

TRABAJO FIN DE MÁSTER



Un (Sher)locking Sherlock. Análisis y comparación de dos adaptaciones cinematográficas de *A Scandal in Bohemia*

Un (Sher)locking Sherlock. An analysis and comparison of two film adaptations of *A Scandal in Bohemia*

MÁSTER UNIVERSITARIO EN TRADUCCIÓN E INTERCULTURALIDAD

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Contenido

Resumen	2
Introducción	3
1. Objetivos	5
2. Metodología	5
3. Marco Teórico	5
3.1 Formatos cinematográficos: película para gran pantalla y serie de televisión	5
3.2 Adaptaciones y qué es una adaptación cinematográfica	8
3.3 Adaptaciones de Sherlock Holmes y Canon Holmesiano	10
4. Estudio comparativo de adaptaciones cinematográficas	12
4.1 Análisis literario y análisis fílmico: entre la misiva y el mensaje de texto	12
4.2 Adaptar y proyectar. Técnicas de adaptación en el camino hacia el siglo XXI	16
4.2.1 <i>Sherlock Holmes</i> (Guy Ritchie, 2009)	17
4.2.2 <i>A Scandal in Belgravia</i> (BBC, 2012).....	19
4.2.3 Entre Sherlock Holmes y Sherlock	24
4.3 Una huella sin ADN. Del personaje victoriano al (neo)victoriano.....	28
4.3.1 Sherlock Holmes	30
4.3.2 John Watson.....	34
4.3.3 Irene Adler	39
4.3.4 Sra. Hudson, Sra. Turner.....	46
4.3.5 Profesor Moriarty, Jim Moriarty	49
4.3.6 Inspector Lestrade	52
4.3.7 Mary Morstan.....	54
4.3.8 Rey de Bohemia, Conde Von Kramm	57
4.3.9 Lord Blackwood.....	59
4.3.10 Mycroft Holmes	61
4.4 Una secuencia y varias escenas. Creación y transformaciones de escenarios espacio-temporales.....	64
4.4.1 <i>Sherlock Holmes</i> (Guy Ritchie, 2009)	65
4.4.2 <i>A Scandal in Belgravia</i> (BBC, 2012).....	66
4.5 Dialogando los diálogos. Conversaciones entre Conan Doyle, Ritchie y Gatiss y Moffat	66
4.5.1 <i>Sherlock Holmes</i> (Guy Ritchie, 2009)	67
4.5.2 <i>A Scandal in Belgravia</i> (BBC, 2012).....	68
5. Conclusiones	70
6. Bibliografía.....	72

Resumen

A través de dos adaptaciones cinematográficas recientes de Sherlock Holmes, se estudian y analizan los procedimientos de adaptación al código audiovisual en dos formatos de cine coexistentes en nuestros días. Mediante la comparación entre TO (*A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891), historia original escrita por S. Arthur Conan Doyle) y TM (dos producciones audiovisuales y sus respectivos guiones o transcripciones, concretamente *Sherlock Holmes*, de Guy Ritchie (2009) y el capítulo de la serie de la BBC, *Sherlock*, titulado *A Scandal in Belgravia* (2012)) se buscan elementos comunes y diferentes que consolidan el canon y cómo estos han sido traídos al siglo XXI.

Palabras Clave: Adaptación, Conan Doyle, Sherlock Holmes, Cine, TV

Abstract

The adaptation procedures of two different cinematographic formats will be analysed through two recent adaptations of Sherlock Holmes. By comparing the ST (the original short story by S. Arthur Conan Doyle, *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891)) and TT (two audiovisual productions and their respective scripts or transcript: *Sherlock Holmes*, directed by Guy Ritchie (2009) and the episode of the BBC's series *Sherlock*, *A Scandal in Belgravia* (2012)) common and different elements that consolidate the canon are meant to be found and how they have been updated up to the XXIth century.

Keywords: Adaptation, Conan Doyle, Sherlock Holmes, Cinema, TV

Introducción¹

Los relatos y novelas de Sir Arthur Conan Doyle dedicados al personaje de Sherlock Holmes y su compañero John Watson han creado todo un canon en la literatura de detectives. Tanto es así que son numerosas las adaptaciones cinematográficas realizadas a partir de dichas historias, adaptaciones que se unen también a un variado número de obras derivadas en diferentes formatos, donde se incluyen el cinematográfico, pero también otros como la novela gráfica, el cómic, el manga y la novela tradicional. Esta prolífica producción no se debe a otro motivo que el interés del público por el llamado “canon holmesiano”. Un interés que excede el mundo de lo artístico para adentrarse también en el plano de lo académico y que explica la razón de ser del estudio que sigue en las próximas páginas. Además, se ha de mencionar que la perspectiva de género ha sido la tendencia mayoritaria a la hora de desarrollar los estudios, por lo que en el presente trabajo lo tomamos como base para nuestro análisis.

Serían necesarias páginas y páginas para reunir todas y cada una de las adaptaciones cinematográficas en distintos formatos que se han llevado a cabo a lo largo de la historia. No se puede olvidar que muchos de los relatos cuentan con más de una adaptación y que estas han ido respondiendo a la demanda de la audiencia. En un contexto en el que el público tiene un papel decisivo en cuanto a las emisiones tanto en gran pantalla como en televisión, este hecho se convierte en un elemento de vital importancia. Partimos, entonces, de esta premisa para valorar el interés suscitado en cuanto a un relato concreto y unas adaptaciones concretas de dicho relato.

Esto nos lleva a justificar la elección del relato *A Scandal in Bohemia* como texto origen del estudio. *A Scandal in Bohemia* fue publicada por primera vez en *The Strand Magazine* en 1891, cumpliendo con la estela de publicaciones por entregas del mismo autor en la revista. Desde entonces no ha hecho más que cosechar éxito y ser un reclamo para los lectores y posteriormente para los espectadores. Esto se debe a que dentro de la amplia colección canónica es uno de los que más adaptaciones se han hecho junto a *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, publicado originalmente entre 1901 y 1902 en la misma revista.

Según el momento en el que se realiza la adaptación, son unos motivos u otros los que ponen en primer plano un relato, dotándolo de relevancia para una determinada audiencia. Como se verá en el análisis posterior, uno de estos elementos relevantes es la construcción de los personajes y cómo se establecen entre los mismos para dar lugar a la trama. Este modo de hacer

¹ Tras la revisión del Tribunal de Evaluación del presente TFM se han realizado correcciones formales y de erratas. Esta es, por tanto, una versión corregida respecto a la presentada ante dicho Tribunal que, sin embargo, no ha sufrido modificaciones de contenido.

ya buscaba desde el inicio ser trasgresor con el canon y, al mismo tiempo, representar la época victoriana a través de los personajes. Es por ello por lo que trataremos de aplicarlo al proceso de adaptación al siglo XXI.

Estas características, que serán detalladas a lo largo del estudio, son las que han permitido que los grandes pilares del canon holmesiano se hayan consolidado y que hoy den paso a debates que, como se ha dicho, han pasado la frontera de lo popular y ocupan un lugar en la Academia.

No es, por tanto, este el primer ni único trabajo académico en el que se traten todas estas cuestiones. Existen trabajos sobre adaptaciones en diferentes disciplinas, como por ejemplo la tesis presentada por Emily Michelle Baumgart, titulada “*What one man can invent, another can discover*” *Music and the transformation of Sherlock Holmes from literary gentlemen detective to on-screen romantic genius* (2015), o el trabajo presentado por Laia Castañón Abad, titulado *A scandal on screen: a gendered reading of Arthur Conan Doyle’s characters in BBC’s Sherlock and CBS’s Elementary* (2014). Estudios que se centran en elementos que se analizarán también y que revelan dónde está el interés respecto al canon y sus adaptaciones más recientes, especialmente en una nueva relectura desde el punto de vista del género aplicado a los personajes más relevantes, como el de Irene Adler. En este marco, se han elegido la película para gran pantalla *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) y el capítulo de la serie de la BBC, *Sherlock* (2010-2014), *A Scandal in Belgravia* (Gatiss y Moffat, 2012). Sin embargo, se ha decidido excluir la serie de la CBS *Elementary* (2012-2019) ya que, desde el punto de vista de la adaptación, la estructura no sería equiparable puesto que es una adaptación mucho más libre del canon y no se han adaptado *per se* los relatos independientemente. El formato de distribución también ha influido en la elección, pero sin embargo no será considerado un obstáculo a la hora de realizar el análisis, sino más bien será un elemento más a tener en cuenta, por lo que en el caso de *Elementary* (CBS, 2012-2019) este no ha sido un motivo de exclusión, ya que se trata de una serie de televisión como *Sherlock* (BBC, 2010-2014), de la que analizamos el primer capítulo de su segunda temporada.

Por otra parte, las adaptaciones elegidas comparten el hecho de ser producciones realizadas en el siglo XXI, con además pocos años de diferencia entre las mismas. Esto propone un modelo de análisis no sólo de la mera traducción del código escrito al cine, sino también un modelo que incluye la necesidad de localización en tiempo y forma de las dos adaptaciones respecto al relato original. Esto posibilita una nueva rama de análisis en la que desglosar las decisiones a la hora de crear la realidad dentro de la ficción cuando ya una parte viene dada por una base literaria.

De este modo, se propone aquí un análisis que abarque las transposiciones entre el texto original y las adaptaciones meta, pero también que tenga en cuenta las influencias, elementos en común y diferentes entre las adaptaciones. Se busca así despejar las incógnitas del Sherlock Holmes del siglo XXI que vive entre lo audiovisual y lo literario, creando y recreando tramas que invocan la atención y el reclamo de la audiencia y que, en definitiva, no hace más que retroalimentarse del canon y sus interpretaciones a lo largo de los años.

1. Objetivos

Para el desarrollar nuestro estudio, nos hemos marcado diversos objetivos a cumplir. En primer lugar, estudiar las técnicas de adaptación de una de las historias de Sherlock Holmes al cine y la televisión. En segundo lugar, evidenciar las influencias entre adaptaciones más allá del texto origen y en relación a este, en tercer lugar, determinar elementos en común y elementos distintivos entre ambas adaptaciones, respecto al relato original. Finalmente, en cuarto lugar, valorar los efectos diferenciales de las decisiones tomadas en las adaptaciones para cada uno de los formatos y son funcionales y válidos para un público del siglo XXI.

2. Metodología

Con vistas a elaborar un corpus de resultados, se procederá, en primer lugar, a realizar el análisis literario el Texto Origen. A continuación, a comparar cada una de las adaptaciones con el relato original; y finalmente, a comparar las adaptaciones entre sí, respecto al relato original.

Se analizan, por un lado, las técnicas de adaptación, personajes y estilo (movimientos y ángulos de cámara, recursos técnicos, iluminación y fotografía) y construcción del espacio-tiempo y, por otro lado, cómo han sido contruidos los diálogos y se han combinado en el producto cinematográfico final con los espacios escenificados y la ubicación espacio-temporal de cada trama.

3. Marco Teórico

3.1 Formatos cinematográficos: película para gran pantalla y serie de televisión

Existen una amplia variedad de formatos cinematográficos. Realizando una clasificación sencilla y centrada en los dos formatos elegidos para analizar aquí, serían sólo dos los que habría que mencionar: la película para gran pantalla y la serie de televisión. La primera gran diferencia es que, si bien son dos formas de hacer cine, la primera está enfocada en primera instancia a ser reproducida en la pantalla de una sala de cine tradicional y la segunda está enfocada a ser reproducida en una televisión, en casa. Sobre esto Sánchez Noriega (2000), apunta que:

La serie de televisión que adapta una obra literaria puede ser considerada equivalente al cine a todos los efectos, pues comparte un mismo modo de producción, soporte cinematográfico o videográfico de alta resolución, condiciones de rodaje, etc. Únicamente varían las condiciones de recepción que, por otra parte, no son distintas a las de las películas emitidas por la pequeña pantalla (Sánchez, Noriega, 2000, p. 103).

Por otro lado, la duración de la producción cinematográfica es relevante en tanto que la película elegida estaría dentro de lo que se denomina un largometraje. Pero al mismo tiempo, es equiparable en duración al capítulo de serie elegido ya que, en este caso, tienen una duración similar a las de las películas, ya sean para cine o para televisión. Además, debemos tener en cuenta que a la adaptación fílmica de 2009 le sigue una secuela de 2011, dirigida por el mismo director, y en la que se sigue la estela de la trama precedente con cada uno de sus elementos estructurales: personajes, ambientación, localizaciones, dando lugar a una ramificación de la misma.

Una serie de televisión se caracteriza principalmente por estar organizada en capítulos, en entregas semanales, quincenales, diarias..., y éstos en temporadas. La duración de estos capítulos es variable, al igual que la cantidad de los mismos, tanto la que compone una temporada, es decir, un conjunto de capítulos emitidos durante un espacio de tiempo determinado y que suele ser en meses correlativos, como en el conjunto completo de la serie que puede estar compuesta por un mínimo de dos capítulos, siendo así considerada, por ejemplo, una miniserie. Se debe diferenciar aquí el hecho de que haya varias entregas con el hecho de que, si se piensa en el formato de cine para gran pantalla, pueda haber también varias entregas en años diferentes porque formen parte de una misma saga, o bien porque sean secuelas o precuelas. En primer lugar, la serie se caracteriza por la periodicidad en un espacio de tiempo más reducido y, en segundo lugar, también son posibles las secuelas, precuelas, *spin-offs*, *crossovers* y otras muchas posibilidades que exceden la propia organización en capítulos. Cascajosa Virino (2015) considera que “la expresión “serie de televisión” ha venido a significar un relato audiovisual fragmentado que se comercializa a través de un aparato llamado televisor en una estructura de programación” (Cascajosa Virino, 2015, p. 49-50). También apunta que:

A pesar de todos los vaivenes experimentados en los últimos años, la mayor parte del público sigue viendo las series mientras que son emitidas en su pase original, que se mantiene como primera ventana de exhibición de igual forma que las películas más populares y de mayor prestigio siguen llegando por primera vez a los espectadores a través de las salas de cine. Pero, a imitación de muchas películas que han optado por el video bajo demanda como mecanismo alternativo a la distribución en salas, algunas

series han pasado a ser exhibidas originalmente a través de plataformas de internet manteniendo la denominación de series de televisión (Cascajosa Virino, 2015, pp. 49-50).

Por lo que, por otra parte, los medios de distribución son otro pilar fundamental a considerar. En un primer momento, las series, como su propio apellido indica, se distribuían en los canales de televisión, primero analógica y luego digital. Sin embargo, en la actualidad no se podría entender el formato sin las plataformas de *streaming*. En dichas plataformas se distribuyen además películas producidas por diferentes agentes, pero principalmente por la propia plataforma. Esto hace que no sea una característica exclusiva del formato serie, pero sí que es preeminente en dicho caso. Además, respecto al cine y la gran pantalla, este tipo de plataformas distribuyen las producciones fílmicas propias y ajenas, siendo al mismo tiempo una vía de distribución masiva, pero también, una alternativa a otras vías que ocuparon su lugar en otros tiempos tras el pase en gran pantalla, como fueron los DVD y Blu-Ray, cada vez más en desuso.

Por otro lado, se han convertido en escaparates para series que ya fueron emitidas en televisión y cuyos derechos compran y distribuyen, dando lugar incluso a la coproducción de nuevas temporadas en colaboración con las productoras y cadenas distribuidoras originales. Al mismo tiempo, se convierten en trampolines para el fenómeno contrario, es decir, es un escaparate para que las grandes cadenas de televisión paguen por los derechos de sus productos, principalmente series, pero también películas, y que éstos sean distribuidos en la televisión al uso. No se puede olvidar que las plataformas de *streaming* han hecho una gran contribución a lo que Lipovetsky y Serroy (2009) llamaron la “pantalla global” (Lipovetsky y Serroy, 2009, p. 10).

La serie elegida de la cadena británica BBC, *Sherlock* (2010-2014), hasta la actualidad ha sido distribuida principalmente por la propia cadena, pero también se ha distribuido con posterioridad a su emisión a través de la plataforma Netflix. Se compone de cuatro temporadas con tres episodios cada una con una duración similar a la de una película para cine estándar. Además, cuenta con otros dos episodios especiales. Todos ellos son independientes entre sí y pueden visualizarse sin perder las nociones básicas de la trama, lo que en cierta manera explica la duración y la manera de construir los episodios como si fuesen producciones cinematográficas independientes. En cambio, es evidente que hay elementos conductores comunes a todos ellos y que conforman la trama general de la serie como una actualización al siglo XXI del personaje de Sherlock Holmes y todas sus aventuras. Algo que también es relevante pues, normalmente, cada capítulo suele coincidir con la adaptación de un relato concreto, aunque a veces son combinaciones de dos o tres.

3.2 Adaptaciones y qué es una adaptación cinematográfica

En el cine, como es bien sabido, una gran parte de las producciones que salen a la luz son adaptaciones de otros formatos, principalmente de la literatura. Como señala Lipovetsky y Serroy (2009), “la época hipermoderna² es coetánea de la explosión cuantitativa de películas que se proponen al público, en salas y en la gran pantalla” (Lipovetsky y Serroy, 2009, pp. 220-221), pero también, como hemos comentado anteriormente, podríamos extender esta afirmación al mundo de las series. En este sentido, Sánchez Noriega (2000) escribe con acierto que:

La adaptación forma parte de la historia del cine y cualquier espectador de un filme que conozca la novela en que se inspira se siente autorizado para establecer una comparación, que, por otra parte, surge de modo espontáneo, al margen de que, en muchos casos, la razón para ver la película está en comprobar qué opciones se han tomado en la adaptación (Sánchez Noriega, 2000, p. 18).

Y es que, para intentar definir qué es una adaptación, nos basaremos tanto en lo que señala este autor como Seger (1992), quién de manera muy resumida apunta que “por su naturaleza, la adaptación es una transición, una conversión de un medio a otro”³ (Seger, 1992, p. 2). Coincide con Sánchez Noriega (2000) en que, “en general, hablamos de trasvases para referirnos al hecho de que hay creaciones pictóricas, operísticas, fílmicas, novelísticas, teatrales o musicales que hunden sus raíces en textos previos” (Sánchez Noriega, 2000, p. 23). Brady (1994) coincide con ellos también cuando dice que “la adaptación al cine y televisión se basa normalmente en una novela, una novela corta o un relato”⁴ (Brady, 1994, p. 3), de manera que reduce el campo de procedencia del texto origen de la adaptación.

Sánchez Noriega es también específico en esta línea, que es la que elegimos, cuando apunta que:

Dentro de los trasvases podemos hablar con mayor propiedad de adaptaciones para referirnos al ciclo novela-cine-teatro-televisión, donde se puede cambiar el orden de los medios expresivos, siendo conscientes de que, de ordinario, es la materia literaria (novela o cuento) el origen del ciclo (Sánchez Noriega, 2000, p.26).

El propio Sánchez Noriega (2000) propone otra definición desde el punto de vista de la estructura:

² Lipovetsky y Serroy denominan así a lo que otros autores han llamado la época posmoderna, la posmodernidad o la época que se corresponde con la llamada cultura de masas, como lo define Edgar Morin en *El espíritu del tiempo* (1966).

³ Traducción propia.

⁴ Idem.

Globalmente podemos definir como adaptación el proceso por el que el relato, la narración de una historia, expresado en forma de texto literario, deviene, mediante sucesivas transformaciones en la estructura (enunciación, organización y vertebración temporal), en el contexto narrativo y en la puesta en imágenes (supresiones, compresiones, añadidos, desarrollos, descripciones visuales, dialoguizaciones, sumarios, unificaciones o sustituciones), en otro relato muy similar expresado en forma de texto fílmico (Sánchez Noriega, 2000, p. 47).

Esta definición la consideramos más completa que las anteriores, ya que nos ayuda a consolidar la perspectiva de este trabajo y a crear un marco comparativo para las dos adaptaciones elegidas. Esto se debe a que, tradicionalmente, estas adaptaciones han sido estudiadas desde una perspectiva muy concreta y delimitada, habitualmente la de género, pero también únicamente desde el punto de vista narrativo. Esto es algo que aquí pretendemos evitar en favor de una perspectiva más holística en cuanto a la concepción de *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) y *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012), ya que consideramos que un modo y otro de verlas en tanto que adaptaciones de *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891) no es suficiente para comprender la relevancia de las mismas en su contexto de producción, emisión y recepción por parte del público.

Sin embargo, existen otros matices que debemos tener en cuenta, como la consideración de los *remakes* o las adaptaciones parciales. Para Sánchez Noriega (2000), “las adaptaciones de cine a cine (*remakes*) son tan antiguas como la historia del cine” (Sánchez Noriega, 2000, p.27). Podría ser entonces una pregunta cuasi obligada el hecho de que la adaptación de la BBC de 2012 pudiera ser un *remake* de la adaptación para gran pantalla de Guy Ritchie de 2009.

Por otro lado, en palabras del mismo autor, “también existen trasvases parciales, lo que comúnmente se suele conocer por el concepto equívoco de influencia” (Sánchez Noriega, 2000, p. 27). En este caso, nos deberíamos preguntar si estamos ante una adaptación parcial en 2012 de la de 2009, o si deberíamos especificar que la primera tiene una importante influencia sobre la segunda. Entre una opción y otra, claramente nos decantaríamos por la influencia, pero como bien señala Sánchez Noriega, nada que ver tiene con una adaptación parcial, ni en un caso ni en el otro. Esto se debe a una cuestión de base: tratamos a cada adaptación en relación y en función del relato de Conan Doyle.

Además, hay otro elemento que debemos tener en cuenta es que en este trabajo estamos tratando con dos adaptaciones de un relato. En este sentido, como señala Seger (1992):

El trabajo de adaptar un relato requiere añadir contenido más que omitirlo. Normalmente, un relato tiene menos personajes que una novela y se encuentran en una

situación más simple, a veces una sin planteamiento, desarrollo y desenlace. En muchos relatos hay pocas tramas o ninguna subtrama que complique la acción. Trabajar con un relato de estas características requiere añadir subtramas, personajes y ampliar escenas y tramas⁵ (Seger, 1992, p. 3).

En definitiva, siguiendo a Sánchez Noriega (2000), “hablaremos indistintamente de adaptar, trasladar o transponer para referirnos al hecho de experimentar de nuevo una obra en un lenguaje distinto a aquel en que fue creada originalmente” (Sánchez Noriega, 2000, p. 47). Pero tenemos en cuenta a Sánchez Noriega (2000) al decir que “también diremos adaptación literaria (al cine) o adaptación cinematográfica (de textos literarios a sabiendas de las limitaciones del propio concepto” (Sánchez Noriega, 2000, p. 47), si pensamos en la cantidad de *fanfictions* y *fandoms* surgidos a raíz de las adaptaciones elegidas.

3.3 Adaptaciones de Sherlock Holmes y Canon Holmesiano

Ya sea en forma de adaptación al cine o de la literatura a la literatura, la obra y, sobre todo, los personajes creados por S. Arthur Conan Doyle han dado pie a la continuación en el tiempo de un esquema con unas características determinadas. Nos estamos refiriendo al llamado “canon holmesiano”. Se trata de un canon amplio, principalmente centrado en los personajes, pero que indudablemente han creado un marco para la creación posterior de toda una tradición en la ficción de detectives, tanto en el papel como en la pantalla sin, necesariamente, ceñirse a los personajes ni las tramas originales.

Debemos entender el canon como un modo de hacer y de concebir una idea literaria (y por extensión, cinematográfica) que para que sea respetado debe mantener la esencia que el autor pretendió darle, pero que al mismo tiempo pervive gracias a las transformaciones sufridas por el paso del tiempo. Dichos cambios tienen que responder a los referentes de la audiencia del momento. Cada producto cultural es fruto de un tiempo y un contexto determinado, pero mediante su adaptación es posible que se transmita a través de espectadores o lectores de épocas muy diferentes.

En este sentido, partimos de la base de la cultura y la época victoriana para comenzar a esbozar el marco adaptativo de las obras que hemos elegido. Muchas de las adaptaciones y de los productos derivados de Sherlock Holmes están ambientados y situados en su época original, con pequeños ajustes para que a la audiencia del tiempo en que son producidas o publicadas no les resulte ajeno a su imaginario. Sin embargo, hay otras, como la serie de la BBC de la que vamos a tratar, para la que se ha decidido adaptarlo completamente a la época actual. Vuelve

⁵ Traducción propia.

entonces la idea del *remake*, en torno a lo que señala Seger (1992) cuando dice que “lo que era popular y emotivo para un grupo de personas tiene el potencial para ser adaptado de nuevas maneras para el público contemporáneo”⁶ (Seger, 1992, p.63).

Además, debemos tener en cuenta la vinculación de la audiencia con los personajes ya que como apunta Brady (1994), “un relato se narra a través de los pensamientos más íntimos del personaje central. En términos dramáticos, la historia está internalizada”⁷ (Brady, 1994, p. 3). Pero sobre todo existe otro factor para que esta tradición holmesiana haya perdurado en el tiempo y es lo que apuntan Lipovetsky y Serroy (2009):

Una de las razones para el triunfo de la serie es que se basa en personajes permanentes, encarnados por actores que reaparecen cada nuevo episodio. Los telespectadores sienten curiosidad y deseos de conocer los enredos y continuaciones de las sagas, gustan de reencontrarse con los “héroes” a los que están acostumbrados, con sus rasgos y su entorno concretos. Se produce una especie de cita regular que fideliza al público. Conforme vemos a estos “héroes”, se nos vuelven familiares, nos enganchan, nos complace reencontrarnos con ellos, del mismo modo que vamos al cine para ver a las estrellas que nos gustan (Lipovetsky y Serroy, 2009, p. 228).

No quiere decir esto que Sherlock Holmes sólo haya permanecido gracias a las adaptaciones en forma de serie de televisión, sino que, de forma esencial ha sido gracias al continuo reencuentro de los personajes y de estos con el público. Estas nuevas citas se han dado gracias a las numerosas adaptaciones de las historias originales, pero también a las obras derivadas que comentábamos. Sherlock Holmes se ha convertido en todo un referente de la novela de detectives, de modo que ha servido de inspiración para otras ficciones en la misma línea y su influencia es ineludible.

Sin embargo, hemos de reiterar que el hecho de que existan varias adaptaciones cinematográficas de una misma obra literaria, no significa que entre sí sean *remakes* una de la otra. En primera instancia son adaptaciones, con el grado de parcialidad que tengan y, llegados a determinado punto, podríamos hablar de inspiraciones o referencias a otras obras cinematográficas o literarias. Para determinarlo, debemos realizar un análisis más profundo, como haremos a continuación.

⁶ Traducción propia.

⁷ Idem.

4. Estudio comparativo de adaptaciones cinematográficas

4.1 Análisis literario y análisis fílmico: entre la misiva y el mensaje de texto

En este apartado comenzaremos la comparación entre adaptaciones analizando, en primer lugar, el relato original. En segundo lugar, aportaremos algunos apuntes de las semejanzas con las soluciones que podemos encontrar en las versiones cinematográficas.

A Scandal in Bohemia (1891) tiene como narrador al Dr. John Watson, compañero de aventuras de Sherlock Holmes y narrador por excelencia de sus aventuras. Se trata de un narrador testigo, puesto que en muchos casos forma parte de la acción narrada, pero también otras veces transmite las vivencias que Holmes le ha relatado. Esta condición dota al personaje de una entidad especial, pues narra en primera persona y en tercera persona, alternando uno y otro en función del devenir de la trama o de en qué orden cronológico ocurrieron los hechos, o bien de si son elementos observados por sí mismo o relatados por su compañero. Estas características son posibles en tanto que cuando Watson describe los hechos, estos ya han ocurrido y lo que mantiene es una especie de registro de los sucesos, por lo que se le permite incluir elementos de un pasado incierto, elementos de un pasado conocido (en el que se sitúa la acción) y elementos de un presente indefinido que es en el que escribe sobre sus aventuras.

En *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) estas cuestiones se traducen en un John Watson cuasi protagonista, que guía la acción para dar paso al protagonismo de su amigo. La acción en esta producción cinematográfica no tiene un punto de vista definido por un solo personaje, sino por tres de ellos: John Watson, Sherlock Holmes e Irene Adler, algo en lo que profundizaremos más tarde. En cambio, en *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012) se produce un desdoble en la narración de la trama: por una parte, la que se hace desde el punto de vista de los personajes, principalmente el de Sherlock; y por otra parte, la que hace John H. Watson en su blog “*The Science of Deduction*”. Esta es una manera de recordar la manera de narrar las aventuras de él y Sherlock Holmes en los relatos originales. Vemos así que, en ellos, el punto de vista coincide con el del narrador, pero en las adaptaciones no siempre, ya que las técnicas de adaptación cinematográfica y los recursos técnicos del cine permiten cambiar el punto de vista del narrador testigo al protagonista, o incluso al de algunos personajes secundarios.

En el relato escrito por Conan Doyle hay tres partes bien diferenciadas en sus tres capítulos: la primera parte, que coincide con el primer capítulo, en el que se esboza el planteamiento; la segunda parte, es decir, el segundo capítulo, que es el de mayor extensión, donde se produce el desarrollo; y la tercera parte, el tercer capítulo, es el desenlace. En *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) y en *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012) la dinámica es diferente en cuanto a la estructura, pero comparten la característica de que la historia adaptada se encuentra en la parte

central de la narración. En ambos casos, tanto al principio como al final se entrecruzan otras tramas añadidas por los guionistas en el proceso de adaptación, algo habitual cuando hablamos de relatos, como señalaba Seger (1992), pero también cuando explica que “el cine es mucho más rápido. Construye los detalles a través de las imágenes. La cámara mira al objeto tridimensional y, en cuestión de segundos, expresar detalles que en la novela ocuparían páginas y páginas”⁸ (Seger, 1992, p.16), lo que hace que sea necesaria una mayor extensión en lo que se cuenta en la pantalla si tenemos en cuenta que el texto original es un relato. Sin embargo, estas decisiones concretas las trataremos en el apartado siguiente sobre las técnicas de adaptación.

Por otra parte, si seguimos moviéndonos en el marco de la estructura, debemos contemplar el uso de *flashback* y su aplicación en las adaptaciones elegidas. Como comentábamos al principio de este análisis, hay ciertos sucesos que preceden al tiempo del relato y así lo deja ver J. Watson como narrador testigo. Uno de ellos, el más relevante de todos porque luego da pie al desarrollo de la acción es la recepción de una misiva cuyo remitente es el Conde Von Kramm. En la adaptación de 2009, la misiva la envía Irene Adler, mientras que en la de 2012 es Mycroft Holmes, el hermano de Sherlock el que va a comunicarle cuál será su próximo caso. A partir de este momento será el mensaje de texto el que cobrará un protagonismo absoluto. Esto, junto con las subtramas del principio y el final, permiten evitar *flashbacks* innecesarios pues, como señala Seger (1992), “en las novelas, este movimiento entre el pasado y el presente es fluido y no disruptivo. El flashback es parte del movimiento del relato”⁹ (Seger, 1992, p.24). En esta adaptación, de hecho, se usan junto a los SMS para afianzar las subtramas que no pertenecen a la historia original, por lo que únicamente aportan complejidad a la estructura general al mismo tiempo que la trama principal no se interrumpe.

Esto nos lleva a reseñar la importancia de la adaptación en función del público de las producciones cinematográficas, pero también a profundizar en las posibles variantes para poder hacerlo. Estamos hablando en este caso de que la localización espacio-temporal del relato de Conan Doyle se sitúa en la Inglaterra victoriana, concretamente en Londres, pero también en Bohemia, un antiguo reino germánico actual provincia de la República Checa. Del mismo modo, *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) comparte la época victoriana y la ciudad de Londres con el relato, mientras que la adaptación de la BBC de 2012 se sitúa en la época actual en la misma ciudad. Esto hace que las localizaciones originales sean fáciles de mantener por lo que la casa del detective en 22B Baker Street y las calles de Londres se convierten en

⁸ Traducción propia.

⁹ Traducción propia.

imprescindibles. Sin embargo, entre las originales también se encuentran Briony Lodge, la casa donde vive Irene Adler en Londres, y la Iglesia de Santa Mónica, donde se casa Irene Adler con Godfrey Norton. En la adaptación de Ritchie de 2009, destaca el Puente de la Torre, mientras que en la de 2012 el barrio de clase alta de Belgravia.

Los personajes los describiremos y pondremos en relación con las adaptaciones en un apartado dedicado exclusivamente a ellos. Sin embargo, juegan un papel fundamental en la construcción del relato y de sus características, lo que tiene que ver con que el tono del mismo se forme mediante los personajes como mediadores de la acción. En lo que respecta a la ironía, propia del estilo de Conan Doyle -ya sea a través del diálogo o a través de la acción-, es destacable que en *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891) Irene Adler gana a Sherlock Holmes en su caso, no pudiendo este cumplir con su cometido. También encontramos un personaje caracterizado indirectamente: el Conde Von Kramm, que en realidad es el rey de Bohemia que intenta ocultar su identidad por motivos de seguridad.

Desde el punto de vista simbólico, dos de los personajes centrales representan oposiciones a modelos sociales de la Inglaterra victoriana. Por un lado, se encuentra Irene Adler como el contrapunto a la mujer victoriana, un modelo de mujer en el que, al contrario que en el caso de Adler, debía permanecer en casa al cuidado de la familia y del hogar. Por otro lado, encontramos a un Sherlock Holmes vestido con un disfraz de cura para espiar a Irene Adler y poder acceder a su casa. Esto representa una oposición entre el razonamiento lógico-deductivo y el pensamiento propio de la Iglesia, un pensamiento que no cuestiona los designios de Dios, todo lo contrario que el hacer del detective, quien cuestiona la apariencia para desvelar la evidencia.

Sin embargo, este modelo subversivo de los estándares sociales de la época se pierde en las adaptaciones. En apariencia, se presenta una Irene Adler moderna, pero en definitiva supeditada al mandato de Moriarty y a la ayuda de Sherlock Holmes, como veremos más adelante. Por su parte, el detective no goza de la independencia laboral y de elección de cliente que originalmente se plantea, pues la justicia, la corona o su propia familia lo obligan a participar de casos complicados, más allá de la investigación detectivesca, e influenciado por los vínculos y los intereses entre los personajes.

En este marco se desarrolla la idea central del relato, que no tiene que ver directamente con la deducción o la resolución del caso, sino con la causa del mismo y con lo que lleva al rey de Bohemia a solicitar los servicios del detective. Se trata de que, contra los sentimientos, no hay investigación posible que borre los recuerdos. A pesar de ello, se crea toda una atmósfera propia de la investigación detectivesca, de la deducción y de la descripción de los hechos acaecidos,

lo que enlaza con el propio estilo del autor que gira en torno a la descripción y el diálogo, mediados por las reflexiones del personaje de John Watson.

Son los personajes, como veremos más adelante, quiénes revelan al lector-espectador los valores de la sociedad de cada momento. Por este motivo, conviene reparar en el origen de cada uno de la mano de A. Conan Doyle. Como apunta Santiago Posteguillo en *La sangre de los libros* (2014) y posteriormente Jorge Palazón en su tuit conmemorativo del nacimiento del autor del 22 de mayo de 2019, Conan Doyle se inspiró en sus contemporáneos para dar nombre a sus personajes. Palazón (2019) apunta que:

El apellido “Holmes” es un homenaje a uno de los ídolos de infancia Doyle, el novelista inglés, médico y filósofo Oliver Wendell Holmes. Sherlock Holmes en un principio se llamaba “Sherrinford Holmes”, pero cambió tres semanas antes de escribir su primera historia del detective, después de ver jugar un partido de cricket, deporte que apasionaba al escritor quien solía acudir de forma asidua a ver partidos, ya que pertenecía al Club de Cricket Marylebone, y jugaba en un equipo llamado “Los Allahakbarries”, un club conformado por escritores como Arthur Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, H.G. Wells, G.K. Chesterton, P.G. Wodehouse o J.M. Barrie, este último fundador del equipo y famoso por ser el creador de “Peter Pan”. James Matthew Barrie llamó así al equipo uniendo su propio nombre a la frase árabe “Alá akbar” (Dios es Grande), ya que él pensaba que realmente esta frase significaba “Que el cielo nos ayude”. Esta pasión por el cricket hizo que Doyle cambiara el nombre a su personaje detectivesco combinando dos jugadores de críquet de Nottinghamshire, Sherwin y Shacklock, cogiendo la primera sílaba del primero y la segunda sílaba del segundo (Sher-Lock). Shacklock jugó tiempo después para el club de la localidad inglesa de Derbyshire donde su compañero de bolos se llamaba William Mycroft, apellido que le sirvió para nombrar al hermano mayor de Sherlock Holmes (Palazón, 22 de mayo de 2019)¹⁰.

Esto servirá posteriormente de inspiración a Gatiss y Moffat para traer a los personajes a la actualidad. Usarán en concreto la unión de Sher-Lock como contraseña de desbloqueo del *smartphone* de Irene Adler, bajo la premisa “I am SHER locked”. También repararán en la frase utilizada por Barry para representar los últimos minutos de Adler en pantalla, cuando va a ser asesinada por una célula terrorista en Kirachi.

¹⁰ Tuit corregido ortotipográficamente según las normas establecidas. Por motivos de número de caracteres el autor usa abreviaturas propias del lenguaje escrito de la red.

Por otra parte, continua Palazón: “El Dr. Watson homenajea al médico-cirujano James Watson Robbins, cuya vida contiene muchos paralelismos con Arthur Conan Doyle” (Palazón, 22 de mayo de 2019), ya que a ambos les unía la medicina militar.

En lo que respecta al personaje de Irene Adler, existen varias hipótesis que no son necesariamente contradictorias entre sí. Por un lado, la que defienden muchos seguidores del autor, entre ellos Palazón, en la que, como señala este, “Irene Adler es un homenaje a Alfred Adler, médico psicoterapeuta y colaborador del padre del psicoanálisis, Sigmund Freud” (Palazón, 22 de mayo de 2019). Esta tesis responde sin lugar a dudas a la caracterización freudiana del personaje, especialmente en las adaptaciones más recientes y con mayor énfasis en la de 2012, debido al modo de representar dicho personaje, una tendencia habitual en el cine, como ha estudiado De Lauretis (1987 y 1992). También, existe la posibilidad de que se inspirara en el nombre de uno de los barcos alemanes mencionados por Robert Louis Stenvenson, que también menciona Posteguillo (2014), en su descripción de la crisis samoana, anterior a la publicación de *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891). Por su parte, Ed Glinert, quien realiza las notas en la edición de Penguin Clothbounds (2018) apunta que puede referirse a un río homónimo en Bohemia.

Para el caso del Profesor Moriarty, aunque no aparece en *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891), consideramos interesante exponer la posible hipótesis de Palazón (22 de mayo de 2019):

“mor”, está vinculado a la muerte, maldad, oscuridad, lo peor de cada ser humano, perverso y siniestro. Conan Doyle hacía sesiones de espiritismo para contactar con los muertos y le atraía sobremanera todo lo esotérico y paranormal. Así que crea a su Moriarty. “Arty” significa “pretencioso”, porque Moriarty, que es realmente un genio inteligente, cree estar por encima en sabiduría, cualidades y habilidad de Sherlock Holmes” (Palazón, 22 de mayo de 2019).¹¹

Esta hipótesis será utilizada no sólo por los adaptadores de *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) y, especialmente, *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012), episodio en el que el nombre es ya una adaptación en sí misma del original, sino también en producciones posteriores como veremos al tratar más en profundidad los personajes.

4.2 Adaptar y proyectar. Técnicas de adaptación en el camino hacia el siglo XXI

En el presente apartado comentaremos las técnicas de adaptación utilizadas para llevar al siglo XXI *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891). Para ello estudiaremos cada una de las adaptaciones por separado, en una primera aproximación, y luego compararemos las técnicas utilizadas en

¹¹ Tuit corregido ortotipográficamente según las normas establecidas. Por motivos de número de caracteres el autor usa abreviaturas propias del lenguaje escrito de la red.

cada una de ellas en las secuencias que sea potencialmente equivalentes. Para cada caso incluiremos una tabla resumen al final, incluyendo además una para una comparación entre adaptaciones. Seguiremos los procedimientos de adaptación traductológica seguidos por Vázquez-Ayora (1977) y Sánchez Noriega (2000).

4.2.1 *Sherlock Holmes* (Guy Ritchie, 2009)

Esta adaptación está marcada por la amplificación con otra trama principal además de la del caso que concierne a Irene Adler. Dicha trama, cuyo protagonista es Lord Blackwood, se entrelaza con el caso que le encarga Irene Adler a Holmes a petición del Profesor Moriarty, y pasa a ser la trama principal a partir del clímax de la película para acabar ligada inexcusablemente al papel de Adler en la historia. En este sentido, todas las secuencias en las que se incluyen la trama de L. Blackwood son amplificaciones. Además, la subtrama Adler-Moriarty en la que el Profesor contrata a la delincuente para que le pida a Sherlock Holmes que busque un hombre desaparecido también es una amplificación, algo que la BBC retomará a su manera en 2012 para su adaptación en la serie de televisión *Sherlock* (BBC, 2012).

Por otra parte, predominan las transposiciones como aquella en la que, en lugar de recordar nostálgicamente casos anteriormente resueltos junto a su compañero, John Watson en la película lee cartas de posibles nuevos clientes que requieren los servicios del detective. También sucede con la manera en la que en el relato original y en la película se presenta el modo de hacer saber al lector/espectador que Holmes conoce ya previamente a Irene Adler: en el relato tiene una entrada con información sobre ella en su libro de consulta, mientras que en la película en Baker St. ella misma encuentra una carpeta con su historial delictivo.

En cuanto a la técnica de la compensación, encontramos dos ejemplos significativos que van en relación a lo que señalábamos para la amplificación. Por un lado, encontramos que, en el relato de Conan Doyle, en la ejecución del plan para recuperar las fotografías, es golpeado por un grupo de personas en los suburbios de la ciudad, mientras que en la adaptación de 2009 es golpeado por el carruaje en el que viajan el Profesor Moriarty e Irene Adler, estando disfrazado de mendigo, como parte de una artimaña para averiguar el trasfondo de la petición de Adler que acaba de abandonar Baker St. momentos antes. También consideramos una compensación el hecho de que en la historia original es el propio rey de Bohemia quién va a Baker St., mientras que en el filme es una intermediaria quién va a solicitar los servicios de Holmes, Irene Adler, en nombre del Profesor Moriarty, lo que favorece la introducción de esta trama en la adaptación, produciéndose también un desplazamiento, ya que en el relato ocurre casi al inicio. Del mismo modo vemos que, mediante una modulación, se continúa la trama ya introducida mediante amplificación en los primeros minutos de la adaptación: es Sherlock Holmes el que es llevado

al palacio de un cliente importante que pretende esconder su identidad sin éxito, es decir, Lord Blackwood padre, que lo contrata para conocer los planes de su hijo. Como en el caso anterior, se produce también un desplazamiento.

Finalmente, cabe destacar una técnica de adaptación que afecta a toda la producción cinematográfica: una transformación estructural por sustitución. Además de todos los cambios que los adaptadores han decidido introducir para incluir las tramas que han amplificado, y que modifican la estructura original de manera bastante acusada, debemos enfatizar una modificación central: el cambio en el desenlace. Dicho cambio es significativo porque no sólo es una decisión tomada en esa línea para esta adaptación, sino que es compartida con la adaptación posterior de la BBC de 2012: Irene Adler no vence a Sherlock Holmes y no sólo eso, sino que también este debe ser salvada por el detective de una muerte casi segura. Este cambio estructural es el culmen de una representación del personaje femenino del relato. Una representación extendida en la actualidad que, como comentábamos en el análisis de la obra, responde a un sesgo de género importante en el que Adler se encuentra supeditada a los personajes masculinos y que ponen en duda su presumiblemente habitual adopción de los roles masculinos (como el de ladrona) con la resolución y la aparente libertad que estos le aportan.

De este modo, a continuación, detallamos una tabla resumen con las correspondencias escénicas entre el texto original y la adaptación de 2009, junto a las cuales se encuentran las técnicas empleadas.

TO <i>A Scandal in Bohemia</i> (1891)	TM <i>Sherlock Holmes</i> (2009)	Técnica de Adaptación
-	Persecución e interrupción del ritual satánico de L. Blackwood.	Amplificación
-	Sherlock Holmes acude a la cita en el Royal para conocer a Mary Morstan, la prometida de J. Watson.	Amplificación
-	Sherlock Holmes pelea en el ring.	Amplificación
-	Lord Blackwood está en una prisión de Londres.	Amplificación
-	Sherlock Holmes va a ver a Lord Blackwood a la prisión.	Amplificación

-	Juicio de L. Blackwood.	Amplificación
John Watson recuerda casos que ha resuelto junto a su compañero.	John Watson lee cartas de clientes requiriendo los servicios de Sherlock Holmes.	Transposición
-	El Profesor Moriarty pide a Irene Adler que visite a Sherlock Holmes en Baker St. para requerir sus servicios.	Amplificación.
Sherlock Holmes tiene en su libro de consulta una entrada con información sobre Irene Adler.	Irene Adler descubre en Baker St. una carpeta con su nombre y pregunta a Sherlock Holmes por qué.	Transposición
-	Irene Adler se reúne con el Profesor Moriarty.	Amplificación
Sherlock Holmes se ve envuelto en una pelea. Lo atacan en grupo.	Un mendigo (Sherlock Holmes disfrazado) es golpeado por un carruaje.	Compensación
Cliente V.I.P visita personalmente Baker St.	Irene Adler visita a Sherlock Holmes en Baker St. para requerir sus servicios en nombre del Profesor Moriarty.	Compensación y desplazamiento
Cliente V.I.P visita personalmente Baker St.	Sherlock Holmes es llevado en secreto al palacio de Lord Blackwood senior.	Modulación y desplazamiento
-	Toda la adaptación.	Transformación estructural: sustitución

Tabla 1. Elaboración propia

A modo de resumen, como se puede ver en la tabla, la tendencia de adaptación viene marcada principalmente por la amplificación con otras tramas y una importante transformación estructural. En lo que respecta a las correspondencias que se han respetado en relación al original, podemos encontrar transposiciones, compensaciones, desplazamiento y modulaciones, con el fin de ajustar la trama principal a un nuevo orden, en el que se incluyen

nuevas subtramas antes, durante y después de la trama principal creada por Doyle, para crear un producto más complejo usando el lenguaje del cine en clave del siglo XXI.

4.2.2 *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012)

En esta adaptación, aunque podemos encontrar técnicas compartidas con la anterior, podemos observar un mayor número de equivalencias con respecto al relato de Conan Doyle. Estas se corresponden con la existencia de unas fotografías comprometidas en las que aparece Irene Adler con un miembro de la familia real, con el hecho de Sherlock Holmes se disfrace de cura para entrar en casa de Irene Adler y con el hecho de que Adler le muestre inconscientemente a Sherlock Holmes donde se encuentran las fotografías, y posteriormente, escape de la emboscada que el detective le monta para descubrir el paradero de las fotografías.

Por otra parte, podemos encontrar transposiciones como cuando numerosos clientes se suceden en Baker St. para requerir los servicios de Sherlock; cuando es Harry, un empleado de la realeza el que recibe a Sherlock en Buckingham Palace en lugar de ser el cliente directo el que lo haga; cuando Sherlock traza inmediatamente un plan para llevar a cabo el encargo contra Adler, donde también se produce un desplazamiento del planteamiento al comienzo del desarrollo de la acción; cuando Sherlock y Adler se preparan para su segundo encuentro; cuando John Watson activa la alarma contra incendios en lugar de, como en el original, dar la voz de alarma; y cuando Sherlock y Watson le explican a Mycroft lo ocurrido en lugar de a su cliente directo, como ocurre en el relato de Conan Doyle.

Las amplificaciones vienen de la mano del entrelazamiento de tramas para luego confluir en una sola. Estas son la visita de Watson al lugar de los hechos mientras Sherlock se queda en Baker St. para que le retrasmite por webcam las características del lugar; el hecho de que todos los clientes que pasaron por Baker St. previamente al encargo del caso Adler tienen un nexo común, incluido el caso que Watson retrasmite a distancia a su compañero; y finalmente, la operación antiterrorismo y anticorrupción de los servicios secretos en las que se ven implicados todos los actores de la trama principal, que es la que coincide con el relato original y que ocupa la parte central del episodio.

Del mismo modo, se producen otros dos desplazamientos aparte del ya mencionado al acudir dos agentes de seguridad de la familia real a buscar a Sherlock casi al final del planteamiento, en lugar de la visita del cliente directamente en Baker St. al principio del relato como ocurre en *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891). También ocurre cuando Mycroft Holmes le ofrece un cigarrillo al comienzo del desenlace del episodio, mientras que esa referencia, más concretamente a las drogas y a las adicciones de Sherlock Holmes, se produce en el primer capítulo del relato coincidiendo con el planteamiento de la historia.

En lo que respecta a las modulaciones, podemos señalar el hecho de que sea un intermediario del cliente el que se dirija a Sherlock para requerir sus servicios, pero que, además, no sea dicho cliente el que tiene directamente el problema con Adler, sino alguien cercano. También es de especial relevancia que Sherlock en la serie no conozca a Irene Adler previamente a la exposición del problema con ella y que sean los intermediarios del cliente los que le expongan las características a tener en cuenta. Sin embargo, es el propio Sherlock Holmes el que tiene información en su libro de consulta en el relato original. Finalmente, encontramos una omisión, la del personaje de Mary Morstan, para realizar una modulación e incluir al personaje de Jeanette como novia esporádica (y exclusivamente de ese episodio de la serie) de John H. Watson. El Dr. Watson en *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012) no está ni comprometido, ni mucho menos casado con Morstan, como sí lo está en *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891), el relato original, y *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009), la otra adaptación que analizamos.

En cuanto al desenlace, coincide con la adaptación de Guy Ritchie de 2009, ya que Sherlock debe salvar a Adler de la muerte segura, en este caso por una célula terrorista, después de haberla vencido. Podemos decir, que como en el caso anterior, se produce una transformación estructural por sustitución que afecta a toda la adaptación. En la tabla que se encuentra a continuación podemos encontrar un resumen de todas estas técnicas.

TO <i>A Scandal in Bohemia</i> (1891)	TM <i>A Scandal in Belgravia</i> (2012)	Técnica de Adaptación
John Watson rememora casos que ha resuelto junto a su compañero.	Se suceden los clientes en Baker St.	Transposición
-	J. H. Watson se desplaza al lugar de uno de los casos para que Sherlock, desde casa y por webcam examine el lugar del suceso.	Amplificación
Primera visita del rey de Bohemia a Baker St.	Dos agentes del servicio de seguridad de la corona británica van a recoger a Sherlock a Baker St.	Desplazamiento
Ocultación de la identidad del rey de Bohemia bajo el nombre de Conde Von Kramm.	Harry, un empleado real, recibe a Sherlock en Buckingham Palace.	Transposición

Explica el problema el propio rey de Bohemia una vez descubierto.	Harry, el empleado real, y Mycroft Holmes, como empleado del gobierno, explican el problema a resolver a Sherlock.	Transposición
El problema con Irene Adler es del propio rey de Bohemia.	El problema con Irene Adler no es del cliente directo de Sherlock.	Modulación
Sherlock Holmes ya conoce previamente a Irene Adler (tiene una entrada en su libro de consulta).	Sherlock no conoce previamente a Irene Adler. Se entera que quién es por primera vez en Buckingham Palace.	Modulación
Sherlock Holmes le explica el plan para conseguir las fotos que están en manos de Irene Adler a John Watson en Baker St., después de volver de su segunda visita a la casa de Adler.	Sherlock idea el plan de acción nada más aceptar el encargo en Buckingham Palace.	Transposición y desplazamiento
Existen unas fotos que Sherlock Holmes debe recuperar de las manos de Irene Adler.	Existen unas fotos que Sherlock debe recuperar de las manos de Irene Adler.	Equivalencia
Preparación de la segunda visita a la casa de Irene Adler.	Sherlock en Baker St. e Irene Adler en su casa en Belgravia se preparan para verse por segunda vez.	Transposición
Un grupo de personas golpea a Sherlock Holmes en la calle.	Sherlock le pide a Watson que le pegue para simular una agresión.	Compensación
Sherlock Holmes se viste de cura para llamar a casa de Irene Adler.	Sherlock se viste de cura para llamar a casa de Irene Adler.	Equivalencia
John Watson da la voz de alarma con el fuego.	John Watson activa la alarma contra incendios.	Transposición
Irene Adler le muestra a Sherlock Holmes de manera inconsciente dónde están las fotos.	Irene Adler le muestra a Sherlock de manera inconsciente dónde están las fotos.	Equivalencia

Irene Adler consigue escapar de la emboscada de Sherlock Holmes en su casa.	Irene Adler consigue escapar de la emboscada de Sherlock en su casa.	Equivalencia
Sherlock Holmes y John Watson explican al rey de Bohemia lo ocurrido.	Sherlock y John Watson explican Mycroft Holmes lo ocurrido.	Transposición
Referencia a las drogas (a las adicciones) en el capítulo I.	Mycroft Holmes le ofrece un cigarrillo a Sherlock. John Watson se preocupa.	Desplazamiento y modulación
John Watson está comprometido con Mary Morstan.	John Watson tiene una nueva novia: Jeanette.	Omisión y modulación.
-	Todos los clientes que visitaron Baker St. antes de que Sherlock aceptara el caso Adler tienen relación entre sí.	Amplificación
-	Los servicios secretos del gobierno británico están llevando a cabo una investigación antiterrorismo manchada por la corrupción.	Amplificación
-	Toda la adaptación	Transformación estructural: sustitución.

Tabla 2. Elaboración propia

A grandes rasgos, podemos decir que se trata de una adaptación que, respecto a la de 2009, utiliza un mayor número de equivalencias, lo que responde a una clara intención de fidelidad al texto original. Además, son comunes las transposiciones y las modulaciones como vías principales de adaptación, ya que se trata de dos técnicas que permiten mantener un base original y transformar algunos elementos para traerlos a la nueva estructura dramática, a lo que se une alguna que otra compensación. En este sentido, encontramos también algún desplazamiento y alguna omisión. Las amplificaciones responden a un afán de completar una trama principal que proviene de un relato sin mayor complejidad, con el fin de aportarle una mayor posibilidad de conflicto a la acción y, al mismo tiempo, un cuerpo sólido de temas de actualidad como el terrorismo yihadista, el espionaje entre grandes potencias mundiales o la

representación y el papel de la mujer. Finalmente, la transformación estructural que afecta al desenlace la comparte con la película de 2009, *Sherlock Holmes*, aportándole a la acción un devenir similar a esta, lo que nos lleva a pensar que es un nexo más en común que evidencia la influencia de las películas de Ritchie en la serie de la BBC creada por Gatiss y Moffat.

4.2.3 Entre Sherlock Holmes y Sherlock

Una vez identificadas las técnicas de adaptación entre texto origen y cada uno de los textos meta, respectivamente, consideramos necesario analizar las similitudes entre *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) y *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012) entendidas como adaptaciones de *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891). Dicha necesidad surge de la evidente influencia que la adaptación de 2009 tiene sobre la de 2012 y cómo esto marca una tendencia de adaptación en la manera de concebir el relato original de Conan Doyle en el siglo XXI. En este sentido, los matices son de enorme relevancia a la hora de entender las decisiones traductológicas en el paso de un texto escrito y situado en la época victoriana para ser traducido a una visión (neo)victoriana de la historia hasta llegar a la adaptación completa, a la visión completamente actual de la misma, incluyendo las localizaciones y el tiempo del episodio y, sobre todo, como veremos en el apartado siguiente, de los personajes y sus elementos característicos.

En primer lugar, trataremos las transposiciones. Entre las secuencias en las que se ha producido una transposición, encontramos la sucesión de clientes en Baker St. (2012) para equipararse a las muchas cartas que Watson lee en la adaptación de 2009. Si reparamos en cómo comienza el relato de Conan Doyle, vemos que Watson recuerda casos y aventuras pasadas vividas con su compañero. En el paso de la literatura al cine se han utilizado dos recursos diferentes, pero en definitiva equivalentes al hecho de que formen un dúo detectivesco con reclamo y aceptación en el público, sus clientes, lo que evidencia también su reconocimiento fuera de las páginas o de la pantalla. Al mismo tiempo, en la película de 2009 se mantiene el tinte nostálgico del Dr. Watson.

Otra de las transposiciones es el modo en que Sherlock Holmes es trasladado a un palacio de la aristocracia en 2009 y de la realeza en 2012, así como los que allí lo reciben, unida a un desplazamiento. En este caso, la adaptación parte del hecho de que originalmente sea un miembro de la realeza el que visite Baker Street, mientras que en el cine sea el detective quien visite las residencias de la alta sociedad. El desplazamiento viene marcado por la cronología de la trama, ya que tanto en *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) como en *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012) dicha visita se produce casi en el desarrollo de la acción y no en el planteamiento como ocurre en *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891).

Para terminar con esta técnica, se ha transpuesto quién despierta y en qué condiciones despierta Sherlock Holmes. En la película de Guy Ritchie es Adler quien lo hace, en primer lugar, y posteriormente cuando lo duerme con vino envenenado, se da a entender que despierta solo en la habitación del Royale, mientras que en *Sherlock* (BBC, 2010-2014) es Watson quien lo encuentra adormecido por la sustancia que le suministra Adler. Estos cambios se producen entre adaptaciones y no tienen vínculo directo con el relato original.

Siguiendo con las modulaciones, encontramos la secuencia en la que John Watson le presenta a Sherlock Holmes a su prometida, Mary Morstan, en la adaptación de 2009, mientras que en la de 2012 le presenta a su nueva novia -de la que apenas recuerda su nombre- Jeanette, secuencia, por otra parte, con un claro desplazamiento respecto a la de 2012 pues ocurre al final y no al principio como en el caso anterior. Como ya se ha comentado en la comparativa TO-TM forma parte de una omisión, puesto que John Watson no se encuentra ni casado (como en el original) ni siquiera comprometido (como en la adaptación de Guy Ritchie). Este mismo ejemplo de modulación más desplazamiento lo vemos cuando en *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) es Sherlock Holmes el que despierta en Baker St. y es despertado por Irene Adler, mientras que en *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012) es Sherlock quien encuentra a Adler dormida en su cama.

Finalmente, prueba de las numerosas similitudes y de la influencia de la primera adaptación con la segunda, encontramos varias equivalencias: la desnudez de Adler (velada o no por una sábana, donde se produce una compensación ya que en 2009 se muestra una Adler cubierta por una sábana, mientras que en 2012 se la muestra completamente desnuda) para recibir a Sherlock Holmes en su domicilio en Londres. Otra es el hecho de que esta duerma a Sherlock con algún tipo de sustancia somnífera para huir, donde la compensación marca también el modo para introducir dicha sustancia en el cuerpo de Sherlock Holmes, pues en el filme de Guy Ritchie lo hace a través de vino envenenado, como comentábamos, pero en el episodio de *Sherlock* (BBC, 2010-2014) lo hace inyectándose. También, encontramos el momento en que Sherlock, Watson y Adler se preparan para llevar a cabo un nuevo plan para salir del conflicto generado que concierne a todos ellos, en el que se entrelazan varias tramas. Por otro lado, está el vencimiento de Sherlock Holmes sobre Irene Adler en el desenlace y, para finalizar, el hecho de que el cerebro de los problemas derivados que afectan a Holmes sea Moriarty. Todo esto lo resumimos en la tabla que se encuentra a continuación.

<p style="text-align: center;">TM <i>Sherlock Holmes (2009)</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">TM <i>A Scandal in Belgravia (2012)</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Técnica de Adaptación</p>
<p>John Watson lee cartas de clientes requiriendo los servicios de Sherlock Holmes.</p>	<p>Se suceden los clientes en Baker St.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Transposición</p>
<p>Sherlock Holmes acude a la cita en el Royal para conocer a Mary Morstan, la prometida de J. Watson (principio)</p>	<p>J. H. Watson presenta a su nueva novia Jeanette a Sherlock en la reunión de Navidad en Baker St. (final)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Modulación y desplazamiento</p>
<p>Irene Adler va a ver a Sherlock Holmes al ring de combate (el “primer encuentro” lo propicia ella).</p>	<p>Irene Adler vigila a Sherlock antes de que vaya por primera vez a su casa de Belgravia.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Modulación</p>
<p>Irene Adler despierta a Sherlock Holmes tras la ejecución de L. Blackwood.</p>	<p>Irene Adler duerme a Sherlock y este despierta en Baker St. tras sonar el tono de llamada que Adler le asigna para su número en el móvil de Sherlock.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Transposición</p>
<p>Sherlock Holmes es trasladado con la cabeza tapada en un carruaje al palacio de Lord Blackwood padre.</p>	<p>Sherlock Holmes es trasladado en coche al Buckingham Palace por Mycroft y dos agentes de seguridad reales.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Transposición y desplazamiento</p>
<p>Irene Adler recibe a Sherlock Holmes en el Royal cubierta por una sábana.</p>	<p>Irene Adler recibe a Sherlock en Belgravia desnuda.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Equivalencia y compensación</p>
<p>Irene Adler duerme a Sherlock Holmes con vino envenenado.</p>	<p>Irene Adler duerme a Sherlock Holmes con una inyección.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Equivalencia y compensación.</p>
<p>Cuando Irene Adler vuelve a Baker St. tras ser ejecutado L. Blackwood, Sherlock Holmes está dormido.</p>	<p>Cuando Irene Adler vuelve a Baker St., Sherlock la encuentra dormida en su cama.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Modulación y desplazamiento</p>

Irene Adler, Sherlock Holmes y John Watson preparan un nuevo plan contra L. Blackwood.	Irene Adler, Sherlock Holmes y John Watson preparan un nuevo plan contra la mafia que persigue a Adler y que pretende atentar contra el gobierno.	Equivalencia
Sherlock Holmes vence a Irene Adler.	Sherlock vence a Irene Adler.	Equivalencia
El Profesor Moriarty está detrás de las acciones de Adler.	Jim Moriarty está detrás de las acciones de Adler.	Equivalencia

Tabla 3. Elaboración propia

En este plano traductológico-adaptativo, debemos reseñar algunos elementos claves para comprender las técnicas empleadas, que, a efectos de comparación entre las dos adaptaciones, son ineludibles. El primero es el uso de la carta, de la misiva, frente al mensaje de texto. En la época victoriana la distribución de correo, con el desarrollo del ferrocarril, se convirtió en una tarea mucho más fácil que en épocas precedentes.

La importancia de la misiva está presente tanto en *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891) como en *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009): en el relato de S. Arthur Conan Doyle el problema a resolver se inicia con una carta del Conde Von Kramm, que lo visita personalmente y es descubierto en su empresa de ocultar su verdadera identidad: ser el rey de Bohemia. El relato se cierra con una nueva carta, de Irene Adler ya convertida en Irene Norton, en la que ella misma revela la imposibilidad del detective para resolver su caso debido a su huida, dejando claro cuáles son y fueron sus armas a la hora de defender sus intereses frente a los del rey de Bohemia. En la película de 2009, esto se ha adaptado mediante las numerosas cartas de clientes que requieren los servicios del detective, así como en el encargo que le hace Adler a Holmes.

Sin embargo, en la serie de televisión la tecnología y, sobre todo, los *smartphones*, marcan claramente la tendencia de actualización total y traída en tiempo y forma al siglo XXI del relato original. La principal manera de comunicación de Sherlock será el mensaje de texto o SMS y, de hecho, el primer caso del episodio lo resuelve mediante *webcam*, mientras está en su casa en Baker St. apenas tapado por una sábana. La carta final de Irene Adler, se transformará en una larga lista de SMS recibidos en un *smartphone* tras haber intentado robar el de ella, con cámara, donde se encuentran las fotografías comprometidas que ella entrega al final del episodio. Es una forma de adaptar a la trama una modificación central con es la del desenlace original, en el que Sherlock Holmes le pide al rey de Bohemia la fotografía de Adler como medio de pago.

Otra de las cuestiones de especial relevancia es la relación entre Sherlock Holmes y John Watson. Aunque lo desarrollemos en mayor profundidad en el próximo apartado, es necesario puntualizar en cómo ha sido adaptado en cada una de las producciones elegidas. En la época victoriana, la amistad masculina era algo de gran reconocimiento social, no hay más que reparar en los clubes sólo reservados para hombres, pero, sin embargo, la duda de la posible relación más allá de la amistad entre el detective y el doctor ha sobrevolado los relatos de Conan Doyle y sus adaptaciones desde hace mucho tiempo. Esto se debe sin más a la recepción por parte de audiencias más recientes, que han asociado a la homosexualidad la cercanía entre ambos personajes o la característica camaradería que los define. En este sentido, cada adaptación ha tomado unas decisiones diferentes para resolverlo, siempre respondiendo a la visión de una audiencia del siglo XXI. La adaptación de Guy Ritchie de 2009 ha presentado a un Watson comprometido con su novia, Mary Morstan, y a un Sherlock Holmes con aires de Don Juan, lo que evidencia la heterosexualidad de ambos y resuelve el conflicto. En cambio, la adaptación de 2012 de la BBC ha utilizado una estrategia completamente diferente, creando siempre incertidumbre en cuanto a las preferencias de Sherlock y el éxito sentimental de Watson, como se refleja sobre todo al final del episodio elegido, lo que proporciona un enfoque neovictoriano a la primera, pero un enfoque completamente traído a la actualidad a la segunda.

Con respecto a las localizaciones, en la adaptación de 2009 se muestran, como en el original, los suburbios de la ciudad, algo muy propio de los relatos del mismo estilo, así como localizaciones de alto nivel social. Mientras, en la de 2012, de nuevo tomando una decisión opuesta, se opta por el barrio de Belgravia y el centro de Londres. Esto hace que la tendencia anteriormente citada se mantenga.

En definitiva, todos estos elementos comparten la cualidad de ser medios de adaptación al gusto y a la manera de mirar de las audiencias del siglo XXI. En cierta manera, supone una simplificación en el modo de traer y explicar las aventuras del detective y el Dr. Watson bajo los esquemas de la sociedad actual, sin necesidad de transformarlos conforme el lector se va metiendo dentro el universo holmesiano creado por la literatura. Dicha simplificación y transformación de lo escrito a lo audiovisual permite consolidar las nuevas concepciones del canon, que a lo largo del tiempo han hecho posible su mantenimiento en el imaginario colectivo de la audiencia.

4.3 Una huella sin ADN. Del personaje victoriano al (neo)victoriano

Los personajes son quizás uno de los elementos cinematográficos que más cambios han sufrido en el proceso de adaptación. Junto a la localización espacio-temporal se presentan como la mejor oportunidad de traer al siglo XXI los esquemas del siglo XIX. El público, como ya se

ha comentado, marca la tendencia en cuanto a la creación y recreación de los cuadros afectivos y de las relaciones entre personajes. Se trata de una vía de adaptación en la que el reencuentro con los personajes se produce ya desde lo conocido gracias al relato original, pero bajo los esquemas mentales actualizados de los espectadores de cada época, en nuestro caso, como decíamos, de la actual. Como señala Seger (1992):

Los personajes de las películas nos interesan y nos acercan a sus vidas. No es inusual para el espectador pensar en un personaje durante semanas o meses después de haber visto una película. A menudo, los personajes nos inspiran, nos llevan a tomar nuevas decisiones. Nos enamoramos de las películas, viéndolas una y otra vez encontrándole cada vez más sentido con cada visionado¹² (Seger, 1992, p.63).

Esto hace posible que a día de hoy los personajes del relato que hemos elegido sean reconocibles y reconocidos por el público en general. Las adaptaciones tienen elementos comunes, pero también especificidades inherentes a cada una de ellas que hacen que resulte interesante estudiar el modo de construcción de los personajes y su actualización al modo de concebir el mundo del espectador contemporáneo en el momento de la adaptación. En esta línea Primorac (2018), apunta para el caso de Sherlock Holmes que:

Consideradas en su contexto social y cultural, las adaptaciones cinematográficas y para televisión de Sherlock Holmes producidas entre 2008 y 2016 podría decirse que comparten una característica peculiar: una evidente sexualización heteronormativa del personaje de Sherlock Holmes y una transformación derivada del personaje de Irene Adler como su principal interés sentimental¹³ (Primorac, 2018, p. 28).

En este apartado hemos seleccionado una serie de características según lo que indican Seger (1990) y Brady (1994). Estas características han sido seleccionadas entre un amplio número de ítems que hacen posible la construcción de los personajes en tanto que, en la mayoría de los casos que vamos a analizar, son comunes y permiten la comparación del mismo personaje en sus diferentes versiones.

Vamos a analizar diversos tipos de personajes cuya tipología indicaremos en cada caso. Hemos realizado el análisis desde los personajes principales hasta los secundarios o incluso meramente episódicos, pero que tienen relevancia en nuestro análisis. Aunque, en algunos casos, estos últimos no aparezcan en todos los textos a comparar. A modo de resumen, al final de cada uno, incluiremos una tabla con sus principales características comparadas.

¹² Traducción propia.

¹³ Idem.

4.3.1 Sherlock Holmes

Sherlock Holmes, tanto en el relato de Conan Doyle como en las adaptaciones cumple el papel indiscutible de protagonista. Siempre acompañado por su fiel amigo y compañero el Dr. Watson, en diferentes marcos dramáticos en los que, como apunta Primorac (2018), “al reinterpretar una narrativa muy conocida, cada adaptación de un texto clásico refleja, entre otras cosas, las preocupaciones y los intereses de su propio espacio-tiempo, enfatizando ciertos aspectos del texto adaptado y minimizando o suprimiendo otros¹⁴” (Primorac, 2018, p. 27). Ya desde el inicio del relato original, John Watson resalta la importancia de Irene Adler para él. Se menciona además su “*Bohemian soul*”, en sentido literal, pero consideramos también que pudiera ser metafórico, dada la procedencia del cliente que les concierne, el Rey de Bohemia. Además, hace que el lector se haga una idea de su forma de vestir y comportarse que en las líneas escritas por Conan Doyle se resume en la descripción del estado en que Watson lo encuentra en su visita a Baker Street.

En términos generales, el personaje —tanto original como adaptado— mantiene su entidad como detective reconocido intrahistóricamente y también para el público, pues no hay que olvidar que marca un precedente en la literatura de detectives y en la investigación criminalística. Además, se hace gala de su soltería, o de su falta de pareja sentimental conocida, lo que nos lleva a la importancia de la sexualidad del personaje para la construcción del mismo. En este sentido, Taylor (2015) señala que “transformando a la Adler canónica en el interés sentimental de Holmes reafirma su heterosexualidad, lo que parece ser importante para una gran parte del público¹⁵” (Taylor, 2015, p. 44), por lo que queda abierto el debate de su masculinidad reafirmada con la heterosexualidad confirmada gracias al personaje de Adler, personaje al cual habitualmente se contraponen, como veremos también cuando tratemos el caso de ella. Sin embargo, en la adaptación de 2012, Gatiss y Moffat crean un marco de análisis aún más complejo, presentando al personaje como asexual, algo que entra en conflicto —al mismo tiempo— con su interés por Irene Adler, caracterizada en la serie como lesbiana, perteneciendo así el binomio contrapuesto a grupos de sexualidades no normativas. Es por ello que Agane (2015) considera que “la asexualidad de Sherlock Holmes puede ofrecer una lectura *queer* del personaje de Holmes, pero el espectador del siglo XXI a menudo tiene dificultades para imaginar cualquier identidad no heteronormativa que no sea gay¹⁶” (Agane, 2015, p. 161), lo que nos lleva a otra permanencia en el personaje: la categorización de su relación con John

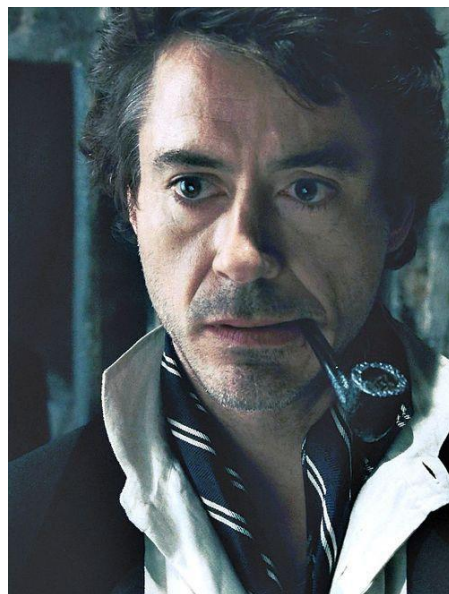
¹⁴ Traducción propia.

¹⁵ Idem.

¹⁶ Idem.

Watson como homosexual y que excede la amistad entre caballeros, como veremos cuando tratemos a este personaje.

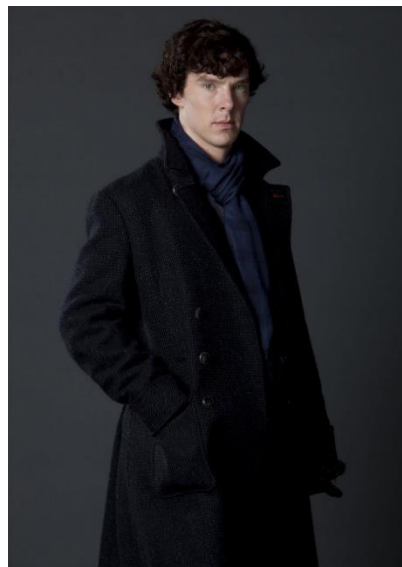
Se forma así una oposición entre protagonista y antagonista, entre Holmes y Adler, que se fundamenta en la deducción y el razonamiento ya desde el relato victoriano y que, en cambio, Conan Doyle resuelve contraviniendo los valores propios de la época, donde en teoría debía ser Sherlock Holmes quien venciera a la contralto. Para esto, Taylor (2015) resumen que “si la masculinidad se define de esta manera, entonces la feminidad debe ser lo opuesto, unida a las ocupaciones identificadas con Adler: las artes, incluido el teatro y la música¹⁷” (Taylor, 2015, p. 45-46), algo que como decimos Conan Doyle no reflejó en su historia y que difiere — curiosamente — de las nuevas adaptaciones del relato que estamos analizando en el presente trabajo donde, a pesar de seguir en un principio la misma línea que el autor, en última instancia se produce una transformación estructural en el proceso de adaptación que modifica radicalmente el desenlace. Debemos comprender entonces que, si bien, en primera instancia la oposición razonamiento lógico/arte se produce en el relato de Conan Doyle ubicándose cada parte en Holmes y Adler respectivamente, por otro lado, la consideración binómica masculinidad-feminidad difiere del texto original puesto que los límites de un lado y de otro, especialmente el de la masculinidad por parte de Adler, son traspasados por ambos personajes. En cambio, en las adaptaciones analizadas, como decimos, aunque pueda parecer lo contrario, esto no ocurre de este modo, manteniendo a ambos personajes en sus parcelas de género normativamente asignadas.



Sherlock Holmes, 2009 (Robert Downey Jr.). Fuente: Pinterest

¹⁷ Traducción propia.

Debemos, por otra parte, mencionar que en *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) se muestra a través del vestuario y del comportamiento esa “*Bohemian soul*” que le confiere el autor al personaje en *A Scandal in Bohemia* (Conan Doyle, 1891), y además se deduce que tuvo una relación previa con Adler, pues no solo la conoce, sino que ella menciona que se aloja en “su habitación del Royale” (*Sherlock Holmes*, Ritchie, 2009). Por el contrario, en *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012), se muestra un Sherlock mucho menos bohemio, a excepción de que al comienzo del capítulo reciba a los agentes de seguridad reales sólo cubierto por una sábana blanca y sea llevado de esta guisa a Buckingham Palace. Dicha desnudez velada —como lo es la Adler en la adaptación de 2009—, sin duda busca oponerse a la desnudez absoluta de Adler en secuencias posteriores. En definitiva, el Sherlock de la BBC es mucho más comedido, siempre vestido con traje oscuro y camisa blanca, acompañado de su abrigo azul “para hacerlo parecer más alto” que será su seña de identidad. También podemos ver la diferencia de estilo en los actores que interpretan a cada una de las versiones de Holmes, pues en la película de 2009 es Robert Downey Jr., mientras que en la serie de 2012 es Benedict Cumberbatch. Cada actor, mediante su interpretación, dota al personaje de las características que los adaptadores les han asignado y que hemos comentado en las líneas anteriores.



Sherlock Holmes, 2012 (Benedict Cumberbatch). Fuente:Pinterest

Volviendo al plano del antagonista, además de a Irene Adler, debemos considerar sin dilación la existencia del Profesor Moriarty o Jim Moriarty, según la adaptación a la que nos estemos refiriendo. Si bien en *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891) no aparece, en las dos adaptaciones aparecer como antagonista del detective e incluso de la propia Adler. Y es que es, en ambas ocasiones, quien está detrás del conflicto mismo, pues es la némesis última del detective. De este modo, se construye el arco básico de la acción en las adaptaciones para dar forma a una

transformación estructural en la que el vencedor no es Adler, sino Moriarty, un criminal apoyado en *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012) por el propio hermano del protagonista: Mycroft Holmes. Todas estas cuestiones las resumimos en la tabla que se encuentra a continuación.

Elemento/ Texto-Adaptación	TO <i>A Scandal in Bohemia</i> (1891)	TM <i>Sherlock Holmes</i> (2009)	TM <i>A Scandal in Belgravia</i> (2012)
Nombre	Sherlock Holmes	Sherlock Holmes	Sherlock (Holmes). “Detective consultor”.
Estado civil	Soltero	Soltero	Soltero, sin pareja conocida (“The virgin”, Jim Moriarty)
Profesión	Detective	Detective	Detective consultor
Domicilio	221 B Baker Street	221 B Baker Street	221 B Baker Street
Descripción física	No se menciona en el relato más que un estilo bohemio (“ <i>Bohemian soul</i> ”) y cuando se viste de cura para acceder a la casa de Adler.	Estilo bohemio, ecléctico, desenfadado, que pretende ajustarse a la moda victoriana.	Alto, moreno y casi siempre vestido con traje oscuro, camisa blanca y abrigo largo azul marino. Se disfraza de cura con un alzacuellos para acceder a casa de Adler.
Estatus social	Clase media.	Clase media.	Clase media-alta.
Hermanos	No se menciona en el relato	No se menciona en el relato	Mycroft Holmes (véase su propio análisis más adelante)
Matrimonio	-	-	-

Cuadro afectivo	Relación de amistad con John Watson. Interés y admiración por Irene Adler.	Relación de amistad con John Watson. Interés y admiración por Irene Adler, con quien parece haber tenido alguna relación sentimental previa al desarrollo de la trama.	Relación de amistad con John H. Watson. Interés y admiración por Irene Adler. Mycroft Holmes es su hermano mayor.
Tipo de personaje	Protagonista	Protagonista	Protagonista

Tabla 4. Elaboración propia

En definitiva, la adaptación del protagonista de una manera u otra se ve influida por las relaciones que se establecen con el resto de personajes. Un modo u otro de adaptación pasa desde el vestuario hasta un elemento que ha cobrado importancia con el paso de los años, como es la identidad de género y la sexualidad del personaje. Dicha tendencia responde al devenir del interés de los espectadores, donde el público de nuestros días se muestra mucho más interesado por estas cuestiones que el de otras épocas, pero al mismo tiempo los cambios sociales permiten que estas cuestiones puedan ser tratadas, algo impensable en la época victoriana. Esto hace que, a grandes rasgos, se pueda decir que se haya pasado de una temática principal basada en la investigación y la deducción en el relato de Conan Doyle a una temática más diversa en la que la sexualidad juega un papel central en las adaptaciones. De este modo, y de manera transversal a todos los personajes, el tema principal de la investigación se convierte en la base, pero no en la parte más visible de la estructura dramática tanto en la película de 2009 como en el episodio de la serie en 2012.

4.3.2 John Watson

John Watson es la segunda parte del dúo detectivesco clásico. La profesión se ha mantenido a lo largo del tiempo, tanto en la historia original como en las adaptaciones. Médico militar, reconvertido a la práctica civil, el Dr. Watson mantiene su residencia en Baker Street hasta su matrimonio con Mary Morstan. Dicho matrimonio es efectivo en *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891), pero en *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) sólo está presente en forma de compromiso. Sin embargo, la duda existencial del doctor de seguir perteneciendo o no al núcleo de Baker Street es un conflicto personal presente en ambos casos. Por un lado, al comienzo del relato de Conan Doyle, este apunta que pasaba por allí de vuelta a casa; por otro, en la película de Guy Ritchie,

el personaje interpretado por Jude Law se resiste a dejar su consulta para mudarse con su prometida, algo que además genera un conflicto entre Morstan y Holmes. Dicho conflicto también se verá representado en la serie de la BBC en capítulos posteriores que, al no formar parte de nuestro análisis, lo dejaremos simplemente como un apunte.

Para Agane (2015):

La mera contigüidad de Holmes y Watson en la esfera doméstica, sin embargo, no justifica completamente las interpretaciones *queer* de su relación (y por tanto, tampoco explica al completo las interpretaciones gay). En cambio, la condición *queer* de la relación Holmes/Watson reside en la feminización de Watson, una afición muy extendida entre los adaptadores del personaje¹⁸ (Agane, 2015, p. 162).

Lo que nos lleva a una de las interpretaciones más habituales de la relación entre Sherlock Holmes y John Watson, y que deriva habitualmente en una homosexualización de la relación. Además, condiciona la concepción de Watson como personaje secundario, en este caso unido a la esfera doméstica, necesariamente relacionado con un Sherlock Holmes perteneciente a la esfera pública. Una división de género tradicional y muy tratada en la literatura victoriana en la que se asociaba a la mujer (esposa) al hogar y al hombre (marido) a la vida fuera de él.

En lo que respecta al relato original, la mayoría de autores que hemos consultado para nuestro análisis coinciden en que dicha relación de dependencia responde a los fuertes vínculos de amistad masculina reconocidos por la sociedad victoriana. Se contrapone al mismo tiempo al vínculo del matrimonio con Mary Morstan, donde la parte de la esfera doméstica vendría garantizada por la nueva Sra. Watson. Esto resuelve el nuevo marco de análisis surgido con posterioridad a la visión original de la relación entre Holmes y Watson, donde se contempla el vínculo como meramente amistoso y que en adaptaciones e interpretaciones posteriores se ha llevado por otros caminos, como hemos comentado en párrafos anteriores.

¹⁸ Traducción propia.



Dr. Watson, 2009 (Jude Law). Fuente: Sherlock Holmes Fandom

En *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009), en tanto que personaje secundario de desarrollo, principalmente, y de legitimación en segunda instancia, al igual que en el relato original, Watson contribuye al desarrollo de la acción desde los vínculos exclusivos de la amistad. En la película es también un personaje imprescindible porque lleva prácticamente todo el peso del desarrollo de la acción, incluso más que el protagonista. Sin embargo, como apunta Agane (2015): “la primera película de Holmes dirigida por Ritchie presenta un John Watson partido entre dos esferas domésticas: su casa compartida durante mucho tiempo con Holmes y su inminente convivencia con Mary”¹⁹ (Agane, 2015, p. 168). Al espectador el Dr. Watson de Ritchie es presentado como un *dandy* que causa el mismo o más interés que el detective, lejos de ser un secundón y que sin lugar a dudas lleva un gran peso de la acción sobre sí.

¹⁹ Idem.



Dr. Watson, 2012 (Martin Freeman). Fuente: Sherlock Holmes Fandom

Por el contrario, en *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012), como explica Farghaly (2015), “las relaciones entre John y Sherlock nunca han sido abiertamente homosexuales como los son en este caso, como se muestra en los frecuentes comentarios de la Sra. Hudson en relación a la convivencia entre Holmes y Watson”²⁰ (Farghaly, 2015, p.2). Esta autora repara en algo que otros autores coinciden y es en la no probada homosexualidad de los dos compañeros en interpretaciones contemporáneas de su vínculo. Incluso podría entenderse como una interpretación errónea de los esquemas de amistad de la época victoriana traído a un modo de ver la vida del siglo XXI que pretende ser más actual. En cualquier caso, el personaje de John H. Watson en *Sherlock* (BBC, 2010-2014) realiza la función de un personaje secundario de definición, puesto que en cierta manera se opone a las características del protagonista. Martin Freeman, quien lo interpreta es bastante diferente a su compañero, B. Cumberbatch. También podríamos considerar a Watson como un personaje secundario de desarrollo, pues da pie al desarrollo de la acción, incluso a través de su propio nombre, con el que bromeará en relación a su segundo nombre “Hamish” como posible nombre para unos potenciales hijos de Sherlock con Adler. Resumimos todas estas cuestiones en la siguiente tabla:

²⁰ Ibidem.

Elemento/ Texto-Adaptación	TO <i>A Scandal in Bohemia (1891)</i>	TM <i>Sherlock Holmes (2009)</i>	TM <i>A Scandal in Belgravia (2012)</i>
Nombre	John Watson. “Dr. Watson”.	John Watson. “Dr. Watson”.	John H. Watson. “Dr. Watson”.
Estado civil	Casado	Prometido con Mary Morstan	Tiene una nueva novia de nombre Jeanette.
Profesión	Médico militar reconvertido a práctica civil.	Médico militar reconvertido a práctica civil.	Médico militar reconvertido a práctica civil.
Domicilio	No lo especifica.	221 B Baker Street	221 B Baker Street
Descripción física	No se da en el relato.	Ligeramente más alto que Sherlock Holmes. Viste de manera elegante según la moda de la época victoriana, con traje marrón y lleva gafas.	Es notablemente más bajo que Sherlock, rubio y viste de manera casual, a diferencia de su compañero quien siempre lleva traje.
Estatus social	Clase media.	Clase media.	Clase media.
Hermanos	-	-	No se menciona en este episodio, pero tiene una hermana.
Matrimonio	Con Mary Morstan.	En el futuro, con Mary Morstan.	-
Cuadro afectivo	Está casado con Mary Morstan, con quién convive, pero se resiste a dejar de lado su amistad con Sherlock Holmes.	Está comprometido con Mary Morstan. Se resiste a dejar de lado su amistad con Sherlock Holmes y, por extensión, Baker Street.	Le cuesta encontrar pareja. Jeanette es una de sus múltiples novias de las últimas semanas. Se le atribuye una posible

			relación sentimental con Sherlock. Sherlock es para él su compañero de piso y su amigo.
Tipo de personaje	Secundario de desarrollo y legitimación.	Secundario de desarrollo y legitimación.	Secundario de definición y desarrollo.

Tabla 5. Elaboración propia

En definitiva, en el Dr. Watson vemos un personaje casi tan fundamental como el protagonista, hasta el punto de ser el propio narrador de los relatos de Conan Doyle y sin el cual no sería posible conocer las aventuras del detective. Ya sea como personaje definido por contraposición, o bien entendido como compañero indispensable, se trata de una pieza angular para la acción. Sus propios vínculos emocionales se definen también en relación a los de su compañero, entrando muchas veces en conflicto con la relación de ambos, pero al mismo tiempo ayudan a comprender tanto un personaje como al otro. Todo esto hace posible el hecho de que tras más de 100 años de permanencia en el imaginario común, sigan siendo personajes reconocibles por el público y las adaptaciones, todavía en el siglo XXI sigan siendo rentables y deseadas por la audiencia.

4.3.3 Irene Adler

El personaje de Irene Adler es quizás el que más transformaciones ha sufrido a lo largo de las adaptaciones y el tiempo. Dichas transformaciones vienen dadas principalmente por cuestiones de género. Primorac (2018) resume muy bien dicha tendencia al decir que:

Las vidas de Irene Adler en la pantalla se analizan en el contexto de la identificación posfeminista de los medios del poder y la agencia de la mujer con su cuerpo sexualizado, y cómo esto se hace despertando el interés a través de la asociación con el proverbialmente puritano y contenido texto victoriano²¹ (Primorac, 2018, p. 29).

En primer lugar, se produce un cambio fundamental que concierne al personaje y es que en la historia original es ella quien vence al detective y, en cambio, en las dos adaptaciones que estamos analizando es al contrario, ella es vencida en por Sherlock Holmes y además, para enfatizar y reforzar la visión heteronormativa de la preeminencia de la masculinidad, este la

²¹ Traducción propia.

tiene que salvar de la muerte. Turner (2015) explica que “en los relatos de Conan Doyle Irene Adler es mucho más impactante como némesis para el famoso detective”²² (Turner, 2015, p. 22), mientras que la derrota en las versiones cinematográficas sitúa, como hemos mencionado ya, a Moriarty como la verdadera némesis del detective, como explica Taylor (2015) cuando dice que “como los papeles de las diferentes Adlers en las nuevas narrativas rápidamente degeneran en víctimas que necesitan a Holmes para literalmente salvarlas, son representadas como peones usados por la némesis perpetua de Holmes, Moriarty, con el fin de destruir al detective”²³ (Taylor, 2015, p. 52). Esto da pie a que las barreras de la masculinidad que Adler cruza con facilidad en el relato victoriano se vean cada vez más obstaculizadas con una paulatina sexualización del personaje en términos freudianos, como incluso su propio nombre podría indicar, condicionando su representación posterior y contraponiéndose al hecho de que “el relato, por consiguiente, introduce la noción de igualdad entre Adler y Holmes en términos de inteligencia, ingenio y sensatez”²⁴ (Primorac, 2018, p. 34). Esta igualdad, en cambio, la podemos ver aplicada a la nueva némesis del detective, Moriarty, una equidad que no deja de mantenerse en el plano de lo masculino, como comentamos, dejando a I. Adler de lado por pertenecer al contrapunto, al femenino.

Esta nueva manera de representarla responde a lo que Foucault (2007) en su *Historia de la sexualidad I. La voluntad de saber* explica en torno a la concepción actual de la sexualidad, heredera de la sexualidad victoriana y que de la que este personaje es un claro ejemplo. Dicha concepción construye esa esfera del ser humano cada vez más desde un punto de vista reduccionista. En este sentido, vemos que en *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009), a diferencia de *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891), Adler ya no es una contralto famosa —profesión asociada a las amigas especiales de los hombres de casa alta, como se menciona en la adaptación de *Victoria* (BBC, 2016-2019), sino una ladrona, lo que desde el punto de vista social la sitúa aún más abajo en la escala y que, en principio, podría verse como un avance en su representación desde una perspectiva de género, pero sin embargo finalmente resulta ser lo contrario al ser derrotada por Holmes. Por otro lado, en lo que a la clase social respecta, hay cierta permanencia del texto original a la adaptación de 2009, pues se aloja en el Hotel Royale, al igual que la original en Briony Lodge, localizaciones para personas de alto poder adquisitivo. Otra diferencia ineludible es que la Irene Adler de Conan Doyle al final se casa para huir, y aún como esposa de Geoffrey Norton, consigue vencer al detective, incurriendo de nuevo en esta paradoja de valores

²² Idem.

²³ Ibidem.

²⁴ Traducción propia.

victorianos y actuales, algo que a la adaptación de Guy Ritchie no se ha llevado para afianzar, consideramos, el vínculo sentimental Holmes-Adler que refuerza el carácter heteronormativo del personaje.

Se trata de un personaje secundario, que bien podría considerarse antagonista, o incluso protagonista, especialmente en el texto original, donde al mismo tiempo que permite definir por oposición a Sherlock Holmes (la masculinidad, la inteligencia, la ciencia), adquiere rasgos a los que se le confieren por su condición de mujer (la feminidad, la pasión, el arte) haciendo posible que en su uso de la indumentaria masculina se transfieran dichas cualidades. Esto hace que sea también un personaje de desarrollo y que, por oposición al protagonista, haga posible el avance de la trama mediante el vínculo que se establece entre ambos.



Irene Adler, 2009 (Rachel McAdams). Fuente: Amazon.com

En *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) “Irene Adler es presentada como el amor perdido hace tiempo de Holmes, una *femme fatale* que él nunca llegó a superar”²⁵ (Primorac, 2018, p. 37), al igual que la adaptación posterior del 2012, la cual se inspirará en gran medida en la película. De hecho, “lo que la película de Ritchie comparte con *Sherlock*, la adaptación para TV de Steven Moffat y Mark Gatiss para la BBC, es el hecho de que ninguna parece ser capaz de manejar el argumento de Doyle en el que ella vence a Holmes en su propio juego”²⁶ (Primorac, 2018, p. 38). La condición de ladrona del personaje interpretado por Rachel McAdams se le volverá en su contra, especialmente con otro enemigo del detective, Lord Blackwood, quien

²⁵ Idem.

²⁶ Ibidem.

dará pie a una escena delante de una máquina explosiva en un ambiente de “cazador cazado”. Dicha escena será reproducida después en la serie *El ministerio del tiempo* (2015-2020), donde el papel que se equipara al de Adler, el de Amelia Folch, poco o nada que ver tiene con ella, ya que es Folch quien está en el bando de los vencedores, es el cerebro de la operación y la colaboración para salvarse es grupal y no para salvar a la damisela en apuros. Esta ocasión también resulta central desde el punto de vista de la indumentaria, pues la ladrona abandona su vestido azul marino y rosa fucsia con polisón para vestir una indumentaria cercana a la masculina, con pantalón y chaqueta sin volúmenes incómodos, algo también habitual en el personaje con el que la comparamos.

Desde el punto de vista relacional, se le presume una relación anterior con Sherlock Holmes, la cual ninguno de los dos ha olvidado. Al mismo tiempo, establece una relación de dependencia con el Profesor Moriarty quien la coacciona para que termine de llevar a cabo su plan. El vínculo afectivo con Holmes le salva la vida en varias ocasiones, pero como ya se ha comentado, modifica la independencia que paradójicamente el personaje de Conan Doyle adquiere mediante el matrimonio y que le da la victoria frente al detective.

En esta adaptación, debemos entender a Irene Adler como un personaje secundario de desarrollo, puesto que es parte fundamental en el avance de la trama, después del Dr. Watson. Es la causa primera que da pie a la investigación y el eslabón que une todas las piezas que Sherlock debe engarzar. Además, consideramos que también es un personaje de definición, ya que podría considerarse como un medio para ensalzar las características del protagonista, oponiéndose a sus cualidades y consolidando el nuevo patrón de representación.



Irene Adler, 2012 (Laura Pulver). Fuente: Sherlock Holmes Fandom

Por otra parte, en *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012) debemos tener en cuenta varias cuestiones. En primer lugar, que “el *Sherlock* de la BBC despoja a Adler de sus masculinidades. Más que eso, hacer de su feminidad su característica más definitoria”²⁷ (Turner, 2015, p. 26). Esto resume, en gran medida, el cambio de profesión respecto a los modelos anteriores, ya que en esta adaptación trabaja como dominatrix. Esta feminización-sexualización del personaje tiene que ver con lo que explica Katzir (2015) al decir que “la clasificación de género normativa en el “Belgravia” de Moffat refuerza la sexualidad heteronormativa, socava la ambigüedad sexual y de género de los personajes de Conan Doyle”²⁸ (Katzir, 2015, p. 99), una decisión tomada por los adaptadores que, por un lado, responde en parte a la cuestionada condición del detective en la serie en torno a su posible homosexualidad, pero por otro lado, devalúa las características del personaje mismo de Irene Adler quien, en lugar de ser un personaje ambiguo y con profundidad dramática, pasa a ser una simple y estereotípica dominatrix autoidentificada como lesbiana.

Al mismo tiempo que se resuelve en parte la duda que permanece a lo largo de la serie respecto a los vínculos afectivos entre el detective y su compañero, se crea una nueva duda de en torno a la vinculación entre el detective y la propia Adler, con quien bromea el propio Watson al establecer que pareciera que tuviera algún tipo de relación sentimental. Esto también se confirma cuando ella es dada por muerta. Todas estas cuestiones se consolidan gracias al vestuario de los personajes. En su primer encuentro con Sherlock, la dominatrix interpretada por Laura Pulver aparecerá desnuda haciendo gala de “su traje de faena”, es decir, completamente desnuda y posteriormente cubierta por el abrigo azul de Sherlock. Primorac (2018) explica que “el episodio representa el uso de la desnudez de Adler como intencionalmente manipulador, caracterizándola, de la manera más estereotípica, como tentadora y como una *femme fatale*”²⁹ (Primorac, 2018, p. 42), pero, sin embargo, como bien resalta McCain (2015) “al final de “A Scandal in Belgravia” Irene ha experimentado muchas dificultades a las que la Irene de Conan Doyle nunca tuvo que enfrentarse, todas derivadas de su incapacidad para paradójicamente revelar más de lo que esconde”³⁰ (McCain, 2015, p. 96). Dicha desnudez, como mencionamos en el caso de *Sherlock*, podría ser comparable con la desnudez velada por una sábana de su homónima en *Sherlock Holmes* de 2009 o la del propio Sherlock, cubierto también por una sábana, del 2012 en *A Scandal in Belgravia*.

²⁷ Traducción propia.

²⁸ Idem.

²⁹ Traducción propia.

³⁰ Idem.

Irene Adler, en su asunción del papel que debe representar para proteger sus verdaderos intereses, sólo hará uso de vestimentas de color negro, a excepción de momentos de vulnerabilidad, donde vestirá prendas de Sherlock Holmes, entre ellas su abrigo, cuando el detective descubre el paradero de las fotos, o la bata de casa de Holmes al pedirle ayuda para escapar. Este modo de hacer, cambia por completo la representación original del personaje y, en parte, desdibuja también la de su predecesora, donde los cambios de vestuario pretender representar un cambio de personalidad y de rol, no se trata, por tanto, de una muestra de vulnerabilidad por parte del personaje, sino una transferencia del rol masculino.

Otro de los temas que forman parte de la construcción del personaje es la visión orientalista del mismo. Tal y como lo formula Said en su obra *Orientalismo* (2002), se trata de una cosmovisión profundamente extendida en el mundo de la literatura, el cine y el arte anglosajón. Primorac (2018) trata esta cuestión a través de Marie-Luise Kohlke quién sugiere que el uso victoriano del Oriente es “como el espacio de la otredad” tal y como lo define Said (2002). Esta noción viene dada por uno de los elementos que traen al siglo XXI la adaptación de la BBC en la que el terrorismo es una de las claves que consolidan la trama. En relación con esto se encuentra el momento en el que Sherlock le salva la vida a Irene Adler en Kirachi, donde es representada con un burka, símbolo de su opresión como mujer y a lo que se añade que al mismo tiempo no solo fue vencida por Holmes, sino que además este acude en su ayuda.

En esta adaptación de la BBC, entendemos a este personaje como un personaje secundario, en primer lugar, de definición, puesto que como en el caso de la película de Ritchie, mediante la confrontación con Sherlock se busca definirla a ella. Y, en segundo lugar, de desarrollo, puesto que la trama principal y las secundarias giran en torno al conflicto generado por ella. Lo resumimos en la siguiente tabla:

Elemento/ Texto-Adaptación	TO <i>A Scandal in Bohemia (1891)</i>	TM <i>Sherlock Holmes</i> (2009)	TM <i>A Scandal in Belgravia (2012)</i>
Nombre	Irene Adler, Irene Morton “The Woman”	Irene Adler. “The Woman”	Irene Adler. “The Woman”
Estado civil	Comprometida. Casada.	Soltera.	Soltera.
Profesión	Contralto retirada.	Ladrona.	Dominatrix.

Domicilio	Briony Lodge.	El Royal Hotel.	Belgravia.
Descripción física	No se especifica en el relato.	Traje polisón azul y rosa fucsia. Traje de hombre adaptado a la figura femenina.	Desnuda. Abrigo de Sherlock. Lencería negra. Vestido corte vintage negro. Burka.
Estatus social	Clase media-alta.	Clase media-baja.	Clase media-alta.
Hermanos	-	-	-
Matrimonio	Con Geoffrey Norton.	-	-
Cuadro afectivo	Es una contralto conocida por sus relaciones con las altas esferas de la sociedad europea. Sherlock Holmes tiene una entrada en su libro de consulta con dicha información. Sentirá un profundo interés por ella. El rey de Bohemia está enamorado de ella. Se casa con el abogado Geoffrey Norton.	Tuvo una relación sentimental en el pasado con Sherlock Holmes, atracción entre ambos que sigue latente. El Profesor Moriarty la contrata para que requiera los servicios de Sherlock Holmes.	Es la dominatrix de una mujer perteneciente a la familia real británica. Detrás de sus planes está Jim Moriarty. Establece una relación de amor-odio y admiración con Sherlock. Con Mycroft Holmes establece una relación opositiva en tanto que representante del gobierno.
Tipo de personaje	Secundario de definición y desarrollo.	Secundario de desarrollo y definición	Secundario de definición y desarrollo. Episódico.

Tabla 6. Elaboración propia

En resumen, las adaptaciones guardan una relación ineludible entre ellas en lo que refiere a la adaptación al personaje en y para el siglo XXI. Este modo de traerlo a la actualidad, independientemente de la localización espacio-temporal interna al producto cinematográfico, recae principalmente en una imagen en apariencia modernizada de Irene Adler, pero que en la realidad representa a unos personajes mucho más constreñidos que el original de Conan Doyle. Esto se debe principalmente al fortísimo sesgo de género que contienen las adaptaciones, donde -especialmente en la de 2012 de la BBC- se muestra a un personaje cuya esencia cada vez se muestra más alejada del modelo y que cumple con la transformación principal de las últimas adaptaciones: la derrota del personaje y el mantenimiento del orden establecido, tanto dramáticamente como en lo que a los valores sociales y de género respecta.

4.3.4 Sra. Hudson, Sra. Turner

Junto a los tres personajes anteriores y Moriarty, la Sr. Hudson es uno de los personajes recurrentes en los relatos de Conan Doyle. Justamente en *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891) resulta especialmente relevante que Arthur Conan Doyle le cambiara el nombre por la Sra. Turner. Es el único relato en el que ocurre, pero, sin embargo, las adaptaciones han mantenido su nombre más habitual. Como señala Lane (2015):

En los relatos originales de Conan Doyle, la Sra. Hudson es un personaje periférico en el mejor de los casos. Es relevante porque trae el té, porque le ha proporcionado un “hogar” a Holmes y, a través de él, a nosotros los espectadores; y está dispuesta a caminar de rodillas en “The Adventure of the Empty House” (1903) para ayudar a Holmes a fingir su “resurrección” y frustrar los planes de su posible asesino. Ella es una herramienta —como apuntan muchos académicos— de tal irrelevancia para Conan Doyle que la llama Sra. Turner en “A Scandal in Bohemia”, pero la Sra. Hudson es importante por lo que aporta, no por alguna característica inherente que se le atribuye al personaje³¹ (Lane, 2015, p. 235).

³¹ Traducción propia.



Sra. Hudson, 2009 (Geraldine James). Fuente: Aveleyman.com

En las adaptaciones, en cambio, se ha dotado al personaje de una mayor relevancia, incluso por el simple hecho de aportar té a los que visitan Baker Street. Se trata de un elemento más de consolidación del canon. En *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) el personaje interpretado por Geraldine James tendrá el mismo papel que en el relato original. Se trata de un personaje secundario de legitimación, ya que simplemente se trata de un personaje reconocible de los relatos originales que cumple el papel de casera de la famosa 221 B Baker Street.



Sra. Hudson, 2009 (Una Stubbs). Fuente: Sherlock Holmes Fandom

Por otra parte, en *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012) es interpretada por Una Stubbs. Se trata de un personaje de legitimación, al igual que en la película, pero también de desarrollo, pues tiene un papel mucho más relevante que en los casos anteriores. Excede su función de casera para ser algo más, como apunta Lane (2015) al recordar que “en el primer episodio de la serie es la Sra. Hudson quien primero saca el tema de la complejidad de la sexualidad de

Sherlock”³² (Lane, 2015, p. 236). Además, a lo largo de la serie se dan muchos más detalles de ella de los que se puedan dar en otros casos, como el hecho de que sea divorciada y viuda. Lane (2015) resume dicha amplitud de funciones al decir que “la Sra. Hudson no es solo un personaje completo, sino también suficientemente importante al ver a Holmes volverse violento cuando ella es amenazada. En la nueva representación, no se trata simplemente de una casera”³³ (Lane, 2015, p. 235). Esto se refleja también en su famosa frase “Soy tu casera, no tu criada” a la cual ni ella misma hace caso puesto que sigue cuidando de Sherlock y Watson como si fueran sus hijos. Todo esto lo apuntamos en relación a sus roles en la adaptación previa y el texto original en la siguiente tabla:

Elemento/ Texto-Adaptación	TO <i>A Scandal in Bohemia (1891)</i>	TM <i>Sherlock Holmes (2009)</i>	TM <i>A Scandal in Belgravia (2012)</i>
Nombre	Sra. Turner.	Sra. Hudson.	Sra. Hudson.
Estado civil	No se menciona en la historia original.	No está claro en la película.	Divorciada y viuda, aunque no se menciona en el capítulo.
Profesión	Desconocida. Casera de Sherlock Holmes y John Watson en Baker Street.	Desconocida. Casera de Sherlock Holmes y John Watson en Baker Street.	Desconocida. Casera de Sherlock Holmes y John Watson en Baker Street.
Domicilio	221 B Baker Street.	221 B Baker Street.	221 B Baker Street.
Descripción física	No se especifica.	Señora de edad adulta relativamente avanzada. Vestida de oscuro, de manera sobria, con un sencillo vestido de época victoriana.	Señora de unos 60-70 años vestida con ropa actual pero un poco anticuada que lleva habitualmente los labios pintados.
Estatus social	Clase media.	Clase media.	Clase media.

³² Idem.

³³ Traducción propia.

Hermanos	-	-	-
Matrimonio	-	-	-
Cuadro afectivo	Es la casera de Sherlock Holmes y John Watson. Es muy servicial con ellos.	Es la casera de Sherlock Holmes y John Watson. Es muy servicial con ellos.	Es la casera de Sherlock y Watson. Es muy servicial con ellos y aunque siempre recalca que es su casera y no su criada, los cuida como si fueran hijos o nietos. Les tiene especial afecto.
Tipo de personaje	Secundario de legitimación.	Secundario de legitimación.	Secundario de legitimación y desarrollo.

Tabla 7. Elaboración propia

En definitiva, la Sra. Hudson es un personaje cuya evolución ha sido más que favorable en importancia y relevancia para las nuevas versiones del canon. Ha pasado de ser la casera que trae té a formar parte de una visión que la sitúa en un papel maternal respecto a Holmes y Watson, un rol que es asumido por todos los implicados en el vínculo creado en una de sus últimas versiones, la de la serie de la BBC.

4.3.5 Profesor Moriarty, Jim Moriarty

El recurso de recuperar a Moriarty, ya sea en su forma cuasi original como Profesor o en su forma actual como Jim, ha sido utilizado en las dos adaptaciones que estamos comparando. Como venimos diciendo, aunque tradicionalmente se haya pensado que la némesis del detective en *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891) es Irene Adler, con la inclusión de este personaje al eje de enemigos del detective, se convierte en su máximo creador de conflicto y oposición. El hecho de que tanto en la adaptación de 2009 como en la de 2012 sea él quién está detrás de los malvados planes contra Holmes confirma esta hipótesis. Además, Turner (2015) considera que podría entenderse incluso como el propio reflejo del protagonista. Debemos entenderlo entonces como un personaje secundario de legitimación, pero también como el antagonista de Sherlock Holmes en ambos casos.

En *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009)³⁴ su presencia es anecdótica, pero suficiente para comprender que es la cabeza pensante de los planes de Adler, algo que sin duda fulmina la capacidad de agencia de ella respecto a su personaje en el relato de Conan Doyle. Se trata de un personaje cuya su profesión se deduce por las manchas de tiza en sus ropajes, al que no se le ve la cara y al cual se le identifica por la negra indumentaria que lleva, único elemento de identificación más allá de su voz.



Jim Moriarty, 2012 (Andrew Scott). Fuente: Sherlock Holmes Fandom

Por el contrario, la aparición de Moriarty convertido en, aparentemente, un simple criminal en *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012) pasa por lo que Turner (2015) explica:

Sherlock toma el apenas desarrollado Moriarty de Conan Doyle y lo convierte en un personaje complejo que representa a un digno adversario para el famoso detective, un personaje que merece ser objeto de fascinación para la audiencia y para otros personajes³⁵ (Turner, 2015, p. 21).

En este sentido, Jim Moriarty adquiere unas características como personaje que lo hacen destacar notablemente en la trama, hasta el punto de iniciarse el capítulo a punto de asesinar a Sherlock. Además de criminal, es contratado por el gobierno como “criminal consultor” convirtiéndose, como apuntábamos, en el reflejo opuesto al detective, también “consultor”. Turner (2015) caracteriza la interpretación de Andrew Scott al decir que “el nuevo Moriarty

³⁴ En la secuela posterior de 2011, el personaje cobra mayor importancia y es interpretado por Jared Harris.

³⁵ Traducción propia.

puede que no sea un antiguo actor y cantante de ópera como la Adler de Conan Doyle, pero desde luego sabe cómo armar un show”³⁶ (Turner, 2015, p.31), algo que es habitual en las producciones contemporáneas, ya que en su mayoría se encuentran en una línea de pensamiento que pasa por lo expresado por Guy Debord en *La sociedad del espectáculo* (2015). En dicha obra, sintetizando, se explica que en las producciones culturales se tiende a la espectacularización. Podemos comprobarlo en otros productos cinematográficos posteriores a *Sherlock* (BBC, 2010-2014), en los que este personaje ha servido de inspiración a los guionistas. Es el caso, por ejemplo, del personaje del Profesor de *La casa de papel* (2017-2020).

Todas las cuestiones reseñadas las dejamos resumidas en la tabla que se encuentra a continuación.

Elemento/ Texto-Adaptación	TO <i>A Scandal in Bohemia</i> (1891)	TM <i>Sherlock Holmes</i> (2009)	TM <i>A Scandal in Belgravia</i> (2012)
Nombre	-	Profesor Moriarty.	Jim (James) Moriarty. “Criminal consultor”.
Estado civil	-	Desconocido.	Desconocido.
Profesión	-	Profesor.	Criminal. Criminal consultor.
Domicilio	-	Desconocido.	Desconocido.
Descripción física	-	Traje negro con capa y guantes. Manchado de tiza.	Traje negro con camisa blanca.
Estatus social	-	Clase media.	Clase media.
Hermanos	-	-	-
Matrimonio	-	-	-
Cuadro afectivo	-	Contrata a Irene Adler para que contacte con Sherlock Holmes y requiera sus	Es enemigo declarado de Sherlock. Maneja los hilos en el plan de Irene Adler contra el

³⁶ Idem.

		servicios. Se convierte en enemigo de ambos.	gobierno y a su vez es contratado por el mismo como criminal consultor.
Tipo de personaje	-	Secundario de legitimación. Antagonista.	Secundario de legitimación. Antagonista.

Tabla 8. Elaboración propia

En pocas palabras, el personaje de Moriarty es otro a los que se le ha dado una mayor importancia en su evolución desde el origen hasta las últimas adaptaciones. Se trata del personaje que por excelencia ha asumido el papel de antagonista y de némesis de Sherlock Holmes independientemente de cuales sean sus otros generadores de conflicto. Además, en su versión más reciente se le ha dotado de un poder espectacularizante que permite rivalizar con su oponente en términos de fascinación de la audiencia, trayendo a las nuevas formas de representación un personaje que hizo en su momento aún más famoso los relatos de Conan Doyle.

4.3.6 Inspector Lestrade



Inspector Lestrade, 2009 (Eddie Marsan). Fuente: Aveyman.com



Inspector (Greg) Lestrade, 2012 (Rupert Graves). Fuente: Sherlock Holmes Fandom

El Inspector Lestrade es otro de los personajes incorporados en las adaptaciones y que ayudan a justificar la trama. Tanto en *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) como en *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012) estamos ante un personaje secundario de legitimación puesto que sirve para consolidar la idea temática de Holmes como colaborador de Scotland Yard. En las dos adaptaciones podemos considerar también que se trata de un personaje, que establece una relación de dependencia con Sherlock Holmes, en tanto que debe encargarle los casos de mayor dificultad que ni el propio cuerpo de policía ha podido resolver, siendo interpretado en 2009 por Eddie Marsan y en 2012 por Rupert Graves. Al mismo tiempo, se construye una relación cercana a la amistad, hasta el punto de que, como vemos en la película de Ritchie, pueda estar en medio de una encrucijada ante las órdenes de las autoridades de detenerlo. Todo esto lo hemos resumido en la siguiente tabla:

Elemento/ Texto-Adaptación	TO <i>A Scandal in Bohemia</i> (1891)	TM <i>Sherlock Holmes</i> (2009)	TM <i>A Scandal in Belgravia</i> (2012)
Nombre	-	Inspector Lestrade.	(Inspector) Lestrade.
Estado civil	-	No se especifica.	No se especifica.
Profesión	-	Inspector de policía en Scotland Yard.	Inspector de policía en Scotland Yard.
Domicilio	-	-	-

Descripción física	-	Bajo. Siempre con expresión seria y vistiendo el uniforme de Scotland Yard.	Hombre de mediana edad, vestido de paisano.
Estatus social	-	Clase media-baja.	Clase media-baja.
Hermanos	-	-	-
Matrimonio	-	-	-
Cuadro afectivo	-	Establece una relación de dependencia laboral, pero a la vez de admiración con Sherlock Holmes ya que debe solicitar sus servicios para los casos más complicados. Esta relación se ve afectada con el dictamen de la detención del detective.	Establece una relación de dependencia laboral, pero a la vez de admiración con Sherlock ya que debe solicitar sus servicios para los casos más complicados.
Tipo de personaje	-	Secundario de legitimación.	Secundario de legitimación.

Tabla 9. Elaboración propia

En este contexto, entonces, encontramos un personaje secundario que se ha incorporado a la trama para darle más fuerza y estabilidad. En las adaptaciones actúa como nexo de unión entre la autoridad policial y la autoridad en investigación criminal, el detective Sherlock Holmes, lo que hace que ocupe el papel de elemento de apoyo y de legitimación de la acción.

4.3.7 Mary Morstan

Morstan, por su parte, es un personaje recurrente tanto en los relatos originales como en las adaptaciones, puesto que se trata de un personaje secundario de desarrollo que contribuye a la transformación del personaje del Dr. Watson. Si bien aparece tanto en las películas de Ritchie

(la que analizamos y la posterior) como en la serie de la BBC, sólo tomaremos como parte de nuestro análisis la película *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009). Esto se debe a que en la serie aparece en episodios posteriores que forman parte de nuestro análisis.

En *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891), Mary Watson, pues ya está casada con John Watson, aparece solo mencionada por el detective, haciendo referencia a un conflicto que surge de su entrada en la ecuación Sherlock-Watson. Su mención valida la nueva vida del médico y, al mismo tiempo, la nostalgia que le produce haber dejado su antigua vida en Baker Street.



Mary Morstan, 2009 (Kelly Reilly). Fuente: Sherlock Holmes Fandom

En relación a estas características se construye el personaje en *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009), interpretado por Kelly Reilly. Sin embargo, como apunta Alberto (2015):

A pesar de los enredos victorianos y las limitaciones que tan fácilmente disfrazan los hechos, la Adler y la Morstan de la narrativa holmesiana de Conan Doyle son mujeres excepcionales y resilientes que conservan una fascinación y una vitalidad en continuo desarrollo gracias a su fiable intervención en un asunto masculino en una tradición dominada por hombres³⁷ (Alberto, 2015, pp. 67-68).

Esto nos lleva a mencionar que, en esta adaptación, la prometida del doctor y que aún conserva su nombre de soltera, Mary Morstan, por un lado, aspira a casarse con él como medio de ascenso social, al igual que en el relato original, ya que es institutriz en una casa de alto poder adquisitivo. Por otro, toma un papel mucho más relevante en la vida de Watson y en su litigio con Sherlock Holmes por la atención del doctor, como reproducirá la BBC posteriormente. Todo esto se encuentra resumido a continuación, en una tabla.

³⁷ Traducción propia.

Elemento/ Texto-Adaptación	TO <i>A Scandal in Bohemia (1891)</i>	TM <i>Sherlock Holmes</i> (2009)	TM <i>A Scandal in Belgravia (2012)</i>
Nombre	Mary Watson, Mary Morstan. Sra. Watson.	Mary Morstan.	-
Estado civil	Casada.	Comprometida.	-
Profesión	No se especifica en el relato.	Institutriz.	-
Domicilio	-	-	-
Descripción física	No se describe en el relato.	Rubia, con expresión misteriosa. Vestida siempre de manera sobria. Lleva joyas prestadas por su señora.	-
Estatus social	Clase media.	Clase media-baja.	-
Hermanos	-	-	-
Matrimonio	Con John Watson.	En el futuro, con John Watson.	-
Cuadro afectivo	Está casada con John Watson.	Está comprometida con J. Watson. Esto crea un conflicto entre ella y Sherlock Holmes.	-
Tipo de personaje	Secundario de desarrollo.	Secundario de desarrollo.	-

Tabla 10. Elaboración propia

En definitiva, siguiendo la tesis de Alberto (2015), Mary Morstan aporta el contrapunto femenino en un universo eminentemente masculino, junto a Irene Adler. Si bien encontramos a la Sra. Hudson en la trama, esta no ocupa un papel representativo hasta su nueva representación en *Sherlock* (BBC, 2010-2014), y es que además dicha incorporación al elenco femenino no es tan relevante como el dúo formado por Adler y Morstan, posteriormente, puesto

que en la serie de televisión hay otros ejemplos como agentes de policía que son miembros de la científica. En origen y en la adaptación del 2009, Morstan es un personaje fundamental en la evolución del del Dr. Watson, pero también del protagonista, de ahí que sea clave en el desarrollo de la acción.

4.3.8 Rey de Bohemia, Conde Von Kramm

El rey de Bohemia, o como se presenta antes de revelar su verdadera identidad a Sherlock Holmes, el Conde Von Kramm, es un personaje secundario que aparece exclusivamente en el relato original de A. Conan Doyle. Se trata de un personaje de legitimación, pues gracias a él la trama es posible. Es el cliente que da pie a la investigación sobre Adler ya que años atrás mantuvo una relación sentimental con ella, gesto considerado una indiscreción dada su condición de heredero del trono de Bohemia y como futuro esposo de otra mujer perteneciente a la realeza europea. Watson reproduce detalladamente la descripción que aporta su compañero, a diferencia de otros personajes, ya que resulta enormemente relevante la procedencia y, por ende, la identidad del mismo. Las características esenciales las hemos resumido en la tabla que se encuentra a continuación.

Elemento/ Texto-Adaptación	TO <i>A Scandal in Bohemia (1891)</i>	TM <i>Sherlock Holmes</i> (2009)	TM <i>A Scandal in Belgravia (2012)</i>
Nombre	Wilhem Gottsreich Sigismund von Ormstein. Gran Duque de Cassel-Falstein y heredero del trono de Bohemia.	-	-
Estado civil	Comprometido.	-	-
Profesión	Monarca.	-	-
Domicilio	Bohemia, Alemania.	-	-
Descripción física	Traje ostentoso, mucho para lo que se considera ostentoso en Inglaterra. Abrigo	-	-

	<p>de doble abotonadura y capa azul atada al cuello con un broche de berilio. Botas a media pierna con pelo marrón en la parte superior.</p> <p>En la mano lleva un sombrero de ala ancha y la cara se la cubre una máscara negra.</p> <p>Expresión de carácter fuerte, labios gruesos y barbilla alargada y estrecha, signo de obstinación.</p>		
Estatus social	Realeza. Monarquía.	-	-
Hermanos	-	-	-
Matrimonio	En el futuro con Clotilde Lothman von Saxe-Meningen, segunda hija del rey de Escandinavia.	-	-
Cuadro afectivo	Está profundamente enamorado de su affaire, Irene Adler, pero por motivos diplomáticos debe casarse con la	-	-

	segunda hija del rey de Escandinavia.		
Tipo de personaje	Secundario de legitimación.	-	-

Tabla 11. Elaboración propia

En resumen, este personaje que propicia un eventual desdoble de personalidad al fingir ser el Conde Von Kramm, no sólo aporta cierta complejidad dramática a un relato con una estructura clara y definida, sino que además es el que propicia el conflicto que da lugar al desarrollo de la trama. En última instancia, legitima la razón de ser del protagonista y da pie a que en las adaptaciones se hayan usado recursos diversos para reproducir este efecto, ya sea mediante intermediarios que llevan al detective frente al personaje importante o a sus empleados de confianza, ya sea mediante el requerimiento de Scotland Yard a través de la figura de Lestrade que ya hemos comentado.

4.3.9 Lord Blackwood

Lord Blackwood, hijo, pues también aparece otro personaje con el mismo título nobiliario que es asesinado por él mismo que es su padre, aparece exclusivamente en *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009), el filme para gran pantalla de Guy Ritchie. Este personaje hace posible la trama recurrente que excede el plano de la adaptación para dar paso al de la invención y creación de los adaptadores, en una línea que en el momento de estreno de la producción cinematográfica estaba en auge: la brujería y las artes oscuras.



Lord Blackwood, 2009 (Mark Strong). Fuente: Sherlock Holmes Fandom

Esto permite a los espectadores reconocer no sólo a los personajes que espera ver, como Sherlock Holmes o el Dr. Watson, sino también continuar con la moda del momento. Del mismo modo, convierte una simple película de cine negro y aventuras en una película de fantasía, lo que permite atraer a una mayor parte de audiencia y, por otro lado, permite recuperar a los adaptadores una de las grandes aficiones del autor original del relato, el espiritismo que tanto interés causaba en S. Arthur Conan Doyle.

Por otra parte, este personaje oscuro de apariencia y de comportamiento, en tanto que personaje secundario de desarrollo, hace posible que la ocultación de la verdadera némesis del detective, el Profesor Moriarty, sea posible casi hasta el final de la cinta, al mismo tiempo convirtiéndose él mismo en otro enemigo contra el que luchar. Esto consolida al personaje de Robert Downey Jr. como el héroe perfecto. Las características principales las hemos resumido en la siguiente tabla:

Elemento/ Texto-Adaptación	TO <i>A Scandal in Bohemia (1891)</i>	TM <i>Sherlock Holmes</i> (2009)	TM <i>A Scandal in Belgravia (2012)</i>
Nombre	-	Lord Blackwood (hijo)	-
Estado civil	-	-	-
Profesión	-	Practicante de artes oscuras.	-
Domicilio	-	Desconocido. Presumiblemente en el palacio familiar.	-
Descripción física	-	Moreno, con pelo peinado hacia atrás y muy pálido. Siempre viste de oscuro, especialmente con un abrigo largo de piel con solapas amplias.	-
Estatus social	-	Clase alta. Lord.	-
Hermanos	-	-	-

Matrimonio	-	-	-
Cuadro afectivo	-	Asesina a su padre para conseguir dominar el mundo, ya que lo considera un obstáculo en su práctica de las artes oscuras. Se convierte en enemigo de Sherlock Holmes y John Watson, y de Irene Adler.	-
Tipo de personaje	-	Secundario de desarrollo.	-

Tabla 12. Elaboración propia

En definitiva, Lord Blackwood es presentado como antagonista por excelencia de Sherlock Holmes, cuando, en última instancia, no es más que el nexo que une al detective al Profesor Moriarty. Si tuviésemos que hablar de un elemento recurrente en la película, sería sin duda este personaje. Además, no podemos obviar que forma parte del inicio del planteamiento, el inicio del desarrollo y del inicio del desenlace, por lo que tiene un papel ineludible en la marcación el ritmo de la acción

4.3.10 Mycroft Holmes

Mycroft Holmes es un personaje que aparece en los relatos de Conan Doyle, aunque no es el caso de *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891), es decir, se trata de un personaje creado originalmente por el autor, pero externo a la trama del relato, siendo posteriormente incorporado a las adaptaciones. Gatiss y Moffat lo introducen en su adaptación mediante una versión del personaje original que aparecerá recurrentemente en toda la serie de televisión, siendo interpretado por el propio Mark Gatiss, quién acostumbra a participar activamente de sus creaciones. En *Sherlock* (BBC, 2010-2014), Mycroft Holmes trabaja para los Servicios Secretos del gobierno británico. En el episodio que analizamos realiza la función de intermediario entre el cliente y Sherlock, pero también entre la trama y la audiencia. De algún modo, su papel como personaje secundario de desarrollo permite a la trama seguir adelante, pero también ser legitimada y avanzar de manera sutil al espectador el devenir de la misma.



Mycroft Holmes, 2012 (Mark Gattis). Fuente: Sherlock Holmes Fandom

Es parte fundamental de la subtrama en la que se desarrolla el problema del terrorismo y los conflictos entre gobiernos, mediados por la corrupción. En este marco, establecerá una relación como empleado del gobierno con la némesis de su hermano pequeño, Jim Moriarty, a quien intentará matar justo al comienzo del episodio. En este sentido, Mycroft Holmes representa la encrucijada que presentan los intereses del gobierno frente a los de su propio hermano. Un tema transversal en toda la serie. Todo esto lo resumimos en esta tabla:

Elemento/ Texto-Adaptación	TO <i>A Scandal in Bohemia (1891)</i>	TM <i>Sherlock Holmes</i> (2009)	TM <i>A Scandal in Belgravia (2012)</i>
Nombre	-	-	Mycroft Holmes.
Estado civil	-	-	Soltero.
Profesión	-	-	Empleado de los Servicios Secretos del gobierno británico.
Domicilio	-	-	Londres.
Descripción física	-	-	Alto. Mayor que Sherlock. Siempre

			vestido de manera formal y sobria, con traje oscuro, camisa elegante y pañuelo de solapa.
Estatus social	-	-	Clase media-alta.
Hermanos	-	-	Sherlock Holmes (menor que él).
Matrimonio	-	-	-
Cuadro afectivo	-	-	Mycroft intenta velar por los intereses de su hermano pequeño, muchas veces contraviniendo los mismos. Como empleado del gobierno establecerá una relación contractual con Jim Moriarty como criminal consultor.
Tipo de personaje	-	Secundario de desarrollo y legitimación.	-

Tabla 13. Elaboración propia

En pocas palabras, Mycroft Holmes es la figura que busca dirigir al protagonista en su paso por el desarrollo de la acción, pero al mismo tiempo, es indirectamente otra fuente de creación de conflicto. En este sentido, podemos hablar de una función con similitudes a la de Lord Blackwood en la adaptación de 2009, pues actúa como elemento recurrente y de cohesión entre la trama principal y las subtramas.

4.4 Una secuencia y varias escenas. Creación y transformaciones de escenarios espacio-temporales

A través de la concepción del espacio y el tiempo se puede transformar la estructura de una adaptación para hacerla reconocible por el público, para hacerla atractiva o simplemente para dotarla de la firma personal de los adaptadores. Como señala Sánchez Noriega (2000):

La manipulación del tiempo es una de las más ricas posibilidades expresivas que tiene el creador de un relato, y las opciones que se tomen al respecto son determinantes para el propio carácter del relato, el estilo narrativo y, por supuesto, para el resultado estético. En no pocas ocasiones, es la manipulación temporal del discurso la que proporciona entidad a una historia de escasa envergadura (Sánchez Noriega, 2000, p. 97).

Nos estamos refiriendo aquí al espacio y al tiempo de la adaptación, del producto cinematográfico, independientemente del espacio y el tiempo de los adaptadores o autores. En este sentido, debemos tener en cuenta que el hecho de que, siguiendo a Sánchez Noriega (2000), autor original y adaptador compartan la misma época puede favorecer el equilibrio entre tiempo y espacio en la adaptación, pero no necesariamente tiene que significar fidelidad a la idea original. De la misma manera, la separación entre ambos impone al adaptador la dificultad de comprender la época del autor, pero también la posibilidad de reinterpretar desde nuevos esquemas de pensamiento una idea surgida en el pasado.

Por otro lado, hay una serie de conceptos necesarios para comprender estas transformaciones: “el *espacio referencial*, espacio físico o real, es la realidad física o histórica -perteneciente al mundo del receptor- a la que remiten los distintos modos de crear un espacio en el texto literario o en el fílmico” (Sánchez Noriega, 2000, p. 110). Este se diferencia del “*espacio del texto*” que denomina Sánchez Noriega (2000) a todo aquel que “viene dado en el libro”, es decir, por el texto original en su formato original. Finalmente, es fundamental entender el concepto desarrollado por Bajtín y que menciona Sánchez Noriega (2000): el *cronotopo*, un concepto de la dialéctica espacio-tiempo que ayuda al espectador a situarse en la trama, en el relato cinematográfico, en función de ciertos elementos centrales, como sería el ejemplo que se propone de los suburbios en el cine negro.

En este marco debemos comprender a los personajes que hemos analizado en el apartado anterior, pues como señala Sánchez Noriega (2000):

El espacio literario y fílmico cobra entidad en función de su interrelación con los personajes; sin personajes el espacio carece de relieve y sin una relación estrecha solo aparece como mero marco. El espacio caracteriza a los personajes en la medida en la

que les proporciona raíces y, gracias a la intertextualidad, todo espacio significativo ha adquirido un valor narrativo del que queda contagiado el personaje. Es en los textos de género donde los personajes mantienen estrechas relaciones con el cronotopo y donde el espacio adquiere una dimensión dramática de primer orden y hasta puede suceder que haya algún elemento que se constituya en personaje (Sánchez Noriega, 2000, pp.111-112).

Partiremos de un espacio fundamental, que ha permanecido en el tiempo del relato tanto original como fílmico: el 221 B de Baker Street. Agane (2015) apunta que:

La casa de Holmes y Watson, el 221B de Baker Street, es quizás la dirección de ficción más conocida que existe. A pesar de las muchas divergencias de los relatos de Conan Doyle en varias adaptaciones a lo largo del último siglo, este domicilio sirve de elemento perdurable para el universo de Holmes, uniendo cualquier adaptación a la serie de relatos original (Agane, 2015, p. 162).

En este sentido, se trata de un punto de partida atemporal que permite al espectador situarse. Está presente en las dos adaptaciones que analizamos y en las que profundizamos a continuación, donde en cada caso se han tomado unas decisiones diferentes.

4.4.1 *Sherlock Holmes* (Guy Ritchie, 2009)

En *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) continuamente se vuelve a la referencia espacial de Baker Street. Es allí donde se atisba el conflicto entre Mary Morstan y Sherlock Holmes por la convivencia y el aprecio del Dr. Watson, pero al mismo tiempo es el lugar a donde el propio Watson se aferra a su antigua vida de soltero. Es el lugar donde reciben a los clientes para posibles nuevos casos, donde Sherlock Holmes hace sus experimentos y donde su compañero pasa consulta en su reconversión a la práctica civil. Todo en torno a un edificio que pretende ser victoriano.

Estructuralmente la adaptación de Guy Ritchie para la gran pantalla de 2009 respeta o pretende respetar la localización esencial del relato original: la ciudad de Londres en la época victoriana. Sin embargo, aunque son reconocibles algunos emplazamientos de dicha ciudad, como el Puente de la Torre y el Parlamento, son frecuentes los travellings por los suburbios más oscuros y los planos generales de los palacios y el propio Parlamento. De este modo, se erige un ambiente de oscuridad y fantasía que distorsionan unos escenarios temporalmente aparentemente definidos en el tiempo. A esto contribuyen la inclusión de la trama transversal y recurrente que concierne a Lord Blackwood, en la que se le atribuyen poderes sobrenaturales, y el uso de otros personajes que dotan de importancia a dicha trama.

Este panorama da lugar a la espectacularización de muchos de los escenarios y a la desviación de las localizaciones genuinas en favor de otras nuevas más llamativas para el espectador de cine. La recurrencia de la trama añadida hace que este no se pierda y que sea posible la coexistencia con la trama principal Holmes-Adler-Moriarty en el espacio referencial de la película.

4.4.2 A *Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012)

Por otra parte, los recursos utilizados por Gatiss y Moffat en la serie de televisión de 2012 son completamente diferentes. La fantasía espacial (y temporal) de la adaptación de 2009 es sustituida por la tecnología, los coches y los barrios de alto standing de Londres. Si bien Baker St. sigue siendo el cuartel general del detective y su compañero, sirve como punto de partida de todas las tramas desarrolladas en el episodio, ya sea la principal Sherlock- I. Adler como el resto que se encuentran interconectadas.

En este caso, el tiempo del relato cinematográfico coincide con el tiempo de producción de la adaptación. La ciudad de Londres del 2012 es representada por Gatiss y Moffat en el siglo XXI para el espectador contemporáneo. Los elementos reconocibles permanecen, pero la zona financiera de la ciudad y los barrios de alto poder adquisitivo entran en juego para su muestra del Londres actual. Además, se incluye el factor del tiempo virtual en dos vertientes: por un lado, el SMS, como ya mencionamos en apartados anteriores; y por otro, la conexión por videoconferencia entre el lugar del crimen y Baker Street. Todo esto da lugar a un episodio mucho más luminoso que la película de Ritchie en el que los planos detalle de los elementos de la modernidad resultan fundamentales.

4.5 Dialogando los diálogos. Conversaciones entre Conan Doyle, Ritchie y Gatiss y Moffat³⁸

En el presente apartado analizaremos el modo en que se ha adaptado el relato de A. Conan Doyle al guion cinematográfico a través de sus diálogos. Para ello, en el caso de *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009), tomaremos como referencia el guion (véase Anexos, “Sobre los anexos” y “Anexo II”) y el producto final en forma de película para gran pantalla en su versión original, al igual que el texto original. Sin embargo, para realizar el análisis de *A Scandal in*

³⁸ En este apartado, por motivos de espacio y con la intención de ajustarnos al formato requerido para los TFM, no se han incluido los diálogos comentados de manera expresa. Es por ello que se remite a los anexos para acceder a ellos. Por otra parte, no se ha realizado un análisis de las traducciones ING-ES de los guiones o transcripciones puesto que para el análisis se han utilizado en todos los casos, tanto en el relato original como en las adaptaciones las versiones originales en inglés. Asimismo, se ha priorizado en el análisis la adaptación cinematográfica frente a la lingüística entre inglés y español, cuestión que sin duda es muy interesante, pero que una vez más por motivos de espacio y formato hemos decidido no abarcar.

Belgravia (BBC, 2012), tendremos en cuenta una transcripción del capítulo (véase Anexos, “Sobre los anexos” y “Anexo III”) y el episodio mismo, también en versión original.

4.5.1 *Sherlock Holmes* (Guy Ritchie, 2009)

Al comienzo de *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) se produce una gran diferencia relevante entre guion y producto final, ya que en el primero aparece un Watson narrador testigo en forma de voz en off. En cambio, en la película se suceden las escenas de la persecución revelando la identidad del Dr. Watson dentro del carruaje policial. Esto permite que la capacidad informativa del inicio del filme sea mucho más adecuada y ágil, ya que, en lugar de narrar el inicio mediante la voz, se hace mediante la imagen, haciendo que la acción avance poco a poco hasta descubrir a los personajes. Del mismo modo, se omiten las escenas posteriores de voz en off de Sherlock Holmes que recuerdan al comienzo del relato original cuando Watson describe la situación actual, pero Sherlock Holmes también hace sus propias descripciones del caso que le ha sido encargado y que da a conocer a su compañero que reproduce dichas descripciones.

En cuanto a la fluidez y el ritmo, en general, los diálogos son lo suficientemente cortos como para no cansar a la audiencia, pero lo suficientemente largos como para que lo necesario de cada escena sea dicho. Esto contribuye a un buen balance entre palabra y acción para crear un efectivo efecto de acción-reacción, o más bien, palabra-acto.

La capacidad dramática del guion se basa en dos momentos o relaciones entre personajes concretos: el primer encuentro entre Mary Morstan y Sherlock Holmes en el Royale (véase Anexo II, pp. 22-24) y en el primer encuentro, o más bien, reencuentro con Irene Adler en Baker Street (véase Anexo II pp. 37-340). En el primer caso, se muestra el conflicto entre el amigo y la prometida de John Watson. La tensión se genera mediante la revelación de datos relevantes e incómodos del pasado de Morstan. En el segundo caso, la tensión se genera por dos motivos: por un lado, la carpeta con el historial delictivo de Adler, y por otro, la relación previa entre ambos personajes.

Respecto a la expresividad, en el caso de Holmes está muy latente su profunda ironía y la reproducción de la entonación adecuada, y los gestos que se adaptan perfectamente a dicha condición hacen que la interpretación de Robert Downey Jr. se ajuste perfectamente a la caracterización del personaje. Estas cuestiones se revelan en parte la relación entre el Inspector Lestrade y él, aunque es un comportamiento habitual del personaje, al cual parece no importarles demasiado nada más que sus casos, rasgo que comparte con su homónimo del 2012.

En el caso de Watson, este intenta reflejar su amabilidad con todos, pero también la importancia del cambio de vida que hará próximamente al casarse, mencionando constantemente a su prometida. Además, en su educada manera de tratar al resto de personajes

vemos la importancia que tiene el suyo para el desarrollo de la trama, llevando, como comentamos, casi todo el peso de esa continuación y que como personaje expresa mediante el hecho de intentar tener todo bajo control, especialmente, las excentricidades de su amigo y compañero, a quién no duda en decírselo. La Sra. Hudson se lo expresa mediante su intervención en los diálogos que, aunque breve y concisa, se muestra muy clara. Del mismo modo, lo hace respondiéndole en un tono similar al que le habla Sherlock Holmes.

Si reparamos en la sensación de realismo y la naturalidad del producto final, el lenguaje se ha adaptado al de la actualidad, con pequeñas referencias al lenguaje propio de la época, como las fórmulas de cortesía. Esto nos lleva a reparar en la importancia de la influencia del público en la en una forma de adaptación u otra. La sensación de realismo, quizás se pierde, pero se gana naturalidad pues la forma de comunicarse se acerca a la del espectador del momento de estreno de la adaptación.

En este sentido, debemos mencionar que algunos referentes culturales muy marcados, como las referencias a territorios cuya organización geográfica actual es muy diferente a la de la del siglo XIX, empezando por el Reino de Bohemia de la época, actual República Checa. También podemos encontrar cuestiones relacionadas con las unidades monetarias como “*half a crown*” o “*a hundred and fifty guineas*”

Finalmente, en lo que atañe a la continuidad, va marcada en gran medida por los altibajos del protagonista: Sherlock Holmes. El estado de ánimo está profundamente ligado al devenir de la trama. Para expresar dicha forma de avance se usa habitualmente la combinación de la cámara normal y la cámara lenta o *slow motion*.

4.5.2 A Scandal in Belgravia (BBC, 2012)

En *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012), los diálogos se suceden en grandes secuencias, como hemos decidido llamarlas aquí, ya que a diferencia del film de Guy Ritchie la acción se sucede mediante grandes unidades de acción. No por ello la acción resulta más lenta, simplemente los adaptadores han decidido delimitarla en espacios de tiempo mayores, construyendo una cinta con un menor número de ellos. En lo que afecta a los diálogos esta nueva distribución, podemos encontrarlos un poco más largos, pero con mayor carga simbólica, anticipando al espectador el siguiente paso en la trama, pero sin revelarlo completamente. Es una manera de unir trama, acción y discurso hablado, para crear uno cinematográficamente conectado que cree un equilibrio cómodo y que al mismo tiempo permita al espectador reparar en los detalles de los personajes a los que se les ha conferido mayor profundidad que en el texto original. De este modo se garantiza también la capilaridad informativa del capítulo.

Otro modo de complementar este modo de hacer, es el hecho de que en la pantalla aparezcan virtualmente los SMS intercambiados por los personajes, así como las cavilaciones de Sherlock que desembocan en sus deducciones. En el caso anterior, se valieron del recurso técnico del *slow motion*, que aquí se combina con esta técnica.

El episodio comienza por una secuencia en la que se encuentran Moriarty, Sherlock y Watson en una piscina cubierta. Watson lleva un chaleco bomba y la conversación entre el detective y su némesis es interrumpida por el tono del móvil *Stayin' Alive* de los Bee Gees. Tanto a través del diálogo como de la acción se muestra desde el principio la relación entre el criminal y el detective, hasta el punto de avanzar — como será habitual a lo largo del episodio — lo que va a ocurrir, haciendo uso del recurso de la prolepsis al decir “*wrong day to die*” (véase Anexo III p. 145).

Otras situaciones de dramatismo absoluto se dan en su enfrentamiento con Adler, en su casa de Belgravia. Este personaje es presentado justo después de la primera secuencia, anunciado también cual será el tono del episodio. Uno de los momentos con mayor carga dramática será en su primer encuentro (véase Anexo III pp. 174-183).

La expresividad de los diálogos se encuentra en momentos críticos del episodio: el secuestro de la Sra. Hudson (véase Anexo III pp. 220-223), la pedida de auxilio de Irene Adler (véase Anexo III pp. 229-235); o incluso sin la presencia de ellos, como el momento en que Sherlock salva a Adler en Kirachi, donde únicamente se escucha el tono de SMS que ella le asigna en su teléfono (véase Anexo III pp.256-258).

En lo que respecta a la naturalidad y al realismo, la decisión adoptada por los adaptadores va de la mano tanto en un caso como en el otro. *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012) se desarrolla en el momento histórico en el que se estrenó, se trata de una actualización total del relato de Conan Doyle y, por lo tanto, tanto el lenguaje como los referentes culturales han sido traídos en su totalidad a la actualidad. A diferencia de la adaptación de 2009, en este caso no se ha modulado el uso del lenguaje formal propio de la época victoriana para adaptarse al público actual, sino que ya de base se ha adaptado todo el conjunto desde el principio. La sensación de realidad se forma desde la primera inmersión del espectador en la trama ya que, por un lado, encuentra personajes reconocidos y reconocibles, pero también por otro, los ve desde los ojos desde los que los mira.

En este sentido, la continuidad del guion viene marcada en parte, como ya comentábamos, por el devenir de la trama. Está determinada casi exclusivamente por el desarrollo de la trama principal y por el establecimiento de vínculos afectivos entre Sherlock y Adler. Secundariamente, se rige por los vínculos afectivos de Sherlock con otros personajes

secundarios, como su hermano Mycroft o la Sra. Hudson y, además, no se puede olvidar la fundamental agencia que ejerce Jim Moriarty, que ya desde el principio es anunciada al espectador.

5. Conclusiones

En resumidas cuentas, podemos considerar que las principales técnicas de adaptación son la transposición, la modulación y la equivalencia, pero que es de especial relevancia la transformación estructural común a las dos adaptaciones. Esta transformación por sustitución afecta directamente al desenlace tanto de la película como del capítulo de la serie. Este invierte el vencedor del conflicto en favor de Sherlock Holmes y relega a Irene Adler, contrariamente a lo narrado en el relato original, a un segundo plano. Representa una clara pérdida de protagonismo de Adler frente a Holmes, que se ve directamente influida también por la masculinización del poder y el papel antagónico, ya que se le ha asignado a Moriarty. Este es el punto de partida para establecer una serie de relaciones coincidentes entre *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009) y *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012).

La modificación del papel de la mujer es una constante en la construcción de los patrones ideológicos de las adaptaciones en comparación con el relato original. Se pasa así de un personaje femenino que goza de un poder característicamente subversivo para la época de producción de la obra a un personaje más que cercano a la cosificación y al estereotipo. A esto se le añade el uso del imaginario orientalista, imaginario profundamente asentado en el mundo anglosajón, que es directamente reproducido a través de este mismo personaje que, a su vez, se ve envuelto en una trama con un trasfondo marcado por el tan actual terrorismo yihadista y el espionaje entre superpotencias mundiales. Sin embargo, aunque aquí estemos refiriéndonos a la adaptación de 2012, la película de Guy Ritchie de 2009 reproduce otros patrones también consolidados, como son la brujería y su relación con el poder. En este caso, la inversión se realiza en favor de Lord Blackwood pero es la propia Adler la principal damnificada, por lo que, como decíamos, el patrón en torno al protagonismo masculino y al poder se reproducen en ambas adaptaciones.

El uso de temas de actualidad es uno de los principales recursos en la adaptación al siglo XXI, pero también algunos de carácter técnico como el paso de la misiva al SMS y el uso de la tecnología y la ingeniería, como ya se atisba en la película de 2009 aunque esté ambientada en un universo (neo)victoriano. Esto hace que el tema principal del relato original, la investigación detectivesca, tema central de la obra de Conan Doyle y cimientos del canon holmesiano, pasen

a un segundo plano para ser, por un lado, en 2009, la brujería y la ciencia (ficción) y, por otro en 2012, el terrorismo y el espionaje entre estados.

Del mismo modo, la aceptación del concepto de “vicios” o de las adicciones ha cambiado, de ahí que en el relato original o incluso en la adaptación de 2009 se hable de ello abiertamente al estar ambientada en la época victoriana, y que, en la adaptación de 2012, sea radicalmente lo opuesto al estar ambientada en la actualidad, hasta el punto de suavizar tales conceptos con el tabaco al uso. Esto revela una búsqueda de un éxito y aceptación entre el público que es el gran punto fuerte de las adaptaciones, ya que se presenta como otro de los grandes temas de opinión entre el espectador de nuestros días.

Otro de los elementos de especial relevancia son los personajes y las tramas añadidas. Al tratarse de adaptaciones de un relato corto, las ampliaciones son comunes, especialmente añadiendo tramas secundarias y personajes, pero, sin embargo, en las dos producciones cinematográficas analizadas dichas tramas son recurrentes y dan fuerza a la estructura final. Los personajes, por su parte, son los que una mayor evolución han sufrido. Son, sin lugar a duda, el elemento por excelencia que marca la adaptación para el espectador actual.

Aunque podemos encontrar a los personajes clásicos del canon, estos han sido traídos al siglo XXI en muchos aspectos, dotando de nuevas funciones a personajes secundarios, y trayendo en su totalidad las características de los mismos a la actualidad. Son los casos de personajes como el Dr. Watson de Ritchie, quien lleva casi todo el peso de la acción, o la relevancia que cobra la Sra. Hudson en *Sherlock* (BBC, 2010-2014), o por otro lado un Sherlock que ha dejado de fumar o una Irene Adler dominatrix. Estas nuevas caracterizaciones dan lugar a un modo de entender la idea original que dista en algunos casos de la concepción inicial, en muchos casos de valores que no respondían a las normas sociales de la época, donde esencialmente la mujer-esposa estaba asociada a lo privado, al hogar, mientras que el hombre-esposo estaba asociado a lo público, al trabajo fuera de casa. Esta concepción, aunque pueda considerarse que en algunos casos se mantiene, está completamente obsoleta en la actualidad por lo que el cambio de rol en el personaje de Adler era, a los ojos del espectador del siglo XXI, necesario. Paradójicamente, desde el punto de vista de la industria cinematográfica, la pérdida de protagonismo y las transformaciones realizadas para crear un personaje de mujer objeto cuya evolución del 2009 al 2012 es más que evidente, hace posible la distribución de un producto más simple y comercial pensado para un espectador que no busca elementos de subversión complejos presentes en la literatura y que la mayoría de las veces el cine obvia deliberadamente. Estamos entonces ante unos productos enfocados claramente al entretenimiento en los que se pierde lo que consideramos la esencia del canon literario creado por Conan Doyle en el siglo

XIX: la investigación criminalística, haciendo que la brecha entre cine y literatura sea evidente, revelando la entidad del cine como industria.

Todas estas decisiones, en definitiva, han contribuido a traer al siglo XXI los esquemas del siglo XIX. Dichos esquemas han sido adaptados a los ojos de un público educado cinematográficamente, un espectador que busca comprender desde su modo de mirar las costumbres de la época victoriana a través de las aventuras de Sherlock Holmes y que, en la mayoría de los casos, no conoce el relato original ni sus implicaciones. Esto ha permitido también que no sólo se traduzcan e interpreten los esquemas del pasado para el público del presente, sino que al mismo tiempo sirva de base para mantener una tradición bien consolidada donde Sherlock Holmes es uno de los grandes protagonistas de la novela negra. Por ello encontramos dos modos para llegar a dicho fin: por un lado, una adaptación en un ambiente victoriano, pero con esquemas de hoy; y por otro, una serie de televisión hecha en la actualidad que habla de la actualidad, con personajes conocidos por los espectadores desde hace más de cien años. Estos dos modelos de proceder con patrones comunes se verían, a nuestro parecer, enormemente enriquecidos de haber considerado decisiones más arriesgadas, como el mantenimiento de la Adler adelantada a su tiempo o quizás un mayor desarrollo del papel de Watson como ayudante convertido en protagonista absoluto. En definitiva, son decisiones que consideramos que afectarían a los modelos de creación de las películas posteriores de Ritchie y el resto de capítulos de la serie, haciendo que las adaptaciones fuesen aún más complejas y ricas.

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Anexos

Contenido

Sobre los anexos.....	3
Anexo I. Versiones de <i>A Scandal in Bohemia</i> (1891).....	3
Anexo II. Guion de <i>Sherlock Holmes</i> (Ritchie, 2009)	4
Anexo III. Transcripción de <i>A Scandal in Belgravia</i> (BBC, 2012)	144
Anexo IV. Videos complementarios	258
<i>Sherlock Holmes</i> (Ritchie, 2009).....	258
<i>A Scandal in Belgravia</i> (BBC, 2012)	258
Bibliografía.....	259

Sobre los anexos

Hemos elaborado tres anexos diferentes para el Trabajo de Fin de Máster titulado Un(sher)locking Sherlock. *Análisis y comparación de dos adaptaciones cinematográficas de “A Scandal in Bohemia”*. En el primer anexo detallamos las dos versiones diferentes que hemos utilizado como Texto Origen. En el segundo, reproducimos el guion de la primera adaptación analizada, *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009). En el tercero, reproducimos la transcripción del episodio *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012), la segunda de las adaptaciones analizadas y que pertenece a la serie de la BBC *Sherlock* (2010-2014). Dicha transcripción se encuentra en su formato original dividida en cuatro partes que dejamos citadas en bibliografía. Finalmente, en el cuarto incluimos escenas de las dos adaptaciones elegidas con el fin de ilustrar mejor el análisis realizado.

Debemos aclarar una serie de cuestiones en cuanto al guion y la transcripción reproducidas. En primer lugar, es necesario hacer hincapié en que no se trata exactamente del mismo tipo de documento y que, por tanto, el análisis debe ajustarse a las características de uno y otro. El guion de *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009), película dirigida por Guy Ritchie, es un documento previo al producto final reproducido en pantalla y puede tratarse o no del guion definitivo. Esto quiere decir que en el momento de la interpretación y del montaje este ha podido sufrir cambio (y de hecho los ha sufrido, como analizamos en el trabajo). Además, debemos reparar en que ha sido obtenido de una fuente secundaria en la red, fuente que indicamos tras el título del mismo. El formato, por tanto, también ha podido sufrir ligeros cambios al cambiar de un soporte (Internet) a otro (documento en procesador de textos) y que viene marcado por la fuente y la tipografía de uso habitual en guiones, la Courier New.

Respecto a la transcripción del capítulo de *Sherlock* (BBC, 2010-2014) debemos tener en cuenta que, en este caso, el texto escrito responde a los diálogos del producto final, puesto que se trata, como venimos señalando, de una transcripción y no de un guion. La fuente de dicho texto dialogado, junto a los comentarios del transcriptor, la indicamos tras el título. El formato, al haberlo extraído de un blog especializado en las transcripciones de la serie, se le ha dado siguiendo, en la medida de lo posible, el modelo de guion común.

Anexo I. Versiones de *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891)

Como Texto Origen hemos utilizado dos versiones diferentes en inglés: por un lado, una versión en PDF, online, sin notas¹ (<https://sherlock-holm.es/stories/pdf/a4/1-sided/scan.pdf>);

¹ Incluida al final de este documento.

por otro, una edición en papel de 2018, editada por Penguin Clothbound Classics y con notas de Ed Glinert.

Anexo II. Guion de *Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009)

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Written by

Michael Robert Johnson,
Anthony Peckham & Simon Kinberg

Sherlock Holmes and Watson characters created by

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

September 29, 2008

Source: <https://www.imsdb.com/scripts/Sherlock-Holmes.html> [last viewed 26/12/2019 at 13:36]

1.

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)

2.

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

2

INT. CARRIAGE - CLOSEUP ON THE OFFICERS - NIGHT

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.

3.

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)

4.

5 CONTINUED:

SECOND-TIME ACTION - SUPER FAST REPEAT OF ABOVE

5

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)**

7 **CONTINUED:
ANOTHER ANGLE** 5. 7

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)

5A.

7 CONTINUED: (2) **7**
He can see the hat, but not the man underneath.

WATSON

Yeah, s'me.

(CONTINUED)

6.

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

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)

7.

9A **CONTINUED:**

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.

9A

9A

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)

8.

9A CONTINUED: (2)

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

9A

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.

(CONTINUED)

9.

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.

10.

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.

11.

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 11

EXT. 221 BAKER ST. - AFTERNOON

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)

11aA.

12 **CONTINUED:**

Watson is pleased by that.

12

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)

11A.

12 **CONTINUED: (2)**

WATSON (CONT'D)

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

12

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.

12 **CONTINUED: (3)**

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

12

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)

12A.

13 CONTINUED:

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.

13

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)

13.

14 CONTINUED:

14

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)

14.

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

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.

(CONTINUED)

15.

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

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.

(CONTINUED)

16.

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)

16A.

15 CONTINUED:

MARY (CONT'D)

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

WATSON

(proudly)

It's true.

(CONTINUED)

17.

15 CONTINUED: (2)

MARY

They can seem a bit far-fetched sometimes, though. Making these

15

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)

17A.

15 CONTINUED: (3)

HOLMES

Yes, I doubt --

MARY

No, it'd be wonderful. I insist.

15

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.

(CONTINUED)

18.

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

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.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (5)

19.

15

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 --

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (6)

20.

15

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 OMITTEDINT. PUNCH BOWL PUB - BARE-KNUCKLE BOXING FIGHT - 5A-17

1

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)

21.

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)

22.

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

18A

INT. PENTONVILLE PRISON - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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)

23.

18A CONTINUED:

18A

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.

19

INT. PENTONVILLE PRISON - BLACKWOOD'S CELL - NIGHT

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)

23A.

19

CONTINUED:

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

Finally the Captain COUGHS SOMETHING UP, spits it out

19

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.

(CONTINUED)

24.

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

22

INT. PUNCH BOWL PUB - ATTIC

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)

22 CONTINUED:

24A.

22

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.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

25.

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)

23 CONTINUED:

26.

23

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)

26aA.

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

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

26A.

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

27.

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

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)

28.

27 **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.

27

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.

(CONTINUED)

29.

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

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)

29A.

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

29

INT. PENTONVILLE PRISON - GALLOWS

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)

30.

29 CONTINUED:

A SHOT OF BLACKWOOD

29

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

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)

31.

30

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.

(CONTINUED)

32.

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

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.

(CONTINUED)

33.

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

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.

(CONTINUED)

33A.

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)

34aA.

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)

34A.

34 CONTINUED:

34

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.

(CONTINUED)

35.

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.

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)

36.

35 CONTINUED:

35

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.

(CONTINUED)

36A.

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

37.

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

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)

37A.

38B CONTINUED:

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

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.

38C

39

EXT. LONDON STREET

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.

37B.

39

40

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

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

40

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)

40 CONTINUED:

38.

40

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.

38aA.

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)

38A.

42 CONTINUED: 42

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.

(CONTINUED)

39.

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

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)

40.

42 CONTINUED: (3)
THE GROUNDSKEEPER

42

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!!

(CONTINUED)

42 **CONTINUED: (4)**

41.

42

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

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)

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.

(CONTINUED)

43.

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

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 Reordon'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)

43A.

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

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.

(CONTINUED)

43B.

51 CONTINUED: (4)

51

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.

(CONTINUED)

44.

51 CONTINUED: (5)

51

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.

52

52

EXT. LONDON EAST END - MINUTES LATER

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)

44A.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 46. 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)

47.

56 CONTINUED:

56

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.

57 OMITTED

57

58 INT. REORDON'S ROOM

58

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

(CONTINUED)

48.

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)

49.

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

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 --

58A

58B

INT. REORDON'S ROOMS

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)

50.

58B

CONTINUED:

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.

58B

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)

51.

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.

52.

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

66A

EXT. SECOND SLIPWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

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)

53.

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)

54.

67 CONTINUED:

67

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)

54A.

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

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)

54B.

67 CONTINUED: (3)

67

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.

68

INT. LONDON JAIL - CORRIDOR

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

68

(CONTINUED)

55.

68 **CONTINUED:**

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

68

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)

56.

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)

56A.

72 CONTINUED:

72

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)

57.

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

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)

(CONTINUED)

58.

72 CONTINUED: (3)

72

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)

72 CONTINUED: (4)

59.

72

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.

73

73

OMITTED

60.

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)

61.

75 **CONTINUED:**

75

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)

61A.

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

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)

62.

75 CONTINUED: (3)

75

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 --

(CONTINUED)

63.

75 **CONTINUED: (4)**

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

75

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)

63A.

76 CONTINUED:

PERIGRINE

Nor the port, sir.

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

77 INT. SIR THOMAS' BATHROOM

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)

64.

77 CONTINUED:

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

78

INT. THE GRAND HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

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)

65.

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

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

78B

78C

INT. SIR THOMAS' BATHROOM

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

78C

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)

65A.

78C

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.

78C

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)

65B.

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)

66.

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)

66A.

80 CONTINUED:

80

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.

(CONTINUED)

67.

80 CONTINUED: (2)

80

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.

(CONTINUED)

68.

80 CONTINUED: (3)

80

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)

68A.

80 CONTINUED: (4)

80

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)

69.

80

CONTINUED: (5)

80

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)

70.

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)

71.

83 CONTINUED:

83

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)

71A.

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

83B

INT. TEMPLE OF FOUR ORDERS HEADQUARTERS

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

(CONTINUED)

72.

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)

73.

83B CONTINUED: (2)

BLACKWOOD

You control the police. Use them.

Coward nods.

83B

84 EXT. QUEENSHITHE SLAUGHTERHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

84

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)

84 CONTINUED:

84

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.

85

OMITTED

85

86 **EXT. QUEENSHITHE SLAUGHTERHOUSE**

86

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.

(CONTINUED)

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)

76.

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 --

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)

77.

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.

90A

INT. QUEENSHITHE SLAUGHTERHOUSE - ASSEMBLY LINE

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.

(CONTINUED)

78.

90A CONTINUED:

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.

90A

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)

79.

90A CONTINUED: (2)

90A

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 --

(CONTINUED)

80.

90A CONTINUED: (3)

-- 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.

90A

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)

80A.

90A CONTINUED: (4)

90A

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)

(CONTINUED)

81.

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

WAATTTSSSSSONNN!!!!

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)

82.

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

92

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR

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)

82A.

93 CONTINUED:

93

Watson is burned, cut, bruised, scraped, pock-marked with shrapnel. He mumbles inaudibly, his eyes still closed. He's delirious, sweating.

(CONTINUED)

83.

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

(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.

(CONTINUED)

83A.

93 CONTINUED: (3)

93

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)

83B.

93 **CONTINUED: (4)**

93

The Doctor can't face her anger any longer, turns, leaves fast.

MARY

-- or are you so selfish that's just not possible.

84.

93A/93B OMITTED

93A/93B

84A.

94 **INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR**

94

The doctor strides down the corridor past the policemen.

85.

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)

85A.

95 CONTINUED:

95

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.

(CONTINUED)

86.

95 CONTINUED: (2)

95

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 --

96 OMITTED

96

97 INT. PUNCH BOWL PUB - ATTIC

97

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)

87.

97 CONTINUED:
THE STUFF IN REORDON'S ROOM.

97

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.

87A.

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)

88.

98 CONTINUED:

98

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.

(CONTINUED)

89.

98 CONTINUED: (2)

98

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)

(CONTINUED)

89A.

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.

90.

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)

90A.

102 **CONTINUED:**

102

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)

90B.

102 CONTINUED: (2)

102

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)

91.

102 CONTINUED: (3)

102

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)

92.

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)

93.

106 CONTINUED:

106

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)

94.

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

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)

94A/94B.

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

107

EXT. THAMES - OUTSIDE PARLIAMENT

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)

107 **CONTINUED:**

107

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

107A

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - DAY

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)

97.

110 **CONTINUED:**

110

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)

98.

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)

99.

112 CONTINUED: 112

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)

100.

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

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)

101.

114 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

114

114

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)

102.

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

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)

103.

116

**CONTINUED:
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!

116

116

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)

104.

117

CONTINUED:

117

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

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...

104A.

117A

117B

EXT. BIG BEN - DAY

BONG! The clock strikes twelve.

117B

117C

INT. PARLIAMENT

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.

117C

117D

OMITTED

117D

118

INT. SEWER JUNCTION - DAY

Holmes and Irene look each other in the eye. For the
first time, neither knows what to say.

118

IRENE

That was something new for us.

HOLMES

Yes... it was.

She looks past Holmes.

IRENE

Watson --

(CONTINUED)

105.

118 **CONTINUED:**

118

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.

118A

118A

INT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - DAY

Blackwood flashes downward through the ornate official understorey of the Houses, heads for a staircase spiralling even further down.

106.

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.

107.

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:

108.

118K EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - HELICOPTER SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE - DAY 118K

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)

109.

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)

110.

119H CONTINUED: (2)
EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - WALKWAY - DAY

119H

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)

110A.

119H CONTINUED: (3)

119H

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)

119H CONTINUED: (4)

110B.

119H

HOLMES (CONT'D)

That might have been quite challenging had he not also tested it on some unfortunate amphibians.

(Standish in rain/
pulling the trigger/
wharf explosion)

The death of Standish was a real mystery, until you used the same compound to blow up the wharf. An odorless, tasteless, flammable liquid -- yet it burned with an unusual pinkish hue. Did Standish mistake it for rain as he entered your Temple? All it took was a spark. A simple rigged bullet in his gun. Ingenious.

(Parliament/flask/
ceremony, dev ice)

Like all great performers you saved your piece de resistance for the end. Had it worked, your followers in Parliament would have watched unharmed as their colleagues were dying around them. They didn't know that you had given them the antidote -- at one of your ceremonies I suspect. Instead, they would have believed it was magic and that you harnessed the ultimate power.

END FLASHBACKS.

(CONTINUED)

111.

119H **CONTINUED: (5)**

119H

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.

(CONTINUED)

119H CONTINUED: (6)

119H

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)

112A.

119H CONTINUED: (7)
Her eyes pop open.

119H

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.

(CONTINUED)

113.

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)

113A.

122A CONTINUED:

A shadow is waiting for him. We recognize the figure of WATSON. Holmes can't help but smile. He joins Watson, no words spoken.

122A

Holmes holds out Watson's sword stick. Watson takes it. The two of them stand looking out down the Thames.

114.

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

123A

INT. 221 BAKER ST. - STAIRCASE

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)

114A.

123B

CONTINUED:

123B

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?

(CONTINUED)

115.

123B CONTINUED: (2)

123B

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)

116.

123B **CONTINUED: (3)**

123B

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)

116A.

123B CONTINUED: (4)

123B

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.

124

OMITTED

124

116B.

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!

117.

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)

117A.

126 CONTINUED:

126

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...

118.

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

Anexo III. Transcripción de *A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012)

SHERLOCK

Season 2, Episode 1:
'A Scandal in Belgravia'

Written by Steven Moffat

Directed by Paul McGuigan

Transcript by Ariane DeVere aka Callie Sullivan

Format by Victoria García Reyes

Source: <https://arianedevere.livejournal.com> [last viewed 26/12/2019 at 13:39]

Note: This formatted transcript has been adapted to a screenplay format by using the transcript found on the mentioned source. All comments have been done by the transcriber and it has been only omitted in the document a commentary related to the atrezzo that is reproduced literally here: *[N.B. see the text of the newspaper articles in the Comments below (click [here](#) to jump to the articles)].*

The episode picks up precisely where "The Great Game" left off, with Sherlock aiming the pistol down at the bomb jacket. As he and Jim Moriarty stare at each other, the introduction to The Bee Gees' song "Stayin' Alive" begins to play tinnily. Sherlock and John look around, confused. Jim briefly closes his eyes and sighs in exasperation.

JIM:

D'you mind if I get that?

SHERLOCK:

(nonchalantly)

No, no, please. You've got the rest of your life.

(Jim takes his phone from his pocket and answers
it.)

JIM:

Hello? ... Yes, of course it is. What do you want?

(He mouths 'Sorry' at Sherlock, who sarcastically
mouths 'Oh, fine' back at him. Jim rolls his eyes
as he listens to the phone, turning away from
Sherlock for a moment, then he spins back around,
his face full of fury.)

JIM:

(loudly into phone)

SAY THAT AGAIN!

(Sherlock frowns.)

JIM:

(venomously, into phone)

Say that again, and know that if you're lying to me,
I will find you and I will sssssskin you.

(He hisses out the 's' of 'skin.' Sherlock briefly
looks round at John.)

JIM:

(into phone)

Wait.

(Lowering the phone, he begins to walk forward.

Sherlock looks at the bomb jacket and fretfully
adjusts the grip on his pistol as Jim approaches.
Jim stops at the jacket and gazes down at the floor
thoughtfully before lifting his eyes to Sherlock.)

JIM:

Sorry. Wrong day to die.

SHERLOCK:

(casually)

Oh. Did you get a better offer?

(Jim looks down at the phone, then turns and slowly
starts to walk away.)

JIM:

You'll be hearing from me, Sherlock.

(He strolls back around the pool towards the door
through which he originally came, lifting the phone
to his ear again.)

JIM:

(into phone)

So if you have what you say you have, I will make you rich. If you don't, I'll make you into shoes.

(Reaching the door, he raises his free hand and clicks his fingers. Instantly all the lasers focused on Sherlock and John disappear. As Jim walks through the door and vanishes from sight, Sherlock looks around the gallery but apparently can see no sign of the retreating snipers. John sighs out a relieved breath.)

JOHN:

What happened there?

SHERLOCK:

Someone changed his mind. The question is: who?

Elsewhere, a woman's hand lowers her phone and switches it off. Wearing a pair of black Brazilian knickers under a sheer lace robe, she walks from the landing into a bedroom, lashing a riding crop against the door jamb as she speaks.

IRENE:

Well now. Have you been wicked, Your Highness?

Inside the bedroom, a pair of naked legs can be seen lying on a bed. The person's ankles appear to be tied to the foot of the bed.

SULTRY FEMALE VOICE:

Yes, Miss Adler.

NEW OPENING CREDITS!

221B BAKER STREET. MAY 30. John is sitting at the dining table in the living room updating his blog on his laptop. Sherlock, wearing a red dressing gown over his shirt and trousers, is standing at the other side of the table drinking from a mug while leafing through a newspaper.

SHERLOCK:

What are you typing?

JOHN:

Blog.

SHERLOCK:

About?

JOHN:

Us.

SHERLOCK:

You mean me.

JOHN:

Why?

SHERLOCK:

Well, you're typing a lot.

The doorbell rings

SHERLOCK:

Right then. *(He walks towards the door.)* So, what have we got?

Over a period of many weeks, people are coming to 221B to consult with Sherlock. Each of them sits on a dining chair facing the fireplace as he or she speaks.

MAN:

My wife seems to be spending a very long time at the office.

SHERLOCK:

Boring.

WOMAN:

I think my husband might be having an affair.

SHERLOCK:

Yes.

CREEPY GUY:

(holding a funeral urn)

She's not my real aunt. She's been replaced - I *know* she has. I *know* human ash.

SHERLOCK:

(pointing to the door)

Leave.

BUSINESSMAN:

We are prepared to offer any sum of money you care to mention for the recovery of these files.

(sitting on the dining chair while two aides stand behind him)

SHERLOCK:

Boring.

GEEKY YOUNG MAN:

We have this website. It explains the true meaning of comic books, 'cause people miss a lot of the themes.

(sitting on the dining chair while two other geeky
young men stand behind him)

Sherlock is already walking away, disinterested.

GEEKY YOUNG MAN:

But then all the comic books started coming true.

Sherlock comes back.

SHERLOCK:

Oh. Interesting.

Later, John is sitting in his armchair and updating his blog again. He has titled the entry "The Geek Interpreter." Sherlock leans over his shoulder.

SHERLOCK:

'Geek Interpreter.' What's that?

JOHN:

It's the title.

SHERLOCK:

What does it need a title for?

(John smiles tightly. Sherlock straightens up and
walks away.)

Later, they're at the morgue at St Bartholomew's Hospital. Sherlock is using his magnifier to look at a woman's body lying on the table. John is standing at the other side of the table and Detective Inspector Lestrade is nearby.

SHERLOCK:

Do people actually read your blog?

JOHN:

Where d'you think our clients come from?

SHERLOCK:

I have a website.

JOHN:

In which you enumerate two hundred and forty
different types of tobacco ash. Nobody's reading your
website.

(Sherlock straightens up and glares at him, then
pouts adorably momentarily as John continues to
look at the body.)

JOHN:

Right then: dyed blonde hair; no obvious cause of death except for these speckles, whatever they are.

(He points at the tiny red marks on the woman's body but Sherlock has already turned and flounced out of the room.)

Later, back at the flat, John is updating his blog again. Sherlock walks past eating a piece of toast. He stops and looks at the title for this entry.

SHERLOCK:

Oh, for God's sakes!

(with his mouth full)

JOHN:

What?

SHERLOCK:

"The Speckled Blonde"?!

(John purses his lips as Sherlock walks away again.)

On another occasion, two little girls are sitting together on one of the dining chairs while Sherlock paces in front of the fireplace.

LITTLE GIRL:

They wouldn't let us see Granddad when he was dead. Is that 'cause he'd gone to heaven?

SHERLOCK:

People don't really go to heaven when they die. They're taken to a special room and burned.

(The two girls look at each other in distress.)

JOHN:

(reprovingly)

Sherlock ...

Lestrade is leading Sherlock and John across some open ground.

LESTRADE:

There was a plane crash in Dusseldorf yesterday. Everyone dead.

SHERLOCK:

Suspected terrorist bomb. We do watch the news.

JOHN:

You said, "Boring," and turned over².

Lestrade leads them to a car which has its boot opened. There's a body inside the boot. While Lestrade continues to speak, Sherlock looks all around the rear of the car.

LESTRADE:

(looking at a bag of evidence)

Well, according to the flight details, this man was checked in on board. Inside his coat he's got a stub from his boarding pass, napkins from the flight, even one of those special biscuits. Here's his passport stamped in Berlin Airport. So this man should have died in a plane crash in Germany yesterday but instead he's in a car boot in Southwark.

JOHN:

Lucky escape(!)

LESTRADE:

(to Sherlock)

Any ideas?

SHERLOCK:

Eight, so far.

(examining the man's hand with his magnifier)

(He straightens up and looks at the body again,
then frowns momentarily.)

SHERLOCK:

Okay, four ideas.

(He turns to Lestrade and looks down at the passport and the ticket stub of the passenger, John Coniston, who was meant to be travelling on Flyaway Airways [oh, good invented name, production guys(!)]. Straightening up again, he gazes up into the sky.)

SHERLOCK:

Maybe *two* ideas.

(The shadow of a passenger jet passes overhead.)

Back at the flat, Sherlock - wearing heavy protective gloves and safety glasses and carrying a blowtorch in one hand and a glass container of green

² [Transcriber's note: Much as I would love to confirm that "You ... turned over" means that Sherlock turned over in bed, where he and John were watching the news, I reluctantly have to confirm that - in this context - it does sadly mean "You ... changed the channel." Sorry.]

liquid in the other - has come to the living room table to look at John's latest blog entry which is titled "Sherlock Holmes baffled."

SHERLOCK:

(indignantly)

No, no, no, don't mention the *unsolved* ones.

JOHN:

People want to know you're human.

SHERLOCK:

Why?

JOHN:

'Cause they're interested.

SHERLOCK:

No they're not. *Why* are they?

(John smiles at his laptop.)

JOHN:

Look at that.

(He's looking at the hit counter on the front page of his blog. Its count is currently 1895.)

JOHN:

One thousand, eight hundred and ninety-five.

SHERLOCK:

Sorry, what?

JOHN:

I re-set that counter last night. This blog has had nearly two thousand hits in the last eight hours. This is your living, Sherlock - not two hundred and forty different types of tobacco ash.

SHERLOCK:

(sulkily)

Two hundred and forty-three.

(Firing up the blowtorch, he puts his safety glasses back on and heads back towards the kitchen.)

THEATRE. Sherlock and John are walking across the stage of a theatre while police officers mill around nearby.

SHERLOCK:

So, what's this one? "Belly Button Murders"?

JOHN:

"The Navel Treatment"?

SHERLOCK:

Eurgh!

(They walk backstage and meet up with Lestrade as they head for the exit.)

LESTRADE:

There's a lot of press outside, guys.

SHERLOCK:

Well, they won't be interested in us.

LESTRADE:

Yeah, that was before you were an internet phenomenon. A couple of them specifically wanted photographs of you two.

SHERLOCK:

(exasperated, glaring round at John)
For God's sake!

(John quirks a smile as they walk on, then Sherlock spots some costumes on a rack just inside a nearby dressing room. He walks in and grabs a couple of items off the rack.)

SHERLOCK:

John.

(He tosses a cap at him.)

SHERLOCK:

Cover your face and walk fast.

LESTRADE:

Still, it's good for the public image, a big case like this.

SHERLOCK:

I'm a private detective. The last thing I need is a public image.

(He puts on the other hat that he had picked up - a deerstalker - and heads out the exit door pulling the hat as low as possible over his eyes and tugging up the collar of his coat. Outside, photographers start taking pictures of him and John.)

Later, some of the pictures have been used in various newspapers, together with headlines such as "Hat-man and Robin: The web detectives", "Sherlock Net 'Tec", "Sherlock & John: Blogger Detectives" and "Sherlock Holmes: net phenomenon". The last of these newspaper reports has caught the attention of

Irene Adler, who slowly strokes her hand over the photograph of Sherlock, then runs her hand along her riding crop before laying it down on top of the photograph. She picks up her phone and dials.

IRENE:

(into phone)

Hello. I think it's time, don't you?

221B BAKER STREET. Mrs Hudson picks up a mug and an almost empty bottle of milk from the mantelpiece and walks into the kitchen, tutting in exasperation at the mess in there. Putting the mug onto the table she takes the milk across to the fridge door and opens it, recoiling from the smell emanating from inside. Putting the milk into the fridge door she picks up the offending smelly item and drops it into the bin, then pulls open the salad crisper at the bottom and takes out a clear plastic bag from it. Peering at the contents, she cringes when she realises what's inside.

MRS HUDSON:

Ooh dear! Thumbs!

(She drops the bag back into the salad crisper, then turns as an overweight man stumbles into the kitchen from the landing and stares at her wide-eyed and confused.)

MAN:

The door was ... the door was ...

(He breathes heavily, then drops to the floor in a faint. Mrs Hudson stares at him in terror for a moment, then calls out.)

MRS HUDSON:

Boys! You've got another one!

(She bends down to the unconscious man.)

MRS HUDSON:

Ooh!

Later the man - whose name is Phil - has regained consciousness and is sitting on a dining chair facing the fireplace, staring rather blankly in front of himself. John is sitting on the sofa behind him and Sherlock is out of sight but presumably pacing.

SHERLOCK:

(sternly)

Tell us from the start. *Don't* be boring.

Flashback to fourteen hours earlier. Somewhere out in the countryside Phil's car has broken down in a quiet country lane. He tries to start the engine for what is apparently the umpteenth time but it just whines and refuses to start. Phil slams his hands angrily onto the steering wheel and gets out again to stare uselessly down under the open bonnet and tweak a few connections hopefully. He looks around but there is no sign of any other traffic. He looks into the field at the side of the road. The field stretches down to a river some distance away and a man wearing a red jacket is standing at the edge of a stream which leads down to the river. He has his back to the road. Phil peers at him for a moment but he's too far away to have even noticed what's happening on the road and eventually Phil gets back into the car again and tries once more to start the engine. It whines ferociously and then loudly backfires. Phil sighs, then looks across towards the river and realises that the man is now lying on the ground. He gets out of the car and stares.

PHIL:

(calling out)

Hey! Are you okay?

(The man doesn't respond or react.)

PHIL:

(starting to walk towards him)

Excuse me! Are you all right?

(As yet unseen by Phil, the man has fallen onto his back. There is a lot of blood underneath the back of his head.)

Many hours later a crime scene has been set up at the riverside. A young police officer brings a mobile phone over to Detective Inspector Carter.

POLICE OFFICER:

Sir. Phone call for you.

CARTER:

(taking the phone and speaking into it)

Carter.

(Lestrade is at the other end of the line, sitting in his car in Baker Street.)

LESTRADE:

Have you heard of Sherlock Holmes?

CARTER:

Who?

LESTRADE:

Well, you're about to meet him now. This is *your* case. It's entirely up to you. This is just friendly advice, but give Sherlock five minutes on your crime scene and listen to everything that he has to say. And as far as possible, try not to punch him.

(While Lestrade has been speaking, a car has driven up and stopped near the crime scene. Carter looks at the phone in bewilderment as Lestrade ends the call. The young police officer has been leaning into the car speaking to the person in the back seat.)

POLICE OFFICER:

Okay.

(He turns to Carter as he approaches.)

POLICE OFFICER:

Sir, this gentleman says he needs to speak to you.

CARTER:

Yes, I know. *(He walks closer to the car.)* Sherlock Holmes.

JOHN:

(getting out of the car and shaking Carter's hand)
John Watson. Are you set up for Wi-Fi?

221B. Yawning, Sherlock wanders out from the hallway behind the kitchen and strolls into the kitchen wearing only a sheet wrapped around him.

JOHN:

(offscreen)

You realise this is a tiny bit humiliating?

SHERLOCK:

(still yawning as he picks up a mug of tea from the side table)

It's okay, I'm fine.

(He walks over to an open laptop on the work surface, picks it up and looks into the screen as he carries the laptop into the living room.)

SHERLOCK:

Now, show me to the stream.

JOHN:

(offscreen)

I didn't really mean for you.

SHERLOCK:

Look, this is a six.

(He sits down at the table in the living room and puts the laptop onto the table. Just then the doorbell rings but he ignores it.)

SHERLOCK:

(adjusting the screen so that his face can be seen by the laptop's camera)

There's no point in my leaving the flat for anything less than a seven. We agreed. Now, go back. Show me the grass.

(John is at the crime scene and has walked down to the stream while Skypeing with Sherlock. He points the camera on his own laptop towards the grass at the stream's edge and squats down.)

JOHN:

When did we agree that?

SHERLOCK:

We agreed it yesterday. Stop!

(He leans closer to the screen and looks at the mud on the ground.)

SHERLOCK:

Closer.

(Instead of following his instructions, John swings the laptop around so that he can look into the camera.)

JOHN:

I wasn't even at home yesterday. I was in Dublin.

SHERLOCK:

Well, it's hardly *my* fault you weren't listening.

(The doorbell rings more insistently. Sherlock briefly looks round in the direction of the stairs.)

SHERLOCK:

(angrily)

SHUT UP!

JOHN:

D'you just carry on talking when I'm away?

SHERLOCK:

(shrugging as he turns back to the camera)

I don't know. How often are you away? Now, show me the car that backfired.

(Sighing, John stands up and turns the laptop and its camera towards the road to show Phil's car.)

JOHN:

It's there.

SHERLOCK:

That's the one that made the noise, yes?

JOHN:

(swinging the camera back around to look into it)

Yeah. And if you're thinking gunshot, there wasn't one. He wasn't shot; he was killed by a single blow to the back of the head from a blunt instrument which then magically disappeared along with the killer. That's gotta be an eight at least.

(Sherlock has leaned back in his chair and is running his finger back and forth over his top lip while he thinks. Your humble transcriber melts into a puddle of goo. As John walks back towards the road, Carter follows along behind him.)

CARTER:

You've got two more minutes, then I want to know more about the driver.

SHERLOCK:

(waving his hand dismissively)

Oh, forget him. He's an idiot. Why else would he think himself a suspect?

(Carter catches up to John and leans over to look into the camera.)

CARTER:

I think he's a suspect!

(Sherlock leans forward angrily.)

SHERLOCK:

Pass me over.

JOHN:

All right, but there's a Mute button and I *will* use it.

(He tilts the laptop at an angle that Sherlock's not happy with.)

SHERLOCK:

(irritated)

Up a bit! I'm not talking from down 'ere!

(John has had enough and offers the laptop to
Carter.)

JOHN:

Okay, just take it, take it.

(Carter takes the laptop as Sherlock starts talking
at double the usual speed.)

SHERLOCK:

(quick fire)

Having driven to an isolated location and
successfully committed a crime without a single
witness, why would he then call the police and consult
a detective? Fair play?(!)

CARTER:

He's trying to be clever. It's over-confidence.

SHERLOCK:

(sighing in exasperation)

Did you see him? Morbidly obese, the undisguised
halitosis of a single man living on his own, the right
sleeve of an internet porn addict and the breathing
pattern of an untreated heart condition. Low self-
esteem, tiny IQ and a limited life expectancy - and
you think he's an audacious criminal mastermind?!

(He turns around to John's chair where - unseen by
us until now - Phil has been sitting all the time.)

SHERLOCK:

Don't worry - this is just stupid.

PHIL:

(anxiously)

What did you say? Heart *what*?

(Ignoring him, Sherlock turns back to the camera.)

SHERLOCK:

Go to the stream.

CARTER:

What's in the stream?

SHERLOCK:

Go and see.

(As Carter hands the laptop back to John, Mrs
Hudson comes up the stairs and into the living room
followed by two men wearing suits.)

MRS HUDSON:

Sherlock! You weren't answering your doorbell!

(One of the men, Plummer, looks at his colleague while pointing with his thumb in the direction of the kitchen.)

PLUMMER:

His room's through the back. Get him some clothes.

SHERLOCK:

Who the hell are you?

PLUMMER:

Sorry, Mr Holmes. You're coming with us.

(He reaches forward to close down the lid of the laptop. John calls out in alarm.)

JOHN:

Sherlock, what's going on? What's happening?

(As his screen goes black, he pokes at the keyboard frantically.)

JOHN:

I've lost him. I don't know what ...

(The young police officer hurries over to him with a phone pressed to his ear.)

POLICE OFFICER:

Doctor Watson?

JOHN:

Yeah.

POLICE OFFICER:

It's for you.

JOHN:

Okay, thanks.

(Still looking at the screen, he holds out his hand for the phone.)

POLICE OFFICER:

Uh, no, sir. The helicopter.

(They both turn and look at the helicopter which is just coming in to land at the edge of the river.)

Back at 221B, Plummer's colleague has collected a pile of clothes and a pair of shoes and puts them down onto the table in front of Sherlock, who raises his eyebrows and shrugs disinterestedly.

PLUMMER:

Please, Mr Holmes. Where you're going, you'll want to be dressed.

(Sherlock turns his head, gazes at the man and begins to deduce the hell out of him: Looking at his clothes: Suit £700 Glancing at his breast pocket and the area where a pistol would be if Plummer was carrying one: Unarmed Thumbnail: Manicured Forehead: Office worker. The way his hands are folded in front of him: Right handed Looking down to his shoes: Indoor worker Seeing some wiry hairs on the cuff of his trouser leg, and imagining a high-pitched yapping sound: Small dog. Seeing a mark higher up the same trouser leg and imagining two yapping sounds: Two small dogs. Seeing more hairs on the other trouser leg and imagining more yapping: Three small dogs. Back at the crime scene, the helicopter takes off. At 221B, Sherlock smiles smugly and looks up into Plummer's face.)

SHERLOCK:

Oh, I know *exactly* where I'm going.

Some time later, sitting beside the pilot, John frowns and looks down as the helicopter flies over London. As it approaches Buckingham Palace the pilot begins to speak into his comms.

Not long afterwards, John has been shown into an enormous ornate hall with massive crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. He looks around for a moment, then follows his escort who gestures him to a nearby room before walking away. John stops in the doorway. On a small round table in the middle of the room is the pile of clothes and shoes which had been put down in front of Sherlock earlier. There is a sofa either side of the table and sitting on the left-hand one is Sherlock, still wrapped in his sheet. He calmly looks across to John. John holds out his hands in a "What the hell?!" gesture. Sherlock shrugs disinterestedly and looks away again. Nodding in a resigned way, John walks slowly into the room, then sits down on the sofa beside his friend. He gazes in front of himself for a moment, chewing back a giggle, looks around the room again and then looks at Sherlock, peering closely at his sheet and particularly the section wrapped around his backside. He turns his head away again.

JOHN:

Are you wearing any pants?

SHERLOCK:

No.

JOHN:

Okay.

(He sighs quietly. A moment later Sherlock turns and looks at him just as John also turns to look.

Their eyes meet and they promptly burst out laughing.)

JOHN:

(gesturing around the building)

At Buckingham Palace, fine. (*He tries to get himself under control.*) Oh, I'm seriously fighting an impulse to steal an ashtray.

(Sherlock chuckles again.)

JOHN:

What are we doing here, Sherlock? Seriously, what?

SHERLOCK (*still smiling*):

I don't know.

JOHN:

Here to see the Queen?

(At that moment Mycroft walks in from the next room.)

SHERLOCK:

Oh, apparently yes.

(John cracks up again and Sherlock promptly joins in. The two of them continue to giggle as Mycroft looks at them in exasperation.)

MYCROFT:

Just once, can you two behave like grown-ups?

JOHN:

We solve crimes, I blog about it and he forgets his pants, so I wouldn't hold out too much hope.

(Sherlock looks up at his brother as he walks into the room, all humour gone from his face.)

SHERLOCK:

I was in the middle of a case, Mycroft.

MYCROFT:

What, the hiker and the backfire? I glanced at the police report. Bit obvious, surely?

SHERLOCK:

Transparent.

(John looks startled.)

MYCROFT:

Time to move on, then.

(He bends down and picks up the clothes and shoes from the table, turning to offer them to Sherlock.

His brother gazes at them uninterestedly. Mycroft sighs.)

MYCROFT:

We are in Buckingham Palace, the very heart of the British nation. *(Sternly)* Sherlock Holmes, put your trousers on.

SHERLOCK:

(shrugging)

What for?

MYCROFT:

Your client.

SHERLOCK:

(standing up)

And my client is?

EQUERRY:

Illustrious ...

(Sherlock turns to look at the man who has just walked into the room.)

EQUERRY:

... in the extreme.

(John stands up respectfully.)

EQUERRY:

And remaining - I have to inform you - entirely anonymous.

(He looks across to Mycroft.)

EQUERRY:

Mycroft!

MYCROFT:

Harry.

(Smiling, he walks over and shakes the equerry's hand.)

MYCROFT:

May I just apologise for the state of my little brother?

EQUERRY:

Full-time occupation, I imagine.

(Sherlock scowls.)

EQUERRY:

And this must be Doctor John Watson, formerly of the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers.

JOHN:

Hello, yes.

(They shake hands.)

EQUERRY:

My employer is a tremendous fan of your blog.

JOHN:

(looking startled)

Your employer?

EQUERRY:

Particularly enjoyed the one about the aluminium crutch.

JOHN:

Thank you!

(He looks round at Sherlock, clearing his throat smugly.)

EQUERRY:

(walking closer to Sherlock)

And Mr Holmes the younger. You look taller in your photographs.

SHERLOCK:

I take the precaution of a good coat and a short friend.

(He walks abruptly past John, forcing him to step back, and approaches his brother.)

SHERLOCK:

Mycroft, I don't do anonymous clients. I'm used to mystery at *one* end of my cases. Both ends is too much work.

(He looks round to the equerry.)

SHERLOCK:

Good morning.

(He starts to walk out of the room but Mycroft steps onto the trailing edge of the sheet behind him. Sherlock's impetus carries him forward while pulling the sheet off his body. He stops and grabs

at it before he's completely naked and tries to tug
it back around himself, looking furious.)

MYCROFT:

This is a matter of national importance. Grow up.

(With his back still turned to his brother,
Sherlock speaks through gritted teeth.)

SHERLOCK:

Get off my sheet!

MYCROFT:

Or what?

SHERLOCK:

Or I'll just walk away.

MYCROFT:

I'll let you.

JOHN:

Boys, please. Not here.

SHERLOCK:

(almost incandescent with rage)

Who. Is. My. *Client*?

MYCROFT:

Take a look at where you're standing and make a
deduction. You are to be engaged by the highest in
the land. Now *for God's sake* ...

(He breaks off and glances at the equerry briefly,
trying to get his anger under control before he
turns back to his brother again.)

MYCROFT:

(exasperated)

... put your clothes on!

(Sherlock closes his eyes furiously, then pulls in
a sharp breath.)

Some time later, Sherlock has dressed and is sitting on the sofa beside John. Mycroft and the equerry sit on the opposite sofa. Mycroft is pouring tea from a teapot. Following the old-fashioned superstition that only one person in the household - usually the mother of the family - should pour the tea, and so any person pouring tea is "being mother," he looks at the equerry and smiles.

MYCROFT:

I'll be mother.

SHERLOCK:

(pointedly)

And there is a whole childhood in a nutshell.

(Mycroft glowers at him, then puts down the teapot.

The equerry looks at Sherlock.)

EQUERRY:

My employer has a problem.

MYCROFT:

A matter has come to light of an extremely delicate and potentially criminal nature, and in this hour of need, dear brother, your name has arisen.

SHERLOCK:

Why? You have a police force of sorts, even a marginally Secret Service. Why come to me?

EQUERRY:

People do come to you for help, don't they, Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK:

Not, to date, anyone with a Navy.

MYCROFT:

This is a matter of the highest security, and therefore of trust.

JOHN:

You don't trust your own Secret Service?

MYCROFT:

Naturally not. They all spy on people for money.

(John bites back a smile.)

EQUERRY:

I do think we have a timetable.

MYCROFT:

Yes, of course. Um ...

(He opens his briefcase, takes out a glossy photograph and hands it to Sherlock who looks at the picture of Irene Adler.)

MYCROFT:

What do you know about this woman?

SHERLOCK:

Nothing whatsoever.

MYCROFT:

Then you should be paying more attention.

(As he continues to speak, we switch between the palace and footage of Irene who is being driven through London. Her phone trills a text alert and

she looks at the message which reads "I'm sending
you a treat".)

MYCROFT:

She's been at the centre of two political scandals in the last year, and recently ended the marriage of a prominent novelist by having an affair with both participants separately.

SHERLOCK:

You know I don't concern myself with trivia. Who is she?

MYCROFT:

Irene Adler, professionally known as The Woman.

(Arriving at an elegant house in London, Irene's female chauffeur opens the car door for her and then precedes her into the house. Irene's phone shows that it is downloading an image as she walks indoors.)

JOHN:

Professionally?

MYCROFT:

There are many names for what she does. She prefers 'dominatrix.'

SHERLOCK:

(thoughtfully)

Dominatrix.

MYCROFT:

Don't be alarmed. It's to do with sex.

SHERLOCK:

Sex doesn't alarm me.

MYCROFT:

(smiling snidely at him)

How would you know?

(Sherlock raises his head and stares at his brother.)

MYCROFT:

She provides - shall we say - recreational scolding for those who enjoy that sort of thing and are prepared to pay for it. *(He takes more photographs from his briefcase and hands them to Sherlock.)* These are all from her website.

(Sherlock takes the photographs and leafs through them. They are professional-looking publicity shots for her 'services' and show Irene at her glamorous and sexy best. At the same time, walking up the stairs at her house, Irene looks down at her phone and flicks through shots which someone has taken of Sherlock wrapped in his sheet as he left 221B and got into Plummer's car.)

SHERLOCK:

And I assume this Adler woman has some compromising photographs.

EQUERRY:

You're very quick, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK:

Hardly a difficult deduction. Photographs of whom?

EQUERRY:

A person of significance to my employer. We'd prefer not to say any more at this time.

(Glaring angrily at him, Sherlock puts the photographs down on the table.)

JOHN:

You can't tell us anything?

MYCROFT:

I can tell you it's a young person.

(John drinks from his teacup.)

MYCROFT:

A young *female* person.

(John's eyes widen. Sherlock smirks.)

SHERLOCK:

How many photographs?

MYCROFT:

A considerable number, apparently.

SHERLOCK:

Do Miss Adler and this young female person appear in these photographs together?

MYCROFT:

Yes, they do.

SHERLOCK:

And I assume in a number of compromising scenarios.

MYCROFT:

An imaginative range, we are assured.

(Without looking round at him, Sherlock realises that John is staring blankly at Mycroft with his teacup still half raised.)

SHERLOCK:

John, you might want to put that cup back in your saucer now.

(John quickly does as advised.)

EQUERRY:

Can you help us, Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK:

How?

EQUERRY:

Will you take the case?

SHERLOCK:

What case? Pay her, now and in full. As Miss Adler remarks in her masthead, "Know when you are beaten."

(He turns and reaches for his overcoat which is draped on the back of the sofa.)

MYCROFT:

She doesn't want anything.

(Sherlock turns back towards him.)

MYCROFT:

She got in touch, she informed us that the photographs existed, she indicated that she had no intention to use them to extort either money or favour.

SHERLOCK:

(finally interested for the first time)

Oh, a power play. A power play with the most powerful family in Britain. Now that *is* a dominatrix. Ooh, this is getting rather fun, isn't it?

JOHN:

Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK:

Hmm.

(He turns around and reaches for his coat again.)

SHERLOCK:

Where is she?

MYCROFT:

Uh, in London currently. She's staying ...

(Not waiting for him to finish, Sherlock picks up his coat, stands and starts to walk away.)

SHERLOCK:

Text me the details. I'll be in touch by the end of the day.

(The other three men get to their feet.)

EQUERRY:

Do you really think you'll have news by then?

SHERLOCK:

(turning back to him)

No, I think I'll have the photographs.

EQUERRY:

One can only hope you're as good as you seem to think.

(Sherlock looks at him sharply, apparently indignant that he should doubt him. We see a stream of deductions as Sherlock glances down his body.

Dog Lover

Public School

Horse Rider

Early Riser

Left Side Of Bed

Sherlock's eyes begin to rise up the man's body again as his deductions continue.

Non-Smoker

Father Half Welsh

Keen Reader

Tea Drinker

(Sherlock looks across to Mycroft.)

SHERLOCK:

I'll need some equipment, of course.

MYCROFT:

Anything you require. I'll have it sent to ...

SHERLOCK:

(interrupting)

Can I have a box of matches?

(He's looking at the equerry as he speaks.)

EQUERRY:

I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK:

Or your cigarette lighter. Either will do.

(He holds out his hand expectantly.)

EQUERRY:

I don't smoke.

SHERLOCK:

No, I know you don't, but your employer does.

(After a pause during which John frowns in puzzlement, the equerry reaches into his pocket and takes out a lighter which he hands to Sherlock.)

EQUERRY:

We have kept a lot of people successfully in the dark about this little fact, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK:

I'm not the Commonwealth.

(Taking the lighter and putting it into his trouser pocket, he turns away.)

JOHN:

(to the equerry)

And that's as modest as he gets. Pleasure to meet you.

(He follows after Sherlock as he strolls out of the room.)

SHERLOCK:

(in an Estuary English accent, not sounding the 't' in the word)

Later!

(John throws an apologetic glance over his shoulder as they leave.)

Not long afterwards, the boys are in a taxi.

JOHN:

Okay, the smoking. How did you know?

(Sherlock smiles briefly, then shakes his head.)

SHERLOCK:

The evidence was right under your nose, John. As ever, you see but do not observe.

JOHN:

Observe what?

(Sherlock reaches into his coat.)

SHERLOCK:

The ashtray.

(He pulls out a glass ashtray. John laughs with delight as Sherlock tosses the ashtray into the air, catches it and tucks it back into his coat, chuckling. They are both unaware that someone - presumably in a car driving alongside theirs - is photographing them.)

(Some time later, the photos have been sent to Irene's phone. Sitting on the side of her bed, she looks through them, smiling, then calls out.)

IRENE:

Kate!

(Kate, the woman who drove her earlier, comes into the room.)

IRENE:

We're going to have a visitor. I'll need a bit of time to get ready.

(She walks over to her dressing table while Kate bends down to pick up a discarded stocking from the floor.)

KATE:

A long time?

IRENE:

Ages!

Later, wearing a see-through negligee over her knickers and stockings, Irene opens the doors to her enormous walk-in wardrobe and walks inside, running her fingers along her outfits as she decides what to wear.

At 221B, John is sitting at the table in the kitchen while Sherlock hurls clothes around his bedroom. With the door open, the noise is distracting and finally John looks up from what he's reading.

JOHN:

What are you doing?

SHERLOCK:

Going into battle, John. I need the right armour.

(He walks into view, wearing a large yellow hi-vis jacket.)

SHERLOCK:

No.

(He rips it off again.)

At her house, Irene is looking at herself in a full-length mirror, turning side-on to look at the glittery dark purple cocktail dress she's wearing.

IRENE:

Nah.

KATE:

(leaning against the door jamb)

Works for me.

IRENE:

Everything works on you.

TAXI. Sherlock and John are on the move. Sherlock is wearing his usual coat and scarf.

JOHN:

So, what's the plan?

SHERLOCK:

We know her address.

JOHN:

What, just ring her doorbell?

SHERLOCK:

Exactly.

(He calls out to the cab driver.)

SHERLOCK:

Just here, please.

JOHN:

You didn't even change your clothes.

SHERLOCK:

Then it's time to add a splash of colour.

At her house, Irene is doing the same thing as Kate carefully applies make-up to her eyes.

Nearby, the boys have got out of the taxi and Sherlock leads John down a narrow street, pulling his scarf off as he goes. Eventually he stops and turns around to face John.

JOHN:

Are we here?

SHERLOCK:

Two streets away, but this'll do.

JOHN:

For what?

SHERLOCK:

(gesturing to his own left cheek)

Punch me in the face.

Kate runs her thumb over Irene's mouth, wondering what colour lipstick to apply.

KATE:

Shade?

(Irene smiles.)

IRENE:

Blood.

JOHN:

Punch you?

SHERLOCK:

Yes. Punch me, in the face. *(He gestures to his left cheek again.)* Didn't you hear me?

JOHN:

I *always* hear 'punch me in the face' when you're speaking, but it's usually sub-text.

SHERLOCK:

(exasperated)

Oh, for God's sakes.

(He punches John in the face. As John grunts in pain and reels from the blow, Sherlock shakes out his hand and then blows out a breath, bracing himself. John straightens up and immediately punches Sherlock. However, despite his anger - and his left-handedness - he does so right-handed and therefore strikes him on the left cheek just as Sherlock had indicated.)

JOHN:

Ow!

(Turning away as Sherlock picks himself up, he flexes his hand painfully and examines his knuckles. Sherlock finally straightens up, holding his fingers to the cut on his cheek.)

SHERLOCK:

Thank you. That was - that was ...

(Still fighting right-handed, John punches him in the stomach, sending him crashing to the ground.)

Slowly Kate paints blood-red lipstick onto Irene's mouth.

In the street, Sherlock is doubled over with John on his back half-strangling him. John's face is contorted with pent-up anger and frustration, and Sherlock is struggling to pull his hands off him.

SHERLOCK:

(half-choking)

Okay! I think we're done now, John.

JOHN:

(savagely)

You wanna remember, Sherlock: I was a soldier. I killed people.

SHERLOCK:

You were a doctor!

JOHN:

I had bad days!

Kate finishes painting Irene's lips.

KATE:

What are you gonna wear?

IRENE:

My battle dress.

KATE:

Ooh! Lucky boy!

(Downstairs, the intercom buzzes. Kate goes downstairs and activates it, looking at the camera footage from the front door.)

KATE:

(into intercom)

Hello?

(Sherlock stares into the camera wide-eyed and flustered. He talks in an anxious, tearful, posh voice and keeps looking around behind him as he speaks.)

SHERLOCK:

Ooh! Um, sorry to disturb you. Um, I've just been attacked, um, and, um, I think they ... they took my wallet and, um, and my phone. Umm, please could you help me?

(Kate has been holding back her laughter while listening to him.)

KATE:

I can phone the police if you want.

SHERLOCK:

(tearfully)

Thank you, thank you! Could you, please?

(He takes a step back and the camera now shows that his shirt is buttoned right up to the top and there is a piece of white plastic under the collar which makes him look like he is wearing the 'dog collar' of a vicar.)

SHERLOCK:

Oh, would you ... would you mind if I just waited here, just until they come? Thank you. Thank you so much.

(Holding a handkerchief to his cheek, he starts to grizzle pathetically. Grinning, Kate buzzes him in. Sherlock comes in, followed by John.)

SHERLOCK:

(still in character)

Thank you. (*He briefly looks around the large entrance hall.*) Er, ooh!

JOHN:

(closing the door)

I - I saw it all happen. It's okay, I'm a doctor.

(Kate nods.)

JOHN:

Now, have you got a first aid kit?

KATE:

In the kitchen.

(She gestures for Sherlock to go into the front room.)

KATE:

Please.

SHERLOCK:

Oh! Thank you!

JOHN:

Thank you.

(He follows Kate towards the kitchen.)

Very shortly afterwards Sherlock has taken off his coat and is sitting on a sofa in the elegant sitting room and looking around. Hearing footsteps approaching, he sits up a little and holds his handkerchief to his cheek.

IRENE:

(offscreen)

Hello. Sorry to hear that you've been hurt. I don't think Kate caught your name.

SHERLOCK:

(in his posh tremulous voice)

I'm so sorry. I'm ...

(He turns and looks at Irene as she walks into view and stops at the doorway. His voice fails him when he realises that, with the exception of high-heeled shoes, she is stark naked. His jaw drops a little.)

IRENE:

Oh, it's always hard to remember an alias when you've had a fright, isn't it?

(She walks into the room and stands directly in front of him, straddling his legs and half-kneeling on the sofa, then reaches forward and pulls the white dog collar from his shirt collar.)

IRENE:

There now - we're *both* defrocked ...

(She smiles down at him.)

IRENE:

... Mr Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK:

(in his normal voice)

Miss Adler, I presume.

IRENE:

(gazing down at his face)

Look at those cheekbones. I could cut myself slapping that face. Would you like me to try?

(Narrowing her eyes, she lifts the dog collar to her mouth and bites down onto the edge of it. As Sherlock stares up at her in confusion, John walks into the room carrying a bowl of water and a fabric napkin. His eyes are lowered to the bowl to avoid spilling its contents.)

JOHN:

Right, this should do it.

(He stops dead in the doorway as he lifts his eyes and sees the scene in front of him. Irene looks

round to him, the dog collar still in her teeth.
John looks at her awkwardly, then down at the bowl
before looking up again.)

JOHN:

I've missed something, haven't I?

(Irene takes the collar from her teeth.)

IRENE:

Please, sit down.

(She steps back from Sherlock, who fidgets
uncomfortably on the sofa as she walks away.)

IRENE:

Oh, if you'd like some tea I can call the maid.

SHERLOCK:

I had some at the Palace.

IRENE:

I know.

(She sits down in a nearby armchair and crosses her
legs, folding her arms gracefully to obscure the
view of her chest.)

SHERLOCK:

Clearly.

(They stare silently at each other for several
seconds, weighing each other up. John looks at them
awkwardly.)

JOHN:

I had a tea, too, at the Palace, if anyone's
interested.

(Sherlock's eyes are still fixed on Irene while he
attempts to make as many deductions about her as he
can. His final analysis is as follows:

???????

Bewildered, he turns and looks at John and starts
to analyse him:

Looking at his neckline: Two Day Shirt

Looking at his lower face: Electric not blade

Looking at the bottom of his jeans and his shoes:

Date tonight

John frowns as Sherlock continues to gaze at him.

Looking at John's right eyebrow: Hasn't phoned
sister

Looking at John's lower lip: New toothbrush
Looking just underneath his eyes: Night out with
Stamford

Relieved that he hasn't had a brain embolism, he
slowly turns his head and looks at Irene again.

Narrowing his eyes slightly, he applies all his
deductive reasoning as she smiles confidently back
at him, and he quickly comes to the following

conclusion:

???????

He frowns.)

IRENE:

D'you know the big problem with a disguise, Mr Holmes?

(He quirks an eyebrow at her.)

IRENE:

However hard you try, it's always a self-portrait.

SHERLOCK:

You think I'm a vicar with a bleeding face?

IRENE:

No, I think you're damaged, delusional and believe in
a higher power. In your case, it's yourself.

(Apparently fed up with the tightness of his shirt,

Sherlock starts unbuttoning the top two buttons.

Irene leans forward.)

IRENE:

Oh, and *somebody* loves you. Why, if *I* had to punch
that face, I'd avoid your nose and teeth too.

(She glances across to John momentarily. John

forces a laugh.)

JOHN:

Could you put something on, please? Er, anything at
all. (*He looks down at what he's holding.*) A napkin.

IRENE:

Why? Are you feeling exposed?

SHERLOCK:

(standing up)

I don't think John knows where to look.

(He clicks the 'k' on the last word. Your

transcriber, who totally loves a Sherlockian 'k'-

click, giggles inanely. Sherlock picks up his coat,

shakes it out and holds it out towards Irene.

Ignoring him for the moment, she stands up and walks closer to John, who rolls his head on his neck uncomfortably and forces himself to maintain eye contact with her and not to let his eyes wander lower.)

IRENE:

No, I think he knows *exactly* where.

(She turns to Sherlock who is still holding out the coat while steadfastly keeping his gaze averted.)

IRENE:

(taking the coat from him)

I'm not sure about *you*.

SHERLOCK:

If I wanted to look at naked women I'd borrow John's laptop.

JOHN:

You *do* borrow my laptop.

SHERLOCK:

I confiscate it.

(He walks over to the fireplace opposite the sofa.)

IRENE:

(putting on the coat and wrapping it around her)

Well, never mind. We've got better things to talk about. Now tell me - I need to know.

(She walks over to the sofa and sits down.)

IRENE:

How was it done?

SHERLOCK:

What?

IRENE:

(taking off her shoes)

The hiker with the bashed-in head. How was he killed?

(The boys look confused.)

SHERLOCK:

That's not why I'm here.

IRENE:

No, no, no, you're here for the photographs but that's never gonna happen, and since we're here just chatting anyway ...

JOHN:

That story's not been on the news yet. How do you know about it?

IRENE:

I know one of the policemen. Well, I know what he *likes*.

JOHN:

Oh. (*He sits down beside her.*) And you like policemen?

IRENE:

I like detective stories - *and* detectives. Brainy's the new sexy.

SHERLOCK:

(incoherently)

Positionofthecar ...

(John and Irene stare at him while he quickly pulls himself together.)

SHERLOCK:

(starting to pace slowly)

Er, the position of the car relative to the hiker at the time of the backfire. That and the fact that the death blow was to the back of the head. That's all you need to know.

IRENE:

Okay, tell me: how was he murdered?

SHERLOCK:

He wasn't.

IRENE:

You don't think it was murder?

SHERLOCK:

I *know* it wasn't.

IRENE:

How?

SHERLOCK:

The same way that I know the victim was an excellent sportsman recently returned from foreign travel and that the photographs I'm looking for are in this room.

IRENE:

Okay, but how?

SHERLOCK:

So they *are* in this room. Thank you. John, man the door. Let no-one in.

(The two of them exchange a significant look, then John gets up and puts the bowl and napkin on a table before leaving the room and closing the door behind him. In the hallway he looks around, then picks up a magazine from a nearby table and rolls it up. Back in the sitting room, Irene sits up straighter, looking suspiciously at the closed door.)

SHERLOCK:

(starting to pace again)

Two men alone in the countryside several yards apart, and one car.

IRENE:

Oh. I - I thought you were looking for the photos now.

SHERLOCK:

No, no. Looking takes ages. I'm just going to find them but you're moderately clever and we've got a moment, so let's pass the time.

(He stops and turns to her.)

SHERLOCK:

Two men, a car, and nobody else.

(He squats down and suddenly it's as if he is at the crime scene, squatting down next to the driver's door of Phil's car. Inside, frozen in time, Phil's face is screwed up with rage while his hands are raised, about to slam down angrily onto the steering wheel.)

SHERLOCK:

The driver's trying to fix his engine. Getting nowhere.

(Straightening up, he turns and looks into the field.)

SHERLOCK:

And the hiker's taking a moment, looking at the sky.

(Now he's down in the field, walking around the hiker who is also frozen in time.)

SHERLOCK:

Watching the birds?

(He looks doubtful.)

SHERLOCK:

Any moment now, something's gonna happen. What?

(Nearby, Irene is sitting on her sofa which has mysteriously appeared in the field near the hiker.)

IRENE:

The hiker's going to die.

SHERLOCK:

No, that's the result. What's going to *happen*?

IRENE:

I don't understand.

SHERLOCK:

Oh, well, try to.

IRENE:

Why?

SHERLOCK:

Because you cater to the whims of the pathetic and take your clothes off to make an impression. Stop boring me and think. (*Sarcastically*) It's the new sexy.

IRENE:

The car's going to backfire.

SHERLOCK:

There's going to be a loud noise.

IRENE:

So, what?

SHERLOCK:

Oh, noises are important. Noises can tell you everything. For instance...

(Back in the sitting room - which they obviously never really left - he pauses dramatically and a moment later a smoke alarm starts to beep insistently from the hall. Out in the hall, John had set light to the end of the rolled-up magazine, blown it mostly out again and allowed the smoke to drift upwards. Now he waves his hand over the magazine and blows on it to try to put it out completely. In the sitting room, Irene turns and looks at the large mirror over the fireplace. Sherlock turns his head and follows her gaze.)

SHERLOCK:

Thank you. On hearing a smoke alarm, a mother would look towards her child. Amazing how fire exposes our priorities.

(He walks over to the fireplace and begins running his fingers underneath the mantelpiece. Finding a

switch under there, he presses it and the mirror slides upwards, revealing a small wall safe behind it. Sherlock turns and looks at Irene as she stands up.)

SHERLOCK:

Really hope you don't have a baby in here.

(He calls out.)

SHERLOCK:

All right, John, you can turn it off now.

(In the hall, John is still trying to put out the smouldering magazine.)

SHERLOCK:

(loudly)

I said you can turn it off now.

JOHN:

Give me a minute.

(He starts thwacking the end of the magazine on the table, grimacing when sparks fly up from the paper, but then looks round as three men run down the stairs. The first one raises an enormous pistol - the silencer of which is so long that he must be compensating for some other shortcoming - and fires it up at the smoke alarm, shattering it. The beeping stops. One of the other men hurries towards John, aiming his pistol at him and John instantly raises his hands, looking at the first man as he walks over and stops in front of him.)

JOHN:

Thank you.

(In the sitting room Sherlock is looking closely at the number pad on the front of the safe.)

SHERLOCK:

Hmm. Should always use gloves with these things, you know. Heaviest oil deposit's always on the first key used - that's quite clearly the three - but after that the sequence is almost impossible to read. I'd say from the make that it's a six digit code. Can't be your birthday - no disrespect but clearly you were born in the eighties; the eight's barely used, so ...

IRENE:

I'd tell you the code right now but you know what? I already have.

(Sherlock frowns at her.)

IRENE:

Think.

(The door bursts open and the leader of the group, Neilson, comes in and aims his pistol at Sherlock.)

NEILSON:

Hands behind your head. *(To Irene)* On the floor. Keep it still.

(A second man goes over to Irene and walks her nearer to John who is being bundled in by a third man.)

JOHN:

Sorry, Sherlock.

(As Sherlock raises his hands, Neilson looks round at Irene.)

NEILSON:

Ms Adler, on the floor.

(His colleague shoves her to her knees beside John who has also been pushed to his knees and is doubled over with his hands behind his head and a pistol pointed to the back of his neck.)

SHERLOCK:

Don't you want me on the floor too?

NEILSON:

No, sir, I want you to open the safe.

SHERLOCK:

(clocking his accent)

American. Interesting. Why would *you* care?

(He glances across at Irene as she puts her hands behind her head.)

NEILSON:

Sir, the safe, *now*, please.

SHERLOCK:

I don't know the code.

NEILSON:

We've been listening. She said she told you.

SHERLOCK:

Well, if you'd been listening, you'd know she *didn't*.

NEILSON:

I'm assuming I missed something. From your reputation, I'm assuming you *didn't*, Mr Holmes.

JOHN:

For God's sake. *She's* the one who knows the code. Ask her.

NEILSON:

Yes, sir. She also knows the code that automatically calls the police and sets off the burglar alarm. I've learned not to trust this woman.

IRENE:

Mr Holmes doesn't ...

NEILSON:

Shut up. One more word out of you - just one - and I will decorate that wall with the insides of your head. That, for me, will not be a hardship.

(Sherlock glares at him ferociously.)

NEILSON:

Mr Archer. At the count of three, shoot Doctor Watson.

JOHN:

What?

SHERLOCK:

I don't have the code.

(John cowers down as Archer presses the muzzle of his pistol into the back of his neck and cocks the gun.)

NEILSON:

One.

SHERLOCK:

(emphatically)

I don't know the code.

NEILSON:

Two.

SHERLOCK:

She didn't tell me. (*Raising his voice*) I don't know it!

NEILSON:

I'm prepared to believe you any second now.

(Sherlock looks across to Irene who lowers her gaze pointedly downwards.)

NEILSON:

Three.

SHERLOCK:

No, stop!

(Neilson holds up his free hand to stop Archer.

John closes his eyes. Sherlock's gaze becomes distant while his mind works frantically, then he slowly turns towards the safe and lowers his hands.

As Neilson watches him closely, he slowly reaches out a finger towards the keypad and punches the '3' and then the '2'. Hesitating for a moment, he then punches '2' and '4'. Pausing again, he hits '3' and '4'. The safe beeps and noisily unlocks. Irene smiles in satisfaction as Sherlock sighs and closes his eyes briefly. John sags lower on his knees and shuts his own eyes again.)

NEILSON:

Thank you, Mr Holmes. Open it, please.

(Twisting the button that will open the door, Sherlock looks across to Irene again who lowers her gaze to the floor and makes a tiny jerk with her head. He turns back to the safe.)

SHERLOCK:

(urgently)

Vatican cameos.

(Instantly John throws himself to the floor. At the same moment Sherlock pulls open the door of the safe while ducking down below the fireplace. Inside the safe, a tripwire attached to the door tugs on the trigger of a pistol with an equally long and over-compensatory silencer which is aimed straight out of the safe. The gun fires and Archer - who happened to be standing directly in front of it - is shot in the chest. Rapidly turning and straightening up, Sherlock grabs for Neilson's pistol and Irene spins around on her knees and savagely elbows her guard in the groin. Pulling the pistol from Neilson's grip, Sherlock holds the silencer end and smashes the butt across his face and Neilson drops to the floor unconscious. As Irene's guard crumples under her blow, she grapples for his pistol and is on her feet and aiming it

down at him while he's still falling. Sherlock
turns to her.)

SHERLOCK:

D'you mind?

IRENE:

Not at all.

(As her guard tries to get up, she slams the gun across his face and knocks him unconscious. While she's distracted, Sherlock reaches into the safe and takes something out of it. Nearby, John has checked Archer over and now stands up.)

JOHN:

He's dead.

IRENE:

(to Sherlock, continuing to aim her pistol down at her guard)

Thank you. You were very observant.

JOHN:

Observant?

IRENE:

I'm flattered.

SHERLOCK:

Don't be.

JOHN:

Flattered?

SHERLOCK:

There'll be more of them. They'll be keeping a eye on the building.

(Still holding Neilson's pistol but having removed the silencer [obviously because he doesn't need to over-compensate ...], he hurries out of the room. John tucks Archer's gun into the back of his jeans and follows him. Irene goes over to the safe and stares into it wide-eyed. Sherlock trots out onto the street with John behind him.)

JOHN:

We should call the police.

SHERLOCK:

Yes.

(Pointing the pistol into the air, he fires it five times. Nearby, tyres screech.)

SHERLOCK:

On their way.

(He turns and trots back into the house.)

JOHN:

For God's sake!

SHERLOCK:

Oh shut up. It's quick.

(He goes back into the sitting room. Irene turns
around from the safe to face him.)

SHERLOCK:

(to John)

Check the rest of the house. See how they got in.

(John heads off and Sherlock takes the item which
he just stole from the safe out of his pocket and
flips it nonchalantly into the air before catching
it again.)

SHERLOCK:

Well, that's the knighthood in the bag.

IRENE:

Ah. And that's mine.

(She holds out her hand. Ignoring her, Sherlock
switches on the security lock on the phone he's
holding. It requires four letters or numbers to
activate it and it has "I AM" above the four spaces
and "LOCKED" below them.)

SHERLOCK:

All the photographs are on here, I presume.

IRENE:

I have copies, of course.

SHERLOCK:

No you don't. You'll have permanently disabled any
kind of uplink or connection. Unless the contents of
this phone are provably unique, you wouldn't be able
to sell them.

IRENE:

(lowering her hand)

Who said I'm selling?

SHERLOCK:

(looking at the dead and unconscious bodies lying on
the floor)

Well, why would *they* be interested? Whatever's on the phone, it's clearly not just photographs.

IRENE:

That camera phone is my life, Mr Holmes. I'd die before I let you take it. *(She walks closer and holds her hand out again.)* It's my protection.

JOHN:

(calling out)

Sherlock!

SHERLOCK:

(pulling the phone back and looking at Irene pointedly)

It *was*.

(He turns and leaves the room. She chases after him.)

Upstairs in the bedroom, John is kneeling over the silent figure of Kate lying on the floor. Putting his ear to her mouth to check her breathing, he straightens up and takes her pulse. Standing up, he goes into the en suite bathroom and looks at the open window in there. Sherlock, followed by Irene, comes into the bedroom as John comes out of the bathroom.)

JOHN:

Must have come in this way.

SHERLOCK:

Clearly.

(He goes into the bathroom to look out of the window. Irene walks anxiously towards Kate.)

JOHN:

It's all right. She's just out cold.

IRENE:

Well, God knows she's used to that. There's a back door. Better check it, Doctor Watson.

(Sherlock has come out of the bathroom and nods to him.)

JOHN:

Sure.

(He leaves the room. Irene goes over to the dressing table, opens a drawer and covertly takes a

syringe out of it. Sherlock is looking at the
camera phone and doesn't notice.)

SHERLOCK:

You're very calm.

(She looks round at him blankly.)

SHERLOCK:

Well, your booby trap did just kill a man.

IRENE:

He would have killed me. It was self defence in
advance.

(Walking across to Sherlock, she strokes her hand
down his left arm. As he looks down at her hand she
steps around behind him and stabs the syringe into
his right arm before pulling it out again. He gasps
and spins around, trying to grab at his arm.)

SHERLOCK:

What? What is that? What ...?

(As his face turns towards her again, she slaps him
hard. He stumbles and falls to the floor. She holds
out her hand to him.)

IRENE:

Give it to me. Now. Give it to me.

(Sherlock's vision is going fuzzy. Grunting, he
tries to get back to his feet.)

SHERLOCK:

No.

IRENE:

Give it to me.

(Starting to lose control of his muscles, Sherlock
slumps to his hands and knees, still holding onto
the phone.)

SHERLOCK:

No.

IRENE:

Oh, for goodness' sake.

(She picks up her riding crop from the dressing
table and wields it at him.)

IRENE:

Drop it.

(Sherlock continues trying to struggle to his
feet.)

IRENE:

I ... *(she thrashes him)* ... said ... *(she thrashes him again)* ... drop it.

(She strikes him a third time and he falls to the floor, unintentionally dropping the phone.)

IRENE:

Ah. Thank you, dear.

(As he lies on his back unable to move, she picks up the phone and types on it, standing over Sherlock and looking down at him smugly.)

IRENE:

Now tell that sweet little posh thing the pictures are safe with me. They're not for blackmail, just for insurance.

(She puts the phone into the pocket of Sherlock's coat which she's still wearing.)

IRENE:

Besides, I might want to see her again.

(Grunting, Sherlock tries to get up. Irene presses him back down to the floor with one foot and the end of her crop.)

IRENE:

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. It's been a pleasure. Don't spoil it.

(She gently strokes the end of the crop against his face.)

IRENE:

This is how I want you to remember me. The woman who beat you.

(Sherlock's vision becomes more fuzzy.)

IRENE:

Goodnight, Mr Sherlock Holmes.

(She heads for the bathroom just as John walks back into the bedroom.)

JOHN:

Jesus. What are you doing?

IRENE:

He'll sleep for a few hours. Make sure he doesn't choke on his own vomit. It makes for a very unattractive corpse.

(She sits on the windowsill in the bathroom, puts her feet up on the edge of the bath and takes hold of a cord hanging from the ledge.)

JOHN:

(picking up the syringe lying on the floor)
What's this? What have you given him? Sherlock!

IRENE:

He'll be fine. I've used it on loads of my friends.

JOHN:

(kneeling and looking down at his flatmate)
Sherlock, can you hear me?

IRENE:

You know, I was wrong about him. He *did* know where to look.

JOHN:

(standing up again and turning to her)
For what? What are you talking about?

IRENE:

The key code to my safe.

JOHN:

What was it?

(She looks down to Sherlock who is gazing at her barely conscious but still trying in vain to get up.)

IRENE:

Shall I tell him?

(John looks down at her for a moment then turns back to Irene just as sirens announce the arrival of the police. Irene smiles at him.)

IRENE:

My measurements.

(And with that she pushes her feet against the edge of the bath and topples backwards out of the window, still holding what looked like a cord but is apparently more like a thin rope. John hurries over to the window and looks out while Sherlock still tries vainly to lift himself up but continues to fall back helplessly.)

(As he lapses into unconsciousness, he finds himself - inside his own mind anyway - back at the crime scene in the country and sitting in the

driver's seat of Phil's car. Irene is standing outside clinging onto the ledge of the rolled-down window and looking in at him urgently.)

IRENE:

Got it!

(Blinking and trying to clear his head, he turns as if to get out of the car but she holds up a finger.)

IRENE:

Oh, shush now. Don't get up. I'll do the talking.

(She goes around to the rear of the car and bends down to look more closely at the exhaust pipe.)

IRENE:

So the car's about to backfire ...

(She stands up again and suddenly she and Sherlock are standing near the hiker in the field while he stands frozen and staring upwards at a forty-five degree angle.)

IRENE:

... and the hiker, he's staring at the sky. Now, you said he could be watching birds but he wasn't, was he?

(She walks around to the front of the hiker, following his gaze. Sherlock follows her.)

IRENE:

He was watching another kind of flying thing. The car backfires and the hiker turns to look ...

(The hiker turns his head to look back towards the car and at the same moment an object flies in so rapidly that we can't see what it is. It strikes him on the back of the head, bounces off and skims quickly away. The man falls backwards and for a brief moment Sherlock is back in Irene's bedroom and falls backwards to the floor. Then he's back at the crime scene and he and Irene look down at the hiker lying on the ground.)

IRENE:

... which was his big mistake.

(She looks towards the road again.)

IRENE:

By the time the driver looks up, the hiker's already dead. What he doesn't see is what killed him because it's already being washed downstream.

(Floating at the edge of the stream is the most unlikely item you'd ever expect to see - a boomerang.)

IRENE:

An accomplished sportsman recently returned from foreign travel with ... a boomerang. You got that from one look? *Definitely* the new sexy.

(She turns and smiles at Sherlock.)

SHERLOCK:

(vaguely)

I ...

(He blinks, looking around in confusion.)

SHERLOCK:

I ...

(Behind him, a bed rises up to meet him. The angle changes and he sinks down onto the bed and a sheet rises up to wrap around him. His eyes close.)

IRENE:

(softly)

Hush now.

(She leans down over him. Sherlock's fuzzy view of her shows that she's no longer in the field but inside a room.)

IRENE:

(softly)

It's okay. I'm only returning your coat.

(She leans closer towards him, then fades out.)

Sherlock jerks back into consciousness and finds himself alone and in bed in his own bedroom, fully clothed and covered with a sheet. He lifts his head.)

SHERLOCK:

John?

(He shakes his head, trying to clear it.)

SHERLOCK:

(louder)

John!

(In the living room, John looks round. Sherlock throws back the sheet and kneels up on the bed, then promptly loses his balance, falls forward and rolls over the foot of the bed and onto the floor. John opens the bedroom door and comes in as he sits up.)

JOHN:

You okay?

SHERLOCK:

How did I get here?

JOHN:

Well, I don't suppose you remember much. You weren't making a lot of sense. Oh, I should warn you: I think Lestrade filmed you on his phone.

SHERLOCK:

(getting to his feet)

Where is she?

JOHN:

Where's who?

SHERLOCK:

The woman. That woman.

JOHN:

What woman?

SHERLOCK:

(stumbling aimlessly around the room)

The woman. The woman woman!

JOHN:

What, Irene Adler? She got away. No-one saw her.

(Sherlock stumbles over to the open window and looks through it.)

JOHN:

She wasn't here, Sherlock.

(Turning around, Sherlock either falls down again or deliberately drops to the floor - it's not clear which. While he's down there he drags himself across the floor and peers under the bed as if looking to see whether Irene is hiding under there, then he squints around as if checking that she's not hidden under or behind the wardrobe.)

JOHN:

What are you ...? What ...? No, no, no, no.

(He hauls Sherlock up and drops him face-down onto
the bed.)

JOHN:

Back to bed. *(He covers him over with the sheet.)*
You'll be fine in the morning. Just sleep.

SHERLOCK:

(blurrily)

Of course I'll be fine. I *am* fine. I'm absolutely
fine.

JOHN:

Yes, you're great. Now I'll be next door if you need
me.

SHERLOCK:

(fuzzily)

Why would I need you?

JOHN:

No reason at all.

*(He walks out of the room shutting the door behind
him. Sherlock's coat is hanging on the back of the
door. A few moments later his pocket lights up as
his phone activates and an orgasmic female sigh
comes from the speaker. Sherlock opens his eyes and
sits up, looking blearily across to his coat.)*

*Frowning at it as if realising that it can only
have been returned by Irene, he gets out of bed and
wobbles across the floor towards it, losing his
balance a couple of times en route but managing to
stay on his feet. Finally he gets to the door and
takes the phone out of his pocket. Bracing himself
against the wall he activates the phone. A new text
message reads:*

Till the next time, Mr. Holmes

*Sherlock peers at it for a long moment and then
looks around suspiciously, totally oblivious to the
fact that the most suspicious thing in the room is
the red kiss-shaped lipstick mark just to the left
of his mouth.)*

NEXT MORNING. Sherlock - now fully recovered - and John are sitting at the
table in the living room. John is eating breakfast while Sherlock is reading
a newspaper. Mycroft stands nearby.

SHERLOCK:

The photographs are perfectly safe.

MYCROFT:

In the hands of a fugitive sex worker.

SHERLOCK:

She's not interested in blackmail. She wants ... protection for some reason. I take it you've stood down the police investigation into the shooting at her house?

MYCROFT:

How can we do anything while she has the photographs? Our hands are tied.

SHERLOCK:

She'd applaud your choice of words.

(John smirks.)

SHERLOCK:

You see how this works: that camera phone is her "Get out of jail free" card. You have to leave her alone. Treat her like royalty, Mycroft.

JOHN:

Though not the way *she* treats royalty.

(He smiles sarcastically at Mycroft, who returns the smile humourlessly. Just then the sound of an orgasmic female sigh fills the room. John and Mycroft frown.)

JOHN:

What was that?

SHERLOCK:

(trying to look nonchalant)

Text.

JOHN:

But what was that noise?

(Sherlock gets up and goes over to pick up his phone from nearby. He looks at the message which reads:

Good morning, Mr. Holmes)

SHERLOCK:

Did you know there were other people after her too, Mycroft, before you sent John and I in there? CIA-trained killers, at an excellent guess.

(He goes back to the table and sits down again as
John looks round at Mycroft.)

JOHN:

Yeah, *thanks* for that, Mycroft.

(Mrs Hudson brings in a plate of breakfast from the
kitchen and puts it down in front of Sherlock.)

MRS HUDSON:

(sternly)

It's a disgrace, sending your little brother into
danger like that. Family is all we have in the end,
Mycroft Holmes.

MYCROFT:

Oh, shut up, Mrs Hudson.

SHERLOCK:

(furiously)

MYCROFT!

JOHN:

(simultaneously and equally furiously)

OI!

(Mycroft looks at the three angry faces glaring at
him, then cringes and looks contritely at Mrs
Hudson.)

MYCROFT:

Apologies.

MRS HUDSON:

Thank you.

SHERLOCK:

Though do, in fact, shut up.

(His phone sighs orgasmically again. Mrs Hudson,
who was going back into the kitchen, turns around.)

MRS HUDSON:

Ooh. It's a bit rude, that noise, isn't it?

(*Sherlock looks at the latest message which reads:*
Feeling better?)

SHERLOCK:

There's nothing you can do and nothing she *will* do as
far as I can see.

MYCROFT:

I can put maximum surveillance on her.

SHERLOCK:

Why bother? You can follow her on Twitter. I believe her user name is "TheWhipHand."

MYCROFT:

Yes. Most amusing.

(His phone rings and he takes it from his pocket.)

MYCROFT:

'Scuse me.

(He walks out into the hall.)

MYCROFT:

(into phone)

Hello.

(Sherlock watches him leave, frowning suspiciously.

John looks at him.)

JOHN:

Why does your phone make that noise?

SHERLOCK:

What noise?

JOHN:

That noise - the one it just made.

SHERLOCK:

It's a text alert. It means I've got a text.

JOHN:

Hmm. Your texts don't usually make that noise.

SHERLOCK:

Well, somebody got hold of the phone and apparently, as a joke, personalised their text alert noise.

JOHN:

Hmm. So every time they text you ...

(Right on cue, the phone sighs orgasmically again.)

SHERLOCK:

It would seem so.

MRS HUDSON:

Could you turn that phone down a bit? At my time of life, it's ...

(The latest text message reads:

I'm fine since you didn't ask

Sherlock puts down the phone again and goes back to

reading the paper which is showing the headline

"Refit for Historical Hospital.")

JOHN:

I'm wondering who could have got hold of your phone, because it would have been in your coat, wouldn't it?

(Sherlock raises his newspaper so that it's obscuring his face.)

SHERLOCK:

I'll leave you to your deductions.

(John smiles.)

JOHN:

I'm not stupid, you know.

SHERLOCK:

Where *do* you get that idea?

(Mycroft comes back into the room, still talking on his phone.)

MYCROFT:

Bond Air is go, that's decided. Check with the Coventry lot. Talk later.

(He hangs up. Sherlock looks at him.)

SHERLOCK:

What else does she have?

(Mycroft looks at him enquiringly.)

SHERLOCK:

Irene Adler. The Americans wouldn't be interested in her for a couple of compromising photographs. There's more.

(He stands up and faces his brother.)

SHERLOCK:

Much more.

(Mycroft looks at him stony-faced. Sherlock walks closer to him.)

SHERLOCK:

Something big's coming, isn't it?

MYCROFT:

Irene Adler is no longer any concern of yours. From now on you will stay out of this.

SHERLOCK:

(locking eyes with him)

Oh, *will* I?

MYCROFT:

Yes, Sherlock, you *will*.

(Sherlock shrugs and turns away.)

MYCROFT:

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a long and arduous apology to make to a very old friend.

SHERLOCK:

(picking up his violin)

Do give her my love.

(He begins to play the National Anthem, "God Save The Queen." Mycroft rolls his eyes, turns and leaves the room, Sherlock following along behind him while John grins. As Mycroft hurries down the stairs, Sherlock turns back and walks over to the window, still playing.)

Time passes and now it's Christmas. Fairy lights are strung up around the window frame of the flat and it's snowing outside. Inside, the living room is festooned with Christmas decorations and cards, and Sherlock is walking around playing "We Wish You a Merry Christmas" on his violin. Mrs Hudson is sitting in his chair with a glass in her hand, watching him happily. Lestrade is standing at the entrance to the kitchen holding a wine glass, and John - wearing a very snazzy Christmassy jumper - walks across the room with a cup and saucer in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other. As Sherlock finishes the tune with a fancy flourish, Lestrade whistles in appreciation.

MRS HUDSON:

Lovely! Sherlock, that was lovely!

JOHN:

Marvellous!

(Sherlock sketches a small bow to his audience. Mrs Hudson, apparently a little bit squiffy, giggles up at him.)

MRS HUDSON:

I wish you could have worn the antlers!

SHERLOCK:

Some things are best left to the imagination, Mrs Hudson.

JOHN:

(handing her a cup of tea, perhaps in an attempt to sober her up)

Mrs H.

(A dark-haired woman in her thirties brings over a tray containing mince pies and slices of cake and offers it to Sherlock.)

SHERLOCK:

(politely)

No thank you, Sarah.

(Her face falls. John hurries over to her and puts his arm around her as she turns away.)

JOHN:

Uh, no, no, no, no, no, no. He's not good with names.

SHERLOCK:

No-no-no, I can get this.

(The woman puts down the tray and straightens up, folding her arms and looking at Sherlock rather grimly.)

SHERLOCK:

No, Sarah was the doctor; and then there was the one with the spots; and then the one with the nose; and then ... who was after the boring teacher?

JEANETTE:

Nobody.

SHERLOCK:

Jeanette! (*He grins falsely at her.*) Ah, process of elimination.

(John awkwardly shepherds Jeanette away. Sherlock looks across to the door as a new arrival comes in.)

SHERLOCK:

Oh, dear Lord.

(Molly Hooper walks in, smiling shyly and carrying two bags which appear to be full of presents.)

MOLLY:

Hello, everyone. Sorry, hello.

(John walks over to greet her, smiling.)

MOLLY:

Er, it said on the door just to come up.

(Everyone greets her cheerfully. Sherlock rolls his eyes.)

SHERLOCK:

Oh, everybody's saying hullo to each other. How wonderful(!)

(Smiling at him nervously, Molly starts to take her coat and scarf off.)

JOHN:

(standing ready to take her coat)

Let me, er ... holy Mary!

(Lestrade gawks in similar appreciation as Molly reveals that she's wearing a very attractive black dress.)

LESTRADE:

Wow!

MOLLY:

Having a Christmas drinkies, then?

SHERLOCK:

(sitting down at the dining table)

No stopping them, apparently.

MRS HUDSON:

It's the one day of the year where the boys have to be nice to me, so it's almost worth it!

(Molly giggles nervously, her eyes still fixed on Sherlock as he starts typing on John's laptop. John brings a chair over for her.)

JOHN:

Have a seat.

SHERLOCK:

John?

JOHN:

Mmm?

(He goes over to see what Sherlock is looking at.

Lestrade touches Molly's arm to get her attention.)

LESTRADE:

Molly? *(She turns to him.)* Want a drink?

(As she accepts his offer, John leans over Sherlock's shoulder to look at the screen.)

SHERLOCK:

The counter on your blog: still says one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

JOHN:

(pulling a mock-angry face)

Ooh, no! Christmas is cancelled!

(Sherlock points to the side bar which has one of the press pictures of him in his deerstalker.)

SHERLOCK:

And you've got a photograph of me wearing that hat!

JOHN:

People like the hat.

SHERLOCK:

No they don't. *What people?*

(He continues looking at the laptop as John walks away. Molly turns to Mrs Hudson.)

MOLLY:

How's the hip?

MRS HUDSON:

Ooh, it's atrocious, but thanks for asking.

MOLLY:

I've seen much worse, but then I do post-mortems.

(An awkward silence falls. Molly looks embarrassed.)

MOLLY:

Oh, God. Sorry.

SHERLOCK:

Don't make jokes, Molly.

MOLLY:

No. Sorry.

(Lestrade hands her a glass of red wine.)

MOLLY:

Thank you. I wasn't expecting to see you. I thought you were gonna be in Dorset for Christmas.

LESTRADE:

That's first thing in the morning, me and the wife. We're back together. It's all sorted.

(He grins at her.)

SHERLOCK:

(without looking up from the computer)

No, she's sleeping with a P.E. teacher.

(Lestrade's smile becomes rather fixed. Molly turns to John who is sitting on the arm of his armchair. Jeanette is sitting in the chair itself.)

MOLLY:

And John. I hear you're off to your sister's, is that right?

JOHN:

Yeah.

MOLLY:

Sherlock was complaining.

(Sherlock raises his eyebrows indignantly. Molly
corrects herself.)

MOLLY:

... saying.

(Nearby, Lestrade has been running Sherlock's
comment through his mind, and his face slowly
becomes a picture of exasperation when he seems to
realise that it's probably true.)

JOHN:

First time ever, she's cleaned up her act. She's off
the booze.

SHERLOCK:

Nope.

JOHN:

Shut up, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK:

I see you've got a new boyfriend, Molly, and you're
serious about him.

MOLLY:

Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK:

In fact, you're seeing him this very night and giving
him a gift.

JOHN:

(quietly, exasperated)

Take a day off.

LESTRADE:

(taking a glass across to the table and putting it
down near Sherlock)

Shut up and have a drink.

SHERLOCK:

Oh, come on. Surely you've all seen the present at
the top of the bag - perfectly wrapped with a bow.
All the others are slapdash at best.

(He stands up and walks towards Molly, looking at
the other presents which aren't so carefully
wrapped.)

SHERLOCK:

It's for someone special, then.

(He picks up the well-wrapped present, looking at
the colour of the paper.)

SHERLOCK:

The shade of red echoes her lipstick - either an unconscious association or one that she's deliberately trying to encourage. Either way, Miss Hooper has lurrve on her mind. The fact that she's serious about him is clear from the fact she's giving him a gift at all.

(John looks anxiously at Molly as she squirms in
front of Sherlock.)

SHERLOCK:

That would suggest long-term hopes, however forlorn; and that she's seeing him tonight is evident from her make-up and what she's wearing.

(Smiling smugly across to John and Jeanette, he starts to turn over the gift tag attached to the present.)

SHERLOCK:

Obviously trying to compensate for the size of her mouth and breasts ...

(He trails off as he looks down at the writing on
the tag. Written in red ink, the greeting reads:

Dearest Sherlock

Love Molly xxx

Sherlock gazes at the words in shock when he
realises the terrible thing that he has just done.

Molly gasps quietly.)

MOLLY:

You always say such horrible things. Every time.
Always. Always.

(As she fights back tears, Sherlock turns to walk
away ... but then stops and turns back to her.)

SHERLOCK:

I am sorry. Forgive me.

(John looks up, startled and amazed at such a human
reaction from his friend. Sherlock steps closer to
Molly.)

SHERLOCK:

(softly)

Merry Christmas, Molly Hooper.

(He leans forward and gently kisses her on the cheek. It's a sweet and beautiful moment, which is instantly ruined by the sound of an orgasmic sigh.

Molly gasps in shock.)

MOLLY:

No! That wasn't ... I - I didn't ...

SHERLOCK:

No, it was me.

LESTRADE:

My God, really?!

MOLLY:

What?!

SHERLOCK:

My *phone*.

(He reaches into his jacket pocket to get the phone. John narrows his eyes.)

JOHN:

Fifty-seven?

SHERLOCK:

Sorry, what?

JOHN:

Fifty-seven of those texts - the ones I've heard.

(Sherlock looks at the message which reads simply:
Mantelpiece)

SHERLOCK:

(walking to the mantelpiece)

Thrilling that you've been counting.

(He picks up a small box wrapped in blood-red paper and tied with black rope-like string. Instantly he flashes back to the colour of Irene's lipstick, which was identical to this paper.)

SHERLOCK:

'Scuse me.

(He walks toward the kitchen.)

JOHN:

What - what's up, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK:

(continuing walking)

I said excuse me.

JOHN:

(calling after him)

D'you ever reply?

(Ignoring him, Sherlock walks into his bedroom, sits on the bed and opens the box. Inside is Irene's camera phone. He takes it out of the box and looks at it closely, then gazes off into the distance thoughtfully.)

(In his own house - or possibly in an official government residence or even just a fancy office - Mycroft is sitting in an armchair by the fireside. His phone rings and he takes it from his jacket, looks at the Caller ID and then, with a look of "Good grief!" on his face, he puts the phone to his ear.)

MYCROFT:

Oh dear Lord. We're not going to have Christmas phone calls now, are we? Have they passed a new law?

SHERLOCK:

I think you're going to find Irene Adler tonight.

(John has come to the door of the bedroom and stands there listening to the conversation.)

MYCROFT:

We already know where she is. As you were kind enough to point out, it hardly matters.

SHERLOCK:

No, I mean you're going to find her dead.

(Hanging up the phone, he stands up and walks towards the bedroom door.)

JOHN:

You okay?

SHERLOCK:

Yes.

(He pushes the door closed, shutting John out. At his place, Mycroft stands at the window and gazes out at the falling snow.)

ST BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL. Sherlock and Mycroft walk along a corridor to the morgue and go through the door. Molly is waiting inside. She has changed into trousers and a Christmassy jumper and is wearing her lab coat open over the top of her clothes. A body is lying on the table covered with a sheet.

MYCROFT:

(to Sherlock)

The only one that fitted the description. Had her brought here - your home from home.

SHERLOCK:

You didn't need to come in, Molly.

MOLLY:

That's okay. Everyone else was busy with ...
Christmas.

(Looking awkward, she gestures to the body.)

MOLLY:

The face is a bit, sort of, bashed up, so it might be
a bit difficult.

(She pulls down the sheet to reveal the face.)

MYCROFT:

That's her, isn't it?

SHERLOCK:

(to Molly)

Show me the rest of her.

(Grimacing, Molly walks along the side of the
table, pulling back the sheet as she goes. Sherlock
looks along the length of the body once, then turns
and starts to walk away.)

SHERLOCK:

That's her.

MYCROFT:

Thank you, Miss Hooper.

MOLLY:

Who is she? How did Sherlock recognise her from ...
not her face?

(Mycroft smiles politely at her, then turns and
follows his brother. He finds him standing in the
corridor outside, looking out of the window.

Walking up behind him, he holds a cigarette over
his shoulder.)

MYCROFT:

Just the one.

SHERLOCK:

Why?

MYCROFT:

Merry Christmas.

(Sherlock takes the cigarette and Mycroft digs into
his coat pocket to find a lighter.)

SHERLOCK:

Smoking indoors - isn't there one of those ... one of those law things?

(Mycroft lights the cigarette for him.)

MYCROFT:

We're in a morgue. There's only so much damage you can do.

(Sherlock inhales deeply and then blows the smoke out again.)

MYCROFT:

How did you know she was dead?

SHERLOCK:

She had an item in her possession, one she said her life depended on. She chose to give it up.

(He takes another drag on his cigarette.)

MYCROFT:

Where is this item now?

(Sherlock looks round at the sound of sobbing. A family of three people is standing on the other side of the doors at the end of the corridor, cuddled together and clearly grieving the death of someone close to them. Sherlock and his brother turn to look at the family.)

SHERLOCK:

Look at them. They all care so much. Do you ever wonder if there's something wrong with us?

MYCROFT:

All lives end. All hearts are broken. *(He looks round at his brother.)* Caring is not an advantage, Sherlock.

(Sherlock blows out another lungful of smoke, then looks down at the cigarette in disgust.)

SHERLOCK:

This is *low* tar.

MYCROFT:

Well, you barely knew her.

SHERLOCK:

Huh!

(He walks away down the corridor.)

SHERLOCK:

Merry Christmas, Mycroft.

MYCROFT:

And a happy New Year.

(As his brother continues down the corridor,
flicking the ash from his cigarette onto the floor,
Mycroft gets out his phone and hits a speed dial.)

MYCROFT:

(into phone)

He's on his way.

(He's talking to John who is still back at the
flat.)

MYCROFT:

Have you found anything?

JOHN:

No. Did he take the cigarette?

MYCROFT:

Yes.

JOHN:

Shit. *(He looks round to Mrs Hudson.)* He's coming.
Ten minutes.

MRS HUDSON:

There's nothing in the bedroom.

JOHN:

(into phone)

Looks like he's clean. We've tried all the usual
places. Are you sure tonight's a danger night?

MYCROFT:

No, but then I never am. You have to stay with him,
John.

JOHN:

I've got plans.

MYCROFT:

No.

(He hangs up.)

JOHN:

Mycroft. M...

(The line goes dead. Chewing the inside of his
mouth, he walks across to where Jeanette is sitting
on the sofa and sits down beside her.)

JOHN:

I am really sorry.

JEANETTE:

You know, my friends are so wrong about you.

JOHN:

Hmm?

JEANETTE:

You're a *great* boyfriend.

JOHN:

(looking a little startled)

Okay, that's good. I mean, I always *thought* I was great.

JEANETTE:

And Sherlock Holmes is a very lucky man.

(John groans.)

JOHN:

Jeanette, please.

JEANETTE:

(bitterly, putting on her shoes)

No, I mean it. It's heart-warming. You'll do anything for him - and he can't even tell your girlfriends apart.

(She stands up and heads for the door. He jumps up and follows her as she puts on her coat.)

JOHN:

No, *I'll* do anything for you. Just tell me what it is I'm not doing. *Tell* me!

JEANETTE:

Don't make me compete with Sherlock Holmes.

JOHN:

I'll walk your dog for you. Hey, I've said it now. I'll even walk your dog ...

JEANETTE:

I don't *have* a dog!

JOHN:

No, because that was ... the last one. Okay.

JEANETTE:

Jesus!

(Picking up her bag, she storms out.)

JOHN:

I'll call you.

JEANETTE:

No!

JOHN:

Okay.

(Exasperated, he turns back into the room as she runs down the stairs. Mrs. Hudson looks at him sympathetically.)

MRS HUDSON:

That really wasn't very good, was it?

Shortly afterwards, John is sitting in his chair reading a book. Sherlock comes up the stairs and stops in the doorway of the living room. John looks round at him.

JOHN:

Oh, hi.

(Sherlock stands there, his eyes roaming all around the living room.)

JOHN:

You okay?

(Sherlock continues to scan the room for a long moment, then turns and walks back to the kitchen door, heading for his bedroom.)

SHERLOCK:

Hope you didn't mess up my sock index this time.

(His bedroom door slams shut. John puts down his book and sighs heavily.)

MORNING. 221B. Sherlock is standing at the left-hand window with his back to the living room and playing a sad lament on his violin. John walks into the room and sighs at the sight of him. Mrs Hudson walks across to the table and picks up the plates, looking at John pointedly to make him realise that Sherlock hasn't touched his breakfast. John hums resignedly as he takes his jacket from the back of a chair and puts it on. Sherlock stops playing and picks up a pencil to make a notation on a piece of sheet music.

MRS HUDSON:

Lovely tune, Sherlock. Haven't heard that one before.

JOHN:

You composing?

SHERLOCK:

Helps me to think.

(He turns back to the window, lifts the violin and begins to play the same tune again.)

JOHN:

What are you thinking about?

(Sherlock suddenly spins around and puts down the violin. He points at John's laptop.)

SHERLOCK:

(rapidly)

The counter on your blog is still stuck at one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

JOHN:

Yeah, it's faulty. Can't seem to fix it.

SHERLOCK:

(taking out Irene's camera phone)

Faulty - or you've been hacked and it's a message.

(He pulls up the security lock with its "I AM ---- LOCKED" screen.)

JOHN:

Hmm?

(Sherlock types "1895" into the phone. The phone beeps warningly and a message comes up reading: "WRONG PASSCODE. 3 ATTEMPTS REMAINING". The enthusiasm in his eyes dies again.)

SHERLOCK:

Just faulty.

(He turns away and picks up his violin again.)

JOHN:

Right.

(Sherlock begins to play the sad tune once more.)

JOHN:

Right. Well, I'm going out for a bit.

(Sherlock doesn't respond. John turns and walks to the kitchen where Mrs Hudson is tidying up.)

JOHN:

(quietly)

Listen: has he ever had any kind of ... *(he sighs)* ...girlfriend, boyfriend, a relationship, ever?

MRS HUDSON:

I don't know.

JOHN:

(sighing in frustration)

How can we not know?

MRS HUDSON:

He's Sherlock. How will we ever know what goes on in that funny old head?

(John smiles sadly.)

JOHN:

Right. See ya.

(He trots off down the stairs. Mrs Hudson looks at Sherlock playing his violin at the window, and then leaves the room.)

Downstairs, John goes out of the front door and pulls it closed. As he turns to go to the left, a woman is standing just to the right of the flat. She calls out to him.)

WOMAN:

John?

JOHN:

Yeah.

(He stops and turns around to her as she looks at him flirtatiously.)

JOHN:

Hello.

(It takes him a moment but then he realises that she's very pretty and her body language appears to be saying, "Take me big boy I'm all yours.")

JOHN:

Hello!

WOMAN:

(walking closer)

So, any plans for New Year tonight?

(John laughs while his eyes continually roam over her body.)

JOHN:

Er, nothing fixed. Nothing I couldn't heartlessly abandon. You have any ideas?

(The woman looks over her shoulder towards the road.)

WOMAN:

One.

(John follows her gaze and sighs in exasperation when a black car pulls up and stops beside them.)

JOHN:

You know, Mycroft could just phone me, if he didn't have this bloody stupid power complex.

(They get into the car and it pulls away ... and takes them to the biggest power complex in the neighbourhood - the empty shell of Battersea Power Station. Pulling up inside the building, John and the woman get out and she leads him through the abandoned structure.)

JOHN:

Couldn't we just go to a café? Sherlock doesn't follow me everywhere.

(Still walking, the woman types onto her phone, then stops and gestures ahead of herself.)

WOMAN:

Through there.

(John gives her a look, then walks on. The woman turns and heads back the way she came, lifting her phone to her ear.)

WOMAN:

(into phone)

He's on his way. You were right - he thinks it's Mycroft.

(John reaches a large room and starts talking straightaway even though he can't yet see anybody.)

JOHN:

He's writing sad music; doesn't eat; barely talks - only to correct the television.

(He walks further into the room and finally a figure begins to step out of the shadows at the other end.)

JOHN:

I'd say he was heartbroken but, er, well, he's Sherlock. He does all that anyw...

(He trails off as Irene Adler walks into view.)

IRENE:

Hello, Doctor Watson.

(She stops some distance away from him and he simply stares at her for several seconds before he finally finds some words.)

JOHN:

(quietly, but with a note of pleading in his voice)
Tell him you're alive.

IRENE:

(shaking her head)

He'd come after me.

JOHN:

I'll come after you if you don't.

IRENE:

Mmm, I believe you.

JOHN:

(louder)

You were dead on a slab. It was definitely you.

IRENE:

DNA tests are only as good as the records you keep.

JOHN:

And I bet you know the record-keeper.

IRENE:

I know what he likes, and I needed to disappear.

JOHN:

Then how come *I* can see you, and I don't even want to?

IRENE:

Look, I made a mistake. I sent something to Sherlock for safe-keeping and now I need it back, so I need your help.

JOHN:

No.

IRENE:

It's for his own safety.

JOHN:

So's this: tell him you're alive.

IRENE:

I can't.

JOHN:

(breathing heavily and fighting back his anger)

Fine. I'll tell him, and I still won't help you.

(He turns and starts to walk away.)

IRENE:

What do I say?

JOHN:

(furiously, turning back to her)

What do you *normally* say? You've texted him a *lot*.

(Irene has taken out a phone and holds it up as

John stops and glares at her.)

IRENE:

Just the usual stuff.

JOHN:

There is no 'usual' in this case.

(Irene looks down at her phone and starts to read
back messages she has sent to Sherlock.)

IRENE:

"Good morning"; "I like your funny hat"; "I'm sad
tonight. Let's have dinner" ...

(John looks round at her, startled.)

IRENE:

... "You looked sexy on 'Crimewatch.' Let's have
dinner"; "I'm not hungry, let's have dinner".

(John stares at her in disbelief.)

JOHN:

You ... *flirted* with Sherlock Holmes?!

IRENE:

(still looking at her phone)

At him. He never replies.

JOHN:

No, Sherlock *always* replies - to *everything*. He's Mr
Punchline. He will outlive God trying to have the
last word.

IRENE:

Does that make me special?

JOHN:

... I don't know. Maybe.

IRENE:

Are you jealous?

JOHN:

We're not a couple.

IRENE:

Yes you are. There ...

(She holds up her phone to show John the screen,
although he's too far away to read it. She tells
him what she has typed anyway.)

IRENE:

"I'm not dead. Let's have dinner."

(She presses the Send button. John turns away
momentarily and then turns back to her.)

JOHN:

(quietly)

Who ... who the hell knows about Sherlock Holmes, but
- for the record - if anyone out there still cares,
I'm not actually gay.

IRENE:

Well, I *am*. Look at us both.

(John laughs ruefully. Just then an orgasmic female
sigh can be heard a short distance away. In the
corridor outside the room, unseen by either of
them, Sherlock switches off his phone and rapidly
walks away. John starts to walk in the direction of
the sound but Irene holds out her hand to stop him.

She looks at him pointedly.)

IRENE:

I don't think so, do you?

Some time later, Sherlock is walking down Baker Street towards his flat, his gaze distant and lost. As he arrives at the front door of 221B and turns to put his key in the door, his expression sharpens when he realises that the door has been jemmied open. Slowly pushing the door open, he goes inside and carefully puts his hand onto the opaque glass window of the interior door before also pushing that one open and stepping through into the hall. Immediately he sees that the door to 221A is ajar, and partway down the hall is a plastic bucket. He takes a quick glance at the various items inside the bucket and sees that they're cleaning materials: a pair of rubber gloves, a duster, a spray can of what is probably screen and telephone sanitizer, a toilet brush and a bottle of disinfectant, and a couple of other items.

Sherlock steps closer to the stairs and sees a couple of scuff marks on the wall just above the risers. He instantly realises that one of the marks was made by someone awkwardly walking backwards up the stairs and having to feel their way with their feet, while the second was made by someone following the first person while facing forwards but being thrown off-balance by something. Looking more closely at the wall he sees a small indentation in the wallpaper. Putting a finger against the dent, his gaze becomes more intense as he deduces that it was formed by someone dragging their hand along the wall, clawing at it in a desperate attempt to stop themselves being hauled backwards up the stairs. The depth of the nail mark could only have been made by someone with fairly long nails, and now Sherlock knows that the person being dragged was Mrs Hudson. Slowly he looks upwards while he visualises her struggling as she was half-pulled and half-carried upstairs by a couple

of men, a third man preceding them. In his mind, he hears her protests of, "Stop it!" at her assailants before she raised her head and cried out an anguished "Sherlock!"

Sherlock stares intensely up the stairs and slowly, without a muscle in his face moving, his expression changes from deductive to outright murderous. Your transcriber sobs at the ferocity in his gaze and challenges anyone to say that Benedict Cumberbatch isn't one of the finest actors of our time. Sherlock stands there for a few seconds while his rage builds, and then he gets moving.

Not long afterwards he slowly pushes open the door to the living room of 221B. In front of the fireplace Mrs Hudson is sitting on a dining chair facing the sofa, and behind her stands Neilson, the CIA man who led the raid on Irene's house. He is holding another pistol with an over-compensatory silencer attached and is aiming the gun at the back of Mrs Hudson's head. One of his men is standing looking out of the window but turns when the door opens; the other stands near the sliding door into the kitchen. As Sherlock slowly strolls into the room with his hands clasped behind his back, Mrs Hudson - already crying quietly - begins to sob a little louder.

MRS HUDSON:

Oh, Sherlock, Sherlock!

SHERLOCK:

Don't snivel, Mrs Hudson. It'll do nothing to impede the flight of a bullet.

(He looks at Neilson.)

SHERLOCK:

What a tender world that would be.

MRS HUDSON:

(sobbing quietly as she gazes up at him)

Oh, please, sorry, Sherlock.

NEILSON:

I believe you have something that we want, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK:

Then why don't you ask for it?

(He walks closer and holds out his right hand towards Mrs Hudson. She flails towards it, whimpering, and he gently turns back the sleeve of her right hand and looks at the bruises on her wrist.)

MRS HUDSON:

(crying)

Sher...

NEILSON:

I've been asking this one. She doesn't seem to know anything.

(Sherlock's gaze rises a little and he sees that the right shoulder of Mrs H's cardigan has been ripped at the seam, exposing her skin underneath.)

NEILSON:

But you know what I'm asking for, don't you, Mr Holmes?

(Sherlock looks a little higher and sees a cut on her right cheek. His eyes flick across to Neilson's right hand holding the pistol. He has a silver ring on his third finger and there is blood on it.

Sherlock raises his head and looks directly at Neilson - but he isn't deducing him. In very rapid succession he is picking out target points on his

body:

Carotid Artery

Skull

Eyes

His eyes drop to Neilson's arm and chest:

Artery

Lungs

Ribs

He raises his eyes to Neilson's again.)

SHERLOCK:

I believe I do.

(Mrs Hudson whimpers as he releases her hands and straightens up, putting his hands behind his back again.)

MRS HUDSON:

Oh, please, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK:

(to Neilson)

First, get rid of your boys.

NEILSON:

Why?

SHERLOCK:

I dislike being outnumbered. It makes for too much stupid in the room.

(Neilson hesitates for a moment, then glances at his colleagues.)

NEILSON:

You two, go to the car.

SHERLOCK:

Then get into the car and drive away. *(He looks back to Neilson.)* Don't try to trick me. You know who I am. It doesn't work.

(He loudly clicks the 'k' of 'work.' Your transcriber faints. The two men leave the room and head down the stairs.)

SHERLOCK:

Next, you can stop pointing that gun at me.

NEILSON:

So you can point a gun at me?

SHERLOCK:

(stepping back and spreading his arms to either side) I'm unarmed.

NEILSON:

Mind if I check?

SHERLOCK:

Oh, I insist.

(Neilson comes around from behind Mrs Hudson. She whimpers nervously.)

MRS HUDSON:

Don't do anything.

(Neilson walks over to Sherlock and pats his breast pocket and flicks the coat open while Sherlock stands meekly with his arms still spread. Walking around behind him, Neilson starts patting for any hidden weapon at his back. Sherlock rolls his eyes dramatically at Mrs Hudson, but he is already covertly starting to bend his right arm towards himself. So fast that your transcriber absolutely can't tell where it came from, he whips out the sanitizer spray can, twists around and sprays the contents directly into Neilson's eyes. As Neilson screams, Sherlock rears back and then savagely headbutts him in the face. Neilson falls back onto

the coffee table, unconscious, and Sherlock triumphantly flips the can into the air.)

SHERLOCK:

Moron.

(Slamming the can onto the dining table, he hurries over to Mrs Hudson and, tutting - probably in annoyance at what the man has done to her - he drops to his knees in front of her.)

MRS HUDSON:

(tearfully)

Oh, thank you.

SHERLOCK:

(gently stroking her face)

You're all right now, you're all right.

MRS HUDSON:

Yes.

(Sherlock looks over his shoulder towards Neilson's prone body, his expression still promising murder.)

Not long afterwards, the black car pulls up outside 221 and John gets out. The car drives away and he walks to the door, then stops when he sees a handwritten note attached underneath the knocker. He looks around the street for a moment, then pushes the door open and goes inside. Written on the note is:

CRIME IN PROGRESS

PLEASE DISTURB

He goes upstairs and hurries into the living room.

JOHN:

What's going on?

(He stops at the sight of Neilson, bound and gagged with duct tape and sitting on the chair near the fireplace. His nose is broken and blood has run down his face and is dripping from his chin. Mrs Hudson is sitting on the sofa and Sherlock is in a chair nearby, holding Neilson's pistol aimed at him with one hand, and his phone to his ear with the other.)

JOHN:

Jeez. What the hell is happening?

SHERLOCK:

Mrs Hudson's been attacked by an American. I'm restoring balance to the universe.

(John immediately hurries over to sit down next to her.)

JOHN:

Oh, Mrs Hudson, my God. Are you all right? (*Glaring at Neilson as he puts his arm around her shoulders*)
Jesus, what have they done to you?

(Mrs Hudson breaks down in tears again.)

MRS HUDSON:

(covering her face with her hands)
Oh, I'm just being so silly.

JOHN:

(pulling her closer)
No, no.

(Sherlock gets to his feet, still holding the phone to his ear while aiming the gun at Neilson.)

SHERLOCK:

(to John)
Downstairs. Take her downstairs and look after her.
(John stands up and helps her to her feet.)

JOHN:

(gently)
All right, it's all right. I'll have a look at that.

MRS HUDSON:

(tearfully)
I'm fine, I'm fine.

(As she walks out of the room, John steps over to Sherlock, whose eyes are fixed on Neilson.)

JOHN:

Are you gonna tell me what's going on?

SHERLOCK:

I expect so. Now go.

(They look at each other for a moment, then turn their gazes to Neilson and now he's got two murderous expressions aimed at him. John turns to leave the room but just before his head is completely turned away, a small smile begins to form on his face as if he wants Neilson to understand that he is about to encounter a whole world of hurt.)

SHERLOCK:

(into phone as John walks away)

Lestrade. We've had a break-in at Baker Street. Send your least irritating officers and an ambulance.

Finally taking his eyes off Neilson, he walks across to the dining table and lays the pistol down on it.) Oh, no-no-no-no-no, we're fine. No, it's the, uh, it's the burglar. He's got himself rather badly injured.

(Neilson looks nervous while Sherlock listens to Lestrade's question.)

SHERLOCK:

Oh, a few broken ribs, fractured skull ... suspected punctured lung.

(He looks over his shoulder at Neilson.)

SHERLOCK:

(into phone)

He fell out of a window.

(Still looking into Neilson's eyes, he hangs up.)

Downstairs in Mrs Hudson's kitchen, she and John are standing by the sink while he gently applies some antiseptic to the cut on her cheek with a piece of cotton wool. She flinches.

MRS HUDSON:

Ooh, it stings.

(John nods as he continues cleaning the cut. A moment later a shape plummets down past the window and lands with a crash. John and Mrs H look at the window.)

MRS HUDSON:

Ooh. That was right on my bins.

(There's an agonised groan from outside.)

Some time later, it's fully dark outside and an ambulance is only now pulling away from 221. Sherlock is standing outside Speedy's café with Lestrade, who apparently decided that his least irritating officer was himself.

LESTRADE:

And exactly how many times *did* he fall out the window?

SHERLOCK:

It's all a bit of a blur, Detective Inspector. I lost count.

(Not bothering to comment, Lestrade walks away. A little later Sherlock comes in through the kitchen door of 221A and carefully wipes his feet on the doormat. Mrs Hudson and John are sitting at her small kitchen table. Mrs H still looks very shaken.)

JOHN:

She'll have to sleep upstairs in our flat tonight. We need to look after her.

MRS HUDSON:

No.

SHERLOCK:

Of course, but she's fine.

JOHN:

No, she's not. Look at her.

(Sherlock opens the fridge door and peers inside before picking something up.)

JOHN:

She's got to take some time away from Baker Street. She can go and stay with her sister. Doctor's orders.

(Kicking the fridge door shut, Sherlock frowns at John and bites into a mince pie.)

SHERLOCK:

Don't be absurd.

JOHN:

She's in shock, for God's sake, and all over some bloody stupid camera phone. Where is it, anyway?

SHERLOCK:

Safest place I know.

(Wiping crumbs from his mouth, he looks down at Mrs Hudson who reaches down inside her top and pulls the phone out of her bra before handing it to Sherlock.)

MRS HUDSON:

You left it in the pocket of your second-best dressing gown, you clot. *(She laughs briefly.)* I managed to sneak it out when they thought I was having a cry.

SHERLOCK:

(tossing it into the air before putting it in his coat pocket)

Thank you.

(He looks at John.)

SHERLOCK:

Shame on you, John Watson.

JOHN:

Shame on *me*?!

SHERLOCK:

Mrs Hudson leave Baker Street?

(He puts a protective arm around her shoulders and
pulls her closer to him.)

SHERLOCK:

(sternly)

England would fall.

(She laughs and strokes his hand. He chuckles
gently. John smiles at them both.)

Later, the boys are back upstairs. John fixes himself a drink in the kitchen and then comes into the living room where Sherlock is taking off his coat.

JOHN:

Where is it now?

SHERLOCK:

Where no-one will look.

(Walking across to the window, he picks up his
violin and turns his back to the room.)

JOHN:

Whatever's on that phone is more than just pictures.

SHERLOCK:

Yes, it is.

(He tinkers with his violin and checks its tuning.
John watches him for a moment.)

JOHN:

So, she's alive then. How are we feeling about that?

(In the distance, Big Ben begins to toll the hour.
Sherlock pulls in a sharp breath.)

SHERLOCK:

Happy New Year, John.

JOHN:

Do you think you'll be seeing her again?

(Turning around but not yet meeting his eyes,
Sherlock picks up his bow and flips it in the air
before catching it and then starting to play "Auld

Lang Syne," looking pointedly at John. John gets the message and sits down in his chair while Sherlock turns back to the window and continues to play.)

(Not far away, within sight of St Paul's Cathedral, Irene is walking along the street when her phone trills a text alert. Taking the phone from her bag and checking the message, she sees that it reads:

Happy New Year

SH

She looks at the message for a long time before continuing onwards.)

DAY TIME. ST BART'S. In the ~~Molly~~ lab, Sherlock is looking at an X-ray on a computer screen which is showing the interior parts of a phone. Molly is nearby. He leans closer to the screen and sees four small round dark areas scattered around the phone. He looks exasperated.

MOLLY:

Is that a phone?

SHERLOCK:

It's a camera phone.

MOLLY:

And you're X-raying it?

SHERLOCK:

Yes, I am.

MOLLY:

Whose phone is it?

SHERLOCK:

A woman's.

MOLLY:

Your girlfriend?

SHERLOCK:

You think she's my girlfriend because I'm X-raying her possessions?

MOLLY:

(laughing nervously)

Well, we all do silly things.

SHERLOCK:

Yes.

(He lifts his head as if suddenly inspired and he looks round to Molly.)

SHERLOCK:

They *do*, don't they? *Very* silly.

(She looks confused as he gets to his feet and takes the phone out of the X-ray machine and holds it up.)

SHERLOCK:

She sent this to my address, and she loves to play games.

MOLLY:

She does?

(Sherlock pulls up the "I AM ---- LOCKED" screen and types "221B" into the phone. The phone beeps warningly and a message comes up reading: "WRONG PASSCODE. 2 ATTEMPTS REMAINING". He looks exasperated and sits down again.)

SOME MONTHS LATER. 221B. Sherlock reaches the top of the stairs and then stops abruptly outside the kitchen door. He sniffs deeply. Taking a couple more deep breaths, he turns and looks into the kitchen, then walks across to the window and checks it, realising that it is open. Turning and sniffing again, he starts to walk slowly towards his bedroom just as the downstairs door slams and feet start trotting up the stairs. Reaching his room, he pushes the door open as John comes into the kitchen with bags of shopping. Sherlock walks into the bedroom and turns to stand and look down at the bed. John notices him.

JOHN:

Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK:

We have a client.

JOHN:

What, in your bedroom?!

(He walks along the passage and into the bedroom, then his jaw drops when he sees the bed.)

JOHN:

Ohhh.

(Irene - fully clothed - is asleep in Sherlock's bed.)

Some time later Irene has apparently showered, as her hair is loose and damp. She is wearing one of Sherlock's dressing gowns and is sitting in his chair in the living room. The boys are sitting at the dining table looking at her.

SHERLOCK:

So who's after you?

IRENE:

People who want to kill me.

SHERLOCK:

Who's that?

IRENE:

Killers.

JOHN:

It would help if you were a tiny bit more specific.

SHERLOCK:

So you faked your own death in order to get ahead of them.

IRENE:

It worked for a while.

SHERLOCK:

Except you let John know that you were alive, and therefore me.

IRENE:

I knew *you'd* keep my secret.

SHERLOCK:

You couldn't.

IRENE:

But you *did*, didn't you? Where's my camera phone?

JOHN:

It's not here. We're not stupid.

IRENE:

Then what have you done with it? If they've guessed you've got it, they'll be watching you.

SHERLOCK:

If they've been watching me, they'll know that I took a safety deposit box at a bank on the Strand a few months ago.

IRENE:

I need it.

JOHN:

Well, we can't just go and get it, can we?

(He looks round to Sherlock, inspired.)

JOHN:

Molly Hooper. She could collect it, take it to Bart's; then one of your homeless network could bring it here,

leave it in the café, and one of the boys downstairs could bring it up the back.

SHERLOCK:

(smiling)

Very good, John. Excellent plan, with intelligent precautions.

JOHN:

Thank you. *(He picks up his phone.)* So, why don't ...
Oh, for ...

(He has just seen Sherlock take the camera phone out of his jacket pocket and hold it up. Sherlock looks at the phone closely as Irene stands up.)

SHERLOCK:

So what do you keep on here - in general, I mean?

IRENE:

Pictures, information, anything I might find useful.

JOHN:

What, for blackmail?

IRENE:

For protection. I make my way in the world; I misbehave. I like to know people will be on my side exactly when I need them to be.

SHERLOCK:

So how do you acquire this information?

IRENE:

I told you - I misbehave.

SHERLOCK:

But you've acquired something that's more danger than protection. Do you know what it is?

IRENE:

Yes, but I don't understand it.

SHERLOCK:

I assumed. Show me.

(Irene holds out her hand for the phone. Sherlock holds it up out of her reach.)

SHERLOCK:

The passcode.

(She continues to hold her hand out, and eventually Sherlock sits forward and hands her the phone. Activating it and holding it so he can't see the

screen or the keypad, she types in four characters.
The phone beeps warningly.)

IRENE:

It's not working.

SHERLOCK:

(standing up and taking the phone from her)

No, because it's a duplicate that I had made, into which you've just entered the numbers one oh five eight.

(He walks over to his chair in which she was just sitting and retrieves the real camera phone from under the cushion.)

SHERLOCK:

I assumed you'd choose something more specific than that but, um, thanks anyway.

(He pulls up the "I AM ---- LOCKED" screen and types "1058" into the phone. He looks at her smugly but then the phone beeps warningly and a message comes up reading: "WRONG PASSCODE. 1 ATTEMPT REMAINING". He stares in disbelief.)

IRENE:

I *told* you that camera phone was my life. I know when it's in my hand.

SHERLOCK:

Oh, you're rather good.

IRENE:

(smiling at him)

You're not so bad.

(She holds out her hand again and takes the phone from him. John frowns at the pair of them while they have intense eyesex for the next few seconds.)

JOHN:

(abruptly)

Hamish.

(They both turn to look at him.)

JOHN:

John Hamish Watson - just if you were looking for baby names.

(Sherlock frowns in confusion.)

IRENE:

There was a man - an MOD official. I knew what he liked.

(Walking a short distance away from the boys so they can't see her screen or keypad, she types in her real passcode and calls up a photo.)

IRENE:

One of the things he liked was showing off. He told me this email was going to save the world. He didn't know it, but I photographed it. *(She hands the phone to Sherlock.)* He was a bit tied up at the time. It's a bit small on that screen - can you read it?

(Sherlock sits down on the other side of the table to John and narrows his eyes at the photograph. The top of the email - possibly the subject line - reads:

007 Confirmed allocation

Underneath in smaller print is a string of numbers:

4C12C45F13E13G60A60B61F34G34J60D12H33K34K)

SHERLOCK:

Yes.

IRENE:

A code, obviously. I had one of the best cryptographers in the country take a look at it - though he was mostly upside down, as I recall. Couldn't figure it out.

(Sherlock leans forward, concentrating on the screen.)

IRENE:

What can you do, Mr Holmes?

(She leans over his shoulder.)

IRENE:

Go on. Impress a girl.

(Time slows down as she begins to lean towards him.

Oblivious to her approach, the numbers in the code race through Sherlock's mind and begin to form into shapes for him. Opposite him, John has taken a drink of tea and is lowering his mug in slow motion towards the table. By the time the mug reaches the table and Irene has leaned in and kissed Sherlock's cheek, he has already solved it. His eyes drift momentarily in her direction as she pulls back

smiling, but then he concentrates on the screen
again.)

SHERLOCK:

(speaking rapidly)

There's a margin for error but I'm pretty sure there's a Seven Forty-Seven leaving Heathrow tomorrow at six thirty in the evening for Baltimore. Apparently it's going to save the world. Not sure how that can be true but give me a moment; I've only been on the case for eight seconds.

(He looks at John's blank face in front of him, then glances round at Irene who hasn't even fully straightened up yet.)

SHERLOCK:

Oh, come on. It's not code. These are seat allocations on a passenger jet. Look ...

(He shows the screen to John.)

SHERLOCK:

(quick fire)

There's no letter 'I' because it can be mistaken for a '1'; no letters past 'K' - the width of the plane is the limit. The numbers always appear randomly and not in sequence but the letters have little runs of sequence all over the place - families and couples sitting together. Only a Jumbo is wide enough to need the letter 'K' or rows past fifty-five, which is why there's always an upstairs. There's a row thirteen, which eliminates the more superstitious airlines. Then there's the style of the flight number - zero zero seven - that eliminates a few more; and assuming a British point of origin, which would be logical considering the original source of the information and assuming from the increased pressure on you lately that the crisis is imminent, the only flight that matches all the criteria and departs within the week is the six thirty to Baltimore tomorrow evening from Heathrow Airport.

(By now he has stood up, and now he lowers the phone and looks down at Irene, who gazes up at him in admiration.)

SHERLOCK:

(engaging the full force of his cello jaguar voice and sending your transcriber into a complete meltdown)

Please don't feel obliged to tell me that was remarkable or amazing. John's expressed the same thought in every possible variant available to the English language.

IRENE:

(intensely)

I would have you right here on this desk until you begged for mercy twice.

(The two of them stare at each other for a long moment before Sherlock speaks again.)

SHERLOCK:

(with his eyes still locked on Irene's)

John, please can you check those flight schedules; see if I'm right?

JOHN:

(vaguely, overcome by all the sex in the air)

Uh-huh. I'm on it, yeah.

(Clearing his throat, he starts to type on his laptop. Sherlock and Irene continue to stare at each other.)

SHERLOCK:

I've never begged for mercy in my life.

IRENE:

(emphatically)

Twice.

JOHN:

(looking at his screen)

Uh, yeah, you're right. Uh, flight double oh seven.

SHERLOCK:

(looking round at him)

What did you say?

JOHN:

You're right.

SHERLOCK:

No, no, no, after that. What did you say after that?

JOHN:

Double oh seven. Flight double oh seven.

SHERLOCK:

(quietly to himself)

Double oh seven, double oh seven, double oh seven,
double oh seven ...

(Pushing Irene out of the way, he begins to pace.)

SHERLOCK:

... something ... something connected to double oh
seven ... What?

(As he continues to pace and mutter the numbers to
himself, Irene puts her other phone behind her back

and begins to type blind on it:

747 TOMORROW 6:30PM HEATHROW)

(The message is sent to the phone of Jim Moriarty.

Standing in Westminster very near the Houses of
Parliament, he takes out his phone and reads the
message.)

Back at 221B, Sherlock has walked to the fireplace and is standing in front
of the mirror with his eyes closed.

SHERLOCK:

(quietly)

Double oh seven, double oh seven, what, what,
something, *what?*

(His eyes snap open as he begins to remember and he
turns and looks at the living room door,
remembering Mycroft standing on the landing talking
into his phone.)

MYCROFT:

(in flashback)

Bond Air is go.

(Sherlock walks towards the door.)

MYCROFT:

(in flashback)

Bond Air is go. ... Bond Air is go.

(While the words continue to echo in Sherlock's
mind, at Westminster Jim is typing a message onto
his phone:

Jumbo Jet. Dear me Mr Holmes, dear me.

He presses Send and the message wings its way up
into the air. As if watching it go, Jim raises his
eyes towards Big Ben, the very image of the seat of

the British government, and blows a long and loud
raspberry at it.)

At Mycroft's house/residence/fancy office he picks up his phone from the dining table and looks at a newly arrived message. It reads:

Jumbo Jet. Dear me Mr Holmes, dear me.

Time passes and Mycroft returns to the chair at the end of the dining table and sinks down into it, running his hand over his face and clearly still shocked by the turn of events.

More time passes and Mycroft has removed his jacket and has a glass of brandy in front of him. His hands are folded in front of his mouth and he is lost in wide-eyed and horrified thought.

Much later, as night begins to fall, Mycroft's face is furrowed with anguish and his eyes are still wide at the horror which only he knows about. The glass beside him is empty. Slowly he closes his eyes and sinks his head into his hands in despair.)

NIGHT TIME. 221B. Sherlock sits in his armchair gently plucking the strings of his violin. In his mind he can still hear Mycroft's phone call.

MYCROFT:

(voiceover)

Bond Air is go, that's decided. Check with the Coventry lot.

(Sherlock finally rouses a little and looks up.)

SHERLOCK:

Coventry.

(Irene, still wearing Sherlock's dressing gown and with her hair down, is curled up in John's chair watching him closely.)

IRENE:

I've never been. Is it nice?

SHERLOCK:

Where's John?

IRENE:

He went out a couple of hours ago.

SHERLOCK:

I was just talking to him.

IRENE:

(smiling)

He *said* you do that. What's Coventry got to do with anything?

SHERLOCK:

It's a story, probably not true. In the Second World War, the Allies knew that Coventry was going to get bombed because they'd broken the German code but they didn't want the Germans to *know* that they'd broken the code, so they let it happen anyway.

IRENE:

Have you ever had anyone?

(Sherlock frowns at her blankly.)

SHERLOCK:

Sorry?

IRENE:

And when I say "had," I'm being indelicate.

SHERLOCK:

I don't understand.

IRENE:

Well, I'll be delicate then.

(Getting up from the chair she walks over and kneels in front of Sherlock, putting her left hand on top of his right hand and curling her fingers around it.)

IRENE:

Let's have dinner.

SHERLOCK:

Why?

IRENE:

Might be hungry.

SHERLOCK:

I'm not.

IRENE:

Good.

(Hesitantly, Sherlock sits forward a little and slowly turns his right hand over, curling his fingers around her wrist.)

SHERLOCK:

Why would I want to have dinner if I wasn't hungry?

(Slowly Irene begins to lean forward, her gaze fixed on his lips.)

IRENE:

(softly)

Oh, Mr Holmes ...

(Sherlock's fingers gently stroke across the
underside of her wrist.)

IRENE:

... if it was the end of the world, if this was the
very last night, would you have dinner with me?

MRS HUDSON:

(calling up the stairs)

Sherlock!

(Sherlock's eyes slide towards the door.)

IRENE:

(ruefully)

Too late.

SHERLOCK:

That's not the end of the world; that's Mrs Hudson.

(Irene pulls her hand free and stands up, walking
away from him as Mrs Hudson comes in with none
other than Plummer from the Palace.)

MRS HUDSON:

Sherlock, this man was at the door. Is the bell still
not working?

(She turns around to Plummer and points at
Sherlock.)

MRS HUDSON:

He shot it.

SHERLOCK:

(tetchily, to Plummer)

Have you come to take me away *again*?

PLUMMER:

Yes, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK:

Well, I decline.

PLUMMER:

(taking an envelope from his jacket and offering it
to him)

I don't think you do.

(Sherlock snatches it from him and opens it. Inside
is a Business Class boarding pass for Flyaway
Airways in the name of Sherlock Holmes for flight

number 007 to Baltimore, scheduled to leave at
18.30.

Very shortly afterwards, Sherlock has put on his coat and is getting into the back of a car outside the flat. As Plummer gets into the passenger seat and the car drives away, Irene stands at the window of the flat and watches them go.)

In the car, Sherlock gets out the plane ticket again, then tells Plummer what he has deduced.

SHERLOCK:

There's going to be a bomb on a passenger jet. The British and American governments know about it but rather than expose the source of that information they're going to let it happen. The plane will blow up. Coventry all over again. The wheel turns. *Nothing* is ever new.

(Neither Plummer nor the driver respond to him in any way. Some time later the car arrives at Heathrow Airport and is driven past hangars to a 747 Jumbo Jet parked on the tarmac. The car stops near the plane and Sherlock gets out and walks over to the steps which lead up to the entry door. A familiar figure is standing at the bottom of the steps. It's Neilson.)

SHERLOCK:

(nonchalantly, in a deliberately fake American accent)

Well, you're lookin' all better. How ya feelin'?

NEILSON:

Like putting a bullet in your brain ... sir.

(Sherlock lets out a quiet snigger and starts to walk up the steps.)

NEILSON:

They'd pin a medal on me if I did ...

(Sherlock stops.)

NEILSON:

(insincerely)

... sir.

(Sherlock half-turns back towards him, then apparently decides he can't be bothered and

continues up the steps. Inside, he pulls back the curtain obscuring the passenger seating and walks into the aisle. The lighting is very low and it's hard to see. There are people sitting in almost all the seats but none of them is moving or speaking or showing any signs of life at all. Frowning, he walks forward and looks more closely at the nearest passengers. An overhead light shows more clearly the faces of two men sitting beside each other and Sherlock now realises the truth: they are dead.

Although they're not yet showing any signs of decomposition, their skin is very grey and they've clearly been dead for some time. He turns and looks to the passengers on the other side of the aisle, turning on another overhead light to get a better view. The man and woman sitting there are also long dead. As he straightens up, realising that everyone on board the plane must be in the same condition, his brother speaks from the other end of the section.)

MYCROFT:

The Coventry conundrum.

(Sherlock turns as Mycroft pushes back the curtain and steps through into the cabin. For the first part of the ensuing conversation he talks softly, almost as if out of respect for the dead bodies in front of him.)

MYCROFT:

What do you think of my solution?

(Sherlock gazes around the cabin, still taking it all in.)

MYCROFT:

The flight of the dead.

SHERLOCK:

The plane blows up mid-air. Mission accomplished for the terrorists. Hundreds of casualties, but nobody dies.

MYCROFT:

Neat, don't you think?

(Sherlock smiles humourlessly.)

MYCROFT:

You've been stumbling round the fringes of this one for ages - or were you too bored to notice the pattern?

(Sherlock flashes back in his mind to the two little girls sitting in his living room.)

LITTLE GIRL:

They wouldn't let us see Granddad when he was dead.

(He lifts his head a little, remembering the creepy guy sitting in the same chair on a different occasion, holding a funeral urn.)

CREEPY GUY:

She's not my real aunt. I *know* human ash.

MYCROFT:

We ran a similar project with the Germans a while back, though I believe one of our passengers didn't make the flight.

(Sherlock flashes back to the car with the body in the boot and the passport stamped in Berlin airport.)

MYCROFT:

But that's the deceased for you - late, in every sense of the word.

SHERLOCK:

How's the plane going to fly? (*He answers himself immediately.*) Of course: unmanned aircraft. Hardly new.

MYCROFT:

It *doesn't* fly. It will *never* fly. This entire project is cancelled. The terrorist cells have been informed that we know about the bomb. We can't fool them now. We've lost everything. One fragment of one email, and months and years of planning finished.

SHERLOCK:

Your MOD man.

MYCROFT:

That's all it takes: one lonely naïve man desperate to show off, and a woman clever enough to make him feel special.

SHERLOCK:

(quirking an eyebrow)

Hmm. You should screen your defence people more carefully.

MYCROFT:

(loudly, furiously)

I'm not talking about the MOD man, Sherlock; I'm talking about you.

(He slams the tip of his umbrella on the floor.

Sherlock frowns, genuinely confused.)

MYCROFT:

(more softly)

The damsel in distress. *(He smiles ironically.)* In the end, are you really so obvious? Because this was textbook: the promise of love, the pain of loss, the joy of redemption; then give him a puzzle ... *(his voice drops to a whisper while he twirls the end of his umbrella in the air)* ... and watch him dance.

SHERLOCK:

Don't be absurd.

MYCROFT:

Absurd? How quickly did you decipher that email for her? Was it the full minute, or were you really eager to impress?

IRENE:

(from behind Sherlock)

I think it was less than five seconds.

(Sherlock spins around to see her standing at the end of the cabin, dressed beautifully, fully made up and with her hair perfectly coiffured. This is

The Woman at her immaculate best.)

MYCROFT:

(ruefully to Sherlock)

I drove you into her path. *(He pauses momentarily.)*

I'm sorry. *(He lowers his eyes.)* I didn't know.

(Sherlock is still looking at Irene as she walks towards him.)

IRENE:

Mr Holmes, I think we need to talk.

SHERLOCK:

So do I. There are a number of aspects I'm still not quite clear on.

IRENE:

(walking past him)

Not you, Junior. You're done now.

(She continues down the aisle towards Mycroft.)

Sherlock turns and watches her go as she activates her phone and holds it up to show his brother.)

IRENE:

There's more ... loads more. On this phone I've got secrets, pictures and scandals that could topple your whole world. You have no idea how much havoc I can cause and exactly one way to stop me - unless you want to tell your masters that your biggest security leak is your own little brother.

(Mycroft can no longer hold her gaze and turns his head away, lowering his eyes.)

Some time later Mycroft has brought Irene and Sherlock to his residence/office. The older brother sits at the dining table with Irene seated opposite him. Sherlock is in the armchair near the fireplace a few yards away, half turned away from the pair of them. The fingers on his right hand are repeatedly clenching while he listens to the other two speak. Mycroft points down at the camera phone which is lying on the table in front of him. There is no aggression or threat in his voice as he speaks to Irene.

MYCROFT:

We have people who can get into this.

IRENE:

I tested that theory for you. I let Sherlock Holmes try it for six months.

(Sherlock closes his eyes briefly, grimacing slightly.)

IRENE:

Sherlock, dear, tell him what you found when you X-rayed my camera phone.

SHERLOCK:

(flatly)

There are four additional units wired inside the casing, I suspect containing acid or a small amount of explosive.

(Mycroft lowers his head into his hand.)

SHERLOCK:

Any attempt to open the casing will burn the hard drive.

IRENE:

Explosive. *(She looks at Mycroft.)* It's more me.

MYCROFT:

(lifting his head and looking at her again)

Some data is always recoverable.

IRENE:

Take that risk?

MYCROFT:

You have a passcode to open this. I deeply regret to say we have people who can extract it from you.

IRENE:

(calmly)

Sherlock?

SHERLOCK:

There will be two passcodes: one to open the phone, one to burn the drive. Even under duress you can't know which one she's given you and there will be no point in a second attempt.

IRENE:

He's good, isn't he? I should have him on a leash - in fact, I *might*.

(She gazes intensely at Sherlock but he remains turned away from her and can't see her expression.)

MYCROFT:

We destroy this, then. *No-one* has the information.

IRENE:

Fine. Good idea ... unless there are lives of British citizens depending on the information you're about to burn.

MYCROFT:

Are there?

IRENE:

Telling you would be playing fair. I'm not playing any more.

(She reaches into her handbag on the table in front of her and takes out an envelope which she pushes across the table to him.)

IRENE:

A list of my requests; and some ideas about my protection once they're granted.

(Mycroft takes the sheet of paper from the envelope
and starts to unfold it.)

IRENE:

I'd say it wouldn't blow much of a hole in the wealth
of the nation - but then I'd be lying.

(He raises his eyebrows in amazement as he reads
through the demands she has listed.)

IRENE:

I imagine you'd like to sleep on it.

MYCROFT:

(still reading)
Thank you, yes.

IRENE:

Too bad.

(He looks up at her. In the armchair, Sherlock
snorts in almost silent amusement.)

IRENE:

(to Mycroft)

Off you pop and talk to people.

(Sighing, Mycroft sinks back in his chair.)

MYCROFT:

You've been very ... thorough. I wish our lot were
half as good as you.

IRENE:

I can't take all the credit. Had a bit of help.

(She looks across to Sherlock.)

IRENE:

Oh, Jim Moriarty sends his love.

(Sherlock raises his head.)

MYCROFT:

Yes, he's been in touch. Seems desperate for my
attention ... *(his voice becomes more ominous)* ...
which I'm sure can be arranged.

(Unseen by the others, Sherlock's gaze begins to
sharpen as Irene stands up and walks round the
table to sit on its edge nearer Mycroft.)

IRENE:

I had all this stuff, never knew what to do with it.
Thank God for the consultant criminal. Gave me a lot
of advice about how to play the Holmes boys. D'you

know what he calls you? *(Softly)* The Ice Man ... *(she looks across to Sherlock)* ... and the Virgin.

(Sherlock's eyes are starting to flicker back and forth, though it's not yet clear whether in reaction to what Irene is saying or whether he's working something out.)

IRENE:

Didn't even ask for anything. I think he just likes to cause trouble. Now *that's* my kind of man.

(Sherlock closes his eyes, sighing softly.)

MYCROFT:

And here you are, the dominatrix who brought a nation to its knees.

(Sherlock's eyes snap open again. He is definitely working something out. Mycroft stands and appears to bow slightly to Irene.)

MYCROFT:

Nicely played.

(He turns away, about to go and begin meeting her demands. Smiling in satisfaction, she stands up, confident that she has won.)

SHERLOCK:

No.

(They both turn to him.)

IRENE:

Sorry?

(Sherlock turns his head towards them.)

SHERLOCK:

I said no. Very very close, but no.

(He stands and starts to walk towards her.)

SHERLOCK:

You got carried away. The game was too elaborate. You were enjoying yourself too much.

IRENE:

No such thing as too much.

SHERLOCK:

(walking closer and looking down at her)

Oh, enjoying the thrill of the chase is fine, craving the distraction of the game - I sympathise entirely - but sentiment? Sentiment is a chemical defect found in the losing side.

(He bares his teeth slightly as he finishes the sentence.)

IRENE:

Sentiment? What are you talking about?

SHERLOCK:

You.

IRENE:

(smiling calmly)

Oh dear God. Look at the poor man. You don't actually think I was interested in you? Why? Because you're the great Sherlock Holmes, the clever detective in the funny hat?

(He steps even closer to her, their bodies almost touching.)

SHERLOCK:

(softly)

No.

(He reaches out and slowly wraps the fingers of his right hand around her left wrist, then leans forward and brings his mouth close to her right ear.)

SHERLOCK:

(in a whisper)

Because I took your pulse.

(Flashback to Irene kneeling in front of him at the flat and putting her hand on top of his, then him turning his hand over and resting his fingertips on the underside of her wrist. In the present, Irene frowns in confusion, while Sherlock tightens his grip a little around her wrist.)

SHERLOCK:

(softly into her ear)

Elevated; your pupils dilated.

(Flashback to her kneeling in front of him, her pupils widening as she gazes at him. In the present, he releases her hand and leans past her to pick up the camera phone from the table.)

SHERLOCK:

(in a more normal voice)

I imagine John Watson thinks love's a mystery to me but the chemistry is incredibly simple, and very destructive.

(He turns and walks a few paces away from her. She follows behind him until he turns and faces her again.)

SHERLOCK:

When we first met, you told me that disguise is always a self-portrait. How true of you: the combination to your safe - your measurements; but this ... *(he tosses the phone into the air and catches it again)* ... this is far more intimate.

(He pulls up the security lock with its "I AM ---- LOCKED" screen.)

SHERLOCK:

This is your heart ...

(Without breaking his gaze into her eyes, he punches in the first of the four characters with his thumb.)

SHERLOCK:

... and you should *never* let it rule your head.

(She stares at him, trying to stay calm but the panic is beginning to show behind her eyes.)

SHERLOCK:

You could have chosen any random number and walked out of here today with everything you've worked for ...

(He punches in the second character, his eyes still locked on hers.)

SHERLOCK:

... but you just couldn't resist it, could you?

(Her breathing becomes heavier. Sherlock smiles briefly and triumphantly.)

SHERLOCK:

I've always assumed that love is a dangerous disadvantage ...

(He hits the third character, still gazing at her.)

SHERLOCK:

Thank you for the final proof.

(He lifts his thumb again but before he can type in the fourth character, she seizes his hand and gazes up at him intensely.)

IRENE:

(softly)

Everything I said: it's not real. *(In a whisper)* I was just playing the game.

SHERLOCK:

(in a whisper)

I know.

(Gently pulling his hand free, he types in the final character.)

SHERLOCK:

And this is just losing.

(Slowly he turns the phone towards her and shows her the screen. She looks down at it, tears spilling from her eyes as she reads the sequence which says:

I AM

SHER

LOCKED

She gazes down at the screen in despair for a few seconds, then Sherlock lifts the phone away and holds it out towards Mycroft even as the phone unlocks and presents its menu.)

SHERLOCK:

(his eyes still fixed on Irene's)

There you are, brother. I hope the contents make up for any inconvenience I may have caused you tonight.

MYCROFT:

I'm certain they will.

(He takes the phone and Sherlock turns and begins to walk towards the door.)

SHERLOCK:

If you're feeling kind, lock her up; otherwise let her go. I doubt she'll survive long without her protection.

(Irene stares after him, her eyes wide with dread.)

IRENE:

Are you expecting me to beg?

SHERLOCK:

(flatly, calmly)

Yes.

(He stops near the door, his face in profile to her. She stares at him in anguish for several seconds, then realises that she has no choice.)

IRENE:

Please.

(He doesn't move.)

IRENE:

You're right.

(Now he turns to look at her.)

IRENE:

(staring at him pleadingly)

I won't even last six months.

SHERLOCK:

Sorry about dinner.

(He turns away and walks to the door, opening it and walking through. She watches him go, her eyes full of horror as the door closes behind him.)

BAKER STREET. DAY TIME. It is pouring with rain. Outside Speedy's café, Mycroft is standing under the protection of his umbrella, smoking a cigarette. He has a clear plastic wallet tucked under one arm and his briefcase is at his feet. John hurries towards home, hunched over and soaking wet because macho BAMFs like John Watson don't take umbrellas with them. He sees Mycroft standing there and stops in surprise, then walks over to him.

JOHN:

You don't smoke.

MYCROFT:

I also don't frequent cafés.

(Dropping the cigarette on the ground and treading it out [apparently not bothered about incurring a set fine for littering], he closes his umbrella, picks up his briefcase and turns and walks into Speedy's. John follows him.

Not long afterwards they are sitting opposite each other at one of the tables. John picks up his mug and looks at the plastic wallet which Mycroft has put on the table in front of himself. There is a sticker on the wallet saying "RESTRICTED ACCESS -

CONFIDENTIAL". The camera phone is inside the
wallet on top of various documents.)

JOHN:

This the file on Irene Adler?

MYCROFT:

Closed forever. I am about to go and inform my brother
- or, if you prefer, you are - that she somehow got
herself into a witness protection scheme in America.
New name, new identity. She will survive - and thrive
- but he will never see her again.

JOHN:

Why would he care? He despised her at the end. Won't
even mention her by name - just "the Woman."

MYCROFT:

Is that loathing, or a salute? One of a kind; the one
woman who matters.

JOHN:

He's not like that. He doesn't *feel* things that way
... I don't think.

MYCROFT:

My brother has the brain of a scientist or a
philosopher, yet he elects to be a detective. What
might we deduce about his heart?

JOHN:

I don't know.

MYCROFT:

Neither do I ... but initially he wanted to be a
pirate.

(He smiles briefly at John, then his gaze becomes
distant and reflective.)

JOHN:

He'll be okay with this witness protection, never
seeing her again. He'll be fine.

MYCROFT:

I agree. (*He breathes in sharply.*) That's why I
decided to *tell* him that.

JOHN:

Instead of what?

MYCROFT:

She's dead. She was captured by a terrorist cell in
Karachi two months ago and beheaded.

(John looks at him silently for several seconds,
then quietly clears his throat.)

JOHN:

It's definitely her? She's done this before.

MYCROFT:

I was thorough - *this* time. It would take Sherlock Holmes to fool me, and I don't think he was on hand, do you?

(They look at each other for a moment.)

MYCROFT:

So ... *(he pushes the wallet across the table towards John, then puts his elbows on the table, clasps his hands in front of him and rests his chin on them)* ... what should we tell Sherlock?

221B. Sherlock is sitting at the kitchen table looking into his microscope. Footsteps can be heard coming up the stairs and he speaks before John even comes into view.

SHERLOCK:

Clearly you've got news.

(John stops in the doorway with the wallet in his hand. Sherlock doesn't lift his head.)

SHERLOCK:

If it's about the Leeds triple murder, it was the gardener. Nobody noticed the earring.

JOHN:

Hi. Er, no, it's, um ... *(he takes a couple of steps into the kitchen)* ... it's about Irene Adler.

(Sherlock looks up, his face unreadable.)

SHERLOCK:

Oh? Something happened? Has she come back?

JOHN:

No, she's, er ... I just bumped into Mycroft downstairs. He had to take a call.

SHERLOCK:

(standing up and walking around the table towards John)

Is she back in London?

JOHN:

No. She's, er ...

(He gazes at the table for a long moment, then drags in a sharp breath and raises his eyes to Sherlock's as his flatmate steps closer, frowning.)

JOHN:

She's in America.

SHERLOCK:

America?

JOHN:

Mmm-hmm. Got herself on a witness protection scheme, apparently. Dunno how she swung it, but, er, well, you know.

SHERLOCK:

I know what?

JOHN:

Well, you won't be able to see her again.

SHERLOCK:

Why would I want to see her again?

JOHN:

(smiling ruefully as Sherlock turns away and walks back around the table)

Didn't say you did.

SHERLOCK:

Is that her file?

JOHN:

Yes. I was just gonna take it back to Mycroft.

(He offers the wallet to Sherlock.)

JOHN:

Do you want to ...?

SHERLOCK:

(sitting down)

No.

(He looks into his microscope again.)

JOHN:

Hmm.

(He looks at his friend for a long while, considering his options. Eventually he steps forward again.)

JOHN:

Listen, actually ...

SHERLOCK:

Oh, but I *will* have the camera phone, though.

(He holds out his hand towards John, not lifting
his gaze from his work.)

JOHN:

There's nothing on it any more. It's been stripped.

SHERLOCK:

I know, but I ...

(He pauses for a long moment before continuing.)

SHERLOCK:

... I'll still have it.

JOHN:

I've gotta give this back to Mycroft. You can't keep
it.

(Sherlock keeps his hand extended and his eyes
fixed on the microscope.)

JOHN:

Sherlock, I have to give this to Mycroft. It's the
government's now. I couldn't even give ...

SHERLOCK:

Please.

(He extends his hand a little further. John looks
at him, clearly wondering what to do, then finally
he reaches into the wallet, takes out the phone and
lays it gently into Sherlock's hand. Sherlock
closes his fingers around it, draws his hand back
and puts the phone into his trouser pocket before
returning his hand to the microscope.)

SHERLOCK:

Thank you.

JOHN:

(raising the wallet)

Well, I'd better take this back.

SHERLOCK:

Yes.

(John turns and walks out onto the landing, then
pauses as if wondering whether to ask the question
that has now come into his mind. After several
seconds he turns round and comes back into the
kitchen. Sherlock still doesn't lift his eyes from
his microscope.)

JOHN:

Did she ever text you again, after ... all that?

SHERLOCK:

Once, a few months ago.

JOHN:

What did she say?

SHERLOCK:

"Goodbye, Mr Holmes."

(John looks at him thoughtfully.)

JOHN:

(softly)

Huh.

(He paces around in front of the kitchen door for a few seconds, wondering if there's anything more he can say, then eventually turns and heads off down the stairs. As soon as he's out of sight Sherlock raises his head and gazes across the room for a moment, then he reaches down to his own phone which is on the table and picks it up, calling up his saved messages. Getting up and walking into the living room, he scrolls through the messages sent by "The Woman," all of which he has kept. They go

on for a long time:

I'm not hungry, let's have dinner.

Bored in a hotel. Join me. Let's have dinner.

John's blog is HILARIOUS. I think he likes you more than I do.

Let's have dinner.

I can see tower bridge and the moon from my room. Work out where I am and join me.

I saw you in the street today. You didn't see me.

You do know that hat actually suits you, don't you?

Oh for God's sake. Let's have dinner.

I like your funny hat.

I'm in Egypt talking to an idiot. Get on a plane, let's have dinner.

You looked sexy on Crimewatch.

Even you have got to eat. Let's have dinner.

BBC1 right now. You'll laugh.

I'm thinking of sending you a Christmas
present.

Mantelpiece.

I'm not dead. Let's have dinner.

Then comes the one reply he sent to her:

Happy New Year

And at the bottom of the list is her last message
to him:

Goodbye Mr Holmes

Reaching the living room window, he looks down at
the final message for a long time before lifting
his eyes and gazing out at the pouring rain.)

Flashback to (presumably) two months earlier in Karachi. It is night time and there is background noise of male voices shouting in a foreign language. Shaky camera footage eventually resolves into clearer resolution, revealing Irene kneeling on the ground in front of a military vehicle. She is dressed in black robes, her hair covered by a black headscarf, and is typing one-handed onto her phone. Standing to her right is a man holding a rifle with one hand while he repeatedly gestures for her phone with the other. She ignores him, refusing to hand it over until she has finished her message, which reads:

Goodbye Mr Holmes

She presses Send and then gives the phone to the man. To her left, a second man walks over and raises a wide-bladed curved sword above her head, bringing it slowly down towards the back of her neck while he checks that his aim will be correct. Irene stares ahead of herself, fighting her tears, then the screen fades to black as she slowly closes her eyes.

A couple of seconds later, an orgasmic female sigh fills the air. Irene's eyes snap open and fill with hope as she turns her head to look at her executioner. His face is completely shrouded apart from his eyes, but a very recognisable blue-grey gaze meets her own.

SHERLOCK:

(quietly)

When I say run, *run!*

(She turns her head to the front again. Sherlock pulls back the sword as if he's about to strike the death blow, then he spins and begins to strike out at the nearby militia. Irene stares ahead of

herself, her eyes wide with disbelief that she is going to live. Slowly she begins to smile.)

In London in the present, Sherlock smiles at the memory, then chuckles to himself as he takes Irene's camera phone from his pocket. Tossing it into the air and catching it again, he looks at it for a couple of seconds.

SHERLOCK:

The Woman.

(Opening the top drawer of a nearby cabinet, he puts the phone into it and is about to withdraw his hand when he pauses, then puts his fingers onto the phone again and looks at it thoughtfully.)

SHERLOCK:

The Woman.

(He lifts his head and gazes out at the rainy city for a while, then turns and walks away.)

Anexo IV. Videos complementarios

***Sherlock Holmes* (Ritchie, 2009)**

Sherlock Holmes describe a Mary Morstan y la tensión entre ambos se hace evidente:

Sherlock Holmes (2009) - What Can You Tell About Me? Scene (2/10). Movieclips.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l6TGERgrXmA>

Sherlock Holmes y John Watson salvan a Irene Adler por primera vez en un matadero:

Sherlock Holmes (2009) - Saving Irene Scene (7/10). Movieclips

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eBVqcDJbl5A>

Irene Adler desactiva la máquina explosiva³:

Sherlock Holmes (2009) - Race Against the Clock Scene (8/10). Movieclips

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1DTrvZ3wxy0>

Sherlock Holmes derrota a Lord Blackwood:

Sherlock Holmes (2009) - Never Any Magic Scene (9/10). Movieclips

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iA_KZwlnrcI

***A Scandal in Belgravia* (BBC, 2012)**

Primer encuentro de Sherlock con Irene Adler en su casa de Belgravia:

Sherlock Meets Irene Adler. A Scandal in Belgravia. Sherlock

³ Escena a la que se hace referencia en el texto principal del trabajo en la que la comparamos con el personaje de Amelia Folch en *El Ministerio del Tiempo* (RTVE, 2015-2020).

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iL52_OR79Lw&list=PLzzxv1SrkZBzjrjfpjVB886g880dC6VDA

Sherlock salva a la Sra. Hudson de un agente de la CIA en Baker Street:

Sherlock Saves Mrs Hudson. A Scandal in Belgravia. Sherlock

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZTf7DDb6KL0&list=PLzzxv1SrkZBzjrjfpjVB886g880dC6VDA&index=2>

Sherlock derrota definitivamente a Irene Adler e introduce el código "I AM SHERLOCKED": I AM SHERLOCKED. A Scandal in Belgravia. Sherlock. BBC

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-bBHT158E0s&list=PLzzxv1SrkZBzjrjfpjVB886g880dC6VDA&index=3>

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Conan Doyle, Sir. A. (1891): "A Scandal in Bohemia", *The Strand Magazine*. Recuperado de <https://sherlock-holm.es/stories/pdf/a4/1-sided/scan.pdf> [último acceso 30/07/2020 10:38]

DeVere, A. (4 de enero de 2012): Sherlock Transcript: "A Scandal in Belgravia" (part 1) [Artículo de blog]. Recuperado de <https://arianedever.livejournal.com/26320.html> [último acceso 10/08/20 19:27]

DeVere, A. (4 de enero de 2012): Sherlock Transcript: "A Scandal in Belgravia" (part 2) [Artículo de blog]. Recuperado de <https://arianedever.livejournal.com/26397.html> [último acceso 10/08/20 19:27]

DeVere, A. (4 de enero de 2012): Sherlock Transcript: "A Scandal in Belgravia" (part 3) [Artículo de blog]. Recuperado de <https://arianedever.livejournal.com/26848.html> [último acceso 10/08/20 19:28]

DeVere, A. (6 de enero de 2012): Sherlock Transcript: "A Scandal in Belgravia" (part 4) [Artículo de blog]. Recuperado de <https://arianedever.livejournal.com/27275.html> [último acceso 10/08/20 19:29]

Movieclips [Nombre de usuario de Youtube] (4 de enero de 2017): Sherlock Holmes (2009) - What Can You Tell About Me? Scene (2/10). [Archivo de video] Recuperado de <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l6TGERgrXmA> [último acceso 11/08/20 10:40]

- Movieclips [Nombre de usuario de Youtube] (4 de enero de 2017): Sherlock Holmes (2009) - Saving Irene Scene (7/10). [Archivo de video] Recuperado de <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eBVqcDJbl5A> [último acceso 11/08/20 10:43]
- Movieclips [Nombre de usuario de Youtube] (4 de enero de 2017): Sherlock Holmes (2009) - Race Against the Clock Scene (8/10). [Archivo de video] Recuperado de <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1DTrvZ3wxy0> [último acceso 11/08/20 10:44]
- Movieclips [Nombre de usuario de Youtube] (4 de enero de 2017): Sherlock Holmes (2009) - Never Any Magic Scene (9/10). [Archivo de video] Recuperado de https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iA_KZwlnrcI [último acceso 11/08/20 10:46]
- Sherlock [Nombre de usuario de Youtube] (17 de abril de 2016): Sherlock Meets Irene Adler. A Scandal in Belgravia. Sherlock. [Archivo de video] Recuperado de https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iL52_OR79Lw&list=PLzzxv1SrkZBzjrsfpjVB886g880dC6VDA [último acceso 11/08/20 10:49]
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- Sherlock [Nombre de usuario de Youtube] (1 de mayo de 2016): I AM SHERLOCKED. A Scandal in Belgravia. Sherlock. BBC. [Archivo de video] Recuperado de <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-bBHT158E0s&list=PLzzxv1SrkZBzjrsfpjVB886g880dC6VDA&index=3> [último acceso 11/08/20 10:52]
- The Internet Movie Script Database (s.f.): *Sherlock Holmes (2009) Script*. *IMSDb*. Recuperado de <https://www.imsdb.com/scripts/Sherlock-Holmes.html> [último acceso 10/08/20 19:33]