

A STUDY IN SHERLOCK

"Scarlet Fever"

Teleplay by

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Adapted from

"A Study In Scarlet"

by

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CHAPTER ONE - "MISTER SHERLOCK HOLMES"

1881 - EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - MARKET STREET - MID-DAY

An uncomfortable melting pot in the middle of class-conscious Victorian society. Narrow cobblestone street, at the height of the business day, thick with pedestrians. Through which---

HANS DIPPER - Exaggerated features. Garish topcoat, oversized hat. Brazenly pickpockets insignificant baubles from the crowd. Including---

JOHN WATSON, an unusually swarthy young gentleman prematurely withered by the physical (and emotional) scars of war. Peruses the LONDON TIMES Classified. Frustrated SIGH. An Editorial page article elicits his skeptical "HARUMPH".

Dipper REACTS. Eyes light up a moment. Bumps into---
Watson REACTS. Startled, angry. Then, quickly timid.
Dipper MUMBLES an apology and stumbles OFF through the crowd.

In Dipper's hand - Watson's GOLD WATCH, a well-worn heirloom. In his other hand, a small sharp BLADE glistens.
Dipper smiles. Focuses on his real target---

Fashionably-attired COLONEL SEBASTIAN MORAN ignores SHOUTING VENDORS. Warily navigates the bustling crowd. Protects a BLACK SILK BAG tied to his belt, under a long waist-coat.

Dipper trips a FRUIT VENDOR. Fruit spills under the crowd. Vendor REACTS. Angry tussle with Dipper. Collide into Moran. Under Moran's coat - Dipper's blade frees the silk bag. O-S, Policeman's WHISTLE!
Dipper & Moran REACT. Separately escape into the crowd.

EXT. AROUND THE CORNER

Moran pauses, bent over to catch his breath. Discovers, the silk bag is missing. REACTS. Fiery eyes. Looks up. SEES---

Across the street, Dipper's hat visible above the crowd. Disappears into an alley.

Moran GROWLS! Pushes aside pedestrians. Into---

EXT. ALLEY OFF MARKET STREET

Moran HUFFS & PUFFS. Finds---
A figure in the shadows squats under Dipper's large-brim hat. Moran snatches away the hat. REVEALS---

MORAN

Thief!

SHEELAGH THE HAG, a wart-nosed old prostitute grins through rotted teeth. Flaunts her grubby cleavage.

SHEELAGH

'Allo, dearie. Lookin' fer a bit
o'fun?

Moran REACTS, revulsion. UGH! Panics. Backs away & OFF.

Sheelagh REACTS. Throaty LAUGH. OFF her sly grin, to---
A hint of Dipper's topcoat, under her grayish petticoat.

EXT. MARKET STREET

Moran searches the crowd, for Dipper. Frustrated GRUMBLE.
Beyond Moran---

Sheelagh exits the alley, ignored by the crowd.
Rotted dentures spit into her hand.
False nose & teeth tucked into a modest bosom.
Hag-wig replaced with flowing blonde hair.
Her mannish face sparkles with youthful zest. Considers---

INSERT - IN SHEELAGH'S HAND - WATSON'S WATCH

Scuffed and old. Monogram in fancy engraving: J. H. W.

RESUME SCENE

Sheelagh REACTS. Satisfied smile. Through crowd, bumps into---
Watson REACTS, off-guard. Shyly attracted.
Sheelagh slips the watch back into Watson's coat pocket.

SHEELAGH

Begging your pardon, sir.

Sheelagh smiles. Watson REACTS, speechless. Polite MUMBLE.
Distracted, Watson SEES---
Sheelagh backs through the crowd. Short-cuts into---

EXT. SERVICE ALLEY

Sheelagh REACTS, surprised to find her path cut off by---
An elegant SHADOW, in top hat and cloak. Fiery-red eyes.
A soft, cultured voice belies his menace.

SHADOW JACK
You have something, not yours.

Shadow Jack twists a GARGOYLE-HEADED CANE.
A glistening sword-point pops out.
Sheelagh's adept martial arts skills surprise Shadow Jack.
Brief, faster-than-the-eye combat.
Jack's blade slashes Sheelagh's right forearm.
Sheelagh REACTS. Pain! Misses a beat, loses the advantage.

WATSON'S VOICE (O.S.)
Unhand the Lady!

Shadow Jack REACTS, surprised by---
Watson ENTERS the alley.
Sheelagh takes advantage. A kick & a punch.
Jack doubles-over. Watson CROSSES between Jack and---
Sheelagh escapes, through the alley.
Jack ROARS! Knocks Watson for a loop.
Cane-sword drips blood, over---
Watson kicks Jack---
Into the shadows. Jack vanishes as quickly as he appeared.
Watson REACTS. Perplexed, a half-beat. Quickly pursues---

EXT. ALLEY EXIT

Sheelagh CROSSES the street, against traffic and OFF.
Watson appears, shortly behind. FOLLOWS her into---

EXT. BAKER STREET - AFTERNOON

Sheelagh EXITS into a modest brownstone building.
Watson HUFFS & PUFFS. In time to see---

BEHIND A SECOND-FLOOR WINDOW

A shadow draws the curtain.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - CLOSER

Watson examines the address.
Finds the name posted on the mail slot:

221-B - S. Holmes

INT. 221-B BAKER STREET - SHERLOCK'S SUITE - SUBJECTIVE

At a dresser mirror. Treats a bloody forearm. Crude & quick.
Swiftly hidden under a man's elegant dressing gown. When---

O-S, VOICES - Watson and an OLDER WOMAN.
 Angry commotion. Rushes up the stairs.

Watson bursts in. Practically falls over---
 Matronly landlady MRS. HUDSON, hot on his heels. Discover---

MRS. HUDSON

I told you, sir--- Uh, er, Begging
 your pardon, Mister Holmes.

SHERLOCK HOLMES tightly closes his dressing gown. Trim and
 boyish, with a lifetime of experience reflected in steely
 eyes that can stop you cold in a single glance.

MRS. HUDSON (CONT'D)

I told the gentleman, you were not
 to be disturbed.

SHERLOCK

Quite right, Mrs. Hudson. Quite all
 right.

Watson separates himself. CROSSES into the sitting room.
 Slyly, glances through open doors into an adjacent BEDROOM
 and DEN. Watson's posture stiffens, with military precision.

WATSON

I seek a lady...

Mrs. Hudson regains her dignity. EXITS. An indignant HUFF &
 nasty look to Watson, who continues scanning the apartment.

WATSON (CONT'D)

In need of, medical attention.

Sherlock turns back to the mirror. Drops a SCARF over---
 Sheelagh's BLONDE WIG, upon the BUST OF HOMER.
 Sherlock raises an eye-brow.

SHERLOCK

You are a Doctor?

Watson's brave image weakens. Nervous. Embarrassing secrets.
 Absently, pats a pocket. Corner of a PAWN TICKET is visible.

WATSON

I am without a practice. At the
 moment.

Sherlock studies Watson's REFLECTION, in the dresser mirror.

Watson's dark brow perspires. Dries it with a handkerchief.
 Watson's face and hand are darkly baked, except where---
 His coat sleeve pulls back, REVEALS a lily-white tan-line.

Sherlock imagines, Watson's reflection. In military uniform.

SHERLOCK

I see. You served your Queen. In Afghanistan?

WATSON

What? How did you---

Sherlock half-faces Watson. Eyes sparkle.

SHERLOCK

Elementary.

Sherlock's half-smile conceals more than it reveals. Turns back to the mirror. Sherlock SEES--- Watson's left arm hangs stiffly. Left hand gently twitches. Sherlock imagines - a RIFLE BULLET, through Watson's left arm. Explosion of blood & flesh & shattered bone & severed nerve.

WATSON

I saw, a bit of action. In Maiwand.

SHERLOCK

A bit too much action?

Watson's left hand REACTS, positively convulses.

WATSON

See here---

SHERLOCK

You are in need of, fresh lodgings?

Watson REACTS, surprised. Follows Sherlock's gaze, to--- The Times under Watson's arm. "To Let" notices circled, in the Classified section.

WATSON

Yes. I am afraid, I'd rather forgot the time. It may be--- Too late.

Watson reaches for his watch. Finds the pocket empty. A beat. Surprised to find it in the opposite pocket. Awkwardly retrieved with his good arm.

Sherlock REACTS. OOPS! A rare mistake.

Watson REACTS, a half-beat. Reserves his questions for later.

SHERLOCK

In my profession, I may have some use for a companion with a modicum of medical knowledge---

WATSON
Your "profession"?

SHERLOCK
And, no questions!

Frustrated exhale. Beyond the window curtain, Sherlock SEES---

INSERT - EXT. BAKER STREET

A shadowy figure, ANGUS SPRINGER, paces uncertainly.

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SUITE

Sherlock ushers Watson out into the hallway.
Intentionally, knocks Watson's newspaper to the floor.
Distraction from Sherlock's fingers, in Watson's pocket.

SHERLOCK
Mustn't keep you any further, my
good man. You are already late for
your appointment. And my client is
unlikely to appear in the presence
of, strangers.

WATSON
Er, yes, I--- If you have need---

SHERLOCK
I will know where to find you.
James?

Watson REACTS, surprised and perplexed.

WATSON
John.

SHERLOCK
Of course. Much stronger.

Sherlock half-smiles.

WATSON
John Watson.

SHERLOCK
Sherlock Holmes.

Sherlock picks up the Times. Turned to the Editorial page.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I trust, you found this morning's editorial of some "amusement"? Abridged, of course, from a much-longer monograph.

WATSON

I am a doctor. The observation of detail is crucial in any successful diagnosis.

Sherlock REACTS. A satisfied smile.

WATSON (CONT'D)

This man's theories are intriguing. But his conclusions---

SHERLOCK

It is an extract.

WATSON

It is rubbish!

SHERLOCK

I wrote it.

Sherlock's infamous half-smile.
Watson REACTS, speechless. Cut off when---
Sherlock closes the door, shuts Watson out.

Sherlock leans against the door. Contemplative LAUGH.
Watson's PAWN TICKET in Sherlock's hand.

EXT. 221-B BAKER STREET

Watson stumbles down the brownstone, uncertain.
Circles, once or twice. HARUMPH! EXITS past---

ANGUS SPRINGER a mole-ish criminal figure. Uncomfortable in the light. MUMBLES to himself. Against his better judgement, EXITS into---

INT. SHERLOCK'S SUITE

Sherlock quickly arranges things. Moran's silk bag, prominent upon the center table. Sherlock assumes his position, between the mirror and window.

O-S, a less-than-pleasant exchange between Mrs. Hudson and Angus's surly RASP. An impertinent KNOCK on the door.

SHERLOCK
Come in, Mrs. Hudson.

MRS. HUDSON
My word, sir. Your visitors today---

ANGUS
I was told to come.

MRS. HUDSON
I must say, Mister Holmes---

SHERLOCK
The park looks quite pleasant, this
afternoon. For a stroll, and a tea?

Mrs. Hudson chokes back her feelings. A wary eye to Angus.

MRS. HUDSON
Of course, as you say, Mister
Holmes.

Mrs. Hudson EXITS. A long silence.
Sherlock avoids eye-contact, stares out the window.

ANGUS
I was told. To come. Nothing more.

SHERLOCK
The bag is yours.

Angus CROSSES to Moran's bag.

ANGUS
What's in her?

SHERLOCK
Evidence. Meant to frame your
brother, Jack.

ANGUS
Who would--- ?

SHERLOCK
A rival.

ANGUS
Oh. Aye.

SHERLOCK
You may use it, to prove his
innocence.

Angus hesitates, a long beat.

ANGUS

Ain't you the clever one. What do you want for her?

SHERLOCK

I want, no further business with you, Angus Springer, or your brother. Make no mistake. I shall gladly dedicate every resource at my disposal and march both of you up the gallows, personally. For the crimes of which you are guilty. But I would never see any man, however scurvy, wrongly convicted. So that, the true villain might roam free.

ANGUS

As you say. Still, if ever you be a'needing---

SHERLOCK

I shall bear that in mind. And dread the day.

A long silence. Neither man makes effort to communicate. Finally, Angus GRUNTS. Takes Moran's bag. Uncertain. EXITS.

A beat.

Sherlock REACTS, relieved sigh. Groan of anguish! Sherlock quickly CROSSES to the dresser. Undoes his gown. His bloodied arm throbs.

EXT. SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY - DUSK

An old two-flat building. **"TO LET"** sign in the narrow window. Watson consults his watch. Past six o'clock. CROSSES to--- A drab-looking LANDLORD, behind the window Removes the sign and draws the shade. Watson REACTS, frustrated SIGH. Crosses off the advert in the Times. Turns to---

EXT. WATSON'S POV

On the Editorial page. Sherlock's article---

"The Book Of Life - Observation & Deduction"
By Sherlock Holmes

A long beat. The newspaper lowers, to REVEAL---

EXT. 221-B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

A lonely figure, Watson watches Sherlock's lit window.

WATSON'S VOICE (V.O.)
 I find myself drawn into a mystery.
 I am in no condition for mysteries.
 And yet...

EXT. MARKET STREET - NIGHT

In a narrow recess between shops, Watson huddles against the cold night air. Discarded fruit crates for a bed.

WATSON'S VOICE (V.O.)
 The mind will not rest. Until I
 unravel the puzzle that is,
 Sherlock Holmes.

INT. SHERLOCK'S SUITE - NIGHT

Sherlock crudely stitches his wound, best he can left-handed. Off the wound, to Sherlock's REFLECTION in the mirror.

Sherlock grimaces, refuses to surrender to the pain. Coldly analyzes his image.

Dressing gown down to the waist. Body, lean and strong. Supple contours unmistakable. Reveal the naked truth---

SHEELAGH LOCKHART

The young woman who would be Sherlock Holmes.

CHAPTER TWO - *"THE SCIENCE OF DEDUCTION"*

EXT. MORNING - WATSON'S POV

Angle on Sherlock's Times editorial.

WATSON'S VOICE (V.O.)
 Where to begin? With the man,
 himself. Apply his methods.

The newspaper lowers, to REVEAL---

EXT. LONDON TIMES OFFICES - EARLY MORNING

Subjective. Advance toward the entrance, into---

INT. TIMES - EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Musty. Through endless rows of CLERKS. To the lowly desk of---

OSCAR STAMFORD

Times' Science Editor. About Watson's age. Enthusiasm of youth, tempered by tedium. Welcomes a break in the routine.

Visited by former class-mate Watson.

WATSON

Oscar Stamford?

OSCAR

John Watson. What a surprise.

WATSON

The sight of a friendly face in the great wilderness of London is, indeed, a pleasant thing.

OSCAR

Look at you. Thin as a rail and brown as the bark of a tree.

Watson REACTS, taken aback. Suddenly considers his image. The observations of Sherlock. Begins to understand.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

How have you been keeping yourself, John?

WATSON

Just returned, from service. With the Berkshires. In Maiwand.

OSCAR

Aye. Seems, both of us put our medical degrees to "good use".

Oscar plops behind his desk. Sarcastic glance around. Watson places Sherlock's article upon Oscar's desk.

WATSON

What do you know of this?

OSCAR
Sherlock Holmes? Quite a character.

WATSON
Indeed.

OSCAR
Scotland Yard could tell you more.

WATSON
He is a criminal?

OSCAR
Quite the opposite, although the
Inspectors might wish it so. You
have been away, so you don't know.
The Yard has seen some crime, of
late. Real bafflers. This is the
man who puzzled them out.

WATSON
Really?

OSCAR
Didn't see a whit of credit for it.
Put together this monograph---

Oscar digs out a dusty MANUSCRIPT. Passes it to Watson.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Tried to do it as a series. Set the
record straight. My publisher would
have none of it. All I could do, to
get this introduction past him.

WATSON
Is there any credence to it?

Oscar shrugs, uncertain. Almost CHUCKLES.

OSCAR
He is a little queer in his ideas.
With a passion for definite, exact
information. No qualms, getting it.
First-class chemist. Anatomy. Never
taken any formal classes, but
amassed such an eccentric knowledge
as would astonish any Professor.

WATSON
Certainly intimate with, the "under-
class".

OSCAR
 Would it surprise you to know---
 Sherlock is of royal lineage.

WATSON
 You're joking?

OSCAR
 Far enough removed, to be of little
 consequence. But a smart man would
 parlay his connection into a cushy
 government position. Lord knows,
 his brother certainly did.

WATSON
 Brother?

This has captured the attention of several adjacent CLERKS,
 ciphers behind bottle-glass lenses. Eavesdrop for useful
 gossip and profitable intelligence.

Oscar REACTS, a fox in the trap.

OSCAR
 I am talking out of school. Good
 thing, you are an old school-mate.

Loud enough to make his point to the eavesdropping Clerks.
 They return to their work. Oscar WHISPERS, nervously.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
 That's all I have for you, Watson.
 Go to Scotland Yard, if you want
 more. Gordon Lestrade is anxious
 for a promotion. Sherlock Holmes is
 his ticket.

Oscar hunches over his desk, buried in work. Uncomfortable
 SILENCE. Watson rises. Clutches Sherlock's manuscript.

WATSON
 I see. Er, May I--- ?

Oscar shrugs. Avoids eye-contact.
 Watson nods. EXITS, with more questions than he came in.

EST. SCOTLAND YARD OFFICES - MORNING

Intimidating, in an old-world sense. The building towers over
 us like a castle or cathedral. With signature BLUE LAMPS.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - LESTRADE'S DESK

A country man in city clothes, GORDON LESTRADE is tastefully attired but not hesitant to get down in the dirt.

Distracted, eyes open for the next big case, Lestrade efforts great patience with Watson's queries.

LESTRADE

Yes. Holmes is very clever. Not a trained professional, of course, but clever. For a civilian. Cannot say that I understand his strange methods. But he brings a fresh perspective that proved useful. In a case or two.

WATSON

I heard, Holmes has a brother?

Lestrade REACTS, stiff attention. Glances around, SEES--- Subordinates try so hard to "not hear", they clearly hang on every word of the conversation.

LESTRADE

Where did you hear that?

WATSON

I heard.

LESTRADE

Some things are best not hearing.

WATSON

He is, with the Government?

LESTRADE

Mycroft Holmes is the Government. In his own mind, at any rate. Excuse me---

Lestrade is distracted, by a flurry of activity across the room. Detectives rush OFF. Lestrade follows.

Alone, Watson fumes. EXITS into---

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - LATE MORNING

Watson steps out, only to be blocked by--- Two SOMBER MEN in black. Quietly intimidating.

SOMBER ONE

Your presence is requested...

SOMBER TOO

... Sir.

Watson REACTS, baffled. Nowhere to run. Watson nods, is escorted OFF into---

EST. DIOGENES CLUB - NOON

Austere and unrevealing. Private members club in the middle of Whitehall, with absolutely no markings or indications.

INT. DIOGENES CLUB

Somber Men escort Watson through a posh FOYER. Down a long hall, through an ATRIUM into---

INT. DIOGENES CLUB READING ROOM

Somber Men & Watson CROSS to---

MYCROFT HOLMES, large & obese, completely fills an opulent, overstuffed armchair. Face hidden, buried in one of many NEWSPAPERS & MAGAZINES stacked high upon a side table.

Somber One CROSSES to Mycroft. WHISPERS. Extends--- An official-looking LEATHER VALISE, with all the earmarks of containing secret documents.

MYCROFT'S EYES

Peek above the newspaper. REACT. Stern look to--- Somber One REACTS, rebuked for exposing the case in public. In the same breath, Mycroft's eyes direct an order. SEE--- Sherlock's manuscript, under Watson's arm.

In the blink of an eye, Somber Men are gone. Watson is alone with Mycroft, faceless behind his newspaper. Mycroft WHISPERS, difficult breaths through walls of flesh.

MYCROFT

You made inquiries.

WATSON

Did I?

MYCROFT

Whisper my name and ripples through Parliament wash you up on my shore.

WATSON
Mycroft Holmes?

Watson REACTS, surprised by---
An audible SHHH! From--- No one else in the room to say it?

MYCROFT
I consented to see you, in respect
for your service to Her Majesty.

WATSON
How did you--- ?

MYCROFT
Nothing in the Empire happens,
without my knowing.

Watson REACTS to the challenge, stiffens with military pride.

WATSON
You accessed my war record.

MYCROFT
You wear your war record, Doctor,
like a tired suit. You have read
the theories of Observation and
Deduction. Apply them.

Mycroft gestures to the WALL MIRROR, behind his chair.
Watson considers his REFLECTION. Shrugs. Behind Watson---

WATSON
Only a day, and I have seen more
things than I can possibly explain.

Somber One reappears, from nowhere.
With an empty VALISE. For Sherlock's manuscript.
Before Watson can respond, Somber One vanishes again.

Behind his newspaper, Mycroft fumes. Impatient.

MYCROFT
We take for granted subtle changes,
suffered daily. To begin with, you
are a gentleman of breeding fallen
on hard times. When challenged, you
respond with the erect posture of
an army officer.

Watson REACTS, stifles a protest.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Your hands, soft and without callous, have not seen common labor. Like your face, they are tropically dark. Your sleeves pulled back, however, reveal a more-natural pallor.

Angle on Watson's hands. His REACTION in the mirror.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

You have been abroad for some time. Although tasteful, your suit is several years behind the fashion. Missing buttons, on sleeve and vest. Tears in the coat mended by an unprofessional hand, clumsy and obvious, but stitched with surgical precision.

Mycroft's POV - Watson's vest & sleeve. Missing buttons. Hastily-stitched rip in elbow of his jacket.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

You were wounded. Several times. Your left hand spasms in the wake of trauma. A severed nerve, not yet fully mended, renders your left arm unreliable for medical duty.

Watson's left-hand SPASMS faster. His arm limp. STAINS visible on his coat and pants. From street refuse.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

With no visible income, you have exhausted your discharge pension and are without permanent lodgings.

Mycroft slyly peeks over his newspaper.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Bundle up tonight, Doctor. Inclement weather is forecast.

WATSON

Of course. Now that I see, it is---

MYCROFT

Elementary.

Watson REACTS, surprised smile.

WATSON

Your brother's exact word.

MYCROFT

I have, no brother.

WATSON

Of course. I mean, I know Sherlock Holmes is--- That is to say, you are--- Not, his brother?

Mycroft does not respond. Buried behind his newspaper. Watson REACTS, uncomfortable silence. Slowly backs away, interrupted by Mycroft's exasperated WHISPER.

MYCROFT

Half-brother.

WATSON

Oh.

Watson REACTS, slight GASP, to SEE revealed--- Mycroft's pale, bloated lobster-face. Dead-pan menace.

MYCROFT

Measure carefully, Doctor, before you become involved, the quick thrill of danger against the consequence of a life, cut short.

Watson REACTS, pale. GULP! He SEES--- Mycroft, once again, safely hidden behind his newspaper. Somber One suddenly appears before us. Gestures OFF into---

EXT. DIOGENES CLUB - AFTERNOON

Watson exits the building. Leans against the wall. Steadies his nerves, with great effort. A long beat. Surprised by---

Street urchin OLIVER WIGGINS, half Watson's height. Behind the dirt & poverty, bright eyes reflect extraordinary intelligence and ambition. Impossible to resist.

WIGGINS

Your presence is requested, sir.

Watson REACTS, *Not again?* Wiggins smiles. Presents Watson's weathered MEDICAL BAG. Watson REACTS, feels his pocket. The pawn ticket? Missing. Before he can respond, Watson is led OFF, by Wiggins. Into---

CHAPTER THREE - "THE SCARLET THREAD"

EXT. BRIXTON ROAD - DAY

Watson steps fast, to keep pace with Wiggins. To---

EXT. LAURISTON GARDENS - DAY

Watson REACTS, surprised to find---

Sherlock stretched-out, on all fours. Examines the ground, to the finest detail. Sherlock SEES through a MAGNIFYING GLASS---

Footprints in the mud. Watson's REFLECTION in the lens.

WATSON
Mister Holmes--- ?

Sherlock motions for silence.
Wiggins quietly salutes Sherlock. Quickly EXITS.

Sherlock leaps to his feet.
Casually paces up and down the block. SEES---

Everything. Innocuous details with hidden import.
Sky. Ground. Pavement. Railings. Adjacent housing.

Sherlock REACTS. Half-smile. Recognizes Watson.

SHERLOCK
How industrious, Watson. Barely
noon, and already a "marked-man".

WATSON
Your brother, implied as much.

Sherlock half-smiles.

SHERLOCK
Mycroft should know. He set the
hounds on you.

Mind back on the case, Sherlock struts OFF.
Watson follows, through the entrance into---

EXT. #3 LAURISTON GARDENS

One of four residential complexes. This one, unoccupied. "To
Let" SIGNS visible in some second- and third-floor windows.

Sherlock & Watson CROSS through the yard, past---

CONSTABLES tromp back and forth.
Up the pathway, to the front door. Open. Greeted by---
Lestrade hides his surprise to find Watson, in their company.

LESTRADE

Good of you to come, Mister Holmes.
Doctor Watson? Took care everything
remained untouched for you.

SHERLOCK

(Aside, to Watson)
A parade of circus elephants could
not have done more damage.

LESTRADE

Eh, what?

Lestrade REACTS. Sherlock half-smiles.

SHERLOCK

I said, everything is up to your
usual standard, Lestrade. I expect
to discover very little which your
men have not already, overturned?

LESTRADE

Oh. Aye.

Lestrade REACTS, proud smile. Watson stifles a GIGGLE.

SHERLOCK

You came here by cab?

LESTRADE

No, sir. I---

SHERLOCK

Your patrolmen?

LESTRADE

Most was here, when I arrived.

Sherlock nods. EXITS, with Watson. Into---

INT. VACANT FRONT ROOM

Thick with dust and mildew. Loose WALLPAPER, exposed PLASTER.
Showy FIREPLACE. Nub of a melted CANDLE, upon the mantle.
Random BLOOD SPLATTERS on the walls, floor.
Otherwise empty. Except for the body of---

COOPER HAWTHORNE, large elegantly-dressed gentleman. Twisted
by painful death contortions into a grotesque animal posture.

Watson REACTS. Left hand trembles. Steps back, into shadows.

LESTRADE

We sussed out everything what's to be had. Kind of queer case to your liking, I reckon. House was empty, some time. Patrolman saw a light, early morning. Discovered the gentleman as you see before you.

Sherlock kneels. Nimble fingers thoroughly examine the body. Sherlock sniffs Hawthorne's lips. Examines his boot-soles. Elegant TOP-HAT's inner label, with MAKER'S NAME & ADDRESS. In Hawthorne's death grip, a pressed & dried PRAIRIE FLOWER.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

No evidence of robbery or cause of death. No wounds upon the body, despite all the blood on the walls. Presumably, the murderer's.

SHERLOCK

If it is murder. Did you move the body?

LESTRADE

Only to empty his pockets.

Sherlock REACTS, chokes back his frustration.

With magnifying glass and TAPE MEASURE, Sherlock combs the room. Minute details. EXAMINES---

FOOTPRINTS in the dust. Hawthorne's boots. Another set of boot-prints - smaller, square-toed.

FLASH - EXT. STREET - UNDER SHERLOCK'S MAGNIFYING GLASS

Matching FOOTPRINTS in the mud. WHEEL RUTS and HOOF-PRINTS.

RESUME INT. FRONT ROOM

Sherlock measures between footprints. Interrupted by--- POLICEMEN trudge through the dust, disrupt evidence. Sherlock REACTS, frustration. COUGHS dust.

Out of the shadows, Watson is curious. Follows Sherlock. Beside the fireplace, Sherlock collects GRAY ASH on the floor. Into an ENVELOPE. In the fireplace remnants, FINDS--- A small MATCHBOX. Empty. Saves it in a handkerchief.

Lestrade fumbles, an EVIDENCE BOX. Sherlock catches it.

SHERLOCK

The deceased's personal effects?

LESTRADE

Aye, sir. All here.

Sherlock sorts through the box's contents. Handkerchief monogrammed **C. J. H.** Loose money, pocket change. Card-case, imported leather. Business cards, imprinted---

SHERLOCK

Cooper J. Hawthorne. Cleveland, Ohio. American? Gold watch and chain. Gold ring. Masonic. Gold pin, bulldog with ruby eyes.

LESTRADE

Our man were obsessed with gold.

SHERLOCK

Among other things. Pocket edition of "Decameron". Colorful bits, underscored. Name on the flyleaf, Arthur Fenimore. Two letters from Guion Steamship Company. Confirms tickets to sail, Liverpool to New York. Addressed to C. J. Hawthorne, and A. Fenimore. In care of the American Exchange, at the Strand.

LESTRADE

Fenimore must be Hawthorne's alias.

WATSON

Why would one man need two tickets?

SHERLOCK

Astute point, Watson.

LESTRADE

Then, Fenimore is our murderer.

SHERLOCK

Or the next victim. If Fenimore was our second man, he would not leave behind his steamship ticket.

Behind them, four OFFICERS lift Hawthorne onto a STRETCHER. Shake loose---

A SILVER RING

Rolls across the floor. To Sherlock's boot. He examines it.

LESTRADE
A wedding ring?

SHERLOCK
Perhaps.

LESTRADE
It weren't in the victim's pockets.

SHERLOCK
Our man's passion was gold. This ring is silver. Simple, personal. Belonging to our second party, I think. Clearly, a woman's ring.

LESTRADE
The other person were a woman?

SHERLOCK
Not necessarily.

WATSON'S VOICE (O-S)
What is this pattern?

SHERLOCK
Pattern?

Sherlock's eyes light up. CROSSES to---

WATSON

Studies the blood-stained wall. With Sherlock & Lestrade.

SHERLOCK
Ah, yes. Blood stains. The Scarlet Thread of murder through the heart of our colorless life. What is your medical opinion, Doctor?

WATSON
Certainly, not random.

SHERLOCK
Epistaxis?

WATSON
Without doubt.

LESTRADE
Eh?

SHERLOCK
Nosebleed, Lestrade.

LESTRADE

All this blood?

WATSON

The profusion would indicate a severe medical condition. Aggravated by emotional stress.

SHERLOCK

Good show, Watson. It pays to have a professional on the scene.

Sherlock's eyes sparkle. Friendly pat on Watson's shoulder. Watson peels back loose wallpaper. REVEALS---

WATSON

Then, there is this.

AN EMBLEM IN THE BLOOD

A flamboyant letter "A" and a crude cave-like DRAWING. Of a BIRD or BAT, with ribbed wings and a serpentine tail. Divides a celestial circle. Half bright SUN, half dark MOON.

Sherlock studies the drawing. SEES---
CLOSER - Sharp scratches gouge the plaster. Sherlock scrapes blood samples, into a small GLASS TUBE.

Watson indicates the burnt-down candle wax on the mantle.

WATSON

Dark, now. But easily visible when the candle was burning. A message?

SHERLOCK

For us, or the victim?

LESTRADE

It's some kind of a clue.

SHERLOCK

Or a distraction. Perhaps, both.

Sherlock SMACKS his lips, repeatedly, digests the information. CROSSES to EXIT. Lestrade scratches his head.

LESTRADE

I don't know what to make of it.

Sherlock pauses, in the door-way. Turns back to Lestrade.

SHERLOCK

There has been murder done. The murderer was a man, more than six-feet tall, in the prime of life. With smallish square-toed boots. And smoking a Trichinopoly cigar. He came here, with his victim, in a four-wheeled cab drawn by a horse with three old shoes and one new one. On his off fore-leg. In all probability, the murderer had a florid face and remarkably-long fingernails. On his right hand, at the very least.

INSERT - FLASH MONTAGE - SHERLOCK'S POV

Rapid-fire images.
Footprints in the dust. And in the garden mud.
Gray ash outside the fireplace.
Wheel ruts and hoofprints in the mud.
Blood stains. Scarlet "A". Scratches in the plaster.

RESUME SHERLOCK

SHERLOCK

Other than that, I have practically nothing to offer.

Sherlock half-smiles. Lestrade & Watson REACT.

LESTRADE

If it be murder, how were it done?

SHERLOCK

Poison.

FLASH INSERT - Sherlock's POV - Empty MATCH-BOX

Sherlock EXITS, with Watson. Into---

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Lestrade, on the doorstep. Confused.
Sherlock & Watson EXIT the house. CROSS to---
CONSTABLE JOHN RANCE going off-duty. Tired, wipes his brow.

SHERLOCK

You found the body, Constable--- ?

RANCE

Rance, sir. John Rance. Fore dawn, I were walking the beat. All quiet and peaceful, nor a soul about. When I saw the light, flickering in the window. Them's two houses have been empty sometime. Landlord ain't seen fit his duty to set things right, since the last tenants had the typhoid. I found what's you saw, blew me whistle and was joined by Constables from the next street over.

SHERLOCK

There was no one else, when you returned to the street?

RANCE

None to be of any use.

SHERLOCK

Then, there was someone?

RANCE

I seen many a chap in his cups, but none so crying drunk as that bloke. Leaning against the gate, singing his bloody lungs out. Nare could stand, leave alone do me any good.

SHERLOCK

Did you get a good look at the man?

RANCE

Should say I did. Seeing as I had to prop the blighter up between us, me and Constable Murcher. Right tall feller, when got on his feet. Brown coat and hat, much sullied under the weather. His face were---

SHERLOCK

Reddish?

RANCE

Aye, now that you mention it. He were drinking, after all. Dark and red and half-buried in his muffler.

SHERLOCK

Had he a whip?

RANCE

A whip? Now, why would he---

SHERLOCK

He must have left it behind, in the cab. What became of this man?

RANCE

If we weren't so took up, I'd have run him in, instead of giving him the run-along-now.

Sherlock half-smiles, frustrated exhale. To Lestrade.

SHERLOCK

Good day, Lestrade. I am afraid you will never make Inspector, whilst your bunglers allow the very man we seek to slip through their hands.

Rance REACTS, outraged! Lestrade CURSES out Rance, as Sherlock & Watson EXIT, into---

EXT. SIDEWALK - DUSK

Sherlock & Watson hurry, ahead of gathering storm clouds.

SHERLOCK

What wretched luck. To have good fortune fall into the hands of a blundering fool.

WATSON

Granted, the drunken man matched your description, remarkably. If he was our second party, why should he return to the scene of his crime?

From his pocket, Sherlock displays the silver ring.

SHERLOCK

The ring, of course. Of little earthly value, but precious enough our man would risk his very life.

WATSON

You stole the evidence?

SHERLOCK

Why gather dust in a forgotten box at the Yard, when the thing might be put to better use? As bait!

OVERHEAD - A SNIPER

Cloaked in black and face half-scarfed.
His powerful RIFLE, through its SITE, targets---

SHERLOCK & WATSON

Approach Baker Street.

WATSON

I must say, I cannot approve. Your
methods seem, highly unethical.

SHERLOCK

We deal with unethical adversaries,
who place no value upon human life.
Except, what the market will bear.

THROUGH SNIPER'S RIFLE-SITE

Square on Watson's back? A sudden GLARE from---

EXT. NIGHT SKY

Flash of LIGHTNING, as---

SNIPER'S FINGER

Pulls the trigger. GUNSHOT muffled, under O-S THUNDER!

RESUME SHERLOCK

REACTS, leans upon Watson's arm. Watson REACTS, uncertain.

THROUGH SNIPER'S RIFLE-SITE

Sherlock's back. DAMN! BULLET HOLE, too low. BLOOD OOZES just
above the waist. Sherlock & Watson CROSS out of view, onto---

EXT. 221-B BAKER STREET

Sherlock hides his pain, behind a half-smile. As RAIN falls.

SHERLOCK

You have found new lodgings.

WATSON
Actually, no. I have---

On the brownstone steps, Sherlock pauses in the open doorway.

SHERLOCK
You have found, new lodgings.

WATSON
Oh.

Watson ponders, a half-beat. Follows Sherlock, into---

INT. 221-B BAKER STREET

Watson hovers, awkward. Sherlock CROSSES, a trifle unsteady. Through the sitting room, into---

SHERLOCK
Dry out by the fire. We can put
your things in the guest bedroom.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM

Thickly cluttered. Scarcely room to sidle through. Every form of laboratory equipment, do-it-yourself device imaginable.

Watson REACTS, speechless. Sherlock half-smiles.

SHERLOCK
I experiment, now and again. Does
that bother you?

WATSON
Well, er-- no, I don't think---

SHERLOCK
You can have my bedroom, then.

INT. SHERLOCK'S BEDROOM

A mess of paraphernalia and laboratory overflow.

SHERLOCK
After I remove my personal things.

INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

Sherlock supports himself, against the lounge chair.

SHERLOCK

I shall take residence in the sitting room.

WATSON

Won't that prove, inconvenient?

SHERLOCK

Not in the least. I often take to the lounge, days at a time. When I am without clients.

WATSON

Clients. Yes.

SHERLOCK

And say not a word, the whole time. So, you must think nothing of it.

WATSON

I should appreciate a bit of quiet. In my present condition. I cannot. I mean, I don't know. That is, I---
(Drops to a low whisper)
I have no money.

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson is very open-minded.

Watson REACTS, highly skeptical. Sherlock half-smiles.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

In her advancing years, Mrs. Hudson would value a Doctor in the house. As do I, sooner than anticipated.

Sherlock half-smiles. Weak. Forced to sit, upon the lounge. At his side, Watson REACTS. Surprised to find--- Blood oozes, where Sherlock clutches a hip.

WATSON

You've been shot! In the back.

SHERLOCK

Face to face, the scoundrel would have found me prepared.

Under his waistcoat, a PISTOL drops from Sherlock's hand. Watson opens his MEDICAL BAG. Hesitates. Old fears. Grim EXHALE. Treats Sherlock's wound, with practiced skill.

WATSON

You enjoy a quite dangerous life.

SHERLOCK

I suspect this was meant for you.
Mycroft's friends move quickly.

WATSON

Indeed. Lucky, only a flesh wound.
Bullet's gone clean through.

SHERLOCK

Pity, that. I shall have to hazard
a guess, which anti-toxin to use?
In my bedroom, top shelf. Third
vial from the left, should do it.

Watson REACTS. Sherlock half-smiles. Pained shrug.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I experiment.

Watson rushes OFF, into---

INT. SHERLOCK'S BEDROOM

Watson examines a rack of TEST-TUBES. Selects one. Fills a
syringe. Hurries BACK to---

WATSON

You believe, the bullet was dipped.
In curare?

SHERLOCK'S VOICE (O-S)

That's the popular choice.

INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

Sherlock has removed his waist-coat. Face-down on the lounge.

SHERLOCK

With these villains, a miss is as
lethal as a hit.

Watson returns with syringe. ANTISEPTIC ALCOHOL from his bag.
Rips the bloodied shirt to REVEAL---
Sherlock's wound, only the latest among---
Knife scars, bullet holes, ugly whip welts cover his back.

WATSON

Good god...

SHERLOCK

One does not return from battle,
unscathed.

Watson REACTS, left hand trembles.

WATSON
This will hurt.

SHERLOCK
You surprise--- ME!

Sherlock bites back a SCREAM, to alcohol over the wound. Watson hesitates. Syringe in hand. Trembles. Sherlock's hand upon Watson's arm. Calm. Steady.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Steadfast, Watson. Steadfast.

The syringe empties into a vein. Sherlock bites his lip. Watson finishes dressing the wound.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
I am glad of your presence. Mrs. Hudson is an excellent nurse, but no doctor. She worries too much.

WATSON
I cannot imagine why.

SHERLOCK
Still trying to puzzle me out, Watson?

WATSON
The more I learn, the less I know.

SHERLOCK
I reveal no secrets. You know my methods. I invite you, apply them.

WATSON
Let us have a look at that arm.

Sherlock's right sleeve, rolled-up. Ugly stitched gash.

SHERLOCK
I have no hand for needlepoint.

WATSON
Not a left-hand, at any rate.

Sherlock's left arm, pocked with NEEDLE-SCARS.

SHERLOCK
Earned. In Her Majesty's service.

Sherlock half-smiles, drowsy. Watson REACTS, frowns.

WATSON

I must open the wound, to redo the stitches. When the antidote has its effect. You shall have to forego the needle. In the near term.

Sherlock REACTS, dreamy. To side-effects, from anti-toxin.

SHERLOCK

You've seen more of me than most.

WATSON

Each answer brings more questions.

SHERLOCK

The best ones usually do. Tell me, Doctor. What have you decided?

WATSON

"It is a capital mistake to bias judgment with theory, before you have all the evidence."

SHERLOCK

Aha! Good. You read my manuscript. But I meant, sharing lodgings?

Losing consciousness, Sherlock half-smiles. SEES---

SHERLOCK'S POV

Watson REACTS, resigned SIGH. Exhausted, drops into a chair.

WATSON

I accept the challenge.

SHERLOCK

Good. Night. John.

Watson SHIMMERS, through a drugged haze. We pass out, into---

CHAPTER FOUR - "INVOLVING A LADY"

MONTAGE - SHERLOCK'S FANTASIA, PART ONE

Sherlock sleepwalks, while his SHADOW fiddles. Through a fever dream. Clues in the case, phantoms come to life.

Circle of FOOTPRINTS. Spinning cab WHEELS. Steamship tickets. Hawthorne's top hat. Square-Boots's blank face, a red shadow. Streaks of WAR PAINT. Drinks. With Hawthorne. Struggles.

LONELY WOMAN's shadow. Tragic. Clutches a PRAIRIE FLOWER.

Blood splatters the air. Scarlet A. Drawings come alive as Square-Boots MORPHS into a MAYAN BAT-GOD. Claw-like fingernails reach for---

Sherlock, trapped inside---
A giant SILVER RING, spins. Faster. To---
SHADOW FIDDLER's devilish fandango. MORPHS into

Unidentifiable spectre of PROFESSOR MORIARTY.
Behind Colonel Moran in Rance's uniform.

MORAN/RANCE

Run along now!

The fireplace candle flickers. Blown out, by Sherlock startled awake, dizzy and aching, into---

INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM - MORNING AFTER - SHERLOCK'S POV

Slow and hazy. CROSS, unsteady. To---
Watson, fast asleep in a chair. Draw a blanket over him. REFLECTED in the dresser MIRROR, behind Watson---
Sherlock quickly dresses. Quiet. Awkward, with his wound. Continues OFF into---

MONTAGE - SHERLOCK'S DAY - INT. WIRE OFFICE

Magic Lantern SLIDE-SHOW of STEREOSCOPE stills---
Sherlock telegrams the CLEVELAND POLICE.

INTERCUT - MONTAGE - WATSON'S DAY

Mix of LIVE-ACTION and SLIDE-SHOW---
Watson awakens. Finds himself alone. REACTS, concerned.

SHERLOCK'S DAY - INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE

Sherlock places a CLASSIFIED NOTICE.

WATSON'S DAY - TEN A.M.

Morning NEWSPAPER. Coffee & toast. Mrs. Hudson SIGHS. Familiar routine. Watson's watch TICKS, loudly. Time passes slowly. Watson busies himself. Quietly circulates through the sitting room. Sherlock's mementos, on display.

OVER which, we HEAR---

WATSON'S VOICE (V-O)
 What to make of Sherlock Holmes?
 Most intriguing. Frustrating.
 Insensitive. Perplexing. Uniquely
 self-consumed and single-minded.
 From his own writing...

SHERLOCK'S DAY - INT. SEVERAL JEWELRY SHOPS

Sherlock selects a SILVER RING.

WATSON'S DAY - INT. SHERLOCK'S BEDROOM

Watson moves Sherlock's things to one side. Clears space in half the bedroom. For Watson's bag. Mycroft's valise.

SHERLOCK'S VOICE (V-O)
 "A man's brain is an empty attic.
 Stock it with the tools of work, in
 the most perfect order, and you
 shape your environment. Bury useful
 knowledge under whatever fool
 lumber comes along, the environment
 shapes you."

SHERLOCK'S DAY - INT. HABERDASHER'S SHOP

Sherlock inquires with the CLERK, over CUSTOMERS RECORDS.

WATSON'S DAY - NOON

Shepherd's pie. Mrs. Hudson, SIGHS.
 Watson's watch TICKS, louder.
 Watson examines Sherlock's test-tubes.

SHERLOCK'S DAY - INT. UNIVERSITY LABORATORY

Sherlock tests BLOOD SAMPLES taken from the crime scene wall.

WATSON'S DAY - INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM & DEN

Watson combs through Sherlock's very eclectic library.
 Watson's watch TICKS, loudest.

WATSON'S VOICE (V-O)
 His knowledge was extraordinary.
 Almost as extraordinary as his
 ignorance.

SHERLOCK'S DAY - INT. NATIONAL LIBRARY

Sherlock researches. BOTANY BOOKS, strains of PRAIRIE FLOWER. HISTORY & RELIGION, ancient MAYAN myths & ritual symbols. NEWSPAPER ARCHIVES, yellowed American journals.

Behind Sherlock, background MORPHS into an American prairie. Homesteaders. Lynch mob. Epidemics. Native American genocide. K'iche legend, BAT-GOD attacks WARRIOR BROTHERS. Split MOON.

WATSON'S DAY - FOUR P.M.

Tea & biscuits. Mrs. Hudson SIGHS, resigned. Seated by the window, Watson reads. Distracted. SEES--- Outside, the noisy hustle & bustle. No sign of Sherlock. Watson's watch TICKS. Deafening!

SHERLOCK'S DAY - EXT. PARK

Sherlock relishes a BUSKER's fiddle performance

SHERLOCK'S VOICE (V-0)
 "I have no room for any fact which
 does not further my work."

SHERLOCK'S DAY - INT. WIRE OFFICE

Sherlock receives a reply. Reacts to, good news!

INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM - SIX P.M.

Dinner sits, untouched. Mrs. Hudson SIGHS. Watson's watch, a TICKING time-bomb. Almost explodes! Watson REACTS, throws a book. SMASH! Against the door, as---

Sherlock ENTERS. Broad smile. HUMS the Busker's tune. SNIFFS the air. Plops down. Immediately, digs into Watson's meal.

SHERLOCK
 Mrs. Hudson, you have out-done
 yourself. Again.

MRS. HUDSON
 As you say, Mister Holmes.

Mrs. Hudson SIGHS. Curtsies, and EXITS.
 Watson REACTS, quietly seethes.

WATSON
 When I awoke, you were gone.

SHERLOCK

The music in the park was most exhilarating.

WATSON

You went to a concert.

SHERLOCK

One fiddler hardly constitutes a concert, but is excellent for clearing the mind.

WATSON

In your condition.

Sherlock merrily HUMS the Busker tune.

SHERLOCK

Dear fellow, do help yourself to some of Mrs. Hudson's most-delicious steak-and-kidney pie.

The plate is empty. Sherlock consumes the last bits.

WATSON

As your doctor, I was... concerned.

SHERLOCK

There is nothing more invigorating than an interesting case. You will find a fairly-good account in the late-edition of The Times.

Sherlock drops a variety of NEWSPAPERS onto the table. Distracted, Watson scans the front-page article.

WATSON

Mrs. Hudson assured me, there was no reason to worry. Mrs. Hudson!

SHERLOCK

She is familiar with my habits.

WATSON

Frustrated, more like it.

SHERLOCK

Fortunately, the news reports make no mention of the ring. For I have spent the day, sowing seeds and setting the trap. See for yourself. Under the "Found" column.

Watson GRUMBLES. Flips through CLASSIFIED Notices. READS---

WATSON

"Found. Brixton Road. Lady's ring. Silver. In the roadway, between White Hart Tavern and Holland Grove. Apply Doctor Watson, 221-B Baker Street, between eight and nine this evening."

SHERLOCK

I took the liberty of using your name, as my own may be well-known.

Sherlock CROSSES behind a DRESSING SCREEN.

WATSON

You expect our square-toed friend to come?

SHERLOCK

Or an accomplice. Our quarry must have dropped the ring while engaged with Hawthorne. He discovered this and returned too late, acting the drunk when found out by Constable Rance. The police did not connect his ring to the murder? It would be too happy to resist, if the ring were lost in the road. After he left the house. He will convince himself. He wants this ring. We must prepare ourselves. You will find a revolver upon the bookcase.

Watson REACTS, pale. Retrieves the pistol, into his pocket. Sherlock reappears, casual in his dressing gown.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

The plot thickens, Watson. I cabled my contact in the Cleveland Police. His response confirms, we are on the right path. And yet---

Sherlock CROSSES to a VIOLIN on the mantle. Tweaks its tuning. Watson CROSSES to examine Sherlock's violin.

WATSON

You play the violin.

SHERLOCK

Will that annoy your "condition"?

WATSON

A well-played violin is a treat for the gods. Played badly--- My word! Is this a genuine Stradivarius?

SHERLOCK

It is a gift. From a client.

WATSON

Yes. A client.

Sherlock FIDDLES, indifferently.

SHERLOCK

I shall give you one piece of the puzzle. My profession. Since I am the first of my kind.

WATSON

There have been a great many detectives since the dawn of time.

SHERLOCK

Policemen. Hired muscle, with ready-made answers. They find the facts to fit and ignore the rest. I am the world's first Consulting Detective. You witnessed me under unique circumstances, in the field. More commonly, my clients present their case to me here. I provide a solution. They supplement my bread-and-cheese. Quite handsomely.

Sherlock SCRAPES the strings. Watson REACTS.

WATSON

And the police?

SHERLOCK

Lestrade is not a wise man, but will rise to the top. Thanks to my consultation, several times a week. He overlooks things, of course. In special cases, interesting cases, I venture forth to exam for myself.

A painful SCRAPE of the violin. Watson REACTS. Sherlock half-smiles. Into a virtuoso performance. Watson REACTS, overwhelmed. Interrupted by--- O-S, DOORBELL. Voices downstairs. FOOTSTEPS on the stairs.

WATSON

Our man is here. Ahead of schedule.

SHERLOCK

Not early. With a short and tired stride, he is several steps behind us, as usual. Come in, Lestrade.

Sherlock opens the door. Surprises Lestrade, before he can knock. In his hand, The Times. Turned to Sherlock's NOTICE.

LESTRADE

Absconding with police evidence is a criminal offense. Cough her up, Mister Holmes.

Sherlock hands over a SILVER RING.

SHERLOCK

No hope fooling you, Lestrade. Good luck translating the inscription.

LESTRADE

Inscription?

SHERLOCK

Shapes and symbols inside the ring. A dead language. Aztec, or possibly Mayan? All you now require is a dead translator.

LESTRADE

Always the clever one, ain't you? Aye, you been most helpful, like a hound to the scent. But the hunt is best left to professionals.

SHERLOCK

Agreed. My friend Watson was wary, handling stolen goods. But the fox is in the tree and here you are, Lestrade, to professionally supervise.

LESTRADE

Aye, Mister Holmes. As you'd see us police made fools, I don't mind waiting, to see a fool made of you.

Lestrade hands the ring to Watson.

SHERLOCK

There you go, Watson. All proper and official. Now, Lestrade, if you will watch from concealment. Pistol at the ready. Only, I beg you, do not act before the trap is snapped.

Sherlock ushers Lestrade into the bedroom.
 Watson's chair faces the entrance, slightly ajar.
 Key in the inside lock. Sherlock advises Watson---

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

When our man comes, speak calmly.
 Do not stare too hard. Pistol in
 your pocket. Leave the rest to me.

O-S, DOORBELL RINGS. Voices downstairs.
 Sherlock assumes his standard spot, between mirror & window.
 Sherlock's REFLECTION, in the mirror, REACTS to---
 O-S FOOTSTEPS ascend the stairs. Uncertain & shuffling.
 Soft, feeble TAP upon the door.
 Sherlock & Watson trade uncertain looks. Sherlock NODS.

WATSON

Come in.

The door slowly CREAKS open. From the shadows---

ANCIENT IRENE

Stooped & heavily-wrinkled, hobbles into VIEW. Head bowed,
 dazed by the sudden light. Awkward, tired curtsy. Music Hall
 cliché crone. Shaky fingers wave the newspaper advertisement.

IRENE

It's this has brought me, good
 gentlemen. A ring, in the Brixton
 Road, as belongs to me gal, Sally.
 Married only this time twelvemonth,
 her husband a steward aboard a
 Union boat. Lord knows what he'd
 do, come home and found her without
 his ring, is more'n I care think,
 when the drink is in him. If you
 please, she went to the circus last
 night along with---

Watson REACTS, exasperated EXHALE. Extends the ring.

WATSON

Is this her ring?

IRENE

Lord be thanked! Sally be a glad
 gal, tonight. That be the ring, all
 right.

Watson pencils notes into a POCKET LEDGER.
 Irene REACTS, wary.

WATSON

If I might just have your address,
please?

IRENE

13, Duncan Street, Houndsditch.
Aye, a wee weary way from here.

In the mirror, Sherlock SEES---
Irene's eyes, half-again younger than her person?

SHERLOCK

Brixton Road does not lie between
Houndsditch and any circus.

Irene's REFLECTION looks up. Directly into Sherlock's gaze.
A shared recognition, like strangers who met in a past life?
Irene's eyes REACT. Sharp little daggers, challenging.

IRENE

The gentleman asked for my address.
Me Sally's is 3, Mayfield Place,
Peckham.

SHERLOCK

And your name is---

IRENE

Me name be Sawyer. Hers is Dennis,
offen Tom Dennis which is married
her. And a right smart lad is he,
when at sea. But on shore, what
with the liquor and women about---

Watson trades an uncertain look, to Sherlock's angry NOD.

WATSON

Clearly, the ring belongs to your
daughter, Mrs. Sawyer. I am glad to
restore it to its, rightful owner.

THROUGH THE BEDROOM DOOR

Narrowly ajar. Lestrade REACTS, anxious. When he SEES---

LESTRADÉ'S POV - WATSON

Gives the ring to Irene.
She surprises Watson with a hug, over-acted thank-you's.
Irene tucks the ring into her pocket. Shuffles OFF and out.

LESTRADE

REACTS, bursts out of the bedroom. To Sherlock & Watson.

LESTRADE

You give her the ring!

Sherlock -- already in full street clothes & coat, under his robe -- blocks Lestrade, maneuvers Watson between them.

SHERLOCK

The game is afoot! I will follow her, to our man.

Sherlock EXITS. Watson intentionally stumbles over Lestrade.

LESTRADE

The ring!

WATSON

Either his whole theory is wrong, or she will lead him to the heart of the mystery.

Lestrade struggles against his better judgment. Fumes.

LESTRADE

Mister Holmes is usually right.

EXT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Irene hobbles down the street. REACTS, in pain. Her foot gone lame, Irene leans against the wall. GROAN! Hails a passing Hansom. Beyond which---

Sherlock sleuths along the shadows, sneaks closer to HEAR---

Irene SHOUTS over the street noise, to the HANSOM DRIVER---

IRENE

Take a load off me weary legs what give out under me, sir, and drive to 13, Duncan Street, Houndsditch.

Irene climbs in and out of sight. The Driver waits, a long BEAT, for his passenger to settle in. Finally, a KNOCK from within. The Hansom turns and heads down the street, PAST---

Sherlock slyly hops on the Hansom's rear carriage, PASSES---

IRENE ADLER

Youthful. Fashionably dressed, with theatrical flair.
Casually strolls, the opposite direction.
Sly smile, flirts with---

SHERLOCK

On the Hansom. REACTS, outfoxed.

EXT. DUNCAN STREET - NIGHT

Sherlock hops off, before the Hansom comes to a stop.
Driver opens the cab door. Surprised to find---
The Hansom is completely empty. Driver REACTS, CURSES!

WATSON'S VOICE (V-O)

You mean, that tottering old woman
got out of a moving cab without
being seen?

SHERLOCK'S VOICE (V-O)

Old woman, be damned!

INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Watson FROWNS. Re-bandages Sherlock's gun wound.
Sherlock REACTS, angry as hell! Then bursts out LAUGHING.

SHERLOCK

We were the old women, so neatly
taken in. I don't mind telling a
story against myself. Ho-ho! But I
am glad Lestrade is not here to see
how right he was. After all the
chafing I'd given the Yard, he'd
never let me hear the end of it.

WATSON

He ran off screaming "The ring! The
ring!" Cursing both of us, to boot.

SHERLOCK

Good thing, I gave Lestrade the
counterfeit.

From his pocket, Sherlock produces the SILVER RING.
Sherlock & Watson share a self-effacing CHUCKLE.

WATSON

Highly unethical.

SHERLOCK

True. The engraving was poorly copied and may have fooled the accomplice. But its flaws will be quickly visible to our Square-Toes. Who is not without friends, ready to risk themselves in his cause.

WATSON

Friends are a rare treasure.

SHERLOCK

A small memento. A reminder, against being too big for my own boots. Before this case is over.

Sherlock slips the ring onto his finger. Perfect fit, into---

CHAPTER FIVE - *"THE PLOT THICKENS"*

MONTAGE - SHERLOCK'S FANTASIA, PART TWO

Giant SILVER RING spins around FIDDLER SHERLOCK, while TOMBOY SHEELAGH runs for her life. Through clues in a surreal dream.

Shadows drink, argue. Hawthorne. Square-Boots. Lynched from a tree. Shadow face defined by WAR PAINT. Nasty SCAR divides his face. Into a SPLIT MOON.

Old American NEWSPAPERS. Mayan SHADOWS. Young Square-Boots. With TRIBAL SHAMAN. With LONELY WOMAN. Grow up together. Torn apart. Lonely Woman's PRAIRIE FLOWER. Replaced by bloody "A" on her chest. Tribal genocide. Fever epidemic. Slave chains!

Hawthorne SNEEZES! With Fenimore. Bookend provocative SHADOWS. The spectre of MORIARTY, everywhere. Fiddles.

Tomboy Sheelagh chases young Irene Adler, flirting smile. Irene falls away, out of reach. Through Moriarty's strung-out sex-slaves. Tomboy Sheelagh runs into---

ADULT SHEELAGH awakens from a shallow grave. Sneezes BLOOD, splatters the air. Over---

Tomboy Sheelagh escapes. Ducks in-and-out. Through a giant Scarlet "A" of blood, carved across her body. Along the scar between Square-Boots's DEAD EYES. And into---

REAL TIME - EXT. BAKER STREET - MORNING

STREET URCHIN's tattered BOOTS duck in-and-out through---

Thick pedestrian traffic. From all directions, a handful of URCHINS disrupt the ebb-and-flow. Come together outside---

INT. SHERLOCK'S SUITE

At the window, Sherlock twists the silver ring on his finger. With Watson, at the breakfast table.

WATSON

Still smarting over last night? The old crone. Or, not-crone.

SHERLOCK

An equal adversary is a challenge. And sweet temptation. How goes your investigation?

WATSON

Learning more. Knowing less.

SHERLOCK

Concentrate on the contradictions. The truth will reveal itself.

O-S, DOORBELL. Voices downstairs. CACKLING & LAUGHTER. An army of FOOTSTEPS rush up the stairs. Into---

Sherlock's door BURSTS open. A dozen SCRUFFY URCHINS fall through, over each other. Onto the middle of the floor. Shorter, dirtier and rowdier than---

Their leader, Wiggins steps out of the pack. WHISTLES!

WIGGINS

Attention!

The urchins assemble into a line, more or less. Eventually.

WATSON

Good Lord, what---

SHERLOCK

Baker Street's own detective force. Scotland Yard has their regular men. We have our---

WATSON

Irregulars?

SHERLOCK

Exactly. Well put, Watson. The Baker Street Irregulars.

WIGGINS

We is here to report, sir.

SHERLOCK

Excellent, Oliver. In future, Wiggins will deliver your reports. The rest of you must wait out on the street. Don't want Mrs. Hudson carted off to the morgue. Or to the gallows, when she takes a cleaver to every one of you.

The Irregulars REACT, voice disappointment.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Now, Wiggins. Did you find it?

Wiggins kicks his feet, deeply apologetic.

WIGGINS

No, sir. We ain't.

SHERLOCK

That's all right. Hardly expected you would, so soon. But you must keep looking. Come, get your wages.

One-by-one, the Irregulars step up. Sherlock gives each a SHILLING. To Wiggins, last in line.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Now off with you. And I expect better news, at your next report.

WIGGINS

Aye, sir.

Wiggins salutes. The Irregulars EXIT as rowdy & ragtag as they came in.

Sherlock & Watson share a LAUGH, by the window. Overlooking---

EXT. BAKER STREET - MORNING

The Irregulars race out, scatter amongst the pedestrians. Upset the order.

RESUME SHERLOCK & WATSON

SHERLOCK

I would not trade one of my little beggars, for the whole of Scotland Yard. These brats are invisible. Go everywhere, hear everything.

WATSON

I can imagine.

SHERLOCK

Do not mistake dirt for dunces. Their minds are sharp and clear. They only lack organization and order.

WATSON

In a disorderly world, the orderly man creates chaos.

SHERLOCK

Precisely. Between random little crimes, of late, I detect a pattern of evil. Many minions, but a single Mastermind. We have crossed swords.

Sherlock rubs his left arm. Memories.

WATSON

You think this Phantom is behind our Square-Boots?

SHERLOCK

Not a phantom. He hides in plain sight. Under the approval of Whitehall. Thanks to Mycroft.

WATSON

Your brother works for him?

SHERLOCK

Not for. With. When it serves their purposes. Mycroft's loyalty is only for King and Country.

WATSON

You mean, Queen--- Oh.

Off Sherlock, Watson gets the idea -- King Mycroft.

Sherlock jumps to his feet. Paces around Watson. SEES---
Watson adds notes, to a HANDWRITTEN LIST.

SHERLOCK

I will break this web, force the spider out and crush him under my heel. Ho-ho! And what is this?

WATSON

Questions. About the case.

SHERLOCK

"How came the two men into an empty house?" Good. "What became of the cabman?" Um-hmm. Yes. Yes. Good.

(Finishes reading list)

Yes, Watson. A very good summary of what we know.

WATSON

You mean, what we don't know.

SHERLOCK

Dear boy, they are the same thing. One answer provokes many questions? Reverse the process. Use questions, to provoke an answer. If you only have the cognizance to listen.

WATSON

Well, I---

Behind Sherlock, the room MORPHS into the Lauriston Gardens murder MONTAGE. Hawthorne & shadowy SQUARE-BOOTS stumble, drunk. Outside the cab. In the yard. In the front room.

SHERLOCK

Two men. An empty house. The cabman? He is our second man!

WATSON

I see---

SHERLOCK

A motive for murder? The woman's ring? Hawthorne was hunted. Yes, hunted is the word. Over a woman no longer in the picture.

LONELY WOMAN'S SHADOW clutches the prairie flower. Pressed between pages of a book. Bloody drawings on the wall.

WATSON

How was he poisoned? And the blood?

SHERLOCK

Square-Boots has a sardonic taste for justice. Let the punishment fit the crime. That bloody "A" upon the wall. The victim's name?

WATSON

Hawthorne? "The Scarlet Letter". The unknown woman. A love triangle?

The wall drawings come to life. Native ritual dances. Shadows. Mayan BAT-GOD attacks mock-Hawthorne & mock-Fenimore. Natural flora on an otherwise arid western prairie.

SHERLOCK

Analysis of the blood reveals, Square-boots is not English.

WATSON

Of course, he is American.

SHERLOCK

I mean, not Caucasian. And that diagram in blood, so aggressive a clue as to overshoot our target and lead us astray. A native tribesman, with ritual knowledge. Of ancient Mayan gods and legends. However, we need not travel to the southern hemisphere to find the prairie flower. A token. Of paths crossed, with Hawthorne and Fenimore.

Native American genocide, tribesmen suffer deadly fevers. Hawthorne & Fenimore capture Lonely Woman. Into slavery.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

When the questions are arranged in the proper order, we know almost all.

Behind Sherlock, the room MORPHS back to real-time reality.

WATSON

Knowing is not proving. And both are useless, until we find our man.

SHERLOCK

Our quarry knows we are on to him. He will not come here again. We must go out to him. Fortunately, we still have the bait to reel him in.

Sherlock waves his hand. Sunlight GLARES off the ring, into---

EXT. 221-B BAKER STREET - MORNING

Off the morning sun, to Sherlock & Watson. Out of their brownstone. Into---

Somber One & Somber Too block access from the steps.

SOMBER ONE
Your presence is requested...

SOMBER TOO
...Sirs.

Sherlock & Watson REACT. No choice but to follow, into---

INT. DIOGENES CLUB READING ROOM - MORNING

Somber Men usher Sherlock to Mycroft, hidden behind the Times. Block off Watson, outside the entrance.

MYCROFT
You made inquiries.

SHERLOCK
My little case is of no importance,
to Her Majesty's government.

MYCROFT
Everything in the Empire is
important. To me.

SHERLOCK
Indeed. So, he is involved?

MYCROFT
You see Moriarty in every thing.

SHERLOCK
I find Moriarty, in every thing.

MYCROFT
You might be interested to know,
Jack Springer was released from
Dartmoor, this morning.

SHERLOCK
What a surprise.

MYCROFT
You thwart my plans. Undermine Her
Majesty's justice. To spite me.

SHERLOCK

Would you convict an innocent man?

MYCROFT

The Springer brothers are guilty of far worse crimes, and you know it.

SHERLOCK

True.

MYCROFT

Jack and Angus may talk simple, but they rival the greatest criminal minds in all of England.

SHERLOCK

Ah, rival. Yes. Exactly. Professor Moriarty uses the government, uses you. To eliminate a rival.

MYCROFT

We use each other.

SHERLOCK

At what price?

MYCROFT

You are obsessed. Where is Sherlock Holmes, the master of cold reason?

SHERLOCK

You gave me to him.

MYCROFT

As a Trojan horse.

SHERLOCK

You gave me to him, brother.

MYCROFT

As our spy. Your information turned Moriarty to our advantage.

SHERLOCK

You. Gave me. To him.

MYCROFT

I trusted you would get out on your own. And you did.

SHERLOCK

After three years. Long years.

Sherlock rubs his left arm. Phantom pain.

MYCROFT

My country always comes first.

SHERLOCK

Our country, Mycroft. You forget.

MYCROFT

We live in two worlds, Sherlock.
Two very different worlds.

Mycroft hides behind The Times.
Sherlock REACTS, anger dawns into concern. Rushes OFF to---

INT. ATRIUM - MORNING

Sherlock gathers Watson, outside the Reading Room, and OFF.

SHERLOCK

Quick, Watson. We've not a moment
to lose.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Dark. Along boarded-over windows. To a bedside candle.
NEWSPAPERS on the bed. Lurid reports of Hawthorne's murder.
An official TELEGRAM from the U.S. Military re-confirms the
death of prisoner, ADAM REDMAN. In the shaking hands of---

ARTHUR FENIMORE, under the bed-covers. Trembles at the
slightest sound. Shocked by---

A quick THUMP against the door, barricaded by furniture. A
beat. Another THUMP! And again.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE FENIMORE'S ROOM

Three young pranksters stifle a GIGGLE, as they THUMP against
the door. Slow & steady beat.

RESUME INT. FENIMORE'S HOTEL ROOM

Fenimore panics! Leaps out of bed, to the door. Trips against
the furniture barricade. THUMP! Stumbles, over RATS. Slaps
the telegram onto the dresser. Grabs a KNIFE. WHISPERS.

FENIMORE

No ghosts...

RESUME INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE FENIMORE'S ROOM

Three pranksters LAUGH. EXIT down the stairs and OFF.

RESUME INT. FENIMORE'S HOTEL ROOM

Fenimore stumbles to a window. Pries off the boards.
Surprised by---

A PAIR OF FISTS

Dark red with unusually long fingernails, reach in through
the window. Clutch Fenimore's throat. Stifle his scream.

INT. HANSOM CAB - TRAVELLING - DAY

Sherlock is anxious. Watson, confused.

SHERLOCK

Mycroft's audience was merely a
delaying tactic, until our man
could complete his work. If we
hurry, there is an off-chance we
may still catch him, red-handed.

WATSON

How? Where?

SHERLOCK

Hawthorne's top hat. Very stylish,
tailor-made by John Underwood and
Son. The delivery address Hawthorne
provided was his place of business.

The Cab CLIP-CLOPS to a stop. Sherlock & Watson EXIT into---

EXT. THAMES DISTRICT - LITTLE GEORGE STREET - DAY

Sherlock & Watson EXIT the cab. Outside The Ancient Mariner.

WATSON

A brothel?

SHERLOCK

On the face of it. But, we are too
late. Lestrade is here ahead of us.

Sherlock & Watson sneak past---
Lestrade, in the entrance, questions the HOUSE MASTER.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Sherlock chokes back bitter memories, behind a half-smile.

SHERLOCK

No good comes of, this place.

Watson follows Sherlock, past the SERVICE ENTRANCE. To---

DORIE MCGUINNESS

A strung-out prostitute in tattered undergarments. Huddles behind a dust-bin. COCAINE SYRINGE in hand. Before she can inject herself---

SHERLOCK

Lost your way, have you, Dorie?

DORIE

Bloody hell!

Dorie REACTS, startled. The syringe slips out of her hands. CRASH! Precious cocaine spills over cobblestones. Dorie confronts the gentlemen. Fear & anger! Quickly replaced by professional flirtation.

DORIE (CONT'D)

Near scared the life out of me, you did. Thought you was the Coppers.

SHERLOCK

They are at the front door.

DORIE

Or worse, the Master.

SHERLOCK

He doesn't like the hired help dipping into his merchandise?

DORIE

Master says, treats is for gents. But, a gal is looking out for a good time. Same as you, gentlemen.

Dorie leans into Sherlock. Flirts with his coat lapel.

SHERLOCK

We are looking for Arthur Fenimore. His partner gave this place as a business address.

DORIE

Hah! Not no more. Cooper Hawthorne
been eating into the profits.

WATSON

He had a taste for the ladies?

DORIE

Aye. That, too. Short of funds,
they took on a silent partner. Bit
by bit, until they was bought out
and give the heave-ho!

WATSON

Who is this new owner?

DORIE

A silent partner, I said. Didn't I?

SHERLOCK

Our Phantom shows his hand.

Sherlock twists Dorie's arm. Dorie REACTS, delicious agony!

WATSON

Holmes.

SHERLOCK

Not torture. A reward. Dorie has a
taste for pain. Don't you, m'dear?

DORIE

The gentleman knows how to please a
lady. Come back when I'm on duty,
and have us a proper good time.

Dorie grins, swoons against Sherlock. REACTS, gasp! When she
feels the Sheelagh underneath. Conspiratorial silence.

Sherlock hides his feelings, into a huddle with Watson & OFF.

EXT. ANCIENT MARINER - CONTINUOUS

Sherlock & Watson exit the alley. CROSS the street.

SHERLOCK

Hawthorne and Fenimore would lodge
close by. A process of elimination.
There are not many establishments
in this neighborhood where guests
do not register by the hour.

WATSON

I think Lestrade has the same idea?

They SEE Lestrade. EXITS one hotel, frustrated. Into another.

SHERLOCK

From a head start, Lestrade almost catches up. And narrows the field. While he works from the bottom, we shall go to the top.

EXT. HALLIDAY'S PRIVATE HOTEL - DAY

A swank hotel gone desperately seedy. Sherlock & Watson circle the building. Past waiting HANSOMS. Into---

EXT. NARROW ALLEY BEHIND HALLIDAY'S

Sherlock studies the alley debris. Overlooking windows. Behind a RUBBISH BIN, finds a carelessly replaced LADDER. BLOOD DROPLETS. On the ladder. Hotel wall. Beside the bin. Sherlock rummages through the bin. Debris overflow. Finds---

A DEAD RAT beside a half-eaten MATCH-BOX, like the one from Hawthorne's murder scene. Inside, remnants from half-digested WHITE PILLS.

Sherlock wraps the match-box into a handkerchief. SEES--- Blood drops trail up. To a half-open WINDOW, overhead. Watson follows Sherlock, back up the alley. Into---

INT. HALLIDAY'S LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Sherlock & Watson ENTER. Find--- Lestrade & POLICE SERGEANT GAIMAN at the FRONT DESK.

SHERLOCK

Lestrade, what brings you to such a "refined" neighborhood?

LESTRADE

The science of deduction, Mister Holmes. What we professionals call, detective work.

INT. STAIRWELL

Sherlock & Lestrade. Watson & Sergeant. Up winding stairs.

LESTRADE

If you had been so good as to read
the label inside Hawthorne's hat---

SHERLOCK

Johnson and Son. 229 Camberwell
Road.

LESTRADE

Oh, you saw that? Of course, you
did. Well I went round and checked
their customers' records. Our man
give 'em a false address, across
the street. I figured the real one
for nearby, where I would find my
murderer, Arthur Fenimore.

OFF the stairs, past scurrying RATS, and into---

INT. SECOND-FLOOR HALLWAY

Sergeant tries a door at the end of the hall. Locked.
Circle of BLOOD trickles under the door.
With Lestrade, Sherlock & Watson. Ram the door open, into---

LESTRADE

Sergeant Gaiman, here, got a
complaint from the hotel. One of
the guests is barricaded his self
and won't come out. So---

SHERLOCK

So, you put two and two together.
Clever, Lestrade. You are learning.
However, I fear your investigation
has reached a dead end---

CHAPTER SIX - *"BEYOND THE GRAVE"*

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Furniture blocks entry. Sergeant pushes through. BLOOD POOL
on the floor. Room in disarray, from a struggle. Windows
boarded. Except one, boards loose. Tangled in the bedsheets---

Arthur Fenimore is twisted with terror and death contortions.
On the wall above him, the same bloody "A" and DRAWINGS.

Lestrade REACTS. Over Fenimore's twisted corpse.

LESTRADE
Bloody hell!

SHERLOCK
(Aside to Watson)
Well, Fenimore has just eliminated
himself as a suspect.

Sherlock examines Fenimore, the scene.

LESTRADE
It's the same bloody thing, all
over. Our murderer again, ain't it?

SHERLOCK
Arthur Fenimore was not murdered.

LESTRADE
You mean, it were suicide?

SHERLOCK
I mean, he was not poisoned.

Sherlock gestures to Watson, who examines the body while---
Sherlock studies the open window. Empty MATCH-BOX, two WATER
GLASSES on sill. Overlooks the alley. Rubbish bin. Ladder.

Through Sherlock's magnifying glass, Fenimore's fingertips.
Under the fingernails, RED FIBRES from a FALSE BEARD.
Sherlock SNIFFS. Spirit gum. Stage makeup. Imagines---

FLASH - Fenimore pulls at Square-Boots's false beard.

On the dresser, a WASH BASIN. Blood in the waste water.
Old U.S. MILITARY TELEGRAM confirms the death of ADAM REDMAN.
Sherlock REACTS. REFLECTED in the dresser MIRROR, SEES---

Mock-Mayan drawings in blood, over Fenimore's body.
From tangled sheets, a bloodied KNIFE---
Falls loose during Watson's examination. To the floor.
Under the bed. RATS scurry out, across the floor.
Sherlock catches one rat, into an empty box.
Lestrade wraps the knife in a handkerchief.

LESTRADE
The murder weapon.

SHERLOCK
A weapon, yes. But no wounds were
inflicted upon this body.

LESTRADE
Despite the blood. Like Hawthorne?

WATSON

This man died from severe heart failure. His limbs, unusually rigid. Muscles tensed. Days of rigor, in a matter of hours.

Sherlock CROSSES to the bloody scrawl on the wall.

SHERLOCK

There is our murderer's weapon. Fenimore was frightened to death. By a shadow from the grave, and his complicity in a most heinous crime.

LESTRADE

So, there be no poison, then.

SHERLOCK

I did not say that.

Sherlock CROSSES to the match-box on the window sill.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Identical to one discarded at our previous murder scene. Both boxes, empty. Unlike this one.

Sherlock reveals the rat-chewed match-box found in the alley. Inside, two white pills. One, half-eaten. Watson reaches in---

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Careful. Your opinion, Watson?

WATSON

Some kind of pills. Not from a professional apothecary. The coating, pearl gray and almost transparent. Of sugary substance?

SHERLOCK

Water soluble?

WATSON

Most certainly.

SHERLOCK

Aha! The last link in my equation. By which, Hawthorne was poisoned. With Fenimore dead, our murderer disposed of his surplus in the nearest rubbish bin, rather than risk capture with the evidence.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, there is no time for proper testing in my laboratory. We must improvise with tools at hand.

With a pocket knife, Sherlock divides the untouched pill. Slips one half into the rat's box.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

The sugar coating will bait the rat. I will prove my theory, within the minute.

Sherlock keeps time, with Watson's watch. Lestrade, Watson, Sergeant & Sherlock REACT. Anticipation.

Time up! Sherlock peeks inside the box. SEES--- The pill has been eaten. The rat still alive?

Sherlock REACTS, astounded. SLAMS the box closed! Lestrade LAUGHS, heartily. Watson REACTS, sympathetic. Sherlock paces, angry. CROSSES to---

THE WINDOWSILL - THE TWO WATER GLASSES

Sherlock SNIFFS one glass. REACTS. Total disappointment. A beat. Sherlock's eyes sparkle. An idea! Sherlock SNIFFS the second glass. Pungent! Sherlock smiles.

SHERLOCK

Of course! I was a fool.

Sherlock swallows the unused half of the pill. Everyone REACTS, shocked! Rushes to restrain him. Too late.

WATSON

Sherlock, no!

A BEAT. Sherlock LAUGHS. Everyone REACTS, strangely unnerved. Sherlock shakes off his friends. Deposits the other, half-eaten pill into the rat-box.

SHERLOCK

I should have had more faith. When a fact opposes a long train of deductions, it invariably bears fresh interpretation. An overlooked point which proves the equation.

Utterly casual, Sherlock opens the rat-box. REVEALS--- Inside, the pill fully eaten. The rat, DEAD STIFF.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Why two pills? Two results. One completely harmless. The other, deadly poison. I should have realized before I ever saw the box.

WATSON

How? Why?

SHERLOCK

Square-Boots' sense of justice. It is all so obvious.

LESTRADE

It is? I mean, of course. It is. Isn't it?

SHERLOCK

Unfortunately, there is little more I can do here. I leave the scene in your good hands, Lestrade. With all this bloodshed, the trail will be cold as the grave, before you find your man. Come, Watson.

Sherlock EXITS quickly. Watson REACTS, half-beat. Follows OFF. Lestrade scratches his head. Slowly, it dawns upon him!

EXT. HALLIDAY'S SERVICE ENTRANCE - DAY

Sherlock & Watson EXIT, into the alley.

WATSON

Holmes---

SHERLOCK

Quickly, Watson, if we are to catch our Square-Boots.

WATSON

You said, the trail was gone cold.

SHERLOCK

Revenge is a dish best served cold. Our Square-Boots had thirty years to build his rage. Enough to drive any man mad. But, Square-Boots kept his sanity with ironic humor. He is weak and wounded, but clever. Too clever to call attention by rushing off. He will blend in with a crowd.

They circle the building, into---

EXT. HALLIDAY'S ENTRANCE

Half-dozen HANSOM CABS line up. Await riders.
Sherlock & Watson exit the alley. SEE---

Wiggins strolls along the cabs. Panhandles pedestrians.
A decoy. Wiggins casually inspects each cab.
Wiggins REACTS, to the fifth cab in line. Slyly motions to---

Sherlock REACTS, gestured order. SEES---

Lestrade EXITS Halliday's. Motions for a cab.
Cut off by Sherlock & Watson.

SHERLOCK

Ah, Lestrade. Pity about Fenimore.
Eh, Watson?

WATSON

Huh? Uh, I. Er. Umm. Yes?

SHERLOCK

Too bad. Solving this case could
provide that much-wanted promotion.
Worth having a valuable contact,
within the Yard. Eh, Watson?

WATSON

Hmm? Uh, yes.

LESTRADE

What's all this about, Mister
Holmes?

SHERLOCK

Oh, nothing.

An ELDERLY COUPLE board the first Hansom and OFF.
The remaining cabs move up in line.
Lestrade signals the CABBIE, cut off by Sherlock.

LESTRADE

Idle chit-chat ain't your forte.

SHERLOCK

Not idle. Only, times must be
difficult. On a policeman's salary.

LESTRADE

Aye.

A cluster of patrons exit Halliday's.
An OLDER GENTLEMAN boards a Hansom. The rest move up.

SHERLOCK

Save a pence, wherever you can.
Share a cab with Watson and myself.

LESTRADE

Aye.

A LADY boards the Hansom. Lestrade signals the next in line.
Cut off by Sherlock. Lestrade REACTS, fumes.

SHERLOCK

Bad luck. No chance catching your
murderer, now.

LESTRADE

Not from here, no.

A FASHIONABLE YOUNG COUPLE board the next hansom.
Close on their heels, an ELDERLY DOWAGER signals a cab.
Cut off by beggar Wiggins, a nuisance. Blocks her way.

SHERLOCK

Well, stop dawdling Lestrade. Come
along, come along.

LESTRADE

See here---

Sherlock takes advantage of Wiggins's distraction.
Quickly EXITS into the hansom, with Watson & Lestrade.

SHERLOCK

Baker Street, cabbie. 221-B.

BLOOD drips from driver ADAM REDMAN's sleeve. Cab EXITS, as---
Wiggins secretly hops into---

INT. HANSOM CAB - TRAVELLING

Sherlock consults Watson's watch. The time is **1:32 PM**.

INSERT - FLASH MONTAGE - EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

JABEZ WILSON, short & stout with bright red hair. In the
doorway adjacent to 221-B. Consults his pocket-watch. **Ten
minutes before Two**. Wilson exhales, a tired routine. Locks
his door, exits down the street. Past---

Sherlock's window. Sherlock writes the day and time into his
POCKET LEDGER. Full page. Wilson leaves same time, every day.

RESUME REAL TIME - INT. HANSOM CAB

Sherlock hands the SILVER RING, inside a FOLDED NOTE, to---
Wiggins dangles through the cab window.

SHERLOCK

Good work, Oliver. Take this to
Mrs. Hudson. She knows what to do.
Hurry. Every second you get there
ahead of us is precious.

WIGGINS

Aye, sir.

Wiggins salutes, drops off. Into---

EXT. BACK ALLEYS & ROOFTOPS - DAY

Wiggins knows every short-cut, through London.

RESUME INT. HANSOM CAB - TRAVELLING

Lestrade REACTS, confused but catching on. Sherlock WHISPERS.

SHERLOCK

Is your pistol loaded, Lestrade?

LESTRADE

Aye.

SHERLOCK

Good. Keep a cool head and follow
my lead. We may still earn you that
promotion, before the day is out.

Lestrade exchanges a look with Watson. Both equally baffled.

EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

Jabez Wilson quietly locks his door. Heads up the sidewalk as
The HANSOM CAB pulls up. Sherlock, Watson & Lestrade emerge.

SHERLOCK

Pay the man, Lestrade.

Lestrade REACTS, off-guard. GRUMBLES, digs through pockets.

Sherlock stumbles directly into Wilson.
Awkward exchange. Sherlock CURSES, angry?
Wilson EXITS, quietly intimidated. Does not notice---

Sherlock's hand in Wilson's pocket. Finds---
Wilson's KEY handed off to---

Mrs. Hudson, deeply-stooped & half-hidden in a heavy SHAWL.
Passes from the opposite direction.

Sherlock EXITS with Watson & Lestrade, into his brownstone.

Mrs. Hudson hails Redman before the hansom can drive off.

MRS. HUDSON

If you please, sir. Me needs a lift
to Euston Station. Trunk upstairs,
bit too heavy for a lady. If you'd
be so kind as to give a hand.

Mrs. Hudson extends a POUND NOTE.
SILVER RING on her hand, clearly visible.
Redman's hand REACTS, half-beat, before taking the money.
Mrs. Hudson totters slowly, to Wilson's door.

INT. 221-B BAKER STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sherlock races up the stairs. Watson & Lestrade catch up.

SHERLOCK

To the roof. Quickly!

EXT. ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Sherlock CROSSES over, to Wilson's rooftop. Finds---
Wiggins lowers an old TRUNK through the SKYLIGHT.
Sherlock, Lestrade & Watson FOLLOW into---

INT. WILSON'S SECOND-FLOOR FLAT

Sherlock loads the trunk with anything heavy he can find.
Motions for silence. Watson & Lestrade hide against the wall.
Sherlock draws HANDCUFFS and a HEAVY SHAWL from his coat.

INT. WILSON'S FRONT DOOR

Unlocks. Mrs. Hudson ENTERS. On the stairs. Climbs faster,
EXITS ahead of wary Redman, face half-scarfed. Into---

MRS. HUDSON'S VOICE (O-S)

This way, good sir. If you please.
First door at the top.

INT. WILSON'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

SILVER RING trades hands. CROSSES to the trunk. Before---

REDMAN

Hesitates in the open doorway. SEES---
 "Mrs. Hudson" bent over the trunk. Her SILVER RING hand.
 Struggles with the trunk CLASP.

MRS. HUDSON VOICE (O-C)
 Dear, dear me. The latch is stuck.
 Be a good lad and give us a hand.

Redman REACTS, frustrated EXHALE. CROSSES to---
 The trunk clasp, Redman reaches out.
 Dark red skin. Long FINGERNAILS. Blood trickles.
 SNAP! Handcuffs lock his wrist. Onto the heavy trunk.
 Redman REACTS, struggles with---
 Sherlock throws off his "Mrs. Hudson" shawl.
 Redman looks up. SEES in a WALL MIRROR---
 Mrs. Hudson against the wall, behind the open door.
 With Wiggins. And Watson & Lestrade, pistols in hand!

MRS. HUDSON
 Be a good lad, now...

LESTRADE
 Aye.

A beat. Redman ROARS, like a wounded animal. Leaps for---

EXT. WILSON'S WINDOW

SMASH! Wood & glass spray the air! Redman lunges, half out.
 Stuck, cuffed trunk won't fit through. Redman SEES---

EXT. BAKER STREET - REDMAN'S POV

Across the street from his cab. Irene, in a proper chimney-
 sweep's uniform. REACTS, chokes back a scream of protest!

RESUME REDMAN

REACTS. Shakes his head. Signals Irene, HUSH! Get away, run!

RESUME INT. WILSON'S FLAT

Sherlock leaps, full weight onto Redman. Through---

EXT. WILSON'S WINDOW

Sherlock holds Redman back. SEES---

EXT. BAKER STREET - SHERLOCK'S POV

Irene meets his gaze. REACTS, anger! Into a plea for mercy? Frustration. Reluctant, Irene backs away and OFF.

RESUME SHERLOCK

REACTS, mixed emotions. Struggles with Redman. They fall back into---

INT. WILSON'S FLAT

Sherlock, Lestrade & Watson wrestle Redman to the floor. Redman swings the trunk, overhead. Half-rises, into--- Mrs. Hudson aims a pair of PISTOLS, from under her shawl. Redman collapses into a chair, exhausted.

MRS. HUDSON

That's a good lad.

Watson & Lestrade collapse to the floor, breathless. Sherlock slicks back his hair, relieved.

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson, you've outdone yourself. Again. Allow me to introduce, the object of our manhunt. The man responsible for the deaths of Hawthorne and Fenimore. Whom the Cleveland Police have so graciously identified as, the late Adam Redman.

Sherlock removes Redman's scarf. False RED BEARD. Reveals---

Under civilian clothes, Adam Redman is a middle-aged Native American. Diagonal SCARS divide the full length of his face.

Redman REACTS. Grudging LAUGH.

REDMAN

You got me, fair and square, Mister Holmes. Caught with my own tricks, used against me.

SHERLOCK

Let the punishment fit the crime.

REDMAN

Must have some native tracker blood in you? The way you stuck to my trail. My anger soon gave way, to growing admiration. I hope, none of you were hurt in the scuffle?

Sherlock glances to---
Watson's left hand, subtle twitch surprisingly calm.

SHERLOCK

It was an invigorating exercise.

LESTRADE

Aye.

Redman nods. Catches his breath, with a little difficulty.

REDMAN

I expect, you know everything.

SHERLOCK

The broad strokes. My companions, for one, would welcome the details.

REDMAN

Like my people, I am a man of few words. But I will be happy to share the whole story, now it is done.

LESTRADE

I must warn you, sir. Anything you say will be taken down in evidence.

REDMAN

What you do is of no consequence to me. But I would not want to be around, when the fellow who lives here comes home and finds the damage we've done. I don't have a penny for repairs. Do you?

LESTRADE

We'll do this proper, at the Yard.

REDMAN

Don't expect to make it that far.

Watson quickly examines Redman. Feels his chest. Bleeding wound under Redman's shoulder. Watson shakes his head.

WATSON

Rheumatic heart. Aortic aneurism.
Miracle he lasted this long. With
the bleeding.

REDMAN

True enough, Doctor. The rassel you
just gave me was no help. But I had
a job to finish. And Mister Holmes
has earned the whole story.

Redman dabs a handkerchief, against a strong NOSEBLEED.
Sherlock uncuffs the trunk and secures Redman's wrists.

SHERLOCK

We may retire to my flat. I take
Mister Redman at his word, no more
trouble. The gentleman has always
acted with honor.

LESTRADE

He has?

SHERLOCK

From a particular point of view.
But, we will keep Mrs. Hudson at
the ready. As insurance.

Mrs. Hudson smiles, a little wicked. Pistols ready.

DISSOLVE INTO

CHAPTER SEVEN - "A LIGHT IN THE FOREST"

INT. 221-B BAKER STREET - DAY

Redman rests in a chair. Watson dresses his wound, for what
little good. Mrs. Hudson provides tea on a tray. Pistol out.

REDMAN

Thank you, good lady.

Redman sips the tea. COUGHS! Nose bleeds!
Everyone REACTS, from their personal agenda.
Sherlock stretches on the lounge. Maintains eye-contact.

REDMAN (CONT'D)

Mine is a long story, but I have
voice only for a short one. As
vivid as yesterday...

MONTAGE - REDMAN'S STORY

Illustrated with Stereoscope split-screens, Magic Lantern slides, shadow theatre, puppets, tin-types and any other form of pre-movies public entertainment true to the era.

Across a NATURAL LANDSCAPE of American frontier, LITTLE BOY ADAM rides. Hunts. Fishes. He SEES---

EUROPEAN SETTLERS & MISSIONARIES cross the lush plains. REVEREND IGNATIUS GOODWIN. His little daughter, FLEURISE.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)

I never saw a White Man, before Ignatius Goodwin. And his daughter, Fleurise. She knew nothing about my people. Dreamed of Mayan gods, from her books. I was a disappointment.

Adam trains, rituals with his SHAMAN GRANDFATHER. Adam studies with Goodwin. Religion. Medicine. Language. Forges minerals, from the tribal ground. Into a SILVER RING.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O) (CONT'D)

I was hungry for her world. She was hungry for mine. Even the dangers. I was happy to absorb anything of her, whatever the consequences.

Fleurise shares her books with Adam. Adam recreates Mayan rituals. They LAUGH, together. Fleurise SNEEZES. Adam LAUGHS.

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

SHERLOCK

You contracted scarlet fever?

WATSON

Your rheumatic heart.

REDMAN

That was the first time I died. But our bond was too strong. I could not leave her.

RESUME MONTAGE - REDMAN'S STORY

Adam falls gravely ill. SHAMAN RITUALS. Long recovery. Fleurise welcomes back Adam. Long, desperate hug. Into---

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)

As we grew, so grew the hunger. It
could no longer be denied.

As teenagers, Adam & Fleurise. Flirt. Court. Kiss.
In the meadow, naked adult love. Forbidden. Found out by---
Goodwin shields Fleurise. Separate from Adam, sent away.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O) (CONT'D)

Fleurise was a wildflower, too
delicate for the hardships of my
world. No place for me, in hers.

Adam bids farewell to Shaman Grandfather, the tribe.
Adam & Fleurise. Meet in secret. Farewell kiss. And more.
Adam EXITS into the horizon. Fleurise sheds a tear. PRAIRIE
FLOWER, pressed between pages of her Mayan book. Over which---

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O) (CONT'D)

I began my journey, leaving behind
a token of our love. I thought it
was the ring.

FX - SILVER RING floats, mid-space.
SUPER - MAYAN ENGRAVING translates into English: **Neverending**
FX - The ring & engraving encircle---
Fleurise's ring finger. Hand upon her waist. Maternal.

MONTAGE - IN THE WHITE MAN'S WORLD

Adam bounces from extremes.
Slaves in the mines. Builds railroads.
With a band of OUTLAWS, on the run.
Tracker for some crazy-ass Texas Rangers.
Trapping in the frozen mountains.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)

If only I could be one of them. Be
a part of their world. Be with her.

MONTAGE - WITH THE CAVALRY

Under bitter taskmaster, MAJOR GRAYSON LOCKHART.
Native scout Adam, escorts missionaries Hawthorne & Fenimore.
Hawthorne sneezes. LOUD! Fenimore REACTS, disgust.

HAWTHORNE'S VOICE

Filthy, godless country.

LOCKHART'S VOICE

A rich country, gentlemen. If you
know where to look.

A knowing exchange. The unholy trinity. Turn to Adam.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)
Men of God dream of gold. They
settled for silver. A mountain of
it. Under my tribe. My "thirty
pieces" brought me back, to her.

MONTAGE - BACK HOME

Adam returns home. To his very frail Shaman Grandfather.
To his tribe, confined on a narrow, barren reservation.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)
I left, a boy. I came back, a man.
Without a tribe. Came back to her.

To Fleurise, tired but beautiful.
Her husband, MAJOR GRAYSON LOCKHART.
Fleurise's ten-year old daughter, MAYA LOCKHART.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O) (CONT'D)
She lived with the consequence of
necessity. A loveless marriage. A
beautiful daughter, so much like
her mother. Had to look close to
see her husband was not the father.

Adam REACTS, to the SILVER RING. On Maya's finger.
Fleurise REACTS, renewed hunger. Overlooked by Lockhart.
Hawthorne & Fenimore, hiding. Spy on Adam & Fleurise.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O) (CONT'D)
To protect our daughter's place in
their world, there was no place for
me, in hers.

Final, painful farewell. Adam leaves again. Unaware---
SPLIT-SCREEN - Hawthorne & Fenimore WHISPER. To---
Lockhart REACTS, outraged! To Fleurise, outcast.

MONTAGE - BATTLEFIELD

Adam rejoins the army, in the thick of Civil War conflict.
Amidst a slaughter, attacked by one of his own officers.

Major Lockhart takes revenge. Slashes a sabre across
Adam's face split in half. Bloody "A". Adam collapses, SEES
Lockhart, mortally wounded. As Adam passes out.

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

Mrs. Hudson refills Redman's unsteady teacup.
Watson REACTS, hand twitches. Relives war memories.

REDMAN

Covered in white man's blood. From
both sides. When I got the news.

SHERLOCK

Your tribe succumbed to the Fever?

Redman nods. Bitter memories.

RESUME MONTAGE - REDMAN'S STORY

Hawthorne's fire-and-brimstone stokes up the villagers.
Fleurise & Maya, shunned. Maya taken into "custody" by
Hawthorne, drools. As Fenimore carves a bloody "A" into
Fleurise's bare flesh, bleeding to death. Forced out onto
The reservation, devastated by an epidemic.
Hawthorne SNEEZES! Fenimore frowns.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)

My Fleurise, too delicate for the
Fever. Our Maya among the few
survivors. Sold into slavery.

Adam in a rage. Confronts Hawthorne & Fenimore.
A noose drops over Adam, pulls him back into---
A lynch mob. Adam strung off a tree. Left for dead.
Bleeding "A", carved into his chest.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O) (CONT'D)

It was wartime. I was a deserter.
With a daughter who needed me. And
no way out.

Adam is cut down from the tree, by---
UNION SOLDIERS, surprised to find---
Adam alive and traumatized. Behind bars in a MILITARY PRISON.

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

REDMAN

With Lockhart dead, Hawthorne and
Fenimore lacked the finances for
their mining operation. They turned
to an outside investor. A silent
partner. For fifty-percent interest
in the mineral rights.

Sherlock & Watson trade knowing glances. Their Phantom?

REDMAN (CONT'D)
Hawthorne and Fenimore used our silver to finance their real business. Sex and drugs. Human trafficking. The thought of Maya trapped in their world. While I rotted in prison. I wanted to---

Redman REACTS, emotion rises. Nosebleed. Painful COUGH. Everyone REACTS. Long silence. Somehow, Redman continues.

REDMAN (CONT'D)
Enough to make a man mad. Which put me in the hands of the "doctors".

RESUME MONTAGE - INT. MILITARY PRISON

In a cold, lonely prison INFIRMARY. Adam, probed and tested. Painful experiments. Pharmaceuticals. Side effects.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)
My heart condition made me an "interesting" test subject. New drugs. Powders. Bitter, painful. I was clever enough to take only half a dose and hide the rest.

Powder in paper sleeves. Redman cups the paper, pretends to take the full dose. Crushes the paper & leftover into a fist.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O) (CONT'D)
But I was just a lab "animal". After a year, the doctors wanted a human subject. A man. A white man.

A SURLY PRISONER on the examination table. Smirks at Adam. Swallows the powder. Violent REACTION. Seizure. Shock. Death.

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

SHERLOCK
He had not developed an immunity, as you did. Slowly, over a period of time.

REDMAN
A tolerance. That put an end to the experiments. And I was back on the chain-gang. Most of a decade. When the package came.

RESUME MONTAGE - INT. MILITARY PRISON

Heavily-battered ENVELOPE, traveled the ends of the earth.
 POSTMARK worn illegible. From England.
 Opened & inspected by a WARDEN. The contents---
 Plain paper, edged in black. Wrapped around the SILVER RING.
 Adam REACTS, berserk! ROARS! Restrained by GUARDS, into---
 Solitary confinement, inside the SWEAT-BOX.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)

Thanks to my Shaman Grandfather, I
 knew nature's medicines. Working
 the fields with the chain-gang, I
 found special herbs that can slow a
 man's heart. Pulse undetectable.
 Safely hidden for the right moment.

Guards unlock the Sweat-Box, discover---
 Adam's body, no sign of life. Bagged and dumped into---

MONTAGE - EXT. SHALLOW GRAVE - DUSK

Tired GRAVEDIGGER, indifferent. Shovels dirt over---
 Adam's "corpse" suddenly stirs. A moment of panic.
 Struggles out of the burlap bag.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)

I woke, almost too late.

GRAVEDIGGER still shovels. Does not notice
 Under darkness, Adam climbs out, sneaks OFF.

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

Lestrade hides a shudder. Writes into a POCKET LEDGER.
 Redman shivers, cold as the grave. Wraps his coat tighter.

REDMAN

The trail was cold. It took a long
 time. A dead man has very limited
 resources. But I applied everything
 I had. Found where they had taken
 her, place to place. Drugged and
 forced into prostitution. Followed
 their lead, here. Where Maya died.
 Slow and painful. Diseased. From
 their, clients.

Redman chokes with emotion. Barely able to speak.
 Mrs. Hudson REACTS, secret memories. Shared by---
 Sherlock REACTS, hides behind a half-smile. Almost.
 Watson observes the exchange. Curious. Uncertain.

REDMAN (CONT'D)

I failed everyone I loved. I would not fail them, again. Dead men learn, patience pays off. Stayed close as I could to, that place. Was ready when I got the word. Hawthorne and Fenimore were coming to port, with fresh "cargo".

MONTAGE - EXT. LIVERPOOL DOCKS

Hawthorne EXITS a ship. With Fenimore, startled to SEE--- Redman on the dock, quickly ducks behind DOCK WORKERS. Fenimore REACTS, shivers. Hawthorne turns, SEES--- Redman not there, lost in the crowd. Hawthorne SCOFFS, continues OFF. Fenimore follows, closely.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)

My plans would only work, if I cornered them separately. Fenimore believed in ghosts. I could use that. But he saw me and was too afraid to leave Hawthorne's side.

MONTAGE - EXT. HALLIDAY'S PRIVATE HOTEL

Hansom driver Redman hides his scarred face behind a FALSE BEARD and thick SCARF. In the driver's seat, watches for---

Hawthorne & Fenimore EXIT Halliday's. Into a hansom and OFF. Redman's hansom follows.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)

Anywhere Hawthorne and Fenimore went, I was their shadow. It cut into my wages. I lost my lodgings. Fortunately, one of my fares, a landlord, left behind his keys. I saw them returned, after I made copies, and found a vacancy where I might sleep. When desperate enough.

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

SHERLOCK

Number Three, Lauriston Gardens?

REDMAN

If I did not spend the night in my hansom. Full time job, keeping up with Hawthorne.

(MORE)

REDMAN (CONT'D)

He was half-drunk, most times. But Fenimore was always sharp. On the lookout for ghosts. Never left Hawthorne's side. This went on for two weeks. Worried my heart would give out before the opportunity came. Near wore me out.

RESUME MONTAGE - EXT. HALLIDAY'S PRIVATE HOTEL

Redman, half-asleep in the driver's seat. Shaken awake by---
Luggage tossed into the hansom. Hawthorne & Fenimore board.
Redman REACTS, horrified. Hides his face. SEES---

FENIMORE'S VOICE

Euston Station. Quickly, quickly!

REDMAN'S THOUGHTS (V-O)

Oh, no. Oh, no! I failed. They will leave, without my revenge. I cannot fail. Will not fail you, my loves.

GHOSTS - MAYA & FLEURISE, afloat in the street ahead.
Hansom EXITS through dissipating Maya & Fleurise, and OFF.

MONTAGE - EXT. LONDON STREETS

Hansom wheels. Horse hooves. Through strange avenues, into---

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)

I had to slow them down, without showing my hand. With all that, I almost failed. The Liverpool train was final boarding when we arrived.

MONTAGE - EXT. EUSTON STATION

Redman's hansom arrives. Hawthorne & Fenimore GRUMBLE.
Quickly EXIT. Hawthorne, a bit tipsy. Awkward luggage.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)

They needed a hand with their bags.
So, I gave them a hand.

Redman pushes, when they pull. Pulls, when they push.
"Accidentally" undoes a latch. Luggage falls. Contents spill.
Fenimore CURSES. Hawthorne LAUGHS, drunk. They rush for---
LIVERPOOL EXPRESS chugs out of the station. Leaves---
Hawthorne & Fenimore on the platform. Too late. They ARGUE!

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O) (CONT'D)

Seven hours to the next train.
Hawthorne said, never mind. He had
"unfinished business". Fenimore
would have to stay and check in
their bags, while I rode Hawthorne
back into town. I couldn't resist.

As he drives OFF, Redman pulls down his scarf. WINKS at---
Fenimore REACTS, pale as a ghost.

MONTAGE - EXT. ANCIENT MARINER - NIGHT

Outside the Service Entrance. Hawthorne flirts with Dorie.
A smile. Money. Vial of COCAINE to share. WHISPER in Dorie's
ear. Dorie LAUGHS. Hawthorne GROWLS! SLAPS her face. Again!

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)

Forced out, Hawthorne tried to get
the girls to go with him. New
owners did not take kindly to the
drunk fox raiding their hen house.

HOUSE MASTER intervenes. Hawthorne struggles. Cut off by---
COLONEL MORAN throws Hawthorne out, into the street.
Hawthorne CURSES. Staggeres down the street. Into---

MONTAGE - EXT. REDMAN'S HANSOM

Hawthorne stumbles in, drunk & stoned.

HAWTHORNE'S VOICE

Take me somewhere a man can drink.

REDMAN

After hours, sir.

HAWTHORNE'S VOICE

Take me!

Redman smiles. Flicks the reins. Drives OFF, through---
Street ahead. Spectre Fleurise & Spectre Maya smile.
Lead us into---

MONTAGE - EXT. LAURISTON GARDENS - NIGHT

Redman helps Hawthorne out of the cab. Stagger together, over
a bottle of gin. Through the yard. Through Spectre Maya &
Spectre Fleurise. Into---

MONTAGE - INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Redman props Hawthorne against the fireplace.
Lights a candle, on the mantle.
Flickering shadows. Spectre Maya & Spectre Fleurise.

HAWTHORNE'S VOICE

What is this place?

REDMAN

Name your poison.

Redman sets TWO FLASKS upon the mantle. Gin or whiskey?
Hawthorne grins. Goes for the gin.
Redman smiles. Opens the match-box. Two white pills.
Hawthorne's eyes sparkle, wide. Licks his lips.

HAWTHORNE'S VOICE

What is it?

REDMAN

Life and death. Name your poison?

Hawthorne grins. Takes his time. Picks one pill.
Redman selects the other pill. Drops it into his whiskey.
Hawthorne grins. Drops the pill into his gin. FZZZZ!
Redman keeps eye-contact, waits for recognition.
A toast, as they drink. Deep, long swigs.

REDMAN (CONT'D)

Past lives!

Hawthorne LAUGHS. Redman LAUGHS. His fist RATTLES the mantle.
Candlelight flickers, off the SILVER RING.
Hawthorne REACTS, half-chokes. LAUGH turns into a SPIT-TAKE.
Finds courage, in a strong swig of gin. Half the bottle.
Redman waves his whiskey. The empty match-box.

REDMAN (CONT'D)

Sweet candy, or sweet death? Which
of us pays for his sins, tonight?

Redman swigs half the whiskey. Wipes his lips. Smiles.

HAWTHORNE'S VOICE

You... You are already dead.

REDMAN

Dead men don't bleed.

Redman dabs a kerchief to his nose. BLOOD gushes.
Hawthorne LAUGHS! Reads it as a symptom, Redman is poisoned!
Redman grins, sardonic. Insane RANT! Blood sprays everywhere.
Hawthorne's LAUGH chokes in his throat. Drops to his knees.

Pangs & twitches. Poison does its job, slow and fitful.
 Redman pays no notice. Waves his fist. The RING. The FLOWER.
 Hawthorne claws at Redman. His fist. The ring. For dear life!

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)

I had him softened up. Vulnerable.
 I needed him sober. Needed to know
 what he had done. Why he had died.

Redman goes berserk. Fists flail the air. Slam the wall. Into
 the blood. Draws on the wall. Relives Mayan dances & games.
 With Spectre Fleurise and Spectre Maya. SHADOW and LIGHT.
 Exhausted & weak from blood-loss. Redman collapses, beside---
 Hawthorne's body, horribly contorted. Bug-eyed.
 Redman REACTS, to BLOODY DRAWINGS on the wall. Insane LAUGH.
 Redman rushes OFF. Horrified. Forgets---
 Candlelight FLICKERS. Maya & Fleurise. Dark & Light. Into---

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

Mrs. Hudson turns up a GASLIGHT.
 Redman GASPS. Long SILENCE. Rubs his fists. SEES---
 The SILVER RING. On Sherlock's finger.

REDMAN

I knew blood fever. The madness
 that comes with a taste of the
 kill. It delighted and terrified
 me. Until later, I noticed---

SHERLOCK

The ring. Missing.

REDMAN

Only thing I had of Fleurise, and
 Maya. I was its fool. Still am.

SHERLOCK

Your drawings. The K'iche legend. A
 bat-god's revenge on twin brothers.
 It was a message. To Fenimore?

REDMAN

Alcohol and drugs were Hawthorne's
 weakness. Superstition, Fenimore's.
 I waited for the newspaper reports
 to come out. Used his fear against
 him. I needed Fenimore vulnerable.
 Candy and shillings bought me a few
 pranksters, to rattle his door.

MONTAGE - INT. FENIMORE'S HOTEL ROOM

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! Fenimore PANICS! Unblocks a window.
Redman climbs inside. Backs Fenimore against the bed.
Match-box in Redman's hand. Two pills.
Fenimore refuses. Cowers on the floor.
Redman catches the light. Angel of death. Looms over---

REDMAN

Name your poison.

Fenimore's hand trembles. Selects a pill.
Redman smiles. Drops the other pill into a glass of water.
Extends another glass to Fenimore. PLOP! FZZZZ!
Redman drinks his water in a single gulp. Sly smile.
Fenimore hesitates. Sips the water.
Redman forces the glass. Fenimore swallows every drop.

A long SILENCE. Hard stares. Waiting for symptoms.
Redman remains stoic. Alarming calm.

Fenimore GASPS! Hysterical seizure. False symptoms.
Stumbles through the room, against furniture.
Fenimore clutches his chest. A heart attack, realizes---

SHERLOCK'S VOICE (V-O)

Fenimore was not poisoned.

REDMAN'S VOICE (V-O)

Paranoia got the better of him.
Fenimore stopped believing in
ghosts, when he became one.

Redman grins. Sets the glasses on the window sill. Back to---
Fenimore, not poisoned. Too late. Fear bursts his heart.
Final throes. Fenimore lunges, stabs a KNIFE into---

FENIMORE'S VOICE

No ghost...

Redman struggles, frees himself from Fenimore's death throes.
Redman collapses against the wash basin. In the mirror SEES---

SPECTRE MAYA & SPECTRE FLEURISE

Over Fenimore's body. The blank wall.
Redman wipes blood, from his nose. Draws on the wall.

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

Redman PANTS heavily. His narrative, exhausted.

REDMAN

Justice came for both of us. Fear,
for Fenimore. The poison, for me.

SHERLOCK

Not exactly justice. It was not
fair play. With your immunity.

REDMAN

A tolerance. The sentence may come
slower, but every bit as deadly.

Everyone REACTS, stunned SILENCE. A long BEAT.
Sherlock rises, paces to the window. SEES---

SHERLOCK

An illuminating narrative. However,
you overlooked one important fact.
Your accomplice?

Beyond Sherlock's window, Baker Street. Busy with late day
traffic. Irene, nowhere to be seen.

REDMAN

You have all my secrets, Mister
Holmes. I do not speak for others.

SHERLOCK

Who is responsible, in two murders.

REDMAN

Murder means men killing men. These
were contagion justly exterminated.
By my hand, alone. My friend was
only involved in protecting me.
From you, Mister Holmes. Take it as
a deep compliment. But, I have
nothing left to protect. After a
lifetime searching, I finally found
my place. On the other side. With
my tribe. Fleurise and Maya. Just a
race now to see which gets me there
first. The poison or--- My heart!

Redman suddenly leaps to his feet. Loud GASP! Blood gushes.
From his nose. Mouth. GROAN! Falls face-first, to the floor.
A commotion! Watson examines Redman. Desperate action.

EXT. 221-B BAKER STREET - LATE DAY

Sherlock & Watson carry Redman. Through a curious CROWD.
Into the hansom. Lestrade in the driver's seat. EXITS, past---

EXT. STOREFRONT RECESS

Irene REACTS, chokes back tears. Turns away, down a SERVICE ALLEY. Does not notice, Wiggins follows her OFF.

INT. HANSOM CAB - REDMAN'S POV

Half-conscious haze. Watson over us, works feverishly. Resigned SIGH. Sits back, beside Sherlock. Redman WHISPERS, almost inaudible RASP.

REDMAN
...the ring.

Sherlock REACTS, removes the ring. Redman stops him.

REDMAN (CONT'D)
You earned it. Just want, last thing I see...

Sherlock leans in. Ring finger a half-breath away. Redman COUGHS, half-chokes on his own blood. Looks from the ring. To Sherlock. SEES---

REDMAN (CONT'D)
So like, your father? Have to look close, to see. Your mother, in you.

Over Sherlock's shoulders. Spectre Maya & Spectre Fleurise. Sherlock leans closer, WHISPERS.

SHERLOCK
The men who wronged you are but shadows. Of a puppet-master whose evil strings stretch everywhere. I swear, you will be avenged. You may take consolation in this. You have a granddaughter. She lives.

Sherlock leans back. Through the window, sunset SILHOUETTES--- Sherlock's profile. Twin to an Indian-head nickel, until--- Sherlock dons his CAP. Into the trademark Sherlock SHADOW.

Redman's dying GASP! On Sherlock, as we--- BLACK OUT!

FINAL CHAPTER - "MYSTERIOUS SHERLOCK HOLMES"

MONTAGE - SHERLOCK'S FANTASIA PART THREE

Rapid images. Phantoms from the case, in a dreamy swirl. Adam Redman. Fleurise. Maya. The silver ring.

On Tomboy Sheelagh's finger. Running from Hawthorne & Fenimore. Dorie. The Ancient Mariner. Adult Sheelagh, among the girls. Flirts with Irene Adler, smiles. Falls back, out of our reach. Into Phantom Moriarty. Envelopes everything, into darkness. Menacing eyes. Watson to the rescue. Pulls Sheelagh. Through a giant silver ring. Moonlight. Into---

INT. 221-B BAKER STREET - SHERLOCK'S POV

Distracted. Semi-conscious. MOONLIGHT, through the window. REFLECTS off the SILVER RING, on Sherlock's finger.

WIDER - INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM - EVENING

Half-awake on the lounge, Sherlock stares up at the window. One of his "moods". Toys with the ring. Sees only emptiness.

Watson hides desperate concern, behind feigned indifference. Dull routine. Sherlock curls into a manic-depressive ball.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Watson cannot sleep. Distracted by--- Sherlock's paraphernalia. Memories. Watson's concern. The growing mystery of Sherlock Holmes. Watson REACTS to--- O-S, loud SCRAPE on the violin. Repeats, endlessly into---

INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM - DAWN

Watson ENTERS, haggard and sleep-deprived. Finds--- On the lounge, Sherlock still FIDDLES. Dissonant. Over---

The breakfast table. Watson REACTS to--- Sherlock's fiddle. Painful SCRAPES.

In a chair, Watson reads. Distracted by Sherlock's fiddle.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

Watson stuffs pillows in his ears. O-S, Sherlock's fiddle SCRAPES louder. Harsher. Watson REACTS, quiet GROWL! Off the bed and into---

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Watson steps out of his suite, and into--- Mrs. Hudson has prepared a BOXED LUNCH.

O-S, Sherlock's fiddle SCRAPES, endlessly.

MRS. HUDSON

The park looks quite lovely today,
Doctor. For a stroll and a tea?

WATSON

Is he often like this?

MRS. HUDSON

It's the fiddle or the needle. When
there be no case to distract our
Mister Holmes. Days and weeks at a
time.

WATSON

I would have thought, after our
recent adventure---

MRS. HUDSON

The thrill might linger? Or, make
the everyday painfully commonplace.

A beat. Watson nods. EXITS, with the boxed lunch, into---

EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

On a bench, Watson eats lunch. Distracted by---
The Violin Busker FIDDLES, vigorously. Conjures up---
Watson's memory - Sherlock's violin virtuoso. Cut off by---

Somber One & Somber Too block Watson's view of the Busker.

SOMBER ONE

Your presence is requested---

SOMBER TOO

--- Sir.

Watson REACTS, frowns. SIGH! Wads his lunch. EXITS with
Somber One & Somber Too, into---

INT. DIOGENES CLUB READING ROOM - DAY

Somber Men escort Watson to Mycroft, behind his NEWSPAPER.
Watson turns to find, Somber Men quickly vanished.

MYCROFT

You made inquiries.

Watson turns back, to Mycroft.

WATSON

Is that how you always say, hello?

MYCROFT

About Sherlock Holmes.

WATSON

Yes.

MYCROFT

Appearances can be deceiving.

WATSON

Indeed.

MYCROFT

Sherlock and I. Share the same father. With a predilection for ladies of questionable reputation.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE

Magic Lantern montage. Rapid images.
Gaudy tintypes. FRENCH POSTCARDS. 19th Century erotica.
Gallery of PROSTITUTES. Smiling & inviting. Drugged stares.
Through the revealing undress---

SINCLAIR HOLMES tastes all he finds. Alcohol. Drugs. Women.

Among them, MAYA LOCKHART is lost in an opiate dream.
Barely conscious. Submits to every demand and indignity.
And yet, there is a compelling innocence.

Sinclair's SHADOW envelopes Maya, into TOTAL DARKNESS.
O-S, a newborn's CRY!

MYCROFT'S VOICE (V-0)

Every action has consequences.

Time passes. Maya, increasingly lost in a drugged stupor.

Maya's androgynous SHEELAGH. Through it all, vacant stare.
Through Maya's clients. SHADOWS. Pass over stoic Sheelagh.
Family portraits. Maya. The girls. Sheelagh, uncomfortable.

With a pack of URCHINS. Sheelagh, one of the boys. On the street. LAUGH. Steal. Fight. Like an Irregular.

Maya bedridden. Pale. SCREAMS! Long. Painful. Death.

Tomboy Sheelagh stares, blank emotion. Enveloped by---
An elegant SHADOW approaches. Reaches out to---

REAL-TIME - INT. DIOGENES CLUB READING ROOM

MYCROFT

When Sherlock's mother died. Under
unfortunate circumstances---

WATSON

Your father, did the right thing?

MYCROFT

My mother. Without question or
hesitation. Embraced Sherlock as
her own.

RESUME FLASHBACK - INT. THE HOLMES HOUSE

A SILHOUETTE over Sheelagh, MARTHA HOLMES's eyes are warmly
familiar? Her shadow embraces Sheelagh. REVEALING---

MYCROFT'S VOICE (V-O)

Father resented Sherlock. Constant
proof of the wedge driven into
their marriage. Bitterness grew
into hate. Despite mother's love,
Sherlock would never be one of us.

Sinclair Holmes, stands back. Seethes. Behind Sinclair---
Young Mycroft REACTS, troubled.

RESUME INT. DIOGENES CLUB READING ROOM

Watson REACTS, uncomfortable.

WATSON

Why are you telling me this?

MYCROFT

You wanted to know. Needed to know.

WATSON

Because Sherlock Holmes is not, one
of us? Not a gentleman.

MYCROFT

Do not mistake the mask for the
face, Doctor. Even as a child,
Sherlock had seen more than you or
I can possibly imagine. Thank
goodness. Sherlock's world is
entirely different from ours.

Watson REACTS, self-conscious. A beat.

WATSON

I must confess, you are right. I am
a gentleman. Something you are not!

Watson rips away Mycroft's newspaper. Direct eye-contact.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Sherlock Holmes is more gentleman
than you, than either of us, could
ever hope to be.

Watson turns away, into---
Somber One & Somber Two, from nowhere, block the exit.
Watson thrusts through them, and OFF.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Good day. Gentlemen.

Somber One trades looks with Mycroft.

SOMBER ONE

He knows?

Mycroft REACTS. His eyes. Silent orders, to---
Somber One & Somber Too REACT, clear understanding. EXIT.
Behind the safe refuge of a newspaper, Mycroft SIGHS!

INT. 221-B BAKER STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Watson storms past Mrs. Hudson, before she can REACT.
Upstairs, into---

INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

Watson ENTERS, surprised to find---

Sherlock, at the window. With Wiggins.
Sherlock pockets a folded HANDBILL. Gives a SHILLING to---
Wiggins salutes. Broad smile to Watson, and EXITS.
Sherlock CROSSES behind the dressing screen.

WATSON

Back from the dead, are we?

SHERLOCK

Chasing shadows. Doctor's orders. A
brisk walk to clear the cobwebs?

WATSON

Without a case to pursue? How
refreshingly novel.

SHERLOCK

Oh, I think we are bound to uncover a puzzle. Between the pair of us.

Sherlock's eyes sparkle. Smartly attired. EXITS with unusual enthusiasm. Watson contemplates, a half-beat. Follows, into---

EXT. WESTMINSTER DISTRICT - LATE DAY

Watson struggles to keep up, with Sherlock's determined pace.

WATSON

A brisk walk, you said. Brisk walk? I almost prefer you on the lounge.

They continue, along the Thames. Victoria Embankment. Sherlock consults the HANDBILL, in his pocket. For--- Gilbert & Sullivan's opera, "PATIENCE". Grand opening of---

EXT. SAVOY THEATRE - NEAR DUSK

Outside the box-office. Sherlock circles past ADVERTISEMENTS for the theatre's opening attraction. Continues, around---

EXT. ARTISTS' ENTRANCE - DUSK

Fresh from dress rehearsal, cast & crew exit. Including--- Irene Adler LAUGHS. Cut off, when she SEES--- Sherlock toys with the SILVER RING on his finger. Half-smile. Irene REACTS, shrinks back into the crowd and OFF, before---

Watson catches up. HUFF & PUFF! REACTS to the unpleasant air.

WATSON

What is that, unique "aroma"?

SHERLOCK

Burgess's Noted Fish-Sauce Shop. Or Rimmell's Scent Factory? Yes. Yes, something of The Woman, I think.

WATSON

I shall concentrate on Rimmell's.

SHERLOCK

I cannot. Forced to take it all in, I am cursed with acutely trained olfactory senses. Necessary in my---

WATSON

Your profession, yes.

SHERLOCK

Might we attend tomorrow's opening?
To celebrate our first case closed.

WATSON

Gilbert and Sullivan? Well... You
certainly earned it.

SHERLOCK

Did I...

WATSON

What is wrong?

SHERLOCK

The scars of battle, cut deep.

Sherlock shrugs, distracted. SEES---
Irene. The cast. Gone. The theatre empty.
Sherlock rubs his right arm. Defeated SIGH! Watson frowns.

WATSON

You've torn the stitches. On the
floor, with Square-Boots, no doubt.

SHERLOCK

This is why I usually avoid field
work. Somebody always gets hurt.

WATSON

We'll get you home quickly for some
proper medical attention. And this
time, may we please take a cab?

Sherlock half-smiles. EXITS with Watson, into---

INT. 221-B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Sherlock & Watson ENTER. Surprised to find, upon the lounge---
A weathered WALKING STICK, thick & bulbous-headed.

SHERLOCK

Hello, what is this? Mrs. Hudson---

Mrs. Hudson appears, almost before Sherlock calls out. With a
TRAY and COLD SUPPER. Onto the table.

MRS. HUDSON

Begging your pardon, Mister Holmes.
A gentleman called, while you was
out. I told him, but he insisted on
waiting.

(MORE)

MRS. HUDSON (CONT'D)
Then, quick as you please, I heard him rush off, grumbling to himself, a totally different man.

WATSON
What was the man like?

MRS. HUDSON
He were a gentleman, sir.

Sherlock half-smiles. Walking stick, in his hand.

SHERLOCK
We will find out, soon enough. When the "gentleman" returns for his property. Thank you, Mrs. Hudson.

Mrs. Hudson curtsies & EXITS.
Sherlock changes, behind the dressing screen.

WATSON
Never mind the walking stick. Let us see to your arm, before it goes gangrene.

Watson leans the stick against the fireplace. Sherlock returns, in his robe. Stretches upon the lounge. Watson examines the arm. Frowns. A scalpel from his bag.

WATSON (CONT'D)
This will be painful. Extremely.

SHERLOCK
My dear Watson. I do believe you take delight in hurting me.

WATSON
Most assuredly.

SHERLOCK
Don't need to twist my arm twice. Your pleasure, sir.

Sherlock extends his arm, for Watson's scalpel. Watson REACTS, taken aback. If it were not Sherlock, the words might sound more natural from a wench. Like Dorie.

WATSON
Might get a decent night's rest, at least. With no more of the infernal fiddle, for the time being.

SHERLOCK
Poor Watson.

Sherlock bites back a scream, as---
 Watson cuts open and re-stitches the wound.
 Watson feels Sherlock's pain. Hides behind gruff manner.

WATSON

It hurts? Good. Maybe you'll let it
 heal before our next escapade.

Watson finishes the dressing. Half-conscious, Sherlock SEES---
 Watson rinses off, in the water basin. Turns to find---
 Sherlock passed out. A dreamy smile.
 Watson pulls a blanket over Sherlock. Pauses. A long study.
 Unable to sleep, Watson sits at the table. Writes.

INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Sherlock awakens, a little delirious. SEES---
 Watson still writes. Half asleep. REACTS to---

SHERLOCK

Poor old Watson... After a week of
 rather intense scrutiny, have you
 formulated an opinion, Doctor?

Watson sets down his pen. Tired SIGH! Pushes away the paper.

WATSON

Not a complete picture. Fragments
 only. To begin with, the obvious.

Sherlock perks up. Eyes sparkle with anticipation.

WATSON (CONT'D)

You play the violin. Beautifully,
 when you have a mind to. Which is
 almost never. More often, you play
 indifferently, like some nervous
 tic, when you are lost in a case.
 It "clears the mind", driving
 everyone else to distraction. Your
 fingering is unprofessional and you
 have had no formal training. Which
 makes your skill all the more
 remarkable, and shameful, a waste.

Watson PLUCKS a sour note, on Sherlock's Stradivarius.

WATSON (CONT'D)

You revel in your eccentricity.
Habits excused in old men, looking
back over a lifetime of experience
through the flaw of memory, seem
pure arrogance in the brightness of
youth. You upend authority, leaving
yourself the only one in control.

Sherlock REACTS. Hides disappointment behind a half-smile.
Off Sherlock's look, Watson REACTS, animated. Smiles.

INSERT - FLASHES - INT. SHERLOCK'S SUITE - HOLMES & WATSON

Scenes replayed, from Sherlock & Watson's first conversation.
Sherlock ushers Watson out. Guesses Watson's name, wrong!
"...James?" "John." Sherlock's infamous half-smile. UNDER---

WATSON'S VOICE (V-O)

That strange smile, when hiding
something. Evidence. Your mistakes?
And the sparkle in your eyes, at
some new discovery or surprise.

Sherlock half-faces Watson. Eyes sparkle. "*Elementary.*"
Sherlock turns a half-smile, to the mirror.

WATSON'S VOICE (V-O) (CONT'D)

You avoid direct scrutiny. Build a
wall. With elaborate disguises.

INSERT - FLASHES - EXT. MARKET STREET

Dipper picks Watson's pocket. The Hag grins. "*Allo, dearie.
Lookin' fer a bit o'fun?*" Sheelagh bumps into Watson. Smiles.

WATSON'S VOICE (V-O)

Do you even know, whom you really
are anymore?

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

Watson CROSSES through Sherlock's closet of guises. Dipper.
The Hag. Sheelagh's long blond wig. Irresistibly soft.

WATSON

Which is the real Sherlock Holmes?

SHERLOCK

Why not, all?

WATSON

Why not, indeed. How do you conceal your true identity, by the way? I mean, your quite prominent---

Watson gestures, open fists grab air.
Sherlock REACTS, eyebrow raised in challenge?

WATSON (CONT'D)

--- Nose.

Sherlock's eyes sparkle.

SHERLOCK

Magic. Misdirection. Distract their attention. With something, more obvious.

INSERT - FLASHES - THE SILVER RING

On Mrs. Hudson's hand. Inside Wilson's flat. "Mrs. Hudson".
Sherlock's ring. Redman's hand. Handcuffs SNAP!

SHERLOCK'S VOICE (V-O)

Or if you cannot hide a fact, make it bigger. Repulsive. People will look away, embarrassed.

INSERT - FLASHES - EXT. MARKET STREET

Dipper's BULBOUS RED NOSE. Under his colorful hat---
The Hag's ugly wart-nose & teeth. Moran REACTS, recoils!

SHERLOCK'S VOICE (V-O)

Whatever it takes.

INSERT - FLASH MONTAGE

Dipper picks pockets. Sherlock & the stolen RING. With Watson's PAWN TICKET. Moran's BAG. Sherlock & Dorie. Twist of the arm. Sherlock swallows the "poison pill". Wrestles with Redman. The window. Irene's plea for mercy?

WATSON'S VOICE (V-O)

Is there nothing you will not do?

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

SHERLOCK

For the truth? Nothing.

WATSON
Whatever the cost.

INSERT - FLASH MONTAGE

Sheelagh fights Shadow Jack. Sherlock's WOUNDED ARM. Sniper's BULLET. In Sherlock's back. Countless SCARS. Needle-marks. Watson's surgery. Sherlock refuses to scream. Passes out.

WATSON'S VOICE (V-O)
You display a ridiculously high threshold to pain, which may prove the opposite is closer the truth.

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

WATSON
Where did you acquire your unique combat skills? The mystic Orient, or some West End opium parlor?

Sherlock shrugs. Half-smile. Credence to both scenarios? Watson sorts through Sherlock's test-tubes. Equipment.

WATSON (CONT'D)
You "experiment". But I cannot believe you would willingly risk those jealously-guarded grey cells. Therefore, your cocaine addiction is not self-inflicted. A scar of battle, perhaps? With your Phantom Mastermind? Your grand obsession?

INSERT - FLASH MONTAGE

Puppet-Master. Phantom Mastermind. An endless SHADOW over--- His girls. Dorie. Maya. Young Sheelagh. Adult Sheelagh. Moriarty's strung-out SEX SLAVE.

The many guises of IRENE ADLER. Vanish! Into a void.

WATSON'S VOICE (V-O)
Yes, you do experiment. With people. Lestrade. The Irregulars.

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

WATSON
Myself? Mrs. Hudson...

INSERT - FLASH MONTAGE

Tomboy Sheelagh. Sherlock with the Irregulars. Maternal? Mrs. Hudson. Pistol-ready. Trades concerned looks? With Sherlock.

WATSON'S VOICE (V-O)

Less a landlady than, someone repaying a debt? The nature of which is not my place to speculate.

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

Sherlock toys with the silver ring on his finger. Nervous.

WATSON

Of course, there is Redman's ring, to which you have developed a keen attachment. A hide of the hunt. Or something more personal? Then there is the question of your birth---

INSERT - FLASH MONTAGE

Rapid images. Maya. Sheelagh's childhood. Sex & drugs. Sinclair. Martha. Mycroft. Adult Sheelagh.

RESUME INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM

Sherlock closes his eyes. Painful introspection.

SHERLOCK

Mycroft has been talking.

WATSON

By attempting to dissuade me, he merely confirmed what I already suspected. Your relationship with Mycroft is representative, of a difficult past. Of which, again, it is not my place to speculate.

(A beat. Tired EXHALE.)

Mere fragments, as I have said. From which I am unable to draw any successful conclusions. Except... Never underestimate the singularly mysterious, Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK

Mycroft is far more mysterious.

WATSON

By design. You are genuine. Other than that, "I have practically nothing to offer."

Sherlock's magnifying glass, studies Watson. Half-smiles.

SHERLOCK

My dear Watson. There is more to you than meets the eye. I shall have to keep a close watch, in future. However, if we are to be companions, there is one important point which you have overlooked.

Sherlock rises, unsteady. Opens the robe. REVEALS--- Sheelagh's naked femininity, fully displayed.

Watson REACTS, indifferent.

WATSON

Oh, that? I noticed, first thing.

Sherlock REACTS, skeptical look.

WATSON (CONT'D)

After all, I am a doctor. And a gentleman. It was not my place to remark upon the matter. We may share these digs, as companions. But to the world's first Consulting Detective, I will always be the Doctor. With all the privileges and confidences that title implies.

Sherlock closes the robe. Onto the lounge. Violin, in hand.

SHERLOCK

Bravo, Watson. We shall carry on, famously.

WATSON

Infamously, you mean. If my nerves can stand it.

SHERLOCK

No worry, dear boy. We'll soon shock your system into shape.

WATSON

That is what I am afraid of.

Hampered by his bad arm, Sherlock tweaks the violin. SCRAPE! Agony! For both of them. Watson frowns. EXITS into---

INT. BEDROOM

Surrounded by Sherlock's paraphernalia. Memories. Mystery. Watson cannot sleep. REACTS to---
O-S, SCRAPE! SCRAPE! Sherlock fiddles. Into a beautiful virtuoso CONCERTO. Lush, romantic lullaby. Perfectly played.

WATSON'S VOICE (V-O)
Never underestimate the singularly mysterious... Sherlock Holmes.

Watson REACTS, half-smiles. Drifts off, into---

EPILOG - "GENTLEMAN CALLER"

INT. SHERLOCK'S SITTING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

At the breakfast table, Watson peruses a NEWSPAPER. Upon the lounge, Sherlock half-smiles. Arm in a sling. Poses, with a CALABASH PIPE. Admires his SHADOW.

SHERLOCK
I look more manly, with a pipe.

WATSON
You do not smoke. Thank goodness. Filthy habit.

SHERLOCK
Exactly. An unlit cigarette might seem conspicuous. But an unlit pipe? Merely respectful.

WATSON
Ridiculous. Once you set your mind, no force on earth will stop you.

SHERLOCK
You are learning, Watson.

Watson REACTS, ironic CHUCKLE. Over a FRONT PAGE article.

WATSON
There is a remarkably detailed account in the Standard. How Lestrade captured the murderer, Adam Redman. Single-handed.

SHERLOCK
If you seek the truth, look to the Strand.

Watson REACTS. A germ of an idea takes root.

WATSON
They publish fiction.

SHERLOCK
Precisely. Because of his death, Redman does not have to stand up in court. Nor does Lestrade's fanciful version of the events. Mrs. Hudson will be gravely disappointed.

Sherlock studies the WALKING STICK.
Watson REACTS to a Society Column item.

WATSON
Hmm. The American actress, Miss Irene Adler, has dropped out of tonight's opening at the Savoy. Some medical emergency?

SHERLOCK
What a surprise.

WATSON
Pity that. I was looking forward---

SHERLOCK
Watson, you loathe Gilbert and Sullivan.

WATSON
What? No, I--- Well, yes... It was Miss Adler we were hoping to catch. Wasn't it?

Watson trades sly half-smiles with Sherlock.
Sherlock REACTS. Eyes sparkle, through the magnifying glass.

SHERLOCK
I am watching you, Watson. Apply your newfound powers to this stick. What do you make of its owner?

Watson SIGHS. Sets aside his breakfast and newspaper.
CROSSES to Sherlock, and EXAMINES---

THE WALKING STICK

Thick highly-polished wood gone severely aged. Scuffed & discolored. Iron FERRULE TIP heavily worn down. Near its head, an imbedded SILVER BAND, inscribed:

**J. H. Jaeckel, M.R.C.S. - For Jack, from his friends at
C.C.H. - 1875**

WATSON

A good, thick piece of wood. At one time. What some call, a "Penang Lawyer". Belonging to an elderly medical man held of some esteem, by those who made this presentation?

Sherlock half-smiles.

SHERLOCK

Good. Good.

WATSON

A country practitioner, who makes most of his calls on foot.

SHERLOCK

Why so?

WATSON

This fine stick has been so knocked about, I cannot imagine a town doctor with it. The iron ferrule is unevenly worn, from frequent walks.

SHERLOCK

Perfectly sound.

WATSON

As to the inscription. Something Something Hunt? A local club, whose members showed appreciation for his surgical assistance.

Sherlock retrieves the walking stick. CROSSES to the window, examines the stick in the morning light.

SHERLOCK

Excellent, Watson. Your powers of observation are quite commendable. Unfortunately, your deductions are entirely erroneous.

WATSON

Everything?

SHERLOCK

A country doctor, I grant you, who walks a great deal. To whom, a presentation is more likely to come from a hospital rather than a hunt?

WATSON

Well, yes...

SHERLOCK

The inscription would naturally suggest Charing Cross Hospital. From which we may infer...

WATSON

Jaeckel practiced in town, before moving to the country?

SHERLOCK

I think we may venture a little further. On what occasion might his friends offer an expression of good will? Upon his leaving the hospital to start his own practice, in the country.

WATSON

That seems probable.

SHERLOCK

A man with a well-established London practice would have little reason to drift into the country. Yet only such a man could hold a staff position with the hospital. So, we are looking at a house-surgeon or house-physician. Little more than a senior student. Who, according to the date on this stick, left town five years ago. Thus your grave, middle-aged family doctor is rejuvenated into a young fellow. Under thirty. Amiable. Unambitious. Absent-minded.

WATSON

How could you---

SHERLOCK

Only an amiable man receives testimonials. Only an unambitious one abandons a London career for the country. And only an absent-minded one leaves behind his walking stick and not his card, after waiting an hour in your room.

WATSON

That is conjecture.

SHERLOCK

It is obvious. Just as obvious as his favorite dog. Smaller than a mastiff, but larger than a terrier.

WATSON

How---

SHERLOCK

Teeth marks, on the stick.

O-S, DOORBELL! Voices. FOOTSTEPS. Timid KNOCK upon the door. Sherlock CROSSES to---

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Care to wager, Watson, which of our Doctors awaits the other side of this door? Does the man of science require good or evil? Of Sherlock Holmes, specialist in crime.

INT. JAECKEL'S POV - SHERLOCK'S DOOR

Opens. Jaeckel's SHADOW falls over Sherlock. Jaeckel SEES--- In Sherlock's hand, Jaeckel's walking stick. His soft, cultured VOICE stumbles over a nervous STUTTER.

JAECKEL

Mister Holmes? You-you-you. Have, something. Something. Not yours?.

Sherlock REACTS, turns back to---

WATSON'S POV - SHERLOCK

REACTS. Eyes sparkle. Half-smiles to Watson. Silently MOUTHS the words SUPERIMPOSED across the screen---

"THE GAME IS AFOOT--- AGAIN!"

END CREDITS