

MANIFESTO

Episode 105

"Abri"

Written By

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WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 12/02/16

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MANIFESTO

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

DAVID KACZYNSKI'S HOUSE
KITCHEN
LIVING ROOM
ANTHONY BISCEGLIE'S OFFICE
BAU
OFFICES
COPY ROOM
UTF HEADQUARTERS
COPY ROOM
BASEMENT SERVER ROOM
FORENSICS LAB
BULLPEN
HALLWAY
UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
CONFERENCE ROOM
STAIRCASE
ENTRYWAY
DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM
FITZGERALD HOME
KITCHEN
MOVIE THEATER
LOBBY
CRUMMY MOTEL ROOM
FITZ'S CAR
DAVID KACZYNSKI'S CAR
THE FOAM FACTORY
WANDA KACZYNSKI'S LIVING ROOM
NATALIE'S APARTMENT
TABBY'S CAR
DAVID KACZYNSKI'S MINIVAN
BLUE SKY MOTEL
MOTEL ROOM

EXTERIORS

DAVID KACZYNSKI'S HOUSE
FRONT STEPS
BAU HEADQUARTERS
FITZGERALD HOME
PORCH
SUBURBAN STREETS
UTF HEADQUARTERES
PARKING LOT
DUMPSTER
THE HIGH TEXAS DESERT
THE MONTANA WILDERNESS
BLUE SKY MOTEL
LINCOLN, MONTANA
WOODED HILLS
TED'S CABIN

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CAST LIST

(in order of appearance)

LINDA KACZYNSKI
DAVID KACZYNSKI
ANTHONY BISCEGLIE
TED KACZYNSKI
FITZ (aka JIM FITZGERALD)
FRANK MCALPINE
TABBY MILGRIM
ANDY GENELLI
ELLIE FITZGERALD
SAM FITZGERALD
DAVEY FITZGERALD
ROBBIE FITZGERALD
ERNIE ESPOSITO
STAN COLE
DON ACKERMAN
WANDA KACZYNSKI
NATALIE SCHILLING
SECRETARY
AGENT
BIRDWATCHER
FEMALE BIRDWATCHER (non-speaking)

ACT ONE

1 **A MAILBOX. [OCTOBER 1995] (D24)** 1 *

 The name on the side reads: "KACZYNSKI" *

 Right where we were at the end of 104. In front of an *
 utterly normal, suburban house in Upstate New York. *

2 **INT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S KITCHEN - DAY (D24)** 2 *

 Gliding over a kitchen table, entirely covered in documents. *
 UNABOM articles, the famous SKETCH, Washington Post edition *
 of the MANIFESTO. Plus dozens of letters, some handwritten, *
 some typed. *

 We pull back to reveal LINDA and DAVID KACZYNSKI, the Woman *
 in Yellow and the Man from the end of 104. Huddled over the *
 kitchen table. You can feel the burden of their grave, *
 shared secret. Then, finally: *

 LINDA *
 What are we gonna do, David? *

 DAVID *
 You're assuming he's guilty. When *
 really, if you look at the evidence *
 we have-- *

 She reaches across. Takes his hand. *

 LINDA *
 I'm not assuming he's guilty. I *
 see a connection between that *
 letter of Ted's and the Unabomber *
 Manifesto. That's all I'm saying. *

 DAVID *
 Well I look at these, I read the *
 Manifesto and I read Ted's letters, *
 and I don't see a connection. Have *
 you considered that your own *
 personal feelings for Ted are *
 getting in the way of an objective *
 determination? *

 LINDA *
 You're asking me that? *

 DAVID *
 You don't know Ted. You never met *
 him, you never even talked to him. *
 (MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

2

DAVID (CONT'D)

Yes, you got a nasty letter from
him. Yes, he's different. But
every family has its oddball. I
KNOW Ted. He was always so, so
good to me. We were... He was my
hero.

*
*
*
*
*
*

A long, painful silence.

*

LINDA

I think we need to tell someone.
Because if I'm right, and we keep
silent? I couldn't live with an
innocent person's blood on my
hands.

*
*
*
*
*

DAVID

What about Ted's blood?

*
*

LINDA

If you're right, and he's innocent?
He has nothing to worry about.

*
*
*

DAVID

You know that's not true. He's so
fragile, if he hears even a whisper
about an investigation, he could
kill himself! Or what if the FBI
decides he's not a suspect, but go
to question him anyway? Ted's
paranoid, he lives an
unconventional lifestyle, he has
that hunting rifle... Those people
at Ruby Ridge were innocent too,
and FBI snipers shot them in the
back. If we accuse him, and we're
wrong... I'd be taking my own
brother's life. I couldn't live
with that.

*
*
*
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*
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*
*
*
*

LINDA

But David... What if we're right?

*
*

And neither one knows what to way, A hopeless stalemate.

*

3

INT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N24)

3

Hours later. David and Linda sit in silence. The mood is
oppressive. The shared secret weighing on them.

*
*

Linda heads up to bed. Puts her hand on David's shoulder on
the way out of the room. A gentle squeeze.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

3

DAVID

Why are you making me choose
between you and my brother?

Linda, silent.

DAVID

Ted and I are cut from the same
cloth. We were raised the same
way, we believe most of the same
things... We both lived off the
grid all those years. Him in his
cabin, me in my abri. I mean, if
you can believe that Ted is a mass
murderer... what do you think
about ME?

Linda doesn't know what to say to that.

She heads upstairs.

4

INT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT (N24) 4

David comes into the kitchen to get a glass of milk from the
fridge. As he does, the fridge light falls over the LETTERS
spread out on the table.

He sits at the table. Takes in the spread of letters. Flips
through one in particular -- it's some 20 typed pages.

Looks at the Manifesto again. Then at the typed letter.

And we can see on his face -- he hates to admit it, even to
himself, but he has doubts.

He sits back in his chair. Sipping his milk. And, finally,
to himself:

DAVID

...Fine.

CUT TO:

5

INT. ANTHONY BISCEGLIE'S OFFICE - DAY (D25) 5

David and Linda sit across the desk from ANTHONY BISCEGLIE
(50), one of those slick D.C. lawyers you hear about.

DAVID

Linda read the Unabomber's
Manifesto and she thought it
sounded like my brother Ted.

(CONTINUED)

LINDA

Show him the letter, David.

David places the 23-page typed letter onto Bisceglie's desk.

DAVID

What I'm looking for is someone in the FBI who can look at this material and definitively confirm it's NOT him. So we can move on.

BISCEGLIE

But you came to me WHY exactly? You could just mail it in. I'll give you the address for the Task Force.

DAVID

I deal with law enforcement all the time at the shelter where I work. Once those poor kids get into the system, it's almost impossible to extricate them again. As soon as you get on the criminal justice system's radar in any way, you're a target. Especially if you lead an... "unconventional" life.

(beat)

Plus. I still hope I can repair my relationship with Ted. He's the only brother I'll ever have. However this turns out.

Linda refrains from comment. Bisceglie nods. Picks up the letter.

BISCEGLIE

Here's what we'll do. I'll channel this directly to the Unabom Task Force. It'll come from my office, but you and your brother will remain completely anonymous.

DAVID

The FBI leaks to the press like crazy. I don't want his letter passed around, I don't want it copied or shared. Ted reads the papers. If he gets wind of *anything*...

5

BISCEGLIE

I'll make it clear that this is not
for distribution, even internally
within the UTF. Tight chain of
custody, need-only. They'll do a
complete analysis and get us a
verdict. Then we can decide what
to do. If it's not a match, we can
all sleep easy. And if it IS...
We have options. And we have
attorney-client privilege on our
side.

DAVID

My priority is the safety of my
brother. Even if he IS the
Unabomber, he's a human being with
a soul, we need to protect him.

This hangs uneasily in the air. Bisceglie gives a
noncommittal nod. Linda squeezes David's hand.

Then we start to hear an old letter from Ted, in V.O.:

TED'S VOICE (V.O.)

*Dear David, the only thing I've
really respected in you has been
your life in the desert. And now
you're going to leave all that just
because this FEMALE has decided to
permit you to become her personal
property...*

6

INT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S KITCHEN - DAY (D26)

6

David clears the table. Putting all the letters and
documents away.

He finds A FAMILY PHOTO of the Kaczynskis. David and Ted as
kids, posing with their parents. Wanda is holding her hair
back from a gust of wind. They look HAPPY.

TED'S VOICE (V.O.)

*I presume you will now be adopting
a conventional middle-class
lifestyle. Become an accountant,
maybe? Or why not sell out all the
way and become a lawyer!*

David looks closer at the childhood photo. Him and his big
brother, arms around each other. Best friends. A ringing
sound at the edge of David's hearing.

(CONTINUED)

6

TED'S VOICE (V.O.)

*The reason you get me so upset is
that I do care about you, David.
You're still my little brother and
you still have my loyalty.*

The ringing is LOUDER. David realizes -- it's the PHONE.

DAVID

Hello?

BISCEGLIE (ON PHONE)

*David, Anthony Bisceglie. I just
got word from my guy in the UTF.
Are you sitting down? They
analyzed the letter, and they're
not moving forward with the lead.*

DAVID

You mean -- it's not him?

BISCEGLIE (ON PHONE)

*It's not him. Your brother's been
cleared.*

David collapses in relief. Linda comes in, curious. David, sitting on the chair, hangs up the phone, takes her hands. Looks up at her.

DAVID

It's not him. It's not Ted!

LINDA

Oh.

DAVID

Ted Kaczynski is NOT the Unabomber!

He buries his head in her. She holds his head. Stares into the middle distance. Not sharing in his joy. And not sure what to say.

CUT TO:

7

**EXT. BEHAVIORAL ANALYSIS UNIT (BAU) HEADQUARTERS -
QUANTICO, VA - DAY (D27)**

7

The hulking facade of grey concrete.

8

INT. BAU - OFFICES - DAY (D27)

8

A fluorescent-lit cubicle city. The profilers all working away. The sound of clacking keyboards and paper shuffling.

(CONTINUED)

8

FITZ works in his cubicle. Analyzing a case file. On either side of him, agents are doing data-entry in primitive Excel.

Fitz watches until MCALPINE passes out of sight. Then Fitz slides the case file aside, and pulls out THE MANIFESTO hidden underneath. Diving back in. An addict, hiding his stash. *

Then -- a shadow falls over Fitz's cubicle. He turns to see McAlpine standing behind him. *

Fitz slowly closes the Manifesto. Caught red-handed.

McAlpine sits on the edge of Fitz's desk. Considering him long and hard. *What am I going to do with you?* *

MCALPINE *

Two months you've been back here.
Two months of sleepwalking. Half
an eye on that Manifesto there, the
other half on the fax machine.
Like a teenage girl waiting for her
ex to call. He dumped you! Move
on! You are capable of GREAT
things here! But not until you let
Unabom go.

Then, the sound of the FAX MACHINE in the next room. A DOG WHISTLE to Fitz -- he sits up straight, suddenly bright-eyed and itching to leave.

McAlpine slumps: Fine, go. *

9 **INT. BAU - COPY ROOM (D27)** 9

Fitz sits by the FAX MACHINE, devouring the pages as they come through.

10 **LATER (D27)** 10

He's sitting in a pile of discarded pages. On the phone with TABBY -- still reading pages as they come through--

FITZ

Nothing. Nothing by him. Is this
all you've gotten?

11 **INTERCUT WITH: INT. UTF - COPY ROOM (D27)** 11

TABBY

I weeded out the, like, grocery
lists and stuff.

(CONTINUED)

11

11

FITZ

Get me those too. I need to see
EVERYTHING.

TABBY

Fitz, come on-- There's a million-
dollar reward, you have any idea
how much crap we get in?

FITZ

EVERYTHING, Tabby.

Tabby hangs up the phone. Grumbling to herself as she hefts
the BANKER'S BOX and starts going through the DREGS, feeding
them into the fax machine.

It's truly a collection of junk: Birthday cards, scrawled
hate-mail, angry notes to neighbors, elaborate swastika-art,
violent cartoons.

12

HOURS LATER (D27)

12

Tabby, bored and annoyed, finally finishes the lot. On the
phone with Fitz:

TABBY

The last page is going through now.
... Well, I told you that two
hours ago! Jesus.

She slams down the phone. Takes the empty banker's box,
starts to shovel the papers back in. Then double-takes.

A yellow carbon-copy EVIDENCE RECEIPT tucked in the very
bottom of the box. Genelli's signature at the bottom. Tabby
pulls it out, looks it over. Weird...

13

INT. UTF - BASEMENT SERVER ROOM - DAY (D27)

13

Tabby and GENELLI among the server racks of the MPP.

TABBY

I got an evidence receipt in my
inbox, but no document. Your name
on the bottom?

GENELLI

Oh man, that one's all kinds of
crazy. It was this long letter.
Total anonymity, D.C. lawyer, all
hush-hush... All for nothing.
Forensics ruled it out. Wrong
typewriter!

(CONTINUED)

13

TABBY
Mind if I take a peek?

GENELLI
If you can catch it before it goes
back, knock yourself out. But it's
the wrong typewriter.

*
*

14 **INT. BAU - OFFICES - DAY (D27)** 14

End of the workday. Fitz sits in his cubicle. Surrounded by
all the vile hate-mail that Tabby faxed through.

15 **INT. FITZGERALD HOME - KITCHEN (D27)** 15

In the kitchen, ELLIE, SAM, DAVEY, and ROBBIE eat dinner in
silence. Ellie watches the TV on the counter. Sam and Davey
are both on their Gameboys.

They hardly look up when Fitz comes home. Gets his food,
sits down. Ellie barely glances at Fitz. Nobody talks.

Fitz chews in silence.

This is *broken*.

16 **INT. UTF - FORENSICS LAB - DAY (D27)** 16

Tabby wanders down through the forensics lab, finds ERNIE
working there.

TABBY
Hey, Negro!

ERNIE
Whatup, Broad?

She cackles. They execute a complicated handshake. Tabby
slides onto the lab table.

TABBY
Yo, look, did a long-ass letter
cross your desk down here? Wrong
typewriter, blah blah?

Ernie looks at her askance. Tabby smiles, bats her eyes,
tries to look coquettish.

ERNIE
You look like you're having a
stroke. I'm about to bag it up,
send it back to the lawyer. Why?

(CONTINUED)

16

Tabby keeps batting her eyes strokily. Until Ernie caves. He tosses her latex gloves, points to an open document box.

Tabby snaps on the gloves play-seductively. Ernie shudders.

Tabby starts reading the letter. Expecting to dismiss it immediately.

Instead -- Huh... Something about it gives her pause. It's not a "eureka" match -- but she can't dismiss it either.

TABBY

Hey, Ernie... Can you put your headphones on and look over there for like, ten minutes?

ERNIE

That's do-not-distribute. It can't leave this room. If the boss catches you with that -- or finds out that I let you--

TABBY

It's all on me. You looked away, I stole it. FIVE MINUTES. Pleeese?

ERNIE

Mail Boy's coming for it in THREE.

TABBY

THANK YOU!

And Tabby grabs the letter and RUNS out of the room --

17

INT. UTF - COPY ROOM - DAY (D27)

17

Tabby feeds the pages into the fax machine. Simultaneously calling Fitz. It rings and rings...

TABBY

Come on, come on, pick up...

18

INT. MOVIE THEATER - EVENING (D27)

18

Fitz, Sam, and Davey are watching TWELVE MONKEYS. Fitz's pager goes off. Then, AGAIN. He curses under his breath.

FITZ

I'll be right back.

19 **IN THE LOBBY - ON THE PAYPHONE (D27)** 19

TABBY
Where have you been?

FITZ
I'm at the movies--it's later here--

20 **IN THE UTF COPY ROOM (D27)** 20

Tabby is feeding the letter through the fax.

TABBY
Jesus, Fitz-- There's a 23-page
letter going through RIGHT NOW!
It's do-not-distribute, sitting in
the fax machine tray at the BAU--
Shit dude, if I get caught--

FITZ
I'm going there now! I'm GOING!

21 **INT. THE MOVIE THEATER - A MOMENT LATER (D27)** 21

FITZ
(whispering to the boys:)
I have to run to work -- You guys
okay here? I'll be back before
it's over. Take care of your
brother.

Davey nods. Fitz RUNS out of the theater--

22 **INT. UTF - FORENSICS LAB (D27)** 22

Tabby runs in, SLAMS the 23-page letter back into the document box.

Just in time, as the MAIL BOY appears in the door.

Ernie shoots Tabby a look: that was too close. Ernie grabs the letter, bags it, puts it into a padded envelope.

23 **INT. BAU COPY ROOM - NIGHT (N27)** 23

Fitz comes running into the Copy Room. The FAX machine is blinking, out of paper-- Fitz jams in a stack of paper, hits the button-- whacks the fax machine--

Then the pages start spitting out. And he sits right there on the ground and READS. DEVOURING the pages-- PAGE. PAGE. PAGE. Muttering out loud to himself--

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

"Continued scientific progress will inevitably result in the extinction of individual liberty..."
"Technology"... "freedom"..."control"... Oh my GOD! It's HIM!

INTERCUT WITH INT. UTF - BULLPEN: (N27)

Fitz is SHOUTING on the phone with Tabby -

TABBY (INTO PHONE)

Are you sure? I read it too and--

FITZ (INTO PHONE)

It's HIM! This is an OUTLINE of the Manifesto! It's the same ideas, in the same order-- the way he writes, the idiolect, it's IDENTICAL. What's the NAME? WHAT'S HIS NAME?

TABBY

I don't know -- it came in from some D.C. lawyer, anonymous--- Look, it's D-N-D, you gotta shred your copy--

FITZ

What lawyer?!? I'm IN D.C.-- WHAT LAWYER?

TABBY

I DON'T KNOW! Okay look-- Let me go through proper channels, okay?

Fitz is almost frothing at the mouth-- losing it--

FITZ

Just FIND OUT! I DON'T CARE HOW!
THIS IS HIM! THE MAN WHO WROTE
THIS LETTER IS THE UNABOMBER!

Then he hears a SOUND behind him, quickly shoves all the fax pages into his jacket pocket, and turns to see

Ellie in the doorway. With Sam and Davey. Robbie in her arms. A security guard escorting them.

The boys are upset. Davey is CRYING. Ellie is FURIOUS.

*

SAM

Dad, where were you? We waited and waited but they kicked us out.

ELLIE

What's happening, Fitz? I thought I'd come here and find you dead. Why the HELL would you abandon your CHILDREN?

FITZ

It's only been a minute-- I was going to be back before the movie-- Why, how long have I--

DAVEY

It's been four hours, dad! I'm sorry, I didn't want to call Mom... But I had to pee--

Davey starts crying again.

Fitz looks at him. Realizing -- somewhere in there, hours just vanished into Unabom. And he crumples.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

*

25 INT. UTF - HALLWAY - DAY (D28)

25

*

Tabby walks with COLE and ACKERMAN. She's made her pitch. Cole shakes his head.

COLE

You're seriously trying to argue that the famously anti-technology Unabomber has TWO similar-but-not-identical typewriters?

TABBY

Look, Chief, I know what forensics said. But the language of that letter is really similar to the Manifesto, the ideas are laid out in a similar way, and I really think--

ACKERMAN

I read it too. I didn't see it. You find something concrete that I missed?

COLE

Is there an analyse with an "s"? Or a wilful with one "L"? Or any of your other special spellings?
(tapping his head, off her surprise:)
Steel trap.

TABBY

Well. Not exactly. No. It's more the overall--

A look passes between Ackerman and Cole.

TABBY

I'm just saying this is a strong lead and we should go down the road with it. Track down the writer, do some interviews--

ACKERMAN

You don't understand the provenance here. We got a publicity-hound lawyer repping a paranoid informant who insists the letter writer, his own brother, is NOT the Unabomber.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

Insisting on total anonymity, no distro, and if the brother finds out we're reading his stuff, they'll all sue. And you want me to shove my head into that hornet's nest, at a time when Director Freeh has me under the MICROSCOPE -- over a letter that forensics says is conclusively NOT a match?!

(beat, throwing a bone)

Look, we'll come back to it. Let's revisit this conversation in a month or two and see where we are. Okay? Good work, Agent.

Ackerman and Cole move on. Tabby stews a moment in the empty hallway. Then sees the MAIL BOY go past, pushing his cart. *

She waits until the mail boy goes into an office. Then pounces on the unattended cart.

TABBY

Bad move, Tabby... bad, bad, move....

She rifles through until she finds the PADDED ENVELOPE.

The name: ANTHONY BISCEGLIE

An address in Washington, D.C.

And, underneath, "RE:CLIENT NO. 31040"

INT. UTF - COPY ROOM - DAY (D28)

Tabby talks into the phone, chatty and loud and without pause, checking her HAND where she's written it all down:

TABBY

Heya, it's Francine in Accounting. I got an incomplete billing record here, you ready? Hey, are you coming out with us tonight? "While You Were Sleeping," opening night! You should come. Record number 31040, I need an address. I mean Peter Gallagher, riiiiight?

(taking down the address)

Okay, thanks hun. See you laaater!

She hangs up. Pauses a moment. Deep breath. She knows she shouldn't make this next call. But--

26

TABBY

Fitz. How sure are you about this letter? Because--

(listening -- "very sure")

Okay. Listen to me: anything and everything you get from this HAS to come in through ME. You do not talk to ANYONE in the UTF without going to me first and making a plan. So we don't both get fired. Understand?

(listening)

Okay. Got a pen?

27

INT. A BEDROOM - DAY (D28)

27

Fitz writes down the address. Hangs up the phone. And we cut wide to reveal:

He's not in his home. He's in A CRUMMY MOTEL ROOM. Living here now.

28

EXT. FITZGERALD HOME - PORCH - NIGHT (N28)

28

Ellie, in her bathrobe, hands Fitz a stack of his clothes.

FITZ

I could have gotten those. You didn't need to...

Ellie stands between Fitz and the front door. Arms crossed.

ELLIE

I don't really want you... You know, inside here.

*

Fitz takes this in. It hurts.

FITZ

I'm gonna finish this case. I'm gonna get this guy. And then we'll put it all back together. Start over.

ELLIE

(shaking her head)

You don't even realize you were WRONG, do you? What you did to those boys. What you're doing now.

A beat. The unbridgeable distance between them. When Ellie speaks, it's with pity and concern and a sad, soft finality.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

ELLIE

You know what, Jim? The boys and I, we're going to be fine. It's all gonna work out for us. But unless you stop now... I don't know how this all ends for you. I really don't. Because it's not the case. It's you.

Fitz looks at her a beat. Then takes the clothes and walks away. Ellie watches from the porch as Fitz gets into his car and drives away into the night. Gone.

29 **INT./EXT. FITZ'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT (N28)** 29

Fitz drives through the night... We don't know where he's going.... Driving on and on...

30 **NOW IT'S MORNING (D29)** 30 *

And he's driving through RAIN... On suburban streets now, hunting for the address until he pulls up in front of

31 **EXT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S HOUSE - FRONT STEPS - DAY [RAIN] (D29)** 31

Fitz takes cover under the little dormer roof as the rain pounds down. Rings the bell. Then knocks.

The door cracks. David Kaczynski peeks through. He doesn't take the door off the chain. Fitz shows his FBI badge.

FITZ

Hi, I'm Special Agent James Fitzgerald. I thought we might have a word. Can I come in?

DAVID

What are you doing here? How did you get my name? My address? Who the hell-- *
*
*

FITZ

It's about the letter. Please, if-- *
*

DAVID

I already know about the letter. I don't know how you got my name and address, but I want you off my property. NOW. *
*
*
*

FITZ

You already know about the letter? *

DAVID

Yeah, the FBI called my lawyer, he called me. So while I appreciate this in-person harassment, if it's not him we don't have anything to talk about.

*
*
*
*
*

He starts to shut the door. Fitz stops it with his hand.

*

FITZ

David. I'm sorry to be here telling you this. But I read the letter you submitted. And the man who wrote that letter IS the Unabomber.

Dead silence. Then:

DAVID

Are you joking? What kind of an operation-- Who even ARE you?

FITZ

I'm the profiler assigned to the Unabom investigation. I'll explain everything if you'd let me in and--

DAVID

What kind of a slimy, incompetent-- Does your boss know you're here? Because he personally called my lawyer to communicate that the FBI RULED OUT Ted as a suspect. So--

FITZ

(SEIZING on this--)
"Ted." Is that his name?!?

DAVID

Get out.

FITZ

David--

DAVID

GET OUT! GET OFF MY PROPERTY! I did the right thing, I came forward, and he was CLEARED! Now GET OUT and stop harassing me, before I call the POLICE!

David SLAMS the door in Fitz's face. Deadbolts SLAM home.

32

EXT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S HOUSE - LATER [RAIN] (D29)

32

David, in a raincoat, trots to his car through the heavy rain. Startles when he sees

Fitz, standing at his rear bumper. Drenched to the bone. He's been there a while and he's not going away.

FITZ

The FBI has gotten thousands of letters sent in. Mothers turning in sons. Wives turning in husbands. Brothers all over the COUNTRY turning in their brothers, just like you. I know you thought this was all over and me being here is your worst nightmare. But I've read every piece of writing that came in. I've read thousands of possible leads. And I've only knocked on ONE DOOR.

David glares at Fitz. David WRENCHES the car door open and leaps inside.

Fitz has to LEAP out of the way of the car as David backs out of the driveway, splashes through the puddles, and squeals off down the street.

But then -- David's car STOPS. It idles there in the middle of the street.

Fitz starts toward the car. Then RUNS over as the passenger window rolls down. He stands outside the window in the rain as David looks out at him. Doors still locked.

DAVID

You're an FBI profiler, right? Well I did my research. I know you're looking for an airline mechanic, about 45 years old, uneducated. He doesn't fit the profile AT ALL.

FITZ

That's not the profile.

DAVID

Then why did I see one of your own bosses on Charlie Rose saying--

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

That's the profile they've been using. But that profile is wrong.

DAVID

The FBI profile is all wrong, even though they're standing by it. Your own boss was wrong when he ruled out my brother's letter. Everyone else is wrong except for you. You know, I counsel at-risk kids. I tell them, if it seems like the entire world is crazy and you're the only sane one? It's time to take a hard look in the mirror. You knocked on the wrong door.

FITZ

You wouldn't have stopped your car if you believed that, deep down.

David considers this for a moment. Then, annoyed, starts to roll up the window.

FITZ

Wait, wait! Please. Let me just tell you my profile. The REAL profile. If it's not a match for your brother, you can drive away in good conscience and we'll never meet each other again.

David relents. Rolls the window back down.

Fitz, huddled and cold, the rain pouring down on him. Laying it all on the line. Deep breath.

FITZ

He's 50 to 55 years old. Raised near Chicago, and read the Chicago Tribune as a boy. He got a Ph.D. between 1967 and 1972. Since then he's become cut off from the world. No TV, no pop culture. No romantic relationships. No close friends. He's isolated. He's lonely.

Digging deep now -- he's describing HIMSELF as much as the Unabomber and he knows it.

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

He's smart, patient, extremely precise. And he's angry. Thin-skinned. Takes offense easily, and lashes out at the people he loves because he's got no one else in his life. He feels under-appreciated, victimized, sidelined by his less-talented peers... who he expects will suffer bitterly when he's ultimately vindicated. And he's lonely. He longs for human connection, but doesn't know how to find it. And it's breaking him apart.

DAVID

Linda put you up to this. Linda went behind my back and she talked to you about Ted and--

FITZ

I don't know who Linda is. I know NOTHING about you or about your brother or anyone in your life. But I do know the Unabomber. I know him like I know myself.

David slumps behind the wheel. You can see the fight go out of him. Then he reaches over and unlocks the door.

Fitz gets in, sits next to David. David stares straight ahead through the rain-soaked windshield. Until, quietly:

DAVID

Ted. His name is Ted.

END ACT TWO

*

ACT THREE

CLOSE ON:

34 **TED KACZYNSKI (D29)** 34

Smiling at us. Proud.

He's young, surprisingly handsome. A neat beard and a red woolen coat.

DAVID'S VOICE

That's my brother, Ted.

We're looking at a PHOTOGRAPH. And we pull back to reveal -- Ted's standing in front of the iconic CABIN. It's brand-new, with a fresh coat of barn-red paint.

And then -- the iconic UNABOMBER SKETCH plops down next to the photo. Fitz looks up from the photo album. He's in

35 **DAVID KACZYNSKI'S LIVING ROOM (D29)** 35

Just him and David, sitting across from each other. The conversation is highly charged.

DAVID

And THIS is the Unabomber. They look nothing like each other. Not even close. I've looked at this drawing for hours--

FITZ

But-- That's not the Unabomber.

DAVID

It's an eyewitness sketch! This woman, at Rentech--

FITZ

Tammy Fluehe. The only person ever to see the Unabomber. The day after the bombing a local sketch artist goes in, she describes the man she saw. The sketch is published, and it's so close that the Unabomber goes into hiding for seven years. But this isn't that sketch.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FITZ (CONT'D)

In 1994, ten years after Tammy saw the Unabomber, Ackerman decides he wants a new sketch. He sends a new sketch artist back to Tammy, and what he gets is this. It's iconic, it's scary, it's a huge PR win for Ackerman. It's the boogeyman of the 90s. But it's NOT the Unabomber. That second time around? Tammy was describing the ORIGINAL SKETCH ARTIST. One of those weird tricks of human memory. She was remembering remembering the Unabomber. You gotta figure: she saw the Unabomber for four seconds, she sat with the Artist for a whole afternoon... Over time, it blurs.

David looks skeptical. Fitz digs around in his briefcase. Pulls out a newspaper clipping showing the FIRST SKETCH ARTIST. Places it next to the FAMOUS UNABOMBER SKETCH. It's THE SAME MAN.

DAVID

(afraid to ask)

What about the original sketch?
What does it look like?

Fitz, almost regretfully, pulls out a copy of THE ORIGINAL SKETCH. And when Fitz places it next to the TED PHOTO -- David lets out a groan from the depths of his soul.

It's TED.

A long silence as David wrestles with his new reality. Fitz turns back to the PHOTO OF TED by the cabin. Delicately:

FITZ

Is that where he lives?

DAVID

We built it together. Out in the wilderness. He's a mathematician, designed the cabin in a perfect mathematical ratio. But he's got no electricity, no running water. It's... perfect simplicity.

Fitz goes carefully, drawing out the information he needs.

FITZ

You grew up in Chicago, right? But where is this?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Western Montana. Middle of nowhere, but God, it's beautiful. It's a beautiful life. He lives off the land, forages and hunts for food, has a little garden. Lives on something like \$400 a year.

FITZ

No job?

DAVID

Odd jobs here and there. But he lives just about as far outside the system as anyone can in this day and age. A lot of people--well, my wife anyway--look at that and say he's... crazy.

David stops talking. Leaving his own feelings unsaid. But Fitz knows what he's thinking, and Fitz is thinking it too:

FITZ

He has the courage to live according to his ideals. I admire that.

DAVID

I do too.

David considers Fitz. Recognizing a kindred spirit. Then David sighs. Because with Ted, it's complicated.

DAVID

Though. Ted going to the woods was a little bit of a push-pull situation. He was pulled out there by his ideals. But there was a push, too. Not long after this photo was taken.

(without transition:)

Ted wouldn't hurt a fly. I know you think he's-- You know-- But he's a gentle, gentle soul.

Fitz nods. Treading lightly. But he has to know:

FITZ

What was the push?

David sighs. Then launches in:

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

We built the cabin together. After a while Ted ran out of money and came back to Chicago. I got him a job at this foam factory where my dad had worked. I was foreman that summer.

And then we see

THE FOAM FACTORY [1978] (FB D8)

Where DAVID shows up to work in the morning. Unlocks the door to the factory, and steps INSIDE--

DAVID'S VOICE (V.O.)

Well, Ted had a crush on this girl Ellen who he worked with there. And he asked her out. They went on a couple of dates. One time they went apple picking, then baked an apple pie in my mom's kitchen. But you know, Ted's not great with people. And Ellen told him she didn't want to see him again.

David STOPS SHORT. Staring -- what the HELL?

The factory is plastered with HUNDREDS of sheets of typing paper. Each one with a five-line poem on it.

DAVID'S VOICE (V.O.)

She was polite about it. But the next morning I came into work, and the whole place was covered in these dirty limericks. All about Ellen.

David rips down one of the sheets of paper. Reads it and goes ashen-faced.

DAVID

*"There once was a woman named Ellen
whose fanny was very repelling--"
...What the HECK?!*

DAVID'S VOICE (V.O.)

I mean, there must have been a hundred fifty copies. EVERYWHERE.

David strides down the factory floor, tearing down as many of the limericks as he can get his hands on.

He comes around a corner to find TED, taping one of the sheets to a piece of machinery. David strides up to him, angrily tears it down.

DAVID

What are you DOING Ted?! Stop.
STOP!

Ted just smiles at him. Then, looking David right in the eye, he takes a length of tape, attaches it to the top of a sheet of paper -- and SLAPS the paper up against the wall, right next to David's head. David seethes.

DAVID

Ted... go home. GO! HOME!

DAVID

I had to fire my own big brother.
That's when he really made the
break, took that last paycheck and
moved to the cabin for good.

FITZ

What he did at the factory that day
was a "letter-bombing." He made
anonymous messages into his
weapons. It's Unabom in miniature.
Right down to the typewriter.

DAVID

Twenty years later, and he's still
sending letter-bombs and anonymous
Manifestos. And here I am, twenty
years later, selling my brother
out. Choosing the system over HIM.
AGAIN.

David shakes his head. Rubs his temples.

DAVID

This was 1978. The Unabomber's
first bomb was just a few months
after that. Maybe if I hadn't
fired him, if I'd stuck by his
side, maybe none of this would have
happened.

(realizing:)

He must have built it in his
room... in our parents' house...
God, if I'd known--

FITZ

It's not your fault, David.

DAVID

More love could have turned him around... He's a human, with a soul, all he's looking for is love and I couldn't give it to him... I chose comfort and convenience and indifference over what was right, over love. A thousand small choices where I did the easy thing and it all adds up to THIS.

FITZ

He experimented for years before the first bomb. He was primed to go off. It was just a matter of time.

David shrugs. He only half-accepts this.

FITZ

Do you still talk with your brother? Call him, visit?

DAVID

He doesn't have a phone. But we used to write. Until a few years ago. He wrote so many letters. He'd send the next one before we could even respond. We have, probably, hundreds of them.

Fitz tries to hide his excitement.

FITZ

I need those letters, David. I need every letter you have.

DAVID

A bunch are in my abri in Texas. The rest are at my mom's house. She's close by, we can go and get them.

(realizing:)

God. We'll have to tell her. We'll have to tell her that her own son... and that I turned him in...

And he hides his face in his hands.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

You said there were five hundred brothers... a thousand mothers... Why did it have to be MINE? What did I do in some past life to be screwed by the universe like this?

Fitz leans forward. Earnest, speaking from the heart now:

FITZ

The world is SO LUCKY that it was YOU. Do you know what would have happened if it had been someone else? 99% of them? They would have lacked the awareness, or lacked the COURAGE, to make that call. They would have let it go. Or they would have let FEAR get in the way of doing what was RIGHT. And we would never know who he was. We would never be able to stop him.

(beat, intense now:)

You take on that burden of suffering, of guilt, of self-recrimination. So that the rest of us can sleep safely at night. It's the most anyone can give.

Fitz is talking about David, but also talking about himself.

These two men, bonded together in the strange vortex of UNABOM.

Then -- the door opens and Linda comes in, carrying groceries.

LINDA

Heeeeyyy!

(seeing Fitz:)

Oh. What's going on?

David looks at her. Deep breath. Explanation time.

CUT TO:

Close on WANDA KACZYNSKI (78, tiny, sharp) as she struggles to process the news. In shock.

David, Linda, and Fitz are all sitting across from her. Ashamed. Finally, Wanda works through it.

(CONTINUED)

WANDA KACZYNSKI

If it's him, he must be stopped.
Those victims... they all had
mothers too.

Her voice is fragile. She and David look at each other.
Tears in her eyes. In his eyes too.

WANDA KACZYNSKI

But... He was such a happy boy.
He was so gentle with you David, so
loving... Don't you remember? ...
How does a sweet little boy become
a killer? How, Agent?

*
*
*
*

Long silence.

*

WANDA KACZYNSKI

Is there no answer?

There is no answer.

39

INT. WANDA KACZYNSKI'S LIVING ROOM - LATER (D29)

39

David carries in a chest, opens it.

Fitz GOGGLES -- it's filled with TED'S LETTERS.

FITZ

Ted wrote ALL of these?

Wanda nods sadly. Fitz kneels down before the box. Paging
through. Over a hundred letters, papers, publications...

He looks up at David and Wanda. His eyes GLOWING.

It's a TREASURE CHEST.

CUT TO:

40

INT./EXT. FITZ'S CAR / SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY [RAIN] (D29) 40

Fitz drives off. The CHEST OF DOCUMENTS on the passenger's
seat.

He tries to focus on the road -- but can't --

Opens the chest and starts PAWING THROUGH THE DOCUMENTS --
the letters, letter after letter -- the RAIN beating down on
the car --

HIS writing, HIS typing -- it's ALL THERE --

(CONTINUED)

And he looks back to the road just in time to see that he's just RUN A RED LIGHT without even realizing it -- he glances back to the letters, and then --

A PEDESTRIAN appears out of the rain -- staring at him in FEAR --

SCREEEEECH!

Fitz SQUEALS to a STOP --

The PEDESTRIAN stares at him. Terrified, a deer in the headlights.

Fitz stares back. One hand in the chest of letters. The other on the wheel.

A long moment when Fitz and the pedestrian stare at each other, one more scared than the other.

Then the pedestrian runs off, disappears in the mist and rain.

Fitz sits there. Catching his breath. The RAIN beating down on the car.

END ACT THREE

*

ACT FOUR

*

41 **INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT - THE FOLLOWING NIGHT (N30)** 41 *

NATALIE opens the door and Fitz bursts through. Directly off the plane. He drops the big box of letters onto her kitchen table. He's FIRED UP and SHE IS TOO -- *

Two RESCUE DOGS (different from the dogs in 101) run laps around the room, responding to the humans' excitement --

FITZ

It's HIM! Come, look with me!

They DIG INTO THE LETTERS -- reading them at random, spreading them out -- Time starts passing without them being aware of it, complete, whirling absorption --

NATALIE

Oh my God-- Does the spelling--?

FITZ

Yes! Look! And the diction is right on --

NATALIE

It's really him--

FITZ

I need to present this to the UTF.
I need to make them see it too.

NATALIE

Yeah, we can do that. Let's start here--

They huddle over the table, side by side. And in quick cuts, we see them working through the night --

42 **LATER (N30)** 42

A COMPARATIVE CHART comes together, cut and pasted from photocopies... A TIMELINE... A biography... Working together, cutting and pasting, firing off each other's enthusiasm, hours flying by...

43 **LATER (N30)** 43

And finally they take a step back. Taking in their work.

NATALIE

It's him.

(CONTINUED)

FITZ
Do we have it?

NATALIE
We have him. We have him!

They look at each other. Glowing. Joyful.

Their enthusiasm spilling over -- And then they're moving closer --

And Natalie goes in for a KISS.

Fitz kisses back.

It electric, we've been waiting for it for so long and so have they --

Then Natalie goes for more --

Her arms around Fitz --

He pulls back.

FITZ
What are you doing?

NATALIE
I thought-- You said you left your, you know, your wife, and--

FITZ
Yeah, but... Um...

Fitz instinctively turns back to the documents to hide his feelings.

She looks at him. A beat.

HUMILIATION coming over her.

She sits back down at the table.

NATALIE
Wow. ... Wow.

FITZ
I'm sorry. I didn't... Thank you.

NATALIE
"Thank you"?!

43

Fitz tries to say something. Goes back to the papers for a moment. Then back to Natalie. But she's realizing:

NATALIE

You left your wife. You came all the way across the country, to ME. But you're not here for me at all. You're here for HIM.

FITZ

I came for you. I did.

She looks at him: Who are you kidding?

NATALIE

I'm just some accessory to get you closer to him, aren't I. Oh my God-- You're using me to get to HIM.

Fitz tries to object, but on his face we can see -- she's RIGHT.

She stands there for a moment, staring at him. Then turns and WALKS OUT.

NATALIE

I gotta walk the dogs. You can let yourself out.

The tinkling of dog collars. A DOOR SLAM.

Fitz stares after her for a moment. But then, released from having to pretend, dives RIGHT BACK INTO THE PAPERS.

44

INT. UTF - BULLPEN - THE NEXT MORNING (D31) 44

Fitz strides in. Carrying the CHEST OF LETTERS. A secretary pursues Fitz, trying to stop him. *

SECRETARY *

You need to wait for an escort Sir-- *

FITZ *

I just need to talk to Special Agent Milgrim. *

The bullpen slowly goes silent as people take notice of him. *

AGENT *

Holeeee crap.... *

Fitz finds his way to TABBY'S DESK. She's not there. He looks around. Everyone's staring. *

(CONTINUED)

FITZ
Where's Tabby?

The Agents just shrug. Fitz shakes his head, mutters to himself. Drops the box onto Tabby's desk, grabs a phone and dials her PAGER NUMBER.

And then -- on the far side of the bullpen, Cole passes by. He glances into the bullpen. Then DOUBLE-TAKES when he sees Fitz.

He and Fitz stare at each other across the bullpen for a moment. Then Cole turns red. Apoplectic. CHARGES for Fitz.

Fitz watches Cole coming. Then makes a split-second decision. He GRABS the chest of documents and RUNS for the stairs --

Tabby enters the bullpen. Silencing her pager.

TABBY
Hey, did someone beep me?

She sees Fitz UP ABOVE, striding along the mezzanine hallway.

TABBY
Oh crap. Fitz? Fitz! What are you doing?!

And for a moment, Fitz locks eyes with Tabby. We can see his repentance on his face-- He didn't mean it to go this way-- But then, from behind him:

COLE
HEY!

45 **IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (D31)**

45

Fitz looks. Cole coming right after him, a pair of Alpha-Agents close behind.

Fitz turns away from Tabby and rushes down the hall. CRASHES through a door, into

46 **INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM (D31)**

46

Where he interrupts a meeting of the top agents. Ackerman, Genelli, and a few others. The room suddenly goes silent.

They all STARE at Fitz in shock as he charges in and PLUNKS the chest of letters down on the table.

FITZ

I have our man. I have the
Unabomber.

The room is DEADLY SILENT. And then, a winded Cole bursts in *
behind Fitz and the room erupts into SHOUTING -- *

ACKERMAN/GENELLI/COLE

What the hell--?!/ Who let you in *
here?! / Who do you think you are--

Fitz grabs a marker and writes on the board: TED KACZYNSKI.
Slaps a copy of the PHOTO of Ted up onto the board.

FITZ

You asked me to put a name on your
board! I'm putting a name up!
Theodore Kaczynski. He lives in a
cabin in Lincoln, Montana. He's
our man! He's the Unabomber! You
asked for a name--

COLE

We asked you for a name two months
ago. Before you disgraced your
S.A.C. in front of the FBI Director
and led this whole investigation
down a blind alley. *

Cole starts toward Fitz to throw him out. Until--

ACKERMAN

(withering:)
I was not "disgraced," Stan.
(as Cole wilts)
You have five minutes. Go. *

FITZ

Ted Kaczynski. Born in 1942
outside Chicago, making him 53
years old. He's got an I.Q. of
167, a bonafide genius. He
attended Harvard at age SIXTEEN.
He got his Ph.D. in Mathematics at
University of Michigan in 1968,
which correlates with the
formatting of the Manifesto. His *
dissertation was brilliant, won *
prizes, got published, but was so
advanced that only five or six
mathematicians in the world could
even understand it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FITZ (CONT'D)

Which plays into his desire to be listened to and acknowledged as a logical, genius thinker.

As he goes, he hands around photocopied PHOTOS OF TED -- as a teenager, at graduation, at Berkeley.

Genelli whispers to his TECHIE, sends him out on a mission.

FITZ

He taught mathematics at Berkeley for two years, which is where his association with the Bay Area began. Then he withdrew into the wilderness. He and his brother built that cabin, and Ted went back and forth between Chicago and the cabin for a few years before he moved into the woods permanently. He's living the life he describes in the Manifesto. Free from technology. And completely alone.

COLE

Lots of people live like that. Lots of people have big degrees and grew up in Chicago. He fits your profile, okay fine. But that doesn't make him the Unabomber.

FITZ

Except -- in 1971, he wrote a letter that can only be described as a trial run for the Manifesto. It mirrors the Manifesto point by point. The same order of ideas, the same preoccupations, the same linguistic idiosyncrasies.

He unveils the COMPARATIVE CHART that he and Natalie made.

*

FITZ

Excerpts from Kaczynski's letter at the top, relevant parts of the Manifesto at the bottom.

The agents all gather around the chart. Taking it in.

Ackerman looks from the letter to Fitz and back again.

ACKERMAN

Where'd you get this letter, Fitz?

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

His brother read the Manifesto when we published it. And recognized it as having been written by Kaczynski. Which is exactly why we had it published, right?

Ackerman looks at him closely. Mentally bookmarking something. *

FITZ

(off the chest:)

Plus I have about 100 more letters from Ted Kaczynski to analyze. The brother is getting even more from his property in Texas. We should have those in a day or two.

Fitz fishes out a posterboard from the chest, pins it up: it's a timeline of dates and locations in the life of Ted Kaczynski, with corresponding Unabom dates and places.

FITZ

I used Kaczynski's letters to map his movements for the past twenty years. And they track closely with the Unabom events over the same period of time. He's familiar with Chicago, the Bay Area, and Salt Lake City, the Unabom nexes. He feels safe in university settings, which explains the bombs he personally placed at Northwestern, UC Berkeley, and University of Utah. He fits the profile. He fits the timeline. The language is a match. We've got our man. Ted Kaczynski is the Unabomber. *

Fitz gives a slight grin. And the whole room takes this in. *

Everyone stares at the picture of Ted on the wall. *

And on Ackerman's face: Fitz might actually be right... *

END ACT FOUR *

ACT FIVE

*

47

INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (D31)

47

*

The UTF bosses are pushing back -- Genelli's Techie has returned with a handful of printouts, and now Genelli is leading the chorus of objections:

*

*

*

GENELLI

I ran a search in the MPP.
Kaczynski's not in Tier One. He's not in Tier Two. He's not even in our initial pool of 15 million. He's NOWHERE! A statistical null. Computationally, he's not a suspect.

COLE

Plus, however well he fits... He's 3,000 miles away! Every single Unabom letter and every single Unabom package was mailed from the Bay Area. You're saying this guy drove three days every time he wanted to mail a letter?

FITZ

Well... Took the bus. He doesn't have a car.

COLE

Oh, come ON!

But Ackerman is thinking. He's on to something.

ACKERMAN

It would explain why his letters always came in batches. That always confused me -- he'd drop a dozen letters and two mailbombs all at the same time, then go silent for months before his next burst.

*

*

A silence. And we can feel the pieces clicking in the minds of the other agents too:

*

*

GENELLI

And... I'm not saying it's him, but his bombs come mostly in spring and summer. Lots of snow in Montana, makes it hard to travel by bus.

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

It would also explain our failed sting, too. He probably DID buy the Washington Post -- but in Montana, not San Francisco.

And like that, the room has come around. You can feel it. Even Cole grudgingly comes on board:

COLE

We'll have to move very, very carefully. Unabomber or not, he's got guns, he can live off the land... At minimum he's a flight risk. Worst case it's Ruby Ridge, Montana Edition.

ACKERMAN

Cole, set up a stakeout in Lincoln, Montana. Get eyes on the cabin, see if we can get bank records and start a mail cover. If he's taking the bus there's got to be some record of that.

COLE

Yes sir. I'm on it.

ACKERMAN

Fitz, what's your next steps here?

FITZ

I want to do a complete comparative analysis between the Ted letters and the Unabom documents. Mine them for linguistic evidence that proves that Ted Kaczynski is the author of the Manifesto.

ACKERMAN

Good. Genelli will get you whatever computing power you need. Andy, I want you to sit down with Steve Freccero. He's our AUSA and our DOJ liaison. Start figuring out what we need to feed a Federal Judge to get us inside that cabin.

GENELLI

Yes, sir.

ACKERMAN

From now on, we treat Ted Kaczynski
as Unabom Suspect Number One.

Everyone rolls into action.

Fitz turns to the board, where the photo of Ted looks out at
him. Pauses a moment to savor his victory--*he did it!* Then:

ACKERMAN

Fitz. Stay behind a moment.

Fitz turns. Ackerman weighs the 23-page letter in his hands.

ACKERMAN

If I recall, this came through here
with a "Do Not Distribute" cover.
And you were at the BAU when it
did. Can you shed some light on
that little mystery?

FITZ

(realizing, too late--)
Sir. I acquired that document
through informal channels.

ACKERMAN

Meaning, through Agent Milgrim.
Correct?

FITZ

I acquired the letter. Any
disciplinary action should fall on
me.

ACKERMAN

But you just made yourself
indispensable. Didn't you.

On Fitz's face -- *Oh, shit, what did I do?*

INT. UTF - STAIRCASE - A MOMENT LATER (D31)

Fitz descends the stairs, carrying the chest of letters. *
Tabby is waiting for him at the bottom. He can't meet her *
eyes. *

TABBY

Did you just screw me?

FITZ

Tabby, I'm sorry. I tried to find *
you. I honestly-- I'm so sorry. *

(CONTINUED)

TABBY

I told you everything has to go
through me. I stuck my neck out
and you couldn't even--

She goes pale as Ackerman appears at the top of the stairs.
Beckons for her.

*
*

Fitz watches her walk up the staircase. Leaden-footed. Dead
woman walking.

*
*

Genelli passes by. Indicates for Fitz to follow him.

GENELLI

C'mon Fitz. We have work to do.

Fitz carries the chest of letters after Genelli. He keeps
looking back as Tabby recedes up the long staircase. Until
she passes out of sight. Ackerman follows her, and we hear
the conference room door CLOSE.

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*

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX49 **INT. UTF - BULLPEN - DAY (D31)**

49

Tabby strides across the bullpen, carrying a BANKER'S BOX full of her personal effects.

Fitz chases after her, but she doesn't acknowledge him.

FITZ

Tabby-- Wait, please--

50 **INT. UTF - ENTRYWAY - DAY (D31)**

50

Finally, Tabby WHIRLS on Fitz. Now we see -- she's fighting back tears.

FITZ

I can fix this-- I'll talk to Ackerman--

TABBY

I looked up to you! I wanted to BE like you! When you came in here, it was like, finally someone looks at me and sees my POTENTIAL! I wasn't just Tabby, the street agent who stumbled behind a desk. I finally felt like I could do something COOL, like I could be something more. But you used me and you SCREWED me over. *

FITZ

I didn't mean to-- Tabby, I just didn't realize--

TABBY

You're leaving a trail of burned-out corpses in your wake, man. And it's gonna catch up to you. You're gonna get to the end of the road and realize you've got nobody by your side. *

Fitz tries to touch her shoulder. She flings his hand off.

TABBY

Stay the hell away from me.

And she marches out of the building and is GONE.

(CONTINUED)

Fitz watches her go. Crushed. *What the hell did he do?* *

51 **EXT. UTF - PARKING LOT - DAY (D31)** 51

Tabby finds her car. Throws the box of her stuff into the passenger's seat, then gets in.

52 **INT. TABBY'S CAR (D31)** 52

She slumps into the driver's seat. Sits there, tears in her eyes. Despairing.

She looks over at the passenger's seat. All her stuff has spilled out of the box. The car is a total MESS of books and papers. Packed with all the detritus of the investigation. It's taken over her life.

53 **EXT. UTF - DUMPSTER (D31)** 53

Moments later, Tabby drives up to a DUMPSTER outside the UTF.

Gets out and starts cleaning out her car. She tosses out a beat-up copy of the Manifesto. Tosses out reams of handwritten notes. Photocopied style guides. Photocopies of letters, of dictionary pages, of typewriter exempla, page after page. All of it goes into the dumpster.

Underneath it all, her old Intro to Psych textbook. Her notes from class.

That goes into the dumpster too.

It's cleansing. Freeing. Her whole life, getting lighter and lighter.

Tabby gets back into her car. It's empty, pristine. A clean slate.

And suddenly she feels much, much better.

She puts in her 4 Non Blondes CD. And pulls out.

Life goes on. *

And everything is okay. *

54 **INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - LATER (D31)** 54

Fitz, meanwhile, finds himself back in the basement office. Pulling the documents out of the chest.

He lays the letters out onto the tables. Letter after letter.

Until he's completely surrounded by TED'S WRITINGS.

But completely ALONE.

Fitz pauses, and we can see the toll this all has taken on him. Everything, coming home to roost. He's suddenly haggard, distraught. Fitz rubs his temples. Then reaches for the phone. Goes to dial a number. But there's nobody to call. His finger hovers there a moment. The dial tone hums in the silence.

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Then he hangs up. And goes back to Ted's writings.

*

That's all he has left.

*

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HIGH TEXAS DESERT - DAY (D32)

The hollow cry of MOURNING DOVES. The strange, echoing YIP-YIP-YIP of coyotes.

A hot, bright morning in the middle of nowhere. Endless, silent hills wavering in the heat.

The only sign of human life is the dusty MINIVAN idling on a dirt track a quarter-mile off.

A snuffling, rustling sound from somewhere underground. We see a sheet of CORRUGATED IRON laying flat on the ground, half-covered in dirt. Then the end of the sheet lifts up, revealing a large HOLE IN THE GROUND. When DAVID KACZYNSKI climbs out, we realize -- this is his ABRI. And he's clutching a cloth-wrapped bundle of DOZENS OF LETTERS.

David looks over at the dusty minivan -- and now we see that Linda is waiting inside. She's not about to leave the air conditioning.

David, wrestling with something in his mind, turns away. Back to the desert.

Staring out over the cactus wastes, shimmering in the heat. Drinking in the silence, the emptiness, the heat.

The high, hot yellow sun. He closes his eyes. Feeling it on his face.

Then, back to reality. He turns back toward Linda and the waiting minivan.

56 **INSIDE THE MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER (D32)**

56

David and Linda sit in the parked minivan. Looking out at the desert in silence.

Then, finally:

DAVID

We have to save Ted. Whatever it takes, whatever we need to say or do, we have to save his life. If he dies... I'm as bad as he is.

Linda takes his hand. And the sun beats down on them.

CUT TO:

57 **THE MONTANA WILDERNESS (D32)**

57

THE SAME SUN shining down, but here it's low and watery-pale. Pine trees, rolling mountains, and snow as far as we can see.

The CRUNCHING of tires, as a black SUV turns down a snow-covered drive. Pulls up in front of

58 **EXT. BLUE SKY MOTEL - DAY (D32)**

58

The SUV parks and husband-and-wife BIRDPWATCHERS (40s) get out. They look like they stepped out of an Orvis catalog. The man heads inside and registers. He returns with the keys, grabs their luggage, leads his wife to their room.

BIRDPWATCHER

Lady at the desk says it's a little early, but if we're lucky we might spot Snow or Ross's geese.

59 **INT. BLUE SKY MOTEL - MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D32)**

59

The man shuts the door and then he does a weird thing: he searches the place. Going over every inch of the room.

Once he's satisfied, he gives his wife the all-clear and the two swiftly unpack.

Binoculars.

Sibley's Birds of the Northwest.

Better-than average Japanese SLRs.

And then, incongruously, they start unpacking the body armor.

(CONTINUED)

59

The Sig Sauer 9mms.

The extra clips.

The FBI I.D. badges.

They suit up, cover the body armor with camo jackets and orange reflective vests. Then they get their gear stowed and head back out to the parking lot.

60

EXT. LINCOLN MONTANA - WOODED HILLS - DAY (D32) 60

We follow their car into the hills where they park on the shoulder of the road and head into the snow-covered woods: the man with a map and compass, his wife with her bird book.

We follow them deeper into the bush. The only sound is their feet crunching in the snow.

They signal silently to each other. Then make their way to the top of a snowy rise. Keeping low, readying their binoculars.

When they come to the top of the rise, we crane up to reveal a PANORAMIC VIEW of a wooded valley down below.

And nestled among the trees, the thing they're REALLY there to watch:

A wooden shack. Hidden among the trees.

It's

61

TED'S CABIN. (D32) 61

END OF EPISODE