

PROLOGUE

MIKE: Whoa, whoa -- hold on.

RADJAN VANDENKEMP: What floor?

MIKE: Sixteen. Gonna be a nice one today.

RADJAN VANDENKEMP: Yeah, yeah, I think so.

MIKE: Man, you don't look so good. Are you okay? Hey, Linda, I think something's wrong with that guy.

LINDA: Sir, you have to sign in.

VINCENT AMES: Linda, call 9-1-1.

MIKE: (administering CPR pulse to chest) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. - - He's... he's dead.

ACT I

Boston Children's Science Center

¶ the wheels on the bus go round and round ¶ ¶ round and round, round and round... ¶

SCIENCE CENTER WORKER: May I help you?

ASTRID: Yes, uh, I'm looking for someone who seems to have gotten lost.

SCIENCE CENTER WORKER: Okay, what school is he from?

ASTRID: He's not from any school. He's a man. His name is Doctor Walter Bishop.

SCIENCE CENTER WORKER: Hmm, I see. A special needs individual.

ASTRID: Heh, you have no idea.

WALTER: When the *Victoria*, the last surviving ship, returned to its harbor of departure after the first circumnavigation of the Earth, only 18 of the original 237 men were on board.

GIRL: What happened to them?

WALTER: They all died, young lady. Horrible and most likely painful deaths. You see, when you open new doors, there is a price to pay. Now imagine... tonight, you look under your bed, and, lo and behold, you find a monster! And you're immediately eaten. Now, if you hadn't looked for the monster, you wouldn't have found it, and you'd still be happy in your beds, instead of being slowly digested in the stomach sack of the creature. But, with any luck, your sisters or your brothers might have heard your screams, and your endeavor will serve as a valuable lesson for them.

TEACHER: Excuse me, do you work here?

WALTER: No, I'm a -- a season pass holder. But thank you. Doctor Walter Bishop. They had no right to revoke my membership. No right.

ASTRID: Walter, you terrified those kids.

WALTER: These children should know the truth.

ASTRID: Hello. Agent Dunham?

WALTER: They're tragically coddled and ill-advised.

ASTRID: Have you already told Peter? Okay... we'll be there right away. Come on.

Vitas Petrol Office

OLIVIA: Detective, I'm Agent Dunham. This is Peter Bishop.

KASSEL: Detective Kassel. We've been taking witness statements, trying to figure out what went down.

OLIVIA: Is the M.E. Here yet?

KASSEL: On his way. It's a Dutch license.

PETER: Radjan VandenKemp.

KASSEL: I've never seen anything like this.

PETER: Lucky you.

OLIVIA: (To Peter) I'm gonna talk to some of the witnesses. (To Female officer) I'm Agent Dunham with the F.B.I.

FEMALE OFFICER: (To Olivia) Hi. (To Linda) I'll let you two talk.

OLIVIA: (To Female officer) Thank you. (To Linda) Uh... did he have an appointment here at Vitas?

LINDA: Mm - mm. No one knew him. No one was expecting him. I don't even think he knew where he was going himself. He got off the elevator, seemed confused, and then collapsed.

PETER: (On the phone) Okay, thanks. (To Olivia) It's Broyles. He's downstairs. He's gonna run VandenKemp and see what he can come up with.

OLIVIA: Well, see, he didn't know anybody here, and this doesn't seem like the kind of business that you just walk into.

VINCENT AMES: Excuse me. Can I ask a question?

OLIVIA: Sure, Mister...

VINCENT AMES: Uh, Ames. Vincent Ames. I'm the VP of Geotechnical Engineering. Will we be able to leave soon?

OLIVIA: Not yet, I'm afraid.

VINCENT AMES: Do we know what happened to him yet?

OLIVIA: That's what we're trying to figure out. But we'll let you know as soon as you can leave.

LINDA: (To Olivia) Mike, the courier rode up with him.

OLIVIA: Which one's Mike?

LINDA: He's sitting right over here.

Outside of Vitas Petrol Building

BROYLES: Doctor Bishop, Agent Farnsworth. Got a deceased male, age fifty. We believe he's from the Netherlands. Walked into Vitas Petrol at 7:30 this morning, and his veins ruptured.

WALTER: Oh! Oh, I see. Well, uh, vasculitis could be a cause. Or, uh, an arteriovenous fistula, which is an abnormal channel between the vessels. Extremely high blood pressure results, resulting in swelling of the veins.

ASTRID: Until they rupture?

WALTER: No, no, not usually. But then, that's why we're here, I imagine. Don't, no, don't! This building must be quarantined immediately. No one goes in or out. I believe we have a contagion on

our hands.

ASTRID: But Olivia and Peter -- They'll be trapped inside.

WALTER: Quarantine the building, Agent Broyles.

ACT II

WALTER: I need to find out more about the first victim, Peter. The Dutchman. If I can find out where he came from, where he was, then I could begin to ascertain what could have infected him.

PETER: Walter, we don't know yet.

WALTER: Well, who was he coming to see? Someone up there must know him. Know something.

PETER: Walter?

WALTER: The CDC is here. You be careful up there, son.

PETER: I will. (To Olivia) The CDC is here.

ASTRID: Walter, it's gonna be okay.

WALTER: We should get to work.

VINCENT AMES: Why are the police holding us here?

PETER: We think we're in the midst of a virus contamination. The Centers for Disease Control are here.

VINCENT AMES: Are you saying we're quarantined?

OLIVIA: For now, yes.

LINDA: What happened to Mike?

OLIVIA: He was infected.

ELAINE: Is he... dead?

CARL: He was closest to him. He was right over the guy.

OFFICE WORKER: You were there too, Carl. You were there next to the courier. And Devon and Vincent. You all got his blood on you.

ELAINE: Then why aren't they sick too? How do you explain that?

OFFICE WORKER: I don't know, Elaine. But I'm sure it's just a matter of time. They shut down the airflow.

OLIVIA: I asked Detective Kassel to take care of it. It's protocol... in case the virus is airborne. We don't want it to spread through the building. So I'm gonna need to separate you into groups. Those who were near VandenKemp, if you could gather in one of the boardrooms. It's just a precaution until we know what this is and how it's being spread.

PETER: Come on, let's go!

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: Agent Broyles, Arnold McFadden, Field Director, CDC. I understand you've got two people up there. Do we know yet whether this is the result of a bioterrorism event?

BROYLES: We're looking into that possibility as we speak, but nothing yet.

CDC ASSISTANT: You wanted me?

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: Let's get a team into the lobby. Get blood work underway. Cut a two-block radius with barriers.

WALTER: I will need at least half a dozen of those samples, young man.

BILL HUBERT: Excuse me, who are you?

WALTER: ...and take me to your centrifuge.

ASTRID: Agent Broyles, uh, Walter has been arrested.

WALTER: Agent Broyles, thank God you're here. Please tell these men to release me.

UNIFORMED OFFICER: He breached the security line. Claims he's F.B.I., but he's got no credentials or identification.

WALTER: I said I was a consultant.

BROYLES: Doctor Bishop works with us. His son Peter is inside the building.

WALTER: I need to get back to the lab. I'm trying to determine what pathogen I'm dealing with. And I need a blood sample -- something to work with.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: I can understand your wanting to assist, Doctor, but I have a great deal of experience with pathogens.

WALTER: ...and I was Chairman of Biochemistry at Harvard and have little patience for small-minded bureaucrats.

BROYLES: Walter... that's not helping.

WALTER: I - I'm sorry. We need more information. My son tells me that several people got blood on them from the infected man. But only one of them died. Why him? Why aren't the others showing symptoms? I must get back to my lab and find out.

BROYLES: No matter what your impressions are of Doctor Bishop, I assure you he's a valuable asset.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: Hubert - you will escort Doctor Bishop to his lab with samples that you will not let out of your sight.

WALTER: Thank you. Thank you. Quickly, get your pajamas off and -- come on, let's go! Come on. Come on.

OLIVIA: You know, I can't find the name VandenKemp anywhere in this database.

PETER: But he must have been here to see somebody. How far back did you go?

OLIVIA: Two months.

PETER: They're all calling their families. Wanna call your sister? Just to let her know what's going on?

OLIVIA: What do you make of this? This guy, Ames, he had two appointments this morning, but he cleared his calendar last minute yesterday. But he's here.

PETER: That doesn't necessarily mean anything.

OLIVIA: ...and it doesn't necessarily not mean anything, either.

DETECTIVE KASSEL: Guys... we have a problem.

LINDA: What's happening to me?

PETER: Come on in here. I want you to lay down and just try and rest and relax as best you can, okay?

OLIVIA: Okay, I'm gonna get you some water.

LINDA: Thank you. Thank you.

PETER: Be right back.

OLIVIA: So how much time do you think she has?

PETER: I don't know, the courier died... maybe a half hour after giving VandenKemp CPR.

ELAINE: She's sick?

OLIVIA: I'm afraid so.

OFFICE WORKER: But she didn't get any of the blood on her.

OLIVIA: You don't know that for sure.

ELAINE: She didn't! She was nowhere near him when he died! Which means we could all have it.

PETER: But we don't know that. She was friends with the courier, right? Maybe he touched her. He could have infected her. The fact is, we just don't know. But it's important that we all stay calm.

OLIVIA: Can I talk to you in private, Mister Ames? Okay, I know Mister VandenKemp was here to see you. Your schedule was rearranged yesterday and your morning was cleared out. Why was he here?

VINCENT AMES: He came here to sell me some information from one of our competitors.

OLIVIA: What kind of information?

VINCENT AMES: All he said was it was from a recent *reserve find*.

OLIVIA: Well, it's possible that VandenKemp came in contact with the virus there, so do you know which oil reserve? Which competitor was it?

VINCENT AMES: He wouldn't say. All he said was, 'I have something to show you'. Something I would find very valuable. He was supposed to be gone before the staff came in this morning.

OLIVIA: Well, where is it, the information?

VINCENT AMES: I don't know. He didn't have anything with him. It's a very competitive business, Agent Dunham. I know what I did breaks a dozen Federal laws, but I'd rather go to prison than die here.

OLIVIA: Well, it may be too late to trade one for the other now, Mister Ames.

ACT III

BROYLES: Radjan VandenKemp was an oil consultant. He arrived at Logan three days ago on a flight from Dubai. We've already contacted 174 of the 212 passengers on board. No one's shown any signs of infection.

OLIVIA: Were you able to track his movements?

BROYLES: He was staying at a Continental Inn. We have agents at the hotel. No symptoms reported there either, but also no indication of any information he was selling.

OLIVIA: Have you heard from Walter? Has he been able to identify the virus?

BROYLES: No, not yet, but I'll let you know when I do.

OLIVIA: Okay.

WALTER: If we can isolate the strain, we may be able to understand this virus's personality.

ASTRID: The personality? Walter, it's not a person.

WALTER: Centrifuge is over there. No, viruses are not people, Astrid. But they seem to have minds of their own. The rabies virus can't survive in water. So it inflicts its host with a paralyzing fear of

water.

ASTRID: Walter, that sounds...

WALTER: Heh, trust me, I know how it sounds. It's almost beyond belief. The more we learn about viruses, the more unbelievable they become. They deny our definitions of living and dead. And their only function seems to be to survive, to replicate. And they use us as a vehicle to do so. It's the folly of humans to believe we're at the top of the food chain. In truth, viruses are.

BILL HUBERT: The strain won't isolate. The sample was too fragile.

WALTER: Damn it. I was afraid of that. Well, this is one piece of good news. I believe the virus is not airborne.

ASTRID: No?

WALTER: No. If it were, there'd be many more people showing signs of infection in that building. We need a better sample.

PETER: Broyles have anything?

OLIVIA: No. Whatever VandenKemp was trying to sell, they can't find it.

PETER: You able to get a hold of Rachel?

OLIVIA: No. I didn't try. She just went through all this stuff with me in the hospital, and she's still having nightmares about me being dead. What's the point in scaring her again? We are gonna get out of this.

PETER: That's just like you. Even now, you're protecting her. I thought that was the point of having people who care about you in your life... to have someone to talk to when you're scared.

OLIVIA: She's out. The receptionist.

LINDA: Aaaah!

OLIVIA: Peter... Dunham.

BROYLES: What the hell's happening up there?

OLIVIA: Peter, be careful. Peter. Peter, no!

PETER: Can't wait any longer.

OLIVIA: Stop it! Get away from him now!

PETER: I got his blood on me. If I wasn't infected before, I probably am now.

OLIVIA: Peter, this is insane!

PETER: They're down there and we're up here. And they're not sending anybody else up. This is our last chance to figure out whatever it was that he came here to try and sell. Rental car keys. Never take anything into a negotiation that can land you in jail. Always leave it in neutral territory.

BROYLES: The CDC is opening the briefcase now.

WALTER: You said his car was found in a garage nearby. It's underground?

BROYLES: That's right.

WALTER: I believe I have a hypothesis as to how this virus behaves.

BROYLES: Go on.

WALTER: Well, the receptionist had a very different reaction to the virus than the other two victims. And I believe I know why. This virus... has to spread itself, but in order to do so, it needs other organisms to infect. VandenKemp arrived alone at the building, and it wasn't until he was in an office full of people that he sprayed. B-but... having successfully infected other people, I believe

that the virus now senses that it's contained within the building, and -- and it wants to get outside to continue spreading.

BROYLES: The virus wants to get outside?

WALTER: Yes, yeah.

BROYLES: Doesn't that strike even you as a bit far-fetched?

WALTER: No... the courier only spewed as he approached the glass doors. And from what you've said, the receptionist showed an irrational desire to get outside, and then she sprayed. The virus compelled her to leave the building. It wanted to get outside.

BROYLES: You're saying the virus made her jump.

WALTER: Yes. Yes! I believe so.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: Among other things in the briefcase, we found a drill core sample from an exploratory oil dig. This is our virus.

ACT IV

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: The sample was stolen from Solum oil corp. By normal procedure, it would have been stored in an airtight, protective case.

BROYLES: Which suggests VandenKemp may have removed it in order to smuggle it out.

WALTER: Do those documents indicate how far down it came from?

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: It came from ten miles down.

WALTER: In that case, I believe we're in the presence of a 75,000-year-old terror. One that might have been responsible for wiping out the ice age mammals. Some things are meant to be left alone.

BROYLES: Doctor Bishop, can you find a cure for it?

WALTER: Maybe, in time. But right now, we need to keep the safe people safe. Now that I have an isolated sample, I can produce a tox screen. At least we can identify who's been infected.

TV MOVIE: Would diamonds or emeralds do?

BILL HUBERT: Agent Dunham, Bill Hubert, CDC.

OLIVIA: Hi. So, uh, how do you want to do this?

WALTER: Two groups. We divide alphabetically.

OLIVIA: Okay, I can do that -- 'a' through 'm's, if you come with me. And the rest can go with Agent Hubert.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: Call the State Department. Get approval for a level six eradication.

CDC ASSISTANT: *Level Six?*

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: We don't know how to contain it. If anybody on the outside got infected...

OFFICE WORKER: Thank you.

PETER: No problem. How we doing in here?

OLIVIA: We're just getting started.

ASTRID: First up, Vincent ames.

VINCENT AMES: Ho-how will I know?

WALTER: If you're infected, the solution will turn black. Swab. Please swab the inside of your

cheek. Amber. You're clear.

OLIVIA: We'll be in touch.

ASTRID: Alright, next is Peter, and then Olivia.

PETER: Ladies first.

WALTER: Swab your cheek. You're not infected. Peter. You're okay. You're okay. Okay. Okay. Next.

PETER: Okay, let's get this first group downstairs. You guys, come with me. Let's go.

CDC SUIT#1: This is the first batch of uninfected from both testing groups. Nona Norris. Lauren Nossel. Glen Paulsen. Vincent Ames. Olivia Dunham. Peter Bishop.

CDC SUIT#2: Wait, stop! He's bleeding from the nose. He's infected.

PETER: I just have to get outside.

CDC SUIT#2: Stop him! Get him away from the door!

PETER: I just have to get outside! Uhh! I just have to get outside.

STEVE: I'm infected?

WALTER: I'm afraid so. But I wasn't near anyone.

DETECTIVE KASSEL: Steve, you need to come with me.

PETER: Olivia, please! Please, you've got to open this door.

OLIVIA: Peter, I can't. You know that.

PETER: Look at me. Just look at me. I'm fine. Just look at me.

OLIVIA: Peter...

PETER: Olivia... Olivia!

ACT V

WALTER: Amber. You're clear.

ASTRID: Olivia, we just finished the tox screens.

OLIVIA: Peter is infected.

ASTRID: Peter?

OLIVIA: Yeah, the test was wrong. I-I don't know how, but... but he's bleeding from his nose and he's still in the building.

ASTRID: Okay.

WALTER: What was that about Peter?

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: The *Cambodian Outbreak* of '04... Killed 7,300 people, ost of which could have been avoided ilf the chinese authorities had moved quicker. That was *Level Four*. This is classified as *Six*. Right now, it's the only option.

OLIVIA: Uh, they finished the tox screens.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: I heard. 11 civilians infected, and your colleague. I'm sorry.

OLIVIA: So what do we do now?

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: Extract the rest of the ones that tested negative, and the State department

has authorized us to have the Army move in and contain the rest.

OLIVIA: The Army?

BROYLES: Dunham.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: It's the only definitive way to make sure that the virus is eradicated.

OLIVIA: There are still a dozen people in that building. You cannot tell me that killing them is our only option.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: Come with me. Run it for her. This model is based On just one of those people getting out and infecting someone on the outside. This is two weeks from now. We have no symptom blocker, no cure. What solution do you propose, Agent Dunham?

ASTRID: Walter... Walter, you can't take that off.

WALTER: It doesn't matter. The virus isn't airborne. It's transmitted by bodily fluids -- blood, saliva.

ASTRID: Walter, we are going to figure this out. Peter's gonna be fine.

BILL HUBERT: It's time to go. We're taking all non-infected personnel out of the building -- now.

ASTRID: Walter, we'll have to help Peter from outside. Come on, Walter, let's go.

OLIVIA: Astrid, where are you?

ASTRID: Walter won't leave. He thinks he can come up with a cure.

OLIVIA: Does he have any idea how to do that?

ASTRID: No, not yet.

OLIVIA: Astrid, they're giving up. The-- the CDC doesn't want to risk contamination, so they're planning on killing everyone inside. You can't be in there.

ASTRID: Walter will figure something out. We're gonna be fine.

OLIVIA: Astrid...

WALTER: What did Agent Dunham want?

ASTRID: Nothing.

WALTER: Help me drag this Dutchman into the kitchen. There's a table in there, and a sink. Homo sapiens persevered 100 millennia ago. So something must have killed this virus. Slower metabolisms, evolving blood types. Unless the wretched virus isn't organism-specific. If I had an animal, a cat or a mouse... No. No, no, no. No, there's no time for that, of course.

ASTRID: Walter... What can I do?

WALTER: I can't let Peter die again. He's going to. They all will. There's nothing I can do about it.

ASTRID: Walter, do you remember this morning? What you said at the Science Museum. You said that Magellan set sail around the world with a crew of 237 people.

WALTER: 237. Nearly all of whom died.

ASTRID: Yeah, but 18 of them didn't. That's what you said, Walter. Despite the odds, 18 of them came back to their families.

WALTER: The rest died of scurvy. A slow, horrific death. Uncontrollable diarrhea, pustulous bleeding. They all died. Except... we're still here. 75,000 years ago, our virus here wiped the planet clean. Then life resumed. So something... must have killed the active virus. Ash.

ASTRID: Astrid.

WALTER: No... ash. Mount Toba... the biggest volcanic eruption for the last 25 million years. It blocked out the sun. Sulfuric ash rained down all around the world. Sulfur. Sulfur! That could be it.

ASTRID: Where do we get sulfur?

WALTER: Open the fridge. Now, tell me what we've got to work with.

ASTRID: Um... There's diet soda. There's relish, there's, uh... there's yogurt, there's string cheese, there's horseradish, there's milk...

WALTER: ...ooh, horseradish! Horseradish, good. Grab that. The glycoside in horseradish is high in sulfur. If I'm right, this should attack the virus. Thank you.

OLIVIA: Sulfide diluted to four parts per million.

WALTER: Then apply heat to catalyze the base. 1.5 CC's should be enough.

OLIVIA: Okay. I got it.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: After we've notified the families of the deceased, we'll release a statement. The virus has been controlled. And we don't have any fear of a further outbreak.

OLIVIA: Walter found a cure.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: I'll call you back.

OLIVIA: This is what he needs.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: Sulfide base, neuraminidase blocker. We'd need a chemical supply lab. The closest one's in Wellesley.

OLIVIA: Okay.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: And several hours to synthesize the antidote. I'm sorry, Agent Dunham, we just don't have that long. That glass isn't gonna hold much longer.

BROYLES: What if we could buy you some time?

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: What are you thinking?

BROYLES: Fentanyl gas. Pump it inside the building. Knock them out long enough to synthesize a cure. We could have a gas truck here in ten minutes.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: No, even if we could, it wouldn't disperse. The building's ventilation system is down, and I can't risk sending any more of my people inside to turn it on.

OLIVIA: Then I'll do it.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: That's up to Agent Broyles, not me. You've got 15 minutes. After that, I can't take the chance.

OLIVIA: Yes, sir.

ACT VI

(Olivia races through the bowels of the building with a map, trying to summon an elevator. Peter races from the lobby to the security desk as a woman shouts at the front doors)

INFECTED WOMAN: Let us out!

(Peter notices on the security monitor that Olivia has infiltrated the building)

BROYLES: (on radio) Dunham. The gas truck is here. What's your *twenty*?

OLIVIA: (just after she enters) I'm in the elevator, proceeding to the parking garage.

(screams and shouts continue among the infected. Peter stares at the monitor, then looks around the

area trying to figure out a path to intercept Olivia)

PETER: (attacking Olivia as she walks into the parking garage) Uhh!

OLIVIA: Ohh! (draws her pistol to defend herself. pleads to her friend) Listen, I'm here to help you.

PETER: Give me the gun, Olivia.

OLIVIA: Peter, they're gonna shoot you.

PETER: They're gonna kill us all anyway. (stalking forward. paranoid) The cure is out there. They're lying to us. And you locked me in here.

OLIVIA: Uhh! (as Peter attacks her) Uhh! (they struggle) Uhh!

PETER: You betrayed me! (takes a blow to the midsection) Ahh! (her pistol fires into the ceiling)

OLIVIA: Uhh! (diving for her dropped pistol below a vehicle)

PETER: (steps on her arm) Hyuh!

OLIVIA: (in pain) Agh!

PETER: (after grabbing the pistol) Stay down. (aims at her. dazed, he wanders away)

BROYLES: (outside on the radio) Dunham. Agent Dunham, can you hear me? (on cell phone) Agent Farnsworth.

ASTRID: (answers phone) Sir.

BROYLES: Is the ventilation system on yet?

ASTRID: No, sir. It's still off. (holds hand up to vent) Olivia hasn't made it yet.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: We have to move. I gave you fifteen minutes.

BROYLES: I understand you have operational authority here. But there are people in there that are like family to me. Another ten minutes.

ARNOLD MCFADDEN: I'm sorry.

(armed teams enter the building)

ASTRID: Here, put this on. (hands mask to Walter)

WALTER: For what?

ASTRID: Trust me.

(the gas penetrates the building and an armed team finds Peter unconscious in an elevator)

WALTER: (adminsters the antidote) You're going to be okay, Peter. Just rest, son. (later, after Peter revives) Son.

PETER: Thank you. All of you.

OLIVIA: You feeling better?

PETER: Olivia... I'm sorry.

OLIVIA: You weren't yourself.

PETER: It's lucky for me that you were. (Walter walks away distraught)

ASTRID: Walter. (follows him out) Um... Inside... Upstairs... When you said, 'I can't let Peter die again...' what did you mean by that?

WALTER: Some things are meant to be left alone, Agent Farnsworth.