

e l e m e **N** t a r **Y**

"Ripper"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A white chalk outline of a body crudely drawn on the sidewalk.

A young BOY, (10) dressed in a school uniform marks up "wounds" on the neck using red chalk. He checks his watch and then takes off at a run.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Various jump cuts of the boy running through the street, dodging pedestrians and obstacles.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The boy stops, takes a quick glance at his watch as he pulls out the red chalk and mimes tackling and stabbing an invisible victim. His face contorts in grim rage as he drops next to a new white chalk outline of a female body.

With continued rage he uses the red chalk to mark wounds in the pavement within the outline.

VOICE (O.C.)

There you are...

The voice belongs to a CHAUFFEUR, dressed in a uniform. He runs up to the boy, obviously out of breath.

CHAUFFEUR

(British accent)

That's enough. Time to go.

The boy ignores him as he continues to draw.

CHAUFFEUR (CONT'D)

I said, "It's time to go."

BOY

(also British)

I'm busy.

CHAUFFEUR

I don't care. Your father will sack me if you're late again.

The boy shrugs as he continues drawing.

BOY

What does he care? He's not going to be there.

CHAUFFEUR

Irrelevant. I'm charged with bringing you home safely and on time. Let's go.

BOY

I need a few more minutes.

CHAUFFEUR

Apologies, I have my orders.

Without warning he picks up the boy and carries him off.

BOY

(kicking)

You're ruining my time. I wasn't finished.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREETS / NYC - DAY

TITLE CARD: 'Twenty-five years later'

SHERLOCK is running down the street. He turns into an alley and drops to the ground, and pulls out his iPhone.

CLOSE ON PHONE - it's in stopwatch mode: 13:15

He clicks stop.

SHERLOCK

(to himself)

Thirteen minutes.

His phone RINGS. He answers:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Captain Gregson, how may I be of assistance?

CUT TO:

INT. RUNDOWN STREET - LATER

Sherlock and JOAN WATSON get out of a taxi on a scummy street decorated with graffiti and garbage. GREGSON is waiting for them outside an alleyway entrance.

GREGSON

Garbage man found the prostitute in this alley. We'd like you take a look at it. Heads up, it's brutal. With a sickening twist.

SHERLOCK

Prostitute? My first guess is her pimp.

Gregson gestures for them to follow him as he leads the way.

GREGSON

We're already looking into that.

Watson's phone RINGS, its display identifying the caller as "Mom & Dad." She clicks decline.

SHERLOCK

(to Joan)

That's the third time you've ignored a call from your mother since we got into the taxi...

Joan give him a 'DON'T START' glare and is about to say something when she reacts to having stepped in something.

JOAN

Oh, I just bought these shoes!

It's fresh gum stuck to the bottom of her shoe. She tries to scrape it off.

SHERLOCK

Well..

JOAN

Don't say it.

SHERLOCK

I've stepped in worse.

GREGSON

So have I...

Joan is about to resume walking.

SHERLOCK

Stop!

CLOSE ON FOOTPRINT

... it is a large print in a small patch of mud. There is some blood in the print. The heel has an odd pattern in it...

Sherlock takes a picture of it with his iPhone, as Gregson signals to an OFFICER in an *NYPD Crime Scene Unit* jacket.

GREGSON

There's another one like it down here.

SHERLOCK

(repeating)

"Another ONE"?

The officer puts down a yellow evidence marker next to it as Gregson leads Sherlock to another footprint a couple of yards away from the first.

CLOSE ON SECOND PRINT

... Similar to the other, same pattern in the heel but...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

There's less blood here.

Sherlock snaps another photo, then paces off the distance between the two.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Presuming the suspect stepped in the victim's blood...

GREGSON

Ya, I know. There should be more footprints... at least more of a blood trail than this.

JOAN

And less blood with each step.

SHERLOCK

Precisely Watson. It's as if they were purposely placed for us to find.

JOAN

Why?

SHERLOCK

I'm not sure yet... but I find it odd given the exorbitant price tag on those shoes.

GREGSON

Price tag?

Sherlock zooms into the photo he just took and holds it up.

SHERLOCK

Did you note the characters imprinted from the shoe?

GREGSON

Yes, '1-0-3-3'. We took a picture of it. Detective Bell is already looking into that.

SHERLOCK

You can tell him to stop.

JOAN

Is \$1,033 the price tag?

Sherlock looks at the picture on the phone.

SHERLOCK

I must admit at first glance it does look like 1033 but I assure you it's not...

He shows the photo again. There is a pause.

GREGSON

You don't always have to make me ask do you?

SHERLOCK

My flair for the dramatics. These are the letters L-O-B-B.

GREGSON

Lobb?

SHERLOCK

Yes, as in John Lobb shoes. One of the oldest shoe manufacturers in London, established in 1866. The leather for each shoe is hand cut and hand stitched. Hence...

GREGSON

...Price tag. Got it.

Sherlock crouches down looking for more blood as he continues:

SHERLOCK

Precisely. I, myself, used to frequent the London home store until I became a Consulting Detective for Scotland Yard. Much too expensive to be subjected to the 'gumshoe' cliché Watson just demonstrated.

JOAN

I said, 'Don't say it'.

SHERLOCK

(Studying the photo)

I still peruse their catalogue and I don't recognize this pattern in the heel.

GREGSON

Do they have a store in New York?

Gregson takes out his notebook.

SHERLOCK

On Madison Avenue.

GREGSON

We'll check it out.

DETECTIVE BELL approaches them with notebook in hand.

BELL

The M.E. has finished the preliminary examination. It's all yours.

The others follow Bell as he leads them through a broken fence in the alley.

GREGSON

Let me remind you that this was 'brutal'.

BELL (PRE-LAP)

We found several pieces of ID with different names so we're not sure of her identity yet.

EXT. ALLEY / CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Sherlock looks for other bloody footprints on the ground. There is one more but no blood, with an odd circular imprint the size of a quarter next to it. Sherlock takes a picture of it, then stands over it, miming the use of a walking stick.

BELL
(reading notes)
T.O.D. around five or six this
morning...

JOAN
Oh my God!

Sherlock glances up toward the body.

The female victim is on the ground facing up. Throat slashed, she has been disemboweled and her intestines thrown over her shoulder.

ON HOLMES -- suddenly transfixed.

FLASH TO: White chalk drawing on cobblestone, same pose with red chalk matching the wounds on neck and abdomen.

RESUME SHERLOCK: As it hits him --

BELL
The victim appears to have been...

BELL (CONT'D)	SHERLOCK
Struck on the right side of the temple...	Struck on the right side of the temple...

Bell stops talking as Sherlock continues.

SHERLOCK
...Bruises on throat indicate she
was choked with a cane or walking
stick.
(gestures to the round
print)
Throat was slashed from left to
right, with such ferocity that it
nearly severed the head, leaving
scratch marks on the spine. The
weapon used was a six to eight inch
narrow blade. No sexual assault but
abdominal mutilations were
inflicted after death... and her
uterus is missing.

Sherlock's eyes are transfixed on the victim as the others react.

GREGSON

How did you deduce that so fast?

JOAN

Okay, I used to be a doctor and even I wouldn't be able to tell if her uterus was missing without...

SHERLOCK

I didn't deduce it. It's the same as another homicide.. in London...

(to Bell)

Perchance, did you find a small envelope with two small pills?

BELL

As a matter of fact we did.

SHERLOCK

(With some disbelief)

It's exactly the same, every last detail...

GREGSON

Lemme guess. An old Scotland Yard case and the perp got away from you.

Sherlock looks at him as if waking from a trance.

SHERLOCK

Old Scotland Yard case: yes. But as for the 'perp' getting away from me: no. Due in part to the fact that he committed his heinous crimes a century before I was born.

JOAN

A century?

SHERLOCK

His identity is still a mystery but you all know him as 'Jack the Ripper'.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gregson is standing among towers of banker's boxes labeled "JTR: Suspects", "JTR: Books" or "JTR: Annie Chapman (Victim 2)", etc.

Gregson has the phone on speaker as he scribbles into his notebook:

BELL (V.O.)

Victim's street name was Candy but her legal name was Kristin Wheeler. Holmes was right about her uterus missing... no signs of sexual assault.

GREGSON

Is there a 'twenty' on her pimp?

BELL

Her pimp, Ricardo Zampella aka 'The Doctor' hasn't been seen all night.

GREGSON

(into the phone)

'The Doctor'? Stay on that. He might be our best lead.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

Here are the last of them.

Sherlock and Watson enter carrying a few more boxes.

GREGSON

Are all these your 'Jack the Ripper' files?

SHERLOCK

Not all are files. Those ones there are books.

Joan and Gregson look at the three towers of boxes he's pointing to.

GREGSON

And you've read them all?

SHERLOCK

(silly question)

Of course.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

There have been more books written about Jack the Ripper than about all the U.S. Presidents combined.

Joan opens a box and pulls out a book: **JACK FACTS: RIPPEROLOGY by Ivan Holz**. She turns the book over to see the author's photo: a large man with long hair pulled back in a pony tail.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Sad statement on society when you consider so much has been written about someone and we don't know their real name.

JOAN

(skimming the book)
And yet, you've read them all.

SHERLOCK

I read everything. But THIS--

Sherlock pulls out some files. Looks at the labels. Then continues to rummage through the box.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Started when I was a child.

Joan looks to Gregson, both thinking the same thing - *that explains a lot*.

GREGSON

How was he never caught?

SHERLOCK

Police incompetence.

Joan clears her throat at Sherlock's *faux pas* but he doesn't notice as he continues to sort through the folders.

GREGSON

(Offended)
What is that supposed to mean?

SHERLOCK

No offense to present company... but it was a primitive time. A Scottish professor named Francis Galton came in with his method of classifying fingerprints.

GREGSON

Yes, we studied Galton's eight categories in the academy.

SHERLOCK

Charles Warren, the commissioner of Scotland Yard threw him out.

GREGSON

What?

SHERLOCK

Called the notion of fingerprints a load of rubbish.

GREGSON

Unbelievable.

JOAN

Any fingerprints at our scene?

GREGSON

Nothing of any use. No DNA either.

Sherlock finds the file.

SHERLOCK

Ah! Here is the Ripper's second victim, Annie Chapman. As you see from her file... our Copycat serial killer duplicated everything.

GREGSON

Well... let's not jump to 'serial killer' conclusions yet.

Sherlock pins the black and white photo of a woman in her forties over his fire place.

JOAN

She's much older than I expected.

SHERLOCK

Victorian men had less discerning tastes.

Gregson's phone RINGS. Gregson answers.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

...Detective Bell is holding a file in one hand and a file folder in the other.

BELL

(Into the phone)

I checked the records to see if there were any murders of prostitute eight days ago.

Gregson has the phone on 'Speaker'.

BELL (CONT'D)

There was one. A stabbing victim... a Shona Muldoon.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sherlock takes out another file labeled "Mary Anne Nichols" from his file box as he speaks.

SHERLOCK

Let me guess... There was a bruise running along the lower part of the jaw on the right side of the face, likely from blow from a fist.

He hands the file to Gregson. On a page ambered with age is a crude but detailed autopsy drawing. Sherlock continues reciting from memory.

Three lacerations along the throat, about an inch apart. The third severed down to the vertebrae.

Sherlock points to the abdomen on the sketch. Joan finds a similar page in the JACK'S FACTS book.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

There were several incisions across the abdomen, caused by a knife which had been slashed downwards. The wounds were from left to right. Also, no sexual assault.

BELL

(closes the file)

What he said...

Gregson looks at the file in his hand.

GREGSON

Okay, now we can jump to conclusions. Any idea of the Ripper's next move?

Sherlock pins five labeled pictures to the wall as --

SHERLOCK

I'd like to refrain from calling him the Ripper as I believe that's what he wants. Let us call him what he is... a Copycat.

GREGSON

Fine. How do we anticipate the Copycat's next move?

SHERLOCK

The Ripper killed five prostitutes... seemingly at random.

Joan reads the name of the fifth victim: Mary Kelly. She opens the JACK'S FACTS book to the dedication page: "To Mary Kelly"

JOAN

Ivan Holz dedicated this book to Mary Kelly.

SHERLOCK

She was the fifth and final victim.

Sherlock shows her a photo. Joan reacts in horror.

JOAN

Is that her face?

SHERLOCK

Was was left of it. Mary Kelly's murder was the most brutal and barbaric. The Ripper took his time carving her up. Hopefully we can stop the Copycat before then.

GREGSON

So tell us about victim three, what can we expect?

SHERLOCK

If the Copycat is following the original murders... In three weeks he will kill two other women in the same night.

JOAN

Two?

Sherlock points to the photos of Catherine Eddows and Liz Stride.

SHERLOCK

Known by Ripperologists as the
'night of the double murder',
within a 15 minute radius of each
other. It was believed that he was
interrupted...

Joan's phone RINGS. Display: "Mom & Dad"

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You might as well take it. She's
calling every 15 minutes now, up
from the every 30.

JOAN

Sorry.
(answering)
Hi Mom.

We follow Joan into the kitchen.

MRS.WATSON (V.O.)

Sorry to bother you, dear...

INT. BROWNSTONE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

... we follow Joan as she reacts to the odd tone in her
mother's voice.

JOAN

(into the phone)
What is it mom?

MRS.WATSON

I think history is repeating
itself.

Joan looks back into the living room as more Ripper files are
pinned onto the wall. *That's an understatement.*

JOAN

What do you mean, mom?

MRS.WATSON

It's not something I can say over
the phone. Could we meet for lunch?

JOAN

I don't know... I'm in the
middle...

MRS.WATSON

You know I'm not the kind of
helpless mother who calls for help
move to the clocks forward. This is
important.

JOAN

(guilt-tripped)
Okay, okay.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

A desk sergeant hands Bell a message, who reacts with -

BELL

(into the phone)
You're not going to believe this.

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM

Joan re-enters from the kitchen and sees Sherlock putting on
his scarf as Gregson grabs one of the boxes.

JOAN

What's going on?

SHERLOCK

Break through, Watson. It seems are
'Copycat' was sloppy enough to be
picked up by a security camera near
the alley. We...

Sherlock notices her expression and the way she's holding the
phone in her hand.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

We're going to have a look. I'll
text you, if we learn something.

JOAN

Are you sure?

SHERLOCK

Absolutely. When you see her, give
your mother my regards.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION / PRIVATE OFFICE - LATER

Sherlock and Gregson sit in front of the monitor as Bell cues up the footage. The monitor flickers to life.

We see the high angle of a security camera. A figure appears on the screen momentarily illuminated by the lamppost. He is limping with the use of a cane, dressed in a black trench coat, his face obscured by a scarf and the shadow of his top hat. In his other hand he's carrying an old fashioned doctor's bag.

SHERLOCK

That's what I call a cliché.

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - LATER

Joan sits awkwardly across from MRS. WATSON as a WAITER takes the menus away.

JOAN

You didn't order much.

MRS. WATSON

I don't have much of an appetite.

Mrs. Watson points to the JACK FACTS book next to Joan.

MRS. WATSON (CONT'D)

Interesting reading?

JOAN

Background on a case I'm working on... but I'm guessing you didn't want to meet to talk books. So... What's wrong?

Joan starts to take a drink from her glass. Mrs. Watson look about then says softly -

MRS. WATSON

I think you're father is having an affair... again.

JOAN

(nearly chokes)
What?

MRS. WATSON

Before you say anything, hear me out.

(MORE)

MRS. WATSON (CONT'D)

I know that he's been lying to me. Every Tuesday night he says he was to work late... then when I call him, he doesn't pick up. I can't find the credit card statement from last month...

JOAN

So?

MRS.WATSON

That's what happened the last time, so I wouldn't see the hotels and gifts charged on it...

JOAN

Have you confronted him about it?

MRS.WATSON

I don't have any proof... I don't want to accuse him without proof first... so I was wondering...

She hesitates almost choking on the words.

JOAN

(aghast)

You want me to investigate my own father?

MRS.WATSON

I know it's awkward.

JOAN

Understatement!

Joan takes another swig from her drink.

MRS.WATSON

You're a detective now...

JOAN

(correcting)

Consulting detective.

MRS.WATSON

Whatever... who else can I trust?

JOAN

Trust? Do you see the irony in that question? I can't spy on Dad.

MRS.WATSON

I don't want a stranger poking into our lives... I'll pay you... How much?

JOAN

No! I won't accept money for this.

MRS.WATSON

Does that mean you'll do it?

JOAN

It means... I'm going to spend some time with Dad... see if I get a 'vibe'.

MRS.WATSON

(relieved)

Thank you! I knew I could count on you.

The waiter places a plate of food in front of Joan. She pushes the plate aside and takes another drink.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION / PRIVATE OFFICE - LATER

Sherlock, alone in the room, is scrolling through the video, frame by frame forward. Leaning inches from the screen.

There's a KNOCK on the door and Joan enters.

JOAN

Thought you were going to text me.

SHERLOCK

Did you have lunch with your mother?

JOAN

Hours ago.

She closes the door as Sherlock looks at her.

SHERLOCK

Didn't go well I take it?

JOAN

What makes you say that?

SHERLOCK

I estimate you had three glasses of wine.

JOAN

What did you find?

SHERLOCK

This.

Joan looks at the image on freeze frame of the dark figure in a top hat.

JOAN

No shot of his face?

SHERLOCK

None, whatsoever. But I know he has a limp on his left leg and uses the cane for support.

He plays the video to demonstrate, then freezes the frame.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I know from the slight shift of the handle that it's concealing the murder weapon itself.

Sherlock points to the shoes.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I know that my earlier assessment was correct. Our suspect is wearing shoes in the style of John Lobb.

JOAN

"In the style"?

SHERLOCK

Their shoes are handmade, with a uniform look. From the sharp angled cut of the leather to the double stitch pattern. These are a similar cut but the stitch is different.

Sherlock points to the screen at the shoes. Joan squints as she tries to see.

JOAN

How can you see that?

Sherlock's phone chimes with 'E-mail notification' display.

SHERLOCK

Speak of the devil. My old contact at the John Lobb store in London. I sent him the photo of the heel.

Reads the e-mail and frowns.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Must be a typo. Says the pattern in the heel was from a model that was discontinued in 1890.

JOAN

1890? Maybe he meant 1980. I've done that.

SHERLOCK

(While typing into phone)
I know you have. I'm e-mailing that back. "Did you mean to type Nineteen-Eighty?"

Sherlock pushes the send button. The sound of the text being sent.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

So, lunch with your mother didn't go well?

JOAN

Why would you say that?

SHERLOCK

The expression on your face when you came in.

JOAN

I'm fine.

Sherlock's phone chimes again. Joan sighs, saved by the bell. Sherlock frowns again.

CLOSE ON MESSAGE - **"Nope it was discontinued in 1890."**

JOAN (CONT'D)

(reading over his shoulder)

"Nope it was discontinued in 1890."
Wow, they don't make 'em like they used to.

SHERLOCK

That doesn't make any sense. Even if a pair of shoes could last that long, why use something so vintage for murder...

Refers back to the video, pointing to limp.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

We should have found more 'bloodied footprints' at the scene.

Joan looks at the screen as Sherlock puts on his coat and scarf.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

This Copycat is going to extreme lengths.

The door opens and Gregson enters holding an envelope.

GREGSON

Good you're still here. This was left at the front desk for you.

The envelope is a cream-colored with handwriting in what appears to be red ink.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

There's no stamp on it so it was hand delivered.

A strange look falls over Sherlock's face as he ignores the letter that is being offered to him and turns to the nearby file box from Sherlock's home.

JOAN

What is it?

Sherlock doesn't seem to be here as he rummages through the box. Gregson, still holding the envelope with bewilderment, looks to Joan who shrugs.

SHERLOCK

Eureka!

He opens a file and puts it on the table, fans out some color pages from the file and pulls out a specific page. Then putting on a pair of latex gloves, he grabs the envelope by the corner and sets it down to a page he just pulled.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

What do you make of that?

Gregson and Joan inspect it. The red ink on the envelope is written in cursive writing addressed to: *Sherlock Holmes c/o NYPD Office, New York City*. The return address is: *From Hell*

On the color page next to the envelope is a facsimile of another envelope addressed to: *The Boss Central News Office, London City*

GREGSON

Handwriting looks the same.

We SEE that the writing on the envelopes is exact.

JOAN

Same D'Nealian capital 'N' and 'O' and 'City' is almost identical. Same person wrote both.

SHERLOCK

Impossible. This one...

Pointing to the one Gregson brought in.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Which is addressed to me personally, was received today. While this one...

(pointing other page)

Was sent to the Central News Office on the 27th of September... 1888.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. POLICE STATION / PRIVATE OFFICE - LATER

The envelope is now open, and encased in an evidence bag. Sherlock holds the letter up to the light.

CLOSE ON LETTER: There is a faint watermark of a cameo with a crown, inside a woman seated holding a scepter and a shield with a cross. Beneath it is the watermarked word: CONQUEROR

SHERLOCK

It's a duplication of the A Pirie & Sons watermark.

GREGSON

The what?

SHERLOCK

A paper company in the 1800's. It is now known as ArjoWiggins. Different watermark and a carbon-neutral process. But this is the same handmade formula as the original 1888 letter...

Compares it with the copy of the 1888 version.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

...Remarkable! Excellent forgery. There are no tell-tale signs of pen jolts.

JOAN

Pen jolts?

SHERLOCK

Usually forgers use tracing to mimic a writing style. The result is a jolt as they stop and start. Where this has the flow of natural writing. Even fails to use apostrophes for contractions.

Joan leans in to look.

JOAN

(reading aloud)

"I shant wait as long this time. Expect all to be harvested during this bloody loony time. Catch me if you can.

(MORE)

JOAN (CONT'D)

Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper."
Sounds like he wants to be stopped.

SHERLOCK

No, he's just toying with us. But
he's not giving us as much time as
the real Ripper did.

GREGSON

What do you mean?

SHERLOCK

"During this bloody loony time."
Lunar. There was a full harvest
moon last night. He intends to kill
the remaining three during this
full 'red' moon.

JOAN

He's going to kill again tonight?

GREGSON

I'll have more patrols out in the
area. Any other clues?

JOAN

What does this mean? "Ps. I got the
ink to work this time."

Sherlock tears open the evidence bag and holds it close to
his nose to smell.

SHERLOCK

Blood. In 1888, the Ripper
complained that his victims' blood
didn't work well as ink. Looks like
this one made it... flow.

JOAN

This is getting very creepy.

GREGSON

I'll get the lab to have them check
it with the envelope as well.

There is a KNOCK, and Bell enters holding a photo.

BELL

Look who our cameras picked up
leaving the station today. Around
the time the letter was left.

The grainy surveillance photo is of a Hispanic-looking thug.

GREGSON
Ricardo Zampella.

SHERLOCK
Who?

GREGSON
Candy's pimp, aka "The Doctor". I
think we'll pay him a house call.

SHERLOCK
I should like to take another look
at the scene of the crime.

Gregson nods as he exits.

JOAN
Not going with them?

SHERLOCK
I know he isn't our suspect. He's
too tall to be this one.

Sherlock points to the still of the Copycat on the video
leaving the crime scene.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY / CRIME SCENE - LATER

Yellow police line, and uniformed police officers protect the
scene. Sherlock and Joan examine the area.

SHERLOCK
I don't understand why there are no
prints from our Victorian shoes
here, but there are out there.

JOAN
So you don't think for a moment
that...

SHERLOCK
That what?

JOAN
That there could be something
supernatural about our killer.

SHERLOCK

That is what he wants us to think with the shoes and recreating the "Dear Boss" letters. It's all a game and by no means supernatural.

JOAN

You're the one who's always saying, "when you have eliminated the impossible..."

SHERLOCK

(interrupting)

Rubbish, Watson. What have we to do with walking corpses? It's pure lunacy. The world's already full of monstrous criminals and killers. Ghosts need not apply.

Sherlock examines the area where the body had been and the bloodstains around it. Something catches Sherlock's eye.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You can see where the body had been based on the outline of the bloodstains. What do you make of that, Watson?

While Sherlock takes out his phone, Joan looks at the spot where Sherlock is pointing with his finger. There is a bloodstain in a sharp right-angle like an 'L'. A few inches away is another almost mirrored to it.

JOAN

I didn't notice those before.

Sherlock holds up his phone to a picture of the victim lying in the same spot.

SHERLOCK

That's because her arm obstructed it.

(leans in)

It resembles... Do you still have that book?

Joan opens her purse and pulls out the JACK'S FACTS book. Sherlock takes the book, opens it randomly and places it in between the marks. It fits perfectly.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

There had been a book here, while the Copycat was carving up his victim. Using it as 'instructions'.

He hands her back the book.

JOAN

Ivan Holz!

SHERLOCK

Or another Ripper book. This is an industry-sized hardcover...

JOAN

No, I mean, he's here. Ivan Holz, the author of this book.

She shows him the photo on the back of the book as she gestures with her head. Sherlock looks over to see IVAN HOLZ (40), behind the police barricade, among a group of other on-lookers. He is older than his photo, has less hair and wears John Lennon-style sunglasses.

He uses his cane to pivot himself around and starts to limp away.

SHERLOCK

Same leg!

Sherlock chases after him, with Joan following close behind. He's about to get into a small car (licence plate: JAX FAX).

JOAN

(Calling to Ivan)

Mr. Holz!

Ivan stops and turns to them.

IVAN

Do I know you?

SHERLOCK

A moment of your time.

Ivan pulls out his pocket watch, on a chain.

IVAN

I'm late for work.

Sherlock takes the book from Joan and holds it out to Ivan.

SHERLOCK

Could I get your autograph?

Ivan beams, as he feels his pocket for a pen, Sherlock notices he wears leather gloves. Sherlock looks to Joan, and gestures with his eyes.

Joan notices what appears to be bruises just under the edge of the gloves, as he pulls a pen from his inside coat pocket.

IVAN

Whom should I make it out to?

SHERLOCK

Sherlock Holmes... and can you sign
'Yours Truly...'

IVAN

(Looks at him)

I get it. That's a good one. Must
remember it.

As he starts to write, Sherlock looks at his shoes.
Orthopedic. He looks to Joan who shrugs.

SHERLOCK

Do you often visit crime scenes?

IVAN

I read about this on my forum. And
it got me curious.

SHERLOCK

What forum would that be?

IVAN

My Ripper forum, on my blog.
Username 'BlackJack' mentioned
there was a Ripper-like murder. Are
you a detective?

He hands the book back to Sherlock, who takes a quick glance
at the writing.

SHERLOCK

Consulting detective... and it
wasn't Ripper-like... it was exact.
Every last slice of Annie Chapman's
murder was recreated right here
around five a.m.

IVAN

That was the approximate time of
Annie Chapman's murder...

SHERLOCK

I'm well aware of that. Where were
you around five this morning?

IVAN

I was at home... sleeping.

JOAN

Is there someone at home who could
verify that?

IVAN

(indignant)
My wife could.

CUT TO:

EXT. MODEST HOME / QUEENS - LATE AFTERNOON

Joan parks on a small residential street. Sherlock is re-
reading JACK'S FACTS.

JOAN

Here we are, number 1888. Why
didn't we just call?

SHERLOCK

(slamming the book)
What claptrap. He interjects his
own deductions without any facts to
back it up. Don't know why I kept
it.

JOAN

That doesn't make him a suspect.

SHERLOCK

But his height and limp do.

JOAN

Different cane.

SHERLOCK

I wouldn't think he'd be stupid
enough to carry the murder weapon
around.

Sherlock gets out of the car.

JOAN

You're hoping to find it here.

Joan's phone RINGS. She answers. During the conversation,
Sherlock notices the wheelchair ramps in front of the #1888
house, and the large car with a wheelchair sticker.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)
Hi Dad, I'm glad you called. I'm
going to be a little late...

MR. WATSON (V.O.)
Sorry Princess, I'm not going to be able to meet with you at all tonight. I'm stuck here at work working on a big project. I'll be surprised if I get out before midnight.

JOAN
Sure... we'll meet another time.

As she hangs up and walks up to Sherlock.

SHERLOCK
Something wrong?

JOAN
No. Nothing at all.

Phone RINGS. This time it's Sherlock's.

SHERLOCK
Captain Gregson.

GREGSON (V.O.)
The pimp wasn't our man.

SHERLOCK
Too tall.

GREGSON (V.O.)
And he had an alibi... wait.. you knew he was too tall?

SHERLOCK
What was his alibi?

GREGSON (V.O.)
He was in our lock-up for DUI, which was also why he was seen leaving our station. Also, got an update from the lab... the 'ink' on the envelope was definitely our victim's blood. The sick bastard.

SHERLOCK
I'm sending you a link to a Ripper forum. Someone with the moniker of 'BlackJack' posted the details of our crime scene this morning.

GREGSON (V.O.)
I'll see if we can trace the IP address.

Joan steps away, takes out her phone and hits redial.

JOAN

(into phone)

Hi this is Joan Watson. Can I please speak to my father?

RECEPTION (V.O.)

I'm sorry Miss Watson, your father has left for the day. Would you like to leave a message?

JOAN

No... that's okay. I'll call later.

She hangs up. Sherlock is no longer on the phone and lying on his stomach on the ramp, studying the scuff marks.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Can I help you?

Sherlock looks up to see the voice came from DIANA HOLZ (39), a red-haired woman, in a wheelchair, inside her screen door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLZ'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - LATER

Diana wheels her chair through the room as she talks to Joan. Sherlock follows studying every detail. The shoes, London Lite magazine, worn tread marks from the wheelchair.

DIANA

Yes, he was here last night, I had trouble waking him up this morning. But we had coffee together before he went down to do some writing in his office downstairs. He's a writer, you know.

Holmes looks at a photo of Ivan and Diana, in Times Square, New Year's Eve, showing off their rings, *they are both standing.*

JOAN

We know. How long has he been interested in Jack the Ripper?

DIANA

Long before we met. I never understood it. I'm not one for blood and guts. Can't even watch a horror movie.

Sherlock looks at the computer desk, with large monitor, pens, rough sketches, scanner, fancy paper, digital artist tools and mail from *Abberline Insurance*.

SHERLOCK
Is this your desk?

DIANA
Yes, I freelance as a graphic artist. Mostly do greeting cards.

Sherlock looks at the desk and then sees the nearby stairs going down.

SHERLOCK
Excuse me. Where might I find the water closet?

DIANA
Water closet?

JOAN
He means 'bathroom'?

DIANA
There's one on this floor. Easy access... and one just down those stairs.

SHERLOCK
It would be rude of me to occupy the handicap washroom... I'll make use of the other one...

Joan rolls her eyes as Sherlock makes his way down the stairs.

INT. HOLZ'S HOUSE / BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sherlock descends the last few steps and sees Ivan's office door ajar. He pushes the door open ever so carefully.

There are maps of Victorian Whitechapel on the wall. All the murder sites are marked off, photos of the original Ripper victims, photos of the London sites, stacks of books piled up. Movie posters of 'Jack the Ripper', etc.

A framed photo of a younger Ivan with a blonde woman on a boat in New York harbor, *not his wife*. Next to it are syringes and vials on the table. Sherlock hesitates as he sees them. *Painful memories*.

He steps toward them, and sees his own shadow moving... and a shadow of someone, with a top hat, standing behind him.

Sherlock spins around to face -- a life-size mannequin with a cloak and top hat.

Sherlock looks down - no shoes. Phone RINGS - breaking the silence. He answers it.

SHERLOCK
(Into the phone)
Captain Gregson. I may have a
potential suspect for you.

GREGSON (V.O.)
I hate to burst your bubble. But we
have our killer in custody.

SHERLOCK
I beg your pardon?

GREGSON
A Derek Stokes. He just turned
himself in.

Off Sherlock's expression.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

We're looking THROUGH the TWO-WAY GLASS and INTO the neighboring INTERROGATION ROOM, where DEREK STOKES sits across from GREGSON and BELL, writing something on a piece of paper. The 'Ripper folder' is visible on the table as well.

JOAN
He looks familiar.

SHERLOCK
Very good, Watson. You saw him
earlier today...

FLASH TO: Crowd gathered behind police barricade, and Derek Stokes is standing in front of Ivan Holz...

**SHERLOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...at the crime scene.**

RESUME SHERLOCK as he is looking through the two-way mirror.

A moment later, Gregson enters the observation room and holds the page in his hand.

GREGSON

Here it is. A full confession.

Sherlock looks at the writing on the page. Bell enters the room.

BELL

We even tracked down that blog post from BlackJack to an IP address at Whitchurch, an internet cafe. The kind that you pay a dollar per minute to access the web. He lives in the neighborhood.

SHERLOCK

(reading)

Did he pen this whole thing?

GREGSON

Without any prompting from us. He even knew about the letter that was sent to you. No one else knew about it, except us...

SHERLOCK

And those within ear-shot.

Before Gregson can ask what he meant, Sherlock snatches the page out of his hand and marches into the Interrogation Room.

INT. POLICE STATION / INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Sherlock bursts into the room, and places the page in front of Derek. Bell and Gregson follow in.

SHERLOCK

So you claim to be the Copycat Killer.

DEREK

I'm the Ripper.

SHERLOCK

No, the Ripper vanished in 1888. Someone is copying him but I doubt it's you.

BELL

Uh... Holmes... He turned himself in. He confessed.

SHERLOCK
(to Bell)
Is that so?

Sherlock opens the Ripper folder and pulls out the color photocopy of the original 1888 Ripper letter. He places it in front of Derek.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
What does this say?

Derek glances down to the page, then looks at Holmes.

DEREK
(reciting)
"Dear Boss, I keep on hearing the
police have caught me but they wont
fix me just yet.

DEREK (CONT'D)
"I have laughed when they
look so clever.."

SHERLOCK
"I have laughed when they
look so clever.."

SHERLOCK
Yes, yes. Clearly you know it by
heart from a book or Wikipedia. But
what does this line say?

Sherlock points to a line on the page. Derek looks down but says nothing. Sherlock takes out the evidence bag with the letter that was addressed to him.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
In your confession, you claim to
have sent me this letter. What does
it say?

Derek looks at the page but says nothing.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Come now, Mr. Stokes, surely you
can tell me what you wrote me.

Sherlock takes out his wallet, opens it and takes out a couple of bills.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Here's two hundred dollars. It's
yours if you can read aloud the
third line... on either letter.

GREGSON
(cut to the chase)
Holmes.

SHERLOCK

(to Gregson)

He may have written this confession about the letter but he couldn't have written the letter itself. It's in cursive.

Sherlock takes out his iPhone and starts typing.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Your education system no longer teaches D'Nealian cursive writing... in favor of typing... texting or...

(eyes the confession)

...printing. Note even his signature is printed block letters.

Gregson takes the page and looks over at Derek.

GREGSON

If one can't write in cursive...

SHERLOCK

(still typing)

... one can't read it.

GREGSON

So how did he know about it all?

JOAN

He was at the crime scene today. He must have overheard us talking about it.

SHERLOCK

I suspect you're right. And I also suspect he lacks the aptitude to orchestrate the crime in question.

GREGSON

(To Derek)

Why would you confess to a crime you didn't commit?

Derek continues to say nothing.

SHERLOCK

To get notoriety. To finally be noticed.

Derek looks up at Sherlock, *how did he know?*

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
(holding his iPhone)
I just hacked into his Facebook
account. He only has nine
friends... including his mother.

DEREK
(embarrassed)
Can I go now?

GREGSON
No, there a thing called
"obstruction of justice". To which
you ARE guilty of committing...

There is an urgent KNOCK at the door. Bell opens the door and
is handed a message. His expression drops. Sherlock sees this
and knows what it means. *Damn!*

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

From Scene 1 - A white chalk outline of a body crudely drawn
on the sidewalk. A young BOY, (10) dressed in a school
uniform marks up "wounds" on the neck using red chalk.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. PUB - ALLEY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

FLASH of the forensic camera brings up back to the present.

Holmes is staring at the body of a young prostitute lying in
the exact same pose as the chalk drawing, including right arm
over the body, her throat slashed.

GREGSON
The owner was taking out the trash
when he spotted what he thought was
someone passed out... then he saw
the blood...

JOAN
This one hasn't been disembowelled
like the others. Only her throat...

Holmes looks at his watch, then takes out his phone.

SHERLOCK

We don't have much time. The second victim is about 15 minutes away... on foot.

Shows him the map of the area on his iPhone.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

About a half-mile radius.

GREGSON

That's a lot of ground to cover, and not enough time or manpower.

Bell approaches them.

BELL

No one saw anything. Pretty ballsy to kill next to a busy pub.

SHERLOCK

Dutfield's Yard.

BELL

What?

SHERLOCK

That's where Stride was discovered in 1888. Near a busy pub.

Sherlock sees the red rose and white maidenhair fern pinned to the victim's jacket.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

White maidenhair fern is indigenous to England.

GREGSON

Looks like the killer cut part of her jacket, though... Too straight to be a tear.

SHERLOCK

It was the same with Elizabeth Stride, only it was her apron found near the chalk graffiti, not far from Catherine Eddows' body. The Copycat has added details to match.

GREGSON

Where was she found in 1888?

SHERLOCK
Mitre Square.
(paces about)
It was the site of an old
monastery...
(looks at Gregson)
Five minutes away from the police
station...

Sherlock uses his fingers to zoom into the map.

GREGSON
That'll narrow it down... anything
else?

SHERLOCK
Catherine Eddows had just been
released from police holding.

BELL
(takes out phone)
I'll call the station. See if we
had any women in our holding.

Sherlock has already taken off at a run.

**Flash to: From scene 2 of young Sherlock (Boy) running
through the street, dodging pedestrians and obstacles.**

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STREETS / NYC - NIGHT

Sherlock runs through the street. Stops suddenly. He sees the
chalk graffiti on a brick wall.

Angle on graffiti: *"The Juwes are The men that will be blamed
for nothing."*

He looks down to see the torn piece of jacket, floating in a
stream of blood which leads into another alley.

Deflated, Sherlock follows the trail. He know where it will
lead --

He sees the legs of the new victim. He looks at his watch.

SHERLOCK
Thirteen minutes.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. ALLEY / FOURTH CRIME SCENE - LATER

Crime Investigation Unit Officers comb the scene for prints, taking photos, etc. Sherlock takes a photo of the chalk writing. Then takes a photo of a bloody shoe mark. Same LOBB imprint. Gregson walks up to him.

GREGSON

CIU has been all over both crime scenes. We can't find anything that doesn't look like it's been placed for us to find. The ME has stated that neither victim appears to have put up a fight...

Joan holds up the JACK FACTS book.

JOAN

Nor did the original girls in 1888.

Sherlock looks at the book then the wall. He turns to scan his surroundings. He sees Ivan Holz standing behind the police line.

GREGSON

Which means the victims either knew their attacker...

SHERLOCK

...or didn't appear to be a threat.

Before Gregson can say anything, Sherlock takes the book from Joan and charges over to Ivan Holz.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(to Ivan)

You think you're so bloody smart don't you?

IVAN

What?

Sherlock waves his book in his face.

SHERLOCK

You're a bloody hack. Jump to conclusions without facts...

IVAN

I had a forensic consultant.

SHERLOCK
So are you trying to validate them?

JOAN
Sherlock... we should go.

SHERLOCK
(ignoring)
Tell me: Why would this Copycat be so meticulous in re-creating the Ripper murders but mess up with that graffiti?

Ivan looks at the wall that he's pointing to.

IVAN
I don't understand.

SHERLOCK
And that's why you're a hack, and it's just as wrong in your book. What was the timeline between the Annie Chapman and the double murders?

IVAN
Er... Twenty-two days...

SHERLOCK
But now it's 22 hours. Why?

IVAN
I don't know.

SHERLOCK
I think you do!

JOAN
('shut up' tone)
Sherlock!

SHERLOCK (PRE-LAP)
Rest assured Mr. Holz. I'll uncover the truth of The Copycat Killer...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION / CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The confrontation continues on a TV screen with shaky hand-held footage. Sherlock continues his rant--

SHERLOCK

(on TV)

... before the fifth and final
victim. I will find the truth.

We REVEAL Sherlock watching the TV. Intercut with: The News
interviewing Ivan Holz.

REPORTER (V.O.)

What do you make of Mr. Holmes'
remark about the new Ripper?

SHERLOCK

(yelling at the TV)

He's not the new Ripper. He's a
copycat... and poor one at that.

IVAN

I know Sherlock Holmes is brilliant
but he's off the mark. I came down
to lend my expert opinion...

SHERLOCK

As the killer.

IVAN

I was even hoping to write a new
book about this, like 'Sherlock
Holmes vs Jack the Ripper'.

Sherlock 'mutes' the TV set.

SHERLOCK

Sounds like a B-movie title rather
than anything of literary merit.

Gregson enters with Bell close behind.

GREGSON

What were you thinking accusing him
of being the Ripper?

SHERLOCK

I didn't accuse him... you will
note that I didn't actually say it.

GREGSON

Don't use semantics with me.

SHERLOCK

We know tonight he's planning on
committing the final, most savage
killing in the privacy of the
victim's home.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But Ivan Holz has lost his anonymity. No one would invite him into their home now.

GREGSON

Well Mr. Holz invited us to take a look around this place. We looked around. It's clean. No weapons... no bloody Victorian shoes...

SHERLOCK

Did you check his Ripper tribute room? See those syringes?

BELL

They're penicillin shots...

GREGSON

And the Ripper room has about the same amount of Jack the Ripper stuff as you do.

SHERLOCK

What is she doing there?

Sherlock turns up the volume on the TV as we see KATHRYN DRUMMOND, profiler from S1xE14, addressing the press.

KATHRYN

(On TV)

The new Ripper was the victim of child abuse, likely his mother was a prostitute, which affected his relationships and so took out his frustration on his victims.

SHERLOCK

Poppycock! Spinning her usual pseudo-science claptrap. Why is she talking to the press?

GREGSON

This is a serial case, and after your tirade last night. The Commissioner called her in. You've been benched on this case.

SHERLOCK

I see.

GREGSON

It's not personal.

SHERLOCK

I beg to differ. The copycat addressed the letters to me. I strongly believe it's Holz.

BELL

Sorry, man. I know your hunches are dead on the money. But I checked this Ivan Holz out... he's clean. The only thing he has on his record is an outstanding parking ticket from a few days ago.

Shows Sherlock a copy of it.

SHERLOCK

Parking in a handicap zone. Quite insensitive considering his wife is confined to a wheelchair.

BELL

Hardly makes him a killer, though.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET 43RD & 12TH - LATER

Sherlock looks at a parking spot with a 'Handicap' parking sign. Sherlock looks about and sees a music store, thrift shop and the Whitchurch Internet Cafe.

Flash: Bell talking to Sherlock -

BELL

We even tracked down that blog post from BlackJack to an IP address to Whitchurch, an internet cafe.

INT. WHITCHURCH INTERNET CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

The CAFE OWNER looks at the photo on the back of the Jack's Facts book, then shakes his head.

CAFE OWNER

Nah, doesn't look familiar.

Sherlock points to the camera aimed at the front door.

SHERLOCK

Does this camera work?

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - 2ND FLOOR - LATER

Sherlock sits in his "Media Room" in front of his bank of monitors. He scans through the security footage of the door. He pauses the recording.

CLOSE ON FREEZE FRAME - A woman, short dark curly hair, wearing big sunglasses enters the Cafe. Sherlock notes the time stamp on the footage.

SHERLOCK
You're not Ivan.

Sherlock's phone RINGS.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Watson! How is our favorite hack?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Joan sits in her car, watching Ivan Holz from a distance.

JOAN
If he's our killer, the exposure on the news hasn't hurt him. In fact it's made him more of a celebrity.

He is in front of a coffee shop, signing autographs.

SHERLOCK
Typical. Modern day obsession with celebrities. Even if the subject in question has done something despicable.

The front door buzzer RINGS. Sherlock gets up from his chair.

Joan's phone CHIMES. She looks the text message received.

CLOSE ON DISPLAY: "DAD: Can't make lunch. Stuck at work."

I/E. FRONT DOOR OF BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

Sherlock opens the front door to find a package. He bends over to pick it up but notices a pool of blood under it. He looks up to see a bloody footprint.

SHOCK CUT TO:

DARKNESS

...shatters the darkness as Sherlock opens the door to his shed. The light REVEALS --

We see the naked back of a woman - with no head above the neck.

SHERLOCK
(into phone)
I have to attend to an uninvited guest.

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Crime Investigation Unit Officers dust the front door for fingerprints as Gregson questions Sherlock.

GREGSON
So this is another Ripper victim?

SHERLOCK
Not at all.
(holds up book)
Though Ivan Holz claims in his book that the "Torso woman" was a Ripper victim. Most experts, including myself, disagree.

GREGSON
Hold on, "Torso Woman"?

Sherlock opens the book to a the 1888 sketch of a headless and armless woman.

SHERLOCK
On October 2, 1888 the torso of a headless woman was found in the cellar of what was to be New Scotland Yard. She had been dead for months and her injuries were inconsistent with the Ripper's *modus operandi*.

Bell enters and crosses to them.

BELL
The M.E. thinks the body had been on ice for some time. Won't have time frame of death until later but guesses it to be months not days.

GREGSON

Just like the one from 1888.

BELL

Any cameras outside?

SHERLOCK

Destroyed by the last hurricane.

KATHRYN (O.C.)

Interesting how you've been pulled,
yet somehow manage to find yourself
in the middle of this case again.

Kathryn enters, wearing a silk scarf on her neck.

SHERLOCK

What exactly are you implying?

KATHRYN

The killer we're looking for has
been neglected by his father.

Kathryn walks around the stacks of Ripper files.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

He's arrogant. Obsessed with the
original Ripper killings.

(to Sherlock)

And betrayed by a woman he loved.

Gregson looks to Sherlock to see his reaction to 'woman'.
Kathryn seems to know about Irene/Moriarty.

SHERLOCK

You've revised your previous
analysis to describe me, I see.

KATHRYN

I read how you were obsessed with
Jack the Ripper as a child. Boasted
you could have caught him. It's a
wonder you weren't taken to a child
psychologist.

SHERLOCK

I was. When I was ten. I also
deduced he was addicted to
phenobarbital.

KATHRYN

Those who look for the darkness in
others fail to see it in
themselves.

SHERLOCK

That's quite profound. What fortune cookie did you steal that from?

KATHRYN

(to Gregson)

I suggest placing Mr. Holmes in custody for the next 24 hours.

GREGSON

On what grounds?

KATHRYN

As I pointed out, he could just as easily be our killer. For the safety of this 'fifth' victim, we should keep Mr. Holmes locked up.

GREGSON

I don't believe for a moment that Sherlock would be capable of what you're suggesting.

KATHRYN

That is my recommendation.

SHERLOCK

(points to her scarf)

You shouldn't hide the reminder of the inaccuracies of your profiles.

She touches the scarf on her neck.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Your malignant lies almost cost you your life.

GREGSON

Holmes!

KATHRYN

Is that a threat, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK

I'm merely suggesting you take a good look at yourself in the mirror and ask how often have you made false accusations.

GREGSON

Thank you for your recommendation, Agent Drummond but this is not a police state we do not arrest without proper evidence.

KATHRYN
I'll be watching you.

SHERLOCK
Good. Maybe you'll learn something.

Kathryn storms out.

GREGSON
(to Holmes)
For your own good, keep your nose
out of this case.

SHERLOCK
Did you tell Miss Drummond about my
childhood obsession with the
Ripper?

GREGSON
Of course not!

SHERLOCK
I'm curious to know how she knew
about it.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Joan sits down across from her friend, EMILY HANKINS (from
S1xE04 & S1x18).

JOAN
Sorry I'm late. It's been a crazy
day.

EMILY
I'm glad you could make it on such
short notice.

Joan picks up the menu.

JOAN
It sounded important.

EMILY
What can you tell me about this new
Jack the Ripper?

JOAN
(starts to rise)
No comment.

EMILY

Jo, I'm sorry. I wouldn't take advantage of our friendship but my editor is pressuring me to come up with another angle on this story. If I could get an exclusive with Sherlock... Give him a chance to tell his side of the story?

JOAN

He won't talk before he figures everything out. But I do know he would ask you not to give a serial killer a nickname. As he put it, "gives them an air of omniscience that they don't deserve."

Emily writes that down.

EMILY

See.. That's good to know.

Joan sees her father, JOHN WATSON at another table with HELEN TEMPLETON, a lovely refined woman, who hands John a gift box.

JOAN

Oh my god! Can you excuse me?

Before Emily can respond, Joan storms over to her dad.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(to her dad)

Thought you were stuck at work?

JOHN WATSON

Joanie! What a surprise...

JOAN

I'm sure.

HELEN

This must be your daughter.

(to Joan)

You look like your mother.

JOAN

You know my mother?

HELEN

Your dad has showed me photos.

JOHN WATSON

You should know the truth. But you can't tell your mother about this.

JOAN
(nervously)
Okay... I'm all ears.

JOHN WATSON
Remember that story of how your mother and I were so poor when we first moved to New York... that she had to sell her jade bracelet?

JOAN
The one that had been a family heirloom. I know... What about it?

John Watson looks at Helen, then opens the gift box. Joan look in and sees: AN ASIAN JADE BRACELET

JOAN (CONT'D)
That can't be...?

He takes it out of the box and points to a marking.

JOHN WATSON
Yup. Here's your mother's name. Here's your grandmother's name... and so on. There's even room to add your name which is what she wanted.

JOAN
(realization)
I understand.

JOHN WATSON
I wanted to get your mother something special for our anniversary... and after many surreptitious meetings, Miss Templeton was able to track it down. I don't know how I'm going to keep it a secret for another month.

JOAN
Don't wait. Take her out to dinner tonight... Surprise her early!

HELEN
I agree!

JOHN WATSON
Okay! Yes, that's a wonderful idea!

He hugs his daughter who sighs heavily with relief.

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sherlock is studying the crime scene photos from all the recent murders side by side with their 1888 counterparts. Joan enters, beaming. Without looking at her, he states --

SHERLOCK
You're rather ebullient.

JOAN
You'll never guess in a million years what happened.

Sherlock turns to her, examines her face, looks down at her shoes, he inspects her fingernails and points to the clasp on her necklace.

SHERLOCK
Clasp needs to be turned around. So, I wager, your father went out and found a long lost heirloom that once belonged to your mother.

Joan looks down at her clasp in shock.

JOAN
How did you?
(realization)
Wait... he came to you first... didn't he?

SHERLOCK
...And I recommended him to a colleague of mine who specializes in rare finds. Miss Templeton has own "reality show" on the telly.

JOAN
I don't believe it!

SHERLOCK
I agree. If anyone should have their own show, it should be me.

JOAN
Why didn't you tell me?

SHERLOCK
It was not my place to say.

JOAN
So, but you couldn't resist indulging your dramatic flair.

SHERLOCK

Let that be a lesson to you,
Watson. Not everything is as it
appears. Sometimes all the dramatic
flair is simply to obscure...

Sherlock sparks, and turns back to the crime photos.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

...the truth. That's it! Some
people without possessing genius
have a remarkable power of
stimulating it!

JOAN

Thanks.

SHERLOCK

I've been so fixated on the Ripper
murders that I failed to see the
simple truth.

He points to the photo of the headless woman.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

According to her autopsy she was
killed months ago and kept frozen.

JOAN

She's actually the first victim.

Sherlock gestures to all of the copycat stabbings.

SHERLOCK

All of this, has been for dramatic
flair to obscure the truth.

JOAN

Which is?

Sherlock goes back to the photo of the recent headless woman.

SHERLOCK

This *torso woman* was the real
murder and all the others were
committed to confuse us. If we find
her killer...

JOAN

We find the copy-cat. Is there any
way of ID'ing our headless woman?

SHERLOCK

Unlike her 1888 counterpart, this one also has her feet missing.

JOAN

Likely because since the 1980's some infants had footprints recorded for identification. Are there any other photos of her?

Sherlock goes to his desk.

SHERLOCK

There are others but for a modicum of decorum, I chose not to plaster her naked torso everywhere. She has no identifying tatoos or marks...

He hands her a photo. We don't see it but Joan exclaims--

JOAN

Are those scars under her nipples?

Sherlock looks at the photo to where she is pointing.

SHERLOCK

If so, I can barely see them.

JOAN

If she's had augmentation. Each artificial breast implant has its own serial number. In case of recalls, they can reach any recipient.

SHERLOCK

She's at the morgue... I've been 'benched' from this case.

JOAN

I haven't and I still have some contacts in cosmetic surgery.

SHERLOCK

(looking at clock)
We don't have much time.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - LATER

A body bag is loaded into a drawer as Joan is on the phone.

JOAN

...her name was Mary Kelly. Wasn't that the name of the final Ripper victim?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

SHERLOCK

Yes, it was.

JOAN (V.O.)

(on speaker phone)

If he was going to kill her, why not make her the final victim?

SHERLOCK

It is odd that the copycat didn't take advantage of that fact.

JOAN (V.O.)

Sending you a post-op photo of her.

Sherlock's phone CHIMES: a photo of a blonde woman.

SHERLOCK

I've seen this woman before. Ivan Holz had an affair with her.

JOAN

How do you know that?

SHERLOCK

There was a photo of him with this woman in his office where his wife couldn't see it.

JOAN

I'm playing Devil's advocate, but as my father proved, being seen with another woman is not infidelity. She could have been an old flame from pre-wedding days.

Flash to: photo of Ivan and Diana standing in Times Square, New Year's Eve, showing off their rings.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

There was a photo of the Holz's in their living room showing off their wedding rings on New Year's Eve of the year 2000.

Flash to: Ivan Holz basement and the framed photo of a younger Ivan with a blonde woman on a boat in New York harbor and syringes laying near it.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

The cozy photo of Ivan and Miss Kelly was taken in New York harbour. The World Trade Centre towers were not in the skyline.

JOAN

Taken after the year 2001.

Sherlock picks up JACK FACTS. Open to the dedication page.

SHERLOCK

She must be the 'Mary Kelly' to whom he dedicated his book. If she threatened to expose the affair...

JOAN

Possible motive to kill.

SHERLOCK

He kills her, then uses his knowledge of the Ripper murders to confuse the police and myself.

JOAN

How did he know about your obsession with the Ripper?

Sherlock starts to type on his phone.

SHERLOCK

Wait... something she said...

Flash to: Kathryn looking at Sherlock's Ripper files.

KATHRYN

I read how you were obsessed with Jack the Ripper as a child. Boasted you could have caught him.

RESUME on Sherlock typing into his phone, then reacts...

SHERLOCK

Oh. It would appear that I had given an interview in my final days in London. Here I mention the Ripper murders as my inspiration for deduction work.

CLOSE ON PHONE SCREEN - Magazine cover.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I was so high, I have no memory of this interview with London Lite Magazine.

Flash to: the London Lite Magazine on the coffee table.

JOAN (V.O.)

I saw that on their coffee table.

SHERLOCK

I'm going to try to notify Gregson. In the meantime, get to Mrs. Holz. I believe she's the intended fifth and final victim.

JOAN (V.O.)

I'll meet you there.

They hang up the phone. Sherlock then notices something on the open page of JACK FACTS. He picks it up.

Flash to: Ivan as Sherlock waves the book in his face.

IVAN

I had a forensic consultant.

SHERLOCK

(to himself)

Forensic Consultant? Where did Miss Hudson file my academic reports?

Sherlock turns and sees them on the bookshelf across from the fireplace. He reaches for a specific spiral bound report and flips open the first page.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

There's your Forensic Consultant.

He reaches for his phone and dials.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(to phone)

Pick up, Watson!

Agent Kathryn Drummond suddenly appears behind him and strikes him with the butt of her gun, across the back of the head - knocking him unconscious.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sherlock opens his eyes. He's a little groggy and sore. We REVEAL that he is handcuffed to a radiator pipe.

KATHRYN (O.C.)
Good, you're awake.

She kneels down near him.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)
You can save me some time and tell me where the murder weapon is.

SHERLOCK
If this is your idea of a joke, there is a real murder about to happen and we have not much time.

KATHRYN
You may have fooled Captain Gregson and even your intended victim but I know the truth.

SHERLOCK
Intended victim?

KATHRYN
I know you were calling your former sober companion Joan Watson back here so that you could kill her and blame it on the Ripper.

SHERLOCK
You really have taken leave of your senses! Is this because I proved you wrong regarding Martin Ennis?

Kathryn tries to peel a piece of duct tape off a roll, but her hands are trembling. Sherlock notices.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
If you'd uncuff me, I could help you with that.

KATHRYN
Shut up!

With that she tears off a piece of tape and puts it over Sherlock's mouth.

She proceeds to the adjoining library and looks about the room, noticing the wall of locks and handcuffs on display.

She dashes back to the living room only to find Sherlock gone but the handcuffs are open and discarded on the floor where he had been. Kathryn takes out her gun and moves cautiously to the front hall. She notices the front door is open.

She HEARS her car engine start up.

CUT TO:

EXT. IVAN HOLZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The small car with JAX FAX licence plate parks on the street as Joan's car is in the driveway. Ivan grits his teeth as he uses his walking stick to get out of his car.

INT. HOLZ'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Diana wheels her chair through the living room as Joan follows.

DIANA

I don't know why Ivan is not here yet. He should be home by now.

She wheels into the kitchen as she continues speaking -

DIANA (O.S) (CONT'D)

I have the water boiling for tea. Do you want some?

JOAN

I'm fine, thanks.

Joan looks at the coffee table but the London Lite magazine isn't there. She glances around to see it on Diana's desk. Next to it is a bottle of tetracycline along with a copy of JACK FACTS, with red stains on the corners.

Flash to: Sherlock placing the book between the blood marks.

CLOSE SHOT: A blade is unsheathed from a walking stick.

Joan turns to the blade slashing toward her.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. IVAN HOLZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sherlock pulls up in Kathryn's car, almost hitting Ivan's car. He leaves the motor running as he leaps out of the car and dashes to the front door.

Ivan, walking up the ramp, turns to see this.

IVAN
What the hell are you doing here?

SHERLOCK
Your wife is the Copycat killer!

IVAN
Oh so now it's my wife. I'm going
to sue...

He is interrupted by the sounds of a woman screaming from inside the house.

CUT TO:

INT. IVAN HOLZ'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front door bursts open and Sherlock charges in.

Diana and Joan are locked in battle for the blade. Diana struggles to get the upper hand.

IVAN (O.C.)
Diana?!

His voice momentarily distracts Diana, giving Joan the opportunity to pull Diana's wig down over her eyes. Joan then knocks the blade away with one hand and delivers a punch, as she was taught by Sherlock, with the other.

Ivan is dumbfounded, Sherlock looks at Joan with some pride and relief.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - PRIVATE OFFICE OVERLOOKING BULLPEN

In the background Gregson and Bell process Diana in the bullpen. Ivan looks at this, still in shock.

IVAN
This is insane! I thought she was
unable to walk!

JOAN

She had been faking it. Most likely after losing her hair to syphilis. I saw the medication on her desk and the book she used at the crime scenes to recreate the murders.

IVAN

But why?

JOAN

If syphilis is not treated early, it progresses to a secondary stage which can result in loss of hair, loss of motor skills... blotchy rashes like the ones you're hiding with your gloves...

Ivan looks down at his hands.

JOAN (CONT'D)

...and in your wife's case, possible brain damage which can range from mood disorders to delusions of grandeur.

SHERLOCK

She must have realized that she contracted syphilis after your affair with Mary Kelly.

Flash to: Diana in Ivan's Ripper room seeing the photo of Ivan and Mary Kelly.

SHERLOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So she plotted to kill her, hide it among the other Ripper murders, and frame you for it. She did very well: as you know I suspected you. The chalk graffiti that was left was exactly how you wrote it in your book.

Flash to: Chalk writing on wall, compared with the book.

SHERLOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Even though it was not what the police had recorded but rather the inaccurate phrasing used by a city surveyor. Considering that the magazine article about my obsession with the Ripper was also in your home, I can assume she knew I'd notice the subtle mistake.

Sherlock points to the copy of the magazine.

JOAN

It explains the change in the killing time table.

SHERLOCK

Your wife knew I'd figure it out if given the same span of time as the original murders. Then there was the Torso Woman...

Flash to: Finding the body.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Likewise, your book is the only one that insists that the Torso woman was one of the Ripper victims.

JOAN

And when we discovered Mary Kelly's identity we wondered why the copycat would not have taken advantage of the coincidence of her name.

SHERLOCK

Why not save her for the final massacre and completely skip the dubious Torso victim?

Sherlock then picks up the JACK FACTS novel.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Then I noticed you thanked your wife as your forensic consultant.

Flash to: Diana sitting with Joan.

DIANA

**I'm not one for blood and guts.
Can't even watch a horror movie.**

SHERLOCK

Yet, she worked in forensics, knew what we would need to find at a crime scene. I even have one of her published papers.

JOAN

She told us she was a freelance graphic artist.

IVAN

She still freelances as a forensic consultant... mostly for documents.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

I gleaned that from her mail. I realized it was under her maiden name... not uncommon for professional women..

Flash to: Aberline Insurance mail on Diana's desk.

SHERLOCK

As well as this...

Holds up the evidence of the copycat Ripper letter.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Freelances for the NYPD. She was good enough to authenticate this letter... which she herself penned. And she would know how to make her own paper using a simple blender.

Flash to Diana: creating it on her light board. (Letter is upside down). Next to it is a letter sized board with an embossed recreation of the Watermark.

RESUME SHERLOCK, pointing to the photo of the boot print.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

A pair of vintage Lobb shoes were sold for 'cash' at a thrift store across from the Internet cafe where your wife posted as 'Black Jack' on your blog.

Flash to: security footage of Diana entering cafe wearing a different wig.

Flash to: Sherlock examining handicap parking spot across from Vintage Store and in front of internet cafe.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

She even used your car which earned you a parking ticket that would eventually link you to the murders... after you were dead.

IVAN

Dead?

SHERLOCK

The reason she didn't save your
Mary Kelly to the end, was
because...

Sherlock points to the crime photo of 1888.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

...There was not going to be one.

JOAN

The blade she tried to use on me
was the murder weapon for all the
copycat murders.

SHERLOCK

She was going to kill you, plant
the evidence and claim it to be
self defense.

IVAN

And by making you believe I was the
copycat, everyone would think she
was my intended last victim.

SHERLOCK

Detective Bell has already
discovered the boots, blood stained
clothes in a bag in her truck that
was going to be placed in your car.
If it weren't for the needless
lives lost, I would admire the
brilliance of her plan.

IVAN

How could I have been so blind to
her? She's a complete stranger.

SHERLOCK

It happens to the best of us.

Sherlock knows all too well from his experience with
Irene/Moriarty.

INT. POLICE STATION / CORRIDOR - LATER

Sherlock and Joan put their coats on as Diana is led away in
handcuffs by a uniformed officer. Gregson approaches -

GREGSON

We have another matter to address.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON VIDEO SCREEN

...as we see the security footage from Sherlock's brownstone, he is struck from behind and then handcuffed.

We REVEAL we are in -

INT. POLICE STATION / GREGSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn is watching in shock. Gregson studies her reaction. Sherlock and Joan stand by the door.

GREGSON

You still want to stick to your story?

KATHRYN

You have hidden cameras in your apartment?

Joan smirks.

SHERLOCK

Of course. I don't doubt you had the best of intentions when suspecting me but you're undeniably displaying symptoms of chemical dependency side effects which are affecting your judgement.

KATHRYN

Typical. An addict assumes everyone else is an addict.

JOAN

As former physician, I concur. I can see the symptoms. I'm guessing Halcion? Side effects include symptoms of paranoia and extreme headaches. Also either percodan or percocet to combat the pain.

KATHRYN

Both... They prescribed them to me after the surgery.

Kathryn's hand gingerly touches the scarf covering her scar.

JOAN

They're supposed to be temporary because they're highly addictive painkillers.

Joan hands Kathryn a business card.

KATHRYN

What's this?

JOAN

A colleague of mine in D.C. I think his clinic is near your office. He can help you.

SHERLOCK

If you get help, I'll not press charges.

GREGSON

Which would end your career.

KATHRYN

(to Sherlock)

Why are you doing this?

SHERLOCK

Those who look for the darkness in others fail to see it in themselves.

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Joan on phone with her Mom as Sherlock organizes his Ripper files in the b.g.

MRS.WATSON (V.O.)

It was a wonderful surprise. Thank you... for doing this for me. I feel terrible for doubting him.

JOAN

Given the history I can understand why you jumped to that conclusion.

MRS.WATSON (V.O.)

I tell myself that but somehow the thought of him cheating... again... made me into some... crazy woman.

Joan looks at the Copycat crime photos that Sherlock is taking off the wall and putting into a folder.

JOAN

Not as crazy as some.

MRS.WATSON

I beg your pardon?

JOAN

Never mind, I was referring to a case we just closed.

MRS.WATSON

Well, I should never have put you in such an awkward situation with your father. It will never happen again.

JOAN

I'll hold you to that. Love you, Mom.

Joan hangs up as Sherlock is taking the photos of the original Ripper murders off the wall.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(to Sherlock)

You still believe you could have caught the real Ripper in 1888?

SHERLOCK

I have no doubt about it.

JOAN

I have trouble picturing Sherlock Holmes in Victorian London.

SHERLOCK

I've always had a fondness for that era. A simpler time with no automobiles choking the city with smog... No skyscrapers marring the skyline... No...

Sherlock's phone CHIME interrupts. He hold his finger up to 'silence' her as he checks his message.

JOAN

(rest my case)

...No Wi-Fi.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE