

## **Prologue (Massive Dynamic)**

Hey.

Hey.

Sorry.

I've been calling your cell.

The west side highway was a parking lot. Did they start?

Yeah. Charlotte's been tap-dancing for the last twenty minutes.

Damn it.

Wait, your tie.

Oh. Thank you.

Get this.

Thanks.

And breathe.

And Extenza Life's market has remained remarkably stable, especially given Wall Street's recent financial difficulties. But let me turn things over to the man you've come to hear.

Hello.

Mark.

Sorry. I'm late. Thank you for your patience.

It's quickly fading.

Right. So let's get started. Okay, uh, as you can see from figure six, the three year rate of a tern on Extenza Life products exceeds that...

Well, Mister Young, a rocky start, but I'll be letting the board know we're in good hands.

Thank you.

What? Ow! Little bastard. Ow! Son of a- ow!

(screaming)

## **Act 1**

Lauren and Craig will be here. Remember Craig? He's from South Africa?

Yeah, I remember him. Are you sure Bobby's going to be okay with it? You know, Bez, not everybody like a surprise.

Oh please. The man loves being the center of attention. Do you know how many times he told me that he didn't want a party for his birthday? Anyway, I'm glad you're coming. It's been ages since we've had a family talk.

Yeah, can you hold on one sec? I've got another call.

Hello?

I need you to pick up the others and get to the Marlborough Airport.

Okay. I'm going to tell you something and you're going to think I'm joking, but I'm not. I quit. Only just for the next couple of days and I'm happy to rejoin the others after the weekend.

Runway fourteen. The plane will be waiting.

So, where are we going?

Just your average multinational corporation specializing in secret bio research and defense contracting. Massive Dynamic seems like such an innocent name for a corporation, don't you think?

Hmm. That's odd.

What?

The lacerations on the body. These no doubt were caused by shards of glass, but these under the shirt.

They were caused by the glass, how come the shirt's not torn?

A fall of such height would cause compound fractures, massive internal bleeding, all evidenced in this poor chap, I'm sorry to say, but wounds this delicate--most unlikely.

So, what do you think caused them?

Too early to tell. It's a shame I don't have a lab--I'd like to examine him.

You do have a lab, Walter. Your lab at Harvard.

Yes, I do, don't I?

Mark Young was a capable executive who displayed no signs of emotional dysfunction. He was one of our more promising analysts, in fact. Popular among his co-workers.

So why do you think he would jump to his death?

I don't want to sound callous, Agent Dunham, but when you run a company of over three hundred thousand employees, you sometimes see a small percentage who succumb to the stress of their responsibilities, and, on occasion, the nature of our work.

What do you mean by that? "The nature of our work"?

Oh, I was simply referring to the pressure to deliver results, which the private sector seems to require. You would find it exhilarating.

Are you trying to change the subject by offering me another job?

Well, I'd hate to sound like a suitor who's constantly being turned down for a date.

Well, just to be clear, as flattered as I am, I'm going to go wherever this investigation takes me.

I would expect nothing less.

And I would expect more from you than the polite appearance of cooperation. You knew this man. He was a rising star in your company. There must be something more you can tell me about him.

When one's domain includes the cutting edge of science, there is a risk of exposure to ideas that aren't easy to reconcile--certain realities. I'm sure you know what I mean, doing the work that you do. For some, it's too much to take.

You ever wonder how we survived as a species without drugs?

The, uh, hard drive is password-protected. Once we break the encryption, we'll send you his data.

Okay. Thank you.

Well, he wasn't planning on killing himself three days ago. He just booked a plane ticket.

To where?

Omaha, on the twenty-second of December.

Christmas in Nebraska. Sounds depressing.

Yeah, well, maybe he's got family there.

You find something?

No.

Seems my suspicions were correct. These wounds go all the way down to the bone itself, as if they originated on the inside and pierced their way up through the body tissue.

How did that happen?

That is an excellent question.

Peter, do you know what I've been remembering? Aspects of your childhood.

That's charming, Walter. Blood samples are ready. Anything in there that explains those lacerations?

No, I don't believe so. Typical medications, all of them surprisingly legal.

So they wouldn't have harmed him?

That is correct. Although they could have been used as a carrier to transfer the foreign compound to the victim's brain.

What foreign compound?

Oh, didn't I mention it. Um, a synthetic in the blood. An ergoline derivative. Uh, perhaps he was treated for migraines, but it does not explain what caused these wounds.

Coffee yogurt.

The synthetic compound?

Peter, when he was thirteen, all he would eat was coffee yogurt. Almost drove his mother to tears.

Walter, that wasn't me. That was you.

Oh.

Hello?

If that's Agent Dunham, tell her to bring some coffee yogurt.

Can you hold on for one second?

He's right about the yogurt. In case you haven't noticed, I can be quite obsessive.

Really?

Hey. Still there?

Yeah. Um, I'm sorry. I just didn't realize what it would do, hearing your voice.

Listen.

No, listen. Don't bother making up a story, Peter. I know you're back. I need to see you. Peter?

I can't get away right now.

Well, then, when?

Hey, Liv. What do you know about a bunch of frogs? I just got a P.O. request from Agent Farnsworth, asking to send a terrarium and ten pounds of live insect larvae, and charge it off to the Mark Young case. Is there something you want to talk to me about?

Uh, I had some frogs transferred to Walter's lab.

These frogs. You think they have something to do with why the guy jumped out of the window?

Probably not.

Okay.

Charlie?

Yeah?

Come with me. You know how after John died you told me that I should maybe take some time off? You said that what happened with him was going to affect in ways that I couldn't even anticipate.

Yeah.

You were right. I feel like I'm going clinically insane, literally. I told you I saw him standing right in front of me.

This happen again?

And he's called me. He sent me an e-mail, and at first I thought it was him helping me like when we were partners. I know how it sounds.

Have you spoken to Doctor Katz?

Even though it's confidential, I'll still have a psych eval on my record. I know it seems so selfish to even say it, but I was thinking maybe I could just take a personal leave, just do nothing for a week or two and maybe clear my head.

Think that'll help?

I don't know.

Dunham.

Agent Dunham, it's me. Doctor Bishop wants you back immediately. He thinks you've cracked the case. You are not going to believe this, but, um, the guy who jumped out the window? Doctor Bishop thinks it's because of the frogs.

## **Act 2**

Oh, thanks.

Hi.

Hi.

I wasn't sure you'd be here.

That makes two of us. You look good, Tess.

You look older.

Older? When my father first saw me, he told me he thought I'd be fatter, but I got to tell you--older actually kind of hurts.

Your father? Since when do you see your father?

Long story.

Wait, listen to me. If I can find you, then they can find you.

I know.

They'll hurt you.

Can I get you a cup of coffee? Something to eat maybe?

Nothing changes with you, huh? It's the same old Peter, you just play it fast and loose until it's too late.

Tess.

I mean, it was easy enough for you to leave the first time, why should it be any different now, right?

I know that you believe that, Tessa, but you have to trust me, it was harder than you think.

Trust you? I'm not sure I ever even knew you.

Yeah, you did. Maybe better than anyone. You still do.

What does that say about you? I'm not kidding. You need to leave Boston and never come back ever.

Is that what you want me to do?

How can you ask me that? Come on.

Tessa, look, it's comp...

Michael.

Things have changed.

Yeah, apparently.

It'll be worse for you if you stay.

Psychophysiologic effects, otherwise known as psychosomatic. The ability of the mind to cause actual physical changes in the body.

Mind over matter, like when you get scared and you get goosebumps.

Precisely. Although it is possible for the body to manifest physical changes imagined in the brain in a far more dramatic fashion. This test subject is in a highly suggestible state, as you can see in this archive footage. A form of hypnosis. I convinced him that he was in a meat locker. And what is more impressive, I told him that this ice cube was a burning coal.

Oh, my god.

Cruel, I suppose, but very enlightening.

So, Walter, what does this have to do with frogs?

Uh, toads, actually--*Bufo alvarius*, a species which secretes a psychoactive compound. The substance which I couldn't identify in Mr. Young was in fact a concentration of the venom produced in the skin. Properly altered, it's an hallucinogen, a very powerful one. Quite unlike anything I have taken. It directly affects the amygdala, which is the fear center of the brain.

So you're saying that Mark Young hallucinated being cut on his body, and then his mind made it actually happen.

Yes. A very clever means of murder.

What do you mean "murder"?

Oh, come on, we've discussed this. I'm sure we have discussed this.

No, no, you and I did before Olivia got here.

The potency of the dose that I found in Mr. Young's blood was at least 30 times that that any sane person would ingest, which suggests that someone else gave him the drugs.

So whoever those frogs belong to may be the killer.

I ran a property record search on the basement where you found the toads, but nothing came up. How'd you even find it in the first place?

It's a long story.

Walter. Walter. The shed where I found the frogs, John Scott led me to it.

You've been seeing him again because his memories are still in your head.

His memories?

Yes. Trapped like fragments, snapshots in your mind. Your work on this case must be a trigger to some knowledge he had.

So how long? I mean, how long is this gonna keep happening?

Could last for many years.

I need to get it out. I can't keep having John's life flash in front of my eyes every few days. There must be something you can do.

Perhaps, using a form of repressed memory therapy, we may be able to bring the memories to the surface, and purge them from your unconscious. But...

You'd have to put me back in the tank.

Yes. Yes. And I would always advise against that. The risk of physical, not to mention mental damage, it might cause could be catastrophic.

Walter, I'll do it. I need to do it.

Yeah.

Peter, it's Agent Farnsworth. Um, where are you?

Just putting some gas in the car. Why, what's up?

I think you should just come back.

Ugh, Walter! How long is going to take?

Miss Dunham, what we're doing, what you have asked me to do, is pushing the boundaries of all that is real and possible. We're not roasting a turkey.

The library was not open. I had to go to the book store.

What for?

When you're in the tank, you must listen to my voice at all times. This is a technique I developed decades ago in this very lab. Most of which I don't remember.

Is Peter coming?

Yes.

Is that a bible?

Yes. Last time you were in the sensory deprivation tank, you went into a state of shared consciousness with Agent Scott. During that time, part of his memories crossed over into your brain. By putting you into a state of deep hypnosis, and by giving you substantial doses of psychoactive drugs, I can help you to access those alien memories that your mind has repressed. My voice is your guide. It is also your tether to reality. You must focus on my voice, or you may risk being lost in the memories. Uh oh.

What?

I just got an erection. Oh, fear not. It's nothing to do with your state of undress. I think I simply need to urinate.

That's good to know.

Will you get her in the tank, please?

Are you sure about doing this again?

All I want is for it to stop, but if his memories can do some good, then at least I wasn't deceived for nothing.

You'll begin to feel sleepy. You must listen to my voice at all times. Concentrate on the name of the man from whom you seek information. And look for signs.

Signs?

I'll tell you when you get there.

Walter, what was the Bible for?

Well, you're taking untested psychedelics, lying in saline with an electric charge in the base of your cranium. Among other things, I thought it appropriate to pray you don't get electrocuted.

Praise the Lord.

Amen.

## Act 3

Next!

"Then I will sprinkle clean water upon you"

"And ye shall be clean. And of all thy filthiness, and all thy idols, I will cleanse thee and a new spirit I will give to thee. And a new spirit I will put within thee."

Wow, nice. I didn't know you were so religious.

I'm not. Not anymore.

Olivia, can you hear me?

Yes.

Good. You see the end of the escalator, Olivia? You will step off in five, four, three, two, one. Take a moment. Look around. What do you see?

I see nothing. Just light.

Olivia, listen carefully. Apart from my voice, what else do you hear?

Music.

Excellent. Where is it coming from? You should be able to see something.

There's nothing. I don't know where I am.

Stand by. Anything now? What do you see?

Nothing. Wait, there's a door.

Good. Walk through it. Tell me where you end up.

I'm in a restaurant.

Does it look familiar?

Sort of, but I don't know why. This is where we had our first date. And there we are. This is our first date.

Can...can you see yourself and John?

What's going on?

She's gone back in.

What? Olivia went back in the tank? why?

Son, I need your help.

Walter, you said that this was dangerous.

Oh, it is. Very.

She thinks John Scott had information about the man who killed himself.

So, what, she went back in the tank to go talk to John Scott?

To see his memories.

Look at him. He looks so alive.

Maybe.

What do you mean, "maybe"?

You'll see.

So real.

I need you to adjust the drugs.

Well, what did you give her this time?

Drugs I'd rather be taking myself. Set the IV to ten drips per. Peter, please.

I'm getting up. What should I do?

Fear not. This is just a memory. Um, just visiting. They cannot see you.

He's alone.

John.

He cannot hear you or speak with you. You're in a memory. He cannot interact with you. Olivia, I'm going to take you elsewhere.

I loved you. Tonight, during dinner, I loved you, but you were lying to me about who you were. I mean, did you ever have any feelings for me at all, or was it all just...? Mark Young killed himself yesterday.

He sees me.

No, Olivia. He definitely does not see you.

I'm somewhere else. I'm in John's car.

Good. Do you see any clues?

I'm alone.

He must be there. Find out where you are.

There's no one here.

It's his memory. He must be there somewhere.

I see them.

Who?

Ask her what she sees.

Wh...what do you see?

There's four men. There's John, a black guy, one who looks Latino, and the fourth I can't see. I don't

know who they are.

Let's give him a minute.

This is a big decision he's about to make.

All right, I'm good.

Oh, my God. It's Mark Young. I see him. He's here.

Can you hear anything?

All right.

I'll get closer. Young's leaving with the Latino. I'm going after them.

Now you just do your part, and we'll take care of you. We do this one deal, and it's hasta luego.

They've disappeared.

That's because you're not in their memories. You're in John's. You must go back to him.

You know if it's on time?

It will be. He'll deliver. He's just a little nervous. See the look he gave me when you told him how much you'd be willing to offer?

I hope you're right. If we get into another Ashley situation, we're screwed.

No! Stop! No! Get me outta here! Walter!

## **Act 4**

So just a little less chin.

Okay. How's this?

That's it. That's the Latino guy I saw in John's memory. He's the only one of the four still alive. We need to figure out who he is and find him. So, can we get this to Charlie, and maybe we can get it ID'd?

Got it.

Hey.

Hey.

You're on my clothes.

Oh, sorry.

That's okay.

You okay?

Yeah. John's memories gave us a lead, so I better get a move on. I need to see Broyles.

You want some company?

No. Thanks.

Olivia, if you need me, I'm here.

Yeah, I know.

We believe Mark Young was murdered for selling technologies to black market buyers. And we believe that this man was part of an underground group responsible for brokering the sale of a synthetic hallucinogen manufactured by Massive Dynamic's drug division.

And what would be the black market applications of this hallucinogen?

The drug can easily be mass produced as a cheap street drug or worse. In its potent form, used as a chemical weapon. Apparently it can literally scare you to death.

Then don't let me slow you down. Sounds like you're doing fine.

There's just one more thing. We're gonna need Massive Dynamic to disclose every project that Mark Young was working on.

You're right. Although that'll be easier said than done. I'll see what I can do.

If you touch her again, I'll kill you.

Any luck?

We've been running facial recognition software. So far no matches.

Witness sightings?

NYPD's passing the composite around Young's apartment building and office as we speak.

Oh, yeah, I need you to cross reference all of John Scott's case files with Mark Young. Yeah. Hold on.

From Nina Sharp.

Mark Young's projects.

Yeah, can you call me back if you find something? Thank you.

Hello?

Hello, I'm calling on behalf of your long distance carrier.

I'm not interested. And I don't want you calling again. So take me off your list, okay? Hasta luego.

We do this one deal, and it's hasta luego.

I need this phone traced. This is our guy.

How do you know?

I recognize his voice.

You recognize his voice?

It's him, Charlie. I swear.

Come on.

Almost there. Got it. It's a land line, but it was forwarded to a cell.

Where?

He's in transit on Route 3 heading to Lincoln Tunnel.

How far out are we?

About a mile and closing.

We got 'em. Name on the account is George Morales, age forty-three. Purchased a plane ticket this morning. Three forty-five flight down to Sao Paulo out of JFK.

So he must be on his way there now.

According to NCIC, he's a black market trafficker, high end.

So how far out are we?

Five hundred and fifty yards.

Echo flank left foxtrot.

Flank right.

Wait, he stopped.

What, did we lose the signal?

No, he just stopped.

So do you think he ditched his phone?

I don't know why he would. There's no way he could have spotted us. Looks like he hit traffic.

Where's the transponder? Let's go. Charlie!

You okay? Call 911!

He's okay.

## **Act 5**

I'm told you wanted to see me.

Yes. I want to make a deal. I'll tell you everything I know.

I'm not sure what you have to trade. Under Title Eighteen of the U.S. code, we have you for possession of chemical weapons on top of suspicion of murder of Mark Young.

I want protection.

You mean immunity.

No, I mean protection. From Massive Dynamic. You need to move me from here right now.

What are you talking about?

I didn't kill anybody. Why would I? That guy was a treasure trove of unbelievable things. Massive Dynamic killed him.

Massive Dynamic killed Mark Young?

That's right.

Why would they?

Maybe as a warning to any employee who's thinking of doing the same thing.

Maybe? I think it's easy to invent a story that you think I want to hear.

Really? Did I invent ZFT? Flight 627? The Northwoods group? John Scott? The Pattern? The whole thing is, is a hoax. It's all a smoke screen so Massive Dynamic can do whatever it wants to whoever it wants. Do you understand that? Massive Dynamic is hell, and its founder, William Bell, is the devil. And I can prove all of it, but only if I get protection.

So why me? Why do I get the privilege of your cooperation?

Because I know I can trust you.

You don't even know me.

John Scott told me about you. Immunity and complete protection, and I will tell you everything I know.

Agent Dunham, I don't recall seeing you on my schedule today.

Well, I don't need an appointment, Ms. Sharp.

It's all right.

No matter where my investigations take me, they always come back here.

Well, I don't know what you've heard since we last saw each other, but I would hope that my cooperation would have garnered some benefit of the doubt. Massive Dynamic has nothing to hide.

It's about time. What took you so long?

See, I believe that your cooperation is an illusion. It never leads to something tangible. It only leads to more questions. And that's the point, isn't it? To keep us all asking questions? All just chasing our own tails?

Are you sure you're feeling well, Miss Dunham? I think perhaps you're perceiving things that are entirely in your mind's eye.

I wanted to thank you for all your job offers, and I'm sorry that it's taken me so long to give you an answer, but I, um, I think I finally have one.

Yes, it's obvious in your expression. Well, I understand that you've captured your suspect.

I imagine that in an effort to seek an immunity agreement from your agency, he's attempting to blame Massive Dynamic for all his foul deeds.

Are you protecting your CEO, William Bell? Because if you are, now is the time to tell me. Once our witness talks, you lose all leverage in a plea.

I seriously doubt that your witness will be able to provide any actionable evidence to implicate Massive Dynamic or William Bell of any wrongdoing.

No, please! No, John, please don't! I won't say anything.

Dunham.

Our witness is dead.

What?

Seems he was drugged with the same substance as Mark Young.

How? We had guards on his room.

We don't know yet, but a nurse saw his throat open up right before her eyes.

Nina Sharp.

Excuse me?

She got to him, and there'll be no evidence of that, just like you said.

Dunham, Nina Sharp and Massive Dynamic have been nothing but cooperative with this investigation. I suggest you keep your unfounded accusations in check.

Walter. Hi. Can you come out? Um, I need to go back in.

In our room?

Uh, no. In the tank. There are too many questions. Like who's working for whom? And why? Who should be arrested? who's plotting what? And if John had the answers, Then the answers are still in his memory, which means that they're in my memory.

Miss Dunham.

Please, Walter. We're wasting time.

It's dangerous.

I am prepared to take that risk.

There is little that makes me happier than taking drugs. Perhaps administering them, designing and carrying out experiments that bend the plane of what we consider reality. I'm rarely if ever opposed to such things except now. But I tell you, you'll damage yourself. Every time you go back in, the risk of permanent damage--seizures, aneurysms, memory loss, death...

But if I don't go back in, others may die.

And if you do, the death could be your own. There are no guarantees that you will retrieve the memories you're looking for. And remember, there can be no interaction with him. You can't just ask.

He did see me.

No. No, that is not possible. Give me some time. I will try to develop a safer technique. But not tonight. You need to rest. Sleep well.

You too.

Tell him to have the money or I'll have to break his legs too. I gotta go.

What the hell happened to you?

He's back in town, Peter Bishop.

Peter Bishop, really?