

File

Home

Insert

Design

Layout

References

Mailings

Review

View

Developer

Tell me what



Margins



Orientation



Size



Columns



Line Numbers

Hyphenation

Page Setup



Indent

Left:

0"

Right:

0"

Spacing

Before:

Auto

After:

Auto

Paragraph



Position



Wrap



Bring

Forward

NEILSON: I'm assuming I missed something. From your reputation, I'm assuming you didn't, ~~Mr~~ Holmes.

JOHN: For God's sake. She's the one who knows the code. Ask her.

NEILSON: Yes, sir. She also knows the code that automatically calls the police and sets off the burglar alarm. I've learned not to trust this woman.

IRENE: ~~Mr~~ Holmes doesn't ...

NEILSON: Shut up. One more word out of you – just one – and I will decorate that wall with the insides of your head. That, for me, will not be a hardship.

(Sherlock glares at him ferociously.)

NEILSON: ~~Mr~~ Archer. At the count of three, shoot Doctor Watson.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: I don't have the code.

(John cowers down as Archer presses the muzzle of his pistol into the back of his neck and cocks the gun.)

NEILSON: One.

SHERLOCK (emphatically): I don't know the code.

NEILSON: Two.

SHERLOCK: She didn't tell me. (Raising his voice) I don't know it!

NEILSON: I'm prepared to believe you any second now.

(Sherlock looks across to Irene who lowers her gaze pointedly downwards.)

NEILSON: Three.

