

MANIFESTO

Episode 103

"Fruit of the Poisonous Tree"

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ACT ONE

INT. FCI DUBLIN - MEETING ROOM - DAY (1997)

EVIDENCE PHOTOS pinned to the wall. The aftermath of a bombing. We see a suburban kitchen. Broken tile. Shrapnel.

"EPSTEIN BOMBING, 1993" at the top of the board.

FITZ is alone in the room. Taking evidence photos from a folder, pinning them to the walls. Destruction, fragmented into a hundred micro-views. He holds on one strange photo:

A bowl of Lucky Charms spilled on the floor. And, among the horseshoes, rainbows, and clovers -- a SEVERED FINGER.

And the "JEOPARDY" theme takes us to:

INT. EPSTEIN LIVING ROOM - TIBURON, CA - DAY (JUNE 22, 1993)

THAT SAME BOWL OF LUCKY CHARMS, minus finger, being eaten by JOANNA EPSTEIN, 15, Hello Kitty PJs. Hitting summer break hard. In the plush living room of a seaside house.

Through the bay window, she sees a Porsche convertible pause at the mailbox, then pull into the garage. A moment later,

DR. CHARLES EPSTEIN (late 50s, a gentle soul) comes in. Sifting through the mail. A BROWN PADDED ENVELOPE among the bills and catalogues.

DR. EPSTEIN

Hey cutie! Make sure to rotate or you'll get bedsores.

EPSTEIN'S DAUGHTER

Hey, I walked to the fridge and back TWICE today.

Epstein chuckles and rounds the corner --

INT. EPSTEIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (1993)

Epstein's wife, LOIS (mid-50s, business casual), buzzes around the kitchen. Epstein drops the mail on the table. Joanna pads in after him, refills her Lucky Charms bowl.

DR. EPSTEIN

What's on the menu tonight?

LOIS EPSTEIN

Soup, I guess. I just got back from the lab three minutes ago.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LOIS EPSTEIN (CONT'D)
(off the padded envelope:)
That from Talbot's?

Joanna picks up the envelope, turns it over.

JOANNA
It's for dad. Feels like a video.

DR. EPSTEIN
People have been sending things
since the Times article.

LOIS EPSTEIN
Do I need to be worried about all
this fan mail?

Lois disappears into the pantry. Epstein yells after her --

DR. EPSTEIN
Depends on how the soup turns out.

JOANNA
Gross, dad! Are you seriously
joking about having an affair?

Joanna tosses the package to her dad. Takes her bowl back to

THE LIVING ROOM

She plops back down in front of the TV. She can see half of
her dad in the kitchen from around the doorjamb. He inspects
the package. Steps out of sight as he pulls the tab.

Then out of nowhere -- **BOOM!** A FLASH of light -- windows
SHATTER -- the TV goes BLACK --

JOANNA
Dad? DAD?!

She rushes to the KITCHEN. It's a smoking WAR ZONE -- walls
BLACKENED, tile smashed-- the fridge, dented and pock-marked--

And, sitting on the ground ten feet away, her FATHER. His
face black and bloody. He looks around uncomprehendingly.

Joanna just STARES. Then her mother comes running in from
the pantry, screaming--

LOIS
Charlie-- Charlie?!

(CONTINUED)

Epstein speaks GIBBERISH. Reaches for the counter to pull himself up. Misses. Then realizes-- he has NO FINGERS. He stares at his own mangled finger-less hand-- mute horror--

Joanna stumbles back. STEPS on something squishy -- looks down -- it's one of her dad's SEVERED FINGERS. She drops the cereal bowl and SCREAMS --

On the floor, the severed finger and the Lucky Charms.

INT. FCI DUBLIN - MEETING ROOM - DAY (1997)

The evidence photo of the cereal and the finger. Now, ALL FOUR WALLS are covered in EVIDENCE PHOTOS from the bombing we just saw. Every piece of shrapnel, every scrap of envelope, every piece of the bomb. A panorama of destruction.

Fitz circles the room, lost in this fragmented forest of destruction. Muttering to himself, working out his strategy.

PRENTISS

You've built your connection. He knows you can talk about his ideas, you're his EQUAL. That he made the right call when he asked to speak to YOU and only YOU.

Only now do we realize that PRENTISS and COLE are in the room with him. His coaches, prepping him for the fight. Fitz nods as they talk, but keeps circling. Two steps ahead of Prentiss, already practicing his speech.

COLE

Now turn it. No more theories, no more feelings. Hit him hard with the facts. Make him understand that he's about to be BURIED under a mountain of hard evidence. Going to trial will be suicide.

Fitz nods. Still circling, still scanning the photos.

FITZ

Control. He's desperate for control. That's where I get him.

PRENTISS

He thinks going to trial will give him that control. Make him understand that we OWN the courtroom. The only thing that gives him wiggle room is a guilty plea.

(CONTINUED)

Fitz nods. Starts GRABBING PHOTOS off the wall. Game face on. Ready to rumble.

OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Fitz, carrying his thick file folder, takes a moment outside the door. Deep breaths. Getting focused. Getting psyched up. Then he pushes the door open and steps inside.

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

Cole and Prentiss sit in front of the TV monitors. Watching on the live feed as Fitz enters the room where Ted waits.

COLE

Here we go.

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Metal bolts THUNK into place behind Fitz. Locking him in.

Ted looks up at him. Gives a polite smile, nods a greeting.

TED

You didn't happen to bring me those stamps, did you?

Fitz, not sitting down. Moving, circling. Laser-focused.

FITZ

You ever think about what you leave behind, as you move through the world?

TED

Like, 'Leave your campsite cleaner than when you found it?' My dad made me join Boy Scouts. Thought it would help me make friends. It didn't. But I did learn to leave my campsite cleaner than when I found it. But what does that matter if the next day a logging company comes in and chops the whole forest down?

Fitz doesn't take the bait, doesn't get sucked in. Staying on target:

FITZ

I mean it very literally: all the things you've left behind. In the Charles Epstein bombing, say.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FITZ (CONT'D)

You hadn't sent a bomb in six years, and then on June 19th, 1993, a man in Tiburon opens a brown padded envelope and his whole torso is ripped apart.

TED

(after a moment:)

I think I read about that in the newspaper. A geneticist, right?

FITZ

When a man interacts with the world, he leaves traces everywhere. Every action, every step, you've been shedding clues. Not just one. Not just two. Hundreds, THOUSANDS.

Fitz plunks the thick file folder onto the table. It holds a thick stack of evidence photos. Fitz pats it.

FITZ

We have a WAREHOUSE of evidence, Ted. Practically an AIRPLANE HANGAR.

And then we SEE:

THE EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE (1997)

An enormous warehouse. White-gloved technicians walk the endless rows of tables covered in white paper. Dream-like.

All the UNABOM evidence, every single scrap of material from every bombing, every scrap taken from Ted's cabin, is all laid out on the tables. Every screw, every splinter, painstakingly catalogued and labeled.

FITZ (V.O.)

Your trigger switch. Precise, unique. Made by hand.

As Fitz talks, we see the **EPSTEIN HOUSE** as FBI CRIME-SCENE INVESTIGATORS comb the scene after the bombing... Gloved hands pull a BURNED TRIGGER MECHANISM from the wreckage.

FITZ (V.O.)

Forensics recovered it virtually intact at the scene. And we found an identical switch in your cabin.

Gloved hands pick up a PRISTINE TRIGGER MECHANISM from a table **INSIDE TED'S CABIN**.

(CONTINUED)

Everything in the cabin is in extreme close-up -- seeing individual pieces of evidence but not the cabin's interior.

IN THE EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE, white gloves place the pristine CABIN SWITCH on the white table, right next to the burned EPSTEIN SWITCH.

BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM,

Fitz drops photos of recovered switch mechanisms in front of Ted. Photos from the cabin, from the bomb site, then matched side-by-side in the evidence warehouse.

Fitz deals out more photos from the same series, throwing them down like trump cards onto the table in front of Ted.

FITZ

Wire clippings. Springs. Copper pipe. Scrap aluminum. All matched.

INSIDE TED'S CABIN, white gloves retrieve scraps of wire from between the floorboards. Add them to a box containing more metal fragments.

IN THE EPSTEIN HOUSE, white gloves find pieces of singed wire embedded in the walls. The pipe that contained the explosives, blown open.

IN THE WAREHOUSE, white gloves lay them all out on the tables. Everything matched two-by-two. A Noah's Ark of evidence. More photos -- FLASH FLASH FLASH...

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

The pile of 8x12 glossies in front of Ted is growing. Evidence building up, becoming impossible to controvert. Fitz, gaining momentum now, hammering him.

FITZ

And... STAMPS. From the Epstein package. From your cabin.

IN TED'S CABIN (1993)

In close-up, we see TED sitting at his bomb-making table, wearing gloves, closing the lid of a wooden box the size of a VHS tape. Slipping it into a brown padded envelope, then affixing the ADDRESS LABEL and the STAMPS.

IN THE EPSTEIN HOUSE, the technicians pull bloody paper fragments off the wall. The shredded address label. The blood-stained \$1 Eugene O'Neill stamps.

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Ted looks at the photos of Eugene O'Neill stamps. Identical.

FITZ

You spent three days traveling by bus from Lincoln, Montana, so you could mail the package in San Francisco. You thought using cash was enough to make you invisible?

ON A GREYHOUND BUS (1993)

Ted rides the bus, his small duffel on his lap. Other passengers give him sidelong looks.

A PUBLIC BATHROOM

Ted shaves his beard to a goatee. He grabs a bottle of HAIR DYE and soon his beard and hair are dirty blonde.

ON A SAN FRANCISCO STREET CORNER (1993)

Ted's gloved hands drop the BROWN PADDED ENVELOPE into the mailbox. Checks to be sure it went down. When he turns to leave, we see his DISGUISE -- big sunglasses, parted blonde hair, gum under his lip and in his cheeks.

FITZ (V.O.)

We found six pairs of sunglasses at your cabin. A few fake mustaches. Your own journal entries logging your disguises.

All that evidence lands in the **EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE**. And then the PHOTOS of it all land

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

In front of Ted. Ted is overwhelmed by the pile of EVIDENCE PHOTOS. Fitz keeps dealing them out, photo after photo:

FITZ

All the chemical components of the explosive mixture. The epoxy you used for the box. The typewriter you used for the address label. The carbon paper, RECEIPTS for the carbon paper....

And when Ted looks down at the huge mound of photos, it's like he's standing in

THE EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE

In all its glory. Ted looks around the room. DWARFED by it. Table after table, in every direction, covered in evidence.

BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM (1997)

FITZ

Ted. I don't know what you think is out there for you. But they have ten thousand pieces of evidence that tie you to Unabom. They only need ONE to convict you.

Fitz sits at the table now. Talking with total sincerity. Friend to friend. We can see Ted starting to waver.

FITZ

You're about to be buried under a mountain of evidence. All your autonomy goes out the window on Day One of your trial.

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

Cole and Prentiss are on the edge of their seats.

PRENTISS

There we go... steady now...

BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

FITZ

You asked to talk to ME because I understand you. I WANT you to change the world. I WANT you to start a revolution. But if you try to fight this? You lose control of everything in your life. You are a helpless cog in the machine of justice. Until they strap you down to the electric chair.

(beat. Lets that land.)

Right now, you have an option that will give you some bargaining power. But only one.

Ted nods. Looks up at Fitz, deep concern on his brow.

TED

You mean... plead guilty?

(CONTINUED)

FITZ
(off the evidence photos)
This is for just one bomb. There
were fifteen others we haven't even
talked about. Trust me. That's
all there is.

Ted stares at the photos. Considering. And then -- he nods.

TED
... Okay. I'll do it.

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

Cole and Prentiss stare at each other. Then CHEER.

COLE
Holy shit. That's my boy! He
friggin nailed it!

BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Fitz reacts to this breakthrough. Doesn't quite know what to
say. He reaches out to touch Ted's arm. A gesture of
reassurance: "We're in this together."

TED
Except. There's one thing I wanted
to ask you, Agent Fitzgerald.
You've been so helpful walking me
through what evidence the FBI has.
And you've confirmed for me
something I've suspected for a long
time but could never get a straight
answer to.

Fitz freezes-- what does Ted mean? He glances at the camera.

TED
Correct me if I'm wrong. But it
seems to me that there's no
forensic evidence WHATSOEVER tying
me to these heinous crimes, EXCEPT
what you found in my cabin.

FITZ
Ted. We have so much evidence, of
every type, specificity--

TED

Let me phrase it another way. If you threw out all the evidence you found inside my cabin... You'd have nothing left. Correct?

Fitz starts to realize what's happening -- PANIC in his eyes.

TED

It's all on the table now. You just laid it all out for me. Why do you think I brought you here?

Ted shoves the photos aside, PLUNKS a document on the table.

TED

This is the search warrant YOU wrote. Based on your linguistic analysis. This is what got you into my cabin. The prosecution's entire case rests on this ONE document. YOUR document.

Fitz stares. On the cover of the search warrant, his own name: SPECIAL AGENT JAMES R. FITZGERALD.

The Search Warrant is worn, dog-eared, post-it notes protruding from every side. The subject of hours and hours of analysis. Eerily like Fitz's copy of the Manifesto.

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

Cole and Prentiss are freaking out --

COLE

What's he doing? Shit. SHIT!

BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

TED

I thought we could talk about something I learned recently. It's called Fruit of the Poisonous Tree. That's the option you forgot to mention: I get all that evidence thrown out. And walk away. A free man.

Fitz, PINNED to his chair. TERROR in his eyes. And off Ted's grin, we CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. FCI DUBLIN - INTERROGATION ROOM (1997)**

Ted stands over the table, drills Fitz with his eyes. Fitz, seated, tries to keep his terror in check. The well-thumbed SEARCH WARRANT on the table between them.

TED

The only evidence that connects me to the Unabom attacks was found INSIDE MY CABIN. The only reason the FBI was legally allowed to SEARCH the cabin was because of YOUR search warrant. And if that search warrant was issued on false pretenses, or based on arguments that fail to meet the burden of proof? All the evidence found is considered "Fruit of the Poisonous Tree" -- it's tainted, and has to be thrown out. So if this search warrant goes...

And for a moment, we see the **EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE**--and all the evidence begins to FADE AWAY. Items disappear one by one...

TED (V.O.)

All those mountains of evidence simply... disappear.

BACK IN THE ROOM --

TED

The WHOLE CASE depends on the evidence from the cabin. The evidence from the cabin depends on the search warrant. The search warrant depends on 'forensic linguistics.' Which YOU invented. James R. Fitzgerald.

(as Fitz splutters--)

There is no precedent in all legal history for a search warrant based on LINGUISTIC ANALYSIS. So the question I place before the court: Do we trust that THIS MAN is SO EXPERT that we trust his invention, his analysis? Where did you get your formal training in linguistics? Your Ph.D.? Your Master's?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TED (CONT'D)

The majority of your law-enforcement career was spent on the graffiti squad of a small-town police department, correct?

(as Fitz stammers--)

Would you say that being able to read graffiti counts as linguistic training? And we haven't even gotten to the CONTENT of this warrant yet! Perhaps you'd like to see my ANNOTATIONS--

And Ted reaches into his BRIEF BOX and pulls out STACKS OF PAPERS -- page after page of his own handwritten notes -- And he THROWS them onto the table in front of Fitz, his own MOUNTAIN OF IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE.

FITZ

(SHOUTING, desperate--)

But I was RIGHT! I found you, I caught you--

COLE (O.S.)

FITZ! Get out of here!

The door BUZZES OPEN and Cole and Prentiss rush in, followed by two PRISON GUARDS and Judy Clarke.

FITZ

I was RIGHT! I WAS RIGHT!!

Guards YANK Ted up out of his chair. But he keeps SHOUTING:

TED

IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU'RE RIGHT!
If they don't believe in YOU, they can't trust the WARRANT. And if they can't trust the warrant I WALK OUT OF HERE! EVERYTHING YOU'VE TOUCHED IS TAINTED! YOU ARE THE POISONOUS TREE, FITZGERALD!

Fitz takes this like a punch in the gut.

All around him is CHAOS. Judy Clarke screams at the guards as Cole screams at her. Until the guards finally wrestle Ted and Judy Clarke out of the room. And Cole SLAMS the door.

Sudden silence. Cole and Prentiss look at Fitz, aghast.

Fitz's face says: TED IS RIGHT. And: FITZ IS FUCKED.

(CONTINUED)

And for just a moment, we see FITZ inside that **EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE**. Every scrap of evidence has disappeared. It's an empty warehouse, endless tables draped in ghostly white. And Fitz is all alone in the darkness. And then we CUT TO:

INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY (JULY 1995)

The dingy basement room we saw at the end of 102. Now lived-in and littered with papers, wrappers, coffee cups.

Every wall is covered in white boards. Fitz's huge, underlined "WUDDER" still occupies pride of place.

Around it, the beginnings of various lists: MISTAKES, CAPS/UNDERLINE, KEY CONCEPTS, "IMPRESS" WORDS, VARIANT SPELLINGS, CITED TEXTS. A few examples are scrawled under each, but they clearly have a long way to go.

On another whiteboard, Cole's PROFILE from the pilot: "30-40 yrs old," "No higher ed," "Fmr airline employee/mechanic," "Born/raised Ohio." "SF Bay Area." Question marks drawn next to each of these items.

Fitz, TABBY, and ERNIE are all deep in their work. Laboring in silence under the fluorescent lights.

Fitz is reading the Manifesto for the hundredth time. His copy is ragged, worn, marked-up, flagged.

And we come to rest on Fitz's face just as he LIGHTS UP.

Sits upright. Reads the paragraphs once more to be sure. And then LEAPS out of his chair. A HUGE smile on his face.

FITZ

I found a mistake! An actual mistake!

Tabby and Ernie look up at him. Fitz is unduly excited.

FITZ

Paragraph 185: "As for the negative consequences of eliminating industrial society-- well, you can't eat your cake and have it too." "EAT your cake and HAVE it too"? It's backwards!

He writes it on the whiteboard. Tabby and Ernie stare blankly.

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

Why aren't you cheering? We're looking for mistakes. I found our first real mistake!

TABBY

Okay, cool. But what does it tell us about the Unabomber?

Fitz is silent. Nothing.

TABBY

We're looking for a "wudder," right? A mistake that tells us WHO HE IS, where he comes from.

FITZ

Thank you for quoting ME telling YOU what we're doing.

TABBY

What crawled up your butt and died?

FITZ

What do you think! I cash in all my chips to get a Special Project, an office, a team. And now we're two weeks in and what do we have? NOTHING.

TABBY

Well I have something. Paragraph 11, check it out yo!

She goes to the whiteboard. Writes: "BROAD" "CHICK" "NEGRO".

FITZ

Those aren't mistakes.

TABBY

Someone calls me a "broad"? That's a mistake. One they would not make a second time.

ERNIE

"Negro" get your ass kicked.

TABBY

Ernie, you're a nerd.

ERNIE

Wanna test a negro? Huh, broad?

(CONTINUED)

Tabby snorts a laugh. Fitz stands at the board. Gears turning on "broad," "chick," "Negro." He's getting excited.

FITZ

Huh. Yes. Wow. This is good.
You look at this, it's
generational. My dad talks like
this. But nobody age thirty-five
to forty would. Right?

ERNIE

Correct. So what are we saying?

Fitz goes to the whiteboard. To where the PROFILE is listed. Strikes out the old age range. "35-40." Writes "OLDER?".

FITZ

Also, if he's using these words, he
probably doesn't spend much time
around black people. Or women.

ERNIE

He can't live in San Francisco
proper, then.

TABBY

Though every letter and every
package was mailed from here.

FITZ

Huh. Yeah. Maybe... In a suburb?
Within driving distance, but...

Ernie and Tabby shrug. Could be. But they're at a dead end, and they all can feel it. Fitz plops down at the table.

FITZ

Okay. What have we got? Give me
all the language clues we've found
in the Manifesto.

ERNIE

Well, okay. Negro, chick, broad.
"Eat your cake," though I don't
know where that gets us.

TABBY

The long sentences, the formal
style. Trying to sound smart.

FITZ

The variant spellings--not wrong,
just unusual. Wilful, analyse.

(CONTINUED)

TABBY

Plus the numbered paragraphs,
numbered endnotes. A "Corrections"
page. "Works Cited" page. It's a
weird format.

FITZ

OK, what does that tell us?

TABBY

I dunno. It's formatted weird.
(off Fitz's annoyance:)
Dude, what do you want? We've been
looking for "wudder," there's no
"wudder"! It was an awesome idea,
we gave it a shot. But discretion
is the better part of valor. I
don't want to be the next Stamp
Guy. He's off interviewing Eugene
O'Neill's grandkids' dog-walker.
And his career's OVER. Because he
didn't know when to say Uncle.

Fitz slumps. They're right. He flips through his Manifesto,
but it's so worn-through that the last few pages flutter off.

Fitz stoops to pick them up. Then double-takes. They're the
Manifesto's "WORKS CITED" pages. A list of AUTHORS' NAMES.
A lightbulb goes off. He turns to Tabby and Ernie.

FITZ

Maybe we should call in the
experts.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. UTF - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY**

Close on: A UNABOMBER PACKAGE traveling down the conveyor belt in an enormous mail facility. Then, HANDS pull the package out of the mail stream. A WOMAN holds the package up and turns directly to camera. We realize: we're in a US POSTAL SERVICE TRAINING VIDEO.

WOMAN ON THE VIDEO

This package has all the characteristics of suspicious mail. It's easy to remember what to look for -- just think "SLAP."

A BAD 90s GRAPHIC illustrates the acronym --

WOMAN ON THE VIDEO

*Distinctive **S**hape, **L**abels, **A**ddress features, and **P**ostage...*

The TRAINING VIDEO is playing on a TV in the conference room.

BURKHARDT, the USPS Inspector from 102, stands nervously by the TV. This video is his brainchild.

Ackerman is half-watching the video, while Fitz pitches him:

FITZ

We bring together the authors mentioned in the Manifesto, guys he actually QUOTED. And reps from all the disciplines he mentions: History of Science, Poli Sci, Comparative Linguistics. A panel of experts. We give them copies of the Manifesto, get them all in one room for a day. Maybe one of them will recognize the writing style or the ideas. He could have been one of their students, even. It'll be like a human version of Genelli's MPP, looking for connections.

WOMAN ON THE VIDEO

With your help, we can keep America safe. Just remember Shape, Labels, Addresses, Postage -- and when the Unabomber comes to call, we're gonna SLAP him down!

(CONTINUED)

IN THE VIDEO: The Unabomber (wearing hoodie and sunglasses) tries to hand the woman a package, and she SLAPS it out of his hands. Freeze-frame as the crappy credits muzak plays.

Ackerman rubs his temples.

ACKERMAN

Total dogcrap.

BURKHARDT

It's a government training video.
We can't expect Spielberg. And if
USPS intercepts ONE Unabom package--

ACKERMAN

I know, I know. It's good. Nice
work. Get it to USPS to distribute.
(turning to Fitz)
I assume you're pitching this
because you don't have anything
concrete to give me.

FITZ

We're making progress. But if we
put trained experts on this I'm
confident--

ACKERMAN

Do it for under five grand, and you
better get something concrete to
show for it. Jesus, anyone have an
Advil?

INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Fitz welcomes the ACADEMICS: an assortment of oddballs and misfits. Lots of glasses, crazy hair, and tweed. They're all men in their 60s. EXCEPT --

NATALIE SCHILLING. THE Natalie Schilling. Fitz shakes her hand, hiding his surprise. But we can see him wonder -- how'd a woman like *this* end up *here*?

INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - LATER

Fitz addresses the room. Everyone seated around the table.

FITZ

Some of you were cited in the
Manifesto, some of you study the
disciplines mentioned in it. We
thought you might recognize the
ideas, the language.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FITZ (CONT'D)

Someone you've worked with, maybe a student?

HISTORY OF SCIENCE PROFESSOR

If my student wrote like this he'd be out of the program. There's no way this guy'd pass peer review.

POLI SCI PROFESSOR

You could scrape by writing like this in the hard sciences, maybe.

HARD SCIENCES PROFESSOR

Oh please. Just because our fields are actually substantive. Besides, the work coming out of YOUR department hasn't been publishable in twenty years.

And suddenly the whole table erupts in SQUABBLING CROSS-TALK. Petty rivalries breaking out, sniping at each other. Fitz looks from speaker to speaker. Dismayed.

Natalie cuts through the din:

NATALIE

Well I have a question. Did this come with a "Corrections" page appended to the front?

FITZ

Yeah, actually, it did.

NATALIE

And was it called "Corrections" or "Errata"?

HISTORY OF SCIENCE PROFESSOR

(withering sarcasm:)

Leave it to the Comparative Linguist to focus on what's relevant! The Unabomber got one thing right -- did you all see Note 88: "Some scientific work has no conceivable relation to the welfare of the human race: comparative linguistics, for example."

Laughter around the table. Natalie turns red, shrinks into the back corner. Fitz catches her gaze. They share a sympathetic look. As the BICKERING breaks out again -- now arguing about whose field is the most irrelevant. It's over.

INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - LATER

Fitz just sits there, shell-shocked, as the Academics pack up. They all seem pleased with their day.

HISTORY OF SCIENCE PROFESSOR
So who do we see for our per diem?

Ackerman sticks his head in on his way out of the office.

ACKERMAN
Good stuff today?

Fitz manages a weak thumbs-up.

ACKERMAN
Fill me in first thing tomorrow.

Ackerman heads out. Fitz looks around the empty room. It's trashed, piled with wrappers and soda cans. Shakes his head. Then starts cleaning up the garbage the Academics left.

NATALIE (O.S.)
Excuse me?

Fitz turns. Natalie at the door. He goes back to cleaning.

FITZ
You can pick up your check downstairs. Just tell them at the front desk--

NATALIE
No. I'm not-- I just never got an answer. Is that page called "Errata" or "Corrections"?

Fitz stops cleaning up. Takes a long look at her.

FITZ
Corrections. Um. Why, exactly?

Natalie smiles. She comes into the room, takes a copy of the Manifesto off the table. Pulls out the brads, starts laying the pages out onto the tabletop.

NATALIE
Because -- look at the format!

FITZ
It's weird.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

To YOU it's weird. But to me --
numbered paragraphs, the numbered
endnotes, a corrections page? It's
a DISSERTATION. This used to be
standard formatting for a Ph.D.

FITZ

You're kidding me. But I asked
everyone about the format, and--

NATALIE

That's the thing! Modern
dissertations look totally
different. Word processors changed
everything. But I'm, whatever, I'm
a nerd, I read a lot of older
papers. And I notice these things.
And these endnotes? This style was
only used before 1972-ish, when
they switched to footnotes.

Fitz looks at Natalie. Like he's struck gold.

FITZ

And the corrections page?

NATALIE

Was called "Errata" before 1967.

Fitz and Natalie look at the spread of papers on the table.
Then at each other. They're BOTH excited. Jamming now --

FITZ

Meaning -- this guy learned this
formatting between 1967 and 1972.

NATALIE

More than that -- only Ph.D.
candidates learned this style. And
if he's still using this exact
format twenty-some years later--

FITZ

Then he must've written a
dissertation. Right? He must have
written a dissertation...

FITZ AND NATALIE

(AT THE EXACT SAME TIME:)
...between 1967 and 1972!

They look at each other. Grin. This is fucking ELECTRIC.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

Comparative linguistics. Not as
useless as the Unabomber thinks.

FITZ

Hey. I'm not allowed to do this.
But do you have a minute?

Natalie bites her lip. Lead on...

IN THE UTF HALLWAY

Fitz checks both ways -- all clear. Everyone's gone home.
He beckons for Natalie to follow him. Natalie GIGGLES,
follows him around a corner --

Then, VOICES -- and Fitz grabs Natalie's hand and pulls her
into a doorway just before a bunch of OTHER AGENTS come
around the corner. A moment later, they dive into

THE DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM

Both of them laughing, punchy after their long day. Then
Natalie sees THE WHITEBOARDS and her eyes light up.

NATALIE

Wow. WOW...

She looks at Fitz. Then at the boards. Her face aglow.
This is EXCITING... the scene kicks into double-speed,
sparking off each other, finishing each other's sentences--

FITZ

We've been looking for mistakes.
On the theory that, well, like I
say "wudder"--

NATALIE

Idiolect! That's what we call an
individual's speech patterns.
You're trying to find-

FITZ

"Idiolect." Yes! Kind of a
linguistic fingerprint, figure out
who he IS --

NATALIE

--By how he speaks. Amazing, yes --
so you looked for mistakes --

Fitz points to "analyse" "wilfully" and "instalment."

FITZ

And we found THESE -- except

FITZ

--they aren't mistakes!

NATALIE

--they aren't mistakes!

FITZ

Yes! They're variant spellings.
Unusual but technically correct.

NATALIE

Is he consistent? Use those
spellings every time?

FITZ

Yeah. Letters, Manifesto, always
those same weird spellings.

NATALIE

If he's consistent, that suggests a
style guide. Someplace where he
learned to spell this way. A
newspaper, magazine, somewhere that
had a style guide for its editors
that matches all these spellings.

FITZ

So if we find that style guide...

NATALIE

Then you find the idiolect.

FITZ

And if we find the idiolect...

NATALIE

We find the Unabomber.

Fitz and Natalie look at each other. Tingling, a little
short of breath. It feels almost post-coital.

Holy shit. This is EXCITING.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. A REFERENCE LIBRARY READING ROOM - DAY**

A REFERENCE LIBRARIAN carries an armload of DUSTY STYLE GUIDES into the reading room.

Fitz and Tabby, exhausted, are combing through a huge MOUND of books, pamphlets, newspapers. Every style guide you can imagine. The Reference Librarian adds her load to the pile.

REFERENCE LIBRARIAN

That's it. Cleaned us out. Find what you're looking for?

Fitz shakes his head. Glum.

FITZ

Thanks.

He starts diving into the fresh ones. Discarding them one by one. Tabby, seriously pissed off now, whispers to him as they search the new guides.

TABBY

This is crazy, man. Needle in a haystack. For what, for a few spelling mistakes?

A patron SHOOSHES her. She throws him a glance.

FITZ

Not mistakes. Idiolect.

Tabby gestures - "what's the difference."

Then Fitz's pager goes off. He checks the number. Then his watch.

FITZ

Ah, crap, it's Ackerman-- I was supposed to brief him-- Dammit--

Then Tabby's pager goes off too. Ackerman, again. She GROANS in frustration. The patron SHOOSHES her again. She whirls on him --

TABBY

We're with the FBI, dick! Read your damn book and shut up!

The patron GULPS. Hides behind his book.

INT. UTF - THE DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

Fitz enters to find Ernie sifting through another MOUND OF MUSTY STYLE GUIDES.

ERNIE

Where have you been? Ackerman and Cole are waiting for you upstairs.

FITZ

You find anything?

Ernie's face says: Nope.

Fitz shakes his head. Defeated. Heads out, to his execution upstairs. The PHONE RINGS. Tabby answers it.

OUT IN THE HALLWAY

TABBY

(running after him)

Fitz! Some woman for you!

Fitz looks back --

OUT IN THE UTF PARKING LOT

Fitz comes out -- sees Natalie by her car.

NATALIE

I found it!

She's waving an ODD-LOOKING NEWSPAPER. Yellowed, worn. "The Trib," dated August 1949.

NATALIE

Chicago Tribune! This is their in-house style sheet. Their publisher Robert McCormick was a big proponent of this fringe "simplified spelling movement." He forced it on the editors in 1949. When he died in 1955 they switched back to standard spellings.

Fitz is already tearing through the pages - he finds the section titled, "A Complete List of Simplified Spellings," with 47 words. He scans...

FITZ

Analyse, licence... wilfully. It's all here!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FITZ (CONT'D)

Wait, look-- "instalment" with one
"L." He uses that too, in U-11!
This is it!

Fitz and Natalie beam at each other. Then, a thought--

FITZ

Hey, uh, you know we can't really
pay you anything more. My S.A.C.
only approved the one per diem. I
can try to get you something for
this but--

NATALIE

You think I'm doing this for the
money? Are you kidding me?

FITZ

Oh. Then why--?

NATALIE

This is exciting! This is like,
cutting edge. Using LANGUAGE to
solve crimes? There isn't even a
NAME for what you're doing.

(As Fitz takes this in:)

Besides. I'm a sociolinguist.
Nobody even knows what that is. And
now my weird little expertise is
USEFUL. I'm part of something REAL
and IMPORTANT. It's COOL!

FITZ

Huh. Yeah. I guess it kind of is.

Fitz takes this in. Someone who believes in him. It's a new
feeling. He glances back, notices Tabby standing by the
front entrance to the UTF. Gesturing at her watch.

FITZ

I gotta run-- Can I keep this?

Natalie nods. Fitz runs off. Then turns back to shout:

FITZ

THANK YOU!

INT. UTF - BULLPEN - DAY

The whole UTF gathered in the bullpen for a briefing. Cole
and GENELLI are at the front with presentation posters,
photos, graphics. Fitz and Tabby sneak in the back.

(CONTINUED)

GENELLI

...So from that initial subject pool of 15 million, we added additional parameters on the MPP until it was narrowed to 2,500. We're calling that our Tier Three subject pool.

Ackerman glares over at Fitz as he and Tabby scuttle to their seats. Shamefaced. Caught tardy.

GENELLI

Tier Two. Top 500 hits. Subjects with criminal records, history of violence, mechanical or explosives training, and a nexus with Salt Lake City and the Bay Area.

Cole puts up a posterboard with a grid of TWENTY HEADSHOTS. "TIER ONE" on the top.

COLE

Tier One. Top twenty. High level of confidence that one of these guys is our man. They're all under active surveillance, or are currently at large and being sought by Special Operations Group. We can drill down, but it gets more speculative from here.

Ackerman nods approvingly. Turns to Fitz and Tabby.

ACKERMAN

Excellent. All right Fitz, you get anything from the Nutty Professors that can move the needle here?

FITZ

Actually? Yes. We have solid linguistic evidence that the Unabomber grew up in Chicago. He learned his spelling and grammar rules from the Chicago Tribune.

COLE

How solid is this?

FITZ

It's solid.

GENELLI

You just made someone very happy.

(CONTINUED)

Cole is rubbing his hands together. Kid in a candy store.

COLE

This confirms what I've been saying. Leo Frederick Burt, born in Chicago!

Cole pulls out a file folder. Starts handing out info sheets on Leo Frederick Burt. Everyone looks at Fitz, impressed.

COLE

Leo Burt. He's my pick for Suspect Number One. Born and raised in Chicago, later flirted with SDS and the Panthers before he joined a radical Weather Underground splinter group. Involved in a series of antiestablishment attacks in the late 70s, including, drumroll please, three attempted bombings. Went into hiding around the time the Unabomber started his attacks. Plus he's a dead ringer for the sketch.

Fitz considers the two photos. Nods. It's a close resemblance.

ACKERMAN

What else?

FITZ

It's also likely he had a university affiliation. I know previous profiles suggested little or no college. But the Manifesto is written--

COLE

Fitz, your voice is music to my ears today! Burt spent time at University of Wisconsin, Madison. That's where he got connected with these radical groups.

ACKERMAN

All right, let's alert S.O.G., see if we can locate Leo Burt.

The meeting starts to break up. Cole claps Fitz and Tabby on the back.

(CONTINUED)

COLE

Awesome work. Why don't you two
come upstairs, we can keep talking.
Maybe we can bring you onto the
Tier One squad.

Tabby beams, nods. Eating it up.

FITZ

Hold on a sec-- Before everyone
goes--

ACKERMAN

Is there something else?

TABBY

Fitz. Leave it be.

FITZ

Um, just a question. How old is
Leo Burt?

COLE

He's 43. Born in 1962. Why?

The WHOLE ROOM looks at Fitz, waiting. *"Can we go or what?"*

Tabby shakes her head. Motions -- "leave it alone!" But
Fitz can't help himself.

FITZ

He's too young.

TABBY

POSSIBLY too young. We're still
working on nailing down--

FITZ

Not possibly. He learned his
spelling from the Tribune between
1949 and 1955. And he got his
Ph.D. between 67 and 72. Meaning,
we're looking for someone AT
MINIMUM 50 years old. Also,
someone associated with the Black
Panthers wouldn't use the word
"Negro." It can't be Leo Burt.

The WHOLE ROOM goes quiet. The whole UTF swivels to look at
Cole. Seeing how he'll react to being called out publicly.
Cole starts turning red with rage.

(CONTINUED)

COLE

I'm going to take Chicago and College, and I'm going to pretend I didn't hear the rest.

TABBY

Perfect. C'mon, Fitz.

FITZ

You can't pick and choose! He's over 50. It's three robust data points. AND the Unabomber got a doctorate. Not just some time in college. A full-on Ph.D.

COLE

Are you seriously trying to eliminate every single one of our Tier One, Two, AND Three subjects?! MEETING'S OVER, FOLKS!

(pulling Fitz aside)

What the hell is this based on?

FITZ

The Unabomber's idiolect, his spelling, formatting, and use of language all point to--

COLE

SPELLING? Goddamned SPELLING? I'm gonna strangle this guy--

GENELLI

Every serial bomber in HISTORY started between eighteen and twenty-one. That puts his age at 35 to 43. Every profiler we've had in here, including THE John Douglas--

FITZ

FC is the only serial bomber in history to confound the FBI for 17 years, don't you think he might be the exception to other rules too?

COLE

Go back to your basement. Both of you. You want a seat at this table? You put NAMES on that BOARD. That is your JOB. Your job is NOT to come in here and tell us to burn a month's work because of some goddamned SPELLING MISTAKES!

INT. UTF - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

TABBY

What the HELL is wrong with you?

FITZ

They're so blinded they can't see--

TABBY

THEY'RE blinded? Dude. You just turned a PROMOTION into a friggin KAMIKAZE MISSION!

FITZ

I'm trying to save this investigation! They can run the MPP all month, but garbage in, garbage out. They're chasing 2000 subjects and they're ALL wrong--

TABBY

How can you be sure they're wrong? We don't know what we're doing!

FITZ

We DO.

TABBY

No we DON'T! We're making this up. You and I are MAKING. THIS. UP. And who are we? I'm failing out of University of Phoenix. You have a crummy night-school degree in an completely unrelated field.

FITZ

We're breaking new ground. Nobody's ever done this before!

TABBY

Maybe because it's bullshit.

FITZ

You don't believe it's bullshit. I know you don't.

But she's already out the door. Leaving Fitz in the dust.

BACK IN THE DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM

Fitz slumps in to find Ernie packing his stuff. Shakes his head when he sees Fitz. Pissed off.

(CONTINUED)

ERNIE

They're sending me back to
Forensics. It's been real.

Ernie grabs his box and pushes his way out the door.

Fitz, all alone in the basement room. He takes his folder
and FLINGS it onto the table. Papers fly everywhere.

He crashes down into a chair. Glowering, stewing in his
defeat.

Then -- reaches for his Manifesto.

INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - NIGHT

Fitz, alone in the increasingly messy office. He dials. We
hear ELLIE pick up.

FITZ

Hey. Thanks for staying up.

INTERCUT WITH ELLIE, IN HER UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Ellie's sitting on the steps in her nightgown. It's late
there. She's leaning her head against the wall, eyes almost
closed as they talk.

ELLIE

(yawning)
Rough day, huh?

FITZ

Yeah. Silver lining, though. I
found this Dictionary of Phrases.
Was reading about "eat your cake
and have it too."

ELLIE

HAVE your cake and eat it too.

FITZ

That's the thing! It's actually
the other way around. Like, that's
how it used to be said in the
Middle Ages. Makes a lot more
sense that way, doesn't it? "Can't
eat your cake and have it too."

ELLIE

Hm.

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

But sometime in the 1500s it got
switched around. We've been saying
it wrong ever since. Cool, right?

ELLIE

("no")

Yeah. Wow. So -- why are you
telling me this?

FITZ

...How was today?

ELLIE

Donuts for Dad? Ah, you know.
They got Giovanni on the fryer.
"Heeey, Gio, double that up!" Sam
burned his tongue. Davey opted
out.

FITZ

Well, he's old enough. And for
you?

ELLIE

It was... fine. I went, I stayed,
I left.

And suddenly -- there's nothing more to say.

FITZ

Well. I love you?

ELLIE

I love you. G'night.

CLICK. And suddenly he's alone again in the dark.

A long moment with the phone on his lap. And then -- what
the hell. He finds the business card and dials.

NATALIE'S VOICE

Hello?

FITZ

Oh. Hi. It's Jim Fitzgerald.

NATALIE'S VOICE

Hey. You sound surprised.

FITZ

I didn't think you'd be at your
office.

IN NATALIE'S FACULTY OFFICE

She looks around her closet-like office, crammed with books.

NATALIE

I'm heeere. Wish I wasn't, but.

FITZ

Yeah. Same. Hey look, uh...

A long silence. Neither one quite knows where to go from here. Then:

NATALIE

You... wanna get out of the office?

INT. A DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Natalie and Fitz raise a glass of beer in a back booth in the half-empty dive. A few empty glasses already on the table.

NATALIE

To eating cake and having it too.
In that order.

CLINK! They drink. Fitz's smile fades as his mind goes back to his day.

Natalie notices. Gives a sympathetic look. She gets it. And they don't need to say anything for that connection to register. Comfortable silence for a moment. Then:

NATALIE

There's something so TRAGIC about him. Isn't there? A guy who can write this way, THINK this way, who has so much insight and passion... and somehow his life turned out in such a way that he thinks the only way people will listen to what he has to say is by blowing people up.

FITZ

He feels... trapped. Ignored.
Powerless.

NATALIE

He THINKS it's about being powerless. But it's really about being LONELY. So terribly lonely.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE (CONT'D)

About having just ONE PERSON in his life to say "good work." Or, "I see what you've done and I think it's great." Just one person who UNDERSTANDS him, who he can talk to, who respects him for who he is.

FITZ

That's all anyone wants. Isn't it.

NATALIE

God, Fitz. Isn't that just so... so... sad?

And that settles over the table. They're talking about the Unabomber. And about Fitz. And about Natalie too.

A long silence. Interrupted by the waiter bringing the world's least appetizing PIZZA.

NATALIE

Speaking of sad...

The pizza is a sloppy mess. Toppings lie in irregular patches on the surface.

FITZ

This is like the Venn Diagram of pizzas.

NATALIE

We have the sausage zone to the north, the olive zone to the west, peppers to the east, and here in the middle... is the Pripyat River Valley.

Fitz cocks his head. Huh? Natalie shakes her head, embarrassed by this outburst of nerdiness.

NATALIE

Sorry. A little linguistics humor there. Slavic Homeland... Never mind. It's just a weird dorky thing.

FITZ

Oh come on. It's a friendly crowd.

NATALIE

Okay, so right around the year 600, Slavic peoples suddenly appeared all over Europe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Russia, Poland, Serbia, Germany.
But nobody knew where they all came
from.

FITZ

The Slavic Homeland.

NATALIE

It was this big historical mystery.
Archaeologists, historians,
geneticists, nobody could figure it
out. Until they looked at
LANGUAGE. And they realized --
Proto-Slavic was missing words for
a lot of TREES. They had to borrow
words for "oak" or "ash" or... See,
I warned you, it's really dorky.

FITZ

This is the highlight of my day.
Seriously.

Natalie indicates the pizza.

NATALIE

So this pizza is Europe, right?
Slavs are everywhere. But they
don't have a word for "pepperoni."

FITZ

So they can't come from here.

NATALIE

Yes! And they don't have the words
for broccoli. Or olives. Or
peppers. So that eliminates
everything except HERE.

She points to the middle, where there's only cheese.

NATALIE

The Pripyat River Valley, in
Ukraine. It's basically this huge
swamp, where there are no trees.
Or... toppings or whatever.

FITZ

That's... amazing.

NATALIE

It was brilliant. Because everyone
was looking at the words they HAD.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE (CONT'D)

But the key was the words they
DIDN'T have.

FITZ

What they DIDN'T say... What they
didn't know HOW to say...

And we can see this working through Fitz's mind. And then--
We can see an epiphany on his face -- He gets to urge to go -
holds himself back - but NATALIE understands.

NATALIE

Go. Go!

FITZ

Thank you. This is awesome. It's--
Slavic Homeland!

Fitz tosses some cash onto the table. Natalie laughs.

NATALIE

Go!

INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - LATE NIGHT

FITZ

What don't you talk about?

Fitz, alone in the office, stands before the whiteboards.
Deep in thought. Then he starts talking aloud -- talking it
out, but also talking to the Unabomber, talking to FC...

FITZ

Wife. Children. Family. You
don't talk about them.

He starts drawing on the boards -- making a huge Venn Diagram
with all these missing concepts. An empty space in the
middle of all the circles.

FITZ

Work. A job. Co-workers.
(then:)
Friends. No friends. Nobody to
talk to.

His dialogue starts overlapping, we lose our sense of time...

FITZ

No computer. No TV. No pop
culture. No IBM, GE, GM, Xerox,
Dell... You don't hear about these
things... You're cut off...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FITZ (CONT'D)

(then:)

No women... No black people...
You're somewhere out, somewhere
beyond... Isolated...

The EMPTY SPACE in the middle of everything.

FITZ

This is your homeland. Here.
Where there's nothing. Where
there's nobody. Where...

A FAINT RINGING -- at the edge of Fitz's fugue... And then --

FITZ

You have a phone. "Call Nathan R."
You wrote "Call Nathan R"...

And then Fitz finds the "CALL NATHAN R" note and looks at it,
curious. Then realizes the RINGING is coming from a PHONE on
the desk. He stares at the phone. Picks it up gingerly, as
if the voice on the other end of the line could be...

FITZ

Hello?

NATALIE'S VOICE

It's me! Couldn't sleep.
Wondering what you're discovering
in there.

FITZ

Oh, hey. Yes. What time is it?

NATALIE'S VOICE

It's morning. Did you find the
Homeland?

FITZ

....Yeah. Yeah, I did...

Fitz stares at the EMPTINESS in the middle of the whiteboard.

We see him from behind -- his head haloed by the writing and
diagrams that cover the whiteboard. Fitz, alone in the room,
staring into the emptiness at the heart of everything.
Surrounded by it. Consumed by it...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT - NIGHT (1997)**

Fitz, Cole, and Prentiss slump back to their cars.

COLE

You just gave Ted's defense team a detailed roadmap of EXACTLY how to tear us apart at trial. On VIDEOTAPE! You're done.

Cole SLAMS his car door and peels out.

Fitz turns to Prentiss.

FITZ

How do I fix this? There must be something...

Prentiss just shakes his head. Too late.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY (1997)

The guards walk Ted down the hall back to his cell.

HUGE GUARD

You do that again you're going to lose privileges.

Ted doesn't struggle, doesn't fight. He nods his agreement. A slight smile on his face.

TED

I'm very sorry about that. I just got... swept up in the moment.

INT. TED'S CELL (1997)

He's locked in his cell. The guards remove his shackles.

Ted rubs his wrists, stretches out. A deep breath. He feels more free than he has in weeks.

He won.

EXT. OUTSIDE NATALIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING (1997) - NIGHT

Fitz pulls up in front of Natalie's building, exhausted. It's late.

He sits in the car a long moment. Dreading having to go in.

INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT (1997) - NIGHT

Fitz looks around the dark apartment. Doesn't turn the light on. Natalie must be asleep.

He goes to the couch, starts quietly packing his meager belongings. Ready to jet. But then -- a jingling of collars behind him. Then the two dogs are circling around him, sniffing and whining.

A moment later Natalie emerges from her bedroom. She takes in the image of Fitz packing. Sucks her cheek.

NATALIE

Well this is nice. You don't change, do you Fitz? You're just a little less subtle about it this time.

Fitz shakes his head. Keeps packing his bags.

FITZ

Ted set me up. So he could attack the search warrant. Attack my forensic linguistics work.

NATALIE

SO? Your work is solid. And it WORKED.

FITZ

That doesn't matter. They're gonna put me on the stand, they're gonna tear me apart because I don't have a Ph.D.

NATALIE

So, what, you're gonna take your toys and leave because the bigger kids told you your trucks weren't cool enough?

FITZ

I'm gonna get out of here before I'm humiliated in front of the entire Bureau!

NATALIE

Oh stop with the self-pity. Who CARES what the Bureau thinks? You still treat them like they're your fathers. Vying for the big gold star.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Running away when they're displeased. They don't care about you! They don't give a damn about what you say or do unless they need something from you. Whereas the ONE person who actually DOES CARE about you--

She stops herself. Fitz puts down his bag. Turns to her.

FITZ

Oh, Natalie-- I just...

They're both fighting to keep a lid on their emotions.

NATALIE

What we discovered... what we had... The work, at least-- It was special. It was RIGHT. That must mean something to you.

Fitz turns away, fighting a whole range of conflicting emotions.

NATALIE

You're more than this case. You're more than HIM. Even if you don't believe it. Even if they don't give you the credit for it. That must mean something. Doesn't it?

But Fitz's mind is suddenly churning... Speeding down a different path.

FITZ

What did you say that about credit?

INT. HOTEL ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT (1997)

Fitz, excitedly pitching to Prentiss:

FITZ

Credit! That's our way back in. Ted wants to be famous. He wants everyone to know how smart he is. And the only way for him to take credit is to plead guilty.

Prentiss, in his bathrobe and into his third airplane bottle of Wild Turkey, shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

PRENTISS

You can convince me all night, but there's no way Cole will let you in there.

FITZ

I'll go on my own. You make the call, I go in there tonight, unofficially, off the record. I can tell him I'm not supposed to be down there. Make him feel like we're conspiring...

Prentiss considers this. Intrigued. And he can't believe he's agreeing, but:

PRENTISS

I never gave permission, I never made a call. You talked your way in. And if it doesn't work, you're on your own.

INT. PRISON - LATE THAT NIGHT (1997)

Fitz goes through the endless layers of prison security. Wands, pat-downs, badge checks, forms. Descending into

A DARK PRISON CORRIDOR (1997)

Shoes echo on concrete floors. A guard slides the cage door closed behind Fitz, indicates the far end of the corridor.

Fitz walks past cell after cell until he arrives outside

TED KACZYNSKI'S CELL

Ted is waiting. Standing in a square of moonlight that illuminates his cell. Watching Fitz, intrigued.

FITZ

I'm off the case. Being sent home. But I had to ask you before I left: How could you not take CREDIT for everything you did?

Ted cocks his head: "Explain."

FITZ

If the warrant gets tossed, you're not the Unabomber. You're not the super genius who evaded the FBI for almost two decades. You're not a revolutionary.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FITZ (CONT'D)

You're just a maladjusted Ph.D. in a cabin in Montana, who claims to be the author of a published rant.

TED

Your logic is flawed. I'm going to be acquitted on a technicality, not on the merits. You think that's going to stop the press from reporting on Ted Kaczynski the Unabomber?

FITZ

You can't eat your cake and have it too, Ted. The man who wrote the Manifesto, he's all about personal responsibility. Autonomy. Making sacrifices. If you're not willing to stand up, take responsibility -- take CREDIT -- for your actions, why would anyone believe anything you say?

Ted starts to say something, then stops. Realizing -- Fitz is right. And Ted has no real response.

FITZ

"Leave your campsite cleaner than you found it." One man cleans a campsite. But a leader of men? Someone people admire? He could save the forest.

Ted sits down on his concrete bed. Thinking it through. He shakes his head to himself. It's not often that he finds himself bested in an argument, and he appreciates it.

TED

They did cut down my forest, you know. I fought them, I smashed their machines, but...

A long silence from Ted. And we can see on his face: Fitz is right. And Ted doesn't know what to do with this. He's suddenly very vulnerable. His voice quiet.

TED

What... what about you? What are you leaving behind? Your legacy?

Fitz thinks for a moment. And decides -- instead of an honest answer, he gives an easy answer:

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

Um. Well, my family. My sons.
They're my legacy.

Ted looks at him strangely. Seeing through him.

TED

Somehow I don't get the sense
you've spent a lot of time with
them lately. Am I wrong?

Silence from Fitz. And Ted figures something out in that
moment of silence --

TED

I'm your legacy. Putting me in
jail. That's the only thing you
have. Isn't it.

FITZ

You're not my legacy.

Ted leaps to his feet. He's seeing through Fitz, seeing
through everything. Realizing:

TED

The only meaningful thing you've
done in your life is catching ME.
And you gave up EVERYTHING to do
it. How does that make you feel?
That putting me in here is the only
thing you've accomplished with your
whole life?

FITZ

That's not true, Ted. That's not
why-- I'm thinking about YOU--

TED

It makes you SCARED. You've spent
your whole life trying to prove
that you're smarter than the people
around you. But deep down you know
all those things people said about
you were all true! You're just a
knuckle-dragging beat cop, and the
graffiti beat was where you
belonged. You're here because I'M
the only thing you ever
accomplished. You sacrificed your
family, your job, everything to get
me. And when I walk, your whole
life will be for NOTHING!

(CONTINUED)

Fitz LUNGES through the bars, grabs Ted's jumpsuit. Ted, shocked, wriggles free. Fitz LUNGES, can't reach Ted. Slams his fist against the bars.

The GUARDS come running at all the commotion. Fitz backs away from Ted's cell, raging, breathing hard. Backing away down the hall before the guards pull him away.

FITZ
FUCK YOU, TED!

EXT. PRISON (1997)

Fitz stumbles out of the prison...

And then he's IN HIS CAR. Gripping the wheel. And we don't hear it through the glass but we see him SCREAM...

END ACT FIVE

James Fitzgerald

ACT SIX**INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

The alpha-agents gathered for a briefing. The twenty TIER ONE SUSPECTS are up on boards. LEO BURT highlighted.

Fitz, bleary-eyed and exhausted, comes into the room with a stack of typed pages. Before they can kick him out:

FITZ

I have a new profile. Ten pages, clean, no typos. It's solid.

ACKERMAN

Goodbye, Fitz.

FITZ

Look, I'm trying to help. Honestly.

ACKERMAN

(taking pity)

This is based on what, exactly?

FITZ

Forensics. It's all grounded in the forensics.

COLE

Forensics?

Cole's eyebrows go up. The magic word. He takes the document from Fitz, starts paging through. Still skeptical.

FITZ

I'm taking an approach I'm calling "Forensic Linguistics." I develop--

COLE

Do we look stupid to you?
Fingerprints? Forensics. DNA?
Forensics. Spelling 'wilfully'
with one "L"...?

Cole dumps Fitz's new profile into the trash.

FITZ

But sir. It's not just the spelling, it's a comprehensive idiolectical profile that--

(CONTINUED)

ACKERMAN
Close the door, Agent.

OUT IN THE HALL

The door clicks closed behind Fitz. Shutting him out.

DOWN IN THE BASEMENT HALLWAY

Fitz stalks down the dimly lit basement corridor.

Seething, murmuring to himself.

INT. UTF - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

The OTHER AGENTS in the room go silent as Fitz fills a cup of coffee. Waiting until he leaves so they can talk about him.

INT. UTF - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Fitz carries his coffee across the bullpen. His ears burning. He can feel the whole room staring at him. Whispers from the other agents. Someone guffaws at a Fitz joke. Fitz curses under his breath, mutters to himself.

He walks down the stairs past more staring, whispering agents. Down into the dark endless basement corridors...

And then we start to hear FITZ'S VOICEOVER -- a fast, low muttering, almost an incantation, as he descends into the mind of the Unabomber... Talking about to the Unabomber, almost talking TO the Unabomber...

FITZ (V.O.)
You're all alone... Nobody cares
about you... You're smarter than
everyone else, but they all hate
you... They're cattle, they hate
you but screw them... You'll make
them respect you... You'll make
them all listen...

And then he's

DRIVING - AT NIGHT

Blasting down the highway, away from San Francisco.

FITZ (V.O.)
You'll make the whole world
listen... how will you do it?
You'll do it. You'll make them
listen to you. How? How?

(CONTINUED)

Out into the hills, into the FORESTS, out... out... out...
And then he's

IN THE WOODS - AT NIGHT

And he's alone, profoundly alone in the darkness and in the woods, and he's SPEAKING ALOUD NOW -- low and fast and fucking INTENSE --

FITZ

You're out here, you're out in the wilderness, you're alone, there's nobody here but you'll make them hear you, you'll make them listen... How? But you will, won't you? You WILL make them listen... you'll make the whole world... make the WHOLE WORLD LISTEN TO YOU! LISTEN TO ME! LISTEN!

Then -- SILENCE. The echo of his voice fades into the trees.

Fitz, red-rimmed eyes, out of breath, alone. LOSING IT.

And then -- BEEP-BEEP, BEEP-BEEP, BEEP-BEEP. His pager. His inescapable technological leash, yanking him back. Fuck.

EXT. REST STOP - DAWN

Fitz has a payphone to his ear, listening to the ringing. Tabby picks up:

TABBY

Fitz, where the hell are you? You gotta get back here! The whole UTF's going crazy--

IN THE UTF BULLPEN - INTERCUT

CHAOS. All the department heads are rushing to the CONFERENCE ROOM. Tabby is going there herself, talking on the clunky Squad Cell Phone.

FITZ

What happened? What's going on?!

TABBY

We just got a bunch of new Unabomber letters. He's talking to the Times, the Post, Penthouse--

FITZ

He's making us pay attention -- is there an active threat?

TABBY

It's not what you think. Fitz, you're not gonna believe this. But the Unabomber wants to make a deal!

On Fitz's face: HOLY SHIT. He slams down the phone and SPRINTS for his car and we see

INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM

Tabby joins the crowd gathered around the table as Cole lays out the new letters. Page after page until the whole table is covered with Unabom correspondence.

They stare at the pages. Overwhelmed and deeply uncertain.

And Ackerman says out loud what everyone's thinking:

ACKERMAN

What the hell do we do now?

Everyone looks at each other. But nobody knows what to say. And we CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE