

The case of LN's Stoned Look

by

LN

EXT.BAKER'S STREET-AFTERNOON

A lazy day, the usual hustle bustle. No sign of crime whatsoever in front of 221B, HOLMES residence.

INT.APARTMENT-AFTERNOON

Sherlock Holmes sits in a chair amidst fumes. He looks like he is ready to explode anytime.

(Watson enters, waving his hands frantically warding off the smoke)

WATSON

My god, Holmes. Mrs.Hudson just called in the fire ambulance.But, all I see is the smoke, where is the fire?

(he stops midway,as his searching eyes spot the lab equipment and chemicals)

WATSON (CONT'D)

My dear fellow,this got to be some record in failed experiments. What were you trying anyway?

HOLMES waving the notebook in his hand,shouts as if Watson were deaf.

HOLMES

I NEVER try, Watson. I just DO.
Here, read my notes.

..and without waiting, throws the book in Watson direction, which he misses.

WATSON in no mood to pursue the projectile, pulls out an envelope from his pocket and waves it tantalizingly at HOLMES.

WATSON

This one came by mail today. Care to solve this case of 'Stoned Look'?

HOLMES is up in a flash and grabs it before WATSON completes the sentence. He rushes to the table, in one noisy sweep empties the contents and puts the envelope on

the red colored cloth. A muffled scream from Mrs.Hudson below, but HOLMES isn't bothered.

HOLMES

Hmm...ordinary envelope, posted recently. And, you can tell the contents of the envelope by the impression on the sides. A slight indentation. A photograph for sure. Something written on the back of it, to give you the impression that there is a case to be solved.

WATSON

Brilliant, Holmes. How did you...

WATSON stopped midway as he realised Holmes was not listening and watches him bend down the table with his magnifying glass.

The photograph now takes ominous shape under HOLMES. A few minutes pass quickly. HOLMES expression changes from a frown to a twitch of eyebrows...and follows it up with a sort of smile.

HOLMES

Your theories or fantasies?

WATSON takes the bait. Sits comfortably in a chair lights a cigar.

WATSON

Opium is the oldest drug, easily available even in India. Staring eyes, constricted pupils...

HOLMES interrupts WATSON as if cannot it take his explanation it any longer. Gestures him to come back to the table and peer through the magnifying glass.

HOLMES

No it isn't any drug. My dear Watson, Observe. He is staring alright, as if like a frightened deer but his pupils are small. So most likely it is because of some extra lights, may be studio lights. This boy is dressed up in a t-shirt for a passport photograph, so in all likelihood this could be his first. That explains the fear and shock.

HOLMES continues as if he were the only person in the room, mutters to himself.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Also, in 1984, when this picture was taken (written overleaf), studios in Hyderabad, India, were still perfecting the art of taking passport size pictures. The chances of something going wrong like an over expose, or a silly mistake with the film/negative, was always a possibility.

WATSON stands upright and looks at his friend with admiration. HOLMES goes on with no expression like a news reader.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

So, the prospect of coming back for another session under wretched lights and sitting in odd postures still holding breath would have weighed heavily on the boy.

WATSON cannot believe his ears, but manages to shout

WATSON

"Bravo, Holmes!"

HOLMES, in the same monotonous manner with a small hint of smile and sarcasm, spreads in his chair. Lights his pipe.

HOLMES

Now that I solved it, you can romanticize in your usual style and add it to your casebook.

WATSON nods happily and sits in front of HOLMES. Mrs. HUDSON enters with a tray of tea. Both acknowledge 'thanks'. WATSON to himself.

WATSON (V.O)

This old passport picture did the trick for my friend today. Hopefully, no more experiments today and most importantly no more...

WATSON slyly puts the morphine injection in his bag and closes it tight. Removes the notebook and begins with a title 'The case of LN's stoned look.

EXT. BAKER'S STREET-EVENING. STREET LAMP JUST LIT.

