

Elementary
Interview with a corpse
Written by
Romall H. Smith II

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Neon lights hang above the door. A line of people crowds the velvet rope lined side walk. ELENORA, early 20s, dark gothic dress and MIRIAM, late 20's, bright victorian dress trot across the street.

A pair of large well dressed men stands to either side of the neon lit door. The man on the left adjusts his suit jacket , a gun on his person clear and present.

MIRIAM

She's with me.

He gives a nod of acknowledgement. The other bouncer relaxes his guarded posture and opens the door. Industrial MUSIC flows out of the open door.

Elenora stops abruptly. Miriam grabs her by the wrist and pulls her in to the open doorway.

INT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Men and woman dance to the rhythmic beats of industrial music. A fire twirler spins his sticks. Another blows fire over into the air as the two women enter. Elenora in awe, tries to take in the spectacle.

ELENORA

This is amazing.

A sexy cocktail waitress saunters pass carrying a tray of drinks. Miriam grabs two drinks. She sips from one then hands off the other to Elenora.

Miriam parts the sea of patrons as she moves deeper into the room. Elenora follows close behind like a frightened puppy.

Miriam turns to Elenora. She motions for her to come closer. Miriam's body twists and winds to the music.

MIRIAM

Relax and drink.

Elenora downs her drink. It is strong and bitter. She steps into Miriam matching the entrancing movements.

INT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - VIP AREA - NIGHT

DARIAN, mid 30s, chiseled jaw and white suit, looks out on the crowded dance floor. His gaze stops on the two women.

INT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Elenora looks up to the glass area above as if something sparkled. A shadowy figure stands in the VIP area above.

INT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - VIP AREA - NIGHT

Darian Sips from his drink. He looks to the VIP entrance. A bodyguard stands at the ready.

DARIAN
That's the one.

He points with his drink.

DARIAN (CONT'D)
Retrieve her.

INT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Miriam turns her body and looks up to the VIP area. She smiles and raises her glass to silhouetted man. Miriam tips back her drink to down it.

Elenora looks at the stairs coming down from the VIP area. Several large security guards descend the stairs. They push through the crowd on a b-line straight to Miriam and Elenora.

ELENORA
I think I did something wrong.

Miriam continues to dance but turns to face the stairs. One of the men motions to the two women to come with him. Elenora waves them off and tugs at her friends arm.

MIRIAM
It will be fine.

Miriam follows the security guards.

INT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - VIP AREA - NIGHT

The door opens and Miriam strolls in to the room, exuding a sultry air. Darian, gaze focused on her body, opens his arms as if welcoming her to the real party.

She walks towards him with no hesitation or fear. She stops next to Darian in front of the VIP glass overlooking the club.

INT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The music hits a fevered pitch and patrons of the club raise their glasses. Each one moving as though in a trance downs the dark red drinks they all possess.

INT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - VIP AREA - NIGHT

Darian smiles at her revealing his fanged teeth. She stares as he moves to embrace her.

Fully embraced he bites her neck. Miriam tenses and grabs on to the back of his suit.

INT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The club erupts as the music thumps and its patrons devolve into a hedonistic deluge of movement.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Trash and boxes litter the area. A HOMELESS MAN, late-40s, looks as if he had spent the night swaddled in newspaper, hugging a bottle of alcohol, routs through trash.

He looks down the alley. A woman's legs protrude from the obscured side of a nearby dumpster.

HOMELESS MAN

Hey lady, what'ch doin in my spot?

He drops an arm load of trash. It falls the ground.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

With Legs like that I might not have to charge you rent.

He laughs and hobbles towards the pair of legs.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

You hear me?

Homeless man turns the corner of the dumpster. He looks down. A bright victorian dress contrasts the pale legs of a woman. Miriam's head lays against the dumpster. Her perfect neck marred by two puncture wounds.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

(yells)

Help, someone help!

INT. BROWNSTONE - KITCHEN - DAY

JOAN moves about the kitchen. She gathers cups, bananas, and oranges. She takes them to the counter. She deposits them next to a blender.

She moves to the fridge. Joan grabs a container of ice cubes. She takes them to the counter. She stops in front the blender.

Filling the blender she looks at a recipe sheet then pushes the start button. The blender GRINDS at the fruits and vegetables. Each oscillation more intense than the last.

SHERLOCK, clearly annoyed, walks in abruptly. Joan turns to him.

JOAN

Good morning. Breakfast is almost ready , just waiting for-

Sherlock ignores her. He flips off the blender.

SHERLOCK

Why in the bloody hell are you being so noisy this early in the morning?

Joan looks at him with confusion.

JOAN

Shakes made of blended vegetable juices can help with stress and cognitive processing.

Sherlock positions himself for a response.

SHERLOCK

You know what helps with cognitive processing? Ample, undisturbed, and restful sleep. The key word being undisrupted, Watson.

She pours a glass of the blended drink and sets on the counter.

JOAN

I think we could both use the anti-oxidant reinforcement, It helps to combat all the free radical damage.

He stares at her for a beat as if contemplating how to eviscerate her. His train of thought is broken as his cellphone RINGS. He glances at the screen. Still annoyed he answers the call.

SHERLOCK

There better be a dead person on the other end of this call.

GREGSON (V.O.)

There is, it is a high profile dead person and we could use your unique set of skills.

SHERLOCK

Ahh yes, we shall be there shortly.

Sherlock ends the call. Joan picks up a glass.

Joan holds out a smoothie to sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

No time for that, We have a case.

She pushes the shake at him one last time.

JOAN

These are great for busy people the
case wont fall apart if you spend
two seconds taking care of your
health for once..

He ignores the shake Joan is holding and moves past her out of
the kitchen. She watches him leave the room. Then, as if to say
your loss, Joan takes sip.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Paparazzi congest the entrance. A barricade of officers prevents them from entering the crime scene. Sherlock and Joan push through to the front.

BELL waves them in. A uniformed officer lets them pass.

Throughout the alleyway there is a collection of crime scene investigators gathering data and material from the area around a dumpster.

Sherlock and Joan put on latex gloves as they walk up to GREGSON and HAWES.

GREGSON

What is it about rich brits that draws them to New York to over dose on drugs?

Joan glances to Sherlock. He does not respond. Instead, he goes to the body. He examines the ground around it.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

The victim's name is Miriam Myles. She was twenty-eight and the heiress to the Myles corporation. Her body was found by a homeless man about an hour ago.

HAWES

Time of death is probably between three and four last night

SHERLOCK

This is an open alleyway, were there any witnesses or security footage?

GREGSON

There are no cameras in the alley. We are canvassing the area but no hits as of yet.

JOAN

Are there any traffic cameras in the immediate area?

GREGSON

Not for several blocks, They haven't been approved in this part of the city.

Sherlock kneels next to the body.

HAWES

The likely cause of death appears to be a drug of some kind probably heroin. CSU found several needles in the area, however I won't know for sure till we get her back to the lab.

Sherlock examines the neck wounds.

SHERLOCK

That is most likely not the case. A heroin overdose would have left her blue. There are no track marks on her arms. You see how pale she is and these puncture wounds on her neck? I believe she lost a lot of blood if not all of it.

GREGSON

So wheres the blood?

SHERLOCK

She may have been drained else where and deposited here.

Joan kneels. She inspects the victims heels.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Now is not the time to admire her shoes watson.

Joan shoots him a frustrated look.

JOAN

These shoes are too expensive to be worn on this side of town.

GREGSON

I doubt she owned anything that wasn't expensive.

Sherlock doesn't look at the shoes.

SHERLOCK

No, she is right. Those are brand new Jimmy Choo pumps. There is barely any scuffing on the bottom.

Joan holds up one of the shoes to gregson.

GREGSON

She was rich. She probably had thirty pairs of those things or bought a new one for every day of the week.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

She clearly didn't walk here from the upper east side in thousand dollar shoes.

Sherlock stands. He looks around. He walks away from the body in the opposite direction from which they had entered the alley. He takes in the atmosphere. He turns around and moves back to the body.

Captain Gregson watches for a moment. Then he moves away from Sherlock and Joan, toward the barricade motioning them to back away.

GREGSON

You got an address for the vic?

BELL

CSU recovered her purse from the dumpster. Looks like she lived at thirty-three east seventy-fourth street.

GREGSON

Upper east side? We will head over there and take a look. After you finish up here. You can go take care of that other task if you want.

Gregson and Bell stare past the barricade. The paparazzi has been joined by regular new crews.

BELL

You sure you don't need my help with this?

GREGSON

No, I think we got this handled. Besides this your chance to shine. That inner city mentor program is the mayors baby. He will be watching the results.

BELL

Understood Captain.

Gregson makes his way back to Sherlock and Joan.

GREGSON

Get anything?

Sherlock continues to examine the girl's neck and ear.

SHERLOCK

These wounds on her neck are bite marks. You see how far apart they are?

Sherlock mimics biting the girls neck.

GREGSON

So I should put out a b.o.l.o. for count Dracula? Dresses in all black and wants to suck your blood?

SHERLOCK

That would be silly. New York has a vast history with the occult and blood sucker but those people are found in city hall.

GREGSON

Why dump her here?

SHERLOCK

She was most certainly not just dumped in this alley. Too much care was taken in positioning her body for it to be a random act of violence.

JOAN

You think it is a serial killer?

Joan looks worried.

SHERLOCK

No. You see how she is leaning against the refuse bin? This woman isn't posed, rather it looks as if she were placed here with some care. It's like someone wanted her to be found.

GREGSON

We have an address for her.

INT. CITY - PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The swank penthouse is furnished in a minimalist fashion. It's black furniture, accented in silver, is immaculate.

The door opens. A CARETAKER, 40, female, snappy dresser, proceeds Sherlock, Gregson, and Watson into the room.

CARETAKER

Miriam was such a great lady. She always took good care of the staff. Hope There is something here that helps you.

Joan and Sherlock fan out away from one another.

GREGSON

Thank you, we will be in touch.

The caretaker exits the room.

Sherlock looks up. The vaulted ceiling is expansive and immaculate. There are paintings hung about the room.

Joan takes in the room from wall to wall.

SHERLOCK

Think we could trade them the brownstone and move in here?

He listens to the room.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(yelling)

On second thought, with the acoustics in here, your blender would wake the dead.

Joan appears to be irritated.

JOAN

If someone didn't stay up all night listening to the police scanner maybe they wouldn't be so cranky in the morning and could enjoy a healthy breakfast.

Joan is drawn to a dark gothic painting. She walks to it. Gregson follows her to the painting.

The two stare at the painting for a beat.

GREGSON

That is one creepy image.

Sherlock investigates a table area. He rifles through the drawer. He pushes aside several receipts, a pill bottle and a book of matches.

SHERLOCK

"The Nightmare" is not creepy. It is terrifying, yet beautiful.

JOAN

I studied this in college. They say it represents a waking nightmare of sexuality and death.

SHERLOCK

In pagan mythology, it was an evil spirit that tormented and suffocated the sleeping.

Joan reaches out. She touches the canvas.

JOAN

You think it is an original?

SHERLOCK

Most certainly it is as original as the Monet over there.

He looks up and points down the hall.

The trio makes their way down the hallway to a bedroom. Joan stops for just a second to take in the Monet.

INT. PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is gaudy in decor yet minimalist in design. Simple tables anchor both sides of the bed. The blankets, pillows, and furniture are all trimmed in gold.

SHERLOCK

All of the money in the world and there is clearly still no accounting for taste.

Sherlock moves to examine the end table and dresser. He pulls out the drawers and rifles through the contents.

Joan walks past the bed. She moves around the corner of the bed and into the walk-in closet.

INT. PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - CLOSET - DAY

Neatly organized with row after row of expensive dresses and shoe racks full of expensive looking heels. Joan casually pulls out a couple of shoe boxes and drawers, as if lost as to where she should begin.

JOAN

Maybe, Captain Gregson was right about the heels. It looks like she has hundreds.

INT. PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Gregson pulls out the drawers of a dresser. Sherlock takes a vampire book out of the end table drawer. He opens it to a party invitation.

SHERLOCK

The captain you may have been right about her having a shoe fetish, however it appears she was also a party going socialite.

Sherlock stands. He turns and holds out the invitation letter. Gregson takes the letter. He looks down at the paper with confusion.

GREGSON

Is this for real?

Joan enters carrying blood plasma bags.

SHERLOCK

Oh, I do believe it is absolutely for real.

EXT. CITY - BASKET BALL COURT - DAY

Several teenagers sit on metal bleachers watching as a group of other kids play basketball. The painted court fades as its edges meet the surrounding blacktop.

Bell stops at a nearby gate. He stares at the court with nervousness. He is elated to be there but visibly worried about the possible outcome.

TRAY, 16, clean cut is on the court. He dribbles, fakes a spin then nails a jump shot.

TRAY

That's how you do it.

Tray looks over to edge of the court.

Bell stands there taking in the game.

Tray becomes aggressive. He motions to the other ballers to circle up on the court.

The teen with the ball stops dribbling. The rest of them turn to Bell. They follow behind Tray as he moves towards Bell in an aggressive manor..

TRAY (CONT'D)

You better git while you can. This is our set.

Bell holds his hands up as if to say he is not a threat.

BELL

I don't want any trouble. I am just watching you guys play ball.

Tray cracks his knuckles.

TRAY

Well we ain't the Warriors and you don't look like no Stephan A. Smith to me.

Bell flashes his badge.

BELL

Relax, I am just here to talk. Part of the city outreach and mentorship program.

The teens shake their heads

TRAY

Why we gone listen to twelve? Y'all ain't comin' round here unless you want somethin'.

Tray shoos him.

Bell puts his badge away.

BELL

Look you don't have to listen, I understand where you are coming from.

TRAY

You don't understand nothin' but how to eat doughnuts.

The teens hoot and holler.

BELL

I am here as a request from someone above me, man. I just need to talk with you gentlemen. It won't take more than fifteen minutes out of your day.

The teens wave him off and turn to go back to their game. Bell watches them for a beat. They pass the ball back and forth as they get set for another game.

Bell points to the hoop.

BELL (CONT'D)

(shouts)

How about I play your best guy, one on one.

The teens break into a chorus of laughter and mocking gestures. Tray walks out in front of the group. He shakes his head and waves his arms.

TRAY
You ain't got no chance.

Bell pulls a wallet out of his pocket. He holds it up in the air. A few of the teens stare at the wallet.

Tray hold up a hand signal. The group of teens all stop, quiet and settle down.

BELL
Your guy wins I'll give you my wallet. I win y'all give me a chance to speak my peace.

TRAY
That's it?

BELL
That is it, man. I just want you to listen to what I have to say. We got a deal?

ONE-T, 20, The biggest guy in the group, steps forward and checks the ball hard to Bell.

ONE-T
I'll take your money.

INT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - DAY

The décor is dark and gaudy. The light pours in as Captain Gregson enters with Sherlock and Joan in tow. HERMAN, 32, squirrely man intercepts them as the enter.

HERMAN
Excuse me you are gonna have to leave. This is an invite only private club.

Gregson flashes his badge.

GREGSON
I am Captain Gregson and these are private consultants Holmes and Watson.

Herman slows to a stop in front of them.

HERMAN
Oh, What brings everyone in here today?

Sherlock moves uncomfortably close to Herman.

SHERLOCK

Is it normal for people to die at these parties of yours or do they typically take an Uber home safely at the end of the night?

Herman is taken aback. Gregson gives a look to Sherlock.

GREGSON

We are investigating the murder of Miriam Myles. She may have attended a party here the night of her death.

Joan takes in the decor.

HERMAN

Oh my, I would love to help you but I don't recognize the name. She may have been a newer member to the club.

GREGSON

Do you know every member by name?

HERMAN

No I do not. I am but a caretaker and this club is one of dozens in a collective network. We host parties and cater to a special group of socialites.

They move down the stairs to the middle of the dance floor.

Joan glances at the bar. A janitor mops. His mop head pushes blood around. Herman looks at Joan then the janitor.

Sherlock sniffs the air. Herman turns to face the club.

SHERLOCK

Heavy on the bleach it would seem. Trying to clean up spilt blood perhaps?

HERMAN

There is a lot of blood play at our gatherings.

Joan shoots him an concerned look.

JOAN

Do you understand how dangerous that is? Malaria, syphilis, Hepatitis B, Hepatitis C and the HIV are just some of the diseases that can be transferred.

HERMAN

I assure you miss we are well versed in the dangers of dealing with blood.

Sherlock stops where the girls stood the night before and stares up at the VIP area.

SHERLOCK

What is that up there, behind all of the glass?

Herman looks up at the Vip area.

HERMAN

That is our exclusive area. Only the elite members of the club are allowed in there.

INT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - VIP AREA - DAY

The room is different from the rest of the club. Its minimalist design is full of sharp-edged and elegant styling. Herman lets them into the room.

Sherlock, Joan, and Gregson Put on latex gloves. Sherlock looks about the room taking note of a carefully placed ashtray, wine bottles and fake trees.

SHERLOCK

Is this office typically occupied during the day or is it used exclusively as a vip area?

HERMAN

No, it is always used as a VIP area. The elite members have thier own offices and jobs away from here during the day.

Joan walks over to a rack of equipment. Next to the rack is a host of video surveillance Screens.

JOAN

Do you record the events that are held at this location?

HERMAN

Of course we do.

Herman pulls a phone out of his pocket.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Everything is streamed to the social groups website.

He holds out his phone to Joan. She glances at the screen then takes the phone.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

The group has a world wide following and not everyone can travel to the events.

Sherlock crouches near the desk. He looks underneath. A garment bag lays against the inside of the desk.

Sherlock opens the bag. The white jacket inside is freshly pressed. A dry cleaning label is tacked to the lapel.

Joan grabs Sherlock's attention.

JOAN

You need to see this.

Sherlock leaves the suit jacket undisturbed. He stands, walks around the desk and goes to Joan.

She scrolls through footage. Dozens of women can be seen being bitten by Darian.

SHERLOCK

I do not believe this is what they meant by 'take a bite out of the big apple. Who pray tell, is the man in the suit?

HERMAN

That is Darian, he is lord of the socialite group.

SHERLOCK

You don't say? Where exactly can we find this, lord?

HERMAN

The main office is on the upper east side. Let me grab you the address.

Sherlock watches Herman reach for a card on the desk. Herman's right hand has a bandage on the meaty section between the thumb and index finger.

Herman retrieves the card and brings it over to the trio. Gregson takes the card.

SHERLOCK

What happened to your hand?

HERMAN

This? It got pinched in the bar back cooler the other night.

GREGSON

We will be in touch.

EXT. CITY - BASKET BALL COURT - DAY

The collection of teens is amped up. Their excitement is on full display as they hoot and holler.

One-T crossover dribbles. Presses forward into Bell knocking him down to the ground.

One-T goes up and dunks the ball.

The excitement of the crowd is drowned out as Bell stares at the fenced area next to the bleacher. Tray stands with two other boys. He hands one of them a small baggie for a wad of cash.

ONE-T

Don't tell me ya done already?

The world snaps back in high fidelity as Bell refocus's his attention to the task at hand. Bell gets to his feet. He retrieves the ball.

BELL

What's the score?

Bell dribbles the ball as they walk to center court.

ONE-T

Yo, it's ten to eight, all me.

One-T beats his chest.

BELL

We playing to 11?

Bell checks the ball to One-T.

ONE-T

Yeah

One-T Checks the ball back to him.

Bell takes the ball and dribbles left. One-T blocks his path.

He Dribbles right. One-T gives chase then blocks his path.

BELL

You're quick.

Bell stops at the edge of the paint.

He dribbles between his legs then fakes a shot.

One-T stumbles.

BELL (CONT'D)
But not quick enough.

Bell drains a three pointer.

The teens in the bleachers go wild.

Bell goes over to One-T. He extends a hand.

One-T takes his hand and stands up.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MEETING ROOM - DAY

A woman opens the glass door. She does not enter. Sherlock, Joan and Gregson enter the room. She leaves them alone. Joan looks about the room.

The meeting room is extravagant. It looks more like a study with its collection of old tomes and bronze knick-knacks.

There are several small gargoyle statues on the floor. There are a multitude of crosses and religious relics on display.

SHERLOCK
These people have no taste at all.

A haunting image of Vlad the Impaler takes center stage behind the large office desk.

Darian enters the room. He greets them as if greeting children returning home from a vacation.

DARIAN
Welcome, Welcome. Can I get you something to drink? Water, Tea, Bloody Mary?

GREGSON
No, thank you. I am captain gregson and these are my associates Holmes and Watson.

DARIAN
What brings you in today my dear captain?

GREGSON
What is that you people do here?

SHERLOCK
Other than continue to prove rich people have no idea how to spend there money.

DARIAN

We are Sacer Sanguis. It is a traditional social group for people with Ren Field's syndrome and their familiars.

GREGSON

Excuse me, what in the world is that?

Joan is enthralled by the ancient medical journal left open on the desk.

JOAN

Ren fields is clinical vampirism. They have an obsession with drinking blood and power.

Sherlock moves in close. He examining Darian's Clothing. He jockeys to look at Darian's teeth.

SHERLOCK

Alright, where are they? Let's see them.

DARIAN

See what?

SHERLOCK

The fangs, show me the little buggers. Do you wear them all the time. Are they retractable? Can you drink from them?

JOAN

Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

I digress. If he thinks he is a vampire I want to see his teeth.

Sherlock tries to get darian to open his mouth.

DARIAN

(annoyed)

I don't have them, who did you say you were with again.

GREGSON

The N.Y.P.D.

DARIAN

What exactly is this all about?

SHERLOCK

Why did you kill Miriam Miles?

Darian is clearly in shock.

DARIAN
...I didn't kill anyone.

SHERLOCK
Unlike Count Dracula you do appear
in pictures.

Sherlock holds up his phone. The image is of Darian biting
Miriam.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Darian sits at a bare table. The door opens. Gregson enters with Sherlock in tow. The two sit across from Darian.

GREGSON

Alright, you want to tell us what happened at your club the other night?

Darian tries to appear confidant and superior.

DARIAN

It was the Sacer sanguis's Novo Incipere ceremony to kick off the annual festiva sanguinis.

Sherlock is intrigued.

SHERLOCK

Festival of blood?

Darian clearly pleased at the recognition.

DARIAN

Yes, our elite members and largest donors come together for a week of celebration.

GREGSON

Do you always begin that celebration with homicide or was that a new addition to this years freak-show?

DARIAN

I did not kill that girl.

Gregson drops pictures on the table.

GREGSON

Someone did and you were the last person to be seen with her the night of her murder.

Sherlock slide over a phone.

SHERLOCK

Your caretaker, Mr. Herman was even kind enough to provide us with access to the Sacer sanguis' video feed. You made it incredibly easy for us. Not the world's smartest murderer are you?

Darian stares at the phone.

His elitist facade fades and is replaced by one of fear, concern and panic.

DARIAN

You have to understand. I didn't kill that woman. What you see is not what it looks like. Those fangs are just part of the look and spectacle of it all.

SHERLOCK

Spectacle? Why put on a spectacle?

Darian slides the phone back.

DARIAN

I draw blood to signal the beginning of the event but that is it. I don't hit any veins or arteries. There is no way to kill anyone.

SHERLOCK

Then why pray-tell was the suit jacket, you wore in the videos, sent out for dry cleaning this morning?

DARIAN

I spilled a drink later in the evening. I need to have a fresh looking jacket for second night of festivities.

SHERLOCK

Isn't that kind of convenient? You thought up a perfectly good reason to dry clean away evidence.

DARIAN

She was a bit of a bleeder. So there may be some on the jacket. However, I am telling you the absolute truth. She left the club under her own power after that video.

GREGSON

When CSU finds her DNA on that jacket, and they will, you're going away for a long time.

Darian gets serious.

DARIAN

Look there was another girl at the party with her. I have seen Miriam a few times. We never spoke before last night. The girl she was with I have never seen. So she couldn't have been a sponsor or elite member. She may have been her familiar.

GREGSON

How does that help us?

DARIAN

If she was a familiar her name would be in the registry. Every member has to register a familiar before they can bring them in to an event.

GREGSON

Well thats a start.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Joan walks with Sherlock. She stops abruptly.

JOAN

We need to talk about this morning.

SHERLOCK

No, we don't. You do.

JOAN

I just feel you have been under a lot of stress lately with everything going on, and Maybe trying something different would yield a different result.

SHERLOCK

I believe waking me from my slumber with as much noise as you can possibly have made is definitely different. I can't say I rather enjoyed any of it.

JOAN

Can you be rational for one second about this?

Gregson walks up to the duo not paying attention to their current state of affairs.

GREGSON

We got an address.

Joan and Sherlock stare in opposite directions of each other. Both display stubbornness.

GREGSON (CONT'D)
Am I interrupting something?

SHERLOCK
No, go on captain.

Joan focus' on Sherlock.

GREGSON
We got an address for the other girl. The saucer sangus.

SHERLOCK
Sacer Sanguis.

GREGSON
That's what I said the saucer sangus. As it turns out, they keep extensive records of everything. It has her listed as a familiar. Whatever that is.

SHERLOCK
(short and snappy)
Vampires of lore are known to keep familiars as pets. Do we have a name for this one.

GREGSON
Her name is Elenora Amaranthine. I have a meeting in few minutes. You two good to go have a talk with her or should I send someone else over?

Sherlock does not look at Joan.

SHERLOCK
We are fine. Watson has seen too many reruns of Dr. Oz and doesn't know how to read a clock. We will see to Ms. Elenora Captain.

EXT. CITY - BASKET BALL COURT - DAY

The group of teens sit in the bleachers. One boy pulls out a phone. Another boy leans back on the basket ball. Bell paces back and forth in front of them.

BELL
I am detective Marcus Bell and I grew up not too far from here. In a run down apartment. It was just my brother and I.

He motions to the cityscape behind him.

BELL (CONT'D)

We dealt with the drugs, the gangs, and the hustle everyday. Not too unlike what you deal with daily. My brother went down a dark path and it cost him years of his life. He told me to strive for better, to try making a difference, and be a part of the solution, not part of the problem.

Couple of kids in front sit up. One-T Leans in as if trying to listen closer.

BELL (CONT'D)

That is why I joined law enforcement. I became a police officer to make a difference. Especially in the lives of people like yourselves.

Tray dismisses him.

TRAY

What eva' man, you prolly grew up a rich kid in the burbs. Hiding behind a picket fence.

Bell walks closer the group.

BELL

That is just not true. There was no picket fence on Martin Luther king junior boulevard. What's your name?

TRAY

You can call me Tray.

BELL

Ok, Tray. I did what I had to and got out of a bad situation and keep myself from being pulled back into it. I put in the work and dedicated the time to earning a better life for myself. I am here to help all of you do the same.

TRAY

(agitated)
Well look here.

Tray motions to the kids behind him.

TRAY (CONT'D)
Not everyone gets a fairytale
ending.

Several teens nod there head.

TRAY (CONT'D)
Some of us are survivors, some of
us ain't.

Tray stands. He moves inches from Bell.

TRAY (CONT'D)
We have to learn to live in the
world we was born or die tryin'.

BELL
There is a better way.

Tray looks Bell up and down. He shake his head.

TRAY
We're done here.

Bell pulls several cards out of his pocket.

BELL
Take my card.

Tray pushes past him. A couple of the teens take a card. One-T
stops in front of bell. He takes a card. Bell pats him on the
back. Bell looks at tray as he walks away.

INT. GOTHIC COSTUME SHOP - DAY

The shop is stocked with leather and lace costumes. The many
denizens of the establishment are all in costume and working
throughout the shop.

Sherlock and Joan look about the store.

SHERLOCK
Well look at what we have here.
This would look stunning on you.

Sherlock pulls a piece of victorian lingerie off the rack and
holds it up to Joan. She looks at it.

The Lacy bits are nearly completely see-through. Joan tries not
to display her frustration.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Correction, it would look fantastic
coming off of her.

A TATTOOED WOMAN, 26, attractive walks up and takes the garments from Sherlock. She returns them to the shelf where they were removed from.

JOAN

Excuse me, miss would you know if a woman named Elenora Amaranthine works here?

TATTOOED WOMAN

Ellie?

SHERLOCK

Yes, Ellie.

TATTOOED WOMAN

You'll find her back there in the office' love. She has been back there all day.

JOAN

Thank you.

SHERLOCK

Oh a shady back room. I wonder what we shall find in there. Perhaps a coffin or another body?

JOAN

Are you okay?

SHERLOCK

I am fine my dear, Watson. I simply despise this fascination with Neo-victorian culture.

INT. GOTHIC COSTUME SHOP - BACKROOM - DAY

The room is more like a store house. Filled shelving and half empty boxes it has not been kept in a great condition. In the middle of the room sits a desk.

The sole light hangs above the desk. It flickers and drones as it illuminates, but a sparse amount of the rather spacious room.

A KNOCK at the door.

Elenora is sitting at a desk in a gothic costume. She is upset. Tears run down the sides of her cheeks. Visibly upset, she wipes away her tears and steels her nerves.

ELENORA

Enter

The door opens. Sherlock and Joan walk in to the room.

SHERLOCK

Greetings, My name is Sherlock Holmes and this is my companion Joan Watson.

ELENORA

What can I do for you?

Her mood appears somber.

SHERLOCK

You can help us solve a murder.

Sherlock and Joan move to the chairs across from Elenora. They each take a seat at the desk.

JOAN

Did you know Miriam Myles?

ELENORA

Oh yes. She is...

Elenora tries not to choke up.

ELENORA (CONT'D)

She was, my best friend. I had to turn off the television a while ago. I have been crying all morning. The story is just so sad, you know?. Why would someone do that to her?

SHERLOCK

Is it sad because your friend is gone, or is it because her death was your fault?

Joan looks to sherlock with disapproval.

ELENORA

Excuse me?

Elenora sobers a bit.

SHERLOCK

You invited her to that party and now she is dead. Your friend is dead because you choose to party with murders. So naturally it is your fault.

Sherlock sniffs the air casually.

ELENORA

That is not what happened. It was her idea to go to the party. Not mine.

Joan stares at Elenora's Goblet. The red contents appear dark and thick.

JOAN

How did you get involved with The Sacer Sanguis?

ELENORA

I haven't officially joined as of yet. Miriam was going to be my sponsor beginning of next month. Our journey to the event, last night was just to see if I enjoyed the atmosphere.

Elenora opens the desk. She pulls out forms and paper work.

ELENORA (CONT'D)

(fondly)

I met Miriam at a book store of all places. She was dressed in full victorian regalia. So I started a conversation and the rest was history.

SHERLOCK

You two were lovers?

ELENORA

How did you?

SHERLOCK

You speak of her with the fondness of more than just a casual friendship.

ELENORA

I loved her. She loved the night life and being a part of Sacer Sanguis.

JOAN

That must have been interesting, finding a group of people afflicted with the same disease

ELENORA

It was refreshing, you know?

Joan agrees with her.

ELENORA (CONT'D)

Not being judged.

JOAN

I am sure. Can you tell us what happened last night? Where things went wrong?

ELENORA

Miriam wasn't feeling too hot, so she left early with her bodyguard and I stayed till the club kicked everyone out. I believe it was around three or four in the morning.

JOAN

Wait, did you say bodyguard?

Joan and Sherlock share a look.

SHERLOCK

What bodyguard?

ELENORA

Abraham Linakun, Miriam never went any where without him. She runs into a lot of crazy people. They are always asking her for money and handouts. It was usually easier for her to avoid those encounters, with him standing behind her.

Sherlock leans in.

SHERLOCK

Why didn't Abraham go into the club with the two of you? Seems like the kind of place you would want a body guard.

Elenora sips from her goblet.

ELENORA

Only members and their familiar can enter during events like last night. Abraham was instructed to wait out in the car till it was time to go.

Sherlock sniffs the air.

JOAN

Are you absolutely positive that you saw Miriam leave with Abraham last night?

Elenora concentrates for a beat.

ELENORA

I am one hundred percent on that, she started acting weird so I offered to help her but she said she had already told him to bring the car around. I watched her walk out the side door.

SHERLOCK

Weird, you say? In what way was she acting weird?

ELENORA

I don't know. She was dancing one minute then lethargic and spacey the next.

JOAN

Was she a heavy drug user?

ELENORA

Oh heavens no. Miriam never touched the stuff. She was always afraid it would kill her. I can't tell you the last time I saw her take an aspirin let alone attempt to take hard drugs

SHERLOCK

What about lithium, like that which is in your goblet? Did she also partake in the self medication of depression or is that wholly your own endeavor?

Elenora looks at her goblet then at sherlock with curiosity.

ELENORA

I have tried to give her some in the past. To calm her down you know, but she would never take it. How did you know there was lithium in my cup?

JOAN

What did she need to be calmed down to deal with, was there trouble in the relationship? Did she have any major problems with her family that you know of?

ELENORA

No, She didn't really communicate with her family too often. She was always stressed by the idea of people finding out about her condition.

(MORE)

ELENORA (CONT'D)

She was petrified that it would end
up in a tabloid one day.

SHERLOCK

We need to find this, Abraham
immediately. He is either our
murderer or in grave danger.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - GREGSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Gregson, Sherlock and Joan sit together in his office.

GREGSON

So let me get this straight, the girl had a bodyguard and still ended up next to a dumpster?

SHERLOCK

That is correct, Captain. I believe she may have been drugged. Due to the state, Ms. Amaranthine said that her friend was in when she left. It is quite possible our elusive bodyguard was in on it from the beginning.

GREGSON

Why would he have been in on it?

SHERLOCK

Crime of passion perhaps. It appears as Ms. Amaranthine and Ms. Myles may have been a bit of a secret item.

JOAN

She was not handling the loss of her friend very well.

SHERLOCK

No, I wouldn't say she was. She had an odd drink. It had the aroma of burnt sugar and eggs. I believe it was bourbon and lithium.

GREGSON

Do you have any leads to Abrahams whereabouts?

SHERLOCK

Unfortunately we do not. Detective Bell said that his name did not come up in the DMV database. I can only surmise that it wasn't his real name.

GREGSON

So do these people really drink blood like it is some sort of soft drink?

Gregson tosses a report on the table.

SHERLOCK
Lunatics, that is what they are.

Joan give Sherlock a look then turns her attention to Gregson. Sherlock picks up the report. He thumbs through it.

JOAN
Yes, they do. It is a rare mental condition. It typically starts as an erotic obsession with blood and power. However, it has also been known to present its self as a vampire personality disorder. That is where the person truly believes themselves to be a vampire.

SHERLOCK
Miriam appears to have had high levels of lithium, Rohypnol and iron in her system.

JOAN
She was roofied?

SHERLOCK
It would seem so, Captain has this been a common occurrence in that area of town?

GREGSON
This is New York, I would bet that it happens every night.

JOAN
Women rarely report loss of control incidence like that. It isn't something they want to face.

GREGSON
Whats the plan from here?

SHERLOCK
We are going back to Ms. Myles' penthouse. I need to see if there are any clues we may have missed during our first visit to the residence.

GREGSON
Keep me updated.

Sherlock and Joan stand up. The two walk to the door. They exit the room leaving the door ajar.

Bell knocks on the open door.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

Yes?

BELL

You got a second captain?

Gregson offers him a seat. Bell walks to the desk and takes a seat across from Gregson.

GREGSON

How is everything going with the mentorship program?

BELL

I don't think it went very well. None of them wanted to take part or have anything to do with us. Then to top that off, I think a couple of the older ones may be dealing, but if I bust one we will lose the rest of them

Gregson contemplates his words.

GREGSON

Have to get them to trust you or all of this is will amount to a waste of resources.

Bell is in agreement.

BELL

I don't even know where to start with that Captain. The one named Tray seems to be the groups defacto leader, but he doesn't trust cops at all.

GREGSON

I am gonna guess you didn't trust cops at his age either. So what would have made you trust an officer back then? Whatever would have done the trick back then may be what you have to do today.

BELL

I think I understand what you are getting at.

GREGSON

You could also scope out the court area at night. See if you can catch the dealers in the act and remove the drugs without alerting the others.

INT. PENTHOUSE - STUDY - EVENING

A large mahogany desk consumes the majority of the room. A wall length bookcase consumes the rest.

Sherlock and Joan walk into the study.

JOAN

This is the only room we haven't been over yet.

Sherlock goes to the desk as if he is going to check it. He stops abruptly and takes in the room.

Joan moves past him and takes a seat at the desk. She looks through the draws of the desk.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I don't understand why she doesn't list anything about her security company or Abraham. You would think that is an important thing to keep on your books.

SHERLOCK

She didn't use a security company. If she did then Abraham would have had a digital foot print of some kind. Instead we have a phantom protector who is named after the great emancipator.

Sherlock moves to investigate the bookshelf.

JOAN (O.S.)

Then where did Abraham come from?

He runs his hand over the books. Each one is a different vampire book. A layer of dust lightly covers all of the books on the shelf except one.

SHERLOCK

She may have met him while he was working for one of her friends or another socialite. Their kind often pass staff around like expensive trading cards.

Sherlock stops at the book Twilight. He takes the book off the shelf and thumbs through the pages.

Joan pauses as if in thought as she takes in the room.

JOAN

That is a terrible concept. Trading humans like inanimate objects because you are wealthy.

Sherlock pulls a picture out of the book. It is a photo of ABRAHAM , 36, large male on the beach with Miriam.

SHERLOCK
Perhaps, he wasn't a bodyguard
after all.

Joan gets up from the desk and moves to Sherlock.

JOAN
Is that him?

SHERLOCK
I do believe it is.

Sherlock flips the photo over. On the back is written in Arabic:
I hope your heart always beats for mine. Love Ibraheem al Samir

JOAN
Arabic? That may explain why his
name didn't come up in the DMV

SHERLOCK
It also appears there may have been
a bit of a love triangle at play,
with Miriam at the apex.

JOAN
You think he found out about two
women's relationship and killed her
for it?

SHERLOCK
It is certainly a possibility.
Given the depths to which these
women seemed to go in hiding both
their afflictions and attraction to
one another. He may not have had a
single clue about the conditions
she was...

Sherlock stares at the opposite wall. A wall clock ticks. He
looks down at the desk.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
I can't believe I missed it.

JOAN
Missed what?

He turns and walks out of the room quickly.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Wait where are you going

Joan follows close behind.

INT. PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The sun is setting in the distance. It's normally bright yellow light, filtered orange and pink by the clouds, casts an ominous glow across the room. A shadow falls on the nightmare painting. Sherlock and Joan enter hastily from the hallway.

SHERLOCK

I must be fatigued. I saw something earlier and it did not register what it was until just now.

He moves to the drawer he had ben at earlier in the day. Sherlock opens it. He reaches in and pulls out a bottle of pills. He stares at it for a moment. Then tosses it to Joan.

JOAN

Nitroglycerin, does that mean Miriam had a heart condition?

SHERLOCK

Lets go ask her bestie.

EXT. CITY - GOTHIC COSTUME SHOP - NIGHT

Elenora is outside the shop locking up. Sherlock and Joan walk up on here from behind.

SHERLOCK

When were you going to tell us Abraham and Ms. Myles were an item Ms. Amaranthine?

ELENORA

Excuse me.

SHERLOCK

Oh don't play coy. It is very clear that you two were seeing each other. It is also clear that you are not actually suffering from ren fields syndrome.

ELENORA

How did you know that

SHERLOCK

Your drink earlier, it was filled with alcohol and topped with lithium, however it did not contain any blood. See blood as a peculiar odor when it mixes with alcohol and your glass did not have that smell.

Elenora pushes her way past them

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

What isn't clear to me as of yet,
is if a she knew the truth about
you or if maybe Abraham learned of
your relationship.

Elenora stops. She turns and gives in.

ELENORA

She didn't know. I didn't want her
to know. She was so secretive and
wrapped up in the culture she would
have ignored me if I wasn't part of
it.

SHERLOCK

What about, Abraham did he know
about your lack of condition or
that the two of you were seeing one
another.

ELENORA

He knew. He knew it all, but never
cared. He always said I made her
happy and that is all that mattered
him. He said her happiness and
safety were the only things of
importance.

SHERLOCK

Did he know about her heart
condition.

Sherlock pulls out the pill bottle.

ELENORA

Heart condition?

SHERLOCK

(frustrated)

Was there anything this woman
didn't keep secret? Yes, She had a
heart condition.

Sadness washes over Elenora like a tidal wave.

ELENORA

I didn't know.

JOAN

If he only cared about her and her
safety, then why did he murder her
after they left the club the other
night?

Elenora is in disbelief.

ELENORA

He didn't murder her. He loved her as much as I did.

SHERLOCK

If he loved her as you say then where is he? Why hasn't he come forward yet?

ELENORA

I don't know. I was just leaving to go find him.

She pulls out her phone and opens an app.

ELENORA (CONT'D)

He always has the find me app running so we know how far away he is if needed. After you left I checked and his car hasn't moved all day. He also isn't answering my calls or texts.

She holds up her phone. The screen displays the location of Abraham on google maps.

EXT. CITY - STREET - NIGHT

Bell sits in his car. He watches the basketball court.

EXT. CITY - BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

The lights surrounding the court buzz and flicker as they come on. Tray and One-T sit on the bench. One-t leans back a

ONE-T

That cop that came by wasn't such a bad guy. He can play ball that's for sure.

TRAY

He still a cop tho.

ONE-T

Just cause the cops couldn't save mama when we was kids, don't mean we can't use their help these days. Maybe him comin around is what we need so no one else loses they moms.

MAIN GUY, 26, Russian ruffian, thick accent. THUG ONE, 30, tall and wiry, and THUG TWO, 36, short and muscular, walk out of the shadows. They walk up to Tray and One-T. The boys stand up.

MAIN GUY

You got my money?

TRAY
Y'all bring the stuff

Main Guy snaps his fingers. Thug one moves up and opens a backpack. He drops it on the ground. One-T kneels and inspects the contents.

ONE-T
It's all here.

Tray pulls a wad of money from his pocket. He hands it over to guy one.

TRAY
Pleasure doing business with you.

MAIN GUY
These boys think they are doing something.

Main guy looks at his minions. They laugh.

MAIN GUY (CONT'D)
As of now you work for me. I get eighty percent of the money you bring in from this load.

ONE-T
Hold up that wasn't the deal.

MAIN GUY
It is now.

Tray, Thug one and thug two the pull their guns simultaneously.

TRAY
Nah, I gots a better deal for you. Take the jerky boys and get out of here before I pop a cap in you.

Main guy laughs. He moves up close to the Tray.

MAIN GUY
Alright, then shot.

Tray hesitates.

Main guy takes the gun and back hands tray. Thug one picks up the drugs, as thug two keeps his gun trained on the boys.

MAIN GUY (CONT'D)
Next time you think about stepping into the ring, stay in your weight class.

Main guy shoots One-T.

TRAY

No!

MAIN GUY

Pleasure doing business with you.

The three men disappear into the darkness.

TRAY

Somebody any body help me, please!

Bell comes running over.

BELL

What happened? Who were those guys?

Tray is holding One-T. Blood covers them. Bell kneels down. He applies pressure to the wound.

TRAY

This is all my fault. He didn't even want to get into this.

Tray zones out.

BELL

Tray, Tray, stay with me. I need you to hold right here.

Tray applies pressure to the wound. Bell pulls out his cell phone. He presses a call button.

(Pause)

BELL (CONT'D)

This is Detective Macus Bell. I am in need of an ambulance corner of first and Paladino avenue. There has been a shooting. I have young male in his teens with a gunshot wound to the abdomen. Repeat I need an ambulance immediately.

TRAY

I can't lose my brother, not like this.

Tray sobs.

BELL

He is gonna be ok, emergency units are on their way.

EXT. CITY - DOCKS - NIGHT

A car is being pulled from the river. The dock is teeming with officers. Red and blue emergency vehicle lights flash. An ambulance pulls in and stops near the recovery site.

Captain Gregson is standing next to several uniformed officers. His phone rings. He glances at his phone.

GREGSON

You on your way down here?

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

We are currently in route. Did you find Abraham? Is he still among the living?

Hawes walks up to Gregson. He hands him a form. Gregson looks at it. He signs the form then turns away from the crime scene.

GREGSON

He is a dead as they get. Looks like he has been here since the other night. So we are back to Square one.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Perhaps not just yet. Are there any clues as to what happened?

GREGSON

Not really, C.S.U is still looking over the car. It looks like whoever it was may have taken shots at the car. There are several bullet holes in it as well as the victim.

INT. CITY - UBER CAR - BACKSEAT - NIGHT

Sherlock and Joan are sitting in the back seat of an Uber. Sherlock is on the phone. He pauses for a moment.

SHERLOCK

I need you to ask Dr. Hawes how much blood was missing for Miriam Myles. I also need you to ask him if Abraham is missing blood, that can't be accounted for, as well.

GREGSON (V.O.)

I can do that. Sherlock is there something you aren't telling me about this case?

SHERLOCK

I'm gonna have to call you back captain.

Sherlock ends the call. He returns the phone to his pocket

JOAN

What's wrong?

Sherlock pulls a small scrap of paper and a pen from his pocket. He scribbles on it hastily.

SHERLOCK
Driver can you take me to this
address?

He hands the small piece of paper to the driver.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
I feel like having a drink.

INT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The industrial MUSIC thumps. Men and women twist and turn to the rhythmic beats.

Sherlock strolls in to the club. Joan follows in full out protest of the action.

SHERLOCK
Security here is terrible. A
British accent and they don't even
bother to check for membership.

JOAN
Why are we here?

SHERLOCK
A drink Watson, I fancy my self a
drink.

Sherlock looks across the room. Just past the sea of people is a bar. Lined with neon lights the bar draws in patrons like moths to a burning flame.

INT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Sherlock walks toward the bar. Joan follows close behind. The duo wade through the crowd. Sherlock takes a seat at the bar. Joan stands next to him.

JOAN
You have got to be joking right?
Why on earth do you think it would
be ok to have a drink?

SHERLOCK
Well you started my day trying to
make me drink so I figure i'll
finish it with one.

He waves at the bartender. He holds up two fingers.

JOAN

A breakfast smoothie to improve health is not the same as allowing a recovering individual to indulge in alcohol.

A bartender drops off two drinks. Sherlock picks up a glass. Joan tries to take it from him.

SHERLOCK

Relax, Joan. It is for science.

Sherlock sniffs the glass then takes a sip. Joan grabs the drink from him as it touches his lips. Joan is angry.

JOAN

(she yells at him)
Science?

SHERLOCK

I don't have time for this.

He grabs the other drink from the bar and throws it on Joan. It soaks her outfit. She freezes in place.

JOAN

Oh my god!

SHERLOCK

(smugly)
Science.

Two bouncers storm up and grab them. They escort the duo out.

INT. BROWNSTONE - STAIRCASE/FOYER - NIGHT

Sherlock unlocks the door. He and Joan walk in. She appears furious with him.

JOAN

What in the world were you thinking? I can't believe you threw a drink on me. I'm going to change and shower.

She starts up the stairs.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You are absolutely ridiculous.

SHERLOCK

Take off your blouse Watson.

JOAN

Excuse me.

SHERLOCK

We need a sample of the blood you are covered in.

JOAN

The what?

Joan make her way back down the stairs as she takes off her blouse. She hands it over to Him.

Sherlock holds the blouse and examines it as if it were a vital clue in his quest for knowledge.

SHERLOCK

If I am right this will prove my theory correct

JOAN

What theory? You aren't making any sense.

Sherlock's phone rings. He retrieves it from his pocket.

SHERLOCK

Hello?

(pause)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Yes, that was the request that I made with Captain Gregson.

Sherlock drains the blood from the blouse into a beaker.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

She was missing exactly point, zero, five, five Gallons of blood? What about Abraham?

Joan moves closer to sherlock. You can see blood pressure rising with ever step.

JOAN

You know what you were doing and you still let me believe you were going to drink?

SHERLOCK

All of it was accounted for?

The beaker fills to the top with blood.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Understood. I will send over a sample for you to test within the hour.

JOAN

What in the world is going on?

SHERLOCK

I know why Miriam Miles was killed

Sherlock holds up the beaker.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. BROWNSTONE - STUDY - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights dimly light white sterile walls. You can almost spell the antiseptics.

Sherlock sits at his desk. Looking over notes as the WHIR of a blender hums in the background. He looks back at the door.

Joan walks in with a drink.

SHERLOCK

I don't need your concoction. I am perfectly healthy.

JOAN

If you had drank one this morning maybe you would have caught the pill bottle the first time.

Sherlock ignores her focused on his notes. Joan walks over to the desk and leaves the drink next to him. She turns and walks out.

Sherlock stares at the drinking for a beat.

INT. BROWNSTONE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joan is standing by the counter looking at a recipe book. Sherlock walks in abruptly. He places an empty glass next to her. He turns and walks out.

Joan watches him leave with a smile.

INT. CITY - HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights reflect off the polish floor, dimly illuminating the white walls. You can almost smell the antiseptics of the sterile environment.

BELL

Alright, so you gonna tell me who that was back there?

TRAY

Man, I ain't no rat.

BELL

That isn't going to solve the problem. Let us handle it. Tell me who they are and I can have them off the streets by morning. You and One-T will be safer that way.

TRAY

(angry)

Safe for how long? Til they call someone on the outside? Don't you worry about them. I got this.

BELL

It doesn't look like you do from where I am standing. Let me help.

TRAY

Nah, we doin' this my way.

Tray storms out

INT. CITY - HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY

A hospital bed consume the majority of the small room. Two chairs sit opposite of the entrance with a city view window behind them.

Bell walks in. One-T lays in bed his side wrapped in a fresh bandage. A NURSE, 30, over worked, is finishing up taking his blood pressure.

NURSE

Doctor said you are one lucky fellow. Bullet didn't hit any of the major organs. You should be able to leave in the morning.

ONE-T

(to Bell)

Yo, Where Tray at?

Nurse exits.

BELL

He stormed out a few minutes ago.

ONE-T

Did he say anything?

BELL

Tray said he was gonna handle it his way.

ONE-T

That fool is gone get himself killed. Those guys don't play.

BELL

Who are they?

ONE-T

Russian mobsters

BELL

Those are not the kind of people you mess with. What were you doing with them at the court?

ONE-T

Tray set up a deal. He was tryin' to make moves. Trade cash for some flake. I told him it was a bad idea. I gotta find him.

One-T tries to get out of bed but the pain washes over him like a shower of razor blades. Bell moves to the bedside. He tries to keep One-T from getting up.

BELL

You aren't going anywhere.

ONE-T

I can't just lay here, while my little brother takes on the mob.

BELL

I will take care of him for you. Do you know where he would have gone?

INT. CITY - MORGUE - DAY

The morgue is a dank dark place. The primary light source being that which is illuminating the body. Hawes stands nearby with Joan and Gregson. Sherlock hovers over the body of Abraham examining it with gloved hands.

HAWES

The bodies had very little similarities.

SHERLOCK

Are you certain on the amount of blood loss?

HAWES

With her absolutely. Just a hair over zero, point, zero, five, five gallons missing. In his case it is a little harder to guarantee the numbers give the cause of death.

SHERLOCK

Yes, the cause of death.

GREGSON

Single gunshot wound to the chest. The weapon was recovered at the scene. However it was wiped clean.

SHERLOCK

Did the results from the sample come back?

HAWES

That was an odd sample you sent over. Not only did it have traces of rohypnol and lithium. It came back with over a dozen different identification markers.

JOAN

Where any of them a match for the victims?

HAWES

Yes, Ms. Myles DNA was present, however Abrahams was not.

GREGSON

I'm gonna get the D.A. On the line, we are going to need a warrant.

SHERLOCK

Exactly, how long can blood be kept before it goes bad.

JOAN

It doesn't really go bad. It can be kept refrigerated for 42 days. After that the degradation makes it useable for transfusions.

Sherlock thinks

HAWES

I don't think they were using this for medical purposes.

It's like a light bulb goes off.

SHERLOCK

No, I believe they were using it medicinally

INT. CITY - SIDEWALK - DAY

Tray hides behind a car. He has a gun

Bell pulls up in his car and stops. He jumps out.

Tray points the gun at him

BELL

There is another way, Tray.

TRAY

No there ain't. If I don't do this they will come back and make it worse for me and my brother.

BELL

One-T told me about your moms. I am truly sorry the system failed you. Give me a chance to make things right.

Tray becomes emotional.

TRAY

Yo, you can't bring her back.

BELL

I can't bring back moms, but I can keep you and One-T together. MY bother missed a lot of my life while he was in prison. You don't want to do that to your brother.

TRAY

They shot my brother.

Tray lowers his weapon. He begins to cry.

BELL

He is going to be just fine.

Bell moves to tray and takes the weapon. He embraces the young man as he were his son.

TRAY

I don't know what to do.

BELL

Come with me and we will take care of everything little man.

INT. TRENDY GOTHIC NIGHT CLUB - VIP AREA

Herman sits the desk going over paperwork. A young woman opens the door. Sherlock and Joan walk in to the room.

HERMAN

Hello again, sherlock wasn't it?

SHERLOCK

I thought you said this room was strictly used as a VIP area and unused during the day time?

HERMAN

I said that the members did not use it during that time.

(MORE)

HERMAN (CONT'D)

This is my office when no one is here. Is there something I can do for you.

SHERLOCK

I know the how but, I am confused as to the why.

HERMAN

Excuse me?

SHERLOCK

You drugged the patrons of your establishment. They consumed the concoction you created and it leaves them all in a daze and confused.

Sherlock slinks towards herman.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Miriam Myles was just an accidental casualty of your arrogance. A long with nearly a dozen others, you drained her of point, zero, five, five gallons of blood. Normally, Just enough to leave them in a state of euphoria. In Miriam's case she had a weak heart.

HERMAN

You are crazy.

Herman pushes a button under his desk.

SHERLOCK

That may be the case, however it doesn't change the facts. Nor does it exonerate you in the cold blooded murder of Ibraheem al Samir.

HERMAN

Security

SHERLOCK

You shot him with the gun we recovered at the scene. The bandage on your hand. It is typical of a beretta bite. See that is when the meat of your hand here, gets caught in the slide of a weapon when fired. Common injure among novice gunmen.

HERMAN
(herman yells)
Security!

SHERLOCK
I don't believe they can help you
as they are currently busy with the
N.Y.P.D.

Herman stands. He moves to the glass. He looks down on the club. Officers move about the club. Several of the employees are being arrested.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
It took me a minute to put it all
together. I just needed a little
clarity.

He glances back to joan.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
If I had to guess, you often leave
your victims next to rubbish bins.
They awake and tell no one of
their in discretions. This time
Ibraheem must have followed you
from the club. You were frightened
when he confronted you. So you
pulled your weapon and fired.

HERMAN
I would like my lawyer now.

INT. BROWNSTONE - KITCHEN

Bananas, oranges, cherries and other fruits are strewn about the counters and table. Sherlock moves from counter to table and back grabbing different fruits.

He throws fruit into the blender.

Joan enters the kitchen, in a bathrobe, fresh from a shower.

JOAN
So, he truly believe himself to be
a vampire

SHERLOCK
There are many things that go bump
in the night my dear Watson, but I
assure you vampires are not one of
them.

Sherlock starts the blender. It WHIRS and GRINDS and the contents till only a smooth WHIR is left.

JOAN

What are you making

Sherlock looks at the recipe.

SHERLOCK

A Virgin bloody Mary

Sherlock pour two glasses.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I will start drinking you health
smoothies being healthy. If you
agrees to wait till I have awoken
for the day.

Joan takes a glass.

JOAN

Agreed

The two bump glass in celebratory cheers,

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE