

FRINGE

“Pilot”

By

J.J. Abrams

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. AIRLINER - NIGHT

CLOSEUP on a FASTEN SEAT BELT sign, ILLUMINATING as the plane SHUDDERS. A jumbo jet. International flight, half-full. FLASHES of an ELECTRICAL STORM through otherwise BLACK windows as a tense PA ANNOUNCEMENT is made:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)

Das Sicherheitsgurtzeichen wird
belichtet. Befestigen Sie bitte
Ihre Sicherheitsgurte.

(then, accented)

The captain has turned on
the fasten seat belt sign, please make
sure your seat belts are securely
fastened.

-- and PASSENGERS do. Even the FLIGHT ATTENDANTS buckle up;
and when they look nervous, it's never good.

Up in FIRST CLASS, an older couple HOLD HANDS. A few rows
back, into coach, an overweight WOMAN looks to the nervous MAN
sitting beside her and says:

WOMAN

Ich bevorzuge die Serie.

MAN

I don't-speak German, I'm
from Denver.

-- Weil-- dieses mein
Erstflug ist.

-- I'm-- I'm from Denver.

-- and SHUDDER - the jet DIPS too much --armrests gripped --
BRILLIANT strobing LIGHTNING as the plane LIFTS, BANKING one
way, then the other. Further back in the cabin, an angry 16
year-old headphone-wearing BOY plays PSP, oblivious to the
rough ride.

Six rows behind him, a 45 year-old MAN is sweating. Pale.
Distraught. The TURBULENCE is clearly a problem -- but
something says "there's more happening here than just
airsickness and anxiety. We'll give him this name for now:
TROUBLED. Troubled closes his eyes, head back, trying to find
relief. The 60 year-old INDIAN MAN beside him says,
comfortingly:

INDIAN MAN

My friend. It is just an
electrical storm. This will pass.

TROUBLED

I understand.

INDIAN MAN

(offering a pack)

Juicy Fruit?

TROUBLED

No. I can't, I'm fine. Thank you.

Indian Man nods as Troubled pulls a briefcase from under his seat. Opens it. Goes through his papers -- the plane DROPPING AGAIN as LIGHTNING strikes closer than before -- an AUDIBLE REACTION from many passengers --

Troubled pulls out a DOSING PEN -- a pen-shaped syringe for the injection of medicine. Indian Man watches curiously as Troubled finds a small MEDICINE CARTRIDGE and inserts it. Indian Man doesn't really understand what he's watching -- and neither will most of the audience, and that's okay.

Troubled unbuttons the lower half of his shirt - pushes the pen against his stomach and TIRGGERS IT: POP! He's just taken an injection.

Troubled loosens his collar when HOLY FUCK, THE PLANE DROPS -- actual SCREAMS from some -- the LIGHTS IN THE CABIN DIM -- the LIGHTNING BRIGHTENS as if they're now flying through the center of the Goddamn storm.

A GERMAN PA ANNOUNCEMENT from the cockpit doesn't help anyone who speaks only English -- and Troubled seems to suddenly be in far worse shape -- a sort of atypical PAIN. Indian Man, watching this, concerned, says:

INDIAN MAN

-- my friend--?

But Troubled is so fucking uncomfortable that he UNDOES HIS SEAT BELT and heads for the bathroom. He moves down the ROUGH and ROCKING cabin. A dozen rows behind him, a FLIGHT ATTENDANT strapped to her bulkhead emergency seat sees Troubled and calls, in a German accent:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir, excuse me! You must stay in your seat!

But he keeps going -- and so she reluctantly unbuckles and stands -- grasping row after row as she moves for him -- he's

well ahead of her, having even more difficulty walking as the plane struggles through the erratically blinding storm --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

-- Sir! You have to sit down!

But Troubled keeps going -- STUMBLING -- we're ONLY ON HIS BACK NOW as he heads away from us -- from her --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Entschuldigen Sie mich., geehrten
Herrn, bitte! Gehen Sie zu Ihrem
Sitz zuruck!

Troubled keeps going, steadying himself on the seat backs as he moves -- the Flight Attendant gaining. Practically the only light we get now is from the WILD LIGHTNING and SEAT BELT lights -- and finally she catches up to him -- reaches out, grabs his shoulder -- and she turns him toward her -- toward us -- AND HIS FACE IS A THING OF HORROR: HIS FLESH LIQUIFYING - FUCKING MELTING - HIS EYES BALLOONED IN UTTER FEAR -- and the Flight Attendant's eyes go wide in a terrifying PRE-SCREAM GASP as Troubled GRABS HER ARM -- and she SCREAMS BLOODY FUCKING MURDER --

-- and THOSE WHO SEE HIM DO TOO -- and if this isn't enough, Troubled THROWS UP ON HER - and she stumbles back, SCREAMING and the jet momentarily PLUMMETS again! Troubled FALLS BACK as the Flight Attendant gets up, covered in bile and in shock and she runs toward the back of the plane as we realize we've been HEARING SOMEONE ELSE YELL -- not in English or German, but in HINDI. The Flight Attendant runs past INDIAN MAN -- WHOSE FACE IS FUCKING MELTING NOW TOO - HE'S LOSING HIS MIND -- LOOKING AT HIS HANDS - THE FLESH PAINFULLY LIQUIFYING!

-- Indian Man stands -- hurries in a panic toward the front of the plane -- passing ANOTHER PASSENGER, who STANDS in crazy alarm -- SCREAMING IN GERMAN -- HER FLESH DISINTEGRATING TOO:

GERMAN WOMAN

Helfen Sie mir! Was? geschieht!
HILFE!

Indian Man runs PAST -- RIGHT OVER -- the VISCOUS, BONE AND MUSCLE CORPSE of TROUBLED as another FLIGHT ATTENDANT makes a frantic call on the service phone --

FRANTIC FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Kapitan, haben wir etwa--!

The LIGHTENING STORM IMPOSSIBLY TURBULENT, ANOTHER seated PASSENGER is suddenly SCREAMING -- HIS BODY COMING APART.

Then ANOTHER -- now the TEENAGER with PSP -- now the OVERWEIGHT WOMAN -- now the ELDERLY COUPLE -- and we PULL BACK AT HIGH VELOCITY, LENS WIDE, WHIPPING FROM SIDE TO SIDE AT THE HORROR SHOW OF EVERY SCREAMING PASSENGER, AFFLICTED, GROTESQUE -- lit by BURSTS OF LIGHTENING --

And we PUSH IN now as the CO-PILOT opens the cockpit door and looks back, seeing the plane -- EVERYONE ON THE PLANE -- SCREAMING, MELTING -- DYING -- the Pilot hits AUTO-PILOT, turns back, yells:

PILOT
SPRECHEN SIE MIT MIR!

THE CO-PILOT TURNS TO US - HIS FACE ALREADY STARTING TO DRIP BLOOD AND FLESH AND OFF THE PILOT'S TERROR-SCREAM CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The jumbo jet, flying in the awful storm. A sarcophagus, at forty-thousand feet. The cause of this gruesome event an absolute mystery. And things are about to get weirder.

And as if to announce this fact, from the VERY EDGES OF FRAME, WHITE LETTERS APPEAR -- and CONVERGE NEAR THE RIGHT SIDE OF FRAME as the rest of the image, the background, TURNS GREY -- and our short but spooky THEME PLAYS as the LETTERS TURN BLACK -- AND SPELL, SIMPLY:

F R I N G E

FADE IN:

EXT. TURNPIKE MOTEL - NIGHT

A cheap-ass motel. An old neon TURNPIKE MOTEL sign. The constant SQUEAKING of a flimsy BOX SPRING is HEARD -- and as we DOLLY IN, WORDS FADE IN (NOTE: A SIGNATURE OF THE SERIES WILL BE HOW LOCATIONS ARE IDENTIFIED -- WORDS WILL APPEAR THREE-DimensionALLY, AS IF EXISTING WITHIN THE SPACE). In this case they read: "LEXINGTON, MASSACHUSETTES", PUSH PAST THE WORDS to -

INT. TURNPIKE MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A small motel room. A WOMAN falls back, into frame, lying on the bed. She's naked. Glistening. Smiling. Out of breath. She's 32 years old, beautiful, but real. A deceiving

innocence. Her name is OLIVIA WARREN. This is our woman. Suffice to say, the SQUEAKING has ceased.

OLIVIA
... oh my God.

And she starts laughing. A male VOICE, off-camera, says:

MAN (O.S.)
-- what?

OLIVIA
This bed is ridiculous. It's like the loudest bed in the history of cheap motel beds.

MAN (O.S.)
-- and you would know this how?

She smiles as he, past her, lies back into frame. This is Olivia's love. He is 41. Handsome. Tough, but kind. His name's JOHN SCOTT. Also out of breath.

JOHN
This is so much better than that policy seminar.

OLIVIA
Oh, thank you, a compliment.

He takes her hand, they lie there.

JOHN
I was losing my mind, that meeting was endless. I kept finding myself staring at you. I actually had to turn my chair to stop.

OLIVIA
We can't keep doing this. Sneaking around...

JOHN
The department's not a massive fan of office romances - as recent events demonstrate.

OLIVIA
Dryden seeing Lynch had nothing to do with why he was demoted-- you don't see any irony in what we're doing?

JOHN

Is knowing the assistant manager of the Turnpike motel by name ideal? No. Is being with you worth the subterfuge? Yes.

OLIVIA

I feel like I'm living in a Charlotte Bronte novel. Which is now how I envisioned my early thirties. I think Charlie knows anyway.

JOHN

He doesn't know.

OLIVIA

I think he does --

JOHN

If he knew, you'd be transferred.

This quiets her. Then:

JOHN (CONT'D)

I like Charlie. But if there was ever a by-the-booker, it's him. He'd let Jakes know faster than you can say "good soldier". I'm not afraid of transparency-- but we're already working for a Department that's as unstable and fluid as they come and somehow? We found each other. And in the madness of what we've been seeing lately... I've taken great solace in being with you. Now if that's the kind of information that makes you back away, so be it. 'Cause this is all preamble to the kicker, which is that I love you.

(beat, that was a first)

And the idea of an old boy's club wonder making the call whether or not you and I get to live in the same city is unacceptable to me. So forgive my...furtive nature, it's got nothing whatsoever to do with protocol or decorum or enjoying the status quo -- this is about you. I don't want to lose... you.

Olivia stares. Taken by his honesty and heart -- and she kisses him -- and it quickly gets passionate again -- and they're definitely going for another round when a CELL PHONE RINGS -- they both moan at the interruptus. Olivia reaches over, answers:

OLIVIA
 Agent Warren.
 (listens, sits)
 Okay. Are there any more details \
 than--?
 (beat, concern)
 Yessir.

Olivia hangs up.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 Incident at Logan Airport,
 International flight, Charlie's on
 his way.

John nods, and they're both up, getting dressed.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 Hey, in the spirit of our talk...
 you should get there a few minutes
 after me. We arrived pretty close
 last time.

JOHN
 Now you're being paranoid.

OLIVIA
 Maybe - Logan: access gate at
 Runway 15R

CLOSE ON AN OPEN BADGE WALLET on the desk -- a FEDERAL AGENT BADGE. Olivia, dressed, grabs it -- then moves to John, kisses him sweetly -- about to say something -- but doesn't. She grabs her keys and leaves. John stands there, in the wake of her tornado. Alone. Amused. Then his cell RINGS. He answers, already knowing it all:

JOHN
 Agent Scott.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

PUSH IN, past the (signature, three-dimensional) WORDS THAT FADE IN: "LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - BOSTON" - this is an

access gate -- three POLICE CARS are here, lights BLAZING, FLASHING in the night.

Olivia pulls up in her black hybrid Lexus, shows her creds.

OLIVIA
Olivia Warren, FBI.

Guards check her ID, squawk walkies, wave her in. BOOM UP to reveal the JUMBO JET from the opening, a light-show of two dozen EMERGENCY VEHICLES, including a CRANE, surrounding it. Olivia parks, gets out -- crosses half a dozen FEDERAL AGENTS, all ARGUING issues of protocol, information, jurisdiction. An angry, heated fight. Olivia continues past them, met by 43 year-old fellow Agent CHARLIE FRANCIS.

CHARLIE
Inter-agency harmony and cooperation continues.

OLIVIA
Who's winning?

CHARLIE
Langley by a nose.
(then, re: jet)
Flight out of Hamburg -- hundred and forty-seven passengers, towers lost contact three hours in. Thought there might've been some electrical interference, apparently they were flying in a hell of a storm. They entered our airspace radio silent -- Navy scrambled two F-18's for escort. They reported stains on the windows...and no signs of life aboard the jet.

This stop Olivia -- she looks up at the jet -- the cabin is too dark for her to see anything.

OLIVIA
Stains?

CHARLIE
Blood.

OLIVIA
I'm surprised they let 'em land -- "No signs of life" -- who was flying the plane, auto-pilot?

CHARLIE

Programmed to land right on schedule, which it did. Unlike every flight I've ever taken.

OLIVIA

If there was a decompression the windows would have frozen solid -- have they opened the cabin?

CHARLIE

White House approved a CDC request for the jet not to be opened until they arrive.

Behind them, a BLACK VAN arrives. The drive gets out - it's JOHN, on a cell:

JOHN

let me assure you, we'd be happy to treat you like family too.
(hangs up, grins)
Good old NTSB. All like to think they're cops.

CHARLIE

Agent Scott.

JOHN

Agent Francis --
(no special regard)
Agent Warren.

Their relationship, their secret. She turns back to Charlie:

OLIVIA

They must've looked in through the windows...

CHARLIE

CIA did. Whatever the hell's inside that plan made Special Agent McNeary throw up in front of his whole unit. And he's a good man, that was embarrassing.

A finger-to-mouth WHISTLE turns everyone to PHILLIP BROYLES, SPECIAL-AGENT-IN CHARGE from HOMELAND SECURITY. Broyles is a bureaucratic Hitler, with authority to puppeteer the Federal and International agencies on-scene:

BROYLES

Although this is a join task force, this investigation will be run through HDS - I'm Special Agent in Charge Broyles! DC has sent me here to make sure we get results. As soon as our friends from Atlanta get here we're going in, one member from each agency on the starting line as follow -

(reads a card)

CIA: Baronoff! FBI: Francis! DHS: Pitts!

(MORE)

BROYLES (CON'D)

Contagion precautions apply: level four HAZ-MAT suits, we should have your size in the van! Move!

Agents on the move, Olivia, disturbed, goes after Broyles:

OLIVIA

Sir: Olivia Warren, FBI Inter-agency liaison, I'm EOD and NBC certified, I'd like to suit up too--

BROYLES

Liaison on an inter-agency task force. Gotta love that. Like powdered sugar on a glazed donut.

OLIVIA

Excuse me, if I'm gonna do my job effectively, I like my information first-hand -- that's not redundancy, that's accountability.

BROYELS

(sotto, threatening)

I know exactly who you are. You put my best friend in prison two years ago.

(she's stunned, louder:)

You want in, Liaison? Suit up.

And the bully walks off - Olivia watches him go, indignant.

EXT./INT. JET - NIGHT

VARIOUS SHOTS as CDC MEDICAL OFFICERS connect an AIRLOCK to a door outside the plane -- a twelve-foot-long elevated corridor with three clean-room compartments. A staircase leads up to it.

Now there are FOUR CDC OFFICERS in HAZ-MAT suits. They start up the stairs. Following them are Olivia, Charlie and the rest of the appointed agents, also in HAZ-MATS. At first, NO MUSIC. Just the odd collage of oxygen tanks: INHALE... EXHALE...

The CDC Officer pulls out the recessed jet door handle. Turns it. The HISS of DECOMPRESSION. TIGHT ON OLIVIA'S EYES as she anxiously watches the plane DOOR OPEN. Darkness and mist inside. Their FLASHLIGHTS come alive: CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICKCLICK. And they enter.

Olivia's eyes GO WIDE at what she sees.

CDC OFFICER
(filtered)
...holy God...

Red/white/blue FLASHES of emergency lights from outside and their flashlights the only illumination. Every passenger dead. Unrecognizable. Crumple CLOTHES lie in GELATIN, BLOOD and BONE. Tears come to Olivia's eyes - her breathing uneven as she moves through the plane. Charlie sees this:

CHARLIE
Warren...you okay?

OFF OLIVIA'S STARING EYES, answering that question...

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

Where Olivia drove in -- a passing WHITE VAN stops -- all windows TINTED. Even the front windshield has mild shading. The driver's window LOWERS a few inches, we don't yet see the silhouetted DRIVER who asks one of the GUARDS about the POLICE ACTIVITY surrounding the plane on the distant tarmac:

DRIVER
Excuse me -- what's going on? Some sort of problem?

GUARD
Nothing you need to know about, sir -- please keep moving.

PUSH IN on the Driver as he leans into the light -- REVEALING THAT HE'S THE SAME MAN WE SAW FROM THE AIRPLANE -- THE ONE WHO INJECTED HIMSELF - WHO MELTED FIRST: TROUBLED!

DRIVER

Okay...I'll do that. Thanks.

And with an eerily satisfied smile, the Driver DRIVES AWAY.
And as our minds somersault, we CUT TO:

TELEVISION SCREENS -- DOLLY PAST an array of TV MONITORS of NEWSCASTS all reporting on the plane -- LONG LENS SHOTS OF THE AIRLINER on the tarmac, NOW ENGULFED IN FLAMES. Over this, REPORTERS, some outside Logan, others in newsrooms:

VARIOUS REPORTERS

--sources tell us the plane was deliberately set ablaze by the CDC shortly after landing/speculate some kind of hazardous materials on-board Flight 627/security has been increased in most airports, with many canceling out-bound flights --

Someone CROSSES -- FOLLOW HIM TO REVEAL we're in:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BOSTON - EARLY MORNING

-- FORTY FEDERAL AND LOCAL AGENTS shout over and at each other -- reports, paperwork and food everywhere as we SNAP AROUND THE ROOM lightning fast, getting snippets as our 3D letters bleed in: "SITUATION ROOM - FEDERAL BUILDING, BOSTON". On a dry-erase board are the PASSENGER NAMES; agents racing down the manifest, pulling up profiles:

AGENT #1

-- Seat 21A: John Rosenbloom;
Honolulu, Hawaii; car
salesman, criminal history's
negative

Agent #2

-- 43B: Ellie Sampson;
Jacksonville, Florida; FINSON
checks negative, intelligence
community checks negative --

Agent #3

--we need everything on
every vendor that loaded food
and beverage carts, ground
crew who fueled the aircraft,
we need names--

Agent #4

-- report says maintenance
replaced oxygen tanks an
hour before takeoff--

Also here: Olivia, a voice in the cacophony, a face in the loud crowd - she and Broyles facing off:

OLIVIA

Have we reviewed video from the Hamburg Airport? We need to see if any passengers were showing signs of illness -- and tell me that terminal's shut-down.

--yeah, a few hundred more: who's point from CDC on the bone, tissue and air samples? -- no, but I'd like the whole report, not just this fax claiming that there's no matches to any known pathogen or airborne virus --

BROYLES

--on it's way now -- and what the hell's taking so long with the black box?

--the terminal's been down since oh-four-hundred local-- you got more questions?

-- Agent Paley, you want his home number?

-- we're on that too, Liason -- we don't think what happened on that plane was a result of the in-flight movie.

CHARLIE

(gets off phone)

-- Back Bay PD got a call at oh-three-hundred from a guard-on-duty at a storage facility who saw two -- and I quote "suspicious Middle Eastern men" handing a white guy a briefcase.

BROYLES

That could be a purchase.

AGENT #1

-- you're saying the plane was a demonstration of technology they sold later that night?

BROYLES

Maybe, maybe not -- wouldn't be uncommon in the underground weapons trade--

(to Olivia)

Liaison: take it, go find out.

OLIVIA

--take what? That? You want me to investigate that?

BROYLES

(sarcastic)

Sounds like a hot lead-- you want to liaise? Now's your big chance.

Everyone heard that. An embarrassing moment, intended that way. She wants to lay in on him -- but instead:

OLIVIA

While I'm out, you want me to pick up your dry cleaning?

Some HOLY SHIT looks from a few -- the table uncomfortably freezes -- but Broyles fucking likes kickback and smiles:

BROYLES

Yeah, Honey, would ya mind?

EXT. BACK BAY ROAD - DAY

Middle of nowhere, grey day. A govt-issue sedan FLIES through frame against rural farmland --

EXT. U-STORE STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

A MASSIVE STORAGE FACILITY. Our 3D letters bleed in: "U-STORE STORAGE -- BACK BAY, MASSACHUSETTS." The sedan pulls up. Olivia and John steps out.

EXT. U-STORE STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

Row after row of cinder-block, garage-sized units. Olivia and John look around.

OLIVIA

That wasn't too much, was it? The dry cleaning thing?

JOHN

By your standards I though it was pretty tame.

OLIVIA

Petty bastard-- he's pissed that his best friend sexually assaulted three Marine privates and I'm the bad guy 'cause I put him away.

JOHN

He's an idiot. You're smarter, stronger and more beautiful than he is, he's jealous.

She stops walking - after a few steps, he stops, turns back to her:

JOHN (CONT'D)

What?

OLIVIA

You said you loved me. In the motel. That was a big deal.

JOHN

Yeah, you didn't say anything back. I thought I'd let it go.

OLIVIA

It freaked me out. Not because it doesn't make me happy.

(beat)

I've been sort of...bad with this. For a long time. The alpha girl thing hasn't always gone over super-well.

(beat)

Until you.

(beat, sweetly awkward)

I wanted to say I love you, too.

He moves to her. Kisses her. Then, faux-romantically:

JOHN

Let's go check the trash together.

She laughs -- and we TIME JUMP to them going through a dumpster -- pulling out a DISCARDED, UNLABELED CHEMICAL CANISTER. Then ANOTHER. She opens one:

OLIVIA

Empty --
propane?

(sniffs the nozzle)

-- no -- it's ammonia.

JOHN

-- acetylene,

A look between them. He turns to the nearest STORAGE UNIT, emboldened, starts PICKING THE LOCK --

OLIVIA

What're you doing?

JOHN

What are you doing? I'm a Federal agent.

SNAP: the lock gives. He grabs the handle on the roll-up

metal door and heaves, it SLIDES UP -- REVEALLING A FUCKING LABORATORY. Shelves filled with GAS CANISTERS, CHEMICAL BOTTLES, COOLING UNITS -- AND LARGE SPECIMEN JARS, FILLED WITH DISFIGURED SMALL ANIMALS...

Olivia and John trade a look: holy shit.

SMASH CUT TO another roll-up metal door SLIDING UP -- ANOTHER LAB; VACUUM EQUIPMENT, RADIOLOGICAL SUITS, ELECTRON MICROSCOPES, IMAGE ANALYSIS EQUIPMENT, AND THREE CAGES CONTAINING SMALL, MUTATED, VISCOUS CREATURES.

And then ANOTHER -- and ANOTHER -- all the labs dangerous, lethal--

JOHN (CONT'D)

We gotta get a chem transport team
out here now -

OLIVIA

I'm on it.
(but:)
-- no signal --

She heads away to make the call...

TIMECUT: A NEARBY FIELD -- Olivia on her cell, moving for a better signal --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

We need PPE and emergency
equipment, HAZ-MAT specialists for
site analysis--

WITH JOHN

Another roll-up metal door SLIDES UP revealing more LAB SPACE -- he moves into it cautiously, checking out equipment - sees a COMPUTER MONITOR -- sees on the screen: PROGRAMS RUNNING, BALANCING CHEMICAL EQUATIONS. TIGHT ON JOHN'S FACE, eyes wide like he's hit paydirt -- then, behind him, forty feet away, another storage unit opens -- a FIGURE APPEARING INSIDE -- another LAB behind him -- and HOLY SHIT, IT'S THE DRIVER -- THE MAN FROM THE PLANE: TROUBLED!

John turns -- sees him -- Troubled's eyes go wide -- AND HE RUNS -- John pulls his gun -- runs after him --

Troubled is FAST -- turning a far corner in the maze of storage units -- and John runs after him -- pulling out his phone and hitting speed-dial -- but he gets NO SIGNAL --

JOHN

-- damnit--

He tries again -- as we CUT TO:

OLIVIA running back -- her PHONE RINGS -- she answers --

OLIVIA

John--

As John RACCES through the facility -- reception BREAKIG UP --

JOHN

I've got a runner! He's heading
for the back!

OLIVIA

I'm on my way!

-- and Olivia runs toward the back as John runs -- and we're
MOVING FAST, INTERCUTTING between Troubled, John and Olivia --
a cat and mouse chase --

Troubled -- RUNNING -- pulls out a PHONE, dials a number,
hits send, but doesn't bring the phone to his ear --

INSIDE THE SHEDS - CIRCUIT DETONATORS MOUNTED ON THE CEILING
ACTIVATE, A GREEN LIGHT SNAPS ON -- A SPARK AND FLASH AND
SUDDENLY IT IGNITES, FLAME TRAILS ROCKETING UP THE WALLS --

OLIVIA running, HEARS GUNSHOTS -- she goes faster -- rounds a
corner -- sees Scott --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

JOHN!!!

Suddenly: KABOOOOOOM!!! THE FIRST SHED DETONATES -- JOHN
DISAPPEARS IN A BLAST OF CHEMICAL GREEN -- now the NEXT SHED
BLOWS - and Olivia's HURLED backwards as the place continues
to EXPLODE! CLOSE ON OLIVIA ON THE GROUND -- ULTRA-SLOW
MOTION as debris rains down -- she's BLEEDING from her scalp --
her eyes slowly open wide -- the WHITE NOISE overwhelms us and
we --

SLAM TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MILITARY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

WHIP PAN TO OLIVIA -- still bleeding -- WHEELED IN on a gurney at speed - two EMT's with an ORDERLY who applies pressure to her shoulder wound. Olivia's in pain -- suppressing tears -- asking questions no one will answer --

OLIVIA

-- where's John-- is he okay?

Agent Scott, where is he?!

Is he all right?!

-- a DOCTOR arrives, injecting her IV bag with MORPHINE --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

-- no-- wait-- please...please...

-- and as Olivia begins to pass out, JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Olivia STARTS awake - disoriented. Her head bandaged, facial wounds treated. She realizes she's alone in a strange room, machines watch her vitals. Without much thought, she pulls the wires off (ALARMS sound), rips the IV out, stands, and in her hospital gown, moves to --

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

She heads down the corridor as a NURSE approaches --

NURSE

Ms. Warren, you shouldn't be up--

OLIVIA

I need to see John Scott-- do you know what room he's in?

The Nurse just stares at Olivia...whose eyes fill with tears. At a whisper, she asks:

OLIVIA

--what--? What is it?

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Agent Warren --

Olivia turns -- a 60 year-old Hispanic DOCTOR (DR. REYES) moves to her. Clearly, he has bad news.

DR. REYES

I'm Dr. Reyes. You were very lucky today. Your wounds could easily have been much more severe--

OLIVIA

--I'm looking for Agent Scott, he was with me--

DR. REYES

In addition to the injuries he sustained from the blast...Mr. Scott was exposed to synthetic chemical compounds. Work that was apparently being done in those labs you found.

OLIVIA

(brace, but tears come)
-- what-- what sort of--?

DR. REYES

We haven't been able to identify the substance that's affecting him. The CDC has sent in other specialists. But they've never seen anything like what's happening here.

PUSH IN OLIVIA, her quiet terror, our TENSE MUSIC GROWING.

OLIVIA

...what is happening?

INT. QUARANTINE AREA - DAY

SLOW MOTION as OLIVIA MOVES THOROUGH DOORS MARKED "QUARANTINE". A WHITE CORRIDOR. HEAR THEIR TALK CONTINUE:

DR. REYES (V.O.)

We've put Mr. Scott in a drug-induced coma. His body temperature has been lowered significantly, to try and slow the progress.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

The progress of what? Please...

DR. REYES (V.O.)

One way to describe it is that he's been infected. But it isn't a virus. It isn't a bacteria. And what it's doing...is most unusual...

She enters a PLASTIC CLEAN AREA, then a STERILE, REFRIGERATED HOSPITAL ROOM.

Olivia's BREATH is seen as she emotionally approaches JOHN, unconscious under a separate CLEAR PLASTIC TENT, seriously wounded and barely alive at 37 degrees.

DR. REYES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 His tissue is hardening. And
 somehow...clarifying. His skin
 becoming almost glass-like.

She gets close enough -- more afraid and sad with each step -- sees areas of John's skin, on his chest, neck, face -- have become CLEAR -- revealing the MUSCLE and VEINS beneath -- Olivia's eyes widen...

DR. REYES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And it's spreading. Soon his
 organs will shut down. Unless we
 can learn more about what's
 infected Mr. Scott -- the compounds
 he was exposed to...he'll be dead
 within a week.

And OFF OLIVIA'S DEVASTATED FACE, CUT TO:

COMPUTER SCREEN - EXTREME CLOSEUP

The FBI SECURITY INTER-OFFICE DATABASE. The SEARCH box. CUTS as VARIOUS WORDS are TYPED IN: "MEDICAL", "INFECTION", "TISSUE", "CHEMICAL", "HARDENING", "CLARIFYING" - and the HUNDREDS OF RELATED ARTICLES that pop up --

INT. OLIVIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

She sits at her desk in her darkened office -- has been there for hours. Eyes red, worn, she types with hands that have SMALL CUTS from the explosion. She jots down things that matter. VARIOUS SHOTS of CLICKING, TYPING, WRITING, RESEARCHING, the related articles that appear ON SCREEN: HOSPITAL RECORDS, PHYSICIAN REPORTS, INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL REPORTS, ARTICLES -- and then a name:

DR. WALTER BISHOP.

TIGHT on Olivia's face -- as she seems to notice something -- she quickly TYPES -- "DISSOLVE" and "FLESH" -- ENTER - another LONG ARTICLE -- CLASSIFIED, FBI, 1982 -- SCROLLS DOWN -- finding, once again:

DR. WALTER BISHOP.

No WAY. She types more -- PUSHING IN -- her eyes now determined, driven -- and whatever she sees makes her get up, quickly, and move to --

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CORRIDOR/OFFICE - NIGHT

Fast, HANDHELD down the hall -- Olivia turns into an open office door to find Broyles at his desk, haggard and ready for an all-nighter. She knocks as she enters:

OLIVIA
It's me: Liaison.

BROYLES
I told you to go home an hour ago--

OLIVIA
(drops a file on his desk)
I found a connection between the Hamburg flight and what's happened to Agent Scott.

Broyles opens the file: BLACK AND WHITE PRINTOUT of BISHOP, stamped CLASSIFIED. A printed PHOTO of him from the early 1980's. Handsome, 30's. Even in this photo, he's ingenious.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
His name's Walter Bishop.
Scientific researcher from Cambridge, born in 46, Harvard educated, post-grad at MIT and Oxford. Look at the experiments he was doing in the late 70's, early 80's.

Broyles keeps reading, intrigued...

BROYLES
Where'd you find this?

OLIVIA
Our database -- I believe Dr. Bishop might have information that could save Agent Scott's life- - and maybe shed some light on what happened aboard that plane.

BROYLES
Says the guys been at St. Claire's for seventeen years.

OLIVIA

I saw that. An assistant of his was killed in his lab -- rumors about Dr. Bishop using humans as guinea pigs.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

He was charged with voluntary manslaughter but was deemed mentally unfit to stand trial.

BROYLES

So you're saying our prime suspect's a guy who's been institutionalized for almost two decades? Explain that.

OLIVIA

I'd need to talk to him first. Maybe he's not a suspect at all, maybe someone got hold of his work--

BROYLES

Why're you so sure Bishop's worth our time?

OLIVIA

Why are you sure he's not?

BROYLES

Listen, Warren. You and I got off on the wrong foot--

OLIVIA

Sir, if my past job performance as U.S. Marine Special Investigator offends you, there--

BROYLES

Yeah, it does -- a man who serves his country for thirty years, has a few drinks and a small lapse in judgment doesn't deserve a five year sentence--

OLIVIA

-- a small lapse in judgment that will haunt three young women for the rest of their lives--

BROYLES

--but that's not tonight's business, is it? DC has tasked me with keeping our collective cool here. Making sure our reaction to Flight 627 is measured, above-board and beyond reproach.

(re: file)

BROYLES (CONT'D)

Says here in 1991 the glorious state of Massachusetts forbade Dr. Bishop to have visitors, with the exception of immediate family. So from where I sit -- which is in a superior, senior and less comfortable chair -- barging into a mental institution waving the Patriot Act -- which is what you'd need -- and demanding face time with an old lab rat you think may be behind some of the most terrifying terror I could imagine -- even though he hasn't seen daylight since this country's biggest threat was Kuwait -- is out of the question.

OLIVIA

I'm coming to you with a solid lead and your personal resentment is preventing you from--

BROYLES

--ma'am, you are wasting our breath and my time!
(re: the file, tough)
"Immediate family." You wanna question Dr. Bishop, go find his next of kin and have 'em escort you in. Talk to Bishop. Uncover something substantial and I'll have your back-- until then, I'm not so convinced. Can you handle that?

OLIVIA

(quiet, pissed)
...he does have a son.

BROYLES

Good. Is he son local, too?

OLIVIA
 (fuck)
 ...not exactly.

EXT. BAGHDAD, IRAQ - DAY

PUSH IN as a MILITARY HUMMER passes, revealing a village piazza with an old fortress at one end and a BRAND-SPANKING NEW BUILDING at the other. 3D letters appear: "AL-SAREED HOTEL - BAGHDAD, IRAQ."

OLIVIA (V.O.)
 He's a high school dropout. IQ at 190, which is fifty points north of genius. Misfit. Nomad. Hasn't kept a job longer than two months.

A TAXI pulls up in front and a MAN gets out. This is PETER BISHOP. 35, handsome, fit. A quick glance and you see a swagger. Drive, confidence. A closer look shows a sadness. Desperation. We'll learn more -- but for now, just know Peter is our third lead. He looks up at the building, readying himself.

OLIVIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He's been a wildland fireman, an Alaskan crab fisherman, truck mechanic, a cargo pilot and, briefly, a college chemistry professor. He falsified a degree from MIT, and even managed to get a few papers published before he was found out. Sounds like a massive pain in the ass.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sunlight streams onto faded carpets. The atmosphere as thick as it is hot. Peter sits in a chair facing TWO IRAQI BUSINESSMEN; one wearing an Armani suit and yellow-tinted glasses -- the other, older one, in double-breasted pinstripes:

PETER
 My resume is hardly traditional. But in these parts, traditional seems increasingly irrelevant. A hundred billion dollars sunk into infrastructure, you're barely keeping the lights on. So. You need construction oversight of a 600 mile pipeline to carry crude

from the field at Kirkuk to the Port of Ceyhan. A job well outside the Green zone, I might add while I'm still alive to do so. You'll need someone with a handle on the laws of hydrodynamic resistance -- heat exchange in oil mixture flow - a working knowledge of mixed integer programs so you can re-size the pipes you're gonna use across uneven terrain, that's if you wanna minimize construction costs.

(a touch of urgency)

PETER (CONT'D)

It's the Wild West here guys, I get it. And you need a sheriff. So gimme a badge and I'll wear it. The punch line is, I need this job as much as you need me to do it.

And there's a creepy pause: the Iragis are impressed but unsure. Glasses looks to Pinstripes, murmurs in ARABIC. Pinstripes talks Arabic back. Peter leans in --

PETER (CONT'D)

I speak Arabic too. And yes, six-hundred grand all-in sounds fair.

The men look at him, caught off guard. Peter grins. PRELAP an elevator DING and --

INT. HOTEL LOBBY CONTINUOUS

Peter walks out with the gait of a gambler who just won a game -- and a reprieve. It's sweltering, even with all the fans in the lobby. As he heads for the exit:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Mr. Bishop?

He turns, fast: OLIVIA approaches. She shows her badge:

OLIVIA

I'm Olivia Warren, with the FBI.

PETER

(suspicious)

Okay.

OLIVIA

You've heard about flight 627.

PETER

The Hamburg flight, yeah.

OLIVIA

You may be able to help us with that.

PETER

Then you must have the wrong guy.

OLIVIA

I don't think so. You're Walter Bishop's son.

At the mention of the name, Peter bristles.

PETER

Last time someone asked me that it was an accusation.

OLIVIA

He's the man we're looking to speak with. But given his current status..you're the only one who can provide us access.

PETER

What possible help could that man be? And what do you want me to go back with you to Massachusetts? Honey, I just got here.

OLIVIA

I can have you on return-flight here in four days, fi--

PETER

Let's out it this way: I'd rather stay here. In Iraq. That's how much I want to see my father.

OLIVIA

You have no obligation to help. Of course. So...I'm gonna be you. One human being to another. Mr. Bishop, your father may be able to save someone who's dying. Someone I care about very much.

He almost half-considers, then:

PETER

Sweetheart, we're all in love with
someone who's dying. I'm sorry.
Excuse me.

And Peter walks off. She watches him go, as angry as she is
heartsick. Then she says, loudly, strongly:

OLIVIA

I know why you're here.

And Peter stops.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I have your file.

PETER

Which file.

OLIVIA

The one CIA would say doesn't
exist. And it was everything.
Where you've been. What you're
running from. And what you need
while you're here.

His fucking stare says it: she's got him

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Either you come back with me. Or I
let certain people know your
whereabouts. Your call.

Whatever the hell she's talking about, he's pissed. Still,
he suddenly smiles, as if everything been fine all along:

PETER

Hey, what time do we leave?

And OFF OLIVIA, simultaneously satisfied and also dreading what
comes next, we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT AIRPLANE - NIGHT

A G5 flies across the sky.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Olivia is on a cell phone, concerned, quiet --

OLIVIA

Did the doctors say anything else?
Did they explain how it was
"getting worse", or--? Were they
trying anything...?

(listens, bad news)

...yeah. Thanks, Charlie. Yeah,
I'll see you at home.

She hangs up. Stares off. Peter then sits beside her.

PETER

Everything okay?

OLIVIA

No. No, but your being here gives
me hope.

PETER

Let me ask you something. So, my
father. Not my favorite.

OLIVIA

Yeah, I vaguely got that
impression.

PETER

You don't know him. He's the most
self-absorbed, abusive, brilliant,
twisted, myopic son-of-a-bitch on
the planet. My mother, if she were
still alive, would break down in
tears then promptly agree with me.

(beat)

He was a chemist, that I know.
That he worked in a basement lab at
Harvard, doing research for a
toothpaste company. Developing
flavors. Back in the day before
gels or cinnamon-vanilla-mint. I
know that there was an accident in
the lab one night -- a fire.

PETER (CONT'D)

That someone died and my father was arrested -- the first truly peaceful period in our time. And the last time I saw him. I know that while still in custody he suffered a nervous breakdown and was thrown in St. Clair's, where he's been ever since.

(beat)

My gut tells me your friend's life -
- the one that hangs in the balance
--isn't going to be saved by a
tube of Pepsodent.

OLIVIA

Have you asked me your question yet?

PETER

Who was he. My father.

OLIVIA

(beat, then)

He worked out of Harvard. But not on toothpaste. He was part of a classified U.S. Army experimental program called Kelvin Labs. They considered him a great genius.

PETER

Yeah, I remembered "brilliant", remember? Between "abusive" and "twisted".

OLIVIA

They gave him the resources to do whatever work he wanted, which was primarily in an area called Fringe Science. He conceived experiments meant to push the boundaries of possibility. And, some would say, ethics.

PETER

Fringe science-- you mean "pseudoscience."

OLIVIA

I suppose. Things like mind control. Teleportation. Astral projection, invisibility, genetic mutation, reanimation, fertility -

PETER

Waitwaitwait-- stop.

He just stares at her -- taken aback by this --

PETER (CONT'D)

Reanimation. You telling me what. My father was Dr. Frankenstein?

OLIVIA

(awkward beat)

Maybe this explains some of your father's behavior. Knowing that he was working on things...other than toothpaste.

PETER

Yeah. Yeah, childhood solved. Thanks.

And Peter gets up and walks away from her. TIGHT ON Olivia's face...and our MUSIC BUILDS AND CONTINUES OVER:

EXT. MASSACHUSETTES ROAD - DAY

A grey countryside. 3D LETTERS FADE IN: "ESSEX COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS" and they FADE OUT as Olivia's black car drives along -- passing a sign that reads, "ST. CLARIE'S - 3 MILES".

EXT. ST. CLAIRE'S - DAY

The MUSIC CONTINUES as we find a cold, VA-looking building in the midst of beautiful countryside. A SIGN, "ST CLAIRE'S HOSPITAL". PUSH IN as Olivia's car arrives, she and Peter step out. Olivia and Peter enter.

INT. ST. CLAIR'S - CORRIDOR - DAY

MUSIC PLAYS as Olivia and Peter are led by an ORDERLY through a SECURITY DOOR, then down a long, tiled hallway. Peter, pale, STOPS. Olivia turns to him--

PETER

You go ahead.

(beat)

I'm gonna...wait. In the lobby.

Their eyes meet -- he's clearly unable to go through with seeing his father for the first time in seventeen years. Olivia nods, and Peter walks off. She then follows the Orderly to a solid CELL DOOR, with a wired-glass window. The Orderly unlocks it. Peeks in, says to someone we don't see:

ORDERLY

Dr. Bishop. Special day. You have a visitor.

Orderly opens the door -- Olivia peers inside. HOLD on her for a beat before we CUT to the reverse. And there he is.

DR. WALTER BISHOP. Early 60's. Long, long beard, straw-grey hair. Sitting on the floor of a padded cell, wearing a charcoal jumpsuit and holding a book. He looks up at Olivia.

OLIVIA

Hello.

And he smiles. Warm. You like him instantly. And he says, with remarkable patience and sweetness:

WALTER

I knew someone would come eventually.

INT. ST. CLAIRE'S CAFETERIA - DAY

A big shiny, sterile, tile, empty cafeteria. Olivia sits uncertainly across from Walter, a large plastic cup of water before him. Sometimes he rocks a little, back and forth; a result of almost two decades of shock, drug and psychotherapy. Walter often holds up his left hand, his thumb playing with his fingers -- an odd nervous habit. When he's lucid, it's tenuous, like at any moment he'll go off the rails. The only other person here is the large Orderly, who stands near the door, just in case. A long beat before:

WALTER

And you said this was...this was when? When did this happen?

OLIVIA

The incident on the plane was four days ago. Agent Scott was injured the next day.

Walter thinks, hard, then suddenly SNEEZES, three times fast and fucking loud.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Bless you--

WALTER
And is the dermis-- thank you
-- the dermis already
indurated? Translucent?
Muscular tissue visible?

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
-- on Scott--? You mean can you
see through his skin? Yes...

WALTER
That's-- oh, that's not good. When
you can see through skin. Tricky.
Advanced. Like that - tricky.
Tricktricktricky...

OLIVIA
What's happening to him - can it be
reversed?

Walter looks off for a long beat, as if something horrible is
occurring to him --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
...what is it?

WALTER
(quietly)
They have this...horrible pudding.
Here. This...butterscotch pudding
on Mondays. It's dreadful. Just
occurred to me.

And Olivia's heart sinks: okay, he's crazy. This may be a
bust. She says, deflated:

OLIVIA
...it's Thursday.

WALTER
Oh...that's fantastic news.

He looks at her -- and can see the judgment in her eyes.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I-- I'm sorry. That I'm like this
now.

OLIVIA
-- oh-- no, no don't be sorry--

WALTER

I--I'm thinking things. Some things don't even make it. To my mouth. Some do, though.

(then)

This place... their... choice of therapies...

(and tears come to his Eyes)

...have consequ--cons--con--consequences.

Her heart almost breaks for him --

OLIVIA

-- it's okay, really --

WALTER

(suddenly back on track)

It can be reversed. What's happened to your colleague. Years ago I used lab animals. I recall that some became afflicted -- but were still saved.

OLIVIA

(suddenly: hope)

--so -- do you remember what to do?

WALTER

If your colleague has been exposed to a compound based on my work, two obvious questions arise.

(long beat)

Neither of which I remember.

Walter picks up the cup and starts to drink. And he doesn't stop -- drinks all of it, which takes a while -- spills some onto his jumpsuit. Olivia tries to maintain. Finally:

WALTER (CONT'D)

Oh yes -- how. Access. How did this individual, who must have significant scientific apprehension, access and then duplicate my work? And why? That's two questions-- one and a sub-query -- but I do have a third.

OLIVIA

Okay... which is..? Dr. Bishop?

He's looking deep into her eyes, as if reading her mind..

WALTER

Before the third question... you
came here today... with my son.

She almost GASPS at this. How could he know?

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'm allowed no visitors, you see.
Save immediate family. Unless that
order was lifted, it's a simple "if-
then" formula: if you are here...
then so is he.
(beat, sotto)

WALTER (CONT'D)

I would so... very much like to see
him. So much.

INT. ST. CLAIRE'S LOBBY - DAY

Peter stands in the lobby, staring out the window. A desk, a
guard. Olivia comes out -- Peter turns to her.

OLIVIA

He asked for you.

PETER

Oh. Thanks, sweetheart, I
appreciate that --

OLIVIA

Hey. I didn't tell him you're
here. And call me "sweetheart" one
more time, I'd really like that.

Peter stares, pissed -- getting it: his father just figured it
out. FUCK. The last thing he wants to do is see him.
After a painful beat, reluctantly, Peter walks past her --

INT. ST. CLAIRE'S CAFETERIA - DAY

Peter enters the cafeteria. Stops. Standing across from
him, twenty feet away, is his father. Peter tries to seem
impassive, but as he takes in the crazy-grey-bearded older

man before him, there's vulnerability in his eyes.

Walter stares at Peter -- who he hasn't seen since his son was 18. A long beat. Then:

PETER

Hello.

WALTER

... I thought you'd be much fatter.

PETER

You thought I'd be fatter.

Excellent. First words,
perfect.

WALTER

-- no, as a boy, you were
rounder --

PETER

Yeah, until the summer of my senior
year in high school -- not that I'm
surprised you don't remem-- hey,
what are you doing--?

Walter is MOVING CLOSE TO PETER -- who backs up -- the
Orderly, there the whole time -- steps forward, just in case.

WALTER

--can I see something-- ?

PETER

--what the hell--?

--and Walter takes Peter's face -- PULLS UP PETER'S EYELIDS
WITH HIS THUMBS -- checking his pupils -- Peter too stunned
to stop him -- meanwhile behind Peter, Olivia enters, freaked
out by what she sees --

PETER (CONT'D)

The hell are you TOUCHING me for?!

Irritated, Peter PUSHES Walter back, who has seen what he
need to and is satisfied:

WALTER

Your pupils are good-- they're good-
- thank goodness.

(then, to Olivia,
immediately)

--the third question is how
advanced is your colleague's
affliction? Something I'm not--

notnot-- unable to deduce in the
absence of first-hand examination--
which is to say I must
tergiversate.

OLIVIA
--you-- what?

PETER
--leave-- it's a fancy word for
"leave"--

WALTER
--I must see Mr. Scott myself -
which I am unable to do under
present law unless signed out by a
legal guardian, which can only
be...

(looks to Peter)
...once again... a relative.

PETER
Wait a minute -- what are you
asking me to--? No.
(to Olivia)
Guardian? No -- forget it.

OLIVIA
(pissed, to Walter)
He'll do it.

PETER
I will not do it!

OLIVIA
One phone call, that's all it takes-
- you want me to make it?! 'Cause
I've got a phone in my pocket.

A fucking staring contest -- she whips out her phone -- a
threat upon a threat:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Now it's OUT of my pocket.

Peter wants to kill her. He walks off, furiously stopping
right beside her, saying at an almost-whisper:

PETER
You wanted my father, you got my
father. This falls into the be

careful what you wish for category.
Sweetheart.

He walks past her. Olivia is left there, looking up at Walter. Bracing herself for whatever's to come.

WALTER

I don't really understand what just happened.

And off her look, MUSIC STARTS as we show:

OLIVIA

In a St. Claire's office, watching over Peter, who reluctantly SIGNS DOCUMENTS of LEGAL GUARDIANSHIP.

WALTER

In a bathroom, the Orderly watching as Walter CUTS HIS BEARD with a scissors at the mirror, then uses an electric razor to shave.

OLIVIA AND PETER

As they wait in the lobby -- not sitting together -- and WALTER steps out, clean -shave, in a too-starched white shirt and khakis. While looking a little awkward, it's a sudden transformation. He looks shockingly GOOD. Walter smiles.

WALTER

As he walks down the steps of the building, toward Olivia's car -- first walking around it, looking at its contours, its aerodynamics. As this happens, the DIRECTOR of the hospital comes out -- 68 years-old DR. BRUCE SUMNER.

DR. SUMNER

Excuse me, Miss Warren.

Olivia turns -- faces the doctor, who doesn't extend his hand -- but moves close and speaks quietly and directly. Piercing eyes and a lack of humor:

DR. SUMNER (CONT'D)

I'm Dr. Sumner, Director and Psychiatrist in Chief of St. Claire's -- I understand you have the intention to take Dr. Bishop off-premises.

OLIVIA

Yes, it's actually a national security issue-- I'm with the--

DR. SUMNER

I know who you're with, I've seen the release documents -- you might want to go back inside and read my resume-- my clinical history--

OLIVIA

--why would I want to g-- ?

DR. SUMNER

So that when I warn you what a colossal mistake it is to pull this patient out of this facility you'll respect it, you'll appreciate it, and you'll abide by it.

OLIVIA

Dr. Sumner, I can assure you that he will be in custody, observed, at all times--

DR. SUMNER

I assume you know who he is. The work he once did. Your need of him must stem from that.

OLIVIA

It does. And yes, I've read about Bishop in great detail-- what exactly is the problem here? What are you afraid of?

Dr. Sumner stares at her -- and what we sense really creeps us out: that he's choosing his words very carefully, that he isn't telling her all he knows..

DR. SUMNER

I will simply caution you. To be careful with him. More careful than you think necessary

And Dr. Sumner heads back into the hospital. Olivia watches him go, concerned. Then behind her, Peter, who is like a babysitter watching his father, who still stares at odd angles at the car:

PETER

Can we hit the road, please?

WALTER

This car is spectacular.

OLIVIA

Thanks.

And MOMENTS LATER Olivia's car drives away, Peter in the passenger seat and Walter in the back. And at his office window, Dr. Sumner watches with hard eyes.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Olivia's car SPEEDS PAST CAMERA -- we HEAR A RADIO REPORT:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... President's press conference,
where he assured the public that
progress was being made--

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY

Olivia drives. Peter besides her. Walter in the back. He looks out at everything, rather wide-eyed. Childlike.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

-- in the investigation into Flight 627.

MAN (V.O.)

Every effort is being made to
understand what happened on that
flight, and who was responsible.
And the President has made it
clear: our response will be swift
and certain--

Olivia turns off the radio. Looks back at Walter.

OLIVIA

Dr. Bishop, I was curious...if
anyone else ever had access to your
work?

WALTER

Well...the assistants, they had
bits and pieces. God, I suppose.
If you go for that.

(beat)

I suppose the only one who really
knew what I was doing was Belly.

OLIVIA

--who?

WALTER

Belly. William Bell. He and I
shared the lab.

OLIVIA

William Bell?

PETER

You shared a lab with the
founder or Prmetheus?

WALTER (CONT'D)

Uh..I-- I don't know what that
is. Prometheus.

PETER

(holy shit)

Oh nothing, just a little tiny
company.

(then, quiet, to Olivia)

One guy becomes one of the richest
men in the world, the other becomes an
institutionalized psychopath.

WALTER

Sometimes-- I don't know if I
mentioned this, but sometimes I
hear someone whistling. Row, Row,
Row Your Boat, late at night, down
the hall. Way down, near the
windows. And I can never be quite
sure...that it isn't me. You ever
have that?

PETER

(with faux pride)

That's my ward. My pop.

OLIVIA

Hey.

PETER

Just pointing it out.

WALTER

(loud)

OH!

OLIVIA

-- what-- what happened?

WALTER

--oh, I just pissed myself--

PETER

Excellent. Good going.

OLIVIA

--oh! Um-- do you want me
to pull over?

WALTER(CONT'D)

No! No, that's okay! It was just
a squirt. I'm okay. It'll dry.
We're good.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Olivia's car comes toward us -- growing -- and passes -- we
WHIP PAN to follow it and as it drives off we PUSH IN on the
BILLBOARD on the side of the road. A happy girl, sunlit, on
a swing. The PROMETHEUS LOG and the tagline: "What do we do?
What don't we do?" and our EERIE MUSIC BUILDS,
portending what's in store..

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. MILITARY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

The MUSIC CONTINUES as Olivia's car arrives --

INT. MILITARY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Our unlikely trio enters the hospital: Walter takes in the walls, the staff, pens on the counter, EXIT signs, a candy machine, families, soldiers - every detail surprising and new. Peter annoyed at the whole thing -- Olivia greeted by a DOCTOR who leads them to the QUARANTINE AREA, to...

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - QUARANTINE - DAY

MUSIC STOPS when we see JOHN, under the clear plastic tent. Shit, it's getting worse. His skin's grown even more transparent - now his VEINS, FASCIA and MUSCLES are fading so that we can see through his INTERNAL ORGANS.

OLIVIA silently GASPS, her heart sinking. Peter isn't having an easy time either; what he sees disturbs him.

PETER

...WOW.

He looks to Olivia, who stares down at the man she loves in contained agony. Peter reads her, for the first time really feeling for her. Olivia looks to Walter, desperately hoping he has a miracle offer.

But Walter stares at the fucking light fixture overhead, head cocked to one side curiously, analytically. His eyes flutter a little at the harsh fluorescent bulb.

OLIVIA

Dr. Bishop?

Snapped out of it, Walter grabs John's chart, flips through it -- takes it in surprisingly fast - then, his left fingers and thumb playing as they do:

WALTER

Is there ginger ale? Any ginger ale? I haven't had some. In a long time. Miss it.

Peter shakes his head: this is nuts. Bewildered, Olivia takes a beat. Then, to a female Fed ASSISTANT (ASTRID, 24, pretty):

OLIVIA

Uh, can we get some...ginger ale
for the doctor? Please?

ASTIRD

--sure--

And Astrid heads out. Walter turns back to John, moves closer to the plastic tent. Looks around. Sees MEDICAL EQUIPMENT on a table, including a SCALPEL. He pulls on a pair of rubber glove, takes the scalpel in hand -- and Peter is on him like a shot, grabbing his arm:

PETER

Hey-- wait a second--

WALTER

I need a tissue sample--
you're squeezing very
tightly, Peter.

But Peter won't let go, his grip locked on his father--

PETER

(to Olivia)

--does this not concern you?

And while this is hardly an easy decision, she makes it:

OLIVIA

Let him go.

Dubious, Peter lets go. Walter goes to work, opening the inner tent, angling the knife downward and we go ULTRA CLOSE on the skin of John's ARM - THE MIRROR BLADE CUTTING THE FIRST THREE LAYERS OF SKIN - MOVING ON TO THE TRANSLUCENT AREA -- AND IT BECOMES LIKE WAX PAPER, THEN PLASTIC, THEN GLASS -- unable to cut anymore. Unfazed, Walter works with a surgeon's precision, slicing the small tissue sample:

WALTER

(glancing at Peter)

Petrie dish.

PETER

Hey, I'm not your lab assistant.

WALTER

Quick-- please--

Annoyed, Peter glances at a column of PETRIE DISHES among the room's equipment, takes one and hands it to Walter. Despite everything, they're working together -- for the first time. Walter slips the skin sample into the dish, seals it --

WALTER (CONT'D)

Good-- I'll need to take this to my lab right away.

OLIVIA

...your--what?

WALTER

Kresge Building basement - Harvard. We should leave. I have my sample, let's split.

Olivia looks to Peter, whose look says: "told ya he was fucking bonkers, good luck." So, tactfully:

OLIVIA

Dr. Bishop, you realize your lab was shut down after you left.

WALTER

-- it was what? I'm sorry--?

Then, almost cruel, how blunt Peter is:

PETER

Pop, it's gone. You got that? Wake up. It's been gone -- just like you - for seventeen years. You have no lab.

And we see Walter's face go read -- almost like a temper tantrum, but in a grown, older man, it's downright scary.

WALTER

-- no-nononon-- the foundations is a golden rectangle! I can't be expected to make real progress if I don't understand the proportions of my space! The work itself won't be consistent--

OLIVIA

-- I-- what's a golden rectan--?

WALTER
 (angry, losing it)
WHAT'S THE GOLDEN RECTANGLE?! THE
PERFECT RECTANGLE!

-- and Walter has TURNED OVER A MEDICAL TRAY, which CRASHES to the floor. Walter turns away from them, pissed -- and he PUNCHES the wall, hard -- Olivia JUMPS -- is visibly shaken that, perhaps, Walter is too damn insane to handle. Peter leans in to her:

PETER
 Let's take him back, right now.
 I've had just about enough.

Then, past Peter, Olivia sees Charlie arrive quickly in the hallway, through the window.

OLIVIA
 Excuse me.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Olivia and Charlie meet in the corridor -- urgent --

CHARLIE
 Got your message-- how's John?

OLIVIA
 Bad-- worse.

CHARLIE
 What about Bishop?

OLIVIA
 From left to right: insane and irritating. And also my only hope-- listen, I need to question William Bell, could you set that up?

CHARLIE
 ...William Bell? Prometheus
 William Bell?

OLIVIA
 He and Bishop used to share a lab-- hey, anything from the CDC?

CHARLIE

Zero: their breakthrough is that the Hamburg flight was caused by a synthetic compound. Which is like saying rain is caused by a wet compound. They've run tests on Scott, but haven't come back with anything. Which leads me to this.

He holds out a FILE -- Olivia takes it -- curious --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Thought you might wanna see that.

And we PUSH IN on Olivia as she sees this -- eyes widening --

INT. BROYLES' OFFICE - DAY

Only it isn't really Broyle's office -- it's John's. Door opens -- we PUSH IN behind Olivia, who enters, quiet but enraged, closing the door hard behind her. He's surprised to see her back-

BROYLES

--Liaison, when'd you g--?

OLIVIA

--I need to talk to you.

BROYLES

Yeah, listen, forgive my Insensitivity -- I saw the name on the door. But I'm only here for the duration of this investigation and I don't think Agent Scott is going to be needing his office any time soon.

Olivia resists strangling Broyles. Stays quiet and fierce:

OLIVIA

What I wanted to talk to you about...is that there's a mole in this department.

And Broyles stops. Whatever bravado he just had is gone. His eyes fucking lock onto her like he suddenly wants her dead. A long enough beat before:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

-- are you not gonna ask me h-

BROYLES

I KNOW THERE IS. The question is how YOU know there is.

OLIVIA

Is that why you're really here?
Baby-sitting us--?

BROYLES

Start talking right now.

She stares at him - and gets the chills. Could it fucking be HIM? What do to? Finally:

OLIVIA

We recovered phone records from a cell phone found at the storage facility.

OLIVIA

There was a call made immediately after the Hamburg flight landed-- a call that was routed through this building.

BROYLES

--Who else had access to those records?
--Anyone else?
--Did Agent Francis share he and those records with anyone?

OLIVIA

--Agent Francis and myself--
--no, no one else--
--no, he told me only I knew about this.

A beat. She's getting freaked out here...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

...what the hell's going on?

BROYLES

(beat)
The integrity of this office is being handled.

OLIVIA

...what do you know about th-

BROYLES

It is neither your job nor your responsibility to get involved -- so I appreciate your bringing the matter to my attention just as I expect you to appreciate the fact

that you work under me.

(beat)

You're prohibited from discussing this with anyone inside or out of this office, is that understood?

She just stares. Wants to fucking accuse him right there --

OLIVIA

Yessir.

BROYLES

I do my job. You do yours.

OLIVIA

(fuuuuuuck you!)

Then it should be noted: I've successfully had Dr. Walter Bishop released from St. Claire's. And he requires his old laboratory back.

BROYLES

...I'm sorry, what?

OLIVIA

Kresge Building at Harvard.
Basement.

BROYLES

Yeah, congratulations, I'm Sure the University'd be thrilled to welcome back their only tenured professor who spent two decades mainlining Thorazine--

OLIVIA

I'm just trying to do my job, Sir, and that means helping Dr. Bishop do his. I believe he will help bring some answers to these investigations, which might help your next report to the National Security Advisor. I read the one you just submitted. Found it rather thin.

Broyles studies her at beat.

BROYLES

It would be nice to think that your tenacity in this case is a by-product of remarkable and robust professionalism. But I can't help but wonder...if there wasn't

something going on between you and
Agent Scott.

Olivia puts up her best poker face, which is pretty fucking
good--

OLIVIA

You want answers? Get the lab for
Bishop.

And she gets up and leaves the office --- OFF BROYLES'
AMBIGUOUS LOOK -- ally or adversary...? MUSIC BUILDS UNTIL:

INT. LAB - DAY

FOOM-FOOM-FOOM -- overheard fluorescents BLINK TO LIFE -- one
of them FLASH-BURNS OUT. BOOM DOWN TO REVEAL OUR LAB SPACE,
perhaps the real fourth character in our series: build in
1856, this building -- and the basement in particular -- have
an amazing sense of significance. Bricks and columns and
thick wooden beams -- dust motes dance through sunlight
streaming in from high, curved windows at the ceiling (and
which are ground-level with the campus quad). A massive
FURNACE sits in the corner. White sheets cover large pieces of
storage, cardboard boxes, thick with dust, everywhere.
It's quite a space.

At the light switch: WALTER. Regarding the room with haunted
eyes. Rather an awe, he speaks quietly, mostly to himself:

WALTER

...so much... so much happened
here...

And then he turns back to Olivia, and says, with wild, almost
scary eyes:

WALTER (CONT'D)

...and so much is about to.

And on Olivia's anxious face, with Peter resentfully standing
behind her, MUSIC BUILDS and we CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. LAB - DAY

RESUME SAME MOMENT: Walter, still at the top of the stairs when we find him, braves a walk deeper in...down six steps, passing the old equipment, memories flooding...

And Olivia and Peter, at the door, watch Walter. Astrid (the Fed Assistant, remember?) nearby. For Peter, increasing discomfort: he doesn't like finding reasons to sympathize with this man. He says to Olivia quietly, mocking Walter:

PETER

Wow, here we are. In the Golden Rectangle itself. I'm pumped.

OLIVIA

What makes a rectangle...golden?

PETER

It's got a length-to-width ratio equal to a number called "phi." Greeks discovered it -- turns up in math, Renaissance art, music - Dali used it in The Sacrament of the Last Supper -- Debussy's Reflections In Water -- nature too: seashells, branches on plant stems.

He says that so off-handedly, it underscores his casual genius; she's sort of quietly stunned by it. After a beat, she turns to the senior Bishop:

OLIVIA

Dr. Bishop, I ordered a standard forensics work package, as you asked. Is there anything else you need?

Walter touches on of the water-damaged walls.

WALTER

There's an unexpected level of corrosion in the insulating sheathing. Drainage planes - vapor barriers --

PETER

You know, pop, some people just say walls.

WALTER
 (answering her question)
 An optical coherence tomography for
 flesh study, please. Two thousand
 pounds of silicon--

Olivia nods at Astrid, who starts writing this all down.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 --at least five anonymous blood
 samples from voluntary donors,
 please. A micro-organism detector,
 -- NASA grade, obviously -- there's
 still NASA, yes?

OLIVIA
 Yes.

Walter pulls a white sheet off a large SALINE ISOLATION TANK.
 He SLAPS it with his hand: KLANG!!!

WALTER
 She's still here! This tank
 was the best! Oh--and a five-year-old
 Ankole-Watusi.

ASTRID
 -- a what?

PETER
 (I'm on Mars)
 It's a cow. He wants a cow.

WALTER
 Pure-bred, not cross-bred, this is
 important -- with a mature weight
 of 1100 pounds and internal fat
 average of 2.37.

OLIVIA
 -- are you-- is he joking?

PETER
 Genetically, cows and humans are
 distinguishable by only a few lines
 of DNA. Ethical tests subject.

OLIVIA
 Where'd you learn all this? MIT?

Of course, he knows she's fucking with him -- that he faked a degree from that particular institution.

Bleary, she writes something down as a CUP OF STEAMING COFFEE is held out in front of her. It's Peter, who doesn't look happy, which can sometimes be his way. She takes the cup.

OLIVIA

Thanks.

He sits beside her as she sips the coffee, going back to scanning. A beat of awkward silence: we sense there's something he wants to ask her. Finally:

PETER

So what else did my file say.
About yours truly. How ugly was it?

She stops. Looks at him.

OLIVIA

I'm not at liberty to talk about--

PETER

-- well liberate yourself, because I came back here, I think I deserve the truth-- what did the file say?

They just stare at each other -- and as they do, he fucking sees something in her eyes. Holy shit..

PETER (CONT'D)

...there was no file, was there.

OLIVIA

(beat)

I needed you back here.

PETER

Wait a minute: you were bluffing?

OLIVIA

I was desperate.

PETER

-- I'm usually good at reading people -- I mean that's what I do--

OLIVIA

I could see you were in trouble.
Anyone could see that.

PETER

So hell, I could've stayed.

OLIVIA

A car bomb went off this morning in Kirkuk. Don't know if you saw that. Just about where and when you were suppose to be working. We'll never know, but you might just owe me a thank you.

PETER

Well. I owe a lot.

OLIVIA

Yeah, I figured. How much?

PETER

What I was gonna make in Iraq would've covered just about half.

(then)

I feel safer there than I do here.

OLIVIA

Mafia?

Peter stares. Despite the gravity, it's almost funny:

PETER

The guy literally goes by the name Big Eddie. I swear to God, I'm not making that up.

OLIVIA

You owe money to a guy nicknamed Big Eddie?

PETER

Nope. He had his name legally changed to Big Eddie.

(then)

I was never a gambler. Never. But a couple of years ago? Just...

(shakes his head)

...crazy.

As Olivia looks at him...really studies his handsome, haunted face...we PRELAP:

WALTER (V.O.)

In '72, during Vietnam, the DOD's biochem division had us working on a leprotic contagion for possible use against the Vietcong...

INT. LAB - NIGHT - LATER

Walter paces, his mind spinning in overdrive -- explains his test results to an anxious Olivia and still skeptical Peter:

WALTER

Trick was it's short shelf life - it self-immolated after peaking at its most toxic level.

OLIVIA

Meaning it leaves no trace it was ever there?

WALTER

The idea was to prevent collateral damage outside of enemy targets. It's impossible that whatever affected that plane was derived from our work -- I'll have to do more analysis before I can establish definitive causality.

OLIVIA

What about John?

WALTER

What's infecting him isn't a virus, or for that matter, any other kind of organism-- it's merely a chemical reaction. Which means we can synthesize a counter-agent.

OLIVIA

So you can help him?

PETER

Hey-- wait a minute-- don't give her false hope, that's--

WALTER

-- not false, there's no false, it's real. I could help, yes, if I had a precise inventory of what was in that storage facility when it detonated, then I can measure the

quantities of--

OLIVIA

We don't have that. It all went up -- everything. And the suspect - who may have those answers -- got away. And John's the only one who saw his face.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

(beat)

How long does he have left?

WALTER

...at the current rate of crystallization, cellular degradation, the slowing of his natural hematop--

OLIVIA

(she SNAPS)

HOW LONG.

WALTER

24 hours. His brain will no longer be able to oxygenate itself.

That lands on her, CRUSHING her. Walter, despite the impassive outward appearance, does his best to console...

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'm...I'm so sorry. That I can't offer you a solution that doesn't risk your life.

Olivia nods, stares off. Then as if just hearing that:

OLIVIA

...what do you mean?

WALTER

...didn't I mention it?

OLIVIA

-- no.

WALTER

Oh: the shared dream state. Synaptic transfer system-- were you not listening?

PETER

Whatever you think you said, you didn't say.

OLIVIA

What d'you mean shared dreams state?

WALTER

The human brain generates a quantifiable, measurable electric field.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I posited, in 1976, bicentennial year, that it's possible to synchronize fields from two distinct minds, and allow the sharing of information across an unconscious state. Like a string between two tin cans.

PETER

(to Olivia)

And what's great about that is that it's insane.

WALTER

There's precedence for this: the Egyptian papyrus of Deral-Madineh, dating back to 2000BC, holds stories of pharaohs using dreams to communicate with each other.

PETER

And did you guys see Goonies? That was also good.

OLIVIA

You're saying I could talk to John. While he's in a coma-- he might be able to tell me what the suspect looks like?

WALTER

Oh-- more than that: you could--

(to Peter)

-- this isn't an exact science--

(back to Olivia)

-- have access to his memories themselves.

PETER

(sarcastic seriousness)

Of Course, no of course not--

Assuming there's no extensive
brain damage. Of course,
you'd have to be severely
drugged, have an
electromagnetic probe
inserted at the base of your
skull and float without
clothes in the old tank.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Have you done this before?

WALTER

I...think so. I mean yes, but
years ago-- it's...

WALTER (CONT'D)

(smiles)

...foggy. Actually, I used this
technique to extract information
from a corpse. You can do that, as
long as they're not dead longer
than six hours.

PETER

Yeah, after six hours, they're
really dead.

OLIVIA

And you could do this with me?

WALTER

Which.

OLIVIA

This whole thing-- talk to John--
see his memories--

WALTER

Of course he'd need to be brought
here to the lab, kept on ice--

OLIVIA

So what drugs?

WALTER

Psychotropics. Mix of Serotonin,
Neurontin, Lithium Carbonate,
Lysurgic Acid Diethylamide--

PETER
 (this is fucked up)
 That's LSD-- the last one? LSD.

WALTER
 That'll take at least a few hours--
 (to Peter)
 I'd need your help to synthesize
 it. It it's not too much trouble.

PETER
 No, that would be fun.
 (to Olivia)
 The man who was in the mental
 institution wants to give you an
 overdose, stick a metal rod in your
 head then put you naked into a
 rusty tank of water.

WALTER
 Oh no, I don't want to, heavens,
 I'd rather not. I'm just saying.
 I can.

Olivia looks off -- fucking considering it -- Peter tries
 desperately to remain rational:

PETER
Olivia. Excuse me. You're clearly
 under sever duress-- you haven't
 slept since Iraq, you're dealing
 with the fact the man you care
 about might die, but I am TELLING
you, with all due respect to my
 father's potential brilliance--
 (STABS a finger at Walter)
 --that man is gonna kill you.

WALTER
 You don't understand the procedure.

Peter just starts WHISTLING "Row Row Row Your Boat".

WALTER (CONT'D)
 Yes! Like that-- exactly!

PETER
 What the hell would make you even
consider doing something so stupid?

A beat -- the she looks straight at Peter.

OLIVIA
 Knowing John would do it for me.
 (to Walter)
 Set it up. I'll get DHS
 authorization to move John.

WALTER
 Excellent.

PETER
 No! I'm not helping-- I'm out.

OLIVIA
 Refuse to cooperate and I'll cite you for
 obstruction of justice.

PETER
For refusing to cook LSD for a
 Federal Agent?! Somehow I don't
 think that one's gonna stick.

OLIVIA
 (holds up her cell)
 Let's call Fat Eddie. Huh?

PETER
Big Eddie. And I told you that in
 confidence

OLIVIA
 And let's keep it between us, okay?

PETER
 This is insane. And so is he. And
 so are you.

Peter turns and walks away -- as Charlie enters behind him --

CHARLIE
 Warren, you got a minute?
 (she moves to him)
 You're on the next puddle-jumper to
 New York -- heard back from Bell's
 Office -- he's out of the country.
 But Nina Cord, his CEP, said she's
 happy to talk to you.

OLIVIA
 Happy? Really?

CHARLIE

There's a cow. What's going on here?

WALTER

We're about to make LSD.

OLIVIA

Don't listen to him.

As she turns Charlie away, she shoots Walter a "shhh!" look as the cow MOOS.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. PROMETHEUS CORP. - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A TAXI pulls up to a glass and steel world headquarters building, past 3D LETTERS WHICH READ, "NEW YORK CITY". Olivia gets out of the cab, passes the company logo etched massively in granite.

INT. HOSPITAL - QUARANTINE AREA - DAY

The HERMETICALLY-SEALED HATCH closes on a CRYP-TRANSPORT TUBE, through a small portal window we see JOHN'S FACE -- the translucent flesh, muscles and veins pronounced -- he's almost looking like a fucking VISIBLE MAN MODEL KIT -- the frost on the glass making it even eerier to see. MED-TECHS wheel the tube down a corridor, like a gurney...toward a waiting MEDICAL TRANSPORT VEHICLE.

INT. PROMETHEUS CORP. - CORRIDOR - DAY

We TRACK WITH OLIVIA as she heads down the hall -- passing FRAMED PROMETHEUS CORPORATION IMAGES on the wall. Appliances, Aviation, Electrical Distribution, Finance, Healthcare, Lighting, Oil and Gas, Security, Water -- this company does FUCKING EVERYTHING.

INT. LAB - DAY

As the Med-Techs roll John in the cryo-tube into the lab, Peter helping with placement --

PETER

I guess over here -- Uh -- Walter,
this okay?

Peter looks over to Walter, who mixes solutions, burns chemicals on a Bunsen, prepping the LSD.

WALTER

Yesyes, good. And son. You can
call me Mom.

Walter goes back to work. Peter shakes his head. Astrid, meanwhile fills the massive isolation tank with water from a hose. She also pours in a box of EPSOM SALTS.

ASTRID

The whole box, Doctor, you're sure?

WALTER

Yes, dear, I'm sure.

Peter thanks the Med-Techs, who leaves -- Peter moves back to Walter's side -- Walter give him more chemicals to burn --

WALTER (CONT'D)

I feel normal. Working.

PETER

Yeah, bootlegging smack in the basement really is the picture of normalcy.

As he keeps mixing a chemical in a test tube, Walter leans closer, analyzing his son's face -- it's unnerving:

WALTER

I'd like to check your blood pressure.

PETER

(edgy)

My blood pressure's fine, check your own blood pressure.

WALTER

Your flesh tone suggests you're suffering from arterial hypertension.

He reaches out to touch Peter, who kind of snaps away, kneejerk defensive:

PETER

Hey: don't tell me what I'm suffering from - and there are no visible symptoms of hypertension --

Walter has been pouring chemicals -- which suddenly IGNITE - a large FIRE ERUPTS -- Astrid blurts a scream -- Walter's LAB COAT IS ON FIRE -- Peter quickly grabs Astrid's HOSE and DOUSES Walter's chest, putting the fire out.

Walter falls to the floor -- heart pounding, afraid -- breathing heavily -- and Peter is suddenly forced to comfort the man:

PETER (CONT'D)

-- hey -- pop-- it's okay. Listen,
you're fine, it was nothing--

WALTER

--that was careless-- bad form--

62

PETER

--and I put it out and you're
okay.

WALTER

-- I wasn't-- I didn't see--

PETER

Hey: it's okay. I'm here.

WALTER

That could've-- been worse-- I'm so
sorry -- so sorry -- so sorry -- so
sorry...

And in this odd, heartbreaking moment, Peter is reminded just how damaged -- how vulnerable and prepared for the world - his father truly is. And he couldn't be less comfortable about it.

PETER

It's ok -- it's okay, pop. You're
okay.

INT. NINA CORD'S OFFICE - DAY

An ASSISTANT shows Olivia into the impressive cold office:

OLIVIA

Thank you for seeing me.

-- and she's greeted by 66 year-old NINA CORD. Elegant, sophisticated, brilliant and about as warm as a milk shake in an igloo. They shake hands.

NINA

Not at all. Dr. Bell is back from
Reykjavik next week-- perhaps I can
help you in the meantime?

They sit before floor-to-ceiling views of the City.

OLIVIA

We've been looking at the work of Dr. Walter Bishop. A researcher who was at Harvard at the t--

NINA

Yes, I know of Bishop. A contemporary of Dr. Bell's.

OLIVIA

It seems that certain recent events -- unexplained phenomena, including what happened aboard Flight 627 -- might be traced back to his work.

NINA

Dr. Bishop's.

OLIVIA

That's right. When asked if anyone else has access to his studies, Dr. Bishop mentioned the founder of this company.

NINA

I know they shared a lab space in the 70's.

OLIVIA

Until 1983, actually. We're wondering if Prometheus might be researching some of these technologies.

She holds out a file -- Nina takes it. Starts reading. Poker face.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And if so, we were hoping you might cooperate with us. Identify employees who have access.

NINA

You're suggesting William Bell stole intellectual property from Bishop?

OLIVIA

I'm suggesting that, since they had a common workspace, the focus of their research might have been analogous. Mutually-influenced.

After a beat of reading, Nina closes the file, hands it back.

NINA

Unfortunately, I'm not at liberty to discuss our companies, their research or employees. The security of our proprietary information is a very real concern to us.

OLIVIA

Certainly. As I'm sure is national security. Can you tell me if any employees have in the recent past been dismissed because of suspicion of espionage of any kind?

NINA

Unfortunately I'm not at liberty to discuss our companies, their research or our employees.

Uh...no, Olivia doesn't like her.

OLIVIA

How long have you worked at Prometheus, Ms. Cord?

NINA

Sixteen years.

OLIVIA

And you...still enjoy it.

NINA

I owe Prometheus my life. And that's no exaggeration.

OLIVIA

...how so?

NINA

I was a runner, for most of my life. Always had been. During the '97 Boston Marathon, I felt strangely tired. Had a pain in my upper back that I'd never had. I assumed it was just another pleasure of advancing age -- until one morning at the office -- our

building at the time was in Charlestown -- Dr. Bell saw that I was in discomfort and insisted I go for a CAT scan. Which revealed stage three cancer, two metastases.

(beat)

The cancer had spread so severely that I had to have my right arm amputated what week.

Olivia's confused eyes dart in Nina's right arm -- and hand, which she just shook.

Nina sees this -- reaches into her jacket sleeve and pulls out the thin, flesh-colored SILICONE SKIN that covers something remarkable: A COMPLETELY ROBOTIC HUMAN ARM AND HAND. It's skin is translucent; the mechanics clearly visible inside; little GYROS turning, it's sort of the most amazing thing you've ever seen.

NINA (CONT'D)

That first scanner that found my cancer was built by this company. The robotic-assist tools used in my surgery and the drugs I took afterward were developed and manufactured by Prometheus. And my replacement limb...

Nina lifts both her real and fake translucent hand and wiggles all fingers. It's uncanny.

NINA (CONT'D)

...was designed by Bell himself.

OLIVIA

(astonished)

I shook your hand, I couldn't tell.

NINA

Prometheus is a more remarkable place than you know. Unfortunately, given our non-disclosure policy...I'm not allowed to explain why.

Olivia looks at Nina -- her pro smile -- and just doesn't fucking trust her. Then her phone rings -- she answers it:

OLIVIA

Agent Warren.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LAB - DAY

Walter in the background, Peter, sardonic, is on the phone:

PETER

Honey, your drugs are ready.

OLIVIA

On my way.

She hangs up. Looks at Nina.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Thanks again for your time.

Nina extends her robotically-exposed hand. Olivia shakes it. A FIRM SHAKE. Their eyes meet. Oddly steely.

INT. LAB - DAY

INTENSE MUSIC PLAYS as we barely see the muscle-and-veins John through the frosted plastic of the cryo-tent--needless to say, looking worse than ever. THERE ARE NOW SENSORS ATTACHED ALL OVER HIS FACE AND BODY -- AND A THICK CABLE RUNNING FROM SOMEWHERE AT THE BACK OF HIS NECK.

Astride sits on a table, eating from a bag of chips. Like it's a show -- and what she sees is Walter, preparing various SYRINGES -- each with a different color drug. Peter recalibrates two HIGH VOLTAGE PULSE GENERATORS, BIORHYTHM SENSORS, HEART and VIDEO MONITORS. Unlike the digital, wireless age outside these walls, in here wires snake everywhere, Peter glances at Olivia disapprovingly as she enters, wearing a robe and looking pensive. Walter moves to Olivia, holding a tangle of SENSORS on wires.

WALTER

This may be a silly question. In fact, I may have already asked you. But you're aware of how serious this is. The real risks involved.

OLIVIA

...yes, I understand. And yeah, we had that conversation.

WALTER

Oh, okay. Sorry. I need to place these.

Still sitting, Olivia opens her robe. She wears a bikini, red floral patter. Some bruises from the storage units accident. While Walter is all-business, Olivia catches Peter sneaking a look. Self-consciously:

OLIVIA
I bought it for the Caribbean. We never went, though. So...

Peter forces a smile -- an odd, intimate moment that sort of embarrasses them both. Walter places the sensors on her chest, her stomach, her legs. Then takes a SYRINGE and moves behind her:

WALTER
Tilt your head forward please --

Olivia's neck touches her chest. Walter finds a place at the nape of her neck -- tests it with his fingers -- spreads the skin--

WALTER (CONT'D)
I'm giving you some anesthetic.

OLIVIA
--okay--

PETER
--this is asinine.

He INJECTS her twice in the area, which stings a little.

Then Walter picks up the PROBE he'd mentioned -- which is like two inch-and-a-half long NEEDLE THIN PINS connected at the center by a metal bar. Wires feed from it to the pulse generators. Walter moves behind her, ready to "install" the probe--

PETER (CONT'D)
You don't have to do this.

She stares at him -- but then she nods at Walter --- who carefully SHOVES THE PROBE INTO AND UNDER HER SKIN -- all the way in. It hurts only a little -- more pressure than pain.

Walter makes an adjustment to the generator -- checks the vital signs. All good. He moves to the tank and opens the door -- A LOUD, LONG CREAK. It's like a giant, dark metal shoebox, with a large hinged door. There's a BENCH inside, which Walter and Peter help Olivia climb into, and sit on.

Walter takes the two remaining syringes. The drugs. He

turns her left arm over, wraps a rubber tube around her upper arm...taps a vein..

WALTER

Have you ever tripped before?

OLIVIA

(slightly defensive)

I went to college.

WALTER

Which college?

OLIVIA

Maine State.

WALTER

No, you've never tripped. Not like this.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I have other drugs to counter-act what I'm administering. Help you come down faster. If your vitals start to spike, we'll pull you out. I can't promise you what's gonna happen...but at least it should be interesting.

Nervous but determined, she nods. Walter takes on syringe and injects her.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You should start to feel very relaxed, very shortly.

Then -- another syringe --

WALTER (CONT'D)

And this...will rip open your consciousness.

He injects it. Peter doesn't like this at all. Olivia then gets into the epsom-salt-laden water. She's in there. Lying down, wires and probes stuck on and in her. Walter looks at her, now upside down for her.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Listen. In case you don't come back. I just want to say, before we do this, that I so appreciate what you've done.

OLIVIA
(drowsy already)
...what's that?

WALTER
...there are many things you lose
in a place like that. The hospital
where I've been.
(beat)
You lose being trusted.
(beat)
It's strange how important that is,
once it's gone.

On Peter, watching this vulnerable moment from his insane
father. Finally, a small shrug from Walter. And he closes the
hatch, TAKING US TO BLACK.

END ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

INT. LAB - DAY

RESUME: Olivia's just gone into the tank. Peter watches at the controls -- VIDEO IMAGES of her face and full body can be seen. Walter works controls on one of the generators. A SINE WAVE is seen on its oscilloscope, moving across the screen again and again. Under this, the name, written on WHITE TAPE: "OLIVIA". Walter looks back to Astrid --

WALTER

If you want to watch, you can come closer --- who are you again -- do you work here?

ASTRID

(moves forward)

Yeah, I'm Astrid Farnsworth, remember? Junior Special Agent with the FBI?

WALTER

I don't remember at all, but hello, hi, I'm Walter, uh...

And he's forgotten.

PETER

Bishop. You're Walter Bishop.
-- don't mention it.

WALTER

-- Bishop. Yes. Thank you.

Walter starts up the other generator. On WHITE TAPE: "JOHN". Another sine wave.

WALTER (CONT'D)

See, this is her brain rhythm. More important than people know regarding cerebral regional interaction. Critical-- massively important.

(other generator)

And this is his. Over time, as the narcotics take effect, the probes will coax their rhythms into sync - and the electrical signals from both -- that's what our brains are electrical routers -- should be able to be interpreted by the other.

PETER

See? It's easy, like making taffy.

Astrid smiles. And if we haven't noticed, she's sort of a stunner

Walter turns on a monitor between the generators -- another screen, showing BOTH sine waves, hers and his, in RED and GREEN. Out of sync. Walter stares at the screens.

WALTER

These are both of their rhythms - when they're in sync...they should be in the same place. So to speak.

PETER

...so...now what?

WALTER

Now? Chicken salad.

PETER

...what?

WALTER

(to Astrid)

Would you be a doll? Chicken salad sandwich, no raisins? Wheat bread? Pickles?

Astrid

Yeah, I'll call that in--

(to Peter)

--anything for you?

PETER

An escape hatch?

She smiles and goes off to make the call. Walter, at a whisper to Peter:

WALTER

Now we wait.

Peter watches, pensive. MUSIC SWELLS and we DISSOLVE TO:

OLIVIA

Floating, eyes closed. The muffled WATER NOISES churning as we PUSH IN on her face...

DISSOLVE TO:

JOHN

Lying there unconscious, his face now a horrific image of
BRAIN, BONE and MUSCLE...

DISSOLVE TO:

WALTER

Writing on the PAPER PRINT OUT of their vital signs. Then he
brings a chicken salad sandwich to his mouth, taking a big
bite. He looks over: the monitor with BOTH of their brain
waves markedly MORE IN SYNC...

DISSOLVE TO:

Peter

Walking around John, in his refrigerated containment
tent...looking in...then he turns, peaks into the TANK, concerned...
sees Olivia, lying there...

DISSOLVE TO:

OLIVIA

TIGHT on her face... hold on it... then suddenly her MOUTH
OPENS -- a quick INHALE -- SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DREAMSCAPE - JUNK YARD - DAY

Olivia stands in the middle of a junkyard. She looks around,
confused -- turns her head --

INT. TANK - DAY

Olivia turns her head -- as if having a most vivid dream --

INT. LAB - DAY

Walter sits up -- machine beeps -- Peter and Astrid look on,
curious --

PETER

What's happening?

WALTER

Ooo, look, she's having an episode.

Walter goes over to the VITALS -- checks -- he's happy:

WALTER (CONT'D)
 Blood pressure and heart good.
 (glances at the sync
 monitor)
 ...should be any minute.

INT. DREAMSCAPE -- JUNK YARD -- DAY

Back to Olivia -- walking through the space, lost. She's wide-eyed, amazed. She calls out:

OLIVIA
 Hello?! I think I'm here--!

INT. TANK - DAY

-- Olivia, unconscious, in a drugged state -- whispers:

OLIVIA
 -- I'm here--

INT. LAB - DAY

Walter quickly circles an area of the vital signs tracking paper -- hits a button that BEEPS -- beginning to record the brainwaves -- which are now perfectly aligned on the monitor.

WALTER
 Looklooklook, almost in sync.

INT. DREAMSCAPE - JUNK YARD - DAY

Olivia moves through the junk yard -- calling out:

OLIVIA
 John?! ...John?!

She turns -- JUMP CUTS -- turns, looking, searching -- and a SHAPE MOVES behind her -- she turns -- no one is there. But she feels like something just moved behind that massive pile of trash.

Another part of the junk yard -- Olivia appears from behind a huge mound of junk -- walking through -- passing a beautiful red cedar WOODEN KAYAK -- fucking FLOATING in the air, ten feet above the ground. She stares at it, amazed, as she walks past. She says, to no one:

OLIVIA (CONT'D_)
 -- I know this... that was my

uncle's kayak. Why is that here?

INT. TANK - DAY

Olivia -- in a dream-state -- whispers --

OLIVIA

--why--?

INT. DREAMSCAPE - JUNK YARD - DAY

Another SHAPE moves -- disappears behind trash --

OLIVIA

JOHN! Is that you?!

JOHN (O.S.)

Olivia--?

-- she GASPS and turns--

INT. TANK - DAY

Olivia's body quickly twists, SPLASHING--

INT. LAB - DAY

Peter stands -- machines BEEPING --

PETER

Is she okay--? What's happening?

Walter turns off the machines --

WALTER

--she's fine--
--she's fine---look--
they're together.

PETER

--you sure?

And the monitor with BOTH waveforms looks like just ONE.

INT. DREAMSCAPE - JUNK YARD - DAY

Olivia has turned -- breathing heavily -- and stares with tears in her eyes at...JOHN. Who stands there, in a suit, dark tie, looking handsome and confused.

JOHN

...I was thinking about you.

Olivia moves to him -- reaches out touches his face -- cries.

OLIVIA

--you're okay...

JOHN

Feels like I've been here for days,
you know? Where've you been?

-- and she KISSES HIM.

INT. LAB - DAY

-- machines BEEP again --

PETER

--what's that?

WALTER

Nothing.

Peter stares at the monitors. He moves to the tank, peeks into the window at her. Even more insane than the experiment...he can't be feeling...jealousy...can he?

Olivia, unconscious, smiles ---

INT. DREAMSCAPE - WHITELAND - DAY

The kiss finishes -- Olivia looks around -- they're in a TOTALLY WHITE space -- massive and bright -- she looks back at him--holding his face, emotional:

OLIVIA

John...you were hurt.

JOHN

I don't remember.

OLIVIA

Think. The storage units -- we were sent to investigate--

JOHN

--yes--but...what are you doing here? I'm feeling cold--

OLIVIA

I need you to remember. I need you to show me.

JOHN

--show you what?

OLIVIA

--what you saw. You told me you saw him, that you saw his face. I need you to show me his face.

JOHN

...why?

OLIVIA

(tears)

--so...so I can save you.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Please, try -- try and remember -- we were at the storage units.

JOHN

You kissed me there, like you did just now---

--amazingly, BEHIND HIM, filling the space, like a giant projected image -- is JOHN'S POV AS OLIVIA MOVED TO HIM -- AND KISSED HIM -- AND THEN IT ALL GOES BLACK AROUND THEM -- as his eyes closed during the kiss.

OLIVIA

--yes--

JOHN

--and we looked through the garbage. And I unlocked the door -- opened it--

Now--behind him--his POV as the door LOUDLY OPENS -- she COVERS HER EARS, it's so noisy -- and we see the labs --

OLIVIA

--yes! This is right---

--and Olivia's standing there, watching now--as if in front of a fucking IMAX SCREEN --John's POV, as he turns -- AND SEES TROUBLED!

And we're looking at it FROM BEHIND OLIVIA -- WHICH MAKES IT LOOK AS IF SHE IS THERE -- SEEING IT ALL HERSELF. Wind somehow blowing against her now, she watches with wide eyes --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

--I SEE HIM--

And now we're RUNNING through the facility -- a fast STEADICAM GLIDE, chasing after Troubled -- Olivia almost

losing her balance, feeling like she's free-falling, mouth open, overwhelmed -- and we see John's hand come up as he makes the call --

JOHN (O.S)
I've got a runner! He's heading
for the back!

And Olivia says -- AS WE ALSO HEAR HER SAY ON THE PHONE:

OLIVIA	OLIVIA'S VOICE
I'm on my way!	(filtered)
	I'm on my way!

-- and we TURN a corner, then another -- John AIMS HIS GUN AND FIRES -- HITTING TROUBLED IN THE SHOULDER! Olivia GASPS --

OLIVIA
--you shot him --

And then, as we're running -- as John's running, crazy fast, Olivia looks around for him -- where did he go?

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
-- John?!

And she turns, 360 degrees, back to the screen, just as the EXPLOSIONS HAPPEN - and John is suddenly OBLITERATED --

INT. TANK - DAY

Olivia GASPS WILDLY, eyes wide in terror --

OLIVIA
I SAW HIM!

INT. LAB - DAY

Peter and Astrid quickly pull Olivia out -- whose body is convulsing --

PETER	WALTER
--she's having a seizure!	-- hold her down!

And Walter injects her with another SYRINGE -- Astrid wraps her in a large towel, her heavy breathing continues--

ASTRID
--is she gonna die?

WALTER
Eventually.

Peter shoots Walter a look and Olivia's eyes stop rolling back
- they begin to focus - she's full of adrenaline --

OLIVIA

--I saw his face -- his face, I saw
him -- oh my God--

(crying now)

--I saw John get hurt...I was
there...I was there...

And Peter stares at her, dubious but also amazed...

END ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

FADE IN:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BOSTON - DAY

The situation room -- quick CIRCLING AROUND Olivia, pale and desperate, as she works urgently at a computer on a FACIAL COMPOSITE DEVELOPMENT program -- to recreate the face of the man she saw - and holy shit, is it close to Troubled --

A number of Agents stand around her -- including Charlie --

CHARLIE

--what the hell do you mean you
"saw him"? Where?

OLIVIA

--I told you not to ask me that.
This is him.
(to Agent #3)
This is the suspect we're looking
for -- he looks like this --

Agent #3 is already hustling to the his desk --

AGENT #3

-- send me the image!

Olivia hits buttons -- BAM, the image appears on Agent #3's screen -- he types, fast. Quietly:

CHARLIE

You look like crap -- have you
slept?

OLIVIA

I am not crazy. I saw him. I saw
the whole thing.

But hell -- as she looks into Charlie's eyes, she sure sounds nuts. Looks it too.

AGENT #3

No primary matches for criminal
record --

OLIVIA

Cross-check all states' drivers
license files!

AGENT #3

On it, checking!

OLIVIA

-- and send that image to all local hospitals, that man was wounded - shot in the right shoulder!

But Agent #4, standing by Olivia's computer, having stared at the screen since she finished the image, says:

AGENT #4

--I've seen him before. I know him.

Olivia turns to him - galvanized --

OLIVIA

--where?

It takes him a moment. And then, as if he doesn't believe it himself, he hurries across the room, to the IMAGES AND FILES OF ALL THE PASSENGERS ON THE PLANE -- he RIPS one off the wall. Looks at it as he moves to Olivia and hands it to her.

The PASSPORT PHOTO AND FILE OF TROUBLED. She goes white.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

-- oh my God, this is him.

AGENT #4

He was a passenger. That man was on Flight 627.

And her mind -- as our had --tumbles --

OLIVIA

...I don't understand...

CHARLIE

He couldn't have been at the storage place. Maybe y--

OLIVIA

--Charlie, I saw him there.

He looks at her, sympathetic, but dubious. Kindly:

CHARLIE

I think you need some sleep.

And in a moment when Olivia thinks maybe she just might be going crazy -- tears come to her eyes --

CHARLIE
-- why don't you come to the house. Kathy'll make up the guest room, you can stay there while--

OLIVIA
--no--no...nonono...I swear to God, I saw him...I saw him there..

AGENT #3 pipes up:

AGENT #3
Hold on guys -- Morgan Stenson of Steeltown, Pennsylvania, forty-four years old, has one sibling--

Agent #3 moves to a laser printer, just finishing printing a page - he pulls it out, holds it up--

AGENT #3 (CONT'D)
Richard Stenson.

Holy shit, it's a different photo...OF THE SAME MAN. Or is it?

OLIVIA
--he has a twin?

AGENT #3
Six minutes older.

Olivia stands --re-energized -- on her game, to the room:

OLIVIA
-- so this cements the connection to the plane ---

CHARLIE
But what is the connection?

OLIVIA
-- that's right: Richard Stenson sets up labs in the storage yard - we don't know what the hell he's working on, why or for whom- I need a work and education history!

AGENT #3
--pulling it up--

OLIVIA

Whatever he's doing, it's about as dangerous as it gets. His brother was obviously a trigger. But how? Was he in on it? Or was he set up?

(something occurs to her)

--do you have medical history?

AGENT #3

--yeah--

OLIVIA

--tell me Morgan Stenson wasn't a diabetic.

AGENT #3

(reading)

...uh, no, I can't do that...

how'd you know: type-2 diabetic--

OLIVIA

There was an insulin pen found in the aisle of that plane -- was any insulin residue found?

CHARLIE

(checking files)

--I don't think there was--

OLIVIA

So theoretically: say Richard Stenson spiked his brother's syringe. Dr. Bishop mentioned that he'd worked on self-eradicating airborne toxins - designed not to leave any trace once the targets have been infected.

CHARLIE

With what?

OLIVIA

We need to ask Richard Stenson that, don't we?

(to Agent #3)

Where's his file?

AGENT #3

(indicates the printer)

Hot off the press---

--she GRABS the page that's just coming out. Reads it. Cannot fucking believe what she sees.

CHARLIE

--what?

As she heads out, handing the paper to him, she says:

OLIVIA

Richard Stenson's last employer

CHARLIE

--what--who?

But Olivia is gone -- and CHARLIE looks at the page and:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

...you're kidding me.

INT. PROMETHEUS CORP. - CORRIDOR - DAY

Olivia walks fiercely down the corridor -- PRE-LAP:

OLIVIA (V.O.)

This is our suspect. I want
everything you've got on him.

INT. NINA CORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Nina Cord holds a photo of Richard Stenson. She obviously recognizes the guy. Olivia is here - and Nina's ASSISTANT, near the door.

OLIVIA

You want me get a court order?
Or do you want to talk?

A beat -- then, to her Assistant:

NINA

Bring me your files on Richard
Stenson.

Assistant nods, heads out as Nina says to Olivia -- warmer, as if in confidence:

NINA (CONT'D)

I want to apologies for our last
meeting. I wasn't sure I could
trust you before. Now I know I
can.

OLIVIA

...meaning what. You did
background on me?

NINA

(beat, sincere)

I especially appreciate what you
did at Quantico. Putting those
three captains behind bars was the
best thing that could've happened
to the US Marines.

Olivia is quietly stunned to find an ally in this odd, cold
woman with one arm.

OLIVIA

...thank you.

NINA

The man you're looking for was an
employee for two years in our
weapons systems research lab. He
was fired three months ago after he
tried to leave the premises with
certain classified materials. Our
investigators concluded that damage
to Prometheus was minimal...but that
Mr. Stenson may be part of The
Pattern. Which would be consistent
with your suspicions.

OLIVIA

...I'm sorry, you said part of the
pattern -- what pattern?

(off Nina's look)

--did I miss something?

NINA

I assumed you have clearances...

OLIVIA

(beat, unsettled)

...clearances for what...?

Nina stares, debates telling her. Then:

NINA

Suffice to say, we've reached a
point where science and technology
have advanced at an exponential
rate for so long...that it is far

beyond our ability to regulate and control them.

(beat)

You should know what you're getting into, Ms. Warren. I would say the same thing to my daughter. To my granddaughter. Be careful.

Olivia is struck by this warning. Then, to punctuate the moment, Nina's Assistant enters, hands Nina a FILE. Nina takes it, glances at it, and hands it to Olivia.

NINA (CONT'D)

Everything we have on Richard Stenson.

NINA (CONT'D)

(then knowing she'll need it)
Good luck.

And OFF OLIVIA we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT EIGHT

ACT NINE

INT. LAB - DAY

--SPONGE BOB SQUARE PANTS on TV in the lab. Walter watches, loving it. Astrid too. Peter is also here, resenting the whole thing.

WALTER

And this is a show...for children?

ASTRID

Yeah. It's huge.

WALTER

It's surprisingly profound. For a narrative about a sponge.

(to Peter)

Wouldn't you say?

Before he can answer the PHONE RINGS, Peter answers merrily:

PETER

Crazy house.

INT. SEDAN - INTERCUTTING

Olivia drives at 90 mph -- talks into her headset as she WEAVES between curs:

OLIVIA

I just landed at Logan and I'm on my way to you -- I think we've located our suspect.

PETER

--wait, what do you mean? You didn't find him, did you? The guy you saw in the dream you had?

Astrid turns off the TV -- Peter glances over at Walter, who just SMILES at him like he cat who ate the canary.

OLIVIA

I'm picking you both up -- I'll need your father there to question him, get whatever information he needs so he can make the cure for John -- and I'll need you there too, in case your father's...you know --

PETER

-- say no more.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON TENEMENT - DAY

BOOM DOWN a row of tenements -- past 3D LETTERS WHICH READ "SOUTH BOSTON" -- to a particularly shoddy one as a Flak-jacketed SWAT TEAM silently secures the perimeter, fanning out --

Peter and Walter sit in the back of Olivia's car. Peter looks at the FILE of Stenson -- company PHOTO, etc...Then he notices that Walter seems particularly uncomfortable watching the police activity.

PETER

What. You okay?

He shakes his head a bit. Vulnerable.

WALTER

Reminds me...

(then staring off, shakes his head)

...nothing.

Peter realizes: must be the night he was arrested. The fire. A beat, then he looks back to the team --

VARIOUS SHOTS of Team Members snaking through bushes, around corners -- cordoning off the apartment - moving up to the front door.

TIGHT ON OLIVIA who lands next to the doorframe, back to the wall, gun drawn. TEAM LEADER gives the "go" and:

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Dark, dilapidated - the team BURSTS IN shouting "FEDERAL AGENTS!!!" -- Olivia and three Team Members through the main door, four others through the back -- VARIOUS SHOTS of DIFFERENT ROOMS in the apartment as the Team Members move through it, gun muzzles panning -- we STAY CLOSE WITH OLIVIA, ready for anything, tense as all hell -- and one by one, as every room's breached, we hear the refrain:

TEAM MEMBERS

CLEAR! / CLEAR! / CLEAR! / CLEAR!

She moves through the house, pissed, searching -- nothing -- clearly, the guy's not here -- she STOPS -- NOTICES something:

The RUG underfoot. A DISTURBED DUST PERIMETER, like the rug was just moved -- she crouches, YANKS back the rug, revealing A CELLAR DOOR -- SIGNALS to the Team Leader: DOWN THERE.

The Agents converge, weapons back up, Team Leader flips on a MAGLITE as a Team Member RIPS BACK the door -- the agents STORM DOWN into:

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

The Team DESCENDS, flashlights sweeping, the cellar's FILLED WITH CHEMICAL EQUIPMENT -- EMPTY -- but the storm window's been OPENED --

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Walter and Peter, alone. Peter watching outside, anxious.

WALTER

Thank you for before. Putting me out. When I was on fire.

PETER

(I don't want to be here)
My pleasure.

WALTER

(beat)
It's good to see you again.

Peter look at him, not giving an inch. Then he sees, past Walter: STENSON emerge from a below-ground FLIGHT OF STAIRS -- Peter recognizes his FACE -- THROWS the car door open, starts to MOVE, SHOUTING:

PETER

THE ALLEY! HE'S IN THE ALLEY!

Stenson TURNS -- MEETS EYES WITH Peter -- then RUNS around a corner, down an alley - and fuck, Peter can't let him go so, as he gets out, quickly, to Walter"

PETER (CONT'D)

--YOU STAY RIGHT THERE, YOU
HEAR ME?!

--NO!!! NO, YOU STAY
THERE!!!

WALTER

--what--I can't--can I
leave the car?

And Peter SPRINTS after Stenson -- finally the SWAT team's following too, IN PURSUIT -- OLIVIA sees Peter round a corner -
- SHIT--she runs:

A BREATHLESS FOOT CHASE, IMMEDIATE, HANDHELD AND FRENETIC:
Peter and STENSON -- RUNNING ALL OUT -- pelting down the alley,
breathing hard, each in overdrive -- Stenson looks back -- sees
Peter behind him, gaining--

Ahead of them a BLACK AND WHITE swings into the alley --
Stenson hangs a hard left and CRASHES through a wooden gate --
Peter whips through the gate a second later, crossing a
cluttered BACKYARD -- RUNNING, tripping through toys, a swing
set, through a HEDGE and RUNNING LIKE MAD through the narrow
gap between tenements -- they emerge onto a street --

Ahead, a MAN on a BIKE, pulling up to the sidewalk -- Stenson
dodges but HURLS bike-man aside, sending him RIGHT INTO Peter -
- the two of them CRASHING, rolling to the pavement, Peter's
face contorted with pain and just when it looks like Stenson's
gonna get away --

OLIVIA SNAPS INTO FRAME, running full-tilt boogie, she's been
FOLLOWING THEM, suddenly the chase becomes HERS -- Stenson
races toward a TRACT HOUSE across the street -- she pulls her
gun as Stenson runs past a MAN picking up his mail -- RACES
THROUGH HIS FRONT DOOR:

INSIDE THE HOUSE: Olivia chases -- a WOMAN doing laundry
SCREAMS as they blast past her, knocking her flying -
through the KITCHEN - KIDS at the table SCREAM TOO as
furniture crashes everywhere -- Stenson SLAMS right through
the back screen door, RIPPING IT off its hinges -- and JESUS,
we're still following them across the BACKYARD where --

A SNARLING DOBERMAN IS SUDDENLY BOLTING AFTER THEM -- gaining -
- a FENCE ahead -- Stenson's the first OVER IT -- Olivia
follows a second later but the DOG has TORE into her leg, she
YELLS IN AGONY but manages to kick free of the dog and pulls
herself over the fence, ANKLE BLOODIED -- drops with a THUD
on the other side just as she looks up to see Peter APPEAR
OUT OF NOWHERE, TACKLING STENSON HARD -- SLAMMING HIM TO THE
OILY CONCRETE - DOGS BARKING, JUMPING behind nearby fences -
a furious Peter gets the upper hand, PUNCHING STENSON HARD -
AGAIN AND AGAIN -- an adrenaline surge of strength and
Stenson's face BLEEDS for it -- but suddenly Olivia is THERE,
SLAMS her knee down on Stenson's chest and shoves her GUN
BARREL in his face -- out of breath:

OLIVIA

Hi there. We've got some questions
for you.

Off that we WHIP TO:

INT. LAB - DAY

BANG: the door flies open --- in rush Olivia, Peter and Walter -- disheveled, bloody, INSTANT OVERLAPPING -- Walter reading from the notes they took --

WALTER
The active toxin was a magnesium-based ethylene glycol--
 --a magnesium ethelyne glycol with an organophosphate trigger--
 --so--so you're saying what, we synthesize a calcium gluconate in a thiamine base?

--we can't. We'll need more Of his blood, and we have none.

PETER
 --no, I understand that -- you're not listening to me--
 ---Dad, stop: his blood won't be able to absorb it fast enough before the side-effects kill him.
 --yes.

OLIVIA
 That's not true: all agents are required to set up a backup blood supply in case we're wounded--

WALTER
 (gasps)
 -- that's brilliant-- good thinking.

OLIVIA
 It wasn't my idea.

PETER
 We create the antidote, dissolve it into Scott's stored blood, then transfuse it intravenously so his body's not overwhelmed.

WALTER
Autologous transfusion.
 (to Olivia)
 We'll need that blood --

OLIVIA
 I'm on it.

SCIENCE MONTAGE:

A staple of the show -- Walter -- with Peter's help -- use whatever tools and tricks of the trade are needed to build the device, create the compound or jerry-rig the machinery--

In this case they're FORMULATING THE ANTIDOTE FOR JOHN - which means our Fringe music PULSES as we DISSOLVE from Walter carefully measuring multi-colored CHEMICALS to Peter injecting them into TEST TUBES to Walter putting them, in a CENTRIFUGE to Peter hanging SALINE BAGS to Walter injecting the GREEN COMPOUND -- THE ANTIDOTE -- into the saline - Olivia enters with a stainless-steel COOLER -- opens it - BAGS OF BLOOD - and now Walter preps the BLOOD TRANSFUSION GEAR and Peter finds veins on John -- sliding in syringe--

And WE WATCH HIS CURRENT BLOOD LEAVE HIS BODY -- HIS NEW BLOOD ENTER...and on this, three faces waiting, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

Olivia sits on a bench in the shiny-tile hallway of the first floor of the building. Unknowing college students pass here and there. She sits here, heart heavy...in waiting. She turns: BROYLES is here. He moves to her, sits beside her. Says, with half-seriousness:

BROYLES

So I got the lab.

She can't help but smile a little too.

OLIVIA

Yeah, I know you did. Thank you.

He nods. Then:

BROYLES

How's it going downstairs?

OLIVIA

Bishop says it'll be a while. But it's actually looking "auspicious". That was his word.

And she sees he's staring at her.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

...what.

And when Broyles talks now...he's direct...but warm. Surprisingly engaged:

BROYLES

You've done some solid work here. Locating Bishop. Getting him out, finding a way to get him to work with you.

OLIVIA

His son found a way to get to him to work, not me. Brains run in the family.

BROYLES

But you found them. You did it. You've done more in six days than we have in months.

OLIVIA

...who's "we"?

And so he levels with her:

BROYLES

What happened on that plane might not be an isolated incident.

She's intrigued - as he pulls out a CLASSIFIED FOLDER. Opens it. There are PHOTOGRAPHS inside.

BROYLES (CONT'D)

Most of what I'm going to show you has not been made public.

He shows her one photo: DEAD CATTLE. Dozens of them.

BROYLES (CONT'D)

Last April outside Houston, two-hundred and six head of cattle were found dead. Autopsies revealed they were all missing lungs. No surgical marks. No signs of foul play.

Olivia is puzzled as Broyles pulls out another IMAGE: a MAN IN A HOSPITAL BED.

BROYLES (CONT'D)

In June, in a Paris hospital. A man who had been in a coma for six years began whispering one word,

over and over. "Dieu".

OLIVIA

"God".

Broyles pulls out ANOTHER IMAGE: another MAN in a hospital bed.

BROYLES

On the same day a comatose patient
in Lisbon was heard speaking for
the first time in a decade.

"Deus".

(another bed-ridden MAN)

Same day, Osaka: a comatose patient
starting chanting..."Kamisama".

TIGHT ON OLIVIA: what the fuck is going on?! Another IMAGE: a
happy-looking FAMILY.

BROYLES (CONT'D)

In August a family from Toronto
vanished while on a road trip to
the United States. Then, two hours
after they were last seen at a rest
stop...

Another IMAGE - POLICE PHOTOS OF BURN MARKS ON THE GROUND --
BURNED HUMAN REMAINS

BROYLES (CONT'D)

...these charred remains of four
people were found near Shanghai.
The dental records and wedding
ring matched those of the missing
couple.

As Broyles talks now, more IMAGES: a CORPSE which looks as if
it has been turned INSIDE OUT. A TREE, covered in LOCUSTS. A
CREATURE -- something - we don't know what --

BROYLES (CONT'D)

Needless to say. Strange things
are happening. You yourself have
been witness. You know.

(beat)

It is a new, real, and continuing
phenomenon: in the past nine months
there have been three-dozen authenticated
incidents like these.

"Anomalies".

OLIVIA

--there are no...explanations? No suspects? No claims of responsibility--?

BROYLES

An emergency session was called two months ago in Tokyo - the worlds' top scientific minds in research and technology.

BROYLES (CONT'D)

They met with us -- heads of state, security agencies. They were asked to review the evidence. Draw conclusions, make suggestions

(beat)

It was a room of very alarmed people. They named these events "The Pattern".

OLIVIA

(recalling Nina's use of the same word)

...The Pattern...

(beat, then:)

Why are you telling me all this?

BROYLES

Since May I've been heading up a Homeland task force called Fringe Division. We've been investigating these anomalies.

OLIVIA

That's why they assigned you to the Hamburg flight.

BROYLES

I want you to work for me. I want you as lead investigator --

OLIVIA

I have a job.

BROYLES

This is a better job.

OLIVIA

I like my job. And the man I do it with. As you seem to have deduced on your own.

BROYLES

Another two cases have come up
since Hamburg. Anomalies.

OLIVIA

(beat)

I feel for you.

BROYLES

I feel for all of us.

(beat, it's scary)

When I tell you what they are--?

OLIVIA

I don't want to know. Don't tell me.

(beat, real)

Mr. Broyles, I've been trained for
a lot. For everything, it feels
like. Battle. Hostage crisis.
Terror campaigns - suicide
bombers, chemical attacks...

(beat)

But what I've been seeing
recently...I don't know why
it should be any different. Why it
should affect me any more. But it
does.

(eyes well up, quietly:)

I'm scared. And I just want to go
back. To before.

BROYLES

I don't think you can--

OLIVIA

--I can.

(beat)

I can.

She snuffles -- stands -- starts to walk off, then turns back,
smiles:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Not that I'm not flattered.

Because I am. I should've said
thank you before.

(then)

Thank you.

And Broyles just watches her walk off. He's lost a good one.

INT. LAB - DAY

PUSH IN on John's face -- while there are still veins seen through his skin, he looks remarkably normal again -- and suddenly he INHALES -- and Walter moves to him -- gives him oxygen - calls out--

WALTER

He's up! He's waking up!

Peter, who was napping at the desk is startled awake -- he gets up - hurries across the lab--to the doors, calling out:

PETER

Olivia! Olivi--

--and she enters--

PETER (CONT'D)

--he's up, he's conscious --

And Olivia, full of hope and anticipation, races across the lab space, to John, whose eyes are just opening -- he's getting his bearings - but she's there -- tears in her eyes - touching his face -- saying quietly, sweetly:

OLIVIA

...John? Can you hear me, baby?

And Peter records that "unofficial" term.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

--John--?

And John's eyes focus on her beautiful face--he sees her. His voice weak, tears in his eyes too--

JOHN

...I had a dream...about you...

And she cries and kisses him, holding him so grateful. Peter watches this scene, incredulous. He glances at his father, who is literally crying at the reunion. And for the first time, Peter sees his father...as something of a hero.

FADE OUT.

END ACT NINE

ACT TEN

FADE IN:

INT. LAB - DAY - LATER

Perhaps an hour later, John is being wheeled out of the lab by two MED TECHS. Looking even healthier now, the trace of veins still receding under porcelain skin. Hey pass by Peter, who is on a cell, speaking Arabic:

PETER

I appreciate your patience, I
should be back by Thursday night --

He walks past Walter, who stands in the middle of the room, keeping a close eye on Peter. Pensive. And Olivia approaches, grinning, grateful...

OLIVIA

You're a miracle worker.

It takes Walter a moment to turn to her--

WALTER

Oh. Yes, nature has its kinder
moments

(then)

I was hoping you might...need me.
For another go. Another...something,
I don't know.

OLIVIA

They might. I think they would.

WALTER

But I'd need Peter. I don't think
I could do it without my son.

(beat)

And I suspect he wouldn't do it
without you.

That catches her off-guard; the fact she understand the subtext so instantaneously, and might even (in her deepest recesses) share the feeling it implies, is something she can't handle yet:

OLIVIA

What --what do you mean?

WALTER
 (beat, smiles)
 I'm not sure.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 (smile fades, long beat)
 ..what are we talking about?

OLIVIA
 I was ...just thank you.

WALTER
 No need.
 (then, quietly)
 I meant to ask you. If you've
 read my file...then you know the truth.
 About my son's...medical history.

And we see in her face now, whatever it is he's referring to, she does know, and it's troubling. Her eyes go to Peter across the lab, still on the phone. She just nods.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 If you'd like to thank me...you
 could do so by not telling him.
 Please.

Their look holds, and we don't know WHAT this is about, but in time we certainly will. For now, there's a silent acknowledgement that yes, it'll stay between them. She leans in, gives Walter a kiss on the cheek. She walks off...and he watches as she moves to his son.

ON OLIVIA AND Peter:

As she says good-bye:

OLIVIA
 Your job still waiting for you?

PETER
 You bet it is. Guys as brilliantly
 stupid as I am don't grow on trees.

OLIVIA
 Not in Baghdad they don't.

PETER
 No sir.

OLIVIA
Good luck with Big Eddie.

PETER
(beat)
Thanks.

And there's a moment, a look between them -- despite everything, he's actually come to like her. And she, him.

PETER (CONT'D)
This whole freak show went better than I thought it would. Thanks.

And their look HOLDS...

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Through a hospital room window, we see JOHN, recovering, speaking to a NURSE. He's got BANDAGES on parts of his face, like a burn victim whose skin is still healing. PULL BACK to find Olivia staring through the glass, DR. REYES beside her, still happily surprised:

DR. REYES
His vitals are surprisingly strong.

OLIVIA
How long does he have to stay?

DR. REYES
Until the melanocytes in his skin regenerate -- but that shouldn't be more than a week.
(smiles)
He owes you his life.

OLIVIA
We owe each other.

And as she looks back on John, her focus goes elsewhere:

OLIVIA
What room is Stenson in?

INT. HOSPITAL - SECURE WING - DAY

Olivia approaches Stenson's room, flashes a BADGGE to the posted DOOR OFFICER - enters:

INT. ROOM 407 - CONTINUOUS

Stenson's in bed, shoulder bandaged from John's gunshot, his wrists leather-strapped to the bed's side rails. She enters; cold, intimidating stare; he returns it, unfazed:

STENSON

I told the truth.

(beat)

Didn't I. I gave you the names of the synthetics I used in th--

OLIVIA

(hating this prick)

Don't worry, our immunity agreement holds, but there's a lot more we have to talk about -- like why you killed your own brother, and who you were selling your work to.

STENSON

Who says I was selling it?

OLIVIA

Right now I only need one thing: you got help from someone in our office, didn't you? We have phone records. The calls made to your pre-paid cell.

(beat)

Who were they from?

He takes a beat, something in his eyes...

STENSON

You've got it wrong: I wasn't working with anybody, I was being threatened. And if the calls came out of your office...I'm starting to wonder if you can really protect me.

She studies him: unsure if he's fucking with her.

OLIVIA

I'll remind you the death penalty's only off the table for your continued cooperation, Mr. Stenson.

STENSON

--you think I'm lying? I swear to God, I can prove it. I recorded the conversation.

OLIVIA

--where is the recording?

STENSON

At home. In my yard. I buried it
by the back steps...listen for
yourself.

Off Olivia, REACTING to this new, profound break--

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

Walter watches impassively as all the new equipment's moved
out; the old equipment re-taped. The cow too, is being readied
for transport...Walter stares at it, awkwardly pats its head...

WALTER

Research suggests bovines are...
gifted with advanced cognitive
abilities, and never forget a face.
(beat)

I hope you'll remember mine. Good
luck, Gene.

PETER (O.S.)

..."Gene?"

Walter turns; Peter, behind him, has been watching -- partly
amused, partly embarrassed, partly pitying.

WALTER

(as if to say "obviously")
Our genetic benefactress.

To that, Peter has to smile a little. Obviously. There's an
unspoken acknowledgement here of what comes next, and suddenly
Walter grows quietly, painfully desperate:

WALTER (CONT'D)

Please don't take me back. I don't
want to go back.

PETER

("don't do this to me")
Listen, um--Walter--

WALTER

You called me "pop" before.

PETER

And you asked me to all you "Mom".

WALTER
 --this experience: you woke
 me up again, you can't put me
 back to sleep--
 --whatever punishment you
 think I deserve, I swear I've
 already endured it--
seventeen years--

PETER
 --this was hardly my idea,
 none of it was--
 --STOP.

It gets very quiet.

WALTER
 ...please. Son.

And we see how much this hurts Peter too, that against every
 rational instinct, his heart's bleeding for this man. It's
 confusing, infuriating -- he doesn't want to connect:

PETER
 Maybe the truth is...if you'd been
 more of a father to me, I'd be a
 better son.
 (beat)
 That doesn't just mean staying...
 it means not getting into the kind
 of trouble I'm in already.
 (beat, simply)
 If I stay here, I die.
 (beat)
 I don't really have a choice.

And he moves off, leaving Walter standing there, heartsick.

INT. STENSON'S TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

The apartment's taped off, turned into a crime scene.
 FORENSICS TECHNICIANS bag evidence, dust for prints...Olivia
 moves through, heading toward the back stairs...

HARD CUT TO HER HANDS, DIGGING IN DIRT -- she's on her knees in
 the yard, scrounging for the taps. Digging, digging, until she
 comes across the corner of a PLASTIC ZIPLOC BAG -- pulls it out
 and holds it up: inside is THE MICROCASSETTE.

INT. HOSPITAL - JOHN'S ROOM - DAY

John, in bed, tries to sit up...still feeling weak...but forces
 himself into sitting position. Looks determinedly towards the
 door--

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY

The glove compartment POPS OPEN -- Olivia rummages through supplies, finds a MICROCASSETTE RECORDER. Focused, full of anticipation, she slips in the Microcassette, hits "PLAY"-- HEAVY STATIC -voice FILTERED -- SLOWLY PUSH IN on her as:

STENSON (V.O.)
--who is this?

VOICE (V.O.)
We had a purchase agreement.

STENSON (V.O.)
There have been other bidders.
Today--the airplane--was a
demonstration--

VOICE (V.O.)
You've drawn unwarranted attention -
- something we can't afford to be
connected with.
(beat)
I'll make this simple: you're not
selling to anyone else. You do
that and we will come after you--
I will come after you.

We're still PUSHING IN on Olivia -- CLOSER STILL, an ominous feeling overtaking her --

STENSON (V.O.)
...you're threatening me? Is that
wise. After seeing what I'm
willing to do to my own brother?

VOICE
Lemme assure you, we'd be happy to
treat you like family too.

AND BY NOW OLIVIA'S EYES FILL FRAME, WIDE, HORRIFIED, AS WE:

MEMORY FLASHCUT: LOGAN AIRPORT, ON THE TARMAC OUTSIDE THE PLANE
- JOHN'S GETTING OUT OF THE VAN AS HE ARRIVES ON-SCENE, TALKING
ON HIS CELL:

JOHN
Lemme assure you, we'd be happy to
treat you like family too.
(hangs up, grins)
Good old NTSB. All like to think
they're cops.

BACK TO OLIVIA: we watch the insane, impossible moment of revelation -- the air leaves her chest--almost a whisper:

OLIVIA

--John--

EXT. STENSON'S ROOM - DAY

John, now back in his clothes, approaches the POSTED COP outside Stenson's door, flashes his FBI ID:

JOHN

Need to ask him a few questions...

INT. STENSON'S ROOM - DAY

Stenson's ASLEEP. A SHADOW moves over him then LIGHTNING FAST -- A PILLOW JAMS DOWN OVER STENSON'S FACE -- he JERKS under its force but CAN'T MOVE BECAUSE HIS WRISTS ARE BOUND -- his body SPASMS HELPLESSLY as we ANGLE AROUND TO JOHN, his face impassive, holding the pillow there with brute force..

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY

Olivia FLOORS IT back to the hospital, on auto-pilot - this isn't possible but it's fucking happening --

OLIVIA

(into headset)

Charlie, I need two agents posted outside Agent Scott's room now - nobody goes in or out 'til I get there -- and make sure Stensons's safe!

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE STENSON'S ROOM - DAY

Charlie runs down the corridor -- flashes his badge as he moves past the COP outside Stenson's room -- he bursts in -- FINDS A DEAD STENSON -- EYES WIDE--

CHARLIE

--oh God--Livvy, he's dead--
Stenson's dead!

(yells out)

WE NEED THIS PLACE LOCKED DOWN!

EXT./INT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

Olivia FISHTAILS around a corner -- SLAMMING HER BRAKES, door already open and she's LEAPING from the car -- RUNNING LIKE HELL FOR THE ENTRANCE -- but then she HEARS A SCREECH and turns

- John, behind the wheel of a BLACK SUV, pulls onto the road!
Olivia runs back to her car -- jumps in and TAKES OFF after
him--

TIRES SCREAM AS SHE PURSUES, SHOUTING INTO HER CAR WALKIE:

OLIVIA

This is Warren, Agent ID 52776--in pursuit of
black SUV, license number 5AD672B -- heading
south on Fenway, need immediate assist--

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

JOHN -- speeding across the boulevard into a neighborhood of
inclined streets and -OLIVIA-- skidding around a corner a
second later as -- TWO POLIC ECARS PULL U-TURNS on the road,
whipping around to join the chase and John looks back -- SEES
OLIVIA IS PURSUING HIM --

Pursued by Olivia and two black and whites, JOHN DRIVES, FAST
up a hill-- CRESTS -- SPARK FLY as he SKIDS A HARD RIGHT -SHIT-
-Another COPP CAR angels in from the SIDE STREET and JOHN -- no
choice - FLOORS IT - KNIFING the front end of the cop car and -
- the TWO COPS CARS FOLLOWING are spun back! CRASHING AGAINST
A BUILDING ON THE CORNER - not to mention the COMMUTER CARS --
PILES-UP:

OLIVIA -- swerving to avoid it -- onto the sidewalk--SPARKS
FROMK THE WALL AS SHE SCRAPES! Hanging in --- skidding into a
turn down the hill, catching up---

JOHN -- pedal down - SIDE-SWIPES OLIVIA'S CAR - THEY SKID INTO
ONCOMING LANES - A TRUCK! They're forced to DIVIDE in a "V" as
the truck PASSES INCHES BEWEEN THEM - John Veers off, onto the
--

EXT. CHARLES RIVER ROAD

The two cars on a road running parallel to the Charles River --
the road itself divided by a CONCRETE BARRIER --

Olivia -- recovering - gaining -- nearly pulling level--

JOHN SWERVES INTO OLIVIA, TRYING TO RUN HER OFF THE ROAD--
SLAMMING INTO HER CAR, AGAIN AND AGAIN!

ANOTHER SLAM AND HIS BUMPER LOCKS INTO HER FENDER -- HE TRIES
TO STEER LOOSE BUT SHE HAS HIM NOW -- SHE ACCELERATES:

SPEEDOMETER: vibrating at 99mph...105mph...up ahead, CRASH DRUMS --
she SLAMS her brake, ripping loose, sending John's car
FISHTAILING OUT OF CONTROL--

HIS CAR CAREENS INTO THE DETONATING CRASH DRUMS, SMASHING INTO THE CONCRETE BARRIER, SOMERSAULTING OVER THE REINFORCED EMBANKMENT IN A SPINE-SHATTERING COLLISION AND..

...quiet. Olivia SLAMS her brakes, SKIDDING to a stop.

We stay CLOSE on her. Eyes wide, in SHOCK. HOLD for a long beat...the insane turn of events barley registering through the adrenaline screaming through her brain...

Finally, her eyes track up to the rear view, where she sees: the wreck sits motionless, smoke pouring from its hood.

Somewhere in there is John. The man who, until minutes ago, she loved. The man who just tried to kill her.

Weakly, she pushes open her dented door. Pulls herself from the car...stumbles over the wreckage, terrified to face what she'll see...and there he is:

Bloody, barely alive. His body crushed, entombed in twisted metal. And the eerie translucent skin almost makes him look like a vampire dying at dawn...he tries to speak, only GURGLES BLOOD...

Her eyes well, heart shredded, betrayed, watching him die. And in his last breath, he manages to say...

JOHN

...ask yourself...why...

...eyes wet, in shock, she just stares...

JOHN (CONT'D)

...why Broyles...sent you...to the storage facility...

(then)

...why you?

Her mind bends -- is he just fucking with her some more?! Or does he mean something by this?

OLIVIA

...I don't understand...why... who are you working for...?

He COUGHS more blood, fading. Manages to half-smile, sadly...her eyes well, she's almost pleading...

OLIVIA

Tell me, John. You tell me.

He just looks at her long and hard. And then. He dies.

Olivia just stands there, mind and heart a jumble, his last words echoing in her...holding the ugly promise of what she's found herself in the middle of...

FADE OUT.

END ACT TEN

ACT ELEVEN

FADE IN:

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

Charlie's government - issued car DRIVES PAST.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - DAY

Charlie drives, Olivia sits beside him, in shattered silence. Eyes red, numb. Mind a million pieces. Charlie looks at her. Speechless. What can he possibly say. Then, after a long beat, almost at a whisper:

OLIVIA

...I want to go back to the lab.

CHARLIE

Livvy. I promised them I'd take you right to the hospital--

OLIVIA

I can't go there. Please -

CHARLIE

You need to be checked out--

OLIVIA

I'm fine.
(smiles, crying)
I'm fine, look at me.

CHARLIE

Livvy

OLIVIA

Take me back please. To the lab.

Charlie looks at her. Knows he can't say no.

EXT. HARVARD QUAD - DAY

Charlie's car pulls up -- Olivia gets out. And she sees, across the parking lot, Walter and Peter getting into another black government vehicle as passengers. They see her and stop.

She moves to them. A shell of her former self. But somewhere -- visible even now -- is a strength forming as a result of everything she just experienced.

She tries to appear normal in this moment. Strong. Better than okay.

OLIVIA

So, uh...I was thinking. About everything. About what we did. And what we're gonna do next.

(beat)

And I thought...given everything...that maybe not sticking together...maybe that's being a little selfish.

PETER

--what are you saying?

OLIVIA

I'm saying that the world's scary as hell. And I don't like it.

(beat)

But if we can help...don't you think we have to?

WALTER

Yes.

PETER

No.

WALTER

I'm in.

PETER

You're not in -- you're out, because I'm not in.

(to Olivia)

I can't. You know I can't.

OLIVIA

You're the only one who speaks Walter. What if-- please -- what if...we take care of it? What you...what you owe.

And Jesus, Olivia is just desperate - and Peter can see it. He stares at her-- a mix of suspicion and concern...and, increasingly, heartbreak...

PETER

...what happened?

OLIVIA

...I just think it's the right thing to do.

PETER

--where's John?

And that's it: Olivia starts to cry-- and Peter moves to her-- takes her in his arms. Holds her. Not understanding--but at the same time, knowing --this is where he needs to be. And he says, quietly:

PETER (CONT'D)

Of course I'll stay. Of course I will.

And as he holds her, she just whispers"

OLIVIA

--thank you...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB - DAY

--suddenly things are being MOVED BACK IN AGAIN. Astrid here, helping. Walter could not be happier, setting up his equipment -- pulling the sheets off yet another really intimidating looking device.

PETER

I don't even want to know what that thing does.

WALTER

No you do not.

PETER

(quietly)

You don't even remember what it does, do you?

WALTER

No I do not.

Then Walter sees something that lights up his eyes: GENE, his COW is being brought back in:

WALTER (CONT'D)

Gene! Come this way! Over here.

And we find Olivia with Broyles. While hardly back to her old self...she will probably never be:

BROYLES

I'm sorry how it happened. But I'm glad you changed your mind.

OLIVIA

There's a lot we'll need on Monday. The doctors have a list of equipment -- and of course they'll need a place to stay--

BROYLES

It's all covered -- all of it-- but we can't wait until Monday.

(holds up a file)

There's something I need to show you now.

OLIVIA

...okay.

(then, loud)

Bishop.

And Walter and Peter BOTH turn.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

We've got a briefing.

And Walter and Peter go with Olivia and Broyles toward their office, attached to the lab, but private, with windows and blinds. Walter and Peter enter -- but before Olivia and Broyles follow, she says, quietly:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And there's a slight, uh... gambling debt. That we'll need to cover.

BROYLES

No problem.

OLIVIA

Not slight.

(then)

Massive.

BROYLES

(re: file)

Solve this one and it's done.

And he's not joking. They enter the office - and as heir FIRST REAL BRIEFING BEGINS, we PULL BACK, seeing them in the office...and we..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WHITE MODERN CORRIDOR - DAY

--where are we? Who are we with? All we see are the wheels of a GURNEY, being pushed down the sterile corridor. BOOM UP to see that a MAN is pushing it. And the body is COVERED by a sheet. Finally the Man stops the gurney -- a hand reached out and PULLS BACK THE SHEET.

Lying there is JOHN, bloody. Dead. And we see who pulled the sheet back: it's NINA CORD. She looks down at the corpse disapprovingly. A long pause...then:

NINA

...how long has he been dead?

MAN

Five hours.

A longer beat, as she stares at the dead man. Then:

NINA

Question him.

And she walks off. And in a LONG SHOT of the corridor, the PROMETHEUS LOGO on the wall, our EERIE MUSIC CRESCENDOS and we..

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END