

Watson

Written by

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Dear Reader,

Watson explores rare and outlandish cases on the vanguard of medicine, but every single detail you are about to read is scientifically accurate. **Everything that happens in the show could happen, has happened, and will happen again.**

Enjoy the story, but keep your eyes peeled for Moriarty. That fucker is everywhere.

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. A WATERFALL - DAY

A WIDE SHOT takes in the iconic tumult of **REICHENBACH FALLS**. This, famously, is the site of Sherlock Holmes's climactic head-to-head with Moriarty.

EXT. REICHENBACH FALLS - WALKING PATH - DAY

Everything is mist and the roar of the falls as DR. JOHN WATSON (40s) stumbles in pursuit of something. Watson catches the silhouette of a human form ahead of him in the fog.

WATSON

Holmes! Holmes -- !

CRACK! A GUNSHOT illuminates the mist like a flash of lightning. Watson flies off in the direction of the noise. RUSHING WATER fills Watson's ears as a second GUNSHOT sounds, this one nearby.

WATSON (CONT'D)

HOLMES!!

ON THE GROUND: a trail of blood leads along the riverbank. Two HUMAN SHAPES, struggling with each other, whisk past in the river. As they recede into the fog, Watson plunges into --

EXT. REICHENBACH FALLS - THE RIVER - DAY

-- where he sucks in breath against the shattering cold. Watson bobs above and below the surface, fighting to catch up to his friend before they reach the deadly drop of Reichenbach Falls.

Watson can just make out a shape ahead of him in the mist. He paddles against the rushing water, fighting through the floating debris to get close to the silhouette as it approaches.

The current pulls Watson below. When he surfaces, THE SHAPE is bearing down on him.

It's a craggy rock, sticking up out of the water. CRACK! Watson's head connects. It's an instant knockout, along with a fractured skull. The current carries Watson toward the falls.

EXT. REICHENBACH FALLS - DAY

A WIDE SHOT of the majesty of Reichenbach. The tiny speck that is Watson plunges over the edge. The mist from the falls FILLS the screen, obscuring everything in a soupy grey haze.

We linger in the grey, the sound of the falls receding as a BEAM OF LIGHT cuts through the haze, sweeping across our field of vision before pointing directly into "our" eyes.

INT. A HOSPITAL IN SWITZERLAND - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

SNAP INTO the moment to find a team of MASKED DOCTORS and NURSES working over us, one shining a flashlight into "our" pupils.

Watson has just come to in an EMERGENCY ROOM. It's a grim picture -- his head is bandaged, his neck immobilized as a team of PERSONNEL speak urgent Swiss German while they work on him.

WATSON
(his throat dry; a croak)
... *my friend... Holmes...*

The NURSE, realizing Watson's awake, turns to a colleague.

SWISS NURSE
-- *Doktor* --

WATSON
Is he alive... ?

SWISS DOCTOR
(accented English)
There is swelling. Inside your skull, do you understand... ? We are putting you back to sleep.

Watson's eyes flutter as the drugs in his IV line take hold.

INT. A HOSPITAL IN SWITZERLAND - PATIENT ROOM - MONTAGE

The sun rises and sets on Watson's sleeping form. The CHIRP of hospital equipment marks the passage of time. The machines FADE, replaced by voices speaking SWISS GERMAN.

INT. A HOSPITAL IN SWITZERLAND - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Days later? Weeks? Impossible to say, but Watson awakens to the sounds of a medical emergency. He expects to find a team working on him, but the crisis unfolds a bed away.

A FEMALE PATIENT seizes as a YOUNG DOCTOR and a NURSE update the ATTENDING PHYSICIAN. Their words are a rush of Swiss German, but Watson dials into certain comprehensible phrases --

SWISS NURSE
... *4 milligrams Lorazepam...*

-- the words **FOUR MILLIGRAMS LORAZEPAM** appear as a FLOATING SUBTITLE, gradually DISSOLVING as they rise UP THE SCREEN.

YOUNG SWISS DOCTOR
... *4 milligrams Lorazepam...*

The phrase **FOUR MILLIGRAMS LORAZEPAM** again flashes past as a SUBTITLE, the administration of a second dose registering with Watson as the Young Doctor describes what they've been doing.

PUSH IN ON Watson. We don't need to understand Swiss German to realize the team is failing to help the patient. But Watson's medical instincts kick in as he dials in to the conversation at a deeper, diagnostic level. From across the room we HEAR:

YOUNG SWISS DOCTOR (CONT'D)
... *bolus of glucose*...

That also becomes a SUBTITLE. STAY CLOSE ON Watson as the Attending Physician makes a call --

SWISS ATTENDING PHYSICIAN
... *1 gram phenobarbital*...

ONE GRAM PHENOBARBITAL appears briefly as a SUBTITLE, something locking into place for Watson. His voice rasps as he interrupts.

WATSON
No. Stop. STOP.
(he has their attention)
You'll kill her. If you give that
patient phenobarbital, she'll die.

What? The medical team pauses, taken aback by the sight of this newly-awakened coma patient struggling to sit up.

WATSON (CONT'D)
You administered four milligrams of
Lorazepam to stop the seizures,
right? Then another dose, what,
five minutes later?

YOUNG SWISS DOCTOR
... that's right...

WATSON
The seizures got worse?

SWISS ATTENDING PHYSICIAN
(to Nurse; in German)
*You don't answer to this man. Get
the phenobarbital.*

As the Nurse hustles off to get the indicated medication --

WATSON
My name is John Watson. I'm a
clinical geneticist and internist.

SWISS ATTENDING PHYSICIAN
I don't care who you are. This
woman is my patient --

WATSON
Her IV line is killing her --

SWISS ATTENDING PHYSICIAN

What?

WATSON

It's the only thing that makes sense. She has GLUT-1 Transporter Deficiency. It's a mutation --

The Nurse is back with an IV bag containing the phenobarbital.

SWISS NURSE

... Doktor... ?

As the Attending Physician NODS, the Nurse piggybacks the anti-seizure medicine by attaching it to the other IV bag line.

WATSON

-- it's the IV line. Her brain can't take in the glucose --

Watson tries to stand, but he reels with weakness. The Female Patient begins kicking wildly, the seizures getting worse as Watson struggles to stay conscious.

The word **INTUBATE** appears as a SUBTITLE, Watson plucking its German equivalent from the unfolding conversation. The Attending Physician casts a baleful look at Watson, as the team rushes out to gather the intubation equipment.

INT. A HOSPITAL IN SWITZERLAND - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Attending Physician speaks to his team in Swiss German as they bolt away from the room. ALARMS draw them right back into --

INT. A HOSPITAL IN SWITZERLAND - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

The equipment attached to the Female Patient blares out alarms. Watson is sprawled out on the floor of the room, holding her IV line -- *he managed to disconnect it before he collapsed.*

The patient is still and calm on the bed. We HOLD ON Watson as the team rushes to her side. The tone of the foreign conversation is different now as the Nurse takes her vitals. *It sounds almost like they've witnessed the impossible.*

Watson hears the Swiss German words for **SHE'S STABLE, DOCTOR** before his eyes close. HARD CUT TO A TITLE CARD:

WATSON

TRANSITION TO:

INT. A HOSPITAL IN SWITZERLAND - PATIENT ROOM - MONTAGE

GAUZY IMPRESSIONS of a woman caring for us. We see sunlight casting long hair in halo... soft but capable hands...

Watson awakens on a bright morning. There are flowers at his bedside; soothing music plays over a Bluetooth speaker. The Woman sits in profile nearby, doing work.

WATSON

I... I can't remember your name.

This is MARY MORSTAN (40s): One of the best surgeons on the East Coast. Intelligent eyes that can never hide what she's feeling.

MARY

Mary.

WATSON

Mary... Mary Morstan. You kept your last name.

MARY

It's good to see you awake, John.
(then)
You've had a traumatic brain injury. I should get your doctors.

WATSON

What happened to me? What happened to Sherlock?

Mary hesitates, then crosses to his bedside and checks his vitals with a practiced hand.

MARY

Four weeks ago, they found you at the bottom of Reichenbach Falls. There were two bodies in the water with you. A man named James Moriarty... and Sherlock Holmes. He's gone, John. I'm so sorry.

She gives Watson a moment with the news, even laying a kind hand atop his. When Mary TURNS to get the doctors...

WATSON

I promised you I was done. No more flying to London. No more being away for weeks on end.
(then)
Holmes called again. One last case. I should have stayed home...

These are deeper waters than Mary is willing to navigate.

MARY

They'll want to run brain imaging now that you're up. They're good here. You're lucky.

WATSON

You're the Medical Director at
UHOP. You can't just sit by my bed.

Mary SHRUGS, then moves to EXIT. She hesitates on the threshold.

MARY

You never mentioned he had so much
money. Sherlock Holmes.

WATSON

What? Holmes lived in a two-bedroom
flat on Baker Street...

Mary studies Watson for a second. *He really doesn't know.*

MARY

He might have been quiet about it,
but Holmes left... an enormous gift
to my hospital. Full funding for a
state-of-the-art clinic. Real-time
genetic testing. Salaries for
fellowships. You couldn't dream up
a better package.

Mary hands Watson the proposal she's reading, which features a
letterhead: **THE HOLMES CLINIC FOR DIAGNOSTIC MEDICINE.**

MARY (CONT'D)

There's a catch. There always is
with big money.

Watson looks up, realizing what Mary's implying.

WATSON

He wants me to run it.

MARY

How did you know that?

WATSON

This is Sherlock's final gift. I
let him tear us apart, and he gave
me a path back to you.

MARY

You're getting way ahead of
yourself. You've had a TBI. We have
no idea what your future is going
to look like. But if you get
better... *when you get better...*
the work is waiting.

As Sherlock's parting gift lands on a stunned Watson...

TRANSITION TO

INT. PRENATAL CLINIC - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Titles tell us it is now **SIX MONTHS LATER** as an out-of-focus SONOGRAM IMAGE resolves to REVEAL a 22-WEEK-OLD FETUS.

PRENATAL NURSE (O.C.)
There she is. Look how beautiful.

ERIKA FILIPELLO (late 20s) lies atop an exam table with ultrasound goop smeared on her belly. Her eyes are hollow; insomnia and stress have been gnawing at her.

PRENATAL NURSE (CONT'D)
How are you, darling?

ERIKA
I'm okay. I haven't been sleeping.

PRENATAL NURSE
I bet people say you need to relax when you tell them that?

ON THE IMAGE: *From Erika's POV, the fetus MORPHS and CHANGES SHAPE, transforming into something inhuman.* Erika GASPS.

PRENATAL NURSE (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

Erika looks back to the screen. The image is normal once again.

ERIKA
Did you see that?

The Prenatal Nurse frowns, looking from the monitor to Erika --
-- *and now the same distortion ripples across the Nurse's features.* It's as if her bones are bubbling and contorting.

PRENATAL NURSE
What is it, honey?

Erika stands, lowering her gown as she reaches for a jacket.

ERIKA
I'm sorry. I just, I need a second.

EXT. PRENATAL CLINIC - DAY

The clinic's located on a busy street in the Pittsburgh neighborhood of Oakland, a hub of the city's thriving and innovative healthcare industry.

Erika emerges, fishing her phone out of her purse. She's thumbing through for a contact when we HEAR:

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Erika, are you all right -- ?

Erika turns to find a WOMAN in a white physician's coat. Typically, Erika would recognize this woman as her OB/GYN -- *except this woman's face is also rippling and misshapen.*

OB/GYN

Erika?

Erika steps away, leaving the safety of the sidewalk. A BLARING HORN jars Erika back into the moment, but it's too late --

-- an approaching car barely manages to slow down before plowing into Erika. At the moment of impact, CUT TO --

A HIGH SHOT, the distance lending the scene an odd remove as all traffic comes to a stop. The OB/GYN and the DRIVER rush toward the unconscious Erika.

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - WATSON'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON a row of "mannequin heads" that are lined up on a shelf. These are teaching tools; each one displays a set of facial features associated with a genetic anomaly.

WATSON (O.C.)

Good morning, Doctor Lopez.

Watson ENTERS his office, where DR. INGRID LOPEZ (30) waits. Watson doesn't give Ingrid time to return his greeting as he crosses to his desk. This is clearly a routine of theirs.

WATSON (CONT'D)

It's Tuesday, September 23rd. My name remains John Watson, no middle initial. It would be my enormous pleasure to repeat any ten words you'd like.

INGRID

You should let me ask the questions before you answer them.

WATSON

"You should let me ask the questions before you answer them." Eleven words, by the way.

INGRID

That wasn't part of the test.

WATSON

I understand, as my neurologist, you're obligated to track my recovery -- but I'm fine. I've been fine for months now.

Watson sits down opposite Ingrid. It's undeniable: he presents a vastly healthier picture than he did in Switzerland.

INGRID
How are the headaches?

WATSON
Manageable.

INGRID
Any hyperventilation? Sweating?
(he shakes his head)
What about the weeks leading up to
your injury? Still a blank?

WATSON
... Mostly. I think I'm starting to
remember him.

INGRID
"Him"? James Moriarty?

WATSON
I can see his hands. He has
syndactyly; the second and third
fingers are fused. Almost like his
hand makes the shape of an "M."

INGRID
You describe Moriarty as... I don't
know, a kind of supervillain. And
you're saying his hands make the
shape of an "M"?
(he nods)
Your work with Sherlock Holmes...
it sounds incredible, frankly. But
people who break the curve like
that are billionaires, leaders...
household names.

WATSON
We worked quietly. Holmes had no
desire to be famous. It's one of
the things I liked about him.

INGRID
You miss him.

When Watson says nothing, Ingrid demonstrates the "M" Watson described.

INGRID (CONT'D)
This syndactyly. Do you always
remember people by their
abnormalities... ?

WATSON
Of course. Normal, you know, it has
its uses. It's just a bit boring.
(then)

WATSON (CONT'D)

Take you. People think you're wearing heavy mascara, even when you don't have makeup on. That's because your FOXC2 gene gave you two rows of eyelashes.

A broad-shouldered fireplug of a man appears in the doorway. This is SHINWELL JOHNSON, the administrative aide to the clinic. (**NOTE:** Shinwell is a character from the original stories, a "Baker Street Irregular" who came back to the States to work with Watson in our version.)

WATSON (CONT'D)

Shinwell. Good morning.

INGRID

I have a referral for you. I don't like this. Being your neurologist, and working for you at the Clinic. I trained under Dr. Ito. She's excellent.

WATSON

I have the best neurologist in the state. You, Doctor Lopez.

INGRID

Cool flattery. You're still exploiting an unbalanced power dynamic.

Ingrid hands Watson a slip of paper as he EXITS.

WATSON

I get nervous when young people point words like that at me.

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - CORRIDOR - DAY

Shinwell falls in beside Watson as Watson walks down the hall.

SHINWELL

Morning, guv. This looked interesting off the email.

WATSON

Don't say "guv," Shinwell. People will think they woke up in 1965.

Watson looks at the document. It features a couple of color pictures of the bottom of a woman's foot. There is an ODD RED RAISED CIRCLE on the bottom. It looks like...

WATSON (CONT'D)

That's a nipple.

SHINWELL

On her foot -- ?

WATSON

Foot-nipple. It's a harmless mutation. She doesn't need to worry about it unless it starts expressing milk. Anything else?

SHINWELL

You have PT at 1430. I'll drive.

WATSON

We've been over this. You don't have to ferry me around.

SHINWELL

You've had seizures, sir. I don't mind. He'd want to see that you're looked after. Holmes.

Watson pauses on the threshold of the lab. A look of genuine appreciation passes between the men. Lots of history here.

SHINWELL (CONT'D)

One more thing. Doctor Morstan asked to see you up on six.

INT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL OF PITTSBURGH (UHOP) - CORRIDOR - DAY

FILMED FOOTAGE OF ERIKA FILIPELLO plays on a LAPTOP MONITOR. She shifts in bed, trying to find a comfortable way to accommodate the casts on her left arm and right leg.

Watson stands with Mary at a NURSE'S STATION, watching the footage unfold on her laptop.

WATSON

She has a scaphoid fracture and a compound break to the tibia. Typical trauma from a car accident. Why film her?

MARY

Scroll ahead.

Watson scrubs through the footage and watches the HIGH SPEED PLAYBACK as Erika shifts about in bed, occasionally sitting up. One thing stands out as the night advances:

WATSON

She never fell asleep.

MARY

We admitted her two days ago, and she's been awake since then. She says it's been seven days total.

MARY (CONT'D)

(then)

Her name is Erika Filipello.
There's a family history of Fatal
Familial Insomnia.

Watson exhales audibly. If that's true, an ugly path lies ahead.

WATSON

That's a snake pit. There's no
test. Not even an autopsy. The only
way to diagnose it is to observe
the progression of her symptoms.

MARY

I understand that. She needs
someone with your expertise.

WATSON

To do what? If she has FFI, she'll
be awake until the proteins in her
brain hollow out the thalamus...
and then she'll die.

MARY

And she'll require medical care the
whole time. She's already having
hallucinations. That's how she
wound up here.

(as Watson mulls that)

Erika says her father died from FFI
in 2012 --

WATSON

Don't tell me. I'll ask her myself.

Mary can't disguise a sigh of irritation.

MARY

This hospital has some of the best
doctors in the country. You can't
just ignore them.

WATSON

I take my own histories. It's the
only way to avoid anchor bias and
start fresh.

(then)

Give me the afternoon with her.
I'll let you know how it goes.

Mary eyes Watson. It's never easy, but at least he'll help. As
he TURNS to EXIT --

MARY

I'm going to start the remodel in
the garage. I need you to get your
boxes out of there.

WATSON

I haven't rented a storage space yet.

MARY

Because you don't want to. You've been rehabbing for six months. The clinic's been open for two. It's time.

INT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL OF PITTSBURGH (UHOP) - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Erika looks up as Watson ENTERS. She has raw sores around her mouth now, a condition called *angular cheilitis*.

WATSON

Good morning, Erika. I'm Doctor Watson. I'm consulting on your case.

ERIKA

You're the specialist... ?

WATSON

I'm a clinical geneticist and internist. That means --

ERIKA

I watched my father die from FFI, Doctor Watson. It took my grandfather before that, and I know it's going to kill me, too.

WATSON

I don't think we're there yet...

ERIKA

When someone shows symptoms of FFI, they're typically dead within three to eight months. Don't tell me I'm wrong, because it runs in my family and I've been worried about it my whole life.

(Watson SAYS NOTHING)

We have a job to do here. I'm five and a half months pregnant, and I know I'm going to die.

(then)

I don't want this baby to die, too. You're going to manage my symptoms. You're going to keep me alive until I deliver her safely.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ON A FAMILY TREE, written on a WHITE BOARD. Names and birth/death dates of Erika's family going back generations. Suspected cases of FFI are written in red marker.

A DIFFERENT ANGLE REVEALS Watson considering what he's written. As he changes something, someone clears their throat to get his attention. Watson wheels to FIND --

FOUR YOUNG DOCTORS sitting around the table. These young physicians of varying specialties are Watson's diagnostic dream team... and Watson's first instinct is to work without them.

WATSON

How long have you been sitting there?

Ingrid Lopez, the neurologist we met earlier, speaks.

INGRID

We heard there's a new case. You usually just start without us. So... here we are.

WATSON

Here you are indeed. The four smartest doctors I could find.

(then)

If you've been watching, someone should have an opinion. What is this family history telling us?

CAMERA scrutinizes each team member with a CLOSE-UP as they offer their insights, introducing us to them and offering a hint of what it feels like to work under Watson's penetrating gaze.

SASHA LUBBOCK is a dual-specialist rheumatologist and immunologist, adopted from rural China into suburban Dallas as an infant. She ventures an answer in her robust Southern accent.

SASHA

A presumptive diagnosis of Fatal Familial Insomnia shows up in every generation of Erika's family. But the pattern's unusual. Her father's one of six siblings, but he's the only one to contract FFI.

HENRY CROFT is one of two people present who look exactly alike. He specializes in infectious diseases while his identical twin ADAM CROFT works in the newfangled field of functional medicine.

HENRY CROFT

FFI is autosomal dominant. You can only inherit the gene from an affected parent. But if they had it, you've got a straight fifty-fifty shot.

WATSON

So Erika's father had five siblings. Each of them had a fifty percent chance of getting FFI.

(re: Erika's father)

You flip a coin once, and it comes up heads for FFI.

(re: the other siblings)

What are the odds that you flip it five more times and it always comes up tails?

Ingrid has the answer in a flash.

INGRID

One-half to the power of five. A little better than three percent. Are you saying you don't think Erika's father had FFI?

WATSON

I'm saying when we take on a case, we examine every assumption. Eliminate the impossible, and whatever remains --

WATSON (CONT'D)

No matter how improbable, has to be the truth.

HENRY & ADAM

"No matter how improbable, has to be the truth."

WATSON (CONT'D)

Thank you, Crofts. I'm so glad I hired two of you.

(then; re: the board)

Erika's father committed suicide when he started to have symptoms. He thought he inherited FFI, and he didn't want to die like that. *His* father died in a car accident.

Ingrid is the first to pick up on Watson's train of thought.

INGRID

There's no conclusive evidence that Erika's father had FFI. If he didn't have it, she *can't* have it.

ADAM CROFT

... except she reports no sleep for seven days.

WATSON

Which could well mean she has Fatal Familial Insomnia. Or it could mean she's trapped in a cycle of anxiety.

(explains)

She's worried that she can't fall asleep. Which keeps her from falling asleep.

ADAM CROFT

Anxiety? For seven nights in a row?

HENRY CROFT

The mind is a powerful thing, Adam. Look into it.

WATSON

It was easier to work with you two before Adam started dating Henry's ex.

Looks all around the table; *Watson really went there.*

ADAM CROFT

He broke up with her. Years ago --

HENRY CROFT

A year ago...

WATSON

Save the tension for Thanksgiving. I'd like to offer Erika Filipello something besides a slow death. We need to widen our differential so we can see if she has something other than FFI.

(to the twins)

Crofts, go to Erika's house. Dig into the family history, see if you can bring us something interesting.

(to Sasha and Ingrid)

Sasha and Ingrid. What tests would you suggest we run?

SASHA

An MRI. Blood work to check for a B12 deficiency.

INGRID

Maybe an FDG-PET to test for a decrease of glucose utilization in the thalamus.

Watson nods: *get started*. Ingrid lingers as the group breaks up.

INGRID (CONT'D)

I'm curious. If I hadn't brought everyone in... would you still be standing here by yourself?

WATSON

What? No. I was about to get you.

Ingrid's look says it all: *okay*. As she EXITS...

INT. UHOP - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON the toes protruding from Erika Filipello's cast. The second and third ones are webbed together; this is "syndactyly," the same condition Watson described in Moriarty's fingers.

ERIKA (O.C.)

I don't understand. There's no test for FFI... ?

Ingrid can't help but focus on Erika's toes as Sasha draws blood. Sasha, as she demonstrates here, has the elusive skill of being able to call people "honey" without drawing a cringe:

SASHA

We're just doing our thing, honey. Do you have everything you need?

ERIKA

My mom's going to bring a Bluetooth speaker later.

The chat becomes MOS as Ingrid focuses on Erika's toes. PRELAP:

INGRID'S VOICE (O.C.)

Do you think it's significant that Erika has two-three syndactyly?

INT. UHOP - CORRIDOR - DAY

Ingrid and Sasha walk with the samples they've just drawn.

INGRID

It's a common abnormal physical finding. But Watson wants us to think in clusters.

They arrive at a nurse's station, where Sasha begins packaging up the blood sample for transport to the lab.

SASHA

It's happening to you, too, huh?
(off Ingrid's look)
I can't look at someone without analyzing their features for...
"clues," I guess Watson would say.

INGRID

I can barely watch a show now. I
tried *Lady in the Lake* last night --

SASHA

-- Natalie Portman, right -- ?

INGRID

Yes.

(NOTE: Natalie Portman has low-set and posteriorly rotated ears.
Watson will make a running gag of the fact she has a
developmental malformation without ever saying what it is.)

SASHA

Thank you. I can't even with her.

(then)

I had to have a talk with Zach.
He's not initiating. Not enough,
anyway. We're not even married,
who's ready to slow down? He says
he's self-conscious 'cause it feels
like I'm *studying* him.

(then)

Makes you wonder what *Watson* sees
when he looks at us. Aside from
your gorgeous eyelashes, of course.

HOLD ON INGRID as Sasha deposits the sealed sample in an intra-
hospital courier bin, then walks off.

EXT. ERIKA FILIPELLO'S HOUSE - DAY

Establishing a modest row house in a working-class neighborhood.

ERIKA'S MOTHER (O.C.)

My daughter had a set of identical
twins in her class.

INT. ERIKA FILIPELLO'S HOUSE - DAY

Henry and Adam Croft sit opposite ERIKA'S MOTHER, who's in her
sixties but is weak with emphysema. Erika's cousin AUTUMN MAZZA
(mid-20s) tends to household chores in BG while they talk.

ERIKA'S MOTHER

Zoey and Emma. Zoey wore pink, Emma
wore purple. You two could try
something like that?

HENRY CROFT

Thank you, ma'am. We'll look into
that. When your husband got sick,
do you recall if a doctor ever
confirmed a diagnosis of FFI... ?

ERIKA'S MOTHER

Paul hated doctors. I think he went
twice before he gave up --

ADAM CROFT

It would also help to track any
changes to your daughter's diet,
her lifestyle. Has she been eating
more nightshade vegetables like
potatoes or tomatoes?

Henry flashes his brother a look as Erika's mother parses the
contradictory questions. Autumn looks up from her work.

ERIKA'S MOTHER

Are we talking about Paul or are we
talking about Erika --

AUTUMN

(re: Adam's query)

We threw Erika that pregnancy
party.

HENRY CROFT

Let's stay focused on Erika's
father for the moment --

ADAM CROFT

What was unusual about the party?

AUTUMN

My mom and I made her a plate of
our deviled eggs. Erika ate the
whole thing. She had cravings.

ADAM CROFT

You're not Erika's sister?

AUTUMN

I'm her cousin. I'm helping out
while Erika's sick.

HENRY CROFT

If we could get the name of those
doctors...

ADAM CROFT

Does Erika have a sensitivity to
eggs?

ERIKA'S MOTHER

-- no --

The questions are flying fast and furious in all directions.
Henry can't conceal his irritation.

HENRY CROFT

Sorry, Mrs. Filipello. My brother's a functional medicine doctor; he thinks everything goes back to an egg "sensitivity."

(her look; *functional medicine?*)

You know: Doctor Oz. Your anti-vax cousin on Facebook.

Henry stops himself when he realizes that Erika's mother is struggling to hold back tears.

HENRY CROFT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, ma'am. We're doing everything we can to help Erika.

(then)

Anything we can learn about her father... contact information for his doctors, old pictures... anything might help.

INT. ERIKA FILIPELLO'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

Henry and Adam are upstairs now, sorting through old photo albums and avoiding looking at each other.

ADAM CROFT

There's no harm in being thorough.

HENRY CROFT

There is *potential* harm in wasting time. We came to investigate FFI.

(beat; then)

Why go to medical school if everything's a folk remedy? Why not just get a certificate in, I don't know... reiki massage?

ADAM CROFT

Right. Because the monolith has it covered. Avoid prevention. Then profit off the treatment.

They've had this "discussion" before, and they'll have it again. It's interrupted when Henry notices something curious in the pictures he's sorting through.

HENRY CROFT

Huh.

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON FOUR PICTURES OF PAUL FILIPELLO, laid out on the table and seen from above as Watson and the team huddle over them.

HENRY CROFT

These were all taken within a year
of Paul Filipello's death.

It's subtle, but there's no denying it. Over the course of his
final year, Erika's father's skin coloring shifted. Sasha is the
first of the team to look up.

SASHA

Is he turning... orange?

WATSON

Was Erika's father a welder?

Adam and Henry exchange a surprised look.

ADAM CROFT

How did you know that?

WATSON

The discoloration is consistent
with manganism. A variety of heavy
metal poisoning seen most commonly
in those with consistent exposure
to arc welding equipment. Doctor
Lopez. Tell us a story about what
might have happened here.

INGRID

Paul Filipello gets sick. Some of
the symptoms of manganism overlap
with the symptoms of FFI, and
worrying about whether he had FFI
interrupted his sleep patterns.
Paranoia's a symptom, too. That
couldn't have helped.

(then)

When none of his doctors can tell
him what's wrong with him, Paul
decides he has FFI and commits
suicide.

WATSON

It's a compelling story. Tracks
with what I'm observing.

SASHA

Except we can't confirm any of it.

WATSON

Of course we can. A bone test would
still show the manganism.

SASHA

A bone test? You want to exhume his
corpse?

WATSON

Would you have a problem with that,
Dr. Lubbock?

SASHA

If it were my daddy? I sure would.

INGRID

Even if the family agrees, it
doesn't prove anything. Paul
Filipello could have carried the
mutation for FFI but died from
other causes.

Watson drums his fingers on the table, mulling it all over.

WATSON

Forget exhuming him. Let's agree,
among ourselves, that Erika's
father didn't have FFI and,
therefore, neither does she.

(off their looks; re:
family tree)

The chances are just too remote.
Paul Filipello died after the age
when FFI typically manifests, and
none of his siblings, aunts, or
uncles had it. Erika Filipello
isn't losing weight --

SASHA

-- she is pregnant --

WATSON

Everyone with FFI loses weight. I'm
willing to exclude it. Where does
that leave us?

A moment as the group considers that.

HENRY CROFT

We still can't tell if she's
suffering from anxiety, or if
there's an underlying condition.

(explains)

The only way to prove that Erika
doesn't have the disease is to help
her fall asleep, and stay asleep.
And if you're right, the fact that
she *believes* she has it is exactly
what's keeping her awake. It's a
snake eating its own tail.

Another beat. Watson picks up a dry-erase marker and heads to an
empty patch of white board. He talks as he writes.

WATSON

There is one thing we can do for her. I don't typically recommend this, but it may be necessary here.

Watson steps back. We can't see what he wrote, but we can read the team's confused reactions.

INT. UHOP - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

SOMETHING RAUCOUS plays over the Bluetooth speaker that's now on Erika's nightstand. The patient herself sits up in bed, reading a book on child-care as Watson appears in the doorway.

WATSON

(re: the music)
Interesting choice for ten pm.

ERIKA

Not like I'm going to fall asleep.
(holds out her phone)
Here. You pick something.

Watson thumbs through the streaming app she has pulled up and plays "Avril 14th" (the same instrumental that was on when he woke up in Switzerland). He pulls a chair up to her bed.

WATSON

I have some news. None of this has been written up in the medical journals yet. Very few people know what I'm about to tell you.

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - CORRIDOR/FOYER - NIGHT

Mary, on her way home for the night, pops into the clinic to find Adam on his way out. He's the last one there.

ADAM CROFT

Doctor Morstan. Hi.

MARY

... Adam, right? I came to check up on Erika Filipello.

Adam hesitates. As the Medical Director, Mary is his uber-boss.

ADAM CROFT

We're into it. I'm sure Doctor Watson would want to update you himself.

MARY

Is there a treatment plan?
(when he hesitates)
I'll check your white boards. He writes everything there.

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Mary flips on the light to REVEAL the white boards. There, circled in the middle of one, is the "treatment" proposed by Watson: **WE LIE.**

INT. UHOP - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

The music plays as Watson sits at Erika's bedside, delivering the "news" that we now know to be untrue.

WATSON

... one of my research colleagues developed a test for FFI. It's as close to definitive as these things get. I rushed your labs to her --

ERIKA

(dreading the worst)
... oh my God...

WATSON

Erika. It's good news. You tested negative. You don't have FFI.

Relief washes over Erika's face, followed quickly by confusion.

ERIKA

Why can't I sleep then? Am I crazy?

WATSON

People can do so-called "crazy things" without actually being insane. I have. Plenty of times.
(then)
You've spent your entire life living with the possibility that you might be carrying this gene. That would make anyone "crazy."

A quiet moment as Erika processes the "news."

WATSON (CONT'D)

You might be sick with something else. If you are, we'll find out what it is. But you don't have FFI. See if you can get some sleep...

Watson stands to EXIT. But before he gets out of the room --

ERIKA

Tell me about some of them. The crazy things you've done.

INT. UHOP - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A none-too-happy Mary strides down the corridor.

INT. UHOP - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Watson sits at Erika's bedside now as "Avril 14th" plays.

WATSON

I left my life behind to go solve
mysteries in England.

(when she LAUGHS)

It's not a joke. When I came back
from the war, I struggled. Some of
it was stuff that happened over
there. Some of it was... life.

(then)

"The story of our lives is written
inside of us before we're ever
born." My first genetics professor
said that. If you do this work for
long enough, you start to see
that's mostly true. It's a hard way
to live. Nothing surprises you.

(then)

I met someone in London who turned
all that on its head. We formed a
partnership. We were friends.

Mary appears in the doorway. Watson can read her unhappiness,
but Erika hasn't seen her yet. Watson makes a little gesture
urging Mary to wait. Reading the calm vibe, she backs off.

INT. UHOP - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mary leans against the wall, listening as Watson continues.

WATSON (O.C.)

My wife, she saw that I needed...
something, whatever I was getting
out of working with Holmes.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. UHOP - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

It's a few minutes later; Watson is mid-speech.

WATSON

... in the end, when the call came
from Holmes, I picked him over
Mary. I wouldn't have put it that
way. I just thought, "one more
case." But everything has its
breaking point, and I found ours.

(then)

When I was in that water... when I
thought I was about to die...
that's when I realized what I did.

WATSON (CONT'D)

The last thing I thought before I went over the falls, was that I'd never get a chance to put it all back together. I have that now. Holmes gave it to me.

Watson trails off -- *and when he looks up, Erika is fast asleep.*

INT. UHOP - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Watson emerges from Erika's room to find Mary waiting.

WATSON

... you heard all that?

MARY

Lying to patients is not an ethical form of treatment. Not at my hospital.

WATSON

That's what you want to discuss? I'm sorry about... pretty much everything, but not that.

(then)

Go look at the patient. I helped her. Ask Erika if she cares how I got there.

Mary watches as Watson walks off down the hall.

INT. UHOP - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Morning light floods the room as Erika's eyes flutter open.

SASHA (O.C.)

Good morning. How'd you sleep?

Sasha sits nearby, where she's been catching up on paperwork while observing Erika. Erika sits up, panicked.

ERIKA

Who is that -- ?

SASHA

It's Doctor Lubbock. We've been taking shifts. What's wrong... ?

ERIKA

I can't see you. I can't see *anything*.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. UHOP - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Erika's room is dotted with get-well cards, but she's alone and frightened. Her *angular cheilitis* -- the sores around her mouth -- has gotten worse. Erika hears something, turning toward --

ERIKA
Is somebody there?

-- THE CORNER, where Watson quietly watches her.

WATSON
It's Doctor Watson.

ERIKA
What are you doing?

WATSON
Truthfully? Dodging a check-in with an annoying neurologist. But also: watching you. You're blind.

ERIKA
I could have told you that.

WATSON
I needed you to *show* me.

Watson lapses back into a preoccupied silence. Erika puts a hand to her pregnant stomach.

ERIKA
I just need you to keep me alive for a few months.
(then)
It's been bad for my family since my dad... did what he did. My brother found the body. He's high somewhere, nobody's seen him for months.
(beat; then)
Doctor Watson. What's happening to me?

WATSON
It's a mystery, Erika. You're a mystery. The first real one I've seen since I worked with Holmes.
(then)
I want you to try something. It's the last thing you'll want to do... but try anyway.

WATSON (CONT'D)

(then)

Can you smile for me?

ERIKA

You were married. You should know
never to tell a woman to smile.

WATSON

Not even if her life depends on it?

Erika tries to grin, but the raw sores keep her from doing it.

ERIKA

-- it hurts --

WATSON

That's what I thought. Those sores
around the corner of your mouth.
It's a condition called *angular*
cheilitis. It got worse overnight.

ERIKA

What does that mean?

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - FOYER/CORRIDOR - DAY

Watson, carrying a LAB JAR with a specimen swab in it, pushes
through the entrance. Ingrid falls in beside him as he walks.

INGRID

You missed our check-in.

WATSON

What if *this* is the check-in?
(recites)
"Person, woman, man, camera, TV."

INGRID

I did not ask you to say that.

WATSON

I did say it perfectly, though.

INGRID

Do you plan to use the fellows, or
is this a "lone genius" day?

WATSON

They're not "lone genius" days.
Sometimes I just...

INGRID

Start without us? Then finish
without us? We were all wondering
'cause you kinda disappeared this
morning. Like you do.

They arrive at the threshold of the Clinic's Lab. Watson holds up the sample jar.

WATSON

Doctor Lopez. I took this culture from the sores around Erika Filipello's mouth. Would you kindly gather the team so we can all analyze it *together*?

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - LAB - DAY

A LAB CULTURE, seen through the lens of a microscope. A COLONY of single-celled creatures squiggles and writhes about.

SASHA (O.C.)

Is that... yeast?

Sasha looks through the scope as Watson and the team observe.

WATSON

Erika Filipello has a yeast infection.

INGRID

Around her mouth? That's... not where yeast infections happen.

SASHA

A fungal infection shouldn't cause angular cheilitis in someone with a healthy and intact immune system. We may have a narrow window to act here.

HENRY CROFT

Act on what?

SASHA

We have the results of Erika's CBC and her flow cytometry. She has a non-specific deficiency in her T and B cells. The tests, this infection... it's consistent with Severe Combined Immunodeficiency.

ADAM CROFT

SCID? "Boy in the Bubble Syndrome"?

SASHA

We have to replace her faulty immune system with a new one.

INGRID

You want to give her a bone marrow transplant.

ADAM CROFT

This is textbook over-treatment.

(re: Sasha)

Hire an immunologist, get an immunodeficiency. A bone marrow transplant has lifelong side effects. Erika Filipello was fine a week ago. She's also *pregnant*.

SASHA

Erika's our patient, not her baby. And if I'm right, and we don't intervene... they'll both die.

(then; to Watson)

She's twenty-two weeks. The fetus is viable --

ADAM CROFT

Barely. *Maybe*.

SASHA

If we deliver the baby before we do the transplant, it has a small chance of surviving.

Watson takes a moment to consider the options.

WATSON

We need to find a bone marrow match before a transplant is even viable. Let's start there. Erika mentioned a brother... ?

HENRY CROFT

Damon Filipello. He's been in and out of rehabs since their father died. No one knows where he is. If he's even alive.

Watson pulls out his phone and starts thumbing out a text. Ingrid peeks over his shoulder.

WATSON

He's our best shot at a match by far. We need to find him.

INGRID

Is "Gregson" gonna help with that?

WATSON

She does work at Scotland Yard.

Watson looks up, taking in his team's surprised faces.

WATSON (CONT'D)

It's like you lot have never tracked down a missing person.

HENRY CROFT

We're doctors, not detectives.

WATSON

That's a pity, because right now
your patient needs a detective.

(checks incoming text)

I'll work this on my end. See where
you can get with finding Damon
Filipello.

Watson EXITS, leaving the four brilliant young clinicians
looking at each other in confusion.

SASHA

Anybody know any bounty hunters?

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - CORRIDOR - DAY

Shinwell falls in beside Watson as Watson heads for the foyer.

SHINWELL

Gordon Chaplin was by, guv.

WATSON

"Gordon Chaplin." Sounds familiar.

SHINWELL

He also rang twice. He's with
hospital HR. Says he'd like to
schedule a check-in.

WATSON

For the moment, Shinwell, I'm going
to take a rain check on the check-
in. I will, however, take you up on
that ride.

EXT. PITTSBURGH STREETS - DAY

A vintage, and conspicuously British, Austin-Healey 3000 zips
through traffic in this residential neighborhood.

WATSON (O.C.)

How'd you get this thing into the
country?

INT./EXT. SHINWELL'S CAR - DAY

Shinwell mans the steering the wheel, which is on the "wrong,"
or left, side of the car. Watson sits beside him.

SHINWELL

Just persistence. Taking the right
tone with them that decide.

WATSON

I've seen you be... "persistent." I hope you didn't terrify anybody.

SHINWELL

This is a good bit of crack, innit?
Running down a fugitive.

With a nimble bit of steering, Shinwell pulls the car into an open spot in front of Erika Filipello's house.

WATSON

Do you miss it? Do you miss *him*?

SHINWELL

The world's less... I dunno, bright without Sherlock Holmes in it.

(explains)

I reformed meself because of Holmes. Helped the man put many of my former associates in nick where they belong. I'll always mourn the man. But I'm grateful you're still here. I suppose you might say you're my Sherlock now.

WATSON

That's exactly what I'm afraid of.

(off Shinwell's look)

I don't want to be anybody's Sherlock Holmes. He gave me what I needed to get back to my life... and now I want what I had before.

SHINWELL

Are you sure you can have that? I don't think you partner with Sherlock and then just go back to the way things were. He's inside you now. That has its benefits. And it has its costs.

Watson considers that for a beat.

WATSON

When I think about Holmes, and what we did together... I wonder if this will be enough. Medicine. The clinic.

SHINWELL

Mister Holmes obviously thought it would be. He set you up, sir.

WATSON

Exactly. He picked this. I didn't.
(then)

WATSON (CONT'D)

I do miss *that moment*, Shinwell.
That moment when you helped Holmes
get to an answer, and the whole
world just snapped into place.

SHINWELL

Nothing like it. I actually saw the
man say "Eureka" on more than one
occasion.

WATSON

"Eureka." He was the only person in
the world who could say that and
not sound like an idiot.

SHINWELL

I don't know about that, sir. There
might be one other.

Shinwell clearly means the man beside him. Watson's not so sure
about that, but he still grins faintly as he opens the door.

INT. ERIKA FILIPELLO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Watson sits opposite Erika's mother, listening to her response
to one of his questions as Autumn walks through with groceries.

ERIKA'S MOTHER

... I haven't heard from Damon in a
long time. I've been hoping *not* to
hear from him. What a terrible
thing for a mother to say.

WATSON

I've dealt with addicts. I know.

Erika's mother responds, but Watson's attention is drawn by
something he noticed as Autumn passed through.

ERIKA'S MOTHER

I couldn't even tell you the names
of his friends. Damon's been lying
to us for so long --

WATSON

Would you give me a moment, Mrs.
Filipello?

INT. ERIKA FILIPELLO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Autumn empties a bag into the fridge when she HEARS:

WATSON (O.C.)

Congratulations. It's not easy to
get clean from heroin.

Autumn unwinds from her crouch to find Watson in the doorway.

AUTUMN

... what?

WATSON

I saw the recovery tattoo.

Autumn glances down, pulling her sweater sleeve down over her forearm tattoo of a triangle with a circle inside.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Good placement. It covers the scars from your track marks.

AUTUMN

So? I worked for my time. No one's gonna shame me.

WATSON

That's not something I'd do. I'm here because you and your cousin Damon had a common vice. I don't want to embarrass you in front of your aunt... but if you ever used with him... if you know anything at all that might help me find him... I'd be grateful for anything you could share. So would Erika.

Autumn stonewalls him. Watson reaches into his wallet, pulling out a business card. She SAYS NOTHING; he TURNS to EXIT.

AUTUMN

"Brian Maude."

(off Watson's look)

I haven't seen Damon for a long time. But he had a fake ID with the name Brian Maude on it. Any time he was up to something sketch, that's the alias he'd use.

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - FOYER/FELLOWS' BULLPEN - NIGHT

Hours later; the sun sets as the team works in this open-plan seating area. Sasha wraps up a call.

SASHA (INTO PHONE)

... alright, thanks so much. Please call if you hear anything.

(hangs up; sighs)

That's all the rehabs. Any luck with hospitals?

HENRY CROFT

Nope.

(then)

Is anyone else wondering why they went to medical school?

HENRY CROFT (CONT'D)

(hands go up)

We work for a man who'd rather text Scotland Yard than tell us a case came into his own clinic. His closest confidant is named "Shinwell Johnson." No one here is ever gonna look at Natalie Portman the same way again --

ADAM CROFT

You chose this fellowship because it was too good to pass up. We all did.

HENRY CROFT

Fair enough. Why did he pick us?

ADAM CROFT

You seriously don't know? For smart people, you guys are idiots.

(off their looks)

Watson sees the whole world as an experiment in genetic medicine. We're just part of it.

(then)

Henry and I have identical DNA, the same background... we even dated the same partner. We're a living test of nature versus nurture. Sasha's a variation on the same theme.

(off her look)

You were born in China, presumably a poor and rural area given prevailing adoption practices. You were adopted into the wealthiest suburb in Dallas, Texas. Watson wants to see how that turns out.

That lands hard. Adam may not be the most respected physician on the team, but they can't deny he hit the nail on the head here.

SASHA

I worked my ass off in medical school.

ADAM CROFT

I hope you don't think that impressed Watson. None of us could pull that off. We're not Sherlock Holmes. Whoever the hell *he* was.

They all consider that as Adam turns back to his work.

INGRID

You didn't do me.
(off Adam's look)

INGRID (CONT'D)

Watson hired you two because you're identical twins. Sasha's adopted. What about me?

ADAM CROFT

Honestly... ? I don't know. I mean, you're good. But we're all good. You, Ingrid? You're a mystery.

Ingrid ponders that when Watson pushes through the door, a SHABBY YOUNG MAN trailing behind him.

WATSON

Evening, all. This is Damon Filipello. Let's set up a bone marrow harvest.

The team is agog. Watson doesn't acknowledge the surprised reaction, instead leading Damon down the hall toward his office.

WATSON (CONT'D)

If any cops sniff around, make sure to use the name "Brian Maude."

Watson heads off down the hall. Ingrid follows.

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

INGRID

How did you find him... ?

WATSON

Inspector Gregson worked a joint task force with the local police. She reached out to her contacts. *They* checked in with the Narcotics Bureau, and an officer there had a confidential informant who occasionally referred to another hustler named "Brian Maude." A stakeout ensued, and here we are.

INGRID

Who's Brian Maude?

INT. WATSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Watson, Ingrid, and Damon all ENTER. They're so wrapped up in their conversation that no one notices the MAN sitting opposite Watson's desk.

WATSON

It's an alias. Keep up, Doctor.

INGRID

And why are we using aliases -- ?

Watson cuts her off, noticing the Man sitting here.

WATSON
Sorry. Who are you?

THE MAN
Gordon Chaplin. Hospital HR. Can I
maybe ask who's using aliases?

WATSON
(beat; then)
... what do you want?

CUT TO:

INT. UHOP HOSPITAL - MARY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mary sits behind her desk as Watson unleashes.

WATSON
Why do you have human resources
chasing me around?

MARY
Why are you lying to patients and
telling your fellows that's a
treatment modality?

Watson's phone BUZZES with an incoming call. He silences it.

WATSON
I told Erika Filipello what she
needed to hear. Did you by chance
happen to observe the results?

MARY
I've observed you, John, since the
moment you woke up from your
injury. The lie to Erika. The
incident with that patient in
Switzerland.

WATSON
I saved that woman's life.

MARY
By ripping out her IV line right
after you woke up from a coma.
(then)
You have a Traumatic Brain Injury.
Those change behavior. They make
people more impulsive.

WATSON
The TBI isn't a factor.

MARY

Maybe it is and maybe it isn't. But
you're different now.

WATSON

I'm better.

Watson's phone BUZZES again. He doesn't recognize the number, so
he silences it.

MARY

You're going to have to talk to HR,
John. You can't just... duck
Gordon. He's too good.

Watson's phone BUZZES again. He answers, irritated. The voice on
the other end is scared and timorous.

WATSON (INTO PHONE)

What is it?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

*Doctor Watson? It's Autumn Mazza.
Erika's cousin... ?*

WATSON

Autumn. Are you all right?

AUTUMN (O.C.)

I don't know. I need help.

INT. UHOP/THE HOLMES CLINIC - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Autumn Mazza, her back turned to us, waits by the entrance to
the Holmes Clinic. Watson and Mary stride up to her.

WATSON

What is it, Autumn?

AUTUMN

I'm sick. I'm sick like Erika.

Autumn steps into a pool of light to REVEAL that she is
afflicted with the same *angular cheilitis* that Erika has.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

What's happening to me?

Watson takes in the painful-looking sores around the corners of
Autumn's mouth. *As he realizes that the illness that's plaguing
Erika Filipello is spreading...*

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. UHOP - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

Erika and Autumn are side by side in separate beds in this room that adheres to strict isolation protocols. PULL BACK...

AUTUMN

We're sick with the same thing? Did I catch it from Erika?

... to REVEAL Watson, wearing a mask, protective eyewear, and a sterile gown as he stands at the midpoint between the two beds.

WATSON

I can't tell you that yet. We have to act like you did.

Autumn finds the terrified Erika's hand as Watson's phone buzzes with a TEXT. He checks it to FIND that **HENRY CROFT** has just sent a group text. It appears as a CHYRON that reads: **SORTING THROUGH TRASH FROM ERIKA'S. SASHA HAS AUTUMN. PICS INCOMING.**

WATSON (CONT'D)

We've been through your houses, and now we have a team going through everything you've both thrown away.

EXT. UHOP - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

FLASH! Henry's phone takes a picture of a DEAD BIRD wrapped in paper towels. Henry wears protective gear as he sorts through a pile of Erika's trash and takes pictures. Sasha stands nearby and sorts through a separate pile. INTERCUT WITH:

IN THE ISOLATION ROOM, Watson checks the group text and flips through the picture of the bird and some other trash.

INGRID LOPEZ's name appears on the group text with a query: **HOW'S ERIKA?** As Watson types out a response...

WATSON

Of course, you're cousins. We have to consider genetic causes, too.

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Ingrid and Adam write potential genetic factors on a white board. Watson's return text reads: **NOT GOOD. WEAKER.**

WATSON

I want to focus on times you were together over the past month. You mentioned a pregnancy party earlier, is there anything else?

ERIKA
No. Just the party.

Watson sends the team a text: **PARTY ONLY POINT OF CONTACT.**

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM: Adam seizes on that, underlining one of the possibilities on the board: **BIOTINIDASE DEFICIENCY.** Adam types a text: **RAW EGGS IN MAYO 4 DEVILED EGGS?**

ON THE ROOF: Henry sighs in exasperation at the mention of eggs.

IN THE ISOLATION ROOM: Watson's phone rings with an incoming call from Adam. Watson answers --

WATSON
You're thinking biotinidase deficiency -- ?

ADAM CROFT
Neither of them can recycle biotin. The avidin from the raw eggs binds with what little biotin they have. The metabolic functions fail --

WATSON
It's a good idea. It's also wrong.
(then; explains)
Biotinidase deficiency is autosomal recessive. It can only be inherited when both parents are carriers. Erika and Autumn are maternal cousins. Not sisters. They can't both have it.

An incoming text from Henry reads: **IT'S NOT EGGS ADAM!!** It has more pictures of trash attached to it. As Watson hangs up, he thumbs through the attached photos.

AUTUMN
Are you alright, Doctor Watson?

Watson looks up. It's obvious, even through his PPE. He's flushed and sweating heavily. Watson turns away from their gaze, lingering on a picture. **WHAT HE SEES: A SECOND DEAD BIRD.**

As he flips between the two pictures of dead birds, something clicks into place for Watson.

WATSON
Erika, do you have a pet cat? One with claws?

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

THE FAR WHITE BOARD has been wiped clean so Watson can write: **SONGBIRD FEVER.** The team shows the effects of strain and a torrid pace, no one more so than Watson.

WATSON

I think Erika and Autumn have a form of salmonella poisoning. It typically shows up in cats who hunt birds carrying the *salmonella typhimurium* bacteria --

Watson buckles, grabbing the edge of the table before sitting.

SASHA

Watson... ?

Watson tries and fails to control his breathing.

WATSON

I'm fine. I just got dizzy. Henry. Will you give the group a lesson in infectious diseases?

HENRY CROFT

Songbird fever *does* show up in humans. Usually people who handle birds killed by their pet cats.

(then)

It tracks. It's Erika's cat; she got sick first. Then Autumn started to help at Erika's place. It was her turn to collect the trophies.

WATSON

(stands to EXIT)

Test Erika and Autumn for the bacteria. If they come back positive, get them on antibiotics right away.

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ingrid watches from the Conference Room door as Watson again buckles while he walks toward his office.

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - WATSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Some time later. Watson sits at his desk, buried in Erika and Autumn's case file when Ingrid appears in the doorway.

INGRID

They last about thirty minutes, don't they? The incidents.

WATSON

"Incidents"?

INGRID

Your heart rate and BP go up. You hyperventilate.

INGRID (CONT'D)

It's called Paroxysmal Sympathetic Hyperactivity, and it's a side effect of traumatic brain injuries.

(he SAYS NOTHING)

This gets worse with time, not better. PSH is a bad sign for your long term recovery... which is probably why you didn't tell me about it.

WATSON

... is there anything else?

INGRID

Yes. You're fired. It's hard enough being your employee. I can't treat a patient who hides symptoms from me.

(before she EXITS)

Why do I work here? Henry and Adam are twins. Sasha's adopted. If this is an experiment to you... how do I fit into it?

WATSON

There's no experiment. You're a capable physician.

Ingrid's not buying that for a second, but she doesn't push the matter. When she's gone, Shinwell fills the doorway.

SHINWELL

Everything all right, guv?

WATSON

Right as rain. Did you fill the scrips I wrote for you?

Shinwell crosses to Watson's desk, handing him a pharmacy bag. Watson opens it to REVEAL several bottles labeled for **SHINWELL JOHNSON**. Watson starts to open one.

SHINWELL

I've made my share of bargains, legal and otherwise. This one here? I'm not sure where it falls.

Watson swallows the pill -- *and we realize that he's medicating himself via prescriptions written to Shinwell.*

WATSON

These aren't controlled substances, Shinwell. Medications can have off-label uses.

SHINWELL

"Off label" sounds like you're experimenting on yourself.

WATSON

Is this legal? A good attorney could argue either side. You sure as hell wouldn't put it on your application to nursing school.

(then)

Is it necessary? Absolutely. I help myself get better so I can help other people get better. That's a straight line, but if you're not comfortable with it... I understand. Just tell me.

Shinwell studies his boss for a long beat.

SHINWELL

If ever I am... surely I will.

EXT. UHOP - DAY

A stormy morning dawns over the massive medical complex.

MARY (O.C.)

You slept here... ?

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - WATSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Rain pelts the window as Watson, still in yesterday's clothes, sits up blearily to find Mary hovering over him.

MARY

It's probably just as well. The storm has half the bridges closed.

There's a hint of worry as Mary eyes her ex. Watson crosses to his desk, hiding the prescription bottles made out to Shinwell.

MARY (CONT'D)

John. The test results came back. Autumn Mazza has songbird fever --

WATSON

They're both gonna need... basically all the antibiotics --

MARY

Autumn Mazza has it. Erika doesn't.

That stops Watson dead in his tracks.

WATSON

What? That doesn't make sense.

MARY

I'm sorry. We all hoped you cracked this, but there's an underlying condition.

(then)

We also have a more pressing issue.

WATSON

More pressing than what's killing them?

MARY

We already started Autumn on antibiotics. This strain of *S. typhimurium*... it's resistant.

(then)

Autumn has septicemia. Without a treatment, which we don't have, it's a matter of hours before she goes into septic shock.

A beat as rain pounds on the window. Then Watson's on his feet.

MARY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

WATSON

You said we need a treatment.

INT. UHOP - CAFETERIA - DAY

Mary keeps pace with Watson as he approaches the cashiers.

MARY

The treatment's in the cafeteria?

WATSON

How did we treat infections *before* we had antibiotics?

MARY

They keep leeches in the cafeteria?

WATSON

Phages. Viruses cultivated to attack bacteria. They've been out of fashion since the discovery of penicillin, but there are some phage libraries left.

They reach a particular cash register, where GVANTSA (50s; Eastern European) tends to a small line of customers.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Gvantsa, good morning! Your Georgian is still fluent?

GVANTSA

Of course, Doctor Watson.

WATSON

(to Mary)

We just have to find a library that has the virus that will attack *S. typhimurium* bacteria.

(to Gvantsa)

Come with me, please. It's urgent.

(she hesitates; *really?*)

It's all right, Gvantsa. Mary's the Medical Director of the hospital.

INT. UHOP - MARY'S OFFICE - DAY

MARY'S DESKTOP MONITOR displays an image of GIORGI, a Georgian scientist who sits in a lab-like facility and sorts through a LEATHERBOUND TOME as Watson talks.

WATSON (O.C.)

Hello, Giorgi. I trust that all is well in your beautiful Republic?

Gvantsa sits at Mary's desk, acting as translator while Watson hovers over one shoulder and Mary the other. She translates for Giorgi in GEORGIAN as Watson continues.

Gvantsa translates Giorgi's response as it unfolds.

GVANTSA

"It's the same shit-show as always, John. It's good you need help now. The phage vault may lose funding next year. The six people who know about phages will really be left holding their..."

(looks up)

I'm not translating that. You know what he says next.

(listens; then)

"You are in luck, my friend. I have a phage to kill your bacteria. I'll send the cultures overnight, yes?"

WATSON

Thank you, Giorgi. That's perfect --

MARY

You can just FedEx a viral bacteriophage from Georgia? It won't get held up in customs?

WATSON

Good point.

(to Gvantsa)

WATSON (CONT'D)

Tell him to send a second package under a fake name, and to address it to "Gordon Chaplin" with Hospital HR.

(Mary glares; to Gvantsa)
That's a joke. Don't tell him.

As Gvantsa translates, Watson checks to see that Mary is looking at a text on her phone. He jots something on a Post-It for Gvantsa's eyes only. It reads: **I'M NOT KIDDING. TELL HIM.**

Watson crumples the Post-It note as Mary looks their way. She can't help but smile at his persistence and creativity.

MARY

So what now?

WATSON

Now we wait for the phages. As far as what's really making Erika and Autumn sick... your guess is as good as mine.

Watson considers that, then turns to EXIT.

MARY

Where are you going?

WATSON

Where Holmes went when he got stuck on a case. Back to the scene of the crime.

INT. UHOP - ISOLATION ROOM - DAY

Erika and Autumn lie side by side in separate beds as Watson sits observing them. They've each declined noticeably overnight.

AUTUMN

You're just gonna... look at us?

ERIKA

You're out of ideas, aren't you?

Autumn finds the sightless Erika's hand.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

I want to deliver my baby today. Please. Before I get too weak.

WATSON

It's not over yet. Every mystery has an explanation; there's just something I'm missing.

ERIKA

We've told you everything --

WATSON

You've told me everything you *know*.
Your faces, your bodies --
everyone's faces and bodies --
they're clues. They tell the story
of who we are, where we came from,
and what's going to happen to us.

Watson's description of his specialty doubles as a kind of statement of purpose. CAMERA singles out the genetic traits he describes as Watson calls them out.

WATSON (CONT'D)

You two don't look especially similar, but give me one look and I'd bet you're related. You both have orbital hypertelorism; your eyes are widely spaced. That could just be a coincidence, but when I see you've both got two-three syndactyly, we've suddenly got two traits in common.

AUTUMN

Two-three what?

WATSON

Syndactyly. Webbed toes. The skin on your second and third toes never separated.

CAMERA singles out the toes emerging from Erika's cast (which Ingrid noted earlier), then FINDS one of Autumn's feet poking out from her bedding. It, too, features two WEBBED TOES.

WATSON (CONT'D)

I assume both of your mothers had the same thing, since you're related through them --

ERIKA

Actually, no. My mom didn't have webbed toes. My *father* did.

AUTUMN

My mom didn't either. Neither of my parents did, actually.

That incongruity seizes Watson's attention immediately.

WATSON

That's impossible. You can't have syndactyly if neither of your parents had it.

AUTUMN

But I *do*. And they didn't. Is that important?

But Watson is already gone.

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A PICTURE OF ERIKA'S FATHER, familiar to us from Act One, is fixed to the white board with a magnet. Directly beneath it are pictures of Erika and Autumn.

WATSON (O.C.)

We had the connection between Erika and Autumn completely wrong.

An energized Watson paces as he addresses his team. He may not be ready to partner just yet... but this is his attempt to bring them into his process.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Don't feel bad. Everyone else has it wrong, too -- including Erika and Autumn. My guess is there are two people in the world who know how they're actually related... and one of them's dead.

(explains)

Neither of Autumn Mazza's parents could possibly have passed her the mutation for two-three syndactyly. But she has it anyway. How?

SASHA

The only explanation is that she's wrong about who her parents are.

WATSON

Exactly. At least one of the people she believes to be her parents... isn't actually a parent.

(then; re: pictures)

Erika Filipello's father had two-three syndactyly. He passed it to Erika and her brother Damon, no mystery there --

SASHA

Who has a bed in rehab by the way.
(off Watson's look)
Sorry. Guess he's not interesting anymore since we don't need bone marrow. I should have just dropped him off at the nearest underpass.

WATSON

... I should have thought of that.
It got lost, that's on me --

SASHA

(*yeah, yeah*)
You were saying?

WATSON

Does anybody notice anything
unusual about Mister Filipello's
eyes?

INGRID

They're widely spaced. He has a
slight case of orbital
hypertelorism.

WATSON

See anyone else with hypertelorism?

INGRID

Erika. Her brother. Of course.
(*realizes something*)
Oh my god. Autumn has it, too.

Watson turns to the other team members, indicating the three
pictures and guiding them to the revelation Ingrid just had.

WATSON

Two-three syndactyly. Orbital
hypertelorism. Two traits that
flowed down to Erika, her brother,
and Autumn from one source.

ADAM CROFT

Wait. You're saying Erika's father
is Autumn's father, too?

As Watson's shocking deduction lands on the team...

WATSON

I can't be positive until we get
DNA tests back. But Erika and
Autumn aren't just cousins. They're
half-sisters, too.

As the team reacts, an exhilarated Watson steps back and
considers the connection he just made. The word he utters is
quiet and just for him... but it feels natural in his mouth.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Eureka.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Moments later. Watson peruses the list of potential genetic ailments that have accumulated on the white board as the other doctors process his revelation.

ADAM CROFT

So Erika's father was married to Erika's mother, but he had an affair with Autumn's mother -- ?

WATSON

His own sister-in-law. I should have considered this before.

HENRY CROFT

You should have considered a quasi-incestuous love affair?

WATSON

False parentage is downright common. A little under three percent of us are wrong about who mom and dad are. I ignored the possibility here because Erika and Autumn are already related.

INGRID

How are they related? We thought they were cousins before. Is there a term for... *this*?

Watson crosses out options one by one as he answers Ingrid.

WATSON

Three-quarter siblings. Cousins with a common dad. This opens a new range of diagnostic options -- including anything we ruled out because it comes down through the father.

Watson moves to cross something off the board, then hesitates. Beat. Watson can only laugh; once you have the answer, it all seems so simple. As he circles something...

WATSON (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Adam Croft. You might not have known why... but you were right all along.

(then; as he EXITS)

I'm going to the drugstore.

Once Watson is gone, REVEAL that he circled the term **BIOTINIDASE DEFICIENCY**. We'll remember it as the possibility Adam brought up in Act Three. Henry can only grin faintly as he concedes defeat.

HENRY CROFT
I'll never question your
professional judgment again.

ADAM CROFT
Where's the fun in *that*?

INT. UHOP - ISOLATION ROOM - DAY

Erika, sitting up in bed, is stunned by Watson's news.

ERIKA
... Autumn's my sister?

WATSON
Half sister. Three-quarter sibling.
(then)
You'll have to decide what to tell
your family. But for your
prognosis? This is incredible news.
(then)
If I'm right, you share a mutation
to your BTD genes. It gives the
body instructions for making the
enzyme biotinidase. Unchecked
biotinidase deficiency explains all
your symptoms. We'll still have to
treat Autumn's songbird fever with
phages, but other than that...

Watson produces a ten-dollar BIOTIN SUPPLEMENT.

WATSON (CONT'D)
... all you have to do is take a
ten-dollar biotin supplement, and
you'll start to feel better. You'll
see again. You can carry your
daughter to term.

ERIKA
I'm going to survive? My baby's
going to survive?
(he nods; to Autumn)
Let's take the first pill together.

That's when they both notice that Autumn has been lying on her side throughout the whole conversation.

WATSON
Autumn?

Autumn GROANS; FOAMY DROOL pools around her mouth. As Watson hits the call button to summon the shift nurses...

INT. UHOP - CORRIDOR - DAY

CLOSE ON: a bedside ultrasound machine, as it's wheeled quickly down a hallway and toward a PATIENT ROOM where alarms blare.

NURSE WARD, a capable veteran, pushes the machine into --

INT. UHOP - ISOLATION ROOM - DAY

-- where the isolation protocols have been discarded as Watson and ANOTHER NURSE surround Autumn's bed. Autumn's insensate as the equipment at her bedside continues blaring alerts.

WATSON

Patient is in septic shock, she needs an echo to find the abscesses and surgery to cut them out --

NURSE WARD

-- understood, Doctor Watson --

WATSON

Where's the surgeon?

NURSE WARD

I paged the medical team --

Watson takes the echo cart from Nurse Ward and starts to set it up at Autumn's bedside (Erika, we may note, has been taken elsewhere as the code unfolds).

WATSON

We can't wait. I'll do the echo.

The nurses glance at each other.

NURSE WARD

Doctor, the surgeon will want to find the abscesses himself --

WATSON

I don't see a surgeon. We need to move now.

DOCTOR KIM, a startlingly young surgical resident, hustles in.

DOCTOR KIM

I'm the surgical resident. She needs an echo... ?

Watson follows protocol, stepping aside as Doctor Kim mans the machine. Watson eyes the young doctor skeptically as Kim turns dials and presses a button.

WATSON

The resident? Is there a staff member here... ?

DOCTOR KIM
Doctor Fung's on call. But the
bridges are closed.
(then; re: machine)
Is it broken?

NURSE WARD
It's... not plugged in, Doctor Kim.

DOCTOR KIM
Plug it in! Jesus.

Autumn groans as a look passes between a worried Watson and the Nurses. As one of them plugs in the machine, the embarrassed Doctor Kim takes the tube of ultrasound gel from the echo cart --
-- and squeezes it too hard, plopping a huge amount of gel onto Autumn's exposed stomach. She moans in pain.

DOCTOR KIM (CONT'D)
... *dammit*...

Autumn writhes in agony as Doctor Kim awkwardly cleans the gel off. Watson eyes him, making a split-second calculation.

WATSON
Doctor Kim, would you step away
from the patient, please? I'm
pulling you from this procedure.

DOCTOR KIM
What? You can't pull me. I'm the
only surgeon in the complex --

WATSON
I'm a staff physician at this
hospital, and I'm telling you to
step away from my patient --

Before Doctor Kim can respond, they're interrupted --

MARY'S VOICE (O.C.)
Doctor Watson. What the hell are
you doing?

Watson TURNS to FIND a stern Mary standing there.

INT. UHOP - CORRIDOR - DAY

Moments later; Watson and Mary are mid-conversation.

WATSON
... that kid has never operated on
a septic patient. He's terrified,
as he should be. One slip of the
scalpel and he'll kill Autumn.

MARY

The patient is dying right now. Not a good time to fire the only surgeon here.

WATSON

That's not true and you know it. I'm looking at the best surgeon east of the Rocky Mountains.

Mary realizes: *Watson pulled Doctor Kim so she can step in and do the operation.*

MARY

... I'm an administrator now. I haven't scrubbed in for almost two years. Dr. Kim needs to do the surgery.

WATSON

We both know you're the best chance she's got.

INT. UHOP - OPERATING SUITE - DAY

Autumn, anesthetized and covered in sterile robes, lies on the operating table. AN O.R. TEAM works quietly around her, making the final preparations for life-saving surgery.

PAN UP from the operating theater to FIND the window into --

INT. UHOP - OPERATING SUITE - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Watson stands at the window, silently watching the preparations. Behind him, Ingrid, Sasha, and Henry and Adam Croft watch, too.

FOOTFALLS as someone ENTERS the O.R. We still don't know which doctor is going to operate, but Watson's not surprised to see --

INT. UHOP - OPERATING SUITE - DAY

Mary, scrubbed and gowned, quietly acknowledging her team as she takes command of the O.R.

MARY

Good afternoon, everyone. This patient has what looked like multiple abscesses on the echo. They're around the liver and we need to work quickly.

Nods of understanding all around. As Mary picks up a scalpel, an O.R. NURSE indicates the Bluetooth speaker they have on hand...

O.R. NURSE

Doctor Morstan? We remembered your favorite.

MARY

Thank you, Cassie. Let's have it.

The O.R. Nurse presses "Play," and the song "Rainbow" by Kacey Musgraves fills the room. Mary moves to make her first incision, but then she hesitates. She looks up to --

THE WINDOW TO THE OBSERVATION

-- where Watson and Mary lock eyes. It's hard to say what passes between them. But Mary presses down to make the cut...

TRANSITION TO:

A BLURRY IMAGE

We can't tell where we are or what we're looking at, but the song continues as the image slowly resolves to REVEAL --

INT. UHOP - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

-- *an ultrasound of a healthy baby*. It's nearly identical to the image we saw when we first met Erika.

MARY'S VOICE (O.C.)

There she is. Look how beautiful.

Mary stands over Erika's bed, holding the ultrasound wand. It's almost a week later, and Erika's recovery is stunning. Autumn, who sits at Erika's bedside, is most of the way back, too.

ERIKA

Did I tell you guys we picked a name? Autumn. After her aunt.

Beat. Autumn finds herself fighting back tears.

AUTUMN

I have to get used to thinking of myself that way.

ERIKA

Get used to thinking of yourself as a godmother, too.

AUTUMN

... seriously? You want to make this relationship *more* tangled?

Beat. Mary watches as the two of them, brought together by the struggle to save Erika, watch the screen.

ERIKA

Just give it a sec. She'll move.

AUTUMN

(turns to Mary)

Where's Doctor Watson? Doesn't he
want to see this?

MARY

Watson is brilliant with a mystery.
Once it's solved? Good luck.

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The song CONTINUES as Watson stands in front of the board. As
Watson WIPES AWAY Erika and Autumn's family tree...

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - FOYER/FELLOWS' BULLPEN - NIGHT

Watson, headed for the entrance, spots Ingrid working alone in
the Bullpen. He stops near her desk.

WATSON

I just had an update on Autumn
Mazza. The phage cocktail ran its
course. Her songbird fever's gone.
We're discharging her tomorrow.

(then)

Thank you. For everything.

INGRID

Good night, Doctor Watson.

Friendly enough, but there's a chill remaining.

WATSON

Ingrid. I hired you because of your
resume.

(when she scoffs)

That's the truth. It was one of the
best CVs I've ever seen. And down
at the bottom, in fine print, it
said you played Lady Macbeth in
college.

That grabs Ingrid's attention. *Where's he going with this?*

WATSON (CONT'D)

I'm a doctor, but I'm also a
detective. There was no production
of Macbeth at the University of
Chicago while you were there.

(then)

You lied. You have all the
qualifications in the world... and
you're a *neurologist*. No one hiring
a brain doctor could possibly care
if you acted in college... but you
lied anyway.

(then)

WATSON (CONT'D)

You also lied twice during your
interview. Stop me when I say
something that's not true.

Beat. Ingrid opts not to address his claims directly.

INGRID

So you hired me because you think
I'm a liar?

WATSON

I hired you because you have a
conflict inside of you.

INGRID

... it sounds like you're
diagnosing me with something.

WATSON

You've already diagnosed yourself.
I know you have, because I've seen
you fight those instincts.

(then)

Your every impulse tells you to be
bad. But you're a good person
anyway.

(then)

Maybe I want to see which side wins
in the end. Maybe Moriarty gave me
a clinical interest in... people
like you. But as soon as I saw who
you are... you were a shoo-in.

When Ingrid says nothing, Watson turns to EXIT.

WATSON (CONT'D)

I have a reckoning with a man in
HR. If I'm not suspended... should
we do our next appointment
tomorrow?

INGRID

(nods; as he EXITS)

I'm glad you want to be a better
patient. You could also try being a
better boss. Stop making us fight
our way in.

They hold each other's gaze, a new understanding forming. As
Watson TURNS to EXIT...

INT. UHOP - HR DEPARTMENT/OFFICE - DAY

We're CLOSE ON an ACADEMIC PAPER that bears the heading "A
PROPOSED PLACEBO TREATMENT FOR FATAL FAMILIAL INSOMNIA."

GORDON CHAPLIN (O.C.)
What am I looking at here, Doctor
Watson?

Watson sits opposite Gordon Chaplin, keeping his long-delayed appointment. Gordon holds the paper Watson just handed him.

WATSON
It's a paper I just submitted to
the major journals. It describes a
new diagnostic option for Fatal
Familial Insomnia. You tell the
patient they don't have it... and
if they then fall asleep, you've
diagnosed them correctly.

GORDON CHAPLIN
So. You lied to a patient... and
now you're trying to turn it into a
legitimate treatment?

WATSON
The editorial board at *The Lancet*
sees it as legit. They made an
offer to publish last night. I
guess I'll have to amend the
article if I get suspended.

Meaning: *Watson will make the hospital, and by extension Gordon, look terrible.* Gordon frowns, but he's obviously cornered.

GORDON CHAPLIN
We'll let you know what we decide.

Watson's smile is faint but clear; he knows he won this round.

INT. UHOP - HR DEPARTMENT - FOYER - DAY

CLOSE ON: a package that's marked with CUSTOMS STAMPS. It features Mkhedruli lettering (the alphabet of Georgia.)

GRACE (O.C.)
Mary Morstan called while you were
in your meeting, Mr. Chaplin.

Watson has just emerged from the meeting. GRACE, Chaplin's EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT, is on her feet, updating Gordon as she follows Chaplin back into his office.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Also: are you expecting something
from Russia? There's a package here
with Cyrillic lettering.

WATSON
That's Mkhedruli, Grace.
(she looks back)

WATSON (CONT'D)
Mkhedruli. The alphabet of the
Republic of Georgia.

Grace just looks at him: *okay*. Once she disappears into the office, Watson eyes the package with Giorgi's phage samples in it. Then casually swipes it from the desk and walks off.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. STRIP DISTRICT CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Kacey Musgraves carries us through a wordless montage that begins in the hip condo Sasha shares with her fiancé ZACH. SOMETHING STARRING NATALIE PORTMAN plays on TV.

Sasha and Zach sit on the couch. Zach's absorbed in the movie, but Sasha is caught up in studying Zach's features. He looks over; Sasha's gaze darts to the TV.

INT. ADAM'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Adam Croft and his GIRLFRIEND prepare a complicated meal together, the picture of a happy couple buzzed on wine and the promise of the life that awaits.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Henry Croft's spartan apartment stands in sharp contrast. He has a CAM GIRL pulled up on his computer, one of several people egging her on anonymously via the chat feature.

INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

A NAKED MAN sleeps in the tangle of covers beside Ingrid. It's late, but Ingrid is wide awake. She gets up, walks to the bookshelf, and pulls a thick tome down.

The book is the "Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, Volume 5" or *DSM-5* for short. A POST-IT marks an entry that Ingrid has returned to again and again.

The entry in question describes "**ANTISOCIAL PERSONALITY DISORDER.**" As Ingrid pores over it yet again...

EXT./INT. FOX CHAPEL STREETS/SHINWELL'S CAR - DAY

The SONG FADES as Shinwell's Austin-Healy pulls up in front of a three-story house in this bucolic suburb. Shinwell's at the wheel as Watson looks at his old house.

SHINWELL
That's a lovely home, sir.

WATSON
I haven't been here in months.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

A SMALL PILE OF BOXES rests in a pile near the front door. Each one is labeled "JOHN" in Sharpie.

WATSON (O.C.)
Sorry this took so long.

Watson feels like an alien in here as Mary walks him out. She just shrugs, not about to let him off the hook.

MARY
What's in there, anyway... ?

WATSON
I'm not sure. I'm just going to
dump them in storage.
(beat; then)
You could have told me. I'm not
made of glass.
(her look: *told you?*)
Someone's been staying here. Maybe
even living here.
(then)
You own one car, but the second
parking space is free of clutter.
One coat hook inside is completely
clear. A coat hook is never just...
empty. Unless someone cleaned it
off in a hurry.

Watson hides his pain under common courtesy.

WATSON (CONT'D)
Is it anyone I know?

MARY
You've never met her.

Her. It's not a shock to Watson, but he definitely notices.

MARY (CONT'D)
You are a better doctor now, John.
(then)
Whatever you did over there with
Holmes, it made you better. I mean,
you were always good. But it's
different now.
(then)
You learned things with him. It's
like you can see into people's
bodies and their souls. I'm lucky
to be around you. But the "old us"
is never coming back.

WATSON
What's the "new us"?

MARY

I don't know. But like I said...
I'm glad you're still in my life.

Mary TURNS. But before she leaves Watson alone with his boxes --

MARY (CONT'D)

You think I'm the reason you
survived that fall, but there's
something else. You have to find
it.

After she leaves him alone, Watson hefts up the first box.

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - WATSON'S OFFICE - DAY

THE SAME BOX lands on the floor of Watson's office. He takes a
moment to look at it. Then finally OPENS IT.

INSIDE: a trove of memorabilia from his time with Sherlock
Holmes. Pictures. Souvenirs. And at the bottom of the box, a
pristine TYPED MANUSCRIPT that bears the title: **THE CASEBOOK OF
SHERLOCK HOLMES by John Watson.**

Watson, for the first time in a long while, takes a moment to
mourn his friend and partner. Then he stands, moving out to...

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - HALLWAY - DAY

... where Watson takes files from Shinwell, heading into...

INT. THE HOLMES CLINIC - FOYER/FELLOWS' BULLPEN - DAY

... where the team TURNS as Watson ENTERS...

WATSON

Someone I used to work with always
said it best: "the game's afoot."
(off their looks)
New case. Thought I'd bring you all
in from the get-go. Who wants to
amaze us with their insights?

He TURNS, heading off down the HALLWAY. After a moment, the
surprised team gets up and follows. A WIDE SHOT: Watson leads
this group of exceptional minds toward their next adventure...

EXT. THE FUNICULAR - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

Aka "The Pittsburgh Incline," the railcar that makes its way up
Mount Washington on the North Side of the city and affords an
amazing view of downtown. There are two stops: top and bottom.

INT. INCLINE CAR - DAY

A group of RIDERS, including a BLIND MAN who looks like he may
be a vagrant, ride the car as it approaches the bottom stop.

The BRAKES ENGAGE as the car lurches to a stop. Everyone gets off except for the Blind Man. Only one RIDER gets on before the car begins its upward ascent: Shinwell Johnson.

The two passengers ride in silence, until The Blind Man startles Shinwell by speaking in a refined English accent.

THE BLIND MAN
You haven't reached out.

Shinwell is startled, but quickly composes himself.

SHINWELL
I didn't recognize you, guv.

THE BLIND MAN
You never will. You haven't reached out. I take it that means there's nothing to discuss?

SHINWELL
Nothing at all.

THE BLIND MAN
You haven't heard Watson mention funding? He still believes Holmes is behind the Clinic?

SHINWELL
The name's right there on the front door. Why would he be suspicious?

As we start to suspect the true identity of the Blind Man, Shinwell indicates the stack of sealed mailers he's carrying.

SHINWELL (CONT'D)
The records you asked for...

Shinwell hands the documents off -- *and when the Blind Man takes them, we SEE that the second and third fingers of his hands are webbed together.* It's almost like they form the shape of an "M."

They ride until the car lurches to a stop at the top. The Blind Man, who we now realize to be a disguised MORIARTY, makes his way to the door. He can clearly see just fine.

MORIARTY
I'm watching, Shinwell. Always, and everywhere. I'm watching.

Moriarty EXITS. As the car begins its descent, Shinwell watches as Moriarty, standing on the platform, recedes from view.

FADE OUT.

THE END