

Warner Bros. Pictures

"ELEMENTARY"

written by
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based on characters created by
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

4/18/94

Elementary

FADE IN:

EXT. TENEMENT ROW - THE BOWERY - DAY

Grim. Congested. Chock full of the proverbial teeming masses. In front of a dilapidated tenement, a group of scruffy CHILDREN have staked out a section of the sidewalk for a game of HOPSCOTCH. A determined BOY steps up to the line. As he prepares to toss a stone onto one of the boxes, everyone looks up at the sound of a CRASH. A FAT MAN hurtles backwards through a third-story window.

The Children dash aside as the fat man thumps down into the middle of their hopscotch field. He's followed by a shower of broken glass. Staring pop-eyed at the sky, his big belly is covered by an expensive waistcoat. His shoes are shiny patent leather. Obviously not from the neighborhood. And if the fall didn't kill him, his red face and swollen tongue might imply strangulation.

INSERT: MANHATTAN 1892.

As credits roll we flash ahead a few minutes. Poor immigrants from a dozen different languages and cultures surround the tenement, united by their fascination of murder. A single quaintly uniformed BEAT COP stands before the body trying to bring about some semblance of order. An almost festive atmosphere is present. Whoever the dead man is, no one in this crowd is mourning.

Blasting his whistle, the Beat Cop is relieved to see help arrive via a horse-drawn POLICE WAGON. As they try to work back the crowd, a veteran Irish POLICE CAPTAIN mops his brow and surveys the scene. It's going to be a long day. But he smiles as he sees a MAN pushing his way through.

A starched shirt and wire-rimmed glasses belie the man's piercing eyes. He's followed by a YOUNG MEDICAL STUDENT carrying a heavy WOODEN BOX. As the Student sets it down, the man pulls out a spool of string. Tying one end to a porch railing, he begins to cordon off the crime scene.

BEAT COP

Hey! Get away from there!

As the Beat Cop takes a threatening step forward, the Captain places a restraining hand on his shoulder.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Dr. Watson! A bright sunny good morning to you, Sir.

It's DR. JOHN WATSON to be exact. Sherlock Holmes' Watson. But not the heavy-set bungler we're used to. Not by a long shot. This Watson is a seeker. A man delving into the mysteries of life and death. Driven by a desire for knowledge, he has the power to give it physical expression.

WATSON

Who was he?

POLICE CAPTAIN

Landlord. Owned every building on the block. Until somebody threw him out the window.

Watson pauses to look up at the blown out window frame. As he continues winding the string around the post of a gas street lamp, the Captain pulls the beat-cop back a step.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Give the Doctor room, lad. He has a job to do.

As Watson pulls on a pair of white cotton gloves and begins to examine the corpse, the Captain educates the Beat Cop.

POLICE CAPTAIN

He once worked side by side with Sherlock Holmes himself.

(to Watson)

He was collecting the rent, Doctor. It's a robbery pure and simple. Don't you agree?

WATSON

Things are rarely as they seem. And this man wasn't robbed.

Holding open the dead man's mouth, Watson uses a pair of wooden tongs to pull out a thick roll of saliva covered BILLS. Rent Money. The Young Student holds out a can and Watson drops the wad inside. The Beat Cop and Captain exchange an impressed look.

WATSON

Envelope.

As Watson examines the victims hands, the Young Student gets an envelope from the box. Using a pen knife, Watson scrapes under the fingernails. Bits of skin and dried blood, drop into the envelope the Student holds below.

WATSON

The person responsible will be scratched across the face. Or maybe the neck.

As Watson wraps the victim's hands in wax paper, we move back to the crowd. Passing between them. Finally stopping on a big, DARK-EYED MAN who jostles for a view. Three fresh, lurid scratches run across the side of his neck. His skin and clothes are streaked black with COAL DUST.

CRIME SCENE

Dark Eyes is riveted as Watson continues his examination.

WATSON

Look at this.

The Captain crouches down alongside Watson who points out several dark smears on the front of the dead man's jacket.

POLICE CAPTAIN

I wouldn't think he left the house looking like that.

WATSON

It's coal dust. From the murderer's hands.

As Watson continues his examination, the Captain rejoins the Beat-Cop.

POLICE CAPTAIN

I pity the bastard whoever he is. Dr. Watson has already got him halfway to the gallows.

DARK EYES

Overhearing. Frowning. Halfway to the gallows isn't exactly where he wants to be. He moves back and is soon swallowed up by the crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

It's raining. Seen through the soft glow of the window, we see Watson. Alone at a table for two. He isn't waiting for anyone; he's eating alone. Right now, his attention is absorbed in a yellow TELEGRAM.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Watson's meal goes untouched and it's getting late. Still holding the telegram, he stares out the window at the rain slicked cobblestones. Watching with the concern of a professional waiter for his best regular is HUBERT. He steps over, refills Watson's wine glass.

HUBERT
Is everything alright, Doctor?

Watson doesn't hear him exactly. It takes him a moment for him to look over.

WATSON
Excuse me, Hubert?

HUBERT
(re: telegram)
Bad news, Sir?

WATSON
My father's died. I have to go to England.

HUBERT
I'm sorry, Sir.

WATSON
So am I, Hubert. So am I.

Watson takes off his glasses and returns them to their METAL CASE. We get the distinct sense he means he's sorry to be going to England.

EXT. RESTAURANT - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Watson pulls up the collar of his jacket and heads out into the rain. The street is deserted as he makes his way along. Or is it?

VOICE
You get your man today, boss?

Watson stops short at the dark shape which fills a doorway to his left. Dark Eyes! The accent is Eastern European.

WATSON
Pardon me?

Dark Eyes raises a revolver and FIRES! Hit in the chest, Watson collapses in the street.

Already in horror at what he's done, Dark Eyes throws the revolver down. He takes a hesitant step toward Watson, then bolts down the street.

Amazingly, Watson sits up. Reaching into his breast pocket, he pulls out his shattered glasses and case. As Hubert and the COOK appear in the restaurant doorway, Watson stands and charges down the street after Dark Eyes.

STREET

Still running, Dark Eyes looks back over his shoulder, can't believe his eyes. Watson is chasing him.

NARROW ALLEY

Dark Eyes cuts down. Watson is closing. Near the end of the alley, eight feet off the ground, the platform of a FIRE ESCAPE. Dark Eyes jumps up, catches hold. As he starts to pull himself up, Watson jumps. He catches hold and hangs from one of Dark Eyes legs.

As Dark Eyes hands begin to slip, he rears back with his free leg and kicks Watson in the face. Watson drops, one of Dark Eyes' shoes in his hands. Dark Eyes starts to climb the fire escape ladder.

PIGEON COOP

On top of the tenement roof. The PIGEONS coo as Dark Eyes pulls himself up onto the roof. Beyond, we see the ugly black iron TRESTLE of the ELEVATED TRAIN.

FIRE ESCAPE

Losing valuable time, Watson climbs.

ROOFTOP

Watson pulls himself up in time to see Dark Eyes leap from the roof to the trestle. There's a WHISTLE and in the distance, a train approaches the trestle platform. Not a cautious man, Watson runs to the edge of the roof and leaps the twelve feet to the trestle. His right hand waves at nothing but air. His left hand catches iron.

As Watson and Dark Eyes climb, the train arrives spewing a shower of sparks and soot down over them.

TRESTLE PLATFORM

The train starts away. Dark Eyes swings a leg up onto the platform. A few steps and he leaps to the second to last car. As he climbs up, Watson is only just appearing.

Watson makes one last mad dash. He's closing, but the train is picking up speed. His lungs ready to burst, it's now or never. Watson dives for a brass post. Got it!

TRAIN TOP

Watson climbs to the top of the last car. Dark Eyes waits at the other end. The two men eye each other warily.

WATSON
Why did you kill that man?

DARK EYES
(starts forward)
He needed to die.

WATSON
And me?

Dark Eyes closes. They GRAPPLE as the train enters a long turn. They're too preoccupied to see that the train is passing under a WOODEN SIGN reading Track 20. They close in on it and finally SMASH splintering through it.

Both men are flattened on the train top. They lay stunned a moment, but Dark Eyes is the first to come to his senses. He begins to roll Watson off the roof. He's got him to the edge before Watson's pant leg catches on a loose flap of the metal sheathed roof. As he works to tear it free, Watson wakes up.

He returns Dark Eyes' favor with a kick to the face. The two men are soon rolling across the rooftop. Finally Dark Eyes gets his hands around Watson's throat. Squeezing...

DARK EYES
You need to die so I can live.
Now die! Die!

Watson doesn't want to oblige, but he may not have a choice. Then, strangling, Watson twists back, catches a glimpse of the shape of things to come. The train is roaring into a TUNNEL with twelve inches of clearance.

Death arrives in the form of a looming concrete facing. Dark Eyes looks up an instant before oblivion. Suddenly all alone, Watson lies as flat as he can, his head turned to the side. The train whistle blasts. And as the tunnel ceiling rushes past mere inches above, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

The late 19th Century and the Sun never sets on the British Empire. However, for the next ten hours, a darkness has descended on her radiant capital.

INSERT: LONDON

We drift dreamily through the fog high above the THAMES. Over the TOWER BRIDGE. Still under construction, but the signature twin spires and walkways are already in place.

A FIGURE stands on one of the walkways. His back to us, he surveys the city. His domain. A BOWLER on his head, a CANE in his hand, he LAUGHS. The sinister sound echoes. Before we can even begin to guess at his identity...

We turn north past the TOWER OF LONDON, cauldron of British history, silent witness to 900 years of the noble and the vile. To the West is the darkened silhouette of the dome of ST. PAUL'S. But tonight is not a night for God. Tonight God is looking the other way.

We continue, drifting lower into London's teeming East End. Into the SLUMS of Whitechapel. The flickering gaslights struggle against the gloom. It's a losing battle.

As we settle down to the cobblestones, light floods out from the open doors of the HOG'S HEAD TAVERN. TILLY METCALFE staggers outside. A hollowed-out 25, Tilly is a prostitute. One of London's "Unfortunate Ones" to enlist the euphemism of the day. Tilly moves ponderously, her eyes glassy. Not so much as one drunk, but rather drugged.

Flanking her are two rough and tumbles, TOM & DICK. Dick is powerful looking, his hands huge and gnarled. Both are men who've had their humanity squeezed out of them by a harsh world. But that doesn't excuse them for what they're about to do. If there's a Hell, they're going to burn in it.

DICK

This way, Dearie. This way.

WHITECHAPEL ALLEY

Gloomier still. As Dick leads Tilly down, Tom pauses for a furtive look back. If either of them has a shred of conscience left, it's Tom. Tilly leans back against the wall, slaps the bricks with the palm of her hand.

TILLY

Here'll do. Against the wall.

Tilly hikes her skirt up over her waist, begins to fumble with her underclothes. But Tom and Dick are busy lifting a heavy IRON GRATE which covers a HOLE in the ground.

TILLY

Stop muck-arsing about and let's have at it.

Dick points down into the hole.

DICK

Down there.

Tilly steps over, casts a suspicious look into the pit.

TILLY
I won't. It's too dark.

DICK
Aye. We likes it dark.

Dick shoves her down into the hole and follows after. Tom takes another nervous glance about, then brings up the rear.

INT. THE LONDON UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Tom and Dick lead Tilly along the TRAIN TRACKS of the London Underground. A GASLIGHT flickers every hundred feet and Dick also carries a LANTERN. Reaching a preordained spot, they stop. Tilly stands stupefied. Tom and Dick look down the track, waiting for something. Or somebody.

TILLY
What are we doing here?

Not answering, Dick CRACKS a WALNUT in his mighty hand. Frightened, Tom peers off into the gloom.

TOM
Come on, you miserable beggar.

DICK
Stop your fidgeting, Tom. Professor Moriarty said to wait for our friend here. So here we'll wait.

TOM
(contemptuous)
Professor Moriarty.

DICK
Be grateful it's me what's got to deal with him. Moriarty is by far the worst of the two.

The 'friend' arrives. A DARK FIGURE steps out to the tracks from a side ARCHWAY. He stands there, his face covered by a WHITE costume party HALF-MASK. Wearing a top hat and cape. Carrying a cane. Absolutely out of place, he's obviously...

TILLY
A gentleman...

DICK
And not one to be kept waiting.

Smiling, Tilly starts forward, a jaunty swing in her hip. Dick watches grimly.

DICK
Whores rush in where angels fear
to tread.

TOM
(trembling)
Let's wait further back, Dick.
I won't watch him at work again.

DICK
Alright, alright. Hang onto
yourself, Tom.

The two of them retreat back, further down the line.

DARK FIGURE

He lowers the mask. Young, handsome, refined. His mustache is waxed, the ends curled rakishly upwards. But the eyes betray the madness lurking within. We're looking at the face of JACK THE RIPPER. For four long years London has thought him dead and gone. He frowns as Tilly approaches.

JACK
Blast them. She's too tall.
And that nose... —

Tilly glances around, then smiles demurely at Jack.

TILLY
I've seem 'em shy before, Sir,
but you take the cake.

Jack motions her back into the archway. Tilly reaches out, smooths the front of his cape, knowing this class of gentleman will mean extra coin.

TILLY
What would you like, Sir?

JACK
I'd like you to ease my pain.
Do you think you can do that?

Tilly nods. As she's about to say something, Jack puts his fingers over her lips and looks off toward the tunnel.

JACK
Listen!

In the distance, we hear a dull RUMBLING.

TILLY
I expect that's the train on her
way, Sir.

JACK

No. Not that.

They listen. The rumble intensifies, but there is another sound as well. A hideous sort of GRUNTING and SQUEALING.

JACK

Black swine. Monstrous creatures. They live in the Northern Outfall Sewer. I used to think they were afraid of the train.

The frantic sound comes closer. It's truly unnerving.

JACK

But now I think it's me they fear.

The sound is overwhelmed by the ROAR of the train. Jack grabs Tilly's hair and jerks her head back. With the other hand he holds a wicked KNIFE before her eyes.

JACK

Which do you think it is?!

As the ground starts to shake, Jack raises the knife. Tilly SCREAMS. And then the train is there, spewing SPARKS and SMOKE. It's HEADLIGHT BLINDS Jack for just an instant.

And in that instant Tilly breaks free and RUNS. Life is too precious to give up without a fight. The train is already past as Jack realizes what's happened.

JACK

She's getting away!

Jack starts after her. After a moment Tom and Dick follow.

FURTHER DOWN THE LINE

Tilly runs for all she's worth, spots a breach in the wall ahead. Tilly scrambles over the fallen bricks and into...

INT. NORTHERN OUTFALL SEWER - NIGHT

A hellhole. Tilly RUNS down the WOODEN CATWALK suspended above a RIVER OF FILTH. As she runs, Tilly constantly checks over her shoulder to see if they're following. We're not sure, but ahead we seem to hear the GRUNTING of swine. She hears it, too.

Stopping, she peers ahead into the gloom. But there's the clatter of FOOTFALLS on the catwalk behind. She moves on a few steps, but the terrible GRUNTING makes her stop again.

To her right is a dank, foul SIDE CHANNEL which feeds the main line. With little choice, Tilly starts up it.

SIDE CHANNEL

Tilly slips and slides in the GREASY MUCK. There's no way to get any footing. Falling she slides back out to...

THE CATWALK

To the left we hear pursuit, see the light from Dick's lantern. But to the right, looming out of the darkness, the BLACK SWINE of the Northern Outfall Sewer. Huge, wire-haired BOARS lead the way, but there are beady-eyed SOWS and PIGLETS as well. A rock and a hard place to be sure. There's no other choice, but down.

Tilly gets to her feet. The swine loom in their fury, Tilly LEAPS from the catwalk and into the river below. As she struggles desperately to stay afloat...

A shrill WHISTLE sounds. The Swine look up. The WHISTLE sounds again. Obviously afraid of it, the Swine CHARGE OFF, rumbling further up the channel. Soon Jack is there, a WHISTLE between his teeth. He looks down, trying to make out Tilly in the darkness.

Light shines as Tom and Dick follow with the LANTERN. They watch as Tilly SINKS beneath the surface. Drowned. At the sight, Tom buries his face in his hands.

JACK

She was all wrong.

Jack turns on them, his mask back in place. A KNIFE FLASHES in a SWEEP from Jack's hand. Dick's CHEEK is CUT.

JACK

Next time bring me what I ask for. Or you can find a new situation.

Even as Tom backs away in terror, Dick draws a KNIFE of his own. Facing Jack, he's ready for anything. But Jack just turns on his heel and starts back down the catwalk.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL ALLEY - NIGHT

Shrouded in fog, a HANSOM CAB waits, the DRIVER sitting high in the back. The HORSE stamps nervously as Jack steps out of the alley. Collar turned up, hat pulled low, Jack climbs into the cab. For an instant, we get a glimpse within.

SOMEONE is waiting for Jack inside. A GARGOYLE-HEADED CANE is thrust up, RAPS the edge of the cab's roof. The Driver flicks the reins and they're off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE POOL OF LONDON - DAY

The TERA NOVA blows her whistle as she docks. LINES are secured. Passengers queue to disembark. Bags in hand, a gloomy Watson stops short to look out at the skyline from the rail. A John Bull ENGLISHMAN stands alongside.

ENGLISHMAN

You know what Johnson said.
"When a man is tired of London,
he is tired of life."

WATSON

I once had a friend who called
it the great cesspool of the
Empire.

ENGLISHMAN

(mortally insulted)
Harumph. A colonist, are you?
From the U-nited States?

WATSON

No. I was born in Surrey. I'm
an Englishman.

ENGLISHMAN

You don't sound like one. Not
one I'm interested in knowing.

And as the Englishman stalks away, Watson sighs. He's not happy to be here. And it's not going to get better.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - DAY

Carriages line up for passengers. The late 19th Century version of a taxi stand. Watson stares out at the Thames as his DRIVER stows his bags into the carriage. He looks back at Watson.

DRIVER

All ready, Sir... Where to,
Sir?... Sir?

Snapped from his reverie, Watson thinks. He's not sure where he should go. Finally, as he climbs inside...

WATSON
Baker Street. 221 B.

INT. CARRIAGE - BAKER STREET - DAY

Watson watches the buildings pass by. The Carriage pulls to the side of the road and stops across from 195.

WATSON
Driver! It's 221 I want!

DRIVER'S VOICE
I can't get any closer, Sir!

EXT. BAKER STREET - LONDON - DAY

Watson climbs out of the carriage. The street in front of 221B is jammed with HOLMES-PILGRIMS. Their mysteries range from lost dogs to stolen fortunes to murder. The man in 221B is their last hope. Every day they come from all over England. And every day they're turned away. These days Sherlock Holmes sees no one. Watson hadn't expected this.

WATSON
Wait here.

As Watson starts to work his way through the crowd, MRS. HUDSON steps out onto the landing of 221, BROOM in hand.

MRS HUDSON
Go away! Mr. Holmes is retired!

A shared PLEA rises from the crowd. Mrs. Hudson shakes her head firmly. She doesn't see Watson nearing.

MRS HUDSON
No is no! And it always will be! Now off my steps!

As the Pilgrims are slow to respond, Mrs. Hudson wades into them, the broom WHISTLING through the air. More than one man is knocked off his feet.

MRS HUDSON
Take that, you lounge!

As the Pilgrims back up under Mrs. Hudson's onslaught, Watson steps forward. Mrs. Hudson is before him, raising the broom high over her head. Ready to strike.

WATSON
Mrs. Hudson!

MRS HUDSON
(recognizing him)
Dr. Watson!

Overjoyed, Mrs. Hudson drops her broom and embraces him.

MRS HUDSON
I'm sorry it took your father's
death to bring you back. But I
am glad to see you.

WATSON
Who are these people?

MRS HUDSON
Rabble. Here every morning.
Even on Sundays. But Mr. Holmes
won't see them.

WATSON
Is he in?

MRS HUDSON
Oh, he's always in these days.
But I'm afraid you might not
recognize him, Sir. The last
three years have gone hard.
(taps her head)
It's his mind. Mr. Holmes thinks
too much, he does. That was
always his problem. Rivers were
meant for dragging, but not the
brain. If you catch my meaning.

Watson stares up at the drawn blinds of Holmes' study. He
suddenly has cold feet.

WATSON
Tell him I was round. I'll call
again before I leave.

MRS HUDSON
Please see him, Dr. Watson.
You're the only one who could
ever reason with him.

As Watson shakes his head, GUNSHOTS sound from within. Not
just one or two, but many. And they don't stop. Watson
and Mrs. Hudson exchange a look, then both rush inside.

INT. HALLWAY - 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

The SHOTS continue from Holmes' study. Watson shoulders
his way through the door with Mrs. Hudson right behind.

HOLMES' STUDY

As cluttered and deteriorated as the great detective himself. SHERLOCK HOLMES faces the far wall, a SMOKING PISTOL in either hand. The pockmarked wall bears the end product of his gunplay. Bullet holes have traced the letters V and R. Holmes turns, a wild look in his eye.

HOLMES

Ahh, Watson. The prodigal son returns.

Watson stares at Holmes, dumbfounded. Mrs. Hudson continues past to examine her damaged wall.

WATSON

What in the hell are you doing?

HOLMES

V R. Victoria Regina. Fired to honor the queen's upcoming jubilee. But I'd hardly expect the man without a country to understand.

MRS HUDSON

(turning; livid)

Out!

HOLMES

Excuse me, Mrs. Hudson?

MRS HUDSON

Out. I want you out. This is the final straw, Mr. Holmes. How much is a body expected to take?

HOLMES

I quite agree. But you know my condition, Mrs. Hudson. You know that leaving is impossible.

Fed up, grumbling to herself, Mrs. Hudson marches out.

HOLMES

You surprise me, Watson. I hadn't expected you for an hour.

WATSON

Is that so?

Watson watches as Holmes set down one revolver and dumps the spent shells out of the other onto the carpet.

HOLMES

I calculated the time it would take news of your father's death to reach you and then I checked the Cunard Line Schedule.

As much as he wants to avoid it, Watson can't help but be drawn into this game of deduction.

WATSON

But I didn't book passage on the first available ship.

HOLMES

Of course. I knew your dislike for your father wouldn't put you on the first, but your sense of duty would certainly land you on the second.

WATSON

(grudging admiration)
The same old Sherlock.

HOLMES

People don't change, Watson.
Just our perceptions of them.

Holmes inserts a single BULLET in one of the revolvers.

WATSON

What are you doing?

HOLMES

It's a game I play. A single bullet. The hand of providence.
(spins cylinder)
You place the barrel against your head and squeeze the trigger. Just once mind you.

WATSON

Holmes... You can't be serious.

HOLMES

I abhor the dull routine of existence, Watson. My mind rebels at stagnation. I crave for mental exaltation. Give me problems, give me work and I can dispense with games.

Watson stands, walks to the window. Without warning, he throws up the shade. Holmes squints at the harsh daylight.

WATSON

You want problems? Work? Then open your doors! Look at them, Holmes! They need your talent!

Watson looks down at the Pilgrims below.

WATSON

You have no right to keep it from them.

HOLMES

How dare you school me on my obligations.

Holmes joins Watson. A pitiful MURMUR goes up as the Pilgrims below realize he's looking on them.

HOLMES

My obligation to the Empire ended four years ago when I rid them of their monster. For Jack the Ripper was their creation. Make no mistake. They made the mess and I cleaned up after them.

WATSON

Don't you mean we?

HOLMES

You deserted me, Watson. I never left you.

(looks out window)

And I don't owe those people a thing.

As Holmes lowers the shade...

HOLMES

They've only just named my affliction. Agoraphobia. From the Greek. Phobia, fear. Agora, the public square. You see, Watson, I'm afraid to go out-doors. In fact, I'd rather die.

WATSON

I didn't desert you. Holmes. You deserted yourself.

HOLMES

Yes, well, if you'll excuse me, the game is about to begin.

Holmes raises the revolver to his own head.

WATSON
God help you.

HOLMES
God, my old friend, has quite
forgotten me.

MOVE WITH Watson as he hurries out of the room.

HALLWAY

Watson closes the door behind him. In revulsion, he listens to the CLICK as the gun's hammer falls on an empty chamber.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KENWOOD HOUSE - HAMPSTEAD HEATH, LONDON - DAY

The Watson's ancestral home. Right now it looks like a fire sale is on. MOVERS carry out ANTIQUE FURNITURE, Old Master PAINTINGS, and stacks of CHINA. It's all catalogued on the front lawn under the watchful eyes of the CREDITORS.

INT. STUDY - KENWOOD HOUSE - DAY

The room is stripped even of its books. Watson stares out the window toward the stables where the HORSES are being led off. They're even taking bridles and saddles.

VOICE
Not much of a homecoming, is it,
John?

Watson turns. Entering is DORSET, his father's SOLICITOR. Watson shakes his hand.

WATSON
Dorset. Yes, it's quite a mess
I've inherited.

They both turn, look at the stern PORTRAIT of Watson's father hanging from the wall.

DORSET
I'm afraid your father lived far
beyond his means.

That fact is quite obvious as two movers enter. They take down the portrait and start out with it.

DORSET
There's one thing they can not
take away. You are now the 8th
Earl of Burlington.

Watson looks at him a moment. There's something so absurd about this fact that Watson finally bursts into laughter. Dorset waits, patiently tolerating the outburst.

WATSON
I'm sorry, Dorset.

DORSET
Someday you'll appreciate the meaning of it. Till then, I hid this away from the vultures.

Reaching into his pocket, Dorset hands Watson a gold POCKET WATCH and fob.

DORSET
Your father's watch. When you look at it, remember that time heals all wounds.

WATSON
Thank you, Dorset. Thank you.

There's a commotion in the hallway. Dorset's ADJUTANT has tried to block her entrance, but NANCY WILKES forces her way in. Self-assured, unabashed and disarmingly direct, Nancy is a woman ahead of her time. She carries a frame wrapped in brown paper.

ADJUTANT
I tried to stop her, Sir. But she overpowered me.

DORSET
Miss Wilkes, can't this wait?

NANCY
You said you wanted proof of my claim against Sir Peter. Well here it is.

Nancy pulls back the paper to reveal her specialty. Allegorical photography. In this case Watson's father. The man who looked so distinguished in the painting appears here in a TOGA standing before a Grecian column surrounded by living cherubs. It's titled Zeus on Olympus.

NANCY
This is just one of a dozen. He owes me ninety pounds!

Watson can barely believe his eyes.

WATSON
He looks like a fool.

NANCY
(turning to Watson)
He was a fool!

DORSET
(lowers the boom)
Miss Nancy Wilkes, allow me to
introduce Sir Peter's son John.

It hits Nancy she just called his dead father a fool.

NANCY
Good god. I'm sorry.

WATSON
That's alright, Miss Wilkes. I
wish I could help you. But my
father's debts are not my debts.
(to Dorset)
When's the funeral?

DORSET
We've been holding the body till
you arrived. Whenever you say.

WATSON
Tomorrow morning. Ten o'clock.
I'll be staying at the St. James
Club if you need me, Dorset.
(nodding farewell)
Miss Wilkes.

Watson makes his exit. Nancy watches him go. Dorset is
amused, feeling he's now on the moral higher ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROYAL ARMORY - NORTH LONDON - NIGHT

A round, heavily built structure. TWO ROYAL MARINES stand
at attention on either side of the heavy steel entry door.
They watch as a RAGGEDY MAN makes his drunken way down the
street. The Guards cast sidelong glances at each other as
the man pauses to tilt back a bottle.

Ignoring the clatter of wheels on cobblestones, the Raggedy
Man staggers to the center of the street just as a CARRIAGE
careens around the corner. The bearded DRIVER tries to
stop, but too late. The Raggedy Man disappears beneath the
carriage. The Driver jumps down. The Marines rush
forward. Blood runs from the Unconscious Raggedy's mouth.

DRIVER
(Russian accent)
He's crazy. I could never stop.

As One Marine kneels down beside the Raggedy Man, the other runs back to the door. Unlocking it he rushes inside.

As the first Marine checks for a pulse, the Raggedy Man's eyes blink open. He smiles slyly as the Driver slips a garrote around the Marine's neck.

As he chokes him, FOUR bearded RUSSIANS jump out of the carriage. Anarchists! Armed with rifles and pistols they wait on either side of the door.

The absent Marine rushes back outside with TWO more MARINES, one of whom carries a FIRST AID KIT. The Russians aim their guns, freezing the Marines in their tracks.

RUSSIAN ONE

Inside.

They disappear back into the armory. There's a moment before the sound of muffled gunshots. Then a moment more before the Russians begin to reappear, rolling CASKS OF GUN POWDER out of the armory and onto the wagon.

NEARBY STREET

Loaded with powder, the Carriage rattles away. As it passes we hold on an alcove where a dark figure watches it go. Light slashes across him revealing the bowler hat and gargoyle-headed cane. We don't see his face, but we know it's the man we saw on the Tower Bridge, the man in Jack the Ripper's carriage. PROFESSOR MORIARTY.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON FAMILY CRYPT -DAY

Cold stone slabs and slots. Each one bearing a stone sarcophagus. Watson, Dorset and a MINISTER stand before one upon which is engraved: Sir Peter Watson. The Minister is just finishing a sparse service.

MINISTER

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord. Amen.

As Watson nods his thanks, the two men leave him to pay his last respects. Watson stands by his father's sarcophagus, more thoughtful than sad. He looks around at generations of dead Watson's. They're crammed in everywhere.

He turns to leave, then stops. There's one open slab left. A resting place for one last Watson. Him. Watson runs his hand along the cool marble. Then finally, with one last turn around, he heads out.

EXT. WATSON FAMILY CRYPT - DAY

Watson joins Dorset who waits outside. The Minister is walking in the gardens.

WATSON

I want it sealed, Dorset.
Enough Watsons are moldering in
that damp, morbid place.

DORSET

It will cost a few pounds.

WATSON

It's one thing I'll gladly pay
for.

Suddenly, Dorset sees something he doesn't like.

DORSET

Has that girl no sense of
decency?

Watson follows his gaze across the lawn where Nancy Wilkes stands with another PHOTOGRAPH wrapped in brown paper. Angry, Dorset starts forward, but Watson holds him back.

WATSON

I'll talk to her.

MOVE WITH Watson as he heads over to Nancy.

WATSON

Miss Wilkes. What can I do for
you?

NANCY

You can call me Nancy. I want
to apologize for yesterday.

WATSON

That's not necessary.

NANCY

I brought you this. As a gift.
To remember your father.

Nancy pulls back the paper to reveal a much more traditional PHOTOGRAPH of Watson's father.

WATSON

Ahh. His dignified pose. As strange as it might sound, Nancy, I'd prefer the other one.

As she smiles...

EXT. MARYLEBONE ROAD - LONDON - NIGHT

A HANSOM CAB rattles down the cobblestones. Nancy and Watson are inside. The two of them watch the people pass. Most seem to be of the stuffy upper class Brit variety.

WATSON

Look at them. Going about their business. I want to laugh in the face of their stupid self-importance.

Nancy looks at him, a bit surprised, but in agreement.

NANCY

I want to cry myself. I must confess, you don't seem British.

WATSON

My mother was American. My father, who you know was British with a vengeance, was a diplomat in Washington. I grew up there.

NANCY

They didn't send you back for Eton?

WATSON

They divorced when I was seven. I didn't see England again until I attended Oxford. After my mother died.

The cab stops in front of a HOUSE which has a PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO on the first floor. As they get out...

INT. NANCY'S STUDIO - DAY

Watson walks among a display of ALLEGORICAL PHOTOGRAPHY. The new rage, subjects appear as Cupids flying over landscapes, Czarinas emerging from sleds, maidens hanging onto tower bell clappers and men made up as Zeus. Nancy steps from the back carrying the photo of Sir Peter.

NANCY
Silly, aren't they?

WATSON
No. They're very clever.

NANCY
They pay the bills. Usually.
But I'm working on something...
new.

She hands Watson the photograph.

WATSON
Thank you.

NANCY
You're welcome. How long do you
plan to be in London?

She's definitely interested in him.

WATSON
I leave for New York tomorrow.
I have my work to return to.

NANCY
What is it you do?

WATSON
I'm a medical doctor.

Nancy nods. Suddenly a connection hits her.

NANCY
Not Sherlock Holmes' Dr. Watson?

WATSON
(smiles)
I prefer just Dr. Watson. But
yes, most people do put Sherlock
Homes in front of my name.

NANCY
As a "woman photographer" I
should have known better. You
know, I tried to see Sherlock
Holmes a few months ago, but he
wouldn't receive me.

WATSON
He won't receive anyone. But
why did you --

Watson is interrupted by a FOOTMAN at the door announcing:

FOOTMAN
The Duke of Clarence.

NANCY
Damn it...
(shrugs)
My morning appointment. Time to
pay the bills.

The Duke of Clarence, "EDDY", enters. Refined, handsome,
his mustache waxed and curled rakishly upwards. The Duke
of Clarence is Jack the Ripper!

Nancy greets him with a smile. He takes her hand. In his
other hand he carries a HUMAN SKULL.

EDDY
(mock surprise)
No curtsy, Miss Wilkes? For the
future King of England?

NANCY
I'm afraid not, Duke.

EDDY
Call me Eddy. And I'll have you
know I'm not above prostrating
myself to beauty.

Eddy drops down on one knee before Nancy. He takes her
hand and kisses it. If we didn't know he was a mass
murderer he would almost seem charming.

NANCY
Do you know Dr. Watson?

EDDY
We have met. When my grand-
mother presented Mr. Holmes with
a medal. I was just a boy.

Eddy and Watson shake hands. Watson looks at the skull.

WATSON
A friend of yours?

Eddy holds it up for consideration.

EDDY
Alas poor Yorick. Miss Wilkes,
I want you to make me Hamlet.

WATSON
That skull looks fresh.

EDDY

I'm afraid it is, Doctor. I
bought it from a medical student
this morning.

(to Nancy)

Shall we?

WATSON

It was nice meeting you, Nancy.
Thank you for the photograph.

Nancy has something to say, but can't. Watson nods goodbye
to Eddy and heads out. As Eddy hands Nancy the skull...

EXT. THRAWL STREET - WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

As the FOG settles in, a VENDOR pushes his cart down a
muddy street. Sounds of drunkenness and brawling punctuate
the drab, hopeless existence of the inhabitants here.

VENDOR

Cat's meat and hot wine! Cat's
meat and hot wine!

As the Vendor passes, we hold on a group of dirty, shoeless
CHILDREN. They SKIP ROPE to a peculiar RHYME.

CHILDREN

Jack the Ripper's dead. And
lying in his bed. He cut his
throat. With Sunlight soap.
Jack the Ripper's dead.

WHITECHAPEL LODGING-HOUSES

The sad song of a HURDY-GURDY drifts down. Arguments can
be heard. In Cockney. Russian. Polish. Built on top of
one another, the space between the houses form dirty little
COURTYARDS. This is where the PROSTITUTES wait. Some for
the price of a drink, others for bread for their children.

KATE PICKNETT is here. Worn through, she puts her best face
forward as a MAN enters the courtyard. He's already past
her before he turns back. Kate frowns. This man covers the
top half of his face with a mask. The Ripper has left the
sewers! Unchaperoned.

JACK/EDDY

What do they call you, girl?

KATE

Kate. Crazy Kate. Are you
looking for company, Sir?

JACK/EDDY
Why 'Crazy'?

KATE
There's some what think that I
murdered my husband.

JACK/EDDY
Did you?

KATE
No, Sir. But the more that
thinks it, the safer I figure me
and mine is.

JACK/EDDY
Hmm. I don't like your name.

KATE
Call me whatever you like.

JACK/EDDY
Could I call you Nancy?

KATE
Nancy it is.

Jack extends an arm. Kate takes it. And off they go.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON KATE - IN HER ROOM

Propped up against the headboard of her bed. Eyes open, but glassy. Kate's dead of course. Victim of a pitiless slaughter. The thick bath of blood starts just below her chin. Mercifully, we don't see anymore of her.

Over it all, we hear someone HUMMING. WIDEN TO INCLUDE Jack. Up to his elbows in blood, he's happily at work. Hovering over the corpse at play with his knife.

Jack tenses at a stifled WHIMPER. For a mad instant he thinks it came from the corpse. Then he spots the CLOSET.

Jack's eyes narrow. Holding his KNIFE in his right hand, he moves forward silently. Takes hold of the DOORKNOB. Coiling himself to strike, Jack THROWS OPEN the closet door.

The closet is empty. Jack must be hearing things. No wait! He looked too high. A 6-year-old GIRL is crouched on the floor, a STRAWBERRY BIRTHMARK on her cheek. With a CRY she LEAPS PAST Jack. He DIVES after her, but all he comes up with is air as the girl blasts out of the room. As Jack stands to pursue, his mask is left on the floor.

COURTYARD

Knife in hand, Jack charges into the yard, then comes up short. The girl is nowhere in sight. He stands there a moment, the situation suddenly flying out of his control.

LODGING-HOUSE HALLWAY

A middle-aged CHARWOMAN makes her drunken way down the hall. Spotting the open door, she takes a peek inside. Her face registers the horror before her throat gives voice to it.

COURTYARD

Jack still frozen by indecision, hears it as soon as anyone.

CHARWOMAN'S VOICE
MURDER! MURDER! THE RIPPER!
JACK THE RIPPER!

We hear VOICES. Doors and windows opening. More SCREAMS. Jack bolts. There's nothing else to do.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLMES' STUDY - NIGHT

The room is dark. From the armchair, we're suddenly aware of the burning coal of a pipe, the darkened form of Holmes. A man at war with himself. There's a KNOCK at the door.

HOLMES
Come in.

The door opens and Watson enters. It takes him a moment to spot Holmes in the gloom.

WATSON
I didn't see you at first.

HOLMES
Darkness and solitude, Watson.
My wants are simple. What about yours?

Holmes squints as Watson turns up a lamp.

WATSON
To be my own man. To look back
on my life and know that I was
responsible for it.

HOLMES

Every orchestra needs a second fiddle. But we do what we must. You've come to say goodbye then.

WATSON

Yes. And to urge you to live again. Before it's too late.

HOLMES

(scoffing)

Melodrama is not your style.

WATSON

Putting a gun to your head is melodrama. Choosing life is far more courageous.

HOLMES

If you've come to say goodbye, then please get it over with.

As Watson contemplates his old partner, we hear someone pounding on a distant door.

INT. HALLWAY - 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

POUNDING on the door. Mrs. Hudson makes her way down.

MRS. HUDSON

I'm coming! I'm coming!

Mrs. Hudson opens the door to reveal the massive frame of Scotland Yard's INSPECTOR GREGSON. Most nights he's jovial and gregarious, but not tonight.

GREGSON

Mrs. Hudson.

MRS. HUDSON

Inspector Gregson! Were you planning on kicking my door in?!

GREGSON

Afraid it's an emergency. Is the great detective in?

MRS. HUDSON

Oh he's in. It's the great we're wondering about.

INT. HOLMES' STUDY - NIGHT

A KNOCK and Gregson bustles in as Watson is about to leave.

GREGSON

Mr. Holmes. Sorry to interrupt,
but --

(see Watson)

John Watson! You're a sight for
sore eyes!

WATSON

(shakes his hand)

How are you, Gregson?

HOLMES

More importantly, what are you
doing here?

Gregson pauses, looks at them as gravely as a man with his
news should.

GREGSON

Murder, Sir. In Whitechapel.
It's Jack the Ripper back again.
I'm sure of it.

WATSON

Jack the Ripper is dead,
Inspector.

GREGSON

On any other night I'd agree,
Doctor. But not tonight. Not
after what I've seen.

Watson looks at Holmes who's been oddly silent till now.
Holmes sighs, bored with the whole thing already.

HOLMES

It must be an imitation killing.
A twisted homage to Jack.

GREGSON

All his trademarks were in place.

HOLMES

Regardless. I don't see what it
has to do with me.

WATSON

It has everything to do with
you! With both of us!

GREGSON
Inspector Lestrade would like
you to come have a look, Mr.
Holmes.

HOLMES
Tell Lestrade I am retired.
Tell him that he's a fool and
that I am through doing his work
for him. Good evening, Gregson.

Holmes turns his back. Gregson's audience is over. Holmes
picks up his VIOLIN and begins to play through the scales.

WATSON
You can't refuse them, Holmes.

HOLMES
Are you still here, Watson?
Don't you have bags to pack?

WATSON
Get your coat and hat.

HOLMES
I don't think you're taking my
affliction seriously. Leave me
in peace, Watson. For God's
sake, leave me in peace.

Watson just stares at him. Holmes stops his fiddling.

HOLMES
How dare you look at me with
pity?

WATSON
How else can I look at you?

Finally, Holmes gives in. In a way.

HOLMES
(standing)
Blast it all to Hell! You go
then. You be my eyes. Observe
what you can and return.
(exploding)
You know my methods! Apply them!

EXT. LODGING HOUSE -- WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

Cordoned off. TWO squeamish, uniformed POLICEMEN guard the
door, nervously watching the large crowd gathering.

Recognizing Gregson, they step aside to allow he and Watson the dubious privilege of entering. Gregson pauses.

GREGSON

It's a dog's breakfast in there,
John. I hope you're ready.

Watson just nods. But as they start in, INSPECTOR LESTRADE exits accompanied by TWO of his burly THUGS. The Chief Inspector at Scotland Yard, Lestrade got the job mainly from the reputation that Holmes provided. Lestrade hates him for it. Arrogant and petty, he's far better at holding grudges than solving murders.

Seeing Watson, Lestrade makes an exaggerated display of looking on either side of him.

LESTRADE

Shouldn't you be in the United
States, Watson?

WATSON

A lot of us are places we
shouldn't be. You for example.

LESTRADE

And where is Sherlock Holmes?
I'm giving him a second chance
to catch a murderer who seems to
have risen from the grave Holmes
put him in.

GREGSON

Mr. Holmes was feeling a bit
under the weather, Sir.

A look from Lestrade shuts Gregson up.

LESTRADE

Tell me, Watson? What's he like
these days? Does he dress
himself? Does he bathe? The
great Sherlock Holmes. A man
who hasn't got the bollocks to
step out his own door.

Lestrade's thugs CHUCKLE. Lestrade is poised for a fight
as Watson steps forward.

WATSON

I'm not going to let you,
Lestrade. I'm here to see the
murder scene.

LESTRADE

Absolutely not. It's Holmes or
no one. And believe me, I
fought that.

(to Thugs)

See the Doctor to a carriage.

Before the Thugs can oblige, everybody turns at a turbulent
sound moving down the street. 300 PEOPLE, mostly East
Enders, are marching on the crime scene. Leading them is
MARK ANTHONY HUNGERFORD. A charismatic anti-monarchist,
Hungerford wants change and would prefer it violent.
Sadly, a lot of people think he really cares about them.

LESTRADE

Have your truncheons ready!

Hungerford shouts through a PAPER MEGAPHONE. And he wears
a BOWLER HAT!

HUNGERFORD

Sell Buckingham Palace! Feed
the poor!

The crowd ROARS back, "FEED THE POOR!"

HUNGERFORD

Sell the Crown Jewels! House
the poor!

The crowd... "HOUSE THE POOR!"

HUNGERFORD

Sell the monuments! Protect the
poor!

The Crowds roars back the litany. TRUNCHEONS in hand, FORTY
POLICEMEN link arms and begin to advance, a human cordon.

LESTRADE

I'll give you protection...
(above the din)
Disperse!!!

Forgotten by Lestrade, Watson and Gregson watch the
spectacle unfold. Watson watches Hungerford closely.

WATSON

Who is he, Gregson?

GREGSON

Hungerford. His family owns
half the coal in Newcastle. But
he's a mystery. And Lestrade's
about to let go the leash.

Lestrade regards the crowd with disdain.

LESTRADE

Final warning! Do you hear me?!

They're not budging. Lestrade wastes no time negotiating.

LESTRADE

Have at them!

The Police advance, truncheons swinging. Teeth are smashed, ribs broken. But some in the crowd fight back. With bricks bottles, and pickets. It is ugly.

GREGSON

You'd better go, John.

WATSON

Yes. I know just the place.

That said, Watson disappears into the lodging house. Gregson stands there dismayed. Then, cursing under his breath, he follows Watson inside.

INT. KATE'S ROOM - WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

The first sight to slap Watson in the face is the corpse itself. He's stunned. Following him, Gregson is quiet a moment. Then...

GREGSON

You saw the other five in '88.
You tell me. Has the Ripper
returned from his holiday or
hasn't he?

For a moment, Watson doesn't answer. He's taking in the full scope of the horror. Kate almost seems to watch him.

WATSON

It's Jack. No mistake about it.

GREGSON

What of that chap we fished from
the Thames? Montague Druitt was
his name. It was the feeling at
the Yard that was Holmes' way of
saving her Majesty's government
the cost of a trial.

WATSON

Mine as well, but in four years
he's never told me what happened
that night.

Watson picks the Ripper's mask up off the floor.

GREGSON

He never left anything behind before. I say it belonged to the lady.

WATSON

I wonder...

Watson crouches, looks at a SMEAR of BLOOD on the floor.

WATSON

There's blood here.

GREGSON

There's blood everywhere. We'd better clear out, John.

WATSON

This was smeared by a cloth. I think someone fell here.

GREGSON

She did of course.

Watson looks across at the bloody doorknob of the open closet door.

WATSON

Why would he look in the closet?

Watson looks from the doorknob to the blood smear, gauging the distance. Not so sure it was Kate.

GREGSON

John, you have to leave.

WATSON

Have you done a forensic study of the room yet?

LESTRADE

(entering; livid)

We photographed the body. Now get the hell out!

(to Gregson)

One week's pay, Gregson.

WATSON

You need to check for fibers. They can be matched. Scrape the nails for blood. It can be typed. This entire room needs to be dusted for fingerprints.

LESTRADE

I don't believe in fingerprints.
Any fool can see how she died.
She was ripped. So who was that
man Holmes killed? An innocent
man, that's who. You go now and
tell him that.

WATSON

(frustrated)

If you won't do your job, then
at least cover the body.

LESTRADE

Whores are used to having men look
at them. I don't think she minds.

WATSON

But I do.

Watson grabs a sheet from the foot of the bed. Lestrade
nods to his Thugs as Watson billows it out over the body.
The Thugs grab Watson from behind.

LESTRADE

You and Holmes think you're so
clever. Well, think your way
out of this one, Doctor.

Watson never sees the lead-weighted BLACKJACK in Lestrade's
hand. Lestrade whacks Watson in the back of the head. He
CRASHES to the floor alongside the bed.

LESTRADE

(to Gregson)

Get him out of here.

WATSON

As Lestrade marches out, Watson can just see something under
the bed. A small BRASS BALL with a piece of STRING tied to
it. He palms it as Gregson pulls him to his feet.

GREGSON

I am sorry, John. Are you
alright?

WATSON

I'm alive. That's more than she
can say.

As Gregson follows his gaze to Kate's sheet covered body.

EXT. THRAWL STREET - WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

A madhouse. Watson shoves aside a wrestling COP and STEVEDORE. Behind them a truncheon CRACKS across a man's back. Watson breaks from the crowd, HAILS a HANSOM CAB.

DRIVER

Sorry, Guv, already occupied.

The cab passes. The passenger is Hungerford. Fleeing unscathed. Looking at Watson, he tips his bowler.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLMES' STUDY - 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Holmes sits staring at the 'steeple' formed by his fingertips. The door opens and Watson steps inside. For a moment the two men just look at each other. Finally...

HOLMES

Was it Jack then?

Watson nods. Holmes' shoulders sag; he knows the truth.

WATSON

I thought you caught him,
Holmes. Caught and killed him.
Tell me what happened?

HOLMES

How deep into my secret do you
want to go?

WATSON

Enough mystery! What happened?!

HOLMES

I hunted Montague Druitt into the
sewers like an animal and shot
him in the dark. Within 24 hours
I already knew. The killings
stopped, but the evidence was
overwhelming. The man I murdered
was not Jack the Ripper.

WATSON

How can you be sure?!

HOLMES

Because Jack sent me a letter
saying so. Two weeks after
Druitt died.

Suddenly, everything seems so clear to Watson.

WATSON

That's why you retired. That's why you can't go outside...

(no answer)

Why didn't you take me with?
Why did you go alone that night?

HOLMES

Because I intended to execute him. And I knew you wouldn't allow it.

As the two men stare at each other, they don't need to say a word more.

CUT TO:

BRASS BALL & STRING - MRS. HUDSON'S KITCHEN

Holmes holds it out at arm's length, broods over it. In the other hand he holds a roughly sketched drawing of Kate Picknett's room. Watson waits as Mrs Hudson serves tea.

HOLMES

You were there, Watson. What do you make of it?

WATSON

He took his time, but he was interrupted. I think he heard someone in the closet.

HOLMES

Excellent! What else?

WATSON

He left blood on the knob when he pulled the door open. Whoever was inside, darted past him. He fell trying to catch them. That explains the blood smear. In the heat of the chase he didn't realize he'd dropped the mask.

HOLMES

(very pleased)

Watson, you're really learning.
Go on.

WATSON

(shrugs)

That's all. It's half speculation as it is.

HOLMES

It's deduction. I can only add two things. One, the witness was the victim's child. In a one room flat the child was probably instructed to wait in the closet if they heard the mother bring home a customer.

MRS HUDSON

Mr. Holmes!

HOLMES

The sordid truth, Mrs. Hudson. When Jack opened the closet, he wasn't expecting a child. That's how it got past him.

WATSON

I'm not sure. There weren't any playthings. Any sign that a child lived there.

HOLMES

Nonsense. You brought a toy home with you.

Holmes takes Mrs Hudson's DINNER BELL from the hearth. He ties the brass ball (a bell striker) and string to the bell's handle. Inverting the bell, he swings the ball up and catches it in the bell's 'cup'. It's CUP & BALL.

HOLMES

Children have been playing this game for a thousand years.

WATSON

Of course...

HOLMES

Then the mask. Worn when seeking out his victims. Why? Because Jack's a public figure. Anything from a member of parliament to a Whitechapel shopkeeper.

WATSON

But he's not anonymous. He's not unknown.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT

There she is. In all her splendor. It's very late.

INT. WEST WING HALLWAY - BUCKINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT

Shrouded in shadow, a DARK FIGURE walks. No way in Hell he belongs here. Seen from behind, he carries a thin REED, wears a BOWLER HAT. He opens a door, enters...

EDDY'S BEDROOM

The Duke of Clarence is asleep in bed. The Figure heads toward him, pausing only long enough to consider a WRITING DESK covered with paper, ink and pens. The Figure stops in the shadows at the foot of the bed. We never see his face. Sensing the overwhelming presence, Eddy wakes, disoriented.

EDDY

Who's there?

(sees him; fearful)

Professor Moriarty.

A slash of moonlight on Moriarty's gloved hands show that he's BOWING the reed back between them.

EDDY

You know about tonight then. You know I've been a naughty boy.

(pouting)

The sewer's not the same. Dick and Tom don't bring me the right girls.

Moriarty points toward the desk with the reed. Eddy looks over then gulps in fear.

EDDY

Writing letters is part of the fun. I miss it.

Moriarty holds a short STRIP OF THICK LEATHER out to Eddy. Eddy shakes his head 'no'. Very emphatic.

EDDY

Sorry. I'm just tired of whores. I still get to be king, don't I?

Moriarty doesn't answer. Eddy's resistance melts. He takes the leather strip and BITES DOWN on it. Tears well in Eddy's eyes. Knowing the drill, he rolls on his stomach.

Moriarty pulls back the blankets, raises the reed. An angry father and his errant son. The reed whistles down. Three times. Blistering across Eddy's ass. His shoulders heave, but the leather silences his sobs.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. JAMES CLUB - NIGHT

Across the street from ST. JAMES PARK. A bastion of upper-class British Imperialism.

INT. LOBBY - ST. JAMES CLUB

Very quiet at this hour of night. Only the men who keep rooms here would be around now. SMITH, the stalwart, very capable club manager greets Watson as he arrives.

WATSON

Good evening, Smith.

SMITH

Good evening, Doctor. There a young man to see you, Sir. He's been waiting for an hour.

Curious, Watson is directed to an adjoining SITTING ROOM where a YOUNG MAN sits. Aristocratic looking, he's maybe 20 with a mustache and a bowler hat.

WATSON

I'm Watson. Can I help you?

YOUNG MAN

(standing)

It's quite important. Is there someplace, more private?

WATSON

The cellar, the roof or my room.

YOUNG MAN

(odd)

Your room would more than suffice, Doctor.

INT. ROOM 17 - THE ST. JAMES CLUB - DAY

The room Watson's father kept while in the City. Rather sparse at this point. Watson and the Young Man enter.

WATSON

Private enough?

YOUNG MAN

(nodding)

I need a drink. Whiskey and soda.

Annoyed, Watson pours a whiskey, then squirts in the soda water with a gasogene. The Young Man takes the glass and drinks, watching Watson over the rim.

WATSON
I don't like mysteries.

YOUNG MAN
I have one that's giving me fits. I thought you could help.

Watson waits.

YOUNG MAN
Why is it, Doctor, that I find you're taking up more and more of my mind? I simply cannot stop thinking about you.

Watson's look of distress suddenly turns to recognition.

WATSON
Nancy? Nancy!

The Young Man bursts into LAUGHTER and suddenly we realize as well. It's Nancy Wilkes disguised as a man.

NANCY
You should have seen the look on your face.

WATSON
What are you doing here?

NANCY
Looking for you. I waited an eternity.

WATSON
There was a murder tonight. I've got myself involved investigating it for Holmes.

NANCY
The Whitechapel Ripper?

WATSON
How did you know?

NANCY
The entire city knows. The half that are sleeping tonight are doing it under their beds. Does this mean you're staying?

WATSON
For the time being, yes.

NANCY
Then think of this as more of a
welcome home than a bon voyage.

Nancy peels off her mustache, leans forward and KISSES
Watson hard on the lips. When she pulls away, Watson's eyes
are all questions.

NANCY
Bottoms up.

Nancy drains her glass, hands it to Watson for a refill.

NANCY
Make the next one a double.
(off Watson's look)
It's been a long day. Getting
ready for my new exhibition.

Watson steps over, starts to mix two more drinks.

WATSON
How long have you been dressing
up like a man?

NANCY
It's an all male club. This was
the only way to get in.

WATSON
That wasn't my question.

NANCY
About five years. Being a
British man can make some things
much easier. It's very freeing.
For a British woman.

WATSON
Is it really as simple as
putting on a pair of pants?
Being British was never that
easy for me.

NANCY
You don't like England, do you?

WATSON
I don't have an identity here.
I'm either Sir Peter's son or
Sherlock Holmes' assistant. I'm
not my own man in England.

NANCY
Neither am I by God.

Watson LAUGHS. Nancy enjoys the sight immensely.

NANCY
I thought you were handsome in
your melancholy, Doctor, but it's
when you laugh that you shine.

As Watson hands Nancy her drink, he notices something.
Shiny BLACK SMUDGES on her fingertips.

WATSON
That looks like gunpowder.

NANCY
Flash powder. For my camera.
I've been hard at work.

WATSON
Photography. In this day and
age, the arts must be a
difficult life for a woman.

NANCY
Go down to the East End, John.
To Spitalfields and Whitechapel.
That's where life is difficult.

WATSON
And what would you know about
life in the East End?

NANCY
More than you think. I've been
doing some work down there. Do
you know what the prostitutes
call themselves? Unfortunate
Ones. There was never a greater
understatement uttered.

WATSON
It's a hard world, that's a fact.

Nancy looks at him a moment, decides to reveal everything.

NANCY
Jack aside, someone's been
killing them. Several girls
have disappeared. Girls that I
myself have met. Some say
thirty girls are missing.

WATSON

You said in your studio that you tried to see Holmes a few months ago. Is that why?

NANCY

Yes. I thought he could help. Actually Mark Hungerford suggested it.

WATSON

Hungerford?!

NANCY

Do you know him?

WATSON

I know of him. So what happened at Baker Street?

NANCY

I never got in. A woman with a broom chased me off.

Watson smiles at the image of Mrs. Hudson. Nancy puts her bowler back on. It's time for her to go.

NANCY

My exhibition begins tomorrow. Can I expect you at the grand unveiling? It's at the Horchow Gallery at 8 o'clock.

WATSON

Will Hungerford be there?

NANCY

Yes.

WATSON

I wouldn't miss it for the world.

Watson kisses her this time. Glancing at her hands, he sticks the false mustache back on.

WATSON

You're a fascinating girl, Nancy Wilkes.

NANCY

(exiting)

I know.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLMES' STUDY - DAY

Watson watches anxiously as Holmes lights his PIPE.

HOLMES

People are murdered all the time. The world still turns. As lurid and sensational as the Ripper is, he won't change the course of history. No, Watson, the murder aspect of it doesn't interest me.

WATSON

What does then?

HOLMES

The four missing years. Once uncaged a beast like Jack would not be able to stop. Unless someone else stopped him...

(listening)

Ahh. Here comes Mrs. Hudson with bad news.

There's a KNOCK on the door. Mrs. Hudson looks inside.

MRS HUDSON

Sorry to interrupt, but that skulker Lestrade is calling.

HOLMES

Show him in, Mrs. Hudson.

As she turns away, Watson looks at Holmes in amazement.

HOLMES

Footsteps, Watson. When she's upset, she drags her feet.

Mrs. Hudson shows in Lestrade. Holmes doesn't stand to greet him and Lestrade doesn't offer his hand.

HOLMES

Lestrade.

Seething contempt, Lestrade is not here by choice.

LESTRADE

I'll get to the point. I'm here by order of the Queen. She has it in her head that Sherlock Holmes should be consulted on the Ripper case. Whether he's willing to leave his rooms or not.

HOLMES

(condescending)

I'm not. Tell the Queen I appreciate her confidence. Is there anything else?

LESTRADE

He's back to corresponding. We got a letter in the morning post.

Lestrade produces the LETTER, holds it out to Holmes. Holmes just stares up at Lestrade with disdain.

HOLMES

Read it for me, Watson.

Watson takes the letter, reads it aloud.

WATSON

From Hell. Dear Boss, Old Jack is back on the job. The poor police won't fix me this time either. Nor my new friend. You will soon hear more of us and our funny little games. I think my nice sharp knife is getting too good for whores. Time to tickle the ovaries of other ladies. Just for jolly. Jack the Ripper.
(looks up; concerned)
New friend? What does that mean?

LESTRADE

That's obvious. He's referring to a new knife.

WATSON

You're an idiot.

LESTRADE

I don't have to listen to this.

HOLMES

Idiots should listen.

LESTRADE

That tears it!

Lestrade turns to go.

HOLMES

Inspector! One question. In the morning paper, there was an item buried on page 27. A robbery. At the Royal Military Armory.

LESTRADE

That's correct.

HOLMES

What was taken?

LESTRADE

Gunpowder. Twenty kegs. Enough to blow up anything you please. Do you see a connection?

HOLMES

No, but crime still interests me. Even if only from my armchair.

LESTRADE

We've made Professor Moriarty for that one. He's the only one could have pulled it off.

(laughs)

Say, maybe he's the Ripper's new chum. That'd be a pair.

Lestrade is joking, but Holmes is intrigued at the thought.

WATSON

Moriarty is a phantom. An invention of Scotland Yard. Everytime you're stumped you say, "it must be Moriarty". Then you close the case and save yourself the embarrassment of an unsolved.

LESTRADE

What do you say, Holmes?

HOLMES

He's a tantalizing prospect. What is it the Yard dubbed him? The Napoleon of Crime. The organizer of half that is evil and of nearly all that is undetectable in this great city.

WATSON

He doesn't exist.

HOLMES

How can you be sure?

WATSON

Because if he did, you would know who he was.

HOLMES

You forget, Watson. I have not bent my mind toward the criminal in quite some time.

LESTRADE

Except in your morning paper.

HOLMES

(relishing the thought)
Moriarty... An antagonist who is my intellectual equal. It's almost too much to hope.

LESTRADE

You keep hoping. I've got field work to do. Professor Moriarty is behind this gunpowder theft. And London will suffer for it. Mark my words.

Not waiting for a response, Lestrade takes the letter from Watson and leaves. Holmes looks to Watson.

HOLMES

I haven't figured out the rules yet, Watson, but there's a game afoot. That's a fact.

WATSON

Call it a game if you want. The question is, will you play?

HOLMES

For murder, no. For Moriarty, maybe.

WATSON

What about for redemption?

The question just hangs there between them as they consider each other. Finally...

HOLMES

It's a three pipe problem, Watson. And I'm only on my first.

Watson can't help but smile. It annoys Holmes.

HOLMES

What are you grinning at?

WATSON

You look like your old self
again.

HOLMES

Merely an illusion.

But as Holmes puffs his pipe, he does look like his old
self. Or at least how we imagine his old self looked.

WATSON

I'm going to Whitechapel. See
what I can learn about the
murdered woman having a child.

HOLMES

Go then, Doctor. This problem
demands my solitude.

EXT. THRAWL STREET - WHITECHAPEL - DAY

A GROUP of FISHWIVES stand trading gossip. Their animated
jocularly quickly dies as Watson approaches. Immediately
recognized as someone who doesn't belong here.

WATSON

Good afternoon, Ladies. I was
wondering if I could ask you a
few questions.

No one answers.

WATSON

A woman was murdered near here
last night. Kate Picknett. Do
any of you know if she had a
child?

Singly or in pairs, the woman all depart in different
directions. Watson is quickly left all alone.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL TENEMENT - DAY

A group of CHILDREN are busy at HOPSCOTCH. They stop to eye
Watson suspiciously as he heads over from across the street.

WATSON

Hello. Who's winning?

LITTLE BOY

(he means it)

Bugger off.

EXT. HOG'S HEAD TAVERN - DAY

It's starting to DRIZZLE. JUDITH PITMAN eyes the dark clouds and huddles a little closer to the side of the building. A prostitute, Judith's out early trying to get a leg up on the competition. She smiles as Watson approaches.

JUDITH
Looking for a friend, Sir?

WATSON
Nothing like that. But I'd like to ask you a question.

JUDITH
(contemptuous)
A question.

WATSON
A woman named Kate Picknett was murdered near here last night.

JUDITH
(sarcastic)
Well aren't you just a well of information. I hadn't heard that.

Judith starts to walk away, her left leg LIMPING BADLY. Watson moves with her.

WATSON
Do you know if she had a child?

JUDITH
If it's children you fancy, you should look over on Buck's Row.

WATSON
It's a child I'm trying to help.

JUDITH
Go tell a priest.

Knowing it's futile, Watson stops, watches her go. Her stride is pitiful.

WATSON
Hey!

Judith turns, ready for a final retort.

WATSON
What's wrong with your leg?

JUDITH
What's it to you?

WATSON
I'm a doctor.

CUT TO:

A KNIFE - HOG'S HEAD TAVERN

Watson holds it over a candle flame. Wearing his glasses, he looks across at Judith who sits in a corner booth, her exposed left leg propped up on a chair.

WATSON
(re: her leg)
You've almost let it go too far.
Gangrene by the end of the week
and then you're lucky if you
only lose it.

JUDITH
I ain't got money for doctors.

WATSON
It's just a boil. A midwife
could have lanced it.
(checks knife)
Ready?

Judith swigs directly from a BOTTLE, then nods. She grits her teeth, but doesn't cry out as Watson does his doctoring. Done, Watson gently bandages her leg. Watching him, Judith softens. She knows he's done her a kindness that he certainly didn't have to.

WATSON
Change the dressing three times
a day and keep it clean with
alcohol. Gin will work best.

JUDITH
Here now. You deserve something.
(takes his hand)
What would you like? There's no
charge.

WATSON
Thank you, but I have to go.
Now try and stay healthy.

Watson turns and starts to walk away.

JUDITH
Her name is Victoria.

WATSON
(turning back)
Excuse me?

Judith looks about nervously, then back to Watson. He steps back over. Judith's voice drops to a WHISPER.

JUDITH
Katie's daughter. The little girl your looking for. No one's seen her since it 'appened. She got a birthmark on her cheek. We used to say she'd been touched by the hand of an angel. Now I ain't so sure.

WATSON
Neither am I... Let me ask you something else. Have women gone missing? Women like yourself?

Judith's eyes widen in fear. She shakes her head, but we don't know if she's answering 'no' or refusing to answer. As a final act of pity, Watson holds a GOLD COIN out to her.

WATSON
It's yours. If...

JUDITH
Anything.

WATSON
If you'll agree to stay indoors and off the streets tonight.

JUDITH
(taking coin)
You got a bargain.

EXT. HOG'S HEAD TAVERN - DAY

Watson steps out. Starting away, he suddenly stops short. Well down the cobblestoned street, Nancy gets into a hansom cab. She doesn't see Watson. As the cab starts away...

Watson is BUMPED by a YOUTH, no older than 15.

YOUTH
Pardon me, Sir.

Watson spots his FATHER'S WATCH in the youth's hand. A bungled pickpocketing.

WATSON

Hey!

The Youth BOLTS down an ALLEY beside the tavern. Watson charges after him.

ALLEY

Watson chases the Youth as the alley dumps into a...

SMALL COURTYARD

A dead end. The Youth turns to face Watson. Surprisingly the Kid looks pretty calm as he holds the watch by its fob.

WATSON

Hand it over.

YOUTH

Sorry, Doctor. But you've run out of time.

The Youth flashes a vicious smile. Suddenly aware of another presence, Watson wheels around. FIVE rough hewn STREET THUGS are upon him. It's an ambush.

Watson FLATTENS the First with a left, STALLS the Second with a right. The others CHARGE HIM. For a moment Watson FIGHTS them to a standstill, dishing out a shot for every one he takes. But in the end, the odds are against him.

Down Watson goes under a rain of blows. On his hand and knees, Watson watches as they retreat back up the alley. The Youth looms over him. Watson spits a little blood.

YOUTH

Do you like secrets? Well I know one at St. Basil's church. But you'd better go at night. When it's dark.

WATSON

Who put you up to this?

In answer, the Youth delivers a wicked KICK to Watson's head. As everything goes black...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

Through the rain, Watson makes his painful way through the gathered pilgrims and up the steps.

INT. HALLWAY - BAKER STREET - DAY

Watson is met at the door by Mrs. Hudson. She sees his eye is puffy, his lip split.

MRS HUDSON
Lord, Doctor.

WATSON
I'm alright, Mrs. Hudson.

Watson heads for the door of Holmes' study, but Mrs. Hudson grabs him by the arm. Blinking back tears, Mrs. Hudson shakes her head 'no'. Don't go in there.

INT. HOLMES' STUDY - NIGHT

Holmes is hard at work. PAINTING the inside glass of the windows BLACK. He's on his final pane when Watson enters.

As Watson stands in the doorway, he sees Holmes' revolver and a box of shells on the desk.

HOLMES
(painting away)
It's customary to knock before
one enters a closed room.

BOOM! BOOM! Watson pounds the door with his fist. Holmes turns. One look says they've both had a long day.

WATSON
I've had a message from
Professor Moriarty.

HOLMES
Really? This morning you didn't
believe he existed.

WATSON
(stepping forward)
But now my ribs tell me he does.
What do you say?

HOLMES
I always knew he was out there.
Most rumors have a kernel of
truth. The question has always
been whether or not the reality
did the m... justice.

WATSON
Does that mean you'll go out to
investigate him?

Holmes seems pained at the mere idea. He looks away and shakes his head 'no'.

WATSON

Then what will you do, Holmes?
What will you do?!

HOLMES

Nothing.

As Holmes slaps another brush onto the glass, Watson stands there. He can't believe this. Stepping forward...

WATSON

I have a life and work back in the States. There are people there who respect me and treat me properly.

HOLMES

Well then what in the world are you doing here?

WATSON

I'm trying to help you!

Watson knocks the brush away. As he jams Holmes against the wall, Holmes elbow smashes through the window.

WATSON

What happened? This morning you were ready to do battle!

HOLMES

It's too late for me, Watson.
There is no redemptive case.
What if I make a mistake? What
if I kill another innocent? What
will my mind do to me then?!

In answer, Watson marches to the desk. Opening the box of shells, he jams SIX BULLETS into the revolver. Watson slaps the cylinder shut and gives it a spin. It's unnecessary. There's no way Holmes could miss now.

WATSON

(stepping over)

Here. Take it.

Watson shoves the gun into Holmes' hand.

WATSON

I want to watch you play your game.

HOLMES

You're beginning to bore me,
Watson.

Watson lifts Holmes' hand, shoves the gun's barrel against
Holmes' head.

WATSON

Life is a precious thing. Most
men hang onto it till the end. I
want to see what it looks like
when you let go willingly.

Watson cocks back the hammer, then lets go. Holmes keeps
the gun right there, his finger tight on the trigger.

WATSON

Let go of life, Holmes. DO IT!

But Holmes can't pull the trigger. Not with Death so
certain. He throws the gun aside.

HOLMES

I can't.

Suddenly Watson knows what he has to do.

WATSON

I know. Did you really think
I'd leave you in here to die?

Not waiting for an answer, Watson FLINGS Holmes stumbling
toward the study door. Another PUSH and Holmes is into...

THE HALLWAY

Holmes looks back as Watson follows after him.

HOLMES

Have you gone mad?

Another SHOVE down the hall. Past Mrs. Hudson.

HOLMES

What are you doing?!

WATSON

I'm taking you outside!

MRS HUDSON

It's the only thing for you, Mr.

Holmes stares at the door, then at Watson who advances.

HOLMES
(child-like)
No. No.

TWISTING Holmes' ARM behind his back, Watson marches him out. The front door looms like the Sphinx with her riddle.

HOLMES
Watson, PLEASE!!!

Watson KICKS it OPEN and they step outside.

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

Watson forces Holmes down the steps, into the midst of the Pilgrims. They can barely believe their eyes. The man they've waited so long for finally here before them.

To Holmes it's like being dropped into a colony of lepers. The Pilgrims loom in and out, struggling for his attention.

WOMAN ONE
Mr. Holmes, sir. Me sister's missing.

WOMAN TWO
Mr. Holmes, my husband was murdered.

MAN ONE
Mr. Holmes, I think someone's out to kill me.

Holmes struggles to dash back inside, but Watson hangs onto him. It's too much for the Great Detective to take. He HOWLS as though he were in actual physical pain.

Finally, he COLLAPSES. Curled into a ball on the sidewalk, he WEEPS. WHIMPERING like a terrified child.

WATSON
Get up! Be a man!

It only gets worse. The Pilgrims begin to back away, repulsed by the sight. Watson grabs Holmes by the arm.

WATSON
On your feet!

Mrs. Hudson has to look away. The depth of Holmes' illness slowly dawns on Watson. He stares down at this wreck who was once Sherlock Holmes. Then he does the only thing he can. He half-drags, half-carries him back inside.

INT. HALLWAY - 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

Holmes drops to the floor. Watson HOLDS HIM in his arms as Holmes continues to sob.

WATSON

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Watson looks up at Mrs. Hudson who stands in the doorway crying her eyes out.

EXT. THE HORCHOW GALLERY - LONDON - NIGHT

Carriages line the walkway for the art opening of the year. What clever novelty has Nancy Wilkes dreamed up this time?

INT. MAIN GALLERY - THE HORCHOW GALLERY - NIGHT

The 40 and under cream of British society. Nancy is their darling. Speculation is rampant as two long rows of PHOTOGRAPHS have been covered by a cloth tacked to the wall.

The most prominent guest is Eddy. He corners Nancy as she passes by the BUFFET TABLE.

EDDY

At your service, Madame. You're the rage of London.

As he spreads PATE on a CRACKER...

NANCY

Really? I thought Jack the Ripper held that title.

The cracker snaps in two. Eddy holds the knife up, smiles.

EDDY

I'm afraid I never was much good with knives.

(looks around)

You have a good crowd.

NANCY

Hard to believe, isn't it? After all, there are more important things.

EDDY

Nothing rises above art. I'd like to commission a series. I as Orpheus. Returning from Hades. And going there as well.

NANCY

Your Hamlet was the last. I'm giving that line up. I'm on to something new and different.

HUNGERFORD

Let the world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

They look over as Hungerford arrives. Suddenly all eyes are on them. This crowd doesn't care much for Hungerford who takes Nancy's hand and kisses it.

HUNGERFORD

Nancy, you look every inch the artist.

NANCY

Mark, I'm glad you could come.

EDDY

(interrupting)

Sir, it's my understanding that you wish to eliminate me?

HUNGERFORD

With all due respect, Sir, yes.

EDDY

Well, an empire that withstood the Spanish Armada and Napoleon certainly stands a chance against you, Sir.

The crowd loves it. For one moment Eddy is their darling.

HUNGERFORD

Good luck then.

EDDY

May the best man win.

A weird moment as Eddy and Hungerford CLINK champagne glasses. Is it more than just an amusing confrontation?

Moving past Eddy, Nancy steps out in front of her covered photos. The crowd APPLAUDS her even as Watson arrives.

NANCY

Thank you. I believe the photographs you will see here tonight are extremely important.

As Nancy continues, Watson steps up alongside Hungerford.

WATSON

Aren't there any riots to attend this evening?

HUNGERFORD

Do we know each other?

WATSON

I'm Dr. Watson. I was in Whitechapel last night. You left before the fun began.

HUNGERFORD

I'm a catalyst. A precipitator of events. I don't have to be there for the reaction.

(re: audience)

Someday the poor are going to eat the rich. I want to be there when they serve dessert.

WATSON

If it really happens, you're going to choke on it.

HUNGERFORD

You remind me of my father, Doctor. He owned the Black Ditch mine in Newcastle where he worked ten year old boys to their deaths. When he died he left me 50 million pounds. Blood money wrung from the bodies of children. I use it to break down the social order. I use it to bring men like my father to their knees.

WATSON

People do suffer; that's a fact. But you enjoy watching it. You're a coward with a large expense account. Nothing more.

HUNGERFORD

(smiling)

We're not so far apart as you think, Doctor.

WATSON

How do you figure that?

HUNGERFORD

(looks to Nancy)

We both love art.

With that, Hungerford may have finally pissed Watson off.

NANCY

And so, here is my exhibit. I
call it East End 1892.

Nancy pulls away the long cloth. It billows softly to the floor. There's a stunned silence. Then an audible GASP.

Like Mathew Brady before her and Dorothea Lange after, Nancy has captured a dark moment in time in powerful documentary portraits. The poor of the East End in all their despair.

CESSPIT CLEANERS with the tools of their trade. PROSTITUTES with stage three syphilis. Hard-bitten DOCK WORKERS. Blank eyed ALCOHOLICS. Destitute FAMILIES. Ragged, foundling home ORPHANS. The wretched and the hopeless. Some still clinging to their dignity; others having lost it long ago.

WATSON

(realizes)

That's what you were doing in
Whitechapel...

Nancy hasn't meant to shock so much as call attention to, but the audience is shocked nonetheless. They take it as a slap in the face. As one WOMAN FEINTS, an INDIGNANT MAN steps forward, RIPS one of the photographs from the wall.

INDIGNANT MAN

It's an outrage!

NANCY

(livid)

Of course it's an outrage.
That's why I photographed it!

As the Man moves to tear down a second photo, Nancy BASHES him in the side of the head. The Indignant Man grabs Nancy by the wrist and raises his hand to strike her back.

WHAM! As Watson slams the man into oblivion, everything comes unglued. People who would never dream of it begin a mini-riot. Nancy's photos are ripped down and destroyed.

Hungerford stands in the middle of it all. LAUGHING.

Watson KNOCKS back at least TWO MORE MEN who get too close to Nancy. She herself belts a SHRIEKING HEIRESS.

EDDY

Loves it. He turns about gleefully, watching people he's been bored with all his life finally doing something interesting. Then he freezes, gripped by sudden FEAR.

A PHOTOGRAPH stares accusingly from the wall. The LITTLE GIRL whose mother he slaughtered in Whitechapel. Complete with the strawberry BIRTHMARK on her cheek. In the photo she sits between two other children.

Eddy BACKS AWAY, frightened.

GALLERY

Watson tries to direct Nancy toward the opposite exit.

NANCY

We have to save the photographs!

WATSON

Forget the pictures! They're a mob!

Pulling Nancy back, Watson sees the same photo that Eddy did. Three children on a bench. The middle one is our girl. Watson has never seen her before, but in her hand she holds a BALL & CUP. It's homemade. Using an old BELL.

WATSON

Who is she, Nancy! Who is this girl!

Nancy recognizes the note of urgency.

NANCY

I photographed her in an orphanage. This morning.
(thinks)
The Gubbins foundling home.

WATSON

Show me where!

Eddy's heard it all. He rushes out ahead of them.

EXT. GUBBINS FOUNDLING HOME - SPITALFIELDS - NIGHT

A dilapidated two-story firetrap. A CARRIAGE waits out front. The driver is Tom, one of the two who tidies up after the Ripper. His partner Dick is in the doorway talking with MRS GUBBINS.

Children to her have long ago become simply a way to avoid the work house, but Mrs. Gubbins can still seem to care, though. Right now she's holding the Little Girl with the strawberry mark. Witness to the Ripper murder.

MRS. GUBBINS

It always warms my heart to see
a family reunited.

DICK

Yes. There never was a girl so
dear to her father's heart.

As Dick strokes the Little Girl's face, she jerks away
frightened at the lurid infected SLASH on Dick's cheek.

MRS. GUBBINS

You don't seem very close.

DICK

Remember, Mum, it is late.

MRS. GUBBINS

Still...

Mrs. Gubbins is hesitant. Dick fishes out a small PURSE of
COINS, presses them into Mrs. Gubbins hand.

DICK

I hope you'll accept my humble
donation to your charitable work.

Mrs. Gubbins' eyes light up as she counts. She releases
the little girl as Dick pulls her away.

MRS. GUBBINS

Very generous. Very generous.

But Dick is already climbing into the carriage with the
girl. Closing the door, he watches suspiciously as a HANSOM
CAB appears at the end of the street. It's moving quickly.

DICK

Hoy, Tom!

Tom flicks the reins. The carriage lurches forward,
passing the hansom cab which comes the other way.

Watson looks after the carriage for an instant before he
and Nancy get out of the hansom and hurry for the house.
Watson wedges a foot in the door as Mrs. Gubbins closes it.

MRS. GUBBINS

Here, Sir! You'll have to come
back in the morning!

WATSON

We need to see one of your
children. It's an emergency.

NANCY

Mrs. Gubbins. I was here this morning with my camera. Photographing.

MRS. GUBBINS

(suspicious)

Yes. I remember.

NANCY

There was a little girl. A mute. With a strawberry mark on her cheek.

MRS. GUBBINS

Ahh, that would be Victoria. We has a saying for marks like that. Touched by the hand of --

WATSON

Where is she!?

MRS. GUBBINS

Claimed by her family! Now off with you fore I call the police.

Watson hears the JINGLE of the coin purse. He whips a look down the street where the carriage went, then back at Mrs. Gubbins. He looms over her dangerously.

WATSON

She's a witness to a Whitechapel murder. If she isn't found, Jack the Ripper will track down everyone who's been near her. Mrs. Gubbins, your tongue will wag through the slit in your throat!

MRS. GUBBINS

(terrified; pointing)

They took her! Just now, they said they'd kill me.

NANCY

God pity you.

Nancy follows Watson who already charges back to the Cab.

EXT. SPITALFIELDS STREET - NIGHT

The carriage bounces down the dirt thoroughfare, past the slums. Moving quickly, but not urgently. Tom sits in the front, looking nervous and guilty as usual.

Well behind, the hansom cab turns onto the street. Moving fast. It's not long before Tom turns for a look and Dick sticks his head out of the carriage for the same.

DICK
Fly, Tommy-boy! Fly!

The carriage surges forward and the chase is on. Eyes wide in fear, we see little Victoria bouncing along on her seat.

HANSOM CAB

Watson and Nancy watch as the carriage begins to pull away.

WATSON
Faster!

DRIVER
I dare not!

This speed is already more than enough for the Driver. Realizing, Watson stands and climbs onto the cab's roof. Watson jerks the reins, slowing the horse to a TROT.

WATSON
Get off!

DRIVER
Here now, this is my cabbbb!!!

Watson FLINGS him off, takes the reins and stops the cab.

WATSON
Step off, Nancy.

NANCY
You'll have to throw me.

Nancy stares at him fiercely. Watson knows she means it.

NANCY
They're getting away!

Looks like they're in this together. Watson knows what he has to do. Snapping down the reins, they're off.

STREET TWO

The carriage nearly tips rounding the turn. It's hard to say who's wilder-eyed as Tom WHIPS his horses madly.

The Hansom Cab is right behind, traveling at break neck speed. As they move up alongside, Nancy spots Victoria through the carriage window.

NANCY

There she is! They have her.

Watson catches a look at the slash across Dick's cheek.

SNAP! Tom flails at Watson with his whip. Watson returns the favor. The two men are so intent on striping each other that neither see the LANDAU headed right for them.

NANCY

JOHN!!

Watson veers. HORSES thunder past each other as the Landau bisects the narrow gap between carriage and cab. They continue on, side by side, as the road begins to NARROW. Ancient wooden structures loom like canyon walls.

The carriage begins SNAPPING OFF the outstretched SIGNS of merchants on one side of the street while Watson DUCKS under them on the other.

The two vehicles SLAM into each other. Despite Watson's efforts, the carriage surges ahead just as the street forces them into single file.

A TRAIN WHISTLE BLASTS as the carriage bursts into a...

TRAIN CROSSING

It's only blind luck that gets the carriage across the tracks ahead of the train.

The Hansom Cab's horse REARS UP, probably saving Watson and Nancy's life in the process.

One look tells Watson the train is too long to wait for. There's only one chance. Urging the horse onward, Watson races to catch up with the locomotive.

They moves alongside, then a little ahead. But the train is speeding up. It's now or never! The whistle BLASTS as Watson turns left, CUTTING just ahead of the train.

Ahead Watson sees the carriage rumbling toward the arched entrance to Bunhill Fields Cemetery.

EXT. BUNHILL FIELDS CEMETERY - NIGHT

Final resting place of William Blake and in the Plague Pit, the charred bones and ashes of over 100,000 plague victims. The Hansom Cab passes under the archway. The hillocks, tombstones and mausoleums turn the chase into a twisting, serpentine affair.

More than once, a mound of earth sends the cab airborne. Nancy and Watson hang on as the wheels absorb the landings.

In the end, the carriage is doomed by a lack of mobility. Unable to avoid a low SEPULCHER, the horses SLAM into it. Tom is THROWN HEAD OVER HEELS into the grass beyond.

As Watson pulls up, the carriage doors are THROWN OPEN. Watson sees Dick dash off in one direction. Even Tom has regained his senses enough to disappear in the other.

Watson leaps to the ground, but his thoughts of pursuit only last an instant. Someone far more important has been left behind. He rushes for the carriage with Nancy right behind.

CARRIAGE

Little Victoria still sits in the corner, her hair a mop of ringlets. As Watson leans in, he tries to put her at ease.

WATSON

You're safe now, Victoria.
We're here to help you. Isn't
that right, Nancy?

NANCY

Yes. This is John and I'm --

Nancy's introduction turns to a horrid GASP as Victoria's head LOLLS around, swiveling on a neck still PURPLE from Dick's strangle hold.

WATSON

NO!!!

Watson takes her in his arms, hops out of the carriage.

SEPULCHER

Watson lays Victoria on the grass, begins to try and BREATHE LIFE back into her lungs. One breath, two, then listen to her heart. One breath, two... Just behind them, the sepulcher is ENGRAVED with these words...

Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven
or have thy sins and go to hell?

The CAMERA RISES. Higher and higher. Nancy watches in despair as Watson tries to do the impossible. Bring a little girl back from the dead.

And still we move higher. Till Watson and Nancy are nearly lost in a field of tombstones and mausoleums. Memorials to those gone on. About to welcome another into their midst.

Watson works in futility. And then... The CAMERA HURTTLES DOWN as little Victoria GASPS for breath. Watson hugs her to his chest, looks over at Nancy. Tears stream down Miss Wilkes' cheeks. She may have just witnessed a miracle.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL COURTYARD - NIGHT

SOMEONE'S POV. MOVING out of the alley and into the yard. Looking for someone. There she is ahead. Judith Pitman. Out on the street, she broke her agreement with Watson. She looks INTO CAMERA, smiles.

JUDITH

Are you looking for a friend,
Sir?

Judith's plastic smile is replaced by disgust as she suddenly recognizes whoever it is.

JUDITH

You. If you're lookin' for
money, you'll have to come back
in a few hours.

Judith's eyes widen as an EBONY CANE with a SILVER GARGOYLE HEAD is raised up INTO FRAME. The same cane held by the mystery man who picked up Eddy after the second killing. Down it comes with a vicious CRACK! Judith is knocked to the ground. Everything goes askew as the cane comes down again and again...

Finally, we focus on Judith staring heavenward through lifeless eyes, a trickle of blood running over the bridge of her nose. Her attacker kneels beside her, presses Watson's stolen watch into her hand, then closes her fingers about it.

CUT TO:

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Watson and Nancy arrive in clandestine-like fashion. Nancy cradles Victoria in her arms as Watson checks the street and then leads the way inside.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - BAKER STREET - NIGHT

A distraught Mrs. Hudson meets Watson. We hear the sounds of frantic VIOLIN PLAYING coming from Holmes' study.

MRS HUDSON

He's been at it half the night.
Playing like a madman.

Mrs. Hudson stops short when she sees that Nancy is carrying a child.

WATSON

This is Nancy Wilkes and Victoria. Look after them, Mrs. Hudson. No one can know this girl is alive.

Sensing the gravity of it all, Mrs. Hudson just nods.

WATSON

Mrs. Hudson. Do you know where St. Basil's church is?

MRS. HUDSON

St. Basil... I believe that's North London, Doctor. Three Friars Road or thereabouts.

WATSON

I'll be back in a few hours.

NANCY

But where --

WATSON

Stay with the girl, Nancy. Even I'm not sure where I'm going.

Nancy starts to protest, but then stops. She nods. Watson takes one last look at Victoria then slips out the door.

EXT. THREE FRIARS ROAD - NIGHT

Passing an old wooden road sign, a HANSOM CAB clip-clops its way through the cloying fog. It stops across from an ancient, decaying GOTHIC CHURCH. St. Basil's.

DRIVER

Here we are, Sir.

Watson steps out looks across at the gloomy black church.

DRIVER

Should I wait?

Watson just nods. Then, taking one of the cab's LANTERNS, he starts forward. The Driver sits there not looking at all happy. As he pulls his collar up against the gloom...

FRONT ENTRANCE - ST. BASIL'S

Watson steps up. Not knowing what else to do, he tries the massive front door. It's locked.

CHAPEL WALL - ST. BASIL'S

Watson pauses to peer in a darkened church window. He looks up at a scratching sound above. There's a moment of silence and then a slate shingle SMASHES at Watson's feet.

The shock passing, Watson steps back, shines the lantern at the roof. It's open to the elements in several patches. A lot of shingles slide off this roof. Watson continues.

CHURCH YARD

Watson walks along. Not knowing what to look for and, despite himself, beginning to suffer from a case of the creeps. As he continues, he begins to pass a tombstone or two. Then several. He stops. In the middle of a small church BURIAL GROUNDS. Watson stands a moment. Finally...

WATSON

Hello...

Sighing, Watson turns and starts back the way he came. Then he stops stock dead still. What he's looking at sends a chill up his spine and right into his heart. Then we see it. A TOMBSTONE. Montague Druitt's tombstone! It reads: Died 1888. Then an inscription which Watson reads aloud.

WATSON

For where God built a church,
there the Devil would also build
a chapel...

CARETAKER'S SHED

Set a little off the burial grounds a low wooden shack. Watson steps over, gives the rusty iron lock a tug. No go. Rearing back Watson kicks the door in off its hinges.

INT. BEDROOM - ST. BASIL RECTORY - NIGHT

Asleep in his bed, an ELDERLY VICAR stirs at the smashing sound. Opening his eyes, he sits up confused.

EXT. THREE FRIARS ROAD - NIGHT

Losing patience, the Driver climbs down and starts forward.

CHURCH YARD

Jumping at every shadow, the Driver spots the glow of the lantern ahead. MOVE WITH HIM toward it.

DRIVER

Sir?...

As the Driver closes, he hears a dull thumping sound. The glow is just ahead. Passing around a tall pedestal-like marker, he sees Doctor Watson. Sleeves rolled up, jacket off, Watson is exhuming Montague Druitt's grave.

Tossing shovel after shovelful, Watson is unaware of the driver or the horrified look on his face. Turning, the Driver stumbles back into the darkness.

EXT. THREE FRIARS ROAD - NIGHT

The Driver scrambles onto the Hansom and HAW!, he's galloping down the road. Out of there.

INT. RECTORY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Still in his dressing gown, the Elderly Vicar sets his candle on a table and peers out the window. He sees the glow from the burial ground, the dark silhouette of a grave robber! As the Vicar clutches at his chest...

EXT. GRAVE - NIGHT

Watson works like a man possessed. A man taking a big chance. He's already several feet down when he hears the sound he was waiting for. Metal on wood. Watson sets aside the shovel. On hands and knees, he brushes away the dirt soon exposing the outline of a COFFIN.

Climbing out of the hole, Watson stands at the edge. Using the shovel as a peeve, he pries back the lid... It opens, but as the rotting wood gives way, the shovel head shoots through and Watson loses his balance.

Pitching forward Watson drops into the grave and comes face-to-face with MONTAGUE DRUITT. Four years dead, Druitt's face has turned to adipocere, a white waxy substance which would make him look more at home at Madame Toussaud's. There's a BULLET HOLE in his forehead.

Repulsed by the smell and sight, Watson pulls back. Remembering why he's here, at least why he thinks he's here, he starts by going through Druitt's pockets. Empty. He moves the body from side to side to check the casket. Empty.

Watson places a hand on Druitt's chest, pats it down. Something is not quite right. It should be bonier, not so solid. Watson pulls open the moldering shirt. The abdomen is purple, putrefied in spots, but on the whole - intact.

WATSON
(frowning)
Four years...

He says it as if something is wrong. Then Watson reaches into his own pocket and produces a POCKET KNIFE. As he pulls the BLADE open...

BURIAL GROUNDS

With the Elderly Vicar leading the way, EIGHT MEN move through the shadows. Several carry lanterns with the muffle shields up.

WATSON

Is just shoving his handkerchief into his pocket as he's suddenly bathed in lantern light. We hear the triggers of several revolvers click back.

VOICE
You're under arrest!

It's Gregson! As he recognizes Watson...

VICAR
Pagan villain! Desecrator!

Lestrade himself steps up. Shaking his head...

LESTRADE
John Watson to be exact.

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAWN

First light is just streaking the sky, but things are already hopping at the Yard.

INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE - DAWN

Watson sits across from Lestrade. Gregson stands at the window, nervous for his friend.

LESTRADE
Just what were you hoping to find in Druitt's coffin?

Watson doesn't answer.

LESTRADE

Did you know, Doctor, that grave robbing can still be punished by death?

WATSON

Can stupidity?

Lestrade looks at Watson a moment.

LESTRADE

I don't know what kind of genius you think you are... But do you recognize this?

Lestrade pulls a WATCH from his pocket.

LESTRADE

Your father's name is inside.

WATSON

It's mine. It was stolen yesterday morning.

Watson moves to take it, but Lestrade pulls it back.

LESTRADE

It was found last night in the hand of a murdered prostitute. She was beaten to death in a Whitechapel alley. She was seen accepting money from you in the Hog's Head Tavern.

WATSON

Dear God... I know her...

LESTRADE

You do. What would Holmes deduct from all this?

Watson is too stunned to learn of her death to respond. But Gregson isn't.

GREGSON

Here, Sir. You can't mean to imply the Doctor is involved?

LESTRADE

Two weeks pay, Gregson.

Lestrade looks to Watson, shows a rare moment of decency.

LESTRADE

I know you're not a murderer,
Watson. But someone is trying
to make you look like one. And
we were on our way to the church
long before the vicar called us.

Confused, Watson looks from Lestrade to Gregson.

GREGSON

We got an anonymous tip. Jack
the Ripper is in the St. Basil
burial grounds.

LESTRADE

So tell us, Watson. Who in
London would do something like
that to you?

As Watson sits there...

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSSIAN BAKERY - SPITALFIELDS - EARLY MORNING

A dark-eyed BAKER appears in the window. We saw him last
at the gunpowder robbery. He turns over the CLOSED SIGN.

INT. BACK ROOM - RUSSIAN BAKERY - DAY

The Baker takes off his apron, hangs it on a peg. He then
begins moving aside 50-POUND BAGS of SUGAR and FLOUR.
After a few moments, FIVE WOODEN KEGS are exposed. They're
clearly marked, Gun Powder. This is part of the stolen 20.

EXT. RUSSIAN BAKERY - SPITALFIELDS - DAY

A bearded RUSSIAN MAN approaches the door carrying a WOODEN
BOX. He KNOCKS once and waits. The Baker opens the door.
Without a word, he opens the box. It's full of heavy IRON
NAILS. Nodding his approval, the two men step inside.

As the door closes behind them, we hold on them. Several
seconds go by and then... BOOM! The bakery EXPLODES in a
mighty conflagration. As the blackened CLAPBOARDS begin to
drop from the sky, we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE - DAY

Even from this distance, the building is rocked.

LESTRADE
Hell and perdition!

Watson and Lestrade join Gregson at the window. A mile away, a plume of smoke rises into the air.

LESTRADE
(to Watson)
We're not through. You're to wait here for me, even if you have to wait all day.

Lestrade and Gregson hurry out leaving Watson at the window. Watson waits a few moments, then follows after them. He's met at the door by the Thugs.

Sighing, Watson steps back into the office shutting the door behind him.

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

A third floor window opens. Watson steps out on the ledge. As he begins to climb down...

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY SITE - SPITALFIELDS - DAY

An hour later. All that's left is a hole in the ground. Scotland Yard MEN comb the wreckage. CURIOUS SPECTATORS are held back by MANNED POLICE LINES. It's into this mess that Watson arrives. Unable to get past, he sees...

WATSON
Gregson!

Gregson makes his way over. Taking a look around, he motions to one of the OFFICERS.

GREGSON
It's alright. Let him through.
(to Watson)
If Lestrade sees you, he'll have us both shot.

WATSON
What happened?

GREGSON
We're not really sure. It was a Russian bakery so maybe they were anarchists. At the least I think we know what happened to the armory gunpowder that was stolen.

WATSON
Did it all go up here?

GREGSON
Most likely. Now go.

WATSON
Are those the bodies?

Watson starts toward two tarp covered piles. Gregson chases after him.

GREGSON
We've got parts under this one
and a body under that. Real
hole and corner work.

Watson opts for the body. The man who delivered the nails.
As Watson examines...

WATSON
Anything out of the ordinary?

GREGSON
Yes. A hole in the ground where
there used to be a bakery. =

Watson notices Nails' boots. There's dried, dark earth
caked to the sides. Watson scrapes some into his hand,
rubs it between his fingers.

WATSON
Black clay...

GREGSON
Feet of clay. Wonderful. Now
you've got to get out of here.

Checking further, Watson pulls FOUR FLAME SINGED TICKETS
from the Nails' pants pocket.

WATSON
(reading)
Royal Albert Hall. From the
Missouri to the Danube. The
Buffalo Bill Wild West Show.
(looks at Gregson)
This evening's royal performance.
To honor the Queen's jubilee.

Watson hands the tickets to Gregson. As Gregson ponders
them, there's a sharp WHISTLE. The two men look up to see
Lestrade glaring at them from across the way. As he
motions them over...

GREGSON

I think where in for it, John.

Watson drops a bit of the clay into his pocket as he and Gregson head over. Lestrade stares at Gregson.

LESTRADE

Three weeks.

Watson takes the tickets from Gregson and holds them under Lestrade's nose.

WATSON

I want to see the Prince of Wales.

LESTRADE

Over my dead body.

EXT. THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL - DAY

At the end of Kensington Gardens in all its domed splendor.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - DAY

A small army of POLICEMEN check the stage, the curtains, behind each and every seat and especially the ROYAL BOX.

INT. SUB BASEMENT - ROYAL ALBERT HALL - DAY

More POLICE with lanterns search by the square inch down here. An odd quintet wait for the results. Watson, Eddy, Lestrade, THE PRINCE OF WALES and a silver-haired, goateed man in buckskins -- BUFFALO BILL.

LESTRADE

(low; to Watson)

You better be right, or you'll look pretty goddamn foolish.

WATSON

Then I'll know how you feel all the time.

Gregson joins them, shakes his head to Lestrade.

GREGSON

Clear as a whistle, Sir. If there's a bomb in Albert Hall, we'll need Mr. Holmes' magnifying glass to find it.

WATSON

(to Prince of Wales)

Still, your highness, you have no choice, but to cancel the performance.

PRINCE OF WALES

Don't be ridiculous, Doctor! The Queen is very looking forward to Buffalo's performance. The entire royal family is.

BUFFALO BILL

And I ain't never bombed yet.

Watson doesn't join in on the LAUGH.

PRINCE OF WALES

If they were planning something, they're dead now. Show me a bomb and I'll stay at home. If not, keep my seat warm for me.

Watson starts to protest, but the Prince cuts him off. Eddy, not a fan of his father's discourses, rolls his eyes.

PRINCE OF WALES

These are strange times, Doctor. The world is full of anarchists and anti-monarchists. The old order is not guaranteed. You can't expect the Royal Family to show a lack of fortitude. A people who like and respect their monarch are less likely to want to separate his head from his shoulders.

WATSON

I wouldn't worry. The bomb may do it for you.

Dead silence. Watson's answer is near treason in its disrespect. Only Eddy has new found respect for Watson.

PRINCE OF WALES

I'm not used to taking the advice of grave robbers. An unsavory activity, Doctor.

As Watson shoots a look L trade's way, he gets support from an unlikely source.

EDDY

Father, I know Dr. Watson. He's a man of character. I'm sure that whatever happened was in the name of science.

The Prince look at his son a moment, then back to Watson.

PRINCE OF WALES

It's no secret the crown is looking to Holmes and yourself to get to the bottom of the Ripper fiasco. This is not that case.

WATSON

I'm not so sure.

PRINCE OF WALES

Neither is Holmes apparently. We'd been led to believe he had solved this problem. But... I hear the Great Detective is not exactly himself these days.

WATSON

A Michelangelo with a crack in it is still a Michelangelo.

Eddy looks at Watson. No one ever stands up to his father.

PRINCE OF WALES

(relenting)

Well said, Doctor. Your loyalty is prodigious. But concentrate on the Ripper... Good day, gentlemen.

The Prince and his entourage head off. Eddy gives Watson an embarrassed shrug and then hurries after his father. As Lestrade eyes Watson...

LESTRADE

I've convinced the old vicar at St. Basil's not to press charges, but this is enough. I don't want to be troubled by you again.

That said, Lestrade turns and takes his policemen with him. Watson stands alone.

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

Watson arrives carrying a large parcel under his arm.

INT. HOLMES' STUDY - DAY

Holmes stares out the window. The problem is the glass has been painted black. The door bangs open and Watson rumbles in. Holmes sighs, looks back over his shoulder as Watson use his forearm to clear off the surface of Holmes' desk. Everything crashes to the floor including a revolver. As Watson tears open his parcel.

HOLMES

What are you doing now?

WATSON

Chemistry. Remember that? It used to be a passion of yours. When you still had passions.

Holmes turns back to the window. Not interested.

WATSON

Sometime intuition isn't enough. Sometimes it takes physical evidence to tip the scales.

Holmes doesn't respond. Watson pulls his handkerchief from his pocket. He unfolds it to reveal a small strip of what can only be described as partially MUMMIFIED FLESH.

WATSON

I cut this from Montague Druitt's stomach lining.

Holmes wheels around. That got his attention. Watson puts the flesh into a mortar, begins to grind it with a pestle.

WATSON

He had a bullet hole in his forehead.

HOLMES

I'm aware of that.

WATSON

Did you know he's been dead for four years, but it looks more like four months?

Watson adds a clear liquid, mixes it.

WATSON

What happened, Holmes? What happened in the sewer?

HOLMES

I chased him down there. In his fear, he shot at me. I shot back at him and killed him. His body fell into the sewage flow and ended up in the Thames.

Watson fills a beaker with the murky liquid. He opens a small vial of BLUE LIQUID, draws some up into a DROPPER.

WATSON

Was it dark down there? Could you see him clearly?

Holmes doesn't answer. Watson lets the blue liquid drip into the beaker. They immediately turn RED.

WATSON

Did you see the bullet blow his brains out? Did you?

HOLMES

It was a shot in the dark. I knew where he was standing... What is it, Watson?!

WATSON

Arsenic. It slows decomposition to a standstill. Drutt's stomach was full of it. He was poisoned and shot after he was dead. Then dumped for you in the sewer. You chased someone else. Your bullet is probably still imbedded in the wall.

HOLMES

But how...

WATSON

You were set up from the start.

HOLMES

Impossible!

WATSON

I was set up as well, but I doubt he thought I'd discover this. It was Moriarty, Holmes.

HOLMES

Enough, Watson!

WATSON

You can't admit it, can you?
You'd rather think you killed an
innocent man than admit you were
tricked.

Holmes won't answer. He picks up his violin and begins to
play a mad Paganini caprice. Watson fishes the revolver up
from the floor.

WATSON

You've been pointing this at the
wrong person! It's not too late.
Aim it at Moriarty.

Holmes continues to play. Like Watson wasn't even there.

WATSON

Goddamn you, Holmes! Goddamn
you for this!

That said, Watson storms out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - 221B BAKER STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Mrs. Hudson and Nancy hover over little Victoria who sits
at the table solemnly eating PIE. Watson enters. In a
silk top hat, vest, tails and cravat. Like he was going to
a Wild West Royal Premiere.

NANCY

Look, Mrs. Hudson. It's the 8th
Earl of Burlington after all.

Watson tousles Victoria's hair, but the little girl doesn't
seem to notice.

WATSON

Any word yet?

MRS. HUDSON

Not a peep. She'll answer
simple questions with a nod, but
I'm thinking she doesn't know
how to talk.

NANCY

It's the terror of what she's
seen. She'll speak in time.

Watson kneels beside Victoria. She seems fearful, but when
he pulls a BALL & CUP from his pocket her eyes light up.
Watson swings and catches it. He offers it to Victoria who
takes it cautiously.

But there's nothing cautious about the HUG she gives to Watson. Smiling he looks up to see Nancy and Mrs. Hudson staring down at him. Ready to melt. As he stands.

NANCY

Where are you off to, John?

WATSON

Royal Albert Hall. But not to enjoy myself.

NANCY

You think whoever's responsible is going to be there tonight, don't you?

WATSON

It's possible. Yes.

NANCY

Then I'm going to be there as well.

WATSON

Absolutely not!

MRS. HUDSON

Doctor, lower your voice.

Meaning Victoria. Nancy's eyes narrow, ready for a fight.

WATSON

Please, Nancy. It's for your own safety.

NANCY

I don't need you to protect me. And I'm not a woman who knows how to wait for a man. I'll be there with you or I'll be there alone.

Watson starts to argue, but then thinks better of it.

WATSON

Well then at least don't be a woman who takes two hours to get dressed.

NANCY

Not to worry. I brought my gown with me.

At that Victoria catches the ball in the cup.

INT. HOLMES' STUDY - EARLY EVENING

Holmes sits staring into the dark. He doesn't respond to a KNOCK on the door. It opens and Watson looks in.

WATSON

I'm off, Holmes. Holmes?

Watson steps in, drops some black clay onto Holmes' desk.

WATSON

It's clay. If it's from London
it must be from underground.

Any observations?

(no response)

Goodbye then. I won't be back.

Holmes doesn't respond. Shaking his head, Watson closes the door leaving the Great Detective to his solitude.

EXT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - NIGHT

Lit up and ready. A fateful evening is about to begin.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - EARLY EVENING

The hall is filling up. Watson stands by a balustrade with Nancy who's stunning in her EVENING GOWN. It's difficult for Watson to see anything else. Nancy, however, does notice several looks shot Watson's way. They range from curiosity to disgust. Nancy smiles.

NANCY

There a story going around
London about you, Doctor.

Watson spots a particularly STUFFY COUPLE regarding him with disdain. He answers Nancy, but he's talking to them.

WATSON

It's true. I dig up corpses. I
commune with the dead!

Nancy laughs. Watson looks over at her. He enjoys her.

NANCY

This will give them something to
talk about.

Nancy leans over and kisses him. Once again hard on the lips. Creating more scandal than any grave robbing ever could. They're interrupted by the sound of a man clearing his throat. It's Gregson. In full uniform.

WATSON

Martin Gregson, may I present
Nancy Wilkes.

GREGSON

(tips his hat)

An honor, Miss Wilkes.

NANCY

For me as well, Mr. Gregson.

(re: crowd)

Which of them do you suppose is
Moriarty?

GREGSON

You're standing with the only
two men I've ruled out.

NANCY

The Professor could also be a
woman. Don't forget that.

(to Watson)

I'll find our seats and let you
two say what you don't want to
say in front of me.

Nancy nods a smile at Gregson and enters the auditorium.
They watch after her a moment.

GREGSON

John, she's beautiful.

WATSON

Thank you, Martin. Nancy is a
singular girl.

GREGSON

Well, nothing to fear. I have
men posted all about. A gentle-
man would be hard pressed to
even get a whiskey flask inside.

WATSON

It's not gentlemen carrying
flasks you should be looking for.

GREGSON

(smiles; moves on)

I realize, John. Not to worry.

Watson watches Gregson go. As he turns he finds himself
face-to-face with Hungerford. Watson is caught off guard.

HUNGERFORD

I didn't mean to startle you,
Doctor.

WATSON

Hungerford.

HUNGERFORD

I saw you with Miss Wilkes. A
striking woman. Did she tell
you that we once were lovers?

Watson just stares at him.

HUNGERFORD

Wherever it is you're going, my
friend, I've been there before
you.

WATSON

When I was a boy, my father shot
a man for saying something like
that about my mother. I wish I
could be more like he was, but
I'll have to settle for
thrashing you after the show.

Watson speaks softly and Hungerford just smiles. Then...

HUNGERFORD

Well, I'd better get to my seat.
I have a feeling this show is
going to go off --

WATSON

With a bang?

HUNGERFORD

I was going to say without a
hitch.

That said, Hungerford enters.

INT. BACKSTAGE - ALBERT HALL - NIGHT

A madhouse with last minute details. INDIANS receive their
war paint. COWBOYS coil their lassos. HORSES are saddled
and Western BACKDROPS raised into the rafters.

Gregson roams about. Checking to see if anyone's watching,
he moves further backstage to light a CIGARETTE. Secluded
in a darkened corner, he takes a drag, exhales in relief.

Then something catches his eye. A COVERED WAGON sitting more or less by itself. A BEARDED COWBOY steps over to it carrying a heavy WOODEN BOX. He sets it in the back, then moves away. Gregson drops the cigarette, crushes it out with his heel and starts over.

COVERED WAGON

Gregson climbs into the back. The bed is stacked with long WOODEN BOXES. Gregson pries one open. He reaches in, pulls out a handful of heavy IRON NAILS. A second box holds more of the same.

The plot thickens as he finds a thick, blackened CORD which runs from the front, down along the center of the wagon and disappears into the middle of the crates. A FUSE!

Urgent now, Gregson leaps out, crawls under the wagon. What he sees there takes his breath away. The underside of the wagon is jam-packed with canvas covered EXPLOSIVE CHARGES. He traces the main fuse as it comes down through the floor and branches off to at least ten sub-fuses.

Gregson takes out a PENKNIFE. Cutting a small slit in one of the charges, BLACK POWDER spills between his fingers.

GREGSON

My God...

Gregson scrambles out. Standing, he pulls a shiny STEEL WHISTLE from its place on his shoulder. Clamping down on the mouthpiece, he rears back to sound a blast that will alert the police for twenty square miles.

But suddenly, Gregson stiffens. A spasm of pain twists his face. He BLOWS RED. BLOOD fills the whistle and runs down the sides of his mouth. The only sound produced, a gurgling death rattle.

As Gregson falls dead, the STILETTO in his back is wrenched free by the Bearded Cowboy who had crept up behind him. Unseen, he begins to drag Gregson away.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - NIGHT

Watson sits beside Nancy. He points at her OPERA GLASSES.

WATSON

May I?

She hands them to him. He scans the auditorium. Studying Watson's face, Nancy notices a SCAR running through one eyebrow. She traces it with her finger.

NANCY

To what do you owe this pleasure?

WATSON

The Afghanistan flu.

NANCY

It leaves scars?

WATSON

I was a surgeon in the Afghan War. After medical school I briefly gave up being American and threw myself into being British. Joining the army cemented it. One winter I caught a terrible cold. I couldn't stop sneezing and it ended up saving my life.

NANCY

I see. This is one of those stories that old veterans expect each other to believe.

WATSON

It's true. One day the surgery was overrun by Afghanis. One of them threw a knife at me. At the same instant, I sneezed so hard I jerked forward and hit my head on the edge of the operating table. The knife passed over me and that's why I'm alive today.

NANCY

Hmm... The Afghanistan flu.

As she tries to decide if she believes him, the COWBOY ORCHESTRA strikes up a resounding version of "God Save The Queen". Everyone stands and faces the royal box.

Eddy and many of his SISTERS and BROTHERS enter first. Watson watches through the opera glasses as...

Hungerford steps out, walks alongside Eddy. He says something to Eddy who nods. Then Hungerford moves away.

Watson lowers the glasses.

WATSON

Now what would those two have to talk about?

NANCY

You don't care much for
Hungerford, do you?

WATSON

No. Do you?

NANCY

His sincerity is suspect. And I
know he's a coward at heart, but
he is charismatic. He has drawn
attention to certain issues.

The Prince and PRINCESS of Wales step into the box. Then
the Queen herself appears. VICTORIA REGINA. Beloved in
her old age. Proud, stern and above all a presence.

HUNGERFORD

In a private box across the way. He smiles as the Queen
approaches her own seat.

HUNGERFORD

Go on, old girl. Take a load
off.

As the band finishes, Queen Victoria takes her seat. Then
the Prince and Princess. Then everyone else. The house
lights dim and the Orchestra starts their WESTERN OVERTURE.
APPLAUSE as the curtains rise. TOWNSFOLK run for cover as
TWO COWBOYS face each other on a WESTERN STREET SHOWDOWN.

Hungerford smiles, settles back to enjoy the show.

WATSON & NANCY

Nancy sits beside Watson who scans the audience with the
opera glasses, ready for anything.

WATSON

I wish Holmes was here.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLMES' STUDY - BAKER STREET - NIGHT

At his desk Holmes checks his revolver's cylinder. Six
bullets, just the way Watson left it. Finally resolved,
Holmes places the barrel against the side of his head. But
as his finger tightens, he becomes aware of a presence.
Holmes looks up to find himself staring across at Victoria.

Her big brown eyes go from the gun to Holmes' face. Holmes
looks back, his resolve wavering. A small child makes him
realize something that Watson never could make clear.

Holmes opens a drawer and drops the revolver inside. In its place he takes out a CANDY TIN.

HOLMES

Would you like a gumdrop, my dear?

Holmes pops off the top to reveal the sugary treats within. Victoria takes a step forward, reaches out a skinny arm and then begins to SCREAM BLOODY MURDER.

The volume is amazing. Mrs. Hudson charges in and scoops her up. But the screaming doesn't stop.

MRS. HUDSON

Lord, what set her off?

Holmes follows her gaze down to a NEWSPAPER on his desk. On the front page is an ETCHING OF EDDY as guest of honor at a charity event. Holmes is staggered as he makes the connection. As he scoops the paper up...

HOLMES

A monster. She just saw a monster.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - NIGHT

On the stage, a TRIO of COVERED WAGONS are fending off an INDIAN ATTACK. HORSES crisscross the stage as the 'shot' stunt riders hit the dirt.

Watson maintains his vigilance. Scanning the hall and throwing an occasional glance Hungerford's way.

A BUGLE BLAST. On the stage below, the CAVALRY has come to the rescue. They thunder in from stage left.

Watson watches as the Bearded Cowboy drives the COVERED WAGON NAIL BOMB in from stage right. He stops it across from the Royal Box, disappears into the back.

Not thinking much of it, Watson looks around the hall. He sees something else.

WATSON

Hungerford is leaving.

As Watson watches him, Nancy realizes that...

NANCY

So is Eddy.

Indeed, they are. Watson watches one, then the other as they head off in different directions.

NANCY

Seems a strange time to go,
doesn't it?

As Hungerford disappears, Watson whips a look back at the wagon. The bearded cowboy jumps out the back, takes a half-hearted 'shot' at an Indian, then disappears off stage.

WATSON

(to himself; vexed)
Something's wrong with that
cowboy?

Watson puts the opera glasses to his eyes one last time.

COVERED WAGON - WATSON'S POV

Nothing out of the ordinary. Wait. A trickle of black powder. A small pyramid of it forming under the wagon.

WATSON

Lowers the glasses as it all becomes obvious to him.

WATSON

He wasn't wearing cowboy boots.

NANCY

What does that mean?

Nancy never gets an answer. Watson knows what he has to do. His finest moment may be upon him as he CHARGES DOWN toward the stage. He's got quite a distance to cover.

INT. LOBBY - ALBERT HALL - NIGHT

Hungerford walks briskly toward one of the exits.

INT. STAGE - ROYAL ALBERT HALL - NIGHT

The audience watches in confusion as Watson CRASHES through the orchestra, CLIMBS to the stage. Watson leaps into...

THE COVERED WAGON

It's filling with SMOKE as the fuseURNS down. Trying to pound it out with his fist only serves to blister Watson's hand. Slow-burning, but nevertheless, it's already disappearing down between the boxes of nails.

Watson scrambles up front. He snaps down the REINS and the HORSES surge forward. The wagon CAREENS across the stage. It CRASHES THROUGH a backdrop and disappears backstage.

EXT. FRONT ARCHWAY - ROYAL ALBERT HALL - NIGHT

As Hungerford tries to exit, Nancy steps in front of him.

NANCY
Mark Hungerford.

HUNGERFORD
Nancy. Can't speak to you right now I'm afraid.

He tries to get around her, but Nancy blocks his way.

NANCY
What are you running from?

HUNGERFORD
(shoves her aside)
Let me pass!

INT. BACKSTAGE - ROYAL ALBERT HALL - NIGHT

STAGEHANDS DIVE out of the way as the wagon RUMBLES and ROCKS its way through. Confused, Watson reins in, just before running down a wide-eyed STAGE MANAGER.

WATSON
WHICH WAY TO THE DAMN EXIT!?

The Manager points a trembling finger and Watson is off.

WAGON UNDERCARRIAGE

The fuse burns through the junction and ten separate fuses burn along their merry way.

BACKSTAGE

Light at the end of the tunnel. Literally. The main stage exit suddenly looms before Watson. SCREAMING to steel himself, he veers right, HURTLING up a WOODEN LOADING RAMP. At the last instant, Watson LEAPS from the wagon.

EXT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - NIGHT

Hungerford hurries out to safety, then opens his mouth in horror as the WAGON RUMBLES out the side entrance into Kensington Gardens. Directly before him, twenty feet away.

BOOM! A FIREBALL envelops him as WINDOWS EXPLODE and a visible SHOCK WAVE rents the air. SHRAPNEL TEARS into the Hall's granite facing as iron nails are flung 1000 feet. Debris rains down everywhere.

Nothing is left of the wagon or Hungerford. Just a SMOLDERING CRATER six feet deep and twenty feet across. Watson staggers outside. He stares at the sight. Thank God it didn't go off inside.

And then a madhouse. Panicked, PEOPLE pour out the exits.

NANCY

Fearing the worst, she works her way around. Trying to reach the site of the explosion.

NANCY

John! John!

Then suddenly, Eddy is alongside her.

EDDY

He's over here. By the carriages.

NANCY

Where?! Is he alright?!

EDDY

This way.

Eddy leads the way as he and Nancy cut through the crowd.

CARRIAGES

Eddy leads Nancy down the alley formed by rows of coaches. The area is deserted as all the drivers are off to look at the crater. Eddy stops in front of his own LANDAU.

EDDY

He's in there. In my carriage.

NANCY

(eyes narrowing)
What is this?

EDDY

Look inside.

NANCY

I'm afraid I don't find this amusing.

EDDY

I'm afraid. What a fitting
choice of words.

Eddy draws his KNIFE from his coat and steps towards her.

EDDY

On my 21st birthday I was given
syphilis in a Cleveland Street
brothel. I can't remember her
name, but the face I'll never
forget. You've come the
closest, Nancy. You could have
been her sister.

Nancy turns and RUNS. Right into Dick who looms behind
her. He strikes her across the side of the head, knocking
her unconscious. We see nervous Tom is here as well.

In an instant, Tom and Dick have her inside the landau. As
Tom climbs up into the driver's seat, Eddy hands Dick an
ENVELOPE addressed simply, Boss.

EDDY

Deliver the mail.

Dick is gone in a shot. Eddy climbs inside the landau.
Tom flicks the reins and they're off.

EXT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - NIGHT

Anxious but not urgent, Watson searches through the clot of
PEOPLE, trying to find Nancy.

WATSON

Nancy! Nancy Wilkes!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NANCY'S STUDIO - MARYLEBONE ROAD - NIGHT

A HANSOM CAB pulls up out front. Watson hops out.

WATSON

(to Driver)

Half a minute.

Watson heads up the walkway, KNOCKS on the door. Then he
sees that the LOCK has been JIMMIED and the door forced.
Watson swings the door open, steps cautiously inside.

INT. NANCY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Dark. Everything in shadows.

WATSON

Nancy?

Tacked to one of the photo easels is the envelope. Boss. A chill runs through Watson when he sees it. He plucks it off the easel, tears it open. Striking a MATCH, he reads by the flickering flame. This one rhymes.

WATSON (V.O.)

Hello, Boss. Where's pretty
Nancy? You will never know.
She's gone to see my pets below.
Merry old Jack, ain't he queer?
First he ripped 'em. Now they
disappear.

Watson barely notices as the flame burns out on his fingers.

WATSON

Nancy!!

As Watson moves forward, one of the room's shadows SWINGS a closed TRIPOD into his chest. UMPH! Watson STUMBLES back, CRASHING through several easels.

Dick follows, SLAMMING him with the tripod again. And again. Watson rolls out of the way of the third blow. Getting to his feet, Watson covers his badly bruised ribs.

Using the tripod as a battering ram, Dick BASHES Watson in the chest with all his prodigious strength. Watson SMASHES into and through a display cabinet.

Dropping the tripod, Dick moves in with his fists. Twice Watson's size, Dick measures his PUNCHES. He mostly works the body, but a head shot almost certainly breaks Watson's nose. Watson lies helpless in the wreckage.

Finally, Dick grabs him around the throat, slams him against the wall. As Dick begins to crush Watson's throat, he leans into a beam of moonlight. Watson sees the nasty slash on his cheek, recognizes him.

WATSON

You... In the carriage...

DICK

That's right, Doctor. Funny thing is. That little girl gave me more trouble than you did.

Dick holds Watson in place as he pulls a KNIFE out of his boot. He holds it in front of Watson's face.

DICK

I'm not as clever as Jack with his knife, but I'm clever enough.

Watson grits his teeth. As Dick prepares to run him through, Watson forces the pain away and does the only thing he can... He knees Dick in the balls.

As Dick stumbles back, Watson CHARGES FORWARD. He comes up under Dick's ribs and actually lifts him off his feet.

EXT. NANCY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

CRASH! The cab Driver looks up as the two men HURTLE THROUGH the big picture window and SLAM to the sidewalk. Rolling apart, Watson is the first one to his feet.

As Dick gets up, Watson grabs him in a HEADLOCK and charges the WROUGHT IRON FENCE. It leaves a half inch crease in Dick's forehead. He wants to drop, but Watson jerks him up by the hair.

WATSON

Where is she? Where's Nancy?

Dick doesn't answer. Watson BACKHANDS him. Violently. Dick spits two teeth and smiles.

DICK

She's a bitch. Why don't you whistle for her?

Watson SHOUTS as he catches Dick under the throat and drives him back toward the street. Dick loses his footing and goes down with Watson right on top of him.

Dick's head ends up between two spokes of one of the hansom cab's WHEELS. The HORSE WHINNIES, move the cab up a few inches. The Driver sees how touchy Dick's situation is.

DRIVER

Easy, lads! Easy.

The horses settle. Dick claps his hands on the sides of Watson's head, tries to force his thumbs into Watson's eyes. It looks like Dick just might succeed when...

Watson twists his head to the side. Toward the horse...

WATSON

HAW!

Watson releases Dick as the horse BOLTS. His head caught between the spokes, Dick's body is whipped around, slamming the pavement like a carrot caught in a garbage disposal.

As the Driver REINS IN, Dick's body is thrown into the gutter. His thick neck has been broken ten times over. Watson rushes over, quickly looks through Dick's pockets. Nothing but a few pounds and a handkerchief.

WATSON
(entering cab)
Scotland Yard!

DRIVER
But --

WATSON
Now!

The Cab clatters away leaving Dick dead in the gutter.

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

Just after the bombing, it's a beehive with a stick in it.

INT. STAFF ROOM - SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

Or maybe a hornet's nest. Lestrade is in command. Giving orders to a score of INSPECTORS.

LESTRADE
You are to scour Spitalfields, Whitechapel and Aldgate. I want every Russian male between the ages of 15 and 50 brought in for questioning. I want their apartments searched for any signs of bomb making. The Crown demands swift results. Needless to say, so does Scotland Yard. That's all, gentlemen.

The hubbub builds as Inspectors head this way and that or speculate amongst themselves. As Lestrade moves among them he's met by a JUNIOR OFFICER.

JUNIOR OFFICER
Dr. Watson is here, Sir. He's demanding to see you.

Before Lestrade can respond, we hear Dr. Watson call his name out. Lestrade looks over to see Watson in the doorway restrained by Lestrade's two thuggish adjutants.

HALLWAY

Lestrade steps out to see Watson. Inspectors and uniformed BOBBIES hurry back and forth around them.

WATSON

I know you have your hands full,
Lestrade, but I need men to
search the sewers.

He thrusts Jack's letter into Lestrade's hand.

WATSON

(desperate)

The Ripper has Nancy Wilkes.
I'm asking for your help. I'm
begging for it.

Lestrade sighs, almost looks sad.

LESTRADE

I just got word a few minutes
ago. She's been found.

Lestrade may be a bastard, but even he has his limits. He places a steadying hand on Watson's shoulder and then...—

LESTRADE

I'm sorry, Watson. She's dead.

The room seems to swim around him as Watson blinks back a tear. Dead. She's dead...

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED SEWER LINE - NIGHT

Part of an abandoned system, it's dry. Watson, Lestrade and Lestrade's two Thugs carrying lanterns make their way along. No one says a word. Lestrade stops where several bricks have been removed from the wall.

LESTRADE

I believe this is the spot. A
gang of rat catchers found it.

(beat)

You don't have to do this,
Watson.

Grim, Watson steps through the gap in the wall.

TREVITHICK TUNNEL

Watson and Lestrade make their way along. Water falls in great muddy drops from the ceiling.

WATSON
What is this place?

LESTRADE
An early tunnel under the
Thames. Never completed.

Watson pauses long enough to scoop up a handful of damp earth. He rubs it between his fingers as they continue.

WATSON
Black clay.

LESTRADE
What's that?

WATSON
One of the Russians at the
bakery had black clay on his
boots. The Ripper and the
bombing are related somehow.

LESTRADE
Professor Moriarty. Laugh if
you want.

Watson isn't laughing. As the tunnel ends in an apparent cave-in, a catacomb opens to the left. The flicker of torchlight glows from within. Hesitating, Watson looks to Lestrade who nods gravely. This is the place. Watson steps inside...

ANTECHAMBER

Nancy lies face down in the center of the room. Watson is blind to all else as he steps forward, kneels down beside her. Nancy's hands are tied behind her back. Watson is jolted as she twists her head up toward him. Gagged, her eyes are wide with fear. But more importantly, she's alive!

LAUGHTER echoes around them. Watson looks up. Eddy sits at a table around which are the MOLDERING SKELETONS of five of his victims. He raises a glass of wine in salute.

Turning, Watson looks back at Lestrade and his thugs. They point REVOLVERS. Skulking by the wall alongside TEN KEGS of GUN POWDER is Tom. He's the only one not laughing.

LESTRADE
If only we had a mirror so that
you could see the ridiculous
look on your face.

Ignoring him, Watson pulls the gag from Nancy's mouth.

NANCY

I'm sorry. It's my fault they
led you down here.

As Watson shushes her, Tom hands Lestrade a BOWLER CAP and
a cane topped by a SILVER GARGOYLE.

WATSON

Professor Moriarty I imagine.

LESTRADE

At your service. Though by
tomorrow the world will think he
was Mark Hungerford. I don't
suppose you'd want to take his
place as my lieutenant?

WATSON

No.

(looks to Eddy)

I suppose that makes you the
butcher of Whitechapel.

EDDY

Oh, not a butcher. A ripper.

(standing)

I named myself, you see. Jack
is my dark self. I'm strong
when I'm Jack. People pay
attention when I'm Jack.

Eddy shuts up at a look from Lestrade. As Lestrade talks,
Watson is as inconspicuous as possible about untying
Nancy's hands.

LESTRADE

I wish Holmes were here to lord
it over. Always so smug. Self-
satisfied. Doing my job for me.
Patronizing me. Well, I found
the Ripper when he couldn't. I
solved the case that brought him
to his knees. I broke his
spirit. I turned him into the
shadow he's become... And when
London has long forgotten the
name Sherlock Holmes, they will
still tremble in fear at
Professor Moriarty.

WATSON

And the royal family?

Lestrade taps a keg of powder with his cane.

LESTRADE

It didn't happen tonight, but sooner than later Eddy will be king and then I will control the throne of England.

(musing)

The irony is, four years ago Holmes almost had me.

WATSON

Until your stunt with Druitt's body.

LESTRADE

Doctor, I'm impressed. How did you know?

WATSON

There were traces of arsenic in his stomach. Though I'm sure you didn't direct me to St. Basil's to discover that.

LESTRADE

No. I was laying the groundwork for something else. Eddy has been indiscreet. I need to give the public their murderer.

(smiles)

You'll make a fine Jack for the papers, Watson. The murders ended when you left England and began again when you returned. A murdered prostitute was found with your watch in her hand. And a man who digs up corpses must be capable of other things.

Lestrade takes a surgical scalpel from his pocket.

LESTRADE

The capping touch is the weapon used to murder Miss Wilkes. A scalpel with your fingerprints on them. The police always did fancy a surgeon, Watson.

(to Nancy)

I only wish I could have stopped him before he got to you.

Watson and Nancy exchange a look. They are in a jam. Lestrade steps forward. He claps the barrel of his revolver against the side of Watson's head.

LESTRADE

We found you clutching a suicide
note confessing all.

Eddy waves the note in the air.

EDDY

I wrote it myself.

WATSON

You'll never be able to pull
this off.

LESTRADE

Won't I?

(laughing)

After all, who's going to stop
me? Sherlock Holmes?

HOLMES' VOICE

I can assure you that I will do
my best.

Eyes wide, Lestrade takes a step back, but keeps the gun on
Watson as his thugs peer back into the gloom of the tunnel.

WATSON

Holmes?! Is that you?!

HOLMES' VOICE

Who else?

(echoing Watson)

Did you really think I'd leave
you down here to die?

BLAM! A shot rings out smashing through one of the Thugs'
lanterns and into his side. They leap back, then return a
few blind shots. As the sound echoes.

HOLMES' VOICE

The great Professor Moriarty. I
expected you twenty minutes ago.

LESTRADE

Impossible!

HOLMES' VOICE

Of course it's possible. I am
your intellectual superior!

Holmes is rattling Lestrade Keeping his gun on Watson,
Lestrade nods to the thugs, who both lean out to take a
quick couple of random shots down the tunnel.

HOLMES

A bullet SPLINTERS the wood over his head. Hugging the wall, a REVOLVER in either hand, he smiles.

HOLMES

Black river clay, Watson! It was only found during the excavation of the Charing Cross Loop and the aborted Trevithick Tunnel. You are now inside an antechamber of the latter!

ANTECHAMBER

Watson sees it's too much for Lestrade's ego to take.

HOLMES' VOICE

Women disappearing. Where else but the sewers? Montague Druiitt? I shot at him four years ago near this very spot. Right where you wanted me to.

LESTRADE

Enough!

HOLMES' VOICE

The criminal always returns to the scene of the crime, Lestrade. The criminal mind craves order and ritual. That's why I have always been superior to you!

Lestrade looks to Eddy, then Tom.

LESTRADE

No one leaves this room.
(to Thugs)
On three.

WATSON

Holmes! They're coming!

Lestrade viciously pistol whips Watson to the ground. Tom nervously covers him with his own revolver. Lestrade shows one - two - three fingers to his Thugs. They leap out into the tunnel, revolvers blazing. As the sound of gunfire quickly drifts off as they apparently are chasing Holmes.

Nervous and impatient, Eddy jerks Natty to her feet, holds the knife down behind her knee.

EDDY
Sometimes I'd cut their tendons
and watch them crawl about.

NANCY
Bugger off, you disgusting
filth.

Nancy tries to twist away, but Eddy brings the blade to her
throat. She is not long for this world. Tom watches.
He's reached his breaking point.

TOM
I wish you wouldn't do that,
Sir.

EDDY
What?!

TOM
I... I'm sorry.

Eddy releases Nancy, steps toward Tom.

EDDY
How dare you talk to me like
that?!

To Eddy's eternal amazement, Tom turns the revolver on him.
Eddy stops short. Speechless.

TOM
I'm sorry for myself. I'm sorry
for being a part of something so
ugly and cruel.
(to Nancy)
Better be on your way, Miss.
Take the Doctor with you.

Keeping the gun on Eddy, Tom unstoppers one of the kegs of
powder. Nancy tries to get Watson to his feet.

TOM
(choked up)
It's a strange tale, Miss. Full
of twists and turns like Mr.
Dickens used to write. And this
is the end for poor old Tom.
(grim)
But not before he does the
Ripper proper.

Tom shoves the barrel with his foot. It rolls across the
room leaving an igniting TRAIL OF POWDER behind it. Tom
takes a TORCH from the wall.

EDDY

You're mad.

(starting forward)

I am your superior in every respect. In blood. In class. In nearness to God. Destroy me and you destroy a dream.

Nancy has Watson to his feet. Eddy is almost upon Tom.

TOM

Not another step, Sir!

Eddy stops across from Tom. Held close to his side, Eddy's hand flexes around the handle of his knife.

EDDY

Sir? That's a good sign. You still understand your place.

Unsure, Tom's gun hand wavers for just an instant...

EDDY

But I prefer Your Majesty!

The knife whips up in a vicious arc, catching Tom across the chest and under the chin. The revolver fires harmlessly into the wall as the knife comes back down over Tom's forearm. Eddy bats the torch from his hand. It lands safely away from the powder.

Tom seems to stand forever as the knife flashes in the gloom. When he finally falls, Eddy has cut him to ribbons.

As Eddy moves forward to finish him off, Watson is there. Grappling with Eddy for the knife, they struggle. Eddy is stronger than he looks. Moments from death, Tom watches.

TOM

Your majesty...

Flecked in blood, locked in struggle, Eddy looks down. So does Watson. Tom smiles almost apologetically. Then, a flick of the thumb and a MATCH burns to life in his hand.

TOM

God save the queen...

Tom touches the match to the powder trail. As it flares to zig-zagging life, Watson is the first to come to his senses. Flinging Eddy to the ground, he takes Nancy by the hand and they dash out, running for all they're worth.

Eddy gets to his feet. He tries to kick out the flames, but they burn right past him. Eyes wide with fear, he gets out of there.

TREVITHICK TUNNEL

Watson and Nancy are nearing the sewer entrance. Eddy is visible 40 yards back and coming hard.

ANTECHAMBER

Tom squeezes his eyes shut as the powder flashes to the barrel. The room itself erupts as the barrel EXPLODES!

TREVITHICK TUNNEL

Where staying on one's feet is a miracle.

NORTHERN OUTFALL SEWER

Where Holmes is pressed into an alcove. He struggles to stay standing as the ground trembles. Searching for him on the CATWALK a few yards away, Lestrade and one Thug cover up under a shower of TILE and CEMENT.

ANTECHAMBER

Where the ROOF COLLAPSES and the THAMES RUSHES IN.

TREVITHICK TUNNEL

A fist of water punches its way through, chasing down Eddy.

ABANDONED SEWER - BY TREVITHICK TUNNEL

Nancy and Watson climb through the hole in the wall. Eddy arrives at the same time as the water. It's a force there's no denying. The three of them disappear as the torrent sweeps them away. As the water blasts out into the T, it's hard to even tell which direction they're going.

HOLMES

Breathes a sigh of relief as Lestrade and the Thug start back the other way.

THE NORTHERN OUTFALL SEWER

A feeder channel belches water and Watson. Catching the catwalk rail, he hangs on under the deluge. Finally it subsides. Watson gets to his feet, peers into the gloom...

WATSON

Nancy! Nancy!

ABANDONED SEWER

As the force lessons, Nancy finds herself on her feet, standing in four feet of water. Gasping for air, she turns at the sound of splashing behind her.

NANCY

John?

LAUGHTER in the dark. It isn't Watson. Nancy slogs on.

NORTHERN OUTFALL SEWER

Watson comes upon one of the Thugs. Dead. Shot in the chest by Holmes. Watson pries the revolver from his hand.

FEEDER CHANNEL

Nancy drops through and down to the Northern Outfall CATWALK. MOVE WITH her as she runs along it. Though the lack of light makes falling off a distinct possibility, she moves at a good clip, using the sewer wall as a guide.

In the darkness behind, Eddy's voice echoes. In a rage, he doesn't sound far behind.

EDDY'S VOICE

Nancy! Nancy!

WATSON - ANOTHER SECTION

He hears the SHOUTS. Starts toward them.

NANCY

Suddenly, Nancy hears something else that makes her STOP SHORT. In the darkness ahead, hideous GRUNTING. Then it stops. Nancy looks back. We hear FOOTFALLS on the catwalk behind. Eddy is closing in.

As Nancy starts forward, the GRUNTING begins again. Suddenly, a huge BLACK BOAR looms of the darkness. Saliva drips from its tusks. It's joined by another. And another. The whole brood is here.

Just when it seems hopeless, WHISTLING sounds from where Eddy must be.

EDDY'S VOICE

She's not for you my pets! Not yet!

The WHISTLE sounds again. The Swine turn, disappear the way they came. Nancy has no choice but to follow after them.

WATSON

Stops, listens to the horrible sound echo through the sewer.

WATSON

Nancy!

Silence. Then a far off VOICE calling back. Nancy's voice.

NANCY'S VOICE

John!...

Watson runs forward.

INT. SEWER CATWALK - NIGHT

As Watson runs, a ROTTED BOARD gives way underfoot. Watson FALLS THROUGH the catwalk, jerking to a stop at his armpits. The pain in his broken ribs is excruciating.

Before Watson can even think of extricating himself, he hears vicious GRUNTING ahead. Closing fast. Watson is a sitting duck. Pulling one arm down through the hole in the catwalk, he draws the Thug's pistol from his belt.

Ahead, the Black Boar looms out of the dark, its TUSKS aimed at Watson's face.

Watson shoots from the hip. Three slugs blast up SPLINTERING through the catwalk planking and SLAMMING INTO the Boar. With a final SQUEAL it pitches forward, coming to a dead stop just inches ahead of Watson. The rest of the Swine disappear up one of the many side FEED CHANNELS.

Watson sets the pistol on the catwalk, tries to pull himself up through the slats. FOOTFALLS and Nancy appears out of the darkness. She helps pull Watson through.

NANCY

He's right behind me!

Indeed he is. As Watson reaches for the pistol, Eddy SLAMS NANCY aside and STABS Watson in the side. The thigh.

And Nancy is going for the pistol...

As Watson slumps, Eddy grabs his hand, slaps it to the catwalk and impales it there with the knife.

Watson SCREAMS. Eddy LUNGES, catches Nancy just before she reaches the pistol. He half-chokes her with his forearm.

Watson WRENCHES the knife from his hand, steps toward them.

Eddy scoops up the pistol, holds it to Nancy's head.

EDDY
Tut tut tut.

Watson freezes.

EDDY
It wouldn't do to kill me with my
own pretty knife. But it never
really suited Nancy either.
(smiles)
I never shot anyone before.

Eddy cocks back the hammer.

EDDY
I hear it can be a dreadful mess.

Nancy SNIFFLES, attempts to wipe her nose.

EDDY
Stay still!

NANCY
I can't help it. I think I'm
catching a cold.

EDDY
A cold!
(laughs)
Only a woman. Only a woman
could worry about that at a time
like this.

But Watson tries to understand what she's saying.

NANCY
I think it's the Afghanistan Flu.

If a person can nod with their eyes, Watson nods to Nancy.
He understands.

NANCY
Ah-- Ah--

Eddy jams the gun against the side of her head.

NANCY
AHH-CHOO!

As Nancy JERKS HER HEAD DOWN, Watson THROWS THE KNIFE.

The GUN FIRES into thin air before Eddy drops it.

Still holding Nancy by the arm, he stares down at the HILT of the KNIFE. That's all he can see. The rest is buried just under his right breast. Eddy blinks back at Watson.

EDDY

My own pretty knife.

Eddy falls off the catwalk. Watson leaps forward but Eddy takes Nancy with him. Eddy lands on a rocky outcrop, while Nancy SPLASHES into the swiftly flowing RIVER OF SEWAGE.

WATSON

Nancy!

Nancy quickly disappears into the dark. Busted up, stabbed, Watson grabs the pistol and hobbles down the catwalk doing his best to keep up.

Then we hear it, the flesh-crawling SNUFFLING of the Black Swine. Still alive, Eddy looks up as they bear down on him from a side sewer feed channel.

Reaching into his pocket, Eddy pulls out the whistle. But it slips through his fingers.

Eddy reaches out for it. Almost there. But... —

EDDY

NO!!!

The lead Boar GORES into his side. Then the next. And the next. The SOWS start to arrive. Eddy SCREAMS as the pigs tear him apart. They go at it with a vengeance and his screams quickly die. But that doesn't stop their fury.

EXT. THE THAMES - NIGHT

Main Street of the Empire. Under the shadow of the TOWER BRIDGE. The Northern Outfall Sewer dumps directly into the great river. Nancy is dumped there as well.

Nearly drowned, Nancy's ordeal isn't over. She struggles toward shore, almost too weak to make it. She disappears under the surface more than once. But finally she touches bottom and soon she's crawling up the river's banking.

As she COLLAPSES into the mud, a pair of stylish MEN'S BOOTS step up in front of her. Lestrade! His second Thug jerks Nancy to her feet as Lestrade listens to Watson's SHOUTS sound from the sewer opening. Pulling Nancy along, they start for the Bridge's NORTH TOWER.

CUT TO:

WATSON

Limping for the end of the sewer. A SHADOW LOOMS in front of him. Watson raises the revolver... But it's Holmes!

Wasting no time with pleasantries, they stare out from the sewer mouth. There's Lestrade and Nancy disappearing into the North Tower of the Tower Bridge. Watson starts down, but Holmes hesitates, loath to step out into the open.

WATSON

(looking back)

Are you coming?!

Holmes looks around, nods. Taking a deep breath he plunges down after Watson.

EXT. THE TOWER BRIDGE - NIGHT

Still a year from completion, the road is barricaded off to through traffic. The span is skeletal, but does cross the river. The towers and twin walkways connecting them are almost finished, but still surrounded by SCAFFOLDING.

Lestrade looks out one of the North Tower windows at Watson.

EXT. THAMES - NIGHT

Watson and Holmes rush for the North Tower. Passing under the arch along the first span, they're fired on from above. They duck against the tower door, guns in hand.

INT. NORTH TOWER - NIGHT

Watson and Holmes enter. A STAIRCASE winds up to the top.

WATSON

Let her go, Lestrade!

No answer. They start up.

STAIRS - SEVERAL FLIGHTS ABOVE

Lestrade continues up with Nancy as the Second Thug stays behind, pressed tight against the wall.

STAIRWELL LANDING

As they turn the corner, Watson and Holmes comes upon him. All three men open fire. It lasts about a heartbeat. When it's over, the Thug sprawls out dead on the steps and Watson goes down, shot through the leg.

Holmes leans over his friend, staunches the flow of blood with his handkerchief.

HOLMES

Give me your revolver. I'm out of bullets.

WATSON

So am I. Help me up.

Watson holds up his hand. Holmes grabs it, heaves him up.

LESTRADE

Four flights above. He's climbing higher when Nancy rakes him across the face. Lestrade SLAPS her back hard, then cuffs her hands together.

LESTRADE

Do that again and I'll kill you.

WATSON & HOLMES

Still hanging on to their revolvers, they creep to the top of the landing, listen. Then...

WATSON

Your plans are ruined, Lestrade.

LESTRADE'S VOICE

Delayed, Doctor. That's all.

WATSON

Only if you find another Duke.
Eddy is dead.

No answer. All is quiet. Watson and Holmes continue up. Watson as quickly as his battered, wounded body will allow.

EXT. TOP OF THE NORTH TOWER - NIGHT

The steep, copper hip roof is not yet in place, but the SCAFFOLDING is there as well as the four corner TURRET SPIRES. Lestrade and Nancy are nowhere in sight.

INT. STAIRWAY - NORTH TOWER - NIGHT

MOVE WITH Watson and Holmes as they near the top. Never quite sure what will be lurking around the next corner. Finally, they step out. No one is in sight. There isn't a sound except for the bells and horns of the river.

Leading with useless guns, Watson and Holmes make their way around the central scaffolding.

HOLMES

Don't make it any worse for yourself, Lestrade.

LESTRADE'S VOICE

Tell me, Holmes. How could it get any worse?

They peek around the corner. Lestrade stands shielding himself with Nancy. Holding his revolver up into her ribs.

LESTRADE

I hope she means something to you, Watson. I hope it hurts you when I kill her.

Holmes looks at Watson. There's only one thing to do.

HOLMES

I'm going to draw his fire. He can't have more than a shot or two left.

WATSON

No...

Too late. Holmes steps out.

HOLMES

What's the girl to you, Lestrade? Certainly there'd be more satisfaction in me.

Lestrade hesitates.

HOLMES

Your intellectual superior!

Lestrade FIRES. Hit in the shoulder, Holmes CRASHES through the scaffolding and disappears over the side. At the same instant, Watson charges.

Lestrade shoves Nancy aside and aims. CLICK. Watson SLAPS the gun away. WHAM! A left sends Lestrade careening back.

Watson CHARGES him. The two men SMASH through the scaffolding. Trading PUNCHES. Lestrade pounds Watson in his wounded leg. Watson responds by fist-clubbing him in the back of the head. A combination snaps Lestrade's head back, sends him reeling.

Construction material rains down around them as they rumble through the scaffolding. As Watson advances, Lestrade bolts forward, a jagged ended SPEAR of wood in his hand.

Watson just manages to TWIST out of the way and Lestrade CRASHES through the outer construction barrier.

As Watson leans over to see what happened to him, Lestrade's hand reaches up and GRASPS HOLD of Watson's collar. Lestrade hooks his other hand around as well. There's nothing but air between his feet and the ground far below.

Watson is pulled to the edge.

LESTRADE

We've both existed in Holmes' shadow, Watson. It's fitting the two of us should go together.

Choking, Watson can barely get the words out.

WATSON

You're going someplace dark, Lestrade. And I'll be damned if I'm going with you.

That said, WATSON HEADBUTTS him.

Lestrade releases his grip and begins to fall. Screaming, flailing his arms, he's swallowed up by the FOG an instant before we hear his body SLAP to the pavement.

Joined by Nancy, Watson rushes as fast as his leg will take him to the other side of the spire. Fearing the worse, he looks over the edge.

Holmes lies bleeding below, TANGLED in the wreckage of the scaffolding. It CREAKS, ready to break under his weight.

Watson flattens himself on the flooring and reaches down, but he's a few feet short.

WATSON

Take my hand!

Holmes shakes his head. The scaffolding SWAYS OMINOUSLY as Holmes looks out on the SKYLINE of LONDON spread out beyond them. And Watson realizes that Holmes wants to die.

WATSON.

Take my hand, Sherlock. Please.

HOLMES

Look at it, Watson. Was there ever such a dreary, dismal, unprofitable world? See how the fog blankets it. What could be more hopelessly prosaic and material? What is the use of having powers, Doctor, when one has no field upon which to exert them? Crime is commonplace, existence is commonplace, and no qualities save those which are commonplace have any function upon this earth.

Holmes, the man who is anything but commonplace, stares up at Watson. But it's Nancy who answers him.

NANCY

Life is common. That's a fact. But it's the people who make it bearable. The people we love and the people we trust.

Tears in his eyes, Watson nods. Holmes just shakes his head.

WATSON

You're Sherlock Holmes! The Great Detective! A triumph of dash and intellect. That's what you were and that's what you are.

HOLMES

And how do you know that?

WATSON

It's elementary. My dear dear Holmes.

Looking into Watson's eyes, Holmes smiles. And even as the SCAFFOLDING BEGINS TO CRASH DOWN around him...

Holmes reaches up his hand. Deciding to hold onto life.

WHUMP! Watson catches hold of him. With a final effort, he heaves the Great Detective up on the roof.

NORTH TOWER

As Watson sits up, Nancy is there in his arms. Holmes watches as they EMBRACE.

HOLMES

Miss Wilkes. Allow me to
introduce myself.

Nancy looks at him from over Watson's shoulder.

HOLMES

You may have heard of me.
Sherlock Holmes. My major claim
to fame is having the good
fortune to call Dr. John Watson
my friend.

NANCY

That's a good fortune we share.
It's a pleasure to meet you.

At this Watson begins to LAUGH. The first joyous sound in
a long, long night. As Nancy and Holmes join him, the
CAMERA PULLS back. High above the Thames.

And soon the Tower Bridge and the City of London return to
the FOG in which we first found them.

FADE OUT.

The End