

Y O U N G S H E R L O C K H O L M E S

An Original Screenplay

By

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REVISED DRAFT
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YOUNG SHERLOCK HOLMES

THE STREETS OF LONDON - DUSK

The MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY. WINTER. A few weeks before CHRISTMAS. A heavy SNOW falls. We are in a WEALTHY, PROSPEROUS section of town. HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGES clatter along the cobblestone streets. VENDORS sell their wares to passersby. The streets are CROWDED.

BENTLEY BOBSTER

EXITS the Accounting Firm of "Bobster Inc". He LOCKS the front door. Bentley is PORTLY. ELDERLY. Bushy. grey SIDEBURNS surround his pudgy cheeks. THICK EYEBROWS hang over BEADY eyes. He is WELL DRESSED in an expensive suit. a long, fur lined coat and a stovepipe hat. A WEALTHY man.

He TURNS. STROLLING along the snow covered sidewalk.

A MYSTERIOUS. CLOAKED FIGURE

EMERGES from an alleyway. Several feet BEHIND Bentley. The figure is dressed in DARK, BULKY clothes. His face is shadowed by a thick HOOD and a wide brimmed HAT.

The cloaked figure begins to FOLLOW Bentley.

Bentley stops at the window of an expensive RESTAURANT. He PERUSES the dinner menu. Behind him, the cloaked figure STOPS.

The figure removes a WOODEN BLOW PIPE from beneath his cloak. He RAISES the blow pipe to his lips.

The Cloaked Figure SHOOTS something at Bentley.

The object STRIKES Bentley in the back of his neck. He WINCES in pain for a moment. MOVING his hand to his neck. Finding no mark or wound, Bentley SHRUGS to himself. He ENTERS the restaurant.

The Cloaked Figure RUNS OFF.

INT. RESTAURANT

Bentley SITS at a table. AWAITING his dinner.

The waiter delivers a covered, STERLING SILVER TRAY to Bentley's table. Bentley stuffs a CLOTH NAPKIN into the top of his shirt collar. The waiter REMOVES the tray's cover.

A LARGE. BARBECUED PHEASANT sits on Bentley's plate. Bentley LICKS his lips. HUNGRY.

Bentley lifts his KNIFE and FORK. Ready to CUT into his dinner.

He BRINGS down his fork. STABBING the pheasant.

The bird COMES TO LIFE! SCREEECHING! SNARLING!

Its eyes are VICIOUS. ANGRY. Its sharp beak SNAPS like a dragon. The deadly claws are LONG. The fingernails RAZOR SHARP.

Bentley JUMPS BACK.

The creature LEAPS from the plate! Onto Bentley's CHEST!

The wild bird CLAWS AND PECKS at Bentley's face!

Bentley CRIES OUT! In PAIN!

The bird continues to ATTACK! Its sharp claws RIP APART Bentley's face.

Bentley raises his BLOODIED HANDS. He TEARS the the bird from his face. THROWING it onto the floor.

Bentley JUMPS UP. RUNNING to the door.

The restaurant OWNER hurries over to Bentley.

OWNER

Mr. Bobster... What is it? Is something wrong?

Bentley TURNS back to his table.

The bird is no longer ALIVE. It RESTS on the plate. In its original POSITION. CALM. As if it HADN'T MOVED.

Bentley looks at his HANDS. They are CLEAN. No sign of BLOOD. He feels his FACE. UNBLEMISHED. NOT A SCRATCH.

Bentley TURNS. LOOKING around the restaurant.

Everyone STARES at Bentley. CUSTOMERS. WAITERS. Even the COOKS have come out of the kitchen. Everyone is PUZZLED by his strange outburst.

Bentley STARES. CONFUSED. Was it a HALLUCINATION?

Bentley GRABS his hat and coat. DASHING out of the restaurant. FRIGHTENED.

Customers and employees exchange PUZZLED glances.

EXT. RESTAURANT

Bentley EXITS the restaurant. RUSHING off down the street.

He walks QUICKLY. NERVOUS. CONFUSED. He WIPES the sweat from his brow. Bentley ARRIVES at his home. He ASCENDS the stairs.

Two STONE LIONS guard the home's entrance. Bentley LOOKS at them. They suddenly seem THREATENING. Bentley HURRIES to his door.

Bentley FUMBLES through his pockets. Looking for the HOUSE KEY.

Bentley FINDS the key. He hurriedly inserts it into the KEYHOLE.

A LARGE GAPING MOUTH

suddenly APPEARS on the door. REPLACING the keyhole. The mouth OPENS. WIDE. Filled with POINTED, SHARP TEETH.

The mouth gives an angry GROWL. SNAPPING SHUT! It CLAMPS down on Bentley's hand.

Bentley SCREAMS. Trying to PULL his arm from the mouth. It WON'T budge.

Bentley finally manages to BREAK FREE! He LOOKS at his arm!

His hand has been BITTEN OFF! At the WRIST! Bentley LOOKS at the door.

The mouth CHEWS Bentley's hand. It SWALLOWS. Emitting a loud BELCH.

Bentley SCREAMS. HOLDING his bloodied stump.

He runs back out in the STREET. For HELP. He grabs a passing GENTLEMAN.

BENTLEY
(frenzied)

Please... I need... Help...

Bentley lifts his arm to SHOW the gentleman. But his hand has REAPPEARED!

Bentley STARES at his hand. WIDE EYED. There are no SCRATCHES. NO CUTS. Not a SPECK of blood. Good as NEW.

Bentley RUNS back to the door. There is NO mouth. NO razor sharp teeth. Only the KEYHOLE. The key RESTS in the lock. Everything appears NORMAL.

The gentleman HURRIES away. Thinking Bentley INSANE.

Bentley emits a half crazed GIGGLE. Not knowing whether to LAUGH OR CRY. He quickly opens the door and hurries INSIDE. LOCKING the door behind him.

INT. BENTLEY'S HOUSE

Bentley DASHES up the stairs of his expensive home.

INT. BEDROOM - THIRD FLOOR

Bentley HURRIES inside. LOCKING the door behind him. TREMBLING with fear. He lights the KEROSENE WALL LAMPS.

He THROWS off his hat and coat. He moves to a WATER bowl. SPLASHING his face with cold water.

Bentley DRIES his face. He looks in the MIRROR. Still CONFUSED by the events of the last few minutes.

He SIGHS. He removes a BOOK from his extensive library. He takes a seat in a HIGH BACKED WOODEN CHAIR.

Bentley OPENS his book. He begins to READ. Getting COMFORTABLE. Slowly RELAXING.

SUDDENLY,

TWO FIVE FINGERED HANDS

SPROUT from the BACK OF THE CHAIR!

The wooden hands are LONG AND THIN. Resembling gnarled, jagged TREE BRANCHES.

They shoot over Bentley's SHOULDERS! TAKING the book from his hands!

The chair's ARMS sprout TWO MORE WOODEN HANDS! They GRAB Bentley's wrists!

The chair's FRONT LEGS also sprout TWO HANDS! They GRAB Bentley's ankles!

Bentley tries to BREAK FREE. NO GOOD. He's TRAPPED. The wooden hands are POWERFUL. VICE-LIKE.

The hands over Bentley's shoulders begin to TEAR AND CRUMBLE pages from the book. Bentley WATCHES. TERRIFIED.

Bentley NOTICES something. ACROSS the room.

The TWO KEROSENE WALL LAMPS have become

TWO METALLIC ARMS!

They PROTRUDE from the wall. Each arm holds a BALL OF FIRE in its hand.

The arms PULL BACK. They each THROW a fireball into different sections of the room.

A FIREBALL lands on the BED! Another in a CLOSET OF CLOTHES!

The arms pitch balls of fire THROUGHOUT THE ROOM. Equipped with a NEVER ENDING supply of flames.

Bentley watches the fireballs FLY BY. HELPLESS.

The entire room is soon ENGULFED IN FLAMES!

Bentley STRUGGLES to break free of the chair. The wooden hands finally LOOSEN their grip.

Bentley SHOOTs out of the chair. The FLAMES inch towards him. The SMOKE is thick. Bentley TURNS to the door. It is BLOCKED by flames. He looks for an EXIT. There is only ONE. The WINDOW.

He runs TOWARD the window. FRENZIED. In a state of PANIC.

Bentley JUMPS.

EXT. STREET

Bentley flies OUT OF THE WINDOW! Amidst a SHOWER OF GLASS! He FALLS three stories. Hitting the icy, cobblestone street with a THUD!

INT. BENTLEY'S HOME - STAIRWAY

Hearing the commotion, the MAID hurries upstairs. To Bentley's ROOM.

INT. BENTLEY'S ROOM

The Maid ENTERS. Eyes DARTING around the room.

MAID

Mr. Bobster?

CAMERA PULLS BACK.

Everything is in PERFECT CONDITION. FURNITURE. CLOTHING. FIXTURES. There is NO SIGN of even the smallest fire. Bentley's chair SITS in the middle of the room. CALM. NORMAL. NO wooden hands. The book LIES on the chair. OPEN. All of the pages INTACT.

Only the SHATTERED WINDOW is unusual.

The Maid HURRIES to the window. She PEERS out.

EXT. STREET

A CROWD OF PEOPLE gather around Bentley's motionless body.

THE CLOAKED FIGURE

from earlier in the scene. STANDS with the crowd. SATISFIED that Bentley is dead. The Cloaked Figure TURNS. WALKING OFF down the street. He DISAPPEARS around a corner. Tonight's work is COMPLETE.

FADE TO BLACK.

A ROUSING, CLASSICAL SCORE FILLS THE SOUNDTRACK. CREDITS BEGIN.

DISSOLVE TO:

A HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE

TRAVELING along the streets of London. It is MID-AFTERNOON. Snow continues to FALL.

INT. CARRIAGE

JOHN H. WATSON

rides INSIDE. Nibbling on a fresh CREAM PUFF. He is 16 years old. A PUDGY youth, with a thick head of BLONDE HAIR. He is UNCOMFORTABLY dressed in a suit. The jacket is TOO TIGHT. The pants are TOO SHORT. His BLUE EYES are curious. He stares out of the carriage window. FASCINATED by the vast array of people on the busy city streets. This world is NEW to him.

A VOICE begins to NARRATE. The voice of Watson as a MIDDLE AGED MAN.

NARRATION (V.O.)

It was a cold, windy day in early December. Lack of funds, had forced my old boarding school to close. I was being sent to a new school. in the middle of a semester.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROMPTON BOARDING SCHOOL

The carriage comes to a STOP outside of a five story brick building. Engraved in stone, over the building's entrance. is: BROMPTON BOARDING SCHOOL.

Watson GETS OUT of the carriage. He is carrying a small stack of BOOKS. The DRIVER unloads a large suitcase. Watson PAYS the driver. He LIFTS his heavy suitcase. LOOKING UP at the tall building in front of him.

NARRATION (V.O.)

I was accustomed to the open, relaxed expanse of the country. The sight of my new school filled me with fear... apprehension... and curiosity.

INT. SCHOOL

A BEAUTIFUL interior. Filled with expensive and elaborate FURNISHINGS. The ceilings are HIGH. The walls and floors are lined with INTRICATELY carved woodwork.

Watson ascends a STEEP STAIRWAY. STRUGGLING with his heavy suitcase.

He ARRIVES at the top floor. EXHAUSTED. SWEATING. CATCHING his breath.

Watson holds a KEY. He LOOKS at it. The key reads: ROOM 502. Watson begins his walk down the LONG CORRIDOR. SEARCHING for his room.

NARRATION (V.O.)

But nothing could prepare me for the extraordinary adventure that lay ahead, or the extraordinary individual who would change my life.

The hallway RESEMBLES a dormitory. We can see into a few OPEN ROOMS that Watson passes. Two boys have a PILLOW FIGHT. Another group of boys are GAMBLING. Seeing Watson pass, they quickly HIDE the money and cards.

Getting closer to room 502, Watson hears a DISTANT SOUND. A VIOLIN. Someone is PRATICING. Their playing is AWFUL. The violin SOUEAKS AND CRIES. Like a STRANGLED CAT.

Watson arrives at ROOM 502. The violin ECHOES from inside. Watson OPENS the door.

INT. ROOM

CAMERA PANS THE ROOM

CLUTTERED. DIRTY. The shelves are filled with DETECTIVE NOVELS and dog eared copies of the LONDON TIMES. A MAKEUP KIT and various RUBBER HALLOWEEN MASKS rest on the dresser top. A large CHEMISTRY SET sits on the desk.

CAMERA STOPS ON

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

He sits by the room's WINDOW. PRACTICING the violin. A thick stack of SHEET MUSIC rests on a metal stand. Directly in FRONT of him.

Holmes is 16 years old. TALL. Extremely THIN. A QUIRKY, IMPATIENT youth. His straight BROWN HAIR hangs in his DARK EYES. They are INTELLIGENT. PROBING eyes. He is dressed in SIMPLE CLOTHES. Baggy white shirt, vest and black slacks.

FRUSTRATED with his violin playing, Holmes suddenly leaps to his feet. He OPENS the window. He RAISES the violin over his head. Ready to THROW it out the window.

WATSON

Wait!

Holmes PAUSES. He TURNS from the window. SEEING Watson in the doorway. Watson POINTS to the violin.

WATSON

Don't do that. Isn't it worth a lot of money?

HOLMES

What's more important? Money or my sanity?

(a beat)

I should have mastered the damn thing by now.

WATSON

How long have you been playing?

HOLMES

Three days.

WATSON

(chuckles)

That's all? Well... You should be patient.

HOLMES

Patience is a waste of time.

(sighs)

But maybe you're right. My Mother would be angry. She did give it to me as a birthday gift.

Holmes PLACES the violin back on his desk. He LOOKS back to Watson. STUDYING him.

HOLMES

You're new.

WATSON

(holds up key)

We're roommates.

HOLMES

Ah. So they've sent me another one.

WATSON

Another one?

HOLMES

You're my seventh. Or is it eighth? I go through roommates fairly quickly.

Watson gives a PUZZLED nod. He RESTS his suitcase on the empty bed. Holmes LOOKS him over.

HOLMES

So, tell me a little about yourself.

Watson opens his mouth to SPEAK. Holmes INTERRUPTS.

HOLMES

Wait. Let me.

Watson is PUZZLED. Holmes HOPS out of his seat. He PAUSES a moment. Intensely STUDYING Watson. Satisfied, Holmes looks at Watson and SMILES.

HOLMES

Your name is James Watson. You're from the North Countryside. Your hobby is writing. Your Father is a Doctor. And your favorite dessert is custard cream puffs.

(a beat)

How's that?

WATSON

My name isn't James. It's "John".

HOLMES

James... John... What's the difference?

(anxious)

How did I do on the others?

WATSON

Right. On every count.

Holmes BEAMS. Watson is CURIOUS.

WATSON

How'd you do it? Is it some kind of trick?

HOLMES

No. No trick. Pure and simple deduction.

(a beat)

Your suitcase is adorned with "J. Watson". I picked the most common name that began with a "J"... "James"... or "John". That would've been my second guess.

WATSON

(skeptical)

MmmHmmm.

HOLMES

(continuing)

Anyway... Your particular style of shoes are not made in the city. I've only seen them once before...when I visited the NORTH COUNTRYSIDE.

(a beat)

Your right middle finger is indented with a callous. The trademark of a WRITER.

(a beat)

One of your books is "The Bradley Encyclopedia Of Disease", a handbook not available to the general public...only to practicing DOCTORS. Since you obviously haven't been to Medical School. I knew that it was given to you by someone older...someone close to you, who was concerned for your health. A parent. Your FATHER. The Doctor.

Watson STARES. AMAZED.

WATSON

What about the cream puffs?

HOLMES

Simple. Your tie. It's stained with yellow custard. The kind used to make cream puffs. And...well, your size convinced me that you eat them quite often.

WATSON

(insulted)

I can see why you've been through 8 roomates.

Holmes SHRUGS He JUMPS to his feet. He WALKS to the door. Giving an IMPATIENT look to Watson.

HOLMES

Come on. We haven't got all day.

WATSON
(puzzled)

Where are we going?

HOLMES

Do you want a tour of the schoolgrounds or not?

Watson NODS. He FOLLOWS Holmes into the hallway. CAMERA STAYS INSIDE THE ROOM. We hear their DIALOGUE as they hurry off down the hall.

WATSON (O.S.)

What's your name. anyway?

HOLMES (O.S.)

Holmes. Sherlock Holmes.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - GRANDFATHER CLOCK

The time is 3:20. CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are inside of the SCHOOL LIBRARY. An enormous, BEAUTIFUL interior. Mahogany BOOK SHELVES stretch to the high ceilings. All FILLED with elaborate, leather bound books. BRASS LADDERS on wheels are placed at every book shelf. The walls are lined with MARBLE BUSTS and OIL PAINTINGS. Depicting the school's various FOUNDERS and CONTRIBUTORS. The library is filled with STUDIOUS boys. Holmes and Watson HURRY into the library. Watson is PUZZLED. He WHISPERS to Holmes.

WATSON

Why are you in such a hurry?

Holmes STOPS. He POINTS to an aisle of bookshelves. The POETRY section.

ELIZABETH SNAPPET

STANDS here. She is 17 YEARS OLD. BEAUTIFUL. AMERICAN. CREAM COMPLEXION. CHARMING smile. The body of a DANCER. There is a STRONG, DETERMINED edge to her bright green eyes. She is talking with another student:

DUDLEY DIGGLES

16 years old. HANDSOME. TALL. WAVY dark hair. IMPECCABLY dressed. COCKY. BRASSY. Extremely EGOTISTICAL. An upper class SNOB. He is FLIRTING with Elizabeth. She LOOKS away for a moment. Her eye CATCHES Holmes. She gives a PERKY SMILE to Holmes. Their eyes EMBRACE. SPARKLING. Filled with ROMANCE. Elizabeth TURNS back to Dudley.

Watson gives a SHOCKED look to Holmes.

WATSON

That's a girl!

HOLMES

Brilliant deduction, Watson.

The librarian ORDERS them to "Shhh!". Watson is still PUZZLED.

WATSON

She's a student? At a boy's school?

HOLMES

Her uncle is a retired Professor. He stays on, here at the school. When Elizabeth's parents died a few years back... He was appointed her legal guardian. She came to England... to live with him.

(straightening his tie)

Now go on, Watson. Find yourself a book to keep you company. I'll see you later.

Holmes briskly WALKS to Elizabeth. Watson shrugs and begins to EXPLORE the beautiful library. He slowly WALKS through the rows of bookshelves. EYES WIDE. staring up at the books.

Holmes WALKS up beside Elizabeth. Dudley FORCES a smile. He is holding a bright GOLDEN POCKET WATCH in his hand. He SHOWS it to Holmes.

DUDLEY

Holmes... I was just showing Elizabeth my new pocket watch...

HOLMES

(examines watch)

Mmmm. Very nice.

DUDLEY

All of the stylish gentlemen are wearing them.

HOLMES

Expensive?

DUDLEY

(nods)

Very. I only shop at the finest jewelers.

HOLMES

Really? You consider Bonatelli, the street peddler and thief, the finest jeweler?

DUDLEY

(suddenly nervous)

What do you mean?

HOLMES

This watch is a fake. Look at these characters... engraved in the gold... Chinese. The face... Italian. A Renaissance copy.

(opens watch)

And the works are... French. A combination of stolen goods. Only Donatelli deals with items of this quality.

(gives watch back)

But I'm sure he gave you... and all of the other "stylish" gentlemen in London... a good deal.

DUDLEY

(insulted, grabs watch)

Keep your opinions to yourself, Holmes.

A FLUSTERED Dudley turns to Elizabeth. He TAKES her hand. KISSING it.

DUDLEY

I look forward to resuming our conversation...

(glances at Holmes)

...when there's a little more privacy.

Dudley TURNS. WALKING away. CAMERA MOVES with Dudley. He PASSES WATSON.

Watson stands in the HISTORY section. The aisle directly BESIDE the Poetry section. Watson has found a book that INTERESTS HIM. Located high on the TOP SHELF. Watson grabs hold of a BRASS LADDER. He begins to CLIMB.

Around the corner. in the POETRY SECTION, Elizabeth shoots an ANNOYED glance to Holmes.

ELIZABETH

Why did you do that?

HOLMES

Dudley is a pompous ass.

ELIZABETH

He's very sweet.

HOLMES

Oh. really? Is that why you were standing so close to him...? Flirting with him...? Letting him kiss your hand...?

ELIZABETH

Do I detect a sense of jealousy?

HOLMES

Sherlock Holmes? Jealous? My dear. that word is not in my vocabulary.

ELIZABETH

Neither is "punctuality".

HOLMES

Oh. I see. You're angry. Because I'm late.

ELIZABETH

As always.

HOLMES

I'm terribly sorry. But. you see... I was...

ELIZABETH

(interrupts)

Wait. Let me.

Holmes NODS. He UNDERSTANDS. Elizabeth STANDS BACK. Quickly LOOKING him over.

Meanwhile, WATSON has climbed to the TOP of the LADDER. Still SEVERAL FEET from the top shelf. He REACHES for the book he wants. STRETCHING. STRAINING.

Elizabeth LOOKS BACK to Holmes' face. A SLY smile on her face.

ELIZABETH

You gave your new friend a tour of the gymnasium, various classrooms and the Chemistry lab. Then you ran to the newspaper shop, to peruse the latest copy of the London Times. Upon realizing you were late, you took the short cut back.

HOLMES

(impressed)

Good. Very good.

ELIZABETH

Quite simple, really. Your trousers are sprinkled with gymnasium talcom powder and you smell of chemicals. Your fingertips are stained with black newspaper ink. And your shoes are sprinkled with mud. The only muddy path in this freezing weather is near the short cut... Where the trash is burned.

HOLMES

(nods, smiling)

I've taught you well.

ELIZABETH

I've taught YOU well.

They exchange a SMILE. Holmes LEANS forward. He KISSES Elizabeth. She ACCEPTS. They EMBRACE.

WATSON is still reaching, straining for the books above him. His feet TEETER on the ladder.

Holmes and Elizabeth are still KISSING. Suddenly, the books FLY OUT OF THE SHELVES! SHOWERING Holmes and Elizabeth! Holmes LOOKS up to the top shelf. WATSON pokes his head out. An EMBARRASSED look on his face. Holmes CHUCKLES.

HOLMES

Elizabeth... I'd like you to meet my new roommate and friend... The honorable, and clumsy... Watson.

Watson gives a WAVE to Elizabeth. She SMILES at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A beautiful, SPACIOUS courtayrd. Clustered with several SNOW COVERED TREES and WOODEN BENCHES. The SCHOOL BUILDINGS surround the courtyard. Holmes, Elizabeth and Watson WALK through. TALKING. They are suddenly interrupted by a VOICE.

WAXFLATTER

Elizabeth!... Holmes!...

The kids look up to the DIRECTION of the voice. They SEE

PROFESSOR EDGAR T. WAXFLATTER

standing on the school's ROOFTOP. Waxflatter is in his MID-SEVENTIES. With all the ENERGY of a teenager. His SNOW WHITE HAIR AND BEARD are unkempt, frizzled. His eyes are DETERMINED, STRONG. He is dressed in a RED UNDERSHIRT, SUSPENDERS and KNICKERS. A COMBINATION of Leonardo Da Vinci and Santa Claus. He SHOUTS to the kids.

WAXFLATTER

I think I've got all the bugs out!

Waxflatter TURNS. DASHING to the side of the rooftop. OUT of our sight. Watson TURNS to Holmes.

WATSON

Who's that?

ELIZABETH

My Uncle.

HOLMES

Professor Edgar T. Waxflatter. Retired.
Master Degrees in Chemistry, Biology,
Philosophy, Mathematics and Physics. Well
versed in 8 languages. Author of 27 books.

WATSON

Amazing.

ELIZABETH

And most people think he's a lunatic.

WATSON

Why?

At that moment, Waxflatter rides what appears to be a BICYCLE, connected to a large set of CANVAS WINGS. to the edge of the rooftop. It's A MAN MADE FLYING MACHINE. A large NUMBER 6 is painted on the side of the machine. Waxflatter pedals himself OFF THE SIDE of the five story building. The flying machine's wings begin to FLAP. Waxflatter STAYS IN THE AIR for a few moments.

Holmes, Elizabeth and Watson WATCH. Eyes HOPEFUL.

Suddenly, the flying machine's wings wings TILT DOWNWARD. Waxflatter tries to pedal FASTER. NO GOOD. The flying machine GLIDES DOWNWARD. Moving in a TWISTING, CURLING PATTERN. The machine CRASHES into a snow drift.

The kids RUSH over. HELPING Waxflatter to his feet. The Professor is DAZED. But UNHURT.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY

A twisting, narrow STONE stairway. DIMLY lit. Holmes, Watson and Elizabeth follow Waxflatter up the STAIRS. They each CARRY heavy pieces of the flying machine. Waxflatter GRUMBLES as he climbs the stairs.

WAXFLATTER

That makes six! Six failed attempts!

They arrive at a wooden ATTIC DOOR. built into the ceiling. Waxflatter removes a KEY. UNLOCKING the door. The door DROPS open. A ROPE LADDER unravels out. Waxflatter CLIMBS the ladder. Followed by the KIDS.

INT. ATTIC

An enormous attic, converted to a LABORATORY. The place is filled with shelves of BOOKS. wonderful unfinished mechanical GADGETS and GIZMOS, SKETCHES and PLANS for inventions, etc. A MIND BOGGLING place. A PROLIFIC inventor's junkyard. Obviously the home of a TALENTED, but IMPATIENT GENIUS. Waxflatter and the kids ENTER. Elizabeth EXPLAINS to Watson.

ELIZABETH

I live here with Uncle. After he retired, the school gave him this space to work in.

WATSON

(in awe)

It's incredible.

HOLMES

(smiles)

I've spent hundreds of hours here. He's taught me more than the whole bloody school put together.

The kids DROP the pieces of the flying machine in a corner of the laboratory. Waxflatter SIFTS through the wreckage. Trying to find a REASON for the crash

Elizabeth. Holmes and Watson are interrupted by a COUGHING, mangy, wire haired TERRIER. The dog's name is UNCAS. Elizabeth reaches down to PET the dog.

ELIZABETH

Uncas, say hello to Watson.

The charmed Watson PICKS UP the friendly dog. Uncas LAPS at Watson's face. Instant FRIENDS. Watson gives a HOPEFUL glance to Elizabeth.

WATSON

If you ever need anyone to give him a walk...

Elizabeth smiles and NODS. Watson puts Uncas DOWN. Holmes looks DOWN at Waxflatter. The elderly Professor sits CROSSLEGGED on the floor. Amidst the RUBBLE of his flying machine. He EXAMINES each part closely. Using a MAGNIFYING GLASS. Holmes SPEAKS up.

HOLMES

Found the problem, professor?

WAXFLATTER

Eh? Oh. Bloody miscalculation. Wing span was too short. I'll have to rebuild the entire machine.

HOLMES

The entire machine? Won't that be difficult?

WAXFLATTER

(shrugs)

Elementary. my dear Holmes. Elementary.

Holmes exchanges a SMILE with Elizabeth. Watson WATCHES Waxflatter. FASCINATED by his tinkering with the flying machine.

Holmes spots SOMETHING. On Waxflatter's DESK. A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING. Holmes PICKS it up. READING it:

BANK PRESIDENT BOBSTER COMMITS SUICIDE

Below the article, there is a PHOTO of Bobster. Followed by an OBITUARY. Holmes PLACES the clipping back on the table. A PUZZLED look on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

FENCING practice. Several of the boys are dressed in fencing OUTFITS. WARMING UP on the floor. Waiting for PRACTICE to begin. Dudley is HERE. STANDING with his friends. Holmes stands ALONE. In a CORNER of the gymnasium. Holmes does STRETCHING exercises. Watson and Elizabeth SIT in the bleachers. WATCHING practice. Elizabeth HOLDS Uncas. On a LEASH.

Suddenly, A SILENCE fills the room.

PROFESSOR RONALD RATHE

enters. The fencing INSTRUCTOR and SCHOOL HEADMASTER. Rathe is in his EARLY FORTIES. Over SIX FEET TALL. SLENDOR. In EXCELLENT shape. His face is HARD. HIGH cheekbones. DEEP lines. His skin is BROWN. TAN. HEALTHY. His THICK HAIR is brown. Perfectly COMBED. His eyes are PIERCING. INTELLIGENT. He wears a CASHMERE OVERCOAT.

ENTERING with Rathe, is

MRS. DRIBB.

Rathe's PERSONAL SECRETARY and ASSISTANT. She is in her EARLY THIRTIES. A thick, almost MUSCULAR WOMAN. BROAD shoulders. STRONG arms. Her angular face is SERIOUS. She wears NO MAKEUP. Her COAL BLACK HAIR is tightly wrapped around her head. A PERFECT BUN. Mrs. Dribb SELDOM SPEAKS. Mrs. Dribb ASSISTS Rathe in taking off his coat.

Watson, pointing at Rathe and Mrs. Dribb, WHISPERS to Elizabeth.

WATSON

Who's that?

ELIZABETH

Professor Rathe... School Headmaster and fencing instructor extraordinaire...

Rathe WEARS his fencing outfit beneath his coat. Mrs. Dribb carefully FOLDS the coat. DRAPING it over her arm.

WATSON

And the woman?

ELIZABETH

Mrs. Dribb. Rathe's secretary and assistant... his constant companion.

WATSON

(sexual innuendo)

Do they...? You know... Do they...?

ELIZABETH

Watson! Control that filthy mind of yours.

Elizabeth hides a SLY SMILE. She TIES Uncas to the bleachers. HIDING the dog behind her legs. Watson NOTICES.

WATSON

What are you doing?

ELIZABETH

Mrs. Dribb hates dogs.

Rathe WALKS to the boys. Holding a foil BENEATH his arm. Rathe CLAPS his hands for attention. The boys LISTEN.

RATHE

Gentlemen... Our last practice was very sloppy. We must work on technique.

Rathe SNAPS his fingers to Holmes. Holmes RUNS onto the floor. Dudley WATCHES. JEALOUS. Holmes FACES Rathe. Rathe TURNS to the other students.

RATHE

Study our stance... Our movements... Our style...

Holmes and Rathe TURN to each other. They exchange a GENTLEMANLY nod. Holmes BRINGS down his face mask. Rathe does the SAME. They get into FENCING POSITION. Foils CROSSED.

RATHE

En garde!

The FENCING begins. Both Rathe and Holmes are QUICK. ALERT. Their fencing is INSPIRED. A perfect combination of MOVEMENT and AGILITY.

Watson and Elizabeth WATCH from the bleachers. EXCITED. Uncas is more concerned with untying his LEASH.

Holmes manages to SCORE a point. SO DOES Rathe. Their match CONTINUES. What Rathe displays in EXPERIENCE. Holmes displays in RAW TALENT and ENERGY.

Mrs. Dribb WATCHES. EMOTIONLESS.

The match becomes HEATED. EXCITING. It is becomes MORE than a demonstration. Both partners are determined to WIN. The students watch the invigorating display of TALENT. Dudley STARES. ENVIOUS.

Holmes' eye CATCHES Elizabeth. He WINKS. He turns and makes a SUDDEN LUNGE FORWARD. He TRIPS. FALLING to the floor. His FOIL flies out of his hand. Rathe quickly moves the TIP OF HIS BLADE TO HOLMES' THROAT.

RATHE

Touche'! My game.

Holmes JUMPS TO HIS FEET. He TAKES OFF his mask. BREATHLESS. He REMOVES his mask. Giving an IMPRESSED nod to Rathe. Rathe TURNS to the students.

RATHE

Mr. Holmes lost because of one important factor... His ego took over. He ignored technique.

(to Holmes)

Never replace technique with emotion.

Holmes NODS. Rathe gives a RUFFLE to his hair..

RATHE

Good show. Holmes.

Holmes SMILES. Rathe continues to LECTURE.

Uncas has UNTIED his leash. The dog LEAPS out from behind Elizabeth's legs. BARKING. A look of TOTAL FEAR fills Mrs. Dribb's eyes. Uncas SENSES the fear. He SCURRIES out of the bleachers. Stopping DIRECTLY IN FRONT of Mrs. Dribb. The dog is SNARLING. BARKING. Mrs. Dribb takes a FEW STEPS BACK. SHOUTING.

MRS. DRIBB

Get it away from me! Filthy beast!

Mrs. Dribb tries to KICK Uncas. The dog LEAPS out of the way. RUNNING out of the room. Rathe COMFORTS the shaken Mrs. Dribb. Holmes LOOKS into the bleachers. He exchanges a SMILE with Elizabeth.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHURCH

Located on the corner of a BUSY London street. The church is over 100 YEARS OLD. Ornately decorated with intricate STONE CARVINGS. A MAGNIFICENT building.

INT. CHURCH

SILENT. DESERTED. DIMLY LIT by many candles. The CURVED wooden ceiling stretches up over a hundred feet. Several RELIGIOUS STATUES fill the church. Giant STAINED GLASS WINDOWS fill the church's high walls. The windows depict many BIBLICAL scenes. A majestic PIPE ORGAN sits behind the altar.

REVEREND ANDREW FIDGET

WALKS onto the altar. An ELDERLY man. SLENDOR. DISTINGUISHED. His eyes are WARM. PEACEFUL. He carefully begins to PUT OUT the altar candles.

Suddenly, a NOISE. The church DOORS. OPENING.

Rev. Fidget TURNS. He sees NOTHING. The doors are CLOSED.

REV. FIDGET

Is someone there?

No ANSWER. The church is still DESERTED. Rev. Fidget SHRUGS. TURNING back to the altar. He CONTINUES to put out the candles.

The REAR OF THE CHURCH. Someone steps from behind a tall stone PILLAR. It's

THE CLOAKED FIGURE

from the film's OPENING. The figure removes a BLOW PIPE from beneath his cloak. He AIMS at the priest. He SHOTS.

Rev. Fidget GRABS his neck. Instant PAIN. Only a SPLIT SECOND.

The Cloaked Figure EXITS the church. QUICKLY. SILENTLY.

The Reverend shrugs OFF the pain. He FINISHES putting out the altar candles. He TURNS. Walking from the altar. to a SECTION OF CANDLES. At the side of the CHURCH. Beneath a STAINED GLASS WINDOW. The Reverend begins to PUT OUT the candles.

The Reverend HEARS something. A NOISE. ABOVE him. He LOOKS up.

The stained glass window has COME TO LIFE. What had been a STILL depiction of TWO ROMAN SOLDIERS taking thirty pieces of silver from Judas... has now become a MOVING IMAGE.

Rev. Fidget STEPS BACK. SHOCKED.

The SOLDIERS turn. They SEE the Reverend. They literally LEAP OUT OF THE WINDOW. They LAND. On the church FLOOR.

The soldiers are SHAPED LIKE MEN. But they are made of the colored STAINED GLASS. GROTESQUE. INHUMAN creatures. They draw their SWORDS. Moving TOWARD the Reverend.

Rev. Fidget is in SHOCK. One of the glass soldiers STOPS. In FRONT of the Reverend.

The soldier RAISES his sword. Bringing it DOWN.

Rev. Fidget JUMPS BACK. The sharp glass sword SCRATCHES him. ACROSS the Reverend's arm. BLOOD pours out.

The Reverend GRABS his wounded arm. He DASHES to the altar.

The soldiers run AFTER HIM.

The Reverend grabs a GOLDEN CHALICE. He THROWS it at an approaching soldier.

The chalice HITS the glass soldier! The soldier SHATTERS INTO A MILLION PIECES! Falling to the floor in a HEAP of broken glass!

The other soldier still COMES FOR the Reverend.

The Reverend picks up a long GOLDEN CRUCIFIX. He SWINGS IT! HITTING the soldier's midsection!

This soldier also SHATTERS to the floor. The shocked Reverend CATCHES his breath. STARING at the two glass heaps on the floor.

Rev. Fidget RUBS his eyes in disbelief. A MOMENT passes.

Rev. Fidget MOVES his hands from his eyes. He is met with a SURPRISE. The mounds of shattered glass are GONE. NOWHERE in sight. He looks at his ARM. There is NO WOUND. NO BLOOD. The Reverend looks to the stained glass WINDOW. The soldiers are BACK. In their ORIGINAL POSITIONS. MOTIONLESS. LIFELESS.

The Reverend WALKS up to the window. PUZZLED. He REACHES OUT. TOUCHING the glass. It is UNCHANGED. Rev. Fidget SHAKES HIS HEAD. Was it a DREAM?

The Reverend suddenly hears a VOICE. Followed by ANOTHER voice. And ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. Until it sounds as if a CROWD OF PEOPLE fill the church.

Rev. Fidget TURNS from the window. His eyes WIDEN. His face goes WHITE.

The entire church has COME TO LIFE. Statues are MOVING. TALKING. Carrying on CONVERSATIONS with each other. Some LAUGH. Others SING.

All of the images depicted on the stained glass windows are MOVING. Each one an INDIVIDUAL SCENE.

Rev. Fidget TURNS. RUNNING down the aisle. SCARED to death!

As Rev. Fidget PASSES the windows and statues, the various BIBLICAL FIGURES notice him.

A statue of Moses SCREAMS at the Reverend.

Animals from the "Noah's Ark" window GROWL. SNARL.

A statue of David STOPS throwing stones at Goliath. Beginning to TOSS them at the Reverend.

Rev. Fidget runs FASTER. He wants out of this LIVING NIGHTMARE.

A GIANT GLASS DRAGON

JUMPS from the "St. George and The Dragon" window.

The dragon LEAPS in front of Rev. Fidget. The Reverend STOPS. DEAD in his tracks. INCHES from the menacing beast.

The dragon opens its SHARP MOUTH. Emitting an unearthly ROAR.

Rev. Fidget SCREAMS

Something SHOOTS from the dragon's mouth! A powerful shower of sharp, colored GLASS PARTICLES!

Rev. Fidget LEAPS out of the way! Taking cover BEHIND A PEW.

The shower of glass flies ACROSS THE CHURCH! HITTING the giant pipe organ! The organ is DEVASTATED!

The Reverend gets TO HIS FEET. RUNNING for the back doors!

The dragon FOLLOWS! Its mouth SPEWING powerful blasts of glass!

Rev. Fidget runs HARD. FAST. The showers of glass DESTROY everything around him. He LOOKS BACK.

The dragon is still in HOT PURSUIT.

Rev. Fidget FINALLY makes it to the door. He DASHES outside.

EXT. CHURCH

The Reverend runs DOWN the church stairs. FRENZIED. PANICKED. He dashes OUT IN THE STREET.

A HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE

BARRELS toward Rev. Fidget. The driver SHOUTS to the Reverend.

DRIVER

Get out of the way! Out of the way!

CRAZED, SCREAMING, the Reverend DOESN'T HEAR.

The carriage TRIES to stop. TOO LATE. It BARRELS into Rev. Fidget. RUNNING HIM OVER.

A CROWD OF PEOPLE run to the scene. Rev. Fidget lies BENEATH the carriage wheels. Face twisted in AGONY. Eyes OPEN. DEAD.

The CLOAKED FIGURE stands with the crowd. Seeing that the Reverend is dead, the cloaked figure TURNS. WALKING off down the street.

Several POLICEMEN pass him by. HURRYING to the Reverend. The Cloaked Figure DISAPPEARS. Into the DISTANCE.

CAMERA PANS TOWARD THE CHURCH. DOLLYING INSIDE.

The statues are STIFF. SILENT. The stained glass windows' images are FLAT. LIFELESS. The organ is in PERFECT condition. EVERYTHING IS NORMAL. Nothing is OUT OF PLACE. Save for a fallen GOLD CRUCIFIX. It stretches ACROSS THE ALTAR.

FADE OUT.

INT. HOLMES' ROOM

MID-AFTERNOON. Watson SITS at his desk. TRYING to study. An ANNOYED look on his face. Holmes SITS by the window. Playing a DISTORTED selection on his violin. The chords are SOUEAKY. Holmes' playing has IMPROVED. But it still INTERFERES with Watson's studies. Holmes PAUSES. SMILING at Watson.

HOLMES

Just think, Watson... If it wasn't for you, I would have given up the violin.

Watson emits a REGRETFUL grumble. Holmes BEGINS to play again. Suddenly, he is INTERRUPTED by a voice. ECHOING from outside.

WAXFLATTER (O.S.)

Holmes! Holmes!

Holmes OPENS his window. He SEES Waxflatter. Once again, on the ROOFTOP. Elizabeth stands BESIDE him. He is rolling a NEW version of the flying machine to the rooftop edge. The machine is basically SIMILIAR to its predecessor. But the wings are LARGER. A bright "7" is PAINTED on its side. Waxflatter TURNS to Holmes' window. SHOUTING.

WAXFLATTER

This time I've DEFINITELY got all the bugs out!

Holmes gives a SMILE and WAVE from the window. Watson PEERS over Holmes' shoulder.

Waxflatter begins to PEDAL the machine. The wings SLOWLY FLAP. The WHEELS TURN. The Flying machine RIDES OFF THE BUILDING'S EDGE. The flying machine SOARS INTO THE AIR. Waxflatter tries to STEER the machine. HE CAN'T. The steering device WON'T BUDGE. The flying machine is headed for a LARGE OAK TREE. Waxflatter STRUGGLES with the steering device. The flying machine glides CLOSER toward the tree...

Watson HIDES his eyes. We hear the CRASH. Watson MOVES his hands from his eyes.

Waxflatter has been THROWN into a section of the tree. He is CAUGHT in the branches. He is SAFE. UNEHURT. The same CAN'T be said for the flying machine. GNARLED. TWISTED. TATTERED. It HANGS from one of the branches.

Holmes gives a hopeless SHRUG to Watson.

CUT TO:

WAXFLATTER'S LABORATORY

Holmes, Watson and Elizabeth FOLLOW Waxflatter into the laboratory. They are again carrying DESTROYED pieces of the flying machine. Holmes PASSES Waxflatter's desk. He PAUSES. NOTICING "The London Times". Open to the OBITUARY SECTION. An article is CIRCLED. The Headline READS:

REVEREND ANDREW FIDGET KILLED IN CARRIAGE ACCIDENT

Holmes READS the article. His face is TROUBLED. WORRIED. He shoots a SUSPICIOUS glance at Waxflatter.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD

Holmes ASCENDS the stairway into the famous building.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD

Holmes hurries into an OFFICE. Located at the END of a long hallway.

INT. OFFICE

Holmes ENTERS. A MAN is working at a desk. The man PAUSES. He RECOGNIZES Holmes. The man SIGHS.

LESTRADE

Mr. Holmes. It's been a long time. What?...
Three... four days since your last visit?

CAMERA PULLS BACK. WE SEE the man sitting at the desk.

ASST. INVESTIGATOR LESTRADE.

He is is 24 YEARS OLD. NERVOUS. PUDGY. Already BALDING. The first weeks of a MOUSTACHE smudge his upper lip. The office is CRAMPED. Cluttered with PAPERS and BOOKS. A small NAMEPLATE sits on the desktop. It reads: ASST. INVESTIGATOR. The office of a green, OPPURTUNISTIC young man. On his way UP THE LADDER.

HOLMES

This will only take a minute.

LESTRADE

There are no murder reports for you to study... No casebooks that you haven't read...

HOLMES

I'm not here for research.
(leans toward Lestrade)
I think I'm onto something.

LESTRADE

Not again.

HOLMES

This time I'm certain of it.

LESTRADE

(sarcastic)

Really! Just like last month? When you were convinced that the French Ambassador embezzled 300,000 Pounds from the Bank Of London.

HOLMES

I was close. It was the Russian Ambassador.

LESTRADE

(sighs)

Holmes. Please. I don't have time for any more of your imaginary crimes...

Holmes removes two NEWSPAPER clippings from his pocket. Bentley Bobster and Reverend Fidget's OBITUARIES. He GIVES them to Lestrade.

HOLMES

Just have a quick look at these...

LESTRADE

(reading)

So? A suicide... A carriage accident...

HOLMES

I suspect foul play.

LESTRADE

But these two incidents are completely unrelated.

HOLMES

Wrong. Both men had graduated from the same university in 1809.

LESTRADE

Coincidence.

HOLMES

(grabs clippings)

Neither of their deaths fit their personalities... According to the obituary. Bobster was a happy man... Content with his life... His career... His family... Why would he commit suicide? There wasn't even a note.

(a beat)

And Reverend Fidget is described by friends as "warm... loving... peaceful." Yet the carriage driver insists that Fidget was "Insane... crazed, in a state of panic" when he ran into the street.

LESTRADE

Holmes... A fluctuation of character is hardly enough evidence to begin an investigation.

HOLMES

But I think I've got a suspect.

LESTRADE

(sarcastic)

Oh? Who is it this time? The School Janitor? The Chinese Ambassador?

HOLMES

(very serious)

A friend. A very dear friend.

(worried)

But I won't disclose his identity until I'm certain he's responsible.

LESTRADE

Well, fine. You just continue your own little investigation... And leave me to my work.

(a beat)

But if you want my advice... Keep your nose OUT of the Times and INTO your school books.

HOLMES

(sighs)

I appreciate your time, Lestrade.

Holmes GIVES the clippings back to Lestrade.

HOLMES

I suggest you hold on to these. If I were an Assistant Investigator, trapped in this dark room all day, up to my neck in boring paperwork... I'd be doing everything in my power to seek out that one case... that one investigation... that could promote me to "Inspector".

Holmes TURNS. EXITING the office. Lestrade SHAKES his head. LOOKING at the clippings.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS

The classroom is SILENT. The boys are taking an EXAM. Holmes and Watson sit in the BACK of the classroom. Dudley sits directly BESIDE Holmes. PROFESSOR DREWPLENTY, the middle aged Chemistry Instructor. SUPERVISES the exam.

Dudley SPOTS the Professor. HEADED down the aisle. Dudley carefully removes a sheet of YELLOW PAPER from his pocket. He DROPS the paper. To the FLOOR. It lands at HOLMES' FEET.

Holmes NOTICES the paper. He PICKS it up. TURNING to give it back to Dudley.

A SHADOW towers over Holmes. Holmes LOOKS UP. PAPER IN HIS HAND. The Professor STANDS over him.

PROF. DREWPLENTY

What are you doing, Holmes?

HOLMES

Oh. Dudley dropped this, sir. I was giving it back to him.

DUDLEY

(as if he
were interrupted)

Pardon?

HOLMES

(tries to give
paper to Dudley)

Your paper...

DUDLEY
(feigns confusion)
What? That doesn't belong to me.

HOLMES
But you dropped it....!

DUDLEY
(looks at paper)
It's not even my handwriting.

Holmes LOOKS at the paper. He's met with a SHOCK. The handwriting RESEMBLES his. Prof. Drewplenty GRABS the paper. READING it. He gives a SURPRISED look to Holmes.

PROF. DREWPLENTY
These are the exam answers.

HOLMES
(confused)
But... I...

Dudley feigns INNOCENCE. Prof. Drewplenty puts the PAPER into his pocket. He gives a SOLEMN look to Holmes.

PROF. DREWPLENTY
You'd better come with me.

Holmes STANDS. GLARING at Dudley. Holmes KNOWS he's been set up. He follows Prof. Drewplenty OUT OF THE ROOM. A worried Watson WATCHES Holmes. Watson TURNS. LOOKING at Dudley. Dudley exchanges a VICTORIOUS smile with his friends. Watson's eyes fill with ANGER.

CUT TO:

INT. RATHE'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM

Holmes WAITS here. Mrs. Dribb SITS at her desk. WORKING. Holmes appears NERVOUS. He shoots a NERVOUS look at Mrs. Dribb.

HOLMES
The Board of Discipline... Do they usually
take this long?

Mrs. Dribb says NOTHING. IGNORING Holmes. He SHRUGS to himself.

Rathe's office door OPENS.

A GROUP OF SEVEN MEN EXIT. The BOARD OF DISCIPLINE. All ELDER, STUFFY Professors. They WALK PAST Holmes. OUT of the room.

Rathe STANDS in his doorway. STERN. SERIOUS. DISAPPOINTED. He MOTIONS for Holmes to ENTER.

INT. RATHE'S OFFICE

A spacious, ELABORATE room. Decorated with expensive TAPESTRIES, PAINTINGS and SCULPTURES. Shelves of BOOKS line the walls. A giant wooden GLOBE sits in the corner. Rathe takes a seat behind his majestic, polished OAK DESK.

Holmes sits in an oversized CHAIR. ACROSS the desk from Rathe. Rathe POUNDS his fist on the desk. ANGRY.

RATHE

Bloody fools. Their age has turned them into solid rock. They refuse to listen to anyone but themselves.

HOLMES

Uh oh This is serious.

RATHE

Very.

HOLMES

Do they honestly think I was cheating?

RATHE

They go by the facts.

HOLMES

Facts? Did they bother to look at my records? My grades?

RATHE

Perfect. Top of your class.

HOLMES

Exactly.

RATHE

And it's only managed to hurt you.

HOLMES

(shocked)

What?

RATHE

Seeing a record of that quality... only managed to convince the Board that you've been cheating all along.

HOLMES

That's absurd.

RATHE

Holmes... You were caught with the examination answers. In front of everyone. For God's sake... They were even in your handwriting.

HOLMES

(shakes his head)

Perfect set-up. Who would've suspected that Dudley could pull it off?

(determined)

But I could prove my innocence... If you would give me some time...

RATHE

There is no time. You know how the Board is about these things. Especially cheating.

(a beat)

I can't tell you how many times during the meeting... they began to quote the school motto...

HOLMES

"Brompton breeds men of character, men of strength, men of honesty."

RATHE

Exactly. In their eyes... you committed the worst crime possible... You were dishonest.

HOLMES

And I'm being given the worst punishment possible.

(a pause)

I'm being expelled. Aren't I?

RATHE

(nods)

They voted SEVEN to ONE.

HOLMES

(smiles)

Thanks for being the "one", sir.

Rathe NODS. Holmes SIGHS. Realizing that it's HELPLESS.

RATHE

Look, Holmes... I'm going to do all I can. I'll keep an eye out for this Dudley character... And I'll write a recommendation... Get you into another school...

HOLMES

I appreciate that.

RATHE

And if there's anything else I can do...

Holmes PAUSES. SMILING to himself. He LOOKS at Rathe.

HOLMES

Well... There is one thing...

Rathe PAUSES. CURIOUS. He suddenly UNDERSTANDS. He EXCHANGES a knowing SMILE with Holmes. He CHECKS his watch.

RATHE

I've got a meeting in fifteen minutes... We won't have time to change...

Holmes SHRUGS Rathe PAUSES. THINKING. He NODS to Holmes. AGREED.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The gymnasium is DESERTED. Holmes and Rathe are FENCING. WEARING their street clothes. Their only fencing gear is a POIL.

The two DANCE across the floor. Creating a beautiful fencing BALLET. Holmes and Rathe move SWIFTLY. SWEATING. Pouring their HEART into the match.

Holmes LUNGES for Rathe. Rathe's arm SWINGS forward. Accidentally STRIKING Holmes in the face HARD. Holmes' cheek begins to BLEED. Cut by Rathe's SHARP RING.

RATHE

Are you alright?

HOLMES

Fine. Just a small cut.

RATHE

That'll teach us to fence without gear.

(wipes blood
from his ring)

Shall we call it a draw?

Holmes NODS. SMILING. SATISFIED.

HOLMES

Thank you, sir. Just had to have one last match...

(sincere)

I can't imagine having a better fencing instructor.

RATHE

And I can't imagine having a better student.

They SHAKE hands. Holmes gives a CONFIDENT nod to Rathe.

HOLMES

I'm certain our foils will cross again.

They share a SMILE. WALKING out of the gymnasium together.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - THAT EVENING

It is DARK. Bright stars SHINE in the clear sky. A light SNOW falls.

Elizabeth is WALKING Uncas. She PAUSES. Hearing a SOUND. A VIOLIN. The music is SLOW. SOMBER. Elizabeth LOOKS around. She SEES Holmes. He SITS on a bench. ALONE. PLAYING the violin. His playing is much BETTER. With only a FEW mistakes.

He is suddenly INTERRUPTED by Elizabeth's hand. On his SHOULDER. He TURNS.

ELIZABETH

(smiles)

Your playing has improved...

(taking a seat

beside him)

But couldn't you select a different piece of music?... Something less depressing?

HOLMES

Not tonight.

ELIZABETH

(noticing his bloody cheek)

Oh, dear. Look at this.

Elizabeth sits BESIDE Holmes. Uncas FROLICS in the snow. Elizabeth removes a small HANDKERCHIEF. She TENDERLY wipes the blood from his face.

ELIZABETH

What happened to you?

HOLMES

Well... I was...

ELIZABETH
(interrupting)

Wait. Let me.

Elizabeth LOOKS Holmes over. Beginning to play their usual GAME of deductive reasoning. Holmes isn't in the MOOD.

HOLMES

Elizabeth... I don't really...

ELIZABETH
(begins)

You finished your exam early. As always.
Then you hurried to...

HOLMES
(interrupts)

Elizabeth. Please.
(sincere)
I've been expelled.

ELIZABETH
(pauses, shocked)

What? But...

HOLMES

Some confusion with Dudley.

ELIZABETH
(upset)

But. Holmes... I mean...
(sits back down)
When do you leave?

HOLMES

Tomorrow.

ELIZABETH

Tomorrow?!? Where will you go?

HOLMES

I'll stay with my brother Mycroft for a few days. Then it's off to another boarding school.

ELIZABETH
(confused)

Oh. Holmes. This is.. I mean... Who will I talk to?

HOLMES

I'll write everyday.

ELIZABETH

Who will I study with?

HOLMES

Watson. He's a good fellow. Very bright.

ELIZABETH

But I don't... I don't feel this way about Watson... I...

Elizabeth moves CLOSER. LOOKING into Holmes' eyes. She OPENS her mouth to speak. She PAUSES. Looking AWAY. TROUBLED.

ELIZABETH

I don't know. Holmes... It's so confusing. I mean... People... Older people... They're always telling me that I'm too young to make my own decisions, to trust my own judgement... But the way I feel... I mean... Is it possible?... At our age?... To be utterly, completely and totally certain about something?

HOLMES

Yes.

ELIZABETH

Then... I... Well...

(a breath)

I'm utterly, completely and totally certain that I love you, Holmes.

HOLMES

And I'm utterly, completely and totally certain that I love you, Elizabeth.

They exchange a SMILE. They KISS.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO LONG SHOT.

A light snow FALLS. Uncas SITS beside the bench. Keeping a WATCHFUL eye on Holmes and Elizabeth. The moon SHINES on the two young lovers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONDON STREETS - THE FOLLOWING DAY

MID-AFTERNOON. A BUSY London day. Snow is FALLING. Most of the businesses are DECORATED for the upcoming Christmas Holiday. A SALVATION ARMY BAND performs on the street corner.

PROFESSOR WAXFLATTER scurries along the sidewalk. HUMMING a Christmas Carol. He DROPS a few coins into the salvation Army bucket. CONTINUING along the sidewalk. Someone FOLLOWS Waxflatter.

It's THE CLOAKED FIGURE.

The figure removes the WOODEN BLOW PIPE from his cloak. CONTINUING to follow. Staying only a FEW FEET behind Waxflatter.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP:

A VIOLIN. It is being put INTO its case. The case is CLOSED and LOCKED. CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are in Holmes' ROOM. He is HOLDING the violin case. He has PACKED all of his belongings. Holmes' side of the room is now completely BARE. Watson stands NEARBY. Hands in his POCKETS. An ANGRY look on his face

WATSON

Dudley's going to pay for this.

(punching at the air)

A hook to his jaw... A jab to the ribs...

HOLMES

Now. now Watson...

(a pause)

Revenge is most sweet when it is most subtle.

Watson SHRUGS. He ASSISTS Holmes with two suitcases. Holmes CARRIES his violin case and a large trunk. They EXIT the room together.

INT. HALLWAY

Holmes and Watson WALK down the hallway. Several of the students STAND in the doorway. WATCHING Holmes exit. They NOD to him as he walks by. They RESPECT him. Suddenly... A SCREAM. Holmes and Watson PAUSE.

DUDLEY

comes RUNNING out of his room. SCREAMING. But he looks completely DIFFERENT. His skin and hair is snow WHITE. Like CHALK. His hair is also bright WHITE. His eyes are PINK. He's been changed into an ALBINO.

The students STARE. GIGGLING to themselves. Holmes gives a CHUCKLE. Dudley TURNS to him. RAGING.

DUDLEY

(raging)

You did this, Holmes... You're responsible... Aren't you?

HOLMES
(smiling)

Don't worry... It'll wear off shortly. You should be getting some of your old color back... by Summertime.

Dudley rushes to ATTACK Holmes. The other STUDENTS hold Dudley back. Holmes gives a WAVE to the students. He and Watson make a QUICK EXIT.

CUT TO:

WAXFLATTER

He stops outside of a CURIO SHOP. The shop window is filled with a VARIETY of different items: Clocks, furniture, guns, hardware, machinery, etc. Waxflatter PEERS into the window. INTERESTED.

ACROSS the street. The Cloaked Figure is WATCHING the Professor. The figure raises the WOODEN BLOW PIPE to his lips. He SHOOTS at the Professor.

Waxflatter feels a tiny STING. At the BACK of his neck. The pain lasts a SPLIT SECOND. Waxflatter RUBS his neck. FORGETTING about it. He TURNS and ENTERS the store.

The Cloaked figure PUTS the blow pipe back inside his cloak. He stays OUTSIDE. WATCHING.

CUT TO;

HOLMES and WATSON.

Walking OUT of the school doors. Watson FOLLOWS Holmes. Watson CARRIES the heavier bags.

WATSON
Is your brother expecting you?

HOLMES
(shakes his head)
I'll break the news when I get there.

Watson NODS. He puts DOWN Holmes' bags. They WAIT for a free carriage. Holmes looks BACK to the school.

Elizabeth stands in one of the TOP FLOOR WINDOWS. She HOLDS Uncas in her arms. Using her finger. Elizabeth SPELLS out something on the frosted window glass. "I LOVE YOU". Holmes gives her a SMILE. Elizabeth WAVES. WALKING from the window.

Holmes gives a TROUBLED look to Watson.

HOLMES .

Watson... I want you to keep an eye on
Waxflatter while I'm gone.

WATSON

Why?

HOLMES

I'm worried about him. I suspect he's
involved in some sort of risky business...

(pause)

It may be nothing. But just keep an eye out.

Watson NODS.

A HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE pulls up to the curb. Watson puts out his HAND
to Holmes.

WATSON

So this is goodbye.

HOLMES

(shakes Watson's hand)

I really expected us to become good
friends...

Holmes and Watson are INTERRUPTED by a

LOUD GUN SHOT.

They TURN. To the SOUND. They see a MAN. LYING on the ground.
Several feet in the DISTANCE In front of the CURIO SHOP. A CROWD OF
PEOPLE gather around the body.

Holmes and Watson exchange a PUZZLED glance. They DROP the bags.
HURRYING to the scene. Watson blindly STUMPLES into someone. A
person running FROM THE SCENE. Watson LOOKS UP.

THE CLOAKED FIGURE stands before him. Face HIDDEN by shadows. They
exchange a QUICK glance. The Cloaked Figure PUSHES Watson out of the
RUSHING off down the street. Watson notices SOMETHING. On the
GROUND. THE BLOW PIPE. DROPPED by the Cloaked Figure. Watson SHOUTS
to the departing figure.

WATSON

Hey. Mister... You dropped this. Mister.

Holmes TELLS Watson to "Shhh". Holmes TAKES the blowpipe. Putting it
INTO HIS POCKET. The Cloaked figure CONTINUES to hurry away.

Holmes and Watson PUSH their way to the center of the crowd of people.
They are met with a SHOCKING SIGHT.

WAXFLATTER

LIES on the street. DEAD. A small pool of BLOOD. Beneath his HEAD. A PISTOL in his hand.

The CURIO SHOP OWNER, a short, fat man with a moustache, stands outside of his shop. Looking DOWN at Waxflatter.

Holmes and Watson STARE at Waxflatter. In SHOCK.

ASST. INVESTIGATOR LESTRADE

BREAKS through the crowd. TWO POLICEMEN are with him. Lestrade LOOKS at everyone.

LESTRADE

What happened here?

STORE OWNER

(nervous, excited)

He came into my shop... Wished me a good day... Started to look around... Suddenly, he gets this wild look in his eyes. Starts hittin' himself, screamin'. "Get it off me! Get it off me!"... Like somethin' was crawlin' all over 'im!

Holmes and Watson LISTEN with interest.

STORE OWNER

He was runnin' around in circles, knockin' stuff to the floor... Bloody crazy man! I pulled out my service revolver. Just wanted to scare him. But before I had the chance, he grabbed it outta' my hand. He put the gun up to his head... like he was tryin' to put himself outta his misery.

(a pause)

Then he stopped and looked at me... like he suddenly realized what was goin' on. And he said, "Eh Tar".

LESTRADE

"Eh Tar"? What in God's name is that?

STORE OWNER

Who knows? Before I could ask... He got that crazy look in his eyes again... and Blam! Shot himself! Right here on my doorstep!

Lestrade is completely PUZZLED. He TURNS. SPOTTING Holmes in the crowd.

LESTRADE

Holmes! What the hell are you doing here?

HOLMES

(confused, trying to reason)

Lestrade... This has something to do with what we talked about...

LESTRADE

(ignores Holmes,
to Policeman)

Devereux! Get these two schoolboys away from here!

The Policeman GRABS Holmes and Watson. By the COLLAR. DRAGGING them from the crowd. Holmes still SHOUTS to Lestrade.

HOLMES

Lestrade! Please... You've got to listen to me...

Lestrade SHAKES his head. TURNING back to Waxflatter's body. The Policeman gives Holmes and Watson a HARD PUSH.

POLICEMAN

Now. Go on. Shoo! Back to school. This ain't a sight for young eyes.

The Policeman TURNS. WALKING back to the crowd. Holmes and Watson just STARE at Waxflatter's dead body. AN AMBULANCE pulls up. TWO ATTENDANTS remove a STRETCHER from the carriage. They LOAD Waxflatter onto the stretcher. COVERING Waxflatter's body with a sheet.

Holmes TURNS away. CONFUSED. UPSET.

CUT TO

EXT. GRAVEYARD - A FEW DAYS LATER

Early MORNING. A HEAVY snow falls. Waxflatter's FUNERAL. A LARGE GATHERING of people are here. STANDING around the wooden coffin. Several of the ELDER PROFESSORS are here. A SOMBER Rathe stands with Mrs. Dribb. A PRIEST mutters a prayer over the gravesite.

A GRIEF stricken Elizabeth stands with Watson. He COMFORTS her. Uncas sits BESIDE Elizabeth. A FEARFUL Mrs. Dribb keeps looking to Uncas. The dog GROWLS at her.

HOLMES

is SEVERAL feet away. He watches the ceremony from the branches of a TALL OAK TREE. He DOESN'T want to be seen.

The priest CLOSES his Bible. FINISHING the prayer.

Watson LOOKS over his shoulder. He SEES Holmes in the tree. Watson's NARRATION begins. The VOICE of Watson as an old man.

WATSON (V.O.)

His expulsion from Brompton... The death of his mentor and friend... had taken their toll on Sherlock Holmes. He was devastated.

(a pause)

In my entire life. I've only seen Holmes cry twice. Today was the first.

Holmes WATCHES Waxflatter's coffin lowered into the ground. TEARS run down his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAXFLATTER'S LAB - LATER THAT NIGHT

DIMLY lit by sparkling kerosene lanterns. Elizabeth sits beside the FIREPLACE. A blanket WRAPPED around her feet for warmth. Uncas SNOOZES in her lap. Watson sits BESIDE her. They are drinking HOT TEA. Elizabeth STARES into the crackling flames. Watson attempts CONVERSATION.

WATSON

The school is letting you stay on?

ELIZABETH

(nods)

I have two years. When I turn 18. Then I'm on my own.

Watson NODS. Elizabeth gets a CHILL. She pulls the BLANKET over her shoulders.

ELIZABETH

I wish Holmes were here.

(pauses)

Uncle loved him so much.

Elizabeth begins to CRY. Watson DABS at her tears with a handkerchief.

ELIZABETH

I can't believe he took his own life. That was so unlike him.

WATSON

He was old... His mind could have snapped...

ELIZABETH

His mind was sharper than a man's half his age.

WATSON

But... Well, he was a little crazy...

ELIZABETH

Eccentric. Not crazy.

(convinced)

No. My Uncle did not commit suicide.

WATSON

He didn't? Then what happened?

A VOICE ANSWERS from OFFSCREEN.

HOLMES (O.S.)

He was murdered.

Startled, Watson and Elizabeth LOOK UP. To the direction of the VOICE. Uncas WAKES. BARKING.

HOLMES perches on the OPEN SKYLIGHT WINDOW. He JUMPS and LANDS on the attic floor.

HOLMES

(gets to his feet,
brushing off his trousers)

You'll excuse my entrance. Had to climb the fire escape. Didn't want to be seen.

ELIZABETH

What are you doing here?

HOLMES

I was in the carriage, only a few miles from my Mycroft's home. But something was bothering me, gnawing at my insides... I ordered the driver to turn around and come back.

ELIZABETH

Is it because of what you said? You believe my uncle was... murdered?

HOLMES

Positive.

WATSON

(skeptical)

Come on, Holmes. You saw the gun in Waxflatter's hand. You heard the shopkeeper's story. It was obviously a suicide.

HOLMES

You can never trust the obvious.

(a pause)

I learned that lesson when Waxflatter died. Prior to that, I must confess, I suspected Waxflatter of 2 killings. I'm still convinced he was connected in some way...

WATSON

You've been reading too many detective novels.

HOLMES

I'm going to find the truth, Watson. I'm going to prove that Waxflatter was murdered.

ELIZABETH

How?

HOLMES

I'll live here... work here...

(to Elizabeth)

If that's alright with you?

ELIZABETH

(smiles)

Pine.

Holmes and Elizabeth exchange a LOVER'S GLANCE. Watson plays DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

WATSON

You'll be caught.

HOLMES

(shakes his head)

Only the three of us know I'm here.

WATSON

Someone may see you leaving...or coming in...

HOLMES

I'll take my chances.

WATSON

But you'll need food...supplies...

Holmes gives Watson a SMILE. Watson gives a SURPRISED look.

WATSON

Me?

Holmes NODS. Watson SHAKES his head.

WATSON

Oh...no. No.

HOLMES

You can run errands for me...work as my assistant...

WATSON

I could get into trouble.

HOLMES

Trouble. You'd let trouble ruin an opportunity for adventure?

WATSON

I can't afford to jeopardize my medical career.

HOLMES

Weasel.

WATSON

I'm not a weasel. I'm being practical.

HOLMES

Weasels are practical.

(a beat)

And I thought you were courageous...I thought you had some backbone...

Holmes gives a DISGUSTED sigh. TURNING away. Watson TRIES to defend himself.

WATSON

I am courageous... And I've got backbone... lots of backbone... It's just...

Holmes STARES at Watson. But it's Elizabeth's GLARE that shakes Watson. Watson SUCCUMBS to pressure. NERVOUS.

WATSON

Alright. I'll do it.

Holmes TURNS. He gives a BRIGHT smile to Watson.

HOLMES

I knew you'd come through.

Elizabeth gives Watson a KISS to the cheek. Watson SHAKES his head. UNCERTAIN. NERVOUS.

WATSON

This is insane, Holmes. Do you even know where to begin?

HOLMES

We've got two clues.

(a beat)

First. Waxflatter's final words... "Eh Tar".

WATSON

Crazed babbling.

HOLMES
(shrugs)

Second...

Holmes removes the BLOW PIPE from his pocket. He HOLDS it up to Watson.

HOLMES
Remember the man who dropped this?

WATSON
Mmm... Tall. Didn't catch his face. He was in a hurry.

HOLMES
Exactly. He was the only person running away from the scene.

WATSON
Maybe he was frightened.

HOLMES
He was. Of being caught.

Holmes picks up a MAGNIFYING GLASS from the shelf. He begins to EXAMINE the blowpipe. BENEATH the glass.

HOLMES
Watson, when we find the owner of this... we'll find our murderer.

His face filled with CONFUSION, Watson stares at Holmes. Elizabeth SMILES. HOPEFUL. Holmes continues to STUDY the blow pipe.

CUT TO

EXT. KINKLETON'S ANTIQUES OF THE WORLD

An ANCIENT, run down, antique store.

INT. STORE

Filled with BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL ARTIFACTS from every corner of the world. Paintings, Oriental rugs, furniture, and countless other items CLUTTER the store. Holmes and Watson STAND at the front counter with

ETHAN KINKLETON

a MIDDLE aged man. BALDING. His beard is LONG. THICK. DARK. He wears very thick, circular GLASSES. He closely EXAMINES the blow pipe. Studying its unusual MARKINGS and ENGRAVINGS. Satisfied, he GIVES the blow pipe back to Holmes.

KINKLETON

India.

(a pause)

The markings, the design... Indian craftsmanship. I've only seen this style a few times before.

HOLMES

Where?

KINKLETON

(shrugs)

Lamps, tables, sculptures... But I sold all of it.

HOLMES

To whom?

KINKLETON

An Indian chap. Owns some sort of nightclub.

HOLMES

Do you remember his name?

Kinkleton PAUSES. He pages through a BOOK OF CUSTOMERS. He finds the man's NAME. He SCRIBBLES it on a small piece of paper. Holmes REACHES out for the paper. Kinkleton HOLDS BACK. He gives a SNIVELING GRIN to Holmes.

KINKLETON

You promised to buy something?

HOLMES

Kinkleton... You're a swine.

Kinkleton gives a GIGGLE. Holmes TURNS to Watson.

HOLMES

Watson. Buy something.

WATSON

Me?

HOLMES

I'm short on cash right now.

Watson is RELUCTANT. Holmes WHISPERS to him.

HOLMES

This is no time to be a pinch-penny, Watson. That address could lead us to our killer.

Watson SIGHS. He REMOVES his wallet. Holmes GRABS the slip of paper from Kinkleton.

CUT TO:

A SMOKING PIPE.

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Watson CARRIES the pipe. Holding it in his MOUTH. Holmes WALKS beside him. Seeing the oversized pipe in Watson's mouth. Holmes CHUCKLES.

HOLMES

Watson... Why on earth did you buy a pipe?

WATSON

It looks distinguished.

HOLMES

It looks ridiculous.

WATSON

You'll see. I'm going to learn to smoke it. Then you won't laugh. You'll see.

Holmes SHRUGS. Watson continues HOLDING the pipe in his mouth.

It is DUSK. Holmes and Watson make their way through A CROWDED, POOR section of town. Holmes HOLDS the slip of paper with the Indian's name and address. He SERACHES the streets. Looking for the ADDRESS.

Holmes and Watson ROUND a corner. Holmes STOPS. Across the street from a NIGHTCLUB. A crudely painted, wooden sign HANGS above the door. It READS:

KAJI BA CAFE

A small, DINGY nightclub. A TALL MUSCLEBOUND INDIAN MAN stands outside of the door. GUARDING its entrance. Holmes and Watson CROSS the street. They walk to the club's FRONT DOOR. The INDIAN MAN stops them.

INDIAN MAN

Goin' somewhere?

HOLMES

We'd like to get a cup of hot cocoa, sir.

INDIAN MAN

Go home to your mummies. This is a tavern.

HOLMES

But we just want...

INDIAN MAN

(pushing Holmes)

You're too young. Go on.

(to Watson)

And take that pipe out of your mouth. It looks ridiculous.

Watson PUTS the pipe into his pocket. EMBARRASSED. Holmes and Watson RELUCTANTLY walk away. They ROUND a corner. DUCKING into an alleyway.

INT. ALLEYWAY

Watson LOOKS at Holmes.

WATSON

Now what?

Holmes gives a PUZZLED SHRUG. THINKING. PONDERING. Watson has an IDEA.

WATSON

I know. I could hit him from behind. You could run inside...

HOLMES

No, Watson. We have to use our wits. Outsmart him.

Watson SHRUGS. Holmes PACES. THINKING.

CUT TO:

EXT. KAJI BA CAFE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The musclebound Indian Man STILL guards the entrance.

AN ELDERLY MAN

walks up to the entrance. The man's face is covered with WRINKLES. He is ANCIENT. One eye is SEWN SHUT. His teeth are completely ROTTED out. A few strands of STRAGGLY WHITE HAIR hang over his pointed skull. His TATTERED CLOTHES are too big for him. He LOOKS at the Indian Man. He gives a TOOTHLESS grin. Speaking in a CREAKY, RASPY VOICE.

OLD MAN

Ya' gonna move outta my way? Or do I have to go somewhere else for a drink?

The Indian Man STEPS to the side. LETTING the old man enter.

INT. NIGHTCLUB

DIMLY lit. SMOKY. A SMALL place. FILLED with various Indian sculptures, paintings and artifacts. The place is crowded with several DRUNK, LOUD INDIAN MEN. GAMBLING. EATING. Telling STORIES. A VEILED WOMAN dances on a table top, over a pack of leering, hungry eyed men.

The old man ENTERS. He LOOKS over the bizarre assortment of people. His eye STOPS on

KAJI BA

The OWNER. Kaji Ba is a STOUT. BEARDED man with thick dark eyes and crisp black hair. He stands BEHIND the bar. He LAUGHS with the customers. He POURS their drinks.

The old man WALKS over to the bar. The jolly Kaji Ba SMILES at the old man.

KAJI BA

What can I get for you, sir? Drink? Food?
(a wink)

Women?

OLD MAN

Are you Kaji Ba?

Kaji Ba NODS. The old man SMILES.

OLD MAN

I got a question for ya'.

Kaji Ba NODS. The old man removes the familiar BLOW PIPE from his jacket pocket. He HOLDS it out to Kaji Ba.

OLD MAN

You ever seen this before?

Kaji Ba's face turns WHITE WITH SHOCK. He takes a step BACK from the bar. He STARES at the blow pipe. He gives a frightened SCREAM.

KAJI BA

Te Rami! Te Rami!

The entire place falls SILENT. All eyes SHOOT to the old man. Kaji Ba gives a wide eyed, HORRIFIED look to the old man.

KAJI BA

Where did you get that?!

OLD MAN
(puzzled)

Some young scamp. He paid me to come here...
to ask ya' about it...

KAJI BA
(panic)

Go! Take it away! Get out of here!

OLD MAN
Hey, c'mon! Ya' gotta help me. The kid
promised me 5 pounds for some information. I
ain't goin' back empty handed.

Kaji Ba screams something in INDIAN to a few of the men.

The men JUMP to their feet. Drawing GUNS. KNIVES. All pointed at
the OLD MAN. Even Kaji Ba moves a SAWED OFF SHOTGUN to the old man's
face.

Kaji Ba GLARES at the old man.

KAJI BA
Now, get out of my tavern. Or I will
splatter the walls with you.

The OLD MAN steps back. FRIGHTENED. NERVOUS. He LOOKS at everyone.

OLD MAN
Okay... Okay... Ya' can put down the guns...
I'm leavin'... I'm goin'...

The old man RUNS out of the nightclub.

Kaji Ba CATCHES his breath. He LOWERS his shotgun. WIPING the sweat
from his pale face.

CUT TO:

INT. WATSON'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Watson SITS on his bed. TRYING to smoke the pipe. He LIGHTS the
pipe. Takes a LONG PUFF. He begins to COUGH. Nearly CHOKING on the
smoke. He is INTERRUPTED by a sudden KNOCK on the door. Watson
quickly PUTS OUT the pipe. HIDING it in his desk drawer. Suddenly,
the bedroom door FLIES OPEN.

THE OLD MAN. who was just thrown out of Kaji Ba's nightclub, STANDS in
the doorway. Watson is STARTLED.

WATSON

Who are you?

OLD MAN
(menacing, walking
toward Watson)
I'm lookin' for a friend of yours! "Mr.
Sherlock Holmes". He owes me Five Pounds!

WATSON
(suddenly nervous)
Ah... He's not here... He was expelled. Went
to his brother's home...

The old man LEANS forward. His face only a FEW INCHES from Watson's.
With his GOOD EYE, the old man stares at Watson.

OLD MAN
That ain't what I hear.

WATSON
(frightened)
What do you mean?

OLD MAN
I hear Mr. Holmes is still sniffin' around.
Hidin' out. And I hear that you know where
he is.

WATSON
No... I haven't seen Holmes since... Since he
left... A few days ago.

OLD MAN
You're lyin', boy.

WATSON
No...

OLD MAN
I'm good friends with the Headmaster. I can
have you expelled.

(a beat)
Now... You gonna tell me the truth? Or do I
drag ya' over to Rathe's office?

Watson PAUSES. SCARED to death. He takes a BREATH. Forcing himself
to be BRAVE. He gives a TOUGH look to the old man.

WATSON
Do what you want. But you'll never get a
word out of me.

The old man emits a HIGH PITCHED GIGGLE. He PIROUETTES. DASHING to
the room door. He SLAMS IT SHUT.

Watson WATCHES. PUZZLED.

TURNING to Watson, the old man brings his hands to his face. He begins to PEEL off his face. A LATEX MASK. Beneath the mask, is HOLMES.

Watson is SHOCKED.

HOLMES

Good work, Watson. I knew you'd never betray me.

WATSON

I thought you were in the laboratory... Studying...

HOLMES

Couldn't concentrate. Had to figure out a way to get into that nightclub.

(a beat)

Then it hit me! I remembered a newspaper article. about three men who robbed a bank. They disguised themselves with latex. Using the same method, I became an old man. Pretty clever. eh Watson?

WATSON

(shrugs)

You need to work on the voice. Too theatrical.

WATSON

Fooled you, Watson. And it got me into the nightclub.

Watson is INTERESTED.

WATSON

Did you find anything out?

HOLMES

Only one clue. But a very important one.

Holmes JOTS something down a piece of paper and gives it to Watson. Watson READS it. PUZZLED.

WATSON

"Te Rami"?

(a beat)

Sounds like it has something to do with "Eh Tar"...

HOLMES

Very good, Watson.

(a beat)

We'll find out tonight. In the library.

WATSON

(puzzled)

The library's closed.

HOLMES

Can't go when it's open.

WATSON

(sighs)

What have I gotten myself into.

HOLMES

The adventure of a lifetime, Watson. The
adventure of a lifetime.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Holmes and Watson have BROKEN INTO the library. Holmes sits at a
TABLE. He PAGES through several BOOKS. TAKING notes. Watson holds a
KEROSENE LAMP above Holmes. This gives Holmes a reading LIGHT.
Watson is NERVOUS. FRIGHTENED.

WATSON

Holmes! Please hurry! Do you know what
happens if we're caught? Jail. That's what.

Holmes IGNORES Watson. He's too EXCITED by his RESEARCH.

HOLMES

Incredible.

WATSON

Holmes. Please hurry.

HOLMES

I'm going as fast as I... Oh my God...
Amazing...

WATSON

Holmes!

HOLMES

Only a few more lines...

Suddenly. a NOISE. Watson JUMPS.

WATSON

Someone's coming.

Holmes quickly jots down a few FINAL WORDS. Watson BLOWS out the lamp. He and Holmes duck UNDER THE TABLE. They WAIT. The library door OPENS. Someone holding a CANDLE enters.

The person slowly walks THROUGH the library. Holmes and Watson wait BENEATH THE TABLE. FRIGHTENED. The person's legs PASS BY Holmes and Watson. It's

MRS. DRIBE.

Holmes and Watson watch as she walks to the REAR of the library. To a WOODEN FILING CABINET. She opens the TOP DRAWER. She removes a FOLDER OF PAPERS. She TURNS. SCURRYING out of the library.

Holmes and Watson PAUSE. Remaining SILENT for a few moments. Watson again LIGHTS the kerosene lamp. Holmes GRABS it. He HURRIES to the filing cabinet. CURIOUS. ANXIOUS. Holmes OPENS the top drawer. He searches for the only EMPTY filing section. He FINDS it. It is LABELED:

QUEEN VICTORIA

Holmes gives a PUZZLED look to Watson.

CUT TO:

INT. WAXFLATTER'S LABORATORY - LATER

Holmes PACES across the floor. Watson and Elizabeth SIT in front of him. Uncas sits in Elizabeth's LAP. She is PETTING the dog. Holmes READS his notes from the library.

HOLMES

"Te Rami". An Indian Death Cult. Dates back to the Mid-Thirteenth Century.

ELIZABETH

How does this "Death Cult" kill people?

HOLMES

Using a blowpipe. like the one we found, they shoot a tiny thorn into their chosen victim. The thorn is dipped into a solution made up of various plant and root extracts... When this solution enters the bloodstream, it causes the victim to experience hallucinations.

WATSON

(scoffs)

Hallucinations? How can people be killed by hallucinations?

HOLMES

The solution supposedly causes the victim to experience very realistic, nightmare-like visions...

(a pause)

Imagine confronting your worst nightmare. Watson. It may cause you to jump from a window... Or leap in front of a moving carriage... Or shoot yourself in the head...

ELIZABETH

(hopeful)

You really believe this cult killed Uncle?

HOLMES

Bloody good chance.

WATSON

I may not have been to Medical School... yet. But I do believe that a thorn would leave some sort of puncture mark... some sort of wound... in the skin.

HOLMES

(shakes his head)

The wound disappears seconds after the victim is infected.

WATSON

Wouldn't there be some sign of the poison... in the bloodstream?

HOLMES

It dissolves within an hour... Making it impossible for anyone to determine the cause of death.

WATSON

But. why would they kill Waxflatter? And why would they be here... in England?

HOLMES

Very good, Watson! You're becoming quite a Detective! Those questions are first rate... Even though they remain unanswered.

(a beat)

We won't know anything... Until we find the cult.

WATSON

What? You want to go looking for this... this "Death" cult?

HOLMES

(nods, holds

up the blowpipe)

I'm certain the man who dropped this was a cult member. If we could only trace his path...

A moment of SILENCE. Everyone is THINKING. Elizabeth's eyes suddenly LIGHT. She SMILES.

ELIZABETH

There's only one man for the job.

Elizabeth looks to her LAP. CAMERA FOLLOWS HER P.O.V. STOPPING at the snoozing

UNCAS.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON

We are outside of the CURIO SHOP where Waxflatter was killed. At the EXACT SPOT where the Indian dropped the blowpipe. Holmes and Watson STAND with Elizabeth. She holds TIGHTLY to Uncas' leash. The dog is PANTING. WHEEZING. Holmes CHUCKLES at the dog's condition.

HOLMES

Shouldn't he be in a nursing home?

ELIZABETH

Don't let his age fool you. Uncas has the nose of ten bloodhounds. He can track anything. Animal or human.

Holmes SHRUGS.

Watson peers into a CANDY STORE window. nextdoor to the Curio Shop. Watson HUNGRILY stares at the assortment of candies.

Holmes TAKES Uncas' leash. He removes the BLOW PIPE from his pocket. He holds the blow pipe under Uncas' NOSE. The dog PAUSES for a few moments. Suddenly. SNIFFING at the ground. Holmes and Elizabeth WAIT. PATIENTLY.

Uncas SHOOTS FORWARD. Ready for the HUNT. As if he were STRUCK with a bolt of lightning. Holmes EXCHANGES a surprised smile with Elizabeth. Holmes is PULLED forward, as the excited Uncas begins to TRACK THE SCENT. Elizabeth GRABS Watson. PULLING him from the candy store window.

ELIZABETH

Come. Watson. The game is afoot.

Watson FOLLOWS.

CUT TO;

VARIOUS SHOTS OF UNCAS LEADING HOLMES, WATSON AND ELIZABETH THROUGH LONDON.

Uncas leads them through an OUTDOOR MARKETPLACE. They hurry through the CROWDS of people.

Uncas leads them across an ICY SKATING RINK. They SLIP, SLIDE and TUMBLE across the ice.

Uncas stops at a street corner to get into a FIGHT WITH A LARGE SHEEPDOG. It takes Holmes, Watson and Elizabeth to PULL Uncas from the fight.

It is getting DARK. Uncas leads the weary Holmes, Elizabeth and Watson through the outdoor FISH MARKETS.

DARKNESS falls. Uncas leads the trio to the WATERFRONT SECTION. The area is lined with old, decaying BOATHOUSES and WAREHOUSES. There are NO street lights. It is DESERTED. SILENT. We can only hear the RUMBLING waters.

Uncas finally stops outside of a huge, ROTTING WAREHOUSE. The dog sniffs at the large METAL ENTRANCE DOOR. Watson exchanges a CHILLED look with Elizabeth and Holmes.

WATSON

(frightened)

Isn't it about time we headed back?...

HOLMES

I'm going inside.

ELIZABETH

Me too.

HOLMES

(to Watson)

You can stay out here if you like.

Watson gives a reluctant, frightened SIGH.

WATSON

Alright. Let's get it over with.

Holmes GRABS the bottom of the steel door. He TRIES to lift it. WON'T budge. LOCKED. Holmes LOOKS around. About ten feet above, he sees A WINDOW.

HOLMES

If one of us could get inside... Unlock the door...

ELIZABETH

I'm the smallest.

Holmes and Watson give Elizabeth a BOOST. UP to the window. She PUSHES against the dirty glass. The window CREAKS OPEN.

Elizabeth CLIMBS inside. A MOMENT passes. We hear the door UNLOCK from inside. Holmes and Watson LIFT the door a few feet. They ENTER the warehouse. Holmes carries Uncas UNDER his arm.

INT. WAREHOUSE

A large, wide OPEN space. Filled with countless STEEL DRUMS OF KEROSENE. Stacked HIGH in the air. It is very DARK. Very QUIET. Holmes, Watson and Elizabeth HUDDLE together. NERVOUS.

WATSON

(turns to leave)

I knew it. Deserted. Let's get out of here.

HOLMES

(grabs Watson's coat)

C'mon.

Holmes LEADS everyone through the spooky darkness. Elizabeth holds TIGHTLY to Holmes' arm. SWEAT pours down Watson's pudgy face. He is TREMBLING.

Something SHOOTS out at Elizabeth's feet.

She SCREAMS. JUMPS back.

A RAT dashes across the floor. Everyone CATCHES their breath. Holmes CALMS Elizabeth.

They WALK a few more steps. We hear a faint SOUND. In the DISTANCE.

Several VOICES. CHANTING.

HOLMES

(stops)

Wait. Listen.

Everyone STOPS. LISTENING. Elizabeth points to a far, DARK CORNER of the warehouse. A SMALL LIGHT radiates from an opening in the floor. A BASEMENT.

ELIZABETH

It's coming from there.

Holmes MOVES forward. A terrified Watson GRABS Holmes' arm.

WATSON

Please. Can't we leave now?

Holmes IGNORES Watson's plea. He walks TOWARD the light. Elizabeth and Watson FOLLOW.

As they get CLOSER to the area, the voices become LOUDER. The chant is AUDIBLE. Several voices SING. An INDIAN hymn. In a low, EERIE tone.

Holmes, Watson and Elizabeth ARRIVE at the floor opening. Below them, A LONG, CURLING WOODEN STAIRWAY leads into the basement. The stairs seem to go on FOREVER. There is no end in SIGHT.

The creepy chant CONTINUES. Holmes begins to DESCEND the stairs. Elizabeth and Uncas are NEXT. Watson is RELUCTANT, but follows anyway. Into the DARKNESS.

As they descend the stairs, the voices become even LOUDER. They continue downward until they arrive at the BOTTOM.

INT. BASEMENT

MOLDY. DAMP. Rusted, dripping STEEL PIPES line the ceilings. A few feet ahead, is an old WOODEN DOOR. A crack of light SHINES through the door's edges. The CHANTING VOICES are now crystal clear. They ECHO from behind the door.

Holmes leads Elizabeth and Watson TOWARD the door. Their walking is SLOW. SILENT. CAUTIOUS.

They ARRIVE at the door. Holmes motions for everyone to STOP. He SLOWLY OPENS the door a crack. PEERING inside.

INT. ROOM

A former STORAGE area. But the ceiling, with its PULLEY HOOKS and COILS OF WIRE ROPE. is the only reminder that this was once a warehouse. The entire room has been CONVERTED into

A BIZARRE TEMPLE.

Lit with hundreds of ornate SOLID GOLD CANDELABRUMS. Countless INDIAN RELICS AND STATUES fill the room. The floor and walls are covered with HAND WOVEN CARPETS. A large, MARBLE ALTAR is built up on a PLATFORM. At the FAR END of the room.

Over FIFTY CULT MEMBERS are here. MEN AND WOMEN. They are dressed in the same DARK ROBES we've seen earlier. Long, silver SWORDS hang from their belts. But their faces are NOT HIDDEN. All of their heads are SHAVED. Save for a thin section of BLEACHED HAIR that runs from the top of their heads to the back of their necks. The hair is cut into the shape of a SERPENT.

THE LEADER

stands at the foot of the ALTAR. He wears a HOODED WHITE ROBE. His face is hidden by the hideous wooden mask of a DEMON. He LEADS the congregation in the chant.

HOLMES

still WATCHES through the crack of the door. The cult member's BACKS ARE TO THE DOOR. Holmes slowly OPENS the door. He LEADS the others into the room.

Holmes, Watson, Elizabeth and Uncas slowly move behind a section of tall, CERAMIC VASES. They hide BEHIND the vases. Here, they can SAFELY watch the secret ceremony, and AVOID being seen by the cult.

At the altar, the LEADER raises his arms. Everyone STOPS chanting. The Leader POINTS to someone in the crowd. A CHOSEN Cult Member. A MAN. The cult member NODS. ACCEPTING his duty. He comes forward, and ASCENDS the small stairway to the altar. The man LIES DOWN on the altar bed. The leader securely TIES the man's hands and feet to the altar.

Behind the vases, Watson TURNS to Holmes.

WATSON

Hope this doesn't get too perverted.

Holmes gives a FRIGHTENED shrug.

The Leader TURNS to the wall behind him. TWO GLEAMING CROSSED SWORDS adorn the wall. The leader REMOVES one of the swords. He RAISES the sword over the chosen cult member. He moves the SHARP BLADE to the man's NECK. A SWIFT SLICE! The Leader CUTS the man's throat.

Watson TURNS away. Elizabeth and Holmes watch with SHOCKED eyes.

On the altar, the victim's BLOOD runs through a small trough. Into a LARGE STONE CHALICE.

When the chalice is FULL, the leader holds it HIGH IN THE AIR. He SINGS an Indian prayer.

The chalice is PASSED from person to person. Each cult member DRINKS from the chalice.

Holmes, Watson, and Elizabeth STARE in horror.

The ritual is COMPLETED. The leader RAISES his arms over the crowd. He begins a new HYMN.

The cult members SING along.

HOLMES

peers OVER the vases. A cult member stands a FEW FEET in front of the vases. His BACK to Holmes. Dangling from his robe, is a small LEATHER POUCH.

Holmes is INTERESTED. He gets to his KNEES. He CRAWLS to the front of the vases. Watson tries to HOLD him back. NO GOOD. Holmes moves SLOWLY. CAREFULLY. Crawling directly BEHIND the last row of cult members. They are TOO BUSY chanting to notice. Holmes CONTINUES to crawl. Moving TOWARD the cult member's leather pouch.

Watson and Elizabeth WATCH Holmes. WORRIED. NERVOUS. CAMERA PANS TO WATSON'S LEG. A RAT crawls to the edge of his trouser leg.

Holmes STOPS. INCHES from the Cult Member. Holmes REACHES for the leather pouch. CAUTIOUSLY trying to grab it.

The rat crawls up INTO Watson's pant leg.

Watson SCREAMS.

The cult STOPS chanting. They TURN and SEE Holmes on his knees. Holmes quickly SNATCHES the leather pouch. LEAPING to his feet.

Watson SHAKES the rat from his pant leg. Elizabeth GRABS Uncas.

The Leader SHOUTS an order to the cult members.

The Cult Member TRIES to grab Holmes. But Holmes is too QUICK. He CRASHES through the vases. Sending several SMASHING onto the ground.

Holmes REJOINS Watson and Elizabeth. They RUN FOR THEIR LIVES. DASHING out of the room.

Mouths LINED with blood, several of the cult members RUN AFTER THE KIDS.

Holmes, Watson and Elizabeth speed up the creaky wooden STAIRWAY.

The angry cult members FOLLOW. They remove BLOW PIPES from beneath their cloaks. They RAISE the blow pipes to their mouths. AIMING at the youths.

A HARD RAIN OF SHOOTING THORNS come at the kids.

Watson is HIT. So is ELIZABETH. Holmes manages to AVOID the thorns.

The angry, screaming cult members are in HOT PURSUIT. They have DRAWN their swords. Prepared to KILL the youths.

Arriving at the top of the stairs, Holmes and Watson grab a LARGE METAL KEROSENE DRUM. They quickly ROLL the drum down the stairs.

The heavy drum heads STRAIGHT for the cult members. Managing to STALL the Indians for a few moments.

Holmes, Watson and Elizabeth hurry to the EXIT DOOR.

The cult members CLIMB over the metal drum. CONTINUING up the stairs. AFTER the youths.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Holmes, Watson, Elizabeth and Uncas DASH outside. Watson CLOSES the heavy metal door.

Holmes grabs an OAR from a docked boat. He slides it through the warehouse DOOR HANDLE. BLOCKING the exit. Holmes RUNS OFF with Watson, Elizabeth and Uncas.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Several of the cult members RUSH to the door. They TRY to open it. The door is JAMMED. Won't budge.

A DISGRUNTLED CULT MEMBER notices the OPEN WINDOW above the door. He quickly BOOSTS himself up.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Holmes and the others are SEVERAL feet from the warehouse. They run for their LIVES. Through the DESERTED STREETS.

The CULT MEMBER climbs out of the high window and jumps to the ground. He sees the youths. Several feet AHEAD. He HURRIES after them. SWORD drawn.

Holmes, Elizabeth and Watson arrive at a DEAD END. A tall, WROUGHT IRON FENCE in front of them. They hurriedly climb OVER THE FENCE. Uncas SLIDES through the narrow iron bars.

The cult member MOVES fast. Still CHASING the youths.

EXT. BEHIND FENCE

A GRAVEYARD.

Filled with crooked GRAVESTONES. Tall, forboding STATUES. DECAYING crypts.

The youths make it OVER the fence. They run THROUGH the snow covered cemetery. DASHING across the graves.

WATSON'S P.O.V.

A DECAYED SKELETAL ARM SHOOTS out of a grave. GRABBING Watson's leg.

Watson SCREAMS. FROZEN in place.

Holmes and Elizabeth PAUSE. LOOKING BACK at Watson. They see the screaming Watson STANDING over a calm grave. There is no DECAYED ARM holding Watson's leg.

ELIZABETH
(puzzled, to Holmes)

What is it?

HOLMES

He was hit with a thorn...

(shouts)

Watson! It's not real! You're
hallucinating!

Watson RUBS his eyes. MUMBLING to himself.

WATSON

This isn't real! This isn't real!...

Watson moves his HANDS from his eyes. He looks DOWN. The HAND has
DISAPPEARED. Watson SIGH. RELIEVED. He TURNS. MET with a SHOCKING
SIGHT.

WATSON'S P.O.V.

A ROTTED CORPSE

sits beside the TOMBSTONE. The corpse holds a CHISEL and HAMMER.
Engraving Watson's NAME on the tombstone. The corpse SMILES at
Watson.

Watson SCREAMS. He takes a STEP BACK. He falls into an OPEN GRAVE.
SIX FEET DOWN.

Watson LANDS on the grave floor. He STRUGGLES to get out. But
several DECAYED ARMS shoot out from the grave walls. The dead arms
HOLD Watson in place.

Watson LOOKS up. TERRIFIED. A grinning corpse stands OVER the grave.
The corpse begins to SHOVEL DIRT. INTO the grave. On TOP of Watson.
BURYING him alive. Watson screams in HORROR.

HOLMES

still stands BESIDE Elizabeth. From their P.O.V., Watson lies ATOP
the calm grave. SCREAMING. SQUIRMING. As if he were having a
horrible NIGHTMARE.

Holmes still tries to CONVINCE Watson.

HOLMES

Watson! Don't believe it... It's not real!
Not real...

Watson still SCREAMS. Holmes SHAKES his head.

HOLMES

Damn. The illusion's taking over...

Holmes TURNS to Elizabeth. She's GONE.

He looks AROUND. He SPOTS Elizabeth. She moves TOWARD a crypt door. Her eyes VACANT. Holmes face fills with FEAR.

HOLMES

Oh, God... Not Elizabeth, too...

ELIZABETH'S P.O.V.

The crypt door OPENS. PROFESSOR WAXFLATTER walks out. Looking very ALIVE. He is dressed in SUSPENDERS, RED UNDERSHIRT and FLYING GOGGLES. He REMOVES his flying goggles. He gives a warm SMILE to Elizabeth.

WAXFLATTER

Elizabeth! My dear! How wonderful to see you!

ELIZABETH

(confused)

Uncle?

Elizabeth is INTERRUPTED by Holmes'. STANDING beside her. He SHAKES Elizabeth.

HOLMES

Elizabeth! Whatever you're seeing... It's an illusion...

Elizabeth CLOSES her eyes. Trying to SHAKE the hallucination. But she is interrupted by Waxflatter's VOICE.

WAXFLATTER

Elizabeth...? What is it? What's wrong?...

She OPENS her eyes.

ELIZABETH'S P.O.V.

Waxflatter is still THERE. So VIVID. So REAL.

Elizabeth is DECEIVED. HOPEFUL. She BREAKS free of Holmes. MOVING toward the illusion.

ELIZABETH

Oh, Uncle... Is it really you?

WAXFLATTER

(coming closer)

Of course, dear. I've been so busy. Working on my experiments...

ELIZABETH
(moves toward him)
I've missed you so...

HOLMES

still SCREAMS to Elizabeth.

HOLMES
Dammit, Elizabeth! Listen to me...

But Elizabeth is LOST in the illusion. Still MOVING toward the crypt.
ELIZABETH'S P.O.V.

Waxflatter GRABS Elizabeth by the shoulders.

WAXFLATTER
Oh. Elizabeth... I've been working so hard...
(smiles)
I think I've got all the bugs out...

Elizabeth MOVES to KISS Waxflatter.

WAXFLATTER
Yes. This time I've definitely got all the
bugs out.

HUNDREDS OF BUGS

EXPLODE from Waxflatter's face. WORMS. MAGGOTS. COCKROACHES.

Elizabeth SCREAMS. Trying to BREAK FREE. But Waxflatter's arms HOLD
her. TIGHTLY.

HOLMES

watches Elizabeth. From his P.O.V., he sees Elizabeth FROZEN in
place. SCREAMING. Holmes takes a STEP toward her.

HOLMES
Elizabeth!... Dammit... Listen to me...

Suddenly, A SWORD SWINGS INTO FRAME! COMING at Holmes!

Holmes JUMPS BACK! The sword MISSES him! By INCHES!

THE CULT MEMBER

STANDS in front of Holmes. Eyes BURNING. ANGRY. He RAISES his sword
over Holmes.

CULT MEMBER

You must die! You have desecrated our temple!

HOLMES

(sarcastic, to himself)

Terrific. Now I'm hallucinating!

The cult member BRINGS down his sword. It SLICES downward. CUTTING across Holmes' ARM. BLOOD pours from the wound. Holmes SEES the blood. He SHOOTS to his feet. FEAR and UNCERTAINTY fill his eyes.

HOLMES

(unsure, to himself)

Then again... Maybe I'm ~~not~~ hallucinating!

Holmes begins to RUN. The CHASE begins.

Holmes leads the cult member in a game of CAT and MOUSE. IN and AROUND the tombstones.

The angry cult member is only a FEW FEET behind. SWINGING and SLICING at Holmes.

Holmes TRIPS. Over a STONE MARKER. He FALLS to the ground.

The cult member is UPON Holmes. He BRINGS down the sword. Holmes ROLLS out of the way. The sword PIERCES the ground. Missing Holmes by less than an INCH.

Holmes gets to his FEET. CONTINUING to run. He blindly STUMBELES into a STATUE. An ANGEL. The angel's arm SNAGS Holmes' shirt. He can't get LOOSE. TRAPPED.

The cult member walks TOWARD Holmes. LAUGHING. Holmes STRUGGLES with his shirt. SCARED.

The cult member STOPS. A few feet in FRONT of Holmes. The cult member PULLS BACK his sword. Ready to STAB Holmes.

A GUNSHOT RINGS THROUGH THE AIR!

The cult member is HIT. In the ARM.

Holmes TURNS. To the direction of the SHOT.

A CARETAKER

STANDS several feet away. A portly, middle aged MAN. He holds a SHOTGUN. He SHOUTS to Holmes and the Cult Member.

CARETAKER

Stay right there! Or I'll blow yer' grubbin' heads off!

The cult member TURNS. Holding his wounded arm, he RUNS off. The caretaker FIRES another shot. But the cult member is too SWIFT. He ESCAPES over the fence.

Holmes HURRIES back to Elizabeth and Watson. The caretaker FOLLOWS. Elizabeth SITS on the ground. Uncas in her LAP. The hallucination has ENDED. She is CRYING. UPSET. Holmes puts his arms AROUND her.

ELIZABETH

Oh. Holmes... It was horrible... Just horrible...

Holmes COMFORTS her. Watson still LIES on the grave top. Eyes COVERED. TREMBLING. Holmes CALLS out.

HOLMES

Watson... Watson...

Watson slowly MOVES his hands from his face. He OPENS his eyes. PUZZLED. He LOOKS at Holmes.

WATSON

It was so real... So...

HOLMES

It's over, Watson.

Watson breaths a RELIEVED sigh.

SUDDENLY, A SHOTGUN COMES INTO FRAME. POINTED at Watson's face. Watson LOOKS UP. Seeing the caretaker STANDING over him.

Watson's face goes WHITE.

WATSON

Uh oh... Holmes... I think the hallucinations are starting again...

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - LESTRADE'S OFFICE

Holmes, Watson, Elizabeth and Uncas SIT here. Through the OPEN DOOR, we can see into the hallway. Lestrade is HERE. TALKING with the cemetery caretaker. The two men SHAKE hands. The caretaker LEAVES. Lestrade comes back INTO the office. He takes a SEAT at his desk. Giving a STERN look to the youths.

LESTRADE

I convinced him to drop the charges...
Provided the yard supplies his cemetery with
an armed guard... for the next few weeks...

(shakes his head)

Took me an hour to convince him that you
weren't grave robbers.

HOLMES

Of course not.

(gets to his feet)

Told you... We had a run-in with the Te
Rami...

LESTRADE

(exhausted)

Holmes... You and your little friends have
already wasted enough of my time. If it
wasn't for me... you would have been in some
dark jail cell, sharing moldy bread with
other criminals...

(motions for
them to leave)

Now, please... Take advantage of your
opportunity and...

HOLMES

(interrupts)

Lestrade, this cult is responsible for God knows how many deaths...

(a beat)

I've given you the names of 3 victims... The exact whereabouts of the cult... And you still refuse to begin an investigation.

LESTRADE

Based on what? Your imagination!

HOLMES

"A great detective relies on perception, intelligence and imagination".

LESTRADE

(guffaw)

Where did you come up with that rubbish?

HOLMES

It's framed. Right behind you.

Lestrade TURNS. A plaque with those words are FRAMED, beneath glass, on the wall BEHIND him. Lestrade gives an EMBARRASSED shrug.

LESTRADE

Oh... Well, I...

(angry)

Damn it, Holmes. Why do I always feel I have to explain my actions to you? I've spent the last seven years at Scotland Yard... Studying... Analyzing hundreds of crimes... And you... with your background of dime novels and newspaper articles... You assume that you know more than me.

(a pause)

I despise your arrogance.

HOLMES

And I despise your laziness.

LESTRADE

(slams fist
on desk)

Out. All of you. Out of my office.

The kids GET to their feet. Before exiting, Holmes removes the cult member's LEATHER POUCH. He empties a few sharp THORNS into the palm of his hand. He puts the thorns ON Lestrade's desk.

HOLMES

If you have any investigative blood in you at all... You'll have your lab run a test on these. Maybe then you'll be convinced.

LESTRADE

Out. Holmes!

Holmes TURNS. He EXITS with Elizabeth and Watson. Lestrade is FURIOUS. BREATHLESS. He angrily GRABS the thorns. TOSSING them into the WASTEBASKET. He WINCES in pain.

LESTRADE

Damn.

Lestrade LOOKS at his hand. One of the thorns is STICKING in his palm. Lestrade FLUCKS it out. THROWING it into the wastebasket. He SITS down. GOING back to his work.

CUT TO:

INT. WAXFLATTER'S LABORATORY - LATER

Various PAPERS AND BOOKS are scattered over the floor. Watson sits AMIDST the mess. He is going through DRAWERS. FILES. NOTEBOOKS. SEARCHING for something. Watson SORTS through the papers. Eyes FLUTTERING. TIRED. He is still TRYING to smoke the pipe. And he is still COUGHING.

Holmes sits a FEW FEET away. His BACK to Watson. In front of his MUSIC STAND. Playing the VIOLIN. Holmes' playing has IMPROVED even more. Near PERFECT. Holmes' face is still BLEEDING. From the CUT he received from Rathe several days ago. His WOUNDED arm is wrapped by a cloth bandage.

Elizabeth and Uncas are sound ASLEEP. On the SOFA.

Watson gives an ANNOYED look to Holmes.

WATSON

Holmes... Could you please stop with that violin?

HOLMES

Watson. I'm shocked. I always thought you enjoyed my playing...

WATSON

Not tonight. I've still got a headache from those awful hallucinations.

HOLMES

(continues playing)

Music helps me think.

WATSON

Sleep helps me think.

HOLMES

No time for that. We've got to keep working.
We've got to find a clue. Something that
will link Waxflatter with the cult.

Watson SEARCHES through more papers and documents. He finds a book of
PHOTOGRAPHS. He PAGES through. There are VARIOUS shots of Waxflatter
with FRIENDS, RELATIVES, ELIZABETH... Watson SHOWS the book to Holmes.
FLIPPING through a few pages.

WATSON

Waxflatter was a handsome man.

HOLMES

MmmHmmm. But this is no time to be looking
through a bloody scrapbook, Watson.

Watson SIGHS. He CLOSES the scrapbook. Throwing it on the FLOOR. He
SHOOTS Holmes an angry look. BEHIND his back. Holmes SNAPS back.

HOLMES

No need for hostility, Watson.

WATSON

(shocked)

What? How could you see...? Your back is to
me!

HOLMES

But my music stand is facing you.

Holmes points to the upper corner of his SHINY, SILVER music stand.
Watson's reflection is VISIBLE in the stand.

Watson SIGHS. MUMBLING to himself. ANNOYED by Holmes' constant
observation. Holmes CHUCKLES. Going BACK to his violin.

Watson RUMMAGES through more GOODS. Taking another PUFF on the pipe.
More COUGHING.

Holmes suddenly STOPS. Eyes WIDE. A REALIZATION. He TURNS. Quickly
GRABBING the scrapbook. He excitedly PAGES through.

Watson is PUZZLED.

WATSON

What is it?

HOLMES

Good Lord, Watson. Do you realize what you stumbled onto?

WATSON
(sarcastic)

A "bloody scrapbook"?

Holmes quickly removes a PHOTO from the book. He SHOWS it to Watson.

Watson EXAMINES the photo. It's a picture of Waxflatter standing with SIX MEN. Waxflatter is YOUNGER. All of the men are dressed in GRADUATION GOWNS. Watson gives a SHRUG to Holmes.

WATSON

Waxflatter's college graduation?

HOLMES

Exactly. But this man... standing beside Waxflatter. I knew I'd seen him before. Bentley Bobster.

WATSON

Bentley Bobster?

HOLMES

Remember? The wealthy banker. He committed suicide a few weeks back. His photograph was in the newspaper.

WATSON

Oh. Yes.

Holmes EXAMINES the back of the photo. The names of the six men are WRITTEN on it. Holmes SMILES at Watson.

HOLMES

Here's Andrew Fidget... And these others... I recognize the names from the Times' Obituary column... from months ago...

(excited)

Good show. Watson. Very good show!

Suddenly, the attic door BURSTS OPEN.

Rathe's assistant, MRS. DRIBB, stands in the doorway. She SPEAKS. A cold, low VOICE.

MRS. DRIBB

Headmaster Rathe would like to see you. In his office. Now.

Holmes quickly stuffs the photograph into his BACK POCKET. He exchanges a PUZZLED glance with Watson. They've been DISCOVERED. But HOW?

CUT TO:

INT. RATHE'S HALLWAY

MRS. DRIBB leads Holmes, Elizabeth and Watson to Rathe's Office. Elizabeth CARRIES Uncas in her arms. Uncas SNARLS and BARKS at Mrs. Dribb.

The youths ARRIVE. Rathe's door OPENS. Rathe STANDS in the doorway. In his ROBE and PAJAMAS. He LOOKS at Holmes. A combination of FEAR and ANGER fill Rathe's eyes.

RATHE

Holmes. I didn't expect our "foils" to cross so soon.

Holmes gives him a SUSPICIOUS look. Rathe motions for the youths to ENTER his office.

INT. RATHE'S OFFICE

Rathe sits BEHIND his desk. Holmes, Watson and Elizabeth are in FRONT of him. Mrs. Dribb STANDS by the door. Rathe first LOOKS to Holmes.

RATHE

What have you been getting that inquisitive nose of yours into?

HOLMES

(puzzled)

How did you know I was in Waxflatter's lab?

RATHE

You're forgetting, Holmes... We share the same keen powers of observation.

Holmes gives a SKEPTICAL shrug. Rathe CONTINUES.

RATHE

Nevertheless... You're in an awful mess. Trespassing on school property, breaking and entering, larceny... If the Board knew about this, they'd probably have you sent to prison.

Holmes LISTENS. His eyes CONFUSED... BOTHERED. Rathe SIGHS.

RATHE

But there's no need to tell the Board.

(a pause)

Holmes... I'm willing to forget all about this. Tomorrow, you'll go home as originally planned.

(to Watson)

Mr. Watson... You'll do the same.

WATSON

(shocked)

I'm... I'm being expelled, sir?

RATHE

(shakes his head)

I'd like you to voluntarily quit. It will save you the disgrace of being expelled.

WATSON

But... Why can't I just stay, sir?

RATHE

(strict)

Watson, I am the disciplinarian. I cannot permit you to go without punishment.

HOLMES

(interjects)

Sir... I mean... Couldn't you come up with a less severe punishment?

RATHE

Holmes. You aren't exactly in a position to give me instructions. Are you?

HOLMES

No, sir.

Watson is UPSET. SPEECHLESS. Rathe TURNS to Elizabeth.

RATHE

Elizabeth... Did you willfully let Mr. Holmes stay in your Uncle's study these past few days?

She NOES.

RATHE

Hmmm. Seeing that you're probably still distraught over your uncle's death... I recommend a transfer for you...

(a pause)

You'll move out of the laboratory and take a room at the Fairview School for Women.

MRS. DRIBB

(interjects)

Sir. may I also suggest that we have the dog taken to the pound...

ELIZABETH

(holding Uncas tight)

What?!

MRS. DRIBB

I believe the Fairview School does not allow pets.

ELIZABETH

You can't...

RATHE

Mrs. Dribb is right. Besides, your new quarters will be much smaller. The poor creature would be miserable in a tiny room.

(a pause)

At the pound... They'll find a new home for him. A wonderful home.

Mrs. Dribb finally manages to SMILE. Uncas GROWLS at the woman. Through TEARS, Elizabeth looks at Rathe.

ELIZABETH

What about my uncle's laboratory?

RATHE

(turns to Mrs. Dribb)

Tomorrow. you'll go there. Clean everything out. We can use the space.

Elizabeth and Holmes exchange a SHOCKED glance. Holmes LOOKS at Rathe.

HOLMES

But... it's filled with all of Waxflatter's inventions... his experiments...

RATHE

We musn't cling to things of the past.

HOLMES
It's the man's life's work...

RATHE
(cold)
And his life is gone.

HOLMES
(stands, angry)
You've got no right!

RATHE
(calm)
Holmes. I'm surprised. You'd take that tone
of voice with me...?

HOLMES
(composes himself)
I... I apologize, sir.... I got a bit carried
away.... Sorry.

RATHE
Take your seat.

Holmes SITS back down. Rathe LOOKS at Mrs. Dribb.

RATHE
Can we get them out this evening?

MRS. DRIBB
Too late. The last train left over an hour
ago.

RATHE
(bothered, worried)
They'll have to stay here this evening.
We'll get them out first thing in the
morning.

(points to
Elizabeth)
Keep the young lady in your room.

Mrs. Dribb NODS. LEADING the kids from the room. Before they exit.
Rathe CALLS.

RATHE
Holmes...

Rathe MOTIONS for Holmes to come back. Holmes WALKS to Rathe. Rathe
LOOKS at him.

RATHE

Remember what I always taught you...

(a pause)

Control your emotions. They'll be your downfall.

HOLMES

Yes, sir.

Rathe MOTIONS for him to go. Holmes EXITS. Rathe stares with CURIOUS, ANGRY eyes.

INT. HALLWAY

Holmes and Watson are taken to a room at the FAR END OF THE HALLWAY. Mrs. Dribb LOCKS the door.

Mrs. Dribb forces Elizabeth to put Uncas into a tiny DUMB WAITER. Mrs. Dribb CLOSES the dumb waiter's door. TRAPPING Uncas inside for the night.

Elizabeth ENTERS a room with Mrs. Dribb. A FEW DOORS down from Holmes and Watson.

Uncas' whimpering ECHOES through the hall.

INT. HOLMES AND WATSON'S ROOM

TINY. BARREN. Paint PEELS from the walls. The room is equipped with only a rusty, SINGLE BED.

Holmes LOOKS around. Watson PACES. FRIGHTENED. UPSET.

WATSON

I knew it. I knew we'd get caught. And now this. Oh God.

HOLMES

Watson. Just relax. It'll be alright.

WATSON

Alright? I was going to be a Doctor...
Thought I'd get into Medical School... And
now this!

(mumbling, upset)

Everything's ruined. Ruined.

Holmes spots a SMALL WINDOW near the top of the ceiling. He JUMPS for the window. Too HIGH. Watson still frantically PACES around the room. MUMBLING to himself.

WATSON

I knew I should've never become your friend.

Holmes IGNORES Watson. Holmes REMOVES the mattress from the bed. He drags the BED FRAME across the room. Holmes tries to TILT the bed frame up to the window. He CAN'T. Too HEAVY. He TURNS to Watson.

HOLMES

Give me a hand with this.

WATSON

Come on, Holmes... Aren't we in enough trouble?

HOLMES

Just give me a hand.

Watson SIGHS. ASSISTING Holmes. They manage to TILT the bed frame up to the window. Holmes CLIMBS the frame up to the window.

WATSON

What are you doing?!? Do you want him to send us to prison? Is that what you want?

Holmes CLIMBS to the window. He CRANKS OPEN the window. Holmes POKES his head out.

EXT. WINDOW

HOLMES' P.O.V.

He is FIVE STORIES from the ground. There is a HUNDRED FOOT DROP. ONTO the cold stone pavement.

Holmes LOOKS up. A few feet above his head, is a rusted metal RAIN SPOUTING. Holmes goes back INSIDE.

INT. BEDROOM

Holmes turns to the FRIGHTENED Watson.

HOLMES

We can make it to another room... If we hold onto the rain spouting...

WATSON

(shakes his head)

I'm staying here.

HOLMES

Watson... We're on the verge of cracking this case....

WATSON

Crack it yourself.

HOLMES

(honest, sincere)

But, I... I can't do that... I need you, Watson.

(a pause)

We're in this together... We're a team...

WATSON

Not any more. You've gotten me into enough trouble.

Holmes' eyes BURN through Watson. Watson TURNS away. Holmes turns and CLIMBS out of the window. A TROUBLED Watson watches.

EXT. BUILDING

Holmes climbs OUT. He GRABS hold of the rain spout. He BOSSTS himself out of the window. The old rain spout SOUEAKS.

Holmes MOVES hand over hand. Tightly CLUTCHING the rainspout. He SLOWLY makes his way along the side of the building. The rain spout CREAKS. GROANING with Holmes' every move. The nearest window is SEVERAL FEET away.

Holmes CONTINUES his trek. His hand grabs a CRACKED area of the spouting.

A LOUD CREAK.

The spouting BREAKS.

Holmes DROPS.

He holds onto the BROKEN SPOUTING, which is now attached to the roof by only a THIN PIECE OF METAL. Holmes SWINGS in midair.

He LOOKS to the ground. A DEADLY drop. Onto the sharp teeth of a SPIKED METAL FENCE.

Holmes REACHES for the roof. Too FAR.

The spouting CREAKS. AGAIN. It BREAKS a little more. Holmes now hangs by a tiny metal THREAD.

Holmes REACHES for the roof again.

The spouting SNAPS.

Holmes begins to FALL.

A HAND reaches out. SNATCHING Holmes by the coat.

The section of spouting FALLS out of Holmes' hand. CRASHING to the ground. Holmes is held in MIDAIR. He LOOKS up.

WATSON

holds onto the roof with ONE hand, Holmes with the OTHER. Watson SMILES.

WATSON

You were right. You'd never crack this case alone.

Holmes SMILES. Watson PULLS him up. Holmes grabs on to the SAFE section of spouting. He and Watson continue to move ACROSS THE ROOFTOP. They finally ARRIVE at a window. Holmes PEERS inside.

HOLMES P.O.V.

Mrs. Dribb's ROOM. Mrs. Dribb is SOUND ASLEEP in her bed. SNORING loudly. Elizabeth LIES in another bed. ACROSS the room from Mrs. Dribb. Elizabeth STARES at the ceiling. Wide AWAKE.

Holmes GENTLY TAPS on the window. Elizabeth SEES Holmes. She slowly SNEAKS out of bed. MOVING to the window. She OPENS it.

Holmes and Watson CAREFULLY climb inside.

INT. ROOM

Moving DELICATELY, Holmes walks to a desk in a corner of the room. He COVERS the kerosene lamp with his jacket. GENTLY turning it on. To AVOID disturbing the snoozing Mrs. Dribb.

Holmes REMOVES the photo from his pocket. He LOOKS over the names written on the back. Holmes CROSSES OUT several of the names... Waxflatter, Bobster, Fidget...

Elizabeth and Watson LOOK over his shoulder. Watson WHISPERS.

WATSON

What are you doing?

HOLMES

I've omitted the names of everyone who's been found dead. There's only one name I don't recall seeing... Chester Cragwitch.

Mrs. Dribb STIRS. The three youths FREEZE. Mrs. Dribb just ROLLS OVER. Going back to SLEEP. Elizabeth SIGHS. She WHISPERS to Holmes.

ELIZABETH

This Cragwitch... You think he's still alive?

HOLMES

Possibly. If so... I'd like to get to him before the cult does. Maybe he can fill us in on Waxflatter.

Holmes gives an URGENT look to Elizabeth.

HOLMES

(points to Mrs. Dribb)

Before she wakes... go to the laboratory. Save your uncle's formulas and inventions.

(hears Uncas

whimpering from outside)

And save little Uncas, too.

Elizabeth NODS. Holmes turns OUT the lamp. He MOVES to the door with Watson. He OPENS it. A CRACK. COAST IS CLEAR. Holmes NODS to Watson.

HOLMES

Let's go.

ELIZABETH

Holmes...

He LOOKS back. Elizabeth gently CARESSES his cheek.

ELIZABETH

Please. Be careful.

He NODS. Their eyes MEET.

Watson WALKS into the hall. Leaving the two lovers ALONE. For a MOMENT.

Holmes and Elizabeth share a passionate KISS.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAGWITCH MANOR

An enormous, stately MANSION, located on the outskirts of town.

A HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE hurries past the home. Holmes and Watson, SNEAKING a ride on the back, hop off the carriage.

Holmes REMOVES a slip of paper from his pocket. He COMPARES it with the mansion's ADDRESS.

HOLMES

This is it.

Holmes and Watson WALK to the front door. Holmes REACHES out. To RING the doorbell.

A SHOTGUN BLAST RIPS THROUGH THE AIR.

Holmes and Watson DUCK for cover. A VOICE shouts.

Cragwitch (O.S.)

Go away! You'll never get me!

CHESTER CRAGWITCH

LEANS out of the second floor window of his home. A SHOTGUN is in his arms. Cragwitch is a HEAVYSET, ELDERLY MAN. Dressed in a ROBE and PAJAMAS.

Holmes SHOUTS up to him.

HOLMES

Chester Cragwitch? Is that you?

Another SHOTGUN BLAST rips through the air. Holmes and Watson DUCK again.

CRAWGITCH

Bloody murderers! Go away!

Holmes gets to his FEET. Watson TRIES to pull him back to the ground. Cragwitch AIMS. Holmes RAISES his arms. HIGH in the air.

HOLMES

We were friends of Professor Waxflatter's.

Cragwitch PAUSES. ADJUSTING his spectacles.

CRAGWITCH

Why... You're just a boy.

(a pause)

What do you want here?

HOLMES

I need your help. I want to know why the "Te Rami" killed five men.

(a pause)

And I'd like to prevent them from killing six.

Cragwitch PAUSES. He NODS to Holmes.

Cragwitch

Be right down.

Cragwitch goes back INSIDE. Holmes looks DOWN at Watson, who's still lying FACE DOWN in the snow. His head BURIED beneath his hands. Holmes SMILES.

Holmes

You can get up now, Watson. The war is over.

Watson slowly PEERS out over his hands.

The home's front door OPENS. Shotgun in hand, Cragwitch MOTIONS for Holmes and Watson to enter.

Cragwitch

(suspicious)

Go on.

Holmes and Watson ENTER. Cragwitch FOLLOWS. KEEPING the gun on them.

INT. CRAGWITCH MANOR

Upstairs STUDY. Cragwitch sits in front of the SIZZLING fireplace. ACROSS the room from Holmes and Watson. The shotgun rests on a small TABLE beside Cragwitch. He examines the PHOTO from Waxflatter's lab. Cragwitch SMILES. Fond MEMORIES.

Cragwitch

Graduation Day. We were all drunk on a wine that Fidget's Grandfather made. Deadly stuff.

Holmes

You attended college together?

Cragwitch

(nods)

Fraternity brothers. They called us the "Stargazer Six". We'd get drunk... dream up schemes to get wealthy.

(somber)

Who would've known that one of those schemes would lead to our deaths.

Holmes

(puzzled)

What kind of scheme?

Cragwitch

We were going to become business partners. Borrow money from our Fathers and build a Hotel. "The Stargazer". The most luxurious hotel ever constructed, housing only the most noble and wealthy. And what better place to do it... than India. Labor and materials were cheap. And with rumors of British colonization, it seemed to be the best business move in the world.

Holmes

What happened?

Cragwitch

We had the building designed, had a prime location picked out, and had construction crews begin work. But we never set foot out of England.

(a smile)

We fashioned ourselves the shrewdest businessmen, yet we were too naive to oversee our product. We had this absurd, romantic notion that we'd go to India only when the Hotel was completed. Six kings arriving at their new castle. showered with applause and adoration.

(somber)

But there was no applause. No adoration. Only tragedy.

Holmes and Watson LISTEN. INTERESTED. Cragwitch STANDS. Beginning to walk THROUGH the room.

Cragwitch

The site chosen for the Hotel... was a small Indian village. In order for the Hotel to be built, the village would have to be evacuated. Hundreds of people would be left homeless.

(a beat)

The villagers refused to leave. British troops were sent in. Several people were killed. The entire village was burnt to the ground.

(a beat)

We didn't know about any of it. Until the tragedy was over.

(a beat)

Because of our stupidity, several innocent people lost their lives and their homes.

(a beat)

We immediately put a stop to the project. We lost all our money. And we learned a horrible lesson.

(a beat)

From that day on, we split up... chose different careers... led our own separate lives.

(shrugs)

Of course, we all seemed to keep in touch with Waxflatter. We all wrote to him.

Holmes

What does all of this have to do with the "Te Rami"?

Cragwitch OPENS a drawer. He REMOVES a LETTER.

Cragwitch

About a year after the incident, we each received this letter. From a young boy... of British - Indian descent. The boy was living in England with his grandfather, when he learned of the destruction of his village... He also learned that his Mother and Father were killed in the attack.

(a pause)

The boy vowed that someday, when he got older... the "Te Rami" would take revenge on us, and the Royalty of England.

(gives letter

to Holmes)

That was thirty years ago.

HOLMES
(reads letter
signature)

"Eh Tar"... That was the boy's name?

Cragwitch NODS. Watson's eyes LIGHT.

WATSON
"Eh Tar"! Weren't those Waxflatter's final
words?

HOLMES
Very good, Watson.
(noticing something
drawn on letter)
What's this?

Cragwitch LOOKS at what Holmes points to. It is a symbol of TWO
GOLDEN SNAKES. Surrounding a bright. red DEMON FACE.

Cragwitch
The symbol of the cult. It's usually worn on
the ring of the "Te Rami" leader.

HOLMES
(staring at symbol)
It looks incredibly familiar...

Standing in front of the OPEN WINDOW, Cragwitch suddenly GRABS HIS
NECK in pain.

HOLMES
What is it?

Cragwitch
Bloody insect. Place needs a good cleaning.

He CLOSES the window.

CAMERA DOLLIES OUT OF WINDOW.

A CLOAKED FIGURE

STANDS outside of the house. He has just SHOT A THORN at Cragwitch.
The Cloaked Figure INSERTS the blow pipe back into his cloak.
WAITING.

INT. CRAGWITCH STUDY

Cragwitch continues to WALK through the room. Holmes still STUDIES
the letter's symbol. He looks BACK to Cragwitch.

HOLMES

Do you think this... this "Eh Tar"... Could he be the leader of the "Te Rami" in England?

Cragwitch DOESN'T answer. He looks at Holmes and Watson with WILD, FRENZIED EYES.

HOLMES

Mr. Cragwitch?

Cragwitch begins to SCREAM. Like a MADMAN. Cragwitch GLARES at Holmes and Watson. Watson TURNS to Holmes.

WATSON

Have we said something to upset him?

HOLMES

(stirs)

They're here. They must've hit him with a thorn.

The MAD Cragwitch picks up an AXE that rests with the other fireplace tools. Cragwitch COMES AT Holmes and Watson. SWINGING the axe.

They JUMP out of his way.

Cragwitch keeps COMING. WILDLY swinging the axe.

Watson tries to REASON with him.

WATSON

Mr. Cragwitch... Please...

HOLMES

He doesn't know us, Watson. He's hallucinating.

The axe comes DOWN at Watson. It MISSES him. By a HAIR.

Watson LEAPS. OUT of the way. Cragwitch TURNS. COMING for Holmes.

Holmes notices that Watson is a few inches from Cragwitch's SHOTGUN.

HOLMES

Watson! The shotgun!

Watson GRABS the shotgun.

Holmes is BACKED INTO A CORNER. Cragwitch COMES AT HIM with the axe. Holmes SHOUTS to Watson.

HOLMES

Shoot, Watson!

Watson POINTS the gun. AFRAID to pull the trigger.

Cragwitch swings at the TRAPPED Holmes. The axe comes CLOSER...
CLOSER... Holmes PANICS.

HOLMES

Damn it, Watson! Shoot!

Watson CLOSES his eyes. CLENCHES his teeth. MOVES his finger to the trigger.

Cragwitch is INCHES from hacking Holmes to death.

HOLMES

Watson!...

A GUNSHOT BLAST rings through the air!

HITTING Cragwitch in the chest.

Cragwitch DROPS to the floor. DEAD.

Holmes TURNS to Watson.

HOLMES

Good show.

WATSON

(puzzled shrug)

It wasn't me.

Watson POINTS OFFSCREEN. CAMERA DOLLIES to where Watson is pointing.

LESTRADE

STANDS in the doorway. SMOKING PISTOL in hand.

Holmes gives a SHOCKED LOOK.

HOLMES

Lestrade?...

(sudden realization)

The Te-Rami...

Holmes DASHES to the window. LOOKING out.

HOLMES' P.O.V.

THE CULT MEMBER runs off. He DISAPPEARS into the dark night.

Holmes TURNS from the window. Lestrade EXAMINES the dead Cragwitch.
Holmes gives a PUZZLED look to Lestrade.

HOLMES

What are you doing here?

LESTRADE

Accidentaly stuck myself with one of those damn thorns...

(shakes his head)

The hallucinations were horrible... Took four policemen to prevent me from blowing my brains out. When the worst was over... I looked into your story. I did a bit of research... and decided to come here. To question the late Mr. Cragwitch...

(a pause)

Now. Holmes... I want you and your pudgy little friend, out of here. I appreciate you getting me started on this case...

HOLMES

(insulted)

Getting you started?... I've done all of the bloody work for you!

LESTRADE

Nevertheless... The yard can take over from here.

HOLMES

But, Lestrade... I...

LESTRADE

(escorting Holmes and Watson out)

Please. No arguments. More policemen are coming. Your presence would only confuse matters.

Lestrade FORCES the reluctant Holmes and Watson out of the room. CLOSING the door behind them.

OUTSIDE OF THE ROOM

Holmes KICKS the closed door. FURIOUS.

HOLMES

Lestrade! Bloody ingrate!

Watson PULLS Holmes away from the door. They EXIT the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE

A large, BRIDGE, rising above a beautiful PANORAMIC VIEW OF LONDON.
It is DAYBREAK. SNOW is falling.

Holmes and Watson WALK along the bridge. Holmes stares at the LETTER
from Cragwitch. Watson is FREEZING. TIRED. COUGHING. DEPRESSED.

WATSON

Today's the beginning of Christmas vacation.
I should be buying presents for my family,
going to the Holicay pageant... Instead, I'm
freezing to death, I've nearly been murdered
by a Death Cult, I'm being forced to quit
school, and I've come close to shooting a
man...

(shocked, to Holmes)

Jesus, Holmes. I'm only 16 years old.

Holmes is UNINTERESTED. Staring at the CULT SYMBOL on the letter.
Lost in his THOUGHTS. MUMBLING to himself.

HOLMES

"Eh Tar"... "Eh Tar"...

WATSON

(furious)

Can't you think about anything else?!

HOLMES

Eh?

WATSON

Deducting! Investigating! Te Rami! Eh Tar!
I'm sick of it all! And I'm sick of you!

HOLMES

(shakes his head)

Tsk-tsk. Watson. You've been acting a bit
surly lately. I'd say it's your sugar
intake.

WATSON

(incredulous)

My what?!

HOLMES

In my studies... I've learned that sugar is
only good for brief energy... Following that,
the user experiences depression... fatigue...
irritability...

WATSON
Who gives a bloody hell?!

HOLMES
I think YOU should, Watson. Your diet consists mostly of candy... chocolates... pastries... all sugar.

WATSON
There you go again! Always watching... Observing... You see the tiniest flaw... the smallest imperfection!

HOLMES
It's necessary.

WATSON
It's annoying!
(a beat)
What made you like this? I mean... People just aren't born with the ability to identify 28 different types of shoe leather.

HOLMES
29.

WATSON
See what I mean!

HOLMES
You really want to know?

WATSON
Please.

Holmes SIGHS. REMEMBERING.

HOLMES
I was younger... 12... 13... My parents were still together. But my Father started to come home late. Said there was a lot of work at the office.

(painful)
My Mother began to accuse him of seeing another woman. He denied it. They'd argue. At first, I defended him. But after a while. I started to suspect. I had to know the truth.

(CONT'D)

HOLMES
(CONT'D)

So, every night, when he'd come in... Two, three hours late... I observed him. Every part of him. Was his hair out of place? Were his trousers wrinkled? Was that my Mother's hair on his lapel?

(a pause)

It became an obsession. I'd go into stores, open every bottle of perfume that my Mother didn't use... I'd memorize their scent, praying he wouldn't smell of one. I noted the opening and closing times of every pub and restaurant he frequented. I learned the daily schedule of his business associates. My desire to prove Mother wrong, took me throughout London. I learned every section. Every street. Every alleyway.

(a beat)

Soon, just by looking at my Father when he walked in the door... I knew everything he had done that day. I was ready for his lie.

(painful memory)

It was a hot summer night. He was four hours late. Told Mother it was a business dinner. Some West End restaurant. They started to argue. I interrupted. Gave him ten reasons why he was lying. He just looked at me. Shocked. Ashamed. He walked out of the room.

(tears in his eyes)

That night, he confessed to being in love with another woman. My Mother filed for divorce in the morning.

Watson LISTENS. FASCINATED. Holmes CONTINUES.

HOLMES

After that... I wanted to lock myself in a dark closet and never look at anything or anyone again. Unfortunately, I only became more perceptive... I looked at things in even greater detail... And no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't make it stop.

(a pause)

So, Watson... If it sometimes appears as if I'm showing off... Please, remember... It's really a curse.

WATSON
(sympathetic)

I'm sorry, Holmes. I wasn't aware.

HOLMES

(forcing smile)

Enough of the past.. We have more than enough present to deal with.

(looking back to symbol on the letter)

Where have I seen this before? And more importantly... Who is "Eh Tar"?

They CONTINUE to walk across the bridge.

Holmes and Watson arrive at the OPPOSITE SIDE of the bridge. They turn down a snowy STREET. Here, a GROUP OF CHILDREN playfully build a SNOWMAN. Holmes and Watson WALK BY.

A MISCHIEVOUS CHILD throws a SNOWBALL at Watson. SPLAT! The snowball HITS Watson between the shoulder blades. Watson TURNS to the children. ANGRY.

Holmes is DOUBLED OVER with laughter. He is suddenly PELTED in the face with a HARD snowball. He STOPS laughing. He wipes the snow from his face and angrily CHARGES for the kids. They RUN off. Holmes TURNS back to Watson.

HOLMES

Little bastards.

Holmes RUBS his face. The wound on his face again BLEEDS. Holmes NOTICES the blood. He SHAKES his head.

HOLMES

Don't think this wound of Rathe's will ever heal. Hasn't stopped...

Holmes PAUSES. His face goes WHITE. A shocking REALIZATION.

HOLMES

Oh. God... How could I be so bloody stupid?

WATSON

What?

HOLMES

(begins to RUN)

C'mon! We have to HURRY! We have to get back to the school!

(a pause)

The game is afoot!

A puzzled Watson DASEES OFF with Holmes.

INT. WAXFLATTER'S LABORATORY

SUNLIGHT sparkles through the skylight. Elizabeth has been WORKING here for several hours. She is gathering her Uncle's important FORMULAS, SKETCHES and POTIONS. She stores them into WOODEN CRATES and WICKER BASKETS. She moves QUICKLY. NERVOUSLY. Uncas WORKS with Elizabeth. HELPING her carry the smaller objects.

A HAND

suddenly APPEARS. On Elizabeth's SHOULDER.

Elizabeth TURNS. STARTLED. MRS. DRIBB stands in front of her.

Mrs. Dribb GRABS Elizabeth. TWISTING her arm.

Elizabeth STRUGGLES. KICKING. SCRATCHING. Like a WILDCAT. But Mrs. Dribb is the STRONGER one.

Uncas LEAPS at Mrs. Dribb. SNARLING. The dog BITES at her skirt.

Mrs. Dribb SLAPS Uncas. This only ANGERS the dog more. Uncas JUMPS UP. CHOMPING down on Mrs. Dribb's head of BLACK HAIR.

Mrs. Dribb SCREAMS. Uncas PULLS. HARD.

Mrs. Dribb's hair is TORN OFF HER HEAD. A WIG.

Elizabeth is met with a FRIGHTENING sight.

Mrs. Dribb's head is SHAVED. Save for a thin strand of BLEACHED WHITE HAIR. Shaved to resemble a TWISTED SERPENT. The sign of the TE RAMI.

Elizabeth is SHOCKED. She hears SOMETHING. From OFFSCREEN. She TURNS.

RATHE stands in the laboratory doorway. He WALKS up to Elizabeth.

Mrs. Dribb HOLDS Elizabeth. In an ARM LOCK. Uncas TEARS APART the black wig. Rathe SMILES at Elizabeth.

RATHE

So... You've discovered our little secret.

Elizabeth says NOTHING. She STARES at Rathe. Her EYES a combination of outrage and confusion.

RATHE

Where are your two friends?

ELIZABETH

(eyes burning)

You'll never find them.

RATHE
(to Mrs. Dribb)

We should leave. We don't want to be late.

MRS. DRIBB

What about her?

RATHE
She'll have to come with us.
(a pause)
We can use the NEW BLOOD.

Rathe gives a deadly SMILE. Elizabeth gets a CHILL.

CAMERA DOLLIES INTO RATHE'S HAND.

He wears the RING of the "TE RAMI" LEADER on his finger.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL

Rathe conceals a PISTOL beneath his coat. He keeps the gun POINTED at Elizabeth.

Mrs. Dribb walks AHEAD of them. She is wearing a DARK HOODED CLOAK. Exactly as we saw EARLIER in the film. Mrs. Dribb carries a small WICKER BASKET. Uncas is TRAPPED inside.

Rathe summons a CARRIAGE. They all get INSIDE. Rathe mutters some INSTRUCTIONS to the driver. The carriage HURRIES OFF.

INT. CARRIAGE

Rathe keeps the PISTOL pointed at Elizabeth.

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO

THE WICKER BASKET.

It RESTS on the seat beside Mrs. Dribb. The basket top MOVES. Uncas is GNAWING ON THE ROPE that secures the basket. Trying to FREE himself.

Elizabeth TURNS to Rathe.

ELIZABETH
(frightened)
Where are you taking me?

RATHE

Since we're all feeling so cheery... You know, the Holiday Spirit and all... I thought we'd go to the Christmas Pageant.

Elizabeth is PUZZLED.

Uncas POPS out of the basket. FREE.

Before Mrs. Dribb can grab hold of the dog, Uncas LEAPS through the carriage's BACK WINDOW. Elizabeth TURNS. CHEERING for her pet.

ELIZABETH'S P.O.V.

Uncas HURRIES OFF down the street.

Rathe turns to the HAPPY Elizabeth.

RATHE

Your little pet may live.

(a pause)

But I'm afraid you won't be so lucky.

Elizabeth tries to hide her FEAR.

EXT. SCHOOL

Holmes and Watson RUN up to the school. OUT of breath. They HURRY up the school stairs. Watson STOPS Holmes.

WATSON

Holmes! Look!

Watson POINTS to

UNCAS

RUNNING towards them. The dog DASHES up the stairs. Uncas BITES Holmes' coat sleeve. The dog is TUGGING at Holmes.

HOLMES

(to Watson)

He wants us to go with him. C'mon!

Holmes and Watson TURN. They FOLLOW Uncas. Out into the STREET.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

A gala CHRISTMAS PARADE. Complete with STROLLING MUSICIANS. DANCERS. CLOWNS. And OTHER COSTUMED PERFORMERS. CROWDS gather along the sidewalks and street corners. WATCHING the happy procession.

RATHE

still HOLDING his gun on Elizabeth, walks along the street. The CLOAKED Mrs. Dribb walks with them.

They walk into a CROWDED section of WOODEN BLEACHERS. An area set up for spectators to VIEW the parade.

From his position in the bleachers, Rathe can VIEW the ENTIRE PROCESSION. In the DISTANCE. he SEES

QUEEN VICTORIA

She rides in a gloriously decorated, horse drawn CARRIAGE. At the REAR of the parade. She smiles and waves to her ADORING crowd.

RATHE

WATCHES Queen Victoria. His eyes BURN with hate. Rathe TURNS. He gives a NOD to Mrs. Dribb.

Mrs. Dribb EXITS the bleachers. She JOINS the anxious crowd. In the STREET. She pushes her way to the FRONT of the crowd.

Mrs. Dribb REACHES into her cloak. She removes a WOODEN BLOW PIPE.

Mrs. Dribb tightly CLUTCHES the blow pipe. Waiting for the Queen to PASS.

CUT TO:

HOLMES AND WATSON

RUNNING through the streets. Still FOLLOWING the swift Uncas. We can HEAR the faint echo of the Christmas Pageant. In the DISTANCE.

CUT TO:

QUEEN VICTORIA

joyously RIDING in the pageant. She is getting NEARER to where Mrs. Dribb stands.

Mrs. Dribb loads her blow pipe with a few POISIN THORNS.

RATHE

still WATCHES from the bleachers. ANXIOUS. He keeps his GUN on the frightened Elizabeth.

CUT TO:

HOLMES AND WATSON

arrive at the PAGEANT. Uncas STOPS running. Holmes LOOKS around. BREATHLESS.

HOLMES

He's here. Somewhere.

WATSON

Who? Rathe?

Holmes NODS.

WATSON

But... Why would he come here?

HOLMES

To ASSASINATE the Queen.

Watson gives a SHOCKED reaction. Holmes PULLS Watson with him. They begin to RUN. PUSHING their way through the CROWD. LOOKING for a sign of Rathe.

QUEEN VICTORIA

is only a FEW FEET from Mrs. Dribb. She RAISES the blow pipe to her mouth.

HOLMES AND WATSON

SCRAMBLE through the crowd. FRENZIED. They PUSH people out of their way. Up ahead, Holmes SPOTS the Queen.

Holmes runs FASTER. Watson and Uncas FOLLOW.

MRS. DRIBB

is ready to SHOOT.

A POLICEMAN

wearing a HIGH HAT, walks DIRECTLY IN FRONT of Mrs. Dribb.

Mrs. Dribb LOWERS the blow pipe. For a MOMENT. WAITING for the policeman to pass.

RATHE

BITES his fingernails. Getting IMPATIENT.

HOLMES AND WATSON

CATCH UP to the Queen. Holmes STOPS. He sees SOMETHING. He GRABS Watson. Holmes points ACROSS THE STREET. Into the BLEACHERS. They both SEE

RATHE and ELIZABETH. In the BLEACHERS.

ON THE STREET

The Policeman finally WALKS AWAY from Mrs. Dribb.

She RAISES the blow pipe. AGAIN.

WATSON

SEES Mrs. Dribb. He POINTS it out to Holmes. They CAN'T get across the street in time to STOP her. TOO CROWDED.

The Queen RIDES directly in front of Mrs. Dribb. A perfect TARGET.

Mrs. Dribb AIMS.

Holmes GETS AN IDEA. He REMOVES something from his pocket. The BLOW PIPE.

Watson gives him a PUZZLED look.

WATSON

What're you doing?

HOLMES

Going to beat them at their own game.

Holmes LOADS the blow pipe with a THORN.

MRS. DRIBB

has the Queen in her SIGHTS. Ready to SHOOT...

She's suddenly STUNG! In the NECK.

HOLMES

LOWERS his blow pipe. He SMILES at Watson.

HOLMES

Target hit.

Mrs. Dribb SHAKES off the sting. COMPOSING herself. She begins to AIM at the Queen. Trying AGAIN.

Holmes WATCHES.

Mrs. Dribb PAUSES. She's met with A SHOCKING SIGHT.

The crowd of people around her have TRANSFORMED into

A PACK OF FEROCIOUS. WILD DOGS!

The dogs are of ALL VARIETIES! Everything from DOBERMANS to DACHSUNDS! They all ATTACK Mrs. Dribb!

BARKING. BITING. SNAPPING.

HOLMES

SMILES at Watson.

MRS. DRIBB

URNS. Trying to ESCAPE from the wild dogs. But there is nowhere to GO. Nowhere to HIDE.

Wherever she turns, Mrs. Dribb sees what she FEARS MOST: growling, vicious DOGS. They SURROUND her. They JUMP at her. Her living NIGHTMARE.

Mrs. Dribb FALLS TO THE GROUND. TRAPPED. HELPLESS. SCREAMING.

TWO POLICEMEN rush to the scene. They GRAB hold of the crazed Mrs. Dribb. CARRYING her out of the crowd.

RATHE

watches from the BLEACHERS. PUZZLED. HOPE fills Elizabeth's eyes.

QUEEN VICTORIA

is at first puzzled by the COMMOTION. But she is again caught up in the pageant FESTIVITIES. She RIDES off. SAFE.

RATHE

angrily SCANS the crowd. Looking for an EXPLANATION. He SPOTS

HOLMES AND WATSON.

Holmes STARES at Rathe. Holmes SMILES. He HOLDS up the blow pipe. For Rathe to SEE.

RATHE

gives a DEFEATED sneer. He GRABS Elizabeth. He PULLS her out of the bleachers. They RUN off. Through the CROWD.

Holmes, Watson and Uncas FOLLOW. On the OPPOSITE side of the street.

THE CHASE BEGINS.

Rathe BARRELS his way through the crowd. He DRAGS Elizabeth out into the street.

Holmes and Watson push their way OUT of the crowd. They see Rathe and Elizabeth UP AHEAD.

Rathe runs to a street CORNER. Here, several horse drawn CARRIAGES are parked. The carriage DRIVERS stand together. Taking a BREAK. A FEW FEET from the parked carriages.

Rathe THROWS Elizabeth into an open carriage. Rathe jumps into the DRIVER'S SEAT. He gives a HARD WHIPPING to the horses. The carriage SHOOTs OFF down the street.

The angry carriage drivers SCREAM at the departing THIEF.

Holmes and Watson use the opportunity to hop ANOTHER CARRIAGE. Uncas sits in Watson's lap. Holmes WHIPS the horses. The carriage FOLLOWS Rathe.

Rathe angrily WHIPS the horses. Forcing them to go FASTER. The carriage moves WILDLY. SWIFTLY. Through the snowy STREETS.

Pedestrians LEAP out of the carriage's crazed PATH.

Elizabeth WATCHES from inside. She SEES

HOLMES AND WATSON

In HOT PURSUIT. Their carriage begins to CATCH UP. Watson holds on TIGHT. Scared to DEATH.

Rathe TURNS. SEEING Holmes and Watson. Rathe WHIPS the horses. HARDER.

Up ahead, in Rathe's path, A MAN crosses the street. The man is UNAWARE of Rathe coming toward him. Rathe cold bloodedly RUNS THE MAN DOWN. Elizabeth TURNS away. HORRIFIED.

Holmes and Watson CONTINUE to chase Rathe. They finally CATCH UP to him.

The two carriages are SIDE BY SIDE.

Seeing Holmes beside him, Rathe removes his PISTOL. He FIRES A SHOT at Holmes and Watson. It MISSES them by inches.

Holmes gives the REINS to Watson. Holmes LEAPS to Rathe's carriage.

Rathe TRIES TO SHOOT. But Holmes GRABS Rathe's arm.

They WRESTLE for the gun. Atop the SPEEDING the carriage.

Elizabeth WATCHES from below.

Watson tries his best to CONTROL the horses.

The carriages move at a very HIGH SPEED.

Holmes is sitting on TOP of Rathe. Both of their hands are ON THE GUN.

Rathe SPOTS something. Up AHEAD: BROMPTON BOARDING SCHOOL. The WOODEN SIGN that adorns the front of the school. DIRECTLY ahead of the carriage.

Holmes' BACK is to the dangling sign. He CAN'T see it. If he doesn't move... he'll be HIT by the sign.

Holmes still WRESTLES for the gun.

Watson HOLDS TIGHTLY to his reins.

Holmes finally GETS THE GUN from Rathe. Holmes SITS up. He POINTS the gun at Rathe. But SUDDENLY

CRASH!

Holmes is KNOCKED from the carriage! Hit by the SCHOOL SIGN!

The pistol falls back into Rathe's HANDS.

Rathe HOPS back into the driver's seat. He TAKES the horse's reins.

Watson PANICS. He LETS GO of the reins. Looking BACK.

WATSON'S P.O.V.

Holmes' body LIES in the snow.

Watson LOSES CONTROL of his carriage! The horses CRASH into a passing FRUIT CART!

The carriage TIPS over. Its axle SNAPS in two. The horses FALL. Watson is THROWN to the ground.

Watson gets TO HIS FEET. He RUNS to Holmes.

Holmes is DAZED. SHAKEN. Watson HELPS him to his feet.

Holmes looks into the DISTANCE. He sees Rathe DRIVING OFF. Elizabeth peers through the REAR WINDOW. Rathe's carriage disappears AROUND THE CORNER.

HOLMES
(upset)

They're getting away...

WATSON
We can get another carriage.

HOLMES
Too slow.

Holmes PAUSES. THINKING.

UNCAS. unhurt by the crash. runs up to Holmes and Watson.

Holmes PAUSES. WIDE EYED, he looks at Watson.

HOLMES
I've got an idea.

Holmes leads Watson and Uncas back INTO THE SCHOOL.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Above WAXFLATTER'S LABORATORY. Holmes, Watson and Uncas RUN onto the rooftop.

In the corner of the rooftop, beside the chimney, is a LARGE OBJECT. The objet is covered with a CANVAS TARP.

Holmes REMOVES the cover. Beneath is Waxflatter's FLYING MACHINE. A bright NUMBER "8" is painted on its side.

Holmes ROLLS the machine to the EDGE OF THE ROOF. Watson gives Holmes a PUZZLED look.

WATSON
You're not going to...

HOLMES
It's our only chance. Watson.
(shrugs)
Waxflatter worked on it until the day he died. Hopefully, he got all the bugs out.

Holmes TAKES A SEAT on the machine. He TURNS to Watson.

HOLMES

Coming?

Watson PAUSES. He ROLLS his eyes. Taking A SEAT on the machine. BEHIND Holmes.

Holmes LOOKS back to Uncas.

HOLMES

Wish us luck, Uncas.

Uncas BARKS. Holmes begins to PEDAL the machine.

The wings BEGIN TO FLAP.

The wheels give a CREAKY TURN.

The Flying Machine GLIDES OFF the building's edge.

Closing his eyes, Watson holds TIGHTLY to Holmes.

At first, the machine is a little SHAKY.

But Holmes pedals HARD. FAST.

He STEERS the machine. It does a SMOOTH glide to the left. Then to the RIGHT.

The flying machine SOARS. HIGH INTO THE AIR.

Holmes gives a high pitched LAUGH.

HOLMES

It works!!! It works!!!

Watson OPENS his eyes. He looks DOWN to the FAR GROUND BELOW. Holmes is LAUGHING. Pedaling THROUGH the air.

Holmes and Watson FLY HIGH OVER LONDON. Both are WIDE EYED. EXCITED. The THRILL of their life.

Watson soon spots RATHE'S CARRIAGE. Directly BELOW. He NUDGES Holmes.

WATSON

There they are.

Holmes NODS. STEERING the machine. Holmes FOLLOWS Rathe in the air.

Rathe quickly moves through the STREETS. Through the BACK ALLEYS. He is headed back to the WATERFRONT. Back to the WAREHOUSE.

The carriage STOPS in front of the deserted warehouse. Rathe drags a SHAKEN Elizabeth out of the carriage. They ENTER the warehouse.

IN THE AIR. Holmes looks back to Watson.

HOLMES

Uh oh.

WATSON

What?

HOLMES

I don't know how to land this thing.

Watson's face goes WHITE.

Holmes STOPS pedaling. He steers DOWNWARD.

The flying machine heads straight for the SIDE OF A BUILDING.

Holmes manages to steer it BACK ON COURSE.

The machine continues to GLIDE downward. Heading for an ICE COVERED LAKE.

Holmes LOOKS back to Watson.

HOLMES

Hold tight, Watson.

The flying machine LANDS on the lake.

It GLIDES ACROSS THE ICE. Coming to a SCREECHING STOP.

The ice surrounding the machine begins to CRACK.

Holmes and Watson RUN. AWAY from the machine.

All around the machine. The ice CRACKS AND BREAKS.

The flying machine slowly SINKS. Into the icy WATERS. LOST. FOREVER.

Holmes and Watson RUN to the warehouse. Only a FEW FEET ahead.

INT. WAREHOUSE - TEMPLE

THE CULT has reformed. In the warehouse BASEMENT.

Rathe has donned his WHITE ROBE. But he does NOT wear the mask. He stands on the ALTAR. We realize that RATHE IS THE LEADER.

ELIZABETH lies ON THE ALTAR. In FRONT of Rathe. Her hands and feet are TIED.

Rathe RAISES his arms. HIGH in the air. He leads the cult in a CHANT.

Standing BEHIND THE VASES, again watching the action, are
HOLMES AND WATSON.

WATSON
(scared)

Is he going to sacrifice Elizabeth?

HOLMES

I'm not waiting around to find out.

Holmes looks back to a DRUM OF KEROSENE.

AT THE ALTAR

Rathe CONTINUES the chant.

Elizabeth's is FRIGHTENED. She tries to BREAK free. But the bindings are TOO TIGHT.

HOLMES AND WATSON

TILT over a barrel of kerosene.

The liquid SPILLS out.

THE PATH OF KEROSENE runs along the floor. CIRCLING around the cult member's feet. It moves to the CURTAINS AND CARPETS. It forms PUDDLES beneath the candelabrum.

Holmes grabs a LIT CANDLE. He GIVES it to Watson.

HOLMES

When I call your name... Light it.

Watson NODS. Holmes turns and RUNS OFF. Watson STANDS over the flowing kerosene. WAITING.

AT THE ALTAR

Rathe removes one of the sacrificial SWORDS from the wall. He HOLDS IT OVER Elizabeth.

He MUTTERS A short prayer.

WATSON

WATCHES from the rear. Tightly CLUTCHING the candle in his hand.
IMPATIENT. NERVOUS.

Rathe lowers the sharp BLADE. To Elizabeth's THEROAT. She SCREAMS.

Watson eyes nervously DART. SCANNING the room. NO SIGN of Holmes.

Rathe rests the TIP OF THE BLADE on Elizabeth's neck. Ready to CUT.

HOLMES

has climbed to the CEILING. He hangs from a METAL PULLEY HOOK. He lets out a LOUD SCREAM.

HOLMES

Now, Watson!!!

Rathe PULLS BACK the sword. He LOOKS to the ceiling. Seeing Holmes, Rathe's eyes fill with FURY.

Elizabeth SMILES. HOPEFUL.

Watson TORCHES the kerosene. He runs OFFSCREEN.

THE FIRE

SHOOTS along the path of kerosene on the floor.

The Fire catches the CLOAKS of several cult members. The curtains and carpets BURST into flames. The entire temple is soon ABLAZE!

EXT. WAREHOUSE

WATSON

runs OUTSIDE. LOCKING the door. TRAPPING the cult members inside.

INT. TEMPLE

HOLMES

EMITS a loud scream. Like a SWASHBUCKLING PIRATE, he rides the PULLEY HOOK over the FLAMES.

ON THE FLOOR BELOW

PANDEMONIUM. Several cult members are COVERED WITH FLAMES. SCREAMING. Others are TRAPPED. All around them, their temple BURNS.

Getting to the ALTAR, Holmes LEAPS from the pulley hook. He lands ON TOP OF Rathe.

Rathe FALLS to the altar floor. DAZED.

Holmes LEAPS to his feet. He quickly UNTIES Elizabeth. Holmes LOOKS around the room. The flames are GETTING CLOSER to the altar.

Holmes FREES Elizabeth.

Rathe GETS TO HIS FEET.

RATHE comes up behind the UNSUSPECTING Holmes. Elizabeth tries to WARN him.

ELIZABETH

Holmes!...

Before Holmes can DEFEND himself, Rathe picks up his SWORD. He gives Holmes a HARD KNOCK. To the BACK OF THE HEAD.

Holmes falls OFF THE ALTAR. He LANDS on the temple floor. UNCONSCIOUS.

Rathe GRABS Elizabeth. She REACHES OUT for Holmes. But Rathe pulls her AWAY. Keeping the sword AT HER THROAT.

As his TEMPLE AND CULT BURN, Rathe ESCAPES through a TRAP DOOR. In the altar FLOOR.

Holmes still LIES on the temple floor. OUT COLD. Amidst the FLAMES. Amidst the SCREAMING, DYING cult members.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Rathe and Elizabeth exit from a BASEMENT DOOR.

Standing several feet away. WATSON sees them. He CALLS OUT.

WATSON

Elizabeth!

Elizabeth TURNS. She BREAKS FREE of Rathe's grasp.

Elizabeth RUNS to Watson.

Rathe removes the PISTOL. From BENEATH his cloak. He SHOUTS to Elizabeth.

RATHE

Get back here!

She CONTINUES to run.

RATHE

Get back!

She DOESN'T STOP.

Rathe CLICKS THE PISTOL.

Elizabeth is a FEW FEET from Watson's arms.

Rathe FIRES A SHOT.

Elizabeth is HIT. In the BACK. She FALLS.

Rathe AIMS at Watson.

Watson DUCKS.

Rathe takes ANOTHER SHOT.

It MISSES Watson.

Rathe continues to SHOOT. Watson CRAWLS to the WOUNDED Elizabeth.

Rathe DROPS the gun. Out of BULLETS.

Rathe RUNS off. SWORD in hand. CONFUSED. Rathe moves toward the ICY RIVER.

Watson HOLDS the wounded Elizabeth. In his ARMS. She is STILL ALIVE. BARELY.

INT. TEMPLE

HOLMES

WAKES. He GRABS his head. In PAIN. He LOOKS around.

The room is filled with SMOKE. FLAMES are everywhere. The DEAD BODIES of the cult members scatter the floor.

Holmes GETS TO HIS FEET. COUGHING. He looks TO THE ALTAR. He sees the OPEN TRAP DOOR.

The warehouse begins to CRUMBLE. The ceiling is ENGULFED in flames. WOOD AND STEEL beams fall to the floor. The temple STATUES AND RELICS lie broken on the ground. BURNT TO A CRISP.

Holmes RUNS to the trap door. Before exiting, he spots the REMAINING SWORD on the wall. He GRABS it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Holmes EXITS from the basement door. UP AHEAD, he sees Watson on his knees with Elizabeth. Holmes RUNS to them.

Holmes KNEELS beside Elizabeth. He TAKES her hand. Holmes LOOKS at Watson. He wants an EXPLANATION.

WATSON

Rathe shot her.

Holmes HOLDS BACK his anger. He TENDERLY embraces Elizabeth.

HOLMES

Don't move. You'll be alright.

She LOOKS at him. Her eyes WEAK.

ELIZABETH

You're a lousy liar, Holmes.

Holmes SMILES. He TURNS to Watson.

HOLMES

(eyes on FIRE)

Where is he?

Watson POINTS to the icy river. Holmes TURNS.

Rathe ESCAPES across the ice.

Holmes GRABS his sword. He SHOOTS to his feet. RUNNING after Rathe.
THE RIVER.

Holmes moves QUICKLY across the ice. Tightly CLUTCHING his sword.

Rathe still runs AHEAD.

Holmes CATCHES UP. About TEN FEET from Rathe. Holmes SHOUTS.

HOLMES

Eh Tar!

Hearing his real name. Rathe TURNS.

Holmes GLARES at him. Extending his SWORD.

HOLMES

(passionate)

You're nothing but a bloody fraud!

RATHE

And you're letting your ego get the best of you, Holmes.

Holmes LUNGES forward. He RAISES his sword. SWINGING at Rathe.

Rathe BLOCKS the blow with his sword.

The fight BEGINS.

Holmes attacks like a man POSSESSED.

The fight is HEATED. FAST.

Rathe does all he can to DEFEND HIMSELF from Holmes' SWIFT blows.

The two SLIP AND SLIDE along the ice. moving CLOSER... CLOSER... TO
THE HOLE IN THE ICE. Where earlier, the flying machine SANK.

Rathe SHOOTS FORWARD with his blade. Slicing Holmes ACROSS THE ARM.

Holmes REELS from the blow. Nearly FALLING.

Rathe gets ANOTHER slice in. Across Holmes' CHEST.

Holmes responds with the FEROCITY OF A LION. He LUNGES forward.
Blade SLICING at Rathe.

On the defensive. Rathe moves FURTHER AND FURTHER BACK... INCHES from
the hole in the ice.

Holmes brings his sword down HARD.

The blade slices ACROSS RATHE'S FACE. A DEEP cut.

Rathe DROPS his sword.

The sword SPINS along the ice. It falls into the HOLE.

Rathe stands on the EDGE OF THE HOLE The ice SURROUNDING him BEGINS
TO CRACK.

Holmes takes a STEP BACK.

Rathe LOSES his footing. He SCREAMS. FALLING into the ICY WATER.

Rathe SINKS. disappearing UNDER THE WATER.

AN ICY DEATH.

Holmes PAUSES for a moment. He THROWS HIS SWORD into the water.

Holmes RUNS back to Elizabeth and Watson.

ELIZABETH

LIES across Watson's lap. Her eyelids are FLUTTERING.

Holmes WALKS up. He gives a FRIGHTENED, QUESTIONING look to Watson.

Watson SHAKES HIS HEAD.

Holmes FALLS TO HIS KNEES.

He TAKES Elizabeth's body. EMBRACING her. She OPENS her eyes. SLIGHTLY.

Holmes LOOKS at her. TENDERLY. SINCERELY.

HOLMES

I love you.

She MANAGES a smile. Holmes LEANS forward. They SHARE a kiss.

Holmes PULLS BACK. Elizabeth's eyes are CLOSED. Her body LIMP. Her features MOTIONLESS.

She is DEAD.

Holmes HOLDS her close.

He begins to CRY.

CAMERA MOVES TO

THE RIVER.

CAMERA DOLLIES FORWARD, STOPPING ON

THE HOLE IN THE ICE.

All is CALM.

A HAND

suddenly SHOOTS out of the icy water.

The RING of the Te Rami is on the middle finger.

The hand GROPEs for support.

Finding the EDGE of the ice. the hand CLUTCHES it.

HOLMES

still HOLDS Elizabeth's body.

Watson notices SOMETHING by the river. Something MOVING.

WATSON

(shoots to his feet)

Holmes. Look.

Holmes LOOKS UP. TEARS streaming down his face.

A LONG SHOT

We see a DARK FIGURE emerge from the ice and run off INTO THE FOREST.

HOLMES screams.

HOLMES

Rathe!!! Rathe!!!

THE FIGURE

RUNS off, escaping into the BLACK FOREST.

HOLMES

STOPS screaming. IT's POINTLESS. Rathe is TOO FAR. Holmes is TOO WEAK.

Holmes TURNS BACK to Elizabeth.

The sound of SIRENS. Several POLICE vehicles pull up.

LESTRADE

gets out of a carriage. He STARES at the burning warehouse. He SEES Holmes and Elizabeth. SYMPATHY covers Lestrade's face

CAMERA PULLS BACK to EXTREME LONG SHOT.

Holmes HOLDS Elizabeth. Watson STANDS beside them. The warehouse BURNS to the ground in the background. POLICEMEN exit the carriages. The nightmare of the Te Rami is OVER.

FADE OUT.

CLOSE UP:

GRAVESTONE.

It reads: ELIZABETH SNAPPET. The grave is directly BESIDE Waxflatter's. A HAND comes into FRAME. Putting FLOWERS on the fresh grave.

CAMERA PULLS BACK.

HOLMES and WATSON stand over the grave. UNCAS is with them.

A COLD, WITHDRAWN expression covers Holmes' face. He is THINNER. The BOYISH quality of his face has been replaced by a HARDENED, TOUGH look. A result of his incredible GRIEF.

Holmes TURNS. WALKING off with Watson. Uncas FOLLOWS. Holmes STARES ahead. His eyes LIFELESS. Watson SEARCHES for the correct words. He gently PATS Holmes on the back.

WATSON

Holmes... You've got your whole life ahead of you.

HOLMES

(adamant)

And I'll spend it alone.

Holmes TURNS. Walking OUT of the graveyard. Watson SHAKES his head. And FOLLOWS.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"LESTRADE PROMOTED TO INSPECTOR". A GRINNING photo of Lestrade is above the article.

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Watson is READING the article. Holmes is BESIDE Watson. They STAND outside of BROMPTON BOARDING SCHOOL. Holmes' arms are LOADED with baggage. Uncas WAITS with them.

Watson gives a SLAP to the newspaper article.

WATSON

(incredulous)

We're not even mentioned... It's as if he uncovered the entire case on his own...

HOLMES

Exactly. That's what he wanted the Yard to believe. Why else would they give him a promotion?

Watson SMILES. He gives a QUESTIONING look to Holmes.

WATSON

You know, I'm still puzzled about a few things, Holmes...

(a pause)

When did you begin to suspect that Rathe was involved with the cult?

HOLMES

The night we attended the CULT RITUAL. Rathe somehow KNEW that I was still on school grounds. But how? It was IMPOSSIBLE for him to have seen me.

(a pause)

Unless he was a CULT MEMBER at the RITUAL. He would have SEEN ME THERE.

WATSON

When did you know he was "Eh Tar"?

HOLMES

When I was struck by that SNOWBALL.

WATSON

What? What could a snowball tell you?

HOLMES

It made the GASH on my face bleed. I suddenly remembered how I got the gash. When RATHE struck me, the RING HE WAS WEARING, cut my face.

(a pause)

It was the ring of the TE RAMI LEADER.

WATSON

And those were your only clues?

HOLMES

No, there were others...

(a pause)

When Waxflatter first retired... the Board wanted him to move off of school grounds. But Rathe argued... fought... until he convinced the Board to let Waxflatter LIVE ON SCHOOL GROUNDS. It's always seemed strange to me... I could never understand why Rathe had lobbied so strongly for Waxflatter...

WATSON

He was fond of Waxflatter's inventions?

HOLMES

What's the matter with you? Have you been asleep through this entire case?

WATSON

Sorry.

HOLMES

Remember what Cragwitch told us? Waxflatter was the ONLY ONE of the original "Stargazer Six" who kept in contact with the others. By keeping Waxflatter on school grounds, and intercepting his MAIL, Rathe knew the CONSTANT WHEREABOUTS of each man.

WATSON

So he could order the Te Rami to strike at ANY TIME.

HOLMES

Exactly.

WATSON

Why did Rathe wait so many years to take revenge?

HOLMES

It took him several years to ORGANIZE the cult... to recruit new members...

(a pause)

Also, he needed time to ESTABLISH himself as a respected member of British society... to completely ERASE and BURY his old identity.

WATSON

How did you know he was going to assassinate the Queen?

HOLMES

That night in the LIBRARY... Mrs. Dribb took out information about the Queen. I thought it strange, but immediately forgot about it.

(a beat)

Until we met with Cragwitch. And he told us that Eh Tar's note THREATENED the Royalty of England.

(a pause)

I didn't connect the two... until Uncas led us to the Christmas Pageant. Then it all clicked. The Queen makes VERY FEW public appearances. The Pageant is the CLOSEST she ever gets to the people. A perfect place to assassinate her, and make an escape into the heavy crowds.

WATSON

Amazing.

HOLMES

Elementary my dear, Watson. Elementary.

WATSON

Of course, you did forget one VERY IMPORTANT clue.

HOLMES

(surprised)

Oh? Please enlighten me, old chap.

WATSON

"Rathe" is "Eh Tar" SPELLED BACKWARDS.

HOLMES

(pauses, smiles to himself)

Hummm. It is. Isn't it?

Watson PROUDLY smiles. Holmes PATS him on the back.

HOLMES

You may be a detective yet, Watson.

WATSON

So... Where do you think he is now?

HOLMES

Rathe? Far away from England. Far away.

(a beat)

I'm certain he's changed his identity by now. And this time it won't just be a simple reversal of his name.

(angry, passionate)

But if it takes my entire life, I'll find Rathe. Maybe not this year. Maybe not next. Maybe not for twenty years. But I will find him. And when I do... He'll pay for killing all of those people... and Elizabeth.

A CARRIAGE pulls up to the curb. The DRIVER gets out. He LOADS Holmes' baggage onto the carriage.

Holmes TURNS to Watson. Time for GOODBYE. Watson SMILES.

WATSON

Will you be coming back after the Holiday?

HOLMES

(shakes his head)

I'll transfer. Too many painful memories here.

Watson NODS. UNDERSTANDING.

Holmes looks up to the WINDOW where Elizabeth waved goodbye. SEVERAL days ago. Holmes WISHES she would appear again. Teary eyed, he TURNS back to Watson.

Watson gives SOMETHING to Holmes. A WRAPPED present.

WATSON

Merry Christmas. Holmes.

Holmes is SURPRISED. He OPENS the present. He CHUCKLES.

It's the SMOKING PIPE from the pawn shop. Watson SHRUGS.

WATSON

I figured you'd have more luck smoking it than I did.

Holmes PUTS the pipe into his mouth. He TURNS to Watson.

HOLMES

Well?

WATSON

(nods)

It does seem to suit you...

Holmes SMILES. He EMBRACES Watson.

HOLMES

I'll miss you.

WATSON

I'll miss you, too.

HOLMES

I'm sure we'll see each other again.

With a final WAVE. Holmes gets into the carriage. Watson WAVES goodbye.

The carriage DRIVES OFF. Holmes STARES through the rear window.

Something OCCURS to Watson. He SHOUTS to the departing Holmes.

WATSON

Holmes! You were right!

HOLMES

(shouts back)

About what?

WATSON

It WAS the adventure of a lifetime!

Holmes CHUCKLES. Watson continues watching the DEPARTING CARRIAGE.

WATSON'S VOICE. AS AN OLDER MAN, NARRATES.

WATSON (V.O.)

So ended my first adventure with Mr. Sherlock Holmes. As I watched his carriage disappear into the distance. I realized that I had forgotten to thank him. He had taken a weak, frightened boy. and made him into a courageous, strong man.

(a pause)

My heart soared. I was filled with confidence. I was ready for whatever mystery or danger lie ahead. I was ready to take on the greatest and most exciting adventure of them all...Life.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO EXTREME LONG SHOT.

A HEAVY SNOW falls over London.

Watson, a faithful Uncas beside him, WATCHES Holmes' carriage disappear in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

SWITZERLAND.

We are far in the Swedish COUNTRYSIDE. Surrounded by MOUNTAINS. An small, charming, family run HOTEL sits amidst the BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

A CARRIAGE ascends the NARROW PATH to the Hotel. The carriage stops in front of the Hotel. A MAN gets out. His BACK is to the camera. He carries his luggage inside.

INT. HOTEL

An elderly WOMAN works the front desk. THE MAN walks up to her. THE VOICE is familiar.

VOICE

Excuse me. I'd like a room.

WOMAN
(Swedish accent)
How long will you be staying?

CAMERA PANS TO THE MAN.

RATHE.

The same ICY, EVIL features. But now, a HEAVY SCAR, runs along the side of his face. from his temple to his chin. Rathe COLDY answers the woman.

RATHE
I can't really say. Two... maybe three weeks.

WOMAN
(nods, pushing the registry towards him)
Sign your name.

Rathe takes the book and SIGNS his name.

CAMERA PANS TO CLOSE UP OF RATHE'S HAND SIGNING THE BOOK.

THE SIGNIATURE READS:

M O R I A R T Y

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END