

East River Coffee Shop

YOUNG WAITRESS: Can I get you some coffee?

OBSERVER: Roast beef sandwich on a roll. Meat raw as possible. Room temperature water. No ice.

YOUNG WAITRESS: Gotcha.

OBSERVER: Do you have jalapeños?

YOUNG WAITRESS: I think he does.

OBSERVER: 11 of those, please. On the side.

YOUNG WAITRESS: 11. You got it.

YOUNG WAITRESS: What is that? That language, is that, like, Korean or something?

OBSERVER: No.

YOUNG WAITRESS: Good. I had Asian studies at CUNY. Thought I really missed something.

WORKER: Move. Move now!

OBSERVER: It has arrived.

Boston

WALTER: 150 grams of sucrose, maintained at 70 degrees Fahrenheit for 120 hours. 30 milliliters at 80 degrees...

PETER: What formula are you rattling off at 3 o'clock in the morning?

WALTER: The formula for root beer.

PETER: Root beer. That's what's so important you couldn't stop yourself from broadcasting.

WALTER: I haven't had it for ages. I-I thought I might make some in the lab tomorrow. Where are you going?

PETER: It occurs to me it might be easier to sleep in the tub.

WALTER: A root beer float. Delicious.

PETER: Next time, would you please drain the tub?

WALTER: Oh, yes. Indeed.

Federal Building

-I know how to get there. -I need you to slow down.

Her office is right up here. I've been there before.

Sir, you don't have clearance to walk here unescorted.

-Peter. -We need to talk.

Is that okay with you?

Do I have clearance to talk to her?

It's okay. I got it.

Come with me.

Where is your father?

Walter is at the hotel.

But don't worry, your agents are standing guard.

Not that it matters, 'cause the man is unconscious.

He was awake till 5:00 in the morning,

reciting the chemical compositions of his favorite beverages to me.

That was right after he finished lecturing me

on how I'd squandered my above-average intellect

and my substantial education, all while he was standing there naked.

Because he prefers the breeze.

Well, your living arrangements are temporary.

We're finding you an apartment so that--

Olivia, don't bother.

I wanted to help. I felt bad.

I still feel bad about what happened to you.

But the truth is, you don't need me here.

-That isn't the truth. -It is.

Things are happening here.

Strange things that need investigating,

that connect somehow to the insane work

that Walter was doing way back when,

but he's the one with the answers.

You need him. I'm just a babysitter.

Peter, you decipher what he says.

Things that other people can't even follow.

No, not any more.

Anybody can do that.

There's nothing special about me.

You're his son.

That's not the only thing.

I don't do well staying in one place.

You know that.

This isn't the job for me.

If you leave, so does he.

Really?

You're telling me that if the federal government wants

to get Walter Bishop out of a mental institution,

they can't do that without the consent of his son?

It's your father.

He's made it very clear that if you leave,
he won't cooperate with our investigations.

I don't believe it.

He would rather go back to St. Claire's than work here without you.

He said that more than once.

Was he wearing clothes at the time?

-Good morning. -Hello.

Hello.

Morning.

Yesterday, there was an explosion at a construction site in Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

A crane collapsed.

Left three dead, two dozen injured.

The public was told that it was a gas main explosion,
which, technically, is the truth.

It's what caused the explosion I want you to see.

We had it transported here late last night.

We've got NSA and CDC gathering data.

But Dr. Bishop,

I wanted you to see this as soon as possible.

What is it?

It's why you're here.

We don't know.

It just fell from the sky?

It came from underground.

The thing blasted through an unused subway tunnel into a gas main.

-Underground. -Came to rest right on the surface.

As if someone had carefully placed it there.

-Solid iridium. -We think so, yes.

Subsonic vibrations?

At two megahertz, and then again at four.

This thing is vibrating?

Dr. Bishop, do you have an idea what this may be?

An idea, yes.

Do you feel like sharing?

No. It's too early.

This isn't the first time one of these has shown up.

At Quantico.

Colonel Jacobson was in charge of the investigation.

Henry Jacobson?

Spoke to him myself this morning.

He's expecting a visit.

Said he's looking forward to seeing you again.

What do you want to do?

What kind of man would take off on you

the minute a can of magic space soup

-appears out of nowhere? -Who says it came from space?

-It's a joke, Walter. -Oh.

Thank you for staying.

This is the last one, Olivia.

Then I'm gone.

We need to get this back to the lab.

We can't risk transferring this to the university.

We'd rather you stay...

If you require my perspicacity such as it exists,
then there are certain fundamental requirements,
not the least of which is access to my equipment,
my lab...

I was hoping I'd have an excuse to see you again.

It's good to see you.

It's been more than a year since she died.

It's still difficult.

I suppose it always will be.

Jessica took care of the house.

Hell, she took care of everything.

I apologize for what has to be horrible coffee.

No, it's delicious.

I-I know you lost someone too.

My condolences.

It's not easy losing a partner.

I know you and Agent Scott were close.

What can you tell me about Quantico?

1987?

Master Sergeant Stuart Malick.

He was at his post at the Marine base on the night of June 22.

His job was to watch the motion sensors, perimeter security,
to ensure that there was no breach at the base.

Except on that night, the sensors went nuts.

What we found was this.

Metallic cylinder, 24 inches tall, 12 inches in diameter.

He assumed it fell from the sky.

That perhaps it was a piece of a satellite.

Except it wasn't.

Stranger still,

although it seemed to be a solid piece of hard metal,

-it was vibrating. -At two megahertz.

Then again at four.

There's another?

Where is this one?

Still at Quantico?

I was called in to investigate.

We determined it was transmitting something.

A signal that we couldn't decode.

48 hours after we found it,

there was an explosion unlike anything I'd ever seen.

It went through the floor to the basement below.

It exploded down.

And was gone.

I'll give you my files, whatever you need.

But this was a weird one, Olivia.

And if it's happening again,

as a friend, I'd ask you to stay as far away from this thing as you can.

And what exactly is this?

In time, my dear.

Hello, sir, can I help you?

Code red, code red.

We have a breach in sector eight.

You.

Where is it?

Agent Dunham.

Hello?

Hello?

Olivia.

Hello?

Olivia.

John?

Dispatch.

This is Agent Dunham. 7-18-622-79.

I need a call traced from my cell.

It just came in.

Please hold.

We have no record of any calls in the last three hours.

I'm sorry.

Okay. Thank you.

The precision with which this object was constructed is inspiring.

Down to the molecular bonds.

I sure hope that a gigantic metallic suppository is not the pinnacle of human achievement.

What is it?

Let me ask you a question.

If I tried reverse psychology,

like, if I just said to you right now, "Walter, don't tell me what that is,"

Would that work?

Many years ago, I worked on project Thor.

The Department of Defense wanted a subterranean torpedo, a missile which could, in theory, be shot from anywhere in the world through the earth's core and hit its target on the other side.

I know for a fact that that is ridiculous.

Open your mind, son, or someone may open it for you.

Even that doesn't make any sense.

The cylinder could be any number of things, none of which I am prepared to discuss.

Great, well, I am glad I stuck around for this.

I don't believe it.

What?

Look.

It's one of the photos from Jacobson's file.

Him. Remember?

The bald guy.

No, who is he?

That's the point.

Olivia, you're starting to sound like Walter.

There are many things I'm not good at,

too many, but one thing I can do,

that I've always been able to do,

that game, concentration.

Memory. Connecting things. Putting them together.

See.

Two weeks ago at the hospital.

That's him.

No way.

Can I help you?

Still photograph from the crime scene at Quantico, 1987.

Look. He was there.

Look at this. Less than two weeks ago at the hospital in Quincy.

It's the same guy. And he looks the same.

And he was there with us.

What?

Come with me.

Excuse us, please.

It took us a year to spot him.

You did it in three weeks.

Who the hell is this guy?

That is one excellent question.

You've run him through every database?

-Of course. -And there's nothing on him?

-Nothing at all? -No positive id.

We've recorded him at over three dozen scenes,

all of which relate to the pattern.

How?

Why? What is he doing?

What it looks like he's doing.

He's watching. Observing.

Which is why we refer to him as the observer.

But what he wants and why he's there, we don't know.

And he was there the other day?

In New York at the construction site?

This is Broyles.

When did it happen?

Okay, turn it on.

What is that?

It's called sound.

I know that, thank you. What's the point?

I need to compare the numbers, confirm my suspicions.

Compare them to what?

Suspicions of what?

Astrid Farnsworth.

I'll explain later.

No, I want you to explain right now.

I want to know what the hell this tin can is.

Peter?

It's Olivia.

Hello?

There's been an attack, Peter.

The team at the warehouse is dead.

What? Who did it?

I don't know, but we're moving that thing to a secure facility.

I'm on my way.

Got it.

Walter, whatever the hell that thing is, you should have never brought it here.

Why do you say this?

Has someone come for it?

Why would you ask that?

-Have they? -Yes.

Then we need to keep this safe.

We need something-- something very important.

-What? -Aluminum foil.

-Why? -Trust me.

-No, thank you. -Damn it!

Must you always be such a smart ass?

I need the aluminum foil right now to shield the frequencies of the cylinder.

Your life depends on it. All our lives depend on it.

Go now!

I'm gonna go get you your aluminum foil,
and then when I get back, you're gonna tell me
what the hell it is you think that thing does.

While you're out,
if you see a chance to get me a root beer float,
that would be wonderful.

I'll see what I can do.

Would you be a lamb and get me that syringe?

Sure.

Thank you.

I got the tin foil!

Astrid!

Astrid! Are you okay?

Astrid, look at me, Astrid.

Hey, focus, focus for a second.

Where is Walter?

Someone came to you.

Think about her.

I know you were there.

The last time.

And she's come to you now.

Think about that woman.

Don't play with me.

Now you tell me now,

or I'll do that again.

Think.

See? That was easy.

Bless you.

I haven't had a root beer float in 17 years.

And? How is it?

Heavenly.

And earthly at the same time.

Quite the connoisseur.

Do you want some?

No, thank you.

I wouldn't taste much anyway.

17 years.

That's a long time to go without something you love.

Where I've been, you lose track of time.

So much now to make up for.

Thank you for hiding the beacon. I can't touch it myself.

I know you have questions.

Soon you will have answers.

Of course.

Dr. Walter Bishop,

-I'm forwarding his photo right now. -I want surveillance posted outside his last known residence.

Come on, this is getting annoying.

Please do not stand there and tell me that you have no idea where your father

You're assuming I have any understanding of how that man's addled brain works.

You gave us the impression that you could handle him.

Hey, let's get something straight. I didn't promise you anything.

I warned you from the word go.

Agent Dunham.

Thank god. Where?

We'll be right there.

Walter just got picked up, walking the median of I-95.

Thank you.

If it's possible, I would very much like my own clothes back.

Let me explain how this works to you, Walter.

You can't inject a federal officer with sedatives, steal government property, and then escape from protective custody, and then ask to be not treated like a criminal.

Have you never taken anything that didn't belong to you because you knew it was the right thing to do?

This isn't about me.

Maybe it is, Peter.

You took the cylinder.

Do you remember that?

Yes, of course.

What would you like to know about it?

-Where is it? -I can't tell you that.

But I can tell you that someone is coming to seek the cylinder.

Thus, I had to hide it.

And I don't recall where or from whom.

We need you to remember.

It may be dangerous,

and we need to help keep people safe.

Tell me what it is.

If I--if I attempted to explain it,

You--you might think me mad.

Don't worry. There's no chance of that happening.

I believe there are only another four hours

in which I must keep the cylinder from those who are trying to get it,

a theory I have discussed with my friend, who agrees with me.

Your friend?

Um, he's a tall fellow, right?

Pink, big fuzzy ears.

No, he's a man.

Quite nice.

Albeit extremely bald.

No eyebrows either.

It's disturbing, but you get accustomed to it.

You talked to him?

Do you really think it's a good idea to feed into his delusions at this point?

Walter, who is he? Where can we find him?

Oh, you won't be able to find him.

Of course not, 'cause he's in the seventh dimension.

He's shy.

Though he wouldn't be any use to you.

He just observes.

Walter, you haven't talked to this man.

You've seen him in Olivia's photographs, so cut out the gibberish

and just tell us where the cylinder is.

Must you always be so small-minded?

Damn it, don't be like her.

Like your mother.

Questioning my judgment.

I am not a child.

I will not be babied.

Thank you for that.

That's exactly what I needed.

Guilt relieved.

Olivia, I am very sorry,

but I think you'll understand

why I don't want to hang around any longer.

I upset him, didn't I?

Where are we?

I couldn't tell you.

Walter's hiding something. He's being as cryptic as ever.

He says he had to keep the cylinder safe.

That someone is looking for it.

Welcome to the joys of Walter Bishop.

Where did he take it?

You'll have to ask Walter. He won't tell me.

But, apparently, he had a meeting with a man matching the description of our friend.

The bald guy.

Well, I know a lot of bald guys.

The observer.

Are you saying Walter's saying he knows him?

I'm saying he's not cooperating.

I'm saying I'm confused.

Hey, man.

Thanks for calling me back so fast.

Look, don't start with me right now, okay?

Well, guess what, I'm calling this time to ask for a favor too.

Nah, I need some work.

Well, I don't really care.

As long as it puts some money in my pocket.

Anywhere but Boston.

Okay.

Agent Dunham?

Agent Farnsworth is on the phone.

I don't know. About an hour ago?

When he left, he was pretty upset with Walter.

Maybe he just finally left.

No, there was a struggle here.

I'll check it out. Thanks, Astrid.

Call Harvard campus security.

There's a closed-circuit camera outside countway library
aimed at the Kresge building.

I need footage going back two hours.

You don't work for big Eddie, do you?

Look, I think you got the wrong guy.

What I'm saying is...

Whatever it is you want, I don't think I'm gonna be able to give it to you.

No, no!

You have something I need.

Tell me where it is.

I have no idea what you're talking about.

I'm going to ask you some questions. Please answer honestly.

What's the most pain you've ever felt in your life?

This was taken outside your lab.

Have you ever seen this man before?

I don't believe so, no.

Something's happened, yes?

Something unfortunate. What is it?

I believe this man may have abducted Peter.

That's not-- no.

Peter will lead him to it.

To what? The cylinder?

-Yes. -How?

Did you tell him where you put it?

No, of course not.

I don't need to.

You and your colleagues had the cylinder last.

Where is it now?

I have no idea.

And even if I did,

you're the last person I'd tell.

But you just did tell me.

Your father hid it. But you don't know where.

And yes, to answer your question, when this is over, I just might kill you.

It depends on a few things.

When was the last time your father kissed you?

I think that's your lamest question yet.

Think about your father.

Good.

Now think about a time before he was sent away to the institution.

A happy time, a time when you still believed that your father loved you.

Beside his car in your old house,

does your father have any other hiding places?

Answer the question.

Does your father ha--

Thank you.

You just told me where the cylinder is.

Come with me.

Shame you never met him.

Come on.

Dig.

Careful.

Hey, Olivia.

Over here.

Are you okay?

Yeah. He went that way. Go.

He's got a gun.

Departure on schedule.

Who the hell are you?

What is the cylinder?

You know what it is, don't you?

Why is it here?

Why now?

Who are you?

Apples, bananas, rhinoceros.

I want to hold your hand.

Lucy in the sky with diamonds.

Do you really know my father? Did you talk to him this afternoon?

Are you his friend?

Peter.

-Is he all right? -He's fine.

He has a mild concussion, but he's gonna be fine.

Thank you. That's wonderful news.

Come on. I'm gonna take you back to your hotel.
If you don't mind,
there's something I'd like to do first.
What I did to you was very untrustworthy of me.
I never intended to harm you.
I was simply doing what was necessary to protect us all.
If it would help you feel a sense of retribution,
I would tell you to inject me too.
But I'd most likely enjoy it.
Hi, Peter Bishop, he was brought in about an hour ago.
Excuse me.
Are you okay?
Yeah.
I'm fine.
So did we recover the cylinder?
We dug out the hole, but there's no sign of it.
As soon as the sun comes up, we'll bring in an excavator,
but somehow, I don't have an expectation we'll find it.
So it just disappeared.
We I.d.'d the shooter.
John Mosley.
Wanted for a double homicide in Seattle last month.
A few drug-related felonies before that.
Seattle.
Came a long way to try and get that thing.
Another in a long line of questions.
I should get back.
As you can imagine, there are some interagency fires to quash.
NSA considered that device their personal property.
They're looking for an explanation.
So I'll see you tomorrow?
Yeah.
You ready to get out of here?
Something happened out there tonight, Olivia.
The pattern that Broyles refers to, I always thought it was nonsense.
Inexplicable things happen every single day.
It does not mean that there is any deeper significance.

I know this is gonna sound insane.

Yeah, I know that it sounds insane, but the man in the woods,
he knew me.

And I don't know how, but he was inside my head.

He knew what I was going to say before I said it.

The man I shot?

No, the other guy, the bald guy.

-From your photos. -Mr. no brows?

Peter, I didn't see anyone.

You know me well enough now to know that these are
the last words I would ever expect to be saying,
but what if Walter is right?

What if this is just the beginning?

Listen, you took a pretty bad blow to the head.

You think I did this to myself?

No, I just--

I was wrong to-- to demand that you stay here.

Walter is not your responsibility.

As you've always said,

this was just supposed to be temporary.

You have your life.

Olivia, did you hear what I just said?

I mean, I'm a fairly open-minded guy,

but there are things happening here that I can't even begin to explain.

And I am not going anywhere until I can.

In that case, you might want this.

Your credentials have been approved.

Civilian consultant to the Department of Homeland Security.

Does this mean I don't need an escort to come into the federal building anymore?

Yeah.

Will it get me out of speeding tickets?

Maybe.

So let me tell you about my day, Walter.

I was abducted, tortured, had two wires shoved up my nose
that were connected to a machine I've never seen before.

But maybe the strangest part of the day is that somehow, without talking,

I was able to answer a question that I didn't have the answer to.

Where I buried the capsule?
How did I know that, Walter?
I didn't know that.
I didn't know where the cylinder was buried.
You know it, son, because I know it.
No, I didn't know because you didn't tell me.
I didn't have to.
You must adjust the way you consider communications, ideas.
Ideas can be absorbed through osmosis.
Through proximity.
Do you remember the night of the accident when you were young?
- I was driving-- - Of course, I remember.
Your mother was at home.
Of course, I remember. Thanksgiving dinner.
She was anxious for us to get there, join everyone.
When the car went off the road,
the ice was so thick that it held the vehicle
for what must have been two minutes.
What does this have to do with what happened today?
I regained consciousness, I saw your body...
Contorted horribly, and I reached for you.
But the ice broke.
And we sank into that dark water.
And then you swam to shore and saved us both. I know.
No.
I was unable to control my limbs in that icy water.
It wouldn't respond.
I was incapable of saving you.
Or myself.
We were dead, Peter, you and I.
Until someone grabbed me. And we were going up.
We were saved, both of us, by a man that I had never met.
A man that shouldn't have been there at all.
He pulled us to the shore.
I remembered that he was bald, that he had no eyebrows.
And as he set us down in the snow, I recalled his stare,
standing there in his suit soaking wet,

seemingly indifferent to the cold.

It was as if he knew my thoughts before I did.

As if he were inside my head.

Without speaking, he made it clear
that he would need me one day.

A return favor, so to speak.

And this is it.

Today, what happened with the capsule, I'm not sure how I knew
about the vibrations, the composition.

But then when I tested it myself, heard the vibrations, felt them,
it was as if an envelope had been opened and I could finally read my instructions.

Instantly, I knew I had to protect the capsule for him.

Who they are, what they want--

as a man of science, I share your frustration
in not having these answers.

But what I know is that you are sitting here now...

my son...

...alive.

I know you must think me insane.

Not nearly as much as you might think.

Hello, Liv.