

The Adventures of
**Sherlock
Holmes**

Starring
Benedict Cumberbatch
and
Lucy Liu as Dr. Watson

Story written by
Big Al Gruswitz



It was a typical rainy, foggy late-night in London. The streets were deserted and only a lone doubledecker bus traveled slowly down a narrow street of closed shops.



Meanwhile, in the alleyway behind the shops, a few homeless men tried to sleep covering themselves with found sheets of plastic. But, it was still cold and wet—their wet clothes and water-soaked shoes gave little comfort.



A police Bobby tried to rouse a homeless man. Unable to get a response he tried to take his pulse only to confirm, the man was dead.

Calling into his station he reports, "Found another one. This must be the third one this month. Back behind Harold's Bakeshop. Don't know how any bloke could survive out here on a night like this! Better get the coroner's lorry down here.



Dr. Watson was on duty this particular night and showed up despite the hour and the weather. Sherlock Holmes came along with her because of his perpetual curiosity.

Watson: "Doesn't look like there's much to see here Sherlock, quite likely natural causes, but we'll know when we get back to the morgue. There's no visible signs of injuries or struggle."



Sherlock, crouches down, to take a closer look. "The man was obviously murdered. He was moved after he was dead because there are no personal belongings around him. By the stench of alcohol, he was definitely inebriated therefore didn't struggle because he was passed out." He continues: "The plastic sheet covering him is too clean, it has barely been used and the way it's covering him is too carefully placed as if someone was trying to put him to rest after he killed him.

The killer is someone who wanted to put this homeless man out of his misery! We not only have a killer, we have a serial killer!"

Watson recalls, "Come to think of it, the last three dead homeless people were lying in the same position and were covered with clear plastic like this fellow."



Addressing the Bobby who found him Sherlock questions, "Constable Browning, is this where you found him? He's been moved by whoever killed him!"
"Killed him!" Browning retorts. "These poor bastards drink themselves to death all the time 'round here! Yes, that's exactly how I found him!"



Things just weren't adding up and Sherlock, in a split second, simultaneously reviews all the clues and determines what his next steps should be. He thinks to himself, "The killer, moved the body, covers him to put him to rest, putting him out of his misery, possibly smothered, strangled, but no real signs of strangling, no struggling, witnesses, any witnesses, possible suspects: the Bobby, another homeless man, a store owner, or someone else."



He proceeds down the alley to question the homeless men that are all awake and sitting up because of all the commotion around the dead body.

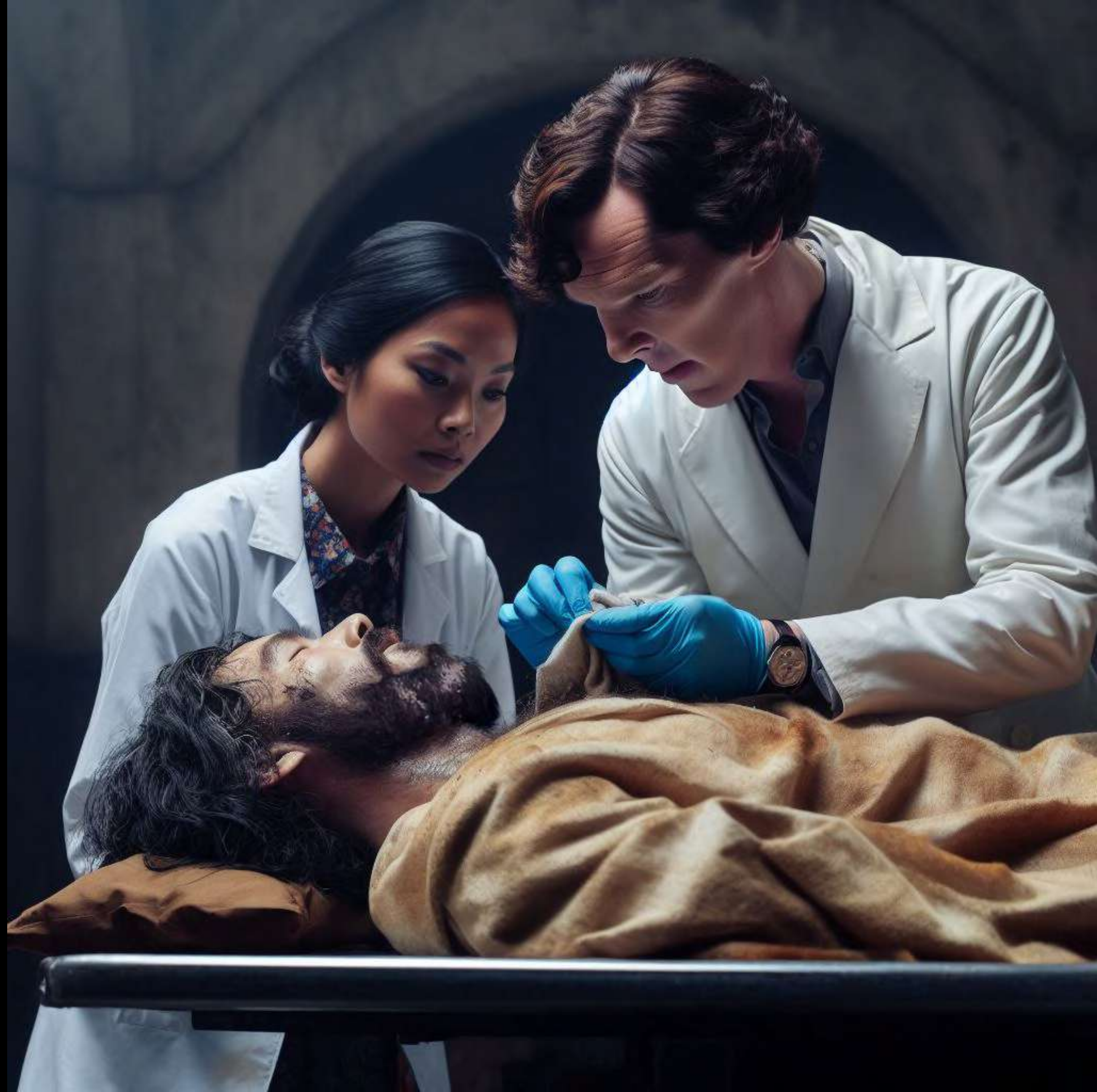
But the answers were all the same. They barely knew the dead guy. They didn't hear or see anything. They were all asleep. And they wanted to know if Sherlock could lend them each a few shillings.



Same responses from everyone in the alley. Like the alley, this was looking like a dead end.



The corpse was brought to the morgue for further examination by Watson. Sherlock joins her. Watson discovered telltale signs of suffocation: bloodshot eyes, high levels of carbon dioxide in the blood, and bruising around the nose and mouth. Sherlock discovers small traces of a fabric in the man's mouth that was not like anything found on the man. They agree suffocation is the cause of death.



The next day Sherlock questions the storekeep at the bakery that's back door opens to the alley. Sherlock asks him a variety of questions.

The baker didn't have much regard for the homeless in the alley, but he explains, "I feel a bit sorry for them all. That's why I give them all the left over bake goods before I close up shop each night. I suppose that's why there's so many who hang around back there, but I'd rather they were back there than sleeping in front of my store!"



Continuing to gather information, Sherlock visits the police station and asks for more details about this man's death.

There were five homeless deaths that had occurred over the last three months. The dates of their death indicated that they were becoming more frequent. Sherlock finds out that Constable Browning had found all five dead homeless men, further giving him suspicions about that Bobby.



Back at his home he and Watson review all that they know so far about the five suspicious deaths of the homeless men.



Sherlock decides there's only one way find the killer—he'll be a decoy! Though Watson questions the wisdom of putting himself in danger, Sherlock proceeds to disguise himself as a homeless man. Besides dirt, he sprinkles beer on his clothing. "You look and smell absolutely disgusting, Sherlock!" Watson says almost choking from the stench. "Thank you! Just as I should be!"



Watson again expresses concern about Sherlock's wellbeing, so he tells her what her role is in this scheme: Sherlock has already alerted Scotland Yard of his ploy. Sherlock is convinced that the Bobby that found all the bodies, Constable Browning, is a prime suspect so only the most trusted police and detective will be on the alert while Sherlock feigns homelessness. "Watson you wait with them. I'll have my phone on so you'll be able to hear everything as it happens."

Watson: "But why do you think the killer will strike again tonight?" "The weather will be perfect—fog to limit visibility—rain to wash away any footprints or other clues. And it is a new moon tonight so combined with the clouds and rain it will be a particularly dark night. Elementary! He'll attack tonight!"



Hunched over and dragging his left foot as if it was injured, Sherlock slowly proceeds down the alley seeking a remote place to literally lie in wait.



As if drunk and about to pass out, Sherlock lays on the wet pavement and loosely covers with a plastic tarp. An hour, maybe three pass by in silence—except for an occasional distant cough from another homeless man somewhere in the fog.



Suddenly a hand reaches in for Sherlock's throat!"





Sherlock quickly pushes the man back, gets on his feet and within a split second he has the homeless man subdued on the ground. This doesn't make sense! He was so sure the killer was Browning.

He searches the mans pockets and finds a new, but wadded up, ten pound note!
"Who gave this to you!" Sherlock screams at the man. "Who gave you this?"



Before the man could blurt out an answer
Constable Browning attacks Sherlock
from the rear, night stick in hand!



Being caught off guard, the officer overwhelms Sherlock!



Dragging Sherlock to the ground, Browning looks up as two other policemen approach. All the time this is happening, the homeless man is jumping up and down, pointing with both hands, "It's him! It's him! He's the murderer! He gave me the 10 pounds! It's him! It's him!"

Browning shouts to the two other policemen, "Arrest this man! He's the one who's killed all these homeless men! Take him away!"



Not fully understanding the situation, they grab Sherlock ready to take him into custody.



Two more Bobbies who know Sherlock's plan appear with Dr. Watson. "That man is Sherlock Holmes," she says with authority.



They both release his arms a bit confused, but the one Bobby, looking closer at Sherlock, proclaims, "Blimey! It is Sherlock Holmes! I see it now!"

Sherlock says, "Constable Browning there is the killer—and I've got proof! This man was given 10 pounds by the officer to try to kill me to divert suspicion away from himself.

He's the one that needs to be arrested!"



One officer questions the homeless man.
"That's right that copper gave me the 10,
but I could never kill anyone. I was just
going to scare him so he'd run away!
I didn't know he was the famous
Sherlock Holmes!"



Two Bobbies put the officer that attacked Sherlock in cuffs and escort him to the waiting Paddy wagon.



Holmes and Watson stand watching the officer be taken away. "You were right as usual, Holmes, but you could have been killed. You always take too many risks."
"Nonsense! I knew exactly the level of risk involved and it paid off. Didn't it?"

Alright, you win again, but now get yourself home, washed up and burn those retched clothes! I'll travel separately!"

