

# MANIFESTO

Episode 108

"The United States of America versus Theodore J. Kaczynski"

Written By

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WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 12/12/16

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White Production Draft (12/12/16)

N.B.: This episode takes place entirely in 1997. Scenes have their slugs tagged with a **yellow highlight**.

**SET LIST**

**INTERIORS**

TED'S CABIN  
A SHOPPING MALL  
    TED'S CABIN  
FCI DUBLIN  
    TED'S JAIL CELL  
    PRISON MEETING ROOM  
COURTHOUSE  
    DRESSING ROOM  
    COURTROOM  
    JUDGE BURRELL'S CHAMBERS  
    FOYER  
PRISON TRANSFER VAN  
CAVERNOUS WAREHOUSE  
    TED'S CABIN  
60 MINUTES INTERVIEW ROOM  
DAVID KACZYNSKI'S HOUSE  
    LIVING ROOM  
FITZGERALD HOME  
    LIVING ROOM  
UTF HEADQUARTERS  
    ACKERMAN'S OFFICE  
ADX FLORENCE FEDERAL PRISON  
NATALIE'S CAR

**EXTERIORS**

TED'S CABIN  
LINCOLN, MONTANA  
    WOODS AND HILLS  
    SEVEN-UP RANCH  
    BIG SKY MOTEL  
    MAIN STREET  
    LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY  
    EMPTY PARKING LOT  
INTERSTATE HIGHWAY  
COURTHOUSE  
    STEPS  
    DOWN THE STEPS  
    BY THE RAILING  
A FEW BLOCKS FROM THE COURTHOUSE

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**CAST LIST**

**(in order of appearance)**

THERESA OAKES  
TIMMY OAKES  
TED KACZYNSKI  
JUDY CLARKE  
GUARD  
FITZ (aka JIM FITZGERALD)  
FRANK MCALPINE  
STAN COLE  
NATALIE SCHILLING  
THE CLERK  
JUDGE GARLAND BURRELL  
STEVE FRECCERO  
DR. CHARLES EPSTEIN  
DAVID KACZYNSKI  
WANDA KACZYNSKI  
DON ACKERMAN  
ANDY GENELLI  
PATRICK FISCHER'S SECRETARY  
SUSAN MOSSER  
GARY WRIGHT  
DR. DAVID GELERNTER  
LOIS EPSTEIN  
JOANNA EPSTEIN  
ANTHONY BISCEGLIE  
LINDA PATRIK  
ELLIE FITZGERALD  
SAM FITZGERALD  
DAVEY FITZGERALD  
ROBBIE FITZGERALD



7 AND THE **LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY... (D206)** 7

Where we glimpse THERESA OAKES holding little TIMMY inside the Library, watching through the big plate-glass window as the house floats by overhead.

Finally, the house comes to a stop. It hovers in the air a long moment, then slowly descends onto A FLATBED TRAILER in

8 **AN EMPTY PARKING LOT (D206)** 8

On the edge of town.

More men in reflective vests tip the cabin onto its side, then buckle it into place on the flatbed trailer.

The Big Rig rumbles to a start, then pulls out.

Townspeople gather on the roadside to watch the surreal load roll by.

9 **EXT. THE INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY (D206)** 9

The Big Rig hauls the cabin down the interstate highway.

10 **INT. TED'S CABIN - NIGHT (DX)** 10

We're INSIDE THE CABIN as it completes its journey -- we can't see much outside the little window, but we HEAR the truck come to a STOP... We hear a huge door ROLLING open... Then harsh white light floods through the window as the cabin is brought into a brightly-lit space.

We stay inside the cabin as it's TIPPED BACK UPRIGHT.

And as the cabin THUDS back down onto its foundations,

TED KACZYNSKI

Snaps awake in the cabin's BED.

He sits up, looks around. Squints at the harsh blue light coming through the window. Confused. We're confused too, and that's okay.

Ted gets up, opens the cabin door and steps out into the harsh blue light. And suddenly --

He's in the middle of

11 **INT. A SHOPPING MALL - DAY (DX)**

11

Muzak. Strawberry's, The Sharper Image, Accessorize. Packs of teenage girls stare at Ted, laugh at him, cover their eyes.

The cabin is, somehow, standing in a fake forest of cardboard birch trees in this big suburban mall.

Ted stands in his cabin door. Feeling naked, exposed. As a crowd of gawkers and mockers starts to gather.

Then he spots, sitting by the Mrs. Fields, his lawyer JUDY CLARKE. She's eating a huge brownie, laughing at something with the other defense team members QUIN DENVIR and GARY SOWARDS.

Judy Clarke notices Ted staring. Her face goes suddenly serious, caught in the act, embarrassed --

Ted stares at her. We hold on his gaze a moment. And then suddenly Ted SNAPS AWAKE, for real this time, and he's in

12 **INT. FCI DUBLIN - TED'S JAIL CELL - DAY (D207)**

12

Ted sits up in the metal bed. Catching his breath. Deeply troubled by his dream -- and we don't know how much of what we just saw was a nightmare, and how much was real, and neither does Ted. He sits there, wondering what it all means.

Then, a clanking of cell doors as the guards escort Judy Clarke to Ted's cell. She's carrying brief boxes and dressed for court.

JUDY CLARKE

Hey, Ted. Ready for your big day?

Ted stares at her for a moment. Gathering himself.

Then the GUARD unlocks his cell. And Ted snaps out of it.

TED

Oh yeah. I'm ready.

He grabs his own thick stack of papers and legal pads. And they head out.

13 **INT. COURTHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY (D207)**

13

Ted changes out of his prison jumpsuit, into his COURT CLOTHES -- tweed jacket, sweater, grey flannels.

(CONTINUED)

The whole time he's changing, he gives a machine-gun briefing to his LAWYERS -- Quin Denvir, Gary Sowards, and Judy Clarke.

TED

I've completed a new draft of the Jim Fitzgerald cross-examination. The questions are in the top notebook there. You'd better review the changes before you start. I've plotted some alternate questions should he try to be evasive.

Judy Clarke takes the top legal pad. She flips through. It's completely filled with handwritten, numbered questions. An entire cross-examination of Fitz, written out.

TED

You hold in your hands a blueprint for the public evisceration of James Fitzgerald. Stick to my questions, he'll be demolished. His search warrant will be tossed. And I'll be walking out of here.

Judy Clarke hands the legal pad to Quin Denvir.

JUDY CLARKE

Why don't you guys go and review this.

The two men leave Judy and Ted alone in the room. Ted is struggling with his tie. It keeps coming out too short.

Judy comes close, ties it for him. The two of them, nose to nose. Ted, overwhelmed by the intimacy of it.

JUDY CLARKE

You know, we can't count our chickens before they hatch. The search warrant may stand, and if it does, we'll be going to trial.

TED

Sure. Though I don't expect that to come to pass.

JUDY CLARKE

Hope for the best, prepare for the worst. That's my job. We've been laying the groundwork for the next steps here. Just in case.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDY CLARKE (CONT'D)

It's called a 12.2(b) motion, it'll let us introduce evidence about your past, and how that's impacted you. Some things about the Murray experiments, about how your parents treated you. This kind of thing. If you give your permission. I know I certainly see you much differently now that I've gotten to know you better. I'd like the jury to see the real you, too.

TED

(sizing her up--)  
You're really looking out for me, aren't you? Sure, I give my permission.

She smiles at him, finishes his tie. Smooths down his collar and lapels. Fixes his hair:

JUDY CLARKE

There. You look good.

TED

... I had a bad dream last night. My cabin was in a mall. It was strange. You were there.

JUDY CLARKE

The mall? Maybe it's a sign, you'll be out shopping soon. A good omen for today.

TED

Maybe. It... I don't know. It didn't feel like freedom. You'll stick to my questions? It's all there, the whole Fitzgerald cross.

Her hand on his arm. Reassuring him.

Ted manages a smile. But he's feeling suddenly uncertain.

The courtroom is buzzing with that pre-hearing expectant energy. Reporters and sketch artists in the gallery. The prosecution team at its table, the defense table empty.

FITZ is being prepped to testify by MCALPINE and COLE. They look GRIM.



MCALPINE

Our case is a house of cards. All built on your search warrant. We can't hide that. You just have to let the facts speak for themselves, present it to the judge, and hope he feels generous.

COLE

This is about damage control. Keep your answers brief, keep your emotions in check, don't lash out. You're gonna go down in flames. Just try not to take the whole case down with you. Okay?

Fitz nods. Gathering himself.

And then -- the doors open. Ted's lawyers file in. Followed by

TED. Powerful, in charge. Ted stares Fitz down as he walks to the defense table. Then turns his back and sits. Inscrutable.

Fitz goes to his seat in the gallery.

Turns to see NATALIE arrive in the courtroom. She spots Fitz, comes to his bench. Indicates for him to slide over.

He does, surprised, and she sits next to him. He stares at her.

Her presence is a powerful gesture for Fitz.

FITZ

I didn't expect to see you again.

But before she can respond:

THE CLERK

All rise! Calling Criminal Case S-96-259, United States versus Theodore John Kaczynski.

JUDGE GARLAND BURRELL walks in.

JUDGE BURRELL

Be seated.

Fitz sits. His hand drums nervously against the bench.

(CONTINUED)

Natalie surreptitiously slides her hand over. Places it on top of Fitz's hand. Quieting it. And she leaves it there.

Fitz looks at her: *What does this mean?* But before she can answer--

JUDGE BURRELL

Okay, I've reviewed the Defendant's motion to suppress evidence. The court is ready to hear testimony from Supervisory Special Agent James Fitzgerald. Is the witness present?

Ted and his whole defense team turn to look at Fitz.

Fitz stands. Facing his firing squad. Walks toward the witness stand. His long walk to his own execution.

At the defense table, Judy Clarke looks down at Ted's big, marked-up copy of Fitz's Search Warrant Application. Then at the thick legal pad filled with Ted's cross-examination questions.

She considers it, then takes a deep breath. Stands.

JUDY CLARKE

Your Honor, Defense Counsel requests an audience in chambers.

Fitz stops short. Confused.

Ted's head swivels to Judy -- whispering:

TED

What are you doing?

JUDGE BURRELL

Okay. Counsel.

Ted and Fitz both watch, confused, as prosecution and defense counsel go into chambers. Leaving Ted alone at the defense table.

Fitz, meanwhile, returns to his seat. Slides in next to Natalie. They speak in low tones as everyone waits for the lawyers and the judge to emerge.

FITZ

You shouldn't stay. You don't want to see this.

She smiles, shakes her head. Leans in, sharing a secret:

NATALIE

I'm here to let you know: none of this matters. He can tear your resume apart on the stand, he can burn forensic linguistics at the stake, he can bring the whole case tumbling down. I'll still be here.

He looks at her. It's the first time anyone's ever believed in him so fully. And it's POWERFUL.

They sit there, side by side in the courtroom. And suddenly, for Fitz, it's all OKAY.

Ted, meanwhile, glowers. All alone at the big defense table. Eyeing the door to the Judge's chambers: What's happening in there?

Ted sits up straight when the Judge and the Lawyers return.

Fitz stands to approach, but Judge Burrell immediately rules:

JUDGE BURRELL

We find the defendant's motion without merit. The search warrant stands. Let's reconvene Monday for Jury selection. Thank you, everyone.

He BANGS his gavel. And suddenly, it's ALL OVER.

Ted FREAKS OUT -- what the hell is going on? He whispers urgently to Judy Clarke. Giving her orders. She jumps to her feet:

JUDY CLARKE

You honor, motion to reconsider.

JUDGE BURRELL

Motion denied. We're moving on. Adjourned.

THE CLERK

ALL RISE!

Ted is STUNNED, ANGRY. Judy puts her hand on his arm.

JUDY CLARKE

Sorry, we tried.

TED

But-- What exactly just happened, Judy?

(CONTINUED)

JUDY CLARKE

I'll explain later. We did what we could.

The BAILIFFS approach and hustle Ted away.

Meanwhile, Fitz is staring, stunned. He can't process it all.

The FBI guys and the Prosecutors converge on Fitz. A chorus of muted congratulations. Cole shakes Fitz's hand, still in disbelief.

COLE

Forensic friggin linguistics...

MCALPINE

I'm putting you on the JonBenét letter, on the Atlanta bombings... You're gonna have a long career reading nasty letters sent by a-holes. Congrats. A big win, Fitz.

STEVE FRECCERO shakes Fitz's hand, then immediately pivots back to work.

FRECCERO

Dodged the bullet. Well done. Okay guys, huddle up.

MCALPINE

See you Monday back at the BAU.

The Prosecution team and the FBI guys huddle at the prosecution table. Digging into the next task at hand.

Fitz watches them work. He knows his role here is finished -- he should be happy -- but he has a gnawing feeling of unfinished business.

Then a familiar-looking man comes up to Fitz from the courtroom gallery. Stretches out his hand. Fitz tries to place the man's face --

And as Fitz takes the man's hand to shake it, he realizes -- THE MAN'S HAND is mangled, scarred. Only three fingers.

Because this is DR. CHARLES EPSTEIN, the victim of the bombing we saw in 103.

DR. EPSTEIN

I've been coming to every session. This is good news.

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

To every court session? But  
that's...

Epstein nods. Yeah. It's a lot.

DR. EPSTEIN

And I'll be at every one until it's  
over. Until justice is done.

Fitz shakes his hand, stunned.

He watches as Epstein exits the courtroom. Fitz is sobered  
now. Shaken by this encounter. Even as he joins Natalie by  
the door, he can't get it out of his head.

**INT. FCI DUBLIN - PRISON MEETING ROOM - DAY (D207)**

Natalie waits as Fitz boxes up his stuff in the Prosecution  
office. The atmosphere is still tense. Fitz is still  
troubled by his encounter with Epstein.

Fitz finds something among the papers. A newspaper page with  
a photo of TED'S CABIN on the flatbed truck. He holds it up  
to show Natalie. She takes it, looks at it. *Weird.*

Fitz nods. Trying to make sense of it.

Natalie looks at The Defense Motion to Suppress Fitz's Search  
Warrant.

NATALIE

I guess it doesn't matter now. But  
I was looking at this last night,  
the Defense motion to get your  
Search Warrant tossed out. Take a  
look. Anything familiar about it?

She opens her copy of the Defense Motion. Indicates a few  
lines, circled a few words.

Fitz double-takes. Suddenly recognizing the writing, the  
style-- He looks at her, disbelieving--

FITZ

Ted wrote this. Personally.

NATALIE

The whole thing! Himself. There's  
some legalese at the beginning but  
other than that...

FITZ

Why? Why would his lawyers let him write the most important document in his entire case? If they did this right, he could get off.

Realizing:

FITZ

Unless. They have a longer game... That they don't want Ted to know about...

And then things start clicking... He starts taking documents back out of the box. Putting pieces together.

FITZ

Because, who's bringing the cabin here? The prosecution built their own mock-up. Meaning it must be Ted's lawyers bringing it here.

NATALIE

Okay, but what does that mean?

FITZ

Well look at this thing I saw in the New York Times, this interview with Ted's brother--

He digs out a scrap of newspaper. Hands it to her to read. Fitz looks over the documents on the tabletop, figuring it out:

FITZ

They're gonna get him off with an insanity defense.

Fitz thinks of something. A long, silent moment as he works it through. His mind churning. Knotted up inside.

FITZ

I saw one of his victims today. Epstein. He shook my hand. He has two and a half fingers now. He'll have two and a half fingers the rest of his life.

She's silent. Understanding the power of that encounter.

FITZ

Everyone acts like I won, like it's over.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FITZ (CONT'D)

But it's not over for Epstein until Ted's behind bars. Forever. Not in a mental hospital, not in a psych ward on the road to supervised release. Ted has power over every one of us as long as he's not in jail. Epstein can't move on until this is ended. Nobody can.

(off her silence:)

...You're mad?

NATALIE

(sincerely:)

No. I'm not. At all. I'm just thinking. The first time you sat down with Ted, I didn't know if you'd come back. You've felt so many of the things that Ted feels, the anger, the resentment, feelings of betrayal, the feeling that there's something so wrong with the world...

(beat)

But you did the one thing that Ted could never do. Which is to look at Charles Epstein and see a fellow human being. To look at him with empathy, to feel a sense of obligation to him. And if that's what's motivating you now? I think that's truly noble.

Fitz nods. Thinking about this.

FITZ

I was so deep in before... I used to think Ted had all the answers. Part of me thought I was going to go to him and he was going to make everything clear to me.

NATALIE

Ted does have SOME of the answers. Not the ones that really matter, though. See, there's only one thing that isn't accounted for in Ted's philosophy. But it's everything. It's what you felt shaking Epstein's hand. Human connection. Compassion. ...Love.

He takes this in. It's powerful.

(CONTINUED)

15

FITZ  
...Simple as that, huh?

NATALIE  
Since when was love ever simple?

Oof. Its so much more true than she can know.

Fitz and Natalie gaze at each other. Longing for each other.  
But -- it's not SIMPLE yet.

16

**INT. FCI DUBLIN - PRISON MEETING ROOM - LATER (D207)** 16

Fitz meets with McAlpine and Cole back in the prosecution meeting room.

FITZ  
I can get your guilty plea. I can  
close this.

Through the glass door, we watch as Fitz lays out his case -- we don't hear what he says, but we see him present his evidence, his strategy.

McAlpine and Cole look at each other. And nod. Okay.

17

**INT. FCI DUBLIN - TED'S JAIL CELL - DAY (D207)** 17

Fitz arrives to find Ted and Judy Clarke meeting in Ted's cell. The cell looks like a law library. Ted's working through a large stack of casebooks and scribbling a letter for her to give to Judge Burrell.

TED  
I want you to take this to the  
Judge. I'll prepare a written  
motion to reconsider as soon as...

They notice Fitz. Ted glares at him.

TED  
You here to gloat?

FITZ  
I'm here to show you something.

Judy Clarke, alarmed, whispers objections into Ted's ear. But Ted sees something on Fitz's face. And he NODS. Okay. Let's go.



18

**INT. THE BACK OF A PRISON TRANSFER VAN - DAY (D207)**

18

Ted, shackled in the back of the windowless van with the prison Guard.

TED

Where are we going?

He feels the van stop. Outside the van, the sound of big doors sliding open, then sliding closed behind them.

TED

Where are we?

GUARD

Air Force base.

Ted, even more confused now.

Then the van stops. And then the guards open the rear doors of the van, and Ted emerges into the bright fluorescent lights of

19

**INT. A CAVERNOUS WAREHOUSE (D207)**

19

Ted steps out into the huge, sterile space. Blinking in the bright blueish lights.

Fitz is waiting for him.

And, on a wooden pallet, spotlit by kliegs in the middle of the warehouse, stands

TED'S CABIN.

Ted gapes at it.

And off that surreal image, we

CUT TO BLACK.

**END ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

20

**INT. THE CAVERNOUS WAREHOUSE (D207)**

20

A long, silent beat as Ted takes it in.

Staring at his home of twenty years, the house he built himself. Emptied of its contents and wrenched out of its context. Displayed on a plinth like some surreal museum display.

Fitz watches as Ted approaches the cabin in silence. Runs his hand around the outside of the cabin. Peers inside. It's starkly empty. You can see the places where decades of use have worn the wood smooth and black.

It's painful for Ted.

Then, Ted collects himself. Turns to Fitz. Gives a scornful laugh.

TED

Is this supposed to intimidate me?  
"You'll not only lock me up, you'll  
lock up my house as well"? Please.  
This reeks of desperation. If the  
prosecution has to bring my CABIN  
all the way across the country to  
Sacramento...

FITZ

I didn't bring you here to  
intimidate you.

TED

You think after one minor defeat on  
one technical legal point I'm going  
to be running scared and ready to  
cut a deal. But here's what you  
don't understand: it doesn't  
matter how the trial goes. I win  
no matter what.

Ted takes the offensive now, circling Fitz, hammering him hard.

TED

This trial is going to give me the  
world's biggest microphone.  
Before, I had to threaten violence  
to get one Manifesto published in  
the Post. Now?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TED (CONT'D)

Every newspaper, every TV station  
will be falling over themselves,  
BEGGING to publish whatever I  
write, whatever I say. Lapping it  
up. I'll be piped directly into  
every living room in the country!

Ted, pleased with himself now.

TED

And it doesn't even matter to me  
how the trial turns out. You put  
me in a jail cell, I'll spend the  
rest of my life appealing, filing  
motions. I don't CARE if it takes  
a year, two years, ten years. I  
just have to find ONE fair judge,  
just ONE, who will put you on the  
stand. And I'll sit back and watch  
as the whole case crumbles and I  
walk away.

Fitz, watching him the whole time. Solid. Unmoved.

TED

And the worst case? Death penalty?  
And it doesn't even bother me. You  
can crucify me, but you can't  
crucify the Manifesto. You'll only  
make me a martyr. That's the very  
worst you can possibly do to me and  
I don't even blink.

FITZ

There's one possibility you didn't  
think of.

TED

I've thought of every possibility.  
I'm ready to go back.

Ted turns his back on Fitz and heads for the prison van.

Fitz watches Ted go. Shakes his head.

FITZ

You think death is the worst they  
can do to you? Oh, Ted. No.  
There's something much, much worse  
than that.

Ted hesitates. Then continues toward the van.

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

This cabin? The prosecution didn't bring it here. The DEFENSE did.

Ted stops short. Turns to Fitz. Eyes narrowed. When he sees Fitz is telling the truth:

TED

Why?

FITZ

...And why don't you know about it?

This question hangs there. In response, Fitz wheels out a TV on a stand. Pushes play on the VCR.

Ted can't help but approach. Dying of curiosity.

ON THE TV:

DAVID KACZYNSKI gives an interview on 60 Minutes.

DAVID (ON THE TV)

*I have known for many years that my brother is deeply troubled and mentally ill... Some years ago I showed his letters to a psychiatrist, who found him deeply delusional and provisionally diagnosed him with schizophrenia... The clinical description of paranoid schizophrenia mirrors many of the behaviors I've observed in Ted over the years, especially his break from society as a young man. If Ted's arrest gets him the psychiatric help he needs, I feel like I will have done him a huge service...*

FITZ

Your brother's on every news show, in every magazine, every newspaper, saying the same thing. He's got a script he's repeating, over and over and over.

Ted sneers.

TED

At least Judas had the decency to hang himself. Dave doesn't even believe in mental illness!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TED (CONT'D)

Well who cares. We'll muzzle him  
once the trial starts.

FITZ

David isn't the only one talking to  
the press. And he's not the only  
one reading from that script.

He pulls out a copy of the New York Times. Reads:

FITZ

New York Times. *"Theodore J. Kaczynski has told his defense team that he believes satellites control people and place electrodes in their brains. He himself is controlled by an omnipotent organization which he is powerless to resist, he told his lawyers. A sealed psychological report provided by Kaczynski's lawyers, suggests that Kaczynski has been suffering from mental illness since before he moved into a one-room shack in the woods in 1978. ... the sealed report notes that its findings are consistent with a diagnosis of paranoid schizophrenia..."*

Ted snatches the paper away. He can't believe this. For once, he's speechless. Reading the article over and over.

FITZ

You're being SET UP. Your own lawyers are working against you. They're feeding David his lines. They're leaking this b.s. to the press. And they're shipping your cabin all the way across the country so they can bring the jury in here and say: "Look at this pathetic man, this pathetic cabin. Only a crazy person would live this way!"

TED

They can't do that. I control my defense, not my lawyers.

FITZ

Sure. They'd need your permission to file, say, a 12.2(b) motion. And I'm sure you'd never grant it.

Ted freezes. Fitz reads the "oh shit" expression on Ted's face.

FITZ

You can see so many things about the world. But you've got a big blind spot when it comes to the people you choose to trust. You gave your lawyers permission to bring in expert witnesses to prove you are MENTALLY DEFECTIVE! A parade of Ph.D.'s, twisting everything you've ever written, everything you've ever told ANYONE, to fit a predetermined diagnosis: paranoid schizophrenia.

(beat, closer now:)

The trial itself, it's a foregone conclusion. By the time they bring in the experts, the whole world will have already heard their diagnosis a million times on TV, in the newspaper, from David, from your own mother, from 'anonymous' leaks, all right on message. The whole apparatus of the technological society, declaring you insane. By the end, the court ruling will just be an afterthought, a confirmation of what everyone already knows. "Ted Kaczynski is crazy, a paranoid schizo, just another ranting madman. Can you believe anyone ever took him seriously?"

(beat.)

You think death is the worst they can do to you? They won't even let you DIE. They don't execute crazies.

Ted, reeling. For the first time, he's losing his grip on the situation. Struggling to catch up, to find purchase...

TED

It doesn't matter, I'll appeal--  
I'll get new lawyers and--

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

There won't BE any appeals! Are you not listening to me? The outcome of your trial has been predetermined. You're going to be declared mentally incompetent by a court of law. You'll have your capacity removed. Guilty, innocent, either way you'll be going directly from the courtroom into a MENTAL INSTITUTION.

And now Fitz takes control. Painting a picture of Ted's future:

FITZ

Where slowly, atom by atom, you'll be ADJUSTED. Pills. Electroshocks. Therapy. Surgery. Threat, punishment, reward. Until finally, you're CURED. It might take years, but they'll CURE YOU. They'll make you NORMAL. A triumph of modern rehabilitation, ready to work obediently nine to five and to dream about getting a slightly nicer car.

Ted is pale now, retreating... Fitz is describing his worst nightmare with uncanny precision.

Ted heads instinctively for the safety of his cabin... Fitz follows him, continuing, inescapable:

FITZ

And you'll walk out, and rejoin society. You'll get a credit card, an apartment, a business-casual wardrobe. A favorite sports team. A job answering phones or entering data on a computer. You'll spend your first paycheck on a cell phone. The next one on a TV. You'll save up until you can afford a Nintendo. Every night you'll fall asleep watching TV. And every weekend you'll go to the mall. You'll wander over to Circuit City and watch the big screen TVs and you'll wonder, for the hundredth time -- should I upgrade to a 20-inch TV next month, or keep saving up and go for that 27-incher?

(CONTINUED)

Now Ted shelters INSIDE HIS CABIN. Overcome by panic, by rising terror. Fitz stays just outside, relentless:

FITZ

And as you're standing there,  
pondering this and slurping your  
Orange Julius, someone will  
recognize you, come up to you and  
ask, "Hey, weren't you that  
Unabomber guy? The guy who wrote  
that stuff, and killed those  
people?" And you'll smile and say,  
"Oh, I used to be. I was very  
sick. But I got a lot of help and  
I'm feeling much, much better now."

Ted shuts the door, sinks down against it. Losing it. Fitz,  
just on the other side of the closed door:

FITZ

You'll go back to staring at the  
TVs. And you won't even remember  
that you ever wanted anything more  
than THIS.

It's the most terrifying thing we've heard in the entire  
show. Ted, scared. No longer in control. Curled against  
the door. Hiding from everything. Head in his hands.  
BREAKING.

**END ACT TWO**



ACT THREE

21

**INT. THE CAVERNOUS WAREHOUSE / TED'S CABIN - DAY (D207)**

21

Ted is inside his cabin in the warehouse, the door shut, sitting on the floor against the door. Hiding inside.

Fitz comes and sits against the outside of the cabin. Sits there in silence. The two men on either side of the thin plywood cabin wall. Then, quietly:

FITZ

You know, Ted -- you predicted all of this. It's in the Manifesto!  
(quoting it by heart:)

"The concept of 'mental health' in our society is defined largely by the extent to which an individual behaves in accord with the needs of the system and does so without showing signs of stress. Many tame, conformist types seem to have a powerful need to depict the enemy of society as 'sick.' Much as dissidents in the former Soviet Union were universally declared to be mentally ill so as to delegitimize their valid complaints about society."

A fragile silence. Strangely, the energy begins to shift -- a kind of camaraderie growing between the two men as they sit on opposite sides of the cabin door.

FITZ

Nobody even cares about what happens to YOU. As long as your IDEAS are neutralized. If you're declared insane? If the Manifesto becomes just the rant of a man so crazy he couldn't even be put to death? They can keep on shopping and watching TV and sleep-walking through life. People will do ANYTHING to avoid having to DO SOMETHING about the world, having to change their lives.

A long pause. Fitz runs his hand over the smooth wooden side of the cabin.

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

Even this cabin. It used to be a symbol of moral courage. A man who cared about his principles so much that he went to live off the land. Like everyone secretly dreams about. And now? They're going to point to it and say: "You'd have to be insane to live like this."

Inside the cabin, Ted is deep in thought, deeply sorrowful. He shakes his head.

TED

They brought the cabin but they didn't bring the forest... the birds, the trees, the rain... It was beautiful... It was so, so beautiful...

FITZ

Yeah. I know it was.

A warm, expectant silence. Then Ted moves away from the cabin door and allows it to swing open. Ted sits down on the empty bunk.

Fitz comes inside the cabin with him. Sits on the cabin floor across from Ted.

TED

The irony is -- they're going to show them this cabin as evidence that I'm crazy... But if everyone in the world was content to live simply, like this, we'd have no more wars, no more poverty, no more nuclear weapons, oil spills, pollution... No more sweatshops, no more environmental degradation... Who's the crazy one, the one who thinks a fancy car and a big house and cheap clothes are worth destroying the world for? Who doesn't think twice about living in factory smog or under the shadow of nuclear reactor... Who thinks some new electronic gadget is worth damning hundreds of people to enslavement in a sweatshop, as long as they're over in China so he doesn't have to think about them? Who's really crazy, him or me?

(CONTINUED)

Long silence. Fitz nods. Ted is right.

Ted leans his head against the wall of his cabin. Working through something deep in his soul.

TED

The truth is. If someone called me up and said there was a pill I could take that would make me normal... that would take all these... questions away... I might even take it. If it was my own choice.

Ted considers the cabin.

He stands. Walks outside, walks around the cabin. Running his hand over the wood. Thinking.

FITZ

Your brother keeps saying you'll be happier in a jail cell. Three hot meals a day. Plus the dimensions are about the same. 10 by 12.

TED

Of course he tells himself that! If I go to jail, he pockets a million dollars reward money. And gets to sleep at night, knowing I won't be executed, even if I want to be. All he had to do was lie about me, over and over and over on national television. He wins. Everyone wins, don't they?

Ted shakes his head in wonder -- impressed by the elegance of the trap he's in.

TED

My lawyers get to say they saved me from execution. The Judge and Prosecutors can brag that the Unabomber will rot in a hole forever. The government wins, the SYSTEM wins, because I'll be muzzled and dismissed. No big trial, no media circus, just a neat and tidy dagger in the back. All pre-determined, neat as a pin. Everybody wins. Except me.

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

I KNOW you're not insane. And I WANT you to change the world, Ted. Every time I sit at a red light or follow the arrows in some grocery store, I see the world through your eyes. I see the systems that control our lives, I feel my own autonomy and freedom being hemmed in. What you have to say about the world MATTERS to the future.

(beat)

And there's still a way. If you really believe that your ideas are worth sacrificing everything for... There's one way to ensure that your message will live on. You can end this now, before you and everything you stand for are held up for public ridicule by your own attorneys.

Ted looks over at Fitz, who's still standing inside the cabin. Ted shakes his head. Sneers.

TED

Isn't that convenient. That your own interests and mine align so perfectly. All I have to do is to roll over, stop fighting--

FITZ

The fight is FIXED. You've already lost. If you plead guilty, you at least walk away with some autonomy. Some DIGNITY.

TED

Get out of my house, please. GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

Fitz, taken aback, steps out of the cabin.

FITZ

You can take on the entire system, fight to the end, and your own lawyers will make you a laughing-stock. And your ideas will go down with you. Or, you can plead guilty. You go away. But your IDEAS live on.

(CONTINUED)

TED

I've already lost... According to you, and only you. You, the outcast agent angling for a big gold star from the Bureau. How much of this was lies? Huh? I want my attorney. I want Judy.

Ted strides toward the prison van.

FITZ

It's all true, Ted.

As the guards come in, curious, Ted gets into the back of the prison van.

TED

GUARDS! I want Judy. NOW!

And Ted SLAMS the van door closed. Interview over.

Fitz slumps. Considers the prison van. Then nods to the guards. Let's go.

**INT. FCI DUBLIN - TED'S JAIL CELL - DAY (D208)**

Judy Clarke comes in to find Ted waiting there. Hands folded, looking grim.

Ted looks up at her. Deadly serious.

TED

Sit down, Judy. We need to talk.

**END ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

23

**INT. FCI DUBLIN - TED'S JAIL CELL - DAY (D208)**

23

Ted skewers Judy Clarke with a fierce look.

TED

What did you talk about in chambers? During the challenge to the search warrant?

JUDY CLARKE

Procedural matters. Burrell can be so hard to pin down on the technical stuff. Hold on--

She glances out the window in the room. Then closes the blinds for privacy. Reaches into her purse, and slips Ted a contraband pack of Reese's Peanut Butter Cups.

JUDY CLARKE

Your favorite. Don't tell.

Ted looks over the candies. They are, in fact, his favorites. But he doesn't open them. A new coldness between them. Inspecting her.

TED

Do I have total control of my defense?

JUDY CLARKE

It's YOUR defense. This is all about you. Everyone's here for YOU. I'm here for you and only for you. Okay?

She sits close to him. Her hand on his hand.

TED

You don't think I'm... You wouldn't present to the court that I'm... mentally defective?

A beat.

JUDY CLARKE

Ted. What gave you that idea?

TED

Fitzgerald showed me the cabin. He said the 12.2(b) meant...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TED (CONT'D)

You were going to say I'm insane.  
You KNOW, Judy, that would be so  
much worse for me than death. I'd  
rather roll the dice on a death  
penalty than--

JUDY CLARKE

(disengaging)

Ted. We found out that the  
prosecution built their own mock-up  
of your cabin to show the jury.  
And that they were planning to  
present their own mental-health  
testimony. In my legal judgement,  
it was prudent to ensure we'd be  
able to present the truth about you  
and your life, to combat the  
government's distortions. I've  
tried to keep you out of the  
trenches on this. Take care of the  
p's and q's so you can keep  
thinking big-picture for us. But  
if you lack confidence in my legal  
judgement-- If you want to read  
everything we've filed on your  
behalf, I'm more than happy to--

TED

No, Judy, I'm not saying--

JUDY CLARKE

No, I'll bring in the document  
boxes. If you want total  
transparency, if you want to see  
and approve everything, page by  
page--

TED

No, I trust you. I do. It's just,  
I've been betrayed by so many  
people... and Fitzgerald, he got  
into my head... There's no one I  
trust more than you.

JUDY CLARKE

(re-engaging:)

Good. Because when I say I'm going  
to act in your best interests, I  
mean it. To the letter.

Ted nods. Accepting this. Judy sighs, shakes her head  
sympathetically.

(CONTINUED)

JUDY CLARKE

Trial SUCKS. I know. It can make even a good relationship feel rocky. But my commitment to you is total, Ted. I'm going to be by your side to the end. You won't be able to get rid of me!

TED

Even if I want to?

She laughs, bats his arm playfully.

JUDY CLARKE

Even if you wanted to. You can scream, you can try to fire me, but I'll just hang on. I'll be the albatross around your neck.

Ted smiles. He's okay with that. Flattered, even.

JUDY CLARKE

You know I really care about you. Not just as a colleague.

She smiles at him. Indicates the peanut butter cup.

JUDY CLARKE

Now finish that before the guards see, or you'll get me in trouble.

Ted smiles. Munches his peanut butter cups. Placated.

The middle of a deeply boring court hearing. Ted, working in his yellow legal pads while the judge hears preliminary motions regarding jury selection. Then, his ears prick up as Freccero makes a procedural point:

FRECCERO

Your honor, we need some clarification from the defense before we can begin Jury Selection. I have what I believe to be an intentionally vague 12.2(b) motion from the prosecution. But their witness list includes a number of experts on paranoid schizophrenia--



JUDY CLARKE

(leaping up:)

Can we move this to chambers, Your Honor?

TED

(hissing to Judy Clarke:)

What is he talking about?

She whispers in Ted's ear, trying to placate him --

FRECCERO

(plowing ahead:)

We need clarification before beginning jury selection. If the defense is going to pursue a mental defect defense and continue to claim the Defendant is a paranoid schizophrenic--

JUDY CLARKE

Your Honor, please, can we--

Ted can't help himself -- he FLIES OFF THE HANDLE --

TED

That's NOT our intention! We won't be--

(pivoting to Judy, enraged:)

What is he TALKING ABOUT?! Your honor, I need a moment with my LAWYERS--

Ted SCREAMS at his defense team.

TED

YOU BETRAYED ME! You lied to me! You sat right here and you LIED to my face--

Judy Clarke is COLD now. The marble queen.

JUDY CLARKE

We're saving your life, Ted.

TED

It's MY LIFE! MINE!!! You need to walk in there and inform the court that we're not pursuing a mental defect defense. Not now, not EVER.

JUDY CLARKE

Whether you approve of my strategic decisions or not, I have an ethical obligation, in this system, to do what I have to in order to save your life.

TED

You're not saving my life. You're saving my BODY. You're saving my body by destroying my life, and my life's work! I'd rather die a million times-- If you had Jesus as a client, you'd tell him to keep his mouth shut about the whole saving-the-world stuff and let you figure out a diagnosis to get him off--

JUDY CLARKE

You're comparing yourself to Jesus Christ? Ted. You mailed bombs to innocent people. So you could get some half-baked ideas published in a newspaper. I'll work around the clock to save your life. That's my obligation as your attorney. But if you're not mentally defective? I don't know who is.

The defense team and the prosecutors are all gathered in chambers. Ted, struggling to keep his emotions in check, makes his case to the judge.

TED

Your honor, my relationship with my present attorneys has become impossible. I don't say this lightly. They have admitted to lying to me, to tricking me, and to betraying my trust. They knew all along I would rather die, or suffer prolonged physical torture, than be falsely portrayed as mentally ill. I don't WANT to represent myself. But right now I see no alternative--

Judge Burrell sits impassively behind his big desk.

JUDGE BURRELL

I don't think so, Mr. Kaczynski.  
In MY courtroom, there are no  
theatrics, and there are no delays.  
I may be many things, Mr.  
Kaczynski, but one thing I am NOT,  
is a Lance Ito.

TED

A who?

JUDY CLARKE

The Judge in the OJ trial.

This doesn't mean anything to Ted.

JUDGE BURRELL

The trial will continue. No  
delays.

TED

Well I'm not asking for a delay. I  
can start representing myself in  
ONE HOUR. ONE HOUR from now.

But Judge Burrell purses his lips and shakes his head.

JUDGE BURRELL

We've already considered this.  
Based on the psychological  
evaluations your defense has  
provided me, I find you mentally  
unsound to mount an effective  
defense.

TED

Psychological evaluations? You've  
already considered-- Did you all  
discuss this beforehand? Have you  
already decided how this ends?

Silence in the room.

Ted, grasping the frame-up clearly for the first time:

TED

So. I'm sane enough to stand  
trial, sane enough to be put in  
jail for the rest of my life. But  
too crazy to represent myself, too  
crazy to choose my trial strategy.  
Too crazy to be executed. Too  
crazy to testify I'm guessing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TED (CONT'D)

Too crazy to stand up in court and  
SAY anything about what I believe.  
Is that what your secret psych  
report says? The EXACT DIAGNOSIS  
that is perfect for EVERYONE...  
Perfect for the court, for these  
lawyers, for my brother, perfect  
for EVERYONE -- except ME?

Deeper silence from the room. Ted, struggling to stay calm:

TED

I have a Constitutional RIGHT to  
defend myself. If I have to take  
this to the judicial review board--

Judge Burrell shrugs.

JUDGE BURRELL

Of course you have that right. You  
can certainly choose to represent  
yourself. If you do, however, that  
raises the question of whether  
you're mentally fit to stand trial  
at all. We can easily resolve the  
question of your mental competency  
with an observation period in a  
mental institution. Say, starting  
with a 60-day stay in the care of  
the psych hospital, and perhaps  
longer if the doctors think it  
necessary. If you want to pursue  
this, I'll write the order now and  
have you remanded into their care--

JUDY CLARKE

We have no objection to that, your  
Honor.

Judge Burrell starts writing out the order. The bailiffs  
move toward Ted--

Ted, suddenly TERRIFIED. Fitz's prediction, coming true.

TED

No. NO. Let me-- Give me some  
time to think about my options.

The Judge peers down at him.

JUDGE BURRELL

You don't have time, and you don't  
have options.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26

JUDGE BURRELL (CONT'D)

Your trial will continue now.  
These are your lawyers. You'll do  
as they instruct. If they say  
you're mentally defective, you will  
nod and agree. In SILENCE.

27

**INT. FCI DUBLIN - TED'S JAIL CELL - NIGHT (N208)**

27

Ted, reeling. Pacing the little cell, going mad. Living out  
his own worst nightmare. No way out. Except one...

Ripping his clothes into strips. Knotting it all together.  
And it's hard to tell exactly what he's doing until the NOOSE  
is already around his neck and he's HANGING HIMSELF in his  
cell--

And we stay close on his face, watching him suffocate, pass  
out... His eyes glaze over, he looks DEAD...

And we stay close on Ted as we hear the GUARD'S VOICE:

GUARD

Kaczynski. KACZYNSKI?

The sound of the cell door slamming open, men rushing in,  
cutting him down...

Ted, his eyes glazed over. The guards slapping his cheeks,  
bringing him back.

Ted's eyes crack open. And he whispers, barely audible:

TED

...Okay...okay...

GUARD

Hang in there. You're going to be  
all right. Just hang in there.

And we cut to:

28

**INT. FCI DUBLIN - PRISON MEETING ROOM - DAY (D209)**

28

Fitz in a pow-wow with McAlpine, Cole, and a few prosecutors.  
Fitz looks up to see Steve Freccero come running in.

FRECCERO

He's making a deal! Ted's going to  
plead guilty!

The whole room is SHOCKED. Everyone turns to Fitz. In  
stunned silence.

(CONTINUED)

Finally, Cole:

COLE

Holy shit. What did you SAY to  
him?

Fitz shrugs. Doesn't know what to say to that. Except:

FITZ

The truth.

**INT. COURTHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY (D210)**

Ted dresses for court. Changing into his suit.

Red welts on his neck.

His lawyers watch but don't help him this time. Silence.

He's all alone now.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY (D210)**

Ted stands alone in the front of the courtroom. The red  
welts still visible on his neck above his collar. The  
courtroom is hushed. David and WANDA KACZYNSKI in the  
audience.

JUDGE BURRELL

Is it your understanding that your  
attorneys had discussions with the  
attorneys for the government in  
this case concerning your change of  
plea?

TED

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE BURRELL

Does your willingness to enter a  
plea result from those discussions?

TED

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE BURRELL

Are you entering this plea  
voluntarily because it is what you  
want to do?

A long, unreadable pause.

TED

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE BURRELL

Do you understand that as part of  
this deal you are waiving your  
right to appeal?

TED

I do.

JUDGE BURRELL

That you are waiving your right to  
challenge any part of this  
proceeding in the future, including  
the search warrant?

TED

I understand.

JUDGE BURRELL

Very well. How do you plead, to  
all charges?

TED

Guilty.

In the audience, Wanda releases an involuntary MOAN. She and David lean on each other for support. She weeps into David's shoulder.

JUDGE BURRELL

We'll reconvene for sentencing.  
We'll hear testimony from the  
victims. You'll be able to make a  
statement then if you wish. Court  
adjourned.

The gavel THUMPS down.

Ted looks over his shoulder at Fitz.

They lock eyes. A long look between Ted and Fitz.

And then, the guards lead Ted away.

And -- IT'S OVER.

As soon as Ted leaves the room, everyone DESCENDS on Fitz -- Cole. ACKERMAN. GENELLI. McAlpine. The Prosecutors. Everyone slapping his back, pumping his hand, a whole chorus of congratulations. He did it!

(CONTINUED)

But Fitz ignores all of them. The only one who matters right now, the only one he can see is

NATALIE

Waiting for him down at far end of the courtroom.

He goes to her. She comes to him. Striding to each other, crashing together -- And Fitz wraps her in his arms and pulls her in and KISSES HER hard.

They've been waiting for this moment for so long -- We have too, and it's deep and real and thrilling --

Fitz looks into her eyes. Natalie looks up at him, flushed and glowing.

And they kiss again.

**END ACT FOUR**



ACT FIVE

31

**INT. COURTROOM - A WEEK LATER (D211)**

31

Ted's SENTENCING HEARING.

Everyone has gathered for the final judgement -- the FBI guys, Fitz and Natalie, David and Wanda. All the old faces.

And, most importantly -- TED'S VICTIMS ARE ALL THERE, sitting in the front row.

Terry Marker.

John Harris.

Percy Wood.

John Hauser.

Gary Wright.

Charles Epstein.

David Gelernter.

Patrick Fischer's Secretary from 104.

The families and colleagues of Hugh Scrutton, Thomas Mosser, and Gil Murray.

We remember them from the bombings we've seen, from flashbacks and from photos and images throughout the series. Now, they're gathered all in one place.

Some damage we can see -- missing fingers, missing eyes, burns and scars. But most of it is hidden just behind their eyes.

JUDGE BURRELL

Before we proceed with sentencing,  
we will hear from those victims who  
wish to make statements.

FRECCERO

Susan Mosser, wife of Thomas Mosser  
who was murdered by the Defendant  
in December of 1994.

SUSAN MOSSER (40s) comes to the podium. Reading her statement. It's very difficult for her.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN MOSSER

Nails, razor blades, wire, pipe, batteries. Everyday household items. Pack them together, explode them with the force of a bullet from a rifle and you have a bomb. Hold it in your hands while it's exploding, as my husband Tom did, and you have unbearable pain.

Not the unbearable pain the defense lamented Kaczynski would feel should he be portrayed as mentally ill, Your Honor, but the excruciating pain of a hundred nails, cut-up razor blades and metal fragments, perforating your heart, shearing off your fingers, burning your skin, fracturing your skull and driving shrapnel into your brain.

December 10, 1994, was supposed to be the day my family picked out a Christmas tree. The day we celebrated Tom's latest promotion. Instead it was the day my husband was murdered. The day I had to tell my three daughters, "Daddy is dead."...

It's the first time we've heard the victims themselves speak, and it's horrible and moving and shocking. To us and to everyone in the courtroom.

Even Ted's own lawyers shrink away from him as the testimony continues. Disgusted by him.

**LATER (D211)**

Genial, gentle GARY WRIGHT (40s) reads his statement from the podium.

GARY WRIGHT

My name is Gary Wright. I'm the eleventh victim of the Unabomber, who is now known as Theodore Kaczynski.

As you look at me today, you do not see the physical wounds inflicted by razor-sharp pieces of metal moving at over 20,000 feet per second.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GARY WRIGHT (CONT'D)

You do not see the trauma, nerve damage, lacerations, or physical restrictions that were inflicted, and unless you were a recipient of one of Mr. Kaczynski's devices, you'll never comprehend the hardships of learning to live with permanent physical impairment and the emotional pain associated with these types of injuries.

But set aside the physical injuries and concentrate on what's worse -- the emotional and psychological damage that Mr. Kaczynski caused. Imagine what it is like to constantly wonder what would make a person want to kill you. To go to work one day, bend down to pick up a piece of debris and suddenly think that you have been shot, to look down at injuries that shock you beyond belief, and wonder what has happened and why. To continually search your memories for any small indiscretion or act that could trigger this kind of anger. To be overwhelmed with the feelings of rage and the heartache of knowing that you will never again be the same as you were before...

David and Wanda weep in court. Others do too.

Ted himself, shrinking down under the weight of everything he's done. Even he sees its horror.

**LATER (D211)**

FRECCERO

Your Honor, Doctor David Gelernter.

DAVID GELERNTER, 40, ruined eye and black-gloved right hand.

GELERNTER

When an evil man destroys what is priceless out of the lowest, cheapest, ugliest motives, to get attention, be famous, be a star, the only decent response is unqualified revulsion.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GELERNTER (CONT'D)

We've decided to let him live, so let him be our living symbol of cowardice and evil. He gives us a chance to look cowardice and evil in the face. Looking at him reminds us that there is nothing easier than creating misery.

Evil will always exist, but we ought to take this occasion to reaffirm that we will never accept it. We must go on fighting this man and fighting the cowardice, misery, and evil he stands for. God willing, we will triumph somehow in the end.

**LATER (D211)**

FRECCERO

Your Honor, Doctor Charles Epstein.

Charles Epstein, the victim from 103, along with his wife LOIS and daughter JOANNA. He fixes Ted with a sharp gaze.

DR. EPSTEIN

What a message -- Theodore Kaczynski was a victim! By some convoluted form of logic, you've been portrayed as the victim -- of a system of justice thirsting for your blood, of prosecutors who would see a deranged man put to death. And what of Gil Murray, Hugh Scrutton, and Thomas Mosser, all of whom were destroyed, literally demolished, by your bombs? What of their wives and children who will be forever alone? And what of all the rest of us?

Charles Epstein delivers what feels like the ultimate sentence, delivered on behalf of all the victims:

DR. EPSTEIN

As you serve your life sentence in prison, this is what I wish for you.

Given that your victims were blinded by your bombs, may your eyes be blinded by being deprived of the light of the moon, the stars, the sun and the beauty of nature for the rest of your life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

Given that your victims lost their hearing because of your bombs, may you spend the rest of your life in stony silence.

Given that your victims were maimed by your bombs, may your body be shackled by the same violence and hatred which have already imprisoned your mind.

And given that your victims were killed by your bombs, may your own death occur as you have lived, in a solitary manner, without compassion or love.

He sits down. The court is deathly silent.

JUDGE BURRELL

The defendant will now have the opportunity to make a statement if he wishes.

Ted stands. He can feel the hateful gazes of everyone on his back.

He looks down at his prepared statement. But he finds he has nothing to say-- except, very weakly:

TED

I... I only ask that people reserve their judgment about me... and about the Unabom case until... until all the facts have been made public. There's so much that you don't... I'm not... I...

And he trails off. There's nothing he can say. He sits down.

**END ACT FIVE**

ACT SIX

35

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY (D211)**

35

Concluding the sentencing hearing.

JUDGE BURRELL

Let the record reflect Mr. Kaczynski has finished making his statement and returned to counsel table.

And the Judge delivers his sentence:

JUDGE BURRELL

In keeping with the terms of the plea arrangement, I sentence Theodore Kaczynski to Life in Prison, plus a 30-year consecutive prison sentence, plus three additional life prison terms to be served consecutively.

The defendant committed unspeakable and monstrous crimes and I believe if he had the opportunity, he would use his resourcefulness to repeat such acts. Because of the callous nature of his crimes, the defendant presents a grave danger to society. Therefore I will recommend that he serve his life imprisonment in solitary confinement in a federal Administrative Maximum Facility.

(turning to Ted:)

I only wish the suffering I could impose on you would in any way match the suffering of the men and women here. The matter is adjourned.

A somber silence as Ted is led out by the guards. He doesn't look at anyone. Doesn't raise his head.

Once he's gone, the VICTIMS leave the courtroom. Everyone stands, watching them go. They file past Wanda and David. Wanda is crying.

And one by one, Ted's victims do the most extraordinary, unexpected thing -- they reach out to comfort Wanda. To thank David. Susan Mosser embraces Wanda, comforts her.

(CONTINUED)

Both women crying. Gary Wright and David Kaczynski embrace. Saying words of comfort and thanks to each other.

Fitz watches this. And somehow, it feels RIGHT.

36      **INT. COURTHOUSE - FOYER - DAY (D211)**      36

Fitz pauses a moment inside the doors. Deep breath. Then pushes through, out onto--

37      **EXT. THE COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY (D211)**      37

The steps are MOBBED with reporters. Fitz watches as everyone grabs their fifteen minutes of fame.

Ackerman, Genelli, and Cole, rehashing past glories.

Judy Clarke, accepting fawning questions and praise from the reporters.

JUDY CLARKE

I truly believe that everyone  
deserves a fair trial and vigorous  
representation...

Fitz looks at them with equanimity. Descends the steps. Ignored by all. But he's okay with it now. At peace.

38      **DOWN THE STEPS (D211)**      38

Fitz passes by the main event, where Steve Freccero and ANTHONY BISCEGLIE are acting as hype-men for David Kaczynski.

FRECCERO

David Kaczynski is the real hero of  
the Unabom story. He came forward  
when no one else would. And after  
legal expenses, he will be donating  
every penny of the reward money to  
the victims and their families.

The press is fawning over this story. Showering David with questions.

Fitz watches David in the spotlight. And he's happy to see that. It's good. It's how it should be.

And David, during the press conference, meets eyes with Fitz. Fitz nods to him. Congratulations.

David's look says -- he's unsure how he feels. This is not victory. It's something else.

(CONTINUED)

Fitz acknowledges this. Wordlessly. Then David turns back to his interview.

Fitz notices a commotion of newsmen

39      **BY THE RAILING (D211)**      39

He goes over, looks down.

Down below in an inner courtyard, a glimpse of TED, in an orange jumpsuit now, being loaded into a prison van.

Ted doesn't look up at them. He just steps into the van. The doors close. And then Ted's gone.

40      **INT. THE PRISON TRANSFER VAN - DAY (D211)**      40

The guard hands Ted a letter. From his brother David. This is a real letter from David to Ted, and we hear it in VOICEOVER:

DAVID (V.O.)

*"Dear Ted,*

*I know that I am the immediate cause of your suffering. I both fear and in a gut sense know the effect your confinement must be having on you. I've passed through periods of denial, in which I tried to convince myself that my actions might even have helped you.*

*But all of that is over now. I have had to glimpse my own cruelty and it is, as you say, a kind of hell. I do love you. And I'm so, so sorry for what I've done...*

*Dave."*

David's voice breaks as he reads the letter.

Ted closes his eyes. Crumples the letter in his hand.

Leans his head against the wall of the van as it bumps its way toward his solitary, interminable future.

41      **ON THE COURTHOUSE STEPS (D211)**      41

Fitz clocks Charles Epstein and his family moving off. Supporting each other. Emotionally drained but at peace.

Then Fitz sees Natalie. Waiting for him at the bottom of the steps, next to her car. And everything else falls away.

(CONTINUED)



He runs down the steps. Kisses her. And holds her in his arms a long moment. Considering the scene before them.

Fitz shakes his head. Somber.

FITZ  
Somehow in the end, there are no heroes. Only victims.

NATALIE  
Not victims. "Survivors."

Fitz thinks about this for a moment. And we see:

42      **INT. DAVID KACZYNSKI'S LIVING ROOM (D212)**      42

David Kaczynski and LINDA PATRIK embrace each other. Both of them broken but in love.

43      **INT. FITZGERALD HOME - LIVING ROOM (D212)**      43

ELLIE, SAM, DAVEY, and ROBBIE watch news of the verdict on the TV. Then they change the channel back to *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman*.

44      **INT. UTF - ACKERMAN'S OFFICE (D212)**      44

Ackerman packs up his desk. Satisfied with the way it all ended. Shakes hands goodbye with Cole.

45      **INT. ADX FLORENCE FEDERAL PRISON (D212)**      45

Ted is led into his cell in the most remote wing of the Supermax prison.

A 10x12 concrete box. He'll never see the sky again. Never hear another voice. Never be seen or heard. Ever again.

And when the cell door SLAMS CLOSED, we cut back to:

46      **THE BASE OF THE COURTHOUSE STEPS (D211)**      46

Fitz nods.

FITZ  
Survivors.

He turns and they get into.

47      **INT. NATALIE'S CAR - DAY (D211)**      47

He starts the car. She looks at him.

47

NATALIE

Now what?

He smiles.

FITZ

I don't know. There's this  
JonBenét letter they want me to  
look at. Plus the letters from  
these Atlanta bombings...

Natalie shakes her head.

NATALIE

Fun, fun, fun....

FITZ

Maybe I'll get my degree first.

NATALIE

Well, you have a study buddy if you  
need one.

He smiles. Leans over. Kisses her.

And they pull out.

Heading off, into their new future together. Then,

48

**AFTER A FEW BLOCKS (D211)**

48

A red light.

And they sit there. The only car at the intersection.  
Staring up at it.

And we stay on that image long enough for us to know, and for  
them to know it too -- they're still living in Ted's world.

And while they're still staring up at that damned light, we

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE**

**END OF SERIES**