

SHERLOCK HOLMES PROMO - THERAPY SCENE 1

Holmes is sitting on a chair opposite an elderly therapist with an open notebook, which he writes in periodically as the scene goes on. The atmosphere is awkward. Holmes is clearly bored. On the table is a moving Newton's Cradle desktop toy. Holmes watches it with increasing irritation.

[A few moments awkward pause]

SHERLOCK:
This is ridiculous.

THERAPIST:
What is?

SHERLOCK:
This session, this therapy, this...
whole thing. It's an unacceptable
waste of my time.

THERAPIST:
You don't see the value in
Psychology?

SHERLOCK:
There's value in Psychology?

THERAPIST:
A lot of people think that talking
about your problems can be useful.
It's therapeutic.

SHERLOCK:
And some people think that the
world is 6000 years old. People are
idiots.

[Therapist raises his eyebrows]

It's self indulgent. And its of no
proven scientific value. Modern day
snake oil merchants such as
yourself may be permitted to
dispense sugared words instead of
sugared pills and call yourself
doctors, but the fact remains that
all you're doing is giving out
placebos to ignorant simpletons.

THERAPIST:
Placebos have proven scientific
value.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK:
Only if you're gullible.

THERAPIST:
You don't like therapists very
much, do you?

SHERLOCK:
(Sarcastically)
is it that obvious? Gee what a
shame. And I was so hoping we'd
become good friends.

THERAPIST:
Or maybe its just socializing in
general you don't like?

SHERLOCK:
Or maybe I just don't like being
subjected to rounds of tedious
analysis, especially when the
institutes counselors are little
better than misguided do-gooders
with degrees.

[There is a short silence. Holmes is visibly getting annoyed
by the desk toy]

THERAPIST:
Your parents seem to think it has
value

SHERLOCK:
My father sees value in stocks and
shares and little else.

THERAPIST:
And your mother?

[Holmes is silent]
What about you? What do you value?

SHERLOCK:
Privacy.

THERAPIST:
I can see that. You're a very
guarded young man Mr. Holmes. You
definitely don't trust me. I wonder
if there's anyone you trust.

SHERLOCK:

That's your brilliant hypothesis.
Trust issues? How not at all
cliched.

THERAPIST:

Am I wrong?

SHERLOCK:

You seem to have all the answers
doctor. You tell me.

THERAPIST:

(producing a few notes of
paper)

It's fascinating. These emails...

SHERLOCK:

From my father I take it?

THERAPIST:

Yes. He seems very worried about
you, particularly after the events
of last year.

SHERLOCK:

Lots of people take a gap year
after they've finished school.

THERAPIST:

Most people don't run away in the
dead of night without telling their
parents.

SHERLOCK:

I didn't run away. I was over 18.
No law was broken.

THERAPIST:

And then there's your history of
misdemeanors. Playing truant at
school, any number of petty
offences. Detentions, suspensions,
general bad attitude. Apparently
some of your teachers thought you
were stalking them, and the two
therapists thought much the same.
You seem to have a knack for
uncovering very private
information. So tell me, what's
your secret?

SHERLOCK:

I guess I'm just more observant than most.

THERAPIST:

Why don't you observe me?

SHERLOCK:

Excuse me?

THERAPIST:

I want to study your methods. It might give me a clue to understanding your behavior.

SHERLOCK:

You think I'm lying.

THERAPIST:

I didn't say that.

SHERLOCK:

Fine.

[Sherlock leans forward in his chair to study the Therapist. This lasts about 3 seconds.]

You're divorced.

THERAPIST:

Bravo

SHERLOCK:

Your wife... she left you after your recent relapse. That must have been hard. But at least now yo're talking again.

THERAPIST:

How could you possibly know that?

SHERLOCK:

The photo on your desk is of yourself and a woman. both wearing matching wedding bands so its obviously you're partner. No wedding band today though, indicating you're no longer together.

THERAPIST:

What makes you think I took drugs?

SHERLOCK:

Your clothes. in the photo they fit you perfectly, but today everything's loose. You've obviously lost a great deal of weight recently. And then there's your hands, your shaking hands.

THERAPIST:

I forgot to have my cigarette this morning.

SHERLOCK:

You don't smoke.

THERAPIST:

The lighter on my desk...?

SHERLOCK:

Has never been used. if you were a genuine smoker chances are it would be at least partially empty. Plus you're eyes dart, you blink excessively. Both signs of meth-amphetamines. And as for how I know about your reconciliation, the dust speaks volumes. Everything on your desk is covered with it except the photo and a small area around it. Clearly a different frame occupied that space until very recently. So you took down your wife's photo, put another one up in its place and then recently swapped it back. Conclusion: she left you, you couldn't bear to look at her, but recently you two have patched things up. Congratulations.

THERAPIST:

How do you know it happened recently?

SHERLOCK:

Why else would your desk still be dusty?

[There is a small pause]

THERAPIST:

You must be very lonely, Mr Holmes.

[They glower at each other for a few seconds. The Secretary enters]

(CONTINUED)

SECRETARY:

Excuse me Doctor. There's a call
for you. I'm afraid it can't wait.

SHERLOCK:

Your wife? or maybe your dealer?

Oops...

(He looks up at the Secretary
in mock regret)

Big secret.

THERAPIST:

I'll be right there.

[Secretary exits. The Therapist gets up to leave, placing his notes on his chair]

If you could excuse me for just
five minutes.

[He leaves. Holmes rolls his eyes. The desk toy regains his attention. After several seconds he leans across angrily and stops it. He then gets up and goes to the window. We can see his fists are clenched. On the spur of the moment he grabs the notes, the desk toy and the waste paper basket and heads outside.

WE SEE THE THERAPIST TALKING ON THE PHONE AT RECEPTION. HE IS IN THE FOREGROUND. BEHIND HIM WE SEE SHERLOCK STROLLING PAST AND OUT THE DOOR.

WE SEE SHERLOCK EXIT THE BUILDING INTO THE CAR PARK. THERE IS THEN A CLOSE UP OF SHERLOCK POURING SOME LIGHTER FLUID ONTO THE CONTENTS OF THE BIN, STRIKING A MATCH AND THROWING IT IN. WE SEE A DISTANCE SHOT FROM THE CAR OF THE CONTENTS GOING UP IN FLAME. SHERLOCK THEN MARCHES TO THE CAR AND GETS IN THE PASSENGER SIDE.

MYCROFT:

Productive morning?

SHERLOCK:

Shut up and drive.

THE CAMERA RETURNS TO THE ANGLE FROM WHICH WE SAW THE BIN IGNITE. WE SEE THE CAR PULL AWAY AND, AFTER A FEW SECONDS OF BURNING, WE SEE THE SECRETARY RUN OUT DESPERATELY WITH A FIRE EXTINGUISHER AND TRY TO PUT THE FIRE OUT.

THE END.

CREDITS.