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Sherlock Holmes in New York

By Alvin Sapinsley

Victoria Docks. London.

On the 19th of March, 1901, where the iniquitous Professor James Moriarty, ruler of England's underworld and veritable Emperor of international crime, maintains his secret and impenetrable headquarters...

Ah, Colonel Moran, you're punctual as usual. Has everything proceeded according to schedule? Indeed it has.

Number ten:

'Moran to Moriarty with Brackish cigar case at midnight exactly.'

Perfect!

With one exception...

A trifle one, perhaps.

But I simply do not happen to be Colonel Moran.

Sherlock Holmes?

At your service.

I can well imagine the profundity of your disappointment, Professor Moriarty.

And you cannot fail to realise that there can only be one explanation for my having successfully penetrated the most carefully concealed lodgings in the whole of London.

I observe your choice of decorations is fully as disagreeable as your choice of profession.

Where's Colonel Moran?

In custody.

As are Quint, Adelspait, Stryker and Nickers.

In short, Professor, your entire organisation here in Britain is now occupying cells in Bow Street police station, and the assassination of Lord Brackish has failed.

Damn and blast you for
the meddle of the charge, sir.
With your West End ways,
talking down your upper-class nose
and only happy when you're
dressing up as someone else
as though life was
some schoolboy lark.
Blast you, Holmes!
Blast ya!
I suggest you attempt
to get a hold of yourself.
Your rage is beginning to
affect your speech.
Did you come alone tonight?
Since you ask,
yes.
I thought as much.
I know your methods by now.
Your inability to resist the
tour-de-force,
the coup de grace.
The necessity of nourishing your ego,
unassisted.
Atrocious.
Along with your French.
Yes, well my only regret is
I must leave alone.
Your cohorts refused to implicate you,
and Colonel Moran
fears for his life to do so.
But, be warned, Professor,
your people have been captured
and you are alone.
Alone and helpless!
And I will have you yet!
Mr Holmes,
your interference in my affairs
has gradually grown
from mild annoyance to
insufferable impertinence.
Tonight's actions have finally
rendered you intolerable to me.
Really?

Only tonight?

You've been intolerable to me
much longer than that!

Would you be good enough to observe...

This.

And this.

This.

Not to mention, this.

Mr Holmes, there are more than
a dozen ways to kill a man in this room.

And that trapdoor into the Thames
will remove all traces of
the man's ever having been here.

Do you wonder why I haven't employed
any of these devices against you?

Well, it's not for want of trying.

No.

It's because they don't suit me.

I will destroy you,
but in my fashion.

Will you?

Yes.

I'm going to crush you
so that your humiliation and downfall
will be witnessed by the entire world.

How fascinating.

And just how do you propose to do that?

The crime of the century,
the past century

and all the centuries to come
is in preparation.

It will go forward as planned,
despite the temporary set-back
your interference has caused me.

It will go forward.

It will take place.

And, Mr Holmes, it will take place
before your very eyes
and you'll be powerless to prevent it.

The world will gape
at its immensity.

And when the world discovers
it occurred within arm's length
of the incomparable Sherlock Holmes,

the world will sneer,
the world will ridicule.
The world will hound you into oblivion.
And that is why I haven't employed any
of the means at my disposal in this room.
I have other plans for you,
Mr Sherlock Holmes.
Have you?
I, on the other hand, have
the same plan I've always had for you.
To see you swing
at the end of a hangman's rope!
And I have no doubt
that mine will be
the plan that prevails.
It's a pity about the chandelier.
It was the only item in the room
that showed the merest modicum of style.
Don't disturb yourself.
I'll show myself out.
Oh, morning, Watson.
Breakfasting?
How'd you work that out, Holmes, eh?
Do you mind awfully, Watson?
You know I have little head for humour
when there's nothing to occupy me
but staring out of rain-streaked windows
at the other side of the street.
It has been three days since I broke
the back of Moriarty's organisation
and there has not been a single letter
or a caller worthy of my attention.
As my official biographer, Watson,
you've precious little with which
to occupy yourself, these days.
You'll soon be afflicted with
the same boredom that I am suffering.
Oh, well, I'm certain things
will change before long, eh, Holmes?
By the 193/
within a fortnight's time you'll
be gettin' a letter from America.
How on earth do you know that?
Stealing a bit of your thunder,

eh, Holmes?

Mystified you, eh?

Thoroughly.

Well, listen to this,

in the theatrical section,

'Our Broadway correspondent reports

that on the 31st of this month

'Daniel Furman's production of Sir Arthur

Pinero's The Second Mrs Tanqueray

'will open at the Empire Theatre

in New York.

'In addition to Mr Kendal, Mr Huntley,

Mr East and Miss Campbell,

'the distinguished cast will include,

in her first non-singin' role...'

Irene Adler.

Dash it all, Holmes.

I was dead set of astonishin' ya.

You have, Watson.

Your ability to extract

the single item of unalloyed interest

from the mass of wordage of The Times

is an extraordinary facility.

She's never failed to send you

first night tickets, eh, Holmes?

Never.

Always row B, seats five and seven.

For the last nine seasons.

One of these days we must find ourselves

in those seats, eh, Watson?

Ho-ho!

- They've gone begging far too long.

Come in.

The post has just come.

- Thank you, Mrs Hudson.

Er, could I make you some hot tea?

Yes, and a slice or two of that gammon

if there's any left.

Watson,

you must apologise

to the trans-Atlantic mail

as your estimate of a fortnight lacks

thirteen days of proving itself accurate.

Row B, as usual, eh Holmes?

Seats Fi...

Holmes, what is it?

Well, that's a rum 'un, eh Holmes?

Whatever'd she tear 'em up like that?

Watson, there's not a moment to lose.

We must set out for New York

this very day.

Engage passage immediately.

- Yes, yes, at once.

Waterloo station, driver! We've
forty minutes to catch the boat train.

I am trying

to connect two events

that, by all sense and logic,

cannot be connected.

Truly a futile exercise.

Well, what are they?

My conversation with Moriarty,

three nights ago,

and the receipts of those shredded
theatre tickets, this morning.

How could the one have the
remotest connection with the other?

I don't know, Watson.

I don't know.

And, yet, if I were Moriarty,

and my one unwavering determination
the destruction of Sherlock Holmes,

I would expend every effort

at my command to seek out the...

single, the only chink in his armour,

however small it may be,

and once I had found it,

if it exists at all,

it is there I should thrust with all

the strength and fury I could muster.

'Chink in your armour'?

Rubbish!

There's no such thing

as a chink in your armour.

Isn't there, Watson?

Isn't there?

This'll do very nicely.

Thank you, very much.

Hansom. Hansom!
I say there, hansom.
Handsome is as handsome does, mister,
and you'll do quite nicely.
I say! Well, did you hear that, Holmes?
The young lady...
Off you go, off you go. Shoo, shoo...
- Oh, well!
Let that be a lesson to you, Watson.
They don't have hansom cabs
in New York, just cabs.
Cab! Over here, my man.
You see, Watson?
Get our cases aboard
as quickly as you can will you?
The Empire Theatre, and don't
spare your steed. Jump in, Watson.
There we are.
Ah, I make it just on half-past three.
Eight, Holmes.
What on earth are you talking about?
Half-past eight, see.
Watson, we are on New York time.
Oh.
Oh, well I've always found Greenwich time
perfectly adequate to me needs.
I see now reason for changing it now.
Hello! What's this?
Wooah!
How do I get through here?
You can't.
Go around the side behind
the LaFayette Square.
That'll take a half an hour.
Driver, what is this?
It's the new subway, sir.
Subway' ?
What's a subway?
It's their word for 'Underground'.
Now that he mentions it,
I recall reading of its construction.
New York's first, I understand.
You mean to tell me they don't have
an underground railway here?

Stands to reason, doesn't it?
They don't have hansoms!
Driver, where are we now?
8th Avenue, sir.
Almost at 34th Street
Good. Come along, Watson.
The Empire Theatre
is on 39th and Broadway.
The walk will do us good.
Driver, would you be kind enough to
get our cases to the Algonquin Hotel
the best way you are able?
I'm sure that this will take care
of any inconvenience.
Thank you.
Come along, Watson, we walk this distance
ten fold on a single afternoon in London.
Heads up, mister!
- I say, look here...
Come along, Watson.
To think we fought a war to keep
these barbarians in the Commonwealth.
Watson, see if you can purchase two
tickets for this evening's performance.
I will endeavour to find out
what I can, inside.
Yes, of course.
I'll join you when I've done.
Oh, excuse me, is this a queue?
Yes, sir?
Oh, how do you do?
Is Miss Irene Adler in the theatre,
do you know?
Nobody here but me, sir.
Oh, I must speak with her at once.
Do you know where I might find her?
No-one is to be disturbed
until curtain time. Mr Furman's orders.
This is extremely urgent.
- So are Mr Furman's orders!
Well, do you know her address?
Look, I just finished telling you...
- Yes, quite.
Now, look here, my good me,

when did you last see Miss Adler?

This morning, at line rehearsal.

Was she all right?

Letter perfect.

Was she?

I cannot tell you how relieved I am to learn that.

I wonder if I might prevail upon you for a further service?

Would you be so kind as to give Miss Adler my card directly she gets to the theatre?

Tell her I'm at the Algonquin Hotel and must speak with her as soon as possible.

I think I can arrange that for you, Mr...

Sherlock Holmes.

You have earned my undying gratitude.

Good afternoon.

Good afternoon, sir.

I say, Holmes.

- Watson,

we have a splendid piece of reassurance.

As late as this morning,

Irene was apparently in good health.

Good!

- And what have you been able to accomplish?

It's a rum go, Holmes.

Beastly rum go.

See those? Last two in the house.

Fella in the window says.

Row B.

Seats five and seven.

Er, don't bother, Holmes.

I already questioned the fella.

You have?

Those tickets were purchased

a fortnight ago.

By Irene Adler.

But were sent to me.

- Exactly.

Then why are they here?

- They were returned.

When.

- Earlier this afternoon.

By whom?

- Er, a stranger.

The chap at the box office
never seen him before, he says.
Holmes, what do you make of it all?
Watson, my apprehensions return.

Those tickets sent to me in
Baker Street were forgeries.

These were intercepted
before they could reach me.

Whatever for?

A phrase continues to ring in my ears:

'The crime of the century,
'the past century
and for all centuries to come,
'is now in preparation.'

Moriarty said that to me.

You mean he's behind it?

Behind whatever it is that's going on?

'It will take place
before your very eyes
'and you will be powerless
to prevent it.'

Watson, there is devilry afoot.

I feel that in my very marrow.

What're we to do about it?

Until it chooses to
reveal its nature to us
there is nothing we can do,
except dress,
dine and attend this theatre tonight.

Is he in?

- Upstairs.

Come in.

Have you got something for me, Skipper?

He's here.

Indeed he is.

- Yes, sir.

All right, back to your post.

You know what to do.

Yes, sir.

Act one,
the cast is assembled,
the play begins.

Holmes?

Yes, Watson?
There's not a Red Indian
in the entire place.
I had noticed.
They should have started by now.
We didn't have
to rush dinner, after all.
Ten minutes late.
Isn't it time they started?
Oh, yes.
Time they were getting on with it
and all that, eh?
Ah!
Ladies and gentlemen,
I'm Mr Daniel Furman.
I beg your indulgence, please.
Due to the sudden indisposition
of Miss Irene Adler
Watson, quick!
Excuse me.
...that this performance...
Some people just don't know how to behave.
...will be played by May Robeson.
Thank you.
I demand to be shown to Miss Adler at once.
My name is Sherlock Holmes.
Oh, Mr Holmes.
Thank heaven you're here.
Where is she?
So far as I know, at home.
I must know exactly what happened.
All I can tell you is that when she
didn't appear after half hour was called
I sent a boy a call boy to her house.
- And?
He returned with this.
- Let me see that.
As you can see, it just says she's sick
and will be unable to perform.
With a full house and the curtain
already delayed fifteen minutes
I had no alternative but to go out front
and make the announcement you just heard.
Mr Holmes, can you shed any light

on such behaviour?

This is absolutely unlike Miss Adler.

- I can shed some light Mr Furman.

This note was not written by
someone suddenly taken ill.

It was written by a person in the
clutches of the most extreme terror.

Well, look at the hasty scrawl.

The hand shaking so it's scarcely
able to hold the pen.

In fact, here, here and here the pen
has actually dropped from her hand.

I must know Miss Adler's address at once.

14 Gramercy Park, but...

There's no time for buts.

Come Watson!

Katie won't turn up now.

Hmm, hardly.

Then you two shall hear it.

Doctor, Frank, this is the last time
we are to meet in these rooms.

'The last time'? Really?

Good evening, I must speak
to your mistress at once

I'm sorry, sir,

Miss Adler is not at home...

To Sherlock Holmes?

Step aside. I must have that assurance
from the lady's lips herself.

Irene, are you there?

I'm here Sherlock.

It's all right, Heller.

Mr Holmes and Dr Watson may come up.

Yes, madam.

In here.

May I ring for some refreshment?

Some coffee? Brandy?

Would you care to sit down?

Sherlock, you're...

You're looking quite well.

You've hardly changed
in the years since we've met.

And Dr Watson are you quite well also?

- Thank you, dear lady.

Irene, we were at the theatre tonight.
Did the performance go on?
With your understudy.
The audience was naturally
disappointed at the substitution.
Miss Robeson is a very promising
fine young performer.
What is the indisposition
of which you're suffering?
A trifling matter...
Irene, why did you
not go to the theatre tonight?
Did Mr Furman not explain...?
I insist I be spared this masquerade.
It demeans a friendship of
almost ten years standing.
Irene, it is time for the truth!
What is it that holds you in this grip
of almost unbearable terror?
What is the message you are awaiting?
And why are you prepared to
remain up the entire night
and not leave this house
until you receive it?
I should have remembered.
One cannot pretend
in front of Mr Sherlock Holmes.
Holmes what do you mean by a message,
about staying up all night,
about leaving the house?
It's simplicity itself, Watson.
Irene has cancelled the
most important night of her career.
And look at the fire.
Made up to last until morning.
And that curtain.
You see it hangs untidily
Again and again it has been thrust
to once side so that the street below...
The window is unlatched.
As I say someone has repeatedly stepped
out here looking in all directions.
Waiting.
Waiting for what?

Watson,
not a single piece of furniture in this
room bears the imprint of a human form.
Irene, you have spent the time,
since at least eight this evening,
pacing up and down,
sitting only at that desk over there
to write the note to Mr Furman.
What is this?
Who is this child?
His name is Scott.
He's my son.
Where is the boy now?
He's upstairs, in bed.
May I see him?
He is asleep.
I shall be very quiet.
I'm afraid I cannot oblige you.
- I am convinced you cannot!
This photograph normally
stands on the desk, here.
A faint line of dust marks
where the base usually rests.
You seized it up while you were pacing.
You gazed at it with a...
With a look of longing.
With a sob of anxiety, I dare say,
and then you fling it onto the sofa
because the boy is not upstairs, in bed.
The boy is not in this house at all.
The boy has been kidnapped.
- Yes!
Yes! Yes!
He has been kidnapped!
And I am out of my mind with grief.
Holmes! Good heavens, the lady's
at the end of her tether!
Watson, fetch her some brandy.
Irene, please...
You must control yourself.
We have no time.
I must know exactly what happened.
Yes.
Yes, of course.

I will have a drop of brandy.

Thank you, Watson.

Of course, dear lady.

Yes, madam?

Heller,

would you tell Fraulein Reichenbach
to come down right away, please?

Of course, madam.

English, Fraulein.

I had gone to meet

the young boy at school,

and we were walking home,

which we used to do each day.

It is this afternoon

you are referring to Fraulein?

Ja.

Please describe to us what occurred.

- Ja.

Erm...

Three blocks from here, maybe four...

'ya, four...

a carriage drew beside us and stopped.

A man was on top driving the horse.

Erm, it was a closed carriage,

and all the shades were down.

Suddenly, a man leaped from inside...

Yes, go on.

He seized and kicked me.

Good heavens, the brute!

Watson, please.

He seized and kicked you?

Ja. First by the hair, like this.

And then with his foot,

like this, in the chin.

I expect she means the 'shin'.

Thank you, Watson.

What happened then?

He threw me into the gutter.

Gott in Himmel, was he strong!

So strong he...

Laid his hands on the boy

and dragged him into the carriage,

and off they raced.

Irene, when you learned of this

did you inform the police?
I was on the point of doing so when...
When what?
When this telegram arrived.
- What telegram?!

I'm about to show you, Sherlock.
Try not to be so impatient.
I ask your pardon. When a problem
absorbs me I tend to neglect formalities.
The problem absorbs me also.
'Do nothing, stop.
Tell no-one, stop.
'Further instructions
will be forthcoming, stop.
'Disobey these orders and
you will face the direst consequences.'
Oh, dear lady!
Sit down.
Holmes?
- Rene.
Forgive me,
I thought I was stronger.
So, there it is, Sherlock.
I have been waiting, waiting, waiting
for those 'further instructions'
since four o'clock this afternoon.
And it is not nearly nine-thirty.
What has happened to my son?
Oh!
A message.
A closed carriage, Holmes.
One man at the reins,
the other must be at the door.
Hold on!
Go!
Wait!
What are you standing for, why don't
you give the note to your mistress?
It's not addressed to Miss Adler, sir.
Not addressed to her?
To whom is it addressed?
It's addressed to you, sir.
I'd better read this to you.
'The life of Scott Adler depends upon

one thing alone, Mr Sherlock Holmes:

'Your refusal to
co-operate with the police.

'You will refuse, and you will
give no reason for your refusal,
'or the boy will die.'

Irene.

If she's still awake in an hour
see she takes another of those powders.

Yes, sir.

Thank you, sir. Goodnight gentlemen.

That should take
care of matters till the morning.

A cab?

I'd prefer to walk.

Oh, anything you say.

Can you make
head or tail of it Holmes? I can't.

I am being manipulated.

Hey, what's that?

'Manipulated'? How'd you mean?

That chink in my armour,
it's been discovered.

I'm sure I haven't the foggiest
notion what you're talking about.

Watson, did you know my full name
was William Sherlock Scott Holmes?

Is it? No I didn't know that.

Same as the lad, eh?

Well, it's not an uncommon name
is it, Scott?

What about that exploring Johnny?

The one that's down in Antarctica
just now, another Scott?

One thing puzzles me, though.

One thing?

I commend your clarity of mind, Watson.

What thing is that?

That bit in the letter about you
not co-operating with the police.

No-one's asked you to
co-operate with the police.

Mr Sherlock Holmes?

Yes, my name is Holmes.

Inspector Lafferty,
New York Police Department.
And I'm Mortimer McGraw, president of
the International Gold Exchange.
How do you do, Mr McGraw?
This is Dr Watson.
How do you do?
Dr Watson.
Mr Holmes, I only learned an hour ago
that you were even in New York.
I would have come to you sooner.
About what?
Mr McGraw has been kind enough to offer
us his Landau for our convenience.
Could I trouble you, both of you,
to join us in a short drive?
As you wish.
- Thank you.
Gentlemen, it is almost eleven at night.
Well, more likely, yes.
Mr Holmes, have you ever heard of
the International Gold Exchange?
No.
Gold is a very attractive metal
to thieves as you well know.
It is also the major medium of exchange
between nations of the civilized world.
Quite.
Shipments of large quantities
of gold from one country to another
is not only arduous but dangerous.
Because of that, the International
Gold Exchange was established.
May I describe it to you?
Please do.
Deep beneath the basement of the
Bowerie National Bank here in Manhattan,
cut into the bedrock of the island,
are a number of vaults.
Each vault considered the
property of the sovereign nation
whose name appears
above its steel doors.
I think I understand the object

of your Exchange, Mr McGraw.
When gold is to be transferred
from one country,
Russia let us say,
to another, Great Britain,
instead of making the long and hazardous
journey from Moscow to London
the required amount of bullion is removed
from one vault and placed into another.
Exactly.

Now six trusted employees of the Exchange
do the work that used to require
six hundred nationals of
the countries involved.

And the risk of theft has been
reduced to virtually nothing.

Most ingenious.

I congratulate you, sir.

I only have one question:

Why are we being told all this
at this hour of night?

Because the gold's been stolen,
that's why.

All of it?

Every brick, virtually.

When was the theft discovered?

When the door was unlocked at the
bottom of the elevator shaft,
the vaults were empty.

And there was a huge hole cut into
the rear wall of the chamber.

A hole leading where?

Into the subway excavation
that passes right by the bank.

We found one brick of the bullion in
the tunnel. Another in the excavation.

And, er, news of this incredible theft
has been kept from the public?

So far.

But, Mr Holmes, in three days' time
a transaction is to take place
between Italy and Germany.

When that happens,
the theft will be discovered.

And the international
repercussions will be such that
not even war, world war,
can be ruled out.

Mr Holmes,

we've only got three days
to find the gold
and get it back in the vaults.
And we need your help to do it.

The life of Scott Adler
depends upon one thing alone,
Mr Sherlock Holmes:

Your refusal to
co-operate with the police.
You will refuse and you will
give no reason for your refusal,
or the boy will die.

Gentlemen, I am sorry
I cannot assist you in this matter.

You what?

I can be of no service to you
in any way whatsoever.

Have we been talking to Sherlock Holmes?

You have.

Now, gentlemen, you must permit
me to bid you a good night.

Come along, Watson.

Wait a minute!

You can't turn us down like this.

We've come to you because of
your worldwide reputation.

And Mr McGraw has explained to you
the seriousness of the situation.

Inspector, I have nothing further
to say on the matter.

Well, I have
something further to say to you...

Inspector.

When the crime's found out, and it's
learned it could lead to a world war,
and Sherlock Holmes knew about it
and didn't lift one finger
to assist the police,
what's the world gonna think

of the great Sherlock Holmes then?
Drive on.
Goodnight, Inspector.
Oi! Mr McGraw!
The scoundrel. How dare he?
Now do you understand what I meant
when I spoke of being manipulated?
Now do you fully appreciate the art,
the genius, of this Napoleon of crime?
What Napoleon are you talking about?
He knew those mutilated tickets
would bring me to New York.
He knew I would be at the theatre tonight
and that the announcement
of Irene's indisposition
would make me rush to her home
so that he could deliver that note to me.
He knew that Inspector Lafferty would
be waiting here for me at the hotel.
And that he would enlist my aid
in recovering the gold.
And, because of Scott Adler,
I would be forced to refuse him.
Every single thing Moriarty promised me
that night in London has come true.
The crime of the century
has been committed.
And I am helpless to do
anything about it.
Moriarty made off with that gold?
And with Scott Adler, too,
I'm convinced.
Well, what the juice can he do
with all that bullion?
You heard what McGraw said.
He can bring every nation
to the brink of a world war.
What good's a world war to him?
The prevention of it.
With mankind trembling upon the
brink of unimaginable devastation,
Professor Moriarty will come forward
and reveal that
the gold is in his possession.

The bankrupt nations in his power.
Moriarty, ruler of the world.
'The crime of all centuries to come.'
Indeed it is, Watson.
Indeed it is.
The life of Scott Adler
depends upon one thing alone,
Mr Sherlock Holmes:
Your refusal to co-operate
with the police.
I am powerless to circumvent it.
Holmes?
Yes?
- Forgive me saying so, Holmes,
but if you're prepared to stand there and
fiddle while the world goes up in smoke
well, then, you're
precious Professor Moriarty
deserves to sit on his mountain of gold
and tell the rest of us to jump.
Well, I never made any bones about
what that damn fiddle does to me nerves.
That's quite all right, Watson.
Please,
don't apologise.
What is it, Holmes?
The man down there
is watching this room.
I saw him twice this evening,
marching up and down with his signboards.
Did you, by Jove?
I wonder what he's up to?
I can tell you that, Watson.
He is wondering what we are up to.
Me dear friend, I owe you
a profound debt of gratitude.
Oh, come now Holmes.
But I do, I do.
If you had not reprimanded me
just now as you did,
I would have gone on doing
exactly what you accused me of doing.
Fiddling while the world burned,
and Moriarty would indeed've won the day.

But you broke the spell, my friend.

Watson,

why are we being watched?

Ask yourself that question.

There's no need to, you just did.

- And I'll answer it.

If Moriarty's plan is so perfect,

if I am supposed to be helpless,

destroyed, unable to fight him,

then why is it necessary

to have me watched?

That's not an answer, Holmes,

it's another question.

And the answer is:

Because the plan is not perfect.

It has one single flaw in it.

And that man down there

has to be there,

so that Moriarty will know at once

if I discover that flaw.

Well, have ya?

- Yes!

But he is not going to know that.

Watson, what is it that prevents my

assisting the police?

Well, the boy's safety, of course.

- Of course.

So long as Scott Adler remains Moriarty's
captive, then my hands are tied.

His life hangs upon my inactivity.

But what if the lad were to be snatched

from Moriarty's claws and set free?

'By Us!

And in such a way that Moriarty

still believes him prisoner.

If that can be achieved

then the manacles fall from my wrists

and I am free to turn my attention to

the theft of the gold.

Ah. Though easier said than done,

I'd say.

Yes, Watson. I believe that

is just what you have said.

Oh, thank you.

The chap's still down there.
It's a damp night, too.
He'll have a nice touch of the rheumatism
in the morning. I hope he enjoys it.
Oh, you're not gonna start up on that
wretched fiddle again are ya?
Oh, we're in for
one of those sessions are we?
Precisely.
Don't let me detain you, Watson.
I expect this will be a
four pipe problem at the very least.
Yes, well, take care you
don't set the upholstery afire
the way you did that night
at Ashby-de-la-Zouch.
Er, 'night, Holmes.
Er, 'night, Watson.
Sleep well.
Holmes!
It's half-past twelve in the afternoon!
Half-past seven in the morning, Watson.
What's that?
Oh, my watch must have...
Oh. Cheeky beggars, I must say,
making up their own time.
I'm surprised no-one's
called the fire brigade.
Oh, that chap's been replaced.
This one's wearing stripes
instead of checks.
Well, Holmes,
what have you come up with?
Two points of exceeding interest,
Watson.
About which I shall be delighted
to tell you whilst we're dressing.
Scott Adler's abductor was a woman.
But that's impossible.
Oh, the conclusion's inescapable, Watson.
How did Fraulein Reichenbach's assailant
begin the attack?
Grabbed her by the hair.
The instinctive target of a woman

when she finds herself in combat
with another of her gender.

What did she do then?

Kicked her.

- In the shins.

Another instinctive form
of female attack.

I must say, Holmes, none of the ladies
with whom I've been associated...

Who mentioned ladies Watson?

I said, 'a woman.'

And one of sufficient strength
that she was able to fling the Fraulein
to the ground, seize young Scott Adler...

Holmes, you're assuming too much.

It's all very well to say that a woman
struck Fraulein Reichenbach
and pummelled her

in the manner you described.

But that's a far cry from her seizin'
a nine-year-old boy

who's strugglin', cryin' out...

- Ah-ha!

Admirable, my dear Watson.

Come in.

You have just hit upon the second point.

No mention was made by the Fraulein
of any struggle or outcry.

Excuse me.

- By George, you're right!

Er, nothing. Just leave things, we will
serve ourselves. Thank you very much.

So, it must be assumed that
none was made.

I am convinced that the matter was
arranged with the lad in advance.

What? Scott Adler co-operate
with Moriarty in his own kidnappin'?

Suppose it were put to the lad
as a joke of sorts?

A joke on whom?

Surely not his mother?

Well, perhaps, on the Fraulein?

But, for what reason?

And why a woman kidnapper
in the first place?

Because the lad has to be kept
somewhere quietly and inconspicuously.
And what better place could there be
than at a respectable lodging house?
And what better guardian than someone
who might be taken for his cousin,
his aunt, or even his m...
... mother?

Watson,

I have some questions
I must put to Irene at once.
That sedative you gave her,
will it have worn off by now?
At a quarter-past one in
the afternoon? Of course.

Watson...

Oh!

Well, dash it all, Holmes,
if an Englishman doesn't maintain his
ties with home what becomes of England?
Come along, Watson.

- Holmes!

Oh, kippers'll get cold.

Oh, well.

Irene, I must know
everything you and Scott did yesterday.
Everything-

Well, for one thing,
we went to the opera.

The management sent around complimentary
tickets and Scott is fond of Aida,
and he also has a tremendous crush
on little Nicole Romaine, so...

Who is this little Nicole Romaine?

Why she's a member of the
cours de ballet.

Do you hear that, Watson?

A dancer. Quick, strong, agile, eh?

Is it customary for the
Metropolitan Opera to send you tickets?

No.

No, it isn't really.

Then they could have been sent
by someone else?
I simply never thought about it.
Start thinking about it now.
And seriously.
Tell me about Scott
and this little Nicole Romaine.
He's her pet.
Whenever we go backstage
after a performance...
Which you did on this occasion?
- Yes.
They spoke together these two?
Oh my, yes. Laughing and whispering
in each others' ears.
She's hardly more than a child herself.
'Whispering in each others' ears.'
Do you hear that, Watson?
Hatching the plot right there,
I've no doubt.
'The plot'? What plot?
A plot, my dear Irene, in which you and
your unfortunate son are leading players.
And a plot in which
I must now assume a role myself.
Ah-ha!
Our friend in the checkered suit is back.
Huh, chap doesn't even have
a change of clothes.
Bit penurious this Moriarty fella, huh?
Watson, it is vital that
I leave this house unobserved.
I dare say
there's a back way out.
Mmm. The same thought
will have occurred to Moriarty.
No!
You and I must appear
to leave this house,
thus drawing our friend out there
away from here.
Irene, I seem to remember,
on a not-too-distant occasion,
your remarkable

impersonation of a young man.

Do you think you could

be equally deceptive

in the guise of one

not quite so young as that?

I am not quite so young as that

anymore either, Sherlock.

Cab.

Coming Holmes?

Right along Watson. Right along.

Thank you.

Excuse me, sir. The opera house
is just across the street if you...

I know. I would much prefer
it be delivered.

Whatever you want.

I'll send the boy right away.

The Twickenham Toffs?

What a mysterious, fascinating,
tiny world we live in.

What's that, sir?

Oh, nothing. I was just
having a conversation with myself.

How much do I owe you?

- Seventy-five cents.

Thank you.

Sorry mister, the lady's not there.

How very odd.

And it was marked 'urgent'.

Yes, sir. That's why they've
given me the address of her hotel.

So I can deliver it.

Splendid, my dear chap.

I shall take care of it myself.

Now, you look like a lad
who knows his way around this town.

Where can I find a first-rate
theatrical costumier?

Ah, signor carossa,
you bring in the bauble, huh?

Va bene e fai molta tensione.

Molto valute!

Buon giorno!

We present Il Grande Bandini

direct from the Victoria Palace.
The Victoria Palace, eh?
I played there myself
in my younger days.
What kind of an act do you do?
Escapologist.
A what?
- I escape.
Escape from what?
From trunks.
From tanks filled with water.
From chains, from locked cages.
Yeah, but not from
your hotel bill, I hope.
That'll be a buck-fifty,
plus two bits for carrying.
A dollar six bits, all told.
There you are my fine fellow.
And don't forget:
Come to see me perform
tomorrow night at the Orpheum.
So, you're playing the Orpheum, huh?
So...
Who told you about this place, anyway,
the Haymarket?
It was recommend me by a
knives thrower I meet in Marseilles
A man si chiama Nicholas Romaine.
Nicholas Romaine? No I don't
seem to remember him.
We do have a Miss Romaine staying here
with her little boy.
I'll have to ask her when she comes
back in. She may be a relative.
Now, let's see about your room.
Ah, yeah, I have a nice one on
the second floor. Number seventeen.
That'll be fifty cents a day,
with breakfast.
Would you care to register?
Er, the room, she's clean?
The Great Bandini
does not share his bed with bugs.
We have the cleanest

place in this town.

You can ask anybody that lives here.

Ah, Miss Romaine.

By the way, over there's a gentleman who might be knowing a relative of yours.

Buonasera, Signorina.

Che piacere.

I once had the great honour of appearing on the same bill with your most most esteemed father.

My name is Sherlock Holmes, and if you value your life and freedom you'll invite me to your room at once.

Where is the boy?

Show him to me.

How did you know?

There's no time for that,

Mademoiselle.

Where is he?

Scott?

Scott?

Scott!

Scott?

He's drugged.

A few grains of laudanum, that is all, Monsieur.

And only when I must go out.

I would not harm the boy.

You have most assuredly harmed his mother.

What brought you to take part in this outrage?

I had no choice, Monsieur.

Three days ago, a man came to me.

Charles Nickers,

a tumbler with the Twickenham Toffs.

I had the distinct honour of arresting his brother, Bill, in London a fortnight ago.

The Twickenham Toffs have long been a part of Moriarty's organisation.

And what did this Charles Nickers say to you?

He said that

unless I did as I was bidden

my brother, Anatole, in Paris
would be murdered.

I see.

And what were your orders
in addition to persuading young Scott
to take part in a prank
against his governess?

I was to bring him here.

And then engage a room
facing the street.

Originally, my room was in the rear.

Then I was to call the opera
and say I was ill.

Then, twice a day I must inform
Mr Nickers that the boy is here
and no-one has enquired after him.

Inform? In what way?

Each day at eleven,
and again at seven,
he comes across the street and watches.

I walk to the window
and open the curtain and nod.

And that is all.

Which means it's almost time
for him to be there now.

Mademoiselle,
you have received Moriarty's
instructions now you will hear mine.

When Charles Nickers arrives
you will give him the proper signal
as you have been told to do,
and you will continue to do so
twice a day until I relieve you
of the responsibility.

If you do as I say, you will emerge
from this dismal matter unharmed,
as will your brother.

Fail me in any respect,
and you will held accountable for
the death of Scott Adler.

Oh, Mon dieu!

Yes, if I were French I would
have said the same thing myself.
See if he's there.

Well?

- Yes.

Then give the proper signal!

He has gone.

Good.

Here is my key. I am in room seventeen

It's three doors down from you,

across the corridor.

Go and unlock the door.

When the way is clear,

give the signal.

Now.

Back to your room, Mademoiselle.

And remember, do exactly as I told you.

The boy's life depends on it.

Yes, yes, of course,

I will obey you utterly.

Do.

There you are, my lad.

You'll have a bruise or two

to show for your adventure.

But they'll soon disappear under

your mother's kisses.

This is not an albergo for attori,

it is a pen for pigs.

Prepare my bill at once,

and send someone up for my luggage.

I will not share my room with bugs!

The Hotel Algonquino.

Woah!

Go ahead, quickly.

Mr Holmes and Dr Watson's

luggage from the hotel.

Come and give me a hand with it.

Good heavens, what's this about?

I said I got Dr Watson and Mr Holmes'

luggage from the hotel, like you ordered.

I need some help

getting it into the house.

Heller, help the man in

with the luggage, please.

Yes, madam.

What've they brought the

luggage here for, anyway?

I'm sure we'll find out very soon,
Watson.

It's mine all right.

Good heavens, it's empty.

Look here, my good man...

There's a large trunk on the back
of the carriage, Watson.

Holmes!

As soon as Heller and I have it
halfway across the pavement,
so it's blocking the view
of the chap across the street,
I want you to get into
the carriage as fast as you can,
lie on the floor, and under no
circumstances allow yourself to be seen.
Remember, do exactly as I say.

Come on, Heller.

Er, careful, pull it with two hands.

Now, Dr Watson.

Bring your end round.

Close the door.

Scott!

Is he all right?

He's as fit as a fiddle, he's just
feeling the effects of a sleeping draught.

How did I get here?

Where's Nicole?

Oh, it's all right my darling.

Irene, there's no time to explain.

Under no circumstances must you leave
this house or allow the lad to be seen.

Until I give the word,
matters still remain grave.

Of course

- Come on, Heller.

Open the door.

Here you are,

my man, here's something for your pains.

Oh, thank you, sir. Thank you very much.

Scott, my darling boy.

Who was that man?

Tell Moriarty Holmes and Watson
have moved into the Adler house.

Yah!

By George, you're right, Holmes.
Not a sign of anyone watching us.
I assumed as much.

We are not beaten yet, Watson.

Not by a long chalk.

Er, what's our next move, Holmes?

Well, what time is it?

Er...

- Ah, never mind!

Ah, almost ten and I have not dined,
lunched and, if my memory is correct,
we didn't even breakfast.

I suggest we make up for that lapse in
the Algonquin's most excellent restaurant.
And, after that, we can look up Inspector
Lafferty as soon as possible.

Hear, hear. All I've had today was tea
at Miss Adler's after our cab ride.

Holmes,
over here tea comes in pouches.

Thank you.

I take it this combination is different
from the one that unlocks the main doors?

It is, sir.

How many people
know these combinations?

Only the six employees of the Exchange
and myself.

And, I might add, the tumblers are
changed every three months.

Admirable, if, in this case, futile.

Is this the only way to
reach the vault?

Up until six days ago it was.

What sort of lift is this?

Drum and cable. Works from above.

And how far do we descend?

One hundred and fifty feet.

At what rate of speed?

Two hundred feet per minute.

We appear to have arrived.

Yes, so we have.

I presume this combination

also differs from its fellows
and is changed
every ninety days as well?
Correct, sir.
And now, Mr Holmes,
I'm gonna ask you to see for yourself
what I can only describe as
the most dismal sight the world
has ever seen.
Extraordinary!
They had to cut through over two feet
of rock and concrete.
The noise must have been deafening.
Since they've been working on the subway
you could set off dynamite
and no-one would hear it.
It's a condition that doubtless
was taken advantage of.
Two pieces of bullion
were left behind you say. Where?
Ah, one in the tunnel there.
One fifty feet
south of the main excavation.
Well, that makes it clear enough,
doesn't it Holmes?
They made off in that direction
with their boodle.
One would immediately accept that
conclusion, I quite agree with you.
I should like to take
a closer look at the vaults now.
How many pieces of actual gold
were stored here?
Just prior to the theft,
these vaults held
eighteen million pounds of gold,
consisting of 360,000
fifty-pound blocks.
Each block valued at \$28,000.
360,000 blocks of gold removed
from here and no-one noticed it.
If we weren't standing here looking
at these vaults I'd say it was impossible.
Yes, I should say so, too.

I should like to return to the lift.
Mr McGraw,
this, er, hatchway, does it provide
access to the overhead drum and cable?
Yes, yes.
Watson, give me a leg up will you?
- Oh, Inspector? There you are Holmes.
Thank you, Watson.
- There we are.
Thank you.
Well, gentlemen, I think
I've seen all I need to see.
I have one final enquiry
to make elsewhere,
after which I believe I should be able
to make all the pieces fit together,
and come up with the solution.
And the gold?
The gold, of course, will be forthcoming
with the solution to the problem.
In time for the transfer of the
bullion tomorrow morning?
It is my fondest wish.
Where are we off to now?
To pay a call on
Thomas Balance and Company,
the firm that designed the underground.
I wish to ascertain
the depth of the excavation
at the point at which it passes
under the Bowerie National Bank.
Er, cab!
And I shall be most astonished,
Watson, if we're not told
the figure is precisely
one-hundred-and-fifty feet.
We wish to go to
Thomas Balance and Company.
You'll find it at 45th Street
and 6th Avenue, I believe.
Precisely one-hundred-and-fifty feet,
Mr Holmes.
Thank you.
Bless me soul!

Well, what have ya found out?
- Everything.
Everything?
You mean, you know where the gold is?
Why, I knew that
the moment we descended in the lift.
I merely wanted to
double-check my certainty.
Well, where is it?
We were standing on it.
- We were sta...? Holmes!
Well, don't you see
what the wily devil has done?
No, I don't. And I'm sure
I'd be delighted if you told me.
Oh, very well, Watson, consider this:
360,000 blocks of gold,
each weighing fifty pounds apiece.
Now, give Moriarty a hundred,
say two hundred men,
each of them able to carry able
to carry a fifty-pound block of gold.
Very well. What then?
Er, thank you, my man.
Each one of those two hundred men
would have to carry
1,800 blocks of gold from the vaults.
Now, to carry a single
fifty-pound block of gold,
from the vaults, through the tunnel
to some conveyance
waiting in the underground excavation,
and return for a second block
could not be reasonably accomplished
in less than ten minutes.
That is 180,000 minutes, or three hundred
hours to complete the task.
That is over twelve days, Watson.
And yet the gold was still
there seven days ago.
Mr McGraw's instincts
were quite correct.
The task appears impossible despite
the evidence of those empty vaults.

But Holmes, they were empty.

Thank you.

Those vaults were.

'Those vaults'?

What on earth are ya suggestin'?

When I asked how far down the lift went

I was told one-hundred-and-fifty feet.

Meaning the vault was one-hundred-and-fifty feet below the bank.

But, the depth of the underground excavation at that point was also one-hundred-and-fifty feet.

Now, when I examined the overhead cable while the lift was presumably at the bottom of the shaft, there still remained ten feet wrapped around the drum.

Mr McGraw told me the rate of descent was two hundred feet per minute, which means it should've taken forty-five seconds to reach the bottom of the shaft. It only took forty-two.

Oh, and I'm sure you noticed that the tunnel from the vaults to the underground excavation slanted downwards. Oh, did it?

Watson, there is only one inescapable conclusion:

The vaults we examined were not the vaults containing the gold, but an exact replica built directly above the actual vaults.

It will be discovered, I am confident, that when the floor of the lift is removed, iron bars will have been inserted into the shaft to stop the lift descending the remaining ten feet into the actual vault, where all the gold still safely resides. But, Holmes, the vault door, the combination lock,

the cages themselves, everything.
Duplicated down to the smallest detail.
A member of McGraw's staff must have
thrown in his luck with Moriarty
and provided him with all
the necessary information.
But that must have taken them months.
Yes, and with hundreds of men employed
upon the construction of the underground,
who would notice
a handful of Moriarty's cohorts
tunnelling for purposes of their own?
But, Holmes, you were certain of all this
when we were still with Inspector Lafferty.
But you said nothin'.
Why?
Watson, I...
I still fear for the boy's life.
But he's safe at home.
Only so long as Moriarty
still believes him prisoner.
Tomorrow's newspapers hold the key.
If the theft is reported, then Moriarty
will know that I have obeyed his orders
and it will be safe to release Scott.
But, on the other hand,
if the financial pages carry news
of the transaction of the gold.
Then he will know that I have tricked him.
He will hasten to seize Scott
from Mademoiselle Romaine,
and when he finds
that I have forestalled him
his rage will be so towering
that he will not rest until he has taken
his revenge upon me through Scott.
I must know where Moriarty is.
Until he is in the
custody of the police
I cannot safely reveal
the location of the gold
No other course of action
is permissible.
But how on earth

can you expect to manage that?
It took you half a year to ferret out
the man's lodgings in lime-house.
Watson, I'm not too proud to learn.
Why not use his method
in ferreting me out.
Holmes, where're you going?
Back to that most
admirable establishment.
Eve's Costume Company.
Oh, dressin' up again, I take it.
I wonder what he's going as this time.
Huh!
Cab!
Cab.
Follow that cab.
Charles Nickers, I presume.
Put your hands in the air.
My name is Sherlock Holmes,
I dare say you've heard of me.
Cor, blimey!
Yes, I've often wondered why he hasn't
chosen to do just that on many an occasion.
Now, unless you wish
to go the way of your brother Bill,
you'll tell me
who is in that building.
The professor.
- And how many others?
Speak sharply man,
or you'll swing for it.
Holmes!
Constable, here is my card.
Take this man in charge and get word
to Inspector Lafferty at once
that the building behind me is to be
surrounded and its occupants arrested.
Tell him I will provide him
with full details directly.
Thank you. Keep the change.
I suggest you take these words
to heart, my man.
There you are, Heller.
Get that to Inspector Lafferty

as quickly as possible.

Yes, sir.

Within the half hour, Professor Moriarty and his entire American organisation will be in custody.

Irene, your fears are at an end.

Scott...

Well, young man, you have had more than an adventure, much more.

You've aided in the capture of the world's most notorious criminal and you have been instrumental in preventing a devastating world war.

Well, I wish I'd known all that, sir.

I wouldn't have slept through so much of it.

Well said!

He's a bright boy.

Goodbye, Scott.

- Goodbye, Mr Holmes.

I must be off.

Must you leave now?

I am anxious to hear of Inspector Lafferty's success.

And I must get this ridiculous outfit back to the costumier.

I shall see you to the door.

It's amazing, Irene.

You haven't changed at all since that week in Montenegro. When was it? 1891?

- What?

Not changed in ten years?

Sherlock, how gallant of you.

But come now, ten years.

I notice nothing.

Sherlock Holmes notices nothing.

Why, am I so different, then?

No. Far from it.

That was my first thought when you burst in here.

'My heavens, it's as though it were yesterday.'

I hadn't known,

after that first misadventure
from which I managed to extricate you,
that you'd married again.
I have never re-married, Sherlock.
Oh, I see.
You were appearing in Rigoletto.
And you were on a walking tour.
I remember thinking to myself,
'What a...
'What an unlikely place
to come across you. Montenegro.
'You, who were always attracted
by the bright lights of the metropolis.'
I remember thinking the same about you.
'What an unlikely place to find someone
who is never at home outside London.'
Until then.
Eight o'clock.
If things have gone well,
and they cannot fail to have done so,
I shall get word to you.
Then, perhaps...
The three of us could
take supper together.
And I don't mean Watson.
I shall wait for your message.
Holmes?
Holmes, where have you been?
We've been waiting
god knows how long.
For me?
What is it, Watson?
Inspector.
Didn't you get my message?
- I did.
That fella Nickers revealed the name of
McGraw's man who co-operated with Moriarty.
He's been arrested.
The warehouse has been seized and fifteen
of Moriarty's men are in jail right now.
But not Moriarty!
Not Moriarty?
Is this true?
- I'm afraid so.

He abandoned his men
and slipped through our net.
We must get to Irene's house
on the instant.
Scott Adler is in the most extreme peril.
Into this wagon, quickly.
14 Gramercy Park.
But they're not here, Mr Holmes.
Not here?
Where are they?
They went to meet you, sir.
You sent them that telegram.
Telegram? What telegram?
'Meet me at the fountain in the park
within the hour. Sherlock.'
I have sent them directly
into his hands.
When did they leave?
- Why, within the half-hour.
Quick Watson, Inspector.
The game's afoot,
we have not a moment to lose.
Washington Circle. It's an emergency.
Yah!
There's Mr Holmes, now, Mama.
Scott, run!
In with you! Come on, get in.
Get in there!
Stand back woman.
Back, back! Stand back!
This is it.
I say, look, there's Miss Adler.
Sherlock.
Sherlock, they have him.
They have him again.
Where?
What are we going to do?
- Holmes, there!
Just rounding the corner,
the chap driving the cab.
Those are the ones.
Inspector, we must overtake that cab.
Come, Watson!
- That cab headed south. Catch up with it.

Hurry up!
Hah! Hah!
Faster!
Faster!
Yah!
Yah!
We're gaining on them.
Giddy-up.
Faster!
Faster!
Hah! Hah!
We're gaining on 'em.
Look out for that wagon up ahead, man.
Get out of the way!
Get out of the way, I say!
Don't stop now, man. Just go!
Oh, I say!
Woah!
Woah.
They're hot on our heels, Professor.
Step lively, boy. Through that door
and up those stairs, smart.
His secret headquarters.
They brought him here.
Round up a squad
as soon as you can.
Shall we burst in a seize them?
- No.
No, Inspector. I must go in alone.
Who knows what harm
he might do to Scott, if cornered.
And I'm sure these premises
blaze with hidden pitfalls.
When the lad comes out of this door,
unharméd, then you may come in after me.
Scott!
Fear not, Irene.
You shall not long be parted.
You know what to do.
Ready the launch.
Don't move boy,
or it'll be the finish of ya.
We'll join you as soon as I've completed
one final bit of business.

Mr Holmes, I thought it might be you.
I have no doubt of that, at all.
Well...
A little touch of London, I see.
You must really feel at home
in this chamber of horrors
to duplicate it wherever you go.
You may release the boy now.
I'm the one you want and here I stand.
Let the lad return to his mother.
You're wrong, Mr Holmes,
I've got what I want, I've got the boy.
Dare you cross the room to fetch him?
That passage leads to the river
where a steam launch waits.
The boy comes with me.
You'll never see him again.
Neither you, nor his mother.
That's the revenge I'll have of you.
You'll, neither of you,
ever see this precious boy again.
Blast you, boy!
- Well done, Scott!
Run, Scott!
Run for your life!
Good lord, who fired that shot?
Mama!
Scott!
Scott. Oh, my darling.
I'm going in, Inspector.
Come on!
Holmes!
Professor Moriarty, drop your hands.
Holmes, good heavens!
Come on, gentlemen, over here.
I've got him. Pull him out.
Thank you, gentlemen.
Are you all right, sir?
- Yes, thank you.
Moriarty!
- Good night, Mr Holmes.
Quick, he's getting away.
Back, sir. Back, sir!
Let the victory be yours this time.

But there'll be other battles
on other battlefields.
And victory's such a temporary thing.
Isn't it, Mr Holmes?
Good night, again.
Where in the world
would it lead to, Holmes?
To the river, where he has
a steam launch waiting him.
I'll have a police vessel in his wake
within the hour.
No, Inspector.
Within that time he'll be well beyond
the bounds of your jurisdiction.
I'm afraid the final encounter
between Moriarty and me is yet to come.
At any rate I'm assured
of the boy's safety.
Oh, my dear Watson,
I owe you a profound debt of gratitude.
That tide would soon have carried me
to a certain death.
It was a pleasure, Holmes.
Don't mention it.
Inspector,
our quarry may have eluded us
but his evil scheme has been thwarted.
What time is the transfer
of gold to take place?
Eleven, tomorrow morning.
Then, let us be there at ten-thirty.
Oh, I assure you, Inspector,
I am not jesting.
And you will not be disappointed.
Yes, Lord Brackish,
managing director of the Bank of England,
was to have been murdered mysteriously.
His death, of course,
as you can well imagine,
would have caused great panic
in the world's financial circles.
This theft was to have been
the culmination of a grand scheme.
I was able to foil the

assassination attempt of Lord Brackish.

And I have been able to
forestall the theft of the gold.

Mr Holmes, I certainly hope
your confidence is not over-expressed.

Well, you may test its validity
at your convenience, Mr McGraw,
for we seem to have arrived.

Last evening,
just before midnight,
I slipped into the false chamber
and removed the bars
that were stopping the
descent of the lift.

Good job nobody saw me, eh?

Think what the papers
would have made of that!

Well, gentlemen,
all present and accounted for?
No illusion, no sleight of hand,
no mirage.

If you're satisfied
that all the gold has been returned,
Doctor Watson and I must be off.
We have a busy day ahead of us.
It's our last before returning home.
Surely you'll do me the honour
of dining with me?

Regrettably, Mr McGraw, we have to
decline your kind invitation.

We.

And a young lad of our acquaintance,
have tickets this evening for
The Second Mrs Tanqueray.

Oh.

- Gentlemen.

Mr Holmes, Mr Holmes!

Aren't you gonna
explain how you did this?

No.

But, I expect one day Dr Watson will.

Mr Holmes!

Bravo!

Thank you.

Must you really leave at once?

I'm afraid so.

There are so many things in England
that require my attention right now.

All of which you abandoned
to race to my rescue.

Sherlock,

now that I'm rescued, can you not
stay a while to enjoy your success?

I wish I could.

But the Etruria sails before dawn,
and Watson and I must pack our things
before the carriage comes
to take us to the docks.

What are you running from, Sherlock?

Running?

Well, I...

I suppose inactivity, boredom.

Are you sure it's not fear?

Fear?

Fear of what?

Perhaps...

The unknown.

My dear Irene, it's the, er,
known I fear. I seek the unknown.

The unknown mystery, the unknown peril.

I yearn for the unknown.

And for nothing else?

Sherlock, is there
nothing you'd like to ask me?

Yes.

But I cannot.

Why?

Well b...

Because of the possible
answer I might receive.

I see.

Well, if you cannot ask it,
I cannot answer it.

And if...

I were to ask it?

And if the answer were the wrong one?

You see, I too, perhaps,
am in fear of the known.

Shall we meet again, do you think?
I should like to think so.
Shall I continue
to receive theatre tickets?
So long as I continue to perform.
With a word or two included
about the boy, perhaps?
I shall be most happy to.
A likeable chap, young Scott, really.
You think so?
Yes.
What are his interests, mainly?
He seems to have a fondness
for music,
and solving problems.
Aha.
I see.
Well, would you perhaps have another
picture of the boy I could have?
Take this one.
It must be your favourite.
It is.
I shall treasure it.
Always.
Yes, by George,
two hours we're at sea.
Ten days we're back in London.
Back in Baker Street.
Back where you can drink
a proper cup of tea.
Hail a proper hansom
if you want one.
Even travel the underground
if it suits your purposes.
Don't know about you Holmes, but I've
failed to discover a single feature
of this New York City
that we've not got threefold in London.
Have you, Holmes?
Perhaps not, Watson.
Perhaps not.