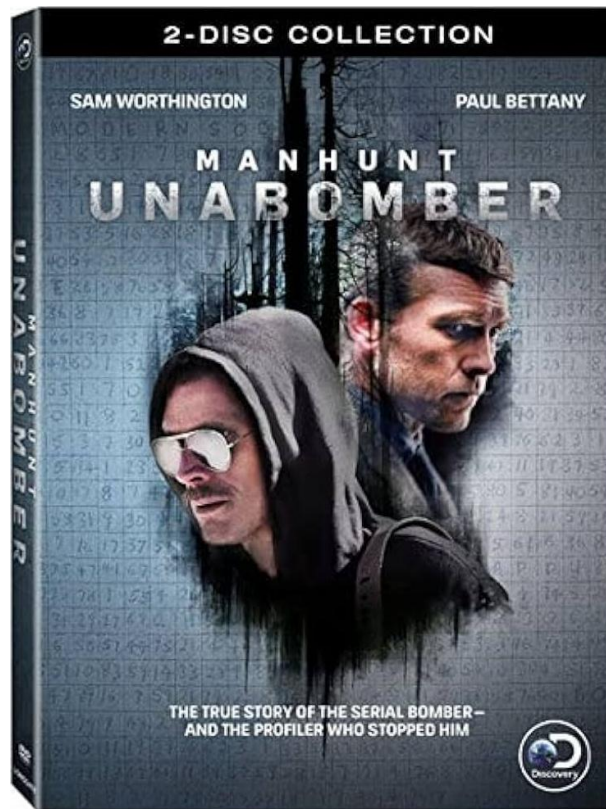


# Manhunt; Unabomber Scripts



2017

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## Synopsis

The Discovery Channel mini-series is based on real-life FBI agent and criminal profiler Jim “Fitz” Fitzgerald and the hunt for the Unabomber in the 1990s. Fitz was a “fresh-faced criminal profiler” for the FBI who, along with other members of the Unabomb Task Force (UTF), faced an uphill battle in tracking down the infamous criminal, but it did not end there. In addition to the challenges the UTF faced tracking down the Unabomber, there was the usual bureaucracy that got in the way.

It was during this case that Fitz pioneered the use of forensic linguistics (the application of linguistic knowledge, methods, and insights to the forensic context of law, language, crime investigation, trial, and judicial procedure) that were often looked down upon by both members of his tasks force as well as higher-ups in the FBI. Ultimately, though, it was this bold new approach that help both identify and capture Theodore John Kaczynski, a.k.a., the Unabomber.

## Original PDFs

- Episode 1 - The Screenwriter’s Original Draft
- Episode 1 – 3rd Network Draft.
- Episode 2 – 2nd Network Draft
- Episode 3 – 2nd Network Draft.
- Episode 4 – 2nd Network Draft.
- Episode 5 – White Production Draft.
- Episode 6 – White Production Draft.
- Episode 7 – White Production Draft.
- Episode 8 – White Production Draft.

## Credits

Written by:

Episode 1: Andrew Sodroski  
Episode 2: Story by: Jim Clemente & Tony Gittelson. Teleplay by: Andrew Sodroski  
Episode 3: Max Hurwitz  
Episode 4: Nick Towne  
Episode 5: Story by: Jim Clemente & Tony Gittelson. Teleplay by: Steven Katz  
Episode 6: Andrew Sodroski  
Episode 7: Story by: Nick Schenk, Jim Clemente & Tony Gittelson. Teleplay by : Nick Schenk  
Episode 8: Andrew Sodroski  
Directed by: Greg Yaitanes

# **Ep. 1: Manifesto (Original Draft)**

*MANIFESTO*

Pilot

Written by

Andrew Sodroski

01 March 2016

N.B.: The pilot unfolds over two time periods, 1995 (the main plotline) and 1997 (the frame narrative). All 1997 scenes have their slugs tagged “(1997)” with a yellow highlight.



# ACT ONE

MAN'S VOICE

*I want you to think about the mail for a minute. Stop taking it for granted like some complacent sleepwalking sheep. And really THINK about it.*

*Trust me, you will find the U.S. Mail a worthy object of your contemplation.*

Fade in on:

## A SHINY BLUE MAILBOX

On a dreamy suburban street. Trees and birds and kids walking home from school.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O)

*A piece of paper can cross a continent like we're passing notes in class. I can send you cookies from the other side of the world.*

*And all I have to do is write your name on a BOX, put on some stamps, and drop it in.*

A mailman unlocks the mailbox. Letters and packages tumble out. We pick up one BOX, wrapped in brown paper and tied with string. Addressed in neat block capitals.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O)

*You see, it only works because every single person along the chain acts like a mindless automaton. I write an address and they just... obey. No question. No deviation.*

In QUICK CUTS we follow THE BOX through the its journey:

Bouncing in the back of the mail truck... Hand-cancelled, tossed in a bin at the Post Office... Speeding through a maze of conveyor belts, sorters, readers in a huge distribution facility... Then into a bin, and rolled into another delivery truck.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

*No pause to contemplate eternity, or beauty, or death.*

A luminous grasshopper springs away as a mailman's boot flattens the grass outside a shiny glass office building.

## INSIDE THE OFFICE BUILDING

A heavily pregnant secretary takes the box. Calls her boss out. GIL MURRAY, a genial, balding bureaucrat. Excited to get this odd piece of mail.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

*Even YOU, for all your protestations of free will, if a box comes with your name on it, you can't even imagine doing anything other than OBEY.*

Written on the box – “*OPEN IMMEDIATELY.*”

Gil considers the return address. Shrugs. Tries to open the package, but it's swathed in layer after layer of tape.

GIL

Jeez o Pete, musta bought stock in Duct Tape.

SECRETARY

I know, huh?

Gil and his secretary joke around, trying to pry the package open. Finally Gil retires to his office to work on it.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

*Well. It's not your fault. Society made you this way. But you're a sheep, living in a world of sheep.*

IN GIL'S OFFICE, Gil works like crazy to open this box he knows nothing about. Straining at the lid.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

*And because you're all sheep, because all you can do is OBEY, I can reach out and touch anyone, anywhere. I can reach out and touch YOU. Right now...*

Finally, the lid of the box pops open. And then –

## **OUTSIDE THE OFFICE BUILDING**

We see a FLASH and the windows BLOW OUT and a millisecond later, a FIRE-BALL blossoms from the shattered windows.

The SONIC BOOM sets off car alarms all along the street. SCREAMS from inside the building. And over the MAILMAN'S gaping face,

## **TITLE: *MANIFESTO***

Then we cut to:

### **A LUSH FOREST. (1997)**

Vast and empty. Birdsong, wind in the pines. The smell of the dark, moist earth. Silent and still and pure.

In the distance, A MAN slips silently through the trees. The only person for miles. One with the forest.

He sees something. Kneels, digs at the base of an ancient tree. Unearths a cluster of magnificent MORELS. Gathers them into his bag.

We never would have seen them. But THE MAN does.

This is the man we all secretly wish we were. A modern Thoreau. Strangely out of time – it could just as easily be 1854 Walden, instead of 1997 NorCal, which is what it is.

### **DEEPER IN THE FOREST (1997)**

Birdsong. The man whistles. The bird responds. He spots the nest high in the branches. Gazes up at it. Drinking it in. The leaves, the birds, glowing in the sun.

### **AT THE EDGE OF A CLEARING (1997)**

The man kneels over a RABBIT RUN – a dense arching form in the grass. Tiny pawprints in the earth. The faintest noise of movement. He follows it through the bracken, to

A RABBIT IN A SNARE. Still alive, dangling from a loop of paracord on an elaborate figure-four trap.

The man takes it in his hands, comforting it. Whispering to it. Maybe a prayer, maybe words of comfort.

The rabbit calms down under his touch. Relaxes in his hands.

He holds it to himself. Staring into those black, wet eyes. So alert to everything—to life, death, eternity, silence...

And then we CUT TO:

## A DEAD WOMAN [1995]

Eyes open, bugged-out. Staring blankly. In the b.g., the blighted CITY spread out below. Vast and bleak.

THE MAN from the woods stares down at the woman. Into those glassy black eyes.

It's TWO YEARS EARLIER – **1995** – and the man is a lifetime younger.

This is JIM “FITZ” FITZGERALD (33). Clean-cut, badge on his belt and FBI TRAINEE ID on a lanyard around his neck. But something a bit gawky and awkward about him – like the suit doesn't fit quite right and it's not the suit's fault.

He's staring down at the DEAD WOMAN. She's tiny, about 25, lying on her side on an APARTMENT TOWER ROOFTOP. Ugly red bruises around her neck, clothes ripped open.

Fitz, lost in the dead body, absorbing every detail. Broken fingernails. Bruises. Gold necklace with a “Chai” charm.

DOUGLAS' VOICE

Fitz?

Fitz doesn't respond. He's noticing: The necklace's chain is broken – it's been draped over the body.

DOUGLAS' VOICE

Fitz. You care to join the rest of us?

Fitz snaps out of it. And now we see:

There are a dozen other people on the rooftop. Uniformed cops around the perimeter, sealing the crime scene.

EIGHT AGENT TRAINEES from the Behavioral Analysis Unit (BAU), all men, 20s, suits, busy working in their binders.

Their professor, JOHN DOUGLAS. Late 50s, three-piece suit. A blowsy, avuncular Albert Finney-type.

A second man hovers at Douglas's side—a silent, benevolent vagueness in a cardigan we'll call MISTER ROGERS for now.

FITZ

Yeah. Sorry about that.

Fitz's accent tags him immediately as blue-collar Philly.

He hurries to join the class. The TRAINEES snicker at the class weirdo. Fitz is the odd man out – TEN YEARS OLDER than the others, socially awkward too, but it's not only that.

DOUGLAS

Okay, my profilers. You've inspected the crime scene, you have the police reports. Tell me about our killer.

A cowed silence. Then, weakly:

HANDSOME TRAINEE

There's really NO forensic leads?

DOUGLAS

When there's a dead body present, everyone's flustered, scared, jumping to conclusions.

The profiler's job is to be detached. To be the scientist.

Just look at the evidence and start at the beginning.

A silence. Then the profilers-in-training start jumping in. First, CRAIG ROSEN (20s), the stats-geek, looking up from the binders he has spread out in front of him:

ROSEN

Okay. Matrix one. Disorganized or organized?

HANDSOME

She was strangled manually, and then with her own purse strap. No tape for her mouth, no ropes, no weapon. A disorganized murder, unplanned, opportunistic.

PUDGY

Fits the victimology too, right? He wasn't hunting for her. But he saw her, 4'11", 80 pounds, realized he could get away with it, and acted impulsively.

DOUGLAS

Total impulse? Random act of violence?

ROSEN

No. The sexual element. This is a fantasy he's had for a long time. He didn't think he'd ever get to act it out. But he's wanted to.

HANDSOME

Big porno collection. No meaningful relationships with women.

DOUGLAS

Good. But go deeper. What else?

Silence. Then:

FITZ

He lives in the building. Or works here. Janitor, maybe.

HANDSOME

We can't say that for sure.

FITZ

He dragged a struggling woman through a door marked "Alarm will sound."

Everyone turns to look. Sure enough, "Emergency Exit Only."

FITZ

You don't do that unless you *know* the alarm's broken and nobody's on the other side. So he lives here. Maybe works here, a janitor, a super.

ROSEN is hard at work running the numbers. Looking up the statistics in his binders. He's good at this.

ROSEN

So if we're talking probabilities. Disorg, non-pen sex assault, high-risk location... We're looking for a white male, 20 to 30, unmarried, possible record of sex crimes, blue collar job, lives with parents or relatives.

Statistically speaking, that's the profile.

DOUGLAS

And the \$64,000 question: Will he do it again?

ROSEN

(doing the math)

Historically, with this profile... Reoffense rate is... three percent. This is one-and- done.

DOUGLAS

Everyone agree with that?

All the trainees say "yes." Except Fitz. Douglas raises his eyebrows. "You have something to say?"

FITZ

They found her like this? In this position?

PUDGY

Yeah. Strangled her, dumped her, fled.

FITZ

He didn't dump her. Look at where the semen is. He strangles her, jerks off, THEN he moves her. It's a cold, rational act. He POSED her.

ROSEN

So? That doesn't change the analysis.

FITZ

Look at her necklace. Hebrew word, *chai*. A good luck charm. He placed it there. To send us a message.

The other trainees groan --

PUDGY

Oh man, Mister Letters. Everything with you is a crossword puzzle...

FITZ

No. Look again. Look at the charm. Now look at the body.

And now everyone falls silent. Because they see what they all missed: the woman's body is posed in the form of a *chai*.

FITZ

It's a message. 'Good Luck.' He's making fun of her. And sending us a message: 'Good luck finding me.' That's not a man who's panicking.

It's a man who finally acts out his dream, and realizes it's EASY. So easy he can take his time, have some fun. Pose the body.

This changed him. Look out there. For him, it's like the whole city was watching and couldn't stop him. He'll do it again. He's planning it right now.

Douglas and Mister Rogers exchange a glance. The other profilers react – annoyed, skeptical.

PINSTRIPES

That's just speculation. As opposed to a data-driven analysis we can back up.

HANDSOME

Not even speculation. It's *guessing*.

DOUGLAS

It's not guessing.

The students all fall silent. Turn to Douglas, their sensei.



DOUGLAS

He's making contact. Seeing through the killer's eyes. The data is essential, but that flash of INSIGHT? That's what takes you to the next level. It can be misleading, but in this case, Fitz is right.

The guy did two more before they caught him. Fall of 86.

(claps his hands)

Good work everyone! Hilda, extraordinary. Thanks for your help.

And the DEAD BODY stands up, takes a bow, and gets her clothes back on. The cops applaud her, then start breaking down the set-dressing. The whole thing was just an exercise.

## INT. ON THE STAIRWELL DOWN

The student profilers trudge down the cruddy staircase. Handsome buzzes past Fitz, claps him on the shoulder.

HANDSOME

Seriously, that was pure classroom. You think out in the real world people are going to sending us coded messages in D.B.'s? Not everything's a crossword puzzle, Gramps.

ROSEN falls in alongside Fitz. Still looking at his notes, trying to figure it out.

ROSEN

What makes this a SCIENCE is that it's quantifiable, probabilistic, repeatable, right? That's what science IS. If what we do isn't stats- based, what *is* it?

FITZ

It's science. But it's the science of the MIND. And the mind is not rational. That's the whole point.

ROSEN

Okay, sure. But where's the line?

They reach the ground floor, squint as they emerge into

## **EXT. THE TOWER COURTYARD - DAY**

The trainees head toward their white passenger van.

GLASSES

Hey, who was that guy with Douggie D? Like, Fred Rogers is in da HOWSE!

Guffaws from the trainees. As they load into the van: DOUGLAS (O.S.)  
Fitz! You're with me.

Douglas stands by an idling black TOWNCAR. Waves Fitz over. A glimpse of MISTER ROGERS waiting in the back seat.

Some schoolyard OOOHs from the trainees – is Fitz in trouble?  
– as they slide the van door closed.

## **IN THE BACK SEAT OF THE TOWNCAR**

Fitz sits across from Douglas and Mister Rogers.

DOUGLAS

This is Jim Fitzgerald.

FITZ

Fitz. And you are?

Mister Rogers doesn't answer. Hiding behind a bland smile even as he launches right into hardball questions.

MISTER ROGERS

Why are you ten years older than everyone else in your class?

FITZ

Uh, well... I started out as a beat cop. Bensalem, outside Philly? Did that ten years before joining the FBI.

MISTER ROGERS

You're too smart to have been walking a beat for ten years. What happened?

FITZ

I wrote a parking ticket. Chief asked me to fix it, guy was a friend of a friend. I refused. So.

MISTER ROGERS

What, you're like the Serpico of parking tickets? Some people would call that stupid. Or at least overly literal.

FITZ

Sure. But it's still the right thing to do.

MISTER ROGERS

You ever been told you don't play well with others?

FITZ

My whole life. But if I believe something, I'm gonna say it.

If I think something's wrong, I'm gonna say so. It gets people really ticked off. It can really mess with my career. But it's how I sleep at night.

Mister Rogers takes this in. Nods. Hands Fitz a TYPED LETTER in a plastic sleeve.

MISTER ROGERS

Take a look at this letter. Tell me what you see.

Fitz looks the letter over. Then chuckles.

FITZ

You're making fun of me. You're making fun of me, right?

(off their bafflement)

Oh. It's just, the guys call me... But you're talking about the emordnilap, right?  
"Dad, it is I."

MISTER ROGERS

Um... Explain.

FITZ

Oh. It's a word thing. First letter of each sentence: "Dad it is I." Which, okay, no big deal. Except it's an emordnilap. Like a palindrome, except it spells one thing forwards and a different thing backwards. "Dad, it is I. Is it I, Dad?" Why? Is this part of the exam?

Douglas and Mister Rogers share a look. Mister Rogers takes the letter back.

MISTER ROGERS

It's not part of the exam.

FITZ

Who's the letter from? Did you not know about the-

DOUGLAS

Thanks, Fitz. You can get out now.

They let him out. Fitz watches them drive off. More confused than when he entered.

## **EXT. THE FBI'S QUANTICO CAMPUS**

Fitz rejoins his classmates. Walking across the FBI campus toward their dorm.

They pass OTHER FBI AGENTS busting down doors, raiding the shoot house, practicing judo. Meanwhile the BAU Trainees are hefting their BOOKS and BINDERS.

## **INT. THE DORM HALLWAY**

The BAU Trainees cross paths with some beefy SWAT guys. It's like jocks and nerds in high school. The SWAT guys chant "ooga- booga" as the profilers scuttle past.

SWAT DUDE

Look out for the juju-men!

ROSEN

(muttering) Muggles...

FITZ

What's a muggle?

## INT. THE DORM ROOM - DAY

A few interconnected rooms with bunk beds. The trainees all PACK THEIR BAGS. Moving back home.

PUDGY

I love you guys, but it's gonna be awesome not to be sharing a bedroom with eight dudes.

HANDSOME

Oh come on, you know you're gonna miss my sweet man-musk. One last whiff.

His armpit in the guy's face. They laugh.

Rosen and Fitz pack their bags. Fitz folding everything very precisely. Rosen, still dwelling on the SWAT jocks.

ROSEN

How is it that fifteen years later and we're still the nerds and they're still the jocks? I outrank those guys, and still...

FITZ

Profiling 101. We have a fixed psychological nature that reveals itself in our actions, whether we intend it or not. You compulsively *make* yourself the nerd because somewhere deep inside you—

ROSEN

(annoyed now)

Yeah, yeah. Thank you, Fitz. It takes one to know one.

FITZ

I wasn't a nerd. I wasn't! Even the nerds wouldn't hang out with me.

ROSEN

(laughing)

Hate to break it to you. Still true now, buddy. See you at graduation.

(running after the others) You guys getting a drink?

Someone turns the dorm light off. Fitz goes to the switch, turns it back on. Keeps on packing, alone in the empty dorm.

## **INT. A SMALL AUDITORIUM AT QUANTICO - THE NEXT DAY**

Douglas stands at the podium, smiling out over the government- issue graduation ceremony. The BAU seal behind him.

DOUGLAS

Congratulations. Your training is complete. Welcome to the Behavioral Analysis Unit.

The trainees and their FAMILIES applaud and WOOOP.

DOUGLAS

You're now part of the elite brotherhood of FBI agents who have to explain what the hell we do, to EVERYBODY, for the rest of our careers. So while your families are all here in one place, I'm going to explain it to THEM so you'll have at least someone in your life who don't think you're some crazy witch-doctor. YET. Just ask my ex-wife. Heh.

Polite chuckles.

DOUGLAS

Criminal profilers study a criminal's behavior for clues to their psychology and behavioral patterns. We then

use that to help capture the them. We look at HOW a crime was committed, and use those clues to build a profile of the MIND that committed the crime. To understand what kind of person they are, why they acted this way, and how they might act in the future.

(beat)

You're going to encounter a lot of skepticism. A lot of people who think we're quacks. But we are SCIENTISTS of the MIND. We are pioneers on the final frontier of law enforcement. And in the very worst cases the FBI deals with, *you* will be their only hope.

This sinks in with the grads. Then, calling names, receiving diplomas, handshake photos in front of the seal. Finally:

DOUGLAS

Agent James Fitzgerald.

Fitz receives his certificate, badge, and, to his surprise:

DOUGLAS

With commendation for superior merit. Congratulations, Fitz.

Smiles, handshake, FLASH! Then – the ceremony's over and everyone is reuniting with their families and

FITZ runs toward his FAMILY. His two sons, DAVEY, 12 and SEAN, 6, race up the aisle and leap into his arms.

SEAN

Go Dad, go Dad, go Dad!

FITZ

Ooh, I missed you guys!

He waddles down the aisle with both boys on him. Toward ELLIE, his wife. Harried, tired but her face lights up when she sees Fitz. She stands—revealing a VERY PREGNANT STOMACH.

ELLIE

Oh Jim... I'm so proud of you. And sooo glad you're coming home. Thank God.

Fitz just holds her tight. It feels wonderful.

## EXT. FITZ'S HOUSE - BENSALEM, PA – DAY

White picket fence in the Philly suburbs. A big celebratory cookout in full swing.

It's all for Fitz, but he's lingering uncomfortably around the edges. Sipping a Sprite. Watching all these big salt-of-the-earth blue-collar Philly families devour the hot dogs and burgers and beer.

IN THE SIDE YARD

DAVEY clinks beer-bottles with Fitz's meaty older brother, UNCLE JEFF, and Fitz's DAD, a caved-in old alkie who showed up half-wasted and is now all the way under.

Davey sip the beer, pretends to like it. FITZ comes running.

FITZ

Hey! Davey. Put that down. Jeff, what are you doing?  
He's twelve.

FITZ'S DAD

Here he is, the smartest guy in law enforcement. Like  
the skinniest kid in fat camp! Heh.

FITZ

Yeah, thanks Dad.

Davey: put it down.

Davey CHUGS. Fitz grabs it away, dumps it out.

Uncle Jeff shakes his head. Notices Fitz's Sprite can – he's the only one here not drinking. It catches in Jeff's craw.

UNCLE JEFF

The thing about your dad, he's spent his life collecting  
pieces of paper to prove he's better than everyone else.  
But he won't even have a beer with his own brother.  
Whatcha think about that.

FITZ'S DAD

Hey Jim-boy, how many more degrees you think it's  
gonna take before you can figure out what the hell's  
wrong with you?



Jeff guffaws. Before Fitz can respond – SIRENS, and a POLICE CRUISER comes screeching up.

BOB YEZZI (33) hops out, roaring with laughter. A cop's cop, Philly tough-guy Italian. He vaults the fence, rushes to Fitz and wraps him in a big, back-slapping hug.

YEZZI

Jesus, Jim. Look at you! Friggin

unbelievable!

YeZZi grabs a beer, ching-ching-chings for silence, and gives a toast. Ultra-sincere and just bursting with pride.

YEZZI

Fitz and I walked the beat for ten years. I've seen Fitz go from the black sheep of his family... to black sheep of the foot patrols... To black sheep of the detective squad. Now, finally, he's found his calling. To be the black sheep of the FBI.

(Laughter)

But seriously. When I was out drinking and watching the Eagles, Jim was heading to night school. When I was napping in the squad car, Jim was studying. When I was chasing guys down alleys, he was back in the car "studying"! I'm trying to say, this guy didn't get nothing given to him. He WORKED for it. He earned it.

Proud of you, bud. Cheers.

Cheers.

## INT. IN THE KITCHEN - DAY

Ellie and HER MOTHER prepare the desserts. Ellie's sister JANET is perched on the countertop with a highball.

JANET

He should be throwing *us* a party. Four months of training, yeah right, it's a vacation! Off at Camp Quantico while the rest of us pick up his slack.

ELLIE'S MOTHER

Well, the commendation is wonderful but I'm just happy that he'll be back at a desk and coming home at 5 every day. Those boys need a father, that's the long and the short of it.

ELLIE

Mom, could you take this outside?

Ellie's mother carries a strawberry pie outside

JANET

You know you're making the same mistake that Mom did with Dad. "He's a cop, therefore he's a saint." Well all the citations in the world won't make him a good person. A good husband, a good father. I hope you know that.

ELLIE

You know what, Jan? I'm PROUD of him. You can talk c - r - a - p about him all day, but at the end of the day, he's out there saving LIVES. He's the one out there killing himself so that people like YOU can be safe in your homes. It's not easy. For any of us. But it's RIGHT. Now carry this out.

Ellie shoves a pie into Janet's hands.

## **EXT. IN THE YARD - LATER**

Fitz and Ellie meet each other's eyes across the cookout. Share a long, sweet look. And everybody else falls away.

## **INT. FITZ'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT**

Fitz and Ellie alone together at last. Making out on their bed. Tender. His hands in her hair, her lips on his ear.

Then, little Sean in the doorway. In his footie pajamas.

SEAN

Um, can I have a bedtime snack?

Fitz and Ellie groan. Ellie grins up at Fitz.

ELLIE

Now THIS is when it's really really good to have you back...

He rolls his eyes, laughs. Rolls off her and goes to take little Sean's hand.

## **INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Fitz lays in Sean's tiny bed. Sean snuggles up and instantly falls asleep. A moment later, Fitz falls asleep too.

## **INT. THE LIVING ROOM – THE NEXT MORNING**

Fitz plays with his sons, delighted to be rolling around on the carpet with them again. He builds a Lego pirate ship, shows it to Sean.

SEAN

I don't like pirates any more. Amy told me they were pretty much bad guys.

FITZ

Who's Amy?

SEAN

She used to babysit us on Saturdays. She was awesome. She knew all about humuhumunukunukuapua'as.

FITZ

About humu-*whats*?

SEAN

Humuhumunukunukuapua'as. If you don't know, I can't explain.

AT THE TABLE, Davey is building and painting Warhammer figurines – little fantasy warriors for a tabletop wargame.

Fitz sits, watches as Davey assembles them with great skill. X-acto knives and dental tools. Fitz inspects a tiny knight.

FITZ

Very nice. What are these?

DAVEY

Grail Knights. But I'm thinking about switching to Chaos. See? I bought Nurgle to try him out.

He shows Fitz what he's painting – an obese pusbag demon.

DAVEY

Bretonnians used to be awesome, but now Chaos is way stronger. Joe and Fat Chris pretty much win every time now.

FITZ

Maybe it's better to lose as a knight than win as a demon. Take the high road, fight for humanity, you know?

DAVEY

If you lose as a knight, Nurgle turns you into a Nurgling after you die. So either way, you're a pusbag in the end.

Fitz nods. Such is life. Then, delicately:

FITZ

Hey, Mom mentioned something about Miss Gately. You been getting into trouble in her class?

Silence from Davey. And then:

DAVEY

Aunt Janet says you're just a selfish s-h- i-t and you only became a profiler to get away from us.

FITZ

Language! And she didn't say that.

DAVEY

I only spelled it. And it's true. Sean heard her. Aunt Janet came over one night and had tee martoonies.

FITZ

Huh. And what'd your mom say to Aunt Janet?

SEAN

She said you'd be head of the FBI someday. And that every marriage has downs and ups. And Aunt Janet wouldn't know what it is to be in it for the long haul anyway.

Fitz laughs.

FITZ

See, one day when you're looking for a woman to marry, that's what you're looking for, right there.

## **INT. SAINT CHARLES BORROMEIO CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY**

Sunday morning. The Fitzgeralds, freshly scrubbed and in their Sunday best, singing a hymn.

Receiving communion. Davey declines, gets a blessing instead. Fitz shoots Ellie a questioning look. She shrugs.

Shaking hands with the old priest after Mass. Chatting with old friends.

## **EXT. MAIN STREET - LATER**

All-American, blue-collar small town. The Fitzgeralds carry boxes of muffins back to their car.

Fitz double-takes – he spots DOUGLAS sitting in the DINER across the street. Eating breakfast with someone. Weird.

## INT. FITZ'S HOUSE – SUNDAY MORNING

Fitz and Ellie lie on the couch while the boys watch Earthworm Jim on TV. Fitz does a crossword while Ellie leans through Parade, her head on his lap. She smiles up at him.

ELLIE

THIS is what I really missed.

Fitz nods. Him too. Then, the DOORBELL. Neither wants to move. But finally, Ellie hauls herself up. After a moment:

ELLIE (O.S.)

Fitz! It's for you.

Fitz puts down his crossword. Not without regret.

## IN THE HALLWAY

Fitz stops short. DOUGLAS and MISTER ROGERS in the doorway. A moment of awkwardness. They're not supposed to be here.

DOUGLAS

Sorry to bother you on your Sunday.

FITZ

Yeah, we were just, uh, enjoying being back together. As a family.

DOUGLAS

Of course. Apologies. But we have something to discuss with you.

Fitz pauses a moment. Considers his FAMILY in the living room. Then these two men on his doorstep. He doesn't want to let them in. But finally, he steps aside.

## **EXT. IN THE WOODS - DAY (1997)**

Fitz threads his way back through the pines. Towards home. The dead rabbit hanging from his belt. We see the tendrils of smoke rising from the chimney of his cabin in the woods.

He comes to his tidy little VEGETABLE GARDEN in a clearing. One of the boundary stakes is trampled. He kneels to fix it. Then his hair stands on end.

BOOTPRINTS in the soil.

Fitz goes on high alert – Notices DARK SHADOWS moving in the trees – MEN IN THE WOODS. Someone's out there. COMING FOR HIM.

And then we CUT TO BLACK.

*END ACT ONE.*

# ACT TWO.

## INT. FITZ'S SITTING ROOM - DAY [1995]

Fitz and Ellie show the men into the formal sitting room. Everyone stands there, waiting for Ellie to leave.

ELLIE

Can I bring you something? Coffee?

DOUGLAS

We won't be long. Thank you, though. You have such a lovely home.

She doesn't want to leave them alone with Fitz. But finally:

ELLIE

...I'll bring in some coffee.

She leaves, and the men sit. Douglas leans forward.

MISTER ROGERS / TURCHIE

Fitz, my name is Terry Turchie. I'm one of the lead agents in the Unabom Task Force.

FITZ

UTF? Wasn't that mothballed? I thought Unabom was over.

DOUGLAS

Six years, not a peep. They thought he was dead. But he's back.

TURCHIE



Three new mail bombs, better than before. Latest one a week ago in Sacramento. Timber lobbyist.

Turchie starts dealing crime-scene photos onto the coffee table. THE BOMBING we saw in the opening. The office turned inside out, the BOSS torn to bloody shreds. Fitz winces.

FITZ

You're sure it's him. Not a copycat?

TURCHIE

We're sure. And we need a profile.

DOUGLAS

I want to send YOU. You're best I've ever trained.

And this is a career case on a silverplatter. It's one month. You go out there, build the profile, come back to the BAU with a big gold star.

Fitz takes this in. Staring down at the grisly photos. The boss, blown apart. The cratered desk.

The door opens. Everyone scrambles to hide the photos as Ellie brings coffee and muffins.

DOUGLAS

Thank you Ellie, that's really lovely.

As soon as she leaves, the photos re-emerge again. And Turchie adds the "Dad it is I" LETTER from the car ride.

FITZ

This is from him? From Unabom?

TURCHIE

Thirty FBI agents have been looking at this letter for eight months, and none of them saw the emordnilap.

FITZ

Well. That's just because it's a stupid word thing.

TURCHIE

Maybe. But we've had profilers working on this thing for fifteen years. And we're right where we started. I want to bring in a guy who sees things differently. Like it or not, that's YOU.

FITZ

Look, I'm really flattered. But I've been away from my family for too long. I can't do that to Ellie and the boys.

DOUGLAS

(standing to leave:)

Do me a favor. Think about it. Keep those photos. That guy with his face blown off? He had a wife and kids too.

This lands with Fitz.

## **INT. IN THE HALLWAY - DAY**

Ellie shows Turchie and Douglas out the door with relish. Turns to Fitz, arms akimbo. *Well?*

FITZ

I turned them down.

ELLIE

Good. Because right now, you need to solve the mystery of the missing shin pads. BOYS, YOU BETTER HAVE YOUR CLEATS ON!

## **EXT. THE SOCCER FIELD - DAY**

The great ritual of suburban family life. Dads screaming while their kids play. Fitz and YEZZI watch their sons from the BLEACHERS. Talking.

YEZZI

Are you SERIOUS? You said NO? Why?

FITZ

In the back of my mind, it's like: Maybe I only made it this far because nobody was really paying attention. I got lucky. But really I don't deserve to be here. And when I get to the UTF, with all the best agents in the country looking at me? The Emperor has no clothes.

YEZZI

DUUUUUUDE. Think about it. They came and chose YOU out of all the dudes in the whole COUNTRY. To profile like the worst dickhead in American history. A neighborhood guy, a guy I used to walk the beat with, and they're gonna fly you to California? I mean, I never even been on a plane!

FITZ

California. That's another thing I just never got.

YEZZI

Surfing and babes! What's not to get? (leaping up, BELL-  
LOWING:)

REF! THAT WAS A HANDBALL! WAKE UP!

## **INT. THE GROCERY STORE - LATER**

As Fitz waits in the checkout line, he sees: on the covers of all the magazines, THE UNABOMBER SKETCH. Those black aviators, staring out at Fitz. Until he's snapped back by

CASHIER

Your total is...

## **EXT. FITZ'S FRONT PORCH - LATER**

Fitz carries groceries in. Sean and Davey wave their plunder— a bag of Oreos and a big motorized toy truck. Ellie, angry.

FITZ

They snuck is past me!

Sean's truck blares the loudest CANNED SFX you've ever heard. Ellie can't help but laugh.

ELLIE

Those batteries better run out fast.

FITZ

God. I pray.

THE GODDAMNED TRUCK  
BACK IT UP! LET'S PLAY SOME MUSIC!

As Fitz brings the groceries inside, the MAILMAN drops off their mail and a brown-paper PACKAGE. Sean scoops it up and runs inside.

SEAN

I call dibs!

And SOMETHING occurs to Fitz. He hurries inside after Sean.

## **INT. THE KITCHEN**

Fitz watches as Sean tries to pry the box open. Realizing — it's a signature Unabom package. It could even be the exact same box we saw in the opening — brown paper, lots of tape, "OPEN IMMEDIATELY"...

FITZ

Sean, wait. Who's this from?

ELLIE (O.S.)

It's from my mom! Cookies.

FITZ

Let me open this, Sean.

SEAN

You're the one who bought us Double- Stuff Oreos, Dad!  
Don't pretend you're all anti-cookies now.

Fitz grabs the box. Trying to hide his anxiety.

FITZ

Gimme the scissors. I'm gonna open it.

Standoff. Then Sean hands over the scissors.

Fitz cuts through the layers of tape. Hesitates. Then opens the flaps and—  
Nothing. Just cookies from Grandma.

Sean and Davey grab the package and start fighting over it.

Fitz sits there. Staring at the table. Nothing happened. He's crazy for thinking something might have. But – for him, it's like a bomb went off.

## **IN THE UPSTAIRS OFFICE**

Fitz sits in the armchair. Looking at the PHOTOS of the Sacramento bombing again. Can't let it go.

Sean comes in with a book, climbs on his lap. Fitz quickly hides the photos away.

SEAN

Will you read me Tootles?

Fitz reads. The smell of his son's hair. Ellie in the doorway, watching them with a smile. And those grisly photos hidden behind his back.

Fitz, torn in two. Love versus duty.

## INT. SORRENTO'S RISTORANTE - NIGHT

A nice Italian place. White tablecloths, candles.

ELLIE

This is really nice. It's just so good to be here with you, Jim.

Fitz nods. Takes her hand. His face is etched with guilt.

ELLIE

I know that look. *That's* not why we're here, is it?  
(visibly wilting:) Oh. Ooof.  
Jim.

FITZ

I just want to... open the discussion.

The WAITER brings their food. They stare down at it in awkward silence.

FITZ

I told them no. And I meant it. But it's Unabom. That's the case. And, the package today? Your mom, she wraps her packages just like he does. And I realized—it's not some abstract thing. There are packages out there, right now, with bombs inside them.

And it could be someone's KIDS that open them. It could be Sean, opening a box from grandma and then...

We can see Ellie fighting to stay strong. Staring down at her hands clasped on her pregnant stomach.

FITZ

And I could be the one who makes sure that never happens again. I could make a difference in the world.

Finally. After a lifetime of being, honestly, a pretty mediocre cop.

ELLIE

How... how long is it for?

FITZ

It's a month. Then I'm right back here. I swear.

Ellie nods. Working so hard not to cry. Then she looks around the restaurant.

ELLIE

You know, my dad would do the exact same thing, back when he was a detective. He'd take my mom out for a nice dinner so she wouldn't make a big scene when he broke the news that he's taking some big case and wouldn't be around for months and months.

FITZ

I'm sorry, I didn't mean for this to—

ELLIE

No, my point is: for them, that nice restaurant? It was Buzzy's Roast Beef. I'm trying to say – look at us, here. This is a big step up.

Talk about finding the silver lining. Then she stands.

ELLIE

I gotta pee again. Pregnant, remember?

## **IN THE WOMEN'S BATHROOM**

Ellie alone in the stall, peeing. Fighting to hold it together. The baby, moving around. And then she can't stop the tears.

## **AT THEIR TABLE**

Fitz, waiting alone in the restaurant. Staring out the window at the city whirling past outside.

Ellie returns, red-eyed but re-composed. Sits.

ELLIE

It's the right thing to do. It is.

WAITER

Do we have room for dessert?

ELLIE

(immediately)

Oh God Yes.

## INT. FITZ'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Back at Fitz's house, Janet is waiting.

FITZ

Hi Janet! Thanks so much for babysitting.

Janet just looks at him. Hand on hip, sucking her cheek. She turns to Ellie, whispering as Ellie moves past her.

JANET

Omigod, were you crying? What did he do? Did you tell him what we talked about?

ELLIE

Janet. Thank you. But good night.

The BOYS are watching from the stairs.

DAVEY

What's going on, Dad?

FITZ

Nothing. Bed! Now!



## **INT. THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT**

Fitz, watching his family sleep. Ellie, tossing and turning. The boys sound asleep. Sean clutching his new truck.

## **EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - LATE NIGHT**

Fitz sits out on the porch. Looking through the crime scene photos again. Gazing out over the silent neighborhood.

Alone in the universe. God's lonely man.

## **EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, QUANTICO VIRGINIA**

Fitz badges through the SECURITY GATES with his shiny new BAU badge. Inside, we see THE BAU HEADQUARTERS, housed in a boxy poured-concrete tower on the Quantico campus.

## **INT. THE BEHAVIORAL ANALYSIS UNIT HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Day one in the BAU for all the recent grads. Distinctly unglamorous. Pinning Demotivational posters to fabric-walled cubicles. Windows 3.1 desktop computers stiiiiil booting.

ROSEN

Big day, Fitzie! Look. Tagging case files for the database. Grab a stack! I'll teach you Excel. It's fun.

Rosen is already in his own heaven: spreadsheets, stacks of manila folders, a poster reading "Stats: The Final Frontier."

FITZ

Thanks but no thanks. I'm going on special assignment.

PUDGY

How did YOU get a special? What is it?

Fitz mimes locking his lips. DOUGLAS drags himself into the office, deeply hungover. Fitz tails him into

## INT. DOUGLAS'S OFFICE - DAY

Douglas unpacks his briefcase and tote bags. Legal pads, crumpled papers – and airplane bottles of scotch half-hidden at the bottom. Douglas looks over his dark glasses at Fitz.

DOUGLAS

I'm writing a book. "He Who Fights Monsters."

FITZ

"...must take care not to become one." Blech. That old chestnut.

DOUGLAS

Lemme give you some life advice. When someone tells you the name of their baby, or of their book, the only acceptable response is, "Love that name. It's perfect." Wanna try that?

FITZ

That's not in my nature.

DOUGLAS

Just try. The reed, not the oak.

FITZ

"Love that name. It's really perfect." Douglas glances out into the office.

DOUGLAS

I take it from all those hangdog looks out there that you're taking the Special Assignment.

FITZ

Yessir. I'll do it. I'll take Unabom.

DOUGLAS

Good man. Go home, pack your bags. And remember,  
Fitz! "He who fights monsters..."

And off Fitz's groan, we CUT TO:

## **EXT. FITZ'S CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY (1997)**

Fitz approaches HIS CABIN. Log-built, handmade. Striking similarity to Thoreau's cabin. The kind of place we imagine retreating to. But – SHADOWS move inside.

Fitz moves in a low crouch back toward the trees. The searchers spot him, circle behind him. Surrounding him–

Fitz's hand goes to the HATCHET on his belt – FITZ You're on private property! I'm law enforcement!

Then – a fat FBI GUY in a suit comes out onto the porch. Fitz's mouth falls open.

FAT MAN

We know, Fitz. Now put down the axe and get in here.

## **INT. FITZ'S CABIN - DAY (1997)**

Small and minimal. Franklin stove, bed, table, chair, books.

More FBI honchos inside – Turchie, older now, floating wraithlike in the background.

The Fat Man, JIM FREEMAN (60s). Fitz's old boss, the heavy complacency of highly-praised mediocrity.

And "MAD MAX" NOEL, 50s, a corpulent windbag, walking around the shack, pawing Fitz's things.

NOEL

Jesus, look at the boy genius now, huh? Living like an animal.

These guys are all going to blend together for now, but that's okay. For now, what's clear is that these are men Fitz knows, and is *not* happy to be seeing again. The air between them thick with history and tension.

FITZ

What are you doing in my house?

NOEL

We tried to call. But since you've gone Full Teddy K on us...

Fitz flares. Snatches his notebooks back from Noel, shoves them away. Freeman motions for Noel to back off.

FREEMAN

We don't want to be here. You're pretty much the last person I want to be talking to. But... we need you. Ted Kaczynski's turning his trial into a circus. Fired his lawyers, refused an insanity defense, refused a plea deal. He's contesting the search warrants that YOU wrote. It's a nightmare. He could WALK.

NOEL

We want you to get into the room with Ted Kaczynski. Face to face. Interrogate him, get a confession. Close this thing.

FITZ

Send in someone else. ANYBODY else. I'm done.

NOEL

Ted says he'll only talk to the man who actually caught him. And for whatever reason he thinks that's YOU.

FITZ

It IS me. You guys were chasing your tail for years until I came in and...

Fitz stops himself. Not worth it.

FITZ

You guys took my life, and you put it through a shredder. Now I've finally pieced something back together, something GOOD. And you want me to go BACK IN? Screw you.

NOEL

WE never put you through a shredder. You did that all on your own. In fact, you BUILT the damn shredder just so you could jump in! Everyone else walked out of the UTF with promotions, commendations... hell, Douglas even has a book deal. Embossed cover, the whole bit. You know that?

Fitz feels a sting of betrayal at this.

FREEMAN

We're asking you, Fitz. We could order you... We could have the Forest Service come in here and—

FITZ

You wanna threaten me?! Get out of here. GET! OUT!

A momentary stand-off. Nose to nose. Then Freeman backs off, and the FBI guys all retreat to their cars. All except—

## **EXT. OUTSIDE THE CABIN (1997)**

JOHN DOUGLAS. Sitting on the woodpile, waiting for the others to clear out. Blowsy, gone to seed, but still keeping up the three-piece suit and the Freudian-analyst pose.

FITZ

You too, huh? Hope this isn't keeping you from your book tour. Them, I understand. They're cattle. But you were supposed to know better. You were supposed to look out for me.

DOUGLAS

I know. I'm here to make amends. Those guys are only here because if Ted breaks, they all get fat promotions. This is their Hail Mary – “maybe old Fitz can save our careers.”

Fitz gives a sardonic laugh.

FITZ

I shoulda guessed.

DOUGLAS

But. They're right. This is your chance to finally look the Unabomber in the face. And settle this.

FITZ

I found him, I caught him, I put him in jail. It's settled!

DOUGLAS

I mean settle this for YOURSELF. So you can have a LIFE. A FUTURE. You were the best student I ever had, Fitz. You're better than this. You deserve MORE.

FITZ

More than WHAT? My life is good now. It's... It's good. I'm FREE. I'm finally free.

Douglas sighs. Takes in the cabin, the trees, the birds and the woodsmoke and pine. Shrugs. Maybe Fitz is right.

DOUGLAS

I think about you out here sometimes. Sometimes with pity. But more often with envy. You had the guts to do it, to do what everyone else just fantasizes about or watches on TV. But. However beautiful, however free... You still have monsters under the bed.

Douglas nods to Fitz's cabin. To the big STEAMER TRUNK hidden under Fitz's bed. And Douglas heads for his car.

A moment later, all the FBI cars drive off down the dirt track. And Fitz is all alone once again.

He glances inside at the box under the bed.

Then he turns, grabs an AXE, and starts splitting firewood like he's Lizzie Borden.

## **INT. FITZ'S CABIN – EVENING (1997)**

Alone again. Carrying in armloads of firewood.

On the table, a hundred dollars in cash, with a note: GAS MONEY. Fitz crumples the bills, flings them away.

Tends the fire, skins the rabbit he caught. Trying to get back to his life. But the knife keeps slipping.

## **LATER THAT NIGHT (1997)**

Fitz lies in bed. Something gnawing at his mind. Then, finally, flings the covers off. Drags out the HUGE STEAMER TRUNK under the bed. Opens it.

Inside, an intense mound of documents, photocopies, color-coded indices... photos of letters, of the UNABOMBER, of his CABIN... And, buried underneath it all, a wooden box.

Fitz digs it out. Flips it open. Stares into it a long while. We don't see what's inside. Then he snaps the box closed.

Shoves it away, back into the darkness.

Fitz searches in the corner of his room. The crumpled gas money. Flattens the bills out on the table. Considers them.

## **EXT. IN THE WOODS – NIGHT (1997)**

Fitz, dressed now, wades through the undergrowth with a LANTERN. Clears away branches, revealing an old CAR hidden in the brush.

The car ROARS to life. An explosion of wings as nightjars burst into the sky, vanish into the night. As Fitz rolls out.

*END ACT TWO.*

# ACT THREE.

## INT. FITZ'S HOUSE - ON THE STAIRCASE - DAY

DAVEY and SEAN sit on the staircase. Glumly awaiting their father's departure. A CAR HORN outside. The TAXI out the window. Fitz kisses Ellie, lugs his suitcase out of the bedroom.

FITZ

C'mere, guys. Gimme a big hug.

Davey slumps over and gives a sulky cold-fish hug. Little Sean refuses to move. Angry at Fitz.

SEAN

Aunt Janet was right. You'd rather go hang out with psychos than be with us.

The TAXI honks again.

FITZ

Sean, honey- I'll explain it all later. But right now, let's just have a nice hug, okay? Please. Now.

Sean stands, hard and hateful, and allows his father to hug him. Submission, not love. The best Fitz is gonna get.

## INT. THE TAXI - DAY

Fitz watches through the rear windshield as the house disappears behind him.



## **IN THE BEDROOM**

Ellie's veneer of toughness crumbles. She sits on the edge of the bed and buries her face in her hands. Sobbing.

## **ON THE STAIRS**

Davey watches the cab disappear. Emotionless.

Sean pointedly refuses to look. Sitting on the steps, his back turned to his brother, to the window, to everything.

## **IN THE CAB**

The house passes from view. Fitz turns to face what's coming. And as the world glides past his window, we dissolve to:

## **I/E. FITZ'S CAR / A SUPERHIGHWAY - DUSK (1997)**

It's 1997 now and Fitz is driving his old beater, making his way out of the woods.

Driving down A SUPERHIGHWAY at dusk. Swimming through the otherworldly sea of lights and cars.

Fitz struggles to process it all. The speed, the lights, relentless, crushing. Finally, he slows. Pulls over at

## **A HIGHWAY OVERPASS (1997)**

Fitz gets out. Looks out over the vast cloverleaf below. Profoundly alone.

A CRICKET on his clothes, having hitched a ride. It hops down, hesitates, then leaps into the traffic and is gone.

And the look in Fitz's eyes – they're the eyes of a prophet. He SEES something in all this.

## **INT. A GAS STATION - DUSK (1997)**

Muzak and fluorescent lights. Fitz hands the crumpled Gas Money bills to an attendant. Takes the key-on-a-broom-handle. On the TV, Will Ferrel plays Ted Kaczynski on SNL.

IN THE BATHROOM, Fitz washes up. Considers himself in the mirror. Not good, but there's nothing more he can do.

## **EXT. OUTSIDE AT THE PUMPS - DUSK (1997)**

Fitz pauses to watch an AIRPLANE pass overhead. The endless contrail burning red in the sunset. And then we CUT TO:

## **EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - DAY [1995]**

Establishing.

## **INT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS - DAY**

Fitz, bewildered as people stream past him. Then, striding toward him through the crowd is –

TABBY MILGRIM

You have that new-profiler smell. Tabby Milgrim.

TABBY MILGRIM (25). A street agent fresh out of the Tenderloin's piss-soaked alleys. Four-Non-Blondes NorCal, short, stocky, could be Hispanic or Native American. Ill-fitting pant suit but whatever, why you looking anyway.

TABBY

I'm your new partner. Actually, I'm the whole Behavioral Unit. C'mon, let's get you out of this craziness.

# OUTSIDE AT THE CURB

Tabby's car is a mint-green 1985 Subaru Justy. Total beater. THE OFFSPRING blare from the tapedeck. She shoves the In-n- Out wrappers off the passenger's seat so Fitz can sit.

TABBY

(by way of apology)

Night school. Its sucks butt. Plus University of Phoenix is about a fart and a half away from losing accreditation. But whatever. As long as I get my degree before they go under, we're all good.

A beat-up Intro to Psych textbook under Fitz's feet. Tabby flashes a peace sign to the airport cops as she drives off.

FITZ

Oh. But if you're Behavioral, you must've done some training at the BAU, right? So you can kinda guide me through a little.

TABBY

Hell no! I'm just a street agent. But I'm studying Psychology, so I guess that's why they put me in Behavioral. Plus I'm good with people, so.

FITZ

Oh. Great.

(looking out the window)

The flags are all half-staff. Your governor die or something?

TABBY

Nah man, way more important. You didn't hear? Jerry Garcia died.

FITZ

You're joking, right? ... You're not joking. All the flags in the city, for... Huh.

TABBY

All the flags in the friggin STATE. Your first time in NorCal, huh?

FITZ

He was in the Grateful Dead?

TABBY

Oh, maaaaan... Fitz... You have much to learn, man-cub. Much to learn.

## **EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF SAN FRANCISCO - DAY**

Winding through the nest of highways. A glimpse of the Bay far in the distance, between warehouses and discount motels.

## **EXT. THE UNABOM TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Tabby pulls into an old HOLIDAY INN. The Holiday Inn logos have been torn off, leaving just the motel's decrepit shell.

## **IN THE ENTRYWAY**

TERRY TURCHIE meets at the security booth and signs them in.

TURCHIE

You ever been on a big operation?

FITZ

I was on this one bank robbery that was pretty huge. We had like fifteen full-time agents. Pretty intense.

Turchie grins at this. “Cute.” And pushes open the double- doors to the Unabom Task Force. Fitz’s mouth falls open.

TURCHIE

Welcome to the Unabom Task Force.

## **INT. THE UNABOM TASK FORCE BULLPEN - DAY**

Fitz takes it in. Dwarfed, AWED by the scale of it. He’s never seen anything like this.

HUNDREDS of agents work in the massive central BULLPEN. It’s crammed with detectives’ desks. Management offices around the edges and off the mezzanine.

Fitz was not prepared for this. He trails Tabby through the bullpen, gawking. The country mouse in the big city.

Veteran FBI agents everywhere – thick, jewelled men chewing donuts and shuffling paper. Fitz stares, starstruck, at one extra-thick, extra-jewelled agent.

FITZ

That’s T-Rex Benson! He took down the whole Bad Axe Militia cell. He’s... I mean, he’s a legend.

TABBY

If you say so. We got a lot of big resumes around here. And then we have... THESE guys.

At one of the very few computer terminals, a whole team of agents is gathered to play Minesweeper.

TABBY

Unabom Task Force is a three-agency investigation. But FBI is in charge. So ATF and Postal Service Inspectors figure the FBI’s gonna get all the credit anyway, so why work. Classic inter-agency cooperation. Look, they’re starting the briefing.

## INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A remarkably obese Special Agent gives the on-boarding PowerPoint to the new arrivals.

OBESE

Arright, listen up. We're gonna rip this bandaid off quick.

Fitz furiously takes notes in a legal pad. Tabby plays Snake Xenia on her flip-phone. She's heard this a dozen times.

OBESE

We're hunting the deadliest serial bomber in history. The Unabomber. He's been planting and mailing bombs for 18 years. 17 bombs, four killed, dozens injured. And we have really no friggin clue who he is or why he's doing this. He calls himself "F.C."

We call him Unabomber because his early targets were *UN*iversities and Airlines. Clicking through SLIDES of each bombing, map/photo/victims. The details aren't important – it's about feeling the flood of death and destruction up on screen.

OBESE

1978, Northwestern. Second one there in '79... November 1979, nearly takes down American Airlines flight 444... 1980, United Airlines president gets his face blown in... More university bombs in 81, 82, 82, 85, 85... Boeing in 85... Two computer shops in 85 and 87, and that's when we got our only eyewitness, who gave us *this*.

On the screen: the famous black-and-white sketch of the Unabomber in glasses and a hoodie.

OBESE

Then, nothing for six years. We thought he was dead, or maybe finally got laid.

(chuckles from the room)

Then, *he's baaaack*. Epstein at UC. Gelernter at Yale. The Exxon Valdez's PR guy, Mosser. And just last week, Gil Murray in Sacramento. Why these targets? Why now? Why's he doing this? No clue. So we got good old- fashioned legwork and forensics. That's our play.

FITZ

(raising his hand)

What forensic leads do we have right now?

OBESE

I'm getting to that. Please let me continue.

(without transition)

We have no forensic leads. Not even one partial print. But, we figure eventually he's gonna screw up. And maybe he already did.

Obese clicks through to a slide of a typed letter.

OBESE

The letter itself is blah-blah-blah. But forensics discovered THIS:

INDENTED WRITING on the letter: "*Call Nathan R 7:00 PM*".

OBESE

We figure he wrote himself a Post-it on top of the letter. That's our first real lead. FBI agents are now interviewing every single person named Nathan R-something in the country.

Our plan b is to look for Nathans with an "R" middle name.

FITZ

(softly, to Tabby:)

Is he serious? There must be... ten, twenty thousand Nathan R's. More!

Tabby just shrugs.

OBESE

Our second big lead is that the addresses he uses all come from one particular edition of "Who's Who." So right now we have agents visiting every public library in America to see if librarians have noticed anything suspicious. And... that's it. Have a great day, don't forget to tip your driver.

And suddenly the briefing's over. Fitz, shocked –

FITZ

That's it? Eighteen years and that's all we've got?

TABBY

Yup, pretty much. Next on our tour...

## INT. THE CALL CENTER - DAY

An old ballroom set up with a hundred telephones. Secretaries answer calls, take notes, type up reports and add them to a growing mound of paper.

Agents file in, drop forms in the inbox, grab fresh forms from the outbox, file out. One after another, like ants.

FITZ

What IS this?

TABBY

They set up a tip line and announced it on every TV news show. So now we get 250 calls a day. And every single one has to be followed up on.

Hundreds of agents all over the country, verifying that no, Grandma didn't actually see the Unabomber in her dumpster. How's that make you feel?

FITZ

Actually, kind of excited. Seriously. They *need* us. Our profile will be the lens that focuses all this wasted energy. Isn't that exciting for you?

TABBY

...Mildly.

Turchie pope his head in, beckons Fitz.



TURCHIE

Ready to meet the boss?

FITZ

I thought you WERE the boss.

## IN THE HALLWAY

TURCHIE

I'm your priest. I'll guide you through troubled waters. But your bishop and the Pope are in there. Max Noel. And His Holiness Jim Freeman, who holds the keys to heaven and hell.

Turchie points to

## THE CORNER OFFICE

We met FREEMAN and NOEL at Fitz's cabin. Old-school good-ol- boy alpha-jocks. Freeman's Big Man on Campus and relishing it. "Mad Max" Noel is Freeman's foul-mouthed pit bull.

Freeman has his feet on the desk and is telling a dirty story. He waves Fitz and Turchie in.

FREEMAN

The new head-shrinker? You're just in time! Look at this, we just got the tip that's going to break open the case. Lady calls, says she's dead certain she just went on a date with the Unabomber. Because who else would take her out on a lovely date, make sweet love like an angel, and then poop on her kitchen floor on his way out? Fits the profile, right?!

Freeman and Noel are cracking up. Noel wipes a tear.

NOEL

Best part is, we got five agents canvassing the area looking for the Mad Crapper of Spokane. Imagine that guy's face when G-men show up on his doorstep demanding a stool sample!

Turchie, smiling politely, pats Fitz on the shoulder and mildly floats out the door. Not one of the boys.

FREEMAN

Welcome aboard, Fitz. We sent Turchie to bring back the best man he could find.

That's you.

Fitz pumps Freeman's hand. Genuinely in awe.

FITZ

Sir, I'm honored to be working with you. I studied your cases at the academy. The Spring Hill killer. And the Sheffield abduction? I think any other agent that would have ended in a murder-suicide. And Agent Noel. The Black Panthers sting in 1981. I've always wanted to ask you, how did you know when to go in?

NOEL

Well, it comes down to trusting your gut, and when you go, go balls-out.

FITZ

Well, I'm just really excited to be here and to learn from you both.

FREEMAN

(eating it up)

I love that attitude. So look, here's what you'll be working on.

Freeman hands Fitz a document. Fitz looks it over, confused. It's a single page of short sentences. Noel reads it aloud.

NOEL

“Low IQ. Formerly employed by an airline. Mechanic or technician. No higher education, possibly little/no high school. Raised in Ohio (Cincinnati or Cleveland likely).”

FREEMAN

That’s your foundation. Your job here is to take that, and flesh it out.

FITZ

Uh, what is this?

NOEL

It’s the current profile.

FITZ

Well... mm... Where’s the rest of it?

Noel and Freeman share a grin.

FREEMAN

That’s what I like to hear. Flesh it out. Lot of bullet points, lot of technical words.

Couple of weeks, get it turned in nice and neat, no typos, get you back home. Okey doke?

FITZ

Well, that’s not– I mean, this isn’t really a profile. It’s not scientific, it’s just... guesses.

NOEL

No offense, but calling a profile “just guesses” is a tautology.

FREEMAN

Look, this profile came out of ten years of work. TEN. YEARS. Okay? It's not gonna change in the next three weeks. Except maybe the "wood" thing.

FITZ

Wood thing?

FREEMAN

There was a theory. That F.C. was obsessed with wood. That maybe he had erectile dysfunction. And now that he blew up this Mosser guy... Well, Moss, that's like a plant... So that proves it. That can go in the profile now.

NOEL

Christ, I can't wait to give that to the press.

Be sure to make it sound all official in the profile, "a propensity for softness in the genital region." And watch their faces as they figure it out. That's what makes this job fun.

Fitz looks from Noel to Freeman to the "profile." Confused.

FITZ

I gotta be honest here. I think we need to throw this away and come at it fresh, unbiased.

FREEMAN

Love the enthusiasm. But that's not what you're here for.

Noel stands. Meeting over. Walks Fitz out.

NOEL

The way you help this investigation? Take this profile, flesh it out, we all get gold stars. Great to have you on board. You wanna hear some war stories, come out for a beer with us tomorrow. Freddy's, it's our place. Old-school Frisco, you'll love it.

Fitz is left standing there in the hall. Shell-shocked. Staring at the single-page psych profile in disbelief.

FITZ

Ten years?!

## **INT. THE BASEMENT SERVER ROOM - DAY**

Fitz trails Turchie as he walks through a SUBTERRANEAN SERVER ROOM. Overseeing the construction of a high-tech MASSIVELY PARALLEL PROCESSOR.

TURCHIE

Washington gave them a checklist. A new profile is one of the boxes on that list. They don't really even want to have a profiler here at all. But I have faith in you. I'm sure there's lots of quality work you can do – *within* the parameters Freeman gave you.

Fitz starts to protest, but Turchie ever-so-gently guides him toward the exit.

TURCHIE

It'll all make more sense as you get acclimated. Thanks for coming down.

## **INT. A SIZZLER STEAKHOUSE - DAY**

Or some other grim roadside chain. Fitz and Tabby having dinner. He's brought his legal pad, his notes, a thick folder of papers. Trying to wrap his head around everything.

FITZ

Is this how the investigation ought to be run? I mean, every single "Nathan R" in the country? That's insane!

TABBY

Is it? That's like our only lead.

FITZ

There are a ton of leads. But they're all behavioral, psychological. A good profile would tell them who to look for. I mean, shouldn't we at least know what kind of person we're looking for BEFORE we canvass every single library in the country?

TABBY

It's just the way system is set up. Look at it from an inside perspective. The UTF has been looking for F.C. for *fifteen years*.

Everyone figures it'll go another fifteen, so either they die here or get promoted out. And the way to get promoted is to say, I followed up on 30,000 tips, I got a quote in Newsweek, I released this new sketch and now we have ten thousand agents chasing leads all over the country. So actually, if you're Freeman it's *better* if we don't know who we're looking for. Cause he looks like he's busting ass. Leaving no Nathan unturned.

FITZ

Even though it's all a farce.

TABBY

Sure, bruh. That's how the game works. Hell, I'm banking on the same thing. Put in my time, get seen going hard, get my ticket off the street.

Besides, we might find Nathan R tomorrow, crack the whole thing wide open.

Fitz tries to protest, but Tabby just grins.

TABBY

Yours is not the reason why, yours is but to do and die. You're a cog in the machine, Fitz. Embrace it.

FITZ

Isn't this California? Isn't this supposed to be where everyone comes to be free?

TABBY

It used to be. But then they got a hold of it. Now it's just like everywhere else.

FITZ

Who's "they"?

TABBY

Just... they.

## **INT. TABBY'S CAR - LATER**

Tabby drives Fitz to his new apartment.

TABBY

Didn't Turchie tell you what happened to the last two profilers they had out here?

FITZ

No. What?

TABBY

Well if he's not telling you I'm not gonna tell you.

FITZ

What happened to them?

TABBY

Never mind, forget I said anything. You're better than they were anyway. Don't worry. You'll be fine.

And she cranks up the Smashing Pumpkins and drives on. To:

## INT. FITZ'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - EVENING

Fitz waves goodnight, wheels his suitcase into his empty efficiency apartment. Sterile, white-walled, institutional.

LATER, talking on the phone with Ellie.

FITZ

It's... I'm in so far over my head, you have no idea. This is like turning the Titanic.

And what if I do turn it, right into the iceberg?

ELLIE is lying in her bed, struggling to stay awake.

ELLIE

You won't. Have faith. (yawns)

How's California? Have you started surfing yet?

FITZ

Someone called me "bruh" today. That was pretty different.

Ellie laughs.

FITZ

It's like Dances with Wolves. Closer to the Indians and the animals out here than to my own people.

ELLIE

(nodding off)

Oof, I gotta go to sleep. The time difference and everything.

FITZ

Sorry. Of course. Talk to you tomorrow. Love you.

Fitz hangs up. Alone again.



## **EXT. THE APARTMENT BALCONY - EVENING**

Fitz stands on the balcony of his apartment. Staring out.

The sterile apartment blocks crouch in the shadow of a massive SUPERHIGHWAY INTERCHANGE.

Fitz stares up at the towering cloverleaf. The knotted undersides of the roads. Dwarfing him. The HOWLING of thousands of cars. And we CUT TO:

## **INT. A UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - NIGHT (1997)**

NATASHA SCHILLING (30s) stands at the front of the lecture hall. Giving an undergrad lecture in linguistics. Tweedy, fragile, reserved. The sense she's lived through tragedy.

NATASHA

Now, can you hear the position of Steven's vowels when he speaks? And the shift compared to S.E.? This is—

FITZ settles into the back row. The students don't know what to make of him. Whispering among themselves.

Natasha stops short. Stares at Fitz like she's seen a ghost. But then pushes on with the lecture. That's the kind of person she is.

NATASHA

Ahem. ... those vowel positions are relics from Colonial-era British accents. Steven, will you read again and we'll map your vowels.

LATER, the lecture finishes and the students file out. Leaving Natasha and Fitz alone in the room.

Fitz walks down the steps toward the blackboard. Stops.

They don't know what to do or to say. Finally, she extends a hand. They shake.

They're both disappointed by this. But don't do anything more. And then, for just a moment, we come BACK TO:

## THE SUPERHIGHWAYS [1995]

Towering over Fitz as he stands alone on his apartment balcony. Endless, looping, roaring.

*END ACT THREE.*

# ACT FOUR.

## INT. THE UTF BULLPEN - THE NEXT DAY

Fitz and Tabby survey their desks.

They've covered the entire double-desktop with documents and folders. Piles are marked "Forensic Reports," "Victimology," "Scene Photos," "Written Communication." Fitz considers the file box of papers still to be sorted.

FITZ

We're gonna need a bigger desk.

Tabby snorts a laugh.

Fitz and Tabby heave at a dusty Tanker Desk in the corner. It barely moves. Two RUBBERNECKERS notice, come over to help. As they're carrying the desk across the room:

RUBBERNECKER

New profiler, right? What've you got there? Our performance reviews?

SECOND RUBBERNECKER

Because if you're looking for people to send home, we can suggest a few.

FITZ

That's really not what I do.

RUBBERNECKER

Of course. Wink-wink. But between us: you get Hankins to lie down on your couch, you will be shocked.

SECOND RUBBERNECKER

*Shocked.*

RUBBERNECKER

*Shocked.* That guy should not be carrying a sidearm.  
You'd be doing everyone here a favor.

They drop the desk into position.

FITZ

Really, that's not what I do.

RUBBERNECKER

Sure, sure. But – Hankins. “H” as in Headcase.

Fitz and Tabby look at each other as the two agents walk off.

TABBY

Maybe you SHOULD look into this guy. Sounds like a headcase.

FITZ

If the FBI got rid of every headcase here, who'd be left?

## **AT THEIR DESK - HOURS LATER**

Fitz and Tabby, exhausted. Fitz thrown down one of the Unabomber letters, rubs his eyes.

FITZ

Well, I'm not seeing the “wood” thing. (off Tabby's look)  
They want me to do a thing about F.C.'s erectile dysfunction.

TABBY

(laughing)  
What is it with men and their donges? You should do it.  
You write that report, you'll be on CNN *tonight*.  
Probably have Bob Dole on too, plugging Viagra as a national-security issue.

FITZ

But it's b.s. The whole profile is b.s.

TABBY

I dunno. They've been saying mechanic, Cincinnati, airlines for years now. Really consistently. There must be some reason.

FITZ

Wrong. Conventional wisdom, preconceptions, assumptions, throw em all out. Blank slate. We know NOTHING about F.C. Nothing but what the evidence tells us.

He picks up the photocopy of the Gelernter letter.

FITZ

Like when he talks about 'All you guys with advanced diplomas...' Is he actually "low- IQ, no higher education" and resents smart people? Or is he really smart, maybe HAS a bunch of degrees himself, and KNOWS we're going to be reading the letter and is HOPING we don't think too hard about it?

You can see the epiphany on Tabby's face. She takes the letter, looks at it again. With fresh eyes.

TABBY

I... wow. Yeah. I don't know.

FITZ

Exactly. We don't know. We don't know anything. And if you look at *that*, you're gonna close your mind down.

He crumples up the old one-page profile.

FITZ

So we start over. Let's make our ask- list. Everything we're gonna need.

TABBY

(still staring at the letter:)

Dayum...

## INT. TURCHIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Turchie flips through Fitz's ask-list while eating pasta salad out of a tupperware container.

FITZ

This is just to get us started. Fresh eyes.

Fitz checks out the Disney paraphernalia filling Turchie's office. The pasta salad, Mickey Mouse tie, CapriSun, blandly vacant manner. *What's up with this guy?*

TURCHIE

That sure is a lot of stuff. Lot of shoe leather you're asking for.

FITZ

I need to start getting into F.C.'s head.

That means seeing EVERYTHING – the bombs themselves, full victimology, every report. Especially the early stuff. EVERYTHING.

TURCHIE

Mmm. We have what, nine letters from the Unabomber right now? And you got photocopies of all of them, right?

FITZ

Uh, yeah. But if I'm going to build a full profile–

Turchie cocks his head, gives Fitz that Fred Rogers smile.

TURCHIE

Why do you think I brought you here, Fitz? You're the word man. Meaning, I'm sure you can find some amazing stuff in those letters. So you don't really need any of this other stuff.

FITZ

I mean, if this investigation has the resources to interview every single Nathan R in the country... Right?

TURCHIE

Well. It's priorities. Picking your battles.

Turchie slurps the last drops of his CapriSun. Then walks Fitz to the door.

TURCHIE

Look out there with me.

They stand together at the mezzanine rail, looking down into the bullpen below. Turchie puts his hand on Fitz's shoulder. Gives him a gentle smile.

TURCHIE

Look at how many agents we have here. How many mounds of papers. No one paper is going to solve this case. Do what you've been asked, make sure everything's spelled right, add in that stuff about wood. I know it's silly, but a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down. Right?

FITZ

But—

TURCHIE

Shh now. You are a tiny little speck of dust in the eternity of the universe.

Accept that, act accordingly, and enjoy.

Turchie pats Fitz on the back, gives a reassuring smile. Then disappears into his office.

Fitz stares down at the bullpen. Baffled, confused – Mister Rogers just told him that he was an existential null.

## **BACK AT HIS DESK - A MOMENT LATER**

Fitz flattens the old profile back out. Stares at the typewriter on his desk.

Then he sees the folder of photos that Douglas gave him. The Sacramento bombing. Opens it. Seeing the victims once again.

And he decides. Grabs his ask-list from the drawer. Strides into

## INT. FREEMAN'S OFFICE

Freeman and Noel look over Fitz's ask-list. Sigh.

FITZ

Respectfully. If I'm going to write up a profile, put my name on it, I'm going to do it RIGHT.

NOEL

How many profiles have you created? Outside the classroom, I mean.

FITZ

...This is my first.

NOEL

There you go. So let me explain how this works. Your role here is to fulfill the duties laid out by the

S.A.C. That's Freeman. I understand you have lots of training, lots of capacity, and a tremendous future ahead of you. But right now, *all that's required of you is obedience.*

FITZ

All I'm asking for is the freedom to do excellent work for you. That's all! It's a win for everyone.

Otherwise your profile is going to hamper the investigation, not help it. Freeman leans across his desk. Commanding.

FREEMAN

When your only tool is a hammer, son, everything looks like a nail. You're a profiler. You think the profile will catch him. Turchie's a gearhead. He thinks it's all about his computer. But he's just the xylophone. You're just the piccolo. And I got a whole orchestra to conduct! I gotta make sure everyone's playing together, and playing the same tune. I know you can play the piccolo better than anyone in the world. I know you want there to be an awesome piccolo solo in the second movement. But you gotta play from the sheet music I give you.



Otherwise the whole thing falls apart.

FITZ

But shouldn't the big picture be based on the actual man we're trying to capture? I.e., on a good profile?

NOEL

The only way we're going to catch the Unabomber, the only way we catch ANYONE, is forensics. Plain and simple. You could spend six months writing up the world's best profile. But nobody's going to read it.

That's not what we're looking for. We're looking for fifteen pages, no typos, and "wood."

He shoves the one-page profile back into Fitz's hands. Freeman, still encouraging in his way:

FREEMAN

You're a piccolo! Embrace it. Sometimes we need that high note, we really do, and it's gonna be GREAT when you play it out for all to hear. But most of the time, you just sit there in silence. But in the end, you'll take a bow with everyone else, and you'll be a hero too.

## INT. FREDDY'S BAR - THAT NIGHT

Nearly the whole UTF packed into the old-school dive. TABBY, practically the only woman in the place but holding her own.

Fitz collects a SODA WATER from the bar. Tries to look purposeful. Total outsider. The guy next to him shouts:

BAR GUY

The Griz. What do you think? (as Fitz draws a blank:)  
Heard you were from Philly. Grizelli? The Eagles?

FITZ

Uh, I'm from Philly. But who's Grizelli? He's a player?

BIG GUY

Are you serious? Hey Lem, get a load of this. I ask this guy what he thinks of The Griz...

Fitz flees into the crowd. Overhears his hero, T-REX BENSON:

T-REX BENSON

You gotta talk to Ryan, he's got this one tape where this tiny chick takes like thirteen inches, it's wild...

Then Fitz suddenly finds himself face-to-face with NOEL, deep in his cups. Noel flings an arm around Fitz's neck, pulls him in for a noogie.

NOEL

Ho, there he is, Mister Piccolo-Dick! That was hilarious today! Look at this guy, he's got the Terry Turchie special: glass of soda water and a face like he just farted in church. You a Mormon or something?

FITZ

No, I just... I don't drink.

NOEL

That's what Turchie says too, but I don't know. He seems like a magic- underwear type, doesn't he? Word of advice: keep your cheeks clenched around him. With Turchie, you'll think you're getting tickets to the Magic Kingdom, even while he's slitting your throat.

Least with me, you know where you stand. I think you're a dog turd, Fitzie, but I give you the respect of saying so to your face. That ain't nothing.

Noel finally releases Fitz. Turns back to T-Rex's porn story. Fitz flees into

## INT. THE BAR BATHROOM

Fitz, wedged at the urinal between two big drunk cops. The guy pissing to his left starts telling him:

DRUNK PISSER

You know he's from Cincinnati. You're the profiler, right? Cincinnati for sure. And he's into WOOD. Josh thinks he's a faggot. Josh, tell him.

Then, from the guy pissing to Fitz's right:

OTHER DRUNK PISSER

I'm telling you, that's why he got fired from his airline job. Got caught sucking some dude's dong. Now he's pissed off.

Think about it.

Flush. Fitz, staring after them. Are you kidding me?

## BACK IN THE BAR

The STRIPPERS come out. Dancing on the bar.

Fitz takes in the sweaty room, packed with obese, drunken men drooling over past-their-prime strippers. Disgusted. TABBY is eyeing the strippers too.

FITZ

We're here to catch a terrorist who's mailing bombs to families. What *is* this?

TABBY

Everyone here's away from home. It's like... summer camp. The things we do when we're alone, huh?

Fitz shakes his head. Wedges himself into

## THE PAYPHONE BOOTH

In the back of the bar. Calls home. Reaching for a lifeline. But – no answer. Leaves a message.

FITZ

It's me. I'm– I know it's late there. But I wanted to hear your voices.

Someone's voice. Uh, I love you. Bye.

BACK AT THE BAR, Fitz finds Tabby. She's chatting up one stripper. Showing her a BABY PHOTO, which she immediately hides from Fitz. Fitz shouts in Tabby's ear:

FITZ

I'm taking the car. You'll need to get a ride.

TABBY

You going home already?

FITZ

No. To Sacramento. To do my JOB.

TABBY

Sacramento?! Fitz, c'mon–

Fitz holds out his hand. Tabby reluctantly hands over the keys.

## I/E. TABBY'S CAR - NIGHT

Fitz cranks the engine until it finally starts. NINE INCH NAILS on the stereo. He tears off through the night. Angry, alone. And we CUT TO:

## INT. NATALIE'S DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT (1997)

Two rescue pittbulls whining at the door, upset by the sounds of the locks opening. Many, many locks.

Then, Natalie leads Fitz inside. The two dogs circle, upset. Natalie crouches, coos at them.

NATALIE

It's OK, guys. He's a friend. It's OK.

FITZ

What happened to Buster and Darby?

NATALIE

We found them good homes. These guys are just temporary too. Jasper and Winston. They're good hearted, just scared of everything. Can't blame them, poor guys. What they've been through.

Fitz considers this for a moment. Looking down at the dogs in Natalie's arms. At himself.

FITZ

What's with you and the rescue dogs?

NATALIE

Yes. Good question.

They consider each other. Natalie, crouched holding the dogs back. Fitz in the doorway. Uncertain. Where to start?

NATALIE

Where have you been, Fitz?

FITZ

Out. You know.

NATALIE

Like, off the grid? He nods.

Clears his throat.

FITZ

Look, uh... I know I screwed up. The things I said, I did back then... But uh... I don't have anyone else. I have nowhere else I can go.

NATALIE

It wasn't supposed to go like that, Fitz. You know?

FITZ

I know. I just... I'm trying to...

He goes silent. Staring at the floor.

Natalie sighs. Goddamn rescue dogs... But she can't help herself.

NATALIE

Lemme get these guys in the kitchen...

## **I/E. TABBY'S CAR / SACRAMENTO - NIGHT [1995]**

Winding through the empty streets of Sacramento. Homeless guys in the underpasses. Dark, anonymous government buildings. Then he pulls up in front of

## **EXT. THE CALIFORNIA FORESTRY ASSOCIATION BUILDING - NIGHT**

We recognize it from the opening. Fitz recognizes it from those photos. Blown-out windows boarded over with plywood.

Fitz parks outside. Prowls around the building. Finds a side entrance, pops the door open. Creeps inside in the dark.

## INT. THE FORESTRY ASSOCIATION OFFICE - NIGHT

Fitz slips under the police tape, through the boarded-up door, into

### THE BOMB SITE

Dark, silent wreckage. Fitz walks through, taking it in. Inhaling the scent of the scorched carpet, the sulfur, the vague tang of iron.

He's strangely calm and at home here. Like a man walking into an ancient, empty church.

The shrapnel holes in the walls, the ceiling panels burnt and blown upwards. Family photos on a desk, smashed and shredded.

Mundane office life turned inside out, turned alien. Then, asking aloud:

FITZ

What are you doing right now? F.C...

### IN GIL MURRAY'S OFFICE

The whole room burned black. Swiss-cheesed by shrapnel.

A strange thrill as Fitz identifies BLOODSTAINS on the carpet. Touches them. Smells the iron, the gunpowder.

We're watching Fitz take his first, halting steps into the mind of the Unabomber. MAKING CONTACT. Talking to him:

FITZ

You want to be here. You want to be here, touching this, *savoring* it. But you can't be. So what do you do?

He gazes out the window at the dark street below. Everything closed up, dark. Except a NEWSSTAND/LIQUOR STORE across the street. Fitz stares at it. REALIZING something...

## INT. FITZ'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - LATER

Fitz struggles through the door. Carrying a huge stack of newspapers and a case of beer.

He drops it all on the floor and immediately starts in –

Tearing into the newspapers, clipping EVERY SINGLE ARTICLE about the SACRAMENTO BOMBINGS.

And suddenly he's deep in his flow as a profiler – Eyes closed, sitting in the dark, re-living the bombing...

As he homes in on phrases and details in the newspaper descriptions, we SEE THEM: Gil Murray and his pregnant secretary struggling with the package... A receptionist fetching scissors... Gil Murray in his office...

At first, it's all sketchy, blurry, details not filled in...

But as the night wears on and the clippings multiply, the accumulated details get added into the IMAGINED BOMBING. Looping, getting sharper and sharper...

ANOTHER BEER disappears as if of its own accord... Joins a growing pile of empties...

A photo of Gil Murray, and Fitz SEES HIM now... In slow motion, joking around as the package explodes and then– Flying glass, screams, terror and light... Every angle, every point of view... a flood of details, of images...

FITZ

This is the best part, isn't it...

Hours have passed and Fitz is surrounded by newspaper clippings and empty bottles and hours have passed and he doesn't even know how that happened... Murmuring:

FITZ

The things we do when we're alone... All the things you have to keep hidden...

(then, REALIZING:)

You're ALONE. You're all alone with so much inside you and nobody to tell it to...

Except the newspapers. And what happens when the newspapers stop listening? You need more, you need to see your name, your work...

And then, the faintest TAP-TAP-TAP sound at the edge of his perception...

Fitz follows it, drunk now and half-asleep... Back through the dark apartment...

And then, in the back bedroom, a glimpse of A PRESENCE – For just an instant, THERE'S SOMEONE THERE. And then –

BLACK.



*END ACT FOUR.*

# ACT FIVE.

## FITZ'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

WHITE MORNING LIGHT blasting in. A sea of beer bottles. Clippings everywhere.  
Fitz, passed out on the floor.

Groaning awake because

THE PHONE is ringing. He staggers over. Answers.

FITZ

Hello?

ELLIE

Fitz! Are you okay? What's going on out there?

FITZ

(crumpling)

Oh, Ellie... God, I- I need you guys here, Ellie. I can't be alone on this. I just can't do it.

ELLIE

You promised me you were coming right home... Wait— have you been drinking?

FITZ

Just beer. Just one beer.

ELLIE

Jesus. Jim. Don't do this to me again—

FITZ

I'm not.

ELLIE

After the last time—

FITZ

I'm NOT. This is NOT like last time. I promise.

ELLIE

...Okay. Good.

FITZ

I tried reaching you last night.

ELLIE

I know. It's three hours later here, Jim. Remember?  
That's one a.m.

The DOORBELL. TABBY there to pick him up.

FITZ

Sorry, El. I'll call you back, okay?

## **OUT ON THE PORCH**

Fitz tries not to let Tabby see the wreckage as he emerges. Unsuccessfully. Tabby stares at him.

TABBY

Jesus, what happened last night? Are you okay?

FITZ

I'm fine. Let's go.

## **INT. NATALIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (1997)**

Fitz, sitting. Trying to explain himself to Natalie.

FITZ

I keep thinking, if I can figure out how I got here, if I can find the moment when I could have turned away and I didn't. Where did it begin, where did I start down this path. The moment I made contact, it was...

Natalie brings him a coffee. He sips gingerly.

NATALIE

You wanted him in your life. Secretly, somehow, you wanted that.

FITZ

I think I did. But I don't know why. I don't know why I could have wanted that. How I, how anybody, could...

He trails off. Confronting something broken in himself. Then:

FITZ

I tried to end it. I don't know if it was because I was scared... or because I was thrilled.

## **INT. FREEMAN'S OFFICE - MORNING [1995]**

Fitz bursts into Freeman's Office. Energized. In charge. Interrupting Freeman, Noel, and Turchie.

FITZ

Newspapers. They're his window on the world.

It's his proof to himself that he exists. The newspapers are going to be the key to this whole thing.

You have to at least give me access to our clippings archive.

NOEL

I send my mom a copy every time I get my name in the Times. I can have her get out the scrapbook for ya. Other than that, you want clippings? Clip.

Noel grabs a pair of scissors and tosses them to Fitz.

FITZ

Are you serious? You're not tracking this? Right now, the Unabomber is combing through the New York Times and the Sacramento Bee for any new detail to savor, and you're not even *bothering* to see what he's seeing?

NOEL

The Unabomber is a low-IQ mechanic with a ninth-grade education. He's watching Sally Jessy Raphael, not reading the friggin Times!

Fitz blows up:

FITZ

You ever think the reason you've gotten nowhere in EIGHTEEN YEARS is that you've been underestimating him? That just maybe he's not some dummy mechanic, but that he's been running circles around all of you for years?

A silence falls over the room. Freeman purses his lips. Considering Fitz. He shakes his head, heaves a sigh.

FREEMAN

Fitz. Buddy. You're breaking my heart. You really gotta decide here: You gonna follow my orders, or you gonna go home?

On Fitz's face, his answer.

## INT. THE UTF BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Tabby watches, dismayed, as Fitz packs his desk.

FITZ

It's all good, Tabby. If they want that watered-down b.s., I'm not the right guy anyway.

## INT. NATALIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (1997)

Then, finally confessing Natalie:

FITZ

The reason I came here. They asked me to go in. Talk to him. Interrogate him.

Natalie sits across from him at the table. Taking this in. She looks grim.

NATALIE

You're not going to do it.

FITZ

I said no. But I need to go. I need to confront him, to get answers.

NATALIE

You *have* the answers. God, I tore myself apart to help you GET those answers. You solved the case. You caught him.

FITZ

Not those answers. Answers for myself. And for us. I want you to come with me. To help me.

Natalie slumps over her coffee. Not what she wanted to hear.

## **INT. NATALIE'S BEDROOM - LATER (1997)**

Natalie sits on the floor next to her bed. TEARS in her eyes. The dogs come up and lick the tears off her cheeks.

## **INT. FITZ'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - DAY [1995]**

Fitz packs his bags. Leaves the mess. Good riddance.

## **INT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - DAY**

Fitz talks on the payphone with Ellie.

## **IN ELLIE'S KITCHEN**

Ellie leans on the wall in relief.

ELLIE

Oh. That's- I mean, that's awesome for us. But you don't sound happy, huh?

FITZ

I'm glad to be coming home to you guys. I am. But I feel... like I'm running back to mommy with my tail between my legs.

And then, FITZ'S NAME is called over the loudspeaker. Being paged to the gate. Fitz signs off, hangs up the payphone.

AT THE GATE, the woman hands him the courtesy phone.

TURCHIE'S VOICE

'Dad it is I.' You need to come back here. Right away.

FITZ

Turchie? Sorry. Find someone else.

TURCHIE'S VOICE

We don't need someone else. We need YOU. I patched it up with Freeman. Because we need a word guy now. We need 'Dad it is I.'

FITZ

(sensing something wrong:) Why? What's happened?

TURCHIE'S VOICE

You were right about the newspapers. He reached out, like you said he would. Get back here. NOW.

TABBY comes running up. Her car idling outside.

TABBY

FITZ! There you are. C'mon, c'mon-

## INT. FITZ'S HOUSE - LATER

Ellie gets the news on the phone from Fitz's superiors. Wilts.

## UPSTAIRS

Davey listens in on the extension:

ELLIE'S VOICE

*No, I mean if he's not able to come home now... I understand.*

Davey slams down the receiver. Stomps upstairs into -



## INT. DAVEY'S ROOM

Davey punches a pillow clear across the room. Pulls a Newsweek special report on the Unabomber from under his mattress. Begins combing it for details.

Knights and demons facing off on his bedroom shelf..

## INT. THE UTF BULLPEN - DAY

An emergency BRIEFING in progress – everyone freaking out – the whole place, buzzing, frenzied – Turchie rushes to meet Fitz and Tabby:

TURCHIE

He's made a bomb threat against LAX, the whole place is shut down. New York Times, Washington Post, Penthouse, Newsweek...

They're all going crazy. They got a package–

FITZ

Another bomb?

TURCHIE

No. Something else – look.

Fitz pushes his way through the crowd. Sees the table in the front, where, in front of Freeman and Noel,

THE MANIFESTO sits.

A stack of typed pages, wrapped in brown paper and string.

Fitz approaches the table. A look passes between him and Freeman. Acknowledging – Fitz is back on the case. But Freeman's not happy about it.

Noel growls under his breath:

NOEL

You screw this up? We will crucify you.

Fitz nods. Accepting this.

And as Fitz reaches out for the Manifesto, we CUT TO:

## I/E. NATALIE'S CAR - NIGHT (1997)

Natalie drives through the night. Dark country roads. Fitz, cleaned up now, stares out the window.

NATALIE

You know, Fitz. Whatever this is, it didn't start two years ago. It didn't start with this case. It started a long, long time before Unabom. It must have.

FITZ

I know. But I just don't know when I started to feel that way. Powerless, caged. Like we're sleepwalking through our own lives. Eating trash and watching TV and working to become what other people think we should be...

Natalie shakes her head.

NATALIE

That's what everyone feels. Everyone feels like that, all the time. "Pinned and wriggling against the wall."

FITZ

That's what I can't understand. Everyone feels that way. But what do they do about it? Nothing. We LIKE it. We like being crushed and powerless. Because somehow, freedom is more terrifying to us than slavery.

NATALIE

There's nothing TO do.

FITZ

There's got to be something. Nobody does anything about it at all. Nobody even tries. Nobody except for HIM.

NATALIE

Yes, Fitz. But he's EVIL.

Silence from Fitz.

NATALIE

He's EVIL, Fitz.

More silence from Fitz. And then – Fitz points to the turnoff.

FITZ

It's down here.

## **EXT. THE MEGAMAX PRISON - NIGHT (1997)**

Barbed wire and searchlights and misty darkness. Natalie pulls to a stop out front. Fitz gets out. Starts for the entrance.

NATALIE

Wait! Listen, Fitz. You're not a stray dog to me. You understand?

Beat. He looks at her through the car window.

NATALIE

I'm not looking for someone to take care of. I'm not.

FITZ

I know that. That's why I'm here. To put this all right. I think we can make it work again. But not until I figure this out. The monster under the bed.

A beat. She nods. Then watches him walk away. Toward the huge prison gates. Into the darkness.  
*END OF PILOT.*

# **Ep. 1: UNABOM (Third Draft)**

Episode 101 "UNABOM"  
Written By Andrew Sodroski  
3rd NETWORK DRAFT 10/07/16

N.B.: Episode 101 unfolds over two time periods, 1995 (the main plotline) and 1997 (the frame narrative). All 1997 scenes have their slugs tagged "(1997)" with a yellow highlight.

# ACT ONE

TED'S VOICE

*I want you to think about the mail for a minute. Stop taking it for granted like some complacent sleepwalking sheep. And really THINK about it. Trust me, you will find the U.S. Mail a worthy object of your contemplation.*

FADE IN on:

## EXT. A DREAMY SUBURBAN STREET - DAY [MAY 1995]

A SHINY BLUE MAILBOX. Trees and birds and kids walking home from school.

TED'S VOICE (V.O)

*A piece of paper can cross a continent like we're passing notes in class. I can send you cookies from the other side of the world.*

*And all I have to do is write your name on a BOX, put on some stamps, and drop it in.*

A mailman unlocks the mailbox. Letters and packages tumble out. We pick up one BOX, wrapped in brown paper and tied with string. Addressed in neat block capitals.

TED'S VOICE (V.O)

*You see, it only works because every single person along the chain acts like a mindless automaton. I write an address and they just... obey. No question. No deviation.*

In QUICK CUTS we follow THE BOX through its journey: BOUNCING IN THE BACK OF **THE MAIL TRUCK...**

HAND-CANCELLED, TOSSED IN A BIN AT THE **POST OFFICE...**

SPEEDING THROUGH A MAZE OF CONVEYOR BELTS, SORTERS, READERS IN A

## HUGE DISTRIBUTION FACILITY...

THEN INTO A BIN, AND ROLLED INTO ANOTHER DELIVERY TRUCK.

TED'S VOICE (V.O.)

*No pause to contemplate eternity, or beauty, or death.*

EXT. CALIFORNIA FORESTRY ASSOCIATION OFFICE - DAY

A luminous grasshopper springs away as a mailman's boot flattens the grass outside a shiny glass OFFICE BUILDING.

## INT. CALIFORNIA FORESTRY ASSOCIATION OFFICE - DAY

A heavily pregnant secretary takes the box. Calls her boss out. GIL MURRAY, a genial, balding bureaucrat. Excited to get this odd piece of mail.

TED'S VOICE (V.O.)

*Even YOU, for all your protestations of free will, if a box comes with your name on it, you can't even imagine doing anything other than OBEY.*

Written on the box – “OPEN IMMEDIATELY.”

Gil considers the return address. Shrugs. Tries to open the package, but it's swathed in layer after layer of tape.

GIL

Jeez o Pete, musta bought stock in Duct Tape.

SECRETARY

I know, huh?

Gil and his secretary joke around, trying to pry the package open. Finally Gil retires to his office to work on it.

TED'S VOICE (V.O.)

*Well. It's not your fault. Society made you this way. But you're a sheep, living in a world of sheep.*

## INT. GIL MURRAY'S OFFICE

Gil works like crazy to open this box he knows nothing about. Straining at the lid.

TED'S VOICE (V.O)

*And because you're all sheep, because all you can do is OBEY, I can reach out and touch anyone, anywhere. I can reach out and touch YOU. Right now...*

Finally, the lid of the box pops open. And then –

## OUTSIDE THE OFFICE BUILDING

We see a FLASH and the windows BLOW OUT and a millisecond later, a FIRE-BALL blossoms from the shattered windows.

The SONIC BOOM sets off car alarms all along the street. SCREAMS from inside the building. And over the MAILMAN'S gaping face,

## TITLE: *MANIFESTO*

Then we cut to:

## EXT. A LUSH FOREST - DAY [1997]

Vast and empty. Birdsong, wind in the pines. The smell of the dark, moist earth. Silent and still and pure.

In the distance, A MAN slips silently through the trees. The only person for miles. One with the forest.

He sees something. Kneels, digs at the base of an ancient tree. Unearths a cluster of magnificent MORELS. Gathers them into his bag.

We never would have seen them. But THE MAN does.

This is the man we all secretly wish we were. A modern Thoreau. Strangely out of time – it could just as easily be 1854 Walden, instead of 1997 NorCal, which is what it is.



## **EXT. FOREST - FROM A HILLTOP [1997]**

The man gazes out over a staggering vista of rolling mountains and endless pines. A mountain lake glimmers down below. He drinks it in. The whole world glowing in the sun.

## **EXT. FOREST - AT THE EDGE OF A CLEARING [1997]**

The man kneels over a RABBIT RUN – a dense arching form in the grass. Tiny pawprints in the earth. The faintest noise of movement. He follows it through the bracken, to

A RABBIT IN A SNARE. Still alive, dangling from a loop of paracord on an elaborate figure-four trap.

The man takes it in his hands, comforting it. Whispering to it. Maybe a prayer, maybe words of comfort.

The rabbit calms down under his touch. Relaxes in his hands.

He holds it to himself. Staring into those black, wet eyes. So alert to everything—to life, death, eternity, silence...

And then we CUT TO:

## **EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOFTOP - DAY [MAY 1995]**

A DEAD WOMAN. Eyes open, bugged-out. Staring blankly. In the b.g., the blighted CITY spread out below. Vast and bleak.

THE MAN from the woods stares down at the woman. Into those glassy black eyes. It's TWO YEARS EARLIER – **1995** – and the man is a lifetime younger.

This is JIM “FITZ” FITZGERALD (33). Clean-cut, badge on his belt and FBI TRAINEE lanyard. Something gawky about him – not quite Asperger's but definitely spectrum-adjacent.

He sees things everyone else misses – but misses social clues. He can read a crime scene but can't read a room.

Fitz is staring down at THE DEAD WOMAN. She's tiny, about 25, lying on her side. Fitz, lost in her, absorbing every detail. Broken fingernails. Bruises on her neck. Torn clothes.

Necklace with a “Chai” charm and a snapped chain.

PRENTISS' VOICE (O.S.)

*Fitz? Care to join the rest of us?*

Fitz snaps out of it. And now we see:

There are a dozen other people on the rooftop. Uniformed cops around the perimeter, sealing the crime scene.

EIGHT AGENT TRAINEES from the Behavioral Analysis Unit (BAU), all men, 20s, suits, busy working in their binders.

Their professor, FRANK PRENTISS. Late 50s, three-piece suit. Blowzy, avuncular.

A second man hovers at Prentiss' side—a silent, benevolent vagueness in a cardigan we'll call MISTER ROGERS for now.

FITZ

Yeah. Sorry about that.

He hurries to join the class. The TRAINEES snicker at the class weirdo. Fitz is the odd man out – TEN YEARS OLDER than the others, but it's more than that.

PUDGY TRAINEE

(whispering) Who's Mister Rogers?

The others glance over at Mister Rogers. Shrug.

PRENTISS

Okay, my profilers. You've inspected the crime scene, you have the police reports. Tell me about our killer.

A cowed silence. Then the profilers-in-training start jumping in. First, the STATS GEEK (20s), looking up from binders spread out in front of him:

STATS GEEK

Okay. Matrix one. Strangled with her own purse strap. No tape, no ropes, no weapon. This was a disorganized murder, unplanned, opportunistic.

PUDGY TRAINEE

Fits with victimology: she's 4'11", 80 pounds. He saw an easy target, acted impulsively on a longstanding sexual fantasy.

Panicked, fled.

PRENTISS

Total impulse? Random act? (off their nods)

Okay. And will he reoffend? Or is it over for him?

STATS GEEK

Historically, with this profile... Reoffense rate is... three percent. This is one-and-done.

Statistically.

PRENTISS

Everyone agree with that?

All the trainees say “yes.” Except Fitz. Prentiss raises his eyebrows. “You have something to say?”

FITZ

They found her like this? In this position?

PUDGY TRAINEE

Yeah. Strangled her, dumped her, fled.

FITZ

He didn't dump her. He POSED her. Look at her necklace. Hebrew word, *chai*. It's a good luck charm. He placed it there. To send us a message.

The other trainees groan --

PUDGY TRAINEE

Oh man, Mister Letters. Everything with you is a crossword puzzle...

FITZ

No. Look again. Look at the charm. Now look at the body.

And now everyone falls silent. Because they see what they all missed: the woman's body is posed in the form of a *chai*.

FITZ

It's a message. 'Good Luck.' He's making fun of her. And sending us a message: 'Good luck finding me.' That's not a man who's panicking. It's a man who finally acts out his dream, and realizes it's EASY. So easy he can take his time, have some fun. Pose the body. This changed him. Look out there. For him, it's like the whole city was watching and couldn't stop him.

He'll do it again. He's planning it right now.

Prentiss and Mister Rogers exchange a glance. The other profilers react—skeptical, and annoyed at being steamrolled.

STATS GEEK

That's just speculation. As opposed to a data-driven analysis we can back up.

HANDSOME TRAINEE

Not even speculation. It's

*guessing.*

PRENTISS

It's not guessing.

The students all fall silent. Turn to Prentiss, their sensei.

PRENTISS

He's making contact. Seeing through the killer's eyes. Data's essential, but that flash of INSIGHT? That's what takes you to the next level. And incidentally, he's right. Guy did two more before we caught him. Fall of 86.

(claps his hands)

Good work everyone! Hilda, extraordinary. Thanks for your help.

And the DEAD BODY stands up, takes a bow, and gets her clothes back on. The cops applaud her, then start breaking down the set-dressing. The whole thing was just an exercise.

The trainees head for the STAIRWELL DOOR. They buzz past Fitz, murmuring darkly at him. Not letting him through.

FITZ

What? I just said what I saw.

STATS GEEK

You steamrolled the whole class. You gotta learn to *blend*, Fitz.

FITZ

But I was right. Wasn't I?

Stats Geek shakes his head. Not the point. Then pushes through the heavy door and lets it SLAM behind him. Right in Fitz's face. Fitz looks at it: *Thanks, guys...*  
Fitz hauls the heavy door open and follows down the stairs.

## **EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA**

Establishing.

## **INT. A SMALL AUDITORIUM AT QUANTICO - DAY**

Prentiss at the podium, smiling out over the government-issue graduation ceremony. The BAU seal behind him.

PRENTISS

Congratulations. You are now officially FBI profilers. As profilers, you're going to encounter a lot of skepticism. A lot of agents, good agents, think we're quacks.

But we are pioneers on the final frontier of law enforcement.

We are SCIENTISTS of the MIND. And in the very worst cases the FBI deals with, *we* will be our nation's only hope. Welcome to the Behavioral Analysis Unit.

This sinks in with the grads. Then, calling names, receiving diplomas, handshake photos in front of the seal. Finally:

PRENTISS

Special Agent James Fitzgerald.

Fitz receives his certificate, badge, and, to his surprise:

PRENTISS

With commendation for superior merit. Congratulations,  
Fitz.

Smiles, handshake, FLASH!

The ceremony's over and everyone is reuniting with their families.

Fitz runs toward his FAMILY. His two sons, DAVEY, 12 and SAM, 6, race up the aisle and leap into his arms.

SAM

Go Dad, go Dad, go Dad!

FITZ

Ooh, I missed you guys! C'mere!

Fitz waddles down the aisle with both boys on him. Toward ELLIE, his wife. A put-together Soccer Mom, and she owns it. Her face lights up when she sees Fitz.

ELLIE

Oh Jim... I'm so proud of you. And we're *so* glad you're coming home.

Fitz just holds her tight. It feels wonderful.

He notices: Mister Rogers lingering in the back of the auditorium. Watching him.

## **EXT. FITZGERALD HOME - BENSLEM, PA - DAY**

White picket fence in an all-American, blue-collar small town in the Philly suburbs. A CELEBRATORY COOKOUT in full swing. Big salt-of-the-earth blue-collar Philly families devour burgers and dogs and beer.

Ellie holds court at the picnic table, presiding over a gaggle of all her SISTERS and her MOM FRIENDS. The women talk loudly over each other, ten conversations at once. Ellie, at home here, the QUEEN BEE.

## INT./EXT. FITZGERALD HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Fitz, meanwhile, is hiding inside. Watching the party through the living room window. It's all for him, but he's more comfortable here, observing it all through the glass and working on a CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

Then – SIRENS. A POLICE CRUISER screeches up out front.

## OUT IN THE YARD

BOB GALLO (33) hops out of the cruiser, roaring with laughter. A cop's cop, Philly tough-guy Italian. He searches the yard for Fitz.

GALLO

Where the hell is he?! Get him out here!

A moment later, Fitz comes outside and Gallo wraps him in a big, back-slapping hug. Drags him to the front yard, ching- ching-chings for silence, and gives a toast. Ultra-sincere and just bursting with pride.

GALLO

Fitz and I walked the beat for ten years. I've seen Fitz go from the black sheep of his family... To the black sheep of the foot patrols... To the black sheep of the detective squad. Now, finally, he's found his calling. To be the black sheep of the FBI.

(laughter)

But seriously. When I was out drinking and watching the Eagles, Jim was heading to night school. When I was napping in the squad car, Jim was studying. When I was chasing guys down alleys, he was back in the car "studying"! I'm trying to say, this guy didn't get nothing given to him. He WORKED for it. He earned it. Proud of you, bud. Cheers.

Cheers. Fitz and Ellie meet each other's eyes across the cookout. She raises her glass to him. He raises his beer can. They share a long, sweet smile.

## INT. FITZGERALD HOME - KITCHEN - THAT EVENING

Fitz and Ellie stand side by side at the sink, washing the dishes from the party. Davey and Sam ferry dishes in.

ELLIE

Did you have fun?

FITZ

("No")  
Yeah.

She notes the COMPLETED CROSSWORD on the counter. Shrugs.

ELLIE

Well, I tried.

Fitz dries his hands, comes around behind Ellie, and embraces her from behind.

FITZ

It was beautiful. But mostly it was hard to wait...

ELLIE

Soapy hands.

FITZ

I've been away four months. Soapy hands are *not* a problem.

He kisses her ear, her neck. She closes her eyes, sways gently against him. Sinking into his embrace.

ELLIE

Mmmmmm...

SAM (O.S.)

Hey Dad, who's that on the porch?



Fitz and Ellie turn. PRENTISS and MISTER ROGERS standing on the front porch. Watching through the screen door.

Fitz and Ellie spring apart. Embarrassed. Fitz hurries to the door, cracks it open. Doesn't let them in.

Prentiss holds out a wine bottle. Fitz doesn't take it.

PRENTISS

Guess we missed the party.

FITZ

Yeah, we were just cleaning up. Kind of... family time.

PRENTISS

Of course. Apologies. But we have something urgent to discuss with you.

Fitz pauses a moment. His family in the kitchen. These two men on his doorstep. He doesn't want to let them in. But Prentiss won't back down. Fitz steps aside. Lets them in.

## **EXT. IN THE WOODS - DAY [1997]**

Fitz threads his way back through the pines. Towards home. The dead rabbit hanging from his belt. We see the tendril of smoke rising from the chimney of his cabin in the woods.

He comes to his tidy little VEGETABLE GARDEN in a clearing. One of the boundary stakes is trampled. He kneels to fix it. Then his hair stands on end.

BOOTPRINTS in the soil.

Fitz goes on high alert – notices DARK SHADOWS moving in the trees –

MEN IN THE WOODS. Someone's out there. COMING FOR HIM. And then we CUT TO BLACK.

***END ACT ONE***

# ACT TWO

## EXT. FITZ'S CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY [1997]

Fitz approaches HIS CABIN. Log-built, handmade. Striking similarity to Thoreau's cabin. The kind of place we imagine retreating to. But – SHADOWS move inside.

Fitz moves in a low crouch back toward the trees. The searchers spot him, circle behind him. Surrounding him– Fitz's hand goes to the HATCHET on his belt –

FITZ

You're on private property! I'm law enforcement!

Then – an FBI GUY in a suit comes out onto the porch. Fitz's mouth falls open.

FBI SUIT

We know, Fitz. Now put down the axe and get in here.

## INT. FITZ'S CABIN - DAY [1997]

Small and minimal. Franklin stove, bed, table, chair, books.

More FBI honchos inside – Genelli, older now, floating in the background. The Suit, DON ACKERMAN (60). Fitz's old boss, an elder statesman with one eye on the golf course.

And STAN COLE, 50s, a corpulent bulldog, walking around the shack, pawing Fitz's things, flipping through his papers.

COLE

Jesus, look at the boy genius now, huh? Living like an animal.

These guys will blend together for now, and that's okay. What's clear is that Fitz knows them and is *not* happy to see them again. The air is thick with history and tension.

FITZ

What are you doing in my house?

Fitz snatches his notebooks back from Cole, shoves them away. Ackerman motions for Cole to back off.

ACKERMAN

We don't want to be here. Believe me.

You're pretty much the last person I want to be talking to. But... we need you. We need you to get into the room with Kaczynski. Face to face. Interrogate him, break him. *Get him to plead guilty.* Close this thing.

FITZ

Send in someone else. ANYBODY else. I'm done.

ACKERMAN

We tried! But we need someone who can speak his language. *Connect* with him. You think we can send Cole in there to bond with Ted over sports? We need *you*. Besides...

(deep breath. big news:)

*Ted asked for you.*

FITZ

He... what? For me *specifically*?

(off their nods)

Why? *Why me*?

COLE

Ted says he'll only talk to the man who actually caught him. He thinks that means YOU.

FITZ

It IS me. You were chasing your tails for years until...  
(beat. deep breath.)

You guys took my life and you put it through a shredder. Now I've finally pieced something back together, something GOOD. And you want me to go BACK IN? Screw you.

ACKERMAN

Listen, we have enough evidence to convict Ted Kaczynski ten times over. But if this goes to trial, he'll turn it into a media circus. Ted Kaczynski will be on CNN and CBS 24/7. We'll be giving him the biggest microphone in America. And his message is dangerous. We're already dealing with copycat bombers as it is.

If he takes it to trial... Fitz, you're the only one who can stop that.

This lands for Fitz. But then Cole tries to push it home:

COLE

We need Ted to plead guilty. You're the only one who can do it. We're asking you, Fitz. We could order you... We could have the Forest Service come in here and-

FITZ

You wanna threaten me?! Get out of here. GET! OUT!

A momentary stand-off. Nose to nose. Then Cole backs off, and the FBI guys all retreat to their cars. All except-

## **EXT. FITZ'S CABIN [1997]**

Frank Prentiss. Sitting on the woodpile, waiting for the others to clear out. Blowsy, gone to seed, but still keeping up the three-piece suit and the Freudian-analyst pose.

FITZ

You too, huh? Hope this isn't keeping you from your book tour.

## PRENTISS

Those guys? They're only here because if Ted pleads guilty, they all get fat promotions. Me? I came here for *you*.

Because I *care*. I think about you out here sometimes. Sometimes with pity.

But more often with envy. You had the guts to do what everyone else just fantasizes about or watches on TV. But. However beautiful, however free... You still have monsters under the bed.

Prentiss nods to Fitz's cabin. To the big STEAMER TRUNK hidden under Fitz's bed. And Prentiss heads for his car.

A moment later, all the FBI cars drive off down the dirt track. And Fitz is all alone once again.

He glances inside at the box under the bed. Then turns, grabs an AXE, and starts splitting firewood.

## INT. FITZ'S CABIN – EVENING [1997]

Fitz carries in armloads of firewood.

On the table, a hundred dollars in cash, with a note: GAS MONEY. Fitz crumples the bills, flings them away.

Tends the fire, skins the rabbit he caught. Trying to get back to his life. But the knife keeps slipping.

## INT. FITZ'S CABIN - LATER THAT NIGHT [1997]

Fitz lies in bed. Something gnawing at his mind. He flings the covers off. Drags out the STEAMER TRUNK under the bed.

Inside it, an intense mound of documents, photocopies, color-coded indices... photos of the UNABOMBER, of his CABIN...

FITZ

*... Why me?*

He sits with this question for a moment. Then searches in the corner for the crumpled gas money. Flattens the bills out on the table. Considers them.

## EXT. IN THE WOODS – NIGHT [1997]

Fitz, dressed now, wades through the undergrowth with a LANTERN. Clears away branches, revealing an old CAR hidden in the brush. The car ROARS to life. An explosion of wings as night birds burst into the sky. As Fitz rolls out.

CUT TO:

## INT. FITZGERALD HOME - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT [MAY 1995]

Fitz sits across from Prentiss and Mister Rogers.

PRENTISS

This is Jim Fitzgerald.

FITZ

Fitz. Hi. Um. And you are?

Mister Rogers doesn't answer. Hiding behind a bland smile even as he launches right into hardball questions.

MISTER ROGERS

Why are you ten years older than everyone else in your class?

FITZ

Uh, well... I started out as a beat cop. Bensalem, outside Philly? Did that ten years before joining the FBI.

MISTER ROGERS

*You're too smart to have been walking a beat for ten years.*

FITZ

...I wrote a parking ticket. Chief asked me to fix it, guy was a friend of a friend. I refused, so.

MISTER ROGERS

What, you're like the Serpico of parking tickets? Some people would call that stupid. Or at least overly literal.

FITZ

Sure. But it's still *right*. Look, if I believe something, I'm gonna say it.

It's really messed with my career. But it's how I sleep at night.

Fitz says this without pretense. He's a truth teller because he's an outsider, not a tough guy. Mister Rogers takes this in. Hands Fitz a TYPED LETTER in a plastic sleeve.

MISTER ROGERS

Take a look at this letter. Tell me what you see.

Fitz looks the letter over. Then chuckles.

FITZ

You're making fun of me. You're making fun of me, right?

(off their bafflement)

Oh. It's just, the guys call me... But you're talking about the emordnilap, right? "Dad, it is I."

MISTER ROGERS

Um... Explain?

FITZ

Oh. It's a word thing. First letter of each paragraph: "Dad it is I."

Fitz shows them. Circles the first letter of each paragraph. Suddenly we see "Dad it is I" spelled out vertically.

FITZ

Which, okay, no big deal. Except it's an emordnilap. Like a palindrome, except it spells one thing forwards and a different thing backwards.

(writing it out:)

Dad, it is I. Is it I, Dad? See?

Prentiss and Mister Rogers share a look. Mister Rogers takes the letter back.

MISTER ROGERS / GENELLI

Fitz, I'm Andy Genelli. I'm the Head of the Unabom Task Force.

FITZ

I thought Unabom was over.

PRENTISS

Six years, not a peep. They thought he was dead. But he's back.

GENELLI

Three new mail bombs, better than before. Latest one yesterday in Sacramento. Timber lobbyist.

Genelli starts dealing crime-scene photos onto the coffee table. THE BOMBING we saw in the opening. The office turned inside out, the BOSS torn to bloody shreds. Fitz winces.

GENELLI

News will break tomorrow. We've been playing it close to the vest until we were sure it was him and not a copycat. But it's him. And we need a profile.

PRENTISS

I want to send YOU. It's one month. You go out there, build the profile, come back to the BAU with a big gold star.

Fitz takes this in. Staring down at the grisly photos. The boss, blown apart. The cratered desk. And – the LETTER.

FITZ

This is from him? From Unabom?

GENELLI



Thirty FBI agents have been looking at this letter for six months.

None of them saw the emordnilap. Including me.

FITZ

Well. That's just because it's a stupid word thing.

GENELLI

Maybe. But we've had profilers working on this thing for fifteen years. And we're right where we started. I want a guy who sees things differently. Like it or not, that's YOU.

FITZ

Look, I'm really flattered. But I've been away from my family for too long. I can't do that to Ellie and the boys.

PRENTISS

(standing to leave:)

Do me a favor. Think about it. Keep those photos. That guy with his face blown off? He had a wife and kids too.

This lands with Fitz.

## **INT. FITZGERALD HOME - HALLWAY - EVENING**

Ellie shows Genelli and Prentiss out the door with relish. Turns to Fitz, arms akimbo.  
*Well?*

*FITZ*

*I said no.*

Ellie smiles. *Good.* LOCKS the door with finality. Kisses Fitz. HARD. Then takes his hand, leads him up the stairs...

## **EXT. FITZGERALD HOME - FRONT PORCH - A FEW DAYS LATER**

Fitz carries groceries in. The MAIL on the steps – THE UNABOM SKETCH staring up at him from the cover of Newsweek.

Then he notices – a brown-paper PACKAGE by the front door. Sam runs past him, scoops it up, and runs inside.

SAM

Dibs! Dibs!

And SOMETHING occurs to Fitz. He hurries inside after Sam.

## **INT. FITZGERALD HOME - KITCHEN**

Fitz watches as Sam tries to pry the box open. Realizing – it’s a signature Unabom package. It could even be the exact same box we saw in the opening – brown paper, lots of tape, “OPEN IMMEDIATELY”...

FITZ

Sam, wait. Who’s that from?

ELLIE (O.S.)

It’s from my mom! Cookies.

Fitz grabs the box. Checks it. Recognizes the return address. It’s from Grandma. Davey looks up from the WARHAMMER FIGURINES he’s painting.

DAVEY

You’re the one who bought us Double- Stuff Oreos, Dad!  
Don’t pretend you’re all anti-cookies now.

FITZ

I’m not anti-cookie. Just– I’ll open it. Okay?

Fitz takes the scissors. Cuts through the layers of tape. Turns away before he opens the flaps. And –

It’s just cookies from Grandma. Like he knew it would be. And yet...

As Sam grabs the box and runs off to pig out, Fitz looks over at the FOLDER from Prentiss. Lurking on top of the fridge.

And he can’t help but take a peek...

## EXT. FITZGERALD HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Fitz and Ellie walk through the backyard. He looks sheepish. Ellie's reacting – not happy.

ELLIE

We had a deal, Jim.

FITZ

I know. I know.

ELLIE

We had a deal. You go away for four months of profiler training, and in exchange, you work at a desk and come HOME at the end of the day. You do Donuts for Dad and Muffins for Mom and I don't have to be *alone* at every parent/teacher conference, every little league game, every *everything*. Because that sucks, Jim.

FITZ

I told them no. And I meant it. But it's the *Unabomber*. That's the case.

Ellie takes this in. Surprised, impressed. It's a big deal.

FITZ

The package? Your mom wraps her packages just like he does. And I realized—it's not some abstract thing. There are packages out there, right now, with bombs inside them. And it could be someone's KIDS who open them. It could be Sam, opening a box from grandma and then... And *I* could be the one who makes sure that never happens again. I could make a difference in the world. Finally.

After a lifetime of being, honestly, a mediocre cop.

ELLIE

Ugh. You're gonna miss Father's Day. That was *not* our deal.

FITZ

I said no. I'll tell them again. It's okay.

ELLIE

Oh come on. You can't say no. One month? You gotta go.

FITZ

There's plenty of serial rapists and murderers I can profile from my desk. It's okay.

ELLIE

You're gonna say what you just said to me—finally making a difference, someone's kids, all that—and then tell me you're not gonna go? One month from now you're at a desk, *here*, and home at 5:30 every day. It's a *month*. I can handle it.

Fitz pulls her in for a hug. Kisses her cheek. She rolls her eyes. And so, a new deal is made.

## **INT/EXT. TAXI / FITZGERALD HOME - DAY [1995]**

Fitz watches behind him. Sam, Davey, and Ellie wave, putting on a brave face. Then his family passes out of sight. And he turns to face what's coming.

***END ACT TWO***

# ACT THREE

## EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - DAY [MAY 1995]

Establishing.

## EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - CURBSIDE - DAY

Fitz stands by the curb, bewildered, as people stream past him. Then, striding toward him through the crowd is –

TABBY MILGRIM

You have that new-profiler smell. Tabby Milgrim.

TABBY MILGRIM (25). A street agent fresh out of the Tenderloin's piss-soaked alleys. Four-Non-Blondes NorCal, short, stocky, could be Hispanic or Native American. Ill-fitting pant suit but whatever, why you looking anyway.

TABBY

I'm your new partner. Actually, I'm the whole Behavioral Unit. C'mon, let's get you out of this craziness.

She leads him toward the curb, where her mint-green 1985 Subaru Justy is parked. A total beater.

Tabby shoves the In-n-Out wrappers off the passenger's seat. Pulls a beat-up Intro to Psych textbook from underneath, shows Fitz, tosses it into the back.

TABBY

Night school. It sucks butt. Plus University of Phoenix is about a fart and a half away from losing accreditation. But whatever. As long as I get my degree before they go under, we're all good.

FITZ

Oh. But if you're Behavioral, you must've done some training at the BAU, right? So you can kinda guide me through a little.

TABBY

Hell no, bruh! I'm just a street agent.

But I'm studying Psychology, guess that's why they put me in Behavioral.

Plus I'm great with people, so.

FITZ

...Oh. Great.

Tabby flashes a peace sign to the airport cops, hops into the car. Fitz gets in a moment later. Apprehensive now...

## **EXT. THE UNABOM TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS (UTF) - DAY**

Tabby and Fitz cross the parking lot toward the hulking concrete slab of the UTF HEADQUARTERS.

## **INT. UTF - ENTRYWAY**

Genelli meets them at the security booth and signs them in.

GENELLI

You ever been on a big op before?

FITZ

I was on this one bank robbery that was pretty huge. We had like fifteen full-time agents. Pretty intense.

Genelli grins at this. "Cute." And pushes open the double- doors to the Unabom Task Force. Fitz's mouth falls open.

GENELLI

Welcome to the Unabom Task Force

## INT. UTF - BULLPEN - DAY

Fitz takes it in. Dwarfed, AWED by the scale of it. He's never seen anything like this.

A HUNDRED VETERAN AGENTS work in the massive central BULLPEN. Thick, jowled men chewing donuts and shuffling paper.

Fitz was not prepared for this. He trails Tabby through the bullpen, gawking. The country mouse in the big city.

COLE'S VOICE FRESH MEAT! WITH ME!

Fitz turns to see Stan Cole, the old-school good-ol-boy alpha- jock bulldog from Fitz's cabin in '97. A fireplug. Fitz stares, starstruck.

FITZ

That's Stan Cole! He took down the Bad Axe Militia.  
He's a legend!

TABBY

Hope you brought your autograph book. Hurry up. Orientation.

## INT. UTF - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Cole stands at the podium, waiting for PowerPoint to load. Fitz sits right at the front of the classroom. Twenty other new guys file in, take their seats. Some eager, some bored.

COLE

Arright, we're gonna rip the bandaid off quick. Most of you are TDY'd here for 60 days, wanna get you on the playing field.

Fitz furiously takes notes on a legal pad. Tabby leans back to snooze. She's heard this a dozen times.

COLE

We're hunting the deadliest serial bomber in history. The Unabomber. He's been planting and mailing bombs for 17 years. 17 bombs, three killed, dozens injured. And we have really no friggin clue who he is or why he's doing this. He calls himself "FC." We call him Unabomber because his early targets were *UN*iversities and Airlines.

Clicking through SLIDES of each bombing, map/photo/victims. The details aren't important – it's about feeling the flood of death and destruction up on screen.

COLE

1978, Northwestern. Second one there in '79... November 1979, nearly takes down American Airlines flight 444... 1980, United Airlines president gets his face blown in... More university bombs in 81, 82, 82, 85, 85... Boeing in 85... Two computer shops in 85 and 87, and that's when we got our only eyewitness, who gave us *this*.

On the screen: the famous black-and-white sketch of the Unabomber in glasses and a hoodie.

COLE

Then, nothing for six years. We thought he was dead, or maybe finally got laid.

(chuckles from the room)

Then, *he's baaaack*. Epstein at UC. Gelernter at Yale. The Exxon Valdez's PR guy, Mosser. And just last week, Gil Murray in Sacramento. Why these targets? Why now? Why's he doing this? No clue. So we got good old-fashioned legwork and forensics. That's our play.

FITZ

(raising his hand)

What forensic leads do we have right now?

COLE

I'm getting to that, Eager Beaver. Please let me continue.

(without transition)

We have pretty much no forensic leads. No prints, no DNA. But, we figure eventually he's gonna screw up. And maybe he already did.

Cole clicks through to a slide of a typed letter.

COLE

Letter he sent to the New York Times. Letter itself is blah-blah- blah. But forensics found THIS:



INDENTED WRITING on the letter: “*Call Nathan R 7:00 PM*”.

COLE

We figure he wrote himself a Post- it on top of the letter. That’s our first real lead. FBI agents are interviewing every single person named Nathan R- something in the country. Plan B is to look for Nathans with “R” middle names.

TABBY

(whispering:)

Ten thousand Nathan R’s.

Fitz stares at her: *Are you serious?* Tabby nods: *Oh yeah.*

And... that’s it. Have a great day, don’t forget to tip your driver.

And suddenly the briefing’s over. Everyone else files out. Fitz flips through his notes. Daunted.

FITZ

Wow. That’s... not much to go on.

TABBY

Nooooope.

FITZ

Well, this is why they need us. The profile’s going to focus this entire search. It’s a big responsibility. But it’s... exciting. Isn’t it?

TABBY

...Mildly. C’mon, time to meet the Holy Trinity of the UTF.

## **INT. UTF - BASEMENT SERVER ROOM - DAY**

Tabby and Fitz peer through the door into a SUBTERRANEAN SERVER ROOM. Inside, Genelli oversees the construction of a high-tech MASSIVELY PARALLEL PROCESSOR.

TABBY

Holy Ghost you already know. Genelli's head of the Unabom Task Force. Used to run the Bureau's Palo Alto office, hi-tech stuff. Gentle soul. He'd rather be tinkering with his Massive Processor thingie. The real power's upstairs...

## **IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Tabby points to the corner office. Through the blinds, Don Ackerman. The elder statesman from Fitz's cabin in 1997. He's an operator through and through. Bone-deep canniness.

TABBY

S.A.C. Ackerman, he's God the Father. Chief of the whole San Francisco division. The UTF is just one thing on his desk.

Ackerman's the big picture guy, press releases, politics, always got one eye on D.C. Plays the game like a pro.

Ackerman gives the orders, Cole and Genelli ask "how high?"

Stan Cole strides into Ackerman's office.

TABBY

Your man-crush, Stan Cole, is the Favored Son. He's Ackerman's old running buddy and now he's Ackerman's gatekeeper and enforcer. God's pit bull.

## **INT. UTF - ACKERMAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Fitz pumps Ackerman's hand. Genuinely in awe.

FITZ

It's an honor, sir. I studied your cases at the academy. The Spring Hill killer. And the Sheffield abduction? Under any other agent that would have ended in a murder-suicide. And Agent Cole, the Black Panthers sting in 1981? And Bad Axe? Wow. I'm eager to learn from you both.

ACKERMAN

(eating it up)

I love this guy already! We sent Genelli to bring back the best man he could find. That's you.

Welcome aboard, Fitz. Here's what you'll be working on.

Ackerman hands Fitz a document. Fitz looks it over, confused. It's a single page of short sentences. Cole reads it aloud.

COLE

"Low IQ. Formerly employed by an airline. Mechanic or technician. No higher education, possibly little/no high school. Raised in Ohio (Cincinnati or Cleveland likely)."

FITZ

Uh, what is this?

COLE

It's the current profile.

FITZ

Well, um... Where's the rest of it?

ACKERMAN

Exactly what I want to hear. Take that, and flesh it out. I need fifteen pages that I can hand directly to Janet Reno.

FITZ

To Janet— Attorney General Reno?

ACKERMAN

You're in the big leagues now. Make us look good.

Fitz stares at the sheet. *Gulp.*

FITZ

Yessir, I will. I'm honored to be here and I'll do my best. This is just a little different than I'm used to. In terms of a profile. Most of these are a little more, uh, scientific. And a bit... *longer.*

COLE

Welcome to the real world, squirt. Quantico's a long way away.

ACKERMAN

What SSA Cole means is that that paper is the distillation of ten years' work. So it's a solid foundation and we don't expect it to change. Except maybe the "wood" thing.

FITZ

"Wood" thing?

Ackerman gives this one to Cole, who digs in with relish:

COLE

There's a theory. That FC is obsessed with wood. That maybe he has erectile dysfunction. And now that he blew up this Mosser guy...

Well, Moss, that's like a plant... So that can go in the profile now.

ACKERMAN

That's going to play very, very well in the press. Be sure to dress it up a bit, "a propensity for softness in the genital region." Nothing crude.

Fitz looks from Cole to Ackerman to the “profile.” Trying to hide his panic.

FITZ

I can, uh, definitely... You know, I was expecting a support team to, uh—

ACKERMAN

It’s all you, Fitz. But I know you can handle it.

Meaning – meeting over. Cole walks Fitz to the door.

COLE

Fifteen pages, clean, no typos. Lot of bullet points, lot of big words.

Couple of weeks, get it turned in, get you back home. You wanna hear some war stories, come

out for a beer tomorrow. Freddy’s, old-school Frisco, you’ll love it.

## **INT. THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

The door closes on Fitz. He’s left there standing in the hallway. He stares at the single-page profile. Daunted.

## **INT. FITZ’S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - EVENING**

Fitz wheels his suitcase into his empty efficiency apartment. Sterile, white-walled, institutional.

## **EXT. FITZ’S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - BALCONY - EVENING**

Fitz stands on his balcony. The sterile apartment blocks crouch in the shadow of a massive SUPERHIGHWAY INTERCHANGE.

Fitz stares up at the cloverleaf. Towering over Fitz as he stands alone on the balcony. Knotted undersides of roads. HOWLING cars. Endless, looping, roaring. DWARFING him.

*END ACT THREE*

# ACT FOUR

## EXT. STANFORD UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT (1997)

Fitz crosses the campus, heads into the Science Center.

## INT. STANFORD SCIENCE CENTER - NIGHT (1997)

He peeks through the door into a LARGE LECTURE HALL. Through the little window, he sees NATALIE SCHILLING delivering a lecture in linguistics. Natalie is mid-30s, with a nervous birdlike energy. A tad out of place in the world of people, totally in command of the diagrams and jargon on the board.

Fitz watches her for a moment. Then looks down at himself. Suddenly disgusted by what he sees.

## INT. STANFORD SCIENCE CENTER - MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT (1997)

Fitz cleans himself up as best he can in the public bathroom sinks. Scrubbing up, brushing his teeth. We can tell – he's NERVOUS.

Fitz looks at the results in the mirror. Adjusts his shirt. Not happy with what he sees. But it's the best he can do.

## EXT. CAMPUS - OUTSIDE THE LECTURE HALL (1997)

Fitz waits on a bench outside. Natalie emerges from the building, chatting awkwardly with some eager undergrads. Fitz stands, follows.

FITZ

Professor Schilling? Natalie?

She turns – double-takes. Goes pale. Like she’s seen a ghost. A long moment of silence between them.

NATALIE

See you all next week.

The undergrads look from Natalie to Fitz. Then move off, whispering among themselves. Off her unasked question, Fitz shakes his head. Clears his throat.

FITZ

I’m, uh, I’m really sorry to be here like this. I know I screwed up. Just, I don’t know where else to go. Who else would understand.

Natalie shakes her head. Steely. There’s a glint of pain in her eyes but she keeps it well hidden.

NATALIE

What happened to you? I mean, where did you go?  
Where have you BEEN?

FITZ

It was just – everything was falling apart. I was falling apart. I got scared. Meeting you was the first time in my life that anyone ever GOT me.

Saw me, understood me for who I was. And...

NATALIE

What exactly do you expect me to do with that? It’s not like my life’s been on pause while you were gone.

FITZ

Right. You’re right. I’m sorry.

He turns to go.



NATALIE

You must have someone else. Some colleague, some...  
SOMEONE you can go to besides me? Your... *wife*?

FITZ

("no")

I can find somewhere. It's okay. Really.

Natalie looks at him. Shakes her head. *Jeeesus...*

CUT TO:

## **INT. UTF - BULLPEN - FITZ'S DESK - THE NEXT DAY [MAY 1995]**

Fitz and Tabby survey their desks.

They've covered the entire double-desktop with documents and folders. Piles are marked "Forensic Reports," "Victimology," "Scene Photos," "Written Communication."

Fitz considers the file box of papers still to be sorted.

FITZ

We're gonna need a bigger desk.

Tabby snorts a laugh.

Fitz and Tabby heave at a dusty Tanker Desk in the corner. It's heavy. They can barely budge it.

A whole team of agents watches, but nobody moves to help. Fitz notices: one of them is playing solitaire with cards, while his friend plays solitaire on the computer.

Tabby gestures to the desk. The watching agents just look at her. Rustle their newspapers. Tabby shakes her head.

Fitz and Tabby share an eye roll. Put their backs into it. A moment later, they CLUNK the desk into position. And get down to work.

## AT THEIR DOUBLE-DESK - HOURS LATER

Fitz and Tabby, exhausted. Fitz throws down one of the Unabomber letters, rubs his eyes.

FITZ

Well, I'm not seeing the "wood" thing. (off Tabby's look)  
They want me to do a thing about FC's erectile dysfunction.

TABBY

What is it with men and their dongos? You should do it.  
You write that report, you'll be on CNN *tonight*.

FITZ

But it's B.S. This whole profile, I think it's gotta go. We gotta start over.

TABBY

What, just toss it all? I dunno, man. They've been saying mechanic, airlines, from Cincinnati, for years now.

Consistently. There must be some reason.

FITZ

The first trap we watch for as profilers: *inherited assumptions*. All those preconceptions, conjectures, toss em out. Come to the evidence with a blank slate.

We know NOTHING about FC, except what the evidence tells us. Like, if we don't assume he's an airline worker, is there anything else pointing to Cincinnati? Or when he planted bombs at universities – was it because he was a resentful outsider, or because that was where he felt *most safe*? Or here, when he talks about "you people with advanced diplomas..." Is he actually "low-IQ with no higher education"? Or is he really smart, maybe HAS a bunch of degrees, and KNOWS we're gonna read the letter and is HOPING we don't think too hard about it?

You can see the epiphany on Tabby's face. She takes the Gelernter letter, looks at it again. With fresh eyes.

TABBY

I... wow. Yeah. I don't know.

FITZ

Exactly. We don't know. We don't know anything. If you look at *that*, you're gonna close your mind down.

(*crumpling* the old profile)

So we start over. Let's make our ask- list. Everything we're gonna need.

TABBY

(still staring at the letter:)

Dayum...

## INT. UTF - GENELLI'S OFFICE - DAY

Genelli flips through Fitz's ask-list while eating pasta salad out of a tupperware container.

Fitz checks out the Disney paraphernalia filling Genelli's office. The pasta salad, Mickey Mouse tie, CapriSun, blandly vacant manner. *What's up with this guy?*

Genelli cocks his head, gives Fitz that Fred Rogers smile.

GENELLI

See, this is great. You see things differently. I love that.  
But.

When the Big Boss says to see things his way? We see things his way.

Genelli hands Fitz back the ask-list. Slurps the last drops of his CapriSun. Meeting over.

## **BACK AT HIS DESK - A MOMENT LATER**

Fitz flattens the old profile back out. Stares at the typewriter on his desk.

Then he sees the folder of photos that Prentiss gave him. The Sacramento bombing. Opens it. Seeing the victim once again.

A MOMENT LATER, Tabby chases Fitz across the bullpen –

FITZ

Ackerman's taking this to Janet Reno. I'm saving him from embarrassment!

TABBY

You're going over Genelli's head? Not good, dude! There's a pecking order!

But Fitz is already up the stairs. Heading into –

## **INT. UTF - ACKERMAN'S OFFICE**

Ackerman and Cole look over Fitz's ask-list. Sigh.

FITZ

I know it's a bump in time and in resources. But this is going onto the Attorney General's desk, going in the press with your names on it. So we have to get it right.

Ackerman looks at Cole: You wanna take this?

COLE

How many profiles have you created? Outside the classroom, I mean.

FITZ

...This is my first. But...

COLE

There you go! So let me explain how this works. Your role here is to fulfill the duties laid out by the

S.A.C. That's Ackerman. He gave you parameters. Now go execute.

FITZ

Respectfully. All I'm asking for is the freedom to do excellent work for you. That's all! Otherwise your profile's going to hamper the investigation, not help it.

Ackerman leans across his desk. Commanding.

ACKERMAN

When your only tool is a hammer, son, everything looks like a nail. You're a profiler. You think the profile will catch him. Genelli's a gearhead. He thinks it's all about his computer. We have a guy who's been working on the Unabomber's stamp selection for *five years!* For him \$1 Eugene O'Neill stamps are the key to everything. Now, I inherited that guy. And I allow him to pursue that avenue because you never know. BUT – when I tell him to do something, I expect him to DO IT.

FITZ

But I'm not the stamp guy. I'm your PROFILER.

ACKERMAN

Even the stamp guy doesn't think he's the stamp guy.

This sinks in. Ackerman's secretary appears in the doorway with a fistful of phone messages. Ackerman points to Cole: *You take it from here.* Then leaves the room.

Cole goes to a filing cabinet, then PLUNKS a dusty box down before Fitz. Dozens of thick manila folders inside.

COLE

You know what these are? Profiles of the Unabomber. We got 'em all!

(pulling folders out:)

Here's one that says he's a total slob. THIS one says he's neat as a pin, germaphobe, suit and tie guy.

Cole deals manila folders onto the table like playing cards.

COLE

You wanna know where he lives? Here we go: in a house, with one room that his wife and kids know not to go into

Or, he lives with his mother, little Norman Bates thing going on. Or, behind door number three: “*The Unabomber lives alone in a small urban apartment where he compulsively masturbates to S&M materials.*”

(then:)

Ah, now here’s a classic. Twenty full pages from the legendary John Douglas about how the Unabomber maintains his car. Down to the scent of his air freshener. “Royal Pine!”

Fitz stares at the mound of profiles before him. Bludgeoned.

COLE

We’ve had every single top profiler in the business pass through here. Every one of them said he had to start all over. And every one came up with something totally different. So pardon me if I’m skeptical of your profession.

Cole’s big hand on Fitz’s shoulder. Reassuring, but also taking charge.

COLE

Ackerman brought me here to keep this investigation focused and on track.

We’ve been going in circles for years and that needs to STOP. So instead of 100 different contradictory profiles, we’re going with ONE. Backed up by *concrete forensic evidence*. Which is the profile I gave you.

Cole shoves the one-page profile back into Fitz’s hands.

COLE

The only way we’re going to catch the Unabomber, the only way we catch ANYONE, is *forensics*. Plain and simple. You could spend six months writing up the world’s most accurate profile, but that’s not what we’re looking for. We’re looking for fifteen pages, no typos, and “wood.” And we want to take it to the press next week. I understand you have lots of training, lots of capacity, and a tremendous future ahead of you.

But right now, *all that's required of you is obedience.*

Fitz stares down at the PAGES AND PAGES OF OLD PROFILES. Overwhelmed. CRUSHED by the weight of them.

As Cole leaves and the door SWINGS CLOSED behind him. Leaving Fitz all alone behind the glass.

***END ACT FOUR***

# ACT FIVE

## INT. FREDDY'S BAR - THAT NIGHT

Nearly the whole UTF packed into the old-school dive. Tabby, practically the only woman in the place but holding her own. Fitz vents to her.

FITZ

They interview 10,000 Nathan R's, then turn around and tell me profiling is a waste of resources? Think about that!

TABBY

You're a cog in the machine, Fitz. Embrace it, bruh.

Someone brings a drink, pulls Tabby into a conversation. Fitz collects a beer from the bar, tries to look purposeful. Total outsider. And then – Cole, deep in his cups, spots Fitz across the room. Shouting:

COLE

Ho, there he is! Our headshrinker, come to mingle with the commoners!

Cole and the other Alpha Agents crack up. Fitz flees into

## INT. FREDDY'S BAR - BATHROOM

Fitz, wedged at the urinal between two big drunk cops. The guy pissing to his left starts telling him:

DRUNK PISSER

You know he's from Cincinnati. You're the profiler, right?



Cincinnati for sure. And he's into WOOD. T-Rex thinks he's a faggot. T- Rex, tell him.

Then, from the huge guy pissing to Fitz's right (T-REX BENSON, 40s):

T-REX BENSON

Why he got fired from his airline job. Got caught sucking some dude's dong. Now he's pissed off. Think about it.

Flush. Fitz, staring after them. Are you kidding me?

## BACK IN THE BAR

Fitz wedges himself into the PAYPHONE BOOTH at the back of the bar. Calls home. Reaching for a lifeline. But – no answer. Leaves a message.

FITZ

It's me. I'm– I know it's late there. But I wanted to hear your voices.

Someone's voice. Uh, I love you. Bye.

Fitz turns to see STRIPPERS come out. Dancing on the bar.

Fitz takes in the sweaty room, packed with obese, drunken men drooling over past-their-prime strippers.

Fitz shakes his head, disgusted. *What IS this?*

And he SNATCHES Tabby's CAR KEYS off the bar as he strides toward the door. She calls after him:

TABBY

Hey! Where you going, bruh?

FITZ

To *Sacramento*. To do my *JOB*.

## INT./EXT. TABBY'S CAR / FREDDY'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Fitz cranks the engine until it finally starts. NINE INCH NAILS on the stereo. He tears off. Angry, alone.

## **INT./EXT. TABBY'S CAR / SACRAMENTO - NIGHT**

Winding through the empty streets of Sacramento. Homeless guys in the underpasses. Dark, anonymous government buildings.

Then he pulls up in front of

## **EXT. THE CALIFORNIA FORESTRY ASSOCIATION OFFICE - NIGHT**

We recognize it from the opening. Fitz recognizes it from those photos. Blown-out windows boarded over with plywood.

Fitz parks outside. Prowls around the building. Finds a side entrance, pops the door open. Creeps inside.

## **INT. THE CALIFORNIA FORESTRY ASSOCIATION OFFICE - NIGHT**

Fitz slips under the police tape, through the boarded-up door, into

## **THE BOMB SITE**

Dark, silent wreckage. Fitz walks through, taking it in. Inhaling the scent of the scorched carpet, the sulfur, the vague tang of iron.

He's strangely calm and at home here. Like a man walking into an ancient, empty church.

The shrapnel holes in the walls, the ceiling panels burnt and blown upwards. Family photos on a desk, smashed and shredded.

Mundane office life turned inside out, turned alien. Then, asking aloud:

FITZ

What are you doing right now? FC...

## IN GIL MURRAY'S OFFICE

The whole room burned black. Swiss-cheesed by shrapnel.

A strange thrill as Fitz identifies BLOODSTAINS on the carpet. Smells the iron, the gunpowder.

And he turns as GIL MURRAY enters the room, laughing, plops the package on his desk –

Fitz is SEEING GIL'S LAST MOMENTS play out right in front of him – As Gil tries to lever open the top of the package...

GIL MURRAY

I swear, this could be from the Unabomber!

The PREGNANT SECRETARY, visible outside the office door, LAUGHS and Gil laughs too and then the box pops open and –

BOOM! The bomb EXPLODES and the windows blow out and the upper half of Gil Murray is SHREDDED and the desk and walls are POUNDED by metal shrapnel and

Fitz turns to the door where the SECRETARY and other OFFICE WORKERS are SCREAMING and Fitz turns to GIL MURRAY, twitching and hamburgered on the ground – and Fitz is drawn to him, leans over him, reaches out to touch him –

And then, suddenly, we're back in reality, and Fitz is reaching out to touch the BLOODSTAIN ON THE CARPET. Running his hands over it. Taking his first, halting steps into the mind of the Unabomber. Talking to him

FITZ

You want to be here. You want to be here, touching this, savoring it... You dropped it in the mail weeks ago... now you're seeing it in the news. But YOU'RE NOT HERE.

He takes in the desk, cratered, ripped apart... Starting to piece something together...

FITZ

You can't be here... EVER... For ANY of them... Why is that enough for *you* and not for ANY OTHER serial killer?

Never to see it, hear it, taste it... Never to see Gil Murray's body...

Fitz prowls around the office, taking in the WALL – it's Gil Murray's BRAG WALL, covered in handshake photos, newspaper clippings, awards, plaques... Fitz runs his hand over the photos of Gil Murray, all CHEWED UP and LACERATED BY SHRAPNEL.

FITZ

Because it's not about Gil Murray... It's not about him  
as an individual... is it...

His hand slides over the large FORESTRY ASSOCIATION CREST on the wall –  
a large enameled plaque with the symbol of the association, pitted with shrapnel.

FITZ

SYMBOLS. These aren't people to you. They're SYM-  
BOLS.

(beat. realizing:)

This isn't revenge. This isn't a grudge or a compulsion...  
You're sending a MESSAGE.

## **INT. FITZ'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - MANY HOURS LATER**

At first we're not sure where we are or how much time has passed as we stay CLOSE  
ON: Photos of the UNABOM PACKAGES – the brown paper wrapping, the address  
label, the EUGENE O'NEIL STAMPS...

FITZ

That's why you use the MAIL – it's a MESSAGE, a  
hidden message...

CLOSE ON: "DAD IT IS I" circled on the letter...

And close on FITZ, trying to make sense of it... deep inside the Unabomber's head  
and not coming out...

FITZ

What are you trying to tell us?

And we pull back now to reveal THE ENTIRE FLOOR of the apartment is covered  
with Unabom LETTERS... with CRIME SCENE PHOTOS... with NEWSPAPER  
CLIPPINGS OF THE BOMBINGS...

FITZ

What are you trying to tell me?

An endless refraction of the bombings, radiating out from Fitz, surrounding him...

FITZ

*What are you trying to tell me?*

A BLAST RADIUS. And FITZ is at the center.

***END ACT FIVE***

# ACT SIX

## INT. NATALIE'S DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT [1997]

Two rescue pit bulls whining at the door, upset by the sounds of the locks opening. Many, many locks. Then, Natalie steps in and Fitz follows.

NATALIE

It's OK, guys. He's a friend. It's OK.

Fitz stands uncertainly in the entry as the dogs circle him, upset. The small apartment is crammed with books, papers, manuscripts. All the telltale signs of a single academic.

FITZ

What happened to Buster and Darby?

NATALIE

Found them good homes. These guys are rescues too.  
Jasper and Winston.

Fitz crouches, works with the dogs. They're skittish. Circling, whining, showing some teeth.

NATALIE

I'm defending my dissertation in a few weeks. So I'll  
need to work tonight.

(beat.)

You know I tried to find you? Called your office, your house. Talked to your wife. Everything.

Fitz hangs his head. Natalie considers him a beat. Then tosses him some dog treats. Fitz gives them to the dogs, who calm down. Allow Fitz to pet them.

NATALIE

I'll get these guys in the kitchen. Why don't you shower.

## INT. NATALIE'S KITCHEN - LATER [1997]

Fitz watches from the doorway as Natalie talks on the phone. Making excuses. We can hear the MAN'S VOICE on the other end. She hangs up. Leans against the counter.

Then she notices Fitz in the doorway. He's showered now and changed. Smelling better, looking much the same.

NATALIE

You want a cup of coffee?

FITZ

I know you have a lot going on. And I'm not here to derail your whole life. So—

Natalie looks at him – like “Are you kidding me?” Plunks a cup of coffee down on the table. Fitz nods. Sits.

FITZ

They want me to go in. Talk to Ted. Interrogate him. Ted *asked* for me. Only me.

NATALIE

Ah. Figures. You're not even here for me. You're here for *him*.

FITZ

No. But I need to go, confront him. Get some answers.

NATALIE

You *have* the answers. God, I tore myself apart to help you GET those answers! You solved the case. You caught him.

FITZ

Not those answers. Answers for myself. So I can... figure this out. So I can be a whole person.

NATALIE

What makes you think he's got the answers to any question that matters?

Fitz is silent. Natalie approaches Fitz. Stands over him. She takes his face in her fingertips. Touching his beard, turning his face. Studying him.

It could almost be prelude to a kiss.

NATALIE

You *wanted* him in your life. Secretly, somehow, you wanted that. That's the answer. That's the only way I can make sense of what happened.

You wanted HIM in your life more than you wanted anyone or anything else.

FITZ

I think I did. But I don't know why. I don't know how I, how anybody, could...

He trails off. Confronting something broken in himself.

Natalie nods. He's right. Takes one last look. Then releases him and walks out of the room.

## **INT. NATALIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT [1997]**

Fitz lies on the couch. Can't sleep. He eyes the table and walls covered in Natalie's work. An explosion of words, letters, diagrams.

Then, a collar jingles. Jasper is there. Watching him. They look in each other's eyes for a long, silent moment. Two rescue dogs. Then Jasper pads away into

## **INT. NATALIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS [1997]**

Where Natalie lies in bed, also awake. Jasper hops up into the bed, licks her face. Natalie strokes him. He curls up by her and falls asleep.

CUT TO:



## INT. UTF - ACKERMAN'S OFFICE - MORNING [MAY 1995]

Fitz bursts into Ackerman's Office. Energized. In charge. Interrupting Ackerman, Cole, and Genelli.

FITZ

Your whole profile is built on the assumption that FC was one of the airline mechanics that United Airlines laid off in Cincinnati. That he targeted United Flight 444 and United President Percy Wood out of a personal grudge. Right?

(off their nods:)

But think about mail bombs. He can't see them, hear them, visit the site, view the bodies, ANYTHING. There's none of the satisfaction of REVENGE. But he keeps bombing anyway. Why?

Because these aren't PERSONAL targets. They're REPRESENTATIONAL targets. Gil Murray was the SYMBOL of something for him. All his targets symbolized something for FC.

GENELLI

We've done every kind of victimology. His victims are random, totally unconnected to each other.

FITZ

He spends years perfecting the most sophisticated, untraceable mail bombs ever created, and then he just picks targets out of a phone book? No way.

Fitz puts the "Dad it is I" letter down on the table.

FITZ

It wasn't a random coincidence that those letters spelled out "Dad it is I." It's not a random coincidence that he's targeting computers, airlines, scientists, forestry people. They only SEEM random because we don't understand what connects them. We don't know how to read his code. And the REASON we can't read his code is that

we're ASSUMING he's a pissed- off airline mechanic. When he's actually been outsmarting us the whole time.

COLE

There's good forensic evidence that he's a trained airplane mechanic.

He digs out forensic photographs of bomb parts. Shows them.

COLE

Batteries soldered in series and encased in a wire cage, just like airplane power bricks. He's expert at casting and shaping aluminum.

And look at this new switch he's developed— it looks exactly like an airplane rudder. We had pilots confirm that for us.

FITZ

It only looks like a rudder if you're looking for proof for the supposition that he's an airline mechanic. If you're objective about it? It's just a switch.

COLE

What about the batteries? And the aluminum? I'm bringing concrete evidence to the table. What are you bringing? Hot friggin air.

FITZ

You ever think the reason you've gotten nowhere in SEVENTEEN YEARS is that you've been underestimating him? There's a powerful intelligence at work here. A deep personal philosophy underpinning all FC's actions. If we can figure out the philosophy, we can figure out the man. We *can* crack the code. But we have to start over. From scratch.

A silence falls over the room. Ackerman purses his lips. Considers Fitz. He shakes his head, heaves a sigh.

ACKERMAN

Fitz. Buddy. You're breaking my heart. You're part of a world- class orchestra here. Lots of instruments.

Lots of virtuoso players. And I'm pointing to *you* and saying, now's the time for your solo! Stand up and play your heart out for the whole world to hear!

But *you gotta play from the sheet music I'm giving you*. Because you can be the world's top virtuoso, you can have a once-in-a-century talent – but if you can't harmonize with the rest of the orchestra? I gotta send you home.

He shoves the one-page profile back into Fitz's hands. His sheet music. Ackerman waves a pencil like a baton.

CUT TO:

## **INT. UTF - BULLPEN - FITZ'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER**

Tabby watches, dismayed, as Fitz packs his desk.

FITZ

It's all good, Tabby. If they want that watered-down b.s., I'm not the right guy anyway.

## **INT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - DAY**

Fitz talks on the payphone with Ellie.

ELLIE'S VOICE

Aw, that's too bad. You sound bummed.

FITZ

I'm glad to be coming home to you guys. I am. Not how I planned it, but...

And then, FITZ'S NAME is called over the loudspeaker. Being paged to the gate. Fitz signs off, hangs up the payphone.

**AT THE GATE**, the woman hands him the courtesy phone.

GENELLI'S VOICE

'Dad it is I.' We need you back here.

FITZ

Genelli? Sorry, find someone else.

GENELLI'S VOICE

We can't use someone else. We need YOU. I patched it up with Ackerman. Because we *need* a word guy. We need 'Dad it is I.' *Now*.

## **INT. UTF - BULLPEN - DAY**

Genelli rushes Fitz across the bullpen. An EMERGENCY BRIEFING in progress – everyone freaking out – the whole place buzzing, frenzied –

GENELLI

You said he had a personal philosophy? Some message he's trying to send? You were right.

## **INT. UTF - HALLWAY / FORENSICS LAB - SECONDS LATER**

Fitz and Genelli push their way through a crush of agents.

GENELLI

New York Times just called it in –  
They got a package–

FITZ

Another bomb?

GENELLI

No. Something else – look.

Fitz emerges next to Ackerman and Cole, at FISHBOWL WINDOWS looking into the sterile fluorescent-lit FORENSICS LAB.

Inside the lab, gloved-and-gowned LAB TECHS cluster around a UNABOM PACKAGE laid on a metal table. They pull open the brown-paper wrapping to reveal THE MANIFESTO. A stack of 56 typed pages.

Fitz approaches the glass wall. Staring. On the cover:

*INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND ITS FUTURE BY FC*

A look passes between Fitz and Ackerman. Acknowledging – Fitz is back on the case. But Ackerman's not happy about it.

Cole growls under his breath:

COLE

You screw this up? We will crucify you.

Fitz nods. Accepting this.

And as Fitz stares through the glass at the Manifesto, we CUT TO BLACK.

*END OF PILOT*

## **Ep. 2: Pure Wudder**

Episode 102 "Pure Wudder"  
Written By Andrew Sodroski  
2nd NETWORK DRAFT 09/14/16

# ACT ONE

TED'S VOICE

*We tell ourselves that we're the ones in control. They obey us. Our technology. Our machines.*

We HEAR THEM before we see them – the CLANKING of metal, the WHIRRING of gears, of hard drives. INSANELY LOUD, a whole aberrant SYMPHONY of MACHINES...

And then we're CLOSE ON:

## THE TITLE PAGE OF THE MANIFESTO

*INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND ITS FUTURE*

*by FC*

A BANG as a FILTER slides in and suddenly the page is under BLACKLIGHT... A CRASH as the filter changes to UV... IR... RAKING LIGHT... BACKLIGHT... Filter after filter...

TED'S VOICE

*But what would you do without your car? Your telephone? What if all the airplanes just... stopped?*

The CAMERA LENS snaps photograph after photograph... Trying to comprehend the document under its machine-eye... The title page, magnified and refracted on a bank of TV MONITORS...

TED'S VOICE

*Ten years ago computers were expensive toys. Today, civilization as we know it would fall apart without them.*

And we see we're in



## **INT. UTF - FORENSICS LAB (OAKLAND, CA - JUNE 1995)**

In the basement of the UTF. Fluorescent-lit, glassed-in, sterile.

Gloved-and-gowned LAB TECHS work behind glass, anonymous, silent. Obeying prompts on the computers, on tele-screens, as

PAGE BY PAGE, the MANIFESTO is processed, picked apart... Submerged in chemical baths, STAMPS peeled away with forceps, test-tubed for DNA analysis. We see the fibers of the paper, individual typewritten letters magnified 10x, 100x, 1000x...

The whole machinery of modern science, brought to bear on this one typewritten document.

TED'S VOICE

*We live in terror of a blackout, a computer crash, car that won't start, phone that doesn't ring. So we construct our lives, our whole society, so that won't happen.*

## **INT. UTF - HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE FORENSICS LAB**

FITZ paces outside the glass, watching the pages move through the lab one... by... one...

## **INT. UTF - BASEMENT SERVER ROOM**

Andy GENELLI works on the enormous MASSIVELY PARALLEL PROCESSOR (MPP) we saw him constructing in the pilot.

Genelli and his TECHIES climb through the forest of server racks, daisy-chaining wires and cables and fans... It's 1995 and this is clunky, complicated work.

TED'S VOICE

*Everything revolves around THEIR needs, not ours. They buzz, we answer. They beep, we jump. So ask yourself: Who's really in control? You? Or them?*

Then, for just a moment, we see

## A NEWSPAPER MAILROOM

As the mailbag is dumped on the sorting table – We don't understand why we're here yet and that's okay, for now it's just interns' hands sorting letters, flicking them into pigeonholes one after the other – *shuk-shuk-shuk* –

And then for a moment we're at

## LAX AIRPORT

As the people and cars and planes surge through the airport like ants, like blood cells... It seems associative at first, until we pick up

A SIGNATURE UNABOM PACKAGE as it drops onto a LUGGAGE BELT.

We follow the package along the belt, into the AIR CARGO FACILITY...

HANDS grab it from the belt and toss it into a BIN filled with OTHER PACKAGES – most of which *also* look just like SIGNATURE UNABOM PACKAGES...

The bin is wheeled away into the bowels of the baggage facility... We see MORE PACKAGES flowing past on the belts... And meanwhile,

## INT. UTF - FORENSICS LAB

The MACHINES CHURN ON...

## INT. UTF - HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE FORENSICS LAB

Fitz paces. A hound with the scent, but he can't get through the glass. He pounces on COLE and Genelli as they pass by.

Hounding them.

FITZ

We just got handed a 56-page Manifesto, written by the most elusive criminal in the world! A Manifesto so important to him that he's asking the Times *and* the Post to publish it! Everyone in this building should be reading it NOW.

COLE

We wait for forensics to finish.

FITZ

We *have* to read it. This is the big break in the case!

COLE

The big break in the case is when they pull a fingerprint off those pages. Or another 'Nathan R.' I'd rather they take all year and find one hair, just one! Because reading this dickhead's RANT? Gets us NOWHERE.

GENELLI

Well. "Dad it is I." He got that from reading.

COLE

Yeah, case friggin closed. We WAIT for forensics to finish. A month. A year. However long it takes.

Cole throws open the door to

## A DOWNSTAIRS OFFICE

Where Postal Inspector BURKHARDT (40s, heavy) and some other USPS nerds are working at a whiteboard. A complex flowchart covers the entire board, labeled "POSTAL STREAM ANALYSIS".

TABBY is inside too, sitting on the table eating a Snickers, and staring at the boards in awe.

TABBY

Fitz, dude, you gotta check this out! It's friggin sweeeet.

Cole smirks, motions for Burkhardt to explain it to Fitz.

BURKHARDT

We analyzed the postal stream for the whole west coast. Found a couple of choke points. So if Unabom continues to drop his mail in the Bay Area, there's a ninety- five percent chance his next package will pass through just

two sorting facilities. Meaning, we get those handlers and sorters trained to recognize a Unabom package? We could intercept every bomb en route. We'd never have to worry about a Unabom package again.

TABBY

Cool, right?

Fitz takes it in. He's impressed. More than that, he's intimidated.

FITZ

...Yeah. Wow. It's... Yeah.

COLE

*Now* tell me about "Dad it is I."

Cole gloats for a moment. Fitz starts to turn away in defeat. But then turns back. Rising to the challenge.

FITZ

"Dad it is I" tells us he likes puzzles. Word games. He thinks he's smarter than everyone else, that he can sneak that by everyone. He has trouble communicating normally, so he resorts to cyphers.

And he's probably got father issues. That's from ONE PAGE. He just sent us fifty-six. See my point?

TABBY

Aw yeah! That's my partner right there.

Tabby slides off the table and joins Fitz in the doorway. Genelli nods, impressed. But Cole just shoves Fitz and Tabby out the door.

COLE

You'll get your pages. AFTER forensics is finished. Goodbye.

## INT. UTF - BULLPEN - FITZ'S DESK - DAY

Tabby sits at her desk, looking at the "Dad it is I" letter. Shakes her head. Impressed.

TABBY

Daddy issues. That's a deep cut, dude. I can barely see "Dad it is I." Gotta like circle the letters.

FITZ

Between us? I used to do the same thing. I was a beat cop in my hometown P.D. Rinky-dink department and my Chief hated my guts. I was banished to graffiti detail for like five years.

TABBY

Jesus.

FITZ

I was watching my whole life being wasted and there was nothing I could do. So whenever I'd turn in a report, I started making the first letter of each paragraph spell out "Screw You," "You Suck," "F the Chief"...

Tabby stares at Fitz, open-mouthed.

TABBY

Fitz. That's weird. It's friggin cool. But it's WEIRD.

(then, realizing:)

... Wait, were you describing HIM back there? Or yourself? Oh my God, dude—

FITZ

HIM. I was describing him. And please don't tell anyone. Please.

TABBY

Scout's honor. But — you send me a package, I will NOT open it.

Just then – a flurry upstairs – and Fitz turns to see Stan Cole charge out of his office, yelling on the phone:

COLE

DON'T TOUCH IT!! Nobody touches it, nobody enters or leaves the room until we get there! Got it?

(to a SECRETARY:)

Get Genelli, tell him to meet me at the Chronicle, NOW!

Cole blasts out the door.

## **INT. THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE MAILROOM - MINUTES LATER**

A TYPEWRITTEN LETTER on the mailroom table. Genelli and Cole stare down at it, grim. We can tell by their faces – this is NOT GOOD.

Genelli puts on latex gloves, uses forceps to get the letter and envelope into clear plastic bags.

GENELLI

We're gonna need to fingerprint you. You're the only one who touched this?

The MAIL BOY nods. He's FREAKING OUT. J-school did not prepare him for this. His hands shake as Cole fingerprints him.

Genelli gets Ackerman on the phone. He holds the bagged letter.

## **WE INTERCUT WITH INT. UTF - BULLPEN**

GENELLI

You ready? It's bad.

(reading the letter:)

*“WARNING: The terrorist group FC, called unabomber by the FBI, is planning to blow up an airliner out of Los Angeles International Airport some time during the next six days. To prove that the writer of this letter knows something about FC, the first two digits of their identifying number are 55.”*

ACKERMAN goes pale. Holy shit. Genelli continues:

GENELLI

Is that number a match? What's the number he sent the Times?

Ackerman yells out into the bullpen:

ACKERMAN

What's the authentication number he sent to the Times?

Fitz grabs the relevant letter from his desk, calls it out:

FITZ

5-5-3-2-5-4-3-9-4!

ACKERMAN

(into phone:)

It's from him! Get back here NOW! (to his SECRETARY:)

Get the Governor on the phone. LAPD Commissioner. F.A.A. And Janet Reno. Get them at home if you have to. Make it clear – we have a potential mass- casualty situation.

## **INT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY**

On the huge FLIGHT STATUS BOARD, every single flight flips to “DELAYED.” SWAT TEAMS with RIFLES and K-9 UNITS flood the terminal as the whole airport GRINDS TO A HALT.

**ON THE RUNWAYS: EVERY PLANE ROLLS TO A STOP.**

**IN THE TERMINAL BUILDINGS - LATER**

We see the beginnings of AIRPORT SECURITY as we know it today. Endless lines of travelers being put through invasive searches... Scanners, pat-downs, dog-sniffs, soldiers with M16s... The whole machinery of ritual humiliation, control...

## OUT ON THE RUNWAY

An indelible image – every plane stopped in place, bellies open, workers unloading every scrap of luggage and cargo directly onto the runway. It looks like the planes have vomited their contents all over the tarmac.

## BANKS OF TELEVISIONS

Repeat, refract, amplify the news:

### REPORTERS

*Panic at LAX... / A new, deadly threat from the elusive Unabomber... / He almost brought a plane down in 1979, and his craft is exponentially better now...*

The echo chamber of the news, shouting from the TVs in LAX...

## INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM

And from the TVs in the conference room, where Ackerman's WAR CABINET is in session. Barking into phones and drawing up plans. A blueprint of LAX on the wall. Cole considers the bagged ENVELOPE while he waits on hold.

### COLE

Look at the return address. "Frederick Benjamin Isaac Wood." FBI Wood.

### GENELLI

His idea of a joke.

### COLE

"549 Wood Street, Woodlake, Ca." I'm telling you, this "wood" thing...

(then, coming off hold:) Phil! Where are we on those refraction- beam scanners?



Genelli sits in his chair. Looking at Unabom letter to the NY Times. The identification number: 553254394.

Genelli considers the number. Tries writing the numbers in a 3x3 grid. Nothing. Then tries it like a phone number: (553) 254-394\_. Not enough digits. Then he lights up— realizing—

## **INT. UTF - BASEMENT SERVER ROOM**

Genelli gives the word and the MPP BOOTS UP. The whole thing THROBS and WHIRS, incredibly loud. Rows of lights blink on.

TECHIE

We're at about 30 percent. But the big databases are up and searchable: IRS, USPS...

GENELLI

Social Security?

Genelli holds up the paper where he's written: 553-25-4394.

With the dashes added, the Unabom identification number is suddenly a SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER.

The techie enters THE NUMBER into the search.

The MPP HUMS and WHIRRS around them. Genelli, awestruck, dwarfed by his own creation. Then, GREEN LIGHTS and results scroll on the screen. Genelli's eyes go wide.

GENELLI

Gadzooks...

A big dot-matrix printer starts CHURNING OUT PRINTOUTS.

## **INT. UTF - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Cole and Genelli come running toward Fitz and Tabby.

GENELLI

Come on, we gotta go. Now! I think the computer found him!

FITZ

Found who?

GENELLI

HIM! *We just found the Unabomber!*

CUT TO:

**INT./EXT. NATALIE'S CAR - PRE-DAWN  
[RAIN] (1997)**

Fitz and NATALIE in her car. Natalie drives through the night. Dark country roads. RAIN. Fitz stares out the window. He still looks ragged – a mountain man dragged back to town and unsure how he feels about it.

NATALIE

You know, Fitz. Whatever this is you're dealing with, it didn't start two years ago. It didn't start with this case. It started a long time before Unabom. It must have.

FITZ

I know. But I just don't know when. When I started to feel so... Powerless, caged.

Natalie shakes her head.

NATALIE

That's what everyone feels. Everyone feels like that, all the time. "Pinned and wriggling against the wall." That's life.

FITZ

That's what I can't understand. Everyone feels that way. But what do they do about it? Nothing. We LIKE it. We like being crushed and powerless.

Because somehow, freedom is more terrifying to us than slavery.

NATALIE

There's nothing TO do! That's *life*. You suck it up and you *live*.

FITZ

That's not living. That's sleepwalking. Eating trash and watching TV and working to become what other people think we should be... And nobody does anything about it. Nobody even tries.

Nobody except for HIM.

NATALIE

Yes, Fitz. But he's EVIL. Silence from Fitz.

NATALIE

He's EVIL, Fitz.

More silence from Fitz. Then Fitz points to the turnoff.

FITZ

It's down here.

## **EXT. FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION, DUBLIN, CALIFORNIA - DAWN [RAIN] (1997)**

Barbed wire and searchlights and a miserable grey dawn. Natalie pulls to a stop out front. Fitz gets out into the rain. Starts for the entrance.

NATALIE

Wait! Listen, Fitz. You're not a stray dog to me. You understand?

Beat. He looks at her through the car window.

NATALIE

I'm not looking for someone to take care of. Some lost cause to nurse back to health. That's not what I'm looking for. You hear me?

FITZ

I know that. That's why I'm here. I want to put this all right, make it work. But I can't. Until I figure this out. Until I look him in the face.

A beat. She nods. Then watches him walk away. Toward the huge prison gates. Into the darkness.

*END ACT ONE*

# ACT TWO

## EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY (1995)

A run-down strip mall on the outskirts of Sacramento. In the b.g., Cole and Tabby get out of their respective G-CARS. Genelli walks ahead with Fitz, explaining with a gearhead's pride:

GENELLI

Think about all the data the government has on its citizens. Addresses, employment, military, census... 100 years of data on 350 million people. But nobody's ever brought all that data together.

That's why I built the MPP. Imagine if we collected everyone's phone records. Every book checked out of every library. Every web site, every e-mail. Pull it all into one big computer.

We'll be able to see EVERYTHING! It'll be the end of crime.

COLE

(catching up)

Computers watching me jerk off. Creeps me out, Genelli.

GENELLI

Well, we're not there yet anyway. But look – FC's authentication number.

Looks like a Social Security number, right? So I did a search. And it's a MATCH. Genelli shoves the stack of printouts onto Fitz's arms.

GENELLI

Belongs to a guy named Allen Meeks. Forty-year-old white male. IRS data says machinist training but never had a real job. Then I crunched USPS data, look where Meeks lived the last thirty years.

FITZ

(reading the printouts:) Oakland. San Fran. Salt Lake City. Sacramento.

All the key locations associated with Unabom activity. Wow. Where is he now?

GENELLI

Get this: he's ALREADY IN CUSTODY! Sacramento P.D. picked him up four hours ago on weapons possession.

It gets better: wanna know *where* they arrested him?

Genelli stops. Indicates – RIGHT HERE.

Fitz looks around, realizing – they're right outside the now- abandoned RENTECH COMPUTER RENTALS AND SERVICES. A dilapidated box store. Signs fading. Fitz's jaw drops.

FITZ

Rentech. The site of the Hugh Scrutton bomb.

GENELLI

Unabomber's first kill. Returning to the scene of the crime. They're pulling Meeks out of lockup, won't be long.

Thought we'd want to see the place. Over there's where they scraped Hugh Scrutton off the pavement. What they didn't find there, they found on the roof..

Genelli hands Fitz a DOSSIER on the bombing. Forensic sheets, crime scene photos. As Fitz pages through it, he finds himself drawn...

## INT. RENTECH

The place is abandoned now, dark and dusty. The metal shelves empty. But as Fitz reviews the documents, he starts to SEE IT as it was in 1985.

## **INT./EXT. RENTECH - FEBRUARY 1985**

Fluorescent lights flicker on, muzak plays. Fitz wanders down an aisle, the shelves filled with bulky computer towers, green-screen monitors, dot-matrix printers.

HUGH SCRUTTON, 30s, a harmless nerd, bagging yesterday's trash. His two employees prep the store for the day.

One of them, HEIDI SHUMWAY (20s, too pretty to be working here) looks up from the churning PHOTOCOPIER – and, through the window, sees a MAN IN A GREY HOODIE enter the lot.

The man reaches into a white canvas bag, pulls out a PIECE OF LUMBER with NAILS sticking out. Carefully places the lumber down in the parking lot.

HEIDI

Hey Hugh! Come and look at what this asshole is doing!

THE MAN hears – turns. And for a moment, FITZ, now standing in HEIDI'S SPOT is face to face with THE UNABOMBER. Grey hoodie, sunglasses, moustache. For a moment, neither one knows what to do. Then he turns and RUNS OFF. Gone.

## **EXT. RENTECH - A MOMENT LATER**

Scrutton rounds the corner, carrying two big trash bags to the dumpster. He sees the nail-studded lumber.

Scrutton kicks it with his foot and – nothing happens. Huh. Must have been a dud.

He tosses the trash bags in the dumpster, then returns to the lumber and picks it up. And –

BOOOM! A white flash and a SHOWER of shrapnel and

Hugh stands there for a moment – the whole front of his body SHREDDDED. His arm missing. His face missing. He makes eye contact with FITZ, still staring out the big plate-glass window in Heidi's place. Hugh's mouth moves, trying to say something. Then he falls – we hear Heidi's SCREAM – as the blood pumps out onto the pavement. And then,

## **BACK IN JUNE 1995**

Fitz crouches over the spot where Scrutton was killed. Where the Unabomber placed his bomb. He runs his fingers over the pavement, still scarred by shrapnel. Realizing:

GENELLI

He was coming back to the scene of his first kill. Reliving it.

*Savoring* it.

FITZ

Like he never got to do in 1985. Because of the eyewitness.

As Cole gets word on the car radio, SHOUTS:

COLE

Meeks is ready! Let's get over there!

## **INT. SACRAMENTO COUNTY LOCKUP - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY**

Cole, Genelli, Fitz and Tabby gather behind the two-way glass as guards bring in MEEKS (40s). A hardscrabble man in an orange jumpsuit.

Cole points – Meeks has a big tattoo on his forearm. It reads: "PURE WOOD." Cole chortles.

COLE

Read 'em and weep, Fitzie. We're looking at the Unabomber!

Fitz can't argue with that. But then, Meeks shifts in his seat. Revealing ANOTHER TATTOO: a knife drawing blood that spells "THICKER THEN WATER."

FITZ

T-H-E-N? It's not him.

COLE

It's a spelling mistake. So what. You get drunk, you get a tattoo–

FITZ



I don't remember a single spelling mistake in all those letters.

Besides, does this guy look like the author of a 56-page Manifesto entitled "Industrial Society and Its Future"?

Genelli holds up a copy of the famous UNABOMBER SKETCH. Meeks is a DEAD RINGER for the sketch. It's uncanny.

GENELLI

He sure does to me.

## INT. SACRAMENTO COUNTY LOCKUP - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Cole and Genelli sit across from Meeks. The others stand in the back. A show of force. Genelli nods to Meeks.

GENELLI

Pure Wood.

MEEKS

Pure Wood. One hundred percent. Who you guys?

GENELLI

"Frederick Benjamin Isaac Wood?" That's *us*.

We came all the way here to get your side of the story.  
Stopped at *Rentech* along the way.

Meeks blinks. None of this is registering.

MEEKS

Uh... Frederick Benjamin *who*?

GENELLI

Here's the thing. I don't think you meant to kill anyone. You wanted to send a message, scare them, and it got a little out of hand. You didn't know the power of your own creations. You didn't think it all the way through.

MEEKS

(starting to PANIC:)

I definitely didn't mean to kill anybody. That's for damn sure!

GENELLI

I believe you. But these guys, they don't. They're hard-asses. So tell me how to stop LAX. Help me help you.

MEEKS

What's LAX?

GENELLI

You're gonna make this hard for me? I can make your life living hell-

MEEKS

I never meant to kill anyone! And I can't take back what I did. But I paid my debt to society.

GENELLI

Wait. Excuse me?

MEEKS

Eight years, Iowa State Pen. I learned my lesson. Never drove drunk again. I swear.

Genelli goes pale. Searching through his printouts.

GENELLI

And uh, which eight years was that?

## OUT IN THE HALLWAY

Genelli pages through the files on Meeks. Furious.

GENELLI

Meeks was in jail for half the time the Unabomber was active! How was this not in his file?!

COLE

We pulled everything we could. Cali, Federal. Don't you have Iowa

B.O.P. Records in your MPP?

GENELLI

They're programmed in COBOL! Nobody's learned that in fifteen years... It'll be months before we can compile... Ahhh *Jeesus*.

Genelli flips through his printouts. Losing his mind.

GENELLI

Look at all this. How could this all be a big coincidence?!

## BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Fitz and Tabby stand there awkwardly. They can hear Genelli and Cole's raised voices in the hall. Fitz, making conversation:

FITZ

What's "Pure Wood"?

MEEKS

Pure Aryan peckerwood. No nigger blood in these veins.

FITZ

Thicker than wudder, huh?

MEEKS

Thicker than WHAT?

FITZ

(off the other arm) Thicker than wudder.

MEEKS

“Wudder”?! Where the hell you from,

bruh? Y’all hear that? “Wudder.” Who talks like that?!

Meeks guffaws. Making fun of Fitz’s Philly accent. Fitz shakes his head. Christ. Then, the DOOR opens and Genelli yells in:

GENELLI

Let’s GO!

## **EXT. SACRAMENTO COUNTY LOCKUP - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Genelli slams out the door and stalks off toward the car, sulking. The others slump out of the prison.

Tabby stares down at the Unabomber sketch. Shaking her head.

TABBY

It’s insane. This is like Meeks’s identical twin.

COLE

Hold up a sec.

Cole turns to a bush in the parking lot, unzips, and starts pissing mightily.

COLE

Just gotta “WUDDER” this tree here. Cole guffaws. Fitz and Tabby recoil, move off.

FITZ

(practicing) Wah-tur.

Waah-tur.

TABBY

I like “wudder.” It’s cool. Part of who you are.

FITZ

Like, great, every time I open my mouth people can peg me as a Philly street kid, out of his depth.

TABBY

“Frooom West Philadelphia, born and raised...”

(when Fitz doesn’t laugh) Wait, you’re not serious, are you?

COLE

Hey, Tabster, I got twelve inches of pure wood right here. Help me shake it off?

TABBY

Jesus, Cole, don’t make me puke. Can we get out of here?

As they get into their G-Cars, Fitz catches a glimpse of a passenger plane passing overhead. And for a moment we see what’s happening

## **ON THE LAX RUNWAY**

Planes grounded, runway covered in cargo. Workers combing through thousands of bags. Everything shut down. Back to:

## **FITZ, STARING UP AT THE PLANE.**

FITZ

With one little letter...

Shakes his head. In wonder. Then gets into the car with the others.

## INT. UTF - FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Fitz comes down to the forensics lab. A NERDY LAB TECH (late 20s, African-American) sees him coming, and before Fitz can ask –

NERDY LAB TECH

It's out. You can read it.

The Nerdy Lab Tech hands him a thick typewritten report. Fitz looks at it.

FITZ

What is this?

NERDY LAB TECH

The forensics report. 300 pages to say “we found nothing.”

FITZ

Not the report. The document. His Manifesto.

NERDY LAB TECH

(surprised)

Oh. Right. Nobody else wanted that.

The Lab Tech indicates a stack of photocopies of the Manifesto. Untouched. Fitz fumes.

## INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Fitz bursts in, interrupting Genelli, Cole, and T-REX BENSON, and a few others. Fitz DROPS the copies of the Manifesto on the conference room table.

FITZ

For 18 years, the Unabomber's been trying to SAY something with his bombs. He sends them in the mail because he's trying to send a MESSAGE. Struggling to make himself understood. And now he lays it out, everything he's been trying to say for almost 20 years, in plain English. And you don't want to take the time to read it?!

COLE

You write us up a three-page synopsis, clean, no typos, we'll read that. We have a major airport SHUT DOWN.

## **INT. UTF - ACKERMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Ackerman on the phone. An agent comes running in with a TYPEWRITTEN PAGE IN A PLASTIC BAG –

AGENT

Look what just came in! New Unabom letter to the Times, last page–

ACKERMAN

*Another* letter?!

(grabs it, reads it–) What the hell...

(into phone:) Grey, I gotta go.

Ackerman slams the phone down, grabs the letter.

ACKERMAN

Is he jerking us around? Or what? PATRICIA, get me Janet Reno!

## **INT. UTF - ACKERMAN'S OFFICE - A MOMENT LATER**

Ackerman reads the letter to Janet Reno.

ACKERMAN

*“Note. Since the public has a short memory we decided to play one last prank to remind them who we are.*

*But no, we haven't tried to plant a bomb on an airliner (recently)."*

(listening)

Yes ma'am, "one last prank."... Yes ma'am, it's authenticated, it's definitely from the Unabomber.

We'll come up with a recommendation.

Ackerman sinks down at his desk. The two letters in front of him. One's a bomb threat, the other says it's all a prank.

Head in his hands. The weight of the world on his shoulders. Doesn't know what to do.

He hears the vague noise of Fitz and Cole arguing in the conference room next door.

## **INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

COLE

Personally, I think the whole Manifesto is a red herring. We're dealing with a dummy, an airline mechanic with a G.E.D., max. So he re- types someone else's essay to throw us off the scent, draw us down blind alleys. Distract us from the real leads.

FITZ

That's- I don't even know how to-

The door bursts open and Ackerman charges in. Fitz pivots-

FITZ

Ackerman, sir, now that the Manifesto has cleared forensics- I think it's imperative that all our top agents read it, immediately.

We need all eyes on this document-

ACKERMAN

Stop. ENOUGH.



The room falls deathly silent. Everyone's sphincters tighten.

ACKERMAN

The Unabomber has threatened to blow an airliner out of the sky. I got four senators and Janet Reno on my call sheet asking me whether to believe THIS LETTER where he says he's going to kill a few hundred innocent people, or THIS one where he says his bomb threat is a *prank*.

He holds up the two bagged letters. In front of Fitz.

ACKERMAN

So I'm not reading anything else. I'm reading THIS and THIS and trying to decide if LAX can stand down. And if I make the wrong call

200 people could be blown out of the sky. So if you have some light to shed on this, by all means, enlighten me, Fitz. If not? That's a stack of paper, and these are HUMAN LIVES.

Fitz stares at the letters. Silent, his cheeks burning. Because – Ackerman's right.

## **INT. UTF - BULLPEN - FITZ'S DESK - DAY**

Fitz returns to his desk. Chastened. Ashamed. Tabby looks up from her copy of the Manifesto.

TABBY

Have you read this? Listen, "In modern society all that's required of you is OBEDIENCE." Isn't that exactly what—

Fitz holds up his hand to stop her.

FITZ

The Manifesto can wait. Priorities.

Tabby, taken aback. Fitz holds up photocopies of the two letters – the BOMB THREAT and the "PRANK."

FITZ

Bomb threat. Prank. Which one's the truth?

Tabby takes the letters. Looks at them. Shakes her head.

TABBY

...How could we possibly know that?

Fitz, at his desk. Staring down at the letters in front of him. He shakes his head.  
*No idea.*

***END ACT THREE***

# ACT FOUR

## INT. UTF - DOWNSTAIRS OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Fitz flicks on the lights. The POSTAL STREAM ANALYSIS on the whiteboards. It's huge, brilliant, sophisticated.

Fitz takes it in. Feeling his own inadequacy.

## INT. UTF - BULLPEN - FITZ'S DESK

Fitz, back at his desk. Alone in the bullpen.

Up above, the big bosses are in their offices, burning the midnight oil.

Fitz stands over his desk. The two letters in the center, the stacks of papers and documents on every side.

The TVs play CNN coverage of LAX.

Fitz, dwarfed by the ENORMITY of the task.

On one Unabom letter, he notices several X-OUTS – the Unabomber, covering over his typos.

FITZ

“Clean, no typos...” Cole wouldn't be happy with this, FC.

Fitz grabs his mug, goes for more coffee. Then doubles back. Runs his finger along the X-outs. An intense garble of letters. Not just x-ing out mistakes. *Obliterating* them.

And Fitz remembers something. He flips through the binder from Rentech. Until he finds the forensics report.

Fitz runs his finger down until he finds it:

FITZ

“Excessive soldering”...

And something clicks.

## **INT. UTF - FORENSICS LAB - DOCUMENTS ARCHIVES**

Fitz and the Nerdy Lab Tech from before look through all the originals of the Unabomber's correspondence. They're wearing gloves now. The only ones left in the lab.

Fitz finds the Gelernter Letter, holds it up to the light. The X-outs are so intense that they've pounded right through the paper. Fitz smiles. He's on to something.

FITZ

Lemme ask you something. Rentech. The notes said "excessive solder." You know anything about that?

## **INT. UTF - FORENSICS LAB - EXPLOSIVE DEVICE ROOM**

Fitz stares down into an archival box containing fragments of a bomb switch – among them, some thick chunks of solder.

FITZ

Profilers talk about "signatures" versus "M.O." M.O. is everything necessary to complete the crime. Signatures are the extras, things he chose to do but didn't have to. Meaning they reveal psychology, character.

NERDY LAB TECH

(catching on, excited-)

Damn, like correcting the hell out of that letter.

FITZ

Yeah. Right. So, all this solder-

NERDY LAB TECH

Signature. Definitely.

FITZ

How do you know?

With a craftsman's pride, the Nerdy Lab Tech plunks a MOCK-UP OF THE RENTECH BOMB onto the table. Fitz startles – it looks exactly like the real thing. Two planks glued together, studded with nails. Fitz whistles. Impressed.

NERDY LAB TECH

Just a mock-up. But it's an exact copy of what that bomb looked like before it blew.

The Nerdy Lab Tech opens the mock-bomb. Inside, the trigger mechanism, pipe, everything. Fitz, drawn to it. The disturbing, magnetic presence of what looks like a real bomb.

"FC" scribed on the pipe. Fitz traces the letters with his finger. Impressed.

FITZ

His signature... You built this?

NERDY LAB TECH

Made a few others too. Bosses thought it was a waste of time, but I learned a lot doing it. Like the excess solder. He just flooded all the connections, like he was trying to hide them. And there's tons of extra epoxy too, at all the joints, that nobody ever reported. Totally unnecessary, he just slathered it on. Signatures, not M.O.

FITZ

He didn't want anyone to see the cracks.

The Lab Tech nods. His expression says– "Finally someone gets it." A kindred spirit.

FITZ

What's your name?

NERDY LAB TECH

Ernie Esposito.

FITZ

I'm Fitz. I'm gonna buy you a coffee sometime, Ernie!

And Fitz is out the door – a man on a mission

## INT. UTF - ACKERMAN'S OFFICE - FIRST THING IN THE MORNING

Fitz walks into Ackerman's office, bearing a thick, typed report. Hands it to Ackerman, Genelli, and Cole. Atonement.

FITZ

My analysis on the LAX bomb threat. Clean, no typos, lots of big words. Janet Reno can read it and she'll be impressed with you.

COLE

You're learning, grasshopper.

ACKERMAN

Bottom line?

FITZ

In my opinion? It's a prank. There's no bomb at LAX. FC cares about his credibility. His reputation. He's ashamed of his mistakes, and tries to obliterate them. He tries to hide all the joints in his bombs, so we can't see the work. He's obsessed with presenting a perfect public image.

Ackerman accepts aspirin and coffee from his secretary. Chugs them. Indicates for Fitz to continue.

FITZ

He wants to be seen as intelligent, as logical, as superior. But it's a fragile self-image. He's really afraid that people will see his flaws.

(beat)

The bomb threat services his need for power. He enjoys making us squirm. But his reputation is the most important thing he has. He would never give us the ammunition to go to the press and hold up something he wrote and say, "this guy's untrustworthy, a liar, a bloodthirsty

lunatic lacking all credibility who will say anything to kill people.”

(off the report)

This is all just my opinion. But there’s a lot to back it up, including physical evidence, and I stand by it.

A moment of heavy, serious silence. As Cole, Genelli, and Ackerman flip through Fitz’s report. Nodding.

COLE

Thing about Fitz, he’s not a b.s.’er. For better or for worse.

ACKERMAN

Thanks for this. We’ll read it now, pass it up the chain.

Cole claps Fitz on the back. Walks him out.

## **IN THE HALLWAY**

COLE

See, you do what I tell you, you get a gold star. A little obedience is all it takes.

FITZ

I think FC says that in the Manifesto, too.

Cole chuckles, heads back into Ackerman’s office.

COLE

Put that in your three-page summary! ‘Leadership Tips from the Unabomber.’

## **INT. UTF - BULLPEN - FITZ'S DESK - DAY**

Fitz PLUNKS a copy of the Manifesto down onto the desk in front of Tabby. Plunks a copy down in front of himself.

They hit the desktop with a BANG.

FITZ

Okay. *Now* we dig in.

## **ON THE COVER PAGE:**

*INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND ITS FUTURE By FC*

***END ACT FOUR***



# ACT FIVE

## INT. UTF - BREAK ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Fitz gets a cup of coffee without looking up from the Manifesto in his hands. Utterly absorbed in it.

Walks back to his desk, blind and deaf to everything else but the Manifesto.

## INT. UTF - BULLPEN - FITZ'S DESK - DAY

Fitz finds Tabby, ASLEEP over the open Manifesto. He shakes her awake. Plunks a coffee down in front of her.

FITZ

NOBODY else is going to read this. It's on you and on me.

TABBY

I know. I'm trying. But dude, I'm barely hacking it at the University of Phoenix. There are like ENDNOTES in this sucker.

FITZ

For now, big picture. He's been trying to say something with his bombs. To send a message. So— what's the message?

Tabby stares helplessly down at the pages in front of her. Then rises to the challenge. Starts in:

TABBY

Okay. Uh, technology sucks. And we are basically screwed. Opening line: "The Industrial Revolution and

its consequences have been a disaster for the human race.” It was supposed to set us free, but it doesn’t.

Like the car thing! Cars are invented, seems like we’ll all suddenly be free to go wherever we want. But then basically it becomes MANDATORY to have a car.

And then every city and all of society is pretty much rearranged around cars, until you can’t even buy food without driving somewhere. They’re forced on us. We’re no longer free to NOT have a car – we aren’t even free to drive fast when we’re in a rush or slowly when we want to chill out.

FITZ

Exactly. So instead of becoming more free, we become more limited, more constrained. TV seemed harmless – and then they flipped it around, put CCTV cameras everywhere, and turned it into a tool for watching everyone, all the time. Computers will do the same thing soon. Pagers, cell phones even. Every one of them, it’s forced on us, and WE have to do what’s best for IT. We started in charge, but now we’re slaves of our own technology.

TABBY

You know what? It’s kinda true.

He searches in the Manifesto until he finds the quote:

FITZ

“Human beings are being permanently reduced to engineered products and mere cogs in the social machine.

Deprived of dignity, autonomy, and freedom.” The only option available to us is OBEDIENCE.

TABBY

Jesus. It’s like he knows what it’s like to work in the UTF.

She’s joking but she’s serious. Fitz flips through until he finds the paragraph.

FITZ

We're being turned into CAGED RATS—

And as we hear them talking, working it out, we CUT TO:

## INT. FCI DUBLIN (APRIL 1997)

Fitz descends into the depths of the maximum-security federal prison.

Fitz winds his way through the endless, degrading rituals to get inside. Wanded. Scanned. Patted down. Buzzed through airlocks. Searched again. ID'd, registered into a computer. Photographed. Badged. Watched and recorded on a hundred video screens.

FITZ (V.O. FROM 1995)

*Distracted from the maze by the meaningless cheese we're running after  
– status, promotion, money, nicer cars, bigger houses, more TVs... Blasted with  
entertainment, adjusted with therapy and Prozac... Until you don't even WANT to be  
free anymore. Or, if you can't be adjusted? If you refuse to be reduced to a cog?*

Fitz descending into the very heart of the prison.

FITZ (V.O. FROM 1995)

*The psych ward. Or – prison.*

Doors SLAM closed behind him.

## INT. FCI DUBLIN - PRISON MEETING ROOM (1997)

Repurposed as the FBI's and the prosecution's staging area. Packed with FBI agents and with document boxes. Some old faces are there – Ackerman, Cole, Genelli, PRENTISS.

Fitz pushes open the door and steps in. A stunned silence falls. They all stare at Fitz like he's a leper, or ghost.

FITZ (V.O. FROM 1995)

*And the only alternative, the only hope for us? The only way to break free? Is to  
blow the whole thing up.*

Prentiss and Fitz share a look. Prentiss nods. He knew Fitz would come. That he couldn't stay away. And we CUT TO:

## A SQUARE OF LUCID BLUE SKY. (1997)

A tiny black bird perched on a swaying pine branch. Pecking at a tiny pine cone. And then,

### TED KACZYNSKI

Watching the bird with gentle delight. Feeling the morning sun on his face, the cool breeze. He makes little “pee-wit” noises. The bird cocks his head, responds.

Then, we start zooming out – revealing that the tiny square of sky is hemmed in on all sides by razor wire, chickenwire, electric fences... And by brick walls, cement pillars...

And finally, the BARS on the window because we’re in

### INT. FCI DUBLIN - TED’S JAIL CELL - MORNING

The place looks like a library – papers stacked high, table covered in correspondence. Ted, the gentle librarian despite his orange jumpsuit. Whistling bird calls.

Maybe we were expecting Hannibal Lector, or a raving mad scientist. But Ted has a pleasant Midwestern accent and the manner of a genial small-town math teacher. Ted turns to see

JUDY CLARKE (40s) coming down the hall. Ted’s defense attorney. Jeans, floppy hair, an androgynous schoolmarm vibe. Carrying an armload of case files.

Ted’s whistling changes to HAPPY BIRTHDAY. He proudly holds up a BIRTHDAY CARD featuring a cartoon BIG-EYED PUPPY.

Judy smiles, embarrassed, as a GUARD lets her in Ted’s cell.

JUDY CLARKE

How’d you know?! Where’d you even find a card like this?

TED

Oh, I have my ways. I’m a pretty resourceful guy.

A twinkle in his eye. Judy Clarke smiles, shakes her head. Hiding a twinge of discomfort as she opens the card to see the long, handwritten note inside. Then, to business:

JUDY CLARKE

Ted. As your lawyer and your friend, I'm advising you. You should not go into that room, on camera, with an FBI agent.

Especially without me.

TED

Agent Fitzgerald and I are talking about *personal* things. That's all.

The guard approaches. Ted stands. Judy assents. Resigned.

JUDY CLARKE

Just be careful. Okay, Ted? And don't be afraid to ask for me, if you need me. I'm here for you.

Her hand on his arm. For a fraction of a second Ted FREEZES, a 14-year-old boy being touched by his crush. Then he smiles, turns to the cell door as it BUZZES open.

## **INT. FCI DUBLIN - PRISON OBSERVATION ROOM (1997)**

Monitors show the live video feed of the interrogation room.

The other agents hang back in silence. Fitz steps to the monitors. Staring at the live video feed as Ted is led in, sat at the table, uncuffed.

Ted looks up at the video camera. Fitz stares back. Cole comes up behind Fitz, whispering urgently –

COLE

We need this guilty plea so badly. He could turn this trial into a media circus– Just read our psychological assessment so you know what you're getting into here–

FITZ

*Psych assessment?* Do you have any idea how well I know this man?

PRENTISS (O.S.)

Yeah, but Fitz: He knows you, too.

Fitz turns. His old mentor, sitting there in the shadows. Prentiss waves the others off. Waits until they're alone, then takes Fitz by the shoulders. The old coach, talking to his boxer in the corner.

PRENTISS

Listen, Fitz. I think Ted asked for you because he recognized a kindred spirit. Play into that. Make him feel smart, understood, sympathized with. Build the connection, but stay opaque. Don't give him too much. He's gonna be probing you for weakness the whole time, looking for anything he can use against us.

Fitz nods. His game face on. The guard pokes his head in.

GUARD

Prisoner's ready.

PRENTISS

Get him talking, build connection, and then start steering around to the guilty plea. You're trying to help him, trying to save him from the electric chair. You're his only friend. Do it gently, don't spook him—but get him there. OK?

Prentiss claps Fitz's shoulders, sends him into the ring. Fitz pushes through the doors. Into

## **INT. FCI DUBLIN - INTERROGATION ROOM (1997)**

Ted looks up. Watching as Fitz steps to the table. The two men take each other in. Face to face at last.

TED

Agent Fitzgerald? I'm so glad to make your acquaintance. At last.

Fitz comes to the table. Sits across from Ted. And off Ted's cryptic smile, we CUT TO BLACK.

***END ACT FIVE***

# ACT SIX

## INT. FCI DUBLIN - INTERROGATION ROOM (1997)

Ted and Fitz, sitting across from each other. A silent beat, the two men just inspecting each other.

Then Fitz indicates the prison they're sitting in. Like – how did you end up in this shithole?

Ted looks around the dank interrogation room philosophically.

TED

Most people take their cage with them wherever they go. As long as I feel disgusted by this place, I know I'm still alive. Still free. In *here*.

Ted taps his head. Fitz considers him a moment. Then asks the question that brought him here:

FITZ

*Why me?*

TED

Why you? *You* wrote the document that put me in here.

FITZ

The document that put you in here? You wrote yourself.

Ted has a response, but decides to table it. For now.

TED

I'm becoming very familiar with your work. The product of great... imagination. What I really appreciate about you– most people take language for granted. The cage of

our thoughts, they don't even consider it. But you saw it differently. That's the first step toward becoming free. A shift in perspective.

(beat)

"Manifesto." I never liked that moniker, you know. Makes it sound... unconsidered. And you and I understand the power of words better than most.

"Manifesto" versus "article." "Insanity" versus "enlightenment." "Mental breakdown" versus "temporary leave without pay."

Fitz tries to hide his own surprise – but that one landed.

TED

You've had a... change of life circumstances. Since your work on the Unabom case. Am I wrong?

FITZ

Yeah. I have.

TED

Because of what I allegedly wrote?

FITZ

...Because of what you wrote. Yes.

Ted takes this in. Satisfaction on his face. That's all any author wants, after all. Ted pulls his chair closer.

TED

Just between us – what was the moment that it all clicked?

Fitz glances up at the cameras. Knowing that the people watching are willing him to say nothing. Ted, sensing this, offers something first:



TED

For me, it all started when I was living in Chicago. One day this mockingbird starts singing in my back yard. That puffed-up confidence, just belting out his song. And I realize – this mockingbird is singing the CAR ALARM. You know the one: *Beep- beeeep- beeeep...neenur- neenur- neenur... mnnrp- mnnrp-mnnrp...whoop- whooop...* I sat listening to that poor stupid bird for an hour straight. Thinking... how *wrong* that was. It stuck with me. I kept coming back to it. Trying to figure out where the world went wrong, that it ended up HERE.

Fitz gets it, on a deep level. He considers Ted for a long moment. Glances at the mirror. And then – *Fuck it.*

For me? The moment it clicked? It was the part about DRIVING. Ted smiles. Nods. An author's pride.

FITZ

Every time I got into the car, I thought about it. And the more I drove, the more it started making sense. Then, there was this one night

–

As Fitz continues, we SEE the night he's describing:

## **A STREET OUTSIDE SAN FRANCISCO - LATE AT NIGHT (JUNE 1995)**

The streets are completely empty. Fitz, the only car on the road, stopped at an intersection. Staring at the RED LIGHT.

FITZ (V.O.)

*I was coming home from work. And there's nobody on the road, I mean NOBODY. And I'm sitting there at a red light. For no reason. And I'm waiting and waiting as all the lights click through and there's no other cars anywhere. But still I sat there. And obeyed.*

Another car pulls up across the empty intersection from Fitz. The driver's face blank, obedient. Neither he nor Fitz even *considers* going. They just sit there. Pointlessly obeying.

FITZ (V.O.)

*And that's when I realized: it's not really about technology, about the machines. It's about what they're doing to our hearts. Our hearts are no longer free.*

Fitz waits. Waits. The light clicks to green, and he obediently GOES.

## **BACK IN THE FCI DUBLIN - INTERROGATION ROOM (1997)**

TED

You wanted to be free. To have human dignity, autonomy. Everyone wants that. They want it so badly they're dying by the thousands every day, just trying to salvage their humanity.

Think about this: more people died from suicide in just the time we've been talking here than I allegedly killed in my whole career. More people died from their antidepressants... from plastic surgery! Think about that! So why is the whole world terrified of ME? Why are these people so desperate to prove that I'm crazy?

(gesturing at the CAMERAS)

Because they know I'm RIGHT. And they're terrified that they might wake up, too, and have to turn off their TVs and put away their cell phones and video games and FACE THEMSELVES. The way you and I did.

That hangs out there like an extended hand. Fitz, after a long moment:

FITZ

You and I... Yeah. *You and I.*

And the way he says it, he means—he and Ted are a TEAM. Ted gives a slight smile. Fitz sees an opportunity and goes in:

FITZ

Ted. I came here because I believe in what you wrote. You asked *me* here because you need an ally. To help keep you alive, so you can spread your message. So you can change things, really change things. I've gone through all your options. And a guilty plea is—

Ted pushes back from the table. Disappointed. Miffed.

TED

I was enjoying this. I can talk about “my options” with any one of those Barbary Apes watching through the camera. I thought *you* were better than that.

Ted just shakes his head. And walks to the door.

TED

Next time you might bring some stamps and some writing paper.

They’re so stingy here and I have so much correspondence, it’s really quite overwhelming.

And then the guards come and Ted’s gone.

## **ON THE GRAINY B&W VIDEO FEED**

Fitz, alone in the locked room. And off this, we cut to:

## **A MOCKINGBIRD**

Singing the CAR ALARM from atop a telephone pole.

*Beep-beep-beep...neenur-neenur-neenur...mnnrp-mnnrp- mnnrp...whoop-whoop...*

## **INT. FITZ’S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - NIGHT (1995)**

Still trashed from 101. Fitz talks with Ellie on the phone. He’s not listening. He’s reading THE MANIFESTO as she talks.

ELLIE’S VOICE

When would be a good time for you? I already talked to Ken about taking the

days, Nancy can cover for me, Mom will watch the boys. So just tell me when to buy tickets and get those bread bowls ready.

FITZ

Um, right. Great. Sorry, what? I missed something.

ELLIE'S VOICE

...Why don't you call me back. When I won't be just talking to myself.

FITZ

No, I'm listening! I am. I just got... Yeah, your visit-

Ellie HANGS UP. Fitz turns right back to the Manifesto. Drawn deep into it. And we get the eerie sense that this is *everything he needs...*

## **OUT ON HIS APARTMENT BALCONY - LATER**

The whole matrix of roads, lights, traffic signs.

A single car, the only one on the road. Not moving. Stopped at a red light.

Waiting. Waiting. The longest red light in the world.

Then, finally, the driver gives up. And speeds right through the red light. Off into the night.

Fitz watches. Sees a PLANE overhead. Flashing lights and a dim contrail. Which takes us to -

## **INT. UTF - ACKERMAN'S OFFICE - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING**

Cole grabs Fitz in the hall, pulls him into Ackerman's office. Inside, Ackerman and Genelli are hunched over the SPEAKERPHONE. Cole points to the speaker, mouths "RENO."

JANET RENO (SPEAKERPHONE)

*We've looked at the FAA reports, LAPD and Airport briefings, and read the material S.A.C. Ackerman sent.*

Ackerman points to Fitz - mouths "YOUR material."

Fitz sits up. Gulps. Oh God. HIS material. They're all looking at him. Waiting on Reno's word from on high.

JANET RENO (SPEAKERPHONE)

*Based on what we've seen, AG's office is good to sign off on re-opening LAX. How about you, Bill?*

FAA CHIEF (SPEAKERPHONE)

*F.A.A. is good with that.*

POLICE CHIEF (SPEAKERPHONE)

*LAPD here. We're going to confirm that from our end. I'll get the green light to flight control.*

Ackerman reaches out and squeezes Fitz's shoulder.

LAX FLIGHT CONTROL (SPEAKERPHONE)

*Flight control. I see the green light here, good to re-open runways. First planes should be up momentarily.*

ACKERMAN

This is Ackerman, can I stay on with you, Flight Control?

LAX FLIGHT CONTROL (SPEAKERPHONE)

*Affirmative, Ackerman.*

Genelli mutes the line, turns to Ackerman.

GENELLI

Unabom device that almost blew up American flight 444 was triggered by an altimeter. Set to explode when the plane hit 20,000 feet.

Ackerman nods. Grim.

Over the speakerphone, lots of indistinct airport chatter as the planes start to taxi, take off.

Then, we hear FLIGHT CONTROL updating:

LAX FLIGHT CONTROL (SPEAKERPHONE)

*American Flight 7 is airborne.*

The four men are leaning on the desk around the speakerphone. The tension is unbearable.

Fitz is being crushed under the burden. His hands clenched, white. Sinking down into a chair, his whole body rigid.

Barely breathing as the other planes get airborne:

LAX FLIGHT CONTROL (SPEAKERPHONE)  
*United 732, airborne. TWA one niner niner, airborne.  
KLM two zero six.*

## BACK IN ACKERMAN'S OFFICE

The men barely breathe as the planes report in, all jumbled and overlapping:

PILOT 1 (SPEAKERPHONE)  
This is American flight 7, we're climbing to 15,000 feet.

PILOT 2 (SPEAKERPHONE)  
...climbing to 20,000...

LAX FLIGHT CONTROL (SPEAKERPHONE)  
Check in, Uniform seven?

PILOT 3 (SPEAKERPHONE)  
*...we're approaching 10,000...*

PILOT 1 (SPEAKERPHONE)  
*American Flight 7, we're at 25,000... Reaching cruising  
altitude now.*

PILOT 1 (SPEAKERPHONE)  
*... And we're all clear. All clear.*

The agents collapse in somber relief.

ACKERMAN  
Loud and clear. Thank God.

Fitz just hides his face in his hands. Catching his breath. The feeling isn't elation. Instead, a horrible nauseating realization that he's gotten in way, way over his head.

Ackerman sits next to Fitz. His hand on the back of Fitz's neck. Paternal. He understands Fitz's feeling.

ACKERMAN

You made the right call.

FITZ

I shouldn't have— I mean, all those people on those planes— Based on what? On some letters... Some glue... It was...

ACKERMAN

But it was the *right call*.

Fitz looks at Ackerman. A silent acknowledgement between them. Newfound respect, in both directions.

ACKERMAN

You really think you can get something good out of the Manifesto? Something worthwhile?

FITZ

Yeah. Yeah, I think so.

ACKERMAN

Okay. I'm giving you an office. A team if you want it.

Fitz leans back. Rubs at his face. Exhales. Still coming down off the emotional roller coaster.

Maybe you'll even read the Manifesto now?

ACKERMAN

(laughing)

I will. We all will. I actually tried to already.

(as Cole scoffs)

I did! But... I wish he'd just say what he means. End-notes, those dense sentences... It's like, who writes like this?

And on Fitz's face – a sudden idea. His mind churning...

ACKERMAN

What?

FITZ

*Who writes like this?*

ACKERMAN

Yeah, that's what I- What is it? Fitz?

The light spreads on Fitz's face. An epiphany.

Fitz leaps up and is out the door. The chiefs all watching him go in astonishment. And then a moment later –

## **INT. UTF - AN EMPTY BASEMENT OFFICE**

Fitz writes in huge letters on a whiteboard – *W U D D E R*.

He turns to Tabby, who's in the doorway, carrying file boxes of her stuff into their new office. Ernie, the nerdy lab tech, right behind her. On the team now too.

They look at Fitz for an explanation. In response, Fitz underlines *WUDDER*.

FITZ

When I say “wudder” you learn everything about me. Philly, blue collar, local schools, never left Pennsylvania. Right? Or when you say “bruh,” you can only be from San Francisco.

(holds up the Manifesto)

What if there's a “wudder” in here? Or a “bruh”?

TABBY

I mean... How would we even start to look for that

FITZ

I don't know. Read it again? TABBY And then what?  
(off his look) Oh boy. Get some coffee on, bruh.

Fitz grins. And then we CUT TO BLACK.

***END OF EPISODE***



## **Ep. 3: Fruit of the Poisonous Tree**

Episode 103  
“Fruit of the Poisonous Tree”  
Written By Max Hurwitz  
2nd NETWORK DRAFT 09/14/16

# ACT ONE

## INT. FCI DUBLIN - MEETING ROOM - DAY (1997)

EVIDENCE PHOTOS pinned to the wall. The aftermath of a bombing. We see a suburban kitchen. Broken tile. Shrapnel.

“EPSTEIN BOMBING, 1993” at the top of the board.

FITZ is alone in the room. Taking evidence photos from a folder, pinning them to the walls. Destruction, fragmented into a hundred micro-views. He holds on one strange photo:

A bowl of Lucky Charms spilled on the floor. And, among the horseshoes, rainbows, and clovers – a SEVERED FINGER.

And the “JEOPARDY” theme takes us to:

## INT. EPSTEIN LIVING ROOM - TIBURON, CA - DAY (JUNE 22, 1993)

THAT SAME BOWL OF LUCKY CHARMS, minus finger, being eaten by JOANNA EPSTEIN, 15, Hello Kitty PJs. Hitting summer break *hard*. In the plush living room of a seaside house.

Through the bay window, she sees a Porsche convertible pause at the mailbox, then pull into the garage. A moment later,

DR. CHARLES EPSTEIN (late 50s, a gentle soul) comes in. Sifting through the mail. A BROWN PADDED ENVELOPE among the bills and catalogues.

DR. EPSTEIN

Hey cutie! Make sure to rotate or you'll get bedsores.

EPSTEIN'S DAUGHTER

Hey, I walked to the fridge and back TWICE today.

Epstein chuckles and rounds the corner –

## INT. EPSTEIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (1993)

Epstein's wife, LOIS (mid-50s, business casual), buzzes around the kitchen. Epstein drops the mail on the table. Joanna pads in after him, refills her Lucky Charms bowl.

DR. EPSTEIN

What's on the menu tonight?

LOIS EPSTEIN

Soup, I guess. I just got back from the lab three minutes ago.

(off the padded envelope:) That from Talbot's?

Joanna picks up the envelope, turns it over.

JOANNA

It's for dad. Feels like a video.

DR. EPSTEIN

People have been sending things since the Times article.

LOIS EPSTEIN

Do I need to be worried about all this fan mail?

Lois disappears into the pantry. Epstein yells after her –

DR. EPSTEIN

Depends on how the soup turns out.

JOANNA

Gross, dad! Are you seriously joking about having an affair?

Joanna tosses the package to her dad. Takes her bowl back to

## THE LIVING ROOM

She plops back down in front of the TV. She can see half of her dad in the kitchen from around the doorjamb. He inspects the package. Steps out of sight as he pulls the tab.

Then out of nowhere – **BOOM!** A FLASH of light – windows SHATTER – the TV goes BLACK –

JOANNA Dad? DAD?!

She rushes to the KITCHEN. It's a smoking WAR ZONE – walls BLACKENED, tile smashed– the fridge, dented and pock-marked–

And, sitting on the ground ten feet away, her FATHER. His face black and bloody. He looks around uncomprehendingly.

Joanna just STARES. Then her mother comes running in from the pantry, screaming–

LOIS

Charlie– Charlie?!

Epstein speaks GIBBERISH. Reaches for the counter to pull himself up. Misses. Then realizes– he has NO FINGERS. He stares at his own mangled finger-less hand– mute horror–

Joanna stumbles back. STEPS on something squishy – looks down – it's one of her dad's SEVERED FINGERS. She drops the cereal bowl and SCREAMS –

On the floor, the severed finger and the Lucky Charms.

## INT. FCI DUBLIN - MEETING ROOM - DAY (1997)

The evidence photo of the cereal and the finger. Now, ALL FOUR WALLS are covered in EVIDENCE PHOTOS from the bombing we just saw. Every piece of shrapnel, every scrap of envelope, every piece of the bomb. A panorama of destruction.

Fitz circles the room, lost in this fragmented forest of destruction. Muttering to himself, working out his strategy.

PRENTISS

You've built your connection. He knows you can talk about his ideas, you're his EQUAL. That he made the right call when he asked to speak to YOU and only YOU.

Only now do we realize that PRENTISS and COLE are in the room with him. His coaches, prepping him for the fight. Fitz nods as they talk, but keeps circling. Two steps ahead of Prentiss, already practicing his speech.

COLE

Now turn it. No more theories, no more feelings. Hit him hard with the facts. Make him understand that he's about to be BURIED under a mountain of hard evidence. Going to trial will be suicide.

Fitz nods. Still circling, still scanning the photos.

FITZ

Control. He's desperate for control. That's where I get him.

PRENTISS

He thinks going to trial will give him that control. Make him understand that we OWN the courtroom. The only thing that gives him wiggle room is a guilty plea.

Fitz nods. Starts GRABBING PHOTOS off the wall. Game face on. Ready to rumble.

## **OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM**

Fitz, carrying his thick file folder, takes a moment outside the door. Deep breaths. Getting focused. Getting psyched up. Then he pushes the door open and steps inside.

## **IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

Cole and Prentiss sit in front of the TV monitors. Watching on the live feed as Fitz enters the room where Ted waits.

COLE

Here we go.

## IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Metal bolts THUNK into place behind Fitz. Locking him in. Ted looks up at him. Gives a polite smile, nods a greeting.

TED

You didn't happen to bring me those stamps, did you?

Fitz, not sitting down. Moving, circling. Laser-focused.

FITZ

You ever think about what you leave behind, as you move through the world?

TED

Like, 'Leave your campsite cleaner than when you found it?' My dad made me join Boy Scouts. Thought it would help me make friends. It didn't. But I did learn to leave my campsite cleaner than when I found it. But what does that matter if the next day a logging company comes in and chops the whole forest down?

Fitz doesn't take the bait, doesn't get sucked in. Staying on target:

FITZ

I mean it very literally: all the things you've left behind. In the Charles Epstein bombing, say.

You hadn't sent a bomb in six years, and then on June 19th, 1993, a man in Tiburon opens a brown padded envelope and his whole torso is ripped apart.

TED

(after a moment:)

I think I read about that in the newspaper. A geneticist, right?

FITZ

When a man interacts with the world, he leaves traces everywhere. Every action, every step, you've been shedding clues. Not just one. Not just two. Hundreds, THOUSANDS.

Fitz plunks the thick file folder onto the table. It holds a thick stack of evidence photos. Fitz pats it.

FITZ

We have a WAREHOUSE of evidence, Ted. Practically an AIRPLANE HANGAR.

And then we SEE:

## THE EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE (1997)

An enormous warehouse. White-gloved technicians walk the endless rows of tables covered in white paper. Dream-like.

All the UNABOM evidence, every single scrap of material from every bombing, every scrap taken from Ted's cabin, is all laid out on the tables. Every screw, every splinter, painstakingly catalogued and labeled.

FITZ (V.O.)

Your trigger switch. Precise, unique. Made by hand.

As Fitz talks, we see the **EPSTEIN HOUSE** as FBI CRIME-SCENE INVESTIGATORS comb the scene after the bombing... Gloved hands pull a BURNED TRIGGER MECHANISM from the wreckage.

FITZ (V.O.)

Forensics recovered it virtually intact at the scene. And we found an identical switch in your cabin.

Gloved hands pick up a PRISTINE TRIGGER MECHANISM from a table **INSIDE TED'S CABIN**.

Everything in the cabin is in extreme close-up – seeing individual pieces of evidence but not the cabin's interior.

**IN THE EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE**, white gloves place the pristine CABIN SWITCH on the white table, right next to the burned EPSTEIN SWITCH.



## **BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM,**

Fitz drops photos of recovered switch mechanisms in front of Ted. Photos from the cabin, from the bomb site, then matched side-by-side in the evidence warehouse.

Fitz deals out more photos from the same series, throwing them down like trump cards onto the table in front of Ted.

FITZ

Wire clippings. Springs. Copper pipe. Scrap aluminum.  
All matched.

**INSIDE TED'S CABIN**, white gloves retrieve scraps of wire from between the floorboards. Add them to a box containing more metal fragments.

**IN THE EPSTEIN HOUSE**, white gloves find pieces of singed wire embedded in the walls. The pipe that contained the explosives, blown open.

**IN THE WAREHOUSE**, white gloves lay them all out on the tables. Everything matched two-by-two. A Noah's Ark of evidence. More photos – FLASH FLASH FLASH...

## **IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM**

The pile of 8x12 glossies in front of Ted is growing. Evidence building up, becoming impossible to controvert. Fitz, gaining momentum now, hammering him.

FITZ

And... STAMPS. From the Epstein package. From your cabin.

## **IN TED'S CABIN (1993)**

In close-up, we see TED sitting at his bomb-making table, wearing gloves, closing the lid of a wooden box the size of a VHS tape. Slipping it into a brown padded envelope, then affixing the ADDRESS LABEL and the STAMPS.

**IN THE EPSTEIN HOUSE**, the technicians pull bloody paper fragments off the wall. The shredded address label. The blood-stained \$1 Eugene O'Neill stamps.

## IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Ted looks at the photos of Eugene O'Neill stamps. Identical.

FITZ

You spent three days traveling by bus from Lincoln, Montana, so you could mail the package in San Francisco. You thought using cash was enough to make you invisible?

## ON A GREYHOUND BUS (1993)

Ted rides the bus, his small duffel on his lap. Other passengers give him sidelong looks.

## A PUBLIC BATHROOM

Ted shaves his beard to a goatee. He grabs a bottle of HAIR DYE and soon his beard and hair are dirty blonde.

## ON A SAN FRANCISCO STREET CORNER (1993)

Ted's gloved hands drop the BROWN PADDED ENVELOPE into the mailbox. Checks to be sure it went down. When he turns to leave, we see his DISGUISE – big sunglasses, parted blonde hair, gum under his lip and in his cheeks.

FITZ (V.O.)

We found six pairs of sunglasses at your cabin. A few fake mustaches. Your own journal entries logging your disguises.

All that evidence lands in the **EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE**. And then the PHOTOS of it all land

## **IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM**

In front of Ted. Ted is overwhelmed by the pile of EVIDENCE PHOTOS. Fitz keeps dealing them out, photo after photo:

FITZ

All the chemical components of the explosive mixture.  
The epoxy you used for the box. The typewriter you  
used for the address label.

The carbon paper, RECEIPTS for the carbon paper...  
And when Ted looks down at the huge mound of photos, it's like he's standing in

## **THE EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE**

In all its glory. Ted looks around the room. DWARFED by it. Table after table, in every direction, covered in evidence.

## **BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM (1997)**

FITZ

Ted. I don't know what you think is out there for you.  
But they have ten thousand pieces of evidence that tie  
you to Unabom. They only need ONE to convict you.

Fitz sits at the table now. Talking with total sincerity. Friend to friend. We can see Ted starting to waver.

FITZ

You're about to be buried under a mountain of evidence.  
All your autonomy goes out the window on Day One of  
your trial.

## **IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

Cole and Prentiss are on the edge of their seats.

PRENTISS

There we go... steady now...

## BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

FITZ

You asked to talk to ME because I understand you. I WANT you to change the world. I WANT you to start a revolution. But if you try to fight this? You lose control of everything in your life. You are a helpless cog in the machine of justice. Until they strap you down to the electric chair.

(beat. Lets that land.)

Right now, you have an option that will give you some bargaining power. But only one.

Ted nods. Looks up at Fitz, deep concern on his brow.

TED

You mean... plead guilty?

FITZ

(off the evidence photos) This is for just one bomb. There were fifteen others we haven't even talked about. Trust me. That's all there is.

Ted stares at the photos. Considering. And then – he nods.

TED

... Okay. I'll do it.

## IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

Cole and Prentiss stare at each other. Then CHEER.

COLE

Holy shit. That's my boy! He friggin nailed it!

## BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Fitz reacts to this breakthrough. Doesn't quite know what to say. He reaches out to touch Ted's arm. A gesture of reassurance: "We're in this together."

TED

Except. There's one thing I wanted to ask you, Agent Fitzgerald.

You've been so helpful walking me through what evidence the FBI has. And you've confirmed for me something I've suspected for a long time but could never get a straight answer to.

Fitz freezes— what does Ted mean? He glances at the camera.

TED

Correct me if I'm wrong. But it seems to me that there's no forensic evidence WHATSOEVER tying me to these heinous crimes, EXCEPT what you found in my cabin.

FITZ

Ted. We have so much evidence, of every type, specificity—

TED

Let me phrase it another way. If you threw out all the evidence you found inside my cabin... You'd have nothing left. Correct?

Fitz starts to realize what's happening – PANIC in his eyes.

TED

It's all on the table now. You just laid it all out for me. Why do you think I brought you here?

Ted shoves the photos aside, PLUNKS a document on the table.

TED

This is the search warrant YOU wrote. Based on your linguistic analysis.

This is what got you into my cabin. The prosecution's entire case rests on this ONE document. YOUR document.

Fitz stares. On the cover of the search warrant, his own name: SPECIAL AGENT JAMES R. FITZGERALD.

The Search Warrant is worn, dog-eared, post-it notes protruding from every side. The subject of hours and hours of analysis. Eerily like Fitz's copy of the Manifesto.

## **IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

Cole and Prentiss are freaking out –

COLE

What's he doing? Shit. SHIT!

## **BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM**

TED

I thought we could talk about something I learned recently. It's called Fruit of the Poisonous Tree. That's the option you forgot to mention: I get all that evidence thrown out. And *walk away. A free man.*

Fitz, PINNED to his chair. TERROR in his eyes. And off Ted's grin, we CUT TO BLACK.

***END OF ACT ONE***

# ACT TWO

## INT. FCI DUBLIN - INTERROGATION ROOM (1997)

Ted stands over the table, drills Fitz with his eyes. Fitz, seated, tries to keep his terror in check. The well-thumbed SEARCH WARRANT on the table between them.

TED

The only evidence that connects me to the Unabom attacks was found INSIDE MY CABIN. The only reason the FBI was legally allowed to SEARCH the cabin was because of YOUR search warrant.

And if that search warrant was issued on false pretenses, or based on arguments that fail to meet the burden of proof? All the evidence found is considered “Fruit of the Poisonous Tree” – it’s tainted, and has to be thrown out. So if this search warrant goes...

And for a moment, we see the **EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE**—and all the evidence begins to FADE AWAY. Items disappear one by one...

TED (V.O.)

All those mountains of evidence simply... disappear.

## BACK IN THE ROOM —

TED

The WHOLE CASE depends on the evidence from the cabin. The evidence from the cabin depends on the search warrant.

The search warrant depends on ‘forensic linguistics.’ Which YOU invented. James R. Fitzgerald.

(as Fitz splutters—)

There is no precedent in all legal history for a search warrant based on LINGUISTIC ANALYSIS. So the question I place before the court: Do we trust that THIS MAN is SO EXPERT that we trust his invention, his analysis? Where did you get your formal training in linguistics? Your Ph.D.? Your Master's?

The majority of your lawenforcement career was spent on the graffiti squad of a small-town police department, correct? (as Fitz stammers—) Would you say that being able to read graffiti counts as linguistic training? And we haven't even gotten to the CONTENT of this warrant yet! Perhaps you'd like to see my ANNOTATIONS—

And Ted reaches into his BRIEF BOX and pulls out STACKS OF PAPERS – page after page of his own handwritten notes – And he THROWS them onto the table in front of Fitz, his own MOUNTAIN OF IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE.

FITZ

(SHOUTING, desperate–)

But I was RIGHT! I found you, I caught you–

COLE (O.S.)

*FITZ! Get out of here!*

The door BUZZES OPEN and Cole and Prentiss rush in, followed by two PRISON GUARDS and Judy Clarke.

FITZ

I was RIGHT! I WAS RIGHT!!

Guards YANK Ted up out of his chair. But he keeps SHOUTING:

TED

IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU'RE RIGHT!

If they don't believe in YOU, they can't trust the WARRANT. And if they can't trust the warrant I WALK OUT OF HERE! EVERYTHING YOU'VE TOUCHED IS TAINTED! *YOU ARE THE POISONOUS TREE, FITZGERALD!*

Fitz takes this like a punch in the gut.



All around him is CHAOS. Judy Clarke screams at the guards as Cole screams at her. Until the guards finally wrestle Ted and Judy Clarke out of the room. And Cole SLAMS the door.

Sudden silence. Cole and Prentiss look at Fitz, aghast. Fitz's face says: TED IS RIGHT. And: FITZ IS FUCKED.

And for just a moment, we see FITZ inside that **EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE**. Every scrap of evidence has disappeared. It's an empty warehouse, endless tables draped in ghostly white. And Fitz is all alone in the darkness. And then we CUT TO:

## **INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY (JULY 1995)**

The dingy basement room we saw at the end of 102. Now lived- in and littered with papers, wrappers, coffee cups.

Every wall is covered in white boards. Fitz's huge, underlined "WUDDER" still occupies pride of place.

Around it, the beginnings of various lists: MISTAKES, CAPS/UNDERLINE, KEY CONCEPTS, "IMPRESS" WORDS, VARIANT SPELLINGS, CITED TEXTS. A few examples are scrawled under each, but they clearly have a long way to go.

On another whiteboard, Cole's PROFILE from the pilot: "30-40 yrs old," "No higher ed," "Fmr airline employee/mechanic," "Born/raised Ohio." "SF Bay Area." Question marks drawn next to each of these items.

Fitz, TABBY, and ERNIE are all deep in their work. Laboring in silence under the fluorescent lights.

Fitz is reading the Manifesto for the hundredth time. His copy is ragged, worn, marked-up, flagged.

And we come to rest on Fitz's face just as he LIGHTS UP.

Sits upright. Reads the paragraphs once more to be sure. And then LEAPS out of his chair. A HUGE smile on his face.

FITZ

I found a mistake! An actual mistake!

Tabby and Ernie look up at him. Fitz is unduly excited.

FITZ

Paragraph 185: "As for the negative consequences of eliminating industrial society- well, you can't eat your cake and have it too." "EAT your cake and HAVE it too"? It's backwards!

He writes it on the whiteboard. Tabby and Ernie stare blankly.

FITZ

Why aren't you cheering? We're looking for mistakes. I found our first real mistake! TABBY Okay, cool. But what does it tell us about the Unabomber?

Fitz is silent. Nothing.

TABBY

We're looking for a "wudder," right? A mistake that tells us WHO HE IS, where he comes from.

FITZ

Thank you for quoting ME telling YOU what we're doing.

TABBY

What crawled up your butt and died?

FITZ

What do you think! I cash in all my chips to get a Special Project, an office, a team. And now we're two weeks in and what do we have? NOTHING.

TABBY

Well *I* have something. Paragraph 11, check it out yo!

She goes to the whiteboard. Writes: "BROAD" "CHICK" "NEGRO".

FITZ

Those aren't mistakes.

TABBY

Someone calls me a "broad"? That's a mistake. One they would not make a second time.

ERNIE

“Negro” get your ass kicked.

TABBY

Ernie, you’re a nerd.

ERNIE

Wanna test a negro? Huh, broad?

Tabby snorts a laugh. Fitz stands at the board. Gears turning on “broad,” “chick,” “Negro.” He’s getting excited.

FITZ

Huh. Yes. Wow. This is good. You look at this, it’s generational. My dad talks like this. But nobody age thirty-five to forty would. Right?

ERNIE

Correct. So what are we saying?

Fitz goes to the whiteboard. To where the PROFILE is listed. Strikes out the old age range. “35-40.” Writes “OLDER?”.

FITZ

Also, if he’s using these words, he probably doesn’t spend much time around black people. Or women.

ERNIE

He can’t live in San Francisco proper, then.

TABBY

Though every letter and every package was mailed from here.

FITZ

Huh. Yeah. Maybe... In a suburb? Within driving distance, but...

Ernie and Tabby shrug. Could be. But they're at a dead end, and they all can feel it. Fitz plops down at the table.

FITZ

Okay. What have we got? Give me all the language clues we've found in the Manifesto.

ERNIE

Well, okay. Negro, chick, broad. "Eat your cake," though I don't know where that gets us.

TABBY

The long sentences, the formal style. Trying to sound smart.

FITZ

The variant spellings—not wrong, just unusual. Wilful, analyse.

TABBY

Plus the numbered paragraphs, numbered endnotes. A "Corrections" page. "Works Cited" page. It's a weird format.

FITZ

OK, what does *that* tell us?

TABBY

I dunno. It's formatted weird. (off Fitz's annoyance:)

Dude, what do you want? We've been looking for "wudder," there's no "wudder"! It was an awesome idea, we gave it a shot. But discretion is the better part of valor. I don't want to be the next Stamp Guy. He's off interviewing Eugene O'Neill's grandkids' dog-walker.

And his career's OVER. Because he didn't know when to say Uncle.

Fitz slumps. They're right. He flips through his Manifesto, but it's so worn-through that the last few pages flutter off.

Fitz stoops to pick them up. Then double-takes. They're the Manifesto's "WORKS CITED" pages. A list of AUTHORS' NAMES. A lightbulb goes off. He turns to Tabby and Ernie.

FITZ

Maybe we should call in the experts.

***END ACT TWO***

# ACT THREE

## INT. UTF - BRIEFING ROOM – DAY

Close on: A UNABOMBER PACKAGE traveling down the conveyor belt in an enormous mail facility. Then, HANDS pull the package out of the mail stream. A WOMAN holds the package up and turns directly to camera. We realize: we're in a US POSTAL SERVICE TRAINING VIDEO.

### WOMAN ON THE VIDEO

*This package has all the characteristics of suspicious mail. It's easy to remember what to look for – just think "SLAP."*

A BAD 90s GRAPHIC illustrates the acronym –

### WOMAN ON THE VIDEO

*Distinctive Shape, Labels, Address features, and Postage...*

The TRAINING VIDEO is playing on a TV in the conference room. BURKHARDT, the USPS Inspector from 102, stands nervously by the TV. This video is his brainchild.

Ackerman is half-watching the video, while Fitz pitches him:

### FITZ

We bring together the authors mentioned in the Manifesto, guys he actually QUOTED. And reps from all the disciplines he mentions: History of Science, Poli Sci, Comparative Linguistics. A panel of experts. We give them copies of the Manifesto, get them all in one room for a day. Maybe one of them will recognize the writing style or the ideas. He could have been one of their students, even. It'll be like a human version of Genelli's MPP, looking for connections.

## WOMAN ON THE VIDEO

*With your help, we can keep America safe. Just remember Shape, Labels, Addresses, Postage – and when the Unabomber comes to call, we're gonna SLAP him down!*

IN THE VIDEO: The Unabomber (wearing hoodie and sunglasses) tries to hand the woman a package, and she SLAPS it out of his hands. Freeze-frame as the crappy credits muzak plays.

Ackerman rubs his temples.

ACKERMAN

Total dogcrap.

BURKHARDT

It's a government training video. We can't expect Spielberg. And if USPS intercepts ONE Unabom package–

ACKERMAN

I know, I know. It's good. Nice work. Get it to USPS to distribute.

(turning to Fitz)

I assume you're pitching this because you don't have anything concrete to give me.

FITZ

We're making progress. But if we put trained experts on this I'm confident–

ACKERMAN

Do it for under five grand, and you better get something concrete to show for it. Jesus, anyone have an Advil?

## INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

Fitz welcomes the ACADEMICS: an assortment of oddballs and misfits. Lots of glasses, crazy hair, and tweed. They're all men in their 60s. EXCEPT –

*NATALIE SCHILLING*. THE Natalie Schilling. Fitz shakes her hand, hiding his surprise. But we can see him wonder – how'd a woman like *this* end up *here*?

# INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY – LATER

Fitz addresses the room. Everyone seated around the table.

FITZ

Some of you were cited in the Manifesto, some of you study the disciplines mentioned in it. We thought you might recognize the ideas, the language.

Someone you've worked with, maybe a student?

HISTORY OF SCIENCE PROFESSOR

If *my* student wrote like this he'd be out of the program. There's no way this guy'd pass peer review.

POLI SCI PROFESSOR

You could scrape by writing like this in the hard sciences, maybe.

HISTORY OF SCIENCE PROFESSOR

Oh please. Just because our fields are actually *substantive*. Besides, the work coming out of YOUR department hasn't been publishable in twenty years.

And suddenly the whole table erupts in SQUABBING CROSS-TALK. Petty rivalries breaking out, sniping at each other. Fitz looks from speaker to speaker. Dismayed. Natalie cuts through the din:

NATALIE

Well I have a question. Did this come with a "Corrections" page appended to the front?

FITZ

Yeah, actually, it did.

NATALIE

And was it called "Corrections" or "Errata"?



HISTORY OF SCIENCE PROFESSOR

(withering sarcasm:) Leave it to the Comparative Linguist to focus on what's relevant! The Unabomber got one thing right – did you all see Note 88: “Some scientific work has no conceivable relation to the welfare of the human race: comparative linguistics, for example.”

Laughter around the table. Natalie turns red, shrinks into the back corner. Fitz catches her gaze. They share a sympathetic look. As the BICKERING breaks out again – now arguing about whose field is the most irrelevant. It's over.

**INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY -  
LATER**

Fitz just sits there, shell-shocked, as the Academics pack up. They all seem pleased with their day.

HISTORY OF SCIENCE PROFESSOR

So who do we see for our per diem?

Ackerman sticks his head in on his way out of the office.

ACKERMAN

Good stuff today?

Fitz manages a weak thumbs-up.

ACKERMAN

Fill me in first thing tomorrow.

Ackerman heads out. Fitz looks around the empty room. It's trashed, piled with wrappers and soda cans. Shakes his head. Then starts cleaning up the garbage the Academics left.

NATALIE (O.S.)

Excuse me?

Fitz turns. Natalie at the door. He goes back to cleaning.

FITZ

You can pick up your check downstairs. Just tell them at the front desk—

NATALIE

No. I'm not— I just never got an answer. Is that page called "Errata" or "Corrections"?

Fitz stops cleaning up. Takes a long look at her.

FITZ

Corrections. Um. Why, exactly?

Natalie smiles. She comes into the room, takes a copy of the Manifesto off the table. Pulls out the brads, starts laying the pages out onto the tabletop.

NATALIE

Because — look at the format!

FITZ

It's weird.

NATALIE

To YOU it's weird. But to me — numbered paragraphs, the numbered endnotes, a corrections page? It's a DISSERTATION. This used to be standard formatting for a Ph.D.

FITZ

You're kidding me. But I asked everyone about the format, and—

NATALIE

That's the thing! Modern dissertations look totally different. Word processors changed everything. But I'm, whatever, I'm a nerd, I read a lot of older papers. And I notice these things. And these endnotes? This style was only used before 1972-ish, when they switched to footnotes.

Fitz looks at Natalie. Like he's struck gold.

FITZ

And the corrections page?

NATALIE

Was called "Errata" before 1967.

Fitz and Natalie look at the spread of papers on the table. Then at each other. They're BOTH excited. Jamming now –

FITZ

Meaning – this guy learned this formatting between 1967 and 1972.

NATALIE

More than that – only Ph.D. candidates learned this style. And if he's still using this exact format twenty-some years later–

FITZ

Then he must've written a dissertation. Right? He must have written a dissertation...

FITZ AND NATALIE (AT THE EXACT SAME  
TIME:)

...between 1967 and 1972!

They look at each other. Grin. This is fucking ELECTRIC.

NATALIE

Comparative linguistics. Not as useless as the Un-abomber thinks.

FITZ

Hey. I'm not allowed to do this. But do you have a minute?

Natalie bites her lip. Lead on...

## IN THE UTF HALLWAY

Fitz checks both ways – all clear. Everyone’s gone home. He beckons for Natalie to follow him. Natalie GIGGLES, follows him around a corner –

Then, VOICES – and Fitz grabs Natalie’s hand and pulls her into a doorway just before a bunch of OTHER AGENTS come around the corner. A moment later, they dive into

THE DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM

Both of them laughing, punchy after their long day. Then Natalie sees THE WHITE-BOARDS and her eyes light up.

NATALIE Wow. WOW...

She looks at Fitz. Then at the boards. Her face aglow. This is EXCITING... the scene kicks into double-speed, sparking off each other, finishing each other’s sentences–

FITZ

We’ve been looking for mistakes. On the theory that, well, like I say “wudder”–

NATALIE

Idiolect! That’s what we call an individual’s speech patterns.

You’re trying to find—

FITZ

“Idiolect.” Yes! Kind of a linguistic fingerprint, figure out who he IS –

NATALIE

–By how he speaks. Amazing, yes – so you looked for mistakes –

Fitz points to “analyse” “wilfully” and “instalment.”

FITZ

And we found THESE — except

FITZ NATALIE

—they aren’t mistakes!

NATALIE

–they aren't mistakes!

FITZ

Yes! They're variant spellings. Unusual but technically correct.

NATALIE

Is he consistent? Use those spellings every time?

FITZ

Yeah. Letters, Manifesto, always those same weird spellings.

NATALIE

If he's consistent, that suggests a style guide. Someplace where he learned to spell this way. A newspaper, magazine, somewhere that had a style guide for its editors that matches all these spellings.

FITZ

So if we find that style guide...

NATALIE

Then you find the idiolect.

FITZ

And if we find the idiolect...

NATALIE

We find the Unabomber.

Fitz and Natalie look at each other. Tingling, a little short of breath. It feels almost post-coital.

Holy shit. This is EXCITING.

***END OF ACT THREE***

# ACT FOUR

## INT. A REFERENCE LIBRARY READING ROOM - DAY

A REFERENCE LIBRARIAN carries an armload of DUSTY STYLE GUIDES into the reading room.

Fitz and Tabby, exhausted, are combing through a huge MOUND of books, pamphlets, newspapers. Every style guide you can imagine. The Reference Librarian adds her load to the pile.

REFERENCE LIBRARIAN

That's it. Cleaned us out. Find what you're looking for?

Fitz shakes his head. Glum.

FITZ

Thanks.

He starts diving into the fresh ones. Discarding them one by one. Tabby, seriously pissed off now, whispers to him as they search the new guides.

TABBY

This is crazy, man. Needle in a haystack. For what, for a few spelling mistakes?

A patron SHOOSHES her. She throws him a glance.

FITZ

Not mistakes. Idiolect.

Tabby gestures – “what's the difference.”

Then Fitz's pager goes off. He checks the number. Then his watch.

FITZ

Ah, crap, it's Ackerman– I was supposed to brief him– Dammit–

Then Tabby's pager goes off too. Ackerman, again. She GROANS in frustration. The patron SHOOSHES her again. She whirls on him –

TABBY

We're with the FBI, dick! Read your damn book and shut up!

The patron GULPS. Hides behind his book.

## **INT. UTF - THE DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM – DAY**

Fitz enters to find Ernie sifting through another MOUND OF MUSTY STYLE GUIDES.

ERNIE

Where have you been? Ackerman and Cole are waiting for you upstairs.

FITZ

You find anything?

Ernie's face says: Nope.

Fitz shakes his head. Defeated. Heads out, to his execution upstairs. The PHONE RINGS. Tabby answers it.

## **OUT IN THE HALLWAY**

TABBY

(running after him) Fitz!

Some woman for you!

Fitz looks back –

# OUT IN THE UTF PARKING LOT

Fitz comes out – sees Natalie by her car.

NATALIE

I found it!

She's waving an ODD-LOOKING NEWSPAPER. Yellowed, worn. "The Trib," dated August 1949.

NATALIE

Chicago Tribune! This is their in-house style sheet. Their publisher Robert McCormick was a big proponent of this fringe "simplified spelling movement." He forced it on the editors in 1949. When he died in 1955 they switched back to standard spellings.

Fitz is already tearing through the pages – he finds the section titled, "A Complete List of Simplified Spellings," with 47 words. He scans...

FITZ

Analyse, licence... wilfully. It's all here!

Wait, look– "instalment" with one "L." He uses that too, in U-11! This is it!

Fitz and Natalie beam at each other. Then, a thought–

FITZ

Hey, uh, you know we can't really pay you anything more. My S.A.C. only approved the one per diem. I can try to get you something for this but–

NATALIE

You think I'm doing this for the money? Are you kidding me?

FITZ

Oh. Then why–?

NATALIE



This is exciting! This is like, cutting edge. Using LANGUAGE to solve crimes? There isn't even a NAME for what you're doing.

(As Fitz takes this in:) Besides.

I'm a sociolinguist. Nobody even knows what that is. And now my weird little expertise is USEFUL. I'm part of something REAL and IMPORTANT. It's COOL!

FITZ

Huh. Yeah. I guess it kind of is.

Fitz takes this in. Someone who believes in him. It's a new feeling. He glances back, notices Tabby standing by the front entrance to the UTF. Gesturing at her watch.

FITZ

I gotta run- Can I keep this?

Natalie nods. Fitz runs off. Then turns back to shout:

FITZ

THANK YOU!

## **INT. UTF - BULLPEN - DAY**

The whole UTF gathered in the bullpen for a briefing. Cole and GENELLI are at the front with presentation posters, photos, graphics. Fitz and Tabby sneak in the back.

GENELLI

...So from that initial subject pool of 15 million, we added additional parameters on the MPP until it was narrowed to 2,500. We're calling that our Tier Three subject pool.

Ackerman glares over at Fitz as he and Tabby scuttle to their seats. Shamefaced. Caught tardy.

GENELLI

Tier Two. Top 500 hits. Subjects with criminal records, history of violence, mechanical or explosives training, and a nexus with Salt Lake City and the Bay Area.

Cole puts up a posterboard with a grid of TWENTY HEADSHOTS. "TIER ONE" on the top.

COLE

Tier One. Top twenty. High level of confidence that one of these guys is our man. They're all under active surveillance, or are currently at large and being sought by Special Operations Group. We can drill down, but it gets more speculative from here.

Ackerman nods approvingly. Turns to Fitz and Tabby.

ACKERMAN

Excellent. All right Fitz, you get anything from the Nutty Professors that can move the needle here?

FITZ

Actually? Yes. We have solid linguistic evidence that the Unabomber grew up in Chicago. He learned his spelling and grammar rules from the Chicago Tribune.

COLE

How solid is this?

FITZ

It's solid.

GENELLI

You just made someone very happy.

Cole is rubbing his hands together. Kid in a candy store.

COLE

This confirms what I've been saying. Leo Frederick Burt, born in Chicago!

Cole pulls out a file folder. Starts handing out info sheets on Leo Frederick Burt. Everyone looks at Fitz, impressed.

COLE

Leo Burt. He's my pick for Suspect Number One. Born and raised in Chicago, later flirted with SDS and the Panthers before he joined a radical Weather Underground splinter group. Involved in a series of antiestablishment attacks in the late 70s, including, drumroll please, three attempted bombings. Went into hiding around the time the Unabomber started his attacks. Plus he's a dead ringer for the sketch.

Fitz considers the two photos. Nods. It's a close resemblance.

ACKERMAN

What else?

FITZ

It's also likely he had a university affiliation. I know previous profiles suggested little or no college. But the Manifesto is written—

COLE

Fitz, your voice is music to my ears today! Burt spent time at University of Wisconsin, Madison. That's where he got connected with these radical groups.

ACKERMAN

All right, let's alert S.O.G., see if we can locate Leo Burt.

The meeting starts to break up. Cole claps Fitz and Tabby on the back.

COLE

Awesome work. Why don't you two come upstairs, we can keep talking. Maybe we can bring you onto the Tier One squad.

Tabby beams, nods. Eating it up.

FITZ

Hold on a sec— Before everyone goes—

ACKERMAN

Is there something else?

TABBY

Fitz. Leave it be.

FITZ

Um, just a question. How old is Leo Burt?

COLE

He's 43. Born in 1962. Why?

The WHOLE ROOM looks at Fitz, waiting. *“Can we go or what?”*  
Tabby shakes her head. Motions — “leave it alone!” But Fitz can't help himself.

FITZ

He's too young.

TABBY

POSSIBLY too young. We're still working on nailing  
down—

FITZ

Not possibly. He learned his spelling from the Tribune  
between 1949 and 1955. And he got his Ph.D. between  
67 and 72. Meaning, we're looking for someone AT MIN-  
IMUM 50 years old. Also, someone associated with the  
Black Panthers wouldn't use the word “Negro.” It can't  
be Leo Burt.

The WHOLE ROOM goes quiet. The whole UTF swivels to look at Cole. Seeing  
how he'll react to being called out publicly. Cole starts turning red with rage.

COLE

I'm going to take Chicago and College, and I'm going to pretend I didn't hear the rest.

TABBY

Perfect. C'mon, Fitz.

FITZ

You can't pick and choose! He's over

50. It's three robust data points. AND the Unabomber got a doctorate. Not just some time in college. A full-on Ph.D.

COLE

Are you seriously trying to eliminate every single one of our Tier One, Two, AND Three subjects?! *MEETING'S OVER, FOLKS!*

(pulling Fitz aside)

What the hell is this based on?

FITZ

The Unabomber's idiolect, his spelling, formatting, and use of language all point to—

COLE

SPELLING? Goddamned SPELLING? I'm gonna strangle this guy—

GENELLI

Every serial bomber in HISTORY started between eighteen and twenty- one. That puts his age at 35 to

43. Every profiler we've had in here, including THE John Douglas—

FITZ

FC is the only serial bomber in history to confound the FBI for 17 years, don't you think he might be the exception to other rules too?

COLE

Go back to your basement. Both of you. You want a seat at this table? You put NAMES on that BOARD. That is your JOB. Your job is NOT to come in here and tell us to burn a month's work because of some goddamned SPELLING MISTAKES!

## INT. UTF - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

TABBY

What the HELL is wrong with you?

FITZ

They're so blinded they can't see-

TABBY

THEY'RE blinded? Dude. You just turned a PROMOTION into a friggin KAMIKAZE MISSION!

FITZ

I'm trying to save this investigation! They can run the MPP all month, but garbage in, garbage out. They're chasing 2000 subjects and they're ALL

wrong-

TABBY

How can you be sure they're wrong? We don't know what we're doing!

FITZ

We DO.

TABBY

No we DON'T! We're making this up. You and I are MAKING. THIS. UP. And who are we? I'm failing out of University of Phoenix. You have a crummy night- school degree in an completely unrelated field.

FITZ

We're breaking new ground. Nobody's ever done this before!

TABBY

Maybe because it's bullshit.

FITZ

You don't believe it's bullshit. I know you don't.

But she's already out the door. Leaving Fitz in the dust.

## **BACK IN THE DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM**

Fitz slumps in to find Ernie packing his stuff. Shakes his head when he sees Fitz. Pissed off.

ERNIE

They're sending me back to Forensics. It's been real.

Ernie grabs his box and pushes his way out the door.

Fitz, all alone in the basement room. He takes his folder and FLINGS it onto the table. Papers fly everywhere.

He crashes down into a chair. Glowering, stewing in his defeat.

Then – reaches for his Manifesto.

## **INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM – NIGHT**

Fitz, alone in the increasingly messy office. He dials. We hear ELLIE pick up.

FITZ

Hey. Thanks for staying up.

# INTERCUT WITH ELLIE, IN HER UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Ellie's sitting on the steps in her nightgown. It's late there. She's leaning her head against the wall, eyes almost closed as they talk.

ELLIE

(yawning) Rough day, huh?

FITZ

Yeah. Silver lining, though. I found this Dictionary of Phrases. Was reading about "eat your cake and have it too."

ELLIE

HAVE your cake and eat it too.

FITZ

That's the thing! It's actually the other way around. Like, that's how it used to be said in the Middle Ages.

Makes a lot more sense that way, doesn't it? "Can't eat your cake and have it too."

ELLIE

Hm.

FITZ

But sometime in the 1500s it got switched around. We've been saying it wrong ever since. Cool, right?

ELLIE

("no")

Yeah. Wow. So – why are you telling me this?

FITZ

...How was today?



ELLIE

Donuts for Dad? Ah, you know. They got Giovanni on the fryer. “Heeey, Gio, double that up!” Sam burned his tongue. Davey opted out.

FITZ

Well, he’s old enough. And for you?

ELLIE

It was... fine. I went, I stayed, I left.  
And suddenly – there’s nothing more to say.

FITZ

Well. I love you?

ELLIE

I love you. G’night.

CLICK. And suddenly he’s alone again in the dark.  
A long moment with the phone on his lap. And then – what the hell. He finds the business card and dials.

NATALIE’S VOICE

Hello?

FITZ

Oh. Hi. It’s Jim Fitzgerald.

NATALIE’S VOICE

Hey. You sound surprised.

FITZ

I didn’t think you’d be at your office.

## IN NATALIE'S FACULTY OFFICE

She looks around her closet-like office, crammed with books.

NATALIE

I'm heeeere. Wish I wasn't, but.

FITZ

Yeah. Same. Hey look, uh...

A long silence. Neither one quite knows where to go from here. Then:

NATALIE

You... wanna get out of the office?

## INT. A DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Natalie and Fitz raise a glass of beer in a back booth in the half-empty dive. A few empty glasses already on the table.

NATALIE

To eating cake and having it too. In that order.

CLINK! They drink. Fitz's smile fades as his mind goes back to his day.

Natalie notices. Gives a sympathetic look. She gets it. And they don't need to say anything for that connection to register. Comfortable silence for a moment. Then:

NATALIE

There's something so TRAGIC about him. Isn't there? A guy who can write this way, THINK this way, who has so much insight and passion... and somehow his life turned out in such a way that he thinks the only way people will listen to what he has to say is by blowing people up.

FITZ

He feels... trapped. Ignored. Powerless.

NATALIE

He THINKS it's about being powerless. But it's really about being LONELY. So terribly lonely.

About having just ONE PERSON in his life to say "good work." Or, "I see what you've done and I think it's great." Just one person who UNDERSTANDS him, who he can talk to, who respects him for who he is.

FITZ

That's all anyone wants. Isn't it.

NATALIE

God, Fitz. Isn't that just so... so... sad?

And that settles over the table. They're talking about the Unabomber. And about Fitz. And about Natalie too.

A long silence. Interrupted by the waiter bringing the world's least appetizing PIZZA.

NATALIE

Speaking of sad...

The pizza is a sloppy mess. Toppings lie in irregular patches on the surface.

FITZ

This is like the Venn Diagram of pizzas.

NATALIE

We have the sausage zone to the north, the olive zone to the west, peppers to the east, and here in the middle... is the Pripyat River Valley.

Fitz cocks his head. Huh? Natalie shakes her head, embarrassed by this outburst of nerdiness.

NATALIE

Sorry. A little linguistics humor there. Slavic Homeland... Never mind. It's just a weird dorky thing.

FITZ

Oh come on. It's a friendly crowd.

NATALIE

Okay, so right around the year 600, Slavic peoples suddenly appeared all over Europe.

Russia, Poland, Serbia, Germany. But nobody knew where they all came from.

FITZ

The Slavic Homeland.

NATALIE

It was this big historical mystery. Archaeologists, historians, geneticists, nobody could figure it out. Until they looked at LANGUAGE. And they realized – Proto-Slavic was missing words for a lot of TREES. They had to borrow words for “oak” or “ash” or... See, I warned you, it's really dorky.

FITZ

This is the highlight of my day. Seriously.

Natalie indicates the pizza.

NATALIE

So this pizza is Europe, right? Slavs are everywhere. But they don't have a word for “pepperoni.”

FITZ

So they can't come from here.

NATALIE

Yes! And they don't have the words for broccoli. Or olives. Or peppers. So that eliminates everything except **HERE**.

She points to the middle, where there's only cheese.

NATALIE

The Pripjat River Valley, in Ukraine. It's basically this huge swamp, where there are no trees. Or... toppings or whatever.

FITZ

That's... amazing.

NATALIE

It was brilliant. Because everyone was looking at the words they HAD.

But the key was the words they DIDN'T have.

FITZ

What they DIDN'T say... What they didn't know HOW to say...

And we can see this working through Fitz's mind. And then— We can see an epiphany on his face – He gets to urge to go – holds himself back – but NATALIE understands.

NATALIE

Go. Go!

FITZ

Thank you. This is awesome. It's— Slavic Homeland!

Fitz tosses some cash onto the table. Natalie laughs.

NATALIE

Go!

# INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - LATE NIGHT

FITZ

*What don't you talk about?*

Fitz, alone in the office, stands before the whiteboards. Deep in thought. Then he starts talking aloud – talking it out, but also talking to the Unabomber, talking to FC...

FITZ

Wife. Children. Family. You don't talk about them.

He starts drawing on the boards – making a huge Venn Diagram with all these missing concepts. An empty space in the middle of all the circles.

FITZ

Work. A job. Co-workers. (then:)

Friends. No friends. Nobody to talk to.

His dialogue starts overlapping, we lose our sense of time...

FITZ

No computer. No TV. No pop culture. No IBM, GE, GM, Xerox, Dell... You don't hear about these things... You're cut off..

(then:) No women... No black people... You're somewhere out, somewhere beyond... Isolated...

The EMPTY SPACE in the middle of everything.

FITZ

This is your homeland. Here. Where there's nothing. Where there's nobody. Where...

A FAINT RINGING – at the edge of Fitz's fugue... And then –

FITZ

You have a phone. "Call Nathan R." You wrote "Call Nathan R"...

And then Fitz finds the “CALL NATHAN R” note and looks at it, curious. Then realizes the RINGING is coming from a PHONE on the desk. He stares at the phone. Picks it up gingerly, as if the voice on the other end of the line could be...

FITZ

Hello?

NATALIE’S VOICE

It’s me! Couldn’t sleep. Wondering what you’re discovering in there.

FITZ

Oh, hey. Yes. What time is it?

NATALIE’S VOICE

It’s morning. Did you find the Homeland?

FITZ

...Yeah. Yeah, I did...

Fitz stares at the EMPTINESS in the middle of the whiteboard.

We see him from behind – his head haloed by the writing and diagrams that cover the whiteboard. Fitz, alone in the room, staring into the emptiness at the heart of everything.

Surrounded by it. *Consumed* by it...

***END OF ACT FOUR***

# ACT FIVE

## EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT - NIGHT (1997)

Fitz, Cole, and Prentiss slump back to their cars.

COLE

You just gave Ted's defense team a detailed roadmap of EXACTLY how to tear us apart at trial. On VIDEO-TAPE! You're *done*.

Cole SLAMS his car door and peels out. Fitz turns to Prentiss.

FITZ

How do I fix this? There must be something...

Prentiss just shakes his head. Too late.

## INT. PRISON HALLWAY (1997)

The guards walk Ted down the hall back to his cell.

HUGE GUARD

You do that again you're going to lose privileges.

Ted doesn't struggle, doesn't fight. He nods his agreement. A slight smile on his face.

TED

I'm very sorry about that. I just got... swept up in the moment.



## **INT. TED'S CELL (1997)**

He's locked in his cell. The guards remove his shackles.

Ted rubs his wrists, stretches out. A deep breath. He feels more free than he has in weeks.

He won.

## **EXT. OUTSIDE NATALIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING (1997) - NIGHT**

Fitz pulls up in front of Natalie's building, exhausted. It's late.

He sits in the car a long moment. Dreading having to go in.

## **INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT (1997) - NIGHT**

Fitz looks around the dark apartment. Doesn't turn the light on. Natalie must be asleep.

He goes to the couch, starts quietly packing his meager belongings. Ready to jet. But then – a jingling of collars behind him. Then the two dogs are circling around him, sniffing and whining.

A moment later Natalie emerges from her bedroom. She takes in the image of Fitz packing. Sucks her cheek.

NATALIE

Well this is nice. You don't change, do you Fitz? You're just a little less subtle about it this time.

Fitz shakes his head. Keeps packing his bags.

FITZ

Ted set me up. So he could attack the search warrant. Attack my forensic linguistics work.

NATALIE

SO? Your work is solid. And it WORKED.

FITZ

That doesn't matter. They're gonna put me on the stand, they're gonna tear me apart because I don't have a Ph.D.

NATALIE

So, what, you're gonna take your toys and leave because the bigger kids told you your trucks weren't cool enough?

FITZ

I'm gonna get out of here before I'm humiliated in front of the entire Bureau!

NATALIE

Oh stop with the self-pity. Who CARES what the Bureau thinks? You still treat them like they're your fathers. Vying for the big gold star.

Running away when they're displeased. They don't care about you! They don't give a damn about what you say or do unless they need something from you. Whereas the ONE person who actually DOES CARE about you—

She stops herself. Fitz puts down his bag. Turns to her.

FITZ

Oh, Natalie— I just...

They're both fighting to keep a lid on their emotions.

NATALIE

What we discovered... what we had... The work, at least— It was special. It was RIGHT. That must mean something to you.

Fitz turns away, fighting a whole range of conflicting emotions.

NATALIE

You're more than this case. You're more than HIM. Even if you don't believe it. Even if they don't give you the credit for it. That must mean something. Doesn't it?

But Fitz's mind is suddenly churning... Speeding down a different path.

FITZ

What did you say that about *credit*?

## **INT. HOTEL ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT (1997)**

Fitz, excitedly pitching to Prentiss:

FITZ

*Credit!* That's our way back in. Ted wants to be famous. He wants everyone to know how smart he is. And the only way for him to take credit is to plead guilty.

Prentiss, in his bathrobe and into his third airplane bottle of Wild Turkey, shakes his head.

PRENTISS

You can convince me all night, but there's no way Cole will let you in there.

FITZ

I'll go on my own. You make the call, I go in there tonight, unofficially, off the record. I can tell him I'm not supposed to be down there. Make him feel like we're conspiring...

Prentiss considers this. Intrigued. And he can't believe he's agreeing, but:

PRENTISS

I never gave permission, I never made a call. You talked your way in. And if it doesn't work, you're on your own.

## **INT. PRISON - LATE THAT NIGHT (1997)**

Fitz goes through the endless layers of prison security. Wands, pat-downs, badge checks, forms. Descending into

## A DARK PRISON CORRIDOR (1997)

Shoes echo on concrete floors. A guard slides the cage door closed behind Fitz, indicates the far end of the corridor.

Fitz walks past cell after cell until he arrives outside

### TED KACZYNSKI'S CELL

Ted is waiting. Standing in a square of moonlight that illuminates his cell. Watching Fitz, intrigued.

FITZ

I'm off the case. Being sent home. But I had to ask you before I left: How could you not take CREDIT for everything you did?

Ted cocks his head: "*Explain.*"

FITZ

If the warrant gets tossed, you're not the Unabomber. You're not the super genius who evaded the FBI for almost two decades. You're not a revolutionary.

You're just a maladjusted Ph.D. in a cabin in Montana, who claims to be the author of a published rant.

TED

Your logic is flawed. I'm going to be acquitted on a technicality, not on the merits. You think that's going to stop the press from reporting on Ted Kaczynski the Unabomber?

FITZ

You can't eat your cake and have it too, Ted. The man who wrote the Manifesto, he's all about personal responsibility. Autonomy. Making sacrifices. If you're not willing to stand up, take responsibility – take CREDIT – for your actions, why would anyone believe anything you say?

Ted starts to say something, then stops. Realizing – Fitz is right. And Ted has no real response.

FITZ

“Leave your campsite cleaner than you found it.” One man cleans a campsite. But a leader of men? Someone people admire? *He* could save the forest.

Ted sits down on his concrete bed. Thinking it through. He shakes his head to himself. It’s not often that he finds himself bested in an argument, and he appreciates it.

TED

They *did* cut down my forest, you know. I fought them, I smashed their machines, but...

A long silence from Ted. And we can see on his face: Fitz is right. And Ted doesn’t know what to do with this. He’s suddenly very vulnerable. His voice quiet.

TED

What... what about you? What are *you* leaving behind? Your legacy?

Fitz thinks for a moment. And decides – instead of an honest answer, he gives an easy answer:

FITZ

Um. Well, my family. My sons. They’re  
my legacy.

Ted looks at him strangely. Seeing through him.

TED

Somehow I don’t get the sense you’ve spent a lot of time with them lately. Am I wrong?

Silence from Fitz. And Ted figures something out in that moment of silence –

TED

*I’m* your legacy. Putting me in jail. That’s the only thing you have. Isn’t it.

FITZ

You're not my legacy.

Ted leaps to his feet. He's seeing through Fitz, seeing through everything. Realizing:

TED

The only meaningful thing you've done in your life is catching ME. And you gave up EVERYTHING to do it. How does that make you feel? That putting me in here is the only thing you've accomplished with your whole life?

FITZ

That's not true, Ted. That's not why— I'm thinking about YOU—

TED

It makes you SCARED. You've spent your whole life trying to prove that you're smarter than the people around you. But deep down you know all those things people said about you were all true!

You're just a knuckle-dragging beat cop, and the graffiti beat was where you belonged. You're here because *I'M* the only thing you ever accomplished. You sacrificed your family, your job, *everything* to get me. And when I walk, your whole life will be for NOTHING!

Fitz LUNGES through the bars, grabs Ted's jumpsuit. Ted, shocked, wriggles free. Fitz LUNGES, can't reach Ted. Slams his fist against the bars.

The GUARDS come running at all the commotion. Fitz backs away from Ted's cell, raging, breathing hard. Backing away down the hall before the guards pull him away.

FITZ

*FUCK YOU, TED!*

## **EXT. PRISON (1997)**

Fitz stumbles out of the prison...

And then he's IN HIS CAR. Gripping the wheel. And we don't hear it through the glass but we see him SCREAM...

***END ACT FIVE***

# ACT SIX

## INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The alpha-agents gathered for a briefing. The twenty TIER ONE SUSPECTS are up on boards. LEO BURT highlighted.

Fitz, bleary-eyed and exhausted, comes into the room with a stack of typed pages. Before they can kick him out:

FITZ

I have a new profile. Ten pages, clean, no typos. It's solid.

ACKERMAN

Goodbye, Fitz.

FITZ

Look, I'm trying to help. Honestly.

ACKERMAN

(taking pity)

This is based on what, exactly?

FITZ

Forensics. It's all grounded in the forensics.

COLE

Forensics?

Cole's eyebrows go up. The magic word. He takes the document from Fitz, starts paging through. Still skeptical.

FITZ

I'm taking an approach I'm calling "Forensic Linguistics." I develop-

COLE

Do we look stupid to you? Fingerprints? Forensics. DNA? Forensics. Spelling 'wilfully' with one "L"...?

Cole dumps Fitz's new profile into the trash.

FITZ

But sir. It's not just the spelling, it's a comprehensive idiolectical profile that-

ACKERMAN

Close the door, Agent.

## **OUT IN THE HALL**

The door clicks closed behind Fitz. Shutting him out.

## **DOWN IN THE BASEMENT HALLWAY**

Fitz stalks down the dimly lit basement corridor. Seething, murmuring to himself.

## **INT. UTF - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT**

The OTHER AGENTS in the room go silent as Fitz fills a cup of coffee. Waiting until he leaves so they can talk about him.



## INT. UTF - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Fitz carries his coffee across the bullpen. His ears burning. He can feel the whole room staring at him. Whispers from the other agents. Someone guffaws at a Fitz joke. Fitz curses under his breath, mutters to himself.

He walks down the stairs past more staring, whispering agents. Down into the dark endless basement corridors...

And then we start to hear FITZ'S VOICEOVER – a fast, low muttering, almost an incantation, as he descends into the mind of the Unabomber... Talking about to the Unabomber, almost talking TO the Unabomber...

FITZ (V.O.)

You're all alone... Nobody cares about you... You're smarter than everyone else, but they all hate you... They're cattle, they hate you but screw them... You'll make them respect you... You'll make them all listen...

And then he's

## DRIVING – AT NIGHT

Blasting down the highway, away from San Francisco.

FITZ (V.O.)

You'll make the whole world listen... how will you do it?  
You'll do it.

You'll make them listen to you. How? How?

Out into the hills, into the FORESTS, out... out... out... And then he's

## IN THE WOODS – AT NIGHT

And he's alone, profoundly alone in the darkness and in the woods, and he's SPEAKING ALOUD NOW – low and fast and fucking INTENSE –

FITZ

You're out here, you're out in the wilderness, you're alone, there's nobody here but you'll make them hear you, you'll make them listen... How? But you will, won't

you? You WILL make them listen... you'll make the whole world... make the WHOLE WORLD LISTEN TO YOU!

LISTEN TO ME! *LISTEN!*

Then – SILENCE. The echo of his voice fades into the trees. Fitz, red-rimmed eyes, out of breath, alone. LOSING IT.

And then – BEEP-BEEP, BEEP-BEEP, BEEP-BEEP. His pager. His inescapable technological leash, yanking him back. Fuck.

## **EXT. REST STOP - DAWN**

Fitz has a payphone to his ear, listening to the ringing. Tabby picks up:

TABBY

Fitz, where the hell are you? You gotta get back here!  
The whole UTF's going crazy–

## **IN THE UTF BULLPEN - INTERCUT**

CHAOS. All the department heads are rushing to the CONFERENCE ROOM. Tabby is going there herself, talking on the clunky Squad Cell Phone.

FITZ

What happened? What's going on?!

TABBY

We just got a bunch of new Unabomber letters. He's talking to the Times, the Post, Penthouse–

FITZ

He's making us pay attention – is there an active threat?

TABBY

It's not what you think. Fitz, you're not gonna believe this. But *the Unabomber wants to make a deal!*

On Fitz's face: HOLY SHIT. He slams down the phone and SPRINTS for his car and we see

## **INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM**

Tabby joins the crowd gathered around the table as Cole lays out the new letters. Page after page until the whole table is covered with Unabom correspondence.

They stare at the pages. Overwhelmed and deeply uncertain. And Ackerman says out loud what everyone's thinking:

ACKERMAN

*What the hell do we do now?*

Everyone looks at each other. But nobody knows what to say. And we CUT TO BLACK.

***END OF EPISODE***

## **Ep. 4: Publish or Perish**

Episode 104 "Publish or Perish"  
Written By Nick Towne  
2nd NETWORK DRAFT 09/14/16

# ACT ONE

## OVER BLACK

FITZ (V.O.)

This is a message from the terrorist group FC. To prove its authenticity we give our identifying number 553-25-4395.

Then we're in

## INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM

Where FITZ stands in front of the table covered in new letters from FC that we saw at the end of 103. Fitz reads a letter DIRECTLY TO CAMERA:

FITZ/FC

To the New York Times: Over the years we have given as much attention to the development of our ideas as to the development of bombs. Therefore, if our Manifesto is not published by the New York Times, or some other nationally distributed periodical, another bomb is ready to be delivered.

Then we CUT TO:

## THE BOARDROOM AT THE NEW YORK TIMES

Where the exact same scene is playing out. ARTHUR SULZBERGER, JR., (identified by chyron as the Publisher of The New York Times) is reading his responses to FC's letters to his editors.

Sulzberger reads DIRECTLY TO CAMERA – and we INTERCUT so we follow the men's exchange of letters as if it's a conversation.

SULZBERGER

To the man called “Unabomber” by the FBI: We received your letter. Newsrooms regularly get messages from people with threatening demands. Our traditional response will continue to serve us well – notify the FBI and print nothing.

## **INTERCUT WITH UTF CONFERENCE ROOM**

As Fitz continues reading FC’s letters DIRECTLY TO CAMERA, picking each one off the table as we recreate the exchange:

FITZ/FC

The FBI is a joke. They have tried to portray these bombings as the work of an isolated nut. They must really be getting desperate if they resort to theories as ridiculous as this one about our supposed fascination with wood.

SULZBERGER

You seem like an intelligent individual. What makes you believe we would want to publish the work of an unrepentant killer?

FITZ/FC

“Unrepentant?” Perhaps. But – we are not insensitive to the pain we have caused.

We certainly regret injuring Patrick Fischer’s secretary.

INTERCUT WITH:

## **INT. VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY OFFICE - DAY (MAY 5, 1982)**

SECRETARY’S POV: She opens a package addressed to her boss, Professor Fischer. There’s a flash of light and she’s INSTANTANEOUSLY on the other side of the room – we never saw how she got there, and neither did she. And after a moment, she realizes – and SCREAMS –

FITZ/FC

And when we were young we were much more careless  
in selecting targets.

INTERCUT WITH:

## INT. AMERICAN AIRLINES FLIGHT 444 - DAY (NOVEMBER 15, 1979)

WE HEAR A MUTED, SUCKING EXPLOSION. The plane fills with smoke as everyone panics. Children are sobbing.

FITZ/FC

Some of the passengers were likely innocent. We're glad  
that attempt failed.

But our goal is less to punish the people pushing all  
this growth-and-progress garbage than it is to propagate  
ideas. We are tired of making bombs so we're offering a  
bargain:

Fitz sees the letter's next line. Double-takes. Then, with wide-eyed astonishment:

FITZ/FC

*If you publish, we will permanently desist from 'terrorist  
activities.'*

A moment of stunned silence in both the UTF and the NYT as they take this in.  
The world shifting on its axis.

**FITZ** looks around the UTF conference room – HOLY SHIT –  
**SULZBERGER** stammers. Shocked.

SULZBERGER

Well, how– How do we know we can trust you to keep  
your word?

FITZ/FC

As I'm sure you know, bombs may attract attention,  
but IDEAS start revolutions. That is our sole aim. If we  
break our word, people will lose respect for us and be  
less likely to accept our ideas.



**SULZBERGER** sinks down in his chair. And the BOARDROOM ERUPTS IN DEBATE all around him:

FEATURES EDITOR

We can STOP him! How often do we, as journalists, actually have the chance to stop a killer?! We can SAVE LIVES here—

NEWS EDITOR

If we publish this, we're telling every psycho in America that they can murder their way into a New York Times column!

FEATURES EDITOR

We already do that when we publish the names of serial killers.

NEWS EDITOR

So how many human lives do you want to sell a page for, Frank? He bombs 18 people, we give him five pages. The next guy blows up 36, will we give him ten? We might as well publish a rate chart!

Sulzberger doesn't know what to say. What to do. The weight of this decision settling on his shoulders.

Then suddenly we hear the mellifluous Jersey-tinted voice of:

BOB GUCCIONE (V.O.)

This is an open letter to the Unabomber from Bob Guccione, Editor-in-Chief of Penthouse Magazine.

**BOB GUCCIONE** is half-reclined on a satin divan in his tacky-swank, neoclassical mansion, surrounded by purebred Rhodesian Ridgebacks and Penthouse Pets.

BOB GUCCIONE

(pure swagger)

I've been following your correspondence with the New York Times. I believe your offer to desist from bombing to be genuine, and am willing to immediately publish your article, unedited and in full, in Penthouse Magazine.

Our demographic is virtually the same as the New York Times, but our total readership is many millions more. I might add that we are the biggest selling magazine in the Pentagon.

CUT TO SULZBERGER, too surprised by Guccione to respond.

FITZ/FC

Mr. Guccione, we are very pleased and we thank you. While we don't have anything against sex magazines, it will obviously be to our advantage to be published in a, quote, respectable periodical. The New York Times is to have first claim on the right to publish, then The Washington Post, and after that Penthouse.

However, if only Penthouse publishes, we reserve the right to plant ONE MORE deadly bomb.

BOB GUCCIONE

I'm a little miffed and a whole lot disappointed by your recent communication. Penthouse isn't good enough? Screw you, dickhead.

The Pets COO agreement, trot after Guccione as he stalks off.

## **BACK IN THE NEW YORK TIMES BOARDROOM**

FEATURES EDITOR

His publication deadline's only a week away.

SULZBERGER

We'll ask the Attorney General and the FBI to make a recommendation. Let them make the call.

## INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM

The camera tracks around Fitz, breaking the STRAIGHT TO CAMERA STYLE and taking us into the UTF's own RAGING DEBATE:

Fitz is standing at the conference table. ACKERMAN, GENELLI, COLE, and the rest of the top UTF agents look at him skeptically. Little love for Fitz, though there's a bit of grudging respect.

ACKERMAN

You're not actually suggesting that we advise them to PUBLISH, are you?

FITZ

One. We learned from the LAX incident that his reputation is extremely important to him. So if he says he'll stop bombing, he'll stop bombing.

COLE

The United States government does not negotiate with terrorists.

FITZ

And most importantly. If we get this published, SOMEONE will recognize his ideology, his idiolect, or both.

I'm certain of it. We haven't found one single fingerprint in seventeen years. But he just gave us his LINGUISTIC fingerprint on a silver platter and he doesn't even realize it! COLE The United States government does not negotiate with terrorists.

GENELLI

They did publish the Zodiac Killer.

COLE

Yeah, and he kept killing and they never caught him. Which is why — all together, class: The United States government... does not negotiate... with terrorists.

Fitz slides a MANILA FOLDER across the table to Ackerman.

FITZ

This outlines my case for publication. You can take that right to Reno and Director Freeh.

ACKERMAN

Linguistic fingerprints, idiolect, forensic linguistics... It's one thing messing around in the basement. But I'm supposed to walk into Janet Reno's office and ask her to violate a hundred years of government policy, to negotiate with a terrorist, because someone MIGHT recognize his spelling?

And because he MIGHT stop? You might be right, Fitz. But no WAY am I pushing that boulder up the hill.

FITZ

This investigation's been taking the path of least resistance for seventeen years. And look where it's gotten us.

I'm giving us a path forward. I know it's risky. But sending us his Manifesto was the first mistake the Unabomber's *ever* made. We have to exploit it for all it's worth! Ackerman watches Fitz, unsettled. Fitz's words have landed.

COLE

Actually, "Nathan R" was the Unabomber's first mistake. And, drumroll please, as of 7am this morning, *we have Nathan R!*

Everyone turns to Cole – astonished –

Cole whips out a DARK GREEN FOLDER, plops it ON TOP OF FITZ'S MANILLA FOLDER. Cole pulls out the envelope addressed to the NY Times with the indented writing: *Call Nathan R, Wed. 7pm.*

COLE

Nathan R, AKA Nathan Robinson out of San Jose. He's an old acquaintance of, guess who? Leo Frederick Burt. My personal suspect number one. Robinson and Burt were both in SDS at University of Wisconsin. Since then, Nathan Robinson's gotten himself charged with Terroristic Threatening of a Peace Officer, Possession of Narcotics, *Mail Fraud*. We get a tail on him, there's a good chance he'll lead us to Leo Burt.

FITZ

Wait— you KNOW the linguistic evidence eliminates Leo Burt as a suspect. So why—

ACKERMAN

You made your case, Fitz. But we don't negotiate with terrorists. Genelli, you get to New York, brief the Times. I'll meet with Reno.

Thank you, everyone.

Meeting adjourned. Fitz stewes as he exits.

Ackerman picks up Cole's DARK GREEN FOLDER. Then, after a beat, picks up Fitz's MANILA FOLDER too. Considers them. Two paths. Then stuffs BOTH into his briefcase.

## INT. UTF - HALLWAY - DAY

NATALIE is waiting on a bench outside the room, a VISITOR BADGE around her neck.

Fitz gives her a look as he emerges: *No go*. Natalie shrugs.

NATALIE

We fought the good fight.

FITZ

Thanks for your help. I'll walk you out. (beat, as they walk:) I keep thinking, am I just going nuts? NOBODY ELSE sees it. NATALIE Well I see it. So, it's them. Or, well, maybe you and I are both nuts. But at least you're in good company then.

Fitz smiles at her. She's adorable.

NATALIE

Hey, uh, you wanna go get lunch?

FITZ

I can't. My wife's coming into town today. But hey, maybe we can all get together while Ellie's here. That could be fun.

Natalie, to her credit, manages an *extremely* strained smile.

## INT. FITZ'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - DAY

We hear keys jingle uncertainly. Then the door unlocks, swings open to reveal ELLIE on the doorstep. Roller suitcase at her side. She finds the light switch. And stands there for a long moment, surveying the empty apartment.

The place is a WRECK. UNABOM documents cover the walls. Take-out containers, clothes, beer bottles strewn everywhere.

Ellie takes this in. And on her face, strangely – a smile. She's oddly satisfied to find the apartment in such disarray.

Inside the fridge: ketchup packets, cream cheese, beer, and Jolt. She shakes her head. Hums the "Mighty Mouse" theme –

ELLIE

*"Here she comes to save the day!"*

And then gets to work. Cleaning everything. Replacing the UNABOM documents on the fridge with drawings from the kids.

## INT. FITZ'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ellie lies on the couch. Watching the door as the keys jingle and then Fitz struggles through the door. He's carrying an unruly armload of papers and his Manifesto.

Fitz double-takes when he sees the apartment. Transformed.

FITZ

Wow.

(Then, noticing Ellie:) WOW!

Fitz closes the door behind him, but then immediately launches in –

FITZ

Ugh, what a day. It's like, wake up, if you guys had all the answers you would've caught him by now!

And here I am, giving them the path forward, and they don't even care.

He dumps his papers and Manifesto on the counter. Compulsively pages through them. Ellie approaches him from behind. Her hands on his shoulders.

ELLIE

Well... It's not all bad.

FITZ

Oh no? Because—

ELLIE

Nope. Because – it's after 5. And I'm finally here. And there are NO. KIDS. ANYWHERE.

FITZ

Oh. OH.

He drops everything. Turns to Ellie. She grins at him.

And then he KISSES her. HARD. Then they tumble into the bedroom, and SLAM the door behind them.

The camera lingers on Fitz's Manifesto on the counter. Right next to the fridge, which is now covered with artwork by Fitz's kids. "MY DAD CATCHING BAD GUYS" among others. We hold on that image for just a moment, before we CUT TO BLACK.

***END ACT ONE***

# ACT TWO

## INT. ACKERMAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Ackerman's wife BETH packs his suitcase, like she does for all his trips. Ackerman's pacing, frustrated. They've been talking about Fitz.

BETH

He's just a kid. It's easy to get passionate about something and not realize you're wrong.

ACKERMAN

He's not really a kid. And he isn't wrong, exactly. He's just got no practical experience for what this means. No big picture.

BETH

Okay so what do *you* think? Is it worth it?

A pause. Then – this is hard for Ackerman to admit, but:

ACKERMAN

This is it for me. This case is The One. This is how they'll remember me. My legacy.

BETH

There's so much you'll be remembered for. Polly Klaas, Calvin Grigsby, the Chinese Mob, the kidnapping task force...

ACKERMAN

I can lock up a million serial killers and STILL I'll be The Guy Who Led Unabom. That's me, forever.



BETH

The Scarlet “U”, huh? Ah, sweetie.

ACKERMAN

This is a buzzer shot. I only get one. But sometimes I just want to pass the damn ball to the next guy.

No glory, no catastrophe, just – “the path of least resistance.” It’s terrible. Weak. But boy, I think about it.

He looks down at the TWO FOLDERS: The manila one from Fitz; and the green one from Cole. *The path of least resistance...*

OFF ACKERMAN struggling with the decision –

## INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

Fitz enters. Tabby sits there, headphones on, back turned. Reading an airplane novel. She doesn’t acknowledge Fitz.

Fitz, annoyed, plops down into his chair. Picks up his Manifesto. Glowers at the whiteboards. At the back of Tabby’s head. *Why even bother?*

He tosses his work aside, reaches for the New York Times. Opens to the crossword – but he’s already finished it.

He rummages, finds the Washington Post puzzle and starts that. One across – “Eddie Vedder, still.” He stares at it.

Fitz taps Tabby on the shoulder.

FITZ

I need your expertise. A word thing. Who’s Eddie Vedder?

Tabby looks askance at him. She doesn’t remove her headphones. Fitz shows her the crossword. An olive branch.

Tabby, feigning annoyance, takes the crossword. Considers it a moment. Then digs a CD wallet out of her bag, flips to a Pearl Jam CD, slides it to Fitz. He scans track titles.

FITZ

“Alive.” Nice. Thank you.

Fitz sits back down, working on the puzzle. Tabby considers him. She can't stay mad. Takes her headphones off.

TABBY

You want a coffee? I'm going.

Fitz considers her. Her novel, his crossword. Fitz drops the Post and grabs his jacket.

FITZ

You know what? Take the day off. I'm hitting the Tonga Room.

## **EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY**

Ackerman and FBI DIRECTOR LOUIS FREEH approach the huge DOJ building. The CAPITOL DOME towers over everything.

Ackerman, Freeh, and their security detail look like ants. Their own insignificance not lost on them.

## **INT. DOJ - JANET RENO'S WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Reno's SECRETARY leads Freeh and Ackerman into the classic- Americana, well appointed waiting room. Ackerman takes it in. Feeling the weight of history in these rooms.

SECRETARY

Director Freeh. S.A.C. Ackerman. Attorney General Reno will be with you shortly.

FREEH

Thank you.

They sit. Ackerman's pale. Feeling his own inadequacy in these halls of power. Freeh can see it in his face.

FREEH

Don, listen. This is a cake walk. You're telling her what she wants to hear. "Don't publish a terrorist."

Ackerman nods, reassuring himself.

ACKERMAN

And Leo Burt's a good lead.

FREEH

And you've got a ton more where that came from. All the Tier One guys are solid. Listen, you inherited a garbage case. No one expects a miracle. Reno just wants to know we're doing our jobs, which we are. And wants to see a nice, thick folder, which you have.

Freeh's also reassuring himself – he's got a lot riding on this too. Ackerman's beeper buzzes: *Genelli*. Ackerman looks to Freeh. Freeh nods – go ahead.

Ackerman walks to the guest phone on a side table, dials.

ACKERMAN

Genelli, it's Ackerman, what's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

## **INT. THE NEW YORK TIMES - DAY**

Genelli on the phone. The New York Times newsroom bustles along behind him.

GENELLI

I'm here at the New York Times, and... I have some bad news. We're going to be okay, we'll be fine. But... I got here early for my meeting with Sulzberger...

## INT. THE NEW YORK TIMES - FLASHBACK

Genelli waits outside Sulzberger's office, watching the kinetic newsroom. He notices an INTERN distributing mail to cubicles, writing Post-It notes on mail bundles...

GENELLI (V.O., ON PHONE)

*There was this mailroom guy. I followed him back to his desk...*

Genelli follows him to his cubicle and sees a Kanban board covered in Post-Its, organizing the Intern's tasks. Many of the notes are for phone calls: "Call Jeff S. re Wilder piece." "Call back Nick M. — Editor — Chicago." "Julian W. wants meet with Jason re 'Gallolay'?"

Genelli's stomach falls. He watches the Intern write a new Post-It RIGHT ON TOP of a stack of mail. Genelli grabs a "To The Editor" envelope, holds it up. He can see INDENTED WRITING ON IT from a Post-It. Just like the "Nathan R" note.

GENELLI

Do you happen to know someone named Nathan, last name starts with an R?

CLOSE ON ACKERMAN

He stares down at the "Nathan R" note, there at the top of Cole's Green Folder. Ackerman closes his eyes at the horror of the stupidity of it.

GENELLI (ON PHONE)

That Unabom letter came through the New York Times mailroom before it got to us. That indented writing? Was made by Reggie Berkenfeld, the Mail Intern here at the Times.

Unabomber didn't write the Nathan R note. *There is no Nathan R.*

ACKERMAN

You're telling me we've been chasing a dead lead for the last 18 months?! How many Nathan R's have we— Ah, *Christ!*

Ackerman hangs up. Sits down next to Freeh. Trying to hide the panic in his eyes. Freeh leans in, reassuring him:

FREEH

This doesn't change anything. She wants broad strokes. Just de-emphasize Nathan R and focus on Burt and the other Tier One leads.

The door OPENS. Ackerman startles – but it's the Secretary.

SECRETARY

I'm so sorry gentlemen, but the Attorney General will be about a half hour more.

Ackerman nods, but his mind is elsewhere. His moral dilemma eating away at him. Cole's Green Folder in his lap...

## **INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - TONGA ROOM TIKI BAR - DAY**

The ultimate tiki bar. Grass huts, Pu Pu platters, ornate cocktails. A BOAT carrying a live CARIBBEAN BAND floats back and forth in an indoor pool. Fitz and Ellie are on their second round of Zombies.

ELLIE

This whole Warhammer thing has officially taken over the dining room table, and he's really territorial about it. I mean I can't even suggest he move it without him freaking out. So at night when he's asleep...

(wincing at her own confession)

...I'll just move one piece, just to see if he notices.  
Fitz can't help but laugh.

FITZ

That's terrible! The things we do when we're alone...

ELLIE

I know! But I love seeing how worked up he gets over it. He's so funny.

It's terrible. I had to confess to  
*someone!*

She crosses herself sarcastically. We kind of love Ellie for sharing this weird, funny character flaw. Fitz loves it too.

FITZ

You think I should learn that game? Maybe me and Davey could play together.

ELLIE

I think you've got quite enough games in your life already.

She realizes that sounded a lot like a dig. Fitz feels a little exposed. She tries to play it off, smiles.

ELLIE

(off her drink:) Oof.  
These are strong.

Fitz is about to say something serious – then his pager BUZZES. Ellie hides her annoyance. A forced smile:

ELLIE

It's okay. Go.

Fitz goes to the bar, dials on the phone.

FITZ

Sir. It's Fitz.

INTERCUT WITH:

## INT. DOJ - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Ackerman furtively eyes Freeh across the room. Talks low and fast. Keeping this secret from Freeh:

ACKERMAN

You have thirty minutes to come up with something better than Forensic Linguistics.

Fitz tries to say something. Only manages a splutter.

ACKERMAN

Nathan R is a dead end. But language is *not* enough here. You bring me something *concrete* and *operational* I can give Reno to back up your case? I *might* be willing to float publication with the A.G. If I *do*—*IF*—both our asses are on the line, understand?

FITZ

Yes sir.

ACKERMAN

Cole's already on it. You two brainstorm. Be brilliant, quickly. You've got... *29 minutes*. Go!

Ackerman hangs up. Fitz looks back to Ellie across the bar.

She clocks his look. Knows what it means. Raises her drink, waves for him to go.

He apologizes with a nod, then RUNS OUT. As soon as he exits, Ellie drops the smile, feeling very alone.

Then, *BOOM!* A simulated indoor THUNDERSTORM rolls over the tiki bar. Ellie sits in the facsimile of paradise – alone.

***END ACT TWO***

# ACT THREE

## INT. UTF - COLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Cole SCREAMS into the phone:

COLE

We've filed twenty THOUSAND subpoenas for records on Nathan Rs. It was the goddamned MAIL BOY!

Find the agent who missed that, and you bust him down to SOG! Or better yet, I'll fly out there and do it myself! And then I'll shit on *your* desk, dickwad!

Cole SLAMS the phone down. Hopping mad. He grabs a STRESS BALL from his desk and starts pumping it. Grabs a second one and pumps that one with the other hand. As he paces madly.

COLE

Get in here NOW! That phone rings in

15 minutes and Ackerman asks for what we got for Reno. Concrete and operational. Go!

FITZ

Okay, how about this. We know he likes codes. We embed a code into the printed article, lure him into a convers—

COLE

*CONCRETE* and *OPERATIONAL*! Not

esoteric intellectual bullshit. You're thinking too high-level. He's a serial killer. Sure he has ten PhDs and a 500 IQ, fine. But he's a serial killer *first*. And what do serial killers want?

TABBY

Trophies! Serial rapists collect panties, serial killers collect ears or fingers or whatever.



FITZ

But a serial bomber...? It's different, it's at a distance.

COLE

He'll want a copy of the paper. Right?

His Manifesto gets published, damned if he isn't buying that newspaper.  
Fitz sits up. Cole's right.

FITZ

And he'll want to see other people buying it, reading it.  
He'll want to see his ideas getting out there.

TABBY

But what does that get us? He can buy the New York  
Times at any newsstand in the country, any time he  
wants. It's not actionable.

Everyone's quiet. Thinking. Fitz looks at Cole's NY Times sitting on his desk.  
Something occurs to him.

FITZ

The Post.

COLE

What?

FITZ

The Washington Post. Whenever I finish the Times  
crossword I go get the Post, but it's a pain in the ass  
because they only sell it at one newsstand in the city.

TABBY

So if we publish in The Post...

FITZ

...and we know he's in the Bay Area...

They all look at each other. Figuring something out. They're ahead of us for the moment, but that's okay – we can tell they're all thinking something exciting. And HUGE.

TABBY

(disbelief)

Dude, that's like a hundred and fifty SOG, *minimum*.

Cole grabs the phone. Dials. With a grin:

COLE

Not my problem. Fitz has to sell it.

(into the phone) It's Cole.

INTERCUT WITH

## INT. DOJ - SECRETARY'S OFFICE

ACKERMAN

What do you got?

COLE

I've got Fitz and Tabby in the room. Fitz, go ahead.

FITZ

(hurried)

We know he's Bay Area. And we think that if we publish, he will buy the paper as a trophy. The Washington Post is sold at only one newsstand in the Bay Area. So if we publish exclusively in the Post, he'll have to come *there* and buy it. So on publication day, I'm proposing...

Fitz looks at Cole and Tabby. They indicate "go ahead." But they're both glad it's him pitching this, not them. Fitz takes a deep breath...

FITZ

*...we follow and identify every single person who buys a Washington Post in San Francisco.*

There's silence on the other end of the line. Fitz looks at Cole who's almost amused by the tension.

ACKERMAN

Is this a joke? You realize the scale— We'd have to drain the entire COUNTRY of surveillance teams.

FITZ

(shaken) Yes sir.

Ackerman sees JANET RENO head for the conference room.

ACKERMAN

That's insane. Jesus H.—

CLICK! Fitz, Cole, and Tabby look at each other.

FITZ

I guess that's a no?

Cole grins, puts his feet on the desk. High on the gamble.

COLE

That was fun. See, brass tacks. Grab that door, will you?

He starts bouncing a tennis ball off his office wall. Fitz and Tabby stagger out of the office, close the door after them. They don't know if they've failed, or hit a home run.

## **INT. DOJ - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Handshakes and hellos as Ackerman and Freeh greet Reno and her two STAFF MEMBERS. Ackerman's mind is reeling, but outwardly he's holding it together.

RENO

Director Freeh. S.A.C. Ackerman. Hello. Thank you both for waiting.

FREEH

Madam Attorney General, thank you for having us.

Everyone sits at the end of the conference table. The Secretary is offering coffee and water.

Ackerman takes out Cole's dark green folder, opens it. The Secretary approaches him.

SECRETARY

Can I get you a coffee? Or some wudder?

Ackerman catches the dialect. Double-takes.

ACKERMAN

"Wudder." You from Philly?

SECRETARY

(embarrassed) Originally, yeah.

Ackerman stares at her. Thrown. Suddenly re-thinking the value of Fitz's points. He politely indicates he'd like water. She pours, leaves.

RENO

So the Unabomber's publishing deadline is approaching. The Times and the Post are on my call sheet. What am I going to tell them?

FREEH

Ackerman?

Ackerman opens Cole's Green Folder. The first thing he sees is the NATHAN R LETTER in its bag. He feels a visceral wave of disgust at its utter offensive *wrongness*. To his own surprise, he takes out Fitz's Manila Folder. Opens it. He can't believe he's saying this, but:

ACKERMAN

The FBI's recommendation... is... that we *publish the Manifesto. In full.*

Freeh's eyes practically pop out of his head. Reno's staffers don't hide their surprise. Reno takes this in. Not what she was expecting. But Ackerman builds his confidence, selling it like a pro.

ACKERMAN

We publish exclusively in the Washington Post as part of a two-pronged approach. First prong, “forensic linguistics.” If we make the Manifesto widely accessible, I believe there is an excellent chance that a friend or colleague of the Unabomber will recognize his unique language and ideology, and will turn him in.

(beat)

Second, there is a high likelihood that the Unabomber lives in the Bay Area. The Washington Post is sold at only one location in San Francisco. This unique advantage will allow us to stage a large surveillance operation to follow, question, and identify every individual who buys a copy of The Post on the day of publication.

While an operation of this size and scale is... *unprecedented*, we believe it to be a singular opportunity to lure the Unabomber into the light.

Ackerman sits back. Takes a sip of water. He’s SWEATING now and waiting for a sign. The silence is deafening.

Finally Reno clears her throat. All eyes are on her.

RENO

That’s an unusual strategy. What about precedent? Where do we stand once all this is done?

ACKERMAN

There’s no easy answer to that. I do believe we can say with conviction that publication is less to assuage the demands of the attacker than to use his plan against him. So it establishes a precedent of vigilance more than weakness on the part of law enforcement.

RENO

*If* you catch him.

ACKERMAN

(gulp)

Yes, ma’am. If we catch him.

RENO

Big “if.” Director Freeh, is FBI HQ on board with this?

FREEH

(“Fuck you, Ackerman”) Don’s taken it upon himself to propose launching one of the

largest surveillance operations in FBI history. We’re happy to let Don take the lead and be the face of this operation.

Reno clocks his meaning. The velvet switchblade. Turns to Ackerman.

RENO

Don, you’re nearing retirement, aren’t you? You’re aware of the implications of this coming undone. You sure you want to do this?

She’s speaking to him person-to-person. Truly concerned. Ackerman appreciates this. But sticks to his guns:

ACKERMAN

What I don’t want is to look at any more pictures of ripped up bodies. And I don’t want to pawn this case off on the guy coming up behind me. This is our best move. It’s risky, and we’ve got others, but this one’s the best.

And I’d rather respect the man I see in the mirror than the man I see on TV.

This lands on both Freeh and Reno. They’re affected by his honesty and poise. This is what heroism looks like.

Reno considers this for a long moment. Clenches her jaw. Doing the math for herself. Decision time. Then:

RENO

Okay. Let’s do it. You’ll have the full support of DOJ.

Everyone stands and shakes hands. Reno pulls Ackerman aside for a private word as everyone files out.

RENO

I admire your moral courage on this Don. It’s not always rewarded. In your case, I certainly hope it is.

## INT. DOJ - ELEVATOR - DAY

An uncomfortable wait for the elevator doors to close.

FREEH

If you'd pulled that at any other point in your career,  
I'd have fired you in this elevator.

ACKERMAN

Yes, Sir. I know.

FREEH

You feel that up there? Sword of Damocles. Right over  
*you* now.

Ackerman can't help but look up. At the blade of responsibility dangling over him  
– as the doors DING closed.

***END OF ACT THREE***

# ACT FOUR

## INT. UTF - SECURITY ENTRANCE - DAY

CLOSE ON ELLIE, wide eyed, as she takes in her environment –

HUNDREDS OF AGENTS are flooding past her, streaming into the UTF. Passing through the metal detectors, wands, and X-Rays, ID checks. The SURVEILLANCE (“SOG”) TEAMS being brought in for Fitz’s big sting operation.

Ellie is pushed to the wall by the stampede of agents. Waiting there for someone to come get her. A GUARD gives her a sympathetic look. Holds up a finger – “one more minute.”

Then Ellie sees Fitz coming up to the security desk. She waves to him, tries to get through the crush of people.

But Fitz doesn’t see her. Instead, Fitz signs the logbook, hands a visitor lanyard to *NATALIE* – who, we now see, was waiting just past the metal detectors.

Fitz and Natalie disappear into the UTF. Ellie watches them go, confused and annoyed. Pushed back against the wall by the crowd. A moment later, Tabby taps her shoulder.

TABBY

Mrs. Fitzgerald? Great to finally meet you! Welcome to the Greatest Shitshow on Earth, pardon my French.

## INT. UTF - CAFETERIA

Ellie and Tabby enter the big cafeteria and find Fitz and Natalie hunched over Fitz’s Manifesto, debating some point.

Fitz looks up. Meets Ellie’s eyes. For a moment he looks like he’s been caught doing something wrong, but he recovers.

FITZ

El!

He runs over and kisses her on the cheek.



FITZ

Did Tabby find you okay? Insane here today. This is Natalie Schilling, she's been helping with the linguistics.

Ellie and Natalie shake each other's hands.

NATALIE

Great to meet you. I've been hearing about you.

ELLIE

Have you. Hm.

The deep unspoken subtext goes right over Fitz's head.

FITZ

Well. Let's eat!

## **INT. HOOVER BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Ackerman watches as the conference room is transformed into a PRESS BRIEFING ROOM. Aides set up a podium, microphones, and FBI seal. Members of the PRESS hover, steno pads ready.

Director Freeh sits in the back, holding court. Surrounded by a group of top law-enforcement officials.

Freeh meets Ackerman's gaze across the room. Holds it. Ackerman turns away.

## **INT. UTF - CAFETERIA**

Ellie, Fitz, Natalie and Tabby eat lunch. Like everyone else in the cafeteria, they're eyeing the TVs, waiting for the press conference to air. The room is PACKED.

ELLIE

Is it always this crowded in here?

Fitz is glued to the TV. He doesn't respond. Natalie, trying to be polite, indicates her visitor badge.

NATALIE

I've never been here during the day, really.

She doesn't realize how that sounds until Ellie cocks her head. A moment of silence, then:

ELLIE

What do you do here, exactly?

NATALIE

Oh, I just, uh, consulted once or twice on the linguistic side. I'm a Grad Student in Linguistics at

Stanford. And, uh, what do you do?

ELLIE

I'm a school nurse. Slash administrator. And we have two boys

NATALIE

That's wonderful.

Strained smiles both ways. Fitz is still laser-focused on the TV. Tabby cuts in and answers the original question:

TABBY

We're at double capacity today. We got two hundred extra agents here to be deputized for tomorrow's op.

FITZ

He's on!

**ON THE TV**, Ackerman steps to the podium flanked by Genelli, some other agents, and a Media Coordinator. The whole cafe REACTS. Fitz goes and turns up the volume.

ACKERMAN (ON THE T.V.)

*Good afternoon. My name's Don Ackerman, Special Agent in Charge of the FBI San Francisco and I'm here with leaders of the Unabom Task Force. The Attorney General Janet Reno and FBI director Louis J. Freeh today said that they recommend the publication of the Unabomber Manifesto.*

Fitz and Natalie smile at each other, proud. Ellie clocks it.

ACKERMAN (ON THE T.V.)

*Concern for public safety ultimately led to this decision.*

Fitz takes Ellie's hand – even Ellie's getting swept up in the excitement. All eyes are glued to the TV.

ACKERMAN (ON THE T.V.)

*The Unabom Task Force continues to encourage the cooperation of the American public by calling our hotline. The FBI can now be found on the World Wide Web at our brand new website, FBI.gov. We will upload the manuscript there for anyone to access.*

TABBY (to Fitz)

Phones are gonna be slammed.

ACKERMAN (ON THE T.V.)

*We ask that the public pay particular attention to the philosophies in the Manifesto, and to try to recall if they know...*

Fitz and Natalie realize something – then both start saying exactly what Ackerman is saying, word for word.

ACKERMAN/FITZ/NATALIE

*(All at the same time:)* "...any individuals who have held similar philosophies, or who have written in a similar linguistic style, whether in college or even high school."

FITZ & NATALIE

*(at the same time:)*

*We told him to say that!*

Fitz lets go of Ellie's hand and high-fives Natalie. They're both bubbling over with excitement.

ACKERMAN (ON THE T.V.)

*...With the help of the American public, we believe the Unabomber will have nowhere to hide. Now I'll take your questions.*

Everyone's congratulating each other, back-slapping, energized – but in the center of it all is Ellie. Still stung that Fitz let go of her hand.

## **INT. UTF - BULLPEN - LATER**

Cole takes position at the head of the room as hundreds of agents assemble to be deputized en masse.

Fitz has walked Ellie to the door to say goodbye. Agents bump them as they stream past. The energy of the room and the operation is mounting around them. Pulling them apart.

FITZ

I'll call later, okay? You should try to get down to Fisherman's Wharf.

You'd enjoy it.

ELLIE

Hey, I meant to tell you, I got a call from school this morning.

They've got head lice going around like crazy. They were asking if I could come in. Begging, actually. I told them no. Because I kind of feel like you need me here, right?

The gravitational pull of the room is tugging on Fitz. He's eager to get rid of Ellie but is trying hard not to show it.

FITZ

I'll be fine if you need to go. Don't worry about me. If you want to go back, I mean, that's okay.

ELLIE

Okay. But... I don't want to go.

Another wave of people bumps past them. Fitz doesn't know the right answer here.

FITZ

Great. Then don't. You're gonna have lots of fun here.  
Listen El, I gotta run.

ELLIE

I'm gonna stay.

FITZ

Sure okay, but just, I'm not gonna be around...

ELLIE

No I know.

FITZ

Okay. I'll see you.

She nods. He starts to walk away, sucked into the maelstrom— but glances back, and sees her starting to well up.

FITZ

What's wrong?

ELLIE

(dissembling) I'm fine.

Go go go.

Fitz knows he shouldn't go. He turns away anyway, disappears into the sea of agents.

Ellie watches from the doorway as the County Sheriff takes the podium. The entire UTF turns its back on Ellie as they raise their right hands to be deputized. A glimpse of Fitz, and then he's out of sight.

Ellie turns and walks out. And it feels like the end.

# INT./EXT. MULTIPLE LOCATIONS - NIGHT/DAWN

MONTAGE – PRINTING AND DISTRIBUTING THE WASHINGTON POST

WASHINGTON POST DISCLAIMER (V.O.)

*We, the editors of The Washington Post, have faced the demand of a person known as the Unabomber that we publish a manuscript of about 35,000 words.*

– THE PRESSES run — the Manifesto is printed over and over with all the automated mechanization it opposes. It's TIED, STACKED and LOADED onto DISTRIBUTION TRUCKS.

WASHINGTON POST DISCLAIMER (V.O.)

*If we failed to do so, the author threatened to send a bomb to an unspecified destination "with intent to kill."*

– A NEWS TRUCK drives through the pre-dawn streets of San Francisco, past early joggers and late drunks. It's that brief window of tranquility before the city awakens.

WASHINGTON POST DISCLAIMER (V.O.)

*The newspaper has consulted closely with law enforcement on the issue of whether to publish under the threat of violence.*

– The bundles are tossed in front of HAROLD'S NEWSSTAND. The CLERK cuts the plastic tie, allowing the constricted bundle to exhale before it's displayed on shelves.

WASHINGTON POST DISCLAIMER (V.O.)

*Both the Attorney General and the director of the FBI have now recommended that we print this document for public safety reasons, and we have agreed to do so.*

– The CAMERA RISES and down below we see HAROLD'S NEWSSTAND on the edge of the CITY SQUARE PROMENADE. One by one, UNMARKED VEHICLES pull into position around the square...

We rise higher, and see, atop the buildings surrounding the square, ROOFTOP SURVEILLANCE TEAMS move into position... The gears of this huge FBI operation already turning...

And now, we see the whole city spread out below as the sun rises and San Francisco starts to come awake.

A very long day has officially begun.

*END OF ACT FOUR*

# ACT FIVE

## EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - CITY SQUARE PROMENADE - DAWN

7 AM. Sunrise. ISOLATED SHOTS progressively reveal a full picture of the SURVEILLANCE OPERATION as this sequence unfolds in the partially-enclosed city square.

– CLOSE ON A FOLDED WASHINGTON POST rhythmically bobbing to the tempo of the SOUNDTRACK as it's carried down the street.

WIDEN TO THE BANK CLERK carrying it, on his way to work.

RACK FOCUS TO REVEAL a disguised T-REX BENSON (his call sign will be FRISCO 1) at the other end of the square, tailing the Bank Clerk.

– ANOTHER PAPER, carried by a BUSINESSMAN.

– BINOCULARS adjust to follow him. WE CUT TO THEIR POV, looking down from above.

### BINOCULARS 1

Go Frisco 4. UNSUB 4 heading North. Hispanic, blue dress shirt, red tie, glasses, black briefcase.

FRISCO 4 exits a nondescript OFFICE BUILDING at the edge of the square and parallels the Businessman, following him out onto the street...

### FRISCO 4

(into his sleeve)

This is Frisco 4, I have the eye on UNSUB 4.

...and out of our field of view.

### BINOCULARS 1

Copy that Frisco 4.

– WE HEAR A CAMERA CLICK and a photo of a female YOGA INSTRUCTOR buying the Washington Post at HAROLD'S NEWSSTAND fills frame.

A DIFFERENT PAIR OF BINOCULARS picks her up.



## BINOCULARS 2

Go L.A. 1. UNSUB 5 moving west. Female, caucasian, brown hair, purple tights, carrying a... rolled up rug.

WIDEN OUT to reveal a rooftop surveillance position where two agents have a bird's eye view of the whole square.

– L.A. 1 exits the same nondescript office building, turns a corner and spots the Yoga Instructor.

L.A. 1 (into his sleeve)

This is L.A. 1. I have the eye on UNSUB 5.

– A DIFFERENT CAMERA CLICKS and we see a photo of the LONG LINE OF PEOPLE waiting to buy the paper at Harold's Newsstand. This is a big event. The camera ZOOMS IN and grabs individual pictures of everyone in line.

WIDEN to reveal another surveillance team watching from a different rooftop.

WE PAN ACROSS ROOFTOPS to reveal A THIRD ROOFTOP SURVEILLANCE TEAM focused on Harold's.

### ROOFTOP TEAM MEMBER

Go Frisco 5. UNSUB 14 moving North. Male, Caucasian...

– A HAND writes the description down on a notepad – “male, Caucasian...” *Where is this?*

### ROOFTOP TEAM MEMBER

...50s, brown leather jacket, salt and pepper.

WIDEN TO REVEAL IT'S FITZ'S HAND AND WE ARE –

## INT. THE STAGING AREA

It's a WHOLE FLOOR of an office building. ROWS OF DESKS WITH RADIOS and AGENTS writing down the entire operation on notepads.

Fitz and Cole are at the COMMAND CENTER, listening to the radio, writing notes and tracking Unsubs on a CORKBOARD.

A LINE OF 80 UNDERCOVER SURVEILLANCE AGENTS (junkies, everyday stiffs, joggers, business women) waits at the door where a HANDLER is deploying them one by one.

This operation is HUGE. The whole room works with military coordination to track and record every phase as it unfolds.

Fitz and Cole are at the eye of the storm. The nerve center. Orchestrating everything.

INTERCUT WITH OTHER SURVEILLANCE SEQUENCE LOCATIONS

– FRISCO 6 snaps a photo of a LICENSE PLATE as the BUSINESS MAN gets in his car.

FRISCO 6

This is Frisco 6, UNSUB 2 is getting into a Silver Lexus ES, License plate 3, Mike, Foxtrot, Delta, 639. I am breaking off surveillance.

- Fitz writes down the LICENSE NUMBER on a CARD.
- A MOBILE SURVEILLANCE AGENT in a Honda Civic responds:

SACRAMENTO 3

This is Sacramento 3, I have the eye on UNSUB 2.

She drives off.

– Fitz hands the LICENSE NUMBER to a RESEARCHER, who punches it into the DMV database. The driver's license photo of the BUSINESS MAN slowly loads, along with all his info.

The Researcher gives Fitz a thumbs up. Fitz looks at the computer.

FITZ

Sacramento 3, Unsub 2 is Joel Fetters of Pacific Heights, should be all clear. Follow him to his destination and proceed with interview.

SACRAMENTO 3

Copy.

– A SERIES OF SHOTS of the various agents following their Unidentified Subjects...

– WE BRIEFLY NOTICE A STREET PUNK GIRL SMOKING A CIGARETTE.

BINOCULARS 1

Unsub 81 50-55 year old Male Caucasian, beard, corduroy jacket, aviator sunglasses, headed North through the square.

Fitz ZEROS IN on this description – looks back out the window and spots the SUSPICIOUS UNSUB.

An older man, unkempt hair, beard, hat, grungy corduroy blazer and aviator sunglasses. We can't see his face fully – but we see enough to think, *Could this be Ted Kaczynski?*

FITZ

(into the radio)

Frisco 67 I want you on Unsub 81.

– We see that STREET PUNK GIRL – and only now do we realize: *it's TABBY*. Smoking a cigarette, looking like a different person. She's awesome at this.

TABBY

Copy that. I have the eye on Unsub 81.

Tabby tails him to the BART at the far corner of the square.

TABBY

(into her sleeve) Getting onto the BART.

FITZ

Copy Frisco 67. She descends the stairs.

– Fitz is making DESCRIPTION CARDS for all the Unsubs he likes for the profile. He puts them ON THE BOARD. We can see that a couple of them have been labeled “CLEARED.”

## INT. THE BART

– Tabby's on the subway, watching the Suspicious Unsub from one train car over. He's deeply focused on the Manifesto.

She's bobbing to her Walkman, searching for characteristics that may fit the profile. She still can't see his face.

## INT. BANK

– T-Rex tails the Bank Clerk into a large bank downtown.

## INT. YOGA STUDIO

- L.A. 1 tails the Yoga Instructor into a Yoga Studio where students are gathering.
- INTERCUT WITH OTHER SURVEILLANCE SEQUENCE LOCATIONS
- More and more people buy the paper and agents follow them all.
  - Fitz and Cole track everything from the nerve center.

COLE

Rotate back ASAP once you clear your Unsubs people, we're moving, we're moving. T-Rex what's your status?

T-REX BENSON (V.O.)

Unsub 4 has entered First National Bank. Proceeding with interview.

## EXT. BUS STATION

Tabby watches the Suspicious Unsub board a bus.

TABBY

Following Unsub 81 onto the Route

30 bus. Gonna lose radio contact.

Fitz adds "Route 30 Bus" to the description on the card for the Suspicious Unsub.

FITZ

Copy that, watch your six.

- T-Rex greets the Bank Clerk.

T-REX BENSON

Hello Sir. I'm Special Agent Benson with the FBI, mind if I ask you a few questions?

BANK CLERK

(shifting nervously) Sure. Go ahead.

T-REX BENSON

The FBI thinks you may have some information for us.  
Is there anything you can think of...

INTERCUT WITH ANOTHER AGENT FINISHING  
THE SAME QUESTION:

L.A. 1

(to the Yoga Instructor)

...Is there anything you can think of that we might like  
to know?

This is the standard FBI approach – leave the question vague, let the subject fill in  
the blanks. And, as we'll see, it's surprisingly effective.

BANK CLERK

(scared, guilty)

Is this about my offshore account?

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Is this about Jury Duty? (totally lying)

Cuz I never got the summons.

– WE SEE A SERIES OF ANSWERS from multiple Unsubs:

UNSUB 1

(looking guilty as hell) Is this about Stephanie...

UNSUB 2

He had like ten pounds of ecstasy.

UNSUB 1

...because I've never cheated before.

UNSUB 3

My accountant said that I could write off dog food...

BANK CLERK

Everything's on the books – it's all above board.

T-REX BENSON

Okay, is there anything else that might be of interest to us? Like, why'd you buy the Post today?

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

I buy it every day.

BANK CLERK

For the Unabomber thing.

UNSUB 1

For the Michael Dirda book reviews.

UNSUB 2

For the Unabom Manifesto, duh.

– In the staging area WE HEAR AGENTS CLEAR THEIR UNSUBs on the radio. Fitz is worried and Cole is growing frustrated. As CLEARANCES roll in...

MULTIPLE AGENTS

(on the radio)

“Subject doesn't fit the profile.” “Subject appears to have unrelated mental health issues.” “Subject was cooperative and checked out.” “Subject checked out.”

– Almost all of the DESCRIPTION CARDS on Fitz's board have been cleared, but Tabby's Suspicious Unsub 81 is still open. Fitz zeroes in on that card, his hope pinned to it.

FITZ

Check in, Frisco 67.

Only STATIC in response. Out of range.

## **EXT. SAN RAFAEL - DAY**

The Suspicious Unsub gets off the bus. Tabby follows.

He takes off his corduroy jacket and Tabby sees he's wearing a faded Chicago Cubs tee. CHICAGO – that fits the profile!

He heads up a wooded road. Tabby follows a few beats later.

## **EXT. SUSPICIOUS UNSUB'S HOUSE - DAY**

Tabby approaches on foot.

TABBY

(into her radio)

This is Frisco 67 do you copy?

Static.

She can make out a HOUSE in the trees. She notices a SMALL CABIN a hundred yards away that's part of the property. Some of our audience may be wondering... is that THE cabin???

She knocks on the door of the house. No answer. She peeks in through the window.

TABBY

Hello?!

Nothing suspicious. She goes to a SIDE DOOR. It's open...

## **INT. SUSPICIOUS UNSUB'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

A TRIGGER WIRE has been tied to the inside doorknob.

## **EXT. SUSPICIOUS UNSUB'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Tabby reaches out and pushes the door open – we're certain there's going to be an explosion...

But – NOTHING HAPPENS. Except:

## **INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A LIGHTBULB FLASHES in response to the trigger wire.

## INT. SUSPICIOUS UNSUB'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tabby enters, looks around – TEST TUBES, WIRES, BATTERIES, FERTILIZER. Her eyes widen – she could be in trouble. She spots an OLD SMITH CORONA TYPE-WRITER on a table – *OH, FUCK.*

SUSPICIOUS UNSUB (O.S.)

(voice coming from outside) Hey!!

Tabby whips around, frantically searching for the voice. She spots him PEERING THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM WINDOW, partially obscured through foliage.

He's just looking at her. We can't make out his face. It's creepy as hell. For a moment they stare at each other, size each other up. He starts to back away. Tabby PULLS HER GUN.

TABBY

Don't move!

Then – HE RUNS! She BOLTS out the side door –

## EXT. SUSPICIOUS UNSUB'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tabby TEARS around the corner of the house – SPRINTS AFTER HIM –

She chases him INTO THE WOODS. He's running for the CABIN! AS FAST AS HE CAN the Suspicious Unsub DOUSES THE CABIN WITH GASOLINE, tosses the gas can inside. Tabby RUNS toward him–

TABBY

FBI! Freeze! Down on the ground! Do it now!

The Unsub STRIKES A MATCH – TOSSES IT – and the Cabin BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

He drops to his knees with his hands in the air and for the first time we can see – *IT'S NOT TED.*



TABBY

Keep your hands up and move away from the fire, you idiot!

The Unsub crawls away, smacking out flames on his shoes.

Tabby smells something. She moves to look through the cabin door – FIFTY MARIJUANA PLANTS are engulfed in flames!

TABBY

(reacting to the weed) Jesus Christ! Are you frigging *KIDDING ME?!?*

She's freaked, pissed, relieved, all at once. The Unsub just looks at her dumbly.

## **INT. THE STAGING AREA**

The operation is wrapping up. None of the leads are panning out. All of Fitz's DESCRIPTION CARDS have been cleared except for Tabby's Unsub. Fitz waits by the phone, biting his nails. Cole looks at him like, "this isn't good."

The phone rings, Fitz grabs it.

FITZ

Yeah?

## **INTERCUT WITH TABBY IN THE SUSPICIOUS UNSUB'S HOUSE**

The Suspicious Unsub is handcuffed on the couch.

TABBY

It's not him. It's just a guy growing weed. I'm gonna need backup. And the Fire Department.

Fitz deflates, looks at Cole and shakes his head. SHIT. FAILURE. Cole, grim, picks up the phone and calls Ackerman.

## **INT. HOOVER BUILDING - RADIO COMMUNICATIONS ROOM**

Ackerman gets the news. His heart sinks. He can feel the judging eyes of Freeh and his Colleagues. His worst-case scenario just came true. *It's over.*

## **INT. THE STAGING AREA - LATER**

Everyone has gone home. It's just Fitz. Alone amid the wreckage.

***END ACT FIVE***

# ACT SIX

## INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM

Fitz stares at the phone. A feeling of deep DREAD hangs heavy over the room. Tabby gives him a sympathetic look. But can't think of anything reassuring to say. Then – THE PHONE RINGS. Fitz stares at it for a few rings. Then answers.

FITZ

Document analysis.

## INT. UTF - BULLPEN

Fitz walks past his coworkers. Everyone avoids eye contact. Dead man walking.

## INT. UTF - ACKERMAN'S OFFICE

Fitz knocks on the open door. Inside, Ackerman and Cole sit behind the desk. Grim-faced. They stare at him for a moment. Then Ackerman nods to the empty chair.

Fitz enters. Sits.

Ackerman and Cole both stare at Fitz in unmasked contempt. Something they scraped off their shoe. A long silence. Then Fitz jumps in to defuse it:

FITZ

Sir, I know this seems like a setback. But this is actually a huge win. The Manifesto is out there, people are reading it.

There's an excellent chance someone will recognize ideas, idiolect—  
Cold silence. Ackerman just stares at him. Expressionless.

COLE

Don't bullshit the Chief. You've taken this investigation BACKWARDS. We now have a tipline getting POUNDED by every ex-wife, every pissed-off sister-in-law, every brother with a grudge, in the whole COUNTRY. All garbage.

Cole starts pulling documents out of the box. Throwing them into Fitz's lap.

COLE

We got birthday cards. Grocery lists. A book report on "My Side of the Mountain." Ah, here's a great one.

Recognize the spelling?

He tosses Fitz a drawing of a penis ejaculating swastikas.

COLE

The fax is spitting this stuff out as fast as we can reload the paper. Let alone the MAIL. The nation's trashcan is getting dumped on our laps. And it's all worthless.

Fitz looks up at Ackerman. Ackerman's still staring at him in grave silence. Then, completely cold and official:

ACKERMAN

Your TDY with UNABOM Task Force is terminated. You can turn in your clearance on your way out. If we need your expertise again, we'll be sure to contact you.

FITZ

Sir— There's still so much work to be done with document analysis—

Ackerman turns back to Fitz.

ACKERMAN

You want the truth, Fitz? I feel like I can tell you this frankly. You're going to have a long career in the FBI. But it's not because you're talented, or special.

You've been telling yourself your whole life that your problems are because you're an artist, because you're a special snowflake. But you're not. You're just another asshole. And you're going home now, so we can bring in some other asshole to replace you. And nobody will even know the difference.

Goodbye.

And Ackerman turns away. Fitz stands there like an asshole.

## **INT. FITZ'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Fitz comes home to an empty apartment. He looks for Ellie. She isn't there. He sees a note on the coffee table: "Heading home. Call me when you can. Love, El."

Fitz, irate, picks up the phone, dials. His home answering machine picks up. He grinds his teeth. Seething.

FITZ

Hey. I guess you left, which is, I mean, great. Just friggin great.

Thanks for the support. You're getting your wish. I'm fired. So I'll be home just like you wanted. Don't worry, I'll get a cab.

He slams the phone, opens the fridge to grab a beer. Double- takes.

Ellie has completely STOCKED THE FRIDGE with snacks, fruit, cheese, sandwiches, milk. Fitz stares at it for a moment. Then SLAMS it shut. Overwhelmed by guilt and shame.

## **INT. ACKERMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ackerman looks at the infamous copy of the Post. Stewing. Beth's not having it, points to the date on the paper.

BETH

This is one day. One. You've got thousands of days under your belt and each one of them did something good for somebody. And everybody knows it. The only person that cares about this day, is you.

Ackerman nods, ashamed to speak, but he knows she's right. He processes her words, then changes his demeanor.

ACKERMAN

What are we doing for dinner?

BETH

I made a beef stew.

Ackerman takes one last look at the Post, then tosses it in the trash.

ACKERMAN

Freeze it. Let's go out.

She smiles. Goes to get ready. Life goes on.

## **INT. FITZGERALD HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Ellie watches out the window as Fitz pulls up in a cab. She doesn't look pleased to see him. Just – worried.

## **INT. FITZGERALD HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

With intense focus, Fitz and Davey move the Warhammer board from the dining room table to the floor in Davey's room.

TIME CUT:

Everyone's eating dinner. Fitz is miming interest as the family talks – he's got a thousand-yard stare.

## **INT. FITZGERALD HOUSE - FITZ'S BEDROOM - LATER**

Fitz lays in bed next to Ellie, who's sleeping. He stares at the ceiling. A strange BUZZING sound keeping him awake.

He follows the sound to the window. Looks out. It's a STREETLAMP. He squints at it. The electric BUZZ, the fake bright orange light.

Fitz stares at it a long moment. Then TAKES SOMETHING OUT OF A DRAWER – we don't see what it is. He puts it in his robe pocket.

## **EXT. FITZGERALD HOME - NIGHT**

He crosses the porch, the lawn, and stands underneath the STREET LAMP, staring up at it angrily. He pulls HIS GUN from his robe pocket, aims it at the buzzing, flickering lamp.

He holds his aim, angry, his finger tightening on the trigger. But then he catches himself. Sense kicking back in. He lowers the weapon. Surprised at himself.

CUT WIDE to Fitz, utterly alone on this dark suburban street.

He looks at his darkened house. Overwhelmed by a sense of disassociation, displacement. Like he's looking at the house of a stranger.

Fighting his anger, his alienation.

And for a long, long moment, he just stands there. Gun in hand. Under the flickering light. *BLACK.*

## **EXT. PARIS - THE LATIN QUARTER - DAY**

A WOMAN IN YELLOW sits at a Hotel Cafe with a Pernod on ice, a raspberry tart, and the Herald Tribune.

She watches people walk past. Gazes at the Eiffel Tower in the distance. Pretending she's in a movie.

She turns a page of the Tribune – something catches her eye.

## **INT. FRENCH HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

The Woman walks up to the CONCIERGE. Mimes TYPING.

WOMAN IN YELLOW

(heavy American accent)

Excuse-moi Monsieur, est-ce qu'il-y- a un ordinateur ici dans l'hotel?

## **INT. FRENCH HOTEL - BUSINESS CENTER - MOMENTS LATER**

The Woman sits down at a computer. She waits for the dial-up to log on. Modem SCREEECH. It takes forever. Then she opens Netscape and types in the long web address from the newspaper. It ends in "FBI.gov."

She clicks on the Manifesto and starts reading, a look of concern growing as she skips through the paragraphs.

## **INT. FRENCH HOTEL - GUEST ROOM - LATER**

The Woman is on the phone. A MAN is on the other end.

WOMAN IN YELLOW

Hey it's me.

MAN (V.O.)

Hey sweetheart, how's it going?

The Woman adjusts nervously.

WOMAN IN YELLOW

Good. It's going good. I don't want to upset you I just...  
have you looked at the Unabomber Manifesto yet?

## **EXT. THE MAN'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS - MORNING**

WE SEE THE MAN THROUGH HIS FRONT WINDOW, standing in his kitchen drinking coffee. There's a tense pause.

MAN

No.

The Woman seems to know she's asking a lot...



WOMAN IN YELLOW

I think you should. I think you should go get the Washington Post and read it.

The man shifts at this unwelcome suggestion. He knows where this is going and doesn't like it. Their conversation continues, but we don't hear the rest because we:

CUT WIDE to reveal the exterior of the Man's House.

A MAILBOX in the corner of our frame.

The name on the mailbox reads:

**"KACZYNSKI"**

***END EPISODE***

## **Ep. 5: Abri**

Episode 105 "Abri"  
Written By Steven Katz

# ACT ONE

## A MAILBOX. [OCTOBER 1995]

The name on the side reads: "*KACZYNSKI*"

Right where we were at the end of 104. In front of an utterly normal, suburban house in Upstate New York.

## INT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S KITCHEN - DAY

Gliding over a kitchen table, entirely covered in documents. UNABOM articles, the famous SKETCH, Washington Post edition of the MANIFESTO. Plus dozens of letters, some handwritten, some typed.

We pull back to reveal LINDA and DAVID KACZYNSKI, the Woman in Yellow and the Man from the end of 104. Huddled over the kitchen table. You can feel the burden of their grave, shared secret. Then, finally:

LINDA

What are we gonna do, David?

DAVID

You're assuming he's guilty. When really, if you look at the evidence we have—

She reaches across. Takes his hand.

LINDA

I'm not assuming he's guilty. I see a connection between that letter of Ted's and the Unabomber Manifesto. That's all I'm saying.

DAVID

Well I look at these, I read the Manifesto and I read Ted's letters, and I don't see a connection. Have you considered that your own personal feelings for Ted are getting in the way of an

objective determination?

LINDA

*You're asking me that?*

DAVID

You don't know Ted. You never met him, you never even talked to him.

Yes, you got a nasty letter from him. Yes, he's different. But every family has its oddball. I KNOW Ted. He was always so, so good to me. We were... He was my hero.

A long, painful silence.

LINDA

I think we need to tell someone. Because if I'm right, and we keep silent? I couldn't live with an innocent person's blood on my hands.

DAVID

What about *Ted's* blood?

LINDA

If you're right, and he's innocent? He has nothing to worry about.

DAVID

You know that's not true. He's so fragile, if he hears even a whisper about an investigation, he could kill himself! Or what if the FBI

decides he's not a suspect, but go to question him anyway? Ted's paranoid, he lives an unconventional lifestyle, he has that hunting rifle... Those people

at Ruby Ridge were innocent too, and FBI snipers shot them in the back. If we accuse him, and we're wrong... I'd be taking my own brother's life. I couldn't live with that.

LINDA

But David... What if we're *right*?

And neither one knows what to say. A hopeless stalemate.

## **INT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Hours later. David and Linda sit in silence. The mood is oppressive. The shared secret weighing on them.

Linda heads up to bed. Puts her hand on David's shoulder on the way out of the room. A gentle squeeze.

DAVID

Why are you making me choose between you and my brother?

Linda, silent.

DAVID

Ted and I are cut from the same cloth. We were raised the same way, we believe most of the same things... We both lived off the grid all those years. Him in his cabin, me in my abri. I mean, if you can believe that Ted is a mass murderer... what do you think about ME?

Linda doesn't know what to say to that. She heads upstairs.

## **INT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT**

David comes into the kitchen to get a glass of milk from the fridge. As he does, the fridge light falls over the LETTERS spread out on the table.

He sits at the table. Takes in the spread of letters. Flips through one in particular – it's some 20 typed pages.

Looks at the Manifesto again. Then at the typed letter.

And we can see on his face – he hates to admit it, even to himself, but he has doubts.

He sits back in his chair. Sipping his milk. And, finally, to himself:

DAVID

...Fine.

## **INT. ANTHONY BISCEGLIE'S OFFICE - DAY**

David and Linda sit across the desk from ANTHONY BISCEGLIE, one of those slick D.C. lawyers you hear about.

DAVID

Linda read the Unabomber's Manifesto and she thought it sounded like my brother Ted.

LINDA

Show him the letter, David.

David places the 23-page typed letter onto Bisceglie's desk.

DAVID

What I'm looking for is someone in the FBI who can look at this material and definitively confirm it's NOT him. So we can move on.

BISCEGLIE

But you came to me WHY exactly? You could just mail it in. I'll give you the address for the Task Force.

DAVID

I deal with law enforcement all the time at the shelter where I work.

Once those poor kids get into the system, it's almost impossible to extricate them again. As soon as you get on the criminal justice system's radar in any way, you're a target. Especially if you lead an... "unconventional" life.

(beat)

Plus. I still hope I can repair my relationship with Ted. He's the only brother I'll ever have.

However this turns out.

Linda refrains from comment. Bisceglie nods. Picks up the letter.

BISCEGLIE

Here's what we'll do. I'll channel this directly to the Unabom Task Force. It'll come from my office,

but you and your brother will remain completely anonymous.

DAVID

The FBI leaks to the press like crazy. I don't want his letter passed around, I don't want it copied or shared. Ted reads the papers. If he gets wind of *anything*...

BISCEGLIE

I'll make it clear that this is not for distribution, even internally within the UTF. Tight chain of custody, need-only. They'll do a complete analysis and get us a verdict. Then we can decide what to do. If it's not a match, we can all sleep easy. And if it IS... We have options. And we have attorney- client privilege on our side.

DAVID

My priority is the safety of my brother. Even if he IS the Unabomber, he's a human being with a soul, we need to protect him.

This hangs uneasily in the air. Bisceglie gives a noncommittal nod. Linda squeezes David's hand.

Then we start to hear an old letter from Ted, in V.O.:

TED'S VOICE (V.O.)

*Dear David, the only thing I've really respected in you has been your life in the desert. And now you're going to leave all that just because this FEMALE has decided to permit you to become her personal property...*



## INT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S KITCHEN - DAY

David clears the table. Putting all the letters and documents away.

He finds A FAMILY PHOTO of the Kaczynskis. David and Ted as kids, posing with their parents. Wanda is holding her hair back from a gust of wind. They look HAPPY.

TED'S VOICE (V.O.)

*I presume you will now be adopting a conventional middle-class lifestyle. Become an accountant, maybe? Or why not sell out all the way and become a lawyer!*

David looks closer at the childhood photo. Him and his big brother, arms around each other. Best friends. A ringing sound at the edge of David's hearing.

TED'S VOICE (V.O.)

*The reason you get me so upset is that I do care about you, David. You're still my little brother and you still have my loyalty.*

The ringing is LOUDER. David realizes – it's the PHONE.

DAVID

Hello?

BISCEGLIE (ON PHONE)

*David, Anthony Bisceglie. I just got word from my guy in the UTF. Are you sitting down? They analyzed the letter, and they're not moving forward with the lead.*

DAVID

You mean – it's not him?

BISCEGLIE (ON PHONE)

*It's not him. Your brother's been cleared.*

David collapses in relief. Linda comes in, curious. David, sitting on the chair, hangs up the phone, takes her hands. Looks up at her.

DAVID

It's not him. It's not Ted!

LINDA

Oh.

DAVID

Ted Kaczynski is NOT the Unabomber!

He buries his head in her. She holds his head. Stares into the middle distance. Not sharing in his joy. And not sure what to say.

CUT TO:

## **EXT. BEHAVIORAL ANALYSIS UNIT (BAU) HEADQUARTERS - QUANTICO, VA - DAY**

The hulking facade of grey concrete.

## **INT. BAU - OFFICES - DAY**

A fluorescent-lit cubicle city. The profilers all working away. The sound of clacking keyboards and paper shuffling.

FITZ works in his cubicle. Analyzing a case file. On either side of him, agents are doing data-entry in primitive Excel.

Fitz watches until MCALPINE passes out of sight. Then Fitz slides the case file aside, and pulls out THE MANIFESTO hidden underneath. Diving back in. An addict, hiding his stash.

Then – a shadow falls over Fitz’s cubicle. He turns to see McAlpine standing behind him.

Fitz slowly closes the Manifesto. Caught red-handed.

McAlpine sits on the edge of Fitz’s desk. Considering him long and hard. *What am I going to do with you?*

MCALPINE

Two months you’ve been back here. Two months of *sleep-walking*. Half an eye on that Manifesto there, the other half on the fax machine. Like a teenage girl waiting for her ex to call. He dumped you!

Move on! You are capable of GREAT things here! But not until you let Unabom go.

Then, the sound of the FAX MACHINE in the next room. A DOG WHISTLE to Fitz – he sits up straight, suddenly bright-eyed and itching to leave.

McAlpine slumps: Fine, go.

## **INT. BAU - COPY ROOM**

Fitz sits by the FAX MACHINE, devouring the pages as they come through.

## **LATER**

He's sitting in a pile of discarded pages. On the phone with TABBY – still reading pages as they come through–

FITZ

Nothing. Nothing by him. Is this all you've gotten?

## **INTERCUT WITH: INT. UTF - COPY ROOM**

TABBY

I weeded out the, like, grocery lists and stuff.

FITZ

Get me those too. I need to see EVERYTHING.

TABBY

Fitz, come on– There's a million- dollar reward, you have any idea how much crap we get in?

FITZ EVERYTHING, Tabby.

Tabby hangs up the phone. Grumbling to herself as she hefts the BANKER'S BOX and starts going through the DREGS, feeding them into the fax machine.

It's truly a collection of junk: Birthday cards, scrawled hate-mail, angry notes to neighbors, elaborate swastika-art, violent cartoons.

## HOURS LATER

Tabby, bored and annoyed, finally finishes the lot. On the phone with Fitz:

TABBY

The last page is going through now.

... Well, I told you that two hours ago! Jesus.

She slams down the phone. Takes the empty banker's box, starts to shovel the papers back in. Then double-takes.

A yellow carbon-copy EVIDENCE RECEIPT tucked in the very bottom of the box. Genelli's signature at the bottom. Tabby pulls it out, looks it over. Weird...

## INT. UTF - BASEMENT SERVER ROOM - DAY

Tabby and GENELLI among the server racks of the  
MPP. TABBY

I got an evidence receipt in my inbox, but no document.  
Your name on the bottom?

GENELLI

Oh man, that one's all kinds of crazy. It was this long  
letter. Total anonymity, D.C. lawyer, all hush-hush... All  
for nothing.

Forensics ruled it out. Wrong typewriter!

TABBY

Mind if I take a peek?

GENELLI

If you can catch it before it goes back, knock yourself  
out. But it's the wrong typewriter.

## INT. BAU - OFFICES - DAY

End of the workday. Fitz sits in his cubicle. Surrounded by all the vile hate-mail that Tabby faxed through.

## INT. FITZGERALD HOME - KITCHEN

In the kitchen, ELLIE, SAM, DAVEY, and ROBBIE eat dinner in silence. Ellie watches the TV on the counter. Sam and Davey are both on their Gameboys.

They hardly look up when Fitz comes home. Gets his food, sits down. Ellie barely glances at Fitz. Nobody talks.

Fitz chews in silence.

This is *broken*.

## INT. UTF - FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Tabby wanders down through the forensics lab, finds ERNIE working there.

TABBY

Hey, Negro!

ERNIE

Whatup, Broad?

She cackles. They execute a complicated handshake. Tabby slides onto the lab table.

TABBY

Yo, look, did a long-ass letter cross your desk down here?  
Wrong typewriter, blah blah?

Ernie looks at her askance. Tabby smiles, bats her eyes, tries to look coquettish.

ERNIE

You look like you're having a stroke. I'm about to bag  
it up, send it back to the lawyer. Why?

Tabby keeps batting her eyes strokily. Until Ernie caves. He tosses her latex gloves, points to an open document box.

Tabby snaps on the gloves play-seductively. Ernie shudders.

Tabby starts reading the letter. Expecting to dismiss it immediately.

Instead – *Huh...* Something about it gives her pause. It's not a "eureka" match – but she can't dismiss it either.

TABBY

Hey, Ernie... Can you put your headphones on and look  
over there for like, ten minutes?

ERNIE

That's do-not-distribute. It can't leave this room. If the boss catches you with that – or finds out that I let you–

TABBY

It's all on me. You looked away, I stole it. FIVE MINUTES. Pleeese?

ERNIE

Mail Boy's coming for it in THREE.

TABBY THANK YOU!

And Tabby grabs the letter and RUNS out of the room –

## **INT. UTF - COPY ROOM - DAY**

Tabby feeds the pages into the fax machine. Simultaneously calling Fitz. It rings and rings...

TABBY

Come on, come on, pick up...

## **INT. MOVIE THEATER - EVENING**

Fitz, Sam, and Davey are watching TWELVE MONKEYS. Fitz's pager goes off. Then, AGAIN. He curses under his breath.

FITZ

I'll be right back.

## **IN THE LOBBY - ON THE PAYPHONE**

TABBY

Where have you been?

FITZ

I'm at the movies—it's later here—

## **IN THE UTF COPY ROOM**

Tabby is feeding the letter through the fax.

TABBY

Jesus, Fitz— There's a 23-page letter going through RIGHT NOW! It's do-not-distribute, sitting in the fax machine tray at the BAU— Shit dude, if I get caught—

FITZ

I'm going there now! I'm GOING!

## **INT. THE MOVIE THEATER - A MOMENT LATER**

FITZ

(whispering to the boys:)

I have to run to work – You guys okay here? I'll be back before it's over. Take care of your brother.

Davey nods. Fitz RUNS out of the theater—

## **INT. UTF - FORENSICS LAB**

Tabby runs in, SLAMS the 23-page letter back into the document box. Just in time, as the MAIL BOY appears in the door.

Ernie shoots Tabby a look: that was too close. Ernie grabs the letter, bags it, puts it into a padded envelope.

## INT. BAU COPY ROOM - NIGHT

Fitz comes running into the Copy Room. The FAX machine is blinking, out of paper— Fitz jams in a stack of paper, hits the button— whacks the fax machine—

Then the pages start spitting out. And he sits right there on the ground and READS. DEVOURING the pages— PAGE. PAGE. PAGE. Muttering out loud to himself—

FITZ

“Continued scientific progress will inevitably result in the extinction of individual liberty...” “Technology”...

“freedom”... “control”... Oh my GOD! It’s HIM!

## INTERCUT WITH INT. UTF - BULLPEN:

Fitz is SHOUTING on the phone with Tabby -

TABBY (INTO PHONE)

Are you sure? I read it too and—

FITZ (INTO PHONE)

It’s HIM! This is an OUTLINE of the Manifesto! It’s the same ideas, in the same order— the way he writes, the idiolect, it’s IDENTICAL. What’s the NAME? WHAT’S HIS NAME?

TABBY

I don’t know — it came in from some D.C. lawyer, anonymous— Look, it’s D-N-D, you gotta shred your copy—

FITZ

What lawyer?!? I’m IN D.C.— WHAT LAWYER?

TABBY

I DON’T KNOW! Okay look— Let me go through proper channels, okay?



Fitz is almost frothing at the mouth— losing it—

FITZ

Just FIND OUT! I DON'T CARE HOW! THIS IS HIM!  
THE MAN WHO WROTE THIS LETTER IS THE UN-  
ABOMBER!

Then he hears a SOUND behind him, quickly shoves all the fax pages into his jacket pocket, and turns to see

Ellie in the doorway. With Sam and Davey. Robbie in her arms. A security guard escorting them.

The boys are upset. Davey is CRYING. Ellie is FURIOUS. SAM  
Dad, where were you? We waited and waited but they kicked us out.

ELLIE

What's happening, Fitz? I thought I'd come here and  
find you dead. Why the HELL would you abandon your  
CHILDREN?

FITZ

It's only been a minute— I was going to be back before  
the movie— Why, how long have I—

DAVEY

It's been *four hours*, dad! I'm sorry, I didn't want to call  
Mom... But I had to pee—

Davey starts crying again.

Fitz looks at him. Realizing — somewhere in there, hours just vanished into Unabom.  
And he crumples.

***END ACT ONE***

# ACT TWO

## INT. UTF - HALLWAY - DAY

Tabby walks with COLE and ACKERMAN. She's made her pitch. Cole shakes his head.

COLE

You're seriously trying to argue that the famously anti-technology Unabomber has TWO similar-but-not- identical typewriters?

TABBY

Look, Chief, I know what forensics said. But the language of that letter is really similar to the Manifesto, the ideas are laid out in a similar way, and I really think—

ACKERMAN

I read it too. I didn't see it. You find something concrete that I missed?

COLE

Is there an analyse with an "s"? Or a wilful with one "L"? Or any of your other special spellings?

(tapping his head, off her surprise:)  
Steel trap.

TABBY

Well. Not exactly. No. It's more the overall—

A look passes between Ackerman and Cole.

TABBY

I'm just saying this is a strong lead and we should go down the road with it. Track down the writer, do some interviews—

ACKERMAN

You don't understand the provenance here. We got a publicity-hound lawyer repping a paranoid informant who insists the letter writer, his own brother, is NOT the Unabomber.

Insisting on total anonymity, no distro, and if the brother finds out we're reading his stuff, they'll all sue. And you want me to shove my head into that hornet's nest, at a time when Director Freeh has me under the MICROSCOPE – over a letter that forensics says is conclusively NOT a match?!

(beat, throwing a bone)

Look, we'll come back to it. Let's revisit this conversation in a month or two and see where we are. Okay? Good work, Agent.

Ackerman and Cole move on. Tabby stewes a moment in the empty hallway. Then sees the MAIL BOY go past, pushing his cart.

She waits until the mail boy goes into an office. Then pounces on the unattended cart.

TABBY

Bad move, Tabby... bad, bad, move...

She rifles through until she finds the PADDED ENVELOPE. The name:  
ANTHONY BISCEGLIE

An address in Washington, D.C.

And, underneath, "RE:CLIENT NO. 31040"

## **INT. UTF - COPY ROOM - DAY**

Tabby talks into the phone, chatty and loud and without pause, checking her HAND where she's written it all down:

TABBY

Heya, it's Francine in Accounting. I got an incomplete billing record here, you ready? Hey, are you coming out with us tonight? "While You Were Sleeping," opening night! You should come. Record number 31040, I need an address. I mean Peter Gallagher, riiiiight? (taking down the address)

Okay, thanks hun. See you laaater!

She hangs up. Pauses a moment. Deep breath. She knows she shouldn't make this next call. But—

TABBY

Fitz. How sure are you about this letter? Because— (listening — "very sure") Okay.

Listen to me: *anything* and *everything* you get from this HAS to come in through ME. You do not talk to ANYONE in the UTF without going to me first and making a plan. So we don't both get fired. Understand? (listening) Okay.

Got a pen?

## **INT. A BEDROOM - DAY**

Fitz writes down the address. Hangs up the phone. And we cut wide to reveal: He's not in his home. He's in A CRUMMY MOTEL ROOM. Living here now.

## **EXT. FITZGERALD HOME - PORCH - NIGHT**

Ellie, in her bathrobe, hands Fitz a stack of his clothes.

FITZ

I could have gotten those. You didn't need to...

Ellie stands between Fitz and the front door. Arms crossed.

ELLIE

I don't really want you... You know, inside here.

Fitz takes this in. It hurts.

FITZ

I'm gonna finish this case. I'm gonna get this guy. And then we'll put it all back together. Start over.

ELLIE

(shaking her head)

You don't even realize you were WRONG, do you? What you did to those boys. What you're doing now.

A beat. The unbridgeable distance between them. When Ellie speaks, it's with pity and concern and a sad, soft finality.

ELLIE

You know what, Jim? The boys and I, we're going to be fine. It's all gonna work out for us. But unless you stop now... I don't know how this all ends for you. I really don't. Because it's not the case. It's *you*.

Fitz looks at her a beat. Then takes the clothes and walks away. Ellie watches from the porch as Fitz gets into his car and drives away into the night. Gone.

## **INT./EXT. FITZ'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT**

Fitz drives through the night... We don't know where he's going... Driving on and on...

## **NOW IT'S MORNING**

And he's driving through RAIN... On suburban streets now, hunting for the address until he pulls up in front of

## **EXT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S HOUSE - FRONT STEPS - DAY [RAIN]**

Fitz takes cover under the little dormer roof as the rain pounds down. Rings the bell. Then knocks.

The door cracks. David Kaczynski peeks through. He doesn't take the door off the chain. Fitz shows his FBI badge.

FITZ

Hi, I'm Special Agent James Fitzgerald. I thought we might have a word. Can I come in?

DAVID

What are you doing here? How did you get my name? My address? Who the hell—

FITZ

It's about the letter. Please, if—

DAVID

I already know about the letter. I don't know how you got my name and address, but I want you off my property. NOW.

FITZ

You already know about the letter?

DAVID

Yeah, the FBI called my lawyer, he called me. So while I appreciate this in-person *harassment*, if it's not him we don't have anything to talk about.

He starts to shut the door. Fitz stops it with his hand.

FITZ

David. I'm sorry to be here telling you this. But I read the letter you submitted. And the man who wrote that letter *IS* the Unabomber.

Dead silence. Then:

DAVID

Are you joking? What kind of an operation— Who even ARE you?

FITZ

I'm the profiler assigned to the Unabom investigation.  
I'll explain everything if you'd let me in and–

DAVID

What kind of a slimy, incompetent– Does your boss know you're here? Because he personally called my lawyer to communicate that the FBI RULED OUT Ted as a suspect. So–

FITZ

(SEIZING on this–) “Ted.” Is that his name?!?

DAVID

Get out.

FITZ

David!

DAVID

GET OUT! GET OFF MY PROPERTY! I

did the right thing, I came forward, and he was CLEARED! Now GET OUT and stop harassing me, before I call the POLICE!

David SLAMS the door in Fitz's face. Deadbolts SLAM home.

## **EXT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S HOUSE - LATER**

### **[RAIN]**

David, in a raincoat, trots to his car through the heavy rain. Startles when he sees Fitz, standing at his rear bumper. Drenched to the bone. He's been there a while and he's not going away.

FITZ

The FBI has gotten thousands of letters sent in. Mothers turning in sons. Wives turning in husbands. Brothers all over the COUNTRY turning in their brothers, just like you. I know you thought this was all over and me being here is your worst nightmare. But I've read every piece of writing that came in. I've read thousands of possible leads. And I've only knocked on ONE DOOR.

David glares at Fitz. David WRENCHES the car door open and leaps inside.

Fitz has to LEAP out of the way of the car as David backs out of the driveway, splashes through the puddles, and squeals off down the street.

But then – David’s car STOPS. It idles there in the middle of the street.

Fitz starts toward the car. Then RUNS over as the passenger window rolls down. He stands outside the window in the rain as David looks out at him. Doors still locked.

DAVID

You’re an FBI profiler, right? Well I did my research. I know you’re looking for an airline mechanic, about 45 years old, uneducated. He doesn’t fit the profile AT ALL.

FITZ

That’s not the profile.

DAVID

Then why did I see one of your own bosses on Charlie Rose saying–

FITZ

That’s the profile they’ve been using. But that profile is wrong.

DAVID

The FBI profile is all wrong, even though they’re standing by it. Your own boss was wrong when he ruled out my brother’s letter. Everyone else is wrong except for you. You know, I counsel at-risk kids. I tell them, if it seems like the entire world is crazy and you’re the only sane one? It’s time to take a hard look in the mirror. You knocked on the wrong door.

FITZ

You wouldn’t have stopped your car if you believed that, deep down.

David considers this for a moment. Then, annoyed, starts to roll up the window.



FITZ

Wait, wait! Please. Let me just tell you my profile. The REAL profile. If it's not a match for your brother, you can drive away in good conscience and we'll never meet each other again.

David relents. Rolls the window back down.

Fitz, huddled and cold, the rain pouring down on him. Laying it all on the line. Deep breath.

FITZ

He's 50 to 55 years old. Raised near Chicago, and read the Chicago Tribune as a boy. He got a Ph.D. between 1967 and 1972.

Since then he's become cut off from the world. No TV, no pop culture. No romantic relationships. No close friends. He's isolated. He's lonely.

Digging deep now – he's describing HIMSELF as much as the Unabomber and he knows it.

FITZ

He's smart, patient, extremely precise. And he's *angry*. Thin-skinned. Takes offense easily, and lashes out at the people he loves because he's got no one else in his life. He feels under-appreciated, victimized, sidelined by his less-talented peers... who he expects will suffer bitterly when he's ultimately vindicated.

And he's *lonely*. He longs for human connection, but doesn't know how to find it. And it's breaking him apart.

DAVID

Linda put you up to this. Linda went behind my back and she talked to you about Ted and–

FITZ

I don't know who Linda is. I know NOTHING about you or about your brother or anyone in your life.

But I do know the Unabomber. I know him like I know myself.

David slumps behind the wheel. You can see the fight go out of him. Then he reaches over and unlocks the door.

## **INSIDE DAVID'S CAR**

Fitz gets in, sits next to David. David stares straight ahead through the rain-soaked windshield. Until, quietly:

DAVID

Ted. His name is Ted.

*END ACT TWO*

# ACT THREE

CLOSE ON:

## TED KACZYNSKI

**Smiling at us. Proud.**

He's young, surprisingly handsome. A neat beard and a red woolen coat.

DAVID'S VOICE

That's my brother, Ted.

We're looking at a PHOTOGRAPH. And we pull back to reveal – Ted's standing in front of the iconic CABIN. It's brand-new, with a fresh coat of barn-red paint.

And then – the iconic UNABOMBER SKETCH plops down next to the photo.

Fitz looks up from the photo album. He's in

## DAVID KACZYNSKI'S LIVING ROOM

Just him and David, sitting across from each other. The conversation is highly charged.

DAVID

And THIS is the Unabomber. They look nothing like each other. Not even close. I've looked at this drawing for *hours*–

FITZ

But– *That's* not the Unabomber.

DAVID

It's an eyewitness sketch! This woman, at Rentech–

FITZ

Tammy Fluehe. The only person ever to see the Unabomber. The day after the bombing a local sketch artist goes in, she describes the man she saw. The sketch is published, and it's so close that the Unabomber goes into hiding for seven years. But *this* isn't that sketch.

(beat)

In 1994, *ten years* after Tammy saw the Unabomber, Ackerman decides he wants a new sketch. He sends a new sketch artist back to Tammy, and what he gets is *this*. It's iconic, it's scary, it's a huge PR win for Ackerman. It's the boogeyman of the 90s. But *it's NOT the Unabomber*. That second time around? Tammy was describing the ORIGINAL SKETCH ARTIST. One of those weird tricks of human memory. She was remembering *remembering* the Unabomber. You gotta figure: she saw the Unabomber for four seconds, she sat with the Artist for a whole afternoon... Over time, it blurs.

David looks skeptical. Fitz digs around in his briefcase. Pulls out a newspaper clipping showing the FIRST SKETCH ARTIST. Places it next to the FAMOUS UNABOMBER SKETCH. It's THE SAME MAN.

DAVID

(afraid to ask)

What about the original sketch? What does it look like?

Fitz, almost regretfully, pulls out a copy of THE ORIGINAL SKETCH. And when Fitz places it next to the TED PHOTO – David lets out a groan from the depths of his soul.

It's TED.

A long silence as David wrestles with his new reality. Fitz turns back to the PHOTO OF TED by the cabin. Delicately:

FITZ

Is that where he lives?

DAVID

We built it together. Out in the wilderness. He's a mathematician, designed the cabin in a perfect mathematical ratio. But he's got no electricity, no running water. It's... perfect simplicity.

Fitz goes carefully, drawing out the information he needs.

FITZ

You grew up in Chicago, right? But where is this?

DAVID

Western Montana. Middle of nowhere, but God, it's beautiful. It's a beautiful life. He lives off the land, forages and hunts for food, has a little garden. Lives on something like \$400 a year.

FITZ

No Job?

DAVID

Odd jobs here and there. But he lives just about as far outside the system as anyone can in this day and age. A lot of people—well, my wife anyway—look at that and say he's... crazy.

David stops talking. Leaving his own feelings unsaid. But Fitz knows what he's thinking, and Fitz is thinking it too:

FITZ

He has the courage to live according to his ideals. I admire that.

DAVID

I do too.

David considers Fitz. Recognizing a kindred spirit. Then David sighs. Because with Ted, it's complicated.

DAVID

Though. Ted going to the woods was a little bit of a push-pull situation. He was pulled out there by his ideals. But there was a push, too. Not long after this photo was taken.

(without transition:)

Ted wouldn't hurt a fly. I know you think he's— You know— But he's a gentle, gentle soul.

Fitz nods. Treading lightly. But he has to know:

FITZ

What was the push?

David sighs. Then launches in:

DAVID

We built the cabin together. After a while Ted ran out of money and came back to Chicago. I got him a job at this foam factory where my dad had worked. I was foreman that summer.

And then we see

## **THE FOAM FACTORY [1978]**

Where DAVID shows up to work in the morning. Unlocks the door to the factory, and steps INSIDE—

DAVID'S VOICE (V.O.)

Well, Ted had a crush on this girl Ellen who he worked with there.

And he asked her out. They went on a couple of dates. One time they went apple picking, then baked an apple pie in my mom's kitchen. But you know, Ted's not great with people. And Ellen told him she didn't want to see him again.

David STOPS SHORT. Staring – what the HELL?  
The factory is plastered with HUNDREDS of sheets of typing paper. Each one with a five-line poem on it.

DAVID'S VOICE (V.O.)

She was polite about it. But the next morning I came into work, and the whole place was covered in these dirty limericks. All about Ellen.

David rips down one of the sheets of paper. Reads it and goes ashen-faced.

DAVID

*“There once was a woman named Ellen whose fanny was very repelling—”*

...What the HECK?!

DAVID'S VOICE (V.O.)

I mean, there must have been a hundred fifty copies.  
EVERYWHERE.

David strides down the factory floor, tearing down as many of the limericks as he can get his hands on.

He comes around a corner to find TED, taping one of the sheets to a piece of machinery. David strides up to him, angrily tears it down.

DAVID

What are you DOING Ted?! Stop.

STOP!

Ted just smiles at him. Then, looking David right in the eye, he takes a length of tape, attaches it to the top of a sheet of paper – and SLAPS the paper up against the wall, right next to David's head. David seethes.

DAVID

Ted... go home. GO! HOME!

# BACK IN DAVID KACZYNSKI'S LIVING ROOM

DAVID

I had to fire my own big brother. That's when he really made the break, took that last paycheck and moved to the cabin for good.

FITZ

What he did at the factory that day was a "letter-bombing." He made anonymous messages into his weapons. It's Unabom in miniature. Right down to the typewriter.

DAVID

Twenty years later, and he's still sending letter-bombs and anonymous Manifestos. And here I am, twenty years later, selling my brother out. Choosing the system over HIM. AGAIN.

David shakes his head. Rubs his temples.

DAVID

This was 1978. The Unabomber's first bomb was just a few months after that. Maybe if I hadn't fired him, if I'd stuck by his side, maybe none of this would have happened.

(realizing:)

He must have built it in his room... in our parents' house... God, if I'd known—

FITZ

It's not your fault, David.

DAVID



More love could have turned him around... He's a human, with a soul, all he's looking for is love and I couldn't give it to him... I chose comfort and convenience and indifference over what was right, over love. A thousand small choices where I did the easy thing and it all adds up to THIS.

FITZ

He experimented for years before the first bomb. He was primed to go off. It was just a matter of time.

David shrugs. He only half-accepts this.

FITZ

Do you still talk with your brother? Call him, visit?

DAVID

He doesn't have a phone. But we used to write. Until a few years ago. He wrote so many letters. He'd send the next one before we could even respond. We have, probably, hundreds of them.

Fitz tries to hide his excitement.

FITZ

I need those letters, David. I need every letter you have.

DAVID

A bunch are in my abri in Texas. The rest are at my mom's house. She's close by, we can go and get them.

(realizing:)

God. We'll have to tell her. We'll have to tell her that her own son... and that I turned him in...

And he hides his face in his hands.

DAVID

You said there were five hundred brothers... a thousand mothers... Why did it have to be MINE? What did I do in some past life to be screwed by the universe like this?

Fitz leans forward. Earnest, speaking from the heart now:

FITZ

The world is SO LUCKY that it was YOU. Do you know what would have happened if it had been someone else? 99% of them? They would have lacked the awareness, or lacked the COURAGE, to make that call. They would have let it go. Or they would have let FEAR get in the way of doing what was RIGHT. And we would never know who he was. We would *never* be able to stop him.

(beat, intense now:)

You take on that burden of suffering, of guilt, of self- recrimination. So that the rest of us can sleep safely at night. It's the most anyone can give.

Fitz is talking about David, but also talking about himself.

These two men, bonded together in the strange vortex of UNABOM.

Then – the door opens and Linda comes in, carrying groceries.

LINDA

Heeeeyyy! (seeing Fitz:)

Oh. What's going on?

David looks at her. Deep breath. Explanation time.

CUT TO:

## **INT. WANDA KACZYNSKI'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Close on WANDA KACZYNSKI (78, tiny, sharp) as she struggles to process the news. In shock.

David, Linda, and Fitz are all sitting across from her. Ashamed. Finally, Wanda works through it.

WANDA KACZYNSKI

If it's him, he must be stopped. Those victims... they all had mothers too.

Her voice is fragile. She and David look at each other. Tears in her eyes. In his eyes too.

WANDA KACZYNSKI

But... He was such a happy boy.

He was so gentle with you David, so loving... Don't you remember? ...  
How does a sweet little boy become a killer? How, Agent?  
Long silence.

WANDA KACZYNSKI

Is there no answer?

There is no answer.

## **INT. WANDA KACZYNSKI'S LIVING ROOM - LATER**

David carries in a chest, opens it.

Fitz GOGGLES – it's filled with TED'S LETTERS. FITZ

Ted wrote ALL of these?

Wanda nods sadly. Fitz kneels down before the box. Paging through. Over a hundred letters, papers, publications...

He looks up at David and Wanda. His eyes GLOWING. It's a TREASURE CHEST.

## **INT./EXT. FITZ'S CAR / SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY [RAIN]**

Fitz drives off. The CHEST OF DOCUMENTS on the passenger's seat.

He tries to focus on the road – but can't –

Opens the chest and starts PAWING THROUGH THE DOCUMENTS – the letters, letter after letter – the RAIN beating down on the car –

HIS writing, HIS typing – it's ALL THERE –

And he looks back to the road just in time to see that he's just RUN A RED LIGHT without even realizing it – he glances back to the letters, and then –

A PEDESTRIAN appears out of the rain – staring at him in FEAR –  
SCREEEEECH!

Fitz SQUEALS to a STOP –

The PEDESTRIAN stares at him. Terrified, a deer in the headlights.  
Fitz stares back. One hand in the chest of letters. The other on the wheel.  
A long moment when Fitz and the pedestrian stare at each other, one more scared than the other.

Then the pedestrian runs off, disappears in the mist and rain.  
Fitz sits there. Catching his breath. The RAIN beating down on the car.

*END ACT THREE*

# ACT FOUR

## INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT - THE FOLLOWING NIGHT

NATALIE opens the door and Fitz bursts through. Directly off the plane. He drops the big box of letters onto her kitchen table. He's FIRED UP and SHE IS TOO –

Two RESCUE DOGS (different from the dogs in 101) run laps around the room, responding to the humans' excitement –

FITZ

It's HIM! Come, look with me!

They DIG INTO THE LETTERS – reading them at random, spreading them out – Time starts passing without them being aware of it, complete, whirling absorption –

NATALIE

Oh my God– Does the spelling–?

FITZ

Yes! Look! And the diction is right on –

NATALIE

It's really him–

FITZ

I need to present this to the UTF. I need to make them see it too.

NATALIE

Yeah, we can do that. Let's start here–

They huddle over the table, side by side. And in quick cuts, we see them working through the night –

## LATER

A COMPARATIVE CHART comes together, cut and pasted from photocopies...  
A TIMELINE... A biography... Working together, cutting and pasting, firing off each  
other's enthusiasm, hours flying by...

## LATER

And finally they take a step back. Taking in their work.

NATALIE

It's him.

FITZ

Do we have it?

NATALIE

We have him. We have him!

They look at each other. Glowing. Joyful.  
Their enthusiasm spilling over – And then they're moving closer

–

And Natalie goes in for a KISS. Fitz kisses back.  
It electric, we've been waiting for it for so long and so have they –  
Then Natalie goes for more – Her arms around Fitz –  
He pulls back.

FITZ

What are you doing?

NATALIE

I thought– You said you left your, you know, your wife,  
and–

FITZ

Yeah, but... Um...

Fitz instinctively turns back to the documents to hide his feelings. She looks at him. A beat. HUMILIATION coming over her. She sits back down at the table.

NATALIE

Wow. ... Wow.

FITZ

I'm sorry. I didn't... Thank you.

NATALIE

“Thank you”?!

Fitz tries to say something. Goes back to the papers for a moment. Then back to Natalie. But she's realizing:

NATALIE

You left your wife. You came all the way across the country, to ME. But you're not here for me at all. You're here for HIM.

FITZ

I came for you. I did.

She looks at him: Who are you kidding?

NATALIE

I'm just some accessory to get you closer to *him*, aren't I. Oh my God- You're using me to get to HIM.

Fitz tries to object, but on his face we can see – she's RIGHT. She stands there for a moment, staring at him. Then turns and WALKS OUT.

NATALIE

I gotta walk the dogs. You can let yourself out.

The tinkling of dog collars. A DOOR SLAM.

Fitz stares after her for a moment. But then, released from having to pretend, dives RIGHT BACK INTO THE PAPERS.

## INT. UTF - BULLPEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Fitz strides in. Carrying the CHEST OF LETTERS. A secretary pursues Fitz, trying to stop him.

SECRETARY

You need to wait for an escort Sir-

FITZ

I just need to talk to Special Agent Milgrim.

The bullpen slowly goes silent as people take notice of him.

AGENT

Holeeee crap...

Fitz finds his way to TABBY'S DESK. She's not there. He looks around. Everyone's staring.

FITZ

Where's Tabby?

The Agents just shrug. Fitz shakes his head, mutters to himself. Drops the box onto Tabby's desk, grabs a phone and dials her PAGER NUMBER.

And then – on the far side of the bullpen, Cole passes by. He glances into the bullpen. Then DOUBLE-TAKES when he sees Fitz.

He and Fitz stare at each other across the bullpen for a moment. Then Cole turns red. Apoplectic. CHARGES for Fitz.

Fitz watches Cole coming. Then makes a split-second decision. He GRABS the chest of documents and RUNS for the stairs –

Tabby enters the bullpen. Silencing her pager.

TABBY

Hey, did someone beep me?

She sees Fitz UP ABOVE, striding along the mezzanine hallway.

TABBY

Oh crap. Fitz? *Fitz!* What are you doing?!

And for a moment, Fitz locks eyes with Tabby. We can see his repentance on his face– He didn't mean it to go this way– But then, from behind him:

COLE

HEY!



## IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Fitz looks. Cole coming right after him, a pair of Alpha-Agents close behind.

Fitz turns away from Tabby and rushes down the hall. CRASHES through a door, into

## INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM

Where he interrupts a meeting of the top agents. Ackerman, Genelli, and a few others. The room suddenly goes silent.

They all STARE at Fitz in shock as he charges in and PLUNKS the chest of letters down on the table.

FITZ

I have our man. I have the Unabomber.

The room is DEADLY SILENT. And then, a winded Cole bursts in behind Fitz and the room erupts into SHOUTING –

ACKERMAN/GENELLI/COLE

What the hell-?! / Who let you in here?! / Who do you think you are–

Fitz grabs a marker and writes on the board: *TED KACZYNSKI*. Slaps a copy of the PHOTO of Ted up onto the board.

FITZ

You asked me to put a name on your board! I'm putting a name up!

Theodore Kaczynski. He lives in a cabin in Lincoln, Montana. He's our man! He's the Unabomber! You asked for a *name*–

COLE

We asked you for a name two months ago. Before you disgraced your S.A.C. in front of the FBI Director and led this whole investigation down a blind alley.

Cole starts toward Fitz to throw him out. Until—

ACKERMA

(withering:)

I was *not* “disgraced,” Stan. (as Cole wilts)

You have five minutes. *Go.*

FITZ

Ted Kaczynski. Born in 1942 outside Chicago, making him 53 years old. He’s got an I.Q. of 167, a bonafide genius. He attended Harvard at age SIXTEEN. He got his Ph.D. in Mathematics at University of Michigan in 1968, which correlates with the formatting of the Manifesto. His dissertation was brilliant, won prizes, got published, but was so advanced that only five or six mathematicians in the world could even understand it.

Which plays into his desire to be listened to and acknowledged as a logical, genius thinker.

As he goes, he hands around photocopied PHOTOS OF TED – as a teenager, at graduation, at Berkeley.

Genelli whispers to his TECHIE, sends him out on a mission.

FITZ

He taught mathematics at Berkeley for two years, which is where his association with the Bay Area began. Then he withdrew into the wilderness. He and his brother built that cabin, and Ted went back and forth between Chicago and the cabin for a few years before he moved into the woods permanently. He’s living the life he describes in the Manifesto. Free from technology. And completely alone.

COLE

Lots of people live like that. Lots of people have big degrees and grew up in Chicago. He fits your profile, okay fine. But that doesn’t make him the Unabomber.

FITZ

Except – in 1971, he wrote a letter that can only be described as a trial run for the Manifesto. It mirrors the Manifesto point by point. The same order of ideas, the same preoccupations, the same linguistic idiosyncrasies.

He unveils the COMPARATIVE CHART that he and Natalie made.

FITZ

Excerpts from Kaczynski's letter at the top, relevant parts of the Manifesto at the bottom.

The agents all gather around the chart. Taking it in. Ackerman looks from the letter to Fitz and back again.

ACKERMAN

Where'd you get this letter, Fitz?

FITZ

His brother read the Manifesto when we published it. And recognized it as having been written by Kaczynski. Which is exactly why we had it published, right?

Ackerman looks at him closely. Mentally bookmarking something.

FITZ

(off the chest:)

Plus I have about 100 more letters from Ted Kaczynski to analyze. The brother is getting even more from his property in Texas. We should have those in a day or two.

Fitz fishes out a posterboard from the chest, pins it up: it's a timeline of dates and locations in the life of Ted Kaczynski, with corresponding Unabom dates and places.

FITZ

I used Kaczynski's letters to map his movements for the past twenty years. And they track closely with the Unabom events over the same period of time. He's familiar with Chicago, the Bay Area, and Salt

Lake City, the Unabom nexes. He feels safe in university settings, which explains the bombs he personally placed at

Northwestern, UC Berkeley, and University of Utah. He fits the profile. He fits the timeline.

The language is

a match. We've got our man. *Ted Kaczynski is the Unabomber.*

Fitz gives a slight grin. And the whole room takes this in.

Everyone stares at the picture of Ted on the wall. And on Ackerman's face: *Fitz might actually be right...*

***END ACT FOUR***

# ACT FIVE

## INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The UTF bosses are pushing back – Genelli’s Techie has returned with a handful of printouts, and now Genelli is leading the chorus of objections:

GENELLI

I ran a search in the MPP. Kaczynski’s not in Tier One. He’s not in Tier Two. He’s not even in our initial pool of 15 million.

He’s NOWHERE! A statistical null. Computationally, he’s not a suspect.

COLE

Plus, however well he fits... He’s 3,000 miles away! Every single Unabom letter and every single Unabom package was mailed from the Bay Area. You’re saying this guy drove three days every time he wanted to mail a letter?

FITZ

Well... Took the bus. He doesn’t have a car.

COLE

Oh, come ON!

But Ackerman is thinking. He’s on to something.

ACKERMAN

It *would* explain why his letters always came in batches. That always confused me – he’d drop a dozen letters and two mailbombs all at the same time, then go silent for months before his

next burst.

A silence. And we can feel the pieces clicking in the minds of the other agents too:

GENELLI

And... I'm not saying it's him, but his bombs come mostly in spring and summer. Lots of snow in Montana, makes it hard to travel by bus.

FITZ

It would also explain our failed sting, too. He probably DID buy the Washington Post — but in Montana, not San Francisco.

And like that, the room has come around. You can feel it. Even Cole grudgingly comes on board:

COLE

We'll have to move very, very carefully. Unabomber or not, he's got guns, he can live off the land... At minimum he's a flight risk. Worst case it's Ruby Ridge, Montana Edition.

ACKERMAN

Cole, set up a stakeout in Lincoln, Montana. Get eyes on the cabin, see if we can get bank records and start a mail cover.

If he's taking the bus there's got to be some record of that.

COLE

Yes sir. I'm on it.

ACKERMAN

Fitz, what's your next steps here?

FITZ

I want to do a complete comparative analysis between the Ted letters and the Unabom documents. Mine them for linguistic evidence that proves that Ted Kaczynski is the author of the Manifesto.

ACKERMAN

Good. Genelli will get you whatever computing power you need. Andy, I want you to sit down with Steve Frecero. He's our AUSA and our DOJ liaison. Start figuring out what we need to feed a Federal Judge to get us inside that cabin.

GENELLI

Yes, sir.

ACKERMAN

From now on, we treat Ted Kaczynski as Unabom Suspect Number One.

Everyone rolls into action.

Fitz turns to the board, where the photo of Ted looks out at him. Pauses a moment to savor his victory—*he did it!* Then:

ACKERMAN

Fitz. Stay behind a moment.

Fitz turns. Ackerman weighs the 23-page letter in his hands.

ACKERMAN

If I recall, this came through here with a "Do Not Distribute" cover. And you were at the BAU when it did. Can you shed some light on that little mystery?

FITZ

(realizing, too late—) Sir. I acquired that document through informal channels.

ACKERMAN

Meaning, through Agent Milgrim. Correct?

FITZ

*I* acquired the letter. Any disciplinary action should fall on me.

ACKERMAN

But you just made yourself indispensable.

Didn't you.

On Fitz's face – *Oh, shit, what did I do?*

## **INT. UTF - STAIRCASE - A MOMENT LATER**

Fitz descends the stairs, carrying the chest of letters.

Tabby is waiting for him at the bottom. He can't meet her eyes.

TABBY

Did you just screw me?

FITZ

Tabby, I'm sorry. I tried to find you. I honestly– I'm so sorry.

TABBY

I told you everything has to go through me. I stuck my neck out and you couldn't even–

She goes pale as Ackerman appears at the top of the stairs. Beckons for her. Fitz watches her walk up the staircase. Leaden-footed. Deadwoman walking. Genelli passes by. Indicates for Fitz to follow him.

GENELLI

C'mon Fitz. We have work to do.

Fitz carries the chest of letters after Genelli. He keeps looking back as Tabby recedes up the long staircase. Until she passes out of sight. Ackerman follows her, and we hear the conference room door CLOSE.

***END ACT FIVE***



# ACT SIX

## INT. UTF - BULLPEN - DAY

Tabby strides across the bullpen, carrying a BANKER'S BOX full of her personal effects.

Fitz chases after her, but she doesn't acknowledge him.

FITZ

Tabby- Wait, please-

## INT. UTF - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Finally, Tabby WHIRLS on Fitz. Now we see - she's fighting back tears.

FITZ

I can fix this- I'll talk to Ackerman-

TABBY

*I looked up to you!* I wanted to BE like you! When you came in here, it was like, finally someone looks at me and sees my POTENTIAL! I wasn't just Tabby, the street agent who stumbled behind a desk. I finally felt like I could do something COOL, like I could be something more.

But you *used* me  
and you SCREWED me over.

FITZ

I didn't mean to- Tabby, I just didn't realize-

TABBY

You're leaving a trail of burned- out corpses in your wake, man. And it's gonna catch up to you. You're gonna get to the end of the road and realize you've got nobody by

your side.

Fitz tries to touch her shoulder. She flings his hand off.

TABBY

Stay the hell away from me.

And she marches out of the building and is GONE.

Fitz watches her go. Crushed. *What the hell did he do?*

## **EXT. UTF - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Tabby finds her car. Throws the box of her stuff into the passenger's seat, then gets in.

## **INT. TABBY'S CAR**

She slumps into the driver's seat. Sits there, tears in her eyes. Despairing.

She looks over at the passenger's seat. All her stuff has spilled out of the box. The car is a total MESS of books and papers. Packed with all the detritus of the investigation. It's taken over her life.

## **EXT. UTF - DUMPSTER**

Moments later, Tabby drives up to a DUMPSTER outside the UTF.

Gets out and starts cleaning out her car. She tosses out a beat-up copy of the Manifesto. Tosses out reams of handwritten notes. Photocopied style guides. Photocopies of letters, of dictionary pages, of typewriter exempla, page after page. All of it goes into the dumpster.

Underneath it all, her old Intro to Psych textbook. Her notes from class.

That goes into the dumpster too.

It's cleansing. Freeing. Her whole life, getting lighter and lighter.

Tabby gets back into her car. It's empty, pristine. A clean slate.

And suddenly she feels much, much better.

She puts in her 4 Non Blondes CD. And pulls out. Life goes on.  
And everything is okay.

## **INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - LATER**

Fitz, meanwhile, finds himself back in the basement office. Pulling the documents out of the chest.

He lays the letters out onto the tables. Letter after letter.

Until he's completely surrounded by TED'S WRITINGS. But completely ALONE.

Fitz pauses, and we can see the toll this all has taken on him. Everything, coming home to roost. He's suddenly haggard, distraught. Fitz rubs his temples. Then reaches for the phone. Goes to dial a number. But there's nobody to call. His finger hovers there a moment. The dial tone hums in the silence.

Then he hangs up. And goes back to Ted's writings. That's all he has left.

## **EXT. THE HIGH TEXAS DESERT - DAY**

The hollow cry of MOURNING DOVES. The strange, echoing YIP- YIP-YIP of coyotes.

A hot, bright morning in the middle of nowhere. Endless, silent hills wavering in the heat.

The only sign of human life is the dusty MINIVAN idling on a dirt track a quarter-mile off.

A snuffling, rustling sound from somewhere underground. We see a sheet of CORRUGATED IRON laying flat on the ground, half-covered in dirt. Then the end of the sheet lifts up, revealing a large HOLE IN THE GROUND. When DAVID KACZYNSKI climbs out, we realize – this is his ABRI. And he's clutching a cloth-wrapped bundle of DOZENS OF LETTERS.

David looks over at the dusty minivan – and now we see that Linda is waiting inside. She's not about to leave the air conditioning.

David, wrestling with something in his mind, turns away. Back to the desert.

Staring out over the cactus wastes, shimmering in the heat. Drinking in the silence, the emptiness, the heat.

The high, hot yellow sun. He closes his eyes. Feeling it on his face.

Then, back to reality. He turns back toward Linda and the waiting minivan.

## **INSIDE THE MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER**

David and Linda sit in the parked minivan. Looking out at the desert in silence. Then, finally:

DAVID

We have to save Ted. Whatever it takes, whatever we need to say or do, we have to save his life. If he dies... I'm as bad as he is.

Linda takes his hand. And the sun beats down on them.

CUT TO:

## **THE MONTANA WILDERNESS**

THE SAME SUN shining down, but here it's low and watery-pale. Pine trees, rolling mountains, and snow as far as we can see.

The CRUNCHING of tires, as a black SUV turns down a snow-covered drive. Pulls up in front of

## **EXT. BLUE SKY MOTEL - DAY**

The SUV parks and husband-and-wife BIRDWATCHERS (40s) get out. They look like they stepped out of an Orvis catalog. The man heads inside and registers. He returns with the keys, grabs their luggage, leads his wife to their room.

BIRDWATCHER

Lady at the desk says it's a little early, but if we're lucky we might spot Snow or Ross's geese.

## **INT. BLUE SKY MOTEL - MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The man shuts the door and then he does a weird thing: he searches the place. Going over every inch of the room.

Once he's satisfied, he gives his wife the all-clear and the two swiftly unpack. Binoculars.

Sibley's Birds of the Northwest.

Better-than average Japanese SLRs.

And then, incongruously, they start unpacking the body armor.

The Sig Sauer 9mms. The extra clips.

The FBI I.D. badges.

They suit up, cover the body armor with camo jackets and orange reflective vests. Then they get their gear stowed and head back out to the parking lot.

## **EXT. LINCOLN MONTANA - WOODED HILLS - DAY**

We follow their car into the hills where they park on the shoulder of the road and head into the snow-covered woods: the man with a map and compass, his wife with her bird book.

We follow them deeper into the bush. The only sound is their feet crunching in the snow.

They signal silently to each other. Then make their way to the top of a snowy rise. Keeping low, readying their binoculars.

When they come to the top of the rise, we crane up to reveal a PANORAMIC VIEW of a wooded valley down below.

And nestled among the trees, the thing they're REALLY there to watch:

A wooden shack. Hidden among the trees. It's

## **TED'S CABIN.**

*END OF EPISODE*

## **Ep. 6: Ted**

Episode 106 “Ted”

Written By Andrew Soderoski

N.B.: Episode 106 unfolds over several time periods. Scenes from Ted’s childhood in Chicago are marked with a green highlight; scenes from Ted’s teenage years at Harvard University are marked with a blue highlight. The frame narrative takes place in September 1995 and is not highlighted.

# ACT ONE

## EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAWN [SEPTEMBER 1995]

In the silent woods.

The sky just starting to become light. A little early snow on the ground.

## INT. TED'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Ted comes awake.

The cabin is dark, and we don't see it well. Just Ted's hard bunk and the first hints of dawn through the small cabin window.

NOISES from outside.

Ted sits up. Takes his rifle down from the wall. Steps outside.

## EXT. THE WOODS

A rustling sound – then, Ted sees an OWL in the tree. Looking down at him with those big reflective eyes.

Ted puts the rifle down. A moment of acknowledgement between him and Athena's bird. And then the owl flaps off through the pines.

Ted stands for a few minutes looking around at the pure-white snow and the sunlight filtering through the pine trees.

Takes in the rolling hills, the pines, the snow in the gullies. Ted's breath in the morning air. The vast immortal silence.

It's good to be here.

## EXT. RIVER - MORNING

Ted takes a bucket shower in the freezing river. Scrubbing his beard, his hair. Making himself look good. And the water's cold enough for us to be asking ourselves – why?



Ted looks up. An ELK has come to drink from the stream. It lifts its head. Majestic.

## **EXT. TED'S CABIN - MORNING**

Ted leaves his rifle inside, retrieves his RED BICYCLE from behind the cabin.

He's cleaned up and dressed normally – he looks like a normal rural guy, not a crazy hermit. He hops on the bicycle and rides off.

## **EXT. DIRT PATH - MORNING**

Ted rides down the dirt path.

Stops to check a ramshackle MAILBOX on the side of the trail. "KACZYNSKI" on the side. (No mail.)

## **EXT. MAIN STREET - LINCOLN, MONTANA - MORNING**

Ted rides his BICYCLE into LINCOLN, MONTANA. A blink-and-you-miss-it mining town.

Ted rides past the general store, the post office, the Sylvan Learning Center. Enjoying the ride, the wind in his hair.

The MAIL TRUCK rumbles past. Ted pedals faster, until he's riding right alongside.

The MAILMAN waves to him out the window. Ted waves back. Then eases back and settles in behind the mail truck.

Following it through town, until they both arrive at

## **EXT. LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY**

Ted leans his bike against the rail in front of the library. The mailman unloads the bundles of NEWSPAPERS, carries them inside.

## INT. LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Ted keeps his distance, but watches intently as the assistant librarian cuts the bundle open, splays out the newspapers.

And we see:

*THE WASHINGTON POST – SPECIAL EDITION.*

On the front page:

*“UNABOMBER MANIFESTO PUBLISHED”*

We realize: this is PUBLICATION DAY.

And Ted watches as THE MANIFESTO special section gets pulled out of the newspaper.

The librarian slides it onto the long wooden sticks. And hangs it there in the library reference section, for everyone to read.

Ted tries to hide the satisfaction on his face. But – he’s moved by this.

There it is. HIS article. For the whole world to see. He did it.

Then, a WOMAN’S VOICE from behind him:

THERESA (O.S.)

I know your secret, Ted.

Ted, startled – suddenly on alert. He turns to see THERESA OAKES (50s), the librarian. Soft-spoken but she has a spark.

THERESA

Don’t even pretend. (off his look:)

What, you’re gonna tell me that it was the Good Fairy who shoveled out my parking spot yesterday?

Whew... Ted grins – Guilty as charged.

TED

Could’ve been the will-o-the-wisp. Lots of strange creatures out in those woods.

THERESA

Well you can say that again.

And we realize – they’re both a little odd, and a little old... but they’re definitely FLIRTING.

THERESA

But seriously. Thank you, Ted. That was really thoughtful of you.

Ted shrugs. It’s nothing. He’s got a big smile on his face.

Ted helps her push her heavy cart of books toward the stacks. He keeps looking over at the reference section – watching as two people take the Manifesto-on-a-stick and settle down at the tables. Other townspeople are asking the assistant librarian about the Manifesto.

He can’t stop staring. It’s deeply gratifying. Other people are actually reading HIS work.

Theresa notices him looking.

THERESA

You know what that is, don’t you? The Unabomber Manifesto. They published it.

TED

Mmm. I didn’t hear about that. Most people think he’s crazy, huh.

THERESA

Well I don’t think so. I read the whole Manifesto. It’s not what you think, at ALL. He’s obviously a very well educated, very intelligent man. And a lot of what he says makes sense to me. You should read it, you’ll be surprised.

TED

Sympathizing with a serial bomber now? Be careful, the FBI might come and start asking you questions.

Theresa laughs, but she’s not kidding about the Manifesto:

THERESA

Seriously, you gotta read it so we can talk about it! Here.

She grabs a clipboard and shoves it into Ted's hand. It has a list of names and times written on it.

TED

What's this?

THERESA

The waiting list! Sign up.

TED

A waiting list? For the Manifesto?

Theresa nods. Ted quietly beams – every author's dream! He looks at the long column of names. And writes his name at the bottom of the list.

THERESA

I couldn't wait. I read it this morning on the FBI's internet web page.

Ted cocks his head. Appreciating the irony of this.

THERESA

You know he says he's going to

stop bombing now.

Ted walks with Theresa through the library stacks. Helping her shelve books as they walk and talk.

TED

He's going to retire? Take up golf instead?

THERESA

Well, they explained it in the Times. He was choosing 'representational targets.' Like, all the stuff he talks about, the environment, computers, cloning, all that? He's been sending bombs to people who represented what he was fighting against. Symbols of all that stuff. Computer people, geneticists, logging companies, that Exxon Valdez guy. Well, maybe now that his ideas are published, that will be enough. Maybe he'll write more essays instead. Write a book or something. He's a good writer, Ted. Jeez, though. It's a shame he killed all those people.

TED

Well. Only three.

THERESA

Mmm. Still. Three human beings. Can you imagine?

And for a moment, Ted drops the wry smile. He starts shelving books so that Theresa can't see his face. As he asks:

TED

You think... he'll really stop? You think he's able to... I mean, could he give it up?

THERESA

Well what do you mean? He gave his word, didn't he?

TED

Maybe... his whole life revolves around those bombs.

Maybe it's like, his only hobby. The only thing he's truly great at. What he does all day, every day.

And if he stopped making them... his life would have this big hole, and there's nothing there to fill it.

THERESA

Well, I don't know, Ted. I'm not a psychiatrist. But maybe he's just sick of all that.

(with a grin:)

Maybe he got a girlfriend!

Ted turns back to the books. Shelving the rest of them in silence. Theresa senses that she's put her foot in it. An awkward silence.

Then, she nudges Ted. Points to an old PROSPECTOR who's shuffled into the library. He's a wreck, an old mountain man coming in to wash in the bathroom.

THERESA

(quoting Ted)

'Lots of strange creatures out in those woods.'

They chuckle together.

THERESA

Are you sticking around today? I know Timmy was planning to come by after school.

TED

You bet. I have some good practice problems this week, too. Fun ones. Make quadratics exciting for him.

THERESA

Oooh, that DOES sound fun...

Ted shrugs. They laugh.

## **INT. LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY - READING ROOM - LATER**

Ted is getting his papers and practice problems in order. Checking a grade-school math textbook. Making up a handwritten quiz for Timmy's tutoring session.

THERESA

Hah! Look, I'm not the only one!

Ted, confused. Theresa holds up that week's Time Magazine. Reads from it:

THERESA

"There's a little bit of the Unabomber in most of us. We may not share his approach to airing a grievance, but the grievance itself feels familiar."

Then she pulls out the New York Times, reads:

THERESA

Robert Sale in the Times: "He's a rational man and his principal beliefs are, if hardly mainstream, entirely reasonable. ... The Manifesto's first sentence is absolutely crucial for the American public to understand and ought to be on the forefront of the nation's political agenda." Huh. What was the first sentence?

Ted stares at the articles she brought. Stunned. He quotes the first sentence of the Manifesto by rote:

TED

“The Industrial Revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race.”

Theresa grins at him.

THERESA

Well it’s kinda true.

She wanders off. Leaving Ted staring at the magazines. Floored. The validation is overwhelming. He doesn’t know what to do with these feelings.

Then, a moment later, he hunches over a legal pad, and starts to write. And we start to hear Ted’s V.O., reading the text of a LETTER he’s writing to his brother DAVID –

TED’S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Dear David, I will start by saying that this letter is not to be construed as an apology, and my feelings about Linda have not changed. However, I find myself at a strange crossroads in my life and I need some brotherly advice.*

Ted can’t help but wander back to the edge of the reference section. Just to watch the people reading the newspaper with his article in it.

TED’S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*A certain activity which has been very time-consuming for nearly the entirety of my adult life now seems to have become... no longer necessary. Forgive me if I say no more than that.*

Back at his table, he notices a photo-spread in the Time magazine showing “Unabomber Devices Through the Years.” Schematics, diagrams, explanations.

Ted runs his finger over the devices. All those bombs. All those hours...

TED’S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*This has given me occasion to think a lot about my life, about how it’s unfolded, about some of the choices I’ve made. Not that I regret anything, exactly. But – the weight of my past, David. It’s so heavy on me.*

Ted sinks deeper into his chair. Under the weight of it.

Then, a KNOCKING on the library window. Ted turns to see TIMMY OAKES, Theresa's 11-year-old son, knocking on the window on his way back from school. A skinny little kid in a huge backpack.

Timmy WAVES cheerfully to Ted. Calls through the glass:

TIMMY

Hey, Ted! Ted smiles. Waves back.

Watches as Timmy runs around to the library entrance. And on his face we can see the question:

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*David, I need to know. How do you know if it's too late to change? How can you tell if... if it's still possible to start over?*

**END ACT ONE**



# ACT TWO

## INT. LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY - READING ROOM - DAY [1995]

Ted sits at the big table, alone, writing his letter on his yellow legal pad.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*I never told you about Doug. But I think that's where this all started... I KNOW that's where it started. Because that was my first one. My very first... experiment.*

Across the room, Ted sees little Timmy Oakes run to his mom Theresa. He gives her a big hug. He tells her about his day as they walk the library aisles.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*David, you know I've always had trouble connecting with people. I just can't tell what they're feeling, what they're really thinking about. My whole life I've felt like I'm watching the world from the other side of a window.*

Ted gazes out the big plate-glass library windows. Outside, groups of grade-schoolers pass by, laughing, goofing around.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*I'm on the outside watching everyone else live their normal, happy lives. And I just don't know how to pass through to the other side, where everything is... effortless.*

And then we're in

## **INT. EVERGREEN PARK MIDDLE SCHOOL – ILLINOIS [SEPTEMBER 1954]**

A TEN-YEAR-OLD TED KACZYNSKI (YOUNG TED) peers through the little window on a classroom door. Sixth grade. Inside the classroom, other ten-year-old kids play around.

[Note that this sequence unfolds WITHOUT DIALOGUE.]

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*I still blame Mom and Dad for that. Skipping me two grades ahead. I wasn't ready.*

Young Ted walks down the hall. Looks inside a SEVENTH-GRADE CLASSROOM. The kids look significantly bigger and tougher.

Little Ted continues down the hall... to the EIGHTH-GRADE CLASSROOM. He peers in the window. The eighth graders look HUGE. Hairy, pubescent gorillas.

Ted gathers himself. And steps inside.

## **INT. EVERGREEN - EIGHTH-GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY**

Everyone turns to stare at young Ted as he stands in the doorway. And we get a good look at him:

10-year-old Ted is small for his age – he was probably the smallest kid in sixth grade, let alone eighth. Tragically dorky, his shirt buttoned all the way to the top, his hair carefully parted. His shirt pocket is crammed with pencils. He's carrying a big, overstuffed BRIEFCASE.

All the kids stare at Young Ted as he shuffles awkwardly to his seat: Check out the freak...

## **INT. EVERGREEN - SCHOOL CAFETERIA**

Young Ted eats lunch out of his open briefcase, on the lunch table in front of him. The OTHER KIDS eat all around him, conversing. Ted just sits, head in his briefcase, sandwich in one hand, book in the other. No eye contact, no hope.

Utterly alone.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*I was doomed to be a freak from the start. And the worst part was- I was STILL smarter than everyone else!*

## **INT. EVERGREEN - EIGHTH-GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY**

Math class. All the kids are at the chalkboards, working simultaneously to solve a complex equation.

Ted RACES through, half the size but twice as fast. He finds the solution way before everyone else, returns to his desk and pulls out a book about prehistoric man.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Then I met Doug. You don't know about him. Maybe you remember the thing in chemistry class. But you never really knew about Doug.*

Then, to Ted's surprise – ONE OTHER KID finishes early too. While all the others are still laboring at the boards, DOUG BURKMAN (12) finishes, sits down. Pulls out his own book.

Ted looks over at him. Doug and Ted nod to each other. "A worthy foe..."

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*You know, even forty years later, I guess you'd say that Doug was the only real friend I've ever had.*

*Isn't that... pathetic?*

## **INT. EVERGREEN - CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - DAY**

Doug and Ted, lab partners. Working on some experiment together. Geeking out together, ENJOYING it. Snickering at each other's jokes.

## **EXT. ILLINOIS WOODS - DAY**

Ted and Doug walk together in the woods and fields after school. Ted pulls out his HUMAN PALEONTOLOGY book, and Doug takes an interest. They start reading it together. Ted shows Doug a page about flint tools.

## **LATER**

They find some flint. They use the paleontology book as their guide to knap their own stone tools.

## **LATER**

Ted and Doug run through the woods together with their new primitive FLINT-TIPPED SPEARS.

They spot a pheasant. Stop short. Raise their spears – and THROW.  
They both miss badly. The pheasant flies away.

## **EXT. GRASSY CLEARING - ANOTHER DAY**

They stalk through the field of tall grass. Shirts off, stone weapons at the ready. Doug discovers something. A battered PLAYBOY.  
They look through it together. Fascinated.

## **EXT. THE GRASSY CLEARING - A DAY**

## **LATER**

They're back, retrieving the magazine from under a rock. Soon, they're jerking off together.

## **IN THE WOODS - LATER THAT DAY**

They stalk a SQUIRREL. Try to run it down, but it escapes up a tree.

## **LATER**

Ted and Doug walk through the woods. Deep in conversation about something. Soulmates.

## **EXT. THE GRASSY CLEARING - A FEW DAYS LATER**

They're looking at the Playboy together.

Then we see Ted convincing Doug of something. And they both strip. Look at each other, naked in the tall grass.

Ted takes Doug's hand, brings it to him. Coaxes Doug into jerking him off. Doug is uncomfortable but goes with it. Until Ted comes in Doug's hand.

Ted reaches over to jerk Doug off.

Doug squirms away, grabs his clothes, and runs off into the grass.

## **A MOMENT LATER**

Ted looks for him in the grass. Then searches the WOODS. But Doug is gone.

## **INT. EVERGREEN - HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY**

Ted goes to say hi to Doug. But Doug avoids him, moves off.

## **EXT. THE GRASSY CLEARING - AFTERNOON**

Ted waits for Doug in their field after school. Doug doesn't show up.

## **INT. EVERGREEN - HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY**

Ted sees Doug talking to A PRETTY GIRL (12) in the hallway. Ted comes over, waves Hi to Doug.

Doug walks toward him and, without warning, PUNCHES Ted in the gut.  
Ted falls to the floor. His briefcase flies open and books and pencils fly everywhere.  
All the middle-school kids laugh.

## **INT. EVERGREEN - CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - DAY**

Ted, stewing at his lab bench. He lays out the notebooks and pencils for him and Doug. But then, the teacher enters and class starts and Doug doesn't come.

Then Ted spots Doug at a different bench, with a new lab partner – the pretty girl from the hallway.

Ted keeps looking over at them in class. Then he writes a note, passes it.

Kids pass it to Doug. Doug opens it, reads it. Then looks at Ted and pointedly crumples the note up.

Ted turns back to his chemistry bench. Pulls out another piece of paper to write a note. Then gets an idea.

Mixes three chemicals together in a beaker. Then pours a thin layer of the chemical mixture onto the paper. Folds the paper into a small square, passes it over to Doug.

Doug receives the "note." Looks at Ted, mouths "Fuck you." But Doug can't help himself. He OPENS the note.

When he does, there's a gout of FLAME and then –  
*BOOM!* The note EXPLODES.

CHAOS in the classroom. A FIRE ALARM rings. The pretty girl SCREAMS AND SCREAMS. Doug is burned, his face and hands blackened, his eyebrows singed off.

Doug STARES straight ahead in shock. Then he starts to CRY.

## **INT. EVERGREEN - HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY**

Ted walks down the hallway. And everyone MAKES WAY for him.

Stepping out of his way, whispering about him. They FEAR him.

Doug, still burned and his hands bandaged, cringes and turns away as Ted passes.

Ted FEELS HIS POWER.

## INT. EVERGREEN - SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Ted sits down, opens his briefcase. Like before – except this time, when he sits down, the other kids all MOVE AWAY. Clearing the table until it's ONLY TED.

He's powerful. But he's terrifying. And – he's alone.

## EXT. THE GRASSY CLEARING - THAT EVENING

In the evening, Ted waits in the field with his stone tools and his Playboy. Waiting for Doug to come back to him. But he never does.

Ted spots that PHEASANT again.

He crouches low. Stalks toward it. Then springs up, throws his SPEAR and – HITS IT!

Ted runs up, grabs the pheasant. The bird is stunned but not dead.

Ted stares into the bird's eye. It's deep clear blue. Stunningly beautiful. And Ted feels no pleasure in this anymore.

He releases the bird. It flaps a moment, then flies away. Ted, all alone in the twilight. Tears in his eyes. He flings away his spear. Flings away the Playboy.

Picks up a flint tool from the ground. And takes the point and cuts himself on the arm. Until there's blood. Until he SCREAMS...

### TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Sometimes... it feels like this is the whole pattern of my life. Betrayal. Anger. I lash out, and for a brief moment I feel some relief, I feel like I've gotten my revenge and set the world right.*

*But then it passes and it didn't make me happy. It NEVER made me happy.*

(beat)

*I told myself every time: the next one will be better. But I've been reenacting that story my whole life. Me and Doug, over and over. I couldn't stop myself. But*

*– I want to stop, David. I want this to be over.*

And we hold on young Ted, bleeding and SCREAMING and we hold for much much longer than is comfortable before we

CUT TO BLACK.

*END ACT TWO*



# ACT THREE

## INT. LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY - READING ROOM - DAY [1995]

TIMMY

Hey Ted!

Timmy Oakes plops his huge backpack on Ted's table. Sits down next to Ted.

Timmy's 11 years old, a bit of an oddball himself, smart and awkward in ways that remind us of Young Ted.

Ted smiles warmly. They're both totally at ease with each other.

TED

What'd you learn in Algebra today?

TIMMY

Dang, Miss Hembrough sucks. These quadratics are giving me a headache! And she can't explain why we'd ever even use one.

TED

You know the ancient Babylonians did quadratics? Seriously. In cuneiform. Quadratics stink, until you see the patterns underneath them. Then they get fun. You got your pencil?

Timmy gets his pencil and his Trapper Keeper out. And they start working together. And we hold on that image for just a moment to let it sink in – Ted is this boy's MATH TUTOR.

Theresa Oakes watches them from the stacks. They look like father and son. Timmy blabbing, Ted nodding and listening.

Ted sees her watching. She smiles. He smiles back.

And as Timmy keeps talking, Ted's attention wanders to that page in the open Time Magazine. The UNABOM Devices. Then to Ted's own reflection in the window. Seeing himself next to Timmy. The contrast between them.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*David. I keep asking. How'd I go from an innocent little kid... to THIS?*

(beat)

I think it was Harvard that did it. You don't know about that either. About Murray. About... everything. Mom and dad loved that, the ultimate feather in their cap, "My son, attending Harvard." But — can you imagine how lonely that was? To be in college at SIXTEEN?

And we see SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD TED (TEENAGE TED), still small, still geeky, still holding that damn briefcase. Standing before the gates of

## **EXT. HARVARD UNIVERSITY - DAY [FALL 1958]**

Where we see Teenage Ted, isolated once again. Even here, he's an outcast:

### **IN THE DINING HALL,**

Eating alone with a pile of books for company.

### **COMING HOME TO HIS DORM ROOM,**

Where his roommates are lounging and bullshitting. Tennis whites and trust funds. Teenage Ted, the math weirdo in his grungy corduroys. He scuttles past them and hides in his bedroom. Diving into MATH TEXTBOOKS – the world of numbers, his safe place.

### **THE FRESHMAN UNION,**

At an ice-cream social. Teenage Ted stands awkwardly at the back. Watching those uber-preppy Radcliffe girls, all around  
20 years old. The girls notice him looking and move away: What rock did you crawl out from under?

## INT. LAMONT LIBRARY - DAY

Teenage Ted, buried in mathematics problems in a carrel.  
Suddenly, a mimeographed FLYER appears in front of him:

### “WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU!”

PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT SEEKS VOLUNTEERS FOR LONG-TERM  
STUDY

Directed by Prof. Henry MURRAY Excellent Compensation for your time.

Ted looks up just in time to see the pretty-but-nerdy female GRAD STUDENT who's handing the flyers out. Considers this.

## INT. A LARGE LECTURE HALL - DAY

Teenage Ted walks in, holding the flyer. The lecture hall is PACKED WITH OTHER STUDENTS, all holding flyers and seeking to volunteer.

At the front of the lecture hall, surrounded by fawning grad students like a Pope surrounded by his cardinals, is

PROFESSOR HENRY MURRAY (50s). Handsome, powerful, confident, a puckish twinkle in his eye. The kind of guy who plays squash with the world leaders he went to Exeter with. He looks right at Ted as Ted shuffles into a seat.

### TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Professor Henry Murray. He was everything I wanted to be. A beaming Greek God of Harvardness. As soon as we entered that room, we were all desperate to make the cut. For him to select us, to bring us into that inner circle. His was the hand of God, separating sheep from goats.*

The grad students start handing out PSYCH ASSESSMENTS.

## IN QUICK CUTS:

Grad students collect the assessments a few minutes later. Then start dismissing students based on their answers.

We see the day pass with round after round of assessments. Questionnaire after questionnaire... More and more of the students dismissed... until there are just 20 kids left. A very nervous Ted among them.

## **FINALLY,**

Murray summons the final twenty up to the front of the lecture hall. Takes them in, one by one, critical, assessing. Then, Murray beams at them.

MURRAY

Congratulations. If you're still here, you've made the cut.

Murray pumps Ted's hand.

MURRAY

Theodore. I so look forward to getting to know you.

Ted BEAMS.

## **EXT. THE ANNEX - DAY**

Classic Harvard mudstone and brick. Murray's headquarters. Teenage Ted trots up the front steps. Excited.

## **INT. THE ANNEX - MURRAY'S LIVING-ROOM OFFICE - DAY**

Murray welcomes Ted into a homey, comfortable living-room setting. Murray plops down on a couch, indicates for Ted to join him.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Nobody in my life ever asked me how I was doing. Or if I was okay. Or even if I knew what TIME it was.*

*And here was a Harvard Professor, asking me what I thought about the world. Listening. TAKING NOTES when I spoke! Imagine that! It was as if Christ himself came down to ask me about my life.*

Ted, holding forth to Murray. Explaining some complex point of morality.

TED

...We work so hard to justify emotional responses with morality that the moral code becomes so attenuated as to be meaningless...

Murray nods, takes notes.

MURRAY

Do you think that's a question of the application of time to ANY moral framework? An inevitability?

Ted ponders this. Makes a response. Murray listens seriously, his attention an intense spotlight.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*It was almost a year of that. Those weekly trips to the Annex were like heaven for me.*

*The first time in my life I felt understood, cared about.*

## **INT. THE ANNEX - MURRAY'S LIVING-ROOM OFFICE (VARIOUS DAYS)**

We see Teenage Ted back in the Annex "living room" set on MANY DIFFERENT DAYS.

Having deep conversations with Murray. Handing in thick written assignments. Completing various psychological assessments. Reading essays he's written aloud.

Murray and Ted look at a porno magazine together. Discussing the photos, discussing Ted's preferences in women.

TED

Personally I never understood the appeal of a woman's backside.

Except perhaps a negro woman...

Murray takes notes the whole time. Ted, flattered, expounds further on female butts.

Later, Murray stretches out on the couch, smokes a cigarette from a fancy tin. Laughing with Ted over some joke.

We notice Murray carefully observing the effect of his words on Ted. Ted doesn't notice, but we can sense that Murray's preparing Ted, GROOMING him – for SOMETHING...

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*There was nothing off limits between us. We talked about everything, every crevice of my life, my dreams, my fears. And he appreciated me for WHO I REALLY WAS. Or so I thought...*

**EXT. HARVARD YARD - DAY [NOVEMBER 1959]**

Early morning on a snowy day, and Teenage Ted sidesteps a groundskeeper shoveling a brick pathway. Pep in his step as he crosses the Yard toward

**EXT. THE ANNEX - DAY**

Ted quickens his step when he notices Professor MURRAY and two G-MEN in dark suits and crew-cuts. Smoking together in the snow-piled courtyard.

MURRAY

Good morning, Mister Kaczynski. You can head in – we'll be along in a moment.

TED

Maybe I'll have one too, if we have a minute.

Ted makes a show of pulling out a fancy cigarette tin. The same obscure brand Murray smokes. Hoping Murray will notice.

MURRAY

Balkan Sobranies, huh? Good man.

Ted can't really smoke – it's purely performance, a bid for approval by Murray. Murray senses it immediately, smiles.

Brings Ted into the group.

MURRAY

These are some friends of mine, Ted. With the Federal Government. Theodore is one of my star subjects. He's been sharing some very interesting ideas with us.

Ted basks in the attention.

MURRAY

You're part of something much bigger than yourself, Ted. This study isn't just expanding the boundaries of the psychological sciences. It's important to the future of the Free World.

The G-Men finish their cigarettes, nod goodbye.

## **INT. THE ANNEX - MOMENTS LATER**

Teenage Ted heads toward the door to the homey living-room office.

MURRAY

We're doing something a little different today. This way.

He leads Ted down a corridor. Into

## **INT. A DARK ROOM - DAY**

Walls painted black. A two-way mirror along one wall. Klieg lights along the ceiling.

A chair like an ELECTRIC CHAIR bolted to the floor in the middle of the room. Big 1950s MEDICAL MONITORS beside it.

CAMERA LENSES protruding from holes in the walls. It's an interrogation chamber.

Teenage Ted comes inside, looks around wide-eyed. A lamb to the slaughter.

And the door LOCKS behind him with a CRASH.

***END ACT THREE***

# ACT FOUR

## INT. THE ANNEX - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY [1959]

Teenage Ted is now seated in the bolted-down chair. Two GRAD STUDENTS use Elmer's glue to attach ELECTRODES to Ted's arms, chest, head. The wires all leading to two big MEDICAL MACHINES covered in dials and meters and needles.

He's not being strapped down, exactly. But once there are thirty electrodes in place, he can barely move. It's the sensation of being strapped to an ELECTRIC CHAIR. Ted looks up at Murray.

TED

I can't really move.

MURRAY

Well, you can walk out at any time. You know that, right, Theodore?

TED

Yeah, no, I'm okay, Professor.

MURRAY

Good man. This is important work. I'm counting on you today.

The grad students finish strapping Ted in, then leave.

A DOZEN SERIOUS MEN IN SUITS file into the room. Taking up seats in a semi-circle around Ted. Observing him wordlessly.

Ted looks to Murray for explanation: *Who are those guys?*

Murray ignores this, sits across from Ted with a thick file.



MURRAY

Over the past year you've provided us with hundreds of pages of material. Laying out your philosophy of life, your deep moral convictions, your dreams for your own future and the future of the world. It's been wonderful getting to know you, getting to see inside the deepest recesses of your mind. I hope you feel you've been fully honest with me. That your work truly represents who you are and what you believe.

TED

(laughing)

Of course! I've really enjoyed our conversations. The assignments too. I wouldn't hold anything back from you.

MURRAY

Good. Let's begin.

Murray nods to the two-way mirror. A BUZZER sounds. The KLIEG LIGHTS come on, shining on Ted's face.

The cameras whir to life.

The machines wired to Ted's electrodes click on, start spitting out long paper graphs.

MURRAY

I've taken the liberty of sharing those pages with a panel of fellow scientists. Some of Harvard's most distinguished thinkers.

TED

Oh, I'm flattered. Good morning.

Stern silence from the Scientists. Ted can't see their faces because of the lights – they're dark shadows, sitting in judgement just beyond the kliegs.

MURRAY

We've spent extensive time discussing them, and we're all in agreement in our conclusions. (somber pause)

The majority of your ideas are derivative, clichéd, and juvenile. The remainder? Are self-evidently absurd.

Ted is still smiling. He doesn't know how to respond. On his face: *What's going on?* MURMURS of agreement from the shadowy Scientists. One of them pipes up:

DARK SCIENTIST 1

The parts that are true aren't original. And the parts that are original, aren't true.

CHUCKLES from the gathered scientists.

Ted, ambushed and confused, stammers a moment. Turns to Murray.

TED

Well Professor, maybe I, um... I'm happy to explain myself further if—

MURRAY

Let's play the film from our last session.

He signals, and a 16mm PROJECTOR whirs up. ON THE MOVIE SCREEN, we see Ted reading his responses to Murray's assignments. The Ted onscreen is totally earnest, with an appealing idealism and innocence.

MOVIE TED

*I basically feel that technological society is incompatible with individual freedom. Therefore, we have to destroy it and replace it with a more primitive society, so that people will be free again...*

The film continues, but Murray TALKS OVER IT:

MURRAY

A tepid, sophomoric regurgitation of Jacques Ellul. You talk so much about autonomy but you've stolen all your ideas from a third-rate thinker's mass-market paperback!

TED

Well, um, I didn't claim—

MURRAY

Oh, wait, here's the best part—

MOVIE TED

*...Our civilization is becoming an ant-hill civilization. Everyone conditioned to do their job and not ask questions. Technology and the social structures it's created have made the individual passive, powerless, trapped by rules...*

MURRAY

Classic self-justification. "If only I was born among cave men, THEN I would have been a star! Everyone would appreciate how

special I am, if only technology weren't getting in the way!" Everyone else at Harvard seems to be getting ahead of me, but it *couldn't* be my own inadequacy that's to blame.

TED

That's totally ad hominem! If we're going to discuss my ideas—

MURRAY

(steamrolling him—)

This *couldn't* be just a pathetic mathematician of mediocre achievement, coming up with a preposterous justification for his own mediocrity. No, it must be that the **WHOLE SYSTEM** that's sustained and satisfied all the rest of humanity for thousands of years is totally wrong! Because of course, you're more perceptive than ANYBODY else, aren't you, Ted?

DARK SCIENTIST 2

Except when it comes to his own work. It's like a smorgasbord of logical fallacies!

CHUCKLES and murmurs of approval from the Scientists.

Ted, flailing. This is becoming a NIGHTMARE. He doesn't know where to turn or what to say. The LIGHTS in his eyes.

MOVIE TED

*...To get our autonomy back, we need to shed all this unnatural stuff and get back to nature. Live basically as the hunter-gatherers did...*

MURRAY

Hah! If society broke down, you wouldn't stand a chance!  
A creepy beta-male shrimp like you?

DARK SCIENTIST 1

He'd be sodomized to death and turned into dog food  
in ten minutes.

DARK SCIENTIST 2

He'd probably enjoy that!

MURRAY

Now now. I asked you not to bring up Theodore's latent  
homosexuality. That's not fair.

MOVIE TED

*...Well, I see myself maybe someday coming out of the  
wilderness, and leading a revolution. Everyone will look  
at me and respect me.*

*They'll listen to my ideas and see that I'm right, and  
they'll make me the ruler of the world. And I'll reorganize  
society so that everyone can be free.*

The Scientists burst into HOWLING LAUGHTER. Then they let loose— ATTACK-  
ING Ted, MOCKING him—

DARK SCIENTISTS

“Davey, Davey Crockett! King of the Wild Frontier!” /  
Weak-minded, pathetic... / Ridiculous! Childish delu-  
sions! / How could anyone take him seriously—

Dark men loom on all sides, LAUGHING at him, SCREAMING at him. Ted's worst  
nightmare. EVERYONE'S worst nightmare.

Then A BUZZER SOUNDS.

The film stops. Sudden silence. The Scientists all file out of the room. Murray closes  
the door after them.

Ted, panting, broken, sitting there in the silent room. Almost more scared of the  
silence than of the abuse.

Murray sits back down. Considering Ted. Murray's holding a HANDWRITTEN  
LETTER.

MURRAY

I want to read you something. When I wrote to your mother to get her permission for this study?

She didn't just sign the permission slip. She sent a whole letter along with it. This is to Professor Murray, from Wanda Kaczynski. I'll read it to you:

*“Dear Professor Murray, I'm so relieved that someone from the Harvard Psychology Department is taking an interest in my son. I'm afraid Theodore is in desperate need of psychological intervention. Many people, even relatives and family friends, regularly call him a 'creep'.”*

TED

(weakly)

She didn't say that. Mom wouldn't—

MURRAY

*“He's a bedwetter and he masturbates so excessively that I worry about mental and physical ramifications. He harbors delusions of grandeur completely out of proportion to his mental and physical capabilities. I would describe Ted as a stunted adolescent. Anything you could do to fix my boy would have my permission and that of his father. Signed, Wanda Kaczynski.”*

Ted tries to summon some response, but can't. It's much, much worse than strangers screaming at him. His own mother, betraying him to his enemies.

Murray lets it sink in. Then leaves Ted alone in the room. Ted, slouched in the chair. Panting. Breaking down.

## BEHIND THE TWO-WAY MIRROR

Murray joins the two G-Men, who have been watching everything. Murray can't hide his own gleeful amusement.

G-MAN

His mother really wrote that?

MURRAY

Of course not. We use the same letter for all of them.

I imagine we could get even better results with more customized verbiage, but for scientific rigor I prefer to have this phase be standardized.

The G-Men are impressed. Murray flips some switches, and sounds the buzzer for the Third Dyadic Phase. In the room, a projectionist strings up a fresh film reel.

## IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

A new film flickers on the screen. Ted realizes – it’s a RECORDING of the earlier session. An unblinking close-up of TED’S OWN FACE while the Scientists were mocking him.

He’s watching himself squirming while being mocked, listening to the abuse all over again at deafening volume. It’s a hell right out of “A Clockwork Orange.”

Ted starts panicking –

SHADOWS move behind the two-way glass. Watching him. The CAMERA LENSES stare at him, unblinking.

The WIRES AND ELECTRODES hold him down.

The MACHINES monitor every heartbeat, every brainwave.

He’s all alone in A TECHNOLOGICAL HELL and there’s NO WAY OUT.

And finally – he BREAKS. Starts sobbing uncontrollably. Trembling all over. Like a beaten dog.

### TED’S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*I only found this out years later, but it’s well documented: Murray was working for the CIA. Part of Project MKULTRA, the CIA’s vast Mind-Control project. There was a whole cadre of MKUltra researchers at Harvard then – over in Sever Hall, Professor Timothy Leary was dosing people with LSD and psilocybin, searching for a “truth serum”...*

## IN SEVER HALL

We see TIMOTHY LEARY and some OTHER G-MEN watching from behind another two-way mirror as subjects trip out on LSD.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Over in BioChem, there was a flood of grant money to continue Frank Olsen's work on aerosolized psychoactives...*

## IN A BIOCHEM LAB

Researchers pump psychoactive gasses into a glass-walled gas chamber and watch as the subjects inside FREAK OUT...

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*And Murray in Psych, working with the CIA to perfect brainwashing techniques to use against Soviet spies – to break them permanently, take control of their psyches, and turn them against their masters.*

## IN A MILITARY CONFERENCE ROOM

We see MURRAY GIVING A SLIDE SHOW PRESENTATION to a room full of Government officials... GENERALS, CIA guys, maybe even J. EDGAR HOOVER. On the slides, we catch the phrases “Stressful Dyad”, “brainwashing”, “ideology implantation”...

## BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Ted, a shaking, quivering wreck. Held to the chair by the wires and electrodes. The machines still spitting out tickertape of his heart rate, BP, EEG...

As the horrible FILM keeps playing...

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*And WE WERE THE GUINEA PIGS. He selected the most vulnerable, the most sensitive and impressionable of us, to see if we could be BROKEN. The others, at least they were 18 or 19. I was SIXTEEN YEARS OLD!*

## BEHIND THE TWO-WAY MIRROR

Murray and the G-Men watch Ted breaking down. He's utterly beaten.

G-MAN

My concern is this: if we're going to use this in a practical way to turn an enemy agent against the Soviet Union, I need to see how this emotional manipulation can transition into an ideological implant. You can make him cry, but he may still believe what he believed when he walked in.

Murray smiles. He's getting there. He hits a switch.

## IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Suddenly, everything stops. The harsh lights turn off, the projector shuts down, the machines stop their churning. It's normal again. Ted, a frightened animal – is it going to get worse now?

And then Murray steps into the room. A paternal smile on his face. Ted looks up at him through tears – to him, Murray suddenly looks like a haloed savior.

MURRAY

Theodore, you did a wonderful job. You truly exceeded my expectations. Let's get these electrodes off you.

Murray frees him from the wires. Murray's hand on his shoulder, comforting.

MURRAY

You did so very well. I couldn't have asked for more. As a subject, or as a friend. I can't wait to see how well you do next time.

Ted stares at Murray. So deeply confused by the sudden kindness. He doesn't know which way is up.

TED

"Next time?" Murray nods.

MURRAY



This phase will continue for about eighteen months. I'm anticipating more great things from you, Ted.

TED

Oh... Um. Okay.

Ted stands. Lost now. Starts vaguely for the door. Then stops.

TED

I, uh. I never believed any of that stuff anyway, you know.

MURRAY

Is that right?

TED

No. I never really believed any of it. Those ideas were just... stupid. Juvenile.

MURRAY

Are you sure about that, Ted?

A beat. Then Ted nods.

Murray smirks at the two-way mirror.

## **BEHIND THE TWO-WAY MIRROR**

The G-Men look at each other meaningfully. *Well done, Professor Murray...*  
One of them makes notations in a folder. We glimpse the typed label:  
PROJECT MKULTRA - SUBJECT: "LAWFUL" - TOP SECRET.

# IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

MURRAY

Well, either way. I'll see you next week.

Ted staggers for the exit.

MURRAY

Ted. Your cigarettes.

Ted pauses. Looks at the cigarette tin on the floor by his chair. He doesn't want to obey. But he can't help himself.

Dutifully, he goes back for them. Picks them up from beside Murray's feet.

But when Ted stands back up – he and Murray are nose-to-nose.

And instead of scuttling away, Ted STAYS THERE. Looking right into Murray's eyes with a defiant, "fuck you" expression.

For just a moment, Murray seems SCARED. Like Ted might attack him.

Then Ted turns. And strides out.

## EXT. HARVARD YARD

Teenage Ted stumbles out the door and through the snow, back into Harvard Yard. He looks down at the cigarette tin in his hand.

Then he's overcome with self-disgust and anger. And FLINGS THEM AWAY.

## INT. LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY - READING ROOM - DAY

TIMMY

Ted? I finished. I saw where you tried to trick me. Nice try.

Timmy holds up his paper so Ted can see.

Ted snaps back to his math tutoring. Inspects Timmy's work. Nods, impressed.

TED

You have the eye for mathematics. That's special. Not everybody has that.

TIMMY

I dunno. Actually, can I ask you a question? Privately?  
I can't really ask my mom.

TED

Um, sure. Okay. Should we...?

He signals to Theresa: he and Timmy are going to walk around the block. Theresa smiles: go for it.

## **EXT. LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY - LATER**

Ted and Timmy walk around the block. Timmy, unburdening himself.

TIMMY

...It's like, they're on me every single day. They call me  
Pigeon Boy. Because of how I walk, I guess.

TED

You see the world differently. People are afraid of that.  
You just have to be true to yourself. It'll get better.

TIMMY

That's "mom" stuff. I need them to stop. I need man-to-  
man advice.

Ted respects that. He nods, thinking. Then tells him:

TED

*Strength.* These people prey on fear, and respect only  
strength. Make yourself strong, and you won't even need  
to fight them. You should be doing push-ups and sit- ups  
every day. Chin-ups too. Soon they'll sense your strength  
and leave you alone. You won't even need to fight them.

TIMMY

That's good "dad" advice. I'll start tonight. Oh, wait,  
hold on a second—

Timmy fishes an envelope out of his backpack. Hands it to Ted.  
Ted opens it. It's an INVITATION to Timmy's 12th BIRTHDAY PARTY.

TIMMY

We're having a party for my birthday. You think you can come? You don't need to bring a present or anything. We'll have a cake.

TED

Oh, that's really... Thanks. I'm not sure if I can make it.

TIMMY

It's just a small party. I don't have very many friends, so... You don't have to come, though.

TED

I'd like to come. I'm just... busy.

TIMMY

It's okay. You don't have to. If you don't want to.

TED

I'll try. Okay?

Timmy nods. He turns back towards the library.

TED

What the world thinks about you? What those bullies say? None of that matters one bit. You're different from the other kids.

And that's GOOD. I promise.

Timmy takes a long look at Ted. That hits home. Just what Timmy needed to hear. Ted reaches out. And he pats Timmy on the shoulder. For Ted, it's a big gesture. He looks at the invitation. And watches Timmy run back to his mom. Theresa smiles at Ted through the window.

Ted stands there with his bike, watching them on the other side of the glass.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Murray spent a YEAR seducing me... and then spent TWO YEARS breaking me. Two years. Why'd I keep going back?*

**INT. THE ANNEX - INTERROGATION ROOM  
[1959]**

Teenage Ted's a blubbering wreck. The FILM REPLAY of himself is still playing right in front of him. The DEAFENING AUDIO of himself being berated.

He looks over at the two-way mirror, but there's no help to be found there – only dark shadows and his own reflection –

To PROVE to them: They can strap me to the electric chair. But - I will NEVER give in. They will never break me. (beat) And I didn't. I didn't break. They didn't break me. They... they... didn't... didn't break me. –

But, of course – they did.

***END ACT FOUR***

# ACT FIVE

## EXT. TED'S CABIN – LATER THAT DAY [1995]

Ted arrives back at his cabin. Leans his bike around back, heads inside.

## INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted tosses his bag down on the bed. Puts his new library books up on the shelf.

And now we see the interior of the cabin for the first time. The journals and books on the shelves. The typewriter on a small stand. A couple of rabbits hanging over the Franklin stove.

A pair of latex gloves and a red stocking-cap hanging on a hook. Ted grabs them, puts them on. And sits down at what we suddenly realize is

HIS BOMB-MAKING TABLE.

And we watch as Ted works to finish the HALF-BUILT BOMB sitting on the table. The incredible precision of his work, the skill of his hands.

Stripping batteries of their covers, then soldering the batteries together in a series.

Heating a piece of rebar in the stove and using it as a soldering iron. Dripping excessive solder on all the joins.

Gluing the joins with tons of homemade HOOF-GLUE EPOXY.

### TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Every time my mind wanders, it goes back to that room at Harvard.*

*Whenever I close my eyes, I'm THERE. Strapped to that chair. Helpless, angry, impotent... stripped of all RESPECT. And I feel so much ANGER.*

Checking and re-checking the intricate wood-and-aluminum triggering switch.

Connecting the batteries and checking the circuit with a little voltmeter... the voltmeter's needle JUMPS – The WIRES take him back to

# THE INTERROGATION ROOM AT HARVARD [1959]

The NEEDLES jumping on the big medical monitors... The WIRES entangling TEENAGE TED... Strapping him down to that chair...

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Anger at Murray, anger at those scientists, anger at ALL of them... I want them to LISTEN TO ME. I want them to pay for what they did to me...*

## INT. TED'S CABIN

He uses tongs to fish a metal pipe out of a pickling solution. Wipes it with a cloth, inspects it from every angle.

Carefully fills the pipe with explosive powder. Plugs the ends of the pipe, pins them into place.

Wraps the pipe in strips of tape studded with nails and buckshot. Then nestles it in place in the box, and epoxies it into place.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*I've been living on ANGER my whole life. It's all that's sustained me... And no wonder. The story of my life is the story of betrayal. Anyone I ever loved, anyone I ever admired, betrayed me.*

## INT. THE KACZYNSKI HOUSE [1960]

A middle-aged WANDA screams at a belligerent Teenage Ted:

WANDA

What letter?! I signed that permission form, yes— because I thought that maybe those Harvard psychiatrists could make you NORMAL! You ARE a STUNTED

ADOLESCENT! A 13-year-old trapped in a man's body!

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Mom. Dad. Doug. Murray. And you too, David. Even you.*

We see GLIMPSES OF TED AND DAVID THROUGH THE YEARS:

**- IN THE KACZYNSKI HOUSE [1950],**

Ted at age 6 is in awe of his infant brother as little David lies in the crib. Those tiny, perfect hands and feet.

**- IN THE KACZYNSKI HOUSE [1959],**

Ted at age 15 helps David with his math homework.

**- IN THE WOODS [1972],**

Ted and David build the CABIN together.

**- IN TED'S CABIN [1976],**

Ted receives photos of DAVID in front of his abri in Texas.

**- IN THE FOAM FACTORY [1978],(FB D8)**

Ted seethes with rage as David FIRES him. The moment we saw in 105. Ted walks out in utter humiliation, past all the staring employees.



## - IN HIS CABIN [1990],

Ted receives a letter with David's WEDDING PHOTOS in it, plus photos of David and Linda's middle-class house in Schenectady. Ted RAGES, tears the photos up.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Betrayal after betrayal after betrayal... Until I can't trust ANYONE. I can't trust any affection, any kindness, anything. Because I'm UNWORTHY of it.*

(beat)

*My whole past, my whole life – it's all telling me that I'm unworthy of anything but to be despised...*

*That I'm irredeemably broken. That whatever I do, I'm UNWORTHY of love. And I always will be.*

## INT. TED'S CABIN - EVENING [1995]

Ted sits at his bomb-making table. In front of him, the FINISHED BOMB.

And next to it – Timmy's BIRTHDAY PARTY INVITATION. Ted considers these two items.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

I'm trapped, David. I'm trapped and I can't get out. I need to know — can I start over? Or is it too late?

**END ACT FIVE**

# ACT SIX

## INT. TED'S CABIN – EVENING [1995]

Ted, sitting at his bomb-making table. Considering the FINISHED BOMB. And Timmy's BIRTHDAY PARTY INVITATION.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*When it was me versus the world, it all made sense. But now, I think back on it all... When I think of all the years I've spent on this... Looking for satisfaction from everyone who wronged me...*

## AND IN A WHIRL OF QUICK SHOTS,

We see Ted BUILDING BOMBS THROUGH THE YEARS – two decades of time passing, all in that one-room cabin. Bomb after bomb... Building the triggers, building the bombs...

Notebook after notebook filled with equations and calculations...

Writing the cover letters, the labels, wrapping the packages... And we get glimpses of Ted:

**RIDING THE BUS...**

**IN A BATHROOM TRYING OUT DISGUISES...**

**DROPPING HIS BOMBS IN THE MAILBOX...**

**PLACING BOMBS IN A UNIVERSITY  
HALLWAY...**

**IN THE LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY,**

Searching the local library newspapers for any scrap of news about his bombs, about himself... Newspaper after newspaper, obsessively searching...

Ted, getting older all the time, his entire life sacrificed to this all-consuming, endless vortex of explosions, plans, tests, hand-work, disguises, articles...

**TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)**

Sometimes I think I'm just trying to punish those people because they have what I really want: A home, a family, the ability to be NORMAL. I'm 53 years old, and I'm a virgin.

**IN THE EVERGREEN PARK HALLWAY**

Young Ted watches from behind his locker door as Doug Burkman walks down the hall, hand in hand with a girl.

**IN HARVARD YARD,**

Teenage Ted, head down, crosses the Yard on his way to a Harvard library. Double-takes as he spots Professor Murray having a picnic lunch with his family. Murray goofs around with his kids, while Murray's wife unpacks the picnic basket. Murray, enjoying his life, unscarred, completely unaffected by what he did to Ted. He doesn't even notice Ted watching.

## **IN THE KACZYNSKI HOUSE**

Teenage Ted watches from the stairs as HIS OWN PARENTS snuggle on the couch. Watching TV together. It's so simple, but it's so impossibly far away for Ted.

## **BACK IN THE CABIN**

Adult Ted stares at the photos of DAVID AND LINDA from their wedding. Feeding each other cake. In love.

### **TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)**

*And I realize only now that the time I've spent on all this destruction... it's the time I would have spent on a family.*

*Having a SON. Someone who would look up to me. Who I could just... love.*

And we see TED'S FANTASY:

### **- IN THE CABIN,**

Adult Ted and HIS WIFE sit by the fire. As their INFANT SON nurses at her breast. The whole scene golden in the lamplight. Beautiful, transformative.

### **- IN THE WOODS,**

Ted leads his TODDLER SON through the trees, collecting berries. Teaching him about the plants. Spotting a deer together.

### **- NEAR THE CABIN,**

Ted and his SCHOOL-AGE SON work together to build a ROOT CELLAR. They step back, taking pride in their work. Ted's wife admires it with them. We still don't get a clear look at her face.

## TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*I gave up everything for RESPECT. I have the grudging respect of the whole world. They write columns about me, "think pieces" in news magazines.*

*But... what I really want...?*

Ted's school-age son, holding his father's hand. Looking up to Ted. Literally. Figuratively.

Ted double-takes. Surprised to see that the boy whose hand he's holding is in fact eleven-year-old Timmy Oakes.

Then Ted looks over and sees that the woman standing in the door to his cabin is Theresa Oakes, the librarian. His wife. She smiles at him.

Ted looks back down at Timmy. A moment of confusion – how did his mind take him here? And then Timmy laughs and runs off into the woods and then,

Ted's fantasy is over.

And he's

## **BACK IN THE CABIN [1995]**

Alone. With the LIVE BOMB on the table in front of him. And Timmy's PARTY INVITATION next to it.

Ted picks up the PARTY INVITATION. Looks it over.

And then Ted makes a decision. He gets his tools out, starts working again.

Constructing something with great skill and precision – a wooden base, metal tines of various lengths. He has to work out some equations to figure it out. He's using the same tools he used to make his bombs, but he's making SOMETHING ELSE. Measures and trims the tines very precisely. Until it's finished, and we see—

Ted's made a little KALIMBA THUMB PIANO. It's beautiful.

He tries it out. Adjusts the length of the tines until it plays a perfect octave.

He smiles at his work. Then tries it out – picks out "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" on his little kalimba. It sounds great.

Ted wraps the kalimba in brown paper. Writes "TIMMY" on it. Picks up the invitation. And carries them to the door.

## **EXT. TIMMY AND THERESA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ted approaches through the darkness, carrying his present. He's late, and the party's already going on. Hardly anyone there except Theresa, Timmy, and a few adult friends.

## TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*My past doesn't have to dictate my future. I can still grow. I can still change.*

Ted stops outside the house, in the darkness. Watching through the window as Theresa carries in a birthday cake and they blow out the candles.

Ted smiles. It's a homey vision. As Theresa cuts the cake and Timmy opens his present.

Theresa notices Ted outside, waves, happy to see him. Motions "one sec."

Ted nods, watches as Timmy starts opening presents. Some toy soldiers. A baseball hat. Ted smiles. Starts toward the front door – then stops when he sees:

Timmy unwraps a CASIO KEYBOARD. A cheap little electronic toy – but Timmy's excited. Timmy pushes the DEMO button, and the keyboard starts playing music all on its own.

Ted stops short.

Looking from the fancy Casio keyboard in Timmy's arms to the thumb piano in his hand.

Suddenly, his little kalimba seems so stupid.

And he feels a wave of self-loathing. It was stupid to come here. What was he thinking.

Ted turns, heads for the woods, and disappears into the darkness.

Theresa opens her front door to welcome him in. But – Ted's gone.

## INT. TED'S CABIN

Ted slams the door behind him. Bolts it. Takes the kalimba and throws it into the fire. Throws the LETTER TO DAVID into the fire.

Takes the live bomb off the table, quickly wraps it in tin foil, and shoves it UNDER HIS BED.

Then lies down above it. Staring at the ceiling. For a moment,

## IN TED'S FANTASY

Ted is holding a tiny little infant's hand, translucent pink and utterly perfect in the firelight. Holding his son against his chest. This perfect little child, so tiny, so safe in Ted's arms.

And then he snaps

## BACK TO REALITY

And he's alone again. Fighting back his tears. The aching lonely sorrow in his heart.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.):

*My life wasn't supposed to go like this. My God, David.  
Who can help me? It wasn't supposed to go like this...*

Ted turns to face the wall. Curls into a fetal pose. And, under the bed,  
THE BOMB.

***END OF EPISODE***

## **Ep. 7: Lincoln**



Episode 107 “Lincoln”

Written By Nick Schenk

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 12/06/16

N.B.: This episode takes place primarily in 1996. The final scene continues the 1997 storyline; it is tagged “[1997]” with a yellow highlight.

# ACT ONE

## EXT. BIG SKY MOTEL - MORNING [APRIL 1996]

Close on a cheerful HAND-PAINTED SIGN, which reads: Big Sky Motel. Then we PULL BACK to reveal –

A slightly-below-average rural motel, one story layout, six rooms and an office. The owner's rust-bucket pick-up truck parked out front. A shiny rented SUV parked next to it.

Snow-dusted hills behind. Above, that big blue Montana Sky.

SANDY (O.C.)

We been open for thirty-five years. Only closed for 5 months when I

had my back surgery.

## INT. BIG SKY MOTEL - OFFICE - MORNING

Two MEN in work clothes chat up the owner, SANDY, 60s, as they check in. We peg them as UNDERCOVER UTF AGENTS, and recognize BURKHARDT.

BURKHARDT

So you pretty much know everyone around here.

SANDY

Everyone but you.

Burkhardt hands her his card, which reads: Earl Brogton, Western Telecommunications.

BURKHARDT

We're with the phone company. We're looking to put up a new tower, better coverage.

(off her mystified look)

To make the phones work better. Get a better signal.

SANDY

When I win the lottery and get a cell phone, I'll send a thank-you.

Sandy laughs. Burkhardt laughs too, leans in for the kill:

BURKHARDT

We have a field crew coming up tomorrow to survey possible locations.

You mind if we have 'em stay here? If you have the room, and it isn't too much trouble?

SANDY

In the off season? We got all the room you can handle, no lyin'.

Appreciate the business.

BURKHARDT

Great...

(reads her name tag)

... Sandy. Maybe you can tell us a bit about the local "wildlife." We'll be poking around the hills a bit, wanna know what we'll find.

Sandy chuckles, hands them two keys.

SANDY

Oh, we got a lot of strange critters out here. I'll fill you in for sure. Yer in room six, right outside to the left.

BURKHARDT

Thank you, ma'am.

As they head to the door, they pass the BIRDWATCHER couple from 105. Neither party gives the other any recognition.

Sandy doesn't notice this, turns back to her TV. Cranks up the volume on *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman*.

IN VARIOUS LOCATIONS IN LINCOLN, MONTANA:

Burkhardt and his partner survey the town from their SUV, take photos, being careful not to be noticed. As they do we get a RE-INTRODUCTION TO LINCOLN: THEY SURVEY AND PHOTOGRAPH **LOGGING ROADS. (D34)**

THEY SURVEY AND PHOTOGRAPH **THE LINCOLN POST OFFICE. (D34)**

THEY SURVEY AND PHOTOGRAPH **THE LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY. (D34)**

THEY SURVEY AND PHOTOGRAPH **A STRETCH OF VERY RURAL ROAD. (D34)**

## **EXT. WOODS / TED'S CABIN - EVENING**

The two Agents, now on foot, survey the cabin from afar.

Burkhardt zeroes in on the cabin with huge, tactical binoculars. The other agent sets up a long-range VIDEO CAMERA hidden in a fake rock. Checks the feed.

## **INT. BIG SKY MOTEL - MOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

Then we match cut to TED'S CABIN... But it's B&W, grainy, wavering... On the TV SCREEN in the Agents' motel room.

Burkhardt's partner "tunes" the feed from the hidden video camera. It's patchy, and Ted's cabin is distant, but it's better than nothing.

Burkhardt looks through the surveillance photos they took, adds them to the MAPS on the wall. Then he knocks on the CONNECTING DOOR – it opens to reveal

THE BIRDWATCHERS, staying in the ADJOINING ROOM. They bring in a stack of their own photos, adding them to the mix.

## **INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM**

Fitz, alone, unshaven, sipping cold coffee from Styrofoam. He's sorting and filing the Ted Kaczynski documents he got

from David Kaczynski in 105. Laboring on color-coded charts. Slow, arduous work. Fitz hears footsteps approach— *a colleague?* The janitor.

JANITOR

Morning, Fitz.

FITZ

Morning?

The janitor nods, then goes back to mopping. Fitz rubs his eyes. Then realizes — *Jeez, he's late...*

## **INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Fitz rushes to join COLE, GENELLI, and ACKERMAN in the conference room. Cole is indicating a topo map of Lincoln.

COLE

We have two teams in place, with another three on the ground within the week.

ACKERMAN

Won't the locals notice all the new faces?

FITZ

More to the point, won't Ted start to suspect something? If he gets even a whiff of FBI presence, he'll vanish. Or worse, boobytrap the woods, fortify himself in the cabin, and we got ourselves another Ruby Ridge.

COLE

Our guys are aware and are being extremely careful. It's a slow- build operation. Deep cover.

Plus, as far we can tell Kaczynski hasn't set foot outside his cabin since we started watching. So he's not seeing or hearing much of anything. We take our time. Watch, wait.

ACKERMAN

How long?

COLE

Ask these guys. We can't move in until they find something that definitively ties Kaczynski to Unabom.

(over Fitz's objection) Something *more* than just the language.

Something concrete.

Ackerman turns to Genelli and Fitz. Like – *Well?*

GENELLI

I'm guessing... three months. Maybe six. Depends on what we can build. We're monitoring his movements, watching his mail, looking at his bank records... He might send an incriminating letter tomorrow, or walk out the door holding a bomb next week.

ACKERMAN

Or he might stay inside for six months while we twiddle our thumbs. Right?

(off Genelli's silence)

So that's it? We just wait for him to goof up and give us probable cause?

FITZ

Well, I'm still working through his letters. There might be probable cause in there somewhere. Maybe at least enough for a sneak-and-peek.

Grumbling from all the others. Not likely.

GENELLI

And in case it's *not* him, I want to step up our database searches through the MPP, bring in more agents to subpoena records, increase surveillance on our top fifty leads.

ACKERMAN

Good. Keep the momentum up, make it clear we're not just sitting around. Call in whatever resources you need.

## INT. KANSAS CITY FBI OFFICE - DAY

AN FBI ASSISTANT DIRECTOR steps into his BOSS's office.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

UNABOM's poaching another ten of our S.O.G. guys.

FBI BOSS

Why? They already got eyes on that Montana guy, don't they?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Yeah, but they're just sitting on him! They say it could take six months. Meanwhile, I got four major drug cases with no surveillance to run them with.

FBI BOSS

Six months?! The hell they doing up there? Arrest the friggin guy!

The AD shrugs – “I hear you.” The Boss waves him out of the office. Plops down at his desk. After a moment, he flips through his rolodex – and lands on a card reading: *CBS News*.

## INT. UTF - BULLPEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Ackerman rushes across the bullpen. His Secretary trotting alongside.

ACKERMAN'S SECRETARY

Well, he said he was a producer with 60 Minutes. *And* the CBS Evening News. And–

ACKERMAN

I know who Lowell Bergman is!

Which is why I don't understand why you'd ever let him in this buildin—  
LOWELL BERGMAN (60s) is standing at the base of the stairs like he owns the  
place. Watching Ackerman. Chewing gum.

LOWELL BERGMAN

Happy to see me?

## **INT. UTF - ACKERMAN'S OFFICE - NEXT MOMENT**

Ackerman sits behind his desk, trying to keep some shred of authority and control.  
Bergman paces, laying it out.

LOWELL BERGMAN

Your operation is a sieve! I have multiple Agency  
sources telling me Polish last name, Lincoln Montana,  
Ted Sumthin-ski. Now I don't want to be here, I didn't  
pursue this story, but I'll be damned if I'm gonna let  
ABC get there first.

ACKERMAN

Now hold on, Lowell— That's highly sensitive Bureau  
intel—

LOWELL BERGMAN

Get your head out of your ass, Don! Do you have any  
idea what a huge favor I'm doing you right now? If this  
was ABC or NBC or even goddamn PBS, not one of  
those guys would be here giving you a heads-up. You'd  
be watching it on live TV *right now*. So count your lucky  
stars CBS got it first. And that we'll give you 24 hours  
before we go live.

ACKERMAN

24 hours?! How the hell are we supposed to— If you break  
this before we go in, and he hears— He's got guns, he's  
got bombs—



LOWELL BERGMAN

*24 hours. Good luck, Don.*

The moment Bergman is out the door, Ackerman grabs his phone:

ACKERMAN

*Project heads, conference room,  
NOW!!*

## **INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Fitz, Ackerman, Genelli, Cole in the conference room. They're FREAKING OUT. Pacing, anxious. This is not good...

COLE

We're screwed! How can we ramp from a 6-month timeline to ONE DAY?

ACKERMAN

It's what we have. Cole, you're on the next flight to Lincoln, I want boots on the ground ASAP.

COLE

I'm gonna have to call in favors. We'll need San Francisco SWAT out there, local Forest Service—

ACKERMAN

Whatever you need. We have twenty-four hours before this blows, it's do-or-die now.

Cole nods, turns to a waiting Agent:

COLE

Get on the phone with every rental car place within 100 miles of Lincoln, rent up every four-wheel vehicle so the press can't get them when this leaks. Go!

ACKERMAN

Genelli, Fitz. I have AUSA Steve Freccero on alert, he's our DOJ liaison. Start writing up the warrant.

ACKERMAN

Once Fraccero signs off, we'll submit to the Judge. Whatever you need, whoever you can use, take them. Go!

Genelli nods. The meeting starts to break up.

FITZ

Wait a second— A warrant? But— right now, really the only thing that ties Kaczynski to Unabom is *language*. Forensic linguistics.

They all look at him, like, "So what's the problem?"

ACKERMAN

Yeah, so write it up. *Quickly*.

FITZ

Um, but... well... For a warrant, we need to prove probable cause. Is forensic linguistics going to be *enough* for that?

GROANS from all the agents. Ackerman, turning red: ACKERMAN  
After a month of insisting you've got PROOF— *You're saying this NOW?*  
This lands on Fitz. He's going Prime Time whether he's ready or not.

## EXT. HELENA AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

Local FBI Chief TOM MCDANIEL (60s) and his ASSISTANT look on as FIFTY FBI AGENTS and their gear cross the tarmac.

McDaniel truly looks the part of a rural FBI Chief — worn Carhartt jacket, huge moustache, big white cowboy hat.

MCDANIEL

The cavalry's arrived.

At the head of the invading column is Cole. Clearly in charge and relishing it. Cole nods to McDaniel, smiles.

COLE

Special Agent Tom McDaniel? Stan Cole.

MCDANIEL

You empty the whole San Fran office?

COLE

San Fran, Seattle, AND Sacramento.

The other 50 land in 20 minutes.

This impresses McDaniel. He gives a low whistle. Watches the Feds stream past toward the waiting SUVs, start loading in their gun cases and heavy gear.

MCDANIEL

You're able to mobilize 100 Agents in five hours?

Cole nods, like, no big deal, then adds sardonically:

COLE

All I need now is a damned warrant.

MCDANIEL

(in shock-)

Wait... You don't have a *warrant*?

Cole says nothing as he climbs into the Lead SUV.

McDaniel watches the convoy of SUVs roll past. Then looks over at his Assistant. Like – “*Oh... Shit...*”

***END ACT ONE***

# ACT TWO

## INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

ON THE WALL, we see an overhead transparency slide into place. Two documents, side by side:

T-DOC 122: *computer will possess creative capacities*

MANIFESTO: *intelligent machines will perform human facilities*

Fitz finishes setting up the overhead projector, turns to the room. The room is now CRAMMED with FBI Agents, staffers and support people. Long rows of tables are stacked with T-Docs.

Everyone's looking at the overheads. Murmurs of incomprehension. Genelli WHISTLES for silence.

FITZ

Listen up everyone! Here's what we're doing. You have about a hundred and fifty letters from Ted Kaczynski on those tables. You have copies of the Manifesto, which I hope you've all read.

We're looking for parallel ideas, parallel phrasing from the known Ted Kaczynski documents...

(points to the overhead) Compared to the Manifesto.

The group nods, but isn't sold. Lots of sidelong glances.

FITZ

We need to compile as many language clues as we can, to prove that the man who wrote those letters is the man who wrote the Manifesto.

There's *a lot* of material to go through, so let's get started.

CRANKY AGENT

Needle in a haystack...

FITZ

It's there. So stop griping and *find it*. Go!

The agents all look at each other – like, “Is this all we’ve got?” They turn to the stacks of papers, start reading uncertainly. Nobody really knows what they’re doing or why.

## INT. SEVEN-UP RANCH - DAY

Cole talks with the SWAT LEADER as he simultaneously sets up his “war room,” giving orders to his staff.

COLE

Move the tables against that wall and cover those windows.

(to Swat Leader) Okay, what do you have?

SWAT LEADER

Tear gas canister gets him out, operatives in snow camo grab him before he can cough up dinner.

Whole op covered by snipers, plus a breacher team if the gas isn't effective.

COLE

And he burns all the evidence while igniting whatever booby-traps he's set on his property the past twenty years.

(off Swat's look) Then kills himself.

Before the Swat Leader can reply, Cole barks to his subordinate Agents.

COLE

Set up the radios over there, maps on that wall, secure someone local we can trust to supply us with coffee, food, whatever. Let me know when the surveillance plane is ready, and tell 'em not to fly too low. Make sure the snowmobiles are secured, gassed up and ready to go. Pull local records on ammunition sales if possible, see what kind of firepower we're facing.

SWAT LEADER

(pissed, sarcastic:)

So then what's the plan? We knock on his door and ask to borrow a cup of sugar?

COLE

(with a grin:)

Exactly. This is going to be low- impact.

Nothing tactical, just a regular, average Tuesday afternoon in rural Montana.

SWAT LEADER

What if he says no and won't open his door? *Sir*.

COLE

Then we say "please." (to the room:)

Look alive people, we've got nineteen hours, and change.

The thoroughly gelded Swat Leader can't help but add:

SWAT LEADER

I trust you'll be front-and-center on this low-impact operation, sir?

Cole doesn't respond, but the Swat Leader is dead on. Cole then turns to McDaniel. Under his breath:

COLE

Let's talk to this guy who knows Kaczynski. Figure out our approach.

McDaniel nods, steps out. Cole looks over his 'troops,' watching this come together. Then looks at his watch. Under the mask of command, a glimpse of his deep, growing concern.

## INT. STEVE FRECCERO'S OFFICE - DAY

A sign on the door reads: *Department Of Justice. Assistant U.S. Attorney, Steve Freccero.*

STEVE FRECCERO (30s, a comer) finishes looking through the massive Search Warrant. He looks up at Genelli and Fitz.

FRECCERO

Guys, what is this? You want me to send an arrest warrant to a federal judge based on *spelling*?

GENELLI

There's a lot more than just—

FRECCERO

You're not even close to meeting the burden of proof here. If I'm going to put my name on this warrant, you have to give me more.

FITZ

Well... What do you want?! This is what we have, and we only have eighteen hours before—

FRECCERO

Evidence! Probable cause! *That's* what I want!

(off their dejection)

Look, first off, forget the arrest warrant. You can *maybe* get a search warrant, it's a lower burden of proof. *Maybe*. But still, you'll need more than this.

## INT. SEVEN-UP RANCH - WAR ROOM OFFICE - DAY

JERRY BURNS sits across from Cole and McDaniel. An understated, gentle soul in a U.S. Forest Service uniform.

COLE

You know Kaczynski personally?

JERRY BURNS

I see him sometimes, riding his bike. We've talked twice or so.

MCDANIEL

Which makes you practically brothers.

(off Cole's look)

No one talks to Kaczynski much, except the Librarian and her kid.

COLE

But he knows you. Knows who you are.

JERRY BURNS

Yeah, he'd recognize me. Why?

COLE

Well... We need to execute a  
warrant on Ted's cabin.

JERRY BURNS

Oh boy, what'd Ted get into?

Cole and McDaniel look at each other. *You want to tell him?*

MCDANIEL

We have reason to believe Ted Kaczynski may be the Unabomber.

Jerry Burns laughs. Then realizes it's not a joke. Then realizes – he's in the middle of this... GULP.

JERRY BURNS

So, uh. Gosh. What's the plan? Just go and knock on his door?



COLE

Pretty much.

JERRY BURNS

Oh boy. If he's actually the Unabomber? Well, that's not a cabin, it's a bomb factory!

COLE

That's why I called you, Jerry. You're gonna lure him out for us tomorrow. And you're gonna take me to see the cabin. *Today.*

Jerry Burns GULPS. Then nods. Man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. Thinking... starting to figure out a plan.

## **EXT. WOODS / TED'S CABIN - DAY**

Cole and Burns mount a snowy ridge. Burns stops, points. Fifty yards away, Ted's Cabin in a snowy clearing.

Cole stares. After all this time, *it's right there.*

JERRY BURNS

Not much, is it?

COLE

No it is not.

(shaking off his surprise) Okay. Maybe we should head back.

Suddenly, out of nowhere – a DOG chases a RABBIT through the snow, BARKING as he passes. Loud enough for anyone to hear.

And the CABIN DOOR SLOWLY *CREEEEEAKS* OPEN.

They all FREEZE. Staring.

Movement inside the cabin. Then, a scraggly, bearded HEAD pops out of the cabin door, wearing a red stocking cap.

*It's TED KACZYNSKI.* Glaring at them suspiciously.

Cole stares back, frozen, heart in his throat. He doesn't know what to do – does it all end here, now, like this?

But Burns doesn't miss a beat. He simply waves at Ted and yells over to him:

JERRY BURNS

Hey Teddy.

Ted squints, recognizing Burns... and finally nods.

Burns, cool as a cucumber, turns back to Cole, making 'small talk' and strolling on as if nothing is amiss.

JERRY BURNS

Mile north over that ridge is Lee's property, which butts the road...

Satisfied, Ted goes back inside his cabin and shuts the door.

Cole breathes a sigh of relief. Gives Burns a grateful look. Burns nods, shrugs. *Aw shucks.* They turn back toward home.

## **INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - EVENING**

Genelli and Fitz's Search Warrant has grown ever thicker. They're flipping through page after page of matching words, phrases, ideas. Genelli's PAGER goes off.

GENELLI

Cole. *Again.*

They both stare at the PAGER until it stops buzzing. Phew. Turn back to their work.

Then Fitz's PAGER goes off.

## **INT. STEVE FRECCERO'S OFFICE - MIDNIGHT**

Fitz and Genelli pace as Freccero finishes the last page of the now eleven-inch-thick Search Warrant. Freccero is pissed, snaps at them, everyone is exhausted.

FRECCERO

You woke me up for this?! Eleven

inches of crap instead of seven inches of crap? Even for a search warrant, this is just *weak*.

FITZ

We're out of time, Steve—just tell us what the heck you need from us!

FRECCERO

I don't need *more*, I need *better*. It can be language, I guess – but if I'm submitting this to a judge, I need to be able to prove to my bosses that I made a solid call.

FITZ

So this is about covering your ass?

FRECCERO

It's about the United States Constitution, wise-ass! *Find me a smoking gun, or don't come back!*

On Fitz's and Genelli's faces: *Oh shit*.

## **EXT. SEVEN-UP RANCH - 1:30 AM**

Cole gets the news, roars into the Mobile Phone.

COLE

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? I don't care about the God-damned details, Fitz. This op is a go! We start deploying in 30 minutes, arrest him at dawn. You have six hours. You *will* get that warrant. This is happening, and you will not BLOW THIS! AM I CLEAR?

***END ACT TWO***

# ACT THREE

## INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - 2:00 AM

Genelli, Fitz, and their team sift through papers. The air reeks of desperation, but no one quits.

Fitz looks at his watch again. Then looks back at all the people tirelessly working on this. Frustrated, but what more can they do?

## EXT. SEVEN-UP RANCH - 2:00 AM

Cole and fifty kitted-out FIELD AGENTS load into a convoy of SUVs, trucks and other vehicles. Some wear winter camo, others regular tactical gear, all are armed. Cole shouts:

COLE

I want all radios turned down, I don't want any squawks  
or anything else to tip him off.

Cole climbs in the 'command' SUV, and off they go into the darkness down the snow-covered road.

It looks like a military operation. The convoy passes a road sign that reads: *Lincoln 59 Miles.*

Behind them – a half-dozen SNOWMOBILES loaded with Agents rev their engines, then cut off into the woods for a more direct route to the cabin.

## EXT. RURAL ROAD - EARLY MORNING

The caravan of FBI vehicles gathers on the road, which Agents now block off to oncoming traffic—even though there is none.

Cole's SUV pulls up, and he, Jerry Burns, and Tom McDaniel get out. They take in the cold morning for a silent moment. Their faces are flint. Stern, ready. These are our heroes.

Cole checks his sidearm, zips up his jacket. Spots a row of old mailboxes on a wooden post. One reads: *Ted Kaczynski*.

We clock Cole staring at the mailbox for a BEAT, then –

He looks back at his vast team of FBI AGENTS deploying around him, expertly setting up a perimeter, radios, security, a field medical area. Cole is dismayed to have to again pull out his mobile phone, and call –

## **INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - SAME**

The office phone rings. Fitz looks at it for a beat, then answers. He knows who it is.

FITZ

We're doing our best.

COLE (ON PHONE)

I know you are. I'm just telling you – we're almost ready to go.

FITZ

I'll call you when we got it.

Click! Cole hangs up.

## **EXT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING**

A Swat Team moves carefully into position, but they're starting to get spaced out, losing sight of each other.

SWAT 1 finds himself face to face with –

A 200 lb. MOUNTAIN LION. They look at each other. Swat Guy puts his hand on his sidearm. The Mountain Lion just stares.

Swat 1 looks around for backup – but there is none. When he turns back to the Mountain Lion, it's gone.

## EXT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING

Across the valley, other SWAT MEMBERS take their positions, blend into the landscape.

## EXT. LANDSCAPE / TED'S CABIN - EARLY MORNING

POV of a SNIPER SCOPE – it expertly pans across the terrain, then comes to rest on the door of Ted's cabin.

It zeroes in on various details: a woodpile, some discarded lumber, half of a junked car rusting in the snow – but no sign of life.

## INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Fitz, deep in a handwritten letter from Ted. Then it starts to go a bit soft-focus. His gaze wanders up from the page, to the room beyond – where things are falling apart. Agents staring bleary-eyed at documents, popping aspirin, nodding off. Everyone moves at half-speed. Sleep-deprived zombies.

Fitz, bleary and blasted, stares out at this surreal scene.

Then a Staffer SPILLS COFFEE over three pages of documents. Fitz snaps out of it, leaps up, pissed:

FITZ

Goddamn it. Watch it! This is evidence!

Fitz charges at the staffer, snatches up the wet documents. Genelli sees Fitz breaking down, steps in–

GENELLI

Okay! Everyone take a break! Get some coffee, stretch your legs, go outside and get some fresh air.

That's an order.

The room empties. Until only Fitz is left. He doesn't leave. He *can't* leave.

Fitz starts pacing up and down the tables. Looking at the piles of documents. Then gets an idea. Picks up an armful of documents, starts laying them out on the floor, page by page. From one wall to the opposite, in rows with a space to walk between.

## LATER

The ENTIRE FLOOR is covered in documents. Fitz walks through them, lost in thought, muttering:

FITZ

*I know it's here... You're here somewhere...*

Walking down the rows, scanning, squinting, obsessed... Page after page, phrase after phrase...

Fitz gets angry when he passes the pages stained with spilled coffee from the staffer. The nasty brown stains.

FITZ

These glorified temps...

But then FITZ SEES IT – not on the coffee stained pages, but the page right next to them. We see only one word – “CAKE.”

Fitz stops dead in his tracks. On his face, DAWN.

Eureka!

FITZ

185. Paragraph 185!

And he gives a WHOOOP! Scoops the pages off the floor – and RUNS OUT THE DOOR –

## INT. UTF - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Genelli stops and stares as FITZ comes RUNNING ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE BULLPEN – Waving the papers like a crazy man –

FITZ

185! It's paragraph 185!

## INT. STEVE FRECCERO'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Fitz and Genelli charge into Freccero's office. Fitz slaps the letter down in front of Freccero. Points to an underlined passage.

FITZ

A letter from Ted to his brother.

FRECCERO

(reads it aloud)

"You can't eat your cake and have it too." Supposed to be the other way around, right? *Have* your cake, *eat* it too.

FITZ

Now, the Unabomber Manifesto. Paragraph 185.

FRECCERO

(reading the Manifesto:) "Eat your cake and have it too."  
He wrote it wrong, twice.

FITZ

*No*. He wrote it *right*, twice. This is the correct phrase.

People stopped saying it this way  
400 years ago, but it's *correct*. Kaczynski uses it correctly, and *all the rest of us* say it wrong. *No one else would know this*.

FRECCERO

Holy shit.

FITZ

You wanted a smoking gun? How about a *smoking proverb*.

In response, Freccero pulls out his pen, gestures for the Search Warrant on the desk.  
*SIGNS IT*.

FRECCERO

I'll call the Judge. Hurry! GO!!



## **EXT. TWO STORY COLONIAL HOUSE - EARLY MORNING**

Fitz's car screeches to a halt in the driveway. Fitz and Genelli leap out, rush to the front door. Before they can knock, JUDGE LOVELL opens the door in his bathrobe.

JUDGE LOVELL

Come on in. There's coffee on.

## **INT. JUDGE LOVELL'S HOUSE - STUDY - EARLY MORNING**

The Judge uses a piece of paper to carefully read each line, sliding it down to the next line when he's finished, sometimes saying a phrase or sentence aloud.

This isn't being rudimentary; this is being thorough.

Judge Lovell has done this thousands of times – and doesn't make mistakes.

## **INT. JUDGE LOVELL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - 5:37AM**

Fitz and Genelli sit drinking coffee from matching mugs in the Judge's kitchen – watching the sunrise. Neither says a word. There's nothing to say.

Fitz rubs his eyes. It's been a long day, night, day.

Then they both stand – as Judge Lovell enters, holding their search warrant application. Grim-faced. He motions for them to sit back down.

JUDGE LOVELL

You know there's really nothing here except *language*.

Fitz and Genelli nod. It's true.

JUDGE LOVELL

When I realized that, I started looking through my case-books, through legal history.

I couldn't find a single precedent for this kind of argument.

The Judge plops the search warrant onto the table.

JUDGE LOVELL

Approving this would be going out on a huge limb. I'd be putting my reputation on the line. Over something without precedent in all of Western legal history. That's a career-ender.

Fitz deflates. It's over.

JUDGE LOVELL

But then I remembered something. Long time ago now. I was serving in the Pacific. Okinawa. The Japanese would steal our passwords, sneak across our lines at night pretending to be Americans. So our sentries started using passwords like '*Squirrel*,' '*Whirlwind*,' '*Reverse*.' I was 18 years old, on sentry duty this pitch-black night. Password was '*River*.' Suddenly these dark shapes come moving toward me.

G.I.'s or Japs? No way to tell. Until I heard the password come back: '*Livel*.' And we opened fire.

A powerful moment. Fitz and Genelli sit in silence as the Judge weighs this in his mind.

JUDGE LOVELL

I'm alive today because of that Japanese soldier's '*idiolet*.' '*Forensic linguistics*' saved a lot of good American boys that night. Maybe it'll save a few more today.

Judge Lovell pulls out a pen— and SIGNS THE SEARCH WARRANT.

JUDGE LOVELL

You have your search warrant. Now go get that son of a bitch!

***END ACT THREE***

# ACT FOUR

## EXT. RURAL ROAD - MORNING

Cole paces, looks at his watch. McDaniel and Burns look at him, like, well? Cole shakes his head. Out of time.

Then sure as shit, they see it – the first CBS NEWS VAN maneuvering down the snowy road. Followed by others.

Cole shakes his head. McDaniel spits in the snow, disgusted. Cole orders a pair of FBI Agents:

COLE

Keep them back.

MCDANIEL

Time's up, what do we do?

Suddenly – in the COMMAND SUV, the PORTABLE FAX MACHINE makes that dial-up modem sound. PAGES start to print out.

They all stop and stare – every FBI Agent present watches as the Search Warrant spits out. Thank God for technology!

Then Cole's mobile phone rings. He answers. He's far enough away from the other agents that they can't hear what he says. They all watch, on tenterhooks. He hangs up, turns back to them. You could hear a pin drop.

COLE

We got it. Let's go!

(as everyone springs into action:) And keep that Goddamned press away or I'll throw their asses in jail.

## **EXT. HUNTING CABIN - DAY**

Cole, Burns, and McDaniel walk up and stop in front of the cabin. Cole checks his sidearm, then pulls out his radio.

COLE

Teams in position?

## **THE BLUE SWAT TEAM**

Is concealed under some low-hanging trees.

BLUE SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Blue team, check.

## **INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - SAME**

Fitz just sits there, staring. Doesn't know what to do with himself. He looks rough, unshaven, clothes still not changed.

Then, he HEARS voices and radio crackle O.S. It's the LIVE RADIO FEED from Lincoln, coming from the other room.

GREEN SWAT TEAM (O.S., ON RADIO)

*Green team, check.*

Fitz gets up and follows the radio sound.

## **EXT. HUNTING CABIN / WOODS - DAY - SAME**

We hear the last Swat Team check in over Cole's radio.

WHITE SWAT TEAM (ON RADIO)

White team check.

Cole looks to McDaniel, then says to Burns:

COLE

Alright. "Lead on, McDuff."

JERRY BURNS

Actually, it's "*Lay* on, McDuff." Not lead on.

(off Cole's blank look) People often misquote that line.  
Cole can't help but smirk:

COLE

Now don't *you* start with this language shit.

(then, serious:)

Remember. We let him see us, we give him the cover story, try to talk him out of the cabin. Any sudden moves, try to grab him.

Okay? And try not to get blown up.

MCDANIEL

God help us.

Cole makes the sign of the cross. Amen to that. And Cole, Burns, and McDaniel start off down the trail...

## **THROUGH A SNIPER RIFLE SCOPE**

We follow Cole, McDaniel, and Burns as they 'casually' approach the cabin. Cole and McDaniel in civvies, Burns in his bright green U.S. Forest Service uniform.

## **EXT. WOODS / TED'S CABIN - DAY - SAME**

Burns speaks loudly to Cole and McDaniel. Gesturing around – he WANTS to be heard, to be seen.

JERRY BURNS

Over there is Gehring property lines... A mile East is the Skelton place...

## **INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY - SAME**

From the POV of a dirty, smeared window in the cabin –

We see the three men approach, Burns pointing here and there, but never directly at the cabin.

## **EXT. WOODS / TED'S CABIN - DAY - SAME**

Cole, Burns, and McDaniel get closer and closer, crunching through the snow, making noise, stepping on sticks, doing their best to be seen and heard.

Cole tries to play casual, but can't help glance at the cabin under the brim of his hat.

## **SWAT LEADER**

Watches Cole, Burns and McDaniel through BINOCULARS, reports their progress into a shoulder mic:

SWAT LEADER

Team approaching cabin. 70 yards out. No contact visible. Now 60 yards out...

## **INT. UTF - BULLPEN - SAME**

Three dozen Agents listen to the live UTF RADIO feed. A few more join them.

SWAT LEADER (OVER RADIO)

Team still no contact.

Fitz wanders in, joins the crowd in the back.

## **EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAY**

The trio starts approaching Ted's cabin. But there's no sign of him. They take a few more steps, then Burns calls out:

JERRY BURNS

Ted?! ... Ted, are you home?

Nothing. A BEAT

-

Cole says quietly to Burns:

COLE

What if he doesn't come out?

JERRY BURNS

Then we get a chainsaw and start cutting down trees.

(off Cole's look)

You cut trees near someone's property around here, they come running.

Cole nods at the intelligence behind this. They step closer. Burns calls out again:

JERRY BURNS

Ted? There's some survey guys here who need to look at your property.

Finally they hear a sound from within the cabin, someone shuffling around.

Without hesitation, Burns steps up to the door. Cole and McDaniel follow.

The DOOR abruptly opens –

And there stands *TED*. Dirty, shaggy-haired, extremely thin. He's gone way downhill since we saw him in 106. A look of anger or irritation on his grimy face.

Cole feels his heart in his throat. Every muscle, every nerve tightening. Burns, cool as a cucumber, continues:

JERRY BURNS

Heya Ted, I'm escorting these two men from Gehring's place.

They're looking to lease the mineral rights and I want to show them your boundary stakes so they don't trespass on your property.

Ted stays BEHIND THE DOOR, eyes each of them, then says:

TED

My lot is clearly marked with corner stakes.

JERRY BURNS

They're covered with snow.

Ted hesitates, looks again at each man. It's hard to tell what he's thinking. Ted has ONE HAND on the door, the OTHER is hidden.

JERRY BURNS

Can you point them out for us?

A BEAT –

Cole is face to face with the Unabomber, tries not to betray the rush, the adrenaline pumping through his veins.

Cole clocks Ted's hand on his door as it tightens. Ted's other hand, OUT OF SIGHT behind the frame... is it moving? Drifting toward something, a weapon? Finally Ted says:

TED

I need my coat.

Ted turns and starts to shut his door – we see a flash of his OTHER HAND – is he grabbing for something?

And BURNS LUNGES – quick as a flash, a spring wound tight – GRABS Ted by the wrist and HEAVES him out onto the snow –

Burns and Ted both fall to the ground – Ted struggles, flings Burns off – Burns GRABS at him again – Then

McDaniel jumps in, wraps up both men with his long arms. But Ted continues to wrestle his way free.

JERRY BURNS

Ted, you act like a gentleman and so will we!

But still Ted struggles. Desperate, dangerous, a snarling wild animal caught in a snare –

Suddenly the barrel of Cole's 9mm appears inches from Ted's face.

COLE

We're with the FBI and have a Federal warrant to search your

cabin.

And when Ted hears this, all the fight drains out of him.

McDaniel pulls Ted's hands behind his back, and Burns locks on handcuffs. They have the Unabomber!



COLE

We're bringing you to a nearby cabin while your property is being searched.

## INT. UTF - BULLPEN - SAME

Fitz and THE ENTIRE UTF are listening to the live UTF RADIO feed – which has suddenly gone mute. Just low static, a few radio crackle noises.

Everyone is leaning in, barely breathing. *Listening*. The room is so silent you can hear a pin drop.

YOUNG AGENT

What's happening? Did we lose them?

The Agent gets a collective: “SSShhhhhhhhhh” from the room. She covers her mouth with her hands. *Listening* –

Then – finally –

SWAT LEADER (OVER RADIO)

*Subject has been detained and is in custody. Repeat, subject is in custody.*

(a BEAT –)

*No one has been harmed.*

The room goes *WILD!*

Cheering, yelling, crying – years of work have culminated in this moment. People hug each other, slap backs, cheer. It's a big, cathartic relief for everyone.

Except, somehow, for Fitz.

He receives a few desultory slaps on the back. But he immediately withdraws. His body language shifts.

In this moment of celebration, he becomes a stranger to the people he's worked side-by-side with. Suddenly ALONE amongst the group. Odd man out.

## EXT. WOODS / HUNTING CABIN - SAME

Cole, Burns, and McDaniel 'escort' Ted through the snow to the hunting cabin.

TED

Am I under arrest?

COLE

No.

TED

Will you then remove the handcuffs?

COLE

No.

TED

If I'm not under arrest, am I free to leave?

COLE

(wearily)

No. We have a search warrant that grants us the right to detain you while we search the premises.

TED

Can I see the search warrant, please?

COLE

When we get to the other cabin.

Ted looks around as heavily armed Swat Team Members appear from cover. Emerging like white, camouflaged ghosts.

Other Federal Agents also descend – but stay back as two BOMB CLEARING TEAMS in EOD SUITS edge onto his property. Agents gawk at Ted like he's a captive animal.

The massive scope and manpower of the operation doesn't seem to faze Ted. Or does it?

Burns and McDaniel push him into the hunting cabin.

## **EXT. NEWS BARRICADE - 200 METERS DOWN THE ROAD - DAY**

Three news vans are parked, cordoned off by FBI Agents. Camera teams have set up and start to broadcast.

JIM WHITE

(into camera)

Jim White of CBS News reporting live, from Lincoln  
Montana...

## **INT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

David Kaczynski's wife LINDA is reading when she hears something outside.

She goes to her window, opens the curtains and sees –

A half dozen NEWS CREWS assembling outside the house on the street. Before she can react, another NEWS VAN pulls up, immediately spilling a CAMERAMAN and REPORTER who vie for position with the others.

Linda yells up the stairwell:

LINDA

David! David come down here, now!

## **EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAY**

FBI Agents approach with various pieces of equipment.

Two FBI Agents use mirrors on poles to look inside the cabin. It's their FIRST LOOK into the lair of the Unabomber.

They immediately spot Ted's BOMB-MAKING TABLE. Covered with tools, wire, solder, pipes, timers... On the shelves, cans labeled with chemical symbols: KCl; Cf; AIPO<sub>4</sub>; NH<sub>4</sub>ClO<sub>4</sub>; KClO<sub>4</sub>.

An evidence bonanza. The two FBI GUYS nod to each other, like

– *Jackpot!*

FBI GUY 1

Tell Cole.

## INT. HUNTING CABIN - DAY - SAME

Inside the cabin, the walls are covered with Unabomber information – the WANTED POSTER, a Unabomber timeline, charts, data...

COLE

Federal agents just informed me that they discovered bomb-making materials in your cabin, Ted. Now you're under arrest.

As Cole reads Ted his Miranda rights, he notes that Ted, who is seated facing the wall, doesn't seem to notice the literal Unabomber mural in front of him.

COLE

Knowing and understanding your rights as I have explained them to you, are you willing to answer

my questions without an attorney present?

Before Ted can answer, *FLASH!* Both men look to see –

A FEMALE FBI PHOTOGRAPHER snaps his photograph with bright FLASHES.

The camera lens feels like it's right in his face. The presence of being near a WOMAN seems to startle Ted almost as much as being photographed.

*FLASH!* – another photo. Ted blinks, squints. The room blown out from the flash. He manages to open his eyes again just as

– *FLASH!* Ted closes his eyes in pain.

TED

May I see the search warrant now, please?

Cole nods to an Agent in the corner, who lays a copy of the warrant on the table in front of Ted.

Ted leans in, carefully reading the document.

COLE

Is there anything in or around your cabin that could endanger the lives of the Agents doing the search?

FLASH – FLASH – more pictures snap. Ted sneers at the photographer. Suddenly feeling like an animal on display.

Ted looks up at Cole for a second. Then says:

TED

No.

FLASH-FLASH-FLASH – pictures of Ted snap off, each one freezing for a beat.

## INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

BOMB TEAMS in their EOD SUITS now examine the cabin, careful not to disturb anything as one takes photos.

We see the POV of one of their CAMERAS – snap-snap-snap. We see snippets of the cabin, frozen on film.

Then one of the EOD Guys spots the FOIL-COVERED PACKAGE under Ted's bed. The BOMB from 106.

## INT. HUNTING CABIN - DAY

An Agent steps in, says something quietly to Cole.

Cole is pissed, but keeps it under control. He nods to the Agent, who exits, then steps over to Ted.

COLE

Does the package under your bed contain a bomb, Mr. Kaczynski?

McDaniel, Burns, and Cole glare down at Ted. Pure scorn.

Ted clocks this, but says nothing. Instead he just STARES at the search warrant. He's staring intensely at the last page, which bears the authors' names and signatures.

And Ted's eyes bore a hole in ONE NAME:

*JAMES R. FITZGERALD.*

## INT. UTF - BULLPEN - SAME

As the FBI Agents celebrate, someone brings in a partial case of Champagne. Bottles are opened, poured into coffee cups.

Fitz steps back, surveys the room, the happy faces, the celebrating, seeing others enter and join the fray.

A female FBI STAFFER smiles at him, approaches, then veers off to hug a young MALE STAFFER. Her smile wasn't for Fitz.

Amidst fifty jubilant Agents, Fitz stands alone. Finally – he just turns and leaves. Walks out.

***END ACT FOUR***

# ACT FIVE

## EXT. HUNTING CABIN - DAY

As Cole, Burns, and McDaniel escort Ted from the hunting cabin towards a waiting SUV, we witness –

The scruffy, handcuffed, anti-technology Unabomber being led one direction.

While a TRACKED EOD ROBOT goes the other – towards his cabin. EOD guys carefully maneuver the machine.

Ted looks curiously at the ‘vehicle’ as it passes.

We then CUT TO Ted’s POV – he looks from the robot to his cabin, which now has ACCESS HOLES cut in the sides.

His possessions being looked over.

Ted clocks the stares from various FBI Agents, like he’s an animal in a zoo.

FBI Agents take turns photographing each other in front of his cabin. Trophy pics. One gives the camera a thumbs up.

FLASH-FLASH-FLASH– the Photographer pops away in Ted’s face.

Then Cole and Burns strap a BULLETPROOF VEST around Ted, put a coat over him – and shove him into the back of the SUV.

## EXT. DAVID KACZYNSKI’S HOUSE - DAY

David Kaczynski’s street and front yard are swarmed with reporters and news crews.

## INT. DAVID KACZYNSKI’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

DAVID KACZYNSKI is glued to the TV – watching the preliminary coverage of the Unabomber raid –

TV REPORTER

*...they have a man in custody, what appears to be Federal Agents are escorting him to a vehicle and...*

as Linda fusses over the growing spectacle in their yard.

LINDA

There must be 30 reporters out there!

TV REPORTER

*...Theodore Kaczynski first came to the FBI's attention when his own brother, David Kaczynski of Schenectady, fingered him to law enforcement...*

DAVID

This is unbelievable. They promised they'd keep our names out of this— They lied to us!

Then the DOOR BELL rings. They freeze. A BEAT – then Linda starts to walk across the room.

DAVID

Don't answer it!

LINDA

No shit, I'm not going to answer it!

(off his look)

I'm calling the lawyer again!

David Kaczynski then witnesses his brother being driven away, live on TV. He slumps. It hits him like a gut punch.

TV REPORTER

*Kaczynski is being taken into Lincoln in what appears...*

## **EXT. TED'S CABIN - EARLY AFTERNOON**

We see THE ROBOT emerge from the cabin, the foil-covered BOX in its metal arms.

The FBI operator maneuvers the machine down a plywood ramp. It moves slowly across the property.

The CAMERA moves in on the foil-covered box.

## EXT. RURAL ROAD - AFTERNOON

A four-man BOMB DISRUPTER TEAM has cordoned off a section of the road, set up an area to disarm the device.

They X-ray the object with a portable machine.

BOMBTECH 1 identifies specific elements – turns to an Army colleague and calmly nods:

BOMBTECH 1

Live explosive.

They place a METAL HOOD over the bomb. Position a series of shortened shotgun barrels to fire into the bomb.

Burkhardt looks on, unsure how this works. Bombtech 1 reassures him:

BOMBTECH 1

This is the PAN Disruptor. Neutralizes the explosive, without destroying evidence.

BURKHARDT

It really works?

BOMBTECH 2

In theory. This is the first time it's been deployed.

(off his look)

Two bangs means the bomb has been disrupted. Three bangs means... the whole thing blew up.

BOMBTECH 1

(loud, to group) CLEAR!

He stands back and presses a button on an extended cable. BANG. BANG.

Then – silence. They all look at each other – TWO BANGS!

Bombtech 1 lifts back the cover. Smoke pours out, but the bomb is *intact*.

BOMBTECH 1

Congratulations, gentlemen. The Unabomber's final bomb is disarmed, intact, and all yours.

CHEERS from the team. Burkhardt pumps the Bombtechs' hands. Overjoyed.



## **INT./EXT. FITZ'S CAR / HIGHWAY - DRIVING - DAY**

Fitz heads east on Highway 80. The news of the Unabomber arrest on the radio.

RADIO REPORTER

*A suspect has been arrested in the Unabomber case in the town of Lincoln, Montana, eighty miles outside of Helena. Authorities are...*

He's blank, rubs his eyes. Just drives.

He glances in the rearview mirror. He doesn't look good. The strain has clearly taken its toll.

## **INT./EXT. SUV / LINCOLN ROAD - DRIVING - DAY**

Ted sits in the backseat, handcuffed in back between Cole and another Agent.

Ted catches a glimpse of himself in the rearview mirror –

We see he's a bit thrown at his appearance – he looks like a Wildman, a throwback.

## **EXT. TED'S CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON**

The place is now a crime scene.

Tables on saw-horses are lined up, covered in white tarps – as the items from the house are painstakingly photographed, removed, laid out on the table, photographed again – and cataloged.

We see tools, hammers, hand drills, wire cutters. Arrows, both store bought and seemingly hand made. Axes of various sizes.

Jars of saltpeter.

Parts and pieces of bomb fuses. His Harvard Diploma.

Ted Kaczynski's whole sad life laid out neatly.

## INT./EXT. SUV / LINCOLN ROAD - DRIVING

Ted chaffs at the BULLET PROOF VEST. It's rubbing against his neck. Cole clocks this, but doesn't offer any relief.

TED

Is this vest really necessary?

COLE

It's for your own safety. You never know who might want to take a shot at the man who detonated a bomb on an airliner, filled with women and children. *Allegedly.*

They then pass a dozen middle-school kids on the side of the road, watching them jog by in their Lincoln Lynx Junior High School track team uniforms.

Beside them stands THERESA OAKES and her son TIMMY. Both clearly see Ted in the backseat. They STARE in shock.

Ted clocks this, a pang of guilt washes over him, shame – as they disappear behind them...

His future, his possibilities, vanishing in the rear-view mirror.

Cole clocks this. Says nothing.

***END ACT FIVE***

# ACT SIX

## EXT. WHEEL INN TAVERN - LINCOLN, MT - NIGHT

Fitz's dirty CAR rolls into the parking lot and stops.

It's filled with rented SUVs and Sedans with Government plates. Music and laughing can be heard from inside.

Fitz gets out, stiff from the long drive. He looks rough, hasn't shaved in a week now.

## INT. WHEEL INN TAVERN - LINCOLN, MT - NIGHT

Fitz enters, a celebration is in full swing.

Federal Agents laugh and drink, along with a dozen local women. The ladies are impressed, not used to such 'dashing' company.

As Fitz walks further inside, a beefy FBI Agent steps over.

FBI AGENT 1

Sorry. Private party.

Fitz clocks Cole, sitting in a booth, holding court as his subordinates hang on his words, laughing, buttering his bread.

FBI AGENT 1

Bar's closed to the public.

Fitz looks at the local women, then to the FBI Agent, like, who are these guys? Fitz flashes his badge and walks past.

Fitz passes the SWAT Leader quietly boasting to some local Woman:

SWAT LEADER

I had him in my crosshairs the whole time. One misstep, one slight move, he'd be in front of the coroner instead of a judge.

The local woman eats this up. Fitz just rolls his eyes.

Fitz suddenly feels very out of place, looks around, not knowing what to do, so he steps up to the bar:

FITZ

Budweiser, please.

As the Bartender hands over the bottle of beer, Fitz pulls out his wallet.

BARTENDER

(pointing to Cole) It's all on him.

Fitz looks again over at Cole, who's laughing as he gestures to his crowd, retelling the story, no doubt.

Fitz sips his beer, then looks up at the TV, sees the Unabomber story on a loop –

TV NEWS ANCHOR

... the White House just released a statement, congratulating Special Agents Ackerman and Genelli, thanking them for their tireless efforts in bringing the alleged fugitive to justice. We now go to the head of the FBI's Unabom Task Force, with us live...

They CUT TO Genelli, in the middle of being interviewed on the front steps of the UTF Building.

Multiple News sources hold microphones to his face as flashbulbs pop.

Fitz is transfixed as he watches Genelli say:

GENELLI (ON TV)

I knew language was going to be key. And from the beginning, I pioneered a forensic linguistic approach to this case. Which ultimately bore fruit.

Fitz can't believe what he's hearing. Genelli not only steals credit, but parrots Fitz's own words on live TV.

Fitz also notices a large SHEET CAKE on a table, with the partially missing (eaten) message: "Congratulations Supervisory Special Agent Cole!"

Fitz stares at the cake a beat. Clocking the absurd irony of "Eat your cake."

Fitz looks over to Cole, who finally spots him from across the bar, holds up his drink, like, come on over –

But Cole gets interrupted by some other Agents, they laugh, toast each other. It becomes *another* group toast.

Instead of joining them, Fitz spots a payphone, heads over, digging out change.

He picks up the receiver, exhales and dials. He hears:

NATALIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Hey, this is Natalie, leave a message and I'll get back to you as soon as I...*

Fitz hangs up. He then dials another number.

We hear it ring, then a BOY'S VOICE answers, his son DAVEY:

DAVEY (O.S.)

Hello?

FITZ

Hey buddy. It's dad.

DAVEY (O.S.)

Dad!

(says to the background)

It's Dad!

(back to Fitz)

Dad, are you coming home? I have a swim meet on Friday.

FITZ

I'm not sure, buddy. I'll try. Is, uh, is Mom around?

Fitz hears some off-phone remarks, but can't make them out. Then a second later:

DAVEY (O.S.)

Mom says she's sleeping.

There's more off-phone remarks. And finally...

DAVEY (O.S.)

I have to go now. Time for bed.

FITZ

Okay buddy. I love you.

DAVEY (O.S.)

Love you too, dad.

FITZ

(emotional)

And Davey, tell your brother...

But the phone goes dead.

A BEAT -

Fitz takes one last look around the bar – grabs his beer – and walks out. Alone. As he walks out, the bartender says:

BARTENDER

You can't take that with you.

Fitz ignores him. Walks out with his beer.

## **EXT. WHEEL INN TAVERN - NIGHT**

Fitz steps into the parking lot, looks at the sky, the stars, feeling even smaller. Totally alone.

He walks over, gets in his car, beer in hand, starts the engine, and drives off.

The CAMERA stays on the car as it pulls a hard U-turn and heads the other way.

## **INT. COLORLESS CELL - NIGHT**

Ted sits in the corner of his cell, a blanket around him. He can hear talking from somewhere, but it isn't to him.

Somewhere people interact, talk, laugh a bit. But yet again, he sits there alone.

## **INT./EXT. FITZ'S CAR / LINCOLN ROAD - DRIVING**

Fitz can only pick up AM radio – mostly news – and all focused on the Unabomber case. More facts flood in.

Fitz sips beer, turns the dial on his cheap car stereo.

RADIO REPORTER 2 (O.S.)

*Attorney General Janet Reno has personally thanked Special Agents Cole, Genelli, and Ackerman in breaking the Unabomber case after eighteen long years. Agent Cole has also credited the ATF and U.S. Postal Investigators for their assistance in bringing closure to—*

Fitz SLAMS the stereo off.

He drives in silence. Then comes to a

## **DIRT ROAD**

He takes the dirt road and descends into thick forest.

The pitch darkness is suddenly illuminated as he turns around a bend. And he sees it –

## **TED'S CABIN**

Lit up by three spotlights run off portable generators. FBI Security stands over the crime scene, tape cordons off the area.

Fitz drives up as close as he can, stops the engine and stares. The FBI Security steps over, looks at him.

Fitz gets out of his car, shows his credentials to the low-level FBI Security Guys.

They nod him through. Fitz walks past the perimeter on foot. The place looks different at night. Fitz clocks all this.

The trails leading around the property marked 'clear' by the bomb guys.

The tents over the tables of evidence keep rain or snow off.

The cabin itself, with holes cut in its side. Brightly illuminated, splashes of light mixed with harsh shadows from powerful spotlights.

Fitz slowly walks up to the cabin, stops at the door.

A BEAT. Fitz hesitates. Then – he steps across the threshold. Into the Unabomber's lair.

## **INT. TED'S CABIN - NIGHT**

Inside, Fitz drinks it in. He wears gloves, but doesn't touch anything. Leaning close to examine items.

Tools. Wires. Solder. Nails.

The stove. That he cooked on, kept warm with, crafted bombs on.

Handwritten notes he wrote to himself.

Foodstuffs. Some store-bought items, oil, flour, sugar.

A box of Tide, the only splash of color in the small cabin. Books. Candles. Pens. Pencils.

Stacks of letters, folders, well-thumbed papers. Mathematical equations and grid charts.

Clothes. An old HOODIE on a peg. Pairs of SUNGLASSES.

And then the centerpiece – the SMITH CORONA TYPEWRITER on the desk. A piece of paper sits in the tray, several paragraphs neatly typed out.

Fitz reaches up onto the shelf. Running his gloved hands over the many, many binders. Pulls one off the shelf, opens it.

Inside the binder, a HANDWRITTEN DRAFT OF THE MANIFESTO. Fitz stares at it. The source of everything...

Fitz pulls down another binder. Inside, page after page of NUMBERS. Written in a grid. Some elaborate numeric CODE.

He pulls down a third binder. MORE CODE. Page after page...

Fitz looks outside. Then at the Typewriter, the books of code, the Manuscript.

The world of the Unabomber.

## **FROM OUTSIDE THE CABIN**

We watch Fitz walk over and CLOSE THE DOOR. Closing himself into Ted's cabin.

Through the window, we see Fitz sit down at Ted's desk. And begin to read.

He's in Ted's world now. Heading down the rabbit hole. And he isn't coming back.

## **INT. COURTROOM - DAY [SEPTEMBER 1997]**

The courtroom is jammed. The media is well represented.

We see Fitz, seated, at the end of a row of seats. He's cleaned up for court. Looking more like his old self.

Fitz clocks all the major players present: Genelli, Ackerman, Cole, MCALPINE, Freccero. Fitz shakes his head, pondering those familiar faces. The remnants of those two years that almost broke him.

Then HE walks in – TED KACZYNSKI.

He's shackled, wears an ill-fitting tweed jacket over body armor

– but is utterly calm, confident. Polite to his jailors, and to the Bailiff who speaks quietly to him.

He's not worried. Not in the least. Fitz watches Ted almost without blinking.

Ted seems to notice everyone EXCEPT Fitz. He takes in every detail, except the man who caught him.



We see on Fitz's face that this throws him, that it somehow mocks him, belittles his contribution, his value.

The sound starts to fall away for Fitz – his ears buzz, the court proceedings become distorted. Mushy. He loses track, starting to oddly not pay attention.

JUDGE BURRELL (60s) and JUDY CLARKE exchange words, but Fitz doesn't hear them.

Finally, Fitz snaps out of it as the Judge says:

JUDGE BURRELL

Sustained...

(takes off his glasses)

I will hear the challenge to the Search Warrant.

With this, Fitz is back to reality.

Just as Ted Kaczynski slowly, calmly, turns his head to look at Fitz – Looking straight into Fitz's eyes – knowing he will demolish Fitz's Search Warrant in Court.

Ted has too much self-control to smirk, but almost does. Fitz feels himself shrinking under Ted's gaze. And then–

JUDGE BURRELL

We'll reconvene on Monday the twelfth to hear testimony from Special Agent Fitzgerald.

Judge Burrell pounds his gavel.

The FBI Guys get up and file past Fitz who remains seated.

None of them even look at him, except finally Cole, who says as he passes:

COLE

It's all on you now, Fitz. It's all *you*.

Fitz says nothing. A beat.

Then, Fitz looks back over to Ted. Who looks straight back at him.

***END OF EPISODE***

**Ep. 8: USA vs. Theodore J.  
Kaczynski**

Episode 108

“The United States of America versus Theodore J. Kaczynski”

Written By Andrew Sodroski

N.B.: This episode takes place entirely in 1997. Scenes have their slugs tagged with a yellow highlight.

# ACT ONE

## TED'S CABIN [SEPTEMBER 1997]

In the Montana woods. Birdsong and silence and dappled green light.  
Heavenly. Utterly serene.

We face it square-on. Holding on that image. Not moving or cutting, even as  
TWO MEN in reflective vests walk into frame. They approach the four corners of  
the cabin, lean over –

And start CHAINSAWING the legs of the cabin. As if felling a four-legged tree. Or  
cutting the strings of a huge balloon – because after the men move away,

The cabin lifts off its foundations and RISES STRAIGHT UP INTO THE AIR.

We tilt up with it as the cabin rises above the trees. Into the sky. Christ ascending  
to heaven.

Finally we tilt high enough to realize – it's being lifted by a SKYCRANE HELI-  
COPTER.

And now we follow the Skycrane

## THROUGH THE AIR

As the helicopter carries the cabin up over the woods... Over the hills...  
And directly over the town of LINCOLN, MONTANA.

## EXT. LINCOLN, MONTANA - VARIOUS - DAY

The cabin's shadow passes over all the familiar places in Lincoln –

## **THE SEVEN-UP RANCH...**

## **THE BIG SKY MOTEL...**

## **MAIN STREET...**

Where townspeople come out and gape at the house soaring overhead.

## **AND THE LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY...**

Where we glimpse THERESA OAKES holding little TIMMY inside the Library, watching through the big plate-glass window as the house floats by overhead.

Finally, the house comes to a stop. It hovers in the air a long moment, then slowly descends onto A FLATBED TRAILER in

## **AN EMPTY PARKING LOT**

On the edge of town.

More men in reflective vests tip the cabin onto its side, then buckle it into place on the flatbed trailer.

The Big Rig rumbles to a start, then pulls out.

Townspeople gather on the roadside to watch the surreal load roll by.

## **EXT. THE INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY**

The Big Rig hauls the cabin down the interstate highway.

## **INT. TED'S CABIN - NIGHT**

We're INSIDE THE CABIN as it completes its journey – we can't see much outside the little window, but we HEAR the

truck come to a STOP... We hear a huge door ROLLING open... Then harsh white light floods through the window as the cabin is brought into a brightly-lit space.

We stay inside the cabin as it's TIPPED BACK UPRIGHT. And as the cabin THUDS back down onto its foundations, TED KACZYNSKI

Snaps awake in the cabin's BED.

He sits up, looks around. Squints at the harsh blue light coming through the window. Confused. We're confused too, and that's okay.

Ted gets up, opens the cabin door and steps out into the harsh blue light. And suddenly –

He's in the middle of

## **INT. A SHOPPING MALL - DAY**

Muzak. Strawberry's, The Sharper Image, Accessorize. Packs of teenage girls stare at Ted, laugh at him, cover their eyes.

The cabin is, somehow, standing in a fake forest of cardboard birch trees in this big suburban mall.

Ted stands in his cabin door. Feeling naked, exposed. As a crowd of gawkers and mockers starts to gather.

Then he spots, sitting by the Mrs. Fields, his lawyer JUDY CLARKE. She's eating a huge brownie, laughing at something with the other defense team members QUIN DENVIR and GARY SOWARDS.

Judy Clarke notices Ted staring. Her face goes suddenly serious, caught in the act, embarrassed –

Ted stares at her. We hold on his gaze a moment. And then suddenly Ted SNAPS AWAKE, for real this time, and he's in

## **INT. FCI DUBLIN – TED'S JAIL CELL - DAY**

Ted sits up in the metal bed. Catching his breath. Deeply troubled by his dream – and we don't know how much of what we just saw was a nightmare, and how much was real, and neither does Ted. He sits there, wondering what it all means.

Then, a clanking of cell doors as the guards escort Judy Clarke to Ted's cell. She's carrying brief boxes and dressed for court.

JUDY CLARKE

Hey, Ted. Ready for your big day?

Ted stares at her for a moment. Gathering himself.

Then the GUARD unlocks his cell. And Ted snaps out of it.

TED

Oh yeah. I'm ready.

He grabs his own thick stack of papers and legal pads. And they head out.

## **INT. COURTHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM – DAY**

Ted changes out of his prison jumpsuit, into his COURT CLOTHES – tweed jacket, sweater, grey flannels.

The whole time he's changing, he gives a machine-gun briefing to his LAWYERS – Quin Denvir, Gary Sowards, and Judy Clarke.

TED

I've completed a new draft of the Jim Fitzgerald cross-examination. The questions are in the top notebook there. You'd better review the changes before you start. I've plotted some alternate

questions should he try to be evasive.

Judy Clarke takes the top legal pad. She flips through. It's completely filled with handwritten, numbered questions. An entire cross-examination of Fitz, written out.

TED

You hold in your hands a blueprint for the public evisceration of James Fitzgerald. Stick to my questions, he'll be demolished.

His search warrant will be tossed. And I'll be walking out of here. Judy Clarke hands the legal pad to Quin Denvir.

JUDY CLARKE

Why don't you guys go and review this.

The two men leave Judy and Ted alone in the room. Ted is struggling with his tie. It keeps coming out too short.

Judy comes close, ties it for him. The two of them, nose to nose. Ted, overwhelmed by the intimacy of it.

JUDY CLARKE

You know, we can't count our chickens before they hatch. The search warrant may stand, and if it does, we'll be going to trial.

TED

Sure. Though I don't expect that to come to pass.

JUDY CLARKE

Hope for the best, prepare for the worst. That's my job. We've been laying the groundwork for the next steps here. Just in case.

It's called a 12.2(b) motion, it'll let us introduce evidence about your past, and how that's impacted you. Some things about the Murray experiments, about how your parents treated you. This kind of thing.

If you give your permission. I know *I* certainly see you much differently now that I've gotten to know you better. I'd like the jury to see the real you, too.

TED

(sizing her up—)

You're really looking out for me, aren't you? Sure, I give my permission.

She smiles at him, finishes his tie. Smooths down his collar and lapels. Fixes his hair:

JUDY CLARKE

There. You look good.

TED

... I had a bad dream last night. My cabin was in a mall. It was strange. You were there.

JUDY CLARKE



The mall? Maybe it's a sign, you'll be out shopping soon.  
A good omen for today.

TED

Maybe. It... I don't know. It didn't feel like freedom.  
You'll stick to my questions? It's all there, the whole  
Fitzgerald cross.

Her hand on his arm. Reassuring him.  
Ted manages a smile. But he's feeling suddenly uncertain.

## INT. COURTROOM – DAY

The courtroom is buzzing with that pre-hearing expectant energy. Reporters and sketch artists in the gallery. The prosecution team at its table, the defense table empty. FITZ is being prepped to testify by MCALPINE and COLE. They look GRIM.

MCALPINE

Our case is a house of cards. All built on your search warrant. We can't hide that. You just have to let the facts speak for themselves, present it to the judge, and hope he feels generous.

COLE

This is about damage control. Keep your answers brief, keep your emotions in check, don't lash out. You're gonna go down in flames.

Just try not to take the whole case down with you. Okay?

Fitz nods. Gathering himself.

And then – the doors open. Ted's lawyers file in. Followed by

TED. Powerful, in charge. Ted stares Fitz down as he walks to the defense table.

Then turns his back and sits.

Inscrutable.

Fitz goes to his seat in the gallery.

Turns to see NATALIE arrive in the courtroom. She spots Fitz, comes to his bench.

Indicates for him to slide over.

He does, surprised, and she sits next to him. He stares at her.

Her presence is a powerful gesture for Fitz.

FITZ

I didn't expect to see you again.

But before she can respond:

THE CLERK

All rise! Calling Criminal Case S- 96-259, United States  
versus Theodore John Kaczynski.

JUDGE GARLAND BURRELL walks in.

JUDGE BURRELL

Be seated.

Fitz sits. His hand drums nervously against the bench.

Natalie surreptitiously slides her hand over. Places it on top of Fitz's hand. Quieting it. And she leaves it there.

Fitz looks at her: *What does this mean?* But before she can answer—

JUDGE BURRELL

Okay, I've reviewed the Defendant's motion to suppress evidence. The court is ready to hear testimony from Supervisory Special Agent

James Fitzgerald. Is the witness present?

Ted and his whole defense team turn to look at Fitz.

Fitz stands. Facing his firing squad. Walks toward the witness stand. His long walk to his own execution.

At the defense table, Judy Clarke looks down at Ted's big, marked-up copy of Fitz's Search Warrant Application. Then at the thick legal pad filled with Ted's cross-examination questions.

She considers it, then takes a deep breath. Stands.

JUDY CLARKE

Your Honor, Defense Counsel requests an audience in chambers.

Fitz stops short. Confused.

Ted's head swivels to Judy – whispering:

TED

What are you doing?

JUDGE BURRELL

Okay. Counsel.

Ted and Fitz both watch, confused, as prosecution and defense counsel go into chambers. Leaving Ted alone at the defense table.

Fitz, meanwhile, returns to his seat. Slides in next to Natalie. They speak in low tones as everyone waits for the lawyers and the judge to emerge.

FITZ

You shouldn't stay. You don't want to see this.

She smiles, shakes her head. Leans in, sharing a secret:

NATALIE

I'm here to let you know: none of this matters. He can tear your resume apart on the stand, he can burn forensic linguistics at the stake, he can bring the whole case tumbling down. *I'll still be here.*

He looks at her. It's the first time anyone's ever believed in him so fully. And it's POWERFUL.

They sit there, side by side in the courtroom. And suddenly, for Fitz, it's all OKAY.

Ted, meanwhile, glowers. All alone at the big defense table. Eyeing the door to the Judge's chambers: What's happening in there?

Ted sits up straight when the Judge and the Lawyers return. Fitz stands to approach, but Judge Burrell immediately rules:

JUDGE BURRELL

We find the defendant's motion without merit. The search warrant stands. Let's reconvene Monday for Jury selection. Thank you, everyone.

He BANGS his gavel. And suddenly, it's ALL OVER.

Ted FREAKS OUT – what the hell is going on? He whispers urgently to Judy Clarke. Giving her orders. She jumps to her feet:

JUDY CLARKE

You honor, motion to reconsider.

JUDGE BURRELL

Motion denied. We're moving on. Adjourned.

THE CLERK

ALL RISE!

Ted is STUNNED, ANGRY. Judy puts her hand on his arm.

JUDY CLARKE

Sorry, we tried.

TED

But— What exactly just happened, Judy?

JUDY CLARKE

I'll explain later. We did what we could.

The BAILIFFS approach and hustle Ted away.

Meanwhile, Fitz is staring, stunned. He can't process it all.

The FBI guys and the Prosecutors converge on Fitz. A chorus of muted congratulations. Cole shakes Fitz's hand, still in disbelief.

COLE

Forensic friggin linguistics...

MCALPINE

I'm putting you on the JonBenét letter, on the Atlanta bombings... You're gonna have a long career reading nasty letters sent by a- holes. Congrats. A big win, Fitz.

STEVE FRECCERO shakes Fitz's hand, then immediately pivots back to work.

FRECCERO

Dodged the bullet. Well done. Okay guys, huddle up.

MCALPINE

See you Monday back at the BAU.

The Prosecution team and the FBI guys huddle at the prosecution table. Digging into the next task at hand.

Fitz watches them work. He knows his role here is finished – he should be happy – but he has a gnawing feeling of unfinished business.

Then a familiar-looking man comes up to Fitz from the courtroom gallery. Stretches out his hand. Fitz tries to place the man's face –

And as Fitz takes the man's hand to shake it, he realizes – THE MAN'S HAND is mangled, scarred. Only three fingers.

Because this is DR. CHARLES EPSTEIN, the victim of the bombing we saw in 103.

DR. EPSTEIN

I've been coming to every session. This is good news.

FITZ

To every court session? But that's...

Epstein nods. Yeah. It's a lot.

DR. EPSTEIN

And I'll be at every one until it's over. Until justice is done.

Fitz shakes his hand, stunned.

He watches as Epstein exits the courtroom. Fitz is sobered now. Shaken by this encounter. Even as he joins Natalie by the door, he can't get it out of his head.

## **INT. FCI DUBLIN - PRISON MEETING ROOM - DAY**

Natalie waits as Fitz boxes up his stuff in the Prosecution office. The atmosphere is still tense. Fitz is still troubled by his encounter with Epstein.

Fitz finds something among the papers. A newspaper page with a photo of TED'S CABIN on the flatbed truck. He holds it up to show Natalie. She takes it, looks at it. *Weird.*

Fitz nods. Trying to make sense of it.

Natalie looks at The Defense Motion to Suppress Fitz's Search Warrant.

NATALIE

I guess it doesn't matter now. But I was looking at this last night, the Defense motion to get your Search Warrant tossed out. Take a look. Anything familiar about it?

She opens her copy of the Defense Motion. Indicates a few lines, circled a few words. Fitz double-takes. Suddenly recognizing the writing, the style— He looks at her, disbelieving—

FITZ

Ted wrote this. Personally.

NATALIE

The whole thing! Himself. There's some legalese at the beginning but other than that...

FITZ

Why? Why would his lawyers let him write the most important document in his entire case? If they did this right, he could get off.

Realizing:

FITZ

Unless. They have a longer game... That they don't want Ted to know about...

And then things start clicking... He starts taking documents back out of the box. Putting pieces together.

FITZ

Because, who's bringing the cabin here? The prosecution built their own mock-up. Meaning it must be Ted's lawyers bringing it here.

NATALIE

Okay, but what does that mean?

FITZ

Well look at this thing I saw in the New York Times, this interview with Ted's brother—

He digs out a scrap of newspaper. Hands it to her to read. Fitz looks over the documents on the tabletop, figuring it out:

FITZ

They're gonna get him off with an *insanity* defense.

Fitz thinks of something. A long, silent moment as he works it through. His mind churning. Knotted up inside.

FITZ

I saw one of his victims today. Epstein. He shook my hand. He has two and a half fingers now. He'll have two and a half fingers the rest of his life.

She's silent. Understanding the power of that encounter.

FITZ

Everyone acts like I won, like it's over.

But it's not over for Epstein until Ted's behind bars. Forever. Not in a mental hospital, not in a psych ward on the road to supervised release. Ted has power over every one of us as long as he's not in jail. Epstein can't move on until this is ended.

*Nobody* can.

(off her silence:)

...You're mad?

NATALIE

(sincerely:)

No. I'm not. At all. I'm just thinking. The first time you sat down with Ted, I didn't know if you'd come back. You've felt so many of the things that Ted feels, the anger, the resentment, feelings of betrayal, the feeling that there's something so wrong with the world...

(beat)

But you did the one thing that Ted could never do. Which is to look at Charles Epstein and see a fellow human being. To look at him with empathy, to feel a sense of obligation to him. And if that's what's motivating you now? I think that's truly noble.

Fitz nods. Thinking about this.

FITZ

I was so deep in before... I used to think Ted had all the answers. Part of me thought I was going to go to him and he was going to make everything clear to me.

NATALIE

Ted does have SOME of the answers. Not the ones that really matter, though. See, there's only one thing that isn't accounted for in Ted's philosophy. But it's everything. It's what you felt shaking Epstein's hand. Human connection. Compassion. ...Love.

He takes this in. It's powerful.

FITZ

...Simple as that, huh?

NATALIE

Since when was love ever simple? Oof. Its so much more true than she can know.

Fitz and Natalie gaze at each other. Longing for each other. But – it's not SIMPLE yet.

## **INT. FCI DUBLIN - PRISON MEETING ROOM - LATER**

Fitz meets with McAlpine and Cole back in the prosecution meeting room.

FITZ

I can get your guilty plea. I can *close* this.

Through the glass door, we watch as Fitz lays out his case – we don't hear what he says, but we see him present his evidence, his strategy.

McAlpine and Cole look at each other. And nod. *Okay.*



## INT. FCI DUBLIN - TED'S JAIL CELL – DAY

Fitz arrives to find Ted and Judy Clarke meeting in Ted's cell. The cell looks like a law library. Ted's working through a large stack of casebooks and scribbling a letter for her to give to Judge Burrell.

TED

I want you to take this to the Judge. I'll prepare a written motion to reconsider as soon as...

They notice Fitz. Ted glares at him.

TED

You here to gloat?

FITZ

I'm here to show you something.

Judy Clarke, alarmed, whispers objections into Ted's ear. But Ted sees something on Fitz's face. And he NODS. Okay. Let's go.

## INT. THE BACK OF A PRISON TRANSFER VAN - DAY

Ted, shackled in the back of the windowless van with the prison Guard.

TED

Where are we going?

He feels the van stop. Outside the van, the sound of big doors sliding open, then sliding closed behind them.

TED

Where are we?

GUARD

Air Force base.

Ted, even more confused now.

Then the van stops. And then the guards open the rear doors of the van, and Ted emerges into the bright fluorescent lights of

## **INT. A CAVERNOUS WAREHOUSE**

Ted steps out into the huge, sterile space. Blinking in the bright blueish lights.

Fitz is waiting for him.

And, on a wooden pallet, spotlit by kliegs in the middle of the warehouse, stands TED'S CABIN.

Ted gapes at it.

And off that surreal image, we CUT TO BLACK.

***END ACT ONE***

# ACT TWO

## INT. THE CAVERNOUS WAREHOUSE

A long, silent beat as Ted takes it in.

Staring at his home of twenty years, the house he built himself. Emptied of its contents and wrenched out of its context. Displayed on a plinth like some surreal museum display.

Fitz watches as Ted approaches the cabin in silence. Runs his hand around the outside of the cabin. Peers inside.

It's starkly empty. You can see the places where decades of use have worn the wood smooth and black.

It's painful for Ted.

Then, Ted collects himself. Turns to Fitz. Gives a scornful laugh.

TED

Is this supposed to intimidate me? "You'll not only lock me up, you'll lock up my house as well"? Please. This reeks of desperation. If the prosecution has to bring my CABIN all the way across the country to Sacramento...

FITZ

I didn't bring you here to intimidate you.

TED

You think after one minor defeat on one technical legal point I'm going to be running scared and ready to cut a deal. But here's what you don't understand: it doesn't matter how the trial goes. I win no matter what.

Ted takes the offensive now, circling Fitz, hammering him hard.

TED

This trial is going to give me the world's biggest microphone.

Before, I had to threaten violence to get one Manifesto published in the Post. Now?

Every newspaper, every TV station will be falling over themselves, BEGGING to publish whatever I write, whatever I say. Lapping it up. I'll be piped directly into every living room in the country!

Ted, pleased with himself now.

TED

And it doesn't even matter to me how the trial turns out. You put me in a jail cell, I'll spend the rest of my life appealing, filing motions. I don't CARE if it takes a year, two years, ten years. I just have to find ONE fair judge, just ONE, who will put you on the stand. And I'll sit back and watch as the whole case crumbles and I walk away.

Fitz, watching him the whole time. Solid. Unmoved.

TED

And the worst case? Death penalty? And it doesn't even bother me. You can crucify me, but you can't crucify the Manifesto. You'll only make me a martyr. That's the very worst you can possibly do to me and I don't even blink.

FITZ

There's one possibility you didn't think of.

TED

I've thought of every possibility. I'm ready to go back.

Ted turns his back on Fitz and heads for the prison van. Fitz watches Ted go. Shakes his head.

FITZ

You think death is the worst they can do to you? Oh, Ted. No.

There's something much, much worse than that.  
Ted hesitates. Then continues toward the van.

FITZ

This cabin? The prosecution didn't bring it here. The  
DEFENSE did.

Ted stops short. Turns to Fitz. Eyes narrowed. When he sees Fitz is telling the  
truth:

TED

Why?

FITZ

...And why don't you know about it?

This question hangs there. In response, Fitz wheels out a TV on a stand. Pushes  
play on the VCR.

Ted can't help but approach. Dying of curiosity. ON THE TV:  
DAVID KACZYNSKI gives an interview on 60 Minutes.

DAVID (ON THE TV)

*I have known for many years that my brother is deeply  
troubled and mentally ill... Some years ago I showed  
his letters to a psychiatrist, who found him deeply delu-  
sional and provisionally diagnosed him with schizophre-  
nia... The clinical description of paranoid schizophrenia  
mirrors many of the behaviors I've observed in Ted over  
the years, especially his break from society as a young  
man. If Ted's arrest gets him the psychiatric help he  
needs, I feel like I will have done him a huge service...*

FITZ

Your brother's on every news show, in every magazine,  
every newspaper, saying the same thing. He's got a  
script he's repeating, over and over and over.

Ted sneers.

TED

At least Judas had the decency to hang himself. Dave doesn't even believe in mental illness!

Well who cares. We'll muzzle him once the trial starts.

FITZ

David isn't the only one talking to the press. And he's not the only one reading from that script.

He pulls out a copy of the New York Times. Reads: FITZ

New York Times. *"Theodore J. Kaczynski has told his defense team that he believes satellites control people and place electrodes in their brains. He himself is controlled by an omnipotent organization which he is powerless to resist, he told his lawyers. A sealed psychological report provided by Kaczynski's lawyers, suggests that Kaczynski has been suffering from mental illness since before he moved into a one-room shack in the woods in 1978. ... the sealed report notes that its findings are consistent with a diagnosis of paranoid schizophrenia..."*

Ted snatches the paper away. He can't believe this. For once, he's speechless. Reading the article over and over.

FITZ

You're being SET UP. Your own lawyers are working against you. They're feeding David his lines. They're leaking this b.s. to the press. And they're shipping your cabin all the way across the country so they can bring the jury in here and say: "Look at this pathetic man, this pathetic cabin. Only a crazy person would live this way!"

TED

They can't do that. I control my defense, not my lawyers.

FITZ

Sure. They'd need your permission

to file, say, a 12.2(b) motion. And I'm sure you'd never grant it. Ted freezes. Fitz reads the "oh shit" expression on Ted's face.

FITZ

You can see so many things about the world. But you've got a big blind spot when it comes to the people you choose to trust. You gave your lawyers permission to bring in expert witnesses to prove you are MENTALLY DEFECTIVE! A

parade of Ph.D.'s, twisting everything you've ever written, everything you've ever told ANYONE, to fit a predetermined diagnosis: paranoid schizophrenia.

(beat, closer now:)

The trial itself, it's a foregone conclusion. By the time they bring in the experts, the whole world will have already heard their diagnosis a million times on TV, in the newspaper, from David, from your own mother, from 'anonymous' leaks, all right on message. The whole apparatus of the technological society, declaring you insane. By the end, the court ruling will just be an afterthought, a confirmation of what everyone already knows. "Ted Kaczynski is crazy, a paranoid schizo, just another ranting madman. Can you believe anyone ever took him seriously?"

(beat.)

You think death is the worst they can do to you? They won't even let you DIE. They don't execute crazies.

Ted, reeling. For the first time, he's losing his grip on the situation. Struggling to catch up, to find purchase...

TED

It doesn't matter, I'll appeal- I'll get new lawyers and-

FITZ

There won't BE any appeals! Are you not listening to me? The outcome of your trial has been pre-determined. You're going to be declared mentally incompetent by a court of law. You'll have your capacity removed. Guilty, innocent, either way you'll be going directly from the courtroom into a MENTAL INSTITUTION.

And now Fitz takes control. Painting a picture of Ted's future:

FITZ

Where slowly, atom by atom, you'll be ADJUSTED.  
Pills.

Electroshocks. Therapy. Surgery. Threat, punishment, reward. Until finally, you're CURED. It might take years, but they'll CURE YOU. They'll make you NORMAL. A triumph of modern rehabilitation, ready to work obediently nine to five and to dream about getting a slightly nicer car.

Ted is pale now, retreating... Fitz is describing his worst nightmare with uncanny precision.

Ted heads instinctively for the safety of his cabin... Fitz follows him, continuing, inescapable:

FITZ

And you'll walk out, and rejoin society. You'll get a credit card, an apartment, a business-casual wardrobe. A favorite sports team. A job answering phones or entering data on a computer. You'll spend your first paycheck on a cell phone. The next one on a TV. You'll save up until you can afford a Nintendo. Every night you'll fall asleep watching TV. And every weekend you'll go to the mall.

You'll wander over to Circuit City and watch the big screen TVs and you'll wonder, for the hundredth time – should I upgrade to a 20-inch TV next month, or keep saving up and go for that 27-incher?

Now Ted shelters INSIDE HIS CABIN. Overcome by panic, by rising terror. Fitz stays just outside, relentless:

FITZ

And as you're standing there, pondering this and slurping your Orange Julius, someone will recognize you, come up to you and ask, "Hey, weren't you that Unabomber guy? The guy who wrote that stuff, and killed those people?" And you'll smile and say, "Oh, I used to be. I was very sick. But I got a lot of help and I'm feeling much, much better now."

Ted shuts the door, sinks down against it. Losing it. Fitz, just on the other side of the closed door:



FITZ

You'll go back to staring at the TVs. *And you won't even remember that you ever wanted anything more than THIS.*

It's the most terrifying thing we've heard in the entire show. Ted, scared. No longer in control. Curled against the door. Hiding from everything. Head in his hands.  
BREAKING.

***END ACT TWO***

# ACT THREE

## INT. THE CAVERNOUS WAREHOUSE / TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted is inside his cabin in the warehouse, the door shut, sitting on the floor against the door. Hiding inside.

Fitz comes and sits against the outside of the cabin. Sits there in silence. The two men on either side of the thin plywood cabin wall. Then, quietly:

FITZ

You know, Ted – you predicted all of this. It's in the Manifesto!

(quoting it by heart:)

“The concept of ‘mental health’ in our society is defined largely by the extent to which an individual behaves in accord with the needs of the system and does so without showing signs of stress. Many tame, conformist types seem to have a powerful need to depict the enemy of society as ‘sick.’ Much as dissidents in the former Soviet Union were universally declared to be mentally ill so as to delegitimize their valid complaints about society.”

A fragile silence. Strangely, the energy begins to shift – a kind of camaraderie growing between the two men as they sit on opposite sides of the cabin door.

FITZ

Nobody even cares about what happens to YOU. As long as your IDEAS are neutralized. If you're declared insane? If the Manifesto becomes just the rant of a man so crazy he couldn't even be put to death? They can keep on shopping and watching TV and sleep-walking through life. People will do ANYTHING to avoid having to DO SOMETHING about the world, having to change their lives.

A long pause. Fitz runs his hand over the smooth wooden side of the cabin.

FITZ

Even this cabin. It used to be a symbol of moral courage. A man who cared about his principles so much that he went to live off the land. Like everyone secretly dreams about. And now? They're going to point to it and say: "You'd have to be insane to live like this."

Inside the cabin, Ted is deep in thought, deeply sorrowful. He shakes his head.

FITZ

Even this cabin. It used to be a symbol of moral courage. A man who cared about his principles so much that he went to live off the land. Like everyone secretly dreams about. And now? They're going to point to it and say: "You'd have to be insane to live like this."

TED

They brought the cabin but they didn't bring the forest... the birds, the trees, the rain... It was beautiful... It was so, so beautiful...

FITZ

Yeah. I know it was.

A warm, expectant silence. Then Ted moves away from the cabin door and allows it to swing open. Ted sits down on the empty bunk.

Fitz comes inside the cabin with him. Sits on the cabin floor across from Ted.

TED

The irony is – they're going to show them this cabin as evidence that I'm crazy... But if everyone in the world was content to live simply, like this, we'd have no more wars, no more poverty, no more nuclear weapons, oil spills, pollution... No more sweatshops, no more environmental degradation... Who's the crazy one, the one who thinks a fancy car and a big house and cheap clothes are worth destroying the world for? Who doesn't think twice about living in factory smog or under the shadow of nuclear reactor... Who thinks some new electronic gadget is worth damning hundreds of people to enslavement

in a sweatshop, as long as they're over in China so he doesn't have to think about them? Who's really crazy, him or me?

Long silence. Fitz nods. Ted is right.

Ted leans his head against the wall of his cabin. Working through something deep in his soul.

TED

The truth is. If someone called me up and said there was a pill I could take that would make me normal... that would take all these... questions away... I might even take it. If it was my own choice.

Ted considers the cabin.

He stands. Walks outside, walks around the cabin. Running his hand over the wood. Thinking.

FITZ

Your brother keeps saying you'll be happier in a jail cell. Three hot meals a day. Plus the dimensions are about the same. 10 by 12.

TED

Of course he tells himself that! If I go to jail, he pockets a million dollars reward money. And gets to sleep at night, knowing I won't be executed, even if I want to be. All he had to do was lie about me, over and over and over on national television. He wins.

*Everyone* wins, don't they?

Ted shakes his head in wonder – impressed by the elegance of the trap he's in.

TED

My lawyers get to say they saved me from execution. The Judge and Prosecutors can brag that the Unabomber will rot in a hole forever. The government wins, the SYSTEM wins, because I'll be muzzled and dismissed. No big trial, no media circus, just a neat and tidy dagger in the back. All pre-determined, neat as a pin. Everybody wins. Except me.

FITZ

I KNOW you're not insane. And I WANT you to change the world, Ted. Every time I sit at a red light or follow the arrows in some grocery store, I see the world through your eyes. I see the systems that control our lives, I feel my own autonomy and freedom being hemmed in. What you have to say about the world MATTERS to the future.

(beat)

And there's still a way. If you really believe that your ideas are worth sacrificing everything for... There's one way to ensure that your message will live on. You can end this now, before you and everything you stand for are held up for public ridicule by your own attorneys.

Ted looks over at Fitz, who's still standing inside the cabin. Ted shakes his head. Sneers.

TED

Isn't that convenient. That your own interests and mine align so perfectly. All I have to do is to roll over, stop fighting—

FITZ

The fight is FIXED. You've already lost. If you plead guilty, you at least walk away with some autonomy. Some DIGNITY.

TED

Get out of my house, please. GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

Fitz, taken aback, steps out of the cabin.

FITZ

You can take on the entire system, fight to the end, and your own lawyers will make you a laughing- stock. And your ideas will go down with you. Or, you can plead guilty. You go away.

But your IDEAS live on.

TED

I've already lost... According to you, and only you. You, the outcast agent angling for a big gold star from the Bureau. How much of this was lies? Huh? I want my attorney. I want Judy.

Ted strides toward the prison van.

FITZ

It's all true, Ted.

As the guards come in, curious, Ted gets into the back of the prison van.

TED

GUARDS! I want Judy. NOW!

And Ted SLAMS the van door closed. Interview over.

Fitz slumps. Considers the prison van. Then nods to the guards. Let's go.

## **INT. FCI DUBLIN - TED'S JAIL CELL – DAY**

Judy Clarke comes in to find Ted waiting there. Hands folded, looking grim. Ted looks up at her. Deadly serious.

TED

Sit down, Judy. We need to talk.

***END ACT THREE***

# ACT FOUR

## INT. FCI DUBLIN - TED'S JAIL CELL – DAY

Ted skewers Judy Clarke with a fierce look.

TED

What did you talk about in chambers? During the challenge to the search warrant?

JUDY CLARKE

Procedural matters. Burrell can be so hard to pin down on the technical stuff. Hold on—

She glances out the window in the room. Then closes the blinds for privacy. Reaches into her purse, and slips Ted a contraband pack of Reese's Peanut Butter Cups.

JUDY CLARKE

Your favorite. Don't tell.

Ted looks over the candies. They are, in fact, his favorites. But he doesn't open them. A new coldness between them.

Inspecting her.

TED

Do I have total control of my defense?

JUDY CLARKE

It's YOUR defense. This is all about you. Everyone's here for YOU. I'm here for you and only for you. Okay?

She sits close to him. Her hand on his hand.

TED

You don't think I'm... You wouldn't present to the court that I'm... mentally defective?

A beat.

JUDY CLARKE

Ted. What gave you that idea?

TED

Fitzgerald showed me the cabin. He said the 12.2(b) meant you were going to say I'm insane. You KNOW, Judy, that would be so much worse for me than death. I'd rather roll the dice on a death penalty than—

JUDY CLARKE

(disengaging)

Ted. We found out that the prosecution built their own mock- up of your cabin to show the jury. And that they were planning to present their own mental- health testimony. In my legal judgement, it was prudent to ensure we'd be able to present the truth about you and your life, to combat the government's distortions. I've tried to keep you out of the trenches on this. Take care of the p's and q's so you can keep thinking big-picture for us. But if you lack confidence in my legal judgement— If you want to read everything we've filed on your behalf, I'm more than happy to—

TED

No, Judy, I'm not saying—

JUDY CLARKE

No, I'll bring in the document boxes. If you want total transparency, if you want to see and approve everything, page by page—

TED

No, I trust you. I do. It's just, I've been betrayed by so many people... and Fitzgerald, he got into my head... There's no one I trust more than you.



JUDY CLARKE

(re-engaging:)

Good. Because when I say I'm going to act in your best interests, I mean it. To the letter.

Ted nods. Accepting this. Judy sighs, shakes her head sympathetically.

JUDY CLARKE

Trial SUCKS. I know. It can make even a good relationship feel rocky. But my commitment to you is total, Ted. I'm going to be by your side to the end. You won't be able to get rid of me!

TED

Even if I want to? She laughs, bats his arm playfully.

JUDY CLARKE

Even if you wanted to. You can scream, you can try to fire me, but I'll just hang on. I'll be the albatross around your neck.

Ted smiles. He's okay with that. Flattered, even.

JUDY CLARKE

You know I really care about you. Not just as a colleague.

She smiles at him. Indicates the peanut butter cup.

JUDY CLARKE

Now finish that before the guards see, or you'll get me in trouble.

Ted smiles. Munches his peanut butter cups. Placated.

## INT. COURTROOM – LATER THAT DAY

The middle of a deeply boring court hearing. Ted, working in his yellow legal pads while the judge hears preliminary motions regarding jury selection. Then, his ears prick up as Freccero makes a procedural point:

FRECCERO

Your honor, we need some clarification from the defense before we can begin Jury Selection. I have what I believe to be an intentionally vague 12.2(b) motion from the prosecution. But their witness list includes a number of experts on paranoid schizophrenia–

JUDY CLARKE

(leaping up:)

Can we move this to chambers, Your Honor?

TED

(hissing to Judy Clarke:) What is he talking about?

She whispers in Ted's ear, trying to placate him –

FRECCERO

(plowing ahead:)

We need clarification before beginning jury selection. If the defense is going to pursue a mental defect defense and continue to claim the Defendant is a paranoid schizophrenic–

JUDY CLARKE

Your Honor, please, can we–

Ted can't help himself – he FLIES OFF THE HANDLE –

TED

That's NOT our intention! We won't be–

(pivoting to Judy, enraged:) What is he TALKING ABOUT?! Your honor, I need a moment with my LAWYERS–

## INT. COURTHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM – DAY

Ted SCREAMS at his defense team.

TED

YOU BETRAYED ME! You lied to me! You sat right here and you LIED to my face–

Judy Clarke is COLD now. The marble queen.

JUDY CLARKE

We're saving your life, Ted.

TED

It's MY LIFE! MINE!!! You need to walk in there and inform the court that we're not pursuing a mental defect defense. Not now, not EVER.

JUDY CLARKE

Whether you approve of my strategic decisions or not, I have an ethical obligation, in this system, to do what I have to in order to save your life.

TED

You're not saving my life. You're saving my BODY. You're saving my body by destroying my life, and my life's work! I'd rather die a million times– If you had Jesus as a client, you'd tell him to keep his mouth shut about the whole saving-the-world stuff and let you figure out a diagnosis to get him off–

JUDY CLARKE

You're comparing yourself to Jesus Christ? Ted. You mailed bombs to innocent people. So you could get some half-baked ideas published in a newspaper. I'll work around the clock to save your life. That's my obligation as your attorney. But if you're not mentally defective? I don't know who is.

## INT. COURTHOUSE - JUDGE BURRELL'S CHAMBERS – DAY

The defense team and the prosecutors are all gathered in chambers. Ted, struggling to keep his emotions in check, makes his case to the judge.

TED

Your honor, my relationship with my present attorneys has become impossible. I don't say this lightly. They have admitted to lying to me, to tricking me, and to betraying my trust. They knew all along I would rather die, or suffer prolonged physical torture, than be falsely portrayed as mentally ill. I don't WANT to represent myself. But right now I see no alternative—

Judge Burrell sits impassively behind his big desk.

JUDGE BURRELL

I don't think so, Mr. Kaczynski. In MY courtroom, there are no theatrics, and there are no delays. I may be many things, Mr.

Kaczynski, but one thing I am NOT, is a Lance Ito.

TED

A who?

JUDY CLARKE

The Judge in the OJ trial.

This doesn't mean anything to Ted.

JUDGE BURRELL

The trial will continue. No delays.

TED

Well I'm not asking for a delay. I can start representing myself in ONE HOUR. ONE HOUR from now.

But Judge Burrell purses his lips and shakes his head.

JUDGE BURRELL

We've already considered this. Based on the psychological evaluations your defense has provided me, I find you mentally unsound to mount an effective defense.

TED

Psychological evaluations? You've already considered— Did you all discuss this beforehand? Have you already decided how this ends?

Silence in the room.

Ted, grasping the frame-up clearly for the first time:

TED

So. I'm sane enough to stand trial, sane enough to be put in jail for the rest of my life. But too crazy to represent myself, too crazy to choose my trial strategy.

Too crazy to be executed. Too crazy to testify I'm guessing. Too crazy to stand up in court and SAY anything about what I believe. Is that what your secret psych report says? The EXACT DIAGNOSIS that is perfect for EVERYONE...

Perfect for the court, for these lawyers, for my brother, perfect for EVERYONE – except ME?

Deeper silence from the room. Ted, struggling to stay calm:

TED

I have a Constitutional RIGHT to defend myself. If I have to take this to the judicial review board—

Judge Burrell shrugs.

JUDGE BURRELL

Of course you have that right. You can certainly choose to represent yourself. If you do, however, that raises the question of whether you're mentally fit to stand trial at all. We can easily resolve the question of your mental competency with an observation period in a mental institution. Say, starting with a 60-day stay in the care

of the psych hospital, and perhaps longer if the doctors think it necessary. If you want to pursue this, I'll write the order now and have you remanded into their care—

JUDY CLARKE

We have no objection to that, your Honor.

Judge Burrell starts writing out the order. The bailiffs move toward Ted— Ted, suddenly TERRIFIED. Fitz's prediction, coming true.

TED

No. NO. Let me— Give me some time to think about my options.

The Judge peers down at him.

JUDGE BURRELL

You don't have time, and you don't have options.

Your trial will continue now. These are your lawyers. You'll do as they instruct. If they say you're mentally defective, you will nod and agree. In SILENCE.

## **INT. FCI DUBLIN - TED'S JAIL CELL – NIGHT**

Ted, reeling. Pacing the little cell, going mad. Living out his own worst nightmare. No way out. Except one...

Ripping his clothes into strips. Knotting it all together. And it's hard to tell exactly what he's doing until the NOOSE is already around his neck and he's HANGING HIMSELF in his cell—

And we stay close on his face, watching him suffocate, pass out... His eyes glaze over, he looks DEAD...

And we stay close on Ted as we hear the GUARD'S VOICE:

GUARD

Kaczynski. KACZYNSKI?

The sound of the cell door slamming open, men rushing in, cutting him down... Ted, his eyes glazed over. The guards slapping his cheeks, bringing him back. Ted's eyes crack open. And he whispers, barely audible:

TED

...Okay...okay...

GUARD

Hang in there. You're going to be all right. Just hang in there.

And we cut to:

## **INT. FCI DUBLIN - PRISON MEETING ROOM – DAY**

Fitz in a pow-wow with McAlpine, Cole, and a few prosecutors. Fitz looks up to see Steve Freccero come running in.

FRECCERO

He's making a deal! Ted's going to plead guilty!

The whole room is SHOCKED. Everyone turns to Fitz. In stunned silence. Finally, Cole:

COLE

Holy shit. What did you SAY to him?

Fitz shrugs. Doesn't know what to say to that. Except:

FITZ

The truth.

## **INT. COURTHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM – DAY**

Ted dresses for court. Changing into his suit. Red welts on his neck. His lawyers watch but don't help him this time. Silence. He's all alone now.

## INT. COURTROOM – DAY

Ted stands alone in the front of the courtroom. The red welts still visible on his neck above his collar. The courtroom is hushed. David and WANDA KACZYNSKI in the audience.

JUDGE BURRELL

Is it your understanding that your attorneys had discussions with the attorneys for the government in this case concerning your change of plea?

TED

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE BURRELL

Does your willingness to enter a plea result from those discussions?

TED

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE BURRELL

Are you entering this plea voluntarily because it is what you want to do?

A long, unreadable pause.

TED

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE BURRELL

Do you understand that as part of this deal you are waiving your right to appeal?

TED

I do.

JUDGE BURRELL



That you are waiving your right to challenge any part of this proceeding in the future, including the search warrant?

TED

I understand.

JUDGE BURRELL

Very well. How do you plead, to all charges?

TED

Guilty.

In the audience, Wanda releases an involuntary MOAN. She and David lean on each other for support. She weeps into David's shoulder.

JUDGE BURRELL

We'll reconvene for sentencing. We'll hear testimony from the victims. You'll be able to make a statement then if you wish. Court adjourned.

The gavel THUMPS down.

Ted looks over his shoulder at Fitz.

They lock eyes. A long look between Ted and Fitz. And then, the guards lead Ted away.

And – IT'S OVER.

As soon as Ted leaves the room, everyone DESCENDS on Fitz – Cole. ACKERMAN. GENELLI. McAlpine. The Prosecutors.

Everyone slapping his back, pumping his hand, a whole chorus of congratulations. *He did it!*

But Fitz ignores all of them. The only one who matters right now, the only one he can see is

NATALIE

Waiting for him down at far end of the courtroom.

He goes to her. She comes to him. Striding to each other, crashing together – And Fitz wraps her in his arms and pulls her in and KISSES HER hard.

They've been waiting for this moment for so long – We have too, and it's deep and real and thrilling –

Fitz looks into her eyes. Natalie looks up at him, flushed and glowing.

And they kiss again.

**END ACT FOUR**

# ACT FIVE

## INT. COURTROOM - A WEEK LATER

Ted's SENTENCING HEARING.

Everyone has gathered for the final judgement – the FBI guys, Fitz and Natalie, David and Wanda. All the old faces.

And, most importantly – TED'S VICTIMS ARE ALL THERE, sitting in the front row.

Terry Marker. John Harris. Percy Wood. John Hauser. Gary Wright.

Charles Epstein. David Gelernter.

Patrick Fischer's Secretary from 104.

The families and colleagues of Hugh Scrutton, Thomas Mosser, and Gil Murray.

We remember them from the bombings we've seen, from flashbacks and from photos and images throughout the series. Now, they're gathered all in one place.

Some damage we can see – missing fingers, missing eyes, burns and scars. But most of it is hidden just behind their eyes.

JUDGE BURRELL

Before we proceed with sentencing, we will hear from those victims who wish to make statements.

FRECCERO

Susan Mosser, wife of Thomas Mosser who was murdered by the Defendant in December of 1994.

SUSAN MOSSER (40s) comes to the podium. Reading her statement. It's very difficult for her.

SUSAN MOSSER

Nails, razor blades, wire,

pipe, batteries. Everyday household items. Pack them together, explode them with the force of a bullet from a rifle and you have a bomb. Hold it in your hands while it's exploding, as my husband Tom did, and you have unbearable pain.

Not the unbearable pain the defense lamented Kaczynski would feel should he be portrayed as mentally ill, Your Honor, but the excruciating pain of a hundred nails, cut-up razor blades and metal fragments, perforating your heart, shearing off your fingers, burning your skin, fracturing your skull and driving shrapnel into your brain.

December 10, 1994, was supposed to be the day my family picked out a Christmas tree. The day we celebrated Tom's latest promotion. Instead it was the day my husband was murdered.

The day I had to tell my three daughters, "Daddy is dead."...

It's the first time we've heard the victims themselves speak, and it's horrible and moving and shocking. To us and to everyone in the courtroom.

Even Ted's own lawyers shrink away from him as the testimony continues. Disgusted by him.

## LATER

Genial, gentle GARY WRIGHT (40s) reads his statement from the podium.

### GARY WRIGHT

My name is Gary Wright. I'm the eleventh victim of the Unabomber, who is now known as Theodore Kaczynski.

As you look at me today, you do not see the physical wounds inflicted by razor-sharp pieces of metal moving at over 20,000 feet per second.

You do not see the trauma, nerve damage, lacerations, or physical restrictions that were inflicted, and unless you were a recipient of one of Mr.

Kaczynski's devices, you'll never comprehend the hardships of learning to live with permanent physical impairment and the emotional pain associated with these types of injuries.

But set aside the physical injuries and concentrate on what's worse – the emotional and psychological damage that Mr. Kaczynski caused. Imagine what it is like to constantly wonder what would make a person want to kill you. To go to work one day, bend down to pick up a piece of debris and suddenly think that you have been shot, to look down at injuries that shock you beyond belief, and wonder what has happened and why. To continually search your memories for any small indiscretion

or act that could trigger this kind of anger. To be overwhelmed with the feelings of rage and the heartache of knowing that you will never again be the same as you were before...

David and Wanda weep in court. Others do too.

Ted himself, shrinking down under the weight of everything he's done. Even he sees its horror.

## LATER

FRECCERO

Your Honor, Doctor David Gelernter.

DAVID GELERNTER, 40, ruined eye and black-gloved right hand.

GELERNTER

When an evil man destroys what is priceless out of the lowest, cheapest, ugliest motives, to get attention, be famous, be a star, the only decent response is unqualified revulsion.

We've decided to let him live, so let him be our living symbol of cowardice and evil. He gives us a chance to look cowardice and evil in the face. Looking at him reminds us that there is nothing easier than creating misery.

Evil will always exist, but we ought to take this occasion to reaffirm that we will never accept it. We must go on fighting this man and fighting the cowardice, misery, and evil he stands for.

God willing, we will triumph somehow in the end.

## LATER

FRECCERO

Your Honor, Doctor Charles Epstein.

Charles Epstein, the victim from 103, along with his wife LOIS and daughter JOANNA. He fixes Ted with a sharp gaze.

DR. EPSTEIN

What a message – Theodore Kaczynski was a victim! By some convoluted form of logic, you’ve been portrayed as the victim – of a system of justice thirsting for your blood, of prosecutors who would see a deranged man put to death. And what of Gil Murray, Hugh Scrutton, and Thomas Mosser, all of whom were destroyed, literally demolished, by your bombs? What of their wives and children who will be forever alone? And what of all the rest of us?

Charles Epstein delivers what feels like the ultimate sentence, delivered on behalf of all the victims:

DR. EPSTEIN

As you serve your life sentence in prison, this is what I wish for you.

Given that your victims were blinded by your bombs, may your eyes be blinded by being deprived of the light of the moon, the stars, the sun and the beauty of nature for the rest of your life.

Given that your victims lost their hearing because of your bombs, may you spend the rest of your life in stony silence. Given that your victims were maimed by your bombs, may your body be shackled by the same violence and hatred which have already imprisoned your mind.

And given that your victims were killed by your bombs, may your own death occur as you have lived, in a solitary manner, without compassion or love.

He sits down. The court is deathly silent.

JUDGE BURRELL

The defendant will now have the opportunity to make a statement if he wishes.

Ted stands. He can feel the hateful gazes of everyone on his back.

He looks down at his prepared statement. But he finds he has nothing to say– except, very weakly:

TED

I... I only ask that people reserve their judgment about me... and about the Unabom case until... until all the facts

have been made public. There's so much that you don't... I'm not... I...  
And he trails off. There's nothing he can say. He sits down.

*END ACT FIVE*

# ACT SIX

## INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Concluding the sentencing hearing.

JUDGE BURRELL

Let the record reflect Mr. Kaczynski has finished making his statement and returned to counsel table.

And the Judge delivers his sentence:

JUDGE BURRELL

In keeping with the terms of the plea arrangement, I sentence Theodore Kaczynski to Life in Prison, plus a 30-year consecutive prison sentence, plus three additional life prison terms to be served consecutively.

The defendant committed unspeakable and monstrous crimes and I believe if he had the opportunity, he would use his resourcefulness to repeat such acts. Because of the callous nature of his crimes, the defendant presents a grave danger to society. Therefore I will recommend that he serve his life imprisonment in solitary confinement in a federal Administrative Maximum Facility.

(turning to Ted:)

I only wish the suffering I

could impose on you would in any way match the suffering of the men and women here. The matter is adjourned.

A somber silence as Ted is led out by the guards. He doesn't look at anyone. Doesn't raise his head.

Once he's gone, the VICTIMS leave the courtroom. Everyone stands, watching them go. They file past Wanda and David. Wanda is crying.

And one by one, Ted's victims do the most extraordinary, unexpected thing – they reach out to comfort Wanda. To thank David. Susan Mosser embraces Wanda, comforts her.

Both women crying. Gary Wright and David Kaczynski embrace. Saying words of comfort and thanks to each other.

Fitz watches this. And somehow, it feels RIGHT.

## **INT. COURTHOUSE - FOYER - DAY**

Fitz pauses a moment inside the doors. Deep breath. Then pushes through, out onto—

## **EXT. THE COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY**

The steps are MOBBED with reporters. Fitz watches as everyone grabs their fifteen minutes of fame.

Ackerman, Genelli, and Cole, rehashing past glories.

Judy Clarke, accepting fawning questions and praise from the reporters.

JUDY CLARKE

I truly believe that everyone deserves a fair trial and vigorous representation...

Fitz looks at them with equanimity. Descends the steps. Ignored by all. But he's okay with it now. At peace.

## **DOWN THE STEPS**

Fitz passes by the main event, where Steve Freccero and ANTHONY BISCEGLIE are acting as hype-men for David Kaczynski.

FRECCERO

David Kaczynski is the real hero of the Unabom story. He came forward when no one else would. And after legal expenses, he will be donating every penny of the reward money to the victims and their families.

The press is fawning over this story. Showering David with questions.

Fitz watches David in the spotlight. And he's happy to see that. It's good. It's how it should be.

And David, during the press conference, meets eyes with Fitz. Fitz nods to him. Congratulations.

David's look says – he's unsure how he feels. This is not victory. It's something else. Fitz acknowledges this. Wordlessly. Then David turns back to his interview.

Fitz notices a commotion of newsmen



## BY THE RAILING

He goes over, looks down.

Down below in an inner courtyard, a glimpse of TED, in an orange jumpsuit now, being loaded into a prison van.

Ted doesn't look up at them. He just steps into the van. The doors close. And then Ted's gone.

## INT. THE PRISON TRANSFER VAN - DAY

The guard hands Ted a letter. From his brother David. This is a real letter from David to Ted, and we hear it in VOICEOVER:

DAVID (V.O.)

*"Dear Ted,*

*I know that I am the immediate cause of your suffering. I both fear and in a gut sense know the effect your confinement must be having on you. I've passed through periods of denial, in which I tried to convince myself that my actions might even have helped you.*

*But all of that is over now. I have had to glimpse my own cruelty and it is, as you say, a kind of hell. I do love you. And I'm so, so sorry for what I've done...*

*Dave."*

David's voice breaks as he reads the letter.

Ted closes his eyes. Crumples the letter in his hand.

Leans his head against the wall of the van as it bumps its way toward his solitary, interminable future.

## ON THE COURTHOUSE STEPS

Fitz clocks Charles Epstein and his family moving off. Supporting each other. Emotionally drained but at peace.

Then Fitz sees Natalie. Waiting for him at the bottom of the steps, next to her car. And everything else falls away.

He runs down the steps. Kisses her. And holds her in his arms a long moment. Considering the scene before them.

Fitz shakes his head. Somber.

FITZ

Somehow in the end, there are no heroes. Only victims.

NATALIE

Not victims. "Survivors."

Fitz thinks about this for a moment. And we see:

## **INT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S LIVING ROOM**

David Kaczynski and LINDA PATRIK embrace each other. Both of them broken but in love.

## **INT. FITZGERALD HOME - LIVING ROOM**

ELLIE, SAM, DAVEY, and ROBBIE watch news of the verdict on the TV. Then they change the channel back to *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman*.

## **INT. UTF - ACKERMAN'S OFFICE**

Ackerman packs up his desk. Satisfied with the way it all ended. Shakes hands goodbye with Cole.

## **INT. ADX FLORENCE FEDERAL PRISON**

Ted is led into his cell in the most remote wing of the Supermax prison.

A 10x12 concrete box. He'll never see the sky again. Never hear another voice. Never be seen or heard. Ever again.

And when the cell door SLAMS CLOSED, we cut back to:

# THE BASE OF THE COURTHOUSE STEPS

Fitz nods.

FITZ

*Survivors.*

He turns and they get into.

## INT. NATALIE'S CAR - DAY

He starts the car. She looks at him.

NATALIE

Now what?

He smiles.

FITZ

I don't know. There's this JonBenét letter they want me to look at. Plus the letters from these Atlanta bombings...

Natalie shakes her head.

NATALIE

Fun, fun, fun...

FITZ

Maybe I'll get my degree first.

NATALIE

Well, you have a study buddy if you need one.

He smiles. Leans over. Kisses her. And they pull out. Heading off, into their new future together. Then,

## **AFTER A FEW BLOCKS**

A red light.

And they sit there. The only car at the intersection. Staring up at it.

And we stay on that image long enough for us to know, and for them to know it too – they're still living in Ted's world.

And while they're still staring up at that damned light, we CUT TO BLACK.

*END OF EPISODE*

*END OF SERIES*

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