

PROLOGUE

The Wiles Residence

GREGORY WILES: (on cell phone with Luke Dempsey; Dempsey's voice is not heard) No, man, whatever.

GREGORY WILES: You're wrong.

GREGORY WILES: Admit you're wrong.

GREGORY WILES: No, she didn't.

GREGORY WILES: What?

GREGORY WILES: Well, then she's a bigger idiot than you are,

GREGORY WILES: Which is impossible.

GREGORY WILES: It is impossible.

GREGORY WILES: I'm really good at math. It's impossible.

GREGORY WILES: All right, cool. Late.

CYNTHIA WILES: (Standing behind her son, Gregory) We'll be back around 10:00. Make sure to take Bucky out. You hear me? I love you. (Leaves room)

ACT I

Playing Operation

ELLA: That scared me.

OLIVIA: Me too.

ELLA: Your turn.

OLIVIA: Okay.

RACHEL: Ella, when you said you brushed your teeth. Did you also completely dry your toothbrush?

ELLA: I brushed.

RACHEL: Ella.

RACHEL (to Olivia): I just love being lied to.

OLIVIA: Hey, you're a tough mother. Ella's a sweetheart.

RACHEL: She is a sweetheart. She's a lying little sweetheart. Sure minds me of you?

OLIVIA (laughing): Oh!

RACHEL: I'm gonna go make sure she's brushing her teeth.

Walter criticizes Darwin

WALTER: With all due respect, Darwin got it all wrong. I used to make the joke that Darwin's thinking was rather...unevolved.

PETER: Which I'm sure used to be very funny.

WALTER: For a brilliant man, Darwin was occasionally a moron. He claimed that males tried to spread their genes by having sex constantly. However, the females, with limited eggs, were more selective in their attempts to find genetically superior males. I believe that Darwin was simply inaccurate, that females can be just as aggressive as males, with males equally dispassionate. Thoughts! Peter?

ASTRID (answering phone): This is Astrid.

OLIVIA: Hey, it's me. Can you have the guys go outside? I'm sending over a body.

ASTRID: Yeah. Yeah, I'll have them waiting outside.

OLIVIA: Thank you.

ASTRID: Okay.

ASTRID (to Walter and Peter): Hey, that was Olivia. She needs you guys outside. A coroner's on his way with a body.

WALTER: You know, this is the part of day. That I look forward to most...when I know there's something bizarre out there. I just don't know what it is. Like a grab bag of disturbing events, don't you think?

PETER: Yeah.

WALTER: Be right back, Agent Farnsworth.

ASTRID: Okay. Bye.

Meeting the Wiles

OLIVIA: Thank you for taking the time. We know you're grieving. We're very sorry about your loss.

PAUL WILES: What the hell could have done that to him?

CHARLIE: We don't know yet. But we'll find out.

OLIVIA: Did you notice anything strange in your son's behavior over the last few days?

CYNTHIA WILES: No. School is good. He was looking forward to graduating. We had dinner together almost every night. We tried to get a few syllables out about his day.

CHARLIE: Any history of drug use?

PAUL WILES: No. I know all parents think that, but in Greg's case, it's true. Whatever happened... He didn't bring it on himself.

OLIVIA: What about any...preexisting medical conditions?

CYNTHIA WILES: Asthma. I blame it for all the time he spends on the computer.

OLIVIA: Was he on the computer last night?

CYNTHIA WILES: Most nights. He spends all his free time there, playing games, trading songs. He chats about girls with his friends.

CHARLIE: Which friends?

PAUL WILES: Uh...Luke, probably. Luke Dempsey.

CHARLIE: E-y?

PAUL WILES: Yeah.

OLIVIA: We're gonna do everything we can to find out what happened to your son.

The Science Team examines the evidence

WALTER: He can be rotated onto his back now, drain the remainder of his brain. Once that's done, we can examine his cranial cavity.

PETER: Oh, this is gonna be awesome.

OLIVIA (on phone): Just get me everything you can and call me right back. Thanks.

PETER: Everything okay?

OLIVIA: yeah, his parents say he was a good kid. What do we know from the autopsy?

WALTER: All I know for sure is that his brain matter has been completely liquefied. How? My first thought is an extremely virulent form of syphilis.

OLIVIA: you're saying that his brain could have been cooked by an std?

WALTER: Safe sex is important. You do always have your sexual partners wear a condom, I hope.

PETER: Walter...

OLIVIA: Well, if he got this from a girl or some kind of drug that he was experimenting with, there may be a record of that on his computer. Astrid, can you check his hard drive? I had it transferred with some of his other effects.

ASTRID: I got it right here. I'm on it.

WALTER: Oh, and be sure to check his floppy disks as well.

PETER: Floppy disks are a little outdated. Why don't you focus on what you do best? All yours... liquid brains.

WALTER: Oh. Fantastic. I will get the bone saw!

ASTRID: Hey, check this out.

OLIVIA: What?

ASTRID: Something's wrong. The hard drive platters must be fused.

OLIVIA: You sure?

ASTRID: Linguistics major. Computer science minor. Plus, I've been taking computers apart since I was, like, six.

OLIVIA: So do you think you can get anything off this?

ASTRID: Uh... I know some pretty aggressive data retrieval techniques. I can give it a shot.

OLIVIA: Well, I'm gonna go interview that Dempsey kid and see if I can dig up something else on the victims. Call me as soon as you find something.

Olivia meets Luke Dempsey

OLIVIA: Excuse me. I'm looking for Luke Dempsey... Thank you.

OLIVIA: Luke Dempsey? Olivia Dunham. FBI. Can I have a word?

LUKE DEMPSEY: I was just talking with Greg last night. What happened to him?

OLIVIA: To be honest, we're not entirely sure. What did you two talk about?

LUKE DEMPSEY: A bunch of stuff. I got him a deal on a split rear exhaust for his '93 GT...told him he could swing by whenever. And after... a couple hours, he just... he stopped answering. I figured he fell asleep.

OLIVIA: How do the two of you know each other?

LUKE DEMPSEY: Our dads worked together when we were kids and, uh... Greg and I stayed friends.

OLIVIA: Can you think of anyone who may have wanted to hurt Greg... or maybe had a grudge against him?

LUKE DEMPSEY: You think... somebody killed him?

OLIVIA: Do you?

OLIVIA (on phone): Dunham.

PETER: It's Peter. We just got a call about another body.

Car dealership manager found dead

OLIVIA: Sir.

BROYLES: Dunham. The general manager of this dealership was found dead by an employee.

OLIVIA: We have the employee?

BROYLES: Yeah. Though he's having a hard time being coherent.

OLIVIA: Well, what exactly happened?

BROYLES: Bishop. Doctor.

WALTER: It appears he died the same way as the teenager in Springfield. Prepare six vials, please.

PETER: Yes, sir.

OLIVIA: Where's the guy who found him?

BROYLES: This way.

SALESMAN: Anton's a nice man. Honest guy. He has three kids.

OLIVIA: When was the last time you saw him alive?

SALESMAN: Last night. There's a bar we go to sometimes. Strip club. My wife doesn't know. Just... please don't judge me.

OLIVIA: I'm not judging you.

PETER: Oh!

WALTER (taking sample from body): What? He's dead. He can't feel this. I wonder if they sell cars here with those seats that warm your ass.

PETER: Why don't you ask 'em?

WALTER: Hmm? Maybe I will.

OLIVIA: Anton's worked here as long as you have?

SALESMAN: A little longer than that, actually. He's been here for three years.

OLIVIA: And is there anyone you can think of that would want to hurt him?

SALESMAN: Anton? No way. He's solid.

OLIVIA: Can I take your card in case I need to ask you some more questions?

SALESMAN: Yeah, sure, um... My cell's on there. And if you're ever interested in a new vehicle, we have next year's models in, so, um... Now you are judging me.

Examining the hard drive

ASTRID: It's the weirdest thing. The fused platters we found on the car salesman's computer... they're fried just like the kid's.

OLIVIA: Well, that can't be a coincidence.

ASTRID: I'm trying to recover as much data as possible. These platters are incredibly sensitive. A speck of dust is enough to make them unusable. But this?

OLIVIA: It looks like someone took a blowtorch to them.

ASTRID: And from what I was able to pull so far, it looks like both the computers downloaded a huge file... 657 megabytes each right before they crashed.

PETER: Where'd the file come from?

ASTRID: It's a miracle I was able to salvage this much. To figure that out, I'd need another couple days to access the ISP servers.

OLIVIA: That's time that we don't have.

(ringing heard)

OLIVIA: Is it you?

PETER: Mm-mm.

WALTER: I haven't heard that sound for ages.

ASTRID: I think it's the phone.

OLIVIA: Who would have that number?

ASTRID: It must be on Harvard's system. I didn't even know it worked.

PETER: Hello? ...There's nobody here by that name... Yes, I'm sure... Sorry. I think you got the wrong number.

OLIVIA: Who was it?

PETER: Some... student looking for financial aid.

ASTRID: What are you doing?

PETER: I think... I got a guy who can help us.

OLIVIA: Who?

PETER: You really wanna know?

OLIVIA: Good point. Be careful with that, though, 'cause it's evidence.

PETER: Just kiddin'.

OLIVIA: Okay, I'm gonna go talk to Greg Wiles's friend, Luke Dempsey.

ASTRID: Agent Dunham? I think I might know who's just on the phone.

(Astrid shows Olivia the letter discarded earlier by Peter)

ACT II

Peter and Akim

PETER: How's it going, Akim?

AKIM: Peter Bishop.

PETER: Long time.

AKIM: Not long enough...

PETER: Play nice. I come bearing gifts.

AKIM: My god. I can't believe you kept it. You could have sold this for a fortune.

PETER: I kept it to remind me never to wager with anything that I couldn't bear to live without.

AKIM: I can have it back?

PETER: Sure. First... I'm gonna need some help.

AKIM: What do you got?

PETER: Just before they fried, both of these drives downloaded the same program.

AKIM: Very good. And what are we looking for?

PETER: I wanna know what it is and where it came from.

Harris Intrudes

SANFORD HARRIS: Agent Dunham. I hear Agent Broyles has you investigating the bridgeport automotive death. May I ask what exactly you're looking for?

OLIVIA: I'll be cross-referencing the victim's medical records with the AMA database, looking for anything that might connect him to the teenager and explain what happened here.

SANFORD HARRIS: Medical records, AMA database, liquefied brains. Come on, Dunham. This case clearly falls under the jurisdiction of the CDC! Qualified, knowledgeable, scientists... There was no known pathogen, no signs of a contagion. - who see these things every day!

OLIVIA: With all due respect, Agent Harris, I have done my due diligence. I just got off the phone with my contact at the CDC, and they have seen nothing like it.

SANFORD HARRIS: But you tell me, does this look like a flu you've heard of where people's brains come out their ears?

OLIVIA: No.

SANFORD HARRIS: No. This looks like yet another excuse to justify the allocation of FBI resources. To what's arguably become a rogue division inside a federal agency, operating, if not completely autonomously, then well outside the standard regulatory purview. I have news for you, Agent Dunham. I'm here to remedy that.

OLIVIA: I'll consider myself warned.

SANFORD HARRIS: Twelve hours. After that, I shut you down and put the case in what I believe will be considerably more capable hands.

Akim Breaks the Code

AKIM: Whoa. - What's this? It's particles scattered all over the internet. This thing must have been insanely complex. Integrated video, audio. I mean, some of this isn't even computer code.

PETER: Is that even possible?

AKIM: Multiple parallel packet routing. Ten times the usual nodes. Whoever sent this is trying very hard to cover their tracks.

PETER: Akim, come on. You have no idea where this thing came from.

AKIM: Nothing yet. There's too many paths. Wait a second. Okay, I... I can't tell you where it's originating, but I got a destination. This program's being downloaded right now, real time. Then that's the next target. Neighborhood in Brighton, near Boston. It's close by.

PETER: Brighton? Can you pull up the address?

AKIM: Honing in. There. That's where it's going.

PETER: Oh, my god. (Calls Olivia Dunham)

OLIVIA: Dunham.

PETER: Olivia, listen to me... just before they died, both the victims downloaded the same transmission, and it's happening again right now.

OLIVIA: Where?

PETER: Your apartment.

ACT III

Ella under attack

(Peter and Olivia rush to Olivia's apartment in their respective cars)

PETER (on cell phone to Olivia): Hey, I just turned right onto Broadway. I should be there in five minutes.

OLIVIA: Uh, look, Rachel's not picking up her cell...

PETER: Then call the next door neighbor.

OLIVIA: I don't know any of the neighbors. I haven't seen any of them for months.

PETER: Then call Boston PD.

OLIVIA: I already have.

(In Olivia's apartment, Ella is about to start the malicious program)

ELLA: Mom. Mom!

RACHEL: One minute, Ella.

(Olivia burst in her apartment, gun drawn)

RACHEL: Olivia, what the hell are you doing?

OLIVIA: Okay... is there someone else here?

RACHEL: Of course not. It's just us.

OLIVIA: Ella? Ella, everything's gonna be okay.

PETER (arriving on scene): You okay?

OLIVIA: Yeah. Can you check out the back?

PETER: Yeah.

OLIVIA: Ella! Ella. Ella. What's wrong?

RACHEL: Nothing is wrong, Olivia. She's just playing her game, right, Ell?

OLIVIA: Ella! Ella...Ella... sweetie! Ella!

ELLA: Aunt Liv? When did you get home?

Investigating what happened to Ella

CHARLIE: I don't understand. What happened?

OLIVIA: There were flashes on the computer screen when I first came in, like bursts of images. I don't know. I can't explain it. It was like nothing I had ever seen before.

CHARLIE: Images?

OLIVIA: Yeah. And they affected Ella in some way, like she was hypnotized.

CHARLIE: I'm gonna call computer forensics. They'll be here right away.

PETER (singing to Ella): Trot, trot to Boston, trot, trot to Lynn. Better watch out, or you might fall in!

RACHEL: Do you do birthday parties too?

PETER: Not so much, no. Though I have done my fair share of babysitting lately.

RACHEL: Yeah, well, the way you are with Ella, it seems like you'd be really good...at a party.

PETER: I'm not really familiar with the word. Maybe you can talk to your sister, she can give me the weekend off.

RACHEL: My sister's not really the weekend off type. That was always more me.

RACHEL (to Olivia): Everything okay?

OLIVIA: Yeah. Ella, come here.

RACHEL: What are you doing?

OLIVIA: You need to get her checked out as soon as possible.

RACHEL: What are you talking about? She's fine. Look at her.

OLIVIA: I'm sure everything's fine.

RACHEL: Liv, what is going on?

ELLA: There was a hand. I remember. There was a hand coming out of the computer.

RACHEL: Okay, uh... We're definitely cutting back on the sugar intake and... possibly our visits with aunt Olivia. Come on, sweetie.

PETER: Hold on a second. Hold on a second. What kinda hand, Ella?

ELLA: Weird... Glowy... Scary.

RACHEL: Ell, this isn't funny. Look at me. You know how I feel about lying. I'm not! It really happened!

RACHEL: How?

ELLA: I don't know. I was playing with my game, and I saw this hand.

RACHEL: Which game was it?

ELLA: My ponies.

RACHEL: I don't want you on that site again, okay? Promise?

(Olivia looks at the laptop and notices that the webcam is on)

Luke and Brian Dempsey meet

BRIAN DEMPSEY (looking at Olivia through laptop webcam): That's right, sweetheart. I'm the one you're looking for.

(visual and sound alarm)

BRIAN DEMPSEY: Who's there?

LUKE DEMPSEY: It... it's just me, dad. Somebody in here? I heard voices.

BRIAN DEMPSEY: Talking to myself. What are you doin' here?

LUKE DEMPSEY: Thought I'd bring you some lunch.

BRIAN DEMPSEY: Thanks. How are things at the body shop, Luke?

LUKE DEMPSEY: Fine. Have you found a job yet, dad?

BRIAN DEMPSEY: Who says I'm looking for one?

LUKE DEMPSEY: I went by your place. The mail was all piled up. Mrs. Greely said you haven't been home in over a week.

BRIAN DEMPSEY: She should mind her own business.

LUKE DEMPSEY: Have you been sleeping here, dad?

BRIAN DEMPSEY: Luke... Thanks for the food, but... I should be getting back to this.

LUKE DEMPSEY: W... what is it that you're working on?

BRIAN DEMPSEY: A new program. I don't wanna jinx it. I think it's gonna impress a lot of people.

ACT IV

Meeting in Broyles office

OLIVIA (on cell phone): Okay, love you. Bye.

PETER: How's Ella doing?

OLIVIA: The doctor says she's perfectly healthy. There's no sign of neurological damage, nothing.

PETER: That's excellent news.

OLIVIA: Charlie's taking them back. He's gonna keep an eye on the apartment until I get there. God, if something had of happened to her...

PETER: But it didn't. Don't torture yourself with hypotheticals. She's fine.

OLIVIA: Yeah. This is gonna sound crazy but I think whoever's responsible was watching through the computer.

PETER: What?

OLIVIA: The light next to the camera was on, and Ella doesn't know how to use it.

BROYLES: You think he was spying on you?

OLIVIA: I don't know. Maybe he was trying to scare me. He knows about the investigation, and this is his sick way of telling me to back off.

BROYLES: I suppose he could have broken into our network, learned you were investigating his case... which means maybe we can track him.

OLIVIA: Well, we have forensics on it as we speak.

PETER: Also, I've got a... subcontractor that I've worked with before. He's trying to track down the origin of the data stream that was sent to Olivia's computer.

BROYLES: And this... data stream, you think it may be connected to what killed those people?

OLIVIA: The victim, Greg Wiles, was found in front of his computer too, and his hard drive was fused, just like the car salesman.

BROYLES: A computer program that can...

PETER: Kill people. Yeah, I know. But Walter's working on it right now back at the lab. But here's what I don't understand. If a person is responsible for those deaths, why are they killing? Have you found any connection between the victims?

OLIVIA: Not yet.

A day trader dies

MIRIAM ROSENTHAL: Mark?...Honey?...Can you help me with the groceries?...John and Alice are coming over for dinner. You remember?...Thought I'd make a roast. Hey, Dow Jones. Are you alive in there? Mark?

(Miriam enters Mark's room and finds him dead)

MIRIAM ROSENTHAL: Mark...

Olivia and Peter walking on the campus

PETER: It's amazing, isn't it? All these people, and they don't have a clue... how crazy it all really is. The world... everything.

OLIVIA: If we do our job, they'll never have to.

(Olivia's cell phone rings)

OLIVIA (on cell phone to Charlie): Olivia Dunham.

CHARLIE: We got another death. This one, outside Chicago. This one is a day trader.

OLIVIA (to Peter): It's happened again.

OLIVIA (to Charlie): When are you going to start calling them murders?

CHARLIE: When you find us a murderer.

OLIVIA: Well, send me everything you can on the victim.

CHARLIE: Will do.

OLIVIA: Okay.

Peter Intercepts Jessica Warren

PETER: (To Olivia) I'll meet you inside, okay?

PETER: Are you Jessica Warren?

JESSICA WARREN: Yes.

PETER: I'm Peter Bishop.

JESSICA WARREN: I know.

PETER: I read your letter. And I can understand, of course, why it is that you want to see my father. It's not the right time for him. He's only been out of the institution...for a couple of months. After 17 years...

JESSICA WARREN: And three months, Mr. Bishop. I know exactly how long it's been.

PETER: I'm sure you do. I'm very sorry for what happened, Mrs. Warren. I wish this weren't the

case, but nothing will bring your daughter back... Not even talking to my father.

JESSICA WARREN: I need to see him.

PETER: To do what? To blame him for the accident?

JESSICA WARREN: It's between me and your father.

PETER: I'm sorry. It's not going to happen.

Inside the Lab

OLIVIA: Hey.

ASTRID: Hey...I'm glad Ella's okay.

OLIVIA: Oh. Thank you.

WALTER: Oh, Agent Dunham. I think I worked out how these deaths occurred. It's a complex combination... .. of visual and subsonic aural stimuli ingeniously designed to amplify the electrical impulses of the brain, trapping it in an endless loop.

OLIVIA: Walter?

ASTRID: It's like a computer virus that infects people.

OLIVIA: I don't understand. Ella said she saw a hand coming out of the computer.

WALTER: A hallucinatory effect of the stimuli, perhaps. I need to research further.

PETER: Hey.

OLIVIA: Hey.

PETER: Where's the latest victim?

OLIVIA: Uh... just outside of Chicago.

PETER: Any motive yet?

OLIVIA: Not yet. Listen... I think I know who that woman was... outside.

PETER: What do you think you know?

OLIVIA: That she's the mother of the lab assistant... .. that was killed in the fire here almost 20 years ago. It's none of my business.

PETER: Go ahead. What?

OLIVIA: Does Walter know? That she wants to see him?

PETER: Of course Walter doesn't know. He couldn't handle it.

OLIVIA: I see.

PETER: You think that he could?

OLIVIA: I don't know why, but I do.

PETER: You really think it's a good idea... .. to put him through that?

OLIVIA: Well, I was thinking that it's all unresolved. For him, for her, and I was thinking that it must be hard for her too, to come back here to the place where she lost her daughter.

PETER: What's your point?

OLIVIA: That you underestimate him, your father. And you shouldn't.

(Peter leaves the room, Astrid enters)

ASTRID: Here is what Charlie was able to dig up on the last victim.

OLIVIA: "Mark Rosenthal. 48. Married." Any information on his next of kin?

ASTRID: It's sad, actually. He just got married last year to a... a Miriam Dempsey. I have her number here if you want it.

OLIVIA: Did you say Dempsey?

ASTRID: Mm-hmm.

OLIVIA: I interviewed a Luke Dempsey this morning. He was friends with the teenage victim Greg Wiles.

ASTRID: Uh... according to this background info, Miriam Dempsey is Luke's mother.

OLIVIA: So that would make the last victim Luke's stepfather.

ASTRID: Yeah.

OLIVIA: What are the chances of the same kid being connected to both victims?

ASTRID: Maybe Luke is a killer.

OLIVIA: It's possible, but... he seemed genuinely upset when I told him his friend was dead. He did mention something else. He said that the reason he was friends with the victim was because their fathers worked together.

Peter Lies to Walter

WALTER: Is everything all right? I heard you and agent Dunham. From the tone, it sounded like you were having an argument.

PETER: Everything's fine. I tried to expense a couple of Celtic tickets on the FBI... she caught me.

WALTER: Oh, I see. I hope she doesn't notice the \$2,000 for the baboon seminal fluid I ordered. I hope I can recall why I ordered it.

Collating the Facts

PETER: What's up?

OLIVIA: I think we have our suspect.

PETER: "Brian Dempsey."

OLIVIA: He used to work for Paul Wiles.

PETER: Greg's dad?

OLIVIA: Exactly. He was Dempsey's boss until he fired Dempsey six years ago. According to Wiles, he was a programmer, way ahead of his time. Wiles said when he fired him, Brian threw a fit.

ASTRID: Yeah, and the victim outside Chicago was married to Dempsey's ex-wife. Really nasty divorce too.

PETER: What about the car salesman?

ASTRID: Uh, we're still looking for that connection. But it looks like Dempsey's m.o. is to hurt people who screwed him over by going after their loved ones.

OLIVIA (on cell phone): Charlie. Yeah. It's me. I need you to get to Brian Dempsey's house. Luke's father. I think he's our guy.

Harris Pushes Olivia

SANFORD HARRIS: Dunham, where's our suspect?

OLIVIA: There was no sign of him at home. We picked up his son from work.

SANFORD HARRIS: What's your plan?

OLIVIA: We're waiting for the right moment.

SANFORD HARRIS: Well, why wait? Just go in and break him.

OLIVIA: I... I'm not sure that's the way to go. You care to share your reasoning? I think that Luke suspects there's something wrong with his father. If we go in heavy-handed, then... he could shut down or call a lawyer, and then... He won't tell us anything.

SANFORD HARRIS: It's your job to make sure that doesn't happen.

OLIVIA: I'm more than familiar with passive coercion.

SANFORD HARRIS: Good. Then find his pressure points, put your little hands around him, and squeeze. That's an order.

OLIVIA: (sarcastically) Every time that guy opens his mouth, I like him more and more.

CHARLIE: So?

OLIVIA: Come on.

Interviewing Luke Dempsey

OLIVIA: Luke, this is Agent Francis. Where's your father?

LUKE DEMPSEY: No idea.

OLIVIA: Tell me about him.

LUKE DEMPSEY: Uh, what do you wanna know?

OLIVIA: He had a pretty rough ride. Smart. Maybe a little too smart for his own good. Couldn't hold down a job, then he gets dumped by your mom. That couldn't have been easy.

LUKE DEMPSEY: People don't understand him. They don't take the time.

OLIVIA: When did you see him last?

LUKE DEMPSEY: Few weeks ago. We aren't really close.

OLIVIA: Have you spoken to your mom recently? Do you know what happened to your stepfather?

LUKE DEMPSEY: And, uh, I told you about Greg myself.

OLIVIA: Come on, Luke. The only thing that these victims have in common, besides having their brains liquefied, was that they were all close to someone who pissed off your father. This guy (shows photo of Mark Rosenthal) died because he married your mother.

(Luke reacts)

OLIVIA: And your friend Greg here, (shows photo of Greg) he died because his dad fired your dad.

LUKE DEMPSEY: That's impossible!

OLIVIA: The horror show in this picture was a friend of yours. You wanna cover it up now?

LUKE DEMPSEY: No! I want a lawyer. D-don't I get a lawyer?

CHARLIE: Is it any consolation knowing you were right?

OLIVIA: Do me a favor. Wait five minutes, then release him.

CHARLIE: What about Harris?

OLIVIA: Screw him.

CHARLIE: My thoughts exactly.

PETER: Okay, come on. What did I miss?

OLIVIA: Just trust me.

ACT V

Luke Calls a Cab

LUKE DEMPSEY: (On phone) Yeah, I need a cab.

OLIVIA: (To another agent) I need to hear that call. (Agent provides phone) Thank you.

LUKE DEMPSEY: ...2 Braddock street.

CAB DISPATCHER: One person going to 1432 Braddock street. I'll have a car there in ten minutes.

LUKE DEMPSEY: Ten minutes, right? All right, thanks.

OLIVIA: He just called a cab. One guess where it's taking him.

PETER: Oh, come on. He cannot possibly be that stupid.

OLIVIA: He's 19.

PETER: Good point.

Olivia and Peter Following Luke

PETER: I don't underestimate my father, by the way. I understand him, sometimes more than I want to. Look, if I let him talk to that woman, she's just going to accuse him of killing her daughter, which is something that he didn't do.

OLIVIA: Then why not just let them meet?

PETER: Whose side are you on anyway?

OLIVIA: I know what it's like to live with something unresolvable... that's all.

PETER: Congratulations... you just described the entire planet.

OLIVIA: This could provide closure for your father. He's had to live with the death of that woman. He got put away because of it. Who's to say that this wouldn't be a resolution for him?

PETER: If I didn't know better, I'd think you actually wanted the man to have a nervous breakdown! Then maybe you don't know better, because I care for your father, too. And I believe that shielding him from the truth, from what's real, ultimately does him a disservice.

PETER: What's real doesn't really seem to concern Walter. And what you said earlier about this being none of your business, that was right on the money.

OLIVIA: Okay, you stay here.

PETER: You are not going in there alone.

OLIVIA: Just stay here and watch the entrance.

PETER: Will you at least call for backup?

OLIVIA: Harris wants me to screw this up. If I call for help, he's gonna do whatever it takes to

make me look bad.

FBI Communications

SANFORD HARRIS: Where the hell are Dunham and the kid?

AGENT: I have no idea,sir.

SANFORD HARRIS: Hey! Trace the GPS on Dunham's car. I wanna know where she is now!

Luke Faces his Father

LUKE DEMPSEY: W-why the hell would you do that? He was a friend of mine!

BRIAN DEMPSEY: He has a bad family,Luke. They were cruel people.

LUKE DEMPSEY: You actually...you actually killed Greg from here? Now... how many more,dad? Who else,huh?

BRIAN DEMPSEY: All they had to do was give me a chance, a fair shake,a chance to prove myself, but they thought they could just drop me to the curb like a piece of garbage. Son...

LUKE DEMPSEY: No! No! So all this is supposed to fix that? I don't know who you are anymore,dad! I used to look up to you. And now... you're pathetic.

(Alarm enunciates as Olivia enters the building)

BRIAN DEMPSEY: Go! They're coming for me,not for you.

LUKE DEMPSEY: Dad...

BRIAN DEMPSEY: Go!

(Olivia moves through Brian Dempsey's rabbit warren of spaces with her weapon at the ready; Brian Dempsey slips up bwehind her and places his weapons against her neck.

BRIAN DEMPSEY: Stay right where you are.

ACT VI

Olivia confronts Brian Dempsey

BRIAN DEMPSEY (pointing gun at Olivia): You ruined everything. People were gonna respect me... respect my work. Now my son hates me because of you.

BRIAN DEMPSEY (pointing a gun at himself and one at Olivia): But this is how it ends.

OLIVIA: Ok...

BRIAN DEMPSEY: Stay back,or I'll kill you,too. It was their fault... all of them! I just wanted them to feel the pain that they made me feel.

OLIVIA: Just put the gun down.

BRIAN DEMPSEY: Why should you care whether I live or die? Especially when you know what I've done.

OLIVIA: Mr. Dempsey,look away from the screen.

BRIAN DEMPSEY: No. I wanna see. I wanna finally see... my creation.

(Peter walks into the building)

LUKE DEMPSEY: Stop right there!

PETER: Hey there,Luke.

LUKE DEMPSEY: Shut up. Leave my father alone.

PETER: Luke,take it easy.

LUKE DEMPSEY: Stay back!

(shot heard, Peter and Luke run toward the noise)

PETER: Dunham! You okay?

OLIVIA: I'm OK. Luke... Luke...

(Luke sees his father shot dead)

LUKE DEMPSEY: What did you do to him?

OLIVIA: No,I didn't... He went into a trance and he shot himself.

(Luke runs outside)

AGENT: Freeze!

SANFORD HARRIS: Get on your knees,son. Get on your knees.

(Peter and Olivia inside their car)

PETER: I don't get it. He knew he was killing those people. Why would the kid protect a murderer like that?

OLIVIA: Because it's his father.

Harris Challenges Broyles

BROYLES: Sanford.

SANFORD HARRIS: Interesting day.

BROYLES: So I hear.

SANFORD HARRIS: For the record...your agent disobeyed a direct order of mine, released Luke Dempsey, and then attempted to apprehend the suspect without backup.

BROYLES: From what I can tell, Agent Dunham closed this case in spite of your obstructions.

SANFORD HARRIS: She violated too many aspects of FBI protocol to even count!

BROYLES: She IDed a murderer, contained a computer program that melts people's brains...

SANFORD HARRIS: Listen to me,Phillip...

BROYLES: No,you listen to me. What you're passing off as bureaucratic concern looks an awful lot like a personal vendetta, and if you push it, I will stake my career on her behalf.

SANFORD HARRIS: Are you threatening me,Phillip?

BROYLES: You decide to go after Olivia Dunham, you're going after me, and all the red tape in the world won't protect you.

SANFORD HARRIS: You sure you're up for this? I got a lotta red tape,Phillip.

Walter and the Mother

PETER: Walter, There's a woman here who wants to talk to you.

(Jessica Warren is standing several yards away; her face is concealed by shadows.)

WALTER: She pretty?

PETER: She's right there. Now,look... If you need me,I'll be right here. If you need to end the conversation for any reason, you just say the word.

(Walter approaches Jessica)

JESSICA WARREN: My daughter's name was Carla Warren.

WALTER: Oh,dear.

JESSICA WARREN: Do you remember her?

WALTER: Yes.

JESSICA WARREN: I want to see you because...you were the last person to see my daughter alive, and...I've always wanted to ask... Was there anything else I could know? Anything,anything else...you could tell me about my daughter.

WALTER: She was...a wonderful girl. What I remember...is her smile. She had a wonderful smile.

WALTER: I miss Carla.

JESSICA WARREN: Me,too. I miss her.

(Walter embraces Jessica Warren.)

WALTER: I'll tell you everything I remember about our time together.

Olivia and Rachel (and Peter)

RACHEL: Part of me wants to ask you to explain what happened with Ella. But I'm not sure I'll feel safer if I know.

OLIVIA: You wouldn't.

RACHEL: How do you do it,Liv?

ELLA: I brushed.

RACHEL: Fantastic. Say goodnight.

OLIVIA: Okay,come here and give me a kiss...on the cheek.

ELLA: I tricked you.

OLIVIA: Okay. Good night,sweetheart.

ELLA: Night.

(Doorbell Rings. Olivia answers to find Peter standing outside.)

PETER: Hi.

OLIVIA: What's up?

PETER: First of all, I've had a couple of drinks, but don't worry... I walked over.

OLIVIA: Okay.

PETER: And, uh...I wanted to say that... I've never had him in my life... Walter. And now,thanks to your insane freak show of an operation, I do. Have him in my life. And I think that I was... I think that I was a little scared. And maybe if he... he talked to that woman... Whatever. I...I wanted to say that I'm sorry. You were right. Thank you.

OLIVIA: You're welcome.

(Peter sees Rachel behind Olivia)

PETER: Hi.

RACHEL: Hi.

PETER: How's Ella doing?

RACHEL: Good. Thanks. Liv, she wants you to tuck her in.

OLIVIA: Okay.

PETER: So I'll see you tomorrow.

OLIVIA: Yeah.