

CLUELESS SHERLOCK HOLMES

Quinten Friederichs

EXT. DRIVEWAY – NIGHT

Two old-timey british POLICE OFFICERS drag away MAJOR HENNIWAY, an elderly gentleman in a three-piece suit.

HENNIWAY:

Damn you, mr. Holmes! I would have gotten away with it if it wasn't for your infernal meddling.

Two other gentlemen step into view, SHERLOCK HOLMES and DR. WATSON. Holmes is wearing his iconic hat and smoking his pipe.

WATSON:

By Jove, it was Major Henniway all along! How could you possibly have known it was he who murdered the countess, Holmes?

HOLMES:

Oh, it was all rather obvious to those with eyes to see and ears to hear. You see Watson, through the science of deduction one can gleam the most significant truths from the most minute details.

WATSON:

But how? How did you know?

Holmes turns to the audience, musingly.

HOLMES:

My suspicions were first aroused when I watched him stab her in the garden.

WATSON:

Come again?

HOLMES:

'Aroused', Watson. It's a perfectly ordinary word. Get your

head out of the gutter. Now, I then noticed...

WATSON:

No, I mean: you watched him stab her?

HOLMES:

In the garden, yes.

WATSON:

Oh...

HOLMES:

What?

WATSON:

No, nothing. It's just that...

HOLMES:

Well, what is it?

WATSON:

You know, when you said 'science of deduction' I was thinking more like: 'the lipstick stain on the glass matches the stain on someone's collar' or 'the ink on someone's hand matches the smudge on the knife'

Holmes looks at him with utter contempt.

WATSON(CONT'D):

You know, like a funny-looking splotch that's, erm...

HOLMES:

Oh, you mean 'extremely circumstantial evidence'?

WATSON:

Well, no...

HOLMES:

No, no, let's do it your way: Hey constables! Apparently, watching Major Henniway commit the murder isn't good enough for Doctor Watson. So go ahead and release him then and then you can arrest

someone with a funny-looking
splotch!

WATSON:

Well, not just a splotch...

HOLMES:

Look, just leave the detective
work to me, alright? I have
solved dozens of murders

WATSON:

Actually, how have you solved
dozens of murders?

HOLMES:

Why, I have seen it happen, of
course!

WATSON:

All the murders?

HOLMES:

Yes, we live in the largest city
in the world. Income inequality
is huge. Statistically speaking,
it'd be weird if I didn't see at
least a few murders.

WATSON:

That's not really detective work
though, is it?

HOLMES:

What do you mean?

WATSON:

Well, that's more like
'bystander' work.

HOLMES:

Alright, look. If there was a way
to identify a killer by a lock of
hair or a fingerprint or a drop
of blood or a piece of skin;
sure, that would be grand. But we
don't have that. So I'm using the
two things any good 19th century
private sleuth has at his
disposal: a hunch and a fuckton
of luck.

The two look at each other in silence.

WATSON:
Alright, sorry.

HOLMES:
No, I'm sorry.

WATSON:
So, what were you doing in the
garden at night?

HOLMES:
Oh, just some deducing.

WATSON:
What were you deducing?

Holmes:

No, err, De-deucing. (Beat) I was
having a discreet poo.

WATSON:
Oh, for fuck's sake.

Watson walks away in disgust.