

Wolves of London

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

CAP: LONDON. NOBILITY CENTRAL. 19TH CENTURY.

Two OFFICERS stand outside a mansion. Eight WOLF SHADOWS dance on the walls, all in a line.

They're lithe and tall, wolf heads and tails, human base. The shadows SING, low and steady.

"HUNTERS OF MEN"

ENSEMBLE

*We are hunters
Hunters of men
We feast on the flesh of sin
We are hunters
Hunters of men
We don't throw our lots with them*

They take out the officers silently and slip inside the mansion.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

We follow them into the parlor and up past the frightened MAID. Two SHADOWS consume her as she drops a platter of delicacies, which the other SHADOWS fight over.

ENSEMBLE

*In the darkness
We sneak by night
Pluck the sinners before their very eyes
Clandestine searches
(chuckle)
We leave no trace
You'll be dead
Before you see our face*

They continue up the stairs and down the hall. The SHADOWS CHUCKLE.

ENSEMBLE (CONT'D)

*We are hunters
 Hunters of the rotters
 We don't throw our lots with the totters
 Gamblers, liars, swindlers, cowards
 And if you think us un-towards
 Consider it another public service*

Now we see the Wolves in full. They've got makeshift uniforms from caps and coats, mockeries of the Officer garb.

“SCAR” MORIARTY (40's, taller, one-eyed) takes the lead and creeps into the bedroom, where a NOBLE sleeps.

SCAR

(soft)

*Cross my path and you'll scarce see
 The blood-soaked beast inside of me*

A Wolf steps onto a floorboard and it CREAKS. Everyone FREEZES until the Noble SNORES. Another Wolf snaps at the offender.

The Wolves loot the drawers and closet, “modeling” the jewelry and suits as they chortle.

ENSEMBLE

(louder)

*String us up and we'll return
 Last red drop pays the coin we earn*

Scar SHUSHES them as he sneaks to the Noble's bedside and mockingly caresses the man's head.

He holds a gilded chain up to the others, then slowly draws his claw across the man's throat.

The Wolves HOWL and scatter as OFFICERS rush in downstairs. We follow the Wolves.

ENSEMBLE

(snickering)

*Watch out! You rotters...
 One wrong move and you'll be next!
 Pay heed! You...*

(chorus howls derisively)

*“Masters”!
We’ll be the master of you yet!*

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

The poorer area, rife with hovels, whorehouses, and beggars. Warehouses stand grimly behind the fading brownstones.

The Wolves move deftly across the rooftops. Some fight over loot, others try to push each other off.

They all enter a WHOREHOUSE through a window.

INT. WHOREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LOTTIE (50’s, gruff), ushers them through the halls into a hidden back room.

INT. WOLVES’ DEN - CONTINUOUS

Inside, it’s a den in every sense of the term.

There’s a couple of racks for their coats and caps, and a broken mirror against the wall.

There’s an additional room above the place, well-ordered in comparison, with a trapdoor to the Den.

ELEANOR “ELLIE” ADLER (17-ish), female Wolf, sweeps the Den. She’s different, soft, groomed, bright-eyed with curiosity.

“ODD ONE OUT”

ELLIE
(to herself)

*Hunters of men
Hunters of men...
Which one’s the least like them
T’would be me*

She climbs the trapdoor, ascending to a bedroom to light a candle on the nightstand.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

There's a small bed with red sheets. A glass of dark liquid rests next to the candle that sits on a plate.

Lottie calls up from below.

LOTTIE

Drink it all this time!

Ellie grumbles and swirls the drink in her hand, then pinches her nose as she drinks it.

She makes the bed, then sits on it looking at her short claws.

ELLIE

*The little one in the den
All bark and no teeth
While inside I seethe
With dreams itching for meaning
That they're just not seeing*

She reaches under her bed and feels for a loose floorboard. She grabs a small cloth doll from it.

A knock at the trapdoor startles her. She stashes the doll and hides a knife in her pillowcase.

ELLIE

*Bad men come to me expecting a knack
What they get is a knife in their back
My claws aren't even grown
In this I'm all alone*

LOTTIE

El! Finish up, they're almost here! You'd best be clean for tomorrow!

Ellie opens the trapdoor and jumps down, grabbing her broom.

INT. WOLVES' DEN - CONTINUOUS

She resumes sweeping.

ELLIE

*The dreamer wolf
And I wish it weren't so
Wish I could say no*

She places the broom to the side, then grabs a coat and cap, pretending to be an officer.

She looks more like a newsboy.

ELLIE

*Watch your step
Smile in defeat
Maybe she'll give me last Sunday's meat*

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

As the Wolves approach the hovel, Scar looks at the light on in the window far away.

SCAR

*Will you be who I imagined
Will you be the one to tip the scales
Will you understand our motives
Or will you break my heart once more
I see him in you
Can I break it, grind it down
Spark a revolution now*

He sighs.

SCAR

*Ellie, my dearest
Are you more him than me?*

INT. WOLVES' DEN - CONTINUOUS

She looks in the broken mirror and adjusts her cap.

ELLIE

*Would you see beyond my flesh
A frightened lass, a hairy beast
Two forms fight for a feast
Blood or wine, marrow or lime
Can't I decide
Or choose my pride*

Lottie goes up past her to inspect the bedroom. She notices the sheets pulled back and searches under the bed, finding the doll.

She scoffs at it.

ELLIE

*Is my soul so red from the blood on my hands
This I know in my soul I can't stand
One more job in this place
I've got to escape
What I am*

She looks at the door, then rushes to the broom, sweeping.

The Wolves burst in, celebrating like they won a rigger match.

Scar takes the cap off her head and coat off her body and hangs them up. He pats her head.

ELLIE

Scar! Tell me about it, the whole thing! When can I put them away like you?

Scar kneels next to her, fixes her hair, and puts the chain around her neck.

SCAR

*Now you'd best behave
The hunters are here to stay, so stay*

CHORUS

*Not to worry we'll break you in
Need a little sunshine in this den of sin*

SCAR

*Lottie's not likely to let you starve
Please don't fight against these bars
Trust me, you'll get used to it
Maybe it's time you learned to sit*

He walks her to the trapdoor while the others heckle Lottie for food.

SCAR

*Now you'd best behave
Think of how many lives you'll save
From these wretches*

Their hives of sin

(wagging a finger)

We don't sit by and let them win

Gambling lives on honor and pride

Tyranny of the highest high

He nudges her.

SCAR AND ELLIE

(slowly)

We beat some sense into every "lord"

Free his captives

Watch them frenzy

In a way we curb his spending

Scar glances at Lottie and mouths the words.

ELLIE

(reciting)

Society doubts but we understand

You can't count on the decency

Of your common man

Your leaders watch you writhe

Under the tourniquet of their own pride

SCAR

(whispers)

Don't you want it

Isn't it your goal

To keep society from sinking too low

ELLIE

Well...

SCAR

Once you're old enough, you'll understand. We'll speak about the Yard then.

He exits the Den.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Scar angrily watches the apparition of SHERLOCK HOLMES haunt him in the upper windows of homes.

SCAR

We were more than rivals, and yet...

Still you haunt me on death's door?

*You think I didn't share your motive
You think I didn't care before?*

He huffs and swipes at the apparition, dissipating it.
Then he turns and walks in.

INT. WOLVES' DEN - CONTINUOUS

Lottie ushers Ellie up the trapdoor and follows her in.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

LOTTIE

Dearie, you really think you have a chance? That those men will let you take a stance?
Take it from me, honey, men just want what you have now. You're not grown enough to
understand.

ELLIE

What about Mog, Cass, and Quickhatch? They're with the Yard and the Wolves. Why
can't I join them?

LOTTIE

You're special. Scar would have my hide if anything happened to you.

Before Ellie can protest, Lottie grabs her in a "loving"
embrace and strokes her hair.

"LOTTIE'S ME"

LOTTIE

*Sweetie, they've got less than you
Like a bunch o' mangy mutts, 'tis true
Ashen hair, jaundiced teeth
Not you, my girl! You're fine to keep!*

ELLIE

Even the beast?

LOTTIE

Oh girl, your mind's too deep!
*Struggle and bustle
Brindle and bridle
Too much time will keep you idle
It'll fill your head with fantasies
See, our work is important
It's of the highest order*

Lottie pulls out a sleazy garment and models it on Ellie.

LOTTIE

*We draw in the stench of the world
How many wife-beaters and abusers
How many drunks and deplores
Pass through our door
No, dear, they come to us for vindication
Oh, we vindicate alright
Their families rest safely
It's charity work*

(aside)

So say it with me.

Ellie stands.

ELLIE

No! I... I...

Lottie pulls her back down. Ellie pulls away again.

“ODD ONE OUT” (REPRISAL)

ELLIE

*Wish they'd see me for me
Is it really natural
To think like a predator
Run with the men
Play their lewd games
And then take them in
Pull the rug out from under them
Revel in their screams
Taste the blood and then
Gorge like a beast
Yet I
Isn't there more than glorified harlotry
Isn't there something out there for me
If only you could see
What crushing men's hearts does to this upstart
Beast though I may be
Just one day beyond my confines
Might then bring me to a new high*

LOTTIE

Are you serious?

She looks at Ellie's expression.

LOTTIE

Fine, you leave me no choice.

She takes out the doll and sets it atop the low flame of the candle.

Ellie tries to rescue it but Lottie pins her down.

LOTTIE

You see this? This is what any man would do to you out there once they knew you were a Wolf. They want a wife and they got a dog.

Ellie sobs.

ELLIE

I thought Wolves were respected.

LOTTIE

Not too many, I'm afraid. Much like the rest of the Yard in that. I didn't want to do it, but you forced my hand.

(aside)

So say it with me.

ENSEMBLE

(Ellie, reluctantly)

Now you'd best behave

The hunters are here to stay

So stay

Not to worry

We'll break you in

Need a little sunshine in this den of sin

She puts Ellie to bed and extinguishes the candle before she leaves.

A flash of silver from the doll's ashes catches Ellie's eye.

She scatters the ashes, picks up a silver locket with a gold chain, and looks inside.

The silver burns her hands when she touches it. She ties the locket around her sleeve.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Dawn breaks. The light wakes Ellie, now human. She's ruddy, thin, clean. She opens the closet and holds up the sleazy garment.

She tosses it on the bed with a huff.

ELLIE

Beset by the moon, rinsed by the sun. The beast is at bay for at least the day. And yet I hunger...

Lottie bangs on the trapdoor. Ellie washes up with a basin behind a curtain.

The latch locks from the Wolves' side and Ellie hesitates at the trapdoor.

She works at a bar at her window. It budes a little.

She looks to her left, imagining another house with a family going about their day.

She IMAGINES:

I/E. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The lighting shifts to blue, like the night.

SHADOWS of a MOTHER and FATHER, caring for a baby.

"CRUEL PITY"

ELLIE

*If I knew my mother and father perhaps
These shadows wouldn't themselves cast
What a cruel pity he offered me that day
When he stole me away
Some small sin, can't have been much
Perhaps another woman's touch
Or else a larger one
Far more of a serious such
What else could have attracted them
To what seems farthest from a den of sin*

The SHADOWS get into a fight.

The SHADOWS of WOLVES sneak outside the house, then break in and separate the couple.

The COUPLE resist and the Wolves arrest them, taking them away.

All the Wolves except Scar (by his stature) scatter. He stops when he hears the baby and follows the sound.

Scar picks up the baby. She's WAILING until his hands touch her.

SCAR

(soft, like a lullaby)

*Hush now, child
If only you knew whose presence you feel
Before the stain of sin sets in
A sinner like me avenging sinners like you
Our blood, if you please
You dassent sneeze
It will help to ease
Your natural devolution into sin
Most pure of heart
You'll do your part
In keeping these streets safe for your former kin
Now you'll never know loneliness
In this we'll all transgress
Society's dalliance*

She quiets down, grabbing his snout and ears. He leans into it and makes a choice. He slits his hand, feeding her the blood.

SCAR

*The others won't understand
The beauty of your fur-less hand
To be one of us, you have to leave them
Or else you'd be sought only to hem*

He steals away with her.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Back to Ellie. She puts her head in her hands.

ELLIE

*I wish you'd let me hem
Rather than Lottie force me to pleasure them
Not that you would know what's going on when
You're always out in such a large city
Why'd you have to take this cruel pity*

Ellie's in the sleazy garment, shivering, covering herself up with her hands.

She runs her hand over the window's bar. A KNOCK on the door.

A DRUNKEN MAN totters in.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

John Watson (40's) awakens in the middle of broken glass. He scrambles to the desk, falls, and pulls himself up again.

The walls and floor are stained with explosive experiments and liquids.

Empty bottles are scattered everywhere. On the desk is a gun and scattered silver bullets.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, as a Wolf in her usual attire, Ellie sits on the corner of the bed farthest from the passed-out drunk.

She grabs the low-burnt candle and walks to the bars. She puts the candle to the base in a last-ditch effort.

She scratches at the bar and her claws finally dig into the softened bit. She breaks it and heats the other one until she can take it off, too.

She crawls out onto the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Ellie admires the stars and the moon.

“MEMORY OF THE WIND”

ELLIE

*Memory of the moonlight
Hidden by the veil
Memory of the better times
I smell them there as well
Is it possible that my deduction was incorrect
That everything I wanted
Has already myself left*

She looks down at the street.

ELLIE

*Memory of the wind
Winding the way that it pleases
As it brushes the brightly lit glasses it sees
All of the memories of those in between
The light and the dark the cold and the hearth
Brushing my nights into the past
And as I breathe it all in
I'm left with
Left with just the memory of the wind*

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - CONTINUOUS

John goes to relight a flickering lamp and looks out the window.

JOHN

*Shadows that dance upon my wall
Candles flicker with the evil of it all
Dastardly plans and festering rites
Play out in some hovel by candlelight
The wind snuffs out the flames
And for a moment I breathe
A cold blistering gale it would seem
And if I were younger I might have been pleased
But pleasures in life don't come that easily
Stolen all of it by moonlight
And for a moment in my ear I can almost hear
These happy ghosts whispering their cheers*

He drinks and loads his gun.

JOHN

*Not to it, not to me
 The wind it winds its way past the rows
 Brushing my days into the past
 Round the tables of others
 The laughter and the screams of delight
 As children and families gather in the light
 Beast-obsessed they called me
 And maybe they're right
 But who works in the shadows
 To protect their dreams
 If not me*

He goes to his mirror.

JOHN

*I find myself in the night
 The youth the wind's stolen
 A frightful glance in the mirror
 Confirms my worst fears
 How far removed am I from thence
 Just up from the chair and I wince
 The last reminder of youth is only a
 Memory of the wind*

Now both step away from their mirrors and look out the window.

JOHN

Memory of the wind
 Brushing my days into
 the past
 Grasping for meaning as
 they slip past
 If it would just let me
 See one just moment as
 that

ELLIE

Memory of the wind
 Brushing my nights into
 the past
 Reaching for meaning as
 they slip past
 If it would just let me
 Be more than just a tramp

EXT. ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Ellie runs with the wind, hopping from rooftop to rooftop until she reaches Downtown.

A group of OFFICERS hang out on the street below.

They're ribbing each other and pointing at GREGORY
LESTRADE (30's), sleep-deprived, as he stumbles
towards them.

“LESTRADE’S MISSION”

LESTRADE

*On the trail of the perpetrators
Of this terrible rash of crimes
Vincent, Matthew and Davis
What has become of our time
The wolves, they roam
The beasts, they dine
While the fat cats and their peacocks
Won't spare us a dime
Expect us to protect them
While they throw a gala
To lazy sheep am I a shepherd*

Ellie pricks up her ears to listen to him, concerned.

LESTRADE

*Nobody with a speck of base to them is safe
Which encompasses, well everyone
The Prime Minister's kept the dates
He's watching our work till it's done
As of yet nobody's caught them
The moon's soon approaching
That all-eclipsing meet
While we toil outside on the street
And if we don't best them
Our chances are slim
The Wolves in their cunning
Might all of London win*

Ellie visibly connects the dots. The group of officers
heckle Lestrade as he nears them.

GROUP OF OFFICERS

*There's the lad
Who's afraid of a dog on the street
He happens to meet
You don't see that everyday
On his job how's he got
He must have an in
These "monsters" 'll send him down the bin!
Oi!*

They BARK and HOWL derisively as he passes.

LESTRADE

*And in culpability
I must confess
The mere glimpse of one
Would my fears undress
The order upturned
Oh the city shall burn
If they succeed*

ELLIE

Surely we're not the monsters to which they're referring.

Ellie follows him down an alleyway. He notices her shadow and looks up, but she hides.

He quickens his pace and loads a silver bullet into his pistol.

LESTRADE

(softly)

*What's this? I hear
A snuffle, a tear
Falling to the floor
Dashing to pieces the peace of the night
A shadow! It shrinks
The shape though—it finks!
A hound or some such creature
It sends such chills
I wish I had called the preacher!
But my compatriots are laughing
While I find myself faffing
To avoid those painful fears*

(slower)

*Regardless...
I must find this fearsome beast
And slay it lest I'm the roast for the feast
All those medals and honors given to men
Oh, what's it take to get one then
Courage and resilience in the face of--*

He gets a glimpse of her and panics. She hides.

LESTRADE

*A hound or some such creature—
Ah! The size of a hell-horse
It's larger than I thought*

ELLIE

*Would you really hurt me
Scarce I've done you wrong*

LESTRADE

*I'll send this beast to hell
Back where it belongs
And if I weren't known to be afraid
A medal might even correctly state my name
Le-strade
A dog's bite on a boy of four
Oh, who would've thought he'd have a tour!
And I see that shape in my dreams
Those fierce ears, those sharp teeth!*

ELLIE

*Please Mr. Lestrade
Don't let my form you affright
I only wish to see the world you keep
Beyond just the night*

She dashes from hiding place to hiding place, trying to get a good look at him.

LESTRADE

*On my fears it plainly speaks
A child's voice could come from a beast?
It must be a siren
I must resist its call
These Wolves are crafty
Pity's ploy to make me fall*

They play cat and mouse until he finally coaxes her into coming out.

ELLIE

*Are we so hated
To give you such a fright
Must we only be considered
Denizens of the night
If the Wolves don't work with you
Then who could they be party to*

He corners her with the gun.

LESTRADE

*A siren's lilting pleasure—
Some sort of Beast-man
It's worse than I thought
I'll send this beast to hell
Back where it belongs
And if I weren't known to be afraid
The others wouldn't mispronounce my name Lestrade
A little bark, laughter behind
And if I could, I swear I'd find
A spark of courage locked deep inside
But I cannot*

(softly)

Feel it.

Ellie looks at his trembling gun, then up at him. Scared, she gives him puppy-dog eyes and a submissive posture.

LESTRADE

Does it cower before me?

(soft, panicking)

*I can't pull the trigger
Oh God give me the strength
Those eyes are so soft
Is this really a killer
The beast is loose
And my neck's in a noose
I'm running on the clock
And I can't pull the trigger*

Ellie nabs his badge and runs. He chases after her, but loses her in the crowded street.

ELLIE

I just wanted to talk!

People back away from her.

MAN

Beast! Beast!

A couple of officers come running and pursue her onto the rooftops.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

She loses them and stares longingly at the city as she holds the badge tight.

ELLIE

You were right. There's no place for me, is there?

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ellie reenters the bedroom through the bars. Halfway through, Lottie yanks her in, then grabs her in an embrace.

The drunk's been cleared out.

LOTTIE

Ellie... what happened? Are you alright?

ELLIE

I'm fine.

LOTTIE

Why on earth would you do such a thing?

ELLIE

I don't want men to touch me like that anymore.

LOTTIE

But, honey, you know that's the only way they'll accept you.

ELLIE

I'm sick of being whored!

Lottie slaps her.

“WOLVES’ SAKE”

LOTTIE

Watch your mouth!

ELLIE

You care what happens to me

It's all for the Wolves' sake

Give me a break

You sell my skin

To men in sin

And I can't win

My life's in the bin

Lottie grasps Ellie's hand and leads her away from the window.

LOTTIE

Now you listen to me, Eleanor. How do I put food on your table? You shouldn't go out again. You were lucky once, but will be no more.

*Listen closely
Your grandfather made a pact with the trees
And cut the forest down to sail the high seas
The curse was set on the anchor's release
At the moon's behest
He became man and beast
But you'd know that if you'd paid attention
In the least
One by one we've grown
The beast's seed has been sown
Now call to it as your own
Chin up young lass
You'd make a fine man fast*

A KNOCK at the door.

LOTTIE

Good, you're late. Now get dressed and do what you must. Please don't resist me further. I know what's best for you.

ELLIE

I...

LOTTIE

*Have you considered
What men would do to you
If they knew?*

The KNOCKING comes again.

LOTTIE

*They'd lock you in a zoo
Take one look at ya and throw away the key
For the Wolves you perform a valuable service
To protect the young ones like you... from them
Some men can only be coaxed by a kiss
(aside, annoyed)*

From a young woman.

ELLIE
(to the door)

*My body's not property
And if it is it's only for me*

LOTTIE

*Oh now you've been had
Beguiled
By those fairy tales
And fancy lights*

Ellie holds up the badge she swiped.

ELLIE

I'd rather be one of them proper!

LOTTIE
(halts, staring)

You want to be a copper?

The KNOCKING abruptly stops. Footsteps recede quickly.

Lottie's motherly façade falls. She pins Ellie down and tries to take the badge from her.

LOTTIE
*Maybe this will make you understand
You think you can be like every man
Or go out into the world with any Dick and Dan*

Ellie struggles with her.

ELLIE
*You've had me with the worst
I think I could be a first
For this world I've got a thirst
Please let me go*

LOTTIE
No. You're too young. With all these men at least I've got one.

In desperation, Ellie claws at Lottie's face and runs to the window.

Lottie slowly stands, touching her injured cheek.

LOTTIE

*For a beast in the guise of a human
Less a girl
Your audacity makes me want to hurl*

Ellie's had it.

ELLIE

*Cause of you
Such a shrew
If you knew
What it was like under your thumb
Oh, you'd yourself strung
My life's only just begun*

Ellie leaps out the window and climbs onto the roof.
Lottie lunges after her but the gap's too small for her.

LOTTIE

Eleanor! Ellie!

EXT. TOWN INTERSECTION - MORNING

Noisier than the street, this intersection is peppered
with early types, officers, and peddlers' opening shops.

As a human, Ellie hops down from the rooftops and
blends in with the crowd. Dried tears streak her cheeks,
but she looks determined.

"CATCH THE FIRE"

ELLIE

*Don't wait for me I'll catch a spark
Show that I'm more than my bark
Don't miss a thing I'll try it all
I'll find a way to fit in
A way that I can win*

She sees a pie shop and stares inside.

ELLIE

*The blue men get but a whiff
And stop
But far away I've already taken stock
My situation's not dire
The wild world is my desire
And I, I'll catch that fire*

She window-shops the confections and doesn't look where she's walking, so she bumps into Lestrade.

ELLIE

Oh! I didn't mean to--

His gaze lingers on her eyes.

LESTRADE

Have we met somewhere? You look familiar.

Ellie fingers the badge in her pocket.

ELLIE

I don't think so. Um, you're a Yard officer, right?

LESTRADE

Yes, I am.

He's trying to place her. Then he does.

ELLIE

Do you know someplace I could stay the night?

LESTRADE

(not letting on)

... Yes, I think I do.

He writes down the address and gives it to her.

LESTRADE

Would you like me to walk you down?

Ellie notices his suspicious looks at her.

ELLIE

No, thank you.

He walks on. She looks down at the address.

ELLIE

That I could read.

She begins walking. He turns to see her.

LESTRADE

Oi!

She turns to his voice and sees him pointing to a street.

EXT. TOWN INTERSECTION - DAY

It's bustling with activity. Coaches clamber by.
Hawkers sell wares. Newsies bark headlines at people.

There's a FEARMONGER accosting people with a crudely-depicted Wolfman. He pushes the paper at Ellie.

FEARMONGER

Beasts! Bestiality!

Ellie shrinks from him in fear. He grabs her arm.

FEARMONGER

Be careful, Miss! Beasts roam these streets at night.

PASSERBY

Oi, leave a lady alone! Been bothering us enough, the trifle!

Ellie goes from person to person, showing the address to ask for directions. Most brush her off.

She asks the Newsie. He points in a direction.

NEWSIE

Keep on that way, Miss.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Scar, as the human police captain, stands in front of fifteen officers.

"RUMORS"

SCAR

*The pack roams at night
Seeking out every ne'er do well
When they find one they strike
Dragging them to the gates of hell
Be careful my men*

*Or this war we won't win
We must scour this city
Until we find their quarters
And then we'll trap the Wolves
Take them out at once*

LESTRADE

Captain. I've requested backup on multiple occasions, yet never receive it.

A couple of officers chuckle. Scar glares at them.

SCAR

Let me clarify this once.

*Rumors about my going's at night
Are strong and not entirely wrong
Am I working hard yes
Do I need to impress
On you how dire our situation is
Me and some of our men
Have been working at night
Locating their den*

LESTRADE

Then why the secrecy?

SCAR

They have eyes and ears everywhere. How else would they evade us so diligently?

Scar dismisses the officers and puts a hand on Lestrade's shoulder.

SCAR

Listen, I think there may be a mole in the department. I want you to find out who.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - EVENING

MS. HUDSON (60's) cleans up, casting glances up the stairs.

A KNOCK at her door. It's Lestrade.

MS. HUDSON

Oh, Inspector. Tea?

LESTRADE

No, thank you. Will be but a minute. I take it you have a vacancy?

MS. HUDSON

Well, yes, but--

LESTRADE

There's a woman whom I want to surveil. I was hoping John would be up to the task. Or up.

Ms. Hudson shakes her head.

MS. HUDSON

He's been in his room for the week.

LESTRADE

Is there any way you can keep an eye on her?

MS. HUDSON

Why not lock her up?

LESTRADE

Well, she's an informant in an active case and I don't want the others to know about her just yet.

MS. HUDSON

...Alright, but you're paying her fee.

LESTRADE

Done. She should be around soon. Thank you.

He glances up the stairwell.

LESTRADE

Let him know I've rung, will you?

MS. HUDSON

As usual.

He leaves.

"A SORRY STATE"

MS. HUDSON

*Long hours at the drink's beck and call
Naughty noises from down the hall
If only he could see
The shambles of the man you've become
At the simple mention of your name
All the patients hold their tongues
Well, no more!*

John bumbles down the stairs, drunk.

JOHN

What was that racket?

MS. HUDSON

Your friend at the Yard.

He can't even stand straight. Ms. Hudson pushes him up towards the stairs.

MS. HUDSON

Get back to bed, you. I won't have you drink while she's here.

John perks up at the word "she".

JOHN

A woman?

MS. HUDSON

Don't get your hopes up. And if I hear one word of your toff being too close I will spit in your coffee.

JOHN
(mumbling)

Just as well, for how it tastes.

He ambles back up the stairs. She sets about straightening his mess in the parlor.

MS. HUDSON

*This planning and this plotting
Are just your insides rotting
Since your eyes are so clouded
You can't tell friend from foe
Who's to know if this girl he's bringing
Could mind your disbelieving glare
Tell her it's your first and chuckle
If you plan to deceive me
Oh, I can hardly leave you
In such a sorry state*

While she's cleaning, she finds a small rolled note.

She unfolds and reads it. A hand to her mouth in disbelief, she stuffs the note in her apron pocket.

I/E. 221B BAKER STREET - CONTINUOUS

A run-down row of thin, tightly-packed brownstones.
Not even a yard to them.

Ellie searches for the address. She approaches the door
and knocks.

Inside, Ms. Hudson hurries down the stairs to the door.

MS. HUDSON

*There's the girl
One hopes she's not a flea
Well, better you than me*

One bottle remains on the table. She picks it up and
tosses it up the stairs.

It hits John's door. He fumbles at the knob but doesn't
make it out.

Ms. Hudson waves dismissively in his direction and
looks at Ellie through the window.

MS. HUDSON

*Is this the ghost of the past I see
Standing right in front of me
Smelling faintly of mangy beast
Like she'd been out on the streets
No, it couldn't be
That glint of amusement did he see
In her the flicker of insight
On a face so naïve
Oh to wake the dead I shan't be bothering him
But the look in her eyes
For her, surely one could die!*

She composes herself and opens the door.

ELLIE

Hello. I'm Ellie. I was sent here by--

MS. HUDSON

--Ah, you must be the tenant Inspector Lestrade mentioned. Come in, dearie. You must be famished, by the look of you. Call me Ms. Hudson.

Ellie reluctantly enters, sniffing. The sun lingers above
the horizon.

Ms. Hudson eyes her as she gives her the tour.

MS. HUDSON

Well, it's not much, but it's a roof, a room to yerself, and two square meals. And regular cleaning, unless you're rowdy.

ELLIE

What would I give you in return?

MS. HUDSON

Our mutual friend already sorted that.

Ms. Hudson shows Ellie the room and heads to the staircase.

MS. HUDSON

I'll go get you some tea and biscuits.

Ellie opens the window and looks out at the city as night falls. She becomes a Wolf.

She listens to Ms. Hudson's footsteps as she ascends the staircase. Ellie begins to panic, searching for a hiding place. She hides under the bed.

MS. HUDSON

Ellie? I'll just be putting this plate and pitcher by the door now.

Ellie sighs in relief as the footfalls recede.

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Ellie sits on the roof, noisily eating the biscuits.

ELLIE

These are really good.

John, who's bent out the window, staring at the ground, hears the smacking of her jaws and looks up.

JOHN

No... I am seeing things. I've really lost it, haven't I?

EXT. TOWN INTERSECTION - MORNING

A montage of Ellie trying out different jobs.

She dashes from job to job with gusto, only to get thrown out almost immediately to the street.

“CATCH THE FIRE (REPRISAL)”

ELLIE

*Don't wait for me I'll catch a spark
Don't miss a thing I'll try it all*

First the BUTCHER:

BUTCHER

Are you eating on the job?

ELLIE

(mouth full)

No.

*Wait till I'm in step
I'll best them all
People to help
Catch 'em when they fall*

Now the NURSE, holding up two pills (red and green):

NURSE

You nearly killed a patient!

ELLIE

Sorry! They both looked the same.

EXT. TOWN INTERSECTION - EVENING

Finally she gets thrown out of a pub.

BARKEEP

You think I'm going to harbor one of you?

She meanders to the deserted center of the road and falls to her knees. Her song is much less enthusiastic.

ELLIE

Don't miss a thing... I'll try it all.

She sees a prostitute with a territorial look.

PROSTITUTE

Not on my street!

Night is falling.

Ellie gets up and backs away quickly.

The sky begins to spit at her as she hurries off, beginning to change.

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

It's snowing full-tilt now. Ellie sits on the window sill.

She pulls out the badge and watches it glimmer in the light.

ELLIE

Wonder if I could sell this.

She sighs.

ELLIE

No, I should give it back.

She notices a lit candle in one of the rooms and goes to its window, curious.

INT. SHERLOCK'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Ellie sneaks into the study.

John is asleep at the desk. When Ellie slips into the room, the opening of the window wakes him up. She quickly hides.

He goes to shut it and then stops.

He quietly steps toward the bookcase. Her ears follow his movement.

Ellie picks up on the direction and carefully takes a letter opener off the side table.

She grasps it tightly as she crawls toward the window.

John has a silver knife in hand and the gun in a holster. He's quiet, calm, and utterly driven.

He checks to ensure the door is locked, then pulls up his gloves.

He stalks her, walking slowly around the room,
checking the hiding spaces.

He looks under a table.

“IN HIS NAME”

JOHN

*A flash of silver
In a fiend
Eyes in the dark
Prey to bleed
So much grief your kind have caused
Snapped up quick within your jaws
Good men, bad men, does it matter
Children, women to make you fatter
As you exhale their screams are heard
Tearing my sleep asunder*

She darts from behind a couch and makes it to the
windowsill.

He chases her through the room.

ELLIE

*I'm sure your wrath you think divine
Done the deed which makes me damned to bleed
Could have I?*

He stops when he sees her.

JOHN

*Oh damn your pride
I shall not let this chance escape
Even without him by my side
In his name I hunt beasts
The fiercest to the least
The monsters in Moriarty's thrall
Shall all fall*

You butchered him. I shall not be so merciful. Not with you. Not with your kind.

Ellie backs away and bluffs him, planning an escape.

ELLIE

*Be still my heart on death's door
 Let me plead my case once more
 Chained to a bed forced to drink
 Wouldn't anyone teeter on the brink
 Calls beyond barred windows spattered
 With sinful blood
 A victim of predators in human skins it seems
 Memory of the wind drink hard and deep
 I pray the remnant of my blackened soul to keep
 Lest the hand of the arbiter meet
 A creature caught between blade and fang
 Slipping on the edge of the inferno
 Dearest God don't let me fall!*

Ellie dives out the window. John is in no shape to follow. He pulls out his gun but can scarcely aim.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Ellie runs across the rooftops, sniffing the wind as she navigates.

ELLIE

Are we truly monsters in their eyes?

EXT. NOBILITY CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Several houses have already been raided. Ellie sneaks up to a window and watches Scar kill a family.

She slips and yelps as she grabs on to the sill.

The Wolves look in her direction. Scar sees her.

She clammers down to the ground, tears flooding her eyes.

“CONSCIENCE’S PLEA”

ELLIE

*Arbiter of justice in your prime
 What a link you had with the divine
 In her eyes I was only
 The daughter she never could provide*

*So I put you on a throne
 With you, it felt like home
 But now I see
 Your fleas and your hunger
 Outweigh your heart
 Oh Scar*

Scar runs out the front door, looking for her.

ELLIE

(sobbing)

You lied to me! Is this your justice? Is this the Wolves' pride? Why did I think you were my hero? I'm not like you!

Lestrade, who's been tailing him, hides behind the corner, listening.

She slumps against the wall, sobbing.

ELLIE

*I always saw your touch as a blessing
 An escape from the corrupt
 But while you were out gallivanting
 Lottie stole my innocent heart*

Ellie stands up in full view of Scar.

She grabs the chain and tears it away from her neck. It hangs limply in her claws.

ELLIE

*But now I see that there was nothing
 Nothing but lies and deceit and charm
 Moriarty, is it?
 You're not even Scar!
 Is all there is to a Wolf
 A stomach to feed a victim to bleed
 Between fingers and fang
 I thought there'd be a tang
 Of conscience's plea
 At least the beasts proper know their place
 Known to be empathetic in a wide open space
 I wish I were young so I could not see
 The mask that you donned every morn
 And I see now I wore it the whole time*

She turns away, dropping the necklace on the snow.

Scar reaches to her, but she runs. He chases after her.

The confused Wolves scatter. Lestrade picks up the necklace.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - CONTINUOUS

In Sherlock's study, John muses over old photographs amid empty bottles.

One of the pictures is of IRENE, mid-20's, SHERLOCK's old flame.

He draws a finger over her face.

"IN HIS SHADOW"

JOHN

*If you wondered why
They pity me
A drunkard chasing shadows cast about by flame
In the unquenchable dark I hear deep within me
'Can I ever live up to his fame'*

He picks up a photograph of Sherlock.

JOHN

*I know who you are
But I don't know who I am
Because of you my practice grew
The proper successor to your legacy I am not
Could I ever be
What did she do to you that you could not see
If you were here right now who would I be
To feel your disapproving
Gaze upon this empty shell of a man that I am
I know you wouldn't be proud*

Irene's GHOST appears behind him. He's not surprised.

JOHN

Come to haunt me in my waking, also?

IRENE

I am, after all, but a remnant of your memories of her.

He takes a swig of booze.

JOHN

Then I should be able to make you go away.

IRENE

Drinking won't solve this.

Another defiant swig.

JOHN

*You lured him into the state of mind
Complacency so defined
You're the reason he died
I swear if you looked inside
You would find
A siren's haughty song*

So save it. I've heard it all before.

IRENE

Doctor John Watson.

He stands abruptly, angry.

JOHN

I am not a doctor!

He drops the bottle on the desk.

JOHN

At least, not anymore. You want to know so bad? Here it is, plain as day!

He pulls out a photograph of a crime scene. A dead Irene lay at the foot of a bloody cradle.

JOHN

Because that bastard killed you and stole the child away the same night!

He calms himself down.

JOHN

*Looking at her I see you
The proudest kind of shrew
He should have known
How could you drive him so mad
And yet I feel him*

Because I looked that kid in the eyes one time, thinking maybe it was...

He looks back at Irene, but she's vanished.

JOHN
(softly)

All for naught

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - MORNING

Ms. Hudson garnishes the table with breakfast. She looks up at John's closed door and scoffs.

Ellie comes downstairs, led by her nose. She's a bit trepidatious.

ELLIE
G-good morning. Thank you for the t-tea and biscuits last night.

Ms. Hudson motions to the door.

MS. HUDSON
Would you wake my other tenant, dearie?

Ellie goes up and knocks.

MS. HUDSON
You might have to knock a little harder.

She does.

MS. HUDSON
Come, sit with me.

As Ellie sits down to breakfast, Ms. Hudson notices her locket.

MS. HUDSON
That locket...

Ellie guards it.

ELLIE
It's all I have left.

Ms. Hudson notices her reluctance to share more.

MS. HUDSON
I grew up in Manchester. Where are you from?

ELLIE
(brooding)

Nowhere.

EXT. PRIME MINISTER'S MANSION - NIGHT

It's the night before the election.

It's busy, a block-wide celebration of the upper echelon.

Yard officers mingle among the nobles.

LESTRADE

Where's Marley? Or Fran? Cass?

OFFICER

Haven't seen them on night shifts lately.

Lestrade narrows his eyes.

LESTRADE

That was my suspicion.

In the background, the Wolves sabotage the lighting, sending everyone into a panic.

Ellie watches from a rooftop.

Some Yard officers manage to pin down two Wolves with well-timed, constant fire.

Lestrade shoots them both with gleaming silver bullets.

The Wolves burst into flames, briefly illuminating the scene.

Ellie makes her way down to the ground. She heads towards the Wolves.

Terror hits those who notice her, creating a clear, screaming gap in the crowd.

Shouts of "Beast! Beast!" and others ring out.

The attending officers see her and give chase.

Ellie doesn't try to get away.

Scar pulls her into a moving carriage, out of sight.

I/E. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

He pins her to the booth inside.

“HIS SIRE”

SCAR

*Ellie I know that you've been out there
My dearest Ellie I know you're scared
Ellie I know this rather harsh may seem
But this I must tell you to mend this rift between
All of this I did for you
All of this to show you the truth*

She stares at him in a defiant manner.

ELLIE

*Who am I and what have you done
It's time to bring dark news back into the sun
Tell me the truth
Hold nothing back
I know you're a fraud
And I think you're a hack
I know the basics
I'm not who I thought
Why don't we see what damage
Your lies have wrought*

SCAR

*Dearest Ellie please listen to me
Dearest Ellie I just want you to see
What she did to you
You didn't deserve
And frankly your escape her hand did serve
And I know that lately you may have heard
Exaggerations of my status as undeserved
I assure you this is all for the best
Come back to me and leave me the rest
Ellie I don't want to see you hurt
To prove this I'll give you something of worth
A trinket of the past
Whisper from your birth*

*You might have heard you're
The sire of the beautiful Irene*

ELLIE

*Of course you'd give me
Something without meaning
Why did I expect anything more
And if you think my overall feeling
Towards you would be anything close to before
Well you're out of your mind*

She jumps out. Lestrade catches her and helps her escape. Scar flees in the carriage.

EXT. PRIME MINISTER'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Many members of the party are found dead, throats slit, trampled, or caught in the flames.

The PRIME MINISTER, 50s, and his guard approach Lestrade.

"THE CITY SHALL BURN"

PRIME MINISTER

*Did you know about this
Did you let one escape
The election's the morrow
And it won't be late
This wolverine tantrum will not deter it
Unless you, man, would like to defer it*

LESTRADE

*Sir, there's been much rumor and toil
Among the classes
Spreading like oil
And if I'm to be honest Sir
We're unlikely to flush them out without your—*

The PM motions for him to walk with him.

EXT. NOBILITY CENTRAL

They follow the road past the gated communities towards the factories.

The nobles don't even look at the poor.

EXT. MAIN STREET

PM guides Lestrade through a factory as workers toil away. Several get injured. More are berated.

PRIME MINISTER

*Profits are down across the district
The taskmasters have been a little lax with their whips
Now I don't want to be seen as this strict
But the election won't win itself, will it?
We're all trying to survive in this race
The rich give the poor each their own place
And the poor ensure the rich keep up the pace
In this rat race*

The nobles and the factory owners join in.

FACTORY OWNERS

*So let them slave
To stave off the arbiter
Let them work harder
So the fittest live longer
With survival
Comes revival
The better livelihood trickles down
So let them furrow their sweat-laden brows
For the good of this blessed vast town*

He looks at Lestrade.

PRIME MINISTER

Unless, of course, you fail to prevent those miserable mongrels' schemes.

EXT. LONDON - CONTINUOUS

A montage of nobles being slaughtered by the Wolves, from house to house.

SCAR

*Tonight these nobles shall fall
Tonight the rest of them learn
They're not so above it all
They feast on the weak
But we turn the tables
In this we're unique
Bring your appetites, men
For tonight
Tonight is the time*

*To step into the limelight
To put into action the plan
Years into the fight*

ENSEMBLE

*Here we stand in the shadows for the last time
On his signal on the nobles to dine
Loose the fetters of the masses
Break the system and realign
As the growing pain passes*

WOLF

What about Sher—

ENSEMBLE

*Don't speak of the dead or you'll join him
Tonight we're the beasts
Tomorrow the toast of the commoners' feasts
One more target to hunt down
The head clown of this circus*

They look at the Prime Minister's manse.

At the end, Scar stands atop Big Ben and HOWLS triumphantly.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Lestrade and John sit at a dark corner table. John stares at his beer, incognizant.

LESTRADE

So this is it. The Wolves have won. Everyone's scrambling at the top. At least they got someone to triple the guard on the PM. I'm sure you're tired of the condolences.

JOHN

You were never going to book me for assault?

LESTRADE

Not much worth with a fleet-footed witness like that and your, ahem, prestige.

JOHN

I still have that?

LESTRADE

...Where did you say you first met her?

JOHN

Been drinking too much. You know that old haunt of ours. Went back there... I'm sure I saw her, can't be a coincidence.

LESTRADE

No, perhaps they were keeping tabs on him?

John drinks.

JOHN

Or the reverse. He always was a step ahead.

LESTRADE

And *you* think she left them behind?

JOHN

They don't just go out one by one, do they?

LESTRADE

It was a man who killed Holmes. A male Wolf, at the very least. That was your testimony.

JOHN

I know.

LESTRADE

You didn't let her lead you back to the Wolves.

JOHN

What could I do with their numbers? Assassinate the leader and let myself be dinner? I'm self-destructive, not suicidal.

LESTRADE

You could have come to me.

JOHN

Right, the only contact I haven't crossed. Remind me what they call you again?

Lestrade huffs.

LESTRADE

Funny way of asking for my help.

JOHN

Yeah, well, I've just been checking up on things. Holmes left loose ends somewhere.

LESTRADE

Such as an unintended progeny?

JOHN

Presumably... that's unaccounted for.

John narrows his eyes at him.

JOHN

You're awfully calm about this. Holmes and Moriarty went way back. Farther than I ever dared ask.

LESTRADE

That's not the first time I've seen that Wolf. I even got a good look at her.

JOHN

And...?

LESTRADE

It was like looking at Holmes himself again in the flesh.

JOHN

Ellie's a common name. You're not seriously suggesting—

LESTRADE

No, I mean... But if she's in her teens, as you say, the timing does add up. You do remember...

John waves dismissively at him.

JOHN

Yes, yes... Irene.

He stands and places shillings on the table.

LESTRADE

Where are you going now?

JOHN

To meet an actress.

INT. SHERLOCK'S STUDY - NIGHT

John pores over old files. Pictures, blurry and aged. One's of a prostitute, found with her throat cut.

He runs a hand over Holmes' notes.

JOHN

You'd always tell me where I went wrong. Wild conjectures and the like. I'm not even fit to solve your own murder.

He considers his gun. Turns it around in his hand. Loads a bullet.

His memory branches off, illuminating a displaced dock to the right.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

John's memory.

A half-constructed freighter sits in the dry dock.

Scar, shadowed, pulls a knife out of Sherlock Holmes, 30s.

HOLMES

Isn't this... beneath you, Moriarty...?

The man collapses.

SCAR

She loved me first! Until you stole her away.

The ROAR of an early, gas-spewing motorcycle startles Scar, and he runs.

John sees a glimpse of him as he jumps off and runs to prop Holmes up.

Holmes gives a wry, pained chuckle, reaches into his pocket, and presses a paper into John's palm.

INT. SHERLOCK'S STUDY - NIGHT

John checks his coat pockets. Nothing. He stares at a picture of Irene.

JOHN

I must have lost it downstairs. Eleanor Adler. You do resemble her.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Ms. Hudson looks over the note.

MS. HUDSON

"My Dearest Sherlock, I am regretful to have left you without word. My affection for you knows no border. Yet as you've undoubtedly surmised, it was not without consequence.

(MORE)

MS. HUDSON (CONT'D)

Eleanor Holmes will know you one day, after the one who would harm her passes. Love from both of us, Irene.”

HOLMES

Who would have thought?

The apparition of Holmes appears to her.

MS. HUDSON

I always knew. It was the way you looked at her.

She smiles and folds up the note.

MS. HUDSON

Is Ellie your daughter?

HOLMES

I’m merely a shadow of your recollection. You will have to discern that on your own.

MS. HUDSON

I know you loved him too.

Holmes scoffs, pensive.

HOLMES

We wanted the same thing—equality among the castes. But he was just so damn stubborn about killing the nobles.

MS. HUDSON

For what it’s worth, I’m glad he didn’t convince you.

Holmes smirks.

HOLMES

Look after her, will you?

Ms. Hudson smiles wearily.

MS. HUDSON

Always, Mister Holmes.

She hears a loud, mournful HOWL outside and when she looks back, he’s gone.

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ellie sits atop the roof. She howls once, lonely. The only response is silence. She draws her knees to her chest.

I/E. 221B BAKER STREET - MORNING

The smell of biscuits from below wafts up and draws her in the open window.

Ms. Hudson waits for her below.

MS. HUDSON

Eleanor...? Come on in. I'll make you some tea.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ellie and Ms. Hudson sit across from each other. There's a tea tray between them with biscuits.

MS. HUDSON

I used to keep house for Sherlock Holmes.

ELLIE

I've heard the name, but...

MS. HUDSON

He worked as a consultant for Scotland Yard.

(disdainful)

You've already met his partner, John Watson.

Ms. Hudson refills her tea and hands her a biscuit.

MS. HUDSON

I can see you're no harm. Anyone who enjoys my biscuits so much is a good one. I hope he didn't scare you too much.

ELLIE

I don't think he knows who he's after. He pegged me as his partner's killer. Mr. Holmes is dead, right?

Ms. Hudson sets down her tea and stares at her, amazed.

MS. HUDSON

...Walk me through the process of how you came to that conclusion.

Ellie is taken aback by her sudden change in tone and manner.

MS. HUDSON

Please, indulge a bored old woman.

Ellie's biting into a biscuit.

ELLIE

I think it was... You used the past tense. John came at me in anger. His poor planning meant it was a hasty decision.

MS. HUDSON

Ellie... I don't know where you came from, but I am glad we've met. That locket of yours... it looks much like one I've seen before.

Ms. Hudson reaches out a hand for it. Ellie grasps it by the gold chain.

ELLIE

It's all I've got.

She thinks for a moment.

ELLIE

If you can tell me about the other person in this misunderstanding.

MS. HUDSON

Other person?

ELLIE

Irene. The Wolves are linked to this "Sherlock" and... I was told that name. It must mean something. It's the woman in here, isn't it? Maybe they're related?

MS. HUDSON

Well, yes. Irene was... Sherlock and Moriarty both loved her.

Shocked, Ellie hands her the locket. Ms. Hudson opens it and stands upright, shaking.

MS. HUDSON

My goodness!

ELLIE

What is it?

Ms. Hudson pulls her into a hug.

MS. HUDSON

Come upstairs with me, dear. I would like to show you some photographs.

They go up to Sherlock's room.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NEXT DAY

Ellie emerges from her room in Sherlock's dressing gown and coat. Ms. Hudson watches her with a smile.

ELLIE
They're a little big for me, I think--

Ellie sees her staring.

MS. HUDSON
You look smashing.

They walk into the old library. Dusty bookshelves line the walls, filled with esoteric tomes.

Ms. Hudson runs her hand over the books and pulls one out: a dog-eared tome entitled "The Martyrdom of Man" by Winwood Reade.

MS. HUDSON
These books belonged to him. Brought them over from the old house. Sometimes I come in here just to feel what he loved again. I'd like you to read them to better understand him.

She presses the book into Ellie's hand.

ELLIE
But I... I can't read.

Ellie hesitates to hand it back. Ms. Hudson places her hand over Ellie's.

MS. HUDSON
Then we'll learn.

INT. SHERLOCK'S STUDY - EVENING

Ellie picks through things on the desk.

The room's in dusty disarray, with burn marks and bullet holes adorning the walls, a chemistry set, and bookshelves.

Ellie looks at herself in the mirror, then looks at a photograph of Sherlock.

"THRONE OF THE LEGENDARY DEAD"

ELLIE

*Could this be
 Oh what you did see
 When you conceived of me
 A great detective could I be
 How could one such as I
 Ever hope to claim such fantasies
 Beset and trodden, hated and forgotten
 Was dismissal earned would you think
 I always dreamed there could be more for me
 But this much is too much
 I can't even begin to touch
 The throne of the legendary dead
 Who could've thought a dog like me
 Daughter of a very clever opera queen
 And the famous detective
 Whom she swept off his feet
 My parents met their match in a flash it seems
 (intense)
 How can I live up to the dead
 With the weight of expectations on my head
 It's crushing me
 Knowing their identities
 Was supposed to give me a bit of peace
 Yet all the world's sympathies
 Vanish with the setting sun for me
 How blind was I not to see
 How easy his foe could lie to me*

She paces, trying on his boots. They're too large for her.

ELLIE

*Who am I and where am I going
 These footsteps are far too grand
 For me to match their stride*

She sinks into his chair, distraught.

ELLIE

*And with just a drop of that scholar's pride
 Could I dare to take his mantle to my side
 Could I?*

A pebble hits the window. She opens it and looks outside.

One of the Baker Street Irregulars, a child, stands outside. He GIGGLES and runs.

She climbs out the window.

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET

He leads her to a back alley with the other Irregulars, a group of common folk a dozen strong.

The Irregulars crowd around her, one getting closer with each line. She backs away in fear.

IRREGULAR #1

Those are his shoes.

IRREGULAR #2

And that, his cap!

IRREGULAR #3

I saw her at his window like none been since.

IRREGULAR #4

She has his eyes.

IRREGULAR #5

I heard he'd been with that tramp!

Everyone but Ellie glares at Irregular #5, who quickly backs up.

IRREGULAR #6

Dearie this coat and cap suit you—

IRREGULAR #7

Not so much the boots, eh?

They fawn over her and she gradually relaxes.

ELLIE

*In their affection I can see
What I could not before believe
Their eyes betray his love for those stuck in
The machine*

Ellie leads them to the divide of Nobility Central.

EXT. NOBILITY CENTRAL

She jumps onto the brick wall separating Nobility Central from this side of the town, surprising them.

ELLIE

*Sherlock and Scar—no, Moriarty
In their names such a likeness
Belying such a baleful spiteness
Why did it have to be?
In their motives such a commonality
So why could they never see
They would have been stronger in solidarity*

She helps the younger Irregulars join her on the wall.

IRREGULARS

*If only they could see
Each could be a king
If only they could think
Of higher things than these*

The younger Irregulars help the older ones up.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Scar looks into the water.

He remembers:

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

The night Holmes died. From Scar's point of view, this time.

HOLMES

You think yourself a visionary, yet your only methods are brute force and assassination. See the irony?

SCAR

As opposed to your "one-case-at-a-time" approach? The whole of London will have died and passed onto their children by the time you finish your lethargic revolution.

HOLMES

Instead of half the population murdered by your hands?

Then I have no choice.

SCAR

Scar cuts himself and places his palm around the wound. Then he grabs Holmes and clamps a hand over his mouth.

Watson's motorcycle startles Scar, and he lets go. Holmes shoves Scar away.

You absolute fool.

HOLMES

Holmes stabs himself with the silver knife.

BACK TO:

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Tears slip down Scar's face as he turns away.

You absolute fool.

SCAR

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - EVENING

John takes off his cap and knocks on Ellie's door. She sniffs, then opens it.

Would you be adverse to a walk?

JOHN

EXT. NOBILITY CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

They walk. After the Wolf attacks, it's deserted except for patrols.

Even still, the PM's Mansion is packed full of guests and politicians hoping to sway the election.

Several officers look their way, but recognize John.

Ms. Hudson put you up to this, didn't she?

ELLIE

JOHN
Lestrade, actually.

ELLIE
Is this an apology?

JOHN
Not a very good one, I'm aware. I... I apologize. Please forgive me for my...
Ellie pulls him close. Surprised, he expects a kiss.

JOHN
Um, this isn't--
She licks him.

JOHN
...Right.
Night is falling quickly. Lestrade catches up to them, out of breath. He pulls Ellie behind a bush.

LESTRADE
The Wolves, they're here!
The Wolves jump down from the rooftops above to separate Lestrade and John.
Lestrade recognizes Scar as a Wolf. John pulls out his gun but a Wolf smacks it out of his hand.

SCAR
You think I wouldn't sense your misgivings?

LESTRADE
So you're just throwing away any other possibility to tell me this. Not like that would dissuade me.

SCAR
You've been a problem for a long time. Shot Marley and Fran.
Scar sniffs the air, examining Ellie's hiding place. She's still. Lestrade circles Scar, drawing his attention.
John grabs his gun and manages to shoot the nearest Wolf before another pins him to the ground.
The wounded Wolf catches fire from the bullet and the others back up as they watch him burn alive.

Silver!

WOLF

Scar stands in front of his pack.

I'd like to put a bullet in you, too.

LESTRADE

I thought you were scared of dogs.

SCAR

Till I met a brave one. One brave enough to stand up to you.

LESTRADE

Ellie perks up.

SCAR

Any chance you'd like to point me to her? Rather than my claws go through your gut just yet.

LESTRADE

There's a silver bullet with your name on it, Scar. Let's say it was once something precious to you.

Scar freezes, then rushes him faster than he can respond, running him through with his claws.

SCAR

A pity. I thought you would be of more use to me.

Officers hear the commotion and run towards them. Scar and the Wolves flee.

Ellie comes out of the shadows and kneels over Lestrade. She slices her palm.

He tries to push her away.

I'd rather die.

LESTRADE

Ellie places the bloody hand onto his wound. With her other hand, she slips his badge into his pocket.

ELLIE

You still can.

Lestrade slides his gun towards her. She takes it.

John kneels over him and looks at her with determination.

JOHN

Go. I'll catch up with you.

INT. PRIME MINISTER'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Ellie chases Scar into the manse. A large chandelier hangs above a staircase. Huge windows cover the wall.

Most of the Wolves are outside, taking out the large guard detail.

The other Wolves finish wiring bombs to the seats and silently threaten the nobles attempting to flee.

Scar hides. Ellie slips into the last row.

PRIME MINISTER

Your vote matters a great deal. Now, men, what do you want of London?

SCAR

I want the common man to walk among you without fear or derision.

Gasps and laughter erupt.

SCAR

I thought perhaps you didn't.

The election grinds to a halt as Scar takes center stage and stabs the Prime Minister. The Wolves light up the bombs.

A noble notices Ellie and flees, but runs into the Wolves guarding the doors.

NOBLE

Beast! There are beasts among us!

SCAR

Must you interrupt true progress?

Scar's focus is completely on Ellie now. The guests and politicians run to the exits but the Wolves get some of them.

The crowds hide themselves away in the rooms of the manse. During the confrontation, the Irregulars climb over the Nobility Central walls, enter the manse, and silently help them escape, dodging the Wolves.

SCAR

I raised you as my own, and this is how you repay me?!

ELLIE

Where's Lottie?

He points upward. Lottie's hanging from the chandelier, dead.

SCAR

Traitorous wench, whoring you out! She's the reason you failed to live up to your potential!

"THRONE OF THE LEGENDARY DEAD" (REPRISAL)

SCAR

*So the flea-infested rat has teeth
Vermin company to keep
If I had known
What she had sown
Under this my throne
She would have rotted long ago*

ELLIE

*You killed him in cold blood
My mother too
And stole their child
To turn her into a monster like you*

SCAR

*Daughter of the "great" Sherlock Holmes
Don't make me laugh
He chose to die
Wanted out of the eye for eye
A weakling and a coward
My weakness, it's true
Even still, I rescued you from your pedigree*

Ellie falters. Scar takes out a silver knife and presses her. Where she gets cut by the blade, it burns her.

SCAR

*Do you think you're a Wolf
You're at best a pitiable mutt*

*You can cure London? Don't make me laugh
The only cure for the fat cats is to cut them in half!
Perhaps you can yet be a Wolf
Show me after whom you've took!*

As they fight, LIGHTNING from the windows illuminates them.

In the flashes of light, it becomes apparent that another member has joined Ellie to fight Scar...

...the ghost of Holmes, fighting exactly in line and step with Ellie.

ELLIE

*I always dreamed there could be more for me
But this much was too much
I didn't think myself worthy to touch
The throne of the legendary dead
Who would've thought a dog like me
Could live up to the dead
With the weight of expectations on my head
Yet it won't crush me*

She surges forward with determination.

ELLIE

*What if I'm meant to be
The claws of reckoning
You think you would be happy at the end of this
But the taste of blood you would surely miss
This cannot be the way sublime
Treating people like cattle—yours to dine
You champion a noble cause
But I can smell innocent blood between your claws
There's no reasoning with the wild beast
Butcher of the rich to the least
Your reign ends tonight*

The ghost distracts Scar, who grows disconcerted the more looks he gets at him.

It's as though he sees Sherlock in her.

SCAR

(horrified)

You take after him.

Bristling with anger, Scar leaps onto the chandelier. He feasts on Lottie and regains his energy, then slashes the ropes.

The chandelier crashes to the ground, extinguishing the lights. The carpet catches fire. Only the fire and lightning illuminate the scene. Ellie and Scar fight.

The bombs go off, destroying the foundations. Debris and parts of the second floor rain down on them.

John arrives and rushes to stab Scar in the back. Scar throws him against the stairwell. The second floor's central balcony collapses on John.

SCAR

Your Irregulars won't help you now.

Ellie points the gun at Scar.

SCAR

You haven't the spine.

She hesitates.

Scar stabs her with the knife. Fire sparks from the wound, catching on her. Instinctively she pulls the trigger while he's close.

Scar falls to the ground, flames spreading rapidly from the wound.

SCAR

Heh... maybe... you are a Wolf.

Ellie pulls out the knife, wincing as the flames crawl over her body. Tears sizzle from her eyes.

John manages to dig himself out and runs to her. She's not attempting to extinguish herself.

JOHN

No. You deserve to live.

He extinguishes her flames with his coat, then briefly sees Holmes before the ghost smiles and hides from view.

EXT. PRIME MINISTER'S MANSION

Headed by Lestrade, Scotland Yard takes care of the Wolves, chasing them down.

The Irregulars cut off the Wolves' escape.

INT. BAKER STREET DETECTIVE AGENCY - EVENING

CAPTION: THREE MONTHS LATER

Ellie's reclining behind a desk. She twirls a deerstalker cap on her finger and smiles.

She pulls out the book that Ms. Hudson had given her and finds a note between its pages. From Irene Adler.

She opens it, sniffs it, and draws her finger across it as she reads.

ELLIE

He knew she would give me this.

She sits back and hugs the letter.

"NEW BEGINNINGS"

ELLIE

*Well look at me now
I'm not in a bin
In all my life I never thought I could win
Sure I'm not rich
Just a little poor
But any moment
A client's going to walk through that door
In all my life I never could have imagined
Helping cleanse society in another way
And everything I never could have fathomed
Will keep the scourge of the Wolves at bay
At least she's got some company
And in it there's so much for me*

She glances up at a photo of Sherlock Holmes.

ELLIE

*And to his legacy
I'll drink some of his favorite tea
And wish things turned out differently*

ELLIE

But I think somehow he'd be proud of me.

John bursts in, startling her.

JOHN

(affecting a Cockney accent)

Oi! Get off yer toff!

(Grins)

How was that?

Ellie claps the cap on her head.

EXT. BAKER STREET DETECTIVE AGENCY - DUSK

They walk down the street.

ELLIE

Much better. You want to blend with the riffraff, you gotta talk like 'em. So what's the scoop?

JOHN

Got a lady on fourth who's hearing things outside her house on the moors. She's got a country estate, no neighbors.

ELLIE

What sort of things?

JOHN

Unearthly howls, like beasts.

ELLIE

And the woman's name?

JOHN

Lady Baskerville.

A grin from Ellie.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

From the rooftops, Lestrade watches them, scratching at his newly-grown fur.

FADE OUT.