

PROLOGUE

Fringe Division Mobilizes

BROYLES: (briefing to a monitor in a room full of agents) For those of you just joining us, what you're looking at is the work of Z.F.T., a terrorist organization responsible for at least a half a dozen biological attacks over the last several months. Everything we know thus far can be found in your packets, including a copy of their manifesto, which elucidates their ideology and their methods - 'destruction by the advancement of technology'. Which in short, boils down to the following, attempting to provoke or prepare for a war.

NEW AGENT: War? With whom?

BROYLES: That's the question, isn't it? What we do know is that these bizarre acts seem to be increasing in frequency and that their targets are unpredictable, and therefore unprotectable. (as he continues briefing, a distressed young woman flees a large building in New York City)

SUSAN PRATT: Taxi. Taxi! (rushing into traffic, she is nearly struck as she fails to hail a cab)

BROYLES: We've recently developed evidence which suggests Z.F.T. is funded by an unlikely source, and a name I'm sure you've all heard of... William Bell, Founder and Chairman of Massive Dynamic.

SUSAN PRATT: Wait. Wait. Hold the bus! (barely catches a ride) You go up Park, right? Past Lenox Hill Hospital?

BUS DRIVER: Yeah, six stops away. Are you feeling okay?

SUSAN PRATT: Fine. Let's just go, please. (finds a seat)

BROYLES: Those of you assembled in this room now have a single, clear-cut goal - to provide actionable evidence establishing a link between William Bell and Z.F.T. Special Agents Olivia Dunham and Charlie Francis will be assigning you to teams and coordinating the investigation. All efforts and information go through them. Now let's go to work.

New York City - Burning Up

SUSAN PRATT: (in growing discomfort) Stop the bus. Stop the bus, please. I have to get off now.

BUS DRIVER: Ma'am, will you please sit down? I'm not allowed...

SUSAN PRATT: ...please stop the bus. I have to get off now.

BUS DRIVER: Okay, okay.

SUSAN PRATT: Open the door! (she exits the bus) Oh, my god. Please, please help. Somebody. Oh, my god. I can't breathe. Oh, my god.

NEARBY PEDESTRIAN: Lady, you okay?

(seconds later, she becomes engulfed in flames and flares into a large fireball)

ACT I

Walter's Lab - ZFT Thoughts

PETER: Find anything new and exciting in there, Walter?

WALTER: (studies the manifesto) Huh?

PETER: Well, you've read the manifesto about a dozen times cover to cover So just wondering.

WALTER: I need to show you something, Peter.

ASTRID: (walks in) Hey.

PETER: Hey.

ASTRID: What's going on?

PETER: I don't know. Show and tell, apparently. (Walter types) What is this? I don't know what I'm looking at.

WALTER: This typewriter's Belly's. I remember the day he purchased it. It was raining.

PETER: Do you understand what you're saying, Walter? That William Bell doesn't just fund Z.F.T., he wrote their manifesto, and is actual responsible for everything that's been happening?

WALTER: Absolutely not. William Bell was many things. He was ambitious. He was egotistical. He was temperamental. But he wasn't a madman. Although the ideas in his manifesto are radical, he wouldn't do this – this - these horrendous things. He would never do it. There are references all throughout to the chapter of ethics. But there is no such chapter. It is missing. And I believe that someone has removed it to suite their own evil purposes. And I can prove it.

PETER: How?

WALTER: Get another copy of the book. One with all the pages.

PETER: There is no other copy. This is the only one.

ASTRID: (phone rings) I'll get it.

WALTER: He wrote it here in - in this lab. The – the - it could still be here somewhere - the original.

PETER: And what if you're wrong?

WALTER: I'm not wrong. And when I find it, you will see. It will absolve him, Peter.

PETER: Peter, it's Olivia. (on phone)

New York City - Combustion Scene

CHARLIE: So this is what I've got so far. Bus driver called 9=1-1, reported an agitated woman got off his bus. Moments later, she caught fire and exploded. Police combed the area. They couldn't find any evidence of an accelerant or an incendiary device.

PETER: If there's something strange in your neighborhood...

WALTER: ...who you gotta call?

OLIVIA: So what do you make of this, Walter?

WALTER: Well, from what Agent Francis described, it's possible we're dealing with a case of spontaneous human combustion.

PETER: Thought that was just a myth.

WALTER: Oh, myth is just an unverified fact.

PETER: Maybe she was hit by a tiny meteor.

WALTER: It's also possible. Until I get this body back to the lab, I won't be able to say anything with absolute certainty.

OLIVIA: Alright, I'll get the coroner to prep the bodies for transport.

WALTER: Bodies? Is there another somewhere?

PETER: You okay?

OLIVIA: (one of two corpses vanishes from her sight) Yea... I just...

Federal Building - Nina Visits

BROYLES: (picks-up phone in office) Broyles. (listens) Send her in.

NINA: Phillip.

BROYLES: Nina.

NINA: I won't play coy, Phillip. I understand the FBI has opened an investigation into Massive Dynamic. As you can imagine, we spend a lot of money on counter-intelligence. And any probe into our finances raises red flags. So... What are you fishing for? Industrial espionage? Treaty violations?

BROYLES: We have evidence that indicates William Bell may be involved with several biological attacks perpetrated this past year.

NINA: But that's ridiculous.

BROYLES: Perhaps. But as long as you're here, if you have something to offer, now would be the time.

NINA: I'm not one of your street thugs that you can bully, Phillip. And William Bell is not a terrorist.

BROYLES: I'd like to hear him tell me that himself.

NINA: I'm afraid that's not possible. He's traveling. You're wasting your time. William Bell is not the enemy.

BROYLES: (as Nina storms out) Is there something else?

Walter's Lab - Initial Autopsy

WALTER: Matter is just energy waiting to happen. The average adult at rest contains enough potential energy to explode with the force of five very large hydrogen bombs.

PETER: You know, theoretically, you're actually right?

WALTER: Ho ho ho ho! My son finally agrees with me! Uh, Agent Farnsworth, take a note of that.

PETER: Unfortunately, we're just not very good at releasing it.

WALTER: No. It needs a spark, of course - a trigger.

ASTRID: So what do you think would've released it in her?

WALTER: Some say a particle is to blame - the appropriately named 'pyroton'. Maybe we could finally prove that it exists. Peter! Fire up the electron microscope!

PETER: Uh, about that, I might've taken that apart.

WALTER: What on Earth for?

PETER: I needed the parts for a project I'm working on.

WALTER: (angry) As I said, potential for destruction in each of us is infinite!

Federal Building - A Second Vision

BROYLES: (busy on the phone as Olivia enters his office) Yes, Jim, I understand. Right away.

OLIVIA: I had you pegged as a creature of habit. (smiling) You changed your office.

BROYLES: (bewildered) Come again.

OLIVIA: Your desk. You moved it. Uh, we know from the driver what stop she got on. He's worked up an artist sketch rendering. So we'll canvass the area, see if we can I.D. her.

BROYLES: What about the other victim? Did the bus driver see her get on too? Were they not together?

OLIVIA: I'm sorry. You mean one. There was only one victim.

BROYLES: I'm confused. (hands her a photo with a second victim)

(she turns as someone enters the room behind her. her vision ends. the furniture is as it was as her supervisor walks in)

BROYLES: Agent Dunham. Where are we on this?

OLIVIA: (disoriented) Uh, the bus driver remembered what stop she, uh... what stop she got on. He gave us an artist sketch rendering. We're gonna show it around and see if we can I.D. her.

SANFORD HARRIS: (barges into the office) What the hell is going on here?

BROYLES: Sanford.

SANFORD HARRIS: Why is the entire thirteenth floor trying to link William Bell to biological terror attacks?

BROYLES: We have evidence that Bell might be implicated.

SANFORD HARRIS: Yeah, I know what you have. You have testimony from a dead man who himself was an admitted terrorist.

OLIVIA: Well, his testimony confirms what we've long suspected. Massive Dynamic may be involved or behind the events we've been witnessing.

SANFORD HARRIS: William Bell and Massive Dynamic are the Defense Department's largest contractors. These waters are much too deep for a fishing expedition.

OLIVIA: Are you seriously suggesting that we just ignore--

SANFORD HARRIS: I am telling you to drop this - considering that you have nothing more than an unsubstantiated report from a hostile source. Clear? (walks out)

OLIVIA: Are we really going to...

BROYLES: ...no. Get more evidence.

ACT II

Walter's Lab - Victim Identification

WALTER: Just four centimeters. Ugh. (removes the jaw from the corpse)

ASTRID: You know, Walter, working with you, it's amazing the sort of things you get used to.

WALTER: You're not the first person to tell me that.

ASTRID: Wow. Looks like somebody could've flossed more. Okay. Let's just hope that she has her dental records on file.

WALTER: File. Of course. hmm? My filing system. Perhaps that's where I hid the manifesto!

ASTRID: You mean like how you seal things in the walls of your old house? Or how you squirrel things away in random deposit boxes around the country? I would hardly call that a 'filing system'.

WALTER: I was prone to hide things because I was afraid that someone would unlock all my secrets. I didn't realize that the someone would be me. Where's my geiger counter? I left it here.

ASTRID: What, you think a radiation detector's gonna help you find the manifesto?

WALTER: No. But I find that the rhythmic ticking - it emits helps me think.

ASTRID: Oh, Walter, Peter actually cannibalized that for his project too.

WALTER: Oh, no, look, this has got to stop. Lab rule number one, do not borrow Walter's equipment without asking!

ASTRID: Walter, we found a match on the victim. Her name is Susan Pratt.

Pratt's Apartment

OLIVIA: (to the building superintendant as he lets them in the apartment) Thank you. We'll take it from here.

CHARLIE: Susan Pratt. She's 29 years old. Single. Worked for a New York Highway Department - tollbooth operator.

OLIVIA: That's a lonely line of work.

CHARLIE: Doesn't look like she had much of a social life either. She's definitely a table for one. (inspects tiny kitchenette) Hey, Liv. You think there's something wrong with her?

OLIVIA: (reviews books on shelf) What do you mean? (inspects closet full of gray and black clothing)

CHARLIE: You know, good-looking woman in the prime of her life. No evidence of a boyfriend. Or any friends for that matter. Just doesn't exactly strike me as being normal.

OLIVIA: Well, I guess that depends on what your definition of normal is.

CHARLIE: Liv.

OLIVIA: (from a drawer) Hey, Charlie, I think I found something. She has a \$30,000 check from an Isaac Winters.

CHARLIE: I found something too. I think you should take a look at this. (entering a charred bathroom)

OLIVIA: What the hell happened to her?

Walter's Lab - Plausible Cause

PETER: Walter, I'm back.

WALTER: Did you get it?

PETER: No, I told you they don't have it.

WALTER: Has to be Frankenberry -- that's what I ate back then -- If I'm to remember where I hid the manuscript, it's simple sense memory, Peter.

PETER: But they don't have it. For all we know, they don't even make it anymore. I did, however, get you this. All the artificial sugary sweetness a growing scientist needs.

WALTER: Hello, Agent Dunham! Let me guess, you're a Cornflakes gal. Am I correct?

OLIVIA: Uh, yeah. Uh

OLIVIA: So we went to the victim's apartment and there appears to be evidence of other fires.

PETER: So the bus stop wasn't her first incident.

OLIVIA: No. Walter. Does that mean something to you?

WALTER: It changes everything. We can rule out spontaneous human combustion. For one, I mean, that's strictly a one-off event as you can imagine.

PETER: So what does it rule in?

WALTER: Pyrokinesis.

PETER: Stop. There's no time for jokes, Walter.

OLIVIA: Pyrokinesis?

PETER: It's not even a real word. It was made up by Steven King. You ever see Firestarter with Drew Barrymore? Little girl who can start fires with her mind?

WALTER: Mister King coined the term, but the phenomenon existed long before that. It's not that complicated, really. It's merely a form of telekinesis. The ability to move objects with the mind.

PETER: Merely?

WALTER: However, with pyrokinetics, they can excite objects at a molecular level. Well - well, look, think--think of--of--of each of these grains of cereal as a molecule. (shakes box) Uh, as the molecules start to vibrate more quickly, they generate heat. Energy. Until that energy must be released!)spills cereal

PETER: Agh. It's a fascinating demonstration, Walter. But it still doesn't explain why it is that Susan Pratt blew up.

WALTER: I suspect this was a newfound ability. Well, it--it--it takes training to generate a heat source outside of the body. Without proper control, the energy is turned inward. You see? She had no other options.

PETER: So you think that she had a choice to either blow somebody else up or blow herself up.

WALTER: Yes. But this poor woman had yet to master her ability. Which made her a powder keg. Emotional stress, agitation, any high anxiety would set her off.

OLIVIA: So where does this ability come from? Is it that she was just born different or is it something that someone did to her?

WALTER: That is the real question now, isn't it?

PETER: I'm not cleaning that up, by the way. (cereal mess)

OLIVIA: (answers cell phone) Dunham.

CHARLIE: (from the office) We got a hit from that check you found in Susan Pratt's apartment. Uh, it was cut from a law firm. Signed by Isaac Winters. He has an office in Charlestown.

Charlestown MA - Raiding Winters

CHARLIE: No movement. Why am I not surprised you brought one of those? (lock pick)

OLIVIA: Because you know me too well. (picks lock)

CHARLIE: If we get caught, I don't know you at all. (inspects abandoned office) Looks like somebody left in a hurry.

ANSWERING MACHINE: You have four new messages.

SUSAN PRATT: Mister Winters, this is Susan. Susan Pratt. You told me to call you if anything odd started happening. Well, it did, after I took the tests. Please call me back.

CHARLIE: I'm gonna call ERT, have them dust for prints.

SUSAN PRATT: Mister Winters, it's Susan again. You told me - you told me not to talk to anybody, but I'm scared. What's happening to me?

- - - (curbside, an ambulance races past Olivia as she has a vision of many of the downtown highrise structures ablaze)

LOUDSPEAKER: Proceed to the nearest emergency shelter. Attention all citizens. Evacuate the area now. Proceed to the nearest emergency shelter. This is not a test.

CHARLIE: (startling her from her trance) Hey, Liv. You okay?

ACT III

Walter's Lab - Examining Olivia

WALTER: You sure you haven't had any LSD? Mescaline? Magic mushrooms?

OLIVIA: It wasn't a drug trip, Walter.

WALTER: Well, visual hallucinations could be caused by a number of things. Could you look straight ahead, please? Sleep deprivation, a concussion, brain tumor.

OLIVIA: I feel like I'm losing my mind.

WALTER: Oh, I don't think so. If you were actually going insane, you'd likely have no idea what's happening. Take it from me. When did these episodes start? How did they feel?

OLIVIA: First with Susan Pratt's body. Then it was in Broyles' office. The other on the street. The same people, the same places, but bleak. The, uh, the city was on fire.

WALTER: Fascinating. There's another possibility, but it's a bit complicated. *Deja vu*.

OLIVIA: It wasn't *deja vu*, Walter. Not even close.

WALTER: Typical protracted *deja vu*. Prolonged. You're familiar with the -- the pliability of space-time, yes?

PETER: Of course. Who isn't?

WALTER: One minute will explain. (rolls out a chalkboard) Most of us experience life as a - a linear progression just like this. (draws a horizontal line) But this is an illusion because every day, life presents us with an array of choices. As a result, life should look more like this. (draws diagonal branches from the first line) And each choice... leads to a new path. To go to work. To stay home. And each choice we take creates a new reality. Do -- do you understand?

OLIVIA: Yes. But what does it have to do with *deja vu*?

WALTER: *Deja vu* is--is--is simply a - a momentary glimpse to the other side. Almost everyone experiences it. We feel that we've been somewhere before because actually we have - in another reality. It's another path. The *road not taken*.

OLIVIA: Walter, why me? Why am I seeing these visions?

WALTER: I don't know.

OLIVIA: Walter, what about William Bell's drug trials? Cortexiphan. You said that it worked on perception.

WALTER: Yes.

OLIVIA: If it's true - and I was part of the trials when I was a kid, is it possible that it's causing these visions?

WALTER: I don't know. But what I do know is that you are a committed investigator. You're a perceptive agent. If you are having these visions, whatever they are, there must be a reason. Trust me.

PETER: Really Walter? ...from a man who routinely sees little green men prancing through the lab with Tam o'Shanters on?

ASTRID: (interrupts) Hey, I think I found something. (hands Olivia an image of a charred body) It's another victim who died the same way Susan Pratt did. I checked it out and the guy who runs the web site lives in Malden.

Malden MA - Visiting Grayson

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: (answers door buzzer) Yes.

OLIVIA: Uh, my name's Olivia Dunham. I'm a Special Agent with the FBI. We need to speak to Emmanuel Grayson.

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: May I see your credentials, please? (she holds them to the view hole in the door)

OLIVIA: (seated inside) Mister Grayson, you operate a web site Called "Galaxy Truths" where you claim to uncover conspiracies perpetrated by foreign governments.

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: I don't claim. I accomplish. Unlike you two. You're just pawns being used by the government to spread their propaganda.

OLIVIA: Look, I can appreciate your opinion, mr. Grayson. I just wanted to ask you a few...

PETER: (aggressively) ...no, no. Look. Look. You're right, okay? She's a Fed, but I'm not. I'm just like you. I am a citizen in search of the truth. (to Olivia) Give me the photo. We downloaded this off of your web site. It claims that this person was a victim of spontaneous human combustion. Now you gotta tell us, where did this one happen?

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: Budapest. Three weeks ago. The victim was an American graduate student on holiday. The Hungarian police say he was attacked and set on fire. That's not the truth.

OLIVIA: Why do you say that?

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: Are you familiar with William Bell?

OLIVIA: Of course.

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: William Bell killed these people.

OLIVIA: What do you mean?

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: William Bell's company Massive Dynamic is a cover for all manner of unethical behavior. Multi-national, outside the purview of government control. He founded it to continue his experiments with impunity. Among them, secret drug trials. This was one of his test subjects.

OLIVIA: Then why would William Bell have him killed?

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: Well, he didn't. At least not intentionally. You see, Bell is trying to activate his subjects to see which ones were successful. Some can handle the process. Others can't.

OLIVIA: What process?

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: To create super soldiers.

OLIVIA: Super soldiers?

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: Yes. Like Khan Noonien Singh. To defend us in a coming war.

OLIVIA: What war?

PETER: I'm sorry. The Khan?

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: Yes.

PETER: As in *The Wrath of...*

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: Yes.

PETER: Let me guess. This war, it's against...

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: The Romulans. Renegade Romulans from the future. Here to change the timeline. The sworn enemy of *The Federation*.

PETER: *The Federation*? That would be the *United Federation of Planets*?

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: Yes.

PETER: Hmm. And you know all this because?...

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: I am the son of Sarek.

PETER: Which makes you Spock.

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: Yes.

PETER: Well Mister Spock, thank you for your time. We'll let you get back to the bridge now.

EMMANUEL GRAYSON: Live long and prosper.

Nina - Called To Action

NINA: Okay, yes, you were right. But see that? I'm a big enough girl to admit when I'm wrong. (listens) Oh, but I think we can prepare for that possibility. It shouldn't be a problem. (call-waiting alerts her to another call) Uh, Mister Prime Minister, I'm very sorry, would you mind holding for just a moment? (listens) Thanks. (switches to new caller) Hello. (listens) When? (listens. slightly startled) Well, no. Don't do that. Don't do anything until I get there. (switches to original call) Sir, I'm so sorry. Something has just come up. If you'll excuse me. (listens) Yes. You too. (ends call. then to her driver) Get me to the helicopter fast.

ACT IV

Federal Building - Confronting a Bully

OLIVIA: What if we're overlooking something? What if Emmanuel Grayson was right?

PETER: About which part? Being from Planet Vulcan?

OLIVIA: No. Forget that. But some of what he said made sense. We already know that William Bell conducted drug trials with experimental drugs. Cortexiphan for one.

PETER: Do you have anything stronger for my coffee?

OLIVIA: Yeah. Bottom drawer. The cabinet behind you.

PETER: And here I was halfway kidding. What?

OLIVIA: What your father said about me having these visions for a reason. Maybe there's a clue in

them that I'm meant to find.

PETER: Meaning what?

OLIVIA: We have one victim. Susan Pratt. But in my visions, there are always two bodies.

PETER: Who are they?

OLIVIA: I don't know. Unidentified. But maybe if I could get back to that parallel universe, as Walter describes, I can I.D. that second charred body. Maybe what's happening there could help us understand what's happening here.

SANFORD HARRIS: (slips into the room and the private conversation) Happening where?

OLIVIA: Nowhere.

SANFORD HARRIS: Your new assignment. (hands her a paper)

PETER: Always a pleasure seeing you, sir. (raises his mug)

OLIVIA: (reads the paper and storms down the hall after him) Hey. Wait a sec. Harris. Can you stop? You want me to submit for a psych exam?

SANFORD HARRIS: That's right. I'm concerned for you.

OLIVIA: Why?

SANFORD HARRIS: I've read your briefs. And I'd say your analysis borders on the paranoid. Besides which, your behavior's been noted as erratic and driven by emotion and not just by me.

OLIVIA: ...oh that is not what this is about! My colleagues need to trust me. They need to depend on me. Not wonder in the back of their minds whether or not I'm losing mine.

SANFORD HARRIS: ...look, this job is intense.

OLIVIA: This has got nothing to do with my ability to do my job. This is about something else. This is about you and me.

SANFORD HARRIS: This is exactly what I'm talking about because right now, you are acting emotionally.

OLIVIA: Yes, you're right, I am. You know, I've tried to move past our history. I've tried to reason with you in the interest of a working relationship. But you seem to get off on this. So fine. I don't give a damn anymore. But I am not going to let you undermine my ability to do my job.

SANFORD HARRIS: You can color this any way you like, Dunham. But I am still your superior officer and that evaluation is a direct order.

A Telling Vision

(Olivia heads down the hall away from Harris and crumbles the letter as she reaches the situation room when - another vision starts, the phone rings, and changes color. the agents are suddenly very active. Charlie is barely audible but becomes clearer as Olivia approaches)

CHARLIE: We need to get their statements... you put a shoot to kill order out on the perps. You understand me? Don't get close to them.

OLIVIA: (getting his attention) Charlie.

CHARLIE: Yeah, what's up?

OLIVIA: Uh, I was wondering where we were on the Susan Pratt case.

CHARLIE: Pratt - nowhere. Same place we were yesterday.

OLIVIA: I'd like to look again.

CHARLIE: You have half of Boston in quarantined lockdown - and you're worried about a pair of charred twins?

OLIVIA: Twins? (she looks at a photo Charlie hands her. two corpses suddenly change to one corpse as her vision ends and she bumps into a busy coworker)

BUSY AGENT: Sorry. Didn't see you. - - - CHARLIE: We already ran Susan's bio, and we didn't find a sister.

OLIVIA: I know.

CHARLIE: Now what makes you think...

TECH AGENT: ...look. You were right. Nancy Lewis. It says here that she had a twin sister who went missing eleven years ago.

CHARLIE: Maybe she just ran away. Changed her identity.

OLIVIA: She must've been running pretty hard. Where does Nancy live?

TECH AGENT: She's local. 934 Whittier.

OLIVIA: Thanks, Charlie.

Meeting Nancy

NANCY LEWIS: (answers a knock at her apartment door) Hi. Can I help you?

ISACC WINTERS: Nancy Lewis, my name is Isaac Winters.

ACT V

934 Whittier - Apartment 210

OLIVIA: (arriving at front door of Lewis' apartment and knocking) Nancy Lewis? FBI... we need to ask you some questions. (to Peter) It's unlocked. (enters with pistol drawn to find disarray) Nancy? (searching the room)

PETER: Coffee's still hot.

OLIVIA: (calls on cell phone) Uh, this is Dunham. I need immediate forensic dispatch to 934 Whittier. Apartment 210.

PETER: Dunham. Take a look at this. (at the window) This glass has been melted.

OLIVIA: You think she's starting fires like her sister? What is it?

PETER: I got an idea.

- - as the forensics team roams the apartment - -

OLIVIA: (quietly on her cell phone) I'm not sure.

PETER: (returns with a glass cutter) I've got it.

MISTER PROTOCOL: (to Peter) Please don't touch that window. We haven't pulled prints yet.

PETER: You're not gonna need to.

MISTER PROTOCOL: I think the protocols and the processing of evidence are pretty clear.

PETER: Let me guess, you're new around here.

OLIVIA: Is everything alright?

PETER: Yeah, everything's fine. Just tell Mister Protocol to let me do my job, please.

OLIVIA: (to Mister Protocol) Uh, it's okay. He's with me. Are you, uh, ever gonna tell me what it is that you are actually doing?

PETER: Help me with this first. Hold the glass up here. Gently. (as he scribes a foot wide circle of glass from the window)

WALTER: (arriving at the crime scene with equipment. to Astrid) I sure hope this is important... I was just about to take my bath.

PETER: Hey. You have any problem taking it apart?

ASTRID: Walter tried to take back the electron microscope. But I convinced him that you needed it. So what's going on?

PETER: Nancy Lewis was kidnapped. We're gonna figure out who did it.

WALTER: (as Peter assembles the equipment, Walter finds a photo in the apartment) I've seen this woman before. But why does she look so familiar?

PETER: Maybe because you dissected her twin sister yesterday. Remember? Blond girl about 5'-7". Really well done. Melted fillings.

WALTER: Oh, right.

PETER: Astrid can you plug that in to the DVI input?

ASTRID: (takes electrical lead) Yes.

PETER: Okay. Here's the deal. Walter, the project that I've been working on was for you.

WALTER: For me?

PETER: It reconstructs audio. I wanted you to be able to digitize some of those old water-damaged vinyl records you have. I know how much they mean to you.

WALTER: Thank you, son. (to Astrid) You know, when he was five, he -- he built me a popsicle napkin holder. Dreadful design. Utterly useless.

PETER: Thank you.

WALTER: But this -- this is...

PETER: You're welcome. Anyway, the basic principles at work here are very simple. You all know how a record player works, right?

ASTRID: Yeah. A needle goes over the grooves of the vinyl and the vibrations it picks up are amplified into sound.

PETER: Exactly. So the principle is the same. Except for instead of a needle, I use the electron microscope to take a high resolution, digital image of the grooves on the surface of the record. That image is then transferred into the computer, which translates it back into audio that we can hear.

ASTRID: You sound just like him.

PETER: I'm guessing that with the software modifications I gave you, we're gonna be able to do the same thing with this.

OLIVIA: So you're saying that you can play back the glass somehow.

PETER: Yeah. Walter says that these pyrotechnic abilities only occur during times of emotional stress. I think that when our twin was kidnapped, the heat that she generated 'caused that window to liquefy slightly. Which means that any sound that was in this room at that time would've left microscopic impressions in the molten glass.

ASTRID: Like the grooves on a record.

PETER: Exactly right. Now if you'll please scan the glass.

ASTRID: Okay. You're ready to go.

PETER: Alright. So it's transferring into the sound processor now. Let's see what we got. (a loud, sharp sonic wave pierces the room and the glass that is being tested breaks)

WALTER: That could've been one of my records.

PETER: It's okay. It's okay. I already have a digital scan of the glass in here. Let's try that again, shall we? Just slow it down. I don't understand. It should be working. (sounds are easier to understand)

WALTER: Yes. Yes. Now attenuate for ambient noise. (Peter turns a knob and a voice is audible)

NANCY LEWIS: (digital recording reveals a physical struggle) Get out of here. Stay away. What do you want?! Please!

WALTER: (saddened) Poor dear.

OLIVIA: Peter, can you play it back from when he starts to talk?

PETER: Yeah. One sec. (rewinds)

OLIVIA: Okay, just there. Where he's dialing. (opens her cell phone) Okay, can you make that clearer?

PETER: Sure. Let me just isolate the sound. Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

OLIVIA: (she records the dialing sequence from the abduction of Lewis) My cell phone app can dial the number from the tones. (she replays the tones and blind dials to...)

SANFORD HARRIS: (answering his cell phone) This is Harris.

ACT VI

Federal Building - Following A Suspect

SANFORD HARRIS: (walking out of the situation room) Hey Charlie. I'm headed out for a few hours. If anybody needs me, I'm reachable by cell.

CHARLIE: You got it. (picks up phone to make a call as Harris exits)

OLIVIA: (curbside in her vehicle as Harris emerges) I got him, Charlie. He's headed West.

CHARLIE: I'm right behind you. (exits the building and enters a separate vehicle)

OLIVIA: (after following Harris for minutes in her vehicle, on her radio) Charlie, he's approaching a warehouse off Moore and Adams.

CHARLIE: Roger that. We're turning onto Adams right now. (parks near Olivia as she watches through binoculars. approaches her vehicle and knocks on her window)

OLIVIA: Hey. He used a remote to get in.

CHARLIE: I guess we go with the old-fashioned way. (the team jimmy-open a door to the warehouse and enters with pistols drawn.

Warehouse - Saving Lewis

SANFORD HARRIS: (walks to a control panel and looks into an isolation room) Where are we?

ISAAC WINTERS: (monitoring Nancy Lewis strapped to a bed) No thermal activity yet. Her body temperature's normal. We'll know more soon.

SANFORD HARRIS: Well, he's losing patience. We need her active. Get it done.

(split into two teams of two, Olivia and Charlie search separate parts of the warehouse. Olivia finds a room with pictures of victims on the wall. she notes that her picture prominently displayed, as well. her tactical partner is dropped by two gunshots from a guard. hidden in the room she exits and shoots the guard.

CHARLIE: (on the radio) Liv, I heard gunshots. You okay?

OLIVIA: Charlie, we've got a man down. (she continues her search further into the warehouse and is shot at by Winters. she returns fire, hitting him in the chest) Charlie, I've got her. Back Northwest corner. (she explores further and finds the isolation room. (to Lewis) I'm Olivia. I am with the FBI.

NANCY LEWIS: (gasping) help me. Please.

OLIVIA: Don't worry. You're going to be okay. (unaware of Harris' presence, Olivia is locked into the room with Lewis) No! (bangs the door) Harris, open the door! (marches to the observation window, plants herself in front of Harris and aims her pistol at him, point-blank) God Damn it Harris! Open the door. (she fires twice into the safety glass with no effect)

NANCY LEWIS: I can't breathe. (hyperventilating)

SANFORD HARRIS: (taunting her over the intercom) Well, look at that. Good work, Agent Dunham. You managed to activate her before we could.

OLIVIA: Damn it, Harris, open the door. She needs help.

SANFORD HARRIS: Not if she can control it. And if not, she'll explode and kill the both of you. So one problem solves another.

NANCY LEWIS: aaah! I'm burning up!

OLIVIA: You're gonna be okay. Just calm down. Just calm down.

NANCY LEWIS: I'm burning up. okay.

SANFORD HARRIS: (on his cell phone) Yeah, it's me. I need to speak to him.

OLIVIA: Hold on. I'm gonna get you out of here.

SANFORD HARRIS: It worked. She's hot. We have an active. But she's a loss. She's highly unstable.

NANCY LEWIS: Why is this happening to me? I don't understand.

OLIVIA: They did something to you -- maybe to both of us a long time ago when we were just kids. And right now you're feeling the effects from that. But you can control this, okay? You can control this and I'm gonna help you. I just need you to focus the heat away from us.

NANCY LEWIS: I can't.

OLIVIA: Yes, you can. Just focus. Focus on anything. Just focus, Nancy. You can do this, Nancy.

NANCY LEWIS: I can't.

OLIVIA: You can.

SANFORD HARRIS: (still on phone in other room) Yeah, I'll take care of it. There won't even be a trace. (begins to sway in distress as Lewis stares at him) I, uh, uh... (his arm ignites, then the observation room explodes through the safety window into the isolation room. Olivia drags Lewis to the ground, barely avoiding the fireball)

OLIVIA: (sitting-up in the aftermath) Oh! It's okay. Everything's gonna be okay. Oh, yeah. You're

gonna be okay. (hugs Lewis as she sobs) Oh, it's okay. It's okay.

Late Night Boston - The Diner

PETER: (excuses himself from the table in a modest corner diner) Okay. I think you got all of that, Walter. I'm gonna use the bathroom. Be right back. (to a diner employee as he finds his way to the back) 'scuse me, could you keep an eye on him... make sure he doesn't leave?

WALTER: (to Olivia as she approaches from another direction) Agent Dunham.

OLIVIA: Where's Peter?

WALTER: Peter's in the bathroom.

OLIVIA: (sits down with him) What the hell did you people do to us? (opens a portfolio, removes and displays photos) You and William Bell, Walter. What did you do to me? Susan Pratt and Nancy Lewis are from Jacksonville, Florida. Just like Nick Lane, the guy that you conducted drug trials on when he was a kid. The drug trials that you conducted on me.

WALTER: They were Belly's. They were his trials.

OLIVIA: You knew. Walter, you were there and you knew.

WALTER: We were trying to help. We meant no harm.

OLIVIA: No harm? You were drugging children. Three-year-old children, Walter. Why did you do it?

WALTER: We were trying to prepare you. To make you capable. Able. Something terrible is coming.

OLIVIA: What?

WALTER: I don't know.

OLIVIA: Walter, what did you do to us?

WALTER: I don't know.

OLIVIA: Damn it, Walter, you do!

WALTER: No, I don't. I don't. I - I can't remember. I'm sorry. (as she gathers the photos and departs the way she came in)

PETER: (returns to the table after a only a short while to find Walter nearly in tears) Hey. Hey. Walter. *What just happened?*

(Olivia returns to her vehicle and sits in solemn reflection)

Broyles' Residence - A Late Visitor

BROYLES: (answers the ring at his front door) Nina. What is it?

NINA: These were all taken in the last twenty-four hours. (displays pictures containing *The Observer*) You know what happened the last time he appeared With this kind of frequency. We need to talk.

Walter's Lab - An Unexpected Visitor

(after playing one of his old phonograph recordings, Walter has a glimmer in his eye as he locates a document in an old file box)

WALTER: (responding to the door closing, without looking to see who has entered) Astrid, I found

it. The original manuscript with the extra pages. I was right. Listen to this. '...Our children are our greatest resource. We must nurture them and protect them. We must prepare them so they can one day protect us.' You see, I was...

THE OBSERVER: Hello, Walter.

WALTER: (casually) Oh. Hello.

THE OBSERVER: (stoic) It's time to go.

WALTER: (humbly) Is it time? I'll get my coat.

A Ride In An Elevator

(approaching locked doors in an elegant condominium, Nina is rung in by the doorman)

NINA: Evening. (to the doorman as she hails and enters the elevator)

(as she exits the elevator, two large men wearing ski masks approach her. one levels a silenced pistol at her chest and fires)