

Billy Wilder's

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes *

Written by

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Based on the characters created by

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

* *Being an account of some hitherto suppressed and thoroughly fascinating adventures of the greatest detective of all time as revealed by his friend John H. Watson M.D. late Indian Army*

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

U1 LONDON - 1969 - DAY.

U1

A taxi weaves its way through the heavy traffic around Hyde Park corner, stops in front of Barclay's Bank.

Out of the cab steps a man in his late thirties, wearing somewhat provincial clothes, with an Air Canada flight bag slung over his shoulder. He pays the fair, studies the exterior of the bank for a second, then proceeds inside

U2 INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - BARCLAY'S BANK - DAY.

U2

Paneled walls, tufted leather chairs, fireplace. MR. HAVELOCK-SMITH, the managing director, a pink-cheeked gentleman in his seventies, is pacing up and down, listening to MR. CASSIDY, a youngish member of the legal staff, who is sitting in a chair reading a memo-random.

CASSIDY
(droning on.)

We agree to extend to the afore-mentioned corporation a short-term credit of one million pounds, at the prime interest rate of eight percent per annum, to be repaid in four equal semi-annual installments, beginning on 15 January, 1971.

The door has opened, and a middle-aged women secretary enters from the outer office, holding a business card.

SECRETARY
A gentleman here to see you.

HAVELOCK-SMITH takes the extended card, without looking at it.

HAVELOCK-SMITH
Not now.

As the secretary starts out, CASSIDY resumes reading.

CONTINUED:

U2 CONTINUED:

CASSIDY

Paragraph seven: As collateral for the aforesaid loan, the corporation shall transfer to our bank 40,000 shares of class A non-voting stock --

MR. HAVELOCK-SMITH'S eyes have strayed to the business card in his hand. His attitude changes dramatically.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

(calling after secretary)

Wait a minute.

He hurries to the door. Standing in the outer office is the man with the flight bag.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

Dr. Watson. Come in, Dr. Watson.

DR. WATSON

Thank you.

HAVELOCK-SMITH leads him inside, as the secretary shuts the door.

DR. WATSON

Mr. Havelock-Smith?

HAVELOCK-SMITH

Yes, indeed. And this is Mr. Cassidy, of our legal department.

DR. WATSON

How do you do?

HAVELOCK-SMITH

Dr. Watson is the grandson of the Dr. Watson.

CASSIDY

Oh?

HAVELOCK-SMITH

You know -- Holmes and Watson -- Baker Street?

CASSIDY

(it registers)

Oh.

CONTINUED:

U2 CONTINUED: (2)

DR. WATSON

(takes letter out of pocket)
I got this letter from you -- about a
tin box that belonged to my
grandfather.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

That's right. It was left in our
safe-keeping with the proviso that
it not be handed over to his heirs
till fifty years after his death.

DR. WATSON

I wonder what the old boy was hiding
in there?

HAVELOCK-SMITH

I've been rather curious myself.
Cassidy, would you call down to the
vault and have them bring up the
dispatch box marked WATSON? It's in
the old strong room.

CASSIDY

Yes, sir.

He crosses to the phone, and will keep himself busy
during the following.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

(to Dr. Watson)
Living in Canada, eh?

DR. WATSON

Saskatchewan.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

Practicing medicine, just like your
grandfather.

DR. WATSON

Well, actually, I'm a veterinary.
We're having this convention here --
on hoof-and-mouth disease -- so I
thought as long as I was in England--

CONTINUED:

U2 CONTINUED: (3)

HAVELOCK-SMITH

Very good. Sit down, Dr. Watson.
Sherry?

DR. WATSON

(seating himself)

Please.

HAVELOCK-SMITH crosses to a sideboard, starts to pour
sherry.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

You must be quite proud of your
heritage. To bear such an illustrious
name --

DR. WATSON

Frankly, I've considered changing it
to Jones or Brown.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

(Shocked)

What?

DR. WATSON

Nobody would think of saying
'Elementary, my dear Jones' or
'Elementary, my dear Brown.' But if
your name happens to be Dr. Watson --
it gets to be rather a
nuisance.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

A nuisance to you, perhaps -- but to
me it is poetry.

(hands him the drink:

declaiming)

'The gleam of the match which he
struck shone upon the ghastly pool
which widened slowly from the crushed
skull of the victim. And it shone upon
something else which turned our hearts
sick and faint within us -- the body
of Sir Henry Baskerville!'

CONTINUED:

U2 CONTINUED: (4)

DR. WATSON

I beg your pardon?

HAVELOCK-SMITH

'The Hound of the Baskervilles.'
Chapter 12. 'Death on the Moor.'

DR. WATSON

How about that?

HAVELOCK-SMITH

You will be interested to know that
I'm a charter member of the Sherlock
Holmes Society. We meet twice a year
and discuss the Sacred Writings ---

DR. WATSON

Is that sort of thing still going on?

HAVELOCK-SMITH

Stronger than ever. We get new members
all the time. I dare say it's in
protest against that secret service
chap -- the one with the hairy chest -
- What's his number?

CASSIDY, who is by now off the phone, is pouring himself
some sherry.

CASSIDY

You mean 007? James Bond?

HAVELOCK-SMITH

That's the one. Not exactly my idea of
a gentleman.

DR. WATSON

They were showing 'Goldfinger' on the
plane. I rather enjoyed it.

CASSIDY

Did you? I saw it six times. Isn't it
super?

CONTINUED:

U2 CONTINUED: (5)

HAVELOCK-SMITH

It's trash. Cheap sensationalism.
Totally witless. Berettas and bare
bosoms. Sports cars with flame-
throwers and booby-trapped attaché
cases. SMERSH. Now really! -- Give me
a foggy night -- a hansom cab drawing
up to 221B Baker Street -- a desperate
knock on the door --

(there is a knock on the door)

Come in.

The door opens and two UNIFORMED GUARDS enter, one
carrying a battered tin dispatch box. Stenciled on the
lid is the name JOHN H. WATSON, M.D. The box is tied
with a heavy cord which runs under the handle. Strung on
the cord is the key, and the knot is sealed with wax.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

Thank you.

(indicating desk)

Right here.

The GUARD places the dispatch box on the desk, exits
with his companion. HAVELOCK-SMITH gazes at it with awe.

CASSIDY

Doesn't look like much, does it?

HAVELOCK-SMITH

To you, Cassidy, nothing looks like
much unless it's wearing a mini-skirt.

DR. WATSON

Do you mind if I open it here?

HAVELOCK-SMITH

Mind? Why do you think I stayed on
past the age of retirement? Because I
have been looking forward to this
moment.

CONTINUED:

U2 CONTINUED: (6)

DR. WATSON

Well, here goes.

He breaks the seal on the string, removes the key,
inserts it in the lock.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

Gently, please.

DR. WATSON unlocks the box, lifts the lid.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

By George! Holmes's pipe -- and his
magnifying glass -- and his deer-
stalker!

(lifts each of the items out;
to DR. WATSON)

Would you have any objection if I --?

Without waiting for an answer, he puts on the
deerstalker.

CASSIDY

(a tinge of sarcasm)

That looks very mod.

DR. WATSON has taken an early-model hypodermic needle
out of the box.

DR. WATSON

This, I suppose, is the hypodermic
needle Holmes used for his cocaine
shots.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

(in character)

Elementary, my dear Watson.

(catching himself)

Oops. So sorry.

DR. WATSON produces faded Daguerreotypes from the box.
Studies them.

CONTINUED:

U2 CONTINUED: (7)

DR. WATSON

I guess there is a family resemblance.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

(peering over his shoulder)

I'll be damned.

He practically snatches the photographs out of DR. WATSON'S hands, starts to lay them out on the desk. The first is a stiff, studio portrait of WATSON, seated, and HOLMES, standing, his elbow propped on the back of the chair.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

Holmes and Watson together.

He puts down the second photo. It shows HOLMES, bare-chested, his legs in tights, in a typical boxer's pose of the period.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

Holmes as an amateur pugilist --
(ecstatic)

This is too much.

Then the third photo -- DR. WATSON in army uniform, sitting on top of an elephant.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

And here's Watson -- as an army doctor, with the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers.

DR. WATSON

On an elephant?

HAVELOCK-SMITH

It's in Afghanistan -- where he was wounded by a Jezail bullet -- either in the left shoulder or the right buttock -- there are two schools of thought on the subject.

CONTINUED:

U2 CONTINUED: (8)

DR. WATSON has picked up another Daguerreotype.

DR. WATSON

Who's this?

HAVELOCK-SMITH examines the photo. It shows a portly man in his forties, wearing a morning coat, striped trousers and grey topper, holding the reins of a horse in the winner's circle at Ascot.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

This must be Mycroft Holmes --
Sherlock's older brother -- the
mystery man behind Her Majesty's
Government.

DR. WATSON takes a thick stack of manuscript paper, bound with red ribbon, out of the box.

DR. WATSON

That's all there is -- except for
these old papers.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

(examining them)

Old papers?

(takes them from DR. WATSON)

It's a manuscript -- in Dr. Watson's
handwriting -- unpublished material.

He is beside himself with excitement.

CASSIDY

You act like you discovered a new play
by Shakespeare.

HAVELOCK-SMITH

Shakespeare? He was a dilettante.
Took him five acts to solve the
Macbeth Murder Case --- Gentlemen,
if this should shed new light on
the enigma of Sherlock Holmes, it
may be the most important literary
find since the Dead Sea Scrolls.

CONTINUED:

U2 CONTINUED: (9)

With trembling fingers, he is undoing the ribbon, CAMERA MOVES IN ON the top page of a manuscript. Written in ink, in the following cursive penmanship of the period, is the following paragraph:

To my heirs and assigns:

In my lifetime, I have recorded some sixty cases which demonstrated the singular gift of my friend Sherlock Holmes, the best and the wisest man who ever lived. But there were other adventures we shared which, for reasons of discretion, I have decided to with-hold from the public until this much later date. They involve personal matters of a delicate and sometimes scandalous nature, as will shortly become apparent to the reader.

OVER THIS, WE HEAR THE VOICE of the DR. WATSON, reading the text. He is somewhat pompous, and quite a bit more British than his expatriate grandson.

HAVELOCK-SMITH'S hand turns over the page, and we read the title of the first story, in WATSON'S handwriting:

THE CURIOUS CASE OF THE UPSIDE-DOWN ROOM

The text starts half-way down the page, and again WE HEAR the words in WATSON'S VOICE.

WATSON'S VOICE

It was September of 1887, and Holmes and I were returning to London from Yorkshire, where he had solved the mysterious death of Admiral Abernetty - You may recall that this was the case where Holmes broke the murder's alibi by proving that when the fatal shot was fired, the near-sighted maid was looking not a clock pointing to 11:55, but at a barometer pointing to rain and more wind.

CONTINUED:

U2 CONTINUED: (10)

During this --

DISSOLVE TO:

U3 YORKSHIRE LANDSCAPE - DAWN

U3

A passenger train of the period is chugging through the early morning mist.

U4 INT. COMPARTMENT - MOVING TRAIN - DAWN

U4

There are but two passengers in the compartment -- sitting by the window, facing each other. In fact they are dozing. One wears a deerstalker and an Inverness cape; the other a dark overcoat and a black bowler, a furled umbrella between his legs, a medical bag on the seat beside him. The rest of their luggage is on the rack above. They are, of course, SHERLOCK HOLMES and DR. JOHN WATSON. This being 1887, they are thirty-three and thirty-five respectively. Unlike his Canadian descendant, the good doctor has a bristling reddish mustache.

Suddenly the door slides open, a man bursts into the compartment, and slams the door shut again. HOLMES and WATSON open their eyes, look at the intruder, who has his back toward them, and is peering through the glass panel of the door into the corridor, obviously afraid he's being pursued. He now turns around, breathing heavily, and ignoring HOLMES and WATSON, limps to the window, looks back in the direction from which the train is coming. He is in his early forties, a dashing Latin type, although right now he is in a state of exhaustion, and his clothes are in disarray. His cravat is askew, his waistcoat mis-buttoned, and he is wearing a pair of muddy velvet bedroom slippers, obviously not his size, with silver crests embroidered on the toes. He turns away from the window, points to the seat on WATSON'S side of the compartment.

CONTINUED:

U4 CONTINUED:

STRANGER
(heavy Italian accent)
Is it occupied?

WATSON
No.

The man crosses to the far end of the compartment, slumps down on the seat, takes off his bowler, fans himself, then puts the bowler down on the seat beside him. He now removes the slipper from his right foot, lifts his leg on to the seat with an expression of pain, and starts rubbing his obviously swollen ankle. There is mud on the bottom of his sock.

STRANGER
Mamaccia o diavolo! Come mi fe Male.
Che dolore!

He leans his head back to the corner of the compartment, closes his eyes.

WATSON looks questioningly at HOLMES, and turns back to look at the man.

The man is nodding off to sleep.

The train rolls on, the stranger starts snoring gently. HOLMES is studying him casually.

WATSON
What do you make of this, Holmes?

HOLMES
Beyond the obvious facts that he is a singing teacher, that he comes from Naples, that he's having an illicit affair with Lady Rossendale, and that he jumped out of a second-story window to avoid being shot by Lord Rossendale, I can deduce nothing else.

CONTINUED:

U4 CONTINUED: (2)

WATSON

Oh, come now, Holmes. How in the name of good fortune can you know all that?

HOLMES

Like most people, Watson, you see but you do not observe.

WATSON

What, for instance, makes you think he's a singing teacher?

HOLMES

This, for instance.

He takes WATSON'S umbrella, reaches across the aisle towards a metallic object protruding from the stranger's breast pocket, lifts it out with the tip of the umbrella.

HOLMES

Now who would normally carry a tuning fork in his pocket? A barrister? A tree surgeon?

WATSON

All right. I'll grant you he's a singing teacher -- and I'll grant you he's Italian. But how do you know he's from Naples?

HOLMES

The swear-words he used are uniquely Neapolitan. And so is his accent.

WATSON

But what's all this nonsense about Lord and Lady Rossendale and jumping from windows, and shooting --- ?

CONTINUED:

U4 CONTINUED: (3)

HOLMES

When a man bursts into a railway carriage at five in the morning, his clothes in disarray, wearing bedroom slippers, and obviously fearful of pursuit, I would hardly take him for the average commuter.

WATSON

Agreed. But --

HOLMES

The condition of his ankle -- sprained but not broken -- indicates that he leapt from a height no lower than and certainly no higher than, the second story.

WATSON

Maybe he's an ordinary burglar.

HOLMES

Hardly. From the mud on his sock it is evident that he jumped before he was carefully dressed. Someone who operates without his clothes is more likely to be a lover than a burglar.

WATSON

I concede that point.

HOLMES

You will also concede that the slippers are decidedly too large-- therefore not his. Whose are they then?

(picks up slipper with tip of umbrella)

Note the embroidery -- a dexter gauntlet erect argent on a field of azure - undeniably the family crest of Lord Rossendale.

CONTINUED:

U4 CONTINUED: (4)

WATSON

My knowledge of heraldry is rather sketchy.

HOLMES

Here then is my reconstruction of events. The grouse season having opened today, Lord Rossendale was out of the manor house at the crack of dawn. Her ladyship and her Italian lover had a bit of a slap and tickle. His lordship, having bagged his limit, returned unexpectedly. The maestro jumped out the window. The lady threw his clothes after him, mistakenly including her husband's slippers. Lord Rossendale, finding a strange pair of shoes under the bed and a singing teacher under the window, fired at him.

(picks up STRANGER'S hat with tip of umbrella)

You will observe the perforations in the crown. They could only have been caused by buckshot, from a twelve-bore gun.

WATSON

Holmes, I'm afraid for once you're letting your vaunted imagination run away with you.

HOLMES

It's only a theory, of course.

The train whistle blows, and HOLMES glances out the window.

U5 SIDE OF TRAIN - HOLMES POINT OF VIEW - DAWN

U5

The train is rounding a curve and approaching the mouth of a tunnel.

CONTINUED:

U6 INT. COMPARTMENT - MOVING TRAIN - DAWN

U6

Holmes turns back to WATSON.

HOLMES

However, since you seem skeptical,
let me put my theory to the test.

WATSON

The test? How?

Without answering, HOLMES rises, crosses to the door, rests his hand on the handle, faces the STRANGER, and waits. The train now enters the tunnel, and before the compartment gets completely dark, HOLMES slides the door open with a loud crash.

HOLMES

(in a bellowing, exaggerated,
aristocratic voice.)

Here you are, you Neapolitan scum.
I know what sort of lessons you've
been giving my wife ---

STRANGER

(in a panic)

Don't shoot, your Lordship, don't
shoot!

There is a commotion in the dark compartment then along blast of the train whistle, echoing in the tunnel. The train now emerges into the early daylight. HOLMES is standing in the open doorway, blocking it. WATSON is huddling in his corner. There is no sign of the STRANGER, except for the embroidered slipper lying on the seat.

WATSON

(looking around in confusion)

Where is he? What happened to him?

He glances under the seats, then climbs up on one of them and examines the baggage racks. HOLMES, the tiniest smile on his face, picks up the slipper, crosses to the window, which is now open.

CONTINUED:

U6 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

It seems that for the second time today, our Italian friend has jumped out the window.

WATSON

Good God! We must stop the train!
We must get the conductor!

HOLMES

(glancing out the window)
Oh, he's perfectly all right, just limping a bit on the other foot.

He tosses the slipper out, closes the window, resumes his seat.

WATSON

(furious)
Of all the heartless, cynical, inhuman --- it's unworthy of you, Holmes, just to prove how clever you are ---

HOLMES pulls his deerstalker down over his eyes, leans his head back.

HOLMES

Good night, Watson.

WATSON sits down grimly across the way from him, folds his arms, glares at him.

WATSON

(growling)
Good night, Holmes.

DISSOLVE TO:

U7 EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

U7

A hansom cab with HOLMES'S and WATSON'S luggage strapped to a rack on top, is proceeding down the street. It draws up in front of 221B, and HOLMES and

CONTINUED:

U7 CONTINUED: (2)

WATSON alight, the latter carrying his medical bag and umbrella. The front door opens and MRS. HUDSON, a plump, motherly woman in her fifties, wearing an apron, hurries out and greets them warmly. The CABBIE, meanwhile, has started to unload the baggage.

WATSON'S VOICE

It was pleasant, as always, to be back on Baker Street. 221B is an address most people associate with murder and blackmail and similar misdeeds -- but to us it was home. And it was comforting indeed to see our landlady again. Good old Mrs. Hudson. Kind, patient, cheerful -- and rather brazen in the amount she charged us for our modest quarters.

CAMERA HAS NOW TRAVELED UP THE FACE OF THE BUILDING, past the number 221B, to the closed and draped bay window on the second floor. After a moment the drapes are pulled aside, and the window is opened by HOLMES still in his coat and hat.

U8 INT. LIVING ROOM - 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

U8

It's all there -- the fireplace, the coal scuttle, the Persian slipper with the tobacco; the velvet wingchair, the basket chair with the writing-arm, the couch with the cushions; the sideboard with the tantalus and the gasogene; the acid-stained, deal-topped table with HOLMES'S chemical equipment on it, and the dining table, the bookshelves and the violin case; the gas fixtures and the oil lamps; the bell-pull and the dumb-waiter connecting with the kitchen in the basement; and HOLMES'S desk, piled high with papers, clippings, research material, etc.

HOLMES turns into the room, WATSON has removed his hat and coat, and is putting his medical bag down on the sideboard. MRS. HUDSON is at the fireplace.

CONTINUED:

U8 CONTINUED:

MRS. HUDSON

You'll find your mail on the mantle-piece.

HOLMES

Thank you.

MRS. HUDSON

I do wish you'd give me a little more warning when you come home unexpectedly. I would have roasted a goose -- and had some flowers for you.

HOLMES

My dear Mrs. Hudson -- criminals are as unpredictable as head-colds. You never quite know when you're going to catch one.

He has picked up a Stiletto, starts opening the mail.

MRS. HUDSON

I'll unpack your bags.

She exits into one of the bedrooms. WATSON has now taken a magazine out of an envelope.

WATSON

Here's an advance copy of Strand Magazine.

(shows it to HOLMES)

They've printed 'The League of the Red-Headed Men!'

On the cover is a colored illustration from the story, featuring Holmes in obligatory Inverness cape and deerstalker.

HOLMES

(offhand)

Very impressive.

CONTINUED:

U8 CONTINUED: (2)

WATSON

(leafing through the magazine)
Would you like to see how I handled
it?

HOLMES

I can hardly wait. I'm sure I'll find
out all sorts of fascinating things
about the case that I never knew
before.

WATSON

Just what do you mean by that?

HOLMES picks up his mail, starts to open it.

HOLMES

Oh, come now, Watson, you must admit
that you have a tendency to over-
romanticize. You have taken my simple
exercises in logic and embellished
them, embroidered them, exaggerated
them ---

WATSON

I deny the accusation.

HOLMES

You have described me as six-foot-
four, whereas I am barely six-foot-
one.

WATSON

A bit of poetic license.

HOLMES

You have saddled me with this
improbable costume, which the public
now expects me to wear.

WATSON

That's not my doing.
(indicating cover of Strand)
Blame it on the illustrator.

CONTINUED:

U8 CONTINUED: (3)

HOLMES

You've made me out to be a violin virtuoso. Here --

(holds out a letter he's been reading)

-- a request from the Birmingham Symphony to appear as a soloist in the Mendelssohn Concerto.

WATSON

(excited)

Oh, really?

HOLMES

The fact is that I could barely hold my own in the pit orchestra of a second-rate music hall.

WATSON

You're much too modest.

HOLMES

(busy with the mail)

You have given the reader the distinct impression that I am a misogynist. Actually, I don't dislike women --I merely distrust them. The twinkle in the eye and the arsenic in the soup.

WATSON

It's those little touches that make you colorful --

HOLMES

Lurid is more like it. You have painted me as a hopeless dope addict -
- just because I occasionally take a five per cent solution of cocaine.

WATSON

A seven per cent solution.

CONTINUED:

U8 CONTINUED: (4)

HOLMES

Five per cent. Don't you think I'm aware you've been diluting it behind my back?

HOLMES has taken off the Inverness cape, sets the deer-stalker on a phrenology head standing on a side-table. It is made of porcelain, and the inscription on the base reads: Phrenology by L.N. Fowler.

WATSON

As a doctor -- as well as your friend -- I strongly disapprove of this insidious habit of yours.

HOLMES

My dear friend -- as well as my dear doctor -- I only resort to narcotics when I am suffering from acute boredom -- when there are no interesting cases to engage my mind.

(Picking up one of the open letters)

Look at this -- an urgent appeal to find some missing midgets.

He tosses the letter aside in disgust.

WATSON

Did you say midgets?

He picks up the letter.

HOLMES

Six of them -- the Tumbling Piccolos-- an acrobatic act with some circus.

WATSON

Disappeared between London and Bristol--- Don't you find that intriguing?

HOLMES

Extremely so. You see, they are not only midgets -- but also anarchists.

CONTINUED:

U8 CONTINUED: (5)

WATSON

Anarchists?

HOLMES

(nodding)

By now they have been smuggled to Vienna, dressed as little girls in organdy pinafores. They are to greet the Czar of Russia when he arrives at the railroad station. They will be carrying bouquets of flowers, and concealed in each bouquet will be a bomb with a lit fuse.

WATSON

(his eyes popping)

You really think so?

HOLMES

Not at all. The circus owner offers me five pounds for my services -- that's not even a pound a midget. So obviously he is a stingy bastard, and the little chaps simply ran off to join another circus.

WATSON

(crestfallen)

Oh. And it sounded so promising --

HOLMES

There are no great crimes anymore, Watson. The criminal class has lost all enterprise and originality. At least they commit some bungling villainy with a motive so transparent that even a Scotland Yard official can see through it.

He has crossed to the desk, suddenly notices something.

CONTINUED:

U8 CONTINUED: (6)

HOLMES
(angrily)
Mrs. Hudson!
(even angrier)
MRS. HUDSON!

MRS. HUDSON comes hurrying out of the bedroom.

MRS. HUDSON
Yes? What is it?

HOLMES
(sternly)
There is something missing from my
desk.

MRS. HUDSON
Missing?

HOLMES
Something very crucial.

MRS. HUDSON
What?

HOLMES
Dust.
(picks up a small feather)
You have been tidying up against my
explicit orders.

MRS. HUDSON
Oh, I made sure not to disturb
anything.

HOLMES
Dust, Mrs. Hudson, is an essential
part of my filing system. By the
thickness of it, I can date any
document immediately.

He blows the feather away.

MRS. HUDSON
Some of the dust was this thick.

CONTINUED:

U8 CONTINUED: (7)

She demonstrates with her thumb and forefinger.

HOLMES
(promptly)
That would be March, 1883.

DISSOLVE TO:

U9 INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

U9

Smoke fills the screen. CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL that it is coming from a cigarette. It is not being puffed by a person, but through a tube attached to it. CAMERA KEEPS PULLING BACK AND DISCLOSES a contraption which controls half a dozen cigarettes, four cigars of different shapes and color, and four pipes -- all attached to rubber tubes, and all giving off smoke. The whole apparatus is standing on the chemistry table, and sitting before it is HOLMES, in shirtsleeves, his foot working a pedal, which, in turn, activates a bellows, to which all the tubes are connected. Occasionally he knocks off an ash on a glass slide, studies it under a microscope, makes a notation in a notebook.

WATSON, in a dressing gown, is sitting in the chair with the writing arm, documenting the latest Holmes adventure for Strand Magazine. MRS. HUDSON is clearing the dinner dishes from the table, and loading them onto the shelf of the dumbwaiter. The accumulation of smoke in the room makes her cough.

MRS. HUDSON
How can you stand this? Why don't you
let me air the room out?

WATSON
Please, Mrs. Hudson -- he's working on
a definitive study of tobacco ash.

MRS. HUDSON
(dryly)
I'm sure there's a crying need for
that.

CONTINUED:

U9 CONTINUED:

WATSON

In our endeavors, it is sometimes vital to distinguish between, say, the ashes of a Macedonian cigarette and a Jamaican cigar. So far he has classified 140 different kinds of ashes.

MRS. HUDSON

All of which will wind up on my rug.

She is now pulling on the rope which lowers the dumb-waiter, loaded with dishes and cutlery.

WATSON

That'll be enough, Mrs. Hudson.

MRS. HUDSON

(heading for the door)

All right. If you gentlemen want to stay here and suffocate ---

She exits, shutting the door. For a while, the two go on working. Then HOLMES rises abruptly from the chemistry table.

HOLMES

She's right. I am suffocating.

WATSON

Let me open a window.

HOLMES

Not from lack of air -- from lack of activity. Sitting here week after week -- blowing smoke rings -- staring through a micro-scope -- there's no challenge in that.

WATSON

Personally, I consider it a major contribution to scientific criminology ---

CONTINUED:

U9 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMES has opened the violin case and taken out his fiddle.

HOLMES

How I envy you your mind, Watson.

WATSON

You do?

HOLMES

It's placid, imperturbable, prosaic.
But my mind rebels against stagnation.
It's like a racing engine, tearing
itself to pieces because it's not
connected up with the work for which
it was built.

He has tucked the violin under his chin, starts to improvise a nervous pent-up melody. There is nothing amateurish about it -- he plays quite well.

WATSON resumes working on his manuscript. Suddenly the music stops. WATSON looks up apprehensively. HOLMES has put down the violin, and is crossing to the sideboard. He opens WATSON'S medical bag, takes out a bottle of cocaine, starts towards his bedroom. WATSON pushes the writing arm to the side, rises from his chair.

WATSON

Holmes --

HOLMES pays no attention, continues into the bedroom. WATSON crosses to the open door. Inside the bedroom, HOLMES has put down the cocaine bottle on the washstand, and is rolling up his left sleeve.

WATSON

Holmes, where is your self-control?

HOLMES

Fair question.

CONTINUED:

U9 CONTINUED: (3)

From a shelf he takes a morocco case, open it, removes a hypodermic syringe.

WATSON

Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

HOLMES

Thoroughly. But this will take care of it.

He opens the cocaine bottle, and inserting the hypodermic needle into it, starts to draw up the liquid.

WATSON turns away from the bedroom door, walks slowly to the sideboard, shuts the medical bag.

DISSOLVE TO:

U10 EXT. BAKER STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

U10

DR. WATSON is returning home, some papers under his arm. He starts to unlock the door.

U11 DOWNSTAIRS - 221B BAKER STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

U11

MRS. HUDSON is in her parlor, playing Solitaire. The door to the vestibule is wide open. WATSON comes in, heads for the stairs.

MRS. HUDSON

Oh, Dr. Watson --
(WATSON stops)
I'm so glad your back.

WATSON

Anything wrong?

MRS. HUDSON

(pointing up)
He's been carrying on all day
-- calling for you.

CONTINUED:

U12 CONTINUED:

WATSON

Oh?

MRS. HUDSON

What's the matter with Mr. Holmes? He
won't eat, he won't let me cleanup his
room, he keeps snapping at me --

But WATSON isn't listening -- By now he is mounting the
stairs two at a time.

U12 INT. LIVING ROOM - 221B BAKER STREET - LATE AFTERNOON U12

HOLMES, haggard and unkempt, is flat on his stomach,
searching for something under the couch. In his hand is
the empty cocaine bottle.

WATSON comes hurrying in, looks around, doesn't see him.

WATSON

Holmes -- ?

He looks into the bedroom.

HOLMES'S VOICE

Well, it's about time.

WATSON turns as HOLMES emerges from under the couch.

HOLMES

Where in blazes are you keeping
yourself these days?

WATSON

If you must know, I'm doing my work in
the reading room of the British
Museum.

(putting down papers)
I find it less depressing.

CONTINUED:

U12 CONTINUED:

HOLMES
All right, where is it?

WATSON
Where's what?

HOLMES
The medical bag. Your medical bag.

WATSON
(looking at sideboard)
Isn't it in its usual place? That's
strange.

HOLMES
(throwing empty bottle in
wastepaper basket)
Come, come, Watson. Where are you
hiding it this time?

WATSON
Hiding it? Don't be ridiculous ---

HOLMES by this time has stuck his head into the fire-
place, and is peering up the chimney.

WATSON
Holmes, this may be of interest you. I
had lunch with some of my old chums at
St. Bartholomew's Hospital ---

HOLMES
Watson, I'm in no mood to play games
with you.

WATSON
And one of the doctors told me about a
clinic in Lausanne, Switzerland --
They've been experimenting with a new
method of treating drug addiction.
(to HOLMES, who is pacing,
absorbed in some scheme of
his own)
You're not listening, Holmes.

CONTINUED:

U12 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMES

Yes I am, clinic, Switzerland, drug
addiction, some new method.

He picks up a pipe and a canister of tobacco, perches on
the edge of the desk.

WATSON

That's right. It's somewhat
revolutionary. They're using hypnosis.

He wanders over to the sideboard, proceeds to fix
himself a whiskey and soda.

HOLMES

Hypnosis? Really?

He has been filling his pipe. He now reaches over
casually, opens the desk drawer. Inside are a pistol and
some bullets. He takes out one of the cartridges, breaks
it open, empties the gunpowder into the pipe. He then
continues to stuff tobacco in.

WATSON

I know there's something faintly
disreputable about hypnotism --
one associates it with charlatans.
But there beginning to do some
rather serious work along those
lines in Paris and Vienna -- on
cases of hysteria, and certain
types of paralysis, and even
stammering ---

HOLMES

(lighting a pipe)
Do tell me more.

WATSON

They claim considerable success in
dealing with habitual drug users.
Complete cures in 60 per cent of
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

U12 CONTINUED: (3)

WATSON (CONT'D.)

the cases involving opium, morphine,
and cocaine. As for hashish, they show
a remarkable record of 88 percent.

HOLMES

Obviously, the thing to do is switch
to hashish.

Puffing on his pipe, he wanders over to the open window.

WATSON

The thing to do is to go to Switzer-
land. Give it a try for a few weeks.
I'll go with you.

HOLMES

(shrugging)
Well, since there's nothing in
particular to keep me in London these
days --

He now has his back to the window, and the pipe in his
hand. Making sure that he is unobserved by WATSON, he
tosses the lit pipe into the street.

WATSON

(beaming)
That's more like it. I have a feeling
it's going to work.

HOLMES

And if it doesn't, at least we'll come
back with a cuckoo clock.

WATSON has picked up the gasogene, starts to squirt some
soda into his whisky. There is a loud explosion from
down below. WATSON rears back, startled, drops the
whiskey glass and the gasogene, which continues
squirting.

CONTINUED:

U12 CONTINUED: (4)

WATSON

What was that?

HOLMES

I think it came from the kitchen - -
or the basement.

He rushes out the door towards the stairs.

WATSON

Sounded more like it came from the
street.

He picks up the activated gasogene, finally manages to
pull the handle up again. HOLMES comes dashing back in.

HOLMES

(breathless)

Watson -- quick, quick!

WATSON

What is it?

HOLMES

The gas stove -- Poor Mrs. Hudson --
second degree burns.

WATSON

Oh, my God.

He rushes to the dumbwaiter, opens the door, pulls
frantically on the rope. The shelf comes up, and as it
rises above the level of the opening, we see there is a
hook underneath, and hanging from it is the medical bag.

HOLMES is watching all this with strange calm.

WATSON has grabbed the bag, and is racing towards the
door. At the same time, MRS. HUDSON comes hurrying up
the stairs.

CONTINUED:

U12 CONTINUED: (5)

MRS. HUDSON

What was that terrible noise?

WATSON

(without stopping)

The gas stove -- Poor Mrs. Hudson --

He scurries past her, starts down the stairs, and stops abruptly and looks back. This is Mrs. Hudson.

MRS. HUDSON

What are you talking about?

WATSON reappears through the doorway, with the medical bag.

HOLMES

If you must know, we were playing
hide-and-seek -- and Dr. Watson lost.

(crosses to him, takes the bag
out of his hand)

May I?

WATSON

That was a cheap trick.

HOLMES

I'm not too proud of it myself.

He has put the bag down, opened it, and is taking out a full bottle of cocaine.

WATSON

Blast you, Holmes. You -- You --
You --

HOLMES

You're stammering, Watson. Maybe you
ought to try that hypnotist in
Switzerland.

CONTINUED:

U12 CONTINUED: (6)

Tossing the bottle of cocaine in his hand, he enters his bedroom, shutting the door behind him.

MRS. HUDSON

I'm getting worried about Mr. Holmes.
I think he needs a long rest.

WATSON

On the contrary, what he needs is
a bit of a jolt -- preferably a
headless corpse -- lying in the
middle of a snow-covered field --
with no footprints around --

(a little gasp from MRS.
HUDSON)

Run along Mrs. Hudson.

MRS. HUDSON

Gladly.

She exits. WATSON paces up and down the room, stops before the phrenology head, contemplates it thoughtfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

U13 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

U13

Start on a black bowler, held in a man's hand, the fingers of the other hand drumming on the crown.

LESTRADE'S VOICE

I hope I'm not intruding -- But I
happened to be in the neighborhood
-- and I thought I'd drop in and
see how my old friends are getting
along.

CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK TO REVEAL INSPECTOR LESTRADE, a short nervous man, whose features are sharper than his mind. He is standing in the open doorway, facing WATSON. From HOLMES'S bedroom comes the sound of the violin, playing a melancholy tune.

CONTINUED:

U13 CONTINUED:

WATSON

Come in. Come in, Lestrade.

LESTRADE

(moving into the room)

And how is Mr. Holmes these days?

WATSON

Oh, in top form.

He crosses to the closed door of HOLMES'S bedroom, knocks.

WATSON

Holmes, guess who's here? Our chum, Inspector Lestrade.

The violin playing stops.

LESTRADE

Has he been working on anything interesting?

WATSON

Oh, yes. Uncovered a plot to assassinate the Czar. Six anarchists disguised as midgets -- but I can't talk about it.

The door opens and HOLMES come out, carrying his violin and bow. He is disheveled and disgruntled.

LESTRADE

Ah, there you are, Holmes. How good to see you again. You're looking splendid. Fit as a fiddle.

(chuckles at his own joke)

HOLMES

(cutting him off)

All right, Lestrade. Get to the point. What is your problem?

CONTINUED:

U13 CONTINUED: (2)

LESTRADE

No problem. Just a little social visit, that's all.

HOLMES

Balderdash! You came to pick my brain. You fellows at Scotland Yard are stumped again. Right?

He puts down the violin and bow on the velvet chair.

LESTRADE

Well, it's one of those odd cases that's really more in your line --
(drumming on hat)
-- so I thought if you could spare a little time --

WATSON

Oh, He'll be glad to listen to you -- won't you Holmes?

HOLMES

I will not.

WATSON

You won't?

HOLMES

Not unless he stops drumming on that hat.

LESTRADE

Oh, sorry.
(puts his hat behind his back)

WATSON

Go on.

LESTRADE

Well, there's a piano tuner named Plimsoll - lives in Hampstead --lets out the upstairs room --
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

U13 CONTINUED: (3)

LESTRADE (CONT'D.)
this morning, he went up to collect
the rent -- found the door open, and
all the furniture gone.

HOLMES
You've come to consult me on a case of
missing furniture?

LESTRADE
That's only part of it, because there
was something in the room that didn't
belong there -- a corpse.

HOLMES
So you have a corpse and no furniture.
What's so odd about that?

He has wandered back to the door of the bedroom.

LESTRADE
Let me finish --- The missing
furniture wasn't exactly missing --it
was there all the time -- on the
ceiling.

WATSON
On the ceiling? How about that,
Holmes. I never heard that equal --

HOLMES
(in the bedroom doorway:
without turning around)
Let him finish.

LESTRADE
That's the odd thing about this case.
The whole room is upside-down.

HOLMES turns slowly towards LESTRADE, intrigued at last.

DISSOLVE TO:

U14 EXT. HOUSE IN HAMSTEAD - DAY

U14

A modest, two-story affair. In the ground-floor window is a sign reading: J. D. PLIMSOLL, PIANOFORTES TUNED. At the entrance, a Bobby is holding back a dozen or so curious neighbors.

A hansom cab draws up, and LESTRADE, HOLMES and WATSON alight. They enter the building past the saluting Bobby.

U15 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - HOUSE IN HAMSTEAD - DAY

U15

Another Bobby stands guard outside a closed door. As LESTRADE, HOLMES and WATSON come up the stairs, he opens the door to the murder room. The three men step inside.

U16 INT. MURDER ROOM - DAY

U16

It's what LESTRADE said -- an upside-down room. The rug is on the ceiling, as are a bed, a dresser, a table, and a couple of chairs -- all neatly grouped, as if it were the most normal thing in the world, except upside-down. On the upside-down table is an upside-down lamp, on the walls are a couple of upside-down prints, on the windows are upside-down curtains.

The floor is bare -- except for the corpse of a slender elderly Chinese in a business suit, lying on his back. Beside him are four objects -- a stuffed owl, a meat-cleaver, a baby's rattle, and a copy of "Treasure Island"-- resting on a newspaper in which they had originally been wrapped.

WATSON

(pointing to the ceiling, bug-eyed)

It seems to defy all the laws of gravity.

LESTRADE

(smugly)

I wouldn't exactly call it a text-book case - eh, Holmes?

CONTINUED:

U16 CONTINUED:

WATSON

It's the weirdest kind of hocus-pocus-
- or in this case, pocus-hocus --What
do you suppose the trick is?

HOLMES

No trick. Just took a lot of effort --
and an impressive number of nails.

WATSON

Why would anybody go to all that
trouble -- ?

HOLMES

That's what we're here to find out.

LESTRADE

(turns to policeman in
doorway)
Get Mr. Plimsoll up here.
(Holmes wanders over to the
corpse)
There's no identification on him --
nothing in his pockets -- just that
bundle that we unwrapped.
(as HOLMES bends over the
corpse)
The only thing we know for sure is
that he's Chinese.

HOLMES

What makes you so sure?

LESTRADE

(pointing proudly)
Because that's a Chinese newspaper.

HOLMES

(dryly)
Very sound, Lestrade.
(to WATSON)
Any idea about the cause of death,
Watson?

WATSON kneels bedside the corpse, moves the head.

CONTINUED:

U16 CONTINUED: (2)

WATSON

Well, from the position of the head
I would say he died from a broken
neck.

He glances up toward the ceiling. The bed is directly
above the corpse.

WATSON (CONT'D)

You don't suppose he fell out of bed,
do you? --- No, that's ridiculous.
Why would anybody be sleeping on the
ceiling? And how?

HOLMES turns the right arm of the corpse around. Some-
thing is clenched in the fist. HOLMES pries open the
stiff fingers, removes a crumpled playing card.

LESTRADE

Oh! Something we overlooked?

HOLMES

The seven of diamonds.

LESTRADE starts drumming on his bowler again.

WATSON

Do you suppose it has any
significance?

HOLMES

(frowns)

I find it very unnerving.

LESTRADE

You mean that card?

HOLMES

I mean that infernal drumming.

LESTRADE

I'm sorry.

CONTINUED:

U16 CONTINUED: (3)

WATSON

(pointing to the unwrapped
parcel)

What a queer assortment of objects --
stuffed owl, meat-cleaver, baby's
rattle, and a copy of 'Treasure
Island' -- Well, there must be some
connection between them.

HOLMES

So it would seem.

He starts pacing, fanning himself with the playing card.

WATSON

Not to mention the seven of diamonds,
and that furniture dangling from the
ceiling --

LESTRADE

Got any theories, Holmes?

(no answer from HOLMES,
who is lost in thought)

You certainly can't complain that
there aren't enough clues.

HOLMES

If anything, too many.

He slips the seven of diamonds in his pocket.

WATSON

You know, Holmes, I am inclined to
think -

HOLMES

I would do so if I were you.

A knock at the door. In the doorway appears MR.
PLIMSOLL, the landlord. He is a man around fifty, with
dark glasses and a white cane. He is blind.

LESTRADE

Oh, Mr. Plimsoll --- I want you to
meet Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

HOLMES

How do you do? --- My colleague, Dr.
Watson.

CONTINUED:

U16 CONTINUED: (4)

WATSON grunts in acknowledgment.

PLIMSOLL

This is indeed an honor, gentlemen.

HOLMES

Mr. Plimsoll, what can you tell us about your tenant?

PLIMSOLL

Not much, I'm afraid. He rented the room last Wednesday -- said his name was Fowler.

HOLMES

English?

PLIMSOLL

Definitely.

HOLMES

He couldn't have been an Oriental who was educated in England?

PLIMSOLL

Definitely not. There are certain compensations you know --
(pointing at his eyes)
-- you can't fool my ear.

WATSON wanders over to the corpse, starts to examine it again.

LESTRADE

Tell us, Mr. Plimsoll -- did you hear any hammering up here -- or other strange sounds?

PLIMSOLL

No.

LESTRADE

Nothing at all?

CONTINUED:

U16 CONTINUED: (5)

HOLMES

My dear Lestrade, no matter how sharp your hearing, you cannot hear hammering in Hamstead when your tuning a piano in Mayfair.

PLIMSOLL

That's right. I'm away from home most of the time.

HOLMES

(turning)

Watson, can you tell us how long the man has been dead?

WATSON

(shaking his head)

Uh-uh.

HOLMES

Well, approximately. Twelve hours? Twenty-four hours?

WATSON merely shrugs.

LESTRADE

(to HOLMES)

The coroner's on his way.

(to PLIMSOLL)

As soon as we remove the body, we'll put the furniture back in place.

PLIMSOLL

I'd rather you didn't. I'm going to charge people a shilling to see this room. And if you'll leave the body, two shillings.

He exits.

LESTRADE

Lucky for the murderer that Mr. Plimsoll is blind.

CONTINUED:

U12 CONTINUED: (6)

WATSON

Not lucky. Mr. Fowler cleverly
rented a room from someone who could
never identify him.

HOLMES has bent over the corpse, loosens the knot in
the Chinaman's tie. He studies him for a minute then
rises.

HOLMES

Lestrade, would you please unbutton
your coat?

LESTRADE

What?

HOLMES

Unbutton your coat.

LESTRADE, slightly bewildered, undoes the buttons of his
double-breasted suit. HOLMES turns to WATSON.

HOLMES

Now Watson, button it for him.

WATSON

If you say so.

He buttons LESTRADE'S coat.

LESTRADE

Oh really, Holmes. What is this
nonsense?

HOLMES

(to WATSON)

Observe the difference. Your own
coat is buttoned to the right -- which
is normal.

(pointing to LESTRADE)

Now, when you buttoned his coat, you
instinctively did it the same way --
which means it came out to the left.

CONTINUED:

U16 CONTINUED: (7)

LESTRADE

What does that prove?

HOLMES

Look at the corpse again. The coat has been buttoned wrong, and the cravat has been tied in the wrong direction. So obviously he did not dress himself.

WATSON

A reasonable assumption.

HOLMES has now removed the right shoe and sock of the corpse.

HOLMES

It's a certainty. Someone dressed him after he was dead.

LESTRADE

You determined that from examining the foot?

HOLMES

No. Just the big toe.

WATSON

I must confess I'm at a complete loss. The clothes are reversed -- the room is reversed --

LESTRADE

I have a thought. Maybe if we reversed ourselves --

HOLMES

How do you mean?

LESTRADE

We've been looking at the problem from the wrong perspective. Since the room is upside-down, perhaps we could find some answers if we were upside-down.

CONTINUED:

U16 CONTINUED: (8)

HOLMES

Capital idea. Let's help him, Watson.

They take him by the arms.

LESTRADE

Oh, no, no, I didn't mean me --

HOLMES

Over here against the wall -- put
your head down -- put your hands
on the floor -- now up you go.

They tilt his legs up, so that he is resting on his
hands and his head, his feet propped up against the
wall.

HOLMES

(after a couple of beats)

Notice anything different?

LESTRADE

Not really. But I'm starting to get
dizzy -- it's a terrifying sensation -
- I think I'm about to fall up to the
ceiling --

HOLMES

(to WATSON, casually)

Well, there's nothing more
to be accomplished around here.
Gather up that bundle, will you,
Watson?

WATSON wraps the four weird objects in the Chinese
newspaper. HOLMES starts toward the door, followed by
WATSON.

LESTRADE

(panicky)

Hey, where are you going? Wait a
minute. You can't leave me here
like this. Holmes -- Watson --

CONTINUED:

U16 CONTINUED: (9)

HOLMES
Carry on, Lestrade.

LESTRADE
(the door slams)
Come back! Come back!

U17 EXT. HOUSE IN HAMSTEAD - DAY

U17

The two Bobbies are now holding back a somewhat larger crowd of curious kibitzers. The front door opens and HOLMES and WATSON come out, WATSON carrying the bundle.

HOLMES
(to Bobbies)
Good day, gentlemen.
(after a few steps,
HOLMES turns back)
Oh --
(pointing up)
Inspector Lestrade doesn't want to be
disturbed.

BOBBY
Right, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

U18 EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

U18

HOLMES and WATSON are proceeding down the street toward 221B. WATSON is carrying the bundle and casting an occasional glance at HOLMES who is whistling in a relaxed manor.

WATSON
All right, Holmes. You want to let me
in on it?

HOLMES
On what?

CONTINUED:

U18 CONTINUED:

WATSON

I know you, Holmes. When you start whistling like that, you're getting close to a solution.

HOLMES

Let's just say I have pinpointed the motive.

WATSON

(stopping him)

You have? What is it?

HOLMES

Narcotics.

WATSON

Narcotics? You mean it was a smuggling ring? And the Chinese was one of the agents? And Mr. Fowler was the brains behind it?

HOLMES doesn't answer. He has by this time unlocked the front door, and starts into the vestibule, followed by a wide-eyed WATSON.

U19 DOWNSTAIRS - 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

U19

In the parlor, MRS. HUDSON is playing Solitaire, with the door open. HOLMES and WATSON come into the vestibule, and HOLMES stops at the open door.

HOLMES

Any callers while we were gone?

MRS. HUDSON

Yes. Me. I slipped up to your bedroom and cleaned it. Without your permission.

HOLMES

(pointing at laid-out
Solitaire cards)

I think you've made a mistake there.

CONTINUED:

U19 CONTINUED:

MRS. HUDSON

No mistake. I'm cheating. Because I haven't won a game in God knows how long.

HOLMES

Maybe this will help.

He takes the seven of diamonds out of his pocket, hands it to her. MRS. HUDSON looks at the back of it -- it matches her deck.

MRS. HUDSON

Oh. You mean I've been playing with fifty-one cards?

HOLMES turns towards the staircase, and an anxious WATSON hurries after him.

U20 STAIRCASE - DAY

U20

As WATSON catches up with HOLMES.

WATSON

Holmes! You don't suppose that Mrs. Hudson had anything to do with -- ?

HOLMES

Not very likely. Somebody borrowed that card.

WATSON

Who?

HOLMES

Mr. Fowler, of course.

WATSON

Oh?

HOLMES opens the door of their flat.

CONTINUED:

U21 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

U21

HOLMES comes in, followed by WATSON.

HOLMES

There is no doubt that this sinister gentlemen has been operating in our neighborhood.

WATSON

What makes you think so?

He puts the bundle down on the table.

HOLMES

Because of these objects.

(he opens the bundle)

They may seem totally unrelated --and yet there is an obvious pattern.

WATSON

(studying the objects, then--)
It's not obvious to me.

HOLMES

Between here and the omnibus stop on Oxford street, there are four shops. A hardware merchant, a book-seller, a toy shop, and a taxidermist. If somebody were to buy one object in each of those shops, he could wind up with a meat-cleaver, a copy of 'Treasure Island', a baby's rattle and a stuffed owl.

WATSON

But why? Why would Mr. Fowler -- ?

HOLMES

For the same reason that he nailed the furniture to the ceiling. Or removed this Chinese newspaper from the British Museum.

WATSON

The British Museum?

CONTINUED:

U21 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

(indicating some small holes
on the margin of the paper.)
You will see from these perforations
that it was clamped into one of those
holders they use in the reading room.

WATSON

I've been working there. For all I
know, I may have been sitting right
next to the murderer.

HOLMES

There was no murderer. Mr. Fowler
merely borrowed that corpse for the
occasion.

WATSON

Borrowed it?

HOLMES

When I examined the big toe, there was
a mark where an identification tag had
been wired on. Ergo, it came from the
morgue of some hospital-- possibly St.
Bartholomew's?

WATSON

But why on earth -- ? This Mr. Fowler
must be deranged.

HOLMES

In a cunning sort of way. He rigged up
an elaborate puzzle, replete with red
herrings, for the sole purpose of
baffling the expert.

WATSON

I'm sorry, Holmes, but you've lost me.

HOLMES

Have I really, Mr. Fowler?

CONTINUED:

U21 CONTINUED: (2)

WATSON

Mr. Fowler? Are you implying that I am
---- ?

HOLMES

Of course, the name didn't originate
in your head -- it came from this
head.

(he points to the porcelain
phrenology head)

WATSON

This is all so preposterous --Holmes.

HOLMES

Is it? Let us consider your curious
behavior in the presence of the piano
tuner.

WATSON

But I did nothing --

HOLMES

That's what made it so curious.
Loquacious as you are, you never said
a word when the blind man was in the
room -- because you knew he would
recognize your voice.

WATSON

Oh come now, come Holmes. What
possible motive could I have -- ?

HOLMES

You wanted to involve me in an
insoluble case, in order to wean me
away from cocaine. Right?

(no answer from WATSON)

When you have eliminated all the
possibilities, whatever is left,
however improbable, must be the
solution.

CONTINUED:

U21 CONTINUED: (3)

WATSON

Damn you, Holmes. I hoped this would keep you occupied till Christmas.

HOLMES

Nice try, Watson. Rather primitive -- But with some amusing detail.

WATSON

(bitterly)

Thank you.

HOLMES

You had me fooled for almost ten minutes.

WATSON

I guess I'm not very bright.

HOLMES

No, but you're most endearing. No one could ask for a better friend.

WATSON

Friend, indeed. The only reason you moved in with me is to have a steady supply of stimulants.

HOLMES

Now, now Watson -- you mustn't underestimate your many other charms.

He starts into the bedroom.

WATSON

Holmes, I warn you. If you lock yourself in there again --

HOLMES

(from the bedroom)

I intend to do nothing of the sort.

He emerges from the bedroom with the hypodermic in his hand.

CONTINUED:

U21 CONTINUED: (4)

HOLMES

Not until you replace this needle. It
is getting rather blunt.

As WATSON glares at him, the door opens and MRS. HUDSON
comes bustling in with a loaded tea tray. Holmes hides
the hypodermic behind his back.

MRS. HUDSON

Here's your tea -- and some watercress
sandwiches.

WATSON

(stiffly)

Mrs. Hudson, I want you to pack my
bags.

MRS. HUDSON

(setting tray down on table)

Are you going away for the weekend?

WATSON

And beyond. I'm moving out.

MRS. HUDSON

Moving out?

(she looks at HOLMES)

HOLMES

I'm just as surprised as you are.

WATSON

You heard me, Mrs. Hudson. And let's
not waste any time.

MRS. HUDSON sighs, exits into WATSON'S bedroom.

HOLMES

May I be so bold as to ask where
you're going?

WATSON

I don't know yet. But I intend to
resume my practice. I am, after all, a
doctor. And a quite competent one, if
I say so as shouldn't.

CONTINUED:

U21 CONTINUED: (5)

HOLMES

You'll find it very dull -- snipping
out tonsils and flushing out kidneys--

WATSON has been moving around the room, searching for
something.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

If you're looking for your medical
bag, you hid it under that chair.

He points to the velvet wing chair. WATSON lifts the
skirt of the chair, pulls it out, sets it on the table,
starts to open it.

WATSON

I will, of course, continue to pay
half of the rent until you find
someone to share these rooms with you.

HOLMES

Where am I going to find anyone who
will put up with my rather eccentric
habits?

WATSON

(taking hypodermic needle
out of bag)
Here's a fresh needle -- and here's my
farewell present to you.

He takes out three bottles of narcotics, puts them on
the mantel.

WATSON

If you want to destroy yourself, go
right ahead. But I won't sit by and
watch you doing it.

He snaps his bag shut, carries it into his bedroom,
slamming the door.

HOLMES looks after him, then looks at the bottles of

CONTINUED:

U21 CONTINUED: (6)

dope on the mantle-piece. He starts pacing. After a moment he stops at the chemistry table, studies the assorted glassware on the shelves above.

U22 INT. WATSON'S BEDROOM - DAY

U22

There are two open valises on the bed. WATSON is packing his suits, MRS. HUDSON is packing his linen. She is bawling. She takes out one of a pile of clean handkerchiefs, blows her nose.

MRS. HUDSON

I'll wash this and send it on to you.

(a sob)

It's so sad. You and Mr. Holmes --
after all these years --

WATSON

Please, Mrs. Hudson -- none of that.

MRS. HUDSON

I know how it feels -- I once went
through a divorce myself --

WATSON

(operating between wardrobe
and valise)

Actually, I'm rather looking forward
to it. Leading a normal life again.
Regular office hours -- nine to three
-- and if occasionally there's an
emergency call in the middle of the
night, I know it's going to be
appendicitis and not an ax murder. Let
Holmes go mucking about in the fog and
the sleet, looking for a bloodstained
collar-button out on the moors, with
some demented hound snapping at his
behind --

From the living room comes the sound of a pistol shot.
WATSON and MRS. HUDSON look at each other in alarm.
There is another shot. WATSON storms out of the room,
followed by MRS. HUDSON.

CONTINUED:

U23 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

U23

As they burst into the room, they see HOLMES sitting calmly behind his desk, a pistol in his hand. He has shattered two of the narcotics bottles on the mantelpiece, and is now aiming at the third one.

MRS. HUDSON

Mr. Holmes! How many times have I told you I will not tolerate pistol practice on the premises?

HOLMES

(waving her aside with the pistol)

Please, Mrs. Hudson. You're in my line of fire.

WATSON jerks MRS. HUDSON back as HOLMES lets go with another shot. The bullet smashes the third bottle, splattering glass and liquid all over the place.

MRS. HUDSON

(screaming)

This is outrageous.

WATSON'S reaction is somewhat different. There is a little smile on his face.

MRS. HUDSON (CONT'D)

Look at that mess you made --

WATSON

(gently)

It's all right, Mrs. Hudson. I'll clean it up --

(a beat)

-- while you unpack my things.

MRS. HUDSON

Unpack?

HOLMES

(putting pistol back in drawer.)

You heard him.

CONTINUED:

U23 CONTINUED:

A bewildered MRS. HUDSON goes back into the bedroom. WATSON crosses to the fireplace, picks up the whisk-broom and the coal shovel, starts cleaning up the broken glass.

WATSON

Thank you, Holmes. I know how difficult it must've been for you --

HOLMES

(getting up)

Not really. It was a simple choice between a bad habit and a good companion.

WATSON

You've made me very happy.

HOLMES

I've often been accused of being cold and unemotional. I admit to it. And yet, in my own cold, un-emotional way, I'm very fond of you, Watson.

WATSON

I know that. But one likes to hear these things occasionally.

He notices the violin, which has been splattered with the liquid from the shattered bottles, picks it up.

WATSON

Look at this. I'd better dry it off.

HOLMES

I'll do it.

He takes the instrument, and dabbing it with a napkin from the tea tray, carries it towards the violin case.

WATSON

For a while there, I was worried that you were going to let me walk out -- that you weren't even going to stop me.

CONTINUED:

U23 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMES

Now, Watson -- you know there's
nothing I wouldn't do to keep you
here.

With a side-glance at the busy WATSON, he opens the violin case. Neatly stashed away around the edges are the three original bottles of narcotics. The ones he shot up, of course, were substitutes from the chemistry set. He places the violin carefully among the bottles, closes the case, snaps the locks. Then he walks non-chalantly towards the table.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Shall I pour the tea?

WATSON

Pray do.

As HOLMES strains the tea, WATSON starts to chuckle to himself. Then the chuckle becomes a giggle.

HOLMES

Now what?

WATSON

(having difficulty controlling
his laughter)

I was just thinking of Lestrade --
silly bugger -- probably still
standing on his head.

HOLMES joins him in the laughter. It builds to a convulsing crescendo, as MRS. HUDSON comes out of the bedroom. She stops and stares at her two tenants, convinced that they have gone mad.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

R1 THE WATSON MANUSCRIPT

R1

In WATSON'S handwriting, WE READ the TITLE of the next adventure:

THE SINGULAR AFFAIR OF THE RUSSIAN BALLERINA

Half-way down the page, the text starts, and WE again HEAR WATSON'S VOICE OVER IT.

In one of my previously published accounts, I mentioned that Holmes had acquired his violin from a pawn broker in the Tottenham Court Road for the sum of fifty-five shillings. To those who know the value of a Stradivarius, it will be obvious that I was being less than candid. The true story of how he came into possession of this instrument could not before be told, without tarnishing the good name of one of the most celebrated women of the time. Not to mention what it would have done to Holmes's character, and my own.

This nightmarish episode began one June morning in '85 ---

DISSOLVE TO:

R2 INT. LIVING ROOM - 22B BAKER STREET - DAY

R2

It's after breakfast. WATSON, in his dressing gown, is pacing up and down. In one hand is a letter, on blue stationery, and in the other, two theatre tickets. He is talking through the open door to HOLMES, who is off-scene.

WATSON

Why are you being so stubborn, Holmes?
Why won't you go? It's the final
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

R2 CONTINUED:

WATSON (CONT'D.)
performance of the Imperial Russian
Ballet -- the house has been sold
out for months --

He moves toward the door of --

R3 HOLMES'S BEDROOM - DAY

R3

HOLMES is sitting in a hip-bath with a high back,
soaping himself. WATSON appears in the doorway.

WATSON
--- seats are going for a guinea
apiece --

HOLMES
That's precisely it. Why should
someone send us two free tickets?
Anonymously, at that.

WATSON
Whoever sent them must be in great
distress. The note says --
(reading it)
'Please! You are the only man in
the world who can help me.'

HOLMES
I suspect it's some sort of plot.

WATSON
You mean somebody wants to lure us
into a trap --- ?

HOLMES
Somebody wants to kill me.

WATSON
Kill you?

CONTINUED:

R3 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

That's right. It's a plot to bore me to death. I detest ballet.

WATSON

But it's Swan Lake.
(hums a familiar motive)

HOLMES

It's not the music. What nauseates me is the sight of muscle-bound nymphs, on tiptoes, being pursued by dainty young men in tights, who would much rather be chasing each other.

WATSON

What about all those dreary violin recitals you drag me to?

HOLMES

Why don't you just go without me?

WATSON

And let that other ticket go to waste?

MRS. HUDSON'S VOICE

Mr. Holmes?

HOLMES

Right in here.

MRS. HUDSON appears in the living room, carrying a blue envelope -- obviously the same stationary as the invitation.

MRS. HUDSON

This just came for you --
(she sees him in the tub,
turns her back to him)
-- by messenger.

She backs up to the tub, hands him the letter.

CONTINUED:

R3 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMES

Mrs. Hudson, would you like to
go to the ballet tonight?

MRS. HUDSON

(her back to him)
The ballet?

HOLMES

Dr. Watson will take you.

WATSON

I will?

MRS. HUDSON

I've never been to the ballet.

HOLMES

You're lucky -- to be going with an
expert like Dr. Watson. He'll explain
it all to you - entrechats and tours
jetés and pas-de-deux ---

He has opened the envelope, starts reading the letter.

MRS. HUDSON

(beaming)
Sounds thrilling.
(a beat)
What shall I wear?

HOLMES

Get my dress suit out of moth balls.

MRS. HUDSON

Your dress suit? How will I look
in your ----- ?

HOLMES

The plans have been changed. I'm
going with Dr. Watson.

WATSON

(curious)
What happened?

CONTINUED:

R3 CONTINUED: (3)

HOLMES, his eyebrows raised in bemusement, shows him the note. It is in the same handwriting as the invitation, and reads:

AND DON'T SEND YOUR LANDLADY.

DISSOLVE TO:

R4 INT. THEATRE - DOWN SHOT - STAGE

R4

The second act of Swan Lake has just begun. The hunters enter, and seeing the swans, disburse.

R5 BOX IN ONE OF THE UPPER TIERS

R5

The only two occupants are HOLMES and WATSON, in evening dress. An enthusiastic WATSON is watching the stage through opera glasses. HOLMES is sitting there, bored. Suddenly he sniffs something, reaches into the handkerchief pocket of his dress suit, takes out a couple of moth-balls.

R6 STAGE

R6

PETROVA as the Queen of the Swans, has made her entrance, to loud applause. She is in her middle forties, but splendidly preserved. Undoubtedly the greatest ballerina around.

R7 BOX

R7

HOLMES is dozing, WATSON is looking through the glasses.

WATSON

Fabulous women, don't you think so, Holmes?

HOLMES

(coming to)

Who?

CONTINUED:

R7 CONTINUED:

WATSON

The great Petrova.

He hands the glasses to HOLMES, who focuses them indifferently on the stage.

HOLMES

Very strong arches, I must admit.

He hands the glasses back to WATSON.

WATSON

They say twelve men have died for her.

HOLMES

Really

WATSON

Six committed suicide, four were killed in duels, and one fell out of the gallery in the Vienna Opera House.

HOLMES

That's only eleven.

WATSON

The man who fell from the gallery landed on another man in the orchestra.

HOLMES

That makes an even dozen -- in a messy sort of way.

R8 STAGE

R8

The four cygnets are now performing their well-known set-piece, to the delight of the audience.

CONTINUED:

R9 BOX

R9

WATSON enjoying himself immensely, HOLMES sitting there dourly. The red plush curtain at the rear of the box parts, and a man in evening clothes and a top hat enters. He is in his middle fifties, extremely soigne, and somewhat sinister. His name is ROGOZHIN, and he is Russian. He studies HOLMES for a beat or so. Finally Holmes senses his presence, turns.

ROGOZHIN

Mr. Holmes?

HOLMES

Yes.

ROGOZHIN

I am Nicolai Rogozhin, director
general of Imperial Russian Ballet.
So glad you except invitation.

HOLMES and WATSON start to get up, but he motions them
back into their chairs.

HOLMES

This is Dr. Watson.

ROGOZHIN

Pleased to meet you.

(sitting himself behind them)

You are enjoying?

WATSON

Immensely

ROGOZHIN

(abruptly)

Tell me, Mr. Holmes, how is
your health?

HOLMES

My health? Better consult my
doctor.

WATSON

(to ROGOZHIN)

Oh, he's in excellent shape.

CONTINUED:

R9 CONTINUED:

ROGOZHIN

(to HOLMES)

Any insanity in your family? Diabetes?
Asthma?

HOLMES

Would you mind telling me what this
is all about?

ROGOZHIN

Certainly. Madame Petrova, she has
problem.

HOLMES

Could you be more specific?

ROGOZHIN

Certainly not.

WATSON

A liaison with a crowned head?
Compromising letters? Blackmail?

ROGOZHIN

More delicate than that.

(he rises; to HOLMES)

After performance, there will be
little celebration backstage --
Madame requests your presence.

WATSON

We'd be delighted.

ROGOZHIN

You are invited, also.

He exits through the curtain. HOLMES and WATSON turn to
each other mystified.

WATSON

What a curious chap. And what
curious questions.

CONTINUED:
69.

R9 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMES
(picking up opera glasses)
It gets curiouser and curiouser.

He trains the glasses on the Stage.

R10 STAGE

R10

PETROVA is making her spectacular exit, moving rapidly back on tiptoe toward the lake, amidst a rousing ovation.

DISSOLVE TO:

R11 STAGE

R11

The performance is over, the curtain is up, the party is on. Tables have been set up with caviar, vodka and champagne. The members of the orchestra are playing gypsy melodies, and crew and cast (the ballerinas still in costume, the male dancers in tights) seem in high spirits.

HOLMES and WATSON, in silk hats and with canes, appear from the wings, stop, survey the scene. WATSON'S eyes are shining with anticipation. In contrast, HOLMES'S face is sober and quizzical.

ROGOZHIN spots the two, detaches himself from a group, hurries over to join them.

ROGOZHIN
There you are, Mr. Holmes. Madame is expecting you in her dressing room. Dr. Watson, you will amuse yourself meanwhile - we have vodka, caviar, girls.

WATSON
No, thank you.

ROGOZHIN
No girls?

CONTINUED:

R11 CONTINUED:

WATSON

No caviar. Makes me breaks out in
hives.

ROGOZHIN turns to a group of ballerinas, claps his
hands.

ROGOZHIN

Dievushki. Siuda, siuda, dievushki.
Posnakomtes s doktorom Watsonom.

Half a dozen ballerinas descend on DR. WATSON. They are
giggling and chattering in Russian. ROGOZHIN leads
HOLMES off, while WATSON takes in the bevy of beauties
around him.

WATSON

Any of you girls understand English?

GIRLS

Nyet.

WATSON

Not one single word?

GIRLS

Nyet.

WATSON

In that case, I don't mind telling you
that you all have lovely po-pos. He
pats a couple of the po-pos.

R12 BACKSTAGE

R12

ROGOZHIN is leading HOLMES towards MADAME PETROVA'S
dressing room.

ROGOZHIN

Mr. Holmes, I must prepare you --
this is not ordinary case.

CONTINUED:

R12 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

It is only the extraordinary that interests me.

ROGOZHIN

Good. Because you will find this extra-extraordinary.

They have now reached the door of Madame's dressing room. ROGOZHIN knocks. The door is opened by an elderly Russian maid.

ROGOZHIN

Madame Petrova prinimaet?

MAID

Pozhaluista voidite.

ROGOZHIN leads HOLMES inside. The maid looks slyly at HOLMES, as he passes her in the doorway, then steps outside, shuts the door, puts her hand to her mouth to suppress a giggle.

R13 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

R13

It is small, elegant and sensuous. There is vodka in an ice-bucket, next to a Recamier chaise, a paravent, masses of flowers, and finally MADAME PETROVA, still in costume, sitting at a dressing table, undoing her hair. Candles, in two elaborate candelabra, give MADAME'S face a special glow.

ROGOZHIN

Ja priviol vam Mistera Sherlock Holmesa, doragaia.

PETROVA

(to HOLMES)

Otchen rada.

She extends her hand, and HOLMES takes it.

HOLMES

Madame.

CONTINUED:

R13 CONTINUED:

He kisses her hand. PETROVA appraises him from head to toe, and back again.

PETROVA
(to HOLMES)
Vi menshe rostom chem ja ozhidala.

ROGOZHIN
Madame says you are shorter than she thought.

HOLMES
I didn't mean to be.

PETROVA
No eto nie vazhno. Menia interessujut glavnim obrasom vashi mosghi.

ROGOZHIN
Short, tall, who cares? It is the brains that count.

HOLMES
(to ROGOZHIN)
Thank you.
(catching himself, to PETROVA)
Thank you.

PETROVA rises, crosses to the paravent.

PETROVA
Ja prochia vsie vashi prikliuchenia. Zamiechatelno! Ossobenno sobaka Baskervillei.

ROGOZHIN
Madame is great admirer of yours. She has read every story -- her favorite is 'Big Dog From Baskerville.'

HOLMES
I'm afraid it loses something in translation.

CONTINUED:

R13 CONTINUED: (2)

PETROVA is now behind the paravent, undressing, only her head visible.

PETROVA
Nicolai, pokazhite iemu skripku.

ROGOZHIN picks up a violin case, opens it.

ROGOZHIN
Mr. Holmes, you know about fiddles.
(takes violin out,
hands it to him.)
What is your opinion of this?

HOLMES holds the violin up, peers through of the sound holes.

HOLMES
(reading)
'Antonius Stradivarius Cremonesis,
Facietos Arno 1709.' Well, the
label is authentic.
(examines violin,
plucks strings)
Judging from the shape, color
of the varnish, and the tone, I
would say it is a genuine Stradivarius
of the best period.

ROGOZHIN
You like?

HOLMES
It's magnificent.

PETROVA
(from behind paravent)
Skazhite jemu chto eto podarok ot
menia.

ROGOZHIN
Here -- take it. Madame says it is
yours.

HOLMES
Mine.

CONTINUED:

R13 CONTINUED: (3)

ROGOZHIN
For services you will render.

HOLMES
My fees as a detective are not
exactly trifling -- but a Stradivarius
-- you're not serious.

ROGOZHIN
I am not. But Madame is.

PETROVA emerges from behind the paravent, in a gossamer
peignoir.

PETROVA
Nalejte vodki i obiasnite jemu
v chom dielo.

She drapes herself on the chaise.

ROGOZHIN
All right. I will pour vodka and
explain.
(starts pouring vodka;
it is pink)
Mr. Holmes, what you have seen tonight
is last and absolutely final
performance of Madame Petrova.
She is retiring.

HOLMES
What a shame.

ROGOZHIN
She has been dancing since she was
three years old, and after all,
she is now thirty-eight.

HOLMES
(gallantly)
I must say she doesn't look thirty-
eight.

CONTINUED:

R13 CONTINUED: (4)

ROGOZHIN

That is because she is forty-six.
(he hands her a glass of
vodka, with an exaggerated
smile)

So Madame has decided to leave ballet
and spend life bringing up her child.

HOLMES

How admirable.

ROGOZHIN

(handing him vodka)
Problem now is to find father.

HOLMES

Oh? Is he missing?

ROGOZHIN

Correct.

HOLMES

And that's why you called me in?

ROGOZHIN

Also correct. We must have father,
because without father, how can
there be child?

HOLMES

I see. The whole thing is still
in the planning stage --

ROGOZHIN

Correct again. Madame would like
child to be brilliant and beautiful.
Since she is beautiful -- she now
needs man who is brilliant.

HOLMES eyes wander slowly toward PETROVA. She returns
his gaze boldly. It's a long look. Then she raises her
glass.

CONTINUED:

R13 CONTINUED: (5)

PETROVA
Za zdorovie.

ROGOZHIN
(raising his glass)
Za zdorovie.

HOLMES
Za zdorovie.

PETROVA and ROGOZHIN down their vodka bottoms up.
HOLMES takes one swallow, then stops.

HOLMES
What's in it?

ROGOZHIN
What does it taste like?

HOLMES
Red pepper.

ROGOZHIN
That's what in it.

While ROGOZHIN refills PETROVA'S glass and his own,
HOLMES takes another tentative sip.

PETROVA
(to HOLMES)
Kogda mi smozhem dvintsa v putj?

HOLMES
I beg your pardon?

ROGOZHIN
Madame wants to know how soon you
can be ready.

HOLMES
Ready?

CONTINUED:

R13 CONTINUED: (6)

ROGOZHIN

To leave for Venice. All arrangements have been made. You will spend one week there with Madame ---

HOLMES

Well, this is all very flattering. But surely there are other men -- better men --

ROGOZHIN

To tell you truth, you were not first choice. We considered Russian writer, Tolstoi --

HOLMES

That's more like it. The man's a genius.

ROGOZHIN

Too old --- Then we considered the philosopher, Nietzsche --

HOLMES

Absolutely first-rate mind ---

ROGOZHIN

Too German --- And we considered Tchaikovsky ---

HOLMES

Oh, you couldn't go wrong with Tchaikovsky ---

ROGOZHIN

That is what you think. It was catastrophe.

HOLMES

Why?

ROGOZHIN

You don't know? Because Tchaikovsky -- how shall I put it? Women not his glass of tea.

CONTINUED:

R13 CONTINUED: (7)

HOLMES

Pity, that.

PETROVA

(to ROGOZHIN)

Skazhite jemu chto ja otchen dovolna
etim resheniem.

ROGOZHIN

Madame is very happy with final
choice.

HOLMES

Madame mustn't be too hasty. She
must remember I'm an Englishman.

ROGOZHIN

So?

HOLMES

You know what they say about us.
If there's one thing more deplorable
than our cooking, it's our lovemaking.
We are not exactly the most
romantic of people --

ROGOZHIN

Perfect. We don't want sentimental
idiots -- falling in love, committing
suicide. One week in Venice -- You
go back to London with Stradivarius,
she goes back to Saint Petersburg with
baby.

PETROVA

(looking straight into
HOLMES eyes.)

Ja uzbe vibrala imena -- Alexei
ili Svetlana.

ROGOZHIN

Alexi if it's a boy, Svetlana
if it's a girl.

CONTINUED:

R13 CONTINUED: (8)

HOLMES

Svetlana Holmes?

(a beat)

About my medical history -- when
you asked me -- I neglected to
mention a small detail. There
is hemophilia in my family.
We're all bleeders.

ROGOZHIN

(to PETROVA)

On govorit, chto v jevo semie
stradajut ghemofilijej.

PETROVA

Pust nie bezpokoitsa. Sa ostrighu
sebe noghti.

ROGOZHIN

Madame says not to worry. She will
not scratch you.

HOLMES

That's reassuring to know. But --

PETROVA

(to ROGOZHIN)

Pochemu on kolebletsa? On nie
nahodit menia dostatochno
privlekatelni?

ROGOZHIN

Madame says you talk too much.
You find her attractive or no?

Before HOLMES can answer, there is a knock on the door.
Then it opens and WATSON sticks his head. He is
flushed and slightly inebriated, and there is a flower
tucked behind his ear. From off comes the SOUND of wild
gypsy music.

WATSON

Excuse me.

(to ROGOZHIN)

What does prokaznik mean?

CONTINUED:

R13 CONTINUED: (9)

ROGOZHIN
It means 'You little rogue.'

WATSON
(beaming)
It does? I am? Thank you.

He hurries off.

ROGOZHIN
(to HOLMES)
I repeat question. You find Madame
attractive or no?

HOLMES is still looking at the door where WATSON exited,
an idea forming in his mind.

HOLMES
(turning to ROGOZHIN)
Oh, I find her most attractive --
for a woman, that is.

ROGOZHIN
Then no problem.

HOLMES
Maybe a slight one. You see, I
am not a free man.

ROGOZHIN
Not free? You are bachelor.

HOLMES
Precisely. A bachelor -- living
with another bachelor -- for the
last five years. Five very happy
years.

ROGOZHIN
What is it you are trying to tell us?

HOLMES
I hoped I could avoid the subject.
But some of us -- through a cruel
caprice of Mother Nature --

CONTINUED:

R13 CONTINUED: (10)

ROGOZHIN

Get to point.

HOLMES

The point is that Tchaikovsky is not
an isolated case.

ROGOZHIN

You mean, you and Dr. Watson --

(HOLMES nods)

He is your glass of tea?

HOLMES

If you want to be picturesque about
it.

PETROVA

(slightly agitated)

Chto on govorit? Pri chom tut
Chaikovsky?

ROGOZHIN

On pederast.

PETROVA

(on her feet now; flaring)

Jescho odin? Eto stanovitsa
odnoobrasno! Kakoy vi idiot!

(she slaps the glass of vodka
out of his hand.)

Potcheou vinie vijasnili eto ranshe,
pzezhdde chem posoritj menia!

HOLMES

Believe me, Madame, the loss is all
mine. But I would rather disappoint
you now, than disappoint you in a
gondola in Venice.

He takes her limp hand, kisses it. Then he picks up his
silk hat and cane.

CONTINUED:

R13 CONTINUED: (11)

HOLMES
(imitating ROGOZHIN'S accent)
It would have been catastrophe.

He exits.

R14 STAGE

R14

The party has built into a real wingding by now. It's wild -- drinking, laughing, singing. Everybody is turned on -- specifically WATSON. He is dancing with six ballerinas to a madly accelerating kazatski from the orchestra. Flower behind his ear, hair mused, tie undone, short of breath -- he is in paradise.

HOLMES makes his way through the revelers, approaches WATSON.

HOLMES
Watson!
(WATSON pays no attention)
Watson, are you coming!

WATSON
(without missing a step)
What is it, old boy?

HOLMES
We're going home.

WATSON
Home? Not a chance. Not the slightest -- not the dimmest -- not the remotest chance. Toodle-oo.

He waves goodbye, and goes on swirling dizzily with the girls. HOLMES puts on his silk hat and leaves.

A shaken ROGOZHIN comes up to the buffet, pours himself a stiff drink of vodka. As he drinks his eyes follow the dancing WATSON balefully.

CONTINUED:

R14 CONTINUED:

WATSON spins off a couple of the girls, grabs another pair. His ex-partners wind up close to ROGOZHIN. He whispers something to them. Their eyes widen, and they stare at WATSON in disbelief. WATSON again switches partners, and the first two girls now whisper intensely to the pair who had just danced with WATSON. The same reaction. WATSON, oblivious to all this, is whirling around with the third pair.

By now, some of the girls who are in on the secret are whispering to the male dancers in tights. Their reaction is slightly different. They are seeing WATSON in a new light. And before WATSON knows what's happening, he has been abandoned by all the girls, and is joined first by one pair, then another pair of male dancers, till he is dancing only with gay guys in tights. It gradually dawns on WATSON that there is something wrong with this state of affairs. He slows down.

WATSON

Wait a minute. Hold it.

But the boys want to go on dancing. Seeing ROGOZHIN, WATSON brakes away.

WATSON (CONT'D)

What's going on? What happened to the girls?

ROGOZHIN

Why? You not prefer it this way?

WATSON

What way?

ROGOZHIN

You don't have to pretend. Mr. Holmes told us everything -- about you and him.

WATSON

About me and him?

CONTINUED:

R16 CONTINUED: (2)

ROGOZHIN

Come now, no need to be bashful.
We are not bourgeois. Maybe with
doctors and detectives this is unusual
-- but in ballet, is very usual.

WATSON

What is?

ROGOZHIN

Caprice of Mother Nature. Look Pavel
and Mischa and Boris and Dimitri --

WATSON looks around at the boys in tights, who are
standing in a half-circle, grinning at him insolently.
It is beginning to dawn on him. He pales.

ROGOZHIN

-- and Illya and Sergei ---
(breaks off, rocks his hand
back and forth.)
Sergei -- half and half.

DISSOLVE TO:

R15 INT. LIVING ROOM - 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

R15

In contrast to the frenetic ambiance of the back-stage
party, the room seems doubly placid. HOLMES, his dinner
coat replaced by a smoking jacket, is sitting in the
wing chair, having a quiet pipe after the evening's
peculiar adventure. From the street, there is the sound
of hurried, angry footsteps approaching the house.
HOLMES turns his head languidly -- he knows who is
coming.

R16 EXT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

R16

An enraged WATSON, opera glasses in his hand and the

CONTINUED:

R16 CONTINUED:

flower still behind his ear, strides up to the door, fumbles his keys out and unlocks it, rushes in, slamming the door behind him.

R17 STAIRCASE - 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT R17

WATSON storms up the stairs, throws the door open.

R18 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT R18

WATSON, grim and breathless, stands in the open doorway.

WATSON

Holmes! Holmes!

He looks around the room. Over the back of the wingchair, he sees smoke curling up from HOLMES'S pipe.

WATSON (CONT'D)

There you are, you wretch! You monster! Of all the vile, unspeakable fabrications. What do you have to say for yourself?

(no answer from HOLMES)

And it had better be good, because I've never been so incensed in my life.

Still no answer -- just a little pipe smoke drifting up from the wing chair.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Don't just sit there -- speak up!

In his fury, he raises the opera glasses, tosses them toward the chair. There is a loud thud, the pipe falls to the floor, then there is silence. WATSON suddenly becomes concerned.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Holmes --- ?

(more silence)

Are you all right, Holmes?

CONTINUED:

R18 CONTINUED:

He approaches the chair apprehensively, steps around it, finds it occupied by a section of HOLMES'S smoking machine. Connected to it is a rubber tube, and WATSON'S eyes follow it to the bellows and the pedal and HOLMES, standing in a shadowy corner working the pedal.

HOLMES

(casually)

From the sound of your footsteps, I gathered that you were not in a particularly amiable mood.

WATSON

(with renewed fury)

How could you do a dastardly thing like that to me? What the deuce were you thinking of?

HOLMES

(picking up pipe
from floor)

Watson, you have my most abject apologies. But have you ever been cornered by a madwoman? It seemed like the only way to get out of it without hurting her feelings.

WATSON

What about my feelings? And my reputation? Do you realize the gravity of what you have done? The possible repercussions?

HOLMES

So there'll be a little gossip about you in Saint Petersburg ----

WATSON

These things spread like wildfire. I can just hear those malicious whispers behind my back. I'll never be able to show my face in polite society --- and if it ever got back to my old regiment
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

R18 CONTINUED: (2)

WATSON (CONT'D.)

-- You don't know the Fifth North-
umberland Fusiliers --They'll
strike me off the rolls -- They'll
cut off my pension ---

HOLMES

Watson, you're running amok.

WATSON

Dishonored, disgraced, ostracized.
What am I to do?

HOLMES

Well, for one thing, I'd get rid of
that flower.

He points to the flower behind WATSON'S ear. WATSON
grabs the flower, dashes it to the ground.

WATSON

You may think this is funny, but
we're both in the same boat. We
must take desperate measures. We
must stop this talk ---

(beat, then an idea)

Maybe if we got married ---

HOLMES

Then they'd really talk.

WATSON

(starts pacing)

Obviously, we cannot continue to
live under the same roof. We must move
apart.

HOLMES

Of course, we can still see each
clandestinely -- on remote
benches in Hyde Park, and in the
waiting room of suburban rail-
road stations --

CONTINUED:

R18 CONTINUED: (3)

More pacing by WATSON.

WATSON
(a change in attitude;
defiant)
This whole thing is ridiculous. We
have nothing to hide.

HOLMES
That's what I've been trying to tell
you.

WATSON
Let somebody start a rumor --just one
ugly word -- and we'll sue them for
libel.

HOLMES
Nobody would dare, after all, you have
an enviable record with the fair sex.

WATSON
Damn right. I can get women from three
continents to testify for me. And you
can get women to vouch for you, --
can't you, Holmes?

No answer from HOLMES. WATSON is becoming a little
concerned.

WATSON
Can you, Holmes?

HOLMES
Good night, Watson.

He starts toward his bedroom.

WATSON
Holmes, let me ask you a question --
(HOLMES stops)
I hope I'm not being presumptuous --
but there have been women in your
life?

CONTINUED:

R18 CONTINUED: (4)

HOLMES

The answer is yes -- you're
being presumptuous. Good night.

He walks into his bedroom. A puzzled WATSON stares after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

R19 EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

R19

The door of 221B is open, MRS. HUDSON is washing
off the front steps.

ROGOZHIN, wearing a fur hat and a coat with a fur
collar, and carrying the violin case and a bouquet of
flowers, comes up to the house. He steps over MRS.
HUDSON'S cleaning bucket, walks inside.

R20 INT. VESTIBULE - 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

R20

ROGOZHIN starts up the stairs. MRS. HUDSON, belatedly
aware of him, steps through the door, calls after him.

MRS. HUDSON

If you don't mind -- who did you wish
to see.

ROGOZHIN

(from halfway up the stairs)
Mr. and Mrs. Sherlock Holmes.

MRS. HUDSON

There is no Mrs. Holmes.

ROGOZHIN

That is what you think.

He continues up the stairs as a bewildered MRS. HUDSON
looks after him.

CONTINUED:

R21 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

R21

HOLMES and WATSON, in their dressing gowns, are just finishing their breakfast, when there is a knock on the door. WATSON rises, crosses to the door, opens it.

ROGOZHIN

Good morning.

WATSON

Oh. Not you again.

ROGOZHIN

Did you say come in?

WATSON

I did not.

He tries to shut the door in ROGOZHIN'S face.

HOLMES

Watson, where are your manners?

ROGOZHIN pushes past WATSON, crosses to HOLMES.

ROGOZHIN

I will just be a minute. The other night, you left in such hurry, you forgot to take madame's present.

HOLMES

I didn't forget it -- I did nothing to deserve it.

ROGOZHIN

Neither did Tchaikovsky -- but she gave him grand piano.

Roaring at his own joke, he hands the violin to HOLMES.

HOLMES

I'm overwhelmed. Please convey my thanks to --

CONTINUED:

R21 CONTINUED:

ROGOZHIN

Madame is incommunicado. You will be pleased to hear that she is in Venice, with famous French painter -- She met him in Paris, at Moulin Rouge.

(a beat)

We just hope that child will grow up to be of normal height.

HOLMES

Oh?

He has opened the violin case, takes out the Stradivarius. ROGOZHIN turns to WATSON, who is still beside the door, trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible.

ROGOZHIN

And these, Dr. Watson, are for you.
He hands him the bouquet.

WATSON

From Madame?

ROGOZHIN

No.

He glances in the direction of HOLMES, who is by now tuning the violin, turns back to WATSON.

ROGOZHIN

(an intimate whisper)

Meet me at Savoy Grill, eight o'clock tonight.

WATSON'S face is stricken with horror. His jaw drops.

ROGOZHIN

And don't send landlady.

He exits gaily. WATSON stares after him, then at the bouquet of flowers, seething and at a loss for words.

CONTINUED:

R21 CONTINUED: (2)

Then suddenly he explodes, starts slamming the bouquet against the furniture as he rages around the room.

WATSON

Damn it, Holmes! Did you hear that?
Eight o'clock at the Savoy. I have
a good mind to go there -- take off
my glove -- and slap him in the
face with it. I mean, challenge
him to a duel. The only way this
insult can be wiped out is on the
field of honor ---

HOLMES has tucked the Stradivarius under his chin, and
is now playing the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, totally
ignoring the choleric outburst of his friend.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

W1 THE WATSON MANUSCRIPT

W1

WE READ the title of another story, in WATSON'S hand writing:

THE DREADFUL BUSINESS OF THE NAKED HONEYMOONERS

The text starts halfway down the page, and OVER IT WE HEAR WATSON'S VOICE.

WATSON'S VOICE

For years I have stood on the side-lines, watching the Master perform his astounding feats, and recording them for posterity. But on one memorable occasion, I myself was thrust into the arena, with consequences which were nothing short of devastating.

DISSOLVE TO:

W2 MEDITERRANEAN - DAY

W2

A passenger boat of the period, the S.S. SEMIRAMIS, plows through the calm waters.

WATSON'S VOICE

It was the summer of '86, and we were returning from Constantinople, where Holmes had been summoned by Sultan Abdul Hamid the Second to investigate an indiscretion on the part of his favorite concubine.

W3 DECK OF STEAMER - DAY

W3

HOLMES and WATSON are in deck chairs, among a smattering of other passengers. HOLMES, in deerstalker, is stretched out under a blanket, snoozing. WATSON, wearing a fez, is sitting up, scribbling away on loose sheets of paper.

CONTINUED:

W3 CONTINUED:

A gust of wind blows away one of the sheets of paper. As WATSON reaches across HOLMES to retrieve it, HOLMES wakes up.

WATSON

Sorry about that.

HOLMES

What have you got there, Watson?
You're not writing up that case?

WATSON

I certainly am.

HOLMES

It will never be printed. Not in a family magazine.

WATSON

Don't worry. The way I'm telling it, there will be nothing offensive. For instance, I'm changing the locale from Turkey to Devonshire.

HOLMES

I see.

WATSON

And instead of a harem, it all takes place in a seminary for young ladies.

HOLMES

Very good. And I suppose the Sultan becomes the Headmaster.

WATSON

That's right.

HOLMES

What are you going to do about the solution? If you recall, the chief clue was that I overheard one of the eunuchs, in the privacy of his bath,
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

W3 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMES (CONT'D.)

singing basso profundo. How do you get around that?

WATSON

Yes, of course -- that is a bit sticky. But it would be a shame to deprive the public of such a brilliant display of your talents.

HOLMES

Purely routine. Any damn fool could have solved it.

WATSON

I doubt it.

HOLMES

I could have stayed in London and you could have solved it.

WATSON

You think so?

HOLMES

I don't see why not. You have been around long enough to have observed my methods.

WATSON

Yes, indeed.

HOLMES

There's no particular magic to crime detection -- it's merely a question of reasoning.

WATSON

Quite.

(a beat)

You know, Holmes, I always thought that someday I would like to try my hand at a case by myself. That is, if you'd let me.

CONTINUED:

W3 CONTINUED: (3)

HOLMES

Well, if the opportunity ever arises--

WATSON

I may surprise you. Because I think I have quite a knack for this sort of thing.

The CAPTAIN of the ship, accompanied by the FIRST MATE, comes down the deck hurriedly, spots HOLMES, bears down on him.

CAPTAIN

Oh, there you are, Mr. Holmes. I've been looking all over for you.

HOLMES

At your service, Captain.

CAPTAIN

(discreetly)

There has been a rather unfortunate occurrence on Deck B. The steward discovered two corpses in Cabin A.

HOLMES

Two corpses?

CAPTAIN

Yes. It looks very much like foul play. The only fortunate thing is that we have the great Holmes aboard. So I would appreciate it if you'd look into--

HOLMES

Be glad to.

CAPTAIN

Of course, we mustn't alarm the other passengers --

CONTINUED:

W3 CONTINUED: (4)

HOLMES

Of course.

(getting up)

That was Deck B, Cabin A?

CAPTAIN

Right-o. I'm heading for the bridge.
We're changing our course, full steam
for Malta.

The CAPTAIN and the MATE stride off. WATSON gets out of
the deck chair, stuffing the papers in his pocket.

WATSON

Now, really. This was supposed to be a
holiday -- You'd think they'd let you
relax.

HOLMES

I intend to relax. You're going to
handle this case.

WATSON

Me?

HOLMES

This is the chance you've been waiting
for, isn't it?

WATSON

Yes, but two corpses -- I mean
couldn't I start with something
simpler -- like one corpse?

HOLMES

Now, Watson, you're not wavering are
you?

WATSON

Of course not.

They move down the deck.

CONTINUED:

W3 CONTINUED: (5)

WATSON

I just hope I don't make an ass of myself --

HOLMES

If you hit any snags, I'll be right beside you.

WATSON

(firmly)

No, Holmes. If this is to be a fair test, you must not help me in any. You promise?

HOLMES

I promise.

They have now reached the door to the stairs leading below deck, pass through it.

W4 SHIP'S STAIRCASE - DAY

W4

As HOLMES and WATSON descend the steep narrow stairs, WATSON becomes aware of the fez on his head. His hand goes to it.

WATSON

Maybe this is a bit frivolous. Under the circumstances.

HOLMES

Take mine.

They exchange hats -- WATSON puts on the deerstalker, HOLMES dons the fez.

WATSON

Do I look like a detective?

HOLMES

(drily)

Do I look like a Turk?

CONTINUED:

W4 CONTINUED:

They have now reached a landing, marked DECK A. HOLMES starts to make a turn to descend the next flight, but WATSON stops.

WATSON

Here we are -- Deck A.
Now lets find Cabin B.

HOLMES

(stopping)
Watson, if you don't mind my saying
so--

WATSON

Now, Holmes, you promised you wouldn't
interfere.

HOLMES

(shrugging)
Very well.

He follows WATSON down --

W5 PASSAGE WAY - DECK A - DAY

W5

WATSON proceeds toward Cabin B, a resigned HOLMES in his wake. They stop. On the floor outside the cabin are a pair of men's shoes and a pair of woman's shoes.

WATSON

It would appear that the victims are a
man and a woman.

HOLMES

So it would appear.

WATSON

However, it's a mistake to theorize
from insufficient data. Isn't that
what you always say?

HOLMES

Always.

CONTINUED:

W5 CONTINUED:

WATSON opens the door, starts into the cabin. HOLMES, with a bemused smile, follows.

W6 INT. CABIN B - DAY

W6

The curtains have been pulled over the porthole, and it is semi-dark. In bed is a youngish couple. They are motionless, naked, and covered up to their necks with a sheet. On the night-table is a tray with three empty champagne bottles, two glasses, and a couple of swizzle-sticks. On the dresser is a bridal bouquet, a bit wilted by now, and a grey top hat. Against the wall is an open steamer trunk, plastered with labels from various hotels. Male and female clothes are strewn around.

WATSON

Be careful not to touch anything.
Clues, you know.

He pulls the curtains slightly apart to let in some daylight. The porthole's open. Then he steps to the bed, lifts the sheet, inspects the naked bodies. (CAMERA is in such position that he can see but we cannot.)

WATSON

(a small note of
triumph)

I was correct. They are definitely
of opposite sexes.

HOLMES

I'm willing to accept that.

WATSON

(studying the naked bodies)

No wounds, no blood, no signs of
violence -- The porthole's open,
so it can't be suffocation -
everything seems to point to death
by poisoning.

He lowers the sheet, draws it over their heads.

CONTINUED:

W6 CONTINUED:

WATSON

Let's see. We can immediately eliminate the possibility of that the poison was self-administered.

HOLMES

How so?

WATSON

My dear Holmes, people who are about to commit suicide don't put their shoes out to be shined.

HOLMES

Good shot.

WATSON

We are therefore faced with a clear-cut case of murder. Poisoned by a person or persons unknown.

HOLMES

I would be inclined to suspect the chef. Did you taste the Lobster Thermidor last night?

WATSON

Quiet, Holmes. I'm concentrating.

HOLMES

Sorry.

WATSON'S eyes travel around the cabin, come to rest on the champagne set-up.

WATSON

(an inspiration)

The champagne!

He picks up one of the glasses -- there is drop of champagne left. He holds it against the light, then he dips his finger in, tests it with the tip of his tongue.

CONTINUED:

W6 CONTINUED: (2)

WATSON

(holding out glass)

What do you see, Holmes? What do you smell?

HOLMES

(sniffing glass)

Nothing.

WATSON

Exactly. It was a colorless, odorless, crystalline alkaloid of the belladonna family.

HOLMES

An inescapable conclusion.

WATSON

Now suppose the poison had been introduced into the bottle -

HOLMES

It's possible.

WATSON

No it isn't. Because once you remove the cork, the champagne would be flat, and they would send it back.

HOLMES

Right you are.

WATSON'S face, agonized by concentration, suddenly lights up.

WATSON

Aaah!

HOLMES

Ah, what?

CONTINUED:

W6 CONTINUED: (3)

WATSON

Holmes, you're going to be very proud of me. The victims stirred their own fatal potion.

HOLMES

But you said it couldn't be suicide.

WATSON

It wasn't. Here are the murder weapons -- these two innocent swizzle-sticks.

(picks them up,
holds them out)

They were coated with belladonna, which dissolved as they were stirring their champagne.

HOLMES

How devilish.

WATSON

You agree, then, that we have established the method --

HOLMES

Bravo.

WATSON

Not yet. We must now look for a motive. Exactly what do we know about this ill-fated couple?

(wandering around
cabin)

Observe the man's hat. Those white specks -- how would you explain them?

HOLMES

A careless sea gull, perhaps.

WATSON

Hardly. You will find that they are grains of rice.

CONTINUED:

W6 CONTINUED: (4)

HOLMES

Rice?

WATSON

That, taken in conjunction with the wilted bouquet, would seem to indicate that they were recently married. I would further surmise that they are on their honeymoon -judging from the labels on the steamer trunk.

HOLMES

Not to mention the rapturous expression on their faces.

WATSON

Quite. Now let us ask ourselves -- who could conceivably have such fiendish designs against a young married couple?

HOLMES

Who?

WATSON

A jilted lover, of course.

HOLMES

I can't argue with that.

WATSON

Now then! Since we are in mid-Mediterranean, and since I assume the culprit is not amphibious, it stands to reason that he is still on board.

HOLMES

Irrefutable.

WATSON

But where? --- He can't be a member of the crew -- it's too much of a coinci-
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

W6 CONTINUED: (5)

WATSON (CONT'D.)

dence for the honeymooners to wind up on the same ship. On the other hand, he can't be a passenger, either -- too much danger that they would recognize him before he could strike.

HOLMES

Splendid. You've just ruled out all the possibilities.

WATSON

Not quite. What you have failed to consider, my dear Holmes, is that he could be a stow-away.

HOLMES

(reaching up)

I tip my fez to you.

WATSON

So! He sneaks aboard -- spies on them -- learns that between bouts of lovemaking, they have lashings of champagne. And then, last night --

(breaks off)

But how does a stow-away lay his hands on belladonna? I'm a doctor -- and I don't normally carry it. However, you know who would have an unlimited supply available to him? An eye-doctor.

HOLMES

Eye-doctor?

WATSON

They use belladonna to dilate the pupils.

HOLMES

That must be it.

CONTINUED:

W6 CONTINUED: (6)

WATSON

Which leaves us with only one problem unresolved -- that business with the swizzle-sticks -- How did he manage it?

HOLMES

Don't keep me in suspense, Watson.

WATSON

(casually)

I think when we track him down, you'll find that we are dealing with a rather corpulent man.

HOLMES

How did you arrive at that?

WATSON

(pointing through
open doorway)

Observe the narrowness of the passage way. Now picture a steward carrying the tray toward the cabin. You or I would have no trouble passing him. But if a man were pot-bellied, they would have to squeeze past each other sideways. The tray would be between them, and he could easily substitute the poison swizzle-sticks for the harmless ones.

HOLMES

Watson, are you sure this your first case?

WATSON

(winging by now)

To sum up, therefore. We must look for a stowaway, who is in love with the bride, weighs at least sixteen stone, and is a practicing optician -- that's our man.

CONTINUED:

W6 CONTINUED: (7)

HOLMES

A classic example of deductive reasoning.

WATSON

Nothing to it, really. When you eliminated all the solutions, however improbable, whatever is left must be impossible.

(frowns)

No, that doesn't sound right --

HOLMES

Close enough.

WATSON

Now, if my theory about the cause of death is correct -- poisoning by belladonna -- palpation should now reveal a marked extension of the stomach.

He throws the sheet back, disclosing the man and woman, naked to the waist. With his fingers outspread, he presses down several times on the woman's abdomen. She stirs, moans, turns sleepily towards her husband.

BRIDE

Can I have some more champagne?

WATSON

(automatically)

Don't touch it. It's poisoned!

The BRIDE'S eyes snap open. She sees the two strange men, one of them with a hand on her stomach. She lets go with a piercing scream, pulls the sheet up to her chin. WATSON staggers back, completely stunned. As for HOLMES, he stands leaning serenely against the open door, a wry smile on his face.

The BRIDE'S scream has aroused the GROOM, who sits bolt upright, rubbing his eyes, trying to take in the bewildering situation.

CONTINUED:

W6 CONTINUED: (8)

GROOM

I say there. What are you chaps doing
here? You must be mad. Stark, raving
mad.

WATSON stares at the GROOM, then the BRIDE, then turns
to HOLMES.

WATSON

(in a small voice)

What do you make of this, Holmes?

HOLMES

(matter-of-fact)

Offhand, I'd say we were in the wrong
cabin.

WATSON

Oh?

HOLMES

Shall we go?

(to honeymooners)

Sorry to rush off like this. Cheerio.

WATSON ducks out into the corridor. HOLMES follows,
closing the door.

W7 PASSAGE WAY - DAY

W7

WATSON leans against the wall, spent.

HOLMES

Hard luck, old boy. It was such a neat
solution.

WATSON

(wiping the sweat from his
brow)

I feel like a total idiot.

CONTINUED:

W7 CONTINUED:

On the staircase beyond them, the CAPTAIN appears from the deck below.

CAPTAIN
Mr. Holmes -- Mr. Holmes?
(they look off)
Down here --
(points to deck below)
We're waiting.

HOLMES and WATSON start towards the stairs.

HOLMES
Now Watson, here's your chance to
redeem yourself.

WATSON
No, thank you.

He stops, removes the deerstalker, takes the fez from HOLMES head, puts the deerstalker on HOLMES, puts on the fez.

WATSON
You'll have to handle this case
without my help.

HOLMES
You promise?

Without waiting for an answer, he proceeds toward the staircase, WATSON following.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

S1 THE WATSON MANUSCRIPT

S1

In WATSON'S handwriting is the title of another episode:

THE ADVENTURE OF THE DUMBFOUNDED DETECTIVE

Further down the page the text starts, and WE HEAR
WATSON'S VOICE OVER IT.

WATSON'S VOICE

The time has now come to reveal the most intimate aspect of Holmes's life -- his one and only involvement with a woman. Though I may be accused of sensationalism, I do it solely to prove that Holmes was not just a thinking machine, but subject to the same temptations and human failings as the rest of us. It was indeed a sensational case, dealing with such incongruous elements as Trappist monks, a most diabolical device, and even Her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

DISSOLVE TO:

S2 EXT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT

S2

Wisps of fog swirl along the deserted street, making yellow halos around the street lamps.

WATSON'S VOICE

The year was 1888 -- the date, April seventeenth -- the time, just past midnight -- None of this can I ever forget ---

S3 INT. LIVING ROOM - 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

S3

There is a cheery fire burning in the grate, HOLMES is stretched out full-length on the couch, causally playing a classical melody on his violin. WATSON is in his usual chair, reading the Evening Standard. After a moment, he

CONTINUED:

S3 CONTINUED:

throws the paper down in disgust.

WATSON

Stuff and nonsense!

HOLMES

No. Theme and Variations -- by
Corelli.

WATSON

That a serious newspaper like the
Evening Standard, would waste its
columns on such foolishness ---The
Loch Ness Monster, indeed.

HOLMES

(stops playing)

Oh? Is it acting up again?

WATSON

Third time it's been sighted this
month. It is variously described as
having a long neck, a twenty foot
tail, and a bump on its back.

HOLMES

Obviously a cross between an eel and a
camel.

WATSON

And how would you account for the
smoke they say comes out of its
nostrils?

HOLMES

I would say we were dealing with a
very passionate beast, that has come
up from the depths, seeking female
companionship.

WATSON

If you ask me, the whole thing smacks
of delirium tremens. All that Scotch
whiskey, you know.

CONTINUED:

S3 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMES

Not to mention the local the hotel
owners trying to promote the tourist
trade.

He resumes playing Corelli. WATSON has risen from his
chair. He stretches his arms, then crossing to the
window, draws the curtains aside, looks out into the
fog.

WATSON

What a night for a murder --- or
rheumatism.

S4 EXT. BAKER STREET - DOWNSHOT - FROM WATSON'S ANGLE -NIGHT S4

Out of the mist comes a hansom cab, with a dim figure
silhouetted in the passenger seat. The cab stops in the
front of 221B, and the driver gets down. He consults an
address in his hand, glances up at the number of the
house, then rings the bell.

S5 INT. LIVING ROOM - 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

S5

HOLMES is still playing. WATSON turns away from the
window, as the BELL downstairs rings again.

WATSON

Were you expecting someone?

HOLMES

Not at this hour.

WATSON

Maybe Mrs. Hudson is entertaining.

HOLMES

I never found her so.

WATSON crosses to the door, open it, steps out.

CONTINUED:

S6 VESTIBULE AND STAIRCASE - 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

S6

Mrs. Hudson, in a robe and night-cap, is facing the CABBIE in the open street door when WATSON appears on the landing above. The violin music continues O.S.

WATSON

What is it, Mrs. Hudson?

MRS. HUDSON

(looking up)

There's a cabbie here -- he says you owe him two-and-six.

WATSON

For what?

CABBIE

(to Watson)

For the fare, guv'nor. The young lady doesn't have any money.

WATSON

What young lady?

CABBIE

Here.

He reaches out the door, pulls in the young lady in question. She is in her early thirties, with strikingly handsome features, but at the moment she is somewhat the worse for wear. She is wrapped in a blanket, her hair is wet, there is a bruise on her temple, and one of her shoes is missing. She is wearing a wedding ring and her name, we will subsequently learn, is GABRIELLE.

WATSON

Well. What have we here?

(he starts down the stairs)

Who are you, miss? What happened to you?

GABRIELLE

(slight accent)

I don't know.

CONTINUED:

S6 CONTINUED:

CABBIE

That's all she keeps saying -- I
don't know.

The violin music stops O.S. WATSON has now reached the
foot of the stairs.

WATSON

Where did she come from?

CABBIE

From the river. I was driving down the
Embankment, just below Westminster
Bridge, and there she was in the
water-- drowning.

MRS. HUDSON

Goodness gracious.

HOLMES appears on the landing above, violin and bow in
his hand.

CABBIE

(to WATSON)

It wasn't easy, guv'nor -- what with
the cold water-- and her fighting me--

HOLMES

(from the upper landing)

Why did you bring her here?

CABBIE

Because I found this in her hand --

(gives a square of soggy

cardboard to WATSON)

-- 221B Baker Street -- that's right,
isn't it?

WATSON examines the cardboard, nods.

HOLMES

(to GABRIELLE)

What did you want at this address?

CONTINUED:

S6 CONTINUED: (2)

GABRIELLE
(looking up, trying to focus)
I don't remember.

WATSON
(to HOLMES)
Rather perplexing, wouldn't you say?

HOLMES
Rather.

CABBIE
Well, gentlemen, you want her? --it's
two-and-six -- or shall I throw her
back in the river?

MRS. HUDSON
Mr. Holmes. You can't let him --

HOLMES
I suppose not. Watson, you'd better
accept delivery.

WATSON fishes some coins out of his pocket, hands them
to the CABBIE.

WATSON
Here you are. Keep the change.

CABBIE
Thank you, gov'nor.

He snatches the blanket off Gabrielle, revealing that
her dress is clinging to her damply.

CABBIE (CONT'D)
No extra charge for the use of the
horse-blanket.

He exits into the street, shutting the door. GABRIELLE
hugs herself for warmth.

WATSON
You're shivering, my dear.
(he puts his arm around her)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

S6 CONTINUED: (3)

WATSON (CONT'D.)
Come along. Let me get you out of
those wet clothes.

MRS. HUDSON
Don't you dare. I'll do it. But
first let me make her some tea.

She disappears into the parlor as WATSON leads GABRIELLE
up the stairs.

S7 EXT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT

S7

The CABBIE has tossed the blanket into the cab, and is
mounting the driver's seat. Out of the fog a man steps
forward into the pool of light thrown by one of the
streetlamps. He is a craggy-faced Prussian of about
fifty, and his name is VON TIRPITZ. He looks up towards
the Holmes flat. As the hansom gets under way and draws
abreast of him, he hops into the cab. The hansom
disappears into the fog.

S8 INT. LIVING ROOM - 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

S8

WATSON is leading GABRIELLE to a chair by the fireplace,
HOLMES has closed the door and is putting down his
violin.

WATSON
Sit here, my dear.

He settles her in the chair. HOLMES comes over, plucks
the square of cardboard from WATSON's hand.

WATSON (CONT'D)
She's suffering from shock and
exposure.

He starts to massage her wrists to restore her
circulation.

HOLMES is examining the soggy cardboard. On one side is
their address, written in pencil. He turns it over,
disclosing a smudge of blue ink on the other side.

CONTINUED:

S8 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

There was some printing on the back of this -- but it seems to have come off in the water.

WATSON is now studying the bruise on GABRIELLE's temple.

WATSON

Look at this -- she's had a nasty blow on the head.

HOLMES

Could she have hit her head when she fell or jumped into the river?

WATSON

No. The blood had already coagulated. So it would appear to be a case of attempted murder --- get my bag, will you?

As HOLMES fetches the medical bag, GABRIELLE looks from one to the other.

GABRIELLE

Who are you?

WATSON

I'm Dr. Watson -- and this is Mr. Holmes. Do the names mean anything to you?

GABRIELLE

No.

WATSON

Think.

GABRIELLE

I'm trying.

WATSON

Can you think of your own name?

GABRIELLE

(a beat, then shakes her head)

No.

CONTINUED:

S8 CONTINUED: (2)

WATSON

She's obviously had a concussion --
which often leads to temporary
amnesia.

He has now taken some cotton and a bottle of antiseptic
out of the medical bag, and is swabbing her wound.

HOLMES

So all we know is that she was coshed
on the head, dumped into the Thames,
and subsequently dumped into our laps.

WATSON

We know a lot more than that. From her
accent, we know she is foreign --from
her ring, we know she is married-- and
there's one other clue we have ---

HOLMES

Namely?

WATSON

Something I deduced while I was
helping her up the stairs. No corset.

HOLMES

Good work.

He reaches down and picks up GABRIELLE's shoe, which has
slipped off her foot. Inside, slightly worn away, are
the words: BAZAAR MODERN.

HOLMES

(to GABRIELLE)

Are you French?

(in Berlitz French)

Vous etes Francaise?

GABRIELLE

(concentrating -- then)

Non, je ne suis pas Francaise.

WATSON

How can she say she's not French, in
French?

CONTINUED:

S8 CONTINUED: (3)

HOLMES
Vous etes Suisse?

GABRIELLE
Non.

HOLMES reaches behind her, turns back the collar of her dress. Sewn inside is a label reading: LA FEMME ELEGANTE, Bruxelles.

HOLMES
Vous etes Belge -- de Bruxelles?
Bruxelles!

GABRIELLE
(haltingly)
Je pense que oui -- mais je na Suis
pas sure.

MRS. HUDSON has come in with a loaded tea-tray.

WATSON
(to MRS. HUDSON)
We just found out that she's Belgian.

MRS. HUDSON
Poor thing.

She sets the tray down on the table, starts to pour tea. HOLMES removes the wedding ring from GABRIELLE's finger, examines it. It is made of copper, and engraved on the inside is the inscription:

Gabrielle - Emile 5/11/83

HOLMES
Your name is Gabrielle, is that right?
Gabrielle?

GABRIELLE
(a tiny nod)
Gabby ---

HOLMES
And your husband's name is Emile.

CONTINUED:

S8 CONTINUED: (4)

GABRIELLE
(vaguely)
Emile ---

HOLMES
Where is he? What are you doing in
London?

GABRIELLE
I don't know.

HOLMES
What happened at the river? Think!
Pensez! Concentrez vous! Pensez!

GABRIELLE
Emile ---

She bursts into sobs

WATSON
That's enough, Holmes. I will not
permit you to question her in this
condition.

HOLMES slips the ring back on GABRIELLE's finger.

WATSON
Mrs. Hudson, put her to bed.
(he helps the sobbing
GABRIELLE out of the chair as
MRS. HUDSON joins him)
My bed.
(MRS. HUDSON gives him a look)
I'll sleep on the couch.

MRS. HUDSON
Come, my dear.

She puts her arm around GABRIELLE, who is still crying,
leads her into WATSON'S bedroom.

WATSON
I'd better mix her a sleeping potion.

He gets a jar of white powder out of his medical bag,
and during the following, stirs a spoonful into her tea-
cup.

CONTINUED:

S8 CONTINUED: (5)

HOLMES

Watson, I think we should arrange to have her removed to a hospital.

WATSON

Under no circumstances.

HOLMES

She should have medical attention.

WATSON

She can get that from me. But more importantly, she must be protected-- there has already been one attempt on her life.

HOLMES

This temporary amnesia -- how temporary is it?

WATSON

It depends on the extent of the injury. It's like veils shrouding her memory. It could clear up in a few days -- or a few weeks.

HOLMES

Watson, this is a very small flat --we don't want to clutter it up with women ---

WATSON

Holmes, we've never had a case like this. A woman comes to us with a problem -- we don't know who the woman is -- and we don't know what the problem is. Don't you find that challenging?

HOLMES

Quite. But we can't afford to wait for those veils to lift -- we must break through them as quickly as possible.

CONTINUED:

S8 CONTINUED: (6)

WATSON

You really feel it's that urgent?

HOLMES

I do. The sooner we solve the case,
the sooner we can get rid of her.

WATSON

Oh.

He picks up the cup of tea with the sedative in it,
carries it toward the door of his bedroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

S9 EXT. BAKER STREET - DAWN

S9

The street lamps are still lit. A Policeman, on patrol duty, is strolling along the sidewalk, swinging his truncheon. Occasionally, he tries a door handle, to make sure the door is locked. Suddenly he sees something up ahead. Alarmed, he ducks into the doorway of a building, flattens himself against the door.

From the opposite direction comes a horse-drawn water-sprinkling wagon. The spray covers the sidewalk as well as the street.

The policeman waits till the wagon is past, then steps out of the doorway relieved, resumes his patrol.

S10 INT. LIVING ROOM - 221B BAKER STREET - DAWN

S10

WATSON, in a dressing gown, is asleep on the couch, covered with a blanket. He doesn't look as if he were in a very comfortable position.

S11 INT. HOLMES'S BEDROOM - DAWN

S11

HOLMES, in a dressing gown, is sitting in a chair beside the fireplace. The only light in the room comes from the

CONTINUED:

S11 CONTINUED:

embers in the grate, and the first light of day, filtering through the curtains. He is studying the square of cardboard with the address on one side, and the smudge of blue ink on the other side. His bed has not been slept in.

Pacing across the room, HOLMES steps out into the hallway, carefully tries the door-handle of WATSON'S room.

S11A INT. WATSON'S BEDROOM - DAWN

S11A

GABRIELLE is asleep in WATSON'S bed. The door opens slowly, and HOLMES looks in. He studies the sleeping GABRIELLE for a moment, then quietly pulls the door shut. As the latch clicks into place, GABRIELLE awakes and sits up in bed, her back to CAMERA. She is nude.

GABRIELLE

Emile?

She starts to get out of bed.

S11B INT. HOLMES'S BEDROOM - DAWN

S11B

HOLMES, back in his room, once more examining the cardboard by the light of the window. There is the SOUND of WATSON'S bedroom door opening.

GABRIELLE'S VOICE

Emile?

HOLMES look around as GABRIELLE appears in the open doorway.

GABRIELLE

Emile? Is that you, Emile?

HOLMES

(stepping into shadow)
Yes, Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE

(hurrying toward him)
Ah, Emile. I thought I'd never find you.
(embracing him)
Hold me. Hold me tight.

CONTINUED:

S11B CONTINUED:

HOLMES
(putting his arms around her)
Yes, Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE
It's been such a long time. You know
what I did before I left Brussels?

HOLMES
What?

GABRIELLE
I hope you won't be angry with me. I
bought myself an expensive negligee.
(moving toward bed)
Come.

HOLMES
A negligee?

GABRIELLE
A pink negligee, with maribou
feathers. Don't you think that's
foolish for a married woman?
(she gets into bed)

HOLMES
Where is the negligee?

GABRIELLE
In my luggage.
(beckoning to him)
Come here.

HOLMES
(moving toward bed)
Where is your luggage?

GABRIELLE
I don't know. Come, my love.

As she extends her right hand to him, in a beckoning
gesture, HOLMES notices something on the palm. He takes
her hand in his. There, in the same blue ink as the
smudge on the cardboard, are what appear to be the
letters "I", "O", and a Greek "E". Reaching over to the

CONTINUED:

S11B CONTINUED: (2)

wash-stand, he removes his magnifying shaving-mirror, holds it up to the palm of her hand. Clearly reflected in the mirror is the reverse image -- the number "301".

DISSOLVE TO:

S12 INT. LIVING ROOM - 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

S12

The sun is shining. MRS. HUDSON is unloading breakfast for three from the dumbwaiter, and setting it out on the dining table. WATSON, awake now, is lying in an awkward position on the couch.

MRS. HUDSON

Your porridge is getting lumpy.
Hadn't you better get up?

WATSON

I would like to very much. But --
(with a moan, he turns over
on his stomach)
Mrs. Hudson, would you mind planting your knee in the small of my back?

MRS. HUDSON

Yes, I would.

WATSON

Please! I'm in excruciating pain.

MRS. HUDSON crosses to the couch, tentatively rests her knee on the small of WATSON'S back.

WATSON (CONT'D)

A bit higher -- just below my seventh vertebra --

(MRS. HUDSON follows instructions)

That's good. Put your arms under mine -- fold them behind my neck --

(MRS. HUDSON does so)

Now give it a good snap.

(MRS. HUDSON applies mild pressure)

No, no -- show no mercy -- bear down on me.

CONTINUED:

S12 CONTINUED:

MRS. HUDSON presses down harder, and there is a distinct snap.

WATSON

Bless you.

(he rises, rubbing his neck)

That damn couch.

(crossing to table)

You'd better see if our patient is awake.

He seats himself at the table. MRS. HUDSON crosses to the door of WATSON'S bedroom, opens it, starts inside, then stops.

MRS. HUDSON

Dr. Watson. She's gone.

WATSON

Gone?

He jumps up from the table, joins MRS. HUDSON, looks past her.

S13 INT. WATSON'S BEDROOM - DAY

S13

The bed is empty. GABRIELLE'S clothes are in evidence, but there is no sign of her.

S14 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

S14

WATSON turns away from MRS. HUDSON, hurries toward HOLMES'S bedroom.

WATSON

Holmes! Holmes! She's gone!

CONTINUED:

S14 CONTINUED:

He throws the door open, is about to step inside when he sees something that makes him freeze.

S15 INT. HOLMES'S BEDROOM - DAY

S15

GABRIELLE is asleep in HOLMES'S bed, covered by just a blanket, and obviously naked underneath. HOLMES is not in the room.

S16 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

S16

MRS. HUDSON comes up behind WATSON, in the open doorway, peers over his shoulder.

MRS. HUDSON
(scandalized)
Well, I never!

There is the SOUND of the hall door opening. They both whirl round as HOLMES breezes in, in Inverness and deer-stalker, carrying a large suitcase, with leather straps around it. Tucked under the straps is a white parasol. And attached to the handle of the suitcase is a cardboard tag with the number 302 on it, in blue.

HOLMES
(inhaling deeply)
Mmmmm. I smell porridge. Lumpy as usual, I suppose.

He sets the suitcase down on the couch.

WATSON
(casually)
Oh, there you are, Holmes. We were just wondering -- how --
(points from his bedroom to HOLMES'S)

MRS. HUDSON
(sternly)
We certainly were.

HOLMES
(removing hat and coat)
Mrs. Hudson, why don't you go down
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

S16 CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)
to the kitchen -- get a towel -- and
wipe that look of disapproval off your
face.

MRS. HUDSON
Liberties -- in my house!

She exits huffily.

WATSON
You can't really blame her -- I mean,
the way it looks -- if I didn't know
you better, I might suspect you'd
taken advantage of the young lady.

HOLMES
As a matter of fact, I did take
advantage of her --- Would you hand me
the butter-knife, please?

WATSON
Of course.

He picks up the butter-knife from the table, suddenly
turns back with a delayed reaction.

WATSON
You did what?

HOLMES
(taking butter-knife from him)
Thank you.

He starts to pry open the locks of the suitcase with the
butter-knife.

WATSON
(spluttering)
Holmes, this is reprehensible! Where
are your professional ethics? Have you
no sense of decency, no shame --

HOLMES
None whatsoever. If you must know, I
found her body quite rewarding.

CONTINUED:

S16 CONTINUED: (2)

WATSON

You cad!

HOLMES

Especially the palm of her right hand.

WATSON

I'd rather not hear about it!

HOLMES

Very well. Then I won't bother to tell you how I traced her suitcase.

WATSON

That's her suitcase?

HOLMES

Remember that piece of soggy cardboard with our address on it? It was a luggage ticket -- the number rubbed off on her hand. And since she must have arrived from Brussels by the boat train, I concluded that she had checked her belongings at Victoria Station.

WATSON

By Jove! If you're right, we should find a clue to her identity.

HOLMES has now forced open the locks.

HOLMES

Or at least a pink negligee with maribou feathers.

He opens the suitcase, lifts out the top piece of clothing, holds it up -- a pink negligee with maribou feathers.

HOLMES

Voila!

WATSON

Let's see - what else is in here?

CONTINUED:

S16 CONTINUED: (3)

He starts sorting through the clothes in the suitcase, HOLMES removes a tied bundle of letters, and a framed photo of a rather attractive man of fifty.

WATSON

That's interesting. Now we're getting somewhere.

During this, GABRIELLE appears from HOLMES'S bedroom wearing HOLMES'S dressing gown. She is unsteady on her feet and somewhat dazed.

HOLMES, who has been studying the bundle of letters looks up, notices her.

HOLMES

Come in, Madame Valladon.

(GABRIELLE stops)

You are Gabrielle Valladon.

GABRIELLE

Yes.

HOLMES

(holding up photo)

And this is your husband, Emile Valladon?

GABRIELLE

Yes.

(her eyes fall on the open suitcase)

HOLMES

Sorry to have ransacked your valise. But since you came to us for help --

GABRIELLE

Where am I?

WATSON

221B Baker Street.

CONTINUED:

S16 CONTINUED: (4)

GABRIELLE

Oh, yes ---

(a beat, as she orients
herself)

Which of you is Mr. Holmes and which
is Dr. Watson?

HOLMES

Dr. Watson is the handsome one.

WATSON, pleased, twirls the end of his mustache.
GABRIELLE sways slightly.

HOLMES

That's the way he affects most women.

He helps her into a chair.

WATSON

(to GABRIELLE)

How do you feel this morning?

GABRIELLE

My head is full of cobwebs. It's all
so confusing.

WATSON moves to the table, starts to pour some coffee
for her.

HOLMES

Let's try to sort it out. You came to
London looking for your husband ---

GABRIELLE

Yes. He's a mining engineer. We were
married five years ago, in the Congo.

HOLMES

Where your husband was working in a
copper mine.

GABRIELLE

How did you know?

CONTINUED:

S16 CONTINUED: (5)

HOLMES

Your wedding ring -- it's made of copper.

GABRIELLE

(nodding)

Last year he invented a new kind of air pump, and was hired by an English company. Jonah Limited.

WATSON

(handing her a cup of coffee)
Here you are.

HOLMES

Jonah Limited. Go on.

GABRIELLE

We've been writing to each other regularly. Then suddenly, three weeks ago, his letters stopped. I kept writing --- but no answer. Finally I decided to go to that address --

She indicates the bundle of letters. HOLMES glances at the return address on the back of an envelope.

HOLMES

32 Ashdown Street.

GABRIELLE

Yes. It's just an empty store --nobody there. Then I tried to find Jonah Limited. No such company exists.

WATSON

How decidedly odd.

HOLMES

Madame Valladon, can you think of any reason why your husband should have lied to you about these things.

GABRIELLE

Emile? Never. He loves me -- and I love him.

CONTINUED:

S16 CONTINUED: (6)

HOLMES

So I gathered.

GABRIELLE

I went to the police -- they said they would send out a missing persons report -- but they didn't sound too encouraging. Then I went to the Belgian Embassy and explained the situation to them -- and they suggested that I consult you ---

WATSON

You could have done worse.

GABRIELLE

I was on my way here -- and suddenly there were footsteps behind me --and a hand over my mouth -- and the smell of chloroform -- and the next thing I knew I was in the water -- and then a man was wrapping me in a blanket --

HOLMES

Madame Valladon, somebody tried to kill you last night. Do you have any idea who could have done it?

GABRIELLE

(shaking her head)

I don't understand any of it. What does it all mean, Mr. Holmes? Where is my husband? You must help me find him.

WATSON

We'll do our best, I assure you.

HOLMES

(crossing to desk)

Madame Valladon, I want you to write one more letter to your husband.

(Picks up envelope, pen and ink, brings them to her)

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

S16 CONTINUED: (7)

HOLMES (CONT'D)

To Emile Valladon -- Ashdown Street --
what was that number?

GABRIELLE

32. But --

HOLMES

Just do as I say.

GABRIELLE starts to address the envelope. HOLMES picks up a blank sheet of paper from the desk, folds it. As GABRIELLE finishes he takes the envelope from her, inserts the folded paper, starts to seal it.

WATSON

You're sending an empty sheet of
paper to an empty store?

HOLMES

That empty store is obviously being
used as an accommodation address, or
letter-drop. But what gets dropped
must be picked up. The question is how
-- and by whom -- and why?

DISSOLVE TO:

S17 EXT. ASHDOWN STREET - DAY

S17

This is a run-down district in the northwestern part of London. On the corner is No. 32 -- a dilapidated abandoned shop, with windows painted halfway up. AS CAMERA APPROACHES THE BUILDING, WE HEAR SAWING FROM INSIDE.

S18 INT. EMPTY SHOP - DAY

S18

It is dusty, cobwebby, quite forbidding. The back room of the shop is separated from the front by some dusty shelves. In the rear wall is a closed sliding door, indented about a foot into the shop. Nearby stands a large, square object, covered with a tarpaulin.

High up in the rear wall is a slanted skylight, fitted with an iron grill. From outside, HOLMES, in deer-stalker and Inverness, can be seen sawing through the iron bars.

CONTINUED:

S18 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

Alright, Watson. Let's have the hammer and the chisel.

WATSON'S hand comes into shot with the indicated tools. HOLMES chips away the cement from the top and bottom of the last bar, then using it as a hinge, swings the grill open. He tosses the tools into the shop, lets himself through the skylight, then drops to the floor of the rear room. WATSON now helps GABRIELLE through the skylight, lowers her toward HOLMES, who puts his arms around her waist, eases her to the floor. For a brief moment he keeps his arms around her. WATSON has now squeezed through the skylight, and is hanging down by his hands.

WATSON

Hey!

HOLMES helps him to the floor, then starts to pick up his tools. GABRIELLE is looking around the shop.

GABRIELLE

It's so strange to think I've been writing to a place like this all these months.

HOLMES has now reassembled the three tools, fitting each section into another to form a cane. He reaches up with the cane, pushes the iron rail back into place. WATSON, meanwhile, has crossed to the square, tarpaulin-covered object. He lifts up one corner of the tarp -- and is greeted by a loud twittering of birds. What he has uncovered is a large cage -- and about a hundred canaries, suddenly disturbed, are flapping around inside.

WATSON

Look at this -- canaries -- dozens of them. Rather odd tenants for an abandoned shop.

HOLMES

(pointing toward front of shop)

Sssh. Here it comes.

CONTINUED:

S18A EXT. ASHDOWN STREET - DAY

S18A

A postman is coming down the street, a bag over his shoulder, a bundle of letters in his hand. He has just deposited a letter at the next store, now comes up to the door of number 32, drops a letter through the slot.

S18B INT. EMPTY STORE - DAY

S18B

The letter falls through the slot, and HOLMES, WATSON and GABRIELLE, all fasten their eyes on it. The floor on the front room is solidly covered with dust --except for a series of double tracks, running to the door and curving back.

HOLMES

Now we are faced with the most nerve-wracking part of a detective's job -- doing nothing. Just waiting.

GABRIELLE

Mr. Holmes --

HOLMES

Yes?

GABRIELLE

I don't know how I'm going to pay you for all this. The purse with my money is somewhere at the bottom of the Thames.

HOLMES

It could be worse. You could be at the bottom of the Thames -- much to your discomfort -- and much to my chagrin.

There is another moment between the two.

WATSON

I don't understand how anybody picks up letters here.

(pointing)

No footprints -- just tracks. What do you suppose it means?

HOLMES

I would surmise somebody is using ice-skates -- if it weren't for a conspicuous absence of ice. Or maybe

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)
(crossing to birdcage)
they're not canaries after all --
maybe they're carrier pigeons. They
could be picking up the mail and --

S18B CONTINUED: (2)

He breaks off as he sees the expression on GABRIELLE'S
face. She looks pained, almost tearful.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
Sorry. I didn't mean to be
flippant. I know how worried you
are ---

They become aware of a squeaking noise outside the rear
of the shop, growing louder as it gets nearer. The noise
stops, there is the sound of a lock turning, then the
rattle of a chain.

WATSON
(in a frantic whisper)
Holmes -- there's no place to hide.

Completely unfazed, HOLMES draws GABRIELLE and WATSON
against the rear wall, right next to the door. He makes
them flatten themselves with their backs to the wall,
just as the door slides open -- concealing them from
view.

Revealed is the mews behind the shop. In the doorway is
an old BIDDY with straggly hair, sitting in a wheel-
chair. In her lap are a bulky paper bag and a tin
pitcher filled with water. As she wheels herself inside,
the un-oiled wheelchair squeaks loudly. She stops in
front of the cage, removes the tarpaulin tosses it over
one of the boards running between the wall posts --
right next to where our three are hiding.

WOMAN IN WHEELCHAIR
(addressing birds)
Good morning, my pretties. Here's
Mum with your breakfast. Did you
think I'd forgotten you?

She has opened the door of the cage, pours grain from
the paper bag into a feeder hanging inside, pours water
from the pitcher into a trough.

CONTINUED:

S18B CONTINUED: (3)

WOMAN IN WHEELCHAIR

Now, now -- no pushing -- there's enough for everybody --- Some of you will be going on a little trip soon -- I hate to lose you -- but even an old woman has to live. Although you might well ask, why?

She cackles to herself, shuts the door of the cage, glances toward the front door. Seeing the letter lying there, she puts down the pitcher and the empty bag, starts to wheel herself toward the front door.

Through a crack in the door behind which our three are hiding, we see HOLMES'S eye watching her.

The old woman reaches the letter, picks it up, studies the address. Then she hears something, glances toward the open rear door.

A wagon with a canvas top, drawn by a pair of horses, is just pulling into the muse. Two CARTERS jump down from the driver's seat, and one of them takes a small bird-cage from the back of the wagon. As they start in through the door, the old woman drops the letter into her lap, wheels herself toward them.

FIRST CARTER

Morning, Duchess.

SECOND CARTER

What have you been doing with yourself?

WOMAN IN WHEELCHAIR

What do you think? Taking dancing lessons.

(She stops in front of the cage)

How many do you want this time?

FIRST CARTER

Two dozen.

CONTINUED:

S18 CONTINUED: (4)

He opens the door of the small cage, the bottom of which is covered with newspaper. The WOMAN starts transferring one canary at a time from the large cage into the small one.

WOMAN IN WHEELCHAIR

What are they doing with all those canaries? What's going on up there?

SECOND CARTER

Look, Duchess, we don't know -- and we don't want to know.

FIRST CARTER

When you work for Jonah, it's better not to ask questions.

Through the crack in the door behind which he is hidden, WE SEE HOLMES'S eye studying the small bird-cage, as the canaries are being transferred into it.

WE MOVE IN CLOSE on the small cage, and SEE the soiled newspaper spread out on the bottom. Part of the masthead IS VISIBLE. IT READS: INVERNESS COURIER.

The old WOMAN is counting to herself as she continues transferring the canaries.

WOMAN IN WHEELCHAIR

--- Ten, eleven, one dozen. One, two --- Who is Jonah, anyway?

SECOND CARTER

Keep counting, Duchess.

WOMAN IN WHEELCHAIR

--- Three, four ---

A bird suddenly slips out of her hand, starts fluttering around the room.

FIRST CARTER

Watch it!
(to his companion)
Close that door!

CONTINUED:

S18 CONTINUED: (5)

The SECOND CARTER strides to the door, slides it shut. To our surprise, HOLMES, WATSON and GABRIELLE, who were behind the door, are no longer there.

The FIRST CARTER has put down the cage, and is pursuing the fugitive canary around the room. The bird comes to rest on one of the iron bars in the small, high window. The CARTER climbs up on the same perch we saw HOLMES using earlier. As he grabs the canary, the sawed-through grill falls out.

SECOND CARTER

Hey, Duchess, you better have some new bars put in.

WOMAN IN WHEELCHAIR

Oh, sure. And central heating --and one of them new water-closets --

The FIRST CARTER has now returned the escaped canary to the small cage. The old WOMAN shuts the doors of both cages.

WOMAN IN WHEELCHAIR

Here you are. Two dozen to take away.

FIRST CARTER

(indicating letter in her lap)
How about that letter? Does that go, too?

WOMAN IN WHEELCHAIR

No. That's going to be picked up in person.
(a little chuckle)

WE now SEE HOLMES, WATSON and GABRIELLE - squatting behind the tarpaulin which the old WOMAN draped over the board near the door. GABRIELLE looks at HOLMES as she hears the information about the letter.

The FIRST CARTER picks up the small cage. The SECOND CARTER slides the rear door open.

CONTINUED:

S18 CONTINUED: (6)

SECOND CARTER

Bye, Duchess. And keep your wheels greased.

They exit into the mews, stash the cage in the back of the wagon, mount the driver's seat.

The old WOMAN wheels herself over to the shelves, deposits the letter on one of them. Then she makes her way back to the board on which the tarpaulin is hanging, whisks it off. Again, to our surprise, HOLMES, WATSON and GABRIELLE are no longer there.

WOMAN IN WHEELCHAIR

(to birds)

Sleep tight, my pretties. See you tomorrow.

She covers the cage with the tarpaulin, then picks up the empty pitcher, wheels herself out the rear door. As she slides it shut from outside, our trio is revealed back in their original hiding place, behind the door. There is the sound of the chain rattling, the lock snapping, and the squeaky wheels moving off.

WATSON

(a sigh of relief)

I really thought we were cooked.

HOLMES

(casually)

The art of concealment, my dear Watson, is merely a matter of being in the right place at the right time.

They step forward, and through the shop window watch the old WOMAN wheel herself down the street.

GABRIELLE

Did you hear what she said? Do you really think Emile is going to pick up the letter himself?

CONTINUED:

S18 CONTINUED: (7)

HOLMES

It would certainly simplify things,
wouldn't it?

WATSON

What was all that about Jonah and what
do you suppose they're doing up there?
And where is up there?

HOLMES

My guess would be Scotland. Inverness,
to be more precise.

WATSON

Inverness?

HOLMES

Didn't you notice the paper at the
bottom of their cage? The Inverness
Courier.

GABRIELLE glances casually at the letter the old WOMAN
left lying on the shelf, and her expression changes.

GABRIELLE

Mr. Holmes! This letter --
(she picks it up)

HOLMES

What about it?

GABRIELLE

(holding it out to him)
It's addressed to you.

WATSON

That's impossible. We sent it
ourselves --

HOLMES takes the letter calmly, examines the envelope.
It is indeed addressed to him.

HOLMES

Nevertheless --

CONTINUED:

S18 CONTINUED: (8)

He tears the envelope open, removes the enclosure, unfolds it. We see the letter in his hand as he reads it out loud. The letterhead says: DIOGENES CLUB, St. James's, London.

HOLMES

(reading)

My Dear Sherlock: I expect you and Dr. Watson to join me at the club immediately upon the receipt of this note. According to my calculations, that should be at 11:40 a.m. Your brother, Mycroft.

(looking up)

What time do you make it, Watson?

WATSON

(consulting watch)

11:43.

HOLMES

Either your watch is wrong, or Mycroft has miscalculated. And knowing Mycroft, I suggest you reset your watch.

WATSON automatically obeys.

DISSOLVE TO:

S19 EXT. DIOGENES CLUB - DAY

S19

HOLMES, cane in hand, and WATSON are swiftly ascending the steps of a building with an imposing Palladian facade. Beside the entrance is a discreet brass sign reading: DIOGENES CLUB. Members Only. As they reach the top of the steps, WATSON stops HOLMES.

WATSON

I don't mind telling you I'm a bit apprehensive about this.

HOLMES

I'm rather curious myself as to what is going on in that Machiavellian mind of his.

CONTINUED:

S19 CONTINUED:

WATSON

I don't mean Mycroft. I mean Madame Valladon.

HOLMES

Don't worry. She's perfectly safe with Mrs. Hudson.

He opens the door and they start in.

S20 INT. LOBBY - DIOGENES CLUB - DAY

S20

Presiding over the reception desk is a uniformed PORTER of military bearing, with one arm and a chest full of campaign ribbons. HOLMES and WATSON stride in.

HOLMES

(to porter)

To see Mr. Mycroft Holmes.

PORTER

Right you are. He's expecting you in the east-wing library. Now if you gentlemen will sign in --

(opens huge leather-bound register, turns it toward them)

Surname, Christian name, address, nature of business --

He holds out a pen to them, but they are gone. He looks around in consternation, spots them through a pair of swinging glass-paneled doors, making their way across the reading room.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Gentlemen --- !

S21 READING ROOM - DIOGENES CLUB - DAY

S21

A huge room, with more marble than a mausoleum, and just about as lively. A dozen elderly Establishment types

CONTINUED:

S21 CONTINUED:

are sunk deep in the leather armchairs, buried behind their copies of The Times. HOLMES and WATSON are proceeding toward the east-wing library. Suddenly HOLMES stops beside one of the old fossils, who has fallen asleep in his chair, The Times in his lap, and between his fingers a lighted cigar with an ash four inches long. HOLMES picks up an ashtray, holds it under the cigar -- just in time to catch the falling ash. As he replaces the ashtray, he scrutinizes the ash.

HOLMES

Jamaican, no doubt -- either Tropical
or Golosina -- I'm not quite sure.

He and WATSON continue toward the library door.

S22 INT. LIBRARY - DIOGENES CLUB - DAY

S22

It is a very elegant room -- shelves of leather-bound volumes reach to the high ceiling, there are antique terrestrial and celestial globes, scientific instruments in polished brass, marble busts of English statesmen, among them Queen Victoria.

MYCROFT HOLMES is standing at a refectory table, with his back to the door, engaged in a curious operation. A dusty bottle of wine is held in an ingeniously engineered cradle.

As he turns a crank, the bottle tilts forward gently, and he decants the wine into three glasses without disturbing the sediment.

MYCROFT is an impressive figure of a man, seven years older than SHERLOCK, impeccably dressed. Behind his snobbish airs and bantering manner, one senses tremendous reserves of strength and authority.

The door opens, and HOLMES and WATSON enter.

MYCROFT

(without turning)

Come in, come in, Sherlock -- Dr.

Watson --- Sit down.

(HOLMES and WATSON seat
themselves)

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

S22 CONTINUED:

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

You're looking very fit, both of you.

WATSON

Thank you.

HOLMES

(putting down his hat and
cane)

And how are you, Mycroft? How's your
gout?

MYCROFT

Under control. Except for an
occasional flare-up.

He brings over two of the glasses of wine to HOLMES and
WATSON.

MYCROFT

I have a treat for you -- a very old
Madeira -- 1814. There are only six
bottles left in the world. I have
two of them, and am negotiating for
a third.

WATSON

If you don't mind my saying so,
anybody who's susceptible to gout
shouldn't be --

MYCROFT has moved back to the table and picked up his
glass of Madeira.

MYCROFT

The last doctor who warned me about
that was crossing Piccadilly, slipped
on a dog turd, and was run over by a
delivery van from Fortnum and Mason.
You're very good health.

He and WATSON sip there drinks, but not HOLMES.

HOLMES

Why are you wasting this precious
stuff on us?

CONTINUED:

S22 CONTINUED: (2)

MYCROFT

Well, I see you so rarely. How long has it been? Not since the case of the Greek interpreter.

(to WATSON)

Isn't it ridiculous? Two brothers living in the same town ---

HOLMES

In the same town, perhaps -- but not in the same world.

WATSON

(taking another sip)

Mmmm. Superb. How old did you say it was?

MYCROFT

1814. One year before Waterloo.

WATSON

One year before Waterloo? Think of that.

MYCROFT

You do know where Waterloo is, don't you, Doctor?

WATSON

Belgium, isn't it?

MYCROFT

Quite.

(turning to HOLMES)

And speaking of Belgium, it has come to my attention that you are interested in the whereabouts of a certain engineer.

HOLMES

Yes, I am.

MYCROFT

Well, I can save you a lot of trouble.

CONTINUED:

S22 CONTINUED: (3)

HOLMES

I'd be grateful for any suggestion --

MYCROFT

My suggestion is that you pursue it no further.

HOLMES

Any particular reason?

MYCROFT

Because it involves the national security. We are handling this matter ourselves.

WATSON

We? Who's we?

HOLMES

The Diogenes Club, of course.

MYCROFT

I didn't say that.

HOLMES

I have always suspected that there was some underground connection between this stodgy and seemingly calcified establishment and the Foreign Office in Whitehall.

MYCROFT

That's neither here nor there.

HOLMES

It seems to me that The Diogenes Club is here, there and everywhere. When there are rumblings of revolt in the Sudan, an expedition subsidized by your club conveniently shows up to study the source of the Nile. When there is trouble along the Indian frontier, some of your fellow members pop up in the Himalayas, allegedly looking for the Abominable Snowman.

CONTINUED:

S22 CONTINUED: (4)

A YOUNG MAN in morning coat and striped trousers comes in, hands MYCROFT an open telegram. MYCROFT takes it without looking at it.

MYCROFT

(to WATSON)

What a fertile imagination my brother has. At the age of five, by carefully observing a neighbor's house, he deduced that babies were brought not by the stork, but by the mid-wife in her satchel.

WATSON

As good an explanation as any.

MYCROFT notices that the young man is still waiting.

MYCROFT

Yes, Wiggins?

YOUNG MAN

An immediate answer is requested, sir.

MYCROFT glances at the telegram, paces for a few seconds.

MYCROFT

Tell them that the three boxes go to Tomnahurich, and the red runner goes to the castle.

YOUNG MAN

Very good, sir.

HOLMES looks after the YOUNG MAN as he exits, then at the telegram as MYCROFT puts it down on the table. MYCROFT catches SHERLOCK'S look, casually turns the telegram face-down, lets the monocle drop from his eye.

HOLMES

Why don't you crumple it up and swallow it -- to make sure.

CONTINUED:

S22 CONTINUED: (5)

MYCROFT

My dear Sherlock, there are certain affairs that do not come within the province of the private detective. They have to be dealt with on an altogether different level.

HOLMES

In other words, you want me to stay within my limits.

MYCROFT

I do indeed.

HOLMES

Speaking of limits, what exactly is Jonah Limited?

MYCROFT

Sherlock, when I said drop this case, it was not merely a suggestion -- it was an order!

HOLMES

By whose authority?

MYCROFT

By the authority of Her Majesty's government. I hope I've made myself clear.

WATSON

Perfectly.

MYCROFT

Now if you'll excuse me, gentlemen --

HOLMES

Goodbye, Mycroft.

He and WATSON pick up their hats, move toward the door.

MYCROFT

(to HOLMES)

Just a minute.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

S22 CONTINUED: (6)

MYCROFT (CONT'D)
(picks up HOLMES'S cane)
You forgot your saw.

He tosses the cane to HOLMES, who catches it.

DISSOLVE TO:

S23 EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

S23

HOLMES and WATSON are walking toward 221B. HOLMES is twirling the cane and whistling "You'll Take the High Road and I'll Take the Low Road."

WATSON
You will be gentle, won't you, when
you tell her you're dropping the case?

HOLMES
(goes on whistling, the --)
Watson, what does the word Tomnahurich
suggest to you?

WATSON
Absolutely nothing.

HOLMES
It's Scottish.

WATSON
Is it?

HOLMES
And like all Scottish names, it's
really a word picture. Tom means
hill, na means of the, and Hurich,
if memory serves me, means yew tree.

WATSON
You're just making that up.

CONTINUED:

S23 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

So the three boxes go to the Hill of
the Yew Tree.

(He resumes his whistling,
finishes up by singing --)
And I'll be in Scotland before ye ---

They have now reached the door of 221B, and HOLMES takes
the key out.

WATSON

(apprehensive)

You are dropping the case, aren't you,
Holmes?

Without answering, HOLMES unlocks the door, starts to
open it, but is stopped by a chain on the inside.
Through the opening a revolver appears, aiming at them
point-blank.

HOLMES

Don't shoot, Mrs. Hudson -- you're
liable to lose two excellent tenants.

The revolver disappears, the chain is unhooked, and MRS.
HUDSON opens the door wide.

MRS. HUDSON

Oh, at last.

S24 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

S24

HOLMES and WATSON step into the vestibule.

MRS. HUDSON

It's been an agonizing experience.

HOLMES

Why? What happened?

MRS. HUDSON

Did you ever try doing needlepoint
with a gun in your hand?

CONTINUED:

S24 CONTINUED:

HOLMES
(taking the gun from her hand)
You'll be relieved to know it was not
loaded.

He starts up the stairs, followed by WATSON.

WATSON
Holmes, you didn't answer my question.
Are you planning to disobey Mycroft's
orders? He's not just your brother,
you know. You'll be defying Her
Majesty's government --

No reaction from HOLMES. As they reach the landing, the
door of their flat opens and GABRIELLE stands in the
doorway.

GABRIELLE
Any news? Did you find out anything?

S25 INT. LIVING ROOM - 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

S25

HOLMES and WATSON step inside.

HOLMES
Let's just say I know what the next
step will be.

GABRIELLE
(anxious)
Yes?

HOLMES
I want you to pack your things.

GABRIELLE
Where are we going?

WATSON
Holmes, let me caution you ---

HOLMES has put the gun down, and is crossing to one of
the bookshelves.

CONTINUED:

S25 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

(to GABRIELLE)

At 7:30 this evening, Dr. Watson and I
are going to take you to Victoria
Station and put you on the boat-train.

GABRIELLE

The boat-train?

WATSON

Well, that's better.

HOLMES has taken a railroad schedule from the shelf and
is consulting it.

GABRIELLE

You're sending me back to Brussels? Is
that it?

WATSON

Madame Valladon, you must understand--

GABRIELLE

(to HOLMES, agitated)

I came here to find my husband -- you
were going to help me -- The great
detective? Well, maybe this case is
too small for you --

WATSON

On the contrary. It's being handled on
a much higher level --

GABRIELLE

Well, I won't go back to Brussels.
Maybe you're giving up, but I'm not.
(tears welling up in her eyes)
I'm going to go on looking for him
with or without you. And nobody's
going to stop me -- even if they try
to kill me.

CONTINUED:

S25 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMES

(looking up from railroad
schedule)

Are you quite finished?

(GABRIELLE sobs)

If you recall, what I said was that we
we're going to put you on the boat-
train -- I didn't say you were going
to stay on it.

GABRIELLE looks up.

WATSON

She's not?

HOLMES

At 7:30, Mr. Holmes and Dr. Watson
will be seen waving goodbye to Madame
Valladon at Victoria Station. At 8
o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Ashdown
accompanied by their valet John --
(a glance at WATSON)
-- will appear at Euston Station, and
board the Highland Express to
Inverness.

WATSON

Mr. and Mrs. ---?

GABRIELLE

(moving toward HOLMES)

Thank you. I'm sorry for what I said.
(kisses him on cheek)

HOLMES

That's not necessary.

GABRIELLE

(smiling through her tears)

I'll go and pack.

She hurries off towards WATSON'S room.

CONTINUED:

S25 CONTINUED: (3)

WATSON

(acidly)

Maybe I should do it, since I'm the
valet.

HOLMES replaces the train schedule on the shelf.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Holmes, exactly what are you up to?

HOLMES

As you like to put it in your
chronicles, the game is afoot.

WATSON

And what game? Are you really that
interested in the Belgian engineer?

Without answering, HOLMES heads for his bedroom. WATSON
follows.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Or is it the wife of the Belgian
engineer?

HOLMES, by this time in his bedroom, shuts the door in
WATSON'S face. As WATSON turns away, he sees GABRIELLE
standing in the partly-open door of the other bedroom.

GABRIELLE

You don't like me very much, do you?

She moves toward the couch, WATSON following.

WATSON

Nothing of the sort. Quite the
opposite --- But there's more to this
case than meets the eye --Not that I
could expect a woman to understand --

CONTINUED:

S25 CONTINUED: (4)

By this time GABRIELLE has picked up her parasol and one glove from the couch, and is obviously searching about.

WATSON
Looking for something?

GABRIELLE
My other glove.

WATSON
Let me help you.

He peers under the couch. GABRIELLE shakes the parasol then opens it.

WATSON
Here it is.

He comes up from under the couch with the missing glove.

S26 EXT. UPSTAIRS WINDOW - 221B BAKER STREET - DAY S26

The white parasol is clearly seen now as GABRIELLE is closing it slowly.

S27 EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY S27

Parked across the street, and some twenty feet beyond the entrance to 221B is a hansom cab. In the driver's seat is the same cabbie who fished GABRIELLE out of the river, and in the passenger seat is von Tirpitz, the craggy-faced Prussian we saw before. He is staring fixedly towards the upstairs window at 221B.

DISSOLVE TO:

S28 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT S28

The Highland Express is speeding northward through the moonlit landscape, its steam whistle hooting mournfully.

CONTINUED:

S29 INT. CORRIDOR - SLEEPING CAR - NIGHT

S29

WATSON enters from the next carriage, proceeds along the narrow passageway of the swaying car. Under his coat he wears the striped waistcoat of a valet. Stealthily approaching one of the sleeping compartments, he puts his ear against the closed door. Then he sees the CONDUCTOR coming from the opposite direction. He turns away quickly, leans casually against a window, pretends to study the scenery. Once the CONDUCTOR is past, he returns to the door of the sleeping compartment, listens again.

S30 INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

S30

The upper and lower berths have been made up in the small, gas-lit compartment. GABRIELLE'S dress is on a hanger, but there is no sign of her at the moment. HOLMES is just pulling a night-gown over his head. Then he steps out of his trousers.

HOLMES

You can look now.

GABRIELLE'S head appears from under the covers of the lower berth.

GABRIELLE

Do you often find yourself in situations like this -- as a detective?

HOLMES

Let me see --- I once spent a night with 121 concubines in a rather poorly-ventilated seraglio in Constantinople ---

As he starts to climb into the upper berth he turns his head, sensing that someone is outside the door. Swiftly and silently he crosses to the door, wrenches it open -- revealing WATSON in the corridor, in an eavesdropping attitude.

CONTINUED:

S30 CONTINUED:

HOLMES
Was there something?

WATSON
Just wanted to see if you need
anything, Holmes.

S31 INT. CORRIDOR - SLEEPING CAR - NIGHT

S31

SHOOTING PAST WATSON TOWARD HOLMES, in the open door-way
of the compartment.

HOLMES
Not a thing. And the name is Ashdown.

WATSON
Yes, of course.
(looking past him)
And how is Mrs. Ashdown?

GABRIELLE
Fine.

WATSON
(to GABRIELLE)
Would you like some mineral water, or
an extra pillow, or -- ?

The CONDUCTOR comes past.

HOLMES
Conductor, if you check this man's
ticket, I think you will find that he
belongs in the Third Class.

CONDUCTOR
(to WATSON, imperiously)
Now, then --

WATSON
(muttering)
All right, all right.

He glares at HOLMES, starts back in the direction from
which he came.

HOLMES
(calling after him)
See you in the morning, John.

CONTINUED:

S31 CONTINUED:

He shuts the door of the compartment.

S32 INT. THIRD CLASS CARRIAGE - NIGHT

S32

There is the normal complement of passengers, men, women, and children, of the middle and lower classes. The only unusual occupants are a group of eight monks, in brown habits and cowls.

WATSON comes into the carriage, proceeds toward a window-seat where he has left his bowler. In the aisle seat is one of the MONKS, absorbed in his Bible. The other monks are sitting behind him and across the aisle. As WATSON tries to squeeze past the MONK, he steps on his foot.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Sorry, father -- I mean friar --
or is it abbot?

There is no answer from the MONK. WATSON picks up his bowler, settles himself in his seat, places the upturned bowler on his lap. Wound around inside the crown of the hat is his stethoscope. He turns sociably to the MONK.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Going to Scotland, you gentlemen? So
are we ---

He notices the ear-pieces of the stethoscope sticking out of the bowler, shoves them back in, puts the bowler on.

WATSON (CONT'D)

I'm a valet. My master and mistress
and I are on our way to Inverness.
Ever been there? Beautiful country.

The MONK looks up at him from his Bible, points to his lips, shakes his head.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Oh, forgive me. You must be one of
those orders that's taken the vow of
silence. Trappists, I believe you're
called.

CONTINUED:

S32 CONTINUED:

The MONK doesn't answer. WATSON turns away, looks out the window -- but there's nothing to be seen. Then he folds his arms, bored. He glances casually at the Bible in the MONK'S hands. The Good Book is opened to a page headed: JONAH.

WATSON (CONT'D)

I see you're reading the Book of
Jonah. Funny - we were just talking
about Jonah this morning ---
(realizes the hopelessness of
the conversation, breaks off)
Never mind.

He slouches down in his seat, closes his eyes, tries to compose himself to sleep.

S33 INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

S33

HOLMES is stretched out in the upper berth, which is in darkness. In the lower, GABRIELLE is propped up against a pillow, reading a magazine by the light of a gas-lamp. Other magazines are scattered across her blanket.

GABRIELLE

Women are never to be trusted
entirely -- not the best of them.

HOLMES raises himself on his elbow, glances down over the edge of his berth.

HOLMES

What did you say?

GABRIELLE

I didn't say it -- you did. According
to Dr. Watson.

HOLMES

Oh.

CONTINUED:

S33 CONTINUED:

GABRIELLE

He gave me some back issues of Strand Magazine.

HOLMES

The good doctor is constantly putting words into my mouth.

GABRIELLE

Then you deny it?

HOLMES

Not at all. I am not a whole-hearted admirer of womankind.

GABRIELLE

I'm not very fond of them myself.

HOLMES

It is a philosophy I acquired at Oxford.

GABRIELLE

I didn't know they were giving courses in that.

HOLMES

No, actually this was extra-curricular. It was my final year at the University -- up to then I'd had the usual experiences -- the daughter of the Tobacconist, a somewhat older woman who was my violin teacher. But all that meant nothing. And one day I saw a girl -- the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen -- I was so madly in love with her, that I didn't even dare approach her -- I kept watching her from a distance -- scheming how to meet her --

During this WE FLASH BACK to:

CONTINUED:

S34-36 SERIES OF SHOTS

S34-S36

The GIRL, who is in her twenties and as beautiful as HOLMES described her, coming down the steps of a CHURCH in Oxford, accompanied by several other girls and an older woman.

The GIRL and her companions, in bathing suits, swimming in a RIVER, while the older woman, fully dressed, sits on the bank watching over them benignly.

The GIRL, in a FIELD OF DAFFODILS, picking the yellow blossoms and dropping them into her straw hat. Nearby the other girls and their elderly chaperones.

S37 INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

S37

HOLMES

Then came the boat race against Cambridge -- I was rowing at stroke -- We beat them by half a length -- and the Coxswain had the asinine idea of holding a lottery -- everybody chipped in one and six -- I was the winner -- and the prize was a prostitute he had smuggled in.

During this WE SEE:

S38-S42 SERIES OF SHOTS

S38-S42

The Oxford boat with a twenty-two year old HOLMES at stroke, is pulling slightly ahead of the Cambridge boat as they approach the finish line. SPECTATORS cheer them on from the shore and the house-boats anchored in the river.

In the BOAT-HOUSE after the race, the Oxford crew is holding an impromptu victory celebration, and the Coxswain is passing his cap around. Everybody tosses in coins -- then everybody takes a folded slip of paper out of the cap. Young HOLMES unfolds his slip.

CONTINUED:

S43 INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

S43

HOLMES
I hated the thought -- I felt that I
was betraying my beloved, whose name I
didn't even know.

S44 INT. BOAT-HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

S44

The other crew members are slapping young HOLMES on the back.

At the far end of the boat-house, beyond some boats resting upside-down on racks, the PROSTITUTE is waiting.

The Coxswain leaves HOLMES a bottle of whisky and a couple of glasses, then he and the other crew members troupe out the door.

In the shadows, the PROSTITUTE is stepping out of her dress.

PROSTITUTE
(heavy Cockney accent)
Unlace me, will you, ducky?

HOLMES pours himself a stiff shot of whiskey, downs it. Then he crosses to her slowly. She has her back to him. He starts to fumble with the laces of her corset, but is all thumbs.

PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)
(looking at him over her shoulder)
What's the matter? You nervous, ducky?

HOLMES freezes when he sees her face - it is, of course, the girl of his dreams. He turns and runs like a panic-stricken deer toward the door.

PROSTITUTE
(calling after him)
Where are you going, ducky?

CONTINUED:

S44 CONTINUED:

Her words reverberate through the empty boat-house as the scene gradually fades out.

S45 INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

S45

HOLMES is in the darkened upper berth.

HOLMES

It seems so idiotic in retrospect-- everybody at Oxford knew she was one of the girls working for the local Madame -- except yours truly -- who prided himself on his powers of observation and deduction.

CAMERA HAS NOW PULLED BACK TO INCLUDE GABRIELLE, propped up in the lower, listening.

GABRIELLE

If you were to get back that shilling and sixpence, would it restore your faith in women?

HOLMES

It was a very small price to pay for a very valuable lesson. Any emotional involvement warps your judgment and clouds your reason.

GABRIELLE

That certainly would explain all the bad poetry in the world.

HOLMES

I'm not against sentiment. It's all right for butchers and bakers and poets. But for anyone in my profession, it would be fatal.

GABRIELLE

I see.

She starts going through the other issues of Strand Magazine spread out on the bed covers.

CONTINUED:

S45 CONTINUED:

GABRIELLE

What was the title of that story about Constantinople -- and the 121 concubines?

HOLMES

I'm afraid that issue was confiscated. The publisher paid a substantial fine, and Dr. Watson was paroled in my custody.

(a beat)

Good night, Mrs. Ashdown.

S46 INT. THIRD CLASS CARRIAGE - NIGHT

S46

Most of the passengers in the car have fallen asleep, in various uncomfortable positions, including WATSON. The MONK beside WATSON looks at him, to make sure he's out, then rises and moves toward the rear of the car. As he passes the rest of the monks, we recognize under the cowl the face of von Tirpiz.

MONK

(in a whisper)

Die Spur fuehrt nach Inverness. Die steigen dort aus. Dort muessen wir ihn finden -- den Valladon!

Von Tirpiz nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

S47 EXT. INVERNESS STATION - DAY

S47

The Highland Express is pulling out of the station. As the last car disappears, and the steam clears from the tracks, we see HOLMES, GABRIELLE and WATSON on the platform. A BAGGAGEMAN is loading their luggage on a hand-cart, under WATSON'S supervision.

CONTINUED:

S47 CONTINUED:

WATSON

Let's see -- two, three, four ---

GABRIELLE indicates her parasol, which has been inserted under the straps of her suitcase.

GABRIELLE

I'll take that.

WATSON removes the parasol. Hands it to her.

HOLMES

(to baggageman)

How do you get to Tomnahurich? How far is it?

BAGGAGEMAN

Tomnahurich?

WATSON

You know -- a hill -- with a yew tree ---?

GABRIELLE casually opens her parasol.

BAGGAGEMAN

It's about a mile out of town.

(a beat)

Why would you be wanting to go there?

WATSON

Well, if it's got a view, it might be a nice place to have a picnic.

BAGGAGEMAN

It's got a view, right enough -- but it's no place for a picnic.

HOLMES

Why not?

BAGGAGEMAN

Because it's a cemetery.

CONTINUED:

S47 CONTINUED: (2)

GABRIELLE looks at HOLMES. CAMERA PULLS BACK to INCLUDE an iron footbridge, spanning the railway tracks. Moving across it in single file are the eight cowled Trappist monks, with von Tirpitz in the lead.

DISSOLVE TO:

S48 EXT. TOMNAHURICH CEMETERY - DAY

S48

It is on a hilltop, with the town of Inverness spread out below. Under the yew trees which give the place its name, weathered headstones brood over ancient graves.

HOLMES, GABRIELLE and WATSON are climbing up a narrow path along the side of the hill. As they reach the level of the cemetery, they stop and look off.

A funeral procession is moving along the avenue which runs between the rows of graves. It consists of one normal-sized coffin and two smaller ones, being carried by professional pallbearers in black suits. Bringing up at the rear is a MINISTER, with an open prayer book in his hand.

WATSON

(a note of excitement)

The three boxes. Is that it, Holmes?

HOLMES

I would think so.

GABRIELLE

Those must be children's coffins. How sad.

HOLMES

Very sad -- and rather odd. There are no flowers -- and no mourners.

He looks off toward the grave-site.

The three coffins have now been lowered into the graves-- the large one flanked by the two smaller ones. The MINISTER is distributing a handful of dirt over the three graves.

CONTINUED:

S48 CONTINUED:

MINISTER

--- earth to earth, ashes to ashes,
dust to dust.

As he moves off, two grave-diggers, who have been standing by respectfully, don their caps, pick up their shovels.

From their vantage point, HOLMES, WATSON and GABRIELLE watch the rest of the funeral party as they leave.

At the grave-site, one of the grave-diggers is shoveling dirt into the second of the small graves, while his co-worker finishes filling in the large grave. Suddenly a shadow falls across the mound of fresh earth.

HOLMES

Morning.

The GRAVE-DIGGER looks up, and there is HOLMES, with GABRIELLE and WATSON beside him.

HOLMES

Working you hard, dad?

GRAVE-DIGGER

Not really. This is healthy country. Sometimes you sit around for weeks with nothing to do. Then you get three in one day.

HOLMES

What happened?

GRAVE-DIGGER

An accident. Aye. Father and two sons, they say -- they were found floating in the loch.

GABRIELLE

(relieved)

Oh.

HOLMES

Local people?

CONTINUED:

S48 CONTINUED: (2)

GRAVEDIGGER

No. Nobody around here knows them. The story is that their boat cap-sized in a swell -- but I don't believe it.

HOLMES

What do you believe?

GRAVEDIGGER

You may think I'm an old fool or an old drunk -- but I've been living around Loch Ness all my life ---

WATSON

(scoffing)

Are you trying to tell us it was the monster?

GRAVEDIGGER

Damn right. MacLarnin saw the kids' faces when they were pulled out of the water -- looked like old men --must've died of fright.

WATSON

Incredible.

GRAVEDIGGER

Is it? Last Easter Sunday my wife and me, we were on our way to services, and suddenly --- But what's the use?

He picks up a white-washed wooden cross, plants it at the head of the grave. The other gravedigger has inserted smaller crosses into the other two mounds of earth.

HOLMES

(taking some coins out of his pocket)

Here you are, Dad.

(hands them to the gravedigger)

CONTINUED:

S48 CONTINUED: (3)

GRAVEDIGGER

You look like nice people. If you want
a holiday in Scotland, go to Loch
Lomond, go to Holy Loch -- but stay
away from Loch Ness.

He and his partner shoulder their shovels, move off
toward the main road leading down from the cemetery.

WATSON

(snorting)

To think that people still believe in
that nonsense. Here we are, living in
the Nineteenth Century --

GABRIELLE

I'm ashamed to admit it -- but I was
relieved when he mentioned a father
and two boys. It couldn't possibly
have anything to do with Emile.

HOLMES

It would appear not.

WATSON

However, there still remains the clue
of the castle -- and the red runner.

They proceed in the same direction as the gravediggers.
As they reach the steps leading down to the road, HOLMES
suddenly stops the others.

The two gravediggers are making their way down the
curving road. Coming toward them on the way up, are four
small boys in knickerbockers and caps, carrying bouquets
of flowers.

Without a word, HOLMES draws GABRIELLE and WATSON back
into the shadow of a nearby yew tree.

The four boys come up the steps from the road, move
toward the freshly-filled graves. They remove their
caps, lay their flowers on each of the two small graves,
then kneel down and bow their heads in prayer.

CONTINUED:

S48 CONTINUED: (4)

From their position by the yew tree, HOLMES, WATSON and GABRIELLE are watching the four boys, who have their backs to them.

WATSON

If they're unidentified graves, why are those boys bringing flowers?

HOLMES

Because it's their brothers who have just been buried.

WATSON

Their brothers?

HOLMES

And they're not boys. They're as tall as they'll ever grow. Look at their faces ---

He picks up a pebble, tosses it in the direction of the graves. At the sound of the pebble landing, the four boys simultaneously turn their heads over their shoulders. Despite their slight bodies, they have the features of mature men.

GABRIELLE and WATSON react to the sight.

GABRIELLE

They are -- how do you say it in English? -- nains.

WATSON

Midgets.

HOLMES

(nodding)

Boys with the faces of old men ---

WATSON

I still don't see --

CONTINUED:

S48 CONTINUED: (5)

HOLMES

Would it help if I told you they
were acrobats?

WATSON

Not at all.

HOLMES

Do you remember a tumbling act --six
brothers -- missing from the circus?

WATSON

Oh, yes -- that case you turned down
-- I completely forgot.

HOLMES

Some of us are cursed with memories
like flypaper. And stuck there is a
staggering amount of miscellaneous
data, mostly useless.

The four midgets have now risen, and putting on their
caps, move toward the steps leading down to the road.

As they disappear from view, HOLMES emerges from under
the protection of the yew tree, moves thoughtfully
toward the large grave -- GABRIELLE and WATSON
following.

GABRIELLE

(worriedly)

Mr. Holmes, if those are not
children, then --?

HOLMES

Quite. The question now is --who's in
the third grave?

DISSOLVE TO:

S49 EXT. TOMNAHURICH CEMETERY - NIGHT

S49

It is a moonless night. The beam of light from a

CONTINUED:

S45 CONTINUED:

bulls-eye lantern, held by GABRIELLE, HOLMES and WATSON, wielding spades, are scraping the last of the earth from the coffin in the large grave. GABRIELLE watches them anxiously.

WATSON clambers out of the grave, hands a crowbar to HOLMES. He remains at the edge of the grave, beside GABRIELLE, as HOLMES pries open the lid of the coffin.

HOLMES now lifts the lid, revealing the corpse of a middle-aged man. His arms are folded across his chest, and on the third finger of his left hand is a wedding ring similar to GABRIELLE'S. From the picture of him we have seen earlier, we recognize the face as that of Emile Valladon.

The beam of light wavers, with a little cry, GABRIELLE drops the lantern, and collapses in a faint. WATSON catches her.

WATSON

Holmes! Help me.

HOLMES

(preoccupied)

Hand me that lantern.

WATSON picks up the fallen lantern, passes it down to HOLMES. HOLMES slowly shines the beam along the length of the coffin.

Neatly laid out on the satin lining, at Valladon's feet, are half a dozen dead canaries -- their plumage bleached to a gray-white color.

DISSOLVE TO:

S50 EXT. LAKESIDE HOTEL - DAY

S50

A carriage is driving along the road on the heights overlooking Loch Ness. WATSON, in valets livery, is sitting beside the coachman, HOLMES and GABRIELLE are in the passenger seat, their luggage is strapped to the top of the carriage. Through the trees which line the road

CONTINUED:

S50 CONTINUED:

WE glimpse the lake, which is partly obscured by a low-lying mist.

The carriage turns into the courtyard of a country inn, stops. A sign above the entrance identifies it as THE CALEDONIAN HOTEL.

S51 CLOSE SHOT - HOTEL REGISTER

S51

HOLMES'S hand-writing: Mr. and Mrs. Ashdown and manservant - London.

S52 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

S52

The MANAGER, in frock coat and striped trousers, is just opening the curtains -- disclosing a view of the mist-shrouded lake through the window. The room is on the second floor, and is furnished in a style which has been described as Scotch Baronial -- twin beds with a night-table between them, wardrobe, chiffonier, desk, a couple of chairs, and several mounted stags' heads.

HOLMES is in the room, removing his coat; GABRIELLE, who has just entered, sinks down on the edge of one the beds; WATSON is bringing their bags through the door.

MANAGER

You have a lovely view of the Loch from here -- as soon as the morning mist rolls away.

(crosses to desk, picks up guidebook)

If you've a mind to do any sight-seeing, here's a guide to the local points of interest.

HOLMES

Thank you.

The MANAGER starts toward the door, nodding to WATSON.

CONTINUED:

S52 CONTINUED:

MANAGER

This way, please.

WATSON follows him out.

S53 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

S53

The MANAGER and WATSON come out, the latter shutting the door.

MANAGER

I will show you to your room.

WATSON picks up his suitcase, they proceed along the corridor.

WATSON

I suppose it's in the basement.

MANAGER

No, in the attic.

WATSON

Good.

MANAGER

It's the privy that's in the basement.

WATSON grumbles as the MANAGER leads him up a narrow flight of stairs.

S54 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

S54

GABRIELLE is sitting on the bed, sobbing quietly. HOLMES is pacing up and down the room, examining Valladon's wedding ring -- the copper has a greenish tinge to it.

HOLMES

May I have your wedding ring,
please?

CONTINUED:

S54 CONTINUED:

GABRIELLE tearfully removes her ring, hands it to HOLMES. HOLMES crosses to the window, compares the two rings in the light.

HOLMES

Just as I thought. There is a distinct difference in color between your ring and your husband's.

(a sob from GABRIELLE)

Which leads me to believe that the cause of death was not drowning ---

(GABRIELLE is now crying)

I wish you would stop that.

(she can't)

Stop it!

(another sob)

If we are to continue -- if we are to find out what really happened to your husband -- you cannot act the grief-stricken widow.

GABRIELLE

I'm sorry.

HOLMES

I know it's not easy. But you must remember that we're that nice couple from London, on holiday in the Highlands.

GABRIELLE

I'll try.

She produces a handkerchief, wipes her eyes.

HOLMES

That's much better.

GABRIELLE

Thank you.

She manages a tentative smile. HOLMES looks at her for a long moment, then --

CONTINUED:

S54 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMES
(gruffly)
Now, if I may proceed without further
interruptions --

S55 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

S55

WATSON comes dashing down the narrow stairs from the
attic, races toward the door of HOLMES'S room.

WATSON
Holmes---!

He flings the door open.

S56 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

S56

WATSON bursts in breathlessly.

WATSON
Holmes! I saw it! It's out there in
the lake.
(points to window, then looks
around desperately)
Where's your telescope?

HOLMES
(indicating his coat)
You saw what?

WATSON
The monster!

He fishes a small telescope out of the pocket of
HOLMES'S coat, rushes to the window, focuses it on the
lake.

S57 LOCH NESS - THROUGH TELESCOPE - DAY

S57

Through the swirling mist which clings to the surface of
the lake, a shadowy figure with a long, monster-like
neck can be seen gliding along.

CONTINUED:

S58 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

S58

WATSON almost drops the telescope in excitement.

WATSON

There it is!

He hands the telescope to HOLMES. GABRIELLE rises from the bed, comes up behind them, as HOLMES trains the telescope through the window.

S59 LOCH NESS - THROUGH TELESCOPE - DAY

S59

HOLMES'S eye slowly scans the lake, but there is no sign of WATSON'S monster -- just the rolling mist.

S60 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

S60

HOLMES lowers the telescope.

HOLMES

I see nothing.

WATSON grabs the telescope from his hand, looks toward the lake.

WATSON

It's gone.

HOLMES

Gone? Maybe it was never there.

WATSON

I swear to you -- I saw it from the attic window -- clear as anything --

HOLMES

WATSON, as you so succinctly put it, we are living in the Nineteenth Century --

CONTINUED:

S60 CONTINUED:

WATSON

Maybe that grave-digger was right --
the swell, and the boat overturning --

HOLMES

Monsieur Valladon may have been found
in the lake -- but he did not drown.
He died of asphyxiation.

GABRIELLE

Asphyxiation?

HOLMES

(holding up wedding rings)
There is only one substance that can
turn a copper ring green and bleach
the color out of canaries -- chlorine
gas.

WATSON

That may be. But the fact remains that
I saw something out there.

HOLMES

A figment of your imagination.

WATSON

I am not a drunk, I am not interested
in the tourist trade --

HOLMES

Watson, we're not here to pursue
phantoms or goblins. Now let us be
logical. The only concrete lead we
have is the reference to the castle --
(picks up guidebook from desk,
opens it to map)
The question is, which castle?

WATSON

(folding telescope)
You call yourself logical? You're the
least logical man I know.

CONTINUED:

S60 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMES
(studying map)

Am I?

WATSON
How can you say it's a figment of
my imagination, when for years
you've been saying I have no
imagination whatsoever!

He looks at HOLMES almost triumphantly.

DISSOLVE TO:

S61 EXT. ROAD - DAY

S61

HOLMES, GABRIELLE and WATSON are bicycling away from an imposing castle, in B.G. HOLMES, in knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket, and GABRIELLE, in a tailored suit and holding her parasol, are on a tandem. WATSON is slightly behind them, on a bicycle with a picnic basket attached to the rack. He is in his valet's outfit, with metal clips around his trouser cuffs.

On one side of the road, sheep are grazing peacefully. On the other side lies the lake, and every so often WATSON glances in that direction, with a mixture of expectation and trepidation.

DISSOLVE TO:

S62 EXT. MEADOW - DAY

S62

HOLMES, WATSON and GABRIELLE are sitting on a blanket not far from the road, the contents of the picnic basket spread before them, having lunch. GABRIELLE has the open parasol resting against her shoulder, shielding herself from the sun.

WATSON
We have so far investigated eight
drafty castles -- had our bicycles
attacked by sheep and our ears
assaulted by bagpipes -- and we
are exactly where we started.

CONTINUED:

S62 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

Would you pass the cranberry sauce,
John?

Grumbling, WATSON does so.

Down the road come the eight cowled Trappist monks,
walking slowly in single file.

WATSON catches sight of the monks, waves to them.

WATSON

(calling)

I say there. Good afternoon. Remember
me?

The monks continue to trudge along the road, paying no
attention to him.

WATSON (CONT'D)

(to HOLMES)

Some chaps I met on the train. We had
a long conversation -- or rather, I
had a long conversation -- because
they're not allowed to talk--
Trappists, you know. Just study their
Bibles. You'll never guess what the
one next to me was reading -- the Book
of Jonah-- isn't that odd?

HOLMES

(looking after the
monks)

Quite.

As he turns back, he notices that GABRIELLE is manipu-
lating her parasol in the air.

HOLMES

What is it, dear? What's the matter?

GABRIELLE

(waving her hand in the air)

A bee.

CONTINUED:

S62 CONTINUED: (2)

She continues to work the parasol, alternately opening it and closing it part-way.

On the road, von Tirpitz, who is at the head of the file of monks, glances back toward the meadow.

DISSOLVE TO:

S63 EXT. URQUHART CASTLE - DAY

S63

On the promontory jutting into Loch Ness stand the remains of a medieval fortress. Around the Tower, the Motte, and the ruins of the East wall, wooden scaffolding has been erected, and a couple of dozen men are engaged in what appears to be repair-work. Amidst the rubble of the Nether Bailey, an encampment has been set up -- There are tents, caravans, washing strung on clothes-lines.

HOLMES, GABRIELLE and WATSON are crossing the causeway on foot, leading their bicycles. As they approach the tumbled-down gate-house, they are stopped by a sign which reads: KEEP OUT.

From the direction of the Tower, a middle-aged man in kilts, wearing a guides cap, comes toward them.

GUIDE

(indicating sign)

Sorry. The castle is closed to the public while work is going on.

HOLMES

What are they doing?

GUIDE

It's being restored by the Society for the Preservation of Scottish Monuments.

HOLMES

Too Bad. I particularly wanted my wife to see Urquhart Castle. The tower is one of the most interesting examples of medieval architecture -- about 1400, wasn't it?

CONTINUED:

S63 CONTINUED:

GUIDE

That's right.

HOLMES

Let me see -- was it built under James
the Second or James the Third?

GUIDE

The Third --- If you people come back
next year, we'll be all done here, and
I'll be glad to show you around.

HOLMES

Thank you.

He wields the tandem around, and WATSON does the same
with his bicycle. As they head back toward the causeway,
the guide moves off in the opposite direction.

WATSON

Pleasant sort, isn't he?

HOLMES

Pleasant, but ignorant. He was off one
hundred years and one James.

WATSON gives him a puzzled look, and HOLMES taps the
guide-book sticking out of his pocket.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

It's actually 1500 and James the
Fourth.

GABRIELLE

If he's an official guide, shouldn't
he know ---?

HOLMES

If he's an official guide.

They have now reached the middle of the causeway.
Suddenly HOLMES stops.

CONTINUED:

S63 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMES

Listen ---

(there is a loud chirping of
birds)

Do you hear anything, Watson?

WATSON

(concentrating)

No. Those birds are making too much of
a racket.

HOLMES

(glancing over the rail)

They're not just birds -- they're our
old friends.

WATSON and GABRIELLE look down.

Passing directly beneath them, on the road spanned by
the causeway, is the canvas-topped wagon we saw at the
mail-drop in Ashdown Street. On the driver's seat are
the Two CARTERS.

The Wagon stops, and the CARTERS drop down. One of them
climbs into the back of the wagon, hands his companion
the small cage full of canaries. A couple of workmen now
approach from the tower, and the CARTER hands them down
an open-sided crate in which rest six heavy glass
bottles protected by wicker. Stenciled on the wooden
slates of the crate are the words: SULPHURIC ACID -
CORROSIVE.

HOLMES, WATSON and GABRIELLE are watching from the
causeway.

WATSON

Sulphuric acid?

GABRIELLE

The more we find out the less sense it
makes.

HOLMES

To a graduate chemist it makes a great
deal of sense. Sulphuric acid, when
exposed to salt-water, produces
chlorine gas.

CONTINUED:

S63 CONTINUED: (3)

He looks off in the direction of the tower.

The CARTER carrying the canary cage, and the two workmen carrying the crate of sulphuric acid, go down the steps leading to the tower and pass through the door.

HOLMES

That tower may be more interesting
than I thought -- and not just
architecturally.

WATSON

(nodding off)

Holmes, I have a feeling we're
redundant here.

HOLMES glances around.

Coming through the ruined gate-house toward them is the GUIDE, leading three huge mastiffs, which are straining at their leashes.

HOLMES wields the tandem off the causeway and back onto the road, GABRIELLE following. WATSON hurries after them with his bicycle, casting anxious glances over his shoulder.

HOLMES

(as they move away from
the castle)

I suggest we wait till the evening
mists start to roll in.

WATSON

Then what?

HOLMES

Then we exchange our bicycles for a
rowboat.

(to GABRIELLE)

Mrs. Ashdown, how would you like to go
for a boat-ride on the lake?

GABRIELLE

(smiling)

With a former member of the Oxford
crew, I'd be honored.

DISSOLVE TO:

S64 EXT. LOCH NESS - EARLY EVENING

S64

The sun has just gone down behind the hills, but there is still light in the sky. An ominous mist is beginning to settle on the water.

GABRIELLE is sitting in the stern of a rowboat, her parasol in her lap. She is wearing HOLMES'S Norfolk jacket over her dress to ward off the chill.

On the rowing seat, facing her, are WATSON and HOLMES, the latter in shirtsleeves. Their oars are pulled in, and they are watching Urquhart Castle, on the opposite side of the lake.

WATSON

We have now observed the castle from the front, from the back, from the side, from land, from water --- what now? Are you planning to spend the night out here?

(no answer from HOLMES;

WATSON shivers)

You're going to catch your death of cold.

(to GABRIELLE)

Wouldn't it be ironic if Holmes's last case were a case of pneumonia?

GABRIELLE'S reaction to this mild joke is curious indeed-- her eyes widen, her mouth drops slightly, and she points her finger at something beyond them. HOLMES and WATSON turn their heads.

About half a mile away, moving in and out of patches of drifting mist, is WATSON'S monster. It's long reptilian neck and humped back are visible above the water-line, and smoke is coming out of its nostrils.

WATSON leaps to his feet, rocking the boat. HOLMES grabs his arm, pulls him back down into his seat.

HOLMES

Quick, Watson. After it!

He grabs his oar, and WATSON belatedly joins in. They strain at the oars, setting a course which will intercept the path of the monster. GABRIELLE leans forward

CONTINUED:

S64 CONTINUED:

in her seat, trying to peer past them through the curtains of mist.

Suddenly WATSON stops rowing.

WATSON

Holmes, what are we doing? We should be going away from it.

HOLMES

Keep rowing, dammit!

WATSON resumes pulling on his oar. As they row, HOLMES looks over his shoulder.

The monster is much closer now -- no more than a quarter of a mile away. But as HOLMES looks, it starts to submerge. Its head disappears beneath the surface of the water, and the wake it leaves behind soon trails off into the mist.

HOLMES ships his oar.

HOLMES

We've lost it.

WATSON

(stops rowing)

At least you admit there is an it, not just a figment of my imagination.

HOLMES

Quiet.

He listens intently. There is only the sound of water slapping against the side of the boat. The mist is heavier now, and billowing around them.

HOLMES

(to WATSON)

Do you have your stethoscope with you?

WATSON

Never without it.

CONTINUED:

S64 CONTINUED: (2)

He removes his bowler, unwinds the stethoscope from the inside the crown, hands it to HOLMES. HOLMES plugs in the ear-pieces, leans over the side of the boat, extends the other end of the stethoscope to the surface of the water.

WATSON

What is it?

HOLMES

I can hear something --- it's
getting closer --- and closer ---

Suddenly the surface of the water breaks, about twenty yards from them, and the head and neck of the monster rear up from the depths. The backwash hits the boat broadside, capsizing it, and HOLMES, WATSON and GABRIELLE are spilled into the lake. The monster continues to move away from them, disappearing into the mist.

HOLMES is the first to come up, looks around, sees GABRIELLE surfacing a few yards away, swims to her.

HOLMES

Are you all right?

GABRIELLE

I lost my parasol.

WATSON has now appeared on the other side of the overturned boat, and is clinging to it. HOLMES helps GABRIELLE over to the boat.

HOLMES

Watson -- hold on to her.

WATSON grasps GABRIELLE'S arm. HOLMES looks off in the direction in which the monster vanished.

There is no sign of the monster. But the mist has momentarily lifted to reveal the upper part of the castle, and an odd sight greets HOLMES eyes -- the wooden scaffolding in front of the tower is slowly rising into the air.

CONTINUED:

S64 CONTINUED: (3)

HOLMES
(hanging on to over-turned
boat)

Look!

The other two follow his gaze.

The top of the scaffolding is risen well above the top of the tower. Now slowly it starts to descend into place again, as the mist rolls in, obscuring the castle.

WATSON
(amazed)
What strange goings-on!

HOLMES
Not really. My guess is that the monster, after a hard day's work, has returned home for his supper.

DISSOLVE TO:

S65 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

S65

HOLMES, in a different suit of clothes, is standing at the window, gazing out toward the mist-shrouded lake, and whistling the main theme from "Swan Lake." GABRIELLE in a robe, is huddled on the bed, and WATSON, who has also changed clothes, is warming himself by the fire. He listens to HOLMES whistling for a while, then --

WATSON
Would you like to confide in us?

HOLMES continues whistling. WATSON turns to GABRIELLE.

WATSON (CONT'D)
Whenever he starts whistling, I know he's getting close to a solution.

HOLMES
(turning)
It's nothing new, actually. We've come across this situation before.

CONTINUED:

S65 CONTINUED:

WATSON

We have? Where?

HOLMES

At the ballet. There's a lake --and there's a castle -- and there's a swan that isn't really a swan --or, in this case, a monster that isn't really a monster --

WATSON

Oh, I see --- Then what is it?

HOLMES

What is it indeed that feeds on canary birds and sulphuric acid, and has an engine for a heart?

GABRIELLE

An engine?

HOLMES

The stethoscope is a very sensitive instrument, and water is an excellent conductor of sound. There is no doubt that we are dealing with a mechanical monster.

WATSON

Oh?

HOLMES

Not only is it equipped with an artificial heart, it also has artificial lungs. Judging from the bubbles on the surface of the lake, it uses some form of air pump.

GABRIELLE

You think my husband was involved in all this?

HOLMES

I'm sure of it.

CONTINUED:

S65 CONTINUED: (2)

WATSON

But why would anybody build a mechanical monster? Just to scare people?

HOLMES

Not very likely.

GABRIELLE

Why did they try to keep me from finding my husband? And why was he buried anonymously?

HOLMES

I think I have a pretty good notion of what they're up to -- the Society for the Preservation of Scottish Monuments -- sometimes known as the Diogenes Club.

There is a knock on the door.

HOLMES

Come in.

The door opens and the hotel MANAGER enters, holding a magnum of champagne.

MANAGER

Here's a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. Ashdown.

HOLMES

I didn't order it.

MANAGER

No, indeed. You are to deliver it. Those are my instructions.

He hands the magnum to HOLMES.

HOLMES

Instructions from whom? Deliver it where?

MANAGER

I wouldn't know. But there's a carriage waiting for you downstairs.

CONTINUED:

S65 CONTINUED: (3)

HOLMES, WATSON, GABRIELLE look at each other.

S66 EXT. CALEDONIAN HOTEL - NIGHT

S66

A gig is standing in front of the entrance, and on the driver's seat is the GUIDE in kilts we saw earlier at the castle.

After a moment HOLMES comes out of the front door, carrying the magnum of champagne.

HOLMES
(to GUIDE)
Where are we going.

GUIDE
You'd better get in. It's late.

HOLMES starts to climb up to the seat beside him.

HOLMES
Is it some sort of party?

GUIDE
You won't be disappointed in the guest list.

HOLMES
Who's the host?

GUIDE
Jonah.

He flicks the reins. The horse starts off at a trot, and the gig turns off into the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

S67 EXT. ROAD LEADING TO CASTLE - NIGHT

S67

The gate which bars the approach to the castle has been opened to let the gig through. Torchlight illuminates the scene. A couple of workmen close the gate as the

CONTINUED:

S67 CONTINUED:

gig proceeds toward the castle, silhouetted against the sky.

On the seat, HOLMES glances at the GUIDE, who is grim and incommunicative. The gig passes into the shadow of the ruined gate-house.

S68 EXT. URQUHART CASTLE - NIGHT

S68

The gig emerges from the other end of the stone arch, and the GUIDE reins up the horse in front of the steps leading to the inner courtyard. He dismounts, followed by HOLMES.

GUIDE

This way.

He leads HOLMES up the steps, which are covered with a narrow red carpet. HOLMES'S eyes follow the carpet to a couple of workmen, who are unrolling the rest of it in the direction of the Tower. Then his gaze comes to rest on MYCROFT, looming before the entrance of one of the tents, dressed in his inevitable frockcoat.

MYCROFT

Welcome to the castle, Mr. Ashdown.

HOLMES and the GUIDE approach him.

HOLMES

You shouldn't have gone to all this trouble just for me.
(indicates red carpet)

MYCROFT

It's not for you. And I hope your shoes are clean.

HOLMES

Sorry. I wouldn't want to muck up the red runner.

He steps off the carpet. MYCROFT reaches for the champagne.

CONTINUED:

S68 CONTINUED:

MYCROFT
I'll take that.

HOLMES
(glancing at label)
1886 -- not a very good vintage, is
it?

MYCROFT
Mediocre. But then again, it's not for
drinking.
(takes bottle, hands it to
GUIDE)
Tie it up, will you, Macgregor?

The GUIDE moves off toward the Tower. MYCROFT pulls back
the flap of the tent.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)
In here.

He starts in, followed by HOLMES.

S69 INT. TENT - NIGHT

S69

It is lit by a kerosene lamp suspended from the ridge-
pole. There is a cot, with the bedding rolled up, and
beside it a foot-locker with the name VALLADON painted
on it. On top of the locker is a silver-framed photo-
graph of a woman. Lying on the stripped cot are
GABRIELLE'S parasol and WATSON'S stethoscope. The rest
of the tent is crowded with engineering equipment.

MYCROFT and HOLMES come in.

MYCROFT
Despite my most emphatic warning,
you persisted in meddling. It
would have served you right if
you'd all drowned.

HOLMES
Sorry to be so un-obliging.

CONTINUED:

S69 CONTINUED:

MYCROFT

(Indicating parasol and
stethoscope)

I imagine this belongs to the pretty
lady, and this belongs to your valet--
- We found them floating in the lake.

HOLMES

Speaking about things floating in
the lake --

MYCROFT

How much do you know -- or think you
know?

HOLMES

I think you're testing some sort of
underwater craft -- camouflaged to
mislead the gullible. I think it's an
experimental model, operated by a crew
of midgets. I think it is powered by
sulphuric acid batteries, and uses
canaries to detect escaping gas ---
Altogether a unique contraption.

MYCROFT

Not quite that unique. Right now, four
countries are trying to develop what
we call a submersible. But none of
them could solve the critical problem
-- how to stay submerged long enough
to make it effective.

HOLMES

What does the Good Book say? "And
Jonah lived in the belly of that fish
for three days and three nights."

MYCROFT

That was our goal. And thanks to
Valladon's air-pump, we got a jump on
the rest of them. It's a highly
complex system of filtration -- so we
had a series of trials --

CONTINUED:

S69 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMES

And at least one error.

MYCROFT

During a test run in Moray Firth, pressure caused a leak in the hull. Sea water mixed with the acid in the batteries to produce chlorine gas. Before they could reach the surface, Valladon and two of the crew were dead.

HOLMES

So you had them buried in unmarked graves, to preserve your secret.

MYCROFT

It was essential to keep the information from your client.

HOLMES

You went to all those lengths to prevent Madame Valladon from finding her husband.

MYCROFT

Your client isn't Madame Valladon -- it's the Imperial German Government. They were after the Belgian engineer-- or rather, his invention. They knew he was employed by us, but they couldn't find out where -- so they enlisted the best brain in England to help them. You, my dear brother, have been working for the Wilhelmstrasse.

HOLMES

And Madame Valladon --?

MYCROFT

She's dead. The German's disposed of her three weeks ago, in Brussels. This is Gabrielle Valladon.

CONTINUED:

S69 CONTINUED: (3)

He picks up the silver-framed photograph, shows it to HOLMES. The real Madame Valladon bears no resemblance to HOLMES'S client.

MYCROFT

The woman who was brought to you in the middle of the night, apparently fished out of the Thames and suffering from amnesia, is in fact, Ilse von Hoffmanstal, one of their most skillful agents. Am I going too fast for the best brain in England.

HOLMES abstractly picks up the parasol, twirls it in his hand.

HOLMES

Go on.

MYCROFT

They planted her on you quite neatly, I must admit, so that you could lead them to their objective -- the air-pump -- very much like using a hog to find truffles.

(he consults his watch)

Would you care to join me. I'm expecting a certain royal personage from Balmoral.

He opens the flap of the tent, starts out. HOLMES drops the parasol, follows him out slowly.

S70 EXT. ROAD LEADING TO CASTLE - NIGHT

S70

A richly appointed coach, drawn by four white horses, and preceded by a couple of outriders, is heading toward the castle. The side-lamps are lit, the curtains drawn. Beside the coachman is a footman, both in livery.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER and we see the crest on the door -- the initials V.R. surmounted by a crown. A shadow falls across it as the coach moves into the archway.

CONTINUED:

S71 EXT. URQUHART CASTLE - NIGHT

S71

The outriders and the royal coach emerge from the ruins of the gate-house, pull up at the foot of the steps. Two footmen dismount, open the door of the coach.

Waiting on top of the steps, outside the tent, are MYCROFT and HOLMES. Lined up on the other side of the torch-lit red carpet are half a dozen SCIENTISTS, in their best clothes.

Out of the coach steps a familiar figure -- Her Majesty, QUEEN VICTORIA, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India. She is 69 years old, and dressed entirely in black.

MYCROFT comes down the carpeted steps to meet her.

MYCROFT

Your Majesty.

He bows. The QUEEN extends her hand to him, and he touches it.

MYCROFT

I trust you had a pleasant journey,
Ma'am.

QUEEN VICTORIA

It was long and it was tedious.
And it had better be worth our while,
Mr. Holmes.

MYCROFT

I can assure you, Ma'am, it will be.

A LADY-IN-WAITING and a uniformed EQUERRY have now descended from the coach. MYCROFT leads the party up the steps.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Now what is this curious ship we are
supposed to christen?

MYCROFT

We call it a submersible, Ma'am. It
travels under water.

CONTINUED:

S71 CONTINUED:

QUEEN VICTORIA

Under water? What a fantastic idea.

They have now reached the top of the steps.

MYCROFT

Ma'am, may I present some of the scientists who were responsible for this achievement, J. W. Ferguson, naval architect --

FIRST SCIENTIST

(bowing)

Your Majesty.

MYCROFT

Professor Simpson, our leading expert on hydraulics --

SECOND SCIENTIST

(bowing)

Your Majesty.

MYCROFT

W. W. Prescott, co-inventor of the revolving periscope --

QUEEN VICTORIA

We don't claim to understand any of this. But England is proud of you, gentlemen. To think that man can now observe fish in their native habitat, and underwater plants and coral reefs--

-

MYCROFT

(trying to correct her)

Well, not exactly, Ma'am --

QUEEN VICTORIA

(noticing HOLMES)

And what was your contribution to this project, young man?

CONTINUED:

S71 CONTINUED:(2)

HOLMES

I'm afraid it was rather negligible,
Your Majesty.

MYCROFT

(to the QUEEN)

This is my brother, Sherlock, Ma'am.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Ah, yes. Sherlock Holmes. We have been
following your exploits with great
interest.

HOLMES bows, touches the QUEEN'S extended hand.

HOLMES

Thank you, Ma'am.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Are you engaged in one of your
fascinating cases at the moment?

HOLMES

In a manner of speaking, Ma'am.

QUEEN VICTORIA

When can we expect to read Dr.
Watson's account of the case?

HOLMES

I hope never, Ma'am. It has not been
one of my more successful endeavors.

O.S. a bagpiper starts playing HIELAN' LADDIE.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Ah, the ceremonies are about to begin.

(to MYCROFT)

Now where is this underwater ship of
yours?

MYCROFT

(pointing to Tower)

In the dungeon, Ma'am.

CONTINUED:

S71 CONTINUED: (3)

QUEEN VICTORIA

The dungeon? What a peculiar place to
keep it.

(turning to the others)

Well, let us get on with it,
gentlemen.

MYCROFT leads the QUEEN along the red runner toward the
Tower. The LADY-IN-WAITING and the EQUERRY fall in
behind them, then HOLMES, then the SCIENTISTS.

As they cross the inner courtyard, the Highland piper
falls in ahead of the procession, leads them toward the
drawbridge, beside which the GUIDE is stationed. Then he
steps aside, as the royal party crosses the drawbridge
and passes through the door of the Tower.

CONTINUED:

S72 INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

S72

A high-ceilinged rock chamber, with a spiral iron staircase leading down. The floor is a concrete ramp, the lower end of it covered with water. Beyond is the entrance from the Loch, camouflaged by scaffolding and vegetation. On the upper part of the ramp is a small, primitive submarine, resting on wheels. Prominently lettered on the bow is the name H.M.S. JONAH, and suspended by a rope from the prow is the magnum of champagne which HOLMES delivered. Along the sides are torpedo tubes, fitted over the conning tower is the head and neck of the "monster" we saw in the lake.

The door of the submarine is open, and on the deck are the four surviving midgets, in wool jerseys and navy caps. They are pulling on a chain which slowly raises the detachable head and neck of the monster from the conning tower of the sub toward the ceiling.

Also present are half a dozen naval personnel, commanded by an OFFICER. As the royal party comes down the spiral staircase, the officer barks an order and the sailors snaps to attention. MYCROFT is in the lead, followed by the QUEEN, the EQUERRY, the LADY-IN-WAITING, HOLMES and SCIENTISTS.

MYCROFT

There she is, Ma'am. Her Majesty's
Ship Jonah.

QUEEN VICTORIA

And what, may we ask, is the purpose
of that hideous gargoyle?

MYCROFT

It's merely a decoy, Ma'am.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Oh. To frighten away the sharks, we
imagine.

MYCROFT

Something of the sort.

(He signals to the midgets)

The crew will now demonstrate the
workings of the submersible.

CONTINUED:

S72 CONTINUED:

The midgets scramble through the door of the sub, take up their stations.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Aren't they rather small for sailors?

MYCROFT

They are. But because of the size of the craft, the Navy made an exception.

QUEEN VICTORIA

They should make it a rule. It's quite fatiguing to pin on all those medals while standing on our toes.

There is the sound of the engine starting. MYCROFT leads the QUEEN into the doorway of the sub, with HOLMES and the rest of the party close behind.

Inside, all is noise and confusion. Metal rods are dipping into bottles of sulphuric acid, complicated machinery is driving the propeller shaft, bellows are inflating and deflating, etc. The midgets scurry around the cramped quarters, pulling the switches, oiling the engine, demonstrating the operation of the periscope. Overhead is a cage full of canaries, all chirping away. MYCROFT points out the various features to the QUEEN.

MYCROFT

These are the batteries -- the engines which propel it underwater at the rate of two knots an hour -- the ballast tanks which allow it to submerge and rise again -- the air pump which filters and recirculates the air -- the levers for firing the torpedoes, which are accurate up to as much as 120 feet -- the periscope for scanning the surface of the water --

QUEEN VICTORIA

But where is the glass bottom?

CONTINUED:

S72 CONTINUED: (2)

MYCROFT

The what, Ma'am?

QUEEN VICTORIA

The glass bottom. To see the fish.

MYCROFT

That's not quite the idea, Ma'am.
H.M.S. Jonah is being commissioned as
a warship.

QUEEN VICTORIA

A warship?

(waving her hand)

Stop that noise. Stop it!

At a signal from MYCROFT, the sub engines are turned
off.

MYCROFT

Ma'am, if I may explain --

QUEEN VICTORIA

You had better.

MYCROFT

The admiralty regards this craft as
the ultimate weapon in naval warfare.
It can seek out and destroy enemy
ships while remaining completely
invisible.

QUEEN VICTORIA

You mean it can fire at other
vessels while under water?

MYCROFT

Yes, Ma'am.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Without any warning?

MYCROFT

That is correct, Ma'am.

CONTINUED:

S72 CONTINUED: (3)

QUEEN VICTORIA
And without showing her colors?

MYCROFT
Indeed, Ma'am.

QUEEN VICTORIA
Mr. Holmes, we are not amused.

MYCROFT
I beg your pardon, Ma'am.

QUEEN VICTORIA
It is un-sportsmanlike, it is un-
English, and it is in very poor taste.
We will have none of it!

MYCROFT
But, Ma'am.

QUEEN VICTORIA
Sometimes we despair of the state of
the world. What will the scientists
think of next?

MYCROFT
That's precisely it, Ma'am. At this
very moment the Germans under Count
von Zeppelin, are experimenting with a
dirigible --

QUEEN VICTORIA
A dirigible? And what, pray, is that?

MYCROFT
A rigid balloon, which could fly over
London and drop a bomb on Buckingham
Palace. It is being developed at the
express orders of Kaiser Wilhelm the
Second.

CONTINUED:

S72 CONTINUED: (4)

QUEEN VICTORIA

Nonsense. We refuse to believe that our grandson Willie would do a thing like that to us.

MYCROFT

We have conclusive proof, Ma'am. Our agent in Friedrichshafen, a man named Ibbetson, actually saw the dirigible and made a drawing of it. Unfortunately, he was apprehended before he could cross the border.

QUEEN VICTORIA

(indicating sub)

Nevertheless, we don't want any part of this beastly invention. Get rid of it! Scuttle it! The sooner the better.

MYCROFT

May I point out, Ma'am--

QUEEN VICTORIA

And don't concern yourself about that dirigible dropping bombs on us. We shall write a very sharp note to the Kaiser about it.

(to equerry)

Now we wish to return to Balmoral.

She starts toward the spiral staircase. The EQUERRY precedes her up the stairs, the LADY-IN-WAITING follows, the SCIENTISTS trail after them. MYCROFT and HOLMES linger behind.

HOLMES

Well, Mycroft, it seems we have both been undone by woman.

(Mycroft is staring
thoughtfully
at the sub)

What a shame. All that superb engineering, and all that cunning espionage, for naught.

CONTINUED:

S72 CONTINUED: (5)

MYCROFT

Not necessarily. If the Germans want that submersible so badly, why don't we give it to them?

HOLMES

Give it to them?

MYCROFT

Invite them aboard for the final journey -- seven hundred feet -- straight down.

HOLMES

And how are you going to arrange that?

MYCROFT

I'm rather counting on you to do it. Since you are on such intimate terms with Fraulein von Hoffmanstal.

O.S., the bagpiper resumes playing.

MYCROFT

Shall we say goodbye to her Majesty?

He starts up the spiral staircase. HOLMES follows slowly and thoughtfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

S73 EXT. CALEDONIAN HOTEL - DAWN

S73

The gig, with the GUIDE driving and HOLMES beside him, pulls into the courtyard, stops in front of the entrance. HOLMES hops down, and twirling GABRIELLE'S parasol in his hand, walks thoughtfully into the hotel.

S74 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

S74

In the half-light, GABRIELLE can be seen, asleep in her bed. She is wearing the pink negligee with the maribou feathers. The other bed has not been slept in.

CONTINUED:

S74 CONTINUED:

The door from the corridor opens and HOLMES steps in, carrying the parasol. He crosses to GABRIELLE'S bed, stops, looks down at her for a long moment. Then he moves to the window which gives on the balcony, opens it, glances out.

S75 LAKEFRONT - FROM HOLMES'S P.O.V. - DAWN

S75

The seven Trappist monks, led by von Tirpitz, are walking in single file along the shore, silhouetted against the water. They come to a halt, turn and stand watching the hotel.

S76 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

S76

HOLMES withdraws from the window, looks at the sleeping GABRIELLE, then casually swings the parasol, hitting one of the metal lamp-shades. The noise awakens GABRIELLE. She blinks her eyes open, and seeing HOLMES, half sits up.

HOLMES

Sorry about that. But as long as you're up -- what is the German word for castle? Schloss, isn't it?

GABRIELLE

(carefully)

I think so.

HOLMES

And how would you say under the castle? Unter das Schloss? Or die Schloss?

GABRIELLE gets out of bed, adjusting her negligee.

GABRIELLE

I don't know. My German isn't that good.

HOLMES

(indicating window)

Your Trappists friends are out there waiting to hear from you -- it's a chilly morning -- we don't

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

S76 CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)
 want to keep them standing around
 too long, do we, Fraulein
 Hoffmanstal?
 (GABRIELLE looks at him
 without answering)
 Come now. It's too late to play cat
 and mouse.

GABRIELLE
 (flatly)
 Unter dem Schloss.

HOLMES
 Thank you.
 (holding out parasol)
 Here's your signaling device --
 it's a bit damp, I'm afraid --
 would you care to let them know
 where they can find the submersible?
 (GABRIELLE makes no move
 to take the parasol)
 No? Then I'll just have to do it
 myself.
 (moving toward window)
 I only hope my Morse code is adequate
 to the occasion.

Keeping well to one side of the open window, he extends
 the parasol outside, opens it, starts sending out a
 series of long and short signals.

S77 LAKEFRONT - DAWN

S77

Von Tirpitz and the other monks strain their eyes in the
 direction of the hotel.

S78 HOTEL - FROM MONK'S P.O.V. - DAWN

S78

Outside the hotel window, GABRIELLE'S parasol can be
 seen flashing the message UNTER DEM SCHLOSS in Morse
 code -- but it is not apparent that HOLMES is doing the
 signaling.

S79 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

S79

As HOLMES continues opening and closing the parasol,

CONTINUED:

S79 CONTINUED:

S79

GABRIELLE comes up behind him, glances over his shoulder toward the lake. HOLMES finishes the message, shuts the parasol, draws it back into the room. Then he looks out of the window.

S80 LAKEFRONT - FROM HOLMES'S P.O.V. - DAWN

S80

The monks turn away from the hotel and with von Tirpitz in the lead, move off along the shore.

S81 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

S81

HOLMES steps back from the window, faces GABRIELLE.

HOLMES

Well, it's up to the good monks now. You can consider your part of the mission accomplished, Fraulein Hoffmanstal.

GABRIELLE

You're all wrong about me.

HOLMES

Am I?

GABRIELLE

My name isn't Hoffmanstal -- It's von Hoffmanstal.

HOLMES

I stand corrected.

GABRIELLE

(glancing toward window)
I suppose once they're in the castle --
-- It must amuse you, Mr. Holmes,
Trappists walking into a trap.

HOLMES

It's more amusing than that. They will encounter surprisingly little resistance -- it will take but a small bottle of chloroform to overcome the guards.

CONTINUED:

S82 CONTINUED:

GABRIELLE

(skeptically)

You mean you're going to let them have the air pump?

HOLMES

Better than that. We're going to let them have the submersible. They will find it with its engines running, all set to go. I assume they're all expert sailors? And since there is a German battleship cruising off the coast of Scotland, I expect they'll try to sail it out of the loch and rendezvous at sea.

GABRIELLE

Did you say try to?

HOLMES

I would suggest you get your things together. Mycroft will be here to take you into custody.

He picks up her suitcase, sets it on the bed, opens it. GABRIELLE watches him for a beat, then crosses to the wardrobe, starts taking her clothes out.

GABRIELLE

I never had you fooled for a moment, did I? You knew right from the beginning -- when the cabbie brought me to Baker Street.

HOLMES

Not quite that soon.

GABRIELLE

It's so funny. I asked for this assignment, you know.

HOLMES

Did you?

GABRIELLE

I was scheduled to go to Japan, but I couldn't resist the challenge of coming up against the best. I'm sorry I didn't give you a closer game.

CONTINUED:

S82 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

We all have our setbacks. Only Dr.
Watson never writes about mine.

DISSOLVE TO:

S83 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

S83

WATSON, back in his valet's outfit again, comes bounding down the narrow stairs from the attic, races toward the door of HOLMES'S room.

WATSON

Holmes! Holmes!

S84 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

S84

Bright sunlight now floods the room. GABRIELLE, fully dressed, is standing in front of the mirror, putting on her hat. Her packed bag has been set out in the middle of the room, and resting on it is the parasol.

The door bursts open and WATSON dashes in.

WATSON

Holmes!

In his haste he trips over the bag, goes down. As he picks himself up again, GABRIELLE points toward the balcony.

S85 EXT BALCONY - HOTEL - DAY

S85

HOLMES is leaning against the parapet, scanning the lake through his telescope. WATSON appears through the open window behind him.

WATSON

(excitedly)

Holmes, I saw it again -- that
thing -- it came from the castle
-- it's out there --

HOLMES

I know.

CONTINUED:

S85 CONTINUED:

As he continues looking through the telescope, there is a muffled explosion from the direction of the lake. Slowly he lowers the telescope.

HOLMES
Now it's gone.

WATSON
Gone?

HOLMES
Forever. Look for yourself.

He hands the telescope to WATSON. As WATSON points it toward the lake, HOLMES gently pushes the telescope around with his finger so it is trained on the right spot.

S86 LOCH NESS - THROUGH TELESCOPE - DAY S86

There is a great turbulence in the water. Up to the surface pops the bottle of christening champagne, with rope and ribbons still attached. Then a copy of the Bible bobs up.

S87 EXT. BALCONY - HOTEL - DAY S87

WATSON
A bottle of champagne? --- and a Bible ----

HOLMES
That's all that's left of H.M.S. Jonah.

He steps through the window as a puzzled WATSON lowers the telescope.

S88 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY S88

WATSON follows HOLMES in from the balcony.

WATSON
Would you mind being a little less cryptic?

CONTINUED:

S88 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

It would seem that somebody carelessly loosened the bolts of the submersible. What a fitting end for Trappists -- now they are resting in eternal silence at the bottom of the lake.

WATSON

(to GABRIELLE)

Do you know what he's talking about?

GABRIELLE

I'm afraid I do.

WATSON almost stumbles over her bag again.

WATSON

What is this? Are we leaving?

GABRIELLE

I am leaving. Mr. and Mrs. Ashdown are getting a divorce.

WATSON

(to HOLMES)

Do you know what she's talking about.

HOLMES

I'm afraid I do.

There is a knock on the door, and they all turn.

Standing in the open doorway is MYCROFT. In the corridor behind him is one of his aides.

MYCROFT

Fraulein von Hoffmanstal?

GABRIELLE

Yes, Mr. Holmes. I'm all ready.

MYCROFT

If there's one thing I like about the Prussians, it's their punctuality.

CONTINUED:

S88 CONTINUED: (2)

GABRIELLE

If there's one thing I dislike about the British, it's their climate. I understand your jails are quite damp.

MYCROFT

They are. But you're not going to jail. You're going back to Germany.

GABRIELLE

Germany?

MYCROFT

You will be conducted to the Swiss-German border, and be exchanged for one of our agents-- a man named Ibbetson.

GABRIELLE

Thank you.

MYCROFT

Don't thank me. Thank my brother. It was his idea.

GABRIELLE looks at HOLMES, but he avoids her eyes.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

(to GABRIELLE)

Frankly, I think we are making a very poor deal. You are much better than most operatives working for British Intelligence.

(turning to HOLMES)

Don't you agree, Sherlock?

HOLMES

(with a small but

gallant bow to GABRIELLE)

And better than some consulting detectives.

MYCROFT signals to his aide, who comes in from the corridor and picks up GABRIELLE'S bag.

MYCROFT

(to GABRIELLE)

Shall we?

CONTINUED:

S88 CONTINUED: (3)

GABRIELLE
(reaching for parasol)
I'll take that.
(to HOLMES and WATSON)
Gentlemen.

She turns and walks out the door, MYCROFT following.
WATSON'S bewilderment has now reached monumental proportions.

WATSON
(folding his arms)
All right, Holmes -- you don't have to explain anything to me, if you don't want to.

HOLMES
I appreciate that, Watson.

WATSON
After all, I'm only your official biographer --

HOLMES
Anyway, I don't think she'd care to have this story spread all over Strand Magazine.

WATSON
The public has a right to know these things. If she's a German spy, why should we concern ourselves about her feelings?

HOLMES
I didn't mean Fraulein von Hoff-
manstal -- I meant Queen Victoria.

WATSON
Queen Victoria?

HOLMES crosses to a small window overlooking the courtyard of the hotel, open it, looks out.

S89 EXT. HOTEL - DAY

S89

MYCROFT'S aide comes out of the hotel with GABRIELLE'S suitcase, loads it into an open carriage waiting in front of the entrance. GABRIELLE emerges, carrying her

CONTINUED:

S89 CONTINUED:

parasol, and accompanied by MYCROFT. He helps her into the carriage, gets in beside her. The aide joins the coachman, and the carriage drives off. GABRIELLE does not look back toward the hotel.

S90 EXT. SMALL WINDOW - HOTEL - DAY

S90

HOLMES is framed in the open window, watching the carriage. WATSON comes up behind him, peers over his shoulder.

S91 EXT. HOTEL - DAY

S91

As the carriage proceeds down the driveway, GABRIELLE opens her parasol, starts to signal -- without MYCROFT being aware of it.

S92 EXT. SMALL WINDOW - HOTEL - DAY

S92

HOLMES is looking after the carriage.

WATSON

If I promised not to write a word
about it, would you enlighten me?
As your friend -- as your valet --

HOLMES

Quiet. I'm trying to read a personal
message.

WATSON

A message?

S93 MOVING CARRIAGE - DAY

S93

GABRIELLE continues to open and close the parasol, sending out her message in Morse.

S94 EXT. SMALL WINDOW - HOTEL - DAY

S94

WATSON is straining forward to see out the window.

WATSON

What is she saying?

CONTINUED:

S94 CONTINUED:

HOLMES
(slowly)
Auf Wiedersehn.

WATSON
Auf Wieder--? The nerve! I
would think you'd be the last
person in the world she'd ever
want to see again.

HOLMES ignores him, stares out after the carriage.

S95 EXT. HOTEL - DAY

S95

The carriage disappears down an avenue of trees, GABRIELLE'S
parasol still flashing out its message.

DISSOLVE TO:

S96 EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

S96

There is snow on the ground, and drifts of it piled up along
the curbs. Traffic is light. Householders are shoveling the
snow off the sidewalks, and pedestrians are hurrying along
bundled up against the cold.

S97 INT. LIVING ROOM - 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

S97

HOLMES, in his dressing gown, and WATSON, in his smoking
jacket, are at the breakfast table. There is snow on the
window-sills, and a cozy fire is burning in the grate. WATSON
is reading the morning paper, HOLMES is sorting through his
mail.

HOLMES
(holding up envelope)
H'mmm. A letter from the Diogenes Club.

WATSON
(lowering paper)
Maybe Mycroft is putting you up for
membership.

CONTINUED:

S97 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

If only to have the distinct pleasure of
blackballing his brother.

He has slit open the envelope. WATSON watches him curiously as he reads the letter, but HOLMES'S face remains expressionless. Slowly he puts down the letter, rises, crosses to the window, stands there staring out into the wintry street.

WATSON

Aren't you going to finish your breakfast?

HOLMES doesn't answer. WATSON peers across the table at the letter, but it's facing away from him. He picks up the sugar tongs, reaches into the bowl for a lump of sugar, then glancing over his shoulder to make sure HOLMES isn't watching, he swivels the letter around with the tongs. It is written on Diogenes Club stationery, and reads:

9th December, 1888

Dear Sherlock,

My sources in Tokyo inform me that
Ilse von Hoffmanstal was arrested last week
by the Japanese counter-intelligence
service for spying on naval installations
in Yokohama harbor. After a secret trial,
she was summarily executed by a firing
squad.

It might interest you to know that

The page ends at this point. WATSON quickly drops the lump of sugar in his coffee, turns the sheet of paper over with the tongs. The letter continues on the other side.

she had been living in Japan these past few
months under the name of Mrs. Ashdown.

Sincerely,

Mycroft

CONTINUED:

S97 CONTINUED: (2)

WATSON looks toward HOLMES, who is still standing with his back to the room, gets up from the table.

WATSON

Holmes -- I'm terribly sorry about this.

HOLMES

(quietly, without turning)
Where is it, Watson?

WATSON

(after a beat)
Among the files. May to July, 1885.

HOLMES turns to the bookshelves above the desk. From a row of similar volumes, he slides out the three files marked MAY, JUNE, and JULY 1885. Actually it's the medical bag, standing on end, with the spines of the three volumes pasted on the bottom.

HOLMES

You're getting better.

He sets the bag down on the desk, opens it, removes WATSON'S stethoscope, and takes out a bottle of cocaine. WATSON watches him with compassion as he crosses to his bedroom with the cocaine, goes in, shuts the door.

O.S., the front DOORBELL rings. WATSON moves slowly to the medical bag, closes it. FOOTSTEPS are heard hurrying up the stairs. Then there is a KNOCK on the door. WATSON approaches the door, opens it to reveal INSPECTOR LESTRADE. He is wearing an overcoat, his bowler is in his hand, and as usual his fingers are drumming nervously on the crown.

LESTRADE

Good morning, Watson.
(stepping in)
Just happened to be in the neighborhood,
and I thought --

WATSON

What is it this time, Lestrade?

CONTINUED:

S97 CONTINUED: (3)

LESTRADE

We've had three rather nasty murders in Whitechapel. All ladies of easy virtue. You may have read something about it -- the newspapers are referring to the killer as Jack the Ripper.

WATSON

Yes, I think so.

LESTRADE

Some of us at the Yard were wondering if perhaps Mr. Holmes would be willing to --

WATSON

(a glance toward the
bedroom)

I'm sorry, Lestrade. But at the moment, Holmes is working on another problem.

LESTRADE

(trying to hide his disappointment)
Oh ---- Well, I just thought it was the kind of case that might interest him. I dare say we can solve it without his help.

WATSON

Oh, I'm sure you will.

From HOLMES'S bedroom comes the sound of the VIOLIN being tuned. WATSON starts to ease LESTRADE out of the door.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Good day, Lestrade.

He shuts the door after him. From off comes the melancholy tune we have heard before, being played on the violin. WATSON listens for a moment, then crosses to the wicker chair, seats himself. He takes some sheets of paper out of the rack and places them on the writing arm, dips his pen in the inkwell, starts to write.

CONTINUED:

S97 CONTINUED: (4)

The VIOLIN music continues OVER SCENE, infinitely romantic,
infinitely sad.

FADE OUT:

THE END