

Scarlet Red Motel

LORAINA ALCOTT: What's her name? Whoever you're thinking about. Your girlfriend or whatever.

CHRISTOPHER PENROSE: I don't have a girlfriend.

LORAINA ALCOTT: Yeah? What's in the bag? Oh, is it a pizza? 'cause I could really go for a mushroom pizza.

CHRISTOPHER PENROSE: Yeah, it's a mushroom pizza.

LORAINA ALCOTT: Awesome. You're not married, are you? Not that it's any of my business. Well, you never know about people. My name isn't Amber, by the way, obviously. That's just for the club. You wanna know my real name or what?

CHRISTOPHER PENROSE: Yes, I do. Very much.

LORAINA ALCOTT: Loraine. Ready for this? Loraine Daisy. All my sisters have flowers for middle names. My mom couldn't even spell Loraine right.

CHRISTOPHER PENROSE: What is it?

LORAINA ALCOTT: I don't know!

CHRISTOPHER PENROSE: What is it?

LORAINA ALCOTT: Oh, god, what's happening?! Stop it! Are you... Aggh!

CHRISTOPHER PENROSE: It'll be over in a second. Hold on. Try and get up. Try and get up. Try and get up.

Everything okay? You need a lift to the hospital, I got a van right here.

CHRISTOPHER PENROSE: Thanks, I'll take her. I'll take her.

LORAINA ALCOTT: What's happening to me?! Help!

Wallace Bromley Medical Center

LORAINA ALCOTT: Don't leave me!

DR. STEEL: I'm Dr. Steel, okay? Everything's gonna be fine. Take a deep breath, all right? You're gonna be fine, okay? You're gonna be fine. Take a deep breath. Now, how many months are you?

LORAINA ALCOTT: How many months what?

DR. STEEL: Pregnant.

LORAINA ALCOTT: I'm not--not pregnant!

DR. STEEL: Hold her down. We're gonna have to strap her in.

LORAINA ALCOTT: Nooo!

DR. STEEL: We gotta cut this baby out now

NURSE: doctor!

DR. STEEL: All right, all right.

V.p. 60, pulse is thready.

What the hell was that?

We lost her heartbeat.

Go for the baby now. Give me a scalpel.

Okay, now do it to the right.

All right, come on.

All right.

Right there. Okay.

Oh, god.

Dear god.

The Committee

Thank you all for convening at this late hour. 43 minutes ago, we were alerted to an incident at the Wallace Bromley medical center.

While the details are still coming in, it appears to be another anomaly whose mysteries and origins remains the sole purpose of this committee.

I called you together tonight to introduce you to my new team, who will now be responsible for investigating all these events.

Hopefully, they will have more success than our last.

Walter Bishop,

dubbed by his contemporaries as a successor to Albert Einstein, worked for the defense advanced research projects agency

- from the late '70s... - Until he was committed to the St. Clair's mental institution for manslaughter.

He was never convicted of that crime.

But in one of your own reports,

you theorize that Bishop's previous work may itself be the root of all these unexplained phenomenon.

Given that he's been hugging a padded cell for 17 years,

I think we can probably exclude him as a suspect.

However, his knowledge makes him uniquely qualified to assist our efforts

while he remains in the legal custody of his son Peter.

Yes, Peter Bishop,

whose history of questionable business practices

verge on fraud, yet you propose

giving him access to information that,

if made public, would cause mass panic.

There's nothing we could tell him that he can't learn from his father

or deduce himself, with a 190 IQ.

What were you thinking when you recruited Olivia Dunham?

An FBI Agent who had an illicit affair with her partner,
a man who turned out to be a traitor.

I was thinking that a woman who didn't hesitate
to follow the evidence and expose the man she loved
at the cost of great personal pain and embarrassment
must surely be worthy of our trust.

I love you.

Who--who are you working for?

Hello?

Wake up--there's something you need to see.

Well, waking up's not gonna be a problem,
but thank you for the gentle nudge.

Pick up the others and meet me in 30 minutes
at the Bromley medical center.

Ah, good morning to you too.

You're kiddin' me, right?

Your phone was off the hook.

That's 'cause I didn't want to get woken up.

You need to get your father.

Apparently there's something we need to see.

And this something--

It can't wait.

Okay.

Walter.

Hey, Walter, come on, we're--

Walter?

Come on.

Tell me you're not in the closet.

What the hell are you doing in there again?

Where I've been for the past 17 years is a mental hospital.

St. Clair's.

I'm the one that got you out of that place, remember?

There was a patient there.

Carlos.

He would sing

row, row, row your boat

every night.

Funny how difficult it is to sleep without that song.

That's nice.

We gotta go, Walter.

Hey, I got here as fast as we could.

27 minutes. Nicely done.

Peter Bishop.

I'm Philip Broyles, department of Homeland Security.

Thank for agreeing to work with us.

Just to be clear, I haven't agreed to anything.

I'm just here as the babysitter.

My father is the one you want.

Nice to meet you anyway.

Is he coming out?

Well, that's unclear.

He's currently in the car fiddling around with his seat warmer.

Dr. Bishop, hello.

I appreciate you coming out tonight.

I've never seen a feature like this before.

It warms your ass. It's wonderful.

Have you tried it?

17 past midnight, a woman, pregnant to term,

was found alone outside the hospital.

She collapsed, suffering severe abdominal pain.

She's a Jane Doe.

Prints and DNA are being run now.

Should have her id'd by sundown.

At 2:24, less than two minutes after she was pronounced dead,

Ms. Doe became a mother.

Did the baby survive?

The newborn was convulsing.

Screaming in obvious pain.

They placed it in a bassinet,

were in the process of transferring it

to an intensive care when they realized

what was happening.

It was growing...
before their eyes.
Growing? You mean they could...
See it getting larger?
That's right.
So where's the baby now?
Walter!
It remained alive for nearly half an hour,
this way.
Finally dying from natural causes.
Natural causes?
I don't understand.
What they realized is that the child wasn't just growing.
It was aging.
O-okay, hold on a sec.
It's 4:00 a.m., so I'm a little foggy,
but we're supposed to believe that grandpa here
was born four hours ago?
Were there any calls or tips?
Did the security cameras see how the pregnant woman got here?
Did she drive herself or was she dropped off?
We're checking those now.
Dr. Bishop,
any idea how something like this might happen?
I think you're probably expecting a bit much,
Mr. Broyles.
Celermiosis.
Disabling, reversing cell cycle inhibitors.
Activating them and turning cip/kip and inka 4a/arfs into catalysts.
Ah, 92% of Caucasian newborns have blue eyes.
Yours were green.
To understand what happened here,
I'll need to run extensive tests,
get these bodies to a lab.
Therefore, of course, I'll need a lab immediately.
Doctor, you have one.
Your old lab at Harvard. We reopened it for you.

Do you not remember that?

No.

No, but that's fantastic news!

All right, let's assume for a second that bundle of joy here is for real.

What are we doing here?

A series of events has occurred, continues to occur,
that has us and other agencies on alert.

These events appear to be scientific in nature
and suggest a larger strategy, a coordinated effort.

It's been referred to as "the pattern."

Mr. Boyles, I consider myself a fairly intelligent guy.

But I'm not following you here.

Inexplicable and frightening things are happening
and there's a connection somehow.

Thanks. That much, I understand.

I got Henning on the phone.

The hospital got a call from a guest at the Scarlet Red motel,
checking to see if the pregnant woman was doing okay.

Was she staying there?

Yes, with a Caucasian male--

20s, brown hair.

But there's no description of him or the car he was driving.

Call the motel--make sure they don't touch anything.

They shouldn't even go in.

I already called, and you're good to go.

The motel room's
empty and locked.

Dr. Bishop?

I may need you to take samples from the motel room.

I need you to come with me.

Walter.

Do you see what I'm doing here?!

Hey... relax.

I can't figure this out with a girl buzzing in my ear.

I am trying to put these pieces together like a puzzle.

How this happened, how he happened to her.

- I'm working. - Come on, Olivia.

I can do this.

My limited stint at MIT did teach me something.

Lorraine Daisy Alcott.

Lorraine Daisy.

That's just sad.

One "r."

Hey.

I think I actually got something to sample in here.

It's some kind of orange gel.

I'm sorry about my father.

He always was a little myopic.

Her things were left behind, but not his.

Checking the thread count?

Yes.

Open the cabinet.

Why?

There are gonna be sheets in there.

Okay, how'd you do that?

Hey! Car's right here.

Olivia, what's going on?

That's what he would do.

He's go to motels ahead of time,
to replace the sheets with leak-proof medical grade linen,
so he wouldn't leave any blood evidence.

Who?

I know who was in that room.

The killer. I know who's profile.

It was a case that John and I worked.

Serial murders in New Jersey and New York,
and we never caught him.

Look, you can't beat yourself up
'cause you didn't catch the bastard on your first try.

I feel like I've been asleep for the last year.

Every case that John and I worked together,
I have to go back and try and find whatever I missed.

Okay, then, tell me...

how'd the killer do it?
When I joined the FBI,
this was one of the cases John and I investigated together.
Each time, he'd kill five young women within a few days.
He's pick them up, take them to motels...
and then he'd give them a muscle paralyzer.
They'd be wide awake, but unable to move.
He's make an incision here, along their gums.
And then he'd pull their mouths open up to their eyes.
Okay, that's enough. You can stop right there.
He'd go through their nasal cavity and remove a piece of their brain.
And all of this connects to magic old man baby
and the pregnant woman... how?
I don't know.
But there's a connection somewhere.
The muscle paralyzer he used was bright orange.
So if that's our sample, then I'm telling you,
this is our guy.
Which... means he's gonna kill again.
I'm Stacy.
Memorial services for Agent Scott
are being planned for late in the week.
I know everybody's heard a lot of things
surrounding the circumstances of his death.
But I just want to be clear.
John Scott was one of us.
And we pay him the respect of considering him innocent
until the inquiry can establish the full facts of the matter.
Now, as far as any contacts,
our official word right now is no comment.
Dismissed.
What are you doing here?
I left you a message.
I know, I got it.
You want to open up a 12-year-old serial case.
The brain surgeon.
I don't think he retired.

How long is Broyles gonna have you on special assignment?

What the hell are you working on, anyway?

You knew, didn't you?

About me and John?

I like to think that I have some powers of deduction.

I took advantage of our friendship.

You kept quiet, even though you didn't approve.

I hadn't seen you that happy in a long time.

Look, Olivia, you have nothing to prove.

Yeah, I do.

I have to live with the fact

that I didn't see him for who he really was.

I have to live with the feeling that whatever awful things he did,

I should have stopped them.

Livy, you can--

Mostly just wanna take a shower from the inside out.

I'll get you the case files.

So I--I started working there a couple weeks ago.

It's a lot better than the one in Providence.

That place is a total dive.

Most guys bring me to a hotel.

Wow, heh.

Look at this place.

Those windows have a really great view of the bridge.

I don't care about the bridge.

What do you like?

I like the bridge.

Go check it out.

Agh!

Ah...uhh!

Hello?

Over here.

What are you doing?

I'm doing two things at once.

I'm waiting for you and I'm doing her a favor.

You were supposed to be doing extensive testing.

Already-old man baby.

Remember that?

Done.

Test is complete.

You underestimate me.

Which I suppose I deserve.

But...

wonderful news all around.

DNA results confirm my suspicions
that the woman was impregnated by a man
who's the result of experiments
identical to those conducted by me
in this very lab, around 30 years ago.

So you know how this happened?

No.

No idea.

The specifics elude me completely.

So then what's this wonderful news?

Because I remembered something else.

I remembered where I parked my car.

Really?

You remember where you parked your car 17 years ago?

3-1-4-1-5-9.

Tuh! Ha!

Pi to six digits.

I can't fathom that it's still here.

Look at it.

This is your car?

Of course it is.

So what, you got cars stuffed with papers all over town?

Not just cars.

You have no idea where I've hidden things.

Friend of yours?

Oh... I certainly hope not.

Come on, boy, we need to get these file boxes back to the lab.

You may be able to reanimate dead guinea pigs or... whatever,
but I can bring anything mechanical back from the dead.

This is the last of them.

That'll do.

Hello, I'm Dr. Walter Bishop.

Yes, Dr. Bishop. We've met.

I'm junior agent Astrid Farnsworth.

Third time's a charm.

Now, Walter, we'd probably be a lot more help to you
if you told us what we were looking for.

My research.

Sella turcica, diaphragma sellae--

The dural folds of the pituitary fossa,
in which the pituitary gland sits, situated in the sphenoid bone.

Did you just say pituitary gland?

Did I?

Well, that's how he killed.

He'd perform surgery on his victims, remove the pituitary gland
before he overdosed them with anesthesia.

Look for anything with the pituitary in it.

I'm sorry. I don't get it.

I mean, what's the link to what happened at the hospital?

Advanced, rapid aging, like the disease called progeria,
can be induced artificially by manipulating the pituitary gland.

"P"--pituitary.

"P," "P."

All the hormones in the human body that control growth,
which is aging, really, are in the brain.

And the pituitary gland is the boss.

Okay. Pinoche, pinto.

Penny--oh. Ah, yes, penny.

Progeria. Penny.

Case file by Dr. Penrose?

Yes, Penrose. Penrose!

I remember him.

A former colleague of mine.

Although he suffered from severe pseudofolliculitis nuchae.

- Razor burn. - Hell, no!

We ran experiments on rapid growth.

Obviously, someone had made a breakthrough,

and Penrose could possibly lead us to that person.

Dr. Claus Penrose.

He moved to the east coast two years ago.

He's a professor at Boston College.

Agent Frances.

Charlie, it's me.

Dunham, what's up?

I need a cross check of recent unsolved homicides.

See if any bodies have turned up with a missing pituitary gland.

Oh, you say the sweetest things.

Only to you, Charlie.

I'll get somebody on it.

- Dr. Penrose. - Yes?

Agent Dunham, FBI.

Can we ask you a few questions?

Do you drink tea?

The body you see there was photographed only hours after being born.

Where is the mother?

She died during childbirth.

When she was admitted, she claimed she wasn't even pregnant.

You worked with Dr. Bishop,

manipulating growth hormones at the end of the Vietnam war.

Yes.

So... what can I do for you?

In the years since,

have you shared your research with anyone?

I must tell you both, our work was--

Highly theoretical?

Yes.

But I was going to say that,

more than anything, it was wrong.

I resigned from the employ of the United States Government
after only one year.

When I refused to continue, I was harassed.

Threatened... with deportation.

It...didn't feel like the America I ...remembered from when I was a boy.

Which is why...

as sorry as I was to hear about Dr. Bishop's incarceration,
I believe it was the best thing that could ever happen to humanity.
No one in power should ever learn what he knows.
Uh... forgive me for sounding uncooperative, agent Dunham, but...
my work to which you are referring ended years ago.
Since then, I've done all I can to forget it.
What do you think?
I think you know what I think.
Well, he meant what he said.
He's not telling us everything.
Dunham.
Dudbury police has a blonde female victim.
Surgical incision along her upper gum line.
The central endocrine gland has been removed.
This count?
Can you get the body brought to the lab?
Will do.
Astrid called. She said you have news.
You're right.
The pituitary gland has indeed been removed.
And I may be able to posit a hypothesis as to why.
Years ago,
when I worked with the defense department,
we were tasked with a program designed to cultivate soldiers.
Cultivate?
Quite literally.
Grow them.
It was highly theoretical, of course.
Female eggs were to be fertilized in a lab
and given a cocktail of growth hormones.
If perfected, a baby was born and within three years
aged to the equivalent of a 21-year-old male.
A soldier in prime condition.
You're telling me you developed a way to grow soldiers, people.
Theoretically.
The only problem was how to slow the aging process
once the subject had reached the desired physical age.

Once stared, we couldn't turn the aging off.
So you think now what?
That the killer somehow continued your work?
Not exactly.
But I believe that someone has made a breakthrough,
that the killer is the product.
The test tube human afflicted with rapid aging.
To slow the process,
he must extract the hormones
from the pituitary glands of his victims
to treat himself, to stay young.
Then the pregnant woman at the hospital--
She was an accident.
And the killer's condition was passed on to the baby.
Even condoms are not 100% effective.
You two should be aware of this.
That night, he was going to kill her, but first they fornicated.
Had intercourse, sex.
Okay, we got it.
She became pregnant, um,
but the pregnancy became horribly accelerated.
So someone must have heard her scream.
And he couldn't go through with his plan.
He couldn't kill her.
Which is why he didn't kill this girl at a motel,
because he was scared.
And if his MO's changed, then...we have nothing.
We have to go back and start again from the beginning.
No, this is okay. We're making progress--
Why don't you tell her that everything's going to be okay.
I thought you had a way with women.
Christopher!
The FBI came to see me today.
I know what happened.
You got that woman pregnant.
Son, we have to be so careful.
I know.

How's the pain?

Getting worse.

Yes, well, we're almost there.

You just need to get one more, and you'll be okay again.

Yes. Yes. Yes!

Something on your mind?

Please.

The term "on your mind"

vexes me with its depictive inaccuracy.

Aw, stop.

Would you just talk like a person?

- What are you thinking? - Jules Verne.

"20,000 Leagues Under The Sea" Jules Verne?

Yes.

Although I was referring to his lesser-known masterwork,
the kip brothers, in which he posited
that the last image seen in life, right at the moment of death,
is permanently imprinted on the retina of the eye.

Also a work of fiction.

Which is a small but critical distinction.

When was it you lost your imagination, son?

All right, do you want to play?

Let's play.

The only way that we can see what she saw,
even in theory,

is if we could recover the electric impulses
that were traveling along her optic nerve.

Which we can't.

Ah, we're in luck.

This woman was given a muscle relaxant.

The drug would have frozen her neural pathways
at the moment of death and the last images she saw with it.

Okay, assuming we're actually having this conversation,
we would still need a...

Well, I don't know.

We still need something that could translate what she saw--
Something that could translate from her eyes to a monitor.

A TV screen.

Hey.

I'm sorry about the lab.

I don't usually...

What?

Lose control.

To tell you the truth, it was kind of a relief.

You've been so together with everything that's going on,

I was starting to develop an inferiority complex.

Knowing that Walter's work is responsible for all those murders...

I just want you to know that you're not alone here.

Listen...

I can't believe that I'm about to propose this.

But I--I think...

We've actually figured out a way to track down that psycho.

How?

Well, we need a piece of equipment.

It's, uh, laser optic hardware.

Very crazy and very, very hard to find.

But as it turns out, only one company has the patents.

Sorry for the delay

Ms. Sharp will be right with you.

I have reservations about asking massive dynamic for a favor.

The corporate mind always looks for quid pro quo.

Can I ask you a question?

Of course.

Before he died, Agent Scott suggested

that this was more than a coincidence that you recruited me for this assignment.

Agent Dunham...

do you mind if I ask you a personal question

about you and Agent Scott?

The very last time you were... intimate...

Were you safe?

You weren't, were you?

Agent Dunham?

Ms. Sharp will see you now.

I hope the ride was comfortable.

I'm not a big fan of airplanes myself.

Despite the obvious intellectual understanding of their safety,
my hands still get sweaty on takeoff.

Thank you again for your cooperation, we're very--

No need to thank me.

You know, I've been thinking of you.

Meaning to thank you for being a woman of your word
and keeping massive dynamic out of the press.

I also wanted to say...

You have my sincere condolences on the loss of Agent Scott.

What do you know about Agent Scott?

I know that he was your partner.

I've lost people close to me.

I know how hard that can be.

Not to mention the rumor about what he was involved with.

And, of course, the joy of being a female
in a traditionally male line of work.

No doubt some of your male colleagues are assuming that you two were intimate.

Ah.

The electronic pulse camera.

Travel safely, Agent Dunham.

Are we ready?

Dear, the lights.

Goggles, all of you.

Do not look directly into the light.

Are we really going to be able to see her last image?

Faith.

Never a bad thing to have.

This is taking too long.

If he's already picked up another--

Impatient!

You always were.

As if you ever knew me well enough to make a statement like that.

Huh! You're a smart boy.

But there is much you don't know.

Did you see that?

What was that?

Wait, wait. What was that?

Can you focus?

It's not a slide projector.

Wait... Astrid, can you flip it over?

Yes.

That's a bridge.

I know that bridge.

I used to live in Denton.

That's, um, that's Sargent bridge.

That's in Stoughton.

What's in Stoughton?

The warehouse district.

This would be one of the last images she saw?

In theory, yes.

Where would she have to have been to see that angle of the bridge?

Pull up NRO online, image mapping database.

Okay, match the angles.

Wait, stop.

That's it.

Pull out to aerial view and triangulate.

It looks like she's in this warehouse district.

The 1600 block of Bond street.

I want satellite images of that area for the last 24 hours.

Street sweeper on the access road at 8:05 p.m.

I got nothing between 6:00 and 7:45 p.m.

What are we looking for, exactly?

She died in one of these buildings.

I've got a gray sedan parked outside unit 17 at 8:05 a.m.

I've got the same vehicle eight hours later.

That's the estimated time of death of our last victim.

If you get anything more specific, call me.

You got it.

It worked, Peter! See that?

It worked!

So lessing... Borrow... Belmont.

Hold on--did you say Borrow?

Did we pass Borrow already?

There.

Stay there.

That's just not gonna happen.

FBI! Put your hands up!

I said put your hands up.

She's alive.

Is there anyone else here?

You have your phone?

Yeah.

Dial 1-7-2-2-4.

Ask for Charlie Francis.

Tell him we need field assist.

Tell him to ping the GPS for the location.

Safety's on the right. Do not let him move.

Freeze!

Hey, hey! Back off!

Hello?

It's Peter.

Just making popcorn.

Walter, I'm with a woman in her mid-20s.

She is going into cardiac arrest due to an overdose of anesthesia.

Her heart just stopped.

Do you have any cocaine?

Cocaine? No, I don't have any cocaine.

Oh, then too bad.

You'll have to shock her heart.

Yeah, I know that.

Unfortunately, I don't have a defibrillator!

Hey, you still there?

Mm.

What is the optimum voltage for cardiac resuscitation?

Try 200 volts.

All right, here it goes.

It's not working.

Well, you'll have to crank it, won't you?

Hey!

Hey, it worked.

Good work, son. Good work.

Hey.

Gonna be okay.

He--he should have let me die...

a long time ago.

I'm not... I...

I was an experiment.

Someone...

Someone paid him.

The man I called my father.

He should have let me die.

That was his mistake.

But he was blinded...

Because he loved me.

He loved me.

He...

Thank you again for your help.

That's what I'm here for.

I hope it served you well.

I'd ask you what you wanted the camera for,

but I respect your confidentiality.

Well, we're grateful for your help.

Seems you're settling well into your new position.

Excuse me?

I don't think a woman of your talents should be in public service.

Oh?

And where should I be?

Here, at Massive Dynamic.

You're offering me a job?

Philip Broyles is a good man, and his record speaks for itself.

Well, I'm sure you got into law enforcement

because you wanted to make a difference.

So consider this:

Massive Dynamic is one of the ten largest economic entities in the world.

Our weapons technologies shape the defense department's strategies.

Our investments sway the markets

and make or break presidential elections.

Overseas, we have responsibilities traditionally sacred to the state.

The right to direct private armies,
to manage global affairs into stable equilibrium.

You're serious.

Yes, I am.

Not to mention, I believe a position here
would speed your
effort to find answers.

You're referring to the pattern?

Among other things.

Penrose took a hit.

Forensics tracked a two-mile spatter trail
leading from the warehouse out to route one.

Local pd's on the lookout,
and I've ordered checkpoints along the interstate.

But nothing so far. He's still out there.

Listen...

Every aspect of these investigations is strictly classified.

All of it.

You understand that?

Of course.

Certain private individuals have been granted clearance
regarding the pattern.

Including nina sharp.

But that clearance is limited.

I understand.

Sure, but, uh...

I'm not clear on what you're getting at.

When you were with her, did she share anything with you?

Did she mention the pattern?

Did she comment or ask you anything about the details of your investigation?

Yeah, she did.

She said you were a good man.

And that was it?

She offered me a job.

And what did you say to that?

I told her you were gonna give me a raise.

"I acknowledge that by signing this document,

"I waive my constitutional right
against unreasonable search and seizure."

I'm not signing this!

I, however, will.

Well, of course you will. What have you got to lose?

You're already committed to a mental institution.

You have to sign it too.

I'm not signing my rights away to the federal government.

I already got enough trouble in my life.

About my former colleague and his son.

It's one of the inherent pitfalls of being a scientist.

Trying to maintain that distinction...

Between god's domain and our own.

Sometimes, I forget myself.

But then, you already know that.

What do you mean?

If you've read my file,

then you know the truth about Peter's medical history.

I've been meaning to ask you to--

Walter...

There was no mention of any medical history.

Just his birthday.

Oh.

I was going to ask you

to keep it between just the two of us, but, uh...

I suppose, then, there's no need.

Zero.

One, two.

Three.

Eight.

21, 34.

Hey! Walter...

You're awake, Peter.

Me too.

I was trying to lull myself to sleep.

Yeah, I'm...

I'm aware of that.

I can hear you.

You think you could do that in your head?

Wasn't I?

I thought I was.

Sorry.

That's okay.

Just...try and keep it down, all right?

1... 2...

33...

3...

77...

2... 21.

6... 110.

- Row, row, row your boat *
- gently down the stream *
- merrily, merrily,

merrily, merrily *

Son?

Is that you?

Yes, Walter, it's me.

Just... stop talking and close your eyes, okay?

- Row, row,

row your boat *

- gently down the stream *
- merrily, merrily,

merrily, merrily *

- life is but a dream * *