



MONSTER ZERO
MZP
PRODUCTIONS

BLACK SCREEN

over which we HEAR gunfire, the rearing of horses, charging feet, shouting voices ... the sounds of war.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
My name is Watson. Dr John H
Watson...

FADE IN:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD -- DAY

And we arrive right in the middle of a PITCHED BATTLE.

Massed ranks of BRITISH SOLDIERS (classic red coat and white helmet uniforms) are defending an outpost against a hoard of INVADERS (Afghans in full beards and turbans).

Bodies from both sides litter the ground. The British soldiers OPEN FIRE - their rifle shots cutting down the invaders with ease ... but they keep coming.

Above them, a merciless sun continues to beat down.

CAPTION: Battle of Maiwand, Afghanistan. 1881.

One soldier is JUMPED by an Afghan attacker - before he has a chance a long knife goes right in - the man spits blood and goes down hard. His mates are on top of the Afghan in seconds - bayonets pierce flesh--

A heavy ARTILLERY CANNON goes off - sending several attacking soldiers flying. The British troops rally behind this, opening fire - but the Afghans return with the same aplomb.

All around we hear the cries of the dying men on the ground. This is one bloody mess of a battle, and from what we can see it could go either way.

We RACK FOCUS to reveal the small clump of buildings the British soldiers are defending. One of them has a RED CROSS painted on the side of it. A field hospital.

INT. FIELD HOSPITAL -- DAY

Bathed in harsh red light, the air is thick with blood, the buzzing of flies and the cries of pain of the soldiers within.

WATSON (V.O.)
My name may be familiar to some
of you, because of my association
with one of the most remarkable
men who ever lived.

TILT DOWN to reveal an operating table - with a stricken looking soldier lying on it, biting down on a bit of stick, covered in blood. It's a nasty sight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stood over him we see a MAN - thin, lithe, with a strong chin and a moustache, working away on the stricken soldier. He's wearing a leather apron and his arms and sleeves are drenched in blood.

This is DR JOHN H WATSON, and when he speaks, we recognise his voice as that of our narrator.

WATSON (CONT'D)
Dammit, the flies!

One of his assistants wafts a cloth in the air above the soldier, trying to shift the flies. It's a losing battle. Watson hardly notices, he continues to work.

WATSON (CONT'D)
Hang in there, Coleridge, I'm almost done--

COLERIDGE SCREAMS as Watson finishes whatever he was doing--

WATSON (CONT'D)
(to assistant)
Get him out of here. Next man.

They drag the stricken soldier off the table just as Watson drops something - the bottom half of a SEVERED LEG - into a waiting basket.

He doesn't get a moment's respite, however - another screaming soldier is placed on the block--

WATSON (CONT'D)
What now?

ASSISTANT #1
Bullet in the chest, sir.

WATSON
Pliers! Give him something to bite on!
(to soldier)
This is going to hurt, Mr Hook.
Hold steady and it'll--

SMASH! -- they all look up as a window smashes - and an Afghan attacker bursts in, armed with a British army rifle. Before anyone can react he's IMPALED Watson's assistant right through the chest with the bayonet!

The man goes down - the attacker looks up at Watson with an evil grin, charges--

With speed, Watson turns his body away, missing the bayonet blade by inches - before bringing his medical hacksaw down hard on the man's arm!

The attacker screams out, recoils back -- allowing Watson to wrestle the gun out of his hands, turn it around and pull the trigger!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The gun goes off - hitting the Afghan in the foot!

He howls and pulls back, just as Watson turns the business end of the rifle on him - sticking the attacker right through the heart with the bayonet.

With a horrible gurgling sound, the attacker goes down -- DEAD. Watson sighs slightly in relief--

COLERIDGE (O.S.)

SIR!

Watson whirls - a second attacker has appeared at the window! Watson brings up his rifle, pulls the trigger - CLICK! -- out of ammo! Watson looks down in horror--

BANG! BANG! Two shots ring out. One hits the attacker square in the face, sending him dead to the ground - the other ricochets off the metal window bars--

And hits Watson right in the arm!

As Watson goes down, clutching his arm and hissing in agony, he looks up to see Coleridge - delirious with pain, holding a smoking pistol.

COLERIDGE (CONT'D)

(stricken)

Sorry, sir...

Watson collapses to the floor, wincing in pain. Outside, the sounds of battle continue.

WATSON (V.O.)

This was before I'd met him. And it was fair to say that my career as an army surgeon had hit something of a roadblock...

And off Watson's stricken face we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KINGS CROSS STATION -- DAY

Steam trains, smoke and top hats in all directions.

CAPTION: Kings Cross Station, London.

Amongst a group of SOLDIERS disembarking from an army transport train we find Watson - grim faced with sunken eyes, his left arm stiff, dressed in a Victorian era suit and overcoat. He doesn't look happy.

WATSON (V.O.)

And so it was that I was invalided out of the army and returned, several weeks later, to London.

EXT. KINGS CROSS STATION -- DAY

Watson emerges from the station, clutching his case with some difficulty. He looks around at the place - handsome cabs, cobbled streets, top hats, gas lights. Everyone dressed in dark, sombre Victorian garb. There's a fog in the air.

On WATSON as he takes this in.

WATSON (V.O.)

If there's any worse city in the world to find yourself at a loose end, I've yet to hear about it.

EXT. LONDON -- DAY

AERIAL SHOT, taking in St Paul's Cathedral, Tower Bridge ... all the big locales of Victorian London.

WATSON (V.O.)

And so here I found myself in this London of ours in the year eighteen hundred and eighty one, at the height of the British Empire, and without the faintest notion of what I should do with myself.

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- DAY

Finding Watson, dressed in different clothes and a top hat (this is a couple of days later) wandering the streets, looking despondent. Not sure what he should be doing.

WATSON (V.O.)

In circumstances like this, luck finds itself playing a part. I was looking for a quiet life, and while what happened next assured that I would never have that, it certainly changed my life forever.

INT. BAR -- DAY

Somewhere reasonably smart, in Piccadilly. We find Watson sat at the bar, polishing off the last of his lunch. He checks his pocket watch - looks disgusted at what he sees.

WATSON

Landlord.

He lays a few coins on the bar, picks up his top hat. He's about to make a move when--

STAMFORD (O.S.)

Watson!

Watson stiffens - he knows that voice. He turns to see STAMFORD emerging from the throng.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's a man of about Watson's own age, dressed in medical black, wearing spectacles and grinning at the sight of Watson.

STAMFORD (CONT'D)

Hello Watson. I thought it was you.

(grins)

Remember me?

Watson recognises him - he's struggling for a name.

WATSON

Yes ... yes...

(gets it)

Yes! Stamford! Good to see you!

They shake hands in manner of old friends.

STAMFORD

I thought it was you. Don't tell me you've forgotten your old college friends?

WATSON

Seems like such a long time ago - it's good to see a familiar face. London's the very horror for a lonely man.

STAMFORD

Well get yourself a seat, let me buy you a drink.

WATSON

(smiles)

I will, thank you. Stout.

INT. SAME -- LATER

Finding Watson and Stamford sat in a booth somewhere out of the throng, glasses in front of them.

STAMFORD

So come on, where the deuce have you been? You're as thin as a lark and brown as a nut.

WATSON

(grim smile)

Afghanistan. The campaign out there, army surgeon.

STAMFORD

I thought it must have been something like that, I knew you'd enlisted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON

Yes, yes, trying to do my bit for
queen and country. Got me wounded,
blast it, at Maiwand.

STAMFORD

I'd read about that in the papers.
Bad business.

WATSON

Indeed.

Close on his face for a moment--

*INSERT: From the hospital - blood and severed limbs -
Coleridge's screams--*

BACK TO SCENE

Watson nods slightly.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Bad business indeed.

Stamford can tell this is a hard subject for Watson, and
so doesn't press him.

STAMFORD

So what're you doing with yourself
these days?

WATSON

Nothing. That's the point. Trying
to solve the problem of finding
decent lodgings and somewhere to
recuperate on an army pension,
eleven and six a day.

(grins)

Not good, is it?

STAMFORD

No, I suppose not.

A thoughtful look creeps into Stamford's face.

WATSON

What?

STAMFORD

Interesting you should say that,
you know, about looking for
diggings. You're the second person
today who's said that to me.

WATSON

Really? Who was the other one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAMFORD

Some chap working in the chemical lab up at the hospital - fellow called Holmes. That exact same problem, looking for somewhere to lodge.

WATSON

(grins)

He wouldn't like to go halves, I suppose?

STAMFORD

That's exactly what he said.

This has piqued Watson's attention.

STAMFORD (CONT'D)

I gather he was going in for something quite special and was looking for someone to share with. Why? Are you interested?

WATSON

(guarded)

I might be. What does he do?

STAMFORD

(shrugs)

Damned if I know. He's a first rate chemist and he's got a store of out of the way knowledge that would astonish the professors, but beyond that...

(thinks)

I say, Watson, you're not up to anything this afternoon are you?

WATSON

No, why?

STAMFORD

Lets nip along to the lab and meet him - you both might be just what you were looking for.

Watson considers for a moment--

WATSON

(opens his hands)

Lead on.

Stamford grins as they both get to their feet.

WATSON (CONT'D)

By the way, what's his full name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAMFORD

(grasping)

Sheringford, is it? ... no,
Sherlock, that's it. Knew it was
something queer.

(beat)

Sherlock Holmes.

ON WATSON'S FACE as he hears the name for the first time -
and we know from his face that he's intrigued.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

A handsome cab pulls up, stops to let Stamford and Watson
out. Watson looks up at the hospital, smiles wistfully -
this takes him back a few years - and follows Stamford
inside.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- DAY

Watson and Stamford make their way up the corridor, walking
with their backs to camera.

STAMFORD

Just up here. Like I say, he's
bound to be there - but you mustn't
blame me if you don't get on with
the fellow. Got some very queer
ideas.

WATSON

How queer?

STAMFORD

Well I actually came upon him the
other day beating the subjects in
the dissecting room with a stick.

WATSON

(surprised)

Really? Why?

STAMFORD

(shrugs)

Said he wanted to find out how
far bruises could be produced
after death.

Watson considers this for a moment.

WATSON

Hmm. Gruesome tastes, eh?

STAMFORD

Like I say, don't blame me if you
don't get on with him.

They turn a corner and enter--

INT. HOSPITAL LAB -- DAY

Stamford and Watson enter to find the place filled with a fog of chemical smoke. Stamford looks around, grins.

STAMFORD

Told you he'd be here.

(points)

That's him, the tall fellow behind
all the test tubes.

Watson looks where Stamford's pointing - and at the far end of the room we can just about make out the shape of a very tall, dark man behind a huge rack of test tubes and chemical gear. The source of all the fog. And he's moving like a machine, working on several different things at once.

STAMFORD (CONT'D)

(calling out)

I say, Holmes?

(no answer)

Holmes?

The man glances up - sees there's someone else in the room for the first time--

HOLMES

Stamford? Eureka, Stamford, I've
found it!

And the man snatches up one of the test tubes and comes charging out of the fog towards them, animated as all hell. Finally we get a good look at the man - in his early thirties, tall, dark, thin faced - eyes that reveal a deep intelligence.

This is SHERLOCK HOLMES, and right now he's grinning from ear to ear.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Do you hear me, Stamford, I've
found it!

STAMFORD

Found it? Found what?

HOLMES

A re-agent, man, a re-agent that
is precipitated by haemoglobin
and by nothing else in all the
world!

Stamford clearly doesn't get what Holmes is so excited about, but he smiles anyway.

STAMFORD

Well, I daresay you're to be
congratulated.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAMFORD (CONT'D)

Holmes, I'd like you to meet Dr
Watson. Watson, this is Sherlock
Holmes.

WATSON

(extends a hand)
A pleasure to meet you, sir.

HOLMES

(shakes Watson's
hand energetically)
How do you do, doctor?
(very small beat)
From Afghanistan, I see?

This catches Watson slightly off guard.

WATSON

What? Well, yes, how did you
know?

HOLMES

(small laugh)
Oh, never mind about that now,
the question is now about
haemoglobin! Doctor, surely you
as a man of medicine can see the
merits of the discovery?

WATSON

(not really)
Well, I suppose it's interesting
enough chemically, but practically--

HOLMES

It's the most practical thing in
the world, my man - don't you
see, it gives us an infallible
test for bloodstains!
(warming to his
subject)
Imagine, if you will: a man is
suspected of a crime long after
it's been committed, and his linen
turns out to have brownish stains
upon it? But are they blood or
mud? Or rust stains or fruit stains
or anything else that you can
think of? In the past, we could
never say for certain. No more!
I can think of a score of criminal
cases where the thing would have
been decisive!
(to Watson)
Have you a taste for such matters?

WATSON

(small laugh)
I'm afraid not--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

(grins)
Oh, you will, trust me, you'll
get it one day. It grips you
like a drug.

Stamford decides to intercede before Holmes goes on all
day.

STAMFORD

Actually, Holmes, I wanted you
two to meet because the doctor
here's in the same position you
are, looking for someone to share
diggings with him.

This grabs Holmes' attention - he gives Watson a very
quick appraising look before--

HOLMES

Capital, doctor, you look the
very man for me. I've had my eye
on a suite in Baker Street, number
221-B. Mrs Hudson is the landlady.
So if you're agreeable--

WATSON

I'd certainly be prepared to give
them a look.

HOLMES

Splendid, splendid. You don't
mind the smell of strong tobacco
around the place, do you?

WATSON

(grins)
I always smoke Ships myself.

HOLMES

(smiles)
Capital. What else? Oh, I
generally have a few chemicals
about and conduct experiments
sometimes, like this one. That
wouldn't bother you would it?

WATSON

After what I've had to put up
with in the army, certainly not.

HOLMES

(laughs)
Good, good, now what else, it's
always best to discuss one's
character flaws up front...

Watson smiles at this - he's clearly intrigued by this
man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Oh, I get down in the dumps sometimes and don't open my mouth for days on end - how about you, doctor, what shortcomings do you have?

WATSON

Me?

(laughs)

Oh, I get up at all sorts of ungodly hours and I'm very lazy.

(Holmes laughs)

I don't like too much row but I'll put up with the chemicals. I've another set of vices when I'm well, but these are the principle ones at present.

HOLMES

(quick)

Oh, by the way, doctor, the violin - you don't include that in your category of row, do you?

WATSON

It depends on the player. If it's badly played--

HOLMES

(small smile)

Ah, well I'll have to let you decide that for yourself. Well, shall we go and see the rooms tomorrow, at, say, noon?

WATSON

(shrugs)

Certainly.

HOLMES

Capital.

They shake hands. We HOLD on this image for just a beat:

WATSON (V.O.)

That was the first time I met him, and I must confess I was fascinated by this man from the very beginning.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FLAT -- DAY

Spacious and well furnished - the centrepiece of the place is a large, roaring log fire with a deep armchair on either side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holmes and Watson enter with the landlady, MRS HUDSON (30s, Scottish). They look around the place for the first time - and from the look on his face we know that Watson is clearly impressed by what he sees.

He looks at Holmes - and nods. Holmes smiles, gratified - and somewhat relieved. They shake hands with Mrs Hudson.

WATSON (V.O.)

And so we took those rooms at number 221-B Baker Street, and very soon afterwards we moved in together.

EXT. BAKER STREET -- DAY

A COACHMAN helps Watson carry his few small bags up the steps into the flat.

INT. THE FLAT -- DAY

Watson is sat in one of the two armchairs, writing in a small book - his journal.

WATSON (V.O.)

I was already fascinated by the character of my new flat mate, Mr Sherlock Holmes, but every day it seemed something new happened to increase my fascination.

JUMP CUT: Watson watches as Holmes brings in a vast quantity of chemical gear, sets it up in a corner.

JUMP CUT: Holmes opens a case and produces a battered yet well loved VIOLIN. He begins to play - the music continuing over the whole of this sequence.

JUMP CUT: An ornate, curved PIPE is placed on a side table, along with a slightly battered PERSIAN SLIPPER full of tobacco.

JUMP CUT: Holmes opens a bag and produces a number of REVOLVERS - he places them in a drawer. Watson watches from his armchair - looking just a little concerned.

JUMP CUT: Watson watches in something like horror as Holmes brings in an ornate RAPIER. He removes it from the sheath and takes a few practise swings - done with a certain amount of verve and panache - before replacing it in it's scabbard and mounting it on the wall.

Holmes catches the horrified look on Watson's face and smiles, reassuring. It doesn't help.

WATSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And that wasn't the worst of it.

On the soundtrack - BANG! BANG! BANG! And we CUT TO:

INT. SAME -- LATER

Watson enters, looking alarmed - to find Holmes, revolver in hand, methodically squeezing off shots. Indoors.

WATSON
(alarmed)
Holmes!

Holmes takes no notice - he keeps firing until he's run out of bullets. Then he turns and grins around at Watson.

Watson looks in horror at the wall - just to the left of the fireplace the bullets have hit methodically, spelling out a perfect, symmetrical pattern. Two letters:

V.R.

WATSON (CONT'D)
(weak)
V.R.?

HOLMES
(grins)
Victoria Regina, Watson, Victoria
Regina. God save her glorious
majesty!

Watson nods weakly before backing hurriedly out of the room.

Holmes grins - something slightly manic in those eyes - before turning back to regard his handiwork with a look of pride.

INT. WATSON'S ROOM (THE FLAT) -- DAY

Finding Watson sat in a chair beside his bed, writing in his journal.

WATSON (V.O.)
Yet in spite of all the
eccentricities, Holmes continued
to intrigue me. And very soon I
found myself wondering just what
it was he did for a living, so as
to pay his share of our humble
reckoning.
(beat)
Holmes was out at all hours.

INT. THE FLAT -- DAY

Holmes and Watson are sat in their chairs before the fire. After a moment the door opens and Mrs Hudson ushers in an ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

Holmes gives Watson a look. With a slight huff, Watson folds up his paper and vacates his chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON (V.O.)

And when he was here, all sorts of very strange and very different people came to visit him at the strangest times you could imagine.

JUMP CUT: Holmes listening to the gentleman talking, leaning forward in his chair, listening hard [this whole sequence is played entirely MOS].

WATSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And when he did have one of these strange callers, he would always ask if he could have our sitting room to himself for the duration, which could sometimes be for several hours.

JUMP CUT: A similar scene, but this time the person sat in the other chair is a fashionably-dressed YOUNG WOMAN.

JUMP CUT: This time the other person is a RAILWAY PORTER, in full uniform.

WATSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And there was one gentleman in particular, who came four or five times in one week.

INT. CORRIDOR (THE FLAT) -- DAY

Watson passes just as the door to the sitting room opens - Holmes is escorting out a BIG MAN with a deep, intelligent face.

WATSON

Oh, sorry--

HOLMES

No, no, it's perfectly alright my dear fellow. Lestrade, this is Doctor Watson. Watson, this is the good Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard.

LESTRADE smiles warmly as he holds out a hand to shake Watson's.

LESTRADE

How do you do, Doctor? Any friend of Mr Holmes' is a friend of mine.

(grins)

I imagine you'll be seeing a lot of me. Always in and out of Baker Street.

With a nod in Holmes's direction he leaves. Watson watches him go with a thoughtful, bewildered look, then turns back to Holmes - who smiles enigmatically before vanishing back into the sitting room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off Watson's puzzled expression--

WATSON (V.O.)
Holmes had clearly meant it by way of an explanation. Instead, all it did was to raise more questions in my mind.

INT. WATSON'S ROOM (THE FLAT) -- NIGHT

As before - Watson writing in his journal.

WATSON (V.O.)
It was like I was getting glimpses into a world that I had no real comprehension of. My earlier plans of finding somewhere I could keep myself to myself and recuperate were dashed - I was becoming more and more intrigued by this man.

MOVEMENT outside in the street. Watson puts down his pen and diary, moves over to the window. He looks down

OUT INTO THE STREET

where we see Holmes leaving the flat, hailing a handsome cab. Moving like a man on a mission.

ON WATSON

as he watches Holmes depart - now seemingly desperate to know what's going on.

WATSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Just who exactly was this man I had moved in with?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE FLAT -- EVENING

Holmes is sat in his armchair, lighting his pipe, the persian slipper of tobacco on his lap. He looks up to see Watson ferreting around, looking for something--

HOLMES
If you're looking for a cigar, my dear fellow, you'll find them in the coal scuttle.

Watson looks surprised - but sure enough, that's where they are. He laughs slightly as he fishes one out and lights it - and a moment later Holmes joins in, watching Watson enigmatically through the haze of pipe smoke.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
Ah, you wonder what I do for a living, don't you?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

(off Watson's look)

Oh, don't look surprised, I've seen you looking with curiosity at all these visiting clients of mine.

Watson sits down in the opposite chair, lights his cigar - not wanting to dive right in but clearly wanting to know the answers.

WATSON

Clients?

HOLMES

Just so. Well, I suppose I ought to let you know. I suppose you could call me a professional thinker.

WATSON

A thinker?

HOLMES

Correct. You see, I've a rare gift for observation and deduction. Just as a logician could infer the possibility of a Niagara or an Atlantic from a single drop of water without ever having seen or heard of either of them, I can draw conclusions based on the observation of a few simple facts, and when people have problems that they cannot solve, they generally come to me to help them.

(smiles)

I suppose you could say I have a profession all of my own. I'm a consulting detective.

WATSON

Well, London's full of detectives--

HOLMES

Oh, lots of government ones, yes, and a fair few private ones. But none like me.

(beat)

That fellow Lestrade you met the other day, for instance. He's a Scotland Yard man, probably the best of the professionals. But he got himself into a fog over a forgery case recently and came to me for some advice. I solved it for him on the spot.

Watson's not looking convinced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON

Just by thinking about it, I suppose?

HOLMES

Well, that and the observation of a few facts, the whole thing's quite elementary. You must have realised when we first met and I said that I knew you'd been in Afghanistan.

Watson smiles and shakes his head.

WATSON

You were told about it, obviously.

HOLMES

(small smile)

Nothing of the kind, Watson, I just knew. It's second nature to me. My train of thought ran something like this: here is a man who is a doctor, but with the air of a military man. Clearly an army surgeon then. Just come from the tropics, because his face is dark, but that isn't his natural colour because his wrists are fair. His left arm is stiff - he's been wounded. Where in the tropics could an English army doctor have been wounded recently, and the obvious answer was in the Afghan campaign, probably the battle of Maiwand.

And during that little speech, Watson was looking more and more amazed by the second, and now--

WATSON

Good grief, Holmes--

HOLMES

(smiles again)

Just so.

WATSON

It's as clear as daylight when you put it like that.

HOLMES

Yes, well, I've a flair for such things, and I've turned that ability to the detection of crime.

WATSON

What's the money like?

Holmes makes a dismissive gesture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

Money's neither here nor there to me, Watson. I play the game for the game's own sake, and on those terms alone.

(leans in closer
to Watson and
grins)

You may turn out to have a taste for such matters to, you know.

Watson looks surprised.

WATSON

Me?

HOLMES

Oh, yes. I could tell in our first meeting that you were a man after my own heart. If you're ever at a loss for something to do, I could always use someone else to assist my observations. You can see as clearly as I can--
(smiles)

--and once you get a feel for it, the thing gets into your blood. It draws you in and it never lets you go...

He leans back in his chair, takes a long hit off his pipe.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

You never know, Watson. You simply never know...

And as he sinks into a reverie behind the fog of pipe smoke, Watson watches him with a fascinated expression.

WATSON (V.O.)

I had known that my strange companion was up to something, but I never would have imagined it would be this.

CUT TO:

INT. WATSON'S ROOM (THE FLAT) -- NIGHT

That night. Watson is again sat in his chair, writing in his journal.

WATSON (V.O.)

When I asked him what had drawn him into that field, he simply replied that it was a combination of natural talent and the fact that 'one really must do something to stave off boredom, especially in this day and age'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Watson pauses for a moment, smiles slightly to himself, then continues writing.

WATSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And as for his offer, well, I must say I was flattered beyond belief - but more than that, I was even more intrigued by this world that Holmes had talked about, the world of crime and detection through which he moved every day. And in a way, he was right - once he'd told me about this world, I was curious as George to see what he was talking about.

(beat)

And a few days later, Holmes gave me my first chance to experience his profession firsthand...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE FLAT -- DAY

Holmes and Watson both stand as Mrs Hudson leads a beautiful, fair haired young woman dressed in expensive and fashionable clothes into the study.

MRS HUDSON

Lady Eva Brackwell to see you, Mr Holmes.

LADY EVA BRACKWELL smiles nervously Mrs Hudson exits the room, leaving her alone with Holmes and Watson..

WATSON (V.O.)

Even though I had been out of circulation for many months in the army, no-one could have failed to recognise the woman widely hailed as the most beautiful debutante of last season.

Holmes smiles as he shakes hands with Lady Eva.

LADY EVA

Thank you for agreeing to see you, Mr Holmes.

HOLMES

It's a pleasure to meet you in person, Lady Eva. May I present my friend and colleague, Dr Watson, upon who's confidence and discretion you can absolutely rely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LADY EVA
 (offers her hand
 to Watson)
 A pleasure to meet you, doctor.

WATSON
 Likewise, my lady.

He smiles slightly, which she returns. She's a stunner, and he's clearly taken with her.

HOLMES
 Please.

They all take their seats, Holmes and Watson positioned so they can both see Lady Eva clearly - but it comes across as warm and inviting, rather than intimidating.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
 And now, I understand some of the matter from the letter you sent to me when you asked me to help, but for my friend the doctor's benefit, I would like to hear you outline the facts of your case in your own words.

Lady Eva looks embarrassed and uncomfortable, but she resolves herself.

LADY EVA
 Of course. The facts are these, then, gentlemen. Have you ever heard of a man by the name of Charles Augustus Milverton, of Hampstead?

Watson shakes his head - Holmes keeps his expression impassive, but he recognises it.

HOLMES
 Yes, I think I know who you mean.
 (off Watson's look)
 The man's a rogue and a blackmailer, Watson.

WATSON
 A blackmailer?

HOLMES
 Correct.

LADY EVA
 He's a vile man. He's...

She trails off, looking disgusted. Holmes makes it easy for her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

We understand, Lady Eva. Now, I'm assuming that this Milverton has got hold of some ... shall we say, compromising, information about yourself?

Lady Eva looks more embarrassed than ever, her face flushing red. She looks down.

LADY EVA

A letter I wrote many years ago to an ... an old friend, back in the country. You must believe me when I say it's entirely innocent, but he's...

(looks up at Holmes)

He's saying that if I don't pay him he'll send the letter to my husband - Mr Holmes, if he does that--

HOLMES

Let's just say that none of us wants that to happen. How much is he asking for?

LADY EVA

Far more than I could afford.

(beat)

Mr Holmes - I hope you don't think the worse of me for wanting to protect my marriage or prevent any shame from falling onto the Brackwell name--

WATSON

Not in the least.

She looks up at Watson in surprise - he leans forward, looks her in the eye.

WATSON (CONT'D)

And we won't let it happen, I promise you.

Holmes says nothing, keeping his expression carefully impassive - but it's clear Lady Eva is deeply reassured by what Watson says.

LADY EVA

Dr Watson, Mr Holmes - I assume you both know who my husband is?

HOLMES

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LADY EVA

Well, if this letter gets out,
not only will it destroy my
marriage, but my husband's career
will be left in ruins.

(beat)

When you move in the circles I
move in, you have to wear different
faces for different people -
perception is everything. If
this letter gets out, as innocent
as it is ... well, people won't
see it that way, and my husband
will be ruined. More than anything
else in the whole world, I can't
let that happen.

HOLMES

(reassuring)

Just so.

(leans back in his
chair)

And now I need to know the details.
I need a description of the letter
and its contents, how Mr Milverton
could have got hold of it, any
other information you might think
is pertinent - the more detail
you give me, the better the help
I can give.

And Lady Eva's looking reassured now.

INT. SAME -- LATER

Watson is showing Lady Eva out.

HOLMES

(from his armchair)

We will be in touch as soon as
there are any developments.

LADY EVA

Thank you Mr Holmes, doctor Watson -
you're both really very kind.

WATSON

(reassuring smile)

We'll sort this out for you.
Don't you worry.

Lady Eva smiles at him - Watson blushes slightly as he
shows her out.

LADY EVA

Good day, gentlemen.

WATSON

Good day, my dear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Once she's gone, Watson shuts the door behind her and turns back to face Holmes.

HOLMES

Well, Watson?

WATSON

Well well well, Holmes, what a girl.

Holmes grins as he lights up his pipe.

HOLMES

Ah, the fair sex, Watson, I'll leave that as your department I think. Now, other than the obvious charm, what did you see there?

WATSON

(shrugs)

Well, only a woman who desperately wants to prevent ruin for herself and her husband.

HOLMES

Just so.

He stays quiet for a moment - which Watson cottons onto.

WATSON

Oh, yes? Why, do you see something different?

Holmes stays quiet for a long moment before answering.

HOLMES

I see all kinds of things. For now, it's this Mr Milverton who's worrying me.

Watson parks himself back down in his armchair.

WATSON

You know him of old then?

HOLMES

(cold)

I can't say I've ever had the pleasure, if that's the word, but I know him by reputation. He looks something like Mr Pickwick, but that's as far as his geniality goes. He's made his fortune from blackmailing the wives of rich and powerful men. In all probability, the most evil man in London.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

(beat)

And I think it's about time we had a closer look at this charming fellow for ourselves.

And from the grim look on Watson's face, we know he concurs.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILVERTON'S HOUSE -- DAY

CLOSE on a sign by the door - **MILVERTON**.

WATSON

is stood at the bottom of the drive, loitering in the shade of a tree. He looks up at the front door, where Holmes is talking quietly to the SERVING GIRL who answered the door.

After a moment the girl smiles and the door closes. Watson watches as Holmes approaches.

WATSON

Not in?

HOLMES

Oh he's in alright, but he left instructions he's not to be disturbed.

(beat)

The good news is I got talking to that charming young lady who answered the door, and I've learned that Milverton is attending a gathering at the Albert Hall this evening.

(beat)

How would you feel about getting a chance to see our Mr Milverton in the flesh?

Watson considers for a moment with a grin - then nods.

WATSON

(why not?)

Lead on.

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD -- EVENING

Just as day is turning to night. To establish.

INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE (SCOTLAND YARD) -- EVENING

Lestrade is working at his desk. There's a knock on the door - he looks up as a MAN IN A SUIT enters. Thin and rat-faced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTRADE

This had better be important.

The man says nothing - he simply hands something over. A telegram. Lestrade takes it, reads it - looks up at the man with a dark expression.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

For your sake, sonny jim, this had better be legitimate.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALBERT HALL -- NIGHT

The famous London landmark, lit up and looking spectacular.

INT. ALBERT HALL -- NIGHT

Holmes and Watson enter to find the party in full swing. London's social elite - all of society's movers and shakers - throng the place. The air is glitzy and glamorous.

Watson looks uncomfortable, out of place - which Holmes notices.

HOLMES

Not like this in Afghanistan, eh?

WATSON

Not really, no.

HOLMES

Resolve, man, resolve. We are spies in an enemy country.

WATSON

It still beats me how you managed to get us into here.

HOLMES

Ah, well in that matter all I can say is that the Lady Eva is a most gracious client.

(spots something

OOV)

There.

Watson looks in the direction Holmes is indicating - to across the room, where a small group is clustered around

CHARLES AUGUSTUS MILVERTON

who laughs loudest at his own joke. Milverton's in his forties, rotund, with a vaguely rat-like face. Holmes description of him looking something like Mr Pickwick was accurate - but even from this distance he looks like scum.

WATSON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

takes a long hard look at Milverton.

WATSON

Milverton?

HOLMES

(nods)

Milverton.

Watson glances back at Milverton for a moment, finding him laughing obscenely again. The distaste on Watson's face clearly evident. Then he spots something else that grabs his attention.

LADY EVA

is making her way through the crowds. Stunning doesn't cover it - all the men are watching her and all the ladies look jealous. She makes it look effortless.

She spots Watson and smiles. He smiles back, is about to raise his hand to wave - when Holmes grabs his wrist--

HOLMES (CONT'D)

(hissed)

Spies in an enemy country, Watson, remember that.

With a warning look at Lady Eva - who gets the hint and moves on elsewhere - Holmes steers Watson off in a different direction.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

We're gathering intelligence tonight. Can't afford to give the game away, not just yet.

WATSON

Sorry, Holmes.

HOLMES

Quite alright, dear fellow. And now that we've done what we came here to do--

He suddenly stops, something having caught his eye. Nearby, a group has congregated with one man at the centre of attention. He's in his 40s, well to do, dynamic looking - and Holmes both recognises and dislikes him on sight.

WATSON

Holmes?

HOLMES

(quiet)

Moriarty...

The distaste in his voice is obvious. He turns, clearly about to make a sharp exit when--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORIARTY (O.S.)

Well I never.

Holmes turns. PROFESSOR JAMES MORIARTY slides over out of the crowd, a broad, amused smile in place.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

It's the great Mr Sherlock Holmes, isn't it? Oh, splendid. Finally I have the pleasure to meet you.

He extends a hand jovially. Holmes clearly doesn't like it, but he shakes hands with the professor anyway.

HOLMES

Professor Moriarty.

And Watson seems surprised by the coldness in Holmes' voice.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKER STREET -- NIGHT

Someone's HAMMERING on the door of 221-B. Mrs Hudson opens it after a moment to reveal--

LESTRADE (O.S.)

Police.

LESTRADE

is stood on the doorstep, accompanied by four BURLY POLICEMEN. And he means business.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

Mr Sherlock Holmes. Where is he?

CUT TO:

INT. ALBERT HALL -- NIGHT

The party is still in full swing. Watson makes his way through the crowds, watching

LADY EVA

who's on the other side of the room, mingling, charming everyone effortlessly. Watson smiles at the sight of her. Then, suddenly, someone approaches her from behind. Milverton. Looking sinister.

MILVERTON

We need to talk, my lady.

A dark look from Watson - trouble.

HOLMES

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

is still talking to Moriarty over on the other side of the room.

MORIARTY

(jovial)

So, what brings you here tonight, sir? Business or pleasure?

HOLMES

My business is my own, professor.

MORIARTY

Oh, of course, but come now Holmes, you can't blame us for being interested.

Murmurs of agreement from the nearby crowd.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

After all, when the great detective himself decides to grace us with his presence--

Holmes suddenly loses his patience with Moriarty,

HOLMES

If you will excuse me, professor.

And with that, he's gone, vanishing into the crowd at speed. Surprised noises from the group. Moriarty shrugs, amused.

WATSON

marches right over to where Milverton is still stood uncomfortably close to Lady Eva.

MILVERTON

Not long now.

LADY EVA

Please, just leave me alone--

MILVERTON

Five days, ladyship, or I'd hate to think what your husband would have to say.

He grabs her arm, gets right into her face--

MILVERTON (CONT'D)

And we wouldn't want that to happen, now now would we?

LADY EVA

You're hurting me.

WATSON (O.S.)

Is there a problem here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both look up in surprise as Watson approaches, loaded for bear. Milverton gives him a dismissive look.

MILVERTON

There won't be if you mind your own business.

WATSON

(steely)

Let go of the lady's arm, sir. I won't ask again.

He means it. A tense moment - then Milverton does so, looking annoyed.

MILVERTON

Just as you wish.

He turns and grins horribly back at Lady Eva.

MILVERTON (CONT'D)

Five days, ladyship. Five days.

And with that he turns and vanishes back into the crowd. Lady Eva gives Watson a grateful look.

LADY EVA

Thank you.

(beat)

But you shouldn't have done that. Now he's noticed you.

WATSON

I couldn't have done anything else.

HOLMES (O.S.)

Yes you could have.

They both look up as Holmes arrives.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

I think it's about time we took our leave, Watson.

(inclines head.)

Lady Eva.

The two of them move off. Lady Eva watches them go - the grateful look still on her face as she watches Watson's retreating form.

HOLMES AND WATSON

are approaching the main door when one of the HOSTS approaches them--

HOST 1

Mr Holmes? There's a gentleman outside asking to see you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holmes and Watson exchange glances.

EXT. ALBERT HALL -- NIGHT

Holmes and Watson emerge - to find Lestrade waiting for them in front of a waiting handsome cab.

LESTRADE

Someone wants a word with you.
And I'm every bit as unhappy about
it as you are.

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- NIGHT

As the cab drives through the streets.

INT. BACK OF CAB -- NIGHT

Holmes, Watson and Lestrade. Silent and serious.

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD -- NIGHT

The cab draws up and disgorges the three of them.

LESTRADE

This way, gentlemen. Mustn't
keep him waiting.

WATSON

Who?

Lestrade just shrugs slightly.

INT. OFFICE (SCOTLAND YARD) -- NIGHT

Holmes and Watson are escorted in and the door is shut behind them. They're alone - but they've barely been there five seconds when the door opens and SIR STEPHEN BRACKWELL enters the office.

BRACKWELL

Mr Holmes. I apologise for the
theatrics, but it was imperative
that we speak immediately and I
didn't have time to wait until
morning.

(extends his hand)

I'm Stephen Brackwell, I'm--

HOLMES

The secretary of state for European
Affairs.

Watson reacts just slightly to the name - this is Lady Eva's husband and they both know it, but a warning look from Holmes makes Watson hold his tongue.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

I know who you are, Sir Stephen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

(off his look)

In my line of work I'd surely be exceedingly dull if I didn't.

BRACKWELL

(small smile)

Well, perhaps. And we can talk freely before this gentleman?

HOLMES

Dr Watson is my most trusted colleague, sir.

Off Watson's reaction to this - surprise mixed with sincere flattery--

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Whatever it is you need to speak to me about, you must trust both of us or neither.

Brackwell doesn't look happy about it, but he knows he's not going to get anywhere with it.

BRACKWELL

As you wish, Mr Holmes, doctor. Please, be seated.

They sit down, Brackwell behind the desk facing the two of them.

BRACKWELL (CONT'D)

This conversation is not happening, Mr Holmes, I need to make that very clear from the outset.

HOLMES

I understand, sir.

BRACKWELL

But now that we've dealt with that - the government needs your help, sir, on a matter of the gravest importance.

HOLMES

How grave?

BRACKWELL

Grave, sir. Extremely so. I've never seen the Prime Minister so upset, and as for the Admiralty, it's buzzing like an overturned beehive.

Holmes and Watson exchange glances.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRACKWELL (CONT'D)

The facts are thus, gentlemen.
Two nights ago, a young man named
Cadogan West was found dead on
the lines of the underground
railway at Aldgate Station.

*INSERT: A quick shot, black and white - a body lying on
the tracks of the station.*

BRACKWELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He worked as a clerk at the
Woolwich Arsenal. The Naval
office.

BACK TO SCENE

BRACKWELL (CONT'D)

You may be familiar with the case.

Holmes looks blank but Watson recognises it.

WATSON

Yes, I've heard about it, it's
been in all the papers. He
vanished on Monday night--

BRACKWELL

(interrupting)

What the papers couldn't tell
you, doctor, was what he had on
him when he was found.

HOLMES

Which was?

A beat - Brackwell seems to be gearing himself up for
something--

BRACKWELL

The Bruce Partington plans.

Another blank look from Holmes - this time it gets on
Brackwell's nerves.

BRACKWELL (CONT'D)

Oh come now, Mr Holmes, you must
know what I'm talking about--

HOLMES

The plans for the Bruce Partington
submarine, yes. I'd heard of the
invention but I thought the whole
thing was still highly theoretical--

BRACKWELL

Yes, but not for much longer.
We're building a prototype at
this very moment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRACKWELL (CONT'D)

The whole thing's been kept very hush hush, but you can take it from me that naval warfare becomes impossible within the radius of a fully operational Bruce Partington--

HOLMES

Then with respect, sir, where seems to be the problem? You've got the plans back, the supposed thief is dead--

BRACKWELL

(shakes his head
sadly)

Would it were that simple, Mr Holmes.

(looks up at both
of them)

Ten papers were taken from the safe in Woolwich. And only seven were found in West's pockets at Aldgate.

INSERT: Brackwell at Aldgate, looking through the papers. A look of horror.

BRACKWELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*The three most essential are gone.
Stolen, vanished.*

BACK TO SCENE

as Brackwell looks Holmes in the eye.

BRACKWELL (CONT'D)

Surely now you see the dilemma, gentlemen? Europe is a powder keg of bickering potentates at the moment. All it needs is one spark. We're going to see a war, gentlemen - perhaps in a year, perhaps in fifty, but one day soon Europe will explode into war, and in this coming war the weapons we've always used in the past will be useless. Without the Bruce Partington submarine, Britain becomes vulnerable. Especially if these plans get into the hands of another power. There isn't a foreign government that wouldn't give a fortune for them.

(beat)

Mr Holmes - though we've never had to call on you before, your reputation has not escaped our attention. We need you, sir.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRACKWELL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Will you help us?

Off Holmes' quiet look--

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD -- NIGHT

Holmes and Watson emerge from the building. For a moment they stand in silence. Finally:

WATSON

Well. That's a turn-up for the books.

And Holmes laughs slightly. As the two of them walk off:

WATSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was inevitable that Holmes would answer his country's call.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BAKER STREET -- MORNING

As the sun rises.

INT. THE FLAT -- MORNING

Watson enters, buttoning up his waistcoat - to find Holmes shrugging on his coat, fully dressed and alert. The remains of a hasty breakfast are scattered on the table.

WATSON (V.O.)

As for my role in events, it was never even questioned - Holmes, I think, simply knew what my answer would be.

Holmes grins at the sight of Watson.

HOLMES

Ready to make a start?

CUT TO:

EXT. ALDGATE STATION -- DAY

Lestrade is waiting by the entrance. After a moment a handsome cab draws up, disgorging Holmes and Watson. Lestrade gives Holmes a long-suffering look.

LESTRADE

Damned early time in the morning for this sort of business, Holmes.

HOLMES

No better time, before the place gets full to bursting point. Well, let's push on shall we?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And without another word he moves past Lestrade and enters the station at a brisk clip. Watson and Lestrade exchange glances before following him inside.

INT. ALDGATE STATION -- DAY

The place is deserted of all passengers and staff. We find Holmes down on the track, examining the place thoroughly. Lestrade and Watson are stood on the platform.

LESTRADE

(points)

That's where the body was found,
Mr Holmes, just there.

HOLMES

(pointing)

There?

LESTRADE

Just so. He'd plainly fallen out
of the carriage.

HOLMES

Or been thrown out, eh?

He moves over to where the body was found.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Lestrade, you've been more enmeshed
in the West case than I. Please
be so good as to provide me with
the facts.

LESTRADE

(shrugs)

Well, of course, though it seems
pretty straightforward.

INSERT: CADOGAN WEST (20s, handsome, a nice enough looking chap) walks down a fog-laden street, arm in arm with a beautiful young woman.

LESTRADE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Young West and his fiancée were
on their way to the Woolwich
theatre that night.*

INSERT: West suddenly reacts as though he's seen something - removes his arm from his fiancée's and charges off into the fog.

LESTRADE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*When they passed the Naval office
West suddenly ran off into the
fog.*

ON THE FIANCEE, watching West's retreating form with a confused expression.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTRADE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The fiancée never saw him again.

INSERT: Aldgate station. A train rumbles past camera.

LESTRADE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Later that night the young fellow
 was found dead.*

*INSERT: As the train exits frame, we see the body - skull
 horribly crushed - lying dead on the ground.*

BACK TO SCENE

as Lestrade points.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)
 Just where you're standing now.

Holmes squats down for a better look at the track.

HOLMES
 Where was he travelling to? And
 from?

LESTRADE
 Well that's half the problem,
 isn't it? We don't know.
 (off Watson's look)
 He didn't have a ticket.

This actually makes Holmes glance up and look over at
 Lestrade for just a second before turning his attention
 back to the track.

Watson turns to Lestrade.

WATSON
 What do you make of all this,
 Inspector?

LESTRADE
 The theft of the plans, you mean?
 Well, government man pretty much
 summed it up last night, and if
 these plans are what he says they
 are then they'd be worth a fortune
 in all the naval centres of Europe.

HOLMES
 (from down on the
 track)
 Just so.
 (beat)
 So. Watson, you can see as far
 as I can. Why do you think he
 went dashing off into the office
 last night?

This catches Watson by surprise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON

What? Oh, right...
 (thinks about it
 for the moment)
 Well, he'd plainly gone to steal
 the papers, that much is clear.

LESTRADE

(nods)
 I'd agree. The working theory at
 the Yard is that some foreign
 agent had corrupted him and he
 needed money.

WATSON

Right, right ... so he went to
 sell the papers to this agent and
 ... maybe terms weren't agreed,
 so he set off back to Woolwich to
 return the papers to the safe.

LESTRADE

(warming to this)
 The agent then follows him and
 murders him in the train--

WATSON

--taking the papers he needed and
 chucking his body out of the train.

HOLMES

(not looking up)
 Bravo, gentlemen, a splendid theory
 and it holds together.

Lestrade knows that tone.

LESTRADE

You don't think so?

HOLMES

(still not looking
 up)
 As I say, it holds together. But
 it doesn't quite ring true to me.
 There's something more going on
 here.

He straightens up, clambers back onto the platform beside
 Watson and Lestrade.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Now tell me, Watson. Do you notice
 the presence of anything ...
 unusual?

WATSON

(surprised)
 What? The presence?
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON (CONT'D)

(thinks)

No, no I don't think so.

Holmes smiles slightly.

HOLMES

Well let me put it another way - do you notice the absence of anything?

This time Watson gets it.

WATSON

Ah, of course. Blood.

HOLMES

Precisely. There's only a small trace amount down there, presumably where the body impacted with the ground. And yet as I understand it there was a considerable wound.

LESTRADE

(nods)

The bone was crushed right into the head.

HOLMES

So give me your medical opinion, doctor. How much blood should we be looking for?

WATSON

(grim)

A lot, at least three pints if not considerably more.

HOLMES

Just so. So we can infer he didn't die from falling or being pushed from the train.

LESTRADE

Well he didn't die in the train, either, if that's what you're thinking.

(off Holmes' look)

We have our own methods, you know, Mr Holmes. We've had all the carriages searched and there's no trace of that amount of blood anywhere in there either.

HOLMES

You searched the carriages?
Inside?

This catches Lestrade by surprise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTRADE
Of course. Where else?

HOLMES
Nothing, just thinking out loud.
(beat)
Well, I think we've made some
progress here.

Lestrade and Watson exchange glances - they clearly don't think so. Holmes turns to look back at Lestrade.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
And now, Lestrade, if you would be so good as to give me what information you have on the biggest foreign agents you know to be operating in London at present.

Off Lestrade's grim look--

CUT TO:

INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE (SCOTLAND YARD) -- DAY

Lestrade opens a filing cabinet, removes three files. He turns to look back at Holmes and Watson.

LESTRADE
There are numerous small fry, of course. But only three big or well connected enough to be involved with the sale of these plans to a foreign power.

He drops one file down onto the table - the picture shows a thin, rat-like man.

INSERT: That man, in top hat, making his way down the street.

LESTRADE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Adolf Myer, of Notting Hill.
Suspected of involvement in
espionage in Her Majesty's
shipyards.*

BACK TO SCENE

as Lestrade drops a second file down--

INSERT: A tall, gaunt looking man with stubble and dangerous eyes.

LESTRADE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Hugo Oberstein or Godolphin Street,
suspected organiser of a document
smuggling ring that operates out
of Berlin.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

as Lestrade - looking grim - drops the final file down.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)
And the final one.

INSERT: A swarthy, handsome, hispanic looking man.

LESTRADE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*Eduardo Lucas of Caulfield Gardens,
Kensington.*

BACK TO SCENE

as Holmes registers the distaste in Lestrade's voice.

HOLMES
Do I take it you know Lucas of
old?

LESTRADE
(grim)
Doesn't take much for you to see
the truth, does it Mr Holmes?
No, I nearly had Lucas cold on an
extortion charge four years ago,
but the slippery fellow walked
after the Spanish ambassador
interceded on his behalf. I've
been trying to nail the man ever
since but we've never even got
within shouting distance of him.
(beat)
If he's involved in this--

HOLMES
(quickly)
You will be the first to know, of
course Lestrade.
(indicates the
files)
Do you mind if I borrow these?

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD -- DAY

As Holmes and Watson make their way away from the building.
Watson's carrying the files.

WATSON
(slight smile)
Holmes, I do believe you've got
your hands on a clue.

HOLMES
Oh, you think so? Actually I was
just thinking...

WATSON
Thinking what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

Thinking it's time we devoted
some of our attention to Lady Eva
and her business with the charming
Mr Milverton.

Watson looks surprised.

WATSON

With all of this going on?

A beat before:

HOLMES

I ask myself a question, Watson -
isn't it strange that we should
have been approached by both
members of the Brackwell household
within twenty four hours, and
neither case is apparently
connected?

WATSON

(shrugs)
Coincidence?

HOLMES

You think so?
(beat)
Well, I would suspect we'll find
out soon enough, Watson.
(grim)
Soon enough.

He goes silent. Watson glances over at him - wondering
what's going on inside this man's head.

WATSON (V.O.)

One thing I had learned, even in
the short time I had known him,
was that Holmes was not the kind
of man to let you know what he
was thinking until he knew he was
right. I contented myself with
knowing he'd tell me soon enough.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR (THE FLAT) -- NIGHT

CLOSE on the door - as a bell rings from within.

WATSON (V.O.)

As for other matters ... well, it
seemed things were moving on all
levels.

Watson opens the door to reveal Milverton on the other
side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Milverton looks up with an expression of disdain - which suddenly morphs into recognition as he sees Watson's face. Watson keeps his expression carefully neutral.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Yes?

MILVERTON

Mr Holmes' rooms?

WATSON

Come in, please.

He steps back to allow Milverton entry. And we see Watson give Milverton a fairly disgusted look as he passes.

INT. THE FLAT -- NIGHT

Milverton and Watson enter to find Holmes sat in his chair behind a fog of pipe smoke.

MILVERTON

Mr Holmes?

HOLMES

Indeed. And you, sir--?

MILVERTON

Charles Augustus Milverton.

HOLMES

Please, sit.

Milverton steps forward - hand outstretched. Holmes never moves. He gives the hand a clinical look.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

No.

(looks up at him)

I would prefer not to shake your hand if it's all the same, sir. This is only a matter of business between us.

The coldness in his tone has the desired effect. Milverton is immediately put on the back foot. He takes his chair with a miffed expression.

MILVERTON

As you like, sir.

(re: Watson)

And we can talk freely before this ... gentleman?

Watson has seated himself in his chair and is now looking daggers at Milverton.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

(cold)

You speak with Doctor Watson present or with neither of us, Mr Milverton. The choice is yours.

MILVERTON

Very well. You, then, are representing the interests of the Lady Eva, Mr Holmes?

HOLMES

I have that honour. And I believe I understand the particulars of the case.

MILVERTON

(scoffs)

You couldn't possibly understand--

HOLMES

Credit me with some intelligence, Mr Milverton. How much?

(off his look)

Come now, sir, there's no need to mince words - what are your terms for the safe return of the letters?

MILVERTON

(with relish)

Seven thousand pounds, Mr Holmes.

Watson looks as though he'd like to punch Milverton here. Holmes gives the man a cold look.

HOLMES

The alternative?

MILVERTON

(smiles)

Mr Holmes, we're all men of the world. As you said, there's no need to mince words - so you make take it from me that if there is no money paid on the fourteenth, there will surely be no marriage remaining on the eighteenth.

HOLMES

And supposing I tell my client to tell her husband about these letters and their content?

A nasty chuckle from Milverton.

MILVERTON

You evidently do not know Sir Stephen Brackwell, Mr Holmes. Nor me. I'm practised at this game, sir. Look here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls a pocket book from the inside of his jacket, flips through the pages.

MILVERTON (CONT'D)

I know things that I believe would astonish even you, Mr Holmes, for all your purported 'knowledge of affairs.' For example--

(opens a page of the book)

--Ah, yes, you may remember the sudden end last year of the engagement between the honourable Miss Miles and Colonel Dorking. And all because the absurd sum of eighteen hundred pounds could not be found in time.

HOLMES

Seven thousand is extortionate, Milverton. You must know that the Lady Eva cannot possibly afford it.

MILVERTON

You would say so? I think not. And seven thousand is eminently possible, Mr Holmes - why I'm sure Lady Eva could raise twice that sum by simply turning her diamonds into paste. You forget, Mr Holmes, this is what I do. I have eight or nine ... similar cases ... all maturing quite nicely at about the same time.

(horrible smile)

It is how I make my humble bread.

He grins horribly into the cold faces of Holmes and Watson.

MILVERTON (CONT'D)

I trust I've made my position perfectly clear, Mr Holmes?

HOLMES

(grim)

Oh, perfectly clear, sir. And now, Watson...

And the two men move like greased lightning - in seconds they're both on their feet, Watson behind Milverton holding up a chair and prepared to use it, Holmes stood towering over Milverton, looking threatening.

Holmes holds out a hand.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

You're a scoundrel, Milverton. And now, sir, that notebook if you please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Milverton gives him the same clinical look that Holmes gave to his hand, then glances back to Watson ... and lets out a laugh. Low and patronising.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
Something amusing?

MILVERTON
You fool, Holmes.

He stands up so fast the chair flies over backwards behind him, staggering Watson back slightly. In seconds Milverton has drawn a horrible-looking revolver and pointed it at the pair of them.

MILVERTON (CONT'D)
Do you really think I'd go about my business unarmed? Or that I'd be so stupid as to carry the letters around with me?

Watson hefts the chair for a blow, but Milverton's seen him--

MILVERTON (CONT'D)
Watson! Don't even think about it, my good man.

HOLMES
(quiet)
Put it down, Watson.

Milverton gives Holmes and Watson a clinical look that turns into a sneer.

MILVERTON
I have to confess I was expecting something more original from you, Mr Holmes. And that, given your reputation, I'm sincerely disappointed.

HOLMES
Milverton--

MILVERTON
(hefts pistol)
One more word and I'll make it eight thousand pounds - and the thirteenth instead of the fourteenth.
(nasty grin)
Goodnight, Mr Holmes.

And with that he backs out of the flat with his gun trained on Holmes and Watson before slamming the door behind him.

Holmes and Watson exchange glances.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON (V.O.)

It was one of the first glimpses of the kind of thing we were going to confront during what Holmes would be good enough to call out "partnership".

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON'S ROOM (THE FLAT) -- NIGHT

Finding Watson again sat in his chair, writing in his journal.

WATSON (V.O.)

Following our encounter with Milverton, I hardly saw Holmes for a few days afterwards, and when he was in he barely spoke. He ran in and out at all times of the day and night, was extremely irritable and rarely answered the questions I put to him, smoked incessantly, played his violin, ate sandwiches at odd hours. Eventually I decided simply to let him be. I he knew that when he was ready to tell me what was happening, he would, and I would have to be content with that.

Watson puts down his pen, glances out of the window. The rain is coming down heavily outside.

Then, from inside the flat, Watson hears a door slam. He gets to his feet.

INT. THE FLAT -- NIGHT

Watson enters - and stops dead at the sight of a tall, rakish-looking WORKMAN with a goatee beard and a cockney accent. He grins genially at the sight of Watson.

COCKNEY WORKMAN

Ah, good evening guv'nor. How are you?

WATSON

(taken aback)

How am I? Now just look here my good man, these are private apartments--

HOLMES

(mildly)

I happen to live here, Watson.

And Watson gapes at the voice - and as the workman pulls off his beard to reveal--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON
(astonished)
Holmes?!

Holmes laughs slightly as he pulls off the rest of the make-up.

HOLMES
Sorry, Watson, couldn't resist -
I'm afraid I forgot to warn you
about my little penchant for
disguises.
(glances out of
the window)
What an appalling night, eh, it's
coming down in sheets.

WATSON
(laughs)
What have you been doing with
yourself these past few days?

HOLMES
Getting myself engaged to be
married.

It takes a moment for this to register. Then a huge, broad and sincere smile from Watson.

WATSON
Well I never - my dear fellow my
warmest congratulations--

HOLMES
(cutting him off)
Yes, yes - to the housemaid at
Charles Augustus Milverton's.

WATSON
What?
(getting it,
crestfallen)
Oh, Holmes, really--

HOLMES
I had to, Watson, I wanted
information. I've walked and
talked with that girl every night
for the last week - such charming
little talks they were, too - and
I now know Milverton's house in
Hampstead like the palm of my
hand.

WATSON
But Holmes, really, the girl--?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

(dismissive wave
of the hand)

Yes, yes, well it really can't be helped, it was absolutely necessary - she will have to become a sacrifice on the altar of my art.

(off Watson's
horrified look)

If it makes you feel any better, it turns out I have a hated rival in the form of the local grocery boy, and he's sure to move in as soon as my back is turned.

Watson still doesn't look happy about it but Holmes takes no notice. He turns and looks out of the window again. Outside, thunder rumbles through the rain.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

(with relish)

What a splendid night it is, Watson.

WATSON

You were only complaining about it a moment ago.

A long pause before Holmes replies.

HOLMES

As an honest citizen, yes, I was.

(beat)

As a burglar, I approve.

It takes a moment for Watson to realise just exactly what Holmes has just said.

WATSON

A burglar?

Holmes turns to face Watson.

HOLMES

Correct. I just need to change my clothes and pick up a few things, and then I'll bid you goodnight--

WATSON

Let me see if I have this correct - you're planning to burgle Milverton's house to recover Lady Eva's letter?

HOLMES

Well, you saw the man, he's clearly not willing to negotiate and that leaves me without an alternative.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

And now I'll say no more, Watson,
after all the less you know--

WATSON

No, Holmes.

HOLMES

I'm really quite resolved to this--

WATSON

And so am I, dash it. I'm coming
with you.

And now it's Holmes' turn to be stopped in his tracks.

HOLMES

What? No, no, no, out of the
question--

WATSON

I mean it, Holmes, I'm coming
too.

HOLMES

No, it's not--

WATSON

(resolute)

You said we were partners, in
this thing together to the death.
Well now it's time I actually
contributed something.

Holmes sees the steely look in Watson's eye.

HOLMES

Do you really mean it?

WATSON

To the death!

A moment - then Holmes cracks a wide smile.

HOLMES

(laughing)

Well, well, well, we've shared
these same rooms for some weeks
now, it would be amusing if we
should finish up sharing the same
cell. Alright. Could you contrive
to make us up a couple of masks?

WATSON

In five minutes, from black silk.
I've an old umbrella somewhere.

HOLMES

Excellent. And ... do you have
such a thing as a firearm?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This catches Watson a bit by surprise - but...

WATSON

Yes, I have my old service revolver
somewhere.

HOLMES

Good. Bring it with you.
(off Watson's look)
Just in case.

And Watson's suddenly looking concerned.

INT. WATSON'S ROOM (THE FLAT) -- NIGHT

CLOSE on a wooden box as it's opened - revealing an ARMY
REVOLVER inside, in immaculate condition with several
bullets to hand.

WATSON

picks the gun up, holds it up to the light. And off his
expression - what the hell have I got myself into here?
we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- NIGHT

The rain continues to lash down as a handsome cab makes
it's way down the street.

INT. BACK OF CAB -- NIGHT

Finding Holmes and Watson sat together, dressed in dark
clothes.

HOLMES

After tonight we should be able
to put this whole dreadful business
behind us and turn our heads to
matters of high importance.

WATSON

The theft of the plans?

HOLMES

Precisely. And that of clearing
the name and solving the murder
of the late Cadogan West.

Watson looks up in surprise.

WATSON

Murder?

(no reaction from
Holmes)

Well what on earth makes you think
it was murder?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

The fact that there was no blood on the lines at Aldgate, nor in any of the carriages.

(off Watson's blank look)

Come now, Watson, it's really not that difficult, it all hinges on the fact that this young fellow didn't have a train ticket in his pocket.

WATSON

Meaning simply that he must have lost it?

HOLMES

(shakes his head)

Meaning that he never had one in the first place. Consider: is it so much of a coincidence that the body should hit the tracks at a point on the line where the train moves around so tight a curve as the one at Aldgate and with so many points in that short space?

(trump card)

The body was on the roof, Watson.

And Watson suddenly gets it.

WATSON

The roof! Of course!

HOLMES

Yes, yes, the real criminal plainly hoped to conceal his identity and his involvement by setting West up to take the fall for the whole business. Now if we can find out how he got onto the roof, we'll have got it half solved.

WATSON

Could he have been dropped from a bridge?

HOLMES

No, not possible, those carriage roofs are slightly rounded. He was placed.

WATSON

So where--?

HOLMES

Later. First we must attend to other matters.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

In fifteen minutes we will be in Milverton's study, where he keeps his safe. It adjoins his bedroom, unfortunately, but Agatha tells me he's an exceptionally heavy sleeper so it shouldn't present us with a problem.

WATSON

Agatha?

HOLMES

(sideways smile)
That's my fiance.

Watson rolls his eyes and looks the other way as Holmes chuckles in amusement.

EXT. MILVERTON'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The cab pulls away, leaving Holmes and Watson on the pavement. CRANE UP to reveal Milverton's house from earlier, now cloaked in darkness.

HOLMES

opens the gate noiselessly. He glances back at Watson - the barest of grins from him--

HOLMES

The game is afoot.

And with that they head inside.

INT. BACK CORRIDOR (MILVERTON'S HOUSE) -- NIGHT

Darkness, the only light coming through the frosted glass of the doorway.

After a moment there's a SCRAPING SOUND - and then a small circle of glass is removed with some care from the door. A hand in a black leather glove enters and unlatches the door - then withdraws as the door is pushed open.

Holmes and Watson enter noiselessly - both now wearing the black silk masks over their eyes. Holmes closes the door behind him. With a hand gesture he directs Watson down the corridor.

INT. MILVERTON'S STUDY -- NIGHT

Holmes leads Watson inside. The gas lamps are still burning and there's a low fire in the grate. Holmes's sharp eyes dart around, quickly spotting what he's looking for - the safe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

(whispered)

You know what, Watson? We'd make a capital pair of burglars, you and I - if we weren't already dedicated to a nobler purpose.

Watson's looking nervous as all hell, and Holmes' joviality isn't helping.

WATSON

(whispered)

What do you want me to do?

HOLMES

Keep an eye on the door. Now, let's see...

He squats down beside the safe, pulls out a leather pouch and opens it. Safe-cracking tools glitter in the half light. Without another word he gets to work.

Watson keeps his back to the wall, listening at the door - but his eyes keep getting drawn to Holmes, where he's crouched and working. Fascinated by the speed and precision with which Holmes moves. After a moment:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

(chuckling)

This fellow's a fool, you know, he ought to have had a much more modern safe than this...

And at that moment - CLUNK! The safe door opens. Holmes smiles in small triumph.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Now, let's see...

But he's barely had time to open the door when Watson suddenly spots light down the corridor--

WATSON

(urgent whisper)

Holmes!

Holmes looks up - sees the look on Watson's face--

HOLMES

(annoyed)

Oh, deuce take it, what a moment to choose.

He shuts (but doesn't lock) the door of the safe and he and Watson quickly and noiselessly move behind a pair of heavy window curtains, effectively hiding them from view. Watson's looking nervous--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Composure, man, our very lives
depend upon it.

With what looks like an effort, Watson gets himself under control.

At that moment the door opens and a man enters, carrying a lamp. MILVERTON. Accompanied by a WOMAN in a veil, hiding her face from view. Holmes and Watson watch through the gap in the curtains:

MILVERTON

Well, miss, you decided to come
then. At long last.

VEILED LADY

(cockney accent)

I couldn't manage any earlier,
sir, my mistress kept me at work.

MILVERTON

Well, if she's a harsh mistress
then you have a chance to get
even with her. Please.

He waves her into a seat by the fire. He sits down opposite her.

MILVERTON (CONT'D)

I have to say, I'm not a man that
likes to alter his routine--

HOLMES AND WATSON

watch in silence from behind the curtain.

MILVERTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

--but your proposition was
intriguing.

Watson's eyes are drawn to something - the door of the safe, still hanging slightly open, right near to where Milverton's sitting. He'll see it if he turns his head even fractionally.

BACK TO SCENE

as Milverton leans back in his chair.

MILVERTON (CONT'D)

You said in your note that you
have acquired certain papers which
compromise the Countess D'Albert.

VEILED LADY

Yes, I have.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILVERTON

You want to sell them. I want to buy them.

(horrible grin)

So far so good. It now only remains to settle the matter of price. My standard practise is--

VEILED LADY

(imperious, cultured accent)

The price, Mr Milverton - for everything - is your life.

And the change in accent is incredible - it's suddenly haughty and cold. This is no lady's maid, and Milverton looks astonished.

MILVERTON

What do you mean, girl?

The woman raises her veil - revealing a beautiful yet cold visage.

HOLMES AND WATSON

see the face - and from both men's expressions it's clear they recognise her.

MILVERTON

quite literally recoils back--

MILVERTON (CONT'D)

Great heavens - is it you?

VEILED LADY

Yes, it's me. And don't you dare to speak my name - you've fouled it enough. You've ruined me, Milverton, like I'm sure you ruined so many others.

MILVERTON

Had the price been paid--

VEILED LADY

And it would have. But because you would not give me two day's grace--

ON HOLMES AND WATSON

watching the unfolding scene with looks of growing horror--

VEILED LADY (CONT'D)

--after I came to this very room and begged you on my knees for leniency, you sent the letter to my husband.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON THE VEILED LADY

as she delivers the final blow--

VEILED LADY (CONT'D)

And he died. The finest man in the world, and it's all because of you.

(beat)

And the letters were forged, you changed the dates on them - they were written before I met him, as well you know. And now, for you, a price must be paid.

MILVERTON

What are you going to do?

VEILED LADY

Take back from you everything you took from me, Milverton.

And she stands - drawing a pistol from inside her bag!

WATSON

recoils slightly - Holmes never moves.

THE VEILED LADY

aims the pistol. And Milverton's bloody terrified--

MILVERTON

You put that thing down--!

VEILED LADY

(hysterically)

No, not until I've used it.

She advances on Milverton, gun quivering in her hand--

VEILED LADY (CONT'D)

You'll break no more hearts like you broke mine, Charles Milverton.

(beat)

You hound!

BANG! The shot catches him right in the chest -- off Milverton's expression of amazement--

VEILED LADY (CONT'D)

(screaming)

You filthy hound!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

WATSON

tenses to make a move - his hand goes to his pocket and his revolver--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A hand grabs his wrist - he looks up at Holmes, his expression fixed. A slight shake of the head. Watson looks back through the gap in the curtain as

THE VEILED LADY

empties the entire pistol into Milverton's body. Eventually he falls to the ground, in a pool of blood, eyes open in an expression of amazement and terror.

Suddenly it's all over, and deadly silent. The lady replaces her pistol in the handbag, SPITS in Milverton's dead face, and stalks out haughtily, head held high.

The door slams shut behind her. Holmes and Watson move out from behind the curtain--

WATSON
Bloody hell, Holmes--

HOLMES
(hissed)
Quiet, man, he's done for.

WATSON
But we could--

HOLMES
Watson, if you can bring him back from that you could probably start your own religion.

WATSON
Who was that woman?

HOLMES
Don't be dense, man, surely you recognised that face?

WATSON
(horrified)
Not the Duchess of--?

HOLMES
(urgent)
Never mention names. Listen.

They both stop still, listening - there's sounds of commotion coming from within the house.

WATSON
Oh my God--

HOLMES
Someone must have heard the shots.

And he's in action in seconds, rushing over to the safe--

WATSON
What the hell are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES
 (wrenching the
 door open)
 Saving our own client and lord
 knows how many more. Here.

He thrusts a handful of papers into Watson's hands--

HOLMES (CONT'D)
 Well get it on the fire, man,
 hurry! We don't know how long
 we've got!

And Holmes' tone snaps Watson out of it - he steps forward and hurls the bundle onto the fire, then turns to get some more. In seconds they've emptied the whole safe into the flames - Watson turns back to Holmes--

WATSON
 Quickly, give me the last lot.

But Holmes has stopped still - staring at the last envelope he's holding. Watson rushes over to him - and stops dead at the sight of two words printed on the side:

BRUCE PARTINGTON.

A look between Holmes and Watson - and then Holmes shoves the envelope into the pocket of his greatcoat.

HOLMES
 Come on!

They both leg it for the window.

INT. CORRIDOR (MILVERTON'S HOUSE) -- NIGHT

As a gang of servants armed with makeshift weapons come charging up the corridor, bursting into--

INT. MILVERTON'S STUDY -- NIGHT

--where they stop dead at the sight of Milverton's body, the open safe, the pile of papers turning to ash in the fire, and--

SERVANT #1
 There!

The window's open. They rush over and look out - to see Holmes and Watson running for it across the garden.

SERVANT #1 (CONT'D)
 Get them!

EXT. GARDEN (MILVERTON'S HOUSE) -- NIGHT

The barking of dogs catches Watson's attention - he glances back over his shoulder to see the servants legging it after them with dogs and weapons--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (O.S.)
Come on, man, move!

Watson looks ahead to see Holmes charging for the wall of the garden, covering the ground quickly. Watson speeds up. Holmes climbs up the wall with an easy, practised speed, vanishing over the other side.

Watson reaches the wall, climbs up - but he's not got the same speed or dexterity as Holmes, and it takes him some time to get a foothold--

Long enough for a dog to reach him - grab his trouser leg in it's mouth--

HOLMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Quick!

Watson looks up - Holmes is there, holding out his hand. Watson grabs it - just as Holmes punts a stone in the direction of the dog, striking it a glancing blow across the flank and making it let go of Watson. Holmes hauls Watson over the wall just as the servants approach.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MILVERTON'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Watson loses his balance and hits the ground with a thump. Holmes hauls him upright--

HOLMES
You're not hurt, Watson?

WATSON
Fine.

HOLMES
Come on then!

They charge down the street. Holmes rips the mask off his eyes - Watson sees it and does the same.

ON THE CORNER OF THE STREET

they see a handsome cab idling. Holmes is on it in seconds, wrenching the door open--

CABBIE #1
Strewth, gents, didn't see you there--

HOLMES
(ignoring him)
Drive like the devil, cabbie.
Baker Street - half a sovereign
if you do it in twenty minutes.

CABBIE #1
Right you are, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holmes helps Watson inside the coach and slams the door. The carriage takes off immediately.

INT. BACK OF CAB -- NIGHT

On Holmes and Watson, sitting there getting their breath back and coming down off the adrenaline high. Silence for a long moment. Finally...

WATSON
(wheezing slightly)
Well well Holmes ... that certainly wasn't what I had in mind for the evening's entertainment.

A moment - then Holmes laughs out loud. And a moment later Watson joins in too - laughing for the sheer bloody thrill that they survived all of that.

WATSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
As an introduction to what I'd be facing on a regular basis during my partnership with Holmes--

EXT. BAKER STREET -- NIGHT

Just to establish.

WATSON (V.O.)
--the Milverton case was certainly a baptism of fire, and one that I'll never forget.

INT. WATSON'S ROOM (THE FLAT) -- NIGHT

Finding Watson in bed, rain hammering against the windows, tossing and turning, trying to sleep but unable to. The events of the night are clearly still preying on his mind.

WATSON (V.O.)
And yet somehow, in spite of the horror of what I had just witnessed rivalling with some of the worst things I had ever seen in Afghanistan - I found myself beginning to think that maybe Holmes was right. That maybe this thing was in my blood.
(beat)
As for the aftermath of the Milverton situation, we soon found out what was happening there...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE FLAT -- MORNING

The next morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lestrade lowers himself into a chair opposite Holmes and Watson. Watson is trying his best not to appear nervous; Holmes, by contrast, is his usual serene self - despite his somewhat scruffy appearance (he's wearing his dressing gown over his shirt and trousers).

LESTRADE

Any progress on this horrible business with the plans?

HOLMES

My dear Lestrade, when I have something to report you'll be the first to know, of course.

LESTRADE

Ah, of course. Pity, because I could do with your help in something. There's been murder done, up at Hampstead.

WATSON

(urgent)
Holmes--

HOLMES

(taking it in his stride)
Not feeling queasy are you, Watson?
(to Lestrade)
Murder, you say? Anyone remarkable?

LESTRADE

Fellow called Milverton - bit of a reputation down at the Yard, mind, but I'm sure you knew that already. Shot to death in his study last night.

Watson's looking a little sick here - Holmes is still completely unruffled.

HOLMES

Fascinating. Do you have any leads?

LESTRADE

Well, we know who did it of course.

Watson looks even more sick - Holmes looks fascinated.

HOLMES

Oh, yes?

LESTRADE

(warming to it)
Yes, there were two of them - there was a hue and cry, d'you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTRADE (CONT'D)
see? The servants chased them
across the gardens but they got
away.

HOLMES
I see. You have a description?

LESTRADE
Well, the first one was very tall
and very quick, they didn't get a
good look at him. The other man
was described as a middle-sized,
lithe man with a moustache. They
both had masks over their eyes.

Holmes actually laughs at this.

HOLMES
Well upon my soul, Lestrade, that's
pretty vague. I mean, it might
even be a description of Watson
here.

And Lestrade laughs out loud.

LESTRADE
Yes, actually, you're right, it
might be a description of you,
doctor.

Watson laughs too, but it's half-hearted. Holmes fills
his pipe and looks back to Lestrade.

HOLMES
No, Lestrade, I'm afraid I can't
help you. As much as anything
else, I know something of this
man Milverton. There are some
crimes the law can't adequately
punish, and on this occasion I'm
afraid my sympathies are with the
criminals.

Lestrade nods at this.

LESTRADE
Yes, I thought that might be your
reaction. Oh well, I tried.

He gets to his feet.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)
I'll let you know any developments.

HOLMES
Please do - and let me know when
you've caught the bounders. Good
morning Lestrade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTRADE

Good morning, Mr Holmes - Doctor
Watson.

WATSON

(weakly)
Good morning inspector.

Lestrade smiles and heads out. Watson sags back in his chair, looking vastly relieved as Holmes lights his pipe with a chuckle.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Holmes, I swear, another five
minutes like that and I'm taking
myself back to Afghanistan.

HOLMES

(amused)
No you won't, Watson. You'll
grow to love it too. Anyway, the
good news is that last night's
episode appears to have resolved
itself nicely. Now we can turn
our attention to other matters.

He gets to his feet and moves over to the desk - and from the drawer he removes the envelope they took from Milverton's study, labeled 'Bruce Partington'.

WATSON

Ah. Are those--

HOLMES

The plans themselves?
(shakes his head)
Lady Luck is not that kind to us,
I'm afraid Watson, but this is
certainly a most intriguing
development.

He opens the envelope, spills the contents onto the side table before returning to his armchair.

WATSON

What is it?

HOLMES

Cuttings. From the personal column
of the Globe Newspaper. Plainly
the way that Milverton communicated
with his confederate.

Watson picks one up, skims through it.

WATSON

(reading)
"Stuff awaits you when conditions
and money met. Signed Pierrot."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON (CONT'D)

(picks up another
one)

"Tonight, the old place, two taps.
Payment in hard cash necessary."

(glances up at
Holmes)

Also signed Pierrot.

HOLMES

Correct. The others are much the
same and pretty self-explanatory.

WATSON

But if this is what Milverton was
using to communicate with his
confederate--

HOLMES

Who was that confederate? Quite.

On impulse, he reaches down and picks up his violin.

WATSON

Some thinking needs doing?

Holmes says nothing - just begins playing, improvising.
Watson recognises the signs - he leans back in his chair,
begins going through the cuttings.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Well, at least we can give Lady
Eva some good news.

Holmes doesn't react to this, just keeps playing his
violin.

CUT TO:

INT. BRACKWELL HOUSE -- MORNING

Sir Stephen Brackwell and Lady Eva are sat having
breakfast. There's a noticeable distance here, a coldness -
two people with secrets. They're on opposite sides of
the table, and they're not speaking. Lady Eva's reading
a newspaper. Brackwell's making a half-hearted attempt
to eat some breakfast but not getting very far.

Lady Eva turns a page, glances down at it - then her eye
is drawn to one article.

ON THE PAPER

where a few choice words stand out:

*"...Charles Augustus Milverton, the well known society
planner and distinguished amateur tenor, was found dead
last night..."*

LADY EVA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

reacts immediately at the sight of this - her tea cup falls from her hand, shattering on the ground. Brackwell's head comes up.

LADY EVA

Oh, no...

BRACKWELL

Are you alright, Eva?

She looks up at him - there's an expression of genuine concern there. And she hates doing this but knows damn well she can't tell him the truth--

LADY EVA

Yes, I'm fine.

Brackwell doesn't look convinced. Lady Eva's eyes are drawn back to the paper - a curious mix of emotions in her face.

EXT. BAKER STREET -- DAY

A COACHMAN opens the door of a cab and helps Lady Eva down from the step.

LADY EVA

Thank you. Wait here.

COACHMAN

Milady.

She looks up at the door of number 221-B with some trepidation.

INT. THE FLAT -- DAY

Watson is sat in the window, looking through the papers recovered from Milverton. Holmes is pacing up and down, generating a huge cloud of pipe smoke.

They both look up as the door opens and Mrs Hudson enters.

MRS HUDSON

Lady Eva Brackwell to see you, Mr Holmes.

HOLMES

Thank you, send her up.

Mrs Hudson nods and exits. Watson gives Holmes an appraising look.

WATSON

Well, Holmes...

A moment before Holmes glances down at his dressing gown and gets it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LADY EVA (prelap)
I came over here as soon as I
heard...

CUT TO:

INT. SAME -- LATER

Finding Holmes (dressing gown gone and jacket firmly in
place) and Watson facing Lady Eva.

LADY EVA
I confess that when this whole
dreadful business began, I wished
some ... some terrible things
onto him, but...

WATSON
(reassuring)
I'm sure anyone else in your
position would have felt the same,
Lady Eva.

LADY EVA
You must believe me gentlemen
when I say that I would never
have wished this on anyone.

HOLMES
Just so.

She looks up at him - he's staring off into space slightly,
giving off the impression of not being all there.

LADY EVA
It seems almost crass to think
about such things now, but - did
you manage to recover my letters,
Mr Holmes?

No answer. Holmes is still staring into space. Lady Eva
and Watson exchange glances.

LADY EVA (CONT'D)
Mr Holmes.

WATSON
(raised voice)
Holmes!

That snaps him out of it. He focuses back on the scene
with what looks like an effort.

HOLMES
What? Oh, yes, of course.

He leans forward in the chair, puts on a reassuring
expression.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

You have no further cause to worry about this matter, Lady Eva. I have taken steps to ensure that whatever blackmail documents Milverton may have had will never see the light of day. You have my word on this.

LADY EVA

But do you tell me you have actually recovered the letters?

HOLMES

No.

LADY EVA

Then how can you tell me that they will never be used?

Holmes doesn't answer - and Lady Eva knows she's not going to get any further.

LADY EVA (CONT'D)

Then I shall take up no more of your time, sir.

(inclines head to
Watson)

Dr Watson.

WATSON

Good day, Lady Eva.

She turns to go - and just for a moment, when her back is turned on Holmes and Watson, do we see the genuine anxiety on her face.

When she's gone, Watson gives Holmes a look.

WATSON (CONT'D)

That wasn't exactly reassuring.

(no reply)

Holmes?

HOLMES

What did you make of that, Watson?

WATSON

What? How do you mean?

(no answer)

Holmes, do you know something I don't?

This shakes Holmes out of his reverie.

HOLMES

What? Oh, I don't know, I was just thinking...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON

Thinking? Thinking what?

Holmes doesn't answer. He just picks up his violin again. Watson rolls his eyes slightly as Holmes gets back to it, losing himself in the music to let him think.

The violin continues to play as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAME -- LATER

Finding Watson sat by the fire, writing in his journal. He watches as though Holmes sits behind a deep fog of pipe smoke, hard at thought.

WATSON (V.O.)

It had to be. Holmes was at his most mysterious. He spend the next few days deep in thought, again hardly even seeming to hear the casual questions I put to him.

Montage:

--Holmes pacing up and down...

--Reading through the dossiers Lestrade gave him on the foreign agents operating in London...

--Playing his violin...

--Finally, pouring over a map of London. We HOLD on this image the longest.

Holmes looks down at some point on the map for several long moments, deep in thought. He picks up a magnifying glass for a better look at something.

He stars through the glass at something for a long moment - a small smile creeping over his face. And then suddenly he's on his feet, energised, and sending his chair flying backwards. Watson looks up in alarm--

WATSON (CONT'D)

Holmes, whatever is--?

HOLMES

(interrupting)

I've solved it, man, d'you hear?

I've solved it! Come on!

And he's grabbing for his coat. Watson's up to join him a moment later.

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- DAY

As a handsome cab drives like hell through the dirty streets.

INT. BACK OF CAB -- DAY

Holmes and Watson. Holmes talks rapidly, animated as anything.

HOLMES

The whole thing was far simpler than I thought, Watson, quite elementary in face.

WATSON

To you I'm rue it is, but to me--

HOLMES

(interrupting)

As I said the other night, Cadogan West's body must have been placed on the roof of a carriage, not dropped, there's no other possible explanation. So then it was merely a matter of consulting a map of London and finding if that branch of the Aldgate line intersected with any of the addresses Lestrade gave us, of the agents known to be operating in London. I should have seen it far sooner than this.

WATSON

(getting it)

And it clearly did - but where?

HOLMES

(glancing out of the window)

Barely a hundred yards from where we are now - number 17 Caulfield Gardens, Kensington. The house of Mr Eduardo Lucas.

Holmes grins in triumph - and off Watson's look of amazement we CUT TO:

EXT. CAULFIELD GARDENS -- DAY

The cab stops and Holmes and Watson emerge - and stop dead at--

WATSON

Bloody hell.

A HUGE CROWD

is clustered around number 17, jostling to see. UNIFORMED CONSTABLES are stood outside, barring the way.

And there's a feeling in the air, of something horrible having just happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

regards the scene in alarm--

HOLMES

Before heaven, Watson, it must be attempted murder at the very least, there's nothing else that will hold the attention of the London messenger boys!

And he darts off into the crowd--

WATSON

(calling after him)
Holmes, confound it--

But he's already out of earshot. With no other choice, Watson follows.

HOLMES

pushes his way to the front of the throng - only to find his way barred by a burly CONSTABLE.

CONSTABLE 1

You can't go in there, mister.

HOLMES

Never mind about that, what's happened, man?

CONSTABLE 1

(immovable)
Just move along now, please sir, there's a good gentleman.

Watson manages to squeeze his way to the front.

WATSON

What's happening, Holmes?

HOLMES

(annoyed)
Well I'd know if this gentleman would only be so kind as to tell me.

CONSTABLE 1

(getting annoyed
himself)
Now look here--

LESTRADE (O.S.)

Stop being a dunderhead,
Fredericks.

They all look up as Lestrade pushes his way through the crowd. He gives Holmes a wry look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

Oh, it's you two is it? I might have known.

HOLMES

(impatient)

What happened?

Lestrade looks genuinely surprised.

LESTRADE

What, you hadn't heard?

WATSON

Lestrade, not now.

Lestrade gives Holmes a grim look.

LESTRADE

Well it looks like Christmas came early for me, Mr Holmes. Eduardo Lucas was murdered last night. Stabbed through the heart.

And with that he clears off, heading into the house. Off Holmes' look - one of a man who's house of cards has just come crashing down - we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LUCAS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Finding Watson pacing up and down, looking impatient. He rubs his hands together to shift some of the cold before turning to see Holmes sat on a low wall, staring into space.

WATSON

How long do you plan to stay here?

No answer.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Holmes? Holmes, I asked--

HOLMES

(quiet)

I heard you.

(looks up at Watson)

And we stay until there's some news.

WATSON

(exasperated)

Holmes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

(ignoring him)

It's a confounded nuisance, this, I'd be able to find what I was looking for if only they'd let me in.

WATSON

Yes, well, when all's said and done you're not retained by the police to investigate crime.

Holmes gives him a sharp look.

HOLMES

What on earth do you mean by that, Watson?

Now Watson's looking uncomfortable. He's spared by the arrival of Lestrade, looking bone tired.

LESTRADE

Are you two still here?

HOLMES

(getting to his feet)

What did you find?

LESTRADE

(shrugs)

Open and shut case. Stabbed through the heart with an ornamental dagger, looks as though the thing was a trophy he kept on his wall. Looks like a crime of--

HOLMES

Never mind about that. Did you find--

LESTRADE

(grins)

Looking at us to find your submarine plans, now are you?

The grin vanishes in the face of Holmes's deadly serious expression.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

No. We didn't find anything relating to the plans.

WATSON

There, you see Holmes--

HOLMES

(irritable)

It still doesn't mean he wasn't involved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTRADE

Granted, but ... well, Mr Holmes...

HOLMES

What is it now, Lestrade?

Lestrade gives Holmes a frank look.

LESTRADE

The murder's one thing. But I honestly don't think Lucas had anything to do with the theft, not based on what we found inside there.

(beat)

Or if he did, then he must have sold the plans. And if he's done that--

HOLMES

(grim)

Then our last chance to get them back may well be gone.

And from the look on Holmes' we can tell that this whole business is a serious blow to him. Watson's expression goes from irritation to sympathy - he shares a glance with Lestrade, neither man sure how to deal with this.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE FLAT -- NIGHT

That evening. Watson is sat in his chair by the fire, looking more than a little worried. He's watching

HOLMES

who is pacing up and down, dressing gown on over his shirt and trousers again, playing his violin. Clearly trying to think.

But his playing is nowhere near as precise as normal. His strokes of the bow are aggressive, angry even - and the lack of symmetry is evidently making him more irritable than ever.

Silence for a long moment until:

WATSON

Maybe Eduardo Lucas had nothing to do with it.

No answer from Holmes - and this time it gets on Watson's nerves.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Holmes, I know you heard me, I said--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

No. Lucas was involved, you may feel sure of that.

WATSON

(exasperated)

Holmes--

HOLMES

(interrupting him)

It's the only place where Cadogan West's body could have been placed on the roof of the carriage, of that I'm certain. The fact that the plans aren't in that house now is almost irrelevant, he probably handed them over to a confederate before--

WATSON

(quiet)

Or he never had them in the first place.

The quiet tone catches Holmes by surprise. He stops playing, turns to face Watson with an expression bordering on disappointment.

HOLMES

I thought you said you were with me and in this to the death, my dear Watson.

WATSON

And so I am, of course. I'd have hoped you would have known that by now.

HOLMES

Then why--?

WATSON

Holmes - have you ever been wrong about anything before?

And this gives Holmes pause - it's obviously a question that hits him very close to home.

WATSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I hated seeing Holmes like this, but I didn't feel as though there was anything else I could do. The murder of Lucas had thrown Holmes completely.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD -- DAY

To establish. Rain is hammering down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON (V.O.)

And without his self-assurance,
Holmes became increasingly more
and more irritable.

A handsome cab pulls up, disgorging Holmes and Watson.
They hurry up the steps and into the building to keep out
of the rain.

INT. OFFICE (SCOTLAND YARD) -- DAY

Holmes and Watson enter to find Brackwell waiting for
them, accompanied by another man sat at the table with
his back to them. Brackwell looks up in relief at the
sight of the new arrivals.

BRACKWELL

Ah, Mr Holmes, Dr Watson - thank
you both for coming, gentlemen.

HOLMES

Have there been any further
developments?

BRACKWELL

(frustrated)

Nothing.

(beat)

The police have found nothing at
Mr Lucas' house, and the Professor
here--

Holmes suddenly notices the other man - who turns in his
chair at this moment, revealing himself as

PROFESSOR MORIARTY

who smiles slightly at the sight of Holmes.

MORIARTY

Ah, Mr Holmes, delighted to see
you again.

And Holmes visibly stiffens at the sight of Moriarty.

HOLMES

Sir Stephen--

BRACKWELL

Ah, yes, well I brought the
Professor in to see if there was
anything of value he could glean
from Lucas's papers.

Moriarty gestures at the litter of paperwork on the table.

MORIARTY

Our man was plainly a keen student
of international politics, but
beyond that--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

Sir Stephen, on a matter as delicate as this I would seriously counsel against involving anyone not completely essential--

BRACKWELL

(stern)

And in my view, Mr Holmes, involving the Professor at this stage is completely essential.

HOLMES

I disagree.

MORIARTY

(amused)

Oh, come now, Mr Holmes--

BRACKWELL

It's not as if you've been able to solve the whole thing single-handedly, sir, now is it?

And this hits Holmes hard.

BRACKWELL (CONT'D)

At this stage I will take any help I can get.

Moriarty's clocked the look on Holmes' face, grins slightly - loving it. Watson doesn't know what to say. Brackwell looks back to Moriarty, his expression bordering on the desperate.

BRACKWELL (CONT'D)

Professor, have you found anything?

Moriarty gathers up the papers and shakes his head sadly.

MORIARTY

It pains me to say this, Sir Stephen, but I'm afraid not. While the late Mr Lucas had some truly fascinating political ideas that make for interesting reading, there's not hint of any connection to the theft of the plans anywhere in here.

HOLMES

That you were able to find.

MORIARTY

Of course.

He smiles brightly at Holmes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

Although - perhaps if I had an idea of what exactly I was looking for, that might help matters. Please, Mr Holmes, enlighten us - exactly what proof have you that this man was involved in the theft.

And now Holmes is really fuming. He keeps it in check but throws a horrible look in Moriarty's direction. Moriarty merely smiles.

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD -- DAY

Rain is still hammering down as Holmes and Watson emerge. They duck back inside the doorway to keep out of it.

HOLMES

Bad business, Watson.

WATSON

Oh, undoubtedly.

HOLMES

In fact I might even go so far as to say--

MORIARTY (O.S.)

Fascinating stuff all this, what?

They both look up to see Moriarty approaching. He gives them both a bracing smile that Holmes takes against on sight.

HOLMES

Come again?

MORIARTY

Well, all this espionage and intrigue stuff - all really quite enjoyable. I can see why you've a taste for such things, Holmes.

HOLMES

Is this all a game to you, Moriarty?

MORIARTY

Why? Is it not to you?

(steps in closer)

Or did you only view it as a game when you were always right?

(grins)

Different kettle of fish now, no?

And Holmes is now seething.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORIARTY (CONT'D)
(condescending
tone)

Best of luck in this matter, Mr
Holmes. I'll let you know if I
have any small successes for my
own part.

And with that he's gone, vanishing down into the rain
before jumping into a waiting handsome cab. Holmes watches
him go with a dark look.

WATSON
What was that all about?
(glances at Holmes)
What is it with you and the
Professor?

HOLMES
We have ... philosophical
differences.

WATSON
Well what does that mean?
(no answer)
Holmes--?

But Holmes has gone, vanishing down the steps in the
direction of a waiting cab. Watson watches him for a
moment - his expression showing that he knows just how
much this has all got to Holmes.

EXT. BAKER STREET -- DAY

The cab pulls up, disgorging Holmes and Watson outside
their rooms. The rain is still hammering down.

They hurry up the steps to their door - and stop when
they see someone stood in the doorway. Lady Eva. Waiting
with a despondent expression.

WATSON
(surprised)
Lady Eva.

LADY EVA
Doctor Watson, Mr Holmes...
(imploring look at
the pair of them)
I need to talk to both of you.

INT. THE FLAT -- DAY

Lady Eva again sits facing Holmes and Watson.

LADY EVA
Mr Holmes ... because this business
is a political matter, my husband
refuses to take me into his
complete confidence--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

In that case, my lady, if your husband sees fit to keep you in the dark then it is hardly my place to speak about this matter. I am pledged to professional secrecy, for the same reason that I did not tell your husband about my involvement in your case.

LADY EVA

I know, I know all of that, Mr Holmes, but...

WATSON

What is it, my lady?

A long pause before:

LADY EVA

From something my husband said, I am given to understand that terrible public consequences may arise from all of this. Perhaps even ... even war.

(beat)

Is that true?

Holmes doesn't answer - just continues to give her an impassive look.

LADY EVA (CONT'D)

(desperate)

For heaven's sake, Mr Holmes, at least tell me then - is my husband's political career likely to suffer as a result?

Holmes still doesn't answer. She glances desperately at Watson - the look on his face telling her everything she needs to know.

WATSON

(reassuring)

We will certainly do what we can to prevent that from happening, my lady, you may be assured of that.

Lady Eva doesn't look particularly reassured. She rises to go.

LADY EVA

Thank you for seeing me, gentlemen.

Holmes still says nothing - he's staring into space, lost in thought. Lady Eva leaves. Watson turns on Holmes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON
You could have said something to
put her at her ease, Holmes.

Still no answer from him.

WATSON (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
Holmes, for God's sake--

He stops before he goes off into a long tirade. Holmes is still staring at nothing.

Silence for a very long moment. Finally:

WATSON (CONT'D)
Whatever it is you're working
through, Holmes, you need to deal
with it and solve this case.
There are a lot of people depending
on you.

No answer. Watson looks exasperated. He picks up his hat and coat and exits the room.

PUSH IN slowly on Holmes - and although his face is blank we can see that he's badly affected by all of this.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR -- DAY

Packed with a lunchtime crowd.

Among a group of friends stood by the bar we see a familiar face - STAMFORD, laughing and joking with some of his colleagues. After a moment he pays his respects and moves to head off - then stops in surprise when he sees Watson emerging from the throng.

STAMFORD
(surprised)
Watson?

WATSON
Hello Stamford.
(beat)
Got time to let me buy you a drink?

INT. THE FLAT -- DAY

Finding Holmes pacing up and down - but rather than looking as though he's trying to think, Holmes looks agitated, angry even. Suddenly, without warning--

HOLMES
DAMN IT!

And he KICKS the side-table over, sending his pipe flying and tobacco scattering all over the carpet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holmes stands looking at the wreckage for a moment, his eyes wild. Sheer bloody frustration.

WATSON (prelap)
In some ways it feels as if you
were trying to warn me.

INT. BAR -- DAY

Watson and Stamford are sat at a quiet table near the back of the bar.

STAMFORD
What, you mean about Holmes?
Well, yes, I did warn you he was
a queer old sort.

WATSON
If only you knew.
(beat)
When he was merely eccentric that
was fine, I mean he's a fascinating
man--

STAMFORD
Undoubtedly.

WATSON
But he doesn't seem to take being
wrong very well.

INT. THE FLAT -- DAY

Holmes is still staring at the wreckage on the floor.

Give it a moment - then he moves to the corner where his chemical rig is set up. He opens a small cabinet containing several bottles.

CLOSE ON ONE BOTTLE

dark, filled with liquid. The hand-written note on the side reads: "7% solution".

ON HOLMES

as he looks at the bottle. A moment of indecision - then he snatches it up.

INT. BAR -- DAY

Stamford leans forward, intrigued.

STAMFORD
What do you mean?

Watson looks a little out of his depth for a moment. Then he shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON

I don't know what you'd call it.

INT. THE FLAT -- DAY

CLOSE on a syringe as Holmes lifts it up to the light to examine.

GENERAL P.O.V.

as Holmes looks at the syringe. The sleeve of his left arm is rolled up.

A moment - then he thrusts the needle in and injects the drug. On his arm we see several other needle marks.

He drops the needle onto the bench before half staggering back to his armchair. He sinks back inside it, letting out a long sigh.

INT. BAR -- DAY

Stamford drains the last of his drink, looks back at Watson.

STAMFORD

What are you going to do?

On Watson - as his silence says everything.

EXT. BAKER STREET -- NIGHT

Watson makes his way up the steps and enters 221-B.

INT. THE FLAT -- NIGHT

Watson enters - and stops dead. A look of surprise on his face - a look that quickly turns to disappointment.

RACK FOCUS to reveal Holmes in the foreground, sprawled in his chair, head on one side, completely out of it in a drug-induced stupor. The needle lying on the table before him.

WATSON (V.O.)

It was a taste of what Holmes could do to himself when he didn't know what to do next. Something had to break the log-jam.

(beat)

What we needed was a miracle.

FADE OUT:

BLACK SCREEN

over which we HEAR:

LESTRADE (prelap)

Well - we've solved it, Mr Holmes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FADE IN:

INT. THE FLAT -- DAY

ON HOLMES as he glances up at the sight of Lestrade stood in the door, looking like the cat that got the cream.

Holmes is in his scruffy state (dressing gown on). Watson, in shirtsleeves, looks up from his breakfast.

 WATSON
Solved it? Really?

Lestrade chuckles a bit.

 LESTRADE
Only the murder, I'm afraid. Our
friend Mr Lucas.

He glances at Holmes - the man's still staring into space, lost in thought. Lestrade looks a little uncomfortable.

 LESTRADE (CONT'D)
If this is a bad time, I can always
come back--

 HOLMES
(quiet)
No, no, Lestrade, please.

And Watson looks more surprised than Lestrade to hear Holmes speak. Holmes pulls himself into an upright position and looks at Lestrade, looking as though he's focusing but with some effort.

 HOLMES (CONT'D)
Please, take a seat and tell me
what you've found.

A glance between Lestrade and Watson--

 LESTRADE
Thanks, don't mind if I do.

He parks himself in a chair, looks between Holmes and Watson.

 LESTRADE (CONT'D)
I'd like to say it was all our
doing, but it's not the case.
We'd received a telegram from the
Paris police, d'you see?

 WATSON
Paris?

 LESTRADE
(nods)
Indeed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

Seems our friend Mr Lucas has been putting it about a bit - very handsome chap and so forth. He's been leading a double life.

WATSON

How do you mean?

LESTRADE

(chuckles slightly)

Seems he's been a bit of a dog in his day. Turns out he had a wife in Paris - a Creole woman apparently.

HOLMES

(distracted)

The fair sex - your department, Watson.

WATSON

(pulls a face)

Very hot-blooded, Creoles.

LESTRADE

Exactly. And it seems she's found out about his playing away from home. She was seen outside Lucas's house in Kensington on the night of the murder.

WATSON

Ah.

HOLMES

(thoughtful)

Yes ... yes, it could only have been some kind of coincidence like that...

He looks back at Lestrade.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Well, Lestrade, if you've solved the mystery--

LESTRADE

Oh, we'll get her at some point, we've got men watching all the ports and such like. We'll get her alright.

(beat)

There is just one little ... detail, something that's bothering me.

HOLMES

Oh yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTRADE

Yes.

(glances at Watson)

A bit in your line as well, in actual fact, doctor.

WATSON

How do you mean?

LESTRADE

I mean...

(considers)

No, it won't make any sense if I tell you, you're going to have to see it for yourselves. I'd suggest we nip round to Kensington and take a look.

Watson glances at Holmes.

WATSON

Holmes?

Holmes says nothing for a long moment. Then, with what looks like extreme reluctance:

HOLMES

Oh, very well.

Watson's still looking a bit worried but Lestrade grins slightly.

EXT. LUCAS'S HOUSE -- DAY

Lestrade leads Holmes and Watson into the house, past the UNIFORMED CONSTABLE guarding the door.

INT. STUDY (LUCAS'S HOUSE) -- DAY

Lestrade leads Holmes and Watson inside.

LESTRADE

Right, through here gentlemen. Now, as I'm sure you already know we take great pains to preserve a crime scene. We don't touch anything. Now, this morning, once we'd found out about this Creole woman we decided to try and tidy up a bit. Now, you see that?

He points at the rug by the heart - a huge BLOODSTAIN adorns one side of it.

WATSON

Ah, was that--?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTRADE

(nodding)

Where the body fell after the poor devil had been stabbed, yes, correct, and as you can see, there was a lot of blood from the wound. Now, we had occasion to raise this rug earlier this morning.

He steps forward, hoists up one end of the rug--

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

What do you make of that?

Holmes and Watson both look where Lestrade is pointing - and Watson reacts immediately. There is no bloodstain on the woodwork beneath the rug to correspond with the stain above.

WATSON

What? But surely that's--

LESTRADE

Impossible? I know. I mean look at the underside of that rug, it's the same as the upper, but...

He gestures at the blank woodwork beneath the rug, looks back at Watson and shrugs.

WATSON

But surely, Lestrade--

LESTRADE

Oh, there is a second stain. But if you'll observe...

He reaches over and picks up the other end of the carpet - revealing the bloodstain on the floor. Directly opposite where the stain is on the carpet above it.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

Now. What do you think?

Watson looks surprised - but...

WATSON

Well, it's perfectly simple. The two stains did correspond but the rug's been turned around.

Lestrade gives Watson a look.

LESTRADE

Well we hardly need Mr Holmes' famous methods to work that one out, doctor, for the two stains lie atop each other if you move the carpet, yes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

(beat)

What I want to know is this: who shifted it, and why?

WATSON

Well, I should think--

HOLMES

(quiet)

My dear Lestrade...

The quiet voice catches them both by surprise - they both turn to see Holmes staring fixedly at the carpet.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

That constable guarding the front door. How long has he been there for?

LESTRADE

(taken aback)

All night I should think, why?

HOLMES

(looking up at him)

Well go and have a word with him, quick, and say you know everything. Ask him how he dares to admit strange people to this room and leave them by themselves here.

(off Lestrade's look)

In fact no, don't ask him - tell him, take it for granted.

And a dark look crosses Lestrade's face.

LESTRADE

By heavens ... if he knows it, I'll have it out of him!

And he practically runs out of the room--

HOLMES

(energised)

Now, Watson, quickly!

And Watson looks on in amazement as Holmes charges forward to the rug. All the lethargy and despondency has gone, replaced by the old energy and urgency of the man.

WATSON

Holmes--

Holmes drops to his knees by the rug and rips it back, running his hands over the woodwork--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

Well don't just stand there man,
help me!

EXT. LUCAS'S HOUSE -- DAY

The Constable is still stood there. A heavy hand lands
on his shoulder--

LESTRADE

(dark)
You've got some explaining to do,
sonny jim.

INT. STUDY (LUCAS'S HOUSE) -- DAY

Watson doesn't understand but drops down beside Holmes
anyway--

WATSON

What am I looking for?

HOLMES

A loose board, anything.

They work quickly for a few seconds before--

WATSON

Here!

He pulls back a loose board. Holmes charges over--

HOLMES

A hiding place, like a safe--
(thrusts his hand
inside)
But it's empty.
(beat)
I might have known.

Silence for a moment - broken by the sound of approaching
footsteps.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Lestrade's coming back, quickly.

They both stand and haul the rug back into place. They've
only just managed it when Lestrade enters, full of
righteous indignation.

LESTRADE

Well, you were right of course,
Mr Holmes.
(glares over his
shoulder)
Come in here, MacPherson!

The constable (MACPHERSON) enters meekly, looking suitably
embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACPHERSON

I'm sorry sir, I didn't mean any harm...

HOLMES

(gentle)

I'm sure you didn't, constable.

LESTRADE

(to MacPherson)

You're getting the lickings of a dog, son, you know that right?

HOLMES

(ignoring that)

How about you tell us what happened?

MACPHERSON

Well, it's like you said, Mr Holmes. A woman called here last night.

EXT. LUCAS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

CLOSE on a woman's back, her head hidden behind a big hat and a veil [NOTE - at no point during this sequence do we see the woman's face]. She approaches where MacPherson is stood guard.

MACPHERSON (V.O.)

She said she'd mistaken the house, you see, and we got talking. It'd pretty damn lonely standing guard all night.

(beat)

She said she'd heard of the case in the papers, and asked if she could have a look.

INT. STUDY (LUCAS'S HOUSE) -- DAY

MacPherson's looking embarrassed.

MACPHERSON

I didn't see what harm it could be. She just had a peep--

HOLMES

(impatient)

And?

MACPHERSON

Well she just kind of fainted, sir.

INSERT: The same room, that night, as the woman faints--

MACPHERSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Right down on the rug there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

where MacPherson's looking even more embarrassed.

MACPHERSON (CONT'D)
Once she saw the blood and
everything--

HOLMES
Did you try to revive her?

MACPHERSON
Of course, but she didn't come
round or anything so I nipped
over to the public house for some
brandy.

HOLMES
(impatient)
Yes, yes. And when she got back
she was gone, correct?

MACPHERSON
(surprised)
Yes, sir, how did--

HOLMES
(grins)
Oh, just a lucky guess. And the
rug?

MACPHERSON
(surprised)
The rug?
(beat)
Well, it was a bit rumpled where
she fell, twisted like. I just
straightened it out again.

HOLMES
I see. Now, Constable, if I could
borrow you for one moment.

He takes MacPherson by the arm and leads him off to a
quiet corner. Lestrade and Watson exchange glances -
what the hell's he doing? Holmes turns his back to them,
looks at MacPherson.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
I want to show you something.

He pulls out his notebook, holds it up so MacPherson can
see it (we don't).

HOLMES (CONT'D)
Is this--?

MACPHERSON
Why, yes sir. How did you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A moment - and then Holmes chuckles.

HOLMES

Never mind.

(looks back at
Watson)

Well, I think we've got that
cleared up.

LESTRADE

Yes, but Mr Holmes--

HOLMES

(ignoring him)

Come now Watson, we've got work
to do. Good morning Lestrade,
and thank you, Constable - all of
your country owes you a debt.

And with that he grabs Watson's arm and hauls him out of
the room at speed. Lestrade and MacPherson exchange looks.

LESTRADE

What the hell did he mean by that?

MacPherson shrugs - not a clue.

WATSON (V.O.)

It was as though the depression
had never affected him

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- DAY

As a handsome cab runs like all hell down the street.

INT. BACK OF CAB -- DAY

Holmes and Watson in the back - Holmes alert and
optimistic, a marked change from his recent behaviour.
Watson has clearly noticed.

WATSON (V.O.)

I had never seen such a febrile
excitement in Holmes before. He
wouldn't tell me what he'd found
out, of course - like any good
magician he knew exactly when to
deliver his trick.

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- DAY

The cab drives away from camera at speed.

WATSON (V.O.)

And so it was that we found
ourselves in respectable Chiswick,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
with an appointment with an old
friend.

CUT TO:

INT. DRAWING ROOM (BRACKWELL HOUSE) -- DAY

Lady Eva enters and stops dead at the sight of Holmes and Watson stood waiting for her. She has an expression of anger crossed with exasperation.

LADY EVA
Mr Holmes, this is really most
unkind of you. I begged you to
keep our business dealings a secret--

HOLMES
And I would have extended you
that professional courtesy, my
lady, but regrettably circumstances
have forced my hand. And now I
have reason to believe you can
help me with my enquiries.

LADY EVA
Whatever do you mean?

HOLMES
I mean that the game's up, Lady
Eva. I know everything.

And Lady Eva stops dead in her tracks.

LADY EVA
What do--?

Holmes steps forward and continues, his tone grave but not unkind.

HOLMES
I know about your visit to the
house of Eduardo Lucas when you
gave him the plans for the Bruce
Partington submarine.

And surprise radiates from Watson as Holmes continues--

HOLMES (CONT'D)
I also know about your return to
his room last night and the
ingenious means by which you
recovered your letters from the
hiding place under the rug.

WATSON
Holmes, by thunder--

LADY EVA
Mr Holmes, you're mad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

On the contrary, Lady Eva.

(sympathetically)

Believe me when I say I have no wish to cause you pain, nor to reproach you for your rash behaviour.

(beat)

But the policeman on duty recognised you from the photograph I showed him.

There's a moment - and then Lady Eva collapses down on the sofa, tears running down her face.

WATSON

My lady--

LADY EVA

(quiet)

It's true.

(beat)

Before heaven, it's true. And this is all my fault--

HOLMES

No it isn't.

Both Watson and Lady Eva look at Holmes - he smiles slightly.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Let me see if I've got it right.

INSERT: Lady Eva arguing MOS with a man we recognise - MILVERTON. He holds up an envelope.

HOLMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Milverton approached you first - he'd acquired your letter through his own nefarious contacts and proceeded to act as he always did.

BACK TO SCENE

as Holmes looks down at Lady Eva - she can't meet his gaze.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

His motives were simple; as always in his crooked games, he wanted money. But somebody else knew what a privileged position you were in - somebody who knew of the existence of the Bruce Partington plans, knew what their value would be in all the naval centers of Europe. That would be Eduardo Lucas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lady Eva looks up slightly.

LADY EVA

He always seemed so charming...

HOLMES

I imagine he came to you with a simple proposition - steal some papers from your husband's safe at Whitehall and your problems with Milverton would be gone. By this point you had already engaged my services, but you surely felt that Milverton wouldn't budge.

LADY EVA

I was facing ruin...

HOLMES

Just so.

INSERT: Outside the Woolwich Arsenal. Lady Eva gets off a handsome cab, looking nervous as all hell. She makes her way inside the building.

HOLMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, somebody saw you entering the Woolwich arsenal that fateful night.

PULL BACK to reveal the scene we saw earlier - the young man and his fiance walking through the fog.

HOLMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Cadogan West.

On the other side of the road, West sees Lady Eva entering the building. A look of surprise - then he crosses the road and heads for the door of the building.

HOLMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He knew something was up and followed you like the good citizen he was.

BACK TO SCENE

as Watson looks up in alarm, getting it--

HOLMES (CONT'D)

And when he saw what you were doing, when he confronted Lucas about it--

WATSON

(grim)

That was what doomed him.

Lady Eva looks up in alarm--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LADY EVA

Mr Holmes, you must believe me -
I had nothing to do with that!

A long beat before--

HOLMES

I do believe you.

INSERT: Outside Lucas' house. Lady Eva is walking off - she looks back to see West charging up the steps and hammering on the door. The door opens to reveal Lucas. There is an animated argument on the steps.

HOLMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But West still confronted Lucas,
trying to get the plans back -
and that was when he met his end.

INSERT: Lucas's study - as West's body hits the ground, head cracked in. REVEAL LUCAS stood over him armed with a heavy, ornamental club.

HOLMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Lucas murdered him--

INSERT: West's body is shoved through an open window onto a waiting train roof just a few feet below the ledge.

HOLMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

--and placed his body on the roof
of the underground railway, putting
the non-essential pages of the
plans into his pocket to divert
attention.

BACK TO SCENE

as Holmes sits down opposite Lady Eva. He looks down, forcing her to meet his gaze.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

All of that I know. Now I'd like
you to explain to me those areas
that I have left untouched.

Silence for several long moments. Holmes never budes. Finally Watson sits down beside her.

WATSON

Lady Eva?

She looks away - too ashamed to meet his gaze.

WATSON (CONT'D)

When I first met you, I promised
that I wouldn't let this business
destroy your marriage. Well that
promise still stands.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON (CONT'D)

But this matter is considerably more important now. Neither of us will think any less of you for telling us this - but we now come to the point where we need to know.

(beat)

Tell us. Let us help you.

She looks up - sees the honest look in his eyes - and believes him. Holmes glances at Watson with something very like admiration. After a moment Lady Eva swallows hard before nodding.

LADY EVA

It's true. All of it's true, exactly as you said.

HOLMES

What happened that night, when you gave Lucas the plans?

Lady Eva looks nervous--

INT. STUDY (LUCAS'S HOUSE) -- NIGHT

Lady Eva enters to find Lucas waiting for her, accompanied by another man - tall, thin faced. We've seen him before.

LADY EVA (V.O.)

I was taken to his study. When I got there I found Lucas had another visitor - a man I'd never met before.

CUT TO:

INT. DRAWING ROOM (BRACKWELL HOUSE) -- DAY

Holmes leans forward in interest.

HOLMES

Another man?

LADY EVA

(nods)

Lucas was acting as a middle-man, a broker for this other gentleman.

HOLMES

Did you learn his name?

LADY EVA

(nods)

Lucas introduced him as a Mr Hugo Oberstein of Godolphin Street.

Holmes and Watson exchange glances.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES
Oberstein. The last link.

WATSON
Then what happened, my Lady?

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY (LUCAS'S HOUSE) -- NIGHT

Lady Eva hands over the papers to Lucas. He gives the documents to Oberstein, who flips through them--

OBERSTEIN
These are the only ones I need.

He pulls three papers out of the sheaf, hands the rest back to Lucas.

OBERSTEIN (CONT'D)
You can do what you please with the rest.

LUCAS
A pleasure doing business with you, Mr Oberstein.

OBERSTEIN
(inclines head to Lady Eva)
My lady.

And with that he's gone. Lucas turns back to Lady Eva, the plans in hand.

HOLMES (V.O.)
Why didn't Lucas give you your letter back at that point?

CUT TO:

INT. DRAWING ROOM (BRACKWELL HOUSE) -- DAY

Lady Eva looks up at him.

LADY EVA
He said he would give me the letter back when he knew Oberstein was safely on the continent with the plans. They had some sort of code to communicate with each other--

WATSON
The cuttings from the newspaper we found in Milverton's house!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

Just so - Milverton was clearly keeping himself informed as to what those two rascals were up to.

(looks back to
Lady Eva)

So what happened when you went to get your letter back from Lucas?

A beat before--

LADY EVA

It was like a horrible dream.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUCAS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Lady Eva makes her way up to the door of the house. She rings the bell - glances over her shoulder and sees movement at the bottom of the path. A WOMAN is stood in the shadows.

LADY EVA (V.O.)

When I went to the house I saw a woman lurking outside. A strange, dark woman - foreign I think.

INT. STUDY (LUCAS'S HOUSE) -- NIGHT

Lucas opens the hiding place under the rug - the letter is inside.

LUCAS

I must say, Lady Eva, you have been most cooperative.

LADY EVA

Mr Lucas, please--

There's a CRASH from downstairs - the door has been thrown open--

LADY EVA (CONT'D)

What's that?

LUCAS

I don't know.

He thrusts the letter back into it's hiding place and drops the rug back into place. Lady Eva's looking nervous--

LADY EVA (V.O.)

And that's when it happened.

The door is flung open and the DARK WOMAN we saw earlier comes charging in--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCAS

(aghast)
You!

DARK WOMAN

(screaming)
At last I've found you!

And she snatches the ornamental dagger from the wall and rushes at him--

Lady Eva's terrified - she runs for it--

LADY EVA (V.O.)

I didn't know what else to do.

CUT TO:

INT. DRAWING ROOM (BRACKWELL HOUSE) -- DAY

As before. She looks imploringly at Holmes

LADY EVA

I ran, Mr Holmes. I've never run like that before in my life.

(beat)

Then next morning I read in the papers about what happened...

HOLMES

And you went back last night to retrieve your letter?

LADY EVA

(nods)

And got it back by a trick.

(beat)

That almost seems trivial now.

She looks at Holmes again - that same imploring look.

LADY EVA (CONT'D)

Mr Holmes - I've been foolish and selfish, and because of that all of this has happened.

(beat)

Can anything be done to put it right?

A moment ... and then that same triumphant smile plays over Holmes' lips.

HOLMES

Yes. I think it can.

Lady Eva looks amazed - hardly daring to hope--

HOLMES (CONT'D)

You've told your story well, Lady Eva. And now--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON

And now what?

HOLMES

It occurs to me that we've a rather neat method to tie this whole thing up.

(beat)

The game's afoot, Watson. The game's afoot.

And off his suddenly energised look we CUT TO:

INT. PRINTING PRESS -- DAY

NEWSPAPERS whirl past camera at speed, ink being printed onto cheap yellowy paper.

EXT. STREET CORNER -- NIGHT

A NEWS BOY is hawking copies of the evening edition of the Globe. After a moment Watson approaches, buys a paper and walks away.

INT. THE FLAT -- NIGHT

Watson enters to find Holmes, Lestrade and Lady Eva waiting for him. He holds up the paper.

HOLMES

Well, man?

WATSON

It's there.

He hands it to Holmes, who flips through to the personal column. He grins at the sight of something, then thrusts it at Lestrade.

HOLMES

Take a look at that.

Lestrade regards the paper.

LESTRADE

(reading from paper)

"Friday at two, Charing Cross hotel, bring stuff with you - your own safety at stake. Signed Pierrot."

(looks up at Holmes)

Well if he answers that we've got him cornered.

HOLMES

Precisely what I thought when I asked Watson to put that in.

(turns to Lady Eva)

And now, my lady, comes your part in this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And she looks surprised--

LADY EVA

What do you mean?

HOLMES

I mean, quite simply, that we are going to need a diversion so we can successfully apprehend Mr Oberstein - somebody he knows in connection with this business. And since Mr Lucas is currently unable to oblige, it leaves us with only one other option.

Lady Eva doesn't look happy ... and neither does Watson.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARING CROSS HOTEL -- DAY

An imposing, well-to-do hotel. To establish.

INT. LOBBY (CHARING CROSS HOTEL) -- DAY

Finding Lady Eva sat on a low sofa, pretending to read the Times but looking nervous as all hell.

She glances up - across to a hidden alcove, where Holmes and Watson are stood out so sight. Holmes never looks in her direction, but Watson sees her look and smiles, reassuring. She smiles back slightly - it helps.

Holmes clocks all of this, gives Lady Eva a filthy look - she goes back to her paper. Watson looks just vaguely annoyed.

HOLMES

(sotto)

There.

He nods OOV. Watson looks across at

THE MAIN DOOR

where a MAN enters, tall and distinctive looking. Watson recognises him immediately.

WATSON

(sotto, to Holmes)

Oberstein.

Holmes nods, says nothing.

OBERSTEIN

makes his way across to where Lady Eva is sat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OBERSTEIN
(surprised)
You.

She looks up at him in surprise.

LADY EVA
Herr Oberstein--

OBERSTEIN
Where is Herr Lucas? I was told
I would meet him there.

LADY EVA
He's not coming.

OBERSTEIN
What do you mean?

HOLMES (O.S.)
What she means is the game's up,
Mr Oberstein.

Oberstein looks up in surprise as Holmes and Watson emerge. In seconds Lestrade has stood up from a nearby armchair and several CONSTABLES have rushed onto the scene. He's surrounded. Lestrade reaches into Oberstein's coat pocket, yanks something out - an ENVELOPE.

Oberstein looks up at Holmes - who smiles slightly.

HOLMES (CONT'D)
No need to make a scene, hmm?
Now be a good gentleman and come
quietly.

And Oberstein looks bloody furious.

EXT. CHARING CROSS HOTEL -- DAY

Lestrade and the constables lead Oberstein out into the street, where several police handsome cabs are waiting. Lestrade's holding the envelope in his hand.

LESTRADE
Three guesses what this is going
to contain?

HOLMES
(smiles)
My dear Lestrade, I do believe
you've outdone yourself.

They've reached the handsome - Oberstein is in the process of being shoved inside. He stops and turns back, looking right at Holmes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OBERSTEIN

You and I have never met before,
Herr Holmes, but I have to say
that on the day I am finally
defeated, if it's going to be by
anybody then it's you I would
choose.

HOLMES

Then I'm glad to have obliged.

OBERSTEIN

You misunderstand me.

(beat)

I am not defeated yet.

BANG! A gunshot - one of the constables goes down! Holmes
and Watson look up--

So see several BEEFY THUGS - Oberstein's men - come
charging onto the scene, pistols in hand.

OBERSTEIN

uses the distraction - in one move he's grabbed Lady Eva
around the neck, a knife to her throat--

WATSON

My Lady!

He brings up his arm revolver - Oberstein looks up into
the business end of pistols held by Holmes, Watson and
Lestrade--

OBERSTEIN

Now that would be a very bad move.

OBERSTEIN'S MEN

are fighting with the constables - POLICE WHISTLES ring
out shrilly in the street--

LADY EVA

struggles against Oberstein's grip, but he's too strong--

OBERSTEIN (CONT'D)

Herr Holmes, the plans, if you'd
be so kind.

Deadlock - for a long moment nobody moves. Watson looks
up at Holmes - at the calm, blank expression on his face--

WATSON

Holmes, god damn it--!

HOLMES

Here.

And he snatches the plans from Lestrade, hands them over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTRADE

Mr Holmes--

Oberstein snatches the plans, grins slightly at Holmes and Watson--

OBERSTEIN

Nice try, gentlemen.

And with that he backs into the cab, dragging Lady Eva with him--

WATSON

Lady Eva--!

But the cab door slams shut - one of Oberstein's men is driving--

OBERSTEIN

Kill them all.

With a crack of the whip the cab drives off -- before Holmes and Watson have time to react Oberstein's men are on them. A hand to hand fight breaks out--

INT. OBERSTEIN'S CAB -- DAY

As the cab drives off at speed. Lady Eva looks back at Oberstein in terror--

OBERSTEIN

You've caused me a lot of trouble,
my lady.

(beat)

Rest assured I will not allow
that to stand.

LADY EVA

You'll never--

OBERSTEIN

--get away with this?

(grins)

I rather think I already have.

And she looks terrified.

EXT. CHARING CROSS HOTEL -- DAY

As the fight continues.

Holmes snatches up a police truncheon - wields it with the same expert precision we saw with his rapier earlier. With a few quick blows he takes down one man, then another--

CRACK! Someone wallops him around the back of the head -- he goes down, turns over quickly and looks up into the face of one of Oberstein's HENCHMEN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENCHMAN #1

End of the line--

He raises his pistol - Holmes doesn't flinch--

BANG! -- a gunshot - and the henchman goes down. REVEAL
WATSON, stood behind him, smoking revolver in hand.

WATSON

For you, at any rate.

A broad grin from Holmes as Watson helps him up. All
around them the fight is just about over - Lestrade's men
have mopped up Oberstein's cronies, but there's no sign
of Oberstein's coach or Lady Eva.

WATSON (CONT'D)

He's taken her.

Holmes steps onto the street, looking despondent.

WATSON (CONT'D)

He's probably halfway to the
continent by now.

And suddenly the despondent look vanishes - a grin spreads
across Holmes' face--

HOLMES

Watson, you're a genius!

WATSON

What?

Holmes doesn't answer - he charges over to where a vacant
cab is waiting, the driver having legged it. He jumps
onto the driving board.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Holmes--

HOLMES

Well don't just stand there, man,
come on before it's too late.

Watson doesn't need telling twice. He jumps onto the
driving board as Holmes cracks the whip and the coach
surges forward into the streets.

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- DAY

As Holmes drives the cab like an experienced Coachman
through the streets, getting faster and faster.

EXT. CAB -- DAY

Holmes cracks the whip.

HOLMES

Come on, my beauties, come on--!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON

Holmes, where are we going?

HOLMES

Euston, man, Euston station. There's a boat train for the continent leaving in fifteen minutes, it's the best way to escape London on this kind of short notice. I only pray we're not too late.

Watson looks down at the straining horses - clearly wondering the same thing.

EXT. EUSTON STATION -- DAY

Just to establish.

EXT. SIDE ENTRANCE (EUSTON STATION) -- DAY

Oberstein's cab pulls up - he opens the door and half-drags Lady Eva out with him.

OBERSTEIN

This way.

The Coachman (one of Oberstein's henchman) reloads a pistol. Lady Eva looks at it in horror before Oberstein drags her into the station.

INT. EUSTON STATION -- DAY

Steam trains arriving and departing in all directions.

OBERSTEIN

marches down the platform, accompanied by Lady Eva and the Coachman.

OBERSTEIN

Come now.

Lady Eva looks up - sees the boat train there, waiting to depart. Another look of terror - which suddenly resolves into something else.

EXT. SIDE ENTRANCE (EUSTON STATION) -- DAY

Holmes and Watson's cab screeches to a halt beside the door. They both jump down - Watson spots Oberstein's cab.

WATSON

Holmes!

HOLMES

I know, man, come on!

They both race inside the station.

INT. EUSTON STATION -- DAY

Lady Eva's look turns into one of resolution - and in a swift move she pulls out of Oberstein's grip--

OBERSTEIN

Lady Eva!

But she's run off--

HOLMES AND WATSON

burst out onto the platform - Holmes' sharp eyes dart around the place--

HOLMES

There!

He points - Watson looks and sees them--

LADY EVA

runs away from them - Oberstein looks at the Coachman--

OBERSTEIN

Get her!

COACHMAN

Yes sir.

And he charges off after her.

WATSON

sees it--

WATSON

Lady Eva!

He charges straight for the Coachman.

OBERSTEIN

hears the shout - looks around to see Holmes stood on the platform behind him.

A tense moment - the two of them stare each other down like a pair of gunslingers. Then Oberstein turns and bolts.

HOLMES

Oberstein!

And he charges.

LADY EVA

has just about reached the door to the station when strong arms grab her - the Coachman--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COACHMAN

And just where do you think you're going!

She STAMPS on his foot, HARD! He winces, lets go for just long enough for her to twist out of his grip. She almost gets out of reach when he grabs her again--

WATSON (O.S.)

Unhand her.

They both turn to see Watson approaching, pulling his revolver out of his pocket and aiming it at the Coachman with a steady hand. Something dangerous as all hell in his eye.

WATSON (CONT'D)

I won't ask again.

OBERSTEIN

charges up the stairs to the balcony overlooking the concourse, weaving through the crowd, scattering passengers and porters in all directions. He looks back at

HOLMES

who is stuck at the bottom in the face of the oncoming crowd. As Oberstein charges up to the balcony Holmes looks around - spots a SCAFFOLD.

He changes direction and charges off.

WATSON

still has his gun pointed right at the Coachman--

COACHMAN

What are you going to do? Shoot me?

Watson never moves - his aim never wavers.

A stand off - and then the Coachman moves, lunging forwards--

Watson fires but misses - in seconds the Coachman is on him, wresting his arm out of the way - the gun goes off harmlessly, the bullet shooting straight upwards as the two of them grapple.

Lady Eva looks on, helpless--

ON THE BALCONY

Oberstein races for the other end - but stops dead as Holmes suddenly swings himself over the edge, having climbed up the scaffold with incredible speed.

OBERSTEIN

Do you ever give up, Herr Holmes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES

Never.

Another deadlock - then--

OBERSTEIN

Fine.

And he draws the LONG KNIFE from inside his coat and lashes out - Holmes springs back, staying well out of the way of the blade. He whips off his greatcoat - as Oberstein lunges with the knife again Holmes throws the coat around it, smothering the blade and grabbing Oberstein's wrist--

Oberstein's hand claps to Holmes' throat, grabbing and squeezing - the two men grapple together for several long beats, but Holmes is choking--

WATSON AND THE COACHMAN

continue to grapple - the Coachman finally managing to twist the gun out of Watson's hand. It clatters to the floor and DISCHARGES again--

Lady Eva looks on in horror - what the hell does she do? Then she spots something OOV.

Watson's legs give out from under him - he goes down. As the big Coachman continues to grapple with him--

CRACK! Something hits the Coachman around the back of the head.

He staggers back - finds himself facing Lady Eva, armed with a fire bucket.

COACHMAN

You shouldn't have done that.

Watson recovers himself - sees the gun lying just feet away--

The Coachman advances on Lady Eva - raises his fist for a killing blow--

BANG! And the shot catches him square in the chest - Lady Eva looks up to see Watson advancing, gun in hand. That same steady, unerring aim.

The Coachman turns - with inhuman strength he starts towards Watson again. Watson doesn't hesitate. The second shot catches the man full in the chest, sending him sprawling back to the ground. Dead.

Watson checks his revolver - out of ammo. He grins slightly.

WATSON

That was fortunate.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON (CONT'D)

(looks up at Lady
Eva)

Are you alright, my lady?

Lady Eva nods -- tears running down her face. Watson steps forward and helps her up. She buries her face into Watson's strong shoulder and cries.

WATSON (CONT'D)

It's alright, it's alright, it's
over. You're safe now.

She continues sobbing.

HOLMES AND OBERSTEIN

are continuing to fight up on the balcony, Oberstein's hand around Holmes' throat. Choking the life out of him.

There's a moment - and then Holmes spies an opening. He uses a judo-like move, twists out of Oberstein's grip and KICKS out - sending Oberstein FLYING OVER THE EDGE--!

Holmes rushes to the balcony - sees Oberstein hanging on for dear life, one handed, above the tracks and the speeding trains below. He drops down, holds out his hand--

HOLMES

Give me your hand!

Oberstein looks up at Holmes - a hopeless expression on his face.

OBERSTEIN

He'll kill me when he knows I've
failed.

HOLMES

There's no need for anyone else
to die today, man! Give me your
hand!

There's a moment - Oberstein looks into Holmes' face, sees the determination there - and then reaches up. Holmes grabs his arms and HAULS Oberstein up. Both men collapse onto the balcony.

Holmes is the first one up - Oberstein finds himself looking into the business end of Holmes' revolver.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Are you going to come quietly,
Herr Oberstein, or shall we
continue our dance?

Oberstein doesn't hesitate - he stands up, holds his hands up in surrender.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OBERSTEIN

You know this isn't over, don't you?

HOLMES

What do you mean--?

And suddenly there's a noise - almost silent, a barely perceptible PHUT --

--and Oberstein suddenly keels over, hitting the ground with a bullet hole right between the eyes! Dead.

Holmes looks up in horror, bringing his gun up - where the hell did that come from? He looks--

And on the other side of the station, an incredible distance away, Holmes sees a MAN in a long coat carrying a case turning and walking away.

It's too great a distance to see the face - but in this moment, Holmes knows, against all reason, that this is the man who killed Oberstein. And he's too far away for Holmes to do anything about it.

Holmes looks down at Oberstein's body. He squats down beside him - then reaches over and closes Oberstein's eyes.

Then he reaches into Oberstein's pocket. Pulls out the envelope and opens it. The plans are inside.

WATSON (O.S.)

Holmes!

Holmes looks up - sees Watson approaching, supporting a shaky-looking Lady Eva. Watson looks down at Oberstein's body - and then at the plans in Holmes' hand.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Is it over.

A moment - Holmes looks from the body to the plans--

HOLMES

No.

(beat)

No. This is not over.

And he shares a grim look with Watson.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WHITEHALL -- DAY

Establishing shot of the cabinet office.

INT. CORRIDOR (WHITEHALL) -- DAY

Holmes and Watson march up the corridor, determined looks on their faces.

INT. BRACKWELL'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sir Stephen Brackwell is sat behind his desk, working. Looking stressed out and more than a little agitated.

INT. CORRIDOR (WHITEHALL) -- DAY

Holmes and Watson round a corner, walking past Brackwell's secretary.

HOLMES

We're here to see Sir Stephen.

SECRETARY

Sir, you can't go in there--

Holmes and Watson ignore that, and head straight to the door.

INT. BRACKWELL'S OFFICE -- DAY

The doors bang open - Brackwell looks up in alarm to see Holmes and Watson marching towards him. He rises quickly.

BRACKWELL

Mr Holmes, what is the meaning of this--?

Holmes slaps something down onto the desk. The envelope he took from Oberstein. A grim look at Brackwell.

HOLMES

Something you lost, sir.

And Brackwell grabs at the plans as though they were the elixir of life. He tears open the envelope, looks at the contents - looks up in amazement at Holmes and Watson.

BRACKWELL

Mr Holmes, this is -- it's just incredible, it's -- how did you--

HOLMES

Watson and I have our own 'diplomatic secrets', sir. Good day.

And without another word both men turn and walk out of the office. Brackwell looks from their retreating backs back to the plans in wonderment.

INT. MORGUE -- DAY

CLOSE on Oberstein's body - the skin is bleached white and the bullet hole sits between the eyes, huge and ugly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON (O.S.)
Cause of death was a single bullet
directly to the brain.

HOLMES AND WATSON

are stood over the body. Watson is in his shirtsleeves,
a leather apron on over his shirt. He gives Holmes a
curious look.

WATSON (CONT'D)
And you're sure you never heard a
shot?

HOLMES
(shakes his head)
Only the impact. You have the
bullet?

WATSON
Yes, but I'm not sure what you're
going to get from it.

He hands over a kidney bowl. Holmes takes it, sees the
flattened bullet rattling around in the bottom.

WATSON (CONT'D)
A simple, soft nosed revolver
bullet.

HOLMES
(surprised)
A dum-dum?

WATSON
Precisely. But that's the odd
bit, from where Oberstein was
shot - well, you saw it for
yourself, the shot was impossible
with a revolver.

A long, quiet moment. Then:

HOLMES
(looking at the
bullet)
What about an air gun?

And this surprises Watson.

WATSON
What?

HOLMES
You heard me, Watson.
(looks up at him)
Could this have been done with an
air gun?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON

No, it's impossible. The power needed to kill with a bullet like that could never have come from an air gun at that range, you'd have needed an army-issue long rifle at the very least--

HOLMES

Maybe. Maybe not.

Another long silence.

WATSON

What is it, Holmes?

HOLMES

There's someone I need to speak to.

And with that he turns and walks out.

WATSON

Holmes--

But he's gone. Off Watson's reaction to this we CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN HOUSE -- DAY

An imposing, expensive-looking town house in a smart part of the city. A sign by the door reads: **MORIARTY**.

Give it a beat. Then a two-seater draws up, disgorging the Professor himself. Moriarty pays the cabbie and walks up the steps, entering the house.

INT. MORIARTY'S STUDY -- DAY

Moriarty gets in, hangs his hat and coat. He's just making his way to his desk when--

HOLMES (O.S.)

It was you all along, wasn't it?

Moriarty jumps at the voice. From an armchair facing the fire, a man stands up. Holmes. A deadly serious expression on his face.

MORIARTY

Mr Holmes? Well this is an unexpected surprise, how did--

HOLMES

Your maid let me in, told me you wouldn't be too long. You weren't. But that's not the point.

(beat)

Oberstein wasn't the real architect of this plot, was he Professor?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

(beat)
You were.

Silence for a moment - then an amused laugh from Moriarty.

MORIARTY

Mr Holmes, I know you're right more often than you are wrong, but really--

HOLMES

I know about the air guns.

This stops Moriarty in his tracks. Holmes steps forward.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

The ones you had made in Germany to your own specifications. I also know that it was the only weapon in the world that could have killed Oberstein from the distance the shot was taken, and without making a sound.

MORIARTY

Mr Holmes, really--

HOLMES

You can save the speeches and self-justification for someone who will believe it, Moriarty. I won't.

(beat)

The same way I won't believe that three people directly connected to this case just happened to be murdered. Milverton. Lucas. Now Oberstein. You never got involved directly - but you steered all of them to their deaths, removing any connection to you. Very neat, Professor. One might say it was done with almost mathematical precision.

(beat)

I've been aware of you for years. The thefts. The forgeries. The murders. A thousand crimes were planned by you. A hundred agents carried them out. And through it all, there you are, like a spider at the centre of it's web. Undetectable. But not to me.

(beat)

I've followed a thousand different strands over my years at this game, Professor. Every one of them has led back to you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Your agents were sometimes caught,
but you never were.

(beat)

I know what you are, Moriarty.

MORIARTY

And that is?

HOLMES

The Napoleon of crime.

A long silence - Holmes and Moriarty stand and regard each other coldly. It goes on for several beats. Finally:

MORIARTY

And what rare proof do you have
of this?

Another silence. And a small smile from Moriarty.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

He makes his way over to his desk, sits down behind it and regards Holmes evenly.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

Well, it's a splendid theory, Mr
Holmes ... but I'm afraid that,
given my position, you would be
laughed out of court if you even
attempted to move against me with
such a ludicrous theory.

(beat)

If you want to defeat me ... you'll
have to do better than that.

HOLMES

I can't prove it, Moriarty. Not
yet.

He steps forward, places his hands on the desk and leans down to look Moriarty in the eye. The quiet intensity in Holmes' face is almost frightening.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

But one day ... one day you'll
slip, Moriarty. And on that day
... I will be there to destroy
you.

(beat)

Good day, Professor. I'll see
myself out.

And with that he turns and sweeps out of the office. He's just about to reach the door when--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORIARTY

If you attempt to destroy me ...
you'll only succeed in bringing
destruction upon yourself.

(beat)

Good day ... Mr Sherlock Holmes.

For a moment it looks as though Holmes is going to turn and retort - but he never looks back. He simply walks out, leaving Moriarty behind. Something unreadable in the professor's cold eyes.

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- DAY

As a handsome cab drives sedately down the Chiswick street.

HOLMES (prelap)

With the whole matter now tied
up, there's no need to let your
part in this go any further.

INT. BACK OF CAB -- DAY

Holmes and Watson sit facing Lady Eva - who's looking considerably relieved.

HOLMES

Your reputation is secure, My
Lady.

LADY EVA

Thank you, Mr Holmes, a thousand
times thank you.

(beat)

Whatever can I do to--

HOLMES

Repay me?

(smiles)

The chance to serve my country
well is payment enough for me.

LADY EVA

Then all I can offer you is my
undying gratitude, Mr Holmes. To
both of you.

Watson smiles slightly.

EXT. BRACKWELL HOUSE -- DAY

The cab draws up. The door opens and Watson jumps down to help Lady Eva out into the street.

LADY EVA

Thank you, Doctor Watson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON

(smiles)

We promised we'd help you. Think nothing of it.

LADY EVA

But I will.

On impulse she reaches up and kisses Watson on the cheek. Holmes regards this with some interest. Watson blushes slightly.

LADY EVA (CONT'D)

Good day, gentlemen.

And with that she turns and walks up the steps to her house. Watson watches her go - reaches up and presses his fingers to his cheek where she kissed him.

WATSON

Good day, my dear.

And he watches until she's inside the front door.

INT. BACK OF CAB -- DAY

Watson climbs back in, closes the door. He looks up at Holmes.

WATSON

Well, Holmes, what a girl.

HOLMES

The fair sex, Watson - I've already told you, that's your department.

(bashes on the roof)

Baker street, my good man.

And the cab drives off.

EXT. BRACKWELL HOUSE -- DAY

As Lady Eva watches the cab driving off into the distance.

WATSON (V.O.)

And so it was that a potential arms race in Europe was foiled by a woman's wit and by the skills and powers of Mr Sherlock Holmes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE FLAT -- DAY

Finding Holmes, Watson and Lestrade sharing a smoke. Watson's writing in his journal again as Holmes and Lestrade engage in some chat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON (V.O.)

It was the first time I had ever
been his partner in such an affair
... though I'm very glad to say
it was not the last time.

Lestrade stubs out his cigar, grins at Holmes slightly.

LESTRADE

Well, I'll tell you what, Mr
Holmes, if you play your cards
right there's money to be made
from this whole affair.

HOLMES

Indeed?

LESTRADE

Oh come now, don't play thick
with me, you know as well as I do
that they'll probably offer you a
knighthood--

HOLMES

And I shall refuse it if they do.
(off Lestrade's
look)
You know perfectly well I'm in
this game--

LESTRADE

--For the game's sake, and not
for any reward, I know.
(beat)
But I still think you're barking
mad.

Holmes smiles slightly as he goes to refill his pipe.
Lestrade stands up.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

Well, I'd best be getting back.
Good day, gentlemen.

WATSON

Good morning, Inspector.

With a final grin Lestrade is gone. Watson looks curiously
at Holmes.

HOLMES

Well?

WATSON

He's right you know. There's
money in this.

HOLMES

Watson--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON

You should publish an account of the case.

HOLMES

Nonsense.

WATSON

Alright, then, I'll do it.

(thinks)

I'll have to break the strands of it apart of course, change names and so forth - to protect those involved--

HOLMES

And to protect Lady Eva?

A pause - then Watson smiles.

WATSON

Well, we promised we would, didn't we?

Holmes smiles slightly as he picks up his pipe again.

HOLMES

It's got you, hasn't it? This thing. I told you, it grips you like a drug.

WATSON

I wouldn't know about that.

HOLMES

Yes you do. The whole thing's quite--

At that moment the door crashes open - and a wild eyed YOUNG MAN comes charging in--

YOUNG MAN

Mr Holmes, I am the unhappy John Hector MacFarlane and I need your help.

Holmes and Watson exchange glances. Then Holmes smiles slightly.

HOLMES

Elementary, my dear Watson.
Elementary.

And he lights his pipe. And off this simple, iconic image we

FADE OUT:

SHERLOCK HOLMES

STARRING

CHRISTIAN BALE

JOHN SIMM

ROBBIE COLTRANE

NATALIE DORMER

ANDY SERKIS

AND JASON ISAACS

AS PROFESSOR MORIARTY

WITH

DAVID MORRISSEY

THOMAS KRETSCHMANN

STEPHEN CAMPBELL MOORE

WRITTEN BY
ADAM SCOTT

BASED ON THE STORIES OF
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

GRAPHICS BY
JAY EVERINGTON

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ANTHONY J. BLACK

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ADAM SCOTT