

PROLOGUE

(Wissenschaft Prison, attorney Salman Kohl is escorted to visit his client, Mister Jones)

SALMAN KOHL: (entering the secured room) Mister Jones.

DAVID JONES: Mister Kohl. (sits sketching Dunham)

SALMAN KOHL: I have your appeal request all prepared and ready to go. It goes without saying the German government are not big fans of yours. You did, after all, steal state secrets. I think that the best that we can hope for is 'life', hmm? (turns back to Jones) Now, all I need is your signature. (neck is snapped by Jones)

(Jones prepares for teleportation, disappears in a beam of light, reappears in a beam of light near Little Hill Field, MA; guards run the corridors of the prison)

(rest of prologue in German. first hallway)

GUARD 1: Sound the alarm!

(a second hallway)

GUARD 2: The perimeter is sealed!

GUARD 3: Have they checked the cameras?

GUARD 2: They're checking again now!

(approaching & in the cell)

GUARD 3: That's impossible.

GUARD 4: (to the Warden) All protocol was followed, sir. The facility is on lockdown. We don't know what happened here.

JOHAN LENNOX: But we do know... that the prisoner in this cell is gone. (staring at the dead attorney and the scorched walls)

ACT I

Walter's Lab - A Chat

OLIVIA: (walking in) Is your father about?

PETER: Right here. Why don't you ask him what he's doing?

OLIVIA: I'd rather not. (as Walter mucks around Gene's udders) Listen. Do you remember that prisoner Jones I went to see...

PETER: ...in Germany, right?

OLIVIA: He escaped.

PETER: Good for him. How?

OLIVIA: Uh, nobody knows. It makes no sense. The German authorities came to see me last night.

PETER: How come when nobody knows and it doesn't make sense, they come to us?

OLIVIA: well, what we do know is that Jones was working with Mitchell Loeb.

WALTER: Oh, I remember Loeb. That's the guy that stole my invention?

OLIVIA: Yeah. I'm gonna go and talk to him now. But can you describe to me again what you

made? What Loeb was stealing.

PETER: And why don't you tell her the truth this time. He kind of sugar-coated last time around.

OLIVIA: You did? Why? Is it something that could have helped Jones escape?

WALTER: It was a - transportation device. I called it 'DizRay', coined based on the premise disintegration, reintegration, dis-re, 'DizRay'.

OLIVIA: Are you saying that you created a...

PETER: ...a teleportation system, yeah. Except for, this one was meant to travel through time. How's that?

WALTER: Assuming someone could solve the considerable problems, coming through it - arriving would require weeks of decompression in a barometric tank. And if you survived that, based on what would happen next... you'd likely wished you hadn't.

OLIVIA: So you're saying that Jones, in theory, could have zapped himself out of prison.

WALTER: Uh... yes. (nods)

Jones' Safe House

JONES ASSOCIATE: Equilibrium has been reached. Decompression is complete. (The barometric tank steams open and out climbs David Jones) Welcome back sir.

DAVID JONES: Cup of tea, please?

JONES ASSOCIATE: Of course.

DAVID JONES: (later, to his gathered colleagues) Firstly, I'd like to thank you, for the work you've done. For bringing me here. I understand there have been sacrifices. I am grateful to them, as I am to you. Everything is in order then.

JONES ASSOCIATE: Yes sir. The list is complete. We've got a lab set to your specifications.

DAVID JONES: And the sealant?

JONES ASSOCIATE: All parts.

DAVID JONES: Good. (hand shakes as he sips his tea)

Downtown Newsstand - Curbside

THOMAS AVERY: (to a browser) Hey, you know it's not a library here, you know? - and I don't make loans. (A male patron wearing a latex glove approaches, selects a paper and pays) That is seventy-five cents my friend. Of course it's old news now, given the old internet and all that. You must be an old traditionalist like myself, right? Hey, hey, hey, I like these. You don't see the two dollar very often. (patron walks off) Thanks. I'll keep it.

FEMALE PATRON: (approaches) Okay, so Tommie... you were right.

THOMAS AVERY: Yeah, you see that? Grace Kelly?

FEMALE PATRON: She was good. But, Jimmy Stewart was better.

THOMAS AVERY: I'm creatin' cinephiles one reader at a time. Now listen, I want you to check out a movie called, uh, *Charade*... ever seen it?

FEMALE PATRON: Never heard of it.

THOMAS AVERY: Uh, oh god. Oh. I guess there's somethin' in my eyes.

FEMALE PATRON: You okay?

THOMAS AVERY: Uh oh god.

FEMALE PATRON: Tommie, you okay? (he turns and his face has 'skinned' over) Oh. My god aaahh! Oh Tommie. Tommie! He can't breathe, he can't breathe. (as the man spasms on the ground)

ACT II

Federal Building - Research

BROYLES: Anything yet?

CHARLIE: (overlooking a young shoulder) We might be on to something. Uhh... nothing local on Jones. But, uh... we found some financial records for Salman Kohl - Jones's attorney.

BROYLES: The man found dead in Jone's cell?

CHARLIE: He kept a slush fund that he maintained under an assumed name.

BROYLES: Could be a mistress...

CHARLIE: Or something less salicious... more interesting.

BROYLES: Let me know if you find something useful.

Squeezing Loeb

(Olivia awaits as a HumVee pulls up to the center of a damp parking lot full of military 'motor pool' vehicles. it stops and two armed military guards lift the shackled Mitchell Loeb off of the aft ramp)

OLIVIA: I know about David Robert Jones. I know that you helped him escape. And that you kidnapped me on that same night. You know where Jones is.

MITCHELL LOEB: You're not someone I... really wanna work with.

OLIVIA: (steps forward. reading papers) Your Transfer Order... to Wallens Ridge State Prison. (snidely) You *know* what that place is like Mitchell. You know what they're gonna do to you... what it's gonna be like the first night?... the second?

MITCHELL LOEB: (interjecting)... doesn't matter if you find Jones or not. He's just a part of 'the army'. - - What was written will come to pass - and nothing you do can stop that - -. --nothing--.

OLIVIA: (at a loss for words, her cell phone rings. glaring at Loeb) Agent Dunham. (listens) It's me. (Broyles) Get the Bishops and meet me at Boston General.

Boston General Hospital

BROYLES: (entering an examination room with the science team) His name is Thomas Avery. Runs a news stand downtown. His only prior physical conditions were high cholesterol and a weak bladder. According to witnessess, the whole thing happened in less than two minutes.

WALTER: Ceramides. They act as a signalling molecule in the skin. They control how the cells grow and differentiate. Two thoughts come to mind. The first, that this affliction might have been caused by a mutation, changing these lipids to recognize and seal any and all orifices... did they check his anus and penis?

PETER: You think we could get the answer to that question without *me* in the room?

OLIVIA: What was the other thought?

WALTER: Sorry?

OLIVIA: You said two thoughts came to mind.

WALTER: Ah yes... the other was - coffee cake! Tiny pebbles of cinnamon sugar.

PETER: (to Broyles) Once again - my father.

OLIVIA: (to Broyles) You know what this is.

BROYLES: (to Olivia) You think... Jones?

WALTER: Peter. Help me with this please.

BROYLES: (to Olivia) You talked to Loeb. Did he give you anything?

OLIVIA: Maybe. But nothing that relates to this exactly.

BROYLES: Well, I'm not convinced that this is Jones' work. And what interest would he have in a news stand operator?

OLIVIA: That's what we're going to find out. Peter!... You got a sec?

(in the corridors of the hospital)

OLIVIA: When I saw Loeb he said something. That Jones was only doing what had been written.

PETER: Meaning what? Written where?

OLIVIA: I didn't know, but we've never known what Jones's group Z.F.T. stood for. Maybe it's not the name of their organization, but, what if it's the name of their bible?

PETER: Interesting...

OLIVIA: So, I called a contact at the German authorities and I asked him to search any known document with those initials.

PETER: Did he find anything?

OLIVIA: Yes - he did. (hands him her PDA)

PETER: "Zerstörung durch Fortschritte der Technologie"

PETER/OLIVIA: (together) Zee - Eff - Tee.

OLIVIA: Scroll down.

PETER: (loosely) "Destruction by Advancement of Technology".

OLIVIA: It's a self-published anonymous manuscript. On their records only because it was recovered as evidence in a police raid in an unrelated case.

PETER: They sending it to us?

OLIVIA: They would be - if it hadn't been destroyed ten years ago. So... I was hoping that you might have one of your - weird connections?

PETER: (feigning insult) Weird connections?

OLIVIA: (not wanting to offend) They're... always a little weird.

PETER: (mocking like an older brother) Well, you're always a little weird.

OLIVIA: (waiting) What do you think? Come on.

PETER: (letting her off the hook). I think I've got a weird connection.

Walter's Lab - Examining Avery

ASTRID: (about the corpse) Is he contagious?

WALTER: If he were contagious, we'd have several more orifice-less bodies by now. Scalpel please? And an empty I.V. bag.

ASTRID: Empty I.V. bag? What exactly are we doing here?

WALTER: The obvious. Searching for evidence. Any scientific clue to reveal what caused this - Hear no evil, Speak no evil, See no evil malady. The gas trapped within his body (entubates the sealed mouth) may yield important information. Worth the study. (Astrid gags) Oh dear God... that is putrid. (nonchalant) On a separate topic, do you like coffee cake?

Federal Building - A Lead

DOOMED AGENT: (catching-up from behind) Take a look at this. I, um.. know someone at the S.E.C. I had her send over a list of every business that Jones's lawyer has incorporated for his clients over the last three years. Figure one, or more, of them are used to funnel cash to the Z.F.T.

CHARLIE: This is all protected by lawyer-client privilege. How did you get her to break that?

DOOMED AGENT: We, uh, dated... in college. And she dumped me - bad. So, I told her she owed me one. (gets disapproving stare) I, I narrowed down the list to U.S. addresses only.

CHARLIE: Good work. (walks away with the file)

Book Store - An Old Friend

EDWARD MARKAM: (to a patron) It's no first folio. Some tanning, pretty badly shelf-cocked. I can give you forty for it.

MALE PATRON: Okay.

PETER: (interrupting) You don't wanna make that deal. (inspects book being bargained over) First Edition - (The) "Land of Laughs"? (to patron) No matter what condition it's in, it's worth at least twice that.

MALE PATRON: (gets the extra money from Markam) Thanks.

EDWARD MARKAM: Have a great day. (to Peter as they head to the back of the shop) Was that really necessary?

PETER: Ah, you know me Markam... 'Friend of the People'...

EDWARD MARKAM: What about me? Aren't I people?

PETER: ...people who shower.

EDWARD MARKAM: Huh. (spies Olivia) Who's this friend?

OLIVIA: Olivia Dunham.

EDWARD MARKAM: (gregoriously) Five dollars I can name at least one item on your night stand Oliva Dunham. Don't tell me... you're gonna like this - I'm never wrong. It's a gift... okay. Toni Morrison Novel, something by Obama, and/or the current issue of Bon Appetit.

OLIVIA: Uh. I'm reading 'Advanced Forensic Science' by Annemann. I keep it next to my gun.

EDWARD MARKAM: hoh... I like this one.

PETER: This one's just a friend and we need a favor. An anonymous self-published manuscript.

EDWARD MARKAM: Uh-huh. 'Destruction by Advancement of Technology' - sounds sexy and very challenging.

OLIVIA: ...and Peter says you're good.

EDWARD MARKAM: Well, he also says that you're just a friend, so...

PETER: (less tolerant) ...the book Markam. We need it.

EDWARD MARKAM: Today - right?

PETER: Right. (starts to depart) Impress me.

EDWARD MARKAM: Nothing interests me less than impressing you.

Federal Building - Surprise Visit

CHARLIE: (finds the boss in his office) I think I might have something. Warehouse building in Allston, leased to Jones's attorney. Power was cut-off for months - two weeks ago it was turned back on.

BROYLES: The day Jones escaped from prison.

CHARLIE: Could be a 'safe house'.

BROYLES: (picks-up phone and speed dials out) This is Broyles. I need a search warrant authorized.

COWORKER: (barging in) Sir.

BROYLES: (motions her to wait) Yeah, a warehouse in Allston.

COWORKER: (insisting) Sir. This can't wait.

BROYLES: What is it?

COWORKER: There's a man downstairs - says his name is David Robert Jones.

(law enforcement agents rush to the first floor lobby)

CHARLIE: Everybody down! (echoed)

AGENTS: Down!.. down!.. down! Don't move! Stay calm!

BROYLES: (from the balcony) Jones!

CHARLIE: (drawing his pistol at near point blank) Freeze!

DAVID JONES: (arms spread wide) I will speak only with Agent Olivia Dunham.

ACT III

Federal Building - Harris Speaks

(in the observation room, discussing Jones in the next room)

SANFORD HARRIS: ...and he just turned himself in?

BROYLES: Two hours ago. Said he'd only speak to Agent Dunham. Hasn't said a word since.

SANFORD HARRIS: Anything else? Anything on how he escaped from prison?

BROYLES: No information. Just another question. A key.

SANFORD HARRIS: What key?

BROYLES: It was found on him when he turned himself in. There are no markings on it. Forensics are doing their thing. He wanted us to find it.

OLIVIA: He wants to talk to me. Let me in there.

SANFORD HARRIS: Jones doesn't get to dictate the terms of his captivity.

OLIVIA: He wouldn't be a captive if it wasn't under his terms. The only reason Jones is here is because he wants to be.

SANFORD HARRIS: Well, that may be the case, but the United States doesn't negotiate with terrorists.

OLIVIA: That's exactly the kind of arrogance he's expecting.

SANFORD HARRIS: What did you say?

OLIVIA: The man was clever enough to *Star Trek* himself out of a maximum security German prison, elude InterPol, arrive in Boston, and get himself apprehended - simply because he liked the idea. He's expecting us to reject his request.

SANFORD HARRIS: And your choice is what? Give Jones what he wants - to demonstrate that we can be anti-dogmatic?

BROYLES: I don't think that's what you're saying. Is it Agent Dunham?

OLIVIA: Since he arrived in town, an innocent man was killed in a shocking and gruesome way.

SANFORD HARRIS: We don't know that was Jones.

OLIVIA: It was Jones, and he has more planned.

SANFORD HARRIS: And you know that how?

OLIVIA: I don't know how to justify a hunch.

BROYLES: (tired of the bickering) Sanford. I don't see any harm...

SANFORD HARRIS: ...this isn't a gentleman's club, Miz Dunham. Mister Jones doesn't just get to choose the pretty one. You wanna get him to talk? Join the raid on that warehouse in Allston... see what you find.

OLIVIA: How is that...

SANFORD HARRIS: ...relevant? Well, because right now, he's just an escaped prisoner. But if he's playing games, as you say, I doubt he's here to help us. Show me some hard evidence that connects him to that incident downtown. (Harris leaves. Broyles gives Olivia a head nod yes - do it)

Raiding the Safe House

OLIVIA: (driving and answering her cell phone) Agent Dunham

PETER: (calling from the bookstore) I got it. The Z.F.T. book.

OLIVIA: Stop it. Already?

PETER: Markam found some guy who collects scientific ephemera. He had a copy in his basement. (flips through the document) This thing was never published. It was never even proofed, but, check this out. 'The advances of science, which are supposed to expand our knowledge of the universe, will, if not carefully controlled, destroy the world as we know it'.

OLIVIA: So it's light reading?

PETER: Wait. It gets better. 'Our technological ambition has not only driven us to the brink of catastrophe, the catastrophe has already begun. What will the Apocalypse look like? The answer, to use a term generally understood, but the specifics of which you cannot imagine, and which this document will attempt to describe, is warfare'. And that's just the foreward.

OLIVIA: Well keep reading.

PETER: Will do. Where you headed?

OLIVIA: We're going to raid a building that we think may be a 'safe house'.

(led by Olivia and Charlie, more than a dozen agents and officers in tactical gear swarm into a large industrial garage area with flashlights on and weapons drawn. they disperse)

ALPHA RADIOMAN: Alpha Team Clear.

BRAVO RADIOMAN: Bravo Clear.

DELTA RADIOMAN: Delta Clear.

ECHO RADIOMAN: Echo Clear.

CHARLIE: (approaches Olivia as she finds a sketch) What is it?

OLIVIA: It's me... he was here.

CHARLIE: (to everyone around him) I want everything bagged and tagged. Move fast! (Olivia inspects the decompression chamber)

Harris Interviews Jones

SANFORD HARRIS: (enters the interrogation room, takes off his jacket) I'd like to ask you some questions.

DAVID JONES: Oh, I believe I've made myself clear. There is another I wish to speak to.

SANFORD HARRIS: I afraid Agent Dunham is pre-occupied. Lucky you - you get me. (Jones coughs repeatedly) You don't look well.

DAVID JONES: Which is why I was hoping to speak with Agent Dunham as soon as possible. I prefer to avoid any additional, unnecessary deaths. Now, when Agent Dunham comes to see me, I will require the following items: a standard walkie-talkie with removable crystals, metallic ballpoint pen, and an eye glass repair kit. An analog wrist watch. Your watch would do.

SANFORD HARRIS: You sure you don't need anything else?

DAVID JONES: Quite sure, yes.

Inspecting the Safe House

(an agent, off on his own, is looking through rooms and finds a desk with a two dollar bill in one of the drawers)

OLIVIA: (joins Charlie) Anything?

CHARLIE: Nothing criminal.

OLIVIA: Alright. Let's lock it up and get back. (looks toward source of doomed agent yelling)

CHARLIE: (races upstairs with Olivia and find the agent with his eyelids sealed shut) What the hell?!

OLIVIA: I need a med kit! Now! (to Charlie) Quick. Help me hold him. He's suffocating. I need to 'trach' him. (she scalpels an opening in the agents' lower throat and inserts the breathing tube) Oh, come on. Okay, breathe. Okay. He's breathing. (as the agents' skin rapidly grows over the tube and his face - killing him) No... no, no, no, no, no.

Federal Building - Post Raid

(Olivia and Charlie walk through the situation room full of sad faces, Harris drops his wristwatch in

a paper sack)

SANFORD HARRIS: (in the surveillance room) Where are we?

TECH SUPPORT: We've got audio. Visual coming up right now.

SANFORD HARRIS: Move in closer on this. I want to record every twitch.

(in the interrogation room)

DAVID JONES: (Olivia enters as he coughs) Oh finally. A welcome face.

OLIVIA: A colleague of mine just died. (sits down) He was twenty-seven years old. He was due to get married next month.

DAVID JONES: Yes. I tried to prevent that. Your Agent Harris needed some convincing.

OLIVIA: Here I am.

DAVID JONES: Have you brought the items I requested? (she slides the sack across the table to him) This will only take a moment.

SANFORD HARRIS: (to the surveillance tech) Pull in tighter on this, on the hands. (as Jones disassembles the radio) What the hell is he doing? That's a thousand dollar watch. (Jones initiates a jamming signal with piercing feedback) WHOA! What's happening in there?

TECH SUPPORT: I don't know.

DAVID JONES: Now I've... managed to get us some privacy... it's just you and me now. But we haven't much time.

OLIVIA: You were responsible for what happened to Thomas Avery.

DAVID JONES: Simply the stage setter. An example that doesn't need to be followed.

OLIVIA: Well, that implies that you're planning something else.

DAVID JONES: Something far worse... yes.

OLIVIA: What is it?

DAVID JONES: First. I need your services.

OLIVIA: What the hell do you want?

DAVID JONES: I need you to pass a test.

(in the observation room)

SANFORD HARRIS: (barging-in) Get them the hell outt there. That device he's made is blocking our surveillance equipment.

BROYLES: He can't hurt us Sanford. He's just trying to show you who's in charge.

(in the interrogation room)

DAVID JONES: When I turned myself in there was a key in my pocket, as I'm sure you are aware. Take the key, which I assume is in Forensics, go to Salem, and the amusement park on Policy Street. I left something there for you. (grunts and keels over)

OLIVIA: You need medical attention.

DAVID JONES: (struggling) All of the assistance... in this world... could not cure me Miz Dunham. It seems that... when one is dematerialized on a molecular level and then reassembled - there are certain unadvertised side effects. But who knows? Perhaps this task I have for you could lead to something that might help me.

OLIVIA: Tell me about the attack that you're planning.

DAVID JONES: I wouldn't call it that. I'd call it an insurance policy.

OLIVIA: I don't care what you'd call it.

DAVID JONES: Even as we speak, a white cargo van is transporting an explosive device capable of killing several hundred people in the manner of the newspaper salesman and your deceased F.B.I. colleague.

OLIVIA: When is it set to go off?

DAVID JONES: Sixteen hours from now.

OLIVIA: Before anything, you are going to disable that...

DAVID JONES: ...NO. You are. But first, there's the matter of the key.

SANFORD HARRIS: (barging-in) That's enough. (to Olivia) I want you out of this room.

DAVID JONES: Don't worry Miz Dunham. If I wanted to harm you, I would have. Long ago. (Olivia leaves. to Harris) Apologies... about the watch.

(walking the corridor to the elevator, donning her coat, briefing Broyles and Harris)

OLIVIA: Jones is planting a device somewhere. Capable of killing more people in the same way that guy from the newsstand died. He won't say where or when. But we need every white van rented in the last forty-eight hours tracked down. In the meantime, I need two hours alone.

SANFORD HARRIS: Why? Where are going?

OLIVIA: To get a massage. (enters elevator) I'll tell you when I get back.

ACT IV

Manifesto Clues at the Lab

OLIVIA: (on cell phone, driving) Hey, it's me. Where are we at?

PETER: We know how the folks end up faceless. It's a powdered toxin absorbed through the skin. It triggers a hyperactivity in the protein responsible for scar tissue... you want any more detail than that?

OLIVIA: Uh, not really. Did you hear that Jones turned himself in?

PETER: Yeah, I did. Did you get anything?

OLIVIA: Yeah - that he's crazy... and that he's planning on using that toxin again - and soon. How's Walter coming with the antidote?

PETER: He's working on it. He says, and I quote - 'it'll be ready when it's ready, and not a moment before'.

OLIVIA: Great. Anything more in the manuscript that might suggest what Jones' end game is?

PETER: Well, it reads like a happy combo between an anti-science manifesto and a 'call-to-arms'.

OLIVIA: A 'call-to-arms' against whom?

PETER: Exactly. I'll call you back when I get to the good part.

OLIVIA: Yeah. Please do. Maybe it will help us figure out where this next attack is gonna be. I'll be back as soon as I get the package Jones left me.

PETER: Okay. (hangs-up)

WALTER: Was that Olivia?

PETER: Yeah. (approaches Walter's workdesk) Where's the manuscript?

WALTER: Is she bringing coffee cake?

PETER: No. She's not getting food. Have you seen the manuscript that I was reading earlier?

WALTER: (uncovers the document) It's fascinating, isn't it? I was just reading it while sitting on the crapper.

PETER: Please? No more information than that - can I have it back?

WALTER: I must read you one excerpt.

PETER: Great. Well grab the blankie - it's nap time.

WALTER: (voiceover as Olivia drives) We think we understand reality. But our universe is only one of many. The unknown truth is that the way to travel between them has already been discovered - by beings, much like us, but whose history is slightly ahead of our own. The negative aspect of such visitation will be irreversible both to our world and to theirs. (Olivia arrives in a deserted alley lined with locked storages) It will begin with a series of unquantifiable natural occurrences - difficult to notice at first - but growing, not unlike a cancer, until a simple fact becomes undeniable. Only one world will survive. (Olivia remove a box full of items from a container and opens it) It will either be us - or them.

Skill Test at the Lab

OLIVIA: (reading the letter from the box to the science team) Miss Dunham, I know how this appears, that I've sent you quite a distance to pick-up a box of children's games. But what I've hidden here is not a game at all. You are holding an evaluation system. A series of tests designed to cultivate specific innate skills present in particular individuals. Do the first test only. Complete it successfully, and come back to see me. Do this and no one else will die.

PETER: I got the instructions.

OLIVIA: So, Jones is threatening to kill hundreds of people unless I take a test.

ASTRID: No - unless you pass a test.

OLIVIA: Fine. What does passing a test have to do with Jones killing innocent people?

PETER: In a word - insanity. You can't pose rational questions when you're dealing with a guy like Jones.

WALTER: Indeed. And whatever Mister Jones' true goal may be... we only have eight hours left until his next attack.

PETER: (opens a shoebox size wood case with a 7X7 grid of small lights) Test One... of ten, by the way. Turn switch on. The recruit sits no more than twenty-four inches away from the device, but cannot touch the light board. Recruit focuses on light board. the object of the test is to systematically shut down the lights so that ultimately, none are illuminated.

OLIVIA: How?

PETER: (sarcastically) Using all your magic powers, I guess.

WALTER: Curious. The instructions refer to the recruit. The author of the manuscript uses the same term. (reading from the manuscript) ...Many warriors of the inevitable confrontation are among us now - but before they can be considered soldiers, they must be regarded as recruits. And the expectation must be that they shall be unwilling.

OLIVIA: So, I am supposed to just turn these lights off by looking at them.

PETER: Well, it wouldn't be much of a test if we could just take out the battery.

OLIVIA: (activates the light board) Fine. (looks at others half-serious. becomes serious and starts to lose herself in the lights. is startled as her phone rings. everyone smiles. she sighs. answers phone) Dunham.

CHARLIE: We just got a hit. Steady Car Rentals in New Haven leased a white van yesterday morning. You're gonna love this - to one - Olivia Dunham.

OLIVIA: No.

CHARLIE: Oh yeah, he's messing with you Liv. got local police scouring the area. So far, no luck.

OLIVIA: Thanks Charlie. This is just a stupid mind game. (walking away)

PETER: Where are you going?

OLIVIA: To end it.

Federal Building - Jones Admission

(in hallway)

SANFORD HARRIS: I will not let him use that device again. If you're gonna meet with Jones, I want full surveillance this time.

OLIVIA: Sir. The last time you got your way, we lost a good agent. Do you really want to get in the way again? (waits for a reply) We have less than seven hours before something truly horrific will happen - something that I am trying to stop. And for some reason, Jones is out to get me. So sir, would you please let me handle this? (Harris takes the brow-beating and wanders off)

(in the interrogation room)

OLIVIA: (places the jamming device on the table) I got your test kit.

DAVID JONES: You didn't bring it?

OLIVIA: No. I didn't need to 'cause this is...

DAVID JONES: ...your reluctance is to be expected.

OLIVIA: I know what you're doing Mister Jones.

DAVID JONES: I'm trying to get you to pass Test Number One.

OLIVIA: I know about the manuscript. The Manifesto. Z.F.T. I know that you believe that there's some kind of a war coming...

DAVID JONES: ...you read it?...

OLIVIA: ...and that you are recruiting warriors. That's the word that you use, isn't it?

DAVID JONES: You don't believe that you're worthy?

OLIVIA: I believe that everybody... maybe even you... is entitled to their own belief system, but somehow, you got me into your head.

DAVID JONES: Somehow? Yes. You are among those treated with Cortexiphan. It's why we had you taken. We needed confirmation. Something which requires a 'spinal tap'. The next step, had you not escaped, was to convince you of this.

OLIVIA: I have never been treated with Cortexiphan. I haven't even heard of it.

DAVID JONES: You wouldn't have.

OLIVIA: Well, I don't believe you Mister Jones. What I believe is that you've created some ridiculous scenario where people's lives rely on me attempting, and failing, what is obviously an impossible task.

DAVID JONES: (distressed) The task is hardly impossible!

OLIVIA: I will not let these people die because of some stupid game that you're playing.

DAVID JONES: (louder) This is no game!

OLIVIA: You need to cooperate Mister Jones.

DAVID JONES: (agonized) No Miz Dunham! It is you who needs to cooperate. (falls to floor handcuffed to chair)

OLIVIA: Mister Jones?

Walter's Lab - Delivering Jones

PARAMEDIC: (wheeling Jones in on gurney and briefing Peter) Pulse is slowing down - fifty beats per minute.

PETER: (pointing across lab) Get him up there. Astrid! Set up the E.K.G.

WALTER: Is this the patient? (Gene follows on a tether)

PETER: Walter... put the cow away would you?

PARAMEDIC: (looking at the backside of Gene) What is this place?

PETER: It's a freak show. Thanks for your help. Thank you. (as the paramedics leave)

ACT V

Walter's Lab - Gathering Facts

(gathered around Jones)

WALTER: You understand, this man teleported through space. His molecules disintegrating and reintegrating. The very implications of it... We need a video camera - we should record this.

PETER: Walter - this man is our only chance to stop a device that could kill a lot of innocent people. I need you to stabilize him.

WALTER: Of course.

PETER: Okay.

WALTER: Point taken. I'll do a thorough exam. meanwhile, get me 50 cc's of saline, please.

PETER: Hey Astrid - do you mind?

ASTRID: Sure.

(Peter finds his way to Olivia's workspace, where she is on the phone)

OLIVIA: No... of course they did. Why am I not surprised? Thanks Charlie. (hangs-up)

PETER: Anything?

OLIVIA: Yeah, that drug Jones claims is in my body... Cortexiphan, it's a drug patented, but not approved by, the FDA.

PETER: Patented to whom?

OLIVIA: ...to Massive Dynamic.

PETER: (scoffs) Why am I not surprised?

OLIVIA: That's what I just said... Jones?

PETER: Walter's replenishing his fluids right now, but he's still gonna have to give him a full exam before we even know if we can wake him back up.

OLIVIA: Look. I'm gonna go find out what I can about Cortexiphan - but in the meantime, he is actually expecting me to be able to do it.

PETER: To do what?

OLIVIA: Test number one. The flashing lights. Jones won't cooperate unless I pass the test... you think we can trick him?

PETER: What are you asking me to do? You want me to open up the light box?

OLIVIA: (timidly) You could see what you could do.

Massive Dynamic - Chat w/ Nina

OLIVIA: Thank you so much for seeing me at such short notice.

NINA: As I said... I am always available to you, Olivia. What can I do?

OLIVIA: I need information on a drug called Cortexiphan.

NINA: It doesn't ring a bell... let me check. (consults her high tech 'whiteberry' and sighs in pain)

OLIVIA: Is everything alright?

NINA: Uh... my hand... it's been acting-up. I need to have it looked at. (returns to her PDA) Oh yes, I recall this. 'Cortexiphan' - it was part of a clinical trial of a drug that Doctor bell created in 'eighty-one.

OLIVIA: What is it? -- If you don't mind?

NINA: Doctor Bell theorized that the human mind, at birth, is infinitely capable... and that every force it encounters; social, physical, intellectual... is the beginning of the process he referred to as 'limitation' - a diminishing of that potential.

OLIVIA: And Cortexiphan?

NINA: ... it was meant to 'limit' that 'limitation' - to prevent the natural shrinking of that brain power.

OLIVIA: To prevent, not undo?

NINA: Meaning...

OLIVIA: That the drug was administered to children?

NINA: Yes... the drugs were extensively animal tested. They were harmless to the children who received them. Unfortunately, they were also unsuccessful - so Doctor bell abandoned his research on Cortexiphan in 1983.

OLIVIA: And where were the trials?

NINA: Doctor Bell conducted the trials himself at Ohio State University, Wooster Campus.

OLIVIA: Nowhere else?

NINA: No... why? If I may ask?

OLIVIA: Nothing -- it's good to know.

Walter's Lab - Jones Awakes

OLIVIA: (on the phone to Peter as she drives) No matter what Jones believes - I was never given

that drug. William Bell conducted his trials in Ohio. In 1981, I was three, living in Jacksonville, Florida. My dad was stationed at the naval Base there.

PETER: That's great. In other news - Walter thinks he is going to be able to revive Jones soon - and - I was able to reprogram the light box.... We should be able to fake Jones out.

OLIVIA: I knew you could do it. I'll see you soon. (hangs-up)

(Jones is strapped to an elevated table and gets an injection in the neck from Walter)

WALTER: If there's a cardiac arrest, we'll need Nitroglycerin... Peter! Prepare...

(Jones jumpstart to life - gasping)

OLIVIA: Mister Jones. We have two hours before your planned attack hits... and I think I have passed test number one.

DAVID JONES: Doctor Bishop... (congested) ... without your extraordinary work - I wouldn't have the pleasure of making your acquaintance.

WALTER: (moves closer to Jones) I locked the teleporter away for a reason... one of which you are now experiencing.

DAVID JONES: (shudders) Never the less. It... is.. an honor.

OLIVIA: (interrupts) Jones. I passed the test. You tell us everything we need in order to stop whatever it is you're planning.

DAVID JONES: (gulping) That... was.. always the deal.

(Olivia moves to the light box test, altered by Peter. she flips it on and concentrates. slowly, the lights extinguish one after another, Jones monitors her as the last light goes out)

DAVID JONES: Well done Miz Dunham. Thank you. (he relaxes his head)

OLIVIA: Your turn!

DAVID JONES: Indeed. (conceding) 9-2-3 Church Street. The forty-seventh floor... you better hurry.

OLIVIA: (speed dialing dispatch on her cell phone) This is Agent Dunham - I need immediate Evac at Nine-Twenty-Three Church Street - There's a device on the forty-seventh floor... (to Peter as she marches past him) Nicely done.

PETER: Good performance.

Church Street

CHARLIE: (barking orders to all in earshot at street level) I need these streets cleared now! Anyone within a four block radius has to move! - GO! Double Time!

OLIVIA: (arriving in the lobby) Hey. Where are we?

CHARLIE: Buildings about seventy percent clear... we lucked out - they're undergoing renovations, so not all the floors are occupied.

OLIVIA: So... the device?

CHARLIE: This one's a real mess. Bomb Squad says they can't move it or diffuse it.

OLIVIA: Why?

CHARLIE: Because they've never seen wiring like this before.

OLIVIA: (arriving at the bomb) Oh my god... (breathing deeply, a helicopter zips by the window)

ACT VI

47th Floor - Time For Action

(three minutes, twenty-eight seconds remain on the device)

PETER: It's rigged here for a reason - to blow out the windows.

OLIVIA: Four blocks ain't gonna cut it.

PETER: Not even close.

CHARLIE: I'am on it (to assistant cop) Contact the Weather Service. We need a map of the fallout pattern... and get FEMA up to speed

ASTRID: (picks up the ringing phone in the lab) Agent Farnsworth.

OLIVIA: (on her cell phone and staring at the device) Hey, it's me. That son of a bitch (Jones) knew what we were doing.

ASTRID: What?

OLIVIA: He knew that we were faking him out.... Is he still conscious?

ASTRID: Barely.

OLIVIA: Put him on.

ASTRID: (holds phone to Jones ear) It's Olivia.

DAVID JONES: (exhausted) Hello, you.

OLIVIA: I can't do this. (two minutes, forty six seconds remain on the device)

DAVID JONES: I remain confident that you can.

OLIVIA: Look, you know what I did before - it wasn't real.

DAVID JONES: Yes... I know Miz Dunham. Before they can be considered soldiers - they must be regarded as recruits, and the expectation must be that they shall be unwilling...

OLIVIA: ...Mister Jones, I am willing, I am willing, but I am not able. (two minutes, thirteen seconds remain on the device)

PETER: (interrupts) Olivia, we have gotta go.

DAVID JONES: There's only one way to disable that device. You know what that is.

OLIVIA: (nods into phone) Okay - you think that I am valuable. Valuable enough to kidnap, to try and train.

DAVID JONES: You are a rare commodity - true.

OLIVIA: Okay. If you don't deactivate this device. I'm gonna die. Which means that your rare commodity is gone.

DAVID JONES: But I have one thing Miz Dunham, that you do not. I have faith in you.... there is no red wire, no blue - only black. Cut any one of them, and the device blows. Try and remove it, and the device blows. And if those light are still on when the timer hits zero... the device blows. There is only one way out - and it's you.

OLIVIA: (she hangs-up and turns to Peter and Charlie) Okay, we need to get these people out of here. (she removes her overcoat and returns to the device)

PETER: Whoa whoa whoa whoa! Where are you going? Olivia, we gotta go. What did Jones say? Olivia...

OLIVIA: I need to do this. There is no other way.

PETER: If you stay here you are going to die. (one minutes, one second remains on the device) I'm not doing this with you Olivia. (he walks off to the elevators) You're out of your mind.

(Olivia studies the panel of lights on the device intently. Peter thinks better of his departure and returns to observe. Slowly, as Olivia concentrates, each of the 49 lights dims in random order. the final light dims just two seconds before the anticipated detonation)

PETER: You did it. What was that? How did you do that?

OLIVIA: (nearly in tears) I don't know. (panting) I don't know.

Jones Departs the Lab

ASTRID: (answers a ringing phone on the lab) Farnsworth. (listens) Yes sir. (listens) Thank you. We.. we will.

DAVID JONES: (to paramedic as he is wheeled-out) Wait... wait. (to Astrid) She did it, didn't she?

ASTRID: It seems she did.

DAVID JONES: (whispers to himself) My girl.

Recovering on the 47th Floor

(Agents and inspectors have returned and are wandering the area, Olivia and Peter sit and rest)

PETER: You okay?

OLIVIA: I didn't do anything... with those lights, they... he planned it, Jones... it was all just a mind game.

PETER: How'd he plan it? Planned what?

OLIVIA: They were programmed to turn off when the countdown ended.

PETER: Maybe, but... he couldn't have known you were gonna arrive. He couldn't have known the timing on that.

OLIVIA: Well that's what he did.

PETER: Look, I'm the last person who subscribes to this kind of stuff, but you were in the zone out there tonight, Olivia. The way you stared down that lightbox was like nothing I have ever seen before.

OLIVIA: It wasn't me.

PETER: Fine, then let me play Devil's Advocate - why did Jones choose you at all?

OLIVIA: (thinks a second) Because of your father. He wanted to meet your father. he wanted to meet the man who designed the device that let him escape from prison.

PETER: And you think that's what all this is about? Okay. Fine. Look, all I know is I didn't die tonight. So I'm pretty much willing to accept any explanation you want to give. (thinks) You wanna go get a drink? Or five? I've seen you with a whiskey bottle.

OLIVIA: huh... Jones was just transferred to Boston General... I have a few questions for him. It's my last chance.

PETER:yeah.

After Hours at Walter's Lab

ASTRID: So in all the excitement of today, I forgot to say something. I haven't overlooked the fact the you actually created a teleportation machine.

WALTER: Well... I suppose I did.

ASTRID: Which, despite the fact that using it kills you, is... pretty damn cool.

WALTER: Kills you? It does something unthinkable, but... it doesn't kill you. (he wanders away)

Boston General - Questions

(Olivia walks the busy halls toward Jones' room. She enters and he is not there. a gaping four foot by seven foot hole in the wall looks out over the city, from a half dozen floors up. on the wall next to her in big letters, the message - "You Passed")

Walter Reads

(at his desk he reads through the ZFT manifesto. un-proofed and un-published, it is littered with offset "y"s.)

Olivia's Apartment

OLIVIA: (seated in gym clothes with an adult beverage, she answers her phone) Hello.

NINA: (on a balcony with her cell phone) Agent Dunham? Nina Sharp... hand's back to normal

OLIVIA: Well, good for you.

NINA: I was curious about that question you asked, whether there were other places where Cortexiphan was tested.

OLIVIA: Yeah.

NINA: There was, it turns out - a second clinical trial - though much smaller than the one in Ohio.

OLIVIA: There was?

NINA: Yes, in Jacksonville, Florida... at a military base. (silence) Agent Dunham?

OLIVIA: Thank you very much for calling.

NINA: You're most welcome - have a good night.

Walter Types

(from storage, Walter extracts an old manual typewriter and prepares to type. he types the word 'Ability'... like the ZFT manifesto - the 'y' is offset from the rest of the typeset)