

MANIFESTO

Episode 107

"Lincoln"

Written By

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WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 12/06/16

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REVISION SUMMARY

Revision	Date	Pages in Revision
Production White	12/06/16	FULL PRODUCTION DRAFT

A formal revision summary will accompany future production revisions. A few important notes:

- The Blue Sky Motel is now The Big Sky Motel. The next revision of 105 will reflect this change.
- David Kaczynski's wife's proper surname is Patrik. She will be referred to as LINDA PATRIK on this Cast List and on all future Cast Lists.

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N.B.: This episode takes place primarily in 1996. The final scene continues the 1997 storyline; it is tagged "[1997]" with a yellow highlight.

SET LIST

INTERIORS

BIG SKY MOTEL
OFFICE
MOTEL ROOM
UTF HEADQUARTERS
DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM
CONFERENCE ROOM
BULLPEN
ACKERMAN'S OFFICE
KANSAS CITY FBI OFFICE
SEVEN-UP RANCH
WAR ROOM OFFICE
STEVE FRECCERO'S OFFICE
JUDGE LOVELL'S HOUSE
STUDY
KITCHEN
TED'S CABIN
DAVID KACZYNSKI'S HOUSE
LIVING ROOM
HUNTING CABIN
FITZ'S CAR
SUV
WHEEL INN TAVERN
COLORLESS CELL
COURTROOM

EXTERIORS

BIG SKY MOTEL
LOGGING ROADS
LINCOLN POST OFFICE
LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY
STRETCH OF VERY RURAL ROAD
TED'S CABIN
WOODS
HELENA AIRPORT TARMAC
SEVEN-UP RANCH
RURAL ROAD
WOODS
ACROSS THE VALLEY
BLUE SWAT TEAM LOCATION
SWAT LEADER LOCATION
JUDGE LOVELL'S HOUSE
HUNTING CABIN
WOODS
NEWS BARRICADE
DAVID KACZYNSKI'S HOUSE
HIGHWAY
LINCOLN ROAD
WHEEL INN TAVERN
DIRT ROAD

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CAST LIST

(in order of appearance)

SANDY
BURKHARDT
BIRDWATCHER
FEMALE BIRDWATCHER (non-speaking)
FITZ (aka JIM FITZGERALD)
JANITOR
STAN COLE
ANDY GENELLI
DON ACKERMAN
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
FBI BOSS
ACKERMAN'S SECRETARY
LOWELL BERGMAN
TOM MCDANIEL
CRANKY AGENT
SWAT LEADER
STEVE FRECCERO
JERRY BURNS
TED KACZYNSKI
JUDGE LOVELL
BLUE SWAT TEAM MEMBER
GREEN SWAT TEAM MEMBER
WHITE SWAT TEAM MEMBER
YOUNG AGENT
JIM WHITE
LINDA PATRIK
FBI GUY 1
TV REPORTER
DAVID KACZYNSKI
BOMBTECH 1
BOMBTECH 2
RADIO REPORTER (voice only)
THERESA OAKES
TIMMY OAKES
FBI AGENT 1
BARTENDER
TV NEWS ANCHOR
NATALIE SCHILLING (voice only)
DAVEY FITZGERALD (voice only)
RADIO REPORTER 2 (voice only)
FRANK MCALPINE
JUDGE BURRELL
JUDY CLARKE

ACT ONE

1 **EXT. BIG SKY MOTEL - MORNING [APRIL 1996] (D33)** 1

Close on a cheerful HAND-PAINTED SIGN, which reads: Big Sky Motel. Then we PULL BACK to reveal --

A slightly-below-average rural motel, one story layout, six rooms and an office. The owner's rust-bucket pick-up truck parked out front. A shiny rented SUV parked next to it.

Snow-dusted hills behind. Above, that big blue Montana Sky.

SANDY (O.C.)

We been open for thirty-five years.
Only closed for 5 months when I had
my back surgery.

2 **INT. BIG SKY MOTEL - OFFICE - MORNING (D33)** 2

Two MEN in work clothes chat up the owner, SANDY, 60s, as they check in. We peg them as UNDERCOVER UTF AGENTS, and recognize BURKHARDT.

BURKHARDT

So you pretty much know everyone
around here.

SANDY

Everyone but you.

Burkhardt hands her his card, which reads: Earl Brogton, Western Telecommunications.

BURKHARDT

We're with the phone company.
We're looking to put up a new
tower, better coverage.
(off her mystified look)
To make the phones work better.
Get a better signal.

SANDY

When I win the lottery and get a
cell phone, I'll send a thank-you.

Sandy laughs. Burkhardt laughs too, leans in for the kill:

BURKHARDT

We have a field crew coming up
tomorrow to survey possible
locations.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2

BURKHARDT (CONT'D)

You mind if we have 'em stay here?
If you have the room, and it isn't
too much trouble?

SANDY

In the off season? We got all the
room you can handle, no lyin'.
Appreciate the business.

BURKHARDT

Great...

(reads her name tag)

... Sandy. Maybe you can tell us a
bit about the local "wildlife."
We'll be poking around the hills a
bit, wanna know what we'll find.

Sandy chuckles, hands them two keys.

SANDY

Oh, we got a lot of strange
critters out here. I'll fill you
in for sure. Yer in room six,
right outside to the left.

BURKHARDT

Thank you, ma'am.

As they head to the door, they pass the BIRDWATCHER couple
from 105. Neither party gives the other any recognition.

Sandy doesn't notice this, turns back to her TV. Cranks up
the volume on *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman*.

IN VARIOUS LOCATIONS IN LINCOLN, MONTANA:

Burkhardt and his partner survey the town from their SUV,
take photos, being careful not to be noticed. As they do we
get a RE-INTRODUCTION TO LINCOLN:

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 3 | THEY SURVEY AND PHOTOGRAPH LOGGING ROADS. (D34) | 3 |
| 4 | THEY SURVEY AND PHOTOGRAPH THE LINCOLN POST OFFICE. (D34) | 4 |
| 5 | THEY SURVEY AND PHOTOGRAPH THE LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY. (D34) | 5 |
| 6 | THEY SURVEY AND PHOTOGRAPH A STRETCH OF VERY RURAL ROAD. (D34) | 6 |
| 7 | EXT. WOODS / TED'S CABIN - EVENING (N34) | 7 |

The two Agents, now on foot, survey the cabin from afar.

(CONTINUED)

Burkhardt zeroes in on the cabin with huge, tactical binoculars. The other agent sets up a long-range VIDEO CAMERA hidden in a fake rock. Checks the feed.

8 **INT. BIG SKY MOTEL - MOTEL ROOM - MORNING (D35)** 8

Then we match cut to TED'S CABIN... But it's B&W, grainy, wavering... On the TV SCREEN in the Agents' motel room.

Burkhardt's partner "tunes" the feed from the hidden video camera. It's patchy, and Ted's cabin is distant, but it's better than nothing.

Burkhardt looks through the surveillance photos they took, adds them to the MAPS on the wall. Then he knocks on the CONNECTING DOOR -- it opens to reveal

THE BIRDWATCHERS, staying in the ADJOINING ROOM. They bring in a stack of their own photos, adding them to the mix.

9 **INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM (D36)** 9

Fitz, alone, unshaven, sipping cold coffee from Styrofoam. He's sorting and filing the Ted Kaczynski documents he got from David Kaczynski in 105. Laboring on color-coded charts. Slow, arduous work.

Fitz hears footsteps approach-- a *colleague*? The janitor.

JANITOR
Morning, Fitz.

FITZ
Morning?

The janitor nods, then goes back to mopping. Fitz rubs his eyes. Then realizes -- *Jeez, he's late...*

10 **INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D36)** 10

Fitz rushes to join COLE, GENELLI, and ACKERMAN in the conference room. Cole is indicating a topo map of Lincoln.

COLE
We have two teams in place, with another three on the ground within the week.

ACKERMAN
Won't the locals notice all the new faces?

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

More to the point, won't Ted start to suspect something? If he gets even a whiff of FBI presence, he'll vanish. Or worse, boobytrap the woods, fortify himself in the cabin, and we got ourselves another Ruby Ridge.

COLE

Our guys are aware and are being extremely careful. It's a slow-build operation. Deep cover. Plus, as far we can tell Kaczynski hasn't set foot outside his cabin since we started watching. So he's not seeing or hearing much of anything. We take our time. Watch, wait.

ACKERMAN

How long?

COLE

Ask these guys. We can't move in until they find something that definitively ties Kaczynski to Unabom.

(over Fitz's objection)

Something more than just the language. Something concrete.

Ackerman turns to Genelli and Fitz. Like -- Well?

GENELLI

I'm guessing... three months. Maybe six. Depends on what we can build. We're monitoring his movements, watching his mail, looking at his bank records... He might send an incriminating letter tomorrow, or walk out the door holding a bomb next week.

ACKERMAN

Or he might stay inside for six months while we twiddle our thumbs. Right?

(off Genelli's silence)

So that's it? We just wait for him to goof up and give us probable cause?

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

Well, I'm still working through his letters. There might be probable cause in there somewhere. Maybe at least enough for a sneak-and-peek.

Grumbling from all the others. Not likely.

GENELLI

And in case it's not him, I want to step up our database searches through the MPP, bring in more agents to subpoena records, increase surveillance on our top fifty leads.

ACKERMAN

Good. Keep the momentum up, make it clear we're not just sitting around. Call in whatever resources you need.

11

INT. KANSAS CITY FBI OFFICE - DAY (D37)

11

AN FBI ASSISTANT DIRECTOR steps into his BOSS's office.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Unabom's poaching another ten of our S.O.G. guys.

FBI BOSS

Why? They already got eyes on that Montana guy, don't they?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Yeah, but they're just sitting on him! They say it could take six months. Meanwhile, I got four major drug cases with no surveillance to run them with.

FBI BOSS

Six months?! The hell they doing up there? Arrest the friggin guy!

The AD shrugs -- "I hear you." The Boss waves him out of the office. Plops down at his desk. After a moment, he flips through his rolodex -- and lands on a card reading: CBS News.

12 **INT. UTF - BULLPEN - THE NEXT MORNING (D38)** 12

Ackerman rushes across the bullpen. His Secretary trotting alongside.

 ACKERMAN'S SECRETARY
Well, he said he was a producer
with 60 Minutes. And the CBS
Evening News. And--

 ACKERMAN
I know who Lowell Bergman is!
Which is why I don't understand why
you'd ever let him in this buildin--

LOWELL BERGMAN (60s) is standing at the base of the stairs
like he owns the place. Watching Ackerman. Chewing gum.

 LOWELL BERGMAN
Happy to see me?

13 **INT. UTF - ACKERMAN'S OFFICE - NEXT MOMENT (D38)** 13

Ackerman sits behind his desk, trying to keep some shred of
authority and control. Bergman paces, laying it out.

 LOWELL BERGMAN
Your operation is a sieve! I have
multiple Agency sources telling me
Polish last name, Lincoln Montana,
Ted Sumthin-ski. Now I don't want
to be here, I didn't pursue this
story, but I'll be damned if I'm
gonna let ABC get there first.

 ACKERMAN
Now hold on, Lowell-- That's
highly sensitive Bureau intel--

 LOWELL BERGMAN
Get your head out of your ass, Don!
Do you have any idea what a huge
favor I'm doing you right now? If
this was ABC or NBC or even goddamn
PBS, not one of those guys would be
here giving you a heads-up. You'd
be watching it on live TV right
now. So count your lucky stars CBS
got it first. And that we'll give
you 24 hours before we go live.

(CONTINUED)

ACKERMAN

24 hours?! How the hell are we supposed to-- If you break this before we go in, and he hears-- He's got guns, he's got bombs--

LOWELL BERGMAN

24 hours. Good luck, Don.

The moment Bergman is out the door, Ackerman grabs his phone:

ACKERMAN

Project heads, conference room,
NOW!!

INT. UTF - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D38)

Fitz, Ackerman, Genelli, Cole in the conference room. They're FREAKING OUT. Pacing, anxious. This is not good...

COLE

We're screwed! How can we ramp from a 6-month timeline to ONE DAY?

ACKERMAN

It's what we have. Cole, you're on the next flight to Lincoln, I want boots on the ground ASAP.

COLE

I'm gonna have to call in favors. We'll need San Francisco SWAT out there, local Forest Service--

ACKERMAN

Whatever you need. We have twenty-four hours before this blows, it's do-or-die now.

Cole nods, turns to a waiting Agent:

COLE

Get on the phone with every rental car place within 100 miles of Lincoln, rent up every four-wheel vehicle so the press can't get them when this leaks. Go!

ACKERMAN

Genelli, Fitz. I have AUSA Steve Freccero on alert, he's our DOJ liaison. Start writing up the warrant.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

Once Fraccerro signs off, we'll submit to the Judge. Whatever you need, whoever you can use, take them. Go!

Genelli nods. The meeting starts to break up.

FITZ

Wait a second-- A warrant? But-- right now, really the only thing that ties Kaczynski to Unabom is language. Forensic linguistics.

They all look at him, like, "So what's the problem?"

ACKERMAN

Yeah, so write it up. Quickly.

FITZ

Um, but... well... For a warrant, we need to prove probable cause. Is forensic linguistics going to be enough for that?

GROANS from all the agents. Ackerman, turning red:

ACKERMAN

After a month of insisting you've got PROOF-- You're saying this NOW?

This lands on Fitz. He's going Prime Time whether he's ready or not.

EXT. HELENA AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY (D38)

Local FBI Chief TOM MCDANIEL (60s) and his ASSISTANT look on as FIFTY FBI AGENTS and their gear cross the tarmac.

McDaniel truly looks the part of a rural FBI Chief -- worn Carhartt jacket, huge moustache, big white cowboy hat.

MCDANIEL

The cavalry's arrived.

At the head of the invading column is Cole. Clearly in charge and relishing it. Cole nods to McDaniel, smiles.

COLE

Special Agent Tom McDaniel? Stan Cole.

MCDANIEL

You empty the whole San Fran
office?

COLE

San Fran, Seattle, AND Sacramento.
The other 50 land in 20 minutes.

This impresses McDaniel. He gives a low whistle. Watches the Feds stream past toward the waiting SUVs, start loading in their gun cases and heavy gear.

MCDANIEL

You're able to mobilize 100 Agents
in five hours?

Cole nods, like, no big deal, then adds sardonically:

COLE

All I need now is a damned warrant.

MCDANIEL

(in shock--)
Wait... *You don't have a warrant?*

Cole says nothing as he climbs into the Lead SUV.

McDaniel watches the convoy of SUVs roll past. Then looks over at his Assistant. Like -- "*Oh... Shit...*"

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16

INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY (D38)

16

ON THE WALL, we see an overhead transparency slide into place. Two documents, side by side:

T-DOC 122: *computer will possess creative capacities*

MANIFESTO: *intelligent machines will perform human facilities*

Fitz finishes setting up the overhead projector, turns to the room. The room is now CRAMMED with FBI Agents, staffers and support people. Long rows of tables are stacked with T-Docs.

Everyone's looking at the overheads. Murmurs of incomprehension. Genelli WHISTLES for silence.

FITZ

Listen up everyone! Here's what we're doing. You have about a hundred and fifty letters from Ted Kaczynski on those tables. You have copies of the Manifesto, which I hope you've all read. We're looking for parallel ideas, parallel phrasing from the known Ted Kaczynski documents...
(points to the overhead)
Compared to the Manifesto.

The group nods, but isn't sold. Lots of sidelong glances.

FITZ

We need to compile as many language clues as we can, to prove that the man who wrote those letters is the man who wrote the Manifesto. There's a lot of material to go through, so let's get started.

CRANKY AGENT

Needle in a haystack...

FITZ

It's there. So stop griping and find it. Go!

The agents all look at each other -- like, "Is this all we've got?" They turn to the stacks of papers, start reading uncertainly. Nobody really knows what they're doing or why.

17

INT. SEVEN-UP RANCH - DAY (D38)

17

Cole talks with the SWAT LEADER as he simultaneously sets up his "war room," giving orders to his staff.

COLE

Move the tables against that wall
and cover those windows.

(to Swat Leader)

Okay, what do you have?

SWAT LEADER

Tear gas canister gets him out,
operatives in snow camo grab him
before he can cough up dinner.
Whole op covered by snipers, plus a
breacher team if the gas isn't
effective.

COLE

And he burns all the evidence while
igniting whatever booby-traps he's
set on his property the past twenty
years.

(off Swat's look)

Then kills himself.

Before the Swat Leader can reply, Cole barks to his subordinate Agents.

COLE

Set up the radios over there, maps
on that wall, secure someone local
we can trust to supply us with
coffee, food, whatever. Let me
know when the surveillance plane is
ready, and tell 'em not to fly too
low. Make sure the snowmobiles are
secured, gassed up and ready to go.
Pull local records on ammunition
sales if possible, see what kind of
firepower we're facing.

SWAT LEADER

(pissed, sarcastic:)

So then what's the plan? We knock
on his door and ask to borrow a cup
of sugar?

COLE

(with a grin:)

Exactly. This is going to be low-
impact.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COLE (CONT'D)

Nothing tactical, just a regular,
average Tuesday afternoon in rural
Montana.

SWAT LEADER

What if he says no and won't open
his door? Sir.

COLE

Then we say "please."
(to the room:)
Look alive people, we've got
nineteen hours, and change.

The thoroughly gelded Swat Leader can't help but add:

SWAT LEADER

I trust you'll be front-and-center
on this low-impact operation, sir?

Cole doesn't respond, but the Swat Leader is dead on. Cole
then turns to McDaniel. Under his breath:

COLE

Let's talk to this guy who knows
Kaczynski. Figure out our
approach.

McDaniel nods, steps out. Cole looks over his 'troops,'
watching this come together. Then looks at his watch. Under
the mask of command, a glimpse of his deep, growing concern.

INT. STEVE FRECCERO'S OFFICE - DAY (D38)

A sign on the door reads: *Department Of Justice. Assistant
U.S. Attorney, Steve Freccero.*

STEVE FRECCERO (30s, a comer) finishes looking through the
massive Search Warrant. He looks up at Genelli and Fitz.

FRECCERO

Guys, what is this? You want me to
send an arrest warrant to a federal
judge based on spelling?

GENELLI

There's a lot more than just--

FRECCERO

You're not even close to meeting
the burden of proof here. If I'm
going to put my name on this
warrant, you have to give me more.

FITZ

Well... What do you want?! This is what we have, and we only have eighteen hours before--

FRECCERO

Evidence! Probable cause! That's what I want!

(off their dejection)

Look, first off, forget the arrest warrant. You can maybe get a search warrant, it's a lower burden of proof. Maybe. But still, you'll need more than this.

INT. SEVEN-UP RANCH - WAR ROOM OFFICE - DAY (D38)

JERRY BURNS sits across from Cole and McDaniel. An understated, gentle soul in a U.S. Forest Service uniform.

COLE

You know Kaczynski personally?

JERRY BURNS

I see him sometimes, riding his bike. We've talked twice or so.

MCDANIEL

Which makes you practically brothers.

(off Cole's look)

No one talks to Kaczynski much, except the Librarian and her kid.

COLE

But he knows you. Knows who you are.

JERRY BURNS

Yeah, he'd recognize me. Why?

COLE

Well... We need to execute a warrant on Ted's cabin.

JERRY BURNS

Oh boy, what'd Ted get into?

Cole and McDaniel look at each other. *You want to tell him?*

MCDANIEL

We have reason to believe Ted Kaczynski may be the Unabomber.

19

Jerry Burns laughs. Then realizes it's not a joke. Then realizes -- he's in the middle of this... GULP.

JERRY BURNS

So, uh. Gosh. What's the plan?
Just go and knock on his door?

COLE

Pretty much.

JERRY BURNS

Oh boy. If he's actually the
Unabomber? Well, that's not a
cabin, it's a bomb factory!

COLE

That's why I called you, Jerry.
You're gonna lure him out for us
tomorrow. And you're gonna take me
to see the cabin. Today.

Jerry Burns GULPS. Then nods. Man's gotta do what a man's
gotta do. Thinking... starting to figure out a plan.

20

EXT. WOODS / TED'S CABIN - DAY (D38)

20

Cole and Burns mount a snowy ridge. Burns stops, points.
Fifty yards away, Ted's Cabin in a snowy clearing.

Cole stares. After all this time, it's right there.

JERRY BURNS

Not much, is it?

COLE

No it is not.
(shaking off his surprise)
Okay. Maybe we should head back.

Suddenly, out of nowhere -- a DOG chases a RABBIT through the
snow, BARKING as he passes. Loud enough for anyone to hear.

And the CABIN DOOR SLOWLY *CREEEEEAKS* OPEN.

They all FREEZE. Staring.

Movement inside the cabin. Then, a scraggly, bearded HEAD
pops out of the cabin door, wearing a red stocking cap.

It's TED KACZYNSKI. Glaring at them suspiciously.

Cole stares back, frozen, heart in his throat. He doesn't
know what to do -- does it all end here, now, like this?

(CONTINUED)

20

But Burns doesn't miss a beat. He simply waves at Ted and yells over to him:

JERRY BURNS
Hey Teddy.

Ted squints, recognizing Burns... and finally nods.

Burns, cool as a cucumber, turns back to Cole, making 'small talk' and strolling on as if nothing is amiss.

JERRY BURNS
Mile north over that ridge is Lee's property, which butts the road...

Satisfied, Ted goes back inside his cabin and shuts the door.

Cole breathes a sigh of relief. Gives Burns a grateful look. Burns nods, shrugs. *Aw shucks.* They turn back toward home.

21 **INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - EVENING (N38)** 21

Genelli and Fitz's Search Warrant has grown ever thicker. They're flipping through page after page of matching words, phrases, ideas. Genelli's PAGER goes off.

GENELLI
Cole. Again.

They both stare at the PAGER until it stops buzzing. Phew. Turn back to their work.

Then Fitz's PAGER goes off.

22 **INT. STEVE FRECCERO'S OFFICE - MIDNIGHT (N38)** 22

Fitz and Genelli pace as Freccero finishes the last page of the now eleven-inch-thick Search Warrant. Freccero is pissed, snaps at them, everyone is exhausted.

FRECCERO
You woke me up for this?! Eleven inches of crap instead of seven inches of crap? Even for a search warrant, this is just weak.

FITZ
We're out of time, Steve--just tell us what the heck you need from us!

(CONTINUED)

FRECCERO

I don't need *more*, I need *better*.
It can be language, I guess -- but
if I'm submitting this to a judge,
I need to be able to prove to my
bosses that I made a solid call.

FITZ

So this is about covering your ass?

FRECCERO

It's about the United States
Constitution, wise-ass! Find me a
smoking gun, or don't come back!

On Fitz's and Genelli's faces: *Oh shit.*

EXT. SEVEN-UP RANCH - 1:30 AM (N38)

Cole gets the news, roars into the Mobile Phone.

COLE

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? I don't care
about the Goddamned details, Fitz.
This op is a go! We start
deploying in 30 minutes, arrest him
at dawn. You have six hours. You
will get that warrant. This is
happening, and you will not BLOW
THIS! AM I CLEAR?

END ACT TWO

27 **INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - SAME (D39)** 27

The office phone rings. Fitz looks at it for a beat, then answers. He knows who it is.

FITZ
We're doing our best.

COLE (ON PHONE)
I know you are. I'm just telling
you -- we're almost ready to go.

FITZ
I'll call you when we got it.

Click! Cole hangs up.

28 **EXT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING (D39)** 28

A Swat Team moves carefully into position, but they're starting to get spaced out, losing sight of each other.

SWAT 1 finds himself face to face with --

A 200 lb. MOUNTAIN LION. They look at each other. Swat Guy puts his hand on his sidearm. The Mountain Lion just stares.

Swat 1 looks around for backup -- but there is none.

When he turns back to the Mountain Lion, it's gone.

29 **EXT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING (D39)** 29

Across the valley, other SWAT MEMBERS take their positions, blend into the landscape.

30 **EXT. LANDSCAPE / TED'S CABIN - EARLY MORNING (D39)** 30

POV of a SNIPER SCOPE -- it expertly pans across the terrain, then comes to rest on the door of Ted's cabin.

It zeroes in on various details: a woodpile, some discarded lumber, half of a junked car rusting in the snow -- but no sign of life.

31 **INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - EARLY MORNING (D39)** 31

Fitz, deep in a handwritten letter from Ted. Then it starts to go a bit soft-focus. His gaze wanders up from the page, to the room beyond -- where things are falling apart. Agents staring bleary-eyed at documents, popping aspirin, nodding off. Everyone moves at half-speed. Sleep-deprived zombies.

(CONTINUED)

31

Fitz, bleary and blasted, stares out at this surreal scene.

Then a Staffer SPILLS COFFEE over three pages of documents.
Fitz snaps out of it, leaps up, pissed:

FITZ
Goddamn it. Watch it! This is
evidence!

Fitz charges at the staffer, snatches up the wet documents.
Genelli sees Fitz breaking down, steps in--

GENELLI
Okay! Everyone take a break! Get
some coffee, stretch your legs, go
outside and get some fresh air.
That's an order.

The room empties. Until only Fitz is left. He doesn't
leave. He can't leave.

Fitz starts pacing up and down the tables. Looking at the
piles of documents. Then gets an idea. Picks up an armful
of documents, starts laying them out on the floor, page by
page. From one wall to the opposite, in rows with a space to
walk between.

32

LATER (D39)

32

The ENTIRE FLOOR is covered in documents. Fitz walks
through them, lost in thought, muttering:

FITZ
*I know it's here... You're here
somewhere...*

Walking down the rows, scanning, squinting, obsessed... Page
after page, phrase after phrase...

Fitz gets angry when he passes the pages stained with spilled
coffee from the staffer. The nasty brown stains.

FITZ
These glorified temps...

But then FITZ SEES IT -- not on the coffee stained pages, but
the page right next to them. We see only one word -- "CAKE."

Fitz stops dead in his tracks.

On his face, DAWN.

Eureka!

(CONTINUED)

FITZ
185. Paragraph 185!

And he gives a WHOOP! Scoops the pages off the floor -- and
RUNS OUT THE DOOR --

33 INT. UTF - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER (D39) 33

Genelli stops and stares as FITZ comes RUNNING ALL THE WAY
ACROSS THE BULLPEN -- Waving the papers like a crazy man --

FITZ
185! It's paragraph 185!

CUT TO:

34 INT. STEVE FRECCERO'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING (D39) 34

Fitz and Genelli charge into Freccero's office. Fitz slaps
the letter down in front of Freccero. Points to an
underlined passage.

FITZ
A letter from Ted to his brother.

FRECCERO
(reads it aloud)
"You can't eat your cake and have
it too." Supposed to be the other
way around, right? Have your cake,
eat it too.

FITZ
Now, the Unabomber Manifesto.
Paragraph 185.

FRECCERO
(reading the Manifesto:)
"Eat your cake and have it too."
He wrote it wrong, twice.

FITZ
No. He wrote it right, twice.
This is the correct phrase. People
stopped saying it this way 400
years ago, but it's correct.
Kaczynski uses it correctly, and
all the rest of us say it wrong.
No one else would know this.

FRECCERO
Holy shit.

(CONTINUED)

34

FITZ

You wanted a smoking gun? How
about a smoking proverb.

In response, Freccero pulls out his pen, gestures for the
Search Warrant on the desk. SIGNS IT.

FRECCERO

I'll call the Judge. Hurry! GO!!

35

EXT. TWO STORY COLONIAL HOUSE - EARLY MORNING (D39) 35

Fitz's car screeches to a halt in the driveway. Fitz and
Genelli leap out, rush to the front door. Before they can
knock, JUDGE LOVELL opens the door in his bathrobe.

JUDGE LOVELL

Come on in. There's coffee on.

36

INT. JUDGE LOVELL'S HOUSE - STUDY - EARLY MORNING (D39) 36

The Judge uses a piece of paper to carefully read each line,
sliding it down to the next line when he's finished,
sometimes saying a phrase or sentence aloud.

This isn't being rudimentary; this is being thorough.

Judge Lovell has done this thousands of times -- and doesn't
make mistakes.

37

INT. JUDGE LOVELL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - 5:37AM (D39) 37

Fitz and Genelli sit drinking coffee from matching mugs in
the Judge's kitchen -- watching the sunrise. Neither says a
word. There's nothing to say.

Fitz rubs his eyes. It's been a long day, night, day.

Then they both stand -- as Judge Lovell enters, holding their
search warrant application. Grim-faced. He motions for them
to sit back down.

JUDGE LOVELL

You know there's really nothing
here except *language*.

Fitz and Genelli nod. It's true.

JUDGE LOVELL

When I realized that, I started
looking through my casebooks,
through legal history.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE LOVELL (CONT'D)

I couldn't find a single precedent
for this kind of argument.

The Judge plops the search warrant onto the table.

JUDGE LOVELL

Approving this would be going out
on a huge limb. I'd be putting my
reputation on the line. Over
something without precedent in all
of Western legal history. That's a
career-ender.

Fitz deflates. It's over.

JUDGE LOVELL

But then I remembered something.
Long time ago now. I was serving
in the Pacific. Okinawa. The
Japanese would steal our passwords,
sneak across our lines at night
pretending to be Americans. So our
sentries started using passwords
like 'Squirrel,' 'Whirlwind,'
'Reverse.' I was 18 years old, on
sentry duty this pitch-black night.
Password was 'River.' Suddenly
these dark shapes come moving
toward me. G.I.'s or Japs? No way
to tell. Until I heard the
password come back: 'Livel.' And
we opened fire.

A powerful moment. Fitz and Genelli sit in silence as the
Judge weighs this in his mind.

JUDGE LOVELL

I'm alive today because of that
Japanese soldier's 'idiolect.'
'Forensic linguistics' saved a lot
of good American boys that night.
Maybe it'll save a few more today.

Judge Lovell pulls out a pen-- and SIGNS THE SEARCH WARRANT.

JUDGE LOVELL

You have your search warrant. Now
go get that son of a bitch!

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR38 **EXT. RURAL ROAD - MORNING (D39)**

38

Cole paces, looks at his watch. McDaniel and Burns look at him, like, well? Cole shakes his head. Out of time.

Then sure as shit, they see it -- the first CBS NEWS VAN maneuvering down the snowy road. Followed by others.

Cole shakes his head. McDaniel spits in the snow, disgusted. Cole orders a pair of FBI Agents:

COLE
Keep them back.

MCDANIEL
Time's up, what do we do?

Suddenly -- in the COMMAND SUV, the PORTABLE FAX MACHINE makes that dial-up modem sound. PAGES start to print out.

They all stop and stare -- every FBI Agent present watches as the Search Warrant spits out. Thank God for technology!

Then Cole's mobile phone rings. He answers. He's far enough away from the other agents that they can't hear what he says. They all watch, on tenterhooks. He hangs up, turns back to them. You could hear a pin drop.

COLE
We got it. Let's go!
(as everyone springs into
action:)
And keep that Goddamned press away
or I'll throw their asses in jail.

39 **EXT. HUNTING CABIN - DAY (D39)**

39

Cole, Burns, and McDaniel walk up and stop in front of the cabin. Cole checks his sidearm, then pulls out his radio.

COLE
Teams in position?

40 **THE BLUE SWAT TEAM (D39)**

40

Is concealed under some low-hanging trees.

(CONTINUED)

40

BLUE SWAT TEAM MEMBER
Blue team, check.

CUT TO:

41 **INT. UTF - DOCUMENT ANALYSIS ROOM - SAME (D39)** 41

Fitz just sits there, staring. Doesn't know what to do with himself. He looks rough, unshaven, clothes still not changed.

Then, he HEARS voices and radio crackle O.S. It's the LIVE RADIO FEED from Lincoln, coming from the other room.

GREEN SWAT TEAM (O.S., ON RADIO)
Green team, check.

Fitz gets up and follows the radio sound.

CUT BACK TO:

42 **EXT. HUNTING CABIN / WOODS - DAY - SAME (D39)** 42

We hear the last Swat Team check in over Cole's radio.

WHITE SWAT TEAM (ON RADIO)
White team check.

Cole looks to McDaniel, then says to Burns:

COLE
Alright. "Lead on, McDuff."

JERRY BURNS
Actually, it's "Lay on, McDuff."
Not lead on.
(off Cole's blank look)
People often misquote that line.

Cole can't help but smirk:

COLE
Now don't you start with this language shit.
(then, serious:)
Remember. We let him see us, we give him the cover story, try to talk him out of the cabin. Any sudden moves, try to grab him. Okay? And try not to get blown up.

MCDANIEL
God help us.

(CONTINUED)

Cole makes the sign of the cross. Amen to that. And Cole, Burns, and McDaniel start off down the trail...

43 **THROUGH A SNIPER RIFLE SCOPE (D39)** 43

We follow Cole, McDaniel, and Burns as they 'casually' approach the cabin. Cole and McDaniel in civvies, Burns in his bright green U.S. Forest Service uniform.

44 **EXT. WOODS / TED'S CABIN - DAY - SAME (D39)** 44

Burns speaks loudly to Cole and McDaniel. Gesturing around -- he WANTS to be heard, to be seen.

JERRY BURNS

Over there is Gehring property lines... A mile East is the Skelton place...

45 **INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY - SAME (D39)** 45

From the POV of a dirty, smeared window in the cabin --

We see the three men approach, Burns pointing here and there, but never directly at the cabin.

46 **EXT. WOODS / TED'S CABIN - DAY - SAME (D39)** 46

Cole, Burns, and McDaniel get closer and closer, crunching through the snow, making noise, stepping on sticks, doing their best to be seen and heard.

Cole tries to play casual, but can't help glance at the cabin under the brim of his hat.

47 **SWAT LEADER (D39)** 47

Watches Cole, Burns and McDaniel through BINOCULARS, reports their progress into a shoulder mic:

SWAT LEADER

Team approaching cabin. 70 yards out. No contact visible. Now 60 yards out...

48 **INT. UTF - BULLPEN - SAME (D39)** 48

Three dozen Agents listen to the live UTF RADIO feed. A few more join them.

SWAT LEADER (OVER RADIO)

Team still no contact.

(CONTINUED)

Fitz wanders in, joins the crowd in the back.

49 **EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAY (D39)** 49

The trio starts approaching Ted's cabin. But there's no sign of him. They take a few more steps, then Burns calls out:

JERRY BURNS
Ted?! ... Ted, are you home?

Nothing.

A BEAT -

Cole says quietly to Burns:

COLE
What if he doesn't come out?

JERRY BURNS
Then we get a chainsaw and start cutting down trees.
(off Cole's look)
You cut trees near someone's property around here, they come running.

Cole nods at the intelligence behind this.

They step closer. Burns calls out again:

JERRY BURNS
Ted? There's some survey guys here who need to look at your property.

Finally they hear a sound from within the cabin, someone shuffling around.

Without hesitation, Burns steps up to the door. Cole and McDaniel follow.

The DOOR abruptly opens --

And there stands TED. Dirty, shaggy-haired, extremely thin. He's gone way downhill since we saw him in 106. A look of anger or irritation on his grimy face.

Cole feels his heart in his throat. Every muscle, every nerve tightening. Burns, cool as a cucumber, continues:

JERRY BURNS
Heya Ted, I'm escorting these two men from Gehring's place.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JERRY BURNS (CONT'D)

They're looking to lease the mineral rights and I want to show them your boundary stakes so they don't trespass on your property.

Ted stays BEHIND THE DOOR, eyes each of them, then says:

TED

My lot is clearly marked with corner stakes.

JERRY BURNS

They're covered with snow.

Ted hesitates, looks again at each man. It's hard to tell what he's thinking.

Ted has ONE HAND on the door, the OTHER is hidden.

JERRY BURNS

Can you point them out for us?

A BEAT --

Cole is face to face with the Unabomber, tries not to betray the rush, the adrenaline pumping through his veins.

Cole clocks Ted's hand on his door as it tightens. Ted's other hand, OUT OF SIGHT behind the frame... is it moving? Drifting toward something, a weapon? Finally Ted says:

TED

I need my coat.

Ted turns and starts to shut his door -- we see a flash of his OTHER HAND -- is he grabbing for something?

And BURNS LUNGES -- quick as a flash, a spring wound tight -- GRABS Ted by the wrist and HEAVES him out onto the snow --

Burns and Ted both fall to the ground -- Ted struggles, flings Burns off -- Burns GRABS at him again -- Then

McDaniel jumps in, wraps up both men with his long arms. But Ted continues to wrestle his way free.

JERRY BURNS

Ted, you act like a gentleman and so will we!

But still Ted struggles. Desperate, dangerous, a snarling wild animal caught in a snare --

(CONTINUED)

49

Suddenly the barrel of Cole's 9mm appears inches from Ted's face.

COLE

We're with the FBI and have a
Federal warrant to search your
cabin.

And when Ted hears this, all the fight drains out of him.

McDaniel pulls Ted's hands behind his back, and Burns locks on handcuffs. They have the Unabomber!

COLE

We're bringing you to a nearby
cabin while your property is being
searched.

50

INT. UTF - BULLPEN - SAME (D39)

50

Fitz and THE ENTIRE UTF are listening to the live UTF RADIO feed -- which has suddenly gone mute. Just low static, a few radio crackle noises.

Everyone is leaning in, barely breathing. *Listening.* The room is so silent you can hear a pin drop.

YOUNG AGENT

What's happening? Did we lose
them?

The Agent gets a collective: "SSShhhhhhhhhh" from the room. She covers her mouth with her hands. *Listening* --

Then -- finally --

SWAT LEADER (OVER RADIO)

*Subject has been detained and is in
custody. Repeat, subject is in
custody.*

(a BEAT --)

No one has been harmed.

The room goes WILD!

Cheering, yelling, crying -- years of work have culminated in this moment. People hug each other, slap backs, cheer. It's a big, cathartic relief for everyone.

Except, somehow, for Fitz.

He receives a few desultory slaps on the back. But he immediately withdraws. His body language shifts.

(CONTINUED)

50

In this moment of celebration, he becomes a stranger to the people he's worked side-by-side with. Suddenly ALONE amongst the group. Odd man out.

51

EXT. WOODS / HUNTING CABIN - SAME (D39) 51

Cole, Burns, and McDaniel 'escort' Ted through the snow to the hunting cabin.

TED
Am I under arrest?

COLE
No.

TED
Will you then remove the handcuffs?

COLE
No.

TED
If I'm not under arrest, am I free to leave?

COLE
(wearily)
No. We have a search warrant that grants us the right to detain you while we search the premises.

TED
Can I see the search warrant, please?

COLE
When we get to the other cabin.

Ted looks around as heavily armed Swat Team Members appear from cover. Emerging like white, camouflaged ghosts.

Other Federal Agents also descend -- but stay back as two BOMB CLEARING TEAMS in EOD SUITS edge onto his property. Agents gawk at Ted like he's a captive animal.

The massive scope and manpower of the operation doesn't seem to faze Ted. Or does it?

Burns and McDaniel push him into the hunting cabin.

52 **EXT. NEWS BARRICADE - 200 METERS DOWN THE ROAD - DAY (D39)** 52

Three news vans are parked, cordoned off by FBI Agents. Camera teams have set up and start to broadcast.

JIM WHITE
(into camera)
Jim White of CBS News reporting
live, from Lincoln Montana...

53 **INT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D39)** 53

David Kaczynski's wife LINDA is reading when she hears something outside.

She goes to her window, opens the curtains and sees --

A half dozen NEWS CREWS assembling outside the house on the street. Before she can react, another NEWS VAN pulls up, immediately spilling a CAMERAMAN and REPORTER who vie for position with the others.

Linda yells up the stairwell:

LINDA
David! David come down here, now!

54 **EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAY (D39)** 54

FBI Agents approach with various pieces of equipment.

Two FBI Agents use mirrors on poles to look inside the cabin.

It's their FIRST LOOK into the lair of the Unabomber.

They immediately spot Ted's BOMB-MAKING TABLE. Covered with tools, wire, solder, pipes, timers... On the shelves, cans labeled with chemical symbols: KCl; Cf; AIPO₄; NH₄CIO₄; KCIO₄.

An evidence bonanza. The two FBI GUYS nod to each other, like -- Jackpot!

FBI GUY 1
Tell Cole.

55 **INT. HUNTING CABIN - DAY - SAME (D39)** 55

Inside the cabin, the walls are covered with Unabomber information -- the WANTED POSTER, a Unabomber timeline, charts, data...

(CONTINUED)

COLE

Federal agents just informed me that they discovered bomb-making materials in your cabin, Ted. Now you're under arrest.

As Cole reads Ted his Miranda rights, he notes that Ted, who is seated facing the wall, doesn't seem to notice the literal Unabomber mural in front of him.

COLE

Knowing and understanding your rights as I have explained them to you, are you willing to answer my questions without an attorney present?

Before Ted can answer, FLASH! Both men look to see --

A FEMALE FBI PHOTOGRAPHER snaps his photograph with bright FLASHES.

The camera lens feels like it's right in his face. The presence of being near a WOMAN seems to startle Ted almost as much as being photographed.

FLASH! -- another photo. Ted blinks, squints. The room blown out from the flash. He manages to open his eyes again just as -- *FLASH!* Ted closes his eyes in pain.

TED

May I see the search warrant now, please?

Cole nods to an Agent in the corner, who lays a copy of the warrant on the table in front of Ted.

Ted leans in, carefully reading the document.

COLE

Is there anything in or around your cabin that could endanger the lives of the Agents doing the search?

FLASH -- FLASH -- more pictures snap. Ted sneers at the photographer. Suddenly feeling like an animal on display.

Ted looks up at Cole for a second. Then says:

TED

No.

(CONTINUED)

FLASH-FLASH-FLASH -- pictures of Ted snap off, each one freezing for a beat.

56 **INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY (D39)** 56

BOMB TEAMS in their EOD SUITS now examine the cabin, careful not to disturb anything as one takes photos.

We see the POV of one of their CAMERAS -- snap-snap-snap. We see snippets of the cabin, frozen on film.

Then one of the EOD Guys spots the FOIL-COVERED PACKAGE under Ted's bed. The BOMB from 106.

57 **INT. HUNTING CABIN - DAY (D39)** 57

An Agent steps in, says something quietly to Cole.

Cole is pissed, but keeps it under control. He nods to the Agent, who exits, then steps over to Ted.

COLE

Does the package under your bed
contain a bomb, Mr. Kaczynski?

McDaniel, Burns, and Cole glare down at Ted. Pure scorn.

Ted clocks this, but says nothing. Instead he just STARES at the search warrant.

He's staring intensely at the last page, which bears the authors' names and signatures.

And Ted's eyes bore a hole in ONE NAME:

JAMES R. FITZGERALD.

58 **INT. UTF - BULLPEN - SAME (D39)** 58

As the FBI Agents celebrate, someone brings in a partial case of Champagne. Bottles are opened, poured into coffee cups.

Fitz steps back, surveys the room, the happy faces, the celebrating, seeing others enter and join the fray.

A female FBI STAFFER smiles at him, approaches, then veers off to hug a young MALE STAFFER. Her smile wasn't for Fitz.

Amidst fifty jubilant Agents, Fitz stands alone.

Finally -- he just turns and leaves. Walks out.

END ACT FOUR

TV REPORTER

...Theodore Kaczynski first came to the FBI's attention when his own brother, David Kaczynski of Schenectady, fingered him to law enforcement...

DAVID

This is unbelievable. They promised they'd keep our names out of this-- They lied to us!

Then the DOOR BELL rings. They freeze. A BEAT -- then Linda starts to walk across the room.

DAVID

Don't answer it!

LINDA

No shit, I'm not going to answer it!

(off his look)

I'm calling the lawyer again!

David Kaczynski then witnesses his brother being driven away, live on TV. He slumps. It hits him like a gut punch.

TV REPORTER

Kaczynski is being taken into Lincoln in what appears...

EXT. TED'S CABIN - EARLY AFTERNOON (D39)

We see THE ROBOT emerge from the cabin, the foil-covered BOX in its metal arms.

The FBI operator maneuvers the machine down a plywood ramp. It moves slowly across the property.

The CAMERA moves in on the foil-covered box.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - AFTERNOON (D39)

A four-man BOMB DISRUPTER TEAM has cordoned off a section of the road, set up an area to disarm the device.

They X-ray the object with a portable machine.

BOMBTECH 1 identifies specific elements -- turns to an Army colleague and calmly nods:

BOMBTECH 1

Live explosive.

(CONTINUED)

They place a METAL HOOD over the bomb. Position a series of shortened shotgun barrels to fire into the bomb.

Burkhardt looks on, unsure how this works. Bombtech 1 reassures him:

BOMBTECH 1

This is the PAN Disruptor.
Neutralizes the explosive, without
destroying evidence.

BURKHARDT

It really works?

BOMBTECH 2

In theory. This is the first time
it's been deployed.

(off his look)

Two bangs means the bomb has been
disrupted. Three bangs means...
the whole thing blew up.

BOMBTECH 1

(loud, to group)

CLEAR!

He stands back and presses a button on an extended cable.

BANG. BANG.

Then -- silence. They all look at each other -- TWO BANGS!

Bombtech 1 lifts back the cover. Smoke pours out, but the bomb is intact.

BOMBTECH 1

Congratulations, gentlemen. The
Unabomber's final bomb is disarmed,
intact, and all yours.

CHEERS from the team. Burkhardt pumps the Bombtechs' hands.
Overjoyed.

Fitz heads east on Highway 80. The news of the Unabomber arrest on the radio.

RADIO REPORTER

A suspect has been arrested in the Unabomber case in the town of Lincoln, Montana, eighty miles outside of Helena. Authorities are...

He's blank, rubs his eyes. Just drives.

He glances in the rearview mirror. He doesn't look good. The strain has clearly taken its toll.

INT./EXT. SUV / LINCOLN ROAD - DRIVING - DAY (D39)

Ted sits in the backseat, handcuffed in back between Cole and another Agent.

Ted catches a glimpse of himself in the rearview mirror --

We see he's a bit thrown at his appearance -- he looks like a Wildman, a throwback.

EXT. TED'S CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON (D39)

The place is now a crime scene.

Tables on saw-horses are lined up, covered in white tarps -- as the items from the house are painstakingly photographed, removed, laid out on the table, photographed again -- and cataloged.

We see tools, hammers, hand drills, wire cutters.

Arrows, both store bought and seemingly hand made.

Axes of various sizes.

Jars of saltpeter.

Parts and pieces of bomb fuses.

His Harvard Diploma.

Ted Kaczynski's whole sad life laid out neatly.

INT./EXT. SUV / LINCOLN ROAD - DRIVING

Ted chaffs at the BULLET PROOF VEST. It's rubbing against his neck. Cole clocks this, but doesn't offer any relief.

TED

Is this vest really necessary?

COLE

It's for your own safety. You never know who might want to take a shot at the man who detonated a bomb on an airliner, filled with women and children. *Allegedly.*

They then pass a dozen middle-school kids on the side of the road, watching them jog by in their Lincoln Lynx Junior High School track team uniforms.

Beside them stands THERESA OAKES and her son TIMMY. Both clearly see Ted in the backseat. They STARE in shock.

Ted clocks this, a pang of guilt washes over him, shame -- as they disappear behind them...

His future, his possibilities, vanishing in the rear-view mirror.

Cole clocks this. Says nothing.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

68 **EXT. WHEEL INN TAVERN - LINCOLN, MT - NIGHT (N40)** 68

Fitz's dirty CAR rolls into the parking lot and stops.

It's filled with rented SUVs and Sedans with Government plates. Music and laughing can be heard from inside.

Fitz gets out, stiff from the long drive. He looks rough, hasn't shaved in a week now.

69 **INT. WHEEL INN TAVERN - LINCOLN, MT - NIGHT (N40)** 69

Fitz enters, a celebration is in full swing.

Federal Agents laugh and drink, along with a dozen local women. The ladies are impressed, not used to such 'dashing' company.

As Fitz walks further inside, a beefy FBI Agent steps over.

FBI AGENT 1
Sorry. Private party.

Fitz clocks Cole, sitting in a booth, holding court as his subordinates hang on his words, laughing, buttering his bread.

FBI AGENT 1
Bar's closed to the public.

Fitz looks at the local women, then to the FBI Agent, like, who are these guys? Fitz flashes his badge and walks past.

Fitz passes the SWAT Leader quietly boasting to some local Woman:

SWAT LEADER
I had him in my crosshairs the whole time. One misstep, one slight move, he'd be in front of the coroner instead of a judge.

The local woman eats this up. Fitz just rolls his eyes.

Fitz suddenly feels very out of place, looks around, not knowing what to do, so he steps up to the bar:

FITZ
Budweiser, please.

(CONTINUED)

As the Bartender hands over the bottle of beer, Fitz pulls out his wallet.

BARTENDER
(pointing to Cole)
It's all on him.

Fitz looks again over at Cole, who's laughing as he gestures to his crowd, retelling the story, no doubt.

Fitz sips his beer, then looks up at the TV, sees the Unabomber story on a loop --

TV NEWS ANCHOR
... the White House just released a statement, congratulating Special Agents Ackerman and Genelli, thanking them for their tireless efforts in bringing the alleged fugitive to justice. We now go to the head of the FBI's Unabom Task Force, with us live...

They CUT TO Genelli, in the middle of being interviewed on the front steps of the UTF Building.

Multiple News sources hold microphones to his face as flashbulbs pop.

Fitz is transfixed as he watches Genelli say:

GENELLI (ON TV)
I knew language was going to be key. And from the beginning, I pioneered a forensic linguistic approach to this case. Which ultimately bore fruit.

Fitz can't believe what he's hearing. Genelli not only steals credit, but parrots Fitz's own words on live TV.

Fitz also notices a large SHEET CAKE on a table, with the partially missing (eaten) message: "Congratulations Supervisory Special Agent Cole!"

Fitz stares at the cake a beat. Clocking the absurd irony of "Eat your cake."

Fitz looks over to Cole, who finally spots him from across the bar, holds up his drink, like, come on over --

But Cole gets interrupted by some other Agents, they laugh, toast each other. It becomes *another* group toast.

(CONTINUED)

Instead of joining them, Fitz spots a payphone, heads over, digging out change.

He picks up the receiver, exhales and dials. He hears:

NATALIE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, this is Natalie, leave a message and I'll get back to you as soon as I...

Fitz hangs up. He then dials another number.

We hear it ring, then a BOY'S VOICE answers, his son DAVEY:

DAVEY (O.S.)
Hello?

FITZ
Hey buddy. It's dad.

DAVEY (O.S.)
Dad!
(says to the background)
It's Dad!
(back to Fitz)
Dad, are you coming home? I have a swim meet on Friday.

FITZ
I'm not sure, buddy. I'll try.
Is, uh, is Mom around?

Fitz hears some off-phone remarks, but can't make them out. Then a second later:

DAVEY (O.S.)
Mom says she's sleeping.

There's more off-phone remarks. And finally...

DAVEY (O.S.)
I have to go now. Time for bed.

FITZ
Okay buddy. I love you.

DAVEY (O.S.)
Love you too, dad.

FITZ
(emotional)
And Davey, tell your brother...

69

But the phone goes dead.

A BEAT -

Fitz takes one last look around the bar -- grabs his beer -- and walks out. Alone. As he walks out, the bartender says:

BARTENDER
You can't take that with you.

Fitz ignores him. Walks out with his beer.

70 **EXT. WHEEL INN TAVERN - NIGHT (N40)** 70

Fitz steps into the parking lot, looks at the sky, the stars, feeling even smaller. Totally alone.

He walks over, gets in his car, beer in hand, starts the engine, and drives off.

The CAMERA stays on the car as it pulls a hard U-turn and heads the other way.

71 **INT. COLORLESS CELL - NIGHT (N40)** 71

Ted sits in the corner of his cell, a blanket around him. He can hear talking from somewhere, but it isn't to him.

Somewhere people interact, talk, laugh a bit.

But yet again, he sits there alone.

72 **INT./EXT. FITZ'S CAR / LINCOLN ROAD - DRIVING (N40)** 72

Fitz can only pick up AM radio -- mostly news -- and all focused on the Unabomber case. More facts flood in.

Fitz sips beer, turns the dial on his cheap car stereo.

RADIO REPORTER 2 (O.S.)
Attorney General Janet Reno has personally thanked Special Agents Cole, Genelli, and Ackerman in breaking the Unabomber case after eighteen long years. Agent Cole has also credited the ATF and U.S. Postal Investigators for their assistance in bringing closure to--

Fitz SLAMS the stereo off.

He drives in silence. Then comes to a

73 **DIRT ROAD (N40)**

73

He takes the dirt road and descends into thick forest.

The pitch darkness is suddenly illuminated as he turns around a bend. And he sees it --

74 **TED'S CABIN (N40)**

74

Lit up by three spotlights run off portable generators. FBI Security stands over the crime scene, tape cordons off the area.

Fitz drives up as close as he can, stops the engine and stares. The FBI Security steps over, looks at him.

Fitz gets out of his car, shows his credentials to the low-level FBI Security Guys.

They nod him through. Fitz walks past the perimeter on foot.

The place looks different at night. Fitz clocks all this.

The trails leading around the property marked 'clear' by the bomb guys.

The tents over the tables of evidence keep rain or snow off.

The cabin itself, with holes cut in its side. Brightly illuminated, splashes of light mixed with harsh shadows from powerful spotlights.

Fitz slowly walks up to the cabin, stops at the door.

A BEAT. Fitz hesitates. Then -- he steps across the threshold. Into the Unabomber's lair.

75 **INT. TED'S CABIN - NIGHT (N40)**

75

Inside, Fitz drinks it in. He wears gloves, but doesn't touch anything. Leaning close to examine items.

Tools. Wires. Solder. Nails.

The stove. That he cooked on, kept warm with, crafted bombs on.

Handwritten notes he wrote to himself.

Foodstuffs. Some store-bought items, oil, flour, sugar.

A box of Tide, the only splash of color in the small cabin.

(CONTINUED)

75

Books. Candles. Pens. Pencils.

Stacks of letters, folders, well-thumbed papers.
Mathematical equations and grid charts.

Clothes. An old HOODIE on a peg. Pairs of SUNGLASSES.

And then the centerpiece -- the SMITH CORONA TYPEWRITER on
the desk. A piece of paper sits in the tray, several
paragraphs neatly typed out.

Fitz reaches up onto the shelf. Running his gloved hands
over the many, many binders. Pulls one off the shelf, opens
it.

Inside the binder, a HANDWRITTEN DRAFT OF THE MANIFESTO.
Fitz stares at it. The source of everything...

Fitz pulls down another binder. Inside, page after page of
NUMBERS. Written in a grid. Some elaborate numeric CODE.

He pulls down a third binder. MORE CODE. Page after page...

Fitz looks outside. Then at the Typewriter, the books of
code, the Manuscript.

The world of the Unabomber.

76

FROM OUTSIDE THE CABIN (N40)

76

We watch Fitz walk over and CLOSE THE DOOR. Closing himself
into Ted's cabin.

Through the window, we see Fitz sit down at Ted's desk. And
begin to read.

He's in Ted's world now. Heading down the rabbit hole. And
he isn't coming back.

CUT TO:

77

INT. COURTROOM - DAY [SEPTEMBER 1997] (D205)

77

The courtroom is jammed. The media is well represented.

We see Fitz, seated, at the end of a row of seats. He's
cleaned up for court. Looking more like his old self.

Fitz clocks all the major players present: Genelli,
Ackerman, Cole, MCALPINE, Freccero. Fitz shakes his head,
pondering those familiar faces. The remnants of those two
years that almost broke him.

(CONTINUED)

Then HE walks in -- TED KACZYNSKI.

He's shackled, wears an ill-fitting tweed jacket over body armor -- but is utterly calm, confident. Polite to his jailors, and to the Bailiff who speaks quietly to him.

He's not worried. Not in the least.

Fitz watches Ted almost without blinking.

Ted seems to notice everyone EXCEPT Fitz. He takes in every detail, except the man who caught him.

We see on Fitz's face that this throws him, that it somehow mocks him, belittles his contribution, his value.

The sound starts to fall away for Fitz -- his ears buzz, the court proceedings become distorted. Mushy. He loses track, starting to oddly not pay attention.

JUDGE BURRELL (60s) and JUDY CLARKE exchange words, but Fitz doesn't hear them.

Finally, Fitz snaps out of it as the Judge says:

JUDGE BURRELL

Sustained...

(takes off his glasses)

I will hear the challenge to the
Search Warrant.

With this, Fitz is back to reality.

Just as Ted Kaczynski slowly, calmly, turns his head to look at Fitz -- Looking straight into Fitz's eyes -- knowing he will demolish Fitz's Search Warrant in Court.

Ted has too much self-control to smirk, but almost does. Fitz feels himself shrinking under Ted's gaze. And then--

JUDGE BURRELL

We'll reconvene on Monday the
twelfth to hear testimony from
Special Agent Fitzgerald.

Judge Burrell pounds his gavel.

The FBI Guys get up and file past Fitz who remains seated.

None of them even look at him, except finally Cole, who says as he passes:

(CONTINUED)

COLE

It's all on you now, Fitz. It's
all you.

Fitz says nothing.

A beat.

Then, Fitz looks back over to Ted. Who looks straight back
at him.

END OF EPISODE