

PROLOGUE

MILITARY TECHNICIAN: Anomalous energy signature detected! Local -- Brooklyn! Confirmed -- we've got a breach!

SUPERVISOR: Lock it down.

AGENT FRANCIS: Oh, I was thinking, hey, maybe a slow day, it being Saturday and all. No rest for the wicked.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Oh, you're not wicked, Charlie. You just pretend really, really well.

LINCOLN LEE: Somebody playing my song?

MILITARY TECHNICIAN: Class-One event, sir.

LINCOLN LEE: I can see that. You?

AGENT FRANCIS: Yes, I can.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Clear as day.

COLONEL BROYLES: Okay people, nap time's over. Let's go to work.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: So exactly how big would the worms get if you stopped dosing yourself?

AGENT FRANCIS: They're not worms.

TACTICAL TEAM: (in unison) They're arachnids.

LINCOLN LEE: SitRep as follows. Class-One Molecular Dissolution. Numbers show severe molecular cohesion failure. This isn't just a little tear. We got a full-fledged hole here, people.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Has anything come through it?

LINCOLN LEE: No data yet. On site in less than sixty seconds.

AGENT FRANCIS: Long as it's not bugs.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Oh, it's probably bugs. What? Bugs like you.

AGENT FRANCIS: On my six! Go! Go! Go! Go!

TEAM LEADER: Move! Move! Move!

LINCOLN LEE: I want science and risk reports in three minutes.

TEAM LEADER: Site's secure, boss.

LINCOLN LEE: Chief, this is bad. I'm showing stage-three degradation.

COLONEL BROYLES: I need data that tells me this event is contained, Captain.

LINCOLN LEE: I'm trying here. Damn it. We're in potential quarantine range here, sir.

COLONEL BROYLES: Send up a Looker, stat.

TEAM LEADER: The Looker's being dispatched now, sir.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Hi. I'm Agent Dunham with Fringe Division. Could I see your *Show-Me* please?

WITNESS: Sure. You ain't gonna quarantine the place, right?

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: There's nothing to worry about. But if you could tell me what you saw -- I mean, even small things could be important.

LINCOLN LEE: I'm getting decreased gravity measurements here, Colonel. Activating Quarantine

Potentiator.

COLONEL BROYLES: Agent Farnsworth?

AGENT FARNSWORTH: Broyles – Phillip - Colonel.

COLONEL BROYLES: Risk assessment. I need to know if this thing is spreading. We can't have another Boston, Captain.

LINCOLN LEE: I know that. You think I don't know that?

AUTOMATED VOICE: Quarantine device unlocked.

COLONEL BROYLES: Recommendation Agent.

AGENT FARNSWORTH: Quarantine will result in excess of ten thousand casualties.

AUTOMATED VOICE: Warning. One minute to quarantine. Massive loss of life will result. Warning...

COLONEL BROYLES: Recommendation, Agent.

AGENT FARNSWORTH: Gravitational and molecular degeneration are decreasing, but outside acceptable parameters.

COLONEL BROYLES: Recommendation, Agent Farnsworth?

AGENT FARNSWORTH: Calculating.

AUTOMATED VOICE: Massive loss of life will result.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Really?

AUTOMATED VOICE: Forty seconds to quarantine. Quarantine device unlocked.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: God, and I didn't even update my will.

AUTOMATED VOICE: Massive loss of life will result.

LINCOLN LEE: Frank would just spend it all anyway.

AUTOMATED VOICE: Warning. Thirty seconds to quarantine.

COLONEL BROYLES: Recommendation, Agent Farnsworth?

AGENT FARNSWORTH: Event is terminating - no quarantine recommended.

COLONEL BROYLES: Captain, you are clear. Do not quarantine. Repeat -- do not quarantine.

AUTOMATED VOICE: Twenty seconds to quarantine.

LINCOLN LEE: We got to stop doing this.

AUTOMATED VOICE: Warning...

AGENT FRANCIS: Hey, guys. We got something up here. I wish it was bugs.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: What is that?

LINCOLN LEE: These look like carcinomas. There's no way anyone could live long enough to develop tumors this severe. Witnesses have anything?

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: The usual -- I mean, they heard a tearing sound. They saw a blue flash through the window. I gave them Chips so they could get radiation scans.

LINCOLN LEE: See if he has any I.D. Guy may have had a wife and kids before the universe sucked him up and spat him out.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Poor guy.

LINCOLN LEE: That's not a Show-Me.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Okay. Check this out.

LINCOLN LEE: Who the hell is Jackson?

WALTER: Olivia. Come on. Come on. Let's go. Come on, everyone. Keep down. Come on. Come on.

ACT I

SECRETARY BISHOP: I can take you back where you belong, son. They have our coordinates. But if you come with me, you won't be able to come back here. You have to make a choice, Peter.

PETER: Let's go.

OLIVIA: Thanks. Hello?

WALTER: Hello, Agent Dunham. There... there is something I am supposed to remember, and I can't remember what it is, but it's about Peter.

OLIVIA: Walter?

WALTER: No, no, no! I think something is going to happen to him. Something... something terrible.

ACT II

WALTER: I think this is what I'm supposed to remember.

OLIVIA: Okay. Well, one of those men -- you know, the Observers -- I think he left it for me.

WALTER: Well, after I brought Peter from the other side, some years later, one of them came to visit me. Well -- well, he told me that I had to agree to never let Peter return to the other side.

OLIVIA: Why?

WALTER: Well.. because if I did, this would happen.

OLIVIA: Okay, but what is this, Walter? What does it even mean?

WALTER: Look, look, it is exactly what it happens to be. See? I think my son... is going to be responsible for the *end of the world*.

OLIVIA: Okay look Walter, we have to get Peter back.

WALTER: He went over by his own free will.

OLIVIA: But he didn't know about this.

WALTER: Well, even if he wanted...

OLIVIA: ...Walter! How do we get him back?

WALTER: We have no way of contacting--

OLIVIA: Walter! How?

M.D. EMPLOYEE: I'm sorry, sir, I can't let you go in there. This is...

BROYLES: ...Don't even think about it!

NINA: What is this, Phillip?

BROYLES: We have reason to believe your company is manufacturing weapons for the other side.

NINA: Oh, that's absurd.

BROYLES: I want every piece of data even remotely related to the other universe.

NINA: How dare you? Are you out of your mind?

OLIVIA: Stop it, both of you! Peter is in danger. Walter says that this technology has a very specific and recognizable design.

WALTER: I dare say Nina would agree.

NINA: Dear God. What side is this?

WALTER: Does it matter?

NINA: This is William's technology, but we didn't build it.

OLIVIA: Okay, Nina, listen to me. Peter's been taken. You have to help us cross-over.

BRANDON: The thing is, to get over there, that's uh, really a misnomer. In truth, the two universes are overlapping. And to get to the other side, our universe needs to pass through you, literally, like -- like water passing through a cheesecloth. Our cells need to separate on an atomic level. The problem is, when they come back together, they don't come back together with the same cohesion. Somehow, Bell managed to cross back and forth, although precisely how, we can find no record of. But I suspect that whatever methodology, he crossed so many times that he's become like this coffee cup -- molecularly unstable.

WALTER: As many atoms in each of us... as there are stars in the sky. It's why Belly never came back, isn't it? Because he was scared that the same thing would happen to him.

NINA: I don't know. I've sent him communications, but if he got them, he hasn't been able to communicate to me.

OLIVIA: There has to be a way. What about how you crossed over when you first got Peter?

WALTER: The last time I opened a door, it set in motion the ripples that weakened the very fabric of our reality. To do so again could instantly shatter both worlds... and likely would.

NINA: Brandon, give us a moment. You know, unlike William, you have the ability to cross over safely.

OLIVIA: I can't. I – I - I mean, I – I - I can't control it. I've -- I've flashed over for a few seconds, or Bell's pulled me over, but I – I - I can't control it, not on my own.

WALTER: Not on your own, but if there were two or three of you, a – a - a larger power supply, as it were.

BROYLES: I'm not following.

WALTER: With more Cortexiphan children, their collective psychic energy could... you know, Belly and I always agreed that that primal part of the brain which allows us to cross universes is also responsible for a host of - of paranormal activities -- pyrokinesis, telepathy, thought control. And that we all had these abilities until... 'til there was a moment in history when something was done to us, and -- and it was shut down. I suspect aliens. Unfortunately, the only other Cortexiphan children that we have located, they have failed or worse. You... are the only one left.

BROYLES: Actually... she's not.

ACT III

BROYLES: There are still over a dozen Cortexiphan subjects unaccounted for. Prudence dictated we determine what we might be dealing with in the future.

OLIVIA: So you woke all three of them up?

BROYLES: Actually, five. We've tracked down some others.

OLIVIA: Okay.

BROYLES: About six weeks ago, Massive Dynamic proposed a series of experiments to help them gain control of, and repurpose their abilities. These three have been quite successful. James Heath can now cure disease, not cause it. Sally Clark is becoming a fully functional pyrokinetic. And your friend Nick Lane's empathic transfers can now be controlled.

NICK LANE: Olive.

SALLY CLARK: Nick. Very good, baby.

NICK LANE: Welcome to the *Monkey House*.

OLIVIA: This is new. Who authorized it?

BROYLES: Senate Intelligence... thanks to Peter. It was part of a list of demands he gave me right before I went to secure our funding.

NICK LANE: This is very "Mission Impossible".

JAMES HEATH: I know you. You're the man that experimented on us. I could kill you where you stand.

WALTER: Each of you could. What I did... was inexcusable... barbaric. The collateral damage has been extensive. But know that we had noble goals. We believed that our world needed guardians, protectors, that you children would be those protectors. We fostered your talents because we foresaw that the day would come when both universes would be in jeopardy. So... horrible as it is to say, today is the day for which you were created. What I could never have imagined is that I would be asking you to help me save my son. I'm so sorry. Well, if none of you are gonna kill me... I think I'll go and have a bit of a cry.

NICK LANE: Man, that's not the same guy I remember.

JAMES HEATH: He's exactly the same.

BROYLES: Doctor Bishop has identified a likely spot to attempt a crossover - Brooklyn, New York. You go at oh-eight-hundred tomorrow morning. You might want to get some rest.

JAMES HEATH: Hey, F.B.I. guy. We're about to go save the world, right? Two worlds even. Can't we have a night off?

BROYLES: Whatever they want.

DYING WOMAN: Who are you?

JAMES HEATH: I was never lucky, you know? Sometimes people need some good luck. Tonight I guess that's me. Who else do we have?

SALLY CLARK: Sweet.

NICK LANE: Hmm. Me or the strawberry?

SALLY CLARK: Both.

NICK LANE: So what would you like this time -- to feel what I'm feeling, or what you're feeling?

SALLY CLARK: Both.

WALTER: Please God?.

ELLA: Aunt Liv, what time is it?

OLIVIA: It's early. I have to go on a trip, and, uh... I wanted to give you something before left.

ELLA: It's pretty.

OLIVIA: My mother... your grandmother... gave it to me before she died. She told me that it would keep me safe. So now I'm giving it to you.

ELLA: Thanks, Aunt Liv.

OLIVIA: You are welcome, baby girl.

RACHEL: You're up early. I didn't even hear you come in last night.

OLIVIA: No, I've been working a case.

RACHEL: Think you'll be home for dinner?

OLIVIA: I hope so. I'll call you and let you know.

RACHEL: Okay. Hey, you okay?

OLIVIA: Yeah. We should do this more often. It's nice.

RACHEL: Sure.

ELLA: Look what Aunt Liv gave me.

BROYLES: Even assuming this works -- that you make it to the other side -- you still have no idea how you're going to locate Peter.

OLIVIA: No, but I spoke to Nina Sharp, and she sent a message to William Bell asking him to meet us at the Grayshot Bridge in Central Park at four P.M. I think he'll help us find Peter.

BROYLES: Dunham... Massive Dynamic didn't make that weapon over here. That means Bell may have made it on the other side for them.

OLIVIA: No. I trust him.

BROYLES: In any case, Nina has no confirmation that Bell even gets her messages.

OLIVIA: No.

BROYLES: In which case, you're essentially invading enemy territory without a plan. You don't know anything about the opposition, the landscape...

WALTER: Oh, we're ready. We're ready to try this.

BROYLES: You can't tell me you think this is a good idea.

OLIVIA: No. I don't think that this is a good idea. Do you got a better one?

WALTER: It was lovely, wasn't it? Now... faded and broken just like me.

OLIVIA: So how does this work, Walter?

WALTER: Remember your Shakespeare, Dear. "all the world is a stage"... or in this case, both worlds. You will form a circle. I - I will stand in the middle, and I will lead you across.

BROYLES: No. You can't do this.

WALTER: Oh, no. No. He is my son, Olivia.

BROYLES: You can't do this. I won't allow it.

WALTER: I believe I can. Or -- or else they cannot. I can't ask them to do something that I - I'm not willing to chance myself. Thank you. Well, if any of you have changed your minds, I will understand.

NICK LANE: We were talking about it on the way over here. Maybe you did damage us. But on the other hand, maybe you made us special. Fate is a tricky thing.

WALTER: So, um... you -- you would want to take a few steps back I think, Agent Broyles. Olivia. Now, I want you to clear your minds and -- and just relax. Alright? Now, ignore everything except

the sound of my voice. Now... spread out your arms. You remember how. Spread them out to each other. Yes. Good. Now, I want you to think back to when you were just young children Back to when you were just young boys and girls. Think back to when your imagination could... could take you wherever you wanted to go. Imagine this universe slipping away, opening like a curtain. Allow the universe to pass right through you. Allow your imagination to take you to the other side.

OLIVIA: James. James.

JAMES HEATH: Help me.

OLIVIA: Walter, what do we do?

JAMES HEATH: Look... we made it.

ACT IV

NICK LANE: We're on the other side

OLIVIA: Okay, come on James. You've got to get up. We've got to hide now.

SALLY CLARK: Oh Nick... Nick, I don't feel so good.

WALTER: Through here.

OLIVIA: Come on.

AGENT FRANCIS: Go! Go! Go! Go!

TEAM LEADER: Move! Move! Move!

LINCOLN LEE: I want science and risk reports in three minutes.

WALTER: Nick. Nick, make them leave.

NICK LANE: I've been trying. It's not working. What's wrong with us?

WALTER: I don't know.

SALLY CLARK: Nick, I'm scared.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Check this out.

LINCOLN LEE: Who the hell is Jackson?

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Got a Junior?

AGENT FRANCIS: Yeah.

LINCOLN LEE: Going to a strip club later?

AGENT FRANCIS: Someone's got to visit your sister.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: The paper's real. The detail is amazing. Why would someone go to this kind of trouble?

COLONEL BROYLES: What in God's name did you all find?

LINCOLN LEE: Nothing useful. Dead end so far.

COLONEL BROYLES: Well, whatever it is you scanned just raised a red flag over at the D.O.D. The Secretary wants to see you.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Hey, Charlie, you ever met him?

AGENT FRANCIS: I shook his hand once when I graduated *The Academy*.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: What about you?

LINCOLN LEE: My dad knew him.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Oh, that explains so much.

LINCOLN LEE: Yeah, you don't want to leak worms all over the guy. Makes a bad first impression.

AGENT FRANCIS: They're not worms.

MILITARY RECEPTIONIST: He's waiting for you. Go ahead in. Mister Secretary.

SECRETARY BISHOP: Thank you. Agent Lee... I'm sorry about your father. He was a good man. Fine jurist.

LINCOLN LEE: Thank you, sir.

SECRETARY BISHOP: And this is your team?

LINCOLN LEE: Yes, sir. Agents Francis and Dunham.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Sir.

SECRETARY BISHOP: I understand you're investigating a Fringe Event in Brooklyn.

LINCOLN LEE: That's correct, sir.

SECRETARY BISHOP: And in this event, there was a casualty -- a man?

LINCOLN LEE: That's correct, sir. So far, we haven't been able to...

SECRETARY BISHOP: ...Agent, I believe that I may have insight into who that man is and where he was from. What I'm about to tell you is classified. But I think it's time you knew what you were dealing with. Agent Dunham, what can you tell me about the Fringe Division?

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Okay, I'll play. Uh... The Fringe Division is a special adjunct branch of the Department of Defense. It's primary focus are natural and environmental disasters that began in 1985 with the Zero Event at Reiden Lake.

SECRETARY BISHOP: And what are these natural disasters?

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: They're holes in the fabric of the universe, sir.

SECRETARY BISHOP: A-plus. And how do you know all this?

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: I know it because I read it in the Z.F.T. in 1995 when you wrote and published it.

SECRETARY BISHOP: Z.F.T. The natural decay of our world. What would you say if I told you that the Z.F.T. is a lie? Or a half-truth anyway? These tears are not natural. They are the work of man. These holes don't simply lead to nothing. There is something on the other side.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: What?

LINCOLN LEE: Another one.

SECRETARY BISHOP: Bravo.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Another what?

SECRETARY BISHOP: Another universe... a parallel Earth just like this, but slightly different. And it was their attempt to penetrate our world which created the pattern of destruction that we struggle with daily.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: The twenty dollar bill was...

SECRETARY BISHOP: ...from the other side, and so was he. And I suspect he didn't come alone. As you know, I am not a lover of war. But I have reason to believe that these invaders are anything but peaceful. They must be found, and they must be found quickly.

LINCOLN LEE: We'll get them sir.

ACT V

SALLY CLARK: I'm burning up, Nick.

NICK LANE: It'll be fine, baby.

BUS DRIVER: Scan your I.D. lady.

OLIVIA: Sorry. Uh, we're gonna have to walk.

NICK LANE: Central Park is 59th Street - that's three miles from here.

OLIVIA: Okay, then we better get started.

PETER: Hi.

ELIZABETH BISHOP: Hi. How are you feeling?

PETER: I'm okay.

ELIZABETH BISHOP: You've been asleep for three days. Your fath... Walter said you might feel a bit dizzy. Maybe you'd like to sit down.

PETER: I'm okay.

ELIZABETH BISHOP: You must be starving. I made some eggs and bacon. Do -- do you still like bacon? When you were a boy, we...

PETER: I love bacon.

ELIZABETH BISHOP: Oh, Peter. Oh, I've missed you so much.

SALLY CLARK: Oh.

NICK LANE: Stop for a second.

SALLY CLARK: It's fine. I'm fine. Let's go.

NICK LANE: You've got to know something. What the hell is wrong with us?

WALTER: Oh, I suspect that somehow the human circuit was flawed. Did any of you engage in extreme use of your abilities last night - far more than normal?

NICK LANE: No.

WALTER: Perhaps poor Mister Heath...

NICK LANE: You've got to help her.

WALTER: I can't. But if we're lucky, perhaps William Bell can.

SALLY CLARK: It's the Grand Hotel. They never built it.

WALTER: Things that might have been in our world, but weren't.

OLIVIA: Come on. It's not far.

ELIZABETH BISHOP: Coffee's quite hard to come by over here. It's been rationed for some time now. But Walter's very well connected.

PETER: It's funny, I.. I never had bacon when I was growing up. My mother was vegetarian, so she never made it. Until today, I always thought I imagined having it as a kid. I'm sorry... my mother from the other side. I'm sure you don't want to hear about that.

ELIZABETH BISHOP: No, on the contrary. I want to hear all about your childhood. What's-- are you close with her still? I mean... did she take good care of you?

PETER: She took very good care of me. But she committed suicide about ten years ago. My mother from the other side... she was wonderful, but she wasn't strong. In fact, she was very, very sad... which I suppose is because of me.

ELIZABETH BISHOP: No, listen. Peter, in the end, we have to take responsibility for our own decisions - the good and the bad. Your father's going to be so pleased to see you.

PETER: He had said he wanted me to help him with something.

ELIZABETH BISHOP: Yes, he's staying in the city tonight, but he asked me to give you this.

SALLY CLARK: Oh, God. Look, Nick. These are my favorite. Can I get one?

NICK LANE: I don't think so, baby. We got to go.

SALLY CLARK: I - I like it here. Maybe -- maybe we can stay. Nick... I'm gonna stay.

NICK LANE: I know, baby. I know. Come on, let's go. Do you see him? William Bell?

WALTER: No.

NICK LANE: There's a water fountain. Come on, I think it'll help.

WALTER: Are we late?

OLIVIA: Maybe he didn't get the message.

NICK LANE: No.

WALTER: Bell has betrayed us.

OLIVIA: Run, run, run!

SALLY CLARK: Oh!

LINCOLN LEE: Don't move!

OLIVIA: Walter. Walter!

LINCOLN LEE: Nick?

NICK LANE: I think I'm staying here.

SALLY CLARK: You stay. We'll stay together.

LINCOLN LEE: Look, I don't want to hurt you. Step away.

SALLY CLARK: Screw you.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Hey!

RADIO MAN: Man down. Med Team to Grayshot Bridge. Man down.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Lincoln?

LINCOLN LEE: Liv.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Hey. Where's the ambulance?

ACT VI

WALTER: Dizzy... must be the onset of hemorrhagic shock. But I'm still walking, so the bullet couldn't have hit my spinal column. I'll be perfectly fine. Excuse me.

ELIZABETH BISHOP: Do you really understand all these?

PETER: Maybe. I'm not sure yet.

ELIZABETH BISHOP: Good night, Peter.

PETER: Good night.

FRANK: Hey.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Oh.

FRANK: Mm. I tried to wait up.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Oh, hi baby.

FRANK: How is he?

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Well, he's got third-degree burns over ninety percent of his body. He's gonna need three months in a Nanite Regeneration Chamber, but he'll live. I'm sorry - and on your last night.

FRANK: I'm going for a week, not until the end of time.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Yeah. Details.

FRANK: Might be a good day to start drinking.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Oh, God. I would if I could only stand the taste.

FRANK: So what happened out there?

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Just a... small anomaly that set off a fuel cell. It was just bad luck of the draw is all. Come on, no more work.

FRANK: I know what you need.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Yeah? What's that?

FRANK: Back rub.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Oh, you are a god.

FRANK: I'll get the oil.

BOLIVIA DUNHAM: Really? On your last night? Oh. I'll take it. Mm. Mm.

WILLIAM BELL: Hello, Olivia. It's good to see you again.

OLIVIA: How -- how did you know that I...

WILLIAM BELL: ...I suspected you would come here.

OLIVIA: Okay, so where were you at the park?

WILLIAM BELL: I received Nina's message, but when I got to the park, it was too late. There was nothing I could do. My dear Olivia, I know you have good reason not to trust me. But I'm afraid you're going to have to. Walter is in trouble. And I'm quite confident we don't have much time.