

## PROLOGUE

### **Bishop Residence - Getting Smarter**

(late at night. peppy, upbeat music finds Walter experimenting on the dining room table, preparing a syringe for injection, and fumbling to get his trousers around his ankles. in his robe and barely awake, Peter joins him)

PETER: Walter?

WALTER: Peter. You're up early.

PETER: Oh, no, I'm still asleep upstairs in my bed. You're just talking to an astral projection of me.

WALTER: You're just saying that to see if I'm high.

PETER: (looks at the syringe) What are you doing, Walter?

WALTER: I'm making myself smarter.

PETER: Really? (sits and prepares for the tale)

WALTER: When William removed those parts of my brain all those years ago, he diminished my intellect. (swabbing his backside for the injection) And now, I'm not the equal of my equal.

PETER: Your equal?

WALTER: Walternate. If I can think like him, I can figure out what he's trying to do with that device and how to keep you safe.

PETER: Walter. (interrupts the injection)

WALTER: Hmm?

PETER: You really sure you should be dabbling in that?

WALTER: I've done hundreds of experiments on myself.

PETER: No. That's not what I meant, Walter. (earnestly) According to William Bell, he took out those parts of your brain for a reason. Because you asked him to. Because you were afraid of what you were becoming... I don't want to see you hurt yourself.

WALTER: I won't hurt myself. (injects the solution into his left backside) Ooh. Ahh...

PETER: (hears knocking at the door) Who's that at two in the morning?

WALTER: Oh! My pizza. (trundles to the door with his trousers around his ankles)

PETER: So you are high, then.

WALTER: Maybe a bit.

## **Parklane Senior Care - A Ghost?**

(Boston late night, a lone retiree pads along an empty corridor. the staff notices on one of their security monitors)

JOE: We've got a live one.

PAM: (joins her colleague) That's Mister Joyce. He's a sleepwalker.

JOE: (a security alert flashes nearby) Open door in the patient wing. (on the monitor, a younger man joins Joyce) Who is that?

PAM: Come on. (both leave the security station to find Joyce) Mister Joyce, are you awake? Mister Joyce! Who were you talking to? That boy. Where did he go?

ROSCOE JOYCE: I was talking to... Bobby.

PAM: Bobby? (back in Roscoe's room as she settles him in, to Joe) Now, he definitely wasn't talking to Bobby.

JOE: Who's Bobby?

PAM: (picks-up a framed photo of Roscoe and Bobby from decades ago) He's Mister Joyce's son. He died in 1985. (to Roscoe) What did he say to you?

## **Forested Hillside - Mission Report**

(the young man from the security footage climbs to meet the man who brought him to his father)

OBSERVER: Did you tell him?

BOBBY JOYCE: (nods yes) What now?

OBSERVER: I take you back home.

## **ACT I**

### **Olivia's Apartment - Belated Gift**

(responds to knocking at her door. looks through the peephole then opens the door)

COURIER: Olivia Dunham?

OLIVIA: Yeah. (accepts a bulky envelope and signs for it) Thank you. (closes the door, inspects the envelope, opens it and extracts the book - "*If You Meet the Buddha on the Road, Kill Him!*"). looks at the backcover. opens the book and finds a card with the message -- Olivia... Because you asked. Peter -- she puts the book down and answers her ringing cell phone) Dunham.

## Parklane Senior Care - Meeting Roscoe

PETER: (to Olivia as she enters the facility and joins the team) Hey.

OLIVIA: Hey. What's up?

PETER: Broyles was just telling us a *ghost story*.

BROYLES: Bobby Joyce. (hands over a picture from the security footage showing Roscoe Joyce and his son) He's the son of one of the residents here. Or rather, he was. He died twenty-five years ago. And it gets more odd. The cameras picked up this as well. (hands Olivia another picture. one with Bobby and The Observer.)

OLIVIA: The Observer? It's been a while since we've seen him.

PAM: (summoning the team) Agent Broyles?

PETER: (to his father, who is still studying the photograph of The Observer) You coming Walter?

WALTER: Yes, of course.

PAM: (leads the team through the day room) After I took a second look at the video, I knew who it was right away. Mister Joyce keeps a photo of Bobby on his bedside table. I been looking at it ever since I worked here.

PETER: Did Mister Joyce say what it was that he and Bobby were talking about?

PAM: (enters the TV room) He doesn't remember. He was sleepwalking. (points to the seated man) That's Mister Joyce.

WALTER: Roscoe Joyce!

BROYLES: You know him?

WALTER: (hurries to his side) Mister Joyce! Mister... Mister Joyce. I'm Walter Bishop! (star struck, he reaches to shake hands) I'm a tremendous fan!

ROSCOE JOYCE: (understated) Nice to meet you.

PETER: (privately) You ever heard of *Violet Sedan Chair*?

BROYLES: No.

PETER: It's Walter's favorite band. Roscoe Joyce is their keyboardist. He's a hero of Walter's. He's up there with Einstein and Tesla.

OLIVIA: Uh... Mister Joyce, I'm Agent Olivia Dunham. (shakes hands) Hi. I understand that you had a visitor last night.

ROSCOE JOYCE: My son. (shows her his framed photograph) I don't remember talking to him. But I remember he was here. It's a curse, not... remembering a miracle. It was a miracle -- seeing him again. Can you imagine what that's like?

WALTER: Yes, I can.

OLIVIA: (pauses) Mister Joyce?

NURSE #1: I'm sorry. It's time for his physical therapy and his medication.

PAM: Ready, Mister Joyce? (the two help him stand up) One, two... three. (they lead him away)

BROYLES: I've come to believe in some strange things, but ghosts...

WALTER. Bobby wasn't a ghost. The Observer doesn't experience time like we do. If we can accept that he can travel from the past to the present and back to the past again, then it's not inconceivable that he could bring others with him. We'll have to try and help Mister Joyce remember what his son said to him. I'll need to take him back to my lab.

PETER: But why would The Observer drag a dead man twenty-five years through time just to talk with his father?

WALTER: I don't know. But every time The Observer shows up, it has something to do with you. And every time, it's something bad.

PETER: Walter, come on, you--

WALTER: I'll go wait in the car. (walks away)

BROYLES: I'll make the arrangements to have Mister Joyce released.

PAM: (after the arrangements have been made) Three pills at eight this evening, and he gets a little cranky if he doesn't eat.

PETER: That's alright, I got experience with *cranky*. Thank you. (puts the bottle of pills in his pocket and joins Olivia nearby)

PAM: Mm-hmm. Have a good one.

PETER: (noticing an adorable senior couple sitting and chatting) That's sweet.

OLIVIA: Yeah, it is. (reaches inside her coat and returns the book Peter sent to her apartment) Uh, I don't think that this was for me. It arrived this morning, and I looked at the date on the order, and it was from when I was over there, so I figured that it was probably for her.

PETER: (tongue-tied) Olivia...

OLIVIA: ...It's okay.

ROSCOE JOYCE: (joins the duo with Walter) I understand you're gonna help me remember what my son said to me.

OLIVIA: We're gonna try.

## **Hanna's Jewelry - Interrupted Heist**

ROBBER #1: (loading money from the vault to a gym bag) I'm almost done here. You guys finished out front? (turns and sees The Observer behind him. reaches for his pistol before being tossed through a large interior window)

OBSERVER: (incapacitates a second gun-toting 'tattoo man', then catches several bullets as the third 'tough man' fires his weapon. a punch and a kick later his objective is achieved. he dials on his communications device and reports) I'm at 719 Skelton Avenue. There has been a robbery. (as he walks from the scene he hears pained wheezing from the employee that has been bound by the robbers. he stops and removes the tape from her mouth)

VICTORIA DIMIRO: Help me. (her savior searches her purse and gives her a blast from her inhaler. after her breathing calms) Thank you.

(The Observer exits the store, puts the inhaler in his pocket and quietly walks off)

## **ACT II**

### **Walter's Lab - Hypnotherapy**

PETER: (escorting a piano into the lab) Walter? Where do you want this?

WALTER: Uh, r-r-right...there! (points)

PETER: (to the delivery team) Very good. Thanks, fellas. (to Walter, about Roscoe) What's he listening to?

WALTER: Ocean waves. I need him to be in a peaceful state of mind for the hypnotherapy to take full effect. Once he's in a more pliable state, he may be able to access his memories. (dons his blue/red lensed glasses)

ASTRID: (sarcastic) That's a good look, Walter.

WALTER: These were created by an old friend of mine, Doctor Jacoby from Washington State. They will enable me to see Roscoe's aura so that I can measure the depth of his hypnotic state.

ASTRID: And the piano?

WALTER: Roscoe's mind doesn't work like ours. His creativity is expressed through music. Playing -- may help him to recollect the conversation he had with his son.

PETER: And if you just happen to get a private concert from your musical idol...

WALTER: That's not why I'm doing this. But I cannot deny that I would enjoy it. (getting the attention of his lethargic subject) Mister Joyce? We're ready for you.

ROSCOE JOYCE: (lifts his headphone from his ear) What do you want me to do?

WALTER: Let me guide you. Listen to my voice. I will speak into the microphone. Now, imagine yourself... somewhere tranquil, serene, safe. Go down the staircase...

OLIVIA: (on the phone, while Peter picks up a bag and joins her) So there's no footage at all? Okay, well, thank you for checking. (hangs-up. to Peter) I thought maybe the traffic cameras would have picked up The Observer, but no such luck. How's it going out there?

PETER: (removes the book from the bag) Uh, Walter's channeling *The Amazing Kreskin*. I just wanted to try and explain the book.

OLIVIA: You don't have to.

PETER: She asked me what my favorite book was. I understand that she was probably just trying to gather information on me, but... I also know that I'm not the easiest guy to get to know. (heart-felt) It's always been easier for me to... keep people at arm's length... which is actually something that I think we have in common. The book wasn't meant for her. It was meant for the Olivia Dunham that I've spent the last couple years of my life with. Because I wanted you to read it. You're the person I wanted to share it with.

OLIVIA: (saddened) You know, I feel like *Rip Van Winkle*. Everything is different. Even you opening up to me is different. And this book is just a reminder of all the things that I missed, conversations we didn't have...

ASTRID: (joins them in the inner office) You guys should come see this. Walter's doing it.

WALTER: (to Roscoe) Sit. At the count of three, you will open your eyes, but you won't be awake. You'll still be open and receptive as you are now. Are you ready? One... Two, three.

ROSCOE JOYCE: (sitting at the keyboard) Ohh... ha ha. It's been a long time since I touched a piano. (steps on the footpedal twice. starts playing the piano)

WALTER: Roscoe, I want you to think back. The night you saw Bobby.

ROSCOE JOYCE: Tuesday... Tuesday is... chicken dinner.

WALTER: Yes. And... after you went to bed and fell asleep, what happened?

ROSCOE JOYCE: (methodical) Bobby... my boy. I didn't believe it was him. It'd been so long since... I'd seen him. I asked him if he was real. He took my hand... he was real.

WALTER: What did he say?

ROSCOE JOYCE: He whispered something to me. He was so close... I felt his... (ringing cell phone interrupts his thoughts)

OLIVIA: God. I - I - I'm — (on phone) Dunham. Can you hold on, please? (to Walter) I - I'm so sorry, Walter. (walks off. to her caller) This is Dunham.

WALTER: Let's go. What did Bobby say?

ROSCOE JOYCE: I don't remember.

OLIVIA: (on phone) Go it. I'm on my way. (hangs-up. to Peter) The Observer's been spotted in Brookline, so...

PETER: Walter, you alright?

WALTER: If alright means despondent, yes.

ASTRID: Peter, go. I'll take care of him.

OLIVIA: Walter, I'm sorry!

ROSCOE JOYCE: He was in a... brown shirt.

ASTRID: Who was?

ROSCOE JOYCE: Bobby. His mother gave it to him.

WALTER: What did Bobby tell you?

ROSCOE JOYCE: He told me... I would... meet you. Walter... Bishop. He called you by name. Bobby said I was supposed to... help you.

WALTER: Help me. How?

ROSCOE JOYCE: I don't know. Don't you?

## **ACT III**

### **Curbside Cambridge - Colleagues Confer**

THE OBSERVER: (as his colleague joins him) It has begun. I have set everything in motion.

DECEMBER: I have watched Doctor Bishop as long as you have, perhaps not as closely, but I think you're wrong. He won't do it.

THE OBSERVER: I disagree. I believe he has changed. (both watch a man exit and lock his pick-up truck)

DECEMBER: You think he has changed. I don't believe he has. In either case, I suppose we will find out soon enough.

(The Observer approaches the truck, touches the locked keyhole once, opens the door and steals the vehicle)

### **Walter's Lab - Youthful Memories**

ROSCOE JOYCE: (setting at the piano and playing casually) Are you sure you don't know what I'm supposed to do for ya?

WALTER: (working nearby at a table with burners, beakers and tubes) No idea.

ROSCOE JOYCE: Bobby told me to help you.

WALTER: You already have. Just hearing you play, I... (a youthful smile finds his face) I feel like I'm a teenager again. Can I ask you something, Roscoe? Why did *Violet Sedan Chair* break up?

ROSCOE JOYCE: (stops playing) I don't know. It just happened. We were having creative differences. We figured the best thing to do was to take a break, give the band time to regroup. One day, I looked up... and a couple of years had gone by. I barely touched the keyboard. And then a couple of more. Eventually... it just seemed easier not to. (starts playing) I suppose that that's hard to understand.

WALTER: No. I spent years away from the things I loved. (heavy memories flood in) I've been trying to get back into the swing of it ever since.

### **Hanna's Jewelry - Victim Interview**

VICTORIA DIMIRO: I was having an asthma attack. It was like he saw what I needed. He got my inhaler from my purse.

PETER: Did he say anything to you? (Olivia sits and listens quietly for the response)

VICTORIA DIMIRO: No. Nothing. It was like nothing affected him. He had this calmness. I didn't even think he was real, except... he saved my life.

### **Walter's Lab - Brain Mapping**

ROSCOE JOYCE: So... what -- what is all this you got here, huh? (referring to the elaborate equipment surrounding them)

WALTER: Recently, I invented a liquid base to aid in the process of brain-mapping.

ROSCOE JOYCE: Ha. Really? Brain-mapping. That's a good name for an album. (watches as Walter pours a vial of liquid into a container of milk) Any chance you could explain that to a *simpleton* like me?

WALTER: (approaches the piano) I don't want to bore you with the details, but I'm missing parts of my brain. And I have to rejuvenate them in order to rise to the intellectual challenges before me.

ROSCOE JOYCE: And they are?

WALTER: Discovering why your son Bobby left the message... and how to keep my son Peter from the peril surrounding him.

ROSCOE JOYCE: Is that... milk? (points at the container)

WALTER: The milk acts as a bonding agent for the other compounds.

ROSCOE JOYCE: Oh...

WALTER: (places the container of *modified milk* in the refrigerator) a... and helps disguise the taste.

ROSCOE JOYCE: I don't see how I can help you in any way. My knowledge of science begins and ends with inventing a recipe for a... strawberry milk shake.

WALTER: You like strawberry milk shake?

ROSCOE JOYCE: They're my number one drink since I stopped drinking.

WALTER: It's mine too! Ashram! Come out here, please.

ASTRID: Walter, what is it?

WALTER: I need you to go to the grocery store.

ASTRID: Walter...

WALTER: We need a gallon of strawberry ice cream, some sweet whey, and some yeast and some sugar.

ASTRID: Okay. We need coffee anyway. (leaves the lab)

WALTER: Thank you, Dear. (to Roscoe) I spent six years perfecting my recipe. You must try it! Well... ha. (toasting) To answers. (hears door open and close) Oh, did you forget something? I hope they didn't run out of sweet whey. (turns to find that Astrid has not come back into the lab)

OBSERVER: Hello, Walter. We need to speak.

## ACT IV

### **Harvard Campus - The Grassy Stroll**

(walking through one of the many campus green areas, Walter's acquaintance gets the conversation he asked for)

OBSERVER: (looking at the changing, falling leaves) You call it... Autumn. Is that right? Lovely word.

WALTER: We had a deal. (takes the man by his arm) Please... don't take him from me. The drawing. Peter in the device. You know the future. Tell me how I can save my son from dying.

OBSERVER: There are things that I know. But there are things that I do not. Various possible futures are happening simultaneously. I can tell you all of them, but I cannot tell you which one of them will come to pass. Because every action causes ripples, consequences both obvious and... unforeseen. For instance... after I pulled you and Peter from the icy lake, later that summer, Peter caught a firefly. I could not have known he would do that or that because he did a young girl three miles away would not. And so later that night, she would continue looking, trying to find another one. I could not have known that when she did not come home, her father would go out looking for her, driving in the rain, so that when the traffic light turned red, his truck skidded through the intersection at Harvard Yard, killing a pedestrian.

WALTER: Did that happen?

OBSERVER: You and I have interfered with the natural course of events. We have upset the balance in ways I could not have predicted. Which is why now I need your help.

WALTER: (surprised) Help?

OBSERVER: When the time comes, *give him the keys and save the girl.*

WALTER: Give him the keys? W - wha -- what do you mean? What girl?

OBSERVER: You should answer your phone.

WALTER: (answers his phone just as it starts to ring. turns away for some privacy) Hello?

PETER: (over the phone) Apparently, your friend is fighting crimes now.

WALTER: Friend? (turns and sees that he is suddenly alone)

PETER: The Observer. Broke up a robbery at a jewelry store. Three guys came in, killed the owner, tied up the girl who worked here.

WALTER: Girl?

PETER: Yeah, according to her, The Observer saved her life.

WALTER: Who is she, the girl?

PETER: Her name's Victoria Dimiro. Why?

WALTER: I - I - I need to speak to her. Bring her here.

PETER: Walter...

WALTER: ... please don't argue with me, Peter. This is important. I need to speak with her.

PETER: (looks back into the store to see that the interview is on-going) Fine. But you'll have to wait. Cops are about to take her downtown so she can give a statement.

WALTER: Well, as soon as they're done, bring her here to me. (hangs-up)

### **Walter's Lab - Bobby's Dream**

ROSCOE JOYCE: (sitting and eating a big bowl of ice cream as Walter returns from his stroll) Ah! There you are. I have several things to tell you. First... Miss Farnsworth is back. And, uh, and I... remember something else.

WALTER: Oh?

ROSCOE JOYCE: Bobby... called me on the phone.

WALTER: (baffled) Just now?

ROSCOE JOYCE: Oh, no, no. Ha ha. No. Years ago. We were on tour, and he called to tell me about a strange dream he'd just had. He dreamt a bald man in a dark suit, took him to see me. I was an old man living in a nursing home. Dreaming about something that happens... twenty-five years later.

WALTER: I don't think it was a dream at all. I think... the man in the suit took your son through time. And it was only just last night that you caught up to the other end of the visit.

ROSCOE JOYCE: Mm. Wild. (chuckles, not sure of implication) You know, come to think of it, that was the last conversation we had. Him... telling me about his dream. We were playing a show that night, a club in Harvard Yard. Bobby... was on his way to the show. I remember looking outside and seeing how hard it was raining. I remember getting a call from the police. They told me... he stepped onto the crosswalk... when a truck...

WALTER: ...skidded through the traffic light.

ROSCOE JOYCE: They said it was -- wasn't anybody's fault. (growing tearful) When I lost my son... nothing seemed to matter anymore. That's the reason I broke up the band. But here I am. I played again. It felt good. It felt right. Maybe that's why Bobby came back.

WALTER: (resolved) Maybe it was. Would you excuse me for a moment? (walks to one of the offices in the lab)

ASTRID: Hey. Peter called. He wanted me to let you know that they are on their way back, and they're bringing the salesgirl with them. (sees his concern) Walter, what is it?

WALTER: I know what The Observer's doing.

ASTRID: (tentatively) Okay.

WALTER: The day I crossed over and saved Peter, I set off a chain reaction. I set the universe off-balance. Two of them. I've seen the damage with my own eyes, but... it's not enough. It - it's not enough to understand the suffering I've caused.

ASTRID: (quickly interjecting) Walter, we have been over this. You couldn't have known.

WALTER: That's exactly the point -- unforeseen consequences. But my fault, just the same. (looks through the blinds into the lab) And that man... has lost a son because I was unwilling to lose mine. I know the Observer is trying to restore balance, and he wants me to help him, to -- to help undo all the damage I've caused, but I can't do it. Don't you see? Doing that, I would lose him all over again.

ASTRID: Lose who?

WALTER: Peter!

ASTRID: Walter--

WALTER: I need a phone! (hurries off)

**Porter Square - Transporting Victoria**

PETER: (answers ringing cell phone as Olivia drives behind the police cruiser delivering Ms DiMiro) Hello.

WALTER: (over the phone. from the lab) A - ask that salesgirl a question for me. Where was she in 1985?

PETER: I can't do that, Walter. She's in the car in front of us. But we're just passing through Porter Square. We should be there in about five minutes. You can ask her all the questions you like then --

(the vehicle stolen by The Observer speeds along a perpendicular thoroughfare and collides into the side of the police cruiser. Olivia swerves and skids, flattening a tire in the process. traffic grinds to a halt)

WALTER: (loudly. concerned at what he just heard) Peter?

## ACT V

### **Porter Square - Give Me The Keys**

(Olivia and Peter exit their vehicle to tend to the wreck. The Observer sets off on foot)

WALTER: (on the phone from the lab) Peter? Peter, what is it?

OLIVIA: (barks an order at Peter) You check the other car. I'll go after him.

WALTER: Peter, what's happening?

PETER: (on phone) The Observer ran into the cop car.

WALTER: Peter, are you alright?

PETER: (looks at Victoria, then to the injured policeman that was driving) Get on the dispatch. We're gonna need an ambulance.

WALTER: Peter!

PETER: I gotta go! I got to go! (to Victoria) Where's your, uh, your inhaler? (searches her purse) No. It's not in there.

VICTORIA DIMIRO: The bald man in the store... he took it.

PETER: Put your arms around my neck. (carries her from the wrecked police cruiser)

OLIVIA: (running down a nearby street) Excuse me! FBI! Move!

PETER: Try to calm down. You're gonna be alright. (placing her in the rear hatch section of his vehicle)

WALTER: (arrives in his station at the collision scene) Peter, are you okay? Yeah, I'm fine, but she's not. (waves him over to help)

ASTRID: What's wrong with her?

PETER: She's asthmatic. The adrenaline from the crash...

WALTER: ...elevated her heart rate and triggered an attack.

PETER: Exactly. There's an ambulance on the way, okay?

WALTER: Where are you going?

PETER: Olivia took off after The Observer on foot. I'm gonna catch up. Hey, *give the keys and save the girl.* (puts out a hand for the keys the station wagon)

WALTER: What did you say?

PETER: I said *give me the keys and save the girl.*

WALTER: (confounded) He told me you'd say that.

PETER: Who?

WALTER: The Observer. This is it! This is his plan. This is what he wanted.

PETER: You spoke with The Observer?

WALTER: Yes! He is course correcting. (gets it. understands the master plan) I don't know how, but he's done some kind of... a chain reaction that started from the moment that we walked into that nursing home to meet Roscoe. Everything since has been the sequence culminating in this very moment, and if I save this woman and let you go, then I'm afraid the consequences... you're gonna die, Peter. They're gonna take you from me.

PETER: Walter, you can't predict the future, and neither can I. But if you don't help that girl right now, she's gonna die in the street -- do you hear me?

WALTER: They'll take you from me.

PETER: (reassuring) Walter, give me the keys. Give me the keys, Walter.

OLIVIA: (continuing on foot through the pedestrian traffic) Excuse me! Out of my way! Move! FBI! Coming through! Excuse me! (stops. calls on her phone)

PETER: (on his phone) Yeah.

OLIVIA: I'm on State Street. I've lost him.

PETER: I got him. He's headed into a hostel at 2119 Main Street.

OLIVIA: Okay. I'm on my way.

PETER: (exits the station wagon and is nearly struck by traffic) Hey! (is nearly struck again and continues pursuit on foot)

## Porter Square - Save The Girl

ASTRID: Walter, she's getting worse!

WALTER: (after searching for any makeshift equipment to help his patient) Now, here, I - I want you to lay down, please, so we can help you -- lay down. Astrid, would you put your hands either side of her ribs, please?

VICTORIA DIMIRO: (wheezing. to Astrid) It's alright.

WALTER: When I tell you, I want you to push up, applying constant pressure.

ASTRID: Okay.

WALTER: I am going to use this plastic bottle to push air into your lungs. Will you hold your nose, please? (she does) Okay, good. Are you ready? (to Astrid) Push.

(nearby. Peter finds his man on a separate rooftop residential complex than the one he climbed-up)

PETER: What is this all about? You know, don't you? The picture of me and the device -- what does it mean? What's going to happen to me?

OBSERVER: It must be very difficult.

PETER: What?

OBSERVER: Being a father. (then fires his pulse gun, knocking down Peter)

PETER: Unh!

OLIVIA: (catches the tail end of the action and leaps the alleyway to the second roof to follow) Hey! (draws her weapon, sees that she has fallen well behind, and that Peter is starting to wake up)

WALTER: (to the EMTs that are loading Victoria in the ambulance) You need to keep her calm to prevent another attack.

VICTORIA DIMIRO: Thank you.

WALTER: (answers ringing cell phone) H - hello?

OLIVIA: (from the scene of the confrontation) Walter, we lost him.

WALTER: Peter?

OLIVIA: No, Walter, The Observer. Peter's fine. He's just a bit banged up, that's all. Why would you think we lost Peter?

ASTRID: Is Peter okay?

WALTER: Yes. It doesn't make sense. Why would The Observer do all this?

## ACT VI

### **Parklane Senior Care - Fieldtrip Over**

ROSCOE JOYCE: (walks into his room feeling renewed) Ah... home. It was a pleasure to meet you, Kelly.

ASTRID: (smiling) You too, Roscoe.

WALTER: I don't know what to say.

ROSCOE JOYCE: Come visit me sometime. Bring me a strawberry milk shake. I'll play some piano for ya.

WALTER: (shakes hands with a tearful smile) It would be an honor.

ROSCOE JOYCE: (shares a nice man hug with his new friend) I forgot what my son felt like, what he smelled like. How it felt to be around him. But now I remember. Nobody is supposed to have a second chance like that.

### **Walter's Lab - The Answer Within**

(the duo walks in from the corridor outside the lab)

PETER: First he saves the girl, then he tries to kill her. Then he runs up five flights of stairs just to shoot me with his magic air gun and disappear. None of it makes any sense.

OLIVIA: (smart-alecky) And how is this different to any other day?

PETER: Uh...

OLIVIA: Peter, are you sure you don't want to go see a doctor?

PETER: No, I'm okay. Thanks. (she finds the book that he had sent to her apartment) Do you ever feel like every time we get close to getting the answers, somebody changes the question? (swoons) Olivia.

OLIVIA: So why is this your favorite book?

PETER: (struggles) Because it talks about not depending on other people for answers. That you can only find the answers inside yourself. Which... given our current situation, is kind of amusing if you think about it. (takes a pill and washes it down with Walter's modified milk) Oh...unh! (drops the container and collapses)

OLIVIA: Peter? Peter!

WALTER: (at Parklane Senior Care. answers ringing cell phone) Hello. Walter Bishop.

OLIVIA: Walter, Peter's collapsed. He's having some kind of a seizure. He took some aspirins and swallowed it with some milk --

WALTER: Milk?

OLIVIA: Yeah, from the refrigerator.

WALTER: Oh, gawd!

OLIVIA: Oh, gawd what?

WALTER: The organometals I - in the serum must have reacted with, with the phosphates in the milk.

OLIVIA: (urgently) Walter, what do I do?

WALTER: (over the phone loudspeaker) He needs an anticoagulant to stop the seizures. In my medical bag on the shelf near the centrifuge.

OLIVIA: Okay, I got it--

WALTER: ...You'll also need the gallon jug of saline, which is on the bottom shelf. Open the bag -- you'll find a bottle of magnesium sulfate. Use the syringe. One c.c. of magnesium sulfate, nine c.c's o-of saline.

OLIVIA: It's not here, Walter, the magnesium sulfate. I can't find it.

WALTER: Oh, w--no, no, no, I moved it, so... So I - I'd know where I put it. It was such an obvious place--

OLIVIA: Please, Walter!

WALTER: Oh! Yeah! I - I alphabetized it. I - it's in the refrigerator next to the mayonnaise.

OLIVIA: Okay. I got it.

WALTER: Quickly --

OLIVIA: (prepares a syringe of Walter's solution) Okay, Walter. Where do I put it?

WALTER: In his leg. In his right leg. (waits) Olivia? Please tell me what's happening. Olivia?

OLIVIA: Okay. Okay, I think he's stabilizing. Everything's okay.

### **Bishop Residence - Decompressing**

PHONOGRAPH MUSIC: *I could while away the hours - conferrin' with the flowers - consultin' with the rain - and my head I'd be scratchin' - while my thoughts were busy hatchin'... if I only had a brain*

PETER: (waking up) Hey.

WALTER: (presents a bowl of his soup) I made you some... Rosemary Chicken Soup. How are you feeling, son?

PETER: (groggy) I'm better.

WALTER: Thank you.

PETER: (less groggy) What are you thanking me for?

WALTER: For what you did. My serum was flawed. It would have killed me if I'd taken it. You only lived 'cause you're young and healthy. And I suspect... that's what this was all about.

PETER: (doesn't have a clue) You lost me, Walter.

WALTER: I think... The Observer saved my life. When he gave you a knock on the head so you'd take some aspirin and wash it down with the milk so you'd ingest the serum instead of me.

PETER: (snarky-ish) I think if that's all he wanted, there must have been an easier way.

WALTER: Well, he's not human. You can't expect him to think like us. (hands over hot bowl) Oh!

PETER: (accepts bowl of soup) Thank you.

PHONOGRAPH MUSIC: (slow and haunting as Walter thinks) ... *and then I'd sit and think some more - I would not be just a nothin' - my head all full of stuffin' - my heart all full of pain...*

## **Bishops Residence - Observers Confer**

(outside the home in the cold, brisk night)

OBSERVER: (mechanically with no emotion) I must admit, I feared my experiment would fail.

DECEMBER: But you were right. He's changed. He was willing to let his son die.

OBSERVER: Yes. And now we know. When the time comes... he will be willing to do it again.