

## PROLOGUE

### **Walter's Lab - Getting Organized**

ASTRID: Walter?

WALTER: I've decided that we need to get organized.

ASTRID: You've been smoking marijuana.

WALTER: I'd hardly classify what I've just smoked as marijuana. It's -- it's a hybrid. Of *Chronic Supernova* and *Afghani Kush*. I call it *Brown Betty*.

ASTRID: Walter... I know how you're feeling.

WALTER: It's important to take control of one's life.

ASTRID: Walter.

Eh.

Peter is going to come back.

He just needs some time.

But he will come back.

Oh! Hey.

Hey.

Is there news?

Have you found him?

I'm sorry, Walter.

I have some leads that I would like

To follow up, but I have to—

You have to what?

What can be more important than finding Peter?

Aunt Liv...

The snack machine stole the dollar you gave me.

Hi, Astrid. Hi, Uncle Walter.

Hi, Ella. You know what?

We have some snacks back there in the fridge.

You can go help yourself.

Thanks.

Mm-hmm.

Who's that?

Ella, Walter. It smells funny in here.

Rachel's daughter.

Rachel's Olivia's sister.

Rachel had to go to Chicago for the weekend, so she asked if I could look after Ella.

And I was wondering if maybe you could watch her--

Oh, no, no, no.

I couldn't possibly look after anyone else.

I'm well into Phase One.

I think she's talking about me.

Walter just smoked something called "Brown Betty."

Hi, cow.

Be careful, Stella.

Gene, Gene, no licking. no licking.

You should only have to watch her for a few hours.

Don't worry, Olivia.

I will be here.

We would love to have her.

You're killing him.

You're not supposed to touch the sides.

What kind of doctor are you?

You're not even trying.

His heart. All you've done

Is eat all my snacks and talk about weird stuff and everything makes you laugh.

I know!

Why don't you tell me a story?

I'm not very good at stories.

Didn't you used to tell stories to Peter?

Mm.

I'm sure Mrs. Bishop did, but... no, I never told Peter stories.

I was always... too busy with my work.

What about your parents,

Uncle Walter?

Didn't they tell you stories?

Oh, yes.

My mother loved Chandler and another writer called Dashiell Hammett.

She loved detective stories.

Oh! And musicals!

She adored musicals!

She often would dress me up to play parts in plays at school.

I was roughed up quite a lot as a child.

Walter...

I think that Ella would

Really, really enjoy a story.

Once upon a time.

Well, all right. Are you ready?

Um, hmm.

Once upon a time...

There was an accomplished detective.

Except that she had decided to retire,

Pack it in, because there was one mystery she could not solve.

What was that?

How to mend a broken heart.

Miss Dunham?

My name is Rachel.

I'm sorry to just show up like this, but I have left you several messages,

And I'd like to hire you.

My boyfriend, he's gone missing.

Well, as you can see, I'm kinda busy.

He got in over his head to a gambler.

A guy named Big Eddie.

I'm afraid something bad may have happened to him.

Drown him?

I'm sorry, what?

Oh, uh, no, thank you.

You know, most times when someone comes in here worried that their sweetheart's gone missing, or worse...

By the time they find out what I usually find out, they wind up wishing he really were dead.

What do you usually find out?

Rachel, is it?

Do yourself a favor.

Go home.

He wouldn't do what you're suggesting.

We met only a few weeks ago, but...

It was love at first sight.

You probably don't believe something like that exists.

But I assure you it does.

- something happens and I'm head over heels \*

- I never find out till I'm head over heels \*
- something happens and I'm head over heels \*
- don't take my heart, don't break my heart \*
- don't, don't, don't throw it away \*

What those school kids must've done to you.

Maybe you should teach me algebra.

Oh.

Oh, you see, the... medication

That uncle Walter is on, causes his posterior and lateral cricoarytenoid muscles to contract his larynx's.

Anyway, what was I saying?

Ah! Yes.

True love.

When was the last time you spoke to him?

On the telephone two days ago.

Okay, and what's his name?

Peter Bishop.

Wait a minute. That's wrong.

My mom doesn't love Peter.

Of course not.

It's just a story.

But, as with all good stories,

Things aren't always as they seem.

So where were we?

She just took the case.

Oh, yes. How could she not?

See, what Rachel didn't know is that detective Olivia once believed in love.

Especially great love.

And, if for no other reason, she took this case to see if such a love really existed.

Now, this is where things might get a bit frightening.

I'm not sure you'd want me to go on.

Does it have to do with Peter?

Maybe.

It just might.

You see, just as Olivia

Was gathering the facts from Rachel, far on the other side of town, a young man had gone into hiding because he had in his possession a very special item.

What kind of item?

As it happens...

A heart.

But a heart unlike anything the world had ever seen.

## **ACT I**

Now... the measure of a good detective

Is where she gets her information from.

Is he here?

Detective Dunham knew some high people in low places.

- and you just can't escape from the sound \*
- don't worry too much, it'll happen to you \*
- we were children once playing with toys \*

Hello, Lieutenant Broyles.

Good to see you.

What's the matter?

You're not gonna say hello?

Well, now, I didn't know if you actually meant hello

Or if you were just stringing me along.

You're good at that.

I need to ask a favor.

Must be a good one if you're coming to me.

Not as good a favor as pretending six years ago

I didn't see a cop on the beat

Plant evidence to get a promotion.

But yeah, it's important.

What is it?

Missing person.

Never seen him.

What about this?

Does it mean anything to you?

That guy's sweetheart found it in her apartment

The night he vanished.

It's a company logo. Massive Dynamic.

Ever heard of them?

No. What do they do?

Question is, what don't they do?

Indeed, what don't they do?

Olivia did her homework and soon found out some of the things they did do.

Like what?

Massive Dynamic made its money at any cost.

A vile firm that never missed an opportunity to exploit the little guy.

Profiteering off the creativity of others.

Miss Dunham...

Nina Sharp.

Pleasure to meet you.

Thank you so much for seeing me.

Detective Broyles called on your behalf.

He said you were looking for someone?

You thought I may be able to provide some information?

Uh, yes.

His name is Peter Bishop.

I'm investigating his disappearance on behalf of his fiancée.

She believes he may be in trouble.

Yeah, that wouldn't surprise me.

Whatever trouble he's in, I'm sure he deserves much worse.

Peter Bishop is a con man

With many talents and many identities -- all of them suspect.

Small cons to large scale industrial espionage,

With only one person's interests at heart--

His own.

I see.

But I can tell you one thing.

If he's pretending to love this woman,

He must be using her somehow.

For her sake and yours, I hope he stays missing.

He's dangerous.

Ah, I'm sorry.

My attention is required on another matter.

Of course.

Thank you so much for your time.

Miss Dunham.

You should proceed with caution.

I meant it when I said that Peter Bishop is dangerous.

It's me.

There has been a development.

Hello, this is Rachel. Please leave a message.

Uh, this is Olivia Dunham.

I need to talk to you. It's about Peter Bishop.

So could you give me a call as soon as you get this?

Rachel?

Help me, Miss Dunham!

Rachel!

## **ACT II**

That's not how it goes.

She can't be dead.

Why not?

Probably because it's her mother, Walter.

Oh. No, that's not it.

Because that's not how stories work.

She's in love-- true love.

She can't die.

But... as I have said, in this story,

Things are not as they seem.

She was an actress.

Her real name wasn't even Rachel, it was Kelsey.

Don't ask me

What to make of it, we're in the dark.

But whoever did this was good.

Didn't leave fingerprints.

Hell, we can't even identify what type of weapon he used.

But one thing we both know, Dunham--

Death seems to follow you around.

What you sayin' there, Chief?

I'm saying I want you as far away as possible.

Just when my interest is piqued?

Keep nosing around, and you and your interest

Can spend some time downtown as a guest of The State.

Well, it's three hot meals and a bed.

It's tempting. but, uh... I think I'll pass.

I'm serious, Dunham.

Time to leave things to the Big Boys.

Okay, you win.

Directory Assistance?

Yes, operator, I would like an address, please.

Go ahead, Hon. What's the name?

Uh, for Doctor Walter Bishop.

It's you.

Kind of.

Slightly less handsome than your Uncle Walter.

But equally brilliant.

A taker, a dreamer.

And Olivia would soon discover

That he was the one that got her mixed up in all this.

So you're saying that you hired her

To hire me to find Peter Bishop?

That's right.

Why didn't you come to me yourself?

Ah. Your reputation precedes you, Miss Dunham.

You aren't the best, but you're selective.

You only take cases where someone

Has lost their heart to love.

So I used her to get your attention.

I never meant for her to be harmed.

Okay, well, you've got my attention now, Doctor Bishop.

Now who the hell is Peter Bishop,

And why are you looking for him?

He was my lab assistant.

You got the same name. You related?

Just coincidental, although I did grow to love Peter as a son. But apparently, he was far more dangerous than I feared. He stole something from me.

My most... important invention.

I have spent my life making things

That bring joy and happiness, to make the world a better place.

Bubble Gum was one of my first. Ah. Flannel pajamas. Oh, rainbows.

And my latest project, singing corpses.

Two, three, four...

- Who can take a sunrise \*
- who can take a sunrise \*
- sprinkle it with dew \*
- sprinkle it with dew \*
- cover it with chocolate and a miracle or two \*
- the Candy Man \*
- the Candy Man can \*
- 'cause he mixes it with love \*
- and makes the world taste good \*

Why not bring a little life to the dead, I say. their harmonies are still a bit off.

What's this?

Well, that's a hug, of course.

He invented hugs?

Oh, yes, my dear.

He invented everything that is wonderful in the world.

Teddy Bears, and Chocolate Bars, and... oh, and something even more remarkable than that. A heart.

A glass heart.

What makes it so special?

Put simply, it's a power source.

But it's capable of many wondrous things.

And until quite recently...

I was kept alive his glass heart.

I had a bad heart, and so I invented the glass heart.

And then a few nights ago, someone slipped into my room

And stole it while I was asleep.

I've done what I can with these batteries.

It's kept me stable, but...

If I don't get my heart back, I'll die.

You think Peter Bishop stole your heart?

They disappeared at the same time.

This heart is priceless.

Who knows what somebody would pay for it.

I have so much good left to do.

If I die, I'll never get to finish any of them.

All of my ideas...

They will all die with me.

She's gonna help him, right?

Of course.

But first, she needed to rehire her assistant,

Esther Ficklesworth.

I have plenty of experience with all kinds of people.

I'm sure that would come in handy, right?

I mean, mental patients probably need tons of patience.

And love too.

They probably need love, right?

- I really need this job \*
- please god, I need this job \*
- I've got to get this job \*

I'm sorry, excuse me. Oh, it's my old boss now. Can you give me just a second? She only calls when it's important. Or when she gets lost. What do you want?

New case. I need you.

You sent me packing this morning,

And you owe me six months' back-pay.

What makes you think I'm gonna drop everything just because you call?

Because it's important.

And because that's just the kind of girl you are.

Dunham?

Dunham, are you--

Drop what you're investigating.

Who the hell are you?

I'm the man who doesn't let his feelings

Get him into trouble.

Ah!

Don't stick your heart out where it doesn't belong.

### **ACT III**

I'm sorry. Does it hurt?

Oh, no, no, no.

It feels great, actually.

Please, keep-- keep doing it.

I can't believe you got sucked back into business over true love.

You know that's your problem, isn't it?

You're always looking for something

That doesn't even exist.

Hey, that's not true.

I'm not looking for someone who's gonna give his heart to the world.

Maybe somewhere in the universe there's gotta be a guy

Who will keep me warm when I'm cold, feed me when I'm hungry, and maybe, on occasion, take me dancing.

Mm.

Huh, that's odd.

It looks like it's healing.

What kind of weapon did you say he used?

Well, nothing that I'd ever seen before.

It was, like, some kind of... laser.

This is the same kind of wound that killed Rachel.

So the man who attacked me is the same man who took her heart.

Draw it.

Draw what?

The weapon.

I have an idea.

Yeah, the patent on this device was taken out last year.

Pretty cool little device, if I recall.

Was patented by this whiz-bang tech company out of Manhattan.

Boy, I wish I could work somewhere like that.

Big outfit, all kinds of spy stuff.

They go by the name of.... Massive Dynamic.

You can't go in there!

Miss Dunham!

A few hours ago, a man attacked me with that, and told me to forget I'd ever heard the name Peter Bishop. Now I can call the Feds or you can tell me the truth. You choose, lady.

Bring me the file on the Quantum Laser.

The device was developed here in our biomedical research lab.

It was designed as a surgical tool.

Several months ago, one of our prototypes was stolen.

But tell me... this man who attacked you, was he bald, with an odd cadence to his voice?

Who is he?

Not he, they. We call them the Watchers.

These people are dangerous and they don't make idle threats.

You should know what you're getting into, Miss Dunham.

She was lying.

Who?

Nina Sharp.

She was lying, wasn't she?

What makes you think that?

I don't know, I just don't trust her.

Smart girl.

You're getting ahead of the narrative, but you're thinking along the right lines. Because detective Olivia didn't trust her either.

Now...

Hello?

It's me. You got anything?

Nina Sharp's company, Massive Dynamic, the founder and CEO is a guy named William Bell.

You ever heard of him?

No. Should I have?

Well, it seems he's a sort of scientific Christopher Columbus.

He's always searching for what's right on the edge of our imagination.

But here is the interesting part.

In the past few years, no one has seen him.

No press conferences, no public appearances.

It's like he just disappeared off the face of the Earth.

Okay, so what's that got to do with Peter Bishop?

I don't know.

But that's weird, right?

Yeah. Listen, I gotta go.

Hey, Dunham?

Yeah? Be careful.

Okay, Ma.

I have news.

Is it safe to talk?

Of course, no one can hear us.

What is it? I found it.

The glass heart?

Mm, you were right.

Peter Bishop has it.

So where is he?

Where's the boy?

We don't know yet. But we'll find him.

Oh, that's fabulous news.

Well done, Nina.

I knew you could do it.

William, I've been going out of my mind.

By utilizing the heart's power,

We'll be able to create a stable door between universes.

And after all this time,

We can finally be together again.

I know, my love.

Excuse me.

She is awake.

I see.

I suppose I should feel sorry for you,

Miss Dunham.

None of these should've been your concerns.

The truth is I did everything I could to protect you.

I warned you to stay away from this, but you didn't listen.

Now you've given me no choice.

Oh, so you're gonna send me somewhere far away, where I won't be able to tell anybody what you wanna do with that glass heart?

Not quite.

Go ahead, Mister Gemini

No, no!

No, no, no! Ah.

Ah!

No!

Help me!

No! Ah!

I heard you were looking for me.

Thank you.

## ACT IV

### **Peter's Hideout - Discovered**

FICTIONAL PETER: Feeling better?

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Do you mean is a hot shower better than drowning in a pine coffin? Much. Thank you. I take it you don't live here.

FICTIONAL PETER: No, but nobody else does either. Seemed like a pretty good place to hide out.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: (studies a map with multi-colored pins) But this is yours.

FICTIONAL PETER: Yeah.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: What is it?

FICTIONAL PETER: You hungry?

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: So how'd you know I was drowning?

FICTIONAL PETER: Coffee?

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Yeah, one sugar. Thanks.

FICTIONAL PETER: Well, like I told you before, I heard somebody was looking for me. A cop named Olivia Dunham. So I was following you.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Well, someone's been giving you false information, because I'm not a Cop, I'm a Private Detective.

FICTIONAL PETER: I see. You like Jazz?

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Jazz?

FICTIONAL PETER: Miles, Duke, Louis, John Coltrane... you can tell a lot about a person from the music they listen to. And whether or not they dance.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Uh, well, Jazz... not so much. But dancing? Sure.

FICTIONAL PETER: Well, I guess we're opposites. I hate to dance. I'd take you, though.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: You would? Why's that?

FICTIONAL PETER: I don't know, seems like it'd be fun. You look like a good dancer.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: You know, all this is very nice, and I'm grateful that you saved my life, but I know who you are, and I know what you did. Wanna know why I was looking for you? Doctor Walter Bishop hired me. I know you took his glass heart.

FICTIONAL PETER: Is that what he told you? That I stole his heart? What else did Walter Bishop tell you?

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: That without his heart he would die. And that all the good he does for this world would die with him.

FICTIONAL PETER: Well, I guess I'm not the only one who's been given false information.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: What, you saying that's not true?

FICTIONAL PETER: Come with me. (leaves kitchen) A hundred and forty-seven pins. Each one represents a child injured by Walter Bishop.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Injured how?

FICTIONAL PETER: Walter's invented a great many things. Wondrous things. That much is true. But what he didn't tell you is where his ideas come from. Elephants, rainbows, licorice sticks... they

come from the dreams of children. He steals children's dreams and he replaces them with nightmares. That's what this is, a Pattern of Destruction. Of damaged kids, shattered innocence.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Who else knows about this?

FICTIONAL PETER: Nobody. I worked for him for years, and I didn't even know. Why I was willing to die so that he could live. (opens shirt)

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: It's your heart.

FICTIONAL PETER: I was born with it. And I was willing to give it to Walter, 'cause of all the good he's done. Because of all the good he could do. I thought that his life was so much more valuable than mine. At least until I learned the truth. Walter Bishop isn't responsible for all the goodness in the world. But he is responsible for so much evil. (the building shakes and a large metallic cylinder breaks through the wall) Oh, Hell.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: What is it?

FICTIONAL PETER: They found us. (as Watchers bash open the doors and windows) Run! (Peter and Olivia fight hand-to-hand with the intruders. the Watchers start firing weapons. Olivia uses one of their weapons and fires back. she back tracks through the now empty house)

FICTIONAL PETER: (sitting somberly on the floor) I knew you were a good dancer. You really cut a rug out there.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Well, you're not so bad yourself.

FICTIONAL PETER: (expose the gapping damage in his chest) I need your help, Olivia. I'm dying.

## ACT V

### **Peter's Place - An Operation**

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Okay, I got them. So -- so what do I do?

FICTIONAL PETER: Well... you ever play that game - *Operation*?

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Yeah.

FICTIONAL PETER: Well, it's just like that, except in reverse. You gotta put those batteries into my chest. But whatever you do, don't touch the nerve endings.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: And what if I do?

FICTIONAL PETER: Don't.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Okay.

FICTIONAL PETER: Hey... you're gonna be fine. Just go slow, and take them one at a time.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Okay.

FICTIONAL PETER: So what made you wanna be a detective?

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: I don't know. Uh, I, uh... I guess that I just always knew what it was I was meant to do.

FICTIONAL PETER: And what's that?

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: To care for people.

FICTIONAL PETER: Then who cares for you?

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Okay. I did it.

FICTIONAL PETER: Okay. There's one more. Must be nice to know who you are. To know your place in the world.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: So what about you?

FICTIONAL PETER: Oh, I thought I did. I thought I knew who I was. But I was wrong.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Done. Peter? Peter? Peter? Please, Peter. (sings) *For once in my life, I have someone who needs me. Someone I've needed so long, for once unafraid I can go where life leads me, and somehow I know I'll be strong. For once in my life, I won't let sorrow hurt me... not like it's hurt me before. For once I have something I know won't desert me. I'm not alone anymore.* Peter. Hey.

FICTIONAL PETER: Hey. You did it.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Okay. You be careful.

FICTIONAL PETER: These batteries aren't gonna last long.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Okay.

FICTIONAL PETER: We have to get my heart back. Those men who attacked us, they work for Nina Sharp.

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: But Nina Sharp isn't the one who's got your heart.

FICTIONAL PETER: Then who does?

## **Walter's Lab - Change Of Heart**

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: Put it down, Doctor Bishop.

FICTIONAL WALTER: How did you know it was me?

FICTIONAL OLIVIA: The device -- the one that came through the wall -- I knew that I had seen it someplace before. You brought Nina Sharp's Watchers to your side. Didn't you?

FICTIONAL WALTER: Peter. Peter! I -- I never meant to hurt anyone. I never -- I can change, you'll see. I can make up for all the harm I've done. Peter, please. (sings) *Who can take the sunrise? Sprinkle it with dew... the Candy Man can.* Peter, please.

FICTIONAL PETER: It's too late, Walter. There's some things you can't undo.

FICTIONAL WALTER: (sings to himself after they leave) *The Candy Man can... 'cause he mixes it with love and makes the world taste good.*

ELLA: (interrupts the fable) Are you kidding? That's not a proper ending. Don't you know? All good stories start with *once upon a time*, and they end with *happily ever after*. You don't know how to tell stories, Uncle Walter. I'll tell you how the story ends.

FICTIONAL WALTER: Peter. Peter, please. I can change. I can fix the damage I've done. Please, give me another chance.

ELLA: (adding her ending to the tale) ...and Peter looked inside Walter's eyes and realized there was still goodness inside him. So Peter took his special heart, and with all his might, he split it in two. And the heart was so magical that it still worked. And together, they made goodness, and lived *happily ever after*. The End. (as Olivia returns to the lab) Aunt Liv! We had so much fun.

OLIVIA: Did you? That's great.

ELLA: We played games kind of badly. Then Uncle Walter told me a story.

OLIVIA: (quietly to Walter) I'm sorry, Walter. No luck.

ELLA: (about the story) His ending wasn't very good. It was sad. But I fixed it for him. Didn't I,

Uncle Walter?

WALTER: Yes. Yes, my dear, you were right. Yours was a proper ending. Yours was a much better ending, indeed.

### **Bishop Residence - Returning Home**

(Astrid has driven Walter home from the lab. They park on the street in front of the house and head inside. Down the street a ways, an acquaintance watches the arrival, then activates a hand-held communication device)

THE OBSERVER: *The Boy* has not returned, and I do not believe Doctor Bishop remembers my warning. (listens) Yes, I am concerned too.