

## PROLOGUE

### **Bob Dunn's Apartment - Preparation**

(Bob Dunn is preparing for a night out while listening to the local evening news.)

NEWS ANCHORMAN: ...at 10 o'clock. We're going to take you live now to Janice Lincoln, on the scene at another Boston nightclub

JANICE LINCOLN: The body was found here by Pier Seven. Police are canvassing the area. No witnesses have come forward at this time. And authorities are baffled by what appears to be one of the most gruesome murders in Boston's history. The media has being blocked from the immediate crime scene and all we have been told is that a body was found mutilated by what might have been a hunting knife. Police are withholding the name of the victim until their family can be contacted.

(Dunn picks up his pocket items, including a large knife)

JANICE LINCOLN: There were a number of crimes... not the safest neighborhood... but there haven't been violent crimes of this nature, before. Until... comes forward, Police have no clues in this bizarre murder that occurred here tonight.

### **Outside a Club**

(Dunn's cell phone rings.)

BOB DUNN (To phone): Hello, beautiful.

GIRLFRIEND: Finally. Where have you been? Did you get my message?

BOB DUNN: I did.

GIRLFRIEND: But you didn't call me back.

BOB DUNN: No, I thought I'd call you later. There was a conference.

GIRLFRIEND: Where were you last night, Bob?

BOB DUNN: I was at home. I was catching-up on my sleep.

GIRLFRIEND: But I called.

BOB DUNN: You know I turned off the phone to get some sleep. Hey, come on, now, you're starting to go down that road again. Before you know it, you'll be all upset. I think this has more to do with the miles between us, all that dreary weather you're having in Portland. You'll feel much better when you get back tomorrow. Hey, we'll, uh, we'll do something nice. In fact, we'll stay in. I'll cook for us.

GIRLFRIEND: I'd like that, Bob.

BOB DUNN: Listen, love, I'll call you when I get home tonight. Right now I've gotta go have dinner with these insufferable suits from Hong Kong.

GIRLFRIEND: I hope it won't be too awful.

BOB DUNN: You never can tell.

### **Inside the Club**

(Dunn enters the club, pausing to have his hand stamped. Techno music is playing. Dunn looks at several women before selecting one who is standing alone.)

BOB DUNN: You know what's funny... before I came in here, I thought I was good-looking.

(The woman scoffs at his comment. Dunn laughs pleasantly.)

BOB DUNN: Seriously, though, I can tell you're my type of girl.

WOMAN: How do you know?

BOB DUNN: I know these things. (her male friend returns with her drink) Cheers Mate.

(Dunn looks for another woman and makes eye contact with Valerie Boone)

BOB DUNN: I can tell you're my kind of girl.

### **Bob Dunn's Apartment - Romance**

(Dunn and Valerie are making out while standing. Valerie pulls back and pushes Dunn into a chair. She then reaches out and breaks his neck.)

(The scene switches briefly to Portland, where Dunn's girlfriend is in bed, reaches for her cell phone and dials Dunn's number.)

(Back in Dunn's apartment, his phone vibrates with the call while Valerie, standing in Dunn's bathroom wipes blood off her cheek and looks at her own unnaturally bright blue eyes. A wide shot shows Dunn's body prostrate on his bed with his spine violently exposed.)

## **ACT I**

### **Olivia's Apartment - House Guests**

RACHEL: Oh Olivia, you have to hear how Helen and Neil met. This could be good for my sister.

NEIL: We're both single. We're in our thirties, hadn't met anyone. We wanted to have a kid. Then I heard about this program called, *Two Singles Together*. Two Singles Together was the answer for us.

OLIVIA: I'm sorry, two--?

RACHEL: Two Singles Together. It's a matchmaking service.

NEIL: Not just a matchmaking service, Rachel. A way of life.

OLIVIA: Two Singles Together?

HELEN: Uh, I have my own schedule, works for me. I have no interest in controlling Neil's, either.

NEIL: I like vacations in the sun and...

HELEN: ...and I like the snow.

OLIVIA: Doesn't that kind of defeat the purpose of being in a relationship?

NEIL: Well, there are things we agree on, of course.

HELEN: Like, um... where to live. The appropriate kindergarten. Friends we both enjoy. Which, incidentally, I want to make sure Ella can attend Graham's birthday party.

RACHEL: Oh, I already R.S.V.P.'d on the class sign up.

HELEN: Uh, that was for Neil's rock climbing party for Graham. My party for Graham is the following Saturday. We are doing *Science Center*.

RACHEL: (doorbell sounds) Excuse me for one minute. (accepts a small package) See ya.

OLIVIA: What?

RACHEL: Greg's filing for divorce.

OLIVIA: Oh, Rach.

RACHEL: Not now. Not in front of them. They'll make me join Two Singles Together. (rejoins the guests) Okay. Where were we?

OLIVIA: (answers cell phone) I'm sorry, I've just been called into work.

NEIL: oh, what kind of work do you do, Olivia?

### **Crime Scene - Dunn Apartment**

CHARLIE: Victim's name was Bob Dunn, he was thirty -three years old. His girlfriend. Got back from a business trip in Portland. Couldn't reach him. She found him here. No forced entry. No witnesses.

OLIVIA: So this matched the victim that Boston P.D. found two nights ago at the pier? The one that's been all over the news?

CHARLIE: Yeah, they don't know what to make of it, so now they have another one. Now it's ours to mix up.

WALTER: You know what this reminds me of, Peter?

PETER: Nope, but I'm gonna guess it's something unbelievably disgusting.

WALTER: Shrimp cocktail. You see, the shrimp must be deveined by putting a shallow cut down the back to expose the vein. Which, in fact, is not a vein at all, but the crustaceans intestinal tract.

PETER: Great, thanks for that. That's another foodstuff I can cross off the menu for life. (privately) Hey, you okay?

OLIVIA: Why?

PETER: Well, you were awfully quiet on the car ride over here and you just don't seem your normal, chipper self at a bloody, gruesome crime scene.

OLIVIA: Oh, I'm sorry, I'm, um... It's just home stuff.

PETER: Well, I know from home stuff. I live with a guy inspecting a severed spine.

WALTER: This is fascinating. These appear to be bite marks. See how the flesh is ripped and jagged markings. Canine or even ursine, but human.

PETER: You're suggesting that someone chewed his spine out?

WALTER: Yes... But with a jaw strength well in excess of that of a normal human being.

PETER: Great, well, maybe we're looking for Dracula.

WALTER: (hardy laugh) Finally, son, you're opening your mind to new possibilities. But, no, there are no vampires, sadly. But it'll be something exciting, I'm sure.

### **Federal Building - Briefing Broyles**

BROYLES: (seated at desk) We have another monster on the loose?

OLIVIA: Uh, no, sir. Walter says that the teeth marks are definitely human.

BROYLES: I can just about remember when a suspect being human was a given, not an option.

OLIVIA: Bob Dunn's girlfriend said that he had a car, an Audi A-4. It wasn't in the garage, and we couldn't find it when we did a two-block sweep.

BROYLES: Local P.D. Is on it?

OLIVIA: Yeah, we could get lucky. Maybe the killer took it.

BROYLES: And Doctor Bishop?

OLIVIA: He's at the lab with both bodies, doing autopsies.

BROYLES: Okay, well, let me know if you learn anything. (she hovers at his desk briefly) Is there something else?

OLIVIA: This may sound impolitic, sir, but I was wondering if you were satisfied with your divorce attorney. I've heard you talking on the phone to your kids, but never to your wife.

BROYLES: I was satisfied. Except for the bill.

OLIVIA: I was wondering if I might be able to get the name and number.

BROYLES: (he forwards the texting) It should be waiting in your in-box. I hope things work out for your sister. I pay attention too, Agent Dunham.

### **Walter's Lab - An Autopsy**

WALTER: (lyrically) The C-1 cervical vertebra is connected to the C-2 cervical vertebra. C-2 cervical vertebra is connected to the C-3 cervical vertebra...

PETER: Walter. That's enough.

ASTRID: When you finally meet a nice girl, I would avoid bringing her home for as long as possible. Walter, this is the lab work you requested on the victim.

WALTER: Excellent. It may help us understand why their spinal columns have been completely drained of spinal fluid.

ASTRID: the killer took the victims' spinal fluid? Why would they do that?

WALTER: Where would the fun be if we already knew all there is to know? (reads the report from Astrid) This is interesting. Traces of treponema pallidum. That's the syphilis bacteria. On the victim's neck and back. Most likely from the killer's saliva.

PETER: So the killer has syphilis?

WALTER: Seems so.

PETER: Great. I should of worn gloves.

WALTER: And what's even more fascinating, this particular strain of syphilis is extinct. Has been for decades.

PETER: Well, how could the killer be exposed to an extinct strain of syphilis?

WALTER: See, isn't this fun?

### **Federal Building - Meeting with CDC**

OLIVIA: (walking through the workarea) I appreciate the C.D.C.'s prompt response on this matter.

CDC AGENT: Of course. I ran an index search. A sample of that particular strain of syphilis was shipped out four weeks ago to a Lubov Pharmaceuticals. They have a local address in Brighton.

OLIVIA: Well, thank you, but a phone call would have sufficed.

CDC AGENT: Actually, I'm not sure that it would have. I took the liberty of running the rest of Lubov's research requests over the past few years. This isn't the first contagion they've ordered from us. In fact, there have been quite a few. (hands her a file to review)

OLIVIA: We need to show this to Broyles.

-- (in Broyles office) --

CDC AGENT: Any reputable scientist with the appropriate credentials can procure samples of bacteria and viruses for their research.

OLIVIA: In addition to the extinct syphilis bacteria, Lubov Pharmaceuticals also procured a sample of a substance called RUD-390.

BROYLES: Which is...

CDC AGENT: A chemical compound used in the construction of bioweapons.

BROYLES: You're suggesting whoever's behind these killings may also be planning a biological attack?

OLIVIA: Or has before. RUD-390 was one of the components of the rapid skin growth toxin that killed Agent Kent.

BROYLES: You're saying this is Z.F.T.?

CDC AGENT: Z.F.T.? What's that?

BROYLES: We believe Z.F.T. is a terrorist organization... responsible for a number of bio attacks in the last year.

CDC AGENT: I see. Why? What is their agenda?

OLIVIA: That's what we wanna find out.

BROYLES: Assemble an assault squad. Move on Lubov.

OLIVIA: Yes, sir.

## **Reigning in Boone**

(Boone performs a graphic dissection on a small mammal in his lab/kitchen as the tactical team enters to arrest him)

OLIVIA: Federal Agents. You're under arrest.

(in an interview room at the Federal Building)

OLIVIA: Doctor Nicholas Boone. Advanced degrees in hematology and biochemistry. Founder of Lubov Pharmaceuticals, a multi-national biotech firm whose corporate offices turn out to be in a split-level, in Brighton.

(Broyles watches from the observation room)

OLIVIA: Now we know that this strain of syphilis that you ordered was found on his spine (places photo) And you see these. They're human bite marks. What is out there doing this? What happened to these people? (displays more photos)

CHARLIE: How long have you been a follower of Z.F.T.? That's right, Doctor Boone. We know about Z.F.T.

NICHOLAS BOONE: What do you know?

OLIVIA: Enough to know that they're using the world as a testing ground for experiments. We want to know more about David Robert Jones, About who funds Z.F.T. And why. We want to know what we're dealing with.

CHARLIE: I don't have to spell it out for you, Doctor Boone. You talk to us, give us information. Help us with whatever's out there killing people. It'll go better for you.

OLIVIA: Why are you doing this? What have you done?

NICHOLAS BOONE: Someone was dosed.

OLIVIA: With what?

CHARLIE: Dosed with what?!

NICHOLAS BOONE: I know a lot about the things you want. And more. And I'll answer your questions. But you have to help me first.

OLIVIA: Help with what?

NICHOLAS BOONE: They have my wife. I want you to get her back.

## **ACT II**

### **Federal Building - Interviewing Boone**

OLIVIA: Z.F.T. Has your wife?

NICHOLAS BOONE: What counts with punishment is the ability to know whom to hurt, and when.

CHARLIE: You're telling me Z.F.T.'s coercing you to conduct these experiments by threatening to harm your wife.

OLIVIA: Why would they be punishing you?

NICHOLAS BOONE: Because when I realized what my work was being used for, I tried to get out. I'll tell you everything you want to know. But first, you have to get my wife back.

-- (in the observation room) --

BROYLES: Do you believe him?

CHARLIE: I don't.

OLIVIA: Boone's wife is a nurse. I checked with her hospital, and she hasn't been to work in three weeks.

CHARLIE: Proves nothing.

BROYLES: I'm inclined to agree with Agent Francis.

CHARLIE: Everything we know about these guys suggests that they're zealots. Why don't we go back in there, ask him why the sudden change of heart?

OLIVIA: We can't ask him a thing until we get his wife.

CHARLIE: Could be a trap.

OLIVIA: Could be the truth. I'm sorry, but since I've been working in Fringe Division, eighty one people have lost their lives. And that's not including the 147 on Flight 627. Now, in my entire career, only nine people have died on cases that I worked. This is the closest that we've ever come to getting traction and stopping these people. Getting a handle on Z.F.T., Jones... Or more. This guy could be our chance.

BROYLES: (to knock on door) What is it?

JUNIOR AGENT: The address Boone gave us, where he says they're holding his wife. It's a restaurant... in Chinatown.

BROYLES: Doesn't exactly scream Z.F.T. Hive of activity.

JUNIOR AGENT: They've been tagged by... (?)

OLIVIA: Meaning?

JUNIOR AGENT: They're burning five times more power a month than they should making Moo Shoo Pork.

OLIVIA: They could be using the power for something else. Maybe to facilitate a laboratory? This could be our chance to get to Z.F.T.

BROYLES: Go get 'em.

OLIVIA: I'll get a team together.

### **Inspecting Boone's Lab**

PETER: (identifying themselves law enforcement) Peter and Walter Bishop. We're here to catalog the chemical evidence.

WALTER: (greeting everyone individually) Walter Bishop. Nice to meet you. Hello. Oh, no, please sit down. Bishop, Walter Bishop.

PETER: Walter, you don't have to shake everybody's hand. He gets a little nervous around authority figures. (sees the vivid dissection) Oh, boy. Look at that.

WALTER: Benzyl alcohol. Colorless liquid used as a bacteriostatic in solutions for injection, topically as a local anesthetic. Personally, I like to use it as a mouthwash.

PETER: (studies the bloody scene) What did this guy create?

WALTER: From what I've seen so far, I am forming a hypothesis. Would you care to hear it?

PETER: Well, I don't know. Would I ever be able to sleep at night again?

WALTER: Well, that depends.

PETER: Depends on what?

WALTER: On whether the light is on or not.

### **The Raid - Ride in the SWAT Van**

CHARLIE: (briefing the team) There's four exits. Risk and Walken, you take the rear. Taub and Brown, you take the side. Dunham and I are gonna be in the front with the rest of you.

OLIVIA: And remember, this is a hostile situation in a contained environment. So retrieving the hostage unharmed is our top priority.

AGENT: Yes, ma'am.

OLIVIA: (answers cell phone) Dunham.

RACHEL: Greg wants full custody of Ella.

OLIVIA: What?

RACHEL: Another process server just came by. Greg is claiming that I am an unfit parent. That the minor's mental and physical well-being would be best served under the sole custody of the petitioner.

OLIVIA: He can't be serious.

RACHEL: I won't let that happen, Liv. I will run if I have to. I will take her and I will disappear, I swear to God.

OLIVIA: Okay, Rachel, Rachel... Just calm down. You're not running anywhere, and you're not gonna lose Ella.

RACHEL: He's just doing this to hurt me.

OLIVIA: Okay, Rachel, listen to me. Now, this is just one of those things that you're gonna look back on and you're gonna say, "I beat that too." Do you hear me?

RACHEL: I hear you.

OLIVIA: Okay. So, um, look, Let's talk when I get home. I - I've got a... I gotta go to a meeting.

RACHEL: Okay.

OLIVIA: Ahem.

CHARLIE: We got that meeting.

(the van pulls up quickly and the tactical team empties into the basement of an Asian style restaurant)

AGENT: Freeze. Get your hands in the air.

OLIVIA: F.B.I.!

AGENT: Get your ass on the floor!

OLIVIA: (the team fans out looking for an illegal lab) Clear?

AGENT: Clear!

OLIVIA: (grabs the owner roughly and demands) Valerie Boone. *Ta zai nali?*

OWNER: Huh?

OLIVIA: Nicholas Boone *de ai ren. Ta zai nali?* Valerie Boone.

OWNER: Shei?

- - (interview room)- -

BROYLES: (upset) Your wife isn't there.

NICHOLAS BOONE: I know that. I need to talk to Agent Dunham.

OLIVIA: (answers cell phone in cellar of restaurant) Dunham.

BROYLES: I'm putting him on.

NICHOLAS BOONE: Agent Dunham.

OLIVIA: What the hell's going on?

NICHOLAS BOONE: There's a room in the back. Can you see it?

OLIVIA: Yeah, we checked. She's not there.

NICHOLAS BOONE: I know, but what I need is.

OLIVIA: Okay, I'm here.

NICHOLAS BOONE: In front of you, you should see a row of refrigeration units. Third from the right.

OLIVIA: Yeah, I see it.

NICHOLAS BOONE: Open it.

OLIVIA: You know, I'm not gonna do a thing until you tell me why we're here.

NICHOLAS BOONE: We're getting to that.

OLIVIA: No, you tell me now.

NICHOLAS BOONE: Inside that cooling unit you'll find a contagion, five vials marked XT43. The person who's out there killing has been dosed with this. I need it to make an antidote.

OLIVIA: You lied to me?

NICHOLAS BOONE: No. Agent Dunham... They didn't kidnap my wife. The infected her. That was my punishment for trying to leave Z.F.T. It's she who's out there killing.

### **Boone Lab - Camcorder Clues**

(Peter finds and activates a video camera with images of the Boone's at a park)

NICHOLAS BOONE: Valerie Boone. Valerie Boone, you turn March into June.

VALERIE BOONE: Okay, that's enough. You be on camera. I always do this.

NICHOLAS BOONE: I have no interest in being on camera.

VALERIE BOONE: Okay, we'll both -- all right. Hi.

NICHOLAS BOONE: Hello.

VALERIE BOONE: Us in the park!

### **Outside The Night Club**

(Valerie finds a ride home with a man driving a Mustang. they park short of her destination to talk)

MUSTANG MAN: You are so beautiful. You are really warm. You're burning up. What - what's wrong?

VALERIE BOONE: You're my kind of guy. I'm sorry. (as she proceeds to sever his spine)

## **ACT III**

### **Federal Building - The Camcorder**

BROYLES: (intercepting her as she exits the elevator) Dunham.

OLIVIA: Charlie is running a background check on the body that he found in the Mustang. Peter said you had something that I should see.

BROYLES: (hands her a small video camera) ... found this at Boone's house. You'll wanna pay specific attention to the date.

(both join Boone in the interview room and Olivia plays a recent tape)

NICHOLAS BOONE: (voice on camera) ...whoever wore a lab coat and rubber gloves.

VALERIE BOONE: (image on camera) oh ho, ho.

NICHOLAS BOONE: Valerie Boone. Valerie boone, you turn March into June.

VALERIE BOONE: Okay, that's enough. You be on camera. I always do this.

NICHOLAS BOONE: I have no interest in being on camera.

VALERIE BOONE: Okay, we'll both -- all right. Hi.

NICHOLAS BOONE: Hello.

VALERIE BOONE: Us in the park!

NICHOLAS BOONE: Where is--okay. Look out. Okay.

VALERIE BOONE: Okay.

NICHOLAS BOONE: There, okay, that's it.

VALERIE BOONE: No, no, no!

NICHOLAS BOONE: That's not it.

VALERIE BOONE: There he goes. Oh, my god, you look like you ran in the trash can. (Boone runs across camera, very able-bodied)

OLIVIA: (turning off the camera) That video was taken three weeks ago, Doctor Boone. Can you explain to me why you are in a wheelchair today?

NICHOLAS BOONE: She needs to feed. She can't control it. I began to feed her my own spinal fluid. The more I gave, the more she craved, until... I couldn't give anymore. The contagion burns through her spinal fluid faster than her body can replace it. When she kills, it's simply to... refuel. I tried to synthesize the antidote on my own, watching her suffer the effects of being infected. But I couldn't do it. Not without a dose of the bacteria to work from. For the rest of my life, this chair will remind me of what I've done.

OLIVIA: Why would Z.F.T. want you to create something like this?

NICHOLAS BOONE: To create a human nightmare. The syphilis was just a platform. A carrier for other attributes. Attributes that changed her.

OLIVIA: For what purpose.

NICHOLAS BOONE: For the same reason they asked me to... Create the skin growth toxin... To show off.

OLIVIA: To who?

NICHOLAS BOONE: Other scientists. You mean nothing to them.

OLIVIA: So how many vials were created? Just the ones that I took?

NICHOLAS BOONE: I made six, now accounted for, but I can't guarantee they won't pick up where I left off.

BROYLES: If they did figure out how to make it, could they weaponize this bacteria?

NICHOLAS BOONE: You really don't know who you're dealing with. The answer for both of us is to let me make a cure. Now that you've recovered the dose samples, I can make it. My offer still stands. I'll tell you everything I know when you find her. If the cure works, we both win. Now I'll need access to a lab with a blood analyzer. I'll also need a spectroscope and a centrifuge. You might want to write this down.

OLIVIA: That won't be a problem.

## **Walter's Lab - Finding a Cure**

PETER: Do you really think it's a good idea to let him have free reign in Walter's *believe-it-or-not* emporium?

WALTER: Oh, and this is something my son Peter is working on. I haven't got the faintest idea what it is.

NICHOLAS BOONE: Your centrifuge is twenty years old.

WALTER: Oh, twenty-five. It's an oldie, but a goody. I also have a cow.

PETER: And, just for the record, one mad scientist is my limit.

OLIVIA: I think that having him help Walter is our best chance at saving lives. (answers cell phone) Dunham.

CHARLIE: It's Charlie. We found Bob Dunn's missing car.

OLIVIA: Where?

CHARLIE: Clear across town, in Mission Hill. It's completely stripped. Quarter panels, radio, everything.

OLIVIA: The G.P.S.?

CHARLIE: No, it's gone. We've got no way to track where he picked up Boone's wife.

OLIVIA: Okay, thanks, Charlie.

WALTER: Uh, good news, Peter. Nicholas and I are in agreement.

NICHOLAS BOONE: Yes, we need to purify the mold, then ferment it...

WALTER: ...to the highest possible concentration. Uh, Agent Farnsworth. We are going to need a rat.

ASTRID: Can you, uh, call me if something else turns up?

OLIVIA: Okay, bye.

PETER: Great news. They made a breakthrough. They're gonna fight the super syphilis with super penicillin. Syphilis was the platform. If they can kill the syphilis, they can stop the contagion.

WALTER: I did the same thing once against a super pneumonia.

OLIVIA: Right. Well, Charlie just found Dunn's car, stripped in Mission Hill.

PETER: Excellent. He check the G.P.S.?

OLIVIA: Stolen.

PETER: Well, everything stolen is not necessarily lost.

OLIVIA: Meaning what?

PETER: Meaning if there's a car found stripped in The Greater Boston Area, I can guarantee you my man Mako has his big toe in it.

OLIVIA: Oh, you have a friend who runs a chop shop?

PETER: Yeah. You make that sound so illegal.

## **Mako's Garage**

PETER: She's with me. I'll owe you one. Okay? (calls her over) Dunham.

MAKO: Let's just say the G.P.S. is here... allegedly. But it's useless because it's been wiped for resale. Hypothetically.

OLIVIA: We're trying to track a killer, Mister Mako.

PETER: Nah, it's just Mako. You know, like *Cher*.

OLIVIA: Theoretically, if the G.P.S. is wiped, then that would put you in a rough spot, because you'd be hampering a Federal investigation.

PETER: ...come on.

MAKO: I'm trying to work with you here.

OLIVIA: We need the G.P.S. to find out where the victim was the night of his killing. But you stole

his car from his home in Brookline.

MAKO: I didn't steal his car from Brookline.

OLIVIA: Where'd you steal it from?

MAKO: If I tell you where we boosted that car, can we just say that this conversation never happened?

OLIVIA: Hypothetically? Sure.

MAKO: Route Eighteen, Weymouth. By the water.

### **Walter's Lab - Testing The Rat**

WALTER: Fascinating. 105 degrees.

NICHOLAS BOONE: Then the rat's successfully infected. This strain of syphilis raises the body temperature well above normal. The cure is nearly complete. Once this penicillin concentrates, we can test it on the rat.

WALTER: Where did you study, Nicholas?

NICHOLAS BOONE: At the Curie Institute in Paris. Kings College, Aberdeen, Scotland. It's quite a fall.

WALTER: It's an honor to have your intellect in my lab.

NICHOLAS BOONE: That's high praise. Because I know very well who you are.

WALTER: Well... that makes one of us. A little memory loss is often kind to the soul.

NICHOLAS BOONE: That a figure of speech? Or do you believe there is such a thing? The soul?

WALTER: There are days when I wish I did. There are days when I wish I didn't.

NICHOLAS BOONE: I often wake up at night, frightened, with the understanding that there are things Man shouldn't know. That the scientific trespasses I've committed...

WALTER: ...will one day be judged. Belly and I would often debate this very thing. William Bell. You've heard of him?

NICHOLAS BOONE: Well, of course. Founder of Massive Dynamic, richest man in the world.

WALTER: We used to share a lab. Quite a fall. hmm. If indeed there is a soul, we must consider then that there is still time for redemption. We're not being hauled off to be judged yet, Nicholas.

### **Weymouth - Route Eighteen**

PETER: This must be where Mako boosted the car. All the shattered glass. So we're thinking what? Boone's wife kills this guy, steals his car, and then drives it out here?

OLIVIA: Yeah. But what was she doing here?

PETER: And where did she go? You know what I hate worst than the cold?

OLIVIA: What?

PETER: Not much. (searches nearby shrubs) Olivia, I think I know why she came out here. (located another victim)

## ACT IV

### **Walter's Lab - Link To The Club**

WALTER: The camera, Aspirin.

ASTRID: Okay. Ready.

WALTER: Ahem. We are about to inject the infected rat with an antidote. Should it prove effective, it will no doubt work on humans as well. Nicholas. Now we wait. Ah! Marvelous. You can bring the bodies right this way, gentlemen. We've been expecting you. Right over here is fine. May I offer you a 'Peak Freen'? A delicious vanilla wafer with raspberry center and lemon cream.

PETER: He doesn't want a cookie, Walter.

WALTER: Uh... apparently, you're wrong.

OLIVIA: That's two more bodies. One we found in the forest in Weymouth, the other on the street in Roxbury. Where is she getting her victims? You must have some idea where she'd go.

NICHOLAS BOONE: The person out there killing people is not thinking like my wife... well, she wouldn't recognize me... let alone find comfort in places she knows.

ASTRID: This one's been drinking. He smells like a brewery. Hey, Peter, will you turn out the lights?

PETER: Seriously?

WALTER: Alright, Peter. I ordered it on television.

ASTRID: It's an entry stamp. He's got the same one. It's a place called *The Cavern* The industrial area is really happening in the underground club scene right now.

PETER: So she's going to the club to find these victims.

NICHOLAS BOONE: Look, I need more time to make the cure. Please. If you take her alive, I know I can save her.

OLIVIA: I'll see what I can do.

### **The Cavern - Finding Valerie**

OLIVIA: (to security) Dunham, F.B.I. Him too. He's with me.

CLUB GIRL: (flirtatious) Now you're my kinda guy. What is that?

PETER: It's a hand-held thermal imaging radiometer. It tells me if you're hot.

CLUB GIRL: So...

PETER: So you're definitely hot. I'm looking for someone with syphilis.

CLUB GIRL: Uh, okay. (leaves disappointed)

-- (in the lab) --

WALTER: I don't understand. Something's wrong. Something's missing. The rat's body has rejected the cure. Perhaps a protein incompatibility.

NICHOLAS BOONE: No, it's not that. I know what's wrong. The contagion required cerebral spinal fluid as a catalyst. And the cure must require some as well.

WALTER: Bond the cure to the contagion.

NICHOLAS BOONE: Yes, and the only spinal fluid we know for a fact is compatible... is my own.

WALTER: Well, no, that's out of the question. It's too dangerous. If you lose more spinal fluid it could cause a brain hemorrhage.

NICHOLAS BOONE: No, I was very careful to monitor the amount of fluid I removed. Another twenty-five milliliters should be safe.

ASTRID: Walter... we can't.

NICHOLAS BOONE: We have no other choice!

ASTRID: Walter.

WALTER: Prep the table, Agent Farnsworth.

NICHOLAS BOONE: Thank you.

- - (in the club) - -

OLIVIA: Anything?

PETER: No, not yet. I got her. She's moving along the back of the bar.

OLIVIA: Peter. I can't find her.

PETER: She was right there, but she's gone now.

OLIVIA: Okay... uh... alright keep looking. I'm going to check-in with Charlie. Hey, Charlie? We had her but we lost her. You got the exit?

CHARLIE: Nobody is leaving yet. She's still in there with you Liv.

- - (in the lab) - -

WALTER: Have you prepared a (mumbles) spinal fluid, Agent Farnsworth? (to Boone) Come on up. Here we go. Gently.

NICHOLAS BOONE: Yes. Okay, gently, gently.

WALTER: Alright?

### **The Cavern - Capturing Valerie**

OLIVIA: Charlie... Charlie, I think she's headed to you.

CHARLIE: What's she wearing?

OLIVIA: Black dress and freakishly blue eyes.

CHARLIE: On it. Valerie Boone! Are you Valerie Boone? It's her. Take her down. Alright, we've got her. Clear the area.

ASTRID: I just got off the phone with Olivia. Good news, Doctor Boone. They have her.

WALTER: Oh, excellent.

ASTRID: Doctor Boone? Walter... hmm?

WALTER: Get me a T.P.A. injection. You lied to me. You let me take too much spinal fluid.

NICHOLAS BOONE: How far would you go for someone you love?

ASTRID: Unh!

### **Peter Drives - Valerie Rests**

(the two drive quickly through the night - to get Valerie to the lab)

PETER: How's she doing?

OLIVIA: She's going to be out for hours.

PETER: Where's the siren on this thing?

OLIVIA: There. Is that why you wanted to drive?

PETER: Everybody should get to do this at least once before they die.

## **ACT V**

### **Peter Drives - Valerie Attacks**

(a sedated Valerie Boone stirs awake in the back of Olivia's car)

PETER: That look says more than just, 'I wish I hadn't have let him drive.'

OLIVIA: I was just thinking about Nicholas Boone and what he did for his wife. What he is doing. Jeez, that kind of love. Greg asked Rachel for a divorce, and now he's fighting her for custody.

PETER: You know, I never liked that guy.

OLIVIA: You've never met Greg.

PETER: Yeah, but I met your sister. So I know she deserves better.

OLIVIA: And I thought you were a card-carrying cynic.

PETER: I am, world class. But there's an argument to be made that beneath every cynic, there is a frustrated romantic.

OLIVIA: (Valerie attacks Olivia from the backseat) agh! uhh! (Peter swerves trying to help) ohh! Peter! Peter - my tranq gun - uhh!

(Peter fires twice and Valerie is subdued)

OLIVIA: Thank you.

PETER: I think she liked you.

### **Walter's Lab - The Antidote**

WALTER: (to Peter as he carries in Valerie) Good. Bring her in, strap her down.

OLIVIA: (observing Boone's degraded health) Walter, what happened?

ASTRID: He had a stroke.

WALTER: Pulse is strong.

PETER: Yeah, so is she.

WALTER: Agent Farnsworth, thirty c-c's of the antidote, please. (raises Valerie for an injection) Peter.

NICHOLAS BOONE: (watches his wife receive the injection. quietly to Olivia) Thank you.

OLIVIA: (softly) You're welcome.

ASTRID: Okay, now what?

WALTER: Now we wait.

(Valerie screams wildly and fights her restraints)

OLIVIA: Walter...

WALTER: No - no! Let her!

PETER: Is she?...

WALTER: Seems to be working. Agent Farnsworth... prepare a solution, thirty parts saline... and some adrenaline and perhaps a cup of coffee.

OLIVIA: Walter.

WALTER: hmm? (checks Boone for a pulse) He's gone.

- - - -

WALTER: (later, as the med techs roll Valerie Boone from the lab, Walter approaches Olivia with a video cassette) Doctor Boone asked me to give this to you personally, Agent Dunham.

OLIVIA: What is it, Walter?

NICHOLAS BOONE: (on video tape) Agent Dunham, If you're watching this, I suspect I didn't make it. But you and I had a bargain, and, uh, you held up your end. Now, I have made many mistakes in my life, but in the end, I should at least be a man of my word. And I promised you answers. With any luck, you will use them to rectify some of my misdeeds. Now, in the time I worked with Z.F.T., I never dealt with anyone of significant rank within the movement. But I was able to gather some names, including some I suspect you've already heard of.

### **A Classy Jazz Bar**

BROYLES: Dunham.

OLIVIA: Hey.

BROYLES: Are you alright?

OLIVIA: Yeah. Uh, Nicholas Boone talked. He told us everything he knew about Z.F.T.

BROYLES: Did he mention David Robert Jones?

OLIVIA: No, he said he'd never heard of him. But he did mention another name that we've heard before. According to Boone, the man who's funding Z.F.T... is William Bell.