

THE GHOST OF SHERLOCK HOLMES
IN THE TWICE-KILLED CHIEF

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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 a 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 an "aged" wool suit and the iconic, checkered tweed deerstalker cap with a front-and-back brim made famous by the world's greatest detective. 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 nods "Yes," as if being called to duty.

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

She must work for Inspector Lestrade.

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

She smiles, pulls out a wallet, and hands the man a 5-Euro note.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

(smiles)

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

(beat)

And she pays with smiles!

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 the dark
 wizardry of a far-off place
 (looks around worriedly)
 or age.

Sherlock examines his aged wool suit and old shoes.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
 Watson? It's not 1913, is it?

Looks around, stunned.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
 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."
 (curious)
 Remind me again why I accepted this
 assignment to mentor a less-
 experienced detective, and why I
 selected such a neophyte? She's
 young enough to be my daughter!

He ponders his last statement.

Maria reaches the police station and quickly turns around,
 surprised that she does not see the bum following her.

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.
 Most scenes are 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."

Only Maria can HEAR and sometimes SEE Holmes.

SHERLOCK

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

Maria turns her head as if she might hear Holmes's voice.

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)

(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 to 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.

Maria ignores the voice in her head.

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 looks to be responding to a voice in her head.

MARIA

Not Robin Hood! Robbing Hoods!

HENRY

The irony doesn't escape me either, Gov!

Holmes steps back.

MARIA

They 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?! This young detective will surely benefit from my advice on this interesting case.

Now, Maria spins to glare in Holmes's direction.

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. HQ is worried they're an organized mob of cybercriminals operating in a few major cities, calling themselves "Obsidian something." And if it's only in big cities, we have nothing to worry about here!

Sherlock paces while he studies Maria, who puts her hands over her ears as she hears Sherlock's voice in her head.

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. But as for these criminal masterminds in major cities associated with obsidian, or volcanic glass to the uninitiated, I'm sure I can be of great assistance to my inexperienced ward.

Maria lowers her hands and sees that Henry is gazing at her with a worried look.

HENRY

Voices in your head again?

They are interrupted by a well-dressed, mixed-ethnicity Brit, ARTHUR SIMMONS (30), who strolls in wearing a tailored grey suit.

Holmes is most surprised.

SHERLOCK
It's Inspector Lestrade from
Scotland Yard!

Holmes studies Arthur.

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

ART
Hold it, quick draw. Your taser
isn't charged.

SHERLOCK
Taser?

Maria hears Holmes, but taps her head as if she has water in her ears.

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
He's 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. Your 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, but I would be
remiss if I failed to mention his
sharp, "refined" facial features,
long, thin nose, high cheekbones,
and strongly defined jawline.
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

His slight build and highly polished shoes suggest aristocratic breeding, as did his walking style: a blend of relaxed confidence, effortless poise, and a cultivated air of nonchalance.

Maria examines Art's face and shoes, then glances at Holmes.

MARIA

Dammit, I missed the aristocrat clues.

ART

Who are you talking to, and what makes you think I'm self-absorbed?

HENRY

(to Art)

She talks to herself occasionally, like we all do.

ART

No, we all most certainly do not.

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. Still, you have much to learn, and I'm the one to teach you!

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 and takes out his magnifying glass to look around.

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.

Holmes studies everything with his magnifying glass.

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

Maria turns toward Holmes as she HEARS him. Then she turns to
Art.

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

Art gazes more favorably at Maria.

	ART	SHERLOCK
So true.		So elementary.

MARIA
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	ART
Missing cats?	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
Could we 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
& 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.

SHERLOCK
The aristocracy's gone soft.

Maria laughs, and Art looks at her like she's crazy.

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 is drawn to tears.

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! The maggots suggest--

MARIA

(Angry at Holmes)

I'll investigate this one myself.
Don't touch anything!

Art looks confused.

ART

I was sent here to assist.

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

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maria, still in tears, calls Henry.

MARIA

Henry, the Chief, is dead. Bring the CSI kit and call Doc Zlobin. Tell him we need him as the Coroner.

HENRY (V.O.)

(sorrowfully)

I'm on it. So sorry, Gov!

ART

I'm sorry for your loss.

MARIA
He's been dead a long time.

ART
I don't know. I'm in cyber –

SHERLOCK (O.C.)
Five weeks, maybe six. The species
of maggots is evident.

Maria smiles weakly toward Holmes.

MARIA
I'm thinking five weeks, maybe six,
given the species of maggots.

SHERLOCK (O.C.)
(pompous)
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
Was he 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."

Art points to his body cam as Maria reads her text.

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. She is devastated.

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.

She looks around, but not exactly at Holmes as she speaks.

MARIA
Not devious, just smart.

Maria thinks she can see the Ghost of Sherlock Holmes as a
faint human figure just as he dressed in 1913.

Holmes is taken aback as she looks him in the eyes.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Damn voices in my head. That's all
you are. A figment of my
imagination!

She inserts her EarBuds and steps inside, but once she's
imagined him, he won't go away. [When they are alone, Holmes
looks like a ghost to her, and he's not in V.O.]

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MARIA
This will teach you! You too,
Mother! And you, Chief! I'm
insecure enough about my detective
job! I've heard enough out of you
for one day!

Maria heads to the Chief's study. Sherlock follows her with a
worried look.

SHERLOCK
Insecure and independent. That
spells disaster!

Maria's earplugs only partially block his voice.

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 airtight 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

You can 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. E-SCOOTER ON THE 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 steps back 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 didn't drink! She drove the
Chief 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)

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

7.62×51mm - 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, as 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? You are a
novice!

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 to the bank, pushing the e-scooter, with
Henry trudging sadly behind.

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.

MARIA
Mine too.

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 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.

SHERLOCK
Aw!

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
(to Art)
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, 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,
except for the bullet to the head
from a sniper. 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.

SHERLOCK
Ah, Francesca.

Art 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 as they show Art a screen with an evil logo for "Obsidian Hex."

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 preup 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? Is the bar 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
No more complicated than anyone, I can assure you.

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 a 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 had not been touched on the tallest shelves. A short thief!

ART

A short thief?

SHERLOCK

Elementary!

MARIA

Obviously!

Maria glances in Holmes's direction, and they share a moment.

MARIA (CONT'D)

They rushed through. They needed time to search elsewhere.

Sherlock smiles as Maria races to the bedroom. Art follows.

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? My invention!

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. Holmes smiles.

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. Miguel Cervantes!

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 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.

Holmes nods in agreement with Maria.

SHERLOCK
Yes, Detective. Crazy like a fox?

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.

SHERLOCK But you might! ART But you might!

Maria is angry.

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

Obsidian Hex? Here?

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 also lead to many of the surrounding villages.

The Supervisor paces.

SUPERVISOR

That's the best we can do with 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 represent 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 for Doc and his son, Les.

Maria's and Sherlock's eyes open wide.

MARIA

What?

MS. GUPTA
But nobody else, except for 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 and 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
list of persons of interest.

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
Demented?

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
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 hot 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 as Sherlock and Maria study everyone's reactions in the room.

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 on 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, and looks sadly at Maria.

SHERLOCK
 There are always voices in your
 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 stares suspiciously at Ms. Gupta.

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. Her unraveling is vivid and theatrical.

MARIA

So what if I hear voices?

Maria sadly looks around the crowd and pouts.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Everyone hears voices, right?

Sherlock gazes at Maria with deep compassion.

Francesca scoffs while the others display pity.

Maria marches over to the empty corner where she believes she sees and hears Sherlock. Maria raises her finger and her temper, while everyone looks on like she's crazy.

MARIA (CONT'D)

For two days, I've been listening to you, foolishly thinking I could learn something from you.

Sherlock is stunned and speechless as Maria continues.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Interpol sure as hell doesn't know what they're doing in our little town. All their talk about some cyber criminal masterminds is just a distraction from the Chief's murder, and I won't stand for it.

Maria's hands shake, and her voice quivers.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Do you hear me? I won't stand for it! I'll solve the Chief's murder myself!

Sherlock is sad and dejected. He slowly steps back in the scene before he disappears.

Henry moves to comfort Maria.

HENRY

Lots of people hear voices. That doesn't make them crazy.

Maria looks around to see that Sherlock is gone. She shakes in fear.

SILENCE

Ted speaks up to change the subject.

TED

I'm sorry, Maria. If I may continue.

(reads)

I bequeath to my wife, for 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 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 (V.O.)

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! I never said that!

Maria looks past Henry and around for Sherlock. She panics
when he's not there.

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)
However, until then, you are the
primary 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 could 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.

(beat)

Maybe because so many of them are hard of hearing.

(beat)

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!

The Ghost of Sherlock Holmes 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 sadly.

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, sadly, then 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. He "imagines" hearing Sherlock's voice as Maria does.

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.

Doc 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 is frightened.

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)

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 on it.

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 that her mother has
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 never realized she was the
one with the most to gain from all
of this. The Chief knew it long
before any of us did. That is why
his will was sealed!

(reflective, softening)

I never had children of my own.
Life simply never gave me that
chance. But if it had... if I had
been fortunate enough to raise a
child, I would have prayed they
grew into someone like Detective
Constable Maria Martin.

(beat)

Someone curious enough to seek the
truth even when it was painful.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Someone dedicated enough to carry
the weight of justice without
losing themselves to it. And, above
all, someone kind enough to
remember that behind every case,
every report, every badge... There
are human beings.

(gazes at Maria)

I would have been proud... more
proud than words could ever
express... to call someone like
Maria my daughter.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME TIME

Maria gazes toward the mirror with a soft smile.

Then, she 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.

EXT. E-SCOOTER ON THE ROAD - 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.

Holmes is in the corner of the parlor, smiling.

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 prisoner 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 her 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.

Ms. Gupta smiles.

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 ON THE ROAD - 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 yells.

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

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

(mumbles)

You're the village idiot, Henry.

Henry didn't quite hear Les.

HENRY

What did you say?

Les ignores Henry.

SHERLOCK

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

Maria's going to solve the case
without me, and I couldn't be more
proud of her!

Sherlock whispers into Henry's ear.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

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

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. Cold
storage room.

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

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 on 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 as a father would his daughter. 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 recruited by
Obsidian Hex, AKA Robbing Hoods,
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. I stole from Obsidian
Hex to give the money to poor
people. I didn't poison anyone!

(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. He thinks Francesca
poisoned him and the Chief.
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 cybercrimes.
(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

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. 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 boss.

Henry looks away.

HENRY
(softly)
What about Sherlock?

Maria scrutinizes Henry's body language.

MARIA
Did you hear him, too?!

Henry looks Maria in the eyes.

HENRY
Maybe. Only a few times. I'm not
sure!
(smiles)
I think he likes you.

MARIA
I think he loves me like a
daughter!
(smiles)
He knows that I'll always need his
help, guidance, and support. He's
the perfect mentor for me.

Maria grabs Henry's 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 as he did 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.

MARIA
Well, almost perfect mentor.

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, like me!

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

FADE OUT.

THE END