

St. Anne's Cathedral

ROY MCCOMB: Forgive me, father, for I have sinned. It's been three months since I've confessed.

FATHER KENT: Go on, my son.

ROY MCCOMB: Do-- Do you believe that God can speak to you, father?

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

ROY MCCOMB: What about the devil, then?

FATHER KENT: Do you want to confess something, my son?

ROY MCCOMB: I'm a good man, father. I-- I try to be a good man. But I-- I see things. I s-- see things. I don't know why he chose me, but it's happening again. It's happening again, and I'm scared.

FATHER KENT: Scared of what?

ROY MCCOMB: Of what's going to happen on the bus. I want it to stop. Please. I just want it to stop.

FATHER KENT: Son, have you hurt someone? Son! Son, come back. Roy! I know it's you.

Tunnel

UNI COP: Hey, let's go buddy, what's the problem? Oh, my god.

Mount Briar Cemetery

YOUNG PASTOR: 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.

CHARLIE: You know, you being here, Livie, you did the right thing.

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

CHARLIE: 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.

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

CHARLIE: His mother.

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

CHARLIE: As far as John's mother knows, her son died a hero servin' his country.

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

CHARLIE: I wasn't gonna tell you this, but he said he loved me too.

BROYLES: Agent Dunham. Agent Francis. I need you to come with me.

OLIVIA: Thank you.

Diner

You brought your own sweetener?

Don't be ridiculous.

It's my medication.

You're not on any medication, Walter.

Of course I am.

I've been making it myself in the lab.

Oh, I wish you were joking.

You're self-medicating. With homemade drugs.

Simple combination of dextromethorphan, clonazepam, and some fluoxetine.

Those are psychotics, Walter. All of them.

Of course they are. That's the point.

I have been in a mental facility for the past 17 years.

It's put me quite out of balance.

Stay here for a second, would you?

What if I need to use the bathroom?

Just hold it. I'll be right back.

Hey! What're you doin'?

What, you thought I didn't see you all day?

You were supposed to check in before you came home.

If you tell anybody else that I'm here,

you're the first one of the bunch I'm gonna come after.

It was moving but I stopped it.

There was something important.

I've decided on the pancakes.

Blueberry.

That's great, Walter.

Did somebody call me on the phone?

That's what was important.

Something about a bus.

The incident occurred at 8:14 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 CDC, confirmed the attack isn't biological in nature.

There's no contingent.

And you said there wasn't any good news.

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 50 yards.

It's horrible.

They're like mosquitoes trapped in amber.

If this was some sort of attack, why not
just use something conventional, like plastic explosives?

A pipe bomb?

Impact.

Whoever did this wanted attention.

I mean, look at that.

Or it's not an attack at all.

And it's something else entirely.

Meaning what?

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

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?

We'll have to dig out their personal effects so we can id them.

Notify their next of kin.

It's not here.

In eius telephoni non fuit.

Quomodo pergemus?

Roy?

What is that?

I don't know.

Any idea what it is yet?

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.

That young lady is an FBI 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.

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.

I suppose I should've followed in your footsteps.

'cause your work has obviously brought such joy to the world.

Who was he, Peter?

Sorry?

The man in the restaurant.

You in some kind of trouble?

It was nothing.

He was harassing the waitress. I just told him to cut it out.

Oh, I see.

'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.

If we're lucky, maybe she caught whoever did--

Stop. Go back.

Can you close in on that woman?

What is it?

That backpack.

I just saw that woman, that backpack wasn't there.

Has anyone seen a blue backpack with the other personal effects?

So someone took the bag from her?

Got off the bus before the attack?

Who is she?

Evelina Mendoza.

She's a federal employee.

What's her job?

Oh, my god. She's DEA.

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.

I apologize if I wasn't helpful on the phone.

I needed to ask my superiors for clearance to talk to you about Eve.

Our condolences.

From her records she seemed like an exemplary agent.

Ah, she was.

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

Uh, three months ago, she was tasked to infiltrate the east coast representatives of a Nicaraguan drug cartel.

We'd been bangin' 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.

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?

I wish I could be more helpful.

You have been, Agent Davidson.

Thank you.

Uh, I've been asked to officially i.d. her body.

I suppose that won't be a problem.

Have you spoken with her family?

Uh, there's a brother she doesn't talk to.

I didn't realize how hard this was gonna be.

You don't have to explain.

I know what it's like to lose someone you've worked with closely.

I'd uh-- I'd like to say good-bye.

Of course.

Should I bother to ask?

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.

Hey!

I hear you play the piano.

He doesn't just play.

He's good. You should hear him.

No. Maybe some other time.

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.
So who would have the know-how to manufacture something like this?
I'll give you six guesses.
And the first five don't count.
Massive Dynamic.
Three chemical companies in the U.S. supply those compounds.
All of them fully-owned subsidiaries of Massive Dynamic.
Charlie? What's up?
We've got something.
I think you're gonna wanna see it.
Tip got called in from a priest over at St. Anne's.
Says the guy that lives here mentioned a potential incident about the bus
before it happened.
So what do we know about him?
Name's Roy McComb.
High school graduate. No criminal record.
Apparently he's been pushing papers over to Nesco company for the last couple of months.
Got DPD picking him up from there right now.
That doesn't seem like the profile of a mass-murderer.
No. I didn't think so either.
What?
You're looking at depictions
of dozens of attacks, accidents, disasters we've seen over the last year.
And look, all of them are dated before the incidents took place.
Is that the flight from Hamburg?
So this guy drew flight 627.
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?
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.

Sir McComb. I'm Special Agent Charlie Francis of the FBI.

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? - Yeah, okay.

Sure, hmm...

Call me Roy.

Okay, Roy.

Let's start with this drawing of yours.

14 different chemical compounds were used in the material responsible for the incident on the bus.

Three of them, manufactured exclusively by your subsidiaries.

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.

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

Of course.

Anything you need.

Thank you.

So, is there anything else?

When we first met, you said that science and technology had advanced to such a state that, in your words, they were running out of control.

That sounds about right.

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.

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.

I hope it'll help you find whoever's behind these attacks.

Attacks?

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.

Thank you.

For the information.

What about this one?

This one's gonna happen too, Roy?

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.

How long have you been getting these feelings?

Maybe...

nine months.

Nine months.

Roy's... feelings, or whatever they are,

began roughly when we became away of the pattern.

- Meaning what? - I'm not entirely sure yet.

- But it's hard to say he's lying. - 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.

In that case, what do you suggest?

How has he learned of these incidents?

I don't know.

Hey!

- I just saw Charlie who told me- - Occam's razor.

A lot of things being equal, the simplest solution's the best.

And what is that?

The man's psychic.

Theoretically, it's all quite possible.

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

I pose it 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.

Forgive me Dr. 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.

Yes, so do I. Which is why I would like to prove it.

And here we go.

And how would you do that?

Am I required to keep him alive?

That would probably be best.

Can we... talk a moment?

Go ahead.

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

I'd normally be sceptical of anything coming from Nina but in this case, she's correct.

So what?

I don't even have clearance to know background on a case I'm investigating?

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 manoeuvring

to keep it alive and free from political meddling which means sometimes,

I don't tell you everything for your own protection.

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 thinks 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.

And you will. When you're ready.

Till then I suppose you'll need to cross me.

So what are we looking for?

If my thesis is correct, if he is picking up the thoughts of another human being,

he will leave a distinct signature.

And you think we'll be able to identify whose thoughts they are?

That's preposterous.

But they may be able to intercept them.

Magnificent machine!

Do you mind if we view the axial images?

His vitals are spiking.

What's happening?

No idea.

But I'm extremely interested to find out.

Something's wrong!

Shut it down, now!

H- Help!

Get up. You okay?

I- I think so.

- What did that? - Something in the blood.

A magnetic compound of some kind, dormant... perhaps a parasite.

What's he saying? I don't understand.

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. - Would've been quite a mess.

Why would there be metal in his blood?

That's not normal, right?

You wanna see everything from 1989.

No. Perhaps '79.

Fantastic. That's very helpful.

Oh, stop.

I was right.

Belly and I worked on this very problem.

Founder of Massive Dynamic, and one of the richest men on the planet.

He and walter used to share a lab together.

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.

Because if no other government knew the spectrum existed,

- they couldn't listen in. - 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. - You have got to be kidding me.

What?

Roy McComb was one of your test subjects.

Of course. Yes!

That explains it, doesn't it?

Explains it?

Yes, that explains why he almost died today.

Because you injected something into his brain nearly 20 years ago.

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.

He was a sophomore volunteer for psych experiments.

Did you ever even bother to explain to him what you were doing?

Well it wouldn't have been a very secret experiment if I had.

What's going on?

How's Roy McComb?

Roy McComb will be fine.

No thanks to my father's attempts to turn him into a human walkie-talkie.

Wait a second.

Don't you try and change the subject!

What you just said is on subject.

The iridium-based compound that multiplied in his bloodstream

has turned him into some kind of receiver.

A receiver of what?

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.

You will note that the rotary movement gives the impression of a three-dimensional tunnel, when in fact it is not.

Next slide, please.

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-- - Great.

- Despite-- - Thank you, we get it.

Uh, I'm sorry. I don't think I do get it.

Well neither do I. I just want him to stop.

I'll get the lights.

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.

You're suggesting that Roy's listening in to someone's telephone network.

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.

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?

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.

Wait, you want to rewire his brain?

Not without his permission.

It would be a minor surgery.

Minor brain surgery.

Emphasis not on the minor.

I would need a specific piece of equipment.

Magnetic neurostimulator I built in 1983.

With a few adjustments, it would work.

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

No need to.

It's most likely where I left it 17 years ago.

Hidden in a wall in our old house in Cambridge.

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?

Pretty much.

I guess the badge is the "pretty please" in that equation.

There's no lights on.

I'm gonna call in, see if we can track down the owner for consent.

What're you doing?

What?

This is barely even a crime. I used to live here.

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.

No, none.

Any food allergies?

Not that I'm aware of.

Good, good, good.

This all checks out.

Strap him down. We'll get started.

Oh, god. Strap me down?

There's nothin' to be worried about.

I guess, uh--

it must seem pretty silly.

Thinking God is talking to me and everything.

What were you supposed to think?

That I was just crazy.

I considered that, too.

It's gotta be sort of a relief, right?

Knowing there's a rational explanation?

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?

You're our best lead.

No pressure, huh?

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.

So where's your mother now?

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?

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

When I was nine years old, I think I wanted to be a brontosaurus.

You know, they say the psych profiles of cops and criminals are pretty much identical.

Ever consider a life of crime?

No dental.

Nothing.

Of course.

What?

My mom had this covered up.

Used to hide in it all the time.

You'll need to be awake for the procedure.

But I'm going to give you a mild sedative to reduce any anxiety.

Dr. Bishop, you look really familiar to me.

I hear that a lot.

In the mental institution where I lived.

He'll need a moment.

Oh. You've returned.

How was the old house? How is Rufus?

Well, the house is just like we left, but we put Rufus to sleep almost 20 years ago, Walter.

Oh. That's terrible news.

We found your equipment.

Oh, this brings back some memories.

Of what?

I think it's time for some intracranial penetration.

This won't hurt.

Just feel a touch odd.

Okay.

Is this poli sci 101?

Not remotely.

Who was it?

Freshmen.

I need you to keep this dial steady at 60 hertz-- 10 gauss
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.

Sounds easy enough.

First image, please.

It's a horse.

Wonderful.

50 gauss.

What the hell was that?

Oh, that was your body's normal muscle response.

It's perfectly natural.

You may also experience an involuntary bowel movement.

Great.

Next image, son.

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.

We've reached the gustatory cortex.

We're getting close.

Next image, please.

I don't know.

It's a beach.

Well, no sensations at all?

I don't think so.

Dammit, don't you feel anything?

Uh, I'm a little scared.

I don't understand. This should be working.

Walter, take a deep breath. It's gonna be okay.

- Nuntia adhuc... - You.

- Increase the level to 200 gauss. - Ita, modo eum collocutus sum.

Don't do that! Stop, I said!

Quando fiet.

What did you say?

I don't know. I can hear voices.

Una hora locum statuisti.

- I think that's Latin. - It is. He just said, um--
damn, what's that word?

Hora, um-- hour.

Something's happening in an hour.

How in the world can you possibly know that?

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

Okay, keep going.

- Ad stationem. - Ad stationem, that means station.

Orstreelum--no wait, it's Australem ob.

Australem means south and then...

- Commerciam convenimus. - 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.

Bene ubi fuit.

He just said, "good, where was it."

- Ab initio in eius corpore fuit. - From the beginning,
on her person. It was on her person.

It was on her from the start? Maybe or--

She had it on her the whole time.

Oh, yeah, that's a possible translation.

Hey! Where ya goin'?

Now, I've been asked to officially i.d. her body.

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 5:00.
We have to assume Davidson's workin' for the same people who hit the bus.
I'll notify CI.
But in the meantime, I'm sending the field assist your way.
But plainclothes only. We don't want to tip him off.
Oh, my god.
What's wrong?
I believe with proper demodulation, you could receive satellite television for free.
Okay, fun time's over. Astrid, let's get him unhooked.
It's me, I'm at the station.
Where am I meeting your man?
Excuse me?
I'm getting something.
It's in English.
We can see you.
Outside south station.
We're verifying you haven't been followed.
Then we'll instruct you further.
It's Olivia.
Hey, Roy's talking again.
Are you at south station?
Yeah. Why?
So are they.
Did you get anything else?
They're checking to make sure that Davidson wasn't followed.
I think that's it for now.
Okay. Thanks.
Could I get a drink or something?
Yeah. I'll get you a glass of water.
Go ahead.
We're clear on our end. Go inside.
Here you go.
And head to the Dewey square exit.
You got that?

How will I recognize the person I'm meeting?

They'll recognize you.

Yeah.

It's happening now.

He's headed to the Dewey square exit.

Got it.

Francis.

We got him.

He's at the south end of the terminal.

Turn around and put your hands in the air now.

- What happened? - He's been shot.

- He's not breathing. - Call in a medevac!

The case.

They've made the exchange.

He's running.

Stay with him.

FBI!

Put the case on the ground.

Drop the gun now!

Put your hands where I can see them.

All that trouble for this.

So any idea what it is?

Not yet.

But I'm hoping our friends at the NSA will be able to tell us.

So 11 innocent people die today,

we risk losing another by drilling through his head,

all for something we know nothing about?

Do you ever smile, Dunham?

We id'd the shooter.

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.

What is it?

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

Pattern cases.

It would seem so.

Take a look. If you want.

Let me know if you have any thoughts.

I'll do that.

I'll see you tomorrow.

How are you feeling?

My head hurts a little, but, um,

Dr. Bishop gave me something for the pain.

Vicodin.

That's it. I promise.

So no more transmissions.

No.

My guess is once you arrived at south station
with the cavalry, they realized the ghost network
was compromised, and stopped broadcasting on it.

Well just in case, if you hear anything else,
do me a favor, gimme a call.

I will.

It felt really nice to be able to help.

Thank you.

You're welcome.

I have a few release forms I need you to sign,
- and then I can take you home. - Okay.

Dunham.

Any requests?

How 'bout some Bach?

Bach?

No, that's way too stuffy.

What you need is some jazz.

Well I'll take what I can get.

I'm sure you can understand why I don't wanna go through channels.

If I know you at all, this isn't the only reason you're here.

Is this because of our interest in Agent Dunham?
Seems a bit early to be poaching my newest hire,
with only a three-case resume under her belt.

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

Neither did I.

Oh, you feel protective of her, don't you?

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

I want nothing but the best for her.

Of course you do.

We found another one.

Let's see what we have.

Well, crystalline structure's intact.

No detectable oscillations.

This may just be what we need to break the encryption.

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

See for yourself.

We finally stabilized the link.

We've been pulling information from the disk for the last 72 hours.

Let me know when it's finished.