move. We hear his heart beat wildly on.

JOHN (CONT' D)

SHERLOCK

(suddenly furious)

He looks round wildly.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Excellent. Good. Yes!  
Where shall we start?

He scans the room. There's a MAN (40s, scruffy) in a loud jumper eating in silence with a smartly-dressed WOMAN (60s).

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

How about them - -

Text explodes around them:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

-- the sentimental widow and her son the unemployed fisherman? The answer's yes.

JOHN

Yes?

SHERLOCK

She's got a West Highland terrier called 'Whisky'. Not really what we're looking for.

JOHN

Sherlock, for God's sake --

But he's off like an express train, scarcely pausing for breath (sorry, Benedict).

SHERLOCK

Look at his jumper. Hardly been worn and he's clearly uncomfortable in it. Maybe because of the material, more likely the hideous pattern. Suggests it was a gift. Probably Christmas. So, he wants into his Mother's good books. Why? Almost certainly money. He's treating her to a meal but his own portion is small. That means he wants to impress her but is still trying to economise on his own food.

JOHN

Maybe he's not very hungry.

SHERLOCK

No! Small plate - a starter - and he's almost licked it clean. She's onto her pavlova. If treated , he'd have had as much as he could. He's hungry alright. And not well off. You can see that from the state of his cuffs and his heels.

(imitating John)

Who else would give him a Christmas present like that? Could be an Aunt. Older sister.

(MORE)

But mother's most likely. Now he  
a fisherman. The pattern  
scarring on his hands is from  
fish-hooks. Very distinctive. But  
they're all quite old which means  
he's been off work some time. Not  
much industry in this part of the  
world so now he's turned to his  
widowed mother for help.

(answering John's  
unasked question)

Obviously.

There's a man's wedding ring on a  
chain round her neck. Clearly her  
late husband's but too big for  
her finger. She's well-dressed  
but the rest of her jewellery is  
pretty cheap. She's hung onto it  
even though she can afford  
better.

Now. The  
dog. Little white hairs all over  
her legs from when it gets a bit  
too friendly. But the hairs don't  
go further than the knee which  
says it's a small dog, probably a  
terrier. Not really what we're  
looking for. In fact it's a West  
Highland terrier called Whisky.

Because they were on  
the same train as us and I heard  
her calling its name! And that's  
not cheating, that's I  
use senses, John, unlike some  
people. So. Ytc 1Tf 1 F1nTc 1Tf 1 2 0 Td -0.186 9f, d195 gof6



Sherlock forms his hands into fists, desperate to hold himself together. He stares into the flickering flames of the fire...

CUT TO:

45      EXT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. BEER GARDEN. NIGHT.      45

JOHN strides furiously round the back of the pub into the beer garden.

He plunges his hands into his pockets, fuming, then stiffens as he sees something. Out on the moor, in the darkness.

The light again!

It's only there for a second. John peers ahead. Was it there?

The light comes again. Quickly on and off. On and off.

He looks back towards the village, hoping to see an answering signal.

But there's nothing. John glances towards the pub and then heads decisively towards the moor.

CUT TO:

46      INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.      46

HENRY is sleeping. But he's restless. Troubled.

Quick, almost subliminal flash:

Henry reacts.

Flash.

'Liberty, In'. The sentence again. But this time, a proper memory. It's a logo, like a stitch-on patch on old jeans.

Henry opens his eyes, unsure where he is. Then he looks out through the patio windows at the great, dark, mysterious moor beyond.

CUT TO:

47      EXT. DARTMOOR. NIGHT.      47

The light flashes again. Convinced he's onto something,

48

EXT. DARTMOOR. LAY-BY/CAR-PARK. NIGHT.

48

John suddenly finds he's off the moor and in a small moorland car park.

There are several cars grouped around, all with their headlights off.

John shines his torch over them. He catches quick glimpses of embarrassed-looking men.

In the middle of the area is another car, rocking gently from side to side. Its windows are steamed up.

A terrible realisation dawns on John.

JOHN

Oh

As the car rocks, its headlights suddenly flash on and off, on and off. From inside the car:

ALISON (O. S.)

Mr Selden! You've done it

SELDEN (O. S.)

I keep catching it with my belt.

John clicks off his torch, turns swiftly on his heel and start striding away.

As he strides away, his phone beeps. He yanks it out, bad-temperedly. A text! It appears on screen.

HENRY'S THERAPIST CURRENTLY IN CROSS-KEYS PUB.

John, in no mood for this.

JOHN

So?

Text: INTERVIEW HER?

On John: no way.

Another beep. On screen:

PHOTO DOWNLOADING.

Now close on John's phone - a photograph of Louise Mortimer. She's extremely attractive.

On John, looking resignedly at the photo.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh you bad, bad man.

And over John's shoulder we see all the cars bobbing away.

CUT TO:

49

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

49

HENRY is back on the sofa. The TV is blaring. He keeps glancing into the shadows as though being watched. On the TV screen, a big Alsatian appears. Henry hastily switches channels.

His gaze flicks to the patio windows again.

The garden is in total darkness. And then --

The outside security light bursts into life, flooding the garden with its bone-white glare.

Henry starts. But doesn't pay much attention. It'll just be a bird or a squirrel. Usual thing.

The garden looks strangely exposed in the light. We see a shed. A bike. A coiled garden hose. A spade leaning against the wall.

Then the security light clicks off again.

Henry returns to watching the TV. He fumbles for the remote and changes channels. There's another bloody dog on. Henry sighs, changes channels. Flick-flick-flick. And now there's a werewolf movie on! Can't get away from it! Angrily he turns off the TV --

The security light comes on again.

Henry gets up and shuffles to the patio doors. He looks out.

Shed. Bike. Hose. Spade. All as before.

Henry peers out, trying to make out some sign of life.

Henry's POV: Just as the light goes out again -- he sees something else. A big, bulky shape. Flitting swiftly past.

Henry steps back from the window, scared.

The light goes out again.

And from outside comes a long, low **GROWL...**

Henry freezes.

He doesn't dare move. Sweat trickles down his forehead.

Again, from outside. **GROWL...**

There's a low, heavy breathing now and the sound of something very large padding around in the garden.

Henry glances towards the table where a gun is lying.

Heart pounding, he starts to sidle stealthily towards the weapon.

Henry reaches the gun and his sweating fingers close over it.

He turns, terrified, towards the pitch black patio windows.

His own breathing and his own heartbeat dominate now as moves closer...closer to the window.

The security light flashes back on and --

**BANG!!**

-- slamming its great paws against the glass door is --

**THE HOUND!**

We only see it for a second -- a huge black silhouette with demonic, blood red eyes.

The security light snaps off and the Hound vanishes from sight as though plucked back into the darkness.

The light snaps back on. The garden is empty.

Henry falls, sobbing to the floor. And his wails become -

LOUISE

You trying to get me drunk, doctor?

JOHN

The thought never occurred

LOUISE

Because a while ago I thought you  
were chatting me up . . .

JOHN

Where did I go wrong?

LOUISE

When you started asking me about my  
patients . . .

JOHN

Yeah, but I'm one of Henry's oldest  
friends.

LOUISE

And he's one of my patients, so I  
can't talk about him.

(Shoots him a look)



LOUISE  
Why don't you buy a drink? I  
think he likes you

JOHN  
Yeah.

CUT TO:

52 INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. DAY. 52

SHERLOCK barges past a shattered-looking HENRY and flings the curtains open wide. Henry blinks in the light.

SHERLOCK  
'Morning! How're you feeling?

HENRY (O.S.)  
I'm -- I didn't sleep very well --

SHERLOCK  
That's a shame. Shall I make us  
some coffee?

He darts into the kitchen --

CUT TO:

53 INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY. 53

-- and his smile instantly drops. He goes straight to the kitchen cupboards and starts rooting through them, opening and closing doors at high speed. He grabs something and stuffs it into his coat.

CUT TO:

54 INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY. 54

HENRY comes in, pulling on a jumper. Sherlock is busy making the coffee.

HENRY  
Listen. Last night. Why did you  
say you hadn't seen anything? I  
mean, I only saw the Hound for a  
minute but -

SHERLOCK  
Hound.

HENRY  
What?

SHERLOCK  
Why do you call it a Hound? Why a

HENRY  
What do you mean, why?

SHERLOCK  
It's odd, isn't it? It's very  
odd. Strange choice of word.  
Archaic. That's why I took this  
case - "Mr. Holmes, they were the  
footprints of a giant hound." Why  
would you say ?

Henry looks baffled.

HENRY  
I dunno. I've never -

SHERLOCK  
Actually, I'd better skip the  
coffee.

He dashes back out.

CUT TO:

55

EXT. GRIMPEN VILLAGE. DAY.

55

JOHN is sitting outside, looking through his notes.

SHERLOCK suddenly appears from round the corner.

A brief stand off. Neither speaks.

At last --

SHERLOCK (O.S.)  
Get anywhere with that Morse





SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
I thought I could trust my own senses. The evidence of my own eyes. Till last night.

JOHN  
You can't actually believe you saw some kind of monster -

SHERLOCK  
No. I can't believe that.  
(smiles grimly)  
But I see it. So the question is - how?

JOHN  
Right. Ok. Good. You've got something to go on, then. Good luck with that.

He crosses to the pub door.

SHERLOCK  
Wait. What I said before, John. It's true. I don't have friends.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
I've only got one.

Beat.

John looks away. He's touched but he's not going to show it.

JOHN  
Right.

He goes inside.

Sherlock suddenly cocks his head to one side, struck by a thought.

SHERLOCK  
.....

He dashes after John into the pub.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK  
You are brilliant! You're

JOHN

Look, it's ok. You don't have to  
overdo the -

SHERLOCK

You may not be very luminous  
yourself but as a conductor of

It's LESTRADE! He's tanned and dressed much more casually than usual.

SHERLOCK

What're

LESTRADE

Yes! If you'd ever bothered to find out. Look. I'm not your handler, and I don't just do what your brother tells me.

JOHN

Actually, you might be just the man we want.

SHERLOCK

Why?

JOHN

I haven't been idle, Sherlock. I think I might have found something.

John roots in his pocket and takes out the receipt he took from the pub.

Sherlock looks:

John nods towards the bar.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's a lot of meat for a vegetarian restaurant.

SHERLOCK

(pleased)  
Excellent.

JOHN

A nice, scary inspector from Scotland Yard who can put in a few calls might come in very handy.

He goes to the bar and bangs the bell.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shop!

LESTRADE

Happy to help!

Beat.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

(grins)  
I will need your brother's ID back, though.

CUT TO:

DR

BILLY (CONT'D)

(to Gary)

Sorry, Gary, I couldn't help it.  
I had a bacon sandwich at Cal's  
wedding and one thing led to  
another.

LESTRADE

Nice try.

Gary and Billy look at each other. Gary sighs, defeated.

GARY

We were just trying to give  
things a bit of a boost, you  
know. Let a great big dog run  
wild on the moor. It was heaven  
sent. Like having our own Loch  
Ness Monster.

LESTRADE

Where do you keep it?

GARY

There's an old mine shaft. Not  
far off. He was alright there.

SHERLOCK

GARY

We couldn't control the bloody  
thing. It was vicious.  
So Billy took it to the vet's a  
month ago to...you  
know...

Beat.

JOHN

It's

GARY

Put down.

BILLY

Yeah. No choice. So --

(shrugs)

It's over.

GARY

It was just a joke, you know -

Lestrade glares at them.

LESTRADE

You've nearly driven a  
man out of his mind.

Gary and Billy look suitably shame-faced.

CUT TO:

59

EXT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. DAY.

59

JOHN and LESTRADE emerge first.

JOHN

You do know he's actually pleased you're here? Secretly pleased.

LESTRADE

Is he? That's nice. I suppose he likes having all the same faces back together. It appeals to his... his --

JOHN

Asperger's?

SHERLOCK emerges from the pub.

LESTRADE

You believe them? About having the dog destroyed?

SHERLOCK

No reason not to.

LESTRADE

(brightly)

Well, hopefully no harm done. I'm not quite sure what I'd charge them with anyway. I'll have a word with the local force. That's that, then. Catch you later. I'm enjoying this! Nice to get London out of your lungs!

He goes off.

JOHN

(to Sherlock)

So their dog is what people saw? Out there on the moor?

SHERLOCK

Looks like it.

JOHN

But that's not what saw. That wasn't just an ordinary dog.

SHERLOCK

No.

(remembers)

It was immense.

(MOUTH)



Wi th



BARRYMORE

He thinks -- then turns the handle and goes inside.

CUT TO:

64A INT. BASKERVILLE. PIPE ROOM. DAY. 64A

A grim concrete room. Big metal pipes curve down so they are flush with the floor.

JOHN glances round. There's evidence that Frankland has slightly domesticated the room. A couple of white coats are hanging up along with gas-masks. There's a nude calendar and another of his 'funny' signs. This one says 'GET A GRIPPE!!!'

John glances at the pipes. They're very old, rusty and leaking. Thin clouds of vapour are leaking from their cracked joints. There are gas cylinders attached to them.

John covers his mouth, looks around and then heads back out.

CUT TO:

65 INT. BASKERVILLE. STAIRWELL. NIGHT. 65

CUT

CUT TO:

66 INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'A'. NIGHT. 66

JOHN re-enters Lab 'A' --

-- and suddenly the overhead lights BLAZE.

John winces, shields his eyes. They're like interrogation lights.

John's POV: the lights scorches into his retinas.

JOHN

Jesus -

Squinting, he looks around. Is there a switch? What the hell's going on? He covers his eyes.

The light

Then there's a sound. A high-pitched hum. Like a physical assault. John can't cover his eyes his ears.

The burning lights and the humming continue.

John runs towards the lift, scrabbling inside his jacket for his ID card. Hands shaking, he tries to swipe it through the security reader.

It squawks. Negative.

He tries again. Same result. John can't believe it.

He tries once more. The reader won't allow him to leave.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No good.

Suddenly the lights and the hum snap off.

The room is plunged into darkness, lit only by tiny points of light - jellyfish glowing in glass cases, monitor lights etc.

It's very quiet and very spooky. John looks round.

John's POV: after-images float over his eyes. The burnt-in image of the overhead lights. Spots. Floaters. A pair of them.

67 CC-TV IMAGE 67

John in stark black and white on the CC-TV monitor. He looks round, trying to hold it together.

CUT TO:

68 INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'A'. NIGHT. 68

JOHN is about to move on when --

He freezes. Footsteps!

There's something in there with him.

CUT TO:

69 INT. BASKERVILLE. STAIRWELL. NIGHT. 69

CUT

CUT TO:

70 INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'A'. NIGHT. 70

John swallows, scared stiff and sweeps the torch around. The beam highlights a long metal pole with a leash on the end.

CUT TO:

71 CC-TV IMAGE. 71

JOHN lifts the pole, ready to defend himself.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE. DAY. 72

CUT

CUT TO:

73 INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'A'. NIGHT. 73

Every nerve on edge, JOHN creeps back towards Frankland's room. It's the closest exit.



Very, very carefully, he reaches through the bars and starts to slowly drag the dust sheet back over the cage.

Suddenly:

John almost yells and drops his phone as he tries to get it out from his jacket. He stabs at the buttons.

SHERLOCK (V. O.)  
John? John, what's wrong?

JOHN  
It's in here! It's in here with me!

SHERLOCK (V. O.)  
Where are you?

JOHN  
Get me out, Sherlock! You've got to get me out! The big lab. The first lab we saw --

John whimpers in terror.

SHERLOCK (V. O.)  
John?

John presses the phone close to his mouth.

JOHN  
(sotto)  
Please, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (V. O.)  
Alright. I'll find you. Keep talking.

JOHN  
(sotto)  
I'll hear me.

SHERLOCK (V. O.)

John pushes back a corner of the cloth and peers out.

SHERLOCK (V. O.)

JOHN  
(sotto)  
I'm here.



SHERLOCK  
What can you see?

JOHN  
(sotto)  
Don't know. I can hear it, though.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
Did you - ?

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
Stay calm. Stay calm. Can you see  
it?

John's breathing is rapid and scared, he strains to see anything in the gloom.

John's POV: the lab beyond seems empty.

SHERLOCK  
Can you see it?

JOHN  
No. No I --

He stops dead.

His eyes widen in absolute terror.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I can see it.  
(hissing)

We see John from the other side of the cage bars. His eyes are huge and wide.

John curls into a ball --

SHERLOCK  
John! Are you ok?

SHERLOCK throws open the cage door. John pushes past him, back into the main lab, now fully lit again.

There's nothing there.

JOHN  
Jesus. It was the Hound! It was  
here. Sherlock. I swear it was. It  
be here!

He dashes around the big room and points to the huge empty cage.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Did you see it? You must have --

SHERLOCK

It's alright, John. It's ok now.

John grabs Sherlock, gabbling feverishly.

JOHN

It's not! It's not ok! I see it,  
Sherlock. I was wrong.

Sherlock gently detaches John's hand from his coat. He seems to be quietly suppressing excitement.

SHERLOCK

Let's not jump to conclusions.

Beat.

JOHN

SHERLOCK

What did you see?

JOHN

I told you! The Hound!

SHERLOCK

Huge? Red eyes?

JOHN

Yes!

SHERLOCK

Glowing?

JOHN

YES!

SHERLOCK

No.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

I made up the bit about glowing.  
You saw what you expected to see  
because I told you. You've been  
drugged. We've all been drugged.

JOHN

Drugged?

SHERLOCK  
Can you walk?

JOHN  
'Course! Of course I can walk.

SHERLOCK  
Come on, then. It's time we laid  
this ghost.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

74

INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'A'. NIGHT

74

Behind the plastic partition we saw before, DR STAPLETON is

CLOSE on Sherlock as he switches slides, drops various liquids onto them, watches them dissolve and change colour.

On a white-board close by he has written the word:

JOHN  
So. Come on. I'm not a nutter.  
You can tell me. What else have  
you got hidden away up here?

Beat.

STAPLETON  
(sighs)  
Listen. If you can imagine it,  
someone's probably doing it  
somewhere. Of course they are.

JOHN  
Cloning?

STAPLETON  
Yes. Of course! Dolly the Sheep,  
remember?

JOHN  
cloning?

STAPLETON  
Why not?

JOHN  
And what about animals?

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
animals.

STAPLETON  
Size isn't a problem. Not at all.

JOHN

Sugar?

SHERLOCK

Sugar! Yes! Simple process of elimination. I saw the Hound. Saw it as my imagination expected me to see it. A genetically engineered monster! I knew I couldn't believe the evidence of my own eyes. There were seven possible reasons for it, the most likely being a narcotic. Henry Knight saw the Hound too. But you didn't, John. We'd eaten and drunk the same things since we came to Grimpen, except for one thing. You don't take sugar in your coffee.

He points angrily at the smashed slide.

JOHN

I see. So --

SHERLOCK

I took that from Henry's kitchen. But it's perfectly alright.

JOHN

Maybe it isn't a drug?

SHERLOCK

It must be! But how did it get into our systems?

He throws himself down into a chair. Puts his head in his hands.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(sighs)

There's something... something buried deep.

He sits back in the chair. Closes his eyes and steeles his fingertips.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Get out.

STAPLETON

What?

SHERLOCK

I need to go to my mind palace. Get out.

STAPLETON

Your

But he doesn't answer. John sighs.

JOHN

He's not going to be doing much talking for a while. We might as well go.

STAPLETON

His

JOHN

On-screen text: Liberty

The word 'in' appears in the middle of Sherlock's face.

On-screen text:

Then it becomes a photo of an olde-worlde pub.

Text:

Then a photo of Mumbai.

Text:

Then a number plate.

Text

Then an atomic model.

Text

The middle section spins too.

Finally a third picture appears on the right side of Sherlock's face. A Ridgeback dog. Then an Irish Wolfhound. Then Elvis.

Text:

All three columns are now spinning wildly like a fruit machine.

Sherlock's eyes snap open!

And the three columns settle

Text: Liberty, Indiana. **H. O. U. N. D.**

Sherlock smiles.

CUT TO:

76

EXT. DARTMOOR. NIGHT.

76

HENRY is running for his life.



He races on, but the great beast comes after him.

Suddenly Henry realises he has a gun in his hand. He looks at it for a long moment, nonplussed, then turns to face the monster.

Breath coming in huge, ragged bursts he aims the gun.

The Hound pounds on, snarling with rage.

And Henry fires!

Close on Henry's eyes. He blinks. He realises

A door opens and overhead lights flicker on, revealing a big, impressive control room packed with CC-TV monitors and computers.

SHERLOCK, JOHN and STAPLETON enter.

SHERLOCK  
John?

JOHN  
I'm on it.

John guards the door.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)  
'Project H.O.U.N.D.'  
I must have read about it  
somewhere. Tucked it away. An  
experiment in a C.I.A. facility  
in Liberty, Indiana.

Stapleton sits down, facing the main computer. She swipes her ID card through a reader on the side --

-- and the computer hums into life. Stapleton rapidly taps away at the keyboard.

She goes through the various protocols.

On-screen text:

She looks to Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
H...O...U...N...D.

She taps it in.

The computer pauses. Then -

She taps in:

The computer pauses again. Then:

STAPLETON

That's as far as my access goes,  
I'm afraid.

JOHN

There must be an override. A  
password.

STAPLETON

I imagine so. But that'd be Major  
Barrymore's.

On Sherlock: not a problem. He crosses to Barrymore's office  
chair and flops down in it.

SHERLOCK

He'd have sat here, thinking it  
up.

His gaze roams forensically around the low-lit room. The  
bust of Churchill. A black and white photo of a man in  
uniform with a skinny teenage boy. Children's paintings.  
Neatly ordered books. Well-watered plants.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Describe him to me.

STAPLETON

You've seen him.

SHERLOCK

him.

STAPLETON

He's a bloody martinet. A throw  
back. The sort they'd have sent  
into Suez.

SHERLOCK

Good. Excellent. Old-fashioned. A  
traditionalist. Not the sort of





SHERLOCK

(darkly)

And what they did to others.  
Prolonged exposure drove them  
insane. Made them almost  
uncontrollably aggressive.

JOHN Tm -0.192 Tc -0.05 what they did to others 0.4

SHERLOCK

This is where he started, though.  
And he's never lost that  
certainty, that that  
the drug could really work.

Something else in the photo is suddenly very clear. The identical sweat-shirts that the team all wear. An iron-on transfer design of a howling dog and underneath it the logo:

Sherlock takes out his phone.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Kind of him to give us his  
number. Let's arrange a little  
meeting.

Suddenly John's phone rings. He glances at it and is about to turn it off but the number intrigues him.

JOHN

(answering)  
Hello?

On the other end of the phone we can just hear sobbing.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Who is this?

LOUISE(V.O.)

John throws a glance at Sherlock.

JOHN

It's Louise Mortimer.  
(into phone)  
Louise, what's wrong?

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT

LOUISE  
He's gone. You've got to stop him.  
I don't know what he might do.

CUT TO:

82

INT. BASKERVILLE. BARRYMORE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

82

JOHN  
Where are you? Louise, where are  
you?

LOUISE (V.O.)  
His house. I'm ok. I'm ok. Find  
Henry.

JOHN  
Stay there. We'll get someone to  
you, ok?

He hangs up.

SHERLOCK  
Henry?

JOHN  
He's attacked her.

SHERLOCK  
Gone?

John nods.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
There's only one place he'll go.  
Back to where it all began.

He pulls out his phone, speed dials.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Lestrade? Get to the hollow.  
Dewer's Hollow. NOW!

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

He dashes out.

CUT TO:



83 EXT. DARTMOOR. NIGHT. 83

A wild-eyed HENRY is stumbling across the moor. It's uncannily like the image we first had of him as a little boy.

Except he's holding the gun.

He seems to be walking almost automatically, as though in a trance.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. DARTMOOR. ROAD. NIGHT. 84

The Landrover powers across the moor away from Baskerville.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. DARTMOOR. WOOD. NIGHT. 85

HENRY staggers on, zombie-like, through the wooded area on the moor. He approaches the lip of the hollow.

Once again, fog begins to creep over his shoes.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. DARTMOOR. NIGHT. 86

The Landrover's headlights scythe through the darkness as it goes off-road and over the moor.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT. 87

HENRY starts to stumble down the scree slope into the fog-filled hollow.

It billows thickly around him.

HENRY'S POV: the whole landscape shifts and blurs as he climbs. The fog. The starry sky.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. DARTMOOR. WOOD. NIGHT. 88

The Landrover screeches to a halt in the wooded area. SHERLOCK and JOHN leap out.

CUT TO:

89

EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT.

89

The fog swirls round HENRY as he drops down on his backside. He cradles the gun in his lap.

He stares into the drifting fog.

He lifts the gun to his face and slowly inches it towards his mouth.

Henry's POV: the gun barrel shifts and buckles, skewed by the drug. It looms before him like a deep, dark tunnel.

HENRY

Sorry. I'm sorry, Dad.

His finger starts to squeeze the trigger --

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

No! Henry,

SHERLOCK and JOHN come pelting out of the fog.

Henry immediately turns the gun on them.

HENRY

Get back! Get away from me!

JOHN

It's ok, it's ok, Henry. Just relax.

HENRY

(miserably)

I know what I am. What I tried to do.

JOHN

Just drop the gun, Henry. It's ok.

HENRY

With shaking hands, he presses the gun to his lips.

SHERLOCK

Yes. I'm sure you do know, Henry. It's all been explained to you, hasn't it? Explained very carefully.

HENRY

(dully)

What?

SHERLOCK

Someone needed to keep you quiet, Henry.

(MORE)

Needed to keep you as a child. To  
reassert the dream that you'd



Driven out of your mind so no-one would believe a word of what you said.

CUT TO:

94     INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.     94

HENRY is in a chair, head slumped on his chest.

FRANKLAND sits opposite. He speaks in a low, urgent whisper.

FRANKLAND

It's inescapable, Henry. You know it is. The darkness overcame your dad. It'll overcome you too. It's inevitable. There's no monster out there, Henry. Just inside. Inside

CUT TO:

95     EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT.     95

HENRY

He did this. He did this to me.

Sherlock cocks his head. Footsteps?

SHERLOCK

He wanted to make sure no-one would ever listen to you again.

CUT TO:

96     EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.     96

CUT

CUT TO:

97     INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.     97

HENRY is slumped on the sofa.

FRANKLAND

FRANKLAND (CONT' D)  
Kill it, Henry! You've got to kill  
it!

CUT TO:

98 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT.

98

HENRY drops the gun.

JOHN darts in and grabs it.

JOHN  
Ok, mate, it's ok.

SHERLOCK  
I think our guest has arrived.

Sherlock peers into the fog. He calls out.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)  
I'd come out if I were you, Dr  
Frankland. Seems a shame to miss  
the party.

Nothing moves.

Then there's a figure in the fog. Walking slowly forward.

The fog is so thick it's impossible to see who it is. But  
he raises a rifle and points it at Sherlock.

John aims his gun at the figure. But another gun clicks.

They turn. LESTRADE is walking down the slope, his own  
pistol trained on Frankland.

LESTRADE  
Don't do anything silly, sir.

Henry stares at the apparition.

HENRY  
But we saw it! The Hound. Last  
night. We

SHERLOCK  
There a dog out here, Henry.  
Leaving footprints. Scaring  
witnesses. But it was nothing  
more than an ordinary dog. We  
both saw it. But we saw it the  
way our drugged minds wanted us  
to see it. Fear and stimulus.  
That's how it works. But there  
never was any monster.

And then, from the fog-choked slope above them --

*Growwwl .*

Sherlock freezes.

*Growwwl .*

Sherlock's jaw drops.

Jim chuckles. Then laughs and laughs and laughs.

Suddenly Sherlock's eyes light up. He looks wildly around.

SHERLOCK  
The fog!!

JOHN

SHERLOCK  
It's the fog! The drug's in the

He grabs Jim by the lapels and shakes him, willing things to become clear.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
(savage, angry)  
Aerosol dispersant, that's what  
it said in those records. Project  
H.O.U.N.D. It's the **FOG!**

'Jim' resists, tries to get out of Sherlock's grip, struggling to get the gas mask back on. Sherlock slaps himself across the face, forcing himself to see clearly.

Sherlock's POV: Jim's face blurs. Changes.

And FRANKLAND is there, in Sherlock's grip.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
A minefield! A minefield.

The Hound begins to race towards them down the slope, its massive paws throwing up the soil in great wet spumes.

FRANKLAND  
For God's sake! Kill it! KILL  
IT!!

He tries to raise the rifle.

Lestrade struggles to see through the fog. His finger squeezes the trigger and he looses off three bullets. Misses.

The Hound ploughs on towards them, jaws dripping until --

BANG! BANG! BANG!



SHERLOCK  
Look at it! Really

John stares at it. Blinks.

John's POV: the Hound is suddenly diminished. A big, savage-looking Great Dane. But only a dog. It lies still.

Suddenly HENRY launches himself at Frankland, punching him violently to the ground.

HENRY  
Bastard! You bastard! You  
BASTARD!! Twenty years! Twenty  
years of my life, making no  
sense!!

Lestrade drags him off Frankland.

LESTRADE  
Ok, son. It's ok!

SHERLOCK  
Because dead men get listened to.  
It wasn't enough to kill you - he  
had to discredit every word you  
ever said.

HENRY  
About my father's death.

SHERLOCK  
Exactly. And Frankland had the  
means, right at his feet. A  
chemical minefield! Pressure pads  
in the ground! Dosing you up every  
time you came back here. Murder  
weapon and scene of the crime all  
at once. Oh, this case, Henry!  
Thank you! It's been brilliant!

JOHN  
Sherlock!

SHERLOCK  
What?

JOHN  
(sotto)  
, for God's sake. Not now!

SHERLOCK  
Not good?

JOHN  
His whole life's been messed up.  
Give him a minute -

HENRY  
No! No, no, it's ok. It's fine!  
Because it means my Dad was right.  
Everything he said about  
Baskerville was true!  
(to Frankland)  
He'd found something out, hadn't  
he? That's why you killed him.  
Because he wasn't mad, he was  
And he found you right in  
the middle of an experiment.

Henry triumphant, the ghosts of the past, buried. But  
Frankland is smiling cynically.

FRANKLAND  
I let him find me. Only way I could  
get him alone.

Henry's face falls.

HENRY  
But why... why would you...?

FRANKLAND  
I had a wife once.

Beat.

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)  
Your father had her too.

A horrible silence as this hits home in Henry. Then...

Everyone swings round. It's a last sign of life from the  
Hound. John fires! Now it's definitely dead.

But Frankland takes advantage of the distraction -- and  
tears off into the darkness.

The four men race after him.

CUT TO:

99

EXT. DARTMOOR. FENCE. NIGHT.

99

FRANKLAND staggers on and reaches a trampled-down wire  
fence. He pauses to grab a ragged breath, then clambers  
over.

He doesn't notice the skull and cross-bones warning sign.

He scrambles in his pockets to find a torch. With shaking  
hands he clicks it on and points the beam dead ahead.

The ground seems clear so he stumbles on.

Suddenly, there's a dull metallic

Hand shaking, Frankland brings the torch beam to bear on the ground at his feet. He's standing on a rusty pressure-mine. The slightest wrong move...

Frankland swallows, petrified.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. DARTMOOR. FENCE. NIGHT. 100

**BOOOOOOM!!**

A massive fireball erupts across the moor. SHERLOCK, JOHN, LESTRADE and HENRY hurl themselves to the ground. The vast, bleak moor is briefly lit up by the explosion, as if by a bolt of summer lightning.

On Henry: grimly satisfied.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. DAY. 101

JOHN is demolishing his breakfast. SHERLOCK comes out of the pub, carrying two mugs of coffee.

SHERLOCK

(puzzled)

So... They didn't have it put down. The dog.

JOHN

Obviously. Suppose they just couldn't bring themselves to do it

SHERLOCK

I see.

JOHN

No, you don't.

SHERLOCK

No, I don't. Sentiment?

JOHN

Sentiment.

John eats.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Listen - What happened to me. In the lab. What was all that about?

SHERLOCK  
(evasive)  
Do you want any sauce?

JOHN  
I'd never been to the hollow. So how come I heard those things? In there? Fear and stimulus, you said.

SHERLOCK  
You must have been dosed elsewhere. When you went to look in the labs, maybe. You saw those pipes. Pretty ancient. Leaky as a sieve. And that's where the gas was coming from. Ketchup, was it? Or Brown?

JOHN  
Hang on.

He fixes Sherlock with a beady glare.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You thought it was in the sugar, right? You were convinced it was in the sugar.

SHERLOCK  
We'd better get going, actually. There's a train at -

It dawns on John.

JOHN  
It was you! I locked me in that bloody lab!

SHERLOCK  
I had to. It was an experiment.

JOHN  
(bellows)  
AN EXPERIMENT!

SHERLOCK  
Shh!

JOHN  
I was terrified, Sherlock. I was scared to death!

SHERLOCK  
I thought the drug was in the sugar. So I put the sugar in your coffee. Then I arranged everything with Major Barrymore.  
(MORE)



JOHN  
You were wrong. You thought it  
was in the sugar. You got it  
wrong.

SHERLOCK  
A little bit.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Won't happen again.

John calms down somewhat.

JOHN  
Any... long... term effects?

SHERLOCK  
Not at all. You'll be ok once  
you've excreted it. We all will.

Beat.

JOHN  
Yeah, well. Think I might have  
taken care of that already.

Sherlock looks at him. They laugh.

GARY comes out of the pub. He catches Sherlock's eye and  
smiles feebly.

Sherlock gets up.

We pull back to see that the entire cell is COVERED in the same angry, jagged lettering. Everywhere, scrawled, scraped, gouged into the plaster:

SHERLOCK. SHERLOCK. SHERLOCK. SHERLOCK. SHERLOCK...

**END**