

PROLOGUE

Wedding Party - Initial Testing

(peaceful music plays in preparation for an afternoon wedding at a nice estate)

HARRY STALLER: (prepping the video camera for new arrivals and pre-ceremony interviews) Okay... color and sound check, Milton-Staller wedding.

MISTER STALLER: (father of the groom greets friends of the bride as they enter) Linda, Neal.

LINDA: Hi, Mister Staller. (hand shake/kiss)

MISTER STALLER: Glad you could make it. Good to see you. (hand shake/hug for Neal)

LYNN ARRENDT: (old friends arrive with escorts) Hey, take it easy, Nana. There's no hurry.

NANA STALLER: (fiesty senior matron) You take it easy. *This* my regular speed.

(in a private part of the house, bridesmaids attend to the lady of the day as the nuptials draw near)

ELIZA STALLER: Everyone decent in here? (mother of groom knocks on door to enter with video man)

SHELLEY MILTON: (to future mother-in-law) Come on in, Mrs. Staller.

ELIZA STALLER: Look who I brought, Shelley. (future little brother-in-law carrying video camera) This is how David can see you in your dress before the wedding without the bad luck. Oh... you look stunning.

SHELLEY MILTON: Thank you so much for... everything.

ELIZA STALLER: I'm so happy you're joining the family. (trying not to tear-up) David is lucky to have you. (girl hug) Okay. I'm crying now. Let's not film this part. (to cameraman) No, no, no. (marches out of the room) Turn it off, turn it off.

(groomsmen gathered elsewhere in the house gather for adult beverage consumption. the groom seems anxious and may be getting asthmatic)

DAVID STALLER: Whoa. Whew.

JOSH STALLER: It'll calm him down. (about the alcohol)

DAVID STALLER: (wedding day jitters) I didn't think I'd be this nervous.

JOSH STALLER: Oh... happens to everyone, even me. And, uh, look how I turned out.

(in the now crowded ceremony and reception area)

NANA STALLER: Lynn... who is that man? (about the trim, cropped blond hair male standing across the room and surveying the crowd)

LYNN ARRENDT: I don't know. Must be from Shelley's side.

(still waiting in the wings)

JOSH STALLER: Just breathe, man.

HARRY STALLER: No, where's your inhaler? Where is it? (hands over the inhaler to his brother) It's here. (to the prying cameraman) Harry, just give us a few minutes? Sorry. You're alright. Just a couple minutes. He's okay. He's good. He's okay. (enters the main room with guests and announces) It's okay, it's okay. I can safely say David is not going to run. So just, uh, everybody hang tight. He'll be fine. He's just had a little bit of a reaction...

NANA STALLER: (drawing on some of her worst memories, she begins to remember the man

standing on the other side of the room) It can't be. It can't be. It can't be true.

LYNN ARRENDT: What's wrong, Nana?

NANA STALLER: It can't be. It's him. (stands and walks toward the man, pointing at him)

LYNN ARRENDT: Nana, what are you talking about?

NANA STALLER: It's -- It's him. (sobbing, she collapses as he stoically looks on) You! You!

ELIZA STALLER: Nana, what's wrong?

LYNN ARRENDT: Nana, my God, what is it? (as half the guests begin to hack and choke violently)

ELIZA STALLER: Oh, my God. Someone call 911. Josh! Sweetheart! My God! (as the man, Alfred Hoffman, turns and walks from the scene) What is happening?

ACT I

Wedding Party - Team Arrival

BURT MANNING: (greeting her outside the estate amid the official personnel on scene) Agent Dunham.

OLIVIA: Detective.

BURT MANNING: Burt Manning. We spoke on the phone.

OLIVIA: So has anyone touched anything?

BURT MANNING: M.E.'s inside. We put them in a holding pattern until you got here. It's pretty bad.

OLIVIA: Do we have a final count on the victims?

BURT MANNING: Fourteen... so far. (starts to enter the house)

WALTER: (driving up to the crime scene, distracted, chatty) I quite like weddings. Did I ever tell you about when your mother and I, God rest her soul, got married?

PETER: No, no, no. I think I missed that one. (jumps curb, hits trash bin) And try to stop driving with both feet. Walter, Walter! (stops)

WALTER: She was so beautiful, Peter. So beautiful in white. I won't deny I was never happier. I kept my tuxedo in the hope that one day I would have a son who would wear it. You could wear it on your wedding day. (walking from vehicle)

PETER: Yeah, you know, Walter? Tuxedo styles change.

WALTER: Oh, nonsense. Purple never goes out of style. And the day may come sooner than you think. Do you think she'll call me Dad?

PETER: Who?

WALTER: Agent Dunham.

PETER: My guess would be no. (approaching Olivia and Manning)

WALTER: Don't look at me like that. She's just what you need. Someone who can see right through you. Agent Dunham, don't you look lovely today? Doesn't she look lovely, Peter?

PETER: (flat, appeasing Walter) You look lovely, Agent Dunham.

WALTER: Doctor Walter Bishop. (shakes Manning's hand) How do you do?

OLIVIA: Lose a bet? (letting Walter drive the car)

PETER: It was either that or flying lessons.

WALTER: (inside, inspecting the dead) Swelling of the vitreous humor.

PETER: Mm-hmm. (inspecting his corpse)

WALTER: Petechial hemorrhaging.

PETER: Yeah, not to mention the blue skin. It's definitely asphyxiation.

WALTER: The airway's clear.

PETER: Yeah, same here.

WALTER: No fluid in the lungs.

OLIVIA: So all the victims that I've identified so far are on the groom's side. I mean, maybe they came in contact with something before the wedding.

PETER: Anaphylactic shock. Maybe they're all having an allergic reaction to something they ate or drank.

WALTER: That would be logical, if they were all exposed at the same time, I suppose.

OLIVIA: I'll have the detectives reconstruct where they all were. We may find a connection. (looks at a branding tattoo on a victim) She was a Holocaust survivor.

WALTER: That's dreadful -- to survive a thing like that... (somber) and finish up like this.

OLIVIA: Walter, do you think this could be a deliberate attack?

WALTER: I don't know yet. All I know for certain is that these fourteen people suffocated in a room full of air.

PETER: There's gotta be something they all ate or drank. There, maybe that.

OLIVIA: God, it's hard to believe that a few hours ago this was actually a happy place.

(they hear some rustling from a pantry, open the door and find the groom struggling to catch his breath. he collapses to the floor)

OLIVIA: Oh, my God! We need a medic on the second floor!

PETER: Alright.

OLIVIA: He's dropped his inhaler. Grab it.

ACT II

Walter's Lab - Blue Blood

WALTER: It's curious. (opening bodybag) All fifteen victims. So they're all blood relatives, then.

ASTRID: (reading from computer monitor) Yes. All of the victims are direct descendants of Eva Staller.

WALTER: Holocaust survivor.

ASTRID: And anyone not related to her survived, along with one grandchild who I think might be illegitimate.

WALTER: Therefore, not a blood relative, or I suspect he would have perished too. (scapels open a wedding part corpse) Ostrich, can you come here, dear? What color is this? The blood?

ASTRID: It's blue.

WALTER: Good. Then I'm not imagining it. Something has bonded with the hemoglobin in the blood, changing its color and robbing the body of oxygen. I believe these people literally suffocated from the inside out. (takes a quick shot from the inhaler)

ASTRID: Walter! No, that might... be what killed him.

WALTER: No, that kept him alive longer than the others. I suspect it temporarily weakened the toxin. That still leaves the how. How was the toxin delivered?

Wedding Party - Interviewing Eliza

OLIVIA: (sitting quietly as Peter walks through the area) Mrs. Staller, I understand that you were in charge of the guest list? Did you notice anyone who shouldn't have been at the wedding? Someone who wasn't invited.

ELIZA STALLER: No. Of course, I don't know the bride's entire family. Although, my mother-in-law, she was very upset with someone before -- a man I had never seen before. I thought she was just having a moment.

OLIVIA: If we showed you the wedding video, do you think that you would be able to point him out?

ELIZA STALLER: I could try. (to Peter as he inspects the candles) It's jasmine. Shelley picked out the scent. Represents happiness and love. Do you mind giving me a moment?

OLIVIA: Of course.

ELIZA STALLER: I'll help you with the video. (leaves the room)

OLIVIA: Thank you.

PETER: She just said all the rest of the candles in this place are jasmine, right?

OLIVIA: Mm-hmm.

PETER: Smell that. (she does) This one's cinnamon.

Walter's Lab - Test Group

PETER: And?

WALTER: Patience, son. Just like when you were a little boy, your mother used to say you had ants in your pants. Put that in the spectrometer. (hands Peter a sealed sample)

PETER: Okay.

OLIVIA: (sitting with Astrid at the computer) That's the man that Mrs. Staller identified. Can you make it clearer?

ASTRID: I can try. Oh, that's the best I can do.

OLIVIA: Alright. Well, upload it to the Joint Law Enforcement Database and maybe we'll get a hit.

ASTRID: Alright.

PETER: Walter. Come here. Take a look at this.

WALTER: (joins Peter at his monitor) Oh... that is interesting. (spectral graphs on screen) You were right. This is our toxin. Appears to be a variant of -- what is that? Hydrogen cyanide? The candle would suggest that it was activated by heat, and then dispersed into the air.

OLIVIA: Well, if it was in the air, how come it only killed some of the guests?

WALTER: (sincerely) Good question.

OLIVIA: What?

WALTER: Chemical weapons. Death by asphyxiation. The Nazis. I knew this was familiar.

OLIVIA: The Nazis?

WALTER: The Nazis were scientific pioneers. They attempted to advance every branch of science -- Molecular bombs, flying saucers, eternal youth. Before DNA was even discovered, Josef Mengele wanted to create a weapon capable of targeting specific victims, a weapon capable of -- of picking people out in a crowd, just like what happened here. It seems that science may have finally caught up with Nazi ambition.

OLIVIA: Mrs. Staller was a Holocaust survivor. Do you think that that's...

WALTER: ...relevant? I don't know, Olivia. Of course, I'm not saying that this is the work of the Nazis. Nor suddenly am I convinced that this was just a murder. A wedding is the perfect laboratory. You have your target group, the Stallers, and you have your control group, everyone else.

OLIVIA: Are you saying that you think this was a science experiment?

WALTER: It's a theory. And one that I think I can prove.

OLIVIA: How?

WALTER: A scientist always tries to recreate his results. If I'm right, this will happen again.

Afternoon Diner - Another Test

CASHIER: (to the mother-daughter team at her counter) One soy latte, one orange juice, two yogurts.

JORDAN'S MOM: Say thank you, Jordan.

JORDAN: Thank you.

ALFRED HOFFMAN: (next in line as the ladies move to a table) I'd like a cup of tea, please. And, uh, make sure the water is very hot.

CASHIER: Sure thing. What kind of tea?

ALFRED HOFFMAN: Oh, I don't know, uh... you pick. (pleasantly smiling) Whichever is your favorite. Oh, and please... make sure the water is very hot.

JORDAN'S MOM: So do you like her? Mrs. Greenwalt?

JORDAN: Yeah, she's nice. But she always makes us take a nap after lunch.

JORDAN'S MOM: Well, maybe you need time to get your energy back.

JORDAN: I think Mrs. Greenwalt is the one who's sleepy.

ALFRED HOFFMAN: (after sitting at an adjacent table) She's very smart, your daughter.

JORDAN'S MOM: Yeah, she is.

ALFRED HOFFMAN: Soon you'll be outsmarting the teachers.

JORDAN'S MOM: Well, we're already there. We're talking about skipping her up a grade.

ALFRED HOFFMAN: Yeah, well, don't be in too much of a hurry. (shakes a small vial of liquid he removed from his pocket) These days are precious. (pours the vial contents into his very hot tea) Soon all you will have... are pictures.

JORDAN'S MOM: Hmm, that smells good. Is that cinnamon?

ALFRED HOFFMAN: Yeah. Something like that. (as the tea starts to fog and bubble)

ACT III

Diner Crime Scene - Aftermath

BROYLES: Nine victims. Suffocated just like the wedding in Brookline. (walking past ambulances, emergency responders)

OLIVIA: Except unlike the Stallers, none of these people were related to each other.

PETER: You might have to rework that hypothesis, Walter. Maybe this toxin isn't transmitted genetically. (walking past the young girl from inside the diner as she is treated)

WALTER: It's just a theory, Peter.

OLIVIA: Any surveillance?

BROYLES: No cameras inside or on the street. Could be why our suspect chose this place.

OLIVIA: No candles, I suppose.

BROYLES: Not a single one.

PETER: Hey, Walter, is there any other way that this toxin could be delivered?

WALTER: Any number of ways, I would think. It simply requires a heat source to disperse it into the air. (looking for evidence)

OLIVIA: (looking at Hoffman's purchase) What about a cup of tea?

WALTER: Oh, yes, thank you. Hmm? Oh! Oh, yes, yes, that would work. As long as the water was hot enough.

OLIVIA: Cinnamon.

BROYLES: I want this cup dusted for prints immediately.

FORENSICS TECH: Yes, sir. Right away.

WALTER: (inspecting a female victim) Peter, can you help me? That man there, what color are his eyes?

PETER: (rolls man over and prys open eyelids) Brown.

WALTER: I was right after all. It is a targeted toxin. They all have brown eyes. That's the common genetic trait. Check the survivors, but I'm sure I'm right. It's a good thing you weren't here at the time, Agent Broyles, or you would be dead too.

OLIVIA: So first it was a family. Now it's people with brown eyes. Why is he targeting these people? You said you think it's an experiment. So what-- He's just killing these people to prove that he can?

WALTER: Perhaps. I'm going to drive us back to the lab. I think I have an idea.

PETER: Walter... why don't I drive? An idea about what?

WALTER: I don't know yet.

(across the street from the diner, Hoffman engages an officer behind the police barricade)

ALFRED HOFFMAN: Excuse me, officer. That man over there. He's named Bischoff.

POLICE OFFICER: You mean Doctor Bishop.

ALFRED HOFFMAN: Doctor Bishop.

POLICE OFFICER: Did you need something?

ALFRED HOFFMAN: No, I'm just trying to place him. He looks just like his father. (wry smile)

Walter's Lab - Family History Lesson

WALTER: (to Olivia as she returns) Oh! Is that the teacup?

OLIVIA: Yeah. But, uh, they could only pull a partial print, so no good to run through any databases.

WALTER: Oh. That's unfortunate. But you are just in time.

OLIVIA: Just in time for what?

PETER: Show and tell, apparently.

WALTER: (claps hands and starts to brief to an image on a large display) This is a molecular model of the toxin. This blue portion, that's the deadly part. This red part, that... that's the targeted group. Um, in the first instance, the Staller family -- Agent Farnsworth? And in this instance, people with brown eyes.

OLIVIA: Because he can program the toxin to target whatever group he wants.

WALTER: Any group with -- common physical characteristics or genetic similarities, yes. Um, tall people, short people, fat people, skinny people, black people, brown people, or white people --

PETER: Hey, Walter. We get it.

WALTER: Oh... well, anyway, whoever created this was apparently proud of his work. Although I don't know why he should be, I mean -- apart from the genetic targeting, the toxin itself is quite rudimentary. It's a blend of chromium trioxide and hydrogen cyanide.

PETER: Chromium trioxide? That's highly regulated. If this guy was buying it in any quantity...

OLIVIA: Astrid, can you --

ASTRID: (as she heads to her workstation) Dig up any companies that deal with chromium trioxide.

OLIVIA: So, Walter, what were you saying about him being proud of his work?

WALTER: Ah. See this? (points to a small pigtail feature on the molecular map) That's a carbon chain. It's inert. It's the signature of the creator. Some chemists spell out their initials in molecules. Others create a symbol.

OLIVIA: Are you saying that we may be able to identify whoever made this?

WALTER: (takes a closer look) Well, yes, but this could be anybody's. Well, it looks like a stylized "S", or a snake.

PETER: Actually... looks more like a seahorse to me.

WALTER: Heh, heh, a sea horse. I suppose it could --

OLIVIA: What is it?

WALTER: (seriously concerned) *Das Seepferdchen*. The seahorse. I know who created this toxin.

PETER: Hey, Walter. Wait, Walter... what's going on? (chase his father into his office)

WALTER: They called him "the seahorse" because he was a great swimmer.

PETER: Okay, good for him. But who is he?

WALTER: My father. (looks around his desk) Doctor Robert Bishop.

PETER: Wait, wait, wait, your father?

WALTER: I told you these were Nazi experiments. My father was a scientific pioneer at the University of Berlin. (hands large box to Peter)

PETER: Yes, I know, who came here in 1933, which is long before the Nazis ever took power.

WALTER: It was 1943. Given the nature of his work, I fudged the date a little.

PETER: Walter, what are you telling me? That my grandfather was a Nazi? (carries box out)

WALTER: Technically, yes. Actually... he worked as a spy for the Allies, sabotaging German research and -- and smuggling scientific information to the Americans. I... I knew I recognized the experiment. I must have seen the formula in one of my father's books. (carrying more boxes)

OLIVIA: Walter, are you saying that you think your father helped develop the formula for this toxin?

WALTER: It would seem so. (starts searching books from the boxes) But of course, at the time, it was just theoretical. DNA itself was theoretical. That formula has to be here somewhere. These are all of my father's favorite books, first editions of Goethe, Thomas Mann--

PETER: And you're sure that all those notes were hidden inside of German novels?

WALTER: Oh, yes. Yes, it was the only way he could smuggle them out of Germany when he left.

PETER: You're not gonna find those books in there. (boxes)

WALTER: Oh, no, no. They will be here. These are all the books in my library.

PETER: No, they won't. (stops the box search) Walter. They're not in there. I sold those books. All of them. About ten years ago. (regretful)

WALTER: You sold them. Why?

PETER: I needed money.

WALTER: Money? They were my books. (growing anger) He left them to me. He knew how dangerous they were.

PETER: The odds that this case has anything to do with your father's work --

WALTER: (snapping) The very thing that he was trying to stop, you put back into the world.

PETER: We don't know that for sure.

WALTER: Yes, we do! Of course we do. How else would whoever is doing this have gotten hold of the formula? And because I failed to protect it, my father's work is killing people. (very disappointed)

(later, in the shadows of Walter's residence, Alfred Hoffman helps himself to an apple... and Walter's sweater)

ACT IV

Markham's Books - Bishop's Notes

BROYLES: (on phone from office) So the killer is using a toxin based on a formula created by Doctor Bishop's father?

PETER: (on speaker phone from car) Just another skeleton in the Bishop family closet. It's in a book I sold. (exits vehicle for the store)

OLIVIA: (grabs phone and exits car) So the formula is very complex. We believe that the killer must have found it in one of the books. If we can trace the books, then hopefully we can find him.

BROYLES: Then do it. Quickly.

OLIVIA: Okay. (hangs up phone)

PETER: We'll find those books. (enters store)

EDWARD MARKHAM: (climbing down from ladder) Come on, Bishop! You sold me those books, like, ten years ago. How am I supposed to know where they are now?

PETER: Because, Markham, you're exactly the kind of fastidious packrat who keeps a handwritten log of every book he's ever sold.

EDWARD MARKHAM: Such a way with words. (approaches counter) How is it that a beautiful lady like you is stuck with this guy?

OLIVIA: Uh, it's my job.

EDWARD MARKHAM: Well, I got plenty of books on how to rethink your career. What color is your parachute?... Do what you are...

PETER: That's thoughtful of you. I really need you to find out who it was who bought those books.

OLIVIA: Whoever did may be in the midst of a killing spree.

EDWARD MARKHAM: Hmm, sounds serious. Give me a minute, I'll see what I can find.

PETER: What?

OLIVIA: You didn't really sell Walter's books for money, did you? Walter's got heaps of valuable stuff. Why did you just sell his books?

PETER: It was a long time ago. Walter was still in St. Claire, so I wasn't exactly very fond of him at the time. (rueful) Those books were amongst his favorite possessions. And no, to answer your question, I'm not proud of it.

EDWARD MARKHAM: They were sold last year. (returns with sales info) The name I got is Eric Franko. Lives over in Kendall Square. He struck me as a real weirdo.

PETER: Coming from you, that's saying something. I owe you one.

Kendall Square - Meeting Franko

(Hoffman is busy in his lab with a small aluminum cannister. Peter and Olivia approach Franko's home and knock on the door)

OLIVIA: (after flashing a light in the dark front window) Doesn't look like he's here.

PETER: Well, why don't we just poke around for a bit? (starts to pick lock)

OLIVIA: (Olivia leads in with pistol drawn to a room full of fascist memorabilia and art work. Franco startles the two as he walks in via a side door) Freeze! FBI! Get down on your knees.

ERIC FRANKO: (drops to knees, hands raised) Don't shoot me. Please don't shoot me. (later, explaining calmly) I'm not a Nazi. I'm an artist. It's about the banality of evil, uh, like the Nuremberg trials showing history's tyrants as these regular schmucks.

PETER: That is deep. Where are the books you bought from Markham? The German novels.

ERIC FRANKO: The ones with all the creepy stuff inside. The *Alice in Wonderland* meets the, uh -- the evil Nazi experiment? Well, you're looking at one of them. (points to modern art piece) Uh, so what do those books have to do with the FBI?

PETER: It's a long story.

OLIVIA: So none of these have ever been displayed. You're the only person who's ever seen them.

ERIC FRANKO: Sadly, the, uh, contemporary art scene has yet to, um -- fully recognize my particular contributions.

PETER: I'd like to get these books back -- or what's left of them. I'll pay you whatever you had to pay for them.

ERIC FRANKO: Yeah, yeah. Sure, sure, uh... It's gonna take me a while to, uh, dig them all up, uh... but you should also know the collage is for sale. (after getting called on his bluff) Or I could donate it.

Walter's Lab - DNA Ideas

WALTER: Your grandfather was a fan of modern art. (image of fascist dictator) But I don't think he would have appreciated this.

PETER: I'm sorry, Walter.

WALTER: Apology not accepted. (sits to study the image) Of course, this means the perpetrator didn't get the formula from the books.

OLIVIA: No, we don't see how he could have.

WALTER: Then how on Earth did he recreate the formula using my father's signature, no less?

ASTRID: (returns from side office) No match on the killer's DNA, Walter.

WALTER: Great. More bad news.

OLIVIA: Wait, I don't understand. His DNA? Where did you get his DNA?

ASTRID: Doctor Bishop was able to get some from the partial fingerprints – from the skin cells in the oil. That's pretty amazing.

WALTER: Not my best work, I'm afraid. The telomere degradation suggested that the man was *over a hundred years old*, which is fascinating, but not a likely possibility.

PETER: Hey, Walter, you said this toxin could be programmed to target any genetic trait, right?

WALTER: Yes.

PETER: Well, could it be programmed to target more than one? Say, green eyes and brown hair at the same time?

WALTER: Yes, I suppose it could.

OLIVIA: What are you thinking?

PETER: Das Herrenvolk. The master race. The Nazis' ultimate goal. The purification of the German people and the white race.

OLIVIA: So Nazi science for a Nazi agenda.

PETER: All of Hitler's dreams in one little toxin.

Boston Back Alley - New Test

(Hoffman walks alone into a dark back alley with a small paper bag in his hand. several trash can fires burn and he is approached by a surly resident when as he squats to empty the paper bag)

ALLEY DWELLER: Hey! What are you doing there?

ALFRED HOFFMAN: I'm conducting a test.. to monitor the dispersion rate of my experiment. Please... you can watch.

(Hoffman lights the cannister he has placed on the ground, and after a few seconds, a large white

plume of smoke explodes into the enclosed area. the local man is dead. he dog is unhappy)

ACT V

Walter's Lab - A Lead

PETER: Walter. What are you doing to those rats?

WALTER: Killing them. Well, hopefully only the white ones.

ASTRID: I thought you were trying to block the toxin.

WALTER: I am. But I have to replicate it before I can figure out how to stop it.

OLIVIA: (enters from a side door) Uh, Astrid couldn't find any companies that purchased chromium trioxide within the past six months. But our EPA contact suggested we search for sodium chromate?

WALTER: Of course. It's a sister compound. You treat it with sulphuric acid, you get chromium trioxide.

OLIVIA: Okay, well, here are three local buyers. (puts list out for Walter to read) Do you recognize any of them?

WALTER: Those two -- pharmaceutical companies. This one I've never heard of. (points finger at a Hoffman Biological address)

PETER: (reading from list) Shipping address is 3340 Eastham Road. Newton, Mass? That's a residential address.

OLIVIA: (dials out on cell phone) Uh, sir? It's Dunham. Uh, I think we have a location.

Hoffman Lab - Criminal Escape

(Hoffman sits in his lab, listening to classical music, and works at preparing a fraudulent identification badge. in the roadway in front of his house, vehicles arrive and a tactical raiding team enters the house with chemical warfare protection masks donned. the science team follow them in. inside, Hoffman hears the commotion from his laboratory in the basement.)

OLIVIA: Are we clear, Agent Doble?

AGENT DOBLE: (testing the air and removing his mask) The air is safe.

RAIDING OFFICER: We're good! All clear!

(in the basement, Hoffman gathers a box with his weapons, prepares to depart, and heat a beaker on the stove as he departs. Olivia notices a utility room upstairs and discovers a hidden passage to the basement. the team descends to investigate)

PETER: Makes your lab look downright homey.

WALTER: (removing vials from a refrigeration display case) Schwarzes haut, braunes haut, grune augen...

PETER: ...genetic traits. Eye color, hair color, skin tone -- It's the works.

WALTER: Creating the master race by process of elimination.

OLIVIA: Guys? I think I found something. (finds unused facial images) Looks like he was making some kind of I.D.

PETER: (from a nearby counter) Walter, this is your sweater. Walter? (as his father starts choking)

Walter! Oh, Walter.

OLIVIA: (knocks over the heated beaker to stop the attack against Walter) Get him out of here! We need some help downstairs! We need that oxygen, now!

WALTER: Oxygen...

PETER: Yeah. Breathe... Just breathe, Walter. Breathe. Breathe.

(Hoffman waits patiently in line with reporting wait staff at the Performing Arts Center)

OLIVIA: Walter, how are you feeling?

WALTER: You got me out just in time. (breathing normally) I'd like my sweater back.

PETER: We'll work on that, Walter.

OLIVIA: Walter, why did he go after you?

WALTER: I don't know. Perhaps he knew my father betrayed the Nazis.

PETER: Were you able to get that photo to Broyles?

OLIVIA: Yeah. He's sending it out wide. I also found this. (hands him a plastic badge protector with a faint image on it)

PETER: I know that logo.

Arts Center - Criminal Infiltration

SECURITY SCREENER: I have to check the contents of the box.

ALFRED HOFFMAN: (holds out badge for inspection) Of course. (stands still for magnetic wand screening)

SECURITY SCREENER: (after inspecting the cardboard box full of Sterno-style containers) Alright, go ahead.

ACT VI

Arts Center - Intercepting Hoffman

OLIVIA: (en route, talking on speaker phone as she drives) It's the annual World Tolerance Conference at the Boston Center for Performing Arts.

BROYLES: (on phone at office) Do you know who he's planning to target?

PETER: (speaker phone) No, with that broad a spectrum of genetic markers, the target group could be anybody.

BROYLES: We need to evacuate the building. I'll call the *Head of Security*. But there are any number of foreign dignitaries at that conference, so we need to follow protocol. That'll take time.

PETER: We may not have it.

(Walter has lingered in Hoffman's makeshift lab with a technician. he finds an old sweater on the floor, picks it up and studies it. he lifts his mask and tests the air. he notices a device on the shelf and takes it with him, along with the sweater)

CONFERENCE SPEAKER: (before the assembled guests at the Arts Center) There are many difficulties, but we must continue to confront discrimination and uphold the rights of the oppressed. The theme of this year's conference, *Individual and Cultural Rights*, was not chosen lightly. (dressed in wait staff attire, Hoffman moves between the warming trays, placing his toxin laced

cannisters below them as he goes) This organization has a proud tradition of upholding both human rights and cultural diversity. Yet these goals, at times, may appear difficult. Together, we are committed to the promotion of tolerance.

ASTRID: (joins Walter at the lab while he experiments with the things he gathered from Hoffman's lab) Walter? Whenever you're ready, I'll... take you home.

WALTER: No. I want you to take me to the Performing Arts Center. (pours a light blue liquid into a test tube) I can stop this.

OLIVIA: (entering the Arts Center) Okay. (briefs the awaiting forces) We're looking for the man, or the mechanism.

PETER: A candle, a coffee urn...

OLIVIA: (flashes badge to security) FBI. (to investigators) So... now, remember, he could be anywhere -- On the floor, on the balconies... anywhere. (on tactical radio after they spilt-up) Peter, there's a candle on every table.

PETER: (on radio) I know. They've been burning for so long. There's no victims. He must be using something more potent.

ASTRID: (to Walter as they arrive at the Arts Center and he heads in the wrong direction) Walter, the conference is this way.

WALTER: (continues where he was going to go) No, Astrid. We need to take the higher ground. (she follows him upstairs)

CANTRELL: (over radio) This is Cantrell in the north-west corner. I've got nothing.

OLIVIA: (over radio) Nothing here, either. Keep circulating.

CONFERENCE SPEAKER: (continues as law enforcement searches calmly) ... a difference of values, of religions, and of lifestyles. We must take great care, lest our advocacy become its own form of oppression, one that unjustifiably takes sides. (Hoffman smiles as he drifts among the attendees)

PETER: (on radio) Olivia, I'm in the bar. It could be anything back here. Candles, coffee pots -- It's a disaster. (sees something) Hold on a second.

OLIVIA: Peter? (hurries to find him)

PETER: Whoa! (as he intercepts a wait person lighting a warming tray candle) Let's hold off on those for one second. (to Olivia as he removes the candle from under the tray) I think I got it.

CONFERENCE SPEAKER: (continues aware of security concerns) ... we are united by a common -- (interrupted by loud coughing)

OLIVIA: (rushing to the sound) Where's the victim? FBI.

PETER: Everybody, move!

OLIVIA: Please. Make room! Make room.

PETER: I said move! Get outta my way! I need a paramedic!

ALFRED HOFFMAN: (laying on the ground, gasping for life) Bischoff! Traitor! (Walter stands defiantly on the balcony above with the device from Hoffman's lab)

Arts Center - Aftermath

BROYLES: Doctor Bishop.

WALTER: Yes, Agent Broyles?

BROYLES: What you did tonight...

WALTER: ... was to use the killer's DNA to target him and only him using his own toxin. If you plan to press charges, then so be it. But I don't regret what I did.

BROYLES: (sternly) Good night, Doctor Bishop. (walks off)

WALTER: Olivia... That man... (Hoffman) he -- he corrupted my father's work.

OLIVIA: I understand.

WALTER: No, no, it was more than that. You see, family is very important to me. There's nothing I wouldn't do. (she walks away)

Bishop Residence - Family Ties

WALTER: (as Peter returns with a box of stored items) What's this?

PETER: It's a present. (placing box on desk) Your father's work. I had Franko give me everything that wasn't totally destroyed.

WALTER: (starts to inspect the contents) Oh, look, Peter. It's your grandfather. (hands him photo)

PETER: Robert Bischoff?

WALTER: That was his name. He changed it when he came over here. Your mother always said that you shared his noble brow. It's a pity you never got to know him. You two would have gotten along very well, I think.

PETER: (smiles. starts to leave room) You know, there is still one thing that doesn't make any sense. If the formula for the toxin didn't come from your father's notes, how did this guy get it?

WALTER: Hmm. Perhaps there are some mysteries that are destined to remain unsolved. (earnestly) Thank you for bringing these back. (an image of young Walter hangs on the wall with an older scientist standing in the background)