

MANIFESTO

Episode 101

"UNABOM"

Written By

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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.

James Fitzgerald

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 FIREBALL 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...

(CONTINUED)

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. Blowsy, 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?

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRENTISS (CONT'D)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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
Mmmmm...

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

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?

(CONTINUED)

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."

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TABBY (CONT'D)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 Universities 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.*

(CONTINUED)

COLE

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TABBY (CONT'D)

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?

(CONTINUED)

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...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COLE (CONT'D)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 dongs? 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FITZ (CONT'D)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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--

(CONTINUED)

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:)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COLE (CONT'D)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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:

(CONTINUED)

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 SYMBOLS.
(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...

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE (CONT'D)

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?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FITZ (CONT'D)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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