

# **THE TRIUMPH OF MORIARTY**

**BY A.J. SCHAAR  
AND SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE**

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# THE TRIUMPH OF MORIARTY

## STARRING

MORIARTY  
MORAN  
MYCROFT  
SHERLOCK  
WATSON

## AND

THE NARRATOR

## WITH THE INVALUABLE ASSISTANCE OF

Moran's Men in London:

A VOICE

ANOTHER VOICE

A THIRD VOICE

POLICE OFFICER

MESSENGER AT THE TRAIN

PETER STEILER THE ELDER

SWISS MESSENGER BOY

A VOICE ON PARK LANE

LESTRADE

PRISON GUARD

**THE TRIUMPH OF MORIARTY IS INTENDED TO  
BE PERFORMED AS A LIVE RADIO DRAMA.**

**THE TWO ACTS CAN BE DONE TOGETHER. AS A  
TWO-PARTER. OR STAND ALONE.**

“If an account of that silent contest (between Sherlock and Moriarty) could be written, it would take its place as the greatest piece of thrust-and-parry work in the history of detection.” -Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

THE TRIUMPH OF MORIARTY  
*is that written account.*

# PART I

## SCENE 1

TITLE MUSIC IN, AND UNDER.

NARRATOR: PRODUCING COMPANY NAME  
presents, in association with Black Chicken Unlimited  
Publishing: The Triumph of Moriarty!

MUSIC FLOURISH.

TITLE MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER.

To quote Sherlock Holmes in *The Boscombe Valley Mystery*, “There is nothing more deceptive than an obvious fact...”

Perhaps this is the reason why, ever since the Reign of Queen Victoria, lovers of Sherlock have been so deceived by the facts of what happened at Reichenbach Falls... What *really* happened between Sherlock and Moriarty...

Using the clues that exist in Doyle’s original canon, let us now deduce the obvious truth of how these events came to pass in:

The Triumph of Moriarty!

MUSIC FLOURISH.

TITLE MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER.

Directed by NAME.

Written by A.J. Schaar and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Starring...

NAME as Professor James Moriarty, a thin man, the most dangerous man in London and consequently the world.

NAME as Colonel Sebastian Moran, a strong man with a tiger-like moustache, the best heavy game shot the Eastern Empire has ever produced, and second most dangerous man.

NAME as Mycroft Holmes, a fat man of unrivalled intellect and resource, vital to England's government.

NAME as Sherlock Holmes, a private detective and self-described 'criminal agent.'

NAME as Doctor John Watson, a practicing doctor and former campaigner in Her Majesty's army.

Featuring the invaluable talents of NAMES...

And me, NAME, your trusty Narrator.

Our time is the Victorian era in the nineteen-aughts\*.

Our place, London... at Large.

The game is already afoot, so let us begin The Triumph of Moriarty, Part I, The Final Problem!

MUSIC OUT ON A TRIUMPHANT NOTE.

WRITING IN AND UNDER.

MORIARTY: My dear Sir. You will want to know the Truth of how these things have come to pass. It began on a Thursday evening, the 23<sup>rd</sup> of April, thus.

ORCHESTRAL CHORD.

NARRATOR: We are in Moriarty's study.

SILENCE.

MORIARTY: Enter.

Moran OPENS and CLOSES THE DOOR behind him.

MORAN: You fiend! You fiend! You clever, clever fiend! As stealthy as I am - I have tiger-like tread - you somehow know I've arrived before I knock. How do you do it.

MORIARTY: (*flattered*) It is nothing but a party-trick, old friend.

MORAN: So what did he say? Did you meet with our client?

MORIARTY: I did meet with our client. At his Club.

MORAN: What did you say?

Sound of a CHAIR BEING PUSHED BACK as  
Moriarty stands.

NARRATOR: Moriarty is not as Sherlock has described him, but a man who stands with his chin high and shoulders thrown back. A confident man of business and industry.

MORIARTY: I said to our client, 'Sherlock has become quite a problem. He has been, of course, a problem to us before. But this,' I said, pausing to let my next words take their fullest effect upon him, 'this,' I said, 'may be The Final Problem.'

MORAN: That must have been hard for him to hear.

MORIARTY: He needed to hear it.

MORAN: How did he take it.

MORIARTY: He wasn't surprised.

MORAN: He wouldn't be.

MORIARTY: No.

MORAN: What did he say?

MORIARTY: He said not a word, but only looked at me with those eyes, of a uniquely light watery gray; they retained that faraway yet introspective look of profound contemplation.

MORAN: What did you say?

MORIARTY: With a grimace, I continued, 'have I your leave to do... what is *necessary*.' And before you ask me what he said, I will gladly tell you. He said, 'you have my leave, James, to do... whatsoever you deem to be *best*.' With that, I took my leave.

MORAN: I see, I see. Then tell me, *Professor Moriarty*: we all know the most efficient course; do you wish for me to kill Sherlock Holmes? I can assure you that it will be painless; why, he'll never even know his death happened.

MORIARTY: Dear me, no, my dear *Colonel Moran*. No. I want you to kill: Me.

And the best part of the plan is: no one needs to get hurt. At least, not fatally so.

But our time presses us. Every moment counts. We shall scarcely have time to eat a hasty supper before the 9:15 to Victoria Station.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORD.

We briefly hear the RATTLE OF CUTLERY.

The THUMP OF BAGGAGE and BAGGAGE CART.

A TRAIN WHISTLE.

A TRAIN STARTING DOWN THE TRACKS,  
UNDER AND OUT.

## SCENE 2

MORAN: You fiend! You cunning, cunning fiend!

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORD.

NARRATOR: We are in a train compartment.

MORIARTY: You approve of the plan then?

MORAN: It is another stroke of genius.

MORIARTY: Let us run through it once more. We shall be at Victoria Station quite soon, now.

MORAN: Indeed. We assert that Sherlock will not stop his persecution of your valuable work unless he believes that you, Moriarty, are no more. To this end, we must make him believe beyond a shadow of a doubt that you are *dead*.

We further assert that due to Sherlock's pride in his own intellect and abilities, which is adorable, Sherlock will *only* be convinced that you have laid down the old knife

and fork, as it were, if he believes that *he is the one responsible for your untimely end.*

MORIARTY: Good.

MORAN: Understanding, as we all do, Sherlock's love for dramatics, we assert that although he is not by nature violent, he will nevertheless most-willingly *attempt* to kill you *if he believes* he's in a very-dramatic life-or-death situation.

MORIARTY: Absolutely.

MORAN: All this being the case

MORIARTY: To the best of our reasoning

MORAN: To the best of our reasoning, we submit, that simply giving him a good scare in London will send him flying to hide out upon the Continent

MORIARTY: Most likely in one of his disguises

MORAN: Some of which are quite good

MORIARTY: That's true

MORAN: And in flying to the Continent, he will believe he is being pursued

MORIARTY: And we *will* pursue him

MORAN: And, *cornering* him at last, perhaps, we hope, in a picturesque setting, Sherlock will feel he has no option but *to kill you*, for it will seem to be your life—or his.

MORIARTY: Quite so. We shall make him believe that I've died by his hand.

MORAN: And then, and only then, will he leave you in *peace* to continue your work. But this does all sound a trifle risky, James...

MORIARTY: Not at all, my dear Sebastian. I have already seen how this story ends.

MORAN: You go beyond me there, James. How can we know whither Sherlock will fly? For he will be like a cornered beast, dangerously unpredictable, and he will have the entire world to hide in. It will be the devil's own work to keep up with him.

MORIARTY: I must protest, Colonel, not so, not so. We can anticipate everything Sherlock will do, including whither he'll fly and whither he'll land. Perhaps, we can even anticipate the 'whither' they'll be having that day in that 'picturesque' place...

MORAN: (*laughs good-naturedly*) How.

MORIARTY: First, we *know* that he sees me as his intellectual equal, because he says so. But we also *know*, that he thinks he has a little edge on me, intellectually, otherwise, he would *not* undertake to hinder *my work*. Does this logic adhere?

MORAN: Like a mongoose to a snake.

MORIARTY: We *know* that after our plans to place him in a 'very-dramatic life-or-death situation' are realized on Friday, tomorrow, that he will rally the support of his

dear Doctor Watson, and, after an anxious night, he will leave as soon as time permits on Saturday morning.

MORAN: (*jokes as a seaman*) Yea, an' we hold a candle to the devil of 'em, 'e'll move smartly...

MORIARTY: (*smiles*) This then is what he will do. He will expect to be pursued, hotly pursued by me, at least as far as the train station (for a hot pursuit of *me* to the train is what *he himself* would do). Therefore, to evade *my* pursuit, he will behave in ways that would baffle *himself*. But his elaborate plans will not baffle *me*, for all *we* will need to do is go *directly* to the train station, his destination. We can even deduce what time he will arrive at the station, for almost certainly, if we've done our job right, he will be on the *first* train out of Victoria Station on Saturday that's bound for the Continent!

MORAN: Bravo, old friend!

MORIARTY: (*smiles*) Thank you. And finally, we also know that in order to fool *me*, he'll arrive moments before the train departs, in a disguise that would fool *him*, which as we've established is:

MORAN: Adorable how he thinks he outwits you! All we will need to do is look for someone arriving at that time, who is pointedly unlike Sherlock Holmes.

MORIARTY: Yes, yes! At that point, all we will need to do is let him see that *I* am there at the station, as *he imagines I* would be, just as the train is leaving. In this way he'll feel his suspicions of our pursuit, and of his *danger*, are fully confirmed, and that he has foiled me again, but only just...

MORAN: Playing into his love of dramatics.

MORIARTY: I *imagine* that he'll feel quite satisfied with himself as his train pulls away from the station with me standing helpless upon the platform, waving my arms about as if I could stop the train with the force of my evil will... And then, convinced that he is successfully but narrowly escaping the most dangerous man in London,

*Moran smiles and sighs in admiration.*

*he will imagine* that he's not out of the woods just yet; that I am following him to the very best of my abilities, and in the greatest of haste.

MORAN: (*aha*) He will *imagine* you've engaged a special.

MORIARTY: Just so. Your powers of deduction continue to grow in charming ways, Sebastian! He will imagine I've engaged a special, and he'll wish to think that he's thrown me off his scent once more by disembarking at the next stop—where the special, of course, cannot halt.

MORAN: I suppose you already know what stop that will be, you clever, clever fiend...

MORIARTY: I did take the liberty of checking the timetables for Saturday, and I believe he will be on the 7 o'clock train out of Victoria Station to Paris, which makes its first stop at Canterbury. Canterbury then, is where he will disembark.

MORAN: From thence?

MORIARTY: From thence, thinking I am on a direct train to Paris where I'll find nothing but their unclaimed luggage waiting for me, he will want to set out cross-country, putting as much distance between us as he can, as quickly as possible. A brief consultation of the timetables from the Canterbury Station show that the next train Sherlock and Watson can catch from there will be bound for Newhaven, and from Newhaven...

MORAN: For he will want to change trains at least once more to throw you from his scent

MORIARTY: It is a sign of respect, and I take it as such: he thinks I'm almost as clever as he

MORAN: Bravo again: where will Sherlock Holmes finally alight?

MORIARTY: With a few guesses, guided by Sherlock's romantic sense of decency and *danger*, I believe he will finally alight in the Swiss Alps, making his way through the homely villages near the lonely mountain passes, quite deserted, snowy, and serene. That is where he'll see me die.

MORAN: How picturesque.

MORIARTY: But we get ahead of ourselves, dear Sebastian. First, we must set the man running in fear for his life. I rely on you for such practicalities, I would be lost without you, you know.

MORAN: (*smiles*) If I may?

*Moriarty, charmingly, gives Moran place.*

MORAN: (cont.) Thank you. I think a very economical way to make Sherlock think he's about to get whizzed in the wangles would be a few well-placed 'accidents.' A cart careens toward him in the street, narrowly missing him. He will keep to the pavement then, eh? So next, perhaps some bricks fall from a roof into his path, again, narrowly missing him.

MORIARTY: That sounds perfectly agreeable to me! Though I think we will also want at least one unmistakable attempt on his life.

MORAN: A bloody nose?

MORIARTY: A split lip? Let us ask one of our boys in town who wants to jump in Sherlock's way and threaten him with a bludgeon.

MORAN: Standard fee?

MORIARTY: Let us be generous. With Sherlock feeling cornered, it's more likely that *our* fellow will be the one getting a fist in his face.

MORAN: If he does, this will all feel quite real to Sherlock. It's a bracing thing to cut your knuckles across a man's face.

MORIARTY: That is our hope. But first things first. I must pay a visit to Sherlock myself. Otherwise, he may not think he has my full attention. I shall appear to him in a kind of disguise... I must appear to him, as he *imagines* me...

MORAN: You visit Sherlock, and I'll arrange the accidents.

MORIARTY: Place your men ready at various paths between Sherlock's and Doctor Watson's, for that is surely where he will eventually make his way.

MORAN: Along the back-alley ways.

MORIARTY: Oh yes. Amid the old stables and stony paths he has the impudence to think that he alone is clever enough to know about. He's extremely pedantic about streets and directions, you know.

MORAN: He can be fairly pedantic in general, you know... For instance, I imagine Sherlock will have a remarkably long narrative for Watson after his excitement of meeting with you, about all the things of interest he knows about you...

MORIARTY: Oh yes. Puffing smoke in his face all the while. (*as Sherlock*) 'Might I trouble you for a match?'

MORAN AND MORIARTY: He is *adorable*.

MORAN: Here we are now, Victoria Station.

TRAIN WHISTLES.

TRAIN STOPS, BRAKES, STEAM.

They STAND AS ONE and STEP FROM THE TRAIN  
(TWO SETS OF FEET IN UNISON).

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS.

### SCENE 3

We hear A NUMBER OF MEN STEPPING ALONG A  
COBBLED STREET.

NARRATOR: We are in London, with Moran's men, on Friday morning, at dawn.

MORAN: You men know as well as anyone living would: where will Sherlock most likely go upon leaving his interview with The Professor at 221B Baker Street?

A VOICE: If he is feeling like defying the Professor's warnings, I expect him to visit the main thoroughfare in Oxford Street.

ANOTHER VOICE: Yes. Where Bentinck Street leads on to Welbeck Street, for he often conducts business there. And if he is feeling cunning, he will almost certainly pass Vere Street.

A THIRD VOICE: (*hoarsely*) Yes, for he often thinks he goes that way unseen.

MORAN: Good work, bang up to the elephant, as always. Let's get to it then, lads. And remember, on no account is Sherlock to be seriously hurt. That order comes straight from the top.

A VOICE: Aye, aye.

ANOTHER VOICE: Right you are, sir.

A THIRD VOICE: (*hoarsely*) Tickety-boo.

We hear STEPS RETREATING down various streets.

SILENCE.

A GUN COCKS.

MORAIRTY: It's a *dangerous* habit to finger a loaded firearm in the pocket of one's dressing gown...

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS  
(SINISTER).

NARRATOR: We are in Sherlock's study. At Moriarty's very unexpected entrance, Sherlock has sprung from his chair in alarm.

Moriarty's shoulders are now seen to be rounded from much study; his face protrudes forward and is slowly oscillating from side to side in a curiously reptilian fashion. He peers at Sherlock with great curiosity in his puckered eyes.

At Moriarty's remark, Sherlock draws the weapon out of his pocket and lays it cocked upon a table.

Moriarty smiles and blinks, but with something in his eyes that makes Sherlock glad he has his firearm there...

MORIARTY: (*here is an archvillain*) You evidently don't know me.

SHERLOCK: On the contrary, I think it is fairly evident that I do. Pray take a chair. I can spare you five minutes if you have anything to say.

TWO CHAIRS PUSH BACK.

*They both sit, facing each other.*

MORIARTY: All that I have to say has already crossed your mind.

SHERLOCK: Then possibly my answer has crossed yours.

MORIARTY: You stand fast?

SHERLOCK: Absolutely.

NARRATOR: Moriarty claps his hand into his pocket. Sherlock raises his pistol from the table! Moriarty draws from his pocket, not a gun, but a memorandum book in which he has scribbled some dates.

MORIARTY: You crossed my path on the 4<sup>th</sup> of January. On the 23<sup>rd</sup> you incommoded me; by the middle of February, I was seriously inconvenienced by you; at the end of March, I was absolutely hampered in my plans; and now, at the close of April, I find myself placed in such a position through your continual persecution that I am in positive *danger* of losing my liberty. The situation is becoming an impossible one.

SHERLOCK: Have you any suggestion to make?

MORIARTY: (*swaying his face about*) You must drop it, *Mr. Holmes*. You really must, you know.

*Sherlock says nothing.*

MORIARTY: Tut, tut! I am quite sure that a man of your intelligence will see that there can be but one outcome to this affair. It is necessary that you should withdraw. You have worked things in such a fashion that we have only one resource left. It has been an intellectual treat to me to see the way in which you have grappled with this affair, and I say, unaffectedly, that it would be a grief to me to be forced to take any extreme measure.

*Sherlock scoffs, smiling.*

MORIARTY: (cont.) You smile, sir, but I assure you that it really would.

SHERLOCK: *Danger* is part of my trade.

MORIARTY: This is not *danger*. It is inevitable destruction. You stand in the way not merely of an individual, but of a mighty organization, the full extent of which you, with all your cleverness, have been unable to realize. You must stand clear, Mr. Holmes. Or be trodden under foot.

SHERLOCK: I am afraid that in the pleasure of this conversation I am neglecting business of importance which awaits me elsewhere.

They both RISE FROM THEIR CHAIRS.

*Moriarty looks at Sherlock, shaking his head, sadly.*

MORIARTY: Well, well. It seems a pity, but I have done what I could. I know every move of your game. You can do nothing. It has been a duel between you and me, Mr. Holmes. You hope to place me in the dock. I tell you I will never stand in the dock. You hope to beat me. I tell you that you will never beat me. If you are clever enough to bring destruction upon me, rest assured that I shall do as much to you.

SHERLOCK: You have paid me several compliments, Mr. Moriarty. Let me pay you one in return when I say that if I were assured of the former eventuality, I would, in the interests of the public, cheerfully accept the latter.

MORIARTY: I can promise you the one but not the other.

NARRATOR: Moriarty rounds his back on Sherlock and goes peering and blinking out of the room.

THE DOOR SHUTS behind Moriarty.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS.

Sherlock OPENS AND SHUTS THE DOOR, leaving 221B and leaving the country.

SHERLOCK: (*hailing a cab*) Taxi!

We hear a HORSE-DRAWN CART speeding down a COBBLED STREET straight toward Sherlock.

Sherlock's SHOUT OF SURPRISE.

SHERLOCK: (cont.) I shall keep to the pavement then.

Sherlock's FOOTSTEPS.

BRICKS FALLING FROM A HEIGHT.

SHERLOCK: (*shouts*) Hey you up there! Officer, quickly, up there on the roof!

STEPS RUNNING UP, AND THEN DOWN.

POLICE OFFICER: There's no one up there, sir. Must have been the wind, sir.

SHERLOCK: That was no accident. Look up, see—oh, pardon me!

A THIRD VOICE: (*hoarse, and offended*) Mind the grease, will ya, sir? Ya could do with a damned good swine up.

A PUNCH.

A THIRD VOICE: (cont.) Glorioski, m'tooth!

SHERLOCK: This is one of the men who's trying to assault me, officer.

POLICE OFFICER: Well really now sir, it does look as if *you're* the man who's doing the assaulting...

Sherlock's FOOTSTEPS SPEEDING AWAY.

Sherlock's TRIUMPHANT LAUGH.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS.

#### SCENE 4

SHERLOCK: *Watson!* Have you any objection to my closing your shutters?

WATSON: You are afraid of something?

SHERLOCK: Well, I am.

WATSON: Of what?

SHERLOCK: Of air-guns.

WATSON: My dear Holmes, what do you mean?

We hear the CLICK or CHAIN of a LAMP.

NARRATOR: The low, warm light of a lamp turns on. We are in Watson's consulting room. It is Friday evening.

SHERLOCK: I think you know me well enough, Watson, to understand that I am by no means a nervous man. At the same time, it is stupidity rather than

courage to refuse to recognize *danger* when it is close at hand. Might I trouble you for a match?

A MATCH STRIKES.

*Sherlock smokes a cigarette.*

I must apologize for calling so late. And I must further beg you to be so unconventional as to allow me to leave your house presently by scrambling over your back garden wall.

WATSON: But what does it mean?

NARRATOR: Sherlock holds up his hand to the lamp to show that two knuckles are bleeding.

SHERLOCK: It's not an airy nothing you see. On the contrary, it is solid enough for a man to break his hand over. Is Mrs. Watson in?

WATSON: She is away on a visit.

SHERLOCK: Indeed! You are alone?

WATSON: Quite.

SHERLOCK: Then it makes it the easier for me to propose that you should come away with me for a week on to the Continent.

WATSON: Where?

SHERLOCK: Oh anywhere. It's all the same to me.

NARRATOR: Watson looks at Sherlock perplexed. Seeing the question in his eyes, Sherlock puts his

fingertips together and his elbows on his knees and explains the situation.

SHERLOCK: You have probably never heard of Professor Moriarty?

WATSON: Never\*.

SHERLOCK: Aye, there's the genius and the wonder of the thing! The man pervades London, and no one has heard of him.

WATSON: (*frowning*) Hm.

SHERLOCK: That's what puts him on a pinnacle in the records of crime. I tell you, Watson, in all seriousness, that if I could beat that man, if I could free society of him, I should feel that my own career had reached its summit, and I should be prepared to turn to some more placid line in life.

WATSON: What has he done then?

SHERLOCK: His career has been an extraordinary one. He is a man of good birth and excellent education, endowed by Nature with a phenomenal mathematical ability. At the age of twenty-one he wrote a treatise upon the Binomial Theorem, which has had a European vogue. On the strength of it, he won the Mathematical Chair at one of our smaller Universities and had, to all appearance, a most brilliant career before him. But the man had hereditary tendencies of the most diabolical kind. A criminal strain ran in his blood, which, instead of being modified, was increased and rendered infinitely more *dangerous* by his extraordinary mental

powers. Dark rumors gathered round him in the University town, and eventually he was compelled to resign his Chair and come down to London, where he set up as an Army coach. So much is known to the world, but what I am telling you now is what I have myself discovered.

NARRATOR: Sherlock now blows smoke unintentionally into Watson's face. Watson is patiently stoic about this, being in the presence of genius.

SHERLOCK: As you are aware, Watson, there is no one who knows the higher criminal world of London so well as I do. For years past I have continually been conscious of some power behind the malefactors, some deep organizing power which for ever stands in the way of the law, and throws its shield over the wrong-doer. Again and again in cases of the most varying sorts—forgery cases, robberies, murders—I have felt the presence of this force. For years I have endeavored to break through the veil which shrouded it, and at last the time came when I seized my thread and followed it, until it led me, after a thousand cunning windings, to ex-Professor Moriarty of mathematical celebrity.

He is the Napoleon of Crime, Watson. He is the organizer of half that is evil and of nearly all that is undetected in this great city. He is a genius, a philosopher, an abstract thinker. He has a brain of the first order. He sits motionless, like a spider in the center of its web, but that web has a thousand radiations, and he knows well every quiver of each of them. He does little himself. He only plans. But his agents are

numerous and splendidly organized. Is there a crime to be done, a paper to be abstracted, we will say, a home to be rifled, a man to be removed—the word is passed to the Professor, the matter is organized and carried out. The agent may be caught. In that case money is found for his bail or his defense. But the central power which uses the agent is never caught—never so much as suspected. This is the organization I've deduced, and which I've devoted my whole energy to breaking up.

And yet, at the end of three months, I've been forced to confess that I have at last met an antagonist who is my intellectual equal. My horror at his crimes is lost in my admiration of his mind.

Of course you will say, 'why not take police precautions against him?' And the reason is that I am well convinced his agents mean to do me in, in earnest, and I'm equally convinced that the police can't stop 'em. I have the best of proofs that it would be so.

WATSON: Because you have already been assaulted.

SHERLOCK: My dear Watson, Professor Moriarty is not a man who lets the grass grow under his feet. Immediately after he left me, I left to hail a cab in Oxford Street. As I passed the corner which leads from Bentinck Street on to the Welbeck Street crossing, a two-horse van, furiously driven, whizzed round and was on me like a flash. I sprang for the footpath and saved myself by a fraction of a second. The van dashed round by Marylebone Lane and was gone in an instant. I kept to the pavement after that, Watson, but as I walked down Vere Street, some bricks came down from

the roof of one of the houses and shattered into fragments at my feet. I called the police and had the place examined. There were slates and bricks piled upon the roof preparatory to some repairs, and they would have me believe that the wind had toppled them over. Of course, I knew better, and although I could prove nothing, I was then attacked by a rough with a bludgeon. I knocked him down, and the police have him in custody; but I can tell you with the most absolute confidence that no possible connection will ever be traced between the gentleman upon whose front teeth I have barked my knuckles and the retiring mathematical coach, who is, I daresay, working out problems upon a blackboard ten miles away by now.

You will not wonder, Watson, that my first act on entering your rooms was to close your shutters, and that I have been compelled to ask your permission to leave the house by some less conspicuous exit than the front door.

WATSON: You will spend the night here?

SHERLOCK: No, my friend, you might find me a *dangerous* guest. I would not stay in London now, not even with my own brother... I must get away. And it would be a great pleasure for me if you could come away too, on to the Continent with me.

WATSON: The practice is quiet. I should be glad to come.

SHERLOCK: And to start tomorrow morning?

WATSON: If necessary.

SHERLOCK: Oh yes, it is most necessary. These then are your instructions, and I beg, my dear Watson, that you obey them to the letter, for you are now playing a double-handed game with me against the cleverest rogue and the most powerful *syndicate* of criminals in Europe. Now listen! You will dispatch whatever luggage you intend to take by a trusty messenger unaddressed to Victoria tonight. In the morning you will send for a hansom, desiring your man to take neither the first nor the second which may present itself. Into this hansom you will jump, and you will drive to the Strand end of the Lowther Arcade, handing the address to the cabman upon a slip of paper, with a request that he will not throw it away, for Moriarty's agents will know your handwriting. Have your fare ready, and the instant that your cab stops, dash through the Arcade, timing yourself to reach the other side at a quarter past nine. You will find a private carriage waiting close to the curb, driven by a fellow with a heavy black cloak tipped at the collar with red. Into this you will step, and you will reach Victoria in time for the Continental express.

WATSON: Where shall I meet you?

SHERLOCK: (*obviously*) At the station. The second first-class carriage from the front will be reserved for us.

WATSON: The carriage is our rendezvous, then?

SHERLOCK: Yes. Now come with me into your garden where I shall scramble over the wall which leads into

Mortimer Street. I shall then whistle for a hansom and drive away.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS.

A DOOR OPENS.

SCRABBLING OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

Sherlock WHISTLES.

A CARRIAGE TROTS UP, THEN DASHES AWAY.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS.

## SCENE 5

FADE IN: ATMOSPHERIC MURMURS OF THE STATION, AND UNDER.

MORAN: There is only one train compartment marked engaged. Surely it is Sherlock's.

MORIARTY: In his effort to plan every detail of his escape, he fails to see what a conspicuous departure he makes. Look there!

NARRATOR: We are at Victoria station. It is Saturday morning. Moriarty cannot be seen. Moran is hidden behind a copy of *The Times*. Watson has just arrived, a bit breathless.

MORIARTY: It is dear Doctor Watson.

MORAN: And look there!

SHERLOCK: *(to a porter, in an Italian accent)* Book my luggage to Paris. You book it to Paris. *(as if the*

*porter does not understand him*) Book it to Paris. Mio Dio. These English people cannot speak English.

MORAN: Right on time. A conspicuously Italian priest.

MORIARTY AND MORAN: Adorable.

A FOOTSTEP.

SHERLOCK: (*sotto, seizing Watson by the elbow*) My dear Watson, you have not even condescended to say good morning?

WATSON: (*uncontrollable astonishment*) Good heavens! How you startled me!

SHERLOCK: (*amused, sotto*) Every precaution is still necessary. I have reason to think that they're hot upon our trail...

(*uncontrollable astonishment*) Ah! There is Moriarty himself!!? Come Watson!

NARRATOR: Moriarty has suddenly appeared upon the platform; he looks for Sherlock, his head swaying in a reptilian fashion.

TRAIN WHISTLES.

HURRIED FOOTSTEPS of Sherlock and Watson.

STEAM OF THE ENGINE.

TRAIN DEPARTING.

WATSON: (*grunts as he catches the train*) We made it!

SHERLOCK: Thanks to my elaborate plans. But we've cut our escape very fine...

NARRATOR: Sherlock and Watson are safely onboard. Moriarty waves his arms in a melodramatically high dudgeon, as if he could stop the train by the force of his evil will.

THE TRAIN MOVES INTO THE DISTANCE.

MORIARTY: There. He will flatter himself now that with all his elaborate precautions, they've still cut their escape very fine.

MORAN: I set fire to his study last night, but I made sure that no great harm was done.

MORIARTY: Inspired, Moran! He will think now that we must have lost his track completely after our man with the bludgeon was arrested. Otherwise, we would never think to go back to his rooms, for we *do* know that he never returned to them.

MORAN: That is just what I thought. Let him believe that he *outwits* us now, to believe that he *defeats* you in the end...

MORIARTY: I cannot wait until Holmes thinks me dead.

Incidentally, did you happen to recognize Watson's carriage driver?

MORAN: Should I have?

MORIARTY: It was Sherlock's brother Mycroft, of course. Such an obvious and unfortunate choice was it not. How does Sherlock ever hope to keep his little plans secret from us...

MORAN: You knew them all before he laid them.

MORIARTY: ‘Elementary, my dear Moran.’

*Moran laughs at this heartily and puts an arm around Moriarty’s now thrown back shoulders.*

MORAN: To the Alps, then?

MORIARTY: To the Alps, yes. We shall easily beat them there. After seeing me foiled here at the station, they are only just now deciding that it is their next best course of action. Although, of course, we have long anticipated this, and even set them irresistibly upon their own path.

MORAN: Perhaps I could get a bit of hunting in, then?

MORIARTY: I don’t see why not. What is your favorite game to shoot there?

MORAN: Switzerland isn’t known for its heavy game, you know. But they do have beautiful species of antelope and ibex. Their long horns, at least, can be lethal.

MORIARTY: Not as lethal as you.

MORAN: It’s still surprising to me how small a conception Sherlock must have of your powers. To think that you would pursue him, personally, it’s like thinking he’s being personally pursued by Emperor Nikolai.

MORIARTY: Ah, Nikki, yes. ...And for Sherlock to think he’d ever see *you* coming. He would never know you were there, for your range verges on the

supernatural. He would never know he had been shot, for your aim is so true. If I'm ever shot, I hope it's by you.

MORAN: I *aim* to please.

MORIARTY: There now, we see, if he truly applied logic to his situations, he could never have hoped to defeat us! Or for that matter, ever think this situation was plausible... That man Sherlock, as we have long suspected, has an almost criminally overdeveloped ego. To the truly great mind, nothing and no one is little or less than.

MORAN: He is just like a child, is he not. He has no clue that he is alive by your allowance. Not only that, but his very livelihood is also thanks to you. Why, all of his proudest accomplishments...

MORIARTY: It *is* remarkable, is it not, that he should see me as such an enemy... Besides, if I wanted him *murdered*, I would take out a contract. I have an international network of specialist criminals at my disposal and I'm never cheap, whatever else!... It is *obvious* that his *murder* is *not* my intention. To think anything else is a far-flung fancy.

MORAN: It's his own ego that deceives him, is it not?

MORIARTY: It can be none other. That, and perhaps the approval he finds among his readership, who he may or may not suppose, are not merely fans of his detective work, but fans of the audacity and brilliance of *our crimes*...

MORAN: As you say, the shortest distance between two points is not a straight line, but a bent one.

MORIARTY: Yes, that's a trifle reductive if I may. What I've been known to say is: Euclidean geometry has been designed to conform to our limited experience of the physical world. In other words, when we say, 'the shortest distance between two points is a straight line: this is proven,' we only mean that it's the shortest amount of *string* we could use to stretch between two points, and to our *eyes*, the string happens to *look* straight, and *feel* straight. ... Whereas we now know that what seems straight from our *immediate* perspective, is very often seen to be curved from a *greater* one. This is why we once thought the Earth was flat. (*slight pause*) I've also said, if you prefer, that any curved line is really only made up of an infinitesimal number of straight lines, each equidistant from its originating points, so the Euler-Langrange equation, while it remains a 'classic proof,' is philosophically meaningless today.

*Pause.*

Now! Let us engage a special train to follow in pursuit of Sherlock. It will do him good to see his suspicions of our deadly pursuit confirmed in the form of a billowing smokestack, clattering on to catch him up in Paris, as he stands, he thinks very cleverly, upon the Canterbury platform...

Let us also ask Scotland Yard if they would be kind enough to telegraph our friend once he is there to let him know he should be on his guard, for *I* must have

somehow escaped the police and absconded from England!... That telegram should quite effectively heighten Sherlock's sense of self-importance and imminent *danger*.

That done, let us make our *direct* route to the Alps, the ibex, and the antelope.

MORAN: The antelope of Switzerland are known as 'chamois,' like the cloth, but you knew that

MORIARTY: (*smiles*) Of course.

MORAN: I may not hunt them after all, you know.

They are 'deer' to me.

MORIARTY: (*laughs*) Mwahaha!

MORIARTY AND MORAN: (*both laugh*) Mwahaha!

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS.

## SCENE 6

We hear A TRAIN ESTABLISH, AND UNDER.

WATSON: As this is an express to Paris, I should think we have shaken Moriarty off very effectively!

SHERLOCK: My dear Watson, you evidently did not realize my meaning when I said that Moriarty may be taken as being quite on the same intellectual plane as myself. You do not imagine that if I were the pursuer, that I should allow myself to be baffled by so slight an obstacle. Why then do you think so meanly of him?

WATSON: Then what will he do?

SHERLOCK: What I would do.

WATSON: What would you do, then?

SHERLOCK: Engage a special.

WATSON: But it must be too late for him to catch us now.

SHERLOCK: By no means. A special would still catch us up in Paris.

WATSON: One would think that *we* were the criminals...Let us have him arrested!

SHERLOCK: That would ruin my work of three months! No, an arrest is inadmissible.

WATSON: What then?

SHERLOCK: Well, this train stops at Canterbury, we shall get out there.

WATSON: And then?

SHERLOCK: Then we must make a cross-country journey to Newhaven, and so over to Switzerland. Moriarty will again do what I should do. He will get on to Paris, mark down our luggage, and wait for two days at the (*quite French*) dépôt. In the meantime, we shall treat ourselves to a couple of carpet bags and encourage the manufacturers of the countries through which we travel, and make our way at leisure to the Alps via Luxembourg and Basle.

WATSON: You're quite sure about sending the luggage on to Paris? It contains my wardrobe, you know.

SHERLOCK: It can't be helped, Watson. Already you see.

NARRATOR: Sherlock points behind the train.

A TRAIN WHISTLE IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

SHERLOCK: There is the special. There are limits, you see, to our friend's intelligence. It would have been a (*quite French*) coup-de-maître had he deduced what I would deduce and acted accordingly.

WATSON: ...I beg your pardon.

SHERLOCK: A coup-de-maître. A stroke of genius. A masterstroke.

WATSON: And what would he have done had he overtaken us?

SHERLOCK: There cannot be the least doubt that he would have personally made a murderous attack upon me. It is, however, a game at which two may play. The question now is whether we should take a premature lunch at Canterbury or run our chance of starving before we reach the buffet at Newhaven.

WATSON: Let us lunch at Canterbury then.

SHERLOCK: No, let us lunch at Newhaven. Might I trouble you for a match?

A MATCH STRIKES.

NARRATOR: Watson lights a cigarette for Sherlock, who blows cigarette smoke unconsciously into Watson's face.

SHERLOCK: I think that I may go so far as to say, Watson, that I have not lived wholly in vain. If my record were closed tonight, I could still survey it with equanimity. The air of London is the sweeter for my presence. (*exhales smoke*) In over a thousand cases I am not aware that I have ever used my powers upon the wrong side. And your memoirs will draw to an end, Watson, upon the day that I crown my career by the capture or extinction of Professor Moriarty, the most *dangerous* and capable criminal in Europe. Ah, there we are, Canterbury.

We hear the TRAIN HALT.

MESSENGER AT THE TRAIN: Mr. Holmes? Mr. Holmes! Urgent telegram for you from Scotland Yard, sir.

We hear the TELGRAM RIPPED OPEN.

Then CRUMPLED AND THROWN.

SHERLOCK: I might have known it! He has escaped!

WATSON: Moriarty?

SHERLOCK: He has given them the slip. Of course, when I left, I left no one to cope with him, but I did think I had rather put the game into the police's hands. You had better return now, Watson.

WATSON: Why?

SHERLOCK: Because you will find me a *dangerous* companion now. If I read Moriarty's character right, he will devote his whole energies to revenging himself

upon me. He said as much in our short interview, and I fancy he meant it. I should certainly recommend you to return to your practice.

WATSON: That is hardly an appeal which would be successful with an old campaigner like me, let alone with an old friend. I am surprised and almost hurt that this has not occurred to you.

SHERLOCK: ...Indeed, Watson, I was merely testing your metal, as it were.

Giving an old friend a dignified exit.

We shall both need to be at the very top of our game now. There he goes!

The special TRAIN SCREAMS BY, AND AWAY.

SHERLOCK: Let us now on to Newport, thence to Geneva, and from thence: to Meiringen!

FOOTSTEPS walking briskly UPON THE PLANKS of the platform.

CROSS-FADE TO: FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING IN SNOW.

## SCENE 7

NARRATOR: We are now in the Swiss Alps. At the Reichenbach Fall.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS  
(SINISTER).

MORIARTY: This is the place. I have left word with the hotelier in Meiningen, the 'Englischer Hof,' that he

should please recommend this spot to any English tourists matching our friend's descriptions. I might have spared myself the trouble; I am sure he must recommend this short walk to any tourist he meets. It is a breathtaking view, is it not.

FADE IN: SOUND OF WATERFALL, UNDER AND OUT.

MORAN: It is. And I'd put that as at least 100 meters to the bottom of the falls.

MORIARTY: 110. But it is funicular in shape with its crest where we stand measuring more than 3 times its width at the bottom.

MORAN: I see you are approaching this from a mathematical point of view.

MORIARTY: I am, yes, but I welcome your ideas as well, naturally.

MORAN: After you?

MORIARTY: The Reichenbach Falls lose more height than they are tall. In other words, the slant of the cliff face after this first 'leap' of 10 meters is gradual. It is not too unlike the gradation of the hike we took in coming here.

MORAN: I see! D'ya know, the people of Vanuatu, of the Pentecost Islands, regularly make 'land dives' of 20 or 30 meters out of the banyan trees by tying thick vines to each of their ankles. The ritual is called Nanggol, and it is said to bring about a good harvest of yams. Not all of the land divers survive, however.

MORIARTY: In all efforts of worth, there is an element of risk. While I have heard of the Nanggol ritual of Vanuatu—and imagine the feat will someday be militarized—I have something much simpler in mind. A man can survive a jump of 30 meters into a waterfall by simply ensuring that his legs are kept quite tight together as he goes in feet first, and swims immediately away from the falls. But I do not intend to use this method but as a last resort. No, my preference for the mathematical perspective, as you say, assures me that I will quite easily be able to catch hold of the rockface after the first ‘leap’ of 10 meters, and before the distance becomes fatal, after 30 meters. I shall require only quite thick leather gloves, some body armor (which wouldn’t go amiss in this situation as it is, Sherlock is for ever pocketing his pistol as a point of pride in the *danger* that’s inherent to his work), and a pair of good waterproof boots. None of this gear will be likely to attract the attention of Sherlock, who I am sure will be completely taken with the mere idea of our final exchange.

MORAN: Why, you fiend! You clever, clever fiend! We have all this gear with us already. But I do still rather worry about the idea of you simply jumping off from this height.

MORIARTY: My dear Moran, rest yourself easy. In matters such as these, where emotions can run high, the numbers will never lie.

All will be well.

You see, this is like a modified tautochrone problem where the downward curve of this waterfall is the cycloid, and the time is equal to  $\pi$  times the square root of the radius (of the circle which generates the cycloid) over the acceleration of gravity.

This will be the place for me.

Come. Let us now scout out the best place for you, that you may watch and ensure that no one is seriously hurt. And let us hide a rope there for you, that you may lower it down to me once all is done and the coast is clear.

MORAN: If I were to hunt here, I should choose that place, just there, at the top of the falls. I should have a clear line of sight and offer my prey no sign of my presence.

MORIARTY: All the way up there? That's quite a steep climb! Practically a straight line!

MORAN: (*perturbed*) I shall have no difficulty in this, I assure you. While suffering from a temporary blindness in India once, I steered a ship down the length of the Ganges by sensing the direction of the rays of the sun; I have run down a zebra on foot; I have netted crocodiles in Ceylon; I have knifed a leopard and laughed; I have stared unarmed into the eyes of a brave mother weasel defending her babes, who as *everyone* knows, would have ripped out the throat of most men... I have the skills to match any predator on any land. I can descend this sheer rock face, to you.

MORIARTY: Of course. Forgive me.

MORAN: Not at all. Shall we now head back into Meiringen? We may enjoy a cup of their famous chocolate whilst we wait for our friends to start on their pleasant walk to this very spot. We shall want all our strength for this scene.

MORIARTY: Quite so. I do enjoy a cup of Swiss chocolate. It is fortifying, is it not?

MORAN: Just the thing.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS.

## SCENE 8

A HOTEL'S FRONT DOORBELL RINGS.

PETER STEILER THE ELDER: Greetings gentlemen. I am the landlord of this hotel, the Englischer Hof, my name is Peter Steiler the elder.

WATSON: My word, you speak very good English.

SHERLOCK: I should think so. This man served for no less than three years as a waiter or (*quite French*) un maître d' at an hotel in London; I'd guess the restaurant was in or around Mayfair, an affluent area in the West End of London towards the eastern edge of Hyde Park, in the City of Westminster, between Oxford Street, Regent Street, Piccadilly and Park Lane.

PETER STEILER THE ELDER: How remarkable! I did serve for three years as a waiter at the Grosvenor Hotel in Mayfair. Since monsieur is such a connoisseur of locale, you should on no account miss seeing the

Reichenbach Falls. You will find the path halfway up the hill on the way to the hamlet of Rosenloui.

SHERLOCK: From a man of your worldliness, sir, we shall take your words as the strictest of instructions. Watson, on no account shall we miss paying a visit to the Reichenbach Falls.

HOTEL'S FRONT DOORBELL RINGS as they leave.

Their TWO SETS OF FEET CRUNCH ON SNOW IN A LEISURELY WAY into the distance.

TWO SETS OF FEET, Moran and Moriarty's, CRUNCH coming nearer and nearer.

HOTEL'S FRONT DOORBELL RINGS, again.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS  
(SINISTER).

NARRATOR: We are still inside the lobby of the Englischer Hof.

SINISTER, DRAMATIC CHORD.

SOUNDS OF WRITING, IN AND UNDER.

NARRATOR: Moriarty writes rapidly upon sheets of the hotel's stationery. Moran enters holding two cups of chocolate, and gives one to Moriarty.

WRITING STOPS.

MORIARTY: Would you believe it, Colonel Moran? We've only just missed them.

MORAN: Did we?

MORIARTY: (*drinking*) Mm.

MORAN: Well, then I'm glad that we won't need to wait.

WRITING CONTINUES again UNDER.

MORIARTY: Yes. According to our friend, the landlord, they have just this moment set out for the falls.

MORAN: Wonderful.

MORIARTY: I am writing a letter to send after them now.

MORAN: Why? Surely, we want them to walk on towards the falls, and not to return again here.

MORIARTY: Surely not. But this will be a much simpler affair without Doctor Watson's presence there. He does like to help. And he may get hurt. Accidentally.

MORAN: Yes I see. But how do you devise getting Doctor Watson to leave Sherlock's side? Here they are in a strange land, in fear for their lives. What could possibly persuade him to part?

MORIARTY: (*still writing*) 'Strange land,' I just wrote that... We are all of us here, proud of our professions, Colonel Moran.

THE WRITING FINISHES.

There. I have written as if I were the landlord of this hotel letting Doctor Watson know that a very few

moments after their leaving, an English lady arrived who is in the last stages of consumption.

MORAN: Brilliant!

MORIARTY: Thank you I thought so. I write that the consumptive woman in question wintered in Davos Platz and is journeying now to join her friends at Lucerne, but a sudden hemorrhage has overtaken her.

MORAN: ...She now has a backstory. Good.

MORIARTY: Yes and in the interest of thickening the plot, I write that it is only expected that she will live a few hours,

MORAN: Oh dear

MORIARTY: But it still would be a great consolation to her to see an English doctor,

MORAN: Of course

MORIARTY: And if Doctor Watson would only return, I am sure he will feel paid-full knowing that he did not refuse the request of a fellow country-woman dying in a 'strange land.' Etc. etc.

MORAN: 'Etc. etc.'? This is quite a long letter.

MORIARTY: (*picks up his pencil and adds*) Postscript,

SOUNDS OF WRITING UNDER.

MORIARTY: I will personally look on your compliance as a very great favor, since the lady absolutely refuses to see a Swiss physician, and I cannot but feel that I am incurring a great responsibility.

## WRITING FINISHES.

MORAN: James, I don't doubt your methods, so please forgive a daft auld question like this, but is it plausible that the landlord would write such a long letter in a case such as this?

Surely in the hypothetical situation, he would be actually attending to the consumptive woman, and to her uncommonly talkative traveling companions. Yet the way that this letter is written implies that, presumably, the landlord is copying out bits of what the woman or the woman's companions have said, as they are saying them, such as, 'this woman wintered in Davos Platz,' while at the same moment, the woman is having a fatally acute respiratory hemorrhage...

MORIARTY: Sebastian, you are completely right! But you must remember that Sherlock speaks at great length, and Doctor Watson has been his sole companion for three whole days. Anything shorter than this would fail to leave an impression at all. This letter, I hope, is Watson's welcome excuse to briefly take his leave of Sherlock, even in a moment of peril, for his profession, for his fellow man, and Damme, man, for his country.

MORAN: *(raises his cup of chocolate)* To England.

MORIARTY: To England.

CUPS CLINK as they toast.

MORAN: But James. How do we know that Sherlock will not return here again with the Doctor? Surely there is no reason for him to remain in the country alone.

MORIARTY: Oh but there is, Sebastian. And the reason is: that he will think this letter is a ploy; he will think that this is a letter sent from me, to draw his dear Doctor Watson away. He will think it is exactly what it is, and that is why: Sherlock will be the one who suggests that Watson go away, leaving him alone in the lonely country. Because Sherlock will think that in doing so, some development between *us* will follow. The *only* reason Sherlock Holmes will not come back with his dear Doctor Watson, is because at this moment he would rather see: Me.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS  
(SINISTER).

MORIARTY: Excuse me, boy. Could you please catch me up those two gentlemen who just left and give them this letter? It's quite urgent, you know. Here's a whole pound sterling for you.

SWISS MESSENGER BOY: (*excited, happy*) Jööö!

MORIARTY: Hurry now. Be quick about it. Bye.

HOTEL'S FRONT DOORBELL RINGS.

STEPS OF THE BOY RUNNING IN SNOW.

MORAN: That child was adorable. Now then. You have your body armor and boots on, James?

MORIARTY: I have.

MORAN: Here are your gloves, now.

MORIARTY: Thank you, my friend – ah, my fiend, I should say.

*We hear them say at the same time, each a different version.*

MORAN: You cunning, cunning fiend!

MORIARTY: You clever, clever fiend

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS.

## SCENE 9

We hear the boy's RUNNING STEPS IN SNOW.

SWISS MESSENGER BOY: Mein Herr! Mein Herr!

WATSON: What's this?

We hear the LETTER OPEN, PAGES TURN.

*Presumably Sherlock reads over Watson's shoulder.*

WASTON: *(at length)* Damme, man, I cannot refuse the dying request of a fellow country-woman. Let us turn back together now, Holmes.

SHERLOCK: *(somewhat thrilled)* Do you turn back now, my friend. Leave me here to enjoy the close of this day. I can do nothing that you could not do for the consumptive woman who wintered in Davos Platz.

WATSON: Really, man, it seems a bit peculiar. All things considered, I'd rather you weren't out here on your tod.

SHERLOCK: But I am not alone. This Swiss messenger boy will keep me company, will you not? *(to the boy)* I talk with many of the children of London, young friend, and show them how they can find secrets for me. Would you like to learn?

SWISS MESSENGER BOY: Ja, ja!

WATSON: ...Very well, then. Keep a weather eye out, Sherlock.

Watson's FOOTSTEPS HEAD OFF IN THE SNOW.

SHERLOCK: Go away now, boy. Go home.

The boy KICKS THE SNOW.

SWISS MESSENGER BOY: Leck mich am arsch.

The boy's FOOTSTEPS RUN OFF.

FADE IN: THE SOUND OF THE WATERFALL, AND  
UNDER.

NARRATOR: It is sunset. Sherlock, his back to us, is incredibly dramatically lit against the Reichenbach Falls. Moriarty approaches.

ADD: FOOTSTEPS SOFTLY APPROACH, UNDER.

NARRATOR: Without turning, Sherlock says...

SHERLOCK: As a gentleman I should warn you that I have some knowledge of baritsu, the ancient Japanese system of wrestling; it has more than once been useful to me.

FOOTSTEPS STOP.

MORIARTY: ...I think you may mean 'Bartitsu.' That name and that martial art form were both made up by an English engineer, quite recently, after he spent three years in Japan; he defined 'Bartitsu' as meaning 'self defense in *all* its forms'; the name is a portmanteau of

his own surname, ‘Barton’ and the word ‘jujitsu.’ ‘Bartitsu.’ Unlike ancient Japanese wrestling, it is essentially bareknuckle street fighting with the optional use of stiletto daggers.

SHERLOCK: ...You evidently don’t know ‘baritsu.’

MORIARTY: ...How right you are. You’ve gone beyond me again, Holmes! Which leaves you only to wonder, perhaps, how *I* managed to flee England in search of you, particularly when you had so carefully laid bare all my sinister plans to Scotland Yard? ...But this was easily managed by me, you see, when you are acquainted with as many international double agents as I am, many of whom are well-placed to access all kinds of secret information, including in Scotland Yard’s intelligence.

SHERLOCK: This was my suspicion all along, of course, and may I say, this certainly confirms the high opinion I have held of you in holding this suspicion.

MORIARTY: You pay me another compliment! Let me pay you one last in return: Even with my vast network of intelligencers and criminal resources at my command, you were a hard man to track, Sherlock Holmes. I have only just managed to keep myself informed of your movements through Europe.

SHERLOCK: (*he is gratified, bows*) Before we share the final discussion of the final question that lies between us, may I ask you for your patience as I write a note for Doctor John Watson?

MORIARTY: (*Watson's story would convince the entire world that Moriarty has died. That would be brilliant for him.*) I await your convenience.

NARRATOR: Sherlock claps his hand to his pocket to retrieve his memorandum book.

SHERLOCK: You are all courtesy, Mr. Moriarty.

NARRATOR: Moriarty pulls a pantomime pistol on Sherlock in response.

MORIARTY: Do call me Jim.

SOUNDS OF WRITING, IN AND UNDER.

SHERLOCK: Jim. And do you call me Sherlock. We seem to be rather beyond the formalities at this point in time, do we not.

MORIARTY: We do indeed, Sherlock. We do indeed. Do you think Doctor Watson will write a Sherlock Holmes Adventure about this?

SHERLOCK: I certainly hope so. I, like the world, admire his writings.

MORIARTY: As do I.

SHERLOCK: They are more than adequate, I believe. They have that ring of truth.

WRITING FINISHES.

SHERLOCK. There. Now to it, for I read an inexorable purpose in your gray eyes.

NARRATOR: Sherlock leans his walking stick against a rock, and on top of the rock he sets his silver cigarette case and the note carefully folded into a small square.

MORIARTY: I said that I did not want to see you harmed, my boy. I meant that.

SHERLOCK: Your precise words were, if memory serves me, ‘I say, unaffectedly, it would be a grief to me to be forced to take any extreme measure.’

MORIARTY: Those extraordinary powers of yours. To be in the numberless pigeonholes of your mind.

My dear, dear boy. It is such a shame that a mind like yours should spend so much time on such mundane things, and in doing so, utterly fail to see the grand scheme. ...But have it your way!

NARRATOR: Moriarty charges at Sherlock!

DRAMATIC ORCHESTRAL CHORDS.

SILENCE.

THE SPRAY OF THE WATERFALL.

A BOULDER FALLS.

SMALLER ROCKS FALL.

A SPLASH IS HEARD FROM A GREAT HEIGHT.

SILENCE.

## SCENE 10

MORAN: We haven't missed him, have we?

MORIARTY: Of course we have not.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS.

NARRATOR: We are at a café table in Pall Mall. Moriarty has a bandage tied lightly around one wrist.

MORIARTY: Our client never deviates from his schedule. He is always at Whitehall first thing in the morning, at the Diogenes Club from a quarter to five until twenty to eight, and then home to his lodgings in Pall Mall again every evening, from year's end to year's end.

MORAN: You have already briefed him, have you not, on how things came to pass?

MORIARTY: I have. I sent a 'bulleted' (*smiles at Moran*) record of our events ahead of us, on to his Club, the moment our train arrived. I would not for the life of me risk our client being implicated in any of this; like you, he is too rare an asset to ever replace. This is why I waited to give word to a messenger who could deliver our report straight into his hands. No chance of interception, you see.

MORAN: Of course.

MORIARTY: The wait for news, I fear, must have caused him some pain. I am eager to learn his thoughts on the matter's conclusion.

MORAN: As am I.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS SLOWLY APPROACH.

MYCROFT: And there you are. At last.

A café CHAIR IS MOVED,  
and CREAKS as it's sat in.

MYCROFT: I do appreciate you going to all this trouble just to spare my brother's life.

MORIARTY: Not at all, *Mycroft*, not at all. As much as I value your friendship and went to this effort in part just for you, I must say that to a mind like mine, killing a mind like your brother's would be sacrilege. He is an eccentric talent. Waste not, and all that, after all.

MORAN: (*sudden*) 'He is a lion I am proud to hunt.'

MYCROFT AND MORIARTY: Coriolanus.

MYCROFT: Quite so, quite so, indeed. Indeed.

MORIARTY: Still, we can't have him incommoding and interfering in our affairs. It had to be done.

MORAN: Perhaps some day he may be of some use to us?

MORIARTY: Perhaps.

MYCROFT: (*thoughtfully*) Perhaps.

...But I must say, there's more than one point in your story, by which, I fear my brother does discredit to his talents. For instance, I am almost surprised that while Sherlock believed you were in the command of a vast criminal organization, of unsurpassed skill and scope,

he also believed that you, a mathematics professor of no eminent physical powers, no offence, James...

MORIARTY: None taken, Mycroft.

MYCROFT: That Sherlock would believe that you, The Professor, had personally gone, in person, to end his life, by throwing yourself, physically, at him. Did he not stop to think that at all suspicious?

MORIARTY: Not for a moment. And in his agitated state, I did not foresee any undue suspicion on his part. There is, however, one outcome I did not foresee.

MYCROFT: Pray tell.

MORIARTY: The fact that Sherlock has taken it upon himself to use this opportunity to let the world presume *him* dead! I suspect he saw this as a chance to evade other friends of our acquaintance, not least of all Colonel Moran here, who he thought may also make an attempt upon his life.

MYCROFT: Indeed. That is the second point where Sherlock's plume falls to land again upon the earth. You wrote to me that Sherlock saw Moran there. And it can be assumed that he thought that Moran had, at that very moment, attempted to murder him.

MORAN: I could murder *myself* for sending those rocks down the cliff face towards Sherlock; to where he had stretched himself upon that mossy ledge. It just seemed that he never would leave. Never make a move. The night had drawn close. The police had come and gone, and still he lay there. And while a man like me

can wait up a tree for three days and nights and remain placidly serene and even cheerful to wait for one's deadly quarry—to watch a man provides no joy at all. The weakest and feeblest hunt gives much more satisfaction. I steeled my nerves to the unpleasant yet necessary task in hand, but eventually, a slight movement of steely impatience took me... and down the rocks went. And what did I do but look down to see if the boulders were to hit him, or you, and then down the smaller rocks went. And then I saw him looking up at me. And then I saw myself standing outside of myself watching myself, watching myself, thinking 'to have done such a thing at the crisis point of such a splendid plan'... And to think I had only just said, 'I sailed down the Ganges by the rays of the sun, I ran down a zebra on foot.'

MORIARTY: Tut. There is no harm done, Sebastian. Even without a perceivable cause, the fall of stones is common in the springtime at that spot.

MYCROFT: Yes, yes. My point is that if Sherlock knew that Moran—in that very moment—knew that Sherlock was still alive... What could Sherlock hope to achieve by leaving the world and all his friends to suppose him dead?

MORAN: This also puzzles me.

MORIARTY: And me as well. Certainly, if he knew that Moran knew that he lived—a vital member of the criminal *syndicate* that he so respects and defies—surely Moran would tell the most expert assassins in Europe what had happened to their leader, and Sherlock

would be hotly pursued by them all; he should have assumed that they would all know his last whereabouts; and know, worse still, that he was completely alone and could not hope to be expecting any aid. His decision to make the rest of the world, and only the rest of the world, presume him dead must come down to a streak of stubbornness, whimsy, or both. (*smiles*) Or perhaps he simply imagined that the entire syndicate would fall apart after the death of its criminal mastermind: Me.

MYCROFT: Indeed, indeed. In my experience, it is best not to look for logic where there is none; exasperating for one's nerves and bad for one's heart... Sherlock is a clever fellow, but even he would admit himself that he is not the cleverest. For now, he is bound for India. I have already heard of all this from him.

MORAN: Sherlock has written to you?

MYCROFT: Almost immediately after you describe these events taking place, he sent a letter in a childishly simple code to preserve his 'anonymity,' requesting my urgent assistance with money. I sent it of course.

MORAN: There's another matter that puzzles me. Doctor Watson writes in the Adventure of the Greek Interpreter...

MYCROFT: Ah. My only appearance in 'the Adventures' thus far, thank God. So annoying to have some things in print.

MORAN: Quite so. He writes that Sherlock says you draw the modest income of a government accountant.

Where does Sherlock think your vast wealth has come from? For he is forever asking you for money, it seems.

MYCROFT: Sherlock does not think, that has always been his problem. He is so dashitall proud of his abilities, *he forgets to question himself*. He thinks he's above the need, now, for actual critical thought. For showing one's work. And for showing good manners, as well. But why speak ill of a man who's absent, and presumed dead. Again I say, it's best not to look for logic where no logic exists. ...For that would be illogical to do!

*They all laugh.*

MYCROFT: (cont.) Now if I may, now that Sherlock is out of the way, I should like to return your attentions to the stealth submarine being planned for our dear old England. As you know, in order to keep its innovation secret from the world, we shall need to smuggle in nearly all of the money, the minds, and the men.

MORAN: Under the radar, as it were.

*They all laugh, 'Mwahahaha!'*

Sound of SUBMARINE PINGS and BUBBLES.

FADE TO: DRAMATIC ORCHESTRAL FINALE.

NARRATOR: End of Part I: The Triumph of Moriarty, The Final Problem.

**END OF PART I.**

## **PART II**

### **SCENE 1**

TITLE MUSIC IN, AND UNDER.

Narrator: And now, PRODUCING COMPANY NAME presents, in association with Black Chicken Unlimited Publishing:

#### **The Triumph of Moriarty**

Part II, The Final, Final Problem.

MUSIC OUT ON TRIUMPHANT NOTE.

A DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS.

MORIARTY: Well, Sherlock is returning to London!

MORAN: Is he? Oh good. How long has it been? Three years now?

NARRATOR: We are in Moran's study now. Surely, there is a tiger rug. Moriarty stalks in, brandishes the morning's newspaper, and flings it down in front of Moran.

NEWSPAPER FLUNG DOWN.

MORAN: What's this?

MORIARTY: As if you didn't know.

MORAN: How sad. This poor chap seems to have gotten his head shot off somehow.

NEWSPAPER PAGE TURNS.

MORIARTY: It is perfectly obvious to me that you have done this. Just as it will be perfectly obvious to Mycroft. And when he reads of it in *The Times*, it will be obvious even to Sherlock.

MORAN: How cryptic you are today, James. There doesn't seem to be anything incriminating here.

#### NEWSPAPER PAGE TURNS.

MORAN: Indeed, everyone seems to be quite mystified. There's the *fact* that no one could have accessed the fellow's room from his second-floor window, or from his door, which was locked from the inside; that seems to be one point of their trouble. And the other *fact* is that there's no known motive for anyone to have murdered this quiet, retiring young man.

MORIARTY: That is precisely what implicates you. You see, of course, that you are mentioned by name in the article?

MORAN: Ah yes. It says that we played cards together a few weeks ago and won a rather splendid hand at the Bagatelle card club! I remember it well. £420! Smashing game.

MORIARTY: Yes, and it also says that while he was fond of playing cards, playing continually at either the Bagatelle, the Cavendish, or the Baldwin, for he was a member of all these clubs (as are you), he never played for such stakes as could hurt him. He was a cautious player, almost never leaving a table up or down by more than £5, which, while a substantial sum of

money to a factory worker, could hardly be said to touch this lad's considerable fortune.

MORAN: Just what are you getting at, my dear Professor?

MORIARTY: You played a hand in partnership with this lad, and you cheated. You won £420. He discovered your deceit. He almost certainly pulled you aside and informed you privately that unless you made reparations and ceased your dishonest ways, he would report you to the club, who would bar you.

MORAN: People do not kill people to avoid being kicked out of clubs.

MORIARTY: Ordinary people may not, but you do! I know this. I know you killed this lad because you did not want to be barred from the Bagatelle club. You killed him merely because you are fond of playing cards there. This is further corroborated by the fact that the fellow was found, his face horribly mutilated by the gunshot, beside a table on which lay two bank-notes for ten pounds each and seventeen-pounds-ten in silver and gold, the money arranged in little piles alongside a sheet of paper with the names of some club friends opposite to them, from which it is generally conjectured that before his death he was endeavoring to make out his losses or winnings at cards.

And I know something more, something that perhaps even the Holmes brothers do not, yet: I know you killed this lad using MY GUN, the air gun that I designed to shoot soft-nosed, expanding revolver bullets from a

rifle's distance. The gun that, when fired, would make any forensic investigator infer that the culprit must have shot at quite close range, most likely from within the same room, when in fact the gun could have been fired from several hundreds of yards away. Which is precisely what you did in killing this lad, I would assume, through his second story window, from across the street. It is a brilliant weapon.

MORAN: And quite hard to load.

MORIARTY: And now you admit it.

MORAN: I see no need to deny it to you. And as you say, no one else has a clue what has happened. Nothing links this poor galoot's murder back to me.

MORIARTY: Well, we all know: Mycroft, myself, and I am quite certain, Sherlock. This is why I say again, Sherlock returns to London as we speak.

MORAN: You want me to do something about this, but what.

MORIARTY: I want you to tell me what Sherlock does next.

MORAN: Oh really now, I'm the best shot in the British Empire, but deduction is hardly my 'game.'

MORIARTY: Be that as it may, *a child could deduce what Sherlock will do next*. Exercise your mental muscles, will you, man. Consider this the first part of your punishment for stealing away the surprise of my top-secret air gun.

*Moran thinks.*

MORIARTY: (cont.) I will give you a hint. Remember that Sherlock is utterly and completely self-involved.

MORAN: Right... Right. Well first we must begin at the beginning and accept as fact your premise that Sherlock is already certain that I am the culprit...

MORIARTY: Beyond any doubt.

MORAN: *If* this is true, we can assume that his primary goal in returning to London will not be to investigate my involvement, but to apprehend me, and, in breaking a case wide open which has so mystified all other detectives, he will be pleased to come back 'into print' as it were, by putting another Adventure on his shelf! He will have captured or killed the *two* most *dangerous* men in London, and consequently the world, first you, and now me, you see.

MORIARTY: Yes. Now *how* will he capture you.

MORAN: ...Because Sherlock is completely self-involved, we can deduce that he will want to apprehend me in a way that shows off his splendid knowledge of obscure subjects. But which subject of his knowledge will he choose... I am sure he would be pleased to beat me at my own game... He will attempt to trap me as a tiger is trapped?

MORIARTY: Indeed! How will he do so?

MORAN: A tiger trap must be baited. Bait for me might well be gold, girls, land, or art—but remembering that

Sherlock is completely self-involved... I posit that he will use *himself* as the bait?

MORIARTY: Correct. And how then will he capture you, while using himself as bait.

MORAN: Yes, it stands to reason that he cannot be both bait and hunter...

MORIARTY: Remember his flair for the dramatic.

MORAN: He will commission an elaborate likeness of himself?

MORIARTY: Of what kind.

MORAN: A painting would hardly be convincing from any distance; a statue would be more like the thing, but a statue would take a long time to carve, and be too heavy to move in any lifelike way—he will commission a bust of himself in wax?

MORIARTY: That's correct! And he will leave it?...

MORAN: He will leave the bust where it can be attacked, and where Sherlock can apprehend the attacker. Just as with a tiger trap. I suppose he may leave the bust in his own second-story window at 221B, the famously silhouetted window of his study.

MORIARTY: Which his brother Mycroft has kept waiting for him, perfectly preserved.

MORAN: Which is surely *not* suspicious to any who have followed Sherlock's career with interest... I wonder if it's possible that no one truly believes that Sherlock is gone—apart from Watson... At any rate,

Sherlock will imagine that I'll arrive to shoot the wax bust with the same gun

MORIARTY: My gun

MORAN: That was used to kill the cad on Park Lane, Reg Adair, thus proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that I was responsible for his murder. He will expect me to shoot the bust, as he conceives that I shot Reg, from the street, where he will be lying in wait along with, I suppose, some policemen, and perhaps Doctor Watson?

MORIARTY: Precisely. I told you, *a child could deduce Sherlock's actions.*

I have rented The Empty House across the street from 221B Baker Street. As a private house, we can be sure that Sherlock, a man on the side of the law, will not enter it. From there, you can watch for his movements on the street, as he is watching for yours. And you will watch him ceaselessly.

MORAN: You want me to tail him? James, any child can *tail* Sherlock Holmes, too. Do not send a man of my talents and tenure in our organization. It will be so dreadfully dull.

MORIARTY: You will watch Sherlock without respite. And you may entertain yourself as you will.

MORAN: I suppose you have already deduced where he is now? For my man, Parker, has never left his daily watch of Baker Street for these three years. He is a good man, and I am sure I would have heard from him if Sherlock had returned.

MORIARTY: Before making his return more publicly known, Sherlock will first appear at the scene of this boy's murder, in disguise, in order to confirm his entirely well-founded suspicions of your guilt. He will do this by ascertaining whether or not the second-story window in question could be easily accessed from the street. If the window cannot be reached, if the flowerbeds are not trampled, he will know of a certainty you are his man.

Let me say once more that so obvious is your involvement in this murder, and so peculiar the circumstances surrounding it to the outside world, that I should hardly be surprised if Doctor Watson himself does not pay a visit to the murdered boy's house—if only to have a wistful look about for Holmes. In all mathematical probability, Reg Adair's house on Park Lane will be the scene of Sherlock and Watson's inevitable reunion.

But as we cannot fully deduce their timeframes as of yet, you will go now, immediately, to The Empty House, to keep watch, and to keep me apprised.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS.

FOOTSTEPS ON A STREET.

MURMUR OF A DISTANT CROWD.

## SCENE 2

WATSON: Could you direct me to the house of Reginald Adair?

A VOICE ON PARK LANE: The murder house, you mean. It's just that way, sir. You'll see there is a bit of a crowd there.

WATSON: Yes, I see now, thank you. Oh, I beg your pardon!

SHERLOCK: (*SNARLS as an old, deformed man*)

A DOZEN BOOKS FALL.

WATSON: I seem to have knocked down several of the books you were carrying. Here, let me collect them for you. 'The Origin of Tree Worship'? You must surely be a collector of obscure volumes, either by hobby or trade.

SHERLOCK: (*SNARLS again*)

The old man's FOOTSTEPS LIMP ANGRILY AWAY.

WATSON: (*calls after him*) I do apologize!

(*remarks to himself*) What a strange old book-collector he was, with his sharp, wizened face peering out from a frame of white hair, and his precious volumes, a dozen of them at least, wedged under his right arm. If only Sherlock were here, I am sure he would have drawn some very interesting conclusions about that man.

At any rate, now that I see the house in question, it is clear to me that the window to the boy's sitting room is entirely inaccessible from the street. I find I am more puzzled than ever.

Watson's FOOTSTEPS.

A DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS.

NARRATOR: We are in Watson's consulting room.

DOOR OPENS again.

The old man's (Sherlock's) LIMPING FOOTSTEPS.

WATSON: Good heavens!

SHERLOCK: (*as the old man*) You're surprised to see me here, sir.

WATSON: I admit that I am.

SHERLOCK: Well, I've a conscience, sir, and when I chanced to see you go into this house, as I came hobbling after you, I thought to myself, I'll just step in and see that kind gentleman and tell him that if I was a bit gruff in my manner there was not any harm meant, and that I am much obliged to him for picking up my books.

WATSON: You make too much of a trifle. May I ask how you knew who I was?

SHERLOCK: Well, sir, if it isn't too great a liberty, I am a neighbor of yours, for you'll find my little bookshop at the corner of Church Street, and very happy to see you, I am sure. Maybe you collect yourself, sir; here's *British Birds*, and *Catullus*, and *The Holy War*—a bargain every one of them. With five volumes you could just fill that gap on that second shelf. It looks untidy, does it not, sir?

NARRATOR: Watson turns to look at the cabinet just behind him. When he turns back again, Sherlock Holmes is standing smiling at him across the room.

Watson rises to his feet, stares at Sherlock for some seconds in utter amazement, and then faints.

BODY COLLAPSING.

NARRATOR: Sherlock undoes Watson's collar-ends, takes a flask of brandy from his pocket and, giving none to Watson, has a sip himself. Watson awakes.

SHERLOCK: My dear Watson. I owe you a thousand apologies. I had no idea you would be so affected.

WATSON: Holmes! Is it really you? Can it indeed be that you are alive? It is possible that you succeeded in climbing out of that awful abyss?

SHERLOCK: Wait a moment. Are you sure that you are really fit to discuss things? I have given you a serious shock by my unnecessarily dramatic reappearance.

WATSON: I am alright, but indeed, Holmes, I can hardly believe my eyes. Good heavens, to think that you—you of all men—should be standing in my study!

Sounds of PATS ON THE BACK.

WATSON: (cont.) Well, you're not a spirit, anyhow. My dear chap, I am overjoyed to see you. Sit down and tell me how you came alive out of that dreadful chasm.

A CHAIR MOVES.

SHERLOCK: Might I trouble you for a match?

## A MATCH STRIKES.

SHERLOCK: That's better. I am glad to stretch myself. It is no joke when a tall man has to take a foot off his stature for several hours on end. Now, my dear fellow, in the matter of these explanations we have, if I may ask for your cooperation, a hard and *dangerous* night's work in front of us. Perhaps it would be better if I gave you an account of the whole situation when that work is finished.

WATSON: I am full of curiosity. I should much prefer to hear now.

SHERLOCK: You'll come with me tonight?

WATSON: When you like and where you like.

SHERLOCK: This is indeed like the old days. We shall just have time for a mouthful of dinner before we need to go. Well, then, about that chasm. I had no serious difficulty in getting out of it, for the very simple reason that I was never in it.

WATSON: You were never in it?

SHERLOCK: No, Watson, I never was in it.

It's true, I had little doubt that I had come to the end of my career when I perceived the somewhat sinister figure of the late Professor Moriarty standing upon the narrow pathway which led to safety. I read an inexorable purpose in his grey eyes. I exchanged some remarks with him, therefore, and obtained his courteous permission to write the short note which you afterwards received. I left it with my cigarette-box and my stick

and I stood upon the pathway, cornered at last by the Napoleon of Crime. He drew no weapon, but he rushed at me and threw his long arms around me. He knew that his own game was up, you see, and was only anxious to revenge himself upon me. We tottered together upon the brink of the fall. But I have some knowledge of baritsu, the ancient Japanese system of wrestling, which has more than once been useful to me. I slipped through his grip, and he, with a horrible scream, kicked madly for a few seconds and clawed the air with both his hands. But for all his efforts he could not get his balance, and over he went. With my face over the brink, I saw him fall for a *long way*.

WATSON: But the tracks! I saw with my own eyes that two went down the path and none returned.

SHERLOCK: It came about in this way. The *instant* that the Professor had *disappeared*, it struck me what a really extraordinarily lucky chance Fate had placed in my way. I knew that Moriarty was not the only man who had sworn my death. There were at least three others whose desire for vengeance upon me would only be increased by the death of their leader. They were all most *dangerous* men. One or other would certainly get me. On the other hand, if all the world was convinced that I was dead they would take liberties, these men, they would lay themselves open, and sooner or later *I* could destroy *them*. Then it would be time for me to announce that I was still in the land of the living. So rapidly does the brain act that I believe I had thought this all out before Professor Moriarty had reached the bottom of the Reichenbach Falls... I turned to examine

the rocky wall behind me. In your picturesque account of the matter, which I read with great interest some months later, you asserted that the wall was sheer. This was not literally true. A few small footholds presented themselves, and there was some indication of a ledge. The cliff was so high that to climb it to the top was an obvious impossibility to all except perhaps some breed of alpine goat, such as the chamois... But it was equally impossible to make my way along the wet path without leaving some tracks. I might, it is true, have reversed my boots, as I have done on similar occasions...

WATSON: On *similar* occasions... Well, why didn't you?

SHERLOCK: Because the sight of *three* sets of tracks in only *one* direction, over the falls, would certainly have suggested a deception.

On the whole, then, it was best that I should risk the climb. It was not a pleasant business, Watson. The fall roared beneath me. I am not a fanciful person, but I give you my word that I seemed to hear Moriarty's voice screaming at me out of the abyss...

A mistake would have been fatal. More than once as tufts of grass came out in my hand or my foot slipped in the wet notches of the rock, I thought that I was gone.

But I struggled upwards, and at last I reached a ledge several feet deep and covered with soft green moss, where I could lie unseen in the most perfect comfort. There I was stretched when you, my dear Watson, and all your following were investigating in the most

sympathetic and inefficient manner the circumstances of my death.

At last, when you had all formed your inevitable and totally erroneous conclusions, you departed for the hotel, and I was left alone.

I imagined I had reached the end of my Adventure.

And then a huge rock, falling from above, boomed past me, struck the path, and bounded over into the chasm. For an instant I thought that it was an accident; but a moment later, looking up, I saw a man's head against the darkening sky, and another stone struck the very ledge upon which I was stretched, within a foot of my head. Of course, the meaning of this was obvious. Moriarty had not been alone. A confederate—and even that one glance had told me how *dangerous* a man that confederate was—had kept guard while the Professor had attacked me. From a distance, unseen by me, he had been a witness of his friend's death and of my escape. He must have waited, and then, making his way round to the top of the cliff, he had endeavored to succeed where his comrade had failed.

I did not take long to think about it, Watson. Again I saw that grim face look over the cliff, and I knew that it was the precursor of another stone. I scrambled down on to the path. I don't think I could have done it in cold blood. It was a hundred times more difficult than getting up. But I had no time to think of the *danger*, for another stone sang past me as I hung by my hands from the edge of the ledge. Halfway down I slipped, but by the blessing of God I landed, torn and bleeding, upon

the path. I took to my heels, did ten miles over the mountains in the darkness, and a week later I found myself in Florence with the certainty that no one in the world knew what had become of me.

WATSON: (*to himself*) Apart from the man on the cliff?...

SHERLOCK: I had only one confidant—my brother, Mycroft.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORD (MINOR).

I owe you many apologies, my dear Watson, but it was all-important that it should be thought that I was dead, and it is quite certain that you would not have written so convincing an account of my unhappy end had you not yourself thought that it was true.

WATSON: (*an injured friend, and writer*) Hmph!

SHERLOCK: Several times during the last three years I have taken up my pen to write to you, but always I feared lest your affectionate regard for me should tempt you to some indiscretion which would betray my secret. For that reason I turned away from you this evening when you upset my books, for I was in *danger* at the time, and any show of surprise or emotion upon your part might have drawn attention to my identity and led to the most deplorable and irreparable results.

As to Mycroft, I had to confide in him in order to obtain the money which I needed. For I knew that at least two of the *syndicate's* most *dangerous* members were still at large.

I travelled two years in Tibet, therefore, and amused myself by visiting Lhasa and spending some days with the head Llama.

You may have read of the remarkable explorations of a Norwegian named *Sigerson*, but I am sure that it never occurred to you that you were receiving news of your friend. Then I passed through Persia, looked in at Mecca, and paid a short but interesting visit to Khalifa and Khartoum, the results of which I communicated to the Foreign Office.

Having concluded this to my satisfaction, I was about to return to London, when my movements were hastened by the news of this very remarkable Park Lane Mystery. This case appealed to me on its own merits, but also offered some peculiar personal opportunities.

I believe I can say for certain that one of my enemies is, for the time being at least, at liberty in London.

I came over at once, called in my own person at Baker Street, threw the old landlady, Mrs. Hudson into violent hysterics, and found that Mycroft had preserved my rooms and my papers exactly as they had always been. So it was, my dear Watson, that at two o'clock today I found myself in my old armchair in my old room, and only wishing that I could have seen my old friend Watson in the other chair which he has so often adorned.

WATSON: A remarkable narrative. A narrative which would be utterly incredible to me were it not confirmed

by the actual sight of you, the man who I had never thought to see again. (*Watson is emotional*)

SHERLOCK: Work is the best antidote to sorrow, my dear Watson, and I have a piece of work for us both tonight which, if we can bring it to a successful conclusion, will in itself justify a man's life on this planet. Tonight, we start upon the notable adventure of The Empty House. (*laughs lightly*) Mwahahaha!

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS  
(OMINOUS).

### SCENE 3

FADE IN: THE CLATTER OF A CAB ON  
COBBLESTONES, AND UNDER.

WATSON: It was indeed like old times when I found myself seated beside him in a hansom, my revolver in my pocket and the thrill of adventure in my heart. Holmes was cold and stern and silent as I watched his face drawn down in thought, lit only by the gleam of the streetlamps through the slatted windows of our cab...

I knew not what wild beast we were about to hunt down in the dark jungle of criminal London, but I was well assured from the bearing of this master huntsman, that the adventure was a most grave one. The sinister smile which occasionally flashed upon his face boded little good for the quarry we sought. ...I had imagined we were bound for Baker Street, but Holmes stopped the cab at the corner of Cavendish Square.

CLATTER STOPS.

WATSON: (cont.) ...I observed that as he stepped out, Sherlock gave a most searching glance to right and left. And at every subsequent street corner he took the utmost pains to assure that he was not followed.

TWO SETS OF STEPS, RAPID, UNDER AND OUT.

WATSON: Our route was a singular one. Holmes's knowledge of the byways of London was extraordinary, and on this occasion he passed rapidly, and with an assured step, through a network of mews and stables, the very existence of which I had never known. We emerged at last into a small road, lined with old gloomy houses, which led us into Manchester Street, and so to Blandford Street. Here he turned swiftly down a narrow passage, passed through a wooden gate into a deserted yard, and then opened with a *makeshift key* the back door of a house. We entered together, and he closed the door behind us.

OLD DOOR CREAKS OPEN, AND CLOSES  
(SLIGHT ECHO).

WATSON: The place was pitch dark, but it was evident to me that it was an Empty House.

SHERLOCK: (*whispers*) Do you know where we are?

WATSON: (*whispers*) ...Surely that is Baker Street?

SHERLOCK: Exactly. We are in Camden House, which stands opposite to our old quarters.

WATSON: We've arrived, by these circuitous means, where I'd guessed we were destined for in the first place... But why are we here?

SHERLOCK: Because this window alone commands so excellent a view. Might I trouble you, my dear Watson, to draw a little nearer; take care not to show yourself now. We will see if my three years of absence have entirely taken away my power to surprise you.

CREAKING STEPS.

SHERLOCK: Well?

WATSON: Good heavens! It is marvelous!

SHERLOCK: I trust that age does not wither nor custom stale my infinite variety. It really is rather like me, is it not?

WATSON: I should be prepared to swear that it *was* you.

SHERLOCK: The credit of the execution is due to (*quite French*) Monsieur Oscar Meunier, of Grenoble, who spent some days in doing the molding. It is a bust in wax. The robe and the rest I arranged myself during my visit to Baker Street this afternoon.

WATSON: But why?

SHERLOCK: Because, my dear Watson, I had the strongest possible reason for wishing certain people to think that I was *there* when I really was elsewhere.

WATSON: So you think your rooms are watched?

SHERLOCK: I *know* that they're watched.

WATSON: By whom?

SHERLOCK: By my old enemies, Watson. By the charming society whose late leader lies in the Reichenbach Falls. You must remember that they knew, and only they knew, that I was still alive.

WATSON: And *Mycroft*, of course.

SOFT INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORD  
(SINISTER).

SHERLOCK: Sooner or later, they knew I would come back to my rooms. They have watched them continuously these three years. And this morning they saw me arrive.

WATSON: How do you know?

SHERLOCK: Because I recognized their sentinel when I glanced out of my window. He is a harmless enough fellow, Parker by name, a garroter by trade, and a remarkable performer upon the mouth harp. I cared nothing for him. But I cared a great deal for the much more formidable person who was behind him, the bosom friend of Moriarty, the man who dropped the rocks over the cliff at Reichenbach Fall, the most cunning and *dangerous* man in London now that The Professor is gone. *That* is the man who is after me tonight, Watson, and *that* is the man who is quite unaware of how *we* are after *him*...

SILENCE.

WATSON: Good heavens! The bust has moved!

SHERLOCK: Of course it has moved. Am I such a farcical bungler, Watson, that I should erect an obvious dummy and expect that some of the sharpest men in Europe would be deceived by it? Mrs. Hudson will make some change to that figure every quarter of an hour. She works it from below so that her shadow may never be seen. Ah! (*draws in his breath with a shrill, excited intake*) Hide with me here in the shadows.

Sherlock's and Watson's SOFT FOOTSTEPS retreat.

SILENCE.

A DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

HEAVIER FOOTSTEPS, SOFTLY ECHO inside The Empty House.

NARRATOR: (*quietly*) It is none other than Colonel Moran, casually holding the gun of Moriarty's invention. He does not see, or expect to see, Sherlock and Watson in the room. He walks to the window where they had just stood.

MORAN: Fifi must truly be French. (*a little sigh of satisfaction*) Good heavens, in the window, look at that! Could it really be Holmes, I wonder?

NARRATOR: Moran looks closer through the grimy windowpanes.

TENSE MUSIC.

NARRATOR: Suddenly, Holmes springs like a tiger on to Moran's back, hurls him flat upon his face, and disarms Moran in his surprise.

SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE.

THE GUN BEING PUSHED ACROSS THE FLOOR.

NARRATOR: Moran is up again in a moment, and with convulsive strength, he seizes Holmes by the throat!

SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE.

NARRATOR: Watson strikes Moran on the head with the butt of his revolver, and Moran drops again to the floor.

THE STRIKE FROM THE GUN.

BODY COLLAPSES.

SOUNDS OF WATSON PINNING MORAN DOWN,  
GRUNTS.

NARRATOR: Watson falls upon Moran and pins him down.

A POLICE WHISTLE BLOWS, SHRILL,  
REPEATEDLY.

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING, DISTANT,  
APPROACHING FROM THE STREET.

MORAN: (*shouts with rage and amazement*) You fiend! You fiend! You clever, clever fiend!

SHERLOCK: Ah, Colonel! (*he arranges his ruffled collar*) 'Journeys end in lovers' meetings,' as the old

play says. I don't think I have had the pleasure of seeing you since you favored me with those attentions as I lay on the ledge above Reichenbach Falls.

MORAN: (*stares at Sherlock in disbelief and admiration*) You cunning, cunning fiend!

SHERLOCK: (*to Watson*) I have not introduced you two yet, forgive me. This, is Colonel Sebastian Moran, once of Her Majesty's Indian Army, and the best heavy game shot that our Eastern Empire has ever produced. I believe I am correct, Colonel, in saying that your bag of tigers still remains unrivalled?

*Moran says nothing.*

SHERLOCK: (cont.) I wonder that my very simple stratagem could deceive so old a *shikari*... You knew I had returned to London, for your man, Parker, informed you this morning. With alarm, you must have immediately connected the reason for my return with your crime. Knowing, as any arch-enemy would, my love for poetical justice, you assumed that I would attempt to trap you as a tiger is trapped, setting a wax bust of myself for bait, while the real me lay in wait for you down in the street.

I, on the other hand, assumed that you, with all the confidence of a villain, would think to yourself, 'a child could deduce what Sherlock would do,' and lie in wait for me yourself—keeping an eye, not on the bust in the window, but on the street for the real me—therefore I knew that you would wait for me here; at the most

perfect possible vantage point: the window of this Empty House.

MORAN: (*has to admire this deduction*) You fiend.

DOOR SLAM (SLIGHT ECHO).

SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS INSIDE THE HOUSE.

SHERLOCK: That you, Lestrade?

SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC...

LESTRADE: Yes, Mr. Holmes. I took the job myself. It's good to have you back in London, sir.

SHERLOCK: (*relieved*) I think you want a little unofficial help. *Three* undetected murders in one year won't do. But you handled the Molesey Mystery with less than your usual—that's to say, you handled it fairly well.

MORAN: You may or may not have just cause for arresting *me*, but at least there can be no reason why I should have to listen to the ceaseless commentary of this person. If I am in the hands of the law, let things proceed in a legal way.

LESTRADE: Well, that's reasonable enough. Nothing further you have to say, Mr. Holmes, before we go?

SHERLOCK: Just one thing more. Let me draw your attention to this admirable and unique air gun. Noiseless and of tremendous power. I knew Von Herder, the blind German mechanic, who constructed it to the order of the late Professor Moriarty. Yes, for years I have been aware of its existence, though I have

never before had the opportunity of handling it. I commend it very specially to your attention, Lestrade, and also the bullets which fit it.

LESTRADE: You can trust us to look after that, Mr. Holmes. Anything further to say?

SHERLOCK: ...Only to ask what charge you intend to prefer.

LESTRADE: What charge? Why, of course, the attempted murder of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Not so, Lestrade. I do not propose to appear in the matter at all. To you, and to you only, belongs the credit of the remarkable arrest which you have just made. Yes, Lestrade, I congratulate you! With your usual happy mixture of cunning and audacity, you have got him!

LESTRADE: Got him? Got whom, Mr. Holmes?

WATSON: If I may: This is the man the whole force has been seeking in vain—Colonel Sebastian Moran, who shot that honorable young fellow, Reginald Adair, with an expanding bullet through the second-floor window of his housefront on Park Lane!

LESTRADE: Right.

HANDCUFFS SNAP.

A PRISON CELL DOOR SHUTS (CLANG).

A TIGER GROWLS.

## SCENE 4

NARRATOR: We are in Moran's jail cell. Moran does one-armed pushups, effortlessly, and at other times, he paces his cage...

...But who's this?

A DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

MORAN: Sherlock got the drop on *you* this time, *Professor*.

MORIARTY: Not so, my dear Colonel Moran. This time *I* got the drop on: *you*. I knew all along that Sherlock would discover you in The Empty House. And he did.

MORAN: (*protests*) You said Sherlock, a man on the side of the law, wouldn't break into a private house!

MORIARTY: My dear, dear Sebastian. Sherlock does nothing but break into houses. He, like me, has no patience for frivolous laws. They stand in the way of accomplishment.

But you, Moran. You. The unrivalled heavy game hunter of the Himalayas, the man who literally wrote the book on the subject, you *knew* Sherlock was hunting *you*, you *knew* that, and you were still surprised by your prey.

And I, Moran, *I*, knowing how bored you become when tracking human quarry, deduced that you would let your guard down—perhaps to call on a friend?

MORAN: (*seriously*) I've been studying French.

MORIARTY: Indeed. My better angels yet hoped that you would focus yourself on the matter at hand, and in doing so, would not be caught by Sherlock. But my worser angels assured me that if you *did* let yourself be distracted, you would deserve everything that you got.

MORAN: But why? Why set me up for a fall in the first place?

MORIARTY: *Because you took my gun!!* You only get to use a gun like that once and have it be a surprise. A gun that leaves a fatal wound in such a way that any forensic expert—any forensic expert or criminal detective in the world—would assume the gun must have been fired in the very same room... When in fact, you can be a convenient city block, almost, away!

A gun like that is meant for diamond heists, for royal heads, for secret mysteries of the occult, for stolen tombs and buried treasure, for the promise of an everlasting life!

You. Used it because you like to play cards at the Bagatelle club, and a young man was going to tell that you had cheated in a game and have you barred. And now that the gun has been used, and the whole world will soon know about its existence, now any time that a gun like it is used again, and any time the police are baffled by a similar crime—they will think of the famous air gun of the blind German mechanic, Von Herder. It will adorn the Scotland Yard Museum. What a horrible waste...

MORAN: I take your point. But I still don't think that I entirely understand, Professor. I fancy I'm a valuable man to you. Why lose the use of me as well as the gun, letting me rot here in a horrible old jail cell?

MORIARTY: Because even without an open scandal like the murder of Reggie Adair, you're too hot to hold sometimes, Colonel Moran. Add to this, while I've been supplying you liberally and constantly with money, I've been using you in only one or two very high-class jobs each year. I grant you these are jobs that no ordinary criminal could have undertaken, and for that, I do value you at an appropriately high mark... but with scandals on top of that, the expense and effort of keeping you on is *harder* to justify.

And yet, all this, the money, is negligible. The loss of the gun, even, is negligible. The primary reason you are here in this cell is at the behest of our client.

MORAN: (*seethes*) Mycroft.

MORIARTY: Hold your tongue. Idiot. Our client wishes to have the full attention of our friend, Sherlock. He is pleased that your bungling has prompted Sherlock's return. But he wished to have the matter promptly closed. Immediately.

MORAN: That is still not a reason for me to have been apprehended.

MORIARTY: *My gun.*

MORAN: So you mean to tell me that you've had me imprisoned just for spite. And that Sherlock is a more valuable man to you, than me.

MORIARTY: ...Quite. You said once yourself, that Sherlock might someday be useful to us. That day has now come.

MORAN: And why. Why today.

MORIARTY: Elementary, my dear Moran. Our client informs me that someone on the inside has double-crossed our plans for the stealth submarine.

MORAN: A rat on the ship?

MORIARTY: That's all that you need to know, for now. But you'll see, of course, that if we cannot trust anyone on the *inside*, we will require someone on the outside to catch 'em.

MORAN: But, will this not risk throwing a light on the entire operation? Do you not worry that Sherlock will see more than he should?

MORIARTY: Tut tut, do not fret about that. Not when our client, and myself, are seeing to the matter personally. Sherlock will see nothing we don't want him to see. He'll be working for us now.

MORAN: For you, you mean.

MORIARTY: For me.

MORAN: You're not seriously going to leave me in here, Professor.

MORIARTY: You'll just have to wait and see.

MORAN: For how long? Blast it, man!

NARRATOR: Moriarty tips his hat with a smile and exits.

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

A TIGER GROWLS.

FOOTSTEPS OF A GUARD.

DOOR OPENS.

MORAN: What's this about, then.

PRISON GUARD: You're free to go, sir.

MORAN: (*laughs triumphantly*) Haha! And about time, too!

PRISON GUARD: You are to read this note first.

A PAPER OPENS.

MORAN: (*howls with frustration*) Not again! I *detest* watching Sherlock Holmes do things! It's the silliest thing in the world to do!... His little papers, his adorable costumes...

PRISON GUARD: I quite enjoy Sherlock Adventures.

MORAN: Well, no one asked you. I won't do it for love or for money. It's as simple as that.

PRISON GUARD: They said you'd say that. I am to reiterate to you that *you will*, if you want out of here, that is.

MORAN: Oh, very well then. It's true what it says here in this note that I'm the only criminal Sherlock will never suspect, for he only just put me away...

PRISON GUARD: Don't tell *me*, sir. Just get out of here. Quickly now. Before I change my mind.

MORAN: How much are you being paid then?

PRISON GUARD: None of your business.

CELL DOOR OPENS WIDE.

SLAMS SHUT WITH A CLANG.

## SCENE 5

FADE TO: A BUOY CLANGING.

OCEAN LAPPING against a dock.

SEAGULLS.

OCEAN SOUNDS CONTINUE, UNDER AND OUT.

NARRATOR: We are at a shipyard. Moriarty and Mycroft look out.

MYCROFT: This ship of yours was a (*quite French*) coup-de-mâitre.

MORIARTY: ...I beg your pardon.

MYCROFT: A coup-de-mâitre. A stroke of genius. A masterstroke.

MORIARTY: Indeed.

MYCROFT: To hide a thing so large

MYCROFT AND MORIARTY: You must hide it in plain sight.

MYCROFT: What's more, you draw attention to the thing.

MORIARTY: Child's play, Mycroft. The 'artifice' could have been anything, of course. The ship simply provides an elegant solution.

Our premise was a simple one, as you'll recall: One builds a military submarine in a Navy Yard—except, when the military submarine is top secret—at a clearance far beyond that of the workers and officers in the Navy Yard—in that case, one cannot build the submarine in a Navy Yard.

It follows then without equivocation: One must seek for a comparable site, that's comparably near the water—it must be a private shipyard with private slipways of tremendous size; for building a submarine that's capable of unprecedented power, is no small, tidy task.

But naturally, any shipyard of that size, either hired or built for the exclusive use of one private company (a front for the government, of course), would be sure to draw public attention, unless of course, *another* ship were being constructed in the same shipyard at the same time. Not just any ship, but one that could capture the entire world's imagination. A ship, that could so arrest the world's attention, that no one would ever, ever think to look at what's moored, submerged beneath the water. Such a deadly thing; a weapon never before seen in aquatic warfare...

MYCROFT: Yes, yes. *This one* is the one that will do it, for England.

MORIARTY: I know there have been some failures along the path to its perfection.

MYCROFT: The first one sank because the intake failed to close—whilst diving. It was instantaneous.

MORIARTY: It was nearly half a million pounds we ‘sank’ into it.

MYCROFT: The second one got lost, for reasons yet unknown.

MORIARTY: But on the bright side, we found it again when the third submarine we made struck against it!

MYCROFT: And then they were both trapped on the bottom of Gare Loch.

MORIARTY: At least that crew was luckier. After several hours they managed to claw their way back to the surface.

MYCROFT: We were due for a win, of a sort: The fourth held the *unofficial* record for maximum diving depth, 81 meters, following an *uncontrolled* descent to the bottom of Pentland Firth.

MORIARTY: And yet, the ship managed to surface successfully—despite having been below ‘crush depth.’ This fascinates me—

MYCROFT: Me as well. It suggests that we have *no* idea at what depth a hull will be crushed. Professor, you

cannot call a thing ‘crush depth’ if the only submarine that has ever reached that ‘depth’—was not ‘crushed.’

MORIARTY: (*defensive*) We do indeed have an idea of what crush depth is. We know the math.

MYCROFT: I regret mentioning it. The misnomer annoys me.

MORIARTY: (*continues his defense*) The hull of a submarine must be able to withstand the forces created by the outside water pressure, which is greater than the inside air pressure. Yes? Yes.

The outside water pressure increases with depth, and so the stresses on the hull also increase. We know that each 10 meters of depth puts another *atmosphere*, or 1 bar, 1 unit of *barometric* pressure on the hull, so for instance, at 80 meters, the hull would be withstanding 8 atmospheres, or 8 *bar*, of water pressure.

MYCROFT: Everyone knows this Moriarty! Everyone knows that all surface ships, as well as surfaced submarines, are in a positively buoyant condition, weighing less than the volume of water they *would* displace if they were fully *submerged*. Yes? Yes. So, to *submerge hydrostatically*, a ship must have *negative* buoyancy, either by increasing its own weight or decreasing its displacement of water. This is why submarines have ballast tanks, which can hold varying amounts of water, and air, to control their displacement and weight.

If we *hadn't* known these things, the loss of the ship might have been justified. But *knowing* these things, as

*we all do*, is why it was such a ‘crushing’ blow when the fourth ship sank in its mooring the very next day.

MORIARTY: Yes. But we now know what caused that! That was caused by the hydraulic oil *expanding* in the heat caused by the ship’s exertion in resurfacing, and then *contracting* overnight as the temperature dropped. The consequent loss of pressure caused the diving vents to open, and the boat flooded through those open vents, as it submerged.

MYCROFT: Glad I am that we know *why* it sank. Annoyed I am that we have no hope, yet, of *recovering* that ship.

The workmen call these submarines ‘deathtraps.’

MORIARTY: Morale *is* becoming a problem...

But look, see all that we’ve learned. Just imagine how many centuries of innovation have led to us being able to launch a torpedo underwater. A ballistic missile, man! Look how far we’ve come in inventing the entire submarine to this point!

MYCROFT: The bimetallic question alone... It’s true that every element requires an exquisite amount of knowledge.

MORIARTY: Knowledge fit for purpose. You have a ship that can sail completely underneath the water? It’s like a Jules Verne novel come to life. What do you use such a ship for? To explore the hidden depths? To *spy* more likely. And to deal death in absolute stealth. What problems must we solve to do these things...

MYCROFT: Propulsion under water.

MORIARTY: *Electricity* running engines under water.

MYCROFT: Firepower under water.

MORIARTY: Communications underwater, wireless, communications back to land, back to their command.

MYCROFT: A weapon of warfare known to none of our enemies.

MORIARTY: ...Nor to Her Majesty, The Queen.

*They regard each other.*

MORIARTY: (cont.) My point is, we have accomplished a great deal here, together.

MYCROFT: I agree. Of course.

*Pause.*

MYCROFT: (cont.) It is a coincidence, is it not, Professor, that someone should have broken into the submarine on the very same day that Sherlock returned to London?

MORIARTY: A ‘coincidence’ is something that one *believes* in. Belief has never been my *forte*. Do you believe in coincidence, Mycroft?

*Pause.*

MYCROFT: (*turning back to the ship*) I believe that our ‘artifice’ as you call it is a huge one. The day they laid down that enormous keel... 269 meters long, that’s more than two and a half city blocks long. I dare not

walk it from end to end... D'you know, the center anchor alone is over 16 *tons*, and forged by hand?

MORIARTY: I calculate it will take 22 *tons* of soap and tallow spread upon the slipway just to lubricate the ship's passage into the water.

MYCROFT: She is certainly a spectacle fit for the world. I hope she fares better on *her* maiden voyage. She can sail more than 2,000 souls upon her, passengers, and crew, all told.

MORIARTY: She is not my concern, at the moment. I wish dreadfully that I could be of more use to *you* now.

MYCROFT: You cannot possibly go yourself in-person this time. We cannot risk Sherlock so much as suspecting that you are alive! No, I will go to him myself this time.

MORIARTY: The thought of you breaking your routine to pay a visit on him at his own rooms... Careful he doesn't have you covered under the cloth, for you may give him a worse surprise than I could.

MYCROFT: (*laughs lightly*) Mwahaha! I shall send him a telegram first.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS.

OCEAN SOUNDS CROSS-FADE TO ...

SOUND OF SOFT RAIN.

## SCENE 6

MORAN: (*narrates, like Jacques Cousteau*) A dense fog like rain has descended on London town. Were it not for ze keenness of my eyes, I could not see across ze street to Holmes's window from zees Empty House. I am back 'ere again...

Holmes has spent ze morning cross-indexing his huge book of references; patiently occupied upon some subject of study—music of ze Middle Ages, perhaps.

Ah, here eez Doctor Watson arriving.

They consult ze morning's paper. They consult ozzer newspaperz.

Sherlock groans, dramatically, and paces, restlessly.

(*He drops the Jacques Cousteau, and continues narrating*) He bores *himself* with all these little papers and pipettes and things, and that's what he does all day and all night, he picks up little pieces of information and he puts them in his brain. He's like a bee on a flower just gathering, gathering, busy, busy, buzz buzz buzz.

(*serious*) You don't put a top man on a watch in a tree to keep his eyes trained on a *bumble bee*...

I imagine Holmes saying to himself now, (*as Sherlock*) 'the London criminal is certainly a *dull* fellow now that I've captured or killed the two most *dangerous* among 'em.'

He looks out the window now.

I imagine he says now, (*as Sherlock*) ‘look out this window, Watson. See how the figures in the street loom up, are dimly seen, and then blend once more into the cloudbank. The thief or murderer could roam London on such a day as the tiger does the jungle, unseen until he pounces, and even then, evident to only his victim.’

How true, Sherlock, how true... He is as impatient as I am for *action*.

What’s this now—a telegram being delivered?

## INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS

### SCENE 7

#### NEWSPAPERS RIFFLING.

SHERLOCK: Nothing of interest in the paper, Watson?

#### NEWSPAPER RIFFLING.

WATSON: There have been numerous petty thefts.

SHERLOCK: This great and somber stage is set for something more worthy than that... It is fortunate for this community that *I* am not a criminal.

WATSON: It is indeed!

SHERLOCK: Suppose that I were Brooks or Woodhouse, or any of the *fifty* men who have good reason for taking my life, how long could I survive against my own pursuit? A summons, a bogus appointment, and all would be over... By Jove! Here comes something at last to break the monotony. A telegram.

DOOR KNOCK.

DOOR OPENS.

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

TELEGRAM RIPS OPEN.

DOOR CLOSES.

SHERLOCK: What next? Brother Mycroft is coming round.

WATSON: Why not?

SHERLOCK: 'Why not?' As if you were invited aboard a ferry boat paddling down a stream. Mycroft has his predetermined course and he stays to it. His Pall Mall lodgings, the Diogenes Club, Whitehall—that is his chartered course. Once, and only once, has he been here. What upheaval can possibly have altered his way...

WATSON: Does he not say?

SHERLOCK: See for yourself.

WATSON: (*reads*) 'Must see you. Coming at once.'

SHERLOCK: That Mycroft should break out in this erratic fashion! A planet might as well leave its orbit. By the way, do you know *what* Mycroft is?

WATSON: You once told me he held some small office under the British government.

SHERLOCK: Just as I suspected. I did not know you quite so well in those days. One has to be discreet when

one talks of high matters of state. You are right in thinking that he is under the British government. You would also be right in a sense if you said that occasionally he IS the British government.

WATSON: My dear Holmes!

SHERLOCK: I thought I might surprise you. Mycroft draws only £450 a year, remains a subordinate, has no ambitions of any kind, will receive neither honor nor title—and he remains the most indispensable man in the country.

WATSON: But how?

SHERLOCK: Well, his position is unique. He has made it for himself. There has never been anything like it before, nor will there be again. He has the tidiest and most orderly brain, with the greatest capacity for storing facts, of any man living. The same great powers which I have turned to the detection of crime he has used for this particular business: The conclusions of every department are passed to him, and he is the central exchange, the clearinghouse, which makes out the balance. All other men are specialists, but his specialism is omniscience. We will suppose that a minister needs information as to a point which involves the Navy, India, Canada and the bimetallic question; he could get his separate advices from various departments upon each, but only Mycroft can focus them all, and say offhand how each factor would affect the other. They began by using him as a ‘short cut’ a ‘convenience.’ Now he has made himself an ‘essential.’ In that great brain of his, everything is pigeon-holed and can be

handed out in an instant. Again and again his word has decided the national policy. He lives in it. He thinks of nothing else save when, as an intellectual exercise, he unbends if I call upon him and ask him to advise me on one of my little problems. But Jupiter is descending today. What on earth can it mean?

HEAVY FOOTSTEP.

DOOR OPENS.

*Mycroft enters.*

MYCROFT: A most annoying business, Sherlock. I extremely dislike altering my habits, and with the present state of Siam it is most awkward that I should be away from the office. But it is a real crisis.

SHERLOCK: (*moving to shut the door*) What has happened?

DOOR SHUTS LOUDLY.

MYCROFT: (*jumps at the sound*) Ah, there's the point! It has not come out yet—and it must never come out—that someone has broken into the Bruce-Partington submarine.

*Pause; they do not recognize the name.*

MYCROFT: (cont.) Surely you have heard of it? I thought everyone had heard of it.

*Pause; Sherlock and Watson check with each other.*

WATSON: Perhaps as a name?

MYCROFT: Its importance can hardly be exaggerated. It has been the most jealously guarded of all government secrets.

SHERLOCK: Hm. (*he has noticed this inconsistency, but says nothing.*)

MYCROFT: You may take it from me that naval warfare becomes impossible within the radius of a Bruce-Partington's operation. Two years ago, a very large sum was smuggled through the Estimates and was expended in acquiring a monopoly on the invention...

WATSON: (*frowns at this*) Hm.

MYCROFT: Every effort has been made to keep the submarine *secret*. And the codes for communications and launch instructions, which are essential to controlling the thing once it's underway, are kept in an elaborate safe in a confidential room onboard ship, which has been burglar proofed. Under no conceivable circumstances were the codes ever to be taken from that elaborate safe. And yet here we find that the safe has been broken into. From an official point of view, it's simply awful.

SHERLOCK: But you have recovered the codes?

MYCROFT: No, Sherlock, no! That's the pinch. We have not. Nothing has been *taken* from the safe. Nothing is *missing*. But it is certain that someone *accessed* the safe; someone who must have held the keys to the entire submarine. The codes have surely been copied or memorized by some one or God help us, some *ones*.

You must drop everything, Sherlock. Never mind your usual petty puzzles of the police court. It's a vital international problem that you have to solve. Why did someone break into the safe, to serve what entity, where is that person now, and how can this evil ever be set right? Find an answer to all these questions, and you will have done a good service for your country.

SHERLOCK: (*lightly apprising*) Why do you not solve it yourself, Mycroft? You can see as far as I.

MYCROFT: Possibly, Sherlock. But it is a question of getting details. Give me your details, and from an armchair I will return you an excellent expert opinion. But to run here and run there, to cross-question guards and press up against things with a lens to my eye—it is not my (*quite French*) métier.

WATSON: (*coughs*)

MYCROFT: No, you are the one man who can clear the matter up. If you have a fancy to see your name in the next honors list—

SHERLOCK: (*smiles and shakes his head*) No. I play the game for the game's own sake.

But this problem certainly presents some points of interest, and I shall be very pleased to look into it.

MYCROFT: I have jotted down the more essential facts upon this sheet of paper. Among them are the fact that over 15,000 people work at the shipyard where the submarine is. Another fact is that only 2 have the keys to that safe. And the third fact is that should those codes

fall into the wrong person's hands, that person could order the submarine to do unprecedented harm to its targets at sea. It is a brilliant machine.

WATSON: If I may, why don't you simply throw out the codes that may have been copied, or memorized, and issue new ones before the ship sails?

MYCROFT: Because that would require me to tell the *Prime Minister* that the codes to our top-secret submarine have been compromised, which would in turn lay us open to the risk of foreign powers—who may already be in our midst—learning this unfortunate news as well. We cannot appear to be weak, for besides defeating the entire purpose of having a *top-secret* submarine, there is simply no need to reissue new codes if the person or persons responsible can be apprehended and the situation can be contained. Is that clear?

WATSON: Quite.

MYCROFT: Besides. It is a mathematical certainty that the rat on our ship is either a rat for an ambitious private company, a rat for a hostile country, or some sinister organization that deals in the *most* audacious of crimes.

SHERLOCK: Quite.

*Pause.*

MYCROFT: Trust no one.

HEAVY FOOTSTEP.

DOOR OPENS SLOWLY, CLOSSES WITH FINALITY.

WATSON: But how shall we keep Mycroft apprised of our progress in such a secretive business?

SHERLOCK: We shall reach him at the Diogenes Club, of course.

No member is permitted to take the least notice of any other one. Save in 'the Stranger's Room' of the Club, no talking is, under any circumstances, permitted, and three offences if brought to the notice of the committee, render the talker liable to expulsion. My brother was one of the Founders of the club, along with several other highly unusual and 'unclubbable' men who value privacy over society. I can imagine no better place to trade in high secrets of state.

WATSON: Well, well... Shall we make a start now upon Mycroft's case?

SHERLOCK: Let's shall. And let us begin by visiting the address he included here among the 'known knows.' The location of the secret submarine.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORD.

## SCENE 8

FADE IN: OCEAN SOUNDS, UNDER AND OUT.

MORAN: (*narrating his watch*) An unorthodox crime for our friend. No murder. No theft. Nothing missing. Only the certain knowledge that *some one* or *some ones* have accessed information of the most secret kind. Information that's worth more than their lives...

By a surprisingly direct route, Sherlock and his good friend the Doctor have arrived at the shipyard of the secret submarine, and they are currently on board. As predicted, Sherlock seems to have no fear of being followed, at least, certainly not by me... But what's this? Another figure approaches. Can it be? It can't be. The Professor?? No. Is it? No. Is it?...Damn this craze for disguises.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS.

FADE IN: SUBMARINE SOUNDS (DINGS, BUBBLES), UNDER AND OUT.

WATSON: Well Sherlock, I can't begin to imagine how you will go about solving this case. There is nothing missing. There is nothing to be found. How the deuce will you do it?

SHERLOCK: We must begin with what is known to us, Watson. As my brother suggested, and he is never wrong, we might begin with the fact that only two people hold the keys to this room and this safe.

WATSON: Surely, if it was as simple as finding out that the culprit was one of those men, Mycroft would have found the truth for himself.

SHERLOCK: For all his mental powers, I would not underestimate the power his *armchair* has over him. But you're quite right, I doubt it's either one of those two men. But who comes here?

HATCH WHEEL SPINS.

*Moriarty enters disguised like a fatherly Sea Captain.*

MORIARTY: Why blow me down! As I live and breathe! Or perhaps I should say, as you do! It is the criminal agent, Sherlock Holmes, is it not?

SHERLOCK: It is. And you are?

MORIARTY: (*shaking hands*) I am Captain *Sigerson*, and I am delighted to meet you, sir. Delighted.

SHERLOCK: Delighted.

WATSON: Ahem.

SHERLOCK: Forgive me, this is my friend, Doctor John Watson.

MORIARTY: Of course you are, sir! The famous writer.

WATSON: Oh, hardly famous.

MORIARTY: We shall see about that. I for one never miss one of your ‘Adventures.’ I was terribly afraid that you’d had your last! I see that must have been ‘creative license’ now – have I used the term aright?

WATSON: I wish it *had* been ‘creative license,’ I am sure that I could have managed it quite convincingly, Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Captain Sigerson, your surname interests me. From whence does it originate?

MORIARTY: From my father, of course.

SHERLOCK: (*amused*) Of course.

MORIARTY: I was asked to come here and make sure you have all the information you need to further your

‘investigation’ – my word, but this is rather exciting for me, please forgive me. *(he composes himself)* You see, as Captain, I am one of the two men with the keys to this room.

WATSON: I suppose you won’t mind if I ask: but did *you* by any chance open the safe?

MORIARTY: My dear Doctor Watson, if it would close the case for you, I would admit it this moment, but no, I can say in all honesty that I did not open the safe.

SHERLOCK: I thought as much without needing to ask, Watson. But perhaps, as an expert in maritime communications, you might shed some light on how the codes were meant to be used. From that, we might deduce our culprit’s motive and or whereabouts.

MORIARTY: I should like nothing better, for although I am no real expert, not like a Mr. Marconi, I admit that I am a fanatic for new technologies like the radio. *(to Watson)* Perhaps you would like to write this down?

WATSON: *(frowns)* Ah.

NARRATOR: Watson claps his hand into his pocket to retrieve his memorandum book. Sherlock and The Prof—I mean ‘Captain Sigerson’ both pull pantomime pistols on him.

WATSON: *(startled)* Ah!

SHERLOCK AND MORIARTY: *(laugh at the serendipity. Sherlock likes ‘Captain Sigerson.’)*

MORIARTY: Just like in the Adventure of The Final Problem, eh, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK: Just so, Captain Sigerson, just so.

MORIARTY: Doctor Watson, you're Professor Moriarty now.

NARRATOR: Watson reluctantly joins their little joke; he hunches his shoulders, tents his hands, and sways his neck like Moriarty.

SHERLOCK AND MORIARTY: (*laugh together.*)

SHERLOCK: (*to Moriarty*) Ah, it's a relief to meet a gentleman with such a ready wit in *dangerous* situations.

WATSON: (*frowns again*) Ah.

MORIARTY: As I hope I've made clear, the pleasure is mine, Mr. Holmes. Now, if I may, the problem of communications between ships at sea has always been a rather tough one. For years, we used pigeons, and then morse code, flashed from ship to ship with lanterns, and eventually we managed to communicate over greater distances more rapidly by reflecting huge search lights against the night clouds.

Needless to say, none of these *visual* forms of communication can reach a submerged submarine, sir. This is why the invention of Mr. Marconi's was such a boon to the Navy in general, and why we almost immediately set the man (he's another genius, like you, sir) upon the task. After solving a thousand problems to reach a single desired result (perhaps you can relate to

this), the moment we had ships that could communicate via the *radio*, we found that the ships picked up all kinds of radio signals, from wherever they were in the world!

A great many serious mistakes were made due to radiomen reporting genuine orders they had received, only to learn after the fact that the order had not been meant for *their* ship. The radiomen blamed the officers. The officers blamed the radiomen. Dear me, how do we solve *this* problem now, we asked ourselves...

Quite simple: we solve the problem with *codes*. Anyone sending a communique to a British ship *must* send that communique along with a code, a single copy of which is held by the command post, and another single copy is preserved in total secrecy upon the ship. In this way, we can very efficiently verify that the communique is meant for us. For example: fire upon 25°N by 71°W, authentication code: Delta-Bravo-7-7-Juliet. You see?

Now, you can imagine, the importance of these codes is magnified many times over for a radio operator upon a submarine. As fast as advancements have been made to these ships, we still have limited or no visibility once we're underway. We *must* have intelligence regarding where to go and what to shoot from someone with *eyes*.

So imagine now, if a *criminal* were to be in possession of those codes, why, they could order this ship to attack anything that they wished, even one of our own huge British warships, for example, and at the moment, no one on board this submarine would have any idea they were doing terrible harm to their own side.

We rely absolutely upon an uncompromised chain of command. So, you see, an outside power having knowledge of this ship's codes compromises our chain of command—absolutely.

SHERLOCK: I do see. How is it, do you suppose, the codes were accessed? For a glance tells me that every modern effort has been made to protect them in here.

MORIARTY: It is a complete mystery to me, Mr. Holmes... You see, it's well-nigh impossible to keep a secret for any time upon a submarine... That's why I find it hard to believe it could be any of the men *under* me. And you'll understand, after what I have said, that I am in no position to point a finger *up* the chain of command... But I am personally inclined to think that the British Navy is smarter than any foreign adversary! And if it was done by our side, heaven help us, this *must* have been done by someone with rather more authority than myself, if you catch my drift. That is, if you take my word that it was not *me* who did it!

SHERLOCK: Oh, really now, you hardly seem the sort who would trade information to spies... But do you have any idea who it might have been, specifically? Who would have something to gain by using the codes?

MORIARTY: I do not interest myself in 'politics' much. They do no good to an old salt like me. No, I mind my own business as far as politics are concerned. But I know war is a good business for a great many people, high up. A smart man could use this submarine to start one.

SHERLOCK: Indeed. Out of curiosity, I cannot help but notice that we are not in a Navy Shipyard. The reasons for this, I can assume. My question is: who *does* this shipyard belong to?

MORIARTY: To the White Star Line, sir. You will have seen two of their ships nearly finished just out there—the largest ever made I'm told, and I believe it.

SHERLOCK: And is the White Star Line financing the whole expense of those great ships?

MORIARTY: I couldn't say for certain as a Navy man meself, but rumor has it that the White Star Line has a sizable silent partner.

WATSON: A big fish, you might say?

MORIARTY: You might say, a whale.

SHERLOCK: And who are they?

MORIARTY: Folks round the yard here just call them 'the syndicate.'

INCIDENTAL CHORD (DRAMATIC).

SHERLOCK: Thank you, Captain Sigerson. You've been most helpful, sir.

MORIARTY: If I have been of any use to you, Mr. Holmes, I am delighted.

SHERLOCK: Watson, we must get back to Baker Street right away.

INCIDENTAL CHORDS (SUSPENSE).

FADE IN: OCEAN.

THE WHIPPING OF A HORSE.

THE CLATTER OF A CAB across WOOD PLANKS,  
UNDER.

SHERLOCK: We must let Mycroft know of this immediately, Watson.

WATSON: Holmes, you don't suppose Mycroft could be connected to the crime in any way, do you? After all, you say he knows everything that goes on in our government...

SHERLOCK: What rot, Watson. Mycroft would never have anything to do with the syndicate.

WATSON: Yes of course, Sherlock, except—he *does* have something to do with the syndicate as far as this submarine is concerned. Doesn't he?

SHERLOCK: It is inconceivable to me that my own brother should be involved with something like this. Not when it is clear to me now who is.

WATSON: Who then?

SHERLOCK: Why, Professor Moriarty of course!

WATSON: But Sherlock, Moriarty is dead!

SHERLOCK: Perhaps, Watson, perhaps. But his syndicate clearly is not.

THE CAB COMES TO A STOP.

STEPS RUNNING UPSTAIRS.

THE STUDY DOOR SLAMS.

INCIDENTAL CHORDS (SUSPENSE).

SCENE 9

SOUNDS OF WRITING, UNDER.

NARRATOR: We are back in Sherlock's study.

WATSON: You are writing now to Mycroft?

SHERLOCK: Yes. I am asking him which known associates of Moriarty may also be associated with the White Star Line.

WATSON: You know, I find it difficult to believe now that it could be the *same* syndicate. I have heard of those ships before. Why, I suppose the whole world has heard of them! Why would a criminal organization spend its time and money building unsinkable ships of unmatched size? These ships are ushering in a new era of safe world-travel for all people, the rich and the poor.

SHERLOCK: Be that as it may, it would be blindness not to explore the possible connection between the compromised codes of the submarine, and the syndicate that's financing those unsinkable ships.

WATSON: When you put it like that, it does seem like an unnerving term of phrase—'an unsinkable ship.' It sounds like the kind of promise a con man would make. I do hope we're wrong...

WRITING FINISHES.

SHERLOCK: There. I'll have this note sent to Mycroft immediately. No doubt he'll have the information we need ready at hand. Nothing more for us to do in the meantime except perhaps, lunch?

A DESK BELL RINGS.

## SCENE 10

SILENCE.

NEWSPAPER PAGES SOFTLY TURN... DRINK GLASSES ARE PICKED UP AND SET DOWN.

NARRATOR: (*quietly*) We are in the Diogenes Club. Mycroft sits at a small table in a comfortable chair. Across the room, Moriarty sits, undisguised, at another.

A club page enters and respectfully hands Sherlock's note to Mycroft.

The page stands with folded hands, silently, awaiting Mycroft's response.

Mycroft reads the note. Raises his eyebrows and purses his lips in thought.

He folds the note again and dashes a short note upon the front. Mycroft hands the note back to the club page and indicates that he should carry it to Moriarty.

The page does so and stands awaiting Moriarty's response.

Moriarty takes the note, looks over at Mycroft (who is already lost in his own thoughts); reads the question upon the front, and then the note itself.

Moriarty folds the note again and writes a list of names upon the back of the note.

He hands it back to the page and indicates he should carry it back now, to Mycroft.

The page does so.

Mycroft glances at the back of the note with some consternation, and impatiently hands it back to the page, indicating that he should have the note returned to Sherlock.

The club page silently exits.

Mycroft and Moriarty exchange a glance across the room—Mycroft’s a dark, warning one; Moriarty’s, an innocent ‘check mate.’

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORDS  
(FORBODING).

**SCENE 11**

SHERLOCK: Good Lord, it’s a manifest of names!

WATSON: At least a dozen names! I am sorry for doubting you, Holmes. With so many direct ties back to Moriarty’s associates, there is surely some connection between his criminal syndicate and the submarine’s compromised codes!

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORD.

NARRATOR: We are in Sherlock’s study.

SHERLOCK: Yes, it is just as I feared. Those ships are a front, my dear Watson. Moriarty has been behind this all along. I must have been blind not to see it at once!

WATSON: But Sherlock, Moriarty is dead!

SHERLOCK: Is he, Watson? How can we be sure? I survived at Reichenbach Falls despite all evidence to the contrary. Moriarty is on the same intellectual plane as me. Why shouldn't he have survived the falls, too? No body was ever recovered.

WATSON: But it is rather fanciful, is it not?

SHERLOCK: Fanciful or not, Moriarty is the mastermind behind this crime. Who else could have pulled the wool over my brother Mycroft's eyes? I must go inform him of this myself. I cannot risk Moriarty learning that we are on to him.

WATSON: But really now, Sherlock...

SHERLOCK: You should return to your practice, Watson. You will find me *dangerous* company now!

WATSON: You seem almost elated, Sherlock. Sherlock? Sherlock!

DOOR OPENS, SHUTS.

NARRATOR: Sherlock has disguised himself as an old sporting man and left the room without another word.

WATSON: (*to himself*) You know, I *will* return to my practice, Holmes. You're forever telling me to, and I never do. Take care, Sherlock. You're on your own.

INCIDENTAL ORCHESTRAL CHORD.

Sherlock's FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS.

Sherlock's WHISTLE.

A CAB APPROACHES, HALTS.

SHERLOCK: (*in a posh sporting man's accent*) To Pall Mall, fast if you want any tip.

A WHIP.

THE CAB RACES OFF: FADE OUT.

NARRATOR: We are in Mycroft's rooms in Pall Mall.

SHERLOCK: Mycroft, Mycroft... I am certain I know who's behind this. Now the question I must put to you is: What shall be done with the mastermind? It is not as simple as recovering the codes, for they have doubtlessly been memorized. Have I your leave to do... what is necessary?

MYCROFT: (*slowly replies*) You must do... whatsoever you deem to be best.

SHERLOCK: ...I understand.

MYCROFT: It goes without saying, the British government cannot be connected with your next actions. You are officially alone, Sherlock. Take care.

SHERLOCK: I take, my leave.

## SCENE 12

INCIDENTAL MUSIC.

NARRATOR: We are back in Sherlock's study. *Moriarty* is sitting in Sherlock's chair, undisguised, as himself. Holmes enters, still disguised as the old sporting man; he hangs suspended in the doorway, wondering at the person in his chair.

MORIARTY: (*smiles*) You evidently don't know me.

SHERLOCK: On the contrary, I think it's fairly evident that I do. (*pause*) Are you not Captain Sigerson, whom I met this afternoon? How changed you are. What reason can you have for being here in my personal study, in this obvious disguise? Is someone after you?

MORIARTY: That talent of yours again. Sherlock, if I may call you so, for you did ask me to.

SHERLOCK: Did I?

MORIARTY: Yes. And I asked you to call me Jim.

NARRATOR: All astonishment, Sherlock draws his pistol!

PISTOL HAMMER CLICKS BACK.

MORIARTY: You must listen, Sherlock! Sherlock! It wasn't me! It was *Mycroft*. You *know* this. He's *pinning* this on me. Can't you see? Ask yourself: Why did Mycroft choose to work with *me* in the first place—for you know that *he* must have known that *he did*. Nothing this consequential would escape *his* notice. *He's* the one who's memorized the codes for his personal use—directing world affairs from his armchair...

When I said I hadn't opened the safe, that was true. *Mycroft* opened the safe and memorized the codes. This required hardly any effort on his part. He had top-clearance access, a photographic memory—and a motive. But he knew *someone* would have to be blamed for his crime. And the moment I heard that he had done it, for it *must* have been he, I knew of a certainty he would blame *me*.

Why else would he *insist* on bringing his brother Sherlock to inspect the case for us? Because: no one else would have come to the conclusion you came to. The name 'Moriarty' would be a total nonstarter to any other detective in the world because I'm *dead*. Only *you* and you alone would come to the conclusion that *Mycroft* wanted you to come to. He hopes that beyond covering his tracks, he can sever our partnership now. The submarine has been successfully built, and with me out of the way, he won't need to bother about giving me my percentage of the enormous sum we've embezzled away from its innovation. *Mycroft* won't need to worry about a thing—if *I'm dead*. And dead is what he wants me to be.

That's why I, knowing the moment I heard the codes had been compromised, knew, just as *Mycroft* knew, that only *you* would be the man to get to the real *truth* of this. Only *you* can bring justice to bear against the *treason of your brother*.

SHERLOCK: I don't believe you.

MORIARTY: I don't want you to *believe* me. I want you to *see*. See the *truth*, Holmes. You do see, don't you?

THE PISTOL FALLS.

NARRATOR: Sherlock lets the pistol fall. Moriarty smiles and rises out of the chair as if to embrace Sherlock, when suddenly

WINDOW SHATTERS.

NARRATOR: Moriarty is shot! He reaches for Sherlock. He collapses. Sherlock dashes to the window.

Moran's FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY.

SHERLOCK: Moran, you scoundrel! Is there no honor among you thieves?

NARRATOR: Sherlock turns back to look, aghast, at Moriarty's figure lying in blood. He picks up his pistol and pulls his police whistle out of his pocket.

POLICE WHISTLE.

NARRATOR: Sherlock charges out the door after Moran.

DOOR SLAMS.

FADE IN: ROAR OF FRIGHTENED PEOPLE in the street.

GUN SHOTS.

FADE IN: VIOLIN, PHRASE ENDS.

### SCENE 13

NARRATOR: We are in Sherlock's study. The chair has been moved; the window, boarded. Sherlock impatiently sets down his violin and reaches for a cigarette.

WATSON: I still can't believe that I left you. I just can't believe it, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: (*coldly*) Your belief is not necessary, Watson.

WATSON: All the same.

SHERLOCK: You've left me before, you know. At Reichenbach Falls.

WATSON: You told me to!

SHERLOCK: And, I told you it was *dangerous*. Look at what happens when you leave me, Watson.

WATSON: You told me to leave you this time, too. You're always telling me to leave you when things seem *dangerous*.

SHERLOCK: Well, don't listen to me then. Obviously.

WATSON: Very well then, I won't.

To think, you've captured Moran—again. After seeing Moriarty die—again...

And now you're about to be awarded a medal or some such from the Queen!

SHERLOCK: (*distracted*) Yes, yes.

WATSON: I see now why Mycroft is such a genius to have commissioned you for this crime. Only *you* could have deduced that Moriarty was behind the compromised codes. But there's one thing I don't understand. Why did Moran shoot Moriarty? They were close colleagues at one time, were they not?

SHERLOCK: They were. In fact, at one point in time, Moran was his Chief of Staff.

WATSON: Fancy that. How is it they fell out?

SHERLOCK: No one knows for certain, and Moran isn't talking. I have my own hypothesis.

...A simple matter of redundancy...

Excuse me Watson, but I think I must go to see Mycroft. I have a question that can no longer wait.

NARRATOR: Holmes, moving a little slower than he is wont to, picks up his coat, his deerstalker cap, he moves to the door and has his hand on the knob.

WATSON: Sherlock, wait. Before you go. Please allow me to congratulate you once again, my dear friend. I can see that you are troubled by something, but truly, Sherlock: this has been your greatest triumph!

*They shake hands.*

SHERLOCK: Thank you, my dear Watson. But I don't believe it was...

*Watson looks at Sherlock searchingly.*

SHERLOCK: (cont.) Do excuse me.

DOOR OPENS, CLOSES GENTLY.

A VICTROLA NEEDLE.

RECORD PLAYS BLANKLY for a moment.

WALTZING MATILDA PLAYS.

*4<sup>th</sup> Verse: ... 'Up jumped the swagman sprang in to the  
billabong,*

*'You'll never catch me alive' said he,*

*And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that  
billabong*

*'You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.'*

UNDER THE SONG AND IN, WE HEAR  
SHERLOCK'S STEPS, still slower.

FOOTSTEPS STOP.

#### SCENE 14

NARRATOR: We are at a café table in Pall Mall, at which Mycroft sits. Sherlock stands at a distance.

SHERLOCK: It was you, Mycroft.

MYCROFT: Of course it was me.

SHERLOCK: You knew I would know that it was you.

MYCROFT: Of course I did.

SHERLOCK: But first, you wanted me to think that it was... him.

MYCROFT: Yes.

SHERLOCK: You set him up.

MYCROFT: I did.

SHERLOCK: But why. Why take the *god damned* codes in the first place.

MYCROFT: A simple matter of

MYCROFT AND SHERLOCK: Redundancy

MYCROFT: Redundancy is a vital thing in government affairs.

SHERLOCK: Yes. I know you'll tell me you only wanted the codes as a precaution, as a failsafe, or as a final adornment on your *omniscience*...

MYCROFT: Then what have you come here to ask me. Or are you just being dramatic, again.

SHERLOCK: I want to know if he really is dead.

MYCROFT: Oh yes. Moriarty is dead. You already know *what* happened: Moran shot the Professor through your second story window with Moriarty's own Von Herder air gun. You already know *why*: because I wanted to distance myself from such a disreputable and sinister business partner. You may still be curious as to *how* it came about: and the answer is, I freed Moran the same day you imprisoned him, and I paid him £10,000 to shoot the Professor with his own precious gun... *if* the Professor ever made a move against *you*.

*This is a new thought to Sherlock...*

MYCROFT: (cont.) But I hardly needed to go to such an expense; Moran was already severely displeased with Moriarty because Moriarty had placed him in a trap, all ready for you to catch him in the first place.

*This is quite a new thought to Sherlock.*

SHERLOCK: But I *did* catch him—

MYCROFT: You did *nothing* which the Professor didn't *want* you to do. He knew that you would know that Moran would hide in The Empty House—and he made no attempt to get in either of your ways. And in letting you both do as you were always going to do, he had you both right where he wanted you. That was the *genius* of the man. I confess, his death is a loss to the world...

SHERLOCK: I could still give you up you know, Mycroft, to the authorities.

MYCROFT: Of course I know, Sherlock, but you won't. In the first place, because I AM the authorities. But even more fundamentally, because the matter before you is such a simple one.

Whether or not Moriarty committed *this* crime, you know how many others he *did* commit. And now he's dead. So you have only two choices:

Do you proclaim that the dead Moriarty was blameless... and worse still, incriminate your brother?

Or do you get a medal.

*Pause.*

MYCROFT: (cont.) What you do in this world is of no consequence, Sherlock. The question is: what can you make people *believe* you have done.

*Pause.*

SHERLOCK: He truly is dead this time, then?

MYROFT: Oh yes, my dear Sherlock. Moriarty is dead.

MUSIC.

UNDER AND IN, WRITING.

### SCENE 15

WRITING, UNDER.

MORIARTY: I suppose there is only one final answer for me to give you to the ‘final, final problem,’ as it were... And that is, how did I cheat death this time?

I had no serious difficulty, for the very simple reason that I was never shot. The shattered window, the blood, the collapse, these were all theatrics synchronized to the moment that I had always planned to stand up from Sherlock’s chair.

MUSIC.

NARRATOR: We are in Moriarty’s study. As in the beginning.

WRITING, UNDER AND OUT.

MORIARTY: It’s true that Mycroft paid Colonel Moran ten thou to kill me—if Sherlock didn’t kill me first. Another matter of redundancy. And Moran—doubting

Sherlock ever would kill me and wanting to speed things along—did indeed confront me with such a deadly purpose in his mind. But I offered him *an hundred* thou to *pretend* to kill me instead—for I had the strongest possible reasons for wanting Mycroft to *believe* that his assassination had been carried out, when in fact, it had not.

Moran, to my surprise, declined the hundred thou. He asked instead for something which was in my power alone to give him... You see, I told the truth when I said that I did not open the safe; Mycroft did that. But I *did* go to the safe once it was opened. And I *switched* the codes. The codes Mycroft memorized are now useless, and I alone command that submarine! And because Mycroft thinks I'm dead, he'll never know or suspect a thing until it's too late!

WRITING FADES IN.

You will have no doubt of the thing we have done with the stealth submarine once you have heard of it—but you *may* ask yourself *why* we have done this thing. The answer is, again, a simple one... Enter.

DOOR OPENS.

Just a moment as I finish writing this missive to Doctor John Watson...

WRITING FINISHES.

There. Well?

MORAN: A complete success, Professor, complete success! The distress signals are blaming an *iceberg*. What else could it have been!

MORIARTY: What else indeed!

MORAN AND MORIARTY: Mwahahaha!

MORAN: Mm. That appears to be quite a *long* missive.

MORIARTY: Indeed... (*he picks up his pencil*)

Postscript.

MUSIC.

## SCENE 16

NARRATOR: We are back at the Reichenbach Falls; the scene of which Sherlock wished to revisit.

FADE IN: BOY'S FOOTSTEPS RUNNING ON SNOW.

SWISS MESSENGER BOY: (*calls*) Mein Herr! Mein Herr! Das isch für sie.

WATSON: For me? Good Lord, it's a novel. What on earth could this be. Are you are sure it's for me?

SWISS MESSENGER BOY: Ja, ja.

WATSON: Thank you, boy. Here you are. Run along now.

BOY'S FOOTSTEPS RUN AWAY.

WATSON: ...I recognize this handwriting now...

SHERLOCK: The Professor?? Is it? No. Is it? No. Read on, read on, man! (*quite French*) vite, vite.

WATSON: Of course! It begins 'My dear Sir. You will want to know the Truth of how these things have come to pass. It began on a Thursday evening, the 23<sup>rd</sup> of April, thus...'

FADE IN, ROAR OF A HUGE WATERFALL.

NARRATOR: Watson is nearing the end of the letter, Sherlock peers over his shoulder at times, and paces.

WATSON: (*reads*) You will have no doubt of the thing we have done with the stealth submarine once you have heard of it—but you *may* ask yourself *why* we have done this thing. The answer is, again, a simple one...

If a person were to tell us that a toy shop could not be robbed, we would feel compelled to rob that toy shop because they said that it couldn't be done! Perhaps you can relate. It follows then, if you tell us 'a ship is *unsinkable*,' well... I believe that draws our mysteries to a close?

As I said at the outset of this letter, I felt that you, Doctor Watson, as a writer of 'history' as you call it, should know the *truth* of how these things have come to pass. You may do with this information as you will.

Affectionately yours,

James Moriarty, The Professor, Napoleon of Crime.

(*looking up*) Good Lord, Sherlock! We're in the possession of a most *notorious* confession! We must make these facts known to the world, immediately!

SHERLOCK: Impossible, Watson. In the first place, to do so would incriminate my brother Mycroft, and in doing so, leave our national security in worse shape than it already is, as Moriarty knows.

WATSON: And in the second place?

SHERLOCK: What is this postscript.

WATSON: (*reads*) Postscript: Please tell our mutual friend, from me, that just like him, I play the game for the game's own sake. And I have very much enjoyed our little game. That said... if he is keeping score, as I am, I believe this makes us 2-0, Jim. Let us make it best 3 out of 5.

Post-postscript: I hope he is wearing his consolation prize. I heard that he respectfully declined to receive a medal... and yet, he *did* accept an exquisite emerald tie pin from a certain Great Lady of England? Very well done, indeed.

(*looking up*) There is nothing else.

SHERLOCK: (*almost happy*) That, is the 'second place,' Watson. In more ways than one. We will never make these facts known to the world because he beat me! He beat me, Watson! Me!

Now, if you'll excuse me, I must know how this has been done!...

NARRATOR: Sherlock runs and leaps over the ledge, into the Reichenbach Falls!

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

WATSON: Holmes! (ECHOES: *Holmes, Holmes, Holmes, Holmes, Holmes...*) Holmes! (ECHOES: *Holmes, Holmes, Holmes, Holmes, Holmes...*)

LONG SILENCE, APART FROM THE FALLS.

SHERLOCK: (*in the falls*) It's alright, my dear Watson! (ECHOES: *Watson...*) I did not see! (ECHOES: *see...*) The falls are funicular! (NO ECHO) I am hanging quite safe from a ledge! (ECHOES: *ledge...*)

WATSON: (*calling down to him, overjoyed*) Holmes! (ECHOES: *Holmes ...*) This Adventure literally ends (ECHOES: *ends ...*) in a 'cliffhanger'! (ECHOES: *cliffhanger ...*)

They both LAUGH; the LAUGHS ECHO.

SHERLOCK: It would, yes! (ECHOES: *yes...*) It's *Jim's!* (ECHOES: *Jim ...*) He's so melodramatic! (ECHOES: *dramatic ...*) The clever fiend! (ECHOES: *fiend...*)

WATSON: No one else will ever know the whole Truth! (ECHOES: *Truth...*) But if an account of this contest *could* be written, it would take its place as the greatest bit of thrust-and-parry work, in the history of detection! (ECHOES: *detection!...*) I don't care what you say, I still say it's a Triumph! (ECHOES: *Triumph!...*)

They both LAUGH; the laughs ECHO.

SHERLOCK: Yes, yes. (ECHOES: *yes, yes...*) Too bad it *must* be kept secret. (ECHOES: *secret, secret...*) Now help me back up! (ECHOES: *up...*)

WATSON: No! (ECHOES: *No!...*) No, I don't think I will! It seems fairly *dangerous!* (ECHOES: *dangerous!...*) I think I'll leave you, Sherlock!

They both LAUGH; the laughs ECHO RAUCOUSLY.

...Then suddenly, A FALL OF STONES is heard.

A BOULDER CRASHING DOWN.

AN AVALANCHE.

LAUGHTER STOPS.

*Watson watches the avalanche in horror.*

WATSON: (*gasps*) Oh Holmes! Not again!

(ECHOES: *again, again, again, again, again, again!...*)

INCIDENTAL CHORD (SUSPENSE).

NARRATOR: End of play.

TITLE MUSIC IN AND UNDER.

NARRATOR: Thank you! We hope you've enjoyed  
The Triumph of Moriarty!

TITLE MUSIC SWELLS INTO A TRIUMPHANT  
FINALE, AND OUT.

**END OF PLAY.**

\*On Moriarty's Timeline: Moriarty's famous appearance in *The Final Problem* is traditionally assumed to happen in the same year the story was published, 1893. There's only one other formal Moriarty appearance in the Sherlock stories, and that's in *The Valley of Fear*, published in 1914.

The events in *The Valley of Fear* may or may not have taken place before *The Final Problem*; and the question of whether *Valley of Fear* is a prequel, may well be unanswerable, for the characters contradict themselves in each story.

What we can *deduce* is that the 'Moriarty Timeline' in Doyle's original canon certainly transpired between the years of 1893 and 1914. Ours take place between the years of 1893-1912. Heaven help us if these events happened in 1913...

But for those interested in trying to solve *this* mystery, which has so baffled and tormented Sherlock Historians since 1914 to today... The crux of the timeline problem can be found in *The Final Problem* when Sherlock asks, 'you have probably never heard of Professor James Moriarty?' and Watson replies, 'Never.'

Watson's 'Never' is either an honest statement, in which case *Valley of Fear* has not happened yet—meaning, Moriarty *never died* in *The Final Problem*. Or, the 'Never' is meant to be a sardonic quip, the joke being, because they had already talked about Moriarty at *great length* in *The Valley of Fear*—at a length which Watson could *not* have completely forgotten.

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