

No. 00309

PRODUCER: HERBERT ROSS ✓

THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION

Screenplay

by

NICHOLAS MEYER

based upon his novel

FADE IN

BLACK SCREEN

TITLE OVER: In 1891 Sherlock Holmes
was missing and presumed
dead for three years.
This is the true story
of that disappearance.
Only the facts have been
made up.

FADE OUT

The black screen slowly brightens to reveal ---

1 EXT. SANITARIUM - DAY - LONG SHOT

1

of an institutional building of ancient lineage, probably a castle at one time, and its lawns, in the mellow yellow late afternoon.

The place is obviously some sort of sanitarium. People can be seen in "patient" attitudes, wandering around, taking their ease. Some are in wheelchairs being pushed by attendants; others are sitting in deck chairs basking in the sun under blankets; a game of croquet is in progress in the distance.

TITLE SUPERIMPOSED:

HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND
1939

FADE TITLE

2 ANGLE ON PATIENTS

2

in deck chairs, enjoying the sun. The camera pans down a row of them; some read books, one is knitting; another elderly gentleman with a white mustache is reading the paper.

The camera stops at the newspaper, behind which is hidden our man. The paper is held open, concealing, for the moment, his face, but telling us, in glaring headlines, that Hitler is menacing Poland.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

Suddenly the reader of the paper makes an exclamation and sits up sharply.

WATSON

Dead!

He continues reading something inside the paper, still sitting up; he is obviously very affected by what he reads, and he mutters the details of the news story to himself. Then with sudden finality, he sets down the paper and looks anxiously about.

WATSON

Sister. Sister!

Other patients turn to react; so does one of the nurses.

CUT TO

3 INT. READING ROOM OF THE NURSING HOME - THAT NIGHT

3

A place where the patients write letters, it is obviously after bedtime. Watson, now seated in a wheelchair, sits in the dimly-lit room, staring into space.

Suddenly the door to the room opens and a Young Woman enters, looks around and sees Watson. She carries the paraphernalia of a typist and stenographer. She is pretty in a soft, though conventional way.

YOUNG WOMAN

Matron said you had a letter to write; it's after curfew, you know.

WATSON

Write it myself but for this ---

He gestures briefly with a gnarled hand.

WATSON

-- But it's not a letter.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh? I thought ---

WATSON

You sit down like a good girl and let me do the thinking. Goodness knows I won't be doing it much longer.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

She sits, wondering ---

WATSON

Now I want you to write down what I say -- every word of it, you understand? I'll go over it later. And don't worry about money. The Home won't be paying for this; I have private means, and they'll suffice.

She stares at him. .

WATSON

Are you ready?

She nods. He looks at her a moment more, harrumphs.

WATSON

In the year 1891 the world was stunned to read my account of the death of my good friend and associate, Sherlock Holmes, who was thought to have plunged to an icy grave in Reichenbach Falls in the iron embrace of his arch enemy, Professor Moriarty ---

The Young Woman stops writing and looks up, shocked.

WATSON

What's the matter? Why are you stopping?

YOUNG WOMAN

You -- pardon me -- you are Doctor Watson?

WATSON

You knew my name before this, surely ---

YOUNG WOMAN

But I didn't think -- I never realized you were, well, the Doctor Watson ---

WATSON

(gruffly pleased)
Well, now you know.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED - 2

3

WATSON (Cont'd)

May we proceed? We have much to do.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm sorry.

The pencil is poised again and ready.

WATSON

Very well, where was I?

YOUNG WOMAN

-- Uh, 'thought' to have plunged.'

WATSON

Oh, yes. However, as my readers doubtless know by this time, Holmes was not dead, but rather wandering about Central Europe, the Middle East and part of Asia for three years. At the time of his return, we gave it out that he was in flight from the Professor's avenging minions. This was not true.

Again the Young Woman looks up at him. He waves her back to the page.

WATSON

I have kept the true secret of Holmes' disappearance for nearly half a century. Today, however, the death of an eminent personage who was involved in the case, releases me from my pledge. I now prepare to lay before the public the true facts as I know them -- while I have still the strength to utter them -- in a history. I have long ago labeled privately, The Adventure of The Seven-Per-Cent Solution ---

The Young Woman starts to react, as we ---

CUT TO

THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION

4

TITLE SEQUENCE: MONTAGE

4

Credits and Watson's narration over a series of the original Sidney Paget Holmes drawings, done in brown ink and white. The drawings should dissolve into one another and may be used from any and all of the adventures, but they should not be taken from "The Final Problem" or "The Adventure of the Empty House."

WATSON'S VOICE

My marriage and my subsequent start in private practice had wrought a subtle but definite alteration in the pattern of my relations with Sherlock Holmes.

At first his visits to my new home were regular, and it was not infrequently that I repaid these calls with brief sojourns at my old Baker Street digs, where we sat before the fire, smoked a pipe or two, and Holmes caught me up on his latest investigations.

Soon, however, this arrangement underwent a change; Holmes' visits grew increasingly sporadic and their duration lessened. As my practice increased, it became a matter of greater difficulty to manage my reciprocations.

It was April the 24th in the year eighteen ninety-one -- as I have every good reason to recall -- that I heard for the first time in four months from my friend, and heard in a fashion that startled me, to say the least. On this particular day, a telegram had been delivered to my surgery; not from Holmes, but from his landlady, Mrs. Hudson, imploring me to return to my former rooms without delay.

The last Paget drawing is of young Watson, seated in a hansom cab, a worried expression on his face.

SOUND OVER: hoofbeats.

The drawing comes to life!

1r #00309

6

5 INT. CAB

5

clip-clopping its way through foggy London, 1891.

6 ANGLE ON

6

a much younger John H. Watson, M.D. His face is inclined to chubbiness, but he is neither fat nor unintelligent. This Watson is not a buffoon. He looks out the window at the fog.

7 ANGLE - WATSON'S POINT OF VIEW

7

Looking out the window of the cab, we pull past a street sign, partially visible in the fog. Camera stares at it as the cab rounds the corner.

BAKER STREET

8 ANGLE ON

8

Watson, reacting. He knows they are almost there and wishes they could move faster through the fog.

CUT TO

9 EXT. BAKER STREET

9

The cab pulls to a stop.

TITLE CARD OVER:

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

10 CABBIE

10

turns around, mutters their arrival through the trap. Watson gets out, closing the door. He carries his medical bag, he looks at the familiar stretch of pavement as the cab moves off and approaches a door. Watson walks with a slight limp.

11 ANGLE ON DOOR

11

as Watson rings the bell. The number reads: 221. Watson rings the bell and the door is opened at once by a lady of advancing (but not advanced) years -- Mrs. Hudson.

MRS. HUDSON

Ah, Doctor, thank heavens you've come!

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

She stands back to let him enter, looking anxiously upstairs.

MRS. HUDSON

I'm at my wits' end!

Watson goes in.

CUT TO

12 INT. HOUSE AREAWAY

12

WATSON

Why, what has happened?

MRS. HUDSON

These last few months -- since you've left us, Doctor -- he's become very strange. He's got himself barricaded in up there, won't take his meals, keeps the oddest hours ---

She leans forward intimately ---

MRS. HUDSON

I think he's taking drugs!

Watson looks at her ---

MRS. HUDSON

Opium!

HOLMES (o.s.)

(very shrill)

Mrs. Hudson!

They react.

HOLMES

I know there's someone down there with you! I heard the cab stop before the door!

MRS. HUDSON

(sotto voce)

He keeps babbling about someone called ---

HOLMES (o.s.)

Mrs. Hudson! If that gentleman answers to the name Moriarty, you may show him up and I will deal with him!

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

WATSON
(knows what
this means)
I'd better go to him ---

MRS. HUDSON
Be careful ---

Watson starts up the seventeen steps.

13 TOP OF STAIRS - ANGLE SHOT

in front of Holmes' door. Watson arrives at the top of the stairs and knocks.

HOLMES (o.s.)
Is that you, Moriarty?

WATSON
It is I, Watson.

HOLMES (o.s.)
(altered)
Watson?

The door opens a crack after several locks have been turned from within. In the crack, we can see a pair of eyes -- dazzling eyes they are, and even more dazzling than usual at the moment -- the pupils dilating wildly.

WATSON
You see it is I. Holmes, let me enter.

He starts for the door but a foot jams against it.

HOLMES
Not so fast. You may be Moriarty in disguise. Prove you are Watson.

WATSON
How on earth am I to do that?

HOLMES
Tell me where I keep my tobacco.

WATSON
Tobacco? Well, as a rule, it's in the toe of your Persian slipper. Holmes -- !

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

HOLMES

Very well, I am satisfied.

He opens the door and stands in it cautiously -- wearing a faded blue dressing gown. Watson goes in. Holmes peers about after him, then shuts the door. We can hear the locks turning in rapid succession.

CUT TO

14 INT. HOLMES' ROOMS

They are as usually described, save that the place has been altered for siege with locks on the doors and the windows bolted at daytime. The room is lit with gas.

Holmes leans against the door as Watson turns from his survey of the room.

15 WATSON'S POINT OF VIEW - BRIEF ANGLE

on the deal chemical table are a number of empty bottles and a syringe which sits in an open case, nestled on blue velvet. Behind it some water is boiling over a Bunsen burner.

16 ANGLE - WATSON

looking quickly away and bumping into Holmes' glance.

HOLMES

I assure you, dear fellow, my plight is quite genuine.

WATSON

What is it?

HOLMES

Have you ever heard of Professor Moriarty?

WATSON

(starting guiltily)

Never.

HOLMES

(animatedly)

You have! You must have! I can see it in your face!

WATSON

Holmes, I assure you ---

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

15

HOLMES

Oh, very well, very well, I take your word. But you see how it adds to the genius and wonder of the thing! The man pervades London, the western world, even! -- And no one has ever heard of him. That man is my nemesis, . . . Watson! My evil genius! Tea?

WATSON

(utterly thrown
by this change
of pace)

Eh, oh, thank you.

Holmes goes to the deal table and pours the boiling water into two chemical beakers and mixes in the tea.

WATSON

(trying to take
advantage of
the lull)

How have you been -- uh -- otherwise, Holmes?

HOLMES

Never better. It's almost spring, have you noticed? With all this rain and fog you'd never think it.

WATSON

Well, I ---

HOLMES

(switching again)

For years past, Watson, I have been continually conscious of some power behind the malefactor, some deep organizing power which guides and inspired crimes of the most varying sorts -- here you are ---

He sits opposite Watson and hands him a beaker of tea.

17 WATSON'S POINT OF VIEW - ANGLE

17

as Holmes' arm juts out from the dressing gown (he isn't wearing any shoes or socks) -- the arm is covered with punctures.

18

ANGLE WATSON

18

taking the tea and concealing his reaction.

WATSON

Thank you. Yes, it is a wet spring. I was saying only yesterday to Mary ---

19

ANGLE ON HOLMES

19

reacting, odd expression.

CUT TO

20

QUICK FLASHBACK

20

a small boy climbing a lengthy carpeted flight of steps in a large house somewhere. (We will come back to this again and again. Each time, the boy gets farther up the steps.)

CUT BACK TO SCENE

21

HOLMES

21

leaps to his feet, startling Watson and his own beaker of tea.

HOLMES

He is the Napoleon of crime, Watson! He is the organizer of half that is evil and of nearly all that is undetected in this great city and in the annals of contemporary crime! He is a genius, a philosopher, an abstract thinker -- he sits motionless, like a spider in the center of his web, but that web has a thousand radiations and he knows well each quiver of them! His agents may be caught and their crimes forestalled, but he -- he is never so much as suspected! Until now, that is! Until I, his arch enemy, managed to deduce his existence and penetrate his perimeters. And now his minions, having discovered my success, are on my track!

22 ANGLE ON WATSON

23

stunned by this raving.

WATSON

Uh -- but Holmes -- what do you propose to do?

HOLMES

(suddenly vague;
tired)

Do? Why, for the moment, I think I shall nap.

WATSON

Nap?

The rest of the scene is played out in pantomime, with Watson, trying to figure out what is going on and Holmes gently but firmly seeing him to the door. (If necessary, play out dialogue for scene in Second Draft -- See Appendage Page "A".)

WATSON'S VOICE

I will not detail the rest of that painful interview. Its substance can be easily gleaned and it would cast an unworthy shadow on a great man's memory for me to detail what effects this horrible drug had produced upon his faculties.

Watson is now at the door, trying to stay, but Holmes is clearly saying good-bye, shaking his hand, etc., almost pushing him out the door as he undoes all the locks and locks them again after Watson is gone. We see Holmes turn and lean against the door with a sigh of relief and stare at something.

23 ANGLE

23

on the syringe.

WATSON'S VOICE

I left Baker Street and returned ---

CUT TO

24 INT. AREAWAY - WATSON'S HOUSE

24

Watson is coming through the door, shaking the damp out of his coat as he removes it, when the Girl comes forward to help him.

CONTINUED

APPENDAGE"A" PAGE DIALOGUE OMITTED FROM 4TH DRAFT

HOLMES

If you don't mind ---

WATSON

But the Professor ---

HOLMES

I know his habits. I shall be safe for an hour or two. It was good to see you again, Watson; married life clearly suits you ---

He is going to the door and unlocking it; clearly the interview is over.

WATSON

Holmes, you must call me if you -- if you need my assistance.

HOLMES

But of course, of course, my dear fellow. Ever my Boswell and my stout right arm.

Watson hesitates at the door, unsure of what to do but not knowing how to stay.

WATSON

Good day ---

HOLMES

How good of you to call, Watson.

He suppresses a yawn. Watson nods, goes. Holmes closes the door. He leans against it and stares across the room.

ANGLE ON SYRINGE

24 CONTINUED

WATSON'S VOICE

-- To my own residence where a disagreeable surprise awaited me....

GIRL

(a diffident
cockney)

There's a gentleman waitin' in the consultin' room, doctor.

WATSON

At this hour? Didn't you tell him ---

GIRL

I tried to, sir, but he was most insistant on seein' you personally-like. This here is 'is card.

She takes the salver from the hall table and presents it. Irritated and tired, Watson snatches the card, reads it -- his face goes ashen.

25 INSERT CARD

25

Professor James Moriarty
114 Munro Road
Hammersmith

CUT TO

26 INT. CONSULTING ROOM

26

Watson enters and looks about, sees something and gathers himself together and coughs.

27 WATSON'S POINT OF VIEW - ANGLE - A LITTLE MAN

27

with his back turned, is reading Watson's diploma, for lack of a better occupation. When Watson coughs, he jumps slightly and almost drops the hat he twists nervously in his hands.

MORIARTY

Oh, you startled me! Doctor Watson, is it?

The man named Moriarty is a little old man -- as harmless as they come -- timid and hesitating.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED

27

WATSON

(bowing)

Professor Moriarty? To what do I owe the honor of this late visit?

MORIARTY

(he tends to
whine slightly)

I apologize for the hour, but I wished to be discreet and my business is urgent.

He hesitates as Watson studies him carefully. Can this be the Napoleon of Crime?

MORIARTY

I have come to you, sir, because I know from your published accounts that you are Mr. Sherlock Holmes' most intimate acquaintance.

WATSON

I enjoy that distinction.

MORIARTY

Then perhaps you can help me to avert a scandal. Doctor, your friend is -- well, persecuting me is the only way I can put it.

WATSON

(astonished)

Persecuting you??

MORIARTY

(flinching at
the tone)

I don't know how else to say it. He follows me about London, dogs my steps. waits for me outside the Roylott School -- I am a teacher of mathematics -- oh, and he sends me these.

He reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a sheaf of telegrams which he hands Watson, who takes them gingerly.

MORIARTY

(reading one)

'Moriarty your days are numbered'
-- things like that.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED - 2

27

MORIARTY (Cont'd)

Doctor Watson, Mr. Holmes is convinced that I am some sort of ---

He gropes for the words as Watson rifles through the cables.

MORIARTY

-- Criminal mastermind -- of the most depraved order. I know he is a great and good man -- all England resounds with his praise, but in my case he fosters a ghastly illusion and I come to you as his friend rather than turning the matter over to my solicitor ---

WATSON

(looking up hastily
from the cables)

I assure you that will not be necessary. My friend is not in health, that is all. Had you known him when he was in full possession of his faculties ---

MORIARTY

Oh, but I did.

Watson looks at him in blank astonishment.

MORIARTY

I knew both boys -- Sherlock and his brother Mycroft -- I was their tutor at Squire Holmes' estate in Sussex. Brilliant lads they were, the Holmes brothers. I should like to go on, only -- then came the tragedy ---

WATSON

Tragedy? What tragedy ---

MORIARTY

(uneasy)

You mean you don't know -- ?

WATSON

I assure you Holmes has never spoken of his family or his early

CONTINUED

27

CONTINUED - 3

27

WATSON (Cont'd)

life; I have met his brother, of course -- he lives at his club in Pall Mall ---

MORIARTY

(rising)

Well, if Master Sherlock hasn't told you then I hardly see that it is my business to divulge ---

He holds out his hand.

WATSON

(handing him back the telegrams)

But ---

MORIARTY

(stuffs them into his pocket)

No, I cannot and will not be indiscreet in this matter. Really, I must be going. I only came to implore your assistance in this most embarrassing predicament. Good evening, Doctor ---

He bows awkwardly, puts his hat on awkwardly and leaves awkwardly, leaving Watson to sink into a chair, thinking.

After a moment, the Girl comes in.

GIRL

Mrs. Watson wondered if ---

Scene continued in pantomime as Watson describes.

WATSON (v.o.)

I waved the Girl to silence, telling her dinner would have to wait.

The Girl leaves, shrugging who cares? and Watson pursues his reflections.

WATSON (v.o.)

It was difficult to concentrate on Holmes' present predicament, so piqued was my curiosity by Professor Moriarty's tantalizing revelations. Nevertheless ---

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED - 4

27

Watson gets up and pulls out an edition of The Lancet from one of the shelves, and goes out.

WATSON

It was imperative to deal with the situation at once lest Holmes' mental collapse be made public. I resolved to put into execution a scheme that first occurred to me some months before, when reading The Lancet....

CUT TO

28 INT. DINING ROOM

28

MARY

What is to be done?

WATSON

(taking out
The Lancet)

Only one thing. Holmes must be weaned of his cocaine addiction -- and there is only one man in Europe who is in a position to help us: the doctor in Vienna who wrote this article in The Lancet ---

He points to the piece -- we can't see it clearly ---

WATSON

He has been involved in research with the drug since its discovery and knows more about its properties than any man alive. I have cabled him regarding Holmes and he agrees to help provided we can get him to Vienna.

MARY

Vienna? He will never go there. You know he does not like to leave London. He says it generates an unhealthy excitement in the criminal classes when they learn he is abroad....

WATSON

True, but we shall provide him with an incentive he cannot resist: a false trail convincing him that Moriarty has fled to the Continent.

CONTINUED

WATSON (Cont'd)

I know how Holmes thinks; I've sorted it all out....

He rises from the table and begins pacing about as he outlines his scheme -- several shots, passage of time, as Watson, in pantomime, tries ideas and Mary gestures objections to each.

WATSON (v.o.)

Our only problem was manufacturing a convincing set of clues. It was one thing to say one was going to assimilate the mind of Sherlock Holmes and quite another to do it. A dozen false starts were made that night, and each had some gap in it, some flaw in the reasoning or else in its lack of quality that I knew would fail to engage Holmes' attention. My wife, playing Devil's Advocate, several times punctured what briefly appeared to be brilliant schemes.

Watson sits with his head in his hands, exhausted. Mary watches him, then suddenly becomes animated ---

MARY

John! We're going about this all wrong.

WATSON

(annoyed)

What do you mean? I'm doing the very best I can.

MARY

Don't be angry, dearest. I only meant, if we wish to outwit Mr. Holmes we must go to his brother.

reacting.

WATSON

Mycroft! The very man! Even Holmes admits Mycroft is his intellectual superior.

He comes to the table, kisses her and starts to put on his coat.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

MARY

But you are not going now, surely?
John, you have done enough for one
day.

WATSON

I tell you there is no time to be
lost.

He kisses her again.

WATSON

Don't wait up for me.

CUT TO

TITLE CARD:

INTERLUDE IN PALL MALL

30 INT. DIOGENES CLUB 3

Camera dollies away from Watson as the Butler leads him
through various room.

WATSON (v.o.)

The Diogenes Club, where Holmes'
brother spent most of his time,
was devoted to a membership that
could not abide clubs. Save only
in the Strangers' Room, talking
was strictly prohibited....

31 INT. STRANGERS' ROOM - ANGLE 31

Watson is ushered in and the Butler leaves. Watson spends
his time, looking about the room, examining the portraits,
etc. as he waits.

WATSON (v.o.)

I did not know Mycroft Holmes well,
and I remember being astonished,
when, after seven years, Holmes
informed of his existence. Beyond
the fact that both brothers were
brilliant, however, the similarity
ended. Mycroft Holmes was incur-
ably lazy and preferred to live
out an eccentric bachelorhood with-
out society of any kind.

CONTINUED

31

CONTINUED

31

Mycroft Holmes, an enormously fat version of Sherlock, now enters the room.

MYCROFT

Doctor Watson, is it? I have not seen you since that unhappy business of the Greek Interpreter. Tell me what urgent business you have that concerns my brother. What has happened to him?

WATSON

How do you know anything has happened to him?

MYCROFT

(waving a deprecating hand)

Pooh. I have not seen you these three years and then it was in the company of Sherlock, whose doings I know you chronicle. Suddenly you pay me a visit a time when most married men are at home with their wives, and you arrive without your alter ego and your medical bag, though I know from your own statements in print that you have resumed your practice. Your face is worn and haggard, proclaiming a problem of some sort; it is not too long a shot to infer that my brother is the cause of your anxiety. Tell me.

32

ANGLE ON WATSON

32

reacting: Holmes' sibling, indeed!

WATSON (v.o.)

In as few words as possible, therefore, I told him of his brother's condition and of my worst fears. His head hung lower and lower as I spoke.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

Long pause as Watson in pantomime, finishes talking.

MYCROFT

(sighing)

Professor Moriarty?

WATSON

(nodding)

He appears to know both of you
from the time he tutored ---

MYCROFT

Quite.

He is lost in thought.

MYCROFT

And you believe this Viennese
doctor can help him?

WATSON

The medical profession is woefully
ignorant of the problems of addic-
tion. He appears to have made a
study of it -- in addition to his
other work: hysteria in children.

MYCROFT

What a peculiar range of interests.
He sounds Jewish.

WATSON

(urgently)

Time is of the essence. At the
rate your brother is using co-
caine, he will be dead within the
year. And I have no idea how on
earth we are to get him to the
Continent.

MYCROFT

(with decision)

That you may leave to me.

He rises, heavily.

MYCROFT

And Professor Moriarty, as well.
You have his address?

Watson hands him the card, wondering.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED - 2

MYCROFT

I know you are tired, doctor, but
might I prevail upon your company
for an hour or so longer?

He goes to the bell-pull.

MYCROFT

It would be as well to have a witness
-- just for the record.

The Butler appears. .

MYCROFT

I shall want a cab, Jenkins.

The Butler looks astounded!

CUT TO

33 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A lone hansom pulls to a stop, seemingly in the middle of
nowhere.

Mycroft gets out first, with surprising dexterity and turns
a finger to his lips.

Watson follows..

MYCROFT

(quietly)
Wait here, cabbie.

WATSON

This is more than a block from
Munro Road.

They are walking down the street.

MYCROFT

If what you say is true, however,
it would be as well to be discreet.
You see?

He grabs Watson's coat and pulls him into the shadows, pointing.

34 ANGLE THEIR POINT OF VIEW

Holmes stands beneath a lone street light, puffing white pipe
smoke into the night.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

WATSON

Now what?

MYCROFT

I don't -- wait a bit.

As they watch, Holmes knocks out the ashes of his pipe and starts off down the far end of the street.

MYCROFT

Quickly, now.

They start forward stealthily as we

CUT TO

35 INT. MORIARTY'S ROOM - NIGHT

35

Genteel poverty.

36 ANGLE ON MORIARTY'S HANDS

36

(He is wearing a faded dressing gown.) About to turn up the gas.

MYCROFT

Pray do not adjust the gas, Professor.
My brother may return at any time
and it would not do to let him see
any alteration in your rooms.

MORIARTY

(leaves the gas)

Very well. What do you want? This
is an ungodly hour to come calling.

MYCROFT

I want you to take a brief leave of
absence from the Roylott School --
no more than three days -- and journey
to the address on this piece of paper.

He hands it to him, as Watson watches.

MORIARTY

Three days ---

MYCROFT

(grim sweetness)

In memory of our past association.

MORIARTY

(looking up from
the paper)

But this -- this is in ---

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

MYCROFT

We know where it is, sir; I give you my word.

MORIARTY

And when I get there? What do you wish me to do?

MYCROFT

I wish you to disappear. Completely. Come home and resume your post; nothing more.

MORIARTY

Resume my post -- if it's still mine. This is really a great deal to ask.

MYCROFT

(moving his
bulk closer)

I hardly think so. I have no great desire to rake up the past, Professor, but I am perfectly capable of it.

Watson reacts to this, wondering.

MYCROFT

As it is, I have offered to pay you for any trouble. Does it still appear to be so much?

MORIARTY

(unwillingly)

Put that way, I suppose not. Very well. When?

37 ANGLE ON MYCROFT

37

MYCROFT

Now.

Moriarty reacts.

CUT TO

38 INT. WATSON'S DINING ROOM

38

The Girl enters and hands Watson a telegram, which he opens after exchanging a glance with his wife.

39 INSERT TELEGRAM

31

CAN YOUR PRACTICE SPARE
YOU FOR A FEW DAYS? THE
GAME IS AFOOT AND YOUR
ASSISTANCE WOULD PROVE
INVALUABLE. BRING TOBY TO
ONE FOUR MUNRO ROAD HAMMERSMITH.
TAKE PRECAUTIONS.
HOLMES.

40 WATSON

40

looks up from the cable to his wife.

MARY

It has begun.

WATSON

Yes.

He pats his mouth with the napkin, rises ---

WATSON

I must bustle.

He starts out. Mary, curious, picks up the telegram.

CUT TO

41 INT. WATSON'S BEDROOM

41

Watson is hastily throwing clothes into the bag as his wife,
enters, holding the telegram. She watches for a moment.

MARY

What does he mean, 'Take pre-
cautions?'

Watson turns from the bureau holding his revolver. Mary
reacts.

MARY

But surely that will not be
necessary!

WATSON

(wooden)

I have always followed his in-
structions to the letter.

He puts the revolver in the bag.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

WATSON

Ask Cullingworth to take my rounds
for me, will you?

He closes the bag.

MARY

When will you return?

Watson hesitates at the bag.

WATSON

I can't say. I'm off to fetch
Toby now. Have you any further
questions?

MARY

Just one. Who is Toby?

Tic of silence.

WATSON

Toby is a bloodhound.

CUT TO

TITLE CARD: TOBY SURPASSES HIMSELF

CUT TO

42 INT. SHERMAN'S NATURALIST ABODE

42

a building on the Thames pilings. Outside, the cry of gulls
swirling about in the fog can be heard.

42-A ANGLE ON WATSON

42-A

He sits awkwardly but patiently in the midst of every animal
you can imagine, all silently watching him with their eyes,
as he waits. Owls, badgers, parrots, cats, snakes, turtles,
possums, you name it; they are staring at him.

WATSON (v.o.)

Toby belonged to Mr. Sherman, a
naturalist who dwelt in Lambeth

CONTINUED

42-A CONTINUED

42

WATSON (v.o.) (Cont'd).

and who had lent him to us before,
at very reasonable rates. He
resided with a veritable zoo,
though to my knowledge, Toby was
its only talented member.

Sherman, an elderly old coot, now emerges from a side door,
with Toby on a leash, barking in happy anticipation, as he
sees and strains towards Watson, who pets him. Instantly,
all hell breaks loose in the menagerie -- in pantomime --
as all the animals start squawking and barking, etc. Watson
greet's Toby affectionately, rises and concludes his business
with Sherman, who indicates that there is no hurry getting
the dog back.

WATSON (v.o.)

He was not especially prepossessing
in appearance. However, his nose
was his pedigree and where his
olfactory sense was concerned
he knew no equal.

43 EXT. CAB - SEVERAL ANGLES

43

trying to make it across London in total fog ---

WATSON'S VOICE

Readers may recall Toby's remark-
able powers from my account of
them in 'The Sign of the Four,' in
which he was materially responsible
for the capture of Jonathan Small
and his Horrible Companion. More
recently Holmes had employed Toby
to trace an orangutan through the
sewers of Marseilles. It was a
case, which, though I omitted to
set it down, was not without
features of interest.

44 INT. CAB - ANGLE ON TOBY

44

WATSON (v.o.)

As I recall, the Polish government
recognized Toby's services on
their behalf by presenting him
with the Order of St. Stanislaus,
Second Class.

45 EXT. CAB

45

entering Munro Road, as a partially glimpsed sign tells us.

46 ANGLE ON CABBIE

46

seeing the sign. With a tremendous sigh of relief, he pulls in the reins.

Watson gets out, tosses him some money, and he snaps the reins, creaking his vehicle into yellow oblivion, leaving Watson, Toby and the bag, alone on deserted Munro Road. Toby whines slightly.

47 EXT. MORIARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

47

WATSON

(patting him)

There, there.

He straightens up, looks around.

WATSON

Holmes? Holmes?

Nothing. Watson starts to call again when he is suddenly startled by a tap-tap-tapping on the pavement. Camera zooms in.

48 CLOSE

48

The unidentified sound is terrifying. Toby whines more.

WATSON

Holmes? Who is that?

Suddenly a disembodied Irish tenor voice begins to sing.

VOICE (o.s.)

'Maxwellton braes are bonnie!
Where early fa's the dew, and it's
there that Annie Laurie gie'd me
her promise true -- and airly fathers
lie -- but fur bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die!'

Slowly, and with shuffling gait, the singer draws into view. As Watson stares, transfixed with horror, we can see that it

CONTINUED

48

CONTINUED

is a blind street singer with shabby open leather waistcoat, leather breeches, white hair and a wart or two, and a shovel-peaked cap turned backwards -- a one-time dustman. But now, over his eyes, the dark-tinted spectacles of the blind.

He finishes the song and silence hangs between them as the man stops right in front of Watson.

MAN

(suddenly sweeping
off his cap and
holding it
crown
downwards)

Alms? Alms for the blind?

WATSON

(angry)

Why didn't you answer when I called
out?

MAN

(as if it
were obvious)

I didn't like to stop the song.
They doesn't pay me if I stop be-
fore I finish. Alms?

Watson irritably drops a coin or two in the Man's hat which he pockets deftly.

MAN

Thankee, sir.

WATSON

(gruffly)

Do you need any assistance?

MAN

No, no, bless you, sir for offerin'.
But I don't. Why, it's all the
same to me, isn't it -- this fog.
Thankee, sir. Thankee kindly.

He starts away, replacing his cap and beginning to sing again until he is enveloped in folds of smoke. Watson looks around again.

WATSON

Holmes!

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED - 2

He turns and finds himself nose to nose with the street singer.

MAN

(removing his
glasses)

No need to shout, Watson. „I'm
right here.

WATSON

(reacting)

Holmes, good God!

Holmes laughs and tears off the false side-whiskers and white hair, peels away the warts and removes the nose.

HOLMES

Forgive me, my dear fellow. You
know I cannot resist a touch of
the dramatic and the setting was
so perfect I succumbed to tempta-
tion.

He bends down to pet Toby, who, reassured by his scent now
wags his tail.

HOLMES

Hello, Toby! There's a good boy.

WATSON

But -- But -- why this disguise?

49 ANGLE ON HOLMES

49

looking up from Toby.

HOLMES

The Professor has bolted, Watson.

WATSON

Professor -- ?

HOLMES

Moriarty and none other. That is
his house behind us in the mist.
I have spent my nights keeping
watch on it ---

He walks into the folds of smoke, talking, and returns with
a suitcase of his own, into which he is rapidly tossing the
paraphernalia of his disguise, transforming himself before our
very eyes into the Holmes we know. It should be both startling
and comic.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

HOLMES

-- But last night I made a fatal error and relaxed my vigilance long enough to visit the pub at the end of the road and warm my insides.

50 ANGLE ON WATSON

reacting. He shrugs.

HOLMES

When I returned, the bird had flown. Fortunately I anticipated his flight and took precautions -- now where did I ---

Watson steps forward.

WATSON

What are we looking f ---

Holmes suddenly shrieks and grabs Watson by the lapels, pushing him back.

HOLMES

Mind the vanilla extract!

51 ANGLE ON WATSON

stunned. Holmes sees his reaction and laughs.

HOLMES

You musn't worry; I've not lost my wits -- but you might have fallen in. Here ---

He takes Watson's arm.

HOLMES

Come forward carefully now ---

He leads him forward.

HOLMES

Now smell.

Watson kneels by the kerb and sniffs. He looks up, startled, his nose wrinkling.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

WATSON

It is vanilla extract.

HOLMES

Much better than creosote for a bloodhound to follow -- one isn't likely to run into anything like it -- unless the trail leads through a scullery. I told you I had taken precautions. Go on, Toby! Sniff it, boy!

The dog moves up and sniffs deeply at the puddle of extract as Holmes watches.

52 ANGLE

on a foot and wheel print in the puddle.

HOLMES

I poured this here when I so improvidently abandoned my post last night and it worked better than I could have hoped. You see? Here is his foot that stepped into it as he got into the carriage -- and this narrow slit is the carriage wheel itself. Now Toby: follow the wheel.

53 ANGLE - CLOSEUP - TOBY'S NOSE

5

the nostrils dilating as he picks up the scent. Suddenly, with a yip, he starts off.

HOLMES

Aha, we're off!

54 EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

54

Camera stays on Toby's nose as it plows through the street, like a snow plow -- never hesitating, come water, garbage, you name it -- he keeps going ---

WATSON (v.o.)

You still haven't explained your disguise.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

54

HOLMES (v.o.)

You try my patience, Watson. Could I have foreseen this fog? Could I have predicted his flight? Suppose he had left a pair of his thugs in wait for me, eh? What then? I came as you saw me to investigate the lay of the land undetected.

WATSON (v.o.)

Ah. And where do you expect this trail to lead?

HOLMES (v.o.)

I assure you I haven't the faintest idea. I only know that at some point Toby will exhibit some confusion. That will occur when the wheel of the cab we were following and the Professor's foot go their separate ways. Don't smoke my dear fellow, the animal has enough to contend with as it is.

WATSON (v.o.)

What? Oh. Sorry.

We can hear station related train noises as we look out at the mists.

55 NEW ANGLE

55

Through folds of smoke, Holmes, Watson and Toby appear. They squint up ahead trying to make out where they are. They stop, Toby straining at the lead.

WATSON

Where are we?

HOLMES

Victoria, I think. Yes. Come on, Toby. Doctor, your leg is not wearing out? Good.

56 ANGLE AT HACK STAND - VICTORIA STATION

56

Cabs in a row as Holmes and Watson (still carrying their bags) and the dog emerge from folds of smoke and Toby leads them up to the cabs wagging his tail furiously.

He sniffs around for a few moments as a porter or two watches with curiosity. Toby gets very excited, and starts to lead them away from the station.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

HOLMES

No, no, Toby. Not the cab. Show us where its passenger went. Come, let us try the other side.

They lead Toby around to the station side of the cabs and he picks up the scent that leads into the station.

HOLMES

Ah ha! Come on, Watson.

57 SERIES OF CUTS AND ANGLES

thru

62

Following Holmes and Watson through crowded, chaotic Victoria Station. People stranded by bad weather are waiting for trains which are hopelessly late.

Toby plows through luggage and people, knocking over bags with utter disregard for anything but the scent, as Holmes and Watson follow. Holmes ignores the angry people while Watson makes some attempt to tip his hat in apology as they trip by.

63 ANGLE - CONTINENTAL EXPRESS PLATFORM

63

A huge sign informs us that this is where the Continental Express leaves.

Toby leads Holmes and Watson right up to the edge of the platform, then stops dead with a little whimper, and looks at them reproachfully.

Holmes surveys the sign.

HOLMES

Like Gloucester at the edge of his cliff, eh, Watson?

WATSON

What now?

HOLMES

Now, if you will be so kind, find out when the last train left and when the next will depart. I will in the meantime remove what remains of this disguise. I cannot visit the Continent looking like a dust-man.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

WATSON

And the dog?

HOLMES

Oh, we will take him with us. I do not think we have exhausted his usefulness quite yet.

63-A ANGLE ON DOG

CUT TO

64 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT.- ANGLE ON TOBY

sitting lugubriously on one of the seats. He stares across at Holmes (who is now dressed as we know him -- in Inverness and deerstalker) and Watson. An awkward moment -- especially felt by Watson, who now has Holmes well and truly on his way. Holmes looks at him.

WATSON

(trying to
make talk)

I fear the fog has delayed us.

HOLMES

(fractional pause)

Perhaps, but it has also delayed him. It seems to be clearing.

He points, Watson looks. As the train leaves London, the weather is becoming visible, though it is rainy.

As Watson looks, Holmes stealthily reaches for his bag. Watson turns and catches Holmes in the act. He looks at Watson strangely.

HOLMES

(rising with
the bag)

Excuse me for a moment, dear fellow. I'll return shortly.

Watson wants to protest, but daren't. Unhappily eyeing the bag, he watches Holmes leave the compartment. Then he goes back to looking out the window -- then turns to the dog, who is watching him steadily.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

6

WATSON

It's all right, Toby.

He pats the dog, picks up the newspaper and starts reading.

WATSON (v.o.)

There was no point in remonstrating about Holmes' use of cocaine. In fact, until we reached Austria, I was, ironically, dependent upon it.

CUT TO

65 EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - A SIGN

6

informs us that we are at DOVER.

Holmes, Watson and Toby emerge from the compartment and begin walking Toby along the platform away from camera.

WATSON (v.o.)

Every time the train halted, we provided Toby with a reminder of the vanilla extract from a bottle and proceeded to promenade up and down station platforms ---

FLIP SCREEN

66 EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - SIGN

66

reading ZURICH. Holmes, Watson and Toby are now walking towards the camera.

WATSON (v.o.)

Always without success. Toby, as I had every reason to know, was retaining his character for infallibility....

At the end of this line, they reboard the train, shrugging at each other. The train pulls out, as they get on.

CUT TO

67 INT. COMPARTMENT

67

In b.g. the magnificent Austrian Alps. Holmes is pretending to be engrossed in a book, as Watson admires the scenery.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED

HOLMES

(without looking up)

You are right, Watson. It is a humbling thought.

Watson turns, wonderingly. Holmes puts down his book -- comes over to the window ---

HOLMES

An avalanche. How puny our actions seem when contrasted with those of nature, do they not? A dozen geniuses could be on this train -- each one possessing some tremendous secret whose service to mankind would prove invaluable -- and yet, with a flick of the Creator's little finger those distant picks would be pushed on top of us and where would mankind be then, eh, Watson? I ask you: where does it all lead?

Watson looks at him ---

WATSON

(uncertainly)

Other geniuses would no doubt be born.

HOLMES

Ah, Watson. Good old Watson!

He shakes his head from side to side ---

HOLMES

You are the one fixed point in this universe of avalanches.

Watson looks at him. Tears are standing in his eyes ---

HOLMES

Excuse me.

He grabs the bag and goes out with it, leaving Watson staring at the Alps, frowning.

CUT TO

68 EXT. STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

68

The sign reads LINZ.

Beneath the sign, Holmes and Watson are walking Toby again.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED

6

The train's whistle blows, ready to depart; Holmes and Watson prepare to rejoin her ---

Suddenly, however, two carriages race up to the station and five uniformed Turks, replete with fezzes and scimitars leap out of the first coach. With practiced dexterity they run to the second carriage and proceed to unroll before its door an enormous red carpet, which runs from the carriage directly to a private car on the train as the camera pans to follow their progress. On the side of the car is a Turkish coat of arms and foreign writing.

As Holmes and Watson watch this bizarre event, the train's whistle blows again and everything stops. The Conductors all stand at attention, and one, by the private car, snaps open the door as if he were on parade.

Now Holmes and Watson watch the carriage, as a uniformed Turk snaps open the door. After a moment's pause, a dramatically mustachioed Turkish gentleman in western military dress -- but with Middle Eastern trappings emerges, languidly smoking a cigarette. He is followed by six veiled women, walking fluidly behind him, their heads lowered.

As everyone in the station watches, the Turk and his wives walk towards the train. At one point, the Turk stops and glances briefly at a poster on the station wall -- a very beautiful red headed woman, done in the Lautrec manner -- obviously a chanteuse of some kind. Then he moves on, followed by his women.

After the party has entered the railway car, the Conductors reboard the train and activity is resumed. Holmes and Watson move forward, starting to step on the carpet, which is being rolled up, but one of the huge fez-wearing guards shoves them aside with a Moslem oath.

Holmes and Watson exchange looks.

HOLMES

Saved from a profanation, Watson.

He stops the Conductor as he walks by ---

HOLMES

Whose private coach belongs to that private carpet, conductor?

CONDUCTOR

They all belong to the Amin Pasha, gentlemen.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED - 2

WATSON

And who might that worthy be?

CONDUCTOR

Be? Why he's the Premier of the
entire Ottoman Empire, and --
(he winks)

He's the man who broke the bank
at Monte Carlo.

Holmes and Watson start to react as we:

CUT TO

69 INT. HOLMES' COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

6

Holmes and Watson are in their dressing gowns, ready for
bed, their feet up, smoking pipes. Toby is at the foot of
Holmes' bed.

HOLMES

(puffing away)

A singular personage, Watson.

WATSON

Our Turkish traveling companion?

HOLMES

Um. Private railway carriages
are not unheard of, but acquiring
a taste for red carpets wherever
one sets foot must surely circum-
scribe perambulation.

WATSON

Apparently not.

HOLMES

What? Oh, very well, perhaps not.
A magic carpet, then -- always
ready to hand -- or foot.

He loses interest in the subject and his glance lights on
Toby, who stares sweetly back at him. Watson follows the
glance.

WATSON

Vienna is the end of the line.

HOLMES

Why on earth should he wish to
visit Vienna?

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED

69

With a sigh, he snaps off the light, plunging the compartment into darkness.

WATSON

I hope Toby has not made some ghastly mistake..

HOLMES

(chuckles)

Or this were the wildest goose chase in history. No, place my faith in that nose. In all my working years as a detective, I've never encountered the like.

(he sighs)

Whatever our business is, it will take us to Vienna.

70 ANGLE ON WATSON

70

in darkness -- lying awake and worrying about the business in Vienna.

Sound over: shriek of train whistle.

CUT TO.

71 INT. VIENNA RAILWAY STATION

71

The train pulls in and passengers begin to disembark ---

Holmes and Watson get off the train and Toby begins sniffing.

At the same time, the Turks emerge from their private car and start unrolling their carpet. Holmes sees this and frowns.

HOLMES

Let's be quick, Watson, or our scent will be covered up and diluted with essence of Oriental rug.

They move as fast as possible, in advance of the Turks unrolling the rug, but Toby can't be rushed.

He sniffs along the entire length of the platform with the rug slowly gaining on him. Without result.

72
thru
76

SEVERAL ANGLES

72
thr
76

as they proceed toward the exit without result. Their faces get longer.

Suddenly the dog stops short, his body quivering, his tail wagging like mad; then he barks. Watson and Holmes exchange euphoric glances.

HOLMES

Bravo, Toby. Watson!

They are off, plowing through the station, camera following from several angles, leaving the Turks far behind.

CUT TO

77

EXT. STATION

77

Another hack stand. Toby leads Holmes and Watson right to the hack stand, then stops, looks around confused and reproachful.

HOLMES

It would appear the Professor engaged a cab. Hardly surprising.

WATSON

But unfortunate. How can we proceed?

HOLMES

Believe me, my dear fellow, I did not place my faith entirely in the nose of our singular friend. Had Toby not succeeded this far there were at least three other methods I might have employed -- this was merely the most expeditious. And I shan't give up on my method until I must.

WATSON

But surely the dog cannot ---

HOLMES

You may be entirely correct, Watson, but do not forget that cabs which cater to the railway trade invariably return to the terminus after they have delivered their fare. At least that tends to be the case in London. Let us find out if the same rule obtains on the Continent.

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED

77

He brings Toby forward and allows him to sniff at all the cabs waiting in line. The drivers have various reactions to this. Some are amused, others regard the proceedings with evident anxiety: are these two Englishmen encouraging this weird-looking dog to deface their vehicles?

Toby reaches the end of the cabs without result.

HOLMES

(sighs)

Well, let us go to a hotel. Cheer up, Watson; I said I had other methods than the one. Cab!

He hails a cab that is approaching the end of the line. As they mount to get in, Toby starts barking furiously and wagging his tail.

HOLMES/WATSON

He's found it!

HOLMES

Invaluable creature!

He steps up to the Driver, speaking pidgin English and gesturing wildly to make himself understood.

HOLMES

Sometime in the last twelve hours you picked up a fare here; a little man of advancing years, very pale?

DRIVER

Ach -- ja!

He is slightly amazed.

HOLMES

Very well. Will you kindly take us to his destination?

DRIVER

(cumbrous
cunning)

If I can remember where ---

HOLMES

(hands up
some bills)

Let me refresh your memory.

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED - 2

77

DRIVER
(examining the
money)

Ach, ja! Now it comes to me!

HOLMES
(getting in)
How fortunate.

Watson and Toby climb in and the cab starts off.

78 SEVERAL ANGLES

78

thru

thru

82

82

The cab going through the colorful city of Vienna, center of the polyglot decadent Hapsburg empire in the final decades of its flowering -- a very far cry from dismal foggy London.

83 INT. CAB

83

Holmes leans back with satisfaction.

HOLMES
Just think of it, Watson -- half-way across Europe -- we are the last thing he expects. What a confrontation, eh? .

Camera pans right to Watson, who eyes Holmes anxiously, though he doesn't notice. Watson bites his thumbnail. The moment of truth is approaching.

84 ANGLE ON CAB PASSING A STREET SIGN:

84

BERGASSE

85 ANGLE - CAB

85

pulling up, emphasize house number: 19.

Holmes and Watson get out with Toby.

HOLMES
(looking at
the house, then
the Driver)
This is where you brought him?

CONTINUED

DRIVER

To this house, ja.

HOLMES

Very well.

He walks up to the door and pulls the bell as the cab drives off.

WATSON

(starting to
tell him)

Uh -- Holmes ---

The door of the house is suddenly opened by a wide-faced, smiling maid (her name is Freda).

FREDA

Yes?

HOLMES

We are here to see Professor Moriarty.

FREDA

Professor -- ?

WATSON

(hastily)

This is Sherlock Holmes.

FREDA

Ah! Herr Holmes! You come in.
And him.

She gestures to Toby with a laugh and holds open the door.

HOLMES

(turns to
Watson as they
go in)

We appear to be expected.

Watson says nothing.

CUT TO

86 INT. FREUD'S HOUSE

86

A Dresden-Viennese miniature, almost insufferably crammed with Austrian Victorian knickknacks of every kind and description.

Freda, the maid, leads Holmes and Watson across the foyer and into a side door leading to Freud's study.

FREDA

This way -- you come.

They walk in.

CUT TO

87 INT. FREUD'S STUDY

87

The place lined with books, primarily medical texts in French; thick oriental carpeting; Freud's desk -- atop which is a menorah; a fireplace.

Holmes and Watson survey the room with interest; as Freda watches them, still smiling almost a grin.

FREDA

I take the dog for you, yes? I give him something to eat?

HOLMES

(eyeing Watson significantly over her shoulder)

Thank you, I think not.

WATSON

Holmes, surely no harm will come to Toby.

(he gulps)

The Professor would never dare anything so precipitate.

HOLMES

(wavering; the drug is wearing thin again)

You think not? Oh, very well; perhaps not.

He hands Toby's leash to Freda ---

HOLMES

But no bones, mind. You understand? No bones.

CONTINUED

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46

87 CONTINUED

87

FREDA

No bones, ja.

She calls to Toby in friendly German and leads him from the room. Holmes resumes his survey of the place.

HOLMES

Well, Watson, what do you make of it?

WATSON

(increasingly nervous)

I don't know what to make of it.
Do you?

88 THE DOOR

88

to the study is opened at this point, and into it steps a Man who looks older than his thirty-five years, with a beard and the saddest, wisest eyes imaginable. He stoops slightly.

89 ANGLE ON HOLMES

89

reacting.

MAN

(in slightly
accented English)

Good morning, Herr Holmes. And
you, Doctor Watson. I am glad to
see you gentlemen in my house.

Watson is unable to shake the Man's hand; he cannot take his eyes from Holmes' livid face.

HOLMES

(his voice shrill
and raving again)

You may remove that ludicrous
beard! And kindly refrain from
employing that ridiculous comic
operetta accent! I warn you, you'd
best confess or it will go hard
with you, Professor Moriarty!

90 ANGLE ON THE MAN

90

watching Holmes carefully.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED

90

FREUD

(slowly and
distinctly)

My name is Sigmund Freud.

TITLE CARD:

A HOLIDAY IN HELL

Dead silence. Holmes walks right up to him and inspects him
very closely.

HOLMES

(depressed)

You are not Professor Moriarty.
But Moriarty was here. Where is
he now?

FREUD

At an hotel, I believe.

HOLMES

(neutrally)

I see.

He walks around the room, casually; his eyes light on Watson,
who flushes and looks away.

HOLMES

You knew of this deception from
the first, Watson.

(he sighs)

You were the last individual I
would have suspected capable of
betraying me to my enemies ---

WATSON

(mortified)

Holmes -- !

FREUD

You do your friend an injustice,
Herr Holmes. He and your brother
paid Professor Moriarty to journey
here in the hope that you would
follow him to my door.

HOLMES

(studying him again)

And why did they do that?

CONTINUED

FREUD

Because they were sure it was the only way they could induce you to see me.

HOLMES

And why were they so eager for that particular event?

FREUD

(smiling suddenly)

What reason occurs to you? Who am I that your friends should wish us to meet?

HOLMES

(coldly)

Beyond the fact that you are a brilliant Jewish physician who was born in Hungary and studied for a time in Paris, and that some radical theories of yours have alienated the respectable medical community so that you have severed your connections with various hospitals and branches of the medical fraternity -- beyond this I can deduce little. You are married, with a daughter of five; you enjoy Shakespeare and possess a sense of honor.

As he speaks, Freud's expression changes from confidence, to bewilderment, wonder and finally, almost to laughing, gleeful amazement as he sinks into the chair behind his desk.

FREUD

But this is wonderful!

He lights one of his ever-present cigars.

HOLMES

Commonplace. I am still awaiting an explanation.

FREUD

But you must tell me how you guessed the details of my life with such an uncanny accuracy.

HOLMES

(smooth)

I never guess. It is an appalling habit -- destructive to the logical faculty.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED - 3

91

He starts to wander around the study as Freud and Watson watch, looking like an anatomy lecturer before a class. His vanity, too, has warmed to the task.

HOLMES

A private study is an ideal place for observing facets of a man's character. That the study belongs to you exclusively is evident from the dust. Not even the maid is permitted here -- else she would scarcely have ventured to let matters come to this pass.

He runs a finger over some book bindings and holds it up towards the camera -- it is covered with soot.

91 ANGLE ON FREUD

91

delighted.

FREUD

Go on!

HOLMES

Very well. Now when a man collects books on a subject they are usually grouped together -- but notice that your King James Bible, Book of Mormon and Koran are separate, across the room, in fact, from your Hebrew Bible and Talmud, which sit on your desk. These books have a special importance for you, not connected with a general study of religion, obviously. The nine-branched candelabra on top of your desk confirms my suspicion that you are of the Jewish faith. It is called a menorah, is it not?

Freud smiles, nods. Holmes ignores the smile, crosses to the French medical texts.

HOLMES

That you studied medicine in Paris is to be inferred from the great number of medical texts in that language.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED

91

HOLMES (Cont'd)

Where else should a German use French text books but in France, and who but a brilliant German could study the complexities of medicine in a foreign tongue? That you are fond of Shakespeare is to be deduced by the book being upside down ---

92 ANGLE ON SHAKESPEARE

92

upside down.

HOLMES

The fact that you have not adjusted the volume suggests to my mind that you no doubt intended referring to it again in the near future. The absence of dust on the book would tend to confirm this hypothesis.

He goes over to Freud's medical plaque on the wall, which is surrounded by some rectangular blank spaces, where pictures used to be.

HOLMES

That you are a physician is evident when I glance at your diploma. Your separation from various societies is indicated by these blank spaces surrounding it, clearly used at one time to display additional certificates. Now what can it be that forces a man to remove such testimonials to his success? Why, only that he has ceased to affiliate himself with those various societies, hospitals and so forth. And why do this, having once troubled to join them all?

His attitude becomes more hostile ---

HOLMES

It is possible that he became disenchanted with one or two of them, but not likely that his disillusion extended to all.

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED

9.

HOLMES (Cont'd)

Rather I postulate that it is they who became disenchanted with you, Doctor, and asked you to resign -- from all of them. Why? I have no idea, but some position you have taken -- evidently a professional one -- has discredited you in their eyes. I take the liberty of inferring a theory of some sort -- too radical or shocking to gain ready acceptance in current medical thinking. The wedding ring you wear tells me of your marriage; your Balkanized accent hints Hungary or Moravia. The doll there on the floor ought, I think, to belong to a little girl of five. Have I omitted anything of importance?

FREUD

(he can't
stop smiling)

My sense of honor.

HOLMES

It is implied by the fact that you have removed the plaques from societies to which you no longer belong. In the privacy of your study only you would know the difference. And now I think it is for you to do some explaining. In candor I ask you again why I have been brought here.

FREUD

You cannot guess?

HOLMES

I never guess. I cannot think.

FREUD

Then it is you, not I who is being less than candid, Herr Holmes. For you are suffering an abominable addiction, and you choose to wrong your brother and your friend who have combined to help you throw off its yoke rather than admit your own culpability. You disappoint me, sir.

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED - 2

92

FREUD (Cont'd)

Can you be the man I have come to
admire, not merely for his brain,
but for his passion for justice?
In your heart of hearts you must
acknowledge your illness and your
hypocrisy in condemning your
staunch friends.

As Freud speaks, Holmes hangs his head lower and lower.
Watson watches breathlessly, his breast heaving with
emotion. No one has ever spoken so to Holmes before.
When Freud finishes, there is a long silence.

HOLMES

(he does not
raise his head;
his voice is
painfully soft)

I have been guilty of these things
-- I make no excuse. But as for
help, you must put it from your
minds, all of you. I have summoned
all my will to the task but it is
no use -- my feet are on the inex-
orable path to destruction.

FREUD

(softly)

A man may sometimes retrace his
steps.

HOLMES

(a despairing
groan)

Not from the fiendish coils of
drug addiction! No man can do it!

FREUD

I have.

93 ANGLE ON HOLMES

93

looking up sharply, questioningly ---

FREUD

I have taken cocaine and am free
of its power. It is now my in-
tention to help others. If you
will allow me, I will help you.

94 CLOSEUP - HOLMES

94

Sweat covering his face.

HOLMES

You cannot do this.

FREUD

I can -- but it will take time --
and it will not be pleasant.

(he stands)

For the duration I have arranged
for both of you to remain here as
my guests. Will that be agree-
able to you?

Holmes rises to accept, then suddenly swerves away with a
cry, clapping a hand to his face.

HOLMES

No use! Even now I am overcome
by this hideous compulsion!

Watson half rises from his chair, but Freud waves him back,
comes around his desk and places a hand on Holmes' shoulder,
gently forcing him back into his chair.

FREUD

I will reduce this compulsion --
for a time.

He pulls up a chair in front of Holmes.

FREUD

Do you know anything of the
practice of hypnotism?

HOLMES

(dully)

Do you propose to make me bark
like a dog and crawl about the
floor?

FREUD

Through hypnosis I will banish
your craving when it exerts it-
self. In this way we shall arti-
ficially reduce your addiction un-
til the chemistry of your body
completes the process.

He takes a watch on a fob from his waistcoat ---

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED

94

FREUD

Now, I want you to keep your eyes
fastened upon this as it swings.
I want you to think of nothing else.

He begins to swing the watch like a pendulum back and forth.
Holmes forces himself to concentrate on it -- for dear life.

DISSOLVE TO

95 INT. HOLMES' AND WATSON'S GUESTROOM IN FREUD'S HOUSE

95

Holmes is stretched out on one bed, asleep, whither Freud
and Watson have just deposited him. They look at him for
a moment; then at each other.

FREUD

Quickly; we must search his
possessions.

Watson nods. He goes and begins to examine the pockets of
Holmes' clothing while Freud opens Holmes' bag and begins
pulling out and looking at things -- his clothes, makeup
kit, disguises, etc. Almost immediately Freud begins pull-
ing out bottles of clear liquid -- cocaine. He makes a
grunt and Watson turns to look.

FREUD

I think we have them.

He turns the bag upside down -- the remainder fall out.

WATSON

Don't be certain. This is not
an ordinary patient.

He opens one of the bottles, moistens his fingertip, tasting
it.

WATSON

Water!

FREUD

Can it be?

He tastes.

FREUD

Then where -- ?

Their eyes light on the bag between them and both reach for
it at the same moment. Watson gets it first and hefts it.

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED

95

WATSON

Too heavy!

He knocks on the bottom; a hollow retort. He sets about peeling up the false bottom and out tumbles the true cache -- including the black case for the needle and syringe.

Freud starts gathering them up, but Watson is almost stunned by the ingenuity and the terrible facts. He sits there on his haunches, amazed.

FREUD

Doctor!

Watson comes to as we....

CUT TO

96 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - ANGLE ON FREUD

96

FREUD

When and where did Herr Holmes begin using cocaine? And have you any idea why?

97 ANGLE ON WATSON

97

reacting: what an odd question!

WATSON

For as long as I have known him he has used it. I believe he began by taking it between cases, to relieve the ennui. A seven-percent solution.

FREUD

(smiling faintly)

To relieve the ennui -- the boredom?

Watson nods ---

WATSON

How did you become interested in the drug?

FREUD

(pacing aimlessly about the room)

It is only a side-line, not directly connected with my researches. Cocaine's possibilities were introduced to me as an anaesthetic for use during eye surgery. Two other doctors and I wrote a paper about it.

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED

9

WATSON

Doubtless that was the piece I chanced upon in The Lancet. You are mainly involved in research, then.

FREUD

(shrugs)

I was trained as a neuropathologist with a background in localized diagnosis, but -- uh -- there is no formal designation for what I am now.

He thinks about it.

FREUD

I started out mapping the nervous system and now I am interested in charting the mind itself. I am interested in an area of the brain I call the unconscious.

WATSON

The un -- ? You are an alienist?

Freud makes a yes-and-no gesture ---

FREUD

I am interested in hysterical cases, and for the most part they come to me -- referred either by the teaching hospital with which I was formerly associated, or by their families; I visit them privately. And I use hypnosis to dig into their unconscious minds -- where I believe their hysterical symptoms originate. For example:

He stops pacing -- looks at Watson.

FREUD

Herr Holmes' dependence on cocaine strikes me as a symptom -- not an hysterical one, I grant you -- but nevertheless, a symptom; an effect rather than a cause.

WATSON

What makes you say that?

FREUD

Elementary, my dear fellow. Knowing something -- as I do -- about drugs

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED - 2

9

FREUD (Cont'd)
and drug addiction, I don't believe
a man succumbs to their destructive
appeal out of mere boredom.

Holmes' screams heard over. Freud and Watson react, staring
at each other, then rush forward.

CUT TO

98 INT. FREUD'S HOUSE - FOYER

98

Freud and Watson rush in and race immediately up the stairs,
past Frau Freud and her daughter (age five) who clutches the
bannister posts in anxiety. Freda is trembling at the head
of the stairs.

FREUD
(to his wife,
as he bounds
up the stairs)
It's all right, dear.

Camera races with them to Holmes' room.

CUT TO

99 INT. HOLMES' ROOM

99

As Freud and Watson rush in, we see that the room has been
utterly torn apart by Holmes, who is frantically clawing
through clothes and cupboards, his collar askew and his eyes
rolling in their sockets.

He whirls about when they enter.

HOLMES
(shrieking)
Where is it? What have you done
with it?

He starts to rush towards the door.

FREUD
(to Watson)
Hold him!

Watson grabs Holmes as Freud hurriedly leaves the room.
Watson and Holmes struggle.

HOLMES
(raving)
Let me go -- ! -- idiot! You
don't understand -- !

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED

9

HOLMES (Cont'd)
I must -- ! Let me go, man! You
insufferable cripple -- !

Watson reacts to the epithet.

CUT TO

100 INT. FREUD'S STUDY

10

Freud rushes in, grabs his medical bag; rushes out.

CUT TO

101 FOYER

10

Freud rushes past the women again upstairs.

CUT TO

102 INT. HOLMES' ROOM

10

Watson is still holding Holmes as Freud enters and races
to prepare a syringe.

FREUD

Roll up his sleeve.

Instantly Holmes stops struggling ---

WATSON

You're not ---

FREUD

I'm afraid we have no choice ---

HOLMES

(it takes him a
moment to react)

Thank you -- thank you ---

He frantically tears open his sleeve to admit the injection.
At the last moment, however, he realizes the liquid in the
syringe isn't clear ---

HOLMES

That's not -- !

FREUD

(to Watson)

Hold him!

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED

1

Watson holds Holmes, who starts to struggle again, but Freud accomplishes the injection.

FREUD

It's a sedative, Herr Holmes ---

HOLMES

(almost fainting.
with tense ex-
haustion)

But you promised ---

FREUD

To get you to hold still. Now I
want you to look at this ---

He brings out the watch on the fob again ---

HOLMES

I can't -- !

FREUD

You must! Your life depends upon
it! Now keep your eyes on it.
That's right. Never take them
off ---

Holmes struggles to focus on the watch.

103 ANGLE ON WATCH

10

swinging back and forth like a demonic pendulum.

104 HOLMES' POINT OF VIEW

10

FREUD'S VOICE

Relax. Relax. That's right. You
are calmer now. The sedative is
working; your craving is dimini-
shing ---

The watch goes back and forth, in and out of focus as
Freud keeps talking, reassuring.

Slowly the screen gets dark as Holmes' eyes close. Silence,
then:

WATSON'S VOICE

Is it working?

FREUD'S VOICE

I think so.

A door is heard opening.

105 INT. GOTHIC BEDROOM

1

FRAU FREUD'S VOICE

Sigmund ---

FREUD'S VOICE

It's all right, my dear. Doktor,
may I present my wife?

Images begin to appear faintly on the screen, under the conversation. Slowly a darkened bedroom rather gothically designed, emerges. Camera emphasizes a bell rope in one corner.

WATSON'S VOICE

A pleasure, Frau Freud.

FREUD'S VOICE

Take him to dinner, my dear; I'll
remain here for a time ---

The bedroom image and the bell rope get slightly brighter ---

FRAU FREUD'S VOICE

This way, Herr Doktor ---

WATSON'S VOICE

(overlapping)

You're certain I can't -- ?

FREUD'S VOICE

Quite.

Footsteps sound; the door closes. We hear Freud sigh and sit down in a chair.

Camera now begins moving ominously towards the bellpull, as we hear a hissing sound, that gets slowly louder.

Camera pans up towards the top of the bell rope and we can see a hideous snake emerging from a vent near the ceiling and starting slowly down the bell rope. Malevolently.

HOLMES' VOICE

(a hoarse whisper)

Do you see him, Watson? Stealing
into her room? The snake! The
snake in the grass!

The snake gets larger and larger on the screen. Its head sways from side to side, evilly -- its tongue flickering in and out of its mouth ---

Suddenly the head of the snake changes into the head of Professor Moriarty -- which imitates the snake, swaying from side to side, tongue flickering, etc.

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED

HOLMES' VOICE
(almost sobbing
with emotion)
Oh, the snake, the snake!

He starts to scream as we:

CUT TO

106 INT. HOLMES' ROOM IN FREUD'S HOUSE AS BEFORE 10

Holmes wakes up screaming, sweat pouring off him. Seated slightly behind the head of his bed and smoking a cigar is Freud.

FREUD
(leaning forward)
There, there ---

HOLMES
(startled, whirls
around)
Where -- ?

He takes in his surroundings, relaxes slightly ---

FREUD
(leans back;
gently)
You had a dream.

HOLMES
A dream -- oh, yes -- strange -- I
don't often remember them ---

FREUD
(making con-
versation)
But this one you do.

HOLMES
Yes ---

He leans back on the bed.

FREUD
It was about a snake?

HOLMES
A snake; that's right. I dreamt
about a case I once had occasion
to solve. A rather diabolic plot
to murder a young lady.

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED

1

FREUD

Indeed.

HOLMES

Watson and I stood vigil in her bedroom -- and the snake came down the bell rope by her bed from a false vent in the ceiling. Every night the murderer would let it come down -- until one night she must inevitably succumb to it.

FREUD

You are Doctor Watson -- you scotched the snake?

HOLMES

(uncertain)

Yes -- but in my dream -- the most curious thing -- the viper turned into Professor Moriarty.

He twists round briefly and looks at Freud ---

HOLMES

Odd, don't you think?

FREUD

Strange, yes. Professor Moriarty?

HOLMES

(amused)

Yes. Do you place much stock in dreams, Doctor. Are they omens which foretell the future?

107 ANGLE ON FREUD

10

FREUD

I don't know what dreams tell. Lately, I have been toying with the ---

Holmes suddenly sits bolt upright in his bed, eyes staring, screaming ---

HOLMES

Do you see it? Do you see it!

108 ANGLE - HOLMES' POINT OF VIEW

The Hound of the Baskervilles is at the foot of his bed, galloping over the covers as though they were the Devonshire Moors. At first Freud's voice is heard, attempting to soothe, but gradually, it fades, as does the room and bed as Holmes' hysterical montage begins.

WATSON'S VOICE

Sherlock Holmes' attempt to escape from the coils of the cocaine in which he was so deeply enmeshed was perhaps the most harrowing and heroic effort I have ever witnessed. In both my professional and personal experience, in both military and civilian life I can recall nothing to equal the sheer agony of it. It was exhausting for us -- even when we had rested -- to be around him, for his convulsive energy was enervating simply to watch. But of course it was necessary that one of us stand guard constantly to see that Holmes did no injury to himself or to others during the time when he could not be held accountable for his actions.

During this montage, a number of elements are intertwined: Holmes' visions; Freud's voice and the swinging demonic pendulum of his watch as he periodically re-hypnotises Holmes; brief visions of the bedroom in Freud's house with Holmes sweating buckets and hallucinating with open or closed eyes, as Freud, Frau Freud, Freda and Watson take turns trying to mop his brow, get food inside him, etc. At one point we see Freud's young daughter standing in the open bedroom doorway with a doll, watching these bizarre proceedings.

Holmes' visions include pieces of his past cases: The Hound of the Baskervilles; the snake from "The Speckled Band," Tonga the Andaman Island Savage in the back of the speeding boat, using his poison blow-gun -- with the sound of the blow-gun being horrifyingly exaggerated.

In addition, occasionally we see the small boy going up the lengthy flight of stairs.

The watch swings back and forth ---

Freud's voice or Watson's are heard commenting on his condition: "He looks better today." "How much more of this can his body stand?" etc. "He appears to be reliving past cases."

In the last sequence of the montage, Holmes tries to rise from his bed and tear out of the room, while Watson is guarding him. A furious struggle ensues between them.

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED

108

HOLMES

Let me go! Idiot! You fool! You
unutterable bumpkin! Can you do no
better than

Watson, outraged and desperate, slugs Holmes. Instantly the
screen goes black.

WATSON'S VOICE

I don't know what came over me.
I had not thought him capable of
such rhetoric. I lost control.

FREUD'S VOICE

Do not reproach yourself, Doctor.
In any case, you did him a service.
Every hour he remains unconscious
increases our chances....

The screen begins to lighten, Holmes' point of view at the
foot of the bed, Watson and Freud are peering anxiously at him.

WATSON

He's waking up!

Freud comes over to Holmes (Camera).

109 NEW ANGLE - ON HOLMES

109

lying feebly in his bed as Freud and Watson attend him.

FREUD

(taking his pulse)
Your fever is broken and your
pulse is normal today, Herr Holmes.
How do you feel?

HOLMES

Not well.

FREUD

Do you remember Professor Moriarty?

HOLMES

(slight pause)
My evil genius?

FREUD

What of him?

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

HOLMES

I know what you want me to say, Doctor. Very well: I shall oblige you. The only time Professor Moriarty truly occupied the role of my nemesis was when it took him three weeks to make clear to me the mysteries of elementary calculus.

FREUD

I am not so much interested in your saying it, as in your understanding it to be true.

Long pause. Watson is crying.

HOLMES

(at last)

I understand it.

Long pause. He sees Watson ---

HOLMES

Watson? Is that you? Come closer.

Watson draws near ---

HOLMES

I do not remember much of the past few hours -- or is it days -- but I do seem to recall shouting at you -- terrible things -- Did I do that, or did I just imagine it?

WATSON

You just imagined it, my dear fellow.

HOLMES

Because if I did do that -- say those things -- I want you to know that I did not mean it. Do you hear? I did not mean it.

WATSON

Holmes ---

FREUD

(lays a hand on
Watson's shoulder)

Come now. He is going to sleep again.

Tearfully, Watson rises. Holmes smiles faintly at him.

CUT TO

110 INT. HALL OUTSIDE BEDROOM

1

Watson comes out after Freud, who is leaning up against the wall, lighting up a cigar and thinking.

WATSON

(recovering himself)

He will be all right?

FREUD

(shrugs)

Perhaps. He will need hypnosis periodically, still.

WATSON

What troubles you? Have we not been successful?

FREUD

Perhaps. But there is an old maxim that warns us about the cure being worse than the disease.

He looks at Watson ---

FREUD

Come, I think we've earned an hour or two of fresh air.

CUT TO

111 INT. HOLMES' ROOM - DAY

111

Holmes sits in a chair, staring out of the window without moving, expressionless. Camera trucks a slow circle of the chair.

CUT TO

112 INT. LOCKER ROOMS - MAUMBERG CLUB

112

A group of young blades is chatting with towels draped carelessly about their necks and tapering beer glasses in their hands, as Watson and Freud enter.

FREUD

In order to effect what I should describe as a total cure, it is necessary to trace the origin of his compulsion -- the reason for his use of cocaine. If we cannot exorcise the reason, he will continue susceptible ---

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

LEINSDORF

(one of men
talking, slightly
older than the rest)

Well, well! Juden in the Maumberg.
This place has gone downhill since
I was here last.

All talking stops. Freud freezes in the act of undoing his shoes. He turns.

FREUD

You were never here, sir; else
you could hardly have failed to
realize that the Maumberg was
founded by Jews.

He goes back to undoing his shoes, leaving some laughter in his wake. One of the dandies whispers into Leinsdorf's ear. Leinsdorf nods.

LEINSDORF

Doctor Freud, is it? Not the same
Doctor Freud who was asked to
leave the staff of the Allgemeines
Krankenhaus because of his charming
assertion that young men sleep with
their mothers. By the way,
Doctor, did you sleep with your
mother?

Freud stops again, turns and looks at him again, sitting insolently, smiling, waiting ---

FREUD

You are absurd.

He goes back to changing into his tennis costume. Instantly Leinsdorf is on his feet, furious and without his sneer.

LEINSDORF

Will you sleep out, Meinn Herr?
My seconds will call upon you at
your convenience.

Freud straightens up yet again ---

FREUD

Come, come, have you no sense of
etiquette? Gentlemen do not fight
duels with Jews.

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED - 2

LEINSDORF

(incredulous)

You refuse? You know who I am?

FREUD

(almost smiling)

I neither know nor care. I do not refuse. However, I believe as the challenged party, the choice of weapons is mine.

Leinsdorf reacts.

CUT TO

113 INT. MAUMBERG TENNIS COURTS

a huge, skylit, indoor arena. On one side of the court Leinsdorf is practicing his forehand swing, accompanied by his friends. In f.g., Freud is tentatively bouncing a tennis ball. The stands are crowded with spectators.

WATSON

Can you beat him?

FREUD

Probably not. But at least we have avoided dueling. Men most find less finite methods of resolving their differences.

WATSON

But if you lose?

FREUD

(looks at him)

My dear Doctor. It is only a game.

He starts onto the courts.

LEINSDORF

(calling)

Will you wager on the outcome of this match, Doctor Freud?

FREUD

(reacts)

I prefer not to cloud the issue.

He bounces the ball and hits it over the net.

CUT TO

114 SEVERAL SHOTS OF THE GAME

thru

120

Leinsdorf is winning handily, though Freud does better in the third game, playing heavily to his backhand. The score sign reads: 3-0. Leinsdorf's backhand is almost non-existent. Angle at water fountain. Watson is sponging Freud's neck with a cloth, between games.

WATSON

You did rather better than last game.

FREUD

I hope to do better still. He has no backhand. Have you noticed?

Watson reacts.

121 SEVERAL ANGLES - REST OF MATCH

thru

125

Freud plays heavily to Leinsdorf's backhand, which is indeed weak. He begins to win. Leinsdorf must stand further and further to the left of the court to avoid the backhand. When he is really far off the court, Freud shoots the ball to his forehand, and he can't possibly get to it in time.

126

and

127

SHOTS OF SCORE SIGN

128 BACK TO SCENE

The match finishes at 6-3: Freud has won.

Freud walks up to the net.

FREUD

Is honor satisfied?

Leinsdorf looks like he will rush him with his bare hands, but his friends intervene and pull him away. Freud watches, sadly, shakes his head.

CUT TO

129 EXT. STREET - VIENNA - AFTERNOON - OUTSIDE MAUMBERG CLUB

129

Watson and Freud emerge and start walking, Freud adjusting his tie. His hands are shaking. Watson notices.

FREUD

(shortly)

I am not a brave man.

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED

129

Pause. Watson studies him.

WATSON

(slowly, thinking
as he goes)

It has always seemed to me that a
brave man is not a man who knows
no fear -- but rather, a man who
knows exactly what fear is, and
who rises to the challenge anyway.

Freud looks at him, deeply appreciative of the compliment.

FREUD

Tell me something, Doctor: why
have you taken so much trouble on
your friend's behalf? You have
left your practice, your wife ---

WATSON

Because he is my friend.

FREUD

You have other friends, no doubt.
Would you do as much for them?

Watson hesitates ---

WATSON

He is the best and wisest man I
have ever known.

FREUD

And you have become his chronicler,
his Boswell. Your place in the
great scheme of things is to
record his life -- whatever
happens. Your motives, then, for
coming with him to Vienna, are not
pure altruism, but a sense of
destiny that tells you to be at
his side, always. Mixed motives.

Pause ---

FREUD

Bravery is sometimes a question
of mixed motives.

Watson looks at him.

FREUD

Say nothing of this at supper.

Watson reacts as they walk past the camera.

CUT TO

130 INT. FREUD DINING ROOM - NIGHT 130

A self-conscious dinner is concluding with Holmes and Watson sitting at the table with Freud, his wife and their little daughter.

131 ANGLE FAVORING 131

the daughter as she looks about the table, trying to understand why the grownups are so silent. Freud watches Holmes; Watson watches them both.

Holmes simply stares at his plate with its uneaten portion. He is very low.

Freud gets up and leaves the room as Freda comes in to clear.

FREDA

Do you take coffee, Herr Holmes?

HOLMES

(looks up, startled)

Eh? Uh -- thank you, no.

Freda exchanges looks with Frau Freud, goes out.

More awkward silence as Watson exchanges glances with Frau Freud, who smiles sympathetically, and with the daughter who continues to stare at Holmes, trying to figure all this out.

Freud reenters the room, carrying a violin case.

FREUD

I have something for you, Herr Holmes.

Holmes looks up, sees the violin case ---

FREUD

Not a Stradivarius -- it belonged to an uncle of mine. I thought you might like to use it while you are here.

He hands Holmes the violin. Without speaking, Holmes sets the case across his lap and opens it.

132 ANGLE ON THE VIOLIN 132

its varnish gleaming in the gas light.

Holmes looks up at Freud.

HOLMES

Thank you for this.

133 ANGLE ON FREUD

133

He closes his eyes briefly in acknowledgment.

134 ANGLE FAVORING ALL

134

They expect Holmes to take the violin out and play; but he doesn't. Instead, he carefully closes the catches of the case and sets it down. The others steal glances at each other as Holmes appears to be absorbed in his plate of cold food.

CUT TO

135 EXT. BERGASSE 19 - NIGHT - ANGLE ON FREUD'S HOUSE

135

All the lights are out. Clearly everyone is asleep ---

But we hear the sound of a lone violin intoning the most unhappy, mournful air. It is heart-breaking. We hear a snatch of the "Blue Danube." At one point, the music stops, a string or two is plucked and tuned; then the music starts again for a few moments. Then it stops point blank in the middle of the note.

The house sits in silence.

CUT TO

TITLE CARD: A STUDY IN HYSTERIA

136 EXT. FREUD HOUSE - DAY

136

Camera pans from the angle it occupied in previous scene, to the street, which is bustling with morning activity; maids beating rugs, tradesmen, cabs, etc. Much sound.

137 ANGLE ON HOSPITAL ORDERLY

137

hastening through the streets. We don't know who or what he is, but he races for the Freud house, identifies it by something he carries with him with an address on it, and starts to ring the bell as we:

CUT TO

138 INT. FREUD DINING ROOM

138

Freud, Holmes and Watson are having breakfast. Freud is reading the paper; Watson is looking at Holmes, who is staring at his plate again.

CONTINUED

138 CONTINUED

138

WATSON

(in an undertone)

Holmes, really; you must take
some nourishment ---

There is a slight commotion in the front hall we can hear
and, Frau Freud comes into the dining room with a letter in
her hand. Freud looks up ---

FRAU FREUD

Sigmund, it's an orderly from the
hospital.

She hands him the note ---

FRAU FREUD

He says it's an emergency.

Freud reads the note, his face growing grim ---

FREUD

(aloud involuntarily)

Attempted suicide -- !

He half rises from his chair, sees Holmes and sits ---

HOLMES

(reading his mind)

I'm all right for the moment ---

FREUD

(tapping the
message on
his hand)

That remains to be seen. Your
craving can reassert itself at
any time.

With decision:

FREUD

No, I think you'd better come
along with me.

139 ANGLE ON FREUD

139

FREUD

It might prove instructive.

CUT TO

140 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

140

Freud's carriage pulls up next to a black carriage with a cloth draped over the coat of arms on its door. As Freud, Holmes and Watson start out of their carriage, the door of the black carriage is also opened, but -- obviously in reaction to the three men (or one of them!) it is hastily slammed shut again by a hand in a black sleeve.

141 ANGLE ON FREUD, WATSON AND HOLMES

141

entering the hospital, featuring the carriage. Camera pulls back to let us see that across from the hospital, a man in a Turkish fez is watching the entrance to the hospital. He sees the men enter the hospital, but his gaze is fixed more on the black carriage. He steps back, still watching, and lights a cigarette, and watches the black carriage drive off. He moves to follow as we:

CUT TO

142 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ANGLE ON FREUD, HOLMES, WATSON AND DR. SCHULTZ

142

head of the department, who has summoned Freud. Schultz is somewhat analogous to Inspector Lestrade: rigid in his thinking, unimaginative, etc.

SCHULTZ

Two constables saw her wandering along the Augarten Bridge last night -- before they realized what she was doing or could prevent her, she'd hurled herself into the canal. Well, Doktor, I'm due in surgery; she's all yours.

Freud and Schultz bow to one another and Schultz moves off. Watson, meantime, is fascinated by what he sees; even Holmes is vaguely interested.

WATSON

But isn't that ---

143 ANGLE ON A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

143

with incredible red hair. Just now she is looking somewhat less than her best. Her tousled mane of red hair is disheveled and uncoifed; she is dressed in a loose, ill-fitting hospital gown that exposes her arms and feet, naked in hospital slippers. She is also unconscious.

CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED

143

FREUD'S VOICE

Precisely. Lola Deveraux, whose head of red hair was not long ago the toast of four continents.

144 ANGLE ON SCENE

144

HOLMES

The lady possessed a remarkable mezzo soprano and displayed a fondness for lilies, did she not?

FREUD

A passion. She loved to surround herself with them -- so much so that she was known as the Lady of the Lilies.

He sighs, bends down, and begins gently examining the woman. She remains unconscious.

FREUD

She was a patient of mine some months ago. Remarkable woman -- but see, Herr Holmes, where the ravages of addiction lead.

He holds up an arm -- it is littered with puncture marks. Freud puts it gently back into her lap, shaking his head.

FREUD

I thought I had cured her.

145 ANGLE ON HOLMES

145

staring, fascinated.

HOLMES

You did.

FREUD

(not understanding)

She has had a terrible relapse -- and tried to destroy herself.

HOLMES

(squats down)

I think I have never seen anything so fiendish.

CONTINUED

145 CONTINUED

145

WATSON

Fiendish? What do you mean?

HOLMES

She has not relapsed voluntarily ---

146 FREUD AND WATSON

146

react.

HOLMES (o.s.)

See gentlemen, these bluish marks
upon the lady's wrists and ankles ---

147 ANGLE ON WRISTS AND ANKLES

147

HOLMES

She has been bound hand and foot
and force-fed her drugs.

FREUD

(shocked)

What?

HOLMES

Only her own courage and determination
enabled her to escape confinement.
Note these dried cuts on the back
of her feet ---

148 ANGLE ON HER FEET

148

revealing cuts -- they've been there all the time, in front
of the camera (as have the bluish marks), but we haven't
noticed.

HOLMES

She used them -- without shoes --
to break a window in her prison,
and then used the shards of broken
glass to free herself from her bonds.
It was a second storey window ---

WATSON

How do you deduce that?

HOLMES

Look at these ---

He gently forces open her hands; the palms are all skinned
and torn.

CONTINUED

148 CONTINUED

148

HOLMES

She destroyed them sliding down to the ground -- probably holding onto a drain pipe ---

FREUD

(casts an anxious
glance at Watson)

But if she struggled to free herself, why attempt suicide after succeeding?

HOLMES

(looks up)

Elementary, my dear Freud: once free, her addiction began to reassert itself. To satisfy it meant returning to captivity. There was only one other method of coping with her dependence on the drug.

He returns to look at the woman, who stirs slightly.

WATSON

(ill at ease)

Doctor Freud --?

He exchanges glances with Freud and they drop back a step, leaving Holmes next to Lola.

WATSON

You mustn't take what he says too seriously. After all, he's still ---

FREUD

(quiet)

I know what you are thinking, Doktor, but we have both seen the evidence. I doubt that it admits of another interpretation. He's not that ill.

Pause, Freud thinks.

WATSON

(slowly it dawns
on him)

But if his conclusions are accurate -- heavens, we are in the presence of some monstrous crime!

Freud knows it.

149 ANGLE ON HOLMES AND LOLA

149

The lady stirs again and opens her eyes -- finding herself eyeball to eyeball with Holmes. She looks around wildly, starting to sit up, then sees Freud ---

LOLA

Dr. Freud -- !

He comes over at once.

FREUD

It's all right, Fraulein Deveraux.
You are quite safe now.

LOLA

Safe.

(she remembers)

Oh, my God!

She puts her face into her hands.

HOLMES

(moved by her
distress)

Can you recall anything of your
abduction, madam?

Pause. Lola collects herself slightly.

LOLA

I -- I was at the train station --
on my way to Monte Carlo -- a man
arrived with a message for me ---

HOLMES

A message from whom?

Lola reacts to Holmes, next to her, looks at Freud.

FREUD

Miss Deveraux, this is Sherlock
Holmes.

LOLA

(vaguely)

Ah, yes, the English detective ---

HOLMES

Please feel free to speak, Miss.
Deveraux.

He glances briefly at Freud.

HOLMES

Being myself an addict, I have every
sympathy with your condition. From

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED

149

HOLMES (Cont'd)

whom was this messenger supposed to have come?

LOLA

(with tired
seductiveness)

From 'my friend' the Baron von Leinsdorf. He planned to join me at Monte Carlo. But it wasn't from him. It was simply a ruse to draw me out of the station. Once outside I was bundled into a landau with shades drawn, tied, gagged and blindfolded. Where I was taken or by whom I cannot say.

HOLMES

Or why?

LOLA

I have no idea why.

They stare at each other a moment more, then Holmes rises abruptly.

HOLMES

One last question. Can you describe your abductor? The man who approached you in the station?

LOLA

A little man -- dark hair -- a bowler -- this was days ago ---

HOLMES

I know, but try ---

LOLA

His skin was very bad -- pock-marked -- his teeth were bad, too. He walked in little nervous jumps, almost hopped ---

HOLMES

How was he dressed?

LOLA

(frowning in
concentration)

As a tradesman -- I really didn't notice. I never saw him again. Please, can't I -- ?

She looks at Freud.

FREUD

Will you leave us for a moment, gentlemen?

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED - 2

1

HOLMES

Of course. Madam, your strength
is an example to us all.

He and Watson bow and leave the room. Freud comes forward.

LOLA

(looking at him)

We will have to begin again, won't
we, Doktor?

FREUD

(takes her hand)

Are you afraid?

LOLA

(smiles)

Afraid? A woman as beautiful as
I has seen everything fearful by
age seventeen, Doktor. Not afraid.
Only tired. Very tired.

FREUD

You can rest now. I will give
you a sedative and put you to
sleep ---

LOLA

(nods)

Your friend, the great English
detective -- he will help us?

150 ANGLE ON FREUD

150

FREUD

Yes -- I think so.

CUT TO

TITLE CARD: HERRING

151 INT. CAFE

151

Vienna's cafe's quite stupendous and rather like English
clubs of the period, only less stuffy; chess, books, etc.
conversation and snappy waiters in b.g. Holmes, Watson,
Freud. They are seated next to a window facing the street.

152 ANGLE ON HOLMES

152

HOLMES

Impossible.

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED

WATSON

Why? Work is the very thing you need!

FREUD

Doktor Watson is right. Work at this point would greatly facilitate your cure.

HOLMES

That may be, but have you considered what effect my condition might have on Miss Deveraux's case? No, gentlemen, having owned to my addiction, I will own also that I am in need of constant supervision. Your hypnotic therapy may be required at any time, Doktor. In fact, I am not sure but that I need it now.

He closes his eyes wearily and pinches them.

CUT TO

QUICK FLASH BACK

153 INT. LARGE HOUSE

15

The small boy is still going up the carpeted staircase. He is slightly higher up the stairs, now.

CUT BACK TO SCENE

154 INT. RESTAURANT

15.

Holmes' eyes are still closed as Freud studies him.

HOLMES

(his eyes closed)

You had best turn the matter over to the Viennese police. A man who believes his mathematics tutor to be the serpent from Eden is not the person to grapple with the intricacies of Miss Deveraux's abduction.

FREUD

(echoing instinctively)

Serpent from Eden -- ?

WATSON

But Holmes, you said yourself the lady's courage was an example that ---

CONTINUED

154 CONTINUED

154

HOLMES

That I cannot follow, I fear --
Doktor ---

FREUD

Herr Holmes, the Vienna police
are no better than Scotland Yard.
Assuming you were concerning
yourself with this affair, what
would be your next move?

HOLMES

(starting to sweat)
Will you please take me home and
hypnotize me?! I tell you I am
having an attack!

A few nearby people turn briefly, at the tone, not the
words, which they cannot catch ---

FREUD

(leaning across
the table)
I will hypnotize you right here
if you will answer my question.

HOLMES

Are you blackmailing me into
helping your patient?

FREUD

You are both my patients and I
must use my own judgment as to
what is best for both of you. Now
kindly answer my question.

HOLMES

You leave me no choice. Very well,
my next move, if I were concerning
myself in this affair, would be
to follow that man there.

He gestures out of the window. Rack focus: sure enough
there is a little man standing across the street, doing
nothing. He is wearing a bowler hat, tradesman's clothes,
etc.

WATSON

That man? Why on earth follow
him? What has he to do with it?

The man looks at his watch ---

FREUD

He appears to be waiting for
someone.

CONTINUED

154 CONTINUED - 2

HOLMES

(bored; tense)

He is waiting for us. He followed us here from the hospital.

WATSON

How do you know that?

HOLMES

(furious undertone)

Because I saw him!

(to Freud)

Now, will you keep your promise?

FREUD

(hesitating)

But if he should leave before we finish ---

HOLMES

He will wait for us until hell freezes over.

FREUD

(pressing)

Why? Why should he be interested in us?

HOLMES

Doctor Freud, you see but you do not observe, a faculty you must cultivate. Describe that man to me.

WATSON

You can see him yourself.

HOLMES

(to Freud)

Describe him.

FREUD

(looking right at Holmes)

He's wearing a bowler; dressed as a tradesman; long ragged coat; black shoes; bad skin -- Himmel! It's the man who abducted Fraulein Deveraux!

HOLMES

(still looking at him)

Now keep your promise ---

CONTINUED

154 CONTINUED - 3

He looks at Freud, suddenly leaps up ---

HOLMES

Oh, devil take it! Come on!

CUT TO

155 EXT. CAFE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON.

Holmes, Freud and Watson emerge. The moment they do, the little man reacts and starts walking. They follow, appearing casual, at a distance.

WATSON (v.o.)

I must say he doesn't look the sort to initiate such an abduction.

HOLMES (v.o.)

Doubtless you are correct, Watson. He is merely a supernumerary in our drama, hired by one of the principals.

FREUD (v.o.)

But who? And why? To have her ransomed by her lover?

HOLMES (v.o.)

You know the Baron?

FREUD (v.o.)

Not personally. But he is said to be wealthy -- a prodigal gambler whose fortune might make such a scheme worthwhile.

CUT TO

156 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - A PHARMACY

at the end of it.

The little man rounds the corner, followed a moment later by Holmes, Freud and Watson.

HOLMES (v.o.)

It would not be an unfamiliar story, but in this case I think not. The facts will not support it.

He holds Freud and Watson back as the little man enters the pharmacy.

157 ANGLE ON THEM

with pharmacy in b.g.

WATSON

Why a chemist?

HOLMES

Think, Watson. Chemists dispense drugs. And drugs were the steady diet of our abducted Miss Deveraux. The likelihood is that whoever held her prisoner knew of her former dependence on them and wished to reestablish it. This can have little to do with an ordinary ransoming. Miss Deveraux was not being held as a hostage but for some other purpose -- a purpose we have yet to determine.

FREUD

Perhaps her abductors wished her to do something for them, to perform some ---

HOLMES

(eyeing Freud)

I should say it sounds a deal more likely. Once someone is turned into an addict they are turned into a slave ---

158 ANGLE ON HOLMES

15

HOLMES

Whatever you ask of them they will do for the sake of the sweet reward ---

He recovers himself ---

HOLMES

However, it is dangerous to theorize in advance of the facts ---

He staggers slightly ---

FREUD

Perhaps we should leave Watson here and ---

The door to the pharmacy opens, the little man emerges. They retreat into the shadows. The little man looks about briefly, then hails a passing cab. The moment the cab has moved o.s., Holmes, Watson and Freud reappear.

CONTINUED

158 CONTINUED

HOLMES

Come on!

They hail a cab and start off after their quarry.

CUT TO

159 SERIES OF SHOTS - THE TWO CABS

The first cab drives to the Prater and its amusement park.
The man gets out and walks to the park.

The second cab drives up. Holmes, Freud and Watson get out
and also go into the park.

HOLMES (v.o.)

A drug addiction is not the sort
of thing one makes public. If one
is cured -- as Miss Deveraux was
-- it is likely a secret consigned
to the past. Yet whoever kidnapped
her knew of it -- someone intimately ---

WATSON

Hurry, we're losing him.

Holmes has to make an effort to keep up, even though Watson
limps. He is becoming exhausted.

CUT TO

160 EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK

16

The sky is getting dark. As Holmes, Watson and Freud watch,
the Man gets onto the Ferris wheel and begins to ride. He is
in a large cabin and we can't see him.

Holmes, Watson and Freud stand idly, Holmes pretending to
read a newspaper.

WATSON

If he picked up something at the
chemists he might be transferring
it up there.

FREUD

But we don't know if there is anyone
up there.

HOLMES

(not looking up)

Even if it should prove there isn't,
he might simply have left it for
someone to pick up later -- tucked
in a cushion, for example.

161 INT. FERRIS WHEEL BOOTH - ANGLE 1

The Little Man looks down and we can see Holmes, Freud and Watson standing in a little knot, apparently reading a newspaper and talking.

162 ANGLE ON LITTLE MAN 1

watching -- his face betrays no expression, but he is looking at them.

163 ANGLE AT BASE OF FERRIS WHEEL 1

The wheel stops, the Little Man gets out and starts walking briskly out of the park, right past Holmes, Freud and Watson. They don't pick up their heads until he has gone by.

FREUD

Shall we inspect the Ferris wheel?

Holmes tries to think; he is getting very tired.

HOLMES

We are three; he can't have missed us. He is playing with us. Why?

He thinks a minute longer.

HOLMES

Let us forget the wheel. Come, gentlemen.

They start out after the Little Man.

164 EXT. SPANISH ACADEMY - NIGHT 16

A carriage drives up and the Little Man gets out. He hesitates a moment, then goes into a side door of the building as the cab drives off.

A second cab pulls up and Holmes, Watson and Freud spring out as Freud pays the driver. They look around, see the door and, following Holmes' wave of the hand, proceed to it. Holmes looks exhausted. They try the door. It is open. They go in.

CUT TO

165 INT. SPANISH ACADEMY 165

It is dark, we don't quite know where we are as Holmes leads Watson and Freud down some kind of hall in the blackness.

CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED

165

WATSON

What is this -- ?

HOLMES

Ssssh!

They keep feeling their way until they come to a door. Holmes opens it gingerly and they all pass through it.

166 INT. SPANISH ACADEMY - MAIN HORSE RING - ANGLE

166

shrouded in darkness. Holmes, Freud and Watson step into the darkened ring, only a patch of moonlight through the windows high at the sides, illumining the scene.

There is a click behind them. Holmes immediately tries the door they came through. It has been locked.

FREUD

(softly)

There's no one here.

HOLMES

(getting upset)

They're here; they're here. Doctor, I think I have need of your service.

WATSON

What -- now?

HOLMES

If Doctor Freud will be so kind ---

FREUD

(a bit perplexed

by all of this)

I don't even know that you can see the watch ---

HOLMES

(getting breathless

simply standing still)

I beg you try!

He reaches to Freud's waistcoat and pulls out the watch. Freud takes it and begins swinging it back and forth.

FREUD

(looking about)

Nothing to sit on. Perhaps you'd best kneel, Herr Holmes ---

CONTINUED

166 CONTINUED

16

Holmes drops to his knees instantly.

FREUD

Very well, now observe the watch;
keep your eyes on the watch;
forget all else; just follow the
watch as it swings back and forth
-- you are getting quite drowsy;
quite drowsy now ---

167 ANGLE ON HOLMES' FACE

16

in half-light; his eyelids are drooping.

FREUD

Now you are asleep, fast asleep.
And your urge for cocaine is
diminishing; you don't want it; you
hate it; the very thought of it
makes you sick ---

Suddenly a beam of light focuses on Freud, Holmes and Watson;
Holmes, under hypnosis, doesn't react, but Freud and Watson
turn and squint at the beam. At the same time, we hear the
pounding of horses' hooves.

168 FREUD'S AND WATSON'S POINT OF VIEW - ANGLE

168

Six huge Lippizan stallions, without riders, are galloping
towards them with the intention of running them down!

Freud and Watson stare dumbly as they approach; Holmes is
entirely unaware of their presence; at the last moment, Watson
reacts, drags Holmes and shoves Freud against the wall of the
ring as the animals rush past.

WATSON

What are they?

FREUD

(striving to catch
his breath against
the wall)

Lippizans -- the smartest horses in
the world -- and they've been told
to kill us.

WATSON

To -- my God!

He watches as we :

WHIP PAN TO

- 169 ANGLE ON HORSES 16
- wheeling around for another try. It is the eeriest thing imaginable; six perfectly matched white horses, acting as though they were only one, functioning in perfect unison as they come round for a second try -- ghostly in the strange light.
- WATSON
- Holmes! Holmes, wake up!
- He shakes him vigorously. Holmes remains inert.
- 170 ANGLE ON THE HORSES 17
- charging again.
- 171 ANGLE ON FREUD 17
- furiously trying to get the door open. No way.
- The horses make another pass, kicking up clouds of choking dirt, barely missing Holmes, who slumps down against the base of the wall.
- WATSON
- Bring him out of it, man!
- FREUD
- Buy me some time -- there are stands over there ---
- He points.
- 172 ANGLE - WATSON'S POINT OF VIEW 172
- Grandstands on other side of the room.
- 173 ANGLE ON WATSON 173
- looking at horses.
- 174 ANGLE ON HORSES 174
- wheeling round again.
- 175 ANGLE ON WATSON 175
- running -- with his slight limp -- across the field as the horses start bearing down on him.

176 ANGLE ON FREUD

17

kneeling besides Holmes.

FREUD

You will wake up now, Herr Holmes.
Do you hear me? You will wake up
now -- without your craving for cocaine ---

177 ANGLE ON HORSES

17

bearing down on Watson, who narrowly escapes again, managing to clamber up into the stands as the horses rush by. He lies there awkwardly, heaving for breath.

178 ANGLE ON HOLMES

17

waking up, looking about.

FREUD

Are you awake?

Holmes nods dumbly, blinks, looks at the horses, wheeling around for them.

HOLMES

What has happened?

FREUD

We walked into a trap; someone has arranged for us to be trampled to death ---

HOLMES

Over towards the door -- I knew we shouldn't have followed him -- he was playing with us ---

FREUD

The door is locked -- !

The horses go by again, this time grazing both of them, tearing Freud's jacket as they pass.

HOLMES

(seeing Watson
in the stands)
Watson! This way!

179 ANGLE ON WATSON

179

walking through the stands towards Holmes and Freud. They don't go all around the ring, but he walks to the closest point.

CONTINUED

179 CONTINUED

HOLMES

(to Watson)

Don't distract them, now.

(to Freud)

Stand with me before the door --
and don't move until I tell you.

Wondering, Freud does as he is told; both men stand before the door as the horses come round again.

180 ANGLE ON SCENE FROM WATSON'S POINT OF VIEW

181 ANGLE FROM HORSES' POINT OF VIEW

as they race towards the door where Holmes and Freud are standing; camera races rapidly in ---

HOLMES

(at the last moment)

Jump!

Freud and Holmes spring away from the door, and sure enough, one of the horses smashes the door open for them ---

HOLMES

Watson!

Watson sees the open door, nods, and scrambles over to it as the horses turn round, but not in time. All three men barely escape before the beautiful beasts brush by again ---

CUT TO

182 EXT. VIENNA STREET - NIGHT

Holmes races along, followed by Freud and Watson, who limps. A carriage comes by and Holmes leaps out in front of it, causing the horse to rear and the cabby to curse ---

HOLMES

Driver, take us to the hospital,
at once!

Freud and Watson scramble aboard as the cab rushes off ---

CUT TO

183 INT. CAB

WATSON

(out of breath)

Why the hospital? Surely ---

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED

183

HOLMES

I fear we are too late. Is it possible you do not see?

FREUD

The little man we followed -- his job was simply to lead us astray?

HOLMES

(drily)

I gather his instructions were somewhat more specific. Nevertheless, astray will do. It will give them time.

WATSON

Time to do what?

CUT TO

TITLE CARD: CONCERNING FLOWERS

184 INT. HOSPITAL VISITING AREA - NIGHT - ANGLE ON PATIENT'S DOOR 184

Through the door comes Lola, decently, informally dressed; she looks as though she's just wakened up. As she comes through the door, she looks up, sees something and reacts with great emotion.

LOLA

(somewhere between
a sigh of relief,
surprise and pleasure)

Oh!

185 ANGLE - LOLA'S POINT OF VIEW

185

Leinsdorf stands there, holding in his arms an enormous bouquet of lilies.

LEINSDORF

My dearest!

They rush into each other's arms, crushing the proliferation of flowers in a passionate embrace. Lola moans with happiness and relief.

LEINSDORF

I had no idea! But it's all right now! Doctor Freud came and told me where you were. He didn't want me to see you, not for a day or so, but I couldn't wait!

He kisses her with lingering intensity.

CONTINUED

185 CONTINUED

LOLA

(still in
his arms)

Oh, Karl, if you only knew -- !

LEINSDORF

Hush! Don't speak of it. It's
all over, now. I've come to take
you away ---

LOLA

But Doctor Freud said ---

LEINSDORF

I made him change his mind. After
that terrible warehouse, the last
place you ought to be is in a cold,
impersonal hospital.

186 REVERSE ANGLE - LOLA'S FACE

18

over Leinsdorf's shoulder. As he mentions the word
"warehouse" her eyes widen, first with shock, and then (as
he goes on), with realization. She has never used the word,
didn't know it was a warehouse.

LEINSDORF

(releasing her
from their embrace)

Come now, it's all over.

He puts his arm about her, starting to lead her out, not
noticing her sudden change in manner. She looks around for
help but no one is in sight.

LOLA

(trying to
be casual)

Where are you taking me?

LEINSDORF

(easily; he
kisses an ear)

Someplace safe -- away from all
of this. What's wrong?

LOLA

(forcing a smile)

Nothing -- only give me my flowers.

With a little laugh, he hands her the huge bouquet as they
walk out the door.

CUT TO

187 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

187

We see, from a point of view across the street, Leinsdorf and Lola (carrying her bouquet) emerge from the hospital and get into Leinsdorf's black carriage.

188 REVERSE ANGLE

188

A man with a fez, smoking a cigarette, is half hidden by a building, watching as we hear Leinsdorf's carriage drive off. The man with the fez watches for a moment, then disappears behind the building.

His carriage emerges from the shadows moments later and drives off; at almost the same time, from the outer side of the screen, Holmes' carriage pulls up before the hospital entrance. We see Freud, Holmes and Watson tumble out.

CUT TO

189 INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - (AS BEFORE) ANGLE ON HOLMES 189

HOLMES

(with frightening
calm)

As I feared.

WATSON

But surely ---

HOLMES

(yelling at Freud)

Do you see what you have done? Do you know what havoc you've wreaked by forcing me to take this case? I've bungled it! Oh, why, why did I ever listen to you?

FREUD

(also; in his
own fashion;
losing his temper)

Why do you insist on appropriating all the blame, Herr Holmes? Is there some egocentric streak of melodrama in you that cannot allow anything or anyone else to share in your triumphs and disasters?

HOLMES

I followed the wrong man!

FREUD

You are a human being, not a machine!

CONTINUED

189 CONTINUED

189

They glare at each other, breathing heavily ---

WATSON

Gentlemen, please! Please get hold of yourselves! This is not the time to apportion blame. A woman is in danger!

CUT TO

QUICK FLASHBACK

190 INT. LARGE HOUSE

190

The small boy is almost at the top of the stairs. We can see the door to a room, partly open.

CUT BACK TO SCENE

191 INT. HOSPITAL - VISITORS' ROOM - ANGLE ON HOLMES

191

HOLMES

(muttering)

Women are always dangerous ---

Freud reacts to this odd linguistic trick ---

FREUD

Doctor Watson is right. There is no time for this discussion. Where will they have taken her? Not home, surely.

WATSON

Perhaps to her original prison.

HOLMES

(pacing idly about the room)

Out of the question. They have no way of knowing how much she learned of the place and what she might have revealed to us. We know its location, surely, and that is reason enough not to return there.

WATSON

Its location? How do we know that?

HOLMES

She was found on the Augarten Bridge -- at the end of her tether, after a harrowing escape down a drainpipe. As an addict how much strength could she have? From how far off could she have come?

191 CONTINUED

19

HOLMES (Cont'd)
Doctor Freud, what buildings front
the Danube Canal near the bridge?

FREUD
Warehouses, mainly.

HOLMES
(nodding; he
expected it)
They won't take her there again.
Well, the situation calls for more
than ratioination. Doctor, will
you return home and fetch Toby
here?

FREUD
Ah, yes, Toby ---

He starts out, then stops, turns ---

FREUD
I think you ought to accompany me.

HOLMES
I will spend the time examining
Miss Deveraux's room and questioning
the orderlies.

FREUD
But ---

HOLMES
You needn't worry; Doctor Watson
will prevent my stealing hospital
supplies of cocaine.

FREUD
(coldly)
You underestimate us both, Herr
Holmes.

HOLMES
Time is wasting, doctor. Bring
the dog here as fast as you can --
I am on the case and you have
placed me there. Now you must
follow my instructions. And have
the goodness to fetch Doctor
Watson's revolver.

Freud looks at him a moment, then, without a word, turns on
his heel and leaves.

The moment he is gone, Holmes whips out his magnifying glass,
and, heaving a sigh, starts crawling about the room as
Watson watches.

WATSON
I don't think you ought to have
spoken to him like that.

CONTINUED

191 CONTINUED - 2

19

Holmes grunts something by way of reply ---

HOLMES

No sign of a struggle -- curious.

CUT TO

192 INT. CARRIAGE - NIGHT

19

Freud sits by himself, struggling with his own feelings, and gradually, his emotions subside. He sits, reposed, for a moment or two, frowning in concentration.

Suddenly an idea occurs to him and his expression alters radically. He sits forward and snaps his fingers.

CUT TO

193 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - AS BEFORE

19

Holmes starts to straighten up disconsolately, when his eye catches something and he reacts.

194 ANGLE - HIS POINT OF VIEW

194

Lying in the doorway to the room, off to one side, is a lily with a stem.

HOLMES

(going over to it)

Hello. What's this?

Watson comes over and looks at the flower he holds up ---

WATSON

A lily! -- Perhaps she had it in her hair when ---

HOLMES

(moving out
of the room)

Hardly with a stem this long, I think. Watson, look at this!

He points.

195 ANGLE - THEIR POINT OF VIEW

195

looking down the stairs. At the bottom of several flights we can see another flower.

CONTINUED

195 CONTINUED

195

HOLMES

Ingenious creature. She's left us
a trail! Come on!

He starts down the stairs.

WATSON

(calling)

What about Doctor Freud? Shouldn't
we wait -- ?

HOLMES

(calling)

Hang Doctor Freud! Come on!

Watson plunges down the stairs after Holmes.

CUT TO

196 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

196

Holmes and Watson emerge, scouring the ground with their
eyes ---

HOLMES

There's another one!

He points.

197 ANGLE - THEIR POINT OF VIEW

197

Another flower is lying on the outside of the drive in the
street.

They rush towards it as we go into:

198 BRIEF MONTAGE

198

Holmes and Watson wandering through the streets of Vienna
by moonlight, following the flowers. At first they picked
them up; now they just keep rushing along, not bothering.

Montage ends at:

199 EXT. TOWN HOUSE

199

From within, as Holmes and Watson draw nearer, we can hear
a piano playing and some laughter within.

Holmes and Watson hesitate at the door, listening. Suddenly
the door is opened and two gentlemen, their hats on askew,
come reeling out, laughing drunkenly, brushing by Holmes

CONTINUED

199 CONTINUED

199

and Watson and calling drunkenly for cabs. The black carriage stands waiting. Holmes looks at it. Where has he seen it before? Holmes and Watson look at each other for another moment, then Holmes rings the bell with decision.

After a moment, the door is opened by a small black boy with a turban. He sees them, bows, smiles and ushers them in.

CUT TO

200 INT. BROTHEL

200

Holmes and Watson enter the lobby of a lavish fin de siecle Viennese whore house. The place is a curious mixture of refinement, taste, and outrageous opulence. In a marble-tiled lobby, a group of stunning women are posed a la Lautrec on divans. The Madam is singing an appropriate song for such times and places.

201 ANGLE ON HOLMES AND WATSON

201

reacting. When the song and the applause are over, the Madam comes over with quiet deference.

MADAM

Good evening, mein Herren.

HOLMES

Something with red hair, I think.
How do you feel, old man?

WATSON

Red hair; definitely fancy red
hair tonight.

The Madam looks from one to the other of them suspiciously.

MADAM

What you see is what is available.
Ulriche has red hair ---

She points.

202 ANGLE ON ULRICHE

202

her hair is reddish, but doesn't compare with Lola's.

HOLMES

I don't see anything here. What's
upstairs?

CONTINUED

202 CONTINUED

202

He starts upstairs.

MADAM

You can't ---

Holmes starts running madly.

HOLMES

Come on, Watson!

MADAM

Fritz! Hans!

The flunkies appear out of nowhere and start up after Holmes and Watson.

203 ANGLE ON LITTLE BLACK BOY WITH TURBAN

203

watching with wide eyes.

CUT TO

204 INT. BROTHEL - UPPER FLOOR

204

Holmes and Watson rush down the corridors throwing open the doors as Fritz and Hans pound after them, getting doors in the face, etc.

As they rush by, we get quick views of what's going on in the various rooms -- all the occupants mildly or greatly surprised by the intrusion.

At one point, Holmes throws open a door and we see Freud sitting on the edge of an elegant four-poster bed -- with Toby on the floor next to him. Freud is quietly smoking a cigar -- his hat is on.

Holmes skids past the door, reacts, then backs up and goes in, followed by Watson.

HOLMES

Doctor Freud!

Freud looks up calmly.

At this point Hans and Fritz arrive, followed by the Madam, who looks over their shoulders into the room..

205 ANGLE ON ROOM - HER POINT OF VIEW

205

Holmes, Watson, Freud -- and the dog.

206 ANGLE ON THE MADAM

206

reacting with faint disgust.

MADAM

It's all right, Fritz. Let's
leave these gentlemen.

They go out, closing the door. The moment they are gone,
Holmes turns again to Freud.

HOLMES

How did you get here before us?

FREUD

By trying to think where they would
hide Frau Deveraux, if, as you
posited, they would no longer use
the original hiding place. Knowing
something of Fraulein Deveraux's
past, it occurred to me that the
safest place to conceal a demi-
mondaine might be amongst a bevy
of demimondaines.

WATSON

Brilliant! We followed a trail
of lilies....

HOLMES

I take it we haven't found Miss
Deveraux, however.

FREUD

(looks at
them oddly)

Not Fraulein Deveraux.

He pulls back the covers on the bed behind him to reveal
the dead body of Leinsdorf, his eyes staring wide with
shock, his throat slit neatly from ear to ear.

207 ANGLE ON HOLMES AND WATSON

207

reacting. Watson rushes forward.

WATSON

But that's the man you beat at
tennis.

Holmes comes forward slowly -- bringing out his magnifying
glass.

CONTINUED

207 CONTINUED

HOLMES

(looks at Freud)

At tennis?

FREUD

At my club -- during your recovery.
He challenged me to a match and
offered to wager on the outcome.

(beat)

I won.

HOLMES

(looks at
the corpse)

Doctor Freud, please get up slowly
from the bed and move to one side.
Try not to disturb anything.
Watson, lock the door.

Freud obeys; so does Watson.

207-A CLOSEUP - HOLMES

207-

makes a minute examination of Leinsdorf, his eye peering
hugely through the glass.

HOLMES

(muttering)

Who can this be, I wonder? Well
dressed, to say the least, and
killed -- how: Hmm, throat slit
left to right, a ritual slaying,
common in Moslem rites and prac-
tices -- sharp curved blade --
body still warm, rigor not yet
set in -- pockets, pockets ---

He searches Leinsdorf's pockets, hands moving deftly -- they
stop suddenly.

HOLMES

What have we here?

He draws out a bottle of cocaine and a syringe in a box. All
peer onto the bed as Holmes opens the box and looks at the
needle; to him it has all sorts of associations. He looks
at it for so long the others follow his train of thought.

HOLMES

He planned to use this to keep
her tractable ---

He stares.

WATSON

But who is he?

HOLMES

That is obvious. He is the Baron
von Leinsdorf.

CONTINUED

207-A CONTINUED

207-

WATSON

What?

HOLMES

Eliminate the possible, my dear fellow, and whatever remains, however improbable must be the truth. Who else but someone as intimate as a lover would know of her former addiction? And with whom else but her lover would she leave the hospital without a struggle.

WATSON

But why abduct his own mistress?

HOLMES

(staring at
the needle)

We have not yet concluded our examination. Perhaps there is more to be learned, here. The Moslems, for instance ---

The needle fascinates him ---

FREUD

The lady is still in danger, Herr Holmes; you mustn't suc ---

HOLMES

(abruptly)

You needn't worry. I won't.

He hands them to Freud; their eyes meet.

HOLMES

Ever.

An awkward moment, which Holmes relieves by taking out his magnifying glass and examining the floor next to the bed.

208 CLOSEUP - THE FLOOR

208

A cigarette butt is on the floor.

HOLMES

Ah ha, what have we here?

He sniffs it.

HOLMES

Turkish -- latakia ---

CONTINUED

208 CONTINUED

20

WATSON

Many people smoke Turkish cigarettes ---

HOLMES

True, but only 'Turks smoke this brand -- the cigarette paper is indigenous only to the Ottoman Empire. Our Turkish tobacco is shipped raw and processed in Europe and in England.

He hands the butt carefully to Watson, who examines it: Holmes goes back to the floor.

209 CLOSEUP - FLOOR

209

A tiny red filament is revealed by the magnifying glass.

HOLMES

Now what can this be?

He holds it carefully up to the light behind the glass, which makes it big enough for us to see ---

HOLMES

A strand of carpet, also Turkish ---

He frowns, thinking.

CUT TO

QUICK FLASHBACK

210 INT. STATION AT LINZ - THE TURKS

210

unrolling the carpet.

CUT TO

211 INT. BROTHEL ROOM

211

Holmes reacting to the thought; frowning again; he looks at Toby, sitting on the floor and has another thought.

CUT TO

ANOTHER QUICK
FLASHBACK

212 INT. STATION - VIENNA

212

Toby sniffing his way off the train, followed closely by Turks unrolling the carpet right behind him.

CUT TO

213 INT. BROTHEL

Holmes still thinking, closes his eyes -- opens them, examines the strand again. Another thought strikes him.

CUT TO

FLASHBACK

214 LINZ TRAIN STATION

2

The Conductor is answering Holmes' question.

CONDUCTOR

(winking)

-- And he's the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo!

CUT TO

215 INT. BROTHEL

21

half second of Holmes reacting.

CUT TO

FLASHBACK

216 INT. HOSPITAL - ANGLE ON LOLA

216

LOLA

-- On my way to Monte Carlo ---

CUT TO

FLASHBACK

217 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CAFE

217

FREUD

-- A prodigal gambler, whose ---

CUT TO

218 INT. BROTHEL ROOM

218

Holmes rises, snapping his fingers. He gets up, paces thoughtfully as the others watch.

HOLMES

I think I know what has become of Miss Deveraux. It is only a theory, mine, but I venture to suggest it fits the facts. Doctor, have you ever heard of the Amin Pasha?

CONTINUED

218 CONTINUED

21

FREUD

Of course, but what can he have to do with all this?

HOLMES

Everything, or I am much mistaken. It is my theory that he was an ardent admirer of our Miss Deveraux. As I recall red hair exercises a peculiar fascination for the Pasha -- Circassian women frequently do for Moslems. No doubt he met her at Monte Carlo, in the company of Leinsdorf and ---

Suddenly, someone tries to open the door. Holmes puts his fingers to his lips and motions Freud, Watson and Toby to stand behind the door.

VOICE OUTSIDE

(sotto voce)

Leinsdorf? It's me, Lowenstein.
I've got the stuff.

Holmes eases the key to open the lock and stands behind the door. He motions to Freud, who, understanding, instantly hands him Watson's revolver.

The door opens and the Little Man we have come to know so well rushes in.

MAN

I came as fast as I ---

Behind him Holmes kicks the door shut as he whirls around. He sees the revolver and automatically throws up his hands as Holmes et al come forward. Recognition is stamped on his face.

He looks quickly around, sees Leinsdorf dead on the bed and panic registers on every feature. He starts to shake.

HOLMES

(quiet but firm)

You will empty your pockets. Put all the cocaine you have brought on the bed.

Frantically, the man rifles his own pockets and throws a number of small bottles on the bed.

MAN

I didn't ---

CONTINUED

218 CONTINUED - 2

218

HOLMES

And now I will make a series of statements. You will agree or disagree, depending on their accuracy. Is that understood? Say yes.

The Man hesitates. Toby sits up, growls ominously.

MAN

(shaking)

Yes.

HOLMES

Leinsdorf was a compulsive gambler.

He eyes the Man.

MAN

Yes.

FREUD

(suddenly understanding)

He lost a fortune this season at Monte Carlo.

MAN

(turning to Freud)

Yes.

HOLMES

The Amin Pasha bought up all Leinsdorf's outstanding notes, so as to control him completely.

MAN

(to Holmes)

Yes.

FREUD

He offered to tear up the notes in exchange for Miss Deveraux.

MAN

(to Freud)

Yes.

HOLMES

Whom he wished to add to his seraglio.

The Man looks at him, confused.

CONTINUED

218 CONTINUED - 3

213

HOLMES

His harem.

MAN

Yes.

FREUD

Leinsdorf agreed and hired you to abduct his mistress.

MAN

Yes.

HOLMES

Knowing of her former narcotic addiction, you were instructed to revive it in order to render Miss Deveraux pliant and dependent.

MAN

(becoming more
terrified all the time)

Yes!

HOLMES

(bowing to Freud)

There you have it, gentlemen. In a day or so Leinsdorf could have turned a perfectly docile woman over to his creditor. But she foiled his plans by escaping.

He walks towards Leinsdorf's body on the bed as the Little Man steps fearfully to one side.

HOLMES

From then on it was a race to see which of them could recover her first. Leinsdorf was desperate; without her he was lost. He managed to trace her to the hospital, somehow, and was on the point of spiriting her away this morning -- it was his black carriage we passed on our way in -- but something stopped him. My guess is he recognized you, Doctor Freud, from your tennis match. He ascertained after we left that we had visited Miss Deveraux. It was now essential to get us out of the way for a time, and this gentleman here saw to that ---

He inclines his head towards the Little Man -- Lowenstein.

CONTINUED

218 CONTINUED - 4

2

HOLMES

Leinsdorf abducted her again -- this time in person, and she went willingly enough -- under the circumstances -- but something aroused her suspicions and she left us a trail of flowers. He took her here to hide and renegotiate his position with the Pasha, but they were probably dogging his footsteps from the beginning and this is where they overtook him. Q.E.D.

He closes his eyes as we:

CUT TO BRIEF
FLASHBACK

219 INT. LARGE HOUSE

21

The small Boy is now at the top of the stairs and walking towards the partially opened door.

CUT BACK TO SCENE

220 INT. ROOM IN BROTHEL - ANGLE ON HOLMES

22

staring at Leinsdorf's corpse.

HOLMES

Ah, the ladies. They do seem to cause trouble, don't they?

221 ANGLE ON FREUD

22

reacting. Watson steps forward -- he grabs the Little Man by the lapels of his coat.

WATSON

Where is the Pasha now?

MAN

(terrified)

He told the Baron he was only in the city for three days -- something about a government conference in Istanbul ---

222 ANGLE ON HOLMES AND FREUD

222

whirling around!

HOLMES & FREUD

What?

CUT TO

TITLE CARD:

PURSUIT:

223 EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

22

A cab races up and Holmes, Freud and Watson tumble out, Watson pulling Toby after them.

CUT TO

224 INT. TRAIN STATION - ANGLE ON BERGER

22

The Stationmaster, pulling at his mustache, stares at Toby, distracted.

BERGER

The Amin Pasha, of course, I remember. But you have missed him. He commissioned a special -- he has his own cars, you know. I put together the train myself three hours ago.

FREUD

Bound for Istanbul -- ?

HOLMES

(interrupting
Berger's nod)

We will also commission a special ---

His eyes rove around the platforms until they spy an engine, with steam up, carrying only a tender and one car ---

HOLMES

That one there, if you don't mind.

They start walking towards it, camera dollying away, including the amazed Berger, who hasn't quite taken all this in.

HOLMES

(to Freud)

Doctor, there is no need for you to accompany us. Would you sooner depart?

FREUD

(after a fractional pause)

Certainly not. That woman is my patient.

CONTINUED

224 CONTINUED

224

WATSON

Stout fellow ---

BERGER

But -- no, it takes time to put
together a special -- and money!
And we must telegraph ahead to
clear the points!

Holmes climbs up into the cab, where a startled Engineer has
been adjusting valves, etc.

HOLMES

Watson.

Watson puts a friendly hand on Berger's shoulder.

WATSON

Where was this train originally
headed?

BERGER

This is the Dresden local.

WATSON

(shows him
the revolver)

It is now the Orient Express.

CUT TO

225 EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

225

leaving Vienna. As it threads its way through the outskirts
of Vienna, it goes infuriatingly slow, and Freud and Watson
have to get off and change the switches to alter the route --
and then change them back after the train has passed, in
order to avoid accidents.

226 SERIES OF SHOTS OF TRAIN

226

picking up speed as night falls.

- a) Holmes and Freud shoveling coal as Watson holds the re-
volver on the Stationmaster and the Engineer (the latter
is very frightened).
- b) Watson gives the gun to Freud, who clearly isn't used to
holding one, as he goes to work shoveling coal.
- c) The names of towns flit by in the darkness: Aspern; Ortli.

CONTINUED

226 CONTINUED

22

d) Freud lights one of his cigars -- offers another to Watson, who accepts.

e) The train barreling through the night.

f) Toby sitting in one corner of the cab, watching the coal shoveling lugubriously. Watson pats the dog on the head. He likes the heat from the boiler.

227 INT. CAB

227

Holmes goes over to Berger. In b.g. Freud is exhausted and Watson is sitting on the cab floor.

HOLMES

We need your help!

He motions to the shoveling ---

BERGER

(cupping his
hands and
yelling)

I will not. You are stealing
railway property.

FREUD

The Amin Pasha is stealing a
woman!

Berger's eyes open wide. Holmes nods.

HOLMES

She is being carried out of the
country against her will.

Berger's eyes get wider.

BERGER

This is true? And you are the
police?

HOLMES

My name is Sherlock Holmes!

Berger's eyes are ready to pop out of his head. Instantly he grabs a shovel and starts heaving coal like the professional he is.

228 MORE SHOTS OF THE TRAIN

228

barreling through the night. The train stopped under a sign saying Bratislava taking on water.

CONTINUED

228 CONTINUED

BERGER

(watching the water
go into the engine
with a great deal
of steam)

You must decide. Will you head
straight for Budapest or south
through Gyor? Gyor will take
longer, but the track will pro-
bably be empty. With the main line
you can't tell.

HOLMES

What do you recommend?

Berger thinks about it, exchanges glances with Fritz, who
shrugs unhappily.

BERGER

Go south.

CUT TO

229 EXT. TRAIN

22 racing through the night. At Gyor, Holmes jumps off and
switches the points.

230 INT. CAB

231 Watson throws a load of coal into the boiler and turns to
Holmes.

WATSON

(shouting to
be heard)

We're just about out of coal.

231 EXT. TRAIN

231 Holmes nods, looks around, climbs through the tender, camera
following, and then disappears into the one car they are
pulling.

FLIP TO

232 HOLMES

232 as he emerges from the car carrying a pile of curtains and
upholstery. The others react as he throws them into the
boiler fire.

CONTINUED

232 CONTINUED

22

HOLMES

(to them)

Go thou and do likewise.

233 EXT./INT. RAILWAY CAR - DAWN

23

As the sky lightens, we watch Freud, Holmes, Watson and Berger take apart the one railway car. For the purpose they use the axe in the engineer's cab, plus pocketknives and Watson's scalpels from his bag -- for seat covers and the like.

Slowly the car disappears under their ministrations; like a bucket brigade they dismember it and feed it to the insatiable boiler fires.

234 EXT. TOWN OF KOMARNO - EARLY MORNING

234

Watson throws the last switch as some people at the station and railroad workers stare in astonishment, and then belatedly yell as the locomotive, tender and demolished car pick up speed and roar through the station.

235 INT. CAB

235

BERGER

(reacts to

the shouts)

They'll telegraph ahead and close the bridge at Budapest!

HOLMES

We must take that risk. Keep the throttle open, Engineer!

FRITZ

At this rate we will be killed!

HOLMES

(roaring)

Open!

236 EXT. CITY OF BUDAPEST

236

Camera pans left to where the little train is racing towards the city.

237 INT. CAB

23

The crew of five are staring about as the city approaches; suddenly Berger gives a shout and points off to their right.

238 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

23

Off on their left is another train, headed in the same direction some miles off -- an engine and three cars in tow after the tender.

239 ANGLE ON HOLMES, WATSON AND FREUD

23

reacting.

BERGER

That's the Pasha's Special!

Toby barks. He understands.

HOLMES

Berger, you are a genius!

240 EXT. PASHA'S TRAIN

24

As they watch, the Pasha's train switches onto their line a mile or so ahead of them. Fritz slows our engine down in time for Holmes to jump out, switch the points and climb back into the engine.

HOLMES

We are right behind them -- no more points -- ! Now pour on all the steam we have. We must catch them before they cross the Danube!

241 SERIES OF SHOTS

241

showing the two trains racing through the city of Budapest, much to the astonishment of everyone. The Pasha sticks his head out of the window, sees the other train and reacts. His head is withdrawn from the window and we can see him racing to the cab to shout orders to his engineer. The Pasha's train picks up speed.

242 ANGLE ON PASHA'S TRAIN

242

going across the river Danube. The wooden fences are open, but after the train passes they are lowered.

243 INT. CAB

24

BERGER

They've closed the barriers!

HOLMES

Ram them!

244 ANGLE ON HOLMES' TRAIN

24

hitting the barriers and sending a spray of wood in every direction.

245 ANGLE - REACTIONS

245

from border personnel.

CUT TO

246 BOTH TRAINS

246

winding in pursuit through the heartland of Hungary.

247 INT. HOLMES' CAB

247

Watson carries the last handful of flammable wood from the railroad car; Holmes starts flinging it into the boilers, when shots are heard pinging against the metal.

HOLMES

(yelling)

Down!

Everyone hits the deck except for that dopey Engineer, Fritz, who has risen to get a look at who's firing. He takes a bullet in the shoulder and it spins him back against the wall of the cab.

Watson crawls over to him with his bag and examines the wound as Holmes peers ahead. We can see someone doing the shooting but at this distance with a handgun it isn't very effective.

HOLMES

How is he?

WATSON

Flesh wound; he'll live. Holmes,
we're out of fuel!

Holmes nods -- frowns in concentration.

CONTINUED

247 CONTINUED

24

BERGER

If we turn loose the car, we will
pick up speed.

248 EXT. TRAIN

248

Holmes reacts, waves Freud to come with him. They crawl through the tender and onto the coupling. Freud holds onto Holmes as he loosens the couplings, first throwing off the chain. With a sudden rush that almost throws them overboard, the engine and tender leave the demolished car behind.

249 ANGLE ON HOLMES' ENGINE

249

overtaking the Pasha's train as Holmes and Freud return to the engine cab.

For some moments the two trains appear to be traveling at the same speed, then the Pasha's train starts pulling away.

250 INT. HOLMES' CAB

250

Holmes looks at the pressure gauges, which are dropping.

BERGER

(shrugs)

We have burned everything, Herr
Holmes.

HOLMES

I know. We have lost.

(shakes his
head)

Miss Deveraux is forfeit.

There is a pause. They can't seem to believe it is all for nothing. They watch the train ---

251 EXT. TRAINS - DAY

251

And suddenly see that they are gaining rapidly on one of the cars -- the Pasha has released one of his cars in an effort to make more speed. He has released on a slight decline so the car is rolling at great speed, but still, Berger must slow down the engine very quickly in order to avoid a collision.

252 INT. TRAIN CAB - ANGLE ON BERGER

252

throwing the sticks.

253 ANGLE ON WHEELS

253

Sparks flying as the engine slows down.

254 INT. CAB - ANGLE ON FACES

254

reacting as the car draws nearer and nearer; a crash looks inevitable.

255 EXT. TRAIN AND CAR - LONG SHOT

255

The laws of momentum take over and the engine noses into the Pasha's castoff car with no one getting derailed.

256 INT. CAB

256

Holmes reacting.

HOLMES

He has made a fatal mistake. Keep her close, Berger, we have a new fuel supply. Watson, you may release the tender; it is of no further use.

257 EXT. TRAIN AND CAR

257

Watson takes a moment to react, then he and Freud start unhooking the tender. In the meantime, Holmes starts down the outside of the locomotive to the car they are pushing. He takes off his Inverness and uses it to grab hold of the red-hot rails that run along the boiler.

Freud and Watson watch as Holmes makes his way to the front of the engine and into the car in front of them. He returns with a handful of curtains, etc., and inches his way back to the cab.

258 EXT. TRAIN AND THIRD TRAIN - THEIR POINT OF VIEW

258

From the opposite direction another train is coming. With his back to it and the noise, he can't hear it.

Freud and Watson shout frantically to pull himself in, but Holmes neither sees nor hears, he is so busy holding on.

The train rushes by inches away, so startling Holmes that he almost lets go. One hand flies off the railing and he swings giddily out, the curtain material flapping madly, but the train passes and he regains his balance; he comes back with the material.

259 INT. CAB

259

HOLMES
(gasping for breath
and slightly covered
with coal dust)
Here, I'll get more.

He turns to start back.

260 LONG SHOT

260

Holmes' train now decisively gaining on the Pasha's.

261 INT. HOLMES' CAB

261

Holmes and Freud return with more stuff to burn.

BERGER
(who never takes
his eyes off the
gauges and the
track now)
We are joining them now, Herr Holmes.

Holmes looks, sees they are closing in.

HOLMES
Well done, Berger; you are an
artist. Watson, I'll trouble
you for the service revolver.

FREUD
What will you do?

HOLMES
What I can.

Watson hands the revolver to Holmes, wondering:

WATSON
But, Holmes ---

HOLMES
If anything happens, you will think
kindly of me, I trust?

Watson is speechless.

FREUD
Is this necessary?

CONTINUED

261 CONTINUED

HOLMES

I can think of nothing else. Good-bye, Sigmund Freud, and may God bless you for saving my own life, and for the services you will yet render mankind.

FREUD

(his eyes watering)

I did not save your life to assist you in throwing it away again.

Holmes affects not to hear him and starts down the engine.

HOLMES

Berger: keep her close!

Berger nods and opens the throttle slightly.

Holmes starts down the engine again, carrying the pistol.

262 LONG SHOT

262

As the two trains continue to wind through the stunning scenery, Holmes' train inches closer to the Pasha's as Holmes himself gets to the front of the engine and steps into the Pasha's castoff car.

CUT TO

263 INT. PASHA'S CASTOFF CAR

263

Holmes enters from the rear. It is a fairly ordinary though custom passenger car and is deserted.

Holmes runs through the car to the front.

264 EXT. TRAIN/CAR/PASHA'S TRAIN - HIS POINT OF VIEW

264

The end of the Pasha's train is feet away. As Holmes gets ready, Berger moves the two cars much closer together.

Holmes jumps and lands on the Pasha's train. The door to the car won't open. He shoots the lock and enters.

CUT TO

265 INT. PASHA'S PARLOUR CAR

265

Holmes crashes through the door, pistol in hand; the Pasha and his Turks are waiting for him.

CONTINUED

263 CONTINUED

263

As he comes through the door, one throws a knife, which he ducks; fires -- the first Turk drops, as

Behind the door a second Turk prepares to slit Holmes' throat a la Leinsdorf's, but Holmes (master of the Japanese art of Baristu) flings him over his shoulders and onto his own blade ---

The four other Turks are nonplussed as Holmes regains his balance and starts advancing on them, revolver in hand. The Pasha looks about in wild consternation.

HOLMES

Throw your weapons out the window
or I shoot your master.

The Turks look to the Pasha, who nods, waves furiously and they throw their knives, pistols from the windows.

HOLMES

You are holding a woman aboard this
train against her will. Will you
surrender her to me?

The Pasha spits, points to a wall of the car where two curved scimitars form part of a coat of arms.

PASHA

You are bold enough behind a gun!
Infidel! Are you afraid to fight
fairly for a prize?

Holmes hesitates, sees the swords, also the Turks, waiting like chained hounds.

HOLMES

What will they do if we fight?

The Pasha mutters an order to them in Turkish. Instantly, the remaining four drop to their knees and prostrate themselves.

PASHA

They are cattle; they see and hear
nothing. Well, Englishman? Better
I kill you than you answer for this
to your government.

Holmes advances towards the swords. In a flash, the Pasha bends down and picks up a pistol from the floor:

CONTINUED

265 CONTINUED - 2

265

PASHA

Now we are equals, eh?

They both draw scimitars from the wall at the same time and square off with swords in one hand, pistols in the other.

The swords clash and the duel is on!

CUT TO

266 INT. HOLMES' CAB

266

Watson and Freud in an agony of suspense look frantically, but can see nothing.

CUT TO

267 INT. PASHA'S CAR

267

Holmes, no novice with the sabre, is pushing the Pasha back towards the end of the car as we

CUT TO

268 INT. HOLMES' CAB

268

Freud starts forward; Watson grabs him ---

WATSON

Where are you going?

FREUD

To see what is happening. Fraulein Deveraux may need me!

WATSON

I'm coming, too!

FREUD

(shakes his head)

We can't both go -- besides, your leg will not permit it. Keep watch here.

WATSON

But ---

269 EXT. TRAINS/CAR AND TUNNEL

269

Suddenly both trains enter a tunnel and it becomes pitch dark. We hear a shot.

CONTINUED

269 CONTINUED

269

When the trains come out of the tunnel, we see that both Holmes and the Pasha are on top of the parlor car, gaining their balance.

Freud, at the same time, has worked his way down to the front of the engine and is preparing to step aboard the Pasha's cast-off car. As he disappears into the empty car:

270 EXT. TOP OF PARLOR CAR

270

The Pasha raises his pistol at Holmes, aims and fires -- but the gun jams. Furious, the Pasha flings it over the side with a gesture of disgust. Holmes holds his revolver indecisively.

271 INT. CAB - ANGLE ON WATSON

271

WATSON

Shoot! Holmes, shoot! Shoot, man!

272 EXT. TOP OF PARLOR CAR AND SECOND TUNNEL

272

Holmes either doesn't hear or cannot make up his mind. In any case, standing with his back to the direction they are heading, he does not see another low tunnel rushing up behind him.

Watson continues to scream warnings, but he cannot hear them. The Pasha sees the tunnel coming (he is facing it), and suddenly flings himself onto the roof of the car.

Holmes understands in an instant and does likewise; but he loses the revolver as he goes down.

CUT TO

273 INT. PASHA'S CAST-OFF CAR - IN TUNNEL

273

Freud is making his way carefully through the car. He sees a sword on one of the walls; takes it and continues through the other end of the car.

CUT TO

274 INT. PASHA'S PARLOR CAR

274

The train emerges from the tunnel. Freud enters, carrying the scimitar. He almost trips over the body of the Turk Holmes flung onto his own dagger, but sidesteps him and moves carefully down the car towards where the remaining Turks remain crouched as the Pasha ordered them. Watching carefully, Freud sidesteps them and goes out the back door.

275 INTERCUT ABOVE WITH

275

Holmes and the Pasha moving towards each other on top of the car and dueling. The cars sway; it is hard to stand upright.

276 INT. CAB - ANGLE ON WATSON

276

watching the duel helplessly ---

277 EXT. TOP OF PARLOR CAR - ANGLE ON THE PASHA AND HOLMES

277

The Pasha gets Holmes turned around and starts pressing him towards the end of the car, slowly, dueling relentlessly.

278 INTERCUT WITH

278

Freud entering the Pasha's front car. There the Pasha's wives are anxiously huddled together, their veils in place. Freud looks about and reacts.

279 ANGLE FREUD'S POINT OF VIEW

279

One "wife" is sitting off to one side by herself. She has not turned, huddled or reacted as the others have to his entrance or to the situation. She just sits, her back to Freud. The wives watch as Freud sees and starts towards her.

280 ANGLE TOP OF THE CAR

280

Holmes is backed to the edge of the car. He has no place to go, but he steps back into nothingness as:

281 INT. CAB - ANGLE WATSON

281

WATSON

Berger!

Berger opens the throttle and pushes the cast-off car right into the rear of the Pasha's train so that as Holmes' foot comes down, he lands right on the car that wasn't there a second ago.

Instantly the Pasha pursues.

CUT TO

282 INT. FRONT CAR

282

Freud approaches the inert "wife." Carefully he removes her veil. It is Lola Deveraux. But she is so heavily drugged

CONTINUED

282 CONTINUED

282

or sedated, that she doesn't react. Freud begins patting her wrists. He looks about for something more effective.

CUT TO

283 EXT. CAST-OFF CAR

283

The Pasha pushes Holmes to the back of the car -- right above Watson's engine. This time there is no place to jump. The Pasha smiles in evil anticipation; he pinks Holmes in the arm, then stabs him again in the arm.

Holmes goes down to his knees with the Pasha's scimitar in his arm.

The Pasha tries to pull out his blade, but it is stuck and he loses his balance. Holmes reaches up from under and impales him on his sabre.

An expression of horror comes over the Pasha's face -- and shock. He stands uncertainly for a moment, with Holmes' sword sticking in his chest -- and then, with a scream, he topples over the side, pulling his sword out of Holmes' arm as he goes.

Holmes, clutching his arm, reacts, crawls to the front of the car, rushing to the front of the engine and entering the Pasha's cast-off car with Toby.

CUT TO

284 INT. CAST-OFF CAR

284

Toby and Watson race through it.

CUT TO

285 INT. PARLOR CAR

285

Holmes, clutching his arm in one hand and another scimitar from a wall in the other, is retreating unsteadily before the Turks, who are advancing towards him.

When Toby and Watson enter, however, they stop and retreat to the head of the car, confused and lost without their Master to command them.

HOLMES

(hands Watson
the sword)

Cut them into pieces if they try
any mischief, my dear fellow.

CONTINUED

285 CONTINUED

235

He gasps, staggers, but motions to Watson that he is all right, and, holding onto things, goes out the door, leaving Watson defiantly holding off the Turks, who are none too eager to charge a healthy individual holding one of their incredible scimitars. They look anxiously at Toby; he appears absurd, but who knows? Toby growls his best.

CUT TO

286 INT. FRONT CAR

286

Holmes staggers into the car, looks about, reacts.

287 ANGLE HOLMES' POINT OF VIEW

287

The wives -- and Freud, holding Lola in his arms, giving her some brandy.

Holmes crawls forward and makes it to where Freud sits.

HOLMES

(gasping)

Is she all right?

Lola reacts slightly to his voice. Her eyes blink and focus.

FREUD

I think so; she will be.

HOLMES

(nods without
speaking)

And now let us stop these trains ---

He tries to move, but suddenly his strength fails him. He faints towards the camera as we hear the shriek of a train whistle and the screen goes black.

TITLE CARD: THE FINAL PROBLEM

288 INT. FREUD'S STUDY - ANGLE ON FREUD

288

The last meeting of the three men. Holmes' arm is in a sling.

FREUD

Life is going to seem very quiet
after you are gone, Herr Holmes.

HOLMES

You have important work of your
own, I know. We will meet again.

CONTINUED

288 CONTINUED

288

FREUD

(uncertain)

Perhaps ---

Seeing him hesitate, Holmes steps forward awkwardly.

HOLMES

Doctor, your hypnotic therapy has saved me from a terrible addiction, and beyond that, your judgment has saved my life -- your judgment and Watson's, here. For him there will be a lifetime to repay the debt. What can I do for you?

Freud is in the act of lighting a cigar. Now he looks up over its wavering flame at Holmes.

FREUD

Let me hypnotize you once more before you leave.

He shakes out the match.

HOLMES

(reacts)

What? But I tell you I am cured.

FREUD

I know; but there is another part of your mind to which I would like to say farewell.

Holmes looks at him, wondering.

CUT TO

289 INT. LARGE HOUSE

289

The small boy is now at the bottom of the staircase. He starts up the stairs through the following ---

FREUD'S VOICE

When did you first use cocaine?

HOLMES' VOICE

When I was twenty.

FREUD'S VOICE

Where?

HOLMES' VOICE

At University.

CONTINUED

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289 CONTINUED

28

FREUD'S VOICE

Why?

No answer. The small boy is now halfway up the stairs ---

FREUD'S VOICE

Why?

HOLMES' VOICE

I was unhappy.

FREUD'S VOICE

Why did you become a detective?

290 ANGLE ON SMALL BOY'S FACE

290

He sees something; reacts with puzzled curiosity; keeps moving ---

HOLMES' VOICE

To punish the wicked and see justice done.

291 ANGLE SMALL BOY'S POINT OF VIEW

291

partially opened door at top of the stairs -- end of corridor.

292 ANGLE ON SMALL BOY

292

mounting the last steps and starting down for the door ---

FREUD'S VOICE

Have you ever known wickedness, personally?

No answer. The small boy approaches the door ---

FREUD'S VOICE

Have you?

HOLMES' VOICE

(choking)

Yes.

The small boy quietly pushes open the partially opened door. He moves forward and stares without expression ---

FREUD'S VOICE

What was this wickedness?

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293 ANGLE SMALL BOY'S POINT OF VIEW

29

A woman is in bed with a man, whose back is to the camera ---

HOLMES'S VOICE

(fractional pause)

My mother deceived my father.

CUT TO

294 INT. FREUD'S STUDY

29

Quick reaction shots of Freud and Watson, stunned. Between them, Holmes sits, his forehead streaming with perspiration.

Freud collects himself and addresses Holmes again.

FREUD

She had a lover?

CUT TO

295 INT. FLASHBACK BEDROOM

29

The small boy watching his mother and the man whose back is to us.

HOLMES'S VOICE

Yes.

FREUD'S VOICE

What was the injustice?

No answer ---

FREUD'S VOICE

What was the injustice?

At this point, the father (dressed as a country squire circa 1860) comes into the room with a gun. With a look of rage, vengeance and mortification, he raises the gun -- camera on him and the small boy -- and fires!

CUT TO

296 INT. FREUD'S STUDY

296

We hear the gun shot!

HOLMES

(screaming; tears

running down

his cheeks)

He shot her!

CONTINUED

296 CONTINUED

29

Both Freud and Watson have violent reactions. Watson stands up and tries to move but finds himself paralyzed; Freud looks wildly about the room, his glance bounding off Watson's. He recovers himself with difficulty, and, licking his lips sits down again before Holmes, whose facial muscles are twitching horribly with emotion.

FREUD

Your father murdered your mother?

HOLMES

(almost unintelligible)

Yes.

FREUD

And the lover?

CUT TO

297 INT. FLASHBACK BEDROOM - SLOW MOTION

297

The after effects of the shot: the Father stands stock still, staring, as does the Small Boy. The Lover, still without being visible, has sprung off the bed in a swirl of white and bloody sheets, and is running, in slow motion, to the window.

FREUD'S VOICE

What became of him?

HOLMES'S VOICE

He fled.

FREUD'S VOICE

Who was he?

Pause.

FREUD'S VOICE

Who was he?

The Lover, partially wrapped in the bloody sheets, springs for the mullioned window. We see his face.

HOLMES'S VOICE

My tutor.

Sure enough: it is the young Moriarty.

298 ANGLE ON SMALL BOY

298

reacting.

CUT TO

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299 INT. STUDY

29

reaction shots: Freud and Watson -- stunned.

CUT BACK TO

300 INT. FLASHBACK BEDROOM

301

In slow motion, Moriarty is crashing through the glass.

FREUD'S VOICE

Your -- Professor Moriarty?

HOLMES'S VOICE

Yes. Professor Moriarty.

301 ANGLE ON SMALL BOY

301

watching his Tutor disappear through the broken window; he will remember.

CUT TO

302 INT. FREUD'S STUDY

302

Freud thinks hard, then makes his mind up.

FREUD

All right, sleep now; sleep, and remember nothing, do you understand? Nothing.

HOLMES

Yes. I understand.

FREUD

Good. Sleep.

Ascertaining that he is asleep, Freud turns to Watson.

WATSON

(stares into space)

The Napoleon of Crime.

FREUD

What?

WATSON

Holmes was right about him from the very beginning. Professor Moriarty, I mean.

CONTINUED

FREUD

(nods)

It all becomes clear, now. As he himself would observe, see how much is explained by these facts. We understand not only the origins of his addiction and his hatred of Professor Moriarty, but also his distrust of women -- so well recorded by you, Doctor -- and also his choice of profession, detector of wickedness, punisher of injustice.

WATSON

(thoughtful)

It also explains Mycroft Holmes' hold over Moriarty and his own eccentric behavior -- shut up in that club for an eternal obese bachelorhood.

(looking at Freud)

You are the greatest detective of them all.

FREUD

I am a physician whose province is the troubled mind -- which means in this case simply that I have borrowed some of your friend's methods.

WATSON

Holmes'?

FREUD

And applied them to himself. You will recall, Doctor, that we spoke of an area of the mind I called the unconscious? Well, he ---

He gestures to Holmes.

FREUD

--Has led me to it; given me the clues, himself.

WATSON

But how?

FREUD

I will confine myself to an observation made by your English playwright -- the one he deduced I am so fond of reading: 'We are such stuff as dreams are made on.'

CONTINUED

302 CONTINUED - 2

112

Watson exchanges glances with Freud for a moment.

FREUD

Take heart. Your friend is a functioning human being. He performs useful work and performs it well. Within the framework of his unhappiness he is nevertheless successful and even beloved.

Watson nods, sighs heavily. Freud walks over to Holmes and snaps his fingers with loud finality.

FREUD

Wake up, Herr Holmes.

Holmes slowly wakes up and looks up at the two men.

HOLMES

Did I tell you anything of importance?
I vaguely recall your asking me questions.

FREUD

It was not very interesting, I am afraid.

He looks at his watch.

303 ANGLE ON HOLMES

303

touching his face, he can tell that he has sweated and wept.

FREUD

We must hurry. Your train leaves within the hour and my wife would like to say goodbye.

(he smiles)

You have made a conquest: my daughter wishes to study the violin. I hope you will keep this one, by the way -- as a souvenir.

They look at each other, each with faint traces of a smile. Freud hands him the violin.

CUT TO

304 INT. CAB

304

on the way to the station. Watson watches Holmes uneasily -- he is in a brown study, with the violin in its case across his lap; his arm in a sling and his thoughts elsewhere. Toby sits next to Watson.

CONTINUED

304 CONTINUED

304

WATSON

(trying to make
conversation)

What will become of Miss Deveraux,
I wonder -- after all she has been
through.

HOLMES

(idly)

She will emerge unscathed. Women
are like cats, have you never
noticed? Invariably they land on
their feet.

WATSON

Come, you are unfair. She has been
through a great deal.

HOLMES

And not so much as thanked us for
saving her from a deal worse -- to
say nothing of inquiring after any
hurts we may have suffered in her
behalf.

He gestures slightly with his wounded arm. Stumped, Watson
has no reply. Holmes goes back to looking out the window.
Watson frowns.

CUT TO

305 EXT. TRAIN STATION

305

The cab pulls up and Holmes and Watson and Toby get out.

CUT TO

306 INT. STATION

306

Holmes leads Watson to a train platform. Watson looks up
and reacts.

307 ANGLE ON PLATFORM SIGN

307

reading: MILAN EXPRESS.

308 ANGLE ON WATSON AND HOLMES

308

Watson reacts.

WATSON

Holmes, this is the wrong train ---

Holmes shakes his head.

CONTINUED

308 CONTINUED

30

WATSON

But you are coming back to London,
surely ---

HOLMES

Not just yet. I need some time
to myself, Watson -- a little holiday.

He gets on the train and leans out of the window.

WATSON

Holmes, I don't like this at all --
when will you return?

HOLMES

(vaguely)

One day.

He snaps to life and looks down at Watson, smiling.

HOLMES

In the meantime, inform my brother
of my decision and tell Mrs. Hudson
my rooms are not to be touched, is
that clear?

WATSON

But ---

He looks around helplessly at the busy station, his eyes
watering. With a sudden jerk the train starts to move and
he turns quickly back to the train and starts walking awkward-
ly alongside the car, Toby walking, too.

HOLMES

Rest assured, my dear fellow --
it's only that I must complete
my recovery. Give my best to
Mrs. Watson ---

WATSON

(limping faster)

But how will you live?

HOLMES

(shrugs, holds
up his violin)

When my arm is better I think I
may be able to support myself ---

CONTINUED

308 CONTINUED - 2

308

WATSON

(limping-running
now)

But your readers -- my readers!
What will I tell them?

HOLMES

(moving faster now)
Anything you like. Tell them I
was murdered by my mathematics
tutor!

(he calls back)

They'll never believe you in any
case!

The train moves off, Watson tearfully limping after it.
Toby starts whimpering audibly.

CUT TO

309 INT. COMPARTMENT - ANGLE ON DOOR

309

Holmes enters, slides the door open and shut before actually
looking about the compartment. When he looks towards the
window. He reacts to something.

310 ANGLE ON A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

310

dressed in traveling costume, her back to him as she faces
the window.

WOMAN

Are you surprised?

She turns around: it is Lola Deveraux, ravishing, but not
entirely sure of her welcome. This means a great deal to her.

311 ANGLE ON HOLMES

311

struggling with his emotions.

HOLMES

I confess I am. I was not aware
that you were going abroad.

LOLA

It is an odd coincidence -- but
I am not sorry for it. Journeys
alone are always so tedious --
especially when they are long.

CONTINUED

311 CONTINUED

31

HOLMES

And will this be a long journey?

He is smiling very faintly.

LOLA

It all depends; but I do think
it will seem shorter if there
are two of us.

(pause)

Don't you?

Holmes looks at her for a very long time, studying, thinking:
realizing what she has done and what an affectionate, daring
act it is.

HOLMES

(finally)

I hope it will not seem too
short.

They sit opposite one another, very properly, the picture
of Victorian propriety -- but the feeling is underlined
with deep contentment, beneath the correct attitudes.

CUT TO

312 EXT. TRAIN RACING AWAY

312

as we:

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO

313 INT. SANITARIUM, 1939 - DAWN

313

The Matron is wheeling Watson in his wheelchair -- same
screen direction as the train was going. (We might even
dissolve from the wheels of the engine to the wheels of
the wheelchair.)

Watson is asleep in the chair. He has been talking all
night. The Typist is gathering up her notes as she walks
alongside.

TYPIST

He began nodding off towards the
end.

MATRON

(a kindly, large
woman)

But he got it all down, did he?
He was so anxious.

CONTINUED

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313

CONTINUED

313

TYPIST

Oh, yes. He got it all down.

They walk on. Camera pans down to the newspaper Watson was reading at opening. It is open to the article he was reading: it is the obituary notice for Sigmund Freud.

At floor level, camera pans back up slightly to let us see the women wheeling the wheelchair down the end of the long corridor and out into the sunlight at the end of it.

The sunlight gets brighter and brighter and brighter.

WHITE SCREEN

THE END