

HOLMES: In the last four days, I've received four warnings from Fantômas.

ROGER: Since you've been after him, you must have received many others.

HOLMES: Yes, but the last four contained more than vague threats. Each one is filled with numerous details proving that he knows everything that takes place here.

ROGER: That's amazing.

HOLMES: You know how much evidence I've gathered against this villain, and how I've succeeded in forcing him to come out of the shadows in which he lurks. He's in my power. I know the aliases with which he penetrates the diverse classes of society. I have documents proving his crimes. Finally, in two or three days, I will unmask him and deliver him to justice. Well, he knows all that. He knows all my plans.

ROGER: That's impossible!

HOLMES: This morning, I found a letter in my pocket, which said: "If you care about your life, burn all the documents you've hidden in a little black steel box." Indeed, it's in that steel box that I've locked up all the papers that accuse Fantômas. Only you, and you alone, knew that.

ROGER: But I was unaware of the greatest part of its contents. And even I don't know where you hid it.

HOLMES: Fantômas, too, is unaware of its hiding place. That's what reassures me. But still, if it's not you who has betrayed me, then who else is spying on me? Is it my niece? Young Harry Dickson? Mrs. Gruff? I've had them all followed, except for Emily, and I haven't discovered anything suspicious. But then, how does Fantômas know? How could he know? I hide everything. So, I ask myself who else... *(a pause)* Great Scott!

ROGER: What is it?

HOLMES: Look—there—on the table! Another letter from Fantômas!

ROGER: What audacity! *(picking up the letter)*

HOLMES: Read it!

ROGER: But...

HOLMES: Read it!

ROGER: *(reading)* "Mr. Holmes, you have refused to destroy the documents. I have passed your death sentence. You will die tonight at 11 p.m. Fantômas." Call everyone, question them!

HOLMES: Do you take me for a fool? Why attempt useless experiments. The one who is playing with me is very likely to betray himself this evening. All that remains for me is to await events and fight to the end.

ROGER: Let's call the Police. Do you want me to telephone them?

HOLMES: No. Can you imagine that I, who publicly boasted of exposing and ruining Fantômas, would implore the assistance and protection of Scotland Yard? That would be a farce.

ROGER: At least, allow me to stay here and help.

HOLMES: Very well. But without weapons. Until 11 p.m., I trust no one. Go bolt that door.

*(Roger bolts the door on the right.)*

ROGER: That's done.

HOLMES: The other one, too.

*(Roger bolts the second door.)*

ROGER: And the other?

HOLMES: No need. It has no exit.

*(Holmes takes one of the lamps and heads toward the door at the back)*

HOLMES: I'm going into my bedroom, which has no window, and no other door than this one. I will wait there. Don't let anyone enter.

*(Holmes leaves. There is a brief pause, then a knock on the door at the left.)*

ROGER: Someone's knocking at the door.

HOLMES: *(off from his bedroom)* Ask what they want.

ROGER: Who's there?

EMILY: *(outside)* It's me, Emily. I'm bringing the grog.

ROGER: Why isn't Mrs. Gruff bringing it?

EMILY: She's not well.

ROGER: You must take it back. Miss Emily. Your uncle doesn't want it any more.

HOLMES: *(off)* Not at all. Let her in. I am a bit thirsty.

ROGER: *(opening the door)* Then, come in, Miss Emily.

EMILY: *(entering)* I've prepared a grog for you, too, Mr. Walter. Would you like it? *(she offers him a cup)*

ROGER: *(taking the cup)* Gladly.

*(Emily goes into Holmes' bedroom. Meanwhile, Roger drinks his grog and places the empty cup on the table.)*

EMILY: *(coming back)* Good night, uncle.

HOLMES: *(off)* Until tomorrow.

EMILY: *(in a low voice to Roger)* Well?

ROGER: He refuses.

EMILY: Oh no!

*(Unseen by either Roger or Emily, the hand of Mrs. Gruff comes through the door, which is slightly ajar, and snatches the key out of the lock.)*

ROGER: But let's not be too discouraged. Perhaps he'll change his mind.

EMILY: I'll not sleep tonight.

ROGER: Courage.

EMILY: Goodnight, Roger.

*(She leaves through the door.)*

HOLMES: *(off)* Roger, don't forget to lock the door behind her.

ROGER: I'm going to... *(groping and vainly searching for the key)* The key must have fallen on the floor. I need a light...

*(Roger stumbles towards the table, on which rests the lamp by which Emily was doing her sewing earlier. His behavior indicates that he's been drugged. Finally, he reaches the table and drops into the chair. His head slumps down.)*

HOLMES: *(off)* What time is it?

ROGER: *(making an effort to sit up, looking at his watch)* Three minutes to eleven.

HOLMES Roger, my lamp is getting low. *(pause)* Roger, my lamp is out.

*(The light of the lamp in the room also goes down.)*

ROGER: Mine, too. I'm suffocating. I need air.

*(The clock strikes eleven. The lamp has now completely gone out. It is dark. From the door to the left, a man dressed all in black, his head hidden under a black hood, enters. It is Fantômas. He holds a dagger in his hand and proceeds to enter the detective's bedroom without hesitation. A silence.)*

HOLMES: *(off)* Help! I'm being attacked!

*(There is a scream.)*

ROGER: *(awakening abruptly and leaping up from the chair)* Master! I heard a call for help.

*(He goes to Holmes' door and listens.)*

ROGER: Master? *(not a sound)* Nothing! He must be asleep, just as I was... Why do I feel so sleepy? I need some air...

*(He goes to open the window. Meanwhile, Fantômas emerges from Holmes' room and approaches the desk. He places his bloodied dagger on it and searches for the threatening letter. Roger turns and finds himself face to face with Fantômas. Roger leaps at him.)*

ROGER: Fantômas! Then he's real! Murderer!

*(Roger grasps the dagger and tries to strike Fantômas in the chest, but his arm deviates and, instead, he pierces his hand instead.)*

ROGER: Ah, I've marked you!

*(Fantômas takes Roger by the throat and hurls him to the ground. The villain then leaves through the window, taking the letter with him.)*

EMILY: *(outside)* Mrs. Gruff! I heard my uncle scream!

*(Mrs. Gruff enters carrying a lamp in her hand, followed by Emily. Mrs. Gruff rushes into Holmes' room and soon emerges, stained with blood. She points her hand towards Roger, who is still holding the bloodied dagger.)*

MRS. GRUFF: Mr. Walter has just killed Sherlock Holmes!

*(Roger, besotted, gets up. Harry Dickson enters as Emily falls into his arms.)*

CURTAIN