

MODERN SHERLOCK

by

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Registered WGAw
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Everything comes in circles... even Moriarty.
It's all been done before, and it will be again.

Sherlock Holmes
London, 1878

FADE IN:

EXT. NEAR BATTERY PARK - NIGHT

A quiet neighborhood near Hope Garden. The Statue of Liberty shines in the distance. There's not much street-traffic this late.

EXT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Two police cars are parked curb-side, lights flashing. A crowd of ONLOOKERS are on the sidewalk behind police tape.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dark and grimy. Bare light bulbs in the hall. Cockroaches scurrying. Cops KNOCK on doors, taking down names.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

HOLDEN "HOLT" SHAW (22), rookie cop, scribbles on a note pad. His face is lean and angular, still boyish. He doesn't seem old enough for the job.

He moves upstairs, stopping at an OPEN DOOR. A cat MEOWS inside. He dips under the yellow police tape.

INT. SECOND-FLOOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front room is cramped: an old sofa in front of a muted television. Holt takes mental SNAPSHOTS of everything.

QUICK SHOTS: a tray of pills; a knitted-blanket thick with cat hair; a bible, rosary beads and TV Guide on the coffee table.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Holt stares at a burst of blood across the pillow. An OLD WOMAN is nude on the bed, head covered by a pillow-case, blood seeping through. Dead.

Her cat MEOWS constantly, trying to wake her.

MAN (O.S.)
Touch anything?

HOLT
(startled)
No, sir.

Detectives GRIMES and VARGAS enter. Grimes is a career asshole with a walrus mustache. Vargas is a Latino ex-boxer.

Holt briefs them.

HOLT
Victim is female in her sixties,
one shot to the back of the head.
The neighbors heard the gun go off.
We're getting a list of tenants...

Holt hesitates.

VARGAS
What else?

HOLT
(after a beat)
Just, I think it's your Battery
Park rapist.

GRIMES
Come again?

HOLT
We're six blocks from the last
murder and the method is similar.
As you know, most sexual predators
are territorial.

Grimes shoots Vargas a look.

GRIMES
What's your name, rookie?

HOLT
Holden Shaw... Holt.

GRIMES
(friendly)
How long you on the job?

HOLT
Nine months.

Grimes holds up his DETECTIVE BADGE.

GRIMES
Okay Shaw, when you get one of
these, then I give a shit what you
think about my crime scene, dig?

Grimes turns away, examining the blood pattern.

GRIMES
(dismissive)
Get the tenants back inside and
stand by in case I need coffee.

Holt stares at Grimes, then walks out.

INT. PRECINCT LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Shift over, Holt changes into street clothes. He listens as cops JOKE and BANTER. Holt is always the quietest guy in the room.

As the GROUP is leaving, DUTCH claps Holt on the shoulder.

DUTCH
C'mon, rook. We're going to
Paddy's to get hammered and blow
off some steam.

HOLT
Thanks, not tonight. I have to be
someplace.

DUTCH
Give her a slap on the ass for me.

The cops LAUGH, departing.

Holt waits until everyone is gone. It's quiet now. He's happy to be alone. He grabs his duffel bag.

INT. PRECINCT LOBBY - NIGHT

Holt emerges from the locker room. Like a criminal, he looks around before heading up a flight of stairs.

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION (SECOND FLOOR) - NIGHT

He scans the hallway: the coast is clear. He darts through a door marked Evidence Room, Homicide Personnel Only.

INT. HOMICIDE EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

File cabinets and boxes on shelves. Holt pulls a file from his duffel bag, returning it. He thumbs through the DRAWER, finds: Case #15913, Battery Park Murders, Active.

Holt shoves the THICK FILE into his bag.

INT. PRECINCT LOBBY - NIGHT

He rushes down the stairs and beelines it for the exit. On his way out, he passes a grizzled desk sergeant, GUS (50).

GUS
Hey, you're shift ended a half-hour ago. What're you still doing here?

HOLT
I can't get enough of the place.

Gus looks at him, suspicious.

GUS
What were you doing upstairs?

HOLT
They got better toilets up there.

Gus glances at Holt's duffel bag. He looks the rookie up and down, knows something is up.

GUS
Since you were a kid, I could tell when you were lying to me.
(fingers pointed)
It's in the eyes.

HOLT
Give me a break, pops.

GUS
Where do you go every night?

HOLT
Nowhere. Just around. I'll see you back at the house.

He heads out. Gus watches him, concerned.

GUS
Be careful, son.

INT. SUBWAY TO QUEENS - NIGHT

Holt rides alone, looking through the "stolen" case file.

INT. DINER IN QUEENS - LATE NIGHT

Corner booth. The file is spread out over the table. Holt sits alone, absorbing evidence like a super-computer.

QUICK SHOTS: of forensics reports, morgue photos, victimology and a map with the murder sites marked.

He lays out the victimology reports. Thumbs through VICTIM PHOTOS: five women, all of different age, race and body type.

HOLT

What's the connection?

His eyes shift RAPID-FIRE across pages, searching. Holt reaches for the witness list and SPEED-SCANS. He stops on: Wayne Pitts. Listed occupation: Pet Store Clerk.

Something clicks. Holt freezes, adrenaline pumping.

He turns back to the victimology reports. He sees it: the victims were all cat owners.

Holt marks the PET STORE ADDRESS on the map: It's dead center amid all the crime scenes. He connects the dots in a circle around the store address.

HOLT

They were his customers...

CUT TO:

ON LAPTOP, Holt logs onto the POLICE DATABASE. He types in the name: P-I-T-T-S, W-A-Y-N-E. He pulls up a mug photo and wrap sheet: priors for pornography and rape.

Holt nods, pleased. He's found his man.

HOLT

(signals waitress)

Can I get the check?

EXT. DINER IN QUEENS - NIGHT

Holt dials a pay phone.

OPERATOR VOICE

Police hotline.

HOLT

(into phone)

I have a tip on those Battery Park sex murders. The killer's name is Wayne Pitts, 506 Norton Street #32.

(beat)

No... No reward.

Holt hangs up.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Grimes and Vargas walk the arrested killer, WAYNE PITTS, past reporters. In the crowd, Holt watches before moving inside.

INT. PRECINCT LOBBY - DAY

He walks upstairs, duffel bag over his shoulder.

INT. HOMICIDE EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

He is returning the police files when the door swings open and a FAT DETECTIVE walks in.

FAT DETECTIVE
What are you doing in here?

Holt is caught red-handed.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The precinct captain, LESTRADE, sits at his desk looking through Holt's file.

LESTRADE
(reads)
Holden Shaw, twenty-two years old,
nine months on the job... perfect
test scores at the academy.
(glances up at Holt)
Gus Shaw is your father?

Holt shifts in his chair, nods.

LESTRADE
He's a good man. Does he know
anything about this?

HOLT
No, sir. And I want that on the
record.

LESTRADE
Slow down, son. Just tell me what
you were you doing?

HOLT
I read case files at night.

LESTRADE
What for?

HOLT
I have trouble sleeping... It
relaxes me.

Lestrade turns on a mini-tape RECORDER.

HOLT (V.O.)
(on tape)
I have a tip on those Battery Park
sex murders. The killer's name is
Wayne Pitts -

He stops it.

LESTRADE
Is that your voice?

HOLT
Yes.

LESTRADE
How many have you solved?

HOLT
I don't keep track.

LESTRADE
Fortunately, we do.
(reads file)
You phoned in twenty-six tips in
the last nine months, twenty-six
murders solved.

He just stares at Holt, amazed.

LESTRADE
Son, that's eighty-three percent of
the homicide case-load since you've
been on the job.

Holt clears his throat, tongue-tied.

HOLT
So... what now?

INT. POLICE HQ, DOWNTOWN - DAY

Holt sits before six DEPARTMENT OFFICIALS. He's nervous in
an ill-fitting suit. The interview is being taped. Lestrade
stands against a far wall, observing.

A FEMALE OFFICIAL runs the interview.

FEMALE OFFICIAL

Did you know you had a genius-level intellect?

HOLT

Yes. I was tested in school.

FEMALE OFFICIAL

Your father is a desk sergeant at the precinct. Mother is deceased -

HOLT

(stressed)

I don't see why this is important.

FEMALE OFFICIAL

You don't?

HOLT

No, ma'am. I don't.

FEMALE OFFICIAL

How long did you think you could keep your family history a secret?

A beat. Holt stares at the panel.

FEMALE OFFICIAL

Officer Shaw?

HOLT

I don't know what you're talking about.

FEMALE OFFICIAL

Your mother's maiden name, it was Holmes... Margaret Holmes, correct?

HOLT

Yes.

FEMALE OFFICIAL

Her father immigrated from London in the 1920's.

(reads file)

His name was Alerick Holmes.

HOLT

I don't see how this -

FEMALE OFFICIAL

He was the only son of Sherlock Holmes... your great grandfather.

Holt stares at the female official.

FEMALE OFFICIAL
Why don't you want people to know?

HOLT
Because I don't want to become a
running joke in my own precinct.
(a beat)
Sherlock Holmes is a dead, distant
relative. He's got nothing to do
with my life.

FEMALE OFFICIAL
You seem to have inherited a unique
gift, certain abilities -

HOLT
I just want to be judged on my own
performance.

FEMALE OFFICIAL
That's precisely why you're here,
detective.

A beat. Holt is confused.

HOLT
(turns to Lestrade)
Detective?

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON a gold detective shield,

INT. CITY HALL BANQUET ROOM - DAY

Holt is with newly-christened detectives, all in uniform.
Gus watches, beaming with pride. It's a small ceremony with
a few reporters.

ON STAGE, Lestrade gives Holt his gold shield. They shake
hands.

HOLT
Thank you, captain.

LESTRADE
(warm smile)
Just keep closing cases.

In the press pool, RUDY BECK (40s), a smug reporter in a Mets jacket with a *NY Post* press pass, watches Holt with interest as he doodles on a note pad.

THE NOTE PAD: he's drawing a caricature of Holt as Sherlock Holmes with tweed cap, pipe and magnifying glass.

EXT. PRECINCT, CITY STREET - DAY

A vendor cuts the string on a stack *NY Post* papers. The headline: MODERN DAY SHERLOCK FIGHTS CRIME IN BIG APPLE!

Holt reads, disgusted.

ON THE PAGE - Dual photos show Holt's resemblance to his great-grandfather, Sherlock Holmes.

Holt doesn't see Rudy Beck walk up.

BECK
What do you think?

HOLT
(reading)
It's garbage. It's bad comic book fiction written by a moron -

BECK
Does that mean you won't be giving me an exclusive interview?

Holt looks up, sees Beck's press pass. He glances back at the article with a thumbnail photo of Beck.

BECK
Rudy Beck. I write for *the Post*.

HOLT
Get lost.

Holt walks away. Beck follows, catching up.

BECK
What's the problem?

HOLT
(quoting article)
'A nocturnal hero who spends his lonely nights secretly battling evildoers in the dark city...'

BECK
It's poetry.

HOLT
It's bullshit.

BECK
It's the truth dressed up a little
for my readers. You should be
buying me a steak dinner.

Holt stops. Gives Beck a threateningly look.

HOLT
Leave it alone.

BECK
I can't. The story is too rich:
youngest detective in department
history... the second coming of
Sherlock Holmes... a cerebral
Superman who has declared war on
the murderers, rapists and scum-
bags of New York City.

HOLT
You forgot my X-ray vision -

BECK
It makes great copy. And I'm a
whore for great copy.

Holt heads up the PRECINCT STEPS. Beck watches him walk
away.

BECK
(calls out)
I'm going to make you famous!

INT. PRECINCT LOBBY - DAY

Holt enters and the CHATTER dies down. He gets strange looks
from cops. News travels fast.

INT. HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY

Holt enters, feeling the cold eyes of older detectives. He
looks around for a friendly face. Nobody greets him.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Lestrade walks Holt to a drab WINDOWLESS ROOM. Against one
wall is a bookshelf stacked with green files.

HOLT
What's this?

LESTRADE
Your office. I had other precincts
send over their unsolved homicides.
(off Holt's reaction)
Something wrong?

HOLT
I thought I was going to be... like
an ordinary detective.

LESTRADE
You think what you've done so far
is ordinary?

Holt stares at the backlog of case files.

LESTRADE
Study the files, see what you come
up with. Welcome aboard.

Lestrade leaves.

Alone, Holt look at his jail-cell office. He sees a tweed
Sherlock cap, pipe and magnifying glass on his desk.

Some jerk's idea of a joke.

HOLT
Assholes.

He takes a deep breath, grabs a file and sits down. He opens
it and begins reading.

FADE TO BLACK:

Over a black screen: FOUR MONTHS LATER.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

The shelf is nearly empty.

Holt has made the drab room his own: junk food, soda, stacks
of reference books and a Nerf hoop. He paces back and forth,
deep in thought.

Lestrade dips his head in.

LESTRADE

Time to spread your wings.

Holt looks up, nervous. He's just been called up to the big leagues.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Holt wears his badge. He walks with veteran cop, Dutch, past some trees. The CRIME SCENE is near the reservoir.

Holt is nervous and unfamiliar with protocol.

DUTCH

First case jitters?

HOLT

Yeah. First as a detective, first as the primary.

DUTCH

A jogger found her just off the reservoir. Your crime scene is clean. I didn't touch anything.

(claps Holt on back)

The boys are pulling for you.

HOLT

Thanks, Dutch.

Holt approaches the roped-off area. He sees that Grimes and Vargas are on the scene, two schoolyard bullies.

GRIMES

The troll is out of his cage.

VARGAS

Where's his magnifying glass?

Holt ignores them. He dips under police tape, slipping on latex gloves. A police PHOTOGRAPHER is taking snapshots.

Holt circles the DEAD WOMAN. She resembles a porcelain doll, chalky-white, in a long red dress with ruffles.

He checks the dress label.

GRIMES

(laughing)

So who did it, Sherlock?

Holt examines the victim's fingernails, manicured and painted bright red. She's gripping a handful of English coins.

Her thumb and forefinger are stained with ink. He shines a flashlight in her mouth. The tongue is also ink-stained.

Grimes doesn't fancy being ignored.

GRIMES

It doesn't take a genius to know
this is a sex crime.

VARGAS

Yeah, some perv got his rocks off
then he punched her clock.

HOLT

(sheepish)

I, uh... don't think I agree.

Grimes feels challenged. It burns him.

GRIMES

The teenager doesn't agree.

VARGAS

Partner, be cool -

GRIMES

No! C'mon detective, dazzle us with
that big-ass brain of yours.

Holt looks around: the photographer, Dutch and other cops are all watching.

GRIMES

We're waiting.

Holt starts slow, barely audible.

HOLT

Well, see... There's no skin under
her nails and they're unbroken. No
defense wounds.

He leans close, shining a flashlight on her face. He pans it across the deep cuts in her neck.

HOLT

Ligature strangulation, looks like
barbed garrote wire. But no blood.
(looks up at Grimes)
She wasn't even killed here.

VARGAS

(impressed)

What else you got, detective?

Holt is gaining confidence. He focuses, absorbing details. He pulls out a mini-tape recorder, turns it on.

HOLT

The killer is a white male. He's organized with access to money.

(explains)

The dress appears authentic, very expensive and hard to acquire...

He steps back, taking in the whole picture.

HOLT

This scene is staged. She was killed somewhere else and drained of blood. The heavy make-up and lipstick were applied post-mortem.

(mind racing)

Run her prints through BCI, it'll turn up multiples for solicitation.

VARGAS

She's a whore?

HOLT

(gaining confidence)

Why would the killer violate his theme by casting against type?

Grimes is confused.

GRIMES

What theme?

HOLT

She's female, mid-twenties wearing an ankle-length red satin dress of the Victorian Era.

(explains)

She's supposed to be a 19th-century London streetwalker.

GRIMES

What makes you so sure?

HOLT

The red dress, the garish make-up and the English coins in her hand are all dated 1871.

Grimes glances at Vargas. Both men know they're swimming in the deep end of the intellectual gene pool... and drowning.

VARGAS
Why the reservoir?

HOLT
He knew the close proximity to the jogging path would guarantee quick discovery.

VARGAS
He wanted us to find her.

Holt nods, staring down at the victim.

GRIMES
What's wrong?

HOLT
Ink...

GRIMES
Ink?

HOLT
On her tongue... and here on the thumb and fingers. It doesn't fit with the rest of the picture.

VARGAS
She got hold of a leaky pen?

HOLT
It's from fresh print.

Holt licks his thumb and forefinger, turning the page of an imaginary newspaper.

GRIMES
So maybe she read the *Post* before she went to work.

HOLT
The killer washes her and paints her nails and face, yet he chooses to leave black ink on her fingers?
(shaking his head)
No. The ink is significant.

EXT. POLICE MORGUE - DAY

Holt is with the examiner, NASH, at a work-station. The dead woman is in mid-dissection.

NASH

Dimethate used to be a chemical in industrial-grade ink.

HOLT

Industrial grade?

NASH

It was used for newspaper printing in London until they discovered it was toxic. English gentlemen were dying from a strange illness, come to find out it was from licking the pages of the London Daily.

Holt looks at 8" by 10" CRIME SCENE PHOTOS, dealing them out like cards.

HOLT

When did they stop producing it?

NASH

Turn of the century... How it got on her, I don't know.

Holt nods. He studies a photo of the victim's ink-stained thumb and finger.

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Holt walks up the many steps. A guard lets him in.

INT. LIBRARY (AFTER HOURS) - NIGHT

A sign reads: "NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE". Shelves are filled with aging yellow newspapers. The room reeks of the past.

Holt sits poring over century-old *London Daily* front pages.

QUICK SHOTS: headlines of past murders, including articles on famous Sherlock Holmes cases; Holt looks at grainy photos of his great grandfather.

He stops on a headline: YOUNG DETECTIVE NABS HYDE PARK VAMPIRE!

HOLT

(reads)

The killer preyed on streetwalkers, draining them of blood and dumping the bodies in Hyde Park.

The method is identical to the Central Park homicide.

HOLT

Copy cat.

As Holt picks up the newspaper to leave, a LETTER drops from inside the pages.

THE LETTER - antique stationary, sealed with a wax monogram "M". Holt breaks the seal and reads a hand-scrawled message:

TO THE GREAT DETECTIVE,
NOW THAT YOU'VE PROVEN SMART ENOUGH
TO FIND ME, SHALL WE PLAY A GAME?
- M.

INT. POLICE SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Holt is with two forensics, SLOCUM and PRATT. On digital monitor are photo-enlargements of the letter.

SLOCUM

It was written on authentic 19th-century stationary. We were able to extract and date fragments of cotton found in the paper.

Slocum uses a keyboard, ZOOMING close on the paper. Holt sees the embedded slivers of cotton.

PRATT

He's using a steel nib, a scratch pen that pre-dates ballpoint.

SLOCUM

The ink matches the sample we took off your DOA.

HOLT

But no prints?

SLOCUM

Nada. Only trace particles of latex.

HOLT

He wore gloves.

SLOCUM

Yes. And he's left-handed.

INT. HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY

Crime scene photos and the autopsy report are pinned to an EVIDENCE BOARD. Holt briefs the other detectives.

Lestrade is standing in the back.

HOLT

The DOA is Jenny Lynn, a high-class prostitute who worked the clubs and upper-east side hotels. A garrote wire nearly took her head off.

LESTRADE

She wasn't raped?

HOLT

No. The killer isn't concerned with that type of gratification.

LESTRADE

Then what?

Holt points to a photocopy of the London Daily newspaper on the board: YOUNG DETECTIVE NABS HYDE PARK VAMPIRE!

HOLT

Replication. The signature is identical to a series of "Hyde Park" murders that took place in London in eighteen-seventy-one.

(beat)

It was an infamous case solved by a then unknown detective...

LESTRADE

Sherlock Holmes?

HOLT

Yes, sir.

Grimes shakes his head, laughing.

GRIMES

Some whore gets whacked in the park and you spin a yarn about a hundred-year old murder.

HOLT

(holding up fingers)

Six Hyde Park victims, all whores killed by garrote wire, drained of blood and dumped. They all had six-pence in their right hand, same as our victim.

LESTRADE

It could just be inspiration for a single murder.

He picks up a copy of the killer's letter.

HOLT

In the letter, he asks "Shall we play a game?" It's an invitation.

GRIMES

So he left a note, maybe he's a frustrated writer. Doesn't mean we've got a serial killer.

HOLT

He copied Sherlock's breakthrough case. He's announcing himself.

LESTRADE

Announcing himself?

HOLT

He's just getting started.

A grim beat.

LESTRADE

The letter was for you?

HOLT

(nods)

A modern Sherlock.

LESTRADE

You could be in danger.

HOLT

No. He doesn't want to kill me.

LESTRADE

How can you be sure?

HOLT

If he kills me he wouldn't have anyone to play with.

Lestrade gives Holt an uneasy look.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - MORNING

A vendor sets out tabloids with lurid headlines: BIZARRE MURDER!; SERIAL KILLER FROM THE PAST?

The *Post* headline reads: HOTSHOT DETECTIVE ON CASE!

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE

A DELIVERY GUY wheels in a dolly stacked with everything written on Sherlock Holmes: the Watson books, leather-bound case studies, biographies and newspaper reports.

DELIVERY GUY
Boning up on Sherlock?

Holt nods. He signs for delivery, then grabs the top book and sits down, starts reading.

INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE - DAY

Lestrade is at his desk, scanning the *Post*: HOTSHOT DETECTIVE ON CASE! Holt enters.

HOLT
You wanted to see me, captain?

LESTRADE
Close the door.

Holt closes the door.

LESTRADE
How are you settling in?

HOLT
No complaints.

Lestrade sits back, one shoe against the desk.

LESTRADE
If you're right about this case,
it'll go for weeks, maybe months.
The press gets involved. Turns it
into a damn circus with every gory
detail in print.

HOLT
I know how it works.

LESTRADE
It's different when you're the one
under the microscope. Not easy for
your first case.

HOLT
Meaning what?

LESTRADE
I don't know if you're ready.

Holt glances out through the window. Grimes and Vargas are watching from their desks.

HOLT
Did they come to you?

LESTRADE
It doesn't matter.

Holt is furious, trying not to show it.

LESTRADE
If you want to step down, a senior
detective can take over.

HOLT
I can handle it.

Lestrade stares at Holt, deciding. The phone RINGS -

LESTRADE
(picking up)
What?

He scribbles down an address, handing it to Holt.

LESTRADE
(hangs up)
We've got a second one, mid-town,
St. John the Divine.
(beat)
And we got a witness.

EXT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE - DAY

Establishing.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE - DAY

Sunlight bleeds through the stained-glass windows, forming
dust-beams in the rafters.

Holt enters the rear of the church. He notices a sleek, mid-
twenties Manhattan PRINCESS sitting in the back pew, flanked
by two officers. She's crying.

HOLT
(to an officer)
Who is she?

OFFICER
The DOA's granddaughter, Emma
Watson. She's your witness.

Holt studies EMMA WATSON (25), a sleek, polished beauty in the latest fashion from Saks and Neiman Marcus.

He moves down the aisle. Two FORENSICS are busy dusting the MARBLE ALTAR for prints.

INT. THE ALTAR STEPS

An OLD MAN is sprawled-out in a 19th-century London suit and derby cap. Dead. Blood everywhere. It's still oozing down his cheeks from under dark pince-nez glasses.

Holt sees a walking cane on the floor... and a cell phone, still powered-up. He checks the DOA's fingertips. Finally, he removes the dead man's glasses.

His eyes have been carved out.

HOLT

Jesus...

INT. REAR OF CHURCH

Holt approaches the granddaughter, Emma. She wipes away tears, looking rattled. She has blood on her blouse.

HOLT

Hello, Miss Watson.

EMMA

Hi.

She looks up at Holt.

HOLT

How're you holding up?

EMMA

Not so good.

Holt sits down next to her.

HOLT

I understand. I'm sorry about this. I really am.

EMMA

(nerves frayed)

Then why on earth don't you people do something about it?

HOLT
We're gathering evidence, following
procedure -

EMMA
I don't care about that. I want
you to find the man who killed my
grandfather!

HOLT
Can you tell me what happened?

EMMA
I've been answering questions for
an hour. I've already told the
officer *and* the older detective
everything -

HOLT
I need to hear it from you. Just
tell me what you saw this morning.

EMMA
I'm sorry. It's just this is a
nightmare.
(re: her grandfather)
They're not even covering him up.

Holt signals a nearby officer, dispatching him.

HOLT
He's going to take care of it right
away. Now please, I need your help
if we're going to get who did this.

She takes a deep breath, wipes her tears.

EMMA
I live with my grandfather not far
from here. I'm -
(corrects herself)
I *was* looking after him.

HOLT
He was blind?

Emma nods, goes on.

EMMA
He often visited this church. He
liked to be alone here, so after I
sat him down I'd go for coffee.
(beat)
That's how the morning started.

FLASHBACK: INT. CATHEDRAL - MORNING

Emma helps her GRANDFATHER into the empty church. She sits him down in a pew and kisses him goodbye.

EMMA (V.O.)
I dropped him off and got coffee at
an outdoor cafe down the street.

FLASHBACK: EXT. COFFEE SHOP

Emma sips coffee, reading the Times business section.

EMMA (V.O.)
He had his cell phone so he could
hit speed dial if he needed me.

FLASHBACK: EXT. NEW YORK STREET

Emma walks back to the church, coffee cup in hand. She stops to answer her cell phone.

EMMA (V.O.)
I was walking back to the church
when my phone rang. It was
grandfather so I picked up. That's
when I heard his cries for help.

Alarmed, Emma drops her coffee and runs like mad.

FLASHBACK: EXT. CATHEDRAL

Emma dashes across the STREET through traffic. She sprints up the steps, fear in her eyes.

EMMA (V.O.)
It was horrible. His high-pitched
screams, begging for mercy!

FLASHBACK: INT. CATHEDRAL

Emma BURSTS through the doors. She sees a DARK FIGURE at the altar, standing over her grandfather, a scalpel in his hand.

EMMA (V.O.)
(voice cracking)
I ran into the church and saw him
attacking grandfather with a knife.

The dark figure wears a hooded jersey. It covers his face. Emma runs down the aisle, calling out.

EMMA (V.O.)

There was blood everywhere and I must have been in shock because I ran screaming at the killer.

(a beat)

He ran off. I never got a look at his face.

The killer runs away. Emma's grandfather lies dead on the altar steps.

EMMA (V.O.)

I tried to revive my grandfather but he'd lost so much blood. He died there in front of me.

INT. REAR OF CHURCH (PRESENT) - DAY

Emma looks completely spent. Her hands are shaking.

HOLT

You say you didn't get a look at the man?

EMMA

No. He was wearing a hood. It covered his face.

Holt closes his note pad.

HOLT

That's enough for now. I'll get an officer to drive you home.

EMMA

Thank you.

He helps her to her feet, walking her out. They don't talk for a few strides, then:

EMMA

I read about you in the newspaper. And about that murder in the park.

HOLT

I'm sorry. I can't discuss it.

EMMA

They're both copies, you know.

Holt stops. Gives her a suspicious look.

HOLT

We kept the Sherlock angle out of the papers. How did you know?

EMMA

Grandfather's murder is the second in the series. It's a copy of the "Fatal Flaw" murders. You know it?

Holt nods, quickly giving the facts.

HOLT

The killer was Richard Harwell. He targeted elderly men with physical disabilities, often removing the "flaw" post-mortem. He kept them stored in jars at home.

EMMA

His grisly trophies.

Holt nods again.

HOLT

The victims were found in Anglican churches -

EMMA

(jumping in)

Yes, six in all. Holmes caught the killer by tracking the purchase of the preserving fluid Harwell needed to store his trophies.

HOLT

Excuse me... How is it you know so much?

Emma looks up, surprised.

EMMA

You don't know who my grandfather was, do you?

Off Holt's puzzled look,

INT. POLICE COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Holt sits at a computer with police-nerd, YABLONSKY, looking at the victim's digital file.

YABLONSKY

Leland Watson...

(reads off monitor)

His grandfather was John Watson,
the man who worked with Sherlock
Holmes and chronicled his career.

Holt looks on, stunned.

YABLONSKY

The family fortune was derived from
the Holmes-Watson book royalties.
The books are in print all over the
world in every language.

Holt looks at photos: Leland with politicians; at black-tie
fund-raisers; an aerial shot of a family mansion and estate.

YABLONSKY

It comes to an estimated worth of
nearly two billion dollars.

HOLT

And the granddaughter?

Yablonsky CLICKS on a file marked "Emma Watson".

THE CLIP FILE - Emma as a small girl; articles on the death
of her parents; her Harvard graduation photo; a society page
report on her family's fund-raising events.

YABLONSKY

Emma Watson. Born 1978 in New
York, parents killed in private
airplane crash in '86, attended
Buckley Prep then Harvard. She
graduated magna in psychology and
English Lit.

HOLT

What does she do now?

YABLONSKY

She runs the family foundation, two
hundred million a year to charities
and for the arts.

HOLT

So her job is throwing parties and
handing out checks.

Grimes enters with Vargas, who is reading from a PRINTOUT.

VARGAS
Your witness checks out. We ran
her through BCI. No priors.

GRIMES
Her story is solid: her being at
the coffee shop, the 9-1-1 call -

VARGAS
She's on the level.

IN THE BULLPEN -

The office COMMOTION dies down. Three MEN IN SUITS walk past
and into Lestrade's office, closing the door. Holt watches.

INSIDE THE OFFICE - Lestrade huddles with the trio. There's
some serious chat is going on.

GRIMES
Chief Daniels and Deputy Mayor Gene
Sacks, his honor's hatchet man.

VARGAS
It's a bad omen, kid.

HOLT
Who's the third guy?

Holt stares at SIMON WATSON (30s), an absurdly handsome man
in a four-button Prada suit. He's doing all the talking.

YABLONSKY
Simon Watson. The DOA's grandson
and heir to the throne.

HOLT
You check his alibi?

VARGAS
Yeah. The night of the first
murder he was at a dinner party.

The CHAT ENDS and Simon exits Lestrade's office. He passes
Holt without a glance and WALKS out of the room.

HOLT
What do you think he wanted?

INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE - DAY

Holt stands. Lestrade is at his desk, pissed. DANIELS and
SACKS are seated. Sacks is a sleazy political climber.

SACKS

Emma Watson is to be given access
to the investigation.

LESTRADE

What does that mean?

Daniels delivers the bad news.

DANIELS

She gets lab reports, crime scene
photos, witness statements and she
attends briefings as a consultant.

Holt shakes his head, keeps his tongue.

LESTRADE

You're serious?

SACKS

This wasn't some strung-out whore
who got killed. Leland Watson was
a powerful citizen. He was a river
of cash to every politician in the
city.

DANIELS

The mayor asks that we extend Miss
Watson every courtesy.

LESTRADE

(dripping with sarcasm)
Why not give her my job?

SACKS

It's not a debate, captain. The
girl is determined to find her
grandfather's killer and she's got
enough influence to make it happen.
(ordering Holt)
Work with her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Hostile silence. Holt sits across from Emma, who looks damn
sexy in a red leather jacket.

HOLT

What makes you think I need a
partner?

EMMA

You don't.

HOLT
That's right.

EMMA
But I *can* help. I have knowledge
of the Holmes-Watson case history.

HOLT
Holmes was the detective. It was
his case history.
(a beat)
Watson tagged along and wrote down
what he saw, made a fortune.

EMMA
Ancient history.

HOLT
Not from where I'm sitting.

Emma takes a sip of coffee, looking at Holt.

EMMA
(a confession)
It's my fault he's dead.
Grandfather was helpless and I left
him alone. I blame myself.
(beat)
Let me work with you.

HOLT
This is exactly what he wants.

EMMA
Who?

HOLT
You think your grandfather's murder
was random?
(beat)
The killer wanted us to meet. He
wants to match wits with a modern
day Holmes and Watson.

EMMA
I don't care. I'm going to find
this monster.

Frustrated, Holt makes a decision.

HOLT
Fine.
(grabs his jacket)
C'mon, we have to be somewhere.

INT. POLICE MORGUE - DAY

Leland Watson's half-dissected CORPSE is on the slab.

Nash briefs Holt and Emma. She is upset and made queasy by the grisly tableau. She tries not to show it.

NASH
The weapon was a scalpel.

HOLT
I know. The orbital lobe is sliced too fine for a larger knife.

NASH
(surprised)
Correct. But he's not a doctor.

HOLT
Anyone with medical training could have popped the eyes out in just a few seconds.

Emma is nauseous, trying to avert her eyes. Everywhere she looks there are body parts... and the smell.

HOLT
So he bled out?

NASH
(eyeing Emma)
Yes. The scalpel was jammed deep into the brain... massive trauma.

Emma covers her mouth. She bolts from the room. Nash gives Holt a disapproving look.

NASH
Shame on you.

HOLT
(feels guilty)
She shouldn't be down here. This is no place for her.

NASH
Then why did you bring her?

Holt takes a deep breath, ashamed.

HOLT
What else?

NASH
You don't deserve it, but I found
something interesting.

Nash holds up a tiny plastic bag: inside is the TORN EDGE of
a bible-page.

HOLT
Where was it found?

DOCTOR NASH
Under the DOA's tongue. Weird
thing, it was already inside the
bag.

INT. MORGUE HALLWAY - DAY

Holt emerges from the autopsy room. He sees Emma coming out
of the bathroom, looking shaky.

HOLT
Are you okay?

EMMA
You did that on purpose. You
rubbed my face in it.

HOLT
I need you to understand how real
this is.

EMMA
My grandfather is lying in there on
a slab! That's as *real as it gets!*
(trembles with emotion)
It was cruel.

HOLT
Yes. I'm sorry.

Emma holds out her hand to shake.

EMMA
Are we partners?

HOLT
If I said no you'd just have me
taken off the case, right?

Emma squeezes out a smile, nods.

HOLT
Then I guess we're partners.

Holt shakes her hand. Together, they head off down the hallway.

EMMA
Where are we going?

HOLT
Back to the church.

INT. HOLT'S SEDAN, MOVING - DAY

Emma drives. Holt rides shotgun, studying crime scene photographs.

EMMA
What are you looking for?

HOLT
One detail to draw my focus. In criminology, singularity is almost invariably a clue.

Holt holds up a PHOTO: Leland Watson on the altar steps.

HOLT
There's always one thing, however small. We just have to find it.

EMMA
And try to guess what it means.

HOLT
I never guess.

He flips to the next PHOTO: Leland's face sans glasses.

HOLT
It's a mistake to theorize before you have suitable evidence.

EMMA
Why?

HOLT
You begin to twist evidence to suit your theories instead of theories to suit your evidence.

He stops on a PHOTO: the altar with chalice, candles and an open bible. Holt perks up.

HOLT
Wait. Look here...

EMMA
 (a glance)
 I don't see anything?

HOLT
 This bible. Why is it upside-down?

INT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE - DAY

It's still a crime scene. Holt is at the altar, examining the bible. Emma and FATHER GORMAN are off to one side.

HOLT
 Has anyone been in here?

FATHER GORMAN
 No, sir. I've kept the church
 locked tight. Nobody in or out.

Holt reads the open bible without touching it.

EMMA
 It could be nothing.

HOLT
 Got to have faith, right padre?

FATHER GORMAN
 Amen.

He puts on a glove and begins LEAFING through bible pages, starting at the front, taking his sweet time.

EMMA
 It's a thick book. Do you plan to
 read the whole thing?

HOLT
 If necessary -

Holt stops on a bible-page with a torn edge. He matches it to the torn-edge in the baggy.

HOLT
 Found it.

There's a marked passage:

HOLT
 (reads)
 'If he be lame, or blind, or have
 any ill blemish, thou shalt not
sacrifice it to the LORD thy God.'

EMMA
Is that all?

HOLT
He's highlighted four letters from
the passage.

Emma and Father Gorman crowd around Holt. Close on: the bible passage and the four highlighted letters: **L-U-C-Y**.

EMMA
It spells Lucy...

A look of realization on Father Gorman's face.

HOLT
What is it, padre?

FATHER GORMAN
Saint Lucy, the virgin martyr.

HOLT
Is there a statue?

FATHER GORMAN
Yes. Over here, in the corner.

Father Gorman leads them to the rear of the church.

FATHER GORMAN
St. Lucy is Patron Saint of the blind. She devoted her life to Jesus and convinced her mother to give all their money to the poor.

EMMA
What happened to her?

FATHER GORMAN
She was denounced as a Christian and put to severe punishment and indignities. But she refused to renounce her faith -

HOLT
So they gouged her eyes out.

FATHER GORMAN
Yes.

Father Gorman points to the statue of Saint Lucy, the face of an angel in flowing robes.

FATHER GORMAN

Lucy is depicted with a platter on which rests a pair of eyes.

Holt approaches the statue. He sees teardrops of dried-blood on her cheeks.

HOLT

The blood is real.

EMMA

He was here.

Holt looks the statue over.

HOLT

Give me a hand, padre?

FATHER GORMAN

Certainly.

With great effort, they slide the statue away from the wall. Emma sees a letter, taped to the back of the statue.

Holt cracks the wax "M" seal. It reads:

DETECTIVE,
SO NICE TO SEE HOLMES AND WATSON,
TOGETHER AGAIN.

- M.

IN THE LETTER: Holt finds a men's suit label, Savile Row, London, 1889.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. VINTAGE LONDON CLOTHING SHOP - DAY

CLOSE UP - an identical Savile Row label.

The shop is filled with 19th-century apparel. Holt looks through a rack of vintage suits.

Emma is with English store-owner, JUDITH (60s).

JUDITH

They're authentic Savile Row suits,
the finest of the period.

EMMA

Incredible tailoring.

JUDITH

We're the only shop in the garment district with a robust selection of 19th-century apparel.

HOLT

How much is this?

JUDITH

The suit is six thousand dollars.

Holt reacts.

HOLT

What sort of clients shop here?

JUDITH

Fashion industry types, museum curators, the occasional famous actor...

HOLT

Do you have a list?

CUT TO:

THE LIST - alphabetized names with delivery address and phone number. Holt and Emma scan pages.

EMMA

What are we looking for?

HOLT

Buyers with a first or last name starting with the letter em.

EMMA

What if he chose it at random?

HOLT

No. The killer's devotion to the smallest detail would include his own name.

EMMA

(sees something)

Wait, stop -

Her eyes freeze on a name halfway down the list: **Moriarty, J,** along with an address. Holt sees it as well.

HOLT

James Moriarty.

EMMA

Sherlock Holmes' arch nemesis, a criminal mastermind and the symbol of evil in 19th-century London.

Holt nods.

HOLT

Yeah... And he's got a downtown address.

INT. PRECINCT WRECK-ROOM - DAY

A windowless basement. Lestrade stands at a podium. A mug shot of a BLACK MAN is digitally projected on the wall.

LESTRADE

The address turned up an ex-con who goes by the name of Emmett T.

Emmett's mug shot is distributed to SIX OFFICERS in folding chairs wearing flak jackets.

Holt and Emma stand in the BACK OF THE ROOM.

LESTRADE

He's a cowboy with a history of psychotic behavior. He was still a ward of the state when he got into a fight with an off-duty cop. He caved his head in with a tire iron, made him a vegetable. For that, he got six years at Ryker's.

The officers look at a photocopy of Emmett's wrap-sheet.

LESTRADE

Since his release, Emmett's been busy: drugs, assault, armed robbery and the attempted rape of his sixteen-year-old niece.

Holt scans the wrap-sheet, frowning.

EMMA

What's wrong?

HOLT

I'm not feeling it for this guy.

EMMA

He's a multiple felon.

HOLT
He lacks education. His crimes are
about instant gratification.

EMMA
And Moriarty?

HOLT
He's methodical, dedicated. He's
evolved to where the full cycle of
murders is more important than any
single act.

She gives him a long, hard look.

EMMA
You sound like a fan?

EXT. HOLT'S SEDAN - DAY

It follows a POLICE VAN through light traffic.

INT. HOLT'S SEDAN - DAY

Holt drives. Emma rides shotgun. She's nervous. There's a palpable pre-game tension.

HOLT
You can stay in the car until we
secure the area.

EMMA
No. I asked to ride along.

HOLT
You don't need to prove anything.

EMMA
Only to myself.

They ride for a few seconds.

HOLT
In the glove box...

She opens it. There's a SMALL GUN inside.

HOLT
It's loaded. Once we get into
position you slide the safety off
and squeeze the trigger.

EMMA
Just like that -

HOLT
I need to know we can protect each
other. Okay?

EMMA
Okay.

HOLT
Good. Take it.

She holds the gun in her hand, feeling it's weight.

EMMA
It's heavier than I thought.

She grips it, aiming it at the floor of the car.

EMMA
Do you like this part of the job?

HOLT
No. I hate it.

EMMA
Why?

HOLT
There's no control. You can do
everything right and still get
yourself killed.

She nods, scared. He glances over, wanting to calm her down.

HOLT
It's pretty simple. The crash team
takes the lead. We stay in the
rear. Dutch is team leader. We do
what he says.

EMMA
I got it.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE - DAY

The six officers from the briefing move along the building,
rifles out. Holt and Emma trail behind.

On Dutch's signal, they hoist a heavy battering RAM into the
metal door - THUD! It flies open! The officers storm inside.

INT. DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE - DAY

The team rushes into the dark space, flashlights searching, moving cautiously. A FEMALE OFFICER flips the light-switch.

FEMALE OFFICER
It's dead. No electricity.

BLACK OFFICER
I can't see shit!

Dutch moves to the front.

DUTCH
Keep it tight! Simms, Jarvis, find
the fuse box.

The officers fan out, flashlights exploring. Holt hangs back in the doorway. Emma stays close to him. Suddenly, lights come on. Officers stare, stunned.

Holt moves inside, mouth agape. He walks into a fully staged scene, like a movie set.

HOLT
(staring)
Unbelievable...

THE STAGED SCENE - a wet countryside with fresh sod, shrubs and peat bogs covering the floor. A smoke machine creates a thin mist of FOG.

At the center: is a DEAD MAN in a long wool coat and rubber galoshes, his chest and neck shredded by powerful teeth.

FEMALE OFFICER
It's looks like something out of a
goddamn wax museum.

Emma pushes past the officers. Holt puts his gun away, kneeling over the victim.

HOLT
The suspect...

DUTCH
(looking on)
What the hell is this?

HOLT
Devon County. English countryside.
It was the setting for a notorious
Holmes' case -

EMMA
 (realizes it)
 The Baskerville Hound Murders.

DUTCH
 What happened?

EMMA
 Victims were lured out onto the
 moors after dark where they were
 mauled by a great wild dog.

Holt studies the victim's wounds.

HOLT
 Dutch, get your people out.

DUTCH
 You heard the man. Back it on out
 of here and don't touch anything.

The officers file out. Holt puts on rubber gloves. Emma
 moves behind him, looking down at the grisly mess.

Holt points to markings on the DOA's rubber boot.

HOLT
 Look here... his ankle was cuffed
 to the floor so he couldn't run.

EMMA
 What's that smell?

HOLT
 He's been sprayed with a pheromone
 substance. It's an olfactory cue,
 drives animals into a frenzy.

Holt is SILENT for a long time.

EMMA
 Holt, what's wrong?

HOLT
 Moriarty lead us to this. He left
 an easy trail.

EMMA
 He'll make a mistake.

HOLT
 I'm not so sure. Look at the level
 of planning, the scope of this...
 (MORE)

HOLT (CONT'D)
 (looks up)
 He's toying with us.

She points to the victim's overcoat.

EMMA
 What's that in his pocket?

It's another letter. Holt looks it over, cracks the wax-sealed "M" and pulls out the note. He reads:

HOLT
 "Detective,
 Allow me to introduce myself. I am James Moriarty, reborn. You have gained a degree of celebrity by solving elementary murders. It's all been a prelude to this, the first true test of your skills...

He pauses, feeling a sudden chill.

HOLT
 (reads)
 It begs a simple question: Do you have the intellect and the will to stop me? Because I'll never quit. I'll keep playing this game until you catch me... or kill me."
 (folds letter)
 Signed, Moriarty.

He turns to Emma, who looks concerned.

EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

Holt walks the gauntlet past a press mob, refusing to answer questions. The smug *Post* reporter Rudy Beck hounds him.

BECK
 Detective! Have you been contacted by the killer? Are we dealing with a copy cat?

He cuts Holt off, grabbing his arm.

BECK
 The public has a right to know! You think you can *just ignore me*?

Holt loses it. He **SHOVES** Beck to the ground. A photographer **SNAPS** pictures of the fracas. Holt bolts inside.

INT. PRECINCT GARAGE - DAY

Holt sits in a parked sedan. Gus is next to him in the passenger seat. Heavy SILENCE.

GUS
What's wrong?

Holt stares at the dash.

HOLT
This case... I don't know if I'm ready for it.

GUS
You're ready.

HOLT
How can you be sure?

Gus leans his head back, relaxed.

GUS
You remember in the third grade, you taught yourself forensics? You followed me around the house pulling my prints off the ice box, the television...
(laughs)
Goddamn pint-size detective.

HOLT
Dad, I don't need a pep talk.

GUS
You were the smartest kid I ever saw and you're by *far* the smartest cop on the job.

HOLT
Moriarty is smarter...
(a beat)
And worst of all, he's patient. He won't make the sort of mistake you hit on by digging into a case file. It's going to take a coordinated effort and teamwork and a strong leader to run the show *and I'm not that guy* -

GUS
You'll have to learn.

HOLT

The captain, he said I could step down... if I wanted.

GUS

If you don't catch this guy, who will?

Gus is dead serious. It hangs there.

GUS

Son, you've spent your whole life preparing for this. It's what you were meant to do.

(a beat)

Don't turn your back on it now.

Holt takes a deep breath. He knows Gus is right.

INT. POLICE MORGUE - NIGHT

Holt and Emma are with Nash. Emmett's corpse is now on the slab, being used for visual-aid.

NASH

During the attack, his larynx was crushed and the jugular shredded.

He peels back a heavy flap of neck skin.

NASH

We grabbed some canine fibers from inside the chest cavity. We also found blood and powder burns across the DOA's torso.

(points to corpse)

Except he's clean for gunshots.

HOLT

Moriarty capped the attack dog soon after dinner was served.

Emma shoots Holt a puzzled look.

EMMA

So where's the dead dog?

HOLT

He took it with him.

EMMA

Why?

A grim beat.

HOLT
He's making us work harder.

INT. EMMA'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's posh with a balcony overlooking the park.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A bottle of wine and two glasses are on the coffee table. Evidence everywhere: witness reports, victim profiles and crime scene photos.

Emma is stretched-out on the couch. Holt is on the floor, pillow under his head, reading a Sherlock Holmes casebook.

He catches her staring at him.

HOLT
What?

EMMA
Nothing...

He goes back to reading. She watches him, fascinated.

EMMA
I went back and read about all those cases you solved.

HOLT
That stuff gets exaggerated.

She knows he's playing it down.

EMMA
Anyway, I think you're a hero.

HOLT
What I did... wasn't heroic.

EMMA
Why not?

HOLT
I did it for the wrong reasons, for myself. Each case is a puzzle.
(a confession)
It's what draws me to the work.

EMMA

So this is like a *game* to you.

HOLT

More like a narcotic.

(trying to explain)

I absorb names and addresses and witness statements and lab reports and the truth is hidden in the vast ocean of details.

She moves onto the floor, closer to Holt.

EMMA

(intrigued)

How do you find it? The truth?

HOLT

By training my mind to do two things at once. I see as much of the puzzle as possible while still focusing on each little piece.

EMMA

Don't you feel any emotion?

HOLT

Not if I can help it.

EMMA

So when I was crying in the church, you felt nothing?

He sips his wine, slightly wounded.

HOLT

Detachment is necessary.

EMMA

Why?

HOLT

Because Moriarty doesn't feel anything. To him your grandfather was simply a means to an end.

EMMA

But... he's a monster.

HOLT

And I have to get inside his head, try and see the world as he does so I can beat him to his next move.

She considers this.

EMMA

So you make yourself sick in order to understand the disease?

HOLT

Something like that.

Holt gazes at Emma, attracted to her.

EMMA

Genetics aside, I don't know how you can do this for a living.

HOLT

I've always been around cops. My dad uses to take me to the precinct when I was a kid. I'd look through mug books and make up stories about the strange men in the photos.

Holt moves closer, tone now intimate. He's doing something he rarely does: sharing a secret.

HOLT

I began sneaking into the evidence room when I was twelve.

FLASHBACK: INT. PRECINCT EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Young Holt sneaks in and looks through a case file: sees an autopsy photo of a pretty WOMAN.

HOLT (V.O.)

I got interested in this one case. An ER nurse, killed during a late shift at a hospital.

Holt slips the file into his book-bag.

HOLT (V.O.)

Blunt object. No suspects. Nobody saw anything.

FLASHBACK: INT. SCHOOLYARD RECESS - DAY

Grammar school kids run and play, hang from the jungle gym and play kickball.

Holt sits alone on a SWING, reading the police file.

HOLT (V.O.)

I became obsessed with the case. I couldn't stand the idea of the man who destroyed this woman still walking around like everyone else.

FLASHBACK: INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Young Holt hangs around the hospital, quietly observing doctors, nurses and orderlies.

HOLT (V.O.)

So I started hanging around the hospital... spying on the staff, conducting my own investigation.

VARIOUS SHOTS: He watches a DOCTOR smoking outside of the ER; entering and exiting a supply closet; interacting with the nurses; eating alone in the CAFETERIA, not touching his food.

HOLT (V.O.)

After three weeks, I knew who the murderer was... some ER doctor who was addicted to morphine. The cops arrested him and he confessed.

In the cafeteria, the ER Doctor looks up and sees Holt watching him.

HOLT (V.O.)

The nurse had caught him stealing drugs. He killed her to keep his secret.

INT. EMMA'S LIVING ROOM (PRESENT) - NIGHT

She stares at Holt, completely enthralled.

EMMA

How did you know it was him?

HOLT

Small things. His body language when he smoked. The way he took his meals alone and never touched his food. But most of all, he never looked directly at any of the nurses.

EMMA

He revealed himself through his behavior.

HOLT
Don't we all?

The two share a quiet moment. There's clearly a mutual attraction. It's all in the eyes.

Emma gazes at Holt. No words. The silence lingers.

HOLT
We should get some sleep.
(sitting up)
Thanks again for letting me crash
on your couch -

She stops him with a KISS. At first he doesn't react. Then he melts into it, pulling her closer. Both are exhilarated, swept up, hungry for each other.

Just as quickly, Holt breaks away. Out of breath.

HOLT
It's not a good idea. Not now.

EMMA
(embarrassed)
You're right. Jesus... I'm sorry.
I'll get you some blankets.

Holt watches her walk off. He's smitten.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON FIBERS through a microscope. Reveal,

INT. HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY

All the key players are present. Freshly showered, Holt briefs the team, pointing to a SLIDE PROJECTION image.

HOLT
The fibers are pure-bred Doberman.
And the tox-screen turned up trace
amounts of Pregnazone.

EMMA
What's that?

HOLT
A steroid-based drug, a performance
enhancer used by athletes.

A confused beat.

LESTRADE

The dog was pumped-up on steroids?

GRIMES

Breakfast of champions.

HOLT

I turned up a file on a New Jersey street gang: the Rahway White Boys.

VARGAS

Skinheads. I know'em from Vice. Serious bad-asses.

Holt points to the EVIDENCE BOARD: six gnarly photos of the Baskerville dog attack.

HOLT

They been charged with hate crimes involving dogs bred to attack.

As the briefing continues,

EXT. NEW JERSEY FARMLAND - DAY

Three police vans roll along an outer road. The CONVOY stops near a farmhouse with a barn and an airplane hangar.

LESTRADE (V.O.)

So you think Moriarty acquired his killer dog from these people?

HOLT (V.O.)

That's the idea.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The vans turn into the gravel driveway, moving past parked vintage muscle cars. Speed metal BLARES from speakers.

The convoy stops. The van doors SLIDE OPEN, dispersing two police TEAMS, running through the brush, circling the house.

Dutch leads the "A" team, using hand signals to communicate. Holt and Emma stay close behind, wearing Kevlar.

DUTCH

Simms! Snow! On the door.

As two officers move up the porch steps, the screen door opens. A WOMAN steps out, sees cops and starts running for the hangar, SCREAMING. The MUSIC drowns her out. An officer TACKLES her, gags and hog-ties her with plastic cuffs.

Dutch leads "A" team to the hangar. They move past the barn -

EXT. THE BARN - DAY

Holt hears muffled BARKING inside. Dutch lifts the latch and the door SWINGS open. Holt is struck by a revolting STENCH.

IN THE BARN -

Daylight reveals cages filled with feral dogs, HOWLING and CHEWING at barbed-wire. The dogs are filthy and neglected.

Dutch signals the team to keep moving.

EXT. HANGAR - DAY

The "A" team lines up. Dutch raises his rifle, moving to the front. Two men grip the door. Dutch nods and they SLIDE it open, revealing -

INT. HANGAR - DAY

A CHEERING mass of people around a circular DIRT PIT where two POWERFUL DOGS are ripping each other to shreds.

The "A" team charges in -

DUTCH
Police! Everybody down!

The "A" team quickly controls the area. Holt checks gang-member faces against a mug shot of the LEADER.

THROUGH A WINDOW - Holt sees a shirtless man escaping from the rear, running into the barn. He bolts after him.

INT. THE BARN - DAY

Holt moves inside. The BARKING is thunderous. He sees a few OPEN CAGE DOORS, swinging to-and-fro, cages empty.

HOLT
Fuck me...

He moves past a row of empty stables. Gang-leader TRAVIS is across the barn, PRYING boards loose, trying to flee. Holt SCRAMBLES over some haystacks, gun aimed.

Travis turns.

HOLT
 (over the dogs)
 Stop! On the ground! *Get your ass
 on the ground!*

Travis' eyes shift to something behind Holt.

Holt turns, sees a ROTTWEILER charging him. He BLASTS the dog in mid-leap. It YELPS and PLOWS into Holt, knocking him down. His gun SKATES away.

Travis instantly pounces on Holt, battering him with PUNCHES and booted KICKS. Holt is dazed and bloodied.

Travis reaches for the gun. Holt grabs a pitch-fork, DRIVING it hard into Travis' wrist. As he SCREAMS -

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Travis sits across from Holt, wrist bandaged. Holt has a cut over one eye and his jaw is swollen.

HOLT
 We have DNA on the attack dog. My guess, it's from the same litter as some of the other dogs in the barn.

TRAVIS
 So I give shelter to strays.

HOLT
 Once we get a match you *will* get charged with conspiracy murder.

TRAVIS
 I don't know about no murder.

HOLT
 You want to spend the next twenty years in jail?

Holt shows him grisly crime scene PHOTOS.

HOLT
 You hooked up a client. He ordered a Doberman pumped full of steroids, trained to attack on command -
 (points to photos)
 Does it ring a bell?

TRAVIS
 (bravado crumbling)
 Yeah, okay.

HOLT
 Tell me how it went down.

Travis takes a deep breath.

TRAVIS
 This dude buzzed me, said exactly
 what he wanted and where and when
 to deliver the dog...

FLASHBACK: INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Travis walks in with a muzzled Doberman on a leash. He looks around, scared, then ties the dog to a metal beam.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
 I drove to a downtown warehouse.
 It was dark and your mystery man
 stayed in the shadows.

The MYSTERY MAN tosses a cash envelope to Travis.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
 I never even saw the guy. I took
 the cash and split.

Travis picks up the cash. He sees a letterhead logo on the envelope: the symbol of a snake coiled around a book.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM (PRESENT) - DAY

HOLT
 See anything else?

TRAVIS
 Not really. There was an insignia
 on the envelope... like a symbol.

HOLT
 What kind of symbol?

TRAVIS
 A snake wrapped around a book. I
 didn't see nothing else.

Holt hands Travis a pencil and paper.

HOLT
 Draw it.

EXT. GUS' HOUSE IN QUEENS - NIGHT

The neighborhood recalls the 1950's. The block is lined with A-frame houses with cement porches out front.

EMMA (V.O.)

It's the symbol for a secret society that existed in London at the end of the 19th-century.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Holt, Emma and Gus share a home-cooked meal. Gus is still wearing his kitchen apron. He pours Emma a glass of wine.

They're looking at the SYMBOL in a book.

GUS

Does this society have a name?

EMMA

The Napoleon club.

GUS

Why Napoleon?

HOLT

After the Napoleon of crime, James Moriarty. Sherlock Holmes gave him the name. He believed Moriarty was the leader of a criminal empire.

Gus shakes his head.

GUS

A serial killer with a sense of humor. He joins a club that's been defunct for a hundred years.

EMMA

Not quite.

Emma shows Gus a a PHOTO showing a hundred men in suits, posing under a banner with same symbol. She points to a young Leland Watson, front and center.

EMMA

My grandfather resurrected the Napoleon Club in the 1950s as a literary society.

HOLT

There are more than eight hundred members, the richest men and women in the city. And guess what?

Gus listens.

EMMA

Each new member is given a Napoleon Club rubber stamp and gold jewelry items, like cuff-links or a ring.

HOLT

I've got Vargas running the list.

GUS

Eight hundred suspects? Good luck.

Holt puts his fork down. No appetite.

EMMA

I'm sick of sitting here, waiting for him to kill again.

HOLT

It's the job. We learn about the killer from his residue.

EMMA

You mean his victims?
(a beat)
You make it sound so clinical.

Gus stands, clearing the table.

GUS

I'll get dessert.

CUT TO:

Holt is now alone at the DINING TABLE. It's been cleared of dishes. He drinks coffee, talking on the PHONE.

HOLT

(into phone)
Vargas. How are you making out on the member list?... Get Slocum and Pratt and wake some people up -

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emma helps Gus wash and dry the dishes. Holt's MUFFLED VOICE continues in the b.g.

EMMA

Thanks for a delicious meal.

GUS

It's not fancy, but it sticks.

She hands him a wet dish. He dries it.

GUS

Since my wife passed I've had to learn to do for myself.

EMMA

How long ago?

GUS

Ten years. Holt was just twelve.

EMMA

Tough age to lose a mother.

Gus leans against the counter.

GUS

Her name was Margaret. Holt got all his looks and brains from her.

(a joke)

Don't know what he got from me?

EMMA

His heart...

Gus smiles, nods.

EMMA

What happened to her?

GUS

She was an ER nurse. Got murdered right at the hospital by a doctor ...Bastard was strung-out on drugs.

Emma realizes Holt solved his own mother's murder when he was a young boy. She's stunned.

GUS

Maggie walked in and caught him stealing the stuff... Bad luck.

EMMA

I'm sorry.

Gus fights back pangs of emotion.

GUS
I got her picture here.

He pulls out his wallet, shows Emma a photo: the same WOMAN young Holt was looking at in the autopsy photo.

EMMA
She's beautiful.

EXT. GUS' HOUSE IN QUEENS - NIGHT

Holt walks Emma to her car. They're both nervous. It's like the end of a first date.

EMMA
Gus is a real sweetheart.

HOLT
He likes you. I could tell... We don't get many dinner guests.

EMMA
Have you always lived at home?

HOLT
Yeah. I don't like the idea of my dad walking around an empty house.

EMMA
He worries about you, too. Thinks you spend too much time alone.

Holt gives her an exasperated look.

EMMA
Also, he'd like you to meet a nice girl and settle down.

HOLT
Jesus, anything else?

Emma LAUGHS as they reach her car.

EMMA
I have a surprise for you.

She opens the trunk, pulling out an authentic SAVILE ROW TUXEDO from the same vintage clothing store as earlier.

EMMA
I guessed your size.

HOLT
Emma, I can't accept.

EMMA
I need an escort tomorrow night.
My family is hosting a Victorian
Era charity ball at our estate.
There might be some Napoleon Club
members there as well.

HOLT
(confused)
Wait... You're asking me on a date?

EMMA
(playful grin)
Something like that.

She looks directly at him. He's flustered.

HOLT
I accept...

EMMA
Great.

She kisses him softly on the cheek.

EXT. DOWN THE STREET - NIGHT

Through a CAR WINDSHIELD, we see Emma kissing Holt. She gets
in her car and drives off.

Someone is watching.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WATSON ESTATE - NIGHT

It's a sprawling mansion with acreage. LIMOUSINES drop off
the city's rich and famous, dressed in 19th-century evening
wear.

A banner over the entrance reads: CHILDREN'S RESEARCH AND AID
FOUNDATION.

HOLT'S CAR pulls up -

He steps out in the vintage tuxedo. He spots Emma, greeting
arriving guests, splendid in a silk gown with corset. She
and Holt catch a look and hold it. She smiles.

Holt's heart melts.

INT. OUTER BALLROOM - NIGHT

Holt is totally out of his element amid the formal elegance around him. Emma walks with him, holding his arm.

HOLT
I hope I don't embarrass you by
using the wrong fork.

EMMA
(laughs)
Try and relax.

HOLT
I feel like they're all staring,
wondering what I'm doing here.

EMMA
Just be yourself.

She smiles at two matronly OLD GOSSIPS, bedecked in jewels and hoop-skirt evening dresses.

EMMA
And for the record, the only thing
they're wondering is whether or not
we're an item.

Emma spots Simon, distinguished in a Prince of Wales dinner jacket, white tie and tails. Simon waves and walks over.

SIMON
Hi there...

He kisses Emma on both cheeks.

SIMON
(turns to Holt)
Detective, Shaw. I'm pleased you
could pull yourself away from the
hunt long enough to join us.

HOLT
I'm grateful for the invite. It's
really... something.

Holt glances at Emma. She winks. Simon sees it.

SIMON
It's good to see the partnership is
gelling so smoothly.

EMMA
 (warns him)
 Simon -

SIMON
 Forgive me.
 (changes subject)
 Emma tells me you're making some
 progress on the case.

Holt gives Simon a poker-face look.

HOLT
 I really can't discuss it.

SIMON
 Of course. I just want to see this
 monster caught or killed. I also
 have a morbid curiosity regarding
 the murders.

HOLT
 So does half the city.

SIMON
 Well, maybe after a few glasses of
 champagne you'll have more to say.

HOLT
 Anything is possible.

The two men stare at each other.

SIMON
 Em, I need you for half a minute.
 The Copelands are sniffing around
 for some grant money.
 (to Holt)
 You don't mind, do you?

HOLT
 Not at all.

Simon pulls her away.

EMMA
 (over her shoulder)
 I'll come find you.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Fabulously decorated. Tables, chairs, crystal goblets and servant uniforms are all Victorian Era. The chandeliers are lit by candle.

Nervous, Holt moves past period-dressed socialites. He grabs champagne off a passing tray and drinks it down.

HOLT'S POV - Two OLD MEN at the bar are wearing Napoleon Club tie-pins; a dancing WOMAN has a broach with the symbol; a HUSBAND hands his wife a drink. He has on Napoleon Club cuff-links.

His cell phone RINGS...

EXT. MANSION BALCONY - LATER

Holt is on his phone, away from the party, halfway through a second glass of champagne.

HOLT
 (into phone)
 Dig into credit card bills, phone records. Talk to family, friends and co-workers. We need to know these victims. Yeah, get it approved -

Emma appears, martini glass in hand. Holt folds his phone shut. They share a long mutual gaze.

EMMA
 This feels good.

HOLT
 What does?

EMMA
 Being here with you... away from dissected corpses.

HOLT
 I don't know, the autopsy room can be damn romantic.

Emma LAUGHS. They stand close, staring at each other, eyes locked. A long beat.

EMMA
 Let's dance.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Holt and Emma dance together, a perfect fit. Their movements are dreamlike, whispering into each other's ears.

EMMA

What if Moriarty's here? In this room, watching us?

HOLT

I was wondering that myself.

She glances at MEN'S FACES: dancing, chatting, drinking.

EMMA

I don't think he could resist the thrill.

Holt smiles.

EMMA

What?

HOLT

You're starting to think like him.

EMMA

No, Holt... I'm starting to think like you.

Their eyes are on each other as they move. His hand slides tighter around her waste. Her cheek moves against his. She melts into him, kissing him.

ACROSS THE ROOM - Simon watches, expressionless.

DANCE FLOOR - Holt and Emma are lost in music, their bodies close... She moves with him, unable to resist. He holds the back of her neck, kissing her.

People around them stare.

Her eyes burn into his. Holt stops dancing... He reaches for her, pulling her away from the dance floor.

INT. OUTER BALLROOM - NIGHT

A long corridor lined with tapestries.

Holt and Emma STUMBLE into the room, kissing, falling against a tapestry, devouring each other.

She turns to the wall... rubbing her backside against his groin. Holt grabs her breasts, pulling her against him.

She throws her head back, kissing him. He grabs her by the hand, rushing down the corridor to the staircase.

HOLT
You know the upstairs?

EMMA
(breathless)
Sure. I used to live here.

They hurry up the steps.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

She leads him by the hand, both BREATHING hard, hungry for each other. She stops at the door, turning to him.

EMMA
This is a mistake.

HOLT
I know.

He kisses her hard, moving her inside.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Near dark. Clothes all over the floor. They're in a huge canopy bed. He is atop her, kissing her breasts. She runs her fingers through his hair, arches her back, eyes closed.

His hands move down under, raising her up. She kisses his chest, licking it. She opens her mouth, reaching for his.

As they come together,

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

They're both asleep. A NOISE wakes Holt up. He sits up in the dark, listening. The DOOR CREAKS closed... someone was in the room.

Holt reaches for his holster on the bedpost. Grabs his gun.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Holt walks to the stairs in a borrowed robe, gun in hand. He sees a light downstairs, coming from under a door.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Holt cracks the door and enters.

The library has a mezzanine and a rolling ladder. The walls are adorned with antique pistols and a trophy case.

Holt is not alone. Simon sits alone in a silk robe, sipping brandy, working out strategies on a chess board.

SIMON

I see you're a nocturnal creature
as well.

HOLT

Yes.

SIMON

You know... it's often a sign of a
superior intellect.

HOLT

Actually, I did.

Holt slips the gun into his robe pocket.

HOLT

Were you just upstairs in Emma's
room?

SIMON

I often check on her at night. I
didn't know she had company.

He pours another brandy.

SIMON

Understand, she's like a baby
sister. I feel... protective.

HOLT

I can see that.

SIMON

How is she?

HOLT

Fine. She's sleeping.

Holt takes the drink.

SIMON

In Victorian London a man could be shot for spending an evening alone with an unmarried woman.

HOLT

Good thing we live in the twenty-first century.

Holt looks at a GLASS CABINET with an array of Sherlock books on display: rare first editions, in various languages, cover illustrations of the detective's greatest cases.

Simon joins him at the display.

SIMON

How much do you know about your great grandfather?

HOLT

I'm learning more each day.

SIMON

Sherlock Holmes was the father of modern criminology, a pioneer in forensics, crime scene analysis and victimology. He was also the earliest known criminal profiler.

(a beat)

You have any idea how many murders he solved?

HOLT

No.

SIMON

John Watson chronicled more than four hundred.

Holt scans book covers. He sees a depiction of "The Hound Of The Baskervilles" and "The Hyde Park Murders"

HOLT

So many corpses...

SIMON

A daunting legacy.

HOLT

(looks up)

I didn't know you were an expert?

SIMON
It's the family business.

Simon sits down at the CHESS BOARD. He signals Holt, who sits across from him.

SIMON
Do you play?

HOLT
A little.

They fall into "speed-chess" rhythm, rapidly moving pieces around the board.

SIMON
Emma's been kind enough to keep me informed of your investigation. I've been following it religiously.

HOLT
And?

SIMON
You seem to be on the defensive.

HOLT
The nature of the job. You react to what the killer leaves behind.

Simon takes Holt's bishop.

SIMON
In chess, the key is to know your opponent's next five moves. Once you know your enemy's strategy you can be proactive and set a trap.

He takes Holt's knight.

SIMON
As long as you know what move he's going to make *before* he makes it.

He surrounds Holt's dwindling chess pieces.

SIMON
If you really want to get inside Moriarty's head, look to the past.

HOLT
Agreed. Checkmate.

Simon studies the board. Stunned, he surrenders his King.

SIMON
Incredible...

HOLT
You overreached. But thanks for
the game.

Holt rises to leave.

SIMON
The killer is following Sherlock's
career chronology.

HOLT
I know.

SIMON
What are you planning to do?

A beat. Holt looks down at Simon.

HOLT
Set a trap.

INT. HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY

Holt is in front of an expanding EVIDENCE BOARD, organized as
a TIME-LINE of four Sherlock cases. Three are marked off:

1. Hyde Park (Central Park)
2. Fatal Flaw (Leland Watson - blind)
3. Baskerville Hound (dog mauling)

Holt points to a fourth case.

4. Railway Murders (?)

HOLT
Moriarty is following Sherlock's
career-chronology. His next case
is the "Railway Murders"...

LESTRADE
What do we know about it?

Emma passes out copies of London Daily news articles.

EMMA
The killer was Edmund Scott, a
factory worker who lived alone with
his mother. He liked to ride the
trains at night out of London. He
killed six men on those trains.

LESTRADE

How?

HOLT

Chopped them up with a machete.

VARGAS

Charming.

HOLT

The murders have all been committed in Manhattan. Moriarty won't break his pattern.

GRIMES

Where does that leave us?

HOLT

With the modern equivalent of the London trains.

Holt turns to a CITY MAP with a grid of subway routes.

LESTRADE

Subway system?

HOLT

If we put undercover cops on every train we can trap him.

Lestrade shakes his head.

LESTRADE

It's a logistical nightmare.

GRIMES

(laughing)

Why not just stake-out all of New Jersey?

Holt keeps his cool, takes a breath.

HOLT

Hear me out... The railway murders took place at night. Moriarty will be faithful to the original crime.

LESTRADE

Meaning what?

HOLT

He'll strike after dark. It cuts the operation in half. Eighty men, undercover, riding in shifts.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORMS AND TRAINS - NIGHT

UNDERCOVER COPS move down into the subway, dressed as bums, whores, gang-members, priests and nurses.

HOLT (V.O.)
We can pull resources from transit,
off-duty security and anti-crime.

The "COMMUTERS" take positions on cars and at platforms.

EXT. STREET LEVEL - NIGHT

POLICE CARS cruise the streets, staking out subway entrances.

HOLT (V.O.)
On street level, patrol cars can
seal subway exits within minutes.

INT. TRANSIT DISPATCH CENTER - NIGHT

Makeshift headquarters. Lestrade and transit cops set up a COM-CENTER. Holt studies a SUBWAY MAP of all the lines.

HOLT (V.O.)
We can run the whole operation from
transit dispatch.

INT. MOVING TRAIN - NIGHT

It WHISTLES through a tunnel with commuters on board - we don't know who is undercover.

HOLT (V.O.)
He'll surface. And we'll be there
when he does.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

It's abandoned, but for a few homeless stragglers.

INT. EMPTY TUNNEL - NIGHT

A rat scurries along the track.

INT. TOKEN BOOTH - NIGHT

A TELLER exchanges cash for tokens. Her handgun and police badge are hidden under the counter.

EXT. EMPTY PLATFORM - NIGHT

A train stops. The doors open for a few seconds.

INSIDE TRAIN: a black COUPLE snuggles in a seat. The woman looks around, whispers into her collar.

BLACK WOMAN
Canarsie Line. Clear.

INT. TRANSIT DISPATCH CENTER - NIGHT

Lestrade and detectives sit at stations, in contact with undercover cops. AD-LIB radio talk.

LESTRADE
(into microphone)
Copy that. Over.

There's a constant rhythm of bored RADIO VOICES. It's quiet out there. Nothing happening.

IN A CORNER - Holt and Emma sit alone. She yawns. The two speak in private.

EMMA
What time is it?

HOLT
(checking watch)
Three-thirty.

EMMA
Can I ask a dumb question?

HOLT
Shoot.

EMMA
Why does he go through such effort
to copy a hundred-year-old murder?

Holt looks at Emma.

HOLT
Why did Ed Gein made lamps of human
skin? Why did Jack the Ripper carve
out his victims' sex organs?

EMMA
No answers?

HOLT
It's a tunnel with no light at the
other end... or rather a deep dark
bottomless well.
(an afterthought)
It's all wiring.

Holt moves imperceptibly closer.

HOLT
Can I ask you something?

EMMA
Shoot.

HOLT
If Moriarty surfaces, will you stay
here and help coordinate?

EMMA
You can't get rid of me that easy.

HOLT
Emma... It's not safe.

She smiles, furtively takes hold of his hand.

EMMA
I know the risks.

HOLT
I can't protect you.

EMMA
We'll protect each other.

Across the room, Lestrade sees the intimate moment.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

A train rolls to a stop, doors OPENING. A few commuters
enter and exit. Dutch, dressed as a bum, plays a guitar.

He notices a MYSTERY MAN walking past in a trench coat, a
hood covering his face. Dutch is suspicious. He watches.

As the mystery man gets on the train, his coat falls open
just enough for Dutch to see a BIG-ASS KNIFE in a leather
sheath.

He WHISPERS into a sleeve mic.

DUTCH
Lexington platform. It's him.

LESTRADE (V.O.)
Talk to me.

DUTCH
He just got on a northbound train
packing a monster blade.

LESTRADE (V.O.)
Move in. Stay with him.

HOLT (V.O.)
Proceed with caution. I repeat,
proceed with *extreme caution*.

Dutch and two UNDERCOVER COPS get on the train. The doors close. It slowly pulls away.

INT. DISPATCH CENTER - NIGHT

Holt, Lestrade and Emma crowd around the THE MAP. Holt points to where the train is now.

HOLT
It doesn't make sense. He's making
it too easy.

EMMA
(pointing to map)
We can take the Seventh Avenue
train. It intersects here.

Holt nods. They run for the door.

HOLT
Get uniforms to seal off all street-
level exits and set up a perimeter.

LESTRADE
Roger that.

EXT. STREET LEVEL - NIGHT

QUICK SHOTS: Patrols cars SCREECH to a stop; officers jump out, taking posts at subway platform entrances.

INT. LEXINGTON TRAIN - NIGHT

Dutch and his undercover team move from CAR to CAR, closing in on Moriarty.

The train pulls into a SUBWAY STOP. The doors open. Grimes and Vargas join Dutch, along with six well-armed cops.

DUTCH
He's two cars up.

GRIMES
(pumped up)
Lets do it.

EXT. STREET LEVEL - NIGHT

Holt and Emma SCREECH to a stop at a subway entrance. Two officers stand guard in helmets and flak-jackets.

Holt flashes his badge. He and Emma run down an escalator.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Holt jogs along the platform. An empty train pulls up. He and Emma get on. His radio CRACKLES.

DUTCH (V.O.)
I see him through the window. He's seated. No civilians in the car.

HOLT
(into sleeve mic)
Something's wrong. Moriarty would not put himself in this position.

INT. LEXINGTON TRAIN - NIGHT

Dutch peers through the door window: spies the hooded MYSTERY MAN sitting alone, staring at the ground.

Grimes is chomping at the bit.

GRIMES
(into sleeve mic)
We've got a clean shot with no collateral. Give the order.

HOLT (V.O.)
It could be a trap!

GRIMES
(into sleeve mic)
Negative. Now's the time.

Grimes signals Dutch who mouths "One, Two, Three". The TEAM rushes in, wielding their weapons.

The mystery man, a HOMELESS WINO, holds up his hands as if he's ready to surrender. He's scared shitless.

HOMELESS WINO

I -- He gave a hundred bucks to ride the train... I'm sorry.

Grimes grabs the BIG-ASS KNIFE. It's fake rubber.

GRIMES

Goddamn toy rubber knife.

VARGAS

(worried)
Shaw was right...

INT. HOLT'S TRAIN - NIGHT

It's empty. Holt and Emma are RIDING alone. Suddenly, the lights go dark. Emma looks around, scared.

Holt pulls his gun, WHISPERS into a sleeve mic.

HOLT

(heart pounding)
Seventh Avenue. Somebody just killed the lights.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

The train GRINDS to a stop in the darkness.

INT. PARKED TRAIN - NIGHT

Dead quiet. No movement. Emma is trembling. Holt stands, gun aimed at the darkness. It's gut-check time.

HOLT

He's taken the train.

EMMA

He's coming for us, isn't he?

HOLT

C'mon, we have to warn the other passengers -

Holt is interrupted by PIERCING SCREAMS a few cars away. He pulls out a flashlight.

HOLT

Stay *real* close!

He and Emma move frantically into the next car. He passes a NUN, hiding under a bench. He shines a light on her face.

NUN
(frozen in fear)
Somebody's being attacked!

Holt shoves through another door. Emma is one step behind. It's dizzying. They move past an OLD COUPLE, two terrified faces.

The SHRIEKS are now one car away! Holt reaches the door. He SLIDES it open.

INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Holt steps inside, panning his flashlight. It catches the ceiling - blood drips down from above.

HOLT
Oh, Christ...

Holt tilts the flashlight down until it falls onto the DEAD DRIVER, hacked into a stew of limbs, floor thick with blood.

Holt backs up, pinning Emma safely against a wall.

EMMA
What?

HOLT
This is fresh. Don't move. He's close. I can feel it.

They stand, frozen. Holt shines his flashlight and gun across the floor... to one side... in the corners.

The far door FLIES open! Holt FIRES at a dark figure who DASHES outside.

(Note: Moriarty's face is shielded by his jersey-hood.)

EXT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Holt jumps down, sees MORIARTY running away. He and Emma give chase.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

Holt and Emma slow down, moving guardedly. He aims his flashlight into corners and under the tracks.

HOLT
Fucking Houdini...

EMMA
Maybe he circled back?

HOLT
There's a full team standing guard
at the next stop. He's trapped.

EMMA
I don't feel any safer.

Holt hears METAL SCRAPING. He whips his flashlight at the ground, onto a heavy SEWER GRATE. It's been moved aside.

HOLT
He's in the sewer.

Holt climbs down.

INT. SEWER SYSTEM - NIGHT

Holt hears Moriarty SPLASHING up ahead. He chases him down a SEWER PIPE with an inch of flowing water.

The pipe deposits Moriarty (in shadow) into a tunnel cave filled with trash.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE - NIGHT

Holt and Emma scramble down the pipe. He jumps to his feet, spots Moriarty ahead in the half-light.

HOLT
Stay here.

EMMA
(looks around, scared)
Not a chance!

Holt tears ass through the cave. Moriarty disappears around a corner. Holt brings his gun up, turning the same corner -

INT. SUBTERRANEAN WORLD - NIGHT

It's a maze of tunnels and flowing water.

Holt looks around, confused, searching for Moriarty. He hears more SPLASHING and charges full on. SHOTS ring out!

Holt grabs Emma, diving into a half-pipe with running sewer water. They crouch low in two feet of reeking sewage.

EMMA

What the -

She feels SCURRYING around her. Holt aims light into the water. It's swamped with rats. They scramble to dry land.

There's a lighted exit ahead with a metal staircase.

EXT. POWER GRID - NIGHT

Holt runs up. Atop the staircase, he sees a steel door with "DANGER ELECTRICITY" decals posted.

INT. POWER GRID - NIGHT

Holt and Emma enter a concrete CORRIDOR leading to a BUZZING power grid. The room is lit by "emergency exit" signs.

He spots Moriarty through the tentacles of the grid.

HOLT

Moriarty!

He fires. The bullets BLAST the grid, throwing a SHOWER OF SPARKS onto a veiled Moriarty. He SCREAMS and spins. Holt sees the gun. Emma is caught in the crossfire.

HOLT

Get down Emma!

Moriarty SHOOTS her. She falls to the ground. Holt runs after Moriarty, until he sees EMMA WRITHING on the ground.

EMMA

Oh, Jesus!

He runs back to Emma, who is losing blood. He kneels down and RIPS her shirt, checking her shoulder.

EMMA

Holt, I'm scared!

HOLT

It's nothing. It barely broke the skin. Just breath...

Holt tends her wound. He looks up, eyes burning for Moriarty who has escaped into the darkness.

EMMA
Go after him.

HOLT
No. He's gone.

EXT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

It's a MEDIA CIRCUS with officers keeping news crews and reporters and onlookers at bay.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Lestrade is with Holt who is dirty and scraped-up from the underground pursuit. He's catching hell.

LESTRADE
You had him trapped in a sealed chamber and he slipped away!

HOLT
He knew the tunnel. The escape route was pre-arranged.

LESTRADE
A hundred men and we couldn't even prevent the murder! Not to mention he escaped because you chose to baby-sit Nancy Drew with a goddamn flesh wound!

HOLT
She was scared. I didn't know how serious it was -

LESTRADE
Are you sleeping with her?

HOLT
Excuse me?

LESTRADE
It's a fair question. Are you fucking her?

Holt's non-response is answer enough.

LESTRADE
Christ, you're about the dumbest genius I ever met.

Lestrade shakes his head. An ER DOCTOR emerges from behind one of the curtains.

HOLT
How is she?

ER DOCTOR
Six stitches. I gave her a shot
for the pain. She'll sleep.

The ER DOCTOR walks off. Holt sees Simon *SHOVING PAST* a security guard on his way over. He's fuming.

Lestrade meets him halfway.

LESTRADE
She's fine.

SIMON
Hey, she was *shot!* I want to know
what happened down in that tunnel.

LESTRADE
She wanted access, remember?

SIMON
So it's her fault?

LESTRADE
Detective Shaw never wanted her on
this case.

SIMON
She's a civilian! What the hell was
she doing in pursuit of a dangerous
psychopath who had already killed
three people?

During the tirade, Holt quietly observes Simon.

He has on a fresh turtleneck and slacks. His hair is still wet from a shower. And he wears a gold ring with the symbol of a snake coiled around a book.

Holt stares at the ring.

SIMON
Don't you have anything to say,
detective?

He looks up, directly at Simon.

HOLT
I didn't know you were a member of
the Napoleon Club.

SIMON

Yes. My grandfather founded the society and I assumed leadership when he stepped down.

Simon glances from Holt to Lestrade.

SIMON

Am I missing something? Why is this important?

LESTRADE

(stepping in)
It isn't.

Holt and Simon stare daggers at each other.

SIMON

Stay away from her.

HOLT

Are you threatening the police?

LESTRADE

That's enough, detective. You're dismissed.

Holt walks off. Lestrade leads Simon to a side door.

LESTRADE

This way. I know you're eager to see the girl.

INT. EMMA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

She wakes up on pain-killers, shoulder bandaged. Holt is sitting bedside, keeping vigil. He is gentle and loving.

HOLT

Hey...

EMMA

He got away, didn't he?

HOLT

Forget it. Just rest.

He takes her hand, squeezing it.

EMMA

What's the matter?

HOLT

I was thinking I've never been in love before... Haven't even had a serious girlfriend.

She starts to speak. He stops her.

HOLT

When I saw you on the ground scared and in pain... Emma, I think I'm in love with you.

EMMA

The feeling is mutual.

He kisses her gently on the cheek, smiling.

HOLT

You know in Victorian London a man could be shot for spending a night alone with an unmarried woman.

EMMA

Sounds like something Simon would say.

Holt's smile slowly fades.

HOLT

You two seem really close.

EMMA

We grew up together.

HOLT

How did that happen?

EMMA

My parents died in a plane crash when I was seven. Uncle Richard raised me.

HOLT

And Simon?

EMMA

We attended the same schools and travelled together. He protected me.

(a beat)

He's like a brother.

Holt nods, grimly.

INT. POLICE COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Holt is working alone, logged onto the police database. He TYPES in the name: W-A-T-S-O-N, S-I-M-O-N.

THE CLIP FILE - photos of Simon at Harvard, articles on his academic career; society pages showing "playboy" Simon with sexy women.

Holt doesn't see a FIGURE sneaking up.

LESTRADE (O.S.)
What the hell are you doing?

Holt is startled, out of breath.

HOLT
Looking for a serial killer.

LESTRADE
Simon Watson is *not* a suspect.

HOLT
Maybe he should be.

LESTRADE
Why? Because he's a member of the Napoleon Club? There are a nearly thousand names on that list. It's a dead end.

HOLT
It's not just that...
(he explains)
At the hospital, did you even look at him? Four o'clock in the morning and he's wearing freshly pressed slacks and a turtleneck. And he'd just stepped out of the shower -

LESTRADE
You're speculating.

HOLT
His hair was wet and he'd applied fresh deodorant and cologne. He gets a phone call in the middle of the night informing him a close family member is in the emergency room with a gunshot wound and he's got time to *take a shower?*
(a beat)
It doesn't add up.

Lestrade's face is turning red.

LESTRADE

Detective, are you looking to sabotage your career?

HOLT

He fits the profile. He's got the means, the intellect... He lives in the past and he's obsessed with Sherlock Holmes.

LESTRADE

Occupational hazard.

Lestrade takes a DEEP BREATH.

HOLT

At least let me take a second look at his alibi and dismiss him as a suspect.

LESTRADE

I already did. He checks out.
(in confidence)
The night of the first murder Simon was hosting a dinner party attended by the mayor and the police chief. Okay?

Holt nods, embarrassed. Lestrade shuts off the computer.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - EARLY MORNING

It's a huge crime scene. Klieg lights illuminate the space as BEAT COPS walk in a line, checking the ground.

NEAR THE PARKED TRAIN - Grimes moves past subway cars shining a flashlight underneath. An object reflects the light.

He crawls under until he sees the object (off-screen).

GRIMES

(eyes wide)
Sonuvabitch...

INT. HOMICIDE BULLPEN - MORNING

Holt is wearing fresh clothes, looks exhausted. The team (minus Grimes) huddles as the facts are laid out rapid-fire:

VARGAS

We checked the clothing shops on the list. Nothing.

HOLT

Anything off transit surveillance?

YABLONSKY

Zero. The resolution sucks. The transfer is grainy as hell -

HOLT

C'mon, man. Work your magic, get me some faces to look at.

Holt quickly turns to Pratt and Slocum.

HOLT

What about the letters?

PRATT

The stationary is a dead end. I'm getting inventory lists from London shops through INTERPOL.

SLOCUM

I wouldn't hold my breath.

Holt is frustrated, running into a brick wall. A desk-phone RINGS and Vargas picks up. He listens.

VARGAS

It's Grimes. He's got something.

EXT. STREET, NEAR SUBWAY STOP - DAY

Holt's sedan SCREECHES to a stop. Grimes gets in.

INT. HOLT'S SEDAN - DAY

Holt drives through traffic. Vargas rides shotgun. Grimes leans up from the back seat, showing them a plastic bag.

GRIMES

I found it under the train.

Inside: is a laminated PRESS PASS from the *NY Post*. The photo ID is for reporter, Rudy Beck.

VARGAS

Goddamn reporter.

GRIMES
He must've dropped it during the
chase.

Holt nods, uncertain.

INT. NY POST OFFICES - DAY

Holt, Grimes and Vargas barge in. The editor, YOST, tries to stop them.

YOST
What is this?

HOLT
Rudy Beck. Where is he?

YOST
He's out on a story. I haven't
seen him for a two days.

HOLT
What story?

YOST
The Sherlock murders, what else?

Holt and Grimes exchange glances.

HOLT
Where's his office?

INT. RUDY BECK'S OFFICE - DAY

It's filled with Sherlock books, old London newspapers and photos of Holt and Emma outside the precinct.

GRIMES
(rummaging a shelf)
This dude is obsessed.

HOLT
It doesn't mean anything. He's a
crime reporter. It's his beat.

Vargas digs through the desk. He finds a file marked "Dog Fights".

VARGAS
Whoa momma...

THE FILE - contains research, interviews and photographs on the "Rahway Gang" that bred the attack dog.

Holt and Grimes crowd around the open file.

HOLT
Let's get a home address.

EXT. RUDY BECK'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Holt leads the POLICE TEAM up the steps. Grimes and Vargas seem overly eager, pumped up.

GRIMES
We nail this freak and we are famous, bro'.

VARGAS
You can make some real coin off a serial-killer.

HOLT
(not convinced)
Only if he did it...

INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

Holt pushes the door open, Grimes and Vargas behind him. Holt turns back to a policewoman.

HOLT
Your people wait outside.

The sitting room is dark and gloomy. Holt moves past shelves of books: A HISTORY OF MURDER, STUDIES IN FORENSIC TECHNOLOGY and CRIMES OF THE CENTURY.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

The table is a mess of dirty dishes.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Holt stares at the refrigerator. On the door are CUT-OUTS from magazines, mostly REAL CRIME stuff.

Holt sees a room off the kitchen -

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

It's been converted to a darkroom. Holt turns on a red bulb:

Tabloid SNAPSHOTS of the case cover the wall: Holt dogged by reporters; with Emma outside the precinct; shoving Beck; and autopsy photos of the victims.

GRIMES (O.S.)
Shaw! In here...

INT. OFFICE-DEN - DAY

Holt enters. Grimes and Vargas are staring at an old *London Daily* newspaper on the desk.

The headline reads: HOLMES OUTWITS SCOTLAND YARD MONSTER!

HOLT
He's planning the next one.
(reads)
"The killer preyed on Scotland Yard officers. Six policemen were found at home in their bathtubs, shot in the head with a pistol. Famed detective, Sherlock Holmes, cracked the case after weeks of terror in London -"

Holt picks up the newspaper, turning the page. Vargas sees something on the desk that freezes him.

VARGAS
Holy shit! Holt -

He points to a pile of long-lens surveillance photos on the desk, photos of Gus and his house in Queens.

Holt sees them and is gripped by fear.

HOLT
Dad...

INT. QUEENS-MIDTOWN TUNNEL - DAY

Holt's SEDAN speeds in and out of traffic, ahead of a police convoy, lights flashing, sirens BLARING.

INT. HOLT'S SEDAN - DAY

He drives like mad. Vargas rides shotgun, calling Gus on his cell-phone. It RINGS... The MACHINE picks up.

VARGAS
No answer.

HOLT
 He should be home... He's always
 home in the afternoon.

Holt grips the wheel, aching with terror.

EXT. GUS' HOUSE - DAY

Holt's sedan SCREECHES to a stop. LOCAL POLICE are on the scene. He moves across the lawn with Grimes and Vargas.

HOLT
 You see anybody who's not my
 father, shoot to kill.

GRIMES
 Not a problem.

They arrive at the front door. It's open.

INT. GUS' HOUSE - DAY

Holt enters, gun drawn. It's quiet.

In the KITCHEN, he sees a lit cigarette... water boiling on the stove... a chair knocked over... and blood on the floor.

HOLT
 (panic-stricken)
 No, no, no, no, no...

It forms a trail leading into the hallway. Holt moves in that direction. Vargas cuts him off -

VARGAS
 You don't want to go in there.

GRIMES
 Stay here. Let us go -

Holt SHOVES past them.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

He follows the blood trail, heart pounding. He moves past a narrow table, sees a sealed letter on it, wax monogram "M".

Chills run own Holt's neck. He tears it open and reads:

HEY SHERLOCK,
 DO YOU SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING?
 - M.

He sees Gus' POLICE BADGE, pinned to the bathroom door. The carpet is pink and soaking wet.

HOLT
God, no...

He KICKS the door open.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Gus is floating in a tub of red bath-water, a bullet-hole in his temple. The bloody exit-spray has stained the tile wall.

Holt absorbs the horrific tableau, devastated.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A newsstand vendor sets out a pile of tabloid papers with a block headline: MORIARTY'S FIFTH, A COP!

He unpacks a second stack: THIS TIME IT'S PERSONAL!

A third one reads: NO END TO GRISLY MURDERS?

EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

NEWS CREWS swarm the precinct. Holt walks the gauntlet of ravenous reporters. Cameras and microphones are everywhere.

INT. PRECINCT LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Numb, Holt clears out Gus' locker, removing several father-son PHOTOS. Lestrade walks up.

HOLT
(withdrawn)
Have they found Beck?

LESTRADE
No.

HOLT
He didn't do it.

Lestrade CLEARS his throat.

LESTRADE
I worked with your father for sixteen years. He was a good man.

HOLT
Thanks, captain.

LESTRADE
The department will handle all the
arrangements.

Holt turns back to the locker.

LESTRADE
You can do this later. Go home.
Take a some time for yourself -

HOLT
I can't. He's still out there.

LESTRADE
It's not your case anymore.

Holt turns to Lestrade.

LESTRADE
I'm sorry.

HOLT
Who's in charge?

LESTRADE
Grimes.

Holt nods. Lestrade walks off.

INT. EMMA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Holt enters. Emma's bed has been stripped. Holt flags a
passing NURSE.

HOLT
Where's Emma Watson?

NURSE
She was released this morning.

INT. EMMA'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Holt KNOCKS on the door. Emma answers in her bathrobe and
slippers. Holt looks up at her, flooded with emotion.

EMMA
Holt... I'm sorry.

She pulls him close.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Holt reclines on a deck chair. Emma sits close to him. They share a mug of hot tea.

EMMA

Your father was a sweet man. I only met him the one time but I liked him a great deal.

HOLT

I always wanted to be more like him. He knew who he was.

Holt speaks softly, opening up.

HOLT

He was comfortable in his own skin and he made others feel relaxed.

(a beat)

I've never been good at that.

EMMA

It's hard when you're different.

She takes a sip of tea.

EMMA

Genius is a gift and a curse. From earliest memory I imagine you were unique... so much smarter than your classmates, even your teachers.

HOLT

So alone...

EMMA

In a sense, you've been alone your entire life.

Holt leans back, eyes closed. She's touched a nerve.

EMMA

I'm sorry. I didn't mean -

HOLT

It's okay. I want you to know all about me.

She kisses him. Gives him a consoling embrace.

EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

A NEWSCASTER broadcasts the noon-day news. We watch him on television with station logo.

NEWSCASTER

(on television)

Stunning news in what's come to be called the "Sherlock Murder" case, a cycle of grisly killings that's gripped the city.

VIDEO FROM EARLIER - Grimes and Vargas walk a hand-cuffed Beck past cameras and REPORTERS barking out questions.

NEWSCASTER

The police now have a suspect. Daily Post reporter, Rudy Beck, was arrested this morning. Sources report he could be charged by the end of the day.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Rudy Beck sits across from Grimes, pissed off, scared, trying to muster bravado. Vargas stands against the door.

BECK

First thing I do, get me a shark lawyer and sue your ass.

(to Vargas)

You too, Pendejo... Every asshole in this department!

INT. VIEWING ROOM - TWO-WAY MIRROR

Holt and Lestrade watch and listen.

BECK

You just fucked with the power of the press!

GRIMES

Where have you been?

BECK

I don't have to answer that.

(a beat)

I was working on deadline.

GRIMES

The Sherlock murders?

BECK

Yeah, so? It's the hottest story in the city. I get a call from a guy, tells me he's Moriarty and he wants to tell his side of the story -

GRIMES

Hold on, you had a meeting with the serial killer known as Moriarty?

BECK

No. Because he didn't show up.

Holt studies Beck like he's a lab rat.

VARGAS

What about the photos and the old newspaper we found at your place?

BECK

It's not mine. It was planted.

GRIMES

So the killer lured you away from your home and planted evidence to frame you?

BECK

(losing bravado)
Yes.

GRIMES

And the stuff at your office?

BECK

I'm a reporter. It's research.

Holt FLIPS a switch, shutting Beck off.

HOLT

(to Lestrade)
He's telling the truth.

INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

It's overrun with police.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Slocum rummages a desk. Pratt runs blue phosphorous light over the clothes in the closet. Grimes is in charge.

Holt hangs in the doorway, quietly observing.

GRIMES
What do you got?

SLOCUM
Not finding anything.

PRATT
Zero. The clothes are clean for
residual blood.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

Grimes enters, frustrated.

GRIMES
Talk to me, partner?

Vargas has turned the place upside-down. He looks up and
shakes his head. Nothing.

Holt leans against a wall, looking doubtful.

GRIMES
What?

HOLT
Can we talk for a sec'?

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

French doors open onto an enclosed garden. Holt and Grimes
are alone. Grimes is in no mood for advice.

GRIMES
What's on your mind, genius?

HOLT
He's not the guy. This place is
all wrong.

GRIMES
We'll find evidence.

HOLT
If Beck were the killer there'd be
trophies everywhere.

GRIMES
Sour grapes.

HOLT
Excuse me?

GRIMES
You can't stand it someone else
cracked this case.

Holt looks at Grimes, stern.

HOLT
Are you kidding me? I want this
monster off the street.

GRIMES
And that's what's happening.
(losing patience)
Look pal, it's my case now. You're
not even supposed to be here -

Holt is no longer listening. Instead, he's intensely focused
on the ROSE GARDEN behind Grimes.

GRIMES
Are you listening?

Holt walks over, examining the ground.

GRIMES
What is it?

HOLT
These roses... They're shorter than
the others.

GRIMES
So?

HOLT
So they've been replanted. And not
long ago.
(points)
The soil is fresh and the ground
dips around these four bushes.

Grimes looks at the soil, bored. Holt points to dung
beetles, moving in formation into the ground.

HOLT
You know about entomology?

GRIMES
Hell no.

HOLT
Dung beetles are rabid flesh-eaters
with a tremendous sense of smell.

GRIMES

In English?

HOLT

Sunken ground, freshly dug soil,
and something down there emitting
the smell of flesh...

A beat. Grimes looks confused.

HOLT

It's a shallow grave.

EXT. COURTYARD - LATER

The roses have been removed. Pratt and Slocum are digging.
Two feet down, they hit pay dirt.

PRATT

(brushing away dirt)
We found something! It's a black
garbage bag.

SLOCUM

Heavy as a mother -

They pull the GARBAGE BAG out of the ground. Holt SLICES it
open with his pocket knife.

THE BAG - a grotesque mask of teeth and matted hair falls
out. It's the Doberman, shot in the head, frozen in a snarl.

HOLT

The Baskerville attack dog.

SLOCUM

That's not all.

INSIDE THE BAG: a rubber stamp with Napoleon Club symbol;
vials of the steroid drug Pregnazone; and a jar with two
eyeballs floating in liquid.

PRATT

Leland Watson...

THERE'S MORE: antique stationary; Moriarty's hooded jersey
from the subway chase; and a bloody garotte wire.

VARGAS

It's a damn treasure trove.

Slocum hands Grimes something rolled-up in a towel. Inside,
is an antique pistol.

VARGAS

Thirty-two caliber. Same as the
gun that killed Gus -

(to Holt)

- and the slug that winged your
rich girlfriend.

GRIMES

(triumphant)

We get a match and we're home free.

VARGAS

That seals it. Beck is toast.

Amidst the excitement, Holt looks unsure.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The newsstand vendor sells late-edition papers. A jogger
buys a tabloid with the lurid headline: MORIARTY UNMASKED! A
businessman grabs a rival paper: REPORTER IN CUSTODY!

A priest reads *The Post*: MONSTER FACES DEATH PENALTY!

INT. HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY

Grimes and Vargas are dismantling the evidence board, putting
stuff in boxes. Holt tries to stay quiet, but can't.

HOLT

You're just making more work.

VARGAS

How's that?

HOLT

When the next body turns up we'll
have to put it all back up again.

Lestrade passes by Holt's desk.

LESTRADE

My office.

INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE - DAY

Holt closes the door. Lestrade moves to his desk, sits.

LESTRADE

You still think he's innocent?

HOLT

I think he could have dumped that stuff in a million different places, including the Hudson River and we *never* would have found it.

Lestrade doesn't want to hear this.

HOLT

What does he do? He drags it home and buries it in his garden.

LESTRADE

Maybe he panicked.

HOLT

Do you really think he dropped his press pass down in that subway?

LESTRADE

They broke the "Son of Sam" case on a lousy parking ticket.

HOLT

Berkowitz was delusional. He was talking to dogs.

LESTRADE

And this whack-job thinks he's the reincarnation of a hundred-year-old killer!

(shaking his head)

We have a suspect and a truckload of evidence. The D.A. says we've done our job.

(final word)

It's over.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Grimes and the other detectives leave for the day. Holt sits alone at his desk, pretending to read reports.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DUSK

Holt sneaks in and "steals" the Sherlock case files.

INT. COFFEE SHOP IN QUEENS - NIGHT

Holt sits alone at his CORNER BOOTH, poring over evidence, looking for a missed clue. Suddenly, his cell phone RINGS.

HOLT
Hello?

EMMA (V.O.)
It's Emma... I miss you.

Holt smiles, pleased to hear her voice.

HOLT
Not as much as I miss you.

EMMA (V.O.)
Good. Come to dinner. Simon wants
to thank you for what you've done.

Holt's smile fades. He glances down at SIMON'S FILE which is open in front of him.

HOLT
I'm still tying up a few loose
ends...

EMMA (V.O.)
Eight o'clock. No excuses.

Holt is amused by her bossy tone.

HOLT
Yes, dear.

INT. WATSON MANSION - NIGHT

Simon is preparing a gourmet meal in a KITCHEN straight out of Architectural Digest. Emma is opening a bottle of wine.

Holt sits at the center island. He eyes Simon, suspicious.

SIMON
I'm pleased you're here. It gives
me a chance to apologize for my bad
behavior at the hospital.

HOLT
It's okay. You were upset.

Emma POURS wine into three glasses.

SIMON
Has the reporter confessed?

HOLT

Not yet. It's strange because most serial killers confess within hours of capture.

EMMA

Holt isn't convinced Beck did it.

Simon looks up, surprised.

SIMON

I spoke with Lestrade. He said the evidence is overwhelming -

HOLT

A little too overwhelming.

Simon DICES vegetables with great skill.

SIMON

Sherlock Holmes based his work on a principle known as Occam's razor. It suggests that when you have two competing theories -

HOLT

The simpler of the explanations is always correct. I know it.

SIMON

Do you believe it?

HOLT

I believe there's nothing so deceptive as an obvious fact.

Simon laughs, shaking his head.

SIMON

Aren't you the one who cracked the case?

EMMA

(beaming)

He certainly did. And all because he knew which season roses should, or rather *shouldn't* be replanted.

HOLT

I uncovered the evidence... just as Moriarty intended

Simon is DICING harder and louder. He looks up. Holt is staring at him. Simon grins.

He raises his glass, offering a toast.

SIMON

To a brilliant young detective. We are forever in your debt.

EMMA

And to improved relations between the Watson and Holmes families.

She winks at Holt. They CLINK glasses. Holt sips his wine, eyes boring into Simon.

SIMON

I imagine a jury will decide on Beck's guilt or innocence.

HOLT

Unless I find the real Moriarty before there's a trial.

Simon starts DICING the vegetables again, working the knife like a blade-master.

SIMON

If you haven't caught him yet, what makes you think you will now?

HOLT

Because he fucked up...

Emily turns, startled by Holt's tone.

HOLT

Framing Rudy Beck was transparent. It lacked sophistication. Most of all it was just plain sloppy -

SIMON

How so?

HOLT

One look at his place and I knew he wasn't a serial killer. The photos of my father, the treasure trove of evidence... obvious facts, intended to deceive.

Simon DICES harder, louder and faster. Holt notices.

HOLT

If this were a game of chess I'd say the *real killer* overreached and revealed himself for what he is -

SIMON

What's that?

HOLT

A sick pathetic monster with an unexceptional mind. An ordinary psychopath of limited intellect, desperate to prove he's a genius.

Simon's FUMBLES the knife, SLICES his finger.

SIMON

Damn!

EMMA

Are you okay?

SIMON

I'm *perfectly fine!*

Simon sucks his finger, grinning so hard it appears his face will crack. Holt holds Simon's gaze.

Simon turns to the sink, washing blood off his finger. And that's when he sees: *tiny burn marks on Simon's neck.*

FLASHBACK: INT. CITY POWER GRID - NIGHT

Grid SPARKS rain down on Moriarty's neck and shoulder. He SCREAMS in pain.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN (PRESENT)

Holt stares at the burn marks. He absolutely knows that his suspicions were right: Simon is Moriarty.

Simon turns back. Notices Holt is staring at him.

A long-ass beat. Simon reads his expression... and realizes that Holt knows.

SIMON

(calm voice)

You know who I am, don't you?

EMMA

Simon, what are you -

She's interrupted when two things happen simultaneously:

Holt quickly DRAWS his gun!

And Simon FLINGS his knife!

It SLICES into Holt's gun-hand as he FIRES. The errant shot SHATTERS the wine bottle. The gun skates across the kitchen floor. Simon runs off.

Emma is stunned.

EMMA

Holt! What just happened?

HOLT

(retrieving gun)

Simon is Moriarty! I saw burn marks on his neck, from the power grid -

Suddenly, the lights go off.

HOLT

He cut the power.

EMMA

(trembling)

Wh-why?

HOLT

He can't let us leave. He's got to kill us, now.

He hugs her, whispering.

HOLT

We have to get out of here.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Holt enters in defense mode, shielding Emma, moving through darkness with one thing in mind: getting out of the house.

A floor CREAKS overhead. Holt whips his gun around, heart BEATING, coiled like a cat. He hears MOVEMENT... Simon is nearby. Somewhere in the house.

Holt grabs Emma and RUNS for the door.

NEAR THE STAIRCASE - a spray of GUNFIRE cuts him off. Holt hears FOOTSTEPS running away. Holt FIRES at the sound, then he rushes Emma to the DOOR.

He shoves his car keys into her hand.

HOLT

Get out! And phone the police.

EMMA
What about you?

HOLT
Go on! GO!

He pushes her outside. SLAMS the door shut. He moves back through the DOWNSTAIRS, searching rooms.

He notices the library door is half-open.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Holt enters, sliding along a wall.

OVERHEAD MEZZANINE - Holt is directly below. Simon steps out from the shadows... and tips a over a SHELF OF BOOKS.

They RAIN DOWN over the balcony, KNOCKING Holt down. His gun skates across the rug.

Simon SLIDES down the ladder, landing with grace.

SIMON
How'd you figure it out?

Holt crawls for his gun. Simon KICKS him in the face. Sends him SMASHING onto the chess table. Pieces go flying.

SIMON
I asked you a question.

HOLT
(dazed and bleeding)
Burns on your neck... from the power grid.

Simon nods. He grabs a SAMURAI SWORD from the display.

SIMON
Always the detective... Do you fence?

Holt grabs a flag-stick, BREAKING off the flag part.

HOLT
I play stickball.

Simon SWINGS the sword -

Holt dodges it, WHACKING Simon across the back. Simon advances, SLICING Holt's arms and chest, WHITTILING down his weapon. Holt ducks a roundhouse swing.

The sword STICKS into the door. Holt bolts away. Simon grabs Holt's gun, running after him.

INT. HOLT'S SEDAN - NIGHT

It's parked outside the mansion. Emma slides behind the wheel, STARTING the car. Thinks it over. She KILLS the engine. Opens the glove box.

She grabs the same SMALL GUN inside. Runs back inside.

INT. STAFF KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's huge with industrial ovens and walk-in fridges. Holt runs in, bleeding from cuts, looking for a weapon. No luck.

HOLT

C'mon...

He dumps a BLOCK OF KNIVES on the counter. He hears Simon coming. He grabs two knives and runs up the servant STAIRS.

Simon gives chase, firing. GUNSHOTS spark behind Holt, who barrels through a side exit.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Holt sprints around back to the POOL. Simon emerges. Holt sees him and runs down the lawn to the garden.

The path leads to a massive HEDGE MAZE. Holt looks around: open lawn for acres. No choice. He runs into the maze.

INT. HEDGE MAZE - NIGHT

It's a disorienting labyrinth. Holt runs, turning left... then right... making split-second decisions, no idea where he's been or where he's going.

He hears FOOTSTEPS and crouches around a corner, knife in hand. Simon appears.

Holt steps out and FLINGS the knife. It flies through the air, STICKING into Simon's shoulder. Holt runs off.

SIMON

Aahhhhhh!

Simon slowly pulls out the knife. He bolts after Holt, enraged.

INT. CENTER OF THE MAZE - NIGHT

Holt turns left, then right... looking behind him. He turns down one alley, running into a dead end. He's trapped.

Simon walks up, gun aimed.

SIMON
Checkmate.

Holt draws his last knife. Simon quickly SHOTS it out of his hand. Holt is defeated.

SIMON
I guess you overreached. Any last words?

Holt looks at Simon, but he's speaking to Emma, who has just stepped out of the shadows behind Simon, gun raised.

HOLT
Gun's loaded and the safety's off.
Just squeeze the trigger.

Her hand trembles.

SIMON
You'll die soon enough. But before you do, I want you to know I'm not some brainsick monster -

EMMA
Simon!

He turns, stunned.

SIMON
What are -

EMMA
Murderer.

She SHOTS Simon in the chest. He goes down, eyes open, trying to speak. He dies.

Holt and Emma embrace. She drops the gun, sobbing.

INT. WATSON MANSION - LATER

Lights restored, it's now a crime scene. The police search the house.

In Simon's DESK DRAWER, Vargas finds the antique stationary, steel nib and "M" seal used for the Moriarty letters.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Gus' funeral is a police ceremony. His photo is next to the casket. Cops in uniform fill the church, including Lestrade and Chief Daniels.

Holt and Emma sit in the front row.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS: Holt watches as the coffin is lowered; He accepts condolences from cops; The mourners disperse.

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - DAY

Holt walks Emma to her car, holding hands.

EMMA

I wish I could stay with you but
I'm needed in London.

HOLT

It's okay. I'll be fine.

He musters a smile.

HOLT

When does your plane leave?

EMMA

Tonight. I fly out of JFK on the
company jet.

HOLT

I've never been to London... Maybe
I'll visit sometime.

She pulls out a pen, writing a phone number on his palm.

EMMA

My number in London. Call me if
you want to talk.

(eyes locked)

I miss you already.

HOLT

Not as much as I miss you.

She kisses him, long and soft. She gets in her car. Holt watches her drive off.

INT. LOCAL COP BAR - NIGHT

Gus' pals drink and TOAST a fallen cop.

Holt sits alone, downcast, staring at his palm. An enigmatic look comes over his face. He comes to a decision and dials the London number on his cell. It RINGS...

EMMA (V.O.)

Hi, this Em. I really want to hear from you so leave a message -

He hangs up. He grabs his coat and RUSHES out.

INT. HOLT'S SEDAN - DUSK

Holt drives past a sign that points to JFK AIRPORT. He speed-dials "EMMA'S CELL" number.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - NIGHT

Emma hands her cell phone to a security guard as she passes through a metal detector.

INT. HOLT'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Holt exits the AIRPORT RAMP, blowing through a stoplight. He checks his watch and CURSES to himself. Running late.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Emma walks the tunnel, moving through customs.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Holt pulls up to the passenger DROP-OFF AREA. He gets out and is running inside when -

A phalanx of POLICE CARS converge: Lights FLASHING, SIRENS blaring. Lestrade steps out of a car.

He catches up with Holt who is dodging through TRAFFIC. They yell over the ROAR of overhead PLANES.

LESTRADE

(fuming)

Have you lost your mind? What's the emergency? What are we doing here?

HOLT
No time to explain! We've got to
stop the plane!

LESTRADE
What plane?

HOLT
Emma Watson's!

LESTRADE
Is she in danger?

HOLT
Not quite.

LESTRADE
(enraged)
Detective, tell me what *the fuck is*
going on!

Holt stops. He turns to Lestrade and drops a bombshell.

HOLT
She's Moriarty!
(a beat)
She planned the whole thing! The
perfect murder and she's getting
away with it! C'mon!

Holt runs inside. Lestrade follows.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Holt runs up to a SECURITY GUARD, followed by a team of cops.

HOLT
We have a fugitive escaping on a
chartered flight. Call the tower
and shut it down.

SECURITY
It's impossible.

HOLT
(still moving)
Do it! Where's the gate?

SECURITY GUARD
Past customs. The far end of the
terminal.

Lestrade is lost, groping for answers.

LESTRADE
Talk to me, detective.

HOLT
I'll explain on the way.

Holt sprints through the TERMINAL, followed by Lestrade and a team of cops.

HOLT
We have to start with Moriarty's letters and the one fact we know about them: They were written by a left-handed killer.

FLASHBACK: INT. SUBTERRANEAN WORLD - NIGHT

Holt watches the veiled Moriarty fire at Emma, using his right hand.

HOLT (V.O.)
It didn't hit me until later, but in the subway when Moriarty fired at Emma, he used his right hand.

INT. AIRPORT (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Holt passes through a metal detector. Cops leave their guns behind.

GRIMES
So what?

HOLT
So the Moriarty that fired the gun wasn't the same person who wrote the letters. It was the first clue I was after *two killers*.

FLASHBACK: INT. CEMETERY - DAY

Emma writes down her number with her left hand. She kisses Holt goodbye as a look of betrayal flashes across her face.

HOLT (V.O.)
Then at the cemetery... Emma wrote down her phone number with her left hand.

FLASHBACK: INT. POLICE BAR - DAY

Holt stares at his palm. That enigmatic look... He realizes she was involved.

HOLT (V.O.)
It hit me at the bar. I started rethinking the entire case and it all fell into place.

INT. AIRPORT (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Holt runs past a food court, leading a police track team.

HOLT (V.O.)
She and Simon worked as a team so that each would have an alibi for the murders the other committed.

FLASHBACK: INT./EXT. VARIOUS MURDERS

QUICK SHOTS: Central Park victim... Baskerville victim... Subway victim... and Gus floating lifeless in his bathtub.

HOLT (V.O.)
Together they created the Moriarty persona and killed five people to cover up the motive for the murder of Leland Watson.

At the church: Leland Watson, dead on the altar steps.

LESTRADE (V.O.)
What motive?

HOLT (V.O.)
To inherit the Watson fortune: two billion dollars.

EXT. AIRPORT (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Emma walks across THE TARMAC to her waiting jet. She is a sleek, splendid, brilliant, dangerous young woman.

HOLT (V.O.)
She used her family's influence to get close to the investigation.

FLASHBACK: WATSON MANSION - NIGHT

The night of the costume ball. VARIOUS SHOTS: Holt and Emma dancing; kissing; passionately making love.

HOLT (V.O.)
She gained my confidence and
seduced me. I became her alibi the
second I fell in love with her.

INT. AIRPORT (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Holt rushes through CUSTOMS, running past duty free shops.

HOLT
The subway murder was staged. The
escape route was pre-arranged. It
was a ruse so they could frame Beck
by planting his press pass.

LESTRADE
She planted it?

HOLT
Yeah, during the chase.

FLASHBACK: INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

Emma secretly tosses Beck's PRESS PASS under the car.

LESTRADE (V.O.)
What about the shooting?

HOLT (V.O.)
Simon was an expert marksman.

FLASHBACK: INT. CITY POWER GRID - NIGHT

Moriarty (Simon) turns and fires the pistol. He clearly aims to wound, not kill Emma.

HOLT (V.O.)
I saw the pistol collection in his
library the night of the charity
ball. It was easy for him to graze
Emma's arm.

Emma makes herself an easy target. She overplays her injury, feigning terror.

HOLT (V.O.)
And she made sure I stayed with her
so Simon could escape.

FLASHBACK: INT. GUS' HOUSE - DAY

Gus sits, having tea with Emma who wears an arm-sling. She walks to the sink.

HOLT (V.O.)
She charmed Gus, too. There was no
forced entry because he invited her
in when she stopped by to kill him.

Gus doesn't see Emma pull the gun from her sling. As she turns on him -

INT. AIRPORT (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Holt moves into a tunnel marked: CHARTERED FLIGHTS. The ROAR of a jet engine grows louder.

GRIMES
What tipped it?

HOLT
Once I knew she was left-handed I
allowed for the possibility she was
involved.

FLASHBACK: INT. LOCAL COP BAR - NIGHT

Holt listens to Emma's message, far-off look in his eye.

HOLT (V.O.)
I called her from the bar to hear
her voice. I got a phone message.

EMMA (V.O.)
Hi, this Em. I really want to hear
from you so leave a message -

Holt rushes out of the bar.

EXT. AIRPORT (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Holt moves down the steps and across the tarmac. The ROAR of a jet engine is deafening.

HOLT

I remembered Emma's nickname, the one she said Simon gave her when they were kids.

(beat)

It was "Em"... Emma is Moriarty.

The JET taxis past, hatch still open. Emma is framed in the doorway. She stares down at Holt.

ON THE TARMAC -

Holt stops, out of breath. They lock eyes as the jet rolls past... It's an emotion-filled gaze. She blows him a kiss.

The jet rumbles away, still in sight. It QUIETS down. Holt stands in front of the other cops, defeated.

His cell phone RINGS... He answers.

EMMA (V.O.)

I just wanted to say goodbye. I knew you'd finally figure it out.

HOLT

Not fast enough.

EMMA (V.O.)

Don't be so hard on yourself. You were splendid. It was a thrill to see how your mind works... Simon underestimated you.

HOLT

And I underestimated you.

EMMA (V.O.)

I am sorry about Gus.

HOLT

Skip it.

EMMA (V.O.)

You understand each action was part of the larger plan. It'd all been worked out before we met. I watched you progress from academy recruit to police officer and then, thanks to my subtle influence, to homicide detective and celebrity -

HOLT

I was a pawn from the start.

EMMA

Don't be upset. Remember what you said about not feeling any emotion?

Holt remembers.

HOLT

Detachment is necessary.

EMMA (V.O.)

Yes. I couldn't allow my love for you to altar our plans.

(a beat)

I *did* fall for you.

HOLT

Not as hard as I fell for you. I was blinded by it. I've got a lot to learn.

EMMA (V.O.)

I imagine this was a hard lesson.

HOLT

The hardest. But I agree with what you said.

A beat.

EMMA (V.O.)

What?

HOLT

I couldn't allow my love for you to keep me from doing *my* job.

Holt smiles, imperceptibly.

EMMA (V.O.)

Your job? What can you possibly do to me now?

HOLT

The second I knew it was Simon I had the FBI freeze all your family accounts.

A beat... heavy SILENCE on the line.

HOLT

You just murdered five people for no good reason. You have no money and no assets. You're a fugitive with no means of support.

EMMA (V.O.)
(controlled rage)
Clever boy...

HOLT
How're you going to travel? Where
will you live?

EMMA
I'll survive. And I imagine we'll
see each other again.

HOLT
I'm counting the days.

EMMA
I miss you already.

HOLT
Have a nice trip.

Holt HANGS up.

He watches the jet ROLL onto the runway, picking up SPEED,
getting smaller and smaller until it finally lifts off...

It disappears into the darkening skies. Holt knows the game
is over... at least for now.

FADE OUT.

THE END.