

elementary

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first revision

OPEN ON...

BLACKNESS.

The muted sound of THUNDER. RAIN. A tiny flash of LIGHTNING gives the brief outline of a shape. Maybe the slightest sense of movement as the camera pulls back...

The blackness becomes defined by another crack of lightning: AN EYEBALL, black and dead as a shark's eye. The camera crawls a tiny bit more...

Not just an eye. But a face. Slack. The sounds of rain louder now.

Is that a hand we see? Nails dug into a wooden lid?

Another LIGHTNING FLASH.

The camera drifts up, away from THE DEAD BODY and through A WOODEN BOX.

The rain is loud now, violent. The camera pulls up further, we start to see that the box is PARTIALLY BURIED IN THE GROUND. Slick with mud. The sharp sound of a shovel.

Someone's digging.

AND NOW WE'RE OUT IN FRESH AIR. REDWOODS. A HILLSIDE. MUD. RAIN. MIDNIGHT.

A MAN digs violently, quickly. He's physical, vigorous, but tiring. His shovel slipping and missing as often as finding purchase on the steep hillside. Is he digging up? Or burying?

He slips and falls. Pulls himself to his feet. Breathing heavily, almost wildly.

The sound of SIRENS in the distance. The man looks back down a dirt access road:

LIGHTS APPROACHING.

POLICE CARS fishtailing up the muddy road.

We see the man's face for the first time. Early thirties, rugged and handsome, but right now desperate and exhausted. As the sirens grow and the lights brighten, the man sinks to his knees, dropping the shovel.

He plants his hands into the mud, pulls weakly at the lid of the box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

Oh. God. No.

THE POLICE CARS slide to a STOP ten yards from the man. Officers jump from their vehicles, shielding themselves with their car doors. Guns levelled on the man.

BULLHORN

Put your hands on your head. Put your hands on your head.

The man does as he's told.

MAN

(yelling in the storm)
I'm unarmed! I'm unarmed!

The police rush him, two officers jumping on him and pushing him face down into the mud.

The other two officers throw themselves at the wooden box, prying at it with the blade of the shovel. Bare hands, steel, bare hands...

The wood strains, finally POPS off! We see the dead man clearly, rain beating down on his bruised and cut face.

Another cop feels for a pulse. Nothing.

MAN (CONT'D)

Oh. God. I'm sorry...So sorry.
(to the police)
You don't understand--

COP

Shut up! You have the right to remain silent. Use it.

The sound of handcuffs tightening. The man winces; stares at the corpse.

CUT TO:

A POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

THE MAN sits at a table, still damp. A scratchy police issue blanket wrapped roughly around his shoulders. The barest of courtesies.

A DETECTIVE enters the room, carrying two cups of coffee. His name is CAMPBELL. In his forties, he's just what you'd want from a Homicide Detective--sharp, fair, eminently patient.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He slides the man one of the cups.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
Don't worry. Bought it. Didn't make it.

The man takes a sip. Thankful. As he does he notes the mirror in back of Campbell. He knows people are watching.

Campbell studies the man. The man does likewise. Campbell reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small tape recorder. He puts it between them and presses play.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
I understand you've waived your right to counsel?

MAN
I have no counsel.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
So you're waiving it, then?

MAN
For now. I understand I can change my mind.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
Yes. Fine. Let's start at the start?

MAN
All right...All right.

The man takes another sip of coffee. Trying to steady himself. Campbell centers the tape recorder, moving it a half-inch for no reason except to extend the silence...

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
All right then. What is your name?

MAN
Dr. John H. Watson.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
Address?

WATSON
221 B Baker Street.

Watson sighs deeply. Sips coffee. This process may be harder on him than he imagined.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
Do you know why you're here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WATSON
You think I killed him.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
Him?

WATSON
Lestrade. Detective Lestrade.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
That's correct. Now...as to your
relationship to Detective Lestrade--

Watson pushes his chair back, stopping Campbell. Campbell looks at him quizzically.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Dr. Watson?

WATSON
I shouldn't be talking to you.
(he addresses the mirror)
I'm not the one you should be talking to!

Campbell folds one leg over another, unruffled.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
You haven't been arrested. You understand that? But a police officer has been killed. I'm just here to find out what happened, Doctor. To whom do you think we should be talking?

WATSON
My roommate. He can clear all this up--

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
All right. Your roommate. Who's that?

WATSON
Holmes. Sherlock Holmes.

Watson finishes his coffee. Buries himself deeper into his blanket and stares into the mirror. The gears of the tape recorder go round and round...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. POLICE STATION OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Campbell stands with two uniform cops, watching Watson through a window. Hands them a slip of paper.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
Go to this address. Find this man.

One of the uniforms checks the paper.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
Alibi. Told him where he'd find the body.
Our guy tries to dig Lestrade up. Save
his life.

COP
Sherlock Holmes?

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
Know him?

COP (CONT'D)
PI. Smart. Little off.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
Off?

The cop makes the "crazy" sign by his head.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Great.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Campbell brings back more coffee.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
So tonight. Holmes calls you?

WATSON
That's right.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
Tells you...Lestrade's...in trouble?
Buried in the woods?

WATSON
That's right.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
Does he tell you who buried him there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON

No.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Does he tell you...how he knows this?

Watson smiles.

WATSON

No.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

But you go? Without asking anything?
Just...trust him?

WATSON

(knows it sounds ridiculous)
That's right.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Does he tell you anything else?

WATSON

(irritated)
To hurry.

Campbell sips coffee and thinks. Changing gears.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

You'll have to be patient with me,
Doctor. I just moved up here from L.A...
I understand you and Mr. Holmes have done
some investigative work with this
department?

WATSON

Holmes, mostly.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

And in that capacity you have had contact
with Lestrade. You do know him?

WATSON

I do. Did. But not well. I had very few
interactions with him.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Why was that? Was there a problem?

WATSON

A problem?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Why don't you tell me about those interactions. You do remember them, don't you?

WATSON

Of course I--

Watson stops. Sits back in his chair. A strange look flashes on his face. He quickly covers it. Campbell doesn't miss it.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

What is it, Doctor?

WATSON

Nothing. It's nothing.

Campbell cocks his head, showing an edge for the first time.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Maybe you should share it with the rest of the class.

*
*

WATSON

The story...it's...very involved.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

So are you, Doctor. So are you.

Watson stares at himself in the mirror, the camera slowly pushing in on his reflection. THE SOUND OF A PIANO begins to grow, stronger and stronger, a distant memory transported to the present.

We're still with Watson, but as the camera pulls back we find that he's no longer in the interrogation room. He's in

INT. 221 B BAKER ST. - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Watson sits in a big leather club chair, paper in his hand. The music is loud now, and as we widen we see another man across the room expertly playing A GRAND PIANO. Even sitting down we can see he's tall, angular, and intense. Sherlock Holmes.

WATSON

I can't hear it.

Holmes plays louder and louder.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Still don't hear it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holmes stops playing, just hits one key over and over again.
Looks at Watson. Watson shakes his head.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Don't hear it. Don't care to hear it. You hear it. You know it's there. So who cares if I hear it? Get the damn thing tuned!

SHERLOCK

I just got it tuned. That's my point. But it raining that day...Maybe the humidity had swollen the hammer...Maybe it's only sounds right on rainy days--

WATSON

You don't believe that.

SHERLOCK

This isn't about what I believe. This is about the natural order of the planet.

AND WE'RE BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Campbell looks at Watson.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

I'm patient, Doctor. But let's move on to Lestrade.

AND WE'RE BACK AT 221 B BAKER STREET

as the phone rings. Holmes picks it up.

SHERLOCK

Hello?

WATSON (V.O.)

It was early on. I was pretty much unemployed and Holmes--he got cases wherever he could find them. All small-time. Deadbeat dads. Runaways.

A SHOT OF SAN FRANCISCO - THE STREET CAR

as Holmes and Watson ride it up a hill. Watson reads the paper while Holmes continually points at people walking on the street, giving a running commentary. Watson ignores him.

WATSON (V.O.)

In this case, an old college buddy of his. Richard Musgrave. Old money. Ancient by California standards.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

His butler had disappeared. Seemed small-time. But, it wasn't...

The street car crests a large hill. We see the San Francisco Bay in the distance. And now we're

ENTERING AN ENORMOUS AND VERY OLD ESTATE

Hurlstone. Set up in the hills overlooking the bay. A servant lets Holmes and Watson onto the property.

SHERLOCK

(to Watson)

Musgrave's family came over from England just after the Mayflower. 1650. Got into shipping and eventually obtained a twelve thousand acre land grant near the Presidio from the Spanish colonists.

Holmes gestures to a small mission style building next to a large ENGLISH TUDOR STYLE MANSION.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

That's the original house--

AND NOW WE'RE INSIDE THE HUGE MANSION

as RICHARD MUSGRAVE, early thirties, earnest but too rich for his own good. They're walking a long, very English hallway with portraits of the Musgrave ancestry.

Watson and Holmes trail behind, each carrying a cold drink. Watson sips his while Holmes only holds his up to the light, examining it. He frowns, grossed out by something. *

Meanwhile, Musgrave gives running commentary, using up nervousness with patter. *

MUSGRAVE

--but we've been living in Hurlstone for over two hundred years, believe it or not. One of the Bay area's "First Families" I guess they call 'em.

Holmes catches up with Watson and takes his drink from him mid-sip, putting the two glasses down on a priceless side table. Watson's about to say something but Holmes just makes a little gesture: "Don't ask." *

The tour ends up at the oldest portraits, men dressed in traditional English clothing from the late 1600s. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUSGRAVE (CONT'D)

Gerald Musgrave. About twenty years too late to be a Mayflower colonist.

(points to the next portrait)

Son Rupert. First Musgrave born on American soil. He started the shipping line and settled us here.

AND SUDDENLY BACK ON CAMPBELL'S BEMUSED FACE

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

So Musgrave's ghost--he killed Lestrade?

Watson stares at him.

WATSON

Maybe.

AND THE CAMERA FLIES BACK THROUGH THE HURLSTONE ESTATE LIKE AN ANGRY GHOST--

ending on a small PHOTOGRAPH OF A MAN, very handsome, early 40s. Musgrave hands it to Holmes.

MUSGRAVE

Thomas Brunton. Worked here twenty years. Part of the family. Tutored me as a child.

Musgrave stops for a second, a look of pain of his face.

SHERLOCK

Have you called the police?

Musgrave pulls out a business card--DETECTIVE LESTRADE, SFPD.

MUSGRAVE

Courtesy call. Because of the family thing. Said they'd keep in touch.

Holmes makes a noise of derision.

INT. BRUNSON'S BEDROOM - SAME

as Sherlock looks around the room. All of the man's personal effects are still on his nightstand. Holmes opens his wallet. It's filled with cash. Maybe two thousand dollars.

SHERLOCK

Tell me what you know.

A TITLE CARD - "TWO NIGHTS AGO. 3 A.M."

(this is filmed maybe sepia...like an old photo...)

as Musgrave walks the hallways in his bathrobe, carrying a glass of water. He hears something in his library.

INT. MUSGRAVE'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

Brunton has Musgrave's ancient desk open. He's sitting on the edge of it, reading A VERY OLD DOCUMENT THROUGH A PROTECTIVE MYLAR SLEEVE.

The frame freezes on the document.

MUSGRAVE (V.O.)

It's ridiculous really. Because it wasn't even important.

BACK ON WATSON BEING INTERROGATED

WATSON

The Musgrave Ritual.

(laughs)

Some stupid rich guy fraternity type thing that all the Musgraves recited at Christmas or birthdays or some crap.

BACK ON MUSGRAVE'S FLASHBACK

as he and Brunton argue (we don't hear them)

MUSGRAVE (V.O.)

It was more the violation to me. Finding him in my study in the middle of the night. I...fired him right there.

BACK IN BRUNTON'S BEDROOM

as Holmes pokes through his closet.

SHERLOCK

But he begged to stay.

MUSGRAVE

(a little surprised)

Uh, well. Yes. He wanted a month. To find a new job. To avoid the humiliation.

BACK ON MUSGRAVE'S FLASHBACK

as he watches Brunton walk off, devastated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUSGRAVE
I gave him a week.

AND BACK TO THE INTERROGATION ROOM WITH WATSON AND CAMPBELL

WATSON
And on day three he disappeared.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
(hooked into the story)
You talk to the rest of the staff?

BACK TO MUSGRAVE, HOLMES AND WATSON

as they walk down the hallway. Stop outside a bedroom.

MUSGRAVE
Rachel Tregellis. My assistant chef.

SHERLOCK
You want to handle this one, John? *

Watson is surprised but pleased.

INT. RACHEL TREGELLIS'S BEDROOM - LATER

Musgrave and Holmes stand in the background as Watson pulls up a desk chair across from RACHEL TREGELLIS, late 20s. Wan, beautiful, eyes red from crying. She's curled in a large chair, wrapped in an afghan. She holds a big cup of tea, the steam almost obscuring her face.

WATSON
Rachel...I understand that you and Thomas were engaged at one point? Will you talk about that?

We notice that Watson has a very soothing way of talking with her. He's done this before.

RACHEL
He was...very smart. He wanted more... More than this.

WATSON
When you say "this", what do you mean?

ANGLE ON HOLMES

He doesn't even listen to her, just studies her. The way she bites her lip, the band-aids on three of her fingers from excessive chewing...The way she brings the tea to her mouth but doesn't drink...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
 (looks at Musgrave)
 This...life. This...

She sort of gestures to herself. Starts crying. Musgrave looks away.

WATSON
 Had you talked to him recently? In the last three days? I know this is hard.

RACHEL
 I hoped...maybe...we could try again.

WATSON
 But Thomas...?

She's retreating into herself.

RACHEL
 Thomas is...gone.

She pulls the tea closer to her face, the steam clouding her eyes...

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL (V.O.)
 You consider yourself a good psychiatrist, Dr. Watson?

AND NOW WE'RE BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

as Watson stares at Campbell and Campbell stares at Watson.

WATSON
 I'd like to think so.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
 A moral one? An ethical one?

WATSON
 Are you talking about Patrice Lang?

A FLASH:

Another beautiful woman (PATRICE LANG) curled up in an afghan. Watson sits across from her. They look at each other, intimate.

BACK TO INTERROGATION SCENE

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
 I am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON

What would you like to know?

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Was she worth losing your license over?

A FLASH:

as Patrice Lang stands, spreading her arms and the afghan like a spectacular angel about to take flight...

BACK ON WATSON AND CAMPBELL

As Watson just looks at Campbell for an uncomfortably long time. Campbell waits him out, barely shifting.

WATSON

What does this have to do with Lestrade?

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

It goes to character, as they say.

WATSON

Then the answer is yes.

Campbell nods, accepting. He leans back in his chair, stares at the ceiling.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

You strike me as an unusually loyal man. A man with a very specific sense of honor, a personal code if you will. Does that seem fair to you?

WATSON

I believe in my friends. Yes.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

That makes me uneasy, I have to admit. People governed by their own sense of right and wrong, choosing personal allegiances over professional responsibilities. It makes the law seem almost...irrelevant.

Watson doesn't respond.

EXT. 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

A CLOSE UP OF HOLMES AND WATSON STRIDING THROUGH THE NIGHT...

Their large Victorian house grows near as Holmes and Watson walk the last of a hill to its steps. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK

What bugs me most is the two thousand dollars in Brunton's wallet. *

WATSON

It's too much money to leave behind.

SHERLOCK

And too much money not to steal.

INT. 221 B BAKER ST. - LIVING ROOM

WATSON

(changing tacts)

You think someone else is involved?

SHERLOCK

Either that or Brunton's even smarter than Musgrave thinks he is.

WATSON

Maybe Musgrave's smarter than you think he is.

Sherlock smiles.

SHERLOCK

I doubt that.

Sherlock slides onto the piano bench, begins plinking on the keys. Again, he frowns at the out of tune key.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But people don't disappear into thin air, do they? *

Sherlock gets more and more involved in his piano.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

There's a flaw in the equation; there's always a flaw in the equation. That's man's contribution. The flaw. It's elementary. *

And now the scene begins to SLOW DOWN, creaking ahead in SLOW MOTION. Watson closes his eyes as the music continues.

Suddenly A CRACK OF THUNDER and Watson opens his eyes. Lightning pops like a FLASHBULB.

The piano music still here, but quiet, spooky now.

OUTSIDE 221 B BAKER ST.

A slow motion storm beats the crap out of the house, huge rain drops exploding on the cobblestone.

AND INSIDE THE HOUSE

it's completely devastated. A great struggle has taken place. Furniture flipped. Bookcases ripped down.

ON WATSON

as his eyes go wide, still in slow-motion, wildly turning a circle, searching for Holmes, not understanding what's happened to his home.

IN THE KITCHEN

A POLICE OFFICER draws a chalk circle around DROPS OF BLOOD...

AT THE PIANO

ANOTHER COP scrapes dried blood from one of the white keys...

YELLOW POLICE TAPE stretching across the doors...

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps photos, the FLASH going off in slow-motion, illuminating Watson's stunned face until it blows out to white...

AND WE'RE BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

with Watson staring at PHOTOS IN FRONT OF HIM: the trashed living room, the blood in the kitchen, the blood on the piano. Dozens more photos of what seems to be a crime scene.

ON WATSON'S FACE

as he looks up from the photos, Campbell sitting across from him. The two uniform cops (the ones Campbell dispatched to look for Holmes) standing behind Campbell. Faces blank.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Did you hear me Doctor?

WATSON :

There's a flaw in the equation.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Doctor Watson?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON

There's always a flaw in the equation.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Sherlock Holmes has skipped out, Doctor.
Your alibi. Nowhere to be found.

This rocks Watson more than he'll let on...He returns his
gaze to the view of the bloody piano.

WATSON

Man is the flaw in the equation. It's...
elementary.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

INT. THE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Detective Campbell and one of his two uniforms, BOGGS, watch Watson continue to study the pictures of B Baker Street. Watson seems unsure of his future for the first time.

BOGGS

Calbieri's still on the scene doing the blood.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

(re Watson)

We're gonna have to get his, too.

BOGGS

Maybe he'll crack. Save us the time.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Don't think so.

Watson looks up at them, as if he can hear. It's a little unnerving. The two cops watch him.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

He's about three layers deep in his own crap, I'd say. Most of the ones who waive legal, they're about three layers deep.

COP (O.S.)

Then you might wanna strip a layer or two off.

Campbell and Boggs turn. The other uniform from earlier (TEMPLETON) stands in the doorway.

TEMPLETON

Lawyer's here.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE ANOTHER ROOM AT THE POLICE STATION - LATER

as Watson is led there by Boggs and Templeton.

INSIDE THE ROOM

a beautiful woman with short black hair and an oversized wool sweater sits with her knees up on a chair. She looks nothing like a lawyer--much more like a grad student at an art school.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In front of her is Campbell's tape recorder.

Campbell stands in a corner, arms folded, as if to get close to this woman may give him cooties. He looks a tad diminished from his earlier attitude.

Watson enters, the woman (JUSTINE DANDRIDGE) leans over and shakes his hand.

DANDRIDGE
Justine Dandridge.

WATSON
Hi.
(re the cops)
You're familiar...?

DANDRIDGE
The men in blue. Of course.
(to Campbell re tape)
And let me say you've done great work convincing my client to wax on in spite of Miranda. You're a smooth talker, a sweet man, certainly a shoulder to cry on, but now--
(tosses Campbell the tape player)
--get the hell out of here so I can talk to my client and decide how much more of this story you get to hear.

Campbell grins wide, appreciates her core of "no bullshit". They leave.

Watson sits down across from her. She's leafing through xeroxes of the B Baker St. photos.

DANDRIDGE (CONT'D)
Mayhem. Nice work if you can get it. *

Watson smiles thinly.

WATSON
Who the hell are you?

DANDRIDGE
Mycroft sent me.

A FLASH--

THE SILHOUETTE OF A 300 POUND MAN KNOCKING ON THE DOOR OF BAKER ST...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON
Mycroft? Where--Does he know--?

ANOTHER FLASH

as the huge man (MYCROFT) slips into B Baker St., sees the carnage. From the slump of his shoulders we can see he immediately gathers the enormity...

He pulls out a cell phone.

DANDRIDGE
--where Sherlock is? Didn't say. But you know brothers...who knows what goes on there. Anyway, right now we're worried about you.

Watson studies her.

WATSON
So. You're a lawyer.

DANDRIDGE
And you still think you're a shrink.

Touche'...

DANDRIDGE (CONT'D)
Look. I'd love to banter back and forth on Mycroft's tab, but it's way past my bedtime and you've got a good chance of being booked for murdering a cop. I've heard the tape--Campbell's unusually jazzed on this story, God knows why--

A FLASHBACK--

CU and SLO-MO on Watson earlier when Campbell picked up on Watson's odd reaction regarding Lestrade...

BACK TO SCENE

DANDRIDGE (CONT'D)
So I think I better hear the rest of it. Who knows? You're a good client and maybe I'll tell you who I screwed to get my J.D. *

Watson leans forward and

WE'RE BACK AT 221 B BAKER ST - MORNING *

Watson enters the room, sees Holmes standing at the window, motionless. Watson moves to the mantel, where an ANTIQUE KNIFE pinions a stack of mail to the mantel. He pulls it out and begins going through it. *

Holmes just stares out the window. Ignoring Watson. Finally...reluctantly...Watson joins him there. *

WATSON
Hey. Whattya doing? *

SHERLOCK
Why do I have to be doing something? *

WATSON
Well for one thing...You're always doing something. *

SHERLOCK
Isn't everybody? *

WATSON
Actually. No. Not like you...do. *

SHERLOCK
You're not happy with the idea that I'm just...staring out the window. *

WATSON
I would be. But you're not. *

SHERLOCK
Maybe this time I am. Maybe I'm just...hanging out at the window. Staring out the window. At nothing. *

WATSON
(a big smile)
Fine. All right. We'll go with that. *

Watson leaves the window and flops down on the couch. Turns on the television-- *

Holmes immediately whirls from the window-- *

SHERLOCK
Oh come on! *

WATSON
What? *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK
Can't you see what's going on out there?

WATSON
(taunting him)
I only see you. Hanging out at the
window. Staring out the window.

SHERLOCK
(exasperated)
That man out there--in the green jacket
by the blue car--

Watson joins him at the window.

WATSON
What man--

SHERLOCK
The blond man in the green jacket by the
blue car.

WATSON
The guy--

SHERLOCK
Yes that guy! Finally. It all makes
sense! The late night long distance hang-
ups...That international package last
week...He's...Canadian! She must have met
him when they were in Seattle on
vacation. I thought it was the
daughter...But its Mrs. Bierman...

The phone rings. Watson just turns away from Sherlock--he
hears this kind of stuff all the time and chooses (or
pretends) not to be impressed. He answers the phone.

WATSON
Hello?
(listens for a moment)
We'll be there.

He hangs up. Sherlock's now paying attention.

WATSON (CONT'D)
The girl. Rachel. She's gone, too.

EXT. THE HURLSTONE ESTATE - LATER

Musgrave escorts Holmes and Watson up to the house. There are
two police cars parked in the turnaround and a number of men
standing on the front porch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of them in DETECTIVE LESTRADE.

MUSGRAVE

She never left her room after you talked to her yesterday.

He points to a young woman talking to the cops.

MUSGRAVE (CONT'D)

Flora brought her some dinner last night but she didn't eat it. This morning she was gone.

SHERLOCK

I'd like to see her room.

Musgrave shrugs, moves to the door. Lestrade and his men block the entrance.

LESTRADE

Can I help you?

MUSGRAVE

These are the friends of mine I told you about.

LESTRADE

Aaah...Holmes was it? And...

SHERLOCK

(re Watson)

Doctor John Watson.

LESTRADE

Doctor? Great. What kind?

WATSON

Psychiatrist.

LESTRADE

You talked to Rachel Tregellis yesterday?

WATSON

I did.

LESTRADE

Well. Seems like you missed something, didn't you?

Watson doesn't appreciate the dig.

SHERLOCK

We'd like to take a look at her room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LESTRADE

We've got forensics up there right now.

SHERLOCK

Just five minutes--

LESTRADE

Is plenty to contaminate the scene.

MUSGRAVE

Detective Lestrade. Mr. Holmes is no amateur--

LESTRADE

But that's exactly what he is, sir. You wanted us here. We're here. If you want Mutt and Jeff--

Watson's body language stiffens. Holmes puts up his hand. He's already walking off.

SHERLOCK

It's alright.

Watson follows.

WATSON

Holmes?

But Holmes is already walking down the path, following Flora. She turns around the side of the house and he catches up with her.

SHERLOCK

Excuse me. Flora, is it?

The young woman stops.

FLORA

The police--

SHERLOCK

I know. But if you don't mind I'm just a little curious. You're the housekeeper?

She nods yes.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Do you clean the rooms of the other employees, as well? Including Rachel and Mr. Brunton's?

Again she nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Did you notice anything missing from either room?

The girl searches her memory. Finds something.

FLORA

The pillow cases. Mr. Brunton's pillowcases were gone.

SHERLOCK

Anything else? Slippers, maybe?

FLORA

(lighting up)

Yes. Yes! For both of them. Their slippers were gone. How did you know?

Sherlock smiles and shrugs.

SHERLOCK

Lucky guess. Thank you, Flora.

She begins to walk away.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Flora? The servant's entrance?

CUT TO:

THE SERVANT'S ENTRANCE - LATER

as Sherlock and Watson examine the area outside of the doorway. Lots of footprints.

WATSON

Dance party U.S.A...

*

SHERLOCK

First we eliminate the large ones...

He changes the angle of his view.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

And then anything with a tread...

He steps farther away from the door, side-stepping along the path...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

And what we're left with should be...Rachel Tregellis.

ANGLE ON THE GROUND

one step of footprints moves away from the house and down the path. Watson and Holmes follow it for twenty or thirty yards when suddenly it stops--she clearly jumped the path into the grass--but which way?

Holmes stands in the path like a bloodhound, looking back and forth. To his left in the distance he sees the glint of water.

He heads off in that direction, crossing through a garden. He stops at a rosebush, bending down. Pulls loose from a thorn A LONG STRAND OF SCARLET WOOL.

SHERLOCK

Watson.

A FLASH

Rachel sitting in her chair, wrapped in a scarlet wool afghan.

BACK TO THE SCENE

as Watson moves quickly ahead, finding A BARE FOOTPRINT and then BOTH OF HER SLIPPERS.

WATSON

That's not...not a good sign.

SHERLOCK

How so?

WATSON

She's obviously not thinking about...

SHERLOCK

Going back.

ANGLE UP AHEAD: THE HURLSTONE LAKE

as the two men quicken their step, realizing what her ultimate destination is...

AT THE EDGE OF THE LAKE

their worst fears realized: the scarlet afghan extends from the water like a lolling tongue from the darkest mouth...

BACK IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM

where Dandrige and Watson sit in silence, Watson staring at the floor.

DANDRIDGE

Lemme guess. This is where it gets ugly.

WATSON

This is where it gets ugly.

AND WE'RE BACK IN FRONT OF THE HURLSTONE ESTATE

where Lestrade, Musgrave, Watson and Holmes are in the middle of an argument.

LESTRADE

--sure I'm pissed off, Mister Musgrave!
Sure! It's bad enough you've let...Agatha
Christie here...and...Doctor Freud tromp
around the property--

SHERLOCK

--so you're not going to drag the lake
for the body?

A tense pause between everyone. Musgrave looks at Lestrade.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LAKESIDE - LATER

Three SFPD divers pull on scuba suits while everybody else stands in the grass nearby.

LESTRADE

(to Holmes and Watson)
I'm gonna need prints of both of your
shoes, gentlemen. There's a lot of prints
over there. For all we know, Brunton may
have been down there, as well.

WATSON

We didn't see any prints--

LESTRADE

But you did see the afghan didn't you?

Watson looks quizzically. Lestrade looks to Holmes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK

Brunton may have used the afghan to wipe away his prints and then thrown it in the lake.

LESTRADE

Not bad, Mr. Holmes. Now. Your shoes.

CUT TO:

HOLMES AND WATSON WALKING UP THE PATH WITH MUSGRAVE

Holmes and Watson are barefoot. Musgrave looks sheepish.

MUSGRAVE

I'm sorry, Sherlock. I'll get you your shoes back as soon as I can.

SHERLOCK

He'll keep them as long as he can. He doesn't really need them, anyway. It's just to humiliate us.

Watson looks back at the imperious Lestrade.

WATSON

Jackass.

BACK IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM

Watson and Dandrige.

WATSON

He was a jackass. *

DANDRIDGE

You might wanna tone that down when you tell this to Campbell.

Watson shrugs.

WATSON

I hate my neighbor's cat. You don't see me planning to kill him. *

DANDRIDGE

I don't see you being found with his dead body in a box, either.

WATSON

Sherlock sent me. *Sherlock.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANDRIDGE
I know. Sherlock.

BACK ON SHERLOCK

as he, Watson and Musgrave walk through the Hurlstone Estate.

MUSGRAVE
Do you think Thomas did it? Did he come
back here and kill her? Why would he do
that? *

SHERLOCK
Why does anybody kill anybody? To correct
what they perceive as a flaw in the
equation. Man versus the Natural Order. *
Man may win a round or two, but I'll take *
Nature by knockout. *

Musgrave looks at Watson, who just shrugs. Sherlock looks out
the window, watching Lestrade's men begin wading into the
lake. *

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
I don't know that he killed her. He may
be responsible, but I don't know that he
killed her.

He refocuses on Musgrave.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Let's start over. I need to see that
Ritual.

INT. THE LIBRARY - DAY

as Musgrave pulls out the old document.

MUSGRAVE
It's absurd, really. But it does have the
saving grace of antiquity to excuse it. *
It dates back to the first Musgraves.
Probably Rupert. Who built this place.

Sherlock takes the paper.

SHERLOCK
Let's see what kind of Musgrave you
are...

As Sherlock begins to read, the ritual document FILLS THE
SCREEN...

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
WHOSE WAS IT?

MUSGRAVE
HIS WIFE IS GONE.

SHERLOCK
WHO SHALL HAVE IT?

MUSGRAVE
HE WHO WILL COME.

SHERLOCK
WHAT WAS THE MONTH?

MUSGRAVE
THE SIXTH FROM THE FIRST.

SHERLOCK
WHERE WAS THE SUN?

MUSGRAVE
OVER THE OAK.

SHERLOCK
WHERE WAS THE SHADOW?

MUSGRAVE
UNDER THE ELM?

SHERLOCK
HOW WAS IT STEPPED?

MUSGRAVE
NORTH BY TEN AND BY TEN, EAST BY FIVE AND
BY FIVE, SOUTH BY TWO AND BY TWO, WEST BY
ONE AND BY ONE, AND SO UNDER.

SHERLOCK
AND WHAT SHALL WE GIVE FOR IT?

MUSGRAVE
ALL THAT IS OURS.

SHERLOCK
WHY SHOULD WE GIVE IT?

MUSGRAVE
FOR THE SAKE OF THE TRUST.

WE RETURN TO THE LIBRARY

where Sherlock and Watson are duly impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUSGRAVE

Like I said...it's a little embarrassing.

Sherlock studies the paper...

SHERLOCK

You're right about that. But not for the reasons you think. *

They look at him quizzically.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It seems your butler's smarter than you gave him credit for. Smarter than ten generations of Musgraves, I'd say. *

MUSGRAVE

Holmes--

SHERLOCK

Had he seen this before that night? Is that possible?

MUSGRAVE

Certainly. We didn't hide it. Why would we? It had no practical value.

SHERLOCK

Quite the opposite, actually. It's immensely practical. It's a map.

MUSGRAVE

A map? To what?

SHERLOCK

Well, let's go find out.

On everyone's shocked faces we

RETURN TO THE INTERVIEW ROOM

where Dandridge seems just as surprised...

Suddenly the door opens, it's Campbell. Boggs and Templeton stand behind him.

DANDRIDGE

Men in blue. We're not done here.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Gonna have to ask you to take a break.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANDRIDGE

Why?

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

We've got partial bloodwork back. Match for Lestrade in the living room and the kitchen.

(to Watson)

Sorry, doctor. We're gonna have to make this a more formal arrangement.

Dandridge shakes her head slowly, dismayed. She opens her mouth to speak, but everything to Watson is in slow-motion.

AND ITS SLOWMOTION TO US AS WELL--A BLINDING PHOTO'S FLASH SHOT AT 1/1000TH SPEED REVEALS TO US:

DOCTOR JOHN WATSON'S BOOKING PHOTO.

DANDRIDGE (V.O.)

(and very slowly)

I'm...sorry...John.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

WE OPEN ON

a dark series of curved lines; asphalt roads, the sweep of topography, the whorl of tangled hair...

But as the picture resolves we find ourselves staring at an extreme close up of FINGERPRINTS IN INK.

INT. PROCESSING ROOM - SAME

as Watson stares at his own fingerprint cards; a tiny woman in a khaki uniform tugs at his fingers with an alcohol swab, washing the ink off of them.

Watson turns to Campbell and Dandridge, watching.

WATSON

Very Lady MacBeth, don't you think?

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

She was guilty if I remember correctly.

WATSON

(smiling thinly at Dandridge)

Bad lawyers.

The tiny processing lady quickly whips off Watson's belt and kneels down for his shoelaces.

Watson considers a joke but thinks better of it.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

(to Dandridge)

Outside for a second?

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY

Dandridge and Campbell. A negotiation.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Look. Your guy. Blood. The body.

DANDRIDGE

Look. My guy. No motive. No witnesses. No reason it didn't happen how he said.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Your guy. No Sherlock. No alibi. Could he be taking the fall here?

Dandridge studies him--opening or trap?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Because I'm one of the good guys here. I am. If he's covering, or even an unwitting--

DANDRIDGE

You want more on Sherlock Holmes?

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

I do. I want to understand. I want to hear the story...this...Musgrave thing. Where they met Lestrade.

DANDRIDGE

It was three years ago. You're very thorough, to say the least.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

History, Ms. Dandridge. The power of history. Sherlock Holmes. Lestrade. Watson.

He makes his fingers into the shape of a triangle.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Something in this story bothers him. I saw it earlier. I think we both need to understand.

She thinks hard.

DANDRIDGE

Gimme a minute.

INT. THE PROCESSING ROOM

Dandridge and Watson.

WATSON

I've got nothing to hide.

DANDRIDGE

Because normally I'd advise against it.

WATSON

Normally your clients are guilty, aren't they?

DANDRIDGE

Or someone close to them is.

A FLASH--

to the bloody 221 B Baker Street.

WATSON

You know Mycroft? Know him well?

DANDRIDGE

As well as anybody, I guess. He's an odd bird. But good people.

WATSON

Then you know Sherlock. Good people.

She gets him.

DANDRIDGE

Let's do it then.

EXT. THE HURLSTONE ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Lestrade supervises his divers as they wade into the lake.

BACK UP AT THE ESTATE

Holmes, Watson and Musgrave stand outside with the Ritual in hand. Musgrave is a little distracted and upset by what's going on over at the lake.

Holmes and Watson focus in on the Ritual...

ECU OF THE RITUAL AS IT FILLS THE SCREEN: WHAT WAS THE MONTH? THE SIXTH FROM THE FIRST.

BACK TO THE SCENE

SHERLOCK

That may be the most obvious one. This month. July. The directions must have a time component.

WATSON

Which is why Brunton wanted to stay on through the month?

SHERLOCK

Exactly, Watson. And now--

ECU OF THE RITUAL AS IT FILLS THE SCREEN: WHERE WAS THE SUN? OVER THE OAK.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Our trio stand in front of the mightiest of oak trees, prominent in front of the house by the side of the drive.

SHERLOCK

Was this here when the ritual was drawn up?

MUSGRAVE

Long before we got here, I should think. It's girth is 23 feet.

Watson and Holmes are impressed by Musgrave's exactitude. They watch as the sun begins to creep over the top of the tree.

SHERLOCK

We may be just in time today... What I need next is...an old elm tree.

Musgrave puts his hands on his hips. Looks around. Puzzled...Suddenly he points across the lawn, towards the house.

MUSGRAVE

There used to be a very old one over there. But it was struck by lightning ten years ago and we cut down the stump.

Sherlock gestures in that direction and they head over...

SHERLOCK

No other ones, huh?

MUSGRAVE

Nothing old like that.

They get to the place in the lawn where the scar is left from the trunk.

Holmes scans the area. The scar is approximately midway between the old oak and the house. This seems pleasing to him.

SHERLOCK

Where was the shadow...Under the elm...

(scans back at the oak)

I suppose it's impossible to find out how high the elm was?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUSGRAVE

Wow. The strange thing is...I knew that once. My father helped me work out trigonometry problems with it...

He stands for a second, searching...Suddenly he grins widely.

INT. A STORAGE ROOM - DAY

as Musgrave is down on his hands and knees, going through a file cabinet. There's dozens of them.

Holmes walks up and down, examining the cabinets without opening them.

MUSGRAVE

I'm sure Doctor Watson, you'd think this is a little strange. The inability to throw anything away...I'm sure there's a disorder...

WATSON

If there is you've definitely got it--

MUSGRAVE

An ego issue probably. Indication that I think everything I ever did would be of some value...If I could only remember what year I had trigonometry...

Holmes settles upon a particular cabinet. There's the shine of fingerprints on the dusty cabinet handle...

SHERLOCK

That's all right. Brunton did.

Holmes pulls open the cabinet. The paper is right there in front.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Lucky for us he didn't even bother to refile it.

ANGLE ON THE PAPER: A teenager's drawings. The tree. A triangle. Numbers. The measurement appears as a graphic on the screen: **64 FEET.**

EXT. THE HURLSTONE ESTATE - MINUTES LATER

The trio emerge, heading back across the lawn. Suddenly A YELL from down at the lake.

EXT. THE LAKE'S EDGE - MINUTES LATER

Lestrade and another cop stand near the lake's edge, Sherlock and his gang a few feet behind them.

IN THE LAKE

Three police divers, wetsuits black and glistening, slowly pull something out of the lake.

As they reach the shore, the object resolves itself into Rachel Tregellis, a water heavy corpse.

ANGLE ON WATSON

as he watches the body being dragged out. This hits him hard. He rubs his eyes in his hands. Not cut out for this.

ANGLE ON MUSGRAVE

as, he, too, seems devastated by the sight of the body.

ONLY SHERLOCK AND LESTRADE

are unfazed, their eyes taking Rachel, as a *fact*, as evidence.

WE FOLLOW WITH HER BODY

as the divers tug her to shore, up through the mud and into the grass.

For the first time we see the method of her demise: A HEAVY COTTON SACK attached to her leg.

LESTRADE

(re sack)

Jesus. Get that off of her.

One of the divers tugs it from her leg, dumping the contents onto the ground. Big rocks, some twists of scrap metal loose gravel. The debris a physical manifestation of her death warrant.

Lestrade leans down pushing on the girl's chest. Water comes out of her mouth.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

Get the M.E. out here. I wanna know she did this herself--not popped with one of those rocks first and then drowned. And let's put out an APB for Brunton just to cover our bets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lestrade looks back at Holmes--as if daring him to open his mouth. Holmes is just staring at the body with the same clinical expression from earlier.

Lestrade watches him until Holmes feels the heat of his eyes. He looks up.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

Anything you want to say, Mr. Holmes?
Any...insight here you'd like to share
with the rest of the class? Other than
"dead" and "wet"?

BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

where Watson sits with both Campbell and Dandridge.

WATSON

There are moments, you know, when people
just...delineate themselves...they
just...separate out...from everybody
else. And maybe you choose a side, or
maybe you're already there...but either
way, you bask in it. In them. They become
your best instincts. And you love them
for it.

BACK TO MUSGRAVE, HOLMES AND WATSON

as Holmes returns Lestrade's bitter gaze with one of utter calm.

SHERLOCK

No, Detective. You seem to have
everything in control here.

He turns to Musgrave, the plutocrat grief stricken to the point of distraction.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Richard. Richard.

MUSGRAVE

Hm?

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

How tall are you?

MUSGRAVE

How...?

SHERLOCK

Tall are you. How tall are you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUSGRAVE
Six foot.

SHERLOCK
Exactly?

MUSGRAVE
Yes...Exactly.

Musgrave seems to be returning from whatever dark place seeing the dead body took him.

SHERLOCK
Perfect.

And with that he turns and leads the other two men back towards the house.

ANGLE ON LESTRADE

watching them leave...

LESTRADE
Freakin' amateurs.

BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Watson picks at a sandwich.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
I'm curious, doctor. Your description of Lestrade's...churlishness for lack of a better word...it doesn't exactly jibe with people's impression of him around here.

WATSON
Really.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
He was uniformly liked.

DANDRIDGE
(re "uniformly")
Pun intended?

Campbell smiles, appreciating her wit.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
Doctor?

WATSON
You find that inconsistent?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Campbell gestures: go on.

WATSON (CONT'D)

He was completely lost that day. Didn't have a clue. And Holmes knew it. Maybe around here he could snow "the help"--

DANDRIDGE

John--

Watson's hostility rising up...

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

(Campbell smiles, not as genuinely this time...)

Go on, Doctor. What were you going to say? You find it a relatively easy thing to snow the help?

DANDRIDGE

John.

WATSON

Don't...protect me. I don't need protecting.

(to Campbell)

I didn't do anything wrong.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Would Patrice Lang agree with that, Doctor? Would she say you're the perfect model of professional and personal decorum?

A FLASH

Watson and Patrice Lang in the grips of sexual passion. That afghan again, this time wrapped around their bare bodies...

AND BACK TO THE INTERROGATION ROOM

as even Dandridge waits to see how Watson's going to react...

Watson sees her concern and shakes her off, rolls his neck like Mike Tyson and settles back in...Calm again.

WATSON

Anyone wanna hear the rest of the story?

ANGLE ON THE GROUND

A CLOSE UP of the STUMP SCAR in the lawn as Richard Musgrave steps onto it.

SUPERED LIKE SUBTITLES ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN: WHERE WAS THE SHADOW? UNDER THE ELM.

HOLMES AND WATSON

stand between Musgrave and the house, staring back into the sun at the huge oak tree.

SHERLOCK

The oak gives us the timing with regards to the sun...Just over...

(re Musgrave)

And the elm here...he gives us distance and direction.

Holmes points to the ground at the shadow thrown by Musgrave.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Our six foot elm throws a shadow of...

(pacing off the length)

Exactly nine feet.

MUSGRAVE

Exactly?

Watson rolls his eyes at Musgrave.

WATSON

Trust him. These are the things he does around the house. Just in case.

Musgrave shrugs. Why do I even ask?

SHERLOCK

So if our six foot tree throws a nine foot shadow...our actual sixty-four foot tree throws a shadow of...

He looks at Musgrave and Watson like a schoolteacher to recalcitrant children. They don't have a clue.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Ninety six feet!

He shakes his head as if everyone should be as quick. Holmes quickly repairs himself to the stump scar and begins striding off along the line of Musgrave's shadow, pointing at the original mission building which sits off to the side of the larger house...

BACK AT THE LAKESIDE

the cops have moved Rachel Tregellis's body onto a gurney. One of them takes photos.

Lestrade supervises, but not with so much focus that he doesn't look up and notice the three men striding resolutely across the line towards the mission portion of the estate.

He shakes his head with disdain. Returns to the body at hand.

BACK ON THE GROUNDS

Our trio stride across the ground, Sherlock a few steps ahead, counting to himself...

Watson and Musgrave...

MUSGRAVE

I remember this one time in college-- Sherlock and I took this beginning Anatomy class together. Lab partners. First time we had to dissect something--a mouse I think--I just lost it. Couldn't make it through...but he just...

WATSON

Ate it up, didn't he?

MUSGRAVE

For lack of a better term. Yes.

WATSON

How'd you do in the course?

MUSGRAVE

Sherlock put my name on everything he did. I got an A with honors.

WATSON

What about him?

MUSGRAVE

(smiling)

They flunked him out during finals. Caught him in the med school morgue beating on a corpse with a golf club.
(off Watson's look)
Something about...post-mortem bruising.
Pet project.

Watson smiles. This is the Holmes he knows well.

THEY APPROACH THE WALL OF THE OLD MISSION BUILDING

SHERLOCK
Ninety-four...ninety-five...ninety-six.

He stands with his nose against the old adobe wall. Bends down, fishing around in the dirt with a pen.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Watson, come here!

The two men rush over.

Approximately two inches from Holmes's feet is a small broken branch, stuck into the ground as a marker.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
He's been here. We're right on his heels.
Two days behind, but right on his heels.

He turns around again, watching the cops examine Rachel's body...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
And where was she in all this?

BACK TO THE INTERROGATION ROOM

as Campbell pushes back his chair. We see Templeton standing in the doorway, gesturing to Campbell with his head. Something's up...

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
Please excuse me for a second.

He leaves the room and shuts the door. There's quiet, you can almost hear the screws tightening everywhere. Dandridge writes notes to herself on her legal pad. Pen scratchings... Watson shakes his head, exhausted.

WATSON
(to himself, tired and annoyed)
Moriarty. It's all...Moriarty.

Dandridge picks up on it.

DANDRIDGE
Moriarty? Is that a what or a who?

WATSON
Good question...Both, really. Moriarty.
He's Sherlock's...darkness.
His...nemesis. Evil incarnate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANDRIDGE

Evil incarnated as...Moriarty? Who is he?

WATSON

Never met him. Neither has Sherlock for that matter. Moriarty's just...when there's no other answer...no other suspect...just pure...badness. That's Moriarty.

DANDRIDGE

And Sherlock believes he's real?

WATSON

Absolutely.

DANDRIDGE

And you?

WATSON

I believe in Sherlock.

DANDRIDGE

That's an interesting position for a psychiatrist.

WATSON

Sherlock's not my patient. He's my friend.

Before Dandridge can respond Campbell comes back in. He tosses down a photo on the table. It's a close-up of the bloody piano keys.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Doctor, you wouldn't happen to know Mr. Holmes's blood type?

WATSON

Actually, I do. It's B positive.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

(tapping the photograph)

Yeah, that's what we found out. So now he's not only missing, but bleeding, too. Maybe he's even buried in a box. Any ideas? Doctor?

Watson looks to Dandridge. She stares back, at a loss for words.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

Lest we forget, we open on the blackness of a rainy San Francisco night. It's pouring fucking buckets.

We're outside 221 F Baker Street, the camera drifting through the rain and inside the window.

But inside Baker Street its sunny and clear, daylight streaming in through the windows as we've returned to the first time we saw Holmes and Watson, at the beginning of the case: Holmes sits at the piano, playing the same, distinctive tune we heard earlier.

Watson sits in the club chair, reading the paper.

WATSON

Can't hear it.

(Sherlock plays louder)

Still don't hear it...No. Still don't.

We close in on Sherlock's hands as he continues to play the same tune over and over again...

As we close, we hear A CRACK OF THUNDER and POUNDING RAIN...the room darkens as Holmes hands begin to disappear, dissolving into nothingness and replaced by

BLOODY FINGERPRINTS ON THOSE EXACT KEYS...

as the piano plays the tune, urged on by the bloody prints.

The camera jerks back through the window--into the storm once more...

AND SUDDENLY WE'RE WITH WATSON

as he jerks his head up! He's dozed off and awakes disoriented. Suddenly he realizes where he is--

A JAIL CELL

Cot. Toilet. Chair. Desk. Bars.

DANDRIDGE (V.O.)

John?

He looks at her, shaken from his dream. She stands outside the cell.

DANDRIDGE

Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He comes up close to her, almost whispering to her.

WATSON

I need you to go...to my house.

CUT TO:

INT. THE POLICE STATION - LATER

Dandridge pulls on her coat and heads out. Campbell registers her.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

We've got a cot in the back if you want.
You're probably too tired to drive.

DANDRIDGE

I'll catch a cab, but thanks.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

I'd like to hear the rest of the story,
you know.

DANDRIDGE

I've advised him against it.

Campbell nods, understanding.

DANDRIDGE (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a few hours. Please get
him a sandwich.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Yes, ma'am.

He salutes her. She doesn't even turn around.

INT. WATSON'S CELL - LATER

Watson lies on the cot. Campbell arrives with a bag of fast food. He holds it up to Watson, who sits up.

A guard lets Campbell in. He tosses the food to Watson. Watson pulls out a burger, inspects it like maybe there'd be something wrong with it. Bites in cautiously.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

It's not...bugged or anything.

WATSON

I'm not supposed to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

So don't.

He leans against the cell casually.

WATSON

What gets me is this...after what? Twenty years at your job? Can't you just look and tell? Can't you just listen to me...and *know*?

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

There you go again, doctor. Emphasizing the primacy of the individual's judgement over that of society's. I just gather facts. That's my job. A jury of your peers, if it gets to that, they can hear your story and make that decision.

Watson shakes his head, disbelief that he's in this position.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

I'll tell you this, though. You. Sherlock Holmes. Detective Lestrade. Why do I just get the feeling that if he'd never met you two this wouldn't have happened to him?

Watson has no answer for that.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Because you did meet. And under some strange circumstances. And somewhere there's a connection. Because it was you sitting next to that box, Doctor. Nobody else.

Watson looks at him hard. Makes a decision...

EXT. THE HURLSTON ESTATE

where we left off...Holmes, Watson and Musgrave following the instructions of the Ritual.

Holmes is pacing parallel to the old mission building.

SUBTITLE: "NORTH BY TEN AND BY TEN"

He comes to the edge of the building. Turns to the right. Begins pacing again.

SUBTITLE: "EAST BY FIVE AND BY FIVE"

Holmes stands in front of an old door cut into the adobe walls.

SUBTITLE: "SOUTH TWO BY TWO, WEST ONE BY ONE"

The threesome move into the old building--it's filled with assorted stored junk on a solid stone floor.

Holmes bends down, inspecting the pieces of stone, pulling at them, trying to see if any of them are loose.

Watson and Musgrave do likewise, not really knowing what they're looking for. It's clear that nothing's been disturbed here for years...

SHERLOCK

Damn. Where did we...

He consults the ritual again, retracing his steps.

His eyes close in on the last phrase in the directions:

ECU ON THE RITUAL: "AND UNDER"

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(to Musgrave)

Is there a cellar under this floor?

Musgrave frowns, thinking.

MUSGRAVE

Sure, we store wood there. There's nothing--

But Holmes is out the door, heading around the side of the building.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Holmes and Watson pull the doors open. Stairs down into darkness...Holmes flicks on a flashlight. The three men descend...

INT. THE CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Three flashlights make out fairly well a cellar filled with billets of firewood. But the wood, which until recently probably covered the floor, was now all stacked to the sides.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK

I assume the wood was previously laid out evenly throughout the room?

MUSGRAVE

I haven't been here since I was a boy...But even back then...

His flashlight plays across the empty spot in the middle of the room.

MUSGRAVE (CONT'D)

What's that?

They make their way to the object in question. A SILK TIE is knotted around A RUSTY IRON RING attached to a large square of the flagstone floor.

They inspect it closer.

SHERLOCK

Brunton's?

Musgrave nods.

CUT TO:

HOLMES AND WATSON

as they pull with all their might on the tie...

MUSGRAVE

How did Brunton get this open himself?

Finally Holmes and Watson lift the heavy piece of flagstone aside, revealing a 4'x4' hole in the ground. A secret chamber.

WATSON

(making a face)

Oh my Lord. The smell!

As terror seizes them all...

INSIDE THE HIDDEN CHAMBER

the three flashlights illuminate a horrible scene. BRUNTON, dead, leaning against AN ANCIENT TRUNK.

MUSGRAVE

Oh no. Thomas. I need...I need to go get the police.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Both Watson and Holmes give him a dirty look.

BACK IN WATSON'S CELL

Campbell stares intently at Watson. Watson stares back.
Things are getting serious.

CUT BACK TO:

WATSON AND MUSGRAVE

lowering Holmes down into the hole.

Holmes uses his flashlight to perform a cursory inspection of Brunton's body.

SHERLOCK

No obvious cause of death...Probably
suffocation...

His flashlight plays into the trunk. It's mostly empty save for a few METAL COINS. Sherlock picks them up, examines them and puts them in his pocket.

Watson and Musgrave pull him out of the chamber. They look at him, expectantly.

MUSGRAVE

It's empty? Don't tell me he died for a
few measly old coins.

Sherlock sits down, thinking hard. His eyes move around the room, the silk tie, the huge piece of flagstone...finally his eyes light upon A FEW PIECES OF WOOD NEAR THE FLAGSTONE.

They're misshaped.

*A FLASH: HANDS STRUGGLE TO FIND PURCHASE ON THE
FLAGSTONE...ANOTHER PAIR OF HANDS SHOVS A PIECE OF WOOD INTO
THE OPENING. AND THEN ANOTHER...AND ANOTHER...*

*And then we see Brunton, sliding through the opening, down
into the hole...*

And the owner of the other hands watching...Rachel.

BACK ON HOLMES

as he explains it to Musgrave and Watson...

HOLMES

He had come to her out of desperation. He
couldn't open it himself.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Whatever was down there, he wanted it bad. Very bad. Bad enough to ask help from the only person he trusted.

Close on Rachel's face as she stands over him down in the chamber. She looks pained, sad, angry. Tears run down her face.

SHERLOCK

A person he'd hurt very much...

Suddenly she makes a decision.

ANGLE ON HER FOOT AS SHE KICKS THE WOOD OUT FROM THE FLAGSTONE. IT SLAMS SHUT.

ANOTHER FLASH BACK:

Rachel Tregellis sitting across from Holmes and Watson, we now notice her bandaged fingers and perhaps consider them in a different light...

RACHEL

Thomas is...gone.

AND BACK TO WATSON'S JAIL CELL

Watson sits on the edge of his cot, elbows on knees. Campbell sits across from him on the chair.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

And then she killed herself? Tied a sack of rocks to her ankle and just...

He mimes with his fingers someone walking into the lake.

Watson nods, somber.

WATSON

I may be a sad excuse for a psychiatrist, Detective. But I know this. She loved him. And he...only needed her. It's a bad combination.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

I imagine this thought is not lost on you tonight. Detective Lestrade...

WATSON

Suffocated in a box. Like Brunton. Like the first time we met.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Not a good thing, doctor.

A FLASH:

Lestrade storming out of the cellar to an awaiting Holmes and Watson.

LESTRADE

(to Holmes)

If you and your little lapdog ever set another foot on one of my crime scenes--

Watson steps to him, getting pissed--

LESTRADE

You're just lucky the crazy bitch killed herself so we didn't have to try her--

WATSON

He solved this for you!

Watson pushes Lestrade hard against the wall. A uniformed cop grabs Watson and pulls him off.

BACK TO WATSON'S CELL

as Campbell exits the cell and pulls the door shut. Silence between the two men.

WATSON

No. Not a good thing.

Campbell turns to leave but stops himself.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

Doctor. Before I go--

WATSON

You wanna know if he figured it out, don't you? The Musgrave Ritual? What was in the box that Brunton died for?

Campbell shrugs. Watson's got him.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Of course he figured it out, Detective. He's Sherlock Holmes. And now I'm gonna tell you. Not to satisfy your curiosity. And not to hear myself speak. I'll tell for this reason only: because some rainy night, some time in the future, Sherlock may call you up and tell you to get the hell out to the woods and bring a shovel, a man's life is in danger.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON (CONT'D)

And maybe you won't ask questions, won't ask him how he knows, or who it is... maybe you'll go, and maybe, just maybe, if you get their as fast as you can, you might save a man's life.

Watson locks in on Campbell, trying to will Campbell into understanding, into empathy...

AND NOW WE'RE LOOKING AT AN OLD PORTRAIT. GERALD MUSGRAVE. THE FIRST IN THE LINE OF MUSGRAVES.

WATSON (V.O.)

In 1640 Gerald Musgrave was twenty years old and a British loyalist in a time of turbulence. His word a lifelong bond to King James the Second...

BACK AT HURLSTONE

as Watson, Holmes and Musgrave walk along the portraits. Holmes talking (although we don't hear him).

In his hands: the old coins from the bottom of the chest. We get an ECU OF ONE OF THE COINS: THE IMAGE OF JAMES II and the date 1640...

WATSON

But as Richard Musgrave had told us, his ancestor had come over to America shortly thereafter. In fact, it was almost immediately after James II was forced to abdicate his throne, thus ending the long line of the Stuart dynasty.

BACK ON THE GROUNDS OF HURLSTONE

we see Lestrade and his men busy wheeling Brunton's body out from the cellar of the old building.

WATSON

It is said that when James cast his crown into the Thames on abdication day, many Loyalists cast themselves in, as well. Sort of like poor Rachel.

Holmes, Watson and Musgrave, meanwhile, are down at the lakeside.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Still, history is only as true as the men who tell it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holmes leans down to the ground. We angle down on: Rachel's method of killing herself--the bag with its rocks, stones and metal...

WATSON (CONT'D)

Holmes had seen it earlier, but it hadn't quite registered...Brunton's pillowcase...The one Flora had told us was missing. The one he must have taken to retrieve whatever had been hiding in that box for over two hundred years...

FLASH ON THE CELLAR CHAMBER: as Brunton hands up a heavy pillowcase to Rachel...

BACK TO THE LAKESIDE

as Holmes begins picking through the debris Rachel used to drown herself...He begins polishing up a stone...Twisting a piece of the rusted metal...

WATSON

Like the Ritual said...whose was it? His who is gone. Who shall have it? He who will come. What shall we give for it? All that is ours. Why should we give it? For the sake of the trust.

And gradually the metal begins to take shape. It looks like a ring now. One with stones embedded in the side...

WATSON (CONT'D)

Because when Gerald Musgrave dove into the Thames that day...it wasn't to drown himself along with the hopes of the Stuarts...

And the metal begins to shine in Holmes's hands as he buffs it with a handkerchief...

WATSON (CONT'D)

But to retrieve the symbol of that hope. And to safeguard it. Until the throne of England is properly restored.

And now we see it in its glory: THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Who shall have it? He who will come.

BACK IN WATSON'S CELL

Campbell is astonished and makes little effort to hide it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
The power of history...

WATSON
Hmm?

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
Nothing...
(changing direction)
How come I've never heard of this in the news?

WATSON
They were very quiet about "repatriating" the crown. Wouldn't do much for anybody to know some kid fished it out of the Thames and took it to America, where his ancestors promptly...forgot about it.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
And Lestrade? He couldn't have been too happy to be on the tail end of that one.

Watson smiles knowingly. A pause...

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
I think you're a very smart man, Doctor.

WATSON
Why doesn't that sound like a compliment?

Campbell shrugs.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
I've still got a lot of questions. For you. And for Sherlock Holmes. I hope to get a chance to meet him.

WATSON
Me, too, Detective. For your sake and mine.

Campbell nods, chewing it all over...He leaves.

INT. WATSON'S CELL - LATER

Watson lays on the cot, fading in and out of sleep. He's started by a noise and looks up to see Dandridge at the bars. She looks a little freaked out.

He goes to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATSON

What is it? Did you go?

She nods.

DANDRIDGE

John. The photos. They don't...you can't fully appreciate the...it looks bad there. The blood...

He grabs her by the hands. Pulls her close. She looks frightened.

WATSON

You think I did it now? Is that what you think? I killed Lestrade? I killed Holmes? Or he helped me? Or I helped him? What?

She's shaking her head.

DANDRIDGE

No. It's just...I don't know what's going on, John. I don't have any idea...

WATSON

Did you do what I asked you to do?

She nods yes.

WATSON (CONT'D)

And?

A FLASH: THE DESTROYED LIVING ROOM OF 221 B BAKER STREET...

as Dandridge creeps through with a flashlight...She approaches the grand piano. Heads for the bloody keys...She pulls up on each one, shining the light into the tiny space underneath.

Finally, on the last one (the one we know from the beginning was the out of tune key), she spies a tiny piece of piano wire. She tugs on it, pulling out a *small rolled up piece of paper attached to the piano wire.*

BACK AT WATSON'S CELL

Dandridge hands him the slip of paper. He unrolls it.

DANDRIDGE

It's Sherlock's handwriting, isn't it?
(he nods yes)
What's it mean?

ANGLE ON THE PIECE OF PAPER. ONLY ONE WORD ON IT: MORIARTY.

DANDRIDGE

What's it mean?

On Doctor John H. Watson's resolute face we

FADE OUT....