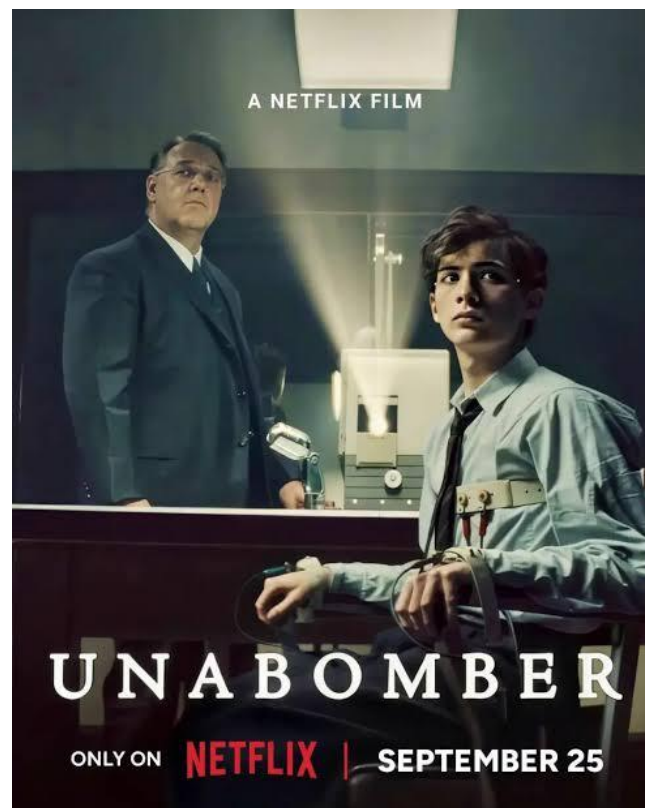


Unabomber (2026) – Transcript

Sam Chalsen and Nelson Greaves



September 26, 2026

A Harvard student becomes the Unabomber after psychological experiments. Years later, an FBI agent's pursuit reveals how his past shaped his deadly campaign that killed 3 and injured 23 from 1978-1995.

Unabomber

Year: 2026

Directed by: Janus Metz Pedersen

Written by: Sam Chalsen, Nelson Greaves

Starring: Jacob Tremblay (Ted Kaczynski), Russell Crowe (Henry Murray), Shailene Woodley (FBI Agent Joanne Miller), Annabelle Wallis (Christiana Morgan), Alexander Ludwig (Leo Driver), Steven Ogg (Dean Kaplan), Marc Menchaca (Eddie Turrell)

Release date: September 25, 2026

Plot: Follow Ted Kaczynski's transformation from Harvard prodigy into the infamous Unabomber. Subjected to controversial psychological experiments by Professor Henry Murray, Kaczynski's troubled past resurfaces decades later when his manhunt, led by FBI agent Joanne Miller, brings to light the chilling consequences of ambition and isolation.

* * *

[soft eerie music playing]

[eerie music continues]

[dogs barking in the background]

Mommy! It's teatime!

[woman] Where's Daddy, Kelly?

I'm brewing the tea, of course. Come on, Mommy!

[woman] Over here?

Here, trade you. Yeah.

[woman] Okay. Let's see...

"Closet Dimension, San Francisco"? Hey, do you know what this is?

Maybe it's a gift?

[Kelly] Teatime!

[eerie music continues]

[woman] Cheers.

[woman] Oh, did you make these?

Teatime. Yummy.

I'm gonna have some more. You're not done.

Mm! Yummy.

[eerie music continues]

[mother and daughter playing]

Is it your favorite tea too?

[loud bang]

[screams]

[alarm beeping]

[woman] Tom? Tom!

In North Caldwell, New Jersey, an advertising executive was killed Saturday by a bomb in a package mailed to his home.

Authorities say they don't know the motive for the bombing, which killed 50-year-old Tom Mosser.

Authorities believe the attack was the work of the so-called Unabomber, who's blamed for similar explosions over the last 16 years.

Fifteen attacks have killed two and injured 23.

The Unabomber's targets have often been airlines, computer stores, and even colleges.

[woman] *Forensic experts believe the same person is responsible for all the bombings since 1978.*

Each has targeted people who work in academics and high technology fields.

[eerie music building]

[man on radio] *Jo, you in position?*

We're open for business.

Fifty heads on Sutter.

Seventy-five on 5th.

I thought we chose to publish in *The Post* because no one in San Francisco reads it.

Well, they're reading it today.

In an extraordinary decision, *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* have published today the Unabomber's manifesto.

The bomber calls his manifesto "Industrial Society and its Future."

And in it, he urges a revolution against what he calls the Industrial System.

The Times publisher wrote, quote, "We're turning our pages over to a man who has murdered people."

"But I'm convinced we're making the right choice."

[man] *How do you respond to critics who say the FBI is bowing to a terrorist?*

I'd say we're exhausting every option we have to catch this killer.

I'm not seeing a match, Kap.

He'll be there. Quantico placed him in the Bay Area.

He's not gonna risk missing the first edition.

I got eyes.

White male, blue-collar.

Fits the profile like a glove. How old?

35, 40... Fuck me, he's buying a bunch of copies. Tell me we can grab him, Kap.

No objections?

He's moving. We're gonna lose him. Go.

[upbeat music playing]

Turning right on 4th.

We're in the alley behind 26th. He's running.

[music intensifies]
He's in the building. We need backup.
[dogs barking]
FBI! Open up!
[man grunts]
[men grunting]
Arms behind your back. Don't fucking move!
[man] Please don't kill me. I don't know anything!
[male agent] Shut the fuck up.
[Kap] *Move everyone off 5th. I want a full EOD unit ready to go.*
[man] Copy that.
Webb, take the bedroom. Williams, get the living room.
[Williams] Take a look.
[Webb] All right. Bedroom's clear.
[man] Check the other rooms.
[Webb] All clear.
[Jo] Shit.
UNABOM wrote a 35,000-word manifesto without one grammatical error.
This guy is dyslexic. It's not him.
He is a white, blue-collar male living in the Bay Area, in his 30s, with a grudge against elites.
We found bomb-making materials in his apartment.
Metal pipes, batteries.
He fits Quantico's profile perfectly.
Their profile is shit.
I'm sorry, they wrote it 13 years ago. It doesn't account for the manifesto.
The man wrote a treatise on technology's threat to liberty.
That sound like the work of some plumber to you?
Or a guy in his thirties, would he call African Americans "Negroes"?
Hell, would someone living in San Francisco say, "Excessive density of population is among the abnormal conditions of modern society"?
Depends how long you lived there.
UNABOM is a man on a mission.
He sees the danger the future holds, and he's willing to kill to stop it.
That is someone who is educated.
Someone who is intelligent, who is passionate.
He's a crackpot.
We need real, physical evidence, not just some words on a page.
Linguistics is the key to finding him.
That's why you brought me in. We need to look at academics.
Fringe journalists, radical thinkers.
So you're proposing we do what?

Toss out 15 years of work to start at square one?

[bell tolling]

In the Herman Melville book, *Moby Dick*, Captain Ahab nails a gold doubloon to the mast and he promises, "First man to raise the white whale, he shall get this precious coin."

Now, as each man gathers around the doubloon...

[soft piano music playing]

...they consider what it means to them.

Starbuck sees in the three peaks, a metaphor for God's promises to man.

Stubb sees in the zodiac signs, a parable of man's life.

And then there's little King-Post.

He doesn't see any images at all.

What he sees is a lump of gold he can use to buy a thousand cigars.

[students chuckle]

Now I know that you're thinking "What the hell is he doing talking about *Moby Dick*?"

"This is supposed to be a goddamn psychology class."

Now for that, you can blame Herman Melville.

For being such a genius, he unwittingly designed the most powerful tool we have in psychology today.

And you could also blame me for realizing it.

[boy] Ted, we're halfway through if you wanna join.

[professor] The Thematic Apperception Test allows us to classify personality.

This boy.

Is this boy lonely?

Is this boy in peril?

Or is this boy merely waiting for his dad to finish work so they can go and play ball together in the sunshine?

Examining the responses allows us to define who a person truly is.

In this class, we seek to build a full and complete model of man's thinking.

That is our goal. That is our white whale.

[students chuckle]

[bell tolling]

Sorry, before you go, just a little announcement.

This year, the Harvard Psychological Clinic, the Baleen, is conducting a study into the science of debate.

Now, we're looking for students to engage in weekly sessions defending their philosophies on life.

For any budding philosophers out there, this may well be the right time for you to distinguish yourself.

Okay, thank you.

[knock on door]

“Sure, Roy, come on in.” [chuckles]

Hey.

Hey, indeed. Look, this problem set’s giving us the royal shaft, so we could use the boy wonder right now.

It’s over there, you can copy it if you want. It wasn’t difficult.

[Roy] Not for you, maybe.

You’re only 16, but you’re running circles around us in math.

Writing a novel there?

It’s questions for this debate club I’m trying out for.

[soft piano music playing]

[woman] *I’m sorry, it’s...* K-ACZYNSKI.

Great.

Follow me.

Theodore Kaczynski’s here.

Theodore. Welcome to the Baleen, my boy.

Take a seat.

[music fades]

Ms. Morgan and I have been reviewing the essays you submitted.

Very impressive.

Before we make the final selections for our subjects, we just wanted to get to know you.

Why is it that you would like to participate in this study?

Well, I’m very interested in philosophy.

As you should be. It’s ideas that shape the world.

I agree.

So many people live their lives without thinking about what it means or how their actions affect other people.

And I think we can treat each other better.

Where are you from? Chicago.

[Henry] Chicago. [chuckles]

You know, I nearly took my skills to Northwestern.

Remember that little adventure?

Oh, I do.

Hm...

And then Harvard called, and I had to say, “Sorry, boys, you lose.”

[woman chuckles]

Do you miss it? Chicago?

I miss my brother, David.

He’s only eight, but he’s a swell kid.

And your parents?

They’re from Poland.

Well, “Kaczynski,” of course.

Hm.

You may recall, in class, we spoke about the TAT.

The Thematic Apperception Test. Exactly.

Ms. Morgan, if you please.

Theodore, I want you to look at this picture and tell me a story.

As much detail as you can imagine.

Understood?

Go ahead.

The man was looking at something, and the woman was looking at him.

Oh, come on. You can give me more than that.

Anything at all, anything that comes to mind.

[Ted] The man... [clears throat]

...was looking away, and the woman, she was...

[clock chiming]

...just...

[sighs hesitantly] Um...

[Henry] Theodore.

I must say, you are the perfect candidate.

I am?

Yes, you are. There is something special about you, and that's exactly what we're looking for.

Given that you are only 16 years old, we need to get your parents' permission.

Do you see any problem with that?

[eerie music playing]

[man] *Absolutely not.*

You haven't even let me finish.

I don't need to hear any more. You should be studying for your classes *and not pissing around with this philosophy nonsense.*

You introduced me to that philosophy nonsense.

As dinner conversation.

Ideas can change the world. They're important.

Money's important.

With a math degree from Harvard and good marks... Dad... No! No more of this.

I'm sorry, dear.

Your father's been a grump all day.

I really want this, Mom.

I know, Teddy.

Sometimes we have to take the path we're given.

Oh! [chuckles]

Your brother wants to talk.

[clears throat]

[boy] *Hey, Teddy!*

Are you having fun at school?

Yes, Davey. School is fun.

[Jo] You heard of Sylvan Learning Center?

He mentions it three times in the manifesto. Three.

That's more than Boeing and American Airlines.

So, what's the angle, disgruntled teacher?

Listen to this.

"A chorus of voices exhorts kids to study science."

"No one stops to ask whether it is inhumane to force adolescents to spend their time studying subjects they hate."

I want a list of every student Sylvan had from 1950 to 1970.

Wanna swing by the office, see what we can find?

[man] *Uh, it's Saturday. The kids have a game.*

Right. [phone ringing in the distance]

Tell 'em to break a leg. [sighs]

[phone continues ringing]

[phone ringing nearby]

UNABOM Task Force tip line.

Hey there, this is Agent Tess Vu. I'm calling from HQ in D.C.

Mm-hmm. Sure you are.

Uh... Ma'am, I work under Bureau Chief Louis Freeh, and my badge number is 1109RHDKELZ.

Okay, so I got call yesterday from an attorney I've worked with.

He has a client who thinks he knows the identity of the Unabomber.

[music building]

Is there evidence?

[dramatic music playing]

An informant called in to the DC office.

He read the manifesto, thought it sounded like this letter his brother wrote.

Yeah, I'm not buying it. Did you even read it?

It's a linguistic match for the manifesto.

Anachronistic sayings, subject matter, grammar... Why don't we just call up *Penthouse*, then?

They already offered to print the manifesto.

They'll run this as a centerfold. Leo.

In the entire manifesto, UNABOM never once complains about working in an assembly line.

He complains about parents, educators, child-rearing, and so does this guy.

[Kap] "Cool-headed logicians"?

That phrase is in the manifesto too.

Yes, it is.

[Kap] So, who is this suspect?

Theodore Kaczynski.
Fifty-four, born in Illinois.
DMV places him in Lincoln, Montana.
He graduated from Harvard, but got his masters at Michigan before becoming a professor at UC Berkeley.
Both schools where bombs were planted, not mailed.
Find out everything you can on him. We need more than a couple letters.
I will get it, Kap.
Leo, you go with her.
Seriously? I can—
[Kap interrupts]
You run operations, you run behavioral. You go together or you don't go.
I hate applied math. It's just glorified vocational school.
What's the point of doing math if you're not gonna apply it to anything?
Math should be like a puzzle.
Something to be solved and tested as its own reward.
You got a letter from your mom.
Five dollars. [chuckles] You're rich.
[tense music playing]
Come in.
[tense music continues]
Great, I'll take you up.
I hope you prepared your subject well. You'll be debating a grad student.
Come in.
[music slows]
Theodore, meet Mr. C.
Your name's Mr. C?
Good to meet you, Theodore.
Take a seat.
[music turns eerie]
Is the professor here?
He and the other researchers are observing from behind the glass.
As we said in the prompt, you'll each take turns.
First presenting your ideas, then challenging each other.
At the end of the debate, we'll announce a winner based on the persuasiveness of your argument.
But also your style, your delivery, and your ability to keep composure.
How will you tell that? Scientifically, of course.
These machines will measure your heart rate and your muscle activity.
And from that, we'll be able to discern your level of calm and conviction.
[eerie music continues]
Hold still, please.

Are you okay, Theodore?

Great.

Good luck to you both.

[music fades]

[tape whirring]

[Ted] Um...

I go first, I believe.

Those are the rules.

[Ted clears throat]

Jeremy Bentham wrote that a society should seek to achieve the greatest happiness for the greatest number.

That this was the only way to make a better world.

But when I look at our society, I don't see the greatest happiness.

[hesitating] I... I see... um...

[tapping softly]

I see suffering. I see men begging in the street.

Women and Negroes living as second-class citizens.

I see the growth of our government.

The rise of corporations telling us where to work and where to live.

So if you're not free, that means you're suffering.

And right now in our country, we do not have absolute autonomy.

Jesus Christ, that's the dumbest thing I've ever heard.

[chuckles]

[exhales] Wow.

Absolute autonomy?

It's still my turn—

[Mr. C] Humans are social creatures.

Our survival depends on compromise, working together.

Absolute autonomy is theoretical nonsense.

I didn't mean *absolute*—

What'd you mean? People should be allowed to do whatever they want?

Shoot a kid in the street?

No, I have a few minutes left. I was getting to that.

Just get to it now.

[silence]

Um... But you're breaking the rules.

[shouts] Get to the point, retard!

Taxes.

Taxes.

Thoreau says... we're forced to pay taxes, but that money could go to immoral wars, which makes us responsible for that violence.

Those immoral wars protect your freedom.

My brother lost both his legs in Korea.
Blown right clean off.
They took his pecker too.
All so you have the autonomy to sit back and complain that you're allowed to get
a great job?
[loud bang]
[chuckles] The look on your face. What kind of monster do you think I am?
Like I would ever hurt a little kid.
I'm not a little kid.
"I'm not a little kid." Of course you are. Look at you.
You have the body of a 12-year-old and the brains of a third-grader.
What do you study, anyway?
[voice breaks] Math. Oh, then that explains it. You're a gear.
I'm good at math. So what. That doesn't define me.
[Mr. C] Oh yes, it does. No, it doesn't.
Here's your problem.
[eerie music building]
Your ideas are derivative. Your arguments are trite.
You lack clarity, composure, the ability to take criticism.
You are a gear.
One plus one, true or false, that is your skill set.
The idea that you have anything to teach the world is absolute insanity.
And the fact that you believe that...
[pulse thumping]
...means that there is something seriously wrong with you.
[pulse thumping faster]
[music intensifies]
[alarm buzzes]
[man] Debate finished. Winner is Mr. C.
[eerie music continues]
Theodore?
Agent Driver, Agent Miller. Welcome to D.C.
Thank you very much.
Hi.
The brother and his wife are already upstairs.
Teddy and I had a special bond. [sighs]
We built a cabin in the woods together, actually.
We'd... drive out to Lincoln, sleep in the back of my truck.
Watch the stars.
It sounds like you were close.
Ted always taught me things.

He'd help me with my homework. I mean, how many kids had a tutor that went to Harvard?

How did Ted like Harvard?

He loved it. You know.

Well, your parents must have been very proud.

First one in the family to go to college.

Dad told everyone he knew.

Their father, Turk, wasn't always the warmest man.

[clears throat] Um...

He was diagnosed with cancer a few years ago.

Terminal.

So, one day he went out into the garage and... shot himself in the head.

[Jo sighs]

I'm so sorry, David.

How did Ted take that?

[David sighs]

He didn't show up to the funeral.

Sounds like a pretty contentious relationship.

Ted ever threaten him? Get violent?

No. What? [scoffs]

He couldn't even stand to see violence.

Would you say that Ted holds grudges?

No, not really.

Does he get aggressive? Did he ever threaten you?

No.

Does he have any training with explosives?

No.

Airline employees, university professors, any beef with them?

No.

I'm sorry, why do you think he's the Unabomber?

I don't.

You sent us Ted's letters. I know. [sighs]

So you could prove that he didn't write the manifesto to anyone who might be suspicious.

He's talking about me.

From the very first sentence, it just, it sounded like Ted.

Word choice, style?

Yes.

But mostly it was his tone.

So angry, condescending.

That's just the way he writes. Yes.

Because he thinks he's smarter than everyone else.

[exhales] You don't even know him.
I'm sorry, Lin, but you don't.
He's not a killer.
He's not capable of that.
Now, I know the text is similar, but there must be a thousand other people who write like that.
[eerie music building]
[David sighs]
[phones ringing] [voices murmuring]
What the hell is going on?
Eddie?
[sighs] Package explosion in Sacramento at the California Forestry Association.
One dead.
They find anything on the scene?
Local PD tagged some fragments. Looks like him.
[tense music playing]
Fuck.
You've heard of him as the Unabomber, the scariest criminal in America.
He killed his latest victim only a month ago.
Officials are warning everyone to be on guard for a potentially deadly delivery.
It's called a bomb blanket. Now, let's say you get a suspicious-looking package, you'd slip it right here into this slot.
The blanket would contain the blast.
[man] *To show how powerful the bombs have been, investigators made a replica that they believe is the same strength.*
[music fades]
That's three deadlines you've missed. Three, is it? Time sure flies.
The Agency's concerned you're not prioritizing our work.
Especially considering we're the ones footing the bill.
[sighs] My work is my only priority.
But it's not a linear progression. Science doesn't follow straight lines.
You look, scratch, you search, you dig, you stare, you crush, you burn, you recalibrate, then you start again.
That's the process.
Well, it seems to be a long process.
Your superiors, they asked me for foolproof.
Foolproof.
Don't make me come back here.
[Ted] Professor Murray?
Yeah.
Theodore. [chuckles]
What can I do for you, Master Kaczynski?

I was wondering if we could talk about the sessions.
 No, we cannot.
 I cannot discuss an experiment outside of a clinical setting.
 You know that. I know, it's just...
 My debate partner, he wasn't following the rules, but he still won.
 So I just wanted to know if there was something wrong with my performance or...
 my ideas.
 Because I just wanna do my best, for you.
 Have you eaten?
 [50's rockabilly music playing in background]
 I wanna be a philosopher.
 Go on.
 [Ted] Well, it's like you said.
 Ideas shape the world, and when I look around at our society, it seems to me like
 it needs to change.
 [Henry] I agree.
 Do you read for pleasure?
 I've read Melville.
 You're in my good books. More precious than any doubloon.
 You really like him?
 We have a lot in common, he and I.
 When he was younger, his father described him as backward of thought and slow
 of disposition.
 Same with me.
 That can't be true.
 Ah, you see, I had a stutter, and my eyesight was shoddy.
 My mother used to call me defective.
 So you know what we did, Melville and I?
 We mutinied.
 Melville found himself on a sailing ship in Tahiti.
 He lives with savages.
 As soon as I could, I went to Europe, battling against old ideas.
 And people called me foolish.
 Until I landed at Harvard.
 And suddenly, my folly appeared to be wisdom.
 You asked me for advice, hm?
 When the battle starts, just keep up the fight.
 [tense music building]
 Ready for round two, *Kemosabe*?
 By breaking the rules, you undermine structural restrictions of these debates.
 So from now on, I'm prepared to speak whenever and however much I want.
 Is that right?

No, you have to respond, or you concede the point.
[tense music continues]
No, you have to respond, or you concede the point.
No, you have to respond, or you concede the point.
Jeremy Bentham...
No, you have to respond, or you concede the point.
You can't claim authority simply because you're older.
And there he goes with another personal attack.
We're teaching kids math because society needs more technicians.
[music intensifies]
That's a straw man argument.
John Locke wouldn't agree. Thomas Malthus clearly says... dumb, trite, glib, pathetic.
I'm not just talking about your arguments. I'm talking about you.
[Turk] Did you read in *Scientific American*?
A professor at Oxford, she developed a litter full of mice embryos in vitro.
What does that mean? It was a rudimentary procedure.
I doubt it'd work on humans.
Yeah, especially if them damn Catholics stop it from happening.
Davey. I got you an official Harvard pen.
It's in my bag, why don't you go fish it out?
Tell us about school, Teddy. Have you met any girls?
Mom, I... I don't need a girlfriend.
Well, you must have some friends by now.
Right?
Ted, I can't find it.
Davey, stop. Here, I can look...
Is that a report card?
[Ted stutters]
[sighs]
"Applied mathematics, C."
"Linear algebra, D."
Teddy, is this real?
These classes are very advanced.
[Turk] What's going on?
You joined that piss-ass debate club.
Didn't you? Please, listen.
If you have compelling ideas, if they can help better the world, it is your responsibility to share them.
Professor Murray says— Screw Professor Murray.
He says that all men have to choose their own path.
You are not a man. What you are is an ignorant little child.

I'm ignorant? I mean, how did I not realize this before?
 I always thought you were so much smarter than me. But you're not.
 You're an idiot. Teddy, please.
 How dare you. You're a butcher.
 You make franks for a living. You don't mean that.
 What are you trying to say, boy? Are you deaf?
 Unless the question is T-bone or porterhouse, your opinion is meaningless.
 Well, this butcher is pulling you out of school!
 If I leave school, you'll have to admit to all the neighbors that the son you raised
 couldn't cut it.
 That your prized pony was a loser all along.
 I'm going back to school to study whatever I want, unless you decide you wanna
 look like more of a failure than you already are!
 [sobbing] Teddy, what is wrong with you?
 [shouts] You!
 This whole stinking family!
 That's what's wrong with me!
 You've tried to ruin my life, but I won't let you!
 Not anymore!
 [dark music playing]
 [pulse thumping]
 [soft] Mom...
 [Kap] That's where he lives?
 Ted has one neighbor half a mile down the road.
 Other than that, the guy lives completely in the wilderness.
 He doesn't have electricity.
 Or a phone.
 Or a heater. Or indoor plumbing.
 To UNABOM, technology has a trade-off. Having a phone line might be convenient,
 but it also means that some technician at Bell Atlantic knows who you're calling.
 "We don't ride the railroad, the railroad rides us."
 Thoreau. He's a common reference point for eco-terrorists.
 In UNABOM's mind, technology has chained us all together.
 There's only one way to live truly free in this world, and that's it.
 Living on Walden Pond.
 And what'd you find out from the brother?
 She didn't get shit.
 Uh, we found out that he is a deeply disturbed individual.
 We have a substantial psychological profile—
 But no actual evidence. We still have the linguistics.
 Doesn't lead to a warrant.

Linguistics doesn't justify spending more time and resources chasing a lead that isn't going anywhere.

[Jo] Well, at least I am doing something.

Three people are dead. Twenty-three people have been injured, maimed, blinded.

Meanwhile, you've worked harder trying to undermine me than you have trying to catch the guy responsible.

I've been working UNABOM seven years before you came through these doors.

I have reconstructed bomb sites from the fucking '70s.

I've seen victims with their arms and faces blown off.

No one has worked harder than me.

And you have been blindly following a profile that did not account for the manifesto.

The manifesto is bullshit.

It's not a treasure map, Joanne! It's a bunch of words.

Like you've read it. Of course I read it!

Then maybe you don't give a shit that another body...

Okay, that's enough!

You two. Enough.

[Jo sighs]

[Kap] Name's Bill Iscove. He's 48 years old, and he works at a chemical processing plant in Salt Lake City.

Quantico has flagged him in the database, so, Leo, I want you to take the lead.

You can't be serious. Jo.

You took your shot and you came up short.

UNABOM's not going to be waiting around for you to find better evidence.

Now, let's act fast before he kills more people.

[somber music playing]

It's not you.

Okay.

Talk to me.

"Our lives depend on decisions made by other people."

[scoffs]

[whispers] Yeah.

"Science marches on blindly."

"Each individual must make a choice."

"Live inside the system or live in the natural world and trade power for freedom."

"Live in the natural world..."

[somber music turns dramatic]

Montana.

Where are you?

Lincoln.

Lincoln.

[phone dialing]

Dean Kaplan, leave your message.

[phone beeps]

[Jo] *Hi, Kap. Sorry things got so heated.*

I'm gonna take a couple personal days.

Maybe spend some time in nature.

[upbeat dramatic music continues]

[music fades]

[man] *He's an odd guy.*

I see him around sometimes, wave at him. Doesn't wave back.

How long have you known him? A couple years.

You ever been to his cabin?

It's been a while.

He's got a mailbox up on Stemple Pass Road.

From there it's just woods.

You have anything on his property you could share with me? Records, or...

Any violations? Does he carry a weapon?

What'd Ted do exactly, if you don't mind my asking?

Property tax fraud.

Property tax?

Bet he owes you a fortune on that land, huh?

Look. If you're gonna be poking around up here, you might wanna try to blend in.

You could borrow that jacket.

[thunder roaring] [rain pattering]

[quiet somber music playing]

[distant scraping]

[thunder roars]

[Christiana whispers] Theodore's here.

[Christiana clears throat] Theodore.

Wait.

We had canceled your session. Did they not telephone your dorm?

No, I'm sorry. I...

No, it's quite all right.

I'm glad you stopped by, actually.

I was just about to put these invitations in the mail.

You've saved me a stamp.

There's to be a gathering I'm hosting. A soirée.

Colleagues past and present, some students. Thinkers.

Why don't you join us?

But why would you invite me?

Dear boy, I have never seen anyone dismantle and rattle Mr. C's cage the way you have.

You've earned your place.

Three cheers for Theodore, the lowly freshman who shall soon be dining with the greats.

[upbeat music playing]

[voices murmuring]

There are gonna be real intellectuals at this party.

I should prepare subjects of conversation.

No, Ted, you can take one night off to celebrate.

Speaking of which, a little double date via my buddy at BU.

What am I supposed to do with them?

You'll be fine. Apparently, they have a weak spot for nerds.

Kant's categorical imperative says you have to treat others as you want to be treated.

It's the only universal moral law.

It doesn't matter what your intentions are.

It matters how your actions affect others.

I disagree. Roy, what do you think?

Uh, I think... uh... [chuckles]

I told Joyce I'd show her my record collection.

Do you have any siblings?

[Joyce] I do. I have a little brother.

[Roy] Little brother. What's his name?

I'm not sure he's too worried about moral laws at the moment.

[door closes upstairs]

[upbeat 60s music playing in the distance]

So... who are your favorite authors?

Um... I don't really read fiction. I just don't... I...

Too much to solve in the real world to be making things up.

A man with strong opinions.

I respect it.

I like you, Ted.

Do you like me?

[exhales]

I think so.

[kiss]

[eerie music building]

[music surges]

Okay, uh...

Is something wrong? I have to study. I...

[eerie music continues]

[music fades]

[eerie white noise playing]

[camera clicks]

[disturbing music building]
[uncanny creaking]
[bird flutters] [disturbing music continues]
[music fades]
[panting quietly]
[woodpecker drums]
[trees rustling in the wind]
[camera clicking]
[metallic snap]
[squeaking]
[bell chiming]
[rabbit squeaking]
[bell continues chiming]
[door creaks]
[dark music playing]
[whispers] Fuck.
[bell continues chiming]
[bell chiming]
[twig snaps]
[bell chiming]
[music intensifies]
[music surges, fades]
[deep eerie bass playing]
[footsteps crunching]
[squeaking]
[bones snap]
[steps moving away]
[exhales]
[panting shakily]
[music fades] [sighs]
[upbeat string music playing]
[man] There's no way Kennedy can win. He's too Catholic and too young.
Jack's barely older than Junior here.
Isn't that right?

Uh, well, Plato said the ideal ruler was a young man who lived a life of simplicity outside of the typical systems of power.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, anarchists, dissidents, Soviet spies.

[guests laugh heartily]

Now, I knew that our field of study and endeavor was gaining traction and respect back in 1943 when General "Wild Bill" Donovan came to me and he said, "Murray, the Office of Strategic Services is putting together a group.

and it needs your help."

“Not on the front lines...”
 Thank God, for our boys’ sake.
 [guests chuckle]
 “Not on the front lines.”
 “They need a psychiatric evaluation of leadership.”
 “Okay,” I said.
 “Of who? Roosevelt?”
 “Churchill?” [gentle laughter]
 “No,” came the reply.
 “Adolf Hitler.” [guests laugh]
 I said, “Sure.”
 “Now, when do you think Mr. Hitler might be able to sit for an interview?”
 [guests chuckle]
 I was working with Carl Jung in Geneva when I met Harry.
 [upbeat piano playing]
 The three of us had a profound intellectual connection.
 And it gave Harry and I an idea.
 What images would it take to unlock the secrets of the human psyche?
 The TAT.
 Yes.
 That’s what the idea became.
 Some of the original images we used were my paintings.
 Jung found them particularly... [sighs] ...expressive.
 So much so that he did a series of lectures about them.
 And Harry, he used to call them “the old standbys.”
 Ah!
 Speaking of old standbys, here’s mine.
 [Christiana chuckles]
 Whatever she’s saying, I agree.
 Nightcap?
 I would love one.
 [sighs]
 So... to us.
 To us.
 Hmm.
 What about your dinner conversation? Lively enough?
 Yeah, it was very good.
 I know you’re being kind, because I know those two.
 And they can be particularly boorish when it comes to their politics.
 Oh no, they were interesting.
 Yeah, it’s me.
 I have a hard time talking to people.

[Christiana] Hm!
Well, I find you to be a natural conversationalist.
Yeah, but you're different.
I have these thoughts.
[piano stops]
I try to express them, and people just stare at me.
What do you mean they stare at you?
Because they don't understand you, they disagree with you?
Give me an example.
[sighs] Like, last week I had a date with a girl.
Did something go wrong?
She kissed me.
And it didn't feel right?
She touched me, and her mouth was open.
It wasn't right or wrong, or good or bad, it just...
It just felt like... [sighs]
...she was... Me and her weren't even the same species.
Like she was a person, and I was a Martian.
Can't have been that bad.
[clock tolling]
Sometimes I feel like I don't belong here.
Like I don't belong with my family or my peers.
I don't even belong in this stinking body.
I think there's something wrong with me.
[Henry] You are different.
But that's not because of any kind of defect.
It's because of your intelligence.
Your natural inquisitiveness.
Your ambition.
Just like us.
You're not alone.
We are here for you.
[tense music playing]
And we always will be.
[tense music continues]
Tax man.
[Jo] That's me.
[country music playing on the radio]
Thank you for this.
You hang on to it, for next time.
Next time I'll bring my own.
Thank you again. Oh!

Records you asked for.
 I appreciate it.
 [pensive music playing]
 [door opens]
 [music continues]
 I'd like to talk about Hobbes today.
 Straight into it.
 Why not? [sighs]
 Hobbes says free will means a person can do as he will.
 Wait, hang on. But then—
 Sorry, I just have to ask you something first.
 And what's that?
 [Mr. C] Well, I just...
 Hearing you talk about free will again, that just makes me wonder why do you care so much?
 What are you trying to get at?
 [Mr. C] I mean, why do you care about people?
 You don't seem to have any friends. Your family obviously can't stand you.
 After all, you're not even a person, are you?
 Of course I'm a person. No. No, I don't think so.
 What was that movie? "They're here already!"
 [snaps]
Invasion of the Body Snatchers. That's it. You're one of those things.
 You're a Martian.
 What are you talking about?
 [Ted on tape] *She touched me, and her mouth was open.*
It wasn't right or wrong, or good or bad, it just... It just felt like she was... Me and her weren't even the same species.
Like she was a person, and I was a Martian.
 [Mr. C] A Martian. [laughing heartily]
 [music turns dark]
 How did you get this?
 How do you think?
 It gets even better.
 [Ted on tape] *Sometimes I feel like I don't belong here.*
Like I don't belong with my family or my peers.
I don't even belong in this stinking body.
I think there's something wrong with me.
 You don't belong in your body?
 Let me guess. You feel better wearing ladies' clothes.
 You sick little pervert.

I bet you just look down at that tiny little dick of yours, and you just wish it would fall off.

Or wait.

Maybe you could wear it on your head like a Martian antenna.

[laughing]

[music intensifies]

I think we can turn the light on now. We're done here.

[man] Winner is Mr. C.

[music surges]

[tense music playing]

[Christiana] Theodore.

You're not supposed to be in here.

Theodore.

Ted.

Where's the professor?

He's not here.

Where is he?

Theodore! Wait!

I wanna see my file. Your records are confidential.

Show me my file, or I'll walk right in the Dean's office and tell him what you all did to me.

Show me my file. Now!

[tense music continues]

[music turns darker]

What is this?

It's something much bigger than you.

Tell me what this is. I have a right to know.

After the war in Korea, a group of prisoners of war came home changed.

They had somehow been reprogrammed to support the Communist cause.

So the CIA asked the professor to design an experiment to figure out what happened, how they were broken.

What does that have to do with my ideas?

The professor chose me because of what I wrote.

You were chosen because you were young, and you rounded out the age bracket.

This was never about ideas.

This was about subjecting young men to stressful situations and seeing what made them submit.

[voice breaks] So this whole time, when I said I wanted to be a philosopher, you were just laughing at me?

[soft] No.

No, Theodore. I...

[sobbing]

You can still be a philosopher.
Just not here.
Not in this place.
We'll close your file, and remove your case from the study.
But the sessions aren't over.
You can choose to stop coming.
All right?
Please forget about all of this. Forget about us.
[music intensifies]
[grunts]
[Roy] What the hell? What's wrong? Get away from me!
Whoa! Hold on. Just talk to me.
Why would I ever talk to you? What?
I don't like you! I've never liked you!
I only talk to you so you'll leave me the hell alone!
[somber music playing]
[sobbing]
[music grows darker]
[music fades]
[eerie music building]
[music fades]
[Jo] Need a hand?
What are you doing here?
Linda told me you'd gone to visit your mom.
I told you everything I know. Okay, what happened in '78?
What do you mean?
The cabin.
You owned it, built it together, and then he took you off the deed in 1978.
You told me that your biggest dream was to be in nature together.
So what?
Am I a suspect now too?
I saw him, David.
And I saw the cabin that you built.
Why did you stop going?
That's none of your business.
Well, the land didn't change.
I assume you didn't change. That leaves Ted.
He's... [scoffs]
He has challenges. Anxieties.
The natural world brings him peace.
I didn't see a man at peace.
Just tell me what happened.

It was nothing. It was stupid.
Then why did he cut you off?
[sighs] There was a girl.
This lumberyard in Missoula.
She and Ted went on a date, but... he couldn't let it go.
He started going around town calling her a slut and a whore.
I told him to knock it off, but he got angry at me too. And then...
Look, like I said, it was this stupid grudge. I...
You told me he didn't hold grudges.
David, I know you have doubts.
Somewhere, some small part of you thinks your brother could be capable of doing
this.
[breathily] I can't...
I can't do this. I...
You can.
You're a good man.
And you're a good brother. David, someone else is going to die.
And when they do, you will ask yourself if that death is on you.
You will never be free of that guilt.
What if you're wrong?
What if I'm right?
I didn't realize she was still keeping all this stuff.
[dramatic music building]
I need to use your phone.
[phone dialing]
It's Kaplan. Kap.
I got him.
Don't tell me you've been working Kaczynski.
I'll be at the Chicago branch in 30 minutes. You'll be getting a fax.
It's a rough draft.
Of what?
The Unabomber manifesto.
[music builds]
[dramatic music continues]
[knife slashes]
[music fades]
Thank you.
[somber music playing]
Theodore?
I'm just here for my next session.
[Ted] Everyone hates someone at one time or another.
Nobody can think or feel or act in a completely moral way.

[Henry] What's his heart rate? Sixty-five. Steady. Hasn't moved.

In fact, to those who are highly socialized, acting morally imposes a severe burden on them.

[Mr. C] So you think the individual should avoid society?

I mean, seriously, where do you get these ideas?

They fall from the sky.

[papers rustling]

[knock on door]

[door opens]

[Henry] He used to submit.

Every session.

Week after week like clockwork.

Now, not only does he not submit, he seems... unbothered.

Relaxed, even.

We need to get this paper done. I've had another call from the Agency.

You just need to finalize your conclusions.

[eerie music playing]

The entire premise of this study is to show that all men can be broken.

Whatever we have done so far is meaningless unless I break him again.

Our methodologies, our partial findings have built and created a certain level of expectation.

Academia awaits and requires that specific result.

Surely not all of academia, Harry.

"Astounding. You managed to induce submission in your subjects."

"Flawless efficacy. Professor Barrus, Johns Hopkins."

This is just one letter.

[softly] No.

It's not just one letter.

"You are a titan in a field of giants. Tulane."

"Your work is a new dawn in the field."

North Carolina. Stanford. USC. Brigham Young. They're watching me.

At a certain point, you need to trust the data and go with what it tells you.

[music intensifying]

This experiment is not over.

He's just a boy, Harry.

He's not just a young man.

He's a principal point of data that must be claimed.

Broken.

[eerie music continues]

[dramatic music playing]

All right. This is a UTF operation in conjunction with our friends in Helena, so we need to keep the channels open.

Agent Miller here will be giving us the rundown.
It's your show, Jo.
All right. The cabin is in the middle of nowhere, literally.
So I'll need a team of four.
Nearest access point is the sawmill where we'll stage EOD.
From there, it's about a half mile walk by foot through the woods.
Once we detain Kaczynski, bomb techs go in.
What's the plan to get him outside?
Ted's been known to hassle the folks from Kennecott.
They do copper mining around here.
I knock on his door. He'll come out to have a few words.
The man is a suspected bomb maker.
We have to be very careful, assume the entire place has booby traps.
Yeah.
My guys were out setting up the radio links.
They found these.
[Leo] Bear traps.
[man] Yeah.
You don't want to step in one of those.
[Leo] What's with the wire?
It's for decapitating bikers. Snowmobilers in the winter.
[door opens]
Guys, can we have the RV?
[door opens]
CBS has Kaczynski's name.
What?
[Kap] Are you fucking kidding me?
How the fuck did that happen? Maybe the local agents.
We're not ready. EOD is not staged. Lovell hasn't even given the warrant.
They're running it in an hour.
[reporter] *The public has a right to know.*
This is the most expensive investigation in American history.
This man has terrorized the nation.
He has killed three people, and you're giving him the opportunity to escape, and you are endangering the lives of dozens of federal agents.
Agent Kaplan, the U.S. government doesn't dictate what we report on.
We're running it. Wait.
If you hold off, we will give you something else.
Something bigger.
What could be bigger than the name of the Unabomber?
How we caught him.
I need more.

It's big, and you will have exclusivity.

But if we tell you, we have to have a deal.

If it's as good as you say, we have a deal. You have my word.

His brother turned him in.

[tense music playing]

David Kaczynski.

Do we have a deal?

We can give you till end of day. After that, we gotta run the story.

[Leo] We're approaching the site. Over.

Let's go get him.

It's all on foot from here.

God help us. Go.

Watch yourself.

[soft eerie music playing]

[soft clatter on porcelain]

[exhales]

It's nice to see you, Christiana.

It's a gift. For the professor.

[music fades]

I think I'll go first.

You know, it was the Greeks that were the first society to explore the secrets of the human mind. They called it the "*phrene*."

And if was fractured or split, they used the word "schizo."

So we've come to know this disease of the mind as schizophrenia.

We debate philosophy in these sessions.

If you want to blabber about obscure mental illness, I can find you freshmen.

In this case, you are the right audience.

Over the years, I've revisited the work of a colleague of mine, Kurt Schneider.

He developed the criteria to diagnose schizophrenia.

The first of which is a feeling that one is not in control of one's own body.

That, for instance, a Martian is.

The second sign of schizophrenia is a radical change in behavior.

[Ted] *It's still my turn.*

[Mr. C] *Humans are social creatures.*

Get to it now.

You're breaking the rules.

[Mr. C] *Get to the point, retard!*

[dramatic music building slowly]

[Henry] Look at that child.

Determined, yet obedient.

Lawful.

But how about him?

You are a slave to the rules!
Just some sputtering cog in the authoritarian machine!

The third criteria is called insertion.

It's when a subject feels that thoughts are not their own.

[Mr. C] *So you think the individual should avoid society?*

Seriously, where do you get these ideas?

They fall from the sky.

[pulse thumping softly]

[Henry] The final criteria, and perhaps the most telling, is delusional perception.

That is when the subject feels that a normal observation contains special meaning.

[tape whirring]

We're teaching kids math when they don't want to learn math. And why?

Because our society now demands more technicians.

Why do you think they make us live in dorms?

So we feel right at home stuffed into a factory.

And if you can't see it, well, I guess that just means I'm special.

[whirring stops]

When we first dined together, you told me that you wanted to be a philosopher.

That you wanted your ideas to change the world.

Over the years, you have crafted these theses about the industrial state, and you speak of them with such absolute fervor, that that to you is proof that you're on some enlightened path.

And yet... these words of yours, has there ever been a single person who heard them and agreed?

Because great ideas are like fire.

They burn from man to man, and these men who spark the fire, they move not only nations, but nature.

[pulse thumping faster]

And then there's you.

[voice echoing] Alone in a cold dark room, shouting enlightenment at the silence.

[thumping builds]

[music surges]

I know it's gonna be very difficult for you to accept the truth of your illness.

Schizophrenia is a very serious disease, and you're gonna need to see a medical specialist.

And I assure you, you'll have access to the finest in the field.

[woodpecker drums]

[soft bass thumping]

[dramatic beat building]

[man] Ted?

Ted, it's Bill Ford.

Ted, I'm with the guys from Kennecott.

[exhales]

It's my turn now.

Conventional thinking holds that science improved society.

We've got light bulbs so we can read, medicine to cure disease.

On the track we're on, with the right science, we could completely end human suffering.

I agree.

Well, that's what they said 200 years ago. Have we ended human suffering?

Has the Industrial Revolution actually made anyone happier?

They just want to check out the property lines.

We're gonna do a bit of poking, prodding, and look for some posts and pins.

Ted, are you in there?

[soft thud]

[young Ted] *So now we ask, why doesn't science make us happier?*

Let's take the automobile, for example.

You can't drive a car without stopping at lights or obeying the speed limits.

You are describing minor inconveniences.

No, I'm describing chains.

[soft footsteps]

My property lines are clearly and absolutely marked.

Why don't you come on out and show us?

Every advancement in technology comes with a restraint.

What does that mean for those who build the technology?

Do they have freedom?

I'm free to do as I please.

So you choose your own experiments?

I set the criteria for my own research.

The Central Intelligence Agency gives you a carte blanche?

I don't work for any agency.

I am a revered professor at Harvard University.

You're not revered.

You're not even respected. [chuckles softly]

[scoffs]

[music intensifies]

Let me get my hat. Ted, come on.

[Ted] Get off me! FBI! Hands up!

Hey! FBI! Hands up! Get on the ground!

Don't fucking move!

On your knees.

[Ted grunts] Arms behind your back.

Beyond your utility, and your parties... your colleagues don't give a heck if you live or die.

And I don't give a damn about my colleagues.
Not even Professor Barrus?
Who?
Professor Barrus from Johns Hopkins.
How do you know that name?
He's a big fan of yours.
I'm sure you wouldn't want to displease him.
How about Dr. Wilkins? And Dr. Peters at Tulane?
He worships you. He thinks you're "a titan in a field of giants."
[handcuffs rattling]
[Ted sighs]
Up.
Suspect apprehended. I repeat, suspect apprehended.
You have been reading my mail.
Not reading, Harry.
[music intensifies]
You wrote them?
You needed approval so desperately.
You were a slave to their admiration.
This just shows how unwell you are.
Entirely consistent with the psychotic behavior you've displayed this year.
You mean those performances I put on for your stooges?
You told me once you were fighting for the betterment of mankind, but did you
ever actually make anyone better?
Did you improve an actual person's life? Heal an actual person's mind?
You sure didn't help me.
[soft bass thumping]
It was never about progress.
You weren't serving your country or your field.
You were serving yourself.
Your ego, your legacy, but you screwed that up too because you couldn't even finish
the damn study!
A parting gift.
I trust it'll make an impression.
If you felt this way... why did you keep coming back here week after week?
[sustained note humming]
To show you I could.
[man] We need a tech on the south side.
[dramatic music building slowly]
[man] Careful.
[man 2] Tripwire. Northeast corner.
[music continues building]

[music intensifying]

[man 2] We got a bomb! You hear that? Bomb detected!

[music fades]

[soft piano music playing]

Ted Kaczynski, you're under arrest.

[sighs]

[chuckles]

[cheering]

[music turns victorious]

Hey. Great work.

Thank you. You too.

[Kap] A toast?

All right. Congratulations, everyone. Job well done. Thank you.

Thank you, all.

Great work, everybody.

Thank you so much.

[slams]

[breaks whine]

[honks]

[music softens]

Ted Kaczynski, the former mathematics professor who's lived a reclusive life in the Montana woods for two decades, is being held on a relatively minor weapons charge.

But it is enough to keep him in jail while the FBI makes its case that he is the man who has caused such terror in the last 18 years.

[eerie music playing]

[button clicks]

[eerie music playing]

[soft eerie string music playing]

[upbeat orchestral music playing]

[music fades]

The Ted K Archive

Sam Chalsen and Nelson Greaves
Unabomber (2026) – Transcript
September 26, 2026

<<https://scrapsfromtheloft.com/movies/unabomber-2026-transcript/>>

www.thetedkarchive.com