

## PROLOGUE

### **Army Research - 1985 New York City**

WALTER: (briefing three Generals on his latest project) Our success thus far should serve as an example of our ability to achieve that which most can't even imagine. What you must understand is that, as scientists, we must embrace every possibility. No limitations. No boundaries. There is no reason for them. Gentlemen... I would like you to take a look at this. (hands over for inspection a small cellular phone inconsistent with 1985 technology) It's a mobile telephone. It can be made much smaller, I assure you.

GENERAL HAMES: Does this work?

WALTER: Not here, not yet. This phone is digital, not analog. It'll take us thirty years to get up to speed. I didn't invent it. I wish I had.

GENERAL HAMES: Doctor Bishop, we were under the impression Doctor Bell would be here this evening.

WALTER: I'm afraid that's not possible. Doctor Bell is in Europe. But I am here, so I can answer any questions you may have.

GENERAL TONKS: Doctor Bishop. Is this Russian technology?

WALTER: It is not. It is quite American, but... it is technology from another universe. An alternate universe just like ours... but more advanced in some areas.

GENERAL TONKS: Are you suggesting you somehow visited this alternate universe and acquired this advanced technology?

WALTER: No. It is theoretically impossible to go there.

GENERAL TONKS: Then how did you come to possess this?

WALTER: I copied it. (continues his briefing on the roof of the tall building. The four men join Walter's aide for a demonstration) For the last several years, William and I have been conducting various experiments regarding this other universe. So based on our findings, we developed a window of sorts, a way of looking into this neighboring world. And that is why we are asking for funding. This is my colleague, Doctor Carla Warren.

CARLA WARREN: (as she prepares a clear, large flat screen device on a pedestal) Hello, sirs.

WALTER: (referring to the device) This window works by capturing errant photons from the universe beside ours. The window essentially stretches the membrane between our worlds and allows us... to see their image from our side.

GENERAL HAMES: You're gonna make some sort of alternate Manhattan appear?

WALTER: It's already there, General Hames. Doctor Warren. At all times, right in front of our eyes. We just can't see it. (Carla activates the device and rotates it) I'm sure you know that the original purpose for the so-called observation deck of the Empire State Building was to be a docking station... for Zeppelins, of course. (a large airship approaches the building in the image of the alternate universe) Gentlemen, you are looking through a window... into another world.

## ACT I

### **Olivia's Apartment - A Visitor**

OLIVIA: (answers the late evening doorbell holding an adult beverage) Walter, what are you doing here?

WALTER: You left me no choice. You wouldn't answer your telephone, return my messages. I tried to communicate.

OLIVIA: I need time, okay? I don't even know... how to begin to work this out.

WALTER: I think I do. Please, Olivia, I need to explain. And if you wouldn't mind, I could use a sip of something, myself. (inside, as Olivia pours his drink) Have you told Agent Broyles?

OLIVIA: No. But to be honest, that doesn't mean that I won't.

WALTER: I always knew that one day I'd have to pay the price for my deception.

OLIVIA: Well, we're not really sure what the cost is yet, are we?

WALTER: No. I suppose not. I invented this after William and I learned that we had doubles on the other side. Or maybe it was before. I can't remember. It's a window to the other universe. I was a different man then. I was going to change the world. But you see, after Peter became sick, none of that seemed to matter anymore. The illness was genetic. Savage. Wasting. I tried everything. There was simply no hope. At least... not on this side. But over there... they're more technologically advanced. If the alternate Peter was also sick over there, then wouldn't his father be equally motivated to find a cure? He was. God help me... He was.

### **Walter's Lab - Observing 1985 Cure**

CARLA WARREN: (joins Walter as he views the alternate universe lab through the device) Any progress?

WALTER: He's synthesizing a new compound now. He's using cobalt and magnesium.

CARLA WARREN: Any idea yet how he's selecting the filtering compounds?

WALTER: Random, I think. Chance, fate, luck of the draw. I've given him a name, Carla.

CARLA WARREN: Hmm?

WALTER: Walternate. (watches the experiment that is unfolding on the other side of the device) This is it. This should be the reaction. (as it fails) No cure. (makes a notation on his marker board then thinks) Perhaps with a higher iodine purification. (walks to his office to answer the phone) Walter Bishop.

ELIZABETH BISHOP: Walter?

WALTER: Elizabeth. (concerned) Is he...?

ELIZABETH BISHOP: ...yeah, no, he's -- he's fine. He's -- he's alright right now. But, um...

WALTER: What?

ELIZABETH BISHOP: I think you should come home now, Walter. I think it's time you came home.

WALTER: Okay. Okay.

## **Bishop Residence - 1985 Cambridge**

ELIZABETH BISHOP: (sitting. distraught. to Walter after he enters the house) He looks worse. Keeps asking for you. It's not like before.

WALTER: What is it like?

ELIZABETH BISHOP: It's different. He keeps saying he wants to talk to you. He says he's worried he won't be able to. (as Walter plays quiet music on the phonograph) I just can't bear it when you're not here.

WALTER: You know what I'm doing. You know where I am twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

ELIZABETH BISHOP: Yes.

WALTER: I won't give up, Elizabeth. I can do this. I need you not to doubt me. (after joining Peter as the boy rests in bed) You're supposed to be getting some rest, my son.

PETER: Dad?

WALTER: Mm?

PETER: I've almost got it. (tries to master a manual dexterity trick with his favorite coin)

WALTER: Ooh. Let me show you. Now... Slowly... Watch... one finger at a time. (demonstrates the trick perfectly) You show me. (hands the coin back. chuckles when Peter is successful) Very good.

PETER: I want you to have it, my lucky silver dollar, if I die.

WALTER: Peter...

PETER: It's okay. I'm not scared. (in quiet pain)

WALTER: Nothing's going to happen to you. I promise. You're going to be just fine. Okay? Now get some rest.

PETER: Okay. Will you wake me for dinner? I don't wanna miss it.

WALTER: You're not gonna miss anything. (hugs Peter. then realizes Peter has just died in his arms)

## **ACT II**

You know how much William wanted to be here.

But with the meetings in Berlin...

I don't need to tell you how important they are.

For both of you.

He wanted me to make sure that you know how terrible he feels.

Yes.

I understand.

I'm glad you came.

We didn't give him a good life.

We didn't. He -- he --

He practically never got out of the house.

He was always too sick.

He didn't go to a proper school.

He didn't have any proper friends.

He...He had no family but us.

We kept him so well, we never let anyone else get to know him.

We did the best we could.

We dealt with what we were given.

He knew he was loved.

Didn't he?

[inhales]

Walter, what's wrong?

You're cold. Have you been outside?

Come with me.

Walter, what is this?

[whispering] how's this possible?

How are you doing this?

What I've been working on, Elizabeth, it's a window to another universe.

Like ours, but different.

[sighs] please.

Please turn it back on again.

Please turn it on. I want to see him again!

Elizabeth, I am telling you this because I want you to know that somewhere peter will grow up, somewhere he will lead a proper life, somewhere he will be happy, but just not here.

And we must take comfort in this.

And we must begin to move on.

[power humming]

[object clatters]

The compounds you're using for the cure...

Not random at all.

You are very... very smart.

Yes!

You did it!

By God, you did it!

[laughing]

No.

No, no, y--

You had it, the cure.

All you have to do is stabilize the compound, and you can save him.

[whimpering]

You can save him.

### **ACT III**

DECEMBER: their theories are fascinating.

AUGUST: they are not theories.

They are entertainment.

I have made...

A mistake.

So I've heard.

What were you doing in the lab?

Doctor Bishop was on the verge of developing a cure for the boy.

It was an important moment.

He discovered me.

There was no other way to witness the moment.

You have changed the future.

You have created a new set of probabilities.

But you must agree the moment was significant.

The boy is significant.

You need to take action to restore balance.

How?

You will have an opportunity to fix this.

Walter?

Doctor Warren.

Have you been here all night?

I've been working.

Working on what?

This. What is this?

Walter found a cure. He found a cure for Peter.

And -- and it works, Carla.

It's not too late. I can save him.

Walter, Peter is dead.

I know. Of course I know that!

I'm not talking about my Peter.

I'm talking about the other Peter, the one on the other side.

He missed it. The other Walter.

He--he missed it and, you know...

It was right there in front of him, and -- and he didn't see it.

He was distracted by the man. What man?

The man in the lab. He was distracted.

And--and when he returned, the positive result had failed, and so he moved on.

Maybe he'll realize what he missed, and he'll go back.

Carla, he is just... like... me.

I wouldn't look back, and neither will he.

He didn't see the compound... [whispers] but I did.

And I've reproduced it.

It just needed... minor modification.

And without this, peter will die.

He'll die all over again. [clears throat]

Which is why I have to go over there.

What?

The casimir effect should produce a thinner, more porous region of space-time.

I only need to affect the area for long enough to cross over to the other side with a vial of the cure.

And -- and then, of course, recreate the effect to cross back again.

Walter, you're trying to create a wormhole into another universe?

Yes!

I think I just said that.

Where's my map?

When I looked into his room on the other side, I saw that his mother had already packed his suitcase for our lake house, just like we do every year at this time.

That's where we need to find a location to set up.

Walter, I'm sorry, but you can't.

Yes.

Yes, I think I can.

No, walter, I mean you can't.

Shattering the wall between universes would rupture the fundamental constants of nature.

It's a theory. We don't know that to be true.

It's a good theory.

It is why we have been lying to the military, telling them it's impossible.

Walter, there has to be a line somewhere.

There has to be a line we can't cross.

I always considered you as a scientist, Doctor Warren...

Despite your personal needs for religious claptrap.

I see I was wrong.

"I am become death, Destroyer of worlds."

Don't you quote oppenheimer to me.

Knowledge cannot be pursued without morality.

You sound like a pious sanctimonious southern preacher!

I may go to church every Sunday, Walter, but I also have three degrees in theoretical physics, and I am telling you you cannot do this.

We both know the amount of energy required to create a portal will forever ruin both universes.

For the sake of one life, you will destroy the world.

Some things are not ours to tamper with.

Some things are God's.

My son is dying, Doctor Warren.

I will not allow that to happen again.

There's only room for one god in this lab, and it's not yours.

The lake. It's perfect.

The water will absorb the excess energy.

And I won't be needing your assistance any further today, Doctor Warren.

Walter-- that will be all.

[rapidly departing footsteps]

[door opens]

(nina) walter's always been like that.

He often goes off on flights of fancy.

But even if he was serious, the design itself is decades beyond anything we could imagine.

No. You don't understand.

He already has the design.

He's building it.

Oh.

Yes. Doctor Bell's room, please.

## **ACT IV**

Here.

It will do.

[grunting]

[generator rattling]

[high-pitched whine]

See you've changed your mind, Carla.

Good.

I'm sorry, Walter.

You disappoint me, Doctor Warren.

Go home, Nina.

There's work to be done here.

Walter, don't do this.

Oh, I'll be there and back before you know it.

That's not the point.

We both know that there's more to it than that.

Don't mean to say that creating a doorway

Between universes is trivial.

I'm simply suggesting that--

Now if William were here--

William were here?

He'd be applauding.

Well, that's not true.

No? Then why isn't he here?

I--the funding, his schedule.

Oh, he's in europe chasing funding?

Too busy to come and stop me from destroying the universe?

How many times have you rang him today?

Once?

Twenty?

How many times has he returned your call?

[typing]

You know how many times that William has encouraged me to take this very risk?

To expedite our espionage program?

"why simply take a peek into the other universe, Walter, when you can go there?"

So up till now, he couldn't make me find a way to try to get there until I had to find a way.

No, I don't believe that.

No, no, you wouldn't, because you don't understand him.

Like everyone else, you're blinded by the charming manner, the air of intelligence, the whole damn show.

All william bell ever cared about was finding a way to increase the power and the wealth and the legend of William Bell.

Walter, regardless of what William wants,

Or who he is, I know why you're doing this.

I understand.

You know how much peter meant to me, and how difficult it will be for me to admit that he's gone.

But... this.

This isn't the answer.

No.

I won't let him die again.

[energy crackling]

No! Walter! I won't let you do it!

Walter! Oh!

Unh! Oh!

Aah!

Nina!

Help me!

Oh, no.

Oh, no.

## **ACT V**

ELIZABETH BISHOP: Hey.

You're supposed to be getting some rest.

Look. I've almost got it.

Okay, let's take a look.

[chuckles]

Here, let's see, okay.

It's like this.

Okay, slowly.

One finger at a time.

Okay?

[whispers] slowly.

Two...

Three.

Good job.

[laughing] okay.

Alright, love.

Now sleep, okay?

Good night, sweetheart.

Mom?

Mm-hmm?

I want you to have it.

What, darling?

My lucky silver dollar.

Okay.

I want you to have it

If I die.

Sweetheart, well...

It's okay.

I'm not scared.

Listen.

Nothing is going to happen to you.

I promise.

You're gonna be fine.

You just need to get some rest now, okay?

Okay.

Alright.

Okay, my love.

Dad?

Hello, son.

Dad?

Are you alright?

Yes.

Yes.

ELIZABETH BISHOP: Baby, who you talking to?

Walter?

I--what are you doing here?

I thought you were working late at Cambridge.

I, uh--

Walter, what are you wearing?

Where did you get that coat?

I think I found a cure.

What?

I think I found it, a cure for him.

Are you certain?

Yes, I believe so.

I'll need to take him back to Cambridge to the lab.

I need to leave now.

Yes. Yeah, of course.

Um, right, Peter, darling, get up.

I'm going to get you dressed.

Darling, let's get you out of this.

Okay. Good boy.

Okay, let's...

There's a good chap.

Alright.

Darling, we just have to go to daddy's work.

Elizabeth?

Mm-hmm?

May I have a word, please?

Yeah, of course.

Put the gloves on.

What is it?

I think you should stay here.

What?

The cure, there's still testing to be done,

And it could take all night to find the correct dosage.

Well, I can pack a bag.

No.

No, you haven't slept in weeks.

If it works, there could be many days and weeks

Of recuperation.

Peter will need you.

He'll need you to be strong.

Walter... No.

I'm fine.

Please, Liz.

I need you not to doubt me.

Okay.

Okay.

Oh, God, he's burning up.

We should leave.

You take this for luck.

I love you very much.

I love you too, mom.

I'm going to be waiting for you right here.

Okay?

Okay, go on.

Gloves.

Bring him back to me.

I promise.

WALTER: are you warm enough?

I'm cold.

Me too.

Just a little farther.

Where are we going?

Why aren't we taking the car?

We can't get where we're going in a car.

You're not my father, are you?

Of course I am.

Who else would I be?

I'm going to make you all better.

Hold on tight, son.

We did it.

## **ACT VI**

Is he okay?

(both) Who are you?

You're the man I saw... In the lab... On the other side.

Your friend and the one who was injured, they left to seek medical attention.

He won't live much longer.

You must fix him.

Your lab is six miles from here.

Can you drive?

[shivering] I think so.

Why... why did you save us?

The boy is important.

He has to live.

[tires squeal]

I just got off with the hospital.

Doctor Bell called in a team of specialists.

He has some thoughts on Nina's arm.

Thank you for coming in to help with peter,

After all that happened.

Of course, Walter.

He looks better.

Yes.

He's getting his color back.

Seems to be working.

You're going to return him.

Yes.

Once he's stabilized.

Good.

I'd like to go now.

Of course.

Thank you.

Walter?

Love, you didn't come home last night.

I was worried about you.

I thought...

How?

He was dying, Elizabeth.

This is the boy I showed you,

The other Peter.

It was the only way I could save him.

Oh.

Oh, God.

Oh, my baby.

[crying] oh, my baby.

Elizabeth, don't.

He's not ours.

I have to take him back.

WALTER: And I realized at that moment that despite what I'd promised, what I fully intended to do... that I could never take Peter back. The way she looked at him, I saw in her what I feared most in myself when I saw him... that I couldn't lose him again. It was the first hole, Olivia. The first breach. The first crack in a pattern of cracks, spaces between the worlds. And it's my fault. You can't imagine what it's like to lose a child.