

Elementary  
"Works Cited"

by

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Writing Workshop: Television

Week Four: Final Draft

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - RESEARCH LIBRARY - NIGHT

The library is deserted, but the lights are on.

FELIX TULL, 58, walks through the research library shelves to a blueprint file cabinet. He opens a drawer and pulls out a large blueprint.

He walks to his office, studying the map.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - FELIX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Felix office is large. His desk is neat, but the table opposite the door is covered in maps and blueprints.

He pushes papers aside on the table. He lays the map on the down and leans over it. He pulls another blueprint towards him and studies them side by side.

He breaks into a wide smile. He crosses to the desk and grabs his laptop. He takes the laptop to the table, opens it, and begins typing.

Behind him, the door opens. A DARK FIGURE enters, wearing a black sweatshirt with the hood up.

Felix straightens. The printer on the desk hums to life. Papers begin ejecting from the printer.

The Dark Figure steps forward and grabs Felix.

Felix whirls. He looks at the Figure and laughs.

FELIX

What are you doing here?

He crosses to the table and shuts the laptop. He picks it up and takes it to the desk.

FELIX (CONT'D)

This is going to happen, whether you like it or not. You can't stop it.

Felix takes the papers from the printer and straightens them. He puts the stack of paper on top of the laptop.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Did you think you could come here and change my mind? That I'd show you some kind of mercy? Honestly, I don't know what gave you the impression that I'm that kind of person.

The Figure grabs for the laptop, pulling it off the desk, the papers fluttering to the floor. Felix grabs the laptop and holds on.

They struggle, pulling the laptop between them. The Figure grabs a letter opener off the desk and stabs, sinking it into Felix's shoulder. Felix yells and falls back.

The laptop falls to the floor, the case breaking open.

Felix lunges towards the Figure. The Figure raises the letter opener and Felix falls onto it. They spin, locked together, and then Felix falls to the floor, clutching at a bleeding wound in his stomach.

The Figure brings the letter opener down, again and again.

Felix lies still on the ground in a growing pools of blood.

The Figure stands, breathing hard. The Figure looks around the room.

The Figure grabs the papers up off the floor, grabs the laptop and flees the room.

INT. PAIGE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Paige is cooking an omelet at the stove.

Gregson enters, his suit jacket in his hand. He drapes the jacket over the back of a kitchen chair and pulls Paige in for a hug from behind.

GREGSON

Good morning.

Paige leans back into the hug, pulling his arms closer around her.

PAIGE

Good morning.

Gregson kisses her on the cheek.

Paige scoops an omelet onto a plate and hands it to Gregson, who takes it and sits at the table. Paige scoops an omelet onto a plate for herself and joins him. They begin to eat.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

Did you think about where you wanted to go to dinner?

GREGSON

Dinner?

PAIGE

Yeah, we were going to have dinner together this week. What sounds good?

Gregson shrugs.

GREGSON

I thought we could stay in.

Paige smiles.

PAIGE

Oh, really?

GREGSON

It's been rough at work lately. I don't really want to go out.

Paige sits back.

PAIGE

Oh. Okay.

She sits back in her chair, looking away from Gregson. She gets up abruptly, taking her plate to the sink, clearly annoyed.

Gregson watches her questioningly.

Gregson opens his mouth to speak, but his phone rings in his pocket. He pulls it out, checks the caller I.D. and stands. He turns his back on Paige and answers the phone.

GREGSON

What's up?

(pause)

Really? Okay, I'll be there soon.

(pause)

Pull security footage. I want to see it when I get there.

Gregson hangs up the phone and turns back to Paige.

GREGSON (CONT'D)  
That was Bell.

PAIGE  
Work?

Gregson nods apologetically.

GREGSON  
Something happened at the public  
library. I need to go.

Paige gives him a look.

GREGSON (CONT'D)  
We'll talk tonight?

Paige nods.

Gregson leans in and kisses Paige on the cheek, but she  
doesn't reciprocate.

PAIGE  
I guess I knew I'd be playing  
second fiddle to a murder when I  
got into this relationship, huh?

Gregson shrugs.

GREGSON  
Maybe going out for dinner is a  
good idea.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BROWNSTONE - STUDY - DAY

Sherlock sits in front of the television, clicking rapidly through news channels, pausing on each one for just a few seconds.

Joan enters behind him.

Sherlock doesn't acknowledge her. She looks at the television.

JOAN

Have you been here all night?

Sherlock doesn't take his eyes off the screen.

SHERLOCK

What time is it?

JOAN

It's almost ten.

SHERLOCK

Then yes, I've been here all night.

JOAN

What are you looking for?

SHERLOCK

Something. Anything.

JOAN

Have you eaten?

SHERLOCK

I'll get something later.

JOAN

Have you blinked?

SHERLOCK

I'm trying to avoid it. I might miss something.

Joan shakes her head.

JOAN

You can't think of any other way to occupy your time?

Sherlock shakes his head.

SHERLOCK

This is more than mere boredom, Watson. This is something I haven't felt in a long time. It's an itch deep in my bones I can't scratch.

Sherlock scratches his head, and glares.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It's hard to describe. It's like I'm searching for something and have no idea what I'm looking for. I have to keep looking, though. I can't stop.

He leans forward in his chair, staring harder at the screens.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Somewhere there's a puzzle that will make it all just go away.

Joan stares at him, concerned.

JOAN

I think you just need to get out of the house.

SHERLOCK

I need to do more than just occupy my mind. I need to exercise my mind. I need a challenge.

JOAN

I thought that is why you keeps all those puzzle boxes around the house.

Sherlock sighs.

SHERLOCK

They don't seem to be doing the trick.

JOAN

Is there something bothering you?

Sherlock gives her a brief, withering look before turning back to the screens.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I'm just asking. Maybe this episode is stemming from some unspoken emotion.

SHERLOCK

I'm not using again, Watson, in case you were wondering.

JOAN

Oh, I know.

Sherlock looks back at her, confused.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You'd have to leave the house to score.

Sherlock shakes his head and turns back to the screen.

SHERLOCK

That's just ridiculous, Watson. It's the twenty-first century. YOU can get anything you want delivered straight to your door.

JOAN

It was just a joke.

SHERLOCK

It wasn't funny.

JOAN

It got you to look away from the screen for a couple seconds.

Sherlock's phone, on a side table, begins to ring. He ignores it. Joan crosses the room and picks it up.

JOAN (CONT'D)

It's Gregson.

Sherlock lets out an explosive breath and leans back in his chair, shutting his eyes tight.

SHERLOCK

Thank God! A case. Just what I needed.

Joan shakes her head and hands Sherlock his phone. Sherlock answers.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Hello?



GREGSON (V.O.)  
Good morning. We've got one for  
you.

Sherlock jumps to his feet. He stretches.

SHERLOCK  
Wonderful. Where do you need us?

GREGSON (V.O.)  
Public Library, midtown.

SHERLOCK  
We're on our way.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Bell leads Sherlock and Joan through the library to the crime scene.

A few older LIBRARY PATRONS linger around the door to Felix's office. A UNIFORMED OFFICER guards the crime scene.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - FELIX'S OFFICE - DAY

Felix's body is near the desk in a large pool of blood. The medical examiner, Hawes, leans over the body, notes on a clipboard.

A crime scene TECHNICIAN photographs the bloody letter opener next to the body.

Gregson stands by the body, studying it. He looks up as Bell, Sherlock and Joan approach. He hands a folder to Sherlock, who takes it and reads.

GREGSON  
Morning, Joan, Sherlock.

JOAN  
Good morning. What do you have for  
us today?

GREGSON  
Victim is Felix Tull, historian and  
head research librarian. Security  
guard found him this morning when  
Tull wouldn't answer the bell at  
the reference desk. The guard says  
it's not unusual for Mr. Tull to be  
here all night.

(MORE)

GREGSON (CONT'D)

When he saw the lights on in the research library, he just assumed that Tull had stayed late.

JOAN

The guard didn't check on the victim before he opened up the library?

GREGSON

He said that Tull didn't like to be interrupted at his work. Tull would scream at the guard when he came to check on him, so the poor guy learned to just leave him alone.

SHERLOCK

Any security footage?

Gregson shakes his head.

GREGSON

The system's down.

SHERLOCK

Of course it is.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

The contractor was supposed to come in and fix it today.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

I have people checking the places around the library. Maybe someone caught the perp in passing.

BELL

We're putting a list together of everyone who knew the security system was down.

Sherlock nods approvingly.

Joan crosses to Hawes and leans down to look at the body.

Hawes looks up from his notes and gives Joan a little wave of hello. He stands and stretches.

JOAN

Cause of death?

HAWES

Stabbed. I'm not even going to guess how many times until I get him cleaned up. Someone didn't like him, that's for sure.

JOAN

And the murder weapon?

Bell gestures to the bloody letter opener.

BELL

It looks like the perp grabbed the closest thing to them.

He steps away and answers the phone.

Sherlock steps toward the body.

SHERLOCK

The killer took something.

Joan, Gregson, and Bell wait for the explanation.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Even though the papers have been shuffled, there appears to be a void in the blood splatter.

Sherlock points to the table, covered in papers.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

There was something on the desk. I'd say it was a laptop. An older model, at least five years old, judging by the power supply still plugged into the wall.

GREGSON

We're still cataloging the evidence, so we can't be sure. The victim wasn't very neat. But it makes sense, we found shards of glass. The technician said it looked like computer glass.

Sherlock turns to Gregson. He gestures to the file in his hand.

SHERLOCK

This says something about a blog? Was this a part of his duties at the library?

Gregson shakes his head.

GREGSON

No It seems that our research librarian had a hobby, exposing forgeries and frauds. The security guard said that every once in a while someone would come in angry about it.

SHERLOCK

Angry enough to kill the victim?

GREGSON

Angry enough for security to call the cops. They've been called out twice.

Sherlock nods and looks over the papers still spread on the table. He pulls out his phone and starts typing.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

It's why I called you. You'll see there that there was a long list of people who didn't like our victim. There were death threats.

JOAN

We're going to need copies of those death threats.

GREGSON

Once we get it, you'll have it.

Sherlock looks up from his phone and grins.

SHERLOCK

No need.

Sherlock holds his phone out.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

He specialized in exposing fraudulent historical real estate. Someone would claim to have a house that featured in the life of some famous person or other, and Felix Tull would expose it as a sham. He even --

Sherlock clicked a link on the website and holds his phone up.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
-- posted all of his death threats  
on its own special page on his  
blog. He calls it his "Wall of  
Fame." All the people he exposed.

Gregson takes the phone from Sherlock and scrolls through the website.

GREGSON  
That's a long list.

BELL  
That doesn't make our job easier.

SHERLOCK  
A self identifying list of suspects  
doesn't make our job easier? I  
disagree.

GREGSON  
We'll get someone to look into it.  
Each of these death threats is  
going to have to be investigated.

Gregson squints at the phone.

GREGSON (CONT'D)  
It doesn't look like there is much  
identifying information. Dates and  
initials.

Sherlock takes his phone from Gregson.

SHERLOCK  
If I may, Captain.

He scans the screen.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
The death threats are connected to  
the blog posts. Just a matter of  
cross referencing when the posts  
went live and when Tull received  
the death threats.

Bell's phone rings.

BELL  
Excuse me, please.

He steps to the side and answers the phone.

GREGSON

I'll start running down the threats. Get someone to put them all in order.

Bell hangs up the phone and steps forward.

Sherlock shoves his phone into his pocket.

SHERLOCK

I'll start right away. Come on, Watson.

BELL

You might want to hang on a second. The victim's assistant just showed up.

SHERLOCK

Organizing death threats will have to wait, then. .

Sherlock exits, with Joan, Bell, and Gregson following.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - RESEARCH LIBRARY - DAY

Sherlock, Joan, and Gregson exits Felix's office.

The stragglng Library Patrons gawk at the trio from the main room.

Standing behind them, writing in a memo book, is FRANK JOHNSON, 35, in an old, ill-fitting suit. He watches Gregson talking with Sherlock and Joan.

GREGSON

You'll let us know what you come up with?

SHERLOCK

Of course. I don't think it will take us long.

A mousy young woman, MINDY JONES, 29, approaches.

MINDY

Hello, I'm sorry, but can you tell me what's going on? I just got here.

GREGSON

There was an incident this morning.  
My name is Captain Gregson, this is  
Sherlock Holmes and Joan Watson.  
And you are?

MINDY

Mindy, Mindy Jones. I'm the  
assistant librarian. Somebody  
didn't try to go after Felix, did  
they?

Sherlock perks up at that.

SHERLOCK

Why do you say that?

MINDY

I'm his assistant. He had a real  
temper, and he liked to pick  
fights. Whenever the cops get  
called in, it's because of him.

GREGSON

I'm sorry, Miss Jones. Felix Tull  
was found dead this morning.

Mindy gasps and puts a hand to her mouth.

She wobbles on her feet. Sherlock jumps forward and grabs her  
arm, supporting her as he guides Mindy to a nearby chair.

Sherlock holds onto her arm for a long moment, looking down  
at her hand, until Mindy pulls herself out of his grip.

Mindy takes a few deep breaths.

MINDY

Wow. Thank you. I'm sorry. I-- I  
don't know why I'm so surprised.  
Part of me always thought something  
like this could happen, but to hear  
it... I'm sorry.

JOAN

It's okay.

MINDY

I'm the assistant librarian, I  
worked with him.

GREGSON

You said you always thought something like this could happen. What do you mean by that?

MINDY

He just liked to make people angry, especially if he could show he was smarter than they were.

JOAN

We understand Mr. Tull received death threats.

Mindy pulls a tissue out of her purse and blows her nose.

MINDY

Yeah. I'm going to be honest. He was brilliant, but he --

She blows her nose again.

MINDY (CONT'D)

-- he was really mean about it.

SHERLOCK

Did anyone come here to speak to air their grievances in person?

Mindy nods.

MINDY

A couple. Two, maybe three times since I started working here. I think security had to call the cops one time to get them to leave.

SHERLOCK

He was here late last night. Do you have any idea what he was working on?

MINDY

Probably something for his blog. He always gets a little manic right before he posts something.

SHERLOCK

And you don't know what the post was about?



MINDY

No. Honestly, I think he keeps me around to be an actual librarian while he works on his personal projects. I'm only here during the day, and I didn't see him all that often.

SHERLOCK

Why weren't you here when the library opened this morning?

MINDY

I missed the bus. First time in two years. Good luck for me, huh? I guess it would've been me that found him.

GREGSON

Did anything happen yesterday? Anyone come in to complain? Phone calls, threats?

MINDY

No! That's what's weird. It's been really peaceful lately. He had me pull out some maps but that was about it.

SHERLOCK

If you looked at his office, would you know if anything was missing?

MINDY

I'm not sure. I'm not in there that often. But I'll try to give it a shot if you think it'd help.

Gregson beckons Bell to him.

GREGSON

Okay, Detective Bell is going to walk you through, in case there's anything that pops out at you. Then he'll get your information so we can keep in touch.

MINDY

I want to help.

SHERLOCK

We'll let you know.

Gregson, Joan, and Sherlock walk towards the research library entrance.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Gregson, Joan, and Sherlock step into the main area. They

Frank steps forward and clears his throat.

They turn to him.

FRANK

I'm sorry to interrupt. I'm Frank Johnson, with Crime Spy. Care to answer a few questions?

Gregson glares.

GREGSON

We don't have anything to say.

Joan looks confused.

JOAN

Crime Spy?

SHERLOCK

Oh, Watson, you don't know Crime Spy? It's a crime blog. Very popular.

Frank looks proud of himself.

FRANK

We try our best to be first on the scene.

Sherlock looks at Joan, shocked.

SHERLOCK

You try your best to be the first to jump to the exact wrong conclusion. I have noticed that you tend to stop covering crimes when they don't live up to your outlandish fantasies.

Frank's jaw clenches.

FRANK

Mr. Sherlock Holmes. I've heard about you. Do you have anything to say?

SHERLOCK

No comment.

Gregson puts himself between Sherlock and Frank. Frank takes a step back.

GREGSON

What part of we don't have anything to say don't you understand?

Frank puts his hands up in mock surrender.

FRANK

Come on, Detective. I'm just trying to get the scoop. It's all part of the job.

GREGSON

When we have a statement for the press, even the tabloids, we'll release it.

Frank turns to Joan and Sherlock.

FRANK

I've heard about the consultants brought in on tough cases.

Frank flips his memo book to a new page.

FRANK (CONT'D)

If I can't get anything on your current case, maybe a quick interview? Just a little something for me readers.

JOAN

I don't think so.

FRANK

I've seen you at crime scenes before. I've been doing a little digging. I wonder what my readers would think about the kind of people the police hire to do their work for them.

SHERLOCK

If you knew anything about me, you'd know that I don't play well with blackmailers.

Sherlock turns his back on Frank and walks towards the doors.

Joan looks at the Library Patrons, who aren't even trying to hide their interest.

Gregson nudges her.

GREGSON  
Come on, Joan.

Frank smiles at her.

FRANK  
I know about you, too. You're the more interesting one. Former surgeon, former babysitter. I'd love to know what makes you tick.

Joan can barely hide her disgust.

JOAN  
I don't think so.

Frank reaches into his pocket and pulls out a business card. He holds it out to Joan.

FRANK  
We should get together and talk. I might be able to make it worth your while.

Joan looks at the card but doesn't take it.

Frank smiles, turning on the charm.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I'm not a bad guy. I promise.

He leans in.

Joan takes a step back.

JOAN  
No comment.

She turns and walks away. Gregson follows her.

Frank watches them go, then begins to write in his memo book.

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Joan and Gregson meet Sherlock outside the library.

GREGSON

I'm sorry you had to deal with that. If that guy gives you any grief, let me know immediately. I'll deal with it.

JOAN

He's a real charmer.

GREGSON

And a reporter, barely, even if it's just online. Makes it tricky when he comes snooping around.

SHERLOCK

It's a pity. If they stuck to actual reporting, Crime Spy would be a valuable resource.

GREGSON

Instead, he's just a nuisance.

SHERLOCK

The sooner we clear this up, the sooner we are rid of Mr. Johnson.

Sherlock holds up his phone and smiles.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Then we're in luck. I think I have everything I need.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. BROWNSTONE - STUDY - DAY

Sherlock stands in front of a set of four pictures, three male and one female, tacked up on the wall.

Tacked up next to each photograph are print outs of Tull's blog posts and the associated hate mail.

Joan enters, carrying a file, and stands next to him. She looks over his work.

JOAN

These are our suspects?

SHERLOCK

I've gone through the death threats Tull posted to his blog, looked through the public real estate records, then matched the initials of the owners to the initials Tull posted on the Wall of Fame.

JOAN

I still don't understand why he'd be so proud of all that hate mail.

SHERLOCK

It's a power game. I suspect our victim had a sadistic streak.

JOAN

I believe it.

She holds up the file.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I thought the security guard was being ridiculous, avoiding Tull in the morning, so I asked Gregson to send me his personnel file. Tull had eleven complaints against him for losing his temper with the staff of the library.

Sherlock nods.

SHERLOCK

It makes sense. He went out of his way to be cruel in his posts exposing the fraudulent historical sites, even though some of them seem to be honest mistakes. But I'm not interested in the honest mistakes.

Sherlock points at the evidence board.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I narrowed or suspect pool to these four individuals. Real estate developers, some with interesting political ties. Each of these people were featured on our victim's blog, and built their business on discovering historical sites and then selling the building at a tidy profit.

JOAN

So it's a scam.

SHERLOCK

With these four, it's possible. They did have the most suspicious cases. They are also the ones who lost the most amount of money, and it coincided with particularly violent fan mail sent to Tull, both at his home and office

Joan picks up a file and flips through it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

All of these developers bought seemingly ordinary buildings, discovered obscure historical connections, and sold the . It is astounding how much someone will pay for an apartment with some historical connection, no matter how ridiculous.

JOAN

This one lost half its value.

SHERLOCK

They all did. And Felix Tull slashed that value with a single blog post.

Sherlock sighs.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
You have to admire him. He was very thorough.

JOAN  
Have they found the laptop yet?

Sherlock frowns.

SHERLOCK  
No. I have a friend monitoring Tull's website in case someone logs in.

JOAN  
You think the killer wants to remove something from the blog? Why?

SHERLOCK  
Or stop something from being posted.

He gestures to the suspect wall.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Every one of these people knows the damage that can be done. Perhaps they don't want it to happen again.

Sherlock's cell phone rings. He pulls it out of his pocket.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
It's Bell.

He answers it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Yes, Detective?

BELL (V.O.)  
Sherlock. We received the your list. Gregson is going to interview one of them, Jessica Flint, at her office. He wants you there.

SHERLOCK  
Okay. Send me the address and we'll meet him.

BELL (V.O.)  
Great, see you soon.



Sherlock hangs up.

SHERLOCK

Bell is going to interview one of  
our suspect, Jessica Flint.

Sherlock taps Jessica Flint's photograph up on the board.

INT. STELLAR PROPERTIES OFFICES - RECEPTION- DAY

The offices are gleaming and clean. A gallery's worth of  
architectural photographs line the walls.

Gregson, Sherlock and Joan enter the reception area and  
approach the young RECEPTIONIST.

Gregson flashes his badge and smiles.

GREGSON

Captain Gregson for Jessica Flint  
please.

The Receptionist's eyes flick to the badge, and her business-  
like smile wavers for just a moment.

RECEPTIONIST

Of course. Just a moment, please,  
I'll go see if she's available.

GREGSON

Thank you very much.

Sherlock is drawn to the architectural photographs.

Gregson beckons to Joan.

She steps up to him and he leans in, his voice lowered.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

You haven't talked to Paige  
recently, have you?

JOAN

No. Why?

GREGSON

I was wondering if you noticed  
anything? Something's wrong, and  
she doesn't want to talk about it.

JOAN

Is everything okay?

GREGSON

I don't know. I think we're just both under a little stress, you know. Lack of communication.

JOAN

It's not anything... medical?

Gregson shakes his head.

GREGSON

No, no. I don't think so. But she's been acting strange, kind of distant. I was wondering if you'd heard anything.

JOAN

No. But I'll let you know. Did you talk to Sherlock?

GREGSON

No. I don't want him to dig into her life, you know?

Joan nods.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

Just if you hear anything, notice anything, could you let me know?

Joan is touched.

JOAN

Of course. I'll keep an eye out for you.

GREGSON

Thank you.

Joan's cell phone rings.

She looks at it, then smiles apologetically to Gregson.

JOAN

Give me just a second?

Gregson nods.

Joan steps out into the hall.

INT. STELLAR PROPERTIES OFFICES - OUTER HALL -DAY

Joan answers the phone.

JOAN

Hello?

FRANK (V.O.)

Good afternoon, Miss Watson, it's Frank Johnson, from Crime Spy.

JOAN

How did you get this number?

FRANK (V.O.)

You're not the only one with connections, Miss Watson. It's Miss, right? Or do you prefer Doctor Watson?

JOAN

Do you think I'm going to answer any of your questions just calling me out of the blue like this?

FRANK (V.O.)

I wasn't sure how else I could make an impression.

JOAN

Oh, you made an impression.

FRANK (V.O.)

I know this seems strange, but I'm asking for a favor here. I want to do a story about you. Sit down, talk to me, I'll see if I can throw a couple bucks your way.

JOAN

You think you're the first person to try and get an interview with Sherlock Holmes? It's not going to work. Let it go.

FRANK (V.O.)

I'm not looking to interview Sherlock Holmes. I want to interview you.

Joan stops.

JOAN

(disbelieving)

Me? Why?

FRANK (V.O.)

I have been looking into the two of you, and I have to say, you're the real deal. People don't want to know what it's like to be Sherlock Holmes. They can't understand him. But you, on the other hand.

Joan considers it for a moment, then shakes her head.

JOAN

I'm sorry. I can't help you. If you call this number again, I'll file a harassment complaint.

She hangs up the phone.

INT. STELLAR PROPERTIES - RECEPTION - DAY

Joan rejoins Gregson and Sherlock.

The Receptionist enters and taps Gregson on the shoulder.

RECEPTIONIST

Ms. Flint will see you. Follow me, please.

Gregson nods.

The three of them follow the Receptionist.

INT. JESSICA FLINT'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is large, painted white, and minimally furnished. Light streams in through tall glass windows.

The Receptionist holds the door open and Sherlock, Joan and Gregson enter. There is no furniture for guests, so they stand in front of the desk.

JESSICA FLINT, 46, sits behind a large desk. She rises and crosses to the side of her desk.

JESSICA

Detective Gregson, how can I help you?

She holds her hand out, but doesn't move forward, forcing Gregson to step forward to shake her hand in an obvious, but classic, boardroom power move.

GREGSON

Good afternoon, Ms. Flint, I'm sorry to drop in unannounced. But your name came up in a recent investigation, and I just wanted to talk to you.

JESSICA

An investigation? What kind of investigation?

GREGSON

A homicide investigation.

JESSICA

Homicide? Who was I supposed to have killed?

SHERLOCK

Felix Tull.

Jessica glares.

JESSICA

Felix Tull is dead? I can't say I'm sorry he's gone, Mister...? I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name.

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry, my name is Sherlock Holmes, and this is my partner, Joan Watson.

JESSICA

And why are you here?

GREGSON

Mr. Holmes and Ms. Watson are consultants. They are assisting us with the investigation.

Jessica smiles.

JESSICA

Has outsourcing gotten that bad? We're privatizing police work now?

The joke doesn't land. Gregson bristles.

Joan jumps in.

JOAN

You don't seem very upset to hear about Mr. Tull's death.

Jessica laughs.

JESSICA

Why would I be? He was an awful man  
who almost ruined my career.

Sherlock gestures around the office.

SHERLOCK

You seem to be doing just fine.

Jessica smiles and takes her seat behind her desk, leaving  
Gregson, Sherlock and Joan standing.

JESSICA

I'd be doing a lot better if Felix  
Tull had waited until I sold the  
Frick building to publish his  
stupid blog post. It was going to  
go for eight figures, until he shot  
me out of the sky.

SHERLOCK

I've been studying the photographs  
you have decorating your offices.  
Are these all buildings you've  
bought or sold?

JESSICA

Yes. I've spent my career working  
with historical buildings. It can  
be hard to find people who are  
willing to put in the work and keep  
them presentable.

SHERLOCK

But you've been featured on Felix  
Tull's blog twice for advertising a  
building as historically  
significant when they are not.

JESSICA

Me and a thousand other poor  
schmucks. Who cares?

Joan doesn't buy it.

JOAN

You threatened to smash his head in  
with a plaque.

Jessica rolls her eyes.

JESSICA

I didn't mean it literally. It's not like he was just trying to ruin the sale. The psycho was trying to ruin my life.

GREGSON

Why would he do something like that?

JESSICA

He got it into his head that two mistakes in a nearly two decade career meant that I was violating the Bar Association's ethics guidelines.

GREGSON

And what did you do about that?

JESSICA

I did the American thing: I sued him. He settled, quickly and part of that was a restraining order. It didn't matter to him, he just moved on to the next guy. I was old news.

GREGSON

Can you tell me where you were last night?

JESSICA

You can't be serious.

GREGSON

I'm afraid I am. Between the hours of midnight and three a.m.

JESSICA

I was in bed. I had to get up early for a conference call this morning. I was in here at six a.m.

GREGSON

Is there anyone we can talk to, to corroborate that?

JESSICA

My dog.

GREGSON

Anyone else?

JESSICA

No. I don't know what to tell you, guys, but I'm not your guy.

Gregson opens his mouth, but Sherlock steps forward to cut him off.

SHERLOCK

Do you know of anyone else who might be less cavalier about being featured on Tull's blog?

Jessica thinks for a moment, and nods.

JESSICA

Now that you mention it, I think we were contacted by a lawyer asking about Tull. I don't remember his name, but I can have my secretary look and see if we have anything left.

Jessica looks at Gregson.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Would that level of cooperation help clear my name in the eyes of the authorities?

Gregson smiles.

GREGSON

It will be appreciated. Thank you.

JESSICA

Now, I'm sure you can find your way out. Have a nice day.

Sherlock, Gregson, and Joan exit.

Jessica lets the door slam shut behind them.

INT. STELLAR PROPERTIES OFFICES - DAY

Sherlock, Joan, and Gregson stand in front of the elevator. Joan hits the call button.

GREGSON

You don't think she's good for it?

Sherlock shakes his head.



SHERLOCK

She showed no indication of nervousness. Only irritation. She's either an extreme sociopath with zero emotional affect, or just a busy woman who had her day interrupted.

JOAN

She doesn't have an alibi.

SHERLOCK

True. So we can't rule her out completely.

Gregson's phone rings.

Joan jumps at the sound and checks her own phone.

Gregson steps to the side and answers the phone.

Joan sheepishly puts her phone back in her pocket.

Sherlock eyes Joan.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Are you feeling well, Watson?

JOAN

Yes. Why do you ask?

SHERLOCK

You just seem disturbed. Nervous.

JOAN

I'm fine.

Gregson hangs up the phone and rejoins Joan and Sherlock as the doors to the elevator open.

GREGSON

It's Bell. He says the laptop turned up when he went back to talk to the librarian.

They file into the elevator.

SHERLOCK

Where was it?

GREGSON

He says it was at the library the whole time.

SHERLOCK

See, Watson? Cheer up. It isn't all  
bad.

The elevator doors close and we--

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Joan walks to the police station.

Frank Johnson is leaning against a car. He sees Joan and steps forward.

FRANK  
Doctor Watson!

Joan spins, sees Frank and glares.

JOAN  
I don't have anything to say to you.

Frank holds up his hands.

FRANK  
Listen. I know we got off on the wrong foot. But I know we can work together and find some common ground. We can do something that benefits both of us.

JOAN  
What exactly does working with you in any way get me?

FRANK  
Support from the public, a little acclaim. I mean, your life story, what it's like working with the police and Sherlock Holmes... That would make a great book.

Joan shakes her head.

JOAN  
You don't know anything about me.

FRANK  
I think I do. You want what everybody wants. You crave that attention. It's only natural.

JOAN  
Even if I did, I wouldn't want it from you.

FRANK

Why not? I'm a nice guy, I'll put you up on my website, no strings attached. I have a wide and varied readership. You'd become a celebrity.

JOAN

Being a celebrity isn't very conducive to the life of a consulting detective, Mr. Johnson.

Frank shrugs.

FRANK

But it is nice.

JOAN

If this is the best you can do, then it isn't really a surprise that I've never heard of your website.

Frank lunges forward and grabs Joan by the arm, yanking her off balance.

FRANK

Listen. At the end of the day, I'm going to get what I want. There will be a story on you, and if you don't want to contribute? Then I'm just going to have to go by with what I have. And you might not like that.

Joan twists out of his grip.

They stare at each other.

Paige approaches carrying a bag of take out. She looks warily at Joan and Frank. She steps up to Joan.

PAIGE

Is everything okay?

Paige looks at Gregson, questioning.

Gregson walks towards her and shrugs.

GREGSON

What brings you here?

PAIGE

I figured if I can't get you out to have a meal together, I'd bring the meal to you.

Joan smiles.

JOAN

I better get after Sherlock. I'll let you know if he finds anything.

GREGSON

Thank you.

Paige smiles at Joan.

PAIGE

I really appreciate it.

Joan exits.

Gregson leads Paige into his office.

INT. POLICE STATION - GREGSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Gregson holds the door open for Paige. Paige enters and crosses to the desk. She begins to unload the bag of take out, handing a container and plasticware to Gregson.

PAIGE

I was hoping for a more romantic spot.

GREGSON

I could dim the lights.

PAIGE

I'd try and put a little more effort into it.

Gregson's smile fades. He picks at his food.

GREGSON

I'm sorry. This is about as romantic as I can get right now.

Paige nods, and eats, the smile fading from her face.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Paige shrugs.

PAIGE

I don't know. When I got into this,  
I didn't think I'd get caught up in  
the silly, cliched romantic  
gestures. And here I am, getting  
caught up in--

She grimaces.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

--feelings.

GREGSON

I know I'm not the best at these  
sorts of things. Thank you for  
putting up with me.

Paige smiles.

They begin to eat.

There's a knock on the door, and Bell sticks his head in.

BELL

Oh, sorry. I just wanted to let you  
know, we brought Mindy Jones in.  
Forensics is done with the laptop.  
Do you want to talk to her?

Gregson stands, wiping off his mouth.

Bell gestures for him to sit back down.

BELL (CONT'D)

No, I've got this for right now.  
You finish up your lunch. I'll make  
sure you catch back up.

Gregson sits back down.

Paige picks at her food, avoiding looking at Gregson.

Bell looks from Paige to Gregson.

BELL (CONT'D)

I'll just leave you guys to it.

Bell exits.

Paige frowns.

PAIGE

You can go if you want.

GREGSON

No! No, it's fine. He can handle it.

PAIGE

I know it's part of the job. I shouldn't have surprised you.

Gregson takes her hand. Paige looks up at him.

GREGSON

Really, it's fine.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Mindy sits at the table with Sherlock, Joan, and Bell.

On the table between them is an older-model laptop in a clear plastic evidence bag, battered and worn, covered in a thin layer of fingerprint dust.

MINDY

We found it in a book return drop.

Sherlock pulls on a pair of rubber gloves and pulls the evidence bag to him.

Holding it by the edges and using the tips of his fingers, he carefully opens it and pulls out a battered laptop.

Sherlock looks at the laptop from all angles. There's a nasty crack in the casing, and it's covered in fingerprint dust.

SHERLOCK

Who handled it? Can you give us a list?

MINDY

Our volunteer, Gwen, and me. Once I saw what it was I called you as soon as possible.

GREGSON

And you're sure this is Felix Tull's laptop?

MINDY

Positive. There have been days when I saw the back of that laptop more than I saw the man's face.

SHERLOCK

Is there any way of seeing who  
dropped it in the return?

Mindy shakes her head "no."

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Then it is possible it never left  
the building.

He opens the laptop. The screen is cracked, a deep spider  
web.

He tries the power button. The screen lights up, but the  
crack makes the screen useless.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I'll have to find a computer  
monitor that will connect to the  
laptop.

MINDY

I'm pretty sure it's broken.

SHERLOCK

What makes you say that?

MINDY

It was pretty smashed in the bin,  
the one the books an fall into.

Sherlock shakes his head.

SHERLOCK

Is his personal laptop, or one  
provided by the library?

MINDY

It's the library's. They wanted me  
to have one, but I have my own. The  
laptops the library gives out are  
ancient. It was better to buy one  
myself.

SHERLOCK

So the library could get into the  
laptop? Did they use an assign  
username and password?

MINDY

I don't know. Like I said, I use my  
own.

Sherlock turns the laptop over in his hands.



SHERLOCK

Did they have an automatic back up system?

MINDY

I don't know.

SHERLOCK

Hopefully, he backed up his work somewhere. Even if we can't get anything off the hard drive itself, there's something we can go off of.

Mindy goes pale.

Sherlock leans back in his chair. He sees Mindy and sits up.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?

MINDY

Do you need anything else from me?  
I should go.

Gregson and Joan stand.

GREGSON

Thank you for bringing this in.  
It's a huge help to our investigation.

Mindy gets to her feet and gathers her things.

MINDY

If you need anything from me,  
please let me know.

Sherlock watches Mindy.

SHERLOCK

Of course. With this information,  
I'm sure we'll be able to find the killer before nightfall.

Mindy looks at Sherlock and locks eyes with him for a moment. She crosses to the door, and Gregson holds it open for her. Mindy exits.

Sherlock sits up.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I need to look at the evidence list.

JOAN

What?

Sherlock points to the door Mindy just walked out of.

SHERLOCK

She knows who did this.

GREGSON

Come on.

SHERLOCK

Did you see the way she was twitching? She is covering up for the killer. I need to see the evidence list. My copy is at the house. Please.

GREGSON

Okay, it's in my office.

INT. POLICE STATION - GREGSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Gregson, Sherlock, and Joan enter. Sherlock is carrying the laptop.

Gregson pulls a sheet of paper from a folder on his desk.

GREGSON

If I knew what you were looking for, I might be able to help.

Sherlock ignores him, reading the paper.

He jolts into action, sitting at Gregson's desk.

SHERLOCK

Our killer might have been right in front of us all along. But I'm still missing something. Luckily --

He pats the laptop.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

-- we finally have the last piece of the puzzle.

He pulls Gregson's computer monitor to him and yanks out the cable from the back of the computer, plugging it into the laptop.

The screen lights up. The desktop is plain.

Sherlock begins to click on the laptop.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

No. No, no, no...

Joan steps up behind him.

JOAN

What is it?

Sherlock begins to click frantically.

SHERLOCK

There's nothing here!

JOAN

What?

SHERLOCK

This laptop is useless. It's been completely wiped.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joan and Sherlock sit at the table eating their lunch. A picture of Mindy Jones is taped up on the wall.

SHERLOCK

Mindy Jones, mild mannered librarian. She's meek, under appreciated. She works hard, picking up the slack from her boss. How would she get caught up in a murder?

JOAN

Are you just going to speculate?

SHERLOCK

I am merely evaluating her as a suspect. Means, motive, opportunity. She has everything but the motive...

Joan leans forward in her chair.

JOAN

Maybe she just had enough of him.

SHERLOCK

She didn't snap. That would have happened at work, or just after. No, the killer had time to plan, confront Tull in the middle of the night. But the killer wasn't planning on murder, since they grabbed the letter opener off the desk.

JOAN

Maybe she's a witness.

JOAN (CONT'D)

She couldn't be one of the people on Tull's blog, could she?

SHERLOCK

I doubt the assistant research librarian has a salary large enough to make a splash in real estate.

Joan nods in agreement.

JOAN

So, she probably didn't kill him. Maybe she let the killer into the library. There would be some sort of trail when the killer contacted her.

There's a knock at the door. Bell opens it.

BELL

Joan, you have someone downstairs, a reporter. He says you wanted to talk to him?

JOAN

Who was it?

BELL

That guy from Crime Spy. Frank something?

SHERLOCK

Oh, for God's sake. Did you really agree to --

JOAN

Of course not!

She stands.

JOAN (CONT'D)

But I am going to talk to him.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Frank stands on the sidewalk. He has his memo book out.

Joan shoves the door open and walks towards him.

Frank smiles as she approaches.

FRANK

Doctor Watson! Wonderful to see you as always.

JOAN

Were you too scared to walk into the building?

FRANK

I just think it's better to do these sorts of things in the open air. Unless you want to go somewhere else to talk.

JOAN

I think I'm going to stay right where I am.

FRANK

That's fine with me.

Frank flips open his memo book.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I just have a few questions to start, and then we'll see how it goes. What do you think --

JOAN

I think you're going to forget about this interview. Forever.

Frank stops, confused.

FRANK

Really? You think after everything, that's going to happen?

JOAN

I do. See, when you started threatening to blackmail me into being interviewed, I started doing a little digging of my own.

FRANK

You wouldn't...

JOAN

You used to work for much bigger people. Newspapers, magazines, you were getting into the big leagues.

Joan holds out her phone. On it is a picture of a young woman, ELLEN HESS.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Recognize her?

Frank is suddenly shifty.

FRANK

Those records were sealed.

JOAN

Yes, they were. But these days,  
that doesn't mean much.

FRANK

Those charges were dropped.

JOAN

Maybe. But the recording of the 911  
call still exists, in the dark  
corners of the internet. I had a  
friend dig it up for me.

Joan swipes on the phone, and a video plays.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

911, what is your emergency?

ELLEN (V.O.)

(on the phone)

Yes, please, I need help, someone  
is following me!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Where are you?

ELLEN (V.O.)

Please, I'm almost at 54th and  
Broadway. This guy has been  
following me all day! Please!

Joan shuts off her phone.

FRANK

They couldn't prove anything.

JOAN

You chased a sixteen year old girl  
into traffic, to get a story on  
models trying to get their start on  
social media. That's why you  
started Crime Spy. To profit on  
your sensationalist

FRANK

You can't share that, or --

JOAN

Or what?

A PROCESS SERVER in a baggy suit steps up to Frank.

PROCESS SERVER

Franklin James Johnson?

FRANK

Yes?

The Server hands an envelope to Frank.

PROCESS SERVER

You have been served. Have a nice day.

The Process Server walks away.

Frank opens up the envelope and pulls out the papers. He begins to read, shocked.

JOAN

You did a good job of dodging the criminal charges, but it turns out the girl's mother has been looking for you for quite some time. She's filed a wrongful death suit against you.

FRANK

Do you think this changes anything?

JOAN

It doesn't, for now. But if you don't lay off, then I'll be offering my help to others you've spent your time harassing. I can get you so tied up in legal knots you won't have time to worry about finding your way to the freshest crime scene.

Frank crumples up the sub poena in his fist.

JOAN (CONT'D)

If you clean up your act, this is the only lawsuit that I have any hand in. If you don't, well, I have a lot more where that came from, and you know it. Don't contact me, ever again.

Joan turns and walks back to the door of the police station. She calls over her shoulder.

JOAN (CONT'D)

The ball's in your court, Frank. Try and figure out how to do the right thing.

Joan enters the police station.



On the sidewalk, Frank looks at the paper in his hand, then throws his memo book, furious.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sherlock sits at the conference room table.

Bell enters and slides a file across the table to him.

BELL

The files you asked for.

Sherlock sits up and pulls it towards him.

SHERLOCK

Finally. I was beginning to wonder if it was being transcribed by hand.

Joan enters.

JOAN

What did I miss?

He opens up the file and begins skimming pages. He takes up his phone and begins typing furiously.

SHERLOCK

We need to get Mindy Jones in here.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Gregson opens the door and Mindy enters. Sherlock sits, waiting.

Mindy is nervous, she stops when she sees Sherlock.

Gregson gestures to the open chair.

GREGSON

Please, have a seat.

Mindy crosses to the chair and sits. She keeps her hands folded in her lap, looking from Gregson to Sherlock.

Sherlock puts a small evidence baggy on the table. Inside is an acrylic fingernail.

SHERLOCK

Do you recognize this?

MINDY  
Why would I?

SHERLOCK  
We found it at the crime scene.

Mindy looks down at her hand.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
When we first met, I noticed that the fingernail on the ring finger of your right hand didn't match the other nine. It was a cheap stick on, a drug store brand, while the rest of your hands were done in the salon, with thick acrylic resin. I was ready to dismiss it, since you were the assistant librarian, and I couldn't be sure it wasn't left there before the murder.

MINDY  
What are you trying to say?

SHERLOCK  
You didn't have any reason to kill Felix Tull, did you?

MINDY  
No! Of course not!

Joan lays a photograph of the front of a bar on the table. A smiling family stands proudly in front of the door. A "Grand Opening" banner hangs over the door.

Joan pushes it across the table to Mindy.

JOAN  
Do you recognize the building in this photograph?

Mindy picks up the photograph and looks at it. She doesn't answer.

GREGSON  
Miss Jones, we need you to answer the question.

Mindy looks up at Gregson, then at Sherlock, and nods.

MINDY  
I don't know why you're asking about it.

SHERLOCK

It was recently declared a historical site. It was all over the news. The ceremony is in a couple weeks, but it's been on the news. It was a speakeasy and a mob house during Prohibition.

MINDY

I know.

SHERLOCK

This was also the building that was going to be the focus of Felix Tull's next blog post. But you knew that already, too, didn't you?

Mindy sits back in her chair.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

We were able to go through the laptop you brought in. There wasn't much on there.

MINDY

It was pretty busted up. Probably from when it was dumped in the return drop.

SHERLOCK

Oh, no, it wasn't that. The killer had gone through and deleted all of the documents on the computer, by hand. It must have taken forever.

MINDY

So?

SHERLOCK

So, the killer didn't know, or possibly didn't have access to, the documents that Felix Tull had stored on the internet.

Mindy sits back in her chair.

Sherlock leans forward.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You see, the blog service that Felix Tull used automatically backed up everything he had on his blog, including unpublished drafts.

Mindy shakes her head. She pulls the photograph to her and holds it to her chest.

JOAN

We knew the killer had a grudge against Tull. Someone who know what he was capable of. The killer knew that Tull would hound the people on his blog mercilessly, just for fun. It was just a game to him.

SHERLOCK

You knew this. Usually it doesn't matter. Big time real estate broker don't have to worry about the fate of a single building.

Sherlock leans over and pulls the photograph out of Mindy's hands.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But he wasn't going after a big real estate broker this time, was he?

Mindy begins to cry.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

The place is called The Aces.

JOAN

The Aces is known for having a speakeasy in the basement, where people go to dress up and pretend it's Prohibition. It started off as a tiki bar.

SHERLOCK

Recently, it had been declared a historic building. It's been all over the news. People love to hear about gangsters and flappers.

JOAN

People go there to play dress up and going for a drink. It is a very popular place.

SHERLOCK

It was also the next exposé set to be published on Felix Tull's blog. The building itself was The speakeasy was a fake, built in the 1950s as a tourist attraction.

MINDY

I know about the Aces. I used to work there.

JOAN

You did more than work there.

Joan pulls out another photograph: A younger Mindy, dressed as a flapper, standing behind a bar and serving drinks.

She slides it across the table. Mindy picks it up.

SHERLOCK

This is you, isn't it? We found this photograph of you in the saved draft of Felix Tull's next blog post.

MINDY

It's my uncle's place. I grew up there. A real family business y'know?

SHERLOCK

How did you find out about the post?

MINDY

He came to me. He wanted to rub it in my face. Wanted me to know that he knew it was a part of my life. All of the bar's business these days comes from the speakeasy. After it became a historical landmark, business took off.

SHERLOCK

And Tull was going to ruin that.

MINDY

It would have ruined my uncle's life! After my dad died, he took us in. We lived above the bar, we did chores. That place saved us. I worked there in college to make ends meet.

GREGSON

Did you go there to kill him?

MINDY

No! God, no. I just wanted him to stop. To leave it alone.

(MORE)

MINDY (CONT'D)

I wanted him to not make that post public, that maybe we could work out the historical things quietly, so it wouldn't hurt business.

GREGSON

So what happened?

Mindy sniffles.

MINDY

I don't know. I showed up, and I was ready to just talk. To beg him to stop. But when I got there, he just laughed at me. I tried to grab his laptop, but he fought back and I --

Mindy makes a stabbing motion.

MINDY (CONT'D)

I just snapped. It was like I blacked out. The next thing I know, he's bleeding on the floor. I panicked. I grabbed the computer and I ran.

JOAN

You didn't call for an ambulance.

Mindy looks Joan in the eye.

MINDY

No. It didn't even cross my mind.

GREGSON

So, you deleted the files off the computer, stuck it in the book return slot, and then what?

MINDY

I went home. I tried to sleep, and when that didn't work, I got up and I went to the library.

SHERLOCK

You didn't think anyone would look at you as a suspect.

MINDY

You didn't. There were a lot of people who wanted him dead. I thought, I don't know, I'd get lost in the crowd.

Gregson stands.

GREGSON

Mindy Jones, you are under arrest  
for the murder of Felix Tull.  
Anything you say can be used  
against you in a court of law...

He guides Mindy out the chair and places her in handcuffs.  
They exit.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Joan and Sherlock walk towards the elevator. Sherlock hits  
the call button and stands back.

JOAN

It's sad, really.

SHERLOCK

What?

JOAN

She just went in to talk to the  
guy, and ended up killing him.

SHERLOCK

She tried to cover it up  
afterwards.

JOAN

But still, she was just trying to  
protect her family.

SHERLOCK

Are we supposed to ignore what she  
did, because her intentions were  
good?

JOAN

No. But it's still a tragedy.

SHERLOCK

Would you kill for a member of your  
family?

JOAN

I don't know. I've never been put  
in that situation.

SHERLOCK

I would think that you'd have the fortitude to take responsibility for your actions.

Bell passes them. He leads a handcuffed Mindy down the hall.

JOAN

You always wonder what you'd do, until you're put in that situation.

SHERLOCK

Hopefully, it's never something you have to worry about.

Joan nods.

Sherlock perks up.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

How did it go with Johnson?

JOAN

I don't think we're going to see him for a while.

SHERLOCK

You handled him well. He was a despicable person, and he deserves what's coming to him.

Joan stares at him in shock.

JOAN

You knew what I was doing?

SHERLOCK

Of course I did.

JOAN

You couldn't offer to help.

SHERLOCK

Why? I knew you could handle it. I'll have to remember that technique, in case I need to use it myself in the future.

Joan smiles, flattered.

Gregson joins them.

GREGSON

Good job on the case.



SHERLOCK  
It was just what I needed.

GREGSON  
I'm glad someone had fun.

JOAN  
What are your plans?

GREGSON  
Home, dinner with Paige.

SHERLOCK  
You aren't going anywhere?

GREGSON  
No, why?

SHERLOCK  
Isn't it customary to go somewhere special on an anniversary? I have to admit, I don't have much experience in the matter, but I would have thought you'd be a little more sentimental.

Gregson and Joan stare at Sherlock.

He looks from Gregson to Joan.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Unless I am mistaken about the date.

Gregson steps away from the elevator.

GREGSON  
You guys have a good night. I think... I need to go make a phone call.

He steps away from the elevator and pulls his cell phone out of his pocket, dialling a number.

Sherlock turns to Joan.

SHERLOCK  
Did I say something wrong?

The elevator dings and the doors open. Joan and Sherlock step inside.

JOAN

Really? You remember his  
anniversary? How would you even  
know that?

Sherlock grins. The elevator doors close.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A fancy restaurant.

Paige sits at a candlelit table set for two. A WAITER pours her some wine. Paige thanks him.

Gregson enters, with a large bouquet of roses.

He kisses Paige on the cheek and presents her with the flowers.

She presses the roses to her face, smelling the.

PAIGE

Wow, looks like I'm not the only  
one who got caught up in feelings.

Gregson sits across from Paige.

The Waiter pours him some wine and exits.

GREGSON

I know I've been busy lately. I  
just wanted to thank you for  
putting up with me.

PAIGE

Putting up with you is right.

She smiles and lays the flowers on the

PAIGE (CONT'D)

But it's true, you know. I knew  
what I signed up for. Work gets in  
the way sometimes.

Gregson reaches across the table and takes Paige's hand.

GREGSON

It's not just that. I am busy, I  
know that, but it shouldn't get in  
the way of me showing you how  
important you are to me.

PAIGE  
That might be the sweetest thing  
you've ever said to me.

GREGSON  
You're the best thing I have going.

PAIGE  
Okay, now you're pushing it.

Gregson kisses Paige's hand.

GREGSON  
Happy anniversary.

They both pick up their menus.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE.**