

# MANIFESTO

Episode 106

"Ted"

Written By

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WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 12/05/16

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White Production Draft (12/05/16)

**REVISION SUMMARY**

<b>Revision</b>	<b>Date</b>	<b>Pages in Revision</b>
Production White	12/05/16	FULL PRODUCTION DRAFT

A formal revision summary will accompany future production revisions. A few important changes between the Network Draft and this White Production Draft:

- SHERRI WOOD is now THERESA OAKES.
- TIMMY WOOD is now TIMMY OAKES.
- DALE EIKELHART is now DOUG BURKMAN.

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N.B.: Episode 106 unfolds over several time periods. Scenes from Ted's childhood in Chicago are marked with a **green highlight**; scenes from Ted's teenage years at Harvard University are marked with a **blue highlight**. The frame narrative takes place in September 1995 and is not highlighted.

**SET LIST**

**INTERIORS**

TED'S CABIN  
LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY  
    READING ROOM  
EVERGREEN PARK MIDDLE SCHOOL  
    HALLWAY  
    EIGHTH-GRADE CLASSROOM  
    SCHOOL CAFETERIA  
    CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
    DINING HALL  
    DORM ROOM  
    FRESHMAN UNION  
    LAMONT LIBRARY  
    LARGE LECTURE HALL  
    SEVER HALL  
    BIOCHEM LAB  
    MILITARY CONFERENCE ROOM  
THE ANNEX  
    MURRAY'S LIVING-ROOM OFFICE  
    INTERROGATION ROOM  
    BEHIND THE TWO-WAY MIRROR  
THE KACZYNSKI HOUSE  
THE FOAM FACTORY  
BUS  
BATHROOM  
UNIVERSITY HALLWAY

**EXTERIORS**

TED'S CABIN  
THE WOODS  
    RIVER  
DIRT PATH  
MAIN STREET - LINCOLN, MONTANA  
LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ILLINOIS WOODS  
    GRASSY CLEARING  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
    HARVARD YARD  
THE ANNEX  
A MAILBOX  
TIMMY AND THERESA'S HOUSE

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**CAST LIST**

**(in order of appearance)**

TED KACZYNSKI

THERESA OAKES

TIMMY OAKES

YOUNG TED

DOUG BURKMAN

PRETTY GIRL

TEENAGE TED

PROFESSOR HENRY MURRAY

DARK SCIENTIST 1

DARK SCIENTIST 2

G-MAN

WANDA KACZYNSKI [1960]

DAVID KACZYNSKI

LINDA KACZYNSKI (in photographs only)

ACT ONE

- 1           **EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAWN [SEPTEMBER 1995] (D20)**           1
- In the silent woods.
- The sky just starting to become light. A little early snow on the ground.
- 2           **INT. TED'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS (D20)**           2
- Ted comes awake.
- The cabin is dark, and we don't see it well. Just Ted's hard bunk and the first hints of dawn through the small cabin window.
- NOISES from outside.
- Ted sits up. Takes his rifle down from the wall. Steps outside.
- 3           **EXT. THE WOODS (D20)**           3
- A rustling sound -- then, Ted sees an OWL in the tree. Looking down at him with those big reflective eyes.
- Ted puts the rifle down. A moment of acknowledgement between him and Athena's bird. And then the owl flaps off through the pines.
- Ted stands for a few minutes looking around at the pure-white snow and the sunlight filtering through the pine trees. Takes in the rolling hills, the pines, the snow in the gullies. Ted's breath in the morning air. The vast immortal silence.
- It's good to be here.
- 4           **EXT. RIVER - MORNING (D20)**           4
- Ted takes a bucket shower in the freezing river. Scrubbing his beard, his hair. Making himself look good. And the water's cold enough for us to be asking ourselves -- why?
- Ted looks up. An ELK has come to drink from the stream. It lifts its head. Majestic.
- 5           **EXT. TED'S CABIN - MORNING (D20)**           5
- Ted leaves his rifle inside, retrieves his RED BICYCLE from behind the cabin.

(CONTINUED)

He's cleaned up and dressed normally -- he looks like a normal rural guy, not a crazy hermit. He hops on the bicycle and rides off.

6      **EXT. DIRT PATH - MORNING (D20)**      6

Ted rides down the dirt path.

Stops to check a ramshackle MAILBOX on the side of the trail. "KACZYNSKI" on the side. (No mail.)

7      **EXT. MAIN STREET - LINCOLN, MONTANA - MORNING (D20)**      7

Ted rides his BICYCLE into LINCOLN, MONTANA. A blink-and-you-miss-it mining town.

Ted rides past the general store, the post office, the Sylvan Learning Center. Enjoying the ride, the wind in his hair.

The MAIL TRUCK rumbles past. Ted pedals faster, until he's riding right alongside.

The MAILMAN waves to him out the window. Ted waves back. Then eases back and settles in behind the mail truck. Following it through town, until they both arrive at

8      **EXT. LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY (D20)**      8

Ted leans his bike against the rail in front of the library. The mailman unloads the bundles of NEWSPAPERS, carries them inside.

9      **INT. LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY (D20)**      9

Ted keeps his distance, but watches intently as the assistant librarian cuts the bundle open, splays out the newspapers. And we see:

*THE WASHINGTON POST - SPECIAL EDITION.*

On the front page:

*"UNABOMBER MANIFESTO PUBLISHED"*

We realize: this is PUBLICATION DAY.

And Ted watches as THE MANIFESTO special section gets pulled out of the newspaper.

The librarian slides it onto the long wooden sticks. And hangs it there in the library reference section, for everyone to read.

(CONTINUED)

Ted tries to hide the satisfaction on his face. But -- he's moved by this.

There it is. HIS article. For the whole world to see.

He did it.

Then, a WOMAN'S VOICE from behind him:

THERESA (O.S.)  
I know your secret, Ted.

Ted, startled -- suddenly on alert. He turns to see THERESA OAKES (50s), the librarian. Soft-spoken but she has a spark.

THERESA  
Don't even pretend.  
(off his look:)  
What, you're gonna tell me that it was the Good Fairy who shoveled out my parking spot yesterday?

Whew... Ted grins -- Guilty as charged.

TED  
Could've been the will-o-the-wisp.  
Lots of strange creatures out in those woods.

THERESA  
Well you can say that again.

And we realize -- they're both a little odd, and a little old... but they're definitely FLIRTING.

THERESA  
But seriously. Thank you, Ted.  
That was really thoughtful of you.

Ted shrugs. It's nothing. He's got a big smile on his face.

Ted helps her push her heavy cart of books toward the stacks. He keeps looking over at the reference section -- watching as two people take the Manifesto-on-a-stick and settle down at the tables. Other townspeople are asking the assistant librarian about the Manifesto.

He can't stop staring. It's deeply gratifying. Other people are actually reading HIS work.

Theresa notices him looking.

THERESA

You know what that is, don't you?  
The Unabomber Manifesto. They  
published it.

TED

Mmm. I didn't hear about that.  
Most people think he's crazy, huh.

THERESA

Well I don't think so. I read the  
whole Manifesto. It's not what you  
think, at ALL. He's obviously a  
very well educated, very  
intelligent man. And a lot of what  
he says makes sense to me. You  
should read it, you'll be  
surprised.

TED

Sympathizing with a serial bomber  
now? Be careful, the FBI might  
come and start asking you  
questions.

Theresa laughs, but she's not kidding about the Manifesto:

THERESA

Seriously, you gotta read it so we  
can talk about it! Here.

She grabs a clipboard and shoves it into Ted's hand. It has  
a list of names and times written on it.

TED

What's this?

THERESA

The waiting list! Sign up.

TED

A waiting list? For the Manifesto?

Theresa nods. Ted quietly beams -- every author's dream! He  
looks at the long column of names. And writes his name at  
the bottom of the list.

THERESA

I couldn't wait. I read it this  
morning on the FBI's internet web  
page.

Ted cocks his head. Appreciating the irony of this.

(CONTINUED)



THERESA

You know he says he's going to stop bombing now.

Ted walks with Theresa through the library stacks. Helping her shelve books as they walk and talk.

TED

He's going to retire? Take up golf instead?

THERESA

Well, they explained it in the Times. He was choosing 'representational targets.' Like, all the stuff he talks about, the environment, computers, cloning, all that? He's been sending bombs to people who represented what he was fighting against. Symbols of all that stuff. Computer people, geneticists, logging companies, that Exxon Valdez guy. Well, maybe now that his ideas are published, that will be enough. Maybe he'll write more essays instead. Write a book or something. He's a good writer, Ted. Jeez, though. It's a shame he killed all those people.

TED

Well. Only three.

THERESA

Mmm. Still. Three human beings. Can you imagine?

And for a moment, Ted drops the wry smile. He starts shelving books so that Theresa can't see his face. As he asks:

TED

You think... he'll really stop? You think he's able to... I mean, could he give it up?

THERESA

Well what do you mean? He gave his word, didn't he?

TED

Maybe... his whole life revolves around those bombs.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TED (CONT'D)

Maybe it's like, his only hobby.  
The only thing he's truly great at.  
What he does all day, every day.  
And if he stopped making them...  
his life would have this big hole,  
and there's nothing there to fill  
it.

THERESA

Well, I don't know, Ted. I'm not a  
psychiatrist. But maybe he's just  
sick of all that.

(with a grin:)

Maybe he got a girlfriend!

Ted turns back to the books. Shelving the rest of them in  
silence. Theresa senses that she's put her foot in it. An  
awkward silence.

Then, she nudges Ted. Points to an old PROSPECTOR who's  
shuffled into the library. He's a wreck, an old mountain man  
coming in to wash in the bathroom.

THERESA

(quoting Ted)

'Lots of strange creatures out in  
those woods.'

They chuckle together.

THERESA

Are you sticking around today? I  
know Timmy was planning to come by  
after school.

TED

You bet. I have some good practice  
problems this week, too. Fun ones.  
Make quadratics exciting for him.

THERESA

Oooh, that DOES sound fun...

Ted shrugs. They laugh.

**INT. LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY - READING ROOM - LATER (D20)** 10

Ted is getting his papers and practice problems in order.  
Checking a grade-school math textbook. Making up a  
handwritten quiz for Timmy's tutoring session.

THERESA

Hah! Look, I'm not the only one!

(CONTINUED)

Ted, confused. Theresa holds up that week's Time Magazine.  
Reads from it:

THERESA

"There's a little bit of the Unabomber in most of us. We may not share his approach to airing a grievance, but the grievance itself feels familiar."

Then she pulls out the New York Times, reads:

THERESA

Robert Sale in the Times: "He's a rational man and his principal beliefs are, if hardly mainstream, entirely reasonable. ... The Manifesto's first sentence is absolutely crucial for the American public to understand and ought to be on the forefront of the nation's political agenda." Huh. What was the first sentence?

Ted stares at the articles she brought. Stunned. He quotes the first sentence of the Manifesto by rote:

TED

"The Industrial Revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race."

Theresa grins at him.

THERESA

Well it's kinda true.

She wanders off. Leaving Ted staring at the magazines. Floored. The validation is overwhelming. He doesn't know what to do with these feelings.

Then, a moment later, he hunches over a legal pad, and starts to write. And we start to hear Ted's V.O., reading the text of a LETTER he's writing to his brother DAVID --

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Dear David, I will start by saying that this letter is not to be construed as an apology, and my feelings about Linda have not changed. However, I find myself at a strange crossroads in my life and I need some brotherly advice.*

(CONTINUED)

Ted can't help but wander back to the edge of the reference section. Just to watch the people reading the newspaper with his article in it.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*A certain activity which has been very time-consuming for nearly the entirety of my adult life now seems to have become... no longer necessary. Forgive me if I say no more than that.*

Back at his table, he notices a photo-spread in the Time magazine showing "Unabomber Devices Through the Years." Schematics, diagrams, explanations.

Ted runs his finger over the devices. All those bombs. All those hours...

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*This has given me occasion to think a lot about my life, about how it's unfolded, about some of the choices I've made. Not that I regret anything, exactly. But -- the weight of my past, David. It's so heavy on me.*

Ted sinks deeper into his chair. Under the weight of it.

Then, a KNOCKING on the library window. Ted turns to see TIMMY OAKES, Theresa's 11-year-old son, knocking on the window on his way back from school. A skinny little kid in a huge backpack.

Timmy WAVES cheerfully to Ted. Calls through the glass:

TIMMY

Hey, Ted!

Ted smiles. Waves back.

Watches as Timmy runs around to the library entrance. And on his face we can see the question:

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*David, I need to know. How do you know if it's too late to change? How can you tell if... if it's still possible to start over?*

**END ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

11        **INT. LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY - READING ROOM - DAY [1995]**        11  
          **(D20)**

Ted sits at the big table, alone, writing his letter on his yellow legal pad.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)  
*I never told you about Doug. But I think that's where this all started... I KNOW that's where it started. Because that was my first one. My very first... experiment.*

Across the room, Ted sees little Timmy Oakes run to his mom Theresa. He gives her a big hug. He tells her about his day as they walk the library aisles.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)  
*David, you know I've always had trouble connecting with people. I just can't tell what they're feeling, what they're really thinking about. My whole life I've felt like I'm watching the world from the other side of a window.*

Ted gazes out the big plate-glass library windows. Outside, groups of grade-schoolers pass by, laughing, goofing around.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)  
*I'm on the outside watching everyone else live their normal, happy lives. And I just don't know how to pass through to the other side, where everything is... effortless.*

And then we're in

12        **INT. EVERGREEN PARK MIDDLE SCHOOL - ILLINOIS [SEPTEMBER 1954] (FB D9)**        12

A TEN-YEAR-OLD TED KACZYNSKI (YOUNG TED) peers through the little window on a classroom door. Sixth grade. Inside the classroom, other ten-year-old kids play around.

[Note that this sequence unfolds WITHOUT DIALOGUE.]

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)  
*I still blame Mom and Dad for that.  
Skipping me two grades ahead. I  
wasn't ready.*

Young Ted walks down the hall. Looks inside a SEVENTH-GRADE CLASSROOM. The kids look significantly bigger and tougher.

Little Ted continues down the hall... to the EIGHTH-GRADE CLASSROOM. He peers in the window. The eighth graders look HUGE. Hairy, pubescent gorillas.

Ted gathers himself. And steps inside.

13

**INT. EVERGREEN - EIGHTH-GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY (FB D9)**

13

Everyone turns to stare at young Ted as he stands in the doorway. And we get a good look at him:

10-year-old Ted is small for his age -- he was probably the smallest kid in sixth grade, let alone eighth. Tragically dorky, his shirt buttoned all the way to the top, his hair carefully parted. His shirt pocket is crammed with pencils. He's carrying a big, overstuffed BRIEFCASE.

All the kids stare at Young Ted as he shuffles awkwardly to his seat: Check out the freak...

14

**INT. EVERGREEN - SCHOOL CAFETERIA (FB D9)**

14

Young Ted eats lunch out of his open briefcase, on the lunch table in front of him. The OTHER KIDS eat all around him, conversing. Ted just sits, head in his briefcase, sandwich in one hand, book in the other. No eye contact, no hope. Utterly alone.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)  
*I was doomed to be a freak from the  
start. And the worst part was-- I  
was STILL smarter than everyone  
else!*

15

**INT. EVERGREEN - EIGHTH-GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY (FB D10)**

15

Math class. All the kids are at the chalkboards, working simultaneously to solve a complex equation.

Ted RACES through, half the size but twice as fast. He finds the solution way before everyone else, returns to his desk and pulls out a book about prehistoric man.

(CONTINUED)

15

15

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Then I met Doug. You don't know  
about him. Maybe you remember the  
thing in chemistry class. But you  
never really knew about Doug.*

Then, to Ted's surprise -- ONE OTHER KID finishes early too. While all the others are still laboring at the boards, DOUG BURKMAN (12) finishes, sits down. Pulls out his own book.

Ted looks over at him. Doug and Ted nod to each other. "A worthy foe..."

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*You know, even forty years later, I  
guess you'd say that Doug was the  
only real friend I've ever had.  
Isn't that... pathetic?*

16

**INT. EVERGREEN - CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - DAY (FB D11)**

16

Doug and Ted, lab partners. Working on some experiment together. Geeking out together, ENJOYING it. Snickering at each other's jokes.

17

**EXT. ILLINOIS WOODS - DAY (FB D11)**

17

Ted and Doug walk together in the woods and fields after school. Ted pulls out his HUMAN PALEONTOLOGY book, and Doug takes an interest. They start reading it together. Ted shows Doug a page about flint tools.

18

**LATER (FB D11)**

18

They find some flint. They use the paleontology book as their guide to knap their own stone tools.

19

**LATER (FB D11)**

19

Ted and Doug run through the woods together with their new primitive FLINT-TIPPED SPEARS.

They spot a pheasant. Stop short. Raise their spears -- and THROW.

They both miss badly. The pheasant flies away.

20

**EXT. GRASSY CLEARING - ANOTHER DAY (FB D12)**

20

They stalk through the field of tall grass. Shirts off, stone weapons at the ready.

Doug discovers something.

(CONTINUED)

A battered PLAYBOY.

They look through it together. Fascinated.

21 **EXT. THE GRASSY CLEARING - A DAY LATER (FB D13)** 21

They're back, retrieving the magazine from under a rock.

Soon, they're jerking off together.

22 **IN THE WOODS - LATER THAT DAY (FB D13)** 22

They stalk a SQUIRREL. Try to run it down, but it escapes up a tree.

23 **LATER (FB D13)** 23

Ted and Doug walk through the woods. Deep in conversation about something. Soulmates.

24 **EXT. THE GRASSY CLEARING - A FEW DAYS LATER (FB D14)** 24

They're looking at the Playboy together.

Then we see Ted convincing Doug of something. And they both strip. Look at each other, naked in the tall grass.

Ted takes Doug's hand, brings it to him. Coaxes Doug into jerking him off. Doug is uncomfortable but goes with it. Until Ted comes in Doug's hand.

Ted reaches over to jerk Doug off.

Doug squirms away, grabs his clothes, and runs off into the grass.

25 **A MOMENT LATER (FB D14)** 25

Ted looks for him in the grass. Then searches the WOODS. But Doug is gone.

26 **INT. EVERGREEN - HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY (FB D15)** 26

Ted goes to say hi to Doug. But Doug avoids him, moves off.

27 **EXT. THE GRASSY CLEARING - AFTERNOON (FB D15)** 27

Ted waits for Doug in their field after school.

Doug doesn't show up.



28 **INT. EVERGREEN - HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY (FB D16)** 28

Ted sees Doug talking to A PRETTY GIRL (12) in the hallway.

Ted comes over, waves Hi to Doug.

Doug walks toward him and, without warning, PUNCHES Ted in the gut.

Ted falls to the floor. His briefcase flies open and books and pencils fly everywhere. All the middle-school kids laugh.

29 **INT. EVERGREEN - CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - DAY (FB D16)** 29

Ted, stewing at his lab bench. He lays out the notebooks and pencils for him and Doug. But then, the teacher enters and class starts and Doug doesn't come.

Then Ted spots Doug at a different bench, with a new lab partner -- the pretty girl from the hallway.

Ted keeps looking over at them in class. Then he writes a note, passes it.

Kids pass it to Doug. Doug opens it, reads it. Then looks at Ted and pointedly crumples the note up.

Ted turns back to his chemistry bench. Pulls out another piece of paper to write a note. Then gets an idea.

Mixes three chemicals together in a beaker. Then pours a thin layer of the chemical mixture onto the paper. Folds the paper into a small square, passes it over to Doug.

Doug receives the "note." Looks at Ted, mouths "Fuck you."

But Doug can't help himself. He OPENS the note.

When he does, there's a gout of FLAME and then --

BOOM! The note EXPLODES.

CHAOS in the classroom. A FIRE ALARM rings. The pretty girl SCREAMS AND SCREAMS. Doug is burned, his face and hands blackened, his eyebrows singed off.

Doug STARES straight ahead in shock. Then he starts to CRY.

30 **INT. EVERGREEN - HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY (FB D17)** 30

Ted walks down the hallway. And everyone MAKES WAY for him.

(CONTINUED)

30

Stepping out of his way, whispering about him. They FEAR him.

Doug, still burned and his hands bandaged, cringes and turns away as Ted passes.

Ted FEELS HIS POWER.

31

**INT. EVERGREEN - SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY (FB D17)**

31

Ted sits down, opens his briefcase. Like before -- except this time, when he sits down, the other kids all MOVE AWAY.

Clearing the table until it's ONLY TED.

He's powerful. But he's terrifying. And -- he's alone.

32

**EXT. THE GRASSY CLEARING - THAT EVENING (FB D17)**

32

In the evening, Ted waits in the field with his stone tools and his Playboy. Waiting for Doug to come back to him. But he never does.

Ted spots that PHEASANT again.

He crouches low. Stalks toward it. Then springs up, throws his SPEAR and -- HITS IT!

Ted runs up, grabs the pheasant. The bird is stunned but not dead.

Ted stares into the bird's eye. It's deep clear blue. Stunningly beautiful. And Ted feels no pleasure in this anymore.

He releases the bird. It flaps a moment, then flies away.

Ted, all alone in the twilight. Tears in his eyes.

He flings away his spear. Flings away the Playboy.

Picks up a flint tool from the ground. And takes the point and cuts himself on the arm. Until there's blood. Until he SCREAMS...

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)  
*Sometimes... it feels like this is  
the whole pattern of my life.  
Betrayal. Anger. I lash out, and  
for a brief moment I feel some  
relief, I feel like I've gotten my  
revenge and set the world right.*  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*But then it passes and it didn't  
make me happy. It NEVER made me  
happy.*

*(beat)*

*I told myself every time: the next  
one will be better. But I've been  
reenacting that story my whole  
life. Me and Doug, over and over.  
I couldn't stop myself. But -- I  
want to stop, David. I want this  
to be over.*

And we hold on young Ted, bleeding and SCREAMING and we hold  
for much much longer than is comfortable before we

CUT TO BLACK.

**END ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

33

**INT. LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY - READING ROOM - DAY [1995]** 33  
**(D20)**

TIMMY

Hey Ted!

Timmy Oakes plops his huge backpack on Ted's table. Sits down next to Ted.

Timmy's 11 years old, a bit of an oddball himself, smart and awkward in ways that remind us of Young Ted.

Ted smiles warmly. They're both totally at ease with each other.

TED

What'd you learn in Algebra today?

TIMMY

Dang, Miss Hembrough sucks. These quadratics are giving me a headache! And she can't explain why we'd ever even use one.

TED

You know the ancient Babylonians did quadratics? Seriously. In cuneiform. Quadratics stink, until you see the patterns underneath them. Then they get fun. You got your pencil?

Timmy gets his pencil and his Trapper Keeper out. And they start working together. And we hold on that image for just a moment to let it sink in -- Ted is this boy's MATH TUTOR.

Theresa Oakes watches them from the stacks. They look like father and son. Timmy blabbing, Ted nodding and listening.

Ted sees her watching. She smiles. He smiles back.

And as Timmy keeps talking, Ted's attention wanders to that page in the open Time Magazine. The UNABOM Devices. Then to Ted's own reflection in the window. Seeing himself next to Timmy. The contrast between them.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*David. I keep asking. How'd I go from an innocent little kid... to THIS?*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

*I think it was Harvard that did it.  
You don't know about that either.  
About Murray. About...  
everything. Mom and dad loved  
that, the ultimate feather in their  
cap, "My son, attending Harvard."  
But -- can you imagine how lonely  
that was? To be in college at  
SIXTEEN?*

And we see

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD TED (TEENAGE TED), still small, still geeky, still holding that damn briefcase. Standing before the gates of

34 **EXT. HARVARD UNIVERSITY - DAY [FALL 1958] (FB D18)** 34

Where we see Teenage Ted, isolated once again. Even here, he's an outcast:

35 **IN THE DINING HALL, (FB D18)** 35

Eating alone with a pile of books for company.

36 **COMING HOME TO HIS DORM ROOM, (FB D18)** 36

Where his roommates are lounging and bullshitting. Tennis whites and trust funds. Teenage Ted, the math weirdo in his grungy corduroys. He scuttles past them and hides in his bedroom. Diving into MATH TEXTBOOKS -- the world of numbers, his safe place.

37 **THE FRESHMAN UNION, (FB D18)** 37

At an ice-cream social. Teenage Ted stands awkwardly at the back. Watching those uber-preppy Radcliffe girls, all around 20 years old. The girls notice him looking and move away: What rock did you crawl out from under?

38 **INT. LAMONT LIBRARY - DAY (FB D19)** 38

Teenage Ted, buried in mathematics problems in a carrel. Suddenly, a mimeographed FLYER appears in front of him:

**"WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU!"**  
PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT SEEKS VOLUNTEERS  
FOR LONG-TERM STUDY  
Directed by Prof. Henry MURRAY  
Excellent Compensation for your time.

(CONTINUED)

Ted looks up just in time to see the pretty-but-nerdy female GRAD STUDENT who's handing the flyers out. Considers this.

39 **INT. A LARGE LECTURE HALL - DAY (FB D19)** 39

Teenage Ted walks in, holding the flyer. The lecture hall is PACKED WITH OTHER STUDENTS, all holding flyers and seeking to volunteer.

At the front of the lecture hall, surrounded by fawning grad students like a Pope surrounded by his cardinals, is

PROFESSOR HENRY MURRAY (50s). Handsome, powerful, confident, a puckish twinkle in his eye. The kind of guy who plays squash with the world leaders he went to Exeter with. He looks right at Ted as Ted shuffles into a seat.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Professor Henry Murray. He was everything I wanted to be. A beaming Greek God of Harvardness. As soon as we entered that room, we were all desperate to make the cut. For him to select us, to bring us into that inner circle. His was the hand of God, separating sheep from goats.*

The grad students start handing out PSYCH ASSESSMENTS.

40 **IN QUICK CUTS: (FB D19)** 40

Grad students collect the assessments a few minutes later. Then start dismissing students based on their answers.

We see the day pass with round after round of assessments. Questionnaire after questionnaire... More and more of the students dismissed... until there are just 20 kids left. A very nervous Ted among them.

41 **FINALLY, (FB D19)** 41

Murray summons the final twenty up to the front of the lecture hall. Takes them in, one by one, critical, assessing. Then, Murray beams at them.

MURRAY

Congratulations. If you're still here, you've made the cut.

Murray pumps Ted's hand.

(CONTINUED)

MURRAY

Theodore. I so look forward to getting to know you.

Ted BEAMS.

42 **EXT. THE ANNEX - DAY (FB D20)** 42

Classic Harvard mudstone and brick. Murray's headquarters.

Teenage Ted trots up the front steps. Excited.

43 **INT. THE ANNEX - MURRAY'S LIVING-ROOM OFFICE - DAY (FB D20)** 43

Murray welcomes Ted into a homey, comfortable living-room setting.

Murray plops down on a couch, indicates for Ted to join him.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Nobody in my life ever asked me how I was doing. Or if I was okay. Or even if I knew what TIME it was. And here was a Harvard Professor, asking me what I thought about the world. Listening. TAKING NOTES when I spoke! Imagine that! It was as if Christ himself came down to ask me about my life.*

Ted, holding forth to Murray. Explaining some complex point of morality.

TED

...We work so hard to justify emotional responses with morality that the moral code becomes so attenuated as to be meaningless...

Murray nods, takes notes.

MURRAY

Do you think that's a question of the application of time to ANY moral framework? An inevitability?

Ted ponders this. Makes a response. Murray listens seriously, his attention an intense spotlight.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*It was almost a year of that. Those weekly trips to the Annex were like heaven for me.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*The first time in my life I felt  
understood, cared about.*

44 **INT. THE ANNEX - MURRAY'S LIVING-ROOM OFFICE (VARIOUS DAYS)** 44

We see Teenage Ted back in the Annex "living room" set on  
MANY DIFFERENT DAYS.

Having deep conversations with Murray.

Handing in thick written assignments.

Completing various psychological assessments.

Reading essays he's written aloud.

Murray and Ted look at a porno magazine together. Discussing  
the photos, discussing Ted's preferences in women.

TED  
Personally I never understood the  
appeal of a woman's backside.  
Except perhaps a negro woman...

Murray takes notes the whole time. Ted, flattered, expounds  
further on female butts.

Later, Murray stretches out on the couch, smokes a cigarette  
from a fancy tin. Laughing with Ted over some joke.

We notice Murray carefully observing the effect of his words  
on Ted. Ted doesn't notice, but we can sense that Murray's  
preparing Ted, GROOMING him -- for SOMETHING...

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)  
*There was nothing off limits  
between us. We talked about  
everything, every crevice of my  
life, my dreams, my fears. And he  
appreciated me for WHO I REALLY  
WAS. Or so I thought...*

45 **EXT. HARVARD YARD - DAY [NOVEMBER 1959] (FB D21)** 45

Early morning on a snowy day, and Teenage Ted sidesteps a  
groundskeeper shoveling a brick pathway. Pep in his step as  
he crosses the Yard toward

46 **EXT. THE ANNEX - DAY (FB D21)** 46

Ted quickens his step when he notices Professor MURRAY and  
two G-MEN in dark suits and crew-cuts. Smoking together in  
the snow-piled courtyard.

(CONTINUED)



MURRAY

Good morning, Mister Kaczynski.  
You can head in -- we'll be along  
in a moment.

TED

Maybe I'll have one too, if we have  
a minute.

Ted makes a show of pulling out a fancy cigarette tin. The  
same obscure brand Murray smokes. Hoping Murray will notice.

MURRAY

Balkan Sobranies, huh? Good man.

Ted can't really smoke -- it's purely performance, a bid for  
approval by Murray. Murray senses it immediately, smiles.  
Brings Ted into the group.

MURRAY

These are some friends of mine,  
Ted. With the Federal Government.  
Theodore is one of my star  
subjects. He's been sharing some  
very interesting ideas with us.

Ted basks in the attention.

MURRAY

You're part of something much  
bigger than yourself, Ted. This  
study isn't just expanding the  
boundaries of the psychological  
sciences. It's important to the  
future of the Free World.

The G-Men finish their cigarettes, nod goodbye.

47

**INT. THE ANNEX - MOMENTS LATER (FB D21)**

47

Teenage Ted heads toward the door to the homey living-room  
office.

MURRAY

We're doing something a little  
different today. This way.

He leads Ted down a corridor. Into

48

**INT. A DARK ROOM - DAY (FB D21)**

48

Walls painted black. A two-way mirror along one wall. Klieg  
lights along the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

A chair like an ELECTRIC CHAIR bolted to the floor in the middle of the room. Big 1950s MEDICAL MONITORS beside it.

CAMERA LENSES protruding from holes in the walls.

It's an interrogation chamber.

Teenage Ted comes inside, looks around wide-eyed. A lamb to the slaughter.

And the door LOCKS behind him with a CRASH.

**END ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

49

**INT. THE ANNEX - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY [1959] (FB D21)** 49

Teenage Ted is now seated in the bolted-down chair. Two GRAD STUDENTS use Elmer's glue to attach ELECTRODES to Ted's arms, chest, head. The wires all leading to two big MEDICAL MACHINES covered in dials and meters and needles.

He's not being strapped down, exactly. But once there are thirty electrodes in place, he can barely move. It's the sensation of being strapped to an ELECTRIC CHAIR. Ted looks up at Murray.

TED

I can't really move.

MURRAY

Well, you can walk out at any time. You know that, right, Theodore?

TED

Yeah, no, I'm okay, Professor.

MURRAY

Good man. This is important work. I'm counting on you today.

The grad students finish strapping Ted in, then leave.

A DOZEN SERIOUS MEN IN SUITS file into the room. Taking up seats in a semi-circle around Ted. Observing him wordlessly.

Ted looks to Murray for explanation: *Who are those guys?* Murray ignores this, sits across from Ted with a thick file.

MURRAY

Over the past year you've provided us with hundreds of pages of material. Laying out your philosophy of life, your deep moral convictions, your dreams for your own future and the future of the world. It's been wonderful getting to know you, getting to see inside the deepest recesses of your mind. I hope you feel you've been fully honest with me. That your work truly represents who you are and what you believe.

(CONTINUED)

TED

(laughing)

Of course! I've really enjoyed our conversations. The assignments too. I wouldn't hold anything back from you.

MURRAY

Good. Let's begin.

Murray nods to the two-way mirror. A BUZZER sounds.

The KLIEG LIGHTS come on, shining on Ted's face.

The cameras whir to life.

The machines wired to Ted's electrodes click on, start spitting out long paper graphs.

MURRAY

I've taken the liberty of sharing those pages with a panel of fellow scientists. Some of Harvard's most distinguished thinkers.

TED

Oh, I'm flattered. Good morning.

Stern silence from the Scientists. Ted can't see their faces because of the lights -- they're dark shadows, sitting in judgement just beyond the kliegs.

MURRAY

We've spent extensive time discussing them, and we're all in agreement in our conclusions.

(somber pause)

The majority of your ideas are derivative, clichéd, and juvenile. The remainder? Are self-evidently absurd.

Ted is still smiling. He doesn't know how to respond. On his face: *What's going on?*

MURMURS of agreement from the shadowy Scientists. One of them pipes up:

DARK SCIENTIST 1

The parts that are true aren't original. And the parts that are original, aren't true.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCKLES from the gathered scientists.

Ted, ambushed and confused, stammers a moment. Turns to Murray.

TED

Well Professor, maybe I, um... I'm happy to explain myself further if--

MURRAY

Let's play the film from our last session.

He signals, and a 16mm PROJECTOR whirs up. ON THE MOVIE SCREEN, we see Ted reading his responses to Murray's assignments. The Ted onscreen is totally earnest, with an appealing idealism and innocence.

MOVIE TED

*I basically feel that technological society is incompatible with individual freedom. Therefore, we have to destroy it and replace it with a more primitive society, so that people will be free again...*

The film continues, but Murray TALKS OVER IT:

MURRAY

A tepid, sophomoric regurgitation of Jacques Ellul. You talk so much about autonomy but you've stolen all your ideas from a third-rate thinker's mass-market paperback!

TED

Well, um, I didn't claim--

MURRAY

Oh, wait, here's the best part--

MOVIE TED

*...Our civilization is becoming an ant-hill civilization. Everyone conditioned to do their job and not ask questions. Technology and the social structures it's created have made the individual passive, powerless, trapped by rules...*

MURRAY

Classic self-justification. "If only I was born among cave men, THEN I would have been a star! Everyone would appreciate how special I am, if only technology weren't getting in the way!" Everyone else at Harvard seems to be getting ahead of me, but it couldn't be my own inadequacy that's to blame.

TED

That's totally ad hominem! If we're going to discuss my ideas--

MURRAY

(steamrolling him--)

This couldn't be just a pathetic mathematician of mediocre achievement, coming up with a preposterous justification for his own mediocrity. No, it must be that the WHOLE SYSTEM that's sustained and satisfied all the rest of humanity for thousands of years is totally wrong! Because of course, you're more perceptive than ANYBODY else, aren't you, Ted?

DARK SCIENTIST 2

Except when it comes to his own work. It's like a smorgasbord of logical fallacies!

CHUCKLES and murmurs of approval from the Scientists.

Ted, flailing. This is becoming a NIGHTMARE. He doesn't know where to turn or what to say. The LIGHTS in his eyes.

MOVIE TED

*...To get our autonomy back, we need to shed all this unnatural stuff and get back to nature. Live basically as the hunter-gatherers did...*

MURRAY

Hah! If society broke down, you wouldn't stand a chance! A creepy beta-male shrimp like you?

(CONTINUED)

DARK SCIENTIST 1

He'd be sodomized to death and  
turned into dog food in ten  
minutes.

DARK SCIENTIST 2

He'd probably enjoy that!

MURRAY

Now now. I asked you not to bring  
up Theodore's latent homosexuality.  
That's not fair.

MOVIE TED

*...Well, I see myself maybe someday  
coming out of the wilderness, and  
leading a revolution. Everyone  
will look at me and respect me.  
They'll listen to my ideas and see  
that I'm right, and they'll make me  
the ruler of the world. And I'll  
reorganize society so that everyone  
can be free.*

The Scientists burst into HOWLING LAUGHTER. Then they let  
loose-- ATTACKING Ted, MOCKING him--

DARK SCIENTISTS

"Davey, Davey Crockett! King of  
the Wild Frontier!" / Weak-minded,  
pathetic... / Ridiculous! Childish  
delusions! / How could anyone  
take him seriously--

Dark men loom on all sides, LAUGHING at him, SCREAMING at  
him. Ted's worst nightmare. EVERYONE'S worst nightmare.

Then A BUZZER SOUNDS.

The film stops. Sudden silence. The Scientists all file out  
of the room. Murray closes the door after them.

Ted, panting, broken, sitting there in the silent room.  
Almost more scared of the silence than of the abuse.

Murray sits back down. Considering Ted. Murray's holding a  
HANDWRITTEN LETTER.

MURRAY

I want to read you something. When  
I wrote to your mother to get her  
permission for this study?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MURRAY (CONT'D)

She didn't just sign the permission slip. She sent a whole letter along with it. This is to Professor Murray, from Wanda Kaczynski. I'll read it to you:  
*"Dear Professor Murray, I'm so relieved that someone from the Harvard Psychology Department is taking an interest in my son. I'm afraid Theodore is in desperate need of psychological intervention. Many people, even relatives and family friends, regularly call him a 'creep'."*

TED

(weakly)

She didn't say that. Mom wouldn't--

MURRAY

*"He's a bedwetter and he masturbates so excessively that I worry about mental and physical ramifications. He harbors delusions of grandeur completely out of proportion to his mental and physical capabilities. I would describe Ted as a stunted adolescent. Anything you could do to fix my boy would have my permission and that of his father. Signed, Wanda Kaczynski."*

Ted tries to summon some response, but can't. It's much, much worse than strangers screaming at him. His own mother, betraying him to his enemies.

Murray lets it sink in. Then leaves Ted alone in the room. Ted, slouched in the chair. Panting. Breaking down.

Murray joins the two G-Men, who have been watching everything. Murray can't hide his own gleeful amusement.

G-MAN

His mother really wrote that?

MURRAY

Of course not. We use the same letter for all of them.

(MORE)



MURRAY (CONT'D)

I imagine we could get even better results with more customized verbiage, but for scientific rigor I prefer to have this phase be standardized.

The G-Men are impressed. Murray flips some switches, and sounds the buzzer for the Third Dyadic Phase. In the room, a projectionist strings up a fresh film reel.

51 **IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM (FB D21)** 51

A new film flickers on the screen. Ted realizes -- it's a RECORDING of the earlier session. An unblinking close-up of TED'S OWN FACE while the Scientists were mocking him.

He's watching himself squirming while being mocked, listening to the abuse all over again at deafening volume. It's a hell right out of "A Clockwork Orange."

Ted starts panicking --

SHADOWS move behind the two-way glass. Watching him.

The CAMERA LENSES stare at him, unblinking.

The WIRES AND ELECTRODES hold him down.

The MACHINES monitor every heartbeat, every brainwave.

He's all alone in A TECHNOLOGICAL HELL and there's NO WAY OUT.

And finally -- he BREAKS. Starts sobbing uncontrollably. Trembling all over. Like a beaten dog.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*I only found this out years later, but it's well documented: Murray was working for the CIA. Part of Project MKULTRA, the CIA's vast Mind-Control project. There was a whole cadre of MKUltra researchers at Harvard then -- over in Sever Hall, Professor Timothy Leary was dosing people with LSD and psilocybin, searching for a "truth serum"...*

52 **IN SEVER HALL (FB DX)** 52

We see TIMOTHY LEARY and some OTHER G-MEN watching from behind another two-way mirror as subjects trip out on LSD.

(CONTINUED)

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)  
*Over in BioChem, there was a flood  
of grant money to continue Frank  
Olsen's work on aerosolized  
psychoactives...*

53 **IN A BIOCHEM LAB (FB DX)** 53

Researchers pump psychoactive gasses into a glass-walled gas chamber and watch as the subjects inside FREAK OUT...

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)  
*And Murray in Psych, working with  
the CIA to perfect brainwashing  
techniques to use against Soviet  
spies -- to break them permanently,  
take control of their psyches, and  
turn them against their masters.*

54 **IN A MILITARY CONFERENCE ROOM (FB DX)** 54

We see MURRAY GIVING A SLIDE SHOW PRESENTATION to a room full of Government officials... GENERALS, CIA guys, maybe even J. EDGAR HOOVER. On the slides, we catch the phrases "Stressful Dyad", "brainwashing", "ideology implantation"...

55 **BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM (FB D21)** 55

Ted, a shaking, quivering wreck. Held to the chair by the wires and electrodes. The machines still spitting out tickertape of his heart rate, BP, EEG...

As the horrible FILM keeps playing...

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)  
*And WE WERE THE GUINEA PIGS. He  
selected the most vulnerable, the  
most sensitive and impressionable  
of us, to see if we could be  
BROKEN. The others, at least they  
were 18 or 19. I was SIXTEEN YEARS  
OLD!*

56 **BEHIND THE TWO-WAY MIRROR (FB D21)** 56

Murray and the G-Men watch Ted breaking down. He's utterly beaten.

G-MAN

My concern is this: if we're going to use this in a practical way to turn an enemy agent against the Soviet Union, I need to see how this emotional manipulation can transition into an ideological implant. You can make him cry, but he may still believe what he believed when he walked in.

Murray smiles. He's getting there. He hits a switch.

**IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM (FB D21)**

Suddenly, everything stops. The harsh lights turn off, the projector shuts down, the machines stop their churning. It's normal again. Ted, a frightened animal -- is it going to get worse now?

And then Murray steps into the room. A paternal smile on his face. Ted looks up at him through tears -- to him, Murray suddenly looks like a haloed savior.

MURRAY

Theodore, you did a wonderful job.  
You truly exceeded my expectations.  
Let's get these electrodes off you.

Murray frees him from the wires. Murray's hand on his shoulder, comforting.

MURRAY

You did so very well. I couldn't have asked for more. As a subject, or as a friend. I can't wait to see how well you do next time.

Ted stares at Murray. So deeply confused by the sudden kindness. He doesn't know which way is up.

TED

"Next time?"

Murray nods.

MURRAY

This phase will continue for about eighteen months. I'm anticipating more great things from you, Ted.

TED

Oh... Um. Okay.

57

Ted stands. Lost now. Starts vaguely for the door. Then stops.

TED

I, uh. I never believed any of that stuff anyway, you know.

MURRAY

Is that right?

TED

No. I never really believed any of it. Those ideas were just... stupid. Juvenile.

MURRAY

Are you sure about that, Ted?

A beat. Then Ted nods.

Murray smirks at the two-way mirror.

58

**BEHIND THE TWO-WAY MIRROR (FB D21)**

58

The G-Men look at each other meaningfully. *Well done, Professor Murray...*

One of them makes notations in a folder. We glimpse the typed label:

PROJECT MKULTRA - SUBJECT: "LAWFUL" - TOP SECRET.

59

**IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM (FB D21)**

59

MURRAY

Well, either way. I'll see you next week.

Ted staggers for the exit.

MURRAY

Ted. Your cigarettes.

Ted pauses. Looks at the cigarette tin on the floor by his chair. He doesn't want to obey. But he can't help himself.

Dutifully, he goes back for them. Picks them up from beside Murray's feet.

But when Ted stands back up -- he and Murray are nose-to-nose.

(CONTINUED)

59

And instead of scuttling away, Ted STAYS THERE. Looking right into Murray's eyes with a defiant, "fuck you" expression.

For just a moment, Murray seems SCARED. Like Ted might attack him.

Then Ted turns. And strides out.

60

**EXT. HARVARD YARD (FB D21)**

60

Teenage Ted stumbles out the door and through the snow, back into Harvard Yard.

He looks down at the cigarette tin in his hand.

Then he's overcome with self-disgust and anger. And FLINGS THEM AWAY.

CUT TO:

61

**INT. LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY - READING ROOM - DAY (D20)**

61

TIMMY

Ted? I finished. I saw where you tried to trick me. Nice try.

Timmy holds up his paper so Ted can see.

Ted snaps back to his math tutoring. Inspects Timmy's work. Nods, impressed.

TED

You have the eye for mathematics. That's special. Not everybody has that.

TIMMY

I dunno. Actually, can I ask you a question? Privately? I can't really ask my mom.

TED

Um, sure. Okay. Should we...?

He signals to Theresa: he and Timmy are going to walk around the block. Theresa smiles: go for it.

62

**EXT. LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY - LATER (D20)**

62

Ted and Timmy walk around the block. Timmy, unburdening himself.

(CONTINUED)

TIMMY

...It's like, they're on me every single day. They call me Pigeon Boy. Because of how I walk, I guess.

TED

You see the world differently. People are afraid of that. You just have to be true to yourself. It'll get better.

TIMMY

That's "mom" stuff. I need them to stop. I need man-to-man advice.

Ted respects that. He nods, thinking. Then tells him:

TED

Strength. These people prey on fear, and respect only strength. Make yourself strong, and you won't even need to fight them. You should be doing push-ups and sit-ups every day. Chin-ups too. Soon they'll sense your strength and leave you alone. You won't even need to fight them.

TIMMY

That's good "dad" advice. I'll start tonight. Oh, wait, hold on a second--

Timmy fishes an envelope out of his backpack. Hands it to Ted.

Ted opens it. It's an INVITATION to Timmy's 12th BIRTHDAY PARTY.

TIMMY

We're having a party for my birthday. You think you can come? You don't need to bring a present or anything. We'll have a cake.

TED

Oh, that's really... Thanks. I'm not sure if I can make it.

TIMMY

It's just a small party. I don't have very many friends, so... You don't have to come, though.

TED

I'd like to come. I'm just... busy.

TIMMY

It's okay. You don't have to. If you don't want to.

TED

I'll try. Okay?

Timmy nods. He turns back towards the library.

TED

What the world thinks about you? What those bullies say? None of that matters one bit. You're different from the other kids. And that's GOOD. I promise.

Timmy takes a long look at Ted. That hits home. Just what Timmy needed to hear.

Ted reaches out. And he pats Timmy on the shoulder.

For Ted, it's a big gesture.

He looks at the invitation. And watches Timmy run back to his mom. Theresa smiles at Ted through the window.

Ted stands there with his bike, watching them on the other side of the glass.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Murray spent a YEAR seducing me...  
and then spent TWO YEARS breaking  
me. Two years. Why'd I keep going  
back?*

Teenage Ted's a blubbering wreck. The FILM REPLAY of himself is still playing right in front of him. The DEAFENING AUDIO of himself being berated.

He looks over at the two-way mirror, but there's no help to be found there -- only dark shadows and his own reflection --

(CONTINUED)

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*To PROVE to them: They can strap  
me to the electric chair. But - I  
will NEVER give in. They will  
never break me.*

*(beat)*

*And I didn't. I didn't break.  
They didn't break me. They....  
they... didn't... didn't break  
me.*

But, of course -- they did.

**END ACT FOUR**



ACT FIVE

64 **EXT. TED'S CABIN - LATER THAT DAY [1995] (D20)** 64

Ted arrives back at his cabin. Leans his bike around back, heads inside.

65 **INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY (D20)** 65

Ted tosses his bag down on the bed. Puts his new library books up on the shelf.

And now we see the interior of the cabin for the first time. The journals and books on the shelves. The typewriter on a small stand. A couple of rabbits hanging over the Franklin stove.

A pair of latex gloves and a red stocking-cap hanging on a hook. Ted grabs them, puts them on. And sits down at what we suddenly realize is

HIS BOMB-MAKING TABLE.

And we watch as Ted works to finish the HALF-BUILT BOMB sitting on the table. The incredible precision of his work, the skill of his hands.

Stripping batteries of their covers, then soldering the batteries together in a series.

Heating a piece of rebar in the stove and using it as a soldering iron. Dripping excessive solder on all the joints.

Gluing the joints with tons of homemade HOOF-GLUE EPOXY.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Every time my mind wanders, it goes  
back to that room at Harvard.  
Whenever I close my eyes, I'm  
THERE. Strapped to that chair.  
Helpless, angry, impotent...  
stripped of all RESPECT. And I  
feel so much ANGER.*

Checking and re-checking the intricate wood-and-aluminum triggering switch.

Connecting the batteries and checking the circuit with a little voltmeter... the voltmeter's needle JUMPS -- The WIRES take him back to

66

**THE INTERROGATION ROOM AT HARVARD [1959] (FB D21)**

66

The NEEDLES jumping on the big medical monitors... The WIRES entangling TEENAGE TED... Strapping him down to that chair...

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Anger at Murray, anger at those scientists, anger at ALL of them... I want them to LISTEN TO ME. I want them to pay for what they did to me...*

67

**INT. TED'S CABIN (D20)**

67

He uses tongs to fish a metal pipe out of a pickling solution. Wipes it with a cloth, inspects it from every angle.

Carefully fills the pipe with explosive powder.

Plugs the ends of the pipe, pins them into place.

Wraps the pipe in strips of tape studded with nails and buckshot. Then nestles it in place in the box, and epoxies it into place.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*I've been living on ANGER my whole life. It's all that's sustained me... And no wonder. The story of my life is the story of betrayal. Anyone I ever loved, anyone I ever admired, betrayed me.*

68

**INT. THE KACZYNSKI HOUSE [1960] (FB D22)**

68

A middle-aged WANDA screams at a belligerent Teenage Ted:

WANDA

What letter?! I signed that permission form, yes-- because I thought that maybe those Harvard psychiatrists could make you NORMAL! You ARE a STUNTED ADOLESCENT! A 13-year-old trapped in a man's body!

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Mom. Dad. Doug. Murray. And you too, David. Even you.*

We see **GLIMPSES OF TED AND DAVID THROUGH THE YEARS:**

69 - **IN THE KACZYNSKI HOUSE [1950], (FB D23)** 69

Ted at age 6 is in awe of his infant brother as little David lies in the crib. Those tiny, perfect hands and feet.

70 - **IN THE KACZYNSKI HOUSE [1959], (FB D24)** 70

Ted at age 15 helps David with his math homework.

71 - **IN THE WOODS [1972], (FB D25)** 71

Ted and David build the CABIN together.

72 - **IN TED'S CABIN [1976], (FB D26)** 72

Ted receives photos of DAVID in front of his abri in Texas.

73 - **IN THE FOAM FACTORY [1978], (FB D8)** 73

Ted seethes with rage as David FIRES him. The moment we saw in 105. Ted walks out in utter humiliation, past all the staring employees.

74 - **IN HIS CABIN [1990], (FB D27)** 74

Ted receives a letter with David's WEDDING PHOTOS in it, plus photos of David and Linda's middle-class house in Schenectady. Ted RAGES, tears the photos up.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*Betrayal after betrayal after  
betrayal... Until I can't trust  
ANYONE. I can't trust any  
affection, any kindness, anything.  
Because I'm UNWORTHY of it.*

*(beat)*

*My whole past, my whole life - it's  
all telling me that I'm unworthy of  
anything but to be despised...  
That I'm irredeemably broken. That  
whatever I do, I'm UNWORTHY of  
love. And I always will be.*

75 **INT. TED'S CABIN - EVENING [1995] (D20)** 75

Ted sits at his bomb-making table. In front of him, the FINISHED BOMB.

And next to it -- Timmy's BIRTHDAY PARTY INVITATION.

Ted considers these two items.

(CONTINUED)

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)

*I'm trapped, David. I'm trapped  
and I can't get out. I need to  
know -- can I start over? Or is it  
too late?*

**END ACT FIVE**



82

82

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)  
*Sometimes I think I'm just trying  
to punish those people because they  
have what I really want: A home, a  
family, the ability to be NORMAL.  
I'm 53 years old, and I'm a virgin.*

83

**IN THE EVERGREEN PARK HALLWAY (FB DX)**

83

Young Ted watches from behind his locker door as Doug Burkman walks down the hall, hand in hand with a girl.

84

**IN HARVARD YARD, (FB DX)**

84

Teenage Ted, head down, crosses the Yard on his way to a Harvard library. Double-takes as he spots Professor Murray having a picnic lunch with his family. Murray goofs around with his kids, while Murray's wife unpacks the picnic basket. Murray, enjoying his life, unscarred, completely unaffected by what he did to Ted. He doesn't even notice Ted watching.

85

**IN THE KACZYNSKI HOUSE (FB DX)**

85

Teenage Ted watches from the stairs as HIS OWN PARENTS snuggle on the couch. Watching TV together. It's so simple, but it's so impossibly far away for Ted.

86

**BACK IN THE CABIN (FB D26)**

86

Adult Ted stares at the photos of DAVID AND LINDA from their wedding. Feeding each other cake. In love.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)  
*And I realize only now that the  
time I've spent on all this  
destruction... it's the time I  
would have spent on a family.  
Having a SON. Someone who would  
look up to me. Who I could just...  
love.*

And we see TED'S FANTASY:

87

**- IN THE CABIN, (DX)**

87

Adult Ted and HIS WIFE sit by the fire. As their INFANT SON nurses at her breast. The whole scene golden in the lamplight. Beautiful, transformative.



90

Ted's made a little KALIMBA THUMB PIANO. It's beautiful.

He tries it out. Adjusts the length of the tines until it plays a perfect octave.

He smiles at his work. Then tries it out -- picks out "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" on his little kalimba. It sounds great.

Ted wraps the kalimba in brown paper. Writes "TIMMY" on it. Picks up the invitation. And carries them to the door.

91

**EXT. TIMMY AND THERESA'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N20)**

91

Ted approaches through the darkness, carrying his present. He's late, and the party's already going on. Hardly anyone there except Theresa, Timmy, and a few adult friends.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.)  
*My past doesn't have to dictate my  
future. I can still grow. I can  
still change.*

Ted stops outside the house, in the darkness. Watching through the window as Theresa carries in a birthday cake and they blow out the candles.

Ted smiles. It's a homey vision. As Theresa cuts the cake and Timmy opens his present.

Theresa notices Ted outside, waves, happy to see him. Motions "one sec."

Ted nods, watches as Timmy starts opening presents. Some toy soldiers. A baseball hat. Ted smiles. Starts toward the front door -- then stops when he sees:

Timmy unwraps a CASIO KEYBOARD. A cheap little electronic toy -- but Timmy's excited. Timmy pushes the DEMO button, and the keyboard starts playing music all on its own.

Ted stops short.

Looking from the fancy Casio keyboard in Timmy's arms to the thumb piano in his hand.

Suddenly, his little kalimba seems so stupid.

And he feels a wave of self-loathing. It was stupid to come here. What was he thinking.

Ted turns, heads for the woods, and disappears into the darkness.

(CONTINUED)



91

Theresa opens her front door to welcome him in. But -- Ted's gone.

92

**INT. TED'S CABIN (N20)**

92

Ted slams the door behind him. Bolts it.

Takes the kalimba and throws it into the fire.

Throws the LETTER TO DAVID into the fire.

Takes the live bomb off the table, quickly wraps it in tin foil, and shoves it UNDER HIS BED.

Then lies down above it.

Staring at the ceiling.

For a moment,

93

**IN TED'S FANTASY (NX)**

93

Ted is holding a tiny little infant's hand, translucent pink and utterly perfect in the firelight. Holding his son against his chest. This perfect little child, so tiny, so safe in Ted's arms.

And then he snaps

94

**BACK TO REALITY (N20)**

94

And he's alone again. Fighting back his tears. The aching lonely sorrow in his heart.

TED'S LETTER TO DAVID (V.O.):

*My life wasn't supposed to go like  
this. My God, David. Who can help  
me? It wasn't supposed to go like  
this...*

Ted turns to face the wall. Curls into a fetal pose.

And, under the bed,

THE BOMB.

**END OF EPISODE**