

Act 1 Between Services at Saint Anne's Cathedral
Mid-town Street Tunnel

Act 2 Agent Scott Service - Mount Briar Cemetery

The Bishops Catch a Meal

Mid-town Street Tunnel - Investigating the Bus

Inspecting The Stolen Backpacks

McComb's Workplace Concerns

Walter's Lab - Fatherly Advice

Bus Impound Site

Federal Building - Davidson Visits

Walter's Lab - Gas Identified

Inspecting McComb's Apartment

Act 3 Federal Building - Interviewing McComb

Massive Dynamic - Following Leads

Federal Building - McComb Continued

Hospital - Testing McComb

Act 4 Walter's Lab - Reviewing Old Research

Old Bishop House - A Hiding Place

Walter's Lab - Prepping McComb

Old Bishop House - Snooping Around

Walter's Lab - Tapping The Network

Federal Building - The Morgue

Act 5 Raid on South Station

Act 6 Federal Building - Debriefing Broyles

Walter's Lab - Debriefing the Science Team

After Hours - Massive Dynamic

Act 1

Between Services at *Saint Anne's Cathedral*

ROY McCOMB: (taking confession) *Forgive me Father for I have sinned. It's been three months since I've confessed.*

FATHER KENT: *Go on my son.*

McCOMB: *Do... do you believe that god can speak to you Father?*

KENT: *Of course I do. The Lord speaks to all those who are willing to listen.*

McCOMB: *What about the Devil then?*

KENT: *Do you want to confess something my son?*

McCOMB: *I'm a good man Father. I... I try to be a good man. But I... I see things.*

(while confession continues in voiceover - we see a mid-town commuter bus stop and board a typical array of urban passengers. Matthew Ziegler is one of them and he has a large satchel)

McCOMB: *I see... see things. I don't know why he chose me, but it's happening again.*

(on the commuter bus - a young couple flirts and DEA Agent Mendoza puts a backpack on the floor)

McCOMB: *It's happening again, and I'm scared.*

KENT: *Scared of what?*

McCOMB: *Of what's going to happen on the bus.*

(on the bus – Ziegler opens his satchel, removes a gas mask and puts it on. after activating a gas cannister, he walks the length of the bus and collects all of the bags from the disoriented passengers)

McCOMB: *I want it to stop. Please. I just want it to stop.*

KENT: (to McComb as he scurries from the cathedral) *Son, have you hurt someone?*

(Ziegler exits the back of the bus, removes his mask, gets in the vehicle waiting for him and races off)

KENT: (following McComb through the cathedral) *Son! Son, come back. Roy! I know it's you.*

(the priest finds a hand-drawn picture of horrified commuters that McComb as he left)

Mid-town Street Tunnel

(vehicle lights flashing and approaching the motionless bus on foot)

PATROL COP: *Hey, let's go buddy, what's the problem?* (after noticing the solidified passengers in the bus) *Oh, my God.*

---FRINGE will return in sixty seconds---

Act 2

Agent Scott Service - Mount Briar Cemetery

(friends and family attend the burial services for Agent John Scott)

CLERGYMAN: *The souls of the just are in the hand of God. And no torment shall touch them. They seemed, in the view of the foolish, to be dead, and their passing away was thought an affliction. and their going forth from us, utter destruction - but they are in peace.*

(a bagpipe plays, Scott's mother stares, thunder sounds, Olivia reflects alone, then with Charlie)

CHARLIE FRANCIS: (walking away from the ceremony) *You know, you being here Libby... you did the right thing.*

OLIVIA DUNHAM: *Yeah. The man betrays his country, turning over state secrets to God knows who. And here we are, pretending he's a hero.*

FRANCIS: *I know. Stop. Bureau's got one black eye as it is. The last thing we need right now is another espionage scandal. You made it through. It's over now.*

DUNHAM: *Did you see John's mother? She wouldn't stop looking at me.*

FRANCIS: *His mother?*

DUNHAM: *Yeah, like she was blaming me for what happened to him, like it was my fault he was dead.*

FRANCIS: *As far as John's mother knows, her son died a hero serving his country.*

DUNHAM: *A hero. He used me, Charlie. And he told me he loved me.*

FRANCIS: *I wasn't gonna tell you this... but he said he loved me too.* (smiling)

PHILLIP BROYLES: (approaches from the ceremony) *Agent Dunham. Agent Francis.* (to Dunham) *I need you to come with me.*

DUNHAM: (to Francis) *Thank you.*

The Bishops Catch a Meal

PETER BISHOP: *You brought your own sweetener?*

WALTER BISHOP: *Don't be ridiculous. It's my medication.*

P.BISHOP: *You're not on any medication, Walter.*

W.BISHOP: *Of course I am. I've been making it myself in the lab.*

P.BISHOP: *Oh, I wish you were joking. You're self-medicating... with homemade drugs?*

W.BISHOP: *Simple combination of dextro-methorphan, clonazepam, and some fluoxetine.*

P.BISHOP: *Those are psychotics Walter. All of them.*

W.BISHOP: *Of course they are. That's the point. I have been in a mental facility for the past seventeen years. It's put me quite out of balance.*

P.BISHOP: (leaves the table to attend to personal business at the other end of the restaurant) *Stay here for a second, would you?*

W.BISHOP: *What if I need to use the bathroom?*

P.BISHOP: *Just hold it. I'll be right back.*

(The doctor sees his son's phone vibrate and takes the call. Peter grabs a guy that has been spying

on him and reviews the visual files he finds on the digital camera)

DETECTIVE: *Hey! What're you doing?*

P.BISHOP: *What? You thought I didn't see you all day?* (he takes the memory disk from the camera)

DETECTIVE: *You were supposed to check in before you came home.*

P.BISHOP: *If you tell anybody else that I'm here, you're the first one of the bunch I'm gonna come after.*

W.BISHOP: (after Peter returns to the table) *It was moving... but I stopped it. There was something important. Oh... I've decided on the pancakes. Blueberry.*

P.BISHOP: *That's great, Walter. Did somebody call me on the phone?*

W.BISHOP: *Oh, that's what was important. Something about a bus.*

Mid-town Street Tunnel - Investigating the Bus

BROYLES: *The incident occurred at Eight-Fourteen A.M. - middle of rush hour. First responders were worried it was bioterrorism. Ghosts of the Sarin subway incident in Tokyo in 1995. They called in the C.D.C. - confirmed the attack isn't biological in nature. There's no Contagion.*

P.BISHOP: *And you said there wasn't any good news.*

BROYLES: (to aide) *Excuse me. Team's coming in to transfer this bus to a secure area. I want you to extend the perimeter outside the tunnel another fifty yards.*

W.BISHOP: (studying the interior of the bus) *It's horrible. They're like mosquitoes trapped in 'amber'.*

DUNHAM: *If this was some sort of attack, why not just use something conventional, like plastic explosives? A pipe bomb?*

P.BISHOP: *Impact. Whoever did this wanted attention. I mean, look at that.*

BROYLES: *Or it's not an attack at all - and it's something else entirely.*

DUNHAM: *Meaning what?*

BROYLES: *If I knew that, you wouldn't be here.*

W.BISHOP: (hypothesizing) *I imagine that the material was released in gaseous form before solidification. I need to study it back in my lab. Can I have some?*

DUNHAM: *We'll have to dig out their personal effects so we can I.D. them... notify their next of kin.*

Inspecting The Stolen Backpacks

MATTHEW ZIEGLER: *It's not here.*

COHORT: (on the phone) *In eius telephoni non fuit. Quomodo pergemus?*

McComb's Workplace Concerns

(McComb sits at his workstation with a pencil in his mouth and begins to draw the horrific images he

sees in his mind)

COWORKER: *Roy? (looks at his sketches) What is that?*

McCOMB: (visibly distressed) *I don't know.*

Walter's Lab - Fatherly Advice

P.BISHOP: *Any idea what it is yet?*

W.BISHOP: (studying microscope slides) *Tricky. Very tricky. All I've been able to discern is that it starts as a silicon-based aerosol, and it solidifies somehow. You could be of assistance to me. I would love to hear some Bach. Mass in A minor. Will you play it for me? I'm sure the young lady down there would get us a piano.*

P.BISHOP: *That young lady is an F.B.I. Agent - Walter. Her name is Astrid, and this is the 100th time you have forgotten her name. So, no. I don't think I can get you a piano.*

W.BISHOP: *You always resisted your lessons too. Lack of commitment, son, was always your problem. Imagine that's why you still haven't chosen a profession.*

P.BISHOP: *I suppose I should've followed in your footsteps. 'cause your work has obviously brought such joy to the world.*

W.BISHOP: *Who was he, Peter?*

P.BISHOP: *Sorry?*

W.BISHOP: *The man in the restaurant. You in some kind of trouble?*

P.BISHOP: *It was nothing. He was harassing the waitress. I just told him to cut it out.*

W.BISHOP: *Oh, I see.*

Bus Impound Site

DUNHAM: (to the technician) *Excuse me. Can you please extract this camera? I want you to note all the people on this video. Cross-check them with the victims.* (reviews the picture)

If we're lucky, maybe she caught whoever did - stop... go back. Can you close in on that woman? (identifies Agent Mendoza)

FRANCIS: *What is it?*

DUNHAM: *That backpack. I just saw that woman, that backpack wasn't there. Has anyone seen a blue backpack with the other personal effects?*

FRANCIS: *So someone took the bag from her? Got off the bus before the attack?*

DUNHAM: *Who is she?* (the technician displays a personnel file on the monitor) *Evelina Mendoza. She's a Federal Employee. What's her job?* (reading the file) *Oh, my god... she's D.E.A.*

Federal Building - Davidson Visits

DUNHAM: (to Broyles) *The woman who died on the bus, whose backpack was stolen, she was a drug enforcement agent. Undercover. She had a handler, Grant Davidson. I wanna bring him in for questioning.*

(scenes of DEA Agent Davidson signing in at the front desk before the meeting upstairs)

GRANT DAVIDSON: *I apologize if I wasn't helpful on the phone. I needed to ask my superiors for clearance to talk to you about Eve.*

BROYLES: *Our condolences. From her records she seemed like an exemplary Agent.*

DAVIDSON: *Ah, she was.*

DUNHAM: *Can you tell us about the case she was working on?*

DAVIDSON: *Uh, three months ago, she was tasked to infiltrate the East Coast representatives of a Nicaraguan drug cartel. We'd been banging on them for over a year. She called me. Said she wanted me to pull her out. She was scared. Said she heard members of the cartel discussing something about 'The Pattern'. I told her I never heard of it. And, uh, we set up a meet but she never showed.*

BROYLES: *It appears whoever attacked the bus this morning was interested in one of her effects. Do you have any idea what she could've been carrying?*

DAVIDSON: *I wish I could be more helpful.*

BROYLES: *You have been, Agent Davidson. Thank you.*

DAVIDSON: *Uh, I've been asked to officially I.D.'d. her body. I suppose that won't be a problem.*

(downstairs in the morgue)

DUNHAM: *Have you spoken with her family?*

DAVIDSON: *Uh, there's a brother she doesn't talk to. I didn't realize how hard this was gonna be.*

DUNHAM: *You don't have to explain. I know what it's like to lose someone you've worked with closely.*

DAVIDSON: *I'd uh... I'd like to say good-bye.*

DUNHAM: *Of course.*

(Davidson enters the exam room and takes Mendoza's hand)

Walter's Lab - Gas Identified

DUNHAM: *Should I bother to ask?*

FARNSWORTH: *Music helps him process. It works too. As soon as Peter started playing, Walter just kinda locked in. He was able to recreate the material from the crime scene.*

P.BISHOP: *Hey!* (returning to the lab)

DUNHAM: *I hear you play the piano.*

FARNSWORTH: *He doesn't just play. He's good. You should hear him.*

P.BISHOP: *No. Maybe some other time.*

W.BISHOP: (at the piano) *Olivia. You'll be pleased to hear we figured it out. The material, the gas that was released on the bus, turned solid when it met the nitrogen in the atmosphere - instantly immobilizing and suffocating the passengers.*

DUNHAM: *So who would have the know-how to manufacture something like this?*

P.BISHOP: *I'll give you six guesses. And the first five don't count.*

DUNHAM: *Massive Dynamic.*

(after some research at the computer)

FARNSWORTH: (to Dunham) *Three chemical companies in the U.S. supply those compounds... all of them fully-owned subsidiaries of Massive Dynamic.*

DUNHAM: (answering her phone) *Charlie? What's up?*

FRANCIS: *We've got something. I think you're gonna wanna see it.*

Inspecting McComb's Apartment

FRANCIS: *Tip got called in from a priest over at Saint Anne's. Says the guy that lives here mentioned a potential incident about the bus before it happened.*

DUNHAM: *So what do we know about him?*

FRANCIS: *Name's Roy McComb. He's a high school graduate, no criminal record. Apparently he's been pushing papers over at an escrow company for the last couple of months. Got D.P.D. picking him up from there right now.*

DUNHAM: *That doesn't seem like the profile of a mass-murderer.*

FRANCIS: *No. I didn't think so either.*

DUNHAM: *What?* (walks in to a room full of McComb's drawings)

FRANCIS: *You're looking at depictions of dozens of attacks, accidents, disasters we've seen over the past year. And look, all of them are dated before the incidents took place.*

DUNHAM: *Is that the flight from Hamburg?*

---FRINGE will return in ninety seconds---

Act 3

Federal Building – Interviewing McComb

(from the observation room)

P.BISHOP: *So this guy drew Flight 6-2-7, the 'Angel Suicides' in Baltimore and the 'Birmingham Bridge Collapse'. Clearly, the man is disturbed... but do you really think that he could be involved in all this?*

BROYLES: *No. I don't. But that doesn't make me any less interested in the way he got his information. Several of those incidents have never been made public. And based on the evidence, every one of them was either drawn or constructed before the event depicted.*

(from the interrogation room)

FRANCIS: *Mister McComb. I'm Special Agent Charlie Francis of the F.B.I. I want to tell you you're not officially being charged with anything right now. I'd like to ask you a few questions. Is that okay?*

McCOMB: *Yeah, okay. Sure, hmm... call me Roy.*

FRANCIS: *Okay, Roy. Let's start with this drawing of yours.*

Massive Dynamic – Following Leads

DUNHAM: *Fourteen different chemicals compounds were used in the material responsible for the incident on the bus. Three of them, manufactured exclusively by your subsidiaries.*

NINA SHARP: *You've done your homework. We supply them to a dozen labs around the world. It could have been stolen from any one of them.*

DUNHAM: *I'll need a list of those labs, then.*

SHARP: *Of course. Anything you need.*

DUNHAM: *Thank you.*

SHARP: *So, is there anything else?*

DUNHAM: *When we first met, you said that science and technology had advanced to such as state that - your words - they were running out of control.*

SHARP: *That sounds about right.*

DUNHAM: *Well so far, all the science and technology that I've come across has been very tightly controlled by Massive Dynamic. Every case I investigate has a tie back to this company.*

SHARP: *Well, I think maybe you have it backwards. Massive Dynamic is... well, so massive that just about everything in the world of science and technology has a tie back to us. Of course, I could say something of the same to you, couldn't I? You've been investigating these cases for a very short while now. At least three of them have occurred right in your own backyard. I might suspect that you, yourself were somehow responsible. (takes a file from her aide) I hope it'll help you find whoever's behind these attacks.*

DUNHAM: *Attacks?*

SHARP: *Apparently, Broyles hasn't told you. Yes, the technology was used once before in Prague, although there were fewer casualties. Then I suppose if you had access to the case files, you'd know that we'd already shared all the information we have with the Government. (hands the file to Dunham)*

DUNHAM: *Thank you. For the information. (departs the office)*

Federal Building - McComb Continued

(from the interrogation room)

FRANCIS: *What about this one? (displays a drawing) This one's gonna happen too Roy?*

McCOMB: *Look, I know that this sounds crazy, in fact, I think I am crazy. But I can be anywhere, at home or at work, and uh, then all of a sudden I get this, I don't know how to describe it... this... feeling and the only way that I can get it out, get rid of it, is to try to draw what I see. Or to try to build it. Sometimes, that works.*

FRANCIS: *How long have you been getting these feelings?*

McCOMB: *Maybe... nine months.*

(from a briefing room)

BROYLES: *Nine months. Roy's... feelings, or whatever they are, began roughly when we became away of 'The Pattern'.*

P.BISHOP: *Meaning what?*

BROYLES: *I'm not entirely sure yet. But it's hard to say he's lying.*

P.BISHOP: *He's not. I like to consider myself to be a fairly good poker player, which requires me to have the ability to read my opponents' tells, knowing he's bluffing. He's not bluffing. Regardless of what the actual explanation is, he sincerely believes that what he's saying is the truth.*

BROYLES: *In that case, what do you suggest? How has he learned of these incidents?*

P.BISHOP: *I don't know.*

DUNHAM: (just arriving) *Hey! I just saw Charlie who told me*

P.BISHOP: (interjecting) *Occam's razor. A lot of things being equal, the simplest solution's the best.*

BROYLES: *And what is that?*

W.BISHOP: *The man's psychic. Theoretically, it's all quite possible.*

DUNHAM: *So you're saying Roy can read people's minds?*

W.BISHOP: *I posit that Roy has no control over his abilities. That he's linked psychically with someone or less likely but still possible a small group of people responsible for these events. Equally possible, someone's who merely discussing them. Perhaps he's communicating with you Agent Broyles.*

BROYLES: *Forgive me Doctor Bishop. I like to think I have an open mind. But I have a hard time accepting that that man is hearing another person's thoughts.*

W.BISHOP: *So do I. Which is why I would like to prove it.*

P.BISHOP: *And here we go.*

BROYLES: *And how would you do that?*

W.BISHOP: *Am I required to keep him alive?*

DUNHAM: *That would probably be best.*

(walking the building)

DUNHAM: *Can we, uh... talk a moment?*

BROYLES: *Go ahead.*

DUNHAM: *Nina Sharp just told me that this isn't the first time that material from the bus has been used.*

BROYLES: *I'd normally be skeptical of anything coming from Nina but in this case, she's correct.*

DUNHAM: *So what? I don't even have clearance to know background on a case I'm investigating?*

BROYLES: *Agent Dunham, if I'm not always completely transparent with you there's a reason: this little task force that you and I call our day job now. It sometimes requires some... shall we say bureaucratic maneuvering to keep it alive and free from political meddling... which means... sometimes I don't tell you everything for your own protection.*

DUNHAM: *With all due respect, that's not good enough. I've been trained for a lot: hostage crises, terror campaigns, suicide bombers, chemicals attacks but, you know the things I have seen since I started working for you... If I'm gonna do this job, I need to know what it is I'm dealing with.*

BROYLES: *And you will. When you're ready... 'til then I suppose you'll need to trust me.*

Hospital - Testing McComb

(as McComb prepares for and receives an MRI scan)

P.BISHOP: *So what are we looking for?*

W.BISHOP: *If my thesis is correct, if he is picking up the thoughts of another human being, he will leave a distinct signature.*

P.BISHOP: *And you think we'll be able to identify whose thoughts they are?*

W.BISHOP: *That's preposterous. But I may be able to intercept them. Magnificent machine! Do you mind if we view the axial images?*

TECHNICIAN: *His vitals are spiking.*

(McComb becomes physically ill)

P.BISHOP: *What's happening?*

W.BISHOP: *No idea. But I'm extremely interested to find out.*

McCOMB: *Something's wrong!*

P.BISHOP: *Shut it down, now!*

McCOMB: *H, hu, huh... Help! (struggling free from the MRI machine)*

P.BISHOP: *Get up. You okay?*

McCOMB: *I... I think so. What did that?*

W.BISHOP: *Something in the blood. A magnetic compound of some kind, dormant... perhaps a parasite.*

McCOMB: *What's he saying? I don't understand.*

P.BISHOP: *The machine is basically a gigantic magnet, and you've got metal in your blood.*

If we hadn't turned it off, it would've ripped your body apart.

W.BISHOP: *It would have been quite a mess.*

FARNSWORTH: *Why would there be metal in his blood? That's not normal, right?*

(vacant stares flood their faces)

---FRINGE will return in sixty seconds---

Act 4

Walter's Lab – Reviewing Old Research

FARNSWORTH: (bring storages boxes to the doctor) *You wanna see everything from 1989?*

W.BISHOP: *No. Perhaps '79.*

P.BISHOP: *Fantastic. That's very helpful.*

W.BISHOP: (finds what he wanted) *Oh, stop. I was right. Belly and I worked on this very problem.*

FARNSWORTH: *Belly?*

P.BISHOP: *Yeah... as in William Bell - Founder of Massive Dynamic, and one of the richest men on the planet. He and Walter used to share a lab together.*

W.BISHOP: *Loved cloves. Awful odor. We posited a spectrum of waves lying outside of the range of those already discovered. We hypothesized that these waves could be used to communicate information. The government, of course, was extremely interested. It was a brilliant idea. A theory, but a good one. They wanted to use the network to send their most clandestine information.*

P.BISHOP: *Because if no other government knew the spectrum existed, they couldn't listen in.*

W.BISHOP: *Yes. And they called it the 'Ghost Network'. But they asked us to take it one step further, to develop a method where they could transmit directly from one person to another. I surmised that I could introduce an iridium-based, organometallic compound into the subject's brain.*

P.BISHOP: *You have got to be kidding me.*

W.BISHOP: *What?*

P.BISHOP: *Roy McComb was one of your test subjects.*

W.BISHOP: *Of course. Yes! That explains it, doesn't it?*

P.BISHOP: *Explains it? Yes, that explains why he almost died today. Because you injected something into his brain nearly twenty years ago.*

W.BISHOP: *No, what I gave him was not nearly enough to cause that reaction. The compound must have multiplied in his bloodstream over time. Environment, perhaps diet.*

P.BISHOP: *He was a sophomore volunteer for psych experiments. Did you ever even bother to explain to him what you were doing?*

W.BISHOP: *Well it wouldn't have been a very secret experiment if I had.*

DUNHAM: (enters the lab) *What's going on? How's Roy McComb?*

P.BISHOP: *Roy McComb will be fine. No thanks to my father's attempts to turn him into a human walkie-talkie.*

W.BISHOP: *Wait a second.*

P.BISHOP: *Don't you try and change the subject!*

W.BISHOP: *What you just said is on subject. The iridium-based compound that multiplied in his bloodstream has turned him into some kind of receiver.*

P.BISHOP: *A receiver of what?*

W.BISHOP: *Transmissions. Someone else, it seems, and I'm somewhat jealous of this, has perfected our 'Ghost Network' and is using it to communicate. Our dear Roy is merely overhearing what they say.*

(after setting-up a projector)

W.BISHOP: *You will note that the rotary movement gives the impression of a three-dimensional tunnel, when in fact it is not. Next slide, please. (shows a new image) Ah, it's an oldie but a goodie. As you observe this image, your brain perceives first a duck, then a rabbit, then a duck again - it always comes back to the duck. In truth, the image is neither. But it illustrates the brain's need to take random sensory input and construct it into a meaningful whole...*

P.BISHOP: *Great!*

W.BISHOP: *despite...*

P.BISHOP: *Thank you, we get it!*

DUNHAM: *Uh, I'm sorry - I don't think I do get it.*

P.BISHOP: *Well neither do I - I just want him to stop.*

FARNSWORTH: *I'll get the lights.*

W.BISHOP: *I suspect someone has continued my research. But they've taken the easy way out... merely using the 'Ghost Network' as a secure telecommunications channel.*

DUNHAM: *You're suggesting that Roy's listening into someone's telephone network.*

W.BISHOP: *Yes. But no, not listening. Roy's brain is trying to interpret the sensory input. Much as our brains grapple with the duck - rabbit, I told you. It always comes back to the duck.*

DUNHAM: *So if Roy's receiving this frequency, is there any way that we can tap in and hear them? Or maybe even I.D. them?*

W.BISHOP: *Construct a receiver using that spectrum, it's possible, of course. But it would take months. But it may be possible to redirect the transmissions from his visual centers to his auditory cortex.*

FARNSWORTH: *Wait, you want to rewire his brain?*

W.BISHOP: *Not without his permission.*

P.BISHOP: *It would be a minor surgery. Minor brain surgery. Emphasis not on the minor.*

W.BISHOP: *I would need a specific piece of equipment. Magnetic neurostimulator I built in 1983. With a few adjustments, it would work.*

P.BISHOP: *All right, we'll just go back in time and get it for you.*

W.BISHOP: *No need to. It's most likely where I left it seventeen years ago... hidden in a wall in our old house in Cambridge.*

Old Bishop House – A Hiding Place

P.BISHOP: *Blast from the past. What's the game plan here? We just gonna knock on the door, ask 'em if we can tear out their walls?*

DUNHAM: *Pretty much.*

P.BISHOP: *I guess the badge is the 'pretty please' in that equation. There's no lights on.*

DUNHAM: *I'm gonna call in, see if we can track down the owner for consent. (Bishop pries the front door open) What're you doing?*

P.BISHOP: *What? This is barely even a crime. I used to live here. (the door opens easily)*

Walter's Lab - Prepping McComb

W.BISHOP: *Normal pupil response. Taking any medications, prescribed or illicit? You can be truthful. I won't judge. In fact, if the answer is no, I may encourage some drug use.*

McCOMB: *No, none.*

W.BISHOP: *Any food allergies?*

McCOMB: *Not that I'm aware of.*

W.BISHOP: *Good, good, good. This all checks out. Strap him down. We'll get started.*

McCOMB: *Oh, God. Strap me down?*

FARNSWORTH: *There's nothing to be worried about.*

McCOMB: *I guess, uh - it must seem pretty silly... thinking God is talking to me and everything.*

FARNSWORTH: *What were you supposed to think?*

McCOMB: *That I was just crazy. I considered that, too.*

FARNSWORTH: *It's gotta be sort of a relief, right? Knowing there's a rational explanation?*

McCOMB: *I wouldn't exactly call any of this rational. Do you really think that this is going to help you catch the guys that killed those people on the bus?*

FARNSWORTH: *You're our best lead. No pressure, huh?*

Old Bishop House – Snooping Around

P.BISHOP: *We lived here when I was a kid, but after Walt was institutionalized, my mom couldn't afford the mortgage so we moved down to an apartment in Allston.*

DUNHAM: *So where's your mother now?*

P.BISHOP: *That's a story for another time. So tell me. Of all the possible career choices, how did a girl like you end up in law enforcement?*

DUNHAM: *Well, I pretty much knew this was what I wanted to do by the time I was nine.*

P.BISHOP: *When I was nine years old, I think I wanted to be a brontosaurus. (finds a hiding place) You know, they say the psych profiles of cops and criminals are pretty much identical. Ever consider a life of crime?*

DUNHAM: *No dental.*

P.BISHOP: *Nothing. Of course.*

DUNHAM: *What?*

P.BISHOP: *My mom had this covered up. Used to hide in it all the time. (opens a sliding panel and lifts a dumb waiter)*

Walter's Lab – Tapping The Network

W.BISHOP: *You'll need to be awake for the procedure. - but I'm going to give you a mild sedative to reduce your anxiety.*

McCOMB: *Doctor Bishop, you look really familiar to me.*

W.BISHOP: (gives McComb a shot) *I hear that a lot - in the mental institution where I lived.*

(to Farnsworth) *He'll need a moment. (Dunham returns with Peter Bishop) Oh. You've returned. How was the old house? How is Rufus?*

P.BISHOP: *Well, the house is just like we left, but we put Rufus to sleep almost twenty years ago Walter.*

W.BISHOP: *Oh. That's terrible news.*

DUNHAM: *We found your equipment.*

W.BISHOP: (inspects experimental equipment) *Oh, this brings back some memories.*

P.BISHOP: *Of what?*

- - later - -

W.BISHOP: *I think it's time for some intracranial penetration. (preparing to drill McComb's head) This won't hurt... just feel a touch odd.*

McCOMB: *Okay.*

(Dunham answers a knock at the door)

FRESHMAN: *Is this Poli-Sci 101?*

DUNHAM: *Not remotely.*

P.BISHOP: *Who was it?*

DUNHAM: *Freshmen.*

W.BISHOP: (starts drilling into McComb's head) *I need you to keep this dial steady at sixty hertz - ten cents until I tell you otherwise. I believe there are clusters of metal in the visual centers of your brain. I'm going to attempt to move them to those regions which process sound. You'll be shown a series of images. I need you to tell me any sensations you experience as you see each image.*

McCOMB: *Sounds easy enough.*

W.BISHOP: *First image, please.*

McCOMB: *It's a horse.*

W.BISHOP: *Wonderful. fifty gauss.*

McCOMB: *What the hell was that?*

W.BISHOP: *Oh, that was your body's normal muscle response. It's perfectly natural. You may also experience an involuntary bowel movement.*

McCOMB: *Great.*

W.BISHOP: *Next image, son.*

McCOMB: *Oh, man. Mmm, oh, this is bad. Oh, this is weird. Uh, I-- I'm-- mmm-- I'm tasting, uh, dirt. Uh, no wait, it's uh, gasoline.*

W.BISHOP: *We've reached the gustatory cortex. We're getting close. Next image, please.*

McCOMB: *I don't know. It's a beach.*

W.BISHOP: *Well, no sensations at all?*

McCOMB: *I don't think so.*

W.BISHOP: *Damn it, don't you feel anything?*

McCOMB: *Uh, I'm a little scared.*

W.BISHOP: *I don't understand. This should be working.*

P.BISHOP: *Walter, take a deep breath. It's gonna be okay.*

McCOMB: *Nuntia adhuc...*

W.BISHOP: (to Farnsworth) *You... increase the level to two hundred gauss.*

McCOMB: *Ita, modo eum collocutus sum.*

P.BISHOP: *Don't do that! Stop, I said!*

McCOMB: *Quando fiet.*

FARNSWORTH: *What did you say?*

McCOMB: *I don't know. I can hear voices. Una hora locum statuisti.*

P.BISHOP: *I think that's Latin.*

FARNSWORTH: *It is. He just said, um-- damn, what's that word? Hora, um-- hour. Something's happening in an hour.*

P.BISHOP: *How in the world can you possibly know that?*

FARNSWORTH: *I majored in linguistics. My Latin's admittedly a bit fuzzy.*

DUNHAM: *Okay, keep going.*

McCOMB: *Ad stationem.*

FARNSWORTH: *Ad stationem, that means station.*

McCOMB: *Orstrelum - no wait, it's Australem ob.*

FARNSWORTH: *Australem means south and then...*

McCOMB: *Commerciam convenimus.*

FARNSWORTH: *An exchange is being made. Um... an exchange at South Station. I think someone's meeting at South Station to make an exchange in an hour.*

McCOMB: *Bene ubi fuit.*

FARNSWORTH: *He just said, "good, where was it."*

McCOMB: *Ab initio in eius corpore fuit.*

FARNSWORTH: *From the beginning, on her person. It was on her person. It was on her from the start? Maybe or--*

DUNHAM: *She had it on her the whole time.*

FARNSWORTH: *Oh, yeah, that's a possible translation.*

P.BISHOP: *Hey! Where you going?*

Federal Building – The Morgue

(Dunham goes to the morgue to check Mendoza's hand and remembers Davidson's visit)

DAVIDSON: (in flashback) *Now, I've been asked to officially I.D. her body.*

(Dunham finds that a large incision in Mendoza's hand)

---FRINGE will return in ninety seconds---

Act 5

Raid on South Station

(driving fast to train station)

DUNHAM: (talking on her cell phone) *There was a three-inch incision in Evelina's right palm. Whatever she had on her, Davidson cut it out. She was hiding it in her hand. I'm heading to South Station now. I think he's planning a hand-off at five o'clock.*

BROYLES: *We have to assume Davidson's working for the same people who hit the bus. I'll notify C.I. – but in the meantime, I'm sending the field assist your way.*

DUNHAM: *But plainclothes only. We don't want to tip him off.*

(in the lab)

W.BISHOP: *Oh, my god.*

McCOMB: *What's wrong?*

W.BISHOP: *I believe with proper demodulation, you could receive satellite television for free.*

P.BISHOP: *Okay, fun time's over. Astrid, let's get him unhooked.*

(Davidson, Dunham, Ziegler, Francis and others converge at the station – the Bishops, Farnsworth and McComb work from the Lab)

DAVIDSON: (answering phone) *It's me, I'm at the station.*

NETWORK: (on phone) *Where am I meeting your man?*

FARNSWORTH: (to McComb) *Excuse me?*

McCOMB: (to Farnsworth) *I'm getting something. It's in English. We can see you.*

NETWORK: *Outside South Station. We're verifying you haven't been followed.*

McCOMB: *Then we'll instruct you further.*

DUNHAM: (on phone) *It's Olivia.*

P.BISHOP: (on phone) *Hey, Roy's talking again. Are you at South Station?*

DUNHAM: *Yeah. Why?*

P.BISHOP: *So are they.*

DUNHAM: *Did you get anything else?*

P.BISHOP: *They're checking to make sure that Davidson wasn't followed. I think that's it for now.*

DUNHAM: *Okay.*

McCOMB: *Could I get a drink or something?*

P.BISHOP: *Yeah. I'll get you a glass of water.*

DAVIDSON: (answering phone) *Go ahead.*

NETWORK: *We're clear on our end. Go inside.*

P.BISHOP: (delivers water to McComb) *Here you go.*

McCOMB: *... and head to the Dewey Square exit.*

P.BISHOP: (to Farnsworth) *You got that?*

DAVIDSON: (to Network) *How will I recognize the person I'm meeting?*

McCOMB: *... he'll recognize you.*

DUNHAM: (answering phone) *Yeah.*

P.BISHOP: *It's happening now. He's headed to the Dewey Square exit.*

DUNHAM: *Got it. (calls Francis)*

FRANCIS: (answering phone) *Francis.*

DUNHAM: *We got him. He's at the south end of the terminal.*

(she moves through the station, finds Davidson and draws her pistol)

DUNHAM: *Turn around and put your hands in the air now.*

(Davidson falls from an unheard bullet wound)

FRANCIS: (finds Dunham with Davidson, to others) *Clear!*

DUNHAM: *He's been shot. He's not breathing!*

FRANCIS: *Call in a MedEvac!*

DUNHAM: *The case. They've made the exchange. He's running.*

FRANCIS: *Stay with him.*

(after chasing Ziegler through the station)

FRANCIS: *F.B.I.!*

DUNHAM: *Put the case on the ground.*

FRANCIS: *Drop the gun now!*

DUNHAM: *Put your hands where I can see them.*

(Ziegler puts down the case and his pistol, then deliberately steps in front of a passing train)

---FRINGE will return---

Act 6

Federal Building – Debriefing Broyles

DUNHAM: *All that trouble for this. So any idea what it is?*

BROYLES: *Not yet. But I'm hoping our friends at the N.S.A. will be able to tell us.*

DUNHAM: *So eleven innocent people die today, we risk losing another by drilling through his head, all for something we know nothing about?*

BROYLES: *Do you ever smile, Dunham? We I.D.'d the shooter. (pulls out file) Matthew Ziegler. When we ran his fingerprints, he popped up on two other pattern-related cases. We're digging into his financials, travel records. Linkage, Dunham. Not only can we now put a face to these people, but we know they're communicating. And how. I'd say that's an impressive day's work. Which brings me to this.*

DUNHAM: *What is it?*

BROYLES: *Of all the models in Roy's apartment, three of them are incidents that we haven't been aware of.*

DUNHAM: *Pattern cases?*

BROYLES: *It would seem so. Take a look. If you want. Let me know if you have any thoughts.*

DUNHAM: *I'll do that.*

BROYLES: *I'll see you tomorrow.*

Walter's Lab – Debriefing the Science Team

DUNHAM: *How are you feeling?*

McCOMB: *My head hurts a little, but, um, Doctor Bishop gave me something for the pain.*

W.BISHOP: *Vicodin. That's it. I promise.*

DUNHAM: *So... no more transmissions?*

McCOMB: *No.*

P.BISHOP: *My guess is once you arrived at South Station with the cavalry, they realized the 'Ghost Network' was compromised, and stopped broadcasting on it.*

DUNHAM: *Well just in case, if you hear anything else, do me a favor, give me a call.*

McCOMB: *I will. It felt really nice to be able to help. (to Doctor Bishop) Thank you.*

W.BISHOP: *You're welcome.*

FARNSWORTH: *I have a few release forms I need you to sign, and then I can take you home.*

McCOMB: *Okay.*

P.BISHOP: *Dunham. Any requests? (piano)*

DUNHAM: *How 'bout some Bach?*

P.BISHOP: *Bach? No, that's way too stuffy. What you need is some jazz.*

DUNHAM: *Well I'll take what I can get.*

(he plays the piano – 'Someone To Watch Over Me')

After Hours - Massive Dynamic

BROYLES: *I'm sure you can understand why I don't want to go through channels. (he places the recovered chip from Mendoza on the table)*

SHARP: *If I know you at all, this isn't the only reason you're here. Is this because of our interest in Agent Dunham?*

BROYLES: *Seems a bit early to be poaching my newest hire - with only a three-case resume under her belt.*

SHARP: *I didn't achieve my position without the ability to evaluate someone's talents immediately.*

BROYLES: *Neither did I.*

SHARP: *Oh, you feel protective of her, don't you?*

BROYLES: *I'm in the business of protecting all my agents.*

SHARP: *I want nothing but the best for her.*

BROYLES: *Of course you do.*

(in an out-of-the way laboratory)

SHARP: *We found another one. (secret chip)*

SCIENTIST: *Let's see what we have. (looking into a microscope) Well, crystalline structure's intact. No detectable oscillations. This may just be what we need to break the encryption.*

SHARP: *Speaking of which, I'm told you've made progress.*

SCIENTIST: *See for yourself. We finally stabilized the link. We've been pulling information from the disk for the last seventy-two hours.*

SHARP: *Let me know when it's finished.*

(Agent Scott lays in state in a nearby chamber)

- End Credits -

- BAD ROBOT -