

## Prologue (Flight 627)

ANNOUNCEMENT: "... ist eingeschaltet. Befestigen Sie bitte Ihre Sicherheits-Gürtel."

ANNOUNCEMENT: "The Captain has turned on the fasten seat-belts sign. Please make sure your seatbelts are securely fastened."

GERMAN WOMAN: Ich möchte sehen wie der Film weitergeht. MAN FROM DENVER: I don't speak German. I'm from Denver. GERMAN WOMAN: Dies ist mein erster Flug. MAN FROM DENVER: I'm from Denver.

ANNOUNCEMENT: "Wir durchfliegen jetzt starke Turbulenzen. Nehmen Sie bitte Ihre Plätze ein."

INDIAN MAN: Hey, friend. It's just an electrical storm.

MORGAN STEIG: I understand.

INDIAN MAN: Here. Gum?

MORGAN STEIG: No, thank you.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT: Mein Herr, Sie müssen sich hinsetzen! [Sir, you must sit down.] Beruhigen Sie sich! [Calm down!] Beruhigen Sie sich! [Calm down!] Entschuldigen Sie bitte! Gehen Sie zu Ihrem Sitz zurück! [Please, go back to your seat!]

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (on phone): Kapitän! Wir haben eine Notsituation! [Captain, we have a difficult situation!]

PILOT: "... gibt eine Not-..." [... if necessary...] Sprechen Sie mit mir! [Talk to me] Was zum Teufel passiert! [What the hell is going on?] "Beruhigen ..." [...calm down...] Warum antworten Sie mir nicht! [Why don't you answer me?] Reden Sie mit mir! [Talk to me]

## Act I

### A Motel Room

OLIVIA: Oh my god!

JOHN: What?

OLIVIA: This bed is loud.

JOHN: You think?

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

JOHN: Department is not a massive fan of office romance. The policy seminar was endless, wasn't it? Kept finding myself staring at you, I decided to move my chair to stop.

OLIVIA: Well, I think Charlie knows.

JOHN: No, he doesn't know.

OLIVIA: Well, I think he does.

JOHN: If he knew, we would be transferred. The idea somebody making a call whether not you and I get to live in the same city is unacceptable to me. Anyway that's just a preamble to a kicker, which is that - I love you.

[Phone rings]

OLIVIA (on phone): Olivia Dunham. Yes, sir. Of course, sir. Yes, sir. I-I... I'm on my way.

OLIVIA (to John): Incident at Logan. International flight. Charlie is on his way.

[Phone rings]

JOHN: Agent Scott.

## **Logan Airport, Boston**

OLIVIA: Olivia Dunham, FBI.

CHARLIE: We've got a flight out of Hamburg, 147 passengers. Tower has lost contact three hours in. They thought it might have been electrical interference. They enter in our airspace radio silent. Navy then scrambles two F-18 for escort. They reported stains on the windows, no signs of life aboard the jet. White House approved the CDC's request for the jet not to be opened until they arrive.

OLIVIA: No signs of life? Who was flying the plane?

CHARLIE: Logan is one of the first airports with the PEARL autopilot system. Plane landed itself right on time, unlike every flight I've ever taken.

JOHN (on phone): ... well, let me assure you, we'd be happy to treat you as family too.

JOHN: Good old NTSB, they all like to think they're cops.

CHARLIE: Agent Scott.

JOHN: Agent Francis. Agent Dunham.

CHARLIE: Whatever the hell McNeary shot through that window, it made him throw up in front of his whole unit.

Excuse me. So what's going on here? Some sort of an accident?

The tarmac is closed. Nothing you need to worry about, sir.

All right.

Move on.

I'll do that. Thank you.

BROYLES: Although this is a joint task force, you are all reporting to the Department of Homeland Security. I'm Special agent in charge, Broyles. DC has sent me here to make sure we get results. Standard Level 4 HASMAT suits are required to go in. Members from each agency of the starting line as follows: CIA, Faranough. FBI, Charlie Francis and John Scott. Everyone else stand by. OK people, let's move.

OLIVIA: Sir. Olivia Dunham. FBI's interagency liaison.

BROYLES: Liaison on an interagency task force, got to love that. Kinnda like powdered sugar on a glazed doughnut.

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

BROYLES: I know exactly who you are. You want in, Liaison? Suit-up.

AGENT: What kind of terrorism is this? OLIVIA: Who says it's terrorism?

## **Federal Building, Boston**

TV BROADCAST: "... sources tell us, that the plane was deliberately set ablaze by the CDC."

"I've got 15E. Seat 21A. John Rosenblum, Honolulu Hawaii. 43E. Elle Hampton, Florida."

- "... I think my X-Ray's negative. - Intelligence check's negative."

"Have we reviewed video from Hamburg airport? -...ground crew who fuelled the airplane. We need names."

On it's way, Agent Dawson. And what the hell is taking so long with...

Report says Maintenance replaced oxygen tank an hour before take-off.

Please tell me that terminal shut down.

It's been down since 4:00 local time. You got any more questions?

- Who's point from CDC on the bone, tissue and air sample? -Agent Pailey. You want his home number?

No, but I'd like the whole report, and not just this fax,

claiming that there's no matches...

- to any known pathogens or airborne viruses. - We're on that too Liaison.

We don't think what happened on that plane was a result of the in-flight movie.

Back Bay PD got a call at 3:00, from a guard on duty from a storage facility.

He saw two, and I quote, 'suspicious middle-eastern men handing a white guy a briefcase'.

- Liaison, take it. Go find out. - Take what? That?

- You're telling me that's my assignment? - Yeahh, honey. Would you mind?

"... CDC's control. The decision was made to burn the plane only after ..."

## **U-Case Storage, Chelsea, Massachussets**

OLIVIA: Petty bastard. He's pissed because his best friend sexually assaulted three marine privates. And I'm the bad guy, cause I put him away.

JOHN: Broyles is an idiot.

You're smarter, stronger, you're much better looking. He's jealous.

What?

You said you loved me.

In the motel.

Yeahh.

That was a big deal.

Yeahh, well you didn't say anything back, so I just let it go.

I've been sorta bad at this, for a long time. Until you.

I wanted to say, I love you too.

Let's go check the trash together.

Empty.

- Acetylene, propane? - No, ammonia.

- What are you doing? - What are you doing? I'm a federal agent.

We need to get a chem-transport team out here now.

I'm on it.

No signal.

Freeze FBI! FBI freeze! I have a gun! I will shoot!

- John? - We have a runner in the back. We need him alive.

I'm on my way.

- Hands in the air! - No!

You were very lucky today, Agent Dunham.

Your wounds could have easily been much more severe.

Agent Scott, wasn't as fortunate. While he survived the initial blast,

Agent Scott was exposed to some synthetic chemical compounds.

Work that was done in the lab you found.

He's not contagious, but until we understand more it's better not to introduce any additional contaminants.

We haven't been able to identify the substance that is affecting him.

The CDC has sent in specialists, but they've never seen anything like what's happening here.

We've put agent Scott in a drug induced coma.

His body temperature has been lowered significantly to try to slow the progress.

I'm sorry Agent Dunham.

It's me. Liaison.

I found a connection between the Hamburg flight and what's happened to Agent Scott.

His name is Walter Bishop. He's a scientific researcher from Cambridge, born in '46.

Harvard educated post-grad at Oxford and MIT. Look at the experiments he was doing in the '70.

I believe doctor Bishop might have information's that might tell...

us what happened aboard that plane and save Agent Scott's life.

- It says the guy has been at St. Claire's for 17 Years. - I saw that.

An assistant was killed in his lab. Rumors about Dr. Bishop using humans as guinea pigs

he was charged with manslaughter, but was deemed mentally unfit to stand trial.

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

- Why are you so sure he's not? - Listen, Dunham.

You and I got on a wrong foot.

- If my past job performance as US Marine...

- Special Investigator offends you... - Well, Yeahh.

It does.

A man who serves his country for 30 Years has a few drinks and small lapse of judgment...

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

But that's not tonight's business, is it?

Look, DC has tasked me to make sure that our reaction to Flight 627 is beyond reproach.

Now, it says here, in 1991,

the glorious State of Massachusetts forbade Dr. Bishop  
from having any visitors, with the exception of immediate family.  
So, from where I sit, barging into mental institution,  
waving the Patriot Act, which is what you need,

and demanding face-time with some old lab rat, who you think  
might be behind some of the most terrifying terror that I can possibly imagine ...  
I'm coming to you with a solid lead and your personal resentment...

Then you're wasting your breath and my time.

Do you understand 'immediate family'?

You want to question Dr. Bishop you go find his next of kin and have him escort you in.

Talk to Bishop, uncover something substantial and I will have your back.

Until then, I am not so convinced. Now, can you handle that?

- He does have a son. - Is his son a local too?

Not exactly.

- So this guy's Walter Bishop's son? - His name is Peter Bishop.

He's a high-school drop-out, IQ at 190, just 50 points north of genius.

Misfit, nomad. Hasn't kept a job longer than two months.

He's been a wild land fireman, cargo pilot and briefly a college chemistry professor.

He falsified a degree from MIT.

He even managed to get a few papers published before he was found out.

Sounds like a massive pain in the ass.

My resume is hardly traditional, but around these parts traditional increasingly means irrelevant.

Hundred billion dollar sunk in infrastructure and you can barely keep the lights on.

You need someone to oversee construction on 600 miles of pipeline

to carry crude between your fields in Kirkuk and the port of Ceyhan.

A job well out of Green Zone, I might add. Well, I'm still alive to do so.

You need someone who has a handle on the laws of hydro-dynamic resistance,  
the heat exchange and oil mixture flows.

You'll also need someone who can work with mixed integer programs  
cause you're gonna have to resize the pipes as you start working across uneven terrain.

That is, if you want to keep down the construction costs.

Truth is, I need this job as much as you need me to do it.

I also speak Farsi.

And 600,000 all-in... sounds fair.

Peter Bishop? Olivia Dunham, I'm with the FBI.

- OK. - You've heard of flight 627?

The Hamburg flight, of course.

- You may be able to help us with that. - No, I think you've got the wrong guy.

Your father is Walter Bishop.

- The last time somebody asked me that it was an accusation. - Well, he's the man we're looking to speak with.

But do to his current status, you're the only one who can provide us access.

And what possible help could that man be to you?

And what is it exactly that you're expecting me to do? Hopp on a plane with you back to Massachusetts?

- I just got here honey. - I can have you on a return flight here in four days, but first...

Let me save you the time.

I'd rather stay here in Iraq. That's how much I want to see my father.

I'm going to beg you as one human being to another. Your father may be able to save someone who is dying.

Someone I care about very much.

Sweetheart, we all care about someone who is dying. I can't help you, I'm sorry.

I know why you're here.

I have your file.

- What file? - The one the FBI would say it doesn't exist.

And it has everything. Where you've been, what you're running from.

And what you need while you're here.

So, either you come with me, or I let certain people know your whereabouts.

When do we leave?

Did the doctor say anything else? Yeahh.

Thanks, Charlie.

Let me ask you something.

My father, not my favorite.

He is without a doubt the most self-absorbed, twisted, abusive, brilliant, myopic son-of-a-bitch on the planet.

So he was a chemist. That much I already know.

He worked out of a basement lab in Harvard, doing research for a toothpaste company.

I also know that there was an accident at the lab one night, when my father was arrested.

Beginning the first truly peaceful period in our home, but here is the thing Olivia,

my gut tells me, that your friend's life, the one hanging in the balance,

is not going to be saved by a tube of toothpaste.

He worked out of Harvard, but not on toothpaste.

He was a part of a classified US Army experimental program called Calvin Genetics.

They gave him the resources to do whatever work he wanted.

Which was primarily in an area called 'fringe science'.

- When you say 'fringe science', you mean pseudo-science. - I suppose.

Things like mind control, teleportation, astral projection.

- Invisibility, genetic mutation, re-animation, fertility, ... - Whoa, excuse me for a second.

Re-animation, really? So you're telling me... what?

My father was Dr. Frankenstein?

You know what? Why don't you go on ahead?

I think I'm gonna wait out in the lobby.

Dr. Bishop, special day. You have a visitor.

Hello.

I knew someone would have come. Eventually.

Dr. Bishop?

- This was ... when did this happen? - The incident on the plane happened four days ago.

- Agent Scott was injured the next day. - Aderm already indurated.

- Translucent. Muscular tissue. - On Scott?

You mean can you see through his skin? Yes.

That's not good. To see through the skin. It's tricky, it's advanced.

- ... like that. - What's happening to him? Can it be reversed?

What is it?

They have this horrible pudding here.

Butterscotch pudding on Mondays. It's dreadful.

- It's Thursday. - Oh.

That's fantastic news!

It can be reversed. What happened to your colleague.

Years ago I worked with lab animals and...

some of them were afflicted, but were saved.

So, do you remember what to do?

This place, their choice of therapies has ...

Dr. Bishop?

You came here today with my son.

I'm not allowed visitors you see, except immediate family.

Unless the order has been lifted.

And it's a simple 'if-then' formula. If you are here, then so is he.

I would so much,

so very much like to see him.

So much.

He asked for you.

- Thanks, sweetheart. I really appreciate that. - Hey, I didn't tell him you were here.

Call me sweetheart one more time, I'd really like that.

Hello, Walter.

- I thought you'd be fatter. - You thought I'd be fatter?

- Excellent, first words. Perfect. - No, as a boy. You were round.

Yes, I was. Until the summer before high-school. Not that I'd expect you to remember that.

- May I see something? - What are you doing?

- Take your hands off of me! - Pupils are good. They're good.

How advanced is your colleague's condition? Would you some...

I'm unable to deduce without a first-hand examination.

I must see Mr. Scott myself, which I am unable to do.

Under the present law. Unless,

signed out by a legal guardian, who must be once again a relative.

What are you asking me to ...? No! Guardian?

- No. Forget it. - He'll do it.

- No, I will not. - One phone call. That's all it takes.

You want me to make it? Cause I've got my phone in my pocket.

Now it's out of my pocket.

You wanted my father. Now you've got my father.

Which falls into the category, be careful what you wish for. Sweetheart.

"Every effort is being made to understand what happened on Flight 627."

Dr. Bishop, I was curious. Did anyone else ever have access to your work?

Well, the assistants have bits and pieces.

God, I suppose.

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

Who?

- Billy William Bell, he and I shared a lab. - William Bell?

You shared a lab with the founder of Massive Dynamics?

- I'm sorry. I don't know what that is MD. - Ah, nothing really. Just a tinny little company.

That's perfect. One guy becomes one of the wealthiest man on planet,  
the other guy becomes an institutionalized psychopath.

- What? What happened? - I just pissed myself.

- Excellent. - Just a squirt.

- Just got the message, how's John? - Worse.

CDC says that Hamburg flight was caused by synthetic compounds,  
which is like saying rain is caused by wet compounds.

They've run some tests on John, but haven't come back with anything.

What about Bishop?

Left or right? Insane, and irritating. And also my only hope.

Listen. I need to question William Bell.

- Could you set that up for me? - William Bell?

- Massive Dynamics William Bell? - He and Bishop used to shared a lab.

You kidding?

Dr. Bishop?

Send Ginger ale. I need Ginger ale.

Haven't had some long time. I miss it.

Can you please get some Ginger ale for the doctor, Agent Farnsworth?

Whoa! Stop right now! Stop! Does this not concern you?

Let him go.

Petrie dish. Quick, please.

- But, I need to take this to my lab right away. - Your what?

Kreski building basement, Harvard. We should leave, I have my sample.

Your lab was shut down after you left.

- I'm sorry? - Wake up. It's gone.

No. No.

- Walter, there is no lab. - It's a perfect working...

- Damn you! - We need to get him back immediately.

- Liaison. When did you get back? - I need your help.

I want you to know I've successfully had Dr. Walter Bishop released from St. Claire's and he requires the use of his old laboratory.

I'm sorry. What?

Kreski building, Harvard, basement.

It would be nice, to think that your tenacity in this case is a byproduct of a remarkable and robust professionalism.

But I can't help but wonder,

if it wasn't something going on between you and Agent Scott.

Get the lab for Bishop.

So much. So much happened here.

And so much is about to.

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

Optical coherence tomograph for flesh study. Two thousand pounds of silicon.

At least five anonymous blood samples from volunteer donors,

micro-organism detector. NASA grade, of course. There's still NASA, yes?

Yes.

Oh, she's still here. This tank was the best.

- And a two-Year-old bussaurus. - A what?

A cow.

- He wants a cow. - Purebred, not a crossbred, this is important.

Mature weight 850 pounds, total fat average 2.37.

Is he joking?

Genetically, humans and cows are separated by only a couple lines of DNA.

- So, what's an ethical test subject? - Where'd you learn that? MIT?

No actually, I picked that up reading books. You should try it sometime. It's fun.

- Get him the cow. - Fantastic, thank you.

Only thing better than a cow is a human. Unless you need milk. Then you really need a cow.

- Coffee? - Thanks.

Tell me. What else did that file say? About yours truly.

- How bad was it? - I'm not at liberty to discuss it.

Why don't you go ahead and liberate yourself because I'm here now,

so I kinda feel like I deserve the truth, don't you?

- There was no file. - I needed you back here.

So that was what? You were bluffing?

- I was desperate. - Yeahh, I'm usually pretty good

at reading people. That's sorta what I do.

Yeahh, well I could see you were in trouble. Anyone could see that.

So I could have stayed.

I could have stayed in Iraq.

You know, a car bomb went off this morning in Kirkuk.

- You just might owe me a "Thank you". - Yeahh, well, I owe a lot.

- Yeah, I figured. Mafia. - A guy named Big Eddie.

I swear to you I'm not making that up.

- You owe money to a guy nick-named Big Eddie? - No, I owe money to a guy named Big Eddie.

He had it legally changed. And the thing is, I'm not even a gambler. I mean I never was. It's just ...

A couple of years ago I went a bit crazy.

I thought you were a genius, you must have had a system.

Of course there was a system. The House was cheating. But you try telling them that.

'72, during Vietnam, DOD's BioChem Division

had us working on a protocontagion for a possible use against Vietcong.

It's possible that whatever affected that plane

- may have been derived from that work. - What about John?

What's affecting him is merely a chemical reaction to the raw laboratory ingredients.

Not the finished contagion, which means we can synthesize a counter-agent.

- So you can help him? - Don't do that.

- Don't give her false hope. - It's not false. It's not false.

It's real. I could help, yes.

If I had a precise inventory of what was in that storage facility...

- when it detonated. - We don't have it.

It all went up, everything.

And the suspect who might have those answers got away and John was the only one who saw his face.

So how long does he have left?

Current rate of crystallization, cellular degradation,...

- How long? - 24 hours.

His brain will no longer be able to oxygenate itself.

I'm so sorry. That I can't offer you a less dangerous solution.

- What do you mean? - Didn't I mention it?

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

- Synaptic transfer system, shared dream state. - What do you mean 'shared dream state'?

Human brain generates a quantifiable electric field.

I hypothesized in 1976, that it is possible

to synchronize the fields of two distinct minds

to allow the sharing of information across the unconscious state,

like a string between two tin cans.

You know what's great about that is that it's completely insane.

You're saying I can talk to John in coma?

And he can tell me what the suspect looks like?

- It's not an exact science. - It's not even science.

Have you done this before?

I have used this technique to extract information from a corpse once.

You can do that if they haven't been dead for longer than six hours.

Right, because after six hours that's when they are really dead.

You could access his memories.

Assuming there's no brain damage. Of course you'd have to have an electromagnetic probe placed in the base of your skull, whilst immersed without clothing in the old tank.

And you'd be heavily drugged.

- What sort of drugs? - Mix of Ketamine, neuront,  
- lysergic acid diethylamide. - That last one is LSD, by the way. Acid.  
It would take at least a few hours, I'd need your help to synthesize it,  
- if it's not too much trouble. - Yeah, sure, no problem. That sounds like fun.  
The man who was just released from a mental institution, he wants to give you a drug overdose  
and stick a metal rod into your head and put you naked into a rusty tank of water.  
No, I don't want to. No, I'd rather not, I'm just saying I can.  
Okay, Olivia, excuse me for a second. You're obviously under severe duress  
and you haven't slept since Iraq and the man you care about might die,  
but I'm telling you, that man will kill you!  
You don't understand the procedure.  
John would do it for me.  
Set it up. I'll get DHS's authorization to bring John here.  
This is unbelievable. This is insane, he is insane and you're insane for following him.  
Excellent. Let's make some LSD.  
Put him over here.  
Salt will make you float.  
Charlie. Did you get me in to see William Bell?  
Massive Dynamics isn't exactly being forthcoming or courteous.  
And apparently William Bell is out of the country for the next two weeks.  
What's this?  
- A sweet little memo from their General Council. - So Bell doesn't want to talk?  
Or he's just being the head of a 50 billion dollar corporation.  
Screw this!  
I want to drive a tank through William Bell's office and find out what he knows.  
I know you do, but I'm here to tell you the bad news.  
It's going to be another 48 hours till we get a court order.  
You should probably strip to your underwear.  
- Hello. - What the hell was that?  
Charlie, we don't have 24 hours. I need you to get to Bell.  
If Walter fails, Bell could be the only one to save us.  
Olivia, what's happening here? You've cleared all this with Broyles?  
- Somewhat. - Somewhat doesn't sound good.  
- Is that a cow? - Yeah, that's Jean.  
Listen Charlie, I need you to promise me you'll do whatever you can.  
Of course. You know that.  
Hey. Be careful.

My god.

Now, where was I? Could you tilt your head forward, please?

I still think that this is deeply irresponsible and believe me, I would know.

This is an anaesthetic.

If you feel normal it's working.

Yeah, because bootleg and smack in a basement is just a picture of normalcy.

I've got you.

I hope your guy is worth it.

A vital stats spike will pull you out.

You'll start to feel very relaxed pretty soon.

And this will rip open your consciousness.

Listen, in case you don't come back,

I just wanted to say before we do this...

how much I appreciate what you've done.

There is so many things you lose in a place like that.

You lose being trusted.

Strange how important that is when it's gone.

"Watch your hands. Heavy doors. Save your fingers. Close with care."

If you want to watch, you can come closer. You work here?

Yeah, I'm Astrid Farnsworth, assistant to Agent Dunham.

Who? Oh, yes. I'm Walter... -Bishop. Walter Bishop.

Yes, thank you.

- Don't mention it. - These are her brain rhythms.

More important than most people know regarding cerebral regional interaction. Critical.

And these are his.

As the drugs take effect, the probes will synchronize the electrical signals from both.

That what the brain is, an electrical router.

- Should be able to be interpreted by the other. - Simple really, like making toffee.

And when the rhythms are in-sync, they should be in the same place. So to speak.

So what do we do now?

Now we wait.

- What was that? - Should be any minute now.

Hello?

I think I'm here. I'm here!

Look, look, look! Almost in-sync.

John?

I know this.

That's my uncle's kayak. Why is it here?

John? Is that you?

- Olivia? - John?

- What's happening? - She's fine.

- She's alright? - She's fine.

- You're sure? - Look. They're together.

I was just thinking about you.

- What was that? - Nothing.

John, you were hurt.

- I don't remember. - Think.

- The storage units. - I feel cold.

- I need you to remember. - Remember what?

What you saw. I need you to show me his face.

Why?

So I can save you. Please try.

Try and remember.

Yes. This is right.

"We've got a runner in the back. We need him alive."

I can't see his face.

- You're late. - I saw him. I saw John get hurt.

I was there. I was there, I swear.

- What do you mean you saw him? Where? - I told you not to ask me that.

This is him. This is the suspect we are looking for. He looks like this.

Send me the image, I'll put it through the database.

- Have you slept? You look like crap. - No primary matches for criminal record.

Cross check all state driver's license files and send this image to all local hospitals.

Agent Dunham, take a look at this.

- Oh my God. This is him. - He was a passenger on flight 627.

- I don't understand. - Wait. He couldn't been in the storage place.

Charlie. I saw him there.

Hold on guys. Morgan Steig was passenger #108.

His emergency contact, Richard Steig.

- You're telling me he has a twin? -Yeah.

No home address. Only history of employment.

- What? - Richard Steig's last employer.

- I was hoping to speak with William Bell. - I'm Nina Sharp, Executive Director.

I only have a few minutes.

Our primary suspect is a former employee of yours, Richard Steig.  
Who may have used research from your company to develop a self-eradicating airborne toxin.  
We don't know why or for whom, but it appears he was willing to sacrifice his own brother.  
Whatever killed those people on that plane got onboard through his insulin pad.  
So, do you want to talk to me?  
Danielle, please assemble everything we have on Richard Steig for Agent Dunham here.  
I remember Richard Steig. He worked in our Weapons System Research lab.  
He was caught three months ago trying to leave the premises with classified information.  
He was terminated immediately. We referred his name to the Justice Department.  
We have done our do diligence, Agent Dunham.  
And, if you choose to drag our company and Dr. Bell's name into this matter,  
- you will be hearing from our attorneys. - How long have you worked for Dr. Bell?  
16 years. I owe Massive Dynamics my life and that is not an exaggeration.  
I was a runner most of my life.  
In the '97 Boston Marathon I felt strangely tired.  
One day at the office Dr. Bell noticed my discomfort and insisted I go for a CAT Scan.  
Cancer.  
Spread so severely I had to have my arm amputated that week.  
That first scanner that found my cancer was built by this company.  
The robotic assist tools that were used at my surgery, the drugs I took afterwards,  
were developed and manufactured by Massive Dynamics.  
And my replacement limb was designed by Bell himself.  
Everything we have on Richard Steig.  
Do you believe that Steig may be part of the "Pattern"?  
I'm sorry, part of the "Pattern"?  
I assumed you had clearance.  
I'm cleared to know whatever you're cleared to know, miss Sharp.  
Apparently not.  
But suffice to say that we reached the point where science and technology  
have advanced at such an exponential rate for so long,  
it may be way beyond our ability to regulate and control them.  
You should know what you're getting into, Agent Dunham.  
I would say this to my own daughter:  
"Be careful and good luck."  
- And this is a show for children? - Yeah, it's huge.  
Surprisingly profound for a narrative about a sponge.  
Crazy House.

I just landed at Logan, I'm on my way to you. I think we located our suspect.  
Hold on a second, you found the guy? You found the guy from your dream?  
I'm picking you both up.

I need your father there to question, get whatever information he needs  
so he can make a cure for John and I need you there too, in case your father is...

Say no more, we'll meet you out front.

- "Stake out is on, you're outside." - "Stand by."

"Confirm your position."

- "Two minutes out." - "...perimeter two miles back."

- "Everybody where are you at?" - "Coming out."

"This way, mam."

- "Stand aside!" "FBI!" - "Clear!"

- "Clear!" - "Clear!"

I'd like to check your blood pressure.

Why don't you check your own blood pressure? Mine is fine, thanks.

Your skin tone suggest you might be suffering from arterial hypertension.

Don't tell me what I'm suffering from.

And there are no visible signs of hypertension.

When this is over, please don't send me back.

- I don't want to go back. - Look, Walter.

This experience...

it woke me up again and you can't put me back to sleep.

It was hardly my idea. Any of it.

Whatever punishment you think I deserve,

I swear I have already endured it.

17 years. Please, son.

- Hey! Hey! - What?

Hey! He's in the alley!

- Can I get out of the car? - Stay right there Walter.

No! Fuck!

I've got some questions for you.

- It was a magnesium based ethylene glycol. - I understand that, but you're not listening.

- Magnesium ethylene glycol with organophosphate trigger. -Look, pop, just stop for a second.

His blood won't be able to absorb it before the side effects kill him.

And you're saying what?

- We synthesize a calcium gluconate lanthanum base? - Yes, exactly.

We can't, we'd need more of his blood. We have none.

That's not true. All agents are required to set up a backup blood supply in case we're wounded.

Cowardless transfusion. That's brilliant.

We can create the antidote and then just dissolve it in stored blood.

If we transfuse him intravenously, his body won't be overwhelmed.

A+ boy. Well done. Let's begin.

- So, I got the lab. - Yeah, I know you did.

Thanks.

How's it going downstairs?

Bishop says it'll be a while, but that it's looking auspicious.

That was his word. What?

You've done some solid work here. Locating Bishop.

Getting him out, finding a way to get him to work with you. We're impressed.

It was his son who found a way to get him to work, not me. Brains run in the family.

Who's we?

What happened on that plane might be part of something more dangerous than simple terrorism.

Simple terrorism?

In the past nine months, there'd been three dozen authenticated incidents like the Hamburg flight.

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

John Thompson, normal kid. Went missing back in '98.

Reappeared last month half way around the world, hadn't aged a day.

In the past few months, 46 other children who went missing that same year turn up. Same story.

Local fishermen off the coast of Sri Lanka.

Reports a low flying plane emitting a high pitched frequency that blows out all their windows.

An hour later, same spot, an 8.7 subsurface earthquake creates a tsunami that kills 38,000 people.

- So why are you telling me this? - This man.

A patient in Lisbon who woke up after years in a coma. Began writing, just numbers. They turn out to be exact real time coordinates of our Carrier Battle Groups in the Pacific. Intel that's classified above Top Secret.

So how is that even possible?

- Come work for me and I'll get you the clearance... - Stop!

Dunham, there is more you need to hear.

- You must not have heard me, I said stop. - They're calling these events "The Pattern".

As if someone out there is experimenting, only the whole world is their lab.

- You've seen it now. You know. - I don't want to know.

- I have a job. - This is a more important job.

Anything, anybody you need you can have.

I like the job I've got. And the man I do it with, which you seem have deduced on your own.

Look around. You see all these people going about their lives?  
No idea what's happening around them and what they're in the middle of?  
I just want to go back to before.  
Dunham, I don't think you can.  
He's up. He's awake. Olivia, he's awake. He's conscious!  
John? John? Can you hear me, baby? Baby?  
I had a dream about you.  
Hi. Change of clothes for Agent Scott.  
His vitals are surprisingly strong.  
So, how long does he have to stay?  
Until the melanoma sites in his skin are regenerated, but that shouldn't be more than a week.  
- He owes you his life. - We owe each other.  
What room is Steig in?  
I told you everything I know. Didn't I?  
And I gave you the names of all the synthetics I used in the compound.  
Don't worry. Our immunity agreement holds.  
But there's still a whole lot more we have to talk about, like why you killed your own brother.  
- And who you're selling your work to? -Who said I was selling it?  
I was threatened by a guy from your office. You think I'm lying?  
I swear to God, I can prove it.  
- Where's the recording? - I buried it.  
- "I will come after you. - You're threatening me?"  
"After seeing what I'm willing to do to my own brother?"  
"Let me assure you we'd be happy to treat you as family too."  
- Special Agent Scott. - Yes. Sir. Go in.  
Charlie, I need two agents posted outside agent Scott's room. Check on Steig.  
- I'm on it. - I'm 5 minutes away.  
We need this place locked down!  
This is Dunham, agent ID 5-2-7-7-6.  
In pursuit of blue SUV, heading south on Tramway. Need immediate assist.  
Ask yourself, why ...  
why Broyles sent you...  
to storage facility.  
Why you?  
I don't understand.  
Who are you working for?  
John, tell me. Tell me more. John?

I know him just as long as you did.

I'm sorry.

Job isn't what it was ten years ago.

We're supposed to protect the world,  
where one breath of the wrong air can incinerate you from the inside out.

I mean, how do we protect people,  
when corporations have higher security clearances than we do?

When we're not fully briefed on half the things that we're investigating.

You know, when the truth,

the truth is,

we're obsolete.

Take me back to the lab.

- Can I talk to you please? - Yeah. I'll be back in a second.

I'm sure you're anxious to get as far away from here as possible.

To Iraq or Afghanistan, or some other out of reach places.

But I'm here to tell you that your father needs to stay, which means that you need to too.

- Are you okay? - I don't know.

I know you have countless reasons as to why this is a non-starter for you.

But your father is a good man.

He's not the monster you think he is and you're good with him despite what you think.

And you're the only one who speaks Walter.

- You take him back to St. Claire's it's all over. - Where's John?

I can talk to the Agency and get them to clear your gambling debt.

I can take care of my own debts, okay?

What just happened? Where's John?

I'm not gonna use false threats with you anymore. I don't need to.

The threats are real.

After you left my father sat down, started talking to me and he was remarkably lucid.

He told me about the work that he and William Bell have done in their experiments and that incident.

What happened on that plane is just the beginning.

Which makes every part of me feel like I gotta get the hell out of Boston.

Are we leaving?

- How long has he been dead? - Five hours.

Question him.