

**Reflecting on *Watson*:
an Examination of the Creative Process**

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B.A., University of Wisconsin-Madison, 1975

Project Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree of
Master of Arts

in the
Graduate Liberal Studies Program
Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences

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SIMON FRASER UNIVERSITY
Fall 2014**

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Abstract

This is the story of my journey of discovery and understanding, an examination of the creative process of a working creative artist in the creation of a screenplay, *Watson*. In the process I am at once the creator and the observer of that creation.

Telling stories is part of our human existence. The ability or compulsion to tell stories may be one of the most important aspects of being human. This project consists of the creative work, in this case a screenplay as a pilot for a television series, as well as, the daily journal of my thoughts, fears, self-enlightenment during the writing, which is reflected in the reflection of all that I went through and learned while creating *Watson* the screenplay. *Watson* was written as a reimagining of Sherlock Holmes, where the myth and mystery are reinvented; not remade. In *Watson*, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is not a physician who writes for Strand Magazine in the late 19th Century, but rather Artie Doyle who is a political hatchet man for Margaret Thatcher, who in return for masterminding all the dirty tricks that enabled Thatcher to stay in power is put forward by Thatcher for a knighthood, thus Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

The project reflects upon my interest in creativity. Genius is exceptional and while the study of genius is important in understanding the creative process, it is too singular to be useful in examining and understanding the more prosaic creative processes at work in artists who reflect upon their working process. The study of the creative process reflects my fascination with those who, in the pursuit of their desire for creative fulfillment, are able to make a living creating their art. The self-study puts me into the class of creative artists who study themselves while make a work.

Through my exploration, examination and rumination I have developed an understanding of how the coming into existence of *Watson* may be a model that could be applied to other working creative artists.

Keywords: storytelling; creative process in working artists; passion and reason; the Editor; the Artist and the Observer; *Watson*; Sherlock Holmes

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Begin at the beginning and all else will follow

Anything not lived in the moment is story. Some stories are fictional. This story is not. This is the story of my journey of discovery and understanding, an examination of the creative process of a working creative artist in the creation of a screenplay, *Watson*. I realize now that in the process we will be examining I am at once the creator and the observer of that creation. Before we begin, let's examine how and why we are here.

I have been a storyteller all my life, but it was not until I entered the GLS program and engaged with the works, the authors and the discussions that followed that I recognized that fact. Despite the reality that my professional life for almost fifty years has been as a freelance actor and writer, I had not truly understood the reason I had followed that path. What drew me down that road? I never set out to be a storyteller, but it clearly beckoned me and I was entranced. I did not choose the path, it chose me.

My interest in stories and storytelling was one of the key reasons for pursuing a Master of Arts in the Graduate Liberal Studies Program at SFU. I always tell my students that we are the sum of our experiences in life. Those experiences may be visceral or intellectual, they may be lived or they may be gained vicariously, but they become a part of who we are and shape how we react to the world and how we tell stories. Telling stories is part of our human existence. The ability or compulsion to tell stories may be one of the most important aspects of being human, however, it is not equal amongst human beings. Some of us tell stories well and others do not, but we all have the capacity to tell a story. For clarity, anything that is not lived in the moment is story. Every thought expressed, every article of clothing we choose to wear, every expression or gesture we make, tells a story. I include all of those as an understanding of how story imbues our lives, but in telling story, I am specifically referring to story in the more formal sense of writing, or acting or any creative art.

One of the main foci of the GLS, especially in the first year, is the interplay of Passion and Reason. Without knowing it at the time, the push and pull of Passion and Reason has resonated through, not only my being, but also my creative work. In this reflection, a major component is my discovering within myself, those powerful forces at work. It feels important to introduce three elements of me, as the author of this Reflection. The first is the Artist, who is closely related to Passion, as imbued in GLS, the second is the Editor, which roughly corresponds to Reason and the third element is the Observer, who is the main author of this document, as well as, the journal that was written during the writing of *Watson*. I will go into greater detail on all three elements of the author in the Reflection.

In my rediscovery of books and authors we read in that first year, I understood that I would not be satisfied with taking extra courses to complete my Masters, but rather I wished to do a project that would illuminate for me, and hopefully for others, the creative process. This project consists of the creative work, in this case a screenplay as a pilot for a television series, as well as, the daily journal of my thoughts, fears, enlightenment, et al as I was writing, and finally this document, which is a reflection on all that I went through and learned while creating *Watson* the screenplay.

I have always been interested in creativity. Genius, while interesting, is exceptional and while the study of genius is important in understanding the creative process, it is too singular to be completely useful in examining and understanding the more prosaic creative processes at work in artists such as myself. I have always been fascinated with those who, in the pursuit of their desire for creative fulfillment, are able to make a living creating their art, whatever form it takes. I class myself in that group of creative artists and therefore, what I discover about myself and my process aids me in understanding others.

I once interviewed a sculptor as he was beginning to carve a massive block of granite that was eight feet high and nearly three feet deep. I naively asked how he knew what he was going to carve and he replied, "I look at the stone and I remove everything that isn't supposed to be there." For a moment I was afraid he was pulling my leg, but the look on his face assured me that he was serious. After reflecting for a few moments, I

realized the wisdom of his comment. At the time. I had no understanding of how he knew what was supposed to be there and what was not, but from my vantage point today I understand deeply what he meant.

In this Reflection document, I examine the creative process alive in working creative artists. I will focus on the one working creative artist I know best; myself. Through my exploration, examination and rumination I have come to understand a great deal of how I do what it is I do as a creative artist and I know that what I have learned about myself can be applied to other working creative artists.

Over the past sixty years I have learned, through observation of people and animals – alone and in groups, applying critical thinking and empathy, and then synthesizing over time these observations with reflective thinking, that there is a relationship between what I have experienced doing and what I experience when others do the same actions in similar situations. In understanding ourselves we understand others. My experiential knowledge was confirmed for me when, in a moment of serendipity, I came across a paper by Raymond A. Mar called *The Neural Bases of Social Cognition and Story Comprehension*.

One of the most fundamental tools we have for social cognition is the ability to infer the mental states of others, known as theory-of-mind (ToM) or mentalizing (Carruthers & Smith 1996, Premack & Woodruff 1978). Humans demonstrate great proficiency at this, identifying in others beliefs, emotions, and motivations similar to their own from about the age of 4 years onward (Astington et al. 1988). (Mar, 104)

The key elements to grasp before we begin the journey are the purpose of *Watson* in this reflection, the nature of my creative process and its evolution over the years, most especially during my time in GLS and in the creation of *Watson*, as well as, how events in my life have inexorably brought me to this moment.

When I began the process, I thought that the most important piece in the puzzle would be *Watson*, the creative work. What I have discovered is that it is the least important aspect of the journey. *Watson* is the result of the confluence of artist and idea. The important part of the exercise is the process that resulted when the idea presented itself and the mixture of art and craft that produced the work, which was the focus of the

endeavor. It is not the end of the journey that is important, it is the journey itself. It is time to set the scene in order to appreciate the story as it unfolds.

One day a producer with whom I had been working on another project asked me to write a screenplay about Sherlock Holmes. I knew that I did not want to do just another 'take' on Sherlock Holmes, but rather to reinvent the myth and mystery of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and his most famous creation. The timing was perfect. Due to the fact that there are already a number of Sherlock Holmes projects on air, there was no pressure to do it now, but the concept was that if I have something 'different enough' than what is on the air, then my take on this familiar subject might just fly. I realized it was the opportunity for which my life and experience had been the preparation.

Since *Watson* is the focal point for this Reflection, it is proper, for context in this reflection, to relate a brief synopsis of characters who live in *Watson*. In *Watson's* universe, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is not a physician who writes for Strand Magazine in the late 19th Century, but rather Artie Doyle is a political hatchet man for Margaret Thatcher, who in return for masterminding all the dirty tricks that enabled Thatcher to stay in power is put forward by Thatcher for a knighthood, thus Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

The Holmes brothers, older brother Crofton and younger brother Lochlan represent Mycroft and Sherlock Holmes from the historical Sherlock Holmes. Crofton was an actor and writer until retiring to a small town in Washington State. He was unaware of a brother until ten years before our story begins. Although, both he and Lochlan are sons of the same parents, Crofton was raised by his grandmother in Chicago, Illinois when his parents returned to England where his mother died soon after having given birth to Lochlan. Watson is not the chronicler of the tale, as in the Sherlock Holmes universe, but in *Watson's* universe, Watson is Crofton's dog. He's always had a dog and every dog was named Watson, regardless of gender. This Watson is a she.

The two brothers live in Arden, Washington where Crofton owns a bar, Watson's the Only Bar in Town and Lochlan continues to invent whatever strikes his fancy adding to his collection of patents. Their quiet lives are disrupted by a series of events initiated by Artie Doyle who has become fixated on the idea that Lochlan is his mortal enemy who will find and destroy him. First Mary Arden arrives and encounters the brothers Holmes.

She has come to Arden for the simple reason that she is reinventing herself and was drawn to Arden because they shared the name. Two other visitors Candi d'Arouet and her friend Evelyn come to Arden in search of Sherlock Holmes for help in finding Candi's father and Evelyn's brother and find instead Crofton and Lochlan. Evelyn disappears and turns up dead in Crofton's apartment. The car in which Evelyn and Candi had been travelling is blown up and a madman (Artie Doyle in Moriarty disguise) attempts to kill the Holmes brothers.

The brothers, along with Candi and Mary, must unravel these odd events and solve the mysterious crimes in the same way Sherlock Holmes and his brother Mycroft; abductive reasoning. Which according to Wikipedia is: "a form of logical inference that goes from an observation to a hypothesis that accounts for the observation, ideally seeking to find the simplest and most likely explanation. In abductive reasoning, unlike inductive reasoning, the premises do not guarantee the conclusion. One can understand abductive reasoning as "inference to the best explanation" (Wikipedia September, 29, 2014)

In order to solve the mysteries and stay alive, the brothers Homes must use cunning, craft and abductive reasoning. In the process, they are drawn into a much larger canvas by forces beyond their control.

It has become clear to me that Crofton and Lochlan are manifestations of Passion and Reason. As characters they each see the world through their singular perspective, with Crofton feeling his way through life and Lochlan thinking; Passion and Reason personified. I had not intended those characters to be that way, but on reflection I understand they are because they are a part of me and I am driven by those same forces, as are all creative artists to one degree or another. Mary Arden is based to a significant degree on Mary Wollstonecraft, her life and work. Candi d'Arouet is based roughly on Candide who is in search of her father François-Marie, who has disappeared.

With the gist of the story of *Watson* before us we begin to unravel the threads that led to the creation of the story. In order to do that, I need to acquaint you with significant events in my life that have led me to this moment. Art is not created in a vacuum. It is

the product of the life of the artist, both in the exterior world of his or her life, but also in the interior life, for they are inextricable.

As we journey, I will explore how the Passion and Reason of GLS has helped to define and shape what must have already been present, but unrecognized. My first creative writing consisted of poems and song lyrics, which I performed live. My first published work was in 1964. My first work as an actor on stage was in 1966, on film and television 1967. I have never trained in any of the various forms of expression in which I have created work, either as a writer or as an actor, other than in actually doing the work. I learned on the job. It was a great way to learn, but I had no idea how I did what I did. I only knew that I could do it and get paid for it, which validated the work to some degree. I also knew it came easily to me and because of that I did not value it highly.

Ten years ago I was offered a position teaching at a private post-secondary institution. The course was Composition and Dialogue Writing. By that time I had confined my writing endeavors to screenwriting and my acting to film and television. I knew how to do that, but I realized that I really had no idea how to teach what I could do. I read every book I could find on writing and storytelling. Most of what I read reassured me that I knew I was doing all the 'right stuff', but it did not really explain how to teach writing, storytelling or acting.

In my life, I have discovered that the best way to learn is by doing. It seemed reasonable and rational that in order to learn how to teach writing, I would need to determine how I write and, the most obvious way for me to do that was to deconstruct my own work. Over the last ten years I have learned a great deal about teaching, storytelling, writing, acting, and the creative process, but I have never documented that process of what I am calling here 'deconstruction'.

The most compelling reason why I have never documented my work is that I have always been too busy doing and documentation was a very low priority. The confluence of my desire to work on a project and the need to write this particular script gave me the opportunity to do both. I know that without the pressure to do the documentation as part of my Master's final project, I would not document my creation of the script. *Watson* has

enabled me to do two things I have always wanted to do, document my process and develop a new perspective on an established myth/work of literature.

My experience in the creation of *Watson* illuminates the creative process. While writing *Watson*, I was totally focused on two realms. The first being the story itself, in the form of a screenplay rather than another narrative form. The second being the documentation, through a daily journal. All unattributed quotes in this document are from my journal, with one exception that I believe all will recognize is from William Shakespeare. In the process of journaling, I chose to write every day and include whatever thoughts occurred about the day, as well as, the process on which I was working. I included many elements not necessarily directly related to what I was writing, but events and other matters that occurred, which in some way affected me and what I was doing.

Relatively early in the project I noted in my Journal: "Life unfolds as it does and there are some things over which we have no control and I often wonder whether the control we think we have is illusionary or real. Not that it matters a great deal, but it would be nice to know. Then again would it really be nice to know? Perhaps the knowledge would disturb me more than the lack of knowledge. What an odd thought for me since I have always felt that knowledge always makes it [life] better. Except that if I truly engage memory I realize that often knowledge doesn't make it better, it only makes our understanding better. I think this is something of a thread in what I'm actually attempting to identify with this project and this journal. Am I recording knowledge? Does the understanding that comes from this knowledge, lead to enlightenment or further darkness (as in not really elucidating the process under consideration) from which there is no real knowledge or understanding, but only the appearance of both. In my conclusion to this document, I am hopeful I will have an answer to that question, perhaps not definitively, but to at least reach some conclusions. I know that the search for the answer is important even if the answer or answers eludes me in the journey. It is always worth the journey, no matter the outcome because the journey is the purpose, not the conclusion."

In these reflections, I am focused on the 'meaning' of the project. I realize that in every creative act the creator has a process that enables the artist to do what must be done. In order to glimpse, perhaps to know, how other creative artists experience their creation of art, I endeavored to discover my process while working on this project. I feel certain that all artists would share an affinity and that although each artist would experience it in a different way, there would be a commonality in those experiences. My experience convinces me that no one is so unique that they cannot see similarities in process with others. I can well imagine that to truly investigate those confirming responses would be an exhaustive project and well outside the scope of this project, but it is intriguing and perhaps when I have finished this project I may seek comments from other artists as to its relevance to their experience. By examining myself, my process, and more specifically, how that process was changed in the creation of *Watson*, I will perhaps glimpse how others create.

As I alluded to earlier, this document examines two major areas, how did being a part of the GLS program affect me as a person, as a creative artist and storyteller? The second is how do I create my 'art' ? I know the program taught me I am able to digest a great deal of material and discussion and then express those elements and factors in my life, as they relate to what I have read and experienced. Having done that, I am able to relate the experience with my life prior to entering the program.

One of the first things I discovered in the process was the difference between what I had planned to do and what I realized must be done. In my proposal for the Project, I stated that I would: "write a screenplay, as part of the project for the completion of my degree, in which I will incorporate narrative threads from the course work and readings I have done over the last three years, into the screenplay in an organic way...to draw on the content from the courses I have taken in the GLS for those narrative threads that I will weave into my screenplay... to show the relevance of the material to the real world, even though this 'real world' is contained within a screenplay. Some ideas will be a reflection on the lessons learned in the course and some from the works themselves and some ideas will come from my reaction to the work, author or both...As I review the material I have covered in the last three years and as I begin the process of the thinking required

to complete a script, much less the project as I intend it, I will come to the decisions on what to endeavor to craft into the script and what to leave out.”

As with most plans, reality does not always match the plan, but in this case the deviations from plan are consistent with the overall intent, which is to ensure that what ends up in the script is organic and not in the script just because I said I was going to put it in. Everything must be germane to the story. I realize that although the process of being in GLS and all that it entails resides within me as a creative artist, because I am a creative artist, I reject just reworking someone else’s work. Instead, I must create work that I know is influenced by what I have experienced, but is my own. I must deconstruct, with the help of the journal, the ebb and flow of the process, the nature of ‘creative impulse’ of the Artist as opposed to, or perhaps more accurately, in addition to the ‘willful creation’ of the Editor.

It seems logical to begin with the development of what I now realize as my creative process, which begs the question; what was my process, how did it develop and how has it changed? In the process of creating *Watson*, I reflected on all the various types of writing I have done in my life to find commonalities, as well as, differentials. In order to gain an understanding of how my process developed, it is important to understand the events in my life, as they relate to the elements that make up my creative process. All my writing prior to 1964 was exclusively done in relation to my education as part of course work. It was standard essay format and my process, to the extent I can remember, involved putting it off until the absolute last moment then sitting down and writing one quick draft as quickly as possible. No revision, no read through, give it to mom or dad to proof and that was it. I’m sure they may well have made suggestions on improvement, but I’m not sure if I took the advice or not, it most likely depended on the time remaining before it was due.

That changed to some extent in the summer of 1964 between my sophomore and junior years of high school, when I moved from Wisconsin to Massachusetts. I lived at a private school where my father was the Assistant Headmaster, while I attended the public high school. I learned to play the guitar and other stringed instruments, I was

asked to join a jug band, as well as, two other music performing groups, and I wrote a short story.

This change involved two quite separate streams, academic (relating to my school work) and extracurricular (relating to the outside world). In my English class that year, I wrote a short story *The Adventures of Marvin the Mable*, which had been influenced by a Disney cartoon I had seen called *Ben and Me*. The story of Marvin was a tale of a marble lost on the playground of an elementary school and how he found his way home only to be kicked into the grass and stepped on by kids on their way home from school and spending the winter frozen in the ground. In the Spring thaw, he popped out to be found. The process was relatively simple. I thought about what I wanted to write about the character and then I sat down and wrote the short story in the same manner as I had written all those essays in school. There was no difference in the process only in what resulted from the process. My teacher submitted it to a literary journal and it was published.

I had no idea that one short story would be the start of an inevitable path to now, half a century later. It is important to review how I gained a process in the first place. Although one could argue my writing process began with my first short story, it was mostly a prelude to a process. I had no expectation of creating a story worthy of publication. I had no dreams of being a writer. I was merely doing an assignment for my high school English class. The only change it meant for me was that the expectations of my work became higher. I realize now that the real change growing from that event was that my writing of essays was no longer just a listing of facts connected in a coherent package, but began to be framed as a story. A story of whatever it was I had to communicate.

That pattern or process continued on through my university education. If there was any change, it had to do with better research abilities, better use of argument, and more thoroughly thought out work. The process was still, think, research, think some more, make a decision, do whatever research was necessary after making the decision and then, in one go, sit down and write. I would read it over and do my own proofing, but rarely did I ever revise, although I would often rewrite a section or more. The difference for me in rewrite versus revise is that in rewriting I am not changing anything in terms of

meaning, but I may find a better phrasing of what I had written, whereas in revision, I make the attempt to reimagine what I was trying to say to see if I can improve more than just the words, but the ideas. This revising did not begin until at least midway through the 180 credits of my undergraduate degree.

My writing process was augmented from being only academic to being extracurricular also in 1964. It began when I joined the student newspaper in order to meet a young woman who turned out to be the editor of the newspaper. The first story I wrote for the student newspaper was published. The reason that it was so momentous is that I went to a consolidated school. That meant that the thirteen school districts pooled their money and funded the building of the high school in the largest town. To foster a sense of ownership of the school the student newspaper was distributed in the local papers and in those days every small town seemed to have a local newspaper. The night my first story was published in the student newspaper I got a call from the publisher of one of the local newspapers asking if I would like to write for his newspaper at \$50 for each 500 word story that he published. I was hooked.

Eventually, I ended up writing for a number of local papers. The only affect this had on my writing process was that now I had an editor who might ask me to rework a piece. That rarely ever happened, however, the mere knowledge that if I did not do well I would have to rewrite a piece ensured that my Editor would do well so that I would not be asked to redo. I actually cannot recall ever having to redo a piece, but that could be truth or it could be selective memory. I continued to write for the newspapers for the two years after my graduation and then I just did not have the time to write for local papers half a continent away.

My writing process was essentially the same as from my high school days in terms of my academic writing. During my newspaper writing I wrote news stories, which were almost identical to the process of creating academic writing only the vocabulary and style differed, but the approach was almost identical. News stories have very deliberate structure and rules. As I progressed from news to interviews to feature articles I learned the subtle differences in structure and rules. In addition, I added another element; the slant. I began to take into consideration my own point of view as the interviewer and

writer, as well as, what I now realize was my understanding of the intended audience. All this merely reinforced the Editor in me. Over the years the Editor became more and more a mainstay of my creative process.

The process did not change much although my writing was maturing. This carried over to some extent to my academic writing. I discovered that I could certainly write in an academic way, but I didn't like the stiltedness that often found its way into the style. I preferred a more conversational style and it worked for the most part. I fulfilled the academic purpose, but it felt more like a conversation between myself and the audience as I explained whatever it was that was the subject of the paper.

What is it about the creative act that opens up both the Artist and the Editor? When I began writing, I resisted the Artist as somehow not being professional. I was always concerned about structure and ensuring that everything came together and so I would design and craft everything. Considering that my first real writing was as a reporter for a newspaper and later for several newspapers it is understandable how that came to be. Some artists do that all the time, but for me I evolved to a new paradigm, where the Passion of my being is integrated with the Reason.

It began in 1971, with four credits lacking in my being able to graduate I had had enough of school and moved to Ontario where my mother's brother had land on which I could live. My wife and I moved with no clear idea of what would transpire exactly. In the summer of 1972, we both went back to Wisconsin for the Summer. I took a three credit Biology course, but that still left one credit that had to be a second year language credit in Italian. I had tried to take it by correspondence, but that was a disaster.

At the end of Summer we returned to Ontario and my uncle, who was the chairman of the Grey-Bruce Arts Council was holding an end of Summer barbecue and he said that there would be lots of people from the local little theatre there. I spent the evening and into the night in conversation ending with one person who at the end of the of our chat asked if I could write radio commercials and I said yes.

Thus began my writing career starting as a copywriter, writing commercials and advertising. Since I had to write upwards of 80 commercials a day I had to allow the

Artist some time or I would have ended up constantly repeating the same commercial over and over again and I instinctively knew that was wrong and unprofessional. So the Artist had emerged, but the Editor still controlled everything.

It wasn't long before my boss, the man with whom I had been chatting at the barbecue, put me into the studio to begin voicing , as well as, writing commercials. I continued to work at the radio station until I was accepted at the University of British Columbia in the Master of Fine Arts program in Directing beginning in August of 1974. During that time I completed all the course work for my Bachelors of Arts from the University of Wisconsin in Madison.

During my time writing commercials, my process of writing quickened substantially. I didn't have the luxury of time to think for minutes, much less hours or days and that meant that I had to begin to trust the Artist, although I had not yet realized the dichotomy at that stage. I just knew I needed to make decisions faster, I needed to conceptualize more quickly and then to bring that concept to fruition in a matter of minutes. I internalized without realizing and this clearly changed my process even though I was not aware of it until much, much later. I know now that I was creating the Editor and the Artist. A simple comparison is that they roughly equate to Reason and Passion in much the way that it is dealt with in the GLS program. I have always realized that these two personas exist within the creative artist; the Editor and the Artist.

The Editor is the part of me who brings craft to inspiration, the consciousness that is about order, procedure, what is correct or incorrect in more rational and supposedly objective terms. This element is reinforced by societal necessities in our dealings with others most especially in school and other group activities such as sports. The Editor is the part of me who has been trained to adhere to the rules of grammar, the structural aspects of writing etcetera. The schools I have attended over the years have had their effect. I am sure my parents' educational backgrounds ensured that I would adapt well to the Editor role. My reason side has always been strong and relatively clearly evident, however, my passion side was often very firmly held in control and I am learning to let go. This process began before the GLS experience, but the intensity of the program and

the cohort with whom I shared the experience, was like warmth to yeast, allowing it to expand and grow.

The Artist is that part of my conscious and unconscious self that is the non-rational, instinctive, intuitive source of creativity that sometimes seems to come from some unknown and almost unknowable source: spontaneous, unpredictable, chaotic, antithetical to order and often comes unbidden. In fact, when we need it and if we demand it, it quite often refuses to appear, so we have to allow it to appear, coax it and be open to it. It is to some degree antisocial, therefore, society often refuses to acknowledge its necessity in our lives. I remember in grammar school a teacher asking me what I was doing at one point in a class and I replied that I was thinking and she replied that I should get busy and get back to work. It was clear that for her my thinking was her daydreaming and perhaps it was, I do not recall, but it is the attitude and her reaction to my 'not being busy' that stayed with me and it took me a long time to put it into its proper perspective. I realize that in my early creativity I was driven much more by the Editor than by the Artist. It took a long time to realize that in order to do what I needed to do, I had to make room for the Artist at the table, so to speak. I realized this very much in terms of my creative work, especially in writing.

My basic writing process did not really change during my time at UBC. It was essentially my restyled academic writing. I walked away from UBC without completing my masters and began working as an actor. In addition to acting, between 1976-1988 I began to freelance as a writer. It began inauspiciously. A friend's mother was the manager of a department at a company and they were transitioning from typewriters to personal computers. My friend asked if I could run a workshop for her staff on computers so that they would be able to adapt to the new technology.

I ran a four hour workshop and at the end I asked what it was that this department did and was told that it was the customer service department. I asked how they intended to use the computers and was told that they were essentially electronic typewriters connected to a printer hub where hard copy of the letters they would write would be printed. I determined that they would be doing exactly the same work with a different tool. Every person wrote an individual letter, which meant that there was not always a

consistent response, and that was often a problem. I suggested that they have a series of form letters that would address the typical concerns and that would establish consistency. She was surprised that it could be done with a computer and I explained that essentially that was what differentiated a computer from earlier forms of communication tools.

She seemed astounded and asked how they could get a hold of the form letters. I suggested that someone needed to write them. She asked me if I could do that and my career as a freelance writer began. Only once in my career did I actually have to seek out or bid for a project as all other jobs came my way by referral. My freelance career was essentially creating business correspondence, speeches for executives, annual reports, newsletters (for these I would often write, layout and edit everything – a one stop shop), form letters, advertising copy, brochures; you name it I could and would write it.

During this period all the Editor experience was drawn upon. Rarely was the Artist let out to play. I was aware of the Artist's importance, however, the Editor managed the Artist to an extraordinary degree. When our first child was born I took a 'real' job at UBC recording books for the blind. That continued for nearly five years before the funding for the program ended. The birth of our second child ensured that I continued working at the university in another, far less interesting job within the university. Then in 1988 I had had enough non-artistic work and I returned to acting.

The last bastion of the Editor ceased to exist once I began to write screenplays. My first few scripts, although structured in the form of a script, were more like novels, a form I had written prior to this, mostly as a ghost writer. I needed to learn that in scripts, if a character doesn't reveal it in actions or speech and if the rest of the team doesn't create the visual elements, it will never exist for the audience in the theater. I had to realize that the audience for a film script is not the people in the movie house, it is the creative people who will take the script and make it into the movie. I need to allow them their creative part in the whole that will be the movie. As part of that learning process, I came to understand how I needed to allow my Artist to actively participate.

My first job after re-entering the Film and Television industry was working as a stand-in for John Denver in the made for television pilot for a television series called *Higher Ground*. I was not only a stand-in I was also his photo double. This allowed me to make some money and reestablish myself in the industry. A pivotal aspect was that the stand-in works with the crew and I got to know a number of the camera crew especially, since that was the team with which I worked. My experience on *Higher Ground* led to my being hired almost immediately after finishing *Higher Ground* for *The Trial of the Incredible Hulk* with Bill Bixby who had starred in *My Favorite Martian* and the *Courtship of Eddie's Father* before doing the *Hulk* television series.

At the end of production on that film, the Assistant Directors and the cameramen took me aside and said they never wanted to see me doing stand-in work again. I thought they were dissatisfied with my work, but they said I was wasted on that side of the camera, that I was an actor and that is what I should be doing. I focused on getting Principal roles and aside from one more adventure with Bill Bixby I have only done Principal roles. In 1989, Bill Bixby came back to Vancouver to shoot *The Death of the Incredible Hulk* and called me up and asked if I would be willing to be his stand-in for the film. I agreed because I learned more about acting by working with Bill than in any other way.

As I have stated earlier, I was never trained to be an actor. I was just able to do it and be continually cast in plays in the beginning and then in films and television. Until I watched Bill work I thought that although I was paid to act that I wasn't really acting. I learned that acting is making an audience believe that you are the character you are playing. That may well be a 'person' who is totally unlike you. In order to be believable, an actor must be real, any hint of 'acting' and an audience will sense that it is an actor rather than the character. In order for an actor to 'be' the character for the audience, the actor must, at the moment of 'being the character', believe he is the character. The best acting does not seem to be acting at all, but reality. What makes it acting is that the actor is not the character, but 'acting' the character. Bill Bixby never appeared to be acting, but since I got to know him reasonably well due to the nature of working as his stand-in while he was both the star and the director, I knew that Bill was a very different person in many ways than Bruce Banner or the Hulk.

I began working so much as an actor that my freelance career as a writer, which had always been very part time, virtually stopped. That meant that my writing process remained virtually unchanged except that after working in short stories, novels, business writing, newspapers, advertising and the like I decided to focus on screenplays, which are a very different art form. Whereas all the previous types of writing were totally in control of the writer, with the exception of the involvement of an Editor on some level, screenplays are from the beginning intended to include the creative involvement of many other people in the final product, which is not the screenplay. A screenplay is by its nature a collaborative process in a way similar to a theatrical script only more so. In a play, there are many areas where creative artists contribute to the effect of the script, most especially in portraying the intent of the playwright. The script is the core and all others work to interpret the script. That sometimes happens with a screenplay, however, many times there are so many creative forces in play with the production and so many objectives from often conflicting participants that a film is much more than an interpretation of screenplay by creative artists and becomes a thing all unto itself.

A completed writer's draft is ready to take to a producer. The rest of the process is collaborative, which can result in numerous changes to the original script. The main difference between the writer's draft and a shooting script is that the shooting script documents all the elements that the Director, the Director of Photography and others have contributed to the planning of the finished script. A writer's draft needs to include all the elements necessary, from a story perspective, while allowing for other creative artists to incorporate their creativity and artistry to the finished film. The screenplay is essentially the map of the film or television project. It needs to contain all the critical elements necessary for the final version, but must allow for the creative input of the rest of the cast and crew, which would include the director of photography, the designers (costumes, sets,) location scouts, gaffers and grips, the assistant directors, not to mention the various producers and executive producers on a film or television project.

For the early part of my career I was a very conscious writer. By that I mean I thought everything out, I planned, I crafted and if a thought came to me and I couldn't quite figure out how that thought fit into the piece, I would not include that thought. Through screenwriting I began to understand intellectually the need for both the Editor and the

Artist. Scripts are always written in scene order and that is structure, but at the same time that structure can sometimes break up the flow in writing and, therefore, one day, while I was writing a script, I realized I had just included something in the plot that I had not planned and I had no idea why I had written what it was that I had written. I knew that the scene did not seem to really fit, however, I felt the adrenalin of the artist pushing me forward and so I overruled the Editor and let the scene stand.

Normally, I would have deleted it from the work, but for some unknown reason I decided to keep it in and several days later as I was writing I realized that I was about to write a scene that would not have worked had I not set it up earlier. It became clear to me that at some unconscious level I was aware of the need for the first scene I wrote without consciously being able to foresee how it would be needed later. It was at that moment that my writing process fundamentally shifted. I had reached a turning point in my creative life. Suddenly, I discovered real proof of the need for cooperation between the Editor and the Artist. Whereas before, the Artist was present, he was most often firmly under the creative thumb of the Editor, but now they were equally important to the final product. From that moment on the 'rule' became, the Artist gets the first pass and the Editor gets to review and revise, but not without the full and accepting participation of the Artist. I allowed the story to tell itself, whatever form that took. I know I can always delete it later if it proves not to be working for the story being told.

I began to allow the story to flow without constantly interjecting the Editor into the process. The proper time for the Editor is after the Artist has had first crack at bringing out the story. Then the process of review and revising will bring the Editor into the fray. I find that for me that becomes the most interesting part of the process as both Editor and Artist work together in a symbiotic relationship to ensure that the story is told, not just by my rational conscious mind, but by the combined qualities that make the difference between those of us who are driven to create from those who are driven to replicate. The intimate relationship between the Artist and the Editor is both symbiotic and dualistic, and the change in the dynamics of that relationship is the key to understanding both my creative process and the creative process of other creators. It is now a vital part of my process.

While writing and documenting the process of creating *Watson*, I realized that the Editor isn't just a part of my creative process in writing, but in all things. For example, when the kids were younger we would routinely drive from Vancouver to Wisconsin in the Summer to visit relatives. Before each drive I would plan it out to the minute with maps, an itinerary and timetable, how long for rest stops, rough timing of highway travel allowing for traffic etcetera. Once we were on the road, that changed from a plan to a guide. While the kids, true to the form of children everywhere were always concerned about "are we there yet?" the journey is what the journey is and often we weren't there yet. That can also describe my creative process in my working life. I think, I plan and then I generally let go, often not knowing 'if I was there yet' until suddenly I knew I had arrived.

When I began to work professionally as an actor, I discovered the Editor was totally in control of the preparation, but once I was on set and the camera was rolling I did not have the time to let the Editor control everything and little by little, as I gained more experience, the Artist became the Actor and the Editor became my internal director. That has carried over into my screenwriting, which doesn't lend itself to the same stricture I had developed in my other writing. I am sure that there are some screenwriters who still control everything, but I am not one of those. I realize that my Editor is extremely well developed and, therefore, I can give my artist more freedom. All of us, but especially creative artists and certainly me, live the Editor/Artist dichotomy.

It is clear to me that at the base of all my creative process is a interaction of the Artist (Passion) and the Editor (Reason). That is not to say that it is balanced, in fact, it seems necessary for there to be a lack of balance, rather than an imbalance, in order that the work be creative. There is more ebb and flow, more rise and fall than equality of action. It reminds me of stasis as demonstrated when I was in high school; it seems balanced until the audience sees it in slow motion and then it is evident that it only appears to be balanced. There are moments of chaos before normalcy returns. That is what is at the base of creativity, at least for me. I suspect it really is for all creative artists, but most likely everyone experiences it a little differently.

I am reminded of Rilke's *Letters to a Young Poet* trying to describe the Yin and Yang, the conflicting, yet consonant emotions and thoughts that accompany the creative

process. I cannot believe that every creative artist experiences the same experience, however, I do believe that the experiences are similar enough for all creative artists to relate to other creative artists. Knowing your own process can help discern another artist's struggle and success.

As I alluded to earlier the Observer is that part of me who is aware of the Artist and the Editor, the 'impartial' recorder of events, thoughts, emotions as they are observed. The Observer was introduced in the process of journaling. This Observer is fully aware of the need to let the Artist and the Editor do what they need to do, but the ultimate question remains. What affect does the knowledge that the Observer is ever present have on the Artist and the Editor? Part of the reason for this reflection is to give the Observer his day in court.

I realize how this process combines my academic background with my journalistic background, who, what, where, when and why. What are the steps involved in a specific project from inception to execution? What are the connections between art and life in the process? How does the artist/storyteller get from a wish list of ingredients to a finished work?" *Watson*, was never intended "purely an exercise for a 'thesis' designed to be put out on a shelf for future students to find in their search for ideas". It is a writer's draft for a movie intended for release.

In the world of *Watson*, I found time to discover the story rather than impose my predigested concepts. I realized that trying to find things in what I had read so that I could weave them into the story was not only counterproductive, but it actually contradicted my prime directive, which is to allow the story to unfold, rather than merely be assembled. I have abandoned a number of ideas I thought I wanted to do because I learned, again, that I must allow whatever arises to come out. To refrain from suppressing any idea.

For it to be organic, I need to write and then understand how and from where the influences come. The story is a mixture of character and plot, but it is clear that the story is much more about the characters than the plot. The plot is translucent rather than transparent. By that I mean that there are elements in the plot that are driven by the Antagonist, however, the audience will not immediately know that. The story unfolds

because of the characters' reactions to the elements of the plot as it affects them. As they react they begin to become more actively involved in searching for the reasons behind the events, which is the plot, and they begin to drive the story.

Occasionally, I felt that I hadn't covered something important, but I consoled myself with the knowledge that I would return to the script many times, tinkering, before it was complete. I know now why I prefer to work alone instead of with a co-writer. I have a tendency to control and, in some cases, over control. It has taken me a long time to learn to trust my gut, my instincts, my intuition, call it what you will and when so much is at stake there's an almost overwhelming urge to return control from the Artist to the Editor. Therefore, one of the decisions I made at the start was that I was not going to go back over anything I had written until I had finished writing the first draft. I kept that promise to myself.

One aspect of my process is revealed in the creation of my characters and story, which I believe is really the same process that anyone who imagines virtually anything. The only person on earth that we know well is our self and we don't always know our self all that well. The well from which we draw is our experience, however derived. Any characters a writer or actor develops come from within. What works best is synchronicity between what the artist desires and what the character needs.

In *Watson*, I am telling of the characters, born of my intellect, imagination and passions and the story of how it came from me at this moment in time. I designed the characters of the Holmes brothers, Crofton and Lochlan, on myself and another actor who I hope will play the roles. Wherever it worked I drew on reality, blended in imagination. Where it needed to, imagination ruled. I intend to play Crofton and so many of the elements of my real world experience were channeled into the character. The demands of the story come first, but the reality of storytelling, for me, is that everything in story comes through the storyteller. A great many characters came to me as I wrote and I enjoyed blending and interweaving them all into the tale.

Thinking about the process I realize that there been a shift of the primary 'writer' from my previous order of Artist first, Editor second, to what is now a blend, with the Artist still first, but the 'ghost' of the Editor, like Jiminy Cricket sits on the Artist's shoulder. More

and more it has become clear that in the process of writing *Watson* there was something very necessary, but also very intrusive in the process of writing. The constant 'interruption' of journaling interrupted my usual flow. I felt certain that upon completion of this process I would do two things, I would return to setting aside writing time and also insure that my 'new' process would allow me to become immersed in my story's world. The process of writing *Watson* was too disjointed much of the time. I knew it was necessary, and it has been useful, but it is also a different kind of stress.

There are two elements of process that I discovered as I worked on this project. The first is my present process began to evolve partly because the journaling forced me to deviate from my normal story style, with 'interruptions' in my writing. The need to examine what I am doing as I am doing it is a real world equivalent to the Heisenberg principle in an intellectual environment, rather than a physical one. The minute I begin to think about the process, it affects how and what I actually do. It's a bit of a conundrum. What kept me going was knowing that during this process I hope to untangle some of the rat's nest I created. What seemed so simple in the initial thinking is, of course, much more complex. Since my observations on my process affected my behavior, it clearly affected my process. My knowledge of Heisenberg and his principal comes directly out of my exposure to that information in GLS. I am certain I had heard the term, but did not understand it outside of its relevance to Quantum Mechanics. Now, I understand it viscerally.

The challenge has been to get a handle on the electron in the cloud chamber. The journal helps me to track the path, but it cannot help me to really understand what occurred between the thought of the action and the action. I know what I wanted to achieve, even sometimes how I wanted to achieve it and often as not what I actually did, was not what I planned. I know from my memory of my life, that that has often been the case. The best-laid plans are just that plans. In the real world, what happens is not quite what was planned. I feel I have a better understanding of what happened and why, but I'm certain I can never truly know the how of its happening. Much as I can track the electron through the cloud chamber and I can determine its speed, but I cannot determine why it took the path it took. Is it possible to know the unknowable?

I have thought a lot about how journaling affected my process. When I began the journal it was intended merely as a chronicle, it still has that element, but I realize that it is also a glimpse of the thought process at work of how ideas are formed, then shaped until they meet the needs we have for them. There was a shift from the initial intent from the point of view of this is what happened and this is the decision I made, to a place where it became not just what happened, but also an element of this is what happened and how what happened affected how I feel about what's happening. It is complex and complicated. It is clear to me that during this process I have been able to re-evaluate my earlier writings and how I approached writing to compare and contrast to how I am writing now. There is a very clear difference from my earliest writings until now, but there is also a clear, if more subtle difference between the academic writing of my undergraduate and first attempt at graduate work, to what I have created for this Master's degree. There's also a significant change in my extracurricular writing as it developed through my working on the Masters.

As I was writing the last section of the script for *Watson*, I went through a period where I was constantly being interrupted, which always seem to occur when I least wanted to be interrupted. I found that dealing with the climactic scenes took some thought. After thinking about the climax I wrote it and immediately began to doubt. At the start, I was afraid that I was at a bit of a block. I knew that I needed a confrontation with the antagonist so that the protagonists would know with whom they were in conflict. I also knew I wanted the antagonist to shoot one of the protagonists and then I realized it would be better if he wounded both Crofton and Mary because it would reveal more about Mary's character if she is wounded trying to protect Crofton.

I planned to write that Mary and Crofton were out taking Watson for a walk and would encounter the shadowed stranger that the audience in the movie theater knows is the antagonist and in that witty encounter a la Nick and Nora Charles, the antagonist would take out a pistol and shoot the protagonists.

Then I sat down to write the scene. What I wrote was that the four protagonists, the main ones Lochlan and Crofton and the minor ones Mary and Candi were in Crofton's office when the audience knows that Moriarty has crossed the street and is heading for the

backyard. Watson begins to bark and the others respond to trap Moriarty in the yard, which is fenced with an eight foot wall. In the confrontation, Mary and Crofton are wounded while Candi attacks Moriarty scratching his face revealing that he is wearing makeup and in the struggle his false nose falls off. She also bites his wrist while Lochlan, by grabbing the barrel of the pistol, wrenches it from the hand of Moriarty. Moriarty bolts out the gate, Lochlan drops the pistol, orders Candi to call 911, and chases Moriarty through the woods behind the house until Moriarty gets away.

It is clear that despite thinking it out (the Editor), almost immediately after the planning, I wrote the scene allowing the Artist free reign. The end result achieved what I needed in the scene, but the changes were much better than the initial planning. Normally, in my process, I do an enormous amount of thinking and planning and then I sit down and write without referring to my notes or rethinking what I'm writing. I just write. The process on this script, with my daily self-induced pressure to record and document my thinking, in order to determine the how and why of my process, has changed the process on this project and I suspect to some degree will affect everything after this. The change is most evident in the Observer aspect that arose in the journaling portion of the project and culminated in the creation of the Reflection. I don't imagine I will ever journal along with another script, but the conscious use of the Observer is now a permanent fixture to my creative persona.

I found it interesting to force myself to think out some things ahead of time because I was investigating as I was doing instead of just recording what I had done. That meant that I made a decision about where I anticipated the story should go, but once I began to write something else came out instead. I remember wondering whether or not it would have just come out as I had written it or if it might have come out another way. I can't know because I can't re-experience the moment once it had been experienced. I am sure that I will still think my way through plot points, but I expect I will often write it differently than I imagined at the moment of planning.

I believe it is important to quote from my journal at this moment as an illustration of my thinking 'at the moment':

I'm realizing more and more that there is something very necessary, but also very intrusive in my current 'process'. When this project is done I am certain of two things, I'm going to get back into setting aside writing time (me time) and also a process that allows or assures that I am immersed. This process is too disjointed much of the time. I understand why it's necessary and it has been useful, but it's also a different kind of stress. It's all about uncertainty, in some ways. The acid test is how I feel about the script and story after I have read it for the first time. I think it will be different than I feel about it at this moment, but I'm hopeful that it will not be a disappointment in any way. It does feel more fragmented than my process is normally.

I realize that this is exemplary of my process, as it is developing and it is not limited to writing. I not only discovered that I was not blocked, but that I added another element making the puzzle more difficult, not only for our characters to unlock, but also for the audience. As I was writing I knew I was deviating from what I had planned, but the moment it hit the page I understood it was exactly what I needed to write, both for the characters and the story.

Seeing that entry reminded me that it almost exactly matches the acting process, which makes me understand that as a writer, in the moment of writing, I am, in fact, the actor/character and my instincts as an actor merge with the writer. That makes me wonder whether, when I am writing am I always the actor? I know that it is not always the case, but certainly in the moments where story and character intertwine, it must happen. That indicates that the creative forces at play for me as an actor are inextricably bound with those forces as a writer.

Upon reflection I can now see that those forces are always present in whatever form of creative activity I perform and I'm certain that it must be similar for all creative people. I'm also certain that this applies not only to the working creator, but also, in some way, must apply to the genius. I am also certain that one of the reasons that I have always looked at teaching as "acting in four hour blocks" is that the same elements are also at play in the part of teaching that is communicating to the students or audience.

While writing *Watson*, I came to realize a number of ways in which my process is evolving. One of the more interesting conundrums is that much of the underlying assumptions I had for the 'series' have been totally blown out of the water, if this script actually becomes the pilot. My original idea for the series was a 'small' scale detective story where once the brothers solved the first 'mystery' they would go on, as in Sherlock Holmes, to unravel other small mysteries. That is no longer the case with this story. Not only has it become a big detective story, but the scope of the Antagonist is no longer local it has now become global. All in all, I like where it is going, but to bring it off as a series will take it to a whole new level.

In *Watson*, I have introduced the relationship possibilities of Mary and Crofton and I addressed the 'father' 'daughter' issues of Lochlan and Candi. While the resolution of what happened to Candi's father and how it ties into Moriarty, is not revealed in *Watson*, I do know what it will be, even if I do not know how at this moment I will write it. I also realized as I wrote the script that Dominic Hart is developing into a character somewhat like Inspector G. Lestrade of the original Sherlock Holmes. I had not intended to introduce such a character, but it is very clear to me now that Dominic is exactly that.

Again a glimpse from my journal:

The more I am into this process the more I realize how instinctively I work under normal conditions. As I document, to the extent that I can, the more I realize that there are so many thoughts, threads, reflections, ideas that somehow come together into a coherent script. When I am writing normally, I do not stop to record what I am thinking and what is influencing me. I am finding that I need to allow that to happen and when I get out that burst of writing I need to take a break and write down what just transpired. While I think it is working out reasonably well, I know that after this project it will be back to writing as usual. The documentation process pulls me out of the story too often and to too great an extent sometimes. It is clearly interfering in the creative process as I begin to really get into the script. I don't want this script to feel stitched together. So, I am going to have to find a way to set aside time to write and then time to process

and document. I have to admit this is much harder to do than I imagined prior to this, but it is not impossible and I hope it will be worth the grief.

I am finding it best to work at the script in increments as I find that I need the time to research and think in between. This is a different process than I normally find, since I usually have done pretty much all my thinking and research before I begin to write in the first place, but this time the requirements of the project dictate a different approach. The good news is that I am, for the most part, able to differentiate between my normal process and this process so when I reflect I can take into account both approaches. I find this particular process is causing me to 'stretch' and get out of my comfort zone, which is a good thing. I also feel that this is the right time for it. I have habits that I have formed over years of working that have proved beneficial, however, new approaches bring new insights and that is more beneficial.

I am not sure how knowing this will affect what happens next, but I suspect that it will help it as long as I keep in mind not to let the knowledge unnecessarily direct what I am doing. Once again Heisenberg pops into the picture. I feel a bit like Alice down the rabbit hole. I know that I am in the real world, only it is really unreal. I have now finished two passes of the script and I had thought that I was looking at it as the Artist and not the Editor, however, I am beginning to believe that the line between the two is blurring. It is like a roiling ocean in a storm where waves are meeting and blending and then rising as one only to split. I found the second pass that I was thinking critically, as well as, feeling it intuitively, or more accurately, non-rationally. I believe part of this change is due to the three years in GLS, where I often felt compelled to respond to the passion since I already knew, intimately, the rational. I have been troubled since I began writing the script that some of the fundamental 'story' elements were too convoluted rather than complex, too simplistic rather than elegantly, simple.

I did find myself reflecting on how my process is changing. Some of that change I can attribute to being aware of my process and analyzing it as I am doing it. The other aspect that I realize is causing it to change is that I am, as a person,

changing in an attempt to reduce the negative aspects of the stress I am under and the fact that I am no longer forty or even fifty. It is really the only time I feel aging. When I am writing, when I am thinking, when I am experiencing...I still feel thirty. I realized this morning that I am not a senior I am in advanced middle age. To some extent, that is true. Whereas, my father's generation was expected to reach between 65 and 75 for Males, my generation is expected to reach 75-80 or more and a child born in the new millennium is expected to be able to live as long as 120 years. All that remains to be seen and it is pointless worrying about it, but it is causing me to realize that my decision to lose weight, eat more sensibly, get more exercise is not just about longevity, but about the quality achieved in that extension.

I have had the opportunity to review and revise the script, put it aside for a week, come back to it, review and revise and I realized that my revising has been exceptionally limited. There are some things I had wanted to put into the script, but it does not require that and to put it in means that the flow that is there would be interrupted without a benefit to the interruption. I am finding it a bit disconcerting because I anticipated much more actual revision. I anticipated that it would still 'need a lot of work' and the fact that it does not jump out at me saying 'fix me fix me' is unexpected. Having said that I have looked carefully and I am not feeling compelled to change anything. It is clearly a story about characters and their development and interaction and not driven by the plot. Rather the plot enables the characters to meet and interact. I am liking these characters. I am liking the atmosphere and I want to spend time with them.

I have always known that any creative endeavor is loaded with the thoughts, feelings and values of the artist. I have also known that in some way every character is related to myself, in that the only person I come close to truly knowing is myself and that the world is viewed through my experience of myself and its contextualization with my lived and vicariously lived experiences. When I reviewed the script, I realized that all the characters are slivers of me. The character of Lochlan is my Editor, Crofton is my Artist, Mary is the caregiver in me and clearly formed by my parents. All the other characters are reflections of various segments or slivers of myself. It reminds me of the disco balls

of the 80s where the light is reflected from all the many faceted faces of the ball. Each reflection is a portion of the ball's surface as each character is a reflection of me. On the grand scale of things it is not earth shaking, but it was a strange sensation when it came to me. A Gestalt moment wherein I realized that all those disparate components are elements of one being. I have understood it on some level for many years, but the penny did not drop until now and I feel slightly foolish not to have put it together sooner.

Every once in a while we have a flash of understanding and epiphany and the individual may wonder why this particular understanding had not come before. I had one the other day in relation to Artist and the Editor. I have already understood that the Artist is the instinctual, non-rational, emotional and passionate side of me (us all) and the Editor is the control freak, the Rational, the order achiever etcetera, but I had not quite realized until suddenly by allowing the Artist more 'control' I am actually accessing the passionate, emotional content that often has been missing from my work. There has always been a firm rational hand at the 'tiller' so to speak. The question that I cannot truly answer at this moment, but begs to be answered is "is there a direct relationship between my experience in GLS and this greater integration of reason and passion in my work, especially my creative work?"

In the process of creating *Watson*, I needed to review abductive reasoning, which is the logic of Sherlock Holmes. I also needed to provide some of the corresponding insight that Mary and Crofton can add to what Lochlan has to say. All the information cannot come only from Lochlan. I need to ensure that there is a balance of contributions to the information, the puzzles and the ultimate solution to the story. Candi cannot not be just eye candy or merely a nod to GLS, but she needed to be a fully developed character. She began as a plot device and the more I got to know her the more I realized that she is not only useful, but important to the story and perhaps to the series, should it come to that. Either way she has developed in my mind as a necessary character.

There is the audience for the series and, therefore, I need to find a way to create a believable world, inhabited by characters who reflect the potential audience. A cast to which many groups in society can relate. To that end it is important to reflect values, beliefs etcetera that exist in society as a whole. *Watson* is about the characters rather

than the plot, which is essential in a series. It is important in the process of designing a story for a television series to design a group of characters who will be interesting to an audience, as well as, to the actors who will play the characters. If the actor is not able to relate to the character and enjoy being the character, it limits the actor's ability to be real and reality is the most important story aspect of a character-actor. The cast of characters needs to be made up of people with whom the audience would want to spend time and they must drive the story.

We can recognize a story in which the audience will spend time with the characters and have a rewarding experience, but will not want to continue to spend more time with the characters. For me *Fight Club* would be such a story. It is riveting to be in the company of the characters for the telling of the tale, but once told I have no desire to sit down to have a coffee or a beer with those characters. For those not familiar with *Fight Club* it is essential the story of a group of characters who are only truly alive when they are involved in brutal, physical conflict. The fight club is where these characters meet to fight. In reality, by the end of the story you understand that all of this takes place in the mind of the Protagonist and that none of what we have seen is 'real'.

When creating characters there are two basic questions to ask. Is this character at all like me? How? If the character is unlike me, in what ways. All characters, as all people, are motivated by needs and desires. In story, the desire is what the character thinks or feels will solve their problem, whereas, their need is what must be done to solve the problem. If we do not invest in these characters thoroughly, if we do not care about them intimately, and if they are not real to us, they will not be real or interesting to an audience. As a storyteller there is an obligation in the relationship with an audience. The audience willingly suspends their disbelief in order for the story to work and we, as storytellers, have an obligation not to break that trust. They will believe in our characters and our worlds as long as we do not break that trust causing them to stop believing.

I like the flow and the intelligence of the characters. The task in writing is to allow the characters to be interesting and intelligent, but each in his or her own way so it all does not sound like the same person again and again. One intrinsic element of a screenplay is that an actor will be speaking the line and that means they will bring their own

intonations and elements of self to the part so even if on the page there is a similarity in the characters the expression on the day will help differentiate the characters. The Artist is interested in the feel of the script, the ebb and flow the interactions of the characters. I still find it hard for the Artist to 'feel' the visual since so much of writing is not visual so much as verbal description of visual.

I have always resisted in the past to assign ages to characters. I do not want to say this character is twenty four or that character is fifty two because it seems to me that characters, like people, may well have certain ages, for it is a chronological fact, however, people do not always 'resemble' their chronological age. I prefer to let my characters reveal their age range by what they do and what they say and especially how they say what they say, but as I have been working on this script I realize that I have been placing Lochlan and Candi together and Crofton and Mary together. I have always known that I had in mind a relationship developing between Crofton and Mary and that Mary would be in her mid to late forties so that this relationship would be based on compatibility and factors other than just sexual attraction. I had not really intended Candi and Lochlan to have a relationship, but I realized as I was writing that they were forming a relationship and as I was writing I became more consciously aware of the developing relationship almost in spite of myself. Candi is searching for her father and I now realize that Lochlan is a father figure and that Candi will be an echo of the girl Lochlan left behind.

I prefer to create characters who can be cast in many different ways. As an actor I was once asked to audition for the role of a sleazy lawyer. I know that that is not the way I 'read' on camera, but my agent said I was name requested for the role. In the audition, the director liked what I did, but asked me to read for the judge, which would be the expected role for me to be asked to do. I got the role and when I got the script the description of the judge was a 50 year old Black woman, which clearly I am not. That experience added to my conviction not to 'define' a character more than is absolutely necessary and allow the director and actor chosen to make their choices in how to interpret the elements of the character that I feel are essential to the story. There are times when the character must be a Black woman or an Asian man to tell the tale one wants to tell and in those instances it is necessary for that to be self-evident within the

story. In a screenplay, the writer must allow for director, producer and actors to interpret the story, but interpretation means that the essential elements of the story must be in place in order that it can be interpreted.

It is important, I now feel for certain, to let my 'gut' lead instead of my intellect. I will find the threads I need without forcing it. Part of the creative process is to let the unconscious 'have its head' so to speak and then depend on the rational conscious part of me to do what it does best. It reminds me once again of Passion and Reason and that one without the other is not entirely satisfactory. Having said that it is not necessary for them to be in perfect balance, but rather it seems to me that the imbalance allows for or creates the space for creativity and that ebb and flow of emotion and stricture necessary for creative work. I know that it is required for me and I believe that it is essentially a human quality. It is clear that animals have passions and I believe that animals also have, at the very least the pattern recognition and experiential learning that might equate to a different type of reasoning.

It is fun to be in the world of *Watson* and not to come out until I am forced to do so. The writer is a god and everything is possible. If the story engages the writer, then the writer is transported to a world that might have been or might be and anything that can be imagined can transpire and the only limits are the imagination of the author and the believability of the world and events of the story. I suppose I have always known it is so in my writing, but there's a certain intensity on this project that has not been there before and I expect it has something to do with my certain knowledge that there is a life for this after I write it, even if it is nothing other than the completion of my Masters. I do not believe that the Masters will be the end of *Watson*. For a first draft it feels really good. There was a tremendous urge to look back, but I resisted that urge and upon reflection, it was much better than I feared it might be. Having said that this is the first time I actually look forward to having others experience the world and see if it is as interesting to them as it is to me. That will be an acid test because ultimately for this to be successful I need to entrance the audience at least as much as I do myself or it will not communicate.

Earlier I attempted to introduce how GLS has had an impact on me as a person and an artist and what influence the courses and the Program has had on my current creative process. All I really have to compare with my current process is the papers I did while in the courses of GLS. That is the only writing I have really been able to do since I started teaching. It's not that I haven't written anything, however, what I have written in the last ten years is either directly related to what I am teaching or something I was able to write on the brief hiatus between terms. In other words, something that I would think about for a week or six weeks and then sit down and write in one week. In GLS, the biggest difficulty I had in writing was to narrow the focus into something I could keep within the expected limits. For me to sit down and write twenty or thirty pages, single spaced is something I can do, if necessary, in a day and easily within a week as long as I have done the thinking so that I know what I want to communicate. That means that this is the first time, ever, that I have attempted to do any really creative work, while I was otherwise engaged most of my time.

Having been in GLS over the last three years has influenced not only the way I live my life, but also it has influenced how and why I create. Clearly, I have been influenced by the passion and reason of those we have read and experienced. I have been influenced by the thoughts of others in the class, as well as, my 'interaction' with the writers we read. I believe that reading the works of others is not just absorbing the story and its content, but is interacting with the ideas, values and beliefs of every author. It is not just an intellectual reaction, but also a visceral reaction. A great number of the authors I read are people with whom I would have loved to sit down and converse. A few would have become lifelong friends. There were many with whom I would have disagreed, some would have ended in a respectful duel and with others I would have walked away unwilling to engage in a useless argument that could not have been resolved.

The vast number of authors were people I would have loved to sit down with and have a conversation and would have included, in no particular order: Plato, Euripides, Sophocles, Lucretius, Leo Tolstoy, Albert Einstein, Friedrich Nietzsche, Margaret Atwood, Sigmund Freud, Joseph Conrad, Andre Breton, Franz Kafka, Hannah Arendt, Samuel Beckett, Aldous Huxley, William James, and John Stuart Mill. There would also

have been those with whom I would have disagreed such as Augustine, Machiavelli, John Bunyan, Thomas Mann, Emanuel Kant, Percy Bysshe Shelley and Steve Fuller.

There is only one I know would have angered me in the extreme and that is René Descartes. Since he is singular in this respect he at least deserves some explanation. I am by nature honest and open and I detest deceit and hypocrisy. To me René Descartes was a deceitful, self-serving individual and I would have had a great deal of difficulty in dealing with him, so I would have chosen to walk away.

Those who I believe would have become lifelong friends include: Mary Wollstonecraft, Mary Shelley, Voltaire, Sappho, Marcus Aurelius, Christine de Pisan, Oscar Wilde, Kate Chopin, Käthe Kollwitz, William Shakespeare, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Isak Dinesen, Doris Lessing, Aristophanes, Michael Frayn, Erich Maria Remarque, Virginia Woolf, John Locke Charles Darwin, James Watson and Simon Winchester.

I know, with every fiber of my being that I am a different person, a different creative artist and a different teacher than I was in 2010 when I began this journey. I also know that this journey, now begun, will not end except in death and I am not as certain as I once was that death will in fact end the journey. I admit that I like the idea of my molecules reassembling themselves in some other form. There is something innately practical, yet romantic in the recombining of elements, the recycling, as it were, of the “stuff that dreams are made on”. I am certain that the chemical elements et al of my being will recycle, but I like the idea that what we leave behind, in the effect we have on others, with the memories that others have of us or our creations, the influence we have had, not only to shape of the lives of others, but also in the ways others shape their own present and future lives because of our impact upon them – is in a small way a mingling of what it is or was to be me in others. That is a kind of immortality.

The GLS program enabled me to engage in discussions with others in my cohort. Those discussions aided me in defining and defending my ideas, as well as, contributing to the conversation and the knowledge pool engendered by such discussions. When I walked away from my Master of Fine Arts in Directing in 1976, I also walked away from an avenue of discussion of ideas with people who were at the same intellectual level. I am one of those people who prefers to be surrounded by people who are at least as bright

as I am, better yet if I am surrounded by people who are more intelligent, then I respond and push myself harder. I like to test out ideas and see what the reaction turns out to be. I like a challenge. I do not ever want to become complacent and I realized by the Millennium, that I was rarely in an environment where I was getting to really use my intellect. I know that my presence in class made a difference and I hope it was positive, the value to me was mostly in what I learned about myself, others, life, art all the elements discussed during class. That engagement in life and learning continues now outside of GLS, but informed by the three years and the process of creating *Watson* and this Reflection. I will never go back to the settled complacency of just living. I have been reawakened. I am once again engaged in more than living each day as a worthwhile citizen or involved instructor. I will continue to live the life of an engaged creative artist energized by my involvement in GLS as a component of my life and not just a program to be completed.

Being able to think, to engage in dialog in a room of like-minded individuals with a knowledgeable guide is one of the first things that appealed to me about GLS. Many of the books on the list were books I was supposed to have read in high school or university, but I had not read them and I had done well in the courses and that was that. I very consciously made several decisions when I applied for admission to SFU and GLS. If I was accepted, I would read every word of everything there was for us to read. Sorry to say that there was often a great deal of material that arose from discussion etcetera, which I was not always able to read, but everything that was part of the course, I read. I also decided that I would always contribute to the discussion, not just sit back and enjoy listening to the discussion. I also was very consciously aware that my contribution should not take over the class or hijack the conversation. Some days it was easier to do that than others, but I felt that I adhered to my decisions.

I have always been very self-disciplined in many ways, however, it had been a long time since I had been in such discussions, on the kinds of topics we were discussing, with people who I felt were my equals. Going through the program, reading the work of others in that environment made me acutely aware of not only my own process and how it might differ from others, but also an appreciation of the way others think and express those thoughts. It has affected the way I teach in the classroom, deal with students and

others I encounter on a daily basis and on my own work as a writer and creator. I have found that I have been able to find and release more passion than before my exposure to GLS.

One last transitional moment from GLS to my process. I am reminded of *Self Comes to Mind* by Antonio Damasio who describes how the mind maps the moment into memory, loads it with emotion and stores it away for future use and when we open that memory map later and revisit it, the result will change in some way that memory for the future visits. It makes me wish that we could somehow record that memory making function in its entirety and save it externally so we can visit it apart from our memory of the moment. Sadly, all I have at my disposal is what I have, however imperfect, and I will have to trust that my Artist memory and my Editor memory, as well as, the attached minds, are up to the challenge.

I have discussed how my writing process developed and how being in the GLS Program has influenced both my life and my writing. Through the journaling I have an understanding of how the material read and experienced through the GLS courses and classes has influenced specifics within the story and script of *Watson*. One of the difficulties in writing a pilot for a television series is that you need to have enough detail for the story of the pilot, but you also need to hold back information so that there were be further stories to tell in the series itself. So what that means in terms of this examination is that there will be information relevant to my discussion of the influences of the GLS program in this document that do not appear in the script for *Watson*. Some information will be introduced in the pilot, but not fully developed - that must wait for the series. That means that *Watson* must be able to stand alone, but leave plenty of room for growth.

As I mentioned much earlier, an example of the influence of GLS would be the character of Mary Arden. I created this character in response to two elements from the GLS, the first is the real person of Mary Wollstonecraft, thus the use of her first name and secondly the components of the author's voice as revealed in her writing, *Mary: a Fiction*, *Vindication of the Rights of Men*, *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, and *Letters Written in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark*.

By author's voice I mean that which we can tell about an author from their work. It is impossible to read Mary Wollstonecraft without feeling her passion and reason and the struggle she felt fitting into a world where she was the intellectual equal of men, but not considered equal. It is also impossible to read her work without feeling the pain that inequality caused her. Clearly she was also as concerned about others as she was about herself. I find it infinitely sad that she died in childbirth at a point in her life where she might have achieved some measure of what she sought in life.

Arden both as my character Mary's last name and as the name of the town, is a homage to Jane Arden. There were other names in Mary Wollstonecraft's life, but Arden worked best in terms of a person's name and a potential name of a town. In addition, Arden, Washington is, in reality, Roslyn, Washington. I had already chosen Roslyn as the setting for *Watson* primarily because of its geological location and environment. I know the town slightly, but enough to get a sense of it. My character, Mary Arden, has recently retired from a career in the military and I wanted her to not really have any idea of what she wanted to do. For me this is reflected in Mary Wollstonecraft's *Letters Written in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark*. Mary Arden, seeking somewhere to start over, comes across Arden, Washington and chooses to go there.

I knew from the beginning of the crafting of my story that there needed to be a bond between Mary Arden and Crofton. Part of it is tied up in the character of Mary as a 'what would Mary Wollstonecraft be like if she had been born in the twentieth century rather than the eighteenth century. I have known since I first read her in GLS that I would have found her fascinating in real life and that had I been alive and known her I would have been drawn to her and in *Watson* I get to imagine that relationship.

One of the elements of the Author's voice, as I see it, is her need to prove to men especially, that she and all women, were their equals. It was the refusal of men to see the fact of equality compounded by the fact that women of the day were not well educated, if they were schooled at all, and who therefore, often fell into using their gender qualities to wheedle out of men what they wanted rather than seeking it directly. I feel she despised that aspect of human beings and I believe she would have found it just as objectionable in men as in women.

I believe that she was truly a humanist as my mother was a humanist; therefore, Mary (Arden) chose as a profession to be a doctor, but not just a doctor, a trauma surgeon. To add to that I decided she would most likely have sought a situation where she could demonstrate to those males around her that she was their equal, if not better than they were, but also that it should take place in an arena that would be acknowledged by all to be the most testing of environments. That means she needed to be an Army trauma surgeon in a conflict zone. Thankfully, the American armed services seem to have been in combat somewhere in the world, the whole of Mary's life.

In thinking about why the characters and story developed as they did, I have concluded that the inherent nature of the ingredients I put into the pot reacted with each other and with my subconscious mind to essentially create the story so that when I began to write, the story flowed out for me to discover. I am reminded that I have always counseled my students to not over think, but to allow the story to tell itself. I am glad to understand that I clearly follow my own advice.

Another passage from my journal that I feel is illustrative of my evolution as a human being and as a working creative artist:

On the first day of Spring I had another epiphany. Spring is about promise and so is the completion of this Masters. I say this partially because I did not finish the other Masters I started so this is not only a promise, but a fulfillment of an earlier promise. It also is a step into whatever the future has yet in store. The script at this moment is partial fulfillment of a promise, but it is also only the beginning and shows, in itself promise. This is partially a moment of discovery, of the story, of the process, of the creative element that has always been an overwhelming part of my life and so little understood at the best of times. I have always been afraid, not of failure, but of success. The completion of this process will be a success no matter what the outcome. By that I mean the very act of completion is success. The continuing to move forward is success. The process itself is success and ultimately I feel confident that whatever the conclusions I come to from this process will be a success, only this time I am not afraid of success. It is not that I am afraid of failure at this point, but I do worry about

whether I can meet my own expectations. I realize now in my life that I have almost always, as an adult, met the expectations of others, but rarely met my own expectations. It was never a matter of failure as much as not succeeding to my expectations. I've had a few conversations in my life where it was pointed out to me that despite what I may feel about my successes or failures I often do not recognize what I am able to do with ease that others cannot do at all and there are things I can do with great effort that others would not even dream of attempting. Even saying this here, when the main audience is myself, it feels somehow vain and truthful at the same time. Yet I have always felt that vanity was never truthful, with the exception that a person who is vain is a truth. This feels a bit of a tautology.

I have no idea when I realized I was creative. I remember teachers when I was in elementary school sending home on my report card that I was a dreamer, but not in a negative 'time wasting' way. I was teaching an acting class and helping two students with their scene. I was improvising a number of ways their characters could interact, imitating somewhat their characters when one of the students looked at me with a quizzical and wondering look and asked, "where do you get all that stuff?" and I realized I had no idea.

I remember being shopping at the mall with my wife and kids and while they were trying on clothes I was wandering out in the hallways. There was a young woman sitting at a table with a small group of people standing in front of the table. I walked over to see what they were doing. She had a series of drawings and she was asking each person to tell her, one at a time, the things they could see in the drawing and she was writing it all down. When everyone had had their turn, she looked at me and asked if I wanted to participate. I asked what it was and it turned out she was working on a Master's or a Doctorate, I do not recall which, but it was on perception or something related.

I demurred and she persisted and I assured her that she really did not want me to complete the task and she made me feel guilty and a bit egotistical to 'dodge' participation in her project. Finally, I said ok and I began to say what I could see and she had to ask me to slow down so she could write down my responses. When I had

passed twenty-five different 'things' I could see, she looked up at me and said calmly "I think that is enough." I felt stupid, ironically, as if I had done something wrong and then she asked me if I could always see so many things? I said I did, why? She said most people could see two or three different things, sometimes between eight and ten, but she had never encountered anyone who did not seem to run out of ideas.

I was embarrassed at the time. I realize as I write this that I was somewhat embarrassed when my student asked me essentially the same question. I was embarrassed because it was easy for me and yet it was clearly, in some ways, weird to both the young researcher and my student. On some level I have always thought of myself as a bit weird and an outsider, but in mostly a good way. I would not change who I am, but I do not like being the center of attention for whatever reason and both of these situations made me very self-conscious. I recognize that when I am teaching or otherwise acting, I'm not self-conscious because I know that I am someone other than me, but in the situation with the researcher and with my student suddenly I was me. During that creative moment I was not 'the teacher' I was me, being creative, and when I was called upon to explain it, I could not. I realize the only difference in that and in the process I am going through at this moment, is that I am now aware that I am examining my creativity, my weirdness. It doesn't make it any easier though knowing that.

We have reached that point in the story where we begin to resolve all the narrative threads of the story. That means we should discuss what was learned in the process of doing. The whole point of this exercise is to do, to observe, to reflect and come to some conclusions as to what was learned in the process. What have I gained as an artist and what, hopefully, the reader has gained as an audience? The first element is our discovery of the inherent triumvirate of Artist, Editor and Observer their relationship to each other.

It has become apparent that the Observer is always present to some degree, but in the process of documenting my work on *Watson* the presence of the Observer was more often felt than it has been through my life and career. It is clear to me that the Observer must be a part of all of us, but more so in working creative artists. I'm not certain if genius is aware of their observer, and if they are I'm not sure they particularly care. I

don't feel that the artistic hobbyist is concerned with the Observer, but I realize that I have always been aware that the Observer in my work and life was present and it was how I personified my intended audience. The Observer is a function of the conscious mind, but since it is a part of the artist, as human, it is reflective of the concerns, of consciousness, of the artist. At some point in the creation of art the Artist must view the work as an audience would and that observation is the Observer in action.

While thinking about what I have learned I realized the importance of the triangle. In story, the triangle is often used in terms of character's relationships, it is a time honored tradition for a reason, it is a very stable configuration. In my journey I realize that the triangle is essential, though often unrecognized; the Artist, the Editor and the Observer. Just as the Observer is a part of the triangle of the creative artist, it also is a part of human nature. All sentient beings have a notion, at the very least, of self. That self is comprised of the unconscious self and the conscious self, as I have dubbed them the Artist and the Editor, but I realize more than ever that there is also that portion of ourselves that is aware of self, as an observer would be aware of us.

When I set out to do this project my main purpose was to understand the creative process of a working creative artist, myself, as a way to understand how other working artists do what they do. Part of the task was also to understand how my creative process came into being in the first place and how it has changed over the years. I realize that although each individual artist develops his or her own creative process that there are some areas of similarity.

In order to make a living creating your art, you must have some sort of process. Without a process there is chaos and chaos is rarely art and often not art that is repeatable and, therefore, an artist who relies on chaos cannot sustain a career. Some artists make a living by creating a template and working to repeat with variations that template. I am not that sort of artist, however, I do realize that there is a 'feel' to my work and to virtually any other artist that can be distinguished and often identified.

The start of any work of art, no matter how great or how small, begins with a spark that becomes an idea, which becomes a concept, that is then worked on until its shape is apparent. As I indicated earlier about the sculptor, I have since learned that

“Michelangelo believed the sculptor was a tool of God, not creating but simply revealing the powerful figures already contained in the marble. Michelangelo’s task was only to chip away the excess, to reveal.” (Michelangelo’s *Prisoners* or *Slaves*, accademia.org)

I have grown from an artist who relied almost entirely on my conscious Editor to an artist who now employs both Artist and Editor, with healthy dollops of Observer to keep things interesting. It is the fluidity of the interchange of the three elements, Artist, Editor and Observer that is the most important realization I have come to over the process of creation, documentation and reflection. Whereas earlier in my development as a creative artist I allowed one element to direct my art/craft, I am now understanding that the three elements were always present, if not always acknowledged and at this point in time I understand the importance of the involvement of all three in my process. I am certain that such interplay must exist in all human endeavor, but most importantly for me in the working creative artist.

Earlier in this reflection I quoted from my journal wondering if I was recording knowledge in my journal and whether or not it would “lead to enlightenment or further knowledge”. I can say that I have recorded knowledge and that knowledge has led me to greater understanding and reinforces that what I have recorded is a section of the journey, not the journey. The journey continues and each day will bring new insight and understanding. I’m sure some days will feel like a setback, but it is all part of the journey.

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Appendix A.

Dramatis Personae

Crofton Holmes – actor and writer, as well as, the owner of Watson’s, the Only Bar in Town and Lochlan’s older brother.

Lochlan Holmes – inventor and smarter younger brother of Crofton .

Mary Arden – retired Lt. Colonel in the US Army, a trauma surgeon with the 44th Medical Brigade.

Keira Holmes – Crofton’s daughter who works for the Inter-Agency Task Force that coordinates behind the scenes for the clandestine services.

Candi d’Arouet – visitor from France who’s searching for her father.

Dominic Russo – Sheriff of Arden, Washington.

Livonia Johnson – the receptionist for the Sheriff’s office who thinks she’s a Deputy Sheriff.

Tyler Tower – partner in Tower Towing.

Pricilla Anne Wentworth – town kook

Moriarty – Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in disguise.

Appendix B.

Script

Watson

INT. OFFICE - DAY

On an English Pub Style dart board, to the bull's eye with darts is a photograph of a young man (Lochlan) in Eton's colors laughing at the photographer.

MORIARTY

Bloody hell and damnation.

A new dart pierces the photo. A photo on the wall shows a private moment - Ronald Reagan shaking hands with a young man (Sir Arthur Conan Doyle) with Margaret Thatcher beaming on. Moriarty is working at the computer

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

Idiots. I am surrounded by idiots.
Only thing for it is to bloody well
do it myself. Bloody Hell.

EXT. ARDEN, WASHINGTON - DAY

We see Mary Arden driving down the main street of Arden, Washington glancing as she drives slowly. Moriarty is watching her and, as she passes, he crosses the street.

EXT. MAIN STREET OF ARDEN - DAY

As Mary comes up to Tower Towing, Tyler Tower is outside washing his tow truck. Mary pulls over and rolls down the curb side window.

MARY

Excuse me.

Tyler realizes that a car has stopped and a woman's voice has called out. He saunters over to the open window, puts his forearms on the door with his face just inside the car.

TYLER TOWER
Yes, ma'am.

MARY
Is there a restaurant in town where
I could get a cup of coffee?

TYLER TOWER
What kind of coffee you like?

MARY
Hot, strong and black.

TYLER TOWER
Then you want Watson's just down
the street.

MARY
What's the address?

TYLER TOWER
221 A Baker Street. This here is
Baker street. Tell him Tyler sent
you and you'll get the family
discount.

MARY
Ok, thanks...

TYLER TOWER
Tyler.

MARY
Tyler.

TYLER TOWER
Tyler Tower, part owner of Tower
Towing, in case you need a tow.

MARY
Thanks.

Tyler continues to stare at her, still partially inside the
car.

MARY (CONT'D)
You might want to pull your head
out of the window before I pull
away.

TYLER TOWER
Oh, yeah. Be a good idea.

He takes another long look and Mary begins to edge forward and slowly Tyler pulls back and Mary drives off. Tyler gives his impression of a wolf whistle, but Mary is too far off to hear. He goes back to washing his tow truck.

EXT. WATSON'S - DAY

Mary looks up at the sign on the building Watson's The Only Bar In Town, 221 A. To her right she sees a wood frame house and a pole with the address 221 B Baker Street. She parks in front of Watson's, gets out locks the car, heads to the door.

INT. WATSON'S - DAY

Crofton Holmes (65) is restocking the bar.

MARY
Good morning.

CROFTON
Morning. Can I help you?

MARY
A cup of coffee and the manager.

CROFTON
No manager, but I own the place.
How can I help you?

MARY
You will think me a bit crazy...

CROFTON
I promise you I won't.

MARY
I just retired from a rather
stressful occupation and am looking
for something...

CROFTON

A job?

MARY

Something to keep me busy while I try and sort out my life.

CROFTON

Have you been in any management positions?

MARY

I was head trauma surgeon for the 44th Medical Brigade Combat Support Hospital for Operation Enduring Freedom.

CROFTON

I guess that means you were the officer in charge?

MARY

Yep, that would be me, a Lieutenant Colonel at that.

CROFTON

I can see where that would be...ok. Let me think on it. Can I get back to you?

MARY

Of course. I'm not in a hurry. Interesting name.

CROFTON

Ok, non sequitur.

MARY

Watson's. What's it mean?

Crofton stops stocking the bar and turns around to see Mary for the first time. She's an attractive woman in a striking way. Not conventionally pretty, but a face with character. He smiles.

CROFTON

Do you want the long version or the short version.

MARY

The long one please, I love a good story.

CROFTON

What kind of coffee can I offer you?

MARY

Hot, strong, and black, no cream and no sugar.

CROFTON

You do realize that black coffee wouldn't have cream in it?

MARY

I used to think so, but this morning I had a cup of coffee and the waitress asked if I wanted regular and I said yes. It had cream and sugar. So, I'm just making sure I get what I want.

CROFTON

I see. How about a doppio?

MARY

Perfect. Un espress, si vous plait.

Crofton walks to the espresso machine and crafts two doppio. He then brings one to Mary at the bar.

CROFTON

When I decided to retire, sort of, I bought this place mostly because I loved the name The Only Bar In Town.

MARY

So who's Watson?

Crofton laughs.

CROFTON

Here Watson. Come here sweetie.

A golden retriever comes out from her 'nest' in the corner and comes for pets.

CROFTON (CONT'D)
I'd introduce you properly, but I
don't know your name.

MARY
Sorry, Mary...Mary Arden.

CROFTON
Really?

MARY
Really.

CROFTON
Watson, this is Mary. Mary this is
Watson. I always had a dog and we
always named the dog Watson, kind
of a family joke. Just like Lassie
sometimes Watson was a male and
sometimes a female. This Watson is
a female, aren't you baby?

Mary laughs.

MARY
You and your family run this place?

CROFTON
Sort of. My kids have their
careers, my youngest, Brett is a
student at Georgetown. And My
brother, Lochlan, everyone calls
him Lock isn't what you call help,
but he is family.
Forgive my manners, I'm Crofton,
but most people call me Croft.

There's a moment of silence as they each sip their espresso
while Watson receives her pets and then wanders back to her
'nest'.

EXT. ARDEN, WASHINGTON - DAY

We see Candi d'Arouet, with a large purse slung over one
shoulder, walking along Baker street and catching up with a
mail carrier.

CANDI

Excuse me. Could you tell me where
I could find Mr. Sherlock Holmes?

JENNIFER FRANKLIN

Don't know a Sherlock Holmes, but
we do have a Lochlan Holmes and a
Crofton Holmes, no Sherlock though.

CANDI

Where would they be domiciled?

JENNIFER FRANKLIN

You'll find them both at Watson's
most likely.

CANDI

Would the address be 221 B Baker
Street?

JENNIFER FRANKLIN

Actually, it's 221 A Baker Street,
how did you know?

CANDI

That's where Sherlock Holmes is
domiciled.

JENNIFER FRANKLIN

I see, it's that building just at
the top of the rise and 221 B would
be right next door.

Jennifer points towards the building on the rise just a few
blocks down the street. As Jennifer continues down her
route, Candi heads towards 221 A Baker Street.

INT. WATSON'S - DAY

We can hear a loud noise from the basement and hear a string
of what might be cursing, if Lochlan actually cursed.

LOCHLAN

Croft, where in God's name is my
thingamabob?

CROFTON

Which thingamabob would you be meaning?

LOCHLAN

You know the long handled, whatjamacallit.

CROFTON

You mean the one you bash things with or the one you pry things with?

LOCHLAN

Do you always need to be so confoundedly sarcastic?

CROFTON

(as he says softly to Mary)
Did I seem sarcastic to you?

LOCHLAN

You know darn well you were being sarcastic, you always get that tone when I...

CROFTON

Can't remember the actual name of whatever you are looking for, but expect me to be able to read your mind anyway?

LOCHLAN

You see what I mean, Miss...Miss?

CROFTON

Mary.

LOCHLAN

I was talking to her. I'm not talking to you right now. I'm annoyed with you.

CROFTON

Oh, good. Then I can sleep soundly tonight.

Mary laughs and Lochlan is not amused.

CROFTON (CONT'D)

If you are looking for the pry bar
it is under your workbench where
you left it last night. The 15
pound hammer is in the garage. You
left it there when you were
'repairing' the door.

LOCHLAN

You don't need to be smug. It
doesn't suit you.

Lochlan turns to leave as Mary smiles.

MARY

Very nice to meet you Mr. Holmes.

LOCHLAN

See what I mean, now you've got her
being sarcastic. How long has she
been here anyway?

CROFTON

Why?

MARY

Just a few minutes.

LOCHLAN

You're getting much faster at
corrupting youth than you used to
be.

Lochlan stalks away to the front door and as he opens it, he
encounters Candi.

CANDI

Pardon me.

LOCHLAN

Alright you are.

He then stalks out. Crofton stands as Candi walks into the
room a bit bewildered.

CROFTON

Can I help you?

CANDI

I'm looking for Mr. Sherlock
Holmes. It's very important. I
have a case for him.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

We are inside the office of the Sheriff of Arden, Washington,
Dominic Russo. It is, in reality, one of two rooms in the
corner of the Town Hall. The 'front' room is occupied by two
desks, somewhat side by side with the Sheriff's desk being
behind and to the side of the front desk where Livonia, the
receptionist/secretary/sometimes deputy sits. The phone rings
and Livonia answers.

LIVONIA JOHNSON

Sheriff's Office, Officer Johnson
speaking, how may I help you.

Sheriff Hart winces as Livonia refers to herself as Officer
Johnson.

SHERIFF HART

Livonia.

Livonia glares at him and then smiles into the phone.

LIVONIA JOHNSON

I'll send the Sheriff out directly.
Thank you for calling the Arden
Sheriff's Office and have a
pleasant day.

SHERIFF HART

How many times have I told you, you
are not Officer anything?

LIVONIA JOHNSON

You need to head out to highway
903, there's an abandoned car and
there looks like blood on the front
seat.

INT. WATSON'S - DAY

Crofton is coming back inside. As he walks through the door.

CROFTON
He'll be here in a moment.

MARY
Are you sure? He seemed quite upset
when he left.

CROFTON
No, not really.

MARY
Not really upset or not sure he's
coming in?

CROFTON
Both actually.

Crofton checks his watch.

CROFTON (CONT'D)
Three...two...one...

There is an expectancy in the room. After two beats Lochlan comes in through the front door. Walks over to the table where Mary, Crofton and Candi are sitting and sits down abruptly.

LOCHLAN
Crofton, usually you're much
quicker at this so I guess I'll
have to ask. Where's our espresso?

CROFTON
Coming right up. Water anyone?

Lochlan glares at him.

CROFTON (CONT'D)
I guess not.

CANDI
Could I please have...

She stops when Lochlan turns his glare upon her.

CANDI (CONT'D)
Never mind.

Crofton heads to get the coffee and grabs a small glass of water for Candi.

LOCHLAN
Well?

There's a momentary pause until Candi realizes Lochlan is waiting for her to begin. Crofton delivers the espresso to each ignoring Lochlan's glare as he puts a glass of water in front of Candi.

EXT. HIGHWAY 903 - DAY

We see Sheriff Hart drive towards a car on the side of the road. He rolls past it then does a u-turn and pulls in behind. As he does, he sees a tow truck headed his way. He mutters under his breath frowning. He reaches for his radio and speaks into it.

SHERIFF HART
Livonia.
(beat)
You have to press the button to talk.

There's a lot squawk as Livonia mashes the button.

LIVONIA JOHNSON
Is Tyler there yet?

SHERIFF HART
Seconds away. Why is he here? I don't have the budget.

LIVONIA JOHNSON
You worry too much. I thought you might need him to tow it back to the impound. You can't drive two vehicles.

SHERIFF HART
Impound?

LIVONIA JOHNSON
The lot behind the garage?

SHERIFF HART
That's not. Oh, never mind.
I'll deal with it. Out.

LIVONIA JOHNSON
Roger that.

Sheriff Hart shakes his head as Tyler Tower does a screeching u-turn and begins to back to the front of the abandoned. Car

INT. WATSON'S - DAY

LOCHLAN
How is this any of my concern?

CANDI
Because you're Sherlock Holmes. I
know you're incognito, at the
moment.

LOCHLAN
(under his breath)
Incognito be damned.

CROFTON
Don't mind my brother, but what
makes you think he's this Sherlock
Holmes?

LOCHLAN
She's a woman, there's no
explanation necessary.

The others all look at him with various reaction.

LOCHLAN (CONT'D)
Don't give me the Look for I have
no intention of giving an
explanation. If you don't mind,
I've work to do.

CROFTON
We would be delighted, both of us,
to accompany you to your disabled

vehicle and see what we can do to help your friend.

LOCHLAN
We - will do no such thing.

CROFTON
Yes, we will and later we can discuss this matter.

LOCHLAN
You can discuss, but I'm not sure I'll listen.

EXT. HIGHWAY 931 - DAY

We see Tyler Tower begin to fasten his towing hook to the front bumper of the '94 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme. Sheriff Hart has his hand on the hood of the car.

SHERIFF HART
Not so fast Tyler, I need you to pop the lock for me.

TYLER TOWER
You betcha Sheriff. Just a second.

As he is talking, he grabs a slim bar out of his toolbox and slides it between the driver's side window and the door.

TYLER TOWER (CONT'D)
So, we got a crime going on here or what?

The Sheriff doesn't answer. He's doing a walk around of the car.

TYLER TOWER (CONT'D)
I remember the old days doing this, only it wasn't to help the Sheriff, if you know what I mean.

SHERIFF HART
Sadly, I do.

TYLER TOWER
Thing of beauty.

SHERIFF HART

I'm sure it is, thanks.

Sheriff Hart opens the now unlocked door and begins to search the front seat. There is a stain of something dark on the front seat, but it's clearly been there for a while. He searches the glove compartment for the insurance papers, finds them, takes a glance and puts the papers back into the glove compartment. He sees something sticking out from under the seat and pulls out an old road atlas. It is years out of date.

TYLER TOWER

Hook her up?

SHERIFF HART

Might as well, but it's odd?

TYLER TOWER

It's a beauty is what it is, a classic, not in the best of shape, but a beauty.

SHERIFF HART

It may be that, but it hasn't been here very long the hood is still warm and it was locked.

TYLER TOWER

Shall I put it in the impound?

SHERIFF HART

You mean that empty lot behind your garage?

TYLER TOWER

I like the sound of impound lot, it's more official.

Sheriff Hart shakes his head while Tyler hooks up the car to his truck.

EXT. WATSON'S - DAY

Everyone piles into Crofton's 1959 Oldsmobile 98 and then they drive out on their way to the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY 931 - DAY

We see Tyler driving with the Oldsmobile in tow heading towards town with Sheriff Hart following.

EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

We see Crofton at the wheel as the car heads toward the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY 931 - DAY

As Crofton pulls onto the highway, we can see the Sheriff's car just turning off the highway a few miles ahead.

CROFTON

Just where did you leave the car?

CANDI

I'm not... it was right near here.
I don't understand what could have happened.

Suddenly, Candi sees the spot.

CANDI (CONT'D)

It was right there, pull over.

They pull over and stop. Candi bursts from the car. The others straggle out, Lochlan is last and doesn't finally crawl out of the car until he sees Crofton looking at tire tracks.

LOCHLAN

Just what are you playing at?
Detective?

MARY

What are we looking for?

LOCHLAN

Clues, perhaps alien footprints.
Heaven only knows what there is to
discover by the side of Highway 931
on this glorious day.

Mary looks at Lochlan who's smiling then at Crofton who is
also smiling. Mary is puzzled.

CROFTON

It's a family trait.

MARY

Sarcasm?

CROFTON

That and too many others.

CANDI

I found something.

The others make their way to where Candi is holding a glove.

CROFTON

What is it?

CANDI

It's Evelyn's glove. It's very
distinctive.

As they gather around, Lochlan takes the gloves and inhales.

LOCHLAN

Faubourg. Interesting?

MARY

Faubourg?

LOCHLAN

Hermes Perfume 24 Faubourg, Paris,
roughly \$1500 an ounce and not as
ostentatious as Clive Christian.

MARY

Oh.

CROFTON

You'll get used to him, over time.

Lochlan hands it back to Candi who now sniffs the glove.

CANDI

It's her scent. I never knew what
it was called, but it is lovely.

CROFTON

Ok, spread out let's see what else
we can find.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

As Sheriff Hart enters he calls out to Livonia.

SHERIFF HART

Livonia, did you run the plate?

LIVONIA JOHNSON

It's registered in Massachusetts to
a Christian Soldier

SHERIFF HART

You've got to be kidding me?
Christian Soldier?

LIVONIA JOHNSON

That's what it said Christian
Soldier, 2370 Brattle Street,
Boston, Mass.

SHERIFF HART

I'll be damned.

LIVONIA JOHNSON

I made a few enquiries and there's
a missing person circular out for
him. He has a sister Evelyn who
reported him missing at the end of
last month.

Apparently, when they checked, he
had been gone for several months,
but he'd left a letter for his
sister with authorization for her
to have his car, which was parked -
prepaid for a year - in a public
garage.

SHERIFF HART
Curiouser and curiouser.

EXT. WOODS BESIDE HIGHWAY 931 - DAY

We see the group begin to gather in a small clearing.

CROFTON
I didn't see any evidence that
Evelyn passed through here. Did
anyone find anything?

LOCHLAN
I found this piece of fabric caught
on a bit of brush.

CANDI
That's from her skirt. I recognize
the fabric.

MARY
Well, that's something at least.

LOCHLAN
An inconclusive nothing more like
it.

CANDI
What do you mean?

LOCHLAN
It doesn't make any sense. There
were no clear footprints, there was
no other disturbance that would be
there if the scrap of fabric had
been torn from her dress. It
doesn't make sense.

CROFTON
I agree it doesn't feel right.

LOCHLAN
Feels? This isn't about feeling
it's about knowing. It's about
certainty.

CROFTON

We see things differently
sometimes, but we're generally on
the same page.

LOCHLAN

God, what a cliché.

MARY

Boys, boys, boys. Play nice.

LOCHLAN

I am nice, damn it.

CROFTON

I don't think then that she
wandered off and got lost, but I
also don't think she drove away.

CANDI

Where is she then?

CROFTON

Not sure, but there are multiple
sets of tire tracks out there and
one of them appears to be a tow
truck and there are footprints
consistent with someone moving back
and forth probably affixing the
hook to the car.

LOCHLAN

At least you're thinking this time
and this time you are correct.
There were at least three vehicles
involved. The tow truck, the towed
vehicle and probably a police
cruiser.

MARY

How is it you are so certain.

LOCHLAN

It's elementary, the tire tracks
clearly indicate three vehicles of
different types. The footprints
are between the first set of tire
tracks and the second. The
position of the second set

indicates that the vehicle pulled off the road and parked. The tracks in front show a vehicle that pulled off the road and backed to the stationary vehicle.

CROFTON

And the third vehicle, like the second vehicle, pulled off the road and parked. The width of the set of tracks is consistent with the marks left by a Ford Crown Victoria.

LOCHLAN

He's right. Not bad for a beginner.

CROFTON

Do you have any idea how many cops I've played?

LOCHLAN

No and I do not wish to be informed.

MARY

You're an actor?

LOCHLAN

For close to two hundred years I think.

Mary looks to Crofton quizzically.

CROFTON

Slight exaggeration. More like forty years.

MARY

Impressive. Anything I might have seen?

LOCHLAN

Oh, God spare me, next he'll be giving you his IMBD link.

EXT. EMPTY LOT BEHIND TOWER TOWING - DAY

As Tyler is unhooking the car, Sheriff Hart begins to examine, in more detail, the car. He pops the trunk and scours it thoroughly. He pulls up the rear seat discovering some coins, and other detritus from travelling.

TYLER TOWER
What did you find?

SHERIFF HART
Not much of anything. It's too clean in fact.

TYLER TOWER
Cops. Never satisfied.

SHERIFF HART
Give Arnie a call and tell him I need some keys cut for the Cutlass. Tell him I need them as soon as possible.

TYLER TOWER
I'll tell him you need them ASAP.

SHERIFF HART
That's what I just said.

TYLER TOWER
Oh.

INT. CROFTON'S CAR - DAY

As they turn onto the main drag, Crofton sees the Sheriff's cruiser.

CROFTON
There's the Sheriff.

CANDI
There's the car.

EXT. EMPTY LOT BEHIND TOWER TOWING – DAY

SHERIFF HART

Don't bother to lock the car until
Arnie has the keys cut. There's
nothing to steal.

TYLER TOWER

Except the car? I'll put on the
Boot.

SHERIFF HART

What? You have a Boot?

TYLER TOWER

I got six of them. Got them from a
guy in Seattle who got them.

SHERIFF HART

It's ok, I don't want to know.

As Sheriff Hart is about to get into his car, Crofton pulls
into the empty lot and everyone piles out of the car.

TYLER TOWER

We got company Sheriff.

SHERIFF HART

So I see. Croft, Lock what's up?

LOCHLAN

We've been looking for the
automobile you have captive. This
young lady says she left her friend
ensconced in said automobile
earlier today.

SHERIFF HART

And you are?

CANDI

Candi d'Arouet. Where is Evelyn?

SHERIFF HART

Evelyn Soldier?

CANDI

Yes, how did you know?

LOCHLAN
Evelyn Soldier, how peculiar.

SHERIFF HART
When the car was reported abandoned
with possible blood stains.

CANDI
Blood stains?

SHERIFF HART
No worries whoever looked in the
car was mistaken. It's some sort
of dark reddish stain, but I doubt
it's blood?

LOCHLAN
Mind if I take a peek?

SHERIFF HART
Not at all. There's been no crime
that I can determine.

CROFTON
Any signs of a struggle?

SHERIFF HART
Nope. Nothing suspicious at all
except the vehicle itself, locked
parked on the side of the highway.

CROFTON
We didn't find anything at the
location with the exception of a
glove, this one in fact and a scrap
of fabric that clearly was supposed
to look like it was ripped off, but
upon closer examination it must
have been placed there.

SHERIFF HART
None of this makes much sense.
Miss d'Arouet why did you leave the
car at the side of the road?

CANDI
Just as we were reaching the exit
to Arden the car just suddenly

shuddered and the motor died.
Evelyn said she would stay with the
car and I was to go into town, find
Sherlock Holmes and then come back
for her.

SHERIFF HART
Sherlock Holmes?

CROFTON
She thinks that Lochlan is really
Sherlock Holmes.

SHERIFF HART
Is he?

LOCHLAN
No.

SHERIFF HART
That's cleared up, but Miss
d'Arouet why do you believe him to
be this Sherlock Holmes fellow?

CANDI
It's in the book of course.

SHERIFF HART
What book?

She reaches into her bag and withdraws a somewhat lurid
paperback. *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* by Sir Arthur
Conan Doyle.

CANDI
This book.

SHERIFF HART
Do you mind if I keep this for a
while?

CANDI
Not at all. I've read it. Twice.
It's pretty predictable I'd say.

EXT. LE MOULIN CHEZ PIERRE - EVENING

Crofton, Mary, Lochlan and Candi exit Crofton's car and head for the entrance to the restaurant. Aliénor Beauvais holds open the front door

ALIÉNOR

Bon soir, Mesdames et Messieurs.
Welcome to Le Moulin Chez Pierre.

LOCHLAN

Evening Aliénor comment ca va?

ALIÉNOR

Très Bien Monsieur Lochlan. Your
French is improving.

Lochlan smiles.

LOCHLAN

We need a table for four please.

ALIÉNOR

French is too tiring for you,
Monsieur?

LOCHLAN

Très fatigué

Alienor smiles.

INT. LE MOULIN CHEZ PIERRE - EVENING

The four are seated at a table.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LE MOULIN CHEZ PIERRE - NIGHT

Deep in the shadows we can see the glowing of a cigar. We can barely make out a shadow of Moriarty watching the restaurant.

INT. LE MOULIN CHEZ PIERRE - NIGHT

Food is on the table and they clearly have been chatting about nothing in particular up until now.

MARY

Lochlan. I'm dying of curiosity.
You spent a lot of time looking
through Evelyn's car what did you
find?

CANDI

Yes, please. I've been dying to
ask you.

Lochlan is slowly chewing a mouthful of food.

CROFTON

It is amazing how long you take to
chew one bite.

LOCHLAN

The longer you chew your food
before swallowing, the longer you
live.

CANDI

Really?

LOCHLAN

No, but I had you going.

General groan.

LOCHLAN (CONT'D)

It's quite odd. First of all,
despite what it may appear our
Sheriff is quite thorough. There
was nothing out of the ordinary.
The stain shouldn't be there. It
clearly is meant to look like
blood, but it is an aniline dye,
I'm certain of it. I scraped off
some and will test it after dinner.
Considering how long you have
travelled in that car it is
remarkably free of debris.

CROFTON
Nothing unusual at all?

LOCHLAN
I didn't say that exactly.

MARY
You are killing me Lochlan. Out with it.

LOCHLAN
Under the dash on the left of the steering wheel is a kill switch.

CANDI
A kill switch?

LOCHLAN
Yes, a toggle switch when moved from left to right interrupts the electrical current and the engine dies.

CANDI
That's exactly what happened. The motor just stopped, for no reason.

LOCHLAN
Not no reason, in fact a very precise reason. A reason that we do not comprehend at the moment, but if you didn't know about it and you wouldn't have been able to access it unless you were driving, then Evelyn must have killed the engine on purpose and sent you off to town so she could 'disappear'.

CANDI
Why would she do that?

LOCHLAN
Why indeed.

Pierre Beauvais enters with an amazing dessert.

PIERRE
Mesdames et Messieurs pour vous, with my compliments. Thank you for

dining with us. It has been our great honor to serve you.

LOCHLAN
Did we tip too much last time?

CROFTON
You didn't tip at all.

PIERRE
We would not imagine bringing that to your attention when you are in the presence of women of such beauty and charm.

MARY
I like him, can we keep him.

CANDI
He's French, but not French.

PIERRE
I am Quebecois.

CANDI
That explains everything. Enchanté Monsieur.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LE MOULIN CHEZ PIERRE - NIGHT

We see the four exit the restaurant, get in the car and drive away. As they leave, Moriarty comes out and watches them go, but we cannot see his face.

INT. WATSON'S - NIGHT

It's a quiet night at Watson's. Al, the part time bartender, is behind the bar, Louise and Valerie are waitressing. There are a dozen or so patrons.

MARY
Normally, I might enjoy a nightcap, but tonight I need to find a hotel.

CROFTON

Nonsense. There's an empty apartment upstairs, completely stocked you and Candi are welcome to stay there as long as you like.

CANDI

What if we decide to move in?

CROFTON

Then we can discuss rent.

Candi and Mary laugh and Crofton escorts them up the stairs while Lochlan heads downstairs to his laboratory.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The three head up to the second floor. It is quite a spacious apartment.

CROFTON

This used to be the owner's suite. There are three bedrooms, two with en suites, as well as, a full bathroom, through here is the living room and dining room with a gourmet kitchen off to the left. When we first bought the place my wife and I were going to live up here, but it was in such bad shape we bought the small house next door, where I still live and fixed up this place.

MARY

Where's your wife tonight?

CROFTON

She died ten years ago.

MARY

I'm so sorry.

CROFTON

It's ok it's a natural question.

There's a brief uncomfortable moment and then both Candi and

Mary lean in and hug Crofton.

CROFTON (CONT'D)

So make yourselves at home.
There's probably nothing edible in
the fridge. The clean bedding is
in the linen cabinet in the large
bathroom. I'll see you in the
morning and we can get you some
groceries after breakfast. Good
night.

CANDI

Good night and thank you.

MARY

Good night and I really am sorry.

CROFTON

It's alright, honestly. I'm a big
boy.

They smile at each other a understanding smile.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

The glow of a cigar is seen beneath the canopy of trees.
Moriarty is watching once again.

EXT. THE OUTSIDE ENTRANCE TO THE APARTMENT ABOVE WATSON'S
- NIGHT

Crofton crosses to the house. Moriarty puffs then flicks the
cigar into the street. Crofton turns, but doesn't connect.
He enters the house without unlocking the door. Moriarty
walks away down the street.

INT. 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Crofton enters his office and dials the phone

KEIRA HOLMES

Hello?

CROFTON
Hey sweetie.

KEIRA HOLMES
Dad?

CROFTON
Of course.

KEIRA HOLMES
You do realize it's 2 in the morning?

CROFTON
Sorry, forgot.

KEIRA HOLMES
You always forget.

CROFTON
I'll call you in the morning.

KEIRA HOLMES
No you won't you'll talk to me now.

EXT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Moriarty is whistling and stops to light another cigar. He chuckles softly and walk away whistling "does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight"

EXT. 221 B BAKER STREET - DAY

We see Crofton exit the house, get in the car and drive off.

INT. LOCHLAN'S LABORATORY - MORNING

We see Lochlan slumped in his chair curled up like a cat, asleep.

INT. HALLWAY APARTMENT UPSTAIRS OF WATSON'S - DAY

We see Candi in her pajamas going down the hall towards the kitchen. As she passes the bathroom she hears the water running. She glances at the door, but then continues on to the kitchen.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

She finds the espresso maker and prepares herself an espresso.

EXT. ISABELLA'S PARISIAN BAKERY - DAY

Crofton is getting out of his car and goes into the bakery.

ISABELLA
Bonjour cheri.

CROFTON
Bonjour.

ISABELLA
I have your order ready, so you
have company, n'est pas?

CROFTON
Oui.

ISABELLA
(winking)
Enjoy.

Crofton exits the shop smiling.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Candi, makes herself two pieces of toast, finds some jam and makes herself an espresso.

EXT. WATSON'S - DAY

Crofton skips up the outside staircase to the apartment on the second floor.

INT. HALLWAY OF THE APARTMENT UPSTAIRS OF WATSON'S - DAY

As Candi heads back to her bedroom she sees water coming from under the door. She knocks on the door and there is no response. She knocks louder and the door to Mary's bedroom opens. Candi turns surprised.

MARY
Candi?

CANDI
Mary. I thought you were in the
bathroom.

MARY
No I have an en suite, as do you.

As Mary walks toward Candi.

CANDI
Then who is in the bathroom?

The open the bathroom door and enter.

MARY
Hello?

There is no response. Mary opens the shower curtain and we see the naked body of Evelyn hanging from the nozzle of the shower.

EXT. OUTSIDE DOOR TO APARTMENT ABOVE WATSON'S - DAY

Just as Crofton reaches for the doorknob we hear the scream emanating from the bathroom. He races into the hallway.

INT. LOCHLAN'S LABORATORY - DAY

At the sound of the scream Lochlan awakes, shakes the sleep from his body and heads towards the sound.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

LIVONIA JOHNSON
Sheriff's Office Officer Johnson
speaking how may I help you?

Sheriff Hart winces he still can't get over it. Livonia
covers the mouthpiece with her hand.

LIVONIA JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Sheriff it's your friend.

SHERIFF HART
My friend?

LIVONIA JOHNSON
The one from LA; the actor.

Sheriff Hart picks up the phone.

SHERIFF HART
Croft, what's up? I'll be right
there. Livonia, where is the
evidence kit?

LIVONIA JOHNSON
What's an evidence kit?

SHERIFF HART
Livonia, the small suitcase I got
from the State Police a few years
back.

LIVONIA JOHNSON
It'll be in the cupboard in the
storeroom.

Sheriff Hart shakes his head and gets up to get the kit.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM WATSON'S - DAY

Lochlan is photographing everything with his Canon 60D
digital camera. As he is finishing photographing the room and
the body hanging from the shower, Mary enters. Lochlan
doesn't acknowledge her presence. He looks suddenly at the
floor he stands staring with an odd expression on his face.

MARY
Are you all right?

LOCHLAN
Yes, fine.

MARY
Can I help?

LOCHLAN
Grab one of those specimen bottles
from my kit and take a water sample
from both the floor and the tub.
In fact, take a number of samples
from each in case the State Patrol
want their own. You'll find a wax
marker there as well, or you can
use the labels.

Mary complies.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Candi is sitting at the table as Crofton fixes a pot of tea.
He glances at Candi to ensure she's alright. She's clearly
shocked, but does not seem in shock.

CROFTON
Tea will be up in a moment. Would
you prefer Breakfast tea or
something else?

CANDI
Do you have any mint tea?

CROFTON
Of course, coming right up.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM WATSON'S - DAY

Lochlan inserts the samples that Mary has taken into his kit,
which has small cubicles in which he can hold the samples
upright.

MARY
What's next?

LOCHLAN
We're moving the body. Won't that
be fun.

MARY
Do you think that's a good idea?

LOCHLAN
If I thought otherwise I would not
do it.

MARY
Shouldn't you wait for the coroner?

LOCHLAN
Why wait? You and I can do the
post mortem.

MARY
What makes you think that?

LOCHLAN
I saw the window sticker from Fort
Bragg. The caduceus is conspicuous.
44th Medical Brigade I assume.

MARY
Oh.

LOCHLAN
Trust me I'm brighter than I look.

MARY
Of that, I have no doubt.

As they begin to drain the tub, we head to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Lochlan is sitting across from Candi watching her. Candi is
too preoccupied to notice.

CROFTON
How are you feeling?

CANDI

Better. It was such a shock. This time yesterday we were sitting in a cafe in Seattle, off Pike Place Market enjoying life and now.

Crofton reaches out and squeezes her hand. She looks up and smiles. It's a quiet moment.

There's the sound of shuffling feet as Mary and Lochlan carry Evelyn's body wrapped in a sheet through the kitchen on the way to the basement. Candi glances up and looks down. Crofton continues to hold her hand as the procession passes.

EXT. WATSON'S - DAY

Sheriff Hart pulls up to the front of Watson's and takes out his evidence kit. He heads for the door and knocks.

INT. WATSON'S - DAY

Crofton opens the door for Sheriff Hart.

CROFTON

Morning Dominic.

SHERIFF HART

Morning Croft. Where's the body?

CROFTON

Lochlan's lab.

Sheriff Hart gives him a look.

CROFTON (CONT'D)

What could I do?

SHERIFF HART

I know. Anything upstairs I should check?

CROFTON

I expect Lochlan's been pretty thorough, but you're welcome to

look.

SHERIFF HART

No, thanks. I'll see what he has
for me first.

They head for the basement.

INT. LOCHLAN'S LABORATORY - DAY

Lochlan is analyzing the water samples while Mary is using an
ultraviolet light over Evelyn's back. Without looking
Lochlan knows the approach of his brother and Sheriff Hart.

LOCHLAN

Morning Sheriff. Hope we didn't
drag you out of bed.

SHERIFF HART

Nice try Mr. Holmes, but you know
better than that.

LOCHLAN

Mr. Holmes. My aren't we formal
this morning.

SHERIFF HART

Considering everything I thought I
was being most civil.

LOCHLAN

Oh, that you are. Do you have a
digital camera?

SHERIFF HART

No, but I have my Nikon FM.

LOCHLAN

Over on the shelf behind Mary you
will see a camera bag with your
name on it. It's yours, a gift
from me.

SHERIFF HART

Should I check if for prints first?

LOCHLAN

If you like. I would appreciate it if you would send me a report on prints other than mine. I hate people touching my 'stuff'.

Sheriff Hart walks over and takes the bag and glances at what Mary is doing? Crofton stands at the door surveying the scene. He tries to frame it like an director.

SHERIFF HART

Anything you'd like to share with me?

LOCHLAN

She wasn't killed here for one thing?

SHERIFF HART

How are you so certain?

MARY

The lividity of the blood in her back. Livor mortis is at its maximum in 5 to 6 hours. In this case, we have maximum livor mortis. As you can see by the discoloration, the blood settled evenly in her back, therefore, she was killed elsewhere and brought here. For us, presumably.

SHERIFF HART

You sound like a doctor.

MARY

Perhaps because I am.

SHERIFF HART

Is no one in this house what he seems to be?

LOCHLAN

Nope. Hand me the camera for a moment.

The Sheriff does so and Lochlan pops it open withdraws the memory card and copies his memory card over to the one in the

Sheriff's camera

SHERIFF HART
What are you doing?

LOCHLAN
Making it look like you took these
pictures.

There is a ding sound.

LOCHLAN (CONT'D)
Results are in.

Lochlan reads the printout on the screen and sends the
results to the printer. Mary, Crofton and the Sheriff gather
around Lochlan.

SHERIFF HART
What's it mean?

LOCHLAN
It confirms what Ms Arden was
explaining to you earlier. The
water sample from the floor
confirms that the floor had been
thoroughly washed with an
astringent, in this case Potassium
permanganate. It's a rather odd
choice and suggests that the killer
is British. Not to mention he was
wearing Wellies.

SHERIFF HART
I won't ask you how you know that.

LOCHLAN
Why not for heaven's sake?

SHERIFF HART
Because you'll tell me.

CANDI
But monsieur I would like to know.
Please tell me is it a deduction?

LOCHLAN
No, actually it's an abduction.

CANDI

Someone took someone? Do you have to be British to take some one?

LOCHLAN

Not that sort of abduction.
Abductive reasoning, not deductive reasoning. Deduction occurs in a step by step process where each piece of individual evidence leads to the next and finally to a conclusion.

CANDI

Isn't that what you did?

LOCHLAN

Actually no. I was photographing the floor in the bathroom and suddenly I was seized with a memory of a long ago Christmas Eve morning. My father and I were in Edinburgh to visit a great aunt and we were out to chop down a Christmas tree. I was following him and he was leaving his footprints in the light dusting of snow we had gotten the night before.

CANDI

And you saw in the floor the footprints from the bathroom?

LOCHLAN

Very good, now that is a deduction, but when I had the flash I couldn't actually see the footprints in the water, but I had the impression as I had watching my father walk through the snow and I just knew that the print on the bathroom floor was made by a Wellington boot.

CANDI

You are a very clever man, you abducted a clue.

They all laugh.

MARY

Everything we've found is consistent.

CROFTON

With what?

MARY

Evelyn's body...

LOCHLAN

Must you. Can't we refer to her as the victim or the subject or something?

MARY

No. She may be dead, but she was still a person and she had a name.

CROFTON

Sheriff, could I offer you a cup or coffee, or tea, perhaps a beer.

SHERIFF HART

Beer would be nice, darker the better.

CROFTON

A glass, a pint, a schooner?

SHERIFF HART

Pint please.

MARY

Now that the pub is open can we get back to what I assume brought you here Sheriff.

SHERIFF HART

Of course, sorry.

MARY

Evelyn's body was cleaned inside and out.

SHERIFF HART

Inside?

MARY

Yes, it's clear from an examination of her vagina that she had had sexual intercourse.

Lochlan grunts and Mary shoots him a glance, the Sheriff interjects.

SHERIFF HART

I suppose the coroner will be able to verify all this.

MARY

No doubt.

SHERIFF HART

How did she die?

LOCHLAN

Look at her throat.

As the Sheriff moves in for a closer look, Crofton comes downstairs and hands the Sheriff his beer.

MARY

Notice the bruising. In this case it is not severe, however, notice the depression here. This is the result of the cricoid cartilage being crushed. This would prevent the free flow of oxygen reaching the lungs.

LOCHLAN

While the strangulation would limit the flow of blood to the brain causing asphyxia. She was probably killed while orgasming. Am I correct?

MARY

That would explain why there was little bruising as she probably had no idea he was trying to kill her. But as the Sheriff has stated, an autopsy will confirm our deductions.

LOCHLAN
From the evidence, of course.

SHERIFF HART
Can I use your phone. Time to make
the call.

EXT. STREET ACROSS FROM WATSON'S - DAY

Deep in the shadows we can Moriarty smoking.

INT. LIVING ROOM UPSTAIRS IN WATSON'S - LATE AFTERNOON

Crofton is back upstairs and finds Candi in the living room
curled up on the couch. He finds a blanket and begins to
place it over her when she wakes up.

CANDI
Must have fallen asleep.

CROFTON
Can I get you anything?

CANDI
Can I have yesterday back?

CROFTON
If only it was in my power. Can I
ask you something?

CANDI
Of course, you've been very kind.

CROFTON
When you arrived yesterday seeking
our help, you said you were looking
for Sherlock Holmes.

CANDI
Yes, I thought he would be here?

CROFTON
Because of the book you gave the
Sheriff?

CANDI

Yes.

CROFTON

Where did you get the book?

CANDI

It was Evelyn's. Inside was an inscription that said that Sherlock Holmes really lived at 221 B Baker street in Arden, Washington and not London, England as it said in the book. Did you want to read the book?

CROFTON

Yes, I'll have to get it from the Sheriff when he's finished.

CANDI

No need for that. I have my own copy in my suitcase. The one I gave the Sheriff was Evelyn's. She gave it to me in the car so I could show Sherlock when I found him. Does Sherlock Holmes exist?

CROFTON

Not here he doesn't, but we can help you.

CANDI

I'll get you the book.

INT. HALLWAY OF THE APARTMENT UPSTAIRS OF WATSON'S -
MOMENTS
LATER

They walk down to the room in which Candi has been staying.

INT. CANDI'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She goes to her suitcase and withdraws the book.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE 221 A BAKER STREET

We see the Sheriff's cruiser pulling away from the curb and the Washington State Patrol cruiser doing a u-turn and heading in the opposite direction.

INT. LOCHLAN'S LABORATORY - LATE AFTERNOON

Mary and Lochlan are cleaning up.

LOCHLAN

I have to admit it was fun watching you with those...

MARY

Officious bastards?

LOCHLAN

I wasn't going to say that.

MARY

Like hell you weren't.

Lochlan laughs.

LOCHLAN

Ok, so you're right, you were masterful. What's that look for?

MARY

Nothing I think you're a bit of an actor too.

LOCHLAN

Never.

MARY

That's your story and your sticking to it?

LOCHLAN

Yes.

MARY

Fine.

LOCHLAN
You handled yourself well.

MARY
I've had lots of practice. I was
in the Army for twenty-two years.
Retired as a Lt. Colonel.

LOCHLAN
I see. You really are not what you
seem.

MARY
And how do I seem to you.

LOCHLAN
I'm just going to stop now.

MARY
Good choice.

LOCHLAN
Thank you for your assistance in
cleaning up.

MARY
You're welcome. You're not used to
sharing this space.

LOCHLAN
No, I'm not, but you are quite
tidy.

He leaves the barest feeling that the sentence is hanging
with something left unsaid.

MARY
For a woman.

LOCHLAN
For anyone other than me.

The both laugh.

MARY
Someone very dear to you died.

LOCHLAN
What makes you say that?

MARY

I've been around death a lot and the survivors. I know the signs. Would you like to talk about.

LOCHLAN

No, but thank you for asking.

MARY

Can I ask a rather odd question.

LOCHLAN

I would expect that of you. I mean that in the nicest way possible.

MARY

I believe you do. Ever since I met your brother I've felt that I have known him, but I'm sure we've never met.

LOCHLAN

(laughing)

You forget he's an actor. You've probably seen something he's been in. Do you find his voice familiar?

MARY

Yes, I like listening to him talk, it's very soothing.

LOCHLAN

You've probably heard one of his tapes or a commercial, perhaps a documentary voice over. He used to do a lot before his wife died.

MARY

So you're glad to talk about his life, but not your own.

LOCHLAN

Because it's not my own. Besides as an actor, his life is almost public property. Never understood what drove him to do that, even for a living.

MARY
How did she die?

LOCHLAN
She had a stroke took everyone by surprise.

MARY
Everyone.

LOCHLAN
Yes, me, of course.

MARY
Of course.

LOCHLAN
Crofton and his three children
Alexis, Keira and Brett.

MARY
Crofton said they aren't living at home are they.

LOCHLAN
No, Alexis lives and works in Manhattan working in publishing. Her husband restores antique cars. Keira Holmes works in a "coordinated law enforcement interagency task force" whatever that means. All I know is she's damn hard to get a hold of in the best of times. Her husband is an expert in security protocols or some such. The youngest, Brett is studying History at Georgetown University.

MARY
Y'all are quite the clan, and I mean that in the nicest possible way.

LOCHLAN
We do take some getting used to. You planning on sticking around.

MARY
I might. Hard to say.

LOCHLAN
Let's go see if we can talk Crofton
into making dinner or taking us
out.

MARY
I vote home cooked.

LOCHLAN
Do you cook?

MARY
Not really.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Crofton and Candi are making dinner as Mary and Lochlan join them.

MARY
That smells delicious. How did you
know we were starving?

CROFTON
Elementary my dear Mary, we were
hungry and we assumed you would
come searching for grub.

LOCHLAN
I hope you mean that
metaphorically.

CROFTON
How did it go with the State
Patrol?

LOCHLAN
It started badly I admit, but after
Mary and I explained to them how
masterfully Sheriff Hart took us
through our paces, following his
most detailed instructions and
staying out of his way...

MARY

He means we bafflegabbed and flummoxed them beyond belief. By the end they were thanking us for saving them so much time. We should be getting a call from the Coroner anytime.

EXT. EMPTY LOT BEHIND TOWER TOWING - NIGHT

We see Moriarty 'working' on Evelyn's car. He is observed by Priscilla Anne Wentworth who is walking her dog Toby. They are across the unlighted street. Toby wants to check it out, but Priscilla Anne hushes him and picks him up pulling back into the shadows as she heads for home.

EXT. SHERIFF HART'S HOME - NIGHT

Sheriff Hart pulls into his driveway only to be inundated by his five children. His wife Bernadette stands on the front porch and watches as Dominic gets out of the car and is swarmed. He staggers under the weight, but you can tell that this is the highlight of his day, every day.

BERNADETTE

How was your day?

SHERIFF HART

Another day in paradise.

BERNADETTE

One of those, huh.

SHERIFF HART

One of those. Tell you all about it after we put the kids to bed.

BERNADETTE

You think either one of us will have any energy left after that.

SHERIFF HART

I've been saving up my energy all day.

BERNADETTE

Like I believe that for one minute.

SHERIFF HART

Would I lie to you?

BERNADETTE

Not if you value your life.

INT. WATSON'S - NIGHT

Dinner is done and the four have repaired to the bar. There are a dozen or so customers, Aliénor, Pierre's daughter is waitressing tonight. Tina and Toni are among the patrons and everyone is enjoying themselves. Mary sidles up to Crofton.

MARY

Would you like to get a breath of fresh air.

CROFTON

With you?

She nods. He smiles and offers his arm and they head outside. The moon is glorious and the temperature is just chilly enough for Mary to snuggle up, which Crofton enjoys.

CROFTON (CONT'D)

Not to look a gift horse...

Mary looks him in the eye.

CROFTON (CONT'D)

Let me rephrase that. Just wondering what brought on this request for some night air.

MARY

I'm just curious.

CROFTON

Lochlan is a bit of an odd duck, hard to believe we're brothers.

MARY

I wasn't curious about Lochlan I'm curious about you.

CROFTON

You say that with such a smile I'm
feeling...

MARY

Not in control?

CROFTON

That too.

MARY

Relax, who has who's arm around
who?

CROFTON

You do have a point.

They continue walking.

INT. WATSON'S - NIGHT

There are about eight or ten patrons, with Lochlan sitting,
rather reluctantly with Candi. Tina and Toni are sitting a
few tables away and clearly in love. No one seems to notice
them at all.

CANDI

You are very quiet.

LOCHLAN

Hum.

CANDI

You see what I mean, you never
speak you shout or you pontificate,
is that the right word in English?

LOCHLAN

If you say so, it must be true.

CANDI

There you see, you don't just
speak, you put one in his or her
place.

LOCHLAN
Must we talk about me?

CANDI
But you are interesting to me.

LOCHLAN
Lord knows why.

CANDI
I know why too.

LOCHLAN
Then you must share your insight
with me. I am compelled to listen
to one as knowledgeable as... How
old are you anyway?

CANDI
Nineteen, but I will be twenty next
week.

LOCHLAN
Well then, we'll just have to
celebrate. Let me make a note.

Lochlan reaches into his jacket pocket and withdraws a
notebook and a pen and makes a note.

CANDI
Oh, you do not need to make a note.

LOCHLAN
Oh, but I must lest I forget.

CANDI
I would not allow you to forget, it
is a very important birthday to me.

LOCHLAN
How so?

CANDI
It will be five years since I will
have seen my father.

LOCHLAN
Oh.

CANDI

You see, it is really for him I am searching. I was merely helping Evelyn in her search, while I searched. I have had no experience before in searching for anything.

EXT. ON THE STREET NEAR THE EMPTY LOT BEHIND TOWER TOWING - NIGHT

Moriarty has gone and there is a stillness in the air as Mary and Crofton saunter towards the Tower Towing. Mary stops and turns to look at Crofton.

MARY

You have an amazing ability to converse without talking about yourself. I've told you my life story it seems and I know almost nothing about you.

CROFTON

If you want to know, ask.

MARY

Is it that simple.

CROFTON

(laughing gently)
Nothing is ever that simple.

INT. PRISCILLA'S HOME - NIGHT

Priscilla is dialing her phone.

PRISCILLA ANNE WENTWORTH

Sheriff. I hope I didn't wake you.

INT. SHERIFF HART'S HOME

Dominic is in bed clearly having been disturbed in conjugal bliss with Bernadette.

SHERIFF HART
No, Priscilla, Bernadette and I
were just enjoying a quiet moment
without the children bustling
about.

Bernadette pokes him in the ribs and then begins to caress
him working her way down into his lap.

INT. PRISCILLA'S HOME - NIGHT

PRISCILLA ANNE WENTWORTH
I'm glad I'm not disturbing you,
but Toby and I just saw a strange
man tinkering with an old car
behind Tower Towing and we thought
you should know.

INT. SHERIFF HART'S HOME - NIGHT

Bernadette has Dominic's full attention and he's struggling
to concentrate on Priscilla's call.

SHERIFF HART
I promise you I'll look into it
right away. Good night Priscilla.

EXT. ON THE STREET NEAR THE EMPTY LOT BEHIND TOWER TOWING

We see the car explode nearly knocking Mary and Crofton off
their feet.

INT. SHERIFF HART'S HOME - NIGHT

Dominic instantly reacts to the sound. He and Bernadette
explode out of bed.

INT. WATSON'S - NIGHT

We see the habitués of Watson's react to the explosion. Lochlan is on his feet and moving toward the door with Candi three steps behind and trying to keep up.

EXT. ON THE STREET NEAR THE EMPTY LOT BEHIND TOWER TOWING - NIGHT

Mary and Crofton move cautiously towards the burning car. We can hear the sounds of sirens coming towards them. Mary turns to see Lochlan and Candi running down the street towards them just as Sheriff Hart's cruiser pulls into the lot. All are moving towards the cruiser. Just as Sheriff Hart is fully out of the cruiser, all converge upon him and the town's only fire truck arrives and the volunteer fire fighters begin to get the fire under control

EXT. SHADOW'S ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

Moriarty, deep in the shadows is smoking a cigarette. We see the lighted butt sail out into the air and Moriarty disappears.

EXT. EMPTY LOT BEHIND TOWER TOWING - MORNING

Sheriff Hart is probing the burned out hulk of Evelyn's car. Lochlan and Crofton arrive with a large thermos of strong black coffee and insulated mugs.

CROFTON

Dominic, just as you like it hot,
strong and black as night.

SHERIFF HART

Thanks.

CROFTON

My pleasure.

LOCHLAN

My guess is it's toast.

SHERIFF HART
Quaint, but essentially correct.

CROFTON
Have you invited the State guys to the party?

SHERIFF HART
No.

LOCHLAN
Are you going to?

SHERIFF HART
Not if I don't have to.

LOCHLAN
Enough said.

SHERIFF HART
Long story, too long for now, but trust me I have my reasons.

CROFTON
And good ones I'll bet. I'm surprised you haven't got an audience.

SHERIFF HART
It's Sunday morning they're all in church or on their way. Besides a rusting, burned out car is not that unusual in these parts.

Lochlan approaches the car, he bends down and using a nearby stick pokes and prods a bit.

LOCHLAN
I assume you've got samples.

SHERIFF HART
Yep, twenty-two so far, they're in my case.

CROFTON
Mind if we take a peek at them?

SHERIFF HART
If I did would it stop you?

LOCHLAN

No, we'd just take our own. My case is in the car.

Crofton has walked over to the Sheriff's case and looks inside.

CROFTON

There are forty-eight samples here.

SHERIFF HART

One set for you two and one set for the State boys. I might be crazy, but I'm not stupid.

They all join in a laugh.

LOCHLAN

I know that scent, but at this moment it's not coming to me.

SHERIFF HART

It is distinctive isn't it.

LOCHLAN

Have you found a timer?

SHERIFF HART

No, I think it must have been a fuse and not a timer.

CROFTON

Old school or too cheap.

SHERIFF HART

Smart I'd say. I think he wanted to be there when it happened.

CROFTON

I think you're right. Sadly, half the town was there soon enough.

LOCHLAN

I'd say he used an accelerant and probably something as simple as gasoline, there would have been plenty available. Did you check to see if the pump was tampered with?

Toni is really careful about
locking it at night.

CROFTON
She's...

LOCHLAN
Amazing.

CROFTON
Yeah, hard to believe she's Tyler's
sister.

SHERIFF HART
Know what you mean.

INT. WATSON'S - DAY

Candi and Mary have a table set and breakfast laid out for
the return of Crofton and Lochlan. They are just sitting
down with a morning espresso.

MARY
Are you ok?

CANDI
Yes, I was thinking about Evelyn.
It is somewhat disturbing to me
that it was only the shock of
seeing her dead that upset me. I
realize that it could have been
anyone and I would have reacted the
same way. Do you know what I mean?

MARY
Is this the first time you have
encountered death?

CANDI
Yes.

MARY
What you are feeling, to some
degree is a bit of survivor's guilt
and also the realization that you
did not really know Evelyn.

CANDI

No, I really did not know her at all. Now I feel as if.. I don't know how to say it.

MARY

Do you feel that it was not accidental that you two met?

CANDI

That has occurred to me, but why? Why would anyone want to befriend me except to be a friend?

MARY

How did you meet?

CANDI

I was in London. It's where my father was going his last trip. He told me he needed to see someone in London, but he would not explain except to say he must see him, not he wanted to see him.

MARY

It made you uneasy at the time.

CANDI

Yes, but it seemed stupid. I was only fourteen, at boarding school in Zurich I never knew my mother, although of course I had to have had one. I grew up with servants and a nanny until I was old enough to go to school and then it was one boarding school after another until.

MARY

Your father disappeared.

CANDI

Yes, except that I didn't know he had disappeared. He had just stopped coming to see me. I thought it was something about me that disappointed him.

MARY

Candi. You could not, especially
at fourteen, disappoint anyone,
especially your father.

CANDI

Thank you, but it didn't feel that
way.

EXT. WOODS NEAR HIGHWAY 931 - DAY

A group of Girl Scouts with their leader are on an explore.
They are collecting samples of flowers, tree bark, anything
that they can later document as a trip in the woods. They
are spread out when there is a shriek. The leader reacts.

MEAGHAN GELBAND

Girls come to the sound of my
voice.

The girls begin to gather as Megan moves towards where she
had heard the shriek. She sees Louise Finley running toward
her clearly frightened.

MEAGHAN GELBAND (CONT'D)

Louise, what happened?

LOUISE FINLEY

There's a hand in a pile of leaves.
It's hideous.

MEAGHAN GELBAND

Girls stay here and stay together.
Louise, how far and in which
direction?

Louise points the way and Megan moves towards the body lying
in the leaves. As she moves, she takes out her cell phone.

EXT. EMPTY LOT BEHIND TOWER TOWING - DAY

SHERIFF HART

Yes? Where are you now? I'm on my way. I have to go some Girl Scouts have just found a body out by Highway 931 near where we found the car.

CROFTON

We'll follow you.

They climb into their separate vehicles and follow the Sheriff.

EXT. MAIN STREET OF ARDEN - DAY

The Sheriff, followed by Crofton and Lochlan head down the main drag and turn onto the highway.

INT. WATSON'S - DAY

The phone rings and Mary rises and answers.

MARY

Watson's how may I help you? We have breakfast on the table. Ok. Do you want us to come?

As the conversation continues we can see that Candi is growing concerned by the look on Mary's face. Mary is clearly masking something. When Mary hangs up the phone Candi wants to know what has happened, but at the same time she is filled with fear.

CANDI

They are not coming for breakfast are they?

MARY

They can't.

CANDI

Something terrible has happened I can feel it.

MARY

A group of Girl Scouts have found a body in the woods near where we looked for Evelyn.

CANDI

It's Christian. I know it is.

MARY

How could you know?

CANDI

That I don't know, but I feel certain it is him.

EXT. HIGHWAY 931 - DAY

The posse is nearing the spot. There is a school bus parked at the side of the road the Sheriff and Crofton both make a u-turn and park behind the school bus.

EXT. WOODS NEAR HIGHWAY 931 - DAY

Meaghan has gathered the girls and they are busy putting all the samples they have gathered into the containers that Meaghan has brought with her. It's clear they are keeping busy to avoid thinking of the body lying thirty feet away. Megan hears the sound of approaching footsteps.

MEAGHAN GELBAND

Girls. The Sheriff is coming so I want you all to gather with me.

They all gather around as Sheriff Hart, Lochlan and Crofton arrive.

SHERIFF HART

Meaghan, which way?

She points and Lochlan and Crofton head in the direction.

MEAGHAN GELBAND

We've been on an explore and Louise, who discovered the body was

reaching for an interesting fallen
leaf when she realized that it was
covering a hand. She screamed, I
went to her and then I called you.

Sheriff Hart nods.

SHERIFF HART

I don't think there's any need for
you to stay. If I need anything
more I'll find you. Girls I just
want to thank you for your help. I
know this is hard and you are all
doing very well. This is a great
troop and you should be very proud.

Meaghan smiles and organizes her 'girls'. Sheriff Hart heads
towards Lochlan and Crofton. Dominic kneels down to talk to
Louise.

SHERIFF HART (CONT'D)

I know how difficult this must be
Louise, but you're very brave.
We'll take care of this I promise.

Meaghan takes Louise by the hand and heads towards the bus.

EXT. WOODS BESIDE HIGHWAY 931 AT THE BODY - DAY

Crofton is using his cell phone to take pictures of the leaf
covered body. The only part of the body that's visible is
the hand. As Sheriff Hart is arriving, Lochlan, using a
stick is gently flipping off leaves from the body. As he
does so Crofton is taking pictures. Lochlan using a small
stick examines the hand and fingertips. Taking a broken
branch he lifts the body slightly.

LOCHLAN

Crofton, be useful hold this branch
a moment.

Crofton holds the branch while Lochlan excavates some of the
dirt from beneath the body and taking out his handkerchief he
picks up the dislodged material. Then he holds the
handkerchief under the body.

LOCHLAN (CONT'D)

Can you give me a wiggle with the branch?

Crofton does so and we see detritus from the clothing falls into the open handkerchief

SHERIFF HART

Shit.

LOCHLAN

Not really, but I do know what you mean. Don't worry I'll make it look like we never touched the body.

SHERIFF HART

That would be useful.

CROFTON

State boys this time?

SHERIFF HART

No choice, I'm afraid.

LOCHLAN

Don't worry. The body was dumped here. There's nothing here to find. Whoever did this is the same person who killed Evelyn and torched the car.

CROFTON

The body's been here for more than a week I'll bet. Look at the hand. No wonder it terrified that girl.

SHERIFF HART

Louise. Louise Finley, she's a friend of my daughter Allison.

LOCHLAN

I doubt it will scar her for life, by the end of the week it will all be a great adventure. She'll be a hero to all the other Scouts.

SHERIFF HART

I wish I had your...

LOCHLAN
My what?

SHERIFF HART
Cool distain for the horrors of the
world.

LOCHLAN
You misunderstand me, Dominic, it's
not distain, it's acceptance that
life is what it is and not what we
would like it to be.

True to his word Lochlan using a smaller branch, leaves
attached stirrs up the ground beneath the body then they lower
the body and leave it.

SHERIFF HART
Are you sure they won't notice that
the ground is disturbed?

LOCHLAN
Trust me, they will lift the body,
take samples, as I have just done,
and not realize that anything is
amiss.

CROFTON
Surely they'll take photos.

LOCHLAN
With the body in place yes, but I
doubt very much they will take
photos of under the body.

CROFTON
What if they do?

LOCHLAN
We'll deal with that if it comes to
that.

INT. WATSON'S - DAY

Mary and Candi are cleaning up and getting ready to open
Watson's. Benjamin Waring, the weekend bartender is behind

the bar and Isabelle is just finishing setting all the places for the lunch crowd. Lochlan and Crofton enter.

MARY
Just in time for lunch.

LOCHLAN
I'm starving.

MARY
Anything special.

LOCHLAN
Whatever as long as it's hot. And
a beer if you would, perhaps a
Guinness.

CANDI
I'll get it Isabelle.

CROFTON
Guinness is a Stout not a beer.

LOCHLAN
Pedant.

CROFTON
That's rich coming from you.

MARY
Crofton?

CROFTON
Don't worry about me I'll fend for
myself.

MARY
If you insist.

They smile at each other as Crofton heads for the small kitchen. Candi brings a Guinness to Lochlan who takes it. Mary prepares an espresso and takes it to Crofton.

INT. WATSON'S KITCHEN - DAY

As Crofton enters and begins preparing eggs Benedict, hash browns and whole wheat toast. Josie Tomkins, the short order

cook is prepping. When she realizes that Croton is making his own lunch, which he often does, she begins to prepare an omelette for Lochlan, knowing exactly how he likes it.

Mary enters with an espresso.

MARY
Here you are.

CROFTON
Thanks. Can I make some for you?

MARY
No, thank you. Candi and I had breakfast. Then we ate yours and Lochlan's.

CROFTON
No waste, no want.

MARY
Exactly. So if it won't spoil your appetite can you fill me in?

CROFTON
Of course, what part?

MARY
All the parts, in order if you please.

INT. WATSON'S - DAY

Candi exits from the kitchen with Lochlan's lunch a plate sized omelette with a side of bacon, French toast and a side plate of hash browns.

CANDI
Here you are.

LOCHLAN
(shouting)
Thanks Josie you're a darling.

CANDI
So tell me everything.

LOCHLAN
Please, I'm eating.

CANDI
What's the matter can't eat and
talk at the same time? I can do
that, why can't you?

LOCHLAN
Oh, alright.

He smiles and then begins.

LOCHLAN (CONT'D)
The body was lying there
eviscerated, the congealed blood
practically oozing from the open
wounds.

CANDI
You are such a liar. Are you
always like this.

LOCHLAN
Pretty much. You can leave
anytime.

CANDI
And let you win, never. I'm
French, not English.

LOCHLAN
Touché.

INT. WATSON'S KITCHEN - DAY

Mary is standing next to Crofton as he finishes preparing his
lunch.

MARY
If it was a fuse, do you mean a
dynamite fuse, the kind you light
with a match?

CROFTON
Probably. Lochlan said it with
such assurance, but as I think

about it, it feels right.

MARY
Feels right?

CROFTON
I can't help it. Lochlan's the one
who is so damned rational.
Sometimes it drives me crazy.
Everything in his world makes
perfect logical sense as long as
you have all the pieces. My world
is not like that. I'm an actor and
a writer. My world is emotions and
actions. If I can't feel it, I
can't do it. Actions come from
emotions.

MARY
You seem so simple on the outside.

CROFTON
Simple?

MARY
Not simple simple, but less
complicated. I'm not expressing
myself well, I'm sorry.

CROFTON
No need to be sorry I think I know
what you mean and I'm not offended,
really.

MARY
You are complex.

CROFTON
Like an onion - layers?

MARY
Now, you're making fun of me.

CROFTON
I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. I'm
just a bit embarrassed is all.

MARY
Why?

CROFTON

I was married for a long time
almost 32 years. Jenny knew me so
well. Like we were meant to be
together. Then she died almost 15
years ago.

MARY

No one since?

CROFTON

No one during and no one after,
only Jenny.

MARY

Do you think there might ever be
someone else?

CROFTON

It's possible.

MARY

I don't scare easily.

CROFTON

I believe nothing scares you.

MARY

I wish that were true, but you are
much more than you would like
people to believe you are. I like
that about you.

CROFTON

You may be the only one.

MARY

I'll bet your kids love you.

CROFTON

I hope so.

MARY

Trust me, they do.

INT. WATSON'S - DAY

CANDI

The body is Christian. I know it.

LOCHLAN

How could you know it.

CANDI

I just do. Don't you ever just know something without knowing how or why?

LOCHLAN

Never.

CANDI

It must be nice to be you.

LOCHLAN

Why wouldn't it. We know what we know, because we have consciousness, thus understanding. As long as we apply previously learned knowledge to a definable situation, the facts, the circumstance, everything that is there before us, we will know what we need to know. All we must do is look, listen and understand what it all means.

CANDI

Everything is so simple to you.

LOCHLAN

Yes and it can be for you as well, all you need...

CANDI

It is your intellect, your knowledge, I only need to be you.

LOCHLAN

You think I'm an arrogant ass.

CANDI

No, I don't. I think you are an extraordinary man, but you think that everyone is like you. We are not all like you. Some of us can look at the same things as you and see nothing of significance. You have a gift. You and your brother both, each your own special gift. Can't you see that?

LOCHLAN

I've never even considered it.

CANDI

You should. You both should. You are not like everyone else, you are different, in a good and honest way.

They sit in silence for a moment then Candi rises and makes an espresso and Lochlan watches her thinking about what she has said. He realizes that she is right and he feels somewhat ashamed that it had never occurred to him before.

INT. WATSON'S KITCHEN - DAY

Crofton finishes making his breakfast/lunch Mary goes to the fridge as Crofton heads out into the bar and grabs a container of yogurt, grabs a bowl and fills it with fruit, yogurt and granola then heads to join Crofton

INT. WATSON'S - DAY

Crofton has joined Candi and Lochlan just as Lochlan is finishing his meal. As Mary heads in to join them Lochlan stands up.

LOCHLAN

No rest for the wicked. I'm heading to my lab and get working on those samples.

CANDI

Can I join you?

LOCHLAN

If you want to, but stay out of the way.

CANDI

I know you mean that in the nicest way possible.

LOCHLAN

Of course, what other way could I possibly mean?

They laugh and Mary and Crofton aren't sure why it's funny. They head down to the lab.

MARY

Looks like they are getting along.

CROFTON

Looks like.

As Crofton begins to tuck into his meal, Mary reaches over and takes one of his pieces of toast. She does it casually, not really thinking. Crofton watches her carefully. Jenny had the same habit. It didn't matter what she was eating she would always snack off his plate as well. He smiles. Mary isn't Jenny, no one would ever be Jenny, but he knows that he likes having her around.

INT. LOCHLAN'S LABORATORY - DAY

Lochlan heads to his work bench withdrawing his handkerchief and begins to parse the pile and begin the process of determining what he's got.

CANDI

Can I ask what you are doing?

LOCHLAN

Of course.

There is an awkward pause before Candi tries again.

CANDI

What are you doing?

LOCHLAN

This is a sample of leaves, soil,
detritus...

Lochlan pauses for a moment to remove some insects from the dirt putting them into a beaker to keep them from escaping.

CANDI

You had that in your pocket all
through lunch?

LOCHLAN

Why ever not?

Candi shudders.

CANDI

What's all that from?

LOCHLAN

From under the body.

CANDI

Oh.

LOCHLAN

Can you hand me that bottle, with
the red stopper?

Candi reaches for the bottle and hands it to Lochlan.

LOCHLAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

CANDI

You're welcome.

LOCHLAN

You're very courteous for a
Parisian.

CANDI

No one has ever commented on it
before.

INT. WATSON'S - DAY

Moriarty in disguise enters and sits at a table. He glances around and we can see he has seen Crofton and Mary. The door opens and Sheriff Hart enters. He is dressed in civilian clothes. Moriarty upon seeing the Sheriff gets up and goes to the washroom and does not return. Sheriff Hart goes over to the table with Crofton and Mary.

SHERIFF HART
Mind if I join you for a moment?

MARY
Not at all, pull up a chair.

He does so and Crofton signals to Isabelle who comes right over.

ISABELLE
Can I get you anything Sheriff?

SHERIFF HART
Just a coffee, thanks.

ISABELLE
Are you sure? I brought over three dozen freshly made croissants?

SHERIFF HART
Oh, damn ok. One croissant, no butter.

Isabelle gives him an enquiring look, but he gives one back to her. She smiles.

ISABELLE
As you wish.

CROFTON
What brings you to our table.

SHERIFF HART
Just got an emailed report from the State boys.

CROFTON
And?

SHERIFF HART

I swear to you it looks like they just photocopied the report that Lochlan dropped by my office the day he finished the tests.

CROFTON

And that surprises you why?

SHERIFF HART

Just that the State boys did it so quickly, that's all.

CROFTON

Just because they give you a hard time doesn't mean they are incompetent in all things.

SHERIFF HART

Point taken.

MARY

Did they share any conclusions?

Isabelle brings Sheriff Hart his coffee and croissant.

SHERIFF HART

Nothing I didn't already know. The act was committed by party or parties unknown.

CROFTON

No surprises. Did you stop by the Lab?

SHERIFF HART

No, I peeked in the door and saw Lochlan and Candi working and decided I didn't want to hear the gory details, it's bad enough reading his detailed, exhaustively detailed and graphic reports.

CROFTON

(laughs)

You should live with him.

SHERIFF HART

No thanks. Not that I don't

appreciate his genius, but he's not
very cuddly is he.

CROFTON
Nope, he's not.

MARY
But Crofton is.

Crofton blushes and Dominic laughs enjoying Crofton's sudden
lack of composure.

SHERIFF HART
How much for the coffee and
croissant?

CROFTON
On the house.

SHERIFF HART
Sorry to snack and run, but I
promised the kids that I would take
them to Woodland Park zoo today.
Everyone's waiting in the car.

MARY
Then get a move on soldier.

Sheriff Hart throws a five dollar bill on the table and
leaves.

CROFTON
By golly I guess all cops are not
alike. Shall we head downstairs and
bring Lochlan up to date?

MARY
By all means.

EXT. WATSON'S - DAY

Sheriff Hart is just pulling away from the curb. Moriarty is
watching from across the street. He is still in disguise.
As Sheriff Hart disappears from view, Moriarty gets onto an
old bike and begins to peddle down the street towards the
town hall.

INT. LOCHLAN'S LABORATORY - DAY

Lochlan and Candi are still at work with the equipment.

MARY
Anything definitive?

LOCHLAN
Lots, but nothing of much help.

CROFTON
Dominic dropped by. The State
Patrol came to all the same
conclusions as you did.

LOCHLAN
Why are you surprised?

CROFTON
Frankly, I thought you would have
found something they didn't.

LOCHLAN
I did.

CANDI
You didn't tell the Sheriff.

LOCHLAN
Nope.

MARY
Why not?

LOCHLAN
Because I found traces of something
I invented and patented.

MARY
What?

CANDI
How can that be?

LOCHLAN
That's exactly what I want to know
and it's exactly why I didn't

include it in my report.

CANDI

What was it?

LOCHLAN

It's a lubricant I developed to be used at extremely high temperatures. It does evaporate, but at 3000 degrees Kelvin. At that temperature it evaporates, but it will leave a chemical signature. Unless you know that signature you won't know what it means. I thought, until now, that I was the only one who had ever manufactured any. And I only did that in a few very small batches while I was testing.

CANDI

Where could someone get a hold of some?

CROFTON

They couldn't, could they?

LOCHLAN

Not unless they had access to the Intellectual Property Office in Newport, South Wales.

CANDI

Oh, my.

LOCHLAN

Exactly.

MARY

This puts a new slant on everything.

CROFTON

Damn right.

LOCHLAN

It's a sticky wicket as dad used to say.

CROFTON
Time for a call to Keira.

LOCHLAN
Let's adjourn to the apartment
upstairs we have to think this
through.

INT. LIVING ROOM UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - DAY

Lochlan, Mary and Candi are all gathering the materials they
will need. Lochlan has brought up a flip chart he had
downstairs.

LOCHLAN
We should have stayed in the lab.

CANDI
We need a less stifling environment
to think.

LOCHLAN
Hhhmm.

MARY
You'll be fine. Would you like a
cappuccino?

LOCHLAN
Tea, black and clear thank you very
much.

CANDI
I'll get it.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Candi comes into the kitchen and makes tea while Crofton
continues on the phone.

CROFTON
We have a photo of Christian, but
I'm not sure that is really his
name or merely an alias. Ok, how
do you want the file? Is that

really necessary? Ok, fine. When will they be here? That fast? Ok. Thanks sweetie. Give Derrick my best.

By this point tea is prepared.

CANDI
Crofton, would you like some tea?

CROFTON
No thank you, I've always preferred coffee.

They head back into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - DAY

They are all settled around the dining room table. Candi is standing by the flip chart.

LOCHLAN
So what do we know?

CROFTON
Before we start we have about two hours before a tech team comes swarming in here to make everything secure and put in everything we need to have secure contact with Washington.

MARY
Really?

CROFTON
Really.

MARY
Is that necessary?

CROFTON
It's a precondition for Keira's and by extension her agency's help in this matter.

CANDI
Sounds serious.

LOCHLAN
Trust me, it is. What do we know?

CROFTON
Let's begin at the beginning.
Candi what made you come here?

As Candi begins to speak, Mary rises and begins to make notes on the flip chart.

CANDI
Evelyn had this book about Sherlock
Holmes and inside of it was written
that Sherlock Holmes was real and
lived at 221 B Baker Street in
Arden, Washington.

CROFTON
Have you been holding out on us
Lock?

LOCHLAN
No and you should know better than
to ask such a ridiculous question.
How did Evelyn get this book?

CANDI
I'm not really certain, but she had
two copies, one she gave me and the
one with the inscription.

CROFTON
I read it.

LOCHLAN
You've read it?

CROFTON
I do read you know. It's not very
good. I'm sure he used bits and
pieces of a lot of other people's
stories. How did you meet Evelyn

LOCHLAN
I didn't.

CROFTON

I was talking to Candi.

LOCHLAN

Then you should address her and not
ask it of the room.

CROFTON

You're a little prickly.

LOCHLAN

It's a little closer to home than I
would like, if you please.

CANDI

I met her at the library.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY FLASHBACK

Candi is looking through telephone books looking for anything
about her father. She has been looking for awhile. Evelyn
approaches her.

EVELYN

Can I help you?

CANDI

Do you work here?

EVELYN

No, but I'm a student so I know my
way around this library.

CANDI

I'm trying to find my father.

We need a montage of them looking through various possible
sources of information clearly not finding what they are
looking for.

EVELYN

I have another idea. Come with me.

INT. LIVING ROOM UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - DAY

Candi stands by the flip chart.

CANDI

We went back to her rooms and she showed me the book.

CROFTON

It's in my office we can get it later.

LOCHLAN

But if you were looking for your father in London, why would you come all the way to Arden searching for this Sherlock Holmes character?

CANDI

Evelyn shared that her brother, Christian had been given the book by this man who was paying him to go to America to find this Sherlock Holmes. He left the book with Evelyn and then he disappeared. We decided to follow his trail and find Sherlock Holmes.

CROFTON

This feels totally wrong somehow.

LOCHLAN

There you go again, feelings are unreliable, facts, we need facts not feelings.

CROFTON

It's a fact that I don't feel right about the whole story.

CANDI

It's all true.

CROFTON

That I feel is the truth, but Evelyn's dead and I'm certain that it has something to do with this book and the man who gave it to Christian.

LOCHLAN

On that we can agree. Christian was not Evelyn's brother, that's clear. He was in all probability a private detective, from Boston, Massachusetts, hired by our killer. What's not clear is why hire a private detective in Boston?

MARY

There must be a connection, therefore, it must be a link that is not directly connected to his finding you.

LOCHLAN

Very good and precisely correct.

CROFTON

We also know that Christian was killed before Evelyn sent Candi into town to look for you. Why was he killed? And why did Evelyn not know.

LOCHLAN

How do you know she didn't know?

CROFTON

I don't.

LOCHLAN

Oh god, you just feel it.

MARY

I agree with Crofton on this.

CANDI

So do I. If she had known, I would have felt that.

LOCHLAN

Damn, it's contagious.

(beat)

Then it can only have been to lure us into the hunt, but why the hunt?

MARY

To get to you. It's the only thing
that makes sense.

LOCHLAN

At last someone who thinks instead
of feels.

Mary pointedly ignores Lochlan's interruption.

MARY

Who might want to get revenge on
you and why?

LOCHLAN

Not a clue. For forty years or so
I lived under the radar until I
found out I had a brother and went
looking for Crofton.

MARY

When was that?

LOCHLAN

I found out in 2001.

CANDI

How?

LOCHLAN

A solicitor brought me a package
from our father that contained all
my legal documents like birth
certificate etc, as well as, a
birth certificate for Crofton.
Took me a few years to track him
down.

CROFTON

I wasn't that hard to find you must
not have been very motivated.

LOCHLAN

Had I known how difficult you can
be sometimes I wouldn't have
bothered.

MARY

Boys, can we focus on this please?

CANDI

So who would wait forty years for revenge. You must have done something horrendous to someone.

LOCHLAN

I would never do anything horrendous to anyone. I'm not capable.

MARY

Perhaps not now, but what about when you were younger.

CANDI

Before you went under the radar.

CROFTON

Why did you go under the radar?

LOCHLAN

It's not relevant.

CROFTON

It must be. It's the only thing that would make sense of this.

CANDI

It must be Sylvia?

CROFTON

Sylvia?

LOCHLAN

It's the only answer, but I don't see why.

INT. LOCHLAN'S ROOMS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lochlan and Sylvia have just finished making love. They are lying together in the afterglow.

SYLVIA

Lochlan do you love me?

LOCHLAN
Of course.

SYLVIA
You say that so casually.

LOCHLAN
What's wrong with that?

SYLVIA
Passion, love requires passion.

LOCHLAN
Love forgives all my darling.

SYLVIA
Now you're teasing me.

LOCHLAN
No, never, not teasing.

SYLVIA
Lochlan I'm serious. I love you more than life. I want to spend every moment for the rest of my life in your arms, by your side, deep within your heart. Is that the way you feel, as well?

LOCHLAN
Can't we just lie here a moment more and just relish the feeling?

SYLVIA
Will you marry me?

LOCHLAN
What?

SYLVIA
Will you marry me?

Lochlan, convinced that she is playing some kind of game begins to chuckle.

LOCHLAN
My darling.

SYLVIA

Don't my darling me. If you love me, then you must want to marry me. Or am I no more to you than a good fuck.

LOCHLAN

Sylvia, don't be vulgar, it doesn't suit you at all.

SYLVIA

Doesn't suit me? You don't love me, do you. I'm just a girl to have fun with to... It's clear you don't love me and that you are incapable of loving anyone, ever.

She pulls away in tears, grabs her clothing and runs from the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - DAY

LOCHLAN

I thought she was having me on.

CROFTON

More likely you didn't think, you reacted.

LOCHLAN

Perhaps, you're right. As I lay there, I realized that I did love her in my way and I was overcome with the realization of the pain I had inflicted on her. So, I dressed and went to her rooms. The door was ajar and I went in.

MARY

And she was dead.

LOCHLAN

She'd hanged herself ... from the shower head.

CANDI

Just like Evelyn?

LOCHLAN

Yes, only I never made the connection until now.

MARY

That's a memory you would have buried as deeply as you possibly could.

They all realize that tears are streaming down Lochlan's face. He is clearly unaware until he tries to speak and cannot.

The phone rings. Crofton rises and picks up the phone.

CROFTON

Hello, ok thanks I'll be right down. They're here.

MARY

Who's they? Oh, they. Gotcha.

INT. WATSON'S - LATE AFTERNOON

This is a montage of the tech team doing what has to be done.

INT. LE MOULIN CHEZ PIERRE - EVENING

Crofton, Lochlan, Candi and Mary are in the middle of their evening meal.

MARY

You developed a lubricant with "surfactant qualities, that would not lose viscosity at extremely high temperatures"?

LOCHLAN

Exactly.

MARY

I heard you say it, but I have no idea of what means.

LOCHLAN

I doubt many people in the world would. As I said, I only manufactured enough to apply for the patent. In theory, it would allow for lubrication in extreme temperatures, hot or cold. In this case it was used to operate the staged release of accelerant to ensure that the car would be completely consumed hiding any trace that might be of help to us. If you don't know how to read the signature, then you would assume it was a by-product of the combustion.

CROFTON

Which is why it is missing from the lab reports.

LOCHLAN

Indubitably.

CROFTON

What else haven't you told us?

CANDI

What makes you think he's holding something back?

CROFTON

I just have that feeling.

LOCHLAN

Again with the feeling. Are you sure you're my brother, from the same mother and father.

CROFTON

You are obfuscating again. No cracks about dictionaries or...

LOCHLAN

Ok, ok. While you were propping up the body I noted that one heel of his boots glinted.

MARY

Glnted?

LOCHLAN

Yes, Christian was wearing Alden all weather walkers a boot made by the Alden Shoe Company, Middleborough, Massachusetts. While I was taking some samples I pried at the join of heel to sole and realized that the heel was hollow. This was inside.

He holds up a small key.

LOCHLAN (CONT'D)

It's a locker key from SeaTac airport.

CROFTON

And when were you planning on telling us?

LOCHLAN

When it was necessary.

MARY

So what can we conclude from this?

CROFTON

As Lochlan pointed out it seems to confirm that Christian, or whatever his name was, was from Massachusetts. The fire that consumed Christian's car was clearly more than it was assumed to be.

LOCHLAN

With the fuse rather than a timer, it seemed an amateur at work, but my lubricant shows it was no amateur and more importantly someone who had connections in Great Britain, where all of this adventure started.

CANDI

But why?

LOCHLAN
I don't yet know.

CROFTON
But we will figure it out.

MARY
What about Evelyn?

LOCHLAN
She was directed to engage Candi in this quest, no other explanation makes sense. That leads me to believe that Candi's father is, in some way related to this matter.

CANDI
Do you think my father is involved?

LOCHLAN
Not directly. I fear your father is dead and you were misdirected because I suspect you were too close to finding out something important regarding your father.

CANDI
But I hadn't found anything.

LOCHLAN
I think you have, but you do not, as of yet, realize it. No other explanation makes sense of the known facts or the unknown speculation. Every scenario I have run indicates that what I say must be so.

CANDI
Merde.

LOCHLAN
I'll second that.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LE MOULIN CHEZ PIERRE - NIGHT

Lochlan and Candi are well ahead of Crofton and Mary.

MARY

Penny for your thoughts.

CROFTON

I was just thinking about Lochlan's conclusions.

MARY

And?

CROFTON

In the ten years or so I've known him he's damn near always right and when he hasn't been it's only been on minor, insignificant details. I can't tell if he is right, but it feels right. Yes I know I'm a feeling kind of guy.

MARY

I'm not complaining. It's one of the many things I like about you.

CROFTON

Why is it that you always get me to talk about me and you never talk about you?

MARY

Turnabout is fair play.

Crofton raises his eyebrow.

MARY (CONT'D)

What do you want to know about me?

CROFTON

Everything? What makes you giggle at inappropriate moments.

MARY

I never giggle ever.

CROFTON

Then why not?

MARY

I've always been the serious sort.

I knew as a child that most girls learned to wield power through boys. I was determined never to do that. If we are to be the equal of the male of the species we can not fall into the habit of manipulating them in order to have power. We need to earn that in our own right. It's why I became a doctor, but more importantly a trauma surgeon in the US Army. I've spent most of my career in the field in combat zones. No, I'm not an adrenaline junkie, but in combat ability trumps gender. I was the best trauma surgeon in the Army, I knew it, my superiors knew it.

CROFTON

Why did you leave the Army?

MARY

It's a bit complicated. I realized that in order to be equal in the male dominated armed services I had to be superior. I got tired of the bullshit, the endless necessity to be perfect. I was damn tired of being perfect.

CROFTON

Me too, it's such a bitch isn't it.

Mary bursts out laughing and nearly collapses from laughing. They are standing on the street holding each other and the laughter turns into a kiss that neither one wants to break. Lochlan turns around and realizes that Crofton and Mary are extremely far behind. As he turns Candi turns and smiles.

CANDI

They look so sweet.

LOCHLAN

In their own peculiar way they do.

CANDI

Are we going to wait?

LOCHLAN

I don't think I have that much energy.

Candi laughs and the move along. In the distance we see Crofton and Mary end the kiss, but continue to hold each other as they walk down the street.

INT. CROFTON'S BEDROOM - DAY

The phone rings. It takes a moment to find the phone. As he grabs the phone he turns and sees he's alone in the bed.

CROFTON

Hello. Dominic, what time is it?
Of course I want to tag along.
Give me a couple of minutes to get dressed.

As he climbs out of bed he debates whether or not he has time for a shower, just then Mary comes through the door, kisses him.

MARY

Breakfast is ready.

CROFTON

I thought I had dreamed last night.

MARY

Did you now. Was it a good dream?

CROFTON

Even better now I know it was reality, but Dominic and Lochlan are about to head out to SeaTac to check the locker.

MARY

Then we'll take it with us. No shower, I want to enjoy that time with you, just get dressed, grab some grub and I'll wait for you at the front door.

CROFTON
You think you can dress faster than
me?

MARY
I know so.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE 221 B BAKER STREET - DAY

Lochlan and Dominic are in the Sheriff's cruiser as Mary and Crofton fight each other to get out of the house and to the car first.

MARY
I declare it a tie, or do you
concede the win?

CROFTON
Concede nothing. It's a tie. Damn
you are fast.

MARY
I told you I was.

CROFTON
I believe it.

LOCHLAN
Are you joining us?

EXT. SEATAC AIRPORT - DAY

Establishing shot of planes coming into the airport the hustle and bustle. Dominic pulls into a pot reserved for police cruisers and they all get out.

INT. SEATAC AIRPORT - DAY

This is a montage of the five of them making their way to the lockers and opening the locker.

INT. SEATAC AIRPORT LOCKERS - DAY

Lochlan removes the key and is about to open the locker when he turns to Dominic and hands him the key.

SHERIFF HART

Thanks. Here goes.

Dominic turns the key and opens the locker. It's empty.

CANDI

How can it be empty if we have the key?

SHERIFF HART

Good question, but I have no answer.

LOCHLAN

The key was a red herring meant to divert us. We need to get back to the house and find out why.

EXT. 221 B BAKER STREET - AFTERNOON

The cruiser pulls up and there's a late model sedan parked in front of the house. They all head for the door and Lochlan finds the door unlocked, but closed.

INT. FRONT ROOM 221 B BAKER STREET - AFTERNOON

They head inside to find Keira Holmes sitting in the living room drinking a cup of coffee.

KEIRA HOLMES

There's a fresh pot in the kitchen for those who would like a cup. You've had a visitor by the way and the video of his arrival is all set up on your computer dad. Good to see you Uncle Lochlan, Sheriff. I'm guessing that you must be Candi and Mary, am I right?

CROFTON

Sorry, introductions almost complete, Mary and Candi may I introduce my daughter Keira Holmes.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

They are all gathered around the kitchen table drinking coffee.

KEIRA HOLMES

Recognize your visitor?

LOCHLAN

Nope, not a clue.

CANDI

He seems familiar in an odd way, but I can't think why.

SHERIFF HART

I sense the involvement of the clandestine services.

CANDI

Spooks?

They all laugh.

KEIRA HOLMES

I wouldn't go so far as to say involvement, let's just say I may have felt the necessity to field test some new equipment.

SHERIFF HART

Same difference.

KEIRA HOLMES

Sheriff? Would I do that?

SHERIFF HART

Are you Lochlan's niece.

KEIRA HOLMES

Point taken.

SHERIFF HART

I can't see the cameras at all,
just how many rooms are monitored?

KEIRA HOLMES

All of them

CANDI

You truly mean all?

KEIRA HOLMES

Yes.

CANDI

Oh, I see.

KEIRA HOLMES

When I arrived Watson was outside.
Dad never lets her out
unaccompanied. First mistake.

CANDI

She was in the street?

KEIRA HOLMES

No, in the back yard. Mistake
number two. As you no doubt were
aware I have it configured to
display all the camera's on the
double monitors at the same time.
The cameras are triggered by a
movement or sound or a combination.
The mics are very sensitive so it
didn't take long to view his
progress. He was in the house for
about half an hour.

LOCHLAN

He was looking for a package,
correct.

KEIRA HOLMES

I believe he was. His pattern of
search indicated that he was
looking for something the size of a
small package.

SHERIFF HART

I remember when you were a crossing guard.

KEIRA HOLMES

Once it's in your blood.

LOCHLAN

You searched your databases?

KEIRA HOLMES

Yes, of course, there's too little singularity to be useful. He wore gloves, but there was some kind of residue and there are a few faint fingerprints and luckily enough there was just enough moisture to reveal a partial footprint outside.

LOCHLAN

Let me guess. Wellington's.

KEIRA HOLMES

Correct first time, give the man a prize.

LOCHLAN

I'll take some of that 25 year old Lagavulin your dad has hidden on me.

KEIRA HOLMES

It's under the stairs, look closely by the wall, the board can be pushed slightly and slid along behind the other boards.

CROFTON

How long have you known about that?

KEIRA HOLMES

Are you kidding? Alexis and I knew that when we were kids.

CROFTON

That explains a lot.

MARY

Christmas presents.

CROFTON
Oh, yeah.

EXT. STREET ACROSS FROM 221 B BAKER STREET - EVENING

Moriarty is watching the house. He has climbed a tree across the street and is using binoculars to look into the windows of the living room. He sees them move out of the living room and disappear. Knowing a little of the geography of the house realizes they are heading downstairs. He begins to climb down the tree, but it is more difficult than when he was climbing up.

INT. - DOWNSTAIRS OFFICE - EVENING

Keira Holmes et all are in the office and they are watching the recording of Moriarty going through the house.

LOCHLAN
Does anyone recognize him?

CANDI
No idea.

CROFTON
I think that might have been the man we saw the night we were out walking. What do you think Mary?

MARY
You might be right. He's the right height and build.

LOCHLAN
Clearly, he was responsible for the empty locker at the airport. He is the one who planted the key.

CROFTON
Hang on, didn't you find that wedged in the heel of Christian's shoe?

LOCHLAN

True only now I know that this
mystery man, Doctor X.

MARY

Dr.?

CROFTON

Too much Doctor Who if you ask me.

LOCHLAN

Call him whatever you like, Dr. X
works for me.

CANDI

Dr. X it is.

LOCHLAN

He must have taken the key and
opened the box at the airport and
discovered whatever had been stored
there was gone.

CANDI

Why did Christian have the key if
there was nothing in the box?

LOCHLAN

He must have known that Dr. X was
here and kept the key thinking it
would be some sort of protection.

CANDI

It didn't work.

MARY

No, it didn't.

CROFTON

Then the whole purpose of the key
in the shoe was to get all of us to
leave so he could affect his break
and enter. How could he be sure we
would all go?

LOCHLAN

Because he has been observing us.
We have become a unit.

CANDI
Is that good or bad.

LOCHLAN
Neither, but now we know we are
being watched, but he doesn't know
we know we are being watched.

CROFTON
This is like a scene from Romanoff
and Juliet.

LOCHLAN
I remember that scene and there is
nothing funny about this scene.
Whoever he is he has to have
resources we don't know about.

MARY
Perhaps, he has a confederate.

CANDI
What is a confederate?

LOCHLAN
Un complice.

CANDI
Ah, oui, merci.

LOCHLAN
C'est rien.

CROFTON
You never told me you speak French.

LOCHLAN
There are a great many things I
haven't told you.

CROFTON
I believe that.

KEIRA HOLMES
The other thing you might find
interesting Uncle Lochlan.

LOCHLAN
Yes?

KEIRA HOLMES
He smokes Gauloises.

LOCHLAN
I hope they're unfiltered.

KEIRA HOLMES
Our sensors are not that sensitive,
but I'll mention it to the tech
guys.

MARY
So is he French?

CANDI
He can't be French.

MARY
Why not?

CANDI
Because I am French.

LOCHLAN
He's not.

MARY
What makes you say that?

LOCHLAN
The other evidence we have doesn't
match being French, besides he
doesn't move like a Frenchman.

CROFTON
Although I don't know why I agree,
I feel the same way. It just
doesn't add up.

KEIRA HOLMES
Any way you look at it, he's not
from around here and he doesn't
like you much.

CROFTON
Why do you say that?

KEIRA HOLMES

First of all he broke in through the back door. Since you came in the front you didn't see the whole he punched in the back door. I've patched it with a piece of plywood from the garage.

CANDI

You patched the door?

KEIRA HOLMES

Yep.

MARY

Your dad taught you.

KEIRA HOLMES

Very good, she's a keeper dad.

Crofton is a bit embarrassed at this exchange. Mary is also a little surprised. There is clearly more to Keira Holmes than at first appears.

MARY

Where does that leave us.

LOCHLAN

He's still around. He's probably watching the house. Do you have any cameras facing out?

KEIRA HOLMES

Sorry, didn't think of that, but they will be in by morning. The crew isn't scheduled to fly back to D.C. until tomorrow.

LOCHLAN

I don't think he'll be sticking around.

MARY

At the risk of being impertinent...

CROFTON

You're right, sorry Lochlan you're wrong about him not sticking around.

MARY
What makes you say that?

CROFTON
He hasn't found what he came for.

LOCHLAN
I'll concede the point. You two
might be worth keeping around.

CANDI
Isn't he sweet. So, Anglais.

The doorbell rings.

EXT. OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Jesse Sinclair, the postman from the opening, is standing
holding a small package.

CROFTON
Larry. It's kind of late to be out
delivering mail isn't it?

JESSE
You got that right Crofton. It's
just a bit of a cock up is all.

CROFTON
Come on in.

INT. HALLWAY 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Jesse comes in and Crofton leads him into the living room
where the gang has all assembled.

LOCHLAN
What's up?

JESSE
This came for you and Lochlan on
Friday.

LOCHLAN

It's the package no doubt about it.

Lochlan takes the package from Jesse and opens the package. Candi is watching as Lochlan very carefully using his fingertips and nails removing the wrapper. He pulls out a pair of Latex gloves and Candi is amazed.

JESSE

But the new kid, Jonathan put it on the wrong shelf and I didn't find it until this evening when I was doing a check around since this is the end of his probation. Anyway, when I saw it on the return to sender shelf I knew it was in the wrong place. I thought I'd best bring it by. You know how it is.

LOCHLAN

I do and thanks.

JESSE

Well, good night.

Crofton sees him to the door while Lochlan finishes opening the package carefully preserving the wrapping paper. Inside is a notebook. Holding it carefully in his gloved hands he begins to read as the others watch him.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

As Jesse walks to his car we see Moriarty come out from the shadows. As Jesse drives away, Moriarty crosses the street and heads into the shadows behind 221 B Baker Street.

INT. HALLWAY 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Lochlan is turning the pages as he hears Watson bark. Candi exits.

INT. KITCHEN 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Candi comes in to see what is making her bark. Candi does not turn on the light in the kitchen.

CANDI
What is it girl? Is someone out
there?

Candi peeks out the back window and sees something move in
the shadows.

CANDI (CONT'D)
Good girl. There is someone there.

She leaves the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Candi is coming from the kitchen heading towards Crofton's
office.

CANDI
There's someone lurking in the
backyard.

Mary comes out into the hallway.

MARY
Lurking?

CANDI
Isn't that the correct word in
English?

CROFTON
Lurking is a perfectly acceptable
English word.

Lochlan storms out of the office heading for the front door.

CROFTON (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

LOCHLAN
I'm going to circle around back.
Someone let Watson out into the
back yard.

Candi follows Lochlan while Crofton, Keira and Mary go to
towards the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Crofton lets Watson out into the back yard.

CROFTON

Go on girl. I'm right behind you.

MARY

And I'm behind you both.

KEIRA HOLMES

Me three.

She grabs a frying pan from the stove and heads out the door.

EXT. BACK YARD 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Watson charges into the darkest corner of the yard. The yard is fenced in with an eight foot fence and Moriarty is in the exact opposite corner from the gate to the yard. Watson is five or six feet out of reach in attack stance.

CROFTON

I would recommend that you stand very still and explain yourself.

MARY

Who are you?

There is no answer from the figure. The gate opens and Candi comes into the yard. As she enters, the figure pulls out a pistol and takes aim at Crofton.

MORIARTY

You'll have to do.

As he pulls the trigger, Mary rushes Crofton to push him down and out of the way. The bullet glances off her right scapula and into the flesh of Crofton's left shoulder.

KEIRA HOLMES

Dad!

Watson attacks and Moriarty heads for the gate just as

Lochlan drops into the yard behind him having dropped from a tree branch. Moriarty shoots towards Candi, who is charging directly at him, and misses, but she continues charging. She begins to scratch his face as she grabs his right wrist to keep the gun away. She is a tiger. Lochlan comes from behind and grabs the barrel of the pistol and yanks hard.

MORIARTY

Bloody hell.

Lochlan's action causes Candi to lose her grip and Moriarty takes advantage to bolt for the open gate. Watson has one pant leg, but Candi loses her balance and falls onto Watson causing Lochlan to also lose his balance. Candi has fallen, but Lochlan regains his balance in time to see Moriarty exit the gate slamming it shut behind him.

LOCHLAN

Candi, call 911.

Lochlan drops the pistol on the ground and bolts after Moriarty and Candi goes to check on Mary and Crofton.

EXT. SHERIFF HART'S HOME

Dominic exits the front door at the run. Gets into his cruiser and drives off, without the siren or lights on.

EXT. WOODS BEHIND 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Moriarty is charging through the woods with Lochlan hot on his tail. They wind around the trees, tripping on the underbrush etc.

EXT. 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

There is an ambulance out front with its lights flashing, but the siren off. We see Sheriff Hart's cruiser headed to 221 B Baker street.

EXT. WOODS BEHIND 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Finally, Moriarty breaks into the clearing. His rental car is parked across the street tucked into the bushes. Just as he starts the car and begins to move out onto the street Lochlan bursts out of the woods and charges the car. Moriarty attempts to hit him, but Lochlan manages to dodge him at the last moment nearly losing his balance as he moves away from the speeding vehicle.

LOCHLAN
Damnation.

He stands for a moment and realizes he does not have his cell phone, it's on Crofton's desk. He trots back towards the house through the woods.

INT. LIVING ROOM 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Mary and Crofton are sitting on the sofa while the paramedics are packing up and then leave.

LOCHLAN
Thanks.

They nod in return as Sheriff Hart enters the room.

LOCHLAN (CONT'D)
Dominic, they're fine, only flesh wounds.

SHERIFF HART
What the hell happened?

LOCHLAN
Our suspect was here, but sadly escaped. I have his weapon next door in my lab, you can have it. I have lifted the prints and I'm running them now courtesy of Keira Holmes's good auspices. She's in the office awaiting results.

At that moment Keira Holmes enters the room with a printout.

KEIRA HOLMES
Good news and bad.

LOCHLAN
The good first, please.

KEIRA HOLMES
We have a match.

MARY
And the bad news?

KEIRA HOLMES
He's been dead for nearly twenty years.

CROFTON
Are we sure he's dead, he seemed pretty damn alive to me.

KEIRA HOLMES
Oh, our friend, and I use the word advisedly, is very much alive, but the fingerprint matches a dead man.

MARY
How can that be?

LOCHLAN
It explains why 'our friend' was wearing very thin latex gloves, unpowdered and with the cuffs removed.

MARY
What?

LOCHLAN
I noticed when I pulled on the barrel of his pistol that the sleeve of his jacket was pulled back revealing his wrist. I could see something, but I didn't put it together until this moment. He was wearing latex gloves, which means that he somehow affixed the fingerprints of a dead man to throw us off the scent.

SHERIFF HART
Then we have nothing.

LOCHLAN

Not true. His accent confirms he's English, London, suburbs probably, educated, but working hard to disguise his education. Why? When Candi scratched him, his nose fell off.

SHERIFF HART

Nose fell off?

CANDI

The bastard had a false nose and make up. It got all over my hands and the nose hit me in the face. It was very disquieting.

LOCHLAN

I'm sure he lured us into the yard with the express purpose of killing me.

CROFTON

You? Then why did he shoot at me?

LOCHLAN

Because my dear brother, you were convenient.

CROFTON

Convenient?

LOCHLAN

I was not in the yard at the time. That's what he meant when he said, "you'll have to do". He was trying to send us a message.

CROFTON

I'm not fond of his delivery method.

MARY

Neither am I.

KEIRA HOLMES

I think we can all agree on that.

SHERIFF HART

What was the pistol?

LOCHLAN

Webley Mk IV, 38 caliber. Standard issue in British armed forces since World War I. Lots of them about I'm afraid. Interesting that he didn't chose an Enfield No. 2 Mk I.

MARY

Why's that?

LOCHLAN

While the Webley was used in World War I, the UK Government in typical bureaucratic fashion took the design to Enfield and then create the No. 2 Mk 1, which they adopted in 1932 and kept in service until 1963. Of course it could be that his father has used the weapon in the first war.

CANDI

Does he often have these conversations with himself?

CROFTON

Pretty much.

SHERIFF HART

It's a start. Anything special about the make up.

LOCHLAN

Stage make up, available anywhere.

SHERIFF HART

Anything useful at all?

LOCHLAN

The fact that it's there at all says a great deal about the man he is.

SHERIFF HART

What are the chances that there are any decent footprints in the yard.

CROFTON
Not much.

LOCHLAN
He's wearing Wellingtons - British
again.

INT. BEDROOM UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - MORNING

There is a discrete knock on the door and then it opens revealing Mrs. Hudson a woman in her early forties. Candi is startled awake.

CANDI
Who are you?

MRS. HUDSON
Sorry to awaken you my dear, but I
wasn't expecting anyone to be in
here. I only knocked because the
door was closed. I'm Mrs. Hudson
and I've come to clean.

EXT. OUTSIDE 221B BAKER STREET - MORNING

Keira Holmes is hugging Mary carefully while Crofton is putting her bag in the trunk of the rental car,

KEIRA HOLMES
It was very nice to meet you. I'm
glad you like my dad. He thinks he
doesn't need anyone, but he does.

MARY

I can tell. I'm glad to have met you too and it's nice to be appreciated.

KEIRA HOLMES

You are.

CROFTON

What are you two whispering about?

KEIRA HOLMES

You of course.

CROFTON

Of course. Thanks for all the stuff and it was very nice having you around. I miss you, all of you actually.

KEIRA HOLMES

We miss you too dad, but Washington waits for no one, not even beloved daughters of great men.

CROFTON

You get your sarcasm from your mom,

KEIRA HOLMES

You donated your share of the sarcasm DNA believe me.

They hug all around. As Keira Holmes is about to get behind the wheel, Lochlan comes out of Watson's and crosses to her.

LOCHLAN

Not leaving without a goodbye hug, are you?

KEIRA HOLMES

Well, someone was a lie a bed this morning.

LOCHLAN

Nonsense, I've been up since 5 working in the lab. Thanks for the equipment and access. What a world is out there for me to explore.

KEIRA HOLMES

Don't thank me, your report to the State Patrol reached my boss before I even got the call from dad. In fact, She's the one who called me in to talk to her just when I was trying to think of a way to approach her.

CROFTON

Nice timing, leave us with that bombshell as you climb in your rental car to head home.

KEIRA HOLMES

That's life dad, always expect...

CROFTON

The unexpected. Who would have known you kids actually listened.

KEIRA HOLMES

We did and we learned. Bye all. I have a flight to catch.

As she slides behind the wheel, Lochlan leans in through the open window and gives her an unexpected kiss on the cheek. Dominic pulls up across the street, gets out of the cruiser and walks to the driver's side of Keira's car.

SHERIFF HART

Thanks again for all your help. We won't let you down.

KEIRA HOLMES

I know and I'm counting on that. Now, if you all will excuse me I have to fly to fly.

They all wave as Keira pulls away.

SHERIFF HART

Thought we could take a look at the backyard, if that's ok.

LOCHLAN

Of course.

INT. WATSON'S - DAY

Livonia is having breakfast. The big screen TV is on and tuned to the Fox network. The sound is on low and a Breaking News card flashes on the screen.

BROADCASTER

This just in - Congressman Rodgers Mather of Alabama and Congressman Mike Brooks from Washington state have declared that despite the need for immigration reform it has come to their attention that there are many illegal aliens who have infiltrated into the United States and are a clear and present danger to the citizens of our country. They are demanding that the government do something and stated that one such illegal, whom they named as Lochlan Holmes, is a terrorist suspect in the small town of Arden, Washington. More on this breaking story as it unfolds.

LIVONIA JOHNSON

Oh, my lord.

She gets up, pays and leaves.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE WATSON'S

Livonia sees the Sheriff's cruiser parked in front of Crofton's house and heads towards the front door.

EXT. BACK YARD 221 B BAKER STREET - DAY

Sheriff Hart, Mary, Lochlan and Crofton are searching the back yard. Mary and Crofton show the bandages from the night before, but don't display any lasting effect.

SHERIFF HART

You were right.

LOCHLAN

Did you expect me to be wrong?

SHERIFF HART

I was hoping that we'd catch a break.

INT. FOYER OF CROFTON'S HOUSE - DAY

There is a persistent knock at the door. Candi comes to the door and opens it.

LIVONIA JOHNSON

I need to see the Sheriff right this instant.

CANDI

He's in the back yard I was just bringing everyone some coffee.

EXT. BACK YARD 221 B BAKER STREET - DAY

Dominic is heading for the gate when Candi and Livonia come out the back door.

LIVONIA JOHNSON

Sheriff!

INT. CROFTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Mary is on the computer. Lochlan is on his cell to Keira. Crofton is looking over Mary's shoulder and Dominic is on the phone to Q13 Fox news in Seattle. We can detect bits of the conversations, but mostly it's indistinct chatter.

INT. KEIRA HOLMES'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Keira Holmes has her bluetooth on and is talking to Lochlan.

KEIRA HOLMES

Leave it to me. I'll get the wheels in gear and get back to you once I'm on a secure phone with something to tell you. It will be fine, but this proves that whoever this guy is, he is much more of a danger than at first we thought. Love you too. Tell dad it'll be fine, I promise.

INT. CROFTON'S OFFICE - DAY

SHERIFF HART

Livonia. Thank you for bringing this to our attention, but I need you to get back to your desk there may be a lot of calls coming in and I need you to let callers know that Fox News is wrong.

LIVONIA JOHNSON

Am I the receptionist or am I a deputy?

There is a slightly uncomfortable moment.

SHERIFF HART

For right now, you are acting...acting deputy.

LIVONIA JOHNSON

Deputy is deputy.

She grins as she heads out the door.

SHERIFF HART

What's everyone got?

MARY

There's not much here. Still unsubstantiated reports. There are no quotes from either of the Congressmen referred to on the broadcast although some reports indicate that there will be a news conference at 1 pm today,

Washington, DC time, which is in 45 minutes.

LOCHLAN

Keira says she's on it and will report as soon as she can, but she says it's all bullshit, which we know.

SHERIFF HART

The State Patrol says there is no open file on Lochlan and seemed as surprised as I am about the report.

CANDI

I can't believe that they would report this on the news.

CROFTON

It's Fox, it's not news.

LOCHLAN

There is some truth to the report.

CROFTON

What?

LOCHLAN

Truth be told and it should be told. I said before that I have lived under the radar for the last forty years. I have literally lived off the grid for the last forty years.

CANDI

Off the grid?

LOCHLAN

Yes, you see all of you have a bank account, a job, a driver's licence - documentation a record of your existence. I have a birth certificate and a passport, which I have kept up to date, but often never used.

MARY

But why?

LOCHLAN

It's a long story, but essentially I withdrew from the world at large into my own special world, in which, for the most part, only I existed.

MARY

So are you here illegally?

LOCHLAN

Pretty much.

CANDI

How?

LOCHLAN

I came looking for my brother ten years ago. I entered as a visitor and I never left. There's really no official record of me after I landed in New York's Kennedy Airport on the 14th of October, 2001.

CROFTON

But you're a US citizen.

LOCHLAN

I was born in London, UK so technically, I'm a Brit.

CROFTON

Not quite. You and I are brothers, not only was I born here, but our mother was born here, which makes you a US citizen. You just need to do the paperwork.

LOCHLAN

Isn't it a little late.

SHERIFF HART

It's never too late to file the proper paper work.

EXT. MAIN STREET OF ARDEN - EVENING

Crofton and Mary are walking Watson and holding hands.

MARY

It's been quite the day.

CROFTON

At least Fox news has issued a retraction. I can't believe those Congressmen though. They won't reveal their source because they have a constitutional right to refuse.

MARY

Do they have a constitutional right to lie?

CROFTON

They certainly think they do.

INT. LOCHLAN'S LABORATORY - EVENING

Lochlan is reviewing the evidence he has and Candi is helping him. The phone rings.

LOCHLAN

Hello.

KEIRA HOLMES

Uncle Lochlan just the person I was hoping would answer.

LOCHLAN

You did call my phone.

KEIRA HOLMES

Touche.

LOCHLAN

So what's the good news.

KEIRA HOLMES

You were born September 14th, 1954 and grandma died on December 16th, 1954, however, she did file a

report of your birth and that information was sent to your father in April of 1955.

LOCHLAN

By that time we had moved to Canada.

KEIRA HOLMES

Makes no difference. You were acknowledged a US citizen on January 21st 1955 and it's in the State Department records as such.

LOCHLAN

Thank you for letting me know.

KEIRA HOLMES

You're welcome.

Lochlan hangs up the phone and Candi looks at him questioningly.

LOCHLAN

Looks like I'm a US citizen.

CANDI

Really?

LOCHLAN

Amazing isn't it. Only in America.

EXT. MAIN STREET OF ARDEN - EVENING

MARY

You know what?

CROFTON

I'll refrain from the smart ass rejoinder.

MARY

Thank you, but seriously. We never did find out what was in that package.

CROFTON

You're right we did get distracted.
Lochlan was reading it just before
we heard Watson bark, but he never
said anything about it. Secretive
bastard.

MARY

We'll just have to ask him when we
return from our walk.

Watson suddenly turns around and starts to head back

CROFTON

Watson wants to know what's in the
package too.

The chuckle and follow Watson home. As they walk Tyler Tower
pulls alongside them and rolls down the window.

TYLER TOWER

Hey Croft. Got a moment?

CROFTON

Sure what's up?

TYLER TOWER

You know that car we towed to the
impound yard? The one that
mysteriously blew up?

CROFTON

Of course.

TYLER TOWER

Well, I was driving back from a tow
job a day or so ago, I can't quite
remember, you know.

CROFTON

Cause you're so busy?

TYLER TOWER

Yeah, anyway I sees a car up on 3rd
street backed into the trees.

CROFTON

Ok?

TYLER TOWER
Don't you think that's odd?

MARY
We think it's odd Tyler, what did you find out?

TYLER TOWER
Oh, well I parked, safely, and looked around. I knew right off it was a rental so I thought maybe it might have something to do with the burned up car.

MARY
Might be.

CROFTON
Did you get the plate number.

TYLER TOWER
Yeah, right here.

He begins searching in his pockets and finds it in the upper pocket of this coveralls. He hands it to Crofton.

CROFTON
Thanks Tyler. This could be...

MARY
It is important Tyler. Thanks.

INT. LOCHLAN'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Lochlan and Candi are working. Lochlan is working on his computer and Candi is cleaning as Mary and Crofton enter.

LOCHLAN
Watson all walked?

MARY
Walked and down for a nap.

CROFTON
We have something that might interest you.

LOCHLAN
What's that?

MARY
Tyler Tower found a rental car
hidden in the trees on 3rd street.

LOCHLAN
That's just through the woods
behind us.

MARY
We know.

CROFTON
We know.

LOCHLAN
Oh, dear they're a team.

CANDI
Do you have the plate number?

MARY
Yes.

CROFTON
Of course.

CANDI
What is it?

Crofton hands the slip of paper to Lochlan. A few keystrokes
later.

LOCHLAN
It's a car rental from Alamo at
SeaTac, rented two days ago. Let's
pull up the rental agreement.

CANDI
What's the matter?

LOCHLAN
According to the rental agreement I
rented the car and I paid cash.

CROFTON
Impossible.

MARY

Then Lochlan was right this guy is after him.

CROFTON

There must be something useful. Don't they normally have the flight number on the form.

LOCHLAN

Yes, here it is Delta Airlines direct flight Boston's Logan Airport to Seattle.

MARY

Search the flight manifest for incoming flights for your name.

LOCHLAN

One moment. Damn, good guess.

MARY

No guessing just deductive reasoning.

LOCHLAN

Ouch. Looks like I flew Seattle to Boston, again on Delta flight 7512.

MARY

Search the passenger's manifest for flights out of Boston and see if your name pops up.

LOCHLAN

You're good. Keira was right she's a keeper. I was on British Airways flight 1375.

CANDI

At least he's gone.

LOCHLAN

But not forgotten.

CROFTON

Almost forgot. What was in the package.

LOCHLAN

A notebook from Christian, only his name wasn't Christian it was Christopher McCormack, a licenced PI working out of South Boston. I sent a scan and the gist of the notebook to Keira last night.

CROFTON

And when we you planning on telling us?

LOCHLAN

I just told you.

CANDI

He didn't tell me either.

CROFTON

Yes, but I'm his brother.

There's a long pause and then Lochlan whispers.

LOCHLAN

Sorry.

CROFTON

Accepted.

LOCHLAN

We probably should let Dominic in on all this.

CROFTON

Leave it to me. Mary are you up for another walk?

MARY

If Watson is willing so am I.

CROFTON

Watson, here girl.

Watson comes in tail wagging.

CROFTON (CONT'D)

Ready for a walk?

Watson is excited and heads for the door where she knows her leash is hanging. Once the leash is attached they head out the door.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Crofton, Mary and Watson are walking and they pass Priscilla Anne Wentworth.

CROFTON
Evening Priscilla Anne.

PRISCILLA ANNE WENTWORTH
Evening Croft. It's Mary isn't it?

MARY
Yes, I don't believe we've met.

PRISCILLA ANNE WENTWORTH
We haven't, but I'm sure Croft has already informed you all about me. I'm the town kook.

MARY
I'm sure you're not.

PRISCILLA ANNE WENTWORTH
Oh, I am believe me. You are much prettier than I had heard.

MARY
Why thank you. I still don't think you're a kook.

PRISCILLA ANNE WENTWORTH
Time reveals all. Good night you two. No canoodling now.

CROFTON
Wouldn't dream of it.

PRISCILLA ANNE WENTWORTH
What a liar. Men.

She strides off into the night, chuckling.

MARY
Canoodling?

CROFTON
Yep.

MARY
You're not going to tell me are
you?

CROFTON
Nope, not now, maybe later when we
can canoodle in private.

MARY
Oh, it's that sort of thing.

CROFTON
Yes, best done in private.

Crofton stops for a moment as Watson, at the end of her leash
is investigating some shrubbery.

CROFTON (CONT'D)
I didn't get a chance to thank you
properly for saving my life.

MARY
Aren't we dramatic this evening.

CROFTON
Well you did take a bullet for me.

MARY
I wasn't trying to take a bullet I
was trying to keep you from taking
a bullet and I wasn't successful.

CROFTON
Still thank you.

Crofton takes her in his arms and kisses her gently. Neither
break the kiss until just as it's developing into something
Crofton's phone goes off.

MARY
So much for romance.

CROFTON
Sorry. There's no escaping
technology it seems.

Crofton looks down and see's it's a text.

MARY
And?

CROFTON
It's Keira, she needs the four of
us to assemble at the computer.
Her boss wants to talk to us.

INT. CROFTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The four of them Lochlan, Crofton, Mary and Candi are
gathered around the computer. On screen we can see Keira
Holmes and Elizabeth (Lizzie) Scott.

LIZZIE SCOTT
I have a proposition for the four
of you.

LOCHLAN
I love a woman who's direct.

LIZZIE SCOTT
Then we'll get along. Keira will be
your contact with IATF.

LOCHLAN
And that is?

LIZZIE SCOTT
Sorry, Inter-Agency Task Force.

CROFTON
That's much clearer.

LIZZIE SCOTT
I see Keira's tendency for sarcasm
is inherited.

MARY
He has his moments.

LIZZIE SCOTT

I'm sure.

KEIRA HOLMES

Dad, it's simple because we don't exist. Not in the public eye. If there must be references that might make it into the public eye the IATF is innocuous enough to be overlooked.

LIZZIE SCOTT

Or so we hope.

MARY

Can I ask what you do?

LIZZIE SCOTT

I'm tempted to say you don't have clearance for that information, but then I would be as guilty as Crofton. Let's say that we coordinate behind the scenes for the clandestine services.

CROFTON

Sounds like something out of a Robert Ludlum novel.

LIZZIE SCOTT

Not too far from the truth.

LOCHLAN

So why us?

LIZZIE SCOTT

We reviewed the surveillance footage and ran it through recognition software. All I can say at the moment is that the person who attacked you is a person of interest to the IATF.

CROFTON

You couldn't be more cryptic if you tried.

LIZZIE SCOTT

Trust me I could.

CROFTON

I see. What would we do?

LIZZIE SCOTT

We hope that you can do what we cannot, be public. There are many times where we cannot involve ourselves, but we need resourceful, I hate to say this, normal people, who are competent enough to handle the unexpected and sometimes seemingly impossible tasks we will send your way.

LOCHLAN

I'm not sure if I am insulted or not, but no one has ever called me normal. Not in all my life.

KEIRA HOLMES

Compared to the rest of the IATF you are normal. Our field agents are great for covert activities, but they stand out too much from the ordinary to send on the kind of missions we need you to do for us.

CROFTON

Missions, I like the sound of that.

KEIRA HOLMES

Dad, this isn't a role, this is real.

CROFTON

I'm always real, but I'm more real in a role.

Keira glances to Lizzie.

KEIRA HOLMES

I'll explain that in English later.

Lizzie nods.

MARY

Now that we all understand normal in IATF terms, what would we be doing.

LIZZIE SCOTT

Crofton and Lochlan will be consulting detectives, unlicensed. We will send you by an encoded email the task we set before you. I'm afraid that means that we will need to send in another specialized team to ensure that both your properties are secure and can be kept secure. We will transfer all data from your computer to the new one we will install. As in all things we will pay all of your expenses and a stipend for services rendered paid by any one of a hundred untraceable, but thoroughly legitimate enterprises at our behest.

MARY

Sounds a bit daunting.

LIZZIE SCOTT

We've every confidence in you.

CROFTON

Forgive me, but I have a feeling.

LOCHLAN

Again with the feeling?

CROFTON

Do you have a test task so to speak.

KEIRA HOLMES

He reads minds in his spare time.

LIZZIE SCOTT

I see. Yes, we do. The junior Senator from the state of Massachusetts has disappeared we need you to find him. Anything you need contact Keira and she will arrange it for you.

LOCHLAN

How do we contact Keira, I'm feeling that calling her up on her cell is verboten.

LIZZIE SCOTT

You are correct. A briefing document has been sent to you and it contains all that information. This project has been code named Watson.

CANDI

Watson?

LIZZIE SCOTT

Yes, Watson.

CANDI

You have named a secret covert operation after the dog.

LIZZIE SCOTT

Yes. We have. Is there a problem.

CANDI

No, just wondering.

LIZZIE SCOTT

Do you accept?

CANDI

Yes.

LOCHLAN

Yes.

MARY

Yes.

CROFTON

Damn right yes.

KEIRA HOLMES

Told you.

LIZZIE SCOTT

That you did. Welcome to the Inter Agency Task Force.

KEIRA HOLMES
May the force be with you dad.

CROFTON
I can't believe you said that.

KEIRA HOLMES
Cool eh?

They all laugh.

End credits.