

PROLOGUE

Hill-Top Cafe - Friendly Chat

KRISTA MANNING: (tending to quiet patron) Drink that. Avoid the radar. You'll be in Oakland in no time. (hands him a CD) And that is for you, Raymond. And your burger should be up in a minute. (joins Peter at his table) So... where was I?

PETER: Well, you were in the middle of telling me how you moved around a lot as a kid, but I got to tell you, now I'm hopelessly intrigued with these CDs.

KRISTA MANNING: I'm sort of known here by the regulars for my playlists. I base my tracks on people's aura.

PETER: Well, how often do you think I'd have to come here to be considered a regular?

KRISTA MANNING: I might be able to get you on the list. First, you have to tell me where you're from.

PETER: Technically... I'm from no place you've ever heard of. But let's just say Boston.

KRISTA MANNING: So how long are you here for?

PETER: Well, I was just planning on the one night -- passing through.

KRISTA MANNING: To?

PETER: I don't know yet.

KRISTA MANNING: Okay... 'Peter from Boston'. I'll burn you one.

PETER: Really? What did I do right?

KRISTA MANNING: It's a long road to 'I don't know yet'. I want to make sure you stay awake out there. And I, uh -- I like your eyes. So there's that. Where are you staying?

PETER: I'm staying at the Drake's Bay Motel.

KRISTA MANNING: I'll drop it by after my shift.

PETER: Okay, I'll see you then.

KRISTA MANNING: I'll see you then. (later, after locking-up, she creates a music CD for Peter, then heads out for the rendezvous. outside in the darkness, a man approaches her as she starts to enter her car. several tractor-trailer rigs pass by and when they clear away, both individuals are gone, and Krista's car door remains open. she regains consciousness in a makeshift operating lab and is unable to move) No! No! No! Please? What are you doing to me? (a shadowy figure wearing surgical gloves stands over her... removing part of her brain through a hole in her skull)

ACT I

Noyo County - Heading South

NEWSCAST: (television in the lobby of the Drake's Bay Motel is on as Peter wakes-up in the early morning light) ...it may not be the best season for Skagit Valley's famous waves of color, but with record warmth, it is still going to be one for the record books. In Mount Vernon, John Hofferstead, Q13, FOX News.

TOM: Your room's got a bed, you know.

PETER: What time is it?

TOM: Six A.M.

PETER: Did a pretty girl happen to drop by here? (realizing he was stood-up, he retires to his room and lays down. the phone rings) Hello? (odd static) Krista? (more static, beeps and distorted voices) Hello?

(later, while driving away from the motel, he activates his navigation system)

PETER: Destination.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM: Please say a city name.

PETER: Portland.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM: Portland. Please proceed to the highlighted route.

PETER: That was obviously way too easy. Destination.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM: Please say a city name.

PETER: Mars.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM: Sorry. Please say the city name.

(he notices the Hill-Top cafe is now a crime scene as he is leaving town. he pulls over and approaches the officer in charge)

ANN MATHIS: How you doing? I'm Sheriff Mathis. This is Deputy Ferguson.

PETER: Hi, there. Peter Bishop.

ANN MATHIS: Were you a customer here last night?

PETER: I was.

ANN MATHIS: Do you remember your waitress?

PETER: Krista, sure. Why, did something happen to her?

BILL FERGUSON: Do you have any identification on you?

PETER: Of course. (the deputy walks away with the ID to verify it)

ANN MATHIS: Krista told a coworker she was planning to meet you after her shift last night.

PETER: You gonna tell me what's going on here?

ANN MATHIS: You first.

PETER: Yeah, we made plans. But she never showed up. She was gonna meet me at my motel, the Drake's Bay, but I just fell asleep in the lobby. You can call the front desk, ask the guy there.

ANN MATHIS: Why don't you just hang here a sec, okay? (Peter sees Thomas Newton loitering behind the assembled crowd a begins to move toward him) Where are you goin'? Who are you lookin' for?

PETER: Um... No one. (after being escorted to the restraining cage in the back of the Sheriff's vehicle) Oh, come on, you got to be kidding me.

ANN MATHIS: Krista Manning went missing last night. And you talked to her. You two spent some time. I'd just like to hear about it. I'd like to do that at the station, okay?

BILL FERGUSON: (on phone as the trio drives to the station) B-I-S-H-O-P. Uh, six feet, brown hair.

PETER: (knocks on cage) Officer, I wasn't staying under the name Bishop. I was registered under the name Stewart.

BILL FERGUSON: Yeah, he says he was staying under the name Stewart. Right, okay. Thanks,

Tom. (hangs-up) Tom over at Drake's Bay confirms that he was passed out in the lobby all night.

ANN MATHIS: Why did you check into the motel under an assumed name, sir?

RADIO DISPATCHER: Sheriff?

ANN MATHIS: (answers radio call) This is Mathis. Go ahead.

RADIO DISPATCHER: Dogs have found a body -- the spillway off Route 219 and mile-marker eight. White female - coroner's on his way.

Route 219 - Dumped Body

ANN MATHIS: (after arriving and stopping on the bridge, she recognizes Krista's corpse as it rests in the shallow waters along the bank of the river) Oh, my God.

RADIO DISPATCHER: Noyo Search and Rescue, what's your 'twenty?

WES: (over radio) E.T.A. About 45. Confirm this is recovery, not rescue.

RADIO DISPATCHER: That's right, Wes. It's a bad one. The coroner says the victim had some sort of operation done to her. A piece of her skull cut out. Over.

PETER: (having overheard the radio chatter) Sheriff... can you let me out of the back of this car?

ANN MATHIS: Just -- please, I'm sorry, but you're gonna have to be patient, Mister Bishop.

PETER: Hold on for one second. Hold on. I was listening to your radio. They said that she had a piece of her skull cut out. Is she missing a part of her brain? I know that that's a weird question, but you need to ask the Coroner whether she's missing a piece of her temporal lobe. Please.

ANN MATHIS: (walks over to associates. asks the question and returns to the vehicle) How the hell did you know that?

ACT II

Sheriff's Office - Suspect Interview

ANN MATHIS: You're F.B.I. huh? What exactly is a 'civilian consultant'?

PETER: Sometimes people with certain areas of expertise can offer them to The Bureau on a consulting basis. My area of expertise is... weird.

BILL FERGUSON: You mean difficult to explain?

PETER: No, I mean the strange, the inexplicable.

ANN MATHIS: So, uh... can you talk me through this again? You knew that they took her...

PETER: Temporal lobe.

ANN MATHIS: Temporal lobe... because it's like a case you worked on before?

PETER: Exactly. We were never able to catch those responsible.

ANN MATHIS: So that's why you're out here. You're tracking them down?

PETER: No. But I think that they may be tracking me down.

ANN MATHIS: What'd they want with you?

PETER: I'm not sure yet. But I thought I saw one of them earlier outside the crime scene. His name is Newton. And I think they called me at the Drake's Bay Motel. There was no voice on the other end of the line. It was just static, and then a series of strange noises and clicks -- I think they killed

Krista to find me.

ANN MATHIS: By taking her brain?

PETER: I told her where I was staying. She's the only person who knew.

BILL FERGUSON: Why wouldn't they just... ask her where you were staying? Or force her. I mean, why cut out her brain?

PETER: It's possible that they needed details about me she didn't know she had.

ANN MATHIS: I'm sorry. I'm not following.

PETER: I know that this is complicated. And I'm sorry that I can't give you all the answers, but the case is classified. It is possible, however, that I could show you what I mean.

ANN MATHIS: Just give me a minute. I'm gonna go make a few calls, Peter.

PETER: Of course. (makes a call while the Sheriff investigates him)

BROYLES: (answers his phone while sitting in his office) Bishop, where are you?

PETER: I'll save you the trace. I'm in Washington State. Look, I need a favor. You're about to get a call from the Noyo County Sheriff's Department. They're checking up on my credentials.

BROYLES: Are you in trouble?

PETER: ...uhnt-uh. In fact, just the opposite. I stumbled into an investigation, and I offered them my services.

BROYLES: We'll ask them to extend you every courtesy.

PETER: Thank you. Listen... I don't want you to tell Walter where I am. In fact, I don't even want you to tell him that we spoke. If you owe me anything, you owe me that.

BROYLES: Okay. But, Bishop... if you change your mind, I'll send someone to pick you up.

PETER: Thanks. I got to go.

BROYLES: Take care of yourself.

County Morgue - Autopsy

PETER: (standing over his new friend's body as it lay on the examination table) Krista seemed like a sweet girl. Did you know her?

ANN MATHIS: She and my sister went to school together. So explain this to me.

PETER: The temporal lobe is responsible for memory. So think of the brain as the greatest recording device ever created. Every sight, sound, smell, all recorded in perfect detail. But imagine that there was a way to get that data out of the brain. So what I said, what I was wearing, What time it was, where I was staying... I know how it sounds. But believe me, if you can imagine it, it's possible.

ANN MATHIS: If that's true, if they were trying to find you, why didn't they just come for you last night?

PETER: I... I don't know. These are not your ordinary bad guys.

ANN MATHIS: (looks at the opening in Krista's skull) The tissue is very pink.

PETER: Yes, and it's not normally like that. It only happens when our bodies metabolize adrenaline. So her adrenal's must have spiked right before she died.

ANN MATHIS: (after her luck pen falls into a tray with blood in it. disappointed) Oh... my God.

PETER: (reads the motto on the pen as he cleans it) ... "find the crack"? That is the worst police

slogan I've ever heard.

ANN MATHIS: It's not a slogan. In the darkness, there's always a crack. It's how the light gets in. Ferguson gave it to me... our first case together. Nobody else thought I could hack it, but... it's -- it's an inside joke.

PETER: It looks expensive.

ANN MATHIS: Yeah. That's what he keeps telling me.

Sheriff's Office - Releasing Peter

BILL FERGUSON: If that's an accurate account of your statement, please sign it.

PETER: It is, very. (signs the statement) I'm gonna get a room at the Northwest Passage. I'll be staying under the name of... Gene Cowan. So if you need me, that's where I'm at.

BILL FERGUSON: You sure you don't want a police escort?

PETER: No, I'll be fine.

BILL FERGUSON: You know, you say that there are people out there cutting people's brains out to find you, and you're smiling.

PETER: Look, they may have found me. But now that I know they're here for sure, I found them too. And now we're gonna catch 'em.

ANN MATHIS: What?

BILL FERGUSON: I don't know about this guy, Ann.

ANN MATHIS: He knew his way around there. He's like a Medical Examiner. He knew the brain, biology, medications.

BILL FERGUSON: Doesn't mean he's legit. You read your books about UFOs and Roswell and whacked-out theories and government conspiracies. I think that you want to believe. What makes you trust him?

ANN MATHIS: I don't know. (honestly) I'm a good judge of character. (sardonically) I'm the only one here who likes you.

Gun Shop - After Hours

WEAPONS DEALER: (peering through peep hole in door after Peter buzzes to open) Closed. What do you want?

PETER: If you open up, I'll make it worth your while. (holds-up roll of cash)

Northwest Passage - Checked In

(after moving into his new room, he unloads a shotgun, pistol and ammunition. as he prepares the weapons the motel phone rings)

PETER: Mathis? (he hangs up when he hears the same static and distorted voices he heard previously. when the phone rings again) What do you want from me?

ANN MATHIS: (from her office) Peter... it's Mathis.

PETER: Who did you tell?

ANN MATHIS: What are you talking about?

PETER: Just now, I got one of those phone calls. They know where I'm staying. And I only told

you.

ANN MATHIS: ...I didn't --

PETER: -- Then ask your partner!

ANN MATHIS: That's what I'm calling about, Peter. Ferguson's -- Ferguson's disappeared.

ACT III

Sheriff's Office - Hard Choices

PETER: When was the last time that you spoke with him?

ANN MATHIS: About two hours. He went back to the scene where Krista's body was found. He felt we might have missed something.

PETER: That means that he disappeared about a half hour before I got the last phone call.

ANN MATHIS: You think they used him to find you, like they used Krista. What is it that makes you special? Why haven't they taken you?

PETER: I don't know. I don't even know what it all means, but I do know that these people have the answers. And that's exactly why I need to find them.

ANN MATHIS: Alright then. Call your friends at the F.B.I. Let's get these guys!

PETER: No.

ANN MATHIS: The F.B.I. has the expertise. They have the resources.

PETER: And if we call the F.B.I., they're gonna descend on this place, and these people will disappear. I am this close. And I am going to get my answers.

ANN MATHIS: You said you got calls at Drake's Bay and Northwest Passage, right?

PETER: Yes.

ANN MATHIS: Mm-hmm. Well, we pulled those phone records. Those calls never happened.

PETER: These people can pull memories out of brain tissue. You think they can't make a couple of calls disappear? I can do that. People have been doing that since the '70s. (studies her body language) I understand. You don't want me to be right, 'cause if I'm right, then that means your partner is most likely dead.

ANN MATHIS: Hey... Peter... with the exception of who you are, I haven't been able to verify anything you've said to me. It's all either classified, or it's incredible. I'm calling the Bureau.

PETER: Your partner did disappear. And I did talk to Krista. And I did get those phone calls.

ANN MATHIS: What if he's alive? What if he's out there somewhere, thinking I am doing everything in my power, including calling the F.B.I. to save him?

PETER: Then that is all the more reason for us to find him ourselves. If you make that phone call, we never will.

Boston - Grocery Shopping

WALTER: (to a fellow shopper) Excuse me, please. Thank you. Toaster pastry. (reads the ingredients listed) um...'corn starch, soy lecithin, potassium... bromate'. Potassium bromate? (starts to meltdown emotionally) This supermarket is trying to kill us! You... potassium bromate - do you know what that is?

STOCK CLERK: Are you okay, sir?

WALTER: It is known to induce renal cell tumors... mesotheliomas of the peritoneum!

STOCK CLERK: Can I call someone for you?

WALTER: Call someone? You know what? You know what you're putting into our bodies? Death! Delicious, strawberry-flavored death!

STOCK CLERK: Okay, okay. I'm calling security.

WALTER: Yes! (wipes brow and sits in the aisle)

Bishop Residence - Bailed-Out

WALTER: (returning through the front door) They had no right to make me wait at the police station. It's the makers of those toaster pastries that should be in jail.

ASTRID: Let it go, Walter. You're home now, and you're safe.

WALTER: (looks at the messy room) I wasn't expecting guests.

ASTRID: (returns from the barren refrigerator) Walter... why didn't you tell me you needed help?

WALTER: What am I going to do -- call you every time I run out of 'Pudding Pops'?

OLIVIA: Yes, if you need them.

WALTER: I need to learn to care for myself. If Peter doesn't come back --

OLIVIA: Walter...

WALTER: They'll send me back to the hospital, won't they?

OLIVIA: I won't let that happen.

WALTER: Thank you. I do... I do need 'Pudding Pops'.

Noyo County - Rural Bridge

ANN MATHIS: (walking with Peter) We don't know if he made it, but this is the last place he said he was going.

PETER: Isn't it protocol for him to call in once he gets here?

ANN MATHIS: Well... sometimes he doesn't do that. Dummy.

(the two separate and head to opposite ends of the bridge. Peter stops and picks-up a gum wrapper, then hears the same odd noises he heard on the phone. something in the woods catches his eye and he runs to the edge of a clearing where Thomas Newton and his assistant are standing. the assistant adjusts a handheld device and the noise stops. Newton raises a weapon and fires a large dart at Peter. nearly struck, Peter pulls his pistol and fires back... his targets immediately vanish into the dense evergreen forest)

ACT IV

Remote Bridge - Friendly Stand-off

ANN MATHIS: (hears the gunfire) Bishop? (runs to the other end of the bridge and enters the woods looking for Peter, as he chases the evasive Newton) Bishop! (after sneaking-up behind him) Peter.

PETER: Mathis.

ANN MATHIS: What did you see?

PETER: I saw Newton and one other guy. You didn't see them too? They came running right past you.

ANN MATHIS: (as he stares at her arm) What's wrong? (after he levels his pistol at her) What the Hell are you doing, Bishop? Put down that gun.

PETER: Who are you?

ANN MATHIS: Bishop... lower... your... weapon.

PETER: In the morgue, you dropped something. Who gave it to you?

ANN MATHIS: What is wrong with you?

PETER: Answer the question!

ANN MATHIS: My pen? It was a gift from Ferguson, my partner.

PETER: Why is there blood on your jacket?

ANN MATHIS: There is blood on my jacket because there is blood on my wrist, which I got when I fell, running.

PETER: Show me. (inspects her arm) I'm sorry. I needed to know that your blood was still red.

ANN MATHIS: What other color would it be?

(a short while later, back at their vehicle on the bridge as Peter helps her with first aide for her wound)

ANN MATHIS: So these, uh, shape-shifters, they... make themselves look like other people?

PETER: Yeah, it's a technology unlike anything you've seen before.

ANN MATHIS: Peter... I want to level with you. I, um... believe in the unknown.

PETER: Yeah - "find the crack" - I get it.

ANN MATHIS: No, I mean... I read books about... UFOs and conspiracy theories. But I do think... I mean, I am wondering right now... if you are not completely off your rocker.

PETER: They were there.

ANN MATHIS: I didn't see them... or the dart they shot.

PETER: I know you didn't, because they removed it. I know how this must look... from your point of view -- I mean, I was there once too. But...

ANN MATHIS: (about his hesitation) You just did it.

PETER: Did what?

ANN MATHIS: You just questioned your own sanity.

PETER: I'm not questioning --

ANN MATHIS: -- When was the last time you slept?

PETER: I'm not hallucinating. And I'm not paranoid. And I'm not questioning my own sanity. I was wondering why you would listen to me. You're desperate. Ferguson is more than just your partner, isn't he? So there is something between the two of you.

ANN MATHIS: You said back at the precinct that... that I was trying to rationalize that he was still alive. You may be right. I may be doing it right now. He may be dead. But I won't believe it until I see his body. I can't. (answers cell phone) Mathis.

Crime Scene - Fresh Victim

PETER: You want me to go look? (she shakes her head then moves toward the victim)

DEPUTY: Sheriff. The victim's a white female. She has part of her skull missing.

PETER: I don't recognize this girl.

ANN MATHIS: You've never seen her before?

PETER: No, I've never seen her before.

ANN MATHIS: Who is she?

Interview - Sister of the Victim

HEATHER: I talked to Gwynn right before her shift ended. We'd talked about her coming over last night to help me color my hair. I figured she just got tired. I should have called her.

ANN MATHIS: You couldn't have known. I'm sorry.

PETER: Did your sister ever hang out at the Hill-Top Cafe?

HEATHER: Um... I don't think so.

PETER: What about the Mosser Brothers gas station out on Route 202? I filled up there on the way into town.

HEATHER: Her pickup's a diesel, and I don't think Mosser's carries diesel.

PETER: Fine, what about the Drake's Bay Motel? Would she ever go there for any reason?

ANN MATHIS: Peter...

HEATHER: What's this about?

ANN MATHIS: It's just... part of our investigation. If you could just write down your address for us. She is grieving, and you are not getting anywhere.

Bishop Residence - Cleaning-Up

WALTER: (after putting on some music) The Hadron Super Collider is less complicated than that infernal dishwasher.

ASTRID: (standing over a sink of dishes) Next time, don't use laundry detergent, and the dishwasher will work fine.

WALTER: Thank you, Astrid. You're a Federal Agent. I doubt, during your years of training, that you had dreams of babysitting a helpless old man.

ASTRID: You are not that helpless. A little disorganized, maybe. Don't you usually keep this in the bathtub? (hands him a toy double-decker car) Walter?

WALTER: (recalling) I took this little car from the Zelazney Building. Objects from the other universe like this emit a glimmer, a distinctive energy signature. It may be possible to detect that signature.

ASTRID: So?

WALTER: So I need you to gather all the objects from the other side that we recovered from the Zelazney Building and from Jacksonville and bring them to the lab.

ASTRID: Okay, why?

WALTER: To build a device to read that energy signature! Peter emits the same energy, don't you

see? This is how we will find Peter.

Remote Road - Late Night

PETER: I must have seen Gwynn somewhere, or she had to have seen me. I mean... she has to have had some value to them, some knowledge that they needed.

ANN MATHIS: We'll go to your motel and get your things, get you something to eat, and... you can stay at my house tonight.

PETER: It's okay. I'll be fine.

ANN MATHIS: You're my only connection to finding Bill right now. I want you safe. (notices a vehicle at the edge of the woods) What color was Gwynn's truck?

PETER: Tan brown.

ANN MATHIS: Driver's side window is rolled down. Glove compartment's open.

PETER: Okay, so this girl pulls over her truck, rolls down the window, and then opens up the glove box. You tell me - why would she do that?

ANN MATHIS: She got pulled over by a cop.

PETER: Or someone pretending to be a cop -- or Bill.

ANN MATHIS: Pretending to be Bill?

PETER: Well, these shape-shifters, they take on the appearance of people in positions of authority. (as she returns to her vehicle) Where you going?

ANN MATHIS: I'm calling the F.B.I.

PETER: Why?

ANN MATHIS: First, you said they cut out his brain to find you. Now you're telling me he may have been shape-shifted? Which is it, Peter? Did I make a mistake not calling the F.B.I.? I am very scared right now.

PETER: Wait, wait-wait. Just hold on for one second. Those people, when they were taken, they must have been afraid, right? And when they were killed, they must have been terrified.

ANN MATHIS: So?

PETER: So I know how to find them.

ACT V

County Morgue - Adrenaline Rush

PETER: Do you know how airplanes have blackboxes?

ANN MATHIS: To record flight data, sure.

PETER: Yeah, well, human bodies collect data as well. Both Krista and Gwynn's muscle tissue was flooded with adrenaline.

ANN MATHIS: Yeah, I remember.

PETER: Well, the tissue would've partially metabolized the adrenaline. So we should be able to measure the rate of absorption, which will tell us when the adrenaline was first produced.

ANN MATHIS: What about Newton? How does that help us find him?

PETER: Look... normally, your adrenaline levels are flat. (draws diagram on chalkboard) Then you experience fear. A spike in adrenaline. Sometime later, you experience more fear, sSay, in the moments right before you were killed -- another spike, two points of fear. Now, we already know where the girls were abducted. So if we can just determine how much time took place between these two intervals...

ANN MATHIS: ...then we can figure out where they were killed.

PETER: Exactly right. There is one more thing. We're gonna need a control sample. Can you stick that in the centrifuge? (turns to the machine) It's that thing right over there. (fires his pistol into the ceiling when her back is turned)

ANN MATHIS: Ah. (startled... turns and starts to draw weapon from holster) Hey!

PETER: I'm sorry! I'm sorry. (very apologetic) I just needed to scare you. (unsheathes a large biopsy needle) I'm gonna need to take a tissue sample from you.

Federal Building - Broyle's Office

WALTER: (sitting across from his agent) How is Doctor Bishop doing?

OLIVIA: Walter's trying to adjust to a very difficult situation. He's concerned about being sent back to St. Claire's.

BROYLES: Will he be able to function if Peter doesn't come back?

OLIVIA: I'm sure that Peter will come back. Do you know something? Have you spoken to him?

County Morgue - Map Review

PETER: Krista Manning's adrenaline spikes were forty-two minutes apart. So assuming that Newton drove the speed limit, sixty miles an hour...

ANN MATHIS: ...on these roads, that'd be a good way to get killed. He would have stuck to forty-five.

PETER: Alright, forty-five. (plots circles on a Noyo County map) Okay, the center point is where Krista was taken. At forty-five miles per hour, The farthest they could have gone would be thirty-one and a half miles. Gwynn, our second victim... was taken much farther out of town, almost on the other side of the county. Her adrenaline spikes are fifty-seven minutes apart. Again, factoring forty-five miles per hour... that's it. (points to sliver between overlapping circles) That's our 'kill-zone'.

ANN MATHIS: You're assuming he killed them both in the same place.

PETER: They were using complex medical equipment. It's not easy to move an operating room. Much simpler to just bring the victims to a specified location -- someplace out of the way.

ANN MATHIS: (points to a facility on the map within the region identified by Peter) Like an old dairy farm?

Dairy Farm - Looking Around

PETER: Just ask him something only he would know.

ANN MATHIS: Hello, there. It's, uh, Craig, right?

CRAIG: Yeah.

ANN MATHIS: I don't know if you remember, but, uh, I think you were in choir with my sister up at St. Andrew's.

CRAIG: Well, actually, I was at Good Shepherd. Good memory, though.

ANN MATHIS: Yeah, Good Shepherd - that's right.

CRAIG: So, uh, what can I do for you?

ANN MATHIS: Your old dairy farm up the hill. Could there be people up there?

CRAIG: People?

PETER: Yeah, you get up there often?

CRAIG: No, not much, since we shut it down. Why? (later, inside the house and reviewing a map of the property) Okay, we got twelve outbuildings -- the milking parlors, the barn, and the holding stalls.

ANN MATHIS: Those are all good places to hide.

PETER: That's a lot of ground to cover.

ANN MATHIS: I'll go call backup to help with the search. (leaves the house)

CRAIG: Need any help with the search?

PETER: I think it's best if you stay here.

CRAIG: Let me get you the keys. (turns to retrieve something on the far side of the room)

PETER: Sure. (looks around the room and notices the CD that Krista made for him. turns to Craig charging at him... swinging a hammer)

ACT VI

Rural Farm - A Confession

CRAIG: (as he is physically beaten) Uhh! Ohh! Uhh! Uhh! Unh! Uhh! Uh!

PETER: Who are you? Where's Newton? (punches Craig's face again)

ANN MATHIS: Peter, stop!

CRAIG: I couldn't stop. The girls -- I wanted to be close to them. I just couldn't stop.

ANN MATHIS: Where is he? Where's Ferguson? What did you do to him?

(searching a dark outbuilding full of medical equipment)

ANN MATHIS: Bill? (weapon drawn and flashlight on) Bill? (enters a dark room) Peter... Bill! Bill... He's still breathing. Thank God. Bill.

PETER: It's just ink. There's no incision here. I'm gonna go call an ambulance.

ANN MATHIS: Bill. Stay with me, baby. I'm here. I'm here now. I'm here, Bill.

(standing in a field near the barn, after more law enforcement has arrived)

PETER: I don't know what to say.

ANN MATHIS: You saved Bill's life, and you tracked a killer - what else is there to say? I wish there was something I could do for you. Whatever your experiences are, whatever you can't or won't tell me about... I think you're looking for meaning in things that... have no meaning.

PETER: I don't know who I am anymore.

ANN MATHIS: When I was in college... my family was killed. Murdered.

PETER: I'm sorry.

ANN MATHIS: Sometimes I still think... one day I might catch whoever did it. I was alone for a long time. But I found my place. You will too.

Walter's Lab - Good News

WALTER: Once we isolate the glimmer, we can find Peter. Is the spectrograph ready, Agent Farnsworth?

ASTRID: Walter, you put in the wrong numbers.

WALTER: No, no, I believe they're correct.

ASTRID: No, they're not. But, then, you know that already, don't you? I thought you wanted to find Peter.

WALTER: What if he won't forgive me, Astrid? All I have now is hope -- hope that he will come to understand why I did the things I did. What if I find him, and he won't forgive me? What do I have then?

OLIVIA: (joins the conversation) Hey.

ASTRID: Hey, Olivia.

OLIVIA: Walter... I found Peter.

WALTER: W - where?

OLIVIA: He's in Washington State. I'm heading to the airport now. Would you like to come with me, Walter?

WALTER: I'll need to pack a bag.

Northwest Passage - Peter's Room

(he puts his pistol on the nightstand next the bed, looks at the compact disk that Krista made for him, puts the CD in a disk player and lays on the bed listening to music as he rests his eyes. music = "I could sleep, I could sleep, I could sleep, I could sleep... when I lived alone... is there a ghost in my house? My house)

THOMAS NEWTON: (startles Peter as he stands over him with a pistol) Peter, Peter. (summons a man from the other room) Mister Secretary.

MISTER SECRETARY: (enters the room) Hello, Son.

(Peter is stunned and amazed - meeting his original father from the alternate universe)