

MORIARTY

Pilot Episode

Written by

David Keith Miller

EXT. REICHENBACH FALLS - DAY

Thick WHITE SPRAY that obscures everything, and a bone-jarring ROAR of tumbling water.

SUPER: REICHENBACH FALLS

SUPER: FIVE YEARS AGO

The mist thins to show a massive sheet of water rushing to a gorge far below. SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE are heard above. We rise with the mist...

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

On a stone outcrop, two men fight to the death: SHERLOCK HOLMES, 42, and PROFESSOR JAMES MORIARTY, 32, inches from the abyss where spray rolls up like smoke from a burning house.

Holmes is stronger but Moriarty taller and younger - and then there's that seeping red splotch on Sherlock's Burberry jacket from the bullet wound in his shoulder.

Moriarty toys with him, blocks his punches and counters with quick jabs. A vicious overhand cross sends Sherlock to his knees and spins his deerstalker cap into the mist.

MORIARTY

Pain makes you predictable,
Sherlock. Limits your range of
action. It's a shame - I'd hoped
for better from you.

Moriarty draws a butterfly knife. He smiles as he flips it around to reveal the blade.

MORIARTY

It's time to end this.

SHERLOCK

My sentiments exactly.

Sherlock launches himself at Moriarty, ignoring the stop thrust of Moriarty's blade into his ribs, and grabs him in a bear hug. They teeter at the edge of the ledge.

SHERLOCK

Still predictable?

They fall!

The mist claims them. Moriarty's WAILING SCREAM echoes.

EXT. REICHENBACH RIVER - NIGHT

Moriarty's mangled body bobs close to shore. The roar of the falls is a low murmur here.

A BRITISH ROYAL MARINE COMMANDO in black covert gear and face paint breaches the water near Moriarty. The Commando grabs him and swims landward.

EXT. REICHENBACH RIVER / RIVER BANK - NIGHT

Moriarty coughs up water under the Marine's first aid but doesn't regain consciousness.

A man in a Savile Row suit walks up, flanked by two more COMMANDOS in covert gear: MYCROFT HOLMES, 53, looking every inch the British elite. The Commando ministering to Moriarty surges to attention.

COMMANDO

Mr. Holmes, sir.

MYCROFT

I'm told my brother will make a complete recovery.

COMMANDO

Yes, sir. But this one, I doubt he'll make it through the night.

MYCROFT

Oh, he'll live. I insist on it.

The Commando at his right speaks into his helmet mic:

COMMANDO #2

Casevac from this location. Top Secret, UK Eyes Only, do not seek local ground clearance.

Mycroft kneels, careful not to dirty his trousers.

MYCROFT

He's far too useful to die.

He inspects Moriarty's broken body with satisfaction.

EXT. ST. MARY'S SQUARE - DAY

The pocket park is busy with its mid-morning occupants. Seniors move in slow motion through their Tai Chi routine.

At a row of chess tables, players engage in high-speed matches with a small crowd gathered to watch.

SUPER: SAN FRANCISCO

SUPER: NOW

SAMANTHA "SAM" LI, 24, Anglo-Asian, whose combat boots, jeans, leather jacket, multiple earrings, blue streak of hair and tattoo peeking above her neckline all create an identity she's trying on for size, sits at a chess table pretending to read a book while snapping photos with a camera of:

MAI TONG, 18, a demure Chinese woman, waiting on a bench.

A CHESS HUSTLER, 30's, saunters up to Samantha and rattles his chess board.

CHESS HUSTLER
Hey. This is my table.

Samantha keeps her eyes on her target.

CHESS HUSTLER
This is how I make my living. Park your butt someplace else.

SAMANTHA
I'll play you.

CHESS HUSTLER
Table stakes are fifty bucks.

SAMANTHA
Fine. But you'll have to call out the moves to me, I'm busy.

CHESS HUSTLER
It's your money.

He sits down and sets up.

EXT. ST. MARY'S SQUARE - DAY

A little later. The chessboard shows maybe a dozen moves have been made. The Chess Hustler, playing white, moves his knight and calls out the move.

CHESS HUSTLER
Knight to E1.

He slaps his timer button. Samantha keeps her eyes on her target through the whole match.

DAN (V.O.)
 (electronic static)
 The Senator's at the park!

EXT. PINE STREET - DAY

Alongside the square, double-parked DAN SIMMONS, 46, with the perpetually harried scowl of a man whose world hasn't gone right in quite some time, snaps shots with his iPhone of:

STATE SENATOR HECTOR VICARIO, 57, graying but fit, who gets out of a sleek Mercedes with blacked-out windows.

DAN
 He's coming your way.

EXT. ST. MARY'S SQUARE - DAY

Samantha listens to the voice in her ear.

DAN (V.O.)
 You should see him any second.

CHESS HUSTLER
 You gonna move?

SAMANTHA
 Pawn to G5.

The Chess Hustler makes the move for her and slaps her timer.

CHESS HUSTLER
 G5? Not G4? You blew it there,
 missy. Queen takes knight.

He moves his queen, takes the knight and slaps his timer.

SAMANTHA
 Queen takes pawn. Check. Checkmate
 in five.

CHESS HUSTLER
 Huh?

DAN (V.O.)
 Hey!

SAMANTHA
 What is it?

EXT. PINE STREET - DAY

The Senator's DRIVER, an ape in a suit, yanks open the door of Dan's car.

DAN
What are you doing?

The Driver grabs his phone and heaves it into the park

DAN
You son of a --

Dan scrambles out of the car, looking ready for a fight he'd be sure to lose, but the Driver just returns to his Mercedes.

DAN
It's up to you, Sam.

Dan runs after his phone.

EXT. ST. MARY'S SQUARE - DAY

Samantha sees Mai Tong's face light up as she spots the Senator approach. She scoops up the \$100 stake and stands.

SAMANTHA
(to the Chess Hustler)
You see it yet?

CHESS HUSTLER
Damn ...

Mai Tong stands and awaits the embrace of the Senator, just a few strides away.

Samantha raises her camera -- and is stopped by a hand on her arm.

DETECTIVE GREGSON (O.S.)
Gambling in the park is illegal.

Samantha turns to DETECTIVE TONY GREGSON (33), whose disarming smile and laid-back charm can fool you into thinking he's not an amoral snake.

DETECTIVE GREGSON
Long time no see.

SAMANTHA
Not long enough.

She sees the Senator and Mai Tong walk off.

SAMANTHA

Nice catching up. But I'm working.

She steps away but his grip hauls her back.

DETECTIVE GREGSON

Senator Vicario says --

SAMANTHA

Are you on his payroll, too?

DETECTIVE GREGSON

You and Dan are stalking him.

SAMANTHA

We're allowed to surveil in public places!

DETECTIVE GREGSON

Not if it's harassment.

SAMANTHA

Harassment? That's a load of --

DETECTIVE GREGSON

Let me see those photos.

He puts out his hand for her camera.

SAMANTHA

They're confidential. Private Investigator Act Section 7539a: "A licensee shall not divulge to any other person --"

He looks over his shoulder to see that the Senator and Mai Tong are gone. He lets go of Samantha.

DETECTIVE GREGSON

Fine. Have it your way.

DAN (V.O.)

(over her earpiece)

They're getting away!

EXT. ST. MARY'S SQUARE / NEAR PINE STREET - DAY

Dan, fishing his iPhone out of a bush, sees the Senator help Mai Tong into the Mercedes. He fumbles for his phone as the Senator rounds the car to get in the other side.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Follow them!

DAN
I'm trying!

He grabs his phone and raises it to snap a photo, but there's nothing incriminating to see as the Mercedes drives off.

EXT. ST. MARY'S SQUARE - DAY

Samantha glares at Detective Gregson as she slings her camera over her neck on its strap. She picks up an electric scooter lying at her feet, steps onboard and zooms off.

Detective Gregson admires the rear view as she goes.

INT. DAN'S CAR - DAY

Dan turns onto Grant from Pine and peers down the street.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)
(in his earpiece)
Do you have them?

DAN
Heading north. I think.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)
You think?

Dan shakes his head and picks up speed.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET - DAY

Samantha, on her scooter, bursts out of the park and makes a right on Grant Avenue, hugging the curb side of the lane.

SAMANTHA
Well?

DAN (V.O.)
I found his car! Clay and Spofford!

EXT. CLAY STREET - DAY

Dan hops out of his double-parked car.

DAN
Now I just have to find him.

Dan looks at the shops all around him.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET - DAY

Samantha comes to a stop as the light turns at Sacramento.

SAMANTHA

Okay. Let me know --

A BICYCLE THIEF zooms past her, cutting the strap on her camera and grabbing it from her without slowing down.

SAMANTHA

Hey!

The Bicycle Thief just beats the oncoming traffic that blocks Samantha. She can only glare as he rides away --

Into the path of **Moriarty**. Looking dapper and fit in a gorgeous three-piece suit and swinging a cane.

SAMANTHA

My camera!

Moriarty's gaze swings to her, then to the approaching Bicycle Thief. As the man wooshes by, Moriarty shoves his cane into the bike's spokes.

The bicycle flips and its rider flies end over end. The camera sails out of his grasp --

Into Moriarty's outstretched hand.

He smiles at Samantha as she rides up.

MORIARTY

I believe this is yours. Rami Tyro,
at your service.

SAMANTHA

Samantha. That was very kind.

She takes the camera.

MORIARTY

Right time, right place.

He retrieves his cane from the street.

SAMANTHA

No, most people wouldn't have
stopped to help. Of course, most
people don't have --

She puts out her hand - he hands her the cane. She hefts it.

SAMANTHA

A leaded cane. They're illegal in California, you know. Penal Code Section 22210 --

MORIARTY

All the best things are illegal in California.

He glances back at the Bicycle Thief, who picks up his bent-up bicycle and limps off.

MORIARTY

Would you like me to reprimand him?

SAMANTHA

No. I could have been him if it wasn't for Dan.

MORIARTY

Who's Dan?

DAN (V.O.)

I see them! Coming out of a tea shop.

Samantha puts a hand to her earpiece.

SAMANTHA

(to Moriarty)

I gotta go.

She takes off on her scooter. Moriarty pulls out his cell phone and dials three numbers.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

(on the phone)

911, What's your emergency?

MORIARTY

(American accent)

I'd like to report a kidnapping.

He smiles at a passer-by who overhears him and looks alarmed.

EXT. SPOFFORD STREET - DAY

Dan looks over the shoulder of a well-dressed OLD ASIAN WOMAN to see the Senator and Mai Tong, holding a small shopping bag, walk out of a tea shop down the street with the bowing TEA SHOP OWNER (65). The Mercedes cruises toward them.

Dan steps in front of the woman and snaps photos of the Senator with his iPhone. She glares at him behind his back.

A helmeted motorcyclist in bike leathers races in front of the Mercedes and lurches to a stop. The car rocks back as the Driver slams on his brakes.

DAN

What --?

Two ASIAN MEN strolling past suddenly pivot and grab the Senator and the woman. The Senator and Mai Tong struggle with the thugs. Dan sprints toward them. The Driver leaps out of his car and races toward the Senator.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

What's going on?

A black panel truck pulls up, blocking his view.

DAN

I think it's a kidnap! Senator
Vicario is --

The truck roars off, revealing the Senator sprawled on the street. Where's the woman? Dan stops in surprise.

DAN

Right here?

Dan whirls and snaps photos of the fleeing truck. The Motorcyclist races off in the other direction.

A SECOND BICYCLE THIEF wooshes past Dan and grabs his phone with one hand while with his other hand he snatches a necklace off the Old Asian woman. She squawks in anger.

DAN

Hey!

Dan feels eyes burning into his back. He turns to see the Senator, helped up by the Driver, glaring at him.

DAN

Oh, shit.

The Senator stalks over to Dan. SIRENS WAIL and the Driver tugs on his arm, turns him around and speaks to him urgently. The Senator nods reluctantly and with a last glare at Dan, climbs into the Mercedes.

Samantha rides up on her scooter.

SAMANTHA

What happened?

The Mercedes peels away. Police cars pull up. Moriarty jogs over to them.

DAN

Everything. All at once.

Police climb out of their cars and fan out. Samantha looks at Dan in perplexity.

EXT. SPOFFORD STREET - DAY

A bit later. Police question witnesses.

DETECTIVE GABRIELLE "GABBY" LESTER (42) interviews Dan while Samantha and Moriarty watch.

DETECTIVE LESTER

Kidnapped? Are you sure?

DAN

Of course! It happened right in front of me!

MORIARTY

Well, from what you describe, you didn't actually see it, did you? She might have entered the truck voluntarily.

DAN

Who is this now?

SAMANTHA

That's --

MORIARTY

Rami Tyro.

He takes out a business card and hands it to Dan.

MORIARTY

A Cut Above.

DAN

You are?

MORIARTY

No, that's the name of my shop off Union Square. Bespoke tailors.

DAN

Oh. A Cut Above. I see what you did there.

DETECTIVE LESTER

If you guys are through ...?

Moriarty throws up his hands in exaggerated apology.

DETECTIVE LESTER

No other witness saw a kidnap.

DAN

That's crazy, we were all right here! Ask the Senator!

DETECTIVE LESTER

What Senator?

Samantha spots Detective Gregson sauntering over.

SAMANTHA

Dan, maybe we should let the detective get on with her job.

DAN

What are you --

Dan follows the direction of Samantha's gaze.

DAN

Oh.

DETECTIVE GREGSON

(to Samantha)

You again.

(To Detective Lester)

What you got, Gabby?

DETECTIVE LESTER

Not much. Mr. Simmons, you're a former cop so I'll let it go this time, but I'll remind you it's a misdemeanor to phone the police with a false report.

SAMANTHA

Code Section 148.3, yeah, we know--

DAN

I didn't phone!

DETECTIVE LESTER

Then who did?

Dan gapes at her. She gives him a fish eye and walks off. Detective Gregson smirks and follows after her.

DAN

You believe me, don't you?

SAMANTHA

Of course. But you know the Senator won't admit he was here, let alone that he saw his mistress grabbed.

MORIARTY

Odd, don't you think? The miscreants had a choice between a wealthy politician -- a tasty main course for any kidnapper -- and a young woman who's clearly nothing more than a side dish. And they chose -- the side dish.

DETECTIVE LESTER (O.S.)

You. With the cane.

They turn to Detective Lester. The Bicycle Thief is with her, holding on to his ruined bicycle.

DETECTIVE LESTER

This guy's accusing you of assault.

SAMANTHA

Assault? He tried to rob me!

MORIARTY

It's all right.

He walks up to the Detective and the Thief.

MORIARTY

That's a lie. I didn't assault you.

He smacks the Thief on the shoulder with his cane.

MORIARTY

Now I've assaulted you.

DETECTIVE LESTER

All right, that's enough. You're coming with me.

Moriarty winks at Samantha as the detective hauls him away. Samantha and Dan exchange perplexed looks.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Lester cuffs Moriarty's wrist to a bench next to LILY (35), a prostitute who's been in the game too long.

DETECTIVE LESTER

Wait here while I get a room.

MORIARTY

How romantic. But I never go all the way on a first date.

Detective Lester walks off. Lily looks him over, liking what she sees.

Moriarty remains stoic, deep in thought. Someone's unattended cell phone rings, a series of rhythmic beeps.

INT. BLACK SITE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Moriarty lies in a bed, tubes coming out of him. A MONITOR BEEPS RHYTHMICALLY. He looks very thin.

His eyes flutter open - then blaze with awareness. He looks with surprise at his emaciated arms.

The door is open. Guards somewhere nearby speaking in a Germanic dialect. He rips the tubes out of his arms, shakily sits up and slides out of bed. His legs buckle and he has to grab the bed for support.

He spies a tray of surgical tools and takes a pair of scissors. He staggers toward the door --

Mycroft steps in. He has a gun aimed at Moriarty.

MYCROFT

Good, you're up.

MORIARTY

Mycroft Holmes.

MYCROFT

Professor Moriarty. We've already met, but you weren't conscious at the time.

MORIARTY

I don't need to ask "Where am I."
I'm in Lichtenstein. In a British black site.

MYCROFT

I see you've noticed the guards' accents. But the important question is, "When am I?" Four years have passed since we fished you out of the Falls.

MORIARTY

I've been in a coma for four years?

MYCROFT

Medically induced. We kept you on ice until we needed you. We need you now.

Moriarty's eyes go black with anger.

LILY (V.O.)

Hey, baby. Why you in here?

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (PRESENT)

Moriarty blinks out of his remembrance and looks at her.

MORIARTY

I wanted to be here.

LILY

You're funny. Your accent is sexy, like James Bond -- no, like, Idris Elba.

Moriarty takes out his wallet and peels off five hundred-dollar bills.

MORIARTY

Would you like to earn this, love?

LILY

For that, I'll go around the world.

MORIARTY

You can stay right here. When the Detective comes for me, just count to five and scream bloody murder.

LILY

That's it?

He nods. She takes the cash. Detective Lester returns.

DETECTIVE LESTER

This way.

They walk off. Moriarty looks back at Lily. She winks.

They pass a line of desks. One - Two - Three - Four - Five --

LILY
AHHHHHH!

Everyone turns to stare at Lily, who points across the room. Detective Lester trots over to her.

LILY
AHHHH!

Moriarty whips off his tie clip, undetected. He shoves it into the USB port of the nearest unmanned computer. A light flashes on the clip.

LILY
IT'S A GODDAMN RAT!

The cops look where she's pointing but no one sees anything.

LILY
There's a HUGE rat over there!

Moriarty eyes the blinking clip.

DETECTIVE LESTER
Calm down, Lily.

LILY
Biggest damn rat I ever saw!

DETECTIVE LESTER
There's nothing there. What you been drinking?

Lily looks hard and blinks in surprise.

LILY
Oh! You're right. My mistake.

She beams a big smile at Detective Lester.

DETECTIVE LESTER
Just sit tight.

Moriarty yanks his tie clip out of the computer.

Detective Lester turns back to Moriarty in time to see him straighten his clip on his tie.

DETECTIVE LESTER
Fun never stops around here.

She walks back to him. He looks over at Lily. She waves.

LILY

Look for me in the Tenderloin,
handsome.

DETECTIVE LESTER

Let's go, lover boy.

She leads Moriarty away.

INT. POLICE STATION / INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Desk, chairs, two-way mirror. Detective Lester hands Moriarty a cup of water and takes a seat.

DETECTIVE LESTER

Detective Gabrielle Lester, Robbery
Homicide.

MORIARTY

Rami Tyro, tailor.

DETECTIVE LESTER

Unusual name.

MORIARTY

Unusual man.

DETECTIVE LESTER

Why don't you tell me what
happened?

MORIARTY

Starting when? The beginning of the
world?

DETECTIVE LESTER

Let's fast forward to the
kidnapping.

MORIARTY

There was no kidnapping. You said
so yourself.

DETECTIVE LESTER

Dan Simmons says there was. I know
him. If he says it happened, it
did.

MORIARTY

I didn't come here to talk about
that. I'm here for a job interview.

DETECTIVE LESTER
We're not hiring.

MORIARTY
You misunderstand me. I'm hiring.
In a way. Are you good at reading
people, Detective Lester? Can you
size them up just by spending a few
minutes with them?

DETECTIVE LESTER
Sometimes seconds is enough.

MORIARTY
I agree. So if I say to you, "Are
you an honest cop?", I don't even
need you to answer, I can tell from
your reaction that you are. Unlike
your partner.

DETECTIVE LESTER
I don't have time for this. Let's
talk about the assault charge.

MORIARTY
There is no assault charge. We're
done here. You can uncuff me.

DETECTIVE LESTER
You don't get to decide --

Detective Gregson steps in the room.

DETECTIVE GREGSON
He's free to go.

DETECTIVE LESTER
What?

GREG
The bicycle guy's changed his mind.
He's not pressing charges.

Moriarty holds out his cuffed hands expectantly. Detective
Lester fishes out her handcuff key.

MORIARTY
(to Detective Gregson)
Are you an honest cop?

Detective Gregson blinks in surprise. Moriarty smiles at
Detective Lester.

MORIARTY

See?

Shaking her head, Detective Lester unlocks his handcuffs.

EXT. OAKLAND STRIP MALL - DAY

A run-down mall with a nail salon, Chinese restaurant, bar, and a battered door leading to a second-floor office. Samantha rides up on her scooter. She notices a pearl white Maserati parked in front.

SAMANTHA

Damn. The day just got worse.

CHU HUA LI, Samantha's mother, steps out of the restaurant with a paper bag.

SAMANTHA

Hi, mom. Dan's up there?

CHU HUA

Yeah. He didn't look happy. Then that rich woman come. She really didn't look happy.

SAMANTHA

Great.

Her mother hands her the bag.

CHU HUA

I make oxtail soup. Maybe that will cheer him up.

SAMANTHA

Thanks.

She takes the bag and heads for the battered door. A small sign on it reads "DANIEL SIMMONS, P.I."

INT. SIMMONS OFFICE / STAIRWAY - DAY

Samantha climbs the narrow stairs with the paper bag.

ANASTASIA (O.S.)

Do you have photos of my husband with that tart, or not?

INT. SIMMONS OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

She tops the stairs to see ANASTASIA VICARIO, 58, heiress to a confectioner fortune, generous benefactor to the city's art museums and wife of Senator Vicario, who has cornered Dan behind his trash-picked desk in the attic-like space.

SAMANTHA

Mrs. Vicario, thank you for your visit. How can I help you?

Anastasia wheels on her. She sets down the paper bag on her own desk, even smaller and more scratched up than Dan's.

ANASTASIA

Who is this?

DAN

That's my new assistant.

SAMANTHA

Partner.

DAN

Partner. Samantha Li.

Anastasia looks her up and down.

ANASTASIA

Huh. Is she old enough to drink?

SAMANTHA

Drink you under the table.

Anastasia stiffens at this show of chutzpah.

DAN

I was just explaining we've had a few setbacks --

SAMANTHA

But nothing we can't handle. We'll get him.

ANASTASIA

You'd better. My husband is worth a lot of money --

SAMANTHA

Twenty-seven million dollars, according to an article in Forbes on April 17, page twelve.

Anastasia looks at her in surprise.

DAN

She has a photographic memory.

ANASTASIA

Fine. Well, our divorce hearing is coming up and I want to soak the bastard. So use that photographic memory to take some photos! You've got a week. Or you'll return my retainer.

SAMANTHA

It's non-refundable. Our contract clearly states --

ANASTASIA

You want to take that line with me, young lady? The governor is a family friend. One phone call and I can shut you down.

SAMANTHA

If you break our contract, then I guess we'd no longer be bound by confidentiality.

DAN

(alarmed)

Sam --

SAMANTHA

And then we'd be free to, say, tell his lawyer everything we learned about you when we vetted you. Which I've also memorized.

Anastasia goes white. Dan's mouth drops open. Samantha just waits it out. Finally:

ANASTASIA

One week.

She stomps out. Dan stares at Samantha.

DAN

What the hell was that?

SAMANTHA

Setting boundaries.

DAN

She could ruin us!

SAMANTHA

She won't. Think about it. Why did she come to us, a strip mall outfit in Oakland? When she could have the pick of white shoe agencies in San Francisco.

DAN

Because we're the best.

SAMANTHA

How would she know that? From the stolen dog we recovered last week? The poor guy with Alzheimer's we found for his daughter? Next we'll be getting cats out of trees.

DAN

Because of fifteen years as a police detective. And a decorated veteran before that.

Samantha's expression softens. She goes to Dan and puts her hands on his shoulders.

SAMANTHA

Dan. I didn't mean to run you down. I'm just saying there's something really odd about her hiring us. I don't know what it means, but it definitely means she's desperate. And she doesn't dare hurt us.

She goes back to her desk.

SAMANTHA

Come on. Have some oxtail soup.

She takes a container of soup out of the bag.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

Moriarty strides up to the detective agency, whistling.

INT. CHINSE RESTAURANT - DAY

Chu Hua cleans her front window. She spots Moriarty.

She shrinks away from the window to hide against the inside of the door. Her face shows recognition, shock and fear.

INT. SIMMONS OFFICE - DAY

Samantha and Dan finish off the soup.

SAMANTHA

Your camera is stolen, someone tries to steal mine. Think it was the Senator?

DAN

Had to be.

SAMANTHA

I wish we could do something about that kidnapped girl.

DAN

She's not our client.

SAMANTHA

But no one else is looking for her.

DAN

I know. Maybe we can kill two birds. Interview the tea shop owner. He seemed chummy with the Senator.

SAMANTHA

If he is, then he won't talk to us.

MORIARTY (O.S.)

I've got something that might loosen his tongue.

They turn to see Moriarty lounging in the doorway, holding a small shopping bag with the logo of the tea shop on it.

SAMANTHA

Rami! How'd you find us?

MORIARTY

I asked at the station. Dan is well-remembered there.

Dan looks surprised and pleased.

MORIARTY

I came to give you this. I found it at the kidnap scene.

He strides over to them with the bag.

DAN
That's right! She was holding that!

MORIARTY
I should have done sooner, but in
all the confusion --

Moriarty takes out a tin of tea from the bag and hands it to
Samantha. She opens it and gives it a whiff.

SAMANTHA
Smells like mint.

MORIARTY
And tastes like it, almost. But
it's pennyroyal. Large doses will
induce an abortion.

SAMANTHA
She was pregnant! And he was trying
to trick her into getting rid of
the baby!

MORIARTY
Why don't we ask Jack Tse?

DAN
Who?

MORIARTY
The owner of the tea shop.

SAMANTHA
Thanks. We'll take it from here.

MORIARTY
I speak fluent Cantonese. Do you?

Samantha looks to Dan for his vote.

DAN
Your Cantonese sucks. 'Least that's
what your mom says.

Samantha shrugs.

SAMANTHA
Okay.

Moriarty grins.

INT. TEA SHOP - DAY

Charming, tourist trap-y. There's no clerk in attendance.

Dan, Samantha and Moriarty step in.

SAMANTHA

Hello?

No answer. Dan heads behind the counter to a desk crammed with paperwork.

DAN

I'll look through his files.

Dan rummages through the files as Samantha scans the room and takes photos. Moriarty sidles over to her and speaks quietly.

MORIARTY

I have to say, I find you and Dan an unusual pairing.

SAMANTHA

His office is above my mom's restaurant. And he was there for me when I needed it.

MORIARTY

I'd like to hear that story.

SAMANTHA

We're on the clock right now.

MORIARTY

Right. Jack must be in the storeroom.

Samantha follows Moriarty to the back of the store.

INT. TEA SHOP / STOREROOM - DAY

Crammed with teas, herbs and Chinese medicines on rows of shelves with narrow alleys between them. Moriarty and Samantha step in. She disappears down a row.

MORIARTY

(calling out)
Tse qiánbèi?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

I think I found him.

Moriarty ducks down the row to join her. Jack Tse is sprawled on the ground, stiff in death. Samantha kneels over the body, examining without touching him.

SAMANTHA

Burst blood vessels in the eyes,
bruising around the neck.

MORIARTY

Strangled.

SAMANTHA

Yup.

Samantha takes out a pair of latex gloves and snaps them on. Moriarty picks up a speck of ash on the floor, rubs it between his fingers and smells it.

SAMANTHA

What is it?

MORIARTY

Cigarette ash. A Chinese brand,
Chunghwa. Only available at
international airports.

Samantha looks at him in surprise.

MORIARTY

We should go. You don't want to be
here when the police arrive.

SAMANTHA

Just -- this.

She picks up something from under a shelf and holds it up:

A diamond cufflink with the initials "HV."

EXT. SPOFFORD STREET - DAY

Samantha, Moriarty and Dan walk down the street.

DAN

"HV." As in Hector Vicario. The
Senator killed him.

MORIARTY

Possibly.

DAN

It has to be! He didn't want anyone
to find out what the guy sold him.

SAMANTHA

We'll let the police figure it out.
I put it back where I found it.

MORIARTY

And I picked it up again.

He holds it up for them to see.

SAMANTHA

Rami! That's evidence of a
murderer!

MORIARTY

I don't think so. Look, the point
of the diamond is chipped.

Dan peers at it.

DAN

So? It chipped when it fell.

SAMANTHA

Not on a hardwood floor.

MORIARTY

Precisely. But it could have
chipped on the concrete outside,
when he was attacked.

DAN

And then later it fell off inside.

MORIARTY

Or his attacker grabbed it from him
on the street, came back to kill
Mr. Tse and placed it near the
body. To frame the Senator.

DAN

Wow. You're a regular Sherlock
Holmes.

Moriarty turns to him, eyes blazing with anger.

MORIARTY

What did you call me?

IRENE (O.S.)

Well, if it isn't Professor M --

Moriarty spins around to see a striking redhead dressed to
stop traffic: IRENE ADLER (37). He interrupts hastily.

MORIARTY

Irene! What a surprise! Samantha,
Dan, I'd like you to meet an old
friend: Irene Adler.

IRENE

Not just friends. Comrades in arms.
Partners in crime. The last time I
saw you was, what, five years ago?
I thought you were dead.

Samantha watches the brittle interplay between Moriarty and
Irene with interest - big smiles on their faces but daggers
in their eyes.

MORIARTY

Not dead, just in Lichtenstein.
Which is a lot like death but there
are key differences.

IRENE

What are the chances I'd just run
into you in San Francisco?

MORIARTY

(with an edge)
Near zero.

SAMANTHA

So, you're a professor?

MORIARTY

That's just an inside joke.

IRENE

We have a lot of them.

SAMANTHA

You must have some catching up to
do --

IRENE

We do!

SAMANTHA

And I have to confer with my
partner. So, thanks for your help,
Rami.

Irene raises her eyebrows in surprise and mouths "Rami?"
behind Samantha's back.

Samantha walks off with Dan. Moriarty grits his teeth in
frustration and eyes Irene, who smiles brightly.

INT. UNION SQUARE BAR - DAY

Irene and Moriarty sit at a table. She downs a whiskey neat. Moriarty doesn't touch his drink.

MORIARTY

How did you find me? How did you know I was alive?

IRENE

I've been watching your Swiss bank accounts. Tried to get into them several times, frankly.

MORIARTY

You saw my recent withdrawals.

IRENE

Then I started hunting. Your using an anagram of your last name made it easy. Moriarty - Rami Tyro.

MORIARTY

What do you want?

IRENE

To see you. I was at your funeral. The only one there. I cried, James. Big ugly tears. Ruined my makeup. And it was all for nothing.

MORIARTY

Sorry. Next time I'll arrange to stay dead.

IRENE

I like you better this way.

She brushes his hand. He pulls his away.

IRENE

Let's get the band back. You and I. We were good together.

MORIARTY

Sometimes. Sometimes we were bloody murder.

IRENE

Those were the good times.

MORIARTY

I'm on my own now.

IRENE

It didn't look like it.

MORIARTY

Her? She's just a means to an end.

IRENE

And a very nice end she has indeed.

MORIARTY

Leave her alone. Leave me alone.
I'm glad you're all right. But
that's it.

He gets up.

IRENE

Sherlock had a great big funeral,
you know. Thousands came to pay
their respects. Heads of state.
Women weeping in the street.

He stalks out. She watches him go, eyebrow arched
thoughtfully.

INT. BLACK SITE TRAINING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Moriarty, watched by a PHYSICAL THERAPIST, struggles to keep
up on a treadmill set at a moderate pace. Mycroft enters.

MYCROFT

Coming along, I see. You'll be
right as rain in a few months.

MORIARTY

For what? What do you have in mind
for me?

MYCROFT

We'll get to that.

MORIARTY

I don't care what you do to me. The
main thing is, I killed Sherlock
Holmes.

MYCROFT

My dear boy, whatever gave you that
idea? Like you, my brother rose
from the grave. And the world
rejoiced. He's very much alive.

Moriarty slams the button to stop the treadmill. He stares at Mycroft, the color draining from his face.

EXT. THE GRAND NEWSSTAND - DAY (PRESENT)

Sunset. Moriarty stands at the newsstand gripping a fan magazine titled "THE INCREDIBLE SHERLOCK HOLMES" with Sherlock's smiling face on the cover.

He rips the magazine raggedly in half, dumps it at his feet and walks off.

INT. SIMMONS OFFICE - NIGHT

Samantha and Dan confer.

DAN

So, what have we got?

SAMANTHA

Not a lot. No photos of the Senator.

DAN

I witnessed a kidnap.

SAMANTHA

But no proof. No witnesses who'll talk. No suspect. And no client paying us to look into it anyway.

DAN

There's the cufflink. And the pennyroyal. Maybe we use them as leverage against the Senator.

SAMANTHA

Rami spoiled them as evidence when he took them from the crime scene.

SENATOR VICARIO (O.S.)

That's good to know.

They turn in surprise to see Senator Vicario walk in.

SAMANTHA

What do you want?

SENATOR VICARIO

To get you paid.

DAN

Fine. Confess to cheating on your wife.

SENATOR

I am cheating on my wife. Her name is Mai Tong. I want you to find her.

SAMANTHA

Why would we do that?

SENATOR VICARIO

I'd pay a ransom, but no one's contacted me. I can't tell the police for obvious reasons.

SAMANTHA

Scandal, divorce, maybe get voted out of office --

SENATOR VICARIO

I'll pay you triple your rates.

DAN

Your wife is our client. It's a conflict of interest for us.

SENATOR VICARIO

Is it? Go ahead, keep investigating me. Just find Mai Tong.

SAMANTHA

Did you try to trick her into an abortion?

For the first time, the Senator looks abashed.

SENATOR VICARIO

She wanted me to publicly acknowledge I was the father. I didn't know what else to do.

SAMANTHA

Did you kill Jack Tse?

SENATOR VICARIO

What?

SAMANTHA

He's dead. Murdered.

SENATOR VICARIO

Jack? My god.

He sits, shaky. Dan and Samantha exchange sober looks.

EXT. MISSION STREET - NIGHT

Moriarty waits by a street light. The two Bicycle Thieves walk up. They scowl at Moriarty threateningly.

BICYCLE THIEF

You didn't have to hit me so hard.

Moriarty takes out a thick envelope and hands it to the Bicycle Thief. He thumbs it open, revealing a wad of cash.

MORIARTY

Money is a great pain reliever, I find. The phone?

The Bicycle Thief hands Dan's cell phone.

MORIARTY

And the necklace.

The Second Bicycle Thief reluctantly hands over the diamond necklace he grabbed off the Old Woman.

MORIARTY

A pleasure doing business.

He walks off.

BICYCLE THIEF

We're available for other gigs.

Moriarty keeps walking.

INT. STRIP MALL BAR - NIGHT

A clean, well-lighted place. Samantha and Dan think things over with a Coke for her and a beer for him.

SAMANTHA

I don't think he's a murderer.

DAN

Me neither. And triple our rate. We could use that.

SAMANTHA

I'd hate working for him.

DAN

We'd be working for Mai Tong.

SAMANTHA
But where do we start?

MORIARTY (O.S.)
With Dan's photos.

They look up to see Moriarty walk over to them.

SAMANTHA
You found us again.

MORIARTY
The bar in the same strip mall? It
doesn't take Sherlock Holmes.

DAN
What photos? I lost the phone.

MORIARTY
And I found it.

He holds up the phone he received from the Bicycle Thief.

DAN
My phone!

MORIARTY
It was in a trash bin near the tea
shop. Your thief apparently decided
an iPhone Six wasn't worth the
trouble.

DAN
Now I can prove to the police there
really was a kidnap.

MORIARTY
That's the last thing you want to
do.

SAMANTHA
Why?

MORIARTY
Because you're going to use it to
catch the kidnapper yourself.

They look at him in surprise.

INT. SIMMONS OFFICE - NIGHT

The phone is on a desk with Dan, Samantha and Moriarty
clustered around it. Dan flips through the photos.

MORIARTY

There. The license plate of the escape vehicle. A commercial plate, all eights. You can't live in San Francisco and not know that the Chinese consider eight to be a lucky number.

SAMANTHA

Sure.

MORIARTY

But this isn't a vanity plate, it's a regular issue. Six numbers, one letter. The odds of getting all eights are --

SAMANTHA

Twenty-six in a million.

They look at her. She shrugs.

MORIARTY

Quite. You only get a plate like that if you're extremely lucky -- or you know whom to bribe.

SAMANTHA

Meaning, the owner is high up in Chinese organized crime.

DAN

That's why no witnesses talked. They're afraid.

SAMANTHA

We should take this to the police.

MORIARTY

And have them steal the glory when you could solve the crime yourself? You need the publicity. You're barely making ends meet.

SAMANTHA

What makes you think that?

MORIARTY

Look around.

SAMANTHA

We still need the police to run this plate.

MORIARTY

Not them. Just their database.

Samantha and Dan look at him in confusion.

INT. SIMMONS OFFICE - NIGHT

Moriarty sits at Dan's ancient computer.

MORIARTY

If this computer were any slower,
you could replace it with a
Medieval scribe and a carrier
pigeon.

SAMANTHA

You can really hack the police
network?

MORIARTY

I recently acquired access. I
thought it might be useful.

SAMANTHA

For a tailor?

MORIARTY

For a man with an inquiring mind.

He points at the screen.

MORIARTY

There. The truck is owned by Lucky
Dream Delivery. Shall we pay them a
visit?

SAMANTHA

Dan and I will. This is too
dangerous for an amateur.

MORIARTY

There's a frightened young woman
being held against her will. If I
stop now --

His lips quirk in a self-deprecating smile.

MORIARTY

Well, I could never look at myself
in a fitting room mirror again,
could I?

DAN
All right, then.

SAMANTHA
Hold on. Sidebar.

She pulls Dan aside. They converse quietly while Moriarty makes a show of not paying attention.

SAMANTHA
We're really letting him tag along?

DAN
He's our lucky charm.

SAMANTHA
He's a civilian!

DAN
So were you, three years ago. And I've got a pretty good feeling he can take care of himself.

They look over at Moriarty. He gives them a big smile.

EXT. LUCKY DREAM DELIVERY SERVICE - NIGHT

On a deserted street, a driveway and a door wedged between two other industrial buildings with a faded sign in Chinese.

Dan tries the door - locked. He takes out a set of lockpicks and gets to work.

Moriarty and Samantha wait.

And wait. They exchange looks.

Moriarty steps in.

MORIARTY
Allow me.

He takes the lockpicks and opens the lock in a few heartbeats.

SAMANTHA
Tailor, or locksmith?

MORIARTY
Years of hand sewing.

He opens the door.

INT. LUCKY DREAM DELIVERY SERVICE / GARAGE - NIGHT

They step inside cautiously. A dozen vans are hulking shadows in the dim street light spilling in from outside.

Moriarty points to a license plate - it's all 8's. The others nod. He points to an office and heads that way. They follow.

A flashlight beam lights them up and pins their shadows to the wall. Samantha draws a gun but Moriarty restrains her.

SAMANTHA

What? It's one guy.

MORIARTY

I think not.

Five more flashlight beams stab out of the darkness at them. In the spill of light they can see six THUGS.

INT. LI FENG'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Lavishly decorated in antique Chinese style. LI FENG (60) sits in a leather chair reading "The 48 Laws of Power" when three thugs drag in Moriarty, Samantha and Dan.

LI FENG

Ah. What have we here?

DAN

(simultaneously)
Private detectives. And you'd
be wise to --

MORIARTY

(simultaneously)
People you're going to be
very glad you've met.

Li Feng silences them with an upraised hand. He nods to a thug, who whispers in his ear in rapid Cantonese.

LI FENG

Tell me why I shouldn't have you --

DAN

Killed? You wouldn't dare.

LI FENG

Handed over to the police for
trespassing. This isn't the Gold
Rush days, Mr. --

DAN

Simmons. Dan Simmons, P.I.

MORIARTY

You won't hand us over because of your debt to us.

LI FENG

And what debt is that?

Moriarty reaches for his jacket pocket - and knives appear in the hands of the two thugs nearest to him.

MORIARTY

If I may?

Li Feng nods. Moriarty dips his hand in his pocket with elaborate slowness and takes out -- the diamond necklace.

LI FENG

Zěn me kě néng! Where did you get that?

MORIARTY

From the ruffian who stole it from your honorable mother.

Dan and Samantha shoot each other astonished looks. Moriarty hands it over to Li Feng with a courtly flourish.

LI FENG

You are here to collect on this debt?

MORIARTY

We're here to warn you that some of your men used your van to perform a kidnap. With your own mother as lookout. All without your knowledge.

Dan and Samantha's mouths drop open farther. Li Feng regards Moriarty levelly.

MORIARTY

Oh. I see. With your knowledge. But no possible benefit to you. Which means you were forced to allow it. By someone more powerful than you.

LI FENG

No one forces Li Feng.

MORIARTY

Of course. Then let's say they made not allowing it unappetizing.

(MORE)

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

Tell us who applied the pressure,
and we'll get rid of them for you.

LI FENG

You?

MORIARTY

I am more than I seem.

Li Feng shakes his head.

LI FENG

You know too much, and too little.
Normally I would have you killed at
this point -- yes, Mr. Dan Simmons,
P.I., sometimes it is the Gold Rush
all over again. But I will
discharge my debt by letting you
live.

He nods to his thugs, who hustle Dan, Samantha and Moriarty
out of the room.

MORIARTY

At least give the name of your men
who did it! One of them's new to
America --

Li Feng's eyes involuntarily shoot to a thug with a scar, a
look Moriarty catches just before he's dragged out.

Li Feng sits in the now silent room and gloomily ponders.

EXT. LI FENG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The thugs deposit Moriarty, Samantha and Dan in front of Li
Feng's mansion on Billionaire's Row and walk off without a
word. Moriarty grabs the arm of the scar-faced thug.

MORIARTY

(in Cantonese)

You'll be hearing from me.

Scarface shrugs him off and walks away with the others.

DAN

What did you say to him?

MORIARTY

"Have a nice day."

SAMANTHA

What was that in there?

MORIARTY

Progress.

SAMANTHA

How did you know all that?

MORIARTY

I didn't. I was fishing.

SAMANTHA

But you knew about his mother!

Moriarty takes off his jacket and wraps it around his arm.

MORIARTY

There's no time for this. We have our kidnapper.

DAN

Who?

He takes out his keychain with a glass breaker attached to it, walks up to a parked car, an old junker, and presses the glass breaker to the driver's side window.

SAMANTHA

What are you doing?

MORIARTY

(answering Dan)

Scarface. He's the one Li Feng looked at. I smelled him. He smokes Chunghwas.

DAN

You smelled him?

Moriarty keys the glass breaker. FFFT! The window shatters.

SAMANTHA

Hey!

The CAR ALARM BLARES. Moriarty unlocks the car door and sweeps broken glass off the seat with his protected arm.

SAMANTHA

We are not stealing a car!

MORIARTY

You want to rescue that woman?

He ducks under the steering wheel. The ALARM STOPS. The IGNITION TURNS and the car roars to life. Samantha and Dan exchange surprised looks.

Moriarty rises up with a smile. He gets behind the wheel, reaches over and unlocks the right side doors and looks up at Samantha inquiringly. Dan gets in the passenger seat. Samantha gusts a sigh and gets in the back.

EXT. SUNSET DISTRICT STREET - NIGHT

The car with Scarface and the other two thugs drives down the street. The stolen car follows him.

INT. STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Moriarty drives. Dan turns on the radio.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(on the radio)

-- a press conference in London, where Sherlock Holmes announced that he had solved the crime the press have dubbed "The Adventure of the Angry Twitter Follower" --

Moriarty irritably flicks off the radio.

SAMANTHA

If Dan and I are caught in a stolen car --

MORIARTY

You won't be. And I'll return it. With cash for the window. All right?

SAMANTHA

How did you know the owner of that necklace was Li Feng's mother?

MORIARTY

I recognized it. He and his mother were in my shop. She treats him like he's six.

SAMANTHA

And where did you find it? In a trash bin?

DAN

(pointing)

There!

The thugs' car pulls over in front of a run-down apartment building. Scarface gets out.

SAMANTHA
Keep driving.

DAN
We could take him.

SAMANTHA
We don't know what's in there.

MORIARTY
Samantha's right. We have a face,
we have an address. Progress.

They drive on past.

SAMANTHA
Is it? We have no proof. And we
can't just show up at that address
with guns blazing.

MORIARTY
There's a way. But you won't like
it.

SAMANTHA
What is it?

He drives on.

EXT. SIMMONS OFFICE - NIGHT

Dan and Samantha get out of the stolen car. Moriarty hands
them his business card through the window.

MORIARTY
Come to my shop tomorrow night at
eight.

He drives off. Samantha and Dan exchange baffled looks.

SAMANTHA
What are we doing, Dan?

DAN
What do you mean?

SAMANTHA
We didn't know this guy two days
ago. Now he's running our
investigation.

DAN

He's helping. And we need help. If we don't score a payday by Monday, we won't make rent. Again.

SAMANTHA

No pressure.

DAN

No pressure.

He slaps her on the back.

INT. STRIP MALL BAR - NIGHT

A shot of whiskey filled to the brim sits on the bartop.

Samantha stares at it.

Detective Gregson saunters over and sits next to her. She tightens up but says nothing.

DETECTIVE GREGSON

You gonna drink that?

SAMANTHA

You know what happens if I do.

DETECTIVE GREGSON

Then why did you order it?

SAMANTHA

Seemed like a good idea at the time. You ever get the feeling things are slipping away from you?

DETECTIVE GREGSON

Never. There was a murder in the tea shop where Dan called in that phony kidnap.

SAMANTHA

You don't say.

DETECTIVE GREGSON

You know about it?

SAMANTHA

Who, me?

DETECTIVE GREGSON

My partner wants to bring him in for questioning.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE GREGSON (CONT'D)

And I got a complaint against him
from a prominent businessman in
Chinatown.

SAMANTHA

"Businessman."

GREG

Breaking and entering. Harassment.
Attempted extortion. It's ugly,
Sam.

SAMANTHA

Are you on the take for Li Feng,
too? Is there anyone you're not on
the take for?

DETECTIVE GREGSON

Look, I can be on your side in all
this. We were good once, you and I.
Maybe we can be good again.

She regards him levelly.

SAMANTHA

That was before I knew who you
were.

She slides her shot of whiskey over to him and walks off.

INT. BLACK SITE / MYCROFT'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A wood-paneled office with a framed photo of Mycroft and
Sherlock. Moriarty sits at the computer and types rapidly.

The door opens and Mycroft steps in with two armed guards.

MYCROFT

Well done on picking the lock.
That's a Schlage L9040, they're not
easy.

He turns to a guard.

MYCROFT

Have I.T. do a complete scan and
remove whatever virus he's put on.

The guard nods and leaves.

MYCROFT

It looks like you're well enough to begin work. Let me show you what you're up against.

Mycroft treads over to his desk.

MYCROFT

There's a new player who's taken your place in your absence.

MORIARTY

No one can take my place.

Mycroft opens a drawer and takes out a laminated card with a Chinese symbol written on it.

MYCROFT

You'll find your old associates are dead, vanished, or working for this new person. No one has seen him, but here is his calling card.

He shows the card to Moriarty.

MYCROFT

He leaves this behind when he wants the world to know it's him. God knows how many crimes he's committed in secret. The Chinese symbol for chaos.

MORIARTY

And for opportunity.

MYCROFT

Yes. And he's certainly found opportunity in the chaos created by your disappearance.

MORIARTY

A chaos you're responsible for.

MYCROFT

He has his fingers in every country, sowing violence, instability and hatred. And he's working toward something. We don't know what, but he has crime groups that have never worked together all pulling in harness.

MORIARTY

Why not give it to Sherlock?

Mycroft hesitates. Mycroft's eyes gleam.

MORIARTY
You have. He failed.

MYCROFT
Sherlock has lost a step. Fame has gone to his head.

MORIARTY
And drugs. Opium and cocaine.

MYCROFT
How did you know? It's only been bad the last year or so.

MORIARTY
The signs were always there.

MYCROFT
So it has to be you.

MORIARTY
But I'm not the save-the-world type. I don't care about your Mr. Chaos.

MYCROFT
You care very much that someone has replaced you, and done even better. You can't stand that. You're going to find him and stop him no matter what I say.

Moriarty stares gloomily at him.

EXT. A CUT ABOVE TAILOR SHOP - NIGHT (PRESENT)

A high-end boutique. Moriarty stands with his hand on the door, lost in remembrance. He brings himself back to the present with a deep breath and steps inside.

INT. A CUT ABOVE TAILOR SHOP - NIGHT

Moriarty steps in to a beautifully designed interior that reeks of luxury. The Bicycle Thief lounges in a chair.

MORIARTY
Any trouble?

BICYCLE THIEF
Nah. In there.

He gestures at a door to a fitting room. Moriarty opens the door and takes a peek. He takes a thick envelope of cash out of his jacket pocket and hands it to the Thief.

MORIARTY

If I'm going to keep working with you, I should learn your name.

MUGGER

Jace Wiggins. My friends call me Razor.

MORIARTY

I shall call you Wiggins.

There's a KNOCK at the shop door.

MORIARTY

Out the back. Hurry.

Wiggins takes off.

INT. A CUT ABOVE TAILOR SHOP - NIGHT

Moriarty lets in Samantha.

MORIARTY

Where's Dan?

SAMANTHA

He's being questioned by the police about the murder of Jack Tse.

MORIARTY

He'll be all right. We're in the endgame now.

He strides over to the fitting room door and throws it open: inside, a young Asian woman, SCARFACE'S SISTER, is gagged and tied to a chair.

SAMANTHA

What the hell, Rami!

MORIARTY

I told you you wouldn't like it. This is Scarface's sister. She lives at that address.

SAMANTHA

You kidnapped her?

MORIARTY

You're right, we don't have any proof. We don't have anything -- except this.

SAMANTHA

We're not criminals!

MORIARTY

I admit it's a crooked path, but it leads straight to justice. I know very well the pain and fear that kidnappers inflict. Now he's feeling it himself.

Samantha shakes her head in dismay.

MORIARTY

She hasn't been hurt. She'll be fine. Everything will be fine.

SAMANTHA

Who are you? How can you do all these things? Know all these things? You're not a tailor.

MORIARTY

No. Not just a tailor.

He goes to her, his eyes burning with intensity.

MORIARTY

A child of immigrants, a child of the slums. No money, no skills, no connections. A man who clawed his way from that to the highest levels of society with nothing but these--

He clenches his fists.

MORIARTY

And this.

He points to his head.

MORIARTY

Who turned every setback to his advantage. Who learned everything he could from anyone he could. Who did whatever it took. Who will always do whatever it takes.

He puts a hand on her shoulder.

MORIARTY

And that man is here to fight
alongside you. Will you let me?

She looks searchingly into his eyes.

SAMANTHA

When this is over, this -- whatever
this is between us --

MORIARTY

Partnership.

SAMANTHA

Temporary alliance. Is over.

MORIARTY

Fair enough.

There's a knock at the door of the shop.

MORIARTY

That'll be the Senator.

He goes to the door. Samantha shakes her head in disbelief.

INT. LUCKY DREAM DELIVERY SERVICE / GARAGE - NIGHT

There's an open space in the center. Moriarty, holding
Scarface's Sister with his knife ready, and Samantha and the
Senator step into the space warily.

SAMANTHA

This can't be safe.

MORIARTY

Scarface won't do anything that
could get his sister killed.

SAMANTHA

But you wouldn't really hurt her.
Right?

MORIARTY

Maybe now's the time for you to
tell me how Dan was there for you
when you needed it.

SAMANTHA

Mmm? Oh. I was a wild kid. Made bad
decisions. Dan saw where I was
headed. He offered me a job. Paid
for my training, my license.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

But only if I straightened out. So I did.

MORIARTY

Good man.

SAMANTHA

He gave me a way out.

MORIARTY

And you gave him your brilliance.

She looks at him in surprise. FOOTSTEPS ECHO and Scarface and Mai Tong step out from behind a van.

Moriarty lowers his knife and lets go of Scarface's Sister. Scarface kisses Mai Tong and she strokes his face.

SAMANTHA

Of course. They're both recent immigrants. They knew each other in China. He wasn't kidnapping her. He was protecting her. From the Senator.

Mai Tong tiptoes toward the Senator with a trembling smile. He hurries to her and they meet in the middle and embrace.

SENATOR VICARIO

Who is he?

MAI TONG

A boy I knew in China. He told me terrible things about you. But I didn't believe him.

They kiss. Moriarty snaps photos on his phone.

MORIARTY

Very touching.

Moriarty nudges Scarface's Sister. She runs to Scarface and sobs in his arms.

MORIARTY

(to Scarface)

You murdered Jack Tse?

SCARFACE

For giving her poison. I tried to make it look like the Senator did it.

MORIARTY

Someone told you the Senator was going to kill her child, yes? The same person who made your boss go along with the kidnap.

SCARFACE

Yes.

MORIARTY

What did they want in return?

SCARFACE

A recording from Mai Tong.

MORIARTY

Accusing the Senator. Did she make the recording?

SCARFACE

No. I couldn't convince her. Not yet.

Two Asian Men with guns drawn step out from behind two trucks, the same men who helped kidnap Mai Tong.

The Senator freezes. Moriarty sidles in front of Samantha to shield her and holds his cane behind his back.

MORIARTY

I misread you. That doesn't happen often. I didn't think you'd be this stupid.

SCARFACE

Give me Mai Tong.

MAI TONG

Jūn, no.

Moriarty pulls the handle off his cane, revealing an attached gun muzzle. A trigger springs in place with a quiet click when it's freed from the cane. There's no cylinder - the gun must only hold one bullet.

MORIARTY

She doesn't want to go, Jūn. She loves him.

Samantha stares at the gun behind Moriarty's back.

SCARFACE

Not if he's dead.

The Asian Men raise their guns, one at the Senator, one at Moriarty. Moriarty swings his gun around --

BLAM! BLAM! The Asian Men spin and fall, dead before they hit the floor. Moriarty hasn't fired.

A shocked millisecond, then everyone ducks for cover except Moriarty, who strides urgently to Scarface. Scarface backs up but Moriarty just stands before him, arms out protectively.

MORIARTY
Help me cover him!

SAMANTHA
The shooter --

MORIARTY
Wants us alive, but not him!

The Senator stays ducked behind a van but the women run over to join Moriarty. They ring Scarface like a football huddle. His eyes dart around anxiously.

MORIARTY
This man. What was his name? What did he look like?

SCARFACE
No. It --

BLAM! Scarface falls as if hammered from an angle from above. His sister SCREAMS. They back up in alarm to see Scarface dead at their feet.

MORIARTY
Gloves. Give me gloves!

SAMANTHA
The shooter will get away!

MORIARTY
Let him! He ricocheted off the ceiling. We're not messing with a gunman like that. Gloves!

She digs out a pair and hands them to him. He snaps them on.

MORIARTY
The cranium should have slowed the bullet. With luck --

He pries his knife into the entry wound. Mai Tong and Scarface's sister look away, wincing in horror.

SAMANTHA

You're contaminating the crime scene!

MORIARTY

I have to know. He wanted us to see this. This is a message.

SIRENS sound outside. CARS BRAKE. DOORS SLAM. Moriarty pulls out the bullet and studies it in grim satisfaction:

It's warped from impact, but clearly etched on it is the Chinese symbol for chaos.

Detective Lester and a squad of cops burst into the garage.

MORIARTY

Ah, Detective Lester. You received my message. You're right on time.

Samantha looks at him in surprise.

INT. STRIP MALL BAR - DAY

The next day. Moriarty, Samantha and Dan sit at a table celebrating their victory.

MORIARTY

So, you're off the hook, Dan?

DAN

Thanks to you guys. When the police found you with the woman you'd rescued and the Senator singing your praises, they fell over themselves to let me go.

MORIARTY

All's well that ends well, then.

SAMANTHA

The ends justify the means?

MORIARTY

This time.

DAN

The Senator paid up.

MORIARTY

And I have photos of him in a passionate embrace with his mistress. That should make his wife happy.

SAMANTHA

You'll text them to me?

MORIARTY

Just tell the unhappy couple we have them. Tell him to give her everything she's asking for in the divorce. That way she gets what she wants without scandal. And perhaps the Senator will marry Mai Tong and make an honest woman of her.

SAMANTHA

There's a murderer still on the loose.

MORIARTY

Mr. Chaos. We'll catch him.

He looks at his watch.

MORIARTY

Our limo should be here.

SAMANTHA

Limo? Where are we going?

Moriarty smiles.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE BROWNSTONE - DAY

A gleaming limo pulls up. Samantha, Dan and Moriarty get out.

SAMANTHA

What is this?

MORIARTY

You'll see.

He heads for the entrance. Dan and Samantha look at each other, shrug, and follow.

INT. OFFICE BROWNSTONE / HALLWAY - DAY

Plush carpeting, impeccable woodwork. Moriarty stops in front of a mahogany door.

Dan and Samantha catch up. She gasps:

The lettering on the door reads "SIMMONS and LI, P.I."

INT. OFFICE BROWNSTONE / OFFICE - DAY

Samantha pushes open the door, flicks on the lights, and gasps again:

The office is spacious, immaculate, and filled with high end office furniture, equipment and tech. A bottle of sparkling cider rests in an ice bucket flanked by champagne glasses.

Samantha and Dan wander around, looking at things, touching them. Moriarty uncorks the bottle and pours drinks.

MORIARTY

I can't have my latest investment working out of a strip mall in Oakland.

DAN

Investment?

MORIARTY

That's right. What we did together made me feel more alive than -- well, it's as if I'm been sleeping for years and have just now come awake. So I'm investing in you, Dan. And you, Sam. And in Simmons and Li, P.I.

IRENE (O.S.)

Sorry I'm late!

Moriarty turns in surprise to see Irene at the door.

IRENE

Rami ordered me to be on time but I've never been on time in my life. Congratulations on your success, it's in the paper!

She displays a copy of the San Francisco Chronicle with the headline: "PRIVATE EYE SAVES KIDNAP VICTIM" and a photo of Samantha below it.

SAMANTHA

How did they find out?

MORIARTY

I may have hired a publicist.

IRENE

It's well deserved. Sherlock Holmes
couldn't have done better.

MORIARTY

Irene, dear, can I talk to you?

She looks at him in feigned surprise.

INT. OFFICE BROWNSTONE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Moriarty hustles Irene down the hall to the men's room door.

INT. OFFICE BROWNSTONE / MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Moriarty pushes Irene inside.

IRENE

I always wanted to see a urinal up
close.

MORIARTY

What are you up to?

IRENE

I'm not going to let you prance
around with that woman.

MORIARTY

Jealous?

IRENE

She's a distraction. Playing good
guy is a distraction. Together we
can get back what you lost, only
bigger and better.

MORIARTY

That's what I'm doing.

IRENE

You don't need her for that. Give
me one reason I shouldn't kill her.

Moriarty stares at her, calculating. He whips out his phone
and flips through photos.

MORIARTY

I have access to Mycroft Holmes's
computer.

IRENE

How did you do that?

MORIARTY

I put a virus under a virus. He only caught the top one.

He shows her a photo.

MORIARTY

This is from his files.

She looks at a surveillance photo of Samantha. He flips through: more photos, surveillance writeups.

IRENE

Why does Mycroft have surveillance on Samantha Li?

Moriarty smiles a wolfish grin.

INT. OFFICE BROWNSTONE / OFFICE - DAY

Dan sits with Samantha, looking around their new office.

SAMANTHA

He'll own us, Dan.

DAN

No, he won't. I'll make sure of that. It was our lucky day when we met Rami.

SAMANTHA

Luck? Maybe.

DAN

What?

SAMANTHA

"I am more than I seem," he said.

DAN

You don't think he's on the level?

SAMANTHA

A tailor who can pick locks, hotwire a car, speak Cantonese, knows poisonous herbs and can recognize cigarette brands from their ash? And carries a concealed gun in his cane? Sure, happens every day.

DAN

So - what? We report him?

SAMANTHA

For what, being a smarty-pants? All we have is a minor weapons charge. No. We hope he is who he says. But if not -- we put him away.

Moriarty and Irene return, all smiles.

MORIARTY

It's time for a toast. Sparkling cider.

He hands the drinks around.

MORIARTY

To us.

SAMANTHA

To us.

DAN

To us.

IRENE

To us.

They drink and smile brightly and insincerely at each other.

INT. SENATOR VICARIO'S MANSION / STUDY - NIGHT

The Senator steps in and flicks on the lights - to find Moriarty sitting in his easy chair. He flinches in surprise.

MORIARTY

I thought you might have trouble sleeping tonight.

SENATOR VICARIO

What do you want?

MORIARTY

I want you to tell me immediately if anyone else tries to blackmail you. And one day I will come to you for a favor. And you will grant it.

SENATOR VICARIO

And if I don't?

Moriarty holds up his phone, displaying a photo of the Senator and Mai Tong kissing at the Lucky Dream garage.

SENATOR VICARIO

Samantha and Dan told me they wouldn't release those photos.

MORIARTY

They won't. And neither will I, if you do as I say. Oh, and one last thing: you'll move heaven and earth to make sure Mai Tong gives birth to a healthy child. Yes?

The Senator nods glumly.

EXT. SENATOR VICARIO'S MANSION - NIGHT

Senator Vicario lets Moriarty out the front door. He walks down the driveway.

He WHISTLES a jaunty tune. He takes his butterfly knife from his pocket and flips it in his hand.

He tosses it high in the air --

The blade winks in the moonlight --

INT. SIMMONS OFFICE - DAY

Samantha sits at her new desk with the phone in her hand.

SAMANTHA

Have you figured out how these phones work?

DAN

Sam. Come here.

Dan stares at his new computer monitor. Samantha goes to him.

SAMANTHA

What?

DAN

This news article. "Anastasia Vicario returns from her UNESCO goodwill tour." She's been out of the country for weeks.

SAMANTHA

Then who hired us?

Dan and Samantha exchange bewildered looks.

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Angle on a metal wastebasket. A WOMAN HUMS O.S.

A blonde wig is tossed in the wastebasket. Anastasia's wig.

Followed by delicate latex face pieces: a nose, eye bags, forehead lines. Soft jaw, wrinkled neck. Anastasia's face.

Lighter fluid is sprayed over them. A lit match is tossed. They go up in flames.

Offscreen, the woman HUMS.

FADE OUT.