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# Young Sherlock Holmes And The Pyramid Of Fear

By Unknown

Come on, boy!

Chestnuts!

I've got some lovely hot chestnuts!

(JINGLING)

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

Here we are, Mr Bobster. Your favourite.

#... tidings of comfort and joy... #

(SQUAWKING)

Ah...! Ah...! Ah!

(MR BOBSTER CRIES OUT)

# Oh, tidings of... #

(CONTINUED SQUAWKS AND CRIES)

Mr Bobster, are you all right, sir?

Oh!

Ah!

Aah...!

(SCREECHING)

Aah...!

(JINGLING)

(ADULT WATSON) It was a cold,  
snowy day in early December.

Lack of funds had forced  
my old school to close.

I was being sent to a new one  
in the middle of term.

I was accustomed to the open  
expanse of the country,  
and now I was in the heart of London,  
at the height of the Victorian era.

The streets teemed  
with every activity imaginable.

I was very taken by what I saw.

Stepping from my carriage,  
the sight of my new school  
filled me with apprehension.

And yet, I was swept  
with a wave of curiosity.

However, nothing could prepare me  
for the adventure that lay ahead,  
or the extraordinary individual  
who would change my life.

(VIOLIN BEING PLAYED BADLY)

There you are, sir.

Stop! Isn't it valuable?

What's more important,  
its value or my sanity?

I should have mastered it by now.

- How long have you been playing?

- Three days.

- Perhaps you should be patient.

- You're the new boy.

Yes, I've transferred. My name is...

Wait. Let me.

Your name is James Watson.

You're from the north,

your father's a doctor,

you spend much time writing,

and you're fond of custard tarts.

Am I correct?

- My name isn't James, it's John.

- What's the difference?

- A great deal.

- Very well, so your name is John.

- How did I do on the others?

- You were correct.

On every count. How is it done?

Is it some sort of magic trick?

No magic, Watson.

Pure and simple deduction.

The name-tag on your mattress

reads "J Watson".

I selected the most common name

with "J".

- "John" was my second choice.

- Of course.

Your shoes aren't made in the city.

I've seen them before when visiting

the north of England.

Your left middle finger has a callus,

the trademark of a writer.

You were carrying a medical book

not available to the general public,

only to physicians. Since you

can't have been to medical school,

it was given to you by an older person,

someone who is concerned for

**your health:**

- And the custard tarts?

- Simple.

There's a stain of yellow custard  
used in making tarts on your lapel,  
and your shape convinced me  
you've eaten many before.

- There's no need to be rude.

- Come on.

- Hang on, where are we going?

- Do you want to miss Chemistry class?

- By the way, what's your name?

- Holmes. Sherlock Holmes.

The deductive mind never rests, Watson.

It's like a finely-tuned instrument.

It demands practice.

How does one go about

fine-tuning a mind?

Problems of logic,

mathematical equations, riddles.

For example, you're in a room

with an all-southern view.

A bear walks by the window.

What colour is the bear?

- The bear is red.

- Why would the bear be red?

The southern sun is very hot.

The bear would be terribly burnt!

That's the most absurd answer

I've ever heard.

To successfully conclude

the experiment...

...the experiment.

To reiterate, experiment fourteen.

(STAMMERS)

Throw a small piece of potassium

onto some water.

The liquid will be rapidly decomposed

and so violent will be the action

that a large amount of light...

Thank you.

He's being particularly boring today.

...the production of potassium alkyl...

which will be dissolved...

- That was a girl.

- Brilliant deduction, Watson.

Who is she?

What's she doing in a boys' school?

Her name's Elizabeth.

Following her parents' death,  
she came to live with her uncle,  
a retired schoolmaster.

(STAMMERING)... such is modified by...

Elizabeth was just admiring my new  
timepiece. Would you like to see?

- Very interesting.

- All stylish gentlemen wear them.

- Expensive?

- From Bond Street.

- I find that unlikely.

- I beg your pardon?

Had you examined the face,  
you'd see it is French in style.

Yet according to this inscription,  
the exterior was made in Switzerland.

My suspicion was correct,  
the works are Italian.

Congratulations, Dudley,  
your timepiece is a fraud.

Keep your opinions to yourself, Holmes.

I look forward to resuming  
our conversation...

...when there's a little more privacy.

- Why did you do that?

- Dudley's a pompous ass.

- He's very sweet.

- Really?

Is that why you were standing  
so close to him, flirting with him?

Do I detect a sense of jealousy?

Holmes, jealous?

That word is not in my vocabulary.

- Neither is punctuality.

- You're angry because I'm late.

(JINGLING) - As always.

- I'm sorry, but I can explain.

- You had something more important...

- How can you say that?

I was... Forgive me.

Elizabeth, let me introduce you  
to my new friend,  
the honourable, but clumsy, Watson.

- The ladder's a bit wobbly.

- Hello.

(JINGLING)

Elizabeth! Holmes! I think I've solved  
all of the problems!

- Who's that?

- My uncle.

Rupert T. Waxflatter,  
retired schoolmaster.

Degrees in Chemistry and Biology,  
well-versed in Philosophy.

- Author of 27 books.

- Incredible.

- Most people think he's a lunatic.

- Why?

(CHEERS)

(HE CHUCKLES)

Oh, my God.

(CHEERS)

Ooh... oh...!

Oh!

(BOYS LAUGH AND SHOUT)

A very hopeful sign.

Very hopeful.

Let me see, that makes six!

Six failed attempts!

Nevertheless, we shall not  
be defeated. We shall conquer.

I have made up my mind.

The conquest of the skies is in my grasp.

He's done this six times?

(MACHINES WHIZ AND TICK)

I live here with Uncle.

After he retired,  
the school gave him the attic.

It's incredible.

I've spent many happy hours here.

He's taught me more than  
ten schoolmasters put together.

(BARK)

- Uncas. Say hello to Watson.

- Say hello, Uncas. Say hello.

Watson, he's not a parrot.

- Have you found the weakness, sir?

- The wing material is inferior.

I shall have to rebuild the entire machine.

The entire machine?

Won't that be difficult?

- Elementary, my dear Holmes.

- (KNOCK)

Hm... Erm...

You'll have to excuse me.

Come on, come on, come on.

- I've got it. The bear is black.

- What's that, old chap?

- The bear in the riddle is black.

- Wrong again.

Please don't disturb me while

I'm concentrating on the lesson.

- Are you all right?

- I've sprained my ankle.

Mrs Dribb, will you attend to him, please?

Gentlemen, we cannot permit

ourselves lapses in concentration.

We must work on technique,

rhythm and balance.

There's no better pupil to illustrate

form and technique than Holmes.

Study our stance,

our movements and our style.

En garde.

Touch.

Touch.

My game, Holmes.

Now, gentlemen...

...Mr Holmes lost

because of one important factor:

His emotions took over.

He ignored discipline.

Never replace discipline with emotion.

Well played, Holmes.

(SPEAKS LATIN)

(ALL) Amen.

(HUM OF CONVERSATION)

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

- I want to enlist. A general.
- Generals don't make any money.
- I want to be an author.
- Authors don't make money.
- I want to be a barrister.
- Barristers make money.

I want to be a doctor.

- Nobody asked you.
- Sorry.

Holmes, what do

you want to be when you grow up?

I never want to be alone.

(JINGLING)

- (DOG WHINES)

- (JINGLING)

Uncas!

(BARKS)

Uncas!

(UNCAS SNARLS)

Why did you do that?

You left me all alone.

There we go.

(JINGLING)

(FAINT JINGLING)

(JINGLING)

Hello, is anybody there?

(JINGLING AND CREAKING)

(JINGLING)

Oh!

(TINKLING GLASS)

(CLANG OF STEEL)

Aah...! Ah! Ah...!

Get out of the way!

Aah...!

Holmes is going to solve the crime!

- Holmes is going to solve a crime!

- What?

- Let's go!

- Did you hear? Holmes is going...

It was my second week at Brompton.

With each passing day, my fascination

with Holmes continued to grow.

On this occasion, the school

was bursting with excitement.



Dudley had challenged Holmes  
to a test of ingenuity and perception.  
Dudley had snatched the fencing  
trophy and hidden it in a secret place.  
He gave Holmes 60 minutes  
to find the trophy.

Holmes accepted with confidence.

- The game is afoot!

- Hooray!

Good luck, Holmes! Good luck!

There he is!

But this is truly despicable!

Imagine, a student

acting like a chimpanzee!

Mr Snelgrove, he's just having fun.

- Surely you remember what fun was?

- Fun (?)

This Holmes boy is too precocious,  
too egotistical for his own good.

He'll never find that trophy.

- I'll wager a guinea he does.

- Done.

- Ah!

- Uh.

Excuse me.

Holmes, you've only got one minute.

Holmes, you've only got...

I heard you the first time!

Can't you see I'm concentrating?

(CLOCK CHIMES)

Only seconds left.

I assume you're giving up?

Never assume anything.

But Holmes, I see no sign of a trophy.

But I do.

(CLOCK STILL CHIMING)

Stop! Holmes, have you gone mad?

This is an antique!

(CHEERING)

It was a wonderful moment for Holmes.  
Little could he know his talents would  
soon be put to a much greater test.  
A test of terrifying  
and deadly proportions.

I came through the skylight  
into the kitchen, giving them a fright.  
I noticed the particles of freshly-baked  
ceramic beneath the oven.  
Odd for a kitchen used to prepare meals.

**So, the clues:**

Red and green paint, ceramic.  
Pondering this, I kicked the snow  
from my shoe.  
The snow crumbled and revealed  
my shoe. This struck a chord.  
- You heard music?  
- Watson, you buffoon!  
I'm talking about a parallel,  
between my foot encased in snow  
and the trophy encased in some sort

**of ceramic:**

- Painted with red and green paint.  
- Exactly, Watson.  
Holmes! This time  
I've definitely solved the problem!  
He's going to fly again.  
(HUMS)  
- Mr Lestrade?  
- Holmes!  
It's been, what, three or four days  
since your last visit?  
- This will only take a minute.  
- There are no murder reports,  
- no casebooks you haven't read.  
- I'm not here for research.  
- I'm on to something.  
- Not again.  
- I'm certain of it.  
- Really?  
Like when you thought the French  
ambassador embezzled 300,000?  
- It was the Russian ambassador.  
- Holmes, please!  
I don't have time for any more  
of your... playpen crimes.  
Just have a quick look at these.

- A suicide. A carriage accident.

- I suspect foul play.

Why? They are completely unrelated.

Wrong. Both men graduated  
from the same university in 1809.

Coincidence.

Neither death fits their personalities.

Bobster was a happy man, content  
with his life, career and family.

Why commit suicide?

He didn't even leave a note.

Reverend Nesbitt is described  
as loving and peaceful.

Yet the carriage driver  
insists he was crazed,  
in a panic when he ran into the street.

A fluctuation of character  
is not sufficient for an investigation.

Keep your nose out of the "Times"  
and into your school books.

I appreciate your time, Mr Lestrade.

I suggest you hold on to these.

If I were a detective sergeant  
trapped in this room all day,

I'd do everything in my power  
to seek out that one investigation

- that could promote me to inspector.

- Good day, Holmes.

Holmes!

What are you doing?

Dudley dropped this.

I was giving it back.

- I beg your pardon?

- Your paper.

- It doesn't belong to me.

- You dropped it.

- It isn't even my handwriting.

- Give it...

These are the exam answers.

It appears we have finally discovered  
the secret of your intelligence.

- But, sir...

- You better come with me.

The fools!

Their age has turned them to granite.

They only listen to themselves.

- I thought they'd consider my record.

- They did.

It did more harm than good.

A record of that quality only convinced the Board you'd cheated all along.

- That's absurd.

- Well, Holmes,

you were caught with the answers in front of a classroom of students.

Worse, the answers

were in your handwriting.

An excellent forgery. Who'd have suspected Dudley could pull it off?

I can prove my innocence,

if you'd give me time.

The Board quoted the school motto five times during our meeting.

- "Honesty, probity and diligence."

- Exactly!

In their eyes, you've committed the worst crime imaginable.

And I'm being given the worst punishment imaginable: Expulsion.

Holmes, I will do everything within my power to help you.

I'll watch this Dudley fellow

and write a recommendation

that will get you into any school in England.

- I appreciate that, sir.

- If there's anything else I can do...

Oh, well, there is one thing.

- One last duel.

- Yes, sir.

Holmes. You all right?

Fine. It's just a small cut.

I lost concentration for a moment.

I should have removed my ring.

It was an unfair distraction.

- The match is yours.

- Call it a draw.

Come, let Mrs Dribb

look at that wound.

Ah!

- There we are.

- Thank you, Mrs Dribb.

We're all going to miss you

around here, Mr Holmes.

Come on, giddy-up.

Dudley's going to pay dearly for this.

Punch to the jaw! Jab to the ribs!

Now, Watson, revenge is sweetest

when it's served up cold. Come.

- Holmes!

- (BO YS LAUGH)

You did this!

You're responsible, aren't you?

So that's where I dropped my

chemistry experiment: Into your tea!

Don't worry, it will wear off shortly.

You should be back to normal...

by summertime.

(JINGLING)

Chestnuts, hot chestnuts!

Chestnuts!

Chestnuts!

(SHOP BELL)

Ding-dong, ding-dong.

- Is your brother expecting you?

- I'll tell him when I arrive.

(CHUCKLES)

(SCREECHES)

Ah...! Ah...!

(STILL YELLING)

Get 'em off me!

Get them off me!

Get 'em off me, please!

Get 'em off!

Ah!

- Get it off!

- No, sir, no!

So, this is goodbye.

I really expected us

to become good friends.

(SHRILL WHISTLE)

What's going on?

Sir! You dropped this!

Eh Tar.

Eh Tar.

He seemed to go mad! He snatched  
up a knife and stabbed himself!

Eh Tar, Holmes. Eh Tar.

Sir... No!

- Please, no!

- Holmes!

- I might have known.

- This is to do with...

Get these two schoolchildren  
away from here!

Mr Lestrade, you've got to listen to me!

Ho...! Ho!

(MINISTER) Man that is born  
of a woman has but a short life...

A few days later,

they buried Professor Waxflatter.

I had never been to a funeral before,  
though I've been to many since.

Holmes could not attend the funeral.

His expulsion prevented such a thing.

The death of his mentor and friend  
had taken its toll on Holmes.

In my life, I have only seen Holmes  
cry on two occasions.

Today was the first.

(SERVICE CONTINUES)

No, Uncle didn't kill himself.

- He didn't? Then, what happened?

- He was murdered.

- What are you doing here?

- Excuse my entrance.

I had to climb up the fire escape.

I can't afford to be seen.

I only got halfway to Mycroft's home.

I had something gnawing at my insides.

I ordered the driver to turn round.

I'm going to miss him, too, Elizabeth.

- He was very important to me.

- I'm so glad you're here.

I had to come back.

- You really believe he was murdered?

- I'm certain of it.

Come on, you saw

Waxflatter's hand on the knife!

It was obviously a suicide!

Never trust the obvious. There are  
too many puzzling elements.

Firstly, a man jumps out of a window.

Second, a reverend throws himself  
under a carriage for no reason.

Then Waxflatter stabs himself,  
which is unbelievable.

Another question. Why was Waxflatter  
obsessed with their deaths?

Yes, he'd saved those clippings,  
and he kept meeting that odd man.

He attended the funeral.

Do you know his name?

No. When he visited,

Uncle sent me out of the attic.

I asked about him,

but he changed the subject.

That man is connected to all three  
murders. We must find out who he is!

You've been reading  
too many detective novels.

This is not fiction! There's a clever  
murderer about, and I'll find him.

- How?

- I'll live here. Work here.

- If that's all right with you.

- Yes.

- What if we're found?

- Only the three of us know.

- Someone may see you!

- I'll take my chances.

But you'll need food, supplies.

Me?! I can't...

You can run errands, be my assistant.

I might get caught.

That would mean trouble!

You'd let trouble ruin  
an opportunity for adventure?

I can't afford to jeopardise  
my medical career.

- Weasel.  
- I'm not a weasel.  
- I am practical.  
- Weasels are practical.  
And I imagined you courageous,  
stout of heart.  
I am courageous.  
And I'm stout of heart.  
It's just that...  
- All right, I'll do it.  
- Thank you, Watson.  
Uncle would have wanted you  
to have this.  
Please.  
Put it on.  
On second thoughts, take it off.  
It looks very silly. You can't wear hats.  
I think it's very becoming.  
- You're teasing.  
- No, seriously.  
The following day, we set out  
to solve Waxflatter's murder.  
We had very little to go on.  
We only had two clues:  
Waxflatter's final words, "Eh Tar",  
and the dropped blowpipe.  
It occurred to me  
that when the cloaked figure ran off,  
I had heard a peculiar jingling sound,  
very much like the sound  
I heard in the library at Brompton.  
Holmes was intrigued, and we  
decided to visit the library that night.  
However, our first stop that day  
was at Engle's Curio Shop.  
Nice. Oh, very nice.  
Egyptian. The markings, the design,  
that's Egyptian craftsmanship.  
- I've only seen this type once before.  
- Where?  
On jewellery, on sculptures.  
I had it here in the shop.  
- But I sold the lot.  
- To whom?



An Egyptian.

Keeps some sort of tavern.

- And his name?

- Let's see...

Mm...

You promised to purchase something.

- Watson, buy something.

- Me?

- I'm short of funds right now.

- Rubbish.

Don't be a penny-pincher.

That address could lead us to our killer.

- How much do I need to spend?

- Buy anything!

(COUGHING)

Why on earth did you buy a pipe?

- It's distinguished.

- It's ridiculous.

You'll see. I shall learn to smoke it,  
then you can't laugh.

(EASTERN MUSIC PLAYS)

(NOIS Y CHATTER)

(INDISTINCT)

What can I get for you boys?

Drink, food, women?

- Do you have any soup?

- Watson, please.

Are you the owner?

Have you seen this before?

Rame Tep.

Rame Tep! Rame Tep!

Rame Tep!

(MUSIC AND CHATTER STOP)

- Is that the end of the song?

- Where...?

- Where did you get this?

- I happened upon it.

Go! Take it away! Get out of here!

It's very important.

Could you tell us something about this?

(SPEAKS NATIVE TONGUE)

Get out of my tavern, or these words  
will be the last words you ever hear!

Sir...

We're leaving, we're leaving.  
Up there, the top shelf.  
That's where I heard the sound.  
Holmes, please hurry. Do you know  
what happens when we're caught?

- Incredible!

- Holmes, your voice, keep it down!

Sorry, Watson.

- My God, that is remarkable!

- Holmes, please!

Oh, God. Oh, God.  
What are my chances  
of medical school?

- That quaint office I've dreamed of...

- Listen. "The care to preserve..."

Holmes explained that the Rame Tep  
were fanatical followers of Osiris,  
the Egyptian God of the Dead.  
They were scorned because  
of their distortion of traditional beliefs,  
and their violent and sadistic rituals.  
The Rame Tep use a blowpipe  
and shoot a thorn into their victim.  
The thorn is dipped into a solution  
made up of plant extracts.  
Upon entering the bloodstream,  
the solution causes the victim realistic,  
nightmare-like hallucinations.

- But we can be certain of one thing.

- What's that?

The murderer is still here...  
on school grounds.  
That's a rash statement, since this  
jingling has been heard only once.

- Twice.

- Twice?

Remember a few nights ago  
in the courtyard?  
Uncas heard a jingling sound  
like you described.  
He took a piece of clothing from him.  
It might still be here!  
We must find that piece of clothing.  
We sprang into action, searching

every nook and cranny for the cloth.  
I accidentally turned on  
one of Waxflatter's strange machines,  
and I had the dickens of a time  
trying to turn the thing off.  
I found it! I found it!  
Holmes spent a night and day  
examining the section of cloth.  
He conducted numerous experiments.  
Not once did he rest.  
His energy seemed boundless.  
Following 18 straight hours of work,  
Holmes turned to us, and those  
four familiar words shot from his lips:  
The game is afoot!  
He explained it was Egyptian in origin  
and contained so many warp and weft  
threads, which I didn't understand.  
The cloth was stained with paraffin  
made only at Froggit and Froggit,  
located in Wapping in London,  
a dark and dangerous place,  
and I told him so  
in no uncertain terms!  
Perhaps we should come back  
in the morning when it's lighter,  
and when there are more people.  
- It's open.  
- Holmes, wait.  
- What if the murderer's inside?  
- Then I shall introduce myself.  
(BOARDS CREAK)  
(SQUEAKS)  
I knew it, there's no one here.  
Back to school, eh?  
Watson, you'll be on your own.  
What do you suppose it is?  
Some sort of Egyptian artwork?  
Some sort of statue?  
No, Watson, I'm afraid this is only  
the tip of the iceberg.  
- (CRACKING)  
- Ah...!  
Oh, no!

(COUGHING)

This is an interesting development.

(FAINT CHANTING)

There must be a passageway inside.

I hear chanting.

Holmes, there's a door here!

Fancy him missing a door.

Watson, Elizabeth, over here.

(STAIRS CREAK)

(CHANTING IS CLOSER)

It's some sort of temple.

(LOUD CHANTING)

- I'm going down for a closer look.

- Let's get out of here alive!

Stay here,

I'll be back in a few minutes.

(CHANTING IS MORE URGENT)

(GIRL SCREAMS)

Stop! She's alive!

(CHANTING STOPS)

Get him! Get him!

Get him!

- Ah!

- Ah!

We got them!

Elizabeth!

Can you hear?

(BOTH) Elizabeth!

- What could have happened to her?

- Maybe she was hit by a thorn.

Aah...!

- (DISTANT SCREAM)

- Elizabeth!

- I think I hear something.

- You're right.

(SCREAMS)

Please! Please, Uncle! Don't!

Please! Help me! No!

- No...!

- Elizabeth!

- Help me tie her down.

- What with?

- My scarf! Quickly!

- I don't want to die!

(EVIL CACKLE)

- It's a hallucination!

- Help me!

It's not real! You're hallucinating!

Wake up!

- You've got to wake up! It's not real!

- No, Uncle!

- You're hallucinating. Listen to me!

- Please!

It's a hallucination! Elizabeth,

listen to me! Now, Watson... Watson?

- Dear God, not Watson, too!

- Please!

(HOLMES) Watson!

(HOLMES) Watson!

(SQUEAKS)

Oh!

Get 'im, get 'im, get 'im!

(EVIL GIGGLING)

No!

No!

(DOOR HINGES CREAK)

(WOMAN WEEPING)

Please don't cry, Mother. Please!

Don't you understand, Mother?

Can't you hear me?

Can't you hear what I'm saying?

Mother!

You! This is all your fault, son.

How could you do such a thing to me?

To your own father! Spying on me.

Forgive me, Father, please.

I didn't realise...

My private life is my own!

Your mother need never have known!

No, no, no! This is not real!

This is not real!

Argh!

This is not real!

It's just a hallucination.

It's only in my mind.

Maybe not!

No. Please, no!

Stay right there, or I'll blow

your bleedin' heads off!

I've convinced him to drop the charges.

Holmes, you and your friends

have cost me a night's sleep.

- Please, good morning.

- Mr Lestrade,

these fanatics are responsible

for numerous deaths.

I think they're responsible for the four

girls who disappeared last month.

- I beg you, begin an investigation!

- Based on what, your imagination?

A great detective relies on perception,

intelligence and imagination.

- Where'd you get that rubbish from?

- It's on the wall behind you.

Oh, gosh...

I don't see why I should explain

my actions to you.

I've spent seven years at Scotland

Yard, analysing hundreds of cases.

With your background

of school books and headlines,

you consider you know more

than me. I despise your arrogance!

- And I despise your laziness.

- Out! All of you. Simply leave.

If you have any investigative power

in you at all, you'll test these.

- Maybe then you'll be convinced.

- Out, Holmes!

Oh!

Ow!

Blast.

Holmes, please stop

that infernal tinkering.

- I have a headache.

- Tinkering helps me think.

- Sleep helps me think.

- There's no time for sleep!

We've got to find something

to link Waxflatter with the Rame Tep.

- I've got a picture here.

- I want clues, not art critiques!

Clues. What do you think

I've been doing for the past hour?

Yes, Mr French Pastry, I have nothing whatsoever to say to you.

I trust you have nothing to say to me.

What have you done with that painting?

- You know what you've found?

- Waxflatter as a young man?

Not just that. Bentley Bobster,  
Duncan Nesbitt, Rupert Waxflatter.

They've all died recently  
except this man, Chester Cragwitch!

He was here and at the funeral.

He's the only man here still alive!

This is the clue we've been looking for.

We're going to solve this crime.

Good show, Watson!

Holmes... I did not expect our foils  
to cross so soon.

- How did you know I was hiding?

- We share the same keen observation.

- You wanted to see me, sir?

- I shall be needing your assistance.

- Mr Holmes, I thought you'd gone.

- We were all under that impression.

Now, unfortunately, Mr Holmes  
is in a rather awful mess.

If the Board knew, they'd probably  
have you arrested and sent to prison.

But there's no need to tell the Board.

I'm willing to forget about this.

Tomorrow you go home, as planned.

- Watson, you will do the same.

- I'm being expelled?

The Board would summarily expel you.

This saves you any such disgrace.

Elizabeth, did you permit Mr Holmes  
to stay in your uncle's study?

- Yes.

- Oh, dear.

I find that extremely unladylike behaviour.

Indeed. May I suggest that we have  
the dog taken to the pound?

- What?

- Other schools do not allow pets.  
You can't take him away!  
Perhaps, in the circumstances,  
I should take care of him myself.  
Holmes, it grieves me that you've taken  
advantage of my friendship.  
It is time to dispose of everything  
in the Waxflatter laboratory.  
But, sir, it's filled with his inventions,  
drawings and experiments.  
We mustn't cling to the past.  
- It's his whole life!  
- And his life is over.  
- You have no right!  
- Mr Holmes!  
I'm surprised at your tone of voice,  
especially with me!  
- I apologise. I got a bit carried away.  
- Take your seat.  
You'll have to stay overnight,  
it's too late to find transport.  
Place the boys in 14B, and keep  
the young lady in your adjoining room.  
Holmes.  
Remember what I always taught you.  
Control your emotions,  
or they will be your downfall.  
Yes, sir.  
Oh, I knew it.  
It's the end of my medical career.  
Father's going to be furious.  
I suspected becoming your friend  
would end in disaster.  
What are you doing?  
Are you trying to get us arrested?  
- We can leave now.  
- I'm staying here.  
Please, I need you, Watson.  
We're in this together. We're a team.  
Elizabeth, wake up!  
- This is Chester Cragwitch.  
- The man who visited Uncle.  
- The one who ran from the funeral.  
- Exactly.



Isn't it odd that he's the only  
surviving member of this group?  
Go back to the laboratory  
and salvage as much as you can.  
We'll meet you there.  
First, we've got to get out of here.

- Watson.

- Yes.

Holmes.

Be careful tonight.

This is too much.

(THUNDER)

(GUNSHOT)

Go away, Rame Tep!

Bloody murderers, go away!

You won't get me!

Sir! Mr Cragwitch!

We were friends of Mr Waxflatter.

I know you. You're the youngster  
that followed me at the cemetery.

Go away! I'm a dangerous man  
to be around!

I need your help. I want to know  
why the Rame Tep killed five men.

(BIRD CRIES)

Go in.

You can get up now, Watson.

The war's over.

(JINGLING)

We were to become  
business partners, all six of us.  
We borrowed money from our fathers  
to build a hotel,  
the most luxurious hotel ever conceived.  
And where better to build...  
...than Egypt?

Labour and materials were cheap,  
and only a few years earlier,  
the British Army had driven out the  
French. It was a land of opportunity.

- What happened?

- We engaged an architect and began.

But what started out  
as a business venture...

...soon became  
a major archaeological find.  
(JINGLING)  
We discovered an underground pyramid.  
The ancient tombs  
of five Egyptian princesses.  
We removed all the relics  
and treasures to send to England.  
But... Oh!  
Bloody insect.  
Place needs a good cleaning.  
There was an uproar.  
The villagers were convinced  
we'd desecrated sacred ground.  
Our lives were in danger.  
The British sent the troops in,  
several people were killed.  
(REMEMBERED GUNFIRE)  
The entire village  
was burned to the ground.  
- Burnt...  
- (REMEMBERED SCREAMS)  
Fire!  
Ah!  
- Are you all right?  
- Fire!  
- Fire!  
- They've hit Cragwitch with a thorn!  
- I'm burning! Fire!  
- Listen to me!  
Your name is Chester Cragwitch,  
you're a banker. Can you hear me?  
- Answer me, who are you?  
- My name is Chester Cragwitch.  
I reside at Cragwitch Manor,  
Hampstead...  
My God, it was so real.  
(JINGLING)  
Real, so very real...  
Yes. I mustn't forget.  
I must pass on this information.  
It is time someone else knew.  
- The village had burnt to the ground?  
- Yes. Yes!

We got out of Egypt with our lives.  
In England, we went separate ways,  
all of us keeping in touch with  
Waxflatter through correspondence.  
When the murders began,  
I met frequently with my dear friend.  
What about the Rame Tep?  
A year after the incident,  
we all received this letter.  
It was sent by a young boy  
of Anglo-Egyptian descent.  
You'll notice the letterhead is adorned  
by the symbol of the Rame Tep,  
two golden serpents.  
The boy and his sister  
were in England with their grandfather  
when they learnt of the destruction  
of the village which was their home.  
Both their parents  
were killed in the attack.  
The boy vowed that the Rame Tep  
would take their revenge  
and replace the bodies  
of the five Egyptian princesses.  
- And the boy was called Eh Tar?  
- Waxflatter's final words!  
- Very good, Watson.  
- Eh Tar!  
You filthy murderer.  
You wanted to kill all of us.  
- Well, you won't kill me.  
- Watson, speak to him!  
What? Oh... Your name  
is Craggy Critch... Your name...  
- Your name is... What's his name?  
- Cragwitch...  
Argh...!  
Mr Lestrade!  
- What are you doing here?  
- I stuck myself with a thorn.  
The hallucinations... Ghastly.  
Took four policemen  
to stop me hanging myself.  
So I thought

I'd better look into your story.

Now, I wish you

and your podgy friend farewell.

I appreciate you

getting me started on the case.

Getting him started on the case?

Imagine that.

I've only done all the work for him.

- (JINGLING)

- (GASPS)

- It's you!

- Yes, my dear.

- (BARKING)

- (JINGLING)

(SHE GROWLS)

- (JINGLING)

- (GROWLING)

- Ah!

- (GLASS SHATTERS)

(DOG GROWLS)

Aah...!

Mr Rathe, you must stop her,

she's a murderer!

So, my dear,

you've discovered our little secret.

Where are your two friends?

You'll never find them.

You'll never find them.

You'll never find them.

Never find them.

- What shall we do with her?

- She'll come with us.

We need the fifth princess.

Holmes, I know the answer

to the riddle. The bear is white!

Good for you. Do you know why?

Well... No. It was the one colour

I didn't choose.

Keep thinking.

Answers without evidence are useless.

This riddle will give me a headache.

- Eh Tar... Eh Tar...

- Can't you think of anything else?

- It's necessary.

- It is annoying.

(CONTINUED BARKING)

This silly bear puzzle, Holmes.

I can't work it out.

I know the bear is white, but I don't know why. I'm not stupid or anything.

Think the whole thing through.

Take it apart piece by piece.

Your face is bleeding again.

This cut from Rathe's ring never seems to heal.

The bear is white because...

- Oh, God! How could I be so stupid?

- What?

It's Rathe, Watson. It's Rathe!

Giddup!

Come on!

Faster!

Giddup! Giddup, there!

Rathe's got Elizabeth!

- There's only one way to catch them.

- How?

- Come on!

- Where are we going?

This is madness!

It's our only chance to get there in time.

Waxflatter worked on it until he died, and I've also done some tinkering.

Hopefully, the problems are sorted out.

Coming, Watson?

Oh, dear...

- What have I got myself into?

- The adventure of a lifetime.

Uncas, pull!

- It works, Watson, it works!

- We're flying!

- Would you believe it, Watson?

- We're flying!

Faster! Giddup!

(CRACK OF WHIP)

Faster!

Holmes, down there!

Holmes, look out!

Ooh...!

My God, it's nearly half past twelve!

I've just realised I have no idea  
how to land this machine!

- Hold tight!

- I'm holding!

This time we're going to crash!

- Hurry, we're sinking back here!

- All right!

Oh!

(VOICES CHANTING)

(JINGLING)

Oh, my God, they're going to kill her.

Elizabeth.

Oh, Elizabeth.

I don't know what to do.

There are a hundred of them.

What can we do?

Perhaps we can apply something  
we learnt at school.

- For goodness' sake.

- I can't think of anything.

- Why don't you think of something?

- Watson, that's not helpful.

- Why can't I think of anything?

- You're flustered.

- Why can't you?

- I'm flustered!

(JINGLING)

Watson, I've got it.

- We must create a diversion.

- Create a diversion?

- Why didn't I think of that?

- If my geometry is correct,  
one beam misplaced will bring down  
this whole thing like a house of cards.

(CHANTING CONTINUES)

Watson, I've a plan.

(CHANTING IS MORE URGENT)

Hurry, Holmes!

Holmes!

Aah...!

Argh...

(GURGLED SCREAM)

(SHE SCREAMS)

Holmes...! Look out!

Holmes, are you all right?

Watson, get her out of here!

Aah!

Oh, no...

Holmes!

Rathe's taken Elizabeth and the stairs  
are blocked! What should I do?

Go around the other way!

You must stop him!

Holmes!

Holmes! Holmes! Holmes!

(ELIZABETH) No!

What am I going to do?

No...!

Giddup! Ha!

Ya! Ya!

Aah...!

Good show.

- Elizabeth, are you all right?

- I think so.

Please...

- What are we going to do about Rathe?

- Where is he?

He's gone.

The police will find him.

- Elizabeth...

- Strange...

Strange.

Let's just go back now.

I don't know how

I'll explain this to my parents.

It'll all be explained

in tomorrow's papers.

- Will you be allowed back to school?

- I don't know. Perhaps.

- Holmes!

- No!

Damn!

Ah...!

- Put my coat around her.

- Where are you going?

- I'm going to get him.

- You'll be killed!  
Eh Tar.  
You're nothing but a damned fraud!  
And you are letting your emotions  
get the better of you again.  
You cannot best me.  
Throw down your sword.  
- Never. I'd rather die a horrible death.  
- Very well. Then I will oblige.  
Come, is this the best you can do?  
You fight like a child! I've already won!  
You've lost every battle,  
this will be no exception.  
All your dreams have been shattered!  
Everything has been destroyed forever!  
Ha...! Ha...! Ha...!  
Ha...!  
Elizabeth... Elizabeth.  
Yes, Holmes, let's tarry a while longer,  
as your Elizabeth's precious lifeblood  
flows from her body.  
Argh...!  
Elizabeth, come on.  
Wake up. Open your eyes.  
Elizabeth... Elizabeth.  
Holmes.  
Don't be sad.  
Someday, we'll be reunited.  
In another world. A much better world.  
I'll be waiting.  
And you'll be late... as always.  
Elizabeth... No.  
No.  
Elizabeth.  
Goodbye.  
You'd think he'd uncovered  
the entire case on his own.  
That's what he wanted  
the Yard to believe.  
What other reason would they have  
for promoting him? Bye, Uncas.  
Stay there, Uncas,  
I'll be back in a minute.  
You know, Holmes,



a few things still haunt me.  
Why did you suspect Rathe  
was involved with the Rame Tep?  
When Waxflatter retired,  
the Board wanted him to leave.  
Rathe argued until he convinced  
the Board to let Waxflatter remain.  
I could never understand why Rathe  
wanted Waxflatter to stay.  
He liked Waxflatter's inventions?  
What's wrong with you? Have you  
been asleep through this entire case?  
Sorry.  
Holmes explained that Rathe  
spent years plotting his revenge.  
He established himself  
as a respected member of society,  
completely erasing  
his former identity.  
It took a long time  
to organise his followers,  
made up of the poor, the homeless,  
the lost souls of the streets.  
Also, it took time to build  
a wooden replica of the pyramid.  
Mrs Dribb was the Rame Tep's  
chief assassin,  
but, more importantly,  
she was Rathe's younger sister.  
Amazing, Holmes, simply amazing.  
- You did forget one important clue.  
- Oh? Please enlighten me.  
- "Rathe" is "Eh Tar" spelt backwards.  
- Very clever, Watson.  
I would have seen that sooner or later.  
Sooner or later. Are you coming back  
after the holidays?  
No, I'll transfer.  
There are too many memories here.  
- You have your entire life ahead of you.  
- And I'll spend it alone.  
Merry Christmas, Holmes.  
I thought you might have more luck  
smoking it.

- Well?

- Seems to suit you. But that coat...  
Why do you wear that ridiculous cloak  
of that unspeakable person?

Consider it a trophy.

The skin of a leopard.

- Indeed.

- I'm going to miss you, Watson.

I'm going to miss you too, Holmes.

- You were right about something.

- What?

It was the adventure of a lifetime.

- Wait! I know why the bear's white!

- Why is that?

A room with an all-southern view  
is on the North Pole. It's a polar bear!

Bravo. You have the makings  
of a great detective.

As I watched Holmes settle in,  
a sudden feeling came over me,  
that I would most certainly  
be seeing him again.

So ended my first adventure  
with Mr Sherlock Holmes.

As I watched his carriage disappear,  
I realised that I'd forgotten to thank him.

He'd taken a weak, frightened boy  
and made him into a courageous man.

My heart soared. I was ready for  
whatever mystery or danger lay ahead.

I was ready to take on  
the greatest adventure of them all.

And I knew it was bound  
to involve Sherlock Holmes.

- Can I help you?

- I'd like a room, please.

Please, sir, to sign here.