

# MANIFESTO

Episode 101

"Pilot"

Written By

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WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 06/13/16

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N.B.: The pilot unfolds over two time periods, 1995 (the main plotline) and 1997 (the frame narrative). All 1997 scenes have their slugs tagged "(1997)" with a yellow highlight.

## **SET LIST**

### **INTERIORS**

CA FORESTRY ASSOCIATION OFFICE  
GIL MURRAY'S OFFICE  
MAIL TRUCK  
POST OFFICE  
HUGE DISTRIBUTION FACILITY  
ANOTHER DELIVERY TRUCK  
HIGH-RISE STAIRWELL  
TOWNCAR  
FBI DORM HALLWAY  
DORM ROOM  
SMALL AUDITORIUM AT QUANTICO  
FITZ'S HOUSE  
LIVING ROOM  
KITCHEN  
SITTING ROOM  
HALLWAY  
FITZ'S BEDROOM  
SAM'S BEDROOM  
UPSTAIRS HALLWAY  
DINING ROOM  
GROCERY STORE  
SORRENTO'S RISTORANTE  
BAU HEADQUARTERS  
PRENTISS' OFFICE  
FITZ'S CABIN  
GAS STATION  
BATHROOM  
CAB  
FITZ'S CAR  
SFO AIRPORT  
ARRIVALS  
DEPARTURES  
TABBY'S CAR  
UTF HEADQUARTERS  
ENTRYWAY

### **EXTERIORS**

DREAMY SUBURBAN STREET  
CA FORESTRY ASSOCIATION OFFICE  
LUSH FOREST  
FROM A HILLTOP  
AT THE EDGE OF A CLEARING  
FITZ'S CABIN  
HIGH-RISE  
ROOFTOP  
COURTYARD  
FITZ'S HOUSE  
BACKYARD  
FRONT PORCH  
LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD  
FBI HEADQUARTERS  
SUPERHIGHWAY  
HIGHWAY OVERPASS  
GAS STATION  
AT THE PUMPS  
SFO AIRPORT  
AT THE CURB  
UTF HEADQUARTERS  
FITZ'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT  
BALCONY  
FREDDY'S BAR  
SACRAMENTO STREETS  
STANFORD STREETS

BULLPEN  
BRIEFING ROOM  
CALL CENTER  
BASEMENT SERVER ROOM  
UPSTAIRS HALLWAY  
ACKERMAN'S OFFICE  
GENELLI'S OFFICE  
FITZ'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT  
UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL  
FREDDY'S BAR  
BATHROOM  
PAYPHONE BOOTH  
NATALIE'S APARTMENT  
KITCHEN  
LIVING ROOM  
BEDROOM

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**CAST LIST**

TED KACZYNSKI (voice only)  
GIL MURRAY  
SECRETARY  
FITZ (aka JIM FITZGERALD)  
FRANK PRENTISS  
ANDY GENELLI (aka MISTER ROGERS)  
CRAIG ROSEN  
PUDGY TRAINEE  
HANDSOME TRAINEE  
PREPPY TRAINEE  
DAVEY FITZGERALD  
SAM FITZGERALD  
ELLIE FITZGERALD  
JANET  
ELLIE'S SISTERS  
ELLIE'S MOTHER  
BOB GALLO  
CASHIER  
DON ACKERMAN (aka FBI SUIT)  
STAN COLE  
TABBY MILGRIM  
T-REX BENSON  
NATALIE SCHILLING  
RUBBERNECKER  
SECOND RUBBERNECKER  
DRUNK PISSER  
OTHER DRUNK PISSER

I want you to think about the mail for a minute. Stop taking it for granted like some complacent sleepwalking sheep. And really THINK about it. Trust me, you will find the U.S. Mail a worthy object of your contemplation.

**EXT. A DREAMY SUBURBAN STREET - DAY [MAY 1995]**

TED'S VOICE (V.O)  
A piece of paper can cross a continent  
like we're passing notes in class. I  
can send you cookies from the other  
side of the world. And all I have to  
do is write your name on a BOX, put on  
some stamps, and drop it in.

TED'S VOICE (V.O)  
You see, it only works because every single person along the chain acts like a mindless automaton. I write an address and they just... obey. No question. No deviation.

BOUNCING IN THE BACK OF THE MAIL TRUCK...

HAND-CANCELLED, TOSSED IN A BIN AT **THE POST OFFICE...**

SPEEDING THROUGH A MAZE OF CONVEYOR BELTS, SORTERS, READERS 4  
IN A HUGE DISTRIBUTION FACILITY...

THEN INTO A BIN, AND ROLLED INTO **ANOTHER DELIVERY TRUCK.**

TED'S VOICE (V.O.)  
No pause to contemplate eternity, or  
beauty, or death.

EXT. CALIFORNIA FORESTRY ASSOCIATION OFFICE - DAY

A luminous grasshopper springs away as a mailman's boot flattens the grass outside a shiny glass OFFICE BUILDING.

7

**INT. CALIFORNIA FORESTRY ASSOCIATION OFFICE - DAY**

7

A heavily pregnant secretary takes the box. Calls her boss out. GIL MURRAY, a genial, balding bureaucrat. Excited to get this odd piece of mail.

TED'S VOICE (V.O)

*Even YOU, for all your protestations of free will, if a box comes with your name on it, you can't even imagine doing anything other than OBEY.*

Written on the box -- "OPEN IMMEDIATELY."

Gil considers the return address. Shrugs. Tries to open the package, but it's swathed in layer after layer of tape.

GIL

Jeez o Pete, musta bought stock in Duct Tape.

SECRETARY

I know, huh?

Gil and his secretary joke around, trying to pry the package open. Finally Gil retires to his office to work on it.

TED'S VOICE (V.O)

*Well. It's not your fault. Society made you this way. But you're a sheep, living in a world of sheep.*

8

**INT. GIL MURRAY'S OFFICE**

8

Gil works like crazy to open this box he knows nothing about. Straining at the lid.

TED'S VOICE (V.O)

*And because you're all sheep, because all you can do is OBEY, I can reach out and touch anyone, anywhere. I can reach out and touch YOU. Right now...*

Finally, the lid of the box pops open. And then --

9

**OUTSIDE THE OFFICE BUILDING**

9

We see a FLASH and the windows BLOW OUT and a millisecond later, a FIREBALL blossoms from the shattered windows.

The SONIC BOOM sets off car alarms all along the street. SCREAMS from inside the building. And over the MAILMAN'S gaping face,

**TITLE: MANIFESTO**

Then we cut to:

10 **EXT. A LUSH FOREST - DAY [1997]** 10

Vast and empty. Birdsong, wind in the pines. The smell of the dark, moist earth. Silent and still and pure.

In the distance, A MAN slips silently through the trees. The only person for miles. One with the forest.

He sees something. Kneels, digs at the base of an ancient tree. Unearths a cluster of magnificent MORELS. Gathers them into his bag.

We never would have seen them. But THE MAN does.

This is the man we all secretly wish we were. A modern Thoreau. Strangely out of time -- it could just as easily be 1854 Walden, instead of 1997 NorCal, which is what it is.

11 **EXT. FOREST - FROM A HILLTOP [1997]** 11

The man gazes out over a staggering vista of rolling mountains and endless pines. A mountain lake glimmers down below. He drinks it in. The whole world glowing in the sun.

12 **EXT. FOREST - AT THE EDGE OF A CLEARING [1997]** 12

The man kneels over a RABBIT RUN -- a dense arching form in the grass. Tiny pawprints in the earth. The faintest noise of movement. He follows it through the bracken, to

A RABBIT IN A SNARE. Still alive, dangling from a loop of paracord on an elaborate figure-four trap.

The man takes it in his hands, comforting it. Whispering to it. Maybe a prayer, maybe words of comfort.

The rabbit calms down under his touch. Relaxes in his hands.

He holds it to himself. Staring into those black, wet eyes. So alert to everything--to life, death, eternity, silence...

And then we CUT TO:

13 **EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOFTOP - DAY [MAY 1995]** 13

A DEAD WOMAN. Eyes open, bugged-out. Staring blankly. In the b.g., the blighted CITY spread out below. Vast and bleak.

THE MAN from the woods stares down at the woman. Into those glassy black eyes.

It's TWO YEARS EARLIER -- 1995 -- and the man is a lifetime younger.

This is JIM "FITZ" FITZGERALD (33). Clean-cut, badge on his belt and FBI TRAINEE lanyard. Something gawky about him -- not quite Asperger's but definitely spectrum-adjacent.

He sees things everyone else misses -- but misses social clues. He can read a crime scene but can't read a room.

Fitz is staring down at THE DEAD WOMAN. She's tiny, about 25, lying on her side. Fitz, lost in her, absorbing every detail. Broken fingernails. Bruises on her neck. Torn clothes. Necklace with a "Chai" charm and a snapped chain.

PRENTISS' VOICE (O.S.)

*Fitz? Care to join the rest of us?*

Fitz snaps out of it. And now we see:

There are a dozen other people on the rooftop. Uniformed cops around the perimeter, sealing the crime scene.

EIGHT AGENT TRAINEES from the Behavioral Analysis Unit (BAU), all men, 20s, suits, busy working in their binders.

Their professor, FRANK PRENTISS. Late 50s, three-piece suit. Blowsy, avuncular.

A second man hovers at Prentiss' side--a silent, benevolent vagueness in a cardigan we'll call MISTER ROGERS for now.

FITZ

Yeah. Sorry about that.

He hurries to join the class. The TRAINEES snicker at the class weirdo. Fitz is the odd man out -- TEN YEARS OLDER than the others, but it's more than that.

PRENTISS

Okay, my profilers. You've inspected the crime scene, you have the police reports. Tell me about our killer.

A cowed silence. Then the profilers-in-training start jumping in. First, CRAIG ROSEN (20s), the stats geek, looking up from binders spread out in front of him:

ROSEN

Okay. Matrix one. Strangled with her own purse strap.

(MORE)



ROSEN (CONT'D)

No tape, no ropes, no weapon. This was a disorganized murder, unplanned, opportunistic.

PUDGY TRAINEE

Fits with victimology: she's 4'11", 80 pounds. He saw an easy target, acted impulsively on a longstanding sexual fantasy. Panicked, fled.

PRENTISS

Total impulse? Random act?  
(off their nods)  
Okay. And will he reoffend? Or is it over for him?

ROSEN

Historically, with this profile...  
Reoffense rate is... three percent.  
This is one-and-done. Statistically.

PRENTISS

Everyone agree with that?

All the trainees say "yes." Except Fitz. Prentiss raises his eyebrows. "You have something to say?"

FITZ

They found her like this? In this position?

PUDGY TRAINEE

Yeah. Strangled her, dumped her, fled.

FITZ

He didn't dump her. Look at where the semen is. He strangles her, jerks off, THEN he moves her. It's a cold, rational act. He POSED her.

ROSEN

So? That doesn't change the analysis.

FITZ

Look at her necklace. Hebrew word, *chai*. It's a good luck charm. He placed it there. To send us a message.

The other trainees groan --

PUDGY TRAINEE

Oh man, Mister Letters. Everything with you is a crossword puzzle...

FITZ

No. Look again. Look at the charm.  
Now look at the body.

And now everyone falls silent. Because they see what they all missed: the woman's body is posed in the form of a *chai*.

FITZ

It's a message. 'Good Luck.' He's making fun of her. And sending us a message: 'Good luck finding me.' That's not a man who's panicking. It's a man who finally acts out his dream, and realizes it's EASY. So easy he can take his time, have some fun. Pose the body. This changed him. Look out there. For him, it's like the whole city was watching and couldn't stop him. He'll do it again. He's planning it right now.

Prentiss and Mister Rogers exchange a glance. The other profilers react--skeptical, and annoyed at being steamrolled.

ROSEN

That's just speculation. As opposed to a data-driven analysis we can back up.

HANDSOME TRAINEE

Not even speculation. It's *guessing*.

PRENTISS

It's not guessing.

The students all fall silent. Turn to Prentiss, their sensei.

PRENTISS

He's making contact. Seeing through the killer's eyes. Data's essential, but that flash of INSIGHT? That's what takes you to the next level. And incidentally, he's right. Guy did two more before we caught him. Fall of 86.

(claps his hands)

Good work everyone! Hilda, extraordinary. Thanks for your help.

And the DEAD BODY stands up, takes a bow, and gets her clothes back on. The cops applaud her, then start breaking down the set-dressing. The whole thing was just an exercise.

14

**INT. HIGH-RISE STAIRWELL**

14

The student profilers trudge down the cruddy staircase. The other trainees buzz past Fitz, murmuring darkly. Rosen looks over at Fitz, shakes his head.

FITZ

What? I just said what I saw. Why's everyone pissed off?

ROSEN

You steamrolled the whole class. You gotta learn to blend, Fitz.

FITZ

But I was right. Wasn't I?

They reach the ground floor, squint as they emerge into

15

**EXT. HIGH-RISE COURTYARD - DAY**

15

The trainees head toward their white passenger van.

PREPPY TRAINEE

Hey, who was that guy with Prentiss?  
Like, Mista Fred Rogers is in da HOWSE!

Guffaws from the trainees. As they load into the van:

PRENTISS (O.S.)

Fitz! With me.

Prentiss stands by an idling black TOWNCAR. Waves Fitz over. MISTER ROGERS in the back seat. Schoolyard OOOHs from the trainees--is Fitz in trouble?--as they jump into their van.

16

**INT./EXT. BACK SEAT OF THE TOWNCAR**

16

Fitz sits across from Prentiss and Mister Rogers.

PRENTISS

This is Jim Fitzgerald.

FITZ

Fitz. Hi. Um. And you are?

Mister Rogers doesn't answer. Hiding behind a bland smile even as he launches right into hardball questions.

MISTER ROGERS

Why are you ten years older than everyone else in your class?

FITZ

Uh, well... I started out as a beat cop. Bensalem, outside Philly? Did that ten years before joining the FBI.

MISTER ROGERS

You're too smart to have been walking a beat for ten years. What happened?

FITZ

I wrote a parking ticket. Chief asked me to fix it, guy was a friend of a friend. I refused. So.

MISTER ROGERS

What, you're like the Serpico of parking tickets? Some people would call that stupid. Or at least overly literal.

FITZ

Sure. But it's still the right thing to do.

MISTER ROGERS

You ever been told you don't play well with others?

FITZ

My whole life. But if I believe something, I'm gonna say it. If I think something's wrong, I'm gonna say so. It gets people really ticked off at me. It can really mess with my career. But it's how I sleep at night. And... I can't help myself.

Fitz says this without pretense. He's a truth teller because he's an outsider, not a tough guy. Mister Rogers takes this in. Nods. Hands Fitz a TYPED LETTER in a plastic sleeve.

MISTER ROGERS

Take a look at this letter. Tell me what you see.

Fitz looks the letter over. Then chuckles.

FITZ

You're making fun of me. You're making fun of me, right?

(off their bafflement)

Oh. It's just, the guys call me... But you're talking about the emordnilap, right? "Dad, it is I."

MISTER ROGERS

Um... Explain.

FITZ

Oh. It's a word thing. First letter of each sentence: "Dad it is I." Which, okay, no big deal. Except it's an emordnilap. Like a palindrome, except it spells one thing forwards and a different thing backwards. "Dad, it is I. Is it I, Dad?" Why? Is this part of the exam?

Prentiss and Mister Rogers share a look. Mister Rogers takes the letter back.

MISTER ROGERS

It's not part of the exam.

FITZ

Who's the letter from? Did you not know about the--

PRENTISS

Thanks, Fitz. You can get out now.

They let him out. Fitz watches them drive off. More confused than when he entered.

17      **EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA**

17

Fitz rejoins his classmates. Walking across the FBI campus toward their dorm.

They pass OTHER FBI AGENTS busting down doors, raiding the shoot house, practicing judo. Meanwhile the BAU Trainees are hefting their BOOKS and BINDERS.

18      **INT. FBI DORM HALLWAY / DORM ROOM**

18

The BAU Trainees cross paths with some beefy SWAT guys. It's like jocks and nerds in high school. The SWAT guys chant "ooga-booga" as the profilers scuttle into their DORM ROOM.

ROSEN

How is it that 15 years later, we're still nerds and they're still jocks? I outrank those guys, and still...

The trainees quickly pack their bags. Moving home.

FITZ

Profiling 101. We have a fixed psychological nature that reveals itself in our actions, whether we intend it or not. You compulsively make yourself the nerd because somewhere deep inside you--

ROSEN

(annoyed now)

Yeah, thank you, Fitz. Lemme just say: It takes one to know one.

FITZ

I wasn't a nerd. I wasn't! Even the nerds wouldn't hang out with me.

ROSEN

(laughing)

Hate to break it to you. Still true now, buddy. See you at graduation.

(running after the others)

You guys getting a drink?

Someone turns the dorm light off. Fitz goes to the switch, turns it back on. Keeps on packing, alone in the empty dorm.

19

**INT. A SMALL AUDITORIUM AT QUANTICO - THE NEXT DAY**

19

Prentiss stands at the podium, smiling out over the government-issue graduation ceremony. The BAU seal behind him.

PRENTISS

Welcome to the Behavioral Analysis Unit. You're now part of the elite brotherhood of FBI agents who have to explain what the hell we do, to EVERYBODY, for the rest of our careers.

(polite chuckles)

So, for your families: Criminal Profilers study HOW a crime was committed, and use those clues to understand the MIND that committed the crime. To build a profile of the criminal's psychology. Who they are, why they acted this way, and how they might act in the future.

(beat)

And for you: You're going to encounter a lot of skepticism. A lot of agents, good agents, think we're quacks. But we are SCIENTISTS of the MIND.

(MORE)

PRENTISS (CONT'D)

We are pioneers on the final frontier  
of law enforcement. And in the very  
worst cases the FBI deals with, you  
will be our nation's only hope.

This sinks in with the grads. Then, calling names, receiving  
diplomas, handshake photos in front of the seal. Finally:

PRENTISS

Agent James Fitzgerald.

Fitz receives his certificate, badge, and, to his surprise:

PRENTISS

With commendation for superior merit.  
Congratulations, Fitz.

Smiles, handshake, FLASH! Then -- the ceremony's over and  
everyone is reuniting with their families and

FITZ runs toward his FAMILY. His two sons, DAVEY, 12 and  
SAM, 6, race up the aisle and leap into his arms.

SAM

Go Dad, go Dad, go Dad!

FITZ

Ooh, I missed you guys!

He waddles down the aisle with both boys on him. Toward

ELLIE, his wife. A put-together Soccer Mom, and she owns it.  
Her face lights up when she sees Fitz.

ELLIE

Oh Jim... I'm so proud of you. And  
we're so glad you're coming home.

Fitz just holds her tight. It feels wonderful.

20

**EXT. FITZ'S HOUSE - BENSLEM, PA - DAY**

20

White picket fence in an all-American, blue-collar small town  
in the Philly suburbs.

A CELEBRATORY COOKOUT in full swing. Big salt-of-the-earth  
blue-collar Philly families devour burgers and dogs and beer.

21

**INT./EXT. FITZ'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

21

Fitz sips a Sprite, watches the party through the window.

It's all for Fitz, but he's more comfortable here, observing  
it all through the glass.

22 **INT. FITZ'S HOUSE - KITCHEN** 22

The kitchen is crowded with women. Ellie, her THREE SISTERS, and her MOTHER all crowd around the table, chopping and mixing and prepping like one collective organism. A coordinated, choreographed ritual they've mastered over a lifetime of family cookouts. A dozen different side dishes come together in front of them as if by magic.

The women talk loudly over each other, ten conversations at once. Some pleasant, some contentious. Ellie, who we can tell is the QUEEN BEE, shuts one sister down--

ELLIE

Janet, you better check yo-self before you wreck yo-self. All I'm sayin.

Laughter. All the sisters pile on --

SISTERS

Check yourself, Jan! / Check before you wreck, honey!

JANET

I will wreck all you bitches!

They all laugh, Ellie too. Ellie's at home here in the chorus of women. She BELONGS. 'One of the girls.'

23 **EXT. FITZ'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - LATER** 23

Ellie presides over the picnic as the DISHES come out to general excitement. Looks around for Fitz. Where'd he go?

24 **INT./EXT. FITZ'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM** 24

Fitz is sitting by himself, working on a CROSSWORD PUZZLE. Then SIRENS -- and he looks outside as a POLICE CRUISER comes screeching up.

BOB GALLO (33) hops out, roaring with laughter. A cop's cop, Philly tough-guy Italian. He searches for Fitz in the yard, then charges into the house. Finds Fitz and wraps him in a big, back-slapping hug. Drags him outside.

GALLO

Friggin unbelievable! C'mon out--

25 **OUT IN THE YARD** 25

Gallo grabs a beer, ching-ching-chings for silence, and gives a toast. Ultra-sincere and just bursting with pride.



GALLO

Fitz and I walked the beat for ten years. I've seen Fitz go from the black sheep of his family... To the black sheep of the foot patrols... To the black sheep of the detective squad. Now, finally, he's found his calling. To be the black sheep of the FBI.

(Laughter)

But seriously. When I was out drinking and watching the Eagles, Jim was heading to night school. When I was napping in the squad car, Jim was studying. When I was chasing guys down alleys, he was back in the car "studying"! I'm trying to say, this guy didn't get nothing given to him. He WORKED for it. He earned it. Proud of you, bud. Cheers.

Cheers. Fitz and Ellie meet each other's eyes across the cookout. She raises her glass to him. He raises his Sprite can. They share a long, sweet smile.

26

**INT. FITZ'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THAT EVENING**

26

Fitz and Ellie stand side by side at the sink, washing the dishes from the party. Davey and Sam ferry dishes in.

ELLIE

Did you have fun?

FITZ

("No")

Yeah.

She notes the COMPLETED CROSSWORD on the counter. Shrugs.

ELLIE

Well, I tried.

Fitz dries his hands, comes around behind Ellie, and embraces her from behind.

FITZ

It was beautiful. But mostly it was hard to wait...

ELLIE

Soapy hands.

FITZ

I've been away four months. Soapy hands are not a problem.

He kisses her ear, her neck. She closes her eyes, sways gently against him. Sinking into his embrace.

ELLIE

Mmmmmmm...

SAM (O.S.)

Hey Dad, who's that on the porch?

Fitz and Ellie turn. PRENTISS and MISTER ROGERS standing on the front porch. Watching through the screen door.

Fitz and Ellie spring apart. Embarrassed. Fitz hurries to the door, cracks it open. Doesn't let them in.

Prentiss holds out a wine bottle. Fitz doesn't take it.

PRENTISS

Guess we missed the party.

FITZ

Yeah, we were just cleaning up. Kind of... family time.

PRENTISS

Of course. Apologies. But we have something urgent to discuss with you.

Fitz pauses a moment. His family in the kitchen. These two men on his doorstep. He doesn't want to let them in. But Prentiss won't back down. Fitz steps aside. Lets them in.

27

**EXT. IN THE WOODS - DAY [1997]**

27

Fitz threads his way back through the pines. Towards home. The dead rabbit hanging from his belt. We see the tendril of smoke rising from the chimney of his cabin in the woods.

He comes to his tidy little VEGETABLE GARDEN in a clearing. One of the boundary stakes is trampled. He kneels to fix it. Then his hair stands on end.

BOOTPRINTS in the soil.

Fitz goes on high alert -- Notices DARK SHADOWS moving in the trees -- MEN IN THE WOODS. Someone's out there. COMING FOR HIM.

And then we CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

28

**INT. FITZ'S HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT [MAY 1995]**

28

Fitz and Ellie show the men into the formal sitting room. Everyone stands there, waiting for Ellie to leave. She doesn't want to leave them alone with Fitz. But finally:

ELLIE

...I'll bring in some coffee.

She leaves, and the men sit. Prentiss leans forward.

MISTER ROGERS / GENELLI

Fitz, my name is Andy Genelli. I'm one of the lead agents in the Unabom Task Force.

FITZ

Wasn't the UTF mothballed? I thought Unabom was over.

PRENTISS

Six years, not a peep. They thought he was dead. But he's back.

GENELLI

Three new mail bombs, better than before. Latest one a week ago in Sacramento. Timber lobbyist.

Genelli starts dealing crime-scene photos onto the coffee table. THE BOMBING we saw in the opening. The office turned inside out, the BOSS torn to bloody shreds. Fitz winces.

FITZ

You're sure it's him. Not a copycat?

GENELLI

We're sure. And we need a profile.

PRENTISS

I want to send YOU. You're the best I've ever trained. And this is a career case on a silver platter. It's one month. You go out there, build the profile, come back to the BAU with a big gold star.

Fitz takes this in. Staring down at the grisly photos. The boss, blown apart. The cratered desk.

The door opens. Everyone scrambles to hide the photos as Ellie brings coffee and muffins.

PRENTISS

Thank you Ellie, that's really lovely.

As soon as she leaves, the photos re-emerge again. And Genelli adds the "Dad it is I" LETTER from the car ride.

FITZ

This is from him? From Unabom?

GENELLI

Thirty FBI agents have been looking at this letter for eight months, and none of them saw the emordnilap.

FITZ

Well. That's just because it's a stupid word thing.

GENELLI

Maybe. But we've had profilers working on this thing for fifteen years. And we're right where we started. I want to bring in a guy who sees things differently. Like it or not, that's YOU.

FITZ

Look, I'm really flattered. But I've been away from my family for too long. I can't do that to Ellie and the boys.

PRENTISS

(standing to leave:)

Do me a favor. Think about it. Keep those photos. That guy with his face blown off? He had a wife and kids too.

This lands with Fitz.

29

**INT. FITZ'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - EVENING**

29

Ellie shows Genelli and Prentiss out the door with relish. Turns to Fitz, arms akimbo. *Well?*

FITZ

I said no.

Ellie smiles. *Good.* LOCKS the door with finality. And then-

30

**INT. FITZ'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT**

30

Fitz and Ellie alone together at last. Making out on their bed. Tender. His hands in her hair, her lips on his ear.

Then, little Sam in the doorway. In his footie pajamas.

SAM  
I'm thirsty.

Fitz and Ellie groan. Ellie grins up at Fitz.

ELLIE  
That's all you, Special Agent.

He rolls his eyes, laughs. Rolls off her and goes to take little Sam's hand.

31      **INT. FITZ'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**      31

Fitz starts back upstairs with Sam's water cup. Then notices the folder from Prentiss. Can't help himself -- starts flipping through the crime scene photos. Getting sucked into them. Then catches himself. Closes the folder, shoves it away on top of the fridge, and heads upstairs.

32      **INT. FITZ'S HOUSE - SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**      32

Fitz lays in Sam's tiny bed. Sam snuggles against Fitz, instantly falls asleep. Fitz lingers there. The smell of his son's hair. Ellie in the doorway, watching with a smile.

33      **EXT. THE LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - THE NEXT DAY**      33

Davey CRACKS a line drive. Fitz cheers from the bleachers.

34      **INT. THE GROCERY STORE - LATER**      34

The family waits in the checkout line. On the covers of all the magazines, THE UNABOMBER SKETCH. Those black aviators, staring at Fitz. Until he's snapped back by

CASHIER  
Your total is...

35      **EXT. FITZ'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATER**      35

As Fitz carries groceries in, the MAILMAN drops off a brown-paper PACKAGE. Sam scoops it up and runs inside.

SAM  
Dibs! Dibs!

And SOMETHING occurs to Fitz. He hurries inside after Sam.

36      **INT. FITZ'S HOUSE - KITCHEN**      36

Fitz watches as Sam tries to pry the box open. Realizing -- it's a signature Unabom package.

It could even be the exact same box we saw in the opening -- brown paper, lots of tape, "OPEN IMMEDIATELY"...

FITZ

Sam, wait. Who's this from?

ELLIE (O.S.)

It's from my mom! Cookies.

FITZ

Let me open this, Sam.

SAM

You're the one who bought us Double-  
Stuff Oreos, Dad! Don't pretend you're  
all anti-cookies now.

Fitz grabs the box. Trying to hide his anxiety.

FITZ

I'll open it. Will you go in the other  
room? Davey, take your brother into  
the other room, please. Go.

Davey gives Fitz a look. Then Davey pulls Sam away. Fitz  
waits until they're all out of the room. Then cuts through  
the layers of tape. Hesitates. Then opens the flaps and---

Nothing. Just cookies from Grandma.

Fitz stands there. Staring down. Nothing happened. He's  
crazy for thinking something might have. But -- for him,  
it's like a bomb went off.

And he looks over at the FOLDER from Prentiss. Lurking on  
top of the fridge. Out of sight, but not out of mind...

37

**INT. SORRENTO'S RISTORANTE - NIGHT**

37

A neighborhood Italian place.

ELLIE

...and I volunteered us for Donuts for  
Dad. They need you on the fryer. And  
then afterwards we can roll right into  
dinner with Jane and Ted.

Fitz nods. Takes her hand. Then Ellie realizes what his  
silence is saying. Sucks her teeth.

ELLIE

This wasn't our deal, Jim.

FITZ

I'm just opening the discussion. It would be one month.

ELLIE

That was NOT our deal. Our deal was that you get to go away for four months of profiler training, and in exchange, you work at a desk and you come HOME at the end of the day. You do Donuts for Dad and Muffins for Mom and I don't have to be alone at every parent/teacher conference, every PTA meeting, every little league game. Because that sucks, Jim.

FITZ

I told them no. And I meant it. But it's Unabom. That's the case.

Ellie takes this in. Surprised, impressed. It's a big deal.

FITZ

The package today? Your mom, she wraps her packages just like he does. And I realized--it's not some abstract thing. There are packages out there, right now, with bombs inside them. And it could be someone's KIDS that open them. It could be Sam, opening a box from grandma and then... And I could be the one who makes sure that never happens again. I could make a difference in the world. Finally. After a lifetime of being, honestly, a mediocre cop.

ELLIE

Ugh. Jesus-- You're gonna miss Father's Day. That was not our deal.  
(signalling the waiter:)  
Another Chardonnay, please?

FITZ

I told them no. I'll tell them again. It's okay.

Ellie throws up her hands. Like -- *what do you want from me?*

ELLIE

You can't say no. It's a month. You gotta go.

FITZ

I'll tell them no. There's plenty of serial rapists and murderers I can profile from my desk. It's okay.

ELLIE

You're gonna say what you just said to me--finally making a difference, someone's kids, all that--and then tell me you're not gonna go? It's a month. I'll survive. But a month from now you're here, at a desk, for good. And I need a Chardonnay and a HUGE piece of chocolate cake, RIGHT NOW. Before I change my mind.

Fitz waves for the waiter. And with that, a new deal is made.

38 INT. FITZ'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT 38

Fitz, watching his family sleep. Ellie, tossing and turning. The boys sound asleep. Sam clutching his new truck.

39 EXT. FITZ'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATE NIGHT 39

Fitz sits out on the porch. Looking through the crime scene photos again. Gazing out over the silent neighborhood. Alone in the universe. God's lonely man.

40 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA - DAY 40

Fitz badges through the SECURITY GATES with his shiny new BAU badge. Inside, we see THE BAU HEADQUARTERS, housed in a boxy poured-concrete tower on the Quantico campus.

41 INT. THE BEHAVIORAL ANALYSIS UNIT HEADQUARTERS - DAY 41

Day one in the BAU for all the recent grads. Pinning demotivational posters to water-stained fabric-walled cubicles. Windows 3.1 stiiiill booting.

ROSEN

C'mere Fizzie, let's tag some case files. I'll teach you Excel, it's fun.

Fitz just grins. Thanks but no thanks. He heads right through the windowless basement office into

42 INT. PRENTISS' OFFICE - DAY 42

FITZ

I'll do it. I'll take Unabom.



Prentiss nods. Pleased. And off Fitz's grin we CUT TO:

43

**EXT. FITZ'S CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY [1997]**

43

Fitz approaches HIS CABIN. Log-built, handmade. Striking similarity to Thoreau's cabin. The kind of place we imagine retreating to. But -- SHADOWS move inside.

Fitz moves in a low crouch back toward the trees. The searchers spot him, circle behind him. Surrounding him--

Fitz's hand goes to the HATCHET on his belt --

FITZ

You're on private property! I'm law enforcement!

Then -- an FBI GUY in a suit comes out onto the porch. Fitz's mouth falls open.

FBI SUIT

We know, Fitz. Now put down the axe and get in here.

44

**INT. FITZ'S CABIN - DAY [1997]**

44

Small and minimal. Franklin stove, bed, table, chair, books.

More FBI honchos inside -- Genelli, older now, floating in the background. The Suit, DON ACKERMAN (60). Fitz's old boss, an elder statesman with one eye on the golf course.

And STAN COLE, 50s, a corpulent bulldog, walking around the shack, pawing Fitz's things, flipping through his papers.

COLE

Jesus, look at the boy genius now, huh?  
Living like an animal.

These guys will blend together for now, and that's okay. What's clear is that Fitz knows them and is not happy to see them again. The air is thick with history and tension.

FITZ

What are you doing in my house?

Fitz snatches his notebooks back from Cole, shoves them away. Ackerman motions for Cole to back off.

ACKERMAN

We don't want to be here. Believe me.  
You're pretty much the last person I  
want to be talking to. But...

(MORE)

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

we need you. Ted Kaczynski's refused an insanity defense, refused a plea deal.

FITZ

Not my problem anymore. I found him, I caught him. The rest is on you.

COLE

He's challenging the search warrant YOU wrote. He gets that overturned? He will WALK.

We can see the impact of this news on Fitz's face. Not good.

ACKERMAN

We need you to get into the room with Kaczynski. Face to face. Interrogate him, break him. Get him to plead guilty. Close this thing.

FITZ

Send in someone else. ANYBODY else.

ACKERMAN

You think we can send Cole in there to bond with Ted over sports? We need someone who can speak his language. Connect with him. And...

(indicates Fitz's cabin)

Besides. Ted says he'll only talk to the man who caught him. And for whatever reason he thinks that's YOU.

FITZ

It IS me. You guys were chasing your tail for years until I came in and...

(beat. Not worth it.)

You guys took my life, and you put it through a shredder. Now I've finally pieced something back together, something GOOD. And you want me to go BACK IN? Screw you.

COLE

WE never put you through a shredder. You did that all on your own. In fact, you BUILT the damn shredder just so you could jump in! Everyone else walked out of the UTF with promotions, commendations. Hell, Prentiss even has a book deal. Embossed cover, whole bit!

Fitz feels a sting of betrayal at this.

ACKERMAN

We need Ted to plead guilty. You're the only one who can do it. We're asking you, Fitz. We could order you... We could have the Forest Service come in here and--

FITZ

You wanna threaten me?! Get out of here. GET! OUT!

A momentary stand-off. Nose to nose. Then Ackerman backs off, and the FBI guys all retreat to their cars. All except--

45

**EXT. FITZ'S CABIN [1997]**

45

Frank Prentiss. Sitting on the woodpile, waiting for the others to clear out. Blowsy, gone to seed, but still keeping up the three-piece suit and the Freudian-analyst pose.

FITZ

You too, huh? Hope this isn't keeping you from your book tour. Them, I understand. But you were supposed to know better. You were supposed to look out for me.

PRENTISS

I know. I'm here to make amends. Those guys are only here because if Ted breaks and pleads guilty, they all get fat promotions. You're their Hail Mary-- "maybe old Fitz can save our careers."

Fitz gives a sardonic laugh. He should have known.

PRENTISS

But they're right. This is your chance to look him in the eye. And settle it.

FITZ

I found him, I caught him, I put him in jail. It's settled!

PRENTISS

I mean settle this for YOURSELF. So you can have a LIFE. A FUTURE. You were the best student I ever had, Fitz. You're better than this. You deserve MORE.

FITZ

More than WHAT? My life is good now.  
It's... It's good. I'm FREE. I'm  
finally free.

Prentiss sighs. Takes in the cabin, the trees, the birds and the woodsmoke and pine. Shrugs. Maybe Fitz is right.

PRENTISS

I think about you out here sometimes.  
Sometimes with pity. But more often  
with envy. You had the guts to do what  
everyone else just fantasizes about or  
watches on TV. But. However  
beautiful, however free... You still  
have monsters under the bed.

Prentiss nods to Fitz's cabin. To the big STEAMER TRUNK hidden under Fitz's bed. And Prentiss heads for his car.

A moment later, all the FBI cars drive off down the dirt track. And Fitz is all alone once again.

He glances inside at the box under the bed.

Then he turns, grabs an AXE, and starts splitting firewood like he's Lizzie Borden.

46

**INT. FITZ'S CABIN - EVENING [1997]**

46

Alone again. Carrying in armloads of firewood.

On the table, a hundred dollars in cash, with a note: GAS MONEY. Fitz crumples the bills, flings them away.

Tends the fire, skins the rabbit he caught. Trying to get back to his life. But the knife keeps slipping.

47

**INT. FITZ'S CABIN - LATER THAT NIGHT [1997]**

47

Fitz lies in bed. Something gnawing at his mind. He flings the covers off. Drags out the STEAMER TRUNK under the bed.

Inside it, an intense mound of documents, photocopies, color-coded indices... photos of letters, of the UNABOMBER, of his CABIN... And, buried underneath it all, a wooden box.

Fitz digs it out. Flips it open. Stares into it a long while. We don't see what's inside. Then he snaps it closed.

Fitz searches in the corner of his room. The crumpled gas money. Flattens the bills out on the table. Considers them.

48

**EXT. IN THE WOODS - NIGHT [1997]**

48

Fitz, dressed now, wades through the undergrowth with a LANTERN. Clears away branches, revealing an old CAR hidden in the brush. The car ROARS to life. An explosion of wings as night birds burst into the sky. As Fitz rolls out.

END ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

49           **INT. FITZ'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY [MAY 1995]**           49

Fitz carries his luggage down the stairs. He finds Davey at the table, painting Warhammer figurines -- little fantasy warriors. Fitz leaves his luggage, inspects a tiny demon.

FITZ

What happened to your knights?

DAVEY

(without looking at him)

Switching to Chaos. Way stronger.

FITZ

You gonna be good for your Mom? Help her out with your brother?

DAVEY

Aunt Janet says you're a selfish s-h-i-t and you only became a profiler to get away from us. Sam heard her.

Fitz sighs -- what can he say to that? The CAB arrives outside, HONKS. Davey keeps painting, won't look up. Fitz hugs him anyway. Kisses the top of his head. Then heads out.

We hear Fitz give Sam a big hug in the hallway. Kiss Ellie goodbye. We stay on Davey, hunched over his tiny demons.

50           **INT. THE CAB - DAY**           50

Fitz watches behind him. Sam and Ellie wave, putting on a brave face. And then his family passes out of sight. And as the world glides past his window, we dissolve to:

51           **INT./EXT. FITZ'S CAR / A SUPERHIGHWAY - DUSK [1997]**           51

It's 1997 now and Fitz is driving his old beater, making his way out of the woods. Driving down A SUPERHIGHWAY at dusk. Struggling to process the relentless sea of lights and cars. Finally, he slows. Pulls over at

52           **A HIGHWAY OVERPASS [1997]**           52

Fitz gets out. Looks out over the vast cloverleaf below. Profoundly alone. The look in Fitz's eyes -- they're the eyes of a prophet. He SEES something in all this.

53 **INT. GAS STATION - DUSK [1997]** 53

Muzak and fluorescent lights. Fitz hands the crumpled Gas Money bills to an attendant. Takes the key-on-a-broom-handle. On the TV, Will Ferrel plays Ted Kaczynski on SNL.

54 **INT. GAS STATION - IN THE BATHROOM [1997]** 54

Fitz washes up. Considers himself in the mirror. Not good, but there's nothing more he can do.

55 **EXT. GAS STATION - AT THE PUMPS - DUSK [1997]** 55

Fitz pauses to watch an AIRPLANE pass overhead. The endless contrail burning red in the sunset. And then we CUT TO:

56 **EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - DAY [MAY 1995]** 56

Establishing.

57 **INT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - DAY** 57

Fitz, bewildered as people stream past him. Then, striding toward him through the crowd is --

TABBY MILGRIM  
You have that new-profiler smell.  
Tabby Milgrim.

TABBY MILGRIM (25). A street agent fresh out of the Tenderloin's piss-soaked alleys. Four-Non-Blondes NorCal, short, stocky, could be Hispanic or Native American. Ill-fitting pant suit but whatever, why you looking anyway.

TABBY  
I'm your new partner. Actually, I'm  
the whole Behavioral Unit. C'mon,  
let's get you out of this craziness.

58 **EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - AT THE CURB** 58

Tabby's car is a mint-green 1985 Subaru Justy. Total beater.

59 **INT./EXT. TABBY'S CAR** 59

THE OFFSPRING blare from the tape deck. She shoves the In-n-Out wrappers off the passenger's seat so Fitz can sit.

TABBY  
(by way of apology)  
Night school. It sucks butt. Plus  
University of Phoenix is about a fart  
and a half away from losing  
accreditation. But whatever.  
(MORE)

TABBY (CONT'D)

As long as I get my degree before they go under, we're all good.

A beat-up Intro to Psych textbook under Fitz's feet. Tabby flashes a peace sign to the airport cops as she drives off.

FITZ

Oh. But if you're Behavioral, you must've done some training at the BAU, right? So you can kinda guide me through a little.

TABBY

Hell no! I'm just a street agent. But I'm studying Psychology, guess that's why they put me in Behavioral. Plus I'm good with people, so.

FITZ

Oh. Great.  
(looking out the window)  
The flags are all half-staff. Your governor die or something?

TABBY

Nah man, way more important. You didn't hear? Jerry Garcia died.

FITZ

You're joking, right? ... You're not joking. All the flags in the city, for... Huh.

TABBY

All the flags in the friggin STATE. Your first time in NorCal, huh?

FITZ

First time in California. Jerry Garcia... He was in the Grateful Dead?

TABBY

Oh, maaaaan... Fitz... You have much to learn, man-cub. Much to learn.

60      **EXT. THE UNABOM TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

60

Tabby and Fitz stride across the parking lot toward the hulking concrete slab of the UTF HEADQUARTERS.

61      **INT. THE UNABOM TASK FORCE - ENTRYWAY**

61

Genelli meets them at the security booth and signs them in.



GENELLI

You ever been on a big op before?

FITZ

I was on this one bank robbery that was pretty huge. We had like fifteen full-time agents. Pretty intense.

Genelli grins at this. "Cute." And pushes open the double-doors to the Unabom Task Force. Fitz's mouth falls open.

GENELLI

Welcome to the Unabom Task Force.

62

**INT. THE UNABOM TASK FORCE - BULLPEN - DAY**

62

Fitz takes it in. Dwarfed, AWED by the scale of it. He's never seen anything like this.

HUNDREDS of agents work in the massive central BULLPEN. It's crammed with detectives' desks. Management offices around the edges and off the mezzanine.

Fitz was not prepared for this. He trails Tabby through the bullpen, gawking. The country mouse in the big city.

Veteran FBI agents everywhere -- thick, jowled men chewing donuts and shuffling paper. One extra-thick, extra-jowled agent (T-REX BENSON, 50s) calls out into the bullpen:

T-REX BENSON

FRESH MEAT! WITH ME!

TABBY

Orientation. Go head in.

Fitz and Tabby follow all the other NEW GUYS into:

63

**INT. THE UNABOM TASK FORCE - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY**

63

T-Rex stands at the podium, waiting for PowerPoint to load. Fitz stares at him, starstruck.

FITZ

That's T-Rex Benson! He took down the Bad Axe Militia cell. He's a legend!

TABBY

Lots of big resumes around here. You bring your autograph book?

Fitz sits right at the front of the classroom. Twenty other new guys file in, take their seats. Some eager, some bored.

T-REX BENSON

Arright, listen up. We're gonna rip this bandaid off quick. Most of you are TDY'd here for 60 days, wanna get you on the playing field.

Fitz furiously takes notes on a legal pad. Tabby leans back to snooze. She's heard this a dozen times.

T-REX BENSON

We're hunting the deadliest serial bomber in history. The Unabomber. He's been planting and mailing bombs for 18 years. 17 bombs, four killed, dozens injured. And we have really no friggin clue who he is or why he's doing this. He calls himself "FC." We call him Unabomber because his early targets were Universities and Airlines.

Clicking through SLIDES of each bombing, map/photo/victims. The details aren't important -- it's about feeling the flood of death and destruction up on screen.

T-REX BENSON

1978, Northwestern. Second one there in '79... November 1979, nearly takes down American Airlines flight 444... 1980, United Airlines president gets his face blown in... More university bombs in 81, 82, 82, 85, 85... Boeing in 85... Two computer shops in 85 and 87, and that's when we got our only eyewitness, who gave us this.

On the screen: the famous black-and-white sketch of the Unabomber in glasses and a hoodie.

T-REX BENSON

Then, nothing for six years. We thought he was dead, or maybe finally got laid.

(chuckles from the room)

Then, *he's baaaack*. Epstein at UC. Gelernter at Yale. The Exxon Valdez's PR guy, Mosser. And just last week, Gil Murray in Sacramento. Why these targets? Why now? Why's he doing this? No clue. So we got good old-fashioned legwork and forensics. That's our play.

FITZ  
(raising his hand)  
What forensic leads do we have right now?

T-REX BENSON  
I'm getting to that. Please let me continue.  
(without transition)  
We have no forensic leads. No prints, no DNA, nada. But, we figure eventually he's gonna screw up. And maybe he already did.

T-Rex clicks through to a slide of a typed letter.

T-REX BENSON  
The letter itself is blah-blah-blah.  
But forensics discovered THIS:

INDENTED WRITING on the letter: *"Call Nathan R 7:00 PM"*.

T-REX BENSON  
We figure he wrote himself a Post-it on top of the letter. That's our first real lead. FBI agents are interviewing every single person named Nathan R-something in the country. Plan B is to look for Nathans with "R" middle names.

TABBY  
(whispering:)  
Ten thousand Nathan R's.

Fitz stares at her: *Are you serious?* Tabby nods: *Oh yeah.*

T-REX BENSON  
Our second big lead is that the addresses he uses all come from one particular edition of "Who's Who." So right now we have agents visiting every public library in America to see if a librarian noticed anything suspicious. And... that's it. Have a great day, don't forget to tip your driver.

And suddenly the briefing's over. Everyone else files out. Fitz flips through his notes. Daunted.

FITZ  
Wow. That's... not much to go on...

TABBY  
Nooooope. Next on our tour...

64

**INT. THE UNABOM TASK FORCE - CALL CENTER - DAY**

64

Banks of telephones. Secretaries answer calls, take notes, type up reports and add them to a growing mound of paper.

Agents file in, drop forms in the inbox, grab fresh forms from the outbox, file out. One after another, like ants.

TABBY

They set up a tip line and announced it on every TV news show. So now we get 250 calls a day. And every single one has to be followed up on. Hundreds of agents all over the country, verifying that no, Grandma didn't see the Unabomber in her dumpster.

Fitz takes it in. The sheer size of the operation has him thrown. Intimidated. Then, trying to convince himself:

FITZ

Well, this is why they need us. The profile's going to focus this entire search. It's a big responsibility. But it's... exciting. Isn't it?

TABBY

...Mildly. C'mon, time to meet the Holy Trinity of the UTF.

65

**INT. THE UNABOM TASK FORCE - BASEMENT SERVER ROOM - DAY**

65

Tabby and Fitz peer through the door into a SUBTERRANEAN SERVER ROOM. Inside, Genelli oversees the construction of a high-tech MASSIVELY PARALLEL PROCESSOR.

TABBY

Holy Ghost you already know. Genelli's Head of the Unabom Task Force. Used to run the Bureau's Palo Alto office, hi-tech stuff. They ordered him here kicking and screaming, and he never really fit in. Gentle soul. He'd rather be in there tinkering with his Massive Processor thingie. The real power's upstairs...

66

**IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

66

Tabby points to the corner office. Through the blinds, Don Ackerman. The elder statesman from Fitz's cabin in 1997. He's an operator through and through. Bone-deep canniness.

TABBY

S.A.C. Ackerman, he's God the Father.  
Chief of the whole San Francisco  
division. The UTF is just one thing on  
his desk. Ackerman's the big picture  
guy, press releases, politics, always  
got one eye on D.C. Plays the game  
like a pro. Ackerman gives the orders,  
Genelli asks "how high?"

Stan Cole strides into Ackerman's office. Cole is the old-school good-ol-boy alpha-jock bulldog from Fitz's cabin in '97. A fireplug.

TABBY

S.S.A. Stan Cole, he's the Favored Son.  
Technically he works for Genelli but  
he's Ackerman's old running buddy.  
Cole is basically Ackerman's gatekeeper  
and enforcer. God's pit bull.

67

**INT. ACKERMAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

67

Fitz pumps Ackerman's hand. Genuinely in awe.

ACKERMAN

We sent Genelli to bring back the best  
man he could find. That's you.  
Welcome aboard, Fitz.

FITZ

Sir, I'm honored to be working with  
you. I studied your cases at the  
academy. The Spring Hill killer. And  
the Sheffield abduction? I think any  
other agent that would have ended in a  
murder-suicide. And Agent Cole: the  
Black Panthers sting in 1981? And  
storming that Bulgarian Airlines plane?  
Wow. I'm really excited to be here and  
eager to learn from you both.

ACKERMAN

(eating it up)

I love that attitude. So look, here's  
what you'll be working on.

Ackerman hands Fitz a document. Fitz looks it over,  
confused. It's a single page of short sentences. Cole reads  
it aloud.

COLE

"Low IQ. Formerly employed by an  
airline. Mechanic or technician.  
(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)

No higher education, possibly little/no high school. Raised in Ohio (Cincinnati or Cleveland likely)."

FITZ

Uh, what is this?

COLE

It's the current profile.

FITZ

Well... mm... Where's the rest of it?

Ackerman nods.

ACKERMAN

Excellent. That's exactly what I was hoping to hear. Take that, and flesh it out. I need fifteen pages that I can hand directly to Janet Reno.

FITZ

To Janet-- to Attorney General Reno?

ACKERMAN

You're in the big leagues now. Make us look good.

Fitz stares at the sheet. Gulp.

FITZ

Yes sir. I will. I'm honored to be here and I'll do my best. This is just a little different than I'm used to. In terms of a profile. Most of these are a little more, uh, scientific. And a little... longer.

COLE

Welcome to the real world, squirt. Quantico's a long way away.

ACKERMAN

What SSA Cole means is that that paper is the distillation of ten years' work. So it's a solid foundation and we don't expect it to change. Except maybe the "wood" thing.

FITZ

(hiding his surprise:)  
Wood thing?

Ackerman gives this one to Cole, who digs in with relish:

COLE

There's a theory. That FC is obsessed with wood. That maybe he has erectile dysfunction. And now that he blew up this Mosser guy... Well, Moss, that's like a plant... So that proves it. That can go in the profile now.

ACKERMAN

That's going to play very, very well in the press. Be sure to dress it up a bit, "a propensity for softness in the genital region." Nothing crude.

Fitz looks from Cole to Ackerman to the "profile." Trying to hide his inner panic.

FITZ

I can, uh, definitely... You know, I was expecting a support team to, uh--

ACKERMAN

It's all you, Fitz. But I know you can handle it.

Meaning -- meeting over. Cole walks Fitz to the door.

COLE

Fifteen pages, clean, no typos. Lot of bullet points, lot of big words. Couple of weeks, get it turned in, get you back home. Okey doke?

FITZ

Yeah. Good. I got it. I'm really, again, honored to be working wi--

COLE

Great to have you aboard. You wanna hear some war stories, come out for a beer tomorrow. Freddy's, it's our place. Old-school Frisco, you'll love it.

68

**INT. THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

68

The door closes on Fitz. He's left there standing in the mezzanine hallway.

He stares down at the single-page psych profile. Then out at the vast UTF BULLPEN churning below him. Suddenly very small.

69 INT. FITZ'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - EVENING 69

Fitz wheels his suitcase into his empty efficiency apartment. Sterile, white-walled, institutional.

70 EXT. FITZ'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - BALCONY - EVENING 70

Fitz stands on his balcony. The sterile apartment blocks crouch in the shadow of a massive SUPERHIGHWAY INTERCHANGE.

Fitz stares up at the towering cloverleaf. The knotted undersides of the roads. The HOWLING of cars. And we CUT TO:

71 INT. A UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - NIGHT [1997] 71

NATALIE SCHILLING (30s) delivers a linguistics lecture in front of a crammed whiteboard. She's small, tweedy, with a nervous, birdlike energy. Her hands are never still.

NATALIE

Okay. So. When we detect, um, these frontal vowels and "ahlessness", this reflects--

Fitz settles into the back row. The students don't know what to make of him. Whispering among themselves.

Natalie stops short. Stares at Fitz like she's seen a ghost. She pushes on with her lecture, undeterred.

72 INT. A UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - LATER [1997] 72

The students file out. Fitz starts down the aisle toward Natalie as she preemptorily packs her bags.

NATALIE

No. No! I am fighting for tenure here, I'm up to my EARS defending my research, you think I need this in my life right now? You think I need you dragging me back into all your crap?

She pushes past him up the aisle. Can't even look at him.

FITZ

I know you don't need it, Natalie. I'm sorry to be here. I just-- I need help. And I don't have anyone else.

Natalie stops by the door. Grrr. Angry at herself for giving in. But -- giving in. Fitz climbs up the stairs after her. Then, for just a moment, we come BACK TO:



73 **EXT. THE SUPERHIGHWAYS** [1995]

73

Towering over Fitz as he stands alone on his apartment balcony. Endless, looping, roaring.

END ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR

74

**INT. THE UNABOM TASK FORCE - BULLPEN - THE NEXT DAY [MAY 1995]** 74

Fitz and Tabby survey their desks.

They've covered the entire double-desktop with documents and folders. Piles are marked "Forensic Reports," "Victimology," "Scene Photos," "Written Communication."

Fitz considers the file box of papers still to be sorted.

FITZ

We're gonna need a bigger desk.

Tabby snorts a laugh.

Fitz and Tabby heave at a dusty Tanker Desk in the corner. It barely moves. A whole team of agents looks over, but nobody moves to help them.

Fitz notices: one of the rubbernecks is playing solitaire with cards, while his friend plays solitaire on the computer.

TABBY

(off Fitz's look)

ATF guys. Postal Service is over there.

She points-- a whole squad of agents watching CNN on the TVs.

TABBY

Unabom Task Force is a three-agency investigation. But FBI is in charge. So ATF and USPS figure FBI's gonna get all the credit anyway, so why work.

FITZ

Classic inter-agency cooperation...  
Can I get some help over here? Hello?

Blank looks. Then finally two agents slowly heave themselves up. As they carry the desk across the room:

RUBBERNECKER

You the new headshrinker? Looking for people to send home? We can suggest a few.

FITZ

That's really not what I do.

SECOND RUBBERNECKER

Of course. Wink-wink. But you get Hankins on your couch, you will be shocked. Guy should not be carrying a weapon. Be doing everyone here a favor.

They drop the desk into position.

FITZ

Really, that's not what profilers do.

RUBBERNECKER

Suure. But--Hankins. H as in Headcase.

Fitz and Tabby look at each other as the two agents walk off.

FITZ

Maybe we SHOULD look into this guy.  
Sounds like a headcase.

TABBY

If the FBI got rid of every headcase here, who'd be left?

75

**AT THEIR DESK - HOURS LATER**

75

Fitz and Tabby, exhausted. Fitz throws down one of the Unabomber letters, rubs his eyes.

FITZ

Well, I'm not seeing the "wood" thing.  
(off Tabby's look)  
They want me to do a thing about FC's  
erectile dysfunction.

TABBY

What is it with men and their dongs?  
You should do it. You write that  
report, you'll be on CNN tonight.

FITZ

But it's B.S. This whole profile, I  
think it's gotta go. We gotta start  
over.

TABBY

What, just toss it all? I dunno, man.  
They've been saying mechanic,  
Cincinnati, airlines for years now.  
Consistently. There must be a reason.

FITZ

The first trap we watch for as profilers: inherited assumptions. All those preconceptions, conjectures, toss em out. Come to the evidence with a blank slate. We know NOTHING about FC, except what the evidence tells us. Like, if we don't assume he's an airline worker, is there anything else pointing to Cincinnati? Or when he planted bombs at universities -- was it because he was a resentful outsider, or because that was where he felt most safe? Or here, when he talks about "you people with advanced diplomas..." Is he actually "low-IQ with no higher education"? Or is he really smart, maybe HAS a bunch of degrees, and KNOWS we're gonna read the letter and is HOPING we don't think too hard about it?

You can see the epiphany on Tabby's face. She takes the Gelernter letter, looks at it again. With fresh eyes.

TABBY

I... wow. Yeah. I don't know.

FITZ

Exactly. We don't know. We don't know anything. If you look at that, you're gonna close your mind down.

(crumpling the old profile)

So we start over. Let's make our ask-list. Everything we're gonna need.

TABBY

(still staring at the letter:)

Dayum...

76

**INT. GENELLI'S OFFICE - DAY**

76

Genelli flips through Fitz's ask-list while eating pasta salad out of a tupperware container.

Fitz checks out the Disney paraphernalia filling Genelli's office. The pasta salad, Mickey Mouse tie, CapriSun, blandly vacant manner. *What's up with this guy?*

GENELLI

That sure is a lot of stuff. We have what, nine letters from the Unabomber right now? And you got photocopies of all of them, right?

FITZ

Yeah, but if I'm going to get into FC's head, build a real profile, I need everything we've got. And I'll need some support staff as well. It'd be great to get someone else with actual profiler training out here to help.

Genelli cocks his head, gives Fitz that Fred Rogers smile.

GENELLI

Thinking big. I love that. But I brought you out here because I know you can do a lot with a little. You're the word man. I'm sure you can find some amazing stuff in those letters.

FITZ

(realizing that's a "no")  
I mean, if this investigation has the resources to interview every Nathan R in the country...

GENELLI

Well. It's about picking your battles. And we're not gonna die on that hill.

Genelli slurps the last drops of his CapriSun. Then hands Fitz back the ask-list, gives a reassuring smile.

GENELLI

Do what you've been asked, make sure everything's spelled right, add in that stuff about wood. I know it's silly, but a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down.

77

**BACK AT HIS DESK - A MOMENT LATER**

77

Fitz flattens the old profile back out. Stares at the typewriter on his desk.

Then he sees the folder of photos that Prentiss gave him. The Sacramento bombing. Opens it. Seeing the victim once again.

A MOMENT LATER, Tabby chases Fitz across the bullpen --

FITZ

Ackerman's taking this to Janet Reno.  
I'm saving him from embarrassment!

TABBY

You're going over Genelli's head? Not  
good, dude! There's a pecking order!

But Fitz is already up the stairs. Heading into --

78

**INT. ACKERMAN'S OFFICE**

78

Ackerman and Cole look over Fitz's ask-list. Sigh.

FITZ

I know it's a bump in time and in  
resources. But this is going onto the  
Attorney General's desk, going in the  
press with your names on it. So we  
have to get it right.

Ackerman looks at Cole: You wanna take this?

COLE

How many profiles have you created?  
Outside the classroom, I mean.

FITZ

...This is my first. But--

COLE

There you go! So let me explain how  
this works. Your role here is to  
fulfill the duties laid out by the  
S.A.C. That's Ackerman. He gave you  
parameters. Now go execute.

FITZ

Respectfully. All I'm asking for is  
the freedom to do excellent work for  
you. That's all! Otherwise I'm  
concerned that your profile may hamper  
the investigation, not help it.

Ackerman leans across his desk. Commanding.

ACKERMAN

When your only tool is a hammer, son,  
everything looks like a nail. You're a  
profiler. You think the profile will  
catch him. Genelli's a gearhead. He  
thinks it's all about his computer.

(MORE)

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

We have a guy who's been working on the Unabomber's stamp selection for five years! For him \$1 Eugene O'Neill stamps are the key to everything. Now, I inherited that guy. And I allow him to pursue that avenue because you never know. BUT -- when I tell him to do something, I expect him to DO IT.

FITZ

But I'm not the stamp guy. I'm your PROFILER.

ACKERMAN

Even the stamp guy doesn't think he's the stamp guy.

This sinks in. Ackerman leans forward, encouraging.

ACKERMAN

You're part of a world-class orchestra here. Lots of instruments. Lots of virtuoso players. And I'm pointing to you and saying, now's the time for your solo! Stand up and play your heart out for the whole world to hear! But you gotta play from the sheet music I'm giving you. Because you can be the world's top virtuoso, you can have a once-in-a-century talent -- but if you can't harmonize with the rest of the orchestra? I can't let you play.

Ackerman's secretary appears in the doorway with a fistful of phone messages. Ackerman stands to leave. Fitz won't let go-

-

FITZ

I'm sorry, just, shouldn't the whole orchestra's "sheet music" be based on the profile of the guy we're trying to catch? Isn't that the whole point of having a profile?

Ackerman points to Cole -- *handle this*. Then leaves the room. Fitz turns to Cole.

Cole goes to a filing cabinet, then PLUNKS a huge dusty folder down before Fitz. A dozen manila folders inside.

COLE

You know what these are? Profiles of the Unabomber. Pick a profile, any profile. We got plenty!

(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)  
(pulling folders out:)  
Here's one that says he's a total slob.  
THIS one, says he's neat as a pin,  
germaphobe, suit and tie guy.

Cole deals manila folders onto the table like playing cards.

COLE  
You wanna know where he lives? Here we  
go: in a house, with one room that his  
wife and kids know not to go into. Or,  
he lives with his mother, little Norman  
Bates thing going on. Or, behind door  
number three: *"The Unabomber lives  
alone in a small urban apartment and  
compulsively masturbates to S&M  
materials."*

(then:)  
Ah, now here's a classic. Twenty full  
pages from the legendary John Douglas  
about how the Unabomber maintains his  
car. Down to the scent of his air  
freshener. "Royal Pine!"

Fitz stares at the mound of profiles before him. Bludgeoned.

COLE  
We've had every single top profiler in  
the business pass through here. Every  
one of them said he had to start all  
over. And every one came up with  
something totally different. So pardon  
me if I'm skeptical of your profession.  
But I've come by that from long, long  
experience.

Cole's big hand on Fitz's shoulder. Reassuring, but also  
taking charge.

COLE  
One of the reasons Ackerman has ME, is  
to keep this investigation on track.  
Focused. Because we've been chasing  
our tails for 18 years and that needs  
to STOP. So instead of 100 different  
contradictory profiles, we're going  
with ONE. The profile I gave you.

Cole shoves the one-page profile back into Fitz's hands.

COLE  
The only way we're going to catch the  
Unabomber, the only way we catch  
ANYONE, is forensics.  
(MORE)



COLE (CONT'D)

Plain and simple. You could spend six months writing up the world's most accurate profile, but that's not what we're looking for. We're looking for fifteen pages, no typos, and "wood." And we want to take it to the press next week. I understand you have lots of training, lots of capacity, and a tremendous future ahead of you. But right now, all that's required of you is obedience.

79

**INT. FREDDY'S BAR - THAT NIGHT**

79

Nearly the whole UTF packed into the old-school dive. Tabby, practically the only woman in the place but holding her own. Fitz vents to her.

FITZ

They interview 10,000 Nathan R's, then turn around and tell me profiling is a waste of resources? Think about that! Shouldn't we at least know what kind of person we're looking for BEFORE we canvass every single librarian in the country?

TABBY

You're a cog in the machine, Fitz. Embrace it!

FITZ

This is California. Isn't this where everyone comes to be free?

TABBY

Used to be. Then they got ahold of it. Now it's just like everywhere else.

FITZ

Who's "they"?

TABBY

Just... they.

Someone brings a drink, pulls Tabby into a conversation. Fitz collects a SODA WATER from the bar. Tries to look purposeful. Total outsider. And then --

COLE

Ho, there he is, our orchestral soloist! Glad you came out, chief!

Cole, deep in his cups, flings an arm around Fitz's neck, pulls him in. T-Rex Benson and the others laugh.

COLE

I been looking for you -- we just got the lead that's going to break the whole case wide open. Lady called the tipline, says she's dead certain she just slept with the Unabomber. Because who else would take her out on a lovely date, make sweet love like an angel, and then take a dump on her kitchen floor on his way out? Does it fit the profile? Does it?!

The other guys are all cracking up. Cole wipes a tear.

COLE

Best part is, now we got five agents canvassing the area looking for the Mad Crapper of Spokane. Imagine that guy's face when five G-men show up on his doorstep demanding a stool sample!

Cole musses Fitz's hair, then releases him. Fitz flees into

80

**INT. FREDDY'S BAR - BATHROOM**

80

Fitz, wedged at the urinal between two big drunk cops. The guy pissing to his left starts telling him:

DRUNK PISSER

You know he's from Cincinnati. You're the profiler, right? Cincinnati for sure. And he's into WOOD. Josh thinks he's a faggot. Josh, tell him.

Then, from the guy pissing to Fitz's right:

OTHER DRUNK PISSER

Why he got fired from his airline job. Got caught sucking some dude's dong. Now he's pissed off. Think about it.

Flush. Fitz, staring after them. Are you kidding me?

81

**BACK IN THE BAR**

81

The STRIPPERS come out. Dancing on the bar.

Fitz takes in the sweaty room, packed with obese, drunken men drooling over past-their-prime strippers. Disgusted. Tabby is eyeing the strippers too.

FITZ

We're here to catch a terrorist who's mailing bombs to families. What is this?

TABBY

Everyone's away from home. It's like summer camp. The things we do when we're alone, huh?

Fitz shakes his head. Wedges himself into

82

**THE PAYPHONE BOOTH**

82

In the back of the bar. Calls home. Reaching for a lifeline. But -- no answer. Leaves a message.

FITZ

It's me. I'm-- I know it's late there. But I wanted to hear your voices. Someone's voice. Uh, I love you. Bye.

83

**BACK AT THE BAR**

83

Fitz finds Tabby. She's chatting up one stripper. Showing her a BABY PHOTO, which she immediately hides from Fitz. Fitz shouts in Tabby's ear:

FITZ

I'm taking the car. You'll need to get a ride.

TABBY

You going home already?

FITZ

No. To Sacramento. To do my JOB.

TABBY

Sacramento?! Fitz, c'mon--

Fitz holds out his hand. Tabby reluctantly hands over the keys.

84

**INT./EXT. TABBY'S CAR - NIGHT**

84

Fitz cranks the engine until it finally starts. NINE INCH NAILS on the stereo.

He tears off. Angry, alone. Through the night.

END ACT FOUR.

ACT FIVE

85

**INT. NATALIE'S DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT [1997]**

85

Two rescue pit bulls whining at the door, upset by the sounds of the locks opening. Many, many locks.

Then, Natalie steps in and Fitz follows. Natalie heads to the bedroom, avoiding Fitz. Affecting a breezy severity so she won't have to deal.

NATALIE

You can sleep on the couch. But if they don't like you, you can't stay. I have to work tonight, I can't do phonemes with the dogs upset.

Fitz stands uncertainly in the entry as the dogs circle him, upset. The small apartment is crammed with books, papers, manuscripts. Telltale signs of a single academic.

FITZ

What happened to Buster and Darby?

NATALIE (O.S., FROM THE BEDROOM)

Found them homes. These are rescues too. Jasper and Winston.

Fitz crouches, works with the dogs. They're skittish. Circling, whining, showing some teeth.

Natalie comes out of the bedroom dressed in running clothes. And for the first time, allows herself to look at Fitz.

NATALIE

God, you look terrible. What the hell happened to you?

FITZ

I know. I'm sorry to be here. I am. The things I said, the things I did back then--

NATALIE

Fitz. Stop. I can't take that on. I'm going running, and then I have to work. Use the shower. Please.

And then she and the dogs are out the door. Fitz, alone in the apartment.

86 **INT./EXT. TABBY'S CAR / SACRAMENTO - NIGHT [MAY 1995]** 86

Winding through the empty streets of Sacramento. Homeless guys in the underpasses. Dark, anonymous government buildings. Then he pulls up in front of

87 **EXT. THE CALIFORNIA FORESTRY ASSOCIATION OFFICE - NIGHT** 87

We recognize it from the opening. Fitz recognizes it from those photos. Blown-out windows boarded over with plywood.

Fitz parks outside. Prowls around the building. Finds a side entrance, pops the door open. Creeps inside in the dark.

88 **INT. THE CALIFORNIA FORESTRY ASSOCIATION OFFICE - NIGHT** 88

Fitz slips under the police tape, through the boarded-up door, into

89 **THE BOMB SITE** 89

Dark, silent wreckage. Fitz walks through, taking it in. Inhaling the scent of the scorched carpet, the sulfur, the vague tang of iron.

He's strangely calm and at home here. Like a man walking into an ancient, empty church.

The shrapnel holes in the walls, the ceiling panels burnt and blown upwards. Family photos on a desk, smashed and shredded.

Mundane office life turned inside out, turned alien. Then, asking aloud:

FITZ

What are you doing right now? FC...

90 **IN GIL MURRAY'S OFFICE** 90

The whole room burned black. Swiss-cheesed by shrapnel.

A strange thrill as Fitz identifies BLOODSTAINS on the carpet. Touches them. Smells the iron, the gunpowder.

We're watching Fitz take his first, halting steps into the mind of the Unabomber. MAKING CONTACT. Talking to him:

FITZ

You want to be here. You want to be here, touching this, savoring it. But you can't be. So what do you do?

He gazes out the window at the dark street below. Everything closed up, dark. Except a NEWSSTAND/LIQUOR STORE across the street. Fitz stares at it. REALIZING something...

91

**INT. FITZ'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - LATER**

91

Fitz struggles through the door. Carrying a huge stack of newspapers and a case of beer.

He drops it all on the floor and immediately starts in --

Tearing into the newspapers, clipping EVERY SINGLE ARTICLE about the SACRAMENTO BOMBINGS.

And suddenly he's deep in his flow as a profiler -- Eyes closed, sitting in the dark, re-living the bombing...

As he homes in on phrases and details in the newspaper descriptions, we SEE THEM: Gil Murray and his pregnant secretary struggling with the package... A receptionist fetching scissors... Gil Murray in his office...

At first, it's all sketchy, blurry, details not filled in...

But as the night wears on and the clippings multiply, the accumulated details get added into the IMAGINED BOMBING. Looping, getting sharper and sharper...

ANOTHER BEER disappears as if of its own accord... Joins a growing pile of empties...

A photo of Gil Murray, and Fitz SEES HIM now... In slow motion, joking around as the package explodes and then-- Flying glass, screams, terror and light... Every angle, every point of view... a flood of details, of images...

FITZ

This is the best part, isn't it...

Hours have passed and Fitz is surrounded by newspaper clippings and empty bottles and hours have passed and he doesn't even know how that happened... Murmuring:

FITZ

The things we do when we're alone...  
All the things you have to keep  
hidden...

(then, REALIZING:)

You're ALONE. You're all alone with so  
much inside you and nobody to tell it  
to... Except the newspapers. And  
what happens when the newspapers stop  
listening? You need more, you need to  
see your name, your work...

And then, the faintest TAP-TAP-TAP sound at the edge of his perception...

Fitz follows it, drunk now and half-asleep... Back through the dark apartment...

And then, in the back bedroom, a glimpse of A PRESENCE -- For just an instant, THERE'S SOMEONE THERE. And then --

BLACK.

END ACT FIVE.

ACT SIX

92

**INT. FITZ'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING [MAY 1995] 92**

WHITE MORNING LIGHT blasting in. A sea of beer bottles.  
Clippings everywhere. Fitz, passed out on the floor.  
Groaning awake because

THE PHONE is ringing. He staggers over. Answers.

FITZ

Hello?

ELLIE'S VOICE

Fitz! Are you okay? What's going on  
out there?

FITZ

(crumpling)

Oh, Ellie... God, I-- I had this idea.  
You think you might, um. Maybe you'd  
like to come out here. With me.

ELLIE'S VOICE

Um. We have school. And you're coming  
home in a few weeks... Right? Wait--  
have you been drinking?

FITZ

Just beer. Just one beer.

ELLIE'S VOICE

Jesus, Jim. Don't do this to me again--

FITZ

I'm not.

ELLIE'S VOICE

After the last time--

FITZ

I'm NOT. This is NOT like last time.  
I promise.

ELLIE'S VOICE

...Okay. Good.

FITZ

I tried reaching you last night.

ELLIE'S VOICE

It's three hours later here, Jim.  
Remember? That's one a.m.



The DOORBELL. Tabby there to pick him up.

FITZ

Sorry, El. I'll call you back, okay?

93

**OUT ON THE PORCH**

93

Fitz tries not to let Tabby see the wreckage as he emerges. Unsuccessfully. Tabby stares at him.

TABBY

Jesus, what happened last night? Are you okay?

FITZ

I'm fine. Let's go.

94

**EXT. STANFORD STREETS - NIGHT [1997]**

94

Natalie's not just running. She's POUNDING -- aggressive, punishing --

The DOGS stop, try to turn back, maybe it's the end of their usual route, but Natalie keeps going -- Running ragged now, but pushing harder, faster -- Until

Then she pulls up short. VOMITS all over the ground. Shit.

The dogs catch up a moment later. Circle to see if she's okay. Then they start eating her vomit.

NATALIE

Don't do that. Guys, stop!

Wiping their muzzles. Vomit on her hands now. She wipes them off, pauses a beat. Like: *What am I doing?*

95

**INT. NATALIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT [1997]**

95

Natalie stands in the doorway. Considers Fitz, who's sitting at the kitchen table. He's showered now and changed. Smelling better, looking much the same. The DOGS circle him, unhappy he's still here.

NATALIE

I tried to find you. Called your office, your house. Everything. That was... pretty crummy, Fitz.

Fitz nods. Hangs his head.

Natalie tosses a dog treat to Fitz. He offers it to Jasper, who accepts it, calms down. Fitz pats him. Then, confessing:

FITZ

The reason I came here. They asked me to go in. Talk to him. Interrogate him.

NATALIE

You're not going to do it.

FITZ

I said no. But I need to go. I need to confront him, to get answers.

NATALIE

You have the answers. God, I tore myself apart to help you GET those answers! You solved the case. You caught him.

FITZ

Not those answers. Answers for myself. And for us. I want you to come with me. To help me.

Natalie approaches Fitz. Stands over him. She takes his face in her fingertips. Touching his beard, turning his face. Studying him. It could almost be the prelude to a kiss.

NATALIE

You wanted him in your life. Secretly, somehow, you wanted that. That's the answer. That's the only way I can make sense of what happened.

FITZ

I think I did. But I don't know why. I don't know why I could have wanted that. How I, how anybody, could...

He trails off. Confronting something broken in himself.

Natalie nods. He's right. Takes one last look. Then releases him and walks out of the room.

96

**INT. ACKERMAN'S OFFICE - MORNING [MAY 1995]**

96

Fitz bursts into Ackerman's Office. Energized. In charge. Interrupting Ackerman, Cole, and Genelli.

FITZ

Newspapers. They're his window on the world. It's his proof to himself that he exists. The newspapers are going to be the key to this whole thing.

(MORE)

FITZ (CONT'D)

You have to at least give me access to our clippings archive.

COLE

I send my mom a copy every time I get my name in the Times. I can have her get out the scrapbook for ya. Other than that, you want clippings? Clip.

Cole grabs a pair of scissors and tosses them to Fitz.

FITZ

Are you serious? You're not tracking this? Right now, the Unabomber is combing through the New York Times and the Sacramento Bee for any new detail to savor, and you're not even bothering to see what he's seeing?

COLE

The Unabomber is a low-IQ mechanic with a ninth-grade education. He's watching Sally Jessy Raphael, not reading the friggin Times!

Fitz blows up:

FITZ

You ever think the reason you've gotten nowhere in EIGHTEEN YEARS is that you've been underestimating him? That just maybe he's not some dummy mechanic, but that he's been running circles around all of you for years?

A silence falls over the room. Ackerman purses his lips. Considers Fitz. He shakes his head, heaves a sigh.

ACKERMAN

Fitz. Buddy. You're breaking my heart. You could be so useful to this investigation. But you gotta decide: Are you gonna follow orders? Or are you gonna go home?

97

**INT. THE UNABOM TASK FORCE BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER**

97

Tabby watches, dismayed, as Fitz packs his desk.

FITZ

It's all good, Tabby. If they want that watered-down b.s., I'm not the right guy anyway.

98 **INT. NATALIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT [1997]** 98

Fitz lies on the couch. Can't sleep. He eyes the table and walls covered in Natalie's work in progress. An explosion of words, letters, diagrams.

Then, the jingle of a collar. Jasper is there. Watching him. They look in each other's eyes for a long, silent moment. Two rescue dogs. And then, Jasper pads away into

99 **INT. NATALIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS [1997]** 99

Where Natalie lies in bed, also awake. Staring at the ceiling. Jasper hops up into the bed and licks her face. Natalie strokes him. He curls up by her and falls asleep.

100 **INT. FITZ'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - DAY [MAY 1995]** 100

Fitz packs his bags. Leaves the mess. Good riddance.

101 **INT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - DAY** 101

Fitz talks on the payphone with Ellie.

102 **INT. FITZ'S HOUSE - KITCHEN** 102

Ellie leans on the wall in relief.

ELLIE

Oh. That's--I mean, that's awesome for us. But you don't sound happy, huh?

FITZ

I'm glad to be coming home to you guys. I am. Not how I planned it, but.

103 **INT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - DEPARTURES** 103

And then, FITZ'S NAME is called over the loudspeaker. Being paged to the gate. Fitz signs off, hangs up the payphone.

AT THE GATE, the woman hands him the courtesy phone.

GENELLI'S VOICE

'Dad it is I.' We need you back here.

FITZ

Genelli? Sorry. Find someone else.

GENELLI'S VOICE

We don't need someone else. We need YOU. I patched it up with Ackerman.

(MORE)

GENELLI'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Because we need a word guy now. We  
need 'Dad it is I.' Now.

CUT TO:

104 INT. THE UNABOM TASK FORCE - BULLPEN - DAY

104

Genelli rushes Fitz into the bullpen. An EMERGENCY BRIEFING in progress -- everyone freaking out -- the whole place buzzing, frenzied --

GENELLI  
You were right about the newspapers.  
He reached out, like you said he would.  
New York Times just called it in --  
They got a package--

FITZ  
Another bomb?

GENELLI  
No. Something else -- look.

Fitz pushes his way through the crowd. Sees the table in the front, where, in front of Ackerman and Cole,

THE MANIFESTO sits.

A stack of 56 typed pages, wrapped in brown paper and string.

Fitz approaches the table. A look passes between him and Ackerman. Acknowledging -- Fitz is back on the case. But Ackerman's not happy about it.

Cole growls under his breath:

COLE  
You screw this up? We will crucify  
you.

Fitz nods. Accepting this.

And as Fitz reaches out for the Manifesto, we CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT.