

PROLOGUE

Dancik Apartment - Boston, MA

RANDY DANCIK: Hello?

NATALIE DANCIK: Hey, honey, I'm glad I caught you. Where are you? Did you make it?

RANDY DANCIK: Airport lounge. About to board in fifteen minutes. Look, Nat, I know with Mom being sick and me traveling so much I feel bad. I told you it wasn't gonna be like this anymore.

NATALIE DANCIK: It's alright. We'll just do something next weekend when you get back.

RANDY DANCIK: You're not upset?

NATALIE DANCIK: No, I understand, don't worry. I mean, if you have to work, you have to work.

RANDY DANCIK: Are you on your way home?

NATALIE DANCIK: There was some traffic, but I'll be home in about five minutes.

RANDY DANCIK: Hey, listen, they just called my flight.

NATALIE DANCIK: Okay. Have a safe trip. Call me when you land.

RANDY DANCIK: I will. Happy anniversary.

NATALIE DANCIK: I love you.

RANDY DANCIK: I love you too.

NATALIE DANCIK: Randy, you're gonna get it. Randy, you totally got me. I had no idea. Randy, stop it. You're scaring me. Randy? Randy? No... no... no...

ACT I

BROYLES: Broyles.

OLIVIA: This doesn't make any sense. There's no forced entry, no signs of a struggle. Walter, do you have any thoughts?

WALTER: Reminds me of Christmas. Like a fire log that burns so hot it remains intact, holding the shape of its former self. You used to love that when you were a child. You'd poke the log with your little finger when it had cooled, and you'd draw genitalia on the reindeer decorations.

PETER: Happy memories, Walter. But I think what she meant was do you have any thoughts as to what happened to *Dusty* here?

WALTER: Well -- well, the seat cushions have no scorch marks, which rules out any form of fire or spontaneous combustion.

OLIVIA: So could he have been dosed by something?

WALTER: Yes, it's possible. But before we can determine cause, we need to find some way to transport Mr. Dancik's remains back to my lab. So, um... Well, Peter, I'll need a dust devil.

PETER: A vacuum cleaner?

WALTER: Yes, you're right. Well, we'll need several.

BROYLES: What do we know?

OLIVIA: Randy Dancik. His wife found him. She thought he was on a plane to Hong Kong. But he

stayed home to surprise her for their anniversary.

BROYLES: Did this man happen to be a doctor or work in a hospital?

OLIVIA: No, he was an investment banker.

BROYLES: Has he visited a hospital in the last 24 hours?

OLIVIA: I can find out. Why?

BROYLES: It's not the first time I've seen this phenomenon.

Storage Garage

BROYLES: Four years ago in D.C., several victims were turned to dust like Mr. Dancik. By the time the killings ended, there were five deaths. Each of the victims worked at or had recently visited Tyson General down in D.C. After the third death, I was contacted by an Eastern European man. He knew case-specific details. Details that only the killer would have known. He offered to turn himself in, but only if we could decipher his formula.

OLIVIA: What formula?

PETER: It's a molecular model. Some kind of complex organic compound. I recognize a couple of these elements, but the others I'm not so sure.

OLIVIA: What is it?

BROYLES: Don't know, but he implied that solving it was the key to stopping the murders. C.D.C. and N.I.H. chemists worked around the clock but couldn't break it. There were two more victims, and after that, he stopped and the trail went cold.

OLIVIA: Until last night.

PETER: I'm gonna get these to Walter right away.

OLIVIA: Dunham. Thank you. P.D. confirmed with Dancik's wife that he visited his mother in a hospital yesterday morning.

BROYLES: Which hospital?

OLIVIA: Uh, Latchmere General.

ACT II

Latchmere General Hospital - Mobilizing

ADMINISTRATOR: The Latchmere Health Alliance is actually made up of three separate hospital campuses and a network of diff--

BROYLES: This is the hospital we're interested in. We need to review all your employee records.

OLIVIA: We're looking for an employee here of Eastern European descent who may have also worked in a D.C.-area hospital about four years ago. We're looking for a match.

BROYLES: This is a warrant giving us access to your network servers. My agents will need to take over this office.

YOUNG AGENT: Excuse me, Miss.

Walter's Lab -

PETER: Walter, that is a man's remains you're playing with.

WALTER: Indeed. Reduced to its most elemental components. Carbon and calcium.

ASTRID: One Geiger counter. Batteries replaced.

WALTER: Thank you, my dear.

ASTRID: Mm-hmm.

PETER: You think some sort of radiation passed through him?

WALTER: We all carry low amounts of radiation. The water we drink, the food we eat. Seven rads or so. But that equation describes something organic and highly radioactive. If it has anything to do with the man's death, then this man will be in the mid to low hundreds. This doesn't make any sense. Even reduced to this state, Mr. Dancik should have some trace amounts of radiation.

PETER: Maybe it dissipated when he did.

WALTER: It's unlikely.

ASTRID: Hello? Yup, he's right here. Hang on.

PETER: Thank you. Hello.

ASTRID: Mm-hmm.

OLIVIA: Hey. Has Walter made any headway on the body?

PETER: Just that it doesn't contain any radiation. Otherwise it's just a pile of dust.

OLIVIA: What about the formula?

PETER: He hasn't cracked it yet, but he thinks it may describe some kind of organism. And as of a couple hours ago, he started referring to it as a "she."

WALTER: Oh...

PETER: Hold on a second. Here he is.

WALTER: Agent Dunham. The formula is a different matter entirely. She's a complex chemical puzzle. What, I don't know.

OLIVIA: But can you solve it?

WALTER: W--Well, first I would need to break her into her organic and inorganic parts. And then...

OLIVIA: Walter? Hello?

WALTER: Titanium tetrachloride. You sly temptress.

OLIVIA: Walter?

PETER: Hey. Me again. Needless to say, he's into it. I'll keep you posted.

OLIVIA: Okay. Thanks.

Latchmere General Hospital -

BROYLES: What do we have?

YOUNG AGENT: We're indexing the employment records for both hospitals against any Eastern European names. Nothing yet.

OLIVIA: You know, I can stay. You should go home.

BROYLES: I'll wait.

OLIVIA: Why'd the killer call you? Was it just to taunt you?

BROYLES: Quite the opposite. He was distraught. Said he couldn't control it. I got the

overwhelming impression that however he was killing these people, he wanted it to end. Until today, I thought maybe it had.

OLIVIA: Something's going on.

BROYLES: Did you see anything? I want this floor sealed.

YOUNG AGENT: Agent Broyles, we have a name. Tomas Koslov. He worked at the hospital in D.C. and quit the week the murders stopped.

OLIVIA: How long till he started working here?

YOUNG AGENT: About a month later. He's a night nurse in the coma unit. He never showed up for his shift tonight.

Vasiliev Apartment - The Raid

BROYLES: FBI. Tomas Koslov?

OLIVIA: Clear.

BROYLES: Clear.

OLIVIA: He knew we were coming. He must have seen us at the hospital.

ACT III

Vasiliev Apartment - Investigating

OLIVIA: What do you think it is?

PETER: Soldering iron burns, electronic components. He was building something.

BROYLES: I understand. Thank you for running it. Tomas Koslov was an alias. Nothing on that name in any of our databases. He forged his medical records and previous employment.

PETER: Well, we still know he's Russian.

OLIVIA: Cyrillic letters?

PETER: Tomas, whoever he is, certainly didn't get that from anywhere around here.

BROYLES: Prints?

CSI TECH: Oh, yeah. Good one.

BROYLES: Run it through A.F.I.S.

Old Tape Recording

TIMUR VASILIEV: I don't know how many more will die.

BROYLES: Isn't that up to you? You have the power over what happens next.

TIMUR VASILIEV: No, I don't. You don't understand. This won't stop until you can solve that formula. Now I know you are tapping my line, so, Agent, can you solve it? You have ten seconds before I hang up.

BROYLES: It's been analyzed. The FBI, everyone, top men and women in their field. They simply need more time. Maybe we should meet someplace, you and I, you can explain what it is we're not understand -- Hello? Hello? Come in.

OFFICE AGENT: Agent Broyles, Senator Van Horn's on line three.

Washington, DC. - Classified Conversation

BROYLES: What's so important that we had to meet face-to-face, Senator?

DENNIS VAN HORN: Phillip, when you filed those fingerprints on your suspect, it went wide. The Bureau, Homeland, CIA. Flag went up in Langley. They're gonna take this case from you and demand you cease and desist.

BROYLES: I support interdepartmental transparency 100%. But this was my case four years ago, and it will remain my case.

DENNIS VAN HORN: Your suspect is at the center of an on-going international investigation led by the Russian government. By that definition alone, it falls--

BROYLES: Why are they searching for him? CIA and the Russians? What value does he have to them? Who is he?

DENNIS VAN HORN: According to a statement made by one of their deputy prime ministers, he illegally removed some property belonging to the Russian federation.

BROYLES: Property?

DENNIS VAN HORN: A weapon?

BROYLES: Is that what's killing these people?

DENNIS VAN HORN: I don't know. Within the last hour this case has been kicked three floors above both our heads.

BROYLES: You're a sitting member of the Senate Intelligence Committee, a former FBI agent.

DENNIS VAN HORN: I'm not CIA.

BROYLES: There was a time, Dennis, that you would say that as a matter of pride, not an excuse.

DENNIS VAN HORN: I understand what this case means to you. But I am sorry. There is nothing I can do here.

BROYLES: Please give my regards to Patricia.

TIMUR VASILIEV: Oof.

OLIVIA: So this is all the surveillance footage from the fourth floor. Excuse me. Hey.

BROYLES: Where are you?

OLIVIA: I'm at Latchmere Hospital just going over security footage from last night.

BROYLES: I've just been informed that the suspect known to us as Tomas Koslov is wanted by the CIA and the Russian government. The CIA is now handling the case.

OLIVIA: And they just expect you to hand it over?

BROYLES: Yes... but I intend to do no such thing. From this point forward, don't put anything down on paper, no documentation. Anything we need to say to each other, we'll do it in person.

OLIVIA: With all due respect, sir, I know that this case is important to you, but, when we break the rules, we've got you to protect us. Who's gonna protect you? I'm afraid that if you don't comply with a direct order--

BROYLES: Agent Dunham, I'm aware of the risks.

SECURITY TECH: Agent?

OLIVIA: Hang on. We might have something.

SECURITY TECH: This is the adjacent hallway to the crime scene. This is 23 seconds before the

victim was discovered. Did you see that?

OLIVIA: Yeah. A man's shadow. So can you get a better angle on his face?

SECURITY TECH: Yes, this is a different angle, same hallway. We should see him head-on here. The light here would register an image. There is no face.

BROYLES: Dunham. What is it?

OLIVIA: I think you're gonna want to see this.

ACT IV

Walter's Lab -

WALTER: No reflections or highlights. No translucency. This is clearly its own entity.

BROYLES: How is that possible?

WALTER: It's possible that the technology that our Russian friend stole allows him to become this shadow.

PETER: Are you suggesting that this was some sort of Russian experiment?

WALTER: Because they're from the other side of the world, Peter, it is so hard to believe that they would have their own stripe of the inconceivable? Really I'm always amazed at their advancements. Even 40 years ago. You wouldn't believe what those pinkos were up to.

PETER: Russian fringe science. There's a pleasant thought.

Federal Building - Elevator Lobby

OFFICE AGENT: Agent Broyles, this just came in from D.C. Senator Van Horn's office.

BROYLES: It turns out that it wasn't technology that Timur stole six years ago. He abducted his brother.

OLIVIA: The cosmonaut.

BROYLES: Officially, the Russian Space Agency states he died in space. He didn't.

OLIVIA: Why would they say he's dead if he's not? What happened to him up there?

BROYLES: According to these documents, they still don't understand.

OLIVIA: Are you saying the cosmonaut's the shadow?

BROYLES: I don't know. But what is clear is Timur took his brother from the secret quarantine facility where he was being studied.

OLIVIA: Took?

BROYLES: He returned from his mission in a coma.

OLIVIA: And Timur's been working in a coma ward both here and in D.C.

BROYLES: I think Timur's been moving his brother around from hospital to hospital and guarding him.

OLIVIA: So where's his brother now?

BROYLES: Presumably still at Latchmere Hospital. No bodies have been removed from the coma ward for the past two weeks.

OLIVIA: Okay, well, I'll get a team together.

BROYLES: We're good. We're ready to go there now.

Walter's Lab -

PETER: So Walter and I were discussing how radiation pertains to this formula...

WALTER: ...Yes, which led to a theory about the shadow. Initially, I assumed there would be a radiation surplus in the victim from the penthouse. I was mistaken. It's not the radiation that's killing them. Quite the opposite. It's the radiation that the entity is after.

ASTRID: This thing passes through victims to absorb radiation?

WALTER: And disintegrates them in the process.

PETER: All five of the victims were undergoing radiation treatment at the time of their deaths.

WALTER: Um, except for the penthouse guy. He died of bad luck.

PETER: The day that he visited Latchmere General, he took a cross-country flight in a window seat. 30,000 feet closer to the Sun. It's like getting a big fat head X-ray.

ASTRID: So this thing followed him from the hospital? I'm not gonna sleep for weeks.

Latchmere Hospital - Rounds

NURSE MAXINE: I'll go check the patients.

NURSE DARLA: Okay. Coma ward. Yeah, the lights and all the security monitors are down. We're going to backup power. Okay.

NURSE MAXINE: Tomas. What are you doing here? It's not your shift.

TIMUR VASILIEV: It's hard to explain. I have to disconnect the patient. I need it to confuse the monitors. I can't let them see me take him. Maxine, I wish you hadn't seen me here.

OLIVIA: Are all the patients accounted for?

BROYLES: Are they accounted for?

NURSE DARLA: Yes! Every bed. But, Maxine, she came in here a few minutes ago.

OLIVIA: He swapped her for his brother.

NURSE DARLA: She's been sedated.

ACT V

OLIVIA: Hey!

PETER: Hey.

OLIVIA: How long has he been at it like this?

PETER: Three hours.

WALTER: Don't touch! Don't touch! Olivia? Agent Broyles. What a pleasant surprise. Could you get us some licorice, please, dear?

BROYLES: Doctor Bishop. As unlikely as it seems, is it possible that this cosmonaut somehow is our killer?

WALTER: It wasn't the cosmonaut. But it could be something inside him. It's possible that, while in outer space, the cosmonaut took a spacewalk and brought something back with him. An organism capable of projecting itself without ever really leaving its host.

BROYLES: I'm not following.

WALTER: It's like when a ventriloquist throws his voice. The organism can project another version of itself, what we perceive as the shadow, without ever really leaving the cosmonaut's body. Now I have to get back to her.

BROYLES: Doctor Bishop. We have a phone number for Timur Vasiliev based on his employment records. We can leave a voice mail message for him and hope that at some point he retrieves it. Can we tell him that we can solve the formula?

OLIVIA: Walter? Can we?

WALTER: Yes. I can dominate her, Agent Broyles. But first I need something from home.

Vasiliev Hotel Room - FBI Calling

MESSAGE RECORDER: You have two new messages. Message received 3:14 P.M.

JERRY LARSEN: Hi, this is Jerry Larsen again from Human Resources at Hartswell Medical Center. We've looked over your resume, and, boy, it's really something else. I think there's a position here for you.

TIMUR VASILIEV: (in Russian) We're going to have a new home, brother.

JERRY LARSEN: Call me when you get to town. We'll show you around Minneapolis. Thanks again now.

MESSAGE RECORDER: You have one new message. Message received 6:45 P.M.

BROYLES: This is Special Agent Broyles from the FBI. I'm the agent you spoke with four years ago. I have information about the formula for you. Call me at 617-555-0118.

TIMUR VASILIEV: (in Russian) This is our only way to contain *the shadow*. Forgive me Aleks. Forgive me. You can't give in. You are stronger. I'm sorry this hurts. Fight I tell you! I need to use more current. It's getting stronger. Aleks...

ALEKS VASILIEV: (in Russian) ... Stop it! Enough! I'm begging you!

TIMUR VASILIEV: (in Russian): You have to live. Aleks. You have to live. Live! We'll show them.

Bishop House -

WALTER: I've been thinking too linearly. Deductive. Restrictive. I must expand my thinking.

PETER: If you're looking for your acid tabs, Walter, don't bother. I threw 'em out.

WALTER: No, son, this is not a job for the *purple blotter*. The right tool for this job... is *Tinker Toys*.

Walter's Lab -

ASTRID: Okay. All he has to do is call in, and we can trace it.

OLIVIA: I've been wanting to ask you something. Why this one? Why is this case so important to you?

BROYLES: Four years ago, when this case happened, it was at a moment in time that fringe division had fallen out of favor. The government was siphoning money away from us for things that had more... public results. But at a certain point, I stopped caring about my profile or promotions. I just wanted to make the world a safer place. Anyway... I became obsessed with this case. And for my wife... it was the straw that broke the camel's back. It ended our marriage. I took this job to make the world a safer place for my family. Instead, I lost them.

WALTER: That's it. Physical representation of the formula.

PETER: Something wrong?

WALTER: Could you hold that end, please, Peter? Oh, no.

TIMUR VASILIEV: (in Russian) I know Aleks, I'm tired of running too.

ASTRID: That's him.

BROYLES: Call Doctor Bishop. This is Agent Broyles.

TIMUR VASILIEV: I saw you in the hospital.

BROYLES: I thought you might have.

TIMUR VASILIEV: In your message, you said you had new information about the formula.

BROYLES: That's right.

TIMUR VASILIEV: Have you solved it this time?

OLIVIA: Peter, we've got Timur on the line. I need Walter.

PETER: He's right here. Hold on a sec. It's Olivia.

WALTER: Hello, Agent Dunham.

OLIVIA: Walter, have you solved the formula?

WALTER: Yes... but it's bad news, unfortunately.

TIMUR VASILIEV: I know, like last time, you are tapping the line. You need sixty seconds. I'm giving you ten before I hang up. Don't make the same mistake again.

WALTER: I believe the Russians have tried to remove the organism from the cosmonaut -- they couldn't. It is not possible. The two have become one. Bonded at a molecular level. They can't be separated. You can't kill the organism without killing them both.

TIMUR VASILIEV: Agent. I'm going to hang up now.

BROYLES: We have the answer, Timur. But I don't think it's the one you want to hear. I'm afraid your brother and whatever's inside of him have become one and the same. But the people I work with, if anyone can help your brother, they can. But we'll need to see your brother. Timur?

TIMUR VASILIEV: I don't want him harmed.

OLIVIA: Just ten more seconds.

BROYLES: Tell me where you are, Timur.

TIMUR VASILIEV: I have managed to keep it at bay. He's not going to hurt anyone else. For now.

BROYLES: We'll take care of him. I want this to end as much as you do. But you've got to tell me where you are, Timur. You can trust us. Timur? Timur?

ACT VI

Vasiliev Hotel - The Shadow Man

ASTRID: I've got him. His line's still open.

BROYLES: Start triangulating the position.

BROYLES: Van door's open. He's moving his brother.

PETER: Hold on, let me help you with that.

WALTER: Pupils dilated. His breathing's normal. For a coma.

PETER: What's with all these jumper cables?

WALTER: Agent Broyles said that Timur was certain he could contain it. Perhaps so by administering electric shocks, distressing the cosmonaut.

OLIVIA: But it didn't work.

WALTER: Hmm?

OLIVIA: It killed Timur.

BROYLES: Doctor Bishop, how will you contain it before it kills again?

WALTER: I imagine we would need a lead case for starters, big enough for his entire body. Oh, no.

OLIVIA: What's wrong?

WALTER: Before we attempt anything, we have to wait until the shadow returns to the cosmonaut. There's no radiation. Which means the organism is here, but it's already projected the shadow elsewhere.

PETER: Walter, you said that Timur could contain it by distressing the host. Do you think you could draw the shadow back doing the same thing?

OLIVIA: Walter? Is that possible?

WALTER: I don't know. I don't know how it behaves.

PETER: But it could work. Since they're connected.

WALTER: I don't know! Theoretically, yes. If you hurt the host, you hurt the organism.

OLIVIA: Walter, it's out there now. Do you think you could try?

WALTER: Yes. Yes. Yes.

(cartoon meanie): He doesn't belong, we don't want his kind get rid of him.

(cartoon mouse): I may have a different color, but I'm still alive in my...

OLIVIA: Walter?

WALTER: This equipment, it's in Russian.

BROYLES: Stand back!

MOM: Tara! Hey, what's wrong? What happened? Hey. Tara.

TARA: There was a man. A shadow man. He disappeared.

Diane's House - Case Closed

DIANE: Phillip.

BROYLES: Hi.

DIANE: The kids aren't here. They--they went over to Sadie's.

BROYLES: Actually, I came to talk to you. I just wanted to tell you that...

ROB: Hey, Phil.

BROYLES: Hey, Rob. I closed that case. The one four years ago.

DIANE: Hmm. I'm happy for you. I mean that.

BROYLES: Thank you.

DIANE: Do you want to come in? Have some dinner with us?

BROYLES: No. I, um -- I'll let you get back to your dinner. Good night, Diane.

DIANE: Good night, Phillip.

CIA Man: Agent Broyles. You got a real friend in Senator Van Horn.

BROYLES: Is that so?

CIA Man: When the CIA says, *cease and desist*, we kind of mean it. A person could get into a lot of trouble.

BROYLES: I guess I should thank Senator Van Horn then.

CIA Man: Understatement. So, this thing, there isn't going to be any report. Right?

BROYLES: Hey. What did you guys do with him, the cosmonaut?

CIA Man: We had no choice. Once he started breathing again.