

PROLOGUE

Bowling Alley - More Therapy

SAM WEISS: (as he sits reading, not looking at the person who just entered) We're closed.

OLIVIA: I think I owe you a thank you. I got my memories back from the accident, so... I figured I wouldn't be needing these. (places her bowling shoes on the counter)

SAM WEISS: (studies her face for a few seconds) Who died? (they move to the seats near a lane) You and your partner, Charlie, were pretty close, huh?

OLIVIA: (nods yes)

SAM WEISS: I guess getting your memory back wasn't your only problem?

OLIVIA: Oh, of course I have problems, but... the problems I have I can handle.

SAM WEISS: I'm sure you can. You know, if you ask me, what you need right now, Agent Dunham, is something to help you with everything you've been going through... something to help you... make sense of it all.

OLIVIA: Like bowling?

SAM WEISS: Well, what do you know? She makes a joke. (both smile) No, I got another project for you. But yes, like bowling. You're gonna think I'm full of it, but here's the thing, Olivia, whether you admit it or not, your life is something of a nightmare. I hope you don't have anything against the color *red*. (puts a piece of note paper on the table for her)

Seattle, WA - Greg Goes Postal

Oh, great.

Jeez, Greg. Carl's really pissed off at you.

What, uh-- what'd you do, man?

You better get in there. I'm going.

Finally. We've been waiting.

Are you okay?

What the hell?

ACT I

You can bring that in here, please.

Hang on.

PETER: Walter, what are you doing?

WALTER: Making my bed. I've got a fireplace to keep me warm, and if I get hungry in the middle of the night, the kitchen is only thirteen steps away, which is a prime number and a sign of good fortune.

PETER: You know that you have a bedroom, right? Upstairs.

WALTER: Oh, I know what you're thinking. Don't worry, son. I promise to wear my shorts to bed so that if you bring any young ladies home there won't be any embarrassing moments.

ASTRID: Knock, knock.

WALTER: Agent Farnsworth. Welcome to our new home.

ASTRID: Thank you.

Oh. Oh, housewarming.

I love presents.

Hey.

Oh. Walter, come on.

Italian ciabatta bread.

Very impressive, Walter. Yes!

It's for good luck.

I brought something for you too.

Oh, you shouldn't have.

Agent Dunham sent this over.

A man kills his boss, he doesn't remember, and then he has this really crazy thing with his eyes.

This says there's video surveillance.

I saw it.

Whatever was happening to that man, it wasn't normal.

Do I eat it or keep it?

I suppose whichever you'd like.

PETER: Pack a bag, Walter. We're going to Seattle.

Thank you.

There you go.

Do you have a card? In case we need a ride while we're in town.

Thank you.

(man) thanks for coming out.

We brought Mister Leader here around six last night.

We haven't managed to get anything out of him.

He hasn't been cooperative?

He hasn't been responsive.

We only just managed to wake him up.

Wait.

He's been asleep for sixteen hours?

Like he was drugged.

The doctors only managed to wake him up a few minutes ago.

WALTER: Peter, I - I don't want to go in there. I'd rather stay out here.

PETER: Sure.

OLIVIA: Can you tell us what happened, Mister Leader?

GREG LEADER: It doesn't make sense. I remember driving to work from lunch, pulling into the garage, and then I was on the floor in Carl Langdon's office. They were holding me down.

OLIVIA: And there's nothing else that you remember from yesterday? Nothing unusual?

GREG LEADER: You're gonna think I'm crazy.

OLIVIA: Try me.

GREG LEADER: The office... it was like the office was infiltrated by these creatures. And Carl, he was their leader. He had horns... Like some demon. I know. It sounds nuts. Almost like I'm dreaming, or like it was...

OLIVIA: Mister Leader? Mister Leader?

Walter.

What is it?

MRS. LEADER: Greg! Greg!

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

No, Greg!

No! No!

ACT II

WALTER: That's odd.

Warm.

He should be cooler by now.

The oven --

Peter, I think we forgot to turn it off at home.

Walter, we've never even turned it on.

WALTER: You sure?

PETER: Walter, we never turned the oven on.

We did not leave the front door unlocked,

And the toaster is not gonna burn the house down.

What's going on with you, Walter?

You've been acting weird ever since we got here.

Apologies, we're still waiting on the tox screen.

But the blood CBC is, uh--

Severe thyroxine deficit,

Curiously high levels of adrenal hormones.

How did you know that?

Shock-induced achromotrichia, hyperkeratotic skin lesions, and clear signs of dehydration. It seems that this man died of -- of acute exhaustion.

That doesn't make any sense.

Human beings can't die of...

...not that we're aware of, no. It has been documented in rats. I need this body taken back to my lab.
Your lab?

In Boston, Massachusetts.

Walter, whatever you need, I'm sure they have it here.

Would you excuse me, doctor? Peter, I - I need to go home. I don't like it here.

PETER: Walter.

WALTER: This city has a smell.

PETER: Walter.

WALTER: It's wet! It reminds me of Saint Claire's, the mental institution where I lived. Peter, I want to go home. You stay. Help Agent Dunham, but --

Okay.

We'll find someone to take you home.

Thank you.

Seems pretty harmless.

Looks can be deceiving.

AGENT CASHNER: Buddy, I've been with the bureau for three years. Flying your father home shouldn't be a problem.

Right.

You'll want to keep his Sudoku pad handy. There's also a copy of Max Planck's book on entropy in his backpack. That should keep him busy for a couple hours. And whatever you do, under no circumstances let him drink.

AGENT CASHNER: Bit of a tippler, huh?

PETER: No, at any given time, there's a good chance there's about a half dozen psychotropic drugs in his system, so drinking -- it's not a good idea.

Thank you, doctor.

You know, I really appreciate your cooperation.

Yeah, no problem.

OLIVIA: Do you have a business card? So that I - I can send you a copy of the results.

Uh, of course.

OLIVIA: Thank you.

WALTER: No! You can't put the body in feet first. Lunatics. Out, out.

You think he'll be alright?

Who are you? What are you doing with my bag?

Walter or Agent Cashner?

MRS. LEADER: Greg used to call me every day after lunch.

When he didn't call, I knew something was wrong.

But there'd... there'd been no change in his behavior recently? He was a little more tired than usual, but he'd been working a lot.

But no illnesses?

No hallucinations?

No, not at all.

I can't believe he's gone.

Mrs. Leader...

Did your husband have any sleep issues?

These books -- guide to sleep disorders,

Understanding sleep...

He used to sleepwalk.

Sometimes he'd wake up in the kitchen

Having cooked a whole meal.

Was he ever violent?

No, never.

And he was cured.

He had seen a few specialists.

He hadn't had an episode in six months.

Uh, we'll need the names of those doctors.

And did he by any chance keep a sleep journal?

Yeah. Would you like to see it?

Yes. Please.

(walter) just in time, dear.

Help me with this infernal body bag.

This is agent cashner.

Walter, it's almost midnight.

Yes, I'll hold.

The ride back was invigorating.

The turbulence over ohio

Was like being in the belly of a seizing whale.

I screamed like a little girl.

I'm sure that went over well

With the rest of the passengers.

No, it's bishop.

B-I-s-h-o-p.

Yes, we got the body.

What's that about?

They detained our bags.

Raw milk?

No, I'm pretty sure
Dr. Bishop wouldn't have packed a bottle of raw--
[moos]
Milk.
Yes, I understand it's against the law.
I'm a federal agent.
That's odd-- nine stitches...
Surgical.
There's no reason for an incision there.
Astricks,
My small bone saw, please.
Astrid.
Yes?
Dr. Bishop, I-I'm sorry,
But, uh, those bags won't be available to us
Until morning.
That's okay.
In fact, you can assist us in removing his scalp.
Once you get used to the smell, it's really quite something.
Come on.
Hey. Hey.
I didn't wake you, did I?
What?
Cute.
Except in my case, I actually graduated.
I'm guessing, uh, you bought yours
To impress the girls.
Yeah, more or less.
So what you got?
Greg leader's sleep journal.
His wife was right.
For the last couple months, he's been averaging
Between eight and ten hours of sleep every night.
Then how can he die of exhaustion?
It gets weirder.
He was also using it as a dream diary.
Guess what his nightmares were about.

Demons?

Yeah. At least once a week.

Then a couple months ago, all of a sudden, they stop.

So do you think this is some kind of extreme sleepwalking?

No, sleepwalkers don't generally get violent.

And unlike greg leader,

They don't remember their experiences.

Where'd you learn that? M.I.T.?

As a kid, I used to get these terrible nightmares,

Almost every night.

So I know a thing or two about dreaming.

I'm sorry. That must have been awful.

Actually, it was one of the rare occasions

In my childhood that walter was helpful.

He taught me to condition myself.

Every night before I went to sleep,

I had to say a mantra in my head.

"please don't dream tonight. Please don't dream tonight.

Please don't dream tonight."

Did that work?

Well, you can't stop yourself from dreaming,

But it did make it so that I didn't remember.

From the age of 8 to almost 19,

Don't remember a single dream.

No more nightmares.

[cell phone rings]

There's been another incident.

(man) ellen was calling to let me know

She was heading home from the office.

We were on the phone when she...

She said she saw a monster.

Did--did you see her white hair?

What happened to her?

Hold it steady, agent casper.

It's cashner,

Do this kind of thing often?

Brains? No.

Although walter gets particularly excited
Whenever we do.
Hmm.
Look at that.
Would you call peter?
A filament...
It's a microchip with a tiny filament.
Ugh. I'm out.
Hey, I've got walter for you.
(peter) a filament? What kind of filament?
Hold on a second, fellas. Mind if I take a look at her?
Some kind of little computer chip
Imbedded in his midbrain.
The thalamus?
Yes, that would make sense. Well done, son.
Hold up, walter. Agent dunham.
Excuse me.
What does that do-- the thalamus?
Why is it relevant?
It's the part of the brain that regulates sleep.
What are you looking for?
That.

ACT III

Surgically implanted?
It's a bio-chip.
Technically a brain-computer interface, or bci.
This particular chip
Has a transmitter, which makes it wireless.
So it can commit the brain to a remote computer?
That's right.
From what we can ascertain,
We think it works a lot like a pacemaker.
It monitors sleep cycles
And, when necessary, stimulates the thalamus,
Which induces a deeper sleep state.
There is a researcher in seattle

Who has worked on several prototypes like it.

The man's a genius.

We've been tracking him for years.

Thank you.

I'll let the team know.

Dr. Laxmeesh nayak?

I'm olivia dunham. I'm with the fbi.

We were wondering if you were familiar with greg leader

And ellen rosiello.

Yes, they're patients.

What's this about?

Both of them recently committed homicidal attacks

And then died,

As a result of what appears to be extreme exhaustion.

Oh, god.

Dr. Nayak, we found a bio-chip

Imbedded in mr. Leader's brain.

Do you know-- yes. Yes, of course.

They both had them. They were part of a study.

So you've implanted those chips into other people?

It's a large-scale, clinical trial.

There are 60 in the control group

And 82 with the bio-chips.

We're gonna need their names,

All of them.

I've been working on this chip for years.

I've tested it extensively.

(peter) and there's no malfunction

That could have caused the kind of reaction we saw?

What if the chip shorted out?

Even if it had, the chip should have remained benign.

Why is this...?

[ominous music]

¶¶

Wait here.

The main computer server.

It contained all my research-- the patients' files.

It's all gone.

The patients' files

Are backed up on a remote server.

I'll give you the password.

Dr. Nayak.

My research assistant.

Zach, call the nurses.

We need the names of all the patients.

Everyone they can remember.

Sure. Uh, I-I'll get right on it.

The password.

Thank you.

Dr. Nayak, can you think of anyone

Who would want to steal your data

Or might want to sabotage you?

I-I don't know.

I-I suppose there are any number of companies.

The chip was valuable?

Oh, the initial testing has been remarkable.

It's cured sleepwalking, night terrors...

All major non-rem sleep disorders.

These people just wanted some rest,

And my chip was helping them.

It wouldn't make them hurt anyone,

And it certainly wouldn't kill them.

It just doesn't make any sense.

Dr. Nayak, do you have a business card?

Just for our records.

I'll get you one.

Well, the doctor is beside himself.

And aside from the obvious, which is money,

He can't think of any reason

Why someone would want to steal his research.

I can.

The bio-chip plugs directly into the thalamus,

Which not only regulates sleep,

It also works as a relay tower

To the cerebral cortex,
Which also controls motor function.
(walter) mind control, peter.
Wouldn't be the first time someone's attempted it.
I told you about my work
With the mk-ultra project.
Of course, at that time, we supposed we could do it
With lsd and hypnotic suggestion.
So it is possible?
Theoretically, yes.
If I faxed you a schematic
Of the device's internal architecture,
Could you test the chip you have?
Yes, but I'd need to replicate the chip's function
In a neutral environment.
Of course, I-if I had a live subject...
Walter, no.
No student volunteers.
Good news-- the bags are back.
Walter. Walter.
Walter, say it-- "no students."
All right, no students.
[phone beeps]
(olivia) okay, well, get back to me as soon as you can.
Hey.
Hey.
So, uh, did you reach walter?
Yeah.
He thinks it could be mind control,
But modifying the bio-chips
Would take a lot of trial and error.
So he thinks that someone's
Trying to perfect mind control
One patient at a time?
Well, that would explain why the events
Are seemingly without motive.
Yeah.

How's the patient roundup going?
Nayak could only list 26 patients.
So the local p.D. Are taking them into his clinic
And removing their chips,
So to speak.
That still leaves, what?
50-odd patients.
Listen...
Olivia, I think I understand
What it is that you're going through,
But that thing that you killed...
That wasn't charlie.
I know.
It's just, I--
You know, my first week on the job,
I was on a sting operation.
These irish thugs
Were smuggling guns and--and cocaine.
And I had been a military prosecutor,
So I hadn't handled a gun
Since basic training.
And suddenly,
I'm underground in this garage,
Wearing a bulletproof vest
And--and wondering how the hell I got there.
So I did what any rookie would do,
And I started looking for an exit.
And then charlie walks over.
This man that I didn't know--
This gruff guy.
And...
He said...
"you're gonna be fine."
And, um, I have to face it...
That he...
He's gone...
And that he's not coming back.

So I'm just gonna go
To nayak's clinic
And--and see if I can help the nurse
Identify some other patients.
[door opens]
Okay.
[computer whirring]
That was a double order on table nine, pop.
So what'd your friends think of my moussaka?
Like they'd died and gone to heaven.
Damn right.
Do you really want to increase the dose?

ACT IV

AGENT CASHNER: Doctor Bishop, I'm heading to the airport, back to Seattle. Would you say good-bye to Agent Farnsworth for me?

WALTER: Certainly. Oh, before you go, could you do me a favor and smell this? It seems my olfactory sense is a bit muddled. Must be the French roast coffee I had for breakfast.

AGENT CASHNER: Raspberry?

Keep Miss Barage sedated for another ten minutes. Then bring in my next patient. We should contact the local pharmacies too.

They should be able to identify who's filled a prescription within the last six months from Doctor Nayak.

Excuse me. Hello?

What's shakin', bacon?

Oh, the usual--I'm just painting my toenails and planning on taking a trip up the coast.

You get the business cards?

Uh, yeah.

I got, uh -- I got eight of them.

SAM WEISS: Eight? You asked everyone you saw wearing red?

OLIVIA: Yeah. So what do I do now?

SAM WEISS: Lay them out in front of you like you're playing go fish. Take a pen, circle one letter in every name, both first and last. When you're finished, take all the letters you've circled and write them down on a piece of paper. Got it?

Okay. Now what?

SAM WEISS: Now jumble.

OLIVIA: Jumble?

SAM WEISS: Jumble, anagram, word puzzle. Find the phrase.

OLIVIA: What phrase? What -- what am I looking for?

SAM WEISS: Whatever it is you need to hear. You'll figure it out. Got to go.

You know, I really don't have any time for this.

BROYLES: Dunham.

OLIVIA: Agent Broyles?

BROYLES: Nayak's patient files are gone. The server at the data-storage facility was wiped some time within the last twenty-four hours.

OLIVIA: Can we trace the hacker's I.P. Address?

BROYLES: We don't think there was one. There's no sign of a D.D.O.S. Attack, and given the level of online security in the facility, we think whoever wiped the files must have had a password.

OLIVIA: So it was someone in the clinic?

BROYLES: It would seem that way.

It's not possible. My employees are good people. They've all worked here for years. We're a family.

But they all had the password?

There was no reason for them not to.

I'm telling you none of them would have done this.

PETER: Agent Dunham.

Another one.

(man) her eyes were going crazy.

Her hair turned white, then she collapsed.

I don't understand.

She screamed we were cannibals and then attacked with a knife.

I had to wrestle it away from her. She -- she was so happy. This doesn't make sense.

Leanne suffered from night terrors. She was just in my office last week.

We're gonna have to make a public announcement. I'm gonna get our media liaison to put an announcement on the local news.

Zach Miller, my lab assistant... skipped work today.

He hasn't been answering his phone.

Zach Miller? F.B.I.

Olivia.

I guess that's why he wasn't answering the phone.

ACT V

Walter's Lab -

ASTRID: Walter, what's wrong with Agent Cashner?

WALTER: I drugged him.

ASTRID: You drugged him? Walter... don't tell me you put that chip in his head.

WALTER: No, but I wanted to. And then I realized that I could attach the chip to an E.E.G. net, and

the signal would reach his brain.

ASTRID: And how are you going to send him commands?

WALTER: I have wired the neurostimulator to the same frequency. If Peter's theory is correct and this is mind control, then the chip should receive commands from me, through the neurostimulator, it's then translated into impulses that Agent Cashner's brain can understand. I need help putting this on.

ASTRID: Walter, I do not think this is a very good idea.

WALTER: Don't be such a *Grinch*. I've told you, science should be fun. Come on.

WALTER: Look at his feet.

ASTRID: Feet. Got it.

WALTER: Anything?

ASTRID: Nope. Walter, what is it?

WALTER: Either a green unicorn just raced across the lab, or I accidentally took some L.S.D. Oh. Oh, it must be mescaline. It's peaking too quickly. Oh. Oh. That's not mescaline. It's something else entirely. I think it's not the drugs at all. I think I have an idea what it is.

Nayak's Residence -

OLIVIA: And you've never gotten anything like this before?

LAXMEESH NAYAK: No, of course not.

OLIVIA: Okay, I'm gonna send a copy of this to our question documents unit. They'll analyze the handwriting, the paper, and the ink. But in the meantime, the police have offered to put a protective detail outside your clinic, and detective green will watch your house. Now, if you'll excuse us, we're gonna try and track down the rest of your patients.

PETER: Don't worry, Doctor Nayak. We're gonna catch this guy. Then you can get back to your work. We'll call you as soon as we know something.

I told them. I showed them your damn note. So you might as well stop.

PETER: So it's not mind control?

WALTER: No, Peter, your theory is wrong. Doctor Nayak's chips aren't receiving commands... they're transmitting massive amounts of data.

PETER: Walter, the bio-chips are supposed to transmit data. That's their function, to monitor sleep cycles.

WALTER: The chips aren't simply monitoring sleep. They're accessing all the sensory information that--that passes through the thalamus-- Every color, sound, and picture while we sleep.

OLIVIA: Walter, are you saying that dr. Nayak's bio-chips are stealing dreams?

WALTER: That's right.

PETER: Leader's sleep journal. He slept for hours, but he never had any dreams.

WALTER: Before they reached his consciousness, they were all siphoned off, which means no dreams. The brain can never recharge, and that...

PETER: ...would lead to death by exhaustion.

WALTER: Exactly. What's more, I believe the chips have the ability to turn on a dreaming state while the patient is awake, which would lead to paranoia, hallucinations, and a complete inability to

differentiate between reality and dreams-- the very behavior we've been witnessing.

PETER: Walter, why would anybody want to access another person's dreams?

WALTER: The rush, Peter. Think of your most pleasant dream, multiply that feeling tenfold, all main-lining through your cortex in a few seconds. It's really quite something.

OLIVIA: Walter, are you saying that we're dealing with an addict?

WALTER: Not just an addict, dear. A man who came in contact with this drug -- in my estimation, that man would become its slave.

OLIVIA: We got to go back to the hotel.

PETER: What are you thinking?

Hotel

OLIVIA: Walter thinks we're looking for an addict, right? Well, my stepfather was an addict. He was a drunk. And it was like he had two different personalities -- one when he was sober and one when he was smashed. The deeper the addiction, the more extreme the rift, like, uh, Jekyll and Hyde. So this is the patient list that Doctor Nayak wrote out, and here is the death threat he received. The handwriting's sloped, but look at the "g"s and the "f"s. These are written by the same person. ==Nayak Residence Thank you, Detective Green. I told them.

You have one message.

I showed them your damn note. So you might as well stop. Please.

Lake Union Seaport - Evening Takeoff

Water rudder set.

ACT VI

COPILOT: Jack, what are you doing? Jack. Jack. Jack, what are you doing? Jack, we have got to get this bird in the air. Jack! November 822, pilot in distress! Jack!

OLIVIA: Peter, he's plugged in.

PETER: Let me try to shut down the program.

COPILOT: November 822 to A.T.C., I've got a problem!

PETER: I'm gonna have to try to disable the server.

OLIVIA: Can you shut it down?

PETER: I think it's locked.

COPILOT: Jack! November 822, squawking 7700!

OLIVIA: Okay, stand back. (shots server mainframe)

PETER: Whoa.

COPILOT: Jack! Jack! Jack.

PETER: He's dead.

DETECTIVE GREEN: Hey. Got a call from, uh, radio control at Lake Union -- incident with a seaplane pilot, one of Nayak's patients. They're all safe. Good work.

PETER: I checked out Nayak's control panel. All the dials were cranked up into the red.

OLIVIA: You think he decided to go down in one final blaze of glory?

PETER: Actually, I think it was a lot more complicated than that. You remember how horrified Nayak was when we told him his patients were dying? I don't think that he was fully aware of what his darker side was up to... until tonight.

OLIVIA: So this was his way of trying to put a stop to things.

PETER: I guess that's the irony. His addiction to dreams became his nightmare, one that he couldn't wake up from. Maybe that was his only way of ending the nightmare.

YOUNG PETER: Dad, what's wrong?

PETER: What is it?

WALTER: Nothing. You were talking in your sleep.

PETER: Yeah, I think I was having a bad dream. I was a kid, in my room. You were there.

WALTER: And the rest? You don't remember it?

PETER: uhnt-uh.