

ELEMENTARY

"The Cask of Screams"

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. LUXURY YACHT - TOP DECK - EARLY EVENING

A 210-foot luxury yacht powers down the Hudson River. A large banner over the side reads: "TOURBILLION WINES PREMIERE EVENT."

People fill the top forward deck, dancing, socializing, and drinking wine.

Flashes of light pop off around the deck as pictures are taken by professional photographers and personal cellphones.

INT. STATEROOM

In the luxurious stateroom, two bodies wrestle. Arms flail. Legs kick.

A gloved hand tangles in strawberry blonde hair. The blonde head slams into the bar service.

The blonde collapses.

The door opens.

A MAN enters and rushes the attacker.

INT. BROWNSTONE - JOAN'S BASEMENT OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

JOAN sits in her leather recliner with a notepad on her knees.

KEVIN HOLLIMAN (36, average build, casually dressed) sits on the sofa. He holds a manila envelope on his lap.

HOLLIMAN

Four months ago, my house was robbed. The police say it was part of a string of robberies. They haven't caught the thieves yet.

The whining of a car alarm interrupts him.

Joan looks up at the ceiling and grimaces. The noise stops.

JOAN

I'm sorry. You were saying.

HOLLIMAN

My grandfather is dying. The one thing we shared was his stamp collection. He wants to see the collection one last time. But it was stolen in the robbery.

A honking horn halts his story.

Joan waits for silence before speaking.

JOAN

I apologize. My partner is helping some clients. Please, continue.

HOLLIMAN

The police say there's nothing more they can do. You're my last hope.

An obnoxious wail permeates the air, then stops.

JOAN

Surely you had them insured? Can't you just replace them?

Holliman shakes his head.

HOLLIMAN

My grandfather started the collection when he was a boy. Some of the stamps are priceless. The insurance didn't cover everything.

He hands her the envelope.

HOLLIMAN (CONT'D)

This is a detailed list of the entire collection and a copy of the police and insurance reports.

Joan takes the envelope and peruses the papers.

JOAN

I'll look over these and see what I can find out for you.

HOLLIMAN

Thank you.

EXT. LUXURY YACHT - TOP DECK - EVENING

A group of people pose for a picture. FLETCHER YATES (46, businessman) mutters something making the others laugh.

He glances at his watch and extracts himself from the group.

He weaves his way through the crowd, shaking hands, and patting backs as he goes.

INT. TOP DECK - LOUNGE

OREN (26, trumpeter), SCREECH (25, bassist), STRINGS (24, pianist) sit in a circular booth by the window. GOZZO ZIGOR (32, drummer) sits at the bar nursing a drink.

Yates enters the lounge.

YATES

You're on in five. You guys ready?

He scans the room.

YATES (CONT'D)

Where's Boom?

SCREECH

Last I saw, he was headed to his cabin. That was after rehearsal.

Yates swears under his breath and heads to the backdoor.

INT. BROWNSTONE - STUDY - EVENING

Joan enters to find ALFREDO LLAMOSA standing next to a giant box that resembles a magician's vanishing cabinet.

Smiling, she walks over and hugs him.

JOAN

Alfredo. Where's Sherlock?

Alfredo points to the box.

The box rocks. A blaring noise fills the room.

Alfredo pushes a button on a remote in his hand.

ALFREDO

He's helping me test out something I cooked up. It's a new type of car alarm. If the thief can somehow bypass the main alarm and get into the car, it'll lock them in and they won't be able to get out.

The box rattles. A high pitch whine pierces the air.

Alfredo pushes the button again.

Joan pats him on the shoulder.

JOAN

Congratulations. You've finally stumped the great Sherlock Holmes. I suggest you leave him in there.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

I heard that.

The piercing obnoxious wail drowns any further comments.

INT. HALLWAY OF MAIN STATEROOM - EVENING

Yates approaches door to the stateroom and knocks.

YATES
Boom? You in there? It's
showtime.

He tries the handle.

YATES (CONT'D)
Boom?

INT. ALTERNATE STATEROOM

The door opens.

A MAID enters.

In the light from the hallway, she sees

PATRICK (BOOM) RIMMER (28, musician), battered and bruised,
standing over the dead body of AMY DAKA (27).

She screams.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. ALTERNATE STATEROOM - NIGHT

BELL escorts Sherlock and Joan to the stateroom where GREGSON supervises the crime scene.

Sherlock, Joan, and Bell don booties and gloves then enter.

Amy Daka's body lies in a pool of blood as the MEDICAL EXAMINER crouches over it. Two crime scene technicians photograph and print the room.

GREGSON
Welcome to the party.

BELL
Not exactly sure why you're here.
This is an open and shut case.

SHERLOCK
How so?

BELL
Guy was found standing over the
body holding the murder weapon,
stem of a wine glass, in his hand.

SHERLOCK
Based on that, you're ready to
close this case, Detective?

BELL
It's an enclosed crime scene.

He gestured around him.

BELL (CONT'D)
The boat...

SHERLOCK
Ship, Detective. The proper term
for a yacht is ship.

BELL
Ship was in the middle of the
Hudson River when the murder
occurred.

GREGSON
Despite the obvious, we're still
need to do our jobs.

Bell nods.

BELL

Victim is Amy Daka, 27. She is the head of public relations for Tourbillion Wines, the company throwing this shindig.

BELL (CONT'D)

Body was found by a maid at 19:30 hours. Second eyewitness, one Fletcher Yates, the manager of the band scheduled to perform here tonight, was down the hall when he heard the maid screaming.

SHERLOCK

What was he doing down the hall?

BELL

Looking for the suspect, one Patrick (Boom) Rimmer. He and the band were assigned the other stateroom. Yates claims he was looking for Rimmer to perform.

JOAN

Did Daka and Rimmer know each other?

GREGSON

We believe so. There's no sign of forced entry on the door.

Motioning them further into the room, he continues.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

It looks like she let her killer in. An argument ensued-

His arm sweep indicates the shattered glass on the floor and disarray of the room.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

-And the attacker kills her.

The medical examiner looks up at the group. Points to Daka's throat then to the floor beneath her.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

One clean swipe across the carotids judging from this wound. She's also got defensive wounds.

Joan nods and begins looking around the room.

Sherlock moves in to look at the victims.

JOAN

Is there anything missing from the room? Any of her personal belongings?

BELL

She came on board before everyone else. No one knows exactly what she had with her.

Bell looks over at Sherlock.

BELL (CONT'D)

What's he doing?

Sherlock kneels on the carpet near the feet of the body. Shining a flashlight across a stain whose coloring is slightly different from the stain under the body, he places his face against the carpet for a closer inspection.

Sherlock sniffs the stain. Tapping the puddle with his gloved finger, he rubs the substance between his thumb and forefinger.

Rising to his knees, he points to the stain.

SHERLOCK

This is not blood.

BELL

What is it?

SHERLOCK

If I were to hazard a guess, I would say a cabernet. As Watson frowns on my sampling of evidence at crime scenes,...

GREGSON

So do I.

Bell grimaces.

SHERLOCK

...It will be up to lab to tell us exactly what kind?

He stands and removes his gloves.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Have you found any bottles of red wine?

Gregson gestures around.

GREGSON

As you see there's a lot of glass around. CSU is sifting through it.

SHERLOCK

I suggest sampling the carpeting.
All of these stains are not blood.
No doubt there will be a mixture of
blood and wine.

BELL

And that will help us how?

SHERLOCK

It may give us another avenue to
look at. Now shall we go speak
with your suspect?

INT. STATEROOM

Sherlock, Joan, Gregson, and Bell enter the stateroom.

Patrick Rimmer sits on the bed. A blood pressure cuff is around
his bicep.

An EMT attends to a cut on his head.

A uniformed OFFICER stands guard next to him.

GREGSON

Mr. Rimmer, I'm Captain Gregson.
This is Detective Bell, Sherlock
Holmes, and Joan Watson. You have
been read your rights, correct?

Rimmer jumps up off the bed. Tears stream down his face.

RIMMER

I didn't do it. I didn't kill Amy.
I loved her. It was the other guy.

BELL

What other guy?

RIMMER

The one that knocked me out.

Rimmer's eyes begin to glaze over. He is sweating profusely.

JOAN

Sit down, Mr. Rimmer, please before
you pass out.

She moves to him and grasps his wrist to measure his pulse.

He looks at her with pleading eyes.

RIMMER

I didn't kill her.

He passes out on Joan's shoulder.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Sherlock, Joan, and Bell sit across the table from a weeping Mrs. Margaret Daka and her daughter, Juliet.

BELL

We are sorry for your loss. What can you tell us about Amy's personal life? Did she have any enemies? Receive any threats recently?

MRS. DAKA

No. No. In fact, she couldn't have been happier. She had been seeing someone. She was going to bring him around this weekend.

BELL

Did she say who is was?

JULIET

She said he was a musician, but that was all. She wrote all about him in her diary?

JOAN

She kept a diary?

JULIET

An electronic one. It was stored on her Surface Pro 4.

BELL

We haven't found any computer.

JULIET

She never went anywhere without it, especially to a business event. She said it had her entire life on it. That and her iPhone 6.

BELL

We'll keep an eye out for them.

SHERLOCK

Was Miss Daka having any problems at work, that you know of?

MRS. DAKA

No. She loved her job. But she did say, she may be moving. She was going to tell me more about it when she came for dinner Saturday.

Mrs. Daka finishes on a wail.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - MIDMORNING

Sherlock and Joan sit at the conference room table perusing files.

Bell enters carrying a box with a folder on top.

He hands the folder to Joan.

BELL

Here's the robbery report you wanted me to pull for you.

JOAN

Thanks, Marcus.

SHERLOCK

Your philatelist case? Need any help?

JOAN

Don't you have enough to do solving Alfredo's latest invention?

SHERLOCK

One can never have enough to keep one's mind occupied.

BELL

Well, then this should give you plenty to do for a while.

Bell slaps down a stack of papers between the two of them.

BELL (CONT'D)

These are the financial reports of Amy Daka and Patrick Rimmer.

Sherlock grabs part of the stack.

SHERLOCK

Based on his appearance last night, one would not think the band was so lucrative.

He speed reads through the pages.

BELL

CSU found Amy's purse in the galley's trash. There were no prints on it.

JOAN

Does that rule out Rimmer? Why would he dump her purse then come back to the scene of the crime?

SHERLOCK

It certainly puts a different light on the scene.

JOAN

What was in the purse?

BELL

I guess the usual woman stuff.

He hands her a list. She peruses it.

JOAN

Not even close to the usual. But this is interesting. A brand new birth control prescription filled three weeks ago, with only two pills missing.

BELL

Meaning?

JOAN

More than likely, she was pregnant. You'll have to ask the M.E. to confirm.

SHERLOCK

What about the computer and phone?

BELL

CSU is still looking.

JOAN

Where are the photos from the party? I know I saw photographers there. Did you confiscate the memory cards?

Bell nods.

BELL

And cellphones. TARU is downloading everything now.

SHERLOCK

Did we get the forensic report?

Bell grabs a folder from the pile and takes a seat.

BELL

Right here.

Opening the folder, he reads.

BELL (CONT'D)

Wine on the carpet was a 2003
Cabernet.

He flips pages.

BELL (CONT'D)

The shards were a mixture of glass
from a wine bottle and wine
glasses. The bottle was a 1945
Chateau Mouton-Rothschild.

SHERLOCK

The trace under her finger nails?

BELL

DNA was degraded by the alcohol.
The other trace was pieces of the
wine bottle label.

JOAN

Was the wine in the carpet Chateau
Mouton-Rothschild?

BELL

No. It was Tourbillion.

SHERLOCK

The plot thickens. When are you
going to question Mr. Rimmer again?

BELL

He's my next stop. I wanted to
confirm with forensics that the
shard in his hand was the murder
weapon before I interviewed him.

SHERLOCK

When you do, you may want to ask
about these rather large purchases.

Sherlock flips the page he was reading so Bell can see the
figures Sherlock indicates.

BELL

I saw that. I have someone trying
to track down what was purchased.
In the meantime, want to tag along,
see what he has to say?

SHERLOCK

It would be our pleasure.

INT. HOSPITAL - RIMMER'S ROOM - MIDMORNING

Sherlock, Joan, and Bell enter Patrick Rimmer's hospital room.

Rimmer is in the bed.

Yates stands on one side of the bed. On the other side is MATTHEW MAVENS (45, lawyer).

MAVENS

My client has nothing to say to you, Detective.

RIMMER

No, Matt, I want to get this cleared up now.

YATES

Boom...

RIMMER

They need to clear me, Fletch. The longer they look at me the more time Amy's killer has to get away.

MAVENS

Fine. We'll do it your way, Boom. But I'm stopping it, if it goes too far. Ask your questions, Detective.

BELL

Let's start with how you came to be in Miss Daka's stateroom last night.

RIMMER

Amy and I made plans to meet up before the show. I had received a bottle of wine as a gift from someone at Tourbillion and I wanted to ask her about it.

BELL

We didn't find a bottle of wine in your room.

RIMMER

It was in Amy's.

BELL

What was the wine? Where did you get it from?

RIMMER

It was a bottle of Chateau Mouton-Rothschild 1945. I don't know who sent it. There was a card, but it only said, "Rimmer. Hope you enjoy this vintage."

BELL

Why didn't you ask someone else about the wine?

RIMMER

Amy and I have been seeing each other for the past two years. In the process, she's been teaching me the wine business. I trusted her knowledge and opinion.

BELL

Was there something wrong with the wine?

RIMMER

Not as far as I know. But when I told Amy about it, she seemed upset.

BELL

When and where was this?

RIMMER

We were on deck, before rehearsal. She got called away and so did I. We arranged to meet in her room before I was supposed to go on, but I got hung up with some fans.

RIMMER (CONT'D)

When I got there, Amy was on the floor. There was someone standing over her body.

BELL

Who?

RIMMER

I don't know. There weren't any lights on in the room. The only light was from the hall.

BELL

Was the person tall, short, fat, skinny?

RIMMER

Tall, average build.

BELL

What did you do next?

RIMMER

I think I yelled. I know I rushed in to tackle him. I think I landed a few punches. He landed more.

SHERLOCK

Could you tell what your attacker was wearing?

Rimmer looks at Sherlock puzzled.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

As you wrestled, was the person wearing pants, a skirt, or a dress? Maybe a jacket?

RIMMER

I'm not sure. It all happened so fast. I'm not even sure how he got the better of me. All I know was one minute I was winning. The next I was waking up next to Amy and I was covered in her blood.

JOAN

Was she bleeding when you were fighting with the attacker?

RIMMER

No. I would have noticed. I almost stepped on her at one point.

JOAN

Mr. Rimmer, I'm a doctor. With your permission, I would like to take a look at your medical records.

MAVENS

For what purpose?

JOAN

When he was admitted, the doctor on call would have noted any injuries. If I can see what injuries he has sustained, I may be able to figure out how he was incapacitated and prove his innocence.

RIMMER

Do it. I have nothing to hide.

Joan picks up the medical chart and begins flipping through it.

BELL

Mr. Rimmer, do you now if Amy had any enemies? Any problems with anyone?

RIMMER

Not that she told me. You have to understand something, Detective.

RIMMER (CONT'D)

I've been on the road a lot. Amy and I only got together when our schedules allowed. These past weeks, while we were getting ready for this promotion event, were the longest stretch of time we've been together.

BELL

So you can't tell me about any problems she was having in her life?

RIMMER

I know she has a past. An ex-husband she refused to talk about. I also know a couple of weeks ago something happened at work that caused her some distress.

BELL

What?

RIMMER

I don't know. When I asked her about it she wouldn't tell me. She just said she would hold on until our dream was ready.

BELL

What dream?

Rimmer looked over at Fletcher.

RIMMER

Sorry you're hearing this just now, but... I put a down payment on a little vineyard in Sonoma Valley. Amy and I were going move out there and run it.

YATES

What? How? You can't do that without my say so?

RIMMER

You gave me the authorization. I used it.

YATES

That was far the wines.

BELL

What authorization? What wines?

RIMMER

We were kids when we started in this biz. We let the first big success go to our heads.

YATES

They went wild with the cash. Tried to buy everything they could.

RIMMER

To save us, Yates put in a contingency. It takes two signatures to make any purchase, his and ours.

YATES

Boom knew his career wouldn't last, so he began looking for ways to invest his money.

RIMMER

I don't trust the stock market or banks. At a gig in Napa, I ran into a financier who suggested I become a wine connoisseur. The guy even helped me get started.

SHERLOCK

For a hefty price, I presume.

Rimmer and Yates nod.

YATES

Soon Boom was bugging me everyday to co-sign so he could make another purchase. I didn't have the time. So I gave him my access.

SHERLOCK

It's not a very lucrative hobby. Especially if you are paying a hefty service fee.

RIMMER

So I've discovered.

YATES

Which is why I introduced him to a guy I knew through a friend of a friend.

RIMMER

Between his friend and Amy, I've learned a lot, which is why I... we decided to buy the vineyard. We were going to start a small business of our own.

SHERLOCK

You were going to become a négociant?

RIMMER

No.

BELL

A what?

SHERLOCK

A négociant is someone who buys the grapes and other wine products from small vineyards or winemakers and puts their company's name on it.

BELL

Like the company Amy worked for, Tourbillion.

RIMMER

No, they were a wholesaler.

BELL

Which is?

RIMMER

A wholesaler basically sells the wine to someone else, a store or restaurant, who will then sell it to the customer.

BELL

Okay. What prompted this sudden change in your career choice?

RIMMER

Amy was pregnant. She told me last week. We were going to tell her family this weekend. She was waiting until after the party, then she was going to quit Tourbillion.

RIMMER (CONT'D)

We planned to close on the vineyard next week.

MAVENS

Does that satisfy you, Detective?

BELL

Just one more question. Mr. Yates. The name of your "friend of a friend."

YATES

Cameron Schröter.

Bell writes the name in his notepad and closes it.

MAVENS

Are you done now?

BELL

For the moment. Just don't plan to leave town anytime soon, Mr. Rimmer. We may have more to ask you.

INT. POLICE STATION - BELL'S DESK - AFTERNOON

Sherlock and Joan stand around Bell's desk waiting for him to finish his call.

Bell hangs up the phone and looks at them.

BELL

Well, that confirms it. The twenty-five grand was a down payment for a vineyard Rimmer was buying.

SHERLOCK

So Mr. Rimmer was telling the truth.

BELL

I'm running a background on this Schröter character. If we can find him, we can get some answers.

His computer BINGS. A photo of Schröter pops up.

JOAN

That's Schröter?

BELL

According to the computer.

JOAN

I've seen him somewhere before.

She moves to her laptop and begins scrolling.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Here.

She turns to the screen so both men can see it.

JOAN (CONT'D)

While you were on the phone, TARU sent up a batch of pictures. I started looking through them. Look here. He was at the party.

Bell pulls a piece of paper from a folder on his desk.

BELL

His name isn't on the list.

Sherlock looks at Bell's screen.

SHERLOCK

Nor was he supposed to be there.
According to this information,
there's a restraining order out on
him from his ex-wife, Amy Daka.
He's not to be within a hundred
yards of her.

BELL

Looks like we just found our
killer.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - GREGSON'S OFFICE

Gregson sits behind his desk.

Bell stands off to the side of the desk.

Sherlock and Joan occupy the seats in front of Gregson's desk.

GREGSON
How did this happen?

BELL
Schröter used a false name and ID.
The name on the fake ID was on the
guest list.

GREGSON
The party was by invitation only,
right?

BELL
That's my understanding.

GREGSON
Then we need to find out who put
his name on the list fast. I want
this case closed as soon as
possible.

SHERLOCK
Is there some reason for the
urgency, Captain.

GREGSON
I just got off the phone with the
deputy chief. He wants to know
where we are on the murder.

BELL
Since when is the brass concerned
about the murder of a PR rep?

GREGSON
Tourbillion is donating a sizable
lot to this year's police auction.
The chief and mayor want to make
sure the company isn't involved
before the auction.

GREGSON (CONT'D)
We've had enough bad press lately.
We don't need anymore egg on our
face.

SHERLOCK

Therefore, the sooner we close the case and prove Tourbillion virtuous the better.

GREGSON

Precisely.

SHERLOCK

So our next move is to go interview the employees of Tourbillion Wines, correct?

GREGSON

Normally, yes. But I would rather you hold off on that. The family that owns the company has a lot of powerful friends that can make a lot of trouble for us. What have you got on Schröter?

BELL

Just the restraining order. The address on the fake ID is Shea Stadium.

SHERLOCK

Obviously, the uniform who took the information was a Yankees fan or not a native New Yorker.

BELL

I sent uniforms to the address on file. The manager said he moved out three years ago. We're digging deeper now.

GREGSON

Continue digging. Close that avenue before you take on Tourbillion.

BELL

Yes, sir.

SHERLOCK

Very well. Watson and I will return to the brownstone and see what we can dig up on our end.

Joan looks at her watch.

JOAN

You'll have to start without me. I have an appointment. I'll meet you at the brownstone later.

GREGSON

Keep me informed of all progress.

BELL

Yes, sir.

SHERLOCK

Always.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

Joan sits at a booth across from DETECTIVE JEB EBSEN (46, heavy Brooklyn accent).

Each has a cup of coffee in front of them and a case file open between them.

EBSEN

Everything's there in the file. We checked all the local pawnshops looking for the stolen items. Nuthin'.

JOAN

What about local fences?

EBSEN

The word's out to our CIs. Nothing yet.

JOAN

Is the case still active?

Ebsen sips his coffee and nods.

EBSEN

This crew hits about every two weeks. Cap's been riding my ass to close it. Look. Every cop knows you and Holmes are Gregson's secret weapons.

JOAN

Most cops object to our help.

EBSEN

I'm not most cops. I know when I've reached my limit. Anything you think of that might help solve this...

(taps the file)

No matter how ludicrous, I'd like to hear it.

He hands her his card.

EBSEN (CONT'D)

Call me anytime, day or night.

JOAN
Thank you, Detective.

INT. BROWNSTONE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sherlock slaps a thin file on the table next to Joan who is working on her computer. She looks up at him inquiring.

SHERLOCK
This is all the information that Detective Bell was able to find on Schröter.

Joan skims the file.

JOAN
Not much more than what we already knew. Forty-two. Originally from Poland. Parents deceased. Wine supplier. No siblings, offspring, or next of kin on record.

SHERLOCK
Pitiful.

JOAN
Can I assume you didn't fair much better, since there's no other file being slapped down in front of me?

SHERLOCK
Unfortunately, someone has wiped most of Mr. Schröter's history from public record. Therefore, I have enlisted the aid of my dark web friends to uncover those elusive secrets.

JOAN
I'm not even going to ask what they expect in payment this time.

SHERLOCK
It has yet to be decided. I presume, as always, it will be something humiliating and embarrassing, nonetheless.

JOAN
Okay. Since you didn't get anywhere with Schröter. What have you been up to?

SHERLOCK

When I could find nothing on Schröter, I decided to take my frustration out on Alfredo's infernal machine.

JOAN

Did you solve it?

SHERLOCK

It's another mystery that eludes me. However, while I was in there one question kept coming to me.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Why Miss Daka? For me to answer that, I needed to know more about the company.

JOAN

And what did you find out?

Sherlock pushes her aside and types something into her computer.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Hey! I was using that.

He points to the screen.

SHERLOCK

The first thing you will notice is they're not doing very well. In fact, it hasn't been doing well since the current CEO, Rhett Eric Butler IV, took over after his father RJ Butler died in a plane crash two years ago.

JOAN

Accidental?

SHERLOCK

FFA, ruled it pilot error. The company's private jet, carrying RJ and several board members, crashed somewhere off the coast of France. I checked. A thorough investigation was done to rule out foul play.

JOAN

Okay. So the father dies and Rhett IV takes over and the profits start to nose dive?

SHERLOCK

Not drastically, but there's a decline. Then there's an increase.

JOAN

He found another buyer or more product to sell?

SHERLOCK

Perhaps. Then there's this little soiree the other night, which the company's way of introducing that they were expanding to become a négociant.

JOAN

Who's idea was that?

SHERLOCK

It will be one of my queries to Mr. Butler.

JOAN

Any other siblings, next of kin?

SHERLOCK

There is a younger brother, Malachi Butler. He was the black sheep of the family and disinherited. He left for Europe six years ago. He is MIA.

JOAN

Suspicious. But what does all of this have to do with Amy?

SHERLOCK

I don't know yet. As head of PR, Miss Daka would have been privy to sensitive information.

JOAN

What about Schröter? We haven't ruled him out as the murderer.

SHERLOCK

No, but don't you find it interesting that Amy has a restraining order out on Schröter, who is a wine supplier, and she is killed at the wine company's party where he just happens to be present?

JOAN

Is there a connection between Schröter and Tourbillion?

SHERLOCK

That's the other query I want to pose to Mr. Butler tomorrow when we talk to him.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE OF RHETT BUTLER - DAY

RHETT ERIC BUTLER IV (36, businessman) sits at his desk.

RAZ ERKENS (38, willowy blonde) stands to Butler's right.

Sherlock, Joan, and Bell sit in front of the desk.

RAZ

Raz Erkens. Legal counsel for Mr. Butler. Let me start off by saying I am against this entire meeting.

BELL

So noted. And you, Mr. Butler?

RHETT

You'll have to forgive me, Detective. I'm trying to understand the purpose of this meeting. I thought you arrested her killer last night.

BELL

We're tying up some loose ends in Miss Daka's life to make a stronger case.

RHETT

Oh, I see. How can I help you?

BELL

How well did you know Miss Daka?

RHETT

Amy's worked for us for five years now. She came to us straight out of college.

BELL

Did she have any problems with anyone here at work?

RHETT

None that was brought to my attention.

He looks to Raz.

RAZ

Not to my knowledge.

BELL

Okay. Did you work closely with Miss Daka?

RHETT

No. I gave her free reign over her division. We usually met once a week when big events were planned.

BELL

What was the last big event, prior to last night.

RHETT

A charity event at my home on Long Island about two-three weeks ago.

Rhett gestures behind him to a landscape painting reminiscent of the "Tara" plantation from *Gone With the Wind*, except this one is surrounded by a vineyard.

SHERLOCK

Beautiful home. Is that a working vineyard?

RHETT

Yes, it is.

SHERLOCK

Would it be the reason you decided to expand the Tourbillion brand?

RHETT

Yes, it was. We have such beautiful grapes in our vineyard. I didn't want them to go to waste.

RAZ

Is there anything else, Detective?

BELL

Did anything unusual happen at your charity event?

RHETT

Not that I'm aware of. It went off just as planned.

BELL

Unlike last night.

RHETT

An unfortunate event.

Bell pulls out a picture of Schröter.

BELL

Do either of you know this man?

Both look at the picture and shake their heads.

RHETT

Who is he?

BELL

Just another loose end.

RHETT

Well, feel free to speak with any of her co-workers, detective. I'm sure they will be much more helpful.

(stands)

Now if you don't mind, I have another meeting.

EXT. STREET

Sherlock, Joan, and Bell stand by Bell's car on the sidewalk.

BELL

Well, that was a productive morning.

SHERLOCK

He's definitely hiding something. They both are.

BELL

I'm heading back to the precinct to dig more into Butler. You guys coming?

SHERLOCK

We'll go back to the brownstone and do a little digging of our own.

JOAN

I'll meet you there later. I have a meeting.

SHERLOCK

Need any assistance?

JOAN

No, thanks. I've got it.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Joan approaches RICKY (25, Hispanic) who leans against a brick wall between a door and a dumpster, smoking a cigarette.

JOAN

I thought I told you those would
kill you some day.

RICKY

Bein' seen with you will get me
killed faster.

He tosses the cigarette.

RICKY (CONT'D)

If it weren't for the fact that you
saved Abuela's life, I would have
nothing to do with you.

JOAN

Then I'm glad I could help. How is
she?

RICKY

Ornery as ever. But you're not
here to talk about her, are you?

JOAN

I have a favor to ask.

RICKY

From your tone, I'm not gonna like
it.

JOAN

I know you know some of the local
fences. I'm not asking for names.
I'm looking for a stamp collection.
My client's abuelo had his stolen.
This guy is trying to fulfill his
dying grandfather's last wish, to
see the collection once more before
he passes.

RICKY

You go straight for the jugular,
don't you, Doc?

JOAN

If someone stole your abuelita's
thimble collection...?

RICKY

You wouldn't find their body. I'll
ask around, get back to you.

JOAN

That's all I ask.

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIBRARY - EVENING

Joan steps into the room.

Alfredo's box dominates the doorway.

Sherlock's muffled voice emanates from the box.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)
Merci. Au Revoir.

JOAN
Sherlock?

SHERLOCK (O.S.)
Be right out.

The box rattles and emits a piercing whine.

Sherlock emerges, grabs the key fob from the bookshelf, and deactivates it.

JOAN
Still haven't defeated it yet?

SHERLOCK
Did you find the philatelist's collection?

JOAN
Were you on the phone in there?

SHERLOCK
Yes, I was talking to Winslow a disgraced member of the Nation Council of Sommeliers. I needed his expertise.

JOAN
About?

SHERLOCK
When I first returned I contacted Captain Gregson to see if he could get me a list of the donated items for the police auction.

JOAN
And he did?

INT. STUDY

Sherlock walks to the table. He hands Joan a file.

SHERLOCK

He was able to get me this. Mr. Butler plans to donate several so called "rare" wines.

Joan studies the list.

JOAN

But they're not?

SHERLOCK

According Winslow, most of the items are fraudulent. Incorrect dates. Wines that never existed and the such.

JOAN

How did Butler expect to get away with this?

SHERLOCK

Most people wouldn't know the wine isn't genuine. They see names like Chateau Margaux, or Romanee-Conti and they're ready to buy it for the name alone.

JOAN

So Butler would've gotten away with dealing in counterfeit wines right under the NYPD's nose, so to speak.

SHERLOCK

He may yet. We'll have to find his supplier and prove the wine is counterfeit.

JOAN

And how are we suppose to do that? You've already found him.

SHERLOCK

We were already looking for him.

JOAN

Schröter?

Sherlock nods.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You know where he is, don't you?

SHERLOCK

Remembering he was previously married, I ran a property search using combinations of both their names and the name on the fake ID.

Sherlock types on the computer.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Adding in the required conditions
Winslow dictated are necessary for
wine storage, I predict we will
find Schröter here.

JOAN

Did you tell Marcus?

Sherlock shakes his head.

SHERLOCK

Detective Bell would need a warrant
to search the property.

Joan studies Sherlock's face and sighs.

JOAN

Good thing I didn't have any plans
for this evening.

EXT. SCHRÖTER'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Sherlock and Joan skulk through the shadows to the door of an
old warehouse.

In the dim glow of a security light, Joan picks the lock and
they enter.

INT. MAIN ROOM

Sherlock and Joan slip through the door to a large room.

A steady beeping alerts them to an alarm panel to the left.

Igniting his flashlight, Sherlock makes his way to the panel.
Removing the panel, he rewires the system, disarming the alarm.

Turning on her flashlight, Joan sweeps the beam out, surveying
the warehouse.

The warehouse is one giant room filled with rows of shelving.
Each shelf system has different types of wine packaging.

Sherlock and Joan weave their way through rows of shelving to
the middle of the warehouse where they encounter a wall.

Following the wall, they find a sliding door made of solid wood,
with no windows, and secured with a large padlock. A placard to
the left of the door says: "RARE WINE ROOM."

Joan picks the lock.

Sherlock slides the door open enough to allow them to slip in.

INT. RARE WINE ROOM

Joan raises her light, illuminating floor to ceiling shelves filled with boxes and racks of wines.

Sherlock motions Joan to the right.

He moves to the left.

Joan's light slides over the bottles as she studies the labels.

Sherlock appears out of the darkness making her jump.

SHERLOCK
I've found something. Come.

They move to a corner of the room where a table, funnel, and a steamer are set up. Joan takes a picture.

JOAN
Why do they need all that stuff?

SHERLOCK
In due time, Watson. First, I believe it is time to alert Captain Gregson and Detective Bell.

Joan looks at her phone.

JOAN
I don't have any service. You?

Sherlock looks at his phone and shakes his head.

SHERLOCK
We'll have to go outside.

The sound of the loading dock door rising stops them.

Snapping off their flashlights, they creep to the door and crack it open.

Booted feet can be seen passing in front of the door.

Sherlock widens the crack, pokes his head through.

INT. MAIN ROOM

At the far end of the warehouse, THREE MEN load boxes and barrels onto a vehicle.

Sherlock swivels his head.

The rest of the warehouse appears empty.

He pulls his head back in.

INT. RARE WINE ROOM

Sherlock moves from the doorway.

SHERLOCK
(whispering)
Three men at the door to your left.
Run straight to the aisle and hide.

Joan nods.

Sherlock opens the door wider.

INT. MAIN ROOM

Joan peeks out, looks around, and darts into the dark aisle.

Sherlock surveys the area before crawling out. He takes the time to re-lock the door before disappearing into the aisle.

Crouching behind a stack of boxes, Sherlock searches for Joan.

He moves behind a pyramid of barrels.

His head snaps right at a shout.

SCHRÖTER (O.S.)
Stone. Grab some '45s.

Then left as the response comes just two rows away from him.

STONE (O.S.)
Okay!

He creeps away from the barrels, then freezes at a deep baritone voice behind him.

RAM
Hey!

Sherlock turns to see a ham-sized fist flying straight at his face.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SCHRÖTER'S WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Sherlock ducks.

The fist smashes into the pyramid of barrels.

RAM (45, muscular, bald, goatee) roars and swings his fists at Sherlock.

RAM

Who are you? What're you doing here?

Sherlock ducks and dodges the blows.

SHERLOCK

Sherlock Holmes. I am looking for a Mr. Schröter. Perhaps you would be so kind to point me in his direction.

Ram charges at Sherlock.

Sherlock dodges, moving out of the aisle into an open area.

SCHRÖTER (O.S.)

Ram? What's going on?

RAM

Intruder.

Ram launches at Sherlock.

Sherlock allows himself to be caught.

As Ram attempts to slam Sherlock to the ground, Sherlock's hands slam down over his ears.

Dropping Sherlock, Ram grabs his head as a deafening buzz fills it.

Sherlock jumps up and delivers an upper cut to Ram's jaw which knocks him out cold.

SCHRÖTER (muscular, blonde) runs into the open area.

SCHRÖTER

Ram?

(to Sherlock)

Who are you? What'd you do to Ram?

SHERLOCK

Mr. Schröter, I presume. Pleased to meet you. I am Sherlock Holmes. I would like to ask you some questions if you don't mind.

SCHRÖTER

I'll answer your questions all right. After I smash your face in.

Schröter lifts his right hand revealing a baseball bat. He swings it at Sherlock.

Sherlock ducks.

Seeing a push broom leaning against the wall, he lunges for it.

Using the broom handle, Sherlock blocks and parries Schröter's attack.

INT. AISLE

From the aisle, STONE (32, pretty boy, muscled) emerges preparing to jump Sherlock from behind.

Joan slithers up behind Stone and bashes him on the head with a bottle of wine.

Stone crumbles to the ground.

INT. MAIN ROOM

Sherlock and Schröter continue battling.

Joan steps into the open area, aims, and fires her taser.

Schröter collapses.

SHERLOCK

I was handling it.

JOAN

Gregson and Bell will be here in less than ten minutes.

SHERLOCK

Then we have about eight minutes to find the answers we are looking for.

EXT. SCHRÖTER'S WAREHOUSE - LATER

Schröter, Ram, and Stone sit, bound and gagged, in the loading dock next to their vehicle.

Gregson and Bell stand next to Sherlock and Joan looking at the bound men.

BELL

How?

Joan, standing slightly behind Sherlock, shakes her head in a "Don't ask" gesture.

BELL (CONT'D)

Never mind.

GREGSON

Did they say anything incriminating before you detained them?

SHERLOCK

Mr. Schröter did, on occasion, provided Mr. Rimmer with rare wines. However, the wine found in Miss Daka's room was gifted to Mr. Rimmer from an anonymous source.

JOAN

Schröter received an e-mail with an electronic payment and a request that Rimmer receive a "special bottle" of Chateau Mouton-Rothschild 1945.

GREGSON

What do you mean by a special bottle?

SHERLOCK

If you will follow us, we will explain.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Bell and Gregson sit across from Schröter and his LAWYER (58) in the interview room.

Sherlock and Joan stand behind them.

GREGSON

You're facing murder charges and federal charges for dealing in counterfeit wine. This is your only chance to help yourself.

SCHRÖTER

I didn't kill anyone.

His lawyer places a restraining hand on Schröter's arm.

LAWYER

What kind of deal are you offering us, Captain?

GREGSON

No deal. But if your client cooperates, tells us how he got into an invitation only party and who he's working with maybe I can talk the DA into letting him serve out his sentences concurrently.

SCHRÖTER

This non-sense. I'm innocent. I no there.

Gregson pulls out a photo and lays it on the table.

GREGSON

This sure looks like you. What was it? Did you resent your ex-wife choosing the singer over you?

SCHRÖTER

Nie. I receive invitation. I go.

BELL

Even though you would be breaking the restraining order Amy had out on you?

SCHRÖTER

I thought she sent the invitation.

GREGSON

So you admit to knowing where she worked.

SCHRÖTER

Of course I know. I'm the one who told her about the job in the first place.

SHERLOCK

Because your foster sister worked there? Was she the one who sent you the invitation?

SCHRÖTER

I know not what you speak of.

GREGSON

Why don't we just go ask her?

Schröter jumps out of his seat and rages in Polish.

SHERLOCK

(in Polish)

You really think threatening a police captain is the wise?

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Is she really worth protecting?
She has already given up on you.

SCHRÖTER

(in Polish)

How did you find out about her?

SHERLOCK

(in Polish)

We know more than you think. Are
you willing to sacrifice the rest
of your life for her?

GREGSON

Someone what to clue the rest of us
in on what's going on?

Schröter sits and hides his head in his hands.

SHERLOCK

(to Schröter, in Polish)

When are you going to take off the
skirt and start wearing some pants?

Schröter glares at Sherlock with hate-filled eyes.

SCHRÖTER

When I receive request for wine, I
was suspicious. I had an associate
track e-mail and money. I was more
suspicious when invitation come. I
will tell you everything you want
to know.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Joan leans against the railing looking out at the pond.

Ricky joins her.

RICKY

Abuelita loves coming to feed the
pigeons.

He turns to face the park.

ABUELITA (80, weathered and wrinkled) sits on a bench tossing
bread crumbs to the birds. Seeing Joan, she smiles and waves.

Joan waves back.

JOAN

You come here often?

RICKY

Every chance I get.

Ricky turns back to the water. Joan mimics his move.

JOAN
You have something for me?

RICKY
My name stays out of this right?

Joan nods.

RICKY (CONT'D)
There's talk of a new crew hitting homes and moving merchandise to a dealer up in Westchester.

JOAN
Trading the merchandise in a different area would make it harder to trace.

RICKY
The fence they're using has a bad rep. Makes it hard for other fences to make connections. You know what I mean?

JOAN
I think so.

Ricky turns and begins to walk toward his grandmother.

RICKY
I've got to get her back. My shift starts soon.

He hands Joan a bag.

RICKY (CONT'D)
I bought your favorite empanadas. Let's go, Abuela or you'll miss your novellas.

ABUELITA
I'd betta not. Adios, Doctor Joan.

JOAN
Bendición, Abuelita.

When the couple walks away, Joan looks in the bag.

Inside, there is a napkin with a name and address on it.

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIBRARY - EARLY EVENING

A piercing screech greets Joan as she enters.

Joan sees the magician box in the middle of the library.

JOAN
Sherlock? Are you in the box again?

A whining moan drowns out his answer.

Joan covers her ears.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Find me when you get out.

INT. JOAN'S BASEMENT OFFICE - EVENING

Joan sits on her couch, working on her laptop.

A tap on her shoulder causes her to jump. Seeing Sherlock, she pulls earplugs from her ears.

JOAN
Figure out how to beat Alfredo's
machine yet?

He shakes his head.

SHERLOCK
I shan't give up.

JOAN
I don't doubt it. Anything new on
Butler?

SHERLOCK
Mr. Schröter was an excellent
record keeper. He had a list of
all the wines in his inventory and
the ones he sold.

JOAN
Were they all counterfeit?

SHERLOCK
No, some were real. However,
according to his records the wines
Butler intended to donate to the
police, were counterfeit. The
chief of police is not happy.

JOAN
So what's next?

SHERLOCK
The captain and detective are
securing a warrant to search
Butler's residence as we speak.

JOAN
Well, I found something from Amy.

She turns the laptop toward him.

JOAN (CONT'D)

On the way home, I stopped by her sister's house. Juliet told me Amy was fanatical about her work. Backed everything up. Turns out she had Cloud accounts. One for business. One for personal use. TARU was able to access them. I found this.

Sherlock reads the information on the screen.

SHERLOCK

Well now isn't that interesting. It seems she did know where all the skeletons were hidden, didn't she?

Sherlock's phone buzzes. He looks at it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

They have the warrant. Care to see if she was correct?

INT. BUTLER ESTATE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Sherlock, Joan, Gregson, Bell, a CRIME SCENE TECHNICIAN, and two Suffolk County Police OFFICERS crowd into the front hall of the Butler estate on Long Island.

A young MAID (22, Spanish) looks nervously at them.

Gregson flashes his badge and the warrant.

GREGSON

NYPD. We have a search warrant for these premises. Step aside, please.

MAID

Please wait. I go get Mister.

GREGSON

You do that. But first show us where the wine cellar is.

MAID

It's there.

She hesitantly gestures left to a staircase leading down.

MAID (CONT'D)

I go get mister now?

GREGSON
Tell him we'll be in the wine
cellar.

INT. WINE CELLAR

A Suffolk County police officer guards the door.

Sherlock, Joan, Gregson, and Bell spread out to investigate the wine cellar. A crime scene technician videos the room.

GREGSON
Remember don't touch anything until
it has been fully documented.

Rhett runs into the doorway, slamming into the officer. He attempts to skirt the officer who blocks his every move.

RHETT
What's going on here. Why are you
people in my house?

Gregson hands Bell the warrant.

GREGSON
Deal with that.

Bell nods, takes the warrant, and moves to the door. Taking Butler's arm, Bell guides him away.

BELL
Mr. Butler, step over here please
and I'll explain everything.

Sherlock, Joan, and Gregson continue inspecting the wine bottles and racks.

At the back of the cellar, Sherlock notices the dirt by one of the racks has been disturbed.

Stepping over the disturbance, he examines the wall.

SHERLOCK
I've found something.

Joan, Gregson, and the crime scene tech join him.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Notice how the dirt has been
disturbed here.

The crime scene tech films the evidence.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

If you look closely here, you will notice that the mortar around these bricks is different from the others.

GREGSON

You think this is what Daka was talking about in her journal?

SHERLOCK

One way to find out. If you would, Captain?

Sherlock and Gregson grab the rack and pull.

The rack slides easily forward.

Sherlock taps on several bricks, then pushes one in.

The wall slides back and to the side.

Gregson clicks on his flashlight and enters the hidden cavern.

INT. HIDDEN CAVERN

Gregson steps over the threshold, followed by Sherlock, Joan, and the crime scene tech.

Gregson sweeps his light over the dark interior.

In the middle of the room are three racks, half empty.

To the right of the door is the mummified remains of a corpse.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. BROWNSTONE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Joan enters carrying a pizza box. She calls to Sherlock as she moves through the house.

JOAN
Sherlock? Where are you? I've got dinner.

INT. DINING ROOM

Joan stops when she sees a giant map on the far wall.

JOAN
I leave for thirty minutes and you decide to redecorate without me.

SHERLOCK
I needed a new perspective on the Butler family holdings. The computer monitor was much too small.

JOAN
I need food.

She carries the pizza into the kitchen. Sherlock follows.

INT. KITCHEN

Joan sets the pizza box on the table.

SHERLOCK
While you were on your culinary quest, Detective Bell sent over a preliminary report from the medical examiner.

She walks to the cabinet to retrieve plates.

JOAN
What did she find?

SHERLOCK
The skeletal remains belong to a male probably in his late thirties or early forties.

Placing the plates on the table, Joan moves to the fridge and grabs two bottles of water. She hands Sherlock one.

JOAN

You're thinking it's the long lost brother, Malachi?

SHERLOCK

It's a possibility. I have been able to track his movements through four different rehabilitation centers in and out of the country.

JOAN

Didn't stick to the program, huh?

SHERLOCK

Apparently not. I found an article on him arrested for street racing five years ago in Hamburg. After that, nothing.

Joan plates a slice of pizza.

JOAN

Money can buy silence.

SHERLOCK

Yes, but his family cut him off.

JOAN

So we're going to spend the night chasing a ghost. I should've bought two pies.

INT. POLICE STATION - GREGSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Gregson and Bell look over the information that Sherlock and Joan have compiled.

GREGSON

How did we miss this?

SHERLOCK

Skeletons are in closets for a reason, Captain.

JOAN

Were you able to get the sample we asked for?

GREGSON

It's in the lab as we speak. We put a rush on it. We should have the results soon.

BELL

So how does Daka tie to all of this? I mean it all started with her, right?

SHERLOCK

The answer to your question, Detective, is in Miss Daka's journal.

GREGSON

Did she name her killer?

SHERLOCK

Unfortunately, no. However, she did give us the motive for the murders.

JOAN

And if I can look at the photos from the party, one more time, I believe I can tell you exactly who the murderer is.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - MIDMORNING

Bell and Sherlock enter the interrogation room.

Rhett sits at the table alone.

RHETT

I hope you don't expect me to talk to you without my lawyer present.

BELL

No, we are aware you have invoked your right to counsel. We just came to tell you that you'll be needing a new lawyer.

RHETT

I have a lawyer.

SHERLOCK

Suspects in murder investigations are not allowed to communicate with one another.

BELL

Seeing as your wife is being charged with murder, we can't have you two in the same room. Yeah, we know you and Ms. Erkens are married.

RHETT

No crime against that.

BELL

No, but murder and identity theft are. That's what you are being charged with.

BELL (CONT'D)

The Feds are tacking on charges for wine fraud, but that's their department.

RHETT

Where's Raz? I want to talk to Raz?

BELL

Can't let you do that. She's dealing with her own murder charge at the moment.

SHERLOCK

I wonder how fast she'll turn on you. I mean she did sell out her foster brother pretty quick.

Bell snaps his fingers.

BELL

Oh, right, Schröter. You remember, Schröter? The guy you invited to the party. You see he kept the envelope the invitation came in. It had your DNA and finger prints all over it.

SHERLOCK

Being CEO of the company, it would be very easy for you to add his fake name to the invitation list.

RHETT

I want to talk to Raz.

Bell and Sherlock walk to the door. Bell opens it.

BELL

I don't cater to your wants, only your rights. You have the right to call another attorney. I suggest you use it.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Gregson and Joan enter the room.

Raz stops pacing.

RAZ

Where's my client? Why is he not here? What have you done with him?

GREGSON

It's policy to keep suspects separated prior to interrogation.

RAZ

Suspects? Are you implying I'm a suspect?

GREGSON

Raz Erkens, you are being charged with the murder of Amy Daka. You have the right to remain silent. You have the right...

RAZ

I know my rights. This is ludicrous. I will not stand for this.

Raz grabs her briefcase and storms towards the door.

A female officer blocks her escape.

GREGSON

Take Ms. Erkens down to booking. We'll talk after she has retained counsel.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Gregson and Bell sit at the table across from Butler and his new male attorney, GERALD LAMONT.

Sherlock and Joan stand against the mirrored wall.

Bell places photographs of two men on the table. The photos are virtually identical, except for hair styles.

GREGSON

One of these is your client. The other is his brother.

BELL

As you can see, except for the hair style, the brothers are almost identical.

Gregson picks up the picture that least resembles Rhett.

GREGSON

This is your client.

LAMONT

These pictures are what fifteen, twenty years old? So my client has changed over the years?

Bell slides a piece of paper towards Lamont.

BELL

DNA doesn't.

"Rhett" (i.e. Malachi) straightens in his chair. He reaches for the DNA test but Lamont gets it first.

As Lamont reads, Sherlock explains.

SHERLOCK

Five years ago, Malachi and Rhett were involved in a car accident on a rural road in Europe.

EXT. DARK ROAD - CAR ACCIDENT - EVENING - FLASHBACK

In a crumpled sports car, an injured Malachi looks over at an unconscious Rhett in the passenger seat. Rhett's face is bloody and cut.

Malachi bangs the steering wheel in frustration.

MALACHI

No. No. No.

He sees his face in the rearview mirror. Several deep gashes and blood cover it.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Sometime before help arrived, your client, Malachi Butler, switched his identification with that of his brother's.

Malachi extracts his wallet. He searches Rhett's body and finds his wallet. Malachi switches their driver's licenses and replaces their wallets.

RETURN TO SCENE

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

"Rhett" (i.e. Malachi) clenches his jaw.

JOAN

Because their skeletal structures were the same, the surgeons assumed the identification found on each man was correct. They used those IDs to fix the damage.

SHERLOCK

The real Rhett suffered severe head trauma and was in a coma for four years.

GREGSON

During which time your client, returned to the states, assumed his brother's identity, including marrying his then fiancée, Raz Erkens.

A slight tremor runs through "Rhett's" hands which lie on the interview table.

Lamont sits statue still, listening.

JOAN

Last year, the real Rhett Butler regained consciousness, and returned, ready to resume his life.

"Rhett's" fingers scrape across the top of the table.

Sherlock looks at him.

SHERLOCK

But you couldn't let that happen, could you? Not after everything you had done to get back what your father took from you? You couldn't let your brother take it all away.

A vein pulses in "Rhett's" temple.

BELL

So you did the only thing you could do. You killed him.

"Rhett" pounds the table, ready to jump up. Lamont places a hand on his shoulder, stopping his progress.

LAMONT

That was a wonderful tale, but it lacks one thing. Evidence.

BELL

You mean like this?

Bell pulls out several photos and places them on the table.

BELL (CONT'D)

This is the wine bottle we found in your client's hidden cellar. See these numbers here.

He switches photos.

BELL (CONT'D)

Here's a close-up. Every bottle has their own unique number.

BELL (CONT'D)

This number was found on the
decease's skull.

GREGSON

Traces of blood from your client
and the victim were found under the
label. Seems as he was bludgeoning
his brother, your client got
himself a paper-cut.

"Rhett's" face contorts in fury.

"RHETT"

It was all his fault. He refused
to share.

LAMONT

Rhett.

"Rhett" jumps up and bangs the table.

"RHETT"

No! It was mine! My idea. My
hard work. Mine. I deserved it.

LAMONT

Rhett, sit down and shut up!

"RHETT"

None of this would have happened,
if that bitch would have just
listened to me.

BELL

Are you referring to your wife,
Raz? Did you know she was going to
kill Amy?

LAMONT

Don't answer that. I need a moment
with my client. Now, please.

"Rhett" leans back in his chair, crosses his arms, and smirks at
the four across the table.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY

Sherlock, Joan, Bell, and Gregson stand outside the
interrogation room.

BELL

We were so close to getting him to
say Raz did it.

GREGSON

At least we've got him for the
murder of his brother.

JOAN

And we know who killed Amy.

SHERLOCK

Now all you have to do is get the confession.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

Sherlock and Joan stand against the wall.

Gregson and Bell sit across from Raz and her lawyer, AMI AFFINI.

AFFINI

These charges against my client are preposterous. I demand they be dropped immediately.

GREGSON

Save it, Counselor. We have your client dead to rights on first degree-murder, and the mishandling of human remains.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

The Feds want to add their own charges of production and distribution of counterfeit wine, but they can get it line. Murder trumps everything.

RAZ

I didn't murder anyone.

Bell lays photos of Amy's body on the table.

RAZ (CONT'D)

You think I murdered Amy? What reason would I have for that?

GREGSON

With a warrant, we searched your computers and found an e-mail from Amy to you and Rhett demanding a large severance package of ten million dollars a year for the rest of her natural life or she would send several anonymous e-mails to certain authorities.

Bell places three pieces of paper on the table.

BELL

We found those e-mails. You tried to delete them, but nothing is every really deleted.

BELL (CONT'D)

One was to the Feds, informing them of wine fraud within the company. Another was to Suffolk County Police Department informing them of the body in your cellar.

GREGSON

The last was the most interesting. It was to the FAA, saying she suspected RJ Butler's plane had been tampered with. We sent that one on through the proper channels. More charges may be pending.

RAZ

This is ridiculous. You can't prove I saw any of those e-mails. So you have nothing.

Joan straightens from the corner.

JOAN

Did you know the whole cruise was being photographed?

RAZ

Of course. I insisted on it.

JOAN

Thanks to your insistence, we have a detailed record of where almost everyone was for the entire cruise.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I scanned all the footage. There is a forty-minute gap when you're not present.

Joan places two pictures on the table.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Based on the timestamps, these photos of you were taken before and after the murder. When I first saw them, something didn't look right but I couldn't put my finger on it.

Joan places two pictures on top of the first two.

Raz face pales.

JOAN (CONT'D)

These are enlarged shots of the photos. Because the blouse has small pink dots most people would miss this.

Joan points to the bodice area on the blouse.

Raz's face contorts in anger.

JOAN (CONT'D)

In this second picture, there are three extra dots near the neckline. They're not in the first.

GREGSON

We found the blouse and the jewelry you wore that night during our search of the Butler estate. There were traces of Amy's blood on all of it. You're done.

RAZ

This is outrageous. You can't do this. Do you know who I am?

BELL

Yeah. Just another lawyer, who will be practicing jailhouse law.

INT. HOLLIMAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Joan and Ebsen sit on Kevin Holliman's sofa.

Kevin Holliman sits in a recliner catty corner to the couch staring into the box containing his stamp collection.

HOLLIMAN

How did you do find it?

EBSEN

Thanks to Miss Watson here. We got a tip that led us to the people who stole it.

HOLLIMAN

Won't you need it? As evidence or something?

JOAN

Detective Ebsen and I spoke to the DA and explained your situation. The DA has agreed that as long as it remains in Detective Ebsen's custody, no chain of evidence has been broken.

EBSEN

If you'd like, we can go show your grandfather now. Then I can return it to the evidence locker. After the trial, it'll be returned to you.

HOLLIMAN

Thank you. Both of you.

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Alfredo stands in the living room staring at the box.

Joan enters the room calling for Sherlock.

JOAN

Sherlock, what do you want for dinner? Oh, hi, Alfredo. I didn't know you were here. Sherlock's in the box again?

Sherlock exits the box.

SHERLOCK

Not anymore. Whatever you decide for dinner is fine, Watson.

ALFREDO

How'd you do that?

Sherlock opens his hand, revealing a device.

SHERLOCK

With this.

ALFREDO

Is that a key programmer? I thought I accounted for those, and resetting the immobilizer.

SHERLOCK

You may have accounted for the ones on the market, but have you accounted for the ones on the dark web?

JOAN

What do you know about the dark web?

SHERLOCK

Whatever anyone from Everyone is willing to teach me.

JOAN

Wait a minute. Did you crack this on your own or did someone from Everyone help you?

Sherlock hesitates.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

Alright. I admit the noise was driving me bonkers, so I enlisted some help from my abnormals to get the task done sooner rather than later.

Alfredo smiles.

ALFREDO

I stumped the great Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK

You needn't look so bloody cheerful about it.

JOAN

I think it's great. I also think you should introduce Alfredo to the person who helped you so he can improve his device.

Both men look at Joan as if she has suggested they stab each other. She throws her hands up in surrender.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Just a suggestion. I'm going to get dinner. Anyone want to join?

ALFREDO

No thanks. We're going to a meeting.

SHERLOCK

I never said that.

ALFREDO

You didn't defeat my device. You're coming with me to a meeting.

Sherlock sends Joan a pleading look.

SHERLOCK

Don't you have a case?

Joan pats Alfredo on the back.

JOAN

He's all yours enjoy.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE