

# THE GHOST OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

A single lamp and a TV light up the back of the parlor where Chief of Police CHARLES WINDSOR (65), a bald man wearing a Police Chief hat, sits motionless in an easy chair with his back to the bay window.

Further back from the house on a grassy knoll, a black-clad sniper leans into a high-powered spotting scope on a powerful rifle.

The sniper zeros in on the target through the window.

A small red dot appears at the back of Charles's head.

The sniper squeezes the trigger.

ZIP, the bullet leaves the rifle.

CLINK, a small window shatters.

Charles's head jerks forward, and his chin drops to his chest.

The sniper grabs the rifle and disappears into the forest.

EXT. ROSIE'S CAFÉ - MORNING

The sun rises, turning the beautiful, sleepy village a vibrant orange.

MARIA MARTIN (25), a beautiful but nervous first-year Detective Constable, steps out of the café holding a tall cup of coffee in one hand and her smartphone in the other. She wears white EarBuds, a casual pantsuit, and an ironed brown shirt. Her detective badge hangs from her belt.

She talks to herself as she steps over the legs of a handsome bum, SHERLOCK HOLMES (60), sitting on the ground against the café and wearing a tattered wool suit and cap. He doesn't look up, and she doesn't look down.

MARIA

Not now, Mum. I'm late for work.  
I'll call you later.

Sherlock looks up and sees Maria's detective badge on her belt. He stares curiously at her smartphone and earbuds.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Poor thing. She's either hard of hearing or has voices in her head, as I did in life. But I assure you, neither of us has as many voices in our heads as did my creator, Arthur Conan Doyle.

MARIA

Chief, I'll attend to your business when I arrive at the office. Enjoy your vacation!

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

She must work for Inspector Lestrade.

Maria looks down to see the bum looking up at her.

She pulls out a wallet and drops the bum some money.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

(smiles)

Yes, she's exactly the type of young detective I should mentor.

Maria crosses the street to the small police station.

Holmes lags behind her, staring at her smartphone.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

What is this curious object in her hand? A glass top and a metal encasement of a kind I've never seen before. It appears to respond to the lightest touch. I hypothesize that it's some sort of personal telegraph responding to a person's voice. Strangely, there are no wires attached to the miniature light-box.

He looks up and around.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Leaving no other alternative, I must conclude it is bark wizardry of a far-off place  
(looks around worriedly)  
or age.

Sherlock examines his tattered wool suit and old shoes.

SHERLOCK  
Watson? It's not 1913, is it?

Looks around, stunned.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Watson?  
(sadly)  
No John Watson?  
(arrogant)  
It seems I'm on another case alone,  
like I was on "The Adventure of the  
Blanched Soldier" and "The  
Adventure of the Lion's Mane."

Maria reaches the police station and quickly turns around, surprised that she does not see the bum following her or outside Rosie's Café.

She removes the Earbuds from her ears and pockets them before entering the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sherlock walks in behind Maria, but no one else can see him. Maria may HEAR some of what Sherlock says from time to time. We often see the film from the POV of the sophisticated, almost arrogant character of Sherlock Holmes.

Two desks with computers are in the outer office of the police station. Maria turns on the sectional ceiling lighting and places her coffee cup on her desk. One name plaque reads, "Detective Constable Maria Martin."

SHERLOCK  
Detective Martin, I'm not  
unfamiliar with electrical  
lighting, Inspector Martin. It was  
rather obvious in "The Hound of the  
Baskervilles."

The other desk has a plaque that reads, "Police Constable Henry Gruber." The door is open to a larger inner office, with a sign reading, "Chief of Police Charles L. Windsor." The lights are not on in the office.

The large oak desk in the Chief's office is covered with files, maps, reports, mail under a rotary telephone, and sticky notes, but no computer.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
This office is more to my liking.

Maria looks back at the Chief's empty office.

MARIA  
What can we do for you today,  
Chief?

She pauses, looking around.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Check the morning reports from HQ  
and Interpol.

Maria salutes the empty office. Holmes stares back.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
I'm on it, Chief.

POLICE CONSTABLE HENRY GRUBER (22), in a freshly pressed uniform, rests a small bag of croissants and a cup of hot chocolate on his desk.

HENRY  
Morning, Gov. My phone's been  
buzzing like crazy.

Maria stares at her phone and turns it on.

MARIA  
I guess mine's been off.

Maria's phone lights up with emergency messages from HQ and Interpol. She's shocked and jumps on her computer.

Henry looks over one of her shoulders, Holmes looks over the other. Holmes studies the computer.

SHERLOCK  
What a remarkable contraption  
indeed – it's like a newspaper in a  
light-box with a disconnected  
typewriter not unlike an Underwood  
Number 5, yet I see no paper.  
Fascinating. I've never seen  
anything like it.

HENRY  
What's with all the emergencies?

MARIA  
The first from HQ is about that  
"Robbing Hood" character.

SHERLOCK

You must be referring to Robin Hood, tales from the 14th and 15th centuries, I believe. Steals from the rich and gives to the poor. Am I near Sherwood Forest?

MARIA

Not Robin Hood! Robbing Hood!

HENRY

The irony doesn't escape me either, Gov!

Holmes steps back.

MARIA

He bilked more senior citizens out of their pension checks, and get this, he or she is donating the money to the yacht clubs involved in the America's Cup and other wealthy organizations.

Holmes is puzzled.

HENRY

It's gotta be a rich bloke doing that. Stealing from the poor and giving to the rich.

SHERLOCK

What scoundrel would do such a thing?!

MARIA

Sick bloke!

(beat)

Then HQ says that some cryptocurrency exchange was hacked and people are losing thousands or tens of thousands of –

SHERLOCK

Cyrpto-what?

HENRY

Attacking small investors?

MARIA

Exactly, Henry! The hacker is targeting small-time investors and day traders.

SHERLOCK

I'm fully aware of small-time  
investors, but who can trade days?  
This may be a type of criminal case  
with which I am unfamiliar.

Maria stares at Henry as a well-dressed, mixed-ethnicity  
Brit, ARTHUR SIMMONS (30), strolls in wearing a tailored grey  
suit.

Holmes is most surprised.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It's Inspector Lestrade from the  
London police!

Holmes studies Arthur.

Arthur reaches into his coat pocket, and Henry reaches for  
his taser gun.

ART

Hold in, quick draw. Your taser  
isn't charged.

SHERLOCK

Taser?

Art shows them his INTERPOL BADGE. Maria looks away,  
embarrassed by Henry.

ART

I'm Special Agent Arthur Simmons  
for the Interpol Cybersecurity Task  
Force. I'm looking for the Chief of  
Police, Charles L. Windsor.

SHERLOCK

Cybersecurity? I assume it involves  
the theft of cybers, another item  
with which I am unfamiliar.

HENRY

Charles L. Windsor? What does the  
"L" stand for?

ART

Ludicrous?

Henry looks at Maria, bewildered.

MARIA

Take a seat, Henry. I'm -

Art points to the plaque on her desk.

ART  
Detective Constable Maria Martin.  
They taught reading at Oxford.

SHERLOCK  
Oxford? Lestrade attended the  
University of Edinburgh.

Henry sits and smiles.

HENRY  
We have a witty one here, Gov.  
You'd better read him.

Art glares at Henry.

ART  
Read me? How?

Maria stands and glares at Art.

SHERLOCK  
Arrogant, like Lestrade.

Maria examines Art quickly from head to toe.

MARIA  
Special Agent Arthur Simmons.  
You're a young, fit, self-absorbed  
man confined to an office all day.  
You have dark circles under your  
bloodshot eyes, telling me you have  
constant eye strain and fatigue  
from extensive computer use. Your  
skin above your sleeves is pale and  
shallow. You're posture with a  
forward-leaning "tech head"  
indicates a prolonged period of  
sitting, I'm guessing for six to  
eight years of boring office work.

Henry smiles as Art checks the pale skin above his sleeves.

SHERLOCK  
Remarkable, Detective. I was about  
to deduce the same.

ART  
What makes you think I'm self-  
absorbed?



MARIA

I heard your sports car drive up,  
with an enhanced muffler sound,  
overcompensating for your lesser  
rank in Interpol.

(beat)

They wouldn't send a high-ranking  
agent to our sleepy little town.

Henry laughs as Art cowers a bit.

SHERLOCK

Well done, Detective.

Maria points to Henry as she glares at Art.

MARIA

Constable Henry Gruber is my  
partner and right arm. He's as  
loyal to me as Sancho Panza was to  
Don Quixote.

SHERLOCK

Ah! Henry is Maria's Doctor Watson,  
albeit not as refined or  
accomplished at his young age.

MARIA

Our Chief is on annual leave and  
asked not to be disturbed. It's his  
bloody vacation.

Art regains an angry confidence.

ART

I'm required to disturb him.

MARIA

Art, is it? We have orders not to  
disturb him unless it is a matter  
of life and death.

Art shows Maria and Henry a long list of names on his  
smartphone.

SHERLOCK

Does everyone have a personal  
telegraph light-box?

Art points to number 23 on the list: Charles L. Windsor.

ART  
Seven people on this list have  
already been confirmed dead in the  
past three weeks.

Maria drags Art into the Chief's Office. Holmes follows.

MARIA  
You're from Cybersecurity. This  
must be some kind of mistake. The  
Chief has never used a computer or  
smartphone in his life!

SHERLOCK  
I see nothing wrong with avoiding  
the light-boxes!

Art looks around the Chief's office. He pauses at an  
astrology chart and a map of Yeti sightings. He opens the top  
left drawer of the desk to see a bottle of whiskey, tarot  
cards, and a dozen Chinese fortune cookies.

MARIA  
Do you have a warrant?

ART  
Do you want to give me his address?

MARIA  
I thought Interpol knew everything.

SHERLOCK  
There's that word, Interpol, again?

ART  
He may not own the house with the  
address we have for him: Buckingham  
Palace.

SHERLOCK  
The House of Windsor?

ART  
Everyone has secrets. Some hide  
them better than others.

Sherlock and Maria look away sadly.

MARIA  
So true.

SHERLOCK  
So true.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
I'll take you to his country home.

Maria guides Art and Holmes toward the door. She opens the door but turns to Henry.

MARIA (CONT'D)

We're going to drop in on the Chief. Please stay here and manage our heavy caseload.

SHERLOCK  
Missing cats?

ART  
Missing cats?

Henry fakes a salute to Maria as Holmes slips out the front door first.

HENRY  
You got it, Gov.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Holmes is crammed into the backseat of a late-model three-seater convertible sports car.

Maria stares over at an e-scooter (Elettrika 45 or similar) also parked out front.

MARIA  
We could take the station's e-  
scooter?

SHERLOCK  
E-scooter?

ART  
I'll drive.

Art begins to open the passenger door for Maria, but she stops him.

MARIA  
I know how to open car doors.

SHERLOCK  
I did not.

Maria stares at the door, bewildered.

Art presses in on the left side of the door handle to open the door. Maria is annoyed.

MARIA  
 Fine.

Art gets in on the driver's side.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DAY

ART  
Where to?

MARIA  
South. About five kilometers.

SHERLOCK  
I've enjoyed many a carriage ride  
on such fine days -

Art starts the car, revs the engine, and RACES off.

Maria smiles. Sherlock is terrified the entire ride and holds  
on for dear life.

Maria sniffs the air.

MARIA  
Do you smoke?

ART  
No. Why do you ask?

MARIA  
I thought I smelled tobacco. My  
grandpa smoked a blend of Virginia  
and Burley pipe tobacco.

Holmes remains frightened.

SHERLOCK  
A man of good taste.

ART  
No one's smoked in my family for  
two generations.

Sherlock rolls his eyes in disgust.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They pull to a stop in front of a small but elegant country  
estate surrounded by knolls and patches of forest.

Art and Maria exit the car immediately.

Holmes is shaken and exits with surprising difficulty as  
Maria presses the doorbell.

No answer.

She presses the doorbell and knocks loudly. She yells.

MARIA  
Chief, it's me! Maria!  
(to Art)  
The Chief's hearing hasn't been the  
best lately.

Maria tests the door and discovers it is unlocked.

Holmes, legs still shaking, now stands right behind Maria and Art.

Maria opens the door a few inches and yells.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Chief, it's -

The "smell of death" knocks all three back from the door.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Oh my God!

She's horrified, but races into the parlor.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Maria finds the Chief slouching in his easy chair with his head slumped forward, with a bullet hole in the back of his head. His Police Chief hat is in his lap.

Maria, Art, and Holmes see and smell the Chief's actively decaying body. We get a quick glimpse of discolored skin, a bloated appearance, maggot activity, and facial features starting to liquefy. Holmes is elated. Maria is horrified.

SHERLOCK  
Finally, a case with which I have  
familiarity!

MARIA  
Don't touch anything!

Maria and Art run to the front porch as Holmes stays inside.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maria calls Henry.

MARIA  
Henry, the Chief, is dead. Bring  
the CSI kit and call Doc Zlobin.  
(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Tell him we need him as the  
Coroner.

HENRY (V.O.)  
I'm on it, Gov!

ART  
I'm sorry for your loss.

MARIA  
He's been dead a long time.

SHERLOCK (O.C.)  
Five weeks, maybe six.

ART  
I don't know. I'm in cyber -

MARIA  
I'm thinking five weeks, maybe six.  
I saw maggots.

SHERLOCK  
An astute observation, Detective.  
Entirely missed by the Special  
Agent.

Maria investigates the exterior windows of the parlor.

SHERLOCK (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Did you see the bullet hole? Back  
of the head?

MARIA  
I also saw a bullet hole in the  
back of the Chief's head.

ART  
He was murdered?

Maria finds a shattered window.

MARIA  
I think so.

SHERLOCK (O.C.)  
The game is afoot!

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - LATER

DOC ZLOBIN (45) is dressed in a full HAZMAT suit as he hauls one end of the body bag out of the doorway. Henry, in blue medical scrubs, carries out the other end of the body bag.

Maria studies the crime scene photos on her iPad, while Art studies the crime scene photos on his iPad. Holmes looks over both their shoulders.

Doc and Henry load the body into Doc's van.

DOC  
Thanks for your help in there,  
Henry.

HENRY  
Anything for you, Doc.

MARIA  
I've got to report this to HQ  
immediately.

ART  
I'm afraid you can't do that!

Doc and Henry walk up to the group as Maria gets angry.

MARIA  
This is my jurisdiction.

Holmes nods in agreement.

SHERLOCK  
Standard police protocol.

ART  
This is an international incident,  
and Interpol will lead the  
investigation.

HENRY  
Maria can handle it, Art. She has  
an incredible gift for observing  
human nature.

Maria smiles at Henry and then glares at Art.

MARIA  
For example, I think Special Agent  
Simmons isn't telling us everything  
he knows.

ART  
I'll be bringing in a team from  
across Europe.

Art shows them a place to sign on his iPad, which Holmes stares at suspiciously.

SHERLOCK

Yet another form of light-box. They are ubiquitous in this time and place.

ART

I'll need you all to sign an NDA not to disclose anything about my case to anyone.

SHERLOCK

NDA?

MARIA

(to Henry)

It's a Nondisclosure Agreement.

HENRY

I didn't say anything, except to Doc.

MARIA

(to Art)

This is not your case. I'm not signing anything.

Maria's phone receives a text message from "HQ."

She reads it.

MARIA (CONT'D)

You and Constable Gruber will sign the NDAs and offer any assistance Special Agent Simmons requires of you, or you're fired!

Maria glares at Art.

Her phone buzzes again with another text from HQ. Maria reads it.

MARIA (CONT'D)

And you'll do no investigation of your own. Is that clear, Detective Constable Martin?

Maria types back, "Yes, Ma'am," and her chin drops to her chest.

SHERLOCK

I take it Detective Constable is not a very prestigious rank.

Art yells to Doc.



ART  
Doctor Zlobin, I'll expect your  
full autopsy report on my desk by  
morning.

Doc Zlobin sheepishly trudges to his van and drives off.

HENRY  
Hey, Art, mind giving me a ride  
back to town? Maria gets first dibs  
on the e-scooter.

ART  
Sure, kid. Hop in. We gotta hurry,  
I've gotta notify the next of kin.

Art and Henry hop into the sports car.

HENRY  
That will be Mrs. Dubois-Windsor.

ART  
The mate is always a person of  
interest.

HENRY  
She's interesting, alright, but  
they were separated.

ART  
Interpol will find her.

Holmes stares at the e-scooter as Maria looks back at the  
house, so Art yells at her.

ART (CONT'D)  
My team will be here any minute!  
Don't even think about it,  
Detective, or you'll end up a  
parking maid.

Maria yells back.

MARIA  
They're called civil enforcement  
officers now, and they deserve our  
respect.

Art waves as he drives off.

Holmes stares sadly at Maria.

SHERLOCK  
I don't suppose you can give me -

When Art's sports car is out of sight, Maria sneaks around to the back of the house. Holmes follows.

Maria walks to the back door and puts on latex gloves.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
It's locked. I saw it -

She opens the door easily.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
You unlocked it when that Lestrade character wasn't looking. You're devious.

MARIA  
Not devious, just smart.

Holmes is taken aback.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Damn voices in my head.

She inserts her EarBuds and steps inside.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MARIA  
This will teach you! You too,  
Mother! And you, Chief! I've heard  
enough out of you for one day!

Maria heads to the Chief's study. Sherlock follows her and looks worried for Maria.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, STUDY - CONTINUOUS

The study looks exactly like the Chief's office at the police station, except there are magazines and brochures about clairvoyance, fortune-telling, the Loch Ness Monster, astrology, angels, and demons. Filled tall bookshelves surround the room.

On the desk is a photo of a short but seductive French woman, FRANCESCA DUBOIS-WINDSOR (30s), with her bald, unattractive husband, the Chief.

Holmes leans in for a better look.

Maria scoffs at the photo as she listens to her EarBuds.

MARIA  
Ah, the Doofus of Windsor.

Moments later, Maria yells at the photo.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Don't tell me about it, your royal  
gold digger! Tell Interpol!

She listens to her EarBuds.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
I hope you have an air-tight alibi,  
Francesca.

Holmes is smitten with the photo.

SHERLOCK  
Ah, Francesca. The Juliet to my  
Romeo. The Dulcinea del Toboso to  
my Don Quixote. The -

MARIA  
STD to your Willy.

Holmes looks puzzled.

SHERLOCK  
Can you hear me? And what is this  
STD?

Maria ignores Holmes and rushes to the bedroom.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maria and Holmes see that the bedroom is a mess. Women's  
clothing is tossed everywhere. A black lace bra hangs from a  
mirror. Maria takes a photo of the bra.

MARIA  
Someone left in a hurry.

Holmes spots an open suitcase in the corner of the room.

Maria opens a bedside drawer and sees a diary.

Maria takes a photo of the diary in the drawer.

She HEARS a JEEP approaching.

She shuts the drawer and races to the front door. Sherlock  
follows her with raised eyebrows.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maria and Holmes race to the e-scooter.

Maria tosses on a helmet and hops on the e-scooter.

Holmes, in a panic, hops on behind her.

Holmes hangs on for dear life as Maria RACES off.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

We SEE a black bra hanging out of Sherlock's wool jacket, flapping in the wind.

Sherlock is frightened for his life on the e-scooter!

He reaches around to hold onto Maria's chest.

Maria's eyes open wide, and she begins driving erratically.

We HEAR a sniper's rifle with a silencer make a ZIP sound.

A bullet barely scrapes the top of Maria's helmet.

Maria glances around and then drives faster.

Sherlock's eyes open wide, and he holds on tighter.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

In the small town pub, Henry whispers to the kindly, black British bartender/lawyer TED (60s; male).

Henry sees Art step into the pub, and he immediately stops talking and backs up from Ted.

Ted smiles at Art.

TED

What can I get ya, mate?

ART

A pint of stout, please.

Ted pours a pint.

TED

I've been hearing all about that fancy automobile of yours.

Art sits down next to Henry and glares at him.

ART  
I hope that's all he told you  
about.

Henry whispers to Art.

HENRY  
My lips are sealed.  
(chuckles)  
From now on.

Henry pretends to close a zipper on his lips.

TED  
And I hope you nail the bloke what  
killed the Chief. He was a regular!

Art glares at Henry.

HENRY  
He asked me if the Chief would be  
joining me tonight. I said it's  
unlikely. He weaseled it out of me.

ART  
(stern to Henry)  
I could arrest you for that.

Art turns his focus to Ted.

ART (CONT'D)  
When was the last time you saw the  
Chief?

TED  
About five weeks ago. But I don't  
want to talk about it.

Art shows Ted his badge.

ART  
We can talk here or down at the  
station.

TED  
Say you're sorry to Henry first.

The three men stare at each other.

ART  
Fine. Sorry, Henry.

Henry smiles.

TED  
Francesca left him that afternoon.  
He was a mess.

ART  
So you didn't serve him alcohol?

TED  
I served him more.

ART  
Who else was here that night?

TED  
Let's see. There was Henry -

ART  
Henry, why didn't you tell me this?

HENRY  
You said to stay away from your  
investigation.

ART  
I didn't mean that you couldn't  
provide me with helpful  
information.

HENRY  
How was I supposed to know what's  
helpful? I mostly give speeding  
tickets and look for lost pets.

TED  
She is a true devil, that woman!  
Mrs. Dubois-Windsor.

ART  
What makes you say that?

TED  
Many people think she was only  
after his house and money.

HENRY  
And maybe his Yeti collection. For  
decades, he's been collecting Yeti  
stuffed animals, etched glassware,  
and knick-knacks. It's quite a  
collection.

Art spins and yells at Henry.

ART  
You see, Henry, that's not helpful  
information!

TED  
You apologize to Henry, or we're  
through talking again.

The three men stare at each other.

ART  
Fine. Sorry, Henry.

Henry smiles again.

TED  
Folks tell bartenders a hell of a  
lot more than they tell their  
mates.

ART  
What else can you tell me, Barkeep?

TED  
Nothing. The Chief never talked  
much.

Art shakes his head in disgust as Maria enters the door  
wearing a coat and EarBuds. She carries her scratched helmet.

Ted points to Maria.

TED (CONT'D)  
She doesn't drink! She drove him  
home that night.

Art turns to see Maria.

ART  
You withheld important information,  
too!

MARIA  
You never asked! You told me to  
abandon my case!

Maria shows Art the scratch on her helmet.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
More importantly, I think someone  
took a shot at me today!

Art examines the scratch on Maria's helmet.

ART  
That's probably a pebble from the  
road! What is it with you people?

TED  
You apologize to Maria immediately.

Ted pours Maria a cup of coffee and brings her a creamer with  
cream. He smiles at Art.

TED (CONT'D)  
She likes to add a bit of cream.

SHERLOCK  
A seven-percent solution is my  
guess.

SILENCE

Art slams money on the counter.

ART  
I'm leaving. I'll see you two in my  
office tomorrow at 7 AM sharp.

Art turns to exit.

ART (CONT'D)  
I need to find the attorney who  
wrote Chief Windsor's will!

Art exits the pub.

Maria and Henry point at Ted and laugh.

In the darkest corner of the pub, we see Sherlock disguised  
as an old maid (wig, hat, dark glasses) holding up a real  
estate listings magazine. He peeks over the magazine and then  
returns to reading it.

SHERLOCK  
The plot thickens.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

The clock reads exactly 7:59 AM when Maria strolls in.

Maria sees Art tossing papers, magazines, and files in a  
large garbage can.

Holmes stands behind Art, watching his every move.

Art yells at Maria.



ART

Our meeting was at 7:00 AM!

MARIA

Our workday begins sharply at eight.

Henry comes in with three cups of coffee and a bag of croissants.

Holmes steps up to smell the coffee. Maria also smells the coffee and smiles at Henry.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Thanks, Henry. You're the best!

HENRY

Coffee and croissants on me. It's a great day.

ART

I don't drink coffee, and you were supposed to be here at seven.

SHERLOCK

Do I smell Belgium Dark Roast?

Maria responds in the general direction of Holmes.

MARIA

It's French Roast, not Belgian Roast! Our apologies to Hercule Poirot.

(to Art)

We belong to the European Confederation of Police and we answer to the union, Gov's orders.

Art turns red in anger when Doc steps through the door, waving an evidence bag in his hands. The bag contains a bullet slug.

Holmes stares at the bullet.

SHERLOCK

Who is this Hercule Poirot?

Henry hands Doc and Maria a cup of coffee and a croissant.

DOC

(to Art)

I have your preliminary autopsy on the Chief.

(to Henry)

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

Thanks, Henry. There is nothing like a flaky croissant and coffee for lunch -

ART

The autopsy results?

Maria comforts Doc.

MARIA

You've been up all night, Doc. Here, take my chair.

ART

Autopsy results?

DOC

I forgot the file with the report, but I did bring this.

Doc shows them all a bullet in a plastic evidence bag.

Art swipes the bag from Doc's hand and examines it.

ART

7.62x51mm - the primary cartridge of choice for military and police sniper rifles. That's what killed him.

SHERLOCK

Ballistics. I invented that field of study. But I feel our Special Agent is jumping to -

DOC

Maria was right. The Chief died five weeks ago. It may have been cardiac arrest.

HENRY

A heart attack? I thought he was as healthy as a horse.

SHERLOCK

A stress-induced cardiomyopathy, perhaps. It can occur after a sudden emotional or physical stressor, such as his lovely bride leaving him.

Sherlock whispers to Maria.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
But don't rule out poison.

MARIA  
Poison? That's too Agatha Christie!

Sherlock is shocked that Maria might be able to hear him at times.

SHERLOCK  
(whispers to Maria)  
Who is this Agatha Christie?

MARIA  
His wife left him. She was  
poisonous enough.

ART  
Non-sense! He was shot in the back  
of the head. We saw the bullet  
hole, and you found the bullet-  
shattered window.

DOC  
(to Art)  
With so little blood? That would be  
nonsense. The bullet was this week!

ART  
Did you rule out poison, like Maria  
suggested?

Maria and Sherlock move to Art like angry boa constrictors.

MARIA  
We have no evidence of poison.  
After five weeks, it might be  
impossible to detect! We have to  
let the data drive the theory, not  
the other way around!

SHERLOCK  
Also true, Detective Constable.

DOC  
I do this work as a courtesy to my  
friends here in the department. We  
can't afford TOX reports like those  
BBC detective shows on TV. We do  
rudimentary autopsies and ship the  
bodies to the city for cremation.  
Besides, we never get murder  
victims. The Chief is my first!

Art and Holmes are shocked.

ART  
I don't believe it!

DOC  
Check the records.

Holmes is angry with Maria.

SHERLOCK  
You've picked a horrible place to  
become a famous detective!

Maria paces.

MARIA  
He'd already been dead for five  
weeks. The assassin didn't know he  
was dead.

ART  
We have to find that assassin!

MARIA  
The assassin is likely long gone.  
There's not much call for that line  
of work around here. But we're also  
after the person who hired him or  
her.

SHERLOCK  
Quite right, Detective.

Maria gets an emergency text.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
It's that confounding personal  
metallic telegraph light-box again!

MARIA  
We have an emergency at the bank.

HENRY  
Our first bank robbery?

SHERLOCK  
Your first bank robbery?

Doc is jittery.

DOC  
I'd better run. Stop by later if  
you want the full autopsy report.

Doc races out as Maria grabs Henry's arm.

MARIA  
We gotta hurry. We'd better take  
the e-scooter.

They race out. Holmes follows. Art shakes his head in disbelief.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Maria creeps up slowly to the Bank on the e-scooter with Henry looking sad.

They remove their helmets.

MARIA  
Did you forget to plug in the  
scooter after shopping last night?

HENRY  
My mind's been on the Chief. Sorry,  
Gov.

Henry looks away as Maria enters the bank.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Maria sees Francesca wearing a short, skinny black dress with a matching veiled hat and gloves. She's seated in a wooden chair and struggling with plastic wrist restraints. She's flanked by an Indian Bank Manager, MS. GUPTA (40), and an elderly male Security Guard (70s-80s).

Francesca, who speaks in a sexy French accent with broken English, is angry.

FRANCESCA  
I press charges, oui!

MS. GUPTA  
Maria, talk to her.

MARIA  
Tell me what happened.

FRANCESCA  
I demand to see my husband's safe  
deposit box.

Ms. Gupta shows Maria the nail file.

MS. GUPTA

She attacked me with a nail file.

Francesca stands, attracting the attention of the males.

Francesca shows them a broken nail on her pinky finger.

The Security Guard, Henry, and Holmes make "Aw" sounds.

Maria spins toward Holmes like she may have heard him, but he and the other males are drooling over Francesca and don't notice Maria.

Holmes tries to impress Francesca.

SHERLOCK

You've probably all read. "The Red-Headed League," about a group of criminals who plan to rob a bank vault by digging a tunnel from a nearby shop. That would have taken you quite a lot of time with a nail file and in your sleepwear.

Everyone ignores Holmes.

Ms. Gupta hands Francesca back her nail file.

Francesca responds seductively.

FRANCESCA

Merci beaucoup.

The men melt, especially Sherlock.

MARIA

Henry, call her attorney and have him meet us at the station.

Henry walks away from the group and makes a phone call.

Francesca looks at Maria with pity.

FRANCESCA

I lost husband and nail in same week.

The Security Guard and Holmes make "Aw" sounds.

Art races in the front entrance in a fury.

ART

Why wasn't I notified that a key person of interest was back in town? Interpol had to alert me!

Everyone ignores Art as he sees Francesca for the first time. Art is smitten immediately.

Maria glares at Francesca.

MARIA

How did you hear that your husband had died?

FRANCESCA

Murdered!

ART

(softly)

Who told you that, my dear?

Francesca turns slowly to Henry.

HENRY

I bought her coffee this -

Art glares at Henry.

ART

You signed an NDA! You broke the law again, and -

Art sees that Francesca is smiling lovingly at him.

Art moves between them and smiles, attempting to soothe Francesca. She smiles briefly until Art tries to comfort her more by holding her shoulders.

Francesca SCREAMS and stabs Art in the stomach with her nail file.

Art winces as Francesca covers her face with her hands.

FRANCESCA

Je suis désolé! Je suis désolé!

The Security Guard hands Art a handkerchief.

MARIA

Henry, I'll get him to Doc's. You get Francesca to the station!

HENRY

It's not her fault. She has hefe-  
phobia. A fear of bulls.

Everyone stares at Henry, and Maria rushes Art out the door.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Maria drives Art's sports car with Sherlock crammed in the back seat. Art groans and applies pressure to his wound. Sherlock remains in fear for his life.

ART

What about Francesca?

MARIA

Francesca doesn't like to be  
touched.

SHERLOCK

A classic case of haphophobia: the  
fear of being touched or in close  
contact.

MARIA

That's right! Haphophobia, an  
irrational fear of being touched. I  
should have mentioned it!

ART

(sarcastic)

Ya think? But poor woman.

SHERLOCK

Poor men!

Maria speeds up to punish both men.

MARIA

You can apologize to her when we're  
back at the station.

ART

Apologize? She stabbed me!

MARIA

You've never had a serious  
relationship with a woman, have  
you, Art?

Art glares at Maria as Holmes laughs.



INT. DOC'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

In chairs around the kitchen table, Doc applied gauze and a wrap to Art's stomach wound.

DOC  
Glued shut and ready to go. No  
strenuous lifting and no dancing  
for a few days. And avoid stress.

ART  
Thanks, Doc. Anything more you can  
tell me about the autopsy?

Doc hands Maria the file.

Lester (LES) Zlobin (15) enters. He's short and defines the word "Geek," wearing grungy sweatpants and a black hoodie and EarBuds. He holds an iPad in one hand and a smartphone in the other. He doesn't speak and completely ignores the grown-ups, especially his father.

DOC  
That's my son, Les.

Sherlock studies the strange young man.

SHERLOCK  
He appears to have a strange  
attraction to light-boxes.

ART  
Doesn't he have school?

DOC  
He's homeschooled, on video games.

SHERLOCK  
What are these strange video games?

MARIA  
Hi, Les!

Les ignores the adults as he opens cupboards and grabs bags of snacks, but Holmes studies him.

Les exits with his arms full of snack bags and his electronics.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
He's a charmer, Doc.

ART  
(impatient)  
The autopsy?

DOC  
No obvious signs of foul play. No  
bruises, cuts, or scrapes.

ART  
Organs?

DOC  
His organs looked great. Like a man  
of thirty. And we know he didn't  
drink too much the night before.

ART  
How do you know that without a TOX  
report?

MARIA  
Bartender Ted's policy. He never  
serves anyone more than two drinks  
per person on any one night, and  
never more than five drinks in any  
one week. And the Chief didn't keep  
hard alcohol around the house, only  
bottles of fine wines for his  
bride.

ART  
Ah, Francesca.

He groans and holds his stomach.

DOC  
Ted saves more lives than I do.

ART  
How does he make any money?

MARIA  
Repeat customers. He keeps them  
alive and not addicted.

DOC  
He's poor but happy.

MARIA  
A lot of folks emulate his policy  
at home.

DOC  
I'll follow you back to the station  
in case Francesca needs something  
for her nerves.

Art shakes Doc's hands.

ART  
Thanks, Doc. How much do I owe ya?

DOC  
Keep fighting crime, and I'll call  
us even!

SHERLOCK  
(to Maria)  
Maybe you picked the right town to  
be a detective after all.

Maria looks in Sherlock's and Art's direction.

MARIA  
I live in the perfect sleepy  
village.

Art gets a text message. Maria sees it too. It reads,  
"Interpol: We're sending in the 'A-Team.'"

MARIA (CONT'D)  
What does that text mean?

ART  
It means your town is not that  
sleepy, and I've been demoted.

Maria helps Art walk out. Sherlock follows happily.

SHERLOCK  
It appears that the game is a foot  
and a half!

SILENCE

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
That was a little Sherlock humor.

Sherlock shrugs on the way out.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

When Maria, Art, and Sherlock enter, they see Two male INTERPOL AGENTS (30s) in grey suits sitting at the Chief's desk with two large computer displays each. The Chief's door is shut.

Henry and Francesca sit a foot apart in chairs. Her wrist restraints are removed. She has on sexy black gloves to match her outfit.

Maria whispers to Art.

MARIA  
Who are the goons?

ART  
Interpol Cybersecurity Task Force,  
but way above my pay grade. I'd  
better introduce myself.

Francesca smiles at Art.

FRANCESCA  
I hope you're okay, mon amour.

Art melts.

ART  
I'm fine. I'll be back to ask you  
some questions.

Art glares at Maria and Henry.

ART (CONT'D)  
You'll wait for me, I trust.

Art is in pain, but makes it into the Chief's office.

One of the Agents glares at Art and motions for him to shut the door. They scold Art. We also see Sherlock watching closely behind the two Agents.

Art exits the office like a scolded schoolchild. Sherlock giggles behind him.

Art joins Francesca and the group.

ART (CONT'D)  
My superiors thought it best that I  
assist you in the murder case that,  
in their words, is going nowhere.

Henry cranes his neck to glare at the Agents.

HENRY

They are not human. They never even  
looked at Francesca once.

Ted strolls in with a leather briefcase.

ART

What's Ted doing here?

FRANCESCA

Is my lawyer.

Art tilts his head, puzzled.

MARIA

He's the best lawyer in town. He  
was also the Chief's lawyer.

HENRY

And my lawyer, when I got caught  
for shoplifting when I was seven.

TED

(laughs)

And ages eight through twelve.

Henry looks away.

FRANCESCA

I want to read prenup and husband's  
will.

TED

You should have maintained copies  
of your prenup, and you will see  
your husband's will at the reading  
tonight at Rosie's. The bar will be  
closed.

Henry is upset.

HENRY

What? The bar is closing?

TED

Only until after the will is read.

Henry is relieved.

ART

You mentioned a prenup?

Francesca glares at Art.

TED

I can only discuss those details  
with you privately due to the  
client-attorney-drinker privileges.

Francesca stands and inches closer to Ted without touching  
him.

FRANCESCA

The prenup could, how you say,  
disappear?

HENRY

That's how we say it. Disappear.

FRANCESCA

Charles is dead, oui?

TED

I'm afraid that's impossible.

(beat)

Wait. Charles may be dead, but his  
assets are very much alive, and so  
is the prenup.

Francesca gets angrier.

ART

When was the last time you saw or  
spoke to Charles?

Francesca removes her black gloves, slaps Art hard across the  
face, and storms out.

TED

I'm sorry. My client is a  
complicated woman.

SHERLOCK

Is there any other kind?

Ted pats Henry on the shoulder as he exits.

Art whispers to Maria.

ART

I need to see the Chief's house one  
more time. Wanna go?

MARIA

Who wouldn't?

Maria smiles as they exit. Sherlock looks worried but runs  
out to the car.

INT. SPORTS CAR - LATER

Art grimaces with sharp turns. So does Sherlock.

MARIA

Are you doing okay?

ART

I should have asked her more questions.

SHERLOCK

Why didn't she contact her husband in five weeks? Where was she staying? Who else did she see but not touch?

MARIA

I'm guessing the prenup and will might not work in her favor tonight. Maybe we'll find something at the Chief's house.

SHERLOCK

Prenup? Prenup? What is the prenup?

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Maria parks in front of the house and opens the door for Art, who groans as he gets out.

Yellow police tape crosses the door.

Maria heads around back with Art. Holmes heads to the front door.

MARIA

The Chief always left the back door unlocked in case he lost his keys.

They reach the back door to see that it's open a crack.

They both put on latex gloves before entering.

MARIA (CONT'D)

We've got company.

Maria pulls out a small stun gun and guides Art into the house. She yells.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MARIA

This is the police! Stand down.

Maria races to the study.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Holmes is waiting in the ransacked study. The desk drawers are open and emptied. Half of the books on the lower bookshelves are on the floor.

SHERLOCK

Somebody was looking for something?

Art limps into the study. Maria is angry.

MARIA

Tell me something I don't already know!

Holmes shrugs at Maria. Art stares at her.

MARIA (CONT'D)

The intruder started with the desk. They didn't find what they were looking for, so they searched the bookshelves for a while. Some books have not been touched on the tallest shelves. A short thief!

ART

A short thief?

SHERLOCK

Elementary!

MARIA

They rushed through. They needed time to search elsewhere.

Maria races to the bedroom. Art and Holmes follow.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom is also a mess. Francesca's clothes remain scattered about, but the black lace bra is missing from the mirror.

Maria stares at the mirror.



Sherlock checks his pocket and finds the bra is gone. His eyes open wide.

MARIA

That's odd.

(beat)

I'll send Henry out here to dust for fingerprints.

SHERLOCK

Fingerprints? Ingenious!

Maria checks the bedside drawer, which is open, and the diary is missing.

ART

Don't bother. The Chief died of natural causes. This is a simple case of looting, probably by the village idiot.

Holmes is right behind Maria. He glares at Art.

SHERLOCK

What was in the diary?

MARIA

What was in the Chief's checking account information?

ART

Nothing out of the ordinary. He kept paying his wife her allowance every week by checks mailed to Paris, and she cashed them. So she had no motive to kill him.

MARIA

Right! Did the Chief have life insurance?

ART

Who knows?

MARIA

I'd like to stop by the study again.

ART

That's pointless. The crime scene is heavily disturbed.

Maria ignores Art.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE, STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Maria walks straight to the tallest bookshelf and looks up. Holmes and Art are right behind her.

MARIA  
Don Quixote?

SHERLOCK  
Smart woman.

ART  
Huh?

MARIA  
The Chief was always telling us to:  
"See the world not as it is but as  
it should be."

Art winces as he reaches for the book.

SHERLOCK  
One of Conan Doyle's favorites.

Art opens the book, and an envelope drops to the floor.

Maria picks it up, reads it, and then hands it to Art.

They examine the letter addressed to Francesca Dubois-Windsor in Paris, France.

In the lower-left corner of the envelope, it reads, "The last of five."

Art takes out an evidence bag and drops the envelope in it.

MARIA  
There's your motive.

Art nods, "Yes," but Holmes looks suspiciously at Maria.

SHERLOCK  
What was in the diary?

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Maria is driving slowly. Art is holding his stomach, and Holmes is crammed into the backseat, frightened.

ART  
What was your relationship like  
with the Chief?

SHERLOCK  
Fair question.

MARIA  
We got along, but we didn't think  
alike.

ART  
He was gullible. Yeti, Loch Ness  
Monster, astrology -

MARIA  
I think he wanted to appear  
gullible, but I suspect he was on  
to someone.

SHERLOCK  
Maybe it was old school versus new  
school?

ART  
Will you get his job?

SHERLOCK  
That's a better question.

MARIA  
That's up to HQ.

Sherlock and Art sound suspicious in unison.

|                                    |                               |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <p>SHERLOCK<br/>But you might!</p> | <p>ART<br/>But you might!</p> |
| <p>Maria is angry.</p>             |                               |

MARIA  
The difference in salary is nothing  
to kill for if that's what you're  
implying!

Holmes is satisfied with Maria's answer, but Art is not.

ART  
What was his state of mind when you  
drove him home the night he died?

Maria pulls over and slams on the brakes one block from the  
police station. Art is yanked forward in pain. Holmes looks  
like he's going to be sick.

ART (CONT'D)  
I was just asking.

She leaves the keys in the ignition, gets out of the car, and stomps away.

ART (CONT'D)  
Women are complicated.

SHERLOCK  
(glares at Art)  
Everyone is complicated. Some  
people figure that out!

Holmes hops out of the car and follows Maria.

EXT. POLICE STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Art arrives at the police station, exits the sports car, and enters the building.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Art is alarmed to see two additional Interpol Cybersecurity Task Force Agents setting up computers. The lead female SUPERVISOR (40) glares at Art as he enters.

SUPERVISOR  
Special Agent Arthur Simmons! We  
meet again.

Art looks away as Maria and Sherlock enter and hear the conversation.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)  
I have no time for your flirty  
small-talk, Art!  
(to Maria)  
We're commandeering your police  
station to capture the most elusive  
criminal mastermind in Interpol's  
history:  
(evil tone)  
Obsidian Hex!

Art, Maria, and Sherlock look unfazed, but the three other Interpol Agents gather around the Supervisor in dramatic poses of strength and commitment.

ART  
Who is Obsidian Hex?

MARIA  
In our sleepy little town? That's  
ridiculous!

Sherlock inspects the agents who wear EarBuds.

SHERLOCK

Is everyone hard of hearing in the future?

The Supervisor turns a computer screen toward them, a 2-D map of Europe with yellow dots scattered around orange dots and with red dots generally scattered.

Maria points to the red dots and then sneaks a photo when everyone is distracted.

MARIA

Our town is close to the center, but it could lead to many of the surrounding villages.

The Supervisor paces.

SUPERVISOR

That's the best we can do mapping. The yellow dots are the scattered locations of cryptocurrency micro-robberies.

ART

What do you mean by micro-robberies?

SHERLOCK

What's cryptocurrency? It was never explained to me, and I'm at a disadvantage to help.

MARIA

What's this got to do with us?

SUPERVISOR

For two years, we've been tracking thefts of cryptocurrency from small, first or second-time investors. They're just learning the ropes and are easily tricked into turning over their passcodes to a hacker who claims to be providing the buyers with more security.

SHERLOCK

Ah! This cryptocurrency is like foreign money. But the owners of said currency are being robbed! Quite clever.

Sherlock is proud of himself.

SUPERVISOR

The orange dots are the locations of interceptions of electronic money transfers.

ART

Working-class folks use direct deposit for their salary checks.

SUPERVISOR

But small amounts are siphoned off in each transfer. People never notice them missing.

MARIA

But they add up. Hurting poor people and the working class more.

SUPERVISOR

That's why we've nicknamed the thieves 'Robbing Hoods.' They steal from the poor and donate to rich causes like yacht clubs, sports car racing, and Hollywood's Plastic Surgery Relief Fund.

Everyone shakes their heads in disgust.

MARIA

What about the red dots?

SUPERVISOR

The red dots are new. They are reports of deepfake videos showing up online.

SHERLOCK

What are deepfake videos, or real videos, for that matter?

MARIA

Someone's putting the faces of locals on someone else's bodies in our town?

Henry races in the door with his phone held high.

HENRY

Someone posted an awful naked photo of me online!

Maria, Sherlock, and Art examine the photo.

MARIA

That's terrible. Don't worry,  
Henry, we'll find 'em.

SUPERVISOR

No, you won't! That's our  
investigation!

Art stares at Henry's fake photo.

ART

Looks like an adult film star's  
body.

Sherlock paces and thinks.

SHERLOCK

Photographs sequenced together in  
rapid succession for adult  
audiences, of course. Brilliant!  
(to Henry)  
It could make you very popular in  
some circles!

The Interpol Agents gather around the photo and then step  
back in horror.

SUPERVISOR

It's like thousands of others  
surfacing from every village and  
town in the region!

HENRY

I heard Rosie's face was put on an  
athlete's body.

MARIA

That sounds flattering.

HENRY

It was a Sumo wrestler,  
(sadly)  
With weight-loss issues and bladder  
control problems.

Maria looks away, trying not to laugh.

MARIA

What can we do to help?

SUPERVISOR

I'm taking Agent Simmons off your  
insignificant after-death  
assassination attempt.

Henry is upset.

HENRY  
He was our Chief!

They hear a KABOOM in the distance.

Maria's phone buzzes.

MARIA  
It's the bank! Let's go!

Art follows Henry, Sherlock, and Maria toward the door, but the Supervisor yells at Art.

SUPERVISOR  
Stand down, Art!

Maria and Art stop and turn to her.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)  
We need your help. The bank is a local matter!

ART  
It sounded like a bomb!

The Supervisor holds out her arms for Art.

Maria glares at Art.

SUPERVISOR  
(seductively to Art)  
It's just a local bomb, honey. We have to catch a dangerous international monster.

Art slowly moves toward his Supervisor.

Sherlock pokes his head back in the door.

SHERLOCK  
Leave them to procreate; The game is afoot.

Maria glares at the Supervisor, glances toward Sherlock, and then stomps out.

EXT. BANK - AFTERNOON

Maria, Henry, and Sherlock stare at the smoke exiting the bank.



MS. GUPTA

Someone placed a bomb at the reinforced door to the safe deposit box room!

MARIA

Did they succeed?

MS. GUPTA

Did they succeed in placing the bomb by the door, or did they succeed in blowing the door off?

MARIA

The latter.

MS. GUPTA

No, they didn't use a ladder; they used a bomb.

Sherlock stares at Ms. Gupta and then hits his forehead with the palm of his hand in disbelief.

HENRY

She wants to know if the door to the safe deposit room opened.

Henry smiles nicely at Ms. Gupta.

MS. GUPTA

Oh, I understand Maria's question now.

Ms. Gupta looks sadly at the bank.

MS. GUPTA (CONT'D)

The door stayed locked, but it was badly discolored and will need a coat of paint.

MARIA

Has anyone entered the safe deposit room today?

MS. GUPTA

No, I don't think so, as far as I can recall.

MARIA

Who was the last person to use the safe deposit room?

Ms. Gupta pauses to think.

MS. GUPTA  
Nobody asked to see their safe  
deposit boxes today.

MARIA  
That's good.

MS. GUPTA  
Except, Doc and his son, Les.

Maria's and Sherlock's eyes open wide.

MARIA  
What?

MS. GUPTA  
But nobody else, except Ted the  
Bartender.

MARIA  
You're kidding!

Ms. Gupta looks away.

MS. GUPTA  
And Rosie before him.

Maria is stunned. Sherlock is bewildered.

Ms. Gupta clicks her fingers like she has an epiphany.

MS. GUPTA (CONT'D)  
Oooh la la! And Francesca Dubois-  
Windsor.

Sherlock hits his forehead with an open palm.

Henry's chin drops to his chest as his notebook falls to the  
ground.

Maria glares at Ms. Gupta.

MARIA  
That's everybody in town on our  
persons of interest list.

Holmes looks around and then gets in Maria's face.

SHERLOCK  
All of your suspects are guilty of  
something, and you have to find out  
what!

Maria's chin drops to her chest.

INT. ROSIE'S CAFÉ - EVENING

ROSIE (35), a grumpy woman with long blonde hair and wearing a pink fluffy apron (incongruent with her personality), wipes down tables in the empty café.

Maria steps in with Henry. Sherlock follows them, still bewildered by Ms. Gupta.

ROSIE

Table for two? Have you got a reservation?

Holmes looks around at the empty café.

MARIA

Rosie, there will be more patrons tonight. It's the reading of the Chief's will.

ROSIE

I forgot to ask. Do you have a reservation?

MARIA

No, we're here for the reading -

ROSIE

Because I've gotta large group coming in for the reading of the Chief's will.

Holmes tilts his head and studies Rosie.

MARIA

We're here as part of that group. I'm Detective Constable Maria Martin.

(points to Henry)

And this is -

Rosie finally makes the connection and hugs Henry.

ROSIE

My boyfriend, Hank! Why didn't you tell me you were coming, Hank?

Henry is taken by surprise when she kisses him passionately on the lips.

HENRY

It's Henry, Rosie. Remember? I come in for coffee and croissants every morning.

Rosie acts seductively towards Henry.

ROSIE

I would have put on something low-cut and sexy if I knew you were coming in, Hank. What can I get you two, for starters?

MARIA

Water's fine for me.

HENRY

I'd like some coffee, black, if you have any made.

ROSIE

Two coffees, coming up.

Rosie exits to the kitchen.

Holmes is bewildered.

MARIA

It's the PTSD. She's ex-military and having a hard day.

Henry nods. Holmes is pondering.

SHERLOCK

PTSD? Poor Thing's Slightly -

Doc and Les interrupt Sherlock's train of thought and take seats in the back of the diner. Doc is dressed in a suit, while Les wears sweat clothes and EarBuds and carries his brand smartphone in one hand.

MARIA

Thanks for coming, Doc and Les.

DOC

The Chief meant a lot to me.  
Riveting games of chess at the pub  
every third Friday of the month,  
and we were going to start a  
Pickleball league with spandex  
shorts.

HENRY

(joking)

I didn't know Spandex shorts played  
Pickleball.

Les completely ignores the adults and listens to loud music through his EarBuds.

Les gives Henry an "evil eye," but only Holmes sees it.

Holmes studies Les's EarBuds.

SHERLOCK

Children seem to have hearing problems, too. Perhaps it's an epidemic here.

Art enters and sits at a table for two.

Rosie returns with black coffee for Maria and a chocolate sundae for Henry. She winks at Henry.

ROSIE

I have something even more special for you in the kitchen, Hank.

Rosie spots Art sitting at a table for two.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Good evening. Do you have a reservation?

Art shakes his head, 'No.'

ROSIE (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter. You're better-looking than Hank. What's your name, Sugar?

ART

It's Art. We met this morning.

ROSIE

I've got plenty of art, but what can I bring you?

ART

I'd like to see a menu.

ROSIE

I'll be right back.

Ms. Gupta enters and sits in the back.

Rosie exits to the kitchen as Maria steps up to Art.

MARIA

What are you doing here?

ART

I'm trying to get supper at the only café in town.

MARIA

We're about to hear the reading of  
the Chief's will.

Ted enters with two business envelopes in his hand. He stands  
in front of the crowd.

TED

Thank you all for coming. I see  
everyone is here.

Francesca strolls in wearing her skinny black dress, matching  
gloves, and a veiled hat.

Henry, Doc, and Ted each grab an empty chair for Francesca to  
sit in. They jockey for position in the center of the room.

Francesca ignores the three chairs and sits opposite Art at  
the table for two.

Rosie enters with a slice of berry pie and hot tea for Art,  
but when she sees Francesca, Rosie goes berserk.

Rosie dives at Francesca, dropping the pie and tea in Art's  
lap. Maria and Henry restrain Rosie as Francesca remains  
calm, but Art jumps out of his chair with the tea stain on  
his crotch and berry pie on his chest.

ROSIE

You killed him! You killed him!

FRANCESCA

A glass of your finest wine for me.  
(winks at Art)  
We will be celebrating at the pub  
tonight, oui?

Maria glares at Art.

ART

I didn't order pie or tea! And I'm  
as surprised as all of you to see  
Francesca sit across from me!

Francesca glares at Maria and then turns seductively to Art.

FRANCESCA

You do not know what I know, Cheri!

TED

Can we please stay seated and calm  
while I read the will?

Maria and Henry force Rosie to sit between them in the three empty chairs set for Francesca.

Doc breaks the seal on his first envelope and removes a single legal-sized piece of paper. He unfolds it and begins to read it. All eyes are on Doc.

DOC  
I, Chief of Police CHARLES L.  
WINDSOR, being of sound mind and  
body –

Francesca laughs, drawing every eye to her.

FRANCESCA  
He was nutty as fruitcake, oui.  
Ghosts, flying saucers, witches,  
ferries, astronomers, ultra-rich  
pastors – he belief in all of dem.  
Ask Maria!

MARIA  
Astrologers, not astronomers. But  
yes.  
(imitating Francesca)  
He belief in all of dem.

Maria begins to argue with herself.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Not now, Mum. I'm busy.

Sherlock sees that Maria doesn't have EarBuds in her ears as Les does.

Everyone stares at Maria, who looks emotionally shaken.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
(sadly)  
I'll let you know, Chief. I'll let  
you know.

Doc moves to comfort Maria.

Doc looks sadly at Art and whispers.

DOC  
Her Mum's been dead for nine years.

Sherlock is stunned by the news.

SHERLOCK  
There were voices in her head.

Henry puts an arm around Rosie to pat Maria's shoulder, but Rosie assumes it was Henry being amorous with her. Rosie turns and kisses Henry passionately.

Art looks at the kissing couple and then looks sadly at Maria.

Francesca stands and wiggles seductively to draw attention to herself.

Ted sees he's losing control of the crowd.

TED  
Stop this nonsense and take your  
seats. Everyone!

Like scolded schoolchildren, the adults regain their composure.

Les rolls his eyes in disgust.

TED (CONT'D)  
Where was I?  
(reading the will)  
The bequeaths.

Everyone sits up straight in anticipation.

TED (CONT'D)  
My hand-carved ivory chess set  
shall go to Doc Zlobin. I would  
have left him more, but he was  
always hitting on my wife.

Doc puts his head down in remorse as Francesca smiles at him.

Les chuckles.

LES  
Delusional old man.

Everyone glares at Francesca, who looks the other way.

TED  
My cleaning supplies shall go to  
Rosie. Her café needs them. I would  
have given her more, but she stares  
at my wife like a hunter stalks  
prey.

Rosie stands in protest, but she forgets why she's standing and sits down.



TED (CONT'D)

Ms. Gupta gets my best rifle as the only person in town who could outshoot me in target practice.

Everyone looks at Rosie with pity.

TED (CONT'D)

I'd like Henry to have my car so he doesn't have to ride that silly scooter. I would have given him more, but he stared at my wife the way he stares at croissants.

HENRY

That's not fair. She wears -

Francesca smiles.

TED

To Ted, my unscrupulous lawyer, I leave nothing because he propositioned my wife a dozen times in my presence, and God knows how many times behind my back.

Everyone, but Sherlock, gasps.

MARIA

Don't you all see? She baited you into misbehaving, so the Chief would cut you out of his will, leaving more for her.

SHERLOCK

Elementary, my dear!

Maria glares at Sherlock in the empty corner of the café. She yells.

MARIA

So what if I hear voices?

Maria sadly looks around the crowd and pouts.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Everyone hears voices, right?

Francesca scoffs while the others display pity.

Ted tries to change the subject.

TED

If I may continue.

(reads)

I bequeath to my wife of a short time, Francesca Dubois-Windsor –

Francesca sits up proudly.

TED (CONT'D)

My entire collection of Yeti knick-knacks and 200 Euros for bus fare back to Paris, as agreed to in our signed and certified prenuptial agreement.

Ted holds up the other envelope.

SILENCE

Everyone stares at Francesca, equally shocked.

TED (CONT'D)

I bequeath the remainder of my estate to Ms. Maria Martin, including my home, life insurance, land, and financial holdings, and all my other possessions.

Maria and the others are shocked.

TED (CONT'D)

Maria demonstrated loyalty, sincere compassion, and empathy for my silly beliefs. She also deserves my position as Chief of Police if HQ agrees.

Henry pats Maria on the back.

HENRY

You're rich!

Francesca calmly stands and shows her smartphone to Maria and the others.

FRANCESCA

She cannot inherit anything if she murdered Charles, oui?

TED

Legally, that's true, but –

Francesca plays a video of Maria threatening to kill the Chief in front of his dark house at night.

INSERT VIDEO

MARIA

I've had it with your pig-headed  
belief in Yeti, the Loch Ness  
Monster, witches, astronomy, and  
God knows what! I'm going to kill  
you tonight!

END VIDEO

SHERLOCK

What madness is this?!

HENRY

It can't be!

DOC

It looks like Maria, but I don't  
believe -

LES

It sure sounds like Maria.

FRANCESCA

She had the most to gain  
financially from my husband's  
murder, no?

Rosie moves away from Maria.

MARIA

That's a fake! A deep-fake video,  
like all the others circulating on  
the Web!

ART

Francesca, where did you get that  
video?

FRANCESCA

It is up on that web thing. It's  
gone, how you say, virile.

LES

She means viral.

ART

I'll have Interpol check it out  
immediately.

(sadly to Maria)

(MORE)

ART (CONT'D)

However, until then, you are the number one suspect in the Chief's death. I'm afraid you'll have to come with me.

Henry, Ted, and Doc are in disbelief and move to comfort Maria.

DOC

I wish we were able to get that TOX report ordered.

TED

I don't think you killed the Chief. I'll vigorously defend you -

ROSIE

Maybe it's just a coincidence that you were the last one to see him alive.

LES

And a house, a lot of money, and a big new job aren't the only motives to kill a guy.

Maria stares at Les with a strained look.

HENRY

Maria would never do that! The Chief loved her enough to will her everything! You're making a big mistake!

Art slowly leads Maria to the door.

Rosie acts like she's cutting her throat with a knife.

ROSIE

She did it.  
(glares at Henry)  
And she's trying to steal my fiancé, too!

Henry looks worriedly at Rosie.

TED

That concludes the business portion of the town meeting. My pub will be open in five minutes.

Francesca leads the crowd to the pub.

FRANCESCA

Drinks are on moi!

SHERLOCK

I remain baffled by the investigative approaches of today's criminologists. They seem to rely on clues garnered by their metallic light boxes and their personal telegraph devices, while eschewing even the most obvious observations of human behavior. They see but do not observe.

(looks away)

Maybe because so many of them are hard of hearing.

(looks around the room)

I am left with no alternative but to take the lead role in this folly of an investigation to determine which of these scoundrels is guilty!

Sherlock removes a magnifying glass from his coat pocket.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

The game is afoot.

INT. POLICE STATION, HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Art uses Maria's keys to unlock the holding cell.

Maria shows herself into the cell that includes a small bed and a toilet.

Maria sits on the bed, looks down, and covers her ears with her hands.

Art looks at her sadly.

ART

Thanks for the loan of your keys.  
I'll put them on your desk.

Maria talks to herself.

MARIA

The real killer is out there, ya know.

We see Sherlock standing in the corner of the cell, observing her.

ART  
You're probably right, but I need a  
formal interview with persons of  
interest.

Maria uncovers her ears and glances at Sherlock, who looks  
sad.

MARIA  
At least he didn't call me a  
suspect.

ART  
We haven't verified that video yet,  
but I'm required to conduct a  
recorded interview with a witness  
behind the glass.

Maria looks down and covers her ears again.

MARIA  
Do what you have to do.

ART  
I'll ask a lower-level Interpol  
agent to be the observer.

MARIA  
Let's get it over with!

ART  
I have to play it straight up. I'll  
be asking tough questions.

Maria uncovers her ears.

MARIA  
(to Sherlock)  
I did nothing wrong. The Chief was  
my friend.

Art looks away sadly.

ART  
The Chief was everybody's friend,  
but one of those friends killed  
him. I'll grab an agent as a  
witness, and we'll get started.

Art exits, and Maria HEARS Sherlock's voice in her head.

SHERLOCK  
Perhaps you should consider legal  
counsel.

Maria paces angrily.

MARIA  
Perhaps you should leave me alone!

Maria looks up.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Not now, Mum! I'm busy!

Maria looks quickly at the opposite wall.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
I'm doing what I can, Chief!

Maria looks around. She speaks sadly and slowly.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
All of you, leave me alone!  
(angry)  
I never want to hear from you  
again!

Sherlock speaks softly to Maria.

SHERLOCK  
Maybe you're right. It's getting  
too crowded in there anyway. Maybe  
I would be more helpful at the pub.

Sherlock disappears.

Maria freezes. She stops hearing voices in her head.

SILENCE

She looks around the room in a panic.

MARIA  
Not now, Sherlock! You can't leave  
now!  
(fighting back tears)  
I need your help!

Maria collapses on the bed.

INT. PUB - SAME TIME

Francesca works the crowd into a frenzy.

FRANCESCA  
That crazy detective, Maria, has  
been playing all of you!

TED

I checked, and there is an ethics clause in the will.

HENRY

What's an ethics clause?

TED

If an inheritor does anything to shame the name or reputation of the Chief or the town, they are automatically disinherited.

DOC

So Maria can lose it all if she's found guilty.

Francesca smiles.

ROSIE

Then, who would get the house and the bankroll?

Francesca sips her wine and smiles.

Everyone looks at her.

FRANCESCA

Moi, bien sûr. How you say, communal property?

Henry glares at Francesca.

HENRY

It's community property!

Rosie elbows Henry in the side.

Ted winks at Francesca, but only Sherlock notices the wink.

Holmes looks around the pub. He yells, but no one can hear him, and each of them is busy gabbing to someone in a low tone.

SHERLOCK

I'm in dire need of a spiritual medium, someone able to communicate with spirits or the deceased, a conduit, if you will, between the living and the spirit world.

Holmes looks around as he is ignored.

Ted pours Henry a second pint of ale.



Henry returns to a dark corner of the pub.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Anyone at all. Perhaps someone with  
psychic abilities or intuition.  
It's a temporary position until my  
regular medium wants me back.

Henry burps, raises his hand for no apparent reason, and  
looks around aimlessly.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Anyone else?  
(looks around again)  
Anyone?

Holmes stares at Henry and shakes his head in disgust.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Where is Doctor Watson when I need  
him? Oh, what the Dickens. I'll  
give him a try.

Holmes sits across from Henry and speaks slowly and quietly.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me, Constable?

Henry, slightly drunk, does not respond.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me, Constable?

Again, Henry does not respond. Sherlock yells in anger.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Damn it, Constable, I need you?

Henry looks around as though he hears strange voices in his  
head. He points his finger at himself and whispers.

HENRY  
Me?

Henry looks around to see that no one is paying attention to  
him.

SHERLOCK  
Yes, you!  
(beat)  
If Maria didn't kill him, who did?

Henry repeats what Sherlock said in a loud and slurred  
manner.

HENRY

If Maria didn't thrill him, who did?

Francesca turns to Henry.

FRANCESCA

I thrilled him, bien sûr, of course.

SHERLOCK

(to Henry)

We didn't test for poisons.

HENRY

He had a zest for poisons.

Ted turns to Henry.

DOC

There was no evidence of poisons!  
But who shot the Chief in the head?

SHERLOCK

(to Henry, loud)

Yes! Who shot the Chief in the head?

HENRY

(yells drunkenly)

Yes! Who else wanted the Chief dead?

Henry raises his hand. Sherlock is puzzled by Henry.

HENRY (CONT'D)

He talked down to me a lot because I didn't believe in a bombable snowman, abdominal snowman - Yeti!

TED

He paid me less as a lawyer because of my lucrative bartender job.

DOC

I did all his autopsies for free!  
The cheapskate never offered to pay for them.

MS. GUPTA

He didn't think my bank was safe.

ROSIE

He was a lousy tipper. I hated him!  
(mumbles)  
From what I remember.

Francesca stands, fighting back tears

FRANCESCA

Oui, he was an awful man, but he  
married me anyway, oui?

Everyone gathers around Francesca.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

When he learned of my condition -

SHERLOCK

(whispers to Henry)  
Haphephobia, an irrational fear of  
being caressed.

HENRY

(to Francesca)  
Half-a-phobia, an irrational fear  
of your left breast.

Sherlock rolls his eyes in disgust as the others stare at Henry.

SHERLOCK

Drunken Police Constable Henry  
Gruber, I'm terminating you as my  
medium!

Sherlock exits, disgusted with the group.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Sherlock enters to see that the station is a beehive of activity with Eight Interpol Agents (in matching gray suits) working on new computers with two screens each. No one notices Holmes.

SUPERVISOR

Obsidian Hex is here somewhere,  
damnit. I want him or her found  
tonight!

The Supervisor stomps away!

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Interpol Superintendent stands behind one-way glass, carefully observing Art questioning Maria.

Sherlock stands next to the Superintendent, observing Maria.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME TIME

Maria acts scared.

ART

Interview beginning at 9:07 PM.  
This is Interpol Agent Arthur  
Simmons. Please state your name for  
the record.

MARIA

Maria Martin.

ART

Did you drive Chief Charles Windsor  
home from the pub?

MARIA

I drove him to his front door, he  
stepped out, and I drove home.

ART

Did you threaten -

MARIA

No, I never threatened him. He was  
my supervisor and my dear friend.  
The video is a fake. I know the  
difference between an astronomer  
and an astrologer. The latter is as  
fake as the video.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME

SUPERVISOR

Oh, she's guilty. She did it!

Sherlock tries to figure out the one-way glass.

SHERLOCK

Ingenious. The interviewee can't  
see us. It's a one-way mirror. We  
can observe with complete  
anonymity.

(sadly)

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

The detective doesn't want to see me anyway.

SUPERVISOR

She misspoke about astronomers. People make that mistake all the time.

SHERLOCK

Detective Constable Maria Martin doesn't lie or make mistakes. I would stake my reputation -

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME TIME

Maria looks away.

MARIA

Observations. Inductive and deductive reasoning. Evidence-based learning. Means, Motives. Opportunity.

ART

Who are you talking to now?

Maria glares at Art.

MARIA

We need to think this through.

ART

The voices in your head. Your Mum, the Chief, and Sherlock. Are there more?

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME

The Supervisor glares at Art.

SUPERVISOR

You told me her mother's been dead for nine years.

SHERLOCK

Her Mum, the Chief, me - we're all dead! I don't think that's relevant.

SUPERVISOR

She's a psycho!

Sherlock gets in the Supervisor's face. He's calm.

SHERLOCK

You see, but you do not observe!  
You give law enforcement officers a  
bad name.

(angry)

Maria did not know she had the most  
to gain. The Chief's will was  
sealed!

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME TIME

Maria glares at Art.

MARIA

It's all about the motive! I did  
not know that I had the most to  
gain. The Chief's will was sealed!

Maria stares at the one-way mirror.

SHERLOCK

Francesca has the most to  
gain if Maria is found  
guilty!

MARIA (CONT'D)

Francesca has the most to  
gain if I am found guilty!

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME

The Supervisor storms out of the room.

Sherlock smiles at Maria through the one-way mirror.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Art approaches the Supervisor amid the hustle and bustle of  
the Interpol Agents.

ART

I put Maria back in her holding  
cell.

SUPERVISOR

Book her. She's guilty.

ART

But -

SUPERVISOR

Oh, and you're being reassigned to London. Immediately. I saw the way you looked at her. Go pack!

Art looks back toward the holding cell and then exits sadly.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAWN

Henry is disguised as Rosie with a blonde wig and a pink, fluffy apron. He holds a breakfast tray in front and speaks in Rosie's voice, but he remains tipsy from the night before.

HENRY

Breakfast for the prisoner.

He walks back to the holding cell.

He unlocks the holding cell with Maria's keys.

Maria smiles.

Henry takes off his disguise and has Maria put it on. Henry wears a gray suit underneath. He puts on dark glasses and Earbuds.

Maria, disguised as Rosie and shielding her face with the food tray, leads Henry, disguised as an Interpol Agent, out of the Police Station.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Maria hops behind Henry on the e-scooter, and they silently race away. The blonde wig waves in the wind.

INT. E-SCOOTER - MORNING

Maria yells at Henry as he drives.

MARIA

Thanks. I need to see the Chief's house one more time.

HENRY

What are you looking for?

MARIA

I'll know it when I see it.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - MORNING

Maria races to the Chief's bedroom. Henry follows.

MARIA

Who took the Chief's diary, and why? I knew the killer would come looking for it.

HENRY

It could be any of them.

MARIA

They all visited their safe deposit boxes. Francesca doesn't have one. Everyone saw me arrested for the Chief's murder.

HENRY

And they don't know you're out!

MARIA

We have to get to the bank.

They all RACE OUT.

INT. ROSIE'S CAFÉ - DAY

Rosie calls the police station in a panic. The Supervisor answers.

ROSIE

This is Rosie from Rosie's Café. I'd like to report a theft.

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

The local constable is not in.

ROSIE

It's important. My pink, fluffy apron was stolen!

SUPERVISOR

Nonsense. You were wearing it when you brought the prison breakfast this morning.

The Supervisor panics. Rosie hears her yelling.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Check on the prisoner! Check on the prisoner!



ROSIE  
You let the murderer escape?

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)  
Find her now! Everyone!

CLICK.

INT. BANK - MINUTES LATER

Henry and Maria remain disguised as they enter the bank.

Ms. Gupta points to Maria.

MS. GUPTA  
Isn't she the escaped murderer?

MARIA  
No, Ms. Gupta. I was falsely  
accused.  
(to Henry)  
Word travels fast.

Maria sees that the door to the safe deposit room is wide open.

MS. GUPTA  
The paint is drying on the door.

MARIA  
Ms. Gupta, did anyone enter the  
safe deposit room this morning?

MS. GUPTA  
No one.  
(pauses)  
Except -

MARIA  
Doc and his son, Ted, and Rosie?

MS. GUPTA  
How did you know?

MARIA  
Lucky guess. Did you see Francesca  
today?

MS. GUPTA  
No. Not in the bank.  
(pauses)  
She doesn't have a safe deposit  
box.

MARIA  
But you did see her today?

MS. GUPTA  
Yes. She was speaking with Doc and  
the new Chief of Police in front of  
Rosie's Café.

Maria shows Ms. Gupta a photo of the Supervisor on his phone.

MS. GUPTA (CONT'D)  
That's her!

Maria glares at Henry.

MARIA  
I need to talk to Doc.

MS. GUPTA  
I should probably call the police.

Maria turns to Ms. Gupta sweetly.

MARIA  
Please don't, Ms. Gupta. I need an  
hour or so more to prove my  
innocence.

MS. GUPTA  
Yes, dear.

Maria and Henry RACE out.

MARIA  
Don't worry, Ms. Gupta, I'll have  
Henry turn himself in to his new  
Supervisor at the Police Office so  
he doesn't get in any more trouble  
than he's already in.

Maria follows Henry out.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Art RACES up in his sports car and motions for Maria to hop  
in.

ART  
I heard it all on my scanner this  
morning. I want to help.

Maria hops in the sports car.

MARIA  
Take me to Doc's.

Sherlock sees Henry hop on his e-scooter, so Sherlock hops on behind him and holds on loosely this time.

EXT. E-SCOOTER - CONTINUOUS

Henry RACES away with Sherlock whispering into his ear.

SHERLOCK  
Henry, Maria can no longer hear me  
in her head.

Henry shows no response. Sherlock speaks louder.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Henry, Maria can no longer hear me  
in her head!

Henry shows no response. Sherlock speaks louder.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Damnit, Henry, Maria can no longer  
hear me in her head!

Henry's eyes open wide.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Stop this contraption immediately!

EXT. TOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Henry pulls over and gets off the e-scooter. He's puzzled as he looks all around it, seeing nobody.

Les is walking to Rosie's Café, half a block away.

He stares at Henry, who looks to be talking to his e-scooter.

HENRY  
I don't take orders from you  
anymore. I have a new supervisor!

SHERLOCK  
(sadly)  
Maria doesn't need me anymore.  
Maybe she never needed me. But  
Maria needs you. She needs you now!

HENRY  
Maria needs me now!

Les yells to Henry.

LES

Hey loser, how come you didn't catch your Chief's killer? And why are you dressed like that, and why are you yelling at your scooter?

Henry, embarrassed, glances at Les.

Sherlock whispers in Henry's ear.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Tell him you'll buy him lunch at Rosie's in half an hour.

HENRY

I'll buy you lunch at Rosie's in half an hour.

Henry looks around and then stares at the idle e-scooter.

LES

(mumble)

You're the village idiot, Henry.

Henry didn't quite hear Les.

HENRY

What did you say?

Les ignores Henry.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

He said you're a diligent affiliate, Henry.

(mumbles)

He's thankless!

Henry waves back to Les.

HENRY

Thanks, Les.

Sherlock has an epiphany.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Maria's going to solve the case without me!

Sherlock whispers into Henry's ear.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
We need to get everyone in town to  
Rosie's Café!

Henry's eyes open wide.

HENRY  
I need to get everyone in town to  
Rosie's Café!

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
Let's go!

Henry hops on the e-scooter. Sherlock hops on behind him.

Henry turns around and RACES off.

INT. DOC'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Maria and Art race into Doc's house. Doc looks up from a cup of coffee and stares at Maria in the pink apron.

Maria sees that Doc has several strands of hair in his fingers.

MARIA  
First, I need to see Les's computer  
room.

DOC  
Les's computer room is in the  
basement, but he doesn't let me  
near it.

Maria races downstairs and returns quickly, holding a black lace bra.

Doc's eyes open wide.

MARIA  
We need to examine the Chief's  
body.

DOC  
The Chief's in the garage. He  
stinks pretty badly. The city is  
picking him up later today.

Doc paces, staring worriedly at the hair in his hands.

Maria races back in with Art right behind him, asking her questions.

ART  
How did you know?

MARIA  
(to Art)  
I'll explain later.  
(to Doc)  
Doc, call the ambulance and the  
poison control center. Tell them  
you've ingested thallium and have  
them bring medical-grade charcoal  
from the pharmacy or hospital. Have  
them meet you at Rosie's Café.  
You'll be fine, and I'll explain  
everything!

INT. ROSIE'S CAFÉ - NOON

Maria and Art enter the café to see Henry seating everyone in town: Ted, Ms. Gupta, Francesca, Rosie (against her will), and Les.

Maria stands in front of the group as Henry sneaks out to the kitchen.

All the Interpol Agents race in with pistols drawn on Maria. The confident Supervisor enters last.

MARIA  
I'll surrender peacefully after I  
have time to explain.

SUPERVISOR  
Make it quick! You're going to  
prison.

MARIA  
First, I'd like to show you all the  
fake video of my loyal colleague,  
Constable Henry Gruber.

Art steps forward and shows the group the video on his BRAND Tablet Computer.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
We can all see two distinct  
features of this deepfake video.  
First, note that the background in  
the video is right here in Rosie's  
Café. This proves the original  
video was shot in this café.

Maria zooms in on Henry's eyes.

MARIA (CONT'D)

And the light in his pupils is reflected differently. In authentic photographs of people, the pupils reflect an identical light source. That's how most deepfake videos are proven fake. Together, these two clues prove the deep faker is a local!

The crowd, except for Les, gasps. Les looks the other way.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Next, we'll examine my video.

Art shows the video of Maria's so-called threat to the Chief.

ART

Her pupils are also different. This is a fake, too!

MARIA

And I know the difference between Astronomers and astrologists. I would never say the Chief didn't believe in astronomy!

ART

And if Francesca was sent the first-generation video, then it had to come from someone with her phone number.

FRANCESCA

Everyone has my phone number.

TED

(smiles)

I have it speed-dial.

FRANCESCA

This proves nothing!

MARIA

But if I didn't kill the Chief, who did?

Everyone turns to Henry, who enters from the kitchen holding the Chief's diary with latex gloves.

HENRY

You were right, Gov. Do you want me to read the final entries?

ROSIE  
(stands and yells)  
That's illegal search and seizure!

HENRY  
It's stolen property that Maria  
documented with a photo. It was in  
the Chief's bedside table drawer  
after he was murdered.  
(smiles)  
And I bet we had probable cause!

MARIA  
Yes, we do, Henry. I'll tell you  
what the diary says in due time.  
First, I want to show you a check  
in an envelope that Agent Simmons  
and I found in the Chief's study,  
after it had been ransacked by a  
short intruder.  
(glares at Les)  
One of the books on the top shelf  
was the Chief's favorite, "Don  
Quixote."

Maria produces the envelope, which Francesca recognizes.

Francesca stands and yells.

FRANCESCA  
That's my check!

MARIA  
Yes, we know. It's labeled the  
"Last of five," matching the amount  
deposited in your Paris checking  
account four weeks in a row.

Francesca sits.

FRANCESCA  
I want my attorney.

TED  
Yes, dear?

Maria continues.

MARIA  
You knew five weeks ago, when you  
abandoned your husband in ill  
health, that you had a short time  
to act.



Ted stands and objects.

TED  
I object! It has not been  
established that the Chief was in  
ill health.

Doc enters the café looking sickly. There is hair in his  
hands. He glares at Les.

Everyone but Les gasps when they see Doc.

MARIA  
Doc is suffering from thallium  
poisoning. It causes your hair to  
fall out before it kills you –  
unless you get medical attention.

DOC  
The EMTs gave me medical-grade  
charcoal. They said I'd be fine.

Les RACES to hug his dad, but Doc puts his arms out to stop  
him.

DOC (CONT'D)  
I know you did this, son.

Les shakes his head, "No."

MARIA  
(in Les's face)  
I think you poisoned the Chief,  
too.

FRANCESCA  
My husband was bald! How would you  
know?

MARIA  
Agent Simmons and I examined his  
body again. He had no pubic hair.

ROSIE  
Maybe he, you know, shaved.

MARIA  
Funny you should mention that,  
Rosie. And I noticed no signs of  
your PTSD today.

Everyone glares at Rosie.

MARIA (CONT'D)

The Chief bequeathed his hunting rifle to Ms. Gupta, the only one in town who was a better shot than he. But she's a Buddhist and wouldn't hurt a fly. And Rosie is ex-military and good with a rifle.

Rosie looks away.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(loudly to the crowd)

Let me lay it all out for you. Francesca knew all about her prenup and that the Chief was cutting her out of his will. She contacted Rosie, who was easily seduced.

HENRY

I saw Francesca's suitcase up in Rosie's upstairs apartment. It was unpacked, and there were two toothbrushes in the bathroom.

FRANCESCA

That proves nothing!

HENRY

And I found a sniper's rifle under their mattress.

Everyone but Francesca, Rosie, and Les gasps.

Rosie glares at Francesca.

ROSIE

That was your idea, Francesca, so shut up! I want my lawyer.

TED

Yes, dear.

MARIA

Francesca seduced Rosie into shooting the Chief so Francesca could get into the house to find her last check and steal the Chief's diary.

(glares at Francesca and Rosie)

You didn't know the Chief was dead! But both of you needed the help of a computer wiz to distract our investigation with deepfake videos.

DOC  
So, they turned to my son.

LES  
That's a lie! I need a lawyer.

TED  
Uh-uh. Not me.

MARIA  
Agent Simmons and I investigated  
Les's basement computer lair,  
looking for Francesca's missing  
black lace bra.

LES  
The bra showed up there by itself!  
That's illegal search and seizure!

MARIA  
Probably cause. I photographed the  
bra in the Chief's bedroom on the  
day we found him. Time-stamped, of  
course.

(to Supervisor)  
I re-analyzed your 2-D map of the  
cybercrimes with a 3-D function  
using the densities of the crimes,  
and it led me to Doc's house.

Art shows them all a 3-D MAP of the Interpol cybercrimes with  
a centroid over Doc's house.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
You'll find a ghost server in Les's  
computer lair capable of all the  
work attributed to Obsidian Hex.

All eyes are on Maria. Ted, Doc, Ms. Gupta, and Henry stand  
and clap for Maria.

The Supervisor and Interpol Agents join in the applause.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
I had a lot of help from Henry,  
Art, and a special voice in my  
head.

Maria looks to the back of the room to see the Ghost of  
Sherlock Holmes smiling at her. They share a moment that no  
one sees. Holmes tips his cap to her and disappears.

The Supervisor points to Art.

SUPERVISOR

You're reassigned to me, Agent Simmons! Go collect the geek's computers.

LES

Okay, okay. I was Obsidian Hex, AKA Robbing Hood, the computer mastermind who stole from the poor to give to the rich, but only to draw attention to billionaires who steal from the poor every day with low wages, no pensions, and increasingly bad snack foods.

(sadly)

I fell for Francesca's sponge baths.

Everyone makes "Aw" sounds.

SUPERVISOR

Save it for when you have an attorney present. Agents, book Francesca, Rosie, and Les.

The Agents guide Francesca, Rosie, and Les toward the door.

MARIA

We'll book them, Ma'am. You can make sure all of the stolen money gets returned to the poor people it was stolen from.

Ted moves to Les.

TED

I'll take your case. I hate billionaires, too. I'm sure you stored some of that crypto in offshore accounts.

Les shakes his head, "No."

TED (CONT'D)

Never mind then!

MARIA

Agent Simmons was right. Everyone has secrets. Some hide them better than others.

INT. ROSIE'S CAFÉ - EARLY EVENING

The café tables and chairs are set up perfectly.

Maria wears a casual pantsuit and an ironed brown shirt, and Henry is in his uniform, exhausted, and drinking coffee at the center table.

Henry is reading the last of the Chief's diary.

HENRY

What will happen to Les, Rosie, and Francesca?

MARIA

Doc won't press charges because he'll recover, and he still loves his son. Interpol will strike a deal because they don't want Les to reveal his computing secrets, and he's a minor, so he'll get off with probation and home detention.

HENRY

What about Rosie and Francesca?

MARIA

Attempted murder and conspiracy. They'll be in for twenty years.

HENRY

It's exactly as you predicted. Two years ago, the Chief suspected someone very dangerous was involved in organized cyber crimes. He reported it to Interpol, who wrote him off as a crazy old man. The Chief pretended to hate computers so he wouldn't draw attention from the criminals. He suspected Rosie was faking PTSD to draw disability. He was right. They cut her off two months ago.

MARIA

So she volunteered to shoot the Chief if Francesca could talk Les into making the deepfake videos to distract the investigation. Francesca easily bribed Les with sponge baths, maintaining her fake phobia about touching.

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

Francesca was poisoning the Chief's food with thallium a month before she left him.

HENRY

And selfies upstairs show Francesca and Rosie were hot and heavy the entire five weeks. Masterful work, Chief Detective Inspector.

MARIA

I haven't got the promotion yet. But when I do, I'll need a Detective Inspector at my side.

Maria reaches out and touches Henry's hand.

HENRY

Ouch!

He pulls his hand back, pretending to be in pain.

Maria slaps his arm and laughs.

Henry turns serious.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Do you still hear voices in your head?

Maria looks away.

MARIA

I choose to hear my mum's voice. I miss her every day.

HENRY

I know that.

MARIA

I hope to hear the Chief's voice in there from time to time.

(beat)

He was a wonderful mentor.

Henry looks away.

HENRY

(softly)

What about Sherlock?

Maria scrutinizes Henry's body language.

MARIA  
You heard him, too!

Henry looks Maria in the eyes.

HENRY  
Only a few times.  
(smiles)  
I think he likes us.

Maria grabs his arm and pulls him toward the door.

She stops before exiting, turns, and kisses Henry softly on the lips.

EXT. ROSIE'S CAFÉ - SUNSET

They exit the café to see the Ghost of Sherlock Holmes (dressed like the bum in the opening scene) driving away erratically on the e-scooter. He turns to tip his cap to Maria and Henry and swerves down the road.

HENRY  
Do you think we should report him?

MARIA  
Let him go. I think he put the  
black lace bra in Les's computer  
lair.

Henry laughs.

HENRY  
Yeah, he'll be back for it.

Henry hooks arms with Maria.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Come on, we'll take the Chief's car  
home.

They look down the street the other way to see a spotlessly clean, completely restored antique luxury car. They chat while they walk to the car.

MARIA  
Did you know that Sir Arthur Conan  
Doyle was a member of the  
supernaturalist organization called  
"The Ghost Club?"

HENRY

I didn't know that! Imagine all the  
voices in that author's head!

MARIA

Exactly. He must have been a real  
schizo-frantic.

They laugh, get in the car, and drive off.

FADE OUT.

**THE END**