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Sherlock Holmes The Pearl of Death

By Unknown

Who's there?
Steward sir.
I say were not at
Dover yet are we?
No sir but there's a
message for you sir
in the wireless room.
I'll be right there.
Dover in fifteen minutes.
Dover in fifteen minutes.
Dover in fifteen minutes.
Bless my soul.
I must have dropped off
right in the
midst of our
most interesting
conversation.
My dear young lady what
must you think of me?
Oh please, I knew
you were tired
so I kept very quiet.
I wouldn't have awakened
you for the world.
You're very kind.
Oh you were telling
me about your roses.
Yes, yes my roses.
My beautiful roses.
I'm proud of my
roses sinfully proud.
Oh yes, yes we,
we must be
getting into Dover.
Well bless my
soul yes indeed.
Oh I beg your pardon.
I beg your pardon.
Yes, yes there are
the white cliff's.
You know I've been
dreading this moment.
Why now?
Well you see I have some

exposed film in my camera
and they might
make me open it,
the custom's I mean.
I should so hate to
lose my little pictures.
Oh dear that's too bad.
I wonder, it would
be a great favor
would you mind taking
care of it for me,
till we get through
the customs I mean?
Well I don't quite know.
If you'll just say it's
yours being a clergyman,
you're not subject to
such rigid inspection.
All right.
Just a harmless
little deception hey?
All right my
dear, all right.
Oh dear it nearly
fell overboard.
Yes.
Oh dear.
Are you a courier for
the Royal Museum?
Right.
Bringing in the
Borgia Pearl?
That's it.
I'll have it out
for you in a jiffy.
I say that's
a clever dodge.
Needs to be for
this, believe me.
There you are.
That message,
sent to me on the boat
it was a hoax to get
me out of my stateroom.

Oh there you are.
I was afraid that...
My dear lady they
didn't even question me.
Oh how can I ever thank...
Don't try
just send me one of your
photographs will you?
I'll be happy to.
Goodbye.
Why Giles!
Come on get in.
How many times must
I caution you my sweet
not to speak until
the doors are shut?
I'm sorry I didn't
expect you to meet me.
Oh I couldn't deny
myself that pleasure.
Naomi your more
beautiful than ever.
I'm glad to be back.
Yes and we're glad
to have you back.
We?
Well an old
friend of yours
turned up quite
unexpectedly.
He's been asking for you.
Who's that?
I found him prowling
around the room
making wistful little
noises like a dog.
No it can't be.
Yes my dear, The Creeper.
I'm not going to the flat.
Oh you'll be quite safe.
I have him under
lock and key.
Now to business.
What luck?

See for yourself.
I stuffed it with paper
to stop it from rattling.
It's absolutely
the biggest pearl
I've ever seen.
I don't understand.
You've been had my
dear, properly had.
My dear Conover,
forgive me if
I take the liberty
of returning
the Borgia Pearl
to its lawful owners.
Devotedly, S.H.
Sherlock Holmes
of Baker Street.
Well you might tell me
what you've been doing?
One thing at a
time old boy.
Let me get off
this makeup.
Oh I'm as stiff
as a vanished eel.
It still doesn't
answer my question.
What've you been up to?
A little bit of
hijacking old boy.
Reach into the inside
pocket of that coat
that you're about
to throw aside.
What do you find there?
Pocketbook.
Open it.
Take out what you see.
You're fingers
are now closed
on a matter of
fifty thousand pounds.
What?

Can't be real.
Real as death old fellow.
The blood of
twenty men upon it
down through
the centuries.
Where'd you get it?
From a charming young
lady, Naomi Drake.
Alias Ebet Dejue,
alias Liza Vanini.
Never heard of her.
No, nor of Giles
Conover either I fancy.
I can't say that I have.
That's the incredible
thing about it Watson.
This man invades
Europe like a plague
yet no one has
heard of him.
That's what puts him
on the pentacle in
the records of crime.
What's he do?
Everything and nothing.
In his whole
diabolical career
the police have
never been able
to pin anything on him.
And yet show me
crime without motive,
robbery without a clue,
murder without a trace
and I'll show you
Giles Conover.
But that's amazing Holmes.
Two years ago he
disappeared
from his usual haunts
and I have every reason
to believe that he...
oh here it is.

I've every
reason to believe
that he's back
in England again.
It's like a precocity of
this sinister creature
I should feel
that my own career
had reached its summit.
Where is that stuff?
Well you think Conover's
behind the theft
of this pearl?
I was never more sure
of anything in my life.
Excuse me.
Shhhh.
Listen.
The pearl, quick hide it.
Turn out that light.
Well Mr. Holmes.
My apologies Lestrade
I was expecting
Mr. Giles Conover.
Come in won't you?
Good evening
Doctor Watson.
Good evening.
I take it that
Scotland Yard
has been notified of the
theft of the Borgia Pearl?
Yes but, but...
Give it to him Watson.
What?
Well I never.
That's a fine way to
treat the Borgia Pearl.
I assure you Lestrade
I shall not feel safe
until this pearl is
in the deepest vault
of the
Royal Regent Museum.

I don't mind
telling you Digby
I shall be glad
to see the last of
your precious pearl.
Precious is a
feeble word Holmes.
Look at its
flawless skin,
it's natural symmetry,
it's a miracle of beauty.
A miracle of horror.
Steady on now isn't
that a bit strong?
Is it?
Look at its
bloodstained history.
Think of all the
misery's it's brought
to the poor wretched who
lay greedy hands on it.
Alexander Borgia died,
twisted and
black from poison.
Carlos of Spain became
a dribbling madman,
a disastrous jewel Digby.
The world would be
much better off if
it were sunk in the
ocean from which it came.
Oh really Mr. Holmes
we'd hardly treat
a national treasure
in such a
cavalier fashion.
If you'll kindly open
the case inspector.
Certainly sir.
There, all snug and safe.
You call that safe?
I've told you
Giles Conover's
after that pearl.

Under the circumstances
wouldn't it be better
to place a guard over it?
It has a hundred
guards over it
at this very moment.
Well my eyes
must be failing me
I don't understand.
What's to prevent
anyone from smashing the
glass and pinching it?
Would you like to
try it Doctor Watson?
I certainly would.
Don't bother
smashing the glass
I'll open it for you.
Now there help yourself.
Mr. Digby?
Don't be alarmed Bates
merely a demonstration.
May I have the
pearl Doctor?
What again?
That allays your fears
I trust Doctor Watson?
If you'll step into my
office gentlemen
I'll explain to
you what happened.
How does the thing work?
Electricity, The high
priest of false security.
As you'll have
noticed gentlemen
we are well protected.
Every article in this
museum is so placed
that its removal
creates a contact.
Very ingenious.
Tell me Digby just
where in the building

is the control of this ingenious electrical safety device?
The wires are in this room.
Naturally they're not exposed.
Well naturally.
Well Watson I think our usefulness here has ended.
Goodbye Digby.
Goodbye Mr. Holmes.
Proved to be most interesting,
thank you very much.
Goodbye Mr. Digby.
Goodbye Doctor.
Oh good day Inspector.
Good day sir.
Oh I'm so sorry.
Oh accidents will happen.
Mind where you're going.
My new hat.
My apologies Digby.
Oh no harm done
I assure you.
On the contrary
I'm afraid the greatest harm has been done.
I beg your pardon.
Are all the objects of art in this room connected with your protective system?
Well most of them but why?
This etching for instance, is it connected?
Most certainly.
It's a priceless original.
Take it down will you Watson?
Not me.
Once bitten, twice shy.
Oh tush.

I'm not afraid of
guards and gongs.
But, but.
I don't understand.
What's happened?
Why don't the gongs ring?
I'll tell you why
because your whole
elaborate system here
isn't worth a
brass furling.
But...
It all depends
on three wires
behind that strip
of Chinese embroidery.
Who told you?
You told me yourself,
said the wires
weren't exposed.
The only unexposed
wall space in this room
is behind this embroidery.
While you were picking
up those ornaments
I disconnected these wires
just to show you
how absurdly easy
it would be for anyone,
Far less ingenious and
far less resourceful
for Giles Conover to
do the same thing.
Now will you listen to me
when I tell you
to lock that pearl
in the deepest, darkest
vaults in all England?
Stop thief!
Stop thief!
Open the door.
Gone.
It's gone.
A workman took it sir.

Bates is after him.
I don't understand
the gongs never rang
and the shutters
never closed.
No, The wires
were disconnected
thanks to
Mr. Sherlock Holmes.
A grateful nation owes
you a memorial Mr. Holmes.
You demonstrated
your cleverness
oh most brilliantly.
You did put
your foot in it
and no mistake Mr. Holmes.
Nonsense.
How was he to know
that anyone...
How?
Well elementary
my dear Watson.
By his deductive
reasoning of course.
Oh shut up Lestrade.
Deductive reasoning?
Giving away the Borgia
Pearl like a pound of tea.
Fifty thousand
pounds not tea.
What's this?
A man who
wanted to be caught,
Mr. Giles Conover.
How are you Mr. Holmes?
But I don't understand.
This is one of
our workmen.
He's been employed
here for weeks.
He came highly
recommended.
Yes I've no doubt of it.

Every employee
of this museum
is scrupulously
investigated.
I take it be that
Mr. Conover's
is a man of infinite
resource and precaution.
Well thank you Mr. Holmes.
Just a bare chance
that his accomplice
Miss Naomi Drake
might not get away
with that pearl on the
boat from Austin to Dover.
Pearl, what pearl?
Who are you getting at?
Did you search him Bates?
Yes Inspector but there's
not a thing on him.
He might have
swallowed it.
No he hasn't got it
or he would have
never allowed
Bates to catch him.
While he was running
away did he stop?
Did he meet anybody?
Why yes sir as he went
around the corner
he bumped into a woman.
Did you get a
good look at her?
No sir, not good enough.
Awe that's where
you lost your pearl.
That woman was
an accomplice.
Same girl that was
on the boat hey?
Possibly.
In any event may
I suggest Lestrade

that you hold Mr. Conover?
Awe come now Mr. Holmes
haven't you made enough
mistakes for one day?
It's no crime you know in
taking a job in a museum.
There's no
crime in running
when you're being chased.
Just what am I
being held for?
Window breaking.
Thank you Mr. Conover.
Take him away officer.
How long can you hold him?
Well you heard
what he said,
strictly
speaking we can't.
One day, two?
Well maybe it two.
Good.
Good?
What's good about it?
Do we want him or
want the pearl?
That's just what I'm
getting at Watson.
One of two things
has happened,
either the woman he bumped
into was an accomplice
in which case
she has the pearl,
or he managed somehow to
conceal it in his flight.
He had to stick that pearl
in some make shift
hiding place.
He'll never rest
until his confederates
have it safely
in their hands.
He'll try to send

them a message.

You are to give him
every opportunity.

But how?

May I suggest, Lestrade
that he's permitted
to have his food sent
in from the outside?

Huh?

Oh.

Here we are Inspector.
Here is his tray just the
way Mr. Conover left it.

Ten to one

there's a message
in there somewhere.

Yes, what makes you
so blinking sure
there's a message in it?

Because he asked me
for a lend of me pencil
that's why and
he promised a quid
if I'd keep my mouth shut.

Oh he did did he?

Cunning ain't he?

Well there's some
that's cunninger.

He's got the wrong
pig by the ears
this Mr. Giles Conover.

Yes.

He hasn't got
Mr. Sherlock Holmes
to deal with.

Well nothing there.

There might be a note
stuck on underneath.

Seeing eye that's what
you've got to have.

Nothing much gets
by you Inspector.

Oh we all slip up
once in a while.

No one's
infallible you know.
That's funny.
Got you Mr. Giles Conover.
Here hang on to this.
What is it?
You'll soon see,
a note to his accomplice
or I'm a Dutchman.
Yes.
Fancy me pulling
Mr. Sherlock Holmes'
chestnuts out of the fire.
Thought he'd fool didn't
he, bless the little man.
This will tell us where
the Borgia Pearl is.
It means promotion for
me, surely, surely alive.
What'd it say?
What do you care
what it says?
It didn't say where
the Borgia Pearl
was at Inspector.
Just you clear
up this tray,
that's all you got to do.
And see it gets back
to the restaurant.
Very good Inspector.
Holmes and his theories.
Naddie my girl get
a move on will you?
What are you staring
at that plate for?
Oh I ain't a staring at
it I'm a washing it see?
Well I ain't paying you
to go to sleep on
your feet you know?
Go on you old
bag of grease.
Wash your own

dirty dishes.
See?
You can't do
that there here.
It's lovely
weather ain't it?
Holmes you drive
me raving mad
standing there scraping
on that filthy fiddle
as if you haven't got
a care in the world.
All the time
your reputation's
been dragged in the mud.
My dear Watson, I
really must caution you
against hitting newspaper
reporters in the teeth.
It's... isn't dignified.
Well he deserved
it the idiot.
But how did you know
I struck a reporter?
Observation my
dear fellow.
You come in here
with two copies of
the morning paper.
The thing you never do
unless there's an article
in which you wish to
keep for your files.
You talk about
my reputation being
dragged in the mud.
Obviously I've been
the subject of an attack
in connection with the
theft of the Borgia Pearl.
Oh you certainly have.
This article
practically suggests
you should

profit by the deal,
and it implied that you
were working with Conover.
Yes I'm afraid I'm
in for it Watson.
But how did you know
I struck the fellow?
Oh that, well
you come in here,
jumping off the
handle at me,
Berating me like a mother
who boxes her child's ears
after snatching it
from under a tram.
A very human
impulse Watson
and one that suggests
that you've been
taking up the
cudgels on my behalf.
What a remarkable
deduction.
Not when you consider
that the skin is missing
from the first
and second knuckles
of your right hand.
Didn't hurt.
Good old Watson.
It's like you
to stand by a man
who's been discredited.
Oh rubbish.
We've been in tighter
spots than this.
Not many I'm afraid.
Well come along
old fellow.
What have we here?
Kippers.
Kippers splendid.
I'm as hungry as
a bee on a flower.

Come in.
Don't get up.
I haven't got a minute.
I've just popped
in to tell you...
I know to tell me that
you can't hold
Conover any longer.
In fact, you've
already let him go.
Never a doubt.
How did you know?
Elementary my
dear Lestrade.
You know as well as I do
that you can't hold a man
for more than
forty-eight hours
without bringing a
charge against him.
That's right.
Have one won't you?
Thanks.
I've got to be off.
Off to solve another
baffling crime I suppose?
You might call
it that Doctor
but to me it's just
another routine murder.
Oh?
Who is it?
A bloke named
Harker, military man.
Harker?
Horace Harker?
That's right you know him?
I've heard of him.
Horace Harker.
Yes I remember him.
He's a major in India.
He's retired.
So he's been
murdered has he?

Had his back broke.
Well I got to be off.
Wait a minute.
What did you say?
Had his back broke.
You know spine snapped.
That's it.
That's what?
It's come at last Watson,
the thing we've
been waiting for.
Now hold on,
keep your shirt on.
There's no
mystery about it.
He must have
fallen down in the
struggle that's all.
Nonsense.
Here's your coat Watson.
What is all this?
We're giving
Lestrade a hand.
Well the
Borgia Pearl we can't...
It's the Borgia
Pearl were after.
Come along Lestrade.
I don't want a hand.
Borgia Pearl were after.
Giving Lestrade a hand.
I'm coming.
Giving Lestrade a hand.
And this is exactly
how you found him?
Yes sir.
Nobody's touched him
but the police sergeant.
Back broken hey?
Snapped clean sir.
Died instantaneous
the doctor said.
Lestrade would you mind
if Doctor Watson

has a look at him?
Not at all.
Thank you.
Watson I'd like to know
whether the break is
cervical,
thoracal, lumbar
and I'll wager
it's lumbar.
Awe tush.
Who found the
body Murdock?
She did sir,
his housekeeper.
Said she came in to clear
away supper things
and found him lying there.
And that's the
first and last word
we've been able
to get out of her.
Oh it is, is it?
Well I'll soon get a
word out of her, here you.
I shouldn't do that if
I were you Lestrade.
Why not?
The woman's
suffering from shock.
Cataleptic if you ask me.
I ain't asking
you Mr. Holmes.
Naturally.
Get her out of
here Murdock.
Get her to a hospital.
Can't you see she's
suffering from cata...
from shock.
Come on now.
Nobody's going
to hurt you.
Major Harker seems
to have thought

very highly of Napoleon.
He's rather overdone it.
I don't think
much of that one.
Where was the
break Watson?
One of the lumbar
vertebrae as you thought,
the third vertebrae.
I can't for the life of me
imagine how it happened.
I can.
Oh really?
Well it happened
just as I thought.
The house
breaker comes in
through this
window over here.
So you see
Mr. Sherlock Holmes
I shan't be needing
you after all.
Simple as A-B-C isn't it?
Yeah.
The murderer comes in
through that open window,
Major Harker's having
supper over there,
with his back to
him, carry on.
Well he tiptoes over
behind his victim here.
Harker rises,
they come to grips.
They barge all
around the room
banging into this table,
dishes go every which way,
Harker falls and
breaks his back.
Simple ain't it?
So simple my dear Lestrade
as to be almost childish.

For instance, will
you kindly explain
how the dishes that
were on this table
could have been knocked
off in the struggle
and this silver milk
jug left standing
and all these knives
and forks and spoons
in perfect arrangement?

Well Mr. Holmes if
it's a psychology
of knives and
forks and milk jugs
you're talking about
I beg to be excused.
I'm trying to account
for this broken
china Lestrade.

That's the outstanding
feature of this case
whether you
know it or not.

All these broken plates,
plaster ornament,
bric-a-brac,
why was all
this china mashed
and nothing
else disturbed?

Why?

Yes and how about his
back being broken?

A man can't just fall
down and break his back
in that casual
way you know.

Right you are Watson.
External force
is indicated.

There's no doubt about it.
Major Harker's back was
broken deliberately.

I suppose you're going to
tell us just who did it?

Yes, I think I can.

I've never known
but one killer
who used that technique.

What?

Oh come on he's
dead and done for.

Can you remember him?

Am I likely to forget
the Oxton Creeper?

Oxton Creeper?

Oxton Horror I called him.

A monster Watson with
a chest of a buffalo
and the arms of a gorilla.

His particular method of
murder is back breaking
and it's always the same,
the third lumbar
vertebrae.

How horrible.

Do you mean to stand
there and tell me
you think he's
still alive?

Why they got
him two years ago
trying to escape
from Devil's Island.

Did they?

I wonder.

I'll lay you odds
he's in London at
this very moment.

All right Mr. Holmes you
stick to your theories

I'll stick to my facts.

That's fair enough.

Do me a favor will you?

Anything your

little heart desires.

This broken china get it

all swept up carefully
and send it to me at
Baker Street will you?
All right but what do
you want it for anyway?
Oh just a souvenir.
Come along Watson
I think our usefulness
here has ended.
Mind you sweep it
all up Lestrade.
As a matter of fact Watson
what I did not
tell Lestrade,
since I can't prove it,
is that the Oxton Creeper
has always been Giles
Conover's right arm
when it comes to killing.
When you heard that Major
Harker's back was broken
you suspected
The Creeper huh?
Naturally, can't
be mere coincidence
that the Creeper comes
back into the scene
just as Giles Conover
reappears in London.
I see but how does Harker
tie up with that gang?
I haven't the
foggiest notion.
Buy a box of
matches gentlemen?
But there is a connection
or Harker wouldn't
be lying there now
with his back broken.
My surmise is
that Giles Conover
has lost the Borgia Pearl
and is trying
desperately to get it back

just as we are.
I'm just as
sure of it that am
that we're being shadowed
this very moment.
Eyes front Watson,
come on.
Listen, have you
got your revolver?
Yes.
Then get it ready.
Huh?
Taxi?
No thank you.
Come on Watson.
Conover's gang.
We're on the right
track Watson.
Due primarily to the
brilliant work
of Inspector Lestrade.
Brilliant work of
Inspector Lestrade,
rubbish!
Lestrade couldn't even see
the stripes on a zebra.
Hello.
Housekeeper held,
arrested the housekeeper.
Whoa.
How could a little
woman of that size
break a man's back?
Lestrade's an idiot.
Well what the dear
public don't know it,
the dear public
won't worry about.
Funny.
I had it here
a moment ago.
Extraordinary thing...
Where can it be?
Oh what would Holmes do?

I know, reconstruct it.
Reconstruct it, that's it.
I was sitting here,
cutting,
paste,
reach for pipe,
matches, light,
oh no it ought to be...
and so it is.
Eureka.
Pure deductive reasoning.
I must tell
Holmes about that.
He couldn't have
done better himself.
The first door
on the right sir.
Oh thank you,
thank you Madame.
Come in.
Doctor Watson I believe.
Is Mr. Holmes in?
Well he's out sir.
He'll be back any minute.
Won't you come
in and wait?
Thank you very much.
Thank you.
Sit down sir?
Thank you.
Have a cigarette?
No thank you.
No doctor won't allow
me to smoke cigarettes
but may I?
Yes, yes sir.
You'll find
matches on the table.
Oh thank you very much.
You know my health has
never been the same
since that dreadful affair
at Farnsworth Castle.
Farnsworth Castle?

Farnsworth yes,
I thought I
recognized you.
Just a minute, I'll
tell you who you are.
Really?
Yes, simple deduction.
The bowed shoulders
of the scholar,
the open constancy
of the churchmen,
you must be Lord
Farnsworth's brother,
Archdeacon Farnsworth.
No sir, I'm no archdeacon.
Oh then you're the man
who found the body
in the bathtub.
No it was the butler
who found the body
and I was in the cupboard.
Strangled wasn't he?
No, no shot.
Oh shot, yes of
course, shot, yes.
Lord Farnsworth's
uncle wasn't it?
I am Lord
Farnsworth's uncle.
Oh of course.
My mistake, your
Farnsworth uncle.
And your name is...
Theopolus Kirby,
Lord Farnsworth's
uncle and biographer.
Of course I
remember you well.
I... Holmes will be
very glad to see you.
He maybe a bit late.
By the way as
he isn't here
if there's anything

that I can do.
Same, same
training as Holmes,
pure deductive reasoning.
For example, I can see
that you're in trouble.
On the contrary sir,
I've never been happier.
Oh, my mistake,
never been happier.
I've been looking for
some little
token of gratitude,
which I could
give to Mr. Holmes
and at last I think
I've found something
that he'll appreciate.
It's Doctor Johnson's
great dictionary,
an early folio.
Early folio.
Doctor Johnson
dictionary,
quite sure that he'd be
very excited about that.
That's very kind of you.
I'm a bit of a book
collector myself.
No please, please, I, I,
I've inscribed a
little dedication.
It may be a little
flowery perhaps
but well it's
straight from my heart,
to his I hope
and it's just a
little private.
Oh of course
a little private
and you want him to
be the first to read it.
That is so...

you're very
understanding sir.
Thank you very much.
Now I'm afraid I must go.
I'm sorry I cannot
stay any longer.
Don't you worry
about the book sir
I give you my word
that Sherlock Holmes
will be the first
person to open it.
Oh that makes me
very happy sir.
Very happy.
Goodbye sir.
Goodbye.
I'm sorry you can't stay.
An earlier folio.
Must be worth
a lot of money.
Bother.
Hello.
Who?
Mrs. Pennyweather.
There's no Mrs.
Pennyweather here.
This is Doctor Watson.
Wrong number I'm afraid.
I don't think Holmes
would mind if I just...
[knock on door]
Come in, come in.
Hello Mrs. Hudson.
I've brought your tea
and when
Mr. Holmes comes in
see that he eats a
bite like a good sole.
Certainly my dear
I'd be glad to.
I have a hard time
getting him to eat.
Oh good afternoon

Mrs. Hudson.
Oh I just
brought your tea.
Thank you.
And be sure you drink it.
I will.
Hello Watson.
Hello.
Too bad you're late.
An old chap was
here to see you.
Oh?
Sorry to have missed you.
What old chap?
Theopolus Kirby.
The Lord
Farnsworth's uncle.
You remember the
Farnsworth case?
Yes indeed I do
and I remember
Theopolus Kirby too.
Quite a scholar
and like most scholars,
a bit of a church mouse.
What's he want?
He brought you a present.
First folio of Doctor
Johnson's dictionary.
Must be worth
a lot of money.
He's written an
inscription in it,
bless his heart,
out of gratitude.
That's very nice of him.
Would you like to
have a look at it?
Have a cup of tea?
Oh thanks old boy,
put it down there.
Gratitude is a rare
quality in these days.
Let's see what he wrote.

Watson have you been
smoking a cigar?
No the old boy smoked one.
Kirby wasn't a smoking
man as I remember him.
And even if he were
he wouldn't be smoking
a Bolivar cabinet size,
imported from Havana,
especially for
connoisseurs.
Well if you're
not sure of him
there's plenty of
samples of his writing
in the shelves over there.
Why don't you
compare them...
Don't touch that book.
What?
Give it to me.
I'm sorry Watson
but unless I'm
greatly mistaken
you've been entertaining
Mr. Giles Conover.
What?
Get back from that book.
Great Scott!
He meant that for you.
Oh that's very gratifying.
Gratifying?
Certainly.
Conover wouldn't go
to all this trouble
to eliminate me if
I weren't in his way
and obviously
I am in his way
because he hasn't yet
found the Borgia Pearl
and as long as he hasn't...
All right let me have it.
Here.

Yes, yes.

Oh Lestrade.

Yes.

What?

Say that again.

Don't touch a thing.

No not a thing

do you understand?

Right, We'll be with you.

What is it Holmes?

Another murder,

a little old lady

with her back broken.

No!

Yes and in a litter

of smashed china.

That was exactly how

I found my sister.

There, there, there,

steady my dear, steady.

You live here Miss Carey?

No Mr. Holmes.

I teach history at

a school in Cardiff.

I came home today

for the holidays.

This card Mr. Holmes,

the very last

thing she did.

To my dear Ellen.

To inspire her and

her pupils with love.

A gift for you.

What was it Miss Carey?

I don't know.

I'll never know now.

I found it on the

desk over there.

She was writing it when...

why do you stand there?

Why don't you

find the beast

who committed this

dreadful crime?

Look here Miss Carey
there's just
one question I...
That'll be quite
enough questions.
You come along
with me my dear.
What you need
is a sedative.
I'll telephone
for a nurse.
There, there my dear it
will be quite all right.
Pitiable.
Poor little woman.
Back broken huh?
Snapped clean sir.
Same as Major Harker's?
Yes.
Once more we find the body
in a litter of
smashed china.
What do you make of that?
Coincidence I'd call it.
Would you?
Yeah.
Curious isn't it?
Two murders at the
opposite ends of London.
People who couldn't
conceivably
have had
anything in common.
Their backs broken
and smashed china
around their bodies.
Well things do get smashed
in a struggle you know.
Including the plates
that hang on these
wire racks on the walls?
When a lady
gets hysterical...
She may do many

desperate things
but my dear Lestrade
she does not run around
the walls like a mouse.
Those plates
were taken down
and smashed deliberately
and it was done after she
was killed and not before.
Is that another
one of your little
theories Mr. Holmes?
No it's a fact,
and easily demonstrable.
If you lift up that
body I think you'll find
there's not a vestige of
broken china underneath.
Just to prove your wrong,
here lend a hand
here Becker.
All right sir.
Easy does it.
Light as a
feather ain't she?
What did I tell you?
Look at that Lestrade.
That china was broken
after her dead body was
flung there on the floor?
But why, why was it done?
Well as I see it
we're dealing
with a maniac
and after each and every
one of these murders
he goes into a beastly
fury and smashes things.
But why bric-a-brac
and nothing but
bric-a-brac?
Why should a murderer
who's strong enough to
break Major

Harker's back,
vent his bestial
fury by breaking up
dinky little
cups and saucers
when he could
just as easily
break up a large chair
or smash a big table?
There's no accountings
for the workings
of the criminal mind.
Oh nonsense.
He follows a pattern
and there's purpose in it.
Would you have those
broken fragments
collected and sent to me
at Baker Street please?
Oh what's the use?
You won't find any
fingerprints in them.
Perhaps not.
But broken china
is the one thing these
murders have in common.
We've got to get to the
heart of this mystery
and quickly too.
Don't you realize
there's a monster
at large in the city
bent on destruction?
We don't know why,
we don't know where.
But somewhere
at any moment.
Blast that cat.
I'd swear I put her out.
That's funny.
I'm sure I drew
those library curtains.
I'm afraid I must disagree
with the

newspapers Watson.
The Oxton Creeper,
to the best
of my knowledge,
is not a madman
or if he is
then there's method
in his madness
and that method
I'm convinced
is supplied by
Giles Conover.
Do you think all
this broken china
is just a blind
to make it look like
the work of a madman?
On the contrary
my dear fellow.
The smashed china
shows purpose,
it shows motive.
And purpose and motive
are the last things
a sane man would
wish to imply
if he were
posing as a madman.
Why smash the china?
The killer didn't choose
to smash the china
he had to smash it.
Huh?
Had to what for?
Oh possibly to cover
up something else
that was smashed.
Some object identical
in all three cases.
The clue that
we're looking for.
Why mess about
with the plaster?
You'll find more chance

at finding the clue
you're looking for
in the china cause
there is much more china.
And there's too
much china Watson
and too little plaster,
which leads
me to suspect
that the greater
conceals the less
and if the china
was smashed to cover
up the plaster.
Curious notion.

Bird.

Matter of fact I had
thought of it myself.
Oh did you really?
And it was very tactful
of you not to mention it.
Here what do you
make of this?

Cocked head.

Soldier.

No doubt of it.

Part of a bust,
military hat.

Late 18th century

I should think.

Awe that's funny.

Here we are in
the second house.

Here's a shoulder,
a bit of a chest
and a metal on it.

Looks like it
might have come
from the same bust?

Identical.

Same plaster,
same proportion,
same military subject
and this piece comes from

the house of the
second murder
while these
pieces came from
the house of the first.
We're getting
warmer Watson.
Wait a minute,
wait a minute.
I've got
something over here.
Here's a nose, there's a
mouth and a bit of a chin
from the third house.
Put them under his hat.
The little
corporal himself.
Right Watson, Napoleon.
A single statue
made of fragments
from three
different houses.
Identical busts
in each house huh?
I told you this
china was smashed
to cover up
something else.
But why smash Napoleon?
Think Watson, think.
Something was hidden
in one of those busts
Something that
Conover's looking for.
You don't mean that...
Precisely, the
Borgia Pearl.
But how did it get in the
bust in the first place?
That's what they're
going to find out.
They're going to get
a hold of that guard.
The one that chased

Conover down the street
the day he stole
the Borgia Pearl.
Get your hat,
I'll get a taxi.
Get your hat,
I'll get a taxi.
Borgia Pearl.
The Napoleon bust.
Now we're
driving about London
looking at broken glass.
Here we are sir.
This is where
I nabbed him.
He was along here
like a frightened rabbit
when I come up from
behind and made the pinch.
That isn't true.
Well strike me dead
if it isn't sir.
Isn't it true that
he went in there?
Well he was trying...
he was...
Well out with it man
did he or didn't he?
Well as a matter of fact
he did duck in there,
but I made the pinch
right on this very
spot like I said.
Can you tell us
exactly what happened?
Why yes sir.
He runs in here
in full length
and up to this door.
Was the door open?
Just like it is sir
but when I got here from
the head of the stairs
the door was bolted.

So I started to climb
in this here window.
Was the window open too?
No sir I had to force it.
When suddenly
the door opens,
out he comes and
I made the pinch
right on that very
spot like I told you.
How long was Conover
out of your sight?
I'd should say less than
a minute Mr. Holmes.
That's why I didn't want
to mention it before.
I didn't think
it was important.
Important, Great
heavens man come on.
Oh I beg your pardon?
Gentleman this
is not my sales room
this is my workshop.
What can I...
oh it is you is it?
Catching more
thieves today?
Awe no I was
explaining here
to Mr. Holmes
and Doctor Watson.
Thank you Bates
that will be all.
Thank you sir.
Mr. Gelder our
time is short
and believe me
when I tell you that
lives are at stake...
Lives?
Please answer my questions
as briefly as possible.
Last Tuesday at ten

minutes past twelve
where were the workman
who are usually
employed in this room?
It was their dinner
hour they were out.
On this table over here?
You had some busts
of Napoleon standing
to dry did you not?
Yes I did but
how did you know?
Never mind that now,
how many were there?
Six just like these
busts of Beethoven.
Six busts of
Napoleon Bonaparte.
Six are you sure,
no more no less?
Yes I'm positive.
Watson look
sharp will you?
Go to that
door to the alley
and do exactly
as I tell you.
Huh?
No not huh.
Just do it,
leave your stick.
What do you think
I am an alley cat?
Go outside and
close the door.
Stand over there will you?
Me?
Yes please.
Ready Watson?
Ready Holmes.
All right come in quickly.
Close the door.
Bolt it.
Turnaround.

Take two steps forward.
Stop.
Wait a moment.
Look around you.
Now look over here.
Wait a minute.
Now run over here.
Pause a moment.
Look at these wet
plaster busts.
Look back to the door.
Take a coin out
of your pocket.
Come on, hurry man hurry.
Now stick your finger
in one of these
wet plaster busts.
Go on, go on,
do it, do it.
Put the coin in.
Put it in, put it in.
Now smooth over
the plaster,
covering up the hole.
Mad.
Both of them.
Fifty-four seconds.
That's close enough.
Conover could have
done it faster.
He acted on his own
while you had to
wait for instructions.
You mean to say that...
Precisely.
Conover stuck
that Borgia Pearl
in one of those six wet
plaster busts of Napoleon.
What?
Gelder?
Gelder what happened
to those six busts?
You are not the first

one asking me that?
No, who was the other?
A woman.
When, was it Wednesday
the day after
the thief was taken?
Yes it was.
Naomi Drake, Watson.
Naomi Drake?
What did you tell her?
The same as
I'm telling you,
they were delivered
all six of them.
Yes, yes but to whom?
To Amos Harder's Art
Shop on Kensington Road.
Amos Harder.
Watson?
Huh?
What an amusing statue.
Most amusing.
Is it, why?
Cause I say it is.
Pretend to be interested.
What?
Oh fine bit of
molding Holmes.
What a most
amusing statue.
Sit down in that chair.
Huh?
Sit down in that chair.
Let no one else in
or out of that door.
Attend to the gentleman
Miss Benzenger.
Yes Mr. Harder.
Oh mercy me.
Here, here what
have you broken now?
I never saw such a
one for breakage.
You aren't even worth

half the wages you earn.
But it's my poor
eyesight Mr. Harder.
I can't help my
eyes now can I?
What have you
broken this time?
One of the
Copenhagen Vases hey?
Well that makes four.
There was a flying
mercury yesterday
and the two Napoleons
the very day you came.
I never broke the
Napoleons I tell you
I found them that way.
Mr. Harder may
I trouble you?
Well I beg your
pardon I'm sure
but this sort of
thing is most trying.
What can I do for you sir?
My name is Holmes,
Sherlock Holmes.
I'm doing a little
private investigating
in connection with some
busts of Napoleon
that you purchased
from George Gelder's
plaster shop.
I understand there were
six busts of Napoleon
here on Wednesday
morning last.
That's correct Mr. Holmes.
Now let me see
I think I heard you say
that two of the
busts of Napoleon
were broken by accident.
Accident.

That clumsy girl,
oh Benzenger,
put the vases
up on the shelf
before you break
the rest of them
and sweep up this
litter will you?
Yes Mr. Harder.
Well don't be too hard on
the poor girl Mr. Harder
accidents will
happen you know.
Now tell me, you say that
two of the busts
were broken here
in the shop,
the third went
to Major Harker,
a fourth to Miss Carey
and a fifth to
Mr. Thomas Sandeford.
Yes sir.
And by the strangest
coincidence
all three of
those persons...
It was not a
coincidence Mr. Harder.
Bless my soul.
Tell me, what happened
to the sixth bust?
I sold it same
as the others.
To whom?
Do you remember?
Some doctor or other.
I have his name in
my account book.
My memory for
names is rather poor.
Now where is the
retched thing?
Awe yes, yes here we are.

Let's see it would be
Wednesday or Thursday.
Any luck?
The best of luck
I think Watson.
Fortunately for us
we arrived here
before Naomi Drake.
Awe here we are sold to
Doctor Joseph Caldecot,
thirteen LaBrennan
Road, Stratham.
Good that's just
what I wanted.
Take down the address
will you Watson?
Got a pencil?
Doctor Joseph Caldecot.
Joseph Caldecot.
C-A-L-D-E-C-O-T.
This name and
address on Harder
that your handwriting?
Look carefully.
Why no the doctor is mine
but the rest is changed.
Quiet.
Oh rest my soul
it's a forgery.
Ink eradicator
has been used
and another
name written in.
Think carefully.
Can you remember
the name of the doctor
that you wrote here?
Oh dear me I'm poor
at names you know?
This is very much like it.
Very much.
Clever devil.
He's made the
names sound alike

to throw you off.
This telephone is there,
is there an
extension in there?
Why yes.
What are you going
to do Holmes?
Quiet.
You were right Giles,
it worked like a charm.
He'll be off to the wrong
end of town presently.
Yes I'm leaving at once.
Thanks my dear
that's what
I wanted to know.
I shall start at once.
Meet me in two hours.
Same place hey?
Why of course he's here.
He's sitting
right behind me.
Then I shan't meet you
not till you've
got rid of him.
Oh nonsense my dear.
His devotion to you
is most touching.
But I tell you
I just can't stand
having him near me.
Giles?
Giles?
Yes my dear?
What is it?
I thought you'd hung up.
Hardly Naomi.
I understand there's
another doctor same name,
not listed in
the directory.
You sure you've given
me the right man?
I'm positive.

Doctor Julian Boncourt,
B-O-N-C-O-U-R-T.
Eighteen Chelsea Place.
Thank you my dear.
Don't worry about
The Creeper.
I'll take care of him.
Watson, telephone
Doctor Julian Boncourt,
B-O-N-C-O-U-R-T,
tell him to take
the bust of Napoleon
that he bought here
and to go the nearest
police station.
Just let go Naomi,
I'm here to catch you.
Think your
clever don't you?
You can't hold me.
Come on.
Come on down.
What charges
are against me?
Peddling matches
without a license.
Constable put the
cuffs on her
she's an accomplice
in three murders
possibly four.
Leave me alone,
you can't do this to me.
No one there.
I can hear it ringing.
Better drive slowly.
I wouldn't like
to get picked up
with our passenger
in the back.
Well he's pretty
quiet back there.
What's he up to?
He's got Naomis'

vanity case.
Stay here till I call you.
Doctor Boncourt.
Yes, yes what'd you want?
Don't you see I'm busy?
I shan't keep
you very long.
I've only come to ask...
How did you get in here?
Who are you?
I'm also a very busy man.
Doctor I understand you
bought a bust of Napoleon
a few days ago.
I should like
to look at it.
What are you
talking about?
Will you get
out of here please
or must I call the police?
Stay away from that
telephone you old fool.
Where's that bust?
Unfortunately
it is broken.
Broken?
Yes you will find the
pieces over there...
in the container.
But you won't
find the Borgia Pearl
there my dear Conover.
Drop that gun.
The bust is still
unbroken and quite safe.
You're still
full of your little
surprises Mr. Holmes.
Back up against that wall.
I don't like your
work Conover.
I've seen
quite a bit of it

both here in London
and elsewhere on
the continent.
Don't like the
smell of you either.
That underground smell,
the sick
sweetness of decay.
You haven't
robbed and killed
merely for gain
like any ordinary,
halfway decent thug.
No you're in love with
cruelty for it's own sake.
And the world will be
much better off
without you.
It will give me
great pleasure...
Put your hands up.
That's it.
You know
I never would have
thought of
disconnecting those wires
if it hadn't been for
your excellent example
at the
Royal Regent Museum.
It has been said
that imitation
is the sincerest
form of flattery.
Oh yes, I'm
willing to learn
from an old master hand.
Come now where's
that bust?
Doctor Boncourt
took it with him
to the police station.
Awe that's a
very feeble lie.

You'd hardly have let
it out of your hands,
you'd of been afraid
Doctor Boncourt
would have met
us coming in.
Us?
Yes, you know whom I mean.
Creeper!
Creeper!
Stay where you are.
Now listen
go to the room at
the head of the stairs,
the one with the two
glass panels in the door.
You know what to look for.
And if you should meet
Doctor Boncourt on the way
pay him your respects.
You'll hang for
this Conover.
Just as Naomi
Drake will hang.
They caught Naomi
Drake you know?
Well that's too bad
that's her fault.
No it's your
fault Conover.
It's all your fault.
Poor Naomi.
Now stay where you are.
I shouldn't let
The Creeper know
if I were you.
He wouldn't like it
if he knew you'd
let her down.
He's crazy about Naomi.
She's a very pretty girl.
Now you're trying to
scare me Mr. Holmes
but it won't work.

You've got nothing on
Naomi, she'll get off.
Oh no she won't.
She lost her head you see
when she found
she was cornered.
Grabbed a large
pair of shears
and stabbed
Doctor Watson to death.
She'll hang for
that you know
and it's all your fault.
You got her into this
and you won't raise a
hand to help her will you?
She'll hang by her
soft, white neck.
Trustees will
put their hands
on that pretty
body of hers
and throw it in
the quick lime.
Stay back.
Do you hear me?
Stay back!
That's it.
Give me some more.
Go on put your
shoulders to it.
Give it some more.
That's it.
It'll go.
Holmes.
Thank heavens.
Come in gentlemen.
But where's Boncourt?
He's quite safe.
Lestrade send one of your
men upstairs will you?
Tell Doctor Boncourt
that all is well.
Gently though, he's old

and his heart is weak.
I see.
That's why I didn't dare
send him out of the house.
He's up there.
All right up you go.
You see if he'd run into
Conover and The Creeper.
Conover and who?
The Creeper
my dear Lestrade
that you said didn't
say exist anymore.
Where is he?
You'll find him
the laboratory.
Conover too.
Come on.
You won't need your
revolver nor handcuffs.
Oh.
You got them.
Yes.
Did they find the bust?
No.
Well what did
you do with it?
My time was
very short Watson
so I put the bust
in the last place
I thought that Conover
would look for it.
He literally brushed
by it as he came in.
Amazing and the Borgia
Pearl's inside that?
If it isn't
I shall retire to
Sussex and keep bees.
Look there it is.
By Jove.
The Borgia Pearl.
The blood of five

more victims on it.
Well anyhow Conover
was one of them.
What's Conover.
No more than a symbol
of the greed and cruelty
and lust for power
that have set men at
each other's throats
down through
the centuries
and the struggle
will go on Watson
for a pearl,
kingdom,
perhaps even
world dominion
till the greed and
cruelty have burned out
of every last one of us
and when that time comes
perhaps even the pearl
will be washed
clean again.