

Rev. 10/06/08 (Yellow)  
Rev. 10/08/08 (Green)  
Rev. 10/19/08 (Goldenrod)  
Rev. 10/26/08 (Buff)  
Rev. 11/01/08 (Salmon)  
Rev. 11/09/08 (Cherry)  
Rev. 11/21/08 (Tan)  
Rev. 12/09/08 (2nd Blue)  
Rev. 01/09/09 (2nd Pink)  
Rev. 02/02/09 (2nd Yellow)

SHERLOCK HOLMES

screenplay by

Michael Robert Johnson and  
Anthony Peckham and Simon Kinberg

screen story by

Lionel Wigram and Michael Robert Johnson

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson were created by  
the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle,  
and appear in stories and novels by him

This script is the confidential and proprietary  
property of Warner Bros. Pictures and no portion of  
it may be performed, distributed, reproduced, used,  
quoted or published without prior written permission.

FULL PINK

Elementary Productions Limited - UK  
Redemption Pictures, Inc. - US  
4000 Warner Boulevard  
Burbank, California 91522

September 29, 2008  
© 2008  
WARNER BROS. ENT.  
All Rights Reserved

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - NIGHT

1

Autumnal streets seen through the sooty glass of a STREET LAMP. Shadows within shadows. Fog in the air. Full moon.

WATSON (V.O.)

The year was 1891. London was the capital of the world -- the height of modernity, with the hiss of steam and smell of coal in the air. It was also the great cesspool into which all the sinners and criminals of the empire drained.

Gas hisses audibly, the street lamp ignites, and casts a POOL OF LIGHT onto the street, silhouetting a MAN making his way through the fog and dark shadows with a lantern.

WATSON (V.O.)

I had come to London, ten years prior, to find a life after the Afghan war. I had hoped to start a medical practice and settle into a nice, steady existence. The life I found was anything but nice and steady.

We can see that the MAN wears a cape. The distinctive silhouette of his deerstalker hat is unmistakable. A FURIOUS CLATTER OF HOOVES APPROACHES in the distance. The MAN tugs on a pipe and turns towards the growing stampede.

WATSON (V.O.)

And that had everything to do with one man. My friend, my partner, my burden...

The MAN exhales a plume of smoke calmly, giving us the impression that he knows something that we don't.

WATSON (V.O.)

... Sherlock Holmes.

WHAM! The MAN in the deerstalker hat is KNOCKED FLAT by A RUNNING MAN who has vaulted over a wall, sending him, his pipe, and hat flying across the cobbles.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

The RUNNING MAN leans down as if to assist, but instead just picks up the smoker's broken umbrella and studies it. The MAN in the deerstalker hat's eyes widen as he recognizes his famous assailant.

MAN

Sherlock Holmes?!

SHERLOCK HOLMES offers the handle of the umbrella to the MAN, hauls him to his feet and hands back his broken umbrella.

HOLMES

My apologies. Send the bill to  
John Watson, 221B Baker Street.

Sherlock Holmes sprints off down an alleyway. The MAN takes a step into the road to watch him go --

-- and is nearly flattened for good by the first of a number of POLICE CARRIAGES, hurtling by on a serious pursuit, Victorian-style.

2

INT. CARRIAGE - CLOSEUP ON THE OFFICERS - NIGHT

2

inside. Big, uniformed guys assemble their weaponry -- a 19th century SWAT team. One man stands out as a leader, older than the rest, INSPECTOR LESTRADE.

A man in plainclothes sits to one side of the officers: DR. JOHN WATSON, physically as tough as anyone else in the carriage, but with a more pensive air about him. A thinking man of action.

3

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - NIGHT

3

Almost tipping over, the carriage turns onto the Embankment and hurtles through the writhing fog along the river.

As the carriage banks, we see Holmes cut across the carriage path again, taking a line the horses cannot follow.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Holmes bursts out of an alley, sprints round a corner and runs across a courtyard to a side door.

WE PULL BACK to see the FACADE OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

4 OMITTED 4

5 INT. CATHEDRAL CRYPTS - ENTRANCE - NIGHT 5

Holmes enters through the door and stands at the top of a stairwell. He takes a moment to recover; he's fit, but not as fit as he used to be.

Holmes descends the stairwell to a door and a spiral staircase beyond it. He stops at the doorway and peers round the corner.

A lantern glow ascends the spiral stairway towards Holmes. Holmes withdraws into the shadows behind the door. A BOWLER-HATTED MAN ascends the stairs, carrying the lantern and a gun.

He peers behind the door and holds the lantern up to the shadows, but does not see Holmes, who has pulled his black jacket up to conceal his face. The man swings the lantern away again. He peers about, confused.

We see Holmes' eyes from the shadows, as he lowers his jacket and thinks through his plan of attack.

HOLMES (V.O.)

Head cocked to the left, partial deafness in right ear. First point of attack.

PRE-VISUALIZATION IN VARI-SPEED

FOCUS ON the spot behind the man's right ear, just at the top of the jaw -- the most vulnerable point. Holmes launches a hammer blow, and we ramp from 24 fps to 400 fps (ULTRA SLOW MOTION) as he makes contact. The man's head is thrown back as he spins round.

HOLMES (V.O.)

Then throat, paralyze vocal chords, stop screaming.

BACK TO 24 fps. The man's mouth opens to cry out. We RAMP BACK UP TO 400 fps as his Adam's Apple is struck with a precision karate chop, strangling his scream.

HOLMES (V.O.)

Stink of alcohol, heavy drinker -- knuckles to liver.

BACK TO 24 fps, RAMPING TO 400 fps as a devastating knuckle-punch to the liver doubles up the bowler-hatted thug and crumples him to his knees.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

SECOND-TIME ACTION - SUPER FAST REPEAT OF ABOVE

Holmes flashes out of the shadows, moving so fast that we can barely see what he's doing.

THWACK! Hammer blow to ear.  
CRACK! Karate chop to throat.  
WHAP! Knuckle punch to liver.

BACK TO NORMAL MOTION as the man crumples to the ground, Holmes takes his bowler hat from his head and flips it onto his own in one super fast move.

Holmes drags the battered man into the shadows, lifts his lantern and proceeds down the spiral staircase.

POV - BOTTOM OF THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE

Another bowler-hatted THUG approaches the bottom of the staircase. He has seen the lantern light. He draws his gun and approaches. Holmes places the lantern on the post at the bottom of the bannister, ducks down into the shadows.

THUG

What's goin' on, John?

When he gets no answer, the THUG points his gun to where we saw Holmes hide.

But Holmes appears from the shadows behind the THUG, reaches around him, grabs his gun hand and pistol-whips him twice with his own gun, dropping him.

Holmes extracts a cigar from the Thug's top pocket and sniffs it appreciatively.

HOLMES

Hhhmm, good cigar. Who do you work for?

He jams the cigar in his own top pocket, picks up the man's bowler and proceeds on, further down into the crypts.

6

OMITTED

6

7

INT. CATHEDRAL CRYPTS - BALCONY - NIGHT

7

TWO HARD MEN in bowler hats stand guard.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Holmes surveys the scene AT A DISTANCE, out of sight.  
Eyes alive with intelligence, processing angles when --

A HEAVY HAND falls on his shoulder. PULL BACK to  
reveal --

(The following exchange in whispers.)

HOLMES

Watson. Perfect timing.

WATSON

Nice hat.

HOLMES

Just got it. Where's Lestrade?

WATSON

Getting his troops in formation.  
Is that your blood or theirs?

HOLMES

I don't know. It's an old shirt.

WATSON

You left this behind.

Watson hands him his pistol. Holmes looks at it with  
distaste, doesn't take it.

HOLMES

Knew I'd forgotten something.  
Thought I'd left the stove on.

WATSON

You did.

HOLMES

Right. Shall we?

This is what they do. This is what they like.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

The two HARD MEN on guard turn fast and gather together  
as they hear footsteps approaching.

MAN #1

Des?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He can see the hat, but not the man underneath.

WATSON

Yeah, s'me.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

Watson takes out the two men. He is more of a brawler, using headbutts, knees, and elbows. Less artful, but no less effective.

8 OMITTED

8

9 INT. CATHEDRAL CRYPTS - BALCONY - NIGHT

9

Thugs dispatched, Holmes and Watson look down and see a chilling sight.

A WOMAN IN WHITE LIES INSIDE A CRUDELY-PAINTED PENTACLE (five-sided figure), lit with candles at each corner. Her eyes roll back in her head, trance-like. A sword has been placed at her feet.

A HOODED FIGURE KNEELS INSIDE A DOUBLE CIRCLE next to the pentacle. This is LORD BLACKWOOD. We do not yet see his face.

ANOTHER HOODED FIGURE stands on the edge of the ceremony, shrouded in shadow. We do not see his face.

Suddenly, the woman rises up like a broken puppet, as if pulled to her feet by invisible hands.

Some kind of ritual is about to climax.

Holmes and Watson head down, fast, not caring if they make a noise or not. Their footsteps echo.

9A INT. CATHEDRAL CRYPTS

9A

The second hooded figure moves back and melts into the shadows.

Still kneeling, still hooded, Blackwood chants softly, Latin incantation repeating and repeating.

ON THE WOMAN as her lips start to move in time with the incantation. This is spooky, real, powerful stuff.

Holmes and Watson leap from the stairs to Blackwood's level.

Blackwood simply ignores them. The Latin incantation never stops.

Holmes is closer to the girl, Watson closer to Blackwood.

WATSON

The girl.

(CONTINUED)

9A

CONTINUED:

9A

The girl bends with alarming and mechanical suddenness, picks up the sword and turns it on herself, ready to plunge the point into her heart.

Holmes lunges, grabs the woman's arm, disarms her and pulls her out of the pentacle. She collapses.

Simultaneously and eerily the candles extinguish and a rush of air departs the tunnel.

Blackwood throws back his hood. We finally see his face. His eyes are intense, he is tapped into something dark and cruel.

Holmes and Watson are shocked at his identity.

WATSON

Lord Blackwood?!

Blackwood applauds softly, strangely.

BLACKWOOD

Well done, Holmes. And Watson as well.

Watson raises his gun, trains it on Blackwood.

WATSON

Stay right there.

Blackwood raises his hands in front of him, almost mockingly.

BLACKWOOD

Tell me, doctor, as a medical man, how did you like my work?

(beat)

The fifth one was so scrawny, it was over before I'd finished the first incision.

That's more than Watson can take. He moves in to pistol-whip Blackwood --

-- is stopped suddenly by Holmes' hand grabbing his collar.

HOLMES

No.

Watson struggles forward against Holmes' grip.

HOLMES

Look.

(CONTINUED)

Holmes seems to be pointing at Blackwood. Watson looks, sees nothing.

HOLMES

Look.

Watson looks, and sees it and his eyes flare wide.

INCHES FROM WATSON'S RIGHT EYE is the needle-pointed end of a QUIVERING PIECE OF HIGH-TENSILE WIRE, almost invisible --

-- the other end held between Blackwood's hands. A really nasty concealed weapon.

One more step and Watson gets impaled in the eye.

BLACKWOOD

What a shame. That would've been fun.

We hear heavy boots on the balcony, as Lestrade and his men finally appear.

POLICEMEN flood the area.

HOLMES

Impeccable timing, Lestrade.

LESTRADE

(vis Blackwood)  
Is that -- ?

WATSON

It is.

HOLMES

(re: girl)  
We've gone for the doctor...  
(re: Blackwood)  
And one for the rope.

LESTRADE

You should've waited for my help.

HOLMES

If I had, you'd be cleaning up a corpse and chasing a rumor. Besides, the girl's parents hired me, not the Yard.  
(a wry smile)  
I can't imagine why they thought you'd need any assistance.

9A

CONTINUED: (3)

9A

Lestrade turns, frustrated. He watches his men yank Blackwood out of his double circle, put chains on him, while others carry the girl away on a stretcher. She's still mouthing the incantation.

Lestrade eyes the double circle, the pentacle, shakes his head, not understanding them.

Grudgingly, reluctantly, hating himself for needing to, he turns to Holmes.

LESTRADE

What do you make of that?

HOLMES

Some kind of ceremony. Five girls killed beneath cathedrals at the height of the full moon.

(indicating)

The double circle's for his own protection.

LESTRADE

London will breathe a sigh of relief --

WATSON

-- at the excellent work of Scotland Yard. As usual.

HOLMES

Bravo, Lestrade. Have a cigar.

Holmes sticks the villain's cigar in Lestrade's pocket and --

-- A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER lifts his massive camera.

FLASH! An explosion of light and sparks as a 19th century flashbulb pops. The SCENE is FROZEN bright for a split-second and then it FADES.

CREDIT SEQUENCE BEGINS, MUSIC AND TITLES OVER --

10

OMITTED

10

10A

INT. LAB

10A

Dim light from a burner heats fluid in a jar, a bench strewn with scientific equipment. Gloved hands mix chemicals in a tray, a piece of photo paper on top.

10B INT. NEWSPAPER LIBRARY 10B

Another pair of hands search urgently through a row of alphabetized files, coming to rest on the letter "H." A bunch of "H" clippings hit the desk. The top one reads:

STUDENT AND ARMY DOCTOR SOLVE LONDON MYSTERY! A photo of Holmes and Watson in their 20s at a crime scene. Their eyes are shut for the photo, unaccustomed to flashes.

10C INT. LAB 10C

Chemicals are poured over the paper and spread across it.

10D INT. NEWSPAPER LIBRARY 10D

Hands flip through more papers, more headlines: STUDENT AND DOCTOR BEAT COPS TO THE PUNCH AGAIN! ROOMMATES SOLVE BRIXTON MURDERS! Another picture of Holmes and Watson. This time, they look more confident, the article bigger.

Another headline: HOLMES AND WATSON OPEN FOR BUSINESS. Holmes and Watson stand in front of 221 Baker Street.

10E INT. LAB 10E

A negative is clipped over the paper. A sudden flash of light as it is exposed.

10F INT. NEWSPAPER LIBRARY 10F

Another headline: DOCTOR AND DETECTIVE FOIL JEWELRY SCAM! A picture of Holmes and Watson, holding a goose by its feet and smiling. The men are front page news now.

More headlines and photos come fast: LONDON DUO DO IT AGAIN! A shot of Holmes and Watson, older, shaking hands with a royal. HOLMES AND WATSON SOLVE SEVERED EAR MYSTERY... CELEBRATED DETECTIVE PROVES GUILTY MAN INNOCENT... More and more headlines, Holmes and Watson getting older, solving crimes, and...

The files are moved to another desk where hands punch text on a vintage typewriter: "CATACOMB KILLER IS INDUSTRIAL TYCOON LORD BLACKWOOD..."

10G INT. LAB 10G

A faint image is forming on the paper.

10H INT. NEWSPAPER LIBRARY 10H

A hand yanks the paper from the typewriter and onto a desk where a typesetter begins to assemble the story in blocks of lead type. Upside down and back to front we see the words "SHERLOCK HOLMES," one metal letter at a time.

10J INT. PRINTING PRESS 10J

A roller dripping with ink rolls over the story we have seen assembled along with an engraving of the image. The whole thing is fed into a printing press, a whirring mass of wheels and gears. Papers are bundled and tied, then distributed until one lands face-up outside the door of:

221 BAKER STREET, where we see the headline "CATACOMB KILLER CAUGHT!" The photo of Holmes and Watson sits above the fold, dominating the front page.

TITLE SEQUENCE ENDS.

11 EXT. 221 BAKER ST. - AFTERNOON 11

Autumn has turned to winter.

SUPERIMPOSE: THREE MONTHS LATER

FROM A RAVEN'S POV

We FOLLOW a lady, MRS. HUDSON, walking down the street with the day's shopping. She picks up a paper with the day's headline "BLACKWOOD HANGS TOMORROW: CLAIMS PACK WITH THE DEVIL." She continues down the street until arriving at 221 Baker Street. A raven lands on the entry gate, she shoos it away, walks up the steps, and inside.

12 INT. 221 BAKER ST. - WATSON'S APARTMENT 12

Watson takes a blood pressure cuff off CAPTAIN PHILIPS, an OLDER GENTLEMAN who sports an array of medals. The room is a tribute to military and medical order -- all is neat and tidy, everything in its place.

WATSON

71 over 104... very good, Captain.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

Me nerves are the best they been in years, thanks to you.

(CONTINUED)

Watson is pleased by that.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

Tell me something -- your new  
offices. There won't be so many  
stairs, I hope?

WATSON

No -- ground floor. And there'll  
be a woman's touch, too.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

WATSON (CONT'D)

I think we can start to wean you  
off the medicine --

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG! A dozen GUNSHOTS O.S. Captain  
Philips hits the floor, terrified.

Watson suppresses extreme irritation, writes a  
prescription on a piece of paper, then helps Captain  
Philips to his feet.

WATSON

Let's give it a little longer,  
just to be safe.

(beat)

I'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

He heads out, letting his aggravation show once his back is turned to his patient.

13 INT. 221 BAKER ST. - HALL

13

As Watson exits his apartment and moves down the hall, MRS. HUDSON, his landlady, shoots up the stairs with the paper. Her nerves are almost as bad as Captain Philips'.

MRS. HUDSON

(panting)

I won't go in there by myself, not while he's in this state.

WATSON

You're not going in at all.

Which is a relief to Mrs. Hudson.

MRS. HUDSON

What will I do when you leave?  
He'll burn the house down around me. What will *he* do? Couldn't you have a longer engagement?

WATSON

He just needs a new case, that's all.

Captain Philips emerges from Watson's apartment, heads towards them.

WATSON

I smell burning.

Mrs. Hudson's already-frayed nerves take a turn for the worse. Watson takes the newspaper from her.

WATSON

Why don't you take Captain Philips and give him a nice cup of tea.

MRS. HUDSON

Come on, Captain, let's go down.  
It'll be quieter.

WATSON

(as they leave)

And perhaps some tea and bread up here when you can.

Watson heads down the hallway to the last door. A tendril of smoke wafts out from under it. Urgent.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

Nonetheless, Watson stops, takes a deep breath, gathers himself. Something like this has happened before (is, in fact, Holmes' usual brand of chaos) the difference being, now, that Watson is sick to death of dealing with it.

Which doesn't mean he won't.

Newspaper in hand, Watson opens the door, pokes his head in, cautiously. He sees --

14

INT. 221 BAKER ST. - HOLMES' APARTMENTS

14

Watson squeezes through the doorway to find that the obstruction is Holmes who is sitting in the dark on a chair, blocking the door, aiming a gun (with an odd contraption fastened on its barrel) at the wall.

Unadulterated chaos. A series of FLAMING BULLET HOLES blasted into the wall in the (ragged) initials "V.R."

WATSON

May I join you in the armory?

HOLMES

Please... Watson, I've been working on a device which will suppress the sound of a gunshot.

Watson heads towards the conservatory.

HOLMES

Please... Don't, don't, don't...

Watson pulls open the curtains allowing the light to pour in.

WATSON

It needs work. May I see?...

Watson passes him heading to the other side of the room (possibly grabs the gun) picking up a pile of open letters from a table.

HOLMES

Gently, gently, Watson...

Watson whips open more curtains and opens a window.

Holmes crawls on his hands and knees over to a table where he finds his sunglasses and puts them on.

Watson sits on a chair and begins to leaf through the letters.

(CONTINUED)

WATSON

It's been three months since the last case. About time you found another one.

HOLMES

I can't but agree. My mind rebels at stagnation. Give me problems, give me work. The sooner the better.

WATSON

Paper?

Watson hands Holmes the newspaper.

WATSON

Let's see, we have a letter here from Mrs. Ramsey in Queen's Park -- her husband has gone missing.

HOLMES

He's in Belgium with the scullery maid. Is it December?

WATSON

Yes, Holmes. Lady Radford reports a missing emerald bracelet.

HOLMES

Insurance swindle. Lord Radford likes fast women and slow ponies. I see you're the attending physician at Blackwood's hanging.

WATSON

Yes, it's our last case together and I wanted to see it through to the end.

Awkward pause. Cough.

WATSON

Mr. Lewis is seeking...

Mrs. Hudson enters carrying a tray of bread and tea. She is steeling herself for this interaction.

HOLMES

(to Watson)

There is only one case that intrigues me at present... the curious case of Mrs. Hudson, the absentee landlady.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES (CONT'D)

I have been studying her comings  
and goings and they appear most  
sinister.

MRS. HUDSON

Tea, Mr. Holmes.

Mrs. Hudson crosses to Holmes and puts the tray before  
him.

HOLMES

Is it poisoned, nanny?

MRS. HUDSON

There's enough of that in you  
already.

She goes to remove an old tray from behind him.

HOLMES

Don't touch that. Everything is  
in its proper place, as per usual.

She ignores him and removes the tray then crosses back  
towards the door noticing a bulldog lying unconscious  
under the table.

MRS. HUDSON

He's killed the dog... again.

Watson jumps up. His bulldog, GLADSTONE, lies on the  
floor in a drugged stupor.

WATSON

What have you done to Gladstone  
this time?

HOLMES

I was simply testing a new  
anesthetic. He doesn't mind.

WATSON

Holmes! As your doctor...

HOLMES

He'll be right as a trivet in no  
time.

Watson's finally had enough.

WATSON

... and your friend, you've been  
in this room for two weeks. I  
insist you get out of here.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HOLMES

There's nothing of interest to me  
out there, on earth, at all.

\*  
\*  
\*

WATSON

So, you have nothing to do?

\*  
\*

HOLMES

Nothing.

\*

WATSON

Then you're free this evening.

\*

HOLMES

Absolutely.

WATSON

For dinner.

\*  
\*

HOLMES

Wonderful.

\*  
\*

WATSON

The Royale.

\*  
\*

HOLMES

My favorite.

\*  
\*

WATSON

Mary's coming.

\*

HOLMES

Not available.

\*  
\*

WATSON

You're meeting her, Holmes.

HOLMES

Have you proposed yet?

\*  
\*

WATSON

I'm still looking for the right  
ring.

A little smile from Holmes.

HOLMES

Then it's not official.

14

CONTINUED: (4)

14

WATSON

It's happening, like it or not.  
Half past eight. The Royale.

\*

The dog wakes up and runs out.

\*

WATSON

And wear a jacket.

Watson exits, leaving Holmes alone in his own chaos.  
For the first time, we see a hint of fear in his eyes.

CUT TO:

15

INT. THE ROYALE - DINING ROOM

15

Holmes sits in the center of a booth waiting for Watson to arrive. He is quite uncomfortable in this setting.

WE SEE HIS OBSERVATIONS -- he picks up little pieces of information from the other guests. He notices the details on a pair of gentleman's cufflinks, the name on a bottle of wine, a surreptitious argument between waiters. It all becomes quite overbearing.

And then Watson and Mary arrive, talking, intent on each other -- surprised when they realize Holmes is already there.

WATSON

Holmes! You're early.

HOLMES

Fashionably.

WATSON

May I present Miss Mary Morstan.

Holmes looks at MARY MORSTAN -- looks again. She's beautiful, 30s, and clearly a woman worth marrying. Holmes stands. She extends her hand.

HOLMES

My pleasure. For the life of me I don't know why it's taken him so long to get us properly introduced.

Holmes gestures politely, they sit, Mary and Watson on either side of him. There is a decanted bottle of wine on the table.

MARY

The pleasure's mine. It really is a thrill to meet you, Mr. Holmes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

MARY (CONT'D)

I've a whole stack of detective  
novels at home. Poe, Wilkie  
Collins...

WATSON

(proudly)  
It's true.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

They can seem a bit far-fetched sometimes, though. Making these grand assumptions out of tiny details.

HOLMES

(livening up)

Oh, no no. The little details are by far the most important. Take Watson...

MARY

I intend to.

Watson likes that, Holmes less so -- a forced chuckle.

HOLMES

... see that walking-stick? A rare African snakewood hiding a blade of high-tensile steel. A few were awarded to veterans of the Afghan war, so I can assume he's a decorated soldier. Strong, brave, born to be a man of action. And neat, like all military men. Then I check his pockets... ah. A stub from a boxing match. Now I can infer he's a bit of a gambler.

(a wink)

I'd keep an eye on that, by the way.

WATSON

Those days are behind me.

HOLMES

Yes, right behind you.

(leaning in to Mary)

He's cost us the rent more than once.

Mary laughs.

MARY

With all due respect, Mr. Holmes, you know him. But what about a perfect stranger? What can you tell about me?

Holmes and Watson exchange a glance -- not a good idea.

WATSON

I don't think that's necessary --

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Yes, I doubt --

MARY

No, it'd be wonderful. I insist.

HOLMES

You insist?

(at Watson)

She insisted.

(instantly)

You're a governess.

MARY

Well done.

WATSON

Yes, well done. So shall we --

HOLMES

Your student's a boy of 8.

MARY

Charlie's 7, actually.

Watson's getting nervous, reaches for the wine. Holmes stops him.

HOLMES

It's breathing.

(back to Mary)

Then he's tall for his age.

Mary nods.

HOLMES

He flicked ink at you today.

MARY

Is there ink on my face?

The WAITER appears.

WATSON

There's nothing wrong with your face.

WAITER

The gentleman has already ordered for himself.

(to Watson)

What would madam care for this evening?

Watson gives Holmes a hard look: that's a bit much.

WATSON

Give us a few minutes, please.

He shakes his head, pours wine for all.

HOLMES

There are two drops on your ear... India blue's nearly impossible to wash off, anyway. A very impetuous act by the boy, but you're too experienced to react rashly -- which is why the lady you work for lent you that necklace. It's from Asprey's, flawless, not the gems of a governess.

(beat)

However, the jewels you're not wearing tell us rather more.

WATSON

Holmes.

Both Watson and Mary scorch Holmes with their eyes. Holmes pauses... pauses, then:

HOLMES

You were engaged.

Holmes' mind has gotten away from him. He begins talking faster, intensely focused, manic.

HOLMES

The ring is gone. But the lighter skin where it sat suggests you spent some time abroad wearing it proudly.

As Holmes talks, Watson gets up, moves to help Mary to her feet. They're leaving.

HOLMES

Or at least until someone informed you of its true and rather modest worth, at which point you broke off the engagement and returned to England for better prospects. A doctor perhaps.

Mary throws Watson's wine in Holmes' face. The restaurant goes silent. She turns to leave, turns back.

MARY

(low)

Right on all counts but one. I didn't leave my fiance... he died.

Now she leaves --

WATSON

Well done, old man.

-- and Watson goes with her.

Holmes lets the wine drip down over him.

HOLMES

She's lovely.

Holmes is left at an empty table with wine running down his face.

Their orders arrive -- an array of plates piled high. The waiter puts them down, Holmes very carefully unfolds his napkin and places it into the top of his shirt, spaghetti style, takes his knife and fork and begins to cut the meat -- then pauses, looks around.

HOLMES' POV

Happy couples eating, laughing, talking. Suddenly, Holmes hears no words. He just sees their mouths moving. The sound of silverware clinking and scraping on fine china rises to an ORCHESTRAL ROAR --

-- which becomes the ROAR of a BLOOD-THIRSTY MOB as a fist smashes into a face with a MEATY THUD.

15A-17 OMITTED INT. PUNCH BOWL PUB - BARE-KNUCKLE BOXING FIGHT 15A-17 NIGHT

Holmes staggers back from the blow. He tastes his own blood from a split lip. It interests him.

He is stripped to the waist, all sinew and gristle. His opponent, McMURDO -- huge but flabby -- bangs his fists together and moves in.

Bets rage back and forth through the pressing CROWD.

HOLMES' POV

The room and the fight are calm -- the sounds muffled and indistinct -- a complete sensory reversal of his experience in the restaurant. This is soothing to him, the ring is the only place where his mind stops racing.

(CONTINUED)

15A-17 CONTINUED:

15A-17

He's able to feel, not just think. He is utterly in the moment.

Holmes' hawk-sharp gaze darts down from McMurdo's face to his muscles as they flex, giving him just enough warning to move his head so that a punch grazes him.

BACK TO SCENE

McMurdo throws a storm of punches, most of which Holmes ducks or blocks. He throws nothing in return, sometimes even drops his hands, just using his reflexes to protect himself.

Once or twice, he reaches out and gently touches McMurdo's face or throat, when the big man leaves an obvious opening. But that's all. Holmes is completely in control --

-- until he notices a face at ringside.

CLOSEUP ON A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Early thirties, a look of pure intrigue in her eyes and a slight smile on her lips as she watches the detective.

Holmes' POV returns to normal when he sees her, the sound floods back into the room.

McMurdo senses his opponent's lapse in concentration and steps on Holmes' foot, tramping him and --

He knocks Holmes down with a thunderous right.

Holmes rolls over, stands, shakes his head to clear the cobwebs. He looks for the woman. She's gone. He turns back to McMurdo, smiles.

HOLMES

Well done. Thank you.

Holmes begins walking away.

McMURDO

Oi! We ain't done here.

HOLMES

(walking away)

Not done. Finished. And as I said, thank you, it was most pleasurable.

(CONTINUED)

15A-17 CONTINUED: (2)

15A-17

Face twisted in disgust, McMurdo strides forward and SPITS CONTEMPTUOUSLY at Holmes, catching him on the back of the head. The crowd falls silent.

Holmes stops. Feels the back of his head, smells his hand.

HOLMES

Hm. Plymouth gin.

He turns. Steps back into the ring.

The crowd applauds, working into a fever pitch, but from Holmes' POV, all is calm. His eyes tick slowly, scanning McMurdo, locking onto the big man's knee:

A little scar-tissue, nearly invisible. As McMurdo braces for combat --

Instantly Holmes unleashes a series of superfast moves, incorporating exotic martial arts. The blinding combination culminates with a spinning kick to the big man's knee, which buckles altogether wrong.

McMurdo falls, over and out. Holmes is already turning away before the giant hits the canvas.

He sees the crowd fall silent, they're not sure if they like it, there really isn't any sport. He doesn't care.

Passing fellow fighters and flirty barmaids, Holmes strides out of the bar, battered on the outside, soothed inside. He grabs a bottle in his hand. Taking a huge swig, he climbs the stairs towards the upstairs rooms.

18A INT. PENTONVILLE PRISON - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

18A

A candle shivers, casting jagged shadows. A row of stone cells. The sound of prisoners SCREAMING in the dark. A full-scale riot is on.

Five GUARDS charge down the corridor, banging on the doors to quiet the prisoners.

The GUARD CAPTAIN approaches a young guard, CHARLIE, who is frozen on the spot.

GUARD CAPTAIN

Charlie, what the hell's going on down here?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

It's Jack, he tried to stop  
Blackwood from doing his spells.  
And now he's in some kind of fit.

The Guard Captain continues around the corner. We see another guard, JACK, lies convulsing on the floor.

GUARD CAPTAIN

(to the prisoners in  
the cell next to  
Blackwood)

You lot shut it!

(to the guards)

Charlie, get, down here and get  
him to the infirmary.

The guards pick Charlie up and carry him away.

Blackwood sits dead center in the dark. Eyes closed,  
WHISPERING ungodly sounds.

On the walls the scrawls of a madman: wild symbols,  
sketches of animals, a headless sphinx, an upside-down  
cross. A hint of some method to his madness.

GUARD CAPTAIN

All right, Blackwood, what's this  
all about?

BLACKWOOD

I've a request.

GUARD CAPTAIN

You don't get nothin' 'til you  
stop this devil nonsense. That's  
a holy book --

Blackwood closes his eyes again, resumes his soft murmur.

GUARD CAPTAIN

(louder)

-- and you will respect it!

Blackwood starts whispering FASTER. LOUDER.

GUARD CAPTAIN

Boy, you want me to muzzle you --

Suddenly, the Captain starts COUGHING. He's confused.  
He coughs harder. Prisoners watch him stumble backwards.

CONTINUED:

Blackwood keeps whispering. The Captain falls to one knee, keeps coughing.

Finally the Captain COUGHS SOMETHING UP, spits it out onto the stone floor. He looks down, horrified:

It's a small CATHOLIC CROSS on a chain.

Prisoners start SHOUTING. The RAVEN at Blackwood's windowsill flutters away. Other guards run up, terrified.

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

GUARD #2

Get him to the infirmary, now!

Guards pull the Captain away. The remaining guard picks up the cross, stares at Blackwood, chilled. Blackwood's eyes snap open.

BLACKWOOD

I've a request.

20

OMITTED

20

21

INT. PUNCH BOWL PUB - BARE-KNUCKLE BOXING RING - NIGHT

21

The fighting is over and the pub is closing. Only a few people remain cleaning up, mopping the beer and blood. Watson enters fast, looks around, and moves upstairs.

22

INT. PUNCH BOWL PUB - ATTIC

22

Watson walks down a dingy hallway towards a door. With a look of resignation, he opens the door to see Holmes sitting alone in the sterile, barely furnished room.

Holmes faces the corner, playing scales on his VIOLIN. On the table next to him, an upside down BEER STEIN and an assortment of prescription medicine bottles.

Watson approaches, sees Holmes has bloodshot eyes from lack of sleep.

Watson picks one of the medicine bottles which is open.

WATSON

You know this is for eye surgery?

HOLMES

I find that it lifts my spirits.

WATSON

It's a pathological amorphic process, it increases tissue change and weakness. And you know what a black reaction comes on you afterwards.

No answer. More scales. Watson approaches, sees Holmes has bloodshot eyes from lack of sleep. The beer stein is full of FLIES all buzzing about.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Look at this. If you play a chromatic scale, they move clockwise. As soon as you switch to a pentatonic scale --

Holmes plays a different scale, the flies all stop moving, stick to the glass.

WATSON

(faking interest)

Really? What about when you --  
oops --

Watson picks up the glass, lets loose the flies. Holmes looks up; Watson's already moving for the door, pissed.

22

CONTINUED: (2)

22

WATSON

Let's go. Lestrade wants you at Pentonville Prison.

HOLMES

That's your job, not mine.

WATSON

You're Blackwood's last request. Says he has information he'll give only to you.

But Watson's already out the door.

23

EXT. LONDON - DAWN

23

Watson and Holmes ride in a cab, passing familiar landmarks as the city comes to life. They sit in silence, tension hanging between them. Finally Holmes grabs Watson's bag, rummages around and pulls out a clean white shirt.

Watson looks out the window, frustrated. He sees THE HALF-CONSTRUCTED MASS OF TOWER BRIDGE. Near ground level, workers take down a large BLACKWOOD STEEL sign.

HOLMES

Look at that structure. What has it been? Five years' work already? Are you aware that is the first combination of bascule and suspension bridge. Very innovative.

No reply.

As Holmes is taking off his jacket, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of money.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Oh, I have your cut from last night, by the way. You weren't there so I laid your customary bet --

Silence. Holmes takes off his shirt.

HOLMES

You're right... I'll keep it with your check book, locked safely away in my drawer.

Silence. Holmes pulls on the clean shirt.

HOLMES

The opera house is featuring *Don Giovanni* and I could easily procure two tickets if you had some cultural inclination this evening.

Silence.

HOLMES

You have the grand gift of silence, Watson. It makes you quite invaluable as a companion.

Watson punches him square in the face.

WATSON

And your grand gift is the uncanny ability to demoralize people. I was aware she'd been engaged. She told me.

Holmes rubs his jaw.

HOLMES

So that's a 'no' to the opera then?

Watson's steaming. Holmes puts on his vest.

WATSON

That's my waistcoat.

HOLMES

It's too small for you.

WATSON

Well, it's my property and I want it back.

(CONTINUED)

Holmes hands him the waistcoat which he promptly tosses out of the carriage window. Holmes frowns, looks out the opposite window.

24 EXT. PENTONVILLE PRISON - EARLY MORNING 24

Already a CROWD is gathering outside the jail, papers are for sale, Blackwood's death is the headline. Religious zealots and occultists swarm. Police keep them away from the entrance. Holmes heads inside, Watson stops.

WATSON

You go ahead. I've no business with him while he's alive.

25 OMITTED 25

26 INT. PENTONVILLE PRISON - CORRIDOR - DAWN

26

A pale, nervous GUARD leads Holmes down the shadowy corridor. All the cells are now EMPTY.

HOLMES

Where are all the other prisoners?

GUARD

We had to move 'em, sir, otherwise we were going to have a riot on our hands. There's something about him... it's like he can get inside your head.

Holmes can see how spooked the Guard is.

HOLMES

I'm sure I can find my own way from here, if you have other duties to attend to.

GUARD

Much obliged, sir. Thank you, thank you.

The Guard high-tails it out of there.

27 INT. PENTONVILLE PRISON - BLACKWOOD'S CELL - DAY

27

Holmes approaches Blackwood's cell, strolling insouciantly. No way this creep's getting to him. In the shadows he can barely make out Blackwood, who's reading aloud to himself. Holmes listens, getting closer.

BLACKWOOD

QUOTE from Revelations tbd...

Blackwood pauses, turns, sees Holmes.

They share a smile -- two heavyweights sizing each other up.

HOLMES

Love what you've done with the place.

BLACKWOOD

Thank you for joining me.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

A small point of concern.

BLACKWOOD

How can I help?

HOLMES

I'd already followed the murders with some interest and while my heart went out to the families of the victims, I couldn't but notice a criminal mastery in the stroke of your brush --

BLACKWOOD

You're too kind.

HOLMES

However, by comparison, your work in the crypt was akin to a finger painting.

Suddenly, Blackwood is right at the bars, close to Holmes.

BLACKWOOD

So now you're curious as to whether there's a larger game afoot, and that's why you're really here.

HOLMES

Actually, my friend will pronounce you dead shortly and I thought I might keep him company.

BLACKWOOD

Allow me to enlighten you. Your mistake is to imagine that anything earthly has led to this moment. Your error in judgement is to assume I've been holding the brush at all -- I am merely the channel.

Despite the bars between them, the men are close together. Holmes seems to be studying Blackwood's ear.

HOLMES

My only wish is that I'd caught you earlier. I might have spared five lives.

BLACKWOOD

Those lives were a necessity, a sacrifice. Five otherwise meaningless creatures called to serve a greater purpose.

HOLMES

I wonder if they'd let Watson and I dissect your brain -- after you're hanged, of course. I'd wager there's some deformity that would be scientifically significant. Then you would serve a greater purpose, too.

BLACKWOOD

Mr. Holmes, you must widen your gaze. I'm concerned you underestimate the gravity of coming events.

(beat)

For you and I are bound on a journey that will twist the very fabric of nature.

(beat)

I sense fragility beneath your mask of logic, and it worries me. Steel your mind, Holmes, I need you.

Holmes steps back, shakes his head.

HOLMES

I must say, you've come a long way down from the House of Lords.

BLACKWOOD

But I will rise again.

HOLMES

Bon voyage, Blackwood.

As Holmes walks away, Blackwood calls after him.

BLACKWOOD

Pay attention! Three more shall die, and there is nothing you can do to save them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED: (3)

27

BLACKWOOD (CONT'D)

You must accept that this is beyond your control, or by the time you realize it was you that made it all possible it will be the last sane thought in your head.

28

INT. PENTONVILLE PRISON - CORRIDOR - MORNING

28

Holmes walks down the corridor, meets Lestrade and a PRIEST. The place is bustling with cops and officials.

LESTRADE

What did he want?

HOLMES

Nothing.

Holmes looks at the priest.

HOLMES

Don't think you're needed, Father. Not for this one.

29

INT. PENTONVILLE PRISON - GALLOWS

29

The room where the execution takes place is packed to the rafters with senior officials, members of the government and cops. We get a good look at some of the faces. Watson is there too. Blackwood walks up into the noose.

CUT TO:

A SHOT OF GATHERED WITNESSES AND OFFICIALS

CUT TO:

A SHOT OF THE EXECUTIONER

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

A SHOT OF BLACKWOOD

smiling malignly. His final words:

BLACKWOOD  
Death is only the beginning.

CUT TO:

A SHOT OF THE HOOD

going over Blackwood's head.

CUT TO:

A SHOT OF THE NOOSE

slipping around Blackwood's neck.

CUT TO:

A SHOT OF THE PERSPIRING PRIEST

clutching his Bible.

CUT TO:

A SHOT OF THE TRAP DOOR

opening. Legs fall through and yank tight.

CUT TO:

A SHOT OF WATSON

checking Blackwood's pulse. He pronounces Blackwood  
dead. The show is over.

30

INT. 221 BAKER STREET - DAY

30

Holmes is out cold, lying on his tiger skin rug.

\*

CRACK! His eyes fly open. CRACK!!

\*

IRENE (O.S.)  
London's so bleak this time of  
year.

\*

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

REVEAL: Irene Adler sits on the stairs near Holmes' lab, cracking walnuts. She stands and Holmes watches her every move as she crosses to him. She leans down, putting the walnuts in front of him and flashes him a smile.

IRENE

Not that I'm pining for New Jersey.

Irene gets up to cross the room. Only once her back is turned does Holmes lever himself upright, stunned by this intrusion. As soon as she clears he quickly moves over to a concealed safe. He tests the door to make sure it's still locked.

IRENE

I prefer to travel in the winter.

As she passes a small table that has been outfitted with tea, dried fruit, olives, etc...

IRENE

I brought a few souvenirs. Dates from Jordan, tea from Ceylon and olives from Cyclades. I thought we'd have a little tea party to cheer us up.

Irene grabs a file from Holmes' desk.

IRENE

I came across this as I was setting up.

Irene opens the file, flips through newspaper clippings and police reports, her back to Holmes.

IRENE

Theft of Velasquez portrait from the King of Spain... Missing naval documents lead to resignation of Bulgarian Prime Minister... Scandalous affair ends engagement of Hapsburg Prince to Romanov Princess.

Holmes stealthily turns down a photo of Irene, just before she turns back to face him.

HOLMES

Simply studying your methodology  
for when the authorities ask me to  
hunt you down.

IRENE

I don't see my name anywhere.

HOLMES

But your signature is clear.

Holmes reaches for Irene and pulls on a chain around her  
neck, revealing an enormous diamond.

HOLMES

Ah, the Maharajah's missing  
diamond. Another souvenir?

IRENE

He has a palace full of them.  
Let's not dwell on the past.

They move to sit at the table.

IRENE

By the looks of things you're  
between cases at the moment.

HOLMES

And you, husbands. No ring?

IRENE

He snored. I'm Irene Adler again  
and I need your help to find  
someone. There's nobody more  
brilliant or who knows London  
better than you. Plus, it's a  
wonderful opportunity to see you  
again.

TRACK INTO Irene's hypnotically beautiful eyes. Holmes  
almost melts. Then, Irene reaches for something inside  
her jacket and Holmes grabs her hand.

IRENE

Why are you so suspicious?

HOLMES

Should I answer chronologically or  
alphabetically?

Irene pulls out an ENVELOPE.

IRENE

This is all the information you  
need.

\*  
\*  
\*

She hands him the envelope.

\*

HOLMES

Who are you working for?

\*  
\*

Just for a brief moment, she can't hide the anxiety in  
her eyes.

\*  
\*

IRENE

I'm my own man.

\*  
\*

30

CONTINUED: (4)

30

She stands and pulls out a large bag of coins.

\*

HOLMES

Keep your money. I didn't say I'd  
take the case.

She ignores him. Holmes examines the envelope. On it is  
stamped the letterhead of the Grand Hotel. She pauses  
behind him as she exits.

\*

\*

\*

IRENE

They gave me our old room.

\*

As she walks out she puts her photo back upright.

\*

31

INT. 221 BAKER ST. - STAIRS

31

Irene descends the stairs just as Watson is coming in.  
He lifts his hat, waits for her to pass --

IRENE

Hello, John.

-- does a speechless double-take when he sees who it is.  
Irene keeps moving.

32 EXT. LONDON STREET

32

We PICK UP Irene crossing a street. She passes a DARK ALLEYWAY. Pauses. Looks. She turns into the alley. HOLD ON the alley for a long beat. Too dark to see much in there.

CUT TO:

IRENE

emerges from the alley holding a lovely bunch of roses. She sniffs them appreciatively, walks on.

CUT TO:

IRENE

approaches a waiting carriage, looks around her, gets in.

CUT TO:

33 INT. CARRIAGE

33

Irene sits, turns to address a man-shaped shadow filling the opposite corner of the carriage. Before she can speak, a gesture from the shadow stills her. This is PROFESSOR MORIARTY.

Irene is made to wait as Moriarty finishes writing a complex mathematical equation (in astronomy), folds the paper to reveal that it is addressed to THE ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY, cracks open the carriage window and slides the folded paper partway out.

Someone waiting outside takes the paper, and their footsteps clatter away.

Moriarty closes the window, and the carriage starts moving. A full beat goes by before he turns to Irene, finally prepared to engage with her.

MORIARTY

I assume he'll do it?

IRENE

Not for money, but for me. I wager he'll find our man within twenty-four hours.

MORIARTY

You wager?

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

IRENE

I'm certain.

MORIARTY

A better word. I sincerely hope  
it's accurate.

IRENE

I --

Suddenly, the coach comes to a halt, they lurch forward.

34

EXT. LONDON STREET

34

A rough-looking BEGGAR wearing an eye patch has fallen  
under a wheel of the coach.

BEGGAR

Ow, me leg!

(CONTINUED)

COACH DRIVER

Get out of it!

BEGGAR

You run me over, sir, yes you did!

COACH DRIVER

You fell right into the carriage!

The Beggar is up, limping toward the window where Moriarty and Irene sit. He has disgusting blackened teeth.

BEGGAR

A little charity would go a long way, yes it would, sir.

34

CONTINUED: (2)

34

He reaches toward the window. Within a nanosecond, Moriarty extends his hand into which a PISTOL appears, delivered by a concealed mechanism (Travis Bickle style).

The gun rests on the Beggar's forehead. The cold eyes of the man that holds the weapon bore into the skull of the Beggar, who backs off in fear. The carriage moves on.

35

INT. 221 BAKER ST. - HOLMES' APARTMENT

35

Holmes is washing his face in a basin on the other side of the room, completely transformed now, utterly alive. Watson approaches, very concerned, almost enraged.

WATSON

Look at you, I can't believe you ran after her like a schoolboy again. Leaping about, all aflutter. Are you a masochist?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HOLMES

Allow me to explain.

\*

WATSON

Don't you remember what she did to you? She turned you inside out, she made a proper idiot of you. I'm sorry, you were going to explain something...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HOLMES

Thank you, I --

\*

WATSON

I know, instead of just being tricked into being a witness at her wedding like last time --

\*  
\*  
\*

HOLMES

I don't believe --

\*

WATSON

You dress up as clergyman and actually perform the ceremony. She'd love that.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HOLMES

You've had your fun.

\*  
\*

This is a hopeless cause -- Watson won't stop.

\*

WATSON

What's she after, anyway?

\*

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Now it's time to press on.

HOLMES

Now it's time to press on.

Holmes looks like he's had enough.

WATSON

Go on. I won't interrupt.

HOLMES

It doesn't matter --

WATSON

What could she possibly need? An alibi, a beard, a human canoe. She can sit on your back and paddle you up the Thames...

Holmes grabs the envelope back.

HOLMES

Regrettably, we've had our last case together. Those are my dates.

WATSON

I've already read it. Luke Reordon, four foot ten, red hair, missing two front teeth.

Holmes picks up his violin.

WATSON

Case solved! You're just not her type, Holmes. She likes ginger dwarfs.

HOLMES

Midget!

WATSON

So you agree?

HOLMES

No, I don't agree. It's more than a technicality. You're misrepresenting the dimensions of foreshortened people.

WATSON

I've upset you, I can tell. I've said too much.

35

CONTINUED: (2)

35

HOLMES

No, I'm just saying, one has disproportionate limbs the other does not.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WATSON

Alright. What were you just doing?

\*  
\*  
\*

HOLMES

Will you allow me to explain.

\*  
\*

WATSON

That's what I've been trying to do.

\*  
\*  
\*

Holmes plucks his violin, the notes play over a FLASHBACK of the previous scene, all from HOLMES' POINT OF VIEW.

36

FLASHBACK - INT. 221 BAKER ST. - HOLMES' APARTMENT

36

We see Irene step out.

IRENE

Why don't I see myself out.

Once Irene leaves, he steps quickly to a window, and looks out to see her walking down Baker Street, turning down an alley. He bolts into --

36A

INT. 221 BAKER ST. - CORRIDOR

36A

He sees Watson coming up the stairs. Before Watson can speak, Holmes snatches his coat and runs down the other end of the corridor. He JUMPS out the window to --

37

EXT. 221 BAKER ST. - REAR YARD

37

Holmes flies from the window and lands neatly on a tin roof. The jump to the next level is a more taxing prospect. Holmes weighs the distance and hurls himself down with a determined look. He lands just right.

37A-37D OMITTED

37A-37D

38 EXT. COAL SHED 38

Holmes jumps off the shed, heads for the street one block over from Baker Street.

38A EXT. LONDON STREET 38A

He runs down the mews in great haste, stops at the same alley that Irene disappeared into -- but at the other side.

CUT TO:

HOLMES' POV DOWN ALLEY

from concealment: Irene walks towards a MAN HOLDING A BUNCH OF ROSES.

MAN WITH ROSES

Got some roses for you,  
sweetheart. Cut you a deal 'cos  
you're so pretty.

IRENE

Oh, how nice of you.

Even without the man -- who is scrofulous and sly -- no woman in her right mind would go down this alley.

38B INT. ALLEY 38B

The man with the roses beckons Irene forward. Another man steps in behind her, trapping her. He closes in to grab her --

-- and WHAP!WHAP!WHAP! Gets three cosh-strikes across the chin, dropping him immediately.

Still holding the roses, the man finds himself smacked up against the bricks with Irene's hand over his mouth.

Quick as a snake, she slices upwards with a razor-sharp knife, cutting his belt, then his clothes, all the way to his collar. The move ends with Irene's finger over her own mouth, signalling the mugger to be quiet. He obeys, eyes bulging.

Irene frisks him expertly. She's mugging the mugger. There is excitement in her eyes; this turns her on.

(CONTINUED)

38B

CONTINUED:

38B

IRENE

Oh, look, a wallet. Doesn't look like yours, does it? And -- naughty boy -- here's another one. I'll return them, shall I?

She takes both wallets, takes the roses --

IRENE

These are lovely, thank you.

-- and leaves, stepping daintily over the crumpled man on the floor.

On second thoughts, she turns back, takes his wallet too, then leaves.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON HOLMES

HOLMES

Now, that's the Irene I know.

He hurries after Irene down the alley.

38C

EXT. LONDON STREET

38C

Holmes exits the alley, catches a glimpse of Irene through a STREET FAIR, which is being assembled.

Holmes picks up the pace.

He snatches a HAT from a one-eyed old BEGGAR with his hand out. He drops a coin in his hand, then another coin and snatches the beggar's eye patch too.

He runs past a coal cart, snags a lump of coal, rubs it on his face and hands, then pops it in his mouth, chews it to blacken his teeth.

He pauses to singe the sleeve of Watson's coat on a fairground fire-breather's flames, runs on.

39

EXT. LONDON STREET

39

Holmes emerges as the beggar we saw previously. Again he stops the coach and again the gun comes out, but this time we can see that Holmes gets a view of the man on the other end of the weapon before the carriage pulls away.

40

INT. 221 BAKER ST. - HOLMES' APARTMENTS (PRESENT)

40

Holmes strums one more chord on his violin, thinking.

Irene's bag of money still sits on the table.

HOLMES

This man intrigues me, Watson.  
He's got Adler on edge.

WATSON

Which is no mean feat.

HOLMES

She's intimidated, scared...

WATSON

And yet she works for him. That's  
bad money. It's nothing to do  
with me, but leave this case.

Holmes motions to the bills.

HOLMES

Well, I may not have a choice. A  
man has to make a living. After  
all, I'll be paying the rent  
entirely on my own.

WATSON

You know what, I've had just about  
enough --

HOLMES

Clarky!

VOICE (O.S.)

Mister Holmes, sir...?

He turns to see... CONSTABLE CLARK standing at the door.  
Breathless, pale, scared.

CONSTABLE CLARK

Inspector Lestrade asks that you  
come with me, at once.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

(mumbles)

What's he done now, lost his way to Scotland Yard? Watson, grab a compass. You means us.

\*

WATSON

Us means you.

\*

CONSTABLE CLARK

It's Lord Blackwood, sir. It appears he's come back from the dead.

\*

\*

WATSON

Well that's clever seeing as how I pronounced him dead myself.

\*

\*

\*

\*

CONSTABLE CLARK

A groundsman saw him walking through the graves, just this morning.

\*

WATSON

I'll leave this one in your capable hands. I have tea with Mary and her parents this evening.

\*

\*

\*

Watson walks into his office.

\*

HOLMES

It is not my reputation at stake here.

\*

\*

WATSON

Are you taking this seriously?

\*

\*

HOLMES

Like it or not, it's a matter of professional integrity. No girl wants to marry a doctor who can't tell if a man's dead or not.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

They all move to the exit.

\*

HOLMES

Watson, you'd do well to hide your medical certificates in case they're revoked.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Clarky laughs.

\*

41 EXT. THE BLACKWOOD ESTATE - ESTABLISHING - DAY 41

Judging by the estate, Blackwood comes from old money, and lots of it. We FOLLOW the carriage hurrying Holmes and Watson forward.

42 EXT. THE BLACKWOOD BURIAL PLOT - DAY 42

Generations of wealth buried in moss-covered marble memorials. Not a place for a picnic, not even on a bright sunny day -- and it's starting to rain.

A COP stops the carriage, opens the door. Holmes and Watson exit, Watson carries a black leather FORENSICS KIT.

They walk up the pathway towards the Blackwood Family Crypt. Watson barely lifts his head, scanning the ground while Holmes appears to have taken an interest in a clump of trees in the distance.

WATSON

Look at this mess. Nothing but standard-issue police bootprints. Any possible evidence there might have been has been trampled.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Scotland Yard at their finest,  
once again.

Police lamps light one large marble CRYPT. The cops are in tight clusters, whispering to themselves, spooked. They'd rather be anywhere but here.

As Holmes and Watson approach, they see the marble doors of the crypt have been BLASTED OPEN FROM THE INSIDE. Holmes and Watson share a quick glance -- this is interesting.

Lestrade emerges from the crypt. He is sweating, shaken.

Holmes offers Lestrade his handkerchief, Lestrade waves it off.

LESTRADE

Look at those slabs of marble -- they're half a ton each if they're a pound -- smashed outward like they were nothing.

On second thought, Lestrade does take Holmes' handkerchief.

LESTRADE

Explain it if you can, Holmes.

Holmes inspects the door, checking the hinges. He notices the Blackwood CREST, and the image of a SPHINX.

HOLMES

And the coffin?

LESTRADE

We're digging it up now. The witness is over there. You can question him if you like -- but you won't get much.

The old GROUNDSKEEPER, pale and terrified, stands out of the rain under an ancient cypress tree.

Watson heads for him. Holmes disappears in the opposite direction.

As soon as their backs are turned, Lestrade marches over to a nervous knot of cops, grabs a fistful of blue in each hand, drags his boys in close. He doesn't want Holmes or Watson to hear this.

LESTRADE

(low, angry)

If you lot don't stop behaving like a bunch of superstitious milk maids, you're on double-time! You're an embarrassment! Also, you're forbidden to talk about this to anyone, not a word. Are we bloody clear on that?

The cops nod, duly chastened.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

## THE GROUNDSKEEPER

mumbles the Lord's Prayer under his breath. Watson immediately goes into doctor mode checking his pulse, looking in his eyes.

The Groundskeeper just keeps praying. Watson takes a boiled sweet from his pocket, pops it in the man's mouth and gently sits him down.

Holmes walks over holding a small branch from a tree.

WATSON

He's in shock. We should give him a few moments.

Lestrade stomps up.

LESTRADE

The witness stated that he saw Lord Blackwood rise from the grave.

(at Watson,  
accusingly)

Well? You pronounced the man dead.

WATSON

(stung)

He had no pulse.

HOLMES

Inspector, do you know if this is a spruce or a sycamore?

Lestrade shakes his head. It hasn't been a good day for him, or the Yard.

There's a clunk. They all turn to see the coffin has been extracted from the crypt.

Four beefy, soil-stained cops emerge lugging the coffin. They place it on the ground, step back, crossing themselves, murmuring, plainly terrified. Holmes chuckles.

LESTRADE

OPEN IT!!

But no one moves. The cops pass a CROWBAR around as if it were red-hot. Watson's had enough. He marches forward --

-- snatches the crowbar away, jams it under the lid and levers it off with a slow, eerie groan.

Holmes and Lestrade move forward, the cops move backward.

The coffin is filled with EARTH, overflowing. They brush away a layer of dirt, to reveal... A DEAD BODY in the coffin. The body is a much smaller man than Blackwood, in everyday clothes, with red hair.

LESTRADE

That's not Blackwood.

HOLMES

Now that we have a firm grasp of the obvious...

Watson opens his forensic kit, disturbed. Vials, silver tools. He takes a CALIPER, begins examining the body.

WATSON

Lividity is late stage. Diptera deposits are approximately --  
(measuring)  
-- three quarters of an inch, putting the time of death at ten to twelve hours ago.

HOLMES

Inspector, may I see your pen?

Lestrade hands over a nice fountain pen, still stunned. Holmes takes the pen and pries open the corpse's mouth, revealing: two missing teeth in the man's jaw.

WATSON

Missing two incisors in the upper jaw...  
(a look at Holmes)  
Adler's midget.

Holmes spots something glinting in the man's dirt-filled pocket. He uses the pen to fish out: a POCKET WATCH.

HOLMES

All yours, Inspector.

Holmes hands the pen back to Lestrade. Lestrade looks at it with dismay, takes it in Holmes' handkerchief -- a small measure of revenge.

(CONTINUED)

Holmes and Watson begin walking away from the crypt. Lestrade follows, anxious. Holmes shows him the dusty pocket watch.

HOLMES

Scratches around the keyhole where the watch is wound. Most drunks are the same, and pawnbrokers scratch the ticket number and their initials inside the lid. This one has five, so the owner --

GROUNDSKEEPER (O.S.)

He was walking.

They all stop, suddenly. The old Groundskeeper stands in front of them, ready to unburden himself.

GROUNDSKEEPER

(quivering voice)

He was walking but his feet didn't touch the ground. And I'm not daft, I know what I saw and I know Lord Blackwood. He was as alive as you or me. It's not right. It's not natural.

(turns, leaves)

Our Father Who art in heaven...  
(etc.)

All three men watch the Groundskeeper go. A sudden gust of wind moans eerily. They all want to get the hell out of there.

HOLMES

Now the game is afoot, Watson.

42A-50 OMITTE

42A-50

51 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

51

Holmes stands in the middle of the street contentedly observing humanity. Watson ENTERS FRAME and hands Holmes a bundle wrapped in newspaper.

WATSON

I fail to see how these fish and chips are different from the three other places we passed along the way.

HOLMES

Trust me.

(CONTINUED)

WATSON

Just eat.

Holmes complies hungrily and they start to stroll along. Watson appears preoccupied.

WATSON

You know, I've seen things in war that I couldn't explain. I once heard a man predict his death, down to the number and placement of the bullet holes that killed him. You have to admit that a supernatural explanation is at least theoretically possible.

HOLMES

(mouth full, near  
indecipherable)

Never theorize before you have  
data. Invariably, you end up  
twisting facts to suit theories,  
instead of theories to suit facts.  
Adler's midget is the key to this.

Holmes pulls out a JEWELER'S LOUP, screws it into his  
eye, and flips Reardon's watch open. He examines the  
lid.

HOLMES

Hmm... scratches around the  
keyhole, what does that tell you?

WATSON

The owner was most likely a drunk.  
Each time he wound the watch his  
hand would slip, hence the  
scratches.

HOLMES

Very good, Watson! You've  
developed considerable powers of  
your own.

Watson looks quite chuffed.

HOLMES

Let's see now, there are several  
sets of initials scored into the  
lid.

WATSON

Pawnbroker's marks.

HOLMES

Excellent.

Watson looks extremely pleased with himself until they  
turn a corner into a street where EVERY SECOND SHOP IS A  
PAWN SHOP. His face falls.

HOLMES

The most recent is M.H...

Watson shakes his head.

WATSON

Maddison and Haig.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Oh my Lord, here we are. They should give us an address.

WE SEE MADDISON & HAIG, PAWNBROKERS, RESPECTABLE, DISCREET, ahead of them there on Bow Street.

WATSON

There's one thing you've missed. On the watch.

HOLMES

I think not.

WATSON

The time. Which leads me to deduce that I'm already late for my appointment with Mary. You remember, the one I was leaving for before you talked me into coming to dig up dead bodies with you.

A GYPSY PALM READER approaches Watson as he turns to leave.

PALM READER

Reckon your future, sir?

HOLMES

Perhaps we do need a little help from the beyond.

WATSON

No, thank you.

She grabs his hand anyway.

PALM READER

You need to hear what I have to tell you.

Watson is so taken aback by the urgency and gravity of her tone that he doesn't pull away.

PALM READER

I see two men, brothers. Not in blood but in bond. I see the letters S and an L, no... wait, a J.

Holmes and Watson look at each other. She has their attention.

PALM READER

(wincing)

I see madness. A man driven out  
of his mind by a malign force.

Watson looks at Holmes.

PALM READER

I see a letter... the letter M...  
another M... Mary? You will be  
married... I see... I see...

(horrified)

Patterned table clothes, china  
figurines, lace doilies...

Watson snatches his hand away.

WATSON

You think you are clever don't  
you?

Holmes feigns innocence.

PALM READER

She turns to fat...

WATSON

Enough.

The Palm Reader looks at Holmes.

HOLMES

(to Watson)

Do you have any changes?

Watson shakes his head as he pays the woman.

WATSON

This is a new low -- even for you.

HOLMES

It's the most honest prediction old Flora has made in years. And you know it yourself, Watson. That is precisely the reason you can't find a suitable ring. You're terrified of a life without the thrill of the macabre, as well you should be.

Holmes swallows the last of his cod and casts the wrapping aside, pleased with himself.

WATSON

Do you still have my cut from the fight?

Holmes digs into a pocket, produces a wad of coins.

HOLMES

Why, do you --

Watson snatches the money, storms into Madison and Haig.

Holmes is confused until he spots a sign in the window: "Large selection of engagement rings for every wallet."

Holmes starts to look a bit nervous. As he follows Watson, he is intercepted by the Palm Reader who grabs his arm.

PALM READER

I seen something in his hand. Darkness and great pain. Mortal peril. Warn your friend, he's not safe.

Even Holmes is taken aback by this.

Holmes and Watson move down the street, the pawnshop behind them. Now Watson is smiling, and Holmes is not. Watson is beaming at: an ENGAGEMENT RING in a box.

WATSON

Not bad, eh?

Holmes turns away, looks down at the TICKET he got from the pawnshop: an ADDRESS.

HOLMES

Reordon's lodgings should be right around this bend. Here we are...

(CONTINUED)

He slows, looks up at a dark, dingy LODGING HOUSE. Some windows are boarded up.

HOLMES

Looks promising. And possibly dangerous. Oh, well, give my regards to Mary.

52 CONTINUED: (2) 52

Holmes heads for lodging house. Watson checks his watch.

53 OMITTED 53

54 INT. LODGING HOUSE 54

Holmes winds his way up a twisting flight of creaky stairs, finds a door with scratches on the keyhole.

Holmes takes out his knife and goes to work on the lock. It is fiddly. It takes him a while. He kneels to get a better angle with the knife.

CRACK! Watson's boot flashes past him as he KICKS the door off its hinges. Off Holmes' pleased reaction, he gestures them inside.

WATSON

I can spare ten minutes.

55 INT. REORDON'S ROOMS - DAY 55

The squalid doorway opens into a series of dark rooms. Watson lights a lamp which reveals details of an interior that stops them both in their tracks:

From floor to ceiling, every available inch is covered in writing, biblical Latin and Hebrew. Scrawled-on paper and pages are tacked to walls and carved into the plaster, crucifixes punctuate the yards of text and collage, strange pagan charms hang from the ceiling.

HOLMES

He clearly felt something was coming to get him.

WATSON

Something did.

They move further inside where there is a hallway and a basic bedroom. Holmes inspects it, moves through a door.

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

HOLMES (O.S.)

Watson, come take a look at this --

Watson puts down what he was looking at, goes towards...

56

INT. REORDON'S LAB

56

Instantly, Watson covers his nose with a handkerchief.

WATSON

(reeling)

Bloody hell...

The room is stacked with an alarming amount of scientific and biological paraphernalia. Some of it gives off a distinctly electrical hum. Ungodly fragments of limbs and matter float in jars.

HOLMES

(inhaling deeply,  
loving it)

Ammonium sulfate.

In the center of the room, something ROTTING. An experiment generating a massive stench, a seething cloud of flies. Holmes and Watson step closer to see:

DEAD FROGS. Eyes opened impossibly wide, their bodies frozen in strange contortions, as if mid-death-rattle.

Holmes moves around the room, sniffing like a morbid perfumer. Watson does his best not to gag.

HOLMES

(mumbles)

Phosphorous... Formaldehyde...  
Hemlock...

WATSON

Appears he was attempting to  
follow occult formula with  
scientific practice.

Watson moves to the stove, sees a sheaf of BURNT PAPERS. He digs through them, finds one piece not as burnt as the rest. A CREST stamped on it, impossible to read.

Watson digs through his forensic bag, pulls out vials.

WATSON

Has he any hydrochloric acid?

(CONTINUED)

Holmes shuffles a few bottles, tosses one to Watson. Watson catches it, starts pouring the acid, another chemical on a clean sheet of paper.

Holmes senses something, moves into the next room. He stops at an open window, smells the CURTAINS:

HOLMES

Irene was here.

Watson presses the chemical-soaked paper onto the burnt paper.

WATSON

Why would she hire you to find him, if she planned to do the job herself?

HOLMES

Maybe it's not the man she's after, but something else. Something he was working on?

WATSON

Ferrocyanide. Sucks the iron right out of the ink. Long as it's not too burnt...

Watson keeps rubbing the paper together, puts it by the lantern. Slowly, faint words APPEAR on the blank page. Ghostly chemistry. Watson sees the crest is Blackwood's.

WATSON

He worked for Blackwood.

Holmes gets a whiff of something, raises an eyebrow. He starts walking back to the other room.

HOLMES

There's one odor I can't put my finger on. Sweet, almost like perfume... or sugar....  
(stops, sniffs)  
Barley sugar.

BOOM! The door WHIPS open. TWO THUGS spill into the room.

They are followed by DREDGER, a huge man, just shy of seven feet tall and pushing 400 pounds, slightly deformed, who follows them into the room. He sucks on a twisty stick of barley sugar (Victorian hard candy).

They stop, surprised to see Holmes and Watson. Holmes' eyes widen at the giant.

HOLMES

Hello, gentlemen.

Dredger is deadpan.

DREDGER

Sherlock Holmes.

HOLMES

Let me guess -- you're here to extinguish any connection between the man who lived here and the man you work for? Curious you'd still be running errands for a dead man.

DREDGER

(smiles)

You do like to talk.

The two thugs step toward Holmes and Watson.

HOLMES

You take them, I'll handle Mr. Sweet tooth.

WATSON

Seems about fair.

Watson meets the men in the middle of the room, swinging at them. As they dodge and swing back --

Holmes grabs a standing lamp, sliding it into his hand as a weapon. He looks at Dredger, knows it won't make a dent. He keeps moving, swinging the lamp toward a CURTAIN. In the blink of an eye:

He WRAPS UP the curtain, ripping it down, bringing the heavy STEEL ROD with it. He catches the rod, flipping it so the curtain-rings rain to the floor.

He spins the rod expertly, SMASHING it into Dredger's face. It stuns the giant for a beat, but quickly --

Dredger LUNGES forward, trapping the steel rod under his arm. He grabs the rod and HURLS Holmes through the air, sending him flying into --

(CONTINUED)

INT. REORDON'S LAB

Holmes crash-lands on the table, scattering all the bottles and tools. He blinks, trying to gather his senses. He sees Dredger incoming, as --

Watson tussles with the thugs, a bar-room brawler. Head butting one, kicking the other in the groin.

The men whip out knives. Watson ducks and dodges, blades flashing on either side of him. One of the blades slices his shirt, ripping off his pocket, so --

The ENGAGEMENT RING falls to the floor. One of the thugs accidentally KICKS it, sending it across the ground.

As Watson follows the ring with his eyes, the first man HURLS his knife. Watson just barely ducks the blade, which SMACKS into the second thug, who falls. Watson fights the first thug, as he scrambles toward the ring.

58A

INT. REORDON'S LAB

58A

Dredger bears down on Holmes. Holmes reaches out for some kind of weapon, anything he can grab. He snatches a SHORT SHAFT. A truly pathetic weapon.

Dredger lurches toward Holmes, who swings the metal shaft desperately, and... the shaft SPARKS.

ZAP! A flash of light and crackle, and Dredger gets an ELECTRIC SHOCK that sends him flying back twenty feet --

58B

INT. REORDON'S ROOMS

58B

Watson finishes off his thug and plucks the engagement ring off the floor, just as --

Dredger flies through the air, SLAMMING into Watson, knocking him off his feet, and knocking the ring away.

Holmes looks at the lightning rod in his hand, stunned by the efficacy of the weapon.

Dredger tries to recover, climbing off of Watson. Holmes cranks his weapon. The rod sparks and hums.

Dredger pulls himself up with the help of a water pipe on the wall. Holmes thinks quickly, then touches the other end of the pipe with the rod, and ZZZAPPPP!!

The electrical current RUNS ALONG THE PIPE, and KNOCKS Dredger back twenty more feet.

(CONTINUED)

58B

CONTINUED:

58B

Watson spots the ring rolling towards the window, starts running for it, frantic as --

Dredger rises, a clear change in his demeanor. He looks at the sparking rod and races for the window as well.

Watson chases the engagement ring, bends down... just as he's about to grab it...

THUD! Dredger's massive foot STOMPS DOWN ON THE RING.

Dredger gives Watson a cruel smile, then leaps out the window, landing atop a heap of coal. Watson glares as --

Holmes blasts past him, leaps out the window. Watson picks up the ring, sees:

The stone was knocked out of the setting, lost in the floorboards, the rest of the ring mangled. Watson darkens, grips his ruined ring, and heads out --

59-60

OMITTED

59-60

61

EXT. TOOLEY IRONWORKS - GATE

61

Dredger runs down the street, knocking people out of his way. Holmes gives chase, darting around people, trailing Dredger through the gates of a huge commercial shipbuilders. Watson brings up the rear, as --

61A

OMITTED

61A

62

INT. SLIPWAY - DAY

62

Dredger runs towards a SLIPWAY, which holds the UNFINISHED HULL OF A LARGE SHIP. The vessel can't be far from completion; it sits in a wheeled carriage designed to see it smoothly into water.

63

EXT. UN-LAUNCHED SHIP - FIRST SLIPWAY

63

For now though, big wooden chocks hold it in place, the whole thing is attached to a heavy chain that coils back around the shed that they just ran through.

Holmes trails the hulking form of Dredger into this network of struts. They weave through the shadows.

Holmes sees one of the cables shifting slightly. He takes an angle to cut off Dredger, and --

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED:

63

ZAP! Holmes steps into Dredger's path, hitting him with the lightning-rod, knocking him back. ZAP!! Holmes gives another jolt, but the shaft starts to LOSE POWER.

Dredger knows there isn't much juice left. He reaches out, grabs the weapon and... smiles a terrifying smile. A moment of reckoning between Holmes and Dredger:

The shaft slowly... sizzles... out. Dredger tosses the rod. And now, Holmes backs away, as --

Dredger grabs a sledgehammer, and swings the hammer at Holmes, smashing some of the wooden supports, tearing others out of his way. The ship LURCHES forward.

64

EXT. FABRICATION SHED - DAY

64

Watson runs round the end of the building and sees Holmes scrambling under the half-built hull. Dredger in pursuit.

64A

EXT. UN-LAUNCHED SHIP - SLIPWAY

64A

A police WHISTLE echoes through the air. Dredger turns for a moment, just long enough for --

Holmes to launch himself at Dredger. They tumble down onto the massive runners on the floor of the slipway.

Holmes wrestles Dredger's head onto the runner and pins him down. Dredger kicks out viciously, splintering another chock. It's the last straw for the support mechanism, the whole thing starts to creak.

64B

EXT. FABRICATION SHED

64B

From his vantage point, Watson can see what's coming.

WATSON

Holmes!

65

EXT. SECOND SLIPWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

65

Grappling frantically on the runners, both Holmes and Dredger look up as the HUGE CHOCKS holding the ship EXPLODE BACKWARDS --

-- the PROPELLERS on the stern of the ship start sliding down towards them.

66

EXT. SECOND SLIPWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

66

Dredger looks up at the approach of the propellers --

-- Holmes charges into Dredger again, pulling him backwards across the runners. Dredger pulls Holmes down with him, Holmes' head hits the ground hard.

Holmes lies semi-conscious, eyes rolled back into his head, as the leviathan roars down towards him.

The ground beneath him shakes, knocks his head against the runner -- once, twice -- as he blinks back into consciousness, he sees the great shadow sweeping over him. He's doomed. And...

The stern lurches to a STOP INCHES from his face. He opens one tentative eye, half expecting to find himself in the after-life, and sees black metal an inch from his nose. He realizes the ship has stopped, but he doesn't know why. He tries to roll out of the way, as --

66A

EXT. SECOND SLIPWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

66A

We see the chain extended taut as a tight-rope behind the half-launched ship.

The SHIP squeals and groans as its timber supports buckle and crack with the weight of the tethered ship.

A beat where the whole business hangs in limbo and...

The timber finally gives way. The ship is free again, falling through the air --

Holmes rolls sideways as the propellers slice through the air above his head -- the hull screams past him with a sound like the side of the world being torn off --

-- and then the ship's away, parting the Thames with a vast, frothy explosion of water.

Holmes watches the ship drift gracefully out into the river -- from vortex to serenity in a matter of seconds. A quiet beat.

Holmes collapses back, great gulps of air disappearing into his lungs. He tries to pull himself to his feet, but Dredger's bone-shaking punches have taken it out of him and he sags back to the ground.

Watson arrives, helps him to his feet. They stagger back to the slipway where Dredger was standing. And they find:

(CONTINUED)

66A

CONTINUED:

66A

Nothing. No blood or trace. The big man is gone.

The police whistles get louder, officers swarm the scene. They see the wreckage, the ship adrift, and... Holmes and Watson.

Watson looks at his watch and does a slow, deep burn.

67

INT. LONDON JAIL - MORNING

67

The next morning. A giant holding cell where every shade and aspect of Victorian villainy is corralled.

Holmes wakes up on a bench after a peaceful night's sleep. Watson sits next to him, exhausted, bloodshot eyes. He's reading his notebook, making the odd change here and there.

Holmes looks up and sees Watson staring at him, shaking his head.

WATSON

I haven't slept all night. I deserve this... I clearly deserve it. How could I ever be so deluded as to believe I could meet Mary's parents for tea once I let myself be talked into going with you. Now of course I'm in jail.

Holmes tries to wiggle his fingers which causes him enough pain that he decides to bind them with Irene's handkerchief.

HOLMES

(theatrically  
indignant)

You're not implying that I am responsible for our current situation are you, Watson? We were set upon, man, it was self-defense.

Watson shakes the notebook in Holmes' face.

WATSON

I've used the time to review my notes on our exploits of the last seven months... and I've come to the conclusion that I must be suffering from to some profound psychological aberration.

(CONTINUED)

WATSON (CONT'D)

Why else would I continually allow myself to be led into situations where you're deliberately withholding your intentions from me?

HOLMES

You've never complained about my methods before.

WATSON

I'm not complaining... I never complain... I never complain about your violin playing at three in the morning, your mess, your lack of hygiene, your stealing my clothes, your setting our home on fire!

HOLMES

That was an accident...

Watson challenges him with a look.

HOLMES

The first time WAS an accident...

BIG MAN (O.S.)

Remember me, boys? Put me away for robbery a few years back?

Holmes turns and comes face-to-face with a dangerous-looking man who has a few conspicuous WARTS on his face.

HOLMES

Ah, Mr. Brownlee. The fifteenth most dangerous man in London.

Watson snaps at the man.

WATSON

Who could forget that face? I told you, a little nitrate of silver and the warts will be gone in two weeks. Now, if you'll excuse us!

Brownlee takes a swing at Watson. Holmes checks him and drops Brownlee without missing a beat.

(CONTINUED)

WATSON

(to Holmes)

Nor am I complaining about the fact that you terrorize my patients and perform outlandish experiments on my dog.

HOLMES

Gladstone's my dog as well. It's in the interest of science.

WATSON

What I do take issue with is your ruthless campaign to sabotage my relationship with Mary.

HOLMES

Watson, I completely understand now. You're overtired and feeling a bit sensitive.

Watson now turns away, completely irritated at Holmes' lack of understanding.

HOLMES

What you need is a rest. You and I could go out to the countryside. My brother Mycroft has a small estate near Chichester. It has marvelous grounds and a beautiful folly. We could throw a lamb on the spit.

Watson shakes his head in disbelief.

WATSON

If I were going to the country, I would be going with my future wife --

HOLMES

Certainly. We should have her along. Let's get Gladstone out of the house as well.

WATSON

No, Holmes. Not you. Me and her. You're not --

HOLMES

Invited? Now you're not making any sense, Watson. Why would I not be invited to my own brother's country home?

(CONTINUED)

WATSON

You're not human. You don't get  
it, do you? You are this...  
(touches his own  
head)  
... without this.

He touches his own heart. They hear a BILLYCLUB hit the  
bars.

PRISON GUARD

John Watson? You made bail.

Watson steps up. Holmes looks confused. He steps  
forward. But the Guard shakes his head.

PRISON GUARD

Just Watson.

As he slides open the bars, they see... MARY emerges from  
behind the Guard. Watson stands for a beat between  
Holmes and Mary. He must make a decision. And he does --

-- he leaves.

Holmes watches him walk out, then locks eyes with Mary.  
She gives him a polite nod, turns, heads off with Watson.  
The bars slide shut.

The mob surrounds Holmes. He's never looked more alone.

Lestrade heads toward the holding room, flanked by prison  
wardens.

68

CONTINUED:

68

As the door is opened, the thug blasts out backwards, having just been battered through it by Holmes.

HOLMES

Lestrade -- your usual impeccable timing.

LESTRADE

You know, in another life, you'd have made an excellent criminal.

HOLMES

And you, sir, an excellent policeman.

69

EXT. LONDON JAIL - DAY

69

Holmes and Lestrade march along. Lestrade holds out a copy of the newspaper. The headline reads: "BLACKWOOD LIVES AND THE DEVIL WALKS WITH HIM! MURDERER RESURRECTED!"

LESTRADE

Tell me you have answers.

HOLMES

All in good time.

LESTRADE

We don't have time. I've an office full of policemen hanging crosses over their desks. A public that's working itself into a frenzy...

Holmes sees a dark, strange carriage waiting, door open.

HOLMES

Who's this?

LESTRADE

Try to behave yourself. They just paid a small fortune to bail you out.

70

OMITTED

70

71

INT. CARRIAGE

71

Holmes enters. An ANONYMOUS MAN sits in the other seat.

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED:

71

ANONYMOUS MAN

I'm afraid you'll have to put this on.

He holds a black hood. Holmes shrugs.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

72

INT. TEMPLE OF FOUR ORDERS HEADQUARTERS

72

The hood is pulled off. Holmes takes in the scene, eyes flicking around the room.

He's in a grand office where a man in his late 60s, SIR THOMAS, rises from a pile of papers.

SIR THOMAS

Mr. Holmes, apologies for summoning you like this. I'm sure it's quite a mystery as to where you are, and who I am.

HOLMES

As to where I am -- I was, admittedly, lost for a moment between Charing Cross and Holborn. But I was saved by the bread shop on Saffron Hill, the only bakers to use a certain French glaze on their loaves. After that, the carriage forked left, then right, a bump over the Fleet conduit -- need I go on?

Somewhat stunned, Sir Thomas shakes his head.

HOLMES

As to who you are -- that took every ounce of my not-inconsiderable experience and skill... the letters on your desk are addressed to Sir Thomas Rotheram, Lord Chief Justice. That would be your official title. Who you really are is another matter entirely.

Sir Thomas is not in the mood for this -- but Holmes is on a roll.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Judging by the sacred Ox on your ring, you're also the secret head of the Temple of the Four Orders -- in whose headquarters we now stand, on the northwest corner of St. James Square.

(beat)

And as to the mystery -- the mystery is why you bothered to blindfold me in the first place.

SIR THOMAS

Yes, well, it's standard procedure, I suppose.

Holmes shakes his head; what a massive lack of judgement on their part.

STANDISH (O.S.)

I think we have the right man.

Holmes turns to see JOHN STANDISH and LORD COWARD standing behind him. Standish is an American in his sixties. Coward is a hard, ambitious man in his 30s.

(CONTINUED)

SIR THOMAS

Sherlock Holmes, Ambassador  
Standish from America and Lord  
Coward, the Home Secretary.

Holmes acknowledges them -- barely -- as they enter. He isn't impressed by rank.

LORD COWARD

I suppose you already have some  
notion as to the -- practices of  
our Order?

HOLMES

Yes. They're almost interesting.

SIR THOMAS

Be as skeptical as you like -- but  
our secret systems have steered  
the world towards the greater good  
for centuries. The danger is that  
they can also be exploited for  
more nefarious purposes.

LORD COWARD

What some call the dark arts, or  
practical magic.

Holmes looks around the room, sees FLAGS on the walls  
with ancient symbols, variations of the SPHINX.

STANDISH

We know you're are a rationalist.  
We don't ask you to share our  
faith, only our fears.

HOLMES

Fear is the more infectious  
condition.

(at Sir Thomas)

In this case, fear of your own  
child.

That shocks them rigid.

HOLMES

Blackwood is your son, yes? You  
have the same colored irises -- a  
rare dark green, with diamond-  
shaped hazel flecks --

(MORE)

HOLMES (CONT'D)  
 (pointing at Sir  
 Thomas' ear)

-- plus identical outer ears, or  
 pinna, which only pass down  
 through the direct bloodline,  
 which would make you either  
 brothers, or, more likely, father  
 and son.

Stunned, the men consult silently, come to some sort of  
 conclusion. They turn back to Holmes. Sir Thomas seems  
 especially shaken.

SIR THOMAS

Very few people are privy to that  
 information, and we want to keep  
 it that way.

Sir Thomas opens a bureau, digs for something.

SIR THOMAS

He was conceived during one of our  
 rituals. His mother wasn't my  
 wife, but she shared our beliefs.  
 She was a powerful practitioner.  
 Though not enough to survive  
 giving birth to him.

Holmes is appalled and shows it.

SIR THOMAS

We were young. It was before we  
 fully understood the powers we  
 were dealing with.

HOLMES

Evidently.

SIR THOMAS

Death followed him wherever he  
 went, from his birth to arms he  
 made and sold. What family he had  
 tended to... not survive. No one  
 could prove anything of course,  
 but we all knew --

Sir Thomas hands Holmes a TINTYPE. A photograph from the  
 1860s. It's chilling: a death scene, a BODY covered by  
 a sheet. A man who's just fallen out a window. A TEN-  
 YEAR-OLD BOY -- young Lord Blackwood -- looks on.

SIR THOMAS

The boy was a curse. I didn't  
 have the courage either to take  
 him in or to --

(CONTINUED)

STANDISH

All this is history. The present and future are worse.

SIR THOMAS

We've done our best to stop him ourselves, but it's not enough.

LORD COWARD

His power grows daily and exponentially. His resurrection is evidence of that. What he does next will be far more dangerous --

SIR THOMAS

-- he's going to raise a force that will alter the very course of our world. We need you to find him and stop him before he does.

LORD COWARD

We'll give you any assistance we can. As Home Secretary, I have considerable influence over the police.

(beat)

Name your price.

Holmes looks at Coward with scathing disdain.

HOLMES

One of the great benefits of my work is that I can pick and choose my clients. I'll get him, but not for you.

Holmes stalks out -- stops at the door, turns, fixes Sir Thomas with a very bleak gaze.

HOLMES

I have one last question, Sir Thomas.

SIR THOMAS

What is it?

Holmes holds up the tintype.

HOLMES

If the rest of his family's dead, why are you still alive?

Holmes tosses the tintype onto a table, leaves.

74 EXT. THE GRAND HOTEL

74

Holmes comes out of a carriage, and scoots up the steps of the massive hotel that's bustling with people.

75 INT. IRENE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

75

Irene enters wearing a stunning evening dress. She pauses glancing briefly around the room before sitting at a mirrored dressing table. There's a decanter on the table next to her from which she pours herself a glass of wine.

Then she begins removing an impressive assortment of WEAPONS hidden on her person: she pulls a stiletto from her garter, a Derringer from her waistband (which she puts down next to the wine glass). She pulls long thin needles from her hair, lets her hair down. As she continues...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Holmes watching her from a shadowy corner. He looks on silently until:

IRENE

If you're going to watch me take my clothes off, Sherlock, the least you can do is help me with the buttons.

OR ALT:

IRENE

To watch a lady undress without her permission is a criminal offense, Sherlock, and could get you into a lot of trouble...

They both eye the Derringer on the table.

IRENE

So why don't you come over here and help me instead.

Holmes approaches her somewhat tentatively and reaches for the top button on the back of her dress.

IRENE

That's better.

HOLMES

You can stop looking for Reardon.

IRENE

I knew I could count on you.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

He was buried in Blackwood's tomb.

Irene is momentarily taken aback then recovers.

IRENE

Wonderful. Case closed then.  
Your services are no longer  
required.

Unbuttoning done, Holmes steps out to confront Irene.

HOLMES

I can't help wondering if your  
employer will be as content with  
these results? You were  
uncharacteristically ill at ease  
in his presence. Your hand was  
trembling, your gaze was averted.  
I couldn't see his face, but I  
spotted chalk on his lapel. A  
professor perhaps?

Irene gets up, walks behind a DRESSING SCREEN.

IRENE

(behind screen)

The eye patch was a nice touch.

HOLMES

But I've never known a professor  
to carry a gun, and on such a  
clever contraption.

IRENE (O.S.)

Let's not argue.

HOLMES

We're not.

Irene steps out, now wearing an array of Victorian  
undergarments. Unfairly gorgeous. The huge DIAMOND  
still around her neck. She moves back to the dressing  
table.

Holmes won't look at her, refusing to get turned on.

HOLMES

Tell me who you're working for and  
what he's after.

IRENE

That's nobody's business but my  
own.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

I disagree.

IRENE

You see, we are arguing.

Holmes gets closer and closer to Irene as he presses his case vehemently.

HOLMES

When a man you ask me to find ends up dead in the coffin of the most notorious murderer since Jack the Ripper and that murderer manages to return from the dead, not only is it my business, it's the business of Scotland Yard and the highest levels of the British government. They will certainly consider your reticence to be an obstruction of justice. Which in relation to a crime of this magnitude would certainly mean prison time.

IRENE

This wine is excellent. You should really try some.

Holmes notices her Derringer on the table next to the wine bottle.

HOLMES

So what's it to be?

IRENE

Do we really have to decide now?

Irene reaches for the wine.

HOLMES

You're in over your head this time, Irene.

Irene snatches up her gun. Holmes grabs her arm.

BANG! A BULLET tears into his shoe, missing his toe. Holmes snatches away the smoking Derringer. Irene kisses him, hard and angry at first, becoming something else. Another of the weapons in her arsenal, and the one that disarms Holmes.

The kiss leads them to the bed.

(CONTINUED)

IRENE

That's better.

Irene pulls him down to it. He doesn't resist.

CLICK!

Holmes' eyes flare with surprise.

CLICK!

IRENE

Much better.

Irene has handcuffed him to the bed frame.

IRENE

This is the only way it could ever  
work between us, Sherlock -- one  
in shackles, the other with the  
key.

She gets off him.

While he struggles on the bed, Irene walks casually  
across the room. She starts putting on MAN'S CLOTHING.  
She's in charge now.

IRENE

I've NEVER been in over my head.

HOLMES

How can you live like this --  
always a fugitive.

She approaches, now dressed as a man, straddles him.

IRENE

But free. And on my own terms.  
Just like you -- well, not you at  
this exact moment --

75

CONTINUED: (4)

75

She pulls at the front of his trousers, throws the handcuff keys down there.

IRENE

-- but generally speaking.

Holmes has no retort. Irene takes the scarf off his neck, moves to the doorway.

IRENE

If anyone asks, please let them know that Mr. O'Neil didn't have time to check out.

(beat)

I hope you don't mind settling the bill.

OR ALT:

IRENE

What were you doing consorting with a married business traveller in his hotel room is something you'll have to explain for yourself.

She picks up TWO SUITCASES waiting for her at the door (NEW PROP!) and, as she leaves:

IRENE

Where's Watson when you need him?

75A

OMITTED

75A

76

INT. SIR THOMAS' HOUSE - NIGHT

76

Sir Thomas enters the hall from outside, he looks tired. His butler, PERIGRINE, stands there waiting for him.

PERIGRINE

Good evening, sir. Some figs and honey with a nice glass of port? I've prepared a tray.

SIR THOMAS

No thank you, Perigrine, I'm going to bed.

(as he heads upstairs)

You won't let those figs go to waste, will you?

(CONTINUED)

76

CONTINUED:

76

PERIGRINE

Nor the port, sir.

Thomas smiles, goes up. Perigrine heads for the kitchen, licking his lips.

77

INT. SIR THOMAS' BATHROOM

77

Sir Thomas sinks into his bath. Relaxing.

The CAMERA SLOWLY TRACKS IN, drip, drip, drip.

The silence is broken all of a sudden when the tap is magically turned on. Sir Thomas opens his eyes in panic, as he hears an eerie WHISPER O.S., like the rushing of wind.

Sir Thomas is overcome with panic, tries to sit up. Can't. Not all the way.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

77

BLACKWOOD (O.S.)

Hello, Father...

Thomas blinks and sees that BLACKWOOD now sits in the corner of the bathroom, lit in a sinister fashion.

Sir Thomas' eyes widen, the muscles stand out in his neck as he fights paralysis. He slides back down, slowly.

BLACKWOOD

You can't fight it. It comes from a power greater than yours. You can only surrender.

The water flows over Sir Thomas, as Blackwood steps closer and takes the sacred RING from his rigid finger.

BLACKWOOD

I've been imagining this moment for a long time...

The water closes over his face. Sir Thomas stares up at Blackwood, who watches him drown, slowly and surely.

BLACKWOOD

... I must admit, it's better than I thought it would be.

78

INT. THE GRAND HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

78

Carrying an armful of laundry, a MAID slips a pass-key into a lock and opens the door...

... to be confronted by the snoring form of Holmes, still handcuffed to the bed. Clothes in total disarray. Her shriek wakes him. He looks down at himself and reacts with shock, then grim recognition sets in.

HOLMES

Don't take this the wrong way, but might I borrow your hand?

78A

INT. POLICE CARRIAGE

78A

Holmes sits beside a COP, and opposite CONSTABLE CLARK.

HOLMES

Chambermaids were once such a liberal breed. Besides, she misinterpreted my intention entirely.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78A

CONTINUED:

78A

HOLMES (CONT'D)

This is why I find this modern religious fervor so troubling, there is no latitude for misunderstanding.

He looks out the carriage window and sees signs of a spiritualist gathering.

HOLMES

Faith runs riot over reason.

CONSTABLE CLARK

Well, it's a good thing she was offended or we'd never have found you. The inspector's been over to Baker Street himself this morning.

The coach stops.

78B

EXT. SIR THOMAS' HOUSE - DAY

78B

Holmes steps out of the coach, and is escorted inside by Constable Clark.

78C

INT. SIR THOMAS' BATHROOM

78C

Holmes is briefed by Constable Clark as they enter. As Constable Clark continues in, Holmes swivels away --

CONSTABLE CLARK

We've checked everything. No sign of a break-in. The Butler didn't hear anything. The body was in the tub, eyes wide open --

-- so that Const. Clark ends up talking to thin air.

CONSTABLE CLARK

(realizing Holmes  
isn't there)

-- only his ring was missing.

He turns, puzzled, looking for Holmes, finds him right back at the doorway, in full virtuoso detective mode. Right now, right here is where Holmes is at his very best -- this is, in fact, why he exists.

Holmes is satisfied by what he sees or finds, continues into the bathroom, where a POLICE OFFICER stands over the tub and Sir Thomas' body (covered with a blanket).

The tub has been drained. The kind of crime scene violation that Holmes cannot get them to stop doing.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Why did you drain the water?

POLICE OFFICER

Out of common decency.

HOLMES

(incensed)

Crime is common, logic is rare.  
The decent thing to do is catch  
the killer, not provide comfort to  
the corpse.

Neither the officer nor Clark have a response. Holmes swivels, sees a JAR OF BATH SALTS on the table next to the chair Blackwood sat in, leans over, scoops it up, opens it, sniffs it.

HOLMES

Hmm...

Holmes thrusts the open jar under the Officer's nose.

HOLMES

What is that?

POLICE OFFICER

(smelling)

Uhhhh... jasmine?

HOLMES

Superb. I suspect this comes from a larger cannister. It'll either be in the pantry, high up where it's warm and dry, or in a linen closet with a vent. And, Constable, you could check the ground under the rear windows for any footprints not your own.

Both cops hesitate -- Holmes is not their boss.

HOLMES

Data, data, data! I cannot make  
bricks without clay!

The cops hurry away. Now Holmes can really get down to work. This may mean he gets on his belly for a floor's-eye-view, it may mean he looks down from a window sill. Sometimes he hums or sings to himself.

Holmes is happy.

He glances around the room, sees the chair where Blackwood was perched, sits in it himself.

(CONTINUED)

78C

CONTINUED: (2)

78C

His eyes keep moving, noticing something on a wall. He steps toward it, runs his hand along a layer of dust. The dust has a line down it, as if the wall cracked open.

Holmes steps to the sink, grabs a handful of TALCUM POWDER and tosses the powder against the wall, revealing:

(CONTINUED)

78C

CONTINUED: (3)

78C

FINGERPRINTS on one of the panels.

He pushes the panel, and the wall shifts, opening to reveal a SECRET ROOM. Holmes enters --

78D

OMITTED

78D

78E

INT. SIR THOMAS' SECRET ROOM

78E

Holmes finds a desk with a prayer table, and ancient texts, spellbooks, one book open to a picture of Alexander the Great at the Sphinx. He steps toward --

An ALTAR below the image of the Sphinx. On the altar, four strange objects: a strand of human HAIR, a cow's BONE, a large sharp FANG, and a FEATHER.

Holmes pockets the altar items and a couple pieces of paper, just as --

78F

INT. SIR THOMAS' BATHROOM

78F

-- Const. Clark and the Officer return, the Officer proudly hugging a 5 LB. CANNISTER OF JASMINE BATH SALTS.

They are startled by the secret room --

-- they are even more startled by the sight of Holmes kneeling at the altar and singing to himself.

As soon as they arrive, Holmes springs to his feet and walks out. Maybe he continues singing between words.

HOLMES

(vis the secret room)

I have no idea what to make of that.

(vis the bath salts)

Excellent work.

79

OMITTED

79

80

INT. 221 BAKER ST. - HOLMES' APARTMENTS - DAY

80

Holmes walks up the stairs and finds Watson's office door open. He is well into packing his things. The office is full of boxes, the walls and shelves are very sparse.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Don't forget the wallpaper.

WATSON

There isn't any.

HOLMES

Figure of speech.

Holmes steps into the room.

HOLMES

Since this room is no longer in use, do you mind if I employ it?

WATSON

Be my guest.

HOLMES

Bring him in, boys.

Holmes steps aside. Two/three policemen enter carrying a large, heavy bag and unceremoniously dump it on Watson's desktop. They unzip the bag, revealing the dead body of the thug from Reordon's lodging.

WATSON

Who was he?

HOLMES

My new roommate. He's an  
inspiring conversationalist.  
(alt: He has more humor than  
you.)

WATSON

Really.

HOLMES

No, he's your friend from  
Reordon's. He didn't survive  
Dredger landing on him. Poor  
fellow. But there is some  
consolation in the knowledge that  
he can still be of service to his  
fellow men.

Watson keeps packing. Holmes analyzes the body,  
starting, of all places, with the outer elbows and  
forearms of his coat.

Holmes grabs various instruments and other items from  
Watson's newly-packed boxes. Frustrated, Watson snatches  
them back as quickly as Holmes takes them out.

HOLMES

Elbows and arms stained with blood, but older than his own injuries. Plenty of it, layer on layer...

Holmes scrapes at the layers of blood with his knife, examines it.

HOLMES

Though none of it human.

Watson slows down slightly. He keeps packing, trying to resist the mystery, but it's not easy.

HOLMES

A butcher perhaps...? What else?

Holmes cuts a lock of the man's hair, ignites it, studies the color of the flame carefully. Watson wrinkles his nose at the smell.

HOLMES

Hm -- predominantly yellow flame, but with distinct green bursts. Sulfurous. He spent lots of time around industrial work and very little around a wash basin.

Holmes uses a curved nail file to scrape dirt from under the man's fingernails, rubs the evidence between his fingers like a connoisseur.

HOLMES

Coal... river silt...

Watson slows down further, struggling.

HOLMES

That plus the river silt and industrial slag on his trousers puts him squarely in...

A hanging beat. And Watson finally cracks, blurting out:

WATSON

Nine Elms.

HOLMES

Well done. Now, you didn't happen to pack the Lord's Register of members' interests, did you?

Watson pulls it out of a box.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

See what Blackwood admits to  
owning.

As Watson flips through it, Holmes plucks a few chords on  
his violin, thinking. Watson finds the page.

WATSON

It's endless, he's had a hand in  
just about everything that's not  
good for you.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Something brutal by the river...

WATSON

Woolwich Arsenal... Limehouse  
Chemical... Queenshithe  
Slaughterhouse, Nine Elms!

HOLMES

That's it, Watson! *This should  
lead us right to Blackwood.*

\*  
\*

Holmes leaps up and readies himself to leave.

\*  
\*

WATSON

*Not us, you.*

\*

*This gives Holmes pause.*

\*

HOLMES

*Right.* Well uh... best of luck  
with everything, then.

\*

WATSON

Same to you.

A brief nod, then Holmes is gone.

A beat as Watson continues packing. He heaves a box up,  
moves for his suitcase. After a moment, he notices...

Holmes' PISTOL.

WATSON

*Not again.*

\*  
\*

He picks it up. As he contemplates the weapon, he  
becomes more serious. Then angry. He mouths a curse to  
himself, and sees their DOG giving him a disapproving  
look.

WATSON

Yes, I know. Don't give me that  
look, Gladstone.

He pockets the gun, grabs his jacket and heads out.

81-82 OMITTED

81-82

82A EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

82A

A figure moves across the dark, Gothic courtyard. It is  
AMBASSADOR STANDISH. As he cuts through the shadows...

(CONTINUED)

82A

CONTINUED:

82A

A few DROPS OF RAIN trickle down. He looks up, surprised by the rain. He raises his collar, and keeps moving.

He hits the door to a building. It is locked. He bangs on the door, as the rain comes harder. The door finally opens. As he enters, we see the rain stops behind him, gone as fast as it came. A RAVEN flaps into the night.

82B

INT. TEMPLE OF FOUR ORDERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

82B

Standish comes up the stairs, wiping the raindrops off his coat, trying to dry himself, as he enters --

83

INT. TEMPLE OF FOUR ORDERS HEADQUARTERS - COUNCIL CHAMBER

83

A five-sided room. A few dozen venerable-looking characters arrange themselves in seats. Lord Coward stands next to a central throne. He stays standing as they all sit -- all except STANDISH.

STANDISH

What's the meaning of this? Why did you call us here?

LORD COWARD

Sir Thomas is dead. Effective immediately, I nominate Lord Blackwood as head of the Order.

STANDISH

Are you mad, Coward? Have you any idea what he's capable of?

BLACKWOOD (O.S.)

Of course he does. It's why he's here.

Blackwood enters. He looks as if he's been to hell, and come back more powerful than ever.

The crowd is stunned. Standish looks at Coward, betrayed, turns to the others -- who are transfixed by the sight of Blackwood suddenly kneeling before them.

BLACKWOOD

I am humbled. I am honored.

(beat)

My powers and my assets -- munitions, shipping, industry -- they were given to me for a purpose.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BLACKWOOD (CONT'D)

A magnificent and simple purpose.  
A different future... a future  
ruled by us.

Blackwood stands, prowls.

BLACKWOOD

You've made policy in secret for  
centuries. Now, you'll make it  
openly.

The men are beginning to like what they hear.

BLACKWOOD

The first act is a necessary one,  
for without death there can be no  
rebirth...

(beat)

... at noon tomorrow, we will take  
the first step towards a new  
chapter in history.

(beat)

England will know our power.  
Then, the whole world will.  
Across the Atlantic lies a colony  
that was once ours, and will be  
again. Their civil war weakened  
them; their government is as  
corrupt and ineffective as ours.  
We'll take it from them.

(beat)

With their resources and our  
power, we'll remake the world,  
we'll create the future.

(beat)

Are you with me?

STANDISH

No, sir, we are not!

(turning to the  
others)

The powers he's playing with are  
beyond any man's control.

BLACKWOOD

They're limitless -- even death  
holds no sway.

STANDISH

Help me stop him before it's too  
late.

Nobody moves. Blackwood smiles -- he's won.

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED: (2)

83

In desperation, Standish pulls a gun. But as he aims it at Blackwood -

BLACKWOOD

I wouldn't do that.

-- he IGNITES, combusting with an impossible BLAST OF BLINDING HOT FLAMES!

The men in the room reel backwards, shocked, terrified.

Flames consuming him, Standish flails, crashing through a window out to --

83A

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

83A

The fireball plummets through the sky, lighting city blocks. People look up, gape, and --

WHOOMPF! Standish lands on the roof of a carriage. Horses and carriages SCREECH to a stop.

The flames flicker blinding white, as his body contorts, melting away. People scream, gasp, faint, cross themselves, as they witness this unnatural act.

83B

INT. TEMPLE OF FOUR ORDERS HEADQUARTERS

83B

Blackwood turns away from the window, surveys them. They are terrified, but they are with him.

(CONTINUED)

83B

CONTINUED:

83B

Blackwood turns to Coward, nods.

Coward produces a brimming silver chalice.

BLACKWOOD

Come, drink your allegiance here.

The members line up to drink from a CHALICE. It doesn't taste good, but it tastes like power. As they drink, Blackwood leans close to Coward:

(CONTINUED)

BLACKWOOD

You control the police. Use them.

Coward nods.

EXT. QUEENSHITHE SLAUGHTERHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

An industrial area on a bend of the Thames. Work doesn't stop when the sun goes down. Wharves stretch out into the water. WE SEE a boat is being loaded. We PULL BACK FROM the scene and look ACROSS the water.

Just above the thump of industry we can hear a distinctive and irregular CHUGGING sound. Slowly a decrepit and eccentric little steam launch chugs INTO VIEW. Holmes is on the deck along with a much older man in a sailor's hat -- CAPTAIN TANNER.

HOLMES

Everything all right, Captain Tanner?

Captain Tanner has few teeth and a large white beard.

TANNER

Just a little leak, nothing to worry about.

Watson is busy with a bucket clearing the boat of a very serious leak. He's soaked, and furious.

TANNER

Not a great one for the water, are you, doctor? Army type, aren't you? You wouldn't have lasted long in the Navy.

Watson glares. Holmes scans the banks with a telescope. He sees a jetty with a few shadows shifting on it. The engine shudders off, the boat drifts. Tanner whispers:

TANNER

That's as far as we can go.

Holmes starts clambering over the side. Watson's pissed.

WATSON

There must be fifty yards of mud out there.

Holmes' head is just visible before he drops over the prow. He whispers at Tanner.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Pull in at Vauxhall. Send for the police when you get there.

Tanner nods. A soft "splosh" as Holmes disappears. Watson carefully leaves his valued possessions behind, watch, etc. He lays down his wallet and looks at Tanner.

WATSON

I know precisely how much money is in there.

TANNER

(taking the piss)  
I am sure you do, doctor.

Watson glares, goes over the side, with his walking stick.

Holmes and Watson emerge out of the shallows, covered in mud. Holmes doesn't seem bothered. Watson does.

They look up and see a jetty that heads out into the river. Two shadowy THUGS guard the dock, while more THUGS are loading the boat with something.

Holmes and Watson scuttle forward, towards the entrance, where two more THUGS patrol. Watson pulls out Holmes' GUN.

HOLMES

What are you doing with my gun?

WATSON

Oh, please.

HOLMES

It was an honest mistake --

WATSON

There was nothing honest about it.

Holmes looks back at Watson, takes the gun, says nothing, the closest he'll come to a confession. Watson steps forward.

WATSON

Come on, let's get this over with.

86

CONTINUED:

86

They look out at the thugs guarding the door. Holmes whispers, trying to figure out the best strategy.

HOLMES

The one on the left seems more attentive, might prove easily distracted. The big one's been drinking -- whether for courage or from habit... Watson?

Watson has already left. He simply walks up to the door and whacks the larger man in the face with the gun -- before dispatching the other with a backhand pistol-whip.

Holmes follows, notices that both men have hip flasks. He picks one up, takes a whiff, and pockets it as he follows Watson. He slows, sensing something behind him. He turns, looks at shadows. Nothing. And he enters --

87

OMITTED

87

88

INT. QUEENSHITHE SLAUGHTERHOUSE - TUNNEL

88

Holmes walks towards Watson who stands in the doorway, stopped in his tracks, spooked. Holmes catches up, passing Watson into --

89

INT. QUEENSHITHE SLAUGHTERHOUSE - ANTECHAMBER

89

Shadows on shadows. Metal groans softly, like a plaintive wail. The twisted blades of slaughterhouse instruments glimmer in the darkness. A few RATS lay dead. A truly creepy scene. Holmes and Watson move through it.

As they go, Holmes notices rows of empty tables. He runs his finger through a layer of dust, inspecting it.  
Quiet:

HOLMES

They cleared something out of here, not minutes ago...

Holmes slows, picks up one of the dead rats. He inspects it, sees something on its skin, some kind of dark spore.

WATSON (O.S.)

Holmes. You need to see this.

Holmes looks up, and sees Watson standing at a set of doors.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED:

89

Holmes pulls out a CIGAR-CUTTER, CLIPS off the rat's TAIL, slipping it into his pocket, as he joins Watson, stepping into --

90

INT. QUEENSHITHE SLAUGHTERHOUSE - FACTORY FLOOR

90

A massive space with a maze of machinery full of deadly gears and blades and saws, lifeless and silent for now. An automated butchery on a grand scale. This is the killing floor. Huge hooks hang from chain belts on an I-beam, the ceiling, swaying softly, whispering in the wind.

On the high walls, a huge number has been scrawled: 118.

WATSON

One-eighteen. It's a date, a time?

Holmes shakes his head, his eyes narrow, ticking.

HOLMES

It's chapter and verse.  
Revelation 1:18. 'I am He that liveth, and was dead.'

Another voice completes the passage, echoing from above:

BLACKWOOD (O.S.)

'And behold, I am alive  
forevermore, and have the keys of  
hell and of death. Amen.'

Holmes and Watson follow the voice to see: BLACKWOOD in the rafters. Shadows hang heavy around him. Holmes and Watson react: this is the first time they've seen him in the flesh.

BLACKWOOD

I cautioned you to accept that  
this is beyond your control. Now  
you see the truth for yourself.

The hooks in the ceiling are shivering softly, strangely. Holmes tightens. Blackwood continues, his voice echoes, as the hooks move through the air, gliding on a track.

BLACKWOOD

I want you to bear witness. At  
noon tomorrow, the world as you  
know it ends.

Watson pulls his gun, draws a bead on Blackwood, pulls the trigger. Click. Misfire.

(CONTINUED)

BLACKWOOD

And because I appreciate your help, Holmes, I have a gift for you.

Holmes starts climbing up towards Blackwood.

BLACKWOOD

(voice moving away)

She followed you. You led your little lamb straight to slaughter.

Suddenly the whole machine starts up. Industrial-strength loud, movement everywhere, empty hooks jerking towards the processing line. Blades and gears and grinders churn.

Watson's eyes go from Blackwood to --

A pig carcass as it comes swinging out of the killing area, towards the SCORCHER (which scorches the carcasses with live flame).

Then next carcass emerges --

-- not a carcass, Irene. She is alive, for now. She hangs from two hooks on a track-line, her wrists shackled above her, her mouth gagged.

Her eyes show terror until she sees them, then immense relief for a moment, then determination.

Holmes looks up to see Blackwood's shadow retreating.

Decision time.

Holmes drops on to the machine and leaps from gear to gear like stepping-stones. He heaves himself up to the conveyor, where Irene is being pulled down the assembly line towards the flames.

Watson sprints ahead, looking for a shut-off switch.

Holmes unties Irene's gag.

HOLMES

It's your turn in shackles this time.

Ahead of them, the pig carcass is scorched in an overwhelming burst of flame. Holmes and Irene are next.

IRENE

But this time no key,  
unfortunately.

Holmes notes that Irene's hands are shackled to separate hooks. It's going to take two actions to free her.

The flame machine gurgles ominously, gearing up for the next blast.

Watson sees a LEVER (PLEASE NOTE, NEW PROP!) that looks promising, turns to head for it -- then his eyes focus on a big canvas splatter cloth.

HOLMES

I've been meaning to ask you  
something --

IRENE

Well, I'm a captive audience.

Watson rips down the splatter cloth, sprints to Holmes and Irene, tosses the cloth across the conveyor belt to Holmes --

-- who wraps them up in the thick cloth just before the flames hit them.

The heat is excruciating -- but the cloth protects them.

Watson watches anxiously as the scorched cloth drops away, revealing that Holmes and Irene made it -- just.

Relieved, Watson heads for the lever until "Oh Shit!" he looks ahead --

-- sees the scorched pig carcass being dragged into a long, conveyor-belt-wide SCALDING TANK OF BOILING WATER.

Decision time for Watson -- help Holmes and Irene, or try the lever? He goes for the lever, reaches it, pushes it all the way over --

-- and the belt speeds up with a jerk.

Watson hauls back on the lever, gets the belt back to the original speed, looks around for another possible off switch.

Just as they reach the scalding tank, Holmes jumps off the belt (still opposite side to Watson), grabs Irene's legs and pulls her horizontal just before she's dragged into the boiling water.

(CONTINUED)

She's suspended just above the boiling water, with Holmes moving sideways, keeping pace with her.

IRENE  
(trying her best not  
to show the strain)  
You had a question.

Holmes keeps hold of Irene's feet as he maneuvers past various obstacles --

HOLMES  
(same)  
Ah. Yes. Do you still maintain  
you're not in over your head?

IRENE  
(panting)  
In some countries steam is  
considered excellent therapy for  
the skin.

-- then is gouged in the back by a whirling fan belt, jerks away, and Irene touches the water, SCREAMS.

Watson hears the scream, turns -- then sees something again. It pisses him off. Fuck this machine.

When Holmes has Irene stable again:

IRENE  
(weakly)  
I have to say -- it's overrated.

Holmes has to admire her courage -- until he hears Watson yelling at him.

Up ahead a huge pipe spews boiling water into the tank -- and impassable obstacle from Holmes' side of the conveyor belt.

Watson points at the I-beam running above them. Holmes nods. Irene sees it, too.

Holmes helps her reach one foot, then other up to the I-beam. She hooks her feet over it, and is suspended upside down by her shackles and her feet --

-- and still heading for the pipe spewing boiling water.

Watson appears opposite Holmes, nods up at Irene. She swings off the I-beam, through the air --

-- and Watson catches her feet, pulls her horizontal, facing the other way just in time to avoid the gush of boiling water.

As Watson holds Irene, he spots a small, but significant-looking SWITCH on the wall, painted red. (PLEASE NOTE, NEW PROP!)

Watson helps Irene back onto the conveyor belt, leaves her for Holmes to deal with, sprints for the switch.

Irene rides the belt upwards. Holmes clammers the equipment, following her.

Up ahead, the scorched, scalded pig carcass precedes them.

Holmes darts through a trimming station, with CLEAVERS HANGING FROM CHAINS, grabs one, jumps onto the belt, catches up to Irene --

-- just as they both see the pig carcass CUT IN HALF LENGTHWAYS BY A GIANT BANDSAW.

Holmes wastes no time, swings the meat cleaver at the lock shackling Irene's left hand. Sparks fly as metal kisses metal, but that's all. She's still shackled.

Then both of them see that Watson has reached the SWITCH. Whew!

Watson looks at them with relief -- close one -- and pulls the switch down with a really satisfying CLUNK!

A bank of lights goes out but the conveyor belt keeps moving towards the giant band saw.

Shit a brick.

IRENE

Sherlock?

Now, she's showing nerves. So is Sherlock. He braces himself on the belt, swings the cleaver with all his might --

-- smashes the shackle lock.

Irene swings sideways violently, still shackled by her right hand.

The bandsaw whines viciously.

Irene swings aside, just misses it.

(CONTINUED)

Gets a free haircut.

Then Holmes is under her, lifting her high so that she can free her right hand (a move not possible with both shackles).

Irene unhooks herself, falls forward, taking Holmes with her. They plummet downwards OUT OF FRAME.

Watson sprints towards where they fell, looks down --

-- sees them lying on a carpet of scorched, boiled, cut-in-half pig carcasses. They're okay.

Watson shakes his head, turns, heads for the door, looking for Blackwood.

Irene gives Holmes a sweet, grateful smile --

IRENE

Thank you so much. I owe you.

-- pulls a knife, gets up, heads after Watson. Holmes grabs her, stops her.

HOLMES

You owe me information.

(angry)

No more games, Irene.

She hears Watson opening the door to the dock. She looks at Holmes, their eyes locking. Finally, the truth:

IRENE

Blackwood's manufactured large-scale weapons for years. Lately there've been rumors of something new. More powerful than anything else. And... magical. My job is to find out if the rumors are true.

(MORE)

90A

CONTINUED: (5)

90A

IRENE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I would say they are.

And she's off, running toward the door. Holmes trails her, processing. They blast through the doors to --

91

EXT. NINE ELMS JETTY

91

Watson runs out of doors and towards the end of the dock. He sees: Blackwood and the boat are disappearing into the darkness.

Holmes and Irene run out of the doors following Watson. Holmes slows, looking around the dock, seeing something on the planks:

Steel drums are dripping. A chemical. Holmes recognizes it.

HOLMES

Watson!

Watson continues down the dock, tripping a wire connected to the steel drums, he turns realizing he has set off a trap and turns back to warn the others --

WATSON

Holmes...

A metallic conductor SPARKS. Time slows. BOOM!

The drums of chemicals all EXPLODE! A blinding conflagration engulfing Watson. For a moment, it lights up all of London.

HOLMES

WAATTTSSSSONNN!!!!

Holmes is pushed back by the explosion as the rest of the barrels that line the dock begin exploding around them -- it looks as if Watson hasn't survived. BOOM! Irene is knocked to the ground by the blasts and flying debris.

Holmes races towards her as more explosions, flames and debris fly all around him in slow motion, occasionally knocking him to the ground.

He reaches Irene, picks her up and grabs part of an exploded barrel to shield the two as they run for cover -- BOOM! The barrel splinters as a final blast knocks them down, but to safety.

As he opens his eyes --

(CONTINUED)

91

CONTINUED:

91

We see Lestrade and his men swarming the scene, they spot Watson, alive, but unconscious. Irene has disappeared. Holmes sees this and heads toward his friend, but --

-- is intercepted by Constable Clark.

CONSTABLE CLARK

There's an order for your arrest  
all the way from the top, sir --  
so you'll have to hit me now.

HOLMES

From Lord Coward?

CONSTABLE CLARK

Yes, sir, so make it look good.

HOLMES

Thank you, Clarky.

Holmes cracks Constable Clark in the sweet spot, helps him gently to his knees. Holmes turns away, makes his escape fast.

Holmes turns back to look at the explosion.

92

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR

92

Two POLICEMEN half-heartedly guard the end of a corridor. One reads the paper. The headline: "AMERICAN AMBASSADOR STANDISH BURNED ALIVE!"

Mary returns past them, having unsuccessfully washed away tear-stained makeup; there is a smear on her cheek. The two coppers nod respectfully.

Mary arrives at the windowed door of a private room, reaches for the handle, pauses.

THROUGH THE GLASS, she sees a white-coated DOCTOR, studying Watson's chart.

Mary stays at the door, unsure whether to enter or not.

93

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

93

WE SEE a newspaper on the nightstand next to a hospital bed, the headline reads: "AMERICAN AMBASSADOR STANDISH BURNED ALIVE!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Watson is burned, cut, bruised, scraped, pock-marked with shrapnel. He mumbles inaudibly, his eyes still closed. He's delirious, sweating.

(CONTINUED)

(NOTE: Mary's detective novels and magazines, coat, handbag, etc. already in the room.)

The doctor injects Watson in the arm. The shot wakes him. Watson tries to sit up, wincing with pain.

WATSON

What are you administering?

DOCTOR

Morphia. A sixth of a grain, for the pain.

Watson looks at his wounded shoulder.

DOCTOR

There are four pieces of shrapnel. The surgeon should be along shortly.

Watson tries to sit up again.

This reveals that Mary has entered the room, stands back respectfully, letting the Doctor do his work.

WATSON

Are they subcutaneous, or deeper?

DOCTOR

They're near the carotid artery.

WATSON

Get a mirror, I'll extract them myself.

DOCTOR

I can't authorize that, Doctor. We must first manage the pain and combat the infection.

WATSON

I haven't time for that. My friend is in dire --

DOCTOR

Your friend? What kind of friend takes a retired soldier, who's served his country and deserves a peaceful, private life, and puts him so directly in harm's --

Watson grabs the Doctor's arm angrily.

WATSON

The best and wisest man I've ever known.

DOCTOR

But evidently not wise enough to value your life over his misadventures.

ON MARY

As she takes a closer, sharper look at the Doctor.

WATSON

(succumbing to the morphine)

It was worth a wound, worth many wounds...

Mary steps towards the Doctor, eyes flashing.

MARY

Excuse me --

DOCTOR

(leaving)

I have other... patients.

MARY

Do you really? Doctor.

The Doctor turns just outside the door, to face her. She's suddenly very angry.

MARY

You have nothing more to say to me?

DOCTOR

Um... I'll check in on him again shortly.

MARY

Is that the best you can do? I'm disappointed, but not surprised.

The Doctor has no words.

MARY

If anything happens to him, both our lives are lost. Do you understand that? Can you? --

(CONTINUED)

The Doctor can't face her anger any longer, turns, leaves fast.

MARY

-- or are you so selfish that's  
just not possible.

93A/93B OMITTED

93A/93B

94

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR

94

The doctor strides down the corridor past the policemen.

94A EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

94A

ESTABLISHING SHOT of London, possibly the bustle of Fleet Street during the morning rush hour. A train crosses on an overhead railway.

We PUSH IN UNDER the railway arch until we can make out a splash of white in the shadows -- the Doctor from the hospital is slumped down against the wall.

We PUSH IN ALL THE WAY, so that we CAN SEE that the Doctor is actually Holmes.

There is something grotesque about his face, he hasn't completely removed his disguise. Parts of it hang down, obscuring him --

-- but not obscuring the light of instability in his eyes. They begin to overflow with tears. He brushes them away then looks at his wet hand, horrified.

94B-94E OMITTED

94B-94E

95 INT. PUNCH BOWL PUB - ATTIC

95

Holmes enters, disturbed, pained. Emotions swirling.

He pulls out a newspaper with the story of Standish's death, the pages and strange sacrificial offerings (bone, hair, feather, fang) from Sir Thomas' house.

Gathering himself, Holmes stands in the middle of the bare room and starts to lay out the clues he has on the floor. The Ox bone directly in front of him (at 12 o'clock). The eagle feather to his right (at 3 o'clock). The human hair behind him (at 6 o'clock) and the Lion's fang to his left (at 9 o'clock).

Then with a piece of charcoal Holmes draws a circle around each image and a circle directly in the center of the four other circles. He then draws lines which join the circles together in the shape of a cross.

In the center circle he draws a pentagram (using wax from a burning candle?). Then he pours a ring of salt around that circle.

He lights four candles (one at each point of the cross) then stands in the center of the circle.

He pulls a pocket knife from his coat, opens the blade, cuts his thumb and allows the drops of blood to drip onto the ground just outside the circle.

(CONTINUED)

Then he begins to chant. The words are eerily reminiscent of Blackwood's chanting.

Suddenly one of the drops of blood bursts into flame in mid-air -- as it hits the ground, the circle around Holmes ignites, followed by a larger circle beyond that.

BLACKWOOD (O.S.)

And now it dawns on you, you begin  
to recognize your part in his  
play.

Holmes snaps around, Blackwood has appeared behind him within the outer circle of flame.

BLACKWOOD

You see the path he chose for you.

Holmes sways, fuzzy. He struggles to focus on Blackwood.

BLACKWOOD

Didn't you wonder why it was so easy to catch me? I told you I needed five lives for my resurrection. Why would I take a sixth under St. Paul's?

Holmes shakes his head, he can barely see straight.

BLACKWOOD

Unless I simply wanted to be caught by the great Sherlock Holmes...

Blackwood raises a sacrificial sword and swings at Holmes' head.

BLACKWOOD

... so I could die on the biggest stage of all. You made me what I am.

We see --

HOLMES' POV

as Blackwood swings the sacrificial sword at Holmes' head. It looks as if Holmes has no time to react --

WHOOSH -- the sword WIPES the FRAME --

OMITTED

INT. PUNCH BOWL PUB - ATTIC

We see a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS, has Blackwood killed Holmes, or is he hallucinating, caught in the spell he conjured?

CUT TO:

A CLOSEUP OF HOLMES

His face covered with earth -- just as we saw Reordon in his coffin. Holmes' eyes snap open, he breathes in air --

As he comes to life we see events of the recent past flash through his mind.

BLACKWOOD'S TOMB.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE STUFF IN REORDON'S ROOM.

THE DEAD RATS.

CUT TO:

A CLOSEUP OF HOLMES

His face submerged in water inside a copper bath tub -- just as we saw Sir Thomas. Holmes' eyes snap open, he breathes in air --

THE OPENING CONFRONTATION IN THE CATACOMBS.

THE OBJECTS IN SIR THOMAS' SECRET ROOM.

THE PATTERNS HOLMES HAS DRAWN ON THE FLOOR OF THE PUNCH BOWL.

CUT TO:

A CLOSEUP OF HOLMES

His face engulfed with flames -- just as we saw Standish.

STANDISH FALLING THROUGH THE AIR CRASHING INTO THE CARRIAGE.

THE SPHINX.

THE RAVEN FLAPPING ITS WINGS.

CUT TO:

HOLMES

Writing and sweating on the bed in the attic. Holmes sees a hazy image of Irene. She leans over him smiling sweetly then wraps her hands around his neck and starts to strangle him.

IRENE SAYING "WHERE'S WATSON WHEN YOU NEED HIM?"

BLACKWOOD IN THE ROOM AGAIN WITHIN THE FLAME CIRCLE.

We SEE WATSON turning to warn Holmes before EXPLODING -- HOLMES!!!!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

98

INT. PUNCH BOWL PUB - ATTIC

98

The sun is rising. Holmes' eyes open and we see:

WATSON -- or some deathly version of his old friend -- is sitting in the chair where Blackwood appeared.

HOLMES  
(confused)  
Watson...?

Watson leans closer, into the light. A ghost or a man? He gestures towards the diagram on the floor.

WATSON  
Interesting artwork. You look  
bloody awful.

He writes something in his notebook. He is decidedly alive, but with burn flashes, cuts and bruises. His arm is in a sling. He's been through it.

In the b.g. Irene is at the fire heating some coffee.

HOLMES  
What about the shrapnel in your  
arm?

Watson shows him a piece of shrapnel --

WATSON  
Took it out myself. Mary said I  
had a lousy doctor.

-- then tosses it away.

They both smile. United in agony.

HOLMES  
(quietly, between  
them)  
She brought you here?

WATSON  
Yes, oddly, it seems she might  
understand the power of  
partnership.

They both look back over to Irene who just finished loading her gun. The coffee seems ready so she pours a cup.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

The fair sex was always your department, Watson.

Irene walks over and hands Holmes the cup.

HOLMES

Thank you. You know, I dreamt that you were strangling me.

IRENE

I was... I had to get you to pass out to settle down.

They smile at their unique, twisted understanding of one another.

HOLMES

What time is it?

WATSON

It's half past nine.

Holmes takes a drink of coffee.

HOLMES

Excellent brew, but I believe my head requires something a bit stronger to clear the --

WATSON

I brought you this...

HOLMES

Exactly.

He hands Holmes his VIOLIN. Holmes takes it.

Watson and Irene sit at a table, the SCREECH of a fiddle now comes from upstairs.

The fiddler's owner -- from the pub's band -- is busy getting drunk with the money he has acquired.

Irene arrives with two pints, puts one down in front of him, sits opposite him with the other.

Watson looks from Irene to the pint with open suspicion. Could it be poisoned? He wouldn't put it past her. But then he decides that's absurd. He takes a sip.

IRENE

Oh, I poisoned that one.

WATSON

With your own venom no doubt.

IRENE

Better a snake than a lap dog.

WATSON

There's a new field in the treatment of abnormal personalities -- it's called psychology. It appears you're what's considered a para-neurotic deviant with anti-social proclivities. Quite severe. And untreatable.

IRENE

No, doctor, I'm simply a woman.

(beat)

(MORE)

99

CONTINUED:

99

IRENE (CONT'D)

Understand that, and you'll have a  
happy marriage.

ALTERNATE DIALOGUE:

IRENE

(alternate dialogue)

Not quite, doctor. Let me make it  
simple for you, with a lot fewer  
words -- I'm what's called a  
woman.

(beat)

Understand that, and you'll have a  
happy marriage.

100

INT. PUNCH BOWL PUB - ATTIC - ON HOLMES

100

as he plays the violin, but not with a bow. He plucks  
it, he strums it, he makes strange atonal sounds, as he  
STARES AT THE RITUAL PATTERN he's laid out on the floor.

Flashes to various images of the sphinx that he's  
observed over the course of the investigation.

He stands up and draws a sphinx in charcoal on the floor.  
Then he moves to the ox bone -- a flash of Sir Thomas'  
ring with the Ox crest. He draws an ox in charcoal.  
Next to the ox bone Holmes writes -- Sir Thomas -- OX  
ring.

Next, he moves to the feather -- a flash to an Eagle in  
flight -- he quickly sketches an eagle. Then to an  
American flag, then to Standish with his eagle-topped  
cane. Next to the feather he writes America.

Then he moves to the hair. He draws a man's face. Flash  
to Reordon's red hair. Next to it Holmes writes Man.

Then he moves to a Lion fang. He sketches out a lion --  
he thinks -- BUT no flashes. Next to it he writes a big  
question mark. Where? Who?

Holmes returns to his violin. Staring at the Lion fang  
as if willing the flashes to come.

101

INT. PUNCH BOWL PUB

101

The music stops. Irene and Watson notice the silence.  
They swap a glance. A beat. And Holmes emerges.

HOLMES

I need a map of London.

102 INT. PUNCH BOWL PUB - ATTIC

102

Holmes is excited, electric.

HOLMES

Now that you're sitting comfortably, I shall begin. My initial approach was far too narrow. When Blackwood invited me to Pentonville prison, he suggested I widen my gaze and, at minimum, I have done just that. In fact, I may well have reconciled thousands of years of theological disparity. But that's for another time. Blackwood's method is based on a ritualistic mystical system that has been employed by The Temple of the Four Orders for centuries. To fully understand this system, to get inside it, I re-enacted the ceremony we interrupted in the crypt... with a few enhancements of my own.

WATSON

At minimum.

Watson and Irene shoot Holmes knowing looks.

HOLMES

My journey took me somewhat further down the rabbit hole than I had intended.

IRENE

Yes, your little white tail got rather dirty.

HOLMES

But I have emerged enlightened... The fraternity who silently control the Empire, share the belief with the Kings, Pharoahs, and Emperors of old that the Sphinx was a door to another dimension, a gateway to immeasurable power --

He tosses Watson the pages from Sir Thomas.

HOLMES

It is made up of four parts: The Ox, the Lion, the Eagle, and Man --

(CONTINUED)

He points out the individual parts of the Sphinx, covering other parts with his hand. We see the Ox body, Lion paws, Eagle wings, Man's face.

HOLMES

In Sir Thomas' secret chamber I  
found the bone of an ox, the tooth  
of a lion, the feather of an  
eagle, the hair of a man. Map!

Watson throws the map down on the floor, really flying now.

HOLMES

Now, it is a widely held belief  
that within the architecture of  
the great cities are coded  
references to this system.

He runs his finger over the map tracing the shape of a cross...

Then he picks up the charcoal and (following the map) draws a serpentine curve of the River Thames straight through the middle of the cross that he drew on the floor.

HOLMES

Since he rose from the grave,  
Blackwood has killed three men.  
Each murder was committed at a  
location that has a direct  
connection with the Temple,  
therefore the System.

(beat)

Reordon, the ginger midget,  
represents Man. We found his body  
here...

He points to a spot on the map south of the Thames. It corresponds to the point on the cross that Holmes drew that has the hair (6 o'clock).

HOLMES

Then Sir Thomas, Master of the  
Temple, wore the ox ring... he  
died here...

Again the spot Holmes points is directly north of the river and corresponds to the point on the cross that has the ox bone (12 o'clock).

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Standish was Ambassador to America, where the Eagle has been the national emblem for over a hundred years -- and not by coincidence.

Holmes points to the map.

HOLMES

The headquarters of Temple of the Four Orders where he died is here...

He points to corresponding points on the map and on the cross.

WATSON

Man, Ox, Eagle...

He connects the dots on the map. They form three points of a cross.

WATSON

And last on the list: the Lion.

Holmes scribbles on a piece of paper. Watson and Irene step closer looking at the lion's fang and then the map...

HOLMES

Correspondingly, the map will tell us the location of Blackwood's final act. Right here.

Their eyes widen as they realize what they're seeing.

WATSON

Parliament.

IRENE

What is the meaning of this circle?

Irene indicates the fifth circle Holmes has drawn -- the point at which the other four come together. They look to where it would correspond to on the map -- right in the middle of the river.

HOLMES

It is the fifth element -- the ethereal. That which can't yet be known.

(CONTINUED)

WATSON

It's right in the middle of the River Thames.

BOOM! They hear doors slamming outside, boots echoing. Irene looks out the window, sees POLICE OFFICERS flooding the pub.

IRENE

Police.

Holmes folds up his piece of paper, hands it to Watson. He quickly moves to a hatch in the floor. Flings it open.

HOLMES

Ladies first.

Irene jumps down. Watson is about to follow her down.

HOLMES

Follow these plans.

Watson goes down. It looks as though Holmes is about to join them when Lestrade and his men burst into the room. Holmes kicks the hatch closed and steps towards Lestrade.

102A

INT. PUNCH BOWL PUB - HALL

102A

Holmes races down the hall toward the back door, but the door EXPLODES inward. Police fill the hall. Holmes looks back, where more police block his path. He simply raises his arms, and they drag him away.

103

INT. POLICE CARRIAGE - MID-MORNING (LATER)

103

Holmes sits battered, cuffed and bruised, though we can see from his face that his spirits are unaffected by his physical state. Tough-looking cops sit either side of him, Lestrade sits opposite, shaking his head -- he can't believe it's come to this. He looks at Holmes.

104

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

104

PULL BACK FROM an image of a GOLDEN LION on a banner. We're at the Houses of Parliament.

(CONTINUED)

104

CONTINUED:

104

The carriage pulls up. Crowds are gathering outside, hawkers and tourists, plenty of flags and enthusiasm. Holmes sees the hands of BIG BEN, climbing toward noon.

105

INT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

105

The place is a hive of activity, preparing for pomp and circumstance, at its ceremonial best.

All of which is in stark contrast to the battered figure of Holmes, who is marched through a series of doors and checkpoints along the corridors of power by an angry-looking Lestrade. They come to a door. Lestrade knocks.

106

INT. PARLIAMENT - LORD COWARD'S CHAMBERS

106

The door is opened by Lord Coward, who's halfway through putting on his official robes, and caught off guard by the sight of Holmes cuffed (hands behind him) and flanked by Lestrade and men.

LORD COWARD

Lestrade?

LESTRADE

Begging your pardon, m'lord, I know it's unorthodox, but Mr. Holmes has been making serious accusations about you and the order, sir.

Lestrade pulls his lapel, revealing a temple of four orders pin.

HOLMES

Oh, that solves the great mystery as to how you became inspector.

Lestrade punches Holmes.

LORD COWARD

I have five minutes before my next engagement, why don't you regale me with your stories of conspiracies. Thank you, Lestrade, if you could wait outside.

Lestrade leaves and shuts the door.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

I'm curious, Coward, did you assist Blackwood in all the murders or just the one I prevented? Very distinctive those hand-made shoes of yours, but the price of quality is the unique imprint they leave.

Coward walks towards his desk at one end of the room. Holmes goes to warm himself by the fire at the other end.

HOLMES

Nonetheless, I confess to being completely out-matched. I could deduce very little from my investigation.

Coward turns away for a moment -- Holmes subtly kicks a log from the fire, it starts to smolder and fill the room with smoke.

HOLMES

Fortunately, there is nothing more stimulating than a case where everything goes against you. How many members of parliament do you intend to murder at noon today?

(beat)

Man, ox, eagle, lion -- the lion is parliament, isn't it?

Lord Coward slows, looks at Holmes in some astonishment.

LORD COWARD

Very clever. But it's not murder, Mr. Holmes. It's mercy. We are giving the weak masses a strong shepherd. Don't you see it's for their own good?

Smoke fills the room so that Holmes is concealed. Coward pulls a gun from the desk and moves to the window. He opens it to try and clear the smoke.

HOLMES

No, but I don't care much what you think. I simply wanted to know the location of Blackwood's final ceremony, and now you have given it to me.

LORD COWARD

I have told you nothing.

(CONTINUED)

A pair of handcuffs, slide across the floor to Coward's feet. He looks up and Holmes is nowhere to be found. Coward quickly moves across the room to lock the door.

HOLMES

But your clothes say infinitely more than you ever hope. The mud smeared on your boots from where you've been walking...

CLOSEUP ON COWARD'S CLOTHES

That he's changed out of and discarded in the corner of the room. We see a --

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

Coward's heel walking through mud.

HOLMES (V.O.)

A touch of red stock brick dust on your knee, from where you've been kneeling...

Coward's knee dropping to the ground.

HOLMES (V.O.)

A small bandage on your thumb from where you've been vowing...

Coward performing a ritual.

HOLMES (V.O.)

A faint aroma of excrement, from where you have been standing.

Coward, Blackwood, and the Temple members perform a ritual around a pentagram in the SEWERS. The big ceremonial sword is prominent.

LORD COWARD (V.O.)

It's a shame you made an enemy out of Blackwood, Holmes, you would have made a valuable ally. The powers at our disposal are far greater than you can imagine.

HOLMES (V.O.)

You and Blackwood laid the final touches to your ceremony in the sewers beneath parliament less than an hour ago.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

106

CONTINUED: (3)

106

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

Both Houses met today. The entire government will be present.

LORD COWARD

How terrible is wisdom, Holmes, when it brings no profit to the wise.

(turning to Holmes)

We take power at noon.

REVEAL Holmes sitting in a chair behind Coward.

HOLMES

Well there's no time to waste then, is there?

Coward spins around and shoots at Holmes. He misses. Holmes runs towards the open window as Coward fires another shot.

With a single bound, Holmes leaps out of the window Coward opened.

Coward runs to the window and sees Holmes DIVING toward the river Thames, PLUMMETING down down down to --

107

EXT. THAMES - OUTSIDE PARLIAMENT

107

SPLASH! Holmes dives into the river handcuffed. He disappears for a moment then surfaces, looks about in the water. A moment of concern until we hear the familiar "chug" of a struggling engine.

(CONTINUED)

Holmes looks in the water and sees a rope trailing on the surface. He grabs it with his hands. And... it pulls him closer to the rickety boat of Captain Tanner.

Watson stands on the rear deck, pulling Holmes in on the rope. Irene is also present.

When Holmes is level, Watson leans over and clips off his cuffs using bolt cutters. Clearly the whole escape has been planned. Holmes is pulled up into the boat.

TANNER

(to Watson)

I told you he'd be coming out the top window, soldier boy. No way he'd be coming over the terrace.

Watson hands over the change from the engagement ring. Tanner takes it happily.

WATSON

How was Lestrade?

HOLMES

Performed his role perfectly. A little too perfectly, come to think of it.

Watson has the PAPER that Holmes gave him in the attic.

WATSON

Well, your instructions were fairly precise... about everything except the window.

Tanner smiles, still pleased with himself.

IRENE

Where to, Sherlock?

Holmes points to a dark recess in the embankment.

HOLMES

Port side, Captain Tanner, into the sewers.

Tanner turns the boat. Irene looks out, her eyes narrow.

HOLMES

Watson, did you bring my clothes?

Watson hands over a pile of clothes and Holmes' PISTOL. Holmes opens the drum, checks the load, grimaces, pockets it. He's never going to like guns.

(CONTINUED)

107

CONTINUED: (2)

107

Then Holmes reaches inside a pocket of clothes he is still wearing, and pulls out the hip FLASK that he took from the men at the slaughterhouse. He takes a shot.

IRENE

Starting early, aren't we?

He offers the flask to her.

HOLMES

Trust me, have a drink.

She can see this is more than a social invitation, she takes a hit, pulls a face. Holmes nods towards Watson, Irene passes him the bottle. He drinks, grimaces, hands it on to Tanner, who swallows it without flinching, wipes his mouth, smiles. The boat is almost at the sewers.

WATSON

What are we doing in the sewers?

HOLMES

Patience, Doctor. I am about to show you...

As they head toward the sewers, Holmes glances up toward Big Ben, the time moving toward noon.

107A

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - DAY

107A

Expensive carriages fill the courtyard. The entire government is here. We see familiar faces from the Temple of Four Orders, heading into this epic building.

108-109 OMITTED

108-109

110

INT. SEWERS - BOAT

110

Tanner's boat, unlit, floats at the opening to the tunnel, on the edge of the darkness.

TANNER

Far as I can go.

Holmes and Watson leap off the boat into the mouth of the sewer. Irene follows. (Watson has his SWORD STICK and a GUN, Holmes has changed into the clothes Watson brought for him.)

They move through the shadowy sewer tunnels, working their way around corners and through junctions back under the Houses of Parliament.

(CONTINUED)

Holmes ducks around a corner, stops. Irene and Watson flank him, standing in shadows. They look down a long tunnel to:

The area where Coward and Blackwood were seen in the flashback ceremony with the sword. But now:

Blackwood's THUGS patrol the area. In the center, the pentagram remains. But there is something sitting in it, a futuristic device:

HOLMES

Behold, Blackwood's magic.

A black glass cylinder is housed in a metal cradle with electrodes on either side. It sits below a shattered ceiling, bricks dismantled, exposing a VENTILATION PIPE. Holmes looks back at Watson and Irene. Quiet:

HOLMES

A chemical weapon. The first of its kind. Cyanide, to be precise.

WATSON

You can tell that from here?

HOLMES

No. I can tell it from here.

He pulls something out of his pocket: the RAT TAIL.

HOLMES

I snipped this off a rather recumbent rat at the slaughterhouse. Note the blue discoloration, the faint smell of bitter almonds. Tell-tale signs of cyanide.

He points at the device and the exposed shaft over it.

HOLMES

That shaft leads directly to Parliament. When activated, those electrodes on either side will send a charge converting the cyanide powder into a gas.

IRENE

All of the people inside that building --

WATSON

Will be dead at the strike of noon.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

HOLMES

As if by magic. There will be no one left to stop Blackwood and his followers from assuming control.

The CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the shattered ceiling, UP a channel, DOWN a bend, all the way through a GRATE TO --

110A INT. PARLIAMENT - DAY

110A

Air blows UP through the grate. The chamber is now full of Lords and senior Royals. As they start to take seats, Lord Coward steps up, checks the crowd. He sees a shadow up in the Lords' Gallery.

111 OMITTED

111

112 INT. SEWERS - DAY

112

Holmes checks his watch.

HOLMES

Seven minutes to twelve...

They nod. Shoulder-to-shoulder, they move down the tunnel, faster and faster.

Irene trails them closely.

Watson slides his sword stick into a loop on his belt. It's there when he needs it, out of the way otherwise.

They draw their guns.

They burst into the area, completely surprising the three thugs.

Watson pistol-whips the nearest. Holmes front-kicks the next.

The third thug looks down the barrels of both their guns before he has a chance to fight or flee.

HOLMES

I wouldn't.

He doesn't. Irene comes in behind them and heads straight for the device.

WATSON

I'll keep these under wraps.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Take this.

Holmes hands Watson his gun. Gun in each hand, Watson herds the three thugs away from the device.

WATSON

Over there.

Sullen, but without much resistance, they move away (two dragging the pistol-whipped one, who is out). Watson turns so that he can watch the action at the device --

-- which puts his back to another tunnel.

Holmes joins Irene at the device. She grips her knife, looking for a way to detach the CYLINDER from the CRADLE (where electric coils and circuits pulse).

IRENE

I've never seen anything like it.

HOLMES

There's never been anything like it. A totally wire-free weapon. He must have some kind of remote device sending a signal to the receiver. Really quite --

She reaches out with her knife and... ZAP! Her blade hits a coil, sparks flashing. Electrocuted, she drops the knife, which falls into the cradle, surrounded by humming, sparking coils.

Irene recoils, sees something past Holmes --

RACK PAST HOLMES TO WATSON --

Where DREDGER LOOMS OUT OF THE DARK BEHIND HIM, both hands held high to grab the guns and smash Watson.

Before Irene can alert him, Watson's wrists are crushed from behind. Dredger jerks Watson's arms sideways, sending both guns spinning away --

-- Holmes's gun splashes into the sewer.

Dredger spins Watson around, head-butts him with a teeth-rattling blow, flings Watson away like a discarded paper cup.

Now unguarded, the two conscious thugs charge Holmes and Irene.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

112

Irene shoots one point blank with her Derringer, Holmes crushes the other's larynx.

HOLMES

(to Irene)

Keep at it.

Holmes goes for Dredger.

113 INT. PARLIAMENT - DAY

113

Lords and Royals sit in this august hall, waiting for the session to begin. Coward looks up, and points, very emphatically.

LORD COWARD

Look.

All eyes rise to see: BLACKWOOD, up in the Lords' Gallery. The hall goes silent, staring at a ghost. Blackwood is calm, commanding.

Voices rise; Blackwood's followers move to block the doors as --

BONG! The first CHIME OF NOON from Big Ben.

114 INT. SEWERS - DAY

114

The chime echoes. Dredger charges towards the device and Irene. Holmes flies into him feet-first, deflecting him for a moment.

It is now clear that Dredger's sole purpose is to protect the device.

Irene sits at the device, trying to figure out how to defuse it.

BONG!

The second chime resounds. Dredger grabs Holmes, thrusts him upwards against the sewer roof, simultaneously strangling him and hammering him against the bricks hard enough to dislodge some.

Holmes lashes out with his feet at Dredger -- who doesn't even bother to block anything. Holmes' kicks lose steam as he loses air.

BONG!

(CONTINUED)

IRENE  
(without looking up)  
Nine strokes left.

Dredger grins --

-- until he is earholed from behind by two bricks, swung with full force by Watson.

Dredger drops Holmes, staggers back holding his bleeding ears. Holmes heads back to Irene.

Watson draws the sword from his sword stick. Deadly enough, but not very big.

WATSON  
You owe me for the ring.

Dredger backs off, as if scared of the sword -- but only until he can reach up and pull Blackwood's ceremonial sword down off a brick ledge. This is going to be more uneven than usual.

BONG!

As Watson parries Dredger's massive slashes and thrusts all around them, only just keeping Dredger at bay --

-- Holmes sees that the cylinder is welded onto the cradle by two RODS. His eyes narrow, a plan forming.

HOLMES  
Give me your gun. The bullets, I  
need the bullets.

BONG! The clock is ticking down.

Irene pops open her Derringer, slides the bullets into Holmes' hand. He chops open the bullet casings with his knife, pouring the gunpowder into --

-- the bowl of his pipe.

BONG!

Watson ducks a whooshing cut, lunges with his little sword, sticks it into the meat of Dredger's bicep.

Dredger grunts angrily, flexes his bicep, rips the sword out of Watson's grasp with his muscle, then he pulls it out, snaps the blade against the wall like a twig, and moves in to cut Watson in two with the ceremonial sword from head to toe.

Watson dives desperately, gets a haircut from the sword --

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

114

-- which shatters against the floor.

While Watson is down, Dredger punts him into the sewer with a splash, then turns back to the device.

BONG!

114A OMITTED

114A

115 INT. HOUSE OF LORDS

115

Blackwood has lit four small red candles, placed them on the balustrade in front of him. He calmly intones a familiar chant. Lords are on their feet. Guards are banging outside the doors, but the doors are locked. Members of the Temple of Four Orders stand in front of anyone going to open them.

116 INT. SEWER TUNNEL - DAY

116

Holmes rips the stem off his pipe, places the open end of the bowl against the bolt holding the cylinders in place. Shaped charge, Victorian-style.

HOLMES

We need a light, a match --

Irene's eyes narrow, seeing something in the cradle: her KNIFE. She rolls up a sleeve.

IRENE

Got it...

Which is when a blood-maddened Dredger thunders into them both, arms wide, driving Holmes and Irene away from the device --

-- hammering them into the wall with a mighty thud. Then he braces his massive feet, angles his huge legs and pushes, squeezes them against the wall like a human vice.

That's the extent of Dredger's plan, and it will work for long enough because --

BONG!

IRENE

(breath crushing out  
of her)

Three.

(CONTINUED)

116

CONTINUED:

116

ON THE DEVICE AS IT GOES ACTIVE

The batteries begin to fizz madly, cams turn, gears ratchet past each other. Bad news.

WATSON (O.S.)

Hey!

Dredger turns his head so that he can see Watson, on his belly, crawled from the sewer -- where he found HOLMES' GUN.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! Four white phosphorous tracers strobe through the sewer, stitch a line down Dredger's back (aimed so as not to hit Holmes or Irene on the through-and-through) --

-- and continue to burn inside Dredger. He lurches away, eyes bulging, mouth wide with a silent scream.

BONG!

IRENE

Two!

Holmes and Irene stagger for the device.

Fizzling, boiling inside, the dying giant falls like a tree.

Watson is face-down on the stones, still. The gun falls out of his limp hand.

Irene swipes her hand down into the cradle, just barely avoiding the sparks and coils, snatching her blade, and...

ZAP! A spark hits the blade, and she angles the blade, redirecting the spark toward --

Holmes' pipe, which BLOWS WITH A VICIOUS CRACK! The shaped charge shears the steel rods.

Holmes and Irene reach for the cylinders.

BONG!

116A

OMITTED

116A

117

INT. HOUSE OF LORDS - DAY

117

Blackwood stands on balcony looking down at the assembled Lords.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

## BLACKWOOD

You seem surprised. Did you really take me for a man who could be dispatched like a truculent servant? I see before me a conspiracy of arrogant old men puffed up by the illusion of their own vainglory. In your hands this once great parliament has become nothing more than a drunken satyr, stumbling about the world's stage seeking nothing more than to satiate your own lust and gluttony; your britches stained by the incontinence of your hypocrisy. I will not sit idly by and watch you violate the innocence of the public trust as you drag this great Empire into the quagmire that your pride has dug and filled with the excrement of your corruption. I am here to change all this.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He raises his hand and traces a circle in the air. A circle of flame erupts on the opposite wall.

\*  
\*

## BLACKWOOD

I am the fourth horseman.

\*  
\*

He raises his hand and traces a triangle in the air. A triangle of flame erupts on the opposite wall.

\*  
\*

## BLACKWOOD

I am the pale rider.

\*  
\*

He raises his hand and traces a second triangle in the air. The second triangle of flame erupts on the opposite wall to complete the pentagram within the circle.

\*  
\*  
\*

## BLACKWOOD

And my name to you is death.

\*  
\*

117A INT. SEWER TUNNELS - DAY

117A

ZZZZP! The electrical charge zaps through the device, electrodes sizzle, sending blinding sparks through the cradle.

Holmes and Irene RIP the cylinder out of the way just as... the sparks collide in a blinding flash and...

117B EXT. BIG BEN - DAY 117B

BONG! The clock strikes twelve.

117C INT. PARLIAMENT 117C

The men wait for something mythic, magical. And...

Nothing happens. Nothing at all. They look around. Everyone is still standing. Coward looks confused, scared. Other Temple members eye him.

Blackwood hits the remote again. But again, nothing happens. WE SEE something new in his eyes: fear. He ducks away fast, disappearing into the gallery.

117D OMITTED 117D

118 INT. SEWER JUNCTION - DAY 118

Holmes and Irene look each other in the eye. For the first time, neither knows what to say.

IRENE

That was something new for us.

HOLMES

Yes... it was.

She looks past Holmes.

IRENE

Watson --

Holmes whips around -- sees Watson, seemingly dead. He goes to him, drops to his knees next to Watson, feels for a pulse.

With his face still pressed to the stones:

WATSON

I'm pretty sure I heard the last chime.

Holmes looks down at his friend, relieved.

HOLMES

Yes, we made it. Just.

Watson rolls over, sits up. He's done, had enough.

HOLMES

Come on, you've got to admit, you're going to miss this.

WATSON

Which part? The stench of the sewers or the broken bones?

(beat)

My ankle's done.

Watson looks around.

WATSON

Where's Irene?

Holmes turns, looks. The cylinders are gone, and so is Irene. His face darkens. He misread her yet again.

WATSON

Holmes, I'm sorry...

Holmes sees Irene's lithe shadow moving fast into a maze of tunnels. He motions to the disabled device.

HOLMES

Make sure Lestrade keeps it intact.

Watson nods. He watches Holmes sprint into the darkness, face grim.

Blackwood flashes downward through the ornate official understory of the Houses, heads for a staircase spiralling even further down.

118B INT. SEWER TUNNELS - DAY 118B

Irene hears Holmes' angry footsteps behind her, turns, sees a flash of movement through the labyrinth of tunnels and columns. She picks up speed.

CUT TO:

ANGLE FROM THE SIDE

Blackwood enters the maze of tunnels, hears, then sees Irene sprint across the maze, about 500 yards away.

Then Holmes.

Blackwood follows them. Sees something on the ground ahead -- pauses.

It's WATSON'S SWORD STICK, flung there from the previous action with Dredger.

Blackwood scoops it up.

118C INT. SINGLE SEWER TUNNEL - DAY 118C

Panting, Irene runs along a tunnel that steps lower -- -- and pinches tighter. A large-diameter water pipe angles down the tunnel wall, forcing Irene to turn sideways to continue.

The sound of Holmes' footsteps drives her forward.

And then the tunnel ends. The water pipe breaks off jaggedly in mid-air, next to Irene's head.

The continuation of the pipe passes through solid brick at the end of the tunnel -- a dark, claustrophobic gamble. Irene hesitates for a moment, then slithers into the pipe, into the unknown.

118D INT. PIPE - DAY 118D

The pipe angles down, damp, horrible. For a long moment it is pitch black, pinched down. Irene's quick, anxious breath the only point of reference.

This is as tight, subterranean, dark and nightmarishly claustrophobic as it gets.

Then, almost imperceptibly, light.

We can make out Irene's determined profile. Light increases, and so does Irene's rate of movement.

118E INT. CELLAR - DAY 118E

The pipe emerges from the brick wall in what looks to be the cellar of a building. Stonework fairly new.

Dim daylight from an unseen opening shows a fixed ladder heading upwards. Irene accelerates for it.

118F INT. PIPE - DAY 118F

Holmes grimaces, enters the pipe, shimmies TOWARDS us. An even tighter fit for him.

118G INT. CELLAR - ON THE LADDER - DAY 118G

Irene -- climbing with one hand, cylinders in the other -- reaches an iron grate, has to use all her strength to shoulder it aside. As fit and athletic as she is, this is a grind.

118H INT. HOLLOW BUILDING - DAY 118H

Irene emerges at the base of a dark, hollow building full of construction equipment, and sees, yes --

-- more stairs, upward. The only ready way out.

Gritting her teeth, chest heaving, Irene charges the stairs --

118I INT. CELLAR - DAY 118I

-- just as Holmes pops out of the pipe, vaults onto the fixed ladder and swarms up it. Anger lends him energy.

118J INT. HOLLOW BUILDING - DAY 118J

IN A SERIES OF TIME JUMPS MARKED BY INCREASING EXHAUSTION:

Irene finally makes it to a floor in the building that is flooded with sky-bright daylight.

She surges for light -- a brick-framed window -- and --

SMASH CUT TO:

118K EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - HELICOPTER SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE - 118K  
DAY

OF IRENE at the top of TOWER BRIDGE. She's climbed up the inside of the Tower. She's 250 feet above the Thames.

We've gone straight from maximum claustrophobia to maximum knee-buckling exposure.

PULL BACK and SWEEP INTO a massive, NEAR 360-DEGREE HELICOPTER SHOT that starts with Irene at the (unfinished) window --

-- then shows the skeletal bridge spanned tenuously with scaffolding --

-- then the glory of London, the center of the world, laid out for us in breathtaking, spectacular beauty --

-- and returns to Irene as, recovered somewhat -- she darts onto the walkway scaffolding that crosses above the Thames.

119-119G OMITTED

119-119G

119H EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - WALKWAY - DAY 119H

Irene works her way through the construction debris on the bridge. She makes it to the end, no further to go. \*

SHERLOCK \*

Woman! \*

Sherlock appears behind her, winded. \*

SHERLOCK \*

It's bad manners to leave without at least saying 'goodbye.' \*

Irene turns. \*

IRENE \*

Goodbye! \*

He start to move towards her. She whips out her gun. \*

IRENE \*

You of all people know I will pull this trigger. \*

They circle around each other. \*

(CONTINUED)

119H

CONTINUED:

119H

IRENE

I'd tell you I'm sorry, that I  
wish things could be different but  
you wouldn't believe me anyway.

HOLMES

Why hurry off, give it a try.

He moves in again. She shoots him in the arm.

And in that split second --

Blackwood drops down from behind Irene, HITS her with  
WATSON'S SWORD STICK. She drops, stunned. As she falls,  
Blackwood plucks the cylinder out of her hand, and kicks  
her gun away. Her gun goes flying off the side of the  
bridge. But Irene doesn't pause:

She swings her legs through the air, trying to take out  
Blackwood's knees. But he swipes her legs away, and  
KICKS DOWN and --

IRENE FALLS OFF THE BRIDGE.

BLACKWOOD

You're better off without her,  
Holmes!

High above: a RAVEN lands.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - WALKWAY - DAY

A look between them and then it's on. Holmes grabs a short section of wooden batten out of the railing. Flimsy, no match for the sword --

-- which is immediately apparent as Blackwood comes in, slashes, chops six inches off the batten.

BLACKWOOD

I planned to kill a handful of senile old men to make this empire strong... but now because of you thousands are going to die.

Holmes is on the defensive throughout, but, as before, his target is the cylinder first, Blackwood second, self defense third.

BLACKWOOD

All I have to do is break this cylinder. The wind will do the rest. And you'll be the first.

The two men continue their swordfight: Holmes grabs some rope hanging from the scaffolding above and swings off the bridge. Blackwood steps to the edge with his sword out, awaiting Holmes. Holmes swings towards the blade and then pushes off the bridge once again to avoid it.

Holmes swings back onto the bridge a few feet away from Blackwood. He lands, whips off his scarf and twirls it around Blackwood's arm, binding them together. They continue to spar, now bound.

Blackwood snarls, mounts a frenzied attack, which Holmes simply tries to survive. The two men finally part, with Holmes cast off towards the end of the bridge.

Blackwood smiles. He grabs Holmes' gun (which Blackwood knocked from Irene's hand earlier).

Blackwood fires at Holmes. Holmes quickly ducks. The bullet misses him, but hits a bucket twirling above his head. A black liquid (tar) begins to pour out in a circle around him.

Holmes turns, as if to flee (not that there's anywhere to go) -- his eyes lock on to something. He looks back to Blackwood.

-- Holmes kicks a huge scaffolding plank, which falls --

-- whipping a coil of rope across the floor, hooking Blackwood around his ankle.

(CONTINUED)

Blackwood is DRAGGED down the walkway by the weight of the falling plank, pulled toward the edge.

Holmes grabs the cylinders as Blackwood passes.

Blackwood digs his fingers into a gap, screeching to a painful halt. His fingers are white from strain. Holmes remains cool.

HOLMES

There was never any magic. Only  
conjuring tricks.

Above Holmes: the raven starts PECKING at a rope.

HOLMES

The simplest involved paying  
people off, like the prison  
guard...

Holmes looks over the edge of the walkway. He sees the plank swinging dangerously in the storm. Blackwood strains desperately to hold on. As Holmes steps closer we INTERCUT with relevant FLASHBACKS.

HOLMES

(guard choking/  
payoff)

Who pretended to be possessed  
outside your cell. Your  
reputation and your jailers' fear  
did the rest.

(burial ground/  
licking rocks)

Others required more elaborate  
preparation, like the sandstone  
slab that covered your tomb. You  
had it broken before your burial  
then put back together using a  
mild adhesive. An ancient  
Egyptian recipe I believe -- a  
mixture of egg and honey.  
Designed to be washed away by the  
rain or eaten by animals.

(bath/Reordon  
flashback)

Arranging for your father to drown  
in his own bathtub required more  
modern science. Very clever of  
Reordon to find a paralytic that  
was activated by the combination  
of copper and water and was  
therefore undetectable once the  
bath water was drained.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



Blackwood struggles to hold on, he loses his grip for a second and is dragged back toward the precipice. Wind whips harder.

Holmes doesn't notice: The Raven's rope SNAPS, starting a slow, subtle DOMINO EFFECT IN B.G.: a bucket drops, hits a row of standing timbers. The timbers start to topple.

(NOTE: Each time one object strikes another, we hear a faint musical note moving up the same pentatonic scale that Holmes played earlier for his flies.)

HOLMES

You hated your father and the other members of the Temple of the Four Orders for what they did to you. How satisfying it must have been to use their own system against them.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

IN B.G.: We see the slow, inexorable dominoes continue to fall. The last timber falls over the edge, lands on a rope. The rope yanks down a crane, the crane swings, strikes another crane...

BLACKWOOD

Cut me loose, Holmes!

Blackwood's eyes are full of fear. Holmes thoughtfully looks out at the angry storm, the atmosphere electric and dangerous. Holmes gives the slightest hint of a smile.

HOLMES

You better hope that it's nothing more than superstition as you performed all the rituals perfectly.

\*  
\*  
\*

Holmes looks around at the gathering storm.

\*

Blackwood can hold on no longer. He screams as he releases his grip and is torn down the walkway at breakneck speed.

Quick as a snake, Holmes grabs a workman's ax placed on the side and hurls it at his feet, cutting the rope.

Blackwood's imminent death is brought suddenly to a halt. The storm grows in ferocity. Holmes bends down, Blackwood is on his knees, cowed.

HOLMES

First, the world will see you for  
what you are. Then you will  
hang... properly this time.

\*  
\*  
\*

Blackwood looks up. CRACK! The crane dislodges a METAL  
GIRDER, which misses Holmes by inches as it crashes  
through the floorboards --

\*

Blackwood smirks.

\*

BLACKWOOD

We'll see about that shall we.  
It's a long journey from here to  
the rope.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CREAK. Holmes looks up. Blackwood looks up.

\*

HOLMES

We'll see about that shall we.

\*  
\*

BANG! The top of the crane crashes down. The wooden  
infrastructure supporting Blackwood falls away.

\*  
\*

Sending Blackwood falling into a lattice of HANGING  
CHAINS below. Blackwood screams as the chains begin to  
snap off one by one. He falls farther... and farther...  
and finally --

\*

SNAP! The last chain CATCHES, TIGHTENS around  
Blackwood's neck, killing him instantly.

Blackwood dangles on the rusty chain, hanged like a  
common man after all, with Tower Bridge as his gibbet.

Holmes just stands there, stunned. He looks out to see:  
the RAVEN flying away, a silhouette against the stormy  
sky. The bird flaps its wings, disappearing into a  
cloud.

His brow furrows. Perhaps there really are some things  
that cannot be explained.

\*  
\*

Holmes looks over the side of the bridge, sees:

IRENE is awkwardly splayed on the lower level. She  
appears to be dead, possibly a small trickle of blood is  
coming out of her mouth. Holmes moves down to her. He  
takes her hand.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HOLMES

Oh, Irene...

\*  
\*

His fingers move to take her pulse.

\*

(CONTINUED)

Her eyes pop open.

\*

Irene makes a quick move: she tries to CUFF him. But this time, Holmes is ready for it:

\*

\*

He reverses the move, cuffing her instead. He takes a seat next to her.

\*

\*

They sit there for a beat, an odd lovers' moment looking out over the Thames.

\*

\*

IRENE

\*

It looks like rain.

\*

HOLMES

\*

We've still got a moment.

\*

A bit of a smile and break.

\*

IRENE

\*

You were right, he is a professor.  
Moriarty. Key's in the watch  
pocket.

\*

\*

\*

\*

119H CONTINUED: (8)

119H

Holmes reaches over to grab the key. Their faces close, near a kiss. Holmes drops the keys down the top of her shirt (just as she dropped them down his pants). He snatches the DIAMOND from around her neck, turns and walks away. She smiles, calls out:

\*  
\*  
\*

IRENE

You'll miss me, Sherlock.

\*

HOLMES

Sadly, yes.

\*  
\*

Holmes walks away, pauses to pick up Watson's sword stick, keeps walking.

\*

At the end of the top of the stairs. Holmes hands the Cylinder to one of the policemen.

\*  
\*

120-122 OMITTED

120-122

122A EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - DUSK

122A

Rain falls softly.

LESTRADE

It'll be a hell of a trick if Blackwood comes back from this one.

HOLMES

Thank you, Lestrade.

LESTRADE

Now you're going to be even more arrogant and insufferable than ever.

Then Lestrade cracks a smile.

LESTRADE

You're welcome, detective.

(beat)

Is the woman up there?

HOLMES

She won't be by the time your boys get there.

Holmes keeps moving into the night. The storm curls around him, the rain falling hard. And he sees...

(CONTINUED)

122A

CONTINUED:

122A

A shadow is waiting for him. We recognize the figure of WATSON. Holmes can't help but smile. He joins Watson, no words spoken.

Holmes holds out Watson's sword stick. Watson takes it. The two of them stand looking out down the Thames.

123 EXT. 221 BAKER ST. - DAYS LATER 123

MOVING DAY. Mary and Watson walk towards 221B. A DRIVER loads Watson's boxes into a CARRIAGE that waits in front of the apartment.

WATSON

One moment.

Watson takes a quick look in one of the boxes.

WATSON

Please make sure this one is put on the desk in the front room.

MARY

What's in all those notebooks?

WATSON

Nothing really... Just a few scribbles... cases we've worked on over the years.

MARY

All your adventures... I'd love to read them sometime.

Watson laughs then pauses for a moment to consider this idea before they enter.

123A INT. 221 BAKER ST. - STAIRCASE 123A \*

As Watson and Mary climb the stairs, it becomes clear that Mary now wears IRENE'S DIAMOND on her finger. Holmes had it made into an engagement ring. \*

WATSON

I still can't believe he's given us that ring.

MARY

Do you think he's finally come to terms with you leaving?

WATSON

Of course. No question about it --

123B INT. 221 BAKER ST. 123B

Watson opens the door of Holmes' apartment revealing a horrific scene: Holmes is hanging from a rope, his back to them. He looks dead. \*

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

WATSON

Don't panic, dear.

\*

Watson and Mary step in but do nothing to help Holmes.

\*

WATSON

Suicide is not in his repertoire,  
he's far too fond of himself.

\*

\*

\*

Watson pokes him. Turns him around.

\*

HOLMES

Good afternoon. I was trying to  
deduce the manner in which  
Blackwood survived his execution.  
Clearing your good name, as it  
were. But it had a surprisingly  
soporific effect and I was carried  
off in the arms of Morpheus, like  
a caterpillar in a cocoon.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

WATSON

Get on with it, Holmes.

\*

\*

HOLMES

Cleverly concealed in the  
hangman's knot was a hook -- I  
believe my legs have fallen  
asleep. I should probably come  
down.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

MARY

Shouldn't you help him, John?

\*

\*

WATSON

I hate to stop when he's on a  
roll. Do carry on, Holmes.

\*

\*

\*

Watson and Mary walk by.

\*

HOLMES

The executioner attached it to a  
harness, thus allowing the weight  
to be distributed around the waist  
and the neck to remain intact. My  
lord, I can't feel my cheeks.  
Might we continue this at ground  
level?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

WATSON

How did you manage it, Holmes?

\*

\*

\*

HOLMES

I managed it with braces, belts  
and a coat hook. Please, Watson,  
my tongue is going next. I'll be  
of no use to you at all.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WATSON

Worse things could happen.

\*

MARY

John.

\*  
\*

Watson draws his sword.

\*

WATSON

But none of this explains the lack  
of a pulse.

\*  
\*  
\*

He finally uses his sword stick and slices Holmes down.  
Holmes tumbles to the ground.

\*  
\*

HOLMES

There is a toxin refined from the  
nectar of the rhododendron  
ponticum. It is quite infamous in  
the region of Turkey bordering the  
Black Sea for its ability to  
induce an apparently mortal  
paralysis. Enough to mislead a  
medical mind even as tenacious and  
well-trained as your own. It is  
known locally as --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MARY

What's wrong with Gladstone?

\*  
\*

HOLMES

-- mad honey disease.

\*  
\*

CLOSEUP OF WATSON'S DOG

\*

Stiff as a board.

\*

HOLMES

He is demonstrating the very  
effect I've just described. He  
doesn't mind.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WATSON

His heart should be ticking in no  
time.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

Watson feels for a pulse in his dog's neck -- he shakes his head. They are interrupted by a knock on the door. Constable Clark enters.

CONSTABLE CLARK

Mr. Holmes... Inspector Lestrade asks that you come with me, right away.

HOLMES

What is it this time, Clarky?

CONSTABLE CLARK

It's one of our sergeants, sir. He went missing in the sewers, the day you stopped Lord Blackwood... Well, a maintenance man found his body this morning. We believe the sergeant was our first man on the scene. Shot in the head.

HOLMES

Were there powder burns on his eyebrows?

Clarky nods.

CONSTABLE CLARK

Yes.

WATSON

Point blank range.

HOLMES

With small caliber bullet.

CONSTABLE CLARK

Indeed.

HOLMES

Moriarty.

Holmes and Watson look at each other -- complete change of demeanor -- mind racing, looking concerned.

The dog has regained its vital signs.

MARY

There's a brave boy... There, there, everything's going to be all right.

WATSON

Where is Blackwood's device now?

(CONTINUED)

CONSTABLE CLARK

The secret service has it, sir.  
They've taken over the case.

\*  
\*  
\*

CLOSEUP ON HOLMES AND WATSON

\*

Piecing it together:

\*

HOLMES

I'd wager there's a piece missing.

\*  
\*

Constable Clarke nods. Holmes pulls his coat on.

\*

WATSON

So you're saying Moriarty was  
after a part of the machine and  
not the poison.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Watson nods.

\*

HOLMES

The wire-free invention was the  
game all along. Imagine being  
able to control any device simply  
by sending a command via radio  
waves.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WATSON

Adler was just a diversion.

\*  
\*

Mary looks at Watson who is clearly trying to curb his  
enthusiasm and interest.

\*  
\*

A KNOCK. The Driver pokes his head in.

\*

DRIVER

(to Watson)  
I've loaded the last of your  
boxes, sir.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Watson nods, the Driver exits. Watson turns to Holmes.

\*

WATSON

Well...

\*  
\*

HOLMES

I'll leave with you. Clarky, case  
reopened.

\*  
\*  
\*

125 FLASHBACK - INT. SEWER JUNCTION

125

We FOLLOW POLICEMEN heading into the sewer tunnel.

They spread out to seal the crime scene, where Holmes had dismantled Blackwood's device.

CONSTABLE CLARK (V.O.)

We believe Sergeant Smith was the  
first officer there.

SERGEANT SMITH sees a POLICEMAN leaning over the device.

SERGEANT

Oi, what you doing?

The policeman looks up, and a GUN slides into his hand by means of the same device we saw in the carriage scene with Irene. We don't see his face.

CONSTABLE CLARK (V.O.)

Shot in the head.

BANG!

126 INT. 221 BAKER ST. (PRESENT)

126

HOLMES

Were there powder burns on his  
eyebrows?

Clarky nods.

CONSTABLE CLARK

He was shot at point-blank range.

Holmes and Watson look at each other -- complete change  
of demeanor -- mind racing, looking concerned.

The dog has regained its vital signs.

WATSON

There's a brave boy... There,  
there, everything's going to be  
all right.

HOLMES

Where is Blackwood's device now?

CONSTABLE CLARK

The secret service has it, sir.  
They've taken over the case.

CLOSEUP ON HOLMES AND WATSON

Piecing it together:

WATSON

I'd wager there's a piece missing.

HOLMES

Wager, Watson... I thought those  
days were behind you. Excellent  
deduction, however.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - THE POLICEMAN

removes a small receiver-like object from Blackwood's  
device.

BACK TO PRESENT

Constable Clark nods. Holmes pulls his coat on.

(CONTINUED)

WATSON

Moriarty was after the machine not  
the poison.

Holmes nods.

HOLMES

Blackwood's wire-free invention  
was the game all along. It is  
undoubtedly the more dangerous and  
the more valuable of the two...

(wistful)

Irene was just a diversion.

Mary looks at Watson who is clearly trying to curb his  
enthusiasm and interest.

A KNOCK. The MAN from the stairs pokes his head in.

MAN

(to Watson)

I've loaded the last of your  
boxes, sir.

Watson nods, the Driver exits. Watson turns to Holmes.

WATSON

Well...

HOLMES

I'll walk out with you...

127

EXT. 221 BAKER ST. - DAY

127

Mary and Gladstone wait for Watson in the carriage.

Holmes and Watson stand in the doorway. A stiff beat.  
Holmes extends an awkward hand.

HOLMES

An honor working with you, Doctor.

Watson shakes Holmes' hand, puts a hand on his arm. A warm look, an understanding between the two men.

WATSON

Take care of yourself, Holmes.

Watson moves to the open door of the carriage but Mary stops him.

MARY

Try not to be too late for dinner  
with my parents and... be careful.

She waves to Holmes as the carriage pulls away. Watson looks relieved and excited.

HOLMES

Magnificent woman, Watson.  
Magnificent!

They climb into Constable Clarke's black maria which pulls away down Baker St. We PULL BACK FROM the carriage WIDE and UP like our opening on Baker Street -- perhaps the POV of the raven.

FADE OUT.

THE END

THIS SCRIPT WAS PREPARED  
BY WARNER BROS. PICTURES  
SCRIPT PROCESSING DEPARTMENT  
(818) 954-4632