

ELEMENTARY

"Flip The Script"

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(19pgs +/-2) Use sample scripts as guides for formatting  
(fade in/out, etc)! "Continuos" must follow action!

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BROWNSTONE - WATSON'S ROOM/OFFICE/BASEMENT - DAY

JOAN WATSON and HANNAH GREGSON, in uniform, are huddled over the desk, covered in papers.

JOAN

No, no, no; that doesn't make sense  
- why wouldn't the night attendant  
lock up after his shift was over  
unless he...  
(trails off)

HANNAH

What if he's the one taking the  
boxes?

JOAN

No, no, I know him - he's not  
resourceful enough to move that  
much stuff on the street. He has a  
problem planning things that far in  
advance.

HANNAH

Then what if he's just a pawn for  
someone else?

They're interrupted by the sound of something large and heavy  
lamnding solidly on the floor above them. They both look up.

HANNAH

What's he up to now?

Hannah looks at Joan and she shrugs.

JOAN

I don't know, I think he said  
something about checking the  
tensile strength of copper wiring  
in the event of needing to stop a  
fall or something? I'm not sure, I  
think he's just bored.  
Anyway, yes, I think you might have  
a good theory there, that he's  
being manipulated.

(MORE)

JOAN (CONT'D)

I still have the phone number of the woman I deferred him to; I'll call her and get his current address.

HANNAH

Okay. Would you like me to tag along?

JOAN

No thank you, I can handle it. Besides, he might clam up if he sees you in uniform, and, plus he kind of had a thing for me. But I'll let you know as soon as I find something out.

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SHERLOCK HOLMES has a spool of copper wire that he is rewinding, spooling back and shakes his head, frustrated, as he looks over a mess of cinder blocks, strewn across the floor. There is a knock on the door and Sherlock rises and walks toward it.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIR WELL - DAY

Watson is being pursued by an UNSEEN ASSAILANT down a stair well. When she reaches the bottom, she desperately tries to open it, but won't budge. The Unseen Assailant catches up and she looks at him terrified as he reveals a stun gun and thrusts it violently into the side of her head. It zaps, she goes unconscious, and falls.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. BROWNSTONE - LATER

DETECTIVE BELL approaches the entrance to the Brownstone, but steps aside when he sees a frowning DOMINATRIX, late 20's, dressed in tight leather exiting the front door. He does a double take, waits for her to pass and then hurries inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bell looks up the staircase and sees an unsettled looking Sherlock at the top. He sees Bell and begins to descend.

SHERLOCK

Detective Bell, I'm glad you came so quickly.

BELL

Why, did you need rescuing from that dissatisfied looking customer?

SHERLOCK

(beat)

Oh, you mean Paige?  
No, she was just disappointed at the result of our little soiree because I wasn't interested in sampling the new array of butt plugs that she procured in Europe last month.

Bell takes a moment to process this.

BELL

I don't blame you.  
(under his breath)  
So you said Joan's gone missing?

SHERLOCK

Yes detective, and I can't raise or track her, so this is cause for concern. I'd now like to go and consult with Captain Gregson immediately!

BELL

Why'd you call me? The subway takes less time than it did for me to drive her.

SHERLOCK

Yes, but I chose to forgo the tube's expediency in order to make sure you were involved. If something has happened to dear Watson, I trust that you and the Captain will be as righteously upended as I would.

Bell nods and then follows Sherlock as he exits.

CUT TO:

INT. GREGSON'S OFFICE - LATER

SHERLOCK HOLMES and DETECTIVE BELL stand before CAPTAIN GREGSON, who is seated at his desk.

GREGSON

You said you tried tracking her phone, but you think it's off?

SHERLOCK

Yes Captain, her mobile is presently not broadcasting a signal.

GREGSON

What about a sudden urgent family emergency?

SHERLOCK

Presently, both her brother Oren and mother are both in good physical health for their age.

BELL

Nah, she would've at least texted by now. Plus, why would she turn her phone off? How about an old client on the verge of a relapse? Then she couldn't tell us and wouldn't want to be bothered.

SHERLOCK

Captain, I saw Hannah leaving the brownstone shortly before Watson. Perhaps she knows her current whereabouts.

GREGSON

My daughter? Okay, I'll ask her.  
Gregson picks up his intercom.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

Officer Gregson, my office, immediately!

Hannah rushes into the office.

HANNAH

Captain, reporting for duty.

GREGSON

Drop the act Hannah - Watson, where is she? Sherlock says you two were together earlier today.

HANNAH

Yes, she was helping me on a case on my beat that I'm having difficulty with.

GREGSON

A case concerning what?

HANNAH

There's a storage warehouse that keeps having large items go missing. Joan said she used to work with one of the employees, but wouldn't tell me much more.

SHERLOCK

She wouldn't, confidentiality and all...

HANNAH

I offered to go with her, but she said the guy used to have a thing for her or something.

Captain Gregson looks at her angrily.

GREGSON

And why didn't you come to us with this?

Motions toward himself and Sherlock.

HANNAH

Because we were set on cracking this one ourselves, to show the testosterone overload that is this department, that we don't always just assist. That we can do more.

Captain Gregson rises to protest, but doesn't and sits back down.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

When I left she said she was going to question the client and see if she couldn't drum up any leads.

SHERLOCK

She did mention something about being contacted by an old associate in connection to a past client, recently. But her not, at least, sending vague word of a delay is very uncharacteristic of her, as does her mobile being off at present has me vexxed.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Detective Bell, lets go back to the brownstone to see if we can't uncover any more information about this mysterious relic from her sober companion days.

The Captain nods to Bell and then the detective and Sherlock exit.

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - JOAN'S ROOM - LATER

Sherlock and Bell are rummaging through Joan's room, piling discarded items messily on her bed.

SHERLOCK  
I told you, I've already been through all of her normal spots; she took the laptop with her!  
(frustrated)

BELL  
I understand, but you agreed, we had to look.  
What now?

SHERLOCK  
Not to worry, my network has a protocol that automatically archives any device that connects to it.

Bell looks unsettled.

SHERLOCK  
Don't trouble yourself, I only look at the content in situations where it is necessary; what the police call exigent circumstances, such as this.

Bell nods as Sherlock busily types away on his laptop. Suddenly He has an aha moment and stops typing.

SHERLOCK  
Watson was recently exchanging e-mails with a sober companion colleague about one of her former clients who she handed off when he became too obsessed and enthralled. The last e-mail gives his home and work addresses and warns Watson to avoid them.

BELL

Okay, lets go check them out and make sure she didn't go there and get into trouble.

SHERLOCK

No detective, first I say we go to the colleague's house to get a better idea of what kind of junky we're dealing with. If he's any sense at all, certainly he wouldn't be be foolish enough to bring her back to his place of vocation or residence...

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATER

Bell knocks on a door and Sherlock stands by.

EMILY

(through door)

Who is it?

BELL

Detective Bell with the NYPD madam and consultant, Sherlock Holmes.

The door opens quickly and EMILY, late 30's, quickly rushes out, not closing the door.

EMILY

Why didn't you say, now which one of you is the one with the silly name that caused Joan to leave and play private eye?

SHERLOCK

(taken aback)

I am Sherlock Holmes, Joan's former client turned mentor, whom is presently guiding her in how to become an effective consulting detective, if that is whom you mean.

Emily turns to face him angrily.

BELL

Actually, we're looking for Joan now; we saw an e-mail mentioning something about a problematic client?

Emily turns to Bell, now wearing a look of worry.

EMILY

Oh dear, that's what I was afraid  
of might happen. Come inside and  
I'll fill you in on my suspicion.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bell, Sherlock, and Emily take seats on the couch. Emily's  
HUSBAND can be seen mulling about.

EMILY

Oh don't mind my husband, he's just  
as worried about Joan as we are.

Sherlock stirs in his seat.

BELL

Tell us about this client please,  
the one you suspect of harming  
Joan.

EMILY

Yes, yes. Herman was a client of  
Joan's just before you, Sherlock.  
But as Joan helped Herman stay  
sober, he became overly attached to  
her, beyond any levels of normalcy.  
So she convinced him to start  
taking a new medication to control  
his serotonin levels seemed to help  
him detach.

Bell looks puzzled.

BELL

Serotonin, I thought we all had  
that?!

SHERLOCK

We do, but over an production can  
be caused by a repetition of  
repeated aesthetically pleasing  
activities, which is a widely  
believed cause of chronic obsessive  
compulsive disorder.

Bell ponders this and Emily nods.

EMILY

Suffice it to say that OCD was the least of Herman's troubles. Of course I can't tell you what, specifically, were his other vices, but they were far more troublesome than collecting women's hand bags...

Sherlock turns to Bell.

SHERLOCK

Detective, I may have overestimated Joan's abilities as a reconciliator-

BELL

Yeah, either that or Herman's intellect; let's go!

Bell and Sherlock rise to leave, Emily and her husband hold hands as Sherlock and Bell hurriedly depart.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. BELL'S CAR - DAY

Sherlock is seated in the passenger seat fiddling with his phone and Bell gets in, hanging up his.

BELL

Captain says just text him Herman's home address and he'll meet us there with SWAT. Are you sure you want to check out the warehouse he works at? It's a weekend, so it's probably closed and he doesn't sound like someone they'd give a key.

SHERLOCK

Trust me, if this bloke made even one inappropriate move on her, you'd likely carry me away in handcuffs and him in a black bag.

BELL

We don't want that.  
(smugly)

Bell starts the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Bell's car stops outside an abandoned looking warehouse and Sherlock exits and stands by, holding door.

SHERLOCK

Alright detective, you and Gregson relay what's unfolding as soon as it occurs. I promise to do the same.

BELL

Alright, you sure you don't want me to hang around a minute or two while you see that nothing's going on?

SHERLOCK

No, quite the contrary, I urge you to rapidly approach and possibly breach the speed limit in pursuit of our missing Watson. Can you promise me you'll do that?

BELL

You got it Holmes, watch out.

Sherlock closes the door and steps back as Bell's tires squeal and he accelerates. Sherlock then looks toward the warehouse's entrance.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - LATER

Bell and Gregson line up behind a SWAT TEAM in front of the door to an apartment.

SWAT SGT

Breach!

They open the door with a battering ram and rush inside, startling HERMAN, athletic, mid 40's, who drops a plate of sandwiches and holds his hands up, terrified. Gregson and Bell approach him after a SWAT member pats him down and gives the all clear. Bell follows the SWAT member as he leaves.

GREGSON

Where is she, what have you done with her?

(angrily)

Herman stares at the Captain blankly.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

Watson you scum sucking dimwit!

HERMAN

J, Joan Watson, my sober companion? I haven't seen her in years...

GREGSON

Don't give me that nonsense - we know you've been obsessing over her since you stopped taking your medication! Now what have you done with her?!

HERMAN

(beat)

Nah, I'm over Asian broads, can't stand that sideways, um, you know...

Gregson stares at him menacingly. Bell returns, shaking his head and frowning. No sign of her Captain, just a bunch of women's handbags piled on top of his bed, all empty without IDs. Gregson turns back to Herman.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

What? They're all gifts for my mother!

BELL

Yeah, because I'm sure she needs a new one for every day of the year...

Herman nods, smiling.

HERMAN

She does, she's a classy lady and every classy lady should look pretty.

BELL

What now Captain?

GREGSON

Get a hold of Sherlock and see if he's having any better luck...

Bell pulls out his phone and begins tapping keys.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sherlock's phone softly vibrates and he pulls it from his pocket.

INSERT a text message reading "Herman was a bust. Are you having any luck?"

BACK TO SEEN

Sherlock smiles and looks up.

LIAM (O.S.)

How did you get out of these restraints, you silly looking gook?

Sherlock peers over a stack of boxes to see LIAM, overweight, early 40's, attempting to tie a rope around a struggling Watson's legs, who is being hung by her wrists from a pipe overhead.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Lets see you get out of these now.  
Joan sees Sherlock stealthily approaching.

JOAN

Hey, Liam, we can put this all behind us. Just let me down and I'll tell the police that you helped me escape. Just get a ladder, untie the rope, and help me down. That's the only way you're going to get out of this in one piece.

LIAM

O=h, ha ha, that's a riot. You be sure to tell that one again when our sandwiches get here.

Liam steps back and looks up at Joan, then turns around to follow her gaze.

As he finishes craning his neck, he is smacked by Sherlock, holding a lead pipe, sideways, spinning his head back around and then lands, unconscious. at Sherlock's feet.

Time elapses...

Sherlock is hanging Liam from the pipe where Joan was, as she watches sitting in a nearby chair.

JOAN

We should really call Bell,  
Gregson, or Hannah.  
Sherlock looks down at her, now securing Liam's legs.

SHERLOCK

In due time Watson, but first I need to reciprocate the same amount of pain and inconvenience that he caused you...

JOAN

But my right side is paralyzed, maybe permanently; and I don't know how to cause that without severe brain trauma to the brain or spinal cord!

SHERLOCK

Describe to me the loss of sensation you're currently experiencing.

JOAN

My right physical side is sort of numb, like I can't firmly close my fist or really move my leg.

Joan feebly closes her right hand, slowly releases it, and weakly attempts to move her right leg as Sherlock looks down and watches her movements.

SHERLOCK

And you're sure you haven't incurred any trauma to your spinal cord?

Joan nods.

JOAN

Yes, the last thing I remember is being tagged in the right side of my skull by a stun gun.

Sherlock shakes his head disapprovingly.

SHERLOCK

You know Watson, all hope is not loss. I've read about cases where persons have suffered a severe traumatic brain injury, resulting in a Glasgow Coma Scale of 2, expected to never walk, talk, feed, or dress themselves again. But through sheer will, have made astounding recoveries. Granted, it took time, but the patient obtained it all the same...

Sherlock finishes securing the ropes and steps back, looking over his accomplishment.

JOAN

Sherlock, as tempting as that sounds, this man has rights and to cause a similar condition like the one I'm experiencing, would take something along the lines of brain surgery.

SHERLOCK

In indubitably, dear Watson. He says as he bends down and picks up a rusty screw driver and razor knife.

JOAN

But wait, he wasn't even the -

Watson is cut off as the entrance door is breached by the SWAT team, who come running in and are followed by Bell and Gregson.

SWAT SGT

Drop it scumbag, or we'll fire! Men-Gregson comes rushing forward.

GREGSON

Stand down. I repeat, stand down!  
The SWAT team freezes and lowers their weapons as Bell and Gregson come up to Watson. Bell kneels down and she turns her head toward him.

BELL

Joan, are you okay?!

JOAN

Mostly, Sherlock came in at just the right time and stopped Liam, here,  
(points at the unconscious Liam hanging from the pipe.)  
From softening me up for his partner.  
My right side is still numb, I think they shocked my brain with some kind of taser.

Bell kneels beside her, concerned.

BELL

We need to get an ambulance down here ASAP.  
(to the other officers.)  
Call a bus, now!

Joan holds up her hands.

JOAN

Wait! First, do you have Herman in custody?

Bell looks at Gregson.

GREGSON

What?

JOAN

Liam was working with Gregson, holding me here; he just stepped out to get them lunch!  
Bell and Gregson are shocked. Gregson pulls out his radio.

GREGSON  
(to radio)  
Apprehend the suspect, I repeat,  
get Herman!

The radio crackles.

POLICEMAN (V.O.)  
Negative Captain, the suspect has  
fled. He went out the bathroom  
window, I've lost him!

Gregson throws the radio on the ground, smashing it.

GREGSON  
Goddamnit it; Rookie let him get  
away!

SHOCK CUT TO  
BLACK

END OF ACT ONE