

## **Prologue (Middletown, CT)**

JEREMY STOCKTON: Are those notes you're writing Ben? I thought we talked about this. You know about taking a break from the music so you'd have time for other things. Maybe something new.

BEN STOCKTON: Dad don't get mad at me, but the windshield wipers, can you slow them down?

JEREMY STOCKTON: Slow them down?

BEN STOCKTON: The tempo. It's messing me up.

JEREMY STOCKTON: Sorry Ben, I can't. I need to be able to see.

JOANNE OSTLER: Stop, I need help.

BEN STOCKTON: What is it?

JEREMY STOCKTON: Don't know. Let's see.

JEREMY STOCKTON: (to Joanne Ostler) You okay?

JOANNE OSTLER: Oh I'm fine. I can't say the same for my car. It kind of shuddered and then stopped. And my phone's dead.

JEREMY STOCKTON: Oh hold on. Be right back.

JOANNE OSTLER: Thank you.

JEREMY STOCKTON: Of course. It's not a night you wanna get stuck out here.

JOANNE OSTLER: Yeah I need a tow.

JEREMY STOCKTON (On the phone): I'm on route 12 About two miles north of Fair Oak. Yeah, Massachusetts plate, 332 EWD

JEREMY STOCKTON (To Joanne): Ah, they're busy. It's gonna be a while.

JOANNE OSTLER: Then I definitely am not gonna make it to this business meeting, which would normally be a blessing but this one's really important.

JEREMY STOCKTON: Listen I-I know hardly a thing about cars. But why don't you let me take a look?

JOANNE OSTLER: No no you've done enough. No. That's alright.

JEREMY STOCKTON: Transmission's dry. Some kind of electrical short.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER: Hey easy. Didn't mean to scare you.

JEREMY STOCKTON: It's okay. I didn't hear you.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER: Yeah listen sorry it took so long. Man you okay?

JEREMY STOCKTON: Where's her car? Ben. Ben? Ben!

## **Act I**

### **FBI Office**

BROYLES: The boy's name is Ben Stockton. According to his father they were driving home from a school function last night when he saw a woman having car trouble. The father claims that while he was looking at the woman's car something happened. He said it was like time jumped. And his son the woman and her car were suddenly gone.

OLIVIA: So he just blacked out.

BROYLES: In the statement he gave police he insisted he never lost consciousness.

OLIVIA: So any other witnesses to back up the dad's story?

BROYLES: No but this is not the first time this has happened. These are from the files of three other missing person cases dating back ten years. In each one witnesses describe seeing the same woman. We've tried running facial recognition software. Nothing.

OLIVIA: So what happened to the other victims?

BROYLES: The first was found wandering the shoulder of I-91 Near Northampton. The second in the supermarket curled up in the freezer bin.

OLIVIA: Meaning what? They were let go?

BROYLES: Apparently. But not before whatever'd been done to them drove them insane. Two weeks after she was found one of the victims actually tried to lobotomize herself using a butter knife. And all of them completely incapable of recalling what happened during the abduction. Even under hypnosis.

OLIVIA: So they're all academics. A probability theorist, structural engineer... If we're looking at a serial abduction then a ten-year-old kid really doesn't fit the bill.

BROYLES: No but other than that the details surrounding his disappearance are identical to the others. Interacting with the woman in the sketch. Then experiencing an interval of lost time.

WALTER: Peculiar flashing lights. Green green green red. Like Christmas lights.

BROYLES: How did you know that Dr. Bishop?

WALTER: I don't know. But that's what happened isn't it?

BROYLES: Yes.

PETER: Think you might be able to jog your mind Walter? Could be kind of helpful.

WALTER: Christmas lights. That's all I can recall. Sorry.

## **Highland, CT**

JEREMY STOCKTON: I know what it sounds like. Like I'm crazy. I'm not. I talked to her. I touched her car.

MAUREEN STOCKTON: Police grilled my brother for hours. They treated him like a suspect.

JEREMY STOCKTON: I know what I saw. She was real.

MAUREEN STOCKTON: Why doesn't anyone believe him?

JEREMY STOCKTON: You're wasting time. We need to find Ben.

OLIVIA: Yeah I believe you. In fact we think that the same woman may be involved in a number of other abductions. This has happened before.

JEREMY STOCKTON: Why would anyone want to take my son?

OLIVIA: I don't know. Honestly he doesn't really fit the profile of the other victims. For one, they were all adults. And another, they were all academics - experts in various fields.

JEREMY STOCKTON: What? Ben is kind of an expert himself.

OLIVIA: What do you mean?

JEREMY STOCKTON: Nine months ago my wife was walking Ben to school. Some idiot late for a dentist appointment ran a red light. And they were hit in the crosswalk. Abby was killed. The

doctors told me they didn't know if ben was gonna make it either. He was in a coma for six days. And when he woke up — It's easier if I just show you. This is the day I took him home from the hospital. He hadn't spoken said even a word since I told him his mother died. And we got home. And he just sat down at the piano. And started to play.

OLIVIA: He's very talented.

JEREMY STOCKTON: Before this He had never taken a single lesson. His doctors told me there had been other cases. People with severe brain traumas waking up with the ability to do things they'd never done before. Two weeks later he was composing his own music. One piece in particular. Stopped being interested in everything else. You said the other people that had been taken were accomplished at something. Do you think that that's why they took ben?

OLIVIA: I don't know. Thank you so much for your time.

MAUREEN STOCKTON: Uh, Agent Dunham.... After Abby died, My brother...he barely held it together. Without Ben I don't think he'll make it.

OLIVIA: I'll do everything I can.

MAUREEN STOCKTON: Thank you.

## **A Basement Room**

JOANNE OSTLER: How are you feeling Ben?

BEN STOCKTON: I wanna go home. I just wanna see my dad.

JOANNE OSTLER: Well I have something better for you. There's someone else here who would very much like to see you.

BEN STOCKTON: I don't care! I wanna see my dad!

JOANNE OSTLER: Well your mother will be very disappointed to hear that.

BEN STOCKTON: My mom's dead.

JOANNE OSTLER: Are you sure about that?

## **Harvard Lab**

PETER: Hey, Walter, Don't you think it's a little early in the season For the yuletide cheer?

WALTER: I'm reciting Christmas carols in an attempt to jar loose some details from my subconscious to remember where I heard mention of the green and red lights. But sadly it hasn't yet worked.

PETER: So you thought it would be more useful to work on your Christmas tree decorations?

WALTER: Though I - I cannot recall where I heard of the lights, it did give me an idea a theory as to how the boy was taken. I was hired to design a technology. An intricate pattern of flashing lights intended to create a suggestible state of hypnosis. Theoretically the test subjects will do what ever commanded. Bark like a dog, dance a jig, wash the car.

PETER: U.S. Government had you working on mind control?

WALTER: Not the government. It was an advertising agency. They hoped to broadcast the flashing lights during commercials so that the viewers would have no choice but to buy their products. Unfortunately it merely caused nausea. Which was unfortunate because apparently people don't like to shop when they feel like they're going to throw up.

WALTER: (To Astrid) Miss! Where is the remote?

PETER: Oh, hey, Walter, Walter. Walter, dial it down a notch all right?

WALTER: (to Peter) Now I posit that the flashing lights witnessed by the father induced a hypnagogic trance during which stage the child was abducted.

PETER: I thought you said the experiments were failures.

WALTER: Oh yes. But I focused solely on the timing and intensity of the flashes not the colors. The green and red. Now I suggest that those wavelengths are the key to success. Come. Let me demonstrate. Come.

PETER: What do you want me to do?

WALTER: Just stare at the lights.

PETER: Sorry walter. Better luck next time.

ASTRID: Anyone ready for lunch? What's up, Chachi?

PETER: Did you do this to me?

WALTER: You did.

## **Olivia's Car**

OLIVIA: Dunham.

CHARLIE: It's me. Based on the description by the father, I ID'd your kidnapper. Name's Joanne Ostler. She was a molecular biologist studying at M.I.T. She would have been thirty this march.

OLIVIA: What do you mean, would have been?

CHARLIE: Uh, according to DMV Department of Records, Joanne Ostler died ten years ago.

OLIVIA: Are you sure it's the same woman?

CHARLIE: Looks identical to the woman from your sketch. And she doesn't have a twin because I checked.

OLIVIA: So what happened to her?

CHARLIE: Apparently, her car went off the bridge in November of '98. Eight months before any of the abductions.

OLIVIA: How is that even possible?

CHARLIE: Here's the thing. The car was recovered but her body was never found.

OLIVIA: So then it's possible that she survived.

CHARLIE: Either that or Broyles has you chasing a ghost.

## **Harvard Lab**

OLIVIA: What the hell's he doing?

PETER: He thinks it'll help him Remember where he's heard about the red and green lights.

OLIVIA: Okay. We've got good news. We think we understand how it was that ben was abducted. Those red and green flashing lights. They put the father into a hypnagogic state. And we think we may have ID'd the woman responsible.

WALTER: I have it! Christmas. Christmas. Leading to christmas carols. One of which is jingle bells, which leads naturally to dashing through the snow. Which of course inevitably leads one to Dash.

PETER: To Dash?

WALTER: Dashiell Kim. The man who mentioned the lights to me. I'm sure of it.

OLIVIA: Where is he walter? Can we talk to him?

WALTER: I guess that would depend on whether he has succeeded in killing himself or not.

PETER: What are you talking about, Walter? Who is this guy?

WALTER: A fellow inmate of mine at St. Claire's asylum.

## **Broyles' Office**

OLIVIA: I think we may have ID'd another abductee. Dashiell kim. Headed up astrophysics at U Mass. Went missing in may 2006. Turned up a week later at his home outside Clarksburg. Where he had a psychotic break. Bludgeoned his wife to death with a tire iron. He was committed to St. Claire's hospital.

BROYLES: He was there at the same time as dr. Bishop?

OLIVIA: Walter bishop claims he remembers Kim telling him a story about a woman who put him to sleep with a christmas tree and then took him away.

BROYLES: Green and red lights.

OLIVIA: And he fits the profile. Expert in a scientific field. But I need you to get an interview request pushed through legal so we can arrange a visitation. Any specific things that Kim might remember about the abduction, like where he was taken maybe.

BROYLES: That might take some time.

OLIVIA: How come?

BROYLES: Says here dashiell kim is a 1027.

OLIVIA: Yeah what's that?

BROYLES: 1027: criminally insane with knowledge of state secrets. Apparently kim had a sideline consulting the defense contracts for JPL. You can't get in to talk to him without official clearance.

OLIVIA: And how long will that take?

BROYLES: If we go through channels six weeks minimum. I've got a contact at Justice. I'll tell him it's urgent. I don't know how a guy that could do this to his own wife. It's gonna help you find a missing kid.

## **A Basement**

JOANNE OSTLER: You've never looked at it in that order have you?

BEN STOCKTON: No.

ABBY STOCKTON: Hi, Bean.

BEN STOCKTON: Mom?

## **Act II**

### **Harvard Lab**

PETER: He did this to his own wife?

OLIVIA: 32 years of marriage. By all accounts they seemed happy. Until dashiell showed up after he was abducted and beat her to death.

WALTER: Did I hear mention of my old friend Dashiell? Of course, I'd recognize his handiwork anywhere.

OLIVIA: You mean he killed others?

WALTER: Well he tried--a patient at the institution — Jasper, but actually I was referring to the equation. Dashiell was obsessed with it.

OLIVIA: Obsessed in what way?

WALTER: He couldn't complete it. I tried to help him solve it once and he came at me with a plastic spork.

PETER: What are you thinking?

OLIVIA: You know Ben's father said that Ben became obsessed with this one piece of music and he couldn't complete it either.

WALTER: I've been listening to it. It's very beautiful. He's light years ahead of where even you were at that age.

PETER: Walter take a look at this. See this function? It appears here here here — It just keeps on repeating over and over.

WALTER: Yes yes it's a recurring expression.

PETER: Or it's a rhythm.

WALTER: Well yes I suppose. Are you suggesting--

PETER: Can you convert that into standard musical notation?

WALTER: Oh-oh-oh I can try.

OLIVIA: What's going on?

PETER: Music is a mathematical language. Chords have numerical values and their notes —  $1/4$ s  $1/8$ s  $1/16$ s — they're all just fraction variables.

OLIVIA: Okay I took the oboe for six months and then quit.

WALTER: Almost there peter. That's nine bars.

PETER: Okay listen to this. Sound familiar?

OLIVIA: That's Ben's song.

WALTER: Yes. Ben's piece is the musical equivalent of dashiell's mathematical formula.

PETER: So how is that possible? They'd never even met each other.

WALTER: It's not so surprising actually. Curious minds often converge on the same idea. Newton and Leibniz independently, without knowing each other, invented calculus. The relevant question is what is it?

OLIVIA: What is what?

PETER: What is it that both Ben and Dashiell are trying to solve?

## **A Basement Room**

BEN STOCKTON: How is this possible? Are we in heaven?

ABBY STOCKTON: No, honey, we're not in heaven.

BEN STOCKTON: But I don't understand. I saw you get hurt.

ABBY STOCKTON: I don't understand either. But I do know that I'm here. And I've missed you so much, Ben. For me to stay you have to do what this woman says. You have to finish the song, Ben. You need to finish it. It's important, Ben.

BEN STOCKTON: Okay. I love you, Mom.

ABBY STOCKTON: I love you, too, Ben.

### **St. Claire's — Sumner's Office**

OLIVIA: Dr. Sumner. Hello. Thank you so much for taking the time to speak with me.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: I understand you're interested in talking to one of my patients, although I - I can't imagine what help Dashiell Kim could be to the FBI.

OLIVIA: We're investigating a missing persons case — a kidnapping, and we believe that before coming here Mr. Kim may have been the victim of an abduction himself, possibly by the same person that we're looking for.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: I suppose you came by this information through a former patient of mine, Dr. Walter bishop? You're the agent who took him three months ago, aren't you?

OLIVIA: Yes, and you should know Dr. Bishop is doing quite well. He's been assisting us since he checked out.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: He has no business being out among the rest of us.

OLIVIA: Well, I appreciate your concern but I'm not here to talk about Dr. Bishop.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: I respect your discretion, provided you respect mine. The mental health of my patients is my primary concern and subjecting them to open-ended interrogations by FBI agents is hardly prudent therapy. I appreciate your position. And I'd like to help, but I can't subject Dashiell to new faces right now.

OLIVIA: Dr. Sumner I'm here because a child's life may be in danger.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: There may be a way we can work this out.

OLIVIA: I'm listening.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: You've assured me that Walter Bishop is doing fine. If that's the case, I'll allow Walter Bishop to talk to Mr. Kim and ask your questions. It might do Dashiell good to see a familiar face.

### **Harvard Lab**

PETER: Olivia, there is nothing to discuss.

OLIVIA: But it's the only way we can make contact with Dashiell Kim.

PETER: Absolutely not. Back to the institution that made him that way.

OLIVIA: We don't have a choice. We need to speak to Dashiell and without Sumner's permission, we need a subpoena, which is going to take time.

PETER: Even if he speaks to Dashiell, what makes you think he's gonna remember a word that he says? The man can't even remember what he had for lunch.

WALTER: I have noticed that you have a habit of referring to me as if I'm not in the room. Does anyone care what I think?

PETER: Yes, Walter. What do you want to do?

WALTER: I'd rather not go.

OLIVIA: Walter...

PETER: Olivia, he said no.

WALTER: That is incorrect. I said, "I'd rather not go," but I will. Every moment that passes is another moment that little boy's life is in danger. Isn't that...correct, Agent Dunham? Then we should go.

### **St. Claire's — Reception**

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: Well, are you ready?

PETER: When you get out, we'll be right here.

OLIVIA: Good luck, walter.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: Come with me.

## **Act III**

### **St. Claire's — Activity Room**

WALTER (to unidentified patient): I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I can't help you.

ATTENDANT: Dr. Bishop, how you been?

WALTER: You know I'm not really back.

ATTENDANT: Yeah, well, it's nice to see you anyway.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: You have ten minutes, Walter.

WALTER: Dashiell, it's me, Walter, Walter bishop.

Walter? You look different.

WALTER: It's the beard.

And you look different too somehow.

WALTER: That smile. Have they altered your medication? Wouldn't surprise me. These medieval quacks are more proficient at phrenology than psychopharmacology.

I miss your jokes, Walter.

WALTER: And I miss your stories. The one about the woman who took you away with the green and red lights. Dashiell, look at me. This is important. The woman, where exactly did she take you?

I'm sorry. I don't know what you're referring to. You must be mistaking me for someone else. Now, if you'll excuse me, I want to sit here and finish my butterscotch pudding in peace.

WALTER: You were always trying to solve it, huh?

DASH Yes. I don't do math anymore, Walter. Mathematical formulations are not conducive to my mental stability.

WALTER: That's fine, but if you recognize the equation, do you not remember the woman with the red and green lights where she--

DASH I don't do math anymore!

(Disruption in background)

WALTER: You used to tell me the story all the time.

DASH-No!

WALTER: You used to drive me crazy.

DASH: I don't do math anymore. I don't care about math.

ATTENDANT: Dr. Bishop.

WALTER: No, I need to know where she took you, damn it.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: That's enough! It's time to go.

WALTER: Where is she?

ATTENDANT: I've got him.

WALTER: Please, Dashiell, it's only --

(Sumner injects Walter)

### **St. Claire's — Sumner's Office**

PETER: What do you mean you sedated him? Walter is legally in my custody. You have no right to keep him here.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: Not only do I have every right to hold him, I have a responsibility to hold him. He accosted mr. Kim. If I release him and something else happens...

OLIVIA: I can assure you that's not going to happen. He's under our supervision.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: Perhaps that's what compounded the problem.

PETER: Meaning what?

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: I had some time to talk to Dr. Bishop after he calmed down about his work assisting you and it is clear that exposing him to the pressures of criminal investigations while indulging his fantastical pseudo-scientific notions has exacerbated the worst features of his mental illness.

PETER: Really?

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: Really.

PETER: 'Cause after some of the things I've seen in the last three months, Walter strikes me as being one of the sanest people I know.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: Is that so?

OLIVIA: I'm gonna make this really simple, Dr. Sumner, Walter Bishop is assisting us in a criminal investigation which you are currently obstructing. So either you release him into our custody, or I will get a court order.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: You go get your court order then.

### **St. Claire's — Walter's Room**

(Walter lies in bed whimpering)

OTHER WALTER: (to Walter) Welcome back, Walter.

## Act IV

### FBI Office

OLIVIA: Where are we on that tip from rochester?

CHARLIE: Local agents are heading to the convenience store where they saw the boy. They're hoping video surveillance can confirm it really was Ben Stockton.

OLIVIA: Okay, well have we set up checkpoints?

CHARLIE: No they're working on it. So far nothing.

UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN: I have the general counsel's office on the phone. It's about Dr. Bishop.

OLIVIA (on telephone): This is Agent Dunham... No, I wanted you to work around the protocol... Please, I need your help... I need to get Bishop out... Okay 7:00 a.m....Thank you.

PETER: What was that?

OLIVIA: Okay, we have to wait till morning for the court order to have Walter released.

PETER: But then he's out.

OLIVIA: I promise. And I'm sorry and obviously you were right.

PETER: No, this was Walter's choice.

OLIVIA: Okay. So if you want to go down to reception, someone can arrange a ride and then at least one of us can get some sleep.

PETER: The woman who abducted Ben — Joanne Ostler — up until now everybody thought she was dead right?

OLIVIA: Yeah.

PETER: Well she's been walking around for the last ten years, she must have been using somebody's name.

OLIVIA: We didn't get any hits on an alias search.

PETER: What'd you base the search on?

OLIVIA: On the anagrams. Like combinations of different family names. It's what most people use if they want to change their identity.

PETER: Thanks, I know that I've done this once or twice myself.

OLIVIA: Why doesn't that surprise me?

PETER: The best lie — the one that's easiest to remember with consistency — is the one that's based on the truth. Whenever I would do this, I would base it on my own last name. Bishop. So Peter king. Peter knight.

OLIVIA: Well, that's a great idea if your last name is as simple as Bishop. What do you do when it's Ostler?

PETER: Is there a computer around here I could use?

(PETER works at computer.)

OLIVIA (on telephone): This is a serial abductor so she's smart. She's probably switched cars since then. I want a record of every stolen car from the last 36 hours.

PETER (to unidentified person): Hey, where does this print? (Person motions) Thanks.

OLIVIA: Every gas station from Middletown to Rochester, and pull all the credit card receipts.

PETER: "Ostler"--Middle English for "innkeeper."

OLIVIA (on cell phone): Hold on.

OLIVIA(to PETER): Middle english.

PETER: The point is "innkeeper" got me to hotels, so I cross-indexed last names that match hotels with her first name.

OLIVIA: Joanne Ritz.

PETER: No photo; just a P.O. Box in Clarksburg.

OLIVIA: P.O. Box.

PETER: Criminals don't really like people like you knowing where they live.

OLIVIA (on cell phone): Can you expand the grid search for Ben Stockton to Clarksburg?

### **A Basement Room**

JOANNE OSTLER: What is it, Ben? What's wrong?

BEN STOCKTON: I...I don't see it.

ABBY STOCKTON: It's okay, Bean. You're doing great, Honey.

BEN STOCKTON: I can't. I don't know how it ends. (Blood drips onto piano keys) Mom.

ABBY STOCKTON: No.

ABBY STOCKTON (to JOANNE OSTLER): Please I don't want to go away.

JOANNE OSTLER: Well, that's up to Ben isn't it?

BEN STOCKTON: Mom!

BEN STOCKTON(to Joanne Ostler): Stop! What are you doing to her?!

JOANNE OSTLER: If you lose her again, you'll only have yourself to blame.

BEN STOCKTON (Screams): Mom!

### **St. Claire's — A Balcony**

WALTER: I'm sorry I upset you last night.

DASHIELL KIM: Go away.

WALTER: There's a little boy out there. He's in trouble. We're his only hope.

DASHIELL KIM: I don't want to talk about math Walter.

WALTER: Okay, okay. I don't need to talk about the equation. I need to know about the woman, where she took you.

DASHIELL KIM: You're wrong. There was no woman.

WALTER: Dash, if you don't, the boy...he'll end up like us.

DASHIELL KIM: Walter please. I can't!

WALTER: Yes, you can.

DASHIELL KIM: It was so beautiful. She promised me things. What I wanted most of all, but when I couldn't solve the equation, she took it away. Everything she promised. It was all a lie. None of it was real. She hurt me. She put me in a dungeon. She filled my mind with images of the people I loved...and then tortured them ripping them apart all the while trying to suck the answers she

wanted out of my head. But I couldn't — I couldn't give her what she wanted.

WALTER: Where were you, Dashiell?

DASHIELL KIM: I told you a dungeon.

WALTER: No! No! No! Not some fantasy you nitwit. Where were you really?

DASHIELL KIM: Dungeon! A dungeon in a red castle!

WALTER: You listen. You answer me. Don't you understand? No listen. This is the only way we'll find him.

DASHIELL KIM: None of it happened. It was just a dream. Just a bad dream.

### **St. Claire's — Reception**

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: You're making a terrible mistake despite whatever strings you've managed to pull your father is not mentally fit to be released from this hospital.

PETER: Thanks for the advice. My personal assessment is that he's safer with me than he is with you. He may not be the picture of sanity but yesterday when I saw him come through that door I saw him change. He was afraid.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: So what are you saying? Are you saying that I somehow Managed to intentionally harm him? Office of homeland security. How'd you pull this off?

PETER: Meaning?

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: Meaning that since you were here last. I learned a little bit about you. Enrolling at M.I.T. based on fraudulent credentials. Starting businesses and failing and then running away from the consequences.

PETER: Do you have a point?

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: You are not a fit guardian for Walter and I'm going to petition the state to have him removed from your custody.

PETER: Excuse me?

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: Whether you're willing to recognize it or not Walter is a danger — both to himself and to others.

PETER: Then I guess the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. 'Cause you may think you know what he's capable of, but you have no idea what I'm capable of.

DR. BRUCE SUMNER: Are you threatening me?

PETER: I'd like to see my father now.

PETER (to Walter): Walter? Are you okay?

WALTER: I'd like to go now.

PETER: Of course we'll ggo right now.

WALTER: I've--I've failed. It was all for nothing. Dashiell went on and on like an incoherent loon about being taken to dungeons and red castles. Son, is that what it's like to talk to me?

PETER: Walter.., let's go home.

### **Clarksburg, MA**

CHARLIE: Excuse me ma'am, I'm special agent Francis with the FBI. I was wondering if you'd seen this boy. His name's Ben Stockton. He's ten years old.

WOMAN AT DOOR OF HOUSE: No, I'm sorry. What happened to him?

OLIVIA (to Peter on cell phone): This is Dunham.

PETER: Hey it's me. I want you to know he's out.

OLIVIA: Oh good! How's he doing?

PETER: Yeah he's okay, but I hope you got a lead there because this was a total bust.

OLIVIA: I'm sorry. So he wasn't able to connect with Dashiell?

PETER: No, he's taking it pretty hard. He's beatin' himself up pretty good.

OLIVIA: Did he get anything?

PETER: He just said the guy was babbling on talking about red castles and dungeons.

OLIVIA: You know he did what he could. I — I'm just glad he's okay.

PETER: Yeah, me too.

OLIVIA: And if any red castles appear, I'll let you know.

PETER: Sure.

(OLIVIA turns and sees a round, red building behind some trees.)

## **Act V**

### **In the "Red Castle"**

CHARLIE: It's not a drawbridge but it's close.

OLIVIA: This place looks like it hasn't been used for a while.

CHARLIE(on cell phone): It's Francis. Could you pull up a property search on an address for me?

OLIVIA: Charlie.

CHARLIE: Yeah.

OLIVIA: I think I found something.

CHARLIE: Watch yourself.

(CHARLIE and OLIVIA go downstairs into basement hallway.)

(OLIVIA enters room and sees BEN STOCKTON)

OLIVIA (to herself): Oh, thank god.

OLIVIA (to Ben Stockton): You're going to be okay.

(JOANNE OSTLER enters room. Fight between OLIVIA and JOANNE OSTLER ensues. OLIVIA chases OSTLER out into hallway.)

OLIVIA (to Joanne Ostler): Stop! Put your hands in the air!

(OSTLER uses device to flash green-green-green-red sequence of lights at OLIVIA.)

CHARLIE: You okay?

OLIVIA: She was just there.

## **Peter's and Walter's Hotel Room**

PETER: Nice to be home right?

WALTER: This place is filthy. Did you have a party while I was gone?

PETER: No Walter I didn't have a party.

WALTER: I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but I need space.

PETER: Oh?

WALTER: Sorry to spring this on you so suddenly but...these quarters are very cramped. I think I am ready for my own room.

PETER: That's — that's not a problem. I can talk to Olivia tomorrow about getting you some on-campus housing.

WALTER: That would be very beneficial.

PETER: You know what you did by going back into that place was very, very brave, Walter.

WALTER: Thank you son.

## **An Unidentified Location**

JOANNE OSTLER: Got it. Now let's see if it really does what you said it would.

(MITCHELL LOEB attaches a device to a safe and places an apple inside the safe.)

MITCHELL LOEB: Where's the equation?

JOANNE OSTLER: Seems crazy That some numbers can make a machine like this work.

MITCHELL LOEB: Look around your house Your office your kitchen — Numbers make everything work. Here we go.

(MITCHELL LOEB dons a glove and, with some effort, reaches through the back wall of the safe and removes the apple.)

JOANNE OSTLER: It worked. That's incredible.

(MITCHELL LOEB kills JOANNE OSTLER with a pistol and takes a bite of the apple.)

MITCHELL LOEB (on phone): It worked.

## **Epilogue (FBI Office)**

OLIVIA: Ben, are you hungry? 'Cause there's a vending machine in the hall and I've got a roll of quarters.

BEN: No, I'm okay. Thanks.

OLIVIA: Sure?

BEN STOCKTON: Mm-hmm.

JEREMY STOCKTON: Ben?

BEN STOCKTON: Dad?

JEREMY STOCKTON: Ben?

BEN STOCKTON: Dad!

BROYLES: Release forms. As soon as he signs they're free to go.

OLIVIA: Yeah, oh — we should maybe just — uh — let them have a minute. I really need to call Peter and Walter. After what Walter went through he'll be happy to know that Ben's all right.

BROYLES: Good work.