

Appendix 4

SCREENPLAY OF THE ‘SHERLOCK HOLMES’ MOVIE.

Sherlock Holmes	: Benedict Cumberbatch
Dr. John Watson	: Martin Freeman
Mrs. Hudson	: Una Stubbs
DI Lestrade	: Rupert Graves
Mycroft Holmes	: Mark Gatiss
Jim Moriarty	: Andrew Scott
Molly Hopper	: Loise Brealey
Mary Morstan	: Amanda Abbington
Anderson	: Jonathan Aris
Kate Whitney	: Brigid Zengeni
Charles magnussen	: lars mikkelsen

Fade in:

(Rapid Gunfire and Explosions), Watson’s dream

Sherlock : you’ve seen a lot of injuries, then? Violent deaths?’

John : ‘enough for a lifetime.

Sherlock : Want to see some more?’

John : Oh, God, yes.

(Knocking on door) when Watson and his wife was slept in the morning. There is someone knocking door and when Watson wake up he is hearing Sherlock say: the game is on (knocking continues).

Kate : I know it’s early. Really. I’m sorry.(woman sobs)

Mary : is the kate?

John : yeah, it's Kate

Mary : invite her in?

John : Er, sorry, yes, what to come in, kate?

Mary : hey! It's hard

John : there you go

Mary : it's Isaac

John : oh, your husband?

Mary : Son, son yeah.

Kate : he is gone missing again. Didn't come home last night.

Mary : the usual.

John : he's the drugs one, yeah?

Mary : err, yeah, nicely put, john

John : but is it Sherlock Holmes you want? Because I've not seen him in ages.

Mary : about a month

Kate : who is Sherlock Holmes?

Mary : see, that does happen.

Kate : there's a place they all go to, him and his friends. They all do whatever they do. Shoot up, whatever you call it.

John : where is he?

Kate : it's a house. It's a dump. It's practically falling down.

John : no, the address? Where, exactly?

Mary : seriously? Why not? She's not going to the police, someone's got to get him.

Mary : why you?

John : I'm being neighborly.

Mary : since when?

John : haa, since now. Since this exact minute.

Mary : why you being so....?

John : what?

Mary : I don't know, what's the matter with you?

John : there is NOTHING the matter with me. Imagine I said that without shouting.

Mary : I'm trying.

John : no, you can't come. You're pregnant

Mary : you can't go. I'm pregnant! (Come in their car). () she chuckles) what is that?!

John : it's a tyre lever.

Mary : why?

John : Cos there were loads of smack heads in there and one of them might need help with a tyre. Is there's any trouble, just go I'll be fine.

Mary :Jhon, Jhon, Jhon, Jhon....(come out the car). It is a tiny bit sexy.

John : yeaah, I know.

Jhon bangs on door) and say hello?? In the a scary old building

Someone : what do you want?

John : excuse me.(door crashes open)

Someone : oh no, you can't come in her!

John : I'm looking for a friend. A very specific..friend. I'm not just browsing.

Someone : you've got to go. No-one's allowed here.

John : (he clears his throat). Isaac Whitney, you seen him? I'm asking you if you've seen Isaac Whitney and now you're showing me a knife. Is it a clue? Are you doing a mime?

Someone : Go, or I'll cut you.

John : oh , not from there. Let me help. Now, concentrate. Isaac... whitney?

Someone : Okay, you asked for it.

(man grunts in pain). Aahh oohh!!

John : Right. Are you concentrating yet?

Someone : you broke my arm!

John : No, I sprained it.

Someone : it feels squishy. Is it supposed to feel squishy? Feel that!

John : Yeah, it's a sprain. I'm a doctor, I know how to sprain people.
Now where is Isaac Whitney?

Someone : I don't know! Maybe upstairs.

John : there you go. Wasn't that easy?

Someone : No, it was really sore. Mental you are!. No, just used to a better class of criminal. (Bird cawing and man coughing).

John : Isaac? Isaac Whitney? (Object clatters), Isaac

Many people lying in the rooms were very seedy and scary. (Man responds weakly).

John : hello, mate. Sit up for me, sit up.

Mate : Dr. Watson, where am I?

John : Arse-end of the universe with the scum of the earth. Look at me.

Mate : have you come for me?

John : do you think I know a lot of people here? Hey, all right?

Sherlock : oh, hello, John. Didn't expect to see you here. Come for me too?

Wife : Hello Isaac,

Isaac : Mrs. Watson, can I, can I get in, please?

Mrs. Watson : yes, of course, get in. where's John?

Isaac : They're having a fight.

Mrs. Watson : who is ?

(Door clatters)

Sherlock : for God sakes, John, I'm a case!

John : a month. That's all it took. one

Sherlock : I'm working.

John : "sherlock Holmes in drug den." How's that going to look?!

Sherlock : I'm undercover.

John : No. you are not!

Sherlock : (car tyres screech) well. I'm not now!

Mrs. Watson : in both of you, quickly!

When Sherlock and John come in the car there is someone approach them and say: please, can I come? I think I've got a broken arm.(with a with sad facial expressions and feel pain). Mrs. Watson forbade him to get into the car, but John told him get into the car. Then they went to the lab to check the condition of Sherlock

John : well? Is he clean?

Doctor : clean?? (sherlock face slapped repeatedly) how dare you throw away the beautiful gift you were born with! And how dare you betray the love of your friends! Say you're sorry.

Sherlock : sorry you engagement's over. Though I'm fairly grateful for the lack of a ring.

Doctor : Stop it. Just stop it !

John : if you were anywhere near this kind of thing again, you could have called, you could have talked to me.

Sherlock : please, do relax. This is all for a case. I might as well ask you why you've started cycling to work?

John : No, we're not playing this game.

Sherlock : quite recently, I'd say, you're very determined about it.

John : not interested.

When it someone says I am. ow! Someone intersperse the conversation between Sherlock and John. He said.... Someone guy had hit her, causing her arm sprain.

John : yeah, it was probably just an addict in need of a fix

Sherlock : yes, I think a way it was.

Then someone again intersperse the conversation between Sherlock and John. With say '' is it his shirt? Sherlock answer: I'm sorry?. Someone is named Bill

Wiggins was questioning shirt used by John. And actually it is not important.
(Then Sherlock's phone alert, one message).

Sherlock : Ah, Finally! Oh excellent news, the best. There's every chance
that my drug habit might hit the newspapers. The game is on.
Excuse me... for a second.

Sherlock : you've heard of Charles Augustus Magnussen, of course?

John : yeah. Owns some newspapers. Ones I don't read.

Sherlock : hang on, weren't there other people?

John : Mary's taking the boys home. I'm taking you, we did discuss it.

Sherlock : people were talking, none of them were me. I must have filtered.

John : I noticed

Sherlock : I have to filter out a lot of witless babble. I've got Mrs. Hudson
on semi-permanent mute. (he sighs). What is my brother doing
here?

John : so I'll just pay, the n, shall I?

Sherlock : he's straightened the knocker. He always corrects it, it's OCD,
doesn't even know he's doing it.

John : why do you do that ?

Sherlock : do what?

John : Nothing.

Sherlock meet his brother (Mycroft Holmes) who was in "speedy's sandwich bar
and café"

Mycroft : well then, Sherlock, back on the sauces?

Sherlock : what are you doing here?

John : I phoned him.

Mycroft : the siren call of old habits. How very like uncle Rudy. Thought in many ways, cross-dressing would have been a wiser path for you.

Sherlock : You phoned him.

Mycroft : Of course I bloody phoned him. Of course he bloody did. Now save me a little time-where should we be looking?

Sherlock : ‘we’?

Anderson : Mr. Holmes?

Sherlock : for God’s sake! Anderson?! Sorry, Sherlock, it’s for your own good.

Anderson’s wife: oh, that’s him, isn’t it? You said he’d be taller.

Mycroft : some members of your little fan club. Do be polite. They’re entirely trustworthy and even willing to search through the toxic waste dump that you are pleased to call a flat. You’re a celebrity these days, Sherlock. You can’t afford a drug habit.

Sherlock : I do not have a drug habit

John : hey, what happened to my chair?

Sherlock : it was blocking my view to the kitchen.

John : well, it’s good to be missed!

Sherlock ; you were gone, I saw an opportunity.

John : No you saw the kitchen.

Mycroft : what have you found so far? Clearly

Anderson : nothing. There’s nothing to find!

Mycroft : your bedroom door is shut. You haven't been home all night. So, why would a man who has never knowingly closed a door without the direct orders of his mother brother to do so on this occasion?

Sherlock : okay, stop, just stop!

Mycroft : Point made. I shall have to phone our parents, of course. In Oklahoma. It won't be the first time that your substance abuse wreaked havoc with their line dancing.

Sherlock : this not what you think. This is for a case.

Mycroft : what case could possibly justify this?

Sherlock : Magnussen. Charles Augustus Magnussen.

Mycroft : that name you think you may have just heard, you were mistaken. If you ever mention hearing that name in this room, in this context, I guarantee you, on behalf of the British Security Services, that materials will be found on your computer hard-drives, resulting in your immediate incarceration. Don't replay. Just look frightened and scuttle. i hope I won't have to threaten you as well.

John : well, I think we'd both find that embarrassing.

Mycroft : Magnussen is not your business.

Sherlock : oh, you mean he's yours?

Mycroft : You may consider him under my protection.

Sherlock : I consider you under his thumb.

Mycroft : if you go against Magnussen, then you will find yourself going against me.

Sherlock : Okay. I'll let you know if I notice. Ummmm.. what was I going to say? Oh , yeah. Bye-bye.

Mycroft : unwise, brother mine. Oughh.uugh.

Sherlock : brother mine.. don't appall me when I'm high.

John : Mycroft, don't say another word, just go. He could snap you in two and right now, I'm slightly worried that he might.. don't speak, just leave. O ohh,(with taking his stick and he clears his throat).
Eer, Magnussen?

Sherlock : what time is it?

John : about eight.

Sherlock : I'll be meeting him in three hours. I need a bath.

John : it's for a case, you say? What sort of case?

Sherlock : to big and dangerous for any sane individual to get involved in.

John : you trying to put me off?

Sherlock : God, no. trying to recruit you. And stay out of my bedroom.

Suddenly there is a woman come out from a room, she is Janine

Janine : oh, John, hi. How are you?

John : Janine

Janine : sorry, not dressed. Has everybody gone? I heard shouting.

John : Yes, they're gone.

Janine : God. Look at the time. I'll be late. It sounded like an argument.
Was it Mike?

John : Mike?

Janine : Mike, yeah. His brother, mike. They're always fighting.

John : Mycroft.

Janine : do people actually call him that? Oh could be a love and put some coffee on?

John : sure, yeah

Janine : Thanks, oOh, how is Mary? How's married life?

John : she is fine. We're both fine. Yeah.

Janine : Oh, it's over there now. Where is Sherl?

John : Sherl! Er, he's just having a bath. I'm sure he'll be out in a minute.

Janine : Oh like he ever is! Yeah.

Sherlock tells how personality Magnussen how intelligence beat everyone thought. Sherlock described like as a big scary shark, then some time there are some people who crossed into the room then check Sherlock Sherlock and John are there any weapons. Then Magunussen go into Sherlock's office room.

Sherlock : Mr. Magnussen, I have been asked to intercede with you by Lady Elizabeth Smallwood on the matter of her husband's letters. Some time ago you put pressure on her concerning those letters. She would like those letters back. Obviously, the letters no longer have any practical use to you, so with that in mind. Something I said?

Magnussen : No, no I was reading. There's rather a lot. Readbeard? Sorry, sorry, you were probably talking.

Sherlock : I.. I was trying to explain that I have been asked to act on behalf of.

Magnussen : bathroom? (Bodyguard of Magnussen say: Along from kitchen, sir?)

Sherlock : Okay. I've been asked to negotiate the return of those letters. I am aware you do not make copies of sensitive documents.

Magnussen : is it like the rest of the flat? (Bodyguard say, Sir?) The bathroom?(yes Sir.) maybe not then.

Sherlock : am I acceptable to you as an intermediary?

Magnussen : Lady Elizabeth Smallwood.. I like her.

Sherlock : Mr. Magnussen , am I acceptable to you as an intermediary?

Magnussen : she's English with a spine. Best thing about the English. You're so domesticated. All standing around, apologizing. Keeping your little heads down. You can do what you like here. No-one's ever going to stop you. A nation of herbivores.(urine trickles). I have interest all over the world but everything starts in England. If it works here (zips up trousers). I try it in a real country.

The United Kingdom, Petri dish to the Western world. Tell Lady Elizabeth I might need those letters so.. I'm keeping them..

Goodbye.

Anyway.. They're funny.(leave the room)

John : Jesus!!

Sherlock : did you notice the one extraordinary thing he did?

John : there was a moment that kind of stuck in the mind, yeah.

Sherlock : exactly. When he showed us the Letters. So, he's brought the letters to London, so no matter what he says, he's ready to make a deal. NOW, Magnussen only makes a deal once he's established a person's weaknesses, the pressure point, he calls it. So clearly he believes I'm a drug addict and no serious threat.

And of course, because he's town tonight, the letters will be in his safe his London office while he's out to dinner with the marketing group of GB from seven till ten.

John : how do you know his schedule?

Sherlock : because I do. I'll see you tonight. I've got some shopping to do.

John : what's tonight?

Sherlock : I'll text instructions.

John : yeah, I'll text you if I'm available.

Sherlock : you are, I checked. Don't bring a gun

John : why would I bring a gun?

Sherlock : or knife or tyre lever. Probably best not to do any arm-spraining. But we'll see how the night goes.

John : are you just assuming I'm coming along?

Sherlock : time you got out of the house, John. You've put on 7lbs since you married and the cycling isn't doing it.

John : it's actually 4lbs.

Sherlock : Mary and I think seven. See you later.(go into taxi)

John and Sherlock meet in the Global CM News. Look Magnussen's office on the top floor just below his privet flat and there are 14 layers of security, two of which aren't in this country, privet lift only his keycard calls the lift, then they are try to entered with use standard keycard.

John : so where did she go?

Sherlock : that's bit rude. I just proposed to her.

John : Sherlock, did she faint?

Sherlock : do they really do that?!

John : it's a blow to head. She's breathing. Janine??

Sherlock : another in here. Security

John : does he need help?

Sherlock : ex-con. White supremacist by the tattoos, so who cares? A tick with Janine. So is Magnussen. His seat's still warm. He should be at dinner, but he's still in the building.

John : Upstairs. We should call the police

Sherlock : during our own burglary? You're really not a natural at this, are you? No, wait Sssh.(Sherlock feels perfume and not Janine's).
Claire de la Lune. Why do I know it?

John : Mary wears it.

Sherlock : No, no Mary somebody else (Clanging)

Sherlock ran building were the top, it turns Magnusen kidnapped by a woman who thought Ladywood by Sherlock, it was not, and she is John's wife. She Shoot the Sherlock's chest. Sherlock remember about what has been said a doctor, Mycroft, Anderson in the speedy's sandwich bar and café. And Sherlock fall in the floor.

John : Sherlock. What happened?

Magnussen : He got shot

John : who shot him?!

Sherlock taken to the Hospital, while Sherlock certainly dead but then he gets up again. Besides that John met his wife who had been shot earlier Sherlock, but it is not known by John. Then John's wife approached Sherlock lying in hospital and say

John's Wife : Sherlock, you don't tell John. Look at me, and tell me you're not going to tell him.

Janine : I'm buying a cottage. I've made a lot of money out of you, mister. Nothing hits the spot like revenge with profits.

Sherlock : you didn't give those stories to Magunussen, did you ?

Janine : God, no. One of his rivals. He was spitting. Sherlock Holmes, you are a back- stabbing, heartless, manipulative bastard.

Sherlock : and you , as it turns out, are a grasping, opportunistic, public-hungry, tabloid whore.

Janine : so , we're good then?

Sherlock : yeah, of course. Where is the cottage?

Janine : Sussex downs.

Sherlock : Nice.

Janine : It's gorgeous. There's beehives, but I'm getting rid of those.
(Sherlock Gasps) oh, it hurts, does it?. Probably want to restart your morphine. I might have fiddled with the taps.

Sherlock : how much more revenge are you going to need?

Janine : Just the occasional top-up. Dream come true for you, this place.
They actually attach the drugs to you.

Sherlock : not good for working.

Janine : you won't be working for a while, sherl. You lied to me. You lied and lied.

Sherlock : I exploited the fact of our connection.

Janine : when? Just once would have been nice.

Sherlock : oh, I was waiting till we got married.

Janine : that was never going to happen. Got to go.(kissing) I'm not supposed to keep you talking. And also , I have an interview with the one show and I haven't made it up yet.

Just one thing... you shouldn't have lied to me. I know what kind of man you are, but we could have been friends. I'll give your love to John and Mary.

John and his friend look Sherlock in Hospital, but Sherlock come out from his room through a window.

Janine : So, where would he go ?

John : Oh, Crist knows! Try Sherlock in London.

John's friend : He's got three known bolt-holes. Parliament Hill, Camden lock and Dagmar Court.(someone call Mycroft)

Mycroft : five known bolt holes. There is the blind greenhouse in Kew Gardens and the learning tomb in Hampstead Cemetery.

Doctor : just the spare bedroom. Well my bedroom. We agreed he needs the space.

In the Sherlock's apartment

Mrs. Hudson : behind the clock face of Big Ben.

John : I think he was probably joking.

Mrs. Hudson : no, I don't think so

In other room Mary meet with Anderson and his wife

Anderson : Leister Gardens. It's his number one bolt hole. Top , top secret.

Anderson's wife: he only knows about it cos he stalked him one night. Followed, yeah.

John : he knew who shot him. The bullet wound was here, so he was facing whoever it was.

John's friend : so, why not tell us? Because he's tracking them down himself. Or protecting them. Protecting the shooter, why?

John : well protecting someone then. But why would he care? He's Sherlock.

John's friend : Who would he brother protecting?. Call me if you hear anything. Don't hold out on me, John. Call me, okay?

John : yeah, yeah, right.

John's friend : good night then.

Mrs. Hudson : Bye then. John, need a cuppa?

John : Mrs. Hudson, why does Sherlock think that I'll be moving back in here?

Mrs. Hudson : Oh, yes, he's put your chair back again, hasn't he?. That's nice. It looks much better. John, what's wrong? Tell me, John?

(Mobile buzzes) that's your phone, isn't it? It's Sherlock, John.

Sherlock. John, you have to answer it!

In the Leinster Gardens, Sherlock call Mary to meet him.

Mary : where are you?

Sherlock : can't you see me?

Mary : well, what am I looking for?

Sherlock : the lie, the lie of Leinster Gardens, hidden in plain sight. Hardly anyone notices. People live here for years and never see it. But if you are what I think you are, it will take you less than a minute. The house Mary. Look at the houses.

Mary : how did you know I'd come here?

Sherlock : I knew you'd talk to the people no-one else bother with.

Mary : Huh, I thought I was being clever.

Sherlock : you're always clever, Mary. I was relying on that. I planted the information for you to find.

Mary : Ohhh

Sherlock : 30 second.

Mary :But what am I looking at?

Sherlock : no door knobs, no letterbox. Painted windows. 23 and 24 Leinster Gardens. The empty houses. They were demolished years ago to make way for the London Underground, a vent for old steam

trains. Only the very front section of the house remains. It's just a façade. Remind you of anyone, Mary? A façade? Sorry, I never could resist a touch of drama. Do come in. it's a little cramped.

Mary : do you own this place?

Sherlock : Hmmm.. I won it in a card game with the Clarence House Cannibal. Nearly cost me my kidneys, but fortunately I had a straight flush. Quite a gambler, that woman.

Mary : what do you want Sherlock?

Sherlock : Mary Morstan was stillborn in October 1972. Her gravestone is in Chiswick cemetery, where five years ago you acquired her name and date of birth, and there after her identity. That's why you don't have friends from before that date. Need to work on your half of the church, Mary. Looking a bit thin. It's an old enough technique, known to the kinds of people who could recognize a skip code on sight. Have extraordinarily retentive memories.

Mary : You were very slow.

Sherlock : how good a shot are you?

Mary : how badly do you want to find out?

Sherlock : if I die here, my body would be found in a building with your face projected on the front of it. Even Scotland Yard could get somewhere with that. I want to know how good you are. Go on show me. The doctor's wife must be a little bit bored by now.

(Gunshot) may I see?

Mary : Huh, it's a dummy. Well I supposed that was a fairly obvious trick.

Sherlock : and yet, over a distance of six feet, you failed to make a kill shot. Enough to hospitalize me, not to kill me. That wasn't a Miss, that was surgery. I'll take the case.

Mary : What case?

Sherlock : yours. Why didn't you come to me in the first place?

Mary : because John can't ever know that I lied to him. It would break him and I would lose him forever. And Sherlock, I will never let that happen. Please understand, there is nothing in this world I would not do to stop that happening.

Sherlock : Sorry. Not that obvious a trick. Now talk and sort it out and do it quickly. Baker streets now.

Back to Sherlock's apartment

Mrs. Hudson : John, Mary. Oh, Sherlock, oh, good gracious, you look terrible!

Sherlock : get me some morphine from your kitchen, I've run out.

Mrs. Hudson : I don't have any morphine.

Sherlock : Then what exactly is the point of you ?!

Mrs. Hudson : what is going on ?

John : bloody good question.

Sherlock : the Watsons are about to have a domestic and fairly quickly I hope, because we've got work to do.

John : NO, I have a better question. Is everyone I have ever met a psychopath?

Sherlock : yes, good that we've settled that. Now we ...

John : SHUT UP! And stay shut up, because this is not funny. Not this time. I didn't say it was funny. You (Mary) what have I ever done? Hmm? My whole life, to deserve you?

Sherlock : everything

John : Sherlock, I've told you, shut up.

Sherlock : No, I mean it seriously, everything. Everything yo've ever done.
Is what you did.

John : Sherlock, one more word and you will not need morphine.

Sherlock : You were a doctor who went to war. You are a man who couldn't stay in the suburbs for more than a month without storming a crack den, beating up a junkie. Your best friend is a sociopath, who solves crimes as an alternative to getting high. That's me, by the way, hello. Even the landlady used to run a drug cartel.

Mrs. Hudson : it was my husband's cartel. Was just typing.

Sherlock : and exotic dancing.

Mrs. Hudson : Sherlock Holmes, if you've been youtubing....

Sherlock : john, you are addicted to a certain lifestyle. You are abnormally attracted to dangerous situations and people, so is truly such a surprise that the woman you fall in love with conforms to that pattern?

John : But she wasn't supposed to be like that! Why is SHE like that ?

Sherlock : because you choose her.

John : why is everything always. MY FAULT?!

Sherlock : John, listen, be calm and answer me. What is she?

John : my lying wife?

Sherlock : No, what is she?

John : and the woman who is carrying my child, who has lied to me since the day I met her.

Sherlock : no, not in this flat, not this room. Right here, right now, what is she?

John : Okay, your way. Always your way. Sit!

Mary : why?

John : because that's where they sit. The people who come in here with their stories. They're the clients, that's all you are now, Mary. You're a client. This is where you sit and talk and this is where we sit and listen. Then we decide if we want you or not.

One day in Christmas day, John and Mary talking private in living room. John showed a matches that written like a word A.G.R.A

Mary : oh, are we doing conversation today? It really is Christmas! Now, seriously, months of silence and we're going to do this now?

Sherlock : A.G.R.A, what is that?

Mary : Er.. my initials. Everything about who I was is on there. If you love me, don't read in front of me.

Sherlock : why?

Mary : because you won't love me when you've finished and I don't want to see that happen.(Watson sighs)

How much do you know already?

Sherlock : by your skill set, you are, or were, an intelligent agent, your accent is currently English, but I Suspect you are not. You are on the run from something. You've used your skills to disappear. Magnussen knows your secret, which is why you were going to kill him. And I assume you befriended Janine in order to get close to him.

Mary : Oh, you can talk!

John : oh, look at you two , you should have got married.

Mary : the stuff Magnussen has on me, I would go to prison for the rest of my life.

John : so you were going to kill him?

Mary : people like Magnussen should be killed. That is why there are people like me.

John : perfect! So that is what you were, an assassin? How could I not see that?

Mary : you did see that. And you married me. Because he is right. It is what you like.

Sherlock : so Mary, any documents that Magnussen has concerning yourself, you want extracted and returned.

Mary : why would you help me?

Sherlock : because you saved my life. What I happened on you and Magnussen..you had a problem more specially, you had a witness. What do you now? kill both us? The solution, of course, was simple kill us both and leave. However, sentiment got the better of you. One precisely calculated shot to incapacitate me. In the hope that it would buy you more time to negotiate my silence. Of course you couldn't Magnussen. On the night both us broke into the building, your own husband would become a suspect. So you calculated that Magnussen would use the fact of your involvement.

Magnussen : shouldn't you be in hospital?

Sherlock : I am in hospital this is the canteen.

Magnussen : is it?.

Sherlock : In my opinion, yes. Have a seat.

Magnussen : thank you

Sherlock : I have been thinking about you. I want to see Appledore. Where you keep all the secrets, all the files. Everything you have got on everyone. I want you to invite me.

Magnussen : what makes you think I'd be so careless?

Sherlock : oh I think you are a lot more careless than you let on.

Magnussen : am i?

Sherlock : it is the dead eyed stare that gives it away. You reading. Portable Appldore. How does it work? Built in flash drive? 4G wireless? They are ordinary spectacles.

Magnussen : yes they are. You underestimate me Mr. Holmes.

Sherlock : impress me, then. Show me Appldore.

Magnussen : everything is available for a price. Are you making mean offer?

Sherlock : a christmas present.

Magnussen : and what are you giving me for christmas, Mrs. Holmes?

Magnussen : my brother.

In the APPLIEDORE

Sherlock : I would offer you a drink, but it is BE very rare and Expensive.
Oh it was you

Magnussen : yes of course. Very hard to find a pressure point on you Mr. Holmes. The drugs thing I never believed for a moment. Anyway you wouldn't care if it was exposed, would you? But look how you care about John Watson. Your damsel in distress.

John : you put me in a fire, for leverage?!

Magnussen : oh I would never let you burn. I people standing by I am not a murderer. Unlike your wife. Let me explain how leverage works.

The entrance to my vaults. This is where I keep you all. Okay , so where are the vaults, then? The appliedore vaults are my mind palace. You know about my palaces, do not you , Sherlock?

Mycroft : sherlock Holmes and John Watson, stand away from that man.

Magnussen : here we go Mr. Holmes.

Sherlock : to clarify. Appledore vaults only exist in your mind. Nowhere else, just there?

Magnussen : they are not real, they never have been.

Mycroft : sherlock Holmes and John Watson, step away!

Magnussen : it is fine, they are harmless. I am not a villain, I have no evil plan. I am a businessman, acquiring assets you happen to be one of them. Sorry. No chance for you to be a hero this time, Mr. Holmes.

Mycroft : sherlock Holmes and John Watson, stand away from that man.

Sherlock : oh do your research. I am not a hero. I am a high functioning sociopath. Merry Christmas!

(Magnussen have shoot)

Get away from me, John! Stay well back!

Mycroft : don't fire! Do not fire on sherlock!

John : Crist, Sherlock!

Sherlock : give my love to Mary. Tell her she is safe now.

Mycroft : oooh, Sherlock. What have you done?

FINAL FADE TO BLACK