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The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes

By Arthur Conan Doyle

Somewhere in the vaults
of a bank in London...
is a tin dispatch box
with my name on it.
It is not to be opened
until 50 years after my death.
It contains certain mementos...
of my long association
with a man...
who elevated the science
of deduction to an art--
the world's first,
and, undeniably...
most famous consulting
detective.
To my heirs--
In my lifetime...
I have recorded
some sixty cases...
demonstrating the singular gift
of my friend...
Sherlock Holmes...
dealing with everything...
from 'The Hound
of the Baskervilles'...
to his mysterious
brother Mycroft...
and the devilish
Professor Moriarty.
But there were
other adventures which...
for reasons of discretion...
I have decided to withhold
from the public...
until this much later date.
They involve matters of
a delicate and, sometimes...
scandalous nature...
as will shortly
become apparent.
It was August of 1887...
and we were returning
from Yorkshire...
where Holmes had solved

the baffling murder...
of Admiral Abernetti.
You may recall that he broke
the murderer's alibi...
by measuring the depth
to which the parsley...
had sunk in the butter
on a hot day.
I wish you'd give me
a bit more warning...
when you come home unexpected.
I'd have roasted a goose,
had a few flowers for you.
My dear Mrs. Hudson...
criminals are as
unpredictable as head colds.
You never quite know when
you're going to catch one.
I'll unpack your bags.
Here's an advance copy
of ''Strand Magazine.''
They've printed
''The Red-headed League.''
Very impressive.
Would you like to see
how I've treated it?
I can hardly wait.
I'm sure I shall find out...
all sorts
of fascinating things...
about the case
that I never knew before.
Just what do you mean by that?
Oh, come now, Watson.
You must admit you have
a tendency to overromanticize.
You've taken my simple
exercises in logic...
and embellished them,
embroidered them...
exaggerated them.
I deny the accusation.
You've described me as 6'4''...
whereas I am barely 6'1''.

A bit of poetic license.
You've saddled me with
this improbable costume...
which the public
now expects me to wear.
That is not my doing.
Blame it on the illustrator.
Made me out to be
a violin virtuoso.
There's an invitation...
from the Liverpool Symphony
to appear as soloist...
in 'The Mendelssohn Concerto.'
Really?
The fact is, I could
barely hold my own...
in the pit orchestra
of a second-rate music hall.
You're much too modest.
You have given the reader
the distinct impression...
that I'm a misogynist.
Actually,
I don't dislike women.
I merely distrust them.
The twinkle in the eye
and the arsenic in the soup.
It's those little touches
that make you colorful.
Lurid is more like it.
You've painted me
as a hopeless dope addict...
just because I occasionally
take a 5%% solution of cocaine.
A seven percent solution.
Five percent.
Don't you think I'm aware
you've been diluting it...
behind my back?
As a doctor,
as well as your friend...
I strongly disapprove...
of this insidious habit
of yours.

My dear friend,
as well as my dear doctor...
I only resort to narcotics...
when I'm suffering
from acute boredom...
when there are
no interesting cases...
to engage my mind.
Look at this.
An urgent appeal to find
some missing midgets.
Did you say midgets?
Mmm, six of them.
The Tumbling Piccolos...
an acrobatic act
with some circus.
Disappeared between
London and Bristol.
Well, don't you
find that intriguing?
Extremely so.
You see, they're
not only midgets...
but also anarchists.
Anarchists?
By now they have been
smuggled to Vienna...
dressed as little girls
in organdy pinafores.
They are to greet
the czar of all the Russias...
when he arrives
at the railway station.
They will be carrying
bouquets of flowers...
and concealed
in each bouquet...
will be a bomb
with a lit fuse.
You really think so?
Not at all.
The circus owner offers me
five pounds for my services.
That's not even

a pound a midget.
So, obviously,
he's a stingy blighter...
and the little chaps
simply ran off...
to join another circus.
It sounded so promising.
There are no great crimes
anymore, Watson.
The criminal class
has lost all enterprise...
and originality.
At best, they commit
some bungling villainy...
with a motive so transparent...
that even a Scotland Yard
official could see through it.
Mrs. Hudson!
Yes? What is it?
What have I done now?
There is something missing
from my desk.
Missing?
Something very crucial.
What?
Dust!
You've been tidying up
against my explicit orders.
Oh, look, I made sure
I hadn't disturbed anything.
Dust, Mrs. Hudson,
is an essential part...
of my filing system.
By the thickness of it...
I can date any document
immediately.
Well, some of the dust
was this thick.
That would be...
March 1883.
Oh! How can you stand this?
Why don't you let me
air the room out?
Please, Mrs. Hudson,

he's working on...
a definitive study
of tobacco ash.
Oh, I'm sure there's
a crying need for that.
In our endeavors,
it is sometimes vital...
to distinguish
between, say, the ashes...
of a Macedonian cigarette
and a Jamaican cigar.
So far he has classified
140 different kinds of ashes.
All of which will
wind up on my rug.
That will be enough,
Mrs. Hudson.
All right...
if you gentlemen want
to stay and suffocate.
She's right. I am suffocating.
Oh, let me open the window.
Not from lack of air.
From lack of activity.
Sitting here, week after week,
blowing smoke rings...
staring through a microscope--
there's no challenge in that.
Personally, I consider it
a major contribution...
to scientific criminology.
How I envy you
your mind, Watson.
You do?
It's placid,
imperturbable, prosaic.
But my mind rebels
against stagnation.
It's like a racing engine
tearing itself to pieces...
because it's not connected up...
with the work
for which it was built.
Holmes.

Holmes...where's
your self-control?
Fair question.
Aren't you ashamed of yourself?
Thoroughly...
but this will
take care of it.
There was nothing I could do...
when he went on one of
his cocaine binges...
except hope and pray that
some interesting case...
would come along
to snap him out of it.
Why are you being
so stubborn, Holmes?
Why won't you go?
It's the final performance of
the Imperial Russian Ballet.
The house has been
sold out for months.
Tickets are going
at a guinea apiece.
That's precisely it.
Why should someone
send us two free tickets?
Anonymously, at that.
Well, whoever sent them
must be in great distress.
The note says...
' 'Please, you are the only man
in the world who can help me.' '
I suspect
it's some sort of plot.
You mean, somebody wants
to lure us into a trap?
Somebody wants to kill me.
Kill you?
That's right.
It's a plot
to bore me to death.
I detest ballet.
But this isn't just
any ballet.

It's 'Swan Lake.'
You know, of course, Holmes...
that swan isn't really a swan.
It's an enchanted princess.
Mmm.
Fabulous woman.
Don't you think so, Holmes?
Who?
The great Petrova.
Very strong arches,
I must admit.
They say twelve men
have died for her.
Really?
Six committed suicide...
four were killed in duels...
and one fell out
of the gallery...
of the Vienna Opera House.
That's only eleven.
The man who fell
from the gallery...
landed on top of another man
in the orchestra.
That makes an even dozen...
in a messy sort of way.
Mr. Holmes.
Yes?
I am Nikolai Rogozhin...
Director General of
the Imperial Russian Ballet.
So glad you accept invitation.
This is Dr. Watson.
Nice to meet you.
You're enjoying?
Immensely.
Tell me, Mr. Holmes...
how is your health?
My health?
Better consult my doctor.
Oh, he's in excellent shape.
Any insanity in your family?
Diabetes? Asthma?
Would you mind telling me

what this is all about?
Certainly.
Madame Petrova...
she has problem.
Can you be more specific?
Certainly not.
Liaison with a crowned head?
Compromising letters? Blackmail?
After performance...
there will be little
celebration backstage...
and Madame requests
your presence.
We'd be delighted.
You are invited, also.
Hey!
Ah, Mr. Holmes...
Madame is expecting you
in her dressing room.
Dr. Watson, you will
amuse yourself meanwhile.
We have vodka, caviar, girls.
Oh, no, thank you.
No girls?
No caviar.
It makes me break out in hives.
...Doctor Watson.
Any of your girls
understand English?
Nyet!
Well, now, not one single word?
Nyet!
In that case,
I don't mind telling you...
that you all have
lovely pooh-poohs.
Mr. Holmes,
I must prepare you.
This is not ordinary case.
It's only the extraordinary
that interests me.
Good.
Because you'll find this
extra-extraordinary.

Madame Petrova...
...Mr. Sherlock Holmes...
may I present Madame Petrova.
Ochen priatna.
Madame.
Madame says you are
shorter than she thought.
Oh, I didn't mean to be.
Short, tall, who cares?
It is the brains that count.
Well, thank you.
Thank you.
...Baskervilles.
Madame is great
admirer of yours.
She has read every story.
Her favorite is...
'Big Dog from Baskervilles.'
I'm afraid it loses
something in translation.
Nikolai...
Mr. Holmes,
you know about fiddles?
What is your opinion of this?
'Antonius Stradivarius,
Cremonensis...
'Anno 1709.'
Well, the label is authentic.
Judging from the shape,
the color of the varnish...
and the tone, I would say
it is a genuine Stradivarius...
of the best period.
You like?
Oh, it's magnificent.
Nikolai...
Here. Take it.
Madame says it is yours.
Mine?
For services you will render.
My fees as a detective
are not exactly trifling...
but a Stradivarius--
you're not serious.

I am not, but Madame is.
All right...
I will pour vodka
and explain.
Mr. Holmes...
what you have seen
tonight is last...
and positively
final performance...
of Madame Petrova.
She is retiring.
What a shame.
She's been dancing since
she was three years old...
and after all,
she is now thirty-eight.
I must say,
she doesn't look thirty-eight.
That is because
she is forty-nine.
So Madame has decided
to leave ballet...
and spend life
bringing up her child.
How admirable.
Problem is how to find father.
Oh, is he missing?
Correct.
And that's why
you've called me in.
Also correct.
We must have father.
Because without father,
how could there be child?
Oh, I see.
The whole thing is still
in the planning stage.
Correct again.
Madame would like child...
to be brilliant
and beautiful.
Since she is beautiful,
she needs man who is brilliant.
Zo sdarovya!

What's in it?
What does it taste like?
Red pepper.
That's what's in it.
I beg your pardon?
Madame would like to know
when you can be ready.
-Ready?
-To leave for Venice.
All the arrangements
have been made.
You will spend
one week there with Madame--
This is all
very flattering...
but surely
there are other men...
better men.
To tell truth...
you were not
the first choice.
We considered
Russian writer...Tolstoy.
Oh, that's more like it.
The man's a genius.
Too old.
Then we considered
philosopher...Nietzsche.
Well, absolutely
first-rate mind.
Uh-uh, too German.
Then we considered
Tchaikovsky.
Oh, you couldn't go
wrong with Tchaikovsky.
We could, and we did.
It was catastrophe.
Why?
We don't know.
Because Tchaikovsky--
how shall I put it?
Women...not his glass of tea.
Oh, pity, that.
Madame is very happy

with her final choice.
Madame must not be too hasty.
She must remember
that I am an Englishman.
So?
You know what
they say about us.
If there's one thing
more deplorable...
than our cooking,
it's our lovemaking.
We are not the most
romantic of people.
Perfect.
We don't want
sentimental idiots...
falling in love,
committing suicide.
One week in Venice
with Madame...
she goes back to
St. Petersburg with baby...
you go back to London
with fiddle.
An equitable arrangement.
About my medical history...
when you asked me,
I neglected to mention...
one small detail.
There is hemophilia
in my family.
Huh?
We're all bleeders.
Madame says not to worry,
she will not scratch you.
Well, that's reassuring
to know, but there--
Madame says you talk too much.
You find her attractive
or no?
Well, I...
Oh, excuse me.
What does 'prokyzhynik'
mean?

It means you little devil.
It does? I am? Thank you.
I repeat question.
You find Madame
attractive or no?
Oh, I find her
most attractive...
for a woman, that is.
Then no problem.
Maybe a slight one.
You see, I am not a free man.
Not free?
But you are bachelor.
A bachelor living
with another bachelor...
for the last five years.
Five very happy years.
What is it you are
trying to tell us?
Well, I hoped I could
avoid the subject...
but some of us,
through a cruel...
caprice of Mother Nature--
Get to point.
The point is
that Tchaikovsky...
is not an isolated case.
You mean you
and Dr. Watson...
He...is your glass of tea?
If you want to be
picturesque about it.
...Tchaikovsky?
Believe me, Madame,
the loss is all mine.
But I would rather
disappoint you now...
than disappoint you
in a gondola in Venice.
It would have been...
catastrophe!
Watson.
Watson, are you coming?

What is it, old boy?
We're going home.
Home? Not a chance.
Not the slightest,
not the remotest chance.
Toodle-oo!
Hey!
Good luck.
Just one moment.
What's going on?
What happened to the girls?
Why, do you not
prefer it this way?
What way?
Oh, you don't
have to pretend.
Mr. Holmes
told us everything...
about you and him.
About me and him?
Come on.
No need to be bashful.
We are not bourgeois.
Maybe between doctors
and detectives...
is unusual, but...
in ballet, is very usual.
What is?
Caprice of Mother Nature.
Look, Cahvel and Misha...
Boris and Demitri,
and llya and Sergei.
Sergei...half and half.
Holmes!
Holmes!
There you are.
You wretch! You rotter!
You blackguard!
Of all the vile,
unspeakable fabrications!
What do you have to say
for yourself?
Well, don't just sit there!
Speak up, man!

Holmes?
Are you all right, Holmes?
Holmes?
From the sound
of your footsteps...
I gathered that you were not
in a particularly amiable mood.
How--how could you...
invent such a dastardly lie?
What the deuce
were you thinking of?
Watson, you have
my most abject apologies.
But have you ever been
cornered by a madwoman?
It seemed like the only
way to get out of it...
without hurting her feelings.
And what about my feelings...
and my reputation?
You realize the gravity
of what you've done...
the possible repercussions?
So there'll be a little
gossip about you...
in St. Petersburg.
These things spread
like wildfire.
I can just hear
those malicious whispers...
behind my back.
I'll never be able to show
my face in polite society.
And if it ever got back
to my old regiment...
you don't know the Fifth
Northumberland Fusiliers.
They'll strike me
off the rolls.
They'll cut off my pension!
Watson, you're running amuck.
Dishonored, disgraced,
ostracized...
What am I to do?

Well, for one thing,
I'd get rid of that flower.
Oh, you may think
this is funny...
but we're both
in the same boat.
We must take
desperate measures.
We must stop this talk!
Maybe if we got married.
Then they'd really talk.
Obviously,
we cannot continue...
to live under the same roof.
We must move apart.
Of course...
we can still see each
other clandestinely...
on remote benches
in Hyde Park...
and in the waiting rooms...
of suburban railway stations.
This whole thing's ridiculous.
We have nothing to hide.
That's what I've been
trying to tell you.
Let somebody start a rumor,
just one ugly word.
We'll sue them for slander.
No one would dare.
After all, you have an enviable
record with the fair sex.
Damn right.
I can get women
from three continents...
to testify for me...
and you can get women
to vouch for you, too...
can't you, Holmes?
Can you, Holmes?
Good night, Watson.
Holmes.
Let me ask you a question.
I hope I'm not

being presumptuous...
but there have been
women in your life?
The answer is yes...
you're being presumptuous.
Good night.
Holmes.
What indeed was
his attitude towards women?
Was there some secret
he was holding back...
or was he just
a thinking machine...
incapable of any emotion?
I was not to get the answer...
until we became involved
in what I considered to be...
the most outrageous case
in all our years together.
Were you expecting someone?
Not at this hour.
Maybe Mrs. Hudson
is entertaining.
I never found her so.
I don't know nothing about it.
Then I'd like
to speak to the master.
Well, I think he's in bed.
It's important.
What is it, Mrs. Hudson?
There's a cabby here,
says you owe him two and six.
For what?
For the fare, governor.
The young lady
don't have no money.
What young lady?
This one.
Well, what have we here?
Who are you, miss?
What happened to you?
I don't know.
That's all she keeps saying:
'I don't know. I don't know.'

Where did she come from?
From the river.
I was driving down
the embankment...
just below
Westminster Bridge...
and there she was
in the water, drowning.
Wasn't easy, governor...
what with the cold water
and her fighting me.
Why did you bring her here?
Because I found
this in her hand.
'221-B Baker Street.'
That's right, isn't it?
Young lady, what did
you want at this address?
I do not remember.
Rather perplexing,
wouldn't you say?
Rather.
Well, gentlemen...
you want her,
it's two and six.
Or shall I throw her
back in the river?
Oh, Mr. Holmes,
you can't let him do that.
Watson, you better
accept delivery.
Keep the change.
Thank you, governor.
No extra charge for the use
of the horse blanket.
You're shivering, my dear.
Come along...
let me get you out
of those wet clothes.
Sit here, my dear.
She's suffering from
shock and exposure.
There was some printing
on the back of this...

but it seems to have
come off in the water.
Look at this.
She's had a nasty
blow on the head.
Could she have hit
her head when she fell...
or jumped into the river?
No. The blood had
already coagulated.
So, it would appear
that she was the victim...
of a deliberate attack.
Get my bag, will you?
Who are you?
I'm Dr. Watson...
and this is Sherlock Holmes.
Oh.
Do the names mean
anything to you?
No.
Think.
I'm trying.
Can you think
of your own name?
No.
She's obviously
had a concussion...
which often leads
to temporary amnesia.
So, all we know...
is that she was
coshed on the head...
dumped into the Thames...
and subsequently
dumped into our laps.
We know a lot
more than that.
From her accent,
we know she's foreign.
From her ring,
we know she's married.
There's one
other clue we have.

Namely?
Something I deduced...
when I was helping
her up the stairs.
No corset.
Good work.
' 'La Femme Elegant.' '
Are you French?
Vous etes francaise?
Non.
Je ne suis pas francaise.
How can she say
she's not French...
in French?
Vous etes suisse?
Non.
Alors, vous etes belge?
Je ne suis pas sur.
Vous etes belge, de Bruxelles?
Bruxelles.
Oui.
Je pense que oui.
Oh, dash!
Will someone remove
this violin, please?
We just found out
she's Belgian.
Poor thing.
From Brussels.
If you don't mind.
Is your name Gabrielle?
Gabrielle?
I don't know.
And your husband's
name is Emile?
Emile.
Where is he?
What are you doing in London?
I don't know.
When did you arrive
from Brussels?
Where are you staying?
I don't know!
What happened at the river?

Think!

Pensez!

That's enough, Holmes.

I will not permit you...

to question her

in this condition.

Here, Mrs. Hudson.

Put her to bed, my bed.

I'll sleep on the couch.

Come on.

I better give her

a sleeping draught.

Watson, I think

we should arrange...

to have her removed

to a hospital.

Under no circumstances.

She should have

medical attention.

She can get that from me...

but more important,

she must be protected.

There's already been

one attempt on her life.

This temporary amnesia,

how temporary is it?

It depends on the extent

of her injury.

It's like veils

shrouding her memory.

It could clear up

in a few days...

or a few weeks.

Watson, this is

a very small flat.

We don't want to

clutter it up with women.

Holmes, we've never

had a case like this.

A woman comes to us

with a problem.

We don't know

who the woman is.

We don't know

what the problem is.
Don't you find
that challenging?
Quite...
but we can't afford to wait
for these veils to lift.
We must break through them
as quickly as possible.
You really feel
it's that urgent?
I do.
The sooner
we solve the case...
the sooner we can
get rid of her.
Oh.
Emile?
Emile.
Emile.
Is that you, Emile?
Yes, Gabrielle.
Oh, Emile.
I thought I would
never find you.
Oh. Oh, Emile.
Hold me tight.
It's been
such a long time...
so many nights.
Do you know what I did
before I left Brussels?
What?
I hope you're not going
to be angry with me.
I bought myself
an expensive negligee.
Did you?
A pink negligee
with marabou feathers.
Don't you think it's
a little bit foolish...
for a married woman?
Come on.
Where is the negligee?

In my luggage. Come here.
And where is your luggage?
Oh, I don't know.
Come, Emile.
Come, come here.
Please. Oh, please.
Come here.
What is it, Emile?
What are you doing?
Dr. Watson.
Porridge is getting lumpy.
Hadn't you better get up?
I would like to
very much, but--
Mrs. Hudson, would you mind...
planting your knee
in the small of my back?
Yes, I would.
Please. I'm in
excruciating pain.
A bit higher...
just below
my seventh vertebra.
That's good.
Put your arms under mine.
Now fold them behind my neck.
Now give it a good snap.
No. No. Show no mercy.
Bear down on me.
Bless you.
That darn couch.
Oh, you better see
if our patient is awake.
Dr. Watson...
she's gone.
Gone?
Holmes! Holmes!
She's gone!
Well, I never.
Mmm, I smell porridge.
Lumpy as usual, I suppose.
Ah, there you are, Holmes.
We were just
wondering how, uh...

We certainly were.
Mrs. Hudson,
why don't you...
go down to the kitchen,
get a towel, and wipe...
that look of disapproval
off your face.
Liberties in my house.
You can't
really blame her.
I mean, the way it looks.
If I didn't know you better...
I might suspect you'd taken
advantage of the young lady.
As a matter of fact,
I did take advantage of her.
Would you hand me
the butter knife, please?
Of course.
You did what?
Thank you.
Holmes, this is reprehensible.
Where are your
professional ethics?
Have you no sense
of decency, no shame?
None whatsoever.
If you must know...
I found her body
quite rewarding.
You cad!
Especially the palm
of her right hand.
I'd rather not hear about it.
Very well.
Then I won't bother...
to tell you how
I traced her suitcase.
That's her suitcase?
Remember that piece
of soggy cardboard...
with our address on it?
It was a luggage ticket.
The number had

rubbed off on her hand.
And since she must've
arrived from Brussels...
by the boat train,
I concluded that she had...
checked her belongings
at Victoria Station.
By Jove, if you're right...
we should find a clue
to her identity.
Or at least a pink negligee
with marabou feathers.
Voila.
Well, let's see.
What else is in here?
Now we're getting somewhere.
Oh. Who do you
suppose this is?
Good morning, Madame Valladon.
You are Gabrielle Valladon?
Yes.
And this is your husband
Emile Valladon.
Yes.
Sorry to have
ransacked your valise...
but since you
came to us for help...
Where am I?
221-B Baker Street.
Oh, yes.
Which one of you
is Sherlock Holmes...
and which is Dr. Watson?
Dr. Watson
is the handsome one.
That's the way
he affects most women.
Coffee. You want
some strong coffee.
It's all so confusing.
Well, let's try to sort it out.
You came to London
looking for your husband, right?

Yes.
He's a mining engineer.
We were married
five years ago in the Congo.
Where your husband was
working in a copper mine.
How did you know?
Your wedding ring--
it's made of copper.
Last year, he invented
a new kind of air pump...
and was hired by an English
company--Jonah, Limited.
Here we are.
Jonah, Limited. Go on.
We've been writing
to each other regularly...
then suddenly...
three weeks ago,
his letters stopped.
I kept on writing,
but no answer.
So, finally I decided
to go to that address.
'32 Ashdown Street.'
Yes. It's just
an empty store...
nobody there.
So, I tried to find
Jonah, Limited.
No such company exists.
How decidedly odd.
Madame Valladon, can
you think of any reason...
why your husband
should've lied to you...
about these things?
Emile? Never.
He loves me, and I love him.
I gathered that much.
I went to the police.
They said they would...
send out a missing
persons report...

but they didn't
sound too encouraging.
Then I went to
the Belgian embassy.
They suggested
I should consult you.
You could've done worse.
I was on my way here.
Then suddenly there were
footsteps behind me...
and a hand over my mouth...
and a smell of chloroform,
and the next thing I knew...
I was in the water.
And then a man was
wrapping me in a blanket.
Madame Valladon...
somebody tried to
kill you last night.
Do you have any idea
who could've done it?
I don't understand any of it.
Oh, what does it all
mean, Mr. Holmes?
Where is my husband?
You must help me find him.
We'll do our best,
I assure you.
Madame Valladon,
I want you to send...
one more letter
to your husband.
To Emile Valladon...
Ashdown Street--
what was that number?
Thirty-two.
What do you want me
to say in the letter?
Nothing.
Nothing?
Holmes...
you're sending
an empty sheet of paper...
to an empty shop?

That empty shop is
obviously being used...
as an accommodation
address or letter drop.
But what gets dropped
must be picked up.
The question is how
and by whom...
and why?
Hammer.
Chisel.
Here.
It's so strange to think...
I've been writing to a place
like this all these months.
Look. Canaries.
Suppose this could've
been a pet shop?
Maybe.
Shh.
Here comes our letter.
Well, now we are faced with...
the most nerve-racking part
of a detective's job--
doing nothing...just waiting.
-Mr. Holmes?
-Mm-hmm.
I don't know how I'm
going to pay for all this.
The purse with my money in it...
is somewhere at
the bottom of the Thames.
It could be worse.
You could be
at the bottom of the Thames...
much to your discomfort
and much to my chagrin.
I don't understand how anybody
picks up letters here.
There's no footprints,
just tracks.
What does it mean?
I would surmise somebody
was using ice skates...

if it weren't for
a conspicuous absence of ice.
What do we do now?
This way.
Oh.
Good morning, my pretties.
Here's Mum with your breakfast.
You think I'd forgotten you?
Some of you will be going
on a little trip soon.
I hate to lose you...
but even an old woman's
got to live.
Though you might well ask why.
Oh. Oh!
You never told me.
We have a letter.
Ooh!
-Got it?
-Yeah. All right.
Come on, you old body.
Right. I'll be taking them.
Morning, duchess.
Good morning.
What have you been
doing with yourself?
What do you think?
Taking dancing lessons.
How many do you
want this time?
Two dozen.
What are you doing
with all those canaries?
What's going on up there?
Now, duchess, we don't know,
and we don't want to know.
When you work for Jonah...
it's better not
to ask questions.
Come on.
Six, eight, ten--get in there.
Fourteen, seventeen--in you go.
Twenty, twenty-four.
How about that letter?

Does that go, too?
No. This is going to be
picked up in person.
Go on.
Right, you got it?
Wait.
All right. Up.
All right, my pretties.
Back to sleep you go.
Ooh!
I really thought
we were done for.
The art of concealment,
my dear Watson...
is merely a matter of
being in the right place...
at the right time.
Did you hear what she said?
You really think Emile
is going to pick up...
the letter himself?
It certainly would
simplify things, wouldn't it?
Letter drops,
wheelchairs, canaries?
And what was
all that about Jonah?
And what do you suppose
they're doing up there?
And where is up there?
My guess would be Scotland...
Inverness, to be more precise.
Inverness?
Didn't you notice the paper
at the bottom of their cage?
'The Inverness Courier.'
Mr. Holmes, this letter.
What about it?
It is addressed to you.
To me?
But that's impossible.
We sent it ourselves.
Nevertheless.
'My dear Sherlock...

'I expect you and Dr. Watson
to join me at the club...
'immediately upon
receipt of this note.
'According to my calculations...
'that should be at 11 :40 A.M.
'Your brother Mycroft.'

What time do you
make it, Watson?

11 :

Either your watch is wrong
or Mycroft has miscalculated...
and knowing Mycroft,
I suggest you reset your watch.
Right.

Holmes...

I don't mind telling you...

I'm a bit apprehensive
about this.

I'm rather curious myself
to know what's going on...
in that Machiavellian
mind of his.

No. I don't mean Mycroft.

I mean Madame Valladon.

Oh, don't worry.

She'll be perfectly safe
with Mrs. Hudson.

To see Mr. Mycroft Holmes.

Right you are, sir.

He's expecting you
in the upstairs study.

Now, if you gentlemen
will sign in.

Surname, Christian name,
address, nature of business.

Gentlemen!

Hmm. Jamaican, no doubt.

Either Tropical or Golacina.

I'm not quite sure.

Come in.

Come in, Sherlock, Dr. Watson.

Sit down.

You're looking very fit,
both of you.
Thank you.
How are you, Mycroft?
How's your gout?
Under control, except for
an occasional twinge.
I've got a treat for you--
very old Madeira, 1814.
There are only six bottles
left in the world.
I've got two of them...
and I'm negotiating
for a third.
If you don't mind
my saying so...
anybody who's susceptible
to gout shouldn't be...
The last doctor who
warned me about that...
was crossing Picadilly,
slipped on an orange peel...
and was run over
by a delivery van...
from Fortnum and Mason.
To your very good health.
Why are you wasting
this precious stuff on us?
I see you so rarely.
How long has it been?
Not since the, uh, case of
the Greek interpreter.
Isn't it ridiculous?
Two brothers,
living in the same town.
Same town, perhaps,
but not in the same world.
This is superb.
How old did you say it was?
1814. One year before Waterloo.
One year before Waterloo!
Think of that!
You do know where Waterloo is,
don't you, Doctor?

Why, it's...
It's in Belgium, isn't it?
Quite.
And speaking of Belgium...
it has come to my attention...
that you are interested
in the whereabouts...
of a certain engineer.
Yes, I am.
Well, I can save you
a lot of trouble.
I'd be grateful
for any suggestion.
My suggestion is that
you pursue it no further.
For any particular reason?
Because it involves
the national security.
We are handling
the matter ourselves.
We? Who's we?
The Diogenes Club, of course.
I didn't say that.
I've always suspected...
there was some kind of
underground connection...
between this stodgy...
and seemingly calcified
establishment...
and the Foreign Office
in Whitehall.
That is neither here nor there.
It seems to me the Diogenes Club
is here, there, and everywhere.
When there are rumblings
of revolt in the Sudan...
an expedition
subsidized by your club...
conveniently shows up to study
the source of the Nile.
When there's trouble along
the Indian frontier...
some of your fellow members
pop up in the Himalayas...

allegedly looking for
the Abominable Snowman.
What a vivid imagination
my brother has.
At the age of five...
by carefully observing
a neighbor's house...
he deduced that babies
were brought...
not by the stork
but by the midwife--
in her satchel.
As good an explanation as any.
Yes, Wiggins?
An immediate answer
is requested, sir.
Oh, yes.
Tell them that the three boxes
go to Glennahurich...
and the red runner
goes to the castle.
The three boxes to Glennahurich.
The red runner to the castle.
Very good, sir.
Why don't you crumple it up
and swallow it...
just to make sure?
My dear Sherlock,
there are certain affairs...
that do not come
within the province...
of the private detective.
They have to be dealt with...
on an altogether
different level.
In other words...
you want me to stay
within my limits.
I do, indeed.
And speaking of limits...
what, exactly,
is ''Jonah, Limited''?
Sherlock, when I said
drop this case...

it was not merely a suggestion.
It was an order.
By whose authority?
By the authority of
Her Majesty's government.
I hope I have made myself clear.
Perfectly.
And now if you'll
excuse me, gentlemen...
Good-bye, sir.
A pleasure, as always.
Just a minute.
You forgot your...''tool kit.''
You will be gentle, won't you...
when you tell her
you're dropping the case?
Watson, what does
the word Glennahurich...
suggest to you?
Absolutely nothing.
-It's Scottish.
-Is it?
And like all Scottish names,
it's really a word picture.
Glen means ''valley,''
na means ''of the''...
and hurich,
if memory serves me...
means ''yew tree.''
You're just
trying to impress me.
So, the three boxes go to
the valley of the yew tree.
And I'll be in Scotland before--
You are dropping the case,
aren't you, Holmes?
Open that door.
Don't shoot, Mrs. Hudson.
You're liable to lose
two excellent tenants.
Oh, at last.
It's been a ghastly experience.
Why? What's happened?
Did you ever try

doing embroidery...
with a gun in your hand?
You'll be relieved to know
it was not loaded.
Holmes, are you planning
to disobey Mycroft's orders?
He's not just
your brother, you know.
You'll be defying
Her Majesty's government.
Any news?
Did you find out anything?
Let's just say I know
what the next step will be.
Yes?
I want you to pack your things.
Where are we going?
Holmes, let me caution you--

At 7:

Dr. Watson and I...
are going to take you
to Victoria Station...
and put you on the boat train.
The boat train?
Oh, that's better.
You're sending me
back to Brussels...
is that it?
Madame Valladon,
you must understand--
I came here to find my husband.
You were going to help me.
Yes, my dear,
but circumstances have changed.
The great detective.
Maybe this case is
too small for you.
On the contrary...
it's being handled
on a much higher--
I won't go back to Brussels!
Maybe you're giving up,
but I am not.

I'm going to go on
looking for him...
and nobody's going to stop me!
Even if they try to kill me!
Are you quite finished?
If you recall,
what I said was that...
we were going to put
you on the boat train.
I didn't say you were
going to stay on it.
She's not?

At 7:

and Dr. Watson...
will be seen waving good-bye
to Madame Valladon...
at Victoria Station.

At 8:

accompanied by
their valet John...
will appear at Euston Station...
and board the Highland Express
to Inverness.
Mister and missis.
Thank you.
I'm sorry for what I said.
That's not necessary.
I'll go and pack.
Maybe I should do it,
since I'm the valet.
Holmes, exactly what
are you up to?
As you like to put it
in your chronicles...
the game is afoot!
But what game?
Are you really that interested
in the Belgian engineer?
Or is it the wife of
the Belgian engineer?
You don't like me
very much, do you?

Nothing of the sort.
Quite the opposite...
but there's more to this case
than meets the eye.
Looking for something?
Yes. My other glove.
Let me help you.
Here it is.
Thank you.
All right. You can look now.
Am I embarrassing you,
Mr. Holmes?
Not at all.
Would it surprise you...
if I told you I once
spent a night with 121 women?
Oh?
A very interesting case--
in a harem in Constantinople.
Oh! I'm...sorry, Father.
I mean, Friar. Or is it Abbot?
Going to Scotland,
you gentlemen?
So are we.
I'm a valet.
My master and mistress and I
are on our way to Inverness.
Ever been there?
Beautiful country.
Oh, forgive me.
You must be one of those orders
that's taken the vow of silence?
Trappists,
I think you're called.
I see you're reading
'The Book of Jonah.'
Funny. We were just talking
about Jonah this morning.
Never mind.
Hmm...'Women are never
to be entirely trusted...
'not the best of them.'
What did you say?
I didn't say it.

You did,
according to Dr. Watson.
He gave me some old copies
of ''Strand Magazine.''
The good doctor is constantly
putting words into my mouth.
Then you deny it.
Not at all.
I am not a wholehearted
admirer of womankind.
I'm not very fond
of them myself.
The most affectionate woman
I ever knew was a murderess.
Oh?
It was one of those
passionate affairs...
at odd hours
right in my laboratory.
And all the time,
behind my back...
she was stealing cyanide...
to sprinkle on her husband's
steak and kidney pie.
You mustn't judge all women by--
Of course not.
Only the ones I
was involved with...
and I don't just
mean professionally.
Kleptomaniacs, nymphomaniacs,
pyromaniacs...
Take my fiancée, for instance.
Your...fiancée?
She was the daughter
of my violin teacher.
We were engaged to be married,
the invitations were out...
I was being fitted
for a tailcoat...
and twenty-four hours
before the wedding...
she died of influenza.
I'm sorry.

It just proves my contention
that women are unreliable...
and not to be trusted.
Good night, Mrs. Ashdown.
Good night, Mr. Ashdown.
Sie sputen mach Inverness.
Doch steigen die aus.
Dort müssen wir
finden den Valladon.
I will take that.
Let's see now.
One, two, three, four, five.
How do you get to Glennahurich?
How far is it?
Glennahurich...
You know, a valley
with a yew tree.
It's about a mile
out of the town.
Why do you want to go there?
Well, it sounds like
a nice, peaceful place...
for a picnic.
It's a peaceful place,
right enough...
but it's no place for a picnic.
Why not?
Because it's a cemetery.
The three boxes!
Is that it, Holmes?
I would think so.
The two small ones--
they must be children's coffins.
Earth to earth, ashes to ashes,
dust to dust.
In sure and certain hope...
of the Resurrection
to eternal life...
through our Lord Jesus Christ.
The grace of
our Lord Jesus Christ...
and the love of God...
and the Communion
of the Holy Spirit...

be with us all.
Amen.
It's so sad.
Sad and rather odd.
There were no flowers
and no mourners.
Good morning.
Morning.
Working you hard, dad?
No, not really.
You see,
this is healthy country.
Sometimes, you sit around
for weeks with nothing to do.
Then you get three in one day.
What happened?
An accident, aye.
A father and two sons,
they say.
They were found floating
in the loch.
Local people?
No, no. No one
around here knows 'em.
The story is their boat
capsized in a swell...
but I don't believe it.
What do you believe?
Well, you may think
I'm an old fool...
an old drunk, but...
I've been living around
Loch Ness all me life.
Are you trying to tell us
it was the monster?
Damn right.
MacLaren saw the kids' faces...
when they were pulled
out of the water.
Looked just like old men.
They must've died of fright.
That's incredible.
Is it?
Last Easter Sunday,

the wife and me...
on our way to services,
when suddenly...
Ah, what's the use?
Here you are, dad.
Thank you. Thank you.
You seem like nice people.
If you're wanting a holiday
in Scotland...
go to Loch Lomond,
go to Holy Loch...
but stay away from Loch Ness.
To think that people
still believe in that nonsense.
I mean, here we are, living
in the nineteenth century.
I'm ashamed to admit it,
but I was relieved...
when he mentioned
a father and two boys.
It couldn't have anything
to do with Emile.
It would appear not.
However, there still remains
the clue of the castle...
and the red runner,
whoever he may be.
If they're
unidentified graves...
why are those boys
bringing flowers?
Because it's their brothers
who have just been buried.
Their brothers?
And they're not boys.
They're as tall
as they'll ever grow.
Hand me some pebbles.
Pebbles?
Take a look at their faces.
They are...how do you
call them in English?
Midgets.
Boys with the faces of old men.

I still don't see--
Would it help if I told you
they were acrobats?
Not at all.
Do you remember a tumbling act--
six brothers missing
from the circus?
That case you turned down.
I completely forgot.
Some of us are cursed with
memories like flypaper...
and stuck there is
a staggering amount...
of miscellaneous data,
mostly useless.
Mr. Holmes...if those
are not children, then--
Quite.
The question now is,
who's in the third grave?
Holmes! She's fainted!
Hand me that lantern.
It is Valladon, isn't it?
Obviously...but what
is not so obvious...
is why his wedding ring
has turned green...
and why there are three
dead canaries in the coffin.
White canaries.
You've a lovely view
of the loch from here...
as soon as the morning mist
rolls away.
If you have a mind to do
any sightseeing...
here's a guide to all
the local points of interest.
Thank you.
This way, please.
I'll show you to your room.
I suppose you're putting
me in the basement.
No, your room's in the attic.

Good.

It's the privy that's
in the basement.

Oh.

May I have your
wedding ring, please?

Just as I thought--
there is a distinct
difference in color...

between your ring
and your husband's...
which leads me to believe
that the cause of death...
was not drowning.

I wish you would stop that.
Stop it!

If we are to continue,
if we are to find out...
what really happened
to your husband...

you cannot act
the grief-stricken widow.
I'm--I'm...sorry.

I know it's not easy,
but you must remember...
we're that nice couple
from London...

on holiday in the Highlands.
I'll try.

That's much better.

Thank you.

Now, if I may proceed without
further interruptions.

Mr. Ashdown!

Holmes, I saw it.

I saw it from the attic window.
It's out there in the lake!

-You saw what?

-Telescope!

Where's the telescope?

What did you see?

The monster.

The monster?

There--there it is!

Look for yourself.
There it is there.
There, there.
See it?
There. See it?
I see nothing.
Nothing?
It's gone.
Gone? Maybe it was never there.
Holmes, I swear to you,
I saw it as clear as anything!
Watson, as you
so succinctly put it...
we are living in
the nineteenth century.
Maybe that grave digger
was right--
the swell
and the boat overturning.
Monsieur Valladon may have
been found in the lake...
but he did not drown.
He died of asphyxiation.
Asphyxiation?
There's only one substance...
that can turn
a copper ring green...
and bleach the color
out of canaries--
chlorine gas.
Well, that may be,
but the fact remains...
that I saw something out there!
A figment of your imagination.
Now let us be logical.
The only concrete lead we have
is the reference to the castle.
The question is...which castle?
You call yourself logical?
You're the least
logical man I know.
Am I?
How can you say it's a figment
of my imagination...

when for years
you've been saying...
I have no imagination
whatsoever?
We have so far investigated
eight drafty castles...
had our bicycles
attacked by sheep...
and our ears assaulted
by bagpipes...
and we are exactly
where we started.
Would you like some more
cranberry sauce, dear?
Yes, dear.
Would you pass
the cranberry sauce, John?
Yes, dear.
I say there!
Good afternoon! Remember me?
There's some chaps
I met on the train.
We had a long conversation,
or rather...
I had a long conversation...
because they are
not allowed to talk.
Trappists, you know?
Just study their bibles.
Oh, you'll never guess...
what the one next
to me was reading--
'The Book of Jonah.'
Isn't that odd?
Quite.
What is it, dear?
What's the matter?
Oh, a bee!
Well, I don't think
we have to bother...
with this castle.
It's just a pile of rubble.
Then why are they taking
all these precautions?

Why, indeed?
-Let's go.
-Go where?
When rebuffed
at the front door...
one's only choice is to try
the tradesman's entrance.
Sorry. No visitors allowed.
Are you the guide here?
Yes, but the castle
is closed to the public...
while work is going on.
Oh, what are they doing?
It's being restored
by the Society...
for the Preservation
of Scottish Monuments.
Oh, that's too bad.
I particularly wanted my wife
to see Urquhart Castle.
The tower is one of
the most interesting examples...
of medieval architecture.
About 1400, wasn't it?
That's right.
Let me see, was it built
by James II or James III?
The III, but if you'd like
to come back next year...
we'll be finished then...
and I'll be glad
to show you around.
Thank you.
Pleasant sort, isn't he?
Pleasant, but ignorant.
He was off one hundred years
and one James.
It's actually 1500 and James IV.
If he's an official guide,
shouldn't he know?
If he's an official guide.
Listen, do you hear
anything, Watson?
No. Those birds are making

too much of a racket.
They're not just birds.
They're our old friends.
Sulfuric acid.
The more we find out,
the less sense it makes.
To a graduate chemist,
it makes a great deal of sense.
Sulfuric acid when
exposed to salt water...
produces chlorine gas.
John, would you mind
clasping your hands, please?
Like that?
No, like that. Lower.
Thank you.
That tower may be more
interesting than I thought...
and not just architecturally.
Holmes...I have a feeling
we're redundant here.
We have now
observed the castle...
from the front, from the back...
from the side,
from land, from water.
What now? Planning to spend
the night out here?
If necessary.
You're gonna catch
your death of cold, you know.
Wouldn't it be ironic
if Holmes' last case...
were a case of pneumonia?
Sorry.
What's that?
Holmes!
There's--a--
Quick, Watson! After it!
Holmes, what are we doing?
We should be going away from it!
Keep rowing, damn it!
We've lost it.
At least you admit

there is an it...
not just a figment
of my imagination!
Quiet!
Do you have your
stethoscope with you?
Never without it.
What is it?
I can hear something.
It's getting closer...
and closer...
Holmes!
Get back! Get back!
Get back--you beast--
Are you all right?
I lost my parasol.
Where's Watson?
Watson!
Thank you.
I...have come face to face
with man-eating tigers.
I was once caught
in a stampede...
of wild elephants--
India, you know--
but I wasn't half as frightened.
This beast seems to have
a personal grudge against us!
Well, I just hope
it doesn't come back!
I don't think it will.
Look.
What strange goings-on!
Not really.
I would say that the monster,
after a hard day's work...
has returned home
for his supper.
Yes, I know.
But would you believe
you can't borrow...
a decent pair of trousers
in this place?
All right, Holmes.

Want to confide in us?
Whenever he starts whistling...
I know he's getting close
to a solution.
It's nothing new, actually.
We've come across
this situation before.
We have? Where?
At the ballet.
Ballet?
There's a lake,
and there's a castle...
and there's a swan that
isn't really a swan...
or in this case...
a monster that
isn't really a monster.
Then what is it?
What is it, indeed,
that feeds on canary birds...
and sulfuric acid
and has an engine for a heart?
An engine?
The stethoscope is a very
sensitive instrument...
and water is an excellent
conductor of sound.
There is no doubt
that we are dealing with...
a mechanical monster.
Oh!
Not only is it equipped
with an artificial heart...
it also has artificial lungs.
Judging from the bubbles
on the surface of the lake...
it uses some form of air pump.
You think my husband was
involved in all this?
Yes, Madame Valladon,
I'm sure of it.
But why would anybody want to
build a mechanical monster?
Just to scare people?

Not very likely.
Why did they try to keep me
from finding my husband?
And why was he
buried anonymously?
I think I have
a pretty good notion...
of what they're up to...
the Society for the Preservation
of Scottish Monuments--
better known
as the Diogenes Club!
Diogenes Club?
Come in!
Mr. Ashdown, I have a bottle
of champagne for you.
A bottle of champagne!
I didn't order it.
No, indeed.
You are to deliver it.
Those are my instructions.
Instructions from whom?
Deliver it where?
I wouldn't know, sir...
but there's a carriage
waiting for you downstairs.
Are you sure you've got
the right Mr. Ashdown?
Quite sure, Mr. Holmes.
Well, Watson...
I would say the curtain
is going up on the last act.
I don't like the sound of it.
Please be careful.
Holmes, you'd better
take this with you.
Well...who's minding
the castle?
You'd better get on.
It's getting late.
Where are we going?
Some sort of party?
You won't be disappointed
in the guest list.

Who's the host?

Jonah.

Mr. Ashdown, I presume?

The red runner, I presume.

You shouldn't have gone
to all this trouble just for me.

It's not for you. McKennah?

May I have

the champagne, please?

Not a very good vintage,
is it?

Mediocre, but then again,
it's not for drinking.

Tie it up, will you?

In here.

Interesting...and educational.

Despite my most

emphatic warning...

you persisted in meddling.

It would have served you right
if you had all drowned.

Sorry to be so unobliging.

'E. Valladon.'

Hmm...

I imagine that this belongs
to the pretty lady...

and this belongs
to your...valet.

We found them floating
in the lake.

Speaking about things
floating in the lake--
how much do you know?

Or...think you know?

I think you're testing
some sort of underwater craft...
camouflaged

to mislead the gullible.

I think it's

an experimental model...

operated by a crew of midgets.

I think it is powered by
sulfuric acid batteries...

and uses canaries

to detect escaping gas.
Altogether, a unique
contraption.
Not quite that unique.
Right now, four countries
are trying to develop...
what we call a submersible...
but none of them could
solve the critical problem--
how to stay submerged long
enough to make it effective.
What does the good book say?
'And Jonah lived in
the belly of that fish...
'for three days
and three nights.'
That was our goal...
and thanks to
Valladon's air pump...
we got a jump
on the rest of them.
It's a highly complex
system of filtration...
so we had a series of trials--
And at least one error.
During a test run
in the Moray Firth...
pressure caused
a leak in the hull...
sea water mixed with
the acid in the batteries...
to produce chlorine gas.
Before they could reach
the surface...
Valladon and two of
the crew were dead.
So you had them buried
in unmarked graves...
to preserve your secret.
It was essential...
to keep the information
from your client!
You went to all those lengths...
to prevent Madame Valladon

from finding her husband?
Your client isn't
Madame Valladon!
It's the Imperial
German Government.
They were after
the Belgian engineer...
or rather his invention.
They knew he was
employed by us...
but they couldn't
find out where.
So they enlisted the best
brain in England to help them.
You, my dear brother,
have been working for
the Wilhelm Strasse.
And Madame Valladon...
what part did she play
in all of this?
Madame Valladon is dead.
Dead?
The Germans disposed of her
three weeks ago in Brussels.
This is Gabrielle Valladon.
The woman who was
brought to your house...
in the middle of the night...
apparently fished out
of the Thames...
and apparently suffering
from amnesia...
is in fact
Ilse von Hoffmanstal...
one of their most
skillful agents.
Am I going too fast for
the best brain in England?
Go on.
They planted her on you
quite neatly, I must admit...
so that you could lead them...
to their objective,
the air pump...

very much like using a hog
to find truffles.
And now perhaps
you'd care to join me.
I'm expecting a certain
royal personage from Balmoral.
Your Majesty.
I trust you had
a pleasant journey, ma'am.
It was long,
and it was tedious...
and it had better be
worth our while, Mr. Holmes.
I can assure you, ma'am,
it will be.
Now, what is this curious ship
we are supposed to christen?
We call it a submersible, ma'am.
It travels under water.
Under water?
What a fantastic idea!
Ma'am, may I present
some of the scientists...
responsible
for this achievement?
J.W. Ferguson, naval architect.
Your Majesty.
Professor Simson, our leading
expert in hydraulics.
Your Majesty.
W.W. Prescott, co-inventor
of the revolving periscope.
Your Majesty.
And this is my brother
Sherlock, ma'am.
Ah, yes! Sherlock Holmes.
We have been following
your exploits...
with great interest!
Thank you, ma'am.
Are you engaged in one of
your fascinating cases...
at the moment?
In a manner of speaking, ma'am.

When can we expect to read...

Dr. Watson's account
of the case?

I hope never, ma'am.

It has not been one of
my more successful endeavors.

Oh.

There she is, ma'am--

Her Majesty's Ship Jonah.

And what, may we ask...

is the purpose of that
hideous gargoyle?

Merely a decoy, ma'am.

Oh! To frighten away
the sharks, we imagine.

Something of the sort.

The crew will now demonstrate
the workings of the submersible.

Stand to!

Aren't they rather small
for sailors?

They are, ma'am, but because of
the size of the craft...

the Navy made an exception.

They should make it a rule.

It is quite fatiguing
to pin on all those medals...

while standing on our toes.

This is the main engine
which propels us under water...

at the rate of two knots.

The reciprocating
stabilizer mechanism...

the high-voltage

acid batteries...

the multi-stage compressor...

ballast tank trimmer...

the air pump which filters
and recirculates the air.

How charming!

The air pump, ma'am?

Canaries!

Must make the crew feel at home.

Yes, ma'am.

These are for firing
the torpedoes...
which are accurate
up to as much as 1 20 feet...
the telescope for scanning
the surface of the water...
But where is the glass bottom?
The what, ma'am?
The glass bottom!
You know...to observe the fish.
And the plants and the cockles.
That's not quite
the idea, ma'am.
H.M.S. Jonah has been
commissioned as a warship.
A warship?
Stop that noise!
Stop it!
Ma'am, if I may explain--
You had better!
The admiralty
regards this craft...
as the ultimate weapon
in naval warfare.
It can seek out enemy ships...
and destroy them
with those torpedoes...
while remaining
completely invisible.
You mean it can fire
at other vessels...
while under water?
Yes, ma'am.
Without any warning?
That is correct, ma'am.
Without showing her colors?
Indeed, ma'am.
Mr. Holmes, we are not amused.
It is unsportsmanlike,
it is un-English...
and it is in very poor taste!
We will have none of it!
I beg your pardon, ma'am.
Sometimes we despair

at the state of the world.
What will scientists
think of next?
That's precisely it, ma'am.
At this very moment...
the Germans,
under Count von Zeppelin...
are experimenting
with a dirigible.
A dirigible?
And what, pray, is that?
A rigid balloon
which could fly over London...
and drop a bomb
on Buckingham Palace.
It is being developed
at the express orders...
of Kaiser Wilhelm II.
Nonsense! We refuse to believe
that our grandson Willie...
would do a thing like that!
We have conclusive proof, ma'am.
Our agent in Friedrichshafen,
a man named Ibsen...
actually saw the dirigible
and made a drawing of it.
Unfortunately,
he was apprehended...
before he could
cross the border.
Nevertheless, we want no part
of this beastly invention.
Get rid of it! Scuttle it!
The sooner the better!
May I point out, ma'am--
And do not concern yourself...
about that dirigible
dropping bombs on us.
We shall write a very sharp note
to the kaiser!
Now...we wish to return
to Balmoral.
Well, Mycroft...
it seems we have both

been undone by a woman.
What a shame...
all that superb engineering...
and all that cunning
espionage for naught.
Not necessarily.
If the Germans want that
submersible so badly...
why don't we give it to them?
Give it to them?
Invite them aboard
for the final journey...
700 feet straight down.
And how are you
going to arrange that?
I'm rather counting
on you to do it...
since you're on such
intimate terms...
with Fraulein von Hoffmanstal.
Shall we say good-bye
to Her Majesty?
Sorry about that,
but as long as you're up...
what is the German word
for castle?
Schlos, isn't it?
I think so.
And how would you say
'under the castle'?'
Unten das schlos...
or die schlos?
I don't know.
My German is not that good.
Your Trappist friends...
are waiting outside
to hear from you.
It's a chilly morning.
We don't want to keep them...
standing around too long,
do we...
Fraulein Hoffmanstal?
Come now, it's too late
to play cat and mouse.

Unten dem schlos.
Thank you.
Here is your signaling device.
It's rather bent, I'm afraid.
Would you care to tell them...
where they can find
the submersible?
No?
Then I shall just have
to do it myself.
I only hope my Morse code
is adequate to the occasion.
Well...it's up to
the good monks now.
You can consider your part
of the mission accomplished...
Fraulein Hoffmanstal.
You're all wrong about me.
My name is not Hoffmanstal.
It isn't?
It's von Hoffmanstal.
I stand corrected.
I suppose once they
are in the castle...
Must amuse you, Mr. Holmes,
Trappists walking into a trap?
It's more amusing than that.
Once in the castle,
they will encounter...
surprisingly little resistance.
It will take but a small
bottle of chloroform...
to overcome the guards.
You mean you're going to
let them have the air pump?
Better than that.
We're going to let them
have the submersible.
They will find it with its
engines running all set to go.
I assume they're all
expert sailors.
And since there's
a German battleship...

cruising off the coast
of Scotland...
I expect they'll try to
sail it out of the loch...
and rendezvous at sea.
Did you say try to?
I would suggest you get
your things together.
Mycroft will be here to
take you into custody.
I never had you fooled
for a moment, did I?
You knew right from
the beginning...
when the cabby brought me
to Baker Street.
Let me see.
Not quite that soon.
It's so funny.
I asked for this
assignment, you know.
I was scheduled
to go to Japan...
but I couldn't resist
the challenge...
of coming up against the best.
I'm sorry I didn't give you
a closer game.
Close enough.
You're just being kind.
I failed miserably.
We all have occasional failures.
Fortunately, Dr. Watson
never writes about mine.
Holmes!
Holmes! I saw it again!
That thing!
It came from the castle!
It's out there!
It was out there. Now it's gone.
-It's gone?
-Forever.
Look for yourself.
A bottle of champagne?

And a Bible?
That's all that's left
of H.M.S. Jonah.
Holmes!
For once, would you mind
being a little less cryptic?
It would seem that someone
carelessly loosened...
the bolts of the submersible.
What a fitting end
for Trappists.
Now they are resting
in eternal silence...
at the bottom of the lake.
Do you know what
he's talking about?
Fraulein von Hoffmanstal.
Yes, Mr. Holmes. I'm all ready.
If there's one thing I like
about the Prussians...
it's their punctuality.
If there's one thing
I dislike about the British...
it's their climate.
I understand your jails
are very damp...
and your heating facilities
totally inadequate.
They are, but you're
not going to jail.
You're going back to Germany.
Germany?
You will be conducted
to the Swiss/German border...
and be exchanged for one
of our agents...
a man named Ibdison.
Thank you.
Oh, don't thank me.
Thank my brother.
It was his idea.
Frankly, I think we're
making a very poor deal.
You're much better

than most operatives...
working for
British intelligence.
Don't you agree, Sherlock?
And better than some
consulting detectives.
Shall we?
I'll take that.
Gentlemen.
All right, Holmes.
You don't have to
explain anything to me...
if you don't want to.
I appreciate that, Watson.
After all, I'm only
your official biographer!
Anyway, I don't think
she would care to have...
this story spread all over
the ''Strand Magazine.''
The public has a right
to know these things!
If she's a German spy...
why should we concern ourselves
about her feelings?
Giddyup.
Holmes, if I promise
not to write a word about it...
would you enlighten me,
as your friend, as your valet?
Quiet.
I'm trying to read
a personal message.
Message?
What's she saying?
Auf...wiedersehen.
Auf wieder--the nerve!
A letter from
the Diogenes Club.
Maybe Mycroft is putting
you up for membership!
If only to have
the distinct pleasure...
of blackballing his brother.

Aren't you going
to finish your breakfast?
Holmes, I'm terribly
sorry about this.
Where is it, Watson?
In the files. May to July, 1885.
You're getting better.