

Prologue

After Hours at Philadelphia Mutual Savings Bank

EVAN MCNEIL: (at console next to unconscious guard) Security cameras are out - disarming alarm. (diverts wire circuitry) Alarm disarmed.

MITCHELL LOEB: Roger, we're in. (walks to vault wall and inspects it) How are we doing?

EVAN MCNEIL: Loop is up - you're good to go.

(team attaches equipment to wall and computer controls)

MITCHELL LOEB: How are we doing?

RAUL LUGO: Good to go.

MITCHELL LOEB: Okay - powering up. 3... 2... 1... charge.

(wall vibrates)

RAUL LUGO: Oscillation is good.

RYAN EASTWICK: Ready to open the grid.

MITCHELL LOEB: Where are we?

RAUL LUGO: 96%... 98... resonance - set.

MITCHELL LOEB: Give me the grid... (men expose wall to harpoon) Careful!

RAUL LUGO: (fires cable through wall) Magnet firm.

MITCHELL LOEB: How long do we have?

(team dons remainder of gear)

RAUL LUGO: Confirming density and thickness, 1 minute 41, 40...

MITCHELL LOEB: Let's go.

(team pulls way through the resonated wall into vault)

MITCHELL LOEB: (looking for safety deposit box number) 610, 610, 610... Okay, we got it. Give me a charge gel.

RYAN EASTWICK: (passes charge and checks watch) 57 seconds.

MITCHELL LOEB: (places charge) We gotta move. (smoking door falls to floor)

RYAN EASTWICK: 45 seconds

(box is lugged to the wall)

RYAN EASTWICK: I got it. Down.

MITCHELL LOEB: Alright, let's move. Grab everything let's go.

RYAN EASTWICK: Let's go, I need help. Get it up. (hoisting the box to the cable)

MITCHELL LOEB: (to Eastwick) Okay, take it through.

RYAN EASTWICK: (pushes the box through to the waiting McNeil) Okay, you got it? (checks watch) They gotta move or they're not gonna make it.

(in the vault)

MITCHELL LOEB: Lugo, let's go.

RAUL LUGO: The magnet, it won't disengage.

MITCHELL LOEB: Lugo... disengage it - we've got to go now.

RAUL LUGO: You go, I'm working on it. Go! I'm right behind you. (tugs on magnetic harpoon)
(outside the vault - Loeb emerges)

RYAN EASTWICK: 15 seconds. What the hell is he doing?

MITCHELL LOEB: The magnets stuck.

ROBERT NORTON: He can't leave that in there. We're screwed if he does.

MITCHELL LOEB: Yeah! I think he understands that. (looks at watch) Come on.

ROBERT NORTON: (cable goes limp) We got slack.

RYAN EASTWICK: 10 seconds, 9 seconds, 8, 7, 6...

RAUL LUGO: (dons mask) Alright, I'm ready. Pull me through!

RYAN EASTWICK: 5 seconds, 4, 3... (Lugo starts through wall) We've got 2 seconds, come on, pull!

MITCHELL LOEB: Come on, push. Come on.

RAUL LUGO: It's hard! Pull me through! (wall solidifies) ...ahhhh, ahhhh!...

MITCHELL LOEB: (quickly) Grab everything, let's go. (retrieves pistol)

RAUL LUGO: No, help me. Please?

MITCHELL LOEB: (fires pistol) Let's go. Let's go! Secure that gear, I want nothing left behind.

ACT I

The Science Team at the Bank

PETER: (entering the bank - to Olivia) What do you mean you don't have one? Everybody's got one. Even I've got one.

WALTER: (interrupting) What's that, a spleen?

PETER: Yeah, Walter, a spleen.

WALTER: And this one suffers from Asplenia, a rare genetic condition in which one is born spleenless.

PETER: Thanks, Walter. (to Olivia) So, you seriously don't have a best friend?

OLIVIA: Nope. Well - does a sister count?

PETER: Of course a sister doesn't count.

OLIVIA: Well, I guess that I've always just enjoyed being on my own. Even when I was at boarding school, they used to call me "Han".

PETER: As in "Solo"? That's cute. At least you had a nickname.

BROYLES: (on cell phone) This is Phillip Broyles with Homeland Security - please have him call me as soon as possible. (listens) Yes, and they'll connect you. (hangs up phone)

AGENT: (next to the vault - to onlookers) Clear the area, please.

WALTER: Ohhh. (sees corpse in wall) This is fascinating.

BROYLES: A security guard was killed, the surveillance cameras disabled.

OLIVIA: So, what do we have?

BROYLES: Nothing. This incident may be related to a recent series of bank robberies - this would be the third.

OLIVIA: All in Philadelphia?

BROYLES: First was in Cleveland, the second in Baltimore.

WALTER: (interrupting) I was in Baltimore. I remember a woman with particularly large breasts.

BROYLES: Each time the only thing that's been taken has been a single, oversized safe deposit box. All without so much as a breach of the vault.

OLIVIA: Are the boxes traceable?

BROYLES: I have a call in to the bank manager now. The who, what, and why... that's you.

PETER: Just when you thought things couldn't get any weirder.

OLIVIA: (studies the corpse) Peter, I know this man.

PETER: What, the guy in the wall? Really? Let me guess. He's your best friend.

OLIVIA: No, I mean it.

PETER: You know him from where?

WALTER: To determine what happened here, we'll have to cut him out of the wall. At least pieces of him. I'll need some of this netting as well.

OLIVIA: Raul. Raul Lugo.

WALTER: You know this man?

OLIVIA: He was in my first unit in the Marines.

WALTER: Then you have my condolences.

PETER: You're being serious?

OLIVIA: Yeah. He's from Jersey. Uh, he's married. His wife's named Susan. He plays baseball. He lives in Edison. I've been to his house.

In the Robber's Warehouse

RYAN EASTWICK: Bullet in the head or no, leaving a guy halfway stuck in the wall wasn't the most professional move.

MITCHELL LOEB: I thought it was a nice touch.

RYAN EASTWICK: You can joke about it all you want.

MITCHELL LOEB: Yeah, thanks.

RYAN EASTWICK: We had another grid. We should have tried to get him out.

MITCHELL LOEB: How are we doing?

EVAN MCNEIL: Crappy. Self-sealing bolts, magnetic tumblers, some kind of old-school chromo-alloy. Someone really didn't want this opened.

MITCHELL LOEB: How long?

EVAN MCNEIL: Couple of hours, maybe three.

MITCHELL LOEB: We have one more box to go. If your bitching about Raul is your way of saying

you want out, then go. Otherwise, inject yourself and shut your mouth.

A Visiting Room in Wissenschaft Prison

(inmates converse in German in the background)

DAVID JONES: (to his arriving lawyer) Mr. Kohl - please come in.

The Bishops Shop for Tools

WALTER: (wandering the aisles of *TOOLRACK*) This is amazing! The scale of this hardware store is unprecedented.

PETER: Actually, it's completely predated. There are stores like this everywhere, Walter. All around the world, in every city.

WALTER: Well, if anyone knows that, it's you.

PETER: All right, what's that supposed to mean?

WALTER: My last phrase?

PETER: Yes, your last phrase... 'if anybody knows that - it's you'. what is that?

WALTER: I was implying that you traveled extensively.

PETER: No, you were implying that I haven't stayed still much in the last 15 years. You were implying, and you've been implying with increasing frequency, that you don't approve of my admittedly nomadic existence. In short, Walter, you're saying that you're disappointed I haven't made more out of my life. That's what you're implying.

WALTER: Yes, I suppose so.

PETER: The reason this store seems like such a miracle to you is because you've been holed-up in a mental institution for the better part of the last two decades - which effectively does two things. One, it precludes you from knowing much of anything about me. About who I am, who I've been, what I know, and what I've done. And two, it renders any fatherly judgments you may have of me - moot... Are we clear?

H.I. WORKER: Can I help you guys find something?

WALTER: Oh, Yes. We're looking for an electric saw, preferably variable speed with an easily replaceable blade system.

H.I. WORKER: : What are you cutting? Wood?

WALTER: Human tissue. Flesh and bone. It's more sinuous than you may expect.

PETER: It's really not that dire.

WALTER: Oh, actually, potentially it's far worse.

H.I. WORKER: Um, I think that the saw that you're looking for is around the corner, next to the routers.

WALTER: Thank you.

PETER: (to the retreating young lady) No need to call the police.

The Visit with Mister Jones

KOHL: Mr. Jones, as you know, we only have so much time. So... the sentencing is scheduled for next week. As I told you before, I think the best we can hope for is life. However, I will be filing an

appeal...

DAVID JONES: You've spoke to my people? Do they have any news for me?

KOHL: Yes, they said that the "job" in Philadelphia was successful.

DAVID JONES: Good. Please tell them the following - they are to wire Mr. Loeb another \$100,000... and to inform him of the location of the next 'item'.

KOHL: I'll pass that along.

DAVID JONES: Thank you.

KOHL: Here is the document. If you would just take a quick look at it? This is a standard document for appeal. If you'll just sign on the... (watches Jones turn over the document and start writing on the back) What are you doing?

DAVID JONES: Items that I will need upon your next visit. My people will provide them for you.

KOHL: Dramamine? Sun tan lotion? What are these for?

DAVID JONES: As my employee, it really is none of your concern now, is it? What size are you? ... suit size?

KOHL: 40 long. Why?

DAVID JONES: The address of my personal tailor. He'll fix up something nice for you. My way of saying thank you for all you've done for me.

Dunham Informs the Ex-Wife

SUSAN LUGO: (answers door) Yes.

OLIVIA: Susan.

SUSAN LUGO: Yeah.

OLIVIA: Olivia. Olivia Dunham.

SUSAN LUGO: Hello.

OLIVIA: I'm afraid I have some bad news.

SUSAN LUGO: (sits on couch) I just can't believe it. I just can't believe he's dead. Raul moved out about two years ago. We hadn't spoken in months.

OLIVIA: You know, I am so sorry. And please forgive me, but did he mention these robberies?

SUSAN LUGO: No. Can't say I'm surprised though.

OLIVIA: What do you mean?

SUSAN LUGO: Ever since he came back from the war, he was just dark. Depression, drinking and I tried to help the best way I could, I swear to god, but...

OLIVIA: I'm sure you did. Do you know anyone he was hanging out with? Any of his recent friends? Because I hadn't seen Raul in years.

SUSAN LUGO: You knew Raul?

OLIVIA: Yes, of course. We served together in the Marines.

SUSAN LUGO: Oh, I didn't know.

OLIVIA: We have met before.

SUSAN LUGO: Who? You and I?

OLIVIA: Yes, we had dinner here.

SUSAN LUGO: You were in my house?

OLIVIA: It took me a little while to remember because it was so long ago, but Raul and I met at Camp Pendleton - and we had dinner here, the night that he became First Lieutenant.

SUSAN LUGO: No, you weren't here.

OLIVIA: Susan, I'm sorry, but I was. And you were a wonderful host. you made pot roast...

SUSAN LUGO: ... and it burned. Yes, and we had to order in.

OLIVIA: Yeah, and the delivery guy dropped the bag right here. And that piano was actually in front of the window - and the sofa was here by the fire.

SUSAN LUGO: Yes, I remember... but you were not here. The day Raul made First Lieutenant - it was just me, Raul, and John.

OLIVIA: Who?

SUSAN LUGO: Raul's friend from Pendleton, John.

OLIVIA: John who?

SUSAN LUGO: John Scott. (Olivia looks stunned) Are you okay?

ACT II

Power Tools Meet Raul Lugo at the Bank

WALTER: Almost there son. Get ready. I know you can do it. (saws hand off of corpse – plunk)
Nice catch. well done.

PETER: I'm carrying a tray, Walter. It's not exactly rocket science.

WALTER: What I said before - didn't come out as I intended.

PETER: What, the crack about the breasts?

WALTER: No, about my disappointment in you. It has more to do with your potential than anything else. You have no idea what you're capable of Peter.

PETER: That's sweet, Walter, but ultimately unfair - especially coming from you.

OLIVIA: So, what have we got here so far?

WALTER: Nothing yet.

PETER: Walter seems to think that if we can examine this guy's flesh at the cellular level, we might be able to figure out how it is that they pass through solid matter.

WALTER: What we perceive as solid matter is mostly empty space. Just as we may perceive that a life is full that is actually a series of empty encounters.

PETER: He's been like that all day... it's been awesome.

WALTER: To accomplish this, your bank robbers would need cutting edge knowledge of quantum physics - not to mention technology that would cost more than a dozen banks could hold.

PETER: How did it go with Raul Lugo's wife?

OLIVIA: (looking frazzled herself) Well, they were separated, so she hadn't had much contact with him for months. But she said he suffered from depression.

PETER: Are you okay?

OLIVIA: Yeah, I'm good.

WALTER: No, Peter's right. Your pupils are dilated. It's a symptom of high stress. Unless you're using hallucinogens. (playfully) Are you tripping, Agent Dunham?

PETER: (scolding) Walter...

OLIVIA: I didn't recognize Raul Lugo - John Scott did.

WALTER: You're confusing John Scott's memories...

OLIVIA: ...with my own.

PETER: So, you never met this guy?

OLIVIA: No, but I could have sworn I did.

WALTER: 'That' ... I don't understand 'that' ... I need to look into 'that'!

OLIVIA: Okay, but first we need to figure out what happened here. Who did this, what they want – and what they're gonna do next.

Discontent at the Robber's Warehouse

EVAN MCNEIL: Success. (cuts open safe deposit container)

MITCHELL LOEB: Nice job.

EVAN MCNEIL: Are you ever gonna let us see what's in these boxes?

MITCHELL LOEB: I don't think so. And even if I did, you wouldn't understand it. (opens container and sighs)

Nina Visits John Scott

NINA: Well, I thought we were making progress.

TECHNICIAN: We were, but we've hit a dead-end trying to reconstruct John Scott's memories. If we push further, we risk destroying the fragments we're trying to retrieve.

NINA: Well, not to place any undue pressure on you and your team, but we're in a race against highly motivated individuals - and right now, John Scott is our only advantage.

TECHNICIAN: Understood.

Walter's Lab - Discussing Leads

PETER: So, why did you need me to go get all that rice?

WALTER: No talking! (playfully aims toy pistol)

PETER: Seriously, Walter, what's the rice for? And while I'm at it, what's with all the toys?

WALTER: Oh, these were in my storage. They're your toys, son, from when you were a little boy.

PETER: Those aren't mine.

WALTER: Then I suppose they must be mine... (quickly changes topic) It's the netting, Peter. I believe the swatch left behind was from a larger piece... that was draped over the vault wall. That - somehow is the key, although I'm not sure yet exactly how they would... (finds small doll) ah-ha!... ha, ha, ha.

WALTER: (moves to a vibrating table with a beaker full of uncooked grain) Now... what do you see here?

PETER: So far some rice and a bunch of toys.

WALTER: This gentleman is standing on what appears to be solid. However, add vibration... (turns on motor) - I'm quite envious of this.

PETER: Of what?

WALTER: Well, somehow the robbers were able to weaken the vault wall. High frequency vibrations disrupting its atomic structure allowing another piece of solid matter through it. Well, obviously what I'm showing you here is a theoretical example. In actuality, this feat would be immensely complicated and apparently not without consequences. It seems that use of this technology can render one slightly - radioactive.

PETER: How slightly?

WALTER: Well... not as slightly as I thought. (to Astrid) Miss? Would you mind putting the hand on ice? It will help preserve the tissue.

PETER: Just so I'm clear, Walter, the robbers have managed to not only violate the natural laws of the universe, but they're also becoming radioactive?

OLIVIA: Who's radioactive?

PETER: Our robbers apparently. Where have you been?

OLIVIA: I've been working. Where have you been?

PETER: I've been buying rice for Walter's toys.

ASTRID: Did you get any leads on the safety deposit boxes?

OLIVIA: Yeah, they were all purchased 23 years ago. All paid for in cash, bogus names on each account. (to Walter) How radioactive?

WALTER: Slightly.

PETER: Though not as slight as Walter would like. So, we have no idea Who those safety deposit boxes belong to?

OLIVIA: (to Peter) No, and it's untraceable. (to Astrid) Can you call all the hospitals in and around the Philadelphia area? Get them to call us if anyone comes in showing signs of radiation poisoning.

ASTRID: Yeah, I'm on it.

OLIVIA: Okay.

PETER: Okay... so what's our next move?

OLIVIA: Raul Lugo was a good kid before the military. He had a clean record... responsible employee. I want to know how he became a criminal. Why they recruited him and what they promised him.

PETER: All right, so how are we gonna do that?

OLIVIA: Lugo's wife gave me some names. It just so happens his best friend from high school works at a bar in Cambridge.

PETER: Did I just hear "bar in Cambridge"?

OLIVIA: Hey, Astrid, would you mind...

ASTRID: Watching Walter? Yeah, I'm on that, too.

WALTER: Now, Miss, I'm going to repeat the demonstration with the rice. Would you care to watch?

ASTRID: Nope.

WALTER: Okay.

A Bar in Cambridge

OLIVIA: Just go along with this, okay?

PETER: Sure thing, boss.

OLIVIA: (to the bartender) Hi.

DREW: Hey.

OLIVIA: How's your night?

DREW: I've had worse. What can I get you?

OLIVIA: Double shot of whiskey.

DREW: A double. What's your preference?

OLIVIA: Your call.

DREW: (to Peter) You?

PETER: Same as the lady.

OLIVIA: I'm Stephanie. This is my brother, Rick.

DREW: Hey Brother Rick.

PETER: Hi.

OLIVIA: You know, you look familiar.

DREW: Who? Me?

PETER: Cheers.

OLIVIA: (downs her drink) Um... I'll take another. Are you sure we haven't met before?

DREW: I don't think so.

OLIVIA: What's your name?

DREW: Drew.

OLIVIA: Drew, I got to tell you, I never forget a face.

PETER: It's true, she doesn't. It's kind of creepy actually.

OLIVIA: I got it. Raul and Susan's wedding.

DREW: No way. You were there?

OLIVIA: You were the best man.

DREW: Yeah.

PETER: It's incredible, right? She's been able to do that since we were kids. Remember that?

OLIVIA: I do. So do you still see them?

DREW: No, it's been years.

OLIVIA: I was friends with Susan in college, but we lost contact, too. It's horrible. Where are they living now?

DREW: You know, I don't know. I heard they split.

OLIVIA: Oh, No.

DREW: Yeah, well, I'm not surprised.

OLIVIA: Why not?

DREW: I don't know. Raul got weird.

OLIVIA: Weird how?

DREW: You know he was in the gulf war? He sort of... I don't know, it was post-traumatic stress or something. I feel bad. I'm sure I would have lost my mind if I'd gone to the gulf war as well. Anyway, when he got back, he didn't come around much. He started hanging out at the V.A. a lot.

OLIVIA: Which one?

DREW: I don't know.

CUSTOMER: Bartender

DREW: It's a shame. He was a good guy. Excuse me. (he walks off)

OLIVIA: Sure.

PETER: Brother?

OLIVIA: Yeah. It, uh... it kind of works better that way.

PETER: Does it now?

BROYLES: (answering phone in office) Broyles.

OLIVIA: (calling from bar) It's Dunham. Look, I was wondering if you could find out what V.A. hospital Raul Lugo might have gone to.

BROYLES: There was nothing in any of his records.

OLIVIA: Yeah, I know. That's why I'm calling you. Can you help me?

BROYLES: I'll do what I can. I'll have an answer for you in an hour.

OLIVIA: Thanks. (hangs up phone)

OLIVIA: (to Peter) Let's go. He is gonna call us back in an hour.

PETER: Whoa, whoa, whoa... what's the rush? Two is your limit?

OLIVIA: Is that a dare?

The Robber's Prepare for Providence

EVAN MCNEIL: Rook to E-7.

ROBERT NORTON: Check. So, I took a look at his papers while he was checking out whatever was in that box we grabbed.

EVAN MCNEIL: So?

ROBERT NORTON: It's a map of Germany.

EVAN MCNEIL: Germany?

ROBERT NORTON: Yeah, Frankfurt. Lines all over it. Latitude and longitude. Looks like he's planning a damn invasion.

RYAN EASTWICK: I got next.

MITCHELL LOEB: All right, listen up. We're headed out. Let's go.

EVAN MCNEIL: Where to?

MITCHELL LOEB: Providence.

Waiting at the Bar

PETER: Pick a card. (she does) All right. Now, I need you to memorize that card.

OLIVIA: Okay.

PETER: You got it?

OLIVIA: Yeah, I got it.

PETER: You sure?

OLIVIA: Yes.

PETER: Absolutely positive?

OLIVIA: Absolutely positive.

PETER: Because if you don't, it doesn't work.

OLIVIA: Okay, I remember.

PETER: Okay, good.

PETER: (makes card disappear) ...and just like everything else we do around here.. it's about to get weirder. (holds up bottle where card reappeared) It's pretty good, right?

OLIVIA: That was great.

PETER: Okay, so top that.

OLIVIA: Okay.

PETER: Seriously?

OLIVIA: Oh, that's fantastic.

PETER: Women never have card tricks.

OLIVIA: Tell me when to stop. (counts out cards) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven...

PETER: Stop.

OLIVIA: Which one? (he points) Four of clubs. (Peter turns over the predicted card) Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve...

PETER Stop.

OLIVIA: (Peter turns over the predicted card) Queen of diamonds.

PETER: You can count cards.

OLIVIA: That's all I would do when I was a kid. I'm sure that if I was a child today, I would be diagnosed with something. I just have this thing for numbers. I see them once and remember them the rest of my life.

PETER: Seriously?

OLIVIA: Yeah, my best friend from high school's license plate - 7240168. My locker combination in middle school - 36-21-7. The numbers of the safety deposit boxes - 233, 377, and 610.

PETER: What?

OLIVIA: I could do more.

PETER: No, no, no... Say that again. The numbers on the safety deposit boxes.

OLIVIA: 233, 377, and 610. Why?

PETER: I know those numbers.

In the Bishops Hotel

PETER: Walter? Hey, Walter! Wake up! Walter. Walter, wake up. This is important.

WALTER: (jostled awake) oh, oh, Oh?... Do you two want to use the room?

PETER: Walter, this is important. The numbers you recite every night, what are they?

WALTER: Numbers?

PETER: Every night you recite a sequence of numbers to help you fall asleep. 233, 377, 610...

WALTER: ...987, 1,597.

PETER: Precisely, those. What is that pattern?

WALTER: It's a Fibonacci Sequence. You should know that, Peter. If you had stayed at college...

OLIVIA: Walter, not everybody knows the Fibonacci Sequence.

WALTER: Oh, sure they do. It's a wildly famous mathematical sequence. Each number in the sequence is the sum of the two preceding.

PETER: Including 233, 377, and 610, Which just happened to be the numbers of the safety deposit boxes that were stolen.

WALTER: It's fascinating, but it's a coincidence. It can't possibly be significant. Unless... Oh, my god.

OLIVIA: What?

WALTER: The safety deposit boxes are mine.

ACT III

Still at the Bishops Hotel

WALTER: (pacing the room) Cleveland, Baltimore, Philadelphia... Cleveland, Baltimore, Philadelphia... now...

OLIVIA: Walter, are there any other safety deposit boxes that haven't been broken into yet?

WALTER: I don't know. I don't know where - because I can't remember why I put things into the boxes.

PETER: All right, so let me get this straight. You can remember traveling around the country 23 years ago, renting all these safety deposit boxes under assumed names... but you can't remember why?

WALTER: The "why" is of secondary importance to "what". What was I protecting? Whatever it was, I didn't use my usual hiding places, so, I suspect it was something of profound significance.

PETER: Well, excellent. That clears it right up.

WALTER: I was under a great deal of stress at the time. It - it was before the accident in the lab - before that poor lab assistant lost her life. (sits and take bottle from night stand) I was... distrustful of everybody. Even better, your mother. I was convinced I was being followed. Someone was watching my every move. (drinks dissolved medication)

PETER: Which medication is that Walter?

WALTER: Supplements.

OLIVIA: Walter, did you tell anybody else?

WALTER: hoo... hmm... I told you I was paranoid.

OLIVIA: Okay, get dressed - we're going out.

WALTER: Breakfast?

Walter Visits the Federal Building

CHARLIE: According to your travel records, in 1985, you gave a lecture at Syracuse University. Now, these photos are of banks in the Syracuse area. Does any of this trigger anything in your mind?

WALTER: (glances at photos) Yes, but not about banks. Think back 20 years - imagine yourself then, imagining yourself now - 20 years into the future. In your wildest imagination, could you ever think you'd be here?

CHARLIE: (softly to Olivia) Is he stoned?

OLIVIA: Just show him the other batch, and be patient with him. (watch Walter licking photo) His mind works in a different way. (Charlie raises his eyebrows)

BROYLES: (enters room) Agent Dunham.

OLIVIA: What's up?

BROYLES: After he split up with his wife - Raul Lugo moved to D.C. (hands her a file) He was an in-patient at the V.A. there for six months, from last May to mid-October.

OLIVIA: No visitors?

BROYLES: Not according to the records. I don't know what that does to your theory he was recruited there.

OLIVIA: Unless it was by another patient.

Nina Returns to John Scott

NINA: You have something?

CHIEF TECHNICIAN: Something remarkable, actually. When we tried to access Agent Scott's [hippocampus](#), his brain-wave echo suddenly became erratic. Inconsistent in ways we've never seen.

NINA: And the cause of the inconsistency?

CHIEF TECHNICIAN: We managed to resolve the last image in Agent Scott's optic nerve before he died. This image is linked to a second set of brainwave echoes. (hands Nina a file) Agent Dunham's. They must have somehow shared consciousness. If that's the case, it would suggest that some of John Scott's memories, perhaps the very ones we need...

NINA: ...are in Agent Dunham's mind.

At the V.A. in Washington D.C.

OLIVIA: (introduces herself to orderly Ed "Smitty" Smith) Hi. I'm Agent Dunham with D.H.S. I'm looking for Dr. Bruce Miller? (receives direction) Thank you. Excuse me, Dr. Miller? Agent Olivia Dunham. I'm with D.H.S.

[BRUCE MILLER](#): What can I do for you Agent Dunham?

OLIVIA: I wanted to talk to you about a patient of yours. Raul Lugo. Marine Force Recon. History of P.T.S.D.

BRUCE MILLER: I'm sure you know I can't violate patient confidentiality.

OLIVIA: Raul Lugo is dead Dr. Miller - so his right to confidentiality no longer applies. I'm investigating his death and I need to know about his friends... anyone he was doing therapy with - or people that he got close to...

BRUCE MILLER: If you're referring to current or former patients, those records are also protected.

OLIVIA: Unless they're involved in ongoing criminal activity, in which case it would be your duty to release them to me.

BRUCE MILLER: What crimes?

OLIVIA: I'm sorry, I'm not authorized to tell you that. Suffice to say, the team of criminals I'm investigating are all highly trained, well-skilled, and...

BRUCE MILLER: Agent Dunham, I have two dozen patients to see before I can go home to dinner. And I'm not about to violate my ethical duty based on your say-so. Now, if you would like to come back with a Federal subpoena I would be glad to help you out... but until then, you'll have to excuse me.

(they part ways. she starts a cell phone call and is intercepted)

[ED SMITH](#): He liked to play chess. Raul. He used to play chess all day long.

OLIVIA: With anyone in particular?

ED SMITH: There were four of them. The Chess Club.

OLIVIA: And do you remember their names?

ED SMITH: Get a pencil.

The Robber's Depart the Warehouse

MITCHELL LOEB: (departing with team and equipment) Let's go. Let's go. Let's move. (getting in van) Let's go. Door! Let's move!

Following Leads at the Federal Building

AGENT #2: Robert Norton, Captain, United States Air Force. Honorably discharged April of '04.

CHARLIE: Pull up his cell phone records and his financials. See if there's anything else that ties him to Lugo.

AGENT #2: I'm on it.

OLIVIA: These are the V.A. visitor logs. These men were recruited. I want you to comb the logs and follow up on every entry.

Agent #1: I just talked to Evan McNeil's wife. Says her husband's away on business. She hasn't heard from him in two days.

OLIVIA: Call his work and see if they know where he is.

CHARLIE: All right, we got something. One of our vets bought three one-way tickets to T.F. Green Airport in Providence.

OLIVIA: When do they land?

CHARLIE: 47 minutes ago.

PETER: (takes call in lab from Olivia) Hey, what's up?

OLIVIA: We think the next bank hit is gonna go down in Providence. Can you talk to Walter and see if it jogs his memory?

PETER: Yeah, sure.

WALTER: (to Astrid about the cow) Down strokes only... you brush with the grain.

PETER: Hey Walter, are any of those banks you rented the safety deposit boxes in Providence?

WALTER: I don't believe so, No. I'm sorry Peter, I have tried everything to remember. I understand how important it is, and I am quite disappointed with myself.

PETER: (to Olivia at her office) Hold on a sec.

WALTER: (to Astrid) When she's finished chewing her cud, remember to brush her teeth.

ASTRID: I am not brushing a cow's teeth Walter. You know I have real work to do, right?

PETER: Hey, Walter. If you were gonna rent a safety deposit box in Providence, what bank would you use?

WALTER: Providence? That would have to be the Fairmont Savings Bank, off Westminster Street... It's the only one with safe deposit boxes big enough for my purposes. (realizing how he was manipulated) Oh...well done, son.

PETER: The Fairmont Savings Bank off Westminster Street.

OLIVIA: You're sure?

PETER: Oh, yeah. I'm sure.

Locking Down Fairmont Savings Bank

(entering the building headed for the vault)

SAM MARTIN: Agents, Sam Martin. Providence S.A.C.

CHARLIE: Francis and Dunham. So, what's our status?

SAM MARTIN: All surrounding streets are locked down. Per your request, my men are checking all shared walls and alley ways. This is Mr. Grimes, he manages the bank.

GRIMES: I don't understand. We've had no alarms or signs of forced entry.

OLIVIA: Well, this crew doesn't work like that, Mr. Grimes.

(entering the vault)

GRIMES: We have cameras, motion detectors, sensors that detect fractional variances in ambient temperature.

CHARLIE: They might be disabling that wirelessly. Shooting you a feed back loop of old data while they stop and shop.

GRIMES: Oh, my god.

OLIVIA: 9-8-7. - It's the next number in the Fibonacci Sequence.

SAM MARTIN: These four walls are internal to the bank. I don't care how they got in here, they're still in my perimeter.

CHARLIE: This layout's not easy. And even if they did get through one of these walls, they've got multiple other walls on every side. They wouldn't have time to breach them all.

OLIVIA: What's underneath? A basement or access tunnels?

GRIMES: This is the basement. There's two feet of solid steel and then the foundation. Everything under that belongs to the city. Gas mains, sewer, electric.

OLIVIA: Sewer.

CHARLIE: Providence PD, I need the closest sewer line exit to Fairmont Savings Bank.

(on a side street exiting sewer access)

MITCHELL LOEB: (to crew loading van) Let's go.

CHARLIE: F.B.I. - Freeze! (shoots - missing - chasing on foot with Olivia)

EVAN MCNEIL: : Come on! Come on! (van races away leaving Ryan Eastwick) Come on, man! Come on, you can do it!

EVAN MCNEIL: Come on! (Ryan Eastwick runs after van)

EVAN MCNEIL: Reach out a little further! Come on! (Ryan Eastwick nearly catches van)

EVAN MCNEIL: Come on, man, you've almost got it! (Olivia shoots Ryan Eastwick in the leg, as van speeds off)

CHARLIE: This is Francis, I.D. number 3-1-5-5-6. I need a 'bolo' on a black cargo van heading south on Westminster. License plate number 10562-Sierra. I also need E.M.S. - suspect down.

ACT IV

Conflict at the Hideout

EVAN MCNEIL: Damn it!

MITCHELL LOEB: Shut up. Scrub down and take your shots. I want this box open now.

EVAN MCNEIL: Not until you show me what this is all about. (Loeb saunters to the stolen box and reveals complex equipment inside) One guy dead, another put away. For that? A camera or something? What the hell is it?

MITCHELL LOEB: A word of advice... don't pry into things you couldn't possibly understand. (into his cellphone) We're on. He's coming tonight.

Final Orders at Wissenschaft

DAVID JONES: Perfect. (inspecting the goods brought to him) Very good. I see you didn't take me up on my offer to go see my tailor.

KOHL: No, I like this suit. It's always been lucky for me.

DAVID JONES: Well I can appreciate that. Thank you, Mr. Kohl. Come back in the morning with the paperwork for my appeal. 6:30 sharp? I'll be happy to sign it then. Oh, and wear one of your lucky suits.

KOHL: Will there be anything else?

DAVID JONES: As a matter of fact, Yes. I'll need my people to procure... one last item.

KOHL: And what would that be?

DAVID JONES: Not a "what", Mr. Kohl. In this case, a "whom".

Back at the Federal Building

UNKNOWN ABDUCTOR: (unseen assailant in the parking garage - viewing Olivia) Target in

sight.

(in the interrogation room)

OLIVIA: We have your service record, Mr. Eastwick. Your 10-40's. We know everything about you. Except what it was that you wanted so badly you'd walk through a solid wall.

RYAN EASTWICK: Ryan Shawn Eastwick, Staff Sergeant, First Special Forces Group, 3rd Battalion. 29-869-617.

OLIVIA: You're not a P.O.W. Eastwick. You're a criminal.

(in the observation room)

PETER: Look at his hands. They look a little jittery.

CHARLIE: She's wearing him down.

PETER: No, I don't think so. That looks physiological.

(OLIVIA in background: ...that's over 20 years in Federal Prison. Is that any way for a decorated combat veteran...)

PETER: Call her out, would you? I got an idea.

CHARLIE: I wasn't aware you had a background in interrogation.

PETER: I've been in rooms like that, on both sides of the table. This will either work or it won't. Either way, it's only two minutes of your time.

(OLIVIA: on intercom ...we already have enough proof to put you down for armed robbery times three... that's over 20 years in a federal prison. Do you think the prisoners there will care that you were once a hero fighting for your country?)

(Charlie text-mails her)

(in the interrogation room)

(bzzzzzz... Olivia reads her text-mail and meets Peter at the door)

OLIVIA: We lose him, we lose time. We lose everything. (walks away)

PETER: Look. You're a tough guy. I'm a tough guy. I think we can dispense with the formalities. I'm not gonna stick a thumb in that shot-up leg of yours because 'A' - I think that's exactly what you expect me to do, and 'B', I don't think you'd crack anyway. (sits at table) No, all I want from you is to show me your hands. Right. Let me see if any of this rings a bell for you. You've been shaking uncontrollably, you vomited at least twice in the last 10 hours, and this morning you found hair on your pillow because it's starting to fall out.

RYAN EASTWICK: What's wrong with me?

PETER: Radiation poisoning. Right now, you're in the "walking ghost" phase, which I suggest you enjoy 'cause it's a hell of a lot better than the intestinal bleeding, delirium and coma phase you're gonna hit in a couple of days. You violated the laws of physics, Mr. Eastwick, and Mother Nature's a bitch.

RYAN EASTWICK: (puts jittery hands on table) Are you a doctor?

PETER: First, I need to know what you were hired to steal.

RYAN EASTWICK: He didn't tell us.

PETER: Who's he? I need a name.

RYAN EASTWICK: He never told us his name, all right? We were freelance, hired out. He equipped us, trained us. I can tell you names of the others, but it doesn't matter anyway. He's got

everything he needs now.

PETER: Everything he needs to do what?

RYAN EASTWICK: Are you gonna help me or not?

PETER: Actually, Ryan - no. What I'm gonna do is I'm gonna go on the other side of that glass and I'm gonna watch you bleed out, unless you tell me everything I need to know!

RYAN EASTWICK: I swear, I don't know what he's doing. All I know is that I overheard a phone conversation once. He's going to a field in Westford.

PETER: A field. What field?

RYAN EASTWICK: I don't know! Look, man, you got to help me, all right? I need some medicine, okay? Some specialist. Please. You got to help me. Hey! Hey! (Peter walks out)

(in the office bullpen)

OLIVIA: (looking at map) There. Westford.

CHARLIE: That's 30 square miles. How are we gonna find one field in all of that?

OLIVIA: Wait.

PETER: What?

OLIVIA: I know where they're going. There's an abandoned air strip out there. It's called Little Hill Field. "Little Hill". That's the codeword that Joseph Smith gave to David Robert Jones, in a case a few weeks ago.

CHARLIE: The guy from the German prison?

OLIVIA: It can't be a coincidence, Charlie. It's in Westford just off Route Three. You come in from the west. I'll take the south.

CHARLIE: (to all in earshot) All right - listen up! I need every available unit for field assist! Let's move, move, move!

ACT V

Walter Starts to Remember in His Lab

WALTER: (flipping through his lab records) I've seen it here somewhere, what I hid in those banks... it must be – I kept very thorough records.

PETER: Unfortunately not very organized records. (sits and fiddles with coin)

WALTER: That's quite impressive.

PETER: It's a nervous tick. Which hand? (makes coin disappear)

WALTER: That's fantastic.

PETER: Magic. (shrugs) What?

WALTER: (stares) You nearly died when you were a boy. You started bruising... and your kidneys failed. The doctors didn't know what it was – the closest diagnosis was hepea – the rare form of bird flu that hadn't been around for decades. Your mother was beside herself, she stopped eating – she stopped sleeping... and I was worse. After all, I was the scientist, here my only son was dying and I couldn't do anything about it.

PETER: Walter. I don't remember any of that.

WALTER: I became consumed – with saving you. Conquering the disease. In my research I

discovered a Doctor... Alfred Gross! Swiss. Brilliant physician. The only man that ever successfully cured hepea. But there was a problem. He had died in 1936. And so, I designed a device intend to reach back in to time – to cross the time space continuum and retrieve Alfred Gross. To bring him back with me... to fix you, my dying son. The device Peter, I think that's what I hid in those safe deposit boxes.

PETER: And it worked? You were able to go back to 1936 and get this guy?

WALTER: No. Before I could test it, you started to recover. The doctor said it was a miracle. But the science behind it, in theory, it would work. In theory, it could retrieve anyone from anywhere.

Enroute to Little Hill Field

(driving quickly, getting instructions from her navigation system to "...continue North on Plain Street... go 1.2 miles)

OLIVIA: (answers phone) Dunham.

CHARLIE: It's Charlie. I'm headed East on Route Three, about 2 miles out. What's your 20?

OLIVIA: I'm 10 minutes out, coming in from the South on Plain.

Preparing at Little Hill

MITCHELL LOEB: (calibrating the equipment by radio) 49.1.1122, 95 degrees North. 8.916092 degrees East.

SURVEYOR 2: (on radio) Horizontal angle 33.33 grad. We're good to go.

MITCHELL LOEB: Alright. What time do you have?

SURVEYOR 3: Twelve-thirty

Final Visit at Wissenschaft

KOHL: Mister Jones.

DAVID JONES: Mister Kohl.

KOHL: I have your appeal request all prepared and ready to go. (turns back to Jones) All I need is your signature. (neck is snapped by Jones)

Closing in on Little Hill

RADIO: 10-82, this is Bravo Team entering Westford, pulling South on to Bridge Street.

OLIVIA: ...just came out of nowhere.

CHARLIE: Where are you? Give me your 20. Liv?

(Olivia flees her vehicle when cut-off)

DUNHAM: (tasered in back) Ughh.

ASSAILANT: Target captured.

(Loeb and his team finalize preparations to extract Jones - Jones prepares for his elaborate escape from imprisonment - seconds later in a flash of light - Jones arrives at Little Hill)

Broyles Confronts Nina

NINA: (on the phone from a London sidewalk) Hello.

BROYLES: (on the phone from his office) Olivia Dunham is missing.

NINA: What?... What do you mean missing?

BROYLES: It appears she has been abducted. – Need I even ask? (she hesitates to reply) Are you there?

NINA: Yes. Yes. I am here... Frankly I resent the accusation.

BROYLES: I don't make accusations, so let me be clear. If I find out --

NINA: -- Phillip! That's enough. Now you know how I feel about Agent Dunham. Why would I want any harm to come to her? Now, what do we know about who may have taken her? – And why?

Departing Little Hill

MITCHELL LOEB: (greeting Jones as he clears the field) So, what does one say at a moment like this? Nice trip?

DAVID JONES: I suppose that works well enough. I need to get into the decompression chamber.

MITCHELL LOEB: Of course.

DAVID JONES: Do you have her? Agent Dunham.

MITCHELL LOEB: She didn't even put up a fight.

DAVID JONES: Well then, let's not keep her waiting.