

A CASE OF EVIL

by

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based on characters created by

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OPENS:

EXT: STREETS - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE CREDITS

We open on a tiny yellow flame floating in a black void. Suddenly, with percussive intensity, the flame explodes... increasing in size a thousand times... turning into a flaming orb. Slowly the color changes... from yellow to red to an intense white light that suffuses the entire screen.

We pull back to reveal that we're been looking at a gas street light.. We're in London at the end of the nineteenth century... when that city was the undisputed center of the world... the hub of a great empire, the heart of world capitalism, awash with splendor and squalor, money, crime, power and corruption.

This gaslight is in a deserted street: ominous dark tall stone buildings... slick wet cobblestones... the remnants of a heavy fog.... in the distance the occasional blurred streetlight but otherwise all is gloom and Gothic menace.

Suddenly... footsteps. Loud against the cobbles. Two men race through our pool of white light. The first PROFESSOR MORIARTY - tall, rangy - wears a long black cape lined with red. The second - his SIDEKICK - is stockier and wearing a heavy military greatcoat. They disappear into the darkness...

A beat of silence... then more footsteps. A third man appears in our pool of light. Early twenties.. tall.. lean.. wearing a determined expression and carrying a walking stick in one hand. His name.. we will later discover.. is Holmes - SHERLOCK HOLMES.

SUPERIMPOSE FINAL CREDIT and...

CUT TO:

EXT: STREETS - NIGHT

Slam cut into the middle of the chase... frantic.. hyperkinetic.. desperate. Extreme angles on pounding feet.. pumping arms... flying capes.. shock cut against giant close ups of faces.. set in masks of grim determination. This is life or death...

The pursuer takes a short cut.. through a dark, narrow, alley... He careens past two drunken men and emerges into a street less than fifty yards behind the men he's following.

A horse rears as the two men cut in front of it.. and dart down a side street..

Back to Holmes - getting closer.. gaining with every stride..

Up ahead we hear the sound of fast running water.. They emerge into a street dominated by a series of massive earthworks... A main sewer is being diverted in preparation for an extension to London's brand new underground railway system.. Timber scaffolding shores up buildings adjacent to the newly dug trenches.

The professor - wearing the red lined cape - turns to his sidekick.. and gestures towards the pursuer.

A nasty smile spreads across the sidekick's face as he turns to face Holmes. He reaches beneath his greatcoat and produces a knife.. a long straight razor-sharp blade that closer inspection would reveal to be a military bayonet..

Holmes doesn't even break stride. He twists the silver top to his walking stick... withdraws a long gleaming blade.

The sidekick's face drops.. Holmes's weapon is longer than his. But he's committed now.. The sidekick takes up an aggressive knife fighting posture.. slashes wildly. Holmes sidesteps neatly.. whilst glancing over to keep track of Moriarty.. who is scrambling across heaps of dirt further along the street. Another wild slash.. Holmes's response is a single, almost casual - if lightning quick - thrust of his blade.. Moriarty turns from his vantage point and watches the fight. The sidekick glances down and seems surprised to see the slash in the right shoulder of his great coat where Holmes blade went in.. and out. He drops the bayonet.. Grabs his shoulder.. Runs away..

Holmes looks ahead towards his quarry who has moved on..

He catches sight of him.. slipping down the other side of a trench into a side street. Holmes races after him..

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A window is opened.. Local residents are starting to take an interest in the activity on the streets around them. As an old lady in her nightdress cranes her head to get a better view of what's happening.. Holmes, intent on the chase, ignores her..

CUT TO:

EXT: STREET - NIGHT

Holmes reaches the side street.. sees his quarry.. He clambers deftly onto a parked cart.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(loud)
Professor...

The man in the cape runs... Holmes jumps down and follows - gaining with every stride.. The professor reaches the end of the street.. There's a wall.. No chance of jumping it.. Holmes is less than fifty yards away now.. There's no way out.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
It's over... Give yourself up..

The professor turns.. half smiles..

PROFESSOR
It's been a long time..

Moriarty unsheathes his long sword... Holmes slows..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Almost ten years...
(a beat)
You're a hard man to find, Professor..

PROFESSOR
I intend to keep it that way..

He attacks.. As Holmes parries the first rapier thrust the camera swings back and we see the whole of London spread out behind them.. We can make out a number of familiar landmarks: the newly build Houses of Parliament.. Big Ben.. and in the distance the Tower of London...

Across the street more windows open as local residents try to get a better view of the swordfight.. A young man steps out from a doorway to watch. A flurry of blows and the protagonists stand nose to nose...

PROFESSOR
You've been practicing.. clearly not with your brother.. He was never much good at anything..
(a beat)
How is he, by the way..? I hear he doesn't get out much...?

Holmes shoves the professor away and attacks with renewed vigor.. finally breaking through and slashing the professor's

left arm.. The professor glances down at the wound in surprise..

PROFESSOR

This isn't going entirely according to my plan..

Holmes prepares for a final attack.. The professor turns on his heels and races away.. He disappears into the darkness.

Holmes follows.. looks around. He catches sight of the Professor's shadow as he disappears into an alleyway..

CUT TO:

EXT: STREET BY SEWER - NIGHT

The swordfight continues along the alleyway.. towards the sewer excavations.. Another flurry of blows and finally Holmes gets the upper hand.. He forces the Professor to back-up onto a mound of earth. The professor's sword flies out of his hand and clatters to the ground.. somewhere off in the darkness..

The professor backs away.. It's clear that he's lost..

PROFESSOR

Most invigorating..

His hand drops and we see that he has a pistol jammed into his waistband.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

This is your last chance to stay alive..

The only reaction from the professor is a wry smile.. For a long beat they stand facing each other....Close on the professor's right hand hovering over the butt of his pistol. We notice that he's wearing a large silver signet ring bearing a florid letter "M".. Back to the wide shot and we realise that this is going to be a gunfight... they're going to 'draw and shoot' like their contemporaries in the Wild West...

The professor's hand drops to the butt of his pistol... He's fast... incredibly fast.

But Holmes is faster.. BOOM. He draws and aims and fires before the professor can raise his pistol.

Close on the professor's face... His mouth drops open.. He glances down at his chest. The bullet caught him just below the heart. He staggers backwards, falters on a loose clump of earth from the excavations.. and falls backwards into the

deep, fast moving, open sewer.. Holmes races forward in time to see the body being swallowed up and carried away underground..

Close on Holmes's face.. He can't quite believe that he has finally killed his nemesis.. In the background we hear a carriage approaching. Holmes straightens up.. smooths down his jacket..

CUT TO:

EXT: STREET BY SEWER - NIGHT

Close on the iron rimmed wheel of a horse and carriage as it screeches to a halt on the wet cobblestones. Two policemen leap out: the dapper but world weary Inspector Lestrade and his second in command Sergeant Cox. The young man from the street earlier who has been hurrying alongside the carriage points at Holmes. The policemen register Holmes and walk over to where he's standing.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
May I help you gentlemen..?

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
I'm arresting you in the name of the Queen..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
On what charge..?

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Murder.. .

CUT TO:

INT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Holmes is sitting in a small bare room that's virtually identical to police interrogation rooms of today.. He's looking calm and unruffled. Lestrade and Cox enter.. The inspector takes a seat.. The sergeant remains standing..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Surname..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Holmes.. With an 'L'..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Christian name..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Sherlock..

Not even a flicker of recognition.. We're at a moment in history before that name meant anything at all..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Occupation..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Detective..

Lestrade looks up..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
One of us?

Holmes adds by way of explanation:

SHERLOCK HOLMES
A private detective..

Lestrade looks up at Cox and comments sarcastically..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Is that supposed to impress me?

Before Holmes can comment Lestrade places Holmes's pistol on the table in front of them..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Whatever you call yourself, it still doesn't give you the right to go around shooting people..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I was undertaking an official commission from a certain lady..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
(interrupting)
Who is this woman?

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Close on an extra-ordinarily beautiful woman in her mid twenties.. wearing a long black dress and a half-veil. She's in mourning.. and still looking good..

Pull back to reveal that she is shaking hands with Holmes in his Baker street apartment..

LADY DEWYNTER (REBECCA)
I am being blackmailed..
(a beat)
..by a man who claims to have evidence
that my late husband was engaged in
criminal activities. If this ever got
out my family name would be ruined..

Holmes gestures for her to take a seat..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Do you know who the blackmailer is?

LADY DEWYNTER (REBECCA)
(shakes her head)
He has others do his dirty work..

She becomes flustered as her desperation begins to show
through..

LADY DEWYNTER (REBECCA)
He wants ten thousand pounds..
(desperate)
It's everything I have.. Either way I'll
be ruined..

She is clearly fighting hard to keep back the tears.. Holmes
thinks for a moment.. removes a handkerchief from his pocket..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
You must agree to pay him the money..

She shakes her head.. and starts crying. Holmes hands her the
handkerchief..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
If my plan works, you shall keep the good
name of your family.. and your money..

He stares deep into her eyes..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
But you must trust me completely.

After a beat, Rebecca nods. Holmes smiles. He's enjoying being
masterful and heroic.. He forces himself to turn away from her
avid gaze and becomes professionally efficient.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I want you to make an arrangement to pay
this man... And I will go to the exchange
in your place..

LADY DEWYNTER
Thank you.. Mr Holmes..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
It'll be my pleasure..

She gets up to leave..

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Lestrade has his feet up on the table and his arms crossed across his chest. He's clearly not buying it.

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
(interrupting)
Yes, very gallant of you, I'm sure.
(a beat)
You didn't happen to tell the lady of your intention to kill this blackmailer...?

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I was acting in self-defence.. There must have been a dozen witnesses to the fact that he drew first..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
We've spoken to them..
(a beat)
...and they all say you were chasing him.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
My reasons will become clear once you learn the identity of the blackmailer..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
(sarcastic)
We can hardly wait...

Holmes is about to blurt out the name... When he realises that this might be an opportunity to get his own back on his tormentors.. He leans back in his chair..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Well, in that case, I'll go back to the very beginning... I'm sure you'll want to hear every detail.

Sergeant Cox extracts a pen as Lestrade sighs.. This is going to take all night..

CUT TO:

EXT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EARLY MORNING

Sherlock Holmes emerges from police headquarters at dawn.. He looks remarkably collected for a man who's been questioned all night. He straightens his suit jacket.. and lights a cigarette. It's obvious that we're seeing a very different Sherlock Holmes to any of his big screen predecessors.

A bored looking journalist ambles over to him..

HENRY COOT
What were you in for..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I was helping the police with their enquiries..

He walks on.. Coot frowns..

HENRY COOT
I like that..

He jots down the phrase.. Hurries after Holmes..

HENRY COOT
Enquiries into what..?

Holmes hesitates.. but in the end can't help himself.. He shrugs dismissively..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
A murder..

HENRY COOT
(sarcastic)
Let you off with a warning, did they..?

SHERLOCK HOLMES
It was self-defense..

HENRY COOT
Yeah yeah, they all say that..
(beat)
So who was it you killed anyway..? Anyone we know...?

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(matter of fact)
Professor Moriarty..

He starts to walk away.. Coot frowns..

HENRY COOT
 But the police have been after him
 forever..
 (a beat)
 He's responsible for the deaths of over
 thirty men..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
 Not to mention the countless others whose
 lives he destroyed..

He says it with a venom that tells us there must have been
 something personal between them...

HENRY COOT
 He's the most wanted man in England..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
 He was.. I killed him.

Coot suddenly realises that Holmes is dead serious.. He grabs
 his notebook.. and starts fawning..

HENRY COOT
 My readers will want to know everything
 about you Mr.. erh..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
 Sherlock Holmes..

Coot dutifully takes this down...

HENRY COOT
 Congratulations Sherlock Holmes - you just
 made the headlines.

MIX TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - DAY

Close on a newspaper heading: "SHERLOCK HOLMES KILLS PROFESSOR
 MORIARTY". Pull back to reveal...

Holmes is sitting in a battered old armchair in a comfortable
 but unassuming London apartment. He has a pile of the day's
 newspapers and magazines next to him and a pair of scissors in
 his hand. Holmes is just finishing reading the article about
 himself. The other front page news story is: "WILD WEST
 WAR: JESSE JAMES SHOT".

Holmes begins cutting out the story about himself. We notice
 that some of the other papers have had the relevant stories
 excised. Sherlock Holmes is saving his own press cuttings..

There's a pile of other headlines, already cut out: "END OF AN ERA: EVIL PROFESSOR DIES!", "SHERLOCK HOLMES: NEW TALENT ON THE BEAT", "ENGLAND'S MOST WANTED MAN, PROFESSOR MORIARTY, KILLED BY SHERLOCK HOMES".

The door bell rings. Holmes looks through the curtains to check who it is, collects himself, hurriedly hides the cuttings under the other newspapers, straightens his tie, pulls on a jacket - and answers the door calmly. It's Lady De Wynter. This time looking all the more delectable, without her veil. She smiles warmly.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Please, Lady De Wynter. Come in..

LADY DEWYNTER

I wanted to thank you personally for what you did. You can't imagine what a weight it is off my shoulders to know that he is dead.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

You are not alone. There are many people who counted the Professor as their greatest enemy.

LADY DEWYNTER

Mr Holmes..

(she proffers a bank cheque)

I want you to have this.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

No really, that's not necessary at all. I had my own reasons for wanting Moriarty dead.

LADY DEWYNTER

I absolutely insist that you accept this payment.

She places it on the mantle-piece in a gesture that says that she won't accept no for an answer. As Lady De Wynter makes to leave...

LADY DEWYNTER

Thank you again, Mr Holmes.

She shakes Holmes's hand. Their eyes meet. She lowers her gaze and withdraws her hand..

LADY DEWYNTER

I'm sorry for putting you in such danger.

As she goes to step out, Holmes can't stop himself... He can't let her slip away like this.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Please don't hesitate to call again if
there's any way I can be of further
assistance to you..

LADY DEWYNTER
(with a wry smile)
I'll be sure to remember that next time
I'm being blackmailed, Mr Holmes..

Holmes - wrong-footed - realises he's been misconstrued.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I meant..
(beat)
I'd very much like to see you again..

LADY DEWYNTER
I don't think that would be a good idea.

She leaves. Holmes closes the door after her.

Holmes returns to the mantle-piece and picks up the cheque. As he does so, his eye falls on a framed photo on the mantle-piece: it's of a younger Holmes with his brother at a gentleman's club. His brother is sitting down. (It's ambiguous whether Mycroft is in callipers in this photo or not.) Holmes is beside his brother with his arm round him. In quiet rage, Holmes rips the cheque up and throws the pieces into the fire.

MIX TO:

INT: LONDON MANSION PARTY - EVENING

The flames of a chandelier lighting a huge, ornate ballroom.

Pull back to reveal the rich and the beautiful of London partying as 1880's London knew best: dancing, drinking, flirting and chattering, the height of chic in an opulent London mansion..

We focus upon a gaggle of giggling debutantes. They are listening to and watching London's newest hero. Holmes looks suave and confident as he wows the captive crowd with the graphic re-enactment of his adventure. He leaps onto a chair and strikes a fencing pose.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
The professor's reputation as one of the
(MORE)

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CONT'D)
 finest swordsmen in the country has been
 somewhat exaggerated by his former
 adversaries..
 (a beat)
 He was good but...

A pushy, pretty, young debutante approaches him:

ANNA
 ...but you won.. He's dead.

Holmes smiles.. In front of this adoring crowd he can afford
 to feign modesty.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
 A single shot through the heart.

He mimics a Billy the Kid style quick draw. The debutantes
 applaud.. Holmes steps off the chair.. brushes off his suit..

ANNA
 Well, one thing's for sure. The streets of
 London are much safer with Professor
 Moriarty out of the way.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Everyone wants to know more about you Mr
 Holmes.. Do you live in London?

SHERLOCK HOLMES
 Baker street..
 (a beat)
 And you're from Pimlico.. if I'm not
 mistaken

The girl looks amazed..

ANNA
 How did you know.?

Sherlock shrugs enigmatically.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
 I'm a detective..

Holmes starts to move away.. Anna takes his arm

ANNA
 I simply must introduce you to some of my
 friends..

She guides him towards a gaggle of adoring debutantes, A hand emerges.. expecting a kiss.. Holmes takes it and obliges.

ANNA
Arabella Crichton-Smith this is Mr.
Sherlock Holmes..

ARABELLA
I don't know any Sherlocks..
(a beat)
It's a funny name.. but I think it suits
you..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(politely amused)
Thank you..

ANNA
Do Arabella..

Holmes raises his eyebrows.. Anna goes on..

ANNA
You know.. The detecting.. deducing..
thing..

As Holmes looks the girl up and down, he scans the room too..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
So Arabella, one thing is clear.. you have
an ardent admirer..

Arabella smiles to confirm that he's correct..

ARABELLA
Well that's not deduction. Of course I do.

The girls laugh.

ARABELLA
James - he's away at war in Africa poor
dear. I do miss him.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Of course you do.

The other debs look nonplussed.. Holmes continues,
whispering into Arabella's ear..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
The beau I mean isn't quite so far away.

He gestures over towards a sheepish looking young man who is watching them intently. Arabella's hand flies to her mouth..

ARABELLA
Oh my God.. How...?

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(conspiratorially)
Tell him to go easy on the cologne
Arabella.

A tall, glamorous, woman joins the group of debutantes.. who are all swooning at Holmes's 'trick'.. The glamorous woman steps forward..

GLAMOROUS WOMAN
So Sherlock, what can you say about me?

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET HOLMES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Close on Holmes.. in bed.. staring at the ceiling. Curled up next to him.. fast asleep and utterly content.. is the tall, glamorous, exotic woman whose words Holmes took very literally indeed.. The only sound is the ticking of a grandfather clock

MIX TO:

INT: DREAM - DAY

Low angle shot on a grandfather clock.. We're in the POV of a thirteen year old boy staring up at the mechanism. He hears a shout.. turns.. and races through a set of double doors..

...into an identical room.. He races towards an identical set of double doors.. and bursts through...

...into the same room..

CUT TO:

We're glimpsing a scene through blurred obstacles.. It's the room at the end of the series of others. It's sparse. In the room, we can make out what appears to be someone having a violent fit on the floor (it's Mycroft) - and then, another figure seated appears from nearby, stands up. (Although we can't make out who this is at this stage, we later learn it's Moriarty.)

We can hear a voice saying 'Run along Sherlock'.

We can just make out a syringe in the second figure's hand. The figure with the syringe heads towards us.

On the table we can make out a Bunsen burner and other drug paraphernalia.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET HOLMES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Holmes's eyes snap open.. He is bathed in sweat.. The glamorous woman half-wakes up in the bed next to him and then falls back into deep slumber. This was the first installment of what we will later recognise as a recurrent nightmare..

CUT TO:

EXT: BAKER STREET - NIGHT

We see Baker Street and the skyline through the mist and fog of the London night.

MIX TO:

EXT: STREET - NIGHT

Tracking shot... following an extremely short man (Cruickshank) walking with a walking stick down a main street.. (It's noticeable that the walking stick doesn't touch the ground and appears to be for decoration only.) He has one hand thrust into his pocket..

CUT TO:

EXT: STREET - NIGHT

A well to do businessman - Charlie 'Goldie' Duggan - with distinctive gold teeth, wearing a pinstripe suit and a bowler hat - emerges from a building along with several other business men, including one Chinese man. They stand in the street shaking hands and talking. Carriages are parked over the street ready to pick their charges up. The Chinese man waves farewell to his colleagues, and we follow him as he heads off into the night down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - LATER

The Chinese man walks into a side street. The short man with the walking stick (Cruickshank) follows him. The Chinese man falls to the ground. Cruickshank drags him aside and out of frame. We hear the squelch of the throat being cut.

CUT TO:

Headline: "VICIOUS STREET MURDER"

CUT TO:

INT: SURGERY - DAY

An office with a skeleton in the corner and medical charts, eye tests etc. on the wall. A surgeon is sprawled on the floor by his desk in a pool of blood, dead... We see the feet and walking stick of the perpetrator walk away (NOTE. The walking stick doesn't touch the ground)

CUT TO:

Headline: "SURGEON SLAUGHTERED"

CUT TO:

INT: OPIUM DEN 1 - NIGHT

We're in a Soho opium den.. People are lying on the floor.. propped against walls... reclining on day beds... passed out in the corners.... This is more refined and civilized than a crack house... but it's the same idea.

We track through to an office. There, the proprietor, a well-to-do business man, (the business man with the gold teeth who we saw leave the meeting with the Chinese man) is slumped over his desk.. Blood drips onto the floor - and we see that his distinctive golden teeth have been extracted.

CUT TO:

Headline: "OPIUM WARS CLAIM ANOTHER VICTIM"

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - DAY

Holmes opens his front door to an extravagantly overdressed shifty-looking man flanked by two heavysset bodyguards..

HARRINGTON
Mr. Sherlock Holmes..?

Holmes nods. The man extends a hand..

HARRINGTON
Ben Harrington..

He looks around him in the street, gestures for his lackeys to keep watch and steps inside - without being invited..

Holmes is speechless. Who the hell does this guy think he is?

Harrington walks around the room. He inspects Holmes's desk.

It's clear that Holmes is again looking for stories about himself. Already there are far fewer than before. The best there was in today's batch is a single column inch in a less reputable magazine "SPATE OF LONDON MURDERS: POLICE BAFFLED! WHO NEXT?". Harrington picks it up, gives it the once over, replaces it on the desk.. The opposite page carries "STATUE OF LIBERTY: FRENCH GIFT TO USA".

HARRINGTON

So what am I doing here...?

Assuming this to be a rhetorical question, Holmes makes a 'search me' gesture... Harrington grins..

HARRINGTON

Oh I thought you were going to tell me..
You know.. Being the great detective and
all..

(beat)

Maybe you're losing your knack...?

He flicks through Holmes's scrap book of cuttings.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Mr Harrington. It's my job to bring men
like yourself to justice, not to waste
time playing parlour games with them...

Harrington looks up in surprise..

HARRINGTON

So you know who I am..?

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Of course I know who you are.. Fourteen
arrests since 1875. One conviction for
illegal importation..

Harrington interrupts. Holmes has put him on the defensive.

HARRINGTON

These days I'm a respectable business
man...

SHERLOCK HOLMES
 I don't think importing opium has ever
 been an entirely respectable business, Mr
 Harrington..
 (beat)
 And it currently appears to be a rather
 dangerous one.

He hands Harrington a copy of yesterday's evening paper, with
 the 'OPIUM WARS CLAIM ANOTHER VICTIM' headline..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
 The victims were all your main competitors
 if I'm not mistaken..

HARRINGTON
 I had nothing to do with this.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
 Then it is only logical to assume that you
 are the next intended victim..

Harrington nods frantically.. From being defensive, he is
 becoming very nervous.. as Holmes calmly confirms his worst
 fears..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
 You might consider taking extra
 precautions.

HARRINGTON
 I have believe me..
 (beat)
 But I won't sleep easily until the bastard
 who's doing this is caught.. and
 preferably hanged.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
 Then you need to talk to the police..

Harrington shakes his head as frantically as he just nodded
 it.. His terror is clearly showing now....

HARRINGTON
 I spend my life trying to avoid them.. I
 don't like the police, Mr Holmes - and
 they don't like me..

Holmes takes a seat.. unfolds the paper.. leans back..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
 So how can I help you, Mr. Harrington..

HARRINGTON

You can track them down.. the murderers..

Holmes frowns as he reads the story and ignores Harrington's exhortation..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Have you considered that these might be the work of a single perpetrator?.

Harrington is even more aghast at this possibility..

HARRINGTON

(excited)

That makes it even easier for you.. You could solve the whole case in one go..

Holmes shakes his head..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

I'm afraid that working for a known felon wouldn't be any good for my reputation..

HARRINGTON

I know what you think of me Mr Holmes. But the business I'm in, it's a social necessity, a health service if you like..

Holmes frowns at this analogy.. but Harrington continues with even more conviction..

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Having the greatest empire in the world means sending a lot of young men off to war. The wounded get shot up with morphine.. The ones who survive come back here with a taste for the drug..

(beat)

People like that need people like me.

Holmes has heard enough. He gets up.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Well fortunately I don't.. And I'd be grateful if you'd close the door behind you when you leave..

But Harrington isn't about to give up so easily.. He picks up one of the papers on Holmes' desk..

HARRINGTON

Funny thing about the newspapers, Mr
(MORE)

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
Holmes. One day you're all over them..
Next day they've forgotten you.. and
you're nobody all over again..

He waves the paper.. and continues..

HARRINGTON
But they need headlines.. just as much as
you do. And the one I'm dying to see, the
one everyone in London is dying to see
is..

He conjures up and imaginary banner headline:

HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
"Sherlock Holmes catches successive
murderer"..

Holmes thinks for a beat..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I prefer serial killer.

HARRINGTON
I like it..
(beat)
And so would they..

He tosses the paper back on the desk. Holmes permits himself a
wry smile.. Harrington knows all the right buttons to push..
He concludes

HARRINGTON
They're cutting up the latest victim
today..
(a beat)
Just go and see. Please Mr Holmes.
(a beat)
Show 'em these papers and they'll let you
in..

He hands a formal looking letter to Holmes... and explains:

HARRINGTON
A certain judge owes me a couple of
favours..

Holmes checks the letter..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I'll think about it, Mr. Harrington..

Harrington nods and heads towards the door.

CUT TO:

INT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS MORGUE - DAY

Inspector Lestrade, Sergeant Cox and Doctor Watson are in the police morgue - basically a dingy cellar beneath police headquarters in which the bodies of crime victims are laid out on wooden trestle tables. Damp, dingy and without any form of refrigeration it's easy (but not pleasant) to imagine the smell down there. The cellar's poor gaslights have been supplemented by a circle of smoky oil lamps arranged around the body to be autopsied.. Watson, already wearing a heavy apron, pulls on a pair of gloves and is about to pull back the sheet covering the latest victim when Holmes strides into the room..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE

This is a restricted area..

Holmes strides in the light.. pulls the letter out of his jacket pocket..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

I'm here with an official commission to assist you..

The inspector glances through the judge's letter..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE

We don't need your help, Mr. Holmes..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Need or want..?

WATSON

Both..

He turns to the Inspector..

WATSON

This is an autopsy, Inspector.. Not a carnival side-show.. The presence of amateurs - however celebrated - is outrageous..

Lestrade smiles thinly.. This is going to be an interesting confrontation.. He hands the judges letter back to Holmes..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE

Mr. Sherlock Holmes..... this is Doctor Watson..

Holmes extends a hand.. Watson indicates his heavy gloves - an excuse not to shake..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
It's not my intention to interfere..

DOCTOR WATSON
(caustic)
That's something at least..
(a beat)
Can we get on with this..?

The inspector nods.. Watson turns back to the body.. pulls back the sheet to reveal the opium den owner - Charlie 'Goldie' Duggan - we saw being killed earlier.

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Opium middleman Charlie Duggan - 'Goldie' to his friends.. Apparently he got his nickname from his mouthful of false teeth..

Clearly the famous gold teeth are now missing..

WATSON
We'll find out what happened to them later.. First..

Holmes is looking closely at the throat wound...

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(interrupting)
There's something abnormal about the windpipe...

WATSON
Normally he'd be using it to breathe..

Holmes remains diplomatic..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I meant the wound that killed him..

Watson bristles at the interference..

WATSON
I'll be the one to determine cause of death here....
(a beat)
...as well as the order in which this autopsy proceeds.

WATSON (CONT'D)
I'm making the first incision.

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Well Doctor.. I have a million things to do..

Watson - totally absorbed in his task - merely nods..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Bring the results to my office before you leave..
(he turns to Sgt. Cox)
Stay here..

Lestrade hurries out...

CUT TO:

INT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS MORGUE - DAY

Close on Watson's shadow on the wall. He's holding a horrifying looking saw. Sergeant Cox is still there.

He's sawing into the victim's skull.

WATSON
I'm going to need to take a lateral segment.

Watson commences the delicate operation of extricating the brain from the skull.

Cut to Watson and Holmes examining a section of brain tissue.. Holmes produces a magnifying glass..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
May I..?

Watson shrugs. Holmes uses the magnifying glass to examine the sample.. [The cliché image of Holmes with a magnifying glass with Watson observing him was born right here].

WATSON
You'll notice the discolouration around the cerebellum.. It's.... most unusual..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Strychnine...? Or a form of opiate...?

For the first times Watson looks at Holmes as if he's said something worthwhile..

WATSON
(surprised)
Could be... Yes.

WATSON (CONT'D)
The same pathology was present in each of
the victims..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(watching the procedure)
Fascinating, Doctor Watson..

WATSON
The thing is, it's a hundred times
stronger than anything we've seen before..
(a beat)
I'm hoping to gather a sufficient sample
for detailed chemical analysis..

He gestures to the victim's calf..

WATSON
The substance was injected there.. Do you
see it?

Holmes again uses his magnifying glass to get a closer look..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
An abnormally large puncture wound..

WATSON
Probably an eighth diameter needle.. I
haven't seen one of those since medical
school..

CUT TO:

INT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS MORGUE - LATER - DAY

Watson is carefully measuring the throat wound.. (Cox is still
there in the background.)

WATSON
The wound is four and a half inches in
length and severed both the carotid artery
and the windpipe.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Is the depth of the wound constant..?

Watson gives Holmes a withering look..

WATSON

How could that possibly be relevant..?

SHERLOCK HOLMES

It isn't.. if you're only looking to determine the cause of death.. But my primary concern is to find clues to the methods and identity of the killer..

WATSON

He could have used a butcher's knife..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

In which case the wound would be deeper in the centre..

He demonstrates on his own neck.. Watson frowns.. Checks..

WATSON

That's not the case here..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

A scalpel..

Watson shakes his head..

WATSON

The edges are too uneven.. Perhaps a curved blade of some kind..

(a beat)

That would be consistent with some of these other minor wounds..

He checks the body again and frowns..

WATSON

What I don't understand is why the attacker didn't put away his weapon when he manoeuvred the body...?

Holmes stares at Watson for a long beat.. then exclaims..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Brilliant, Watson...

He pulls off his gloves..

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CONT'D)

I'll see you in the inspector's office in two hours..

He hurries out.. Watson stares after him for a beat.. Shrugs.. Goes back to work..

CUT TO:

EXT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Holmes rushes out of the building pulling on his coat as he goes and hails a black cab. Coot is slouched by the wall waiting. When he sees Holmes, he springs into action.

HENRY COOT

Mr Holmes, Mr Holmes. Anymore scoops for me?

Holmes ignores him, jumps into a cab.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Public Records Library please

HENRY COOT

Just I've got a wife and 7 hungry children to feed. That's all.. (Don't mind me...)

He goes back to leaning against the wall, muttering and picking his teeth with matches.

CUT TO:

INT: PUBLIC RECORDS LIBRARY - DAY

Holmes strides towards a desk followed by an old man who is lumbered down with a huge pile of volumes. Holmes gestures where the old man should deposit the books and hands him a couple of coins. Holmes opens the first tome.

CUT TO:

EXT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Coot is waiting for Holmes when he returns..

Holmes gestures that he's in a hurry to get inside.. adding..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Don't go away... This is about to get interesting..

HENRY COOT

So you've solved another crime then?

Holmes carries on into the station.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

I'm sure the police will release an official statement in due course.

Holmes stops. He can't resist showing off a bit.

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CONT'D)
How about "MULTIPLE MURDER MYSTERY
SOLVED"... That should sell a few
papers...

HENRY COOT
Nice one Sherlock

Coot starts scribbling down the headline to the story of
Holmes' latest triumph.

CUT TO:

INT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS LESTRADE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Inspector Lestrade is going through paperwork in the murder
enquiry incident room when Holmes and Watson enter...

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
All finished...?

Holmes nods... Lestrade leans back in his chair.. crosses
his arms..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE (CONT'D)
So... Pray tell us.. What did you find
out about our murderer..?

Watson hands over a thick sheaf of papers..

WATSON
This is my report. I think you'll find
some of my conclusions interesting..

Lestrade tosses the report on his desk.. It doesn't look as
if he's ever going to bother to read it.. Watson turns to
Holmes and adds - with a touch of sarcasm in his tone..

WATSON
Anything to add Mr. Holmes..?

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(matter of fact)
Only that the perpetrator's name is Dr.
Jeffrey Cruickshank... Address 18 Frith
Street, London West One..

There is a moment of total silence as Lestrade and Watson take
in this revelation. Both seem to decide simultaneously that
this is Holmes's idea of a joke.. Holmes continues:

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CONT'D)
I suggest we move quickly.

Lestrade frowns...

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Let me get this straight.. You got this
from the victim..

He picks up Watson's report and pretends to read..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
I didn't miss anything did I..? He is
dead..?

He drops the report and adds..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE (CONT'D)
I thought perhaps he sat up and told Mr.
Holmes who did this to him..

Holmes takes a deep breath...

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CONT'D)
If you'll permit me to explain: The first
attack happened on the street. The
victim was jabbed in the back of the leg
with a thick needle.. A powerful opium
based narcotic was injected into his
bloodstream rendering him confused and
disoriented. The victim was then dragged
into an alleyway, where his throat was
ripped apart using a weapon with a hooked
blade.. His valuables were subsequently
removed. Have I missed anything Doctor..

WATSON
You will find all of that in my report..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Naturally..
(a beat)
Given the location of the wound - here on
the calf - it seems unlikely that the
attacker used a conventional syringe. It
would be both conspicuous and
inconvenient. It's far more likely that
the needle was disguised in, say, a
walking stick..

He demonstrates with his own stick.. The others buy this..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

The fact that the victims were jabbed in the leg rather than neck, suggests it's the work of a person of lower than average height. Coupled with this, calculating the angle of entry of the hypodermic needle leads to only one conclusion. The killer's height is between five feet and five feet two inches..

(a beat)

The puncture wound was remarkably precise.. wouldn't you say Doctor..

Before Watson can respond...

SHERLOCK HOLMES

The killer used the motion of the victim's leg whilst walking to insert the needle. He knew what he was doing.

WATSON

It could have been luck..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Yes.. But consider this: the neck wound is extremely precise - and the gold teeth of the third victim were extracted in a professional manner. We have to assume that we're dealing with someone who has had some medical training..

Watson nods,impressed. He hadn't thought of it like that.

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CONT'D)

Although,this medic isn't in practice now. As you so pertinently pointed out...

(he gestures towards Watson)

...the hypodermic needle he used is a primitive model dating from some years back.

(a beat)

Our most important clue was also identified by Doctor Watson.. He was able to determine that the victim's throat was cut with a hooked blade. The hook consistently entered the throat on the right side and exited on the left. Similar wounds made while the victim's body was being manhandled suggest that the weapon was actually attached to the attacker's body.. Conclusion: the killer has a metal hook in place of his left hand..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
There must be a hundred other possibilities..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
None as likely..
(a beat)
All of this allows us to narrow down the possible suspects.. An unusually short one armed man with medical training.

WATSON
(getting impatient)
So who is this Cruickshank..? A doctor, dentist?

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Until a year ago he performed illegal abortions from his rooms in Soho.. It appears that he killed more patients than he helped.. which might account for his change of career.
(a beat)
Beyond that he's five feet tall.. Served as a medic in the King's Own Borderers before being dishonorably discharged for incompetence and morphine addiction... which began after he lost his left hand during the second Afghan war..

Lestrade and Watson are shocked into silence by this virtuoso piece of detective work. Sherlock Holmes concludes in a more familiar, arrogantly dismissive, tone:

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CONT'D)
Or course..... I could be mistaken.
(a beat)
But I'd say it's worth bringing him in for questioning - unless you'd rather wait for another victim...

There is a long beat of silence as the other men in the room try to take in this information.. Eventually Lestrade rises..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Since I've nothing better to do tonight..
Let's give it a try..

A wry smile flickers across Holmes's face... He turns to Watson - who is still struggling to come to terms with the idea that the man he thought was a charlatan is either mad or a genius..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
You're coming..?

WATSON
I'm a doctor sir.. not a policeman..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I thought you might be interested in
seeing the results of your work..

He heads out.. Watson thinks for a moment.. It's a novel idea.. playing detective.. and an attractive one. He makes a spur of the moment decision.. and follows Holmes..

MIX TO:

EXT: FRITH STREET - NIGHT

Inspector Lestrade goes to the door of 18, Frith Street.. knocks... waits. No response. Tries again.. Still no response... Holmes, Watson, Sergeant Cox and two uniformed officers wait in a cab..

Lestrade gestures for assistance. Cox and the two uniformed men head out carrying a mini-battering ram... Despite being 'just a doctor' Watson is both fascinated and excited by the scene.

Two blows and the heavy wooden door splinters inwards... The police rush forward and into the house...

CUT TO:

INT: ABORTIONIST'S SURGERY - NIGHT

Holmes and Watson walk into the cluttered, dirty, surgery which is now filled with uniformed officers clustered around Dr. Jeffrey Cruickshank - the small man we saw in sc. 17.

The good doctor is hanging by his neck from a roof beam. The man Holmes fingered as the killer is STONE DEAD.

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
And what do you deduce from this little
scene Mr. Holmes..?

Lestrade gestures to the hanging cadaver of Dr. Cruickshank.. Holmes looks carefully.. For a long long beat everyone waits for another fantastic and complex deduction.. Finally:

SHERLOCK HOLMES
He's dead..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Very funny, Mr. Holmes...

Sergeant Cox appears with a letter found on Cruickshank's desk.. Lestrade glances through it..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
It appears to be a suicide note..

He hands it to Holmes who studies it carefully.. Another officer appears with a desk drawer.. He empties it in front of Lestrade.. Wallets of all shapes and sizes tumble to the floor.. along with what, at first, look like tiny gold nuggets. Lestrade picks one of these up.. discovers that it's a tooth (presumably one of those extracted from the mouth of 'Goldie'). Lestrade tosses it back on the pile..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
It seems that you were correct, Mr.
Holmes.. This is our killer..

Holmes glances around the room..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Something's not quite right..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
A signed confession.. and all these
articles belonged to the victims..

He gestures to the pile of wallets..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
That's good enough for me..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I'd still like to autopsy the body..

Lestrade goes over to him..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Mr. Holmes... We live in one of the most
violent and dangerous cities in the
world.. There are a lot of murderers out
there.. When one of them hangs himself
and saves us the trouble I'm grateful..
(a beat)
I won't waste any more valuable time and
money on this case..
(then to his men)
Get him down from there..

Lestrade walks out as the men manhandle the body.. Holmes turns to Watson..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
There's only one way to find whether this really was a suicide..

WATSON
It's a pity he didn't authorise the autopsy..

Watson turns to exit.. Holmes takes his arm..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
We should perform one anyway..

Watson is momentarily struck dumb.. In his whole life he has never 'crossed the line'.. gone ahead without authorisation..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
All we have to do is check the brainstem.
If it's the same as the others we know there's a killer still out there..

Watson can see what Holmes is thinking...

WATSON
Forget it. I could lose my job..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I'll take full responsibility..

Watson thinks for a beat..

WATSON
Let's get back to the morgue and wait for the body to turn up..

Holmes claps Watson on the shoulder..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I'll see you there...

Watson stares after the departing Holmes... He still can't believe what he's agreed to..

CUT TO:

INT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS MORGUE - NIGHT

A sheet is pulled back to reveal the dead body of Cruickshank. Holmes and Dr. Watson are already 'suited up' for the unofficial autopsy.. Watson produces a strange looking multi-

pronged steel instrument that he attaches to Cruickshank's head

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I've never seen one of those before..

WATSON
My own design...

He makes a series of adjustments to the device...

WATSON (CONT'D)
It's something of a hobby of mine..

Holmes frowns.. Not quite sure what the doctor is referring to.. Watson explains:

WATSON
Inventing..

CUT TO:

INT: HARRINGTON'S CLUB - MORNING

Harrington's bodyguard brings over the early edition of the paper just as Harrington is about to tuck into his massive plate laden with tradition Full English Breakfast. He stops before even taking a bite when he catches sight of the headline: "SHERLOCK HOLMES IS BACK! MULTIPLE MURDER MYSTERY SOLVED".

The other big newspaper story of the day, relegated to the bottom of the page is "BRITAIN TAKES CONTROL OF EGYPT".

As Harrington lowers his fork, he lifts the paper to read more and we see the book review section on the back page. It features a recently published work from America: "HUCKLEBERRY FINN by MARK TWAIN. OUR VERDICT - NOT GOOD."

HARRINGTON
(to himself)
I knew he'd bloody do it..

He gets up, heads out the door. He gestures for one of his bodyguards to come too - leaving the other one with his eyes out on stalks at the prospect of eating Harrington's breakfast.

CUT TO:

EXT: BAKER STREET - MORNING

Ben Harrington's coach pulls up on Baker Street.. His bodyguard emerges first.. checks the street.. heads towards the door of 221B.. Harrington climbs out of his coach.. Straightens his jacket...

CUT TO:

EXT: BAKER STREET - SAME TIME

Close up on walking stick. Pull back to reveal an elderly pedestrian - making his way along the street (we don't see his face). Neither Harrington nor the bodyguard pay the man much attention..

As they pass the man turns.. jabs Harrington's calf with his stick..

CUT TO:

Close on Harrington.. He glances over his shoulder at his leg.. He thought he felt something..

Close on his face as the drug kicks in.. His eyes start to glaze over.. His sense of balance is starting to go.. He staggers..

We watch from behind as the elderly pedestrian walks away.

The bodyguard tries to take Harrington's arm.. Harrington gestures that he's okay..

CUT TO:

Harrington's legs start to buckle... He trips on the curb and sprawls into the road.. The bodyguard jumps to help him.. but it's too late..

CUT TO:

Harrington's POV as the speeding coach and four clatters over him... Miraculously all four sets of iron shod hooves miss.. But the iron rimmed wheel is heading straight for him.. and runs over Harrington.

CUT TO:

Close on the bodyguard - looking away as the wheel hits..

CUT TO:

INT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS MORGUE - DAY

Close on a slice of Cruickshank's brain.. It looks very similar to the one that the last autopsy produced.. Watson shakes his head..

WATSON

You were right, Holmes.. This wasn't a suicide.. Cruickshank died the same way as the others..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

A professional doesn't go round stealing wallets and gold teeth.. My guess is that Cruickshank had become a liability.

They fold back the sheet covering the top part of Cruickshank's body.. revealing his arms to be a mass of needle marks.. Watson shakes his head at the sight..

WATSON

You said the man was a morphine addict, Holmes... but I've never seen the like..

Holmes reserves comment.. Starts checking the needle marks..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Is there a way to tell which are the most recent..?

Watson examines the man's arms.. and shoulders..finds a strange pattern of five puncture wounds on the left forearm. It looks like an 'X'. Each puncture wound is large and bruised and has dried blood around it.

WATSON

I'd say these were made within the last twenty four hours..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE (V.O.)

All right. Take the body in. Let's have a look.

Watson and Holmes look at each other. In Watson's expression you can read his thoughts: 'Lestrade - I'm in trouble now...'

The doors to the morgue fly open and an officer enters pushing a gurney with a covered body on it.. followed by Lestrade.

INSPECTOR LESTRADE

What's going on here...?

Watson hurriedly pulls the sheet back up to cover Cruickshank's face.

WATSON
Came up at the last minute, Inspector.
(a beat)
Who have you got there..?

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Road accident...

WATSON
We're going to be seeing a lot more of these.. what with the congestion and the reckless driving we're seeing today..

WATSON (CONT'D)
Although once the underground railway is completed nobody will need to drive in London ever again..

As Watson gabbles, Lestrade pulls back the sheet covering the body on the gurney.. Holmes glances over and sees Ben Harrington.. He stares in shock for a long beat.. He's interrupted by a voice..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Watson.. That's not Cruickshank under there is it?

He stops when he sees the expression on Watson's face..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Would you two step outside please...

CUT TO:

INT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR - DAY

Lestrade looks as if he's about to explode..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
You can't go around cutting up bodies on the basis of a... What did you call it..?

SHERLOCK HOLMES
A hunch..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Right..
(a beat)
(MORE)

INSPECTOR LESTRADE (CONT'D)
So you'd better have a damned good
explanation if you're going to stay out of
prison..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
The presence of the same substance in the
brains of each of the victims provides
incontrovertible proof that Cruickshank
was murdered and that the killer is still
at large..

Lestrade frowns.. He didn't quite follow that..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
What kind of 'substance'...?

WATSON
Something that's never been seen before..

Before Lestrade can jump on this Holmes adds..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
We're working on the assumption that it's
a new form of opium alkaloid..

Lestrade takes a moment to digest this.. then:

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
(sarcastic)
I see.. So you're telling me that a group
of opium traders were all found with opium
on the brain.. And that's supposed to
convince me..?

WATSON
We can prove that Cruickshank was injected
with the same substance found in the men
he purportedly killed..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
He was a well known addict, doctor.. The
only surprise here is that he had any
brain left at all..

He turns to Watson..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE (CONT'D)
I am shocked at this abuse of privilege
and..
(beat)
(MORE)

INSPECTOR LESTRADE (CONT'D)
 You can count yourselves lucky that I'm
 too busy to be bothered with pressing
 charges..

As he storms out the door...

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
 But it will be quite a different matter if
 this ever happens again...

On Holmes who leans back through the morgue door and gestures
 to Watson to follow him.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
 What difference is just one more
 unofficial autopsy gonna make?...

Watson follows, nervously looking back in case Lestrade
 reappears. Curiosity has got the better of him.

CUT TO:

INT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS MORGUE - DAY

Holmes and Watson are back in the morgue.. taking a brain
 section from Harrington's corpse.. Despite Lestrade's threats
 they're on a mission..

WATSON
 I can't believe that..

He holds up the segment of tissue to the light.. Before he
 can add the words "...I'm doing this".. he spots the familiar
 discolouration..

WATSON
 My God Holmes.. Harrington's the same as
 the others.. You were right..

Holmes is strangely pensive..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
 We were right, Watson..
 (long beat)
 I'd like to see your autopsy reports on
 all the victims..

Watson nods agreement..

CUT TO:

EXT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

Holmes's loyal reporter is still outside Police Headquarters when Holmes emerges carrying a stack of Watson's files..

HENRY COOT
Any further developments, Mr. Holmes..?

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I have no comment at this time..

He hurries off leaving Coot looking confused.. Watson emerges.. Coot grabs him..

HENRY COOT
You're the doctor what cuts up the bodies, right..

WATSON
I perform autopsies for the police, that's correct.. And who are you?

HENRY COOT
Coot, sir, Henry Coot. Pleased to meet you.

Watson hurries on, Coot catches up...

HENRY COOT
What can you tell me about this Cruickshank - the one that killed all those people..?

WATSON
That's not altogether certain..

HENRY COOT
You mean the killer might still be out there..

Watson is starting to realise that he may have said too much..

WATSON
It's a possibility..

HENRY COOT
Can you tell me anything else Mr. Holmes got wrong..?

WATSON
(flustered)
That's not.. I mean he didn't.. erh..

Before he does that we..

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - EVENING

Holmes is sitting in his apartment with the autopsy reports spread across the floor in front of him.. They consist of scribbled notes.. sketches of bodies and body parts.. and daguerreotypes of each body as it was found..

Holmes cross-checks pieces of information from various files.. then starts ordering the documents into a pattern on the floor..

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - EVENING

The documents now form yet another pattern on the floor.. Holmes takes a step backwards.. Stares at them.. They still don't make sense. He steps forward and looks more closely at the papers: close ups and sketches of the torso, back and arms of Cruickshank, we notice the hooked hand and the bruises on the forearm. Holmes picks up the piece of paper with the Cruickshank 'X'-shaped bruises on..

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - EVENING

Holmes is slumped in his armchair..He doodles on the scrap of paper in his hand.. connecting the dots.. Of course there are a million possibilities: a square with a cross in the middle.. two triangles.. two rectangles.. etc.. etc..

All of a sudden, he stops doodling and looks down at the piece of paper for a moment with a look of horrible realisation on his face. He drops the piece of paper angrily..

He heads to his cabinet and reaches for the decanter. It's empty. Damn. He flings open a cupboard and searches inside. Nothing. He pulls on his coat and hurries out of the door.

As the door slams behind him, we pan back to see the piece of paper on the floor. Holmes has joined the dots to make an 'M'.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK'S LATE NIGHT DIVE - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the dive - people drinking and smoking, men and women, some leaned up against the bar, others at

tables and some slouching on divans, smoking opium. Clearly this is not the first time Holmes has been here. He knows his way around and is familiar with the surroundings. He heads towards the bar.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Give me a drink.

The barman places a glass and a bottle on the bar as Holmes settles himself on a stool. He looks around. He knocks back a drink.

CUT TO:

And another...

CUT TO:

We watch the goings-on in the dive: drinking, smoking etc. and pan back to see Holmes, his bottle now empty. He gestures for the barman to bring him another.

CUT TO:

We hear the screech of young women's laughter: girls out on the town. Holmes turns to see where the sound is coming from. There's a couple of young women savaging a bottle of absinthe. Their laughter rings in the air. Holmes is tempted by the anaesthetic of their inane drunkenness.

Wretched, he grabs his bottle and lumbers over to their table. He sits down and puts his arm over one of the girls' shoulders. The other girl, Girl 1, leans towards him flirtatiously.

GIRL ONE
Aren't you the one that killed Professor
Moriarty?
(as she struggles to recall the
name)
Sherlock Holmes, isn't it...

SHERLOCK HOLMES
At your service.

Holmes throws back his drink with even more venom and determination than before..

The girls follow suit.

INT: UPSTAIRS ROOM BLACK'S CLUB

We come into a scene of Holmes and the girls in bed: there's a primeval edge to it. We see bodies writhing, flesh grinding etc. We hear the sounds of panting, the bed squeaking.

Holmes is lying on his back. Girl 1 is straddling him. There are hands everywhere: touching but not feeling. No connection.

The girls are off their faces, still laughing, but the sound has become more base and rough. The mood is at once doped and crazed.

As Girl 1 rides him, she repeats the name 'Sherlock' - it becomes gradually louder as she gets more aroused. Holmes averts his gaze: he is distracted from the experience, as the sound of her voice flooded out by the ticking of a grandfather clock in the corner of the room.

Holmes's head goes back and his eyes close - and slips into..

CUT TO:

INT: DREAM - DAY

We're back in the nightmare Holmes was having after sleeping with the tall, exotic, lady from his first celebratory party. Each time we see Holmes's dream it becomes clearer.. more vivid.. more real.

We can hear the sound of the grandfather clock bleed over the cut, along with the repeated 'Sherlock': it take us into the dream soundscape. Girl 1 orgasms. The noise of her ecstasy marries into the background sound of Mycroft's fit.

We're in the POV of a twelve/thirteen year old boy racing through a set of double doors..

...into an identical room.. He races towards an identical set of double doors.. and bursts through...

...into the same room.. He bursts through the last set of doors.. and, suddenly, he's in the end room..

We see a montage of hazy recollections of forced drug taking. We see Mycroft more clearly, but the other figure, the pusher, is still blurred. We'll later see it's Moriarty.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT: BAKER STREET - MORNING

The cab pulls up in front of 221B Baker Street.. Watson emerges.. goes up to Holmes's front door.. knocks. No

response. Watson has the morning paper with him. Headline:
'HOLMES MADE FALSE CLAIM: WEST END KILLER STILL ON LOOSE.'

WATSON
Holmes.. It's Watson..

HENRY COOT
(off screen)
He's not in..

Watson spins around to find Coot - standing in the next doorway..

HENRY COOT (CONT'D)
Left last night and hasn't been back..

Watson waves the paper angrily..

WATSON
How on earth can you print this rubbish..

HENRY COOT
You gave me the story Doctor Watson.. I
just added a bit of colour..

Watson steadies himself... then demands..

WATSON
Where is he..?

HENRY COOT
He went to Black's club.. then I lost him
- well I'm barred actually but that's
another story - so anyway I came back
here..

Watson turns and strides away.. The journalist calls after
him..

HENRY COOT (CONT'D)
Any more comments on the case Doctor..?

Watson ignores him and climbs into the cab..

CUT TO:

INT: UPSTAIRS ROOM BLACK'S CLUB - DAY

Watson walks gingerly into the room and can't quite believe
his eyes. The room is a disgusting hovel. There are no sheets
on the bed, bottles all over the place, stains of green liquid
and bodily fluids on the mattress - and Holmes on the floor -

alone. The girls are long gone. His eyes are open but unseeing, twitching irregularly as though he's dreaming.

Watson drops to his knees, takes Holmes' wrist to check his pulse, and then revives him with smelling salts. Holmes gasps and the screen explodes to white.

Holmes's POV as he regains consciousness.. The world swims into focus and he realises where he is. Watson looms over him..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Watson..?

He winces in pain from moving his head. Vague snippets of the previous night's events come back to him. Watson tries to hoist him up.

WATSON

I took an oath to save lives, Holmes - not reputations..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

In this case, neither is worth the effort.

Watson helps Holmes up.

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - EVENING

Holmes enters the living room of his apartment wearing the same clothes.. From the frown that permanently creases his forehead, it's clear that his depression - and hangover - haven't lifted.

Watson is sitting at the desk - writing in a large leatherbound volume.. which he shuts the moment he sees Holmes. The autopsy reports as still spread out across the floor. The curtains are closed..

WATSON

Ah.. You're back in the land of the living..

Holmes slumps in his chair.. picks up the newspaper from that morning ('HOLMES MAKES FALSE CLAIM...'). He reads the damning story about himself..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

How did you find me, Watson?

WATSON
Your journalist friend, Coot, followed you
as far as that club...

Holmes looks up..

WATSON
I'm afraid I made his acquaintance.
(beat)
I'm so sorry, Holmes. He twisted
everything I said.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Don't worry about it, Watson. Most of it's
true anyway..

Watson frowns. Holmes tosses the newspaper on the floor -
heads over to his desk.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Well.. Since you seem intent on keeping me
alive.. I need a cigarette..

He opens a brass cigarette box on his desk..

WATSON
It will be illegal soon enough..

Holmes frowns as he lights the cigarette.. Watson explains.

WATSON
Drugs such as cocaine and opium have
proven medicinal uses... but tobacco is
known to be harmful.. The government
will have to pass a law against it.

Watson decides to change the subject..

WATSON
You looked like you were dreaming when I
found you.. A nightmare I think..

No response from Holmes.. Watson goes on..

WATSON (CONT'D)
I am in contact with an psychiatrist in
Vienna who has some interesting theories
about the meaning of dreams.. Maybe you
should book a session on his couch.

Holmes forces a smile.. then glances at the piles of papers
on the floor..

WATSON
Seriously Holmes, what were you dreaming about?

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(ignoring the question)
Do you see what I see...?

WATSON
A mess..?

SHERLOCK HOLMES
A pattern..

Watson stares hard.. Holmes gestures to the papers..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I was looking for an insight into the killer's mind, Watson.. And do you know what I found..?

Watson gestures for him to get on with it..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
A business plan..

Watson frowns.. Holmes goes on..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Someone wanted to create a monopoly in the opium business by eliminating the opposition one by one..
(a beat)
And, as the newspaper rightly says, he's still 'at large'..

WATSON
I suppose you're now going to give me his name and address..?

To Watson's surprise Holmes nods..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Professor Moriarty.. Last known residence the London sewer system..

Watson looks at Holmes as if he were mad..

WATSON
He's dead, Holmes..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
That's what I thought, Watson.
(a beat)
It seems that I just gave him the perfect
alibi for all this..

He gestures to the autopsy reports strewn across the floor..
Watson thinks for a beat..

WATSON
How can you possibly think he's still
alive..?

Holmes scans the floor as he speaks..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
They never found the body

Watson shrugs.

Holmes retrieves the piece of paper with the 'X' dots from the
floor where he dropped it last night.. He shows Watson...

SHERLOCK HOLMES
The professor like to sign his handiwork..

WATSON
You're sure of this Holmes..

Holmes nods.. sinks back into his chair.. Watson suddenly
becomes agitated..

WATSON
If Moriarty is still alive.. and planning
a new criminal venture.. you have to go to
the police...

SHERLOCK HOLMES
And tell them what, pray..? My reputation
is based solely on the fact that I killed
Moriarty..
If I turn round and tell them that he's
still alive do you really think they'll
believe me..? They'll laugh..
(a beat)
Which is, of course, what Moriarty planned
all along..
(a beat)
He set me up from the beginning, Watson..

Holmes is slumped in his chair looking as low as any man can
get.. Watson rounds on him with uncharacteristic
determination..

WATSON

When we first met, Holmes, I took you for an arrogant publicity seeker..

(a beat)

But now I've seen you work I realise that I was wrong. You're a great detective Holmes.. Maybe the greatest ever to have lived..

Holmes forces a smile...

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Good of you to say so, Watson.. But I fear you were right the first time around..

Holmes looks down sorrowfully. Watson is standing by the mantle-piece. His attention is drawn to the photo of Holmes with a seated man (It's the one of the brothers together which we previously saw in scene 11). He looks at it, then leaves saying...

WATSON

Well I shall leave you to your tidying.

Watson exits. Holmes looks around him. He's got a point: it does look a bit of a bomb site: papers everywhere, cigarette butts... He rubs his head. He's drawn to the picture on the mantle-piece. He contemplates it.

MIX TO:

INT: DREAM - DAY

Hyperspeed through the nightmare we've already seen..

SLAM. Mycroft on the ground having a fit...

The boy looks down at him, unable to help. The shadow of the other figure (Moriarty) looms with the shape of a syringe silhouetted.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET HOLMES'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Holmes wakes up - bathed in sweat...

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - DAY

Holmes, wearing a dressing gown, opens the door to Watson who is struggling with a large, cumbersome and extremely heavy piece of equipment..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Another invention, Watson..

WATSON
Yes. Just thought I'd bring it round to show you. Still some finishing touches to apply, mind...

SHERLOCK HOLMES
What is it exactly?

WATSON
Portable camera..

Holmes nods - whatever. Watson lugs it across the room and place it on Holmes's desk.. He straightens up and announces..

WATSON
Time to get dressed.. We're going out..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Where to..?

WATSON
Just out.. As your doctor I prescribe fresh air and a change of scenery..

CUT TO:

INT: CAB/EXT: STREET - DAY

A cab drives along the street. Inside Watson and Holmes are talking:

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Where are you taking me?

WATSON
I thought a family reunion would do you good.. We're going to pay a visit to Mycroft.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(he wasn't expecting that)
How do you know about my elder brother..?

WATSON

You're not the only one with detectional skills round here you know.

(he adds)

As your doctor I needed to know who was your next of kin.. I checked in some of your papers and found Mycroft..

For the very first time Holmes looks genuinely worried..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Watson.. I can't talk to him now..

On Watson, facing forward determinedly. You've got no choice, mate...

CUT TO:

INT: ENTRANCE HALL MYCROFT'S CLUB - DAY

As they walk through the entrance to the club...

SHERLOCK HOLMES

I saw it happen..

(a beat)

I was twelve..

Watson considers this story in stony silence..

WATSON

There's nothing you could have done, Holmes.

(a beat)

It's a miracle he survived..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

He never walked again..

(a beat)

How can I tell him now that Professor Moriarty's still alive?..

WATSON

(calming)

We're not here to discuss professor Moriarty.. I spoke to your brother.. He's looking forward to seeing you.. and to "playing your old game" whatever that might be..

Despite his concerns Holmes can't help smiling at this thought sentimentally..

...Until he looks up and sees Mycroft struggling to stand up from his armchair in his callipers. The sight brings the memories flooding back to Holmes.

MIX TO:

INT: MYCROFT'S CLUB - DAY

Close on an apparently middle aged woman lugging a large shopping bag down the street.. We hear an unfamiliar, slightly nasal, voice..

MYCROFT
(off screen)
Married... Two children... Lives in
Southwark... Born in Southwark..

Holmes and Watson are eating lunch with Mycroft..Now ten years older than he was in Holmes's nightmare.. and confined to callipers.

Mycroft is demonstrating his deductive brilliance by describing the woman they can see through the window.....

MYCROFT
Works in a public house..

Sherlock frowns... then realises how Mycroft knows..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
The shoes..?

MYCROFT
Of course... Husband has a drinking
problem... Invalided out of the army four
years ago...

She passes by...

MYCROFT (CONT'D)
Your turn...

Watson is starting to get impatient at this family ritual. Mycroft gestures to a man approaching. He wears a black armband and carries a large shopping bag..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Non-commissioned officer in the Royal
Artillery. Served in India. Recently
discharged. A child..

MYCROFT
Children..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Of course.. I'm sorry... At least two children. One is over five.. The other is less than two months old... His wife died giving birth to that child..

This is the last straw for Watson...

WATSON

This is too much...

The brothers look horrified... Sherlock explains rapidly as the man heads away from us..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Look at the way he holds himself, Watson, and the color of his skin. Clearly he's a soldier.. He's more than a private and was recently in India.

(a beat)

He's still wearing his ammunition boots... which means he only left the service recently.

MYCROFT

He doesn't walk like a cavalryman.. But he obviously wore his hat on one side. You can see from the lighter skin on the left half of his face. He's too stocky to have been a sapper. Which leaves us with the artillery.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

He's in mourning for someone close. The fact that he's doing his own shopping suggests it's for his wife. He has been buying gifts for children.. One of reading age.. the other an infant.

WATSON

Most impressive..

Mycroft smiles.. takes a sip of his drink.. turns to his brother..

MYCROFT

So I understand from Doctor Watson here that you believe Moriarty is still alive..

Holmes looks horrified.. he glances over at Watson..

WATSON

Sorry, Holmes.. It was the only way I
could think to get you back to work..

Mycroft holds up his hands..

MYCROFT

Please... You did the right thing,
Doctor.. I feel safe here.. Heaven knows
why..

(a beat)

Anyway I thought the whole thing sounded a
little too simple..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

There was nothing simple about it,
Mycroft.. I can assure you..

MYCROFT

I've no doubt the professor put on a good
show, Sherlock... but he's outwitted us
all in his time hasn't he..

This elicits a wry smile from the great detective.. Mycroft
goes on..

MYCROFT

Tell me how you tracked him down.. from
the very beginning.

CUT TO:

INT: MYCROFT'S CLUB - LATER

A waiter brings cigars as Holmes concludes his story..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

That's the last I saw of him..

Mycroft leans back.. lights his cigar..

MYCROFT

Brilliant.. Quite brilliant..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Well.. I had my moments..

MYCROFT

I was referring to the professor.. He
stayed one step ahead of you all along..

Mycroft catches a sideways glance from Watson.. For a moment,
he'd forgotten his role here. He clears his throat..

MYCROFT
Still you mustn't get too down on
yourself. You came a damned sight closer
to catching him than anyone else..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
And still failed..
(even more depressed)
His plan was flawless.

Mycroft leans back in his chair.. Pronounces.

MYCROFT
Almost...

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I know Mycroft...
(a beat)
The girl.

MYCROFT
Precisely.
(beat)
I assume she was charming.. and
beautiful..she utterly convinced you.

WATSON
Perhaps she was an actress...?

Mycroft continues..

MYCROFT
Which means she can't be too hard to
find..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
And then what? Let myself be humiliated
again? We're not playing our game
anymore..

MYCROFT
You think I don't know that...?

Mycroft bangs his callipers for emphasis.

MYCROFT
I live my life in hiding, Sherlock.. Not
from him.. From myself..

He bangs his own chest..

MYCROFT
Do you want to be the same..?

Holmes shrugs.. At this point he still doesn't care.. Mycroft calms himself and continues in a matter of fact tone..

MYCROFT

I know this is personal, Sherlock.. But for one minute, I want you to forget about me, and consider the bigger picture..

(beat)

This is a man who staged his own death to cover up a string of murders.. Imagine the time and effort and resources that must have taken.. The only possible explanation is that he's planning something that will change the face of crime forever.. maybe it will change the whole world..

(beat)

He was already known as the most evil man in England. Imagine what he will be like when he's a hundred times.. a thousand times.. more powerful.. Nobody will be able to touch him..

(beat)

He has to be stopped..

(beat)

You're the only one capable of doing it, Sherlock. You're better than anyone else out there. You're stronger than I ever was..

(beat)

And he's left the door open for you to finish what you started..

Holmes is a little more than shocked by his normally taciturn brother's vehemence and conviction.. After a beat of thought he smiles..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

You can be very persuasive.

(a beat)

I didn't know you had it left in you..

Mycroft smiles..

MYCROFT

Nor did I..

Holmes rises.. Shakes his brother's hand..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Thank you..

Holmes shakes his brother's hand and walks away.

Watson feels a little left behind by the conversation.... but gets up, shakes Mycroft's hand and follows Holmes.

Mycroft is left alone at the table.

CUT TO:

INT: ENTRANCE HALL MYCROFT'S CLUB - DAY

Holmes is walking determinedly.

WATSON

Does this mean you're going after the girl?..

Holmes nods... Watson's face lights up, enthused by the new lease of life given to his friend.

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - DAY

Holmes is putting on his coat when Watson enters carrying a walking stick.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Ah. Watson.. Will you accompany me on a journey into the thespian underworld..?

WATSON

I am still attempting to catch up on my backlog of patients..

(a beat)

But you may remember that my hobby is inventing things..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Of course Watson..

WATSON

On your travels you might find a use for this..

He twists the handle and explains..

WATSON

I notice that you carry a sword stick.. but this is the future..

He points the tip towards Holmes... who can see that it's hollow...

WATSON (CONT'D)

Rifle stick... Fires a single point four five bullet with incredible accuracy..
Cock it with a simple twist of the handle.. Push the button at the end to fire..

He hands it to Holmes who turns it over in his hands...

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Just one bullet...?

WATSON

You reload like this...

He takes the stick back... unscrews the handle... uses a special tool to extract the spent bullet... inserts a new bullet...uses another special device to push back the firing pin.. screws back the handle..

WATSON (CONT'D)

And you're ready to go again..

Holmes looks skeptical..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Thank you Watson.. But I think I'll stick to the old methods..

Watson shrugs.. places the 'gun stick' by the door, next to Holmes's trusty sword stick. Holmes heads out taking the sword stick with him deliberately.

CUT TO:

INT: ALBANY PLAYHOUSE FOYER/AUDITORIUM - DAY

We're in the Albany Playhouse.. an establishment that specialises in Burlesque shows... Risque... populist.. fun.. French dances.. tableaux of semi-clad girls... dirty jokes.. music hall song and dance nnumbers.

Holmes slips the owner a golden guinea and takes a seat in the back of the empty auditorium. The ensuing auditions are for all types of entertainers - singers.. magicians... comedians.. dancers. Bad... good... and indifferent.

A stage manager yells...

MANAGER

Next...

A tall, pretty, girl in a skimpy costume steps out onto the stage.. Holmes leans forward for a closer look... But it not the woman who posed as Lady Isabella DeWynter. He leans back.. this could be a long day..

CUT TO:

INT: ALBANY PLAYHOUSE FOYER/AUDITORIUM - LATER - DAY

Close on a newspaper. The page two headline reads: APACHE THREAT OVER - GERONIMO SURRENDERS. On the back page is the news that : EDISON'S ELECTRICAL PLANT NOW SUPPLIES 100 HOMES. Holmes lowers the paper to check the latest scantily clad ingenues on stage. The auditions are drawing to a close.

MANAGER

Thank you ladies... We'll be in touch..
(then up to Holmes)
Those are the last Mr. Holmes..

Holmes gestures that he's coming down to talk..

CUT TO:

EXT: ALBANY THEATRE - DAY

Holmes has moved outside to the stage door.. and finally gets the break he needs. The pretty young girl (whom we saw auditioning earlier) - wearing a cloak over an extremely skimpy costume - is talking to Holmes in the alleyway behind a theatre..

GIRL

Could be you're talking about Rebecca
Doyle...

Holmes nods.. at last he's getting somewhere..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

I was hoping to get in contact with her
before I return to Ireland.. tomorrow..

GIRL

If you don't mind slumming.. you might try
the King's Arms in Whitechapel.. She
normally goes there of an evening if she's
not working here..

The girl gestures towards the theatre to indicate Rebecca's other, preferred, career. Holmes presses a gold coin into the girl's hand by way of thanks.

CUT TO:

INT: KING'S ARMS PUB - EVENING

The King's Arms is a rough working class pub in London's East End... The clientele is made up of the impoverished, the degenerate, the dangerous, the loud and the blind drunk. It's raining heavily against the window.

Watson and Holmes enter. They shake the rain off their coats.. Watson looks around in shock.

WATSON
(mild sarcasm)
Detective work certainly takes one
to..erh.. interesting places..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(sincere)
That's what I love about it Watson..

Watson gives Holmes a funny look.. Heads to the bar..

WATSON
Quadruple whisky please..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(surprised)
Are you sure that's a good idea..

WATSON
I'm pretending to be in the theatre,
Holmes... if I'm sober people will be
suspicious..

Holmes nods his approval of this assessment..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I'll wait by the doorway...

Holmes heads off.. The bartender returns with Watson's drink..

WATSON
I'm looking for Rebecca Doyle..

The bartender shrugs as if he'd never heard the name..

WATSON
I might have a job for her..

Still nothing from the bartender.. who shoves the drink in front of Watson and turns away.. Watson heads for an empty table and takes a seat..

CUT TO:

INT. KING'S ARMS PUB - NIGHT

Watson slams down his 3rd empty glass as a woman walks past him brushing off her coat. The bartender beckons her over. Watson looks over at Holmes who gives him a nod of encouragement from the shadows.

Watson turns back to his drink and finds Rebecca standing in front of him, looking entirely different to the last time we saw her.

REBECCA
What kind of job..?

Watson turns round.. In her working clothes Rebecca looks very different to the refined 'lady' we saw in the beginning of the film. Watson adopts a bad Irish accent..

WATSON
I'm putting on the new Wilde play at my humble theatre across the waters.. There may just be a part in it for you..

He gestures for her to take a seat.. She remains standing..

REBECCA
I was offered another job today..
(a beat)
I turned it down because I didn't like the conditions..

WATSON
The money..?

REBECCA
Sleeping with the producer..
(a beat)
I haven't stooped that far.. yet.

Watson smiles.. gestures to the chair opposite him..

WATSON
You have no worries there Miss Doyle..
I'm only interested in your acting talents..

Rebecca smiles and, after a moment's thought, complies..

REBECCA
So you've seen me perform..?

Watson nods..

REBECCA
My Desdemona..?

Holmes appears next to their table..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
No.. Your Lady Isabella DeWynter..

Rebecca stares up at Holmes in shock.. and immediately tries to escape. Holmes's hand flashes out and grabs her by the wrist..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
All I want to know is who hired you..

Rebecca fixes him with a cold stare..

REBECCA
I don't know what you're talking about.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(frowns)
Either you answer my question or we go to the police..

REBECCA
(still cool)
I read the papers, Mr. Holmes.. I suspect some of the police do too..

Despite himself Holmes smiles.. There's something about her style he likes..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Would you like to find out if they believe them..?

No reaction from her.. Holmes reaches into his pocket.. Lays three gold coins on the table.. She stares at them for a moment..

REBECCA
The man who hired me never told me his name..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
What did he look like..?

REBECCA
Tall.. Nice clothes.. A gentleman..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Where did you meet..?

REBECCA
Backstage at the playhouse.. He came to see me..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
What colour was his hair..?

REBECCA
(frowns)
I don't remember..
(a beat)
He wore a hat.. A grey one..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
What colour were his shoes..?

Rebecca is slightly surprised by the direction of these questions..

REBECCA
Brown.. I think..

Holmes thinks for a moment.. Then leans forward..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
You're lying, Miss Doyle..

REBECCA
About his shoes...?

SHERLOCK HOLMES
About everything..

Rebecca thinks for a second.. She picks the money from the table.. Leaps to her feet.. Yells at the top of her voice..

REBECCA
That's a disgusting suggestion, you pervert..

Everyone in the pub turns.. She's a pretty good actress and is wholly convincing as the aggrieved woman. She hurls the money at Holmes..

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I don't want your filthy money..

The gold coins scatter across the floor.. The King's Arms clientele isn't the kind that normally jumps to the aid of a damsel in distress... but several gallons of alcohol, the

prospect of a good brawl and the sight of gold coins on the floor is enough for one or two of the men to forget their lack of principles..

Holmes jumps to his feet to prevent Rebecca from leaving.. A large man steps up to the table..

MAN

Is this man bothering you Miss..?

REBECCA

Yes..

The man immediately swings a roundhouse punch in Holmes's direction.. It misses by inches.. Holmes responds with a short, sharp, uppercut to the man's expansive gut.. He staggers backwards and collapses on top of the next table..

Suddenly the whole place erupts... Fists are flying in all directions.. Holmes helps Rebecca to safety beneath a table.. Then joins Watson in battle. .

A huge drunk hoists a chair over his head.. Watson hits him square in the chin with a left hook. The man collapses backwards.. Holmes is clearly impressed. Watson explains..

WATSON

I took a boxing blue at Cambridge..

Someone hits him a glancing blow on the chest.. Holmes floors them with a right cross..

WATSON

Still a bit rusty though..

Cut to Rebecca.. She's using the confusion of the fight to make her escape through the back door.. and there's nothing that Holmes or Watson can do about it..

Back to the fight.. the opposition is beginning to thin out now.. as Holmes and Watson clinically dispatch opponent after opponent..

Things take a nastier turn when one of the clientele approaches Holmes and pulls a knife.. Holmes shrugs.. takes his sword stick.. twists the handle.

The thug charges.. Holmes side-steps neatly and hurls the knife wielding thug into a wall.. He collapses to the floor..

Holmes and Watson glance around... There's nobody left standing to fight.. (but no sign of Rebecca either). Holmes brushes some dust off the lapel of his suit and sets off

towards the exit at a brisk pace.. Watson hurries after him..

WATSON
Most invigorating, Holmes..
(a beat)
What did you make of Miss Doyle..?

SHERLOCK HOLMES
She was lying...

WATSON
Ah..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
No gentleman wears brown shoes with a grey hat..

WATSON
Of course..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Come on Watson.. There's not much time..

As Watson knocks back his drink...

WATSON
Before what..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Before she dies..

On their way out of the pub....

WATSON
You know where she lives..?

Holmes is already out the door...

CUT TO:

EXT: KING'S ARMS PUB - NIGHT

Watson puts up an umbrella as Holmes strides on.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
You remember that Miss Doyle wasn't carrying an umbrella and that the raindrops on her coat were almost dry when she arrived... That would have taken between ten and fifteen minutes in a cab... You will also doubtlessly have
(MORE)

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CONT'D)
noticed the flecks of red clay on her shoes... This comes from a strata deep beneath the city.. and is only brought to the surface by the underground railway excavations.

(a breath)

The only such excavations at between ten and fifteen minutes from here are at High Holborn. Her coat wasn't soaked through... which means that she walked less than fifty yards before taking shelter within a cab...

WATSON
Incredible, Holmes..

Holmes hails a cab.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Of course we still don't have the exact address.. So what we have to do is wait until the killers turn up.. and follow them to her..

The cab arrives.

WATSON
You think there were men following her..?

Holmes gets in.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
No Watson.. I think there were men following us..

Watson gives Holmes a funny look and gets in.. The cab pulls away..

CUT TO:

EXT: APARTMENT BUILDINGS - NIGHT

Holmes and Watson sit quietly in the cab outside the building - waiting.

Holmes sits up and nudges Watson as two heavysset men head into the building..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Watson..

Watson looks up..

WATSON
Yes Holmes..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
It's showtime..

CUT TO:

INT: CORRIDOR/STAIRS APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Holmes and Watson are climbing the stairs in Rebecca's building. They stop when they hear a muffled scream. They peer around the stairwell to see Rebecca being dragged out of her rooms by the henchmen. Both men are armed and brandishing their weapons. Rebecca - naturally - is terrified. She's putting up a fight thus ensuring that the killers' attention is on her not on Holmes and Watson climbing the stairs.

They continue on their way up as yet unnoticed - Holmes first. From behind he hits killer 1 hard with his stick. The killer caught off guard drops his gun.

Holmes picks it up. Killer 2 holds his gun to Rebecca's temple. Holmes trains his gun on the killers. Killer 1 is beside killer 2.

KILLER 2
Put the gun down.

Holmes holds his gun - his finger's ready to pull the trigger. Rebecca tries to wrestle her way out of killer 2's clutches again, but his grip just gets stronger - and the pressure of the gun on her temple increases.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Just let her go. She's no use to you.

KILLER 2
She's no use to anybody.

Another muffled scream from Rebecca.. as he cocks the gun.

Holmes shoots killer 2 who falls to the ground.

Killer 1 grabs Rebecca and holds her in front of him. He has a knife to her neck. He backs away.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(advancing)
Just tell me who sent you. What can you tell me about the man who sent you here?

And with that, Killer 1 surprises everyone by leaping through the hallway window.

CUT TO:

EXT: APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

We watch from the outside as the man crashes through the window pane and plunges to the street below. His fall is broken, and he manages to get up and run away.

CUT TO:

INT: CORRIDOR/STAIRS APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Holmes stares out of the window looking pensive but supremely unconcerned. Rebecca has collapsed in a heap, sobbing uncontrollably - from terror and relief. Watson is checking the first killer for any signs of life.. He finds none..

WATSON

We won't get much information out of this one..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

We don't need it, Watson.. We have something that Moriarty wants..

He indicates Rebecca.. Adds..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

All we have to do is wait for him to come to us..

Holmes heads over to Rebecca..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Your life is in danger if you stay here..

(a beat)

You'd better come with me..

From her expression we..

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rebecca is sitting in Holmes's wing-backed arm chair - still looking utterly terrified. Holmes enters with a pot of tea.. pours her a cup.. Her hand is shaking as she drinks..

REBECCA
You wouldn't believe how hard it is to get
work..

Holmes nods sympathetically..

REBECCA
I was grateful for the job.. I didn't
realise anyone would get hurt..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
We all take on assignments that we
regret..

She glances around nervously..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Don't worry.. You're safe here..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Is there anything you can tell me about
the man who hired you..?

REBECCA
I was working at the Albany.. In the
chorus line.. Two men came up to me
backstage.. Not the ones from tonight..
Nice clothes.. Paid me half upfront..
They even let me keep the dress..
(then losing it)
They're going to kill me aren't they..?

He puts his hand on hers to comfort her..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Not if I get to them first..
(a beat)
Look.. We'll go over everything in the
morning.. You need to get some sleep..

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET HOLMES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Close on Rebecca.. Not sleeping.. Clearly still terrified..

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Holmes paces the room.. deep in thought..

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET HOLMES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca is awake. staring at the ceiling.. A coach rumbles past outside.. She pulls the bedclothes up around her neck..

CUT TO:

Back to Holmes pacing.. From outside we hear the sound of an animal disturbing a metal dustbin.. From inside Holmes' bedroom we hear a scream.. He flings open the bedroom door..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Are you all right Miss Doyle?..

She is sitting up in bed.. Bedclothes held up around her neck..

REBECCA
I'm sorry.. I didn't mean to wake you..

He walks tentatively into the room.. takes a seat..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I wasn't sleeping.

REBECCA
This is all my fault.. I'm so sorry..

She pulls herself together.. continues..

REBECCA
First thing tomorrow, I'm going to get out of your way.. I'll leave London.. I'll go far away..

Holmes shakes his head.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
He'll find you, Miss Doyle. I can only protect you if you're here.

REBECCA
But it's not your problem. I should've known there was something wrong from the very beginning.. I just couldn't bring myself to turn down the work.. I even managed to convince myself that this might be the big break I'd been waiting for..

She shakes her head.. tears brewing in her eyes..

REBECCA

What did I get myself into?

(beat)

I lied to you.. But you're the only person
who has been honest with me all along..

Holmes takes a deep breath.. He realises that he's going to
have to tell her the 'other' reason she's there.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

You want the truth, Miss Doyle..

(beat)

I want him to come after you.. If he comes
out of the shadows, I can catch him.

(beat)

That's why I need you to stay here.

She stares at Holmes.. He's virtually admitted that he's using
her as bait. After a long beat, she nods.. They're in this
together.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

It's very brave of you to..

A crash outside prompts a scream from her.. and interrupts
Holmes's compliment.. He jumps to his feet..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Bolt the door behind me..

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT

Holmes picks up his gun stick - absentmindedly, not
deliberately. Rebecca opens the door for him.

He's gone, the door slams.

REBECCA

(for what it's worth)

Be careful...

He heads out.. She bolts the door quickly..

CUT TO:

BAKER STREET - NIGHT

It's the dead of night.

Holmes walks down the street. He approaches a T-junction. Something stirs. A cat miaows. Suddenly a figure steps into the street.

Bathed in the soft, greenish, light is a familiar figure and a familiar face: PROFESSOR MORIARTY. Alive and apparently showing no ill effects from being shot in the heart by Holmes and drowning in the sewers. He is smoking a cigar.

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

Rumors of my demise appear to have been exaggerated..

Moriarty, in his own way, is as charismatic as Holmes... He's brilliant and ruthless and oddly handsome and a complete and utter bastard... He frowns:

PROFESSOR MORIARTY (CONT'D)

But of course you knew that, didn't you..
(a beat)
You've been following the clues I left rather successfully..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

You couldn't help yourself, could you, Professor..? You couldn't resist emerging from the shadows. Even you have to come out from the dark sometime.

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

We both owe it to our public to stay in the limelight - though in my case, not in person..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

I thought it more appropriate when you were in the sewers..

Holmes raises his stick - realises it's not his usual sword stick..

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CONT'D)

No more games, Professor..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

Please Holmes.. Not the old sword stick..
Get into the nineteenth century..

Moriarty throws his cigar down. He produces his pistol from his waist band.. The camera tracks around Holmes until the tip of his walking stick is in the extreme foreground of the shot... it's hollow. This is the single shot 'Gun Stick'

that Watson gave him.. Holmes twists the handle to cock the firing mechanism..

BANG!

The single bullet fires... and hits Moriarty squarely in the chest... knocking him backwards to the ground.

Holmes looks down at the smoking 'Gun Stick'... nods approval..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Nice one Watson..

Close on Moriarty as his eyes open.. He grunts and sits upright. Holmes spins round and stares in shock.

PROFESSOR MORIARTY
I didn't see that coming did I...?

He reaches under his shirt and pulls out a bulletproof vest... or at least a nineteenth century version of a bulletproof vest (i.e. a plate of steel strapped across his front). There are two bullet marks in the metal over the heart. Holmes takes a step forward.. Moriarty makes a gesture and four men, all with rifles trained on Holmes, step out of the darkness. The black carriage pulls up next to them...

PROFESSOR MORIARTY
Let's take a ride...

CUT TO:

INT: WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Holmes, now handcuffed, is led into a gigantic warehouse.. Crates are stacked from floor to ceiling.. Moriarty opens one and scoops up a quantity of brown crystals in a test tube..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY
(proudly)
I'm sure you'll be interested in my latest discovery...

SHERLOCK HOLMES
A new alkaloid of morphine, perhaps...?

PROFESSOR MORIARTY
(surprised)
Again I'm impressed..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Watson found traces in brain sections of your victims..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

It seems that your new-found friend isn't as dull as he looks..

(a beat)

Did he tell you how the drug worked..?

SHERLOCK HOLMES

No.. But I'm sure you're going to..

Moriarty doesn't disappoint..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

This is five times more powerful than morphine and ten times more addictive.. People will kill for it.. They'll steal food from their children's' mouths for a single injection..

Moriarty crosses to one of his workbenches and selects a large steel syringe and a hypodermic needle..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

An interesting idea, professor.. Building a criminal empire on a product that isn't even illegal..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

Not yet.. But one must always anticipate the future..

(a beat)

And when the government does ban the drug completely, prices will simply go through the roof.. And I'll still control the entire market.

As he speaks he mixes the powder with water and heats them over the flame from an oil lamp..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

And what are you going to call yourself, Professor.. A drug dealer..?

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

I prefer the title "Drug Baron"..

He smiles at the prospect.. Draws some of the liquid into the syringe..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY (CONT'D)

As we speak a large shipment is on its way
to America..

(a beat)

They're going to love it over there..

Moriarty gestures for the two heavies to hold Holmes fast. He struggles - but they're too strong. As Moriarty inserts the needle into Holmes's arm we again notice his distinctive signet ring - bearing a cursive letter "M"..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

Unfortunately there hasn't been much time
for clinical trials.. So you're going to
help me determine the precise fatal dose..

He presses the plunger on the syringe... Holmes's eyes go wide.. then start to roll back in his head.. Moriarty closes his bag and heads for the door.. At the last moment he turns back to Holmes.. who is descending swiftly into a heroin stupor..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

One last thing... The clinical name for
the drug is Dihydromorphine... but I'm
still looking for the right street name..
If you have any ideas before you die I'd
be grateful..

(muses)

It needs to be something heroic..

He exits... Holmes fades into unconsciousness..

FADE TO BLACK:

INT: CAGE - DAY

The world swims into focus as Holmes regains consciousness in an iron cage in the corner of the warehouse floor.

CUT TO:

INT: CAGE - LATER

Holmes is sitting up... All the strength seems to have drained from his legs.. He's sweaty... shivering... feverish...

Moriarty and his two henchmen open the cage door. Holmes immediately launches himself at them.. but pulls up short when the henchmen produce guns.. Holmes backs up.. takes a seat.

Moriarty reaches into his bag... produces a syringe... It's filled with heroin...

Holmes flinches away.. But the first heavy puts the muzzle of his gun to Holmes's temple..

Close on Moriarty's smile as he slides the hypodermic needle into a vein.. Holmes's eyes fix on Moriarty's pocket watch: the TICKS grow louder and louder until they fill the soundtrack..

SLAM CUT TO:

INT: DREAM - DAY

The heroin (and the watch) have brought back Holmes's childhood nightmare.. .

We see the entire sequence at high speed.. right up to the point where Moriarty looks down and smiles..

Then normal speed as the dream continues.. The young Sherlock races over to his brother who is now lying still.. Moriarty shouts down..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY
Is he dead..?

YOUNG BOY
(excited)
No.. he's still breathing..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY
He never knows when to stop, your brother..

The young Holmes stares up at the professor..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY
Run along Sherlock.

MIX TO:

INT: CAGE - DAY

Holmes is lying on the floor of the cage... He looks weak.. and pale.. and wasted.. and sick.. In short he's starting to look like a junkie. The cage door is opened and the two men step inside.

Holmes forces himself up.. rises unsteadily to his feet... There's no fight left in his eyes.. He proffers his forearm,

allows himself to be injected... Even though the dosage is getting dangerously high he needs the drug now..

As the needle enters..

MIX TO:

EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

Watson is banging on the door of 221B. There's no one answering.. Watson is starting to get very concerned..

CUT TO:

INT. BAKER STREET APARTMENT - DAY

Rebecca is cowering in the middle of the room, rocking, terrified for her life.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Close on a frowning Inspector Lestrade...

INSPECTOR LESTRADE

Do you have any proof that he's been abducted..

Pull back to reveal that he's talking to Watson...

WATSON

Not exactly...

(a beat)

But it's the only explanation that makes sense..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE

I see...

(a beat)

Tell me, Doctor Watson, who would do such a thing..?

Watson takes a deep breath..

CUT TO:

INT: CAGE - DAY

Holmes is slumped in the corner of the cage... His two captors enter with the syringe... They prepare to inject him. One of them has a gun as a precaution..

As the hypodermic needle scratches Holmes's skin, he suddenly jerks backwards - and his reflex is to lash out. He hits captor 1 hard... The syringe and gun fall to the floor.

Holmes suddenly comes to. He grabs the gun and syringe.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(whispering, menacing)
Stay back. I've got nothing to lose. I'll
shoot. Get back in there.

He marshalls the terrified captors into the cage, locks the door and steals away - not forgetting to take the bag of drugs with him.

He staggers backwards clutching his stomach.. He didn't get his hit of heroin.. and he needs it..

MIX TO:

EXT: STREET - DAY

Holmes's POV... The world is pulsing in and out of focus in time with his erratic, heroin ravaged, heart beat. Holmes has staggered through the streets of an unfamiliar part of London. He's very unsteady on his feet.... sheer determination is all that keeps him going. People are staring.... but nobody is helping.

A dark fog starts to descend on Holmes's world... Passers by are giving him a wider and wider berth. He staggers out into the road.. trips... and sprawls to the ground.. He forces himself to his knees.. in time to see a horse right on top of him. The horse is pulling a hansom cab.. and the driver finally spots Holmes as the wheels are about to run him over.

Cut to Holmes's POV as an iron rimmed wheel stops inches from his face.. Holmes looks up at the cabbie.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Baker Street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: CAB/EXT: STREET - DAY

Holmes is lying, semi-conscious, on the back seat of the cab.. Through the window he glimpses a clock shop window - and a particularly ornate clock at the centre of the display. We hear a cacophony of chimes - disturbed and mixed. The sound of the ornate clock lingers distinctively as Holmes drifts off...

His eyes start to flutter closed..

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - DAY

Rebecca's pacing up and down, she hears a noise outside and peeps out through the curtains. She races out of 221B.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

Rebecca helps the cab driver carry the unconscious Holmes inside..

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - DAY

Holmes, in bed, suffering severe withdrawal.. stares up at the syringe in Watson's hand.. Rebecca produces a vial of the drug from the case Holmes took from his captors..

REBECCA

Show me how to do this... I want to be able to take care of him..

Watson gives her a questioning look.. Rebecca goes on..

REBECCA

He saved my life...

Watson thinks for a moment.. then fills the syringe..

WATSON

According to my colleague in Vienna, who has some experience in these matters, the idea is to lower the dosage slowly to aid withdrawal..

She nods.. Takes the syringe.. Watson keeps on talking to put her at her ease..

WATSON

Young Freud is working on a nine-step program..

He guides her hand to the correct spot.. Adds..

WATSON

I fear it has some way to go..

Rebecca pushes the plunger and the world fades to black.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT: BAKER STREET HOLMES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca is preparing a dose of morphine... Holmes is hovering on the edge of consciousness. She inserts the needle with trembling fingers and great concern... pushes the plunger..

MIX TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - DAY

Holmes is sleeping calmly.. Pull back to reveal that Rebecca is watching him.. She checks the clock..

Starts to prepare a new injection.. She still seems ill at ease with the syringe..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Thank you..

He startles her. She turns.. calms herself.. smiles..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

This is hard for you isn't it?

REBECCA

My brother fought in the Boer campaigns..
He came back from the Cape with one leg
and a terrible craving for morphine..

She sits down on the edge of the bed and administers the injection.. Holmes is able to fight the effects of the drug for long enough to ask a question..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

What happened to him..?

REBECCA

He left home after about a year.. No-one
ever saw him again..

Holmes puts an arm around her.. She hugs him back..

FADE TO BLACK:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - DAY

Holmes is still looking weak... but has struggled into his clothes. Watson enters..

WATSON

You should be in bed..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

I'm fine..

(a beat)

We have to find that warehouse.. That's where he is..

CUT TO:

INT: CAB/ EXT: STREETS - DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS of different parts of London... as Holmes and Watson scour the city for anything that Holmes might recognise from his journey back from Moriarty's warehouse..

Inside the cab Holmes is looking weak and feverish.. He needs another hit.. soon.

He shakes his head.. He doesn't recognise anything..

WATSON

It's too soon, Holmes.. You're pushing yourself too hard..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Just one more hour..

A concerned Watson nods agreement...

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - NIGHT

Close on Holmes.. in his armchair. Rebecca enters and heads over to the stash of heroin.. Holmes stops her..

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CONT'D)

No. We'll never find the place while I'm still taking his drug..

Rebecca nods understanding..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Thank you..

REBECCA

I owed you..

(a beat)

After what I did you had no reason to help me..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Perhaps I believe in second chances..

She steps close..

REBECCA

So do I..

She leans forward and kisses him on the lips...

MIX TO:

INT: BAKER STREET HOLMES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Holmes and Rebecca are making love.. Slowly.. Sensuously..

MIX TO:

Close on Rebecca and Holmes together in bed.. in each other's arms.. fast asleep. And, just for a moment, Sherlock Holmes looks..... content.

MIX TO:

EXT: BAKER STREET - NEXT DAY

Holmes emerges from number 221B and joins Watson in a cab.. As they set off we pull back to reveal Coot watching them carefully..

Rebecca's POV as she watches Holmes step out into the street to the cab. He turns back and smiles to her affectionately as he goes. She closes the curtains again.

Coot knows that something is up.. He makes a snap decision.. hails a second cab.. and follows them:

MIX TO:

EXT: STREETS - NEXT DAY

MONTAGE: More angles on the backstreets of London... Holmes stares disconsolately out of the cab window.. He shakes his head..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

It's hopeless, Watson.. Nothing's coming back to me..

(a beat)

Let's head back..

Watson nods.. taps on the roof with his cane.. The driver turns the cab around.. Holmes slumps back in his seat..

MIX TO:

EXT: STREETS - LATER

They're heading home.. Holmes, still suffering the after effects of the world's first heroin addiction, appears to be drifting off..

The sound of the chimes in the distance.. growing dimmer, more distorted.

Close on Holmes face as he recognises the noise.. His eyes snap open..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Turn the cab around..

CUT TO:

INT: CAB - DAY

Holmes has crouched down in the back of the cab.. in order to mimic the angle from which he saw the world when he returned from Moriarty's warehouse.. The ornate clock comes into view.. We see and hear it chiming.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Yes... We're getting close...

The cab keeps on moving...

CUT TO:

EXT: WAREHOUSE - DAY

The cab containing Holmes and Watson stops.. Up ahead we see the familiar outline of Moriarty's heroin warehouse.. He found it.. Holmes jumps out of the cab.. Watson follows and grabs his arms..

WATSON
We can't do this alone, Holmes..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
There's no time, Watson.. I'm not letting him escape again..

WATSON
This isn't just about you and Moriarty..
Think of the drug you told me about.. We
have to prevent any of it from getting out
onto the streets..
(beat)
We can't do this on our own. We need to
get the police. Let me fetch Lestrade.

Holmes thinks for a beat.. and is forced to concede that Watson is right..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
All right. But be quick.

CUT TO:

EXT: WAREHOUSE - DAY

A group of horse drawn police wagons pull up near Moriarty's warehouse.. Inspector Lestrade climbs out.. wearing a grim expression. As Lestrade strides up to Holmes...

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Listen Holmes. You have NO evidence. I can't see anything untoward here. It all seems perfectly peaceful...

SHERLOCK HOLMES
I'm not in the habit of lying. Professor Moriarty is in there.

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
So you say, but as you're the only one to have seen him, can I really be expected to believe you..
(determined)
We cannot enter this building.

Another cab pulls up and Coot emerges.. He hurries over.

HENRY COOT
I've had a very busy day trying to keep up with you Mr Holmes..
(looks at Lestrade)
So what's the story then...?

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
I have no comment..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
We are about to arrest one of the most dangerous criminal gangs in England..

The journalist's face lights up.. he pulls out his pad..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Not without a court order..

The journalist conjures up a headline in the air..

HENRY COOT
"POLICE MISS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY...
AGAIN"..
(a beat)
I could live with that..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Even if it's not true..?

HENRY COOT
(shrugs)
We can always print a retraction next
week..

Lestrade looks from the journalist to Holmes and back again..
He knows he's trapped..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
(to Holmes)
We do this my way..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Of course..

Lestrade strides off to talk to his 'troops'..

CUT TO:

Holmes, Lestrade and Watson.. backed by half a dozen of
Lestrade's men.. stride towards the warehouse..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
(to Holmes)
This is an outrageous waste of time and
resources.. We won't find anything in
this place..

BOOM.. A shot rings out.. Everyone dives for cover.. except
Lestrade... who seems too shocked to move. Holmes grabs his
arm and drags him to safety..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
As you were saying Inspector..

By way of a response Lestrade produces a gun and starts firing
back..

His men take this as a cue to follow suit.. and within
moments the area reverberates to the sound of gunfire..

CUT TO:

The exchange of gunshots continues... Lestrade is incensed..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
This is outrageous... We're in London..
not the Wild West..

He jumps out into full view.. Holds out his badge..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
(loud)
This is the police.. You are all under
arrest..

Doesn't cut much ice with Moriarty's men.. who answer with a
new volley of gunfire..

CUT TO:

Close on the journalist.. crouched, hiding.. looking
terrified..

CUT TO:

INT: WAREHOUSE - DAY

The police have finally fought their way into the main part of
the warehouse building..

Gunshots slam into a packing case filled with heroin..

Two of Moriarty's men race for an exit..

Inspector Lestrade leaps to his feet.. raises his revolver..
pulls the trigger. It jams..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
Damnation..

Watson crouches down beside Lestrade and covers for him.

Lestrade sorts his gun out.. Pops his head up.. BOOM..
BOOM.. BOOM.. A case of heroin and three of the attackers
are blown to pieces.. Lestrade drops back down.

The gun fight continues until there's only three of Moriarty's
men left.

After a last desperate attempt at hand to hand combat, they're
overcome by the police officers, and have no choice other than
to surrender..

Holmes, Watson and Lestrade survey the damage.. Holmes glances
around.. his gaze lingers for a moment on the cage in which he
was kept.. then he spots a stairway..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
This way..

He races up the stairway.. Watson and Lestrade follow..

CUT TO:

INT: OFFICE - DAY

They burst into Moriarty's office... to find it empty. Holmes checks the desk.. sees the still burning cigar..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(under his breath)
Always a step ahead...
(to Watson)
Come on, he can't have got far..

Watson, baffled but energised, follows... with Lestrade.

CUT TO

EXT: STREET - DAY

Close on Moriarty.. hurtling towards Baker Street in a coach and four..

CUT TO:

EXT: WAREHOUSE - DAY

Holmes is rushing ahead when Lestrade grabs him by the arm..

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
So you were right about drugs hoard - but
there's no sign of Moriarty

Holmes carries on walking away.

INSPECTOR LESTRADE
If you do find him,
(a beat)
Kill him again!

A wry smile flickers across Holmes's face.. Holmes is stopped in his tracks by the arrival of his tabloid reporter.. who has finally overcome his terror and senses a huge story.

HENRY COOT
Mr. Holmes..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(gesturing to Lestrade)
This is the man you want to talk to..

Lestrade catches up with them.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
He's responsible for destroying one of the
most dangerous armed gangs in the
country..

Coot looks suitably impressed..

HENRY COOT
Very modest Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(to Coot)
Well he deserves some good publicity for a
change..

Lestrade thinks for a beat.. nods... watches Holmes and
Watson hurry off, as Coot prepares his pencil and pad for his
interview with Lestrade.

CUT TO:

EXT: BAKER STREET - EVENING

The hansom cab carrying Holmes and Watson pulls up in front of
221B.. Holmes jumps out..

CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT

Holmes races inside.. Watson is right behind him..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Rebecca...
(then loud)
REBECCA

No response.. Holmes and Watson look at each other: what now?

Cut to Holmes's scrap book of newspaper cuttings open on the
desk - open to reveal the headline : "SHERLOCK HOLMES KILLS
PROFESSOR MORIARTY". On top - very deliberately placed - is
Moriarty's distinctive 'M' ring.. and slipped inside the
volume a piece of paper. Holmes pulls it out and reads it. (We
don't see it, but it gives details of time and place to meet.)

CUT TO:

EXT: EARTHWORKS - NIGHT

Holmes and Watson are on foot heading towards the earthworks.. Holmes is carrying his sword stick. He's also armed with a revolver - although we don't see it...

SHERLOCK HOLMES
We're walking into a trap, Watson.. I
still think you should head back..

Watson shakes his head.. He's not going to leave Holmes now..

WATSON
Might be better if we split up

Holmes nods his agreement.. They each pick up an oil lamp from the entrance to the tunnel and descend into the darkness. Holmes calls after Watson..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Be careful, Watson..

Cut to Watson's expression... touched by Holmes' uncharacteristic concern...

MIX TO:

INT: UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT

We're inside a rough hewn cavern.. lit only by shimmering orange fire... surrounded by tunnels that lead away into the dark bowels of the earth.. This is as close to neo-Gothic hell on earth as you can get...

Only the steady drip of water overhead can be heard.

The screen is dark for a long, long beat... then, in the distance, we see a tiny orange light coming towards us: Holmes..

MIX TO:

INT: TUNNEL - NIGHT

Watson is heading in the opposite direction.. down a narrower deeper tunnel. He comes to a dead end and is forced to turn back..

CUT TO:

INT: UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT

Holmes is walking through the site of a second station.. This one is closer to completion.. There is even light down here.. in the form of flickering torches.

Suddenly he hears footsteps behind him and spins around... Moriarty is emerging from one of the subterranean tunnels...

Rebecca walks in front of him.. He carries a Gladstone bag in one hand... in the other he holds a pistol levelled at the back of Rebecca's head..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY
Mr. Holmes... Just the man.

Moriarty puts down the bag.. Grabs Rebecca by the hair.. Presses the gun to the back of her head

PROFESSOR MORIARTY (CONT'D)
Put your stick on the ground in front of you...

Holmes complies.

PROFESSOR MORIARTY (CONT'D)
And your revolver...

Again Holmes does as bidden. Moriarty keeps a tight grip on Rebecca. Holmes raises his hands..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Let her go.. This is between us..

Moriarty cocks his head to one side.. Thinks for a beat.. Yanks Rebecca's head backwards.. She gasps in pain.. Holmes grimaces.. And Moriarty realises something..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY
This is an unexpected bonus.. Of course I knew you'd come running to the aid of a damsel in distress...
(a beat)
But you really care about her don't you..?

Holmes takes a step forward.. Moriarty jabs the gun into the back of her head.. continues:

PROFESSOR MORIARTY (CONT'D)
It's so touching to see two young people falling in love.. There's not enough of that kind of thing nowadays..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

You've got me.. What more do you want..?

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

I want to make the rest of your life a living hell..

(a beat)

I want you to realise that she might have walked free.. but because of you.. that's not going to happen.

Cut to close on Rebecca.. eyes wide with terror.. Cut to Holmes - staring into her eyes.. His hands move behind his back... The camera tracks around to reveal a knife - hidden in the waistband of his trousers.

Holmes's eyes flick downwards.. In response an almost imperceptible nod from Rebecca.. She knows what she has to do..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

One last thing professor..

Moriarty frowns.. Rebecca suddenly drops to the ground.. A quicksilver movement from Holmes as he throws the knife.. A flash of steel.. And the gun is knocked from the hand of a shocked Moriarty..

Holmes dives to his left.. towards his gun..

BOOM.

The professor draws a second gun with his left hand and fires.. The bullet catches Holmes in his left shoulder.. Sending him spinning backwards..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

Nice try, Mr Holmes..

He yanks Rebecca to her feet by her hair..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

But it's a little late for heroics..

Holmes struggles - and fails - to rise..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

Please watch carefully...

(a beat)

I want you to live with this image for a very long time..

Holmes looks up into Rebecca's terrified expression.. Eyes pleading for some reprieve..

BOOM.

Moriarty's gun fires into the back of her head at point blank range..

Slow motion as she crumples to the floor..

Holmes sinks back to the ground in shock.. and horror.. and defeat.

A thin, triumphant, smiles flickers across Moriarty's lips..

He picks up his bag.. Strides over to Holmes.. who is lying on the ground clutching his shoulder.. clearly in agony.. Moriarty levels the gun at Holmes's head..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Go on.. Do it.. Kill me..

Moriarty shakes his head sadly..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

I'm afraid I can't.. You see I want you to remember how you betrayed her.. how her untimely death was the direct result of being loved by you..

(a beat)

For that you have to be alive..

He shrugs an apology.. Holmes fights through the pain... raises himself onto one elbow..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

I'll find you.. I'll hunt you down to the ends of the earth..

Moriarty is only half listening.. He crouches down next to his bag..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

Of course we can't have that..

He flips open the doctor's bag.. revealing rows of shining, terrifying, steel surgical instruments.. He selects a large syringe with the kind of gigantic needle that is still used for spinal taps.. Advances on Holmes.. gun in one hand, syringe in the other..

PROFESSOR MORIARTY (CONT'D)
Don't worry.. I've practiced on your
brother... I'll destroy you - just like I
destroyed him..
(a beat)
But I'm afraid this is going to hurt..

WHUMP

Something extremely solid connects with Moriarty's midriff..
He doubles over.. Gasps for breath.. Watson is standing over
him with a large lump of wood that he's using as a club..
Watson winds up for a second blow..

BANG

Moriarty fires blindly.. The bullet grazes Watson's leg..
and gives Moriarty the time to catch his breath and make a run
for it... heading down the nearest tunnel.

Watson bends down to examine the bullet wound in Holmes's
shoulder.. Holmes sees the blood on the doctor's leg..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
You're hurt, Watson..

WATSON
Just a graze..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
(bleeding profusely)
Same here..

Watson smiles.. Holmes notices the club with which Watson hit
Moriarty..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Another invention..?

WATSON
Sometimes the old methods are the best..

He fashions a crude but effective tourniquet for Holmes's
wound..

WATSON (CONT'D)
Looks like you'll live..

Holmes stares across at the corpse of Rebecca.. and back to
Watson.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Good.. Because there's someone I have to
kill..

Watson nods... Holmes rises unsteadily to his feet, picks up
his sword stick and revolver, and heads off down the tunnel
after Moriarty....

CUT TO:

EXT: HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - NIGHT

Sherlock Holmes emerges from the underground excavations
directly in front of the Houses of Parliament.. He's less than
two hundred yards from the River Thames...

He scans the deserted square between the neo-Gothic government
buildings and the ancient Westminster Abbey. It's virtually
deserted.. No obvious sign of Moriarty.

He races across the Parliament lawns and stops at a door which
is slightly ajar.

You wouldn't have to be Sherlock Holmes to realise you're on
the right track. There's the body of the guard on the floor
in front of him.

Moriarty has taken the guard's sword.. Holmes twists the
handle of his walking stick....draws out the long steel
blade.... starts up the long spiral staircase that leads to
the clock room...

CUT TO:

INT: BIG BEN CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT

As Holmes enters the clock tower, out of the darkness,
Moriarty lunges at him with a sword. Holmes is off guard and
it's as much as he can do to parry the blow..

The action moves up to the next level... Moriarty is good..
perhaps not quite up to Holmes's level.. but his injuries are
lighter and his sword longer.

We're way past the battle of wits here... This is no longer a
chess game of bluff and double-bluff between two of the
greatest minds of the century... It's pure Errol Flynn...
pure Zorro.

And Holmes is no longer the cold, clinical, tactician... He's
incensed.. He's riding his most primitive emotions..

CUT TO:

The sword fight continues on the narrow walkway that leads around and through the mechanism... Feint.. counter-feint.. parry... lunge... strike... a lethal ballet.

Moriarty mounts a frenetic, full frontal, attack... forcing Holmes back on his heels.. He slips and falls into the machinery..

Close on the sleeve of Holmes's jacket caught between two giant gear wheels.. Moriarty takes the opportunity to go in for the kill.. Holmes is unable to free his sword arm... All he can do is kick out with his legs...

Close on Moriarty's sword as it goes through the flesh of Holmes's calf... We watch the smile on Moriarty's face as he twists the steel blade... Holmes screams and tears himself free...

Moriarty aims the coup de grace... Holmes manages to parry the blow... just. And the battle rages on...

CUT TO:

EXT: PARLIAMENT SQUARE - NIGHT

A view looking up at Big Ben... We see the silhouettes of two tiny figures... engaged in a swordfight to the death..

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BIG BEN - NIGHT

We see one of the clock faces. It reads 11.59 PM. The gigantic minute hand clicks around to the vertical...

SLAM CUT TO:

INT: BIG BEN CLOCK ROOM - NIGHT

The first gigantic hammer strikes the huge iron bell... You can hear it across London. In the clock room itself the chime is apocalyptically loud...

SHERLOCK HOLMES

It's time...

He attacks... a flurry of quicksilver movement.. Moriarty's sword is knocked to one side for an instant... It's all Holmes needs.. He lunges... and the sword goes into Moriarty's chest....

Holmes holds the sword in place as another bell rings out... Moriarty looks down at the blade in surprise..

Holmes pulls it out... A smile flickers across the Professor's lips... He takes a step backwards.. Holmes prepares to strike again... Moriarty takes another step..... He crashes through one of the open faces of the clock.

Holmes stares over the edge into the darkness as Moriarty plunges down.. down.. down... SPLASH.

Whether by design or pure chance he chose the face of the clock that overlooks the river.

The black water swallows up the body.... For a long beat Holmes stares down into the slow moving river... but nothing rises to the surface. Surely nobody could have survived that fall... not with a sword wound to the chest.

But before Holmes can confirm that Moriarty hasn't cheated death a second time his world starts to swim out of focus... He's lost a great deal of blood from two deep wounds... His legs buckle and he collapses into unconsciousness....

FADE TO BLACK

INT: HOSPITAL - DAY

Holmes awakes in a private hospital room... A pretty nurse is smiling at him...

NURSE

Good morning, Mr. Holmes... Welcome back to the land of the living..

She fusses around him for a moment..

NURSE (CONT'D)

You lost a lot of blood..

As she prattles on she produces a large syringe into which she draws a morphine solution.. Holmes sees the bottle.. shakes his head and tries to flinch away.. The nurse slides the needle into a vein..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

(barely audible)

Please... No...

NURSE

Don't worry yourself, Mr. Holmes.. You'll feel much better in just one moment..

Close on the syringe as she presses down the plunger... The screen fills with a harsh white light..

FLASH CUT TO:

INT: BAKER STREET APARTMENT - DAY (A FEW DAYS LATER)

Close on Watson - sitting at Holmes's desk and writing copiously in his leather bound notebook.. The door opens and Holmes, looking pale and thin, and wearing a silk dressing gown, enters..

SHERLOCK HOLMES

What are you writing Watson..?

Watson glances up with a slightly guilty expression on his face..

WATSON

My casebook..

(a beat)

Recently it's started to make interesting reading..

He puts down his pen and picks up Holmes's scrapbook..

WATSON

I've updated this for you. Thought you might like to remember recent events..

Holmes opens the file.. We see the recent headlines: "LESTRADE OF THE YARD GUNS DOWN DRUG GANG", "HOLMES FIGHTS MORIARTY TO THE DEATH THIS TIME".

Without a moment's hesitation, he hobbles over the fire.. throws the whole book on the flames.. A very clear change has come over Holmes.. No longer the arrogant, headline seeking, impetuous hero we met at the beginning of our story.. he's matured into someone closer to the man Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote about.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

I'd rather trust posterity with that diary of yours Watson..

As Holmes watches the cuttings burn, Watson takes Holmes's words to heart.. He picks up his pen.. turns to the first page of his diary... and changes the title from THE CASEBOOK OF DOCTOR WATSON to THE CASEBOOK OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

As the press cuttings turn to ashes in the fireplace Watson rises.. gestures to the 'portable camera' that's still on the edge of Holmes's desk..

WATSON
I think I've finally got this contraption
to work..

As he busies himself Holmes hobbles over to the sofa and takes
a seat. Next to him is a large hat box.. He glances into
the box:

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Watson... Have you noticed that people
send the strangest gifts during a
convalescence..?

Watson looks up.. frowns.. Holmes holds up the note that was
in the box..

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CONT'D)
From my Aunt Agatha... Quite mad.. And
convinced that the cure for any ill is to
'wrap up warm'...

He reaches into the box... and pulls out.....A tartan
DEERSTALKER.

Watson remembers something.. heads over to the closet...

WATSON (CONT'D)
That reminds me... There's something I've
been meaning to give you for days now...

He rummages through his pockets... and produces a Black Clay
PIPE. He hands it to a bemused Holmes... who turns it over
in his hands..

SHERLOCK HOLMES
Erh.. Thank you Watson...

WATSON
You'll be doubly grateful when they make
cigarettes illegal...

Holmes nods.. Watson goes back to fiddling with the camera.
Holmes experiments with the pipe.. He places it in his
mouth...

WATSON
Turn this way Holmes, and put that hat on.

Holmes complies... He puts on his new Deerstalker.. and has
pipe between his teeth when the flash from Watson's camera
goes off..

It catches Holmes in profile...

Mix to the photograph itself... A very very familiar black and white silhouette... Double peaked hat... pipe... aquiline nose... An image that will become legendary. From the classic profile of Sherlock Holmes....we..

FADE TO BLACK.

...ends/