

PROLOGUE

Boston - Hennington Mental Health Institute

JOSEPH SLATER: (sitting quietly on his bed in his darkened room, shortly after midnight, staring straight ahead) ...a girl in a red dress... flowers in her hair.

THOMAS NEWTON: Hmm. What kind of flowers?

JOSEPH SLATER: Uh, I'm not sure.

THOMAS NEWTON: Thank you, Mister Slater. It will come. (preparing medical tools)

JOSEPH SLATER: Heather -- the flowers in her hair. The fl -- the flowers in her hair are heather.

THOMAS NEWTON: Oh, I think so. Yes. (to his aide) Container. (to Slater as he takes forceps to the back of his scalp) Now hold very still. I assure you there will be no pain. (pulls a bloody piece of tissue from the back of Slater's exposed brain. places the extracted tissue in a gelatinous suspension, then, to his aide) Let's close him up. (removes latex gloves)

THIN MAN: (to Newton) Hold on. (to his tactical radio) Yeah?

SMITH: (outside the facility, in to his radio) We've got activity.

(inside, Newton's aide removes his pistol as an orderly approaches Slater's room)

ORDERLY: Code Gray, Corridor 'B' (then grunts as he is shot twice in the chest)

THIN MAN: (returning to Newton and Slater) We have two minutes, maybe three.

THOMAS NEWTON: (to the silent Slater) Oh, my sincere apologies. (abandoning his patient before he has completed the medical procedure) I'd rather not leave you in such a state.

(the inside team scurries to the nearest exit, packing their medical equipment as they go. outside, they hop into the waiting van and Smith drives them away)

NURSE HOLBROOK: (responding to the security call, she enters the patient's room) Mister S - Slater?

JOSEPH SLATER: (turning to face her with a third of his skull removed and much of his brain exposed. quietly) ... help me.

ACT I

Hennington MHI - Interviewing Slater

OLIVIA: (approaches the gate at the Mental Health Institute and stops to identify herself to security) Special Agent Olivia Dunham with the F.B.I. -- these two men are consultants -- Peter Bishop and Doctor Walter Bishop. We're here to investigate the break-in.

SECURITY GUARD: (to the good doctor in the backseat) And you're Doctor Bishop?

WALTER: Yes. And I'm perfectly sane.

DOCTOR WEST: (walking the halls with the science team) Joseph Slater has been a patient here for the last fourteen years. When he was admitted, he was diagnosed with acute paranoid schizophrenia.

OLIVIA: His file said that he suffered from delusions, false memories, severe emotional swings.

DOCTOR WEST: Every classical symptom of the condition -- he exhibited each one.

OLIVIA: Until last night.

DOCTOR WEST: That's right. And within an hour, after discovering what had been done to Mister Slater, the change in his behavior is nothing short of remarkable.

PETER: So basically, two guys broke in, cut a big hole in his head and did what, drove him sane?

DOCTOR WEST: As unlikely as it sounds, yes. And just as strange, we can't find evidence that they did anything to him. Mister Slater's brain is structurally intact. We ran blood tests, tox screens -- nothing came back unusual.

OLIVIA: We'll need to see his medical reports. And also his personal history. Of course.

(Walter is distracted by some commotion nearby - a patient drops something "aah!" -- a caregiver responds "Sir? Oh, boy. Everything's gonna be okay.")

WALTER: (anxiously) Doctor, I'd like to see the patient.

PETER: That's where we're going right now, Walter, to see Mister Slater.

WALTER: No, Peter, we're going to see a sane man. (to Doctor West) I'd like to see him when he was a patient.

JOSEPH SLATER: (in the Doctor's office. on videotape) No, no, no, the girl in the red dress... chrysanthemums in her hair. Her mother grows them in a box on the window sill.

DOCTOR WEST: (on tape with Slater) And where does this little girl live?

JOSEPH SLATER: Across the street.

DOCTOR WEST: No, Joseph, she doesn't.

JOSEPH SLATER: She -- she moved.

DOCTOR WEST: She was never there.

JOSEPH SLATER: (psychotic outburst) What did you do with her? What did you do? What did you do with her? You give her back. Give her back! Bring her back! Bring her back! Bring her ba-- (end tape as Walter watches, visibly upset at the man's condition)

OLIVIA: (later, as everyone talks to the healthy Slater in-person) ...and you can't describe either of the men?

JOSEPH SLATER: No. To be honest, I can barely remember them. My first clear memory of last night, I was turning from my window, and Miss Holbrook was standing there -- one of the nurses, she was scared. And they raced me to the Medical Ward. But what struck me was that I felt unburdened, like my mind had had a spring cleaning, like I was suddenly...

WALTER: ...free.

JOSEPH SLATER: Yes. And I seem to remember them being... pleasant -- polite even -- but beyond that, nothing. I'm sorry.

OLIVIA: That's okay.

DOCTOR WEST: (to Olivia) Anything else?

OLIVIA: No. Not right now. Thank you.

DOCTOR WEST: Okay, in that case, Mister Slater, your wife is here.

JOSEPH SLATER: They tell me that she came to visit me twice a week. I think I remember being horrible to her.

DOCTOR WEST: I think it'll be fine. She's right outside.

JOSEPH SLATER: Thank you. (leaves the room)

WALTER: He's a lucky man. Seventeen years that I was in St. Claire's, never a single visitor.

PETER: Walter...

WALTER: Oh, I wasn't trying to make you feel guilty, son. It was just an observation.

OLIVIA: Walter, have you had any theories on how this man is suddenly sane?

WALTER: No. Not yet, but I'm eager to. A remedy for insanity, as you can imagine, I have thought long and hard about it.

Hennington MHI - Security Cameras

OLIVIA: (standing in the security monitor room) There they are.

PETER: Huh. You see that lock? Can you zoom in right there? (points to the monitor) That's a Lypticro-Crypto. It's top of the line. And these guys took it down like it's a bicycle lock. Whoever these guys are, they're either very smart, very rich, or very well-connected.

OLIVIA: (to the security technician as the brain harvesters defeat the security system) Can you play that bit back?

PETER: (to Olivia) What?

OLIVIA: Freeze it right there, when he turns around. I know that face. (to the security technician) Can I use this? (asking him to step outside while she inspects further) And some privacy, if you don't mind. (she starts to type. Walter looks on... sampling a pudding cup he has obtained)

PETER: (referring to the image of Thomas Newton on the screen) You know him?

OLIVIA: Mm-hmm.

PETER: Where do you know him from?

OLIVIA: From *Laston-Hennings Cryonics*.

WALTER: Are you referring to the theft of the frozen heads?

OLIVIA: Yeah. William Bell told me that the people from over there, the people that tried to kill me, that killed Charlie, they were looking for someone.

WALTER: Belly said they were looking for their leader...(?)

OLIVIA: Well, I've been combing through Laston-Hennings' files, trying to figure out, of all the heads they took, which was the one that they wanted? I've been looking at these faces For the last two months.

PETER: Are you really trying to tell us that he is one of the heads that they stole? (she nods) Fine. Let's say for a second that you're right. Frozen heads don't just get up and walk into places. I mean, the dead don't rise out of their graves and perform midnight brain surgery.

OLIVIA: No, I know they don't. But this one did. (reads the monitor) *Thomas Jerome Newton*.

WALTER: (somewhat amazed) Wow.

ACT II

Briefing Broyles - Olivia's Objective

BROYLES: Newton. So what do we know about him so far?

OLIVIA: Besides his name, nothing. Thomas Jerome Newton was the name on record at *Laston-*

Hennings Cryonics. But it was an alias. It led nowhere. Now, William Bell told me the man with that marking would try to open a corridor from our universe to the other side. I managed to infer that the results would be less than desirable.

BROYLES: Exactly how much less desirable?

OLIVIA: Global destruction... biblical proportions.

BROYLES: So what's that have to do with sneaking into a mental hospital to perform brain surgery on a schizophrenic?

PETER: You're leaving out the part where they apparently cured him. As opening moves go, that one's pretty strange.

BROYLES: Where's Doctor Bishop on this?

PETER: He's trying to figure out exactly how they cured Slater. If he can do that, maybe we can anticipate Newton's next move.

OLIVIA: There's no maybe. I don't know what Newton's up to, but I know what I have to do. I have to stop him.

Walter's Lab - More Research

WALTER: Mister Slater's referring doctor was a psychiatrist called Simon Paris. Let's see if you could locate Doctor Paris, please, dear. I have some questions about Mister Slater's medical history before his admission to Hennington.

ASTRID: Sure. Why, what are you looking for?

WALTER: Not sure. Something that would induce the delusional thinking.

ASTRID: Some thing?

WALTER: Something or someone.

ASTRID: (starts a computer search) You mean you think that someone made him crazy on purpose?

WALTER: (casual) It's a theory. The truth is there is no cure for madness -- it's a fantasy. The road back from madness is a struggle. Only the luckiest of people find their way, more or less, back to the world you live in. And from what we saw of Mister Slater, well, my only supposition is that he wasn't mad to begin with.

ASTRID: There is no Simon Paris in the A.M.A. database. He's not on the membership roster. Does that mean that he died?

WALTER: It shouldn't. Even if he had, there should still be a record. Um, Mister Paris' RX number will be on Mister Slater's initial prescription when he was admitted. Check the pharmacy records.

ASTRID: Why would someone do that, Walter -- make someone crazy?

WALTER: Any number of reasons. It would make them unsusceptible to interrogation.

ASTRID: Huh, according to this, fourteen years ago, Doctor Paris set up an indefinite prescription of medications for Mister Slater. No termination date. Now, this is interesting. (reads from monitor) In the same week, he wrote the same prescription for two other patients.

WALTER: In the same week?

ASTRID: At two other hospitals. I'll call Olivia. (dials cell phone)

Dunwich Hospital - Interviewing Deborah

DEBORAH CRAMPTON: (walking with Peter and Olivia) ...and when I woke up, I felt like I had

been out drinking the night before. Only the night lasted fourteen years.

OLIVIA: (references a file) It says here that you suffered from a severe form of Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder.

DEBORAH CRAMPTON: Yeah, 'Arithmomania' they call it.

PETER: You're obsessed with numbers.

DEBORAH CRAMPTON: Just one, actually -- I'd see it everywhere, hear it everywhere. I could never get it out of my head. Twenty-eight, twenty-eight. Then, uh, last Tuesday morning, I woke up, and it was gone, just like that. Suddenly I was free.

PETER: And your doctors have no explanation?

DEBORAH CRAMPTON: Between you and me, I think that's why they're keeping me here. One of them is probably hoping to get a paper out of it. So what does this have to do with the F.B.I. ?

OLIVIA: we're not sure. Maybe nothing. But do you mind if we take a look at your head?

DEBORAH CRAMPTON: My head?

OLIVIA: It should only take a minute. Is there somewhere that you could sit down?

PETER: (examines the scalp of the seated woman) Excuse me.

DEBORAH CRAMPTON: What are you looking for?

PETER: It's here. A fresh scar, but there are no sutures. Looks more like the burn from a surgical laser.

DEBORAH CRAMPTON: I don't understand. What kind of scar? What are you saying happened to me?

OLIVIA: Mrs. Crampton, did you have any visitors during your stay here?

DEBORAH CRAMPTON: My husband, my son.

OLIVIA: But what about the doctor who referred you -- Doctor Paris?

DEBORAH CRAMPTON: No. Never. I only saw him a couple times before he sent me here.

PETER: But it was Doctor Paris who diagnosed the Arithmomania, right?

DEBORAH CRAMPTON: Oh, no. He saw me for mild depression, postpartum. Told me I needed to rest a few weeks and sent me here. The Arithmomania just started one day.

Makeshift Lab - Puzzle Piece

THOMAS NEWTON: How we doing?

SMITH: It should work, but we took too long getting to Slater. The first specimen's dying. The nutrient bath won't keep it alive for more than another five hours, six if we're lucky.

THOMAS NEWTON: Then we better get moving. (connects another brain sample to a nutrient bath)

Olivia Drives - Peter Reads

PETER: (looking through a patient file) Third patient, Stuart Gordon. Just like Mrs. Crampton. Fourteen years ago, Doctor Paris refers him to a mental hospital with the psychiatric equivalent of a cough, which then develops into full-blown schizophrenia. Two days ago, he miraculously recovers. Apparently Mister Gordon thought he was the actor *Sydney Greenstreet* -- and walked around quoting *Casablanca*. That's funny.

OLIVIA: What?

PETER: He looks a lot more like Peter Lorre. (holds out photo) That's a joke.

OLIVIA: You know, all my life I've been able to understand what drives people -- their emotions, like greed or envy or revenge. But Newton -- these people we're up against... how can I fight what I can't understand?

PETER: Olivia, I know you think you're alone in this. Maybe that's because of what Bell told you. Maybe that's just your personality. But this isn't just your fight.

Walter's Lab - Examining Walter

ASTRID: (after hanging-up) That was Olivia. Stuart Gordon is just like the others. Two days ago, he woke up perfectly sane. He's got a fresh scar on the back of his head.

WALTER: I must have missed something. (studies data) When did Mister Slater have an organ transplant?

ASTRID: I'm sorry?

WALTER: Oh, one of the drugs that Doctor Paris prescribed is *Sirolimus* -- it's an anti-rejection drug. It's only given to organ-transplant patients. It's absolutely useless for a paranoid schizophrenic. It suggests that not only has Doctor Paris vanished, he's a quack! Unless he's a genius.

ASTRID: What?

WALTER: (to Astrid) Organ transplants. (after Peter and Olivia return) The human brain. Well, half of one. (studies lab sample) But it's useless dead, because when you remove brain tissue from a living body, you can keep it alive for a short time in a nutrient suspension. But eventually it will die. It's a problem I've tried to solve many times without success.

PETER: Keeping a human brain alive?

WALTER: It's very tricky. You see, it's not enough to simply give it blood and oxygen. You have to give it electrical stimulation as well. But... Doctor Paris found a solution. He stored the brain tissue inside of another brain.

OLIVIA: I'm sorry, I don't follow. What brain tissue?

WALTER: Our mental patients'. Mister Slater, Mrs. Crampton, and Mister Condon.

ASTRID: Gordon.

WALTER: These are a few years old. (refers to imaging) But you see the slight discoloration here?

PETER: mm-hmm.

WALTER: Normally that would be interpreted as machine error. But this is not a machine error. This is foreign tissue.

ASTRID: That's why they were all on anti-rejection drugs.

OLIVIA: So the surgeries that Newton performed...

PETER: He was removing transplanted brain tissue.

WALTER: And my hypothesis explains the patients' madness. Putting the tissue of one person into the brain of another is -- It's like putting a motorcycle engine into a car. It's simply incompatible.

PETER: Of course, because the host mind would have no way to process the new information. Thus, the mental distress. The false memories, delusions. But as soon as you remove the foreign tissue, then they're fine.

WALTER: Correct.

ASTRID: (answers ringing cell phone) Agent Farnsworth.

DOCTOR WEST: (on her phone) Hi, this is Doctor West. You asked me to see if we had any information on Doctor Paris at our facility -- we didn't.

ASTRID: Oh, alright. Well, thank you for...

DOCTOR WEST: ...I'm not finished. We also checked with some of our affiliated facilities.

ASTRID: Oh?

OLIVIA: (to Walter) Well, that just leaves more questions. Why cut out someone's brain and store it inside other people? And whose brain is it?

WALTER: That's a good question, of course. And I have no idea.

ASTRID: (summons Peter for a quiet chat after the phone call) Peter, can I, uh, speak to you a moment? (both look at Walter after Astrid shares her news)

PETER: Walter, you said that you never had any visitors in your time at St. Claire's, right?

WALTER: That's right.

PETER: According to their records, Doctor Paris visited you on six separate occasions. (everyone appears concerned) You mind if I take a look at your head?

WALTER: Okay.

PETER: (moves the hair around to search his father's scalp) It's there. It - it's different. It's older. But... (sighs) there's definitely a scar.

ACT III

Hennington MHI - Scanning Walter

DOCTOR WEST: From your chart, it appears that you've been through this procedure before, several times, in fact.

WALTER: This is not a good idea, Peter. These M.R.I. machines have magnets that rip the metal out of the patients. And I have that tracking chip implanted in my neck -- the GPS locator. I...

PETER: ... you have absolutely nothing to worry about, because it's made out of silicon. And you know as well as I do that it won't be affected by the machine. Maybe some Valium would help.

WALTER: You know, I don't do Valium nearly enough. That's a good idea. I'll have 50 milligrams, please.

DOCTOR WEST: Well, that's -- that's quite a high dosage.

WALTER: I have quite a high tolerance.

DOCTOR WEST: Alright.

PETER: You're going to be fine.

WALTER: Yeah.

PETER: It's a routine procedure. And the Valium will take care of any claustrophobia you might be feeling.

WALTER: I'm not worried about claustrophobia, Peter. What do you think that man did to me?

PETER: I don't know, Walter. But we're going to find out, okay? (watches from the observation

room as the procedure begins)

OLIVIA: (joins Peter later as he sits alone next to the MRI machine) You okay?

PETER: Yeah. Walter wanted to stick around and wait for the results, but there's Walter on drugs, and then there's *Walter on drugs*. I had Astrid take him home. You see the look on his face when we were talking to Mister Slater? What do you think that's like for him... wishing that he could turn back the clock to before he went crazy? He's just sane enough to realize how much he's lost.

OLIVIA: I don't mean to sound callous, but... from what I know of your father, going crazy made him a better person. It certainly made him a better father.

PETER: I should have visited him in St. Claire's.

OLIVIA: I think you're making up for that now.

DOCTOR WEST: (joins the two in the room) I've reviewed the scans of your father's brain.

PETER: And?

DOCTOR WEST: You should take a look. (as they stand in front of the MRI images) I - I've never seen anything like it. Three scars, all on the same side in the left temporal lobe.

PETER: These incisions go all the way down into the gray matter.

DOCTOR WEST: I'm not following.

PETER: Walter didn't have brain tissue implanted. He had it removed.

DOCTOR WEST: Yes, from the hippocampus. And as far as I can tell, there would be no medical reason for it.

OLIVIA: So what does it do... the hippocampus?

DOCTOR WEST: It controls our inhibitions, Helps store long-term memory, contributes to our sense of spatial awareness.

PETER: Doctor, do you have the scans of the other three patients?

DOCTOR WEST: Sure.

OLIVIA: What are you thinking?

PETER: Hold on one second. (starts overlaying images) This is the piece they put in Slater. Look... it's a perfect fit. (points to alignment between patients and parts)

Bishop Residence - Slight Overdose

WALTER: I took too much Valium. Confusion, dizziness, nausea. I think I must have miscalculated the dose.

ASTRID: Maybe we should take you to a hospital, Walter.

WALTER: I don't want to go to a hospital. I need *Violet Sedan Chair*.

ASTRID: Walter, you're not making any sense.

WALTER: My dear, *Violet Sedan Chair*... it's a band. Their debut album... always helps me come down from a Valium high. It's in the lab. We should go -- (straining)

ASTRID: Walter...

WALTER: No, you -- you do the driving. I might puke in your car.

ASTRID: Why don't you stay here and rest and let me get it?

WALTER: (sitting down) That might be the best.

ASTRID: I'll be back. (leaving the home)

Hennington MHI - Brainstorming

OLIVIA: It must be Paris. He must have removed pieces of Walter's brain. But why? And -- and why preserve them?

PETER: Memory. The hippocampus -- memory storage. Bell told you that Newton wants to open a door to the other side, right? Well, we already know that Walter's done that. He just can't remember how. That is why he can't remember. He literally had the memories removed.

OLIVIA: No way. So then how does Newton read them?

PETER: In theory, he shouldn't be able to. But in theory, he should still be a frozen head. So in the *Department of How to Make Impossible Things Possible*, what would he need to do? He would need to... implant the memories into a brain that could interpret them.

OLIVIA: Walter. (start to depart the hospital)

ASTRID: (answers cell phone while driving) Hello?

PETER: Astrid, where are you and Walter?

ASTRID: I'm going to the lab. He's at your house. He sent me to get him an album. How long ago?

ASTRID: Five minutes ago.

PETER: You've got to get back there. Walter is in danger.

ASTRID: I'm on my way. (makes an aggressive u-turn with the car)

Bishop Residence - Home Alone

WALTER: (gets up to answer the loud knocking on his door) Calm down, Agent Farnsworth. You don't have to wake the whole neighborhood. (opens door)

THOMAS NEWTON: (smugly) Hello, Doctor Bishop.

ACT IV

Bishop Residence - Transponder Idea

ASTRID: Peter. He was already gone when I got here. I'm sorry. Peter, I - I shouldn't have left him.

PETER: It's not your fault. You didn't know. I've got an idea. Last week when Walter got lost, he did exactly what you'd expect Walter to do. He implanted a transponder chip into his neck so that if he ever got lost, I could find him. He can't be far. Let's go.

Makeshift Lab - Probing Walter

SMITH: Hold still, please. This won't hurt a bit.

WALTER: I'm sorry, do we know each other?

THOMAS NEWTON: Oh, we will.

THIN MAN: This is a mild sedative, something to calm your nerves.

WALTER: I've already had fifty milligrams of Valium.

THIN MAN: Then this should be very enjoyable. (injects Walter)

Tracking Walter - False Alarm

(Olivia drives as Peter uses the tracking device)

OLIVIA: (answers phone) Dunham.

BROYLES: Dunham, what's your '20'?

OLIVIA: We're two blocks South of the Boylston "T" stop.

BROYLES: Boston PD is sending an Entry and Apprehension Unit. I'm sending them to your location.

PETER: (to Olivia) Keep going. Keep going, and take the next left you see.

THOMAS NEWTON: (continuing to probe Walter in the makeshift lab) The human brain is a fascinating organ. But it's not static. Removal will damage a section. It reroutes the connections and grows in new pathways. Now, figuring out where the old connections once were can be very tricky. (activates neural scanner)

PETER: (in car with Olivia, racing to find Walter) Take the next left. (screeching to a stop with the apprehension team close behind, the group races down stairs on a busy public street to a restroom. the tracker beeps faster) Here. He's down here!

E&A TEAM: Go, go, go! Move, move! Whoa!

E&A MAN: Checking right.

PETER: Walter!

E&A MAN: Clear! (checking the area)

OLIVIA: (as Peter finds the bloody micro-transponder in a sink) They found the chip.

Makeshift Lab - Slide Show

THOMAS NEWTON: I'm going to show you a series of photos. When you see an image, I want you to tell me the first thing that comes to mind. There are no right or wrong answers. But please tell me the truth. If you don't, I'll know.

WALTER: You're using associations to map my brain function, locate my neural pathways. Are you trying to fix me?

THOMAS NEWTON: I'm afraid not. Tell me what you think when you see this. (shows the first image)

WALTER: My first semester of *Organic Chem*. My lab partner and I used to sit up in the back, sniffing benzene fumes. (laughs weakly)

WALTER: Hmm. Peter. (delighted at image of young boy playing) Peter. (delighted again) Peter. (sad at image of a small coffin)

THOMAS NEWTON: I'm sorry. I know this is difficult.

SMITH: It's not working. He's not making the connections. Should I recalibrate the machine?

THOMAS NEWTON: No, no, no, no, no. We need to find something more powerful to stimulate his memory. Of course. Human memory is sensory based. Vision alone is not the strongest trigger. Sound and smell actually work better. We need... a proper context.

Walter's Lab - Peter's Solution

OLIVIA: (getting a plan together) Okay, Walter said brain tissue can't survive for long outside a human body.

BROYLES: Which means they've got to be close. We've raised the alert level at every hospital, emergency care facility, and outpatient clinic in the Greater Boston Area. We're even calling veterinarians.

OLIVIA: That's assuming that they need a hospital to complete the procedure. With their level of technology, we can't know for sure.

BROYLES: It's a start, and if we're wrong, we'll have to get creative.

PETER: (thinking hard) The girl in the red dress. How did I miss this? The girl in the red dress, 28, 28, Sydney Greenstreet. Doctor Paris' patients, they all had obsessions. Slater was always ranting about the girl who lived across the street, the one that we thought never existed. She did exist. She lived across the street from me when I lived in Cambridge as a kid. Her name was Sydney. She lived at 2828 Green Street.

OLIVIA: So those were Walter's memories.

PETER: Exactly. Memory is all about -- it's all about context, all about association. Every time Walter asks for a piece of food or music or art, he's trying to recreate a moment in time to help him remember.

BROYLES: Which suggests what?

PETER: I don't know. I don't know. But if they're trying to get him to remember how it was that he built a door to the other side, maybe they're -- maybe they're gonna take him to the place that he did it.

OLIVIA: Reiden Lake -- the lake house?

PETER: No, no, no. That's where he actually opened the door, but it's not where he had the thought.

Green Street - Old Memories

WALTER: This place looks familiar. Last time I was here, it was a different season. The leaves were falling.

THOMAS NEWTON: Yes, this place exists in both worlds. You see, but on my side, the trees died long ago. And the same thing killed the grass. They call it *The Blight*.

WALTER: That's terrible.

THOMAS NEWTON: Yes it is, isn't it?

THIN MAN: Smith is on lookout, and I've taken care of everything else. You're secured.

THOMAS NEWTON: Good. Now, Doctor Bishop, I can see which areas of your brain can make sense of the data that's stored in these slivers of flesh. In a perfect world, I would simply put it back, but I would never subject you to a process so crude. But this is the only way we can reconnect these pieces of your brain. (electricity buzzing)

WALTER: ah -- ah... (to electrical stimulus)

THIN MAN: The connection is complete.

THOMAS NEWTON: Now, Doctor Bishop... you do know where you are, don't you?

WALTER: Of course I do. (with clarity) This is my home. (proudly)

THIN MAN: It's working.

WALTER: Where's my wife? (demanding) Where's my son? (chuckles) You drugged me.

THOMAS NEWTON: Yes. And now... I have a question for you. You once built a door -- a door that let you walk between worlds. Tell me how you did it.

WALTER: How are things on *your side*?

THOMAS NEWTON: Worse, I'm told. I know why you built it, *the door*. I know what you lost. Now, are you going to pretend that you're willing to lose him again? Now, tell me about *the door*.

ACT V

Green Street - Finding Walter

SMITH: (from his surveillance vehicle near the house. as Peter and Olivia race by) We've got company.

THIN MAN: They're here.

THOMAS NEWTON: That's okay. We're done. We've got what we need. (removes the apparatus from Walter's head and packs his equipment) My apologies, Doctor Bishop. (as he injects Walter's arm with poison)

PETER: (running with Olivia close behind, he smashes through the front door) Walter! Walter! (finds his father on the floor) Walter. Can you hear me? Walter! (slaps his face) Walter, can you hear me? (loudly) Walter!

WALTER: (opens eyes, groggy) Hello, son. Would you help me?

PETER: Sure. (sits Walter up and holds him in his arms)

OLIVIA: (finds the residents of the house tied-up in the back room) It's okay. (pulls tape off the mouth of the man) I'm, uh-- I'm with the F.B.I. .

MISTER RABEL: They just left. Out the back!

OLIVIA: (runs out, down the back steps, and into the alley as Newton and his team get into their van and speed-off) Freeze! F.B.I.! (running after the van, she fires once as the van turns and hits the driver in the head. the van hits another vehicle and comes to a stop. Smith charges out the back door with pistols drawn and Olivia shoots him once in the forehead. she approaches the remaining occupant) Come out of there. Okay, step down slowly. (to Newton as he steps out of the vehicle) Keep your hands where I can see them. You so much as twitch, and you won't have a head left to refreeze. (slams him face down on a car hood)

WALTER: (still struggling inside his old house. looking at the brain specimens in-solution) Are they mine?

PETER: Yep.

WALTER: My brain tissue, Peter... it's dying. Whatever was in there... memories I'll never get back.

PETER: It's alright. You don't need them.

WALTER: (chuckles) Hello, son. (struggles) Hello, son. (gags and collapses)

PETER: Walter? Oh! Walter! Hey, Walter, look at me. Walter!

THOMAS NEWTON: (curbside with Olivia) I think there's something you should know. It's about Walter Bishop. He's going to die unless you do exactly what I say. I injected him with a neurotoxin, and unless he gets the antidote in four minutes, it will kill him. Call it my fail-safe to ensure my escape.

OLIVIA: You're bluffing. (answers her cell phone) Hey, it's me.

PETER: (calling from the house, panicky) They've done something to Walter. I - I don't know what it is, but I think maybe he's been poisoned. His pulse is racing.

OLIVIA: (to Newton, pistol leveled at him) What did you do to him?

THOMAS NEWTON: Ask him if he sees a medical kit I left behind.

PETER: Olivia, you've got to get back here. Please! Please. I need your help.

OLIVIA: Okay, Peter, listen to me. Do you see a medical kit?

PETER: Yeah, there's one here on the table. Why?

THOMAS NEWTON: There are three vials in the kit. Injected in the correct order, they neutralize the toxin.

OLIVIA: (aims pistol) Tell me.

THOMAS NEWTON: No, no, no, no, no. Not yet. (looks at watch) You have about two minutes until Doctor Bishop dies. at a flat run, I estimate about forty seconds until you get back to him. Now, hand me your phone. When I hear you go back into the house, from Peter's phone, I'll tell you what to do.

OLIVIA: You're crazy if you think I'm letting you go.

PETER: Olivia, please, I need your help. I think he's dying. Oh God, Walter. Walter!

THOMAS NEWTON: The choice is yours. You can have me... or Walter Bishop.

ACT VI

Green Street - Saving Walter

THOMAS NEWTON: One minute, forty-five seconds. Come on Olivia.

PETER: (on phone) Olivia, please, you've got to get back here. I need your help.

THOMAS NEWTON: Make your choice -- me or Walter Bishop.

OLIVIA: Go to hell. (throws him her phone, runs back inside to Peter. to Peter) Give me your phone! (on Phone to Newton) Okay, you son of a bitch.

THOMAS NEWTON: Do you have the medical kit?

OLIVIA: Got it. Okay, tell me how to do this.

THOMAS NEWTON: Blue... Yellow... Red.

OLIVIA: Okay. Blue, yellow, red. (injects Walter)

THOMAS NEWTON: And, Olivia, now I know how weak you are. (runs away, hangs-up)

WALTER: (gasps awake) Peter... I have a terrible headache... and a sudden craving for chicken wings.

City Stroll - Debriefing Broyles

OLIVIA: (to Broyles) He was right. I made an emotional choice. I chose my friend over my responsibility. And we have no idea if Walter gave Newton the plans for the door. Walter doesn't remember, and the brain tissue that Newton extracted is dead.

BROYLES: And Doctor Paris?

OLIVIA: Nothing. He's vanished. So all we have is more questions. I mean, who is Paris? How did Newton know about Walter's memories? And why did they let Walter live?

BROYLES: I suspect that's the way this is going to be. The more answers we get, the more

questions they'll lead to.

OLIVIA: We didn't get any answers.

BROYLES: Sure we did. We've given our enemy a name and a face. That's something. And you saved Doctor Bishop's life. That's something too, because despite what you think, you made a rational choice, not an emotional one. If you had captured Newton, or even killed him, that wouldn't have been the end of this. But there's only one Walter Bishop... and we'll be needing him before this is over. Don't be so hard on yourself. We're gonna be needing you too.

Checking Walter - Follow-Up MRI

PETER: (as Walter settles into the machine for additional diagnosis) They just want to make sure that everything's okay.

WALTER: I know.

PETER: I should have visited you, Walter, While you were in St. Claire's.

WALTER: Oh, that's okay, Peter. If you had, I probably wouldn't have remembered anyway.

PETER: I'll be right outside if you need me. (leaves the imaging room. door close behind him)

(Walter relaxes and closes his eyes. a flood of memories return to him. he is being prepped for a cranial procedure. *Doctor Paris* consults with the physician preparing Walter for the surgery.

O.R. DOCTOR: He's ready, *Doctor Paris*.

WILLIAM BELL: His system is completely clean? No sedatives, no antidepressants?

O.R. DOCTOR: The electrodes are in place.

WILLIAM BELL: Good. Hello, Walter. Are you comfortable?

WALTER: Comfortable? I'm frightened, Belly.

WILLIAM BELL: I wish there was another way, but what you've accomplished... it's just too dangerous.

WALTER: But what if we ever have to go back?

WILLIAM BELL: Don't worry. Your memory -- I'll put it in a place that only I can find. Now, listen to me, Walter. You designed a door to *the other side*. I want you to think about that door.
