

PROLOGUE

Grand Central Station - Nighttime

(Risa Pears, pushes her 18-month old daughter, Lucy, home from the circus late in the evening in a stroller, through a fairly empty Grand Central Station. Three floating circus balloons -- red, yellow and blue -- are attached to the stroller. She is approached by an ill-kempt man.)

MAN: Evening, little lady.

(Risa ignores the man and continues to the platform.)

RISA: Baby, we're gonna run.

(She just misses train number seven.)

RISA: Damn it! Mommy didn't say that.

(Sooner than expected, another train approaches as Lucy plays with the attached balloons.)

RISA: It's our lucky day, Baby. Here it comes.

(Lucy unties the red balloon and it floats upward. Risa reaches for the balloon, and as she does so, the front of the train pulls even with her. Immediately, someone with long blond hair and a dark coat rushes from behind her and pushes her in front of the train.)

RISA (gasps): Oh —

(from another viewpoint, the murderer is Olivia Dunham.)

Olivia's Home - Awakening

(At that moment, Olivia jolts awake in her bed from the nightmare vision she had. Disturbed, she gets up. Several hours later, she is sitting in the kitchen working a crossword puzzle with the television news on in the background.)

WEATHER REPORTER: We have a low-pressure center here, backed up with a cold front coming across the east. And then, here in the west, we've got a high-pressure ridge coming in with a warm front that's descending across the western part of the country...

(Rachel enters the kitchen.)

RACHEL: I always hated you could do that.

OLIVIA: I always hated that you could date two guys at the same time.

RACHEL (looking at nearly empty coffee pot): Really, Liv? What time did you wake up? Are you okay?

(Ella arrives unnoticed.)

ELLA: Aunt Liv, I'm getting vaccinations.

RACHEL: Vaccinations! Come on, baby, go get dressed.

ELLA: They put something dead inside you. Dead! Into your blood. Gruesome.

RACHEL: Ella Jae, please go get dressed.

ELLA: Yes. (Leaves room.)

OLIVIA: Gruesome.

RACHEL: Gruesome? That's a good word.

OLIVIA (Reading a crossword clue): "Ten Across. A Jabberwock's..."

TELEVISION REPORTER: ...and in other news, a suicide on the new york subway system last night got rush hour off to a slow start this morning. Risa Pears, a New York City school teacher and mother of an 18-month-old daughter flung herself in front of an oncoming train last night while returning home from the circus. Subway service between...

(Olivia stares at screen and recognizes the face of the woman she dreamed of murdering last night.)

ACT I

Broyles' Office - A Favor

OLIVIA: I want permission to go into New York to investigate a case.

BROYLES: What is it?

OLIVIA: A suicide on the subway.

BROYLES: I read about it in the paper this morning. How exactly is this a case?

OLIVIA: I believe that the woman may have been murdered. There may have been extraordinary circumstances.

BROYLES: What kind of extraordinary circumstances? (waits) I'm listening.

OLIVIA: Uh... that's all I'm comfortable saying at the moment, sir.

BROYLES: Dunham, are you all right? For the last few weeks you've seemed...distracted. On edge.

OLIVIA: I haven't been sleeping very well. I wouldn't be asking if this wasn't important.

BROYLES: Dunham, you're a crucial part of this operation. You're very valuable to me. Twenty-four hours. Then I want you back on the job, head clear.

OLIVIA: Thank you.

Walter's Lab - Talking About Dreams

PETER: Olivia, it was a nightmare.

OLIVIA: It felt like I was really there.

PETER: No, you were asleep in your bed.

WALTER: Just a minute. Have you experienced any nausea, Agent Dunham? Rashes, hair loss -- even a strand or two on the pillow?

OLIVIA: No.

WALTER: Any pain urinating, or blood?

PETER: I don't think you're helping.

ASTRID: Is that a --

PETER: Yeah, a Geiger counter.

WALTER: Not a rad. I thought you might have teleported to New York in your sleep and killed her. Wouldn't that have been wondrous? But even the most controlled matter to energy transmutation leaves behind some background radiation. So... ergo, you were not actually there.

PETER: Great. Well, I'm glad we got that cleared up.

WALTER: Astral...

ASTRID: Astrid!

WALTER: ...projection. A spirit walk, as it were. No, no, no, you wouldn't have had sufficient corporeal form to interact with the young woman.

PETER: Here we go. It's like listening to a broken record, but the lyrics keep on changing. She had a bad dream.

OLIVIA: No, I could smell the platform. I saw her baby staring at me. I saw her face before I saw the news. How is that possible?

WALTER: Opium?

OLIVIA: It wasn't just a dream - was it?

PETER: New York it is.

WALTER: Yeah. I love New York. Oh, we could catch a show! Pippin! Uh...no. ♪ cats fit on the windowsill... children fit in the snow

PETER: Walter, you're staying here. (to Astrid) I'll make it up to you.

WALTER: ♪ Why do I feel like... I don't fit in anywhere I go? ♪

ASTRID: That is the Jackson Five, right?

WALTER: hmm? Absolutely.

At Grand Central Station

OLIVIA: She said to meet her at the clock.

PETER: There she is.

POLICE OFFICER: You the two?

OLIVIA: Uh, Dunham, Bishop. FBI.

POLICE OFFICER: You know, you shouldn't eat those. (big salty pretzel)

PETER: About thirty years too late on that.

OLIVIA: Can you show us where this actually happened?

POLICE OFFICER: Yep. Let's go. (walking to the tunnels) Are we safe?

PETER: Sorry?

POLICE OFFICER: FBI comes into my house, first thing I need to ask is, 'Are we safe?'

OLIVIA: I'm not sure we're ever really safe.

PETER: We're as safe as houses. What can you tell us about this suicide?

POLICE OFFICER: Just like it said in the papers, Risa Pears, 28, decided to take a header in front of the 'Seven Train'.

OLIVIA: So what makes you think that it was a suicide?

POLICE OFFICER: Security cameras got it all.

OLIVIA: I'd like to take a look at that tape myself.

POLICE OFFICER: Alright, we'll set you up, Agent. What, exactly, are we looking for here?

OLIVIA: Humor me. (privately to Peter) There's gonna be a balloon floating on the ceiling. A red one.

PETER: (trackside) The husband was away on business in Seattle. He just flew back in. He's giving

a statement down at the station.

OLIVIA: Come on, this doesn't fit the profile. Married, a baby. You don't take your kid to the circus and then giv'em a front-row seat to watch you kill yourself.

PETER: (pointing at red balloon) And then there's that.

OLIVIA: Yeah.

NYPD District Headquarters

TODD PEARS: This doesn't make any sense. She'd been waiting to go to the circus. And she's from here. We met in Chicago. She kept saying that she wanted to take Lucy to the circus. Okay? She used to sing you this song about elephants. We were happy. She wouldn't kill herself. You've gotta believe me. She would never kill herself.

POLICE OFFICER: Agent, the surveillance you wanted is ready.

OLIVIA: Thank you.

TODD PEARS: Sh-she wouldn't do it. She just wouldn't.

OLIVIA: Thank you.

(Olivia walks into room with video playing)

POLICE OFFICER: Mm-hmm. This is the digital backup. The primary drive is in evidence.

OLIVIA: (looking at the monitor) Can you slow this down? Can I get a copy of this?

Walter's Lab

(Olivia, Walter, Peter and Astrid watch the security recording)

OLIVIA: See, it doesn't make any sense. I remember things from the crime scene. I remember pushing her.

WALTER: You know dreams aren't always literal. Perhaps you killed this young woman in some less direct way.

OLIVIA: No, no, no, no, no, no. We just watched her kill herself.

WALTER: Perhaps you compelled her to jump using your mind. Do you have any reason to want her dead? Romantic rival, perhaps?

PETER: What?!

OLIVIA: I didn't even know her.

WALTER: Then why did you kill her?

OLIVIA: I don't know.

PETER: Stop, both of you. Stop. Nobody killed anybody.

WALTER: I'm surprised at you, Peter. Agent Dunham is your friend. You trust her. she says she killed that girl. Are you presumptuous to believe her only when she says what you want to hear? Your mother was a bit like that. Consider this question - What is mankind's oldest dream?

ASTRID: World peace?

WALTER: Oh, hardly. It's a social construct imposed by an awareness of our own mortality.

ASTRID: Should have gone with 'great taste - less filling'.

WALTER: What is the greatest desire of the weak and the subjugated? Of the man whose fire is

stolen by an opponent whose only advantage is the luck of superior size.

ASTRID: We're stealing fire?

PETER: I think we're cavemen in this story.

WALTER: Whose woman is wrenched away by brutality and force.

PETER: Sexist cavemen at that.

WALTER: Simple. to kill with thought. To wish someone dead. To murder with the mind.

PETER: Come on, that's ridiculous.

WALTER: You're right, I'm sure. Unless, of course, it happens again.

Italian Restaurant - Dinner

(mostly couples speak in hushed voices. Olivia is sitting alone at a table when she notices one couple in particular. the man flirts casually with the hostess)

MOUSE WILLIS: Why would you do that?

BILLY WILLIS: What? Come on.

MOUSE WILLIS: Do you think it's okay to just flirt with her like that?

BILLY WILLIS: Honey, honey, please.

MOUSE WILLIS: What is it -- I'm not young enough? (stands-up, enraged)

BILLY WILLIS: Is there something wrong?

MOUSE WILLIS: I'm not sexy enough anymore? Why are you doing this too me?

BILLY WILLIS: What is the matter?

MOUSE WILLIS: You bastard!

BILLY WILLIS: Just calm down.

MOUSE WILLIS: You bastard! You cheating bastard!

BILLY WILLIS: There's nothing wrong here.

MOUSE WILLIS: You cheating bastard!

BILLY WILLIS: (Olivia visualizes standing with the crazed woman as they stab the man, together, with a knife from the cheese plate) Uhh! Uhh!

Olivia's Apartment - Napping On The Couch

(Olivia jolts awake from a nap, gasps and breathes erratically... then dials Charlie on her cell phone)

OLIVIA: Charlie. Charlie, it's me. Uh, there's been a murder.

ACT II

St. Vincent's Hospital

OLIVIA: I tried to kill him.

PETER: A half-dozen witnesses' statements say she stabbed her husband.

OLIVIA: Yeah, I was there.

PETER: No... you were three hundred miles away.

OLIVIA: And somehow, I'm killing these people in my dreams.

DOCTOR: Hello.

OLIVIA: Agent Olivia Dunham. This is Peter Bishop.

PETER: Hi.

OLIVIA: So what can you tell us, Doctor?

DOCTOR: The damage was quite severe. Upper and lower intestines both shredded. She essentially gutted him. He's gonna die, that's why they gave her permission to be here.

OLIVIA: So your name is Mouse?

MOUSE WILLIS: Nickname from college. I'm quiet... I guess.

OLIVIA: Maybe just... tell us what you remember.

MOUSE WILLIS: We were at dinner. Tuesdays we go out. We decided Italian. I don't know what happened. I just... it doesn't make any sense. Billy's devoted to me. Then suddenly, I knew he was gonna leave me. I was convinced of it, and I got so... scared. I got so angry. How could I do this?

OLIVIA: Maybe you didn't mean to hurt him. I mean, maybe somebody made you do it. Like, compelled you.

PETER: Agent Dunham?

OLIVIA: I mean, did it feel like there was someone else in your head making you stab him?

MOUSE WILLIS: I tried to kill my husband, right? How is this happening to me?

PETER: Agent Dunham.

MOUSE WILLIS: oh, god.

OLIVIA: okay...

PETER: Agent Dunham, I need to talk to you right now.

OLIVIA: It wasn't you.

PETER: Olivia, what, exactly, do you think you're doing?

OLIVIA: I made her do it, Peter.

PETER: You're running on no sleep. And if i'm right, caffeine pills. I faked my way through grad school, remember? You need to calm down. You're not thinking straight, and you're not making any sense.

OLIVIA: Peter... what is happening to me?

Restaurant Crime Scene Interview

RESTAURANT MANAGER: Hey... whoa, we're closed.

PETER: FBI.

RESTAURANT MANAGER: Great. Fun times.

PETER: So what can you tell me about what happened here last night?

RESTAURANT MANAGER: I got nothing new for you, FBI.

PETER: Humor me.

RESTAURANT MANAGER: Sure. Middle of dinner, bitch gets up and stabs her husband.

PETER: Bitch? Really? We got a problem here?

RESTAURANT MANAGER: Problem? yeah, We got a problem. People rush out last night in the middle of dinner. No one pays. Today I'm out all of lunch hour. Oh yeah. Also, I'm on the cover of 'The Post'.

OLIVIA: Who was sitting here?

RESTAURANT MANAGER: Lady, this isn't 'The Palm'. We don't keep a seating chart.

OLIVIA (Lunging at manager and pushing him back against table): Who was it?!

RESTAURANT MANAGER: Whoa! Whoa!

OLIVIA: Was I there? Was it me?

PETER: Agent Dunham.

RESTAURANT MANAGER: ...just some guy. He comes in every now and then. Blond hair. He's got a scar on his face.

OLIVIA: I know who that is.

RESTAURANT MANAGER: What the hell is wrong with you? You think you can do whatever you want? What are you, crazy? I'll sue you guys.

PETER: Olivia, stop. What is wrong with you?

OLIVIA: That man that he described, I've seen him before.

PETER: What? Where?

Walter's Lab - Reviewing Footage

WALTER: That's a curious word. So it's got nothing to do with going underwater?

ASTRID: No. 'UnSub' stands for unidentified subject.

WALTER: Actually, it should more logically mean going above water.

PETER: And still no.

WALTER: I certainly hope we find him. Who we looking for?

OLIVIA: I think it's after this.

WALTER: Remarkable. This is entirely new.

WALTER: What?

PETER: You're talking about the coffee?

WALTER: mm, yes. What is it?

PETER: Cinnamon?

ASTRID: Yes.

WALTER: It's quite good. delightful, really.

OLIVIA: There.

ASTRID: Blond hair, a scar.

PETER: And he was at both crime scenes.

OLIVIA: So he's our link.

WALTER: Interesting. No, not the coffee. Although I was wondering if we can --

OLIVIA: Walter? Please.

WALTER: Well, you say he was at the table where you dreamt you were sitting?

OLIVIA: Yes.

WALTER: And he was on the platform where you dreamt you were standing?

OLIVIA: Yes.

WALTER: And in your dreams you got many of the actual details correct. Is that right?

OLIVIA: Yes.

WALTER: But you did not see him in your dreams.

OLIVIA: No, I didn't.

WALTER: Well, perhaps that's because you were him. As I said, dreams are not always literal. What if you weren't dreaming about yourself, you were dreaming about him... Mister Unsub?

OLIVIA: So he's the one that's been doing these things to these people, not me?

WALTER: That's a possible explanation.

OLIVIA: But why would I be dreaming of him? I mean, who is he?

ACT III

Federal Building - Situation Room

AGENT #1: Government Armed Forces Database is online.

AGENT #2: Interpol and Public Health Systems online.

AGENT #3: We can match a partial from the restaurant... to one off the guard rail at the subway station. Running facial recognition software.

BROYLES: Agents. What precisely, is going on here?

OLIVIA: Sir--

WALTER: An unsub that may be killing people with his thoughts while Olivia is watching in her dream. (Looking up from playing with a coffee maker.) Uh, by the way, I don't think this machine works.

BROYLES: Agent Dunham--

AGENT #1: We've got a hit.

CHARLIE: Suspect's name is Nick Lane. Uh, former address is St. Jude's Mental Hospital.

WALTER: Well I'm not going there.

Federal Building - Broyles' Office

BROYLES: I have a lawsuit from a restaurant manager in New York. I have unauthorized allocation of Agency time and resources. I have access of government databases for personal use. What's going on?

OLIVIA: Someone's been coming into my dreams. and he's either been making me kill people, or he's been killing people and making me watch.

BROYLES: You know how this sounds?

OLIVIA: These things -- these things that we see every day, these things that we investigate -- they're happening to me.

BROYLES: Dunham, you understand what kind of scrutiny we're under? You're under? If Sanford Harris weren't in Washington...

OLIVIA: I know.

BROYLES: You can't unofficially investigate a case where you're the subject.

OLIVIA: I'm sorry.

BROYLES: Dunham, why didn't you come to me?

OLIVIA: I should have... but I didn't want to sound crazy. So maybe -- maybe it's better if I just take some time off -- just a few days -- to work this out. Maybe just take a short leave. I need to do this.

BROYLES: (on phone) Agent Francis, we have a status change. I'm opening a new case. Subject's name is Nick Lane. Agent Dunham is on point. Please give her whatever assistance she needs.

OLIVIA: Thank you.

BROYLES: Dunham. (as she leaves) Take care of yourself.

OLIVIA: I will.

St. Jude's - Researching Lane

PETER: You know, until this year, I'd never actually been to a mental hospital

OLIVIA: learn to like new things.

PETER: Maybe I never gave it enough thought-- what Walter went through. I only every saw it from my own perspective. His being crazy was something he did to us. To my mother and me. It wasn't something that happened to him.

OLIVIA: Well, you were young.

PETER: Well, I'm not young anymore. Must be a terrible thing to not be able to trust your own mind.

OLIVIA: Yeah.

PETER: Hey...

DOCTOR MILLER: (enters the waiting area) Are you two the Federal Agents?

OLIVIA: Uh, yes. Agent Olivia Dunham. This is Peter Bishop.

DOCTOR MILLER: Doctor Miller. Come with me.

(the trio walk the hallways)

DOCTOR MILLER: I remember Nick very well. He was already a residential patient when I arrived here, which is about five years ago now. He had a very comprehensive insurance policy. Quite old. I'd never seen one like it.

PETER: What kind?

DOCTOR MILLER: Military. About four months ago a attorney arrived here with a paper saying that Nick had inherited a large sum of money. They met twice more, and after that, Nick checked himself out. He was here voluntarily, after all. Nick was an interesting person. He had a kind of brightness to him.

OLIVIA: Intelligent.

DOCTOR MILLER: Yes, quite, but not what I mean. He had an emotional brightness. If he was happy, he would light up a room. Sad, he was like a black hole that would suck you right down with him. Hyper-emotive is the clinical term. Put simply, his affect was highly infectious.

OLIVIA: Was he dangerous?

DOCTOR MILLER: No, no, if anything, his ideation tended toward self-contempt. toward the suicidal. Although he did suffer from some psychosis when his delusions were florid.

PETER: What sort of delusions?

DOCTOR MILLER: Typical paranoid fare. Nick was convinced he'd been recruited as a child for a series of top-secret experiments. That he was being prepared to serve as a soldier in the coming war against denizens of a parallel universe.

ASTRID: (on her cell phone in the lab reading the ZFT Manifesto) "There is a war coming. Not a war of hatred and anger - a battle for survival. Many warriors of the inevitable confrontation are among us now. But before they can be considered soldiers, they must be regarded as recruits."

PETER: (on speaker phone, riding with Olivia) It's all right here. He might as well have the ZFT memorized.

ASTRID: But this is a manifesto from a terrorist cell in Germany.

PETER: yeah, zft-- it translates as 'Destruction by the Advancement of Technology'. It's their mission statement.

ASTRID: Yeah, that's my point. You said Nick Lane's been in a nut farm for years, right?

PETER: The records go back to the mid'90s. So he's quoting the ZFT for at least that long.

ASTRID: So when did they recruit him?

OLIVIA: How old is he?

PETER: What?

OLIVIA: Nick Lane. What year was he born?

PETER: uh, 1979.

OLIVIA: Where?

PETER: Jacksonville, Florida. Aren't you from Jacksonville?

OLIVIA: We need to talk to your father.

PETER: Why, what do you think you know?

OLIVIA: We need to talk to him now.

Walter's Hotel Room

WALTER: Where's the fire? I always loved that expression, which is curious, since my lab assistant was killed in a fire.

OLIVIA: What can you tell me about Cortexiphan?

WALTER: Oh, that takes me back. I remember 'Belly' whipping up a peyote mash--

OLIVIA: Walter!

WALTER: Cortexiphan was a highly experimental drug. William theorized that it might enhance certain abilities in predisposed children.

PETER: Let me guess-- you experimented on people.

WALTER: Oh, no, no. not me. William. We had quite a disagreement about it.

OLIVIA: What abilities?

WALTER: It worked on perception. Carlos Castaneda, Aldus Huxley, Werner Heisenberg, all focused on one single elementary truth. Perception is the key to transformation.

PETER: Reality is both subjective and malleable. If you can dream a better world, you can make a better world.

WALTER: Or perhaps travel between them.

PETER: What did you just say?

OLIVIA: So if Nick Lane was treated with Cortexiphan, he could change reality with his thoughts. He could make somebody do something just by thinking it.

WALTER: Not his thoughts. It's how you feel that determines your view of the world.

OLIVIA: You're saying that Cortexiphan worked on feelings.

WALTER: That's reductive, but essentially, yes.

OLIVIA: What if Nick Lane... wasn't affecting people with his thoughts? What if he was affecting them with his emotions? The psychiatrist said that he was suicidal, right? They said that his moods were contagious. What if he was on the platform because he was considering killing himself?

WALTER: Oh, my.

OLIVIA: Look, at the restaurant, all happy couples. it triggers his own fear of abandonment. And that woman caught his mood.

PETER: For the sake of argument, let's say that Nick's emotions are contagious, like a virus. Maybe he's even doing this unwittingly, but it still doesn't explain how you're seeing him in your dreams.

WALTER: If William had followed the usual procedures... you see, often when we experimented on children--

PETER: Okay, can we just stop right there and analyze that sentence for a second?

WALTER: ...we would put them in pairs. Like the buddy system in summer camp.

PETER: Listen to him! He's comparing human experimentation to summer camp!

WALTER: This pairing kept them from becoming frightened or feeling isolated. Sometimes an intense bond could form... a bond... which could be greatly amplified by a drug like Cortexiphan.

PETER: Stop it, both of you. You're creeping me out. Olivia was never treated with Cortexiphan.

WALTER: Is that true, Agent Dunham?

OLIVIA: I might have been.

PETER: What?

WALTER: Well, that's good news.

OLIVIA: How is that good news, Walter?

WALTER: This Nick Lane of yours -- it means I may know how to find him.

An Upscale Bar - Seen From The Lab

(♪ a scantily clad lady dances and entices Nick Lane - through Olivia's visions ♪ - Olivia lies in the lab, under hypnosis)

OLIVIA: (mumbles to those around her) He's sexually excited. His excitement has infected the

dancer. She's excited too. They're leaving the club together.

BOUNCER: (to the dancer as she departs with Lane) What, are you nuts, Ginger?! You're in the middle of your shift!

ASTRID: (just arriving) What's going on?

WALTER: I'm hypnotically stimulating R.E.M. state to enhance her psychic connection to Nick Lane. We're tuning her antenna, as it were.

PETER: Olivia can feel what Nick Lane is feeling. She can see what he's seeing.

OLIVIA: oh--

ASTRID: What's happening? Is he hurting her?

OLIVIA: oh...

ASTRID: Oh.

WALTER: What?

OLIVIA: oh...

PETER: Oh.

WALTER: What?

OLIVIA: ohhh.. ohhh.. (moaning in pleasure)

WALTER: Oh, I see.

OLIVIA: (visualizing herself as Lane in the dancer's apartment) He's feeling guilt. Shame. He feels dirty. He hates himself. He wishes he was dead. The dancer... He's infecting her. She's catching it. His emotions are jumping to her. How much he hates himself. The girl... he's infecting her.

(Ginger takes breaks a glass in the bathroom, shatters it and cuts her own throat with Olivia's help)

OLIVIA: She's dead. I killed her.

WALTER: No, no, you didn't. You must stay under. Agent Dunham, you must try to stay under. She must try to stay under.

ASTRID: What is going on? Did he just kill someone? Did he kill that dancer?

WALTER: These are dreams. This boy is essentially a reverse empath. His feelings are killing people. Put simply, Agent Dunham's mind is recognizing the effects of his emotions on his victims, and translating them into images that her dreaming mind can recognize.

PETER: Put simply.

WALTER: Peter... help her. Help her calm down. Go ahead, son. (Peter takes her hand) Agent Dunham... Where are you? Where are you? What can you see? What can you see?

(she visualizes herself entering Lane's apartment building)

WALTER: Agent Dunham... Where are you?

OLIVIA (awaking): I know where he lives.

ACT IV

Nick Lane's Apartment - The Raid

[alarm clock buzzing]

CHARLIE: It's clear!

OLIVIA: Clear.

CHARLIE: Come over here. I think you should take a look at this.

WALTER: The 'Torre Attack'. Someone's been a busy bee.

PETER: Look at the dates on these papers. This guy's been collecting this stuff for years.

WALTER: I've always wanted a two-headed goat. What newspaper is this? Can I get a subscription?

PETER: Walter!

OLIVIA: Why now? He was given Cortexiphan over twenty years ago, right? Why is this just happening now?

PETER: That lawyer shows up at the mental hospital with a magical inheritance, and all of a sudden Nick Lane becomes an emotional atom bomb? Seems a little too coincidental to be coincidence in my book.

OLIVIA: So what are you saying? You think he was activated?

WALTER: "What was written will come to pass."

OLIVIA: What?

WALTER: It's written on the wall over here.

CHARLIE: Got a call from a security guard downtown. We've got a positive I.D. of Nick Lane entering a building. He's not alone.

WALTER: Nick Lane may be turning into a walking epidemic. As his emotions become more intense, they become more contagious.

PETER: Great. Why can't "more angry" ever translate into "less dangerous"? And what are we supposed to do if we find him, anyway? I mean, if we get too close to him, aren't we gonna be infected with his emotions too?

WALTER: Yes. But perhaps Agent Dunham would not.

OLIVIA: Why?

WALTER: You were also treated with Cortexiphan. It might afford you some degree of immunity from Nick's abilities.

PETER: Why do I get the feeling? You're not telling us everything?

WALTER: Because I don't know everything.

Unidentified Multi-story Building

OLIVIA: Officer, we're with the FBI.

DETECTIVE: You don't want to go up there. We already sent a guy up, now he's on the ledge too. We don't know what the hell's going on up there.

OLIVIA: Its okay, officer.

PETER: Olivia...

OLIVIA: I'm gonna be okay.

Up on the Roof

OLIVIA: Nick? Nick Lane?

NICK LANE: Olive. You heard me. You heard me - you came. You were always the strong one. Whenever I got scared, you could make me feel better. Do you remember, Olive?

OLIVIA: I'm sorry, no, I don't.

NICK LANE: That's okay. I think they meant for us to forget. I just couldn't. I did what they told us. I waited Olive. The soldier to come is both natural and unnatural. I waited to be called up. You stay fit; stay focused, and stay ready. I wore the blacks and grays. I blended in. But the call never came. It never came. Then, that man with the glasses, he showed up at the hospital. He spoke all the old words. He said they're coming. He needed warriors. He said... "what was written will come to pass." He said he knew how to wake me up. I shouldn't have listened to him. Sometimes what we wake up, it can't be put back to sleep.

OLIVIA: Nick, you don't have to do this.

NICK LANE: I want to stop hurting people! (Removes automatic pistol from pocket and offers it to Olivia.) Take it. Take it. Shoot me. Please Olive? I can't fight this much longer.

(Olivia takes Nick's pistol.)

OLIVIA: Listen to me. Come...

NICK LANE: AAAGGHH!!

(Unidentified woman jumps to her death, landing on a car near Walter and Peter.)

WALTER (on the ground, to Peter): Uh, maybe... I do hope Agent Dunham meant to do that.

NICK LANE: Shoot me! Or I will jump and they will all jump with me.

ACT V

A Rooftop - The Plea

NICK LANE: (earnestly) Shoot me Olive! I have to die or I will keep hurting people. Please. We weren't meant for this -- don't make me take them all with me. Please?

OLIVIA: I'm sorry. (shooting him twice in the legs, he falls and those around him fall to the ground, away from the precipice)

NICK LANE: Olive... you'll wish you had... you'll wish you'd kill me.

(the trance is broken and the those lured to the roof begin to recover)

A Secure Medical Facility

BROYLES: (walking a long white corridor) Nick Lane's parents died several years ago. Car accident. His lawyer's identity appears to have been falsified. We've repeated our request to Massive Dynamic for information regarding the Cortexiphan protocols. But according to Nina Sharp, the names of the participants were deleted from the records. And you still have no memory of the trials...

OLIVIA: ...no.

BROYLES: ... or being treated with the drug?

OLIVIA: ...no.

BROYLES: ...but he does?

OLIVIA: Yes.

BROYLES: Why do think that is?

OLIVIA: I don't know.

(they stop at Lane's window and study him on a hospital bed)

BROYLES: You saved his life. He's being kept in a drug-induced coma.

OLIVIA: For how long?

BROYLES: Indefinitely.

OLIVIA: He said sometimes what we wake up can't can't be put back to sleep... I wonder if he was right.

BROYLES: Are you alright Dunham?

OLIVIA: Yeah.

Olivia's Apartment - After Hours

(Olivia enters to find Ella asleep on the couch and sits by her as she wakes)

OLIVIA: Hey.

ELLA: Aunt Liv. The stuff that they put in me isn't dead anymore. It came back alive. Can that really happen?

OLIVIA: It's just bad dreams, baby girl. It's just bad dreams. Come on. (picks up the child) Ooh, you're getting so big. I'm going to put you back to bed.

(answers a knock on the door and is handed a stack of files by Charlie)

CHARLIE: I'm breaking about a thousand regulations by doing this. Here's Nick Lane's file.

OLIVIA: I know. I appreciate Charlie. Thank you.

CHARLIE: Okay. (walks off as Olivia close the door. she opens the file to find a handful of newspaper clippings from Lane's apartment)

Walter's Lab - Opening Old Boxes

(rummaging through a storage box, Walter finds some old cassette tapes and starts watching one. haunted by what he sees and hears - a small blonde child sits huddled on the floor while voices dialogue from off the screen)

WILLIAM BELL: Is the incident contained?

FEMALE VOICE: Yes, Doctor Bell.

WILLIAM BELL: How bad?

FEMALE VOICE: Bad.

WILLIAM BELL: Casualties?

FEMALE VOICE: Not sure yet. We can't locate Brenner.

WILLIAM BELL: Is SHE okay?

FEMALE VOICE: SHE is fine.

WILLIAM BELL: Hell, do we know what triggered it?

WALTER: Obviously she was upset, William. (to the child) It's okay. It's alright now. Nobody is angry with you. You didn't do anything bad. It's alright Olive... everything's going to be okay.

(Walter sits silently, alone in the dark lab and stares at the screen)