

PROLOGUE

(Pictures of the hands of a man (Phil) assembling sticks of dynamite, blasting caps and wire for an explosion)

PHIL: God, it's cold. Gettin' too damn old for this.

DENNIS: Make sure that blast cap's on tight.

PHIL: It's not the blast cap I'm worried about; it's my damn fingers.

DENNIS: Stop your complaining. We fall behind schedule, we violate our permit.

PHIL: Just a minute. Almost there.

MAN ON RADIO 1: Zone one clear.

MAN ON RADIO 2: Zone two clear.

MAN ON RADIO 3: Zone three clear.

MAN ON RADIO 4: Zone four clear.

MAN ON RADIO 5: Got a squatter in zone five. Getting him out. After that, we're clear here, too.

MAN ON RADIO 6: Zone six clear.

MAN ON RADIO 7: Zone seven's clear.

DENNIS (Into radio): Okay, people. Building's clean. Wrap it up and get out. We're go for demolition in three minutes.

CONTROLLER ON RADIO: T-minus three minutes.

(Group of men are walking away from prepared building.)

DENNIS: So what's up, man? Stateside diner, meatloaf sandwich?

PHIL: Thinking steak and eggs at Cora's.

DENNIS: Well, we could always head up Route Nine to Parkview.

PHIL: Suure...

DENNIS: What?

PHIL: "What". The waitress. The brunette. What's her name?

DENNIS: Oh, Marcie? No, I wasn't even... I was thinking about the lean corned beef.

PHIL: Yeah, right, the lean corned beef named Marcie.

DENNIS: Hold up.

PHIL: What's the matter? You okay? Dennis, what's the problem?

DENNIS: Nothing. I don't know.

PHIL: - You swept it, right? - Sure.

DENNIS: I just... I don't know. All of a sudden I got a weird feeling.

PHIL: Yeah? Me too. Mine's called, "I don't wanna die looking at Dennis." Come on, man.

DENNIS: Hey, radio Mike, will ya? Tell him I wanna do another sweep.

PHIL: Come on, man, where you going? Dennis, they're holding the countdown for us. Damn it! Come on. Where we going?

DENNIS: I think we missed something. The plans show another room over here. Ahh, this doesn't

make sense.

CONTROLLER ON RADIO: Phil, you got Dennis? What's going on? We don't have a lot of time.

DENNIS: Just two more minutes. We'll be right out. Do you hear that?

PHIL: What?

DENNIS: Sounds hollow.

PHIL: Come on, man, this place has been completely prepped. There's nothing underneath there, just solid foundation.

DENNIS: Does that sound solid to you?

PHIL: It's probably just frost damage.

DENNIS: The... the concrete's cracked.

(Hole breaks open under Dennis' feet. He falls, but is caught by Phil.)

DENNIS: Ohh!

PHIL: Mike, I think you should come down here.

This is definitely not .

God, and what's that smell?

What do you think this was?

I don't know, but it's old.

Well, good, that narrows it down.

Is this... is it a jail cell?

Did they lock people up down here?

Oh!

What the hell?

(All see naked, hairless Child)

Oh, my god.

ACT I

Olivia's Bedroom - Early Morning

(Olivia is in bed. Her niece is waking her.)

OLIVIA: Ella?

Mommy gets grumpy if I wake her too early.

OLIVIA: She always did.

ELLA: Mm, come on. Oy, oy, oy.

OLIVIA: Well, do you want some...pancakes?

ELLA: Yes.

OLIVIA: Yeah? Mm-hmm.

FBI Situation Room

CHARLIE (on telephone): Francis. Hey, Jim. How are you, buddy? I saw that your mayor got himself into a little bit of trouble. That couldn't have been fun for you guys.

CHARLIE: When?

CHARLIE(to agent in room): Has anyone taken anything from that fax in the last five minutes?

CHARLIE (to caller): I'll call you back.

(Charlie finds an incoming facsimile on the machine - a picture of a broken doll. The text announces an exhibition -- in Boston.)

Olivia's Kitchen - Early Morning

RACHEL: Ugh, Liv, I'm sorry. I told her to let you sleep late.

OLIVIA: Oh, she did until...6:17.

RACHEL: Yup, that sounds late for her.

(Ella enter kitchen with two garments.)

ELLA: Which one?

RACHEL: Uh, the yellow one.

ELLA: Aunt Liv?

OLIVIA: Definitely the yellow.

ELLA: Did you tell her?

RACHEL: Go get dressed.

OLIVIA: What?

RACHEL: We went apartment hunting yesterday.

OLIVIA: Really? You're thinking of moving to Boston?

RACHEL: Yeah, well, Ella loves it here, and so do I, so...

OLIVIA: Well, you know that you can stay here for as long as you want.

RACHEL: I know, but you don't need a little creature waking you up at 6:17 every morning.

OLIVIA: If that little creature is Ella, I am fine with it.

(Olivia's phone rings)

OLIVIA: Hello.

CHARLIE: It's me. The Artist is back.

OLIVIA: How do you know? Did we receive another fax?

CHARLIE: Yeah. Hartford office got one too.

OLIVIA: Well, did we get a trace?

CHARLIE: Said from a copy store in Allston. So I've got Mason and Louis headed over to question the employees, see if someone can give us a description of whoever sent it.

OLIVIA: Okay, I'm gonna be there in 15 minutes.

RACHEL: Some new horrifying event you're not allowed to tell me about?

OLIVIA: Yeah.

(Olivia's phone rings again.)

OLIVIA (Into phone): Okay, now it's gonna be 14.

BROYLES: Excuse me, Agent Dun...?

OLIVIA: Oh, hey.

BROYLES: Get the Bishops soon. I need you to meet me at children's hospital.

OLIVIA: Actually, I just had an old case reopened, and I...

BROYLES: It can wait.

Boston Children's Hospital - Intake

(Broyles, Olivia, Walter and Peter walk down corridor toward isolation room. When they arrive, Broyles motions through window into room at the Child.)

BROYLES: After the boy was found, construction crews performed a search of the tunnels. It was determined they'd been sealed shut for at least 70 years. The place was a sarcophagus. The only living things down there were rats, insects...and him.

OLIVIA: And we have no idea how he got down there?

(Broyles shakes his head.)

OLIVIA: He's so pale.

BROYLES: He seems to be developing some pigmentation.

WALTER: Well, he probably hasn't seen sunlight in years.

PETER: Does he have a name?

BROYLES: He hasn't spoken a word since he was found. Dr. Bishop, any thoughts?

WALTER: Perhaps. But first I need a piece of special equipment. My turntable.

BROYLES: Is that some kind of lab equipment?

WALTER: No, a turntable. Record player. You enjoy music, don't you, Mr. Broyles? Well, imagine the agony of having an extensive record collection, and having no means to play it.

PETER: The agony.

BROYLES: I'll have someone get right on that.

(Broyles taps on window of isolation room to get attention of physician, who exits to hallway.)

BROYLES: This is Dr. Winick, Chief of Pediatrics

DR. WINICK: Look, I understand your agency's taken an interest in this child, but he's been through quite a trauma.

PETER: Is he sick?

DR. WINICK: Not as far as we can tell, but he's having difficulty breathing. We need to administer oxygen.

WALTER: No, don't. No. no. no. I wouldn't do that. You said the tunnel was sealed, is that correct? Well, then it's obvious that the child was trapped in a low-oxygen environment for so long that his body adapted to it. And that is why he's having trouble breathing.

DR. WINICK: I don't think so.

WALTER (Abrasively): Unless you have an IQ higher than mine, I'm not interested in what you think. Administering additional oxygen at the stage would simply cause his lungs to fill with fluid

and drown him where he lies. (Walter makes eye contact with Broyles and Dr. Winick and calms somewhat.) We need to deprive him of oxygen. Get him a nasal cannula and a tank with low oxygen content. Perhaps 5% to start. (Dr. Winick raises an eyebrow, but seems to understand.)

(Olivia looks into the room and stares at the Child. They seem to bond.)

A Laundromat - Sommerville, Mass

(Samantha Gilmore is removing clothes from a dryer and folding them. The Artist does the same in the near background.)

THE ARTIST: A griffin.

SAMANTHA GILMORE: 'Scuse me?

THE ARTIST: Your tattoo. The body of a lion and the head of an eagle. That's a griffin, right?

SAMANTHA GILMORE: Just picked it outta the sample book. Thought it looked cool.

THE ARTIST: Oh, well. A nice choice. Did it hurt much? I always imagined getting a tattoo would hurt real bad.

SAMANTHA GILMORE: It's a good pain.

THE ARTIST: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to embarrass you or any...

SAMANTHA GILMORE: You didn't.

(Gilmore watches as the Artist pushes back from the folding table and rolls away in a wheelchair. Gilmore looks moderately embarrassed about having been brusque with the man. Soon after, Gilmore exits the laundromat and walks to her motorcycle. She sees the Artist trying to place his laundry basket into his van.)

SAMANTHA GILMORE: Hey. Do you need a hand?

THE ARTIST: Uh, thanks, I got it. (Pauses.) Um, actually, you know, a little help would be great.

(Gilmore walks over and lifts the laundry basket)

THE ARTIST: Cool motorcycle. What make?

SAMANTHA GILMORE: '67 harley shovelhead.

THE ARTIST: She's a beauty.

SAMANTHA GILMORE: Yeah she is.

(Gilmore turns her back to put the basket into the van. The Artist rises from his wheelchair and drives a hypodermic needle into Gilmore's neck.)

ACT II

Children's Hospital - Improvement

Any minute, now.

It worked.

WALTER: You'll want to increase the oxygen flow by 10% every hour 'til he acclimates.

So you said that he hasn't talked.

How do we know he can hear?

He responds to sound.

And we examined his tympanic membrane, there's no physical damage.

In fact, considering how he was found, he seems fairly healthy.

His heart sounds fine, his blood pressure's strong.

And how do we think he survived down there?

I mean, what did he eat?

WALTER: Rats, I'd think. Moss, insects. High in protein. Tastier than you may think, especially millipedes. Although they all lack certain minerals which may account for his follicular dilemma.

PETER: His baldness.

Have you performed a urinalysis?

DR. MINICK: We haven't been able to.

We've been feeding him intravenously.

He hasn't relieved himself since he arrived.

Can't say I blame him for not wanting to try this.

This looks worse than the dreadful food they served at St. Clare's.

DR. MINICK: You were on staff at St. Clare's asylum?

WALTER: No, no, no, not a medical doctor. I was a patient.

PETER: Got such a sense of humor, huh?

WALTER: Hmm?

PETER: Walter, what do ya say we keep those old St. Clare's stories to ourself, yeah?

OLIVIA: Hello. My name's Olivia. What's yours?

It's my phone.

It's Charlie.

Hi.

I'm, uh, still in the hospital.

WALTER: You won't remember this, Peter, but you didn't talk much either, as a child.

OLIVIA: - Could you get me the address? -

WALTER: In fact, you were quite shy.

What's it say?

Sam Gilmore.

He can write?

Is that your name?

I'll see what we have on any Sam Gilmores in Massachusetts.

The body was found just after 6:00 pm.

This part of the park's usually empty this time of the year.

Couple of kids were using it as a shortcut when they found her.

Definitely the work of the artist.

He clearly made alterations to the body post mortem, and put her out here for the whole world to

see.

Here's what we have so far.

She's a local girl.

A process server from Weston.

Next of kin is being notified by local agents as we speak.

Samantha Gilmore.

Wait, did you say Sam Gilmore?

Yeah. Samantha Gilmore.

You know her?

Our perp's name is the artist.

Now, some of you here may recall that we had our first encounter with him three years ago. He killed four women in lower Jamaica plain over a period of two days. After the fourth murder he stopped.

Are you holding for Dr. Winick?

Uh, yes.

Samantha Gilmore, age 24.

Now, the killing bears all of the artist's trademarks.

His M.O. is to kidnap, sedate, and kill his victims.

Then after he kills them, using surgical tools and chemicals, he, in his mind, enhances their appearance. In this case he bleached her skin, removed multiple piercings, and dyed her hair, - like the others... - Thanks.

It was preceded with a faxed invitation to view new work that was to be displayed somewhere in public.

- Anything yet? - No.

That was the hospital. They're giving the boy an MRI.

When he's done I'm gonna go in and talk to him again.

In the meantime I've sent his picture to Samantha Gilmore's friends and family, but, so far, no one recognizes him.

You didn't really expect that they would, did you?

No.

So let me ask you the obvious.

What's the connection?

Amala and Kamala, the wolf girls of India.

And... and, ah...

Marie-angelique Memmie Leblanc, the wild girl of Champagne.

They're all feral children who...who grew up completely isolated from human contact, surviving, like our boy, uh, for many years alone.

Yeah, but I'm guessing none of them could write upside-down.

You're saying that the boy grew up down there.

Well, based on the blood work, yes.

I'm fairly certain that the lack of vitamin D, for one,

but also the complete absence of lactobacillus...microorganisms is that help us digest.

- They're everywhere. - Precisely.

If the boy had spent any time above the ground, then he certainly would have absorbed those.

But that still doesn't explain how he got there in the first place.

You said that the place had been sealed off for decades.

The boy couldn't be more than ten.

Well, he certainly looks that.

You believe he might be older.

Well, given the environmental conditions...

the lack of oxygen and light...

and their impact on his biological development,

he could be significantly older.

But none of that explains how he knew Samantha Gilmore.

No.

That I can't explain.

WALTER: But good news, Mr. Broyles, I have located my turntable, so I don't need you to purchase me one after all. It was under the sink in the john. So obvious. I was sitting on the toilet, and I...

PETER: Walter, I think that's probably enough information.

Agent Dunham.

We just got another one.

The artist is going after another victim.

Easy, easy.

That's a beautiful dog.

- Thank you. - Is he friendly?

Of course.

His name's Mack.

Hey, Mack. Hey, Mackie.

Hi, Mack.

ACT III

Children's Hospital - The Second Lead

OLIVIA: Hey. They, uh... they told me that you haven't eaten anything solid yet. So I, uh... I thought that you might like these more than the mystery meat. When I was a kid, I used to live on

these. Except the yellow. Something about the color. Reminded me of medicine. You wanna try one? That's it. Good. Thank you. Ahem. Yesterday you wrote down a name for me. Remember? I thought today you could give me your name.

ELIOT MICHAELS: (walking in the room) You have a real way with him. Elliot Michaels. Department of Social Services.

OLIVIA: Uh, Olivia Dunham, FBI.

ELIOT MICHAELS: Um, you mind if I borrow Miss Dunham for a few minutes? I promise I'll bring her right back.

ELIOT MICHAELS: I'll be just outside. Dr. Winick brought me up to speed about your interest in the boy's case.

OLIVIA: The circumstances by which he was found attracted our interest.

ELIOT MICHAELS: It's bizarre, huh? Have you been able to find out anything more about him? You know, first name, where he's from...

OLIVIA: Uh, no. I'm afraid not yet.

ELIOT MICHAELS: Well, I'm not gonna get in your way. I just thought I'd stop by and see him before I get the ball rolling.

OLIVIA: How so?

ELIOT MICHAELS: How so? Uh, well, you know... physically, it... it doesn't seem as if there's anything really wrong with him, so I've arranged to have him moved.

OLIVIA: Moved?

ELIOT MICHAELS: To a facility that can provide the treatment he needs.

OLIVIA: When?

ELIOT MICHAELS: Tomorrow. You know, I hope. Assuming all the paperwork is in order.

OLIVIA: What's wrong?

NURSE: Uh, I'm not sure. His BP and his heart rate are spiking.

OLIVIA: It's okay, it's okay. Hey. It's okay. Shh. It's gonna be okay. Oh... Good...

NURSE: Should I get the doctor?

OLIVIA: I... I think we're okay.

ELIOT MICHAELS: You okay, there?

OLIVIA: Maybe if you just, uh, gave us a moment.

ELIOT MICHAELS: Of course. Just take your time.

OLIVIA: Thank you.

ELIOT MICHAELS: (on cell phone walking down the hall) I'm at the hospital. I think we may have found another one.

OLIVIA: (sitting bedside) I should let you get some rest.

THE CHILD: (takes pen and paper, studies Olivia's face and writes inverted '547 Marlborough')

Searching Marlborough Street

OLIVIA: Anything so far?

CHARLIE: I just got here five seconds ago. So what's the plan? Start knocking on doors?

OLIVIA: Unless you can think of a better idea.

CHARLIE: Alright. You go East, I take West.

OLIVIA: OK.

(In a nearby van, parked just to the East)

THE ARTIST: (whispers to Kate Harper as she whimpers) Shh, shh, shh... Shh... Shh, shh, shh.

(after Olivia moves away from the van)

THE ARTIST: (to Kate Harper) Good. You are very good.

Olivia's Apartment - Unwinding

RACHEL: (joins a seated Olivia in the kitchen) Mind some company?

OLIVIA: Of course not.

RACHEL: Sid I miss you last night, or did you not even come home?

OLIVIA: Uh, no. You didn't miss me. (sips her cocktail)

RACHEL: Have you eaten anything?

OLIVIA: Uh, M & M's.

RACHEL: Liv... Do you like it? Your job?

OLIVIA: Yeah. Most days. Today, not so much. I followed a lead that didn't pan out. What about you? Why are you up?

RACHEL: Um...

OLIVIA: (to Rachel) I'm sorry. (answers her cell phone) Hello.

CHARLIE: (from the crime scene) We found our second victim. It's Kate Harper.

OLIVIA: Where?

CHARLIE: She's right outside St. Catherine's. Surrounded by candles. Good news is we might have finally caught a break. E.R.T. said they found some blood underneath her nails. So they're running it.

OLIVIA: Okay. I'll be right in.

CHARLIE: Just one more thing, Liv. The address the boy gave us. Little while after we left, a neighbor found a dog tied to a fence. It was whimpering. It was the victim's dog.

OLIVIA: We were there.

CHARLIE: There's no way we could've known, Liv.

OLIVIA: But he was trying to tell us, and he was right, and we were there?

ACT IV

Walter's Hotel Room

PETER: Walter. Olivia's here. She needs to talk to ya. Walter.

WALTER: Could she come back later? I'm about to step in the bath.

PETER: No, she can't come back later. It's the middle of the night. She needs to talk to you right now.

WALTER: Honestly, Peter, can't a man get a... Agent Dunham. Peter, why didn't you tell me Agent Dunham was here?

PETER: I'm pretty sure I did.

WALTER: Well, what can I do for you?

OLIVIA: Walter, it turns out the boy was right. He gave me a clue, but I didn't know what I was looking for. So do you have any thoughts at all? Any idea how I can reach him or how he's doing any of this?

WALTER: I... I believe I know how he's doing it. Since he's been living underground for so long, His hypersensitivity to light and sound... it's just possible he may also be sensitive to people's emotions. A raw nerve. Able to intuit the feelings and intentions of others. Your killer, for one.

OLIVIA: So are you saying that he's psychic?

WALTER: No, no. More a shark.

PETER: A shark?

WALTER: Specifically, their electromagnetic field, which allows them to detect their prey's bioelectric field from a distance of many miles. We humans have it too, of course. Pheromones. Undetectable chemicals that nonetheless affect our behavior, our sex drive...

PETER: Hey, speaking of sex drive.

WALTER: Oh, Peter, don't be such a prude. I'm sure Agent Dunham knows what a penis looks like. Don't you, Agent Dunham?

PETER: My father, ladies and gentlemen.

OLIVIA: But how would he know things that I don't? Know about the killer or victims that he's never even met?

WALTER: My dear, there is much that is unexplained. Until it is.

PETER: In short, he have no idea.

OLIVIA: Even if you're right, and he can sense the killer, he can't tell me that. Not in a way that I could do anything about it.

WALTER: Well, if that's the problem, then there's no problem.

PETER: What does that mean?

WALTER: Well, the boy is obviously thinking, yes? Having thoughts. We just haven't been able to hear them.

PETER: And I'm sure you can do that, can't you? Hear his thoughts?

WALTER: Perhaps I can.

Children's Hospital - Field Trip

Wow. Did you make this? Hey. Listen, I wanna take you away from here for a while. Is that okay?

Walter's Lab

ASTRID: Vintage bugs bunny. Didn't get any better than this, right?

WALTER: Aha! I found it! Neural stimulator... is there anything it can't do?

OLIVIA: Walter, is that what you're gonna use to read the boy's thoughts?

WALTER: Not to read them, my dear. To listen to them.

PETER: I wish you would have told us that that's what you were gonna use.

WALTER: Why?

PETER: 'Cause you coulda saved us the hassle you're not putting that medieval torture device on that poor kid.

OLIVIA: Walter, the last time you used that thing, you drilled it into the guy's head.

WALTER: If you think he'll find it disagreeable... I suppose it could be modified.

PETER: Really? You didn't think to mention that to the last guy?

WALTER: It shouldn't be too much trouble. We merely need to intercept the neural responses from the speech centers of the boy's brain, which can be achieved by placing electrodes in the halo ring. After that, it's simply a matter of synthesizing the impulses. Think of it as creating artificial vocal cords.

PETER: Simple. Like makin' an omelet.

WALTER: Actually, son, a good omelet is far more complex. Eh? We'll have him talking in no time.

Children's Hospital - The Missing Patient

ELIOT MICHAELS: Where's the child that was in this room?

ORDERLY: He was discharged.

ELIOT MICHAELS: By whom?

Walter's Lab

OLIVIA: Just remember that you don't have to do anything that you don't wanna do. If for a second you're scared, or you don't like what's happening, You just squeeze my hand like that. Okay?

WALTER: Is he ready?

OLIVIA: As ready as he'll ever be. I guess.

PETER: I've seen that look before. Usually right before somebody throws up.

WALTER: Agent Farnsworth, ready?

PETER: Walter, what're you doing?

WALTER: Watch and learn, son.

MUSIC: # Love and happiness # Wait a minute # Something's going wrong # Someone's on the phone # three o'clock in the morning # Yeah # Talkin' 'bout #

WALTER: Ooh

MUSIC: # She can make it right # Well # Happiness is when # You really feel good about somebody # There's nothing wrong # being in love with someone # Yeah # Yeah, oh, baby #

OLIVIA: Nicely done, Walter.

MUSIC: # Love and happiness # Love and happiness # Love and happiness #

WALTER: You can turn the music off now, Agent Farworth. What's wrong?

ELIOT MICHAELS: What's going on in here?

(in an inner office)

ELIOT MICHAELS: Did you really think you could just steal a child out of protective custody and that somehow no one would notice?

OLIVIA: Look, first of all, I didn't steal him. The child's assisting us in an active criminal investigation.

ELIOT MICHAELS: Assisting you how?

OLIVIA: No offense, Mr. Michaels, but that's classified information. The Department of Social Services doesn't have clearance to know that. ... What?

BROYLES: Mr. Michaels isn't Social Services. He's with the C.I.A.'s directorate of Science and Technology.

ELIOT MICHAELS: I'd have told you earlier myself, but you don't have clearance to know that.

BROYLES: This morning we were informed the D.S.N.T. will be taking full custody of the child.

OLIVIA: So they can what? Study him?

ELIOT MICHAELS: This child was apparently able to survive for years, underground, in an oxygen-deprived environment with no food or water. Surely you could see how someone who doesn't have his best interests at heart might want to exploit that.

OLIVIA: Oh, so you wanna take him to protect him, is that it? Forgive me for sounding harsh, but I don't buy that for a second.

BROYLES: Dunham.

ELIOT MICHAELS: It's all right. To be honest, it really doesn't make any difference what you think. the boy's coming with me.

BROYLES: I'm afraid this is above both of us.

ASTRID: Agent Francis just called. He said we got another invitation... from The Artist.

BROYLES: Mr. Michaels, suppose you give us one day.

ELIOT MICHAELS: A day?

BROYLES: He could help us catch a murderer and save a life. The boy would be under my protection. I'll personally guarantee his safety.

ELIOT MICHAELS: If I agree to this, then you'll turn the boy over to me without a fight? Do we have an agreement?

BROYLES: We do.

ACT V

Walter's Lab - Testing The Child

WALTER: My Very Educated Mother Just Served Us Nine Pies. No. That's the planets of the solar system... or at least was.

PETER: You wanna take a look at this? His name is Roadblock. He's not really one of your top-tier G.I. Joes, but it is the best we had. Huh. It's funny, I always remember the scar being on the other side. You want him?

WALTER: Cannot Build Phallic Puzzles In The Lab.

PETER: What is he doing?

ASTRID: Mnemonics. You know, like a rhyme or phrase to help memory. Like, uh, "H-O-M-E-S"

stands for the Great Lakes. That's Huron...

PETER: I'm familiar with it. Why is he doing it?

ASTRID: Well, he is trying to remember which wires go into which connections on the machine.

OLIVIA: Yeah, thanks, Charlie. I will. Keep me posted.

PETER: More bad news?

OLIVIA: We got the forensics report. We were hoping that the blood we found under the second victim's fingernails was a match for the killer.

PETER: But no?

OLIVIA: Not unless Gene is the killer. It wasn't human, it was bovine.

ASTRID: You said cow blood?

OLIVIA: Yeah, and some plastic polymers.

ASTRID: How would someone get cow's blood on their fingers in Boston?

OLIVIA: Astrid, could you contact the Bureau of Animal Health? We should start pulling livestock licenses around Boston. Petting farms, research facilities, anything.

ASTRID: Yeah. Gotcha.

WALTER: She's a bad mamma jamma! Ha! Alpha, beta, beta and gamma... She's - A - Bad - Mamma - Jamma. Signal -Amplification - Bifurcation - Modulation - Juxtaposition. (fades - ... vocal linguistic impulses)

OLIVIA: You hanging in there, kiddo? Yeah, me too.

WALTER: Peter, get me the red wires. Peter.

PETER: Here's a thought. A couple years ago, I was working down in Tennessee as a floor sweeper at a meat-packing plant.

ASTRID: Sounds awesome.

PETER: You have no idea. My point is we had these big rolls of industrial-grade plastic that we used to wrap their cuts of meat in before we would send them to the grocery stores.

OLIVIA: Cow's blood in plastic.

PETER: Yeah.

(Olivia treks off to a series of local meat-packing plants)

WALTER: (finishes preparing The Child with the neural halo) Okay. I believe we're ready. Peter.

PETER: Yeah. (adjusts switch and dials)

WALTER: Ah. Yes. Listen to that.

PETER: Listen to what, Walter? That's just random noise.

WALTER: No, that's just the computer calibrating the signal to noise ratio. Adjust the attenuation setting to 70 decibels.

ASTRID: Okay, that sounds a little more like a voice.

WALTER: Yes, now, the sound pressure level. Eh, dial the audio meter to 1,500 hertz. Slower, damn it, go slower.

PETER: Okay, if you wanna do this yourself, feel free.

WALTER: (to Peter) No, there. (to Astrid) Astro, quickly, get me a tape recorder.

PETER: Walter, turn the machine off right now. Turn it off now. He's freezing. Help me get this off of him. Hey, Astrid, can you grab us a blanket?

WALTER: All right, free in the front.

ASTRID: Here.

PETER: All right, we're gonna get you warmed up.

WALTER: Doesn't make any sense. If anything, brain activity should generate heat.

Interview At Beacon Hill Meats

OLIVIA: We're trying to track down a suspect in a murder investigation.

ARCHIE DONNELLY: What, you mean the guy on the news... who killed those girls?

OLIVIA: We're not sure. Maybe. But any past or present employees that stick out to you? Like antisocial behavior or a history of violent incidences here at work?

ARCHIE DONNELLY: No. They're good men. Hard workers.

OLIVIA: I'm gonna need a copy of your employee records, regardless.

ARCHIE DONNELLY: Okay.

OLIVIA: And also a sample of your shipping plastic.

ARCHIE DONNELLY: Plastic? Why?

OLIVIA: It could be an element in our investigation. Will that be a problem?

ARCHIE DONNELLY: No, but...

OLIVIA: Mr. Wu?

ARCHIE DONNELLY: A man came in here yesterday, and I... I sold him some plastic.

Not So Good Samaritan

(assisting a female shopper with her goods, he kidnaps her)

THE ARTIST: Allow me.

BURDENED SHOPPER: Oh, thank you. Your mother raised you well.

Returning To The Child - The Third Lead

OLIVIA: Hey, Peter, it's me. I'm just leaving. So, how's the boy? Has Walter made any progress?

PETER: Hard to say; we heard something, but I don't know if it was the kid trying to talk. Look, I don't want you to get upset about this because he is fine, but something kinda weird did happen.

OLIVIA: Weird how?

PETER: Well, he started shivering all of the sudden. Like, the temperature dropped 30 degrees, except it didn't.

OLIVIA: Is he sick?

PETER: No, he seems fine. We got him wrapped up in a blanket. He's doing okay. How 'bout you? You find anything?

OLIVIA: Yeah, looks like the artist bought some plastic from a slaughterhouse in Roxbury. I got his sketch, all thanks to you.

PETER: Hey, guys. We got good news.

ASTRID: What's that?

PETER: (to the lab) Turns out the plastic did come from a meat packing plant. Olivia got a sketch of the guy. (to Olivia) What about you? You gonna go back to the FBI, or you coming here?

WALTER: Ask her if it was refrigerated.

PETER: Hold on a second.

WALTER: Peter! Ask her if the plant was refrigerated.

PETER: It's a meat packing plant full of raw meat. So yeah, let's go out on a limb here and say that it's probably refrigerated. What does that even matter?

WALTER: Because that explains everything.

ASTRID: Walter, slow down. You're not making any sense.

WALTER: Of course I am. The boy... our strange, little friend... is an empath.

PETER: Yes. He senses other people's emotions. You already said that, Walter.

(Olivia returns to the lab)

OLIVIA: Go on, Walter, what are you saying?

WALTER: That he's capable of making connections... emotional connections. Uh, to a construction worker who found him, the killer, but most importantly, he is emotionally bonded to you, Agent Dunham. That's why he's telling you about the crimes. Because he knows that the information is important to you. He's trying to help you.

OLIVIA: Are you trying to help me? That man who's been hurting people is going to hurt someone else unless I stop him. Do you know who he is? Can you tell me anything about him?

PETER: Maybe he doesn't know.

ASTRID: Or he can't control the ability all the time.

WALTER: Perhaps a small electric shock to kick-start things.

OLIVIA: No. It's something different. It's like he's mad at me.

ASTRID: Because he doesn't wanna leave.

OLIVIA: What?

ASTRID: Well, you told Michaels that once the boy helped you stop the artist, you'd turn him over to him.

WALTER: He heard you. Or, more accurately, felt you.

OLIVIA: I'm sorry. I've been so caught up in what I needed that I forgot How strange this must seem to you. And I know how scared you must be, but I need your help again. I can't even stop them from taking you. Even though I wish I could. And if you really can feel what I'm thinking... you know how much I mean that.

(The Child writes out another lead for Olivia)

Thank you.

ACT VI

Police Roadblock

OLIVIA: (approaches driver seated in stopped vehicle) Nice car, sir. Where ya headed?

DRIVER: Uh, home. I was out to dinner.

CHARLIE: (from behind the vehicle) Open the trunk, please. (inspects trunk of sedan) It's clear.

OLIVIA: Okay. Thank you. Sorry for the inconvenience. (waves the vehicle through as a van pulls to a stop for inspection)

THE ARTIST: What's going on, officer?

OLIVIA: What are you doing in the neighborhood, sir?

THE ARTIST: I... just, uh, coming home from work. Haven't had anything to drink. Would you mind if I ask what you... what you're looking for?

OLIVIA: (after reviewing her sketch of the suspect) Uh, I'm sorry. We're not allowed to say.

(Olivia notices a yellow tree-shaped air freshener hanging from the rear view mirror, and suddenly has memory flashes of the yellow candy as The Child arranged it... in the shape of a tree.)

(then, more suspiciously) Sir, we need to check the back of your vehicle.

(the Artist speeds away and Olivia fires her pistol repeatedly at the vehicle. she runs after it. after the van nearly collides with another vehicle and stops in the bushes, the Artist runs away. Olivia pursues.)

OLIVIA: Charlie! Check the back of the van!

(the chase continues through the dark alleys and over a fence)

CHARLIE: (on his radio at the back door to the van) Liv, it's him. We found the victim. She's alive.

(the chase continues into a cemetery along a row of crypts. pistol drawn, Olivia stalks the hiding criminal. he jumps from the shadows and knocks the pistol from her hands. he attempts to stab her and during the fist fight, she turns his knife on him and stabs him. she retrieves her pistol as Charlie runs to her aid.)

CHARLIE: You alright?

OLIVIA: Yeah. (exasperated) Oh, god.

CHARLIE: (checks the criminal for a pulse, then, into his radio) This is Francis. I need E.M.S. at the cemetery behind the 1600 block of York.

Enroute to Children's Hospital

BROYLES: (answers phone in his office) Broyles.

OLIVIA: (driving her vehicle) It's Olivia. I need you to help me with something.

Approaching Doctor Winick

DOCTOR WINICK: (explaining to an assistant) Here. Here. And then we just do the blood work, okay?

OLIVIA: Excuse me, Dr. Winick?

DOCTOR WINICK: Yes.

OLIVIA: I was wondering if I could talk to you for a moment.

DOCTOR WINICK: Sure.

Walter's Lab - Sanctuary For The Child

OLIVIA: Hi. (entering with Winick)

WALTER: Hi.

WALTER: (Peter returns with the child) I think you'll find he's doing much better.

OLIVIA: (to the child) Hi. (takes jacket from Peter) Oh, thank you. (to the child) You remember Dr. Winick. She's gonna take you now. But not to a facility. She's gonna take you to a home. With a very nice family that are gonna take care of you. And keep you safe. (they study one another)

DOCTOR WINICK: We should go now.

OLIVIA: (a kiss to the child's forehead) Bye.

Broyles Office - The Cover-up

ELIOT MICHAELS: (standing toe-to-toe) What do you mean he's gone?

BROYLES: I'm sorry, Mr. Michaels.

ELIOT MICHAELS: Gone where?

BROYLES: Well, that's what we can't figure out. He disappeared from right under the noses of a protective detail.

ELIOT MICHAELS: How is that possible? He's just a kid.

BROYLES: Yes. A kid who, as you said yourself, lived his entire life underground, which still begs the question... how he got there in the first place? I'm beginning to suspect there's a lot about him we don't understand. And apparently we never will.

ELIOT MICHAELS: (smiles. smirks. walks out of the office)

Olivia Returns To Her Apartment

RACHEL: (wrestling on the couch with her daughter) You said it!

ELLA: No! I didn't! I didn't say it!

RACHEL: Yes you did, you cheater!

ELLA: Waah!

RACHEL: Hi, Liv.

ELLA: Mommy is so bad at "*Simon Says*" she won't even do what I say.

RACHEL: Four years old and she's drunk with power. (play tickling) I have created a monster!

ELLA: Do you wanna play with us?

RACHEL: Oh, don't do that. Let Aunt Liv rest.

OLIVIA: Sure. (sits down)

ELLA: I'm Simon.

OLIVIA: Okay.

ELLA: "*Simon Says*" - put your hands in the air.

OLIVIA: Okay. (both women raise their arms)

ELLA: Touch your nose. (Olivia touches her nose) You lose. (everyone laughs) Again! Again!

Driving To Sanctuary

(as Doctor Winick drives, The Child sits in the back seat and marvels at the world as it passes by him. the marvel goes out of his face as they drive by The Observer, walking on a nearby snow-covered sidewalk. both empaths turn and stare at one another, continuing on their separate ways)