

PROLOGUE

Quiet Diner - Rhode Island

MIRANDA GREENE: (sitting with a potential client at a table) You sure you don't want some soup? Tea or coffee? To warm you up?

JAMES HEATH: No, thank you. I have trouble keeping anything down. Your office told me how busy you are. I really appreciate you coming.

MIRANDA GREENE: I'm sorry. I keep trying to remember you.

JAMES HEATH: I understand. It was a long time ago. We were just kids.

MIRANDA GREENE: So is that when you think you were exposed to something?

JAMES HEATH: I've seen about a half-dozen doctors, specialists. They think it's the only explanation that makes sense.

MIRANDA GREENE: Well, maybe I can help you.

JAMES HEATH: Look, I'm grateful you're doing this, but that's not why I asked to see you. I wasn't looking to make money.

MIRANDA GREENE: Of course. I understand. But if someone's responsible for your illness, my firm can absolutely help --

JAMES HEATH: -- The last doctor I saw, he suggested that if I could find some of the other kids we went to school with...

MIRANDA GREENE: Uh-huh.

JAMES HEATH: If some of them have the same symptoms, it might help him identify what it is that's making me sick.

MIRANDA GREENE: I'm sorry. I -- I really don't remember names. Uh, it's so long ago. You know what? I do remember one boy. Um, Lloyd, um, Lloyd Becker. He made me eat a bug on the playground. I remember him.

JAMES HEATH: Lloyd Becker?

MIRANDA GREENE: Mm-hmm.

JAMES HEATH: Sounds like a budding sociopath.

MIRANDA GREENE: (laughs) Yeah, right?

JAMES HEATH: I really appreciate you helping me out. (softly places his right hand on hers, in gratitude)

Driving From Her Meeting

MIRANDA GREENE: (on cell phone to associate as she drives through midtown traffic) Neil Wilson. N-E-I-L. Oh, and could you make an appointment with that oncologist over at Rhode Island General? You know, the one who always calls me 'honey'.

ASSOCIATE: Was it Gorski?

MIRANDA GREENE: Gorlami...

ASSOCIATE: Doctor Gorlitsky?

MIRANDA GREENE: Gorlitsky. That's right.

ASSOCIATE: Gorklitsky. I'll call him right now.

MIRANDA GREENE: (stops at red traffic light) Alright, thanks. I should be back in twenty minutes. Bye. (hangs-up, notices discoloration and lumps on her right wrist. keels forward in pain. light changes to green. traffic honks) Ohh!!

CONCERNED DRIVER: (approaches on foot from stopped vehicle) Come on! Hey, what's going on in there? Miss. You okay?

MIRANDA GREENE: Hel -- help me. (sits-up. face covered with carcinomas)

ACT I

Early Morning Therapy

OLIVIA: (unable to sleep, she hops out of bed and heads to the bowling alley for a friendly chat with the owner. walking in to the quiet center, she finds him tucked under a pin-setting machine, trying to repair it) Hello?

SAM WEISS: (recognizing the voice) Is that you, Dunham? I thought you'd quit bowling, took up another sport.

OLIVIA: It's been a while.

SAM WEISS: I see you're still not sleeping.

OLIVIA: Uh, not so much. No.

SAM WEISS: Can you pass me a nut?

OLIVIA: Yeah, sure. Which one?

SAM WEISS: Dealer's choice. (she hands him one from a large container) Perfect. What's on your mind?

OLIVIA: Well... after my car accident, you said that... I would experience things. I have.

SAM WEISS: You want a beer?

OLIVIA: Uh, it's 6:30 in the morning.

SAM WEISS: When you've been up all night, time is just a matter of semantics. (abandons his maintenance effort and walks down the alley)

OLIVIA: No. Thanks.

SAM WEISS: So I suppose you're here to find out what happens next.

OLIVIA: Suppose I am.

SAM WEISS: I can't tell ya. You have officially gone beyond my field of expertise. But I believe I can tell you why you're not sleeping. And it has nothing to do with your accident. You're a cop. And you must make a dozen decisions a day, many of them life and death. One of them you're not happy about. You think you did the wrong thing. I'm right, aren't I?

OLIVIA: Yeah. But it wasn't the job. Not exactly. I, uh... I agreed to keep a secret.

SAM WEISS: A secret.

OLIVIA: (answers cell phone) Dunham. (listens) Okay, I'm on my way.

SAM WEISS: It's a good thing you didn't take the beer.

OLIVIA: Yeah. I'll see you later.

SAM WEISS: Hey, Dunham. You're a good person. You know, one of the few I know. If you agreed to keep this secret, I'm sure you had a good reason.

OLIVIA: Yeah.

Providence City Morgue

PETER: (walking in from the street) Killington? As in skiing?

WALTER: They just had a fresh snowfall.

PETER: I had no idea you were a skier.

WALTER: Oh, yes. I was quite a hotdogger. I remember there was this secret trail. They called it 'the backside', but not for the reason you would think. It was a nude ski run. By the time you got down to the bottom, your testicles would be in your mouth.

PETER: I'm sure Agent Dunham is very thankful for that image. Walter's advocating a father-son trip.

WALTER: (greeted the awaiting Olivia) And I'm sure Agent Dunham is not interested in that. I understand that Agent Broyles has a body for us to look at.

BROYLES: (as the team assembles in the examination lab) Her name is Miranda Greene. Thirty years old, unmarried. She was an attorney. Lived here in Providence. EMT's responded to a 911 call phoned in by a good samaritan. She was dead by the time they arrived. (as he interrupts an post-mortem examination in progress) Doctor. This is Agent Olivia Dunham, this is Peter Bishop, and Doctor --

JOHN POTASH: Walter Bishop. (offers to shake hands) John Potash. I took your Advanced Biochem Seminar, Doctor Bishop.

WALTER: Oh. Oh, I apologize. I remember I was a bit of a slave driver.

JOHN POTASH: You were. But also inspiring. The truth is I was considering changing majors, but you encouraged me to stick with it and become a doctor. I never thought I'd get a chance to thank you. (to Peter) Your father is a great man.

OLIVIA: Doctor, um, which one is Miranda Greene?

JOHN POTASH: Ah, um, right this way. (uncovers the corpse) I'm sorry. This might be a bit unpleasant.

WALTER: Ah. Epidermal blistering. Tissue necrosis. Symptomatic of cytotoxins. Could you get a sample of this pus please, Peter?

PETER: I always get the good jobs.

BROYLES: (to Olivia) According to her co-workers, when she left for lunch, she was perfectly fine. She hadn't mentioned any signs of illness. That was about two hours before the 911 call.

JOHN POTASH: Uh, I was considering that these are contact burns from some sort of synthetic chemical.

WALTER: No, these aren't chemical burns. They look more like malignant tumors.

JOHN POTASH: Cancer?

WALTER: Sarcomas, to be exact.

JOHN POTASH: But that kind of cancer presents beneath the skin, not on the surface.

WALTER: Normally, yes. Do you have a black light?

JOHN POTASH: Yeah. Somewhere.

OLIVIA: What is it, Walter?

WALTER: I'm not sure. Cancers always start with a specific point of origin, and they spread from there, so... Hmm? Ah. (accepts black light)

JOHN POTASH: Here you go.

WALTER: Agent Broyles, lights, please. (room goes dark and he begins to inspect with the light) Oh. The cells near the point of origin of the cancer should show more progression, and hence refract a different color. (focuses on the right wrist) Oh. Like that.

OLIVIA: It looks like...

JOHN POTASH: Fingers.

WALTER: Huh. Indeed. Right hand, I'd say. Which indicates not only what killed this woman, but also who. Of course, somehow we'll need to retrieve a print.

JOHN POTASH: Doctor Bishop, what you're suggesting is impossible -- that someone touched this woman and gave her cancer?

WALTER: It seems you've forgotten my very first lesson, Doctor. When you open your mind to the impossible, sometimes you find the truth.

ACT II

Walter's Lab - Miranda's Autopsy

ASTRID: Uh, twenty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, and they're predicting snow next week.

WALTER: Hardly ideal beach weather.

ASTRID: Why are you going to Atlantic City?

WALTER: I was thinking of taking Peter there. Used to love saltwater taffy as a child.

ASTRID: So what are we looking for? Why are we cutting off this poor woman's arm?

WALTER: The handprint shows an extraordinary level of cellular detail. I'm hoping... hoping to be able to remove the tumor, and... bake the skin, and... hopefully identify a fingerprint. Oh, and I'll need two hot baths and an oven.

ASTRID: You really think someone may have touched her and given her cancer?

WALTER: Terrifying possibility, but a possibility nonetheless. Oh. We need glycerin, corn starch, and food coloring.

ASTRID: Food coloring?

WALTER: Well, not for her, but since we're baking, we may as well make some taffy. (continues sawing on the corpse)

Law Offices - Miranda's Workplace

KEN MESSING: I've worked with Miranda for about seven years. She was fairly private, but if she was sick, I think someone would know.

OLIVIA: So what sort of cases did Miranda usually work on, Mister Messing?

KEN MESSING: Mostly toxic tort litigation.

OLIVIA: Mm-hmm.

KEN MESSING: Class action stuff. Asbestos, lead poisoning. She had a real thing about protecting

those who couldn't protect themselves.

OLIVIA: (walks into Miranda's off) And is this what she was working on?

KEN MESSING: Yeah. She was prepping a case against INtREPUS Pharmaceuticals. Trial was supposed to start next week.

PETER: Hmm. How much money was at stake in the trial?

KEN MESSING: North of eight figures. (thinks) Wait, are you suggesting that -- that someone did this to her? I thought she contracted some kind of crazy disease.

OLIVIA: Well, we're not sure, but we like to be thorough. Can we take her files on the INtREPUS Case?

KEN MESSING: Uh, of course. Yeah.

PETER: Miss Greene had a bunch of meetings scheduled for yesterday. Do you recognize any of those names?

KEN MESSING: First two are deposition prep. I don't recognize the third one.

PETER: Neil Wilson. She was supposed to meet him about an hour before she died.

Driving Back To Boston - Evening

PETER: (thinking as Olivia drives) Do you really think that INtREPUS Pharmaceutical kKilled this woman?

OLIVIA: Maybe. You don't?

PETER: I've never heard of a drug that can cause what happened to Miranda Greene. It just seems like an awful lot of trouble to go through to kill somebody. Why not just hire a hit man?

OLIVIA: Well, a hit man would draw too much attention.

PETER: Really? And spontaneous, fatal tumor-growth wouldn't?

OLIVIA: I suppose you have a point.

PETER: (after she stops in front of his house to drop him off) You want to come on inside, we can noodle on it? Maybe order a pizza?

OLIVIA: Uh, thanks, but, no. I didn't get much sleep last night, so I should probably head home. nyway, I'm not really hungry, but, um...

PETER: Alright.

OLIVIA: Thank you. (later, she lays in bed, awake, late into the night)

Walter's Lab - Cornering Walter

WALTER: (as she drage Oh, Agent Dunham. You're up early.

OLIVIA: Yeah.

ASTRID: I ran Neil Wilson's number. It's a disposable cell phone, and it was deactivated yesterday. It's a pretty common name. I checked, and there's more than fifty Neil Wilsons in the Tri-State Area. Do you want me to start running them down?

OLIVIA: Oh, no. I'm pretty sure he gave her a fake name anyway, so... Astrid, could you give Walter and I a minute?

ASTRID: Sure. Walter, don't mix up the spoons. (as she wanders away to other tasks)

WALTER: Agent Dunham. Help me stir.

OLIVIA: Walter, I have to tell him. I've got to tell Peter the truth.

WALTER: (quietly, but firmly) But that's not what we discussed.

OLIVIA: I know, and I'm sorry. But he deserves to know the truth about who he is.

WALTER: No. No, you don't understand. Things have never been better between us. I can't lose him again. I can't.

OLIVIA: You won't. Once he knows the whole story. Walter, you saved his life. I'm sure that he will understand.

WALTER: No, he won't. He will never forgive me.

OLIVIA: I -- I have to tell him. If it was the other way around, I would want him to tell me.

WALTER: I'm begging you. Not yet. Please. Give me time to prepare. Please.

PETER: (enters the lab with coffees) Hey. (to Olivia) I didn't realize you were coming. I would have got you one too. (starts distributing the coffee) Cappuccino. Two squirts of peppermint.

OLIVIA: (answers cell phone) Dunham.

PETER: ... and, Astrid -- Tall, nonfat, double Macchiato. Just the way you like it.

OLIVIA: Uh, Miranda Greene used her credit card at a Downtown Providence cafe about a half hour before she died.

PETER: Sounds like her meeting with Neil Wilson. Excellent. Well, I'm up for a road trip.

Cafe Interview - Remembering Miranda

OLIVIA: How about you?

I remember her. Pretty lady. Comes in here all the time. She's a lawyer, right?

OLIVIA: Yeah. Do you happen to remember if she was with anyone the last time that she was here?

Some guy. She was taking all sorts of notes. What, does she sue doctors or something?

OLIVIA: Excuse me?

Well, the guy she was with, he looked real pale and skinny. Dark circles under his eyes.

OLIVIA: You think he was sick?

I'd say pretty bad. Looked like my uncle did when he was fighting cancer.

OLIVIA: (walking away from the diner) You thinking what I'm thinking?

PETER: Well, I'm thinking that cancer isn't contagious.

OLIVIA: Well, it wouldn't be the strangest thing we've seen. But it would be close.

Feeling Sick - Nearby Groceries

CASHIER: Getting ready for a triathlon?

JAMES HEATH: Just trying to stay healthy.

CASHIER: You okay, sir?

JAMES HEATH: Yeah, I just, uh...

CASHIER: You need me to call for some help?

JAMES HEATH: No. No, I'm fine. (runs outside to vomit)

ACT III

Heath's Apartment - Trolling For Victims

JAMES HEATH: (on a random phone call) Yes, I'm an old friend of Mister Becker's. We went to school together. (coughing virulently) Oh. I must have the wrong Lloyd Becker. I'm sorry to bother you. (hangs-up)

Walter's Lab - Chasing Leads

OLIVIA: Walter, Miranda Greene had lunch with someone just before she died, with -- with a man that may have had cancer. Does that suggest anything to you?

WALTER: Cancer isn't contagious, of course.

PETER: That's what I said.

WALTER: Although... are you familiar with the Chinese notion of Ch'i, Agent Dunham?

OLIVIA: No.

WALTER: Dim Mak.

PETER: (knowingly) The Touch of Death.

WALTER: Exactly. The Chinese believe that all living creatures contain an energy, our Ch'i, and, that with proper training, a simple touch can affect their Ch'i. Reverse it. Can cause sickness, even death.

PETER: Except, of course, they can't. 'cause the Touch of Death is just a legend.

WALTER: Of course, what would be more interesting wouldn't be a transfer of energy, but an exchange.

OLIVIA: Meaning what?

WALTER: This other man, you say that he was sick too, that he had cancer as well?

OLIVIA: Possibly.

WALTER: And at the time she met him, Miss Greene was perfectly healthy.

OLIVIA: Yes.

WALTER: Then I suggest what we're looking at here adheres more closely to tantric sex.

OLIVIA: Sex?

WALTER: Yes. In so far as the goal of tantric sex is a heightened state of perception, of awareness. The partners are not interested merely in the sexual experience. They are seeking an exchange of energy.

OLIVIA: Okay, so what does this have to do with Miranda Greene?

WALTER: His cancer... for her health. It's possible that the man that Miss Greene met did this to her as a way to delay the progression of his own disease.

Becker's Apartment - Meeting James

LLOYD BECKER: (answers a door knock) Hi.

JAMES HEATH: Lloyd Becker?

LLOYD BECKER: Oh, yeah, right. You're Alex.

JAMES HEATH: Alex Taylor. Thanks for seeing me.

LLOYD BECKER: Of course. Yeah. How you doing? (shakes his gloved hand) Come on in.

JAMES HEATH: Thanks.

Investigating Becker - Hartford

BROYLES: Victim's name is Lloyd Becker. Thirty. A neighbor saw his door open. She came in and discovered his body. There's no sign of forced entry. No sign of a struggle.

WALTER: (studies the heavily tumored man) Clusters of malignant sarcomas. Just like Miss Greene.

OLIVIA: Did anyone see the suspect?

BROYLES: Police canvassed the building and the neighborhood. No luck.

WALTER: Huh. The malignancies appear to originate in this hand and then appear to spread out.

PETER: Maybe from a handshake.

WALTER: That's a fine deduction, Peter.

BROYLES: What do you see?

OLIVIA: (to Broyles) Nothing. Nothing that tells me why Lloyd Becker was chosen as a victim. But there must be a connection. (outside as Peter hops in the car) Where's Walter?

PETER: (after closing the aft doors on the ambulance) The M.E.'s gonna transport the body back to the lab. He told Walter he could ride along.

OLIVIA: (as Peter studies her as they drive) What?

PETER: It's nothing. I -- I think I know what it is that's bothering you, why it is you've been so awkward around me for the last couple of weeks.

OLIVIA: Okay.

PETER: That trip down to Jacksonville was crazy. We were both exhausted. We were both emotional. And, you know, if something had happened between the two of us, I mean, if we had actually kissed, then we'd have to deal with that, but we didn't.

OLIVIA: No. No, we didn't.

PETER: Right. You know, this past year, this is the longest I've ever stayed in one place. So this thing that we have, you, me, Walter, this... this... uh, little family unit that we've got going... I don't want to do anything to jeopardize that.

OLIVIA: I don't either.

PETER: Okay, so we're good then, right?

OLIVIA: Yeah.

PETER: Good.

Walter's Lab - Puzzle Growing

ASTRID: I found more victims. Five deaths over the past 20 months, from Chicago to Hartford. Each person died from the same kind of rapid-onset cancer. (as she posts photos on a situation map)

PETER: And healthy people keeling over like this didn't set off any alarm bells?

ASTRID: Well, a couple were considered medical anomalies, and local police looked into another, but nothing suggested it was murder.

OLIVIA: So what is it about these people that's making them targets? Astrid, we need to cross-reference their files, see if we can find what they may have in common.

ASTRID: Alright. I'm on it.

OLIVIA: (studies a photo) Timothy Ober. (to Astrid) Is his middle name Michael?

ASTRID: Um, yeah. Timothy Michael Ober.

PETER: Why? You know him? (Olivia nods yes) How?

OLIVIA: I don't know.

ACT IV

Olivia's Apartment - Studying Files

(Olivia looks at the case files while sipping a cocktail, then answers a knock at the door with her service pistol ready)

SAM WEISS: What's up, Buttercup?

OLIVIA: (surprised at the house call) It's past midnight.

SAM WEISS: Do you feel like playing a game?

OLIVIA: Clue?

SAM WEISS: Yeah. I thought it might be up your alley. (after settling down to play the game) Colonel Mustard with the revolver in the billiard room.

OLIVIA: See, that's the third time that you've guessed the billiard room.

SAM WEISS: I've always wanted a billiard room.

OLIVIA: I thought that you would make a better detective.

SAM WEISS: I detected that you needed company.

OLIVIA: huh..

SAM WEISS: You've lived here a while, but you're still living out of boxes. Maybe you moved around a lot as a kid. A tumultuous childhood. A hard time forming relationships. I may not be the gumshoe you are, but I've got some skills.

OLIVIA: Well, you're right about moving around a lot. I was a military brat.

SAM WEISS: That would explain the uniform.

OLIVIA: (baffled) The uniform?

SAM WEISS: Yeah, bland clothes. I don't think I've ever seen you in a primary color. It's because it's more than a job to you. You're a soldier. Protector.

OLIVIA: God, you'd be a blast at dinner parties.

SAM WEISS: I don't get invited to many.

OLIVIA: No. So what about you? What made you the way you are?

SAM WEISS: Oh, I don't know. I'm older than I look. I barely remember my childhood. I'm also

taller than I appear.

OLIVIA: That's it. (gets up and heads for a notepad in her desk)

SAM WEISS: What? (genuinely confused) What did I say?

Bishop Residence - Call To Duty

OLIVIA: Hey.

PETER: Hey.

OLIVIA: Uh, when we were in Jacksonville, there was a height chart on the wall with names. First name and last initial. All the kids that I was in daycare with.

PETER: Yeah, all the kids from Walter and Bell's Cortexiphan trials.

OLIVIA: So while I was there, I wrote down all their names and I made a list. (points to list) "Timothy O." Timothy Ober. He was there. We were both part of Walter's tests.

PETER: So that's where you remembered him from.

OLIVIA: Uh-huh. Keep looking.

PETER: Miranda G. And Lloyd B. ...

OLIVIA: ...Julie H. Alan D. They're all there. All five of his victims.

PETER: So what does that mean? Why is this guy?...

OLIVIA: ...killing Cortexiphan kids? I don't know. I think we should wake up Walter.

PETER: That won't be necessary.

WALTER: (as the duo joins him in his kitchen) Agent Dunham. Peter. Is it morning already?

PETER: Oh, no. No, no. It's still the middle of the night.

OLIVIA: Walter, what is that smell?

WALTER: It's taffy. I'm making it for Peter.

PETER: I think she was probably referring to your other project.

OLIVIA: (as she scans a pizza-like object in the oven) Is that the killer's handprint?

WALTER: (candidly) I think we're close to getting a fingerprint. The papillary ridges on the forefingers are quite clear now. Once it's cooled a little, I should be able to run it through the scanner.

PETER: Well, whoever the killer is, he's started to target Cortexiphan subjects.

WALTER: (surprised) Are you sure?

PETER: Yeah.

WALTER: Why? Why would he do that?

OLIVIA: Well, we were hoping you may have some idea.

WALTER: I don't know. But I have an idea why they might be susceptible.

OLIVIA: To the cancer?

WALTER: The energy exchange that this man is creating, I don't think it would work on everyone. Cortexiphan was designed to -- to allow children to access untapped parts of their brain, untapped energies.

OLIVIA: So you're saying that whatever he's doing to his victims, like, exchanging his illness, it

could only work on Cortexiphan children.

WALTER: Yes. I think so.

PETER: So then I guess the question really is, how does he know about the Cortexiphan trials? And then how is he tracking those people down?

OLIVIA: Now, you've said that you and Bell never kept a list of the children that you experimented on.

WALTER: I didn't. And if Belly did, I never saw it.

OLIVIA: Okay, but what about Nina Sharp? I mean, she started working with Bell around the same time.

PETER: Mm-mm. We asked. Last year. When Harris was tracking down Nick Lane and Nancy Lewis, we asked her. She doesn't have a list.

OLIVIA: Yeah, but I believe that Nina Sharp isn't always so forthcoming.

Massive Dynamic - Cornering Nina

NINA: Why would someone be hunting Cortexiphan test subjects?

OLIVIA: Uh, I don't know. Walter thinks that they could be particularly susceptible.

NINA: Ah. That's troubling.

OLIVIA: Did William Bell ever show you a list?

NINA: Of Cortexiphan subjects?

OLIVIA: Mm-hmm.

NINA: No.

OLIVIA: And there's nothing in the Massive Dynamic archives?

NINA: As I've told you before, there's nothing on record. Do you doubt me Agent Dunham?

OLIVIA: I don't know. I've always been a little foggy as to your motives.

NINA: What are you implying?

OLIVIA: Well, you've kept information from me since I met you -- information that has prevented me from understanding the origin of many, if not all of the cases I've investigated while working with Fringe Division. And I know about Peter. I know the whole story.

NINA: (concerned) Does Peter know? Have you told him?

OLIVIA: No. But I'm going to.

NINA: (confidently) No. You won't.

OLIVIA: What makes you so sure about that?

NINA: Because you haven't told him yet. And I'm guessing you've had any number of opportunities.

OLIVIA: Well, I've had my reasons for waiting. This is the right thing to do, and Peter needs to know the truth.

NINA: Whether or not it's the right thing to do, I recognize the look in your eyes. I know that working together closely with someone can bring about feelings. I'm fairly certain that you're not prepared to lose him. You didn't come here today to ask me about a list that you already knew I don't have. And you didn't come here to announce that you're going to tell Peter who he really is. You came here... to have me talk you out of it.

ACT V

Visiting Nick Lane's Aunt

JAMES HEATH: (after she answers his knock on her door) Mrs. Lane?

MRS. LANE: Yes.

JAMES HEATH: I'm sorry to disturb you. I -- I tried calling. My name is John McHugh. I went to school with your son, Nick.

MRS. LANE: Uh, no, Nick is my nephew.

JAMES HEATH: Oh. Uh... (in pain) Ah.

MRS. LANE: (kindly) You -- you look awful. Why don't you come inside?

JAMES HEATH: Thank you. (as he trundles into the house)

Walter's Lab - Dissecting Pizza

WALTER: (as he adjusts the cancerous sample for inspection) The red wire goes in the red hole. The blue in--

PETER: Yes, thank you, Walter. I was able to figure that out all by myself. (as Olivia marches into the lab) Hey. How'd it go?

OLIVIA: Uh, Nina didn't have anything. How's it going here?

PETER: Well, we'll soon see.

WALTER: Don't be so skeptical, Peter. You liked the taffy, didn't you?

PETER: Absolutely. (sidebar to Olivia) I have my doubts.

WALTER: Ready? (activates the scan of the sample)

OLIVIA: What's it doing?

WALTER: Familiarizing itself with the genetic composition. (as they study the read-out) Dismissing any foreign elements. It's amazing how much filth we carry around on our hands. (wipes his hands with liquid sanitizer) Go ahead, Dear. (to Astrid)

ASTRID: It worked.

WALTER: Of course it did. (of course)

OLIVIA: Okay, Astrid, we need to run this through the joint law enforcement database. See if we can get a name for this guy.

PETER: Well done, Walter.

WALTER: Thank you, son.

ASTRID: (as the database check finishes) Nothing. He's not in our system. No priors, no arrest record.

WALTER: So... we're nowhere.

More Questions - Mrs. Lane

MRS. LANE: You said you went to school with Nick.

JAMES HEATH: A long time ago, back in Jacksonville. We have a mutual friend, Lloyd Becker. He said I could find Nick here.

MRS. LANE: I remember Lloyd. Oh, such a sweet boy. Nick lived here a while after his parents died. He moved to Brooklyn... several years ago.

JAMES HEATH: Do you -- do you know how I could get in contact with him? Do you have his phone number?

MRS. LANE: I'm afraid not. I haven't heard from him for some time. It's funny, though. Someone else from Jacksonville came by, oh, six months ago asking for Nick. She must have gone to school with you as well.

JAMES HEATH: You don't by any chance remember her name, do you?

Olivia's Apartment - More Research

OLIVIA: (studies her list and compares to the files she has) God, what am I missing? (then quickly calls her boss)

BROYLES: (answers his cell phone) Dunham?

OLIVIA: I think I may have found our killer. His name is James Heath, and he was a Cortexiphan subject too. I think that may be how he's doing this.

BROYLES: James Heath? Wasn't heath the last name of the first--

OLIVIA: Yep, of the first victim -- Julie Heath, uh, she was his sister. James was in the hospital. She was visiting him, and she just suddenly collapsed and died. He was, uh, he was having chemo treatment. He had cancer.

BROYLES: Do you have the name of the hospital where Heath was treated?

OLIVIA: Uh, yeah. It's Abington Memorial Hospital. It's just outside Philadelphia.

BROYLES: Okay. I'll see if they have a current address for him.

OLIVIA: Thanks. (as she hangs-up and exits her apartment)

JAMES HEATH: (greeting her in the common hallway) You're Olivia Dunham. You probably don't remember me. My name is Nate Reed. Nick Lane gave me your address?

ACT VI

Olivia's Apartment - Confronting James

JAMES HEATH: You and I went to school together when we were kids. Back in Jacksonville.

OLIVIA: I see. What can I do for you?

JAMES HEATH: I was hoping you'd have a few minutes to talk.

OLIVIA: Sure. Why don't you come in? (he spies the badge on her belt and she races inside to secure the door. he forces entry and she crashes to the floor, losing her weapon. he tries to touch her and she defends herself with a lamp stand. he falls to the floor. she speed-dials Peter)

PETER: (answers cell phone) Hello?

OLIVIA: (desperate) Peter. Peter, Peter, it's me. He's in my house! (kicks him away, then clobbers Heath with a candlestick) You stay down.

JAMES HEATH: I didn't want this. I didn't want to hurt anyone.

OLIVIA: Then why did you?

JAMES HEATH: A man came to see me when I was in the hospital. He said when I was a kid,

scientists had experimented on me, that because of the experiments, he could teach me how to fight the cancer. But it didn't work. I didn't get better. I got worse.

OLIVIA: So what happened to your sister?

JAMES HEATH: She stayed with me while I was in the hospital. She never left my side. And when the pain got bad, she'd hold my hand. For hours. And then, one day, it just happened. I called the nurses for help, but it was too late. I watched her die.

OLIVIA: But you got better.

JAMES HEATH: I had to find that man. I thought someone from Jacksonville might know him. And then I found Timothy.

OLIVIA: And you killed him too.

JAMES HEATH: Not on purpose. It just happened. But that's when I realized how it worked. I think... if that man had never... come to see me, I would have died the way I was supposed to, and my sister would still be alive. They'd all still be alive. (holds Olivia's photo of his sister, Julie)

UNIFORMED COP: (racing to her open door) In here.

OLIVIA: (calming the first responder) It's okay.

PETER: (later, as Heath is hauled away) How come you didn't call Broyles?

OLIVIA: I've got you on speed dial.

PETER: Really? I'm number one on Olivia Dunham's speed dial?

OLIVIA: Well, no, but I didn't think that Rachel or Mister Iyer from the Indian takeout would be much use. Peter... thank you for coming.

PETER: You're welcome.

In An Unidentified Facility

BROYLES: He's in a drug-induced coma, which seems to have stopped the progression of his cancer.

NINA: (watching through an observation window) And the man who tried to activate him, do we know who he was?

BROYLES: He sounds like the same man who Sanford Harris hired to activate Nancy Lewis and Nick Lane. I assume the activation failed, and Mister Heath's... ability was just an unfortunate side effect.

NINA: Hmm. So I don't imagine you called me all the way down here just to share in your victory.

BROYLES: Aside from Olivia Dunham, there are still nearly a dozen unaccounted for people from the Jacksonville experiments, and thirty more from the drug trials in Worcester. If they all have capabilities anything like the ones we've seen, and if someone were to find them...

NINA: Well, Phillip, (thoughtfully) then we need to find them first.

Bishop Residence - Evening Visitor

WALTER: (answering his front door) Agent Dunham. Hello.

OLIVIA: Hi. Uh, is Peter here?

WALTER: Uh, no. No, he went out.

OLIVIA: Okay, good, because I would like to talk to you.

WALTER: Agent Dunham --

OLIVIA: Walter, please. Please, Walter. Just... let me finish. I think that you may be right. I think that maybe some truths can do more harm than good and that some Pandora's Boxes are better left unopened. So... I'm not gonna tell Peter.

WALTER: Thank you, Olivia. Well, the truth is I've done enough damage, and it's time to start to put things right... whatever the consequences. And that starts with telling Peter the truth. I have to tell him who he really is.