

A SLIGHT TRICK OF THE MIND

By
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Based on the novel by Mitch Cullin

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FADE IN:

1 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY (1947)

1

VERY CLOSE ON - AN INSECT

Between TWO PANES OF FOGGED GLASS. The insect buzzes, trapped. Then a CHILD'S FINGER comes into the shot and wipes away some of the condensation that has created the FOG. The FINGER taps the glass. The insect buzzes, scared.

OLDER MALE VOICE (O.S.)
You shouldn't do that.

REVEAL - A BOY (10)

He looks up, scared.

OLDER MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Tap the glass.

BOY
How'd you know I was going to?

REVEAL - SHERLOCK HOLMES

91 years old. The Holmes we might imagine, only without the "costume." He looks like a thin, ascetic Oxford don. He doesn't answer the boy's question. He just raises an eyebrow. The BOY backs away to sit with his MOTHER (30s).

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE (O.S.)
Cuckmere Haven. Cuckmere next.

Holmes stands, gets his briefcase, etc. He uses TWO CANES.

MOTHER
You must forgive my son. He loves playing with bees.

HOLMES
These aren't bees. They're wasps. Quite the other thing.

2 EXT. TRAIN STATION - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

2

Holmes opens the compartment door and exits, making his way across the platform, passing TRAVELERS and BRITISH SOLDIERS in 1940s garb. A LADY whispers excitedly to a TRAIN CLERK:

LADY
Is that him?

The Train Clerk nods.

3 EXT./INT. TAXI ON SUSSEX VILLAGE ROAD - LATER - DAY 3

A TAXI drives down this country lane lined with hedges. Holmes, in the back seat, stares out at the countryside. On the seat next to him is --

A SMALL BOX

Wrapped in paper, bound with twine and has Japanese characters printed on every side.

Holmes looks out the window to see --

HIS POV - ROWS OF GREEN HEDGES

As the taxi moves through the lane, hedges on either side.

CLOSER ON - HOLMES

Staring as if he sees --

FLASHBACK TO:

4 EXT. SHUKKEI-EN GARDEN - DAY (JAPAN, 1947) 4

TRACKING THROUGH ANOTHER ROW of HEDGES. Darker, twisted and gnarled, shrouded in an ASHEN MIST, like a half-remembered dream.

FLASHBACK ENDS

5 EXT./INT. TAXI ON SUSSEX VILLAGE ROAD -DAY 5

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

Staring as if he sees --

FLASHBACK TO:

6 EXT. ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDEN - DAY - (LONDON, 1904) 6

TRACKING THROUGH ANOTHER ROW OF HEDGES, this time evenly-cut as in a perfect sunny English garden.

FLASHBACK ENDS

7 EXT./INT. TAXI ON SUSSEX VILLAGE ROAD - DAY 7

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

As he comes out of this reverie and sees --

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

A YOUNG, HAUNTED LOOKING WOMAN

Walking along the road. She cradles a BUNDLE in her arms. Holmes turns to look at her as his taxi passes. Then the taxi turns a corner, and she's gone.

8 EXT. HOLMES' HOUSE - LATER - DAY

8

The taxi is parked outside the gate of this old stone FARMHOUSE. Woods on either side. Sedate, comfortable, not another house in sight.

9 INT. HOLMES' HOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY

9

Holmes hobbles in with the TAXI DRIVER behind carrying luggage. Holding open the door is --

MRS. MUNRO (early 30s)

Very attractive. She's the kind of girl who dressed like Betty Grable and danced the Lindy Hop with soldiers before the war. Now she's care-worn and more reserved than she'd like to be. She is Holmes' housekeeper.

HOLMES

Prodigal returns.

Holmes drops the SMALL BOX. He bends down to get it but --

ROGER (12)

Open faced and older than his years, has appeared out of nowhere and is handing the box to him. Roger wears work clothes. He looks at Holmes with awe and fear.

MRS. MUNRO

Outside, Roger, you know you're not allowed.

Roger dashes off. Holmes, unsmiling, watches him go.

MRS. MUNRO (CONT'D)

Will you be going up to your study?

But Holmes is now focused on a WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE GARDEN.

HOLMES

No, Mrs. Munro, not as yet.

MOVING SHOT -- HIS POV THROUGH THE WINDOW

An APIARY comes into view.

10 EXT. BACK GARDEN - MINUTES LATER - DAY 10

We HEAR the BUZZ of BEES as Holmes hobbles forward on his TWO CANES. When he reaches the APIARY, he is surrounded by BEES. For the first time, he seems content and at home. Holmes basks in the swarm and speaks to them, as if they are pets.

HOLMES

Yes. Home again, home again.

CAMERA FINDS -- ROGER

Watching from behind the GARDEN HEDGE.

CUT TO:

11 THE SAME. MINUTES LATER. 11

Holmes is replacing some of the apiary frames. Mrs. Munro stands at a safe distance.

HOLMES

Did we pay Mr. Healy for taking care of the apiary while I was away?

MRS. MUNRO

Yes, but he can't do it next time. His daughter's making him move in with her. Too feeble, she says. Seemed spry enough to me, though his knees do make that awful cracking sound.

Holmes has taken this news with some concern.

HOLMES

Do you have the key to the study?

12 INT. HOLMES' HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER 12

Holmes comes upstairs, carrying the SMALL BOX, and hobbles down the hall to a DOOR. Holmes unlocks the door, revealing a SHORT FLIGHT OF NARROW STEPS. Holmes looks down.

HIS POV - POWDERY WHITE FLAKES on the THIRD STEP

Holmes looks up.

HIS POV - CRACKED PLASTER of the SLANTED CEILING.

Holmes takes this in and continues up the steps to --

13 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - CONTINUOUS - DAY 13

Holmes enters his sanctum. Cluttered, dusty. Books, books, books. He goes to his desk and looks down.

HIS POV - A FLOORBOARD

He steps on it. It's soft, squeaks.

WIDER ANGLE

Holmes goes to a CLOSET DOOR, unlocks it and enters.

14 INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS - DAY 14

It's a large storage closet. The shelves are crowded with BOTTLES and JARS full of LIQUIDS, POWDERS and HONEY with labels in English, German, French and Russian.

Holmes removes these bottles and jars, and replaces them with the contents of the SMALL BOX: THREE JARS filled with a DARK GREEN LIQUID, labeled with Japanese characters.

Once he has replaced the Western tinctures with Eastern ones, Holmes takes one more item from the box: a small POTTED PLANT we will know as PRICKLY ASH. Holmes examines the Prickly Ash, making sure it has survived its journey. Then he gingerly puts it back into the box.

15 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 15

Holmes goes to his desk and picks up a dust-covered FILE labelled "THE WHOLE ART OF DETECTION." He examines the dust.

ECU - THE DUST

It's UNEVEN, as if someone sprinkled it on.

Holmes opens the file. Inside is -

ECU - PHOTO OF A WOMAN (ca. 1900)

It's a dog-eared, torn, cracked, and pasted together. Holmes stares at it a beat, then moves it aside to reveal --

ECU - A SHEET OF PAPER with a smattering of HANDWRITTEN PROSE

"Watson had married and I was alone. One day an anxious young man in newly pressed, albeit inexpensive, clothes came to our rooms. 'It is about your wife,' I said."

Below that the page is blank. Holmes puts the photo back in the file and crouches down to look at the space under the desk to see--

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

A PATCH OF THE FLOOR

It's dusty, but one area has been wiped clean.

Holmes looks out the small window under the eaves to see --

HIS POV - ROGER

Trimming the hedges. We hear the SNIP-SNIP-SNIP.

16 EXT. GARDEN -MOMENTS LATER

16

Roger is trimming away. Holmes appears above him.

HOLMES

You were in my study.

Roger stops and looks up, terrified.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Your mother swept the steps the day I left for Japan. Today the steps had plaster on them. Someone stepped on a plank above, the plank dislodged the plaster, the plaster fell to the step.

Mrs. Munro comes out of the house with a glass of water. She can see something's wrong.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

You read my manuscript. When you closed the file, you realized the dust had been brushed off, so you crawled under the desk and retrieved a handful to sprinkle over the cover, as if it had been untouched since my leaving.

Roger looks at his mother, terrified. Mrs. Munro is speechless, unable to offer defense.

ROGER

It could've been--

HOLMES

It could have been someone else, yes, but not your mother, nor anyone larger than you. Can't fit under the desk.

Roger hangs his head.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

You are not permitted in the house.

Roger nods "yes." Holmes turns to Mrs. Munro.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES (CONT'D)

I have expectations of privacy. They must be respected. Is that understood?

MRS. MUNRO

Yes, sir.

Holmes walks o.s. Roger, near tears, returns to his work. Mrs. Munro looks like she might go to comfort him, but she doesn't. She places the water near enough so he'll know it's there. Then she senses something and turns to look at --

THE WOODS

There's a rustling in the trees. A shadow? A person..?

Across the garden, Holmes is just about to enter the house when he turns and sees Mrs. Munro moving towards the woods. His interest is piqued.

WE FOLLOW HOLMES as he follows Mrs. Munro. They both stop at the edge of the woods where they see --

THE WOMAN

Who was on the road in the red shawl. She carries the BUNDLE in her arms. She's in the thick of the woods, swaying, dazed and wide-eyed. She speaks in a rasp.

WOMAN

I need to know.

HOLMES

I beg your pardon?

WOMAN

I need to know why.

The Woman holds up the bundle. We now see it is --

A DEAD CHILD

Wrapped in the bundle. No older than six months.

The Woman holds out the child to Holmes, eyes pleading.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You're Sherlock Holmes.

CUT TO:

17 THE SAME. LATER.

17

INSPECTOR GILBERT (50s) of the local constabulary stands with Holmes as they watch a YOUNG CONSTABLE lead the Woman to a Police Car. An OLDER CONSTABLE carries the dead child.

INSPECTOR GILBERT
Been dead long, do you think?

HOLMES
A week at most. I'd check the local graveyards.
(off GILBERT's look)
The mother's nails. She'd been digging.

INSPECTOR GILBERT
Did the boy see?

Holmes stares, not sure what the inspector means.

INSPECTOR GILBERT (CONT'D)
Your housekeeper's son.

HOLMES
Oh. No.

INSPECTOR GILBERT
Had enough death in that family, I should think. They getting on well with you?

HOLMES
I don't seem to be able to keep a housekeeper more than a year or so. My habits.

They see the Young Constable tries not to look at the child.

INSPECTOR GILBERT
Some never get used to being 'round the dead. I expect you've seen your share.

Holmes knows Inspector Gilbert is fishing for an anecdote, but he doesn't bite. Inspector Gilbert goes on.

INSPECTOR GILBERT (CONT'D)
Dead child, though, hard to get used to that. Seen many of those, have you?

HOLMES
Yes. But it is unwise to think of them as children.

Inspector Gilbert takes in this odd response.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

INSPECTOR GILBERT
Hear you've been abroad. Japan?

HOLMES
I was in Hiroshima.

INSPECTOR GILBERT
Where they dropped the bomb. Bad, was it?

HOLMES
Yes.

INSPECTOR GILBERT
..Good.

Holmes starts to respond, but Inspector Gilbert is already getting into the car. Holmes watches it go down the lane.

The incident has unnerved Holmes. He starts back to the house. As he does, he sees Roger still working on the hedge. Assuming he's not being watched, Holmes creeps off to --

18 EXT. A SMALL COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS - DAY 18

The cottage is situated between the woods and the garden. Holmes uses his two canes to move swiftly through the rows of vegetables to the cottage door, opens it and sneaks in.

19 INT. THE COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS - DAY 19

Holmes looks inside the tiny kitchen/sitting room. There's a small FLIGHT of STEPS. Holmes goes up them.

20 INT. THE COTTAGE - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY 20

Holmes ducks his head under the eaves and peers through the open door of Mrs. Munro's bedroom. Small, austere, a bed for one. Then he turns to see Roger's CLOSED BEDROOM DOOR.

21 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY 21

Holmes opens the door. It's a boy's bedroom, but with all the books, papers and curios, it has the feel of a mature mind (it resembles Holmes' study). On the desk is a MAGNIFYING GLASS. On the night stand are -

TWO PHOTOS OF A MAN

One shows the man in swim trunks holding the hand of a TODDLER (Roger). The other is a studio portrait of the same man in a BRITISH MILITARY UNIFORM. A FLYING CROSS has been draped over the frame, like funeral crepe. And on a shelf are --

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF SHERLOCK HOLMES STORIES AND NOVELS

Holmes is surprised and unaccountably moved.

22 INT. HOLMES' DINING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

22

Holmes sits at the table, staring out the window at Roger, who is walking towards the cottage. Mrs. Munro places a GRAY STEW in front of Holmes. She is about to spoon some honey into his tea when he covers the cup with his hand.

MRS. MUNRO
(confused)
It's the Royal Jelly.

HOLMES
We won't be using Royal Jelly anymore.

Holmes places a jar of the DARK GREEN LIQUID on the table.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
We'll be using this from now on.

Mrs. Munro frowns at the jar and its Japanese label.

MRS. MUNRO
What is it?

HOLMES
It's called Prickly Ash. Add it in as
you would the jelly. In tea, in coffee.
(re: the gray stew)
All your "specialities."

MRS. MUNRO
Yes, sir.

Holmes hands her a LIST.

HOLMES
I'll need you to get some supplies from
the chemists this afternoon. I want to
get a start first thing in the morning.

MRS. MUNRO
Just as simple to telephone.

HOLMES
Take it in person. So there's no
confusion.

23 EXT. HOLMES' HOUSE - FRONT LANE - LATER - DAY 23

Mrs. Munro trundles off down the lane. We see Holmes watching her from a window. When she's disappeared from his view, he moves out of ours.

24 EXT. BACK GARDEN - MINUTES LATER - DAY 24

Roger is putting cut shrubbery into a basket when Holmes appears above him again. He now holds the FILE.

HOLMES
Why did you do it?

ROGER
..Sir?

HOLMES
Break into my study. My study is my
sanctum sanctorum.
(off Roger's blank stare)
Private place.

Roger swallows. Then he gathers his courage to say:

ROGER
Why did you go into my bedroom?

Holmes' moral authority crumbles. He's intrigued now, too.

HOLMES
Tell me how you knew.

Roger indicates Holmes' MUD-TIPPED CANES.

ROGER
Your sticks. Two holes each every few
steps through the kitchen garden, then
double the holes coming back.

Holmes realizes he's been caught. He hedges.

HOLMES
I could've been in your mother's room.

ROGER
Why would you go into my mother's room?

Roger has a point. Holmes sits on a tree stump.

HOLMES
Right. You first. Why?

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

Before you went to Japan, I saw you writing that story. I wanted to read it. It's a new one, isn't it?

HOLMES

New story, old case.

ROGER

I didn't know you wrote stories. I thought --

HOLMES

Watson, yes, he was the writer.

ROGER

Well, so, I borrowed mum's key and went in your study, and there it was. I only read what you wrote to where you stopped, which wasn't much.

Holmes fumes at Roger's mention of his low-output.

ROGER (CONT'D)

It was at a good part, though. A man comes to Baker Street, sits down, you say, "You've come about your wife." You did that thing you do.

HOLMES

What's that?

ROGER

(aping Holmes)

"The cane has dog's teeth marks on it, the wood is from an island southwest of Madeira..." That.

HOLMES

How do you think I knew it was about his wife?

Holmes hands Roger the file. Roger realizes it's a test.

ROGER

(reads)

"One day an anxious young man in newly pressed, albeit inexpensive, clothes came to our rooms in Baker Street."

(thinks)

He wears a wedding ring?

HOLMES

No.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

ROGER

He uses a phrase like "our house?"

HOLMES

No, all the clues are on the page.

Roger is flummoxed. Then he looks like he's on to something.

ROGER

His clothes are freshly pressed.

HOLMES

Yes.

ROGER

He's a young man, though, not expensive clothes.

Holmes nods (the boy's nearly got it).

ROGER (CONT'D)

Then his wife must press them. Men don't have the talent, and he can't afford a servant to do so.

HOLMES

Very good.

ROGER

That's how you knew it was about the wife?

HOLMES

No.

Roger is perplexed. Holmes speaks with world weary wisdom.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

When you're a detective and a man comes, it's usually about his wife.

Roger stares up at Holmes, not quite comprehending the mysteries of love and marriage.

ROGER

So... why *did* you stop where you did?

At which point Mrs. Munro comes out of the house and stops in her tracks, perplexed to see Roger and Holmes together. Holmes and Roger exchange a conspiratorial look. Holmes reverts to his usual form and turns to Mrs. Munro.

HOLMES

Did you get the things from the chemists?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. MUNRO

Most of it's on order. By end of the week, they said.

HOLMES

We'll hold them to that.

MRS. MUNRO

Oh, and the doctor's here.

Holmes doesn't look pleased at this news.

25 INT. HOLMES'S BEDROOM - LATER - DAY

25

DR. BARRIE (40), a good-looking local physician, is examining Holmes with a stethoscope. Holmes is breathing for him.

DR. BARRIE

Did you catch cold in Japan?

HOLMES

Do I sound it?

DR. BARRIE

Thought you might be on the tail end of something. Lost weight, as well.

(stands back, appraises Holmes)

So. Did you find what you were looking for? The mysterious ashy prick?

HOLMES

Prickly Ash.

DR. BARRIE

Yes, sorry. That *is* why the fellow invited you out there, wasn't it? Dig up a pile of the stuff and smuggle it home?

HOLMES

It can't interfere with anything you've prescribed. Surely it can't do me *ill*.

DR. BARRIE

In and of itself, no.

HOLMES

You mean there could be side effects?

DR. BARRIE

Yes.

HOLMES

Such as?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

DR. BARRIE

Hope.

Holmes' face flushes a deep red. Dr. Barrie gets serious.

DR. BARRIE (CONT'D)

The trip took a lot out of you. What's so important that you had to go to the ends of the earth and look for all manner of mumbo-jumbo to make it right?

HOLMES

There's nothing to discuss.

DR. BARRIE

(after a beat)

What was the name of the fellow who invited you to Japan?

Holmes realizes this is a test. A long moment passes.

DR. BARRIE (CONT'D)

You spent a week with the man. You corresponded with him for months. Do you recall his name?

Holmes still can't answer. Dr. Barrie nods at Holmes' wrist.

DR. BARRIE (CONT'D)

How'd you get that?

CLOSE-UP - HOLMES' WRIST

There's a large, ugly bruise on it.

Holmes looks at his wrist, but he comes up empty again. Dr. Barrie sits on a chair, closer to him.

DR. BARRIE (CONT'D)

There's a flat gone to let adjacent to my surgery --

HOLMES

No.

DR. BARRIE

You're forgetting more and more. Now you're injuring yourself and you can't say why. What happens the day you don't recall where the telephone is, or you forget to turn off the gas? You can't live alone, not as you are.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMES

I *don't* live alone. I have my housekeeper. And there's Mr. Healy to look after the bees.

Holmes' lie is not convincing. Dr. Barrie takes a small BLACK BOOK out of his doctor's bag and hands it to Holmes.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

What's this?

DR. BARRIE

A diary. Every day, each time you can't recall a name or place or a particular occurrence doesn't come to you within a minute or so, make a mark on the page for that day's date. Today, for example, you'd make two marks.

HOLMES

Two?

DR. BARRIE

One mark for the name you forgot. A second for the bruise you don't recall.

Holmes flips through the diary, then says (deadpan):

HOLMES

What if I forget to make the mark?

26 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - LATER THAT DAY - DUSK

26

CLOSE ON - THE DIARY

A BLANK PAGE for "MAY 9, 1947." A PEN enters the shot and draws one small dot. Then it draws a second dot.

WIDER ANGLE

Holmes stares at the diary for a moment, then closes it. He looks down at the bruise on his wrist. He rubs it a few times, then notices something on his shirt cuff.

ECU - HIS RIGHT SHIRT CUFF

A name is written on it in smudged handwriting: **UMEZAKI.**

FLASHBACK TO:

27 EXT. KOBE TRAIN STATION - DAY (JAPAN, 1947) 3 WEEKS EARLIER 27

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

Walking from a train with his luggage.

WIDEN THE SHOT TO SEE

Holmes looms over the MUCH SHORTER JAPANESE TRAVELERS as he makes his way through the crowded platform. He stops and looks around. He looks lost and confused. Then WE HEAR:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Holmes?

Holmes turns to see --

A JAPANESE GENTLEMAN (50s), small, dapper in a 1920s Savile Row suit, bowler hat and umbrella. Holmes stares at the man, at a loss. The man bows.

UMEZAKI

Tamiki Umezaki.

28 EXT. STREETS OF KOBE - MINUTES LATER - DAY 28

Holmes and Umezaki ride in an OPEN TAXI through the city.

UMEZAKI

We shall spend the night at my house.
Tomorrow we begin our search.

29 EXT. UMEZAKI'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT 29

A two-story, red-brick Victorian house. It's very English in style and doesn't match the low-slung, traditional Japanese houses on either side. Lights glow inside.

30 INT. UMEZAKI'S HOUSE - HOLMES' BEDROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT 30

CLOSE ON - HOLMES' SHIRT CUFF

As his pencil writes **UMEZAKI** on the cuff.

WIDER ANGLE

Satisfied with his "cheat-cuff," Holmes puts on his dinner jacket, pulls its sleeve over the cuff and exits the room.

31 INT. UMEZAKI'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

31

CLOSE ON - A BOOK

"The Value of Royal Jelly with Further Comment Upon the Health Benefits of Prickly Ash" by Sherlock Holmes.

UMEZAKI (O.S.)

I purchased my copy when it first
appeared in print.

WIDER ANGLE

The dining room is an approximation of an English one down to the table, chairs and prints on the wall. MAYA (70s), a small Japanese woman, serves coffee. Umezaki holds the book.

UMEZAKI (CONT'D)

I hope you'll do me the honor of a
personal inscription.

HOLMES

Yes, of course.

(beat; glances at his cuff)

Mr. Umezaki, how close to the city does
the Prickly Ash grow?

UMEZAKI

The *Hire Sansho*?

HOLMES

Yes.

UMEZAKI

I fear it no longer flourishes in an
urban environment. It is found mostly
near the sea.

HOLMES

(frowns)

How far will we have to go?

UMEZAKI

Where I am thinking is two days' journey
by train.

Holmes' expression betrays his anxiety. Umezaki notices.

UMEZAKI (CONT'D)

You are very eager?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

I'm in the middle of a project I'm keen to finish, and my wits must be at their sharpest. I want to be able to benefit from the effects of the Prickly Ash as soon as possible.

UMEZAKI

It is an urgent matter?

HOLMES

I fear so.

Maya looks at Umezaki as if asking for permission. Umezaki nods. Maya leans forward to Holmes.

MAYA

You are very great detective.

HOLMES

(taken aback)

..Thank you.

Maya smiles at Holmes, then whispers to Umezaki in Japanese.

MAYA

Holmes sees that Umezaki is embarrassed by the question.

UMEZAKI

My mother wonders if you have brought your famous hat. The deerstalker.

HOLMES

The deerstalker was an embellishment of an illustrator. I've never worn them.

UMEZAKI

And the pipe?

HOLMES

I prefer a cigar. I once told John I was going to write a Holmes story myself to correct all the misconceptions.

UMEZAKI

And did you? Write such a story?

Holmes hesitates.

HOLMES

That's what I'm trying to do now.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

Umezaki nods, then turns to Maya and explains.

UMEZAKI

Maya looks disappointed.

HOLMES

What did you tell her?

UMEZAKI

I said you left the hat at home.

32 EXT./INT. TRAIN - THE NEXT MORNING

32

The train chugs along the coastline. Holmes and Umezaki sit together in a passenger car. Between them is "*The Value of Royal Jelly and Prickly Ash*."

UMEZAKI

Do you have a favorite among the Watson books?

HOLMES

I never read them.

UMEZAKI

(shocked)

Did Watson not wish to know your opinion?

HOLMES

He had my blessing. By the way, I never called him "Watson," simply John. I'm given to believe he made us seem infallible. In truth I bungled a number of cases, but he never wrote about those.

UMEZAKI

Who wants to read about the failures? Although one thing that did always seem to me less than credible was your character's ability to draw definite conclusions from the most tenuous of observations. Surely that was not something you could do at will.

Holmes knows Umezaki wants to be dazzled. Holmes obliges.

HOLMES

Your command of English suggests an education abroad. Your house and its contents bespeak an affection for all things English.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Hence, I would surmise your father was a diplomat or businessman who traveled extensively and had a preference for the West. Your clothes suggest a studied approach in matters of style, not to mention expensive tastes, but I suspect the fortunes of your family have fallen since the death of your parents, for how else may one explain the dated cut of your suit and the indications of repairs made to both your bowler and your umbrella.

Umezaki shows no reaction. Holmes appears smug and confident.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Have I made any errors?

UMEZAKI

Just the one. My mother. She is not dead.

HOLMES

(surprised)

Oh?

UMEZAKI

You met her last night at dinner.

Holmes turns red, embarrassed that he forgot. He hurries to cover over his mistake.

HOLMES

Yes, of course, terribly sorry.
(hoping he hasn't made another gaffe)
But your father..?

UMEZAKI

He is long gone.

Just then the train jostles, and the book falls to the floor. As Holmes picks it up, the cover opens.

INSERT - INSIDE COVER

There are traces of GLUE on it.

RESUME SCENE

Holmes, his suspicions further raised, quickly closes the book and puts it back on the seat.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

33 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - TWILIGHT

33

Holmes is still staring at the faded, smudged **UMEZAKI** on his *shirt cuff*. We HEAR A BUOY out to sea. Holmes picks up the file and opens it to look at --

INSERT - PHOTO OF THE WOMAN

Holmes speaks softly, as if addressing the Woman.

HOLMES (O.S.)
I must finish before I die.

RESUME SCENE

Holmes closes his eyes and murmurs to jump-start his memory.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
You've come about your wife.

FLASHBACK TO:

34 INT. BAKER STREET - CONSULTING ROOM - DAY (LONDON, 1904)

34

CLOSE-UP - HOLMES

Still the 91 year-old we have met. FRAMED IN WHITE.

HOLMES
You've come about your wife.

FLASHBACK ENDS

35 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - NIGHT

35

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

His eyes closed.

HOLMES
You've come--

FLASHBACK TO:

36 INT. BAKER STREET - CONSULTING ROOM - DAY (LONDON, 1904)

36

CLOSE UP - HOLMES

Now 50 years old, forty years younger. FRAMED IN WHITE.

HOLMES
You've come about your wife.

FLASHBACK ENDS

37 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - NIGHT 37

Holmes has remembered. Energized, he grabs up his pen.

38 EXT. HOLMES ATTIC STUDY WINDOW - SAME TIME - NIGHT 38

We peer in at Holmes as he writes with energy and speed. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to watch him a distance.

39 EXT. GARDEN - THE NEXT MORNING 39

Roger is watering flowers with a RED WATERING CAN. He looks up to see Holmes holding the FILE (now thicker) in his hand. Holmes drops the file in front of Roger.

HOLMES

See me after lunch. Want to get some help with the bees.

ROGER

Yes, sir.

Roger waits until Holmes has gone o.s., then grabs up the file and opens it. Inside are many more pages of the story.

CLOSE ON - THE FIRST PAGE

"You've come about your wife."

HOLMES (V.O.)

You've come about your wife.

FLASHBACK TO:

40 INT. BAKER STREET - CONSULTING ROOM - DAY (LONDON, 1904) 40

THOMAS KELMOT (30), a conventional-looking businessman, is just putting one of Holmes' cards into his vest pocket.

KELMOT

How did you know?

Now we see HOLMES (50) standing opposite, at the mantle.

HOLMES

Doesn't matter. Tell me what you've come to say.

KELMOT

My wife's name is Ann. In the two years we've been married Ann has twice carried a child to labor and twice the child has been born dead. The doctor told us it was too dangerous to try again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

KELMOT (CONT'D)

Naturally Ann was distraught. I thought a hobby might assuage her melancholy. She likes music, so I suggested the Armonica.

HOLMES

The glass Armonica?

KELMOT

My father owned one. He died last year, an unpleasant end. At any rate, I made arrangements to have Ann given lessons. A month's worth, one hour a week. When the month was up, Ann told me she wished to increase her lessons to twice a week. Then three. Then every day.

HOLMES

So she took up the avocation you had hoped for. Why are you *here*, Mr. Kelmot?

KELMOT

Mr. Holmes, my Ann has changed. And it isn't just the increase in lessons or her obsession with the instrument. One night recently, as I came up the steps to the room where Ann practices, I heard voices. And I realized it was Ann saying, "I'm here, Grace. James, I'm coming..."

Kelmot stops, his eyes filled with tears.

HOLMES

Grace and James were to be the names of your children. There is no need for emotion, Mr. Kelmot.

KELMOT

I'm sorry.

(controls his emotions)

When I told Ann I'd heard her, she denied it to my face. So I forbade her go to her lessons. The teacher is a woman - calls herself Madame Schirmer - a person of dangerous beliefs.

HOLMES

The dangerous beliefs of a music teacher?

KELMOT

She's put some sort of spell on Ann, I'm sure of it. Ann's mother died last year, and there is an inheritance to consider.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

So you think Madame Schirmer has designs on it and is using your wife's weak frame of mind to prey upon her.

KELMOT

There's no other explanation.

HOLMES

Has your wife obeyed your instructions not to return to Madame Schirmer?

KELMOT

I followed her there just yesterday. Even on the pavement below I could hear her playing. Naturally I went inside, but when the Schirmer woman appeared, she said, "Your wife is not here, Herr Kelmot" - she's German - "Your wife is my student no more!" That night I confronted Ann about the occurrence. She said she hadn't been to Madame Schirmer's that day.

HOLMES

She lied.

KELMOT

It is impossible for Ann to lie.

HOLMES

Do you have a portrait of your wife?

KELMOT

Yes, certainly.

Kelmot fishes out a SMALL PHOTO and passes it to Holmes.

INSERT - THE PHOTO

ANN KELMOT (27). It's the new version of the photo we saw before. Holmes is immediately drawn to her.

HOLMES

Mr. Kelmot, I shall take this case, provided you answer one last question.

KELMOT

Certainly.

HOLMES

What perfume does your wife wear?

FLASHBACK ENDS

41 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

41

ECU - The words **"What perfume does your wife wear?"**

WIDER ANGLE REVEALS

Roger is in bed, reading this cliffhanger line. He is rapt, eyes wide. Mrs. Munro appears at his door.

MRS. MUNRO
Here now, it's late. Lights out like
it's the blitz.

Roger pulls the blanket over his head. Mrs. Munro laughs and pulls back the blanket. Roger smiles. She smooths his hair and looks at the photos of his father.

MRS. MUNRO (CONT'D)
Do you remember your dad?

ROGER
I remember him holding my hand and taking
me to the shore.

MRS. MUNRO
You're not remembering, that's in the
picture. Do you remember invisible
stories?

Roger furrows his brow. Something rings a bell.

MRS. MUNRO (CONT'D)
Your dad would read to you at bedtime,
from books mostly, but sometimes he'd run
out and have to make up stories on the
spot. He'd say, "Give me three things."
And you'd say, "A ball, a cat and Roger."
So your dad would make up some tale about
a ball that had a pet cat named Roger.

Roger laughs. Mrs. Munro laughs, too.

MRS. MUNRO (CONT'D)
It was always "a something, a something
and Roger."
(beat)
You don't remember any of the invisible
stories?

Roger shakes his head, now aware how momentous their loss is.

ROGER
Do you?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

MRS. MUNRO

I was never any good at stories.

Mrs. Munro fluffs Roger's hair, so he doesn't so much look like his father. She exits, closing the door behind her. Then Roger creeps out of bed and goes to the window.

HIS POV - HOLMES' HOUSE

A LIGHT burns in the ATTIC WINDOW.

42 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - SAME TIME - NIGHT

42

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON - THE CLOSET

We can see Holmes inside, transplanting seeds from the Prickly Ash plant into 6 CLAY POTS filled with soil.

43 EXT. THE APIARY - THE NEXT MORNING

43

Holmes hands Roger a BEEKEEPER'S HAT and GLOVES.

HOLMES

The first thing to know is that there is no danger. They have no interest in harming you. Self preservation is their only concern.

ROGER

From people?

HOLMES

They're much too smart for people. Their enemies are weather, disease and predators. The wasp is their particular antagonist. Wasps can ruin a colony, wipe it out.

ROGER

How?

HOLMES

They crush them with their mandibles. One wasp can kill forty honeybees in a minute. In consequence, we do not like wasps.

ROGER

Have you ever been bitten by a bee?

HOLMES

Stung. Bees don't have teeth. Yes. I have been.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

ROGER
Not often, though.

HOLMES
7816 times. I keep a record.

CUT TO:

44 THE SAME. MINUTES LATER.

44

Roger is now wearing the HAT and GLOVES with a NET covering his face. Holmes is not. He points at a HIVE.

HOLMES
The Queen runs the colony. The Drones service the Queen. And the Workers do the work. Rather like London.

CUT TO:

45 THE SAME. MINUTES LATER.

45

Roger is using the SMOKER to stun the bees. He turns to Holmes as if to ask: "Am I doing it right?"

HOLMES
Not entirely dreadful.

Roger smiles (that's high praise).

Mrs. Munro comes outside with a tea tray. She sees Roger with the smoker and tries to disguise her panic.

MRS. MUNRO
Roger's helping with the bees? Is that --

Holmes looks at her. She was going to say "wise" or "a good idea" but his expression makes her change gears.

MRS. MUNRO (CONT'D)
-- all right with you?

HOLMES
I asked him to help.

MRS. MUNRO
You ever been bit?

HOLMES
(lies)
No.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

MRS. MUNRO

Well. People work with bees all the time, don't they? Beekeepers and... Well, that's probably it, isn't it, beekeepers, it's not a large field.

Roger drops the smoker. As he hurries to pick it up, his hat falls off. He grabs for the hat, trips and falls. Mrs. Munro reacts, ready to rush to him. But Roger manages to grab up the smoker, get the hat back on and stand up again. He waves to her.

Mrs. Munro manages a weak smile in return.

46 INT. GARDEN SHED - LATER THAT MORNING

46

Holmes is putting some tools away. Roger is looking at some empty jars which are now being used to store nails and other items. Their labels read "ROYAL JELLY."

ROGER

What's Royal Jelly?

HOLMES

Jelly's just another name for honey. But it's royal because...?

ROGER

It comes from the Queen?

HOLMES

Bravo. It is, in part, about the jelly's curative powers that I wrote my book.

He points at an OLD BOOK on a shelf. Roger reads its title.

ROGER

"The Value of Royal Jelly with Further Comment Upon the Health Benefits of Prickly Ash." What's that?

HOLMES

Prickly Ash, in Japanese *Hire Sansho*, is the common name for *Zanthoxylum piperitum*.

ROGER

What's it do?

HOLMES

It's used to treat various degenerative diseases. Anemia, circulatory conditions, rheumatoid arthritis, and..what's it called...senility.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

Roger just stares at him. Holmes says drily:

HOLMES (CONT'D)
That was a witticism.

Roger tries to smile like he gets it (he doesn't).

HOLMES (CONT'D)
The newest research suggests that Prickly
Ash has far more promising curative
powers than Royal Jelly. Henceforth,
Prickly Ash is all that we shall use.
(hands Roger the book)
Read the book, if you like. It's much
more thrilling than the Watson stories.

ROGER
I'm sure, sir.
(beat)
Will you write more?

Holmes stares at Roger, not knowing what he means.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Of the story about the man and his wife.

HOLMES
Oh. As it comes.

ROGER
Isn't it real?

HOLMES
Of course it's real. Fiction is
worthless.

ROGER
So, the place you stopped at... Why did
you want to know the wife's perfume?

FLASHBACK TO:

47 INT. BAKER STREET - BACK ROOM - DAY (LONDON, 1904) 47

MOVING DOWN THE HALL with Holmes (50s) towards a CLOSET.

HOLMES (V.O.)
Cameo Rose, is it?

Holmes opens the closet. Inside are DOZENS OF PERFUME
BOTTLES, MISTERS, etc.

KELMOT (V.O.)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

Holmes finds a BOTTLE OF CAMEO ROSE. Sprays some in the air. Sniffs. He's got it.

HOLMES (V.O.)
Always leaves a trace.

48 EXT. EATON SQUARE - DAY (LONDON, 1904) 48

ANN KELMOT (27), red hair, very pale, wearing gloves and carrying a parasol and purse, comes down the steps of her house and starts off down the street. A moment later, we see Holmes (50) following from a discreet distance.

49 EXT. PORTMAN'S BOOKSELLER'S - LATER THAT DAY (1904) 49

Ann enters the shop. A moment later, Holmes enters.

50 INT. PORTMAN'S BOOKSELLERS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (1904) 50

A BOOKSELLER putters as Holmes enters. Ann is nowhere to be seen. Holmes pretends to browse books. His eyes rest on --

A FRAMED MAP OF THE PACIFIC

Holmes sees HIS REFLECTION in the GLASS. Suddenly a FLASH of WHITE LIGHT hits the glass, almost blinding Holmes.

Holmes looks to see where the light came from. He sees no sign of its source. Then he looks at --

AN OIL LAMP WITH DANGLING BOBECHES

The *bobeche*s are still. Then, almost imperceptibly, they start to vibrate. An accompanying TONE EMANATES from above. He looks behind a shelf to see --

A FLIGHT OF STEPS AND A SIGN

"MADAME SCHIRMER, ARMONICIST"

WE FOLLOW HOLMES

As he goes up the steps. The MUSIC playing above is haunting and strange. He reaches the DOOR at the top of the steps and listens. The music ends and WE HEAR--

MADAME SCHIRMER (O.S.)
Excellent, my dear. That was the very
best you have performed.

Holmes suddenly senses someone at his side. He turns to find Kelmot behind him, on the steps, trembling with rage.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

KELMOT

She's in there, isn't she?

(pounds on the door)

I want to see my wife!

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN TO REVEAL -

MADAME SCHIRMER (60s), imposing and Germanic, fierce in repose and furious now.

MADAME SCHIRMER

Mr. Kelmot. You come again, I tell you I call the metropolitan police.

KELMOT

This is a detective!

MADAME SCHIRMER

Oh, yes? His badge please?

KELMOT

His name, Madame Schirmer, is Mr. Sherlock Holmes!

MADAME SCHIRMER`

(peruses Holmes)

No. I have seen Sherlock Holmes in the magazines. He was tall with the nose and the pipe. It was never this person.

KELMOT

I want my wife!

MADAME SCHIRMER

She is not here.

KELMOT

You said that last time!

MADAME SCHIRMER

You challenge my truth?

HOLMES

Madame, my friend here is in such a state that he cannot restrain his passions. If allowed entry I will take responsibility.

Madame Schirmer narrows her eyes. Then she swings the door open wide and stands aside as Holmes and Kelmot enter.

51 INT. MADAME SCHIRMER'S PARLOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY (1904) 51

A small parlor, heavily draped, cluttered and dominating it all a large GLASS ARMONICA. Standing in front of it is --

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

A BOY (10), short, pudgy and frightened.

MADAME SCHIRMER

This is Oswald. Oswald, my dear, it is a wish to know if you are this man's wife.

OSWALD

..No.

MADAME SCHIRMER

Of course you could be in disguise.

OSWALD

I don't think so.

Kelmot strides to the only other DOOR and opens it.

MADAME SCHIRMER

I believe you English call it a Water Closet.

Kelmot glares. He slams the door, then exits down the steps.

HOLMES

You must forgive him. He is distraught.

MADAME SCHIRMER

He is a fool.

HOLMES

(nods at the Armonica)

The Armonica has often been called an instrument of the black arts. It is said the tones can whisper to the dead.

MADAME SCHIRMER

Surely you don't believe such things.

HOLMES

Not *I*, no.

MADAME SCHIRMER

You knew the wife wasn't here.

HOLMES

Yes. Oswald does not wear her scent.

Holmes exits downstairs. Madame Schirmer calls after him.

MADAME SCHIRMER

You are still not Sherlock Holmes!

52 INT. PORTMAN'S BOOKSELLERS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (1904) 52

Holmes finds Kelmot in the book shop below.

HOLMES
You shouldn't have followed me.

KELMOT
She was there!

HOLMES
She wasn't.

KELMOT
We saw her come in! Are you blind, man?!

Kelmot storms out the door. Holmes looks at the FRAMED MAP again. An idea strikes him. He turns to the Bookseller.

HOLMES
Have you a back entrance?

53 INT. PORTMAN'S BOOKSELLERS - REAR HALL - MOMENTS LATER (1904) 53

Holmes moves towards a REAR DOOR with FROSTED GLASS. SUN filters through. As Holmes opens it, he is bathed in BRIGHT SUNLIGHT. He squints. He looks behind him to see--

HOLMES' POV - THE FRAMED MAP

In the distance, seen between the rows of bookshelves as SUNLIGHT BOUNCES off its glass.

Holmes turns to the now open door to see --

HIS POV - A BACK GARDEN

Walled. The SUN is ABNORMALLY BRIGHT. And at the end of the garden is a GATE leading out to a street.

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

He smiles, energized by the hunt.

HOLMES
The game's afoot.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

54 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 54

ECU - *"The game's afoot."*

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

WIDER ANGLE

Roger is in bed, asleep, the pages of the story on his chest. A SHADOW passes over him, and we see Mrs. Munro standing above him. She picks up a page and looks at it, concerned.

55 EXT. GARDEN - THE NEXT MORNING

55

Roger and Holmes repair a section of the apiary.

ROGER

Why did you take up beekeeping?

HOLMES

It was when I retired. Didn't know a thing about bees so I took them up for the challenge.

ROGER

My father had a book of bees. I found it in with his things when we moved. He's who had your stories.

HOLMES

When he was a boy, I assume.

ROGER

I think they belonged to my grandfather. When he was a boy. Did your father have a lot of books?

HOLMES

Thousands. My father had a very wide range of interests. I used to spend a lot of time in bed, ill. To pass the hours he gave me books. One was on fencing.

ROGER

Swords?

HOLMES

In French. I wasn't even able to walk at the time, couldn't fathom why he thought I would be comforted by it. But it did prompt me to learn once I was well.

ROGER

Were you good?

HOLMES

I was, actually. Of course, my father was a champion.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

ROGER

My father liked cricket. That's what my mother says. She's always telling me things I should remember about him. "Your dad'd take you to the shore," or "When you'd cry in your crib, your dad'd put his finger in your mouth so you'd fall asleep, only he couldn't take it out again 'cause he was afraid you'd wake up."

HOLMES

Sucking as pacification. Just like a pipe. Did it work, the finger in mouth?

ROGER

I don't remember.

HOLMES

Hm. I'll find you the fencing book.

ROGER

We can have duels.

HOLMES

Yes, well, I assure you you'll win.

56 EXT. HOLMES' HOUSE - FRONT GATE - LATER THAT DAY

56

A delivery truck is just pulling away from the house.

57 INT. HOLMES' HOUSE - LIBRARY - SAME TIME - DAY

57

Holmes is preoccupied by a search for the book when Mrs. Munro appears at the doorway with a cup of tea.

MRS. MUNRO

I brought your tea.

HOLMES

Did you add in the Prickly Ash?

MRS. MUNRO

Yes, sir.

Mrs. Munro hands Holmes the cup. He sips the tea as he continues his search. Mrs. Munro lingers, anxious to bring up a certain subject.

MRS. MUNRO (CONT'D)

The chemists delivered your things. Shall I have Roger open the crate?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

No, I'll see to it when I'm done in here.

MRS. MUNRO

Yes, sir.

(beat)

Sir, I..I know Roger's been a help to you...

HOLMES

Yes, he is.

MRS. MUNRO

He's a good boy. Quiet, but clever. His father and I weren't the sort who know the things a boy like Roger takes an interest in.

HOLMES

Exceptional children are often the product of quite unremarkable parents.

Holmes suddenly realizes what he's said. He turns to Mrs. Munro, who has been struck dumb by the cruelty of his remark.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, was I speaking aloud?

Before he can go further, a PHONE RINGS o.s. Mrs. Munro storms out. Holmes looks stricken, as WE HEAR:

MRS. MUNRO (O.S.)

Hullo. -- One moment, please.

Mrs. Munro, terse, appears at the doorway.

MRS. MUNRO (CONT'D)

Inspector Gilbert.

58 INT. FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

58

Holmes comes in from the library and picks up the phone.

HOLMES

Yes, Inspector.

INSPECTOR GILBERT (ON PHONE)

That mother and child. You were right.

Holmes looks out the window and sees Roger with the POSTMAN.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

INSPECTOR GILBERT (ON PHONE)
The woman's name was Miller, first name
Katherine. The baby was a boy, name
Arthur. There isn't a father, no
surprise there. When the baby took ill
and died, the mother became distressed,
found the graveyard where it'd been
buried and dug it up with her --

HOLMES
Inspector, I didn't ask to be told this.

INSPECTOR GILBERT (ON PHONE)
..I assumed as they were on your property-

HOLMES
I do not wish to know!
(hangs up; turns to MRS. MUNRO)
Mrs. Munro, I didn't mean to --

But she brushes past him into the Kitchen. Roger enters with
the mail. Holmes pretends to be his usual crisp, cold self.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
There you are. Tomorrow I want to
rearrange the herb garden and thought--

Roger opens his mouth to say something, but stops.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
What?

ROGER
Tomorrow's Sunday.

HOLMES
Yes?

ROGER
Sundays we... It's...

HOLMES
Oh, yes. Sunday you and your mother go
off someplace.

ROGER
Yes, sir. Back in the evening, though.

HOLMES
Yes. Well. Good ... good Sunday.

Roger nods and exits, leaving Holmes very alone.

59 EXT. THE VILLAGE AND COUNTRYSIDE - SUNDAY MORNING 59

A WIDE VIEW of the town, the fields, and the sea. WE HEAR CHURCH BELLS.

60 EXT. HOLMES' HOUSE- FRONT GATE - SAME TIME - MORNING 60

Mrs. Munro and Roger, in Sunday clothes, go through the GATE.

61 INT. HOLMES' HOUSE - LIBRARY - SAME TIME - MORNING 61

Holmes stands at the window, watching them leave. He looks at the clock, then at his pocket watch. He sighs.

62 MONTAGE - HOLMES WAITS FOR ROGER'S RETURN 62

- IN THE KITCHEN, Holmes makes tea, pouring the dark green liquid into his cup.

- IN THE ATTIC CLOSET, Holmes opens the crate from the chemists and takes out COPPER COILS, GAS JET FIXTURES, etc.

- IN THE APIARY, Holmes stares dully at his bees.

- AT THE GATE, Holmes stares down the lane. He drops his cane and struggles for a long moment to pick it up.

END MONTAGE

63 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - LATE AFTERNOON 63

Holmes sits at his desk, staring at the diary. Its cover is shut. Holmes drums his fingers on it. He checks his watch. More drumming. He opens his briefcase and takes out a SMALL WRAPPED OBJECT. He unwraps it to reveal -

CLOSE ON - A GLASS PAPERWEIGHT

Inside it are THREE DEAD BEES. They seem to swirl in the paperweight's refracted light.

FLASHBACK TO:

64 EXT./INT. TRAIN - JAPAN - DAY - THREE WEEKS EARLIER 64

Holmes is staring out at the countryside as Umezaki consults a map. A MOTHER and her LITTLE BOY sit in front of them. We can't see their faces. After a few moments, Holmes speaks.

HOLMES

You know, I'm rather sorry now I didn't bring the deerstalker.

(CONTINUED)

UMEZAKI

(surprised)

I thought you said you never wore one.

HOLMES

I don't, but it would have pleased your mother.

UMEZAKI

(smiles)

She wanted the fictional. You are the real.

HOLMES

I think I was real once. But then John made me fiction, and after a while I found I was either playing the role he'd fashioned for me or trying to distinguish myself *from* it. I actually *enjoy* a pipe. But to smoke one after it had become so well known a prop seemed..vulgar.

UMEZAKI

Dr. Watson's imagination changed you.

HOLMES

Imagination never much interested me. I prefer facts.

The Little Boy points out the window. The Mother turns to see what he's pointing at. Holmes follows their gaze.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Is that a city?

UMEZAKI

It's where we stop. Hiroshima.

Holmes reacts to the name. At that moment, the Mother turns back to look at the Little Boy. Holmes can now see --

THE MOTHER'S FACE

It is horribly scarred and burned.

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

As his eyes widen, WE HEAR the Little Boy.

LITTLE BOY (O.S.)

Pika-don.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

WIDER ANGLE

The Little Boy makes a "Boom" sound. Holmes looks at Umezaki, who translates:

UMEZAKI

Flash-bang.

FLASHBACK ENDS

65 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - DAY

65

ECU - THE PAPERWEIGHT

As it slips through Holmes' fingers and tumbles through the air. It lands with a safe thud on the THICK, DUSTY CARPET. Holmes leans down to get it, allowing him to see on a low shelf an OLD BOOK WITH SWORDS ON THE SPINE.

66 INT. HOLMES' HOUSE - FRONT HALL - MINUTES LATER - DUSK

66

Holmes, with the book, is coming down the stairs when WE HEAR the SOUND of TIRES on GRAVEL. He goes to the window.

HOLMES' POV - THE FRONT GATE

A CAR has stopped. Out of it steps Dr. Barrie. He opens the passenger door for Mrs. Munro. She smiles at him. Roger gets out of the back seat on his own and runs to the house.

RESUME SCENE

Holmes darts away so they won't see he's been waiting.

67 INT. HOLMES' HOUSE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - DUSK

67

Holmes enters, sits and opens the fencing book as if he's been there for hours. WE HEAR the FRONT DOOR OPEN. Roger comes into the library. Holmes looks up, *faux* casual.

ROGER

Is it too late to check on the bees?

HOLMES

Not in the least.

68 INT. FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS - DUSK

68

Roger runs out of the library past Mrs. Munro and Dr. Barrie.

ROGER

Bee check!

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

Mrs. Munro tries to protest, but Roger is already gone. Holmes enters from the library to see Mrs. Munro and Dr. Barrie standing together. They both blush and move aside.

DR. BARRIE

I ran into Mrs. Munro and her son in the village. So, the boy's helping with the bees now?

HOLMES

A bit.

MRS. MUNRO

Mr. Healy's gone to live with his daughter in Eastbourne.

Dr. Barrie looks at Holmes. Holmes knows he's caught.

DR. BARRIE

When did this happen?

MRS. MUNRO

Weeks ago.

Holmes decides to make a getaway.

HOLMES

I'd best oversee the operation.

Holmes exits through the kitchen door.

DR. BARRIE

You haven't told him yet?

Mrs. Munro shakes her head.

69 EXT. THE APIARY- MINUTES LATER - TWILIGHT

69

Holmes and Roger watch the bees.

ROGER

They're asleep.

HOLMES

Hm-hm.

ROGER

What happens when they die?

HOLMES

Is this a metaphysical question?

ROGER

I mean do you mourn them?

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

I can't say I've ever mourned the dead, bee or otherwise. I concentrate on the circumstances. How did it die, who or what was responsible, is there a chain of events one can follow to its cause? Death is commonplace. Logic is rare. So it is upon logic that we must dwell.

ROGER

(re: the bees)

I s'pose it's best not to have favorites.

HOLMES

As in all things.

(hands him the book)

Oh. Here.

ROGER

The sword book!

HOLMES

I was wrong about it being in French.

ROGER

That's good. I don't read French.

HOLMES

It's in Polish.

We now see Mrs. Munro behind the garden wall, spying on them.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

What say we go for a dip tomorrow?

ROGER

In the sea? Be brisk.

HOLMES

Good for the blood.

ROGER

All right. Getting dark. Let me walk you back to the house.

Holmes, tentatively, raises his hand and pats Roger's shoulder. Roger, just as tentatively, takes Holmes' hand. As they walk back to the house, Holmes calls quietly --

HOLMES

Night-night, bees.

ROGER

Sweet dreams, bees.

70 INT. HOLMES' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

70

Mrs. Munro enters with tea and spoons some of the GREEN LIQUID into Holmes' cup. Holmes takes a sip, grimacing at the taste. Mrs. Munro gins up her courage to speak.

MRS. MUNRO

I got a letter last week from my sister who lives in Bristol. There's a couple of her acquaintance opened a private hotel there in need of a housekeeper. They're willing to take Roger and me on sight unseen, my sister says.

HOLMES

(taken aback)

Is it a question of wages? We could discuss a rise.

MRS. MUNRO

It isn't that.

HOLMES

..When might this new position start?

MRS. MUNRO

Three weeks, four.

HOLMES

A month.

MRS. MUNRO

Yes, sir.

Another pause. Holmes pretends indifference.

HOLMES

Well, I shall take this under advisement.
More tea, please.

As Mrs. Munro pours, Holmes tries not to show he's panicking.

71 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - CLOSET - MINUTES LATER - MORNING 71

A SERIES OF SHOTS --

- Holmes plucks some leaves from the Prickly Ash plant and puts them in a pestle, adds water and begins to crush them.

- Holmes pours the resulting green liquid into a glass beaker.

- Holmes unearths an old TIN KIT. He opens it. We don't see what's inside, but we can tell Holmes is excited by his find.

72 INT. HOLMES' HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME - MORNING

72

Mrs. Munro has just told Roger about her plans.

ROGER

Why would we want to live in Bristol?

MRS. MUNRO

I know you like working at the hive--

ROGER

It's an apiary.

MRS. MUNRO

..It's not good to get so close.

ROGER

Bees don't bite.

MRS. MUNRO

I don't mean the bees. He's an old man.
No one lasts forever.

Roger's eyes tear-up with anger and fear. He bangs out to --

73 EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

73

Roger starts to the apiary but sees Holmes isn't there. He looks up at the Study Window. It's open.

74 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING

74

Roger enters tentatively. Across the room he can see Holmes in the closet, hunched over something. Roger knocks on the door. Holmes doesn't seem to hear. Roger takes another step into the room.

ROGER

Mr. Holmes?

Holmes is still oblivious. As Roger walks past the desk, he sees the PHOTO OF ANN. He picks it up. While Roger stares at the photo, Holmes turns and sees him.

HOLMES

(sharply)

What are you doing here?

Roger starts when he sees Holmes staring at him. He drops the photo, then scrambles to put it back on the desk.

ROGER

I was waiting for you in the garden.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

Why?

ROGER

To go for our swim.

Holmes obviously doesn't remember. He looks tense and upset.

ROGER (CONT'D)

We were going for a swim this morning.

HOLMES

I can't. Too much to do.

ROGER

Can I help you?

HOLMES

No.

ROGER

I already saw to the apiary--

HOLMES

Roger, I am engaged in very important work and I have precious little time in which to carry it off!

Roger, near tears, runs out of the room and down the steps.

Holmes sits at his desk and picks up his pen. He looks at the blank piece of paper before him and makes a few false starts, but he writes nothing. Finally he throws down the pen.

Holmes stands, upset and angry. He looks down at the diary. Its small, solid black cover stares up at him as if in smug rebuke. Holmes turns from it and looks out the window.

HIS POV - ROGER

In the garden below, sitting on a stump, disconsolate.

75 EXT. GARDEN - MINUTES LATER - DAY

75

Holmes, in a long Victorian beach robe and beat-up Panama hat, marches out of the house. As he passes Roger, he barks:

HOLMES

Come along, or we'll lose the sun.

Roger grins, delighted, and hurries to follow Holmes.

76 EXT. THE SEASHORE - LATER - EARLIER AFTERNOON

76

PAN THE SHORE until we rest on a POOL formed by a semi-circle of rocks. Holmes and Roger are basking in the sun and water, like two men in a tub. Roger decides to ask his question.

ROGER

The photograph is her, isn't it? The woman in the story.

HOLMES

Yes.

ROGER

The husband never asked for it back?

HOLMES

He asked, and I gave it to him.

ROGER

Then how is it you have it in your room?

HOLMES

I don't know.

Roger looks completely confused.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

The story I'm working on... I'm not so much *writing* it as trying to *remember* it. I hadn't thought about it in decades. Then a few months ago, I opened a very old book and out fell that photograph, in pieces. I couldn't fathom how it got there. All I knew was that I recognized the woman. Twenty years ago I could have told you everything about her in complete detail: what she wore the last time I saw her, the expression on her face, the place, the weather, the position of the sun, the people walking by, their clothes, age. But I didn't remember any of it, weather, time of day, what the people looked like or if there were people at all. So I began to write. And I stopped almost immediately.

ROGER

Why?

HOLMES

It wouldn't come.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

ROGER

But you have written a *lot* of it.

HOLMES

Fits and starts, no rhyme or reason to it. If John were doing it, he'd "fix" it so the story tidied-up nicely, mystery solved, criminal punished. I have to finish it. It may be my last chance to make sense of things before I die.

ROGER

You're not going to die.

HOLMES

I *am* ninety-one.

ROGER

I had a great uncle who lived to be a hundred and two.

HOLMES

That seals it, then. What are the mathematical chances you'd know *two* men who'd live so long?

ROGER

Well, I didn't actually *know* him.

77 EXT. HOLMES' GARDEN - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

77

Holmes and Roger come through the garden from the sea.

ROGER

I'll see to the bees.

Roger runs off to the apiary. Holmes looks up at the SUN. It's brightness makes Holmes float into a sort of trance.

FLASHBACK TO:

78 INT. PORTMAN'S BOOKSELLERS - DAY (LONDON, 1904)

78

Holmes (50), his back to the camera, is staring at the FRAMED MAP. The LIGHT FLASH hits the GLASS. The SCREEN is suddenly bathed in BLINDING LIGHT, and we HEAR:

ROGER (O.S.)

Ahhh! Ahhhhhhhh!

FLASHBACK ENDS

79 EXT. HOLMES' GARDEN - AFTERNOON

79

Holmes comes out of his trance. Roger is choking.

HOLMES

Roger!

Holmes hurries to the boy's side and sees --

ECU - ROGER'S THROAT

A STINGER is sticking out just below his Adam's Apple.

80 INT. HOLMES' HOUSE- KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER - AFTERNOON

80

Holmes is working with a TWEEZER at Roger's throat.

HOLMES

When stung on the throat, it's best to drink salt water or onion juice to prevent serious consequences. Naturally, the stinger should be removed, preferably within seconds. The poison is what makes it swell and hurt. Bees always leave the stinger.

(pulls out the stinger)
There we are.

ROGER

I must've done something stupid.

HOLMES

(shakes his head)
Sometimes there's no reason at all.
Drink up.

Roger drink his water, but stops three quarters of the way.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

All the way.

Roger downs the glass of water.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Good fellow.

WE HEAR a DOOR OPEN o.s. Holmes reacts to it and whispers.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

I don't think we need tell your mother about this, do you?

ROGER

You going to go back to the story?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

Is that the price for your silence?
Blackmail?

ROGER

(puts a finger to his lips)
Tight lips.

Mrs. Munro enters with groceries. She stops when she sees Holmes and Roger smiling at her, trying not to look guilty.

81 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - THAT NIGHT 81

Holmes sits at his desk. He sips from his tea cup, making a face at the taste. He closes his eyes, trying to summon the memories. Then his eyes open and he picks up his pen.

FLASHBACK TO:

82 EXT. PORTMAN'S BOOKSELLERS - GARDEN - DAY (LONDON, 1904) 82

Holmes (50) pushes the gate open and goes into --

83 EXT. WEST END STREET - DAY (1904) 83

Ann moves down the sidewalk, gliding past pedestrians. Holmes follows at a discreet distance.

84 EXT. ROYAL BOTANICAL SOCIETY - LATER THAT DAY (1904) 84

Ann enters the august building, followed by Holmes.

85 INT. ROYAL BOTANICAL SOCIETY SOLARIUM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 85

Ann moves slowly through the plant-filled room. Holmes watches from behind a spray of flowers.

86 EXT. ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDEN - DAY - MOMENTS LATER (1904) 86

Ann comes into the colorful garden. Holmes follows her between a row of hedges. **NOTE: It's like the FLASHBACK SHOT at the start of the film when Holmes was in the taxi.**

Ann stops and sits on a bench. Holmes hides behind a tree and watches as Ann stares at an IRIS.

ECU - THE IRIS

A BEE buzzes near it. ANN's GREY GLOVED HAND enters the shot and the bee lights on it.

RESUME SCENE

(CONTINUED)

Ann stares at the bee. Then she turns to look straight at Holmes. He knows he's caught. Immediately, he grins and comes out from behind the tree. He tips his hat and puts on a performance as a prissy pedant.

HOLMES

You have an attraction for the bees.
It's the scent. Cameo Rose, isn't it?

ANN

(taken aback)
..Yes.

HOLMES

He thinks you're a flower. Cameo Rose is
a very subtle fragrance. Must confuse
the little fellow no end.
(indicates the bench)
May I?

ANN

Please.

Holmes nods thank-you and sits next to Ann.

ANN (CONT'D)

Are you a botanist?

HOLMES

Amateur only. Everything I love is of an
amateur nature.

ANN

Loving things is in the *nature* of the
amateur.

Holmes and Ann lock eyes. There's an attraction, coupled
with an attendant unease. Holmes points to the Iris.

HOLMES

Irises. Amazing, their resilience.
Enough light and they'll grow in the most
uninhabitable regions. Desert, cold,
rock.

ANN

Would that we could be so resilient.

Holmes notes the sadness in her voice.

HOLMES

Why do you suppose something as small and
insignificant as the Iris is so much
stronger than we are?

(CONTINUED)

ANN

I suppose they're less affected by what goes on around them.

HOLMES

Possibly. Although, for all their strength, they don't live very long.

ANN

Some flowers last less than a day.

HOLMES

One pities the gardener who cares for *them*.

ANN

Not if he understands them. Death isn't so frightening when it's understood. Sometimes to remove oneself from the equation is the only means of survival.

HOLMES

For a lady of obvious refinement your conversation does tend towards the morbid. You're a puzzle, madam.

ANN

Yes, well, don't try to solve me.

HOLMES

Forgive me. Puzzles are a hobby of mine.

ANN

You live alone, then?

Holmes looks down to conceal his sudden discomfort.

HOLMES

..No. I live with my mother.

ANN

You're still alone.

Holmes looks back up at her. She smiles kindly.

HOLMES

Do you know another of my hobbies? I can see into the future. Shall I read your palm? I promise I won't find anything dreadful.

ANN

How can you promise that before you've seen my hand?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (3)

HOLMES

I told you, I can see into the future.

ANN

What about our friend?

Ann nods to the bee on her glove. Holmes smiles and moves closer to her.

CLOSE ON - THE BEE ON HER GLOVED HAND

The bee does not move as Holmes - slowly, slowly - removes the glove. His maneuver has the look and feel of a small, subtle strip-tease.

WIDER ANGLE

Holmes occasionally catches Ann's eye as he removes the glove. Once the glove is off, we see the bee has remained on it. Holmes sets the glove on the bench and reaches for her hand. Slowly she gives it to him. Holmes takes her hand in his and turns it over, palm up. Ann's reacts to Holmes' touch. He stares intently at her palm for a long beat.

HOLMES

Your parents are gone. Your father long ago, your mother recently. You had love in your heart for some one --no -- more than one person.

Ann reacts to this precise rendering of her past. Tears well-up in her eyes. Holmes cradles her hand in his now, supporting it from below as his other hand traces the lines of her palm.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

But they have left you. And your love for them has no place to go. You no longer believe that something like happiness exists for you. You are in pain.

Ann looks like she might weep now.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

But you must beware those who would use your pain for their own purposes.

Ann's tears seem to freeze at once, as if Holmes' words have abruptly flipped a switch. Her tone sharpens.

ANN

About whom do you speak?

Holmes realizes he has gone too far. He back-pedals.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (4)

HOLMES

The lines are not that detailed--

ANN

Do you mean my husband? You see so much,
why don't you see my husband?

HOLMES

I don't know what you --

ANN

(pulls her hand away)
Thomas Kelmot fears one thing, the loss
of the fortune he married me for! If I'm
gone before I come into my inheritance,
his plans are ruined!

HOLMES

(it dawns on him)
..You intend to leave your husband.

ANN

Ply your parlor tricks elsewhere, *Mr.*
Holmes.

Holmes gapes. He starts to protest, but Ann is already
running away through the hedge rows. Holmes is about to go
after her when he sees-

HIS POV - HER GLOVE

On the bench, the bee still on it.

HOLMES (O.S.)

Wait!

FLASHBACK ENDS

87 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - NIGHT

87

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

As he stares down at the paper. His eyes are red-ringed.

FLASHBACK TO:

88 EXT. ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDEN - DAY (1904)

88

SAME SHOT AS BEFORE. Holmes (50) saying --

HOLMES

Wait!

FLASHBACK ENDS

89 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY-NIGHT 89

CLOSE ON - THE PAGE

The word "Wait!" His pen enters the shot and crosses it out.

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

Stuck. Blocked.

ECU - "Wait!"

The pen hovers, hesitating, then writes the words "*I can't--*"

FLASHBACK TO:

90 EXT. ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDEN - DAY (1904) 90

SAME SHOT AS BEFORE. Holmes opens his mouth to say --

HOLMES

I can't --

CLOSE ON - ANN

She's at the gate. She turns and looks at Holmes.

FLASHBACK ENDS

91 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - NIGHT 91

CLOSE ON - "*I can't*"

As the pen furiously scratches out the words.

A WIDER VIEW

Holmes sits at his desk, unable to remember. He slumps in his chair. After a moment he turns to --

HOLMES' POV - THE CLOSET DOOR

Moonlight bathes in it in an unnatural whiteness.

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

A look of determination on his features. He pushes himself out of the chair and out of the shot.

92 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 92

Roger is writing at his desk. After a moment he looks up at the photo of his father and sees STRANGE SHADOWS play across it. He looks to find the source of the shadows. He goes to the window and sees --

HIS POV - HOLMES' WINDOW

FLAMES AND SMOKE BILLOW from inside Holmes' attic study.

REACTION - ROGER

His eyes pop wide open.

ROGER
Mummy! MUMMY!

93 EXT. GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 93

Roger runs across the lawn from the cottage to the main house. Mrs. Munro follows in her nightgown. Roger scoops up the RED WATERING CAN from the edge of the terrace.

94 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 94

Roger crashes into the room to find Holmes, unconscious, lying just outside the closet. Inside the closet, the gas jet is shooting a blue flame onto old newspapers and files.

Roger drops the watering can and pulls Holmes away from the flames. Then he grabs the can again and upends its contents onto the fire.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK.

FADE IN:

95 INT. HOLMES BEDROOM - DAWN - THE NEXT MORNING 95

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

His face is white as marble. There are small cuts, scrapes and bruises on his cheek and forehead.

MRS. MUNRO (O.S.)
Was it the smoke knocked him out?

A WIDER ANGLE

Holmes is asleep in bed. Dr. Barrie examines him while Roger and Mrs. Munro watch from the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

DR. BARRIE

Could have done, but I doubt it. Most likely he stood up too quickly, lost consciousness and knocked over the gas. It isn't the first time he's had an accident like this. The last housekeeper didn't know what to do.

Roger and Mrs. Munro look at each other.

96 INT. HOLMES ATTIC STUDY - MINUTES LATER - MORNING

96

Dr. Barrie enters, followed by Mrs. Munro and then Roger. Dr. Barrie goes to the closet and finds the BLACKENED REMAINS OF THE PRICKLY ASH PLANT.

MRS. MUNRO

What's that?

DR. BARRIE

What he went to Japan for. He'd gotten a letter from a Jap name of Umezaki who said he had a line on a plant called Prickly Ash and would your employer like to track it down with him. He'd convinced Mr. Holmes it had the power to cure senility, memory loss. It's usually taken as a broth or in tea.

Dr. Barrie picks up the smoke-scarred TIN KIT and opens it.

CLOSE ON - A BROKEN HYPODERMIC NEEDLE

Like everything else, it's charred.

DR. BARRIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mr. Holmes must have decided to make it into something more "concentrated."

RESUME SCENE

Dr. Barrie pockets the syringe and goes to the desk. He finds the black Diary. He picks it up and opens it. He reacts to what he sees as he turns the pages.

CLOSE ON - DIARY PAGES

Page after page, each day filled with BLACK DOTS. Some pages have three or four dots, some have ten dots, some have dots scrawled so large that they seem to blot out the entire page. The dots look like bees swarming the dates.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

RESUME SCENE

Dr. Barrie, clearly disturbed by what he's seen, closes the diary and turns to Roger and Mrs. Munro.

DR. BARRIE (CONT'D)

He'd become increasing forgetful, hadn't he?

Mrs. Munro looks at Roger, as if he might answer. Roger can't help but glance at the pages of the story on the desk. Dr. Barrie notices and picks them up. Roger darts forward and snatches the pages from him.

MRS. MUNRO

Roger!

ROGER

It's not his to read!

Mrs. Munro slaps Roger.

MRS. MUNRO

Give 'em back and apologize!

Beat. Roger hands the pages back to Dr. Barrie.

ROGER

He was writing a story. From a case, a long time ago. It's not finished.

DR. BARRIE

Because he can't remember?

Roger, ashamed of his betrayal, nods. Dr. Barrie looks down at the pages for a moment, then hands them back to Roger.

DR. BARRIE (CONT'D)

Bad, when the mind goes. When that's what you're known for.

97 EXT. HOLMES' FRONT GATE - MINUTES LATER - MORNING

97

Mrs. Munro watches as Dr. Barrie drives off down the lane. Mrs. Munro turns and sees Roger standing in the doorway.

ROGER

Now we can't leave.

98 INT. HOLMES' BEDROOM - LATER THAT DAY

98

Holmes is propped up in bed. He's awake, but his eyes are dead. Roger stands at door, peering into the gloomy room. Mrs. Munro sets a small bell on the bed stand.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MUNRO

Ring if you need. Roger'll keep quiet.

Mrs. Munro gives Roger a look and exits. Roger starts to follow her, but Holmes' voice (dry, a rasp) stops him.

HOLMES

Was it the smoke that woke you?

ROGER

I was already awake.

(comes closer, whispers)

I saved the story from the fire.

Roger takes a sheaf of pages from inside his shirt. Holmes stares at the pages as if they're in a foreign language. Mrs. Munro re-enters. Roger quickly hides the pages again.

MRS. MUNRO

Roger, Mr. Holmes should rest.

HOLMES

It's all right --

MRS. MUNRO

It's not. Doctor says you're to keep quiet. That understood?

Roger looks at Holmes, expecting (hoping) he'll challenge her. But he doesn't. Holmes has been brought low.

Mrs. Munro is headed to the cottage with Roger.

MRS. MUNRO

He's an invalid! Needs a nurse, not a housekeeper!

ROGER

He'll get better!

MRS. MUNRO

Your grandfather was hale and hearty sixty summers, then one day he stumbled on a step and it was downhill three months to the day he died.

ROGER

He'll be up and about!

Mrs. Munro wheels on Roger and lets him have it.

99 CONTINUED:

MRS. MUNRO
 And what if he isn't?
 (mocking Roger's optimism)
 "Oh, any day now, you'll see."
 (bitterly)
 While away your life, waiting, and then,
spift! Gone.

Mrs. Munro shakes her head in disgust and goes off to the cottage. It begins to RAIN. Roger looks up at HOLMES' BEDROOM WINDOW. The blinds are closed.

100 INT. HOLMES' BEDROOM - SAME TIME - DAY 100

Holmes lies in bed, his eyes closed, the SOUND OF RAIN at the WINDOWS. And then his eyes open.

FLASHBACK TO:

101 INT. BAKER STREET - BACK ROOM - NIGHT (LONDON, 1904) 101

CLOSE ON - HOLMES (50)

Peering through what looks to be a LENS. The small room is dark, curtains drawn. We HEAR the SOUND OF RAIN outside. Holmes is adjusting a FOCUS KNOB when there's a KNOCK o.s.

102 INT. BAKER STREET - BACK HALL - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 102

Holmes comes out of the back room and passes through this small hall into --

103 INT. BAKER STREET - CONSULTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 103

Holmes crosses the room and opens the Consulting Room door to find ANN KELMOT standing at the top of the steps. Holmes is taken aback.

ANN
 I believe you have something of mine.

Holmes holds up her GREY GLOVE (he had it in his hand). He gives it to her.

ANN (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

HOLMES
 Would you care to come in? The weather's filthy.

Ann steps into the room. Holmes closes the door. Ann looks around the room.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

ANN
(re: the earlier conversation)
You *do* live alone.

HOLMES
Not always.

Ann looks at Holmes, surprised by his too-quick reply.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
An associate of mine has shared these
rooms from time to time.

ANN
You mean he leaves and then comes back to
you?

HOLMES
Well, he comes *back*. He's married. To
his second wife. He returned here after
he was married before. His first wife
died. His second one..hasn't.

Ann looks amused at Holmes' attempts to explain his
relationship with Watson.

ANN
I should think you'd want to know how I
found you.

HOLMES
It had crossed my mind.

Ann puts her glove down on a table and takes a small business
card out of her sleeve. She hands it to Holmes.

CLOSE ON - A BUSINESS CARD

Sherlock Holmes, Private Enquiries

221B Baker Street

London, SW1

RESUME SCENE

Holmes recognizes it.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
I gave this to your husband two days ago.

ANN
Thomas could never be a success at
deception, not while I do his laundry.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

You knew who I was from the first?

ANN

No. Only when your palm reading became so specific. Thomas was the only person who knew so much about those incidents. Then I remembered finding that card. I don't know much about your profession, but I doubt predicting the future of women you've been engaged to follow is common practice.

HOLMES

If it were, following them would be redundant.

Ann can't help but smile at Holmes' joke.

ANN

You said to beware those who would take advantage of me. Who would that be? Aside from Madame Schirmer, whose only design, I assure you, is to sell me more lessons.

(imitates Madame Schirmer)

"And at the discount."

Holmes can't help but smile at her impersonation.

ANN (CONT'D)

Thomas thinks I'm mad, doesn't he? Because I play an instrument he encouraged me to take up? Because I speak at night to my children?

HOLMES

He says you claim you didn't.

ANN

He doesn't understand. The dead are not so far away as he imagines. They're only on the other side of the wall. You don't believe such things, of course.

HOLMES

In the absence of definitive proof to the contrary, one must keep an open mind.

ANN

Do you speak to the dead?

HOLMES

No.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

So what do you think of someone who does?

HOLMES

It's one thing to *spe*ak to the dead. It is another to *hear* from them.

ANN

The doctor told me I mustn't try to have more children. Do you know what that means? The life I'm to look forward..

Ann suddenly breaks into sobs. Holmes hesitates for a moment, not knowing what to do. Then he gently brings her to a chair next to the fire and sits her in it. He kneels close to her.

HOLMES

I can't imagine the losses you've suffered, nor the future you've been given to think you have before you. I can't tell you there are compensations to be found in hobbies or good deeds, although I am assured many do. I have known only the compensations of the intellect.

Ann looks at Holmes, her eyes red and wet.

ANN

And is that enough?

HOLMES

Oh, no.

They gaze at each other for a long moment. The fire crackles in the hearth, the rain drums on the windows. They might kiss. And then --

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

Ann stands, frightened. Holmes ushers her to the Back Hall DOOR and opens it.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Stay here until I come for you.

Ann nods and goes through the door. Holmes closes it. ANOTHER KNOCK. Holmes goes to the Consulting Room Door and opens it to find THOMAS KELMOT standing there.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

(loud enough for ANN to hear)
Mr. Kelmot.

(CONTINUED)

KELMOT

I know it's late, but may I come in?

Holmes hesitates, then opens the door wider. Kelmot enters.

KELMOT (CONT'D)

I wish to apologize for my behavior this afternoon. I shouldn't have gone to that place. I should have left things to you. At least now you see what I'm up against. I'd like to settle your fee.

HOLMES

I haven't earned it.

KELMOT

Mr. Holmes, I insist.

Kelmot takes one of those large 6" by 4" Edwardian era CHEQUES out of his pocket and moves towards the table. Holmes sees --

HOLMES' POV - ANN'S GREY GLOVE

On the table, in full view.

RESUME SCENE

Holmes sees that Kelmot is about to put the cheque on the table. He'll surely see the glove.

KELMOT (CONT'D)

I'm not a charity case to be --

Holmes quickly steps in front of the table, grabs the cheque out of Kelmot's hand, and slaps it on top of Ann's glove, covering it completely.

HOLMES

There, I've taken it! Nothing is owed either of us now.

Kelmot is taken aback by Holmes sudden vehemence.

KELMOT

There is one thing more, actually.

Kelmot takes a step towards Holmes, who tenses.

KELMOT (CONT'D)

My wife's photograph. May I have it?

Holmes' expression shows an almost imperceptible relief.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Yes, of course.

Holmes takes a billfold out of his coat pocket, removes the PHOTO OF ANN from it, and hands it to Kelmot.

KELMOT

Thank you.

HOLMES

I've done nothing to warrant gratitude.

KELMOT

You have *seen*. That is enough.

(beat)

I should tell you -- I've had the Armonica taken away.

Holmes takes that in, aware that Ann may have heard.

KELMOT (CONT'D)

I wish I'd never brought the thing into the house.

HOLMES

I understand your reasoning.

KELMOT

(nods)

Yes, well. I should be off.

Kelmot starts for the Back Hall Door. Holmes takes him by the arm and re-directs him to the Consulting Room Door and opens it.

KELMOT (CONT'D)

Good evening.

Kelmot exits, and Holmes closes the door.

104 INT. BAKER STREET - BACK HALL - A MOMENT LATER - NIGHT 104

Holmes comes through and sees that Ann is not in the hall where he left her. Holmes looks at an OPEN DOOR. Holmes panics and goes into--

105 INT. BAKER STREET - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 105

The room we saw him working in earlier. Only now we see the whole room. It's a darkroom. The lens is part of a CAMERA pointed at a NEGATIVE PLATE. On all four walls are --

(CONTINUED)

DOZENS OF IMAGES OF ANN KERMOT

BLOW-UPS of the photo. Huge close-ups of her eyes, her lips, her brow, her chin, her hair. It's a room encased in Ann. Holmes is mortified, knowing she must realize now just how far gone he is.

HOLMES

Your husband's left.

ANN

(staring at the pictures)
It would have been embarrassing if he'd found us together.

HOLMES

We weren't together. You simply happened to be here.

Ann turns to Holmes.

ANN

I still am.

HOLMES

He may be just below. On the street.

ANN

Should I stay longer?
(beat)
Do you want me to stay?

They're very close now. Holmes starts to answer, but he can't say the words. An eternity passes. Finally --

HOLMES

I should think it's safe to go now.

Ann looks at Holmes for a long moment, then moves past him and exits the room, closing the door behind her.

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

He remains frozen as we HEAR the SOUNDS of the Back Hall and Consulting Room doors open and close. After a moment, Holmes realizes he's forgotten something.

106 INT. BAKER STREET CONSULTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 106

Holmes hurries into the room.

HOLMES

Mrs. Kermot, your Armonica has --

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

But Ann is gone. A draft caused by the door opening makes Kelmot's cheque flutter off the table and Holmes sees --

ANN'S GREY GLOVE

Still on the table.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

107 INT. HOLMES' HOUSE - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON 107

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

He has remembered, and it gives him a look of purpose he had lost. Outside we HEAR the DRIP-DRIP of the end of the rain.

108 EXT. HOLMES' HOUSE - FRONT GATE - THE NEXT DAY 108

The Postman bicycles off from the front gate.

109 INT. HOLMES' HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 109

Roger enters to find Mrs. Munro sorting mail.

MRS. MUNRO

Throw these in the bin.

Mrs. Munro hands a stack of letters to Roger. He looks through a few of them.

ROGER

Who told you to toss these out?

MRS. MUNRO

He told me I was to dispose of that sort.

ROGER

How do you know what *sort* this is? You can see through envelopes now? You can barely read.

Mrs. Munro, infuriated, snatches the letters from Roger.

MRS. MUNRO

You know who writes him? Old men who think they've solved Jack-the-Ripper! Widows who've lost their cats and just know he's the only man on earth who can find 'em! He's the last resort for every crank and crazy out there! You say he needs us? *Then it's MY DECISION!*

Mrs. Munro tosses the stack of letters into the fireplace and strides out of the room. Roger looks at the fire and sees --

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

ECU - A LETTER

Postmarked JAPAN. The name on the return address: UMEZAKI.

RESUME SCENE

Roger grabs up the poker and furiously fishes the letter out of the flames.

110 INT. HOLMES' BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - LATER

110

Holmes is sleeping. We see Roger standing next to the bed, holding the singed envelope. He coughs. Holmes wakes.

ROGER

You got a letter from Japan. From a Mr. Umezaki.

HOLMES

Did you open it?

ROGER

No.

(beat)

Wanted to.

HOLMES

Sins of desire. You're a Catholic. A criminal bent coupled with a penchant for confession won't get you far.

ROGER

My mother said you told her to throw out most of the mail.

HOLMES

(nods)

Why do you think that is?

ROGER

The people who write want you to solve things. If you read their letters, you'd want to help.

HOLMES

You give me too much credit. If I read the letters, I'd have to *respond*.

ROGER

Perhaps Mr. Umezaki's asking you to come back.

HOLMES

I'll never go back to Japan.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

ROGER

Why not?

HOLMES

Long journey, old man.

ROGER

You made it before.

HOLMES

That was before.

(nods at the letter)

Mr. Umezaki is telling me his mother is dead.

ROGER

How do you know?

HOLMES

He wouldn't have written except on her instruction. A good son does what his mother asks.

ROGER

But what if you could get more Prickly Ash from where you found it before?

HOLMES

The Prickly Ash didn't make a bit of difference.

Holmes slowly sits up, climbs out of bed and shuffles to the window to look out at the sea.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Neither did the Royal Jelly. The whole enterprise has been folly. The only thing that stimulated any sort of recollections was --

Holmes stops himself.

ROGER

What?

HOLMES

Doesn't matter. You're leaving in a month.

Suddenly Mrs. Munro sweeps into the room.

MRS. MUNRO

What are you doing out of bed?

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Munro grabs Holmes and (roughly) puts him back in bed.

MRS. MUNRO (CONT'D)

You're not to do anything on your own
'less you ring for me or Roger.

HOLMES

I thought it would be an imposition--

MRS. MUNRO

It's an imposition if you lose your
bearings and end up on the floor where I
can't pull you up and get you back under
the covers.

HOLMES

I don't prefer being spoken to this way.

MRS. MUNRO

I don't prefer taking on the
responsibilities of a full-bore nursing
staff at cook's wages.

HOLMES

I did not realize this had become an
industrial dispute.

MRS. MUNRO

If you expect us to stay on with you like
this, you got to follow the rules. If
you need to 'go,' there's a pan under the
bed.

Mrs. Munro grabs Roger's hand and pulls him out of the room,
slamming the door behind her.

111 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

111

Roger sits at his desk and opens the letter from Japan.

CLOSE ON - THE LETTER

It's in English. We see bits of various phrases: "*Sherlock-
San -- My mother's request -- Maya is dead --*"

Roger lowers the letter. Holmes was right.

112 INT. HOLMES BEDROOM - LATER THAT AFTERNOON - NEAR DUSK

112

Holmes, in bed, stares out the window. We HEAR the BUOY.

FLASHBACK TO:

113 EXT. HIROSHIMA - SHUKKEI-EN GARDEN - DAY (JAPAN)

113

A VIEW OF - THE ATOM BOMB DOME

The iconographic, skeletal building that survived the blast.

NOW WE SEE - HOLMES AND UMEZAKI

Staring at it from the GATES of a WALLED GARDEN. Umezaki indicates that he and Holmes go through the gate into --

SHUKKEI-EN GARDEN

The garden is filled with TREES, HEDGES, PONDS, ISLETS and BRIDGES all in miniature and layered with a THICK, GRAY ASH. It is an elegant, twisted, diminutive vision of apocalypse. Holmes and Umezaki walk through the blasted landscape.

NOTE: IT IS THE MISTED GARDEN FROM THE START OF THE FILM.

UMEZAKI

My father used to take me here when I was a child. It was designed as a miniature. We walk as giants.

HOLMES

It hasn't been reclaimed since the bomb?

UMEZAKI

Two years now it has been like this.

HOLMES

It has a certain quality.

Holmes looks over the garden wall.

HIS POV - THE SEA

The ASH in the air seems to shroud even the blue ocean.

RESUME SCENE

Holmes hears a SOUND, like that of the buoys or the Armonica. He looks over at another part of the garden to see an OLD BLIND MAN playing a SHAMESIN (lute). The Old Man kneels in the middle of a circle of stones and bows towards the sea.

UMEZAKI

The stones represent the lives of those he has lost.

HOLMES

Were you here at the time of the blast?

(CONTINUED)

UMEZAKI

We lived here. The ash came down for weeks. It still does.

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

As he stares at the surroundings and listen to the Shamesin.

UMEZAKI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sherlock-san!

RESUME SCENE

Holmes turns to see Umezaki is kneeling beneath a tree. He has pulled back CHARRED GRASS to reveal a GREEN PLANT.

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

He comes alert. This is it!

WIDER ANGLE

Holmes hurries as fast as he can to join Umezaki. He stumbles and kneels down next to the plant.

HOLMES

(excited)

Hire Sansho?

UMEZAKI

(grins)

Prickly Ash.

114 INT. HIROSHIMA INN - KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

114

CLOSE ON - PRICKLY ASH LEAVES

Being dropped into a POT OF BOILING WATER.

A WIDER ANGLE

Holmes and Umezaki watch as a COOK stirs the pot.

HOLMES

Is it always prepared like this?

UMEZAKI

I believe. Why?

HOLMES

One wonders what the effects might be if its essence could be more...distilled.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

UMEZAKI

I am not a chemist like yourself.

Holmes smiles at Umezaki (planning, planning).

115 INT. HIROSHIMA INN - CAFE - LATER THAT NIGHT

115

Holmes and Umezaki sit in this crowded cafe. Holmes is lost in thought.

UMEZAKI

What are you thinking?

HOLMES

I'm trying to calculate the chances of a find such as we made today in a place like that.

UMEZAKI

What do you think accounts for it?

HOLMES

The power of life asserting itself?

UMEZAKI

Perhaps. But could it not be something more perverse?

HOLMES

Perverse?

UMEZAKI

A kind of mockery. "Seek ye immortality? Here lies the way, in death."

Holmes stares at Umezaki, completely taken aback by the peculiarity of this utterance. But Umezaki's expression is bland and implacable.

The WAITER sets down two bowls of GREEN SOUP. Holmes banishes his concerns and picks up his spoon. He takes a first sip.

UMEZAKI (CONT'D)

How does it taste?

HOLMES

It is not for the taste we sought it out.

UMEZAKI

It will work, Sherlock-san.

HOLMES

(anxious)

Pray that it does.

116 EXT. HIROSHIMA INN - TERRACE - LATER THAT EVENING

116

Holmes and Umezaki lean against the railing of the terrace, smoking cigars. Three or four other guests sit nearby. Below the terrace is a COVE. Waves crash against the rocks. Holmes watches the other guests go inside. He looks at Umezaki and decides to throw his ace.

HOLMES

You know, before we leave, there's something I mustn't be allowed to forget.

UMEZAKI

What's that?

HOLMES

Your book.

Umezaki sees that Holmes holds his copy of *"The Value of Royal Jelly and Prickly Ash."* He hands it to Umezaki.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

I inscribed it, as you requested.

INSERT - THE INSCRIPTION

"To Mr. Umezaki, who has not owned this book for long."

RESUME SCENE

Umezaki looks up at Holmes.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

You haven't had this book for twenty years. It's from a library. The glue mark is where you removed the card jacket. You don't know anything about bees or royal jelly or prickly ash.

UMEZAKI

Enough to bring you here.

Umezaki's voice is cold. Holmes tightens his grip on the railing. The sea below crashes onto the rocks.

UMEZAKI (CONT'D)

You were correct about my father. He was a diplomat forty years ago, in London, a man who loved all things English. The first present from him that I recall was a cricket bat.

Umezaki takes an old BOOK from his coat pocket.

(CONTINUED)

UMEZAKI (CONT'D)
This was the second.

Umezaki hands the book to Holmes. It is "*A Study in Scarlet*"

UMEZAKI (CONT'D)
During our correspondence over the last few months, was my name not familiar to you? Tamiki Umezaki?

HOLMES
No.

UMEZAKI
My father's name? Matsuda Umezaki?

HOLMES
No.

UMEZAKI
What if you did not know his name?

HOLMES
A Japanese diplomat in London in those days would be hard *not* to remember.

UMEZAKI
Open it.

Holmes opens the book and finds inside it --

A VERY OLD LETTER

Holmes looks at the postmark. "**March 30, 1904.**"

UMEZAKI (CONT'D)
Written in English, to "assist in my education." Read.

Holmes glances at Umezaki, not liking this dark tone.

HOLMES
(reads)
"Dear Tamiki: After consulting with the great detective Sherlock Holmes, I realize that it is in the best interests of us all that I remain in England indefinitely. You will see from this book he is a very wise and intelligent man, and his say in this matter should not be taken lightly..."

UMEZAKI
We never heard from him again.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES
(at a loss)
Mr. Umezaki, I did not know your father.

UMEZAKI
Think.

HOLMES
I'm rather certain --

Umezaki grabs Holmes by the wrist **WHERE HIS GRIP WILL LEAVE
THAT BRUISE.**

UMEZAKI
Think! A casual meeting.

HOLMES
A decision to leave one's home and family
never to return couldn't have been the
result of a casual meeting!

Holmes pulls his hand away and holds his now sore wrist.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
You brought me all this way to ask me
this? After forty years?

UMEZAKI
My mother will die soon. As will I. The
ash in the air. We stayed here all these
years waiting for my father to return.
We had to. A boy can never become a man
unless he has a father to teach him.
(starts to cry)
I need to know if my father left us for a
reason I can understand.

HOLMES
A man abandons his family and writes his
son a "story." He wouldn't be the first
to cloak an act of cowardice in the guise
of heroic sacrifice.

UMEZAKI
I do not believe that!

HOLMES
I'm not lying to you.

Umezaki whirls on Holmes.

116 CONTINUED: (3)

116

UMEZAKI

How do you know? Maybe this is just one more thing you have forgotten! If you cannot remember, how can you know?

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

Unable to respond to Umezaki's fierce (and inarguable) logic.

117 EXT. KOBE TRAIN STATION - TWO DAYS LATER

117

Holmes waits on the platform. He now carries the SMALL BOX we saw at the beginning of the film. Umezaki is just coming from the ticket window. He hands Holmes his tickets.

UMEZAKI

I will not bother you with my questions any longer. But if the Prickly Ash succeeds, you will let me know?

HOLMES

Of course.

Umezaki bows. Holmes manages a stiff bow of his own.

118 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

118

Holmes sits ramrod straight, as the train pulls away. In the background, we can see Umezaki on the platform, watching. Holmes opens his briefcase and is surprised to find --

INSERT - A SMALL WRAPPED PACKAGE

It looks like a gift of some sort. Holmes unwraps the paper to reveal the gift is the PAPERWEIGHT with the BEES.

FLASHBACK ENDS

119 INT. HOLMES' BEDROOM - MORNING

119

Holmes is asleep. He shifts his body, then wakes as he feels something under the covers. He digs around and finds -

INSERT - TWO SHEETS OF WRITING PAPER

Covered in Roger's handwriting.

RESUME SCENE

The bedroom door opens. Holmes immediately slides the pages back under the covers. Mrs. Munro enters with a stack of shirts. She sets them down on the bedside table and opens the dresser drawer. Holmes looks at one of the shirts.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

HOLMES' POV -- THE CUFF

Laundered now, the word "Umezaki" has disappeared.

RESUME SCENE

Mrs. Munro sees that Holmes is staring at the cuff.

MRS. MUNRO

Took an age to clean off whatever that
was.

Holmes looks away, realizing that even his efforts to
remember things are being erased. Mrs. Munro puts the shirts
in a drawer and turns to go. Holmes' voice stops her.

HOLMES

Mrs. Munro?

MRS. MUNRO

Yes.

Holmes seems more embarrassed than we would think.

HOLMES

Uhm, would you send Roger in?

MRS. MUNRO

If you need something, I can do it.

HOLMES

It's of a delicate nature.

Holmes looks down at the bed pan. Mrs. Munro blushes.

MRS. MUNRO

I'll get him.

Mrs. Munro exits. Once she's gone, Holmes takes the GLASS
PAPERWEIGHT from under his pillow. Roger enters the room.

ROGER

Mother said you needed help.

HOLMES

Close the door.

Roger does so. Holmes hands the paperweight to him.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Something for you. *Apis cerana Japonica*.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

ROGER

Japanese honey bees? I didn't know they
had bees in Japan. Thank you.

HOLMES

You're quite welcome.

Roger lowers the gift and looks at Holmes for a long beat.

ROGER

Did you see where they dropped the bomb?

HOLMES

I did, yes.

ROGER

What was it like?

HOLMES

Ashes.

Roger frowns, not understanding. Holmes continues.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

If you believe in the purity of thought,
it is impossible to conceive of it as
destructive. And then you leave your
comfortable home to travel round the
world and see the end result of
intellectual precision distilled to its
essential function: destruction and
death. Elegant, efficient, not a drop of
energy wasted. All that agony born of
the most passionless enterprise one can
conceive of.

(beat, smiles sadly)

Rather a lot to make sense of, isn't it?

Holmes takes out ROGER'S PAGES.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

I found these hidden under my covers this
morning.

ROGER

I didn't want mum to find it. It's a
story I've been working on. You can read
it, if you like.

Holmes looks at the page. Roger watches, eager and anxious.

CLOSE ON - ROGER'S HANDWRITING

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (3)

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes had been called to the Strangers' Room of the Diogenes Club."

HOLMES (O.S.)

(reads)

"Sherlock Holmes had been called to the Strangers' Room of the Diogenes Club. When he arrived, he found a large man sitting in a club chair. 'Mycroft!' he exclaimed."

RESUME SCENE

Holmes looks up at Roger.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

You put my brother into it?

ROGER

You always said... In the books, you say he's the only man whose intellect is greater than yours.

HOLMES

Too true. Let's see what he has in store for me.

(reads)

"' My dear brother,' said Mycroft Holmes, 'I want your opinion on a matter. This gentleman wants to work for the Crown.'" And here Mycroft pointed to a young man seated in the chair next to him. "He wants to be a spy for England, Sherlock. What do you think?"

FLASHBACK TO:

120 INT. DIOGENES CLUB -DAY (1904) (ROGER'S VERSION)

120

MYCROFT HOLMES (60s), a huge and ruddy figure, sits opposite HOLMES (50). With them, in his own club chair, is ROGER.

MYCROFT

He knows his way around things. Grew up in the bush. And we could use someone in the empire who knows the native ways.

ROGER CHARACTER

I'm here to be tested, Mr. Holmes.

Holmes considers the Roger he sees before him.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

HOLMES

You have come from the wilds of Malaysia
where your father was a colonial officer.
Your mother is a --

FLASHBACK ENDS

121 INT. HOLMES' BEDROOM - MORNING

121

Holmes raises an amused eyebrow at Roger.

HOLMES

"...a Peruvian Countess?"

FLASHBACK TO:

122 INT. DIOGENES CLUB - DAY (1904) (ROGER'S VERSION)

122

Holmes (50) continues.

HOLMES

You are trained in the black arts and
once broke your arm jumping off a trolley
in --

FLASHBACK ENDS

123 INT. HOLMES' BEDROOM-MORNING

123

Holmes looks at Roger again.

HOLMES

"...Katmandu."

Roger shrugs. So he doesn't know Katmandu very well.

FLASHBACK TO:

124 INT. DIOGENES CLUB-DAY (1904) (ROGER'S VERSION)

124

Holmes (50) continues.

HOLMES

You know how to take care of things. And
you're older than your years. And you
want so very much to be of use.

Holmes (50s) smiles at Roger.

FLASHBACK ENDS

125 INT. HOLMES' BEDROOM -MORNING

125

Holmes (91) is smiling at Roger the same way. He folds the pages and sets them down. His voice is thick.

HOLMES

Yes, I think he can be of use.

ROGER

It's not finished yet.

HOLMES

No, of course not. Plenty of time.

Roger gathers the courage to tell Holmes his new idea.

ROGER

I had a thought about the story you've been working on.

HOLMES

I'm not working on it anymore.

ROGER

I know, but..well, the ending.. What if it was the husband?

HOLMES

The husband?

ROGER

I did some reading about Armonicas. The way they made them back then, there was lead in the crystal, that's what produced the tone. You know the woman suspects her husband of wanting the inheritance she comes into in six months' time. But if she leaves him before then, he'll get nothing.

HOLMES

So what's the husband done?

ROGER

Remember what he said about his father dying the year before? His father who played the Armonica..?

HOLMES

(recalls)

"An unpleasant death."

Roger nods. Holmes gets it.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

The lead.

Roger nods, eager, egging him on.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Lead can get into the blood through the skin. Small exposure can produce confusion, larger can result in mild hallucination. But constant contact, obsessive contact could end in insanity, death.

ROGER

So if the husband knew *that* --

HOLMES

-- *and* if he knew his wife planned to leave him, the Armonica would solve his problem. If she was legally confined because of her ravings, the ravings the private investigator he'd hired could *confirm*, then the money would go to him.

ROGER

All that's left is for you to turn him over to Inspector Lestrade and his wife is saved!

Holmes thinks about this. Roger is eager for his approval.

ROGER (CONT'D)

It *works*.

HOLMES

Yes. In the lexicon of the engineer and the author, it "*works*."

ROGER

If you wrote it that way, it's solved.

Roger thinks he's found a way to help at last.

HOLMES

Yes, well, I don't know as I can do that.

ROGER

I could write it *for* you. I could --

HOLMES

Let's leave it, Roger, shall we?

Roger is hurt. After a beat, he slowly collects his pages and goes to the door. Holmes' voice stops him.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES (CONT'D)

The woman died. She wasn't mad, not the way you mean. She'd left me every clue. I should never have let her out of my sight. I should have alerted the police, a doctor, someone with wits about him. I did none of these things. So she died. That's why I went away from the world and came here, to my bees, where I couldn't do any harm to anyone ever again.

(stops, near tears)

In Japan I was told I took a man away from his family. The family fell to ruin. I don't recall the man, meeting him, anything. *What's the good of intellect or reason, if it cannot glean the fact of things?!*

ROGER

What about imagination?

HOLMES

Imagination is a lie.

ROGER

Maybe it's a different sort of truth.

HOLMES

I had this same conversation with John. He'd written a story about the theft of a precious stone. The story contained a particularly revealing utterance I'd once made. We argued about it, about the story itself, about the fact of his writing the books at all. I said to him, "Why does everything need to be tied-up in the end, with a period, put paid." John replied, "People don't need their endings to be happy, just satisfied."

Holmes closes his eyes, exhausted. Roger goes to the door.

ROGER

What'll happen to the bees when you die?

HOLMES

Haven't a clue. One can't solve everything.

Roger hurries to the cottage, and runs right into his mother.

126 CONTINUED:

126

MRS. MUNRO
I heard him shouting at you.

ROGER
He wasn't shouting!

MRS. MUNRO
The doctor's coming on Thursday.
(as ROGER runs past her)
He'll make the judgment!

127 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER - MORNING

127

Roger is looking through the table of contents for one of the Holmes books. He turns the pages until he comes to a story called "***The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone.***" He reads the first page rapidly, turns the page, then stops when he sees --

ECU - A LINE OF DIALOGUE

"I am a brain, Watson. The rest of me is mere appendage.

REACTION - ROGER

Understanding, at last, just how true this is.

128 INT. HOLMES' BEDROOM - SAME TIME - MORNING

128

Holmes lies in bed. WE HEAR the BUOY, ARMONICA, the SHAMESIN.

FLASHBACK TO:

129 INT. BAKER STREET - BACK ROOM - NIGHT (1904)

129

A SERIES OF SHOTS: Holmes taking photographs of Ann's Grey Glove; developing the pictures; enlarging them; HUGE-CLOSE-UPS of the Glove, its lace, its pearls, its stitching.

Then we see Holmes pinning these PHOTOS to the WALLS. The ENLARGEMENTS of ANN'S EYES stare at Holmes. He stands back to look at his work. Something about the ENLARGEMENTS of the gloves bothers him. Suddenly it strikes him what it is.

130 EXT. KELMOT HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT (1904)

130

The front door of the house opens, and Kelmot emerges onto the stoop. He's about to close the door behind him when a NEWSBOY (14) comes running up to him with a newspaper.

NEWSBOY
Evening paper, sir?

KELMOT
No, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

Kelmot starts to shut the door, but the Newsboy crowds him.

NEWSBOY

Come on, sir, last one, then I'm done.

KELMOT

I said no.

(slams door shut)

Now go on.

NEWSBOY

(sullen)

Yes, sir.

The Newsboy hangs his head and crosses the street. As he passes out of the SHOT, he nods at someone o.s. and we see --

Holmes, standing in the shadows. Holmes watches Kelmot go off down the street. When he's gone, Holmes crosses the street to Kelmot's front door, and we see --

CLOSE ON - DOOR HANDLE

Wedged between the handle and the door frame is a newspaper (the Newsboy wedged it there when he crowded Kelmot and before Kelmot shut the door). Holmes tugs on the newspaper, and the door opens, the newspaper having blocked the bolt.

131 INT. KELMOT HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 131

Holmes enters, closes the door and looks around. SOUND of a TICKING CLOCK. Holmes goes up the steps.

132 INT. KELMOT HOUSE - UPPER HALL - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 132

Holmes goes to a door and opens it.

133 INT. KELMOT HOUSE - FIRST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 133

Holmes enters to see Kelmot's room. Bed made to military standards. Neat, clean, masculine. Holmes opens the armoire and sees rows of WHITE SHIRTS. He closes the armoire.

134 INT. KELMOT HOUSE - SECOND BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 134

Holmes enters Ann's bedroom. Less orderly. Bed unmade. Clothes on a chair. Holmes goes to the dressing table and picks up a bottle of Cameo Rose. He sprays a slight mist. The mist picks up what little light is left in the room and hovers in the air for a moment. Holmes opens the drawers to see many pairs of gloves. He picks up a creme colored glove. Something attracts his eye. He looks closely at the edges of the glove fingers. What is it...?

135 INT. KELMOT HOUSE - UPPER HALL - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 135

Holmes comes out of Ann's bedroom and sees a SHORT FLIGHT OF STEPS leading to the next floor and a CLOSED DOOR. WE FOLLOW as Holmes goes up the steps to the door.

136 INT. KELMOT HOUSE - THIRD BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 136

Holmes enters. The room is empty. In the middle of the room are DUST MARKS where the Armonica used to sit. Holmes sees a closet door. He opens it.

INSIDE THE CLOSET

Toys, a baby doll, pillows, coverlets, christening clothes, nursery books, all as pristine and unused as the day they were purchased.

Holmes is about to close the door when he notices something on the baby doll's face. He picks it up and looks closely at the doll's cheek.

ECU - A FINGERPRINT

On the doll's cheek, just below its eye. A silvery, metallic-colored fingerprint.

FLASHBACK ENDS

137 INT. HOLMES' HOUSE - HOLMES'S BEDROOM - DAY (1947) 137

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

His eyes are closed. He's in the midst of a restless dream.

138 HOLMES' REVERIE 138

1) CLOSE SHOT - ANN

WE HEAR a TONE. Someone is playing a GLASS Armonica.

2) WIDER SHOT

Ann sits next to Oswald. She puts her hands on his as he works the glass. Behind them stands Madame Schirmer.

MADAME SCHIRMER

It is in the nature of the glasses. Some say they can call for the dead.

3) ECU -- THEIR HANDS

A BEE flies into the shot and lands on Ann's hand.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

4) CLOSE SHOT - ANN

She stops playing. The TONE STOPS.

ANN'S VOICE (V.O.)

I am here, Grace. James, I'm coming.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

Ann stands. Oswald, Madame Schirmer and the room are gone. Ann walks into a FOG, passing MR. UMEZAKI in his BOWLER HAT and UMBRELLA. He passes a JAPANESE BOY holding the hand of a JAPANESE MAN in Edwardian black, walking through a garden of BLACK TREES, BLACK LAKE, ASHES. The TONE resumes now.

HOLMES VOICE (V.O.)

Death is commonplace.

6) WIDE ANGLE - THE ATOM BOMB DOME

It is not damaged. It is as it was before the bomb blast.

HOLMES' VOICE (V.O.)

Logic is rare.

A FLASH of LIGHT fills the screen. And WE HEAR:

ANN'S VOICE (V.O.)

The dead are not so very far away.

139 INT. HOLMES' BEDROOM - MORNING

139

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

His eyes flash open and he says:

HOLMES

Wait!

FLASHBACK TO:

140 EXT. ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDEN - DAY (1904)

140

CLOSE ON - ANN

As she turns.

FLASHBACK ENDS

141 INT. HOLMES' BEDROOM - MORNING

141

Holmes sits up in bed. He's just gotten an idea.

FLASHBACK TO:

142 EXT. ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDEN - DAY (1904) 142

ECU - ANN'S GLOVE

On the bench as the BEE suddenly flies off.

SMASH CUT TO:

143 INT. MADAME SCHIRMER'S ROOMS - LATER THAT NIGHT (1904) 143

Madame Schirmer opens her door to find Holmes (50).

MADAME SCHIRMER

What do you do here at this hour?

But Holmes (50) is already moving to the Armonica. We see he wears WHITE COTTON GLOVES. He touches the rim of the glass orbs.

CLOSE ON - HOLMES' GLOVED FINGER

As it glides across the glass, we see TINY FLAKES of LEAD break off and embed themselves into the fabric of the glove.

WIDER ANGLE

Holmes whips off his white glove and looks at it. He takes Ann's grey glove out of his pocket and turns it inside-out.

MADAME SCHIRMER (CONT'D)

What is this?

ECU - THE INSIDE OF THE GLOVE'S TIPS

The same TINY FLAKES are on the insides of the glove tips.

HOLMES (O.S.)

Quite possibly the reason Ann Kelmot's understandable distress has deepened into a threat to both her sanity and safety.

RESUME SCENE

Holmes quickly puts the gloves back into his pocket.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Was she here tonight?

MADAME SCHIRMER

I am under no obligation to say.

HOLMES

The answer is yes. Where was she going when she left?

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

MADAME SCHIRMER

I do not have to --

But Holmes has picked up a THEATRICAL FLYER from a table.

HOLMES

Don't bother. I know already.

144 EXT. SAVOY THEATER - LATER THAT NIGHT (1904)

144

Shows have just let out, and the pavements are packed.
Holmes makes his way past POSTERS that proclaim **"RECITAL!
CHILD PRODIGY! MASTER OSWALD HOEPPNER, ARMONICIST!"**

Holmes can't see Ann among the crowd. Then he hears a
SCREAM. He turns to see --

HOLMES' POV - A SILLY WOMAN AND HER MALE FRIEND

Laughing at the entrance to the Savoy Hotel.

Holmes turns back to the theater just in time to glimpse --

HOLMES' POV - ANN

Coming out of the theater with a programme, heading towards --

145 EXT. THE STRAND - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (1904)

145

Ann walks east, a few dozen people between her and Holmes. He
tries to keep her in view, but it's difficult. By the time
he reaches the corner, he's lost her. Then he looks down.

HOLMES' POV - A PROGRAMME

From the recital, dropped into the gutter.

Holmes realizes Ann dropped it. He looks to his right.

HOLMES' POV - WATERLOO BRIDGE

Pedestrians stream across the bridge towards the south bank.

MOVING WITH HOLMES

As he starts onto the bridge, trying to see over peoples'
heads. It's no good. He starts to turn when WE HEAR:

MEN AND WOMEN (O.S.)

Oh! Watch it! What's she doing?

Holmes spins back again to see --

HOLMES' POV -- ANN

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

In the middle on the bridge, standing on the stone rail,
looking down into the Thames. Her eyes are wide.

RESUME SCENE

Holmes jumps up onto the stone rail himself and shouts:

HOLMES

Ann!

CLOSE ON - ANN

Her face turning to see Holmes at the last moment before she
plunges into the water below.

FLASHBACK ENDS

146 INT. HOLMES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

146

Holmes has been writing all night. He looks drained. Slowly
he stands, stiff and weary. We HEAR THE BUOY.

CUT TO:

147 THE SAME. MINUTES LATER.

147

Holmes climbs into his bed. He falls asleep at once.

CUT TO:

148 THE SAME. HOURS LATER. DAYLIGHT.

148

Holmes wakes. He looks at his bedside table. It's just
past noon. Slowly, he gets out of bed and goes to the
WINDOW. He opens the curtains. Outside is the bright green
lawn. The sun. The apiary. No human movement.

149 INT. FRONT HALL - AN HOUR LATER - DAY

149

Holmes, now dressed, comes down the stairs.

150 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY

150

Holmes enters. Mrs. Munro is making lunch.

HOLMES

No one woke me.

MRS. MUNRO

(surprised to see him up)

You were dead to the world.

HOLMES

Roger with the bees?

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

MRS. MUNRO
Like as not.

HOLMES
I'll hunt him up. Have to tell him
something.

Holmes goes to the door. Mrs. Munro moves as if to help him.

MRS. MUNRO
Do you want me to come with you?

HOLMES
No, continue on with what you're doing.

MRS. MUNRO
Sir, there's things I must discuss with
you. About the future.

HOLMES
Of course. After lunch, say?

Mrs. Munro nods. Holmes goes outside as Mrs. Munro calls:

MRS. MUNRO
You might ask Roger where the watering
can's got to.

151 EXT. GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

151

Holmes breathes in the sea air. He looks at the APIARY. He
looks at the WOODS.

HIS POV - A LIGHT GLINT

Bouncing off a surface.

RESUME SCENE

Holmes stares into the woods, wondering what the light is.
He starts in its direction. After a few steps, he sees
something between the WOODS and the APIARY.

HIS POV - A FIGURE LYING IN THE GRASS, FACE UP

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

A sense of dread coming over him.

HOLMES POV - THE FIGURE

MOVING WITH HOLMES until we see that the figure is --

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

ROGER

On his back. His face is swollen and covered with RED WELTS.

REACTION - HOLMES

He stops in his tracks, stunned. Then he kneels and feels Roger's neck.

CLOSE ON - ROGER'S FACE

Eyes's closed. His mouth is dry and open.

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

He looks around the scene. In QUICK SUCCESSION, he takes in:

ROGER'S TROUSER CUFFS

Wet, soaked through.

ROGER'S FOOTPRINTS

In the nearby GRASS and MUD.

THE APIARY

The BEES flit about, their BUZZ a peaceful drone.

152 INT. KITCHEN - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

152

Mrs. Munro is cooking and does not see what we do.

THROUGH THE WINDOW - HOLMES

Comes up the garden and disappears around the side of the house. A moment later, WE HEAR the FRONT DOOR OPEN and then the PHONE RECEIVER being jiggled in the FRONT HALL, followed by HOLMES' VOICE. We can't make out words. The conversation is brief. WE HEAR the PHONE cradled.

Mrs. Munro, intrigued, goes to the HALL DOOR and opens it just as WE HEAR the FRONT DOOR SHUT.

HER POV - FRONT HALL

The phone in its cradle. The front door closed. Holmes isn't there.

CLOSE ON - MRS. MUNRO

As she closes the hall door and starts back to her kitchen work. She picks up a bowl, glances out the window and sees --

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

HER POV - HOLMES

Going back down the garden. He stops and looks back and forth between the apiary and the woods.

REACTION - MRS. MUNRO

She squints to see what he's doing. Something makes her heart start to beat quickly. She puts down the bowl and goes to the door, opens it and goes outside.

153 EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY

153

MOVING WITH MRS. MUNRO from the kitchen, through garden, down the garden, past the apiary until she sees Holmes standing above Roger.

MRS. MUNRO

Roger!

Mrs. Munro runs to Roger and cradles his limp form, screaming his name over and over. Holmes looks away from the scene.

154 EXT. HOLMES' FRONT GATE - TEN MINUTES LATER - DAY

154

Roger is being put in an AMBULANCE. Mrs. Munro gets in with him. The doors shut, and it zooms away. As the dust settles we see Inspector Gilbert standing in front of the house.

155 INT. HOLMES' HOUSE - FOYER- MOMENTS LATER - DAY

155

Inspector Gilbert enters. Silence. He calls -

INSPECTOR GILBERT

Mr. Holmes..?

156 INT. UPPER LANDING - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

156

Inspector Gilbert reaches the DOOR to the ATTIC STUDY. It's half open. He pushes it open all the way.

157 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY- CONTINUOUS - DAY

157

Inspector Gilbert enters. Holmes is seated at his desk, in the gloom, staring at the wall.

INSPECTOR GILBERT

Mrs. Munro's gone to the hospital. Do you want someone to stay with you? My daughter could come by.

Holmes doesn't reply.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

INSPECTOR GILBERT (CONT'D)

They're giving him injections of
adrenaline, as you said to, but he's not
looking good.

No response. Inspector Gilbert turns to go.

HOLMES

He fled his attackers.

Inspector Gilbert stops and turns to Holmes.

INSPECTOR GILBERT

..Sir?

Holmes uses all his powers to stave off grief.

HOLMES

He was fleeing his attackers. The
footprints suggest as much. But his
flight would have been a disoriented one,
as the swarm followed in its attack.
It's their wont when provoked. Before
becoming unconscious, his skin would've
flushed, accompanied by a burning pain, a
drop in blood pressure, a feeling of
weakness. His throat and mouth would've
swelled, which explains why he didn't
call for help. After that, alterations
of heart rate, difficulty breathing,
finally shock. Would've felt not unlike
slipping through a trap door. Common in
cases of severe allergic reaction.

INSPECTOR GILBERT

Did you *know* he was allergic to bees?

HOLMES

..I was certain he wasn't.

INSPECTOR GILBERT

What do you think he did to provoke them?

Holmes has no answer.

158 EXT. HOLMES' HOUSE- FRONT GATE - SUNSET

158

It's hours later. The inspector's car is gone.

159 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - SUNSET - SAME TIME

159

Holmes is asleep in the chair. He hasn't moved. We hear:

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)
It's not, really.

Holmes's eyes snap open.

160 INT. FRONT HALL - SUNSET -- MOMENTS LATER

160

MOVING WITH HOLMES as he hurries to the Kitchen.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)
He said so!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
And I say no!

161 INT. KITCHEN- SUNSET -- CONTINUOUS

161

Holmes enters to see a WOMAN at the sink, a BOY next to her.

HOLMES
Roger..?

They turn. It is a younger WOMAN and another BOY (9).

WOMAN
Mr. Holmes, I'm Una, Inspector Gilbert's
girl. This is my boy, Joe.

Holmes is crestfallen. He hurries to the garden door.

UNA
You want me to make you some supper?

But Holmes is gone.

162 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM- SUNSET - MINUTES LATER

162

Holmes enters. The bed is made. The desk is as it was.
Holmes feels the desk top, touches the pencils and paper. He
comes to the GLASS PAPERWEIGHT. Holmes picks it up.

HIS POV - AN IMPRISONED BEE

We see the intact insect frozen in death.

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

He's noticed something.

ECU - THE BEE'S STINGER

Sharp with jagged edges.

FLASHBACK TO:

163 EXT. THE GARDEN - EARLIER THAT DAY 163

CLOSE ON - ROGER'S FACE

It's covered in RED WELTS.

FLASHBACK ENDS

164 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM- SUNSET 164

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

He's almost figured it out.

FLASHBACK TO:

165 EXT. THE GARDEN - EARLIER THAT DAY 165

ECU - ROGER'S FACE

None of the WELTS has a stinger in it.

FLASHBACK ENDS

166 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - SUNSET 166

Holmes holds up the paperweight to get a better look.

HIS POV - THE PAPERWEIGHT

A LIGHT FLICKERS off the GLASS.

RESUME SCENE

Holmes turns to find the source of the light. It's a shaft of the SUN'S LAST RAYS streaming through the WINDOW. Holmes goes to the window and looks at --

HIS POV - THE WOODS

A GLINT OF SUNLIGHT is bouncing off some surface.

167 EXT. THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER - SUNSET 167

Holmes hurries into the WOODS. He stops when he sees --

THE RED WATERING CAN

On its side. SUNLIGHT GLINTS off its handle.

Holmes moves closer and WE HEAR a BUZZING. Closer yet to the WATERING CAN, the BUZZING becomes LOUDER, and we see --

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

A WASP NEST

A wild swarm of angry insects.

Holmes looks down and sees --

HIS POV - SMALL FOOTPRINTS

In the MUD, next to the WASP NEST.

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

He's got it. Then he senses something and turns to find --

MRS. MUNRO

She stands a few yards away, beyond the WOODS, in the GARDEN, at the APIARY. She holds a PETROL CAN.

WE MOVE WITH HOLMES

As he comes out of the woods towards Mrs. Munro. We now see she holds a BOX OF MATCHES in one hand. She is staring at the BEES with the calm, drained look of someone in tremendous grief who's been crying for hours.

MRS. MUNRO

My son won't come to. He's dying.

Holmes takes a step closer. Mrs. Munro turns on him, keeping the PETROL CAN away from his reach.

MRS. MUNRO (CONT'D)

It isn't right!

HOLMES

Mrs. Munro --

MRS. MUNRO

You didn't even have the decency to tell me what'd happened to him!

HOLMES

I didn't think it would make a difference--

MRS. MUNRO

I'm his mother!

(re: the BEES)

Why wasn't it you they did it to? It should've been you!

HOLMES

The bees didn't do this. The bees--

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MUNRO

They're monsters! You're a monster!

HOLMES

It was the wasps.

Mrs. Munro stares at him. What is he saying..? Holmes indicates the WOODS behind him.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

There's a wasp's nest in the woods.
Roger was trying to kill the wasps, to
keep them from hurting the bees.

Mrs. Munro is wary. Is he trying to trick her?

MRS. MUNRO

..How do you know?

HOLMES

Bees leave their stingers. Wasps don't.
There weren't any stingers left behind.

Mrs. Munro is trying to process all this.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

The watering can is in the woods. He was
trying to drown them. When they came
after him, he dropped the watering can
and ran to here. You can see the
footprints go to woods and then back to
where he fell.

Mrs. Munro looks at Holmes, not sure if she should trust him.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

He's not allergic to bees, I saw him
stung by a bee, he was fine, he's
allergic to wasps.

MRS. MUNRO

You just want to protect them.

HOLMES

So did Roger.

MRS. MUNRO

They're all you care about!

HOLMES

They aren't. I care for Roger, I -

Holmes is suddenly overcome by his emotions. He puts his
hand to his mouth as if he can stop the words coming out.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: (3)

167

MRS. MUNRO
You're a coward. You're selfish and
afraid and heartless.
(weeping)
*My boy's going to die! What will I do
without my boy?*

Mrs. Munro drops the PETROL CAN and the MATCHES and falls to the grass, heaving with sobs. Holmes goes to her, kneels on the grass, and holds her, weeping with her.

HOLMES
There. There, there. There, there.

FROM THE POV OF THE APIARY - HOLMES AND MRS. MUNRO

We see the two of them, she weeping, he holding her. BEES fly in and out of the foreground of the shot.

168 EXT. WOODS - LATER - TWILIGHT

168

CLOSE ON - THE WASP NEST

Holmes pours PETROL all around it. The WASPS SWARM.

WIDER ANGLE

Holmes turns to Mrs. Munro. She hands him the matches. Holmes strikes a match and tosses it into the NEST. It BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

169 A SERIES OF ECU SHOTS

169

- WASPS in their death throws;
- WINGS ON FIRE;
- THE NEST engulfed in flames, collapsing into itself;
- FLAMING BODIES dropping to the CHARRED GRASS;
- ASHES in the AIR.

It's an inferno, and it should recall a holocaust.

170 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE THAT NIGHT

170

Roger is unconscious, breathing thickly, in a bed. Mrs. Munro sits next to him. She takes his hand and brushes his hair back from his brow. He looks like his father again.

171 EXT. HOLMES' BACK LAWN - NIGHT - SAME TIME 171

Holmes is alone, watching the last embers of the wasp's nest burn into ash. OVER THIS WE HEAR:

HOLMES (V.O.)
"Ann Kelmot was dead."

FLASHBACK TO:

172 EXT. WATERLOO BRIDGE - EMBANKMENT - NIGHT (LONDON, 1904) 172

ANN'S BODY has been laid out on the muddy embankment. We see Holmes, kneeling next to her, his clothes a wet and muddy mess, as POLICE and ONLOOKERS hover nearby.

HOLMES (V.O.)
"And there was nothing to be done about it."

FLASHBACK ENDS

173 INT. HOLMES ATTIC STUDY - EVENING 173

Holmes is throwing out everything from the closet. Bottles, jars, beakers, tinctures, all into the hearth fire.

HOLMES (V.O.)
"I returned to my rooms in Baker Street.."

FLASHBACK TO:

174 INT. BAKER STREET CONSULTING ROOM - NIGHT (1904) 174

CLOSE ON HOLMES (50)

Slumped on the sofa, face pale, his eyes red from weeping.

HOLMES (V.O.)
"...and tried to lose myself."

A WHITE GLOVED HAND gives Holmes a telegram.

HOLMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
"When a message summoned me to the Strangers Room of the Diogenes Club --"

175 INT. DIOGENES CLUB - DAY (1904) 175

CLOSE ON MYCROFT HOLMES (60s)

Sitting in his deep red club chair. We are now in HOLMES' VERSION of the scene we saw before.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

HOLMES (V.O.)
 " --where I found waiting for me my
 brother Mycroft."

We now see Holmes (50) seated opposite Mycroft.

MYCROFT
 I want your opinion on a matter. This
 gentleman wants to work for the Crown.

CAMERA STARTS TO TURN TO

A MAN (as yet unseen) sitting in the third chair.

FLASHBACK ENDS

176 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - EVENING

176

CLOSE ON - ROGER'S STORY

A pen enters the shot and cross out the name "Roger" and
 write above it a name that begins "U - m -- e -"

FLASHBACK TO:

177 INT. DIOGENES CLUB - NIGHT (LONDON, 1904)

177

THE CAMERA COMPLETES ITS TURN TO REVEAL

THE JAPANESE MAN (50) we saw in Holmes' Dream. It's
 UMEZAKI'S FATHER in Edwardian clothes.

MYCROFT
 He knows his way around things. Grew up
 in the East. And we could use someone in
 the empire who knows the native ways.

UMEZAKI'S FATHER
 I'm here to be tested, Mr. Holmes.

HOLMES
 (still in a daze)
 You want..so very much..to be of use.

UMEZAKI'S FATHER
 Yes.

MYCROFT
 I am not at my best judging a man. My
 brother is far better at it than I. Even
 if his appearance belies a lack of
 consideration for the normal proprieties.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

UMEZAKI'S FATHER

Do you think I would be suited, Mr.
Holmes?

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

He's barely there. Finally he shrugs.

HOLMES

I'm sure so.

MYCROFT

There *is* one *minor* issue outstanding. Of
a familial nature.

Holmes stares blankly. Mycroft turns to Mr. Umezaki.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

You must forgive my brother. Emotional
attachments are beyond his comprehension.
(to HOLMES)

Mr. Umezaki has a wife and child in
Japan. What would be the best course, do
you think?

Umezaki nods, wanting to know. Finally Holmes replies:

HOLMES

Sometimes one must extract ones self from
the human equation and cease to be, as a
contrary means of survival.

Umezaki isn't sure what Holmes means. Neither is Mycroft.
Holmes allows himself to be more specific.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Write a letter. Say you're staying on in
London. Could be a long while till your
return.

Umezaki looks worried. Mycroft smiles to reassure him.

MYCROFT

Yes. A disappearing act.

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

His heart closed, his face an impassive mask.

MYCROFT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Always best.

178 INT. BAKER STREET - BACK ROOM - NIGHT 178

Holmes is stripping the IMAGES OF ANN from the walls. Her image is torn into thousands of pieces.

CLOSE ON - TWO PIECES OF A PHOTO

As they flutter in the air and fall between the open pages of a NEW BOOK titled "THE COMPLETE BEE KEEPER."

WIDER ANGLE

When the walls are bare, Holmes closes the book -- not noticing the pieces of the photo within -- and goes into the hall. He closes the door. WE HEAR the DOOR LOCK.

FLASHBACK ENDS

179 INT. HOLMES' ATTIC STUDY - NIGHT 179

Holmes is writing a letter now.

HOLMES (V.O.)

"Mr. Umezaki, I write to tell you I have at last recalled my meeting with your father."

CUT TO:

180 THE SAME. MINUTES LATER. 180

Holmes slips the pages of the story into an envelope.

HOLMES (V.O.)

"It took some investigation and the jogging of an old man's memory. Your father served the British Empire with great distinction, but also in greatest secret."

181 INT. FRONT HALL - MINUTES LATER - MORNING 181

CLOSE ON - THE ENVELOPE

Addressed to "Mr. Tamiki Umezaki. Kobe, Japan."

HOLMES (V.O.)

"The tale is enclosed within. I hope its recitation brings you satisfaction. And peace."

Holmes gives the envelope to the Postman. The Post Man nods and goes back down the walk. Holmes closes the door.

182 EXT. HOLMES' GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING

182

The sun is trying to burn the fog away. Holmes comes to the end of the garden, near the Apiary, and takes out a handful of SMALL STONES. He begins to place them in a CIRCLE on the grass. Holmes slowly kneels inside the circle, like the old man in Japan.

CLOSE ON EACH STONE - MOVING FROM ONE TO ONE as we HEAR:

HOLMES (O.S.)
My friend John. My brother Mycroft.
Matsuda Umezaki. Maya. ..Ann.

We see a HAND enter the SHOT and place the GLASS PAPERWEIGHT next to the last stone.

CLOSE ON - HOLMES

Looking down at the PAPERWEIGHT. He looks up at someone.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
What's that one for?

HIS POV - ROGER

Standing above him, framed by BLUE SKY. Roger's face has scabs from the welts, but he's on the mend.

ROGER
Me. You.

HOLMES
Not for a while yet, I shouldn't think.

Holmes stands. He and Roger take each other's hand.

ROGER
Did you finish the story?

HOLMES
Just sent it off. Someone who needed it more than I. One shouldn't leave this life without a sense of completion.

Holmes picks up the paperweight and gives it back to Roger.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
You can use this in one *your* stories.
"A bee. A glass. And Roger."

Roger smiles. How did Holmes know..?

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

Now we see Mrs. Munro stands behind them. She holds a BEE HAT, GLOVES and a SMOKER. In the background, we can see Dr. Barrie come out onto the terrace, with a tea tray.

MRS. MUNRO

Right, first show me how to knock them out.

Holmes nods to Roger to go with his mother.

Roger and Mrs. Munro go to the apiary as Roger begins to explain the workings of the bees.

ROGER

The Queen runs the colony. The Drones service the Queen. And the Workers do the work.

MRS. MUNRO

(sighs)

Isn't it true.

As Roger and Mrs. Munro go off together --

Holmes kneels again, facing the sea and bows in the traditional Japanese manner.

We can hear the TONE. It's a combination of the buoy, the Armonica, the shamisen -- and the BUZZING of the BEES.

ANGLE - FROM BEHIND HOLMES

Holmes continues to bow, facing the DISTANT SEA. In the foreground the BEES fly in and out of the frame. In and out.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF FILM