

SHERLOCK
"The Paradol Chamber"

By
Bret Jones

Story
By
James Steck

Copyright 2014
Bret Jones
Bretjones@bretjones.net
405-756-6283

SHERLOCK - "THE PARADOL CHAMBER"

FADE IN:

EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY

Four men are sitting at a conference table. Each are clean cut, wearing well-tailored suits, and are going about business as usual running the British government.

MYCROFT HOLMES is sitting at the head of a conference table with his cell phone in front of him. He is calm, in control, and is getting bored with the proceedings.

While the meeting is progressing, MYCROFT cannot stop deducing facts about the men at the table.

OFFICIAL #1

And now we come to the Syrian rebels--

MYCROFT

One hundred fifty million--

OFFICIAL #2

What's that?

MYCROFT

--pounds sterling pledged by the Prime Minister in support of the rebels.

OFFICIAL #1

Have you discussed this with the Prime Minister?

Text around Official #1: Nauseous, Perspiration, ...Gassy?

MYCROFT's nose twitches.

Text: Binge Eating...Again.

MYCROFT

I will. Make a note of the amount...and do be accurate for accounting.

He glances at his phone. Still no text...?

OFFICIAL #3
ISIS has, yet again, built up a
small army near the Zagros
Mountains--

Text around Official #3: Spendthrift, Adulterer, Misogynist.

MYCROFT raises an eyebrow.

Text: Remove from Budgetary Committee

MYCROFT
--guns, artillery, and that's it.
We don't want any of our advisers
over there this time. Let the
Americans handle it.

OFFICIAL #2
You mean the CIA? Isn't that what
you mean?

Text around Official #2: ... and then: Square Peg, Round
Hole

MYCROFT
I mean what I say.

OFFICIAL #2
Does the CIA know this yet?

MYCROFT
They will.

Officials #1 and #3 mouth this with him as they've heard it
many times in their association with MYCROFT HOLMES.

MYCROFT glances at his phone again. Still no text. He drums
his fingers on the table.

OFFICIAL #3
There is the matter of Nigerian
resistance--

MYCROFT
--not on the table at this time,
nor is North Korea, Ukraine, or the
world cup finals.

OFFICIAL #3
I've got money riding on that.

MYCROFT
Whatever it is, is too much. Your
mistress won't approve.

A quick pause and then everyone laughs, except for MYCROFT.

MYCROFT looks at the time on his wrist watch. As if on cue, ANTHEA, MYCROFT's assistant, enters the room.

ANTHEA

That's all, gentlemen, thank you.
Same time and place two weeks from
now. Thank you.

The Officials file out. ANTHEA takes out her mobile and begins rapid fire texting.

MYCROFT

He hasn't--

At that moment MYCROFT's mobile buzzes on the table. He grabs it quickly and reads. He smiles with satisfaction.

ANTHEA

Are you the Cheshire Cat?

MYCROFT is still smiling.

MYCROFT

I've answered to that, yes. Car.

ANTHEA

Car.

ANTHEA leaves the room still texting at lightning speed. MYCROFT stands and pockets his mobile. He adjusts the tie at his collar and heads for the door.

EXT. HYDE PARK - DAY

Establishing shot.

EXT. HYDE PARK - DAY

MYCROFT and ANTHEA get out of the car. She is still on her cell phone texting. MYCROFT walks down an isolated path.

POV MYCROFT walking down a shaded pathway into a quiet area of the park near the Serpentine; there is a boat near the edge in the background. It is foreboding, foreshadowing...?

MYCROFT finds a park bench that has a rolled up butcher paper on it. He carefully approaches, looks around for someone watching, and he gingerly picks up the rolled up paper.

He looks around him again to make sure no one is watching. He opens the rolled up paper and greedily begins eating greasy fish and chips.

MYCROFT is enjoying every bite as he almost never indulges as he is always dieting. He hears footsteps behind him, but doesn't turn around.

MYCROFT

Ah, brother mine, a bet is, after all, a bet and although the stakes were low, you have nary a clue as to how much I'm enjoying this.

The footsteps stop.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Don't sulk, favorite of our mater, just remember at the game of deductions I am the master. Plain and simple.

MYCROFT takes a bite out of a chip in triumph.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

And the lady in question was certainly not of Latvian descent as you thought, but--brother mine..?

A metallic click sounds off behind him. MYCROFT stops chewing and slowly turns around. His eyes widen as to who he sees.

POV of shooter. He is wearing a cap. A gun is lifted toward MYCROFT and is fired. The shot is in slow motion; tiny bits of red residue spray out of the barrel.

A dart hits MYCROFT in the neck. He fights to stay up, but can't. As he falls, MYCROFT tears a piece off of the paper. He rolls over onto his side underneath the park bench.

Three Men from the trees swoop onto the scene, pick up MYCROFT, and clean up the scene of fish, chips, and paper. Two of the men leave with MYCROFT.

We never see the shooter, who has disappeared into the trees.

In a matter of seconds the area is completely clear.

ANTHEA meanders into the area in the park, looks around, and senses that something awful has happened.

TITLES

EXT. 221BAKER STREET - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. 221BAKER STREET - DAY

MRS. HUDSON is working in the kitchen preparing tea and small cakes on a tray.

From upstairs:

SHERLOCK
Will this thing ever work?

MRS. HUDSON
(to herself)
Has he been smoking again? I won't
have it. I won't.

She takes the tray up the stairs. A microwave door is heard opening and slamming upstairs. She enters the door.

SHERLOCK HOLMES is pacing around the room wearing his robe and pajama bottoms.

On the television a quick shot of ALADDIN COMPUTATION logo:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Sounding more like science fiction
than reality, Aladdin Computation
announces its plans to supply the
British government with its new
quantum computer...the fastest
computer known to man that Aladdin
claims can do thousands of
calculations simultaneously in a
microsecond...

NEWSCASTER's voice fades out.

MRS. HUDSON
Sherlock, you're in your pajamas.

SHERLOCK
That's brilliant, Mrs. Hudson.
Have you ever thought of hanging
out your shingle as the world's
second consulting detective?

MRS. HUDSON
Now, now, Sherlock. A nice cup of
tea--

SHERLOCK

--nice cup of tea, nice cup of tea!
Do you realize how long that,
that...thing has kept me waiting?

He bounds into the kitchen.

MRS. HUDSON

What thing? And what are you doing
in this kitchen?

SHERLOCK gestures theatrically to the microwave. MRS. HUDSON
smiles. He gestures again.

MRS. HUDSON (CONT'D)

It's a microwave, dear. They're
lovely if you know how to use one.
I provided one for you when you
said that you needed one for
takeout.

SHERLOCK

I lied.

MRS. HUDSON

You did. Of course, you did. It's
really to warm up a bowl of blood
to see its boiling point. Am I
right?

SHERLOCK is nearly impressed.

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson. You'll have to take
your shingle down as every good
detective knows it's 225.2 degrees
Fahrenheit, give a degree or two
due to elevation, exact makeup in
the person's blood--

The microwave's bell goes off.

MRS. HUDSON

--Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

--what the person ate and drank--

MRS. HUDSON

--Sherlock.

SHERLOCK
--and at least fourteen other
factors that you wouldn't
understand.

MRS. HUDSON goes to the microwave.

MRS. HUDSON
Your food is ready.

She opens the door and screams. She backs away. He smiles
and retrieves a bowl with a human heart in it.

SHERLOCK
The human heart, however, is
another matter entirely. I'm in
the process of researching the
effect of microwaves on the heart
for a future blog of mine--

ANTHEA enters the kitchen--without her cell phone in her
hands.

MRS. HUDSON
Oh, hello, dear, are you here to
take shorthand for Sherlock?

MRS. HUDSON glances at the bowl in SHERLOCK's hands.

MRS. HUDSON (CONT'D)
Sherlock, put your lovely
microwavable heart away. You have
company.

SHERLOCK doesn't move. Neither does ANTHEA. In fact, no one
does for a few seconds. SHERLOCK realizes from ANTHEA's face
that something dreadful has happened.

SHERLOCK
Goodbye, Mrs. Hudson.

MRS. HUDSON
Do you know this woman, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK rudely escorts MRS. HUDSON to the door.

SHERLOCK
Goodbye, Mrs. Hudson.

He slams the door after her.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
(to ANTHEA)
Tell him, whatever it is, the
answer is absolutely not.

ANTHEA
I would if I could. He's gone.

SHERLOCK laughs.

SHERLOCK
Gone? Gone? The British
government just doesn't up and
leave, Anthea. He is a creature of
habit. He works and sleeps at his
club, works at 10 Downing, and
works, works, works. He does not
leave this city if he doesn't have
to.

ANTHEA
And I am telling you, Sherlock, he
is gone and if he isn't found--

SHERLOCK laughs again.

SHERLOCK
This is, yet again, another one of
his elaborate schemes to get me--

ANTHEA is shedding tears by this time. SHERLOCK stares at
her.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Don't do that. I've used that
before to get what I want and it
works, but it won't with me. Save
it.

ANTHEA
The last thing he did was meet you
at Hyde Park because he won the bet
between you two--

SHERLOCK
--what bet?

ANTHEA
(as if she hadn't heard)
And he was so looking forward to it
as, if he won, he got a batch of
fish and chips.

SHERLOCK's face falls.

SHERLOCK
Let me get my coat.

INT. ALADDIN FACILITIES - DAY

A MAN enters unlocks a door marked Personnel Only with a key card. It takes a few seconds and then blips and turns green. He enters. We have yet to see his face. He walks up to a keyboard and screen as if he's supposed to.

He unzips a bag, retrieves a jump drive, and plugs it into the computer. He pulls a cap from the bag and puts it on his head. (This we can only see from the front).

The screen comes to life and flickers as if corrupted.

A wicked grin appears from the man's face underneath the bill of the cap.

EXT. HYDE PARK - LATER

The area where Mycroft was taken is guarded by men in suits, but they aren't police. No "crime scene" tape anywhere. ANTHEA watches SHERLOCK while he searches the scene for clues.

SHERLOCK is down on all fours looking at the level of the grass in several places near where MYCROFT stood.

SHERLOCK finds spots of interest, takes out his magnifying glass and examines.

He is back at the bench looking at every crevice and nook of it. He gets down on all fours and something catches his eye.

He picks up the strip of paper that MYCROFT tore off and managed to stick in a crack in the underside of the bench.

SHERLOCK steps back from the scene at different angles.

ANTHEA
Where's John?

SHERLOCK
John? Oh, John. He's away.

ANTHEA
Away? He's always with you on a case.

SHERLOCK
You would think that, wouldn't you?

ANTHEA

Where is he?

SHERLOCK

On one of those, those...what are they called? With his wife.

ANTHEA

A holiday?

SHERLOCK is trying not to be distracted as he continues to get a lay of the land.

SHERLOCK

No, a trip you take after you get married.

ANTHEA

A honeymoon?

SHERLOCK

Yes! One of those.

ANTHEA

But they were married a year ago. Why didn't they go then?

SHERLOCK

He was busy.

Whoosh! JOHN and MARY are loading luggage in a taxi when SHERLOCK suddenly arrives. He grabs JOHN and pulls him down the street.

MARY

Sherlock, what is going on?

JOHN

Sherlock. I am on my honeymoon. Where are we going?

SHERLOCK

Sussex. It seems there are vampires.

JOHN reacts.

Whoosh! JOHN and MARY are trying to leave in the dead of night. They are quickly loading a taxi with luggage. SHERLOCK arrives and steps in between them.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(to MARY)

Could I borrow..?

MARY

What if I said no, Sherlock? What
if I said that?

JOHN

What now?

SHERLOCK

Would you believe a man whose red
hair is at the center of the case?

No one answers.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I thought not.

SHERLOCK jerks JOHN after him down the street.

MARY

Sherlock? Sherlock! John!

JOHN looks at her helplessly.

Whoosh! Back to the park with ANTHEA.

ANTHEA

People do go on honeymoons.

SHERLOCK

But why? They're married.
Everyone knows they are. Hurray.

ANTHEA

I'm assuming John had to do
something drastic to get away?

SHERLOCK

Of course not.

Whoosh! SHERLOCK is handcuffed to the table at 221B.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

John! I want the key to these
handcuffs! Do you hear me? Hello?

A car is heard zooming off in the distance.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

John?

Whoosh! We are back at the park with ANTHEA.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Besides, nothing was on at the
time.

SHERLOCK steps carefully back away from the bench and peers to the spot where the leader of the group stood. SHERLOCK notices bits of red on the grass and gets down on all fours to retrieve some. He puts flecks of it in a plastic bag.

He is back on his feet.

ANTHEA
Well?

SHERLOCK breathes in and let's out. He points back to the spot where MYCROFT was taken.

SHERLOCK
Three men moved in quickly.

Whoosh! Back to the scene where MYCROFT is kidnapped. Each of the men's feet is seen as SHERLOCK talks about them:

SHERLOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
One is pigeon-toed and steps
lively. Another is expensive shoes
that haven't been broken in. The
third wore flip flops.

Whoosh! A close-up on MYCROFT's face.

SHERLOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Mycroft would have seen them
coming, so he would have been
dazed, confused, or, more likely
drugged.

ANTHEA (V.O.)
Drugged?

Whoosh! The dart is shot out of the gun in slow motion.

Whoosh! Back to the park.

Sherlock holds up the bag with tiny bits of red in it.

SHERLOCK
A dart fired from over there.

He points to the spot where the shooter stood.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Being propelled with such force
from the barrel tore bits of the
fletching from the dart.

ANTHEA
And what about him?

SHERLOCK
Who? Oh, the one who fired the
dart? Very little data. He stood
away from the area dampened by the
Serpentine rising from the rain two
days ago, unlike his companions.

ANTHEA
How did they get him out of the
park without being seen?

SHERLOCK points to the Serpentine.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
I'll have the area checked for a
boat.

SHERLOCK
You can, but I wouldn't bother.
This was quick and professional.
Tracks will be covered.

ANTHEA
You're telling me there isn't any
way of finding him?

SHERLOCK holds up the torn bit of paper.

SHERLOCK
There is always a way.

EXT. PARIS - DAY

Establishing shot.

EXT. STREET IN PARIS - DAY

JOHN and MARY WATSON are walking down a street in Paris; the
Eiffel Tower is in the background. John is hopelessly trying
to figure out a map of the city.

MARY
I told you. I know Paris. You
don't need this.