

PROLOGUE

TEENAGER: Any change? (brushed off by commuter, approaches another lady commuter) Excuse me, ma'am. Do you have any spare change? (brushed off again) Thank you. God bless.

TEENAGER continues down platform, carrying a cardboard sign that reads, "God could be Watching." He approaches a COMMUTER.

TEENAGER : Excuse me, sir. Do you have any spare change?

COMMUTER: No.

TEENAGER : Anything you can manage, sir, anything you can...

TEENAGER bumps into COMMUTER.

COMMUTER: No. I'm sorry.

TEENAGER (dejected): Thank you. God bless you anyways, sir.

TEENAGER turns, continues down train platform, and is revealed to have lifted the COMMUTER's wallet.

PLATFORM ANNOUNCER: Now approaching on track 18, the 331 express train to Providence.

[low rumbling]

TEENAGER (to PECK, disembarking train): Spare change?

PECK offers no response, steps off train, and continues down platform. TEENAGER steps onto train, and enters car. The car is full of dead commuters. A bell sounds, indicating the train is leaving the station.

TEENAGER: Oh, god. (attempts to disembark, but the train doors have already closed) Oh, god. No, no, please! Let me outta here! Help! Let me outta here!

The train leaves the station, with TEENAGER on board. PECK continues down the platform as the train leaves.

ACT I

WALTER is at home, writing a letter to PETER, when the house phone rings. WALTER decides to let the answering machine take the call, and listen to the message instead. PETER's recorded voice says, "Leave a message. (beep)"

PETER (leaving a message for WALTER): It's Peter, pick up. Hey Walter, it's Peter. Your son, Peter. Come on, Walter, pick up the phone. Walter, pick up the receiver, and hit the square black button next to the red flashing light, you remember? (pause) Alright, fine. When you get this, I want you to get your kit together, I just got off the phone with Olivia, she said there was an incident on a train, and I know how much you love trains. Though it might cheer you up. Be home to pick you up in about 15 minutes, alright? (PETER disconnects)

WALTER smiles, folds the letter, seals it in an envelope, and places it into the right pocket of his cardigan.

CUT TO; PETER and OLIVIA, on the train crime scene.

PETER: Noticed anything weird?

OLIVIA: Not yet, but give it ten minutes.

PETER: I was actually talking about Walter.

WALTER (to FBI agents already on the scene): Hello. I'm Doctor Walter Bishop.

PETER: He's been avoiding me all week. He didn't even look at me on the car ride over here. He's stopped eating. I got him a new box of *Peak Freans*. He hasn't even opened it.

OLIVIA: Well, did he say something?

PETER: No, all week it feels like he's been enveloped in this... sadness.

OLIVIA: I haven't noticed anything. (she continues to crime scene)

CUT TO: WALTER steps on to train car, and observes the dead passengers.

WALTER: Oh, my. (Begins to examine passengers, and take medical samples from them.)

FEMALE CSI observes WALTER's behavior, and confronts him.

FEMALE CSI: Sir. What are you doing?

WALTER: I'm checking their underwear.

FEMALE CSI: Their underwear?

WALTER: I'm sure you're familiar that with sudden death, victims often experience a sudden bladder release of urine, and sometimes excrement.

FEMALE CSI: Get off this train.

OLIVIA (to CSI): He's with me. Thank you.

WALTER: I don't know what happened to these people, Agent Dunham. My first guess is collective heart failure.

PETER: You think these people died from having a heart attack at the same time?

WALTER: Perhaps it was sympathetic. Contagious, like yawning.

PETER: Come on, Walter. You really believe that?

OLIVIA: Walter, does your theory suggest why all the lights would be out in this car?

WALTER: No, there should be battery backup, unless it wasn't serviced properly.

BROYLES: Agent Dunham?

BROYLES: He crossed paths with the man as he entered the train car.

Six foot, brown hair, wearing a trench coat.

And he's sure that he saw him coming out of this train car.

The man didn't speak to him or acknowledge him.

He just exited down the stairs of the platform.

Did we pick him up on surveillance?

I'm waiting to get word if they can pull him on any footage.

Agent Dunham.

Hey, Rod,

Found this over there.

Oh, my God.

Excuse me, gentlemen.

That's mine.

Thank you. Thank you.

PETER: All the batteries are dead.
It's not just the lights that went out.
This is her cell phone, but they're all dead.
All the cell phones, laptops, MP3 players.
They're all completely drained of power.
Any theories, Doctor Bishop?
Oh, no.
Except my initial theory of collective heart failure is probably incorrect.
I'll need to take some of these bodies back to the lab. Six or seven should suffice.
We have an image from the platform cameras.
Who is this guy?
And how did he kill everything on this train?

ACT II

WALTER: This is unusual. Dying organisms struggle for their last breath, but these people appear as if their switches have simply been turned off.

Hey, how's it coming in here?

Hi, Peter.

Not very good.

Take samples of this man's lung, brain, and skin.

Something's not right here.

Yup, I think it's my paycheck.

Hmm?

Whatever it is, I'm sure you're gonna make sense out of it, Walter.

Walter.

What's going on with you? Is there something wrong? Something you wanna talk about?

WALTER: No, everything's fine. Astro, show me those previous cellular samples, please.

That's extraordinary. The ATP concentrations are unusually low.

Cellular process should continue for hours, even after death, but this man's mitochondria seems to have ceased functioning well before it should.

What do you say I take samples of the rest both: And see if there's a trend?

PETER: So what are you saying, Walter?

That something was able to reach inside of these people's mitochondria and just --

Drain them, like the batteries in all of the electrical devices on the train.

It wasn't just their hearts that stopped beating.

It was every cell in their bodies.

What do you think could possibly do something like that?

I have no idea.

Twenty years ago a person walking through Boston for two hours showed up on an average of ten different surveillance cameras.

BROYLES: Now, it's hundreds.

Bad for privacy, but good for us.

I've asked them to output each source to a different monitor.

Give us a sense of the route our suspect took.

Play it.

He exits the train station, crossing Ferris Avenue, continuing North.

This is from the bank on Howard Street.

Coming around the corner.

There, he enters a cafe.

He spent almost forty-five minutes inside, then left the establishment.

The guy kills a train full of people and then stops for a meal?

And the trail goes cold there.

Once he left the cafe, we couldn't locate him on any other cameras.

But we have a place to start.

Cafe Wilusa.

Yeah, he was here this morning.

He comes in all the time.

Weird guy.

Weird how?

Well, he always draws on stuff, like the napkins and the placemats.

OLIVIA: Well, what sort of stuff does he draw?

WAITRESS: Some kind of math, I think. To be honest, my higher math ends at calculating my tip, so...

OLIVIA: Does he ever pay with a credit card?

Sometimes he does. Here. This is him.

Alistair Peck.

Thank you. This will really help.

Send the Bishops up, please.

These mathematical formulae are extraordinarily complex.

Physicists use diagrams like these to shorthand ideas about how subatomic particles behave.

These are sublime.

This may explain his flourish for numerical wallpapering.

Astrophysics.

He teaches at M.I.T.

If I comprehend this correctly, then this Alistair Peck has taken Einstein's Theory of Relativity and turned it on its ear.

I grasp portions of it, Tachyons are depicted here, but I fail to see their relevance.

However, it does confirm that Doctor Peck was dealing with tremendous energy to do... whatever it is he's doing.

What are you doing with my things?

AGENT: Peck is here, he's downstairs.

I guess that explains what all the surgical tools were for.

What did you do to the people on that train?

Twelve innocent people.

Those people aren't dead, Miss. Not permanently.

Of course they're dead.

(peck) but they soon won't be.

Although, others soon will be, I'm afraid.

Doctor Peck, I want you to lie down on the ground now.

ALISTAIR PECK: Don't take my computations.

They're meaningless to you.

It is well within my ability to make it so that you are never in possession of the things I require.

You've implanted a *Faraday Mesh*.

PETER: What are you talking about, Walter?

A shield, to create a temporal pocket around your body.

Of course.

PETER: Of course, what?

Why would he need a temporal pocket?

That's fantastic.

Doctor Peck, what are you doing?

OLIVIA: Doctor Peck?

Walter, what's happening?

Spare change?

I'm sorry you have to go through this again.

Oh, God.

Oh, God.

ACT III

PETER: Leave a message. Hey, Walter, it's Peter. Your son, Peter. Alright, fine. When you get this, I want you to get your kit together. I just got off the phone with Olivia. She said there was an incident on a train, and I know how much you love trains. Thought it might cheer you up. I'm coming home to pick you up in fifteen minutes, alright?

PETER: Have you noticed anything weird?

OLIVIA: Not yet, but give it ten minutes.

PETER: I was actually talking about Walter.

WALTER: Excuse me. I'm Doctor Walter Bishop. Is this the car?

AGENT: Right over there.

WALTER: Must be the car. Oh, my.

AGENT: And there's nothing else you can give me? No other information? Here's the initial report.

PETER: You think these people died from having a heart attack at the same time?

WALTER: Perhaps it was sympathetic. Contagious, like yawning.

OLIVIA: Walter, does your theory suggest why all the lights would be out in this car?

WALTER: No, there should be battery backup. Unless it wasn't serviced properly. I'll need to take some of these bodies back to the lab. Six or seven should suffice.

BROYLES: Agent Dunham? He crossed paths with the suspect as he entered the train car. Says the man was in a raincoat. Six foot, brown hair. Says he touched the hand rail. We're dusting for prints.

OLIVIA: Hi there. Uh, the man from the train -- Did he say something to you?

TEENAGER: Yeah.

OLIVIA: What did he say?

TEENAGER: 'I'm sorry you have to go through this again'.

OLIVIA: Again? And what then?

TEENAGER: He stepped off the stairs and walked away.

PETER: Agent Broyles, Agent Dunham. All the batteries are dead. All the cell phones, laptops -- they're completely drained of power.

M.E. TECH: Hey, Ron... look, I found this on the floor over there.

WALTER: Oh, my God. Oh, thank you, thank you! That - that - that's mine.

RON: He found it on the floor up there.

WALTER: Oh? Oh. Thank you.

OLIVIA: The mitochondria were depleted?

PETER: Yup, completely drained. The victims didn't die of a group heart attack, they were just completely drained of biological energy.

OLIVIA: Just like their phone batteries.

PETER: Pretty much. How is the question. Walter's still working on it. I'll let you know if he finds out anything else.

OLIVIA: Okay.

BROYLES: Dunham... we managed to I.D. the print we lifted off the train car railing. We got lucky. They matched a set NASA has on file.

OLIVIA: Doctor Alistair Peck. What did he do at NASA?

BROYLES: He was classified as part of a *think tank*. We don't know much more than that, yet.

OLIVIA: Well, we know that he lives here. 412 Inman Street.

TACTICAL TEAM: Clear. Clear.

OLIVIA: (on her radio) Send the Bishops up, please.

WALTER: Mister Peck may have done project work for NASA, but he's employed locally.

OLIVIA: Astrophysics. He teaches at M.I.T.

PETER: What?

OLIVIA: Wow, I'm having deja vu.

PETER: Yeah, I read that deja vu is fate's way of telling you that you're exactly where you're supposed to be. That's why you feel like you've been there before. You are right in line with your own destiny.

OLIVIA: Well, do you believe that?

PETER: Mmm... no. It's a bit mystical for my taste. I never get them, myself. Maybe that's 'cause I'm not on track with my own destiny. Huh, look at this.

OLIVIA: What is it?

PETER: A photo album.

OLIVIA: Okay. But who are you? What's your name? Huh. Well, one of them is bound to be back sooner or later. Hopefully sooner.

WALTER: Shall we go home now? I'm tired of waiting. Olivia... might I come with you? In your car? I can't drive home with him. I can't look at him.

OLIVIA: Walter, you can't keep doing this. Peter knows that something's upsetting you.

WALTER: I've written him a letter. Instead of me stammering in fits and starts, a letter is more concise. It explains everything in just the right words. Except that every time I think I'm ready to tell him, I envision his reaction when he reads it and I run the scene in my mind again and again. And every time, the outcome is terrible. But I will do it. But first... there's something I'm waiting for, Agent Dunham -- something important.

PETER: Hey, guys, check this out. Templates. Forms.

OLIVIA: What are they for?

PETER: Well, they're what you'd use to cast machine parts, but these look like they were handmade.

WALTER: This one is dated several months ago, This one even earlier. He refers to them as prototypes.

PETER: But prototypes for what?

ACT IV

MIT - Interviewing Bryce

CAROL BRYCE: (sitting in her office) Alistair Peck was a professor here for six years. His focus -- obsession -- was particle acceleration. Um, creating wormholes without a particle collider.

PETER: Alright, you're saying that Doctor Peck's area of expertise was time travel?

CAROL BRYCE: He kept cranking out theories, and eventually every one of them was over our heads.

OLIVIA: That must have been frustrating for his superiors.

CAROL BRYCE: Embarrassing is a better classification. They wanted to fire Alistair but he saved

them the trouble and left, about a year ago.

OLIVIA: (hands-over photo) Is this his wife?

CAROL BRYCE: Ah, the fiancée. Her name is Arlette.

PETER: Do you remember her last name?

CAROL BRYCE: I don't recall, no.

PETER: Do you know any other friends he might have had? People he knew?

CAROL BRYCE: That's the sad thing. He was kind to everyone, but he never socialized. I think I was his only friend.

OLIVIA: Well, anything that you can remember about Mister Peck, it could be important.

CAROL BRYCE: Alistair sent me these about six months ago to proofread. (retrieves a stack of thick journals) He had hopes of seeing them published.

OLIVIA: Uh, can we take them?

CAROL BRYCE: They're only gathering dust here. They are pretty dense. Most would say it's gobbledegook.

OLIVIA: Well, I happen to know someone who's fluent in gobbledegook.

Walter's Lab - Turling Lead

WALTER: I'm finished. (pacing the lab) In another twenty years, with the assistance of some other great minds, I will have absorbed this information. Alistair Peck has conceived of some extraordinary theories and is possibly implementing them.

PETER: Meaning what?

WALTER: He may well be able to travel through time. Conceivably. Einstein himself theorized this. (starts writing on a sheet of paper) 10:00 A.M...11:00 A.M. He said that if something could propel an object faster than the speed of light, then time would appear to bend. (joins the two ends of the timeline on the paper) When those two folds connect, a tremendous amount of energy is required to absorb the jump.

PETER: From any power source. So the laptops, the phones...

OLIVIA: ...and anyone who was near him.

WALTER: Yes.

PETER: Then what you're saying, Walter, is that Peck's moving through time is what killed all of these people on the train.

WALTER: That is my theory, yes, and Olivia, if it is right, then we may well have apprehended this man already. Possibly several times.

ASTRID: I found his fiancée. The car in one of the photo album pictures is registered to an Arlette Turling. Her license information is coming through.

OLIVIA: Okay, that's her. Find out whatever you can. She's our only connection to Peck.

WALTER: third volume is unfinished. (looking through one of the journals from Bryce) There's a handwritten segment at the back, then the writing stops. The unfinished chapter is entitled 'Achieving The Arlette Principle'.

OLIVIA: What'd you just say?

WALTER: 'Achieving The Arlette Principle'.

OLIVIA: (looking at Astrid's monitor) I think I know why Peck is doing this. Arlette Turling was killed in a car accident Ten months ago.

ASTRID: On the 18th of May.

OLIVIA: What if Alistair Peck is going back to save her?

WALTER: (timidly) Grief can drive people to extraordinary lengths. Now, considering the amount of energy that was drawn when he landed at the station this morning, using Peck's own theories, I estimate that we witnessed just a twelve hour jump. ten month jump... the results would be devastating.

OLIVIA: Well, how many casualties?

WALTER: It would depend where he landed. Hundreds.

ASTRID: (later, after researching, the team gathers at her monitor) This is weird. I did a search for Peck's cell phone when we first I.D.'d him as a suspect. He didn't have one, but Arlette Turling's number is still active. Someone's paying the bill. Now, in the past twenty-four hours, the primary cell tower that's been handling the signal from Arlette's cell phone is a tower near Albany Street.

WALTER: well, what's near Albany Street?

PETER: M.I.T.

OLIVIA: Well, what's he doing at M.I.T.? The professor said that she hadn't seen him for almost a year.

ASTRID: Well, Walter has a lab here, maybe Peck has a lab there.

MIT - Finding Bryce

(the tactical assault team rallies outside the lab as SAIC Broyles approaches)

ND AGENT #2: (hold out files) According to the files, the lab registered to Peck when he was a professor here was *Lab 107*.

BROYLES: Are there any windows in that lab? (agent nods yes) Get your men on the rooftops.

WALTER: (just arriving) Are those guns really necessary?

PETER: You okay? Want me to take you back home?

WALTER: No, Peter, no,

PETER: Just stay there. (leaves) Agent Broyles...

WALTER: (approaching) Agent Dunham. If we are correct, and, for Peck, this is about bringing a dead loved-one back to life, then Peck and I, we have something in common. Let me speak to him.

OLIVIA: Walter, I --

WALTER: Of course I know that killing him is the only way to ensure that he won't jump, but if I could talk to him, I think I can convince him to stop this. Please.

OLIVIA: Let's talk to Broyles. (walks off)

(in his lab, after painful self-surgery, Peck inserts his hand-crafted devices under his skin)

WALTER: (Walter enters, turns-off the music and raises his hands) Wait. I am not a threat. I am an ambassador.

ALISTAIR PECK: I know who you are. You're Doctor Walter bishop. I've read you. *New Frontiers In Genetic Hybridization*.

WALTER: And I know that if you wanted to, you could disappear from here in a second. Please,

trust me.

ACT V

Peck's Lab - Soul Searching

ALISTAIR PECK: (stands preparing a pot of tea) You and I both know there are certain things we take for granted -- the laws of nature for example -- that are not necessarily binding. There are places on this Earth where two plus two most definitely does not equal four. (pours tea for the both of them)

WALTER: (sitting calmly) You've figured out how to bend time. But you're only interested in traveling to the past. Your goal, your next jump is the 18th of May.

ALISTAIR PECK: So you know. The 18th of May. Yes.

WALTER: (as Peck wanders near the big windows) Don't do that! Don't stand there! There are snipers outside. Stay away from the window!

BROYLES: (to Olivia and Peter as they wait in the car) I hope he knows what he's doing.

ALISTAIR PECK: Why are you here? What do you really want?

WALTER: My calculations show what you must already know. An enormous amount of energy will be drained from wherever you arrive and a large number of people will be killed.

ALISTAIR PECK: (certain in his concept) But each jump back clears that slate.

WALTER: No! (certain in his concept) If you are reunited with your fiancée and you pull her from that car, the victims of this last massive reset will remain dead.

ALISTAIR PECK: (sits near Walter) Listen. On the day of the crash, we argued. Arlette wanted me to go to some store to register for wedding gifts, and I hurt her feelings and I left. As I walked, I became drawn to something on the horizon. A large, red ball. It was a hot air balloon. Moored on the city's outskirts, out in this field. I spent the whole day in this field, looking at this balloon, and I got my answer. I had an epiphany of how to physically apply my theories of time travel. I was in that field the moment her car was hit. 18 May, 2:18 P.M. If I'd have simply done what she asked me, if I'd have said, 'sure, I'll go with you', I know it wouldn't have happened. I will jump back. But I'll jump back into that empty field, Walter. And I'll only drain the energy from the plant life. Energy will be dispersed, no one will die, and I will pull Arlette from that car and I will save her life.

WALTER: I know why you haven't gone back to May 18th, yet. Because you don't know how to. You haven't been able to jump back any further than the train. (stands and disconnects his covert microphone)

BROYLES: (still in car. hears static) What happened? (on tactical radio) Someone get that signal back on-line!

WALTER: You approximate the time curvature using a seventh order polynomial. But you made one small error. For the distance you require, it should be at least nine. I've read you too.

RADIO TECH: (over radio) We can't get him back on-line. He turned the radio off.

BROYLES: (reply on radio) Get a team up there, now.

WALTER: I'm telling you how to do this, but I'm telling you you cannot do it.

ALISTAIR PECK: I must do it.

WALTER: You'll never be able to live with the consequences.

ALISTAIR PECK: I told you, no one will die.

WALTER: (standing, resolute) That's not the consequences I'm talking about. I, too, attempted the unimaginable, and I succeeded. I crossed into another universe, and took a son that wasn't mine. And since then, not a day has passed without me feeling the burden of that act. (sits) I'm going to tell you something that I have never told another soul. (tactical squad charges into the building and down the corridor) Until I took my son from the other side, I had never believed in God. But it occurred to me... that my actions had betrayed him and that everything that had happened to me since was God punishing me. So now I'm looking for a sign of forgiveness. I've asked God for a sign of forgiveness. A specific one, a *white tulip*.

ALISTAIR PECK: Tulips don't bloom this time of year -- white or otherwise.

WALTER: But he's God. And if God can forgive me for my acts then maybe... it's in the realm of possibility that my son, possibly, may be able to forgive me too.

ALISTAIR PECK: (certain) Walter, God is science. God is polio and flu vaccines and M.R.I. machines, and artificial hearts. If you are a man of science, then that's the only faith we need. (assault team closes-in)

WALTER: Then allow me to serve as a precautionary tale. There will be repercussions if you pull Arlette from that car. You don't know how things will be changed by your actions, but they will. It's not our place to adjust the universe. And you will never be able to look at her again without knowing that, just like every time I look at my son. I have traveled through madness to figure this out. And you will too.

ALISTAIR PECK: You're asking me to just leave her there.

WALTER: (as the team arrives to capture Peck) No, no, no! Stop! I'm alright. (runs to halt the team) Stop! No, please! Gentlemen, please! Don't you see? We won't remember this. Don't you see? We won't remember anything. (Peck initiates temporal travel and disappears) We won't remember!

ACT VI

Peck's Lab - Dead Citizen's

UNIFORM COP: (on tactical radio as he inspects corpses strewn about) Officer in need of back-up

RADIO DISPATCHER: (replying) Copy that. What's your *twenty*?

UNIFORM COP: I am at 4-1-2 Inman Street. (inside, Peck continues to re-figure his math equations) ==Walter's Lab - ASTRID: (studying her monitor as the team gathers around her) This is weird. I did a search for Peck's cell phone when we first I.D.'d him as a suspect. He didn't have one. But Arlette Turling's number is still active. Now in the past twenty hours, the primary cell tower that's been handling the signal is a tower near... Albany Street.

OLIVIA: (answers cell phone) Dunham.

BROYLES: (from Inman Street as the tactical squad arrives) Alistair Peck is back at his residence. Six dead, including two Boston P.D. Officers. We have to take him down before he jumps again.

(the science teams arrives and joins the fracas. Peck watches from his second-story lab as law enforcement prepares to enter the building. Peck puts on his glasses and coat, then sits to draw a quick message and address it. The tactical team batters at the locked door to gain entry. sharpshooters are positioning)

TACTICAL SNIPER: (on radio) I've got the shot.

BROYLES: Take it.

(Peck finishes the letter, then notices in the mirror that a laser designator is targeting his head. he ducks to the floor and is barely missed by the snipers bullet. downstairs, the assault team breaks the

door open and charges upstairs. before they can reach Peck, he activates his temporal pocket and travels to the park with the hot air balloon. he dashes from the field and down to the street where his fiancée is parked. he arrives just as she is preparing to drive away. both happy that he decided to join her on the shopping trip, he tells her he loves her as he holds her hand. seconds later, a speeding vehicle crashes broadside into the engaged couple)

MIT - Fulfilling A Request

(in her office Professor Bryce takes the letter Peck composed from a hanging file drawer and studies the addressee)

PROFESSOR LIME: (joining her after passing her open door) I haven't seen you look at that letter for a while. It's been almost a year since Alistair died.

CAROL BRYCE: Today's the day I'm supposed to send it.

PROFESSOR LIME: Open it. Apparently, Alistair felt whatever it is, he could put in your trust.

CAROL BRYCE: He wouldn't have sealed it if he wanted me to see what's inside. (she places the letter on her desk - unopened)

Bishop Residence - Fireside

(Walter sits, writing his letter to Peter. somber, he seals it and studies a picture of the two of them, then walks to roaring fireplace and tosses the letter in)

PETER: (walking through the front door with audio equipment) Walter? Hey, I got you something. Fixed your turntable. I'd tell you to keep it out of the lab this time, but I know you won't.

WALTER: (heavy-hearted) Thank you, Peter.

PETER: I thought maybe you'd like some music to cheer you up. Walter, I know that you've been in a funk for the last couple of weeks. If there's something you want to talk to me about --

WALTER: No. Something was weighing on me, a decision, but... I'm fine.

PETER: Okay. I'm gonna go hit the hay (heads-off to his bedroom).

(Walter watches the letter he wrote continue to burn. New letters have been delivered to the house and rest on the entryway rug. Walter retrieves them and opens an interesting one. It is a simple, hand-drawn image of a tulip on white paper... the sign he was looking for)