

## PROLOGUE

### **Olivia's Home - Bedtime for Ella**

(curled-up under the covers with her niece, reading and getting ready for sleep)

OLIVIA: ... and the Bear came across a Fox, and the Fox said... Bear, Bear, stop right there. There's a monster up ahead.

RACHEL: (coming in from the adjacent room) Okay, bedtime.

ELLA: No, no, this is the last book.

RACHEL: Oh, I thought that the last book - was the last book.

OLIVIA: We are almost done.

RACHEL: You guys work well together, and I don't like it.

OLIVIA: (answers ringing phone) Hello.

PETER: (from the lab) Hey, it's Peter.

OLIVIA: Hi. What's wrong?

PETER: What's wrong?

OLIVIA: Is there something wrong?

PETER: No. Why, what's wrong with you?

OLIVIA: Uh, nothing. I assumed there was an emergency.

PETER: Nope. no emergency.

OLIVIA: What's up?

PETER: Nothing, I was actually calling for Rachel, is she there?

OLIVIA: Yeah.

PETER: Actually, it's kinda stupid. I can call back later if you guys are in the middle of something.

OLIVIA: No, no, she's right here. Uh, Rach, it's for you. It's Peter.

RACHEL: Oh. (takes phone) Hey. (listens) Yeah, did you remember it or not? (laughs) Are you serious? (walks to other room) What is it?

ELLA: Aunt Liv, can we keep on going?

RACHEL: (in background) ...no, never...

OLIVIA: Yeah.

RACHEL: (in background) All right, hold on. (loudly to Peter) Hold on a second. Hold on.

OLIVIA: uh. But I don't see any monster, the Bear said. and he kept walking because he didn't believe there was a monster up ahead.

ELLA: Aunt Liv?

OLIVIA: Yeah?

ELLA: Monsters aren't real, right?

OLIVIA: No, Sweetheart. They're not.

## **Swift Research - Anarchy Rules**

(the cages are rattling and the lab animals are upset when four young criminals break into the testing facility and begin to vandalize the property, destroy equipment, spray graffiti on the walls and release the caged animals)

FEMALE CRIMINAL: The cameras are dark.

MALE CRIMINAL: Let's go. We gotta move.

JONATHAN SWIFT: I told you, relax. The alarm's disabled.

MALE CRIMINAL: There might be a backup system.

JONATHAN SWIFT: No, there isn't. I checked all the security. Why don't you finish up in here? I want to see what's behind this door. (breaks a lock and trips a silent alarm at a nearby private residence)

(the geneticist responsible for much of the advanced research at the lab, Cameron Deglmann, is awoken by a noisy text message reporting the crime at Swift Research. he races there in a vehicle)

FEMALE CRIMINAL: (eager to leave the crime scene) Come on, Jonathan. We've gotta get outta here.

JONATHAN SWIFT: Hold on a second. (walks to a large metal door at the back of the area, opens it and hears a deep growl)

CAMERON DEGLMANN: (after racing through the night, he pulls up in a vehicle. enters through the shipping doors in his pajamas and robe. with a flashlight and drawn pistol, he confronts the intruders) Stop right there!

FEMALE CRIMINAL: You should be arrested for what you do. We let them all go. All of them. These animals deserve better. How would you like to be caged up and tortured? (the security responder sees that the once locked metal door is wide open and walks to it, concerned. he is followed with) Shame on you for what you do. These are living creatures and you murder them. You're a killer.

CAMERON DEGLMANN: Tell me you didn't open that door in there.

JONATHAN SWIFT: Yeah, you bet I did.

CAMERON DEGLMANN: (completely panicky) Get out now! All of you! Get out! (walks into room)

FEMALE CRIMINAL: You should be arrested. Experimenting on animals is a crime.

CAMERON DEGLMANN: Somebody shut her up! (as he is grabbed violently from behind... returning for a second, vomiting blood)

CHRIS HAWKINS: Let's go! let's go! (foursome runs from the lab) Let's go. come on! (Jonathan is grabbed from behind as they start to exit the facility. he is dragged back inside)

FEMALE CRIMINAL: Jonathan!

CHRIS HAWKINS: Let's go. come on, go!

(the trio races away into the night in a vehicle)

MALE CRIMINAL: What the hell was that?

FEMALE CRIMINAL: That thing, that thing grabbed that guy.

MALE CRIMINAL: I'm freaking out, man. What do we do? Do we call the police?

FEMALE CRIMINAL: We can't leave Jonathan. We have to go back.

CHRIS HAWKINS: No, no, no.

FEMALE CRIMINAL: This is crazy. This is crazy. (screams as the car lurches) What is that?

CHRIS HAWKINS: I don't know! I can't see anything!

(the vehicle departs the road and rolls through the woods)

FEMALE CRIMINAL: (to her silent cohort as he bleeds from the mouth) Chris?

MALE CRIMINAL: What did that?

(inverted and trapped in the backseat, she screams as she sees a beast charging at her from outside the car)

## **ACT I**

### **Walter's Lab - Morning Coffee**

PETER (Entering lab to Astrid): One cream, one sugar.

ASTRID: Thank you, Peter.

(Peter walks over to what appears to be an omelet lying on a plate and starts to cut a piece.)

WALTER: Peter, no!

PETER: Walter, we talked about sharing.

WALTER: That's not to eat. you've ruined it.

PETER: It's an omelet.

WALTER: It's not an omelet! (Lifts top of item to display an ear.)

PETER: Oh,my--ugh! Walter,why is there an ear in the omelet?

WALTER: It was an experiment. It was a protein-rich incubator. It was growing.

PETER: It was growing? that's perfect.

WALTER: No,it's not perfect. You just ruined it. And you could have died, had you eaten it.

(Phone rings)

ASTRID (Into phone): - Hello? - Really?

PETER: You know, maybe in the future you could do me a favor and just put a sign warning me not to confuse your toxic playthings with breakfast.

WALTER: Maybe you should get your own breakfast and not poach mine.

PETER: Dad, that is hardly the point. Remember yesterday when I nearly washed my face in a sink full of acid? Or three days ago you hooked gene up to the solar panels and I nearly electrocuted myself.

WALTER: This is a lab. You're the one who should be careful. I trust you look both ways when you cross the street.

PETER: Yeah, but the difference being that if I don't, I'm the only one who gets flattened. You, Walter, you live in a society with other people.

ASTRID: - Hey.

PETER: - What?!

ASTRID: That was Olivia.

## **At an Overturned SUV in the Woods**

BROYLES: Local P.D. found the vehicle a couple hours ago. Three bodies inside two male, one female.

OLIVIA: And the cause of death?

BROYLES: They appear to have been attacked by an animal, but the coroner's never seen anything like it. Whatever did this doesn't appear to be indigenous to the area.

CHARLIE: Well, wherever it is indigenous to, I don't wanna live there.

WALTER: Oh, interesting.

PETER: Some would say disgusting.

WALTER: Whatever did this had enormous claws, like those of a bear or of one of the big cats. -- The spread of the digits, v-shaped. -- It's too wide for one of those creatures. -- Configuration closer to that of an eagle -- Of course much, much larger.

PETER: Hey, we're looking for big bird.

WALTER: Don't be ridiculous. Perhaps a pterodactyl...

OLIVIA: Have evidence techs bag their I.D.s?

CHARLIE: No, I don't think they were carrying any.

OLIVIA: Maybe this is why.

CHARLIE: That's a Brockhage lock pick gun,

PETER: They work great. A little bulky for my taste, but--

CHARLIE: Looks like these kids were out for more than a joyride.

WALTER: Mmm, this is quite delicious.

PETER: Where did you get that?

WALTER: In the car, uneaten.

PETER: What is the matter with you?

WALTER: Oh, forgive my son. He's been in a mood all day.

PETER: I just figured "don't eat the evidence", went without saying.

WALTER: I assure you it has no bearing on the case.

OLIVIA (Peers into vehicle and sees drink cups): Four drinks.

CHARLIE: Three bodies.

OLIVIA: There were four people in this group.

CHARLIE: We're missing a body.

OLIVIA (To Broyles): Have we searched the woods?

BROYLES: We had canine units canvass the area. We didn't turn up any other bodies.

OLIVIA: Well, maybe one of them got away and survived.

BROYLES: If they did, they could answer a lot of questions.

CHARLIE: I'm gonna check local hospitals, see if the emergency room has anything that lines up with an animal attack.

PETER: All this stuff is from Junkie Genie's. It's a fast food joint up by M.I.T. Food is crap. But it's

cheap, and it's open late. So it's always filled with undergrads.

BROYLES: I thought you falsified your degree from M.I.T.

WALTER: Yeah, Peter, why commit to anything when you can just fake it?

PETER: I spent some nights there.

OLIVIA: Maybe we should go through the student database and see if we can I.D. any of the victims.

### **Cambridge - Theta Alpha Zeta House**

OLIVIA: I understand Chris Hawkins lives here. (Displays credentials) Olivia Dunham, FBI.

CARL BUSSLER: Yeah, um, Chris isn't here.

OLIVIA: I know, but would you mind if I ask you a few questions?

CARL BUSSLER: I'm Carl. And no, I would love it. Come on in.

OLIVIA: Thank you.

(Olivia enters the living room and sees a clear plastic pipe)

CARL BUSSLER: Oh, yeah, that isn't mine. That was left here by a stranger. Can I get you something? Orange juice? candy?

OLIVIA: How 'bout some pants?

CARL BUSSLER: Yeah, I can do that.

(Carl slips into a pair of trousers.)

OLIVIA: So how well do you know Chris?

CARL BUSSLER: Oh, you know, okay. Kinda, "Hey, how's it going?" "nice, whatever." "what's for dinner?" That kinda stuff. Why, is he in some kind of trouble?

OLIVIA: I'm not at liberty to say.

CARL BUSSLER: Oh, no, no, no. Just 'cause he doesn't seem like the type, you know, to get into FBI kinda trouble.

OLIVIA: Why do you say that?

CARL BUSSLER: He's always making fliers, going to rallies. You know, political.

OLIVIA: So what kinda causes?

CARL BUSSLER: It's really just the one. Uh, "Animals Forever," I think it's called. Or, no, no, no. "Animals First."

OLIVIA: He was an animal rights activist?

CARL BUSSLER: Yeah, definitely. He'd save anything with a beak or a claw.

### **Walter's Lab - Autopsies**

ASTRID: Jeez. Whatever got to him had some pretty nasty claws.

WALTER: Ooh, Ooh. And some very large fangs.

PETER: What is that?

WALTER: Punctures from the fangs of most likely some type of viper.

ASTRID: So this thing had the claws of a lion and the fangs of a snake?

WALTER: It reminds me of a woman I once knew in Cleveland.

PETER: Walter, these punctures are over four inches apart. and that would make this snake eight-foot long.

WALTER: Her name was Harriet something.

OLIVIA: How is everything?

PETER: Well, apparently you're looking for a lion-snake named Harriet.

PETER: Did you find anything at M.I.T.?

OLIVIA: Yeah, the victims were all animal rights activists, A group called "Animals First."

PETER: So you think that they were breaking into labs that were doing animal testing?

OLIVIA: And releasing the animals, which would explain the burglary tools and the lack of I.D.

PETER: It would, but it wouldn't explain how whatever it is that these guys released was able to rip a door off their car and kill 'em all.

OLIVIA: Walter, have you got any idea what kind of animal would be in a lab that could do this?

WALTER: Well, judging by the wounds, I'd say two or three different ones actually.

PETER: Right, a motley crew of lab animals got together and decided to exact their revenge on mankind.

OLIVIA: Astrid, let's look up labs in the area that do research with animals and--

ASTRID: See if any of them reported break-ins? Yep, I'm on it.

(Walter continues his examination of a corpse. He removes a spine from one of the wounds and examines it.)

WALTER: Oh, no.

### **Trouble at the Wooded Area**

(Animal control vehicle pulls off road.)

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER 1: This is unit 81 responding to the...monster sighting on route 30.

DISPATCHER (On Radio): Roger that, 81.

(Animal control officers exit their vehicle.)

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER 1: It's always a monster. Monster must be housewife for raccoon.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER 2: You hear that?

(Animal control officers move toward a growling sound.)

### **Olivia and Peter Talk**

PETER: Any leads on the fourth victim?

OLIVIA: No.

PETER: What?

OLIVIA: Nothing. You called Rachel last night - Anything important?

PETER: - Hardly. You know that song "If you like pina coladas?" We were trying to remember the name. It turns out it's called "Escape."

OLIVIA: So you two are friends now?

PETER: Does that bother you?

OLIVIA (Unconvincingly): No.

(Peter grins.)

(Olivia's phone rings.)

OLIVIA: Hey, Charlie, what's up?

WALTER (Looking through some of his old files): Oh, good heavens.

OLIVIA: Astrid, Charlie just called. Animal control got a call from a woman in Newton who claims that she nearly hit a monster on route 30. So I'm gonna go meet him there. Will you call me if you find anything?

ASTRID: Ah, sure thing.

OLIVIA: - thanks.

WALTER: Olivia, be careful.

OLIVIA: Thank you, Walter.

(Olivia leaves.)

PETER: What was that all about?

WALTER: Nothing. Just want her to be safe.

## **A Wooded Area**

(Charlie Francis approaches the animal control truck in his vehicle. He exits the vehicle.)

CHARLIE: Hello?

(Charlie approaches the truck and opens the driver side door. He sees the mauled body of one of the animal control officers and calls a number on phone.)

CHARLIE: This is Francis. I need medevac teams and backup sent to my location.

(Charlie draws his weapons and proceeds into the woods, where he finds the body of the second animal control officer. As Charlie looks around, the tail of the unknown beast descends from above him. The camera cuts to Olivia arriving at the scene. She hears shots being fired. She draws her weapons and runs toward the sound.)

OLIVIA: Charlie? Charlie?

(Olivia finds Charlie under a tree.)

OLIVIA: Charlie. How bad is it?

CHARLIE: I don't know. Uh, I'm all right.

OLIVIA: What was it?

CHARLIE: Big.

## **ACT II**

### **Animal Control Van - Assisting Charlie**

OLIVIA: Uhh

PETER: What the heck is that? (as the EMT pulls a quill from Charlie's chest)

WALTER: (barking at the EMT) Put the stinger in here, please. Now, please, in here. Excellent. Thank you. Thank you very much.

EMT: Agent. I'd like you to get that eyed down at the hospital.

CHARLIE: No, thanks. It won't be necessary.

WALTER: Agent Francis, I'm told you were attacked by the beast. What did it feel like?

CHARLIE: It hurt.

WALTER: No, I mean the animal's dermis. Was it rough like a rhinoceros?

CHARLIE: I haven't felt any rhinos lately. But, uh, it was course like sandpaper.

WALTER: And the metasoma, the tail, was it segmented like a scorpion?

CHARLIE: I didn't get a good look at it. It kept on knocking me on my ass.

WALTER: Perhaps you did, you just can't remember. Trauma can do that. I could hypnotize you --

OLIVIA: Walter, I think that that's enough for the moment.

WALTER: But it would be very helpful to identify the traits.

PETER: Are you okay? Did you take something?

WALTER: Psychedelics? No, not since Thursday, no.

OLIVIA: Walter, why don't you share what you're thinking?

WALTER: I believe we may be dealing with a transgenic species.

OLIVIA: Which is what?

WALTER: It's an animal creation. Um, an organism made up of the genes of multiple species. The best of the best, as it were.

OLIVIA: You're saying that you think the creature is man-made?

WALTER: Accelerated Darwinism.

OLIVIA: Is that even possible?

WALTER: In theory, yes. Although one would have to solve many problems -- Incompatible species, Massive mutual rejection, similar to when a transplant recipient rejects a donor organ.

PETER: And there's a reason for that. Mixing a bunch of species to create a franken-rhino Is unnatural And a really bad idea.

OLIVIA: (answers ringing cell phone) Dunham.

ASTRID: (from the lab) Hey, it's me. Is Charlie all right?

OLIVIA: Yeah, he's okay.

ASTRID: Thank god. Okay, um, you wanted me to look into any labs that might house animals near the first crime scene.

OLIVIA: And?

## **Swift Research - Olivia Interviews**

ROBERT SWIFT: How can I help you, Agent Dunham?

OLIVIA: Doctor Swift? You could start by telling me what sort of work you do here at Swift Research.

ROBERT SWIFT: Well, we're commissioned by pharmaceutical and cosmetic companies to test their

products, to make sure they're safe before using them in human trials.

OLIVIA: Oh, by uh, testing them on animals first?

ROBERT SWIFT: Well, it's an unfortunate but necessary step. We feel it's better to have an animal experience an allergic reaction to a certain perfume... so that you don't have to.

OLIVIA: Uh, Doctor Swift. Are you aware that a group of college students were attacked and killed near this facility last night?

ROBERT SWIFT: Attacked? By whom?

OLIVIA: That's what we're trying to determine. We believe these students may have been -- Are you okay?

ROBERT SWIFT: Um, no, actually. We're three days behind on a deadline. You'll excuse me if I seem insensitive, but what does this have to do with me and this lab?

OLIVIA: We believe they were animal rights activists. That they were killed after they broke in and released animals from a facility much like you have here.

ROBERT SWIFT: So you're suggesting that a lab animal is responsible?

OLIVIA: Well, maybe one that was genetically altered? Do you do any of that sort of work here?

ROBERT SWIFT: No, Agent Dunham. I told you we only test products. And what's more, there was no break-in.

OLIVIA: (sees a painter with a roller brush walk by) Doing some cleanup work?

ROBERT SWIFT: Hundreds of animals in and out of here every week. As I'm sure you can probably imagine, the cleanup never ends.

OLIVIA: Mind if I take a look?

ROBERT SWIFT: Uh, not to be a rude host, but you actually do need a warrant. Understand that we deal with billion-dollar trade secrets, and I am obligated to respect my clients' confidentiality.

### **Walter's Lab - Strange Dialogue**

(Astrid does busy work around the lab as Walter seems to be having a private conversation, with himself)

WALTER: No, hmm? --- How would we accomplish that? --- Wait, damn it! --- How can I concentrate with you running around?

ASTRID: Walter, are you talking to me?

WALTER: No, just thinking out loud.

OLIVIA: (return to the lab) Hey. Walter. Walter, I need you to tell me what exactly you would need to create a genetic hybrid, like specific items, so that I can see if Robert Swift bought any of it.

WALTER: I would need some sodium bicarbonate. And a house in the country, a place to be alone with my thoughts. Some Mahler for the late nights. And time. A lot of time.

PETER: I know, it's like he's on another planet. You've seen him. he's been like that all day.

OLIVIA: But can you focus him?

PETER: Focusing walter is even at the best of times just a matter of degrees. (hesitates) Okay, fine.

OLIVIA: Thank you.

PETER: (pursues him across the lab) Hey, Walter, I need you to step back to the planet Earth for a second and focus on something that isn't about you.

WALTER: Peter... I'm afraid this is about me, about my work. I found this book among my old files.

PETER: What is this, Walter? (opens to see sketches of hybrid animals) Olivia, take a look at this. Is this the creature?

WALTER: No.

WALTER: But I fear it's quite similar.

PETER: Where did you get this?

WALTER: I tried to make it 20 years ago.

OLIVIA: Are you saying you created this?

WALTER: Not this one specifically. My experiments were a failure.

PETER: (angry) You knew. you knew all along. You knew that this was connected to your work, and you knew you had information that could help us, but you kept it to yourself.

WALTER: My creatures didn't survive. Someone else must have finished my work.

OLIVIA: Who, Walter? who could have done this? Twenty years ago, who were you working with?

WALTER: Kelvin Genetics. We were doing classified work for the U. S. Army.

OLIVIA: I Need a name, Walter.

ASTRID: ...uh, guys.

OLIVIA: Do you remember anybody specific?

WALTER: No

ASTRID: Guys. This body is moving.

PETER: What?

WALTER: He's still alive. Quick, unzip it. They may be suffocating.

PETER: ugh! Maggots!

WALTER: No, not maggots. Larvae from the creature.

OLIVIA: You mean that these are baby monsters?

WALTER: Yes. We must collect them. Peter, a petri dish. (the thorax of the corpse breaks open and hundreds of maggots spill out)

WALTER: Make it a bucket.

ASTRID: I'm gonna be sick.

WALTER: Two buckets.

OLIVIA: Walter, how is this even possible?

WALTER: The stinger. It must carry the eggs. It transfers them to a suitable incubator.

ASTRID: What, you mean it plants the eggs when it stings you?

WALTER: Yeah. it's fascinating.

OLIVIA: Oh, god. Charlie.

### **Charlie's House – Tough Day Over**

(a newscaster reports on the TV in the bedroom)

REPORTER: ...so far there have been three reported sightings in the Greater Boston Area -- Two in

Medford and one in Arlington. Authorities advise if you see it or any other wild animal, (a familiar bald character crosses the camerashot) do not try to confront it yourself..

SONIA FRANCIS: Do you hear this? There's some kind of mountain lion on the loose.

CHARLIE: Mountain lion?

SONIA FRANCIS: Yeah, in Boston. Where does a mountain lion come from in Boston.

CHARLIE: Maybe it escaped from the zoo.

SONIA FRANCIS: Well, I doubt that, otherwise they would just say so. (crawls in bed)

REPORTER: ...local authorities advise that if you do spot the mountain lion that you should not try to approach it..

CHARLIE: Well, baby, that's why you married me.

SONIA FRANCIS: Why?

CHARLIE: 'cause I can protect you from all the scary things that are out there.

SONIA FRANCIS: And, uh, who's gonna protect you?

CHARLIE: (crawls in bed) I told you, it's just a scrape. Bad guy, broken bottle.

SONIA FRANCIS: Ohh.

CHARLIE: Nothing I haven't handled before a dozen times.

SONIA FRANCIS: Who's that?

CHARLIE: (answers the ringing doorbell) Liv.

OLIVIA: Charlie, hey.

CHARLIE: What's up?

OLIVIA: ...uh.

CHARLIE: You okay?

OLIVIA: Yeah, Charlie, um -- but you may not be.

## **ACT III**

### **Walter's Lab - Helping Charlie**

(a squeeze bottle full of gel is unceremoniously dumped on Charlie's abdomen)

WALTER: ... electro-conductive gel for the ultrasound.

CHARLIE: Enough with the suspense. What is it exactly that we're looking for?

WALTER: I believe that the stinger we found in you implanted the creature's embryos. I think this is why the creature didn't eat you. I think you may be carrying its offspring.

CHARLIE: You trying to tell me that I'm pregnant?

OLIVIA: We're hoping not.

CHARLIE: (as Walter studies the monitor) So?

WALTER: (to Astrid) Ten times magnification. (sees the parasitic larvae clearly active) huh.

CHARLIE: Is that it--

WALTER: I'm afraid so. (dryly) One small piece of good fortune is the creature doesn't mate in the

traditional way.

PETER: (perturbed) Thanks for that, Walter. That's great bedside manner.

OLIVIA: So what do we do now?

WALTER: I don't know. I can't simply remove them. They've already spread throughout his system.

PETER: Just give me a second Astrid. (walks after his father) Walter. Walter, calm down.

CHARLIE: (privately) Liv, uh, the other victim. How were these things actually born?

OLIVIA: It doesn't matter because, um, it's not gonna go that far.

PETER: Walter, there's gotta be something that you can do, alright? Hey, look at me. You can't check out right now. We cannot let this man die.

WALTER: Don't you think I know that, Peter? I'm thinking damn it. (observes the wiggling maggots in a jar) Agent Farnsworth, draw 25 milliliters of blood... Peter, get some Trichlorimide.

PETER: What are you gonna do?

WALTER: Poison them.

ASTRID: (minutes later, preparing to inject a syringe in Charlies abdomen) This is gonna pinch just a little bit.

CHARLIE: ohhh... (as the needle enters his side)

WALTER: Careful Peter, it's highly toxic. (as he handles the poison)

CHARLIE: (quietly to Olivia) If this doesn't work, how much time do I have?

OLIVIA: The last victim, we figured twenty-four hours after he was...

CHARLIE: ...knocked up?

OLIVIA: Yeah.

CHARLIE: So I have about sixteen hours.

## **Local Playground - Danger Lurks**

PLAYGROUND PATRON: (mom arrives with her young son, Tuck, for some exercise and fun on a cold dreary day) Slow down, honey. Careful. Okay, get your toy out. (her cell phone rings, she answers as the boy continues on his mission) Hello? Hey, Catherine. (the boy dashes to the equipment and starts to play) Whoa, whoa, slow down, honey. Be careful. Hey, yeah, sorry. Oh, the house? (the boy plays alone, in apparent safety, as mom is distracted with the call) Yeah, we saw it yesterday... (a low growl comes from beneath the crawl way as a rattling tail disappears to the interior)

## **Federal Building - *Kelvin* Connection**

BROYLES: I've made a few calls for you, and this is what I was able to get the Army to declassify on Kelvin Genetics. (hands her a dossier file with images of four men and one woman. Brian Lehrman of Naperville, IL is the cover page) Five lab assistants worked there with Doctor Bishop and William Bell. All of them now in the private sector... none working in biogenetics, as far as I can tell.

OLIVIA: And Robert Swift?

BROYLES: No connection.

OLIVIA: I've been through the missing persons records a dozen times. There's nothing from any of

the local hospitals either.

BROYLES: You're still thinking there was a fourth activist.

OLIVIA: And if they're out there and impregnated, then who knows how many more of these things we're looking at.

BROYLES: Though presumably we'd have heard something by now. (begins to walk) Any more sightings?

OLIVIA: Not any within the last ten hours.

BROYLES: Maybe it's gone. Maybe it went into the river or died from lack of proper food.

FBI AGENT: (from her desk) Agent Dunham. Peter Bishop's on line six.

OLIVIA: Oh (picks-up the line) Hey.

PETER: (from the lab) Bad news. The poison killed the larvae, but it also poisoned Charlie's blood.

OLIVIA: Have you spoken to Charlie?

PETER: Yeah, he's putting on a brave face, but he's not doing well. His blood pressure's down. His kidneys are failing.

OLIVIA: I don't understand.

PETER: Walter thinks the larvae act like a parasite, they feeding on their host for nutrients. They're killing him so that they can gestate.

WALTER: (from across the lab) Tell her Peter... about the blood?

OLIVIA: (overhearing) What blood?

PETER: Walter has a theory. He thinks he knows a way to trigger the larvae into self-destructing.

OLIVIA: How do we do that?

PETER: Well, we'd have to transfuse Charlie with the creature's blood, mix the mother's blood in with his own. That way, maybe the larvae will think he is one of their own and stop feeding and die of starvation. (pauses) Which sounds crazy - I know, but he seem to think that it'll work.

OLIVIA: Okay. Then that's what we'll do. Bye. (hangs-up)

BROYLES: (having heard only half the conversation) What?

OLIVIA: We need to find the creature.

## **Local Playground - Danger Stalks**

PLAYGROUND PATRON: (on cell phone to Catherine) It's got three bedrooms, so... if we want to have another baby we'll be fine. Oh, and, uh, the best part about it is it's got this amazing yard. It's even got a tree house for Tuck. (suddenly concerned for her son's safety, she dismisses her caller and approaches the play equipment) Uh, Catherine, let me call you back. Tuck! (as he enters a crawl tube) Tuck, come out of there. (she grabs him and extracts him) Tuck! (as the beast lingers in the back of the dark space)

## **Walter's Lab - Game Planning**

OLIVIA: (overlooking a map) Medford, Waltham, Newton, and an unconfirmed report of a giant snake out of Watertown.

PETER: What are you thinking?

OLIVIA: That it doesn't make sense. I mean, something this big, why aren't there more sightings?

WALTER: (bedside) This is just a mild sedative. It might make you feel more relaxed.

CHARLIE: Thanks.

WALTER: You're welcome. I'm sorry this has happened to you.

CHARLIE: It's not your fault.

WALTER: They didn't tell you.

CHARLIE: Tell me what?

WALTER: The creature, where it came from.

OLIVIA: (announcing to the lab) Astrid, I need a schematic of the sewers, Section E-3 and F-5.

WALTER: You've had a thought?

OLIVIA: Yeah, I think it's traveling underground.

ASTRID: (minutes later) Here you go.

OLIVIA: Thank you. Look at that. All the sightings are near major storm drains.

PETER: And each one of them large enough to accommodate the creature.

WALTER: That make sense. If it's part tiger, then it would prefer dark. And a python would seek out water.

PETER: So it's probably only surfacing to eat or ...to mate. (studies his silent father) What?

WALTER: If it's traveling in the sewer, then we have nothing. It could be anywhere.

OLIVIA: Walter, it's okay. We're making progress.

WALTER: No, it's not okay. You tell Agent Francis it's okay. (leaves office despondent)

PETER: I'll go talk to him.

(suddenly moaning and groaning loudly - Charlie's pain just climbed to a new level)

PETER: (to Charlie) Hang on, hang on - - - (to Astrid and Olivia) Hold him down, hold him down.

OLIVIA: Charlie?!

PETER: Lift his shirt. (she does and the parasitic larvae are visibly active just below his skin)  
They're getting bigger.

## **ACT IV**

### **Walter's Lab - Another Lead**

OLIVIA: (walking around talking into cell phone) When? (listens) Did you get any witness statements? (listens) Okay, well, can you send me them as soon as you get them? (listens) Thank you.

PETER: Another sighting?

OLIVIA: Yeah, this time in a public park off Hawthorne, which is nowhere near any of the other places. (looks at map of sewage lines)

PETER: So there's no predictable pattern.

OLIVIA: No, this thing could show up anytime, anywhere, and we'll have no idea. (answer ringing cell phone) Hello.

CARL BUSSLER: Agent Dunham. Hey, this is Carl Bussler from M.I.T. (walks through his

residence)

OLIVIA: What can I do for you, Carl?

CARL BUSSLER: Uh, you said to call if anything came up, and I think maybe something might have.

OLIVIA: What is it?

CARL BUSSLER: Uh, this kid Jonathan hasn't been in class for the last few days. And I don't know if he was friends with Chris or whatever, but he was into all that animal rights stuff too. Anyway, no one's seen him.

OLIVIA: Okay, I'll look into it. What's his last name?

CARL BUSSLER: Uh, Swift. Jonathan Swift.

### **Swift Research - Confessions**

RECEPTION: Miss! (to Olivia as she marches to a back office) You can't go back there!

ROBERT SWIFT: (casually) Agent Dunham.

OLIVIA: You lied to me.

ROBERT SWIFT: I did?

OLIVIA: You obstructed the course of a Federal investigation into the deaths of five people.

ROBERT SWIFT: (to two researchers) Will you excuse us for a minute?

OLIVIA: Doctor Swift, you failed to tell me that your son Jonathan was at M.I.T.

ROBERT SWIFT: I'm not sure how that's relevant.

OLIVIA: Three of his classmates were torn limb from limb the other night, and he hasn't been seen since. I would say that that would be very relevant.

ROBERT SWIFT: I don't know how that happened, but my son was not involved.

OLIVIA: When was the last time you spoke to Jonathan?

ROBERT SWIFT: A few days. He's very busy at school.

OLIVIA: Yes, I know. Politically active. Animals First. He wasn't too fond of the work you did here, was he?

ROBERT SWIFT: I really can't say. Is this going somewhere, Agent Dunham?

OLIVIA: Yes, a motive. I believe that he found out about your studies, that your lab was testing on animals, and he and his friends broke in here two nights ago. But what he didn't know was that you do more than just test on animals - you create them, dangerous genetic hybrids.

ROBERT SWIFT: We're done here. (starts to walk off) Any further questions, you're gonna have to go through my attorney.

OLIVIA: (pursues him) Doctor Swift, this thing has already killed five people and infected one of our agents. As we speak, his offspring is growing inside of him, killing him. Do you really want his death on your conscience. Now your son is out there, maybe injured, maybe infected, and I can help. But you need to help me too.

ROBERT SWIFT: (distracted) It didn't kill five people.

OLIVIA: Excuse me?

ROBERT SWIFT: It was seven.

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ASTRID: (answer lab phone) Hello.

OLIVIA: Hey, Swift broke. He admitted that the hybrid came from his laboratory. Apparently he was collaborating with a geneticist called Cameron Deglmann.

ASTRID: Oh. Well, where is this guy?

OLIVIA: Uh, dead. He was at the lab along with Swift's son when the students released the creature.

ASTRID: So what is the link to Kelvin Genetics?

OLIVIA: Well, that's the interesting part. You got a pen.

### **Walter's Lab - Creature Traits**

ASTRID: Good news. That was Olivia. Swift confessed. Apparently this monster has nothing to do with your work, Walter.

PETER: What?

ASTRID: Swift was working with a geneticist. For years he was pursuing this work, A Cameron Deglmann.

WALTER: Deglmann, of course.

PETER: Whoa, whoa, who's Deglmann?

WALTER: A pioneer in hybridization. Quite brilliant. In fact it was his work that inspired my research in the first place.

PETER: And it never even crossed your mind that he might be involved?

WALTER: He had a very forgettable face.

ASTRID: And in the more good news column, Olivia was able to get the combination of animals that went into the hybrid.

WALTER: Oh, oh, go on.

ASTRID: Uh, Heloderma Suspectum.

WALTER: Yes, a venomous lizard native to North America. Also called the Gila Monster.

ASTRID: Megarhyssa Macrurus.

WALTER: Parasitic Wasp. Interesting.

ASTRID: Desmodus Rotundus and --

WALTER: Wait, did you say Desmodus Rotundus?

ASTRID: Yeah. Why, what is that?

PETER: It's a type of bat.

WALTER: Of course. Why didn't I think of it before?...

PETER: ...their immune system...

WALTER: ...makes it a perfect candidate for genetic hybridization.

ASTRID: I'm lost.

PETER: Bats have an immune system that's unique in the animal kingdom. They can carry on hundreds of different diseases without ever being affected.

WALTER: That's same system makes it possible for the creature to mature without rejecting its various parts. The bat was the missing ingredient that allowed the creature to survive.

ASTRID: So now that you know what it is, can you help Charlie?

WALTER: No. We'll still need a specimen of the creature's blood.

ASTRID: Okay. Okay, well, we know what it's made of. We know that it moves through the sewer. So can't we, I don't know, Like, bait it or something?

PETER: Just so I'm clear, are you actually suggesting that we go down into the sewers and wait for this thing to eat us?

ASTRID: Oh, no.

WALTER: Yes! Yes.

PETER: Oh, no. No?

WALTER: It's not interested in food.

ASTRID: No.

WALTER: But we do have something that it is interested in.

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WALTER: (briefs the science team) Bats are a highly maternal species. They are quite protective of their young.

OLIVIA: Walter, are you saying that we can lure this thing by dangling those larvae in front of it?

WALTER: Yes. but no.

PETER: Oh, great, this again.

WALTER: It won't be necessary to be in front of it. Bats are capable of seeking out their offspring from miles away. We've already determined that it's traveling through the sewer systems - so we just need to lure it from a central location.

PETER: Wonderful, so we're gonna antagonize this thing into chasing us and then what, Walter?

WALTER: Well, now that I have a better idea of its biological makeup, I think I can kill it, Assuming that you can provide us with 50-caliber incendiary rounds, Agent Dunham.

OLIVIA: Well, that's not exactly F.B.I. standard-issue, Walter. Are you sure about this?

WALTER: If my theory is correct and the bat traits are dominant in the creature, then yes, I believe we can successfully lure it. Whether we can survive the encounter is the more intriguing question.

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PETER: (looks over weapons) Okay, we missing anything?

WALTER: Could you carry these, son? (hands him a tray of wiggling larvae)

PETER: Sure thing.

WALTER: Be careful. You must be very gentle with them.

PETER: Right,'cause we wouldn't want to hurt the monster babies. (slams tray down)

OLIVIA: (checks in with Charlie before leaving) You need anything?

CHARLIE: (tucked under a blanket, ailing) A shot of J.D. and a chaser of beer would be nice. (thinks) You know, hunting this thing in the sewers... It's not a good idea, Liv.

OLIVIA: You got a better idea?

CHARLIE: Yeah. Don't get hurt for me.

OLIVIA: Well, that's not really very fair considering you would do the same thing for me. I'll be back soon... promise. (walks over to Astrid) You will call me if his condition changes.

ASTRID: I will.

OLIVIA: (to Peter) We ready?

PETER: Ready as I'll ever be. Walter, let's go.

WALTER: Be right there, son. (secretly pockets a bottle of poison)

## **Heading Into The Sewers**

WALTER: (approaching a manhole cover on a busy sidewalk) Based on the schematics, this will make a fine infiltration point.

PETER: (to a curious pedestrian) Nothing to see here, ma'am. (pulls lid off manhole) Just routine maintenance. - - - PETER: (as Olivia finishes climbing down the ladder) Smells great down here. So what's next, Walter?

WALTER: There's an intersection a hundred feet down here that will conduct the sound most effectively. (the trio walk on, searching with flashlights) - - - WALTER: Nearly there. (enters a larger chamber with several smaller corridors that fan out) The larvae are creating a vibration, frequencies of sound detectable by bats and hopefully our guest of honor. (uncovers the tray of larvae)

PETER: Well, now I know what it feels like to be live bait.

OLIVIA: Hey, come on, let's get into position.

## **Charlie's House - After Errands**

SONIA FRANCIS: (answers ringing phone after walking in with groceries) Hello.

CHARLIE: You just get in?

SONIA FRANCIS: Hi. I thought it might be you. I just got in from the market. I ran into Jody. (laughs)

CHARLIE: What is it?

SONIA FRANCIS: Oh, uh, she just told me a really funny joke.

CHARLIE: Tell me.

SONIA FRANCIS: ...so the patient goes to his doctor and he says, 'Doctor, if I give up wine, women, and song, will I live longer?' and the doctor says, 'Well, no. But it'll feel longer.'

CHARLIE: (laughs, wheezes in discomfort)

SONIA FRANCIS: You don't think that's funny.

CHARLIE: I do.

SONIA FRANCIS: No, you don't. Are you gonna be home for dinner?

CHARLIE: I don't know.

SONIA FRANCIS: Okay, alright. Well, I will see you when you get home. And I love you, babe, even more for laughing at that joke.

CHARLIE: And I love you too.

SONIA FRANCIS: Bye-bye.

## **Sewer Lines - A Split In The Team**

WALTER: Frightening situation like this, two things occur to me. The first is a song. I used to sing to Rufus.

PETER: (explains) Our dog.

WALTER: When he was young, he used to have night terrors. (starts reciting an old song) *Van Amburgh is the man, who goes to all the show, he steps into the lion's cage, and tells them he knows. He puts his head in the lion's mouth...*

PETER: (interrupts) ... hey Walter, think we can wait down here to be mauled in silence, please?

WALTER: Of course.

OLIVIA: (chimes in) So what was the second thing?

WALTER: Hmm?

OLIVIA: You said two things occur to you.

WALTER: Oh, the second thing. I need to tinkle. Could either of you direct me to the facilities?

PETER: The facilities? You're in the sewer, Walter. You're knee-deep in the facilities.

WALTER: Quite right. Excuse me. (wanders away)

PETER: (to Olivia) Don't say that I never take you anywhere. (Walter closes a metal screen door behind him and secures it) Hey, open this up right now.

WALTER: I'm afraid I can't do that, Peter. No one else is going to get hurt. This thing is a mistake, and I'm going to correct it, alone.

PETER: Walter! Hey! Walter... you open this gate right now!

WALTER: You were right, Peter. I live in a society - and I need to clean up after myself.

PETER: Walter, it's not your fault. You did not do this.

WALTER: No, but I could have. I pursued the same science...

OLIVIA: Walter, Walter, you're not prepared for this. That thing could tear you apart.

WALTER: You're right. I had almost forgot. I've already considered that possibility.

PETER: Walter, is that the Trichlorimide? (Walter swallows the poison) No, no, no! What are you doing? That's gonna kill you. (struggles to break through the gate)

WALTER: (in distress) Should the creature consume me, it will only be poisoning itself. Afterwards, you remove its blood and save Agent Francis.

PETER: Walter, listen to me, I don't want you to do this. Okay? Do you hear what I'm saying? I do not want you to do this.

WALTER: Should I live, there's an antidote in the lab, which I should ingest within the hour. So time is of the essence.

PETER: Walter. Walter, stop right there. Walter, come back here! (Walter turns and flees) Stop right now! Walter!

## ACT V

### **Sewer Line - First Contact**

(making his way alone through the wet nastiness, discarded belongings and steaming pipes)

WALTER: (singing softly to himself) *Van Amburgh is the man, who goes to all the shows, - - - who goes to all of the shows, he steps right into the lion's cage.*

PETER: (prying open the gate that Walter secured minutes before wandering away) Selfish son of a bitch. If he lives through this... I am gonna kill him myself.

WALTER: (melodically) *The hyena in the next cage, most terrible to relate, got awfully hungry the other night... and ate up his female mate. (tentatively) He's a most ferocious beast, don't go near him, little boys, for when he's mad, he swings his tail... and makes an awful noise.*

(the creature, hanging inverted, stares at Walter from just a few feet away, rattles its' tail and appears ready to attack)

WALTER: Oh, dear god.

PETER: (racing from around the corner with Olivia) Walter! Walter!

(the creature snarls, drops to the ground, sweeps Walter to the ground, then turns and dashes toward the approaching duo)

WALTER: Ohh!

(shots ring, and the creature falls. Walter sighs... holding a smoking pistol)

PETER: Are you okay?

WALTER: Yes. Although when I mentioned that the poison would kill me within the hour, did either of you happen to notice the time?

### **Walter's Lab - Brewing Antidote**

(the team works to prepare a remedy. Walter takes the antidote to the poison he ingested. Charlie receives an intravenous drip)

CHARLIE: That's it then?

WALTER: Now we wait. (to Astrid) Prepare Agent Francis for the ultrasound.

OLIVIA: (studying Charlie as he reflects on the situation) What?

CHARLIE: Sonia and I, we've been talking a lot lately about having a baby.

ASTRID: (intercedes) Sorry, I gotta gel you up.

WALTER: (to Peter) You were right. What you said before about the consequences, I don't think of them, never have. Don't know if I can. That's not who I am.

PETER: I know. But you were brave today.

WALTER: Yeah. Check in on Agent Francis. Let's look in on our little friends. (studying the ultrasound monitor)

ASTRID: It didn't work.

WALTER: Ever the pessimist. Look.

OLIVIA: (as the activity on the monitor ceases) They're dying.

CHARLIE: What happens now?

WALTER: Now you crap 'em out.

### **Charlie's House - After Dark**

SONIA FRANCIS: (half asleep in bed) Hey, you're home.

CHARLIE: (sits on edge of bed) I didn't mean to wake you.

SONIA FRANCIS: (after a kiss and a snuggle) You feel good.

CHARLIE: So do you. (nodding-off)

SONIA FRANCIS: um-huh

### **Olivia's Apartment - Late Return**

(Olivia opens the door to find Rachel and Ella curled-up together, sleeping. in her room she tucks in for the night and turns off her light. with the wind howling and the days events behind her... she decides to sleep with the light on)