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Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror

By Lynn Riggs

Germany broadcasting,
Germany broadcasting.
People of Britain,
greetings from
the Third Reich.
This is the voice you
have learned to fear.
This is the
Voice of Terror.
Again, we bring
you disaster,
crushing humiliating
disaster.
It is folly to
stand against
the mighty wraith
of the Fuhrer.
Do you need more testimony
of his invincible might
to bring you
to your knees?
Very well.
Are you ready
Operative Number 7?
This is the
Voice of Terror.
The secret
airplane factory
somewhere in England.
Listen, screams of the
dying can still be heard.
This is the
Voice of Terror.
Are you there
people of Britain
shivering in your cellars?
Listen Operative 41.
The fuse is lighted.
Oil to fuel your Navy,
to feed your tanks,
there it goes up in smoke
by the millions
of gallons.
This is the

Voice of Terror.
Do you still believe
that there are
secrets unknown
to the Fuhrer?
Listen, tonight at 7:10
an important diplomat
boarded a train
at a little station
outside Liverpool.
Each split second
is accounted for.
The rails divide,
the train hurtles
through the air,
the diplomat will make
no report in London.
This is the
Voice of Terror.
Englishmen, do you
still await your doom
in your stupid,
stuffy little clubs?
It will come,
I promise you.
Operative 23,
the time is now.
We strike you
on the high seas
as well as on the land.
This is the
Voice of Terror.
Englishmen,
the Fuhrer strikes
you now as he pleases.
Water pours through
your greatest dams
smashing everything
before it,
even as our
invincible armies
roar toward their
objectives.
Despite the

effective work
done by the Intelligence
Inner Council,
Jailing fifth columnists
and saboteurs,
despite their efficiency
in coordinating
military strategy
based on information
of enemy movements,
they seem unable
to cope with
the Voice of Terror.
Already six military
catastrophes have occurred.
Unmitigated nerve
of the Press.
Now they're attacking us.
Blast the fellow
to kingdom come.
If only we could keep
this insidious
stuff off the air.
I'm not sure that
I agree with you.
What purpose
would that serve?
Well, the people wouldn't
have to listen to it.
I've been talking
to Crosbie,
the Radio Technician,
if we want him
jammed off the air
Crosbie can do it.
I've been working
along other lines.
I've asked Mr. Sherlock
Holmes to come here.
What, Sherlock Holmes?
This isn't a case for
a private detective.
It's a matter of state.
In this emergency we

should take advantage
of everyone's
peculiar gifts.
Mr. Holmes is the most
subtle and extraordinary
Private Investigator
of our time.
Are you intimating
that the
army and navy
intelligence
plus Scotland Yard
are not equal to the
occasion, Sir Evan?
I'm sure they're
equal to any occasion.
They've done a
marvelous job
of lining up
fifth columnists,
saboteurs, and
keeping us informed
of the enemy's movements.
But the Voice of Terror
seems to have
them stumped.
Sherlock Holmes may
have a new approach
that will solve
the problem.
What's happened
inside these walls
has always been secret.
We don't want any
outsiders here.
I'm positively and
irrevocably opposed
to calling in
Sherlock Holmes.
Perhaps you'll
change your mind.
I see nothing whatever
to make me do so.
Prentiss is right.

For ordinary criminal
investigation
Holmes is excellent
but not for this.
He's unorthodox
and theatrical.
I can tell you
all about him.
Gentlemen, perhaps I can
throw some light on
the subject myself.
Holmes, how are you?
So good of you to come.
Good afternoon, Sir Evan.
Your card opened
all doors.
Blauser,
you've put on
a little weight
since you left school.
You don't look any
younger yourself, Dimples.
How are you?
Fine.
Come in would you.
You know these gentlemen?
I think so.
How do you do?
I haven't had
the pleasure.
May I introduce my friend
and associate, Dr. Watson?
Hello.
How do you do?
I'm afraid I've arrived
at an embarrassing moment.
Not at all.
This gentleman here,
Admiral Sir John Prentiss,
Admiral Prentiss
objects most strongly
to my being called in.
How could you
possibly infer that?

Look on the carpet.

Carpet?

A man who rises
from his chair
and digs his heels
sternly into the carpet
is violently opposed
to something,
and the Admiral being
quite distressed
by the criticisms
of the Press
would be most apt to
resent my intrusion.
Well.

You've just arrived
from Seven Oaks.

Yes, of course.

How on earth did
you know that?

Pardon my mentioning it
but adhering to
your left boot heel
is a clay known
only in Seven Oaks.

An amazing piece
of deduction.

Elementary my dear Barham.

Here's a broadcast of
the Voice of Terror.

Greetings from
the Third Reich.

Are you listening
stout fellows
across the channel?

Are you listening
you little body
of incompetent men
known as the
Inner Council?

Today a new thrill,
a new proof of the
invincibility
of the Fuhrer.

Right now a packed
express train
laden with British
troops and nurses
is speeding
across England.
In just one moment
it will leave the
rails forever,
crashing twisted metal,
the cries of
the dying...
They can't,
they wouldn't dare.
It's impossible.
They couldn't have...
...men are
laughing, joking.
That one in the third car
reads a letter from home.
It is the last letter
he will ever receive.
The train is
rounding a curve.
Its whistle is screaming.
Farewell it is
saying, farewell.
You have just heard
an exact reproduction
of the way it sounds,
the way it must
actually be.
The hearts of the
German people bleed
that innocent men and
women have to be killed
because your stupid...
Shore speaking.
Have you any news of
the Liverpool Express?
...time and time
again offered in peace.
But if you're blundering
war cabinet cannot see

that England is
already lost,
that it is our
sacred German duty
to prove it to them
over and over and over
until they are on their
knees begging, pleading,
groveling for the
exquisite mercy
of our Fuhrer.
Each night the Voice of
Terror will announce...
Shut it off.
Stop it.
...even as you
listen and you...
I'm sorry.
Do what you can, Holmes.
This frightful thing
has got to be stopped.
His son was on that train.
How did they find out
about the troops?
It was an absolute secret.
Gentlemen,
something must be done
about this thing at once.
Yes.
First of all then,
the voice must not be
blocked off the air.
But he's a menace.
All over the empire
this horrible
news is broadcast,
blown up out of
all proportions.
The world is beginning
to believe it.
Even our allies are
counting England out.
People are
frightened, panicky.

The British people are
not so easily pairing.
It's dangerous I tell you
to let this thing go on.
Dangerous, yes,
Captain Shore,
but we must
continue to listen.
What for,
so that we can keep
on guessing who it is?
His identity is
not important.
The important thing is
the purpose behind this
campaign of terror.
The purpose indeed.
Isn't it enough
that our most secret
plans are known,
our ships are
being destroyed,
our trains wrecked?
I'm convinced that
these disasters
are only a prelude,
a smoke screen,
to cover up a more
diabolic plan,
and I intend to find
out what that plan is.
This Council and Scotland
Yard will give you
all the aide you require.
Thank you.
Gentlemen, my connection
with this case
must remain
absolutely secret.
You understand
that, of course?
Why certainly.
You will let the council
know at all times

just what you're doing.

I shall give you
such information
as I think
wise to disclose
in the interests
of safety,
both the public's
and your own.

The Inner Council
has never shared
its secrets with anyone.

I demand that you
keep us informed
of your activities
and progress.

Come along, Watson.

Mr. Holmes,

I want to apologize
for your rather
lukewarm reception here.

Well, thank you, Sir Evan.

I'm used to the chilly
atmosphere of high places.

Of course, you recognize
the importance of time.

Quite.

And results.

Mr. Lloyd, I'm quite sure
that Mr. Holmes can be
trusted not to fail.

He never has, you know.

Why thank you, Watson.

The word is seldom.

Good-bye, Sir Evan.

Good-bye, sir.

Good-bye, Barham.

Good-bye, Watson.

Well, should we walk from
here or take a taxi?

I'm afraid we
have no choice.

Huh?

You know, Watson,

I have a feeling that when
we go out of that door
a girl will be waiting.
A girl?
What do you mean?
A young lady whom
neither of us
has ever seen before
will come forward
to greet us.
Holmes, now you're
pulling my leg again.
Mr. Holmes, I'm
Jill Grandis.
How do you?
This is my friend,
Dr. Watson.
How do you do?
How do you do?
I've been assigned
to drive you around.
Thank you.
Good gracious me.
Where do you wish to go?
Baker street.
I know, 221 B.
Come on, Watson.
Hurry up old fellow.
Holmes, the girl waiting,
what an
extraordinary thing.
Elementary my dear Watson.
No, no, no.
It's an amazing deduction.
How on earth did
you arrive at it?
Barham told me.
Huh?
Oh.
Don't you worry,
Mrs. Hudson.
Just giving it a
bit of a cleaning.
Now that we're

on a case again.
See, the joints
are a bit rusted
like mine, you know.
Is he back on
a case again?
Case?
It's the greatest
case of his,
of our career.
Oh, mercy it always is.
Holmes,
I say Holmes.
What?
Well, if you ask me
it's disgraceful,
Beethoven's Fifth.
Not at all,
it's very good.
Sir Ronald Hedley
is conducting
very well tonight.
I don't mean the concert.
No?
England is in danger.
Heaven knows what
frightful disaster
is happening and
you sit there calm
and listen to
the wireless.
Music has charms,
very restful.
That's got nothing
to do with the whole
Nonsense my dear Watson,
it may have a great
deal to do with it.
Oh really?
I don't see what.
BBC Request Station,
this is Sherlock Holmes.
I understand you
play recordings.

Would you mind playing
Beethoven's Fifth
conducted by Sir
Ronald Hedley?

Thank you very much.
But you just heard it.
I like it.

Oh.
We've had a request
for the Beethoven
Fifth Symphony
played by the London
Symphony Orchestra
under the direction
of Sir Ronald Hedley.
This is a transcription.

Holmes it's
(unintelligible).

I say Holmes you
don't think...

Shh.

Mr. Holmes.

Yes, Gavin?

I, I,
Christopher
Dead?

Yes.

Its been driven in
with a lot of force.
Watson, this is a warning.
Warning?

How do you know?

I had sent to Gavin to
get certain information
that he must have found
there in the dark
and sinister alleys
of Limehouse.

He came with his message
which someone doesn't
want me to hear,
someone determined
and dangerous.

What's the good of

a warning of danger
if you don't know from
what or from whom?
That we have to discover.
This knife was
thrown by the tip
from a distance
of about 50 feet
from a man about 5' 10".
Steady Holmes.
Elementary, no
fingerprints.
But the distance and
the man's height?
The angle of entry
and the force
with which it
penetrated the victim.
But Holmes, what do
you suppose he meant
when he said Christopher?
We must find out at once.
Come along Watson.
Um-hum.
Come in.
Mr. Holmes,
I saw a fellow lurking
about your steps and I,
blimey, he won't
lurk no more.
Phone the Yard and
take care of it Dobson.
Very good, sir.
How did it happen?
Haven't time now.
Get your coat on,
Watson, we're going out.
No, no, no, Holmes,
you promised.
Hmm.
Look, where we going?
Limehouse.
It certainly was wise
to let Ms. Grandis go.

This is no place for
a girl or anyone else.
Yes but there seem
to be people about.
Even Ms. Grandis.
If I'm not mistaken she's
keeping an eye on us.
You're Mr. Sherlock
Holmes ain't you?
Yes.
I wouldn't come down
here if I was you.
This is Limehouse
and we don't fancy
your sort of bloke
in these parts.
The fellow is
absolutely right.
Hadn't we better be,
Quiet Watson.
This is still
a free country.
A man may walk
where he pleases.
And live to regret it.
Live yes.
Regret it I think not.
Step back.
Come on Watson.
A friendly one.
Unspeakably.
What was that Holmes?
It's all right, quiet.
I can't see a thing.
Luckily for us
neither can they.
Apparently the
enemy has found out
that we've joined forces
with the government.
What makes you think that?
This knife
like the knife
which killed Gavin.

It was thrown by a former
student of Dr. Hamburg.
It's a German knife.
The knife throwers of
Hamburg are extremely expert.
Holmes, can't we come
back in the daytime?
Certainly not.
I don't think we're safe.
No one in the world
is safe now, Watson,
at least of all us.
What is it?
Don't tell me that you
don't recognize me.
Mr. Sherlock Holmes.
I got to especially
angry lot here.
I'll take my chances.
I can't keep you out,
Mr. Holmes, but...
Where is the girl Kitty,
Gavin's sweetheart,
his wife?
Can you get her?
It's urgent.
I'll try.
Holmes, I don't think
I like this place much.
I'll, just sit here
if you don't mind.
I think you'll recognize
me, Mr. Holmes,
if you look hard enough.
Camperwell.
You got a long
memory like me.
Doutan murder 1932.
Of course, I sent you up.
Holmes, don't you
think we better be...
Store your gab!
For ten long years
I've been sitting down

there in Dartmoor.
For the all ten years
one thing has been
praying on me my mind.
Only one?
Just one.
Someday I'll be
getting out of here
I kept saying to myself,
and when I do
someday I'm gonna
come face to face
with Mr. Sherlock Holmes.
And now you are.
And now I am.
Just who was it
told you it was me
that slit the throat
of that swine Doutan?
I want an answer.
You told me.
Me?
On the windowsill you left
four infinitesimal
pieces of ash
from a particularly
revolting kind of tobacco
which you were
known to use.
The knife blade
was sharpened
by a left-handed man.
You signed your
name to the crime.
So, that's what.
Exactly, very careless.
Careless.
Was criminal I calls it.
I ought to be shot.
Perhaps someday
you will be.
You can put your revolver
away now, Watson.
Hmm, well, Holmes,

you never know.
Where is Gavin?
Sit down Kitty.
Where is he?
You've got him
into trouble.
What have you done to him?
Take it easy, Kitty.
Gavin is dead.
Dead?
Oh, impossible.
Well, I was with him
only two hours ago.
You're trying
to frighten me.
No, I'm not, Kitty.
It's you, you killed him.
I warned him to
stay away from you.
I knew you'd do him in.
I had nothing to
do with it, Kitty.
Well, who did then,
who did?
He was knifed
on my doorstep.
I'm sorry.
I'm deeply in his debt.
And before he died
he said one word,
Christopher.
You know what it means?
I've got to know.
What's that to me?
Want to avenge Gavin's
death, don't you?
I want nothing to do
with it, not with you.
I never had any
dealings with the police
and I won't start now.
I'm not asking
this for myself.
Our country,

England is at stake.
Gavin was killed not
by his own enemies,
not even mine,
but the enemies
of England.
So that's it.
Yes, Kitty,
the Nazis killed him.
Help me to find out
Christopher means
and I promise the man
who murdered Gavin
shall pay for it.
Think Kitty,
the cutthroats
of the world
menace us all.
You can help stop
this savagery.
Yes, you Kitty.
It would take the police
weeks, months perhaps,
to find out a certain
piece of information
we must have.
That's not so with
you and your friends.
You know every nook
and corner of London.
Get them to help us.
We need their help.
Your friends will
become an army.
You understand?
Secret, invisible,
and mighty,
and you will be at
their head, Kitty.
You will be their leader.
Grimes, do you know
what Christopher means?
Duggan, do you know?
Duggan, listen to me.

I ain't got no time to
listen to you girly.
But you got to listen.
Someone killed Gavin,
I don't know who,
but you got to
help me find out.
All right, don't
help me then.
Cut your own throats,
that's what you're doing.
Help me or help the Nazis.
Sure, the Nazis
killed Gavin.
They might be
your friends
protecting 'em
the way you are.
Don't you know that all
the crimes they commit
are being blamed on you?
Well, they are,
and I hope you
hang for them.
You can have 'em.
For me I'm British
and I'm proud of it.
Nobody is gonna call me a
Nazi and get away with it.
Well, help me then.
Tell me what
Christopher means.
Well, don't anybody know?
Its got to mean something.
Speak up if you
know what it is.
Let's have it.
Don't mean a thing to me.
You gonna creep in the
corner alls your life?
Are you gonna sneak away
at the very sight
of a man like this
and show him what

cowards you are?
What are you afraid of?
I'm not asking
this for myself.
England is at stake.
Your England as much
as anyone else's.
About time to think about
whose side we're on.
There's only one
side, England,
no matter how high
or how low we are.
You, you, you, and you,
we're all on
the same team.
We've all got the
same call, victory.
Spread out all
over London
but find out what
Christopher means.
We'll find out, no
fear about that.
Thank you, Kitty.
Well done, my dear.
Shaw speaking.
Yes, Ms. Grandis.
That checks
with my report.
No, Ms. Grandis,
Sir Evan hasn't
arrived yet.
Yes, thank you.
Ms. Grandis reports that
Holmes spent some time
at the Air Ministry today.
That checks with
my information.
Last night a murder
and a session
at Limehouse.
I wonder what
the fellow...

He's here now.
I don't think I need
to report on my
activities, gentlemen.
You seem fairly
well informed.
We have our
methods, Holmes.
There only remains
for you to share
what's been accomplished.
All in good
time, Mr. Lloyd.
Good evening, gentlemen.
Good evening, Sir Evan.
What's the matter?
You look pale.
Oh, it's nothing, I...
Barham, your hand.
Let's have a
look at it now.
Oh, it's really nothing,
just an accident.
What sort of an accident.
Some fellow took
a shot at me
just as I was
leaving the house.
Took a shot at you?
It's only a scratch.
Odd thing to happen.
Have you any
idea who it was?
No, I haven't.
He popped up out
of the bushes
just as I was
getting into my car,
fired once,
then disappeared.
What do you make
of it, Watson?
Bullet wound.
Congratulations.

This is a matter
for the police.
Oh, no, please.
I could never
identify him.
Let's forget it.
Captain Shaw.
People of Britain,
greetings.
Is it shock you need?
Very well, we Nazis
can produce them
'til Britain's proud
head is in the dust
where it belongs.
People of London,
look out of your windows,
you will see your
promised disaster
written across the skies.
Lawford, turn out
the lights please.
Look to the east
end of your docks.
Are you alert, Number 20?
Look, Britain, look, and
wonder, and despair.
We Nazis keep
our promises.
There's a terrible
fire in the east end.
American bombers, tanks,
gone, destroyed utterly.
The flames are mounting
higher and higher
and higher.
Now the glare
must be visible
even to the
short-sighted leaders
of your bewildered
government.
Watch the towering fires
they consume your new

planes from America,
your meager
store of tanks,
your puny munitions,
and your food.
Planes that were
your only defense
against our all
powerful Luftwaffe.
Tanks and munitions
that you prayed
would hold against
the magnificent
50-ton German
land monsters
which will soon be crashing
through your very houses.
Turn it off.
Gentlemen,
this is really a
terrible setback.
How do they find
out our secrets?
It's horrible,
the way it's timed,
the precision of it.
It's not so precise.
Almost precise.
What do you mean?
I should call it exact.
No, the fires
actually broke out
some time before the voice
called to his
operative in London.
Jove, that's true.
And last time, the
train disaster,
Captain Shore was on the
telephone immediately
and Scotland Yard
knew all about it.
The derailment
must have occurred

at least
10 minutes earlier.
That's certainly possible.
Even so, what of it?
No mystery, nothing
supernatural,
just split second
planning that's all,
days, perhaps
weeks in advance.
Very well figured
out, Holmes.
It gets us a step forward.
Now gentlemen, let's take
a step even further.
I have charted here
the total differences
between actual and
transcribed broadcasts.
Using this test
I'm convinced
that the Voice of
Terror is undoubtedly
recorded and played
from a record.
What does that prove?
It proves that the
Voice of Terror,
the man himself,
is not in Germany.
He's here in England.
Oh, that's impossible.
What are you
telling us, Holmes?
He can't be.
Our technicians insist
the broadcast
originated in Zeisberg.
And so they do
from recordings
flown to Zeisberg.
It's impossible Holmes.
You can't expect anyone
to believe that.

It can't be done.
Thanks to the
Royal Air force
I have some rather
curious information
that at regular intervals
six Nazi bombing
planes come over
and drop their
deadly cargoes
on non-military
objectives,
a meadow or
a sheep folk.
That's nonsense.
The Nazis aren't fools.
They don't waste
ammunition.
Of course not.
Then what's the purpose?
To divert attention
from the fact
that a single plane
breaks formation
each time it disappears.
But why?
Gentlemen, that lone
plane picks up plans,
maps, secret military
information,
and the Voice of Terror's
timed and recorded speech,
and flies them
to Germany.
I can hardly believe it.
Sensational if true.
It's incredible.
Fantastic.
Mr. Holmes.
Yes.
There's a person
outside asking.
A lady?
Um...

Ask her to come in.
Excuse me, gentlemen.
Gentlemen, I must
leave at once.
Where are you going?
That is to remain a secret
even from this council.
I object to this,
Mr. Holmes.
You're here
against my wishes.
Since you are here
I demand to know
what's being done.
As I've already
told you, Mr. Lloyd,
I shall report
to this council
at the proper time.
And so, gentlemen,
until we meet again,
as I hope we will,
take no
unnecessary risks.
We're all in grave danger.
Come along Watson.
Coming.
Holmes,
I think we're
being followed.
Yes, I know, it's Lloyd.
Lloyd, how do you know?
He's so obvious about it.
Good evening, Mr. Lloyd.
You going our way?
I intend to find out
what you're doing.
Even to the point
of following me?
This is our business, you
know, as well as yours.
All right, come along.
This place seems deserted.
Its been deserted

for years.
Not very securely locked.
Fortunate, isn't it?
Water?
It's the river.
This is part of the
Old Christopher docks.
Never heard of them.
Christopher?
Mr. Holmes, isn't that
the word that Gavin...
Quiet Watson.
Oh, sorry.
I've almost forgotten.
They were built
before Victoria.
Oh, rats.
Good evening,
gentlemen.
I knew your curiosity
would be your
undoing, Mr. Holmes.
You were
expecting me then?
Yes.
I had hoped that
the entire council
might have come.
It would have
been a pleasure
to deal with all of them,
quietly and
effectively.
Eventually, they all
will be taken care of
however, Mr. Lloyd
is quite a catch
and will have to
suffice for the moment.
What do you intend
to do with us?
Were it not the
time is so pressing
we might first

put you on trial.
On trial for what?
Crimes against
the Third Reich,
misguided
efforts to wreck
our inevitable victory.
Mr. Lloyd, your super
British patriotism,
your blundering, but
sometimes effective
intelligence efforts
are well-known.
We have quite a
score against you
which will be settled.
Dr. Watson,
a fair physician no doubt
but of no consequence.
To our stupid
British minds,
every life is
a consequence.
A quaint notion of an
even quainter nation.
We are not like that.
We know that
only the powerful
are worthy of respect.
Let our records
speak for us.
Your records speaks,
its brilliant.
Thank you.
A brilliant record
of rapacity,
cruelty, torture,
deceit and murder.
Murder?
Gesundheit.
Thank you.
Cold?
It's a little
chilly in here.

I'm sorry you're
uncomfortable.
My discomfort is
of no consequence.
Your false courage is not
impressive, Mr. Holmes.
Of course, you realize
that you and your
friends are going to die?
As all men must
sooner or later.
Not later, now.
Good work, boys.
It's a pleasure, sir.
All right then.
Line 'em up, Duggan.
Come on, get over there.
He got away.
Most unfortunate.
I must blame
myself severely.
I should think
you might, Holmes.
If you hadn't been so
stupid and mysterious,
allowed Scotland Yard to
give you adequate protection,
the man would
never have escaped.
No, he never would.
Most regrettable.
Gesundheit.
Keep quiet.
Don't be a fool.
Do you want to bring
the whole force here?
So that was it, aye?
Quite a haul.
It's mine.
Go ahead, your
friends, the police,
are undoubtedly
still out there.
There isn't a better

hideout in all London.
This will quiet
your nerves.
The tea has
got cold again.
You've been playing that
thing all the afternoon,
fiddling while Rome burns.
Hello, what's this?
General J.
Lawford, KCBDSO,
Captain Ronald Shaw MC,
who today narrowly
escaped being struck
by a falling wall
in a bombed area.
Lawford and Shaw,
by a falling
Holmes, you don't
think that...
It was not an accident.
Good heavens.
Holmes, that
sinister-looking fellow,
what's his name, Meade,
if only he
hadn't got away.
Yes, difficult as it was
I managed to
let him escape.
You let him escape?
But great scott man,
he was about to kill us.
He may even yet.
I don't understand
you, Holmes.
It's my theory that
this chap Meade
is the arch-criminal
and he's behind
the whole thing.
You're absolutely
right, Watson,
except for one thing.

Well then I'm wrong.
Have you observed
that a highly
secret military plan
is thwarted by each
of these disasters?
Yes, I have now
that you mention it.
Watson, there's a leak.
A leak?
You mean in the Council?
But Holmes, that's
impossible.
Anything is possible
until proved otherwise.
Lets see, who's
in the Council.
Lawford and Shaw, they're
above suspicion,
their record proves that.
Anyhow, they
were attacked.
Unsuccessfully.
There's Prentiss.
Would he kill his own son?
Doesn't seem likely and
yet the boy is dead.
Barham, of course,
brought you into the case.
So, it's quite obvious
that he wants it solved.
Most patriotic
of Sir Barham.
He's a great fellow.
I had went three
quarters of the school
my last term so I
can vouch for him.
Besides he was
attacked too, shot at.
So I gather.
How about Lloyd?
Can't be him.
Meade was gonna kill

him as well as us.
By the way, he's a
brave fellow, Lloyd.
Did you notice that he
didn't turn a hair?
Very composed.
Come in.
Mr. Holmes.
Yes, Kitty?
I think now we'll be able
to get some information
from Mr. Meade.
Your plan worked
like a charm.
I knew you could do it.
Oh, it's not so hard once
your mind is make up,
and mine is.
You be careful.
She better be, she's
mixed up with that fellow.
I'll be careful all right.
I'm going through
with this.
Good girl.
I heard him talking
on the phone today.
Yes.
He said, "I'll
take care of that
little Seven Oaks matter

at 11:

Seven Oaks, isn't
that where...
Barham has a
country place.
Watson, there's not
a moment to lose.
If I find out that Meade
did kill Gavin I'll...
Yes, he'll be punished.
I warned you,
no one was safe

with that fellow at large.
Now he's off to Barham.
Yes, I only hope
were in time.
Come on, Kitty.
I'll get you a taxi.
Thank you, Mr. Holmes.
Do you think you ought
to go out alone, sir?
Worrying about that
escaped German agent, huh?
He threatens to kill the
entire Council, sir.
Come Smithson, we took bigger
chance than this in the trenches.
Have you forgotten?
I know, sir, but we
were younger then
and there were no
such thing as Nazis.
I'm ready for him.
I understand, sir.
You have driven Sir
Evan down here before
of course, Ms. Grandis.
Quite often.
He comes down
whenever he can.
He's a local Air raid
Warden, you know.
Managed to get away
from the excitement
occasionally, huh?
Yes.
It's so very quiet here.
Quiet and remote,
away from everyone.
Yes?
Oh, Ms. Jill.
It's all right, Smithson.
Where is Sir Evan?
On his rounds, Miss.
Which way?
Down that lane

of trees, sir.

I'll go.

You stay here.

You too Watson.

Hello there, Barham.

Holmes, what on earth
are you doing out here?

I've been worried
about you.

Yes?

That fellow Meade appears
to be in the neighborhood.

Do you mind if I
go along with you?

I'd feel better about it.

Not at all, I'd
appreciate the company.

You know, it gets
quite lonesome,
especially on a
night like this.

By the way,
do you feel you're
getting any nearer
a solution of this
terrible business?

Yes, yes, the
end is in sight.

Really?

Well, would you
mind telling me?

Listen, air raid sirens.

Yeah.

Coming our way.

Yes.

But I don't seem
to hear any planes.

Wait a minute, I can.

Look, there's one, she's
coming right over.

There she is.

Ours or theirs?

Theirs.

Holmes, she's coming

in for a landing.
The swine,
that's the pick-up plane.
The voice must
be here close by.
Then we've got him.
Barham, be careful.
I can't understand
you, Holmes.
Why didn't you help me?
We almost had him.
You're too
impatient, Barham.
My patience is exhausted.
This has got to stop.
Thought you would have
solved the whole thing
long before this.
What happened?
Was that a Nazi plane?
Yes, I saw the filthy
swastika myself.
Great scott.
Took a shot at him
but he got away.
Meade also got away.
Well, I better
go report this.
We'll go with you,
Come along Watson.
You needn't bother.
I can take care of myself.
My dear fellow, there's
no use taking chances.
I'm afraid you're
a marked man
as long as Meade
is at large.
Come on.
Ah, you're a fine one
leaving me along
half the night.
Do you think I like it?
I want to go out

and have some fun.
Don't bother me.
Said you were gonna
let me work with you.
Someday you'll come back
and I won't be here.
Where would you go?
That's my business.
Maybe you'll be
waiting here next time
and I won't come back.
Don't talk like that.
I'm sorry, Kitty.
You seem sort of
different lately.
Anything the matter?
Maybe the next
time you see me
I'll be in a position
of authority, of power,
no longer hiding
in the dark,
giving the orders,
not taking them.
What do you say to that?
You're drunk.
Drunk?
Yes.
When I was a boy
I dreamed a dream.
I was dressed in armor,
shining blue gray armor.
I rode on a horse
through the streets
where the people
cheered hailing me.
I rode over the bodies
of underlings
prostrated before me.
Their blood ran out along
the gutters like a river.
What if this was no dream?
What if it was prophecy?
What if all this

comes to pass?
Well, something must
have happened to you.
Yes, Kitty,
something that you're
going to share with me.
Get your coat, hurry.
Got plenty of petrol?
start driving.
Where's Holmes?
He'll be here I'm sure.
It's starting now.
Here he is.
You're almost late.
I had to go to
Dunham Street.
Good evening ladies
and gentlemen,
your favorite
broadcaster,
the Voice of Terror,
coming to you
from Zeisberg.
Tonight I have something
special for you.
Where are you weakest
you weakening
people of Britain?
Consider well.
Is it lack of food,
is it your sturdy
leadership,
faulty ammunition,
scarcity of shipping,
lack of raw materials?
Do you know that despite
all your great efforts
your coasts are
inadequately defended,
especially one coast,
and there we shall strike
swiftly, terribly,
tomorrow at sunrise.
In a special

broadcast at that time
I shall describe
the carnage.
Turn it off.
What does he mean?
What kind of
threat is this?
Remember, all our reports
for the last few weeks
have indicated abnormal
enemy activity
on the coast of Norway.
Hmm, that means
an attack in force
on our northeast coast.
Then that's where
we must concentrate
all our forces
immediately.
They'll never bring it
off now that we know.
This time the
voice is boasting.
Perhaps, but so far he's
made good his boasts.
What have you
done to stop it?
Shilly-shelling about
while these
crimes continue.
This is the last straw.
We must prevent
this all-out attack
at any cost.
Sir Evan is right.
All our available
resources
must be rushed immediate.
Withdraw material
from elsewhere?
If need be, yes.
This calls for action
and lots of it.
There's something curious

about this broadcast.
He said tomorrow.
Always before it was now.
I wonder what it means?
There's no time to
wonder at this point.
Mr. Holmes, your methods
have got us nowhere.
The situation demanded
action and got none.
Mr. Lloyd, I think I know
when action
should be taken.
Nevertheless, we
take charge now.
This is a crisis you
can't hope to deal with.
A man to see
your Mr. Holmes
Bring him in.
Yes sir.
Mr. Holmes, sir, last
night I followed Kitty
and that fellow Meade.
Yes.
They went to a place
near a bombed village
on the coast.
North?
No sir, south.
South?
Why didn't you
come sooner?
Motor trouble sir.
Just got back.
All right, it
can't be helped.
Stand by until
we need you.
So, it's on the
southern coast
the drama is to be played.
The fox is out of
his hole at last.

Meade has led us to
the Voice of Terror.
Gentlemen, we must
set out at once.
Are you mad?
What sort of a wild goose
chase are you suggesting?
It's ridiculous.
It's time to be
a stop to this.
Barham speaking.
Yes, of course.
We've been ordered to
accompany Mr. Holmes.
Mr. Harrison, Mr.
Sherlock Holmes.
Evening sir.
All the arrangements
have been made.
Splendid.
In that church up there?
Yes sir.
All right.
Let's go gentlemen.
VonBock seems
to be delayed.
He'll be here, never fear.
You all understand
your objectives?
Sheila,
Sheila.
Yes.
You understand
what you are to do?
Yes sir,
I'm going with the first
intention to Liverpool.
Your men are waiting
there organized
to take control?
They have been ready
and waiting for weeks.
What is that?
When the world

is changing
it is natural
to be on edge.
Merely owls or
perhaps wood rats.
No, it sounded like...
Sheila.
Yes sir.
(Inaudible) Airport,
all is prepared.
Hugo, Birmingham,
where I used to slave
in the factories
but not any more.
The day has come at last.
Line them up over there.
Mr. Holmes, I was afraid
you'd be too late.
I'm glad you're
safe, Kitty.
Come along, sit down.
Gentlemen, when Mr.
Meade and I last met
he wished he could
put us on trial
Mr. Lloyd, Dr.
Watson, and myself.
Now Meade, you
are on trial.
First let me tell you
why you were met here.
The vague but canny
threat against our
northeastern
coast was a blind.
Your group has
congregated here
to receive an
invasion army
proceeding across
the channel.
What, invasion?
All those men rushed to
the defense of the north.

Sit down for a moment.
At the head of
this mighty force
the picked and chosen.
The faithful would have proceed
to various centers of our country
and take up a
position of authority.
And we shall, do you
understand that?
Unfortunately for you
that is not to be.
We're held yes,
but the invasion will
proceed without us.
Please be patient.
You called me
on this case
to identify and silence
the Voice of Terror
and to circumvent
the unknown
plan behind it.
That undertaking is
still in progress
but we are rapidly
drawing to a conclusion.
Gentlemen, the Voice of
Terror is here with you
in this church.
What?
Are you referring
to Meade?
Why who is it?
Meade was my one
sure connection
to the Voice of Terror.
At the warehouse I
allowed him to escape
and assigned Kitty
here to trail him.
When I learned through
Kitty's abduction
that Meade had

come down here
to meet with
a group of men
I asked myself why.
Why a deserted fishing
village on the channel
when Scotland was to be
the next scene
of disaster,
and why is it
necessary to withdraw
great stores of ordnance
and material for the
protection of Scotland?
It was a ruse gentlemen
to leave this
coast unprotected.
A ruse devised by
the Voice of Terror.
I knew quite
early, of course,
that the voice was a
member of your agist body.
You dare to insinuate
that one of us?
If this is meant to be
humor it's very ill time.
German agents knew
I was on the case
the very night
I was called in.
How did they
know this secret?
One of your council
informed them.
There were attempts made
on the lives of all of us.
But the attempt
made on the life
of one of your members
was entirely
unsubstantiated,
resting on his word alone.
One member whom I went to

the country ostensible
to protect, actually
to surprise.

This member fired on
the Nazi pick-up plane,
not in rage as
he pretended
but to warn and
frighten it away.

That was very clever
of you Sir Evan.

Sir Evan?

Why I can't believe it.

Sir Evan couldn't
be implicated
in a thing like this.

What Sir Evan got to say?

Let me congratulate
you, Mr. Holmes.

You admit this
outrageous accusation?

Well, there's been
treason before
but this is beyond belief.

Treason is not involved.

Sir Evan Barham is
not Sir Evan Barham.

What are you
talking about?

In March 1918

Lieutenant Evan Barham
was a prisoner in a
German prison camp.

There his amazing
resemblance
to a certain

Heinrich VonBock,
a brilliant

young member
of the German
Secret Service,

sealed young
Barham's fate.

One morning he was

taken out and shot,
murdered in cold blood.
Then this man is...
Is Heinrich VonBock who
has been masquerading
in Barham's place for
the past 24 years.
You see gentlemen,
the Germans plan
well in advance.
It's incredible.
How could a thing
like this happen?
Barham had no
immediate family.
The details of
his private life
were effortless
studied by VonBock
who was three
years at Oxford
and had a perfect knowledge
of the English language
and English habits.
So, with possibly the help
of a little
plastic surgery,
not forgetting
the considerable
resemblance to Barham
in the first place,
the deception was
carried through.
Very clever, Mr. Holmes.
I must say, Holmes, it
is positively amazing.
What made you first
suspect Barham?
The real Sir Evan Barham
carried a scar
from childhood.
This one is about
20 years old,
a detail but significant.

I can't believe it.
It was Barham who insisted
on your being brought
into the case.
A colossal piece of
egocentric conceit.
One to match your own,
Mr. Sherlock Holmes.
Of course I brought
you into the case
to see your weak
and silly handling,
to watch you
fumble and lose it.
Are you too stupid to
realize that this group
is but a small part
of our organization?
We have men stationed
all over England
ready to take command.
They never will.
They were all taken
exactly at dawn
just as you were.
So now we are now
trapped, huh?
No gentlemen, it is
you who are trapped?
Listen.
Even now our messerschmitts
are roaring overhead,
the vanguard of
the invasion.
Why are they not grounded?
Where are your boosted
anti-aircraft guns?
They are silent.
Our little ruse was
entirely successful.
The coast has been
stripped of its defenses.
Preserve your vaunted
British vanity

as best you may
in this your hour
of most
humiliating defeat.
You have not captured
us my friend.
We have annihilated you.
Do you really think
we're so blind
that we would strip
this coast of defenses
because of a voice on
a phonograph record?
The council was
deliberately misinformed
about moving the
defense forces.
You are trying to
save your face.
Look, if you
think I'm lying.
Those are not
messerschmitts.
They're Spitfires
and Hurricanes
returning from blasting
your invasion forces.
Destroying men in barges
by the thousands.
Look further,
VonBock, look below.
Commandos, tanks,
slipping away
now that your invasion
force has been destroyed.
To bring ruin and
terror to your people.
I wonder if there's
anything on the
wires about this?
The BBC.
We are frightfully
sorry to announce
that a special broadcast

of the Voice of Terror
will have to be
delayed indefinitely.
The threat against
our northern coast
made only as a blind
to cover the enemies
invasion plans
has not been fulfilled.
Instead our
victorious planes
have blasted invasion
bases on the continent,
destroying enormous stores
of material and troops.
More news of this
triumphant
victory tomorrow.
At the same time,
the scattered Nazi agents
all over the
Commonwealth
have been unceremoniously
clapped into prison.
That is all.
Look out!
This girl merits our
deepest gratitude.
Our country is
honored in her
having such loyalty
and devotion.
We'll remember.
Holmes, I don't know how
we'll ever thank you.
Don't try, it
isn't necessary.
I'll be with you in
a minute, Holmes.
I'll just see that
she's taken care of.
I always did think that
chap was an imposter.
Barham was a good fellow.

Played wind
three-quarters in school.
What a lovely
morning, Holmes.
There's an east wind
coming, Watson.
No, I don't think so.
Looks like
another warm day.
Good 'ol Watson.
The one fixed point
in the changing age.
There's an east wind
coming all the same.
Such a wind has never
blew on England yet.
It will be cold and
bitter, Watson.
And a good many of us may
wither before its blast.
But its God's own
wind nonetheless
and a greener, better,
stronger, land
that will lie
in the sunshine
when the storm
was cleared.