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Philadelphia Mutual Savings Bank

EVAN MCNEIL: (at the security station. The Observer on one of the monitors) *Security cameras are out - disarming alarm. (wires are adjusted) Alarm disarmed.*

MITCHEL LOEB: *Roger, we're in. (walking to the vault) How are we doing?*

MCNEIL: *Loop is up - you're good to go. (team hooks computer equipment to wall)*

LOEB: *How are we doing?*

RAUL LUGO: *Good to go.*

LOEB: *Okay - powering up... three... two... one... charge. (wall resonates)*

R.LUGO: *Oscillation is good.*

RYAN EASTWICK: *Ready to open the grid.*

LOEB: *Where are we?*

R.LUGO: *Ninety-six percent... ninety-eight... resonance... set.*

LOEB: *Give me the grid... (wall is exposed) Careful!*

R.LUGO: (fires cable through wall) *Magnet firm.*

LOEB: *How long do we have? (team puts on masks and suits)*

R.LUGO: *Confirming density and thickness, One minute forty-one, forty...*

LOEB: *Let's go. (team crawls through the wall and studies safe deposit boxes) Six-Ten, Six-Ten, Six-Ten... Okay, we got it. Give me a charge gel.*

EASTWICK: (passes charge and checks watch) *Fifty-seven seconds.*

LOEB: *We gotta move. (door pops open)*

EASTWICK: *Fourty-five seconds (handles box) I got it. Down.*

LOEB: *Alright, let's move. Grab everything let's go.*

EASTWICK: *Let's go, I need help. Get it up. (hooking it to the harpoon cable)*

LOEB: *Okay, take it through.*

EASTWICK: (pushing the box through the wall) *Okay, you got it? They gotta move or they're not gonna make it.*

LOEB: *Lugo, let's go.*

R.LUGO: *The magnet, it won't disengage.*

LOEB: *Lugo... disengage it - we've got to go now.*

R.LUGO: *You go, I'm working on it. Go! I'm right behind you. (pulls harpoon as Loeb walks through the wall)*

EASTWICK: *Fifteen seconds. What the hell is he doing?*

LOEB: *The magnet's stuck.*

ROBERT NORTON: *He can't leave that in there. We're screwed if he does.*

LOEB: *Yeah! I think he understands that. Come on.*

NORTON: (cable drops to floor) *We got slack.*

EASTWICK: *Ten seconds, nine seconds, eight, seven, six...*

R.LUGO: *Alright, I'm ready. Pull me through!*

EASTWICK: *Five seconds, four, three... (tries to walk thru wall) We've got two seconds, come on, pull!*

LOEB: *Come on, push. Come on.*

R.LUGO: *It's hard! Pull me through! (wall hardens) ...ohh! owhh!*

LOEB: *Grab everything, let's go. (gets his pistol)*

R.LUGO: *No, help me. Please?*

LOEB: (shoots Lugo in forehead) *Let's go. Let's go! Secure that gear. I want nothing left behind.*

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

Act 2

The Science Team At The Bank

PETER BISHOP: (to Dunham) *What do you mean you don't have one? Everybody's got one. Even I've got one.*

WALTER BISHOP: (interrupting) *What's that, a spleen?*

P.BISHOP: *Yeah, Walter, a spleen.*

W.BISHOP: *And this one suffers from Asplenia, a rare genetic condition in which one is born spleen-less.*

P.BISHOP: *Thanks, Walter. (to Dunham) So, you seriously don't have a best friend?*

OLIVIA DUNHAM: *Nope. Well - does a sister count?*

P.BISHOP: *Of course a sister doesn't count.*

DUNHAM: *Well, I guess that I've always just enjoyed being on my own. Even when I was at boarding school, they used to call me "Han".*

P.BISHOP: *As in "Solo"? That's cute. At least you had a nickname.*

BROYLES: (on cell phone) *This is Phillip Broyles with Homeland Security - please have him call me as soon as possible. (listening) Yes, and they'll connect you. (hangs up)*

OFFICER: (to the crowd near vault) *Clear the area, please!*

W.BISHOP: *Oh. (sees dead robber stuck in wall) This is fascinating.*

BROYLES: *A security guard was killed, the surveillance cameras disabled.*

DUNHAM: *So, what do we have?*

BROYLES: *Nothing. This incident may be related to a recent series of bank robberies - this would be the third.*

DUNHAM: *All in Philadelphia?*

BROYLES: *First was in Cleveland, the second in Baltimore.*

W.BISHOP: (interrupts) *I was in Baltimore. I remember a woman with particularly large breasts.*

BROYLES: *Each time the only thing that's been taken has been a single, oversized safe deposit box. All without so much as a breach of the vault.*

DUNHAM: *Are the boxes traceable?*

BROYLES: *I have a call in to the bank manager now. The who, what, and why... that's you.*

P.BISHOP: *Just when you thought things couldn't get any weirder.*

DUNHAM: (inspects the dead robber) *Peter, I know this man.*

P.BISHOP: *What, the guy in the wall? Really? Let me guess. He's your best friend.*

DUNHAM: *No, I mean it.*

P.BISHOP: *You know him from where?*

W.BISHOP: *To determine what happened here, we'll have to cut him out of the wall. At least pieces of him. I'll need some of this netting as well.*

DUNHAM: *Raul. Raul Lugo.*

W.BISHOP: *You know this man?*

DUNHAM: *He was in my first unit in the Marines.*

W.BISHOP: *Then you have my condolences.*

P.BISHOP: *You're being serious?*

DUNHAM: *Yeah. He's from Jersey. Uh, he's married. His wife's named Susan. He plays baseball. He lives in Edison. I've been to his house.*

In The Bank Robber's Warehouse

EASTWICK: *Bullet in the head or no, leaving a guy halfway stuck in the wall wasn't the most professional move.*

LOEB: *I thought it was a nice touch.*

EASTWICK: *You can joke about it all you want.*

LOEB: *Yeah, thanks.*

EASTWICK: *We had another grid. We should have tried to get him out.*

LOEB: *How are we doing?*

MCNEIL: *Crappy. Self-sealing bolts, magnetic tumblers, some kind of old-school chromo-alloy. Someone really didn't want this opened.*

LOEB: *How long?*

MCNEIL: *Couple of hours, maybe three.*

LOEB: *We have one more box to go. If your bitching about Raul is your way of saying you want out, then go. Otherwise, inject yourself and shut your mouth.*

At Wissenschaft Prison

(an attorney meets his client)

DAVID JONES: *Mr. Kohl - please come in.*

Shopping At ToolRack

W.BISHOP: *This is amazing! The scale of this hardware store is unprecedented.*

P.BISHOP: *Actually, it's completely preceded. There are stores like this everywhere, Walter. All around the world, in every city.*

W.BISHOP: *Well, if anyone knows that, it's you.*

P.BISHOP: *All right, what's that supposed to mean?*

W.BISHOP: *My last phrase?*

P.BISHOP: *Yes, your last phrase... 'if anybody knows that - it's you'. what is that?*

W.BISHOP: *I was implying that you traveled extensively.*

P.BISHOP: *No, you were implying that I haven't stayed still much in the last fifteen years. You were implying, and you've been implying with increasing frequency, that you don't approve of my admittedly nomadic existence. In short, Walter, you're saying that you're disappointed I haven't made more out of my life. That's what you're implying.*

W.BISHOP: *Yes, I suppose so.*

P.BISHOP: *The reason this store seems like such a miracle to you is because you've been holed-up in a mental institution for the better part of the last two decades - which effectively does two things. One, it precludes you from knowing much of anything about me. About who I am, who I've been, what I know, and what I've done. And two, it renders any fatherly judgments you may have of me - moot... Are we clear?*

SALES ASSISTANT: *Can I help you guys find something?*

W.BISHOP: *Oh, Yes. We're looking for an electric saw, preferably variable speed with an easily replaceable blade system.*

SALES ASSISTANT: *What are you cutting? Wood?*

W.BISHOP: *Human tissue. Flesh and bone. It's more sinuous than you may expect.*

P.BISHOP: *It's really not that dire.*

W.BISHOP: *Oh, actually, potentially it's far worse.*

SALES ASSISTANT: *umm, I think that the saw that you're looking for is around the corner, next to the routers.*

W.BISHOP: *Thank you.*

P.BISHOP: *No need to call the police. (to the salesclerk running up the stairs)*

Jones Discusses His Needs

MR. KOHL: *Mr. Jones, as you know, we only have so much time. So... the sentencing is scheduled for next week. As I told you before, I think the best we can hope for is life. However, I will be filing an appeal...*

JONES: *You've spoke to my people? Do they have any news for me?*

KOHL: *Yes, they said that the job in Philadelphia was successful.*

JONES: *Good. Please tell them the following - they are to wire Mr. Loeb another \$100,000... and to inform him of the location of the next 'item'.*

KOHL: *I'll pass that along.*

JONES: *Thank you.*

KOHL: *Here is the document. If you would just take a quick look at it? This is a standard document for appeal. If you'll just sign on the... (Jones write on the back of the legal document) What are you doing?*

JONES: *Items that I will need upon your next visit. My people will provide them for you.*

KOHL: *Dramamine? Sun tan lotion? What are these for?*

JONES: *As my employee, it really is none of your concern now, is it? What size are you? ... suit size?*

KOHL: *Forty Long. Why?*

JONES: *The address of my personal tailor. He'll fix up something nice for you. My way of saying thank you for all you've done for me.*

Dunham Visits Mrs. Lugo

SUSAN LUGO: (opens front door) *Yes.*

DUNHAM: *Susan.*

S.LUGO: *Yeah.*

DUNHAM: *Olivia. Olivia Dunham.*

S.LUGO: *Hello.*

DUNHAM: *I'm afraid I have some bad news.*

S.LUGO: (they sit in the living room) *I just can't believe it. I just can't believe he's dead. Raul moved out about two years ago. We hadn't spoken in months.*

DUNHAM: *You know, I am so sorry. And please forgive me, but did he mention these robberies?*

S.LUGO: *No. Can't say I'm surprised though.*

DUNHAM: *What do you mean?*

S.LUGO: *Ever since he came back from the war, he was just dark. Depression, drinking and I tried to help the best way I could, I swear to god, but...*

DUNHAM: *I'm sure you did. Do you know anyone he was hanging out with? Any of his recent friends? Because I hadn't seen Raul in years.*

S.LUGO: *You knew Raul?*

DUNHAM: *Yes, of course. We served together in the Marines.*

S.LUGO: *Oh, I didn't know.*

DUNHAM: *We have met before.*

S.LUGO: *Who? You and I?*

DUNHAM: *Yes, we had dinner here.*

S.LUGO: *You were in my house?*

DUNHAM: *It took me a little while to remember because it was so long ago, but Raul and I met at Camp Pendleton - and we had dinner here, the night that he became First Lieutenant.*

S.LUGO: *No, you weren't here.*

DUNHAM: *Susan, I'm sorry, but I was. And you were a wonderful host. you made pot roast...*

S.LUGO: *... and it burned. Yes, and we had to order in.*

DUNHAM: *Yeah, and the delivery guy dropped the bag right here. And that piano was actually in front of the window - and the sofa was here by the fire.*

S.LUGO: *Yes, I remember... but you were not here. The day Raul made First Lieutenant - it was just me, Raul, and John.*

DUNHAM: *Who?*

S.LUGO: *Raul's friend from Pendleton, John.*

DUNHAM: *John who?*

S.LUGO: *John Scott. (Dunham stands there speechless) Are you okay?*

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

Act 3

Investigating The Crime Scene

W.BISHOP: Almost there son. Get ready. I know you can do it. (hand of man stuck in wall falls) Nice catch. well done.

P.BISHOP: I'm carrying a tray, Walter. It's not exactly rocket science.

W.BISHOP: What I said before - didn't come out as I intended.

P.BISHOP: What, the crack about the breasts?

W.BISHOP: No, about my disappointment in you. It has more to do with your potential than anything else. You have no idea what you're capable of Peter.

P.BISHOP: That's sweet, Walter, but ultimately unfair - especially coming from you.

DUNHAM: So, what have we got here so far?

W.BISHOP: Nothing yet.

P.BISHOP: Walter seems to think that if we can examine this guy's flesh at the cellular level, we might be able to figure out how it is that they pass through solid matter.

W.BISHOP: What we perceive as solid matter is mostly empty space. Just as me may perceive that a life is full that is actually a series of empty encounters.

P.BISHOP: He's been like that all day... it's been awesome.

W.BISHOP: To accomplish this, your bank robbers would need cutting edge knowledge of quantum physics - not to mention technology that would cost more than a dozen banks could hold.

P.BISHOP: How did it go with Raul Lugo's wife?

DUNHAM: Well, they were separated, so she hadn't had much contact with him for months. But she said he suffered from depression.

P.BISHOP: Are you okay?

DUNHAM: Yeah, I'm good.

W.BISHOP: No, Peter's right. Your pupils are dilated. It's a symptom of high stress. Unless you're using hallucinogens. Are you tripping, Agent Dunham?

P.BISHOP: Walter...

DUNHAM: I didn't recognize Raul Lugo - John Scott did.

W.BISHOP: You're confusing John Scott's memories...

DUNHAM: ...with my own.

P.BISHOP: So, you never met this guy?

DUNHAM: No, but I could have sworn I did.

W.BISHOP: That... I don't understand That... I need to look into That.

DUNHAM: Okay, but first we need to figure out what happened here. Who did this, what they want - and what they're gonna do next.

With The Heist Team

MCNEIL: Success. (opens locked deposit box)

LOEB: Nice job.

MCNEIL: Are you ever gonna let us see what's in these boxes?

LOEB: I don't think so. And even if I did, you wouldn't understand it.

In A Sophisticated Lab

NINA SHARP: Well, I thought we were making progress.

TECHNICIAN: We were, but we've hit a dead-end trying to reconstruct John Scott's memories. If we push further, we risk destroying the fragments we're trying to retrieve.

SHARP: Well, not to place any undue pressure on you and your team, but we're in a race against highly motivated individuals - and right now, John Scott is our only advantage.

TECHNICIAN: Understood.

In The Bishop Lab

P.BISHOP: So, why did you need me to go get all that rice?

W.BISHOP: (aims toy gun) No talking!

P.BISHOP: Seriously, Walter, what's the rice for? And while I'm at it, what's with all the toys?

W.BISHOP: Oh, these were in my storage. They're your toys, son, from when you were a little boy.

P.BISHOP: Those aren't mine.

W.BISHOP: Then I suppose they must be mine... (changes subject) It's the netting, Peter. I believe the swatch left behind was from a larger piece... that was draped over the vault wall. That - somehow is the key, although I'm not sure yet exactly how they would... ha, ha, ha.

W.BISHOP: Now... what do you see here? (a jar full of rice on an old indoor football game)

P.BISHOP: So far some rice and a bunch of toys.

W.BISHOP: This gentleman is standing on what appears to be solid. However, add vibration... (turns on motor) I'm quite envious of this.

P.BISHOP: Of what?

W.BISHOP: Well, somehow the robbers were able to weaken the vault wall. High frequency vibrations disrupting its atomic structure allowing another piece of solid matter through it. Well, obviously what I'm showing you here is a theoretical example. In actuality, this feat would be immensely complicated and apparently not without consequences. It seems that use of this technology can render one slightly - radioactive.

P.BISHOP: How slightly?

W.BISHOP: Well... not as slightly as I thought. (to Farnsworth) Miss? Would you mind putting the hand on ice? It will help preserve the tissue.

P.BISHOP: Just so I'm clear, Walter, the robbers have managed to not only violate the natural laws of the universe, but they're also becoming radioactive?

DUNHAM: Who's radioactive?

P.BISHOP: Our robbers apparently. Where have you been?

DUNHAM: I've been working. Where have you been?

P.BISHOP: I've been buying rice for Walter's toys.

FARNSWORTH: Did you get any leads on the safety deposit boxes?

DUNHAM: Yeah, they were all purchased twenty-three years ago. All paid for in cash, bogus names on each account. How radioactive?

W.BISHOP: Slightly.

P.BISHOP: Though not as slight as Walter would like. So, we have no idea Who those safety deposit boxes belong to?

DUNHAM: No, and it's untraceable. (to Farnsworth) Can you call all the hospitals in and around the Philadelphia area? Get them to call us if anyone comes in showing signs of radiation poisoning.

FARNSWORTH: Yeah, I'm on it.

DUNHAM: Okay.

P.BISHOP: Okay... so what's our next move?

DUNHAM: Raul Lugo was a good kid before the military. He had a clean record... responsible employee. I want to know how he became a criminal. Why they recruited him and what they promised him.

P.BISHOP: All right, so how are we gonna do that?

DUNHAM: Lugo's wife gave me some names. It just so happens his best friend from high school works at a bar in Cambridge.

P.BISHOP: Did I just hear "bar in Cambridge"?

DUNHAM: Hey, Astrid, would you mind...

FARNSWORTH: Watching Walter? Yeah, I'm on that, too.

W.BISHOP: Now, Miss, I'm going to repeat the demonstration with the rice. Would you care to watch?

FARNSWORTH: Nope.

W.BISHOP: Okay.

Visiting Cambridge

DUNHAM: Just go along with this, okay?

P.BISHOP: Sure thing, boss.

DUNHAM: (to bartender) Hi.

DREW: Hey.

DUNHAM: How's your night?

DREW: I've had worse. What can I get you?

DUNHAM: Double shot of whiskey.

DREW: A double. What's your preference?

DUNHAM: Your call.

DREW: (to Bishop) You?

P.BISHOP: Same as the lady.

DUNHAM: I'm Stephanie. This is my brother, Rick.

DREW: Hey Brother Rick.

P.BISHOP: Hi.

DUNHAM: You know, you look familiar.

DREW: Who? Me?

P.BISHOP: Cheers.

DUNHAM: (gulps drink) Um... I'll take another. Are you sure we haven't met before?

DREW: I don't think so.

DUNHAM: What's your name?

DREW: Drew.

DUNHAM: Drew, I got to tell you, I never forget a face.

P.BISHOP: It's true, she doesn't. It's kind of creepy actually.

DUNHAM: I got it. Raul and Susan's wedding.

DREW: No way. You were there?

DUNHAM: You were the best man.

DREW: Yeah.

P.BISHOP: It's incredible, right? She's been able to do that since we were kids. Remember that?

DUNHAM: I do. So do you still see them?

DREW: No, it's been years.

DUNHAM: I was friends with Susan in college, but we lost contact, too. It's horrible. Where are they living now?

DREW: You know, I don't know. I heard they split.

DUNHAM: Oh, No.

DREW: Yeah, well, I'm not surprised.

DUNHAM: Why not?

DREW: I don't know. Raul got weird.

DUNHAM: Weird how?

DREW: You know he was in the Gulf War? He sort of... I don't know, it was post-traumatic stress or something. I feel bad. I'm sure I would have lost my mind if I'd gone to the gulf war as well. Anyway, when he got back, he didn't come around much. He started hanging out at the V.A. a lot.

DUNHAM: Which one?

DREW: I don't know.

CUSTOMER: Bartender

DREW: It's a shame. He was a good guy. Excuse me. (walks away)

DUNHAM: Sure.

P.BISHOP: Brother?

DUNHAM: Yeah. It, uh... it kind of works better that way.

P.BISHOP: Does it now?

BROYLES: (answering phone) Broyles.

DUNHAM: It's Dunham. Look, I was wondering if you could find out what V.A. hospital Raul Lugo might have gone to.

BROYLES: There was nothing in any of his records.

DUNHAM: Yeah, I know. That's why I'm calling you. Can you help me?

BROYLES: I'll do what I can. I'll have an answer for you in an hour.

DUNHAM: Thanks. (hangs up) Let's go. He is gonna call us back in an hour.

P.BISHOP: Whoa, whoa, whoa... what's the rush? Two is your limit?

DUNHAM: Is that a dare?

The Heist Team Has Concerns

MCNEIL: Rook to E-Seven.

NORTON: Check. So, I took a look at his papers while he was checking out whatever was in that box we grabbed.

MCNEIL: So?

NORTON: It's a map of Germany.

MCNEIL: Germany?

NORTON: Yeah, Frankfurt. Lines all over it. Latitude and longitude. Looks like he's planning a damn invasion.

EASTWICK: I got next.

LOEB: All right, listen up. We're headed out. Let's go.

MCNEIL: Where to?

LOEB: Providence.

Back In Cambridge

P.BISHOP: Pick a card. All right. Now, I need you to memorize that card.

DUNHAM: Okay.

P.BISHOP: You got it?

DUNHAM: Yeah, I got it.

P.BISHOP: You sure?

DUNHAM: Yes.

P.BISHOP: Absolutely positive?

DUNHAM: Absolutely positive.

P.BISHOP: Because if you don't, it doesn't work.

DUNHAM: Okay, I remember.

P.BISHOP: Okay, good.

P.BISHOP: (card disappears) ...and just like everything else we do around here.. it's about to get weirder. (shows bottle with card in it) It's pretty good, right?

DUNHAM: That was great.

P.BISHOP: Okay, so top that.

DUNHAM: Okay.

P.BISHOP: Seriously?

DUNHAM: Oh, that's fantastic.

P.BISHOP: Women never have card tricks.

DUNHAM: Tell me when to stop. (deals cards) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven...

P.BISHOP: Stop.

DUNHAM: Which one? (pointing) Four of clubs. (he turns over the card) eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve...

P.BISHOP: Stop.

DUNHAM: (he turns over the card) Queen of diamonds.

P.BISHOP: You can count cards.

DUNHAM: That's all I would do when I was a kid. I'm sure that if I was a child today, I would be diagnosed with something. I just have this thing for numbers. I see them once and remember them the rest of my life.

P.BISHOP: Seriously?

DUNHAM: Yeah, my best friend from high school's license plate ...7240168. My locker combination in middle school ...36-21-7. The numbers of the safety deposit boxes ...233, 377, and 610.

P.BISHOP: What?

DUNHAM: No, could do more.

P.BISHOP: No, no, no... Say that again. The numbers on the safety deposit boxes.

DUNHAM: 233, 377, and 610. Why?

P.BISHOP: I know those numbers.

At The Bishops Hotel

P.BISHOP: Walter? Hey, Walter! Wake up! Walter. Walter, wake up. This is important.

W.BISHOP: Oh, Oh?... Do you two want to use the room?

P.BISHOP: Walter, this is important. The numbers you recite every night, what are they?

W.BISHOP: Numbers?

P.BISHOP: Every night you recite a sequence of numbers to help you fall asleep. 233, 377, 610...

W.BISHOP: ...987, 1,597.

P.BISHOP: Precisely, those. What is that pattern?

W.BISHOP: It's a Fibonacci Sequence. You should know that, Peter. If you had stayed at college...

DUNHAM: Walter, not everybody knows the Fibonacci Sequence.

W.BISHOP: Oh, sure they do. It's a wildly famous mathematical sequence. Each number in the sequence is the sum of the two preceding.

P.BISHOP: Including 233, 377, and 610, Which just happened to be the numbers of the safety deposit boxes that were stolen.

W.BISHOP: It's fascinating, but it's a coincidence. It can't possibly be significant. Unless... Oh, my god.

DUNHAM: What?

W.BISHOP: The safety deposit boxes are mine.

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

Act 4

Trying To Remember At The Hotel

W.BISHOP: (wandering around the room) *Cleveland, Baltimore, Philadelphia... Cleveland, Baltimore, Philadelphia...*

DUNHAM: *Walter, are there any other safety deposit boxes that haven't been broken into yet?*

W.BISHOP: *I don't know. I don't know where - because I can't remember why I put things into the boxes.*

P.BISHOP: *All right, so let me get this straight. You can remember traveling around the country twenty-three years ago, renting all these safety deposit boxes under assumed names... but you can't remember why?*

W.BISHOP: *The 'why' is of secondary importance to 'what'. What was I protecting? Whatever it was, I didn't use my usual hiding places, so, I suspect it was something of profound significance.*

P.BISHOP: *Well, excellent. That clears it right up.*

W.BISHOP: *I was under a great deal of stress at the time. It... it was before the accident in the lab... before that poor lab assistant lost her life. (takes bottle from night stand) I was... distrustful of everybody. Even better, your mother. I was convinced I was being followed. Someone was watching my every move. (gulps glass of water)*

P.BISHOP: *Which medication is that Walter?*

W.BISHOP: *Supplements.*

DUNHAM: *Walter, did you tell anybody else?*

W.BISHOP: *mm... I told you I was paranoid.*

DUNHAM: *Okay, get dressed - we're going out.*

W.BISHOP: *Breakfast?*

Doctor Bishop Visits The Federal Building

CHARLIE FRANCIS: *According to your travel records, in 1985, you gave a lecture at Syracuse University. Now, these photos are of banks in the Syracuse area. Does any of this trigger anything in your mind?*

W.BISHOP: (studies photo) *Yes, but not about banks. Think back twenty years - imagine yourself then, imagining yourself now - twenty years into the future. In your wildest imagination, could you ever think you'd be here?*

FRANCIS: (to Dunham) *Is he stoned?*

DUNHAM: *Just show him the other batch, and be patient with him. (watches the Doctor lick the picture) His mind works in a different way.*

BROYLES: (walks up to group) *Agent Dunham.*

DUNHAM: *What's up?*

BROYLES: *After he split up with his wife - Raul Lugo moved to D.C. (gives her his file) He was an in-patient at the V.A. there for six months, from last May to mid-October.*

DUNHAM: *No visitors?*

BROYLES: *Not according to the records. I don't know what that does to your theory he was recruited there.*

DUNHAM: *Unless it was by another patient.*

Sharp Returns To The Laboratory

SHARP: *You have something?*

TECHNICIAN: *Something remarkable, actually. When we tried to access Agent Scott's hippocampus, his brainwave echo suddenly became erratic. Inconsistent in ways we've never seen.*

SHARP: *And the cause of the inconsistency?*

TECHNICIAN: *We managed to resolve the last image in Agent Scott's optic nerve before he died. This image is linked to a second set of brainwave echoes. (hands over a file with a synaptic image in it) Agent Dunham's. They must have somehow shared consciousness. If that's the case, it would suggest that some of John Scott's memories, perhaps the very ones we need...*

SHARP: *...are in Agent Dunham's mind.*

Visiting The V.A. Hospital

DUNHAM: (walks in and introduces herself to the orderly) *Hi. I'm Agent Dunham with D.H.S. I'm looking for Doctor Bruce Miller? (is pointed in the correct direction) Thank you. Excuse me, Doctor Miller? Agent Olivia Dunham. I'm with D.H.S.*

BRUCE MILLER: *What can I do for you Agent Dunham?*

DUNHAM: *I wanted to talk to you about a patient of yours. Raul Lugo. Marine Force Recon. History of P.T.S.D.*

MILLER: *I'm sure you know I can't violate patient confidentiality.*

DUNHAM: *Raul Lugo is dead Doctor Miller - so his right to confidentiality no longer applies. I'm investigating his death and I need to know about his friends... anyone he was doing therapy with - or people that he got close to...*

MILLER: *If you're referring to current or former patients, those records are also protected.*

DUNHAM: *Unless they're involved in ongoing criminal activity, in which case it would be your duty to release them to me.*

MILLER: *What crimes?*

DUNHAM: *I'm sorry, I'm not authorized to tell you that. Suffice to say, the team of criminals I'm investigating are all highly trained, well-skilled, and...*

MILLER: *Agent Dunham, I have two dozen patients to see before I can go home to dinner. And I'm not about to violate my ethical duty based on your say-so. Now, if you would like to come back with a Federal subpoena I would be glad to help you out... but until then, you'll have to excuse me.*

(Dunham walks away and begins a cell call and meets the orderly)

ED SMITH: *He liked to play chess. Raul. He used to play chess all day long.*

DUNHAM: *With anyone in particular?*

SMITH: *There were four of them. The Chess Club.*

DUNHAM: *And do you remember their names?*

SMITH: *Get a pencil.*

The Heist Team Departs For Providence

LOEB: (departing with team and equipment) *Let's go. Let's go. Let's move. (loading into their vehicle) Let's go. Door! Let's move!*

Following Leads at the Federal Building

AGENT 2: *Robert Norton, Captain, United States Air Force. Honorably discharged April of '04.*

FRANCIS: *Pull up his cell phone records and his financials. See if there's anything else that ties him to Lugo.*

AGENT 2: *I'm on it.*

DUNHAM: *These are the V.A. visitor logs. These men were recruited. I want you to comb the logs and follow up on every entry.*

AGENT 1: *I just talked to Evan McNeil's wife. Says her husband's away on business. She hasn't heard from him in two days.*

DUNHAM: *Call his work and see if they know where he is.*

FRANCIS: *All right, we got something. One of our vets bought three one-way tickets to T.F. Green Airport in Providence.*

DUNHAM: *When do they land?*

FRANCIS: *Forty-seven minutes ago.*

(Dunham calls the Bishops in the lab)

P.BISHOP: *Hey, what's up?*

DUNHAM: *We think the next bank hit is gonna go down in Providence. Can you talk to Walter and see if it jogs his memory?*

P.BISHOP: *Yeah, sure.*

W.BISHOP: (to Farnsworth brushing Gene the cow) *Down strokes only... you brush with the grain.*

P.BISHOP: *Hey Walter. Are any of those banks you rented the safety deposit boxes in Providence?*

W.BISHOP: *I don't believe so, No. I'm sorry Peter, I have tried everything to remember. I understand how important it is, and I am quite disappointed with myself.*

P.BISHOP: (to Olivia at her office) *Hold on a sec.*

W.BISHOP: (to Farnsworth) *When she's finished chewing her cud, remember to brush her teeth.*

FARNSWORTH: *I am not brushing a cow's teeth Walter. You know I have real work to do, right?*

P.BISHOP: *Hey Walter. If you were gonna rent a safety deposit box in Providence, what bank would you use?*

W.BISHOP: *Providence? That would have to be the Fairmont Savings Bank, off Westminster Street... It's the only one with safe deposit boxes big enough for my purposes. (surprised he remembered) Oh...well done, son.*

P.BISHOP: *The Fairmont Savings Bank off Westminster Street.*

DUNHAM: *You're sure?*

P.BISHOP: *Oh, yeah. I'm sure.*

Fairmont Savings Bank

(entering the building - headed for the vault)

SAM MARTIN: *Agents, Sam Martin. Providence S.A.C.*

FRANCIS: *Francis and Dunham. So, what's our status?*

MARTIN: *All surrounding streets are locked down. Per your request, my men are checking all shared walls and alley ways. This is Mister Grimes, he manages the bank.*

GRIMES: *I don't understand. We've had no alarms or signs of forced entry.*

DUNHAM: *Well, this crew doesn't work like that, Mister Grimes.*

(the group enters the bank vault)

GRIMES: *We have cameras, motion detectors, sensors that detect fractional variances in ambient temperature.*

FRANCIS: *They might be disabling that wirelessly. Shooting you a feed back loop of old data while they stop and shop.*

GRIMES: *Oh, my god.*

DUNHAM: *Nine-Eight-Seven - it's the next number in the Fibonacci Sequence.*

MARTIN: *These four walls are internal to the bank. I don't care how they got in here, they're still in my perimeter.*

FRANCIS: *This layout's not easy, and even if they did get through one of these walls, they've got multiple other walls on every side. They wouldn't have time to breach them all.*

DUNHAM: *What's underneath? A basement or access tunnels?*

GRIMES: *This is the basement. There's two feet of solid steel and then the foundation. Everything under that belongs to the city. Gas mains, sewer, electric.*

DUNHAM: *Sewer.*

FRANCIS: *Providence P.D., I need the closest sewer line exit to Fairmont Savings Bank.*

(on the side street near the bank, the heist team exits a sewer grate)

LOEB: *Let's go.*

FRANCIS: *F.B.I. - Freeze! (he shoots and misses, then chases with Dunham)*

MCNEIL: *Come on! Come on! (the heist van drives away leaving one of the team members on foot) Come on, man! Come on, you can do it! Come on! Reach out a little further! Come on! Come on, man, you've almost got it! (Dunham shoots the fleeing robber in the leg and he falls)*

FRANCIS: *This is Francis, I.D. number 3-1-5-5-6. I need a 'bolo' on a black cargo van heading south on Westminster. License plate number 10562-Sierra. I also need E.M.S. - suspect down.*

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

Act 5

Dissent On The Heist Team

MCNEIL: *Damn it!*

LOEB: *Shut up. Scrub down and take your shots. I want this box open now.*

MCNEIL: *Not until you show me what this is all about. One guy dead, another put away. For that? A camera or something? What the hell is it?*

LOEB: *(opens the box of advanced 'surveying' equipment) A word of advice... don't pry into things you couldn't possibly understand. (on the phone) We're on. He's coming tonight.*

Final Orders At Wissenschaft Prison

JONES: *(looking at what Kohl brought him) Perfect. Very good. I see you didn't take me up on my offer to go see my tailor.*

KOHL: *No, I like this suit. It's always been lucky for me.*

JONES: *Well I can appreciate that. Thank you, Mister Kohl. Come back in the morning with the paperwork for my appeal. Six-thirty sharp? I'll be happy to sign it then. Oh, and wear one of your lucky suits.*

KOHL: *Will there be anything else?*

JONES: *As a matter of fact, Yes. I'll need my people to procure... one last item.*

KOHL: *And what would that be?*

JONES: *Not a 'what', Mister Kohl. In this case, a 'whom'. (presents him with a rough sketch of Dunham)*

Back at the Federal Building

(the parking garage)

UNKNOWN: *(watching Dunham park) Target in sight.*

(the interview room)

DUNHAM: *We have your service record, Mister Eastwick. Your Ten-Forty's. We know everything about you. Except what it was that you wanted so badly you'd walk through a solid wall.*

EASTWICK: *Ryan Shawn Eastwick, Staff Sergeant, First Special Forces Group, 3rd Battalion. 2.9.8.6.9.6.1.7.*

DUNHAM: *You're not a P.O.W. Eastwick. You're a criminal.*

(the observation room)

P.BISHOP: *Look at his hands. They look a little jittery.*

FRANCIS: *She's wearing him down.*

P.BISHOP: *No, I don't think so. That looks physiological.*

(overhearing Dunham ...that's over twenty years in federal prison. Is that any way for a decorated combat veteran?)

P.BISHOP: *Call her out, would you? I got an idea.*

FRANCIS: *I wasn't aware you had a background in interrogation.*

P.BISHOP: *I've been in rooms like that, on both sides of the table. This will either work or it won't. Either way, it's only two minutes of your time.*

(overhearing Dunham ...we already have enough proof to put you down for armed robbery times three... that's over twenty years in a federal prison. Do you think the prisoners there will care that you were once a hero fighting for your country? she answers a text mail from Francis and lets Bishop in the room)

DUNHAM: *We lose him, we lose time. We lose everything. (joins Francis)*

P.BISHOP: *Look. You're a tough guy. I'm a tough guy. I think we can dispense with the formalities. I'm not gonna stick a thumb in that shot-up leg of yours because **A**... I think that's exactly what you expect me to do and **B**... I don't think you'd crack anyway. No, all I want from you is to show me your hands. Right. Let me see if any of this rings a bell for you. You've been shaking uncontrollably, you vomited at least twice in the last ten hours, and this morning you found hair on your pillow because it's starting to fall out.*

EASTWICK: *What's wrong with me?*

P.BISHOP: *Radiation poisoning. Right now, you're in the "walking ghost" phase, which I suggest you enjoy 'cause it's a hell of a lot better than the intestinal bleeding, delirium and coma phase you're gonna hit in a couple of days. You violated the laws of physics Mister Eastwick - and Mother Nature's a bitch.*

EASTWICK: *(hands visibly shaking) Are you a doctor?*

P.BISHOP: *First, I need to know what you were hired to steal.*

EASTWICK: *He didn't tell us.*

P.BISHOP: *Who's he? I need a name.*

EASTWICK: *He never told us his name, all right? We were freelance, hired out. He equipped us, trained us. I can tell you names of the others, but it doesn't matter anyway. He's got everything he needs now.*

P.BISHOP: *Everything he needs to do what?*

EASTWICK: *Are you gonna help me or not?*

P.BISHOP: *Actually, Ryan - no. What I'm gonna do is I'm gonna go on the other side of that glass and I'm gonna watch you bleed out, unless you tell me everything I need to know!*

EASTWICK: *I swear I don't know what he's doing. All I know is that I overheard a phone conversation once. He's going to a field in Westford.*

P.BISHOP: *A field? What field?*

EASTWICK: *I don't know! Look, man, you got to help me, all right? I need some medicine, okay? Some specialist. Please. You got to help me. Hey! Hey!*

(the office area)

DUNHAM: *There. Westford. (points at the map on the wall)*

FRANCIS: *That's thirty square miles. How are we gonna find one field in all of that?*

DUNHAM: *Wait.*

P.BISHOP: *What?*

DUNHAM: *I know where they're going. There's an abandoned airstrip out there. It's called Little Hill Field. 'Little Hill'. That's the code word that Joseph Smith gave to David Robert Jones in a case a few weeks ago.*

FRANCIS: *The guy from the German prison?*

DUNHAM: *It can't be a coincidence, Charlie. It's in Westford just off Route Three. You come in from the west. I'll take the south.*

FRANCIS: *(to everyone around) All right - listen up! I need every available unit for field assist! Let's move, move, move!*

---FRINGE will return---

Act 6

Bishop Memories In *The Laboratory*

(muddling through piles of laboratory records)

W.BISHOP: *I've seen it here somewhere, what I hid in those banks... it must be – I kept very thorough records.*

P.BISHOP: *Unfortunately not very organized records.* (walks coin between fingers in a dexterity exercise)

W.BISHOP: *That's quite impressive.*

P.BISHOP: *It's a nervous tick. Which hand?* (makes coin disappear)

W.BISHOP: *That's fantastic.*

P.BISHOP: *Magic... ..What?*

W.BISHOP: (gets misty) *You nearly died when you were a boy. You started bruising... and your kidneys failed. The doctors didn't know what it was - the closest diagnosis was hepea – the rare form of bird flu that hadn't been around for decades. Your mother was beside herself, she stopped eating – she stopped sleeping... and I was worse. After all, I was the scientist, here my only son was dying and I couldn't do anything about it.*

P.BISHOP: *Walter. I don't remember any of that.*

W.BISHOP: *I became consumed – with saving you. Conquering the disease. In my research I discovered a Doctor... Alfred Gross! Swiss. Brilliant physician. The only man that ever successfully cured hepea. But there was a problem. He had died in 1936. And so, I designed a device intend to reach back in to time – to cross the time space continuum and retrieve Alfred Gross. To bring him back with me... to fix you, my dying son. The device Peter, I think that's what I hid in those safe deposit boxes.*

P.BISHOP: *And it worked? You were able to go back to 1936 and get this guy?*

W.BISHOP: *No. Before I could test it, you started to recover. The doctor said it was a miracle. But the science behind it, in theory, it would work. In theory, it could retrieve anyone from anywhere.*

Enroute to Little Hill Field

(getting instructions from her navigation system to "...continue North on Plain Street... go one point two miles)

DUNHAM: (answering her cell phone) *Dunham.*

FRANCIS: *It's Charlie. I'm headed East on Route Three, about two miles out. What's your twenty?*

DUNHAM: *I'm ten minutes out, coming in from the South on Plain.*

Preparing Little Hill

(preparing to pull Jones through the planet from Germany, Loeb's team begin their final calibration of the equipment stolen from the banks)

LOEB: (on radio) *49 point 1 point 1-1-2-2, 95 degrees North. 8 point 9-1-6-0-9-2 degrees East.*

SURVEYOR 1: *Horizontal angle 33.33 grad. We're good to go.*

LOEB: *Alright. What time do you have?*

SURVEYOR 2: *Twelve-thirty*

Final Trip To Wissenschaft

(in the same small meeting room, the lawyer returns)

KOHL: *Mister Jones.*

JONES: *Mister Kohl.*

KOHL: *I have your appeal request all prepared and ready to go. All I need is your signature.* (Jones breaks Kohl's neck when he steps to the table)

Two Arrivals At Little Hill

(several vehicles intercept and pursue Dunham through the dark streets)

RADIO: *Ten-Eighty-two, this is Bravo Team entering Westford, pulling South on to Bridge Street.*

DUNHAM: *...just came out of nowhere.*

FRANCIS: *Where are you? Give me your twenty. Liv?*

(Dunham abandons her auto when cut-off by the pursuit vehicles)

DUNHAM: (runs and is shot from behind with a taser and falls to the ground) *aaaghh.*

ABDUCTOR: *Target captured.*

(Loeb's team finishes setting-up the equipment while Jones takes the medications and applies the lotions needed for his extraction. standing in specific location in the room - seconds later Jones vanishes in a flash of light – appearing almost immediately in the center of the equipment Loeb had set-up.)

Broyles Challenges Sharp

(walking across a bridge on the Thames River in London, near Big Ben, she answers her cell phone)

SHARP: *Hello.*

BROYLES: (calling from his office) *Olivia Dunham is missing.*

SHARP: *What?... What do you mean missing?*

BROYLES: *It appears she has been abducted. – Need I even ask?*

(she hesitates to reply) *Are you there?*

SHARP: *Yes. Yes. I am here... Frankly, I resent the accusation.*

BROYLES: *I don't make accusations, so let me be clear. If I find out --*

SHARP: *Phillip! That's enough. Now you know how I feel about Agent Dunham. Why would I want any harm to come to her? Now, what do we know about who may have taken her? – And why?*

Jones & Loeb Confer

(Jones walks through the underbrush and joins Loeb at the car)

LOEB: *So, what does one say at a moment like this? Nice trip?*

JONES: *I suppose that works well enough. I need to get into the decompression chamber.*

LOEB: *Of course.*

JONES: *Do you have her? Agent Dunham.*

LOEB: *She didn't even put up a fight.*

JONES: *Well then, let's not keep her waiting.*

(end credits roll)

---BAD ROBOT---