

## **PROLOGUE**

### **Walter's Lab - Idle Times**

PETER: (walking-in) Walter - What are you doing?

WALTER: (sitting at work-station) I'm dosing a caterpillar.

PETER: Dosing? As in L.S.D?

WALTER: Well... it's a special blend.

PETER: I see. Hey, guess what just happened.

WALTER: Hmmm?

PETER: Finding out that my father is giving drugs to bugs - somehow just became a typical moment in my life.

WALTER: It's wonderful. Isn't it?

ASTRID: (walking-in) Hey, have you heard from Olivia this morning?

PETER: No. Why? What's up?

ASTRID: She's missing.

### **Loeb's Lab**

(regaining her senses as she is strapped to a gurney and rolled in by two technicians- a masked man approaches and prepares medical equipment)

MITCHELL LOEB: (mumbles)

OLIVIA: Who are you? ... What do you want?

MITCHELL LOEB: This won't take long.

OLIVIA: I'm sure you say that to all the girls.

MITCHELL LOEB: Turn her over.

OLIVIA: (flipped in-place) WHOA!!

### **Federal Building - Broyles Briefs**

BROYLES: (pacing the crowded situation room) Listen-up! One of our own has been abducted. The vehicle of Agent Olivia Dunham was found abandoned on Graniteville Road in Westford, three miles North-East of Little Hill. I want everyone doing everything... surveillance cameras checked, local officers and agents questioned, anyone who might have seen anything. P.D., D.W.P, Triple A. I don't care what acronym it is... you get'em, you talk to them and you find Dunham. For those of you new to this office... this is Agent Charlie Francis - he's my 'second-in-command'. You got anything, you come to me or him.

### **Loeb's Lab - Testing Begins**

MITCHELL LOEB: (To Olivia) Try not to move.

(Loeb walks to another room.)

UNIDENTIFIED ATTENDANT: Sir, did it work?

MITCHELL LOEB: I hope so. Get my car ready. I'm going back to the office.

UNIDENTIFIED ATTENDANT: Yes, sir.

OLIVIA: Can I please have some water? If you're going to kill me, then can I please have some water? Please.

(First unidentified attendant looks toward second unidentified attendant. They agree. the first brings a beaker of water to Olivia.)

OLIVIA: I need to-- I need to sit up. Please. Oh, thank you, thank you. Thank you.

(Olivia smashes beaker into first attendant's face and throws a pair of scissors at second attendant. After freeing herself in the confusion, she disables or kills both attendants. In another room, knocks out a third man and takes some laboratory samples after placing them into a thermos. She takes a weapon, a remote key device and a cell phone. On her way out of the building, Olivia encounter a fourth man, whom she shoots.)

### **Broyles and Harris**

BROYLES: (On cell phone) And pull agents from Albany, Mr. Clark, and get them to Boston, or do I need to remind you how I started this conversation?

UNIDENTIFIED WORKER: I have a Sanford Harris, line six.

BROYLES: (On cell phone) Just get it done. (Switches phones.)

SANFORD HARRIS: Sanford.

BROYLES: Listen, we, uh-- We're having something of a crisis here.

SANFORD HARRIS: Yeah, well, your crisis is why I'm calling. Look, Phillip, we go back too far. I say something diplomatic, you'll see through it before the end of my sentence.

BROYLES: You're calling about Olivia Dunham?

SANFORD HARRIS: I'm calling about "Fringe Division." Internal affairs is sending me in to do a full review of your office, make sure things are running as they should. I just wanted you to hear it from me.

This is Agent Dunham. I need to speak to Broyles.

What the hell happened to you?

I'm in Watertown. There was a building that we need to raid. I need agents, maybe 20. Have them meet me in 30 minutes At the end of Talcott Street.

Are you okay?

Not yet, I'm not. The building I was being held at is two miles--

Hands behind your head and drop to the floor.

Where's Broyles?

Do it!

What's going on here?

Freeze right there!

### **Olivia meets with Harris**

SANFORD HARRIS: Quite a day, Agent Dunham. You're in Boston hospital. You probably didn't think you'd see me again so soon.

OLIVIA: Don't take this the wrong way, Mr. Harris, but, uh, I don't think about you all too often.

SANFORD HARRIS: Really? Well, you must get some satisfaction from what you did to me. My conviction wasn't a point of pride for you?

OLIVIA: Why am I cuffed to the bed?

SANFORD HARRIS: Because this is the kind of authority that I have here. You see, my conviction on sexual assault that you so ably prosecuted was overturned. And Homeland Security, for whom I consult, has assigned me to review "Fringe Division."

OLIVIA: Just like that?

SANFORD HARRIS: Which gives me the prerogative to question your sanity, your loyalty, your worthiness to serve. And it seems to me the people you surround yourself with have failed those tests at every turn. Beginning with your former partner... and lover, John Scott.

OLIVIA: John!

SANFORD HARRIS: An agent who betrayed you and who turned out to be a traitor against this country, a traitor whose life you went to considerable lengths to save.

OLIVIA: If you're suggesting that I know anything about--

SANFORD HARRIS: You went to Iraq to recruit a man to help you save agent scott's life. Peter Bishop, arrested seven times.

OLIVIA: I needed Peter.

SANFORD HARRIS: To assist you in freeing his father from a mental institution. Walter Bishop, who was sent to St. Claire's because he was deemed unfit to stand trial for manslaughter, a man who spent most of his adult years running questionable scientific experiments on human subjects. He's out of his mind, Miss Dunham. These are the people you surround yourself with. A traitor, a criminal, and a lunatic. What does that say about you?

OLIVIA: Am I under arrest?

SANFORD HARRIS: It goes without saying that you are not to investigate your own abduction. Understood? (Tosses handcuff onto Olivia's bed and leaves)

## **Olivia Returns to the Office**

CHARLIE: Liv. Are you okay?

OLIVIA: Yep.

CHARLIE: Hey, Liv, you know I had nothing to do with the way you were taken in, right?

OLIVIA: Yeah, I know that. That son of a bitch Harris, he molested three women. I put him away, and that's what this is about. I am not gonna ask him for a thing. I'm gonna go to that building myself.

CHARLIE: We sent a team to the address, to the building where you were being held. It was empty. There was nothing there.

OLIVIA: What about the phone I got? The car I took? Did you trace...

CHARLIE: They're clean. The only prints were you. Oh, there's something else. There's a woman here to see you-- Rachel. She says that you're expecting her. Who is she?

OLIVIA: She's my sister.

## **Olivia Greet her Family**

RACHEL: How are you?

OLIVIA: Oh, oh, you look great.

RACHEL: I don't really.

OLIVIA: Come on, you do.

RACHEL: I don't.

OLIVIA: You're always so hard on yourself.

RACHEL: I know, whatever. Thank you.

OLIVIA: You are just a giant person.

ELLA: Hey, Aunt Olivia.

OLIVIA: Hello. When did you get so big?

RACHEL: What happened to your face?

OLIVIA: Oh, it's, um, a scratch.

ELLA: I brought this for you.

RACHEL: She wanted to bring you something from her room.

OLIVIA: I have really, really needed one of these. Thank you so much.

RACHEL: Are you sure you're alright?

OLIVIA: It's a long story. I, uh-- I'm working on a case.

RACHEL: Go, go, we're good. Is it okay if we still stay with you tonight? 'cause if it's not okay--

OLIVIA: yeah, yeah. No, of course. I'll meet you back here at 5:00.

RACHEL: Perfect. go, save the world.

OLIVIA: Alright. I love you.

I'll see you at 5:00.

RACHEL: Thank you so much.

OLIVIA: Mwah. bye.

## **The Contents of the Thermos**

OLIVIA: (On cell phone) Peter, it's me.

PETER: Olivia, thank god. Are you okay? how are you? Where are you?

OLIVIA: I'm on my way to you. So can you meet me outside in ten minutes? And bring your father. I think we'll need him.

PETER: Do I have to?

(Olivia picks up Peter and Walter; they load several metal cases into Olivia's vehicle.)

OLIVIA: They gave me a spinal tap. They put electrodes or sensors on my head. Why would they do that? I mean, what would they want with me? What were they doing? Who could they be?

WALTER: You're like the question machine.

PETER: And there was nothing there when they checked the building?

OLIVIA: No. They'd cleared the building. But I took something before I left, something from one of their labs, and I hid it to keep it safe.

PETER: or WALTER: What was it?

(Olivia pulls into the vacant lot where she had buried the thermos. She unearths it, opens it, and hands the tubes to Walter. Several minutes are presumed to have passed. Walter has set up a small laboratory in the back of Olivia's vehicle and is looking at a specimen through a microscope.)

OLIVIA: Walter, can you identify what it is?

WALTER: Yes. I'm afraid I can.

## **Boston College - The Professor Speaks**

MILES KINBERG: Which means if your high school Bio teacher told you that humans sit at the top of the food chain, he or she was dead wrong. Literally millions and millions of organisms feed on us, reproduce within us. Viruses, bacteria, protozoa, and fungi -- the four musketeers of the pathogenic world.

(Kinberg stops speaking, grasps the podium, and falls to the floor.)

TARA COLEMAN: Dr. Kinberg? Dr. Kinberg? Somebody call an ambulance. Someone help him. Somebody help him.

(Coleman administers artificial respiration to Kinberg to no avail. He dies. His throat bulges and a slug approximately one foot long exits his body through his mouth.)

## **ACT I**

### **Boston College - Lecture Hall**

BROYLES: (voiceover) Agent Dunham, I know you've already had quite a day, but there is an event that requires our attention.

OLIVIA: (voiceover) Okay, where?

WALTER: Internal hemorrhaging. Rapid cell deterioration. It appears that he suffocated from within.

PETER: Well, maybe that's 'cause a giant, slimy, spiky slug came out of his mouth.

WALTER: Yes. And I have a theory as to what it might have been.

PETER: I'm sure you do. Care to share?

WALTER: Eventually.

OLIVIA: Peter, anything?

PETER: No, it always takes a second for the thermal cameras to calibrate. What do we know about our guy?

OLIVIA: Only what I was told outside. His name's Miles Kinberg, immunologist, cutting edge work, an expert in his field. That's all I know.

WALTER: Whatever it was, it ripped through his esophagus on the way out. At least he died teaching, a righteous profession.

PETER: Hold on a sec. I got it.

OLIVIA: Stay there.

PETER: Right there. Right there, right there.

WALTER: (wandering the room oblivious, looking at the lecture slides) Look. Simian hemorrhagic fever. The infected cells have a definitive spiderweb look. Makes HIV look like a common cold by comparison.

PETER: Walter.

WALTER: Ebola. First the headaches then the skin turns to rice pudding.

PETER: Walter, please.

WALTER: No time for the immune response.

PETER: I lost it.

OLIVIA: What do you mean you lost it?

PETER: Either it can vanish or it's fast. It's really fast. There.

OLIVIA: Cover the doors!

PETER: It's going down. There! Get it!

OLIVIA: There! there!

PETER: Get it, get it. get it.

(Walter regains his focus and throws a wastebasket over the organism)

WALTER: Things like this used to happen in the lab all the time. Makes me nostalgic. Spirited, isn't it?

### **Walter's Lab - Studying The Organism**

WALTER: Spirited - isn't it? (as the gigantic organism squirms around)

PETER: Well, have you considered, I don't know, killing it?

WALTER: We can always kill it, son. We can't always bring it back.

ASTRID: You probably could.

WALTER: That is true. Do you know what I could go for?

ASTRID: Don't say food.

WALTER: Cheese steak.

ASTRID: How can he even think about eating?

PETER: I know. it's disgusting, right? And yet...

ASTRID: Ha, you want one too?

PETER: Extra provolone, please.

ASTRID: Like father like son.

PETER: Ah, come on, don't say that.

WALTER: (study the microscope) My theory is correct. I knew it. This organism was developed from the same material that Olivia stole from her captors. We must let her know.

PETER: You sure?

WALTER: My boy, I'm not even sure that we all exist on the same plane of consciousness. But yes, I believe so.

## **Broyles Defends His Turf**

BROYLES: I've been briefed on how you brought in Olivia Dunham.

SANFORD HARRIS: Oh, I had reason to suspect she might be dangerous.

BROYLES: I agreed to let you question her, not tranq her like a rabid dog. What you did was unacceptable. Dunham's been nothing but an exemplary agent, and this is my office.

SANFORD HARRIS: Well, then you need to be corrected on two counts. The jury's out on Dunham. I'm not convinced she's the superstar you claim she is.

BROYLES: How could you be? You're on a vendetta against her.

SANFORD HARRIS: Secondly, while I'm here on active investigation, this division is under my purview.

BROYLES: Active investigation? This morning it was a review.

SANFORD HARRIS: Well, the Pentagon is concerned, Phillip. Well, think of how this office was thrown together. Flight 627 lands, and suddenly you're in charge of two dozen agents?

BROYLES: Somehow I think none of that's the reason you're here.

SANFORD HARRIS: This isn't a witch hunt. I'm not here to punish some J.V. agent who tried to ruin my life for chasing a little tail. I'm here to do my job. Why don't you do the same?

## **Interviewing The T.A.**

OLIVIA: Did you see anyone unusual? Anyone in your class?

TARA COLEMAN: No.

OLIVIA: And did he mention anything to you? Anything in private?

TARA COLEMAN: Why would he?

OLIVIA: 'cause you were his teacher's assistant.

TARA COLEMAN: Oh.

OLIVIA: I thought that he might have mentioned if something unusual had happened.

TARA COLEMAN: No, he didn't. Nothing.

OLIVIA: We've been trying to track Kinberg's whereabouts over the past week. We spoke to his wife, and she said that he had arrived home just before midnight the last two nights, but, according to his schedule, his last class started at 6 o'clock.

TARA COLEMAN: He's had extended office hours this week.

OLIVIA: Well, could I get a list of the students he talked to?

TARA COLEMAN: It was drop-in. I'm not really sure. I'm sorry. After what happened today, I feel like nothing's real. That was crazy... it was--

OLIVIA: How long were you seeing him? Professor Kinberg.

TARA COLEMAN: Three months. I knew he was gonna take the job. He hadn't even told his wife about it yet.

OLIVIA: What job was that?

TARA COLEMAN: I shouldn't. He wasn't supposed to tell me.

OLIVIA: It's okay.

TARA COLEMAN: The CDC - Centers for Disease Control. They offered him this big job, which meant moving to Atlanta. So I figured that was gonna be it for us.

OLIVIA: And what exactly was the job?

TARA COLEMAN: Task Force to oversee the country's preparedness to fight off an epidemic. It sounded like a big deal.

### **Federal Building - Broyles Office**

OLIVIA: Can I come in?

BROYLES: I hate that-- knocking and asking while you're coming in.

OLIVIA: Dr. Kinberg - the professor who died at Boston College, was offered a job at the CDC to co-chair a classified task force whose sole responsibility was to respond to epidemics.

BROYLES: And?

OLIVIA: He wasn't the only scientist asked. There was another one-- Dr. Russell Simon from Cambridge. I'm trying to locate him now.

BROYLES: What, you think he's a target too?

OLIVIA: I do. And I also think that the people who killed Kinberg are the same people who took me.

BROYLES: And how'd you make that leap?

OLIVIA: Walter, he thinks the thing that killed Dr. Kinberg is genetically similar to some evidence that I grabbed from the people who abducted me.

BROYLES: But why abduct you? What's the link? And why kill Kinberg like that?

OLIVIA: I don't know yet. But so far I figured why kill an epidemiologist unless you're looking to start an epidemic?

BROYLES: Get rid of the firefighter before you start a fire. And why am I just now hearing of this?

OLIVIA: Because your friend Sanford Harris forbade me from investigating my own abduction.

BROYLES: Harris. He's put everything on hold... has requested that I run all operations past him before we move.

OLIVIA: Is that even possible?

BROYLES: Apparently.

OLIVIA: Sir, I'm asking you to save a man's life. Are you telling me that you don't have the authority to let me do my job?

BROYLES: Find Simon. Get him in protective custody now.

OLIVIA: Thank you.

BROYLES: I'll handle Harris.

OLIVIA: I know you will. (smiles)

### **Federal Building - Preparing For Simon**

(on her cell phone with her sister)

OLIVIA: Hey, Rach, it's me. Can we just meet at the apartment? Is that okay?

RACHEL: Yeah, sure. I have the key. Is everything okay?

OLIVIA: Yeah, I'm fine. (picks up her Magic Eight Ball) I won't be too late. And if you get hungry, there's food in the fridge, or there are some menus by the phone in the kitchen if you want to order in.

RACHEL: Don't worry about us at all. Ella's having a blast.

OLIVIA: Okay, I'll see you tonight. I love you.

RACHEL: You too.

(hangs-up, turns to talk to Charlie)

OLIVIA: I'm going to Cambridge to pick up Russell Simon.

CHARLIE: Who's that?

OLIVIA: A man we're taking into protective custody. I'll give you the details on the way.

CHARLIE: Oh, I'm going with you?

OLIVIA: Yeah

CHARLIE: Meet you downstairs. (leaves the area)

OLIVIA: Hey, Mitch.

MITCHELL LOEB: Listen, Olivia, your abduction. I'm gonna coordinate the investigation. I assume everything you remember is already in your debrief.

OLIVIA: Yeah.

MITCHELL LOEB: If I find anything, I'll let you know. We'll find 'em.

OLIVIA: That's great, Mitch. Thank you.

## **ACT II**

### **Federal Building - Protecting Simon**

OLIVIA: (walking through the situation room) Doctor Simon, thank you for your cooperation.

RUSSELL SIMON: I suppose I should be thanking you. FBI tells you they're here to save your life, you listen.

OLIVIA: Well, I know it must seem confusing.

RUSSELL SIMON: Well, it's certainly shocking. Miles was a dear friend.

OLIVIA: I am sorry.

CHARLIE: (in a private briefing area) Know that we're doing everything we can to bring those responsible to justice.

RUSSELL SIMON: The C.D.C. wasn't expecting me for three months.

CHARLIE: Who else knew you were planning on taking this job?

RUSSELL SIMON: Well, no one. just my wife. I was instructed not to tell anyone.

OLIVIA: And is there anyone you can think of who might be targeting you?

RUSSELL SIMON: Maybe students whose grades they might have felt were undeserved.

SANFORD HARRIS: (at the door) Will you excuse us for a moment? I need to talk to my agents.

RUSSELL SIMON: Sure.

(in the hallway)

SANFORD HARRIS: (to Charlie) Can you give us a minute? (to Olivia) So I understand that you have requested placing Dr. Simon in protective custody.

OLIVIA: I believe that his life may be in danger.

SANFORD HARRIS: Yeah, well, that's taxpayer dollars, Miss Dunham, and I haven't approved that.

OLIVIA: Let me ask you a question, not that I don't enjoy having you here, But how long are you planning on sticking around?

SANFORD HARRIS: Until I have made a full assessment of how this office conducts its business. Did Broyles approve your request?

OLIVIA: No, he did not. (he starts to walk off) Mr. Harris, you don't like me, you don't respect me, and you think I'm bad at my job... but please, don't let that get in the way of doing the right thing. That man in there may likely die if we don't keep him safe. I'm not asking you to like me. I'm asking you to do the right thing.

SANFORD HARRIS: Yeah, we'll keep him safe.

OLIVIA: Thank you.

(walking alone, she answers her cell phone)

OLIVIA: This is Dunham.

PETER: Walter's still trying to determine what that thing is that came out of Kinberg... but I think we made a breakthrough.

OLIVIA: Okay, so what is it?

PETER: It seems to be activated by a liquid.

OLIVIA: What does? The parasite?

PETER: The yellow powdery stuff in the vials that you stole, they're like eggs, but the catalyst is stomach acid.

OLIVIA: So the victim just needs to ingest it?

PETER: Exactly right, and then it grows--fast.

(Simon accepts a glass of water from a visitor while he waits)

RUSSELL SIMON: Thank you.

MITCHELL LOEB: No problem.

(continuing their phone conversation)

OLIVIA: And is there any way to trace it, where it came from?

PETER: Walter doesn't seem to think so, no.

(Simon quenches his thirst as Charlie returns)

CHARLIE: Dr. Simon, with your permission, I'd like to take you to our Field Office. We'll debrief you, go over your options. Then we'll move you to a safe house... You okay?

RUSSELL SIMON: Yeah.

CHARLIE: There'll be agents there on call 24 hours a day. (Simon convulses) Breathe.

CHARLIE: (into the intercom) This is Agent Francis, I need medical attention in Room Six. (to Simon) I called medical assistance.

(Simon collapses and regurgitates the gigantic organism)

CHARLIE: (quietly) Oh, my god.

(Olivia enters as the organism speeds around, Charlie fires at it once)

### **Walter's Lab - Identification**

WALTER: It's viral. Nasopharyngitis, albeit a gargantuan specimen.

OLIVIA: What--what does that mean?

WALTER: This organism is a single specimen of a virus for the common cold.

OLIVIA: So you're saying that this is one single cell?

WALTER: It's not unprecedented. The ostrich egg is a single cell, and it can grow up to five pounds.

PETER: They supersized the common cold, which, as it turns out, is disgusting.

OLIVIA: Obviously somebody's playing with us.

PETER: Yeah, they're showing off. Killing epidemiologist with the common cold.

WALTER: It is impressive.

PETER: What I want to know is what they wanted from you.

OLIVIA: Oh, who cares about me? I want to know who's next.

PETER: I care about you. If we can figure out why they needed you, then maybe we can figure out who's next.

OLIVIA: I'm gonna keep looking for someone who's connected to Kinberg and Simon. (departs the area)

WALTER: She is beautiful, isn't she?

PETER: Who?

WALTER: The slug.

### **Olivia Apartment - Family Time**

RACHEL: (head in the refrigerator) You know, I could have cooked for you.

OLIVIA: (at work over the stove) Uh, no, thanks. I've tasted your cooking.

RACHEL: Hey, I've gotten really good, you know.

OLIVIA: Oh, yeah?

RACHEL: Yeah. No, I haven't.

OLIVIA: I didn't think so.

RACHEL: Hard day?

OLIVIA: Uh, I honestly wouldn't know what to tell you. And if I did, it would be a felony.

RACHEL: You have a crazy job.

OLIVIA: Yeah, I have a crazy job. Cheers.

RACHEL: Cheers. (clink wine glasses)

OLIVIA: Have you heard from Greg?

RACHEL: (shakes her no, gets misty) I don't know how to do this alone.

OLIVIA: Ella is beautiful, and smart, and strong, and she gets that from you.

RACHEL: Me? no. You've always been the strong one, you have.

OLIVIA: Rach.

RACHEL: I've only done one thing right in my life.

OLIVIA: Then you need to be strong for her. Whatever you need, I'm here. And you guys can stay here as long as you want.

RACHEL: Thank you.

OLIVIA: Is there something else? Something you're not telling me?

RACHEL: No. No, there's nothing else.

### **Federal Building - Instincts**

MITCHELL LOEB: How goes it?

OLIVIA: Horrible.

MITCHELL LOEB: We'll find 'em, whoever's responsible for what happened. Maybe this'll help.  
(tosses her a Magic Eight Ball)

(she drops it, reaches down to pick it up and notices his shoes are like her abductors)

OLIVIA: (marches to Charlie's work-station) I need to talk to you.

(quietly in an empty corridor) OLIVIA: Charlie, I think I know who killed Simon. And I think it's the same person who abducted me.

CHARLIE: Who?

OLIVIA: Mitchell Loeb. Don't ask me how I know. I'll tell you later.

CHARLIE: Livvy, that can't be right.

OLIVIA: It is. And I can prove it. But I've got Harris watching me like a prison guard. I can't do this myself.

CHARLIE: What do you need?

## **ACT III**

### **Walter's Lab - A Proposal**

(Olivia approaches the Loeb's house, knocks and looks around)

PETER: Walter - is that LSD?

WALTER: LSD, why would I?-- it's a decongestant. She is a giant cold virus after all.

PETER: Right.

CHARLIE: (enters the lab for a quiet conversation) Peter. You got a moment?

PETER: What's up?

CHARLIE: Olivia may have a lead on who abducted her. Only she can't pursue it without some help. I can't help her.

PETER: Why not?

CHARLIE: Suffice it to say that sometimes a problem with being in law enforcement is that you

gotta obey the law yourself.

PETER: And you think I'm the guy to break the law for you?

CHARLIE: I'm sorry, I didn't--

PETER: No, look, you're right. I am the guy to break the law for you. What do we need?

CHARLIE: I need a wiretap.

PETER: On who?

CHARLIE: Mitchell Loeb... FBI.

### **Investigating Loeb's House**

(Olivia returns to the front door and starts to pick the lock when Loeb appears from the side of the property)

SAMANTHA LOEB: Hello?

OLIVIA: Samantha.

SAMANTHA LOEB: Olivia, hi.

OLIVIA: I was just in Marlborough. I thought I'd drop by and check to see if you're okay.

SAMANTHA LOEB: I don't understand.

OLIVIA: I don't know. I guess I hadn't talked to you since Mitchell's surgery.

SAMANTHA LOEB: Oh, well, how sweet of you. Would you like to come inside? Have a cup of tea?

OLIVIA: Yeah, thank you.

(fixing tea in the kitchen)

OLIVIA: I've been thinking a lot about you and everything that you and Mitchell went through. It's really lovely having him back at the office.

SAMANTHA LOEB: Oh, yes, he's really glad to be back.

OLIVIA: His recovery seemed to go smoothly.

SAMANTHA LOEB: What were you doing in Marlborough?

OLIVIA: I'm working on a case.

SAMANTHA LOEB: Well, what's the case?

OLIVIA: Suspicion of a double agent.

SAMANTHA LOEB: (the kettle whistles) Excuse me. I'll get the tea.

OLIVIA: Mind if I use your bathroom?

SAMANTHA LOEB: It's down the hall.

OLIVIA: Thank you.

### **Calling In A Favor**

(on his cell phone in the lab)

PETER: Kyle. Hey, man. (to Charlie) Can you grab me that phone? (points) (to Kyle) Alright, go ahead. (takes notes) Uh-huh, okay, so I enter the phone number and then just punch in that code? Kyle, you are the greatest, man. (listens) Have I told you that lately? (listens) Yeah, thanks. you too.

(hangs-up)

PETER: (to Charlie) He used to work at the phone company, but I never really understood why. The guy's a genius.

CHARLIE: Yeah, right. Wouldn't want to waste any of that potential.

PETER: (placing new call) He tapped into the Loeb's home phone number. We should be able to pick up any outgoing calls that make from their house.

## **Tea With Samantha**

(Samantha Loeb dials out)

MITCHELL LOEB: (answers phone at work) This is Mitchell.

SAMANTHA LOEB: Olivia Dunham is in our house.

MITCHELL LOEB: Why?

SAMANTHA LOEB: She claims she was here to check on you.

(in the lab) CHARLIE: Is it working?

PETER: No. Hey, Kyle, it's not working. All I'm getting is buzz. I don't hear anything.

SAMANTHA LOEB: I think she knows.

MITCHELL LOEB: I don't know how she could.

SAMANTHA LOEB: I don't know what to do.

MITCHELL LOEB: Well, I do. And you have to move fast.

SAMANTHA LOEB: What?

MITCHELL LOEB: You need to kill her. Right now.

## **ACT IV**

### **Confronting Samantha Loeb**

(Olivia snoops around the Loeb's home office and picks the lock on the desk)

SAMANTHA LOEB: (on the phone) Her office might know that she's here. How can I just--

MITCHELL LOEB: (in his office on the phone) Dunham's already under suspicion for being unstable. They think she's dangerous.

PETER: (placing a call from the lab) Alright, I'll try it again.

(Olivia finds pictures of the giant organisms in the desk)

(Peter listens to the Loeb's on the wire tap)

MITCHELL LOEB: We can say she came after you, that it was self-defense.

SAMANTHA LOEB: There has to be another way to do this.

MITCHELL LOEB: There isn't, honey. There's one way. You cannot let Dunham leave there alive. In the entry closet, top shelf, in the back, there's a gun. Contact me when it's done.

CHARLIE: (asking about the wire tap that Peter hears) What is it?

PETER: Olivia's in trouble.

CHARLIE: What happened?

PETER: Hold on a second.

(Samantha prepares to attack Olivia. Olivia closes the desk and answers her phone)

PETER: Come on, pick up, pick up.

OLIVIA: (answers phone) It's me.

PETER: Get out of the house. she's gonna kill you.

OLIVIA: What?

PETER: Samantha Loeb is going to kill you. Get out of the house right now.

SAMANTHA LOEB: (stalking through the house with the pistol) Olivia. Tea's ready. Olivia?

OLIVIA: Samantha. Turn around and put the gun on the ground. Put the gun down. (she drops it)  
Now get down on the ground. Samantha.

SAMANTHA LOEB: Please, don't hurt me.

OLIVIA: Get on the ground, Samantha.

SAMANTHA LOEB: I was just doing—

OLIVIA: Samantha, get down on the ground now. I don't want to shoot you, but I will.

SAMANTHA LOEB: (sobbing) What are you gonna do to me? Are you going to hurt me?

OLIVIA: Damn it, Samantha, shut the hell up and get down on the ground. (Samantha tries to get closer) Don't do it. Please get down!

(Dunham's pistol is knocked loose and they fight... after punching and tripping, the two separate and go for their weapons - both fire - Loeb falls with a wound to the forehead)

### **Federal Building - Evidence Search**

OLIVIA: There's nothing here. Loeb knew he was gonna cut and run.

BROYLES: Based on what you've found, you have nothing to trace.

PETER: No, nothing yet.

WALTER: I'll need more time to trace the origin of the virus, but even then it will be impossible to know the exact origin.

CHARLIE: Liv, I hate to even ask you this. Anything you remember from when they had you?

OLIVIA: No, there's nothing that I heard, nothing that I remember.

BROYLES: There's no other way to track Loeb's cell phone?

CHARLIE: Tech services tried everything.

PETER: Wait a minute, not everything. The agents at Loeb's house, they're surveilling the area, right? No sign of Loeb?

CHARLIE: Not yet.

PETER: So he doesn't know about his wife.

OLIVIA: No, he doesn't.

PETER: Meaning that she could still contact him.

BROYLES: I'm ahead of you. I'll get a team.

WALTER: What happened? I missed it.

OLIVIA: Okay, we need Samantha Loeb's cell phone. I think inventory has it.

CHARLIE: I'm on it.

OLIVIA: Nice work.

PETER: Thanks.

## **Capturing Mitchell Loeb**

(driving quickly through town, Loeb receives a text message from his wife's cell phone and diverts to meet her. The science team waits in their vehicle)

WALTER: It's all rather tense, isn't it?

PETER: He's gonna come. Assuming, of course, they text each other.

OLIVIA: (into her walkie-talkie) Do you see him yet?

CHARLIE: (answers from his vehicle) No, not yet.

WALTER: Peter was really worried about you when you were gone.

PETER: Walter.

WALTER: You were.

PETER: Well, of course I was worried.

WALTER: He was really worried.

CHARLIE: (into his walkie-talkie as Loeb drives up) We got him.

(Loeb exits his vehicle for a pay phone)

OLIVIA: (to the Bishops) Okay, you stay here.

(vehicles swarm the scene and Loeb tries to flee)

BROYLES: (as Loeb draws his pistol) Mitchell, put it down! put it down!

OLIVIA: Freeze! (shoots Loeb as he turns to fire on her) Drop it. Drop your weapon.

(Charlie collects the weapon)

OLIVIA: You're under arrest.

(Loeb gives her a smug smirk and she pistol whips him across the face)

PETER: Nice work.

OLIVIA: Thank you.

## **ACT V**

### **Federal Building - Interrogation**

(in an interview room)

OLIVIA: Who are you working for? Don't be an idiot, Loeb. This is your one chance to cooperate. I'd say to you that you have no idea how hard we're gonna come down on you, except you do.

MITCHELL LOEB: I want to see my wife.

OLIVIA: You're not getting a thing until you talk.

MITCHELL LOEB: Then you're outta luck.

OLIVIA: Why'd you kill them, Kinberg and Simon? And why like that? I mean, there are easier ways to take somebody out.

MITCHELL LOEB: You're getting nothing.

(in the observation room)

SANFORD HARRIS: She can't do it. She won't get a confession.

BROYLES: I'd say the evidence in his house is plenty.

SANFORD HARRIS: Well, I'd say evidence is no confession.

(in the interview room)

MITCHELL LOEB: Ask as many questions as you want.

OLIVIA: Why take me? And that spinal tap, what did you want? Loeb, this is your last chance to cooperate.

MITCHELL LOEB: Or what, you'll torture me?

OLIVIA: (to Charlie) Can you leave me alone with him?

(in the observation room)

SANFORD HARRIS: What's she doing?

(in the interview room)

OLIVIA: You want your wife, Mitch?

MITCHELL LOEB: Yeah, Olivia, I do.

OLIVIA: Okay. (contemplates) Okay. (shows him a picture of his dead wife) And do you want to know who pulled the trigger? Mitch? You're looking at her. Did you kill them? Did you?

MITCHELL LOEB: Yes! Do you not understand the rules? What we're up against? Who the two sides are? Tell me at least you know that.

OLIVIA: Who's we?

MITCHELL LOEB: We had a plan here, lady. We had a shot. And you just blew it.

OLIVIA: Then why did you kidnap me?

MITCHELL LOEB: Kidnap you? Idiot. We saved you.

OLIVIA: Saved me from what?

MITCHELL LOEB: We were going to let you go. We saved you. You-- you have no idea --- what you've done. Not a clue.

(in the observation room)

PETER: There's your confession.

### **Federal Building - After Confessing**

BROYLES: You need to get some rest. I think you've earned it.

OLIVIA: I'll see you tomorrow. Thank you. Thank you.

PETER: He's right. You should get home.

OLIVIA: What did he mean he saved me? what the hell was that?

PETER: He was messing with you. Well, I don't know. I mean, did you see him? There was something about the way he said that.

PETER: The man's insane, Olivia.

WALTER: I concur, and in the category of 'takes one to know one'... That man did seem disturbed.

OLIVIA: But then why take me?

PETER: Because they wanted to hurt you. They knew that you were investigating them. They wanted to take you out.

OLIVIA: Then why not just kill me?

PETER: You're talking about a man who infects people with giant viruses. If you hadn't escaped, who knows what they would have done to you. Listen to me, you'd just told him that you killed his wife. He said that to you to try and get a reaction out of you, to get to you. Let it go. You got his confession. Go home.

WALTER: I was worried, too, when you were taken.

OLIVIA: Thank you, Walter.

WALTER: Not as much as him, of course.

PETER: Walter.

WALTER: It's true.

## **Olivia's Couch**

(Olivia and Ella are curled-up on a comfortable sofa taking a late afternoon nap. Rachel enters and tucks them under the blanket and gives each a kiss on the forehead... and turns off the reading lamp)