

PROLOGUE

Suburban Station - A Bombing

(two uniformed police officers pull to a stop in urban Philadelphia, one hops out and crosses the street to the coffee shop. the other opens a newspaper and starts to read)

DAN GILLESPIE: Hey. None of that vanilla hazelnut crap. Normal coffee, alright?

UNIFORMED COP: (as he starts across the street) I already called it in.

DAN GILLESPIE: (puts down paper and answers ringing cell phone) Yes, Colonel?

RAYMOND GORDON: (over the phone) It's time. Get to 'Suburban Station'. He'll be wearing a black trench coat, carrying a black briefcase.

(the police officer hangs-up and speeds away, leaving his abandoned partner standing in the street with two coffee cups)

UNIFORMED COP: (calling over the radio to his partner) Gillespie, seriously, for the last time, where are you? Where are you, man? I'm gonna have to report this. Where are you, Gillespie? What are you doing?

DAN GILLESPIE: (wandering the transit hub looking for his target, he disconnects his radio and interrupts his partners transmissions. as the public address announce boarding calls, he sees his target walk down from upstairs carrying a black briefcase. he prepares to draw his pistol, approaches the man and demands) Set the briefcase down now.

PONYTAIL MAN: What's this about? What did I do?

DAN GILLESPIE: (unholstering his pistol) You give me the briefcase now. (nearby electronic displays start to flicker)

TRANSIT COP: (approaching the police officer) What's the problem here?

DAN GILLESPIE: Got it under control. Give me the case. (taking the briefcase from the courier and walking away)

TRANSIT COP: Hey, stop! You can't do that! You can't take that!

CITIZEN: (from off-camera) What's the matter? (as Gillespie starts to crystallize before everyone in the terminal)

DAN GILLESPIE: Aah! (as he explosively shatters to hundreds of bits)

ACT I

Bowling Alley - Therapy Begins

SAM WEISS: (as Olivia's hands shake and she fumbles with her bowling shoe) The rabbit goes around the tree then through the hole.

OLIVIA: Yeah, I know how to tie my shoes.

SAM WEISS: Knowing how isn't the issue. You suffered some wicked head trauma. Don't think about your hands, don't think about the laces. Your shoes will get tied just fine.

OLIVIA: Yeah, just by magic.

SAM WEISS: No. But that would be pretty cool.

OLIVIA: You know, what exactly did you do for Nina Sharp?

SAM WEISS: (sits with Olivia) I taught her how to eat french fries. You know, pick one up, dip it in the ketchup, stick it in your mouth, repeat. Simple enough, unless you've got a cybernetic prosthetic arm. Nina was a mess. See, I prefer the bunny ears method to the one loop wrap. (ties Olivia's shoelace for her) But it does require more coordination. You'll get there.

OLIVIA: (somewhat angry) Don't take this the wrong way, but I can't waste my time.

SAM WEISS: Are you sleeping at night? You've got circles around your eyes, pale skin... you don't get more than two or three hours at a stretch, do you? Lingering pain from the accident?

OLIVIA: In my leg and my shoulder.

SAM WEISS: And you say the headaches haven't started yet?

OLIVIA: No.

SAM WEISS: Well, let me know when they do. You can take the shoes off now, we're done.

OLIVIA: That's it?

SAM WEISS: Yeah, unless you want to help me mop up the men's room. I'm closing now. (walking away) Come back tomorrow, Agent Dunham. We've got work to do.

Walter's Lab - Apartment Hunting

PETER: (seated near his father and reading the want-ads) Alright, how about this one? "two bedroom, two bath loft in Oak Square. "cook's kitchen, hardwood floors, and a breakfast nook."

WALTER: Does it face the East?

PETER: Uh... no. Riverview, so it faces North.

WALTER: Then it won't do. I need the morning sun.

PETER: Fine, how about this? "three bedroom duplex in Allston, facing east." All the morning sun a waking scientist could want.

WALTER: I never liked Allston. Arlington either, for that matter. I'm perfectly happy with our present accommodations.

PETER: Well, I'm not, Walter. I need my own bedroom. (to Astrid sitting nearby) I woke up this morning to him singing an aria from 'Pagliacci'.

ASTRID: (studying her computer screen) Your father has a wonderful voice.

PETER: Not when he's doing jumping jacks. And did I mention he was naked?

WALTER: A good morning sets the tone for the day.

ASTRID: Come take a look at this. I've been running a filter for atypical F.B.I. case reports. I just got a hit. Some sort of bomb went off in Philadelphia. Single explosive device. Eleven dead, twenty-eight wounded. This last part is what caught my eye. They can't find any explosive residue at the scene. How's a bomb go off without leaving any trace of it afterwards?

WALTER: Shall I get my coat, Peter?

PETER: I'll call Dunham

WALTER: (whispering) Farnsworth, get my portable chemistry set. This means bodies.

Philadelphia - Bombing Aftermath

AGENT TEVEZ: (escorting the science team through the carnage) The bomb guys don't know what

to make of it. They say, given the nature of the wounds, you'd expect an explosive device filled with nails or steel ball bearings.

OLIVIA: But it wasn't.

AGENT TEVEZ: No. In fact... there's no forensic markers at all.

OLIVIA: So what about eyewitnesses?

AGENT TEVEZ: Oh, I've got half a dozen eye witnesses, but nobody who saw anything helpful.

PETER: Huh, it's weird. This place has major anti-terrorism security. E.M.P. disabling devices at every entrance, explosive materials sensors...

AGENT TEVEZ: We checked, and not a single sensor is tripped.

OLIVIA: So what did the surveillance cameras show?

AGENT TEVEZ: Nothing, nothing but magnetic static. It seems that whatever happened in here wiped the images.

PETER: Would you mind if we see those tapes? (walks away)

AGENT TEVEZ: I'll see what I can do.

OLIVIA: Let me guess, you got a friend?

PETER: Maybe I do.

MEDICAL EXAMINER: (to Walter as he begins to examine a corpse) Excuse me, sir? Do you have a badge?

WALTER: No, I don't have a badge. Do you?

PETER: (to Olivia) I got it. (walks over to rescue the woman from Walter) Walter... What's going on?

WALTER: This rather unpleasant young woman is interfering with my work.

MEDICAL EXAMINER: Is he with you?

PETER: Yeah, but don't hold that against me. We're F.B.I.

MEDICAL EXAMINER: Go ahead.

PETER: So? What is it?

WALTER: Shrapnel, I believe, from the bomb. Some sort of crystal. Hard as a diamond. Salty. Silica, I guess. Well, I'll need to examine the rest of the bodies, if -- (to the M.E.) if that's alright with you, Miss. Thank you.

(Peter notices more crystalline pieces embedded around the scene. Broyles walks downstairs and joins Olivia)

BROYLES: Agent Dunham... I spoke with our counter-terrorism analysts.

OLIVIA: Mm-hmm?

BROYLES: No one stepped forward to claim responsibility. And there's been no increase in chatter from our usual suspects.

PETER: (approaches quickly) Hey, guys, I found this wedged in a bench. It's a badge -- Philly P.D., Officer Gillespie.

BROYLES: Were there any police among the wounded taken to the hospital?

PETER: unht-uh.

OLIVIA: So, where'd he go?

WALTER: Peter! (joins the trio) I was wrong. The crystal... I think it's not geologic in origin, after all. In fact, I'm certain it's organic.

OLIVIA: (looking at what Walter is holding) Is that an ear?

PETER: Well... I think Walter might have just found Officer Gillespie.

ACT II

Walter's Lab - Body Parts

(wearing aprons, the two look through magnifying glasses and chat)

WALTER: This looks like fungiform papillae. Taste buds. (drops the body part into a bowl that Astrid is holding for him)

ASTRID: Tongue? Mm-hmm. Walter, as much as I am enjoying this anatomy lesson, what exactly are we doing here?

WALTER: Well, that's obvious, my dear. We're searching for clues. Scientific evidence to reveal what type of device this man was wearing which caused him to harden, then shatter.

ASTRID: I understand Peter's looking for a new place for you guys to live.

WALTER: It occurs to me, Agent Farnsworth, that I've never asked you where you live.

ASTRID: Where I live?

WALTER: Yeah. (puts another body part in a bowl) Diaphragm.

ASTRID: Well... most of the time I live here, but my apartment is in Sommerville.

WALTER: You should go for a walk sometime explore the neighborhood. The other day I turned the wrong way in the street, and discovered that Busby's... has the world's best apple fritters. You see, I have everything I need where we live now.

ASTRID: I know what you mean, Walter. I'm a creature of habit, too. Of course, you never would've found Busby's apple fritters if you hadn't gone the wrong way down a street.

WALTER: You really should try them, they're quite delicious. (drops another body part into the bowl for Astrid) Brain.

Tech Support - Visiting Joe

(studying distorted and refined video images on the monitor)

SLIM JOE: Okay, that's it. That's the best I can do.

PETER: Well, that must be Gillespie. But I don't see a bomb.

SLIM JOE: Then it cuts out. (as he loses the images)

PETER: You know, I told her you were a genius, Joe. Don't prove me wrong.

SLIM JOE: (laughingly) Then you're gonna need a smarter genius.

OLIVIA: (to Joe) Do you have any idea how something like this could happen?

SLIM JOE: The static? No. Maybe radio wave interference. Certain high frequencies can tweak electronic signals.

PETER: Look at the time code. That's about twenty seconds before the bomb went off.

OLIVIA: So why do we lose picture before the explosion?

Walter's Lab - Recomposing Parts

PETER: How's it going, Walter? Any theories?

WALTER: Several. Peter, do you remember that jigsaw puzzle we put together when you were a kid?

PETER: Uh... the jigsaw? No.

WALTER: As I recall, her name was Melissa... something. Five hundred pieces.

PETER: (knowing laugh) Yes. Yes, I do remember. Melissa was a Playmate. Miss July, right? Putting together a jigsaw of a nude centerfold was Walter's idea of how to explain -- what was it? Human reproduction to his ten-year-old son. So what does any of that have to do with the bomb in Philadelphia?

WALTER: Patience, son. Voila. (shows Peter the partially reconstructed face of the lost officer)

ASTRID: Meet Officer Gillespie.

PETER: Fantastic. So apart from the obvious, anything out of the ordinary?

WALTER: Needle marks between the toes. It was some form of transformative serum, I would think. I can't say what yet. (as Peter inspects the partially recomposed foot) From his tissues, it appears to cause a chemical reaction on the cellular level that both solidifies the water in his cells - and emitted massive energy, which shattered the body.

PETER: What are you saying, Walter? You think he did this to himself? On purpose?

WALTER: Well, I stopped counting at forty-seven needle marks. I can't imagine it was an accident. When you think about it... wearing a bomb is rather unimaginative. This way there's no need to smuggle in an explosive device, because--

PETER: Officer Gillespie was the bomb.

WALTER: Fascinating, yes?

Gillespie House - Serum Discovery

(sitting somberly in her front room with Olivia, as Peter walks around and looks at photos)

SUSAN GILLESPIE: ...we were planning to start a family. I can't believe he's not coming home. Dan always came home. After every shift on the job, two tours in Iraq, He always came home. No one would tell me what happened. Just that it was... some kind of bomb.

OLIVIA: We're still investigating. I'm so sorry.

PETER: Where was he stationed?

SUSAN GILLESPIE: In Ramadi. Did you serve?

PETER: No, a civilian contractor, based out of Baghdad. But from what I remember, there was heavy fighting in Ramadi.

OLIVIA: Was he on any medication, or under any sort of medical care? (as she starts to take a sip from her cup, her hand shakes excessively and she puts the cup down. Peter notices, with concern)

SUSAN GILLESPIE: No. No, Dan was healthy. And I don't understand, what does this have to do with the explosion?

PETER: (as Olivia grimaces in pain, puts her hand to her head - she has a mental flash of the interior of an elevator. a mirror image of the number '15' is illuminated above the door) You alright, Dunham?

OLIVIA: Excuse me, do you have a bathroom that I could use?

SUSAN GILLESPIE: Yeah, it's down the hall. (to Olivia as she stands and staggers along the hallway)

(Olivia continues to the bathroom. highly disoriented, she sees more flashes, all in dark amber. herself in a room, pushing a button in an elevator, people standing in an elevator, part of a man's face inverted above her, twin skyscrapers, William Bell breathing from an oxygen mask. she reaches the toilet and vomits into it. relaxing slightly, she notices a dislodged tile in the wall behind the sink. she pulls the tile free and finds two small medical kits in the cavity. one with serum cartridges, the other with injection needles)

PETER: (knocking in the door) Dunham, you alright?

OLIVIA: (holding out the open medical kits) Mrs. Gillespie, can you tell me what these are?

SUSAN GILLESPIE: I don't know. I've never seen them before.

(outside and walking back to the car)

OLIVIA: Dan Gillespie doesn't fit the profile of a suicide bomber.

PETER: Well, how do you explain this stuff? 'cause I'm assuming it's more than likely that this is exactly what Walter was talking about. What turned him into a bomb.

OLIVIA: Yeah, well, I can't yet. But I mean, what makes someone blow themselves up? Typically, they're either waging a war, or making a statement. Gillespie didn't seem like a guy sending a message. He was a dedicated cop and soldier just getting his life back together. It doesn't make sense.

PETER: Is there anything else on your mind?

OLIVIA: Like what?

PETER: The headache. Didn't the doctor say that would happen?

OLIVIA: Uh, they said they might, uh - that it was totally normal. We should get that back to Walter. (gets in the car) Maybe he can figure out where those vials came from.

Oak Park - Diane Doses

(late at night, Diane Burgess slips out of bed quietly without waking her husband. in the bathroom she opens a medical kit she has hidden there and fills a syringe with serum. with her foot elevated, she injects herself between the toes)

ACT III

Outside The Store - Recruited

RAYMOND GORDON: (surprising her and offering to help load groceries in the minivan) Let me help you with that.

DIANE BURGESS: Colonel.

RAYMOND GORDON: We need to talk, Captain Burgess. (settling in the front seats) I'm calling you back to active status. You're going to D.C. on Friday. (hands her a file and a phone) Hotel reservations, plane tickets all -- self-explanatory. That phone, keep it with you at all times. Check into the hotel, wait for me to call you with further instructions. Do you have a cover story prepared for your family?

DIANE BURGESS: Yes, sir. I'll say I'm visiting my sister. She lives in Georgetown.

RAYMOND GORDON: Have you been taking the serum?

DIANE BURGESS: Yes, sir.

RAYMOND GORDON: Good, because from this moment on *Tin Man* parameters are in effect.

Bowling Alley - Learning Patience

(hobbling down the stairs and over to Sam, Olivia is in some discomfort)

OLIVIA: So... how'd you know?

SAM WEISS: The headaches started?

OLIVIA: Mm-hmm.

SAM WEISS: Well, it's about time.

OLIVIA: Can you just cut the Yoda crap and tell me what's happening to me?

SAM WEISS: (taking her over to a lane with a shoe box) The short version... the headaches mean you've finally sparked the battery. You've been experiencing... an acute nominal aphasia, Agent Dunham. It's common with head trauma. Parts of your brain are still asleep. Once they wake up, all that memory will get flushed out.

OLIVIA: When?

SAM WEISS: When?

OLIVIA: When will I get my memory back?

SAM WEISS: (hands her a bowling shoe) You know, everywhere you go the scoring apparatuses have changed. Computers, no fun. Here, we do things old school, with a dull pencil and all your third grade math skills. (hands her a pencil)

OLIVIA: You know, this is ridiculous. I'm not bowling, I can't even walk without this damn cane.

SAM WEISS: You're not bowling. I've got a kid's league coming in here, you're gonna keep score.

OLIVIA: How is that gonna help my memory? I mean, how is that gonna help me at all?

SAM WEISS: Well, for starters, it might teach you some patience. (walks away)

Walter's Lab - Upsetting Gene

(Astrid, Peter and Walter take a meal break in the lab)

WALTER: Ah, is that food I smell? Bless you! (ravenously attacking lunch) Mm-hmm, mm. Mm-hmm. (sharing his findings) While examining Officer Gillespie, I've discovered something else. Given the amount of serum that we found in his tissue, and the rate at which it would've metabolized, I suspect that he would've had to inject it every day for a very long time.

PETER: Well, how long?

WALTER: At least a year, I would think.

PETER: A year? That would mean Gillespie started injecting while he was still on his tour in Iraq. (to Astrid) Did his Army personnel file come through yet?

ASTRID: I haven't seen it. Let me check though. (she heads to her workstation)

WALTER: Oh, yeah. Interestingly... when the serum is first introduced or injected, it's fairly harmless. But then something else occurs, a secondary reaction. Some sort of trigger causes these bombs to blast apart. The triggers -- (Gene moos loudly) Peter... if you are going to eat that cheeseburger in here, could you at least be a little discreet?

PETER: (demonstrative - takes a large bite of his burger. Gene takes exception and moos louder.

appeasing Gene, Peter stops and puts his sandwich down) -- Fine. This trigger, could it be a radio wave? There was some sort of interference on the security tapes inside the train station. Most likely caused by radio waves.

WALTER: Yes. I suppose so.

ASTRID: Peter, I've got Gillespie's military file. What's 'cyanogen chloride'?

PETER: It's a chemical weapon. (joins Astrid and reads the file on her monitor) His whole unit was exposed to cyanogen? According to this file, Gillespie should've died in Iraq.

Fresh Air - Game Planning

(walking in an inner city green area, Peter and Olivia sell Broyles on a course of action)

PETER: Four words that should never show up in a sentence...'classified-experimental-military-project'. How much you wanna bet that 'Tin Man' has everything to do with those injections that Gillespie was taking?

OLIVIA: It says here that "Project Tin Man" was shut down.

BROYLES: Shortly after Dan Gillespie returned home. And all names of U.S. Military personnel associated with the project were redacted from the record.

OLIVIA: (looks at file) But it still lists Malik Yusef, Abbas Khalef, and Howar Ziad as Iraqi doctors who worked on the program. Where are they?

BROYLES: Presumably still in the country. CentCom has agreed to look for them, but it may take a few weeks to track anything down.

PETER: I may be able to help. But I'm gonna need a few things first. I need to go back to Iraq. I know somebody who can help us find those doctors.

BROYLES: Seems a long way to go for a maybe.

PETER: Well, we have to assume that Gillespie was not a solitary event. There may be others out there like him, walking bombs, we don't have two weeks to wait.

BROYLES: What is it you need?

PETER: Private air transportation, \$20,000 in cash, and a passport without my real name on it.

BROYLES: Oh?

PETER: I'm still on a couple of watch lists.

BROYLES: Then you're gonna need a Federal Agent with you as well. I'm reluctant to send you, Agent Dunham. With that said, we need to keep this trip between us. You look after each other. (walks away)

PETER: (to Olivia) You ready for this?

OLIVIA: Baghdad here we come. (follows Broyles)

ACT IV

Baghdad - Meeting Ahmed

OLIVIA: (entering a crowded local tavern) Maybe I should wait outside.

PETER: Then what would I do? You're the one with a gun. (after heading to the back and finding the man he came to see. in Arabic) As-Salamu Slaikum.

AHMED: (in Arabic) There were rumors that you had been killed.

PETER: (in Arabic) Then I suppose I am a ghost. Can we join you? (nods to Olivia)

AHMED: (in Arabic) Does your friend speak Arabic?

OLIVIA: (in Arabic) Just a bit. And not very well.

AHMED: In that case, we speak English.

PETER: I need your help, Ahmed. A U.S. Military program named "Tin Man" was operating out of a hospital in Samarra. I need to find one of your Iraqi doctors who was working in that program. I can pay you, of course.

AHMED: When I heard you had been killed, I knew this could not be true. Because a person like you is good at one thing. More than anything else, a person like you is good at looking out for yourself. Now you are here... asking for my help?

PETER: Yes, I am.

AHMED: Maybe someone else will want your money. I don't.

PETER: Ahmed... a lot of innocent lives may be on the line.

AHMED: I see. And this is something you care about now?

PETER: Yes, I do. I may be able to save them... with your help.

AHMED: What are the names of these doctors? (takes a list from Peter) Have some tea. I will see what I can do. (walks off)

OLIVIA: You gonna tell me what that was about?

PETER: No.

Walter's Lab - Serum Test

ASTRID: (joins Walter as he inserts a hypodermic needle into the fleshy opening of a medium-sized watermelon) Doctor Bishop, what did I tell you about experimenting with fruit? I just cleaned this lab up yesterday.

WALTER: Relax, my dear. Just injecting a very small amount of the serum into the watermelon. Just to crystallize it. The serum we found at Gillespie's house told us how he became a bomb - but - the question remains... what triggered it?

ASTRID: So you're using radio waves like Peter suggested?

WALTER: Yes. Radio waves would also explain the eyewitness reports of flashing lights at the train station before the officer exploded. Quite ingenious, really. (adjust dials) The same principle applied to proximity fuses and World War Two aerial bombs... (lighting in the lab flickers) in fact, my Uncle Henry was killed by one in the 'Battle of Guadalcanal'. Oh, Astrid! This is it! Quickly, what's the frequency?

ASTRID: 331.6 Megahertz. (as the melon crystallizes and the lab equipment falls silent) What happened? It stopped.

WALTER: I'm not sure. (the end of the melon suddenly explodes) It works. (proudly)

ASTRID: (unamused) No more fruit, Walter.

Baghdad - Waiting For Ahmed

PETER: (waiting for Ahmed to return) Ready for something a little harder than tea?

OLIVIA: Sure.

PETER: (in Arabic to bartender) Two Red Russians?

OLIVIA: Red Russians

PETER: Yeah, mint tea and vodka.

OLIVIA: Sounds weird and awful. (sips and sneers) Actually it's worse.

PETER: You'll get used to it.

OLIVIA: How long were you here?

PETER: Which time? I had to leave a couple of times.

OLIVIA: Seems like you made a name for yourself.

PETER: I've been known to leave an impression. (raise his glass to toast) To all that's weird.

(Ahmed returns with a silent, affirmative nod for a meeting)

Baghdad - Meeting Malik

(entering a busy commercial kitchen)

AHMED: (making introductions for the busy chef) Doctor Malik Yusef... Peter Bishop, Olivia Dunham. (Yusef and Peter greet one another in arabic)

MALIK YUSEF: (in arabic) You have questions about my efforts during the war?

PETER: (in Arabic) Doctor. We understand you worked in an American-run hospital?

MALIK YUSEF: (in Arabic) Yes. (hesitantly) Saving lives. And look what I get in return. My own people shun me. (continues in English) They consider me a threat.

OLIVIA: We were hoping to ask you some questions about a program that you worked on. A program called "Tin Man".

MALIK YUSEF: No, I do not know anything about this. (turns to begin working)

AHMED: (in Arabic) It's okay Doctor. They can be trusted.

MALIK YUSEF: (continuing the conversation in a quieter part of restaurant) The program didn't work, it was too dangerous. The soldiers had been exposed to a synthetic neurotoxin. A nerve agent developed under Saddam.

PETER: Cyanogen?

MALIK YUSEF: Yes. We had been trying to find a way to neutralize it to counteract the affects.

OLIVIA: And that's what they called *Tin Man*?

MALIK YUSEF: We had developed a... a treatment. Daily injections of a serum. We treated over two hundred soldiers. Only a few of them survived.

OLIVIA: We know of one, a Daniel Gillespie.

MALIK YUSEF: (smiles fondly) Daniel, kind man. Um, over the course of the program, there were three others.

PETER: Do you remember their names?

MALIK YUSEF: Of course, I saved their lives. It was Joan Klump, Ross Cavanaugh, and Diane Burgess...

ANDREW BURGESS: (at the Burgess home Diane anxiously watches from inside as her daughter plays in the yard. her husband finds her and offers) Okay, Diane, you're all set. Suitcase is at the

front door. Are you sure you don't want me to drive you to the airport?

MALIK YUSEF: ...but it was too dangerous. The serum had an unintentional byproduct. We had discovered that after it built up in human tissue. It reacted in a very unexpected way...

OLIVIA: ...it turned people into bombs.

MALIK YUSEF: Yes. How did you know that?

OLIVIA: Doctor Yusef, how many other people knew about this?

MALIK YUSEF: Five doctors, a dozen U.S. officers, and whoever they reported to, I suppose.

PETER: Someone is triggering these people to explode. It could be anyone.

MALIK YUSEF: There was a man, a colonel. When the program was shut down, he argued it should be continued.

OLIVIA: Do you remember his name?

MALIK YUSEF: Gordon. Colonel Raymond Gordon...

PETER: (in Arabic, thanks the doctor for his assistance)

(Gordon sits outside of the Burgess house. hidden from sight in his vehicle, across the street, Gordon looks-on as Diane says good-bye to her husband and daughter)

MALIK YUSEF: ...a word of warning... Gordon is a vicious man. He has no regard for human life.

ACT V

Washington D.C. - Mission Brief

BROYLES: (standing before a room of law enforcement agents) You all have briefing packets in front of you, so I'll just point out the highlights. Information has come to this agency that a bomb may be detonated today somewhere in this city. (the Bishops listen from the back of the room) But in this instance, that bomb is a human being. Three of the four known operatives of "Project Tin Man" have been accounted for. Daniel Gillespie you're all familiar with. Two others have been taken into protective custody. Which leaves Diane Burgess. (Agents interview Andrew Burgess at his home) We believe Captain Burgess traveled to D.C. this morning, under an alias, though we do not have any intelligence on her potential target. A B.O.L.O. has been issued to all Metro and State police in the area. All potential high-value targets are under close surveillance. Agent Dunham and I will coordinate Captain Burgess' apprehension. (summoning her to brief) Agent Dunham?

OLIVIA: (standing to brief) Based on our investigation, it's likely there is a second suspect controlling detonation from a remote location. (pointing to an image on the briefing monitor) We believe it's this man, Colonel Raymond Gordon. The Pentagon lost contact with Colonel Gordon six months ago. He's off the grid. Officially designated a 'rogue operative'. Now Based on Doctor Bishop's analysis, the explosion is triggered by a specific V.H.F. frequency. (an agent quietly takes a phone call in the room) Now if we can locate Captain Burgess in time to get within range, we may be able to jam the signal and prevent her detonation. On that point, we suspect that Diane Burgess is unaware she is being used in a suicide bombing. Which means that she is also a potential victim here. (Broyles is quietly informed about the phone call) We're gonna do everything that we can to get her back to her family alive.

BROYLES: Diane Burgess has just been located. She's in a D.C. Metro cab. Dispatchers say she's headed to the Federal Center Metro Station. We have time to set up before she arrives. (a taxi works its way thru traffic, as SWAT vans and government vehicle converge on the Metro Station) Our objectives are as follows - to prevent the detonation of Captain Diane Burgess and to apprehend Colonel Raymond Gordon.

Metro Station - Intercepting Burgess

BROYLES: (exiting his vehicle as he arrives and answering his radio) This is Broyles, go ahead.

TECH #1: (over the radio) Video surveillance and 3-D triangulation model online.

BROYLES: Stand by, we'll wait for Diane Burgess.

TECH #1: (to Broyles as he enters the command vehicle with the science team) Snipers ready. Target sighted, arriving at Federal Center Station, South Portal. (on monitor, she exits the cab, heads for the transit building and answers a cell phone) The phone's encrypted, sir. We can't tap into it.

AGENT ON RADIO: There's no sign of the Colonel outside of the station.

BROYLES: (to the radio) Copy that, keep an eye on it. (to his technician) Where are we on that signal?

TECH #1: Attempting to acquire signal 331.6 Megahertz.

WALTER: Excuse me, Agent Broyles... is there an E.M.P. detection device in this station?

BROYLES: All capitol transportation hubs had them installed after 9-11. What's the problem?

WALTER: No problem. It's just that the security device can scramble all types of radio wave triggers.

BROYLES: That sounds to me like a good thing.

TECH #1: Frequency acquired. Jamming. Ready.

BROYLES: (to technician) Prepare to jam the signal. (to radio) Stand by to apprehend target.

WALTER: I'm thinking that if the Colonel wants Ms. Burgess inside the building. Then in order to trigger the explosion, he must be inside as well.

PETER: Which means that once he starts broadcasting, we should be able to triangulate his position. But in order to do that, we'd have to leave the frequency open. We can't jam it.

OLIVIA: (to Broyles) This could be our only chance to find Gordon and apprehend him.

AGENT ON RADIO: Target's about to enter the station. Do we move, sir?

BROYLES: I said stand-by.

OLIVIA: How long from when he activates the signal until she detonates?

WALTER: Thirty seconds, at best.

PETER: That should give us long enough to be able to locate him.

BROYLES: (to radio) All units hold position. Let the target get into the building. (to Olivia and Peter) Go.

Metro Station - Electronic Jamming

DIANE BURGESS: (inside the building in a large lobby, she answers her cell phone) Yes, Colonel?

RAYMOND GORDON: Your contact will be wearing a black trench coat. He will have a briefcase for you. Accept the briefcase and proceed by taxi back to your hotel.

DIANE BURGESS: Is that it, sir?

RAYMOND GORDON: That's it, Captain. I'll meet you there.

DIANE BURGESS: Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. (hangs-up)

BROYLES: (over the radio) According to this schematic, Diane Burgess should be standing near

the northwest side of the terminal. We're still waiting for Gordon to activate the V.H.F. signal.

PETER: (by radio) I got her. She's by the front entrance.

BROYLES: (radio reply) Keep an eye on her. (to technician) Do we have anything from Gordon yet?

TECH #1: The signal hasn't been activated yet, sir.

PETER: (over radio) She's on the move. Still no sign of Gordon.

WALTER: (to Broyles) That -- that's it. That's the V.H.F. signal. She'll detonate in thirty seconds.

BROYLES: (to technician) Agent, tell me where Gordon is.

TECH #1: Something's wrong. Sir, the signal's scrambling our equipment. I can't get a lock on Gordon.

BROYLES: (to radio) The signal is scrambling our equipment.

DIANE BURGESS: (to courier holding briefcase) I think you have something for me.

WALTER: (to those in the command vehicle) One Mississippi... two Mississippi... (clarifying for Broyles) - thirty seconds.

COURIER: (to Burgess) I don't know what you're talking about.

OLIVIA: (over radio) Okay, we've got her speaking to a man with a briefcase. It is not Gordon. Can you get a lock on the signal?

TECH #1: We can't get a lock.

BROYLES: Then jam that signal. We're jamming the signal, I'm not risking any lives to capture Gordon.

TECH #1: Sir, it's -- it's not working. The signal's too strong for our equipment. I'm locked out.

BROYLES: (over radio) We have a problem. Dunham - attempts to jam the signal have failed. She's going to detonate.

ACT VI

Metro Station - Capturing Gordon

BROYLES: (broadcasting on his handheld command radio) We have a problem. The signal cannot be jammed. I repeat, the signal... (as the static increases)

OLIVIA: (on her tactical radio) Peter, I think we just lost radio contact. We need to find Gordon.

PETER: (replying on his radio) Copy that. The trigger's been activated, we don't have much time.

COURIER: (to Burgess as she reaches for the briefcase) I don't know who you are.

DIANE BURGESS: Oh, my God! (as her hand and wrist start to crystallize)

PETER: I spotted Gordon. I'm taking him out.

RAYMOND GORDON: Ah! Ugh! (as Peter tackles him and strikes him. the remote detonation device falls to the floor nearby. Olivia grabs the device, but can't deactivate it.)

WALTER: ...twenty-four Mississippi... twenty-five Mississippi... twenty-six Mississippi... (Burgess continues to crystallize further up her arms. Olivia drops the detonator and pulverizes it with her cane. It deactivates and Burgess begins to return to normal, collapsing to the ground)

TECH #1: We're back online, the signal has stopped.

BROYLES: All agents move in.

AGENTS: F.B.I.!! (pulling Peter off of Gordon as he continues to pound him)

PETER: Ugh! Ugh!

(Olivia walks over to help Burgess while Walter claps, delighted at their success - managing to coax a rare smile out of Broyles in the process)

Walter's Lab - Mid-Evening

(some soothing oldie rock music plays on the portable stereo as Astrid sits and works at a counter. Peter walks over to the corpse and covers what remains of Officer Gillespie, then returns to the microscope station. Walter joins him with the local want ads)

PETER: What's this? (looks at the advertisement)

WALTER: An apartment. Two bedroom, semi-detached. Furnished housing for professors. It's a nice neighborhood. Down the block from where Belly used to live.

PETER: (pleased) I'll call Broyles, see if we can lease it.

The Bowling Alley - Feeling Better

SAM WEISS: (sitting at a lane and measuring the length of Olivia's hand) Okay, seven and a quarter inches. Hmm.

OLIVIA: Why "hmm"?

SAM WEISS: Well, I think your hand just seems smaller to me. Okay, we're good.

OLIVIA: We're good, what does that mean?

SAM WEISS: It means that's all for tonight. Go home.

OLIVIA: (perturbed) I just got here.

SAM WEISS: I know, but I'm tired. It's been a long day. You look like you could use some sleep yourself. (walks to ball return and picks-up a ball) Come back tomorrow. By then I'll have found you the perfect bowling ball.

OLIVIA: (placing her pistol to Sam's ear) Now you listen to me you son of a bitch. I am not here to bowl, or to try on shoes, or to have you play games with my head. I am here because I was told that you could fix me. (both turn and look at where Olivia had been sitting. her cane rests there, unneeded)

SAM WEISS: Take care, Agent Dunham.

Federal Building - Gordon Reveals

(both men sit calmly at a table in the interrogation room)

RAYMOND GORDON: (steadfast) ...meanwhile, we go through our lives unaware. The enemy is among us and nobody's doing anything about it. We don't have any idea the end is coming. So we had to take matters into our own hands. We had to send them a message.

BROYLES: What was in the briefcase?

RAYMOND GORDON: They told you I was crazy, didn't they? The Pentagon. They said I'd had a psychiatric break. I told them what I'm telling you. That they are here. Collecting data. Making observations. That's what's in the briefcase. They've been planning for war. And they've been passing the information via courier right under our noses.

(as the interview continues, a young man in a long dark coat walks into a diner and delivers a briefcase to a seated man, then leaves)

BROYLES: Who are 'they'?

RAYMOND GORDON: We don't know who they are. But I can tell you what they want. They want to exterminate us.

(the man seated in the diner pours an entire container of black pepper over his roast beef and jalapeno sandwich, then opens the briefcase he received from the courier)

RAYMOND GORDON: So they're studying us... our culture, our technology, our science... and they plan to use it against us. One way or another. We'll find out who they are. But by then, I suppose it won't really matter.

(The Observer pulls images out of the briefcase. High-tech surveillance images of one Walter Bishop)

RAYMOND GORDON: Because whatever's in those cases is gonna destroy us all.