

AMERICAN TERRORIST

Written by
Matt Fruchtman

A true story

Aug 31 2015 DRAFT

mattfruchtman@gmail.com

347.852.5694

123 Woodlawn Avenue West
Toronto, ON
M4V 1G9

INTERROGATOR (PRE-LAP)
Don't worry. This is science.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (1960)

An INTERROGATOR (25), a 1950s grad student in demeanor and appearance, hooks a BOY (17) up to a series of electrodes.

The boy squirms. He's slender, shy and flushed. He tries to conceal it, but he's clearly uncomfortable.

The room is windowless, painted in sinister green-grey, with a conspicuous two-way mirror. The bright fluorescent lights tint the air a hollow shade of lime. It's Clockwork Orange-esque.

BOY
It's not going to hurt, is it?

INTERROGATOR
No, no. These will just measure what's happening inside your head. That's what psychologists do: we take your thoughts and study them.

The interrogator lifts a lone sheet of paper from the desk.

INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)
This is it? Your personal philosophy of life?

BOY
Yes. I'm looking forward to debating you. I think that's how progress is made. Exchanging ideas.

The interrogator smiles pleasantly, like he knows a secret.

INTERROGATOR
I couldn't agree with you more.

He closes the door and leaves.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY OF WILLIAM JAMES HALL - DAY (1960)

The interrogator walks through the hallway. It's dimly lit, windowless, and it seems infinite in length. An eerie space.

EXT. WILLIAM JAMES HALL - DAY (1960)

An exterior shot of the tall, grid-like, then-modern William James Hall, the psychology building located on....

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS - DAY (1960)

The beautiful campus of Harvard University. PRIVILEGED STUDENTS mill about in the yard. The boys and the girls are blue bloods, financially secure and morally certain.

They flirt, shuffle to class, etc. It's the picture of idyllic 1950s Ivy League life. This is the soil that births Kennedys.

INT. PSYCHOLOGY LABORATORY - DAY (1960)

The Interrogator walks into a busy basement laboratory.

Mice seem to be omnipresent, in varying conditions of degradation. Hollow-faced STUDENTS record data, measure human skulls, use eyedroppers. It's grim and dusty; you can almost smell the stale lead paint chipping from the walls.

DR. MURRAY (Henry) (60), glasses, distinguished, waddles with academic self-importance, notices the Interrogator.

INTERROGATOR

He's ready, Doctor Murray.

DR. MURRAY

We'll see if this one can remain stable.

INTERROGATOR

Are you sure this is right?

DR. MURRAY

Don't tell me you're losing faith this late in the game.

INTERROGATOR

No, I just...I worry that we're damaging him.

DR. MURRAY

As opposed to the damage that millions of people will inflict upon themselves if left to their own basal devices.

(then)

This is what science must do. We cannot just discover man; we must learn to control him. The future of this nation depends on ensuring that the gifted use their talents for good, not evil.

He hands him a folder marked CLASSIFIED, with a focused nod.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY OF WILLIAM JAMES HALL - DAY

The Interrogator walks back down the hallway. As he walks, he parses through the FOLDER Dr. Murray has handed him.

ON THE FOLDER: Multiform Assessments of Personality Development Among Gifted College Men.

Name of Subject: **LAWFUL.**

He opens the folder. We CLOSE ON the following:

D.O.B: 05/22/1942

Schizotypy: 0/10

Psychopathy: 2/10

Mental Condition: Healthy

IQ: 167. Abnormally Gifted.

Major: Mathematics

Personality Notes: Extremely alienated. Very sensitive and vulnerable. Possible gender dissociation disorder. Complete rejection of American ideals about life and society.

He peels off the [REDACTED] that conceals his **Legal Name:** **Theodore "Ted" Kaczynski.**

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Ted (the boy), looks fevered and sweaty. It was an interminable wait under such bright lighting.

The interrogator places the folder on the table. He pulls out the earlier paper. (The one with Ted's handwriting.)

INTERROGATOR

Start the camera.

A CAMERA, its lens clearly visible through the wall, begins filming. It CLICKS and HUMS, loudly enough to induce a sharp tinge of paranoia in anyone who hears it.

INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)

You don't believe in our society's foundational values.

TED

No. I think they're conformist, elitist, and based upon lies.

INTERROGATOR

Do you think that's because you're too weak and pathetic to behave as a proper man should?

TED

How does my personal behavior relate to your argument?

INTERROGATOR

You're feeble, cowardly, antic. You wouldn't have survived a day without mommy's coddling. Still suck your thumb like a toddler, don't you?

TED

How do you know that?

The interrogator grins. Ted's agitated. He's aglow in sweat.

INTERROGATOR

Haven't got a lot of friends, have you? You've always been an outcast.

TED

I'm very bright. That frightens people.

INTERROGATOR

And here you are at Harvard. Still, hiding alone in the laboratory, like a quarantined rat.

TED

I find the students here to be clannish and snotty.

The interrogator leans in, with a knowing glint in his eyes.

INTERROGATOR

They know about the perverted thoughts that linger in your head.

This one hurts Ted. The machine beeps slightly LOUDER. A MENACING VOICE is piped in, creating a schizophrenic effect.

MENACING VOICE (V.O.)

We know how disturbed you are.

TED

Where is that coming from?

INTERROGATOR

Not planning to marry, are you?

TED

No. Marriage is for conservatives.

INTERROGATOR

Is that because a girl's never let you inside her brassiere strap?

TED

(lying) I've gone on dates before.

INTERROGATOR

Have you? (sniffing) You reek of sulphur dioxide and stale urine.

(then)

The girls on this campus avoid you like a degenerate queer. Which is shrewd of them, isn't it?

TED

Why are you attacking me?

INTERROGATOR

Queer's not nearly disturbed enough. You wish you were one of them, don't you?

TED

One of what?

INTERROGATOR

A lady. That's what all this conformist nonsense is about. Your deep laden desire to become a woman. Your late night fantasies.

MENACING VOICE (V.O.)

We know about your dreams.

INTERROGATOR

While you pleasure yourself, like an indolent baby, you dream of becoming a Betty. Or a Sue.

TED

My thoughts are none of your business.

INT. BEHIND INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Dr. Murray watches through the one-way mirror.

DR. MURRAY

Push him. See if the mind breaks.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

INTERROGATOR

Seems to me your entire worldview is derived from emotion. All of your ideas are predicated on the fact that you're a leper.

TED

I don't want to do this anymore.

MENACING VOICE (V.O.)

You're neurotic. Your mind is weak.

INTERROGATOR

I know you weren't potty-trained till age 6. No wonder you want to agitate the world to revolution. You can barely control your bowels.

The machines next to Ted BEEP. VIOLENT IMAGES are now flashed on the screen in front of Ted. He's losing control.

TED

I was told I would be debating philosophy with another student!

INTERROGATOR

Gosh. We're lucky a spineless little germ like you wasn't defending us in Germany. Those Nazis would have burned you like a piece of toast, wouldn't they?

TED

I don't like war. It's mindless.

INTERROGATOR

War is mindless. Said by a lonely, disturbed, brittle-boned, deviant. If you were raised on a farm, your parents would have shot you at your birth, just to save on feed.

Dr. Murray watches with wide eyes. His mouth is agape and jubilant. He's like a child encountering Christmas morning.

INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)

Given what we know, how much of your mind is truly worth saving?

Ted is panting, shaking, having a full-fledged panic attack---

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - DAY**Super:** 1978

A blanket of feather-soft snow coats the ground. It's as shiny, white and spotless as fine china. Century-old trees line the endless fields. A serene, natural bliss.

Wolves are ROARING. A deer runs across the landscape.

In the distance, there's a lone, rugged, brown cabin that looks the size of a monopoly piece. Parked next to it is a broken-down truck, rusting and paint-chipped.

EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

TED KACZYNSKI (36), has become feral. Sinewy, shaggy hair and beard, rage in his eyes. He hovers over something mysterious.

He's panting, anxious, laser-focused; not unlike when he was in that interrogation room nearly twenty years ago. Then:

A POP! A sheet of FIRE shoots onto his hands, burning them!

TED
Fucking Christ!

He dives to his left, submerging his hands and torso in the thick snow. He exhales forcefully. But alas, he grins.

Finally, we cast our eye on what he was working on. A cadre of supplies lay across the ground: burned coal, electrical circuits, pipes, nails, matches, and piles of wood.

A homemade bomb shop.

Ted marinates his hand in the snow. He's giddy and enlivened.

TED (V.O.)
The industrial revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race. They have greatly increased the life expectancy of those of us who live in "advanced" countries and increased our material wealth to the point of comfort. Science has given us prosperity, safety and pleasure.

EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAY - BEFORE (1972-1977)

-- Ted sharpens his knives on a tree.

- Practices shooting a bow and arrow on a handmade target.
- Carves and guts rabbits and deer.

TED (V.O.)

But this is the problem. Man has been weakened. We're now dependent on the very technology we created. We live a life that solely consists of highly-engineered amusements, designed to lull us into complacency and to ignore our complete lack of freedom. Anyone who wants to break from the system is rendered unable.

EXT. MONTANA WILDNERNESS - DAY (1972-1977)

Ted commits various acts of "eco-terrorism":

- He destroys a snowmobile outside someone's cabin.
- He "spikes" a tree. (Inserting metal rods into the base.)
- He heaves rocks through the windows of a power plant.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY (1972-1977)

Ted writes in a journal in an ornate and detailed code. The cabin is packed, a mix of rugged woodstuffs and thick books.

TED (V.O.)

The system is orchestrated by highly manipulative scientists, who are motivated by the only two appetites that drive human action: the need for accomplishment and the desire for power.

EXT. BERKELEY CAMPUS - DAY (1969)

Ted watches STUDENTS protest the Vietnam war. He's disgusted.

TED (V.O.)

These scientists work with a vast network of powerful social theorists who have convinced you that your feelings of self-loathing and anger, caused by a lack of autonomy over your survival, are in fact, signs of health. Or maybe political dissatisfaction.

EXT. HAIGHT-ASHBURY - DAY (1960S)

Ted wanders through acid-drenched San Francisco. Girls without BRAS point at him. He's hugged by a GROUPIE. He shudders.

INT. KACZYNSKI HOME - DAY (1970S)

ON TV, Ted watches--

-- The rise of the brand-new World Trade Center.

-- The Watergate Hearings.

-- Footage of the film "Death Wish".

Between, we see Ted. He's livid: captivated, but powerless.

TED (V.O.)

The failed revolution of the 1960s proves that the problems with modern society are not racism, sexism, and imperialism, but the dehumanization that technology has caused. The more power given to scientists and other intellectuals, the further society will devolve into a mass of hypnotized marshmallows.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted builds a homemade bomb. It's an intricate, learned, process, one that takes great care and scientific precision.

-- He fashions a set of wooden matches from scratch.

-- He casts his own ingredients by molding metal on his stove.

TED (V.O.)

About a year and a half ago, I planned to murder a scientist. Unfortunately, I chickened out. The system has softened me up, like every one of its other victims. But I have come to my senses, and I will not let my fleeting emotions get in the way of cool-headed logic.

-- He arranges his homemade nails in a precise order and weighs them on a chemistry lab balance.

-- He manipulates wiring circuits, linking them to matches.

TED (V.O.)

I have no qualms about what I am about to do, and I think that I will have no difficulty.

-- He arranges the items into a wooden cigar-style box.

-- He wraps the box in brown butcher paper. In the return address section, he writes: NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

TED (V.O.)

My motive for what I am doing is simply personal revenge, on the entire scientific and bureaucratic establishment. I would also like to kill a Communist.

EXT. PARKING LOT (U. OF ILLINOIS - CHICAGO) - DAY

Ted, unrecognizable in sunglasses, a trench coat, and a hoodie, places the box between CARS in an empty parking lot.

He walks off, with the bomb awaiting its inevitable victim.

TED (V.O.)

I expect it will accomplish nothing. Most people will be repulsed by my crime, and eventually, I will be written off as a lunatic, as is the fashion of the day. But be warned: the violence I commit against these individuals does not compare to the violence the system of technology is enacting upon the human race.

EXT. PARKING LOT (U OF ILLINOIS - CHICAGO) - DAY

A STUDENT picks the package up and reads the label.

INT. PROF. CRIST'S OFFICE (NORTHWESTERN U) - DAY

A MAIL CLERK delivers the package to BUCKLEY CRIST. Crist is wary of the strange package. He picks up his phone.

INT. PROF CRIST'S OFFICE (NORTHWESTERN U) - DAY

AN OFFICER opens the package as Prof. Crist stands back.

As he opens the box, it **explodes!** But, not cinematically. It sears his hand. Shards of paper and pipe scatter in the air.

Prof. Crist hits the deck. The officer SCREAMS! His arm is raw: freshly-charred. Stamps of Eugene O'Neill float in the air, as do wood chips that read "FC". Ted's poetic debris.

INT. FOAM CUTTING WAREHOUSE - DAY (MAY 1978)

Ted, now clean-shaven and clad in a suit and tie, frantically scans the OBITUARY section of a local Chicago newspaper.

Amidst the chaos of the warehouse, he doesn't hear the RADIO.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

A bomb went off in a Northwestern professor's office today, mildly injuring a Campus Security Officer. The bomb was hidden in a cigar box. No charges have been laid, and so far, the police have no suspects.

A FACTORY EMPLOYEE (45), a poor man's Barney Rubble, gets Ted's attention, by yanking him on the shoulder.

FACTORY EMPLOYEE

Follow me.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

It's loud, humid, and claustrophobia-inducing in here.

FACTORY EMPLOYEE

You ever cut rubber before?

TED

No. But I'm a very fast learner.

Ted hands him a file folder. The employee shakes his head.

FACTORY EMPLOYEE

This kind of paper ain't worth much around here. (reading)
Wojinski? Know any good Polack jokes?

Ted is stone-faced. How dare he be taken so lightly.

FACTORY EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

You went to Harvard?

TED

Yes.

FACTORY EMPLOYEE

What do you wanna work here for?

TED
Seems like a pleasant occupation.

FACTORY EMPLOYEE
You some kind of queer?

TED
No.

FACTORY EMPLOYEE
Veteran? Junkie?

TED
I was a mathematician.

Suddenly, DAVID KACZYNSKI (30), glasses, boy-ish, like Woody Allen, but gentler and a gentile, bursts into the room.

DAVID
Ted, there you are!

TED
We're in the middle of something,
David.

He envelops Ted in a hug. Ted is non-responsive.

DAVID
Lou, this is my brother, the one I
was telling you about. You're all
set to start. Dad got you a locker--

FACTORY EMPLOYEE
This is your brother? (to Ted) I
thought you worked for NASA.

DAVID
It's fine, Lou. Dad already got you
the gig, Teddy! Come with me...

INT. FOAM CUTTING WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ted follows David as they walk and talk through the warehouse.

TED
I didn't need your help.

DAVID
These guys, someone like you can
scare them. (whispers) They're not
so big on thinking for themselves.

Ted glances at the machines, both intrigued and disgusted.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Come on, I've got a surprise for
you in my locker.

INT. FOAM CUTTING WAREHOUSE LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David opens an locker. It's empty, rusty, and near-molding.

DAVID
This one is yours. For your lunch,
change of clothes, everything--

David reaches into his own locker and pulls out...

DAVID (CONT'D)
Look! I've been reading it.

THE TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY by Jacques Ellul. Ted's Bible.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Boy, is it smart. I need your help
understanding it, but hey, that's
what my big brother's for, right?

TED
These ideas are of life or death
importance.

David hugs him. Ted eases into it, like a scalding bath.

INT. KACZYNSKI DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Kaczynski family dining room: mustard-green curtains,
cheap silverware, a garrish centerpiece. Very middle-class.

Around the table are: David & Ted; WANDA (60), glasses,
petite, the ideal Polish grandmother; and TURK (62), blue-
collar strong, glasses, a bit mournful. They're eating.

WANDA
It's just so great to have you
home, Ted.

TURK
Your mother did a great job with
the meatloaf, didn't she?

TED
Yes. What an achievement.

The four of them pick at the food. Turk glares at Ted.

WANDA

Ted, I don't mean to pry--

TED

Then don't.

WANDA

I was just wondering if you were going to tell us anything about what you were up to in Montana?

TURK

Other than wasting his first-rate brain, you mean?

TED

It's called being self-sufficient.

TURK

I don't suppose that includes all the nuts and dried fruit your mother sent you every month.

WANDA

Oh please Turk--

TED

Sorry that I don't accumulate the accomplishments you value so much.

Ted's Harvard diploma is prominently displayed on the wall.

DAVID

Dad, Ted and I don't want to be a part of the materialist system.

TURK

A man works. That's what he does.

TED

I didn't want to teach mathematics to engineers so they could blow up Saigon. You agreed with me, once.

TURK

And so you're back in Lombard, cutting foam at the same factory I am. Congratulations, Timothy Leary, you are the American Dream!

David, hoping to mediate, pre-emptively cuts the last wedge of meatloaf into two, placing a slice on Ted and Turk's plates.

WANDA

Turk, Ted. Stop. All your father is saying is, we think you can make a mark on the world. Ever since I brought you home from the hospital, I've known you were special.

TED

You've only made that up to appease yourself.

A beat. Ted chews his meatloaf in vicious, loud bites.

WANDA

Say Teddy, what happened to that girl you were seeing?

TED

I wasn't seeing anyone.

WANDA

The one from high school.

TED

Amy Flanagan? She's dead.

WANDA

No she's not. I saw her in the supermarket just last week.

TED

She died yesterday. Colon cancer.

Ted grins very slightly. He has a dark, dry, sense of humor.

WANDA

Well goodness, that's terrible.

INT. TED'S ROOM - DAY

Ted reads a chemistry textbook. Beside him, there's a math book with equations sketched out. Plans for future bombs.

As David barges in, Ted frantically shuts the book.

DAVID

Got a Penthouse hidden in there?

TED

It's none of your business.

DAVID

I wanted to say bye before I left.

TED

Bye.

DAVID

How're you finding things, anyways?

TED

Attempting to domesticate myself?
It's going as well as it could for
someone of my intellect.

DAVID

Hang in there. You'll make your
mark on the world, Ted. I know it.

David pats his shoulder, in a Little League coach kinda way.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A NURSE tends to the Security Officer's bandaged arm.

Beside him, AN ATF OFFICER, (45), built by Dunkin Donuts,
questions Professor Buckley Crist, who looks very academic.

ATF OFFICER

Did it have any strange markings?

BUCKLEY

The packaging was suspicious.
That's why I called Security.

ATF OFFICER

And there's no one out there who
might want you dead?

BUCKLEY

Well officer, academic debate can
get very disputatious.

The ATF Officer rolls his eyes.

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)

No one I can think of.

ATF OFFICER

Well, I've got no idea. Could be a
wrong address, Black Panthers.
Maybe an angry vet with shellshock.

BUCKLEY

There's nothing you can do?

ATF OFFICER
File a report and cross our fingers.

BUCKLEY
You can't have people sending bombs
through the mail. It's dangerous.

ATF OFFICER
God gave man fire. Some people used
it to cook, others burned down the
village.

INT. FOAM CUTTING WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ted works on the line with PETE (50), heavysset, an old pro.

PETE
Try and keep still. Get yourself
into a routine.

Ted's eyes wander. He sees bright explosions across the floor.

TED
What is that?

PETE
Waste combustion. Whole other union
than ours.

TED
No I mean, what are the materials?

PETE
Some chemical stuff. They keep it
in the back. It's real dangerous.

Ted jogs off, looking for the back room...

PETE (CONT'D)
You're not on break yet! Hey!

INT. MATERIALS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ted glances around, making sure no one's here.

The room's full of HAZARD signs; it's like a high-end
chemistry lab. Expensive chemicals from floor to ceiling.

He opens cabinets, looking for...a sudden glint in his eye!

Ted grabs a spare box, peering around once more. He's alone.

He grabs a bottle of NITROGLYCERIN and puts it in the box.

ELLEN (O.S.)

Do we need to replenish the
combustion machine out there?

Ted turns around. ELLEN TARMICHAEL (30), pretty, librarianish, walks in. She's clearly some kind of supervisor.

TED

We were, umm... running low on
materials. The process wasn't as
efficient as it usually is.

ELLEN

Well, you have to come and see me
about that.

TED

I didn't want to bother anyone.

ELLEN

You must be new. I'm Ellen.

TED

Ted.

She smiles, as does Ted. Finally, a good first impression!

ELLEN

Oh, you're David's brother. I've
heard about you. He says you're a
real brainiac. What brings you
around here, then?

TED

We've all got to earn a living.

ELLEN

Brains never impressed me much. I'm
more of an outdoors person.

Ted is taken aback. He's intrigued by her confidence.

TED

Would you like to go on a date
sometime?

ELLEN

That's not really my cup of tea.
But thank you.

She walks out of the storage room.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Next time, you have to ask me before you come in here. These chemicals are dangerous in the wrong hands.

INT. TED'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ted combs his hair in the mirror. He's wearing a freshly collared shirt and pants. He's pleased with his appearance, pleasantly startled, even, by his conventional attractiveness.

He sees his open books of equations and chemistry formulae. He closes them, with a winsome smile, full of hope and naivete.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Ellen is fidgeting, bored and alone at a table. Ted walks over, carrying two mugs full of beer.

TED

Sorry I took so long. I couldn't figure out what to order.

ELLEN

Budweiser?

TED

I'm unfamiliar with the brand.

Ellen's sip turns into a sudden gulp. What planet is Ted from?

TED (CONT'D)

I'm glad you agreed to see me.

ELLEN

Well, you were persistent. Your letters were very well-written. And very long. All four of them.

TED

It's important to be clear about your intentions. Deception is the root of all evil.

Ellen clenches her jaw, taken aback by the remark.

TED (CONT'D)

Do you like literature?

ELLEN

Yes. Of course.

TED

Who do you prefer, Tolstoy or Dostoevsky?

ELLEN

(face waffling) I'm not sure.

TED

Perhaps my question was unspecific. Do you believe Dostoevsky's central claim: that evil lurks in the hearts of sordid individuals, or Tolstoy's: that society and its need for progress corrupts the human soul?

ELLEN

To be honest, I haven't read either of them.

TED

Oh. Well. What do you read, then?

ELLEN

Jonathan Livingston Seagull. Self-help, that kind of thing. I just feel like...I'm always hiding the real me from the world, you know?

TED

Absolutely.

Ellen's tentative, but Ted smiles, wide-eyed and earnest. He's delighted to have finally made a human connection.

INT. OFFICE (FOAM CUTTING WAREHOUSE) - DAY

Ellen is quietly working. Ted comes in, startling her.

ELLEN

Ted! What are you doing in here?

TED

I was hoping to plan another outing. This weekend, perhaps. We could go apple-picking. There are a number of suitable locations nearby.

ELLEN

This weekend isn't so good for me.

TED

Next weekend, then. I've made lots of space for you in my routine.

ELLEN

Ted. (sighs) I'm not sure this is such a good idea.

TED

Apple-picking is a delightful activity for fledgling couples. It comes highly recommended from a variety of sources.

ELLEN

No, our relationship. I just think we're too different.

TED

You kissed me.

ELLEN

I did. That was a mistake.

TED

You seemed to enjoy it. You retained your tongue inside of my mouth for at least three seconds.

Ellen's reaction: "You were counting?!?!" Ted feels betrayed.

ELLEN

We have very little in common. You like math and science, and I'm more of a...people kind of person.

TED

You know nothing about me.

ELLEN

I just don't see myself settling down with someone like you.

TED

You are being emotional. You should not defer to your feelings of weak-minded inferiority.

ELLEN

Right now, I do not wish to see you on a social basis.

TED

You have no idea how wrong you are.

ELLEN

It's my decision, Ted.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Ted kicks the locker and spits. A teenage tantrum.

TED

She thinks she can deny my desire!
Her! Oversocialized.....feminist!

He spots a bulletin board on the wall. He begins writing....

INT. FOAM CUTTING WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ted is back at work. He's strangely bemused. Other WORKERS are pointing at him and gossiping.

David scurries over, holding a piece of paper. He's freaked.

DAVID

Ted. What is this?

TED

It's a witty limerick. I thought
the other employees might enjoy it.

DAVID

You called Ellen....the c-word.

TED

If it was good enough for
Shakespeare, it's splendid for me.

DAVID

You can't just write this about
other people. They have feelings.

TED

If she chooses to disregard my
interest in the name of her
freedom, I will do the same.

DAVID

I'm warning you, Ted. I'm your
supervisor here.

As David walks off, Ted grins smugly. Authority, huh?

INT. OFFICE (FOAM CUTTING WAREHOUSE) - DAY

Ted stomps in, in a huff. David is waiting for him, anxious.

TED

I'm supposed to be working, David.
What is it that you want?

DAVID

I told you not to post that poem
all over the factory.

TED

So I wrote another one. Frankly, I
like this one better. More direct.

DAVID

Why are you doing this?

TED

I'm exercising my right to free
expression. I'm sorry your emotional
ties are impeding your ability to
think clearly.

DAVID

You're not leaving me any choice
here, Ted.

David takes a second. This is deeply painful for him.

TED

What are you, some kind of invalid?

DAVID

You can't work here anymore.

TED

Spoken like a true middle manager.

DAVID

It's not my choice, Ted. My
supervisor forced me to fire you.

TED

Well, I'm glad to see the system is
destroying you, as it is me.

David looks around, to make sure no one can overhear him.

DAVID

I'm quitting too. Gonna drive a bus
to build some savings, and then go
live off the land. Just like you.

TED

I appreciate your cool-headed
logic.

DAVID

What's the point of living if you have to do it like this? Like you said the other day: not all of us want material things.

Ted's touched that David was paying attention to him.

TED

You're a good brother, David.

DAVID

What are you going to do now?

TED

Exactly what I was doing before.
Revolting.

INT. NORTHWESTERN GRAD STUDENT LOUNGE - DAY

Ted places a package in an empty common room.

TED (V.O)

Some theorists have postulated that man has a death drive. That the human mind wants to destroy all of civilization as badly as he wants to save his own children.

INT. NORTHWESTERN GRAD STUDENT LOUNGE - DAY

JOHN HARRIS (30), grad student, walks in. He sees the package. Opens it. **BOOM!** Black coal soaks the room. Thousands of match heads spray everywhere. Wood fragments scatter the air.

TED (V.O)

Anyone who is not a cretinous academic realizes that the death drive and the drive for technological progress are one and the same. For man only wants one thing: to control his destiny.

INT. KACZYNSKI DINING ROOM - DAY

Ted reads in the NEWSPAPER about the case.

TED (V.O)

My affair with Ellen has done strange things to me. It aroused in me hope.

(MORE)

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A hope for something worthwhile. If not love, then at least, the ability to connect with another human.

BOMB BUILDING MONTAGE (FALL 1979):

- Ted drives through the great plains of Montana.
- Ted is in a specialized hardware store, buying a barometer.
- Ted buys bags of smokeless powder.

TED (V.O.)

These hopes were not realized, because, as it stands, members of indoctrinated society believe they have to "discover themselves", unaware that this process of self-discovery is simply learning to conform to middle-class ideals.

- Ted is back in his cabin. He pours the powder into an empty tomato can and attaches it to the barometer.
- Ted puts a LARGE BROWN PACKAGE into a mail slot.

TED (V.O.)

Of course, I too am discovering. I am discovering that the system only works for those in power, or those willing to ignore how it saps human freedom.

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY (NOVEMBER 1979)

Gleeful and oblivious PASSENGERS board the plane.

We CLOSE on a passenger's ticket:

AMERICAN AIRLINES FLIGHT 444: O'HARE TO NATIONAL

TED (V.O.)

I am discovering that the processes of self-sufficiency and rebellion come with their own pleasures: a rational mind, a clear conscience, and pride at the end of a good day's work.

INT. AIRCRAFT CABIN (FLIGHT 444) - DAY - NOVEMBER 1979

The plane suddenly shakes and jolts. Seems like turbulence.

Then, the floor of the plane GROWS HOT. PASSENGERS pull their feet from the ground, like it's a burning stove.

A FLIGHT ENGINEER inspects the plane from head to toe. He can't find anything out of the ordinary.

TED (V.O.)

And I have discovered the true cost of the industrial revolution. It has sapped man's true strength: his adaptability and survival instinct. He has become domesticated, like a caged animal.

INT. COCKPIT (FLIGHT 444) - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As the engineer talks to the PILOTS, the plane suddenly JOLTS SIDEWAYS in mid-air!

The pilot tries to muscle the plane out of its descent.

TED (V.O.)

Have I killed a scientist? Not yet. But why kill the queen bee when you can kill hundreds of its workers?

INT. AIRCRAFT CABIN (FLIGHT 444) - DAY

Passengers PLEAD and PRAY for their lives as the plane rises back to neutral. They hug one another as it straightens out.

Suddenly, smoke starts seeping into the plane, emanating from the floor. The interior has the texture of a '50s jazz club.

The oxygen masks fly from the overhead compartments. Passengers clutch them, panicking as they try to get them on.

INT. COCKPIT (FLIGHT 444) - DAY

The engineer runs in as the pilots try re-directing the plane into an emergency landing. They're all completely stumped.

EXT. DULLES AIRPORT (VIRGINIA) - DAY

The plane has landed. PASSENGERS are relieved to find solid ground in the cold, windy bluster of mid-November Virginia.

FIREFIGHTERS spray down the plane, as its baggage is on fire.

An ATF AGENT (40), talks with the Engineer. They surround the bomb: it's deflated and fractured, but not fully detonated.

ATF AGENT

You found this on the plane?

FLIGHT ENGINEER

That's where all the smoke was coming from.

Jack STALLINGS (33), pitbull-like, has a stare that could cut glass, intrudes. His navy FBI Jacket rustles in the wind.

STALLINGS

Where were you four hours before the flight took off?

FLIGHT ENGINEER

Uh, I don't know. Home in Chicago.

STALLINGS

What about yesterday afternoon?

FLIGHT ENGINEER

I went to the movies. I think.

STALLINGS

You've got no alibi.

FLIGHT ENGINEER

No. I had nothing to do with this!

STALLINGS

You can go. Happy Thanksgiving.

The Engineer walks off. The ATF Agent is shocked at Jack's interrogation. But FLETCHER (40), cerebral, Mr. Rogers in an FBI windbreaker, is not. He approaches Stallings tentatively.

FLETCHER

Innocent bystanders exist, you know.

STALLINGS

Someone smart enough to mail a homemade bomb onto a cross-country flight is smart enough to make sure it breaks when he's on the plane. Woulda worked on his alibi though.

ATF AGENT

What does the FBI care about someone sticking a bomb in the mail?

STALLINGS

Bombing a plane's a federal crime.

POW! POW! POW! Three rifle shots ring out from off-screen.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - DAY

SUPER: 1980

Ted and David are perched in the woods. It's eerily silent. Slight animal trackings are scattered across the snowy plain.

DAVID

It's nice being out here. In the woods. Spending time together.

David's eyes dart around. He's bathing in anxiety.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is what we always talked about. Getting away from the artificial world. Back to nature.

TED

Quiet. You're scaring them.

Ted's gaze is steel-locked and focused, like a trained sniper.

A baby deer gallops across the landscape. Ted LOADS his shotgun. It CLICKS. David gasps.

DAVID

You're not gonna kill her are you?

We hear RUSTLINGS in the woods, behind the deer. Out emerges a small GRIZZLY BEAR, on the slow, cautious prowl. Another LARGER bear follows behind him--they're clearly a family.

TED

I'm going to save her life.

POW! Ted puts a bullet in the baby grizzly bear's stomach. She topples, 150 yards from the deer. POP! Another inside her gut.

The deer scampers off, frightened and trembling.

Ted isn't done: Pop! Bang! Bang!. All into Mama Grizzly Bear.

As they walk towards the bears, David is nauseated. He walks as if each step carries its own moral dilemma. Ted is proud.

TED (CONT'D)

Who kills deer? Grizzly bears.

He looks at David and shakes his head.

TED (CONT'D)

If you want to save the prey, you
have to be willing to kill all of
the predators.

Ted bends down. He scoops out the intestines of the grizzly bears. He maws in their raw primal essence, as ursine blood seeps into the snow. David, naturally, is nauseated.

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB - DAY

Stallings and Fletcher are learning from the FBI BOMB TECHNICIAN (45), dorky. He speaks a mile-a-minute.

BOMB TECH

I've never seen anything like this.
This guy is Shakespeare.

The technician lords over a perfect deconstruction of Ted's creation: wood chips, a barometer, powder, metal...

BOMB TECH (CONT'D)

See, you've got your standard barium sulfate mixed with grain powder. Perfect explosive. And he's tied it to a aneroid barometer, set to explode right at 4000 feet. Color me impressed. Guy's a genius.

FLETCHER

Think he's ex-Air Force?

BOMB TECH

No way. I've never seen anyone use these ingredients before. The nails, the wood, It's all unique. Completely untraceable. This guy, he's like the junkyard bomber.

FLETCHER

So how do we track him down?

BOMB TECH

You can't. You hope he bombs again.

STALLINGS

You're telling me we gotta find an anonymous bomber, using hand-made ingredients, with no known motives, whereabouts or identification?

The bomb tech nods. He's still awestruck by the craftsmanship.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)

We're looking for Bigfoot with a chemistry set.

INT./EXT. DAVID'S TRUCK - DAY [DRIVING]

David is driving Ted back to his cabin.

TED

So how's Texas? What's the point of living there if you don't hunt?

DAVID

It's nice. The people are friendly. Though they're awfully conservative. All you hear about is wiping out the welfare queens.

TED

You still fret about politics? It's like getting angry about the rain.

DAVID

I just wonder, what happened to our generation. We had such spirit.

TED

The revolution went to law school. Boo fucking hoo.

DAVID

Don't you hear what Reagan's saying? That buying toys and conquering the Earth is America's birthright. He's wrong, Ted.

TED

Your idea of justice is like using silly putty to stop a flood.

DAVID

Don't you want to help the world?

TED

Help the world? I want to change it.

EXT. WOOD HOME - DAY

The picture of upper-middle class rectitude. PERCY WOOD (60), a country club Republican, opens his mailbox.

He sees something addressed to: PERCY ADDISON WOOD, CEO OF AMERICAN AIRLINES. He opens it.

DAVID (V.O.)
How are you planning on doing that?

TED (V.O.)
By reaching out to those in power
and making myself heard.

CLOSE ON LETTER:

You will soon receive a book that you will find of great social significance.

INT. WOOD HOME (KITCHEN) - DAY - LATER

Percy (in different clothes) enters the ornate house, replete with banners, balloons and leftover cake with a 60 on it. There's a package waiting for him on the table.

He rips it open. Inside: Sloan Wilson's *The Ice Brothers*.

As he opens the large book, it EXPLODES! Plastic pipe chips spear into his face. Nails blast into Percy's thigh. He drops, bloody and ailing! "FC" wood chips float in the air...

EXT. DAVID'S TRUCK - DAY

TED
Thanks for the ride, David.

Ted jumps out. David follows him to the rear of the truck.

DAVID
Let me give you a hand.

TED
I can care for myself.

David grabs only two rabbits and darts ahead. Ted is still gathering the hunt's goods as David stands at the front door.

DAVID
Besides, I haven't been inside the old cabin in years.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

David looks around. It's not, at first glance, the secret lair of a terrorist. More Kerouac meets Sherlock Holmes.

DAVID

Boy, you've really got a lot going on in here. What're you, trying to rebuild Rome?

Ted chases after him, nervously. David calmly looks around, completely unsuspecting. He's not aware he's prodding Ted.

TED

Don't touch my things.

David picks up a book: Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*.

DAVID

Planning to get away with murder?

TED

You know me. I'd never hurt a fly.

DAVID

I just saw you kill a grizzly bear.

TED

Flies are innocent.

David wanders over to a more technologically inclined area-- there's wiring, gunpowder, wood bits. Ted's toy collection.

DAVID

I was always surprised that you didn't pursue chemistry. Didn't you get suspended in high school for making a bomb in the chemistry lab?

As David lurks around, Ted goes to the kitchen area and looks for a sharp utensil. Something dangerous....

TED

It was another boy who made the bomb. I just taught him how to.

DAVID

That's my big brother. Always the mastermind, never at the crime scene.

Ted finally latches upon a knife. He slides it up his sleeve. He walks over to David, who reads from an essay on Ted's desk.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I don't know if violence is ever the best solution, but there are certain circumstances in which it may be the only solution.

He looks at Ted, now eerily close. Ted squeezes the knife.

DAVID (CONT'D)
That's a provocative statement.

TED
One can't shy away from the truth.

DAVID
Well, I'm glad you're keeping your
mind sharp out here.

He hugs Ted, warmly. Ted slides the knife down his sleeve.
He's more relieved than he is touched by David's affection.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You have special gifts, Ted. Don't
let them go to waste.

INT. WOOD HOME - DAY - LATER

FBI AGENTS photograph and catalog the scene, 80s-CSI style.

Stallings seethes quietly, compulsively playing Rubik's cube.
Fletcher picks up a piece of a Bugles box and shows it to him.

FLETCHER
Maybe he's a fired General Mills
executive, on a quest for revenge.

STALLINGS
What's he trying to kill the head
of United Airlines for?

FLETCHER
Had a lot of sales meetings across
the Midwest. Got tired of the
Salisbury steak.

Fletcher picks up a piece of the wood: FC is imprinted on it.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
FC. First Christians. Forever
Communists. Final Cause.

STALLINGS
Fried chicken.

FLETCHER
Jack, I understand you have a built-
in...disregard, for the processes
of the Bureau. For fair reasons.

A look between them. This is clearly **personal** for Stallings.

STALLINGS

Last time I followed the procedures dreamed up by a bunch of Harvard PhDs, I ended up in a room at the Hanoi Hilton.

FLETCHER

These are the best ways to catch guys like this. The FBI protocols for serial bombers have a 82% success rate.

STALLINGS

It's not 1968 anymore. We quit pretending violent radicals are just harmless college kids a long time ago. This guy is not different than the PLO. He's a terrorist. And there are no protocols for terrorists.

He clicks the Rubik's Cube into place. Solved.

INT. TED'S CABIN - NIGHT

SUPER: 1982

Ted prepares a SUITCASE for departure from his cabin.

TED (V.O.)

Occasionally, I'll read an asinine essay by a bleeding heart liberal, who asks just how a person can hurt another human? Well, the answer is simple. Killing people, as an occupation, requires the same two things that are required of anyone living inside of the American system: Obedience and distraction.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Ted rides across the country, looking out over the plains.

TED (V.O.)

What I do is exactly what any middle-class American automaton does on a business trip. I gather my things, prepare adequately, and convince myself that the end result of this process makes it worthwhile.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS STOPOVER - DAY

Ted is inside of a 7/11. Still clutching his suitcase. He's overwhelmed by the array of snack brands and soda options and cigarette ads. This is peak 1980s. A panoply of consumerism.

TED (V.O.)

While conducting my affairs, I like to experience the great innovations America has built over my lifetime. It reminds me why I do what I do.

INT. BUS DEPOT WASHROOM - DAY

Ted sees a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN exit a bathroom. He walks in.

He goes right for the sink. It looks like a Pollock painting. He reaches into it, retrieving a few dark body hairs, and places them delicately into a clear Ziploc Bag.

INT. MISSOULA MOTEL RECEPTIONIST - NIGHT

Ted checks into a motel room. He's awfully familiar with the RECEPTIONIST. He waves at the LOWER-MIDDLE CLASS FAMILIES.

INT. MISSOULA MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Once he gets into the room, Ted:

-- Investigates the room, to see if it's bugged.

TED (V.O.)

Like most American businessmen, I use the time away to unleash my primal instincts. I am, after all, a business man, and the responsibility that comes with that designation cannot be underestimated.

-- Ted flips channels. ON TV: New York Crime Wave, Stock Market Up, Cold War escalates, MTV's salacious pyrotechnics and new wave fashion, Dallas, Hill Street Blues.

Ted sees the typical Reagan era tenor of America: growing more hyperbolic and excessive at every end of the cultural spectrum. He's disgusted. But--

-- He still whacks off to some low-budget late-night nudies.

-- He opens his cigar box bomb and tapes the hairs to FC chips, so they'll make for obvious post-blast souvenirs.

TED (V.O.)
 It helps to wear a uniform,
 exchange pleasantries, and behave
 not as an individual, but as a
 dutiful member of a society that
 restricts human freedom.

INT. MISSOULA MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ted puts on a suit and tie. He admires himself in the mirror.

INT. MOTEL ROOM BREAKFAST CENTER - DAY

Ted goes out of his way to have breakfast with the other
 WHITE COLLAR PROFESSIONALS, shaking hands and blending in.

EXT. BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY - DAY

Ted walks amongst the young Mormon elite. It looks like a
 convention for Young Republicans. Oddly enough, he fits in.

TED (V.O.)
 This system makes even the most
 putrid acts, not merely tolerable,
 but rather pleasant.

INT. BYU POST OFFICE - DAY

Ted enters. When he's sure no one is looking, he places the
 large parcel on top of a giant postal bin. Ready to ship.

CLOSE ON PARCEL ADDRESS:

PROF. PATRICK FISCHER DEPARTMENT OF COMPUTER SCIENCE
 PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY State College, PA

EXT. BYU POST OFFICE - NIGHT

A MAIL WORKER places the bin inside of a truck.

INT. POSTAL SORTING CENTER - DAY

An industrial nightmare. The US Postal Service has introduced
 bar code sorting, and so WORKERS merely lift and move bins.

The parcel, now with prominent bar code, scans, and shoots up
 and down the mechanical shoots like a pinball in an arcade.

TED (V.O.)

This is the trick the technological system plays upon the mind. It dupes humans into surrendering their freedom and dignity, for a life that appears convenient and modern.

INT. PENN STATE COMPUTER SCIENCE RECEPTION - DAY

The MAILMAN delivers the parcel to a RECEPTIONIST. She immediately is upset as she receives it. She shakes her head.

The receptionist sticks a giant piece of masking tape over the Penn State Address section-- she prominently writes:

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY - DEPARTMENT OF COMPUTER SCIENCE

INT. VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY DEPT. OF COMPUTER SCIENCE - DAY

TED (V.O.)

And mostly, it renders us anonymous. Technology takes away our humanity and renders us cogs in the ever-churning American system, able to perform great acts of violence, with neither consequence nor feelings.

The RECEPTIONIST (55), school marmish, receives the package from a MAILMAN. She begins to unwrap the package.

Inside is a cigar box. She's confused. She opens it. **KA-POW!**

TED (V.O.)

It doesn't matter who I injure or how I injure them. All that matters is that I kill. In a society this dependent upon technology, we are all guilty. The only way to awaken the public to this genocide is to give scientists the death penalty.

Shards of shrapnel pierce the flesh of her face. Her hands are burned bright pink, and they're sizzling. Light bulbs shatter. The room is awash in a thick charcoal haze.

The "FC" Logo floats in front of her, gliding to the ground.

INT. NASHVILLE HOSPITAL - DAY

The receptionist is in bed. She's wounded but clearly **alive**.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Stallings and Fletcher sit down. They look tired and helpless.

With them are DIRECTOR RUSS WARDLE (50), thin, well-dressed, anal-retentive, and JANET MARSH (35), brunette, confident, like she knows she's smarter than the men she meets.

RUSS

Stallings, Fletcher. Any updates?

Gulp.

FLETCHER

Well, he hasn't killed anyone yet.

STALLINGS

We've narrowed down his location to San Francisco. Or Utah.

RUSS

And what about the earlier bombs near Chicago?

Double gulp.

STALLINGS

Current location.

RUSS

Well, this is Dr. Janet Marsh. She's from the profiling unit. Hopefully, she can tell us something.

JANET

Clearly, the suspect is a middle-aged white male, college grad, very analytic. Not unlike any of you.

The three middle-aged white men in the room don't love this.

FLETCHER

He's clearly a genius.

JANET

Historically, the only group who kills for reasons aside from their own survival are highly-educated white men.

STALLINGS

No. He's a blue-collar type. He's real good with tools. Targets executives, professors.

FLETCHER

Serial killers tend to be poor and mentally ill.

JANET

Those kinds of killers tend to make themselves known very quickly. You'd be receiving threats. These bombs are less overt. He's trying to hide his violent nature.

Stallings feels usurped. He looks right at Russ--the boss.

STALLINGS

There's been three serial bombers in FBI history. Trying to profile him is like trying to draw a ghost.

RUSS

So what do you suggest we do?

STALLINGS

He slipped. Left his hairs in every one of the last three bombs. We run hair analysis of previous offenders.

RUSS

That's expensive.

STALLINGS

That's what works.

A condescending look from Stallings towards Janet.

FLETCHER

Janet-- err, Dr. Marsh, says he's not like other sociopaths, Jack.

STALLINGS

So what're you saying, then? This guy is Bruce Banner by day, Weather Underground by night?

JANET

He's highly intelligent, but deeply troubled, and completely impervious to morality. But, on the surface, this man seems completely harmless.

EXT. TEXAS WILDERNESS - DAY

Ted is picking vegetables, enjoying the sun. He seems to be alone. But he's actually amongst a band of MIGRANT WORKERS.

JUAN (40), handsome, linebacker-ish, gets Ted's attention.

JUAN
Hey, esse, what's your rap like?

TED
I don't understand the question.

JUAN
You gotta be out here for something, man. Nice white boy like you ain't gotta pick cabbages unless you got something to hide.

TED
I need the money. Just like you.

JUAN
Ten dollars a day? That ain't money for white people. That's toilet paper. You on parole, chico?

Ted's not amused.

TED
Are you on parole, Juan?

JUAN
Me? I hid under a blanket and slept in the back of a corn truck. They ain't looking for that kind of experience at a law firm.

Ted chuckles. He goes back to picking cabbage.

JUAN (CONT'D)
You killed someone, didn't you?

TED
What makes you say that?

JUAN
No offense, esse, but if I was hitchhiking and you tried to pick me up, I'd figure you was gonna rape me or something. It's always skinny blancos like you. Silent but deadly.

TED
Tell you the truth, Juan, I've never committed a crime in my life.

JUAN

All that American brainwashing got to you, huh? In Mexico, killing a man is like taking a shit: it's just what you do to survive.

Ted keeps pulling cabbage out of the field. He's disturbed.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (1960) (FLASHBACK)

Ted's squirming and shaking under the bright lights.

TED

Please stop attacking me! Please!

It appears to be a continuation of the first interrogation...

But actually, Ted and the Interrogator are watching it on a projection screen in the interrogation room. They're both wearing different clothes. Ted's hooked into more devices--calipers are digging into his chin and around his eyeballs.

INTERROGATOR

Now you know what the world sees when they look at you. A weak, squealing, pathetic rodent. No woman will ever love you; no man will ever respect you.

TED

Why are you doing this? I thought we were debating philosophical ideas.

INTERROGATOR

Why would anyone take your ideas seriously when they emerge from such a vile and spineless amoeba?

TED

Do you even know my name? I want to leave!

INTERROGATOR

Science does not care about your name. You are a vehicle for progress.

The Interrogator clasps Ted down to the chair, pinning his arms tight to the sides of the chair. He leans in.

INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)

You promised to endure the full length of the experiment. A rational person keeps his promises.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted--looking pained and furious from re-living that--carves and sands a block of wood with careful precision. He attaches a metal release to it; Ted's making a homemade pistol.

He poses with it, aiming it at an imaginary person.

TED

You think I am a docile little pet?
I will kill every last one of you.

INT. LINCOLN LIBRARY - DAY

Ted is on the phone at the modest Lincoln library. It's

TED

And how much for the construction-
grade stainless steel?

Near the phone, on a desk, Ted's clearly made a mess of encyclopedias, old journals, and research manuals.

TED (CONT'D)

250. For what reason has the price
doubled? Cost of production. I see.

He consults one of the catalogs for a second.

TED (CONT'D)

And the acetylene corrosive? (then)
That's up to 150. I simply cannot
afford these prices. (then) You
suggest I take my business
elsewhere? Thank you and good day,
you feckless bureaucratic dunce.

He hangs up. MARTHA (60), gentle, round, chuckles.

MARTHA

It's hard on all of us, dear. I
don't see what these new toys are
for but making us all feel poor.
All this new machinery has closed
up half of the mines in town.

Ted has found a kindred spirit. For once, he empathizes.

TED

I don't understand how they expect
an average citizen to survive under
these conditions.

MARTHA

You're still trying. Most of the men around here lost their mining job and just started loafing around. You got a family?

TED

No. I'm all alone.

MARTHA

You don't seem like the Ward Cleaver type. Too much for books. Lucky you. A man with children has to make real compromises just to make ends meet.

INT. KACZYNSKI DINING ROOM - DAY

Ted coughs up a storm. He's weak and pale. Clean-shaven again.

WANDA

You know Ted, maybe we should have Dr. Kelman take a look at you.

TED

No, it's fine. I have my own doctor in Montana. I just, don't have the money to pay for it right now.

Turk sighs. Ted continues acting "sick", to Wanda's dismay.

TURK

We understand you may be very sick. And that the healthcare system in this country is a moral outrage.

WANDA

Of course, we'll give you the money.

TED

(in a fit of coughing) I need eighteen hundred dollars.

TURK

But we think you should come back home and get a regular job.

DAVID

Your eldest son is dying and you're calling him a welfare bum?

David has aged and de-groomed since we saw him. He's shaggy, bearded, hermit-ish. Now, he looks like Ted-lite.

TURK

With all your brains, you should be contributing to society.

DAVID

You're the one who told him to quit teaching engineers to drop bombs on Hanoi! What do you want him to do? Build a rocket and blow up Moscow?

WANDA

What about teaching at the high school?

TED

Maybe I wouldn't be so gravely ill if you hadn't abused me as a child.

TURK

We did the best we could with you!

TED

You skipped me ahead grade after grade. Like I was your little lab rat to experiment on.

It's not clear whether Ted is being honest or duplicitous.

WANDA

Ted. I could always tell that you were different. You were never going to be a social butterfly.

Ted is genuinely hurt. He goes into tantrum mode. (Again...)

TED

Imagine that every time you touched a banana, you were met with an electric shock. Well, that is what this environment of rejection and humiliation has done to me. I am conditioned to be wary of people.

Ted is shaking and coughing; half-acting, half-acting out. He runs out of the room, towards the bathroom.

DAVID

See what you've done to him?

INT. KACZYNSKI BATHROOM - DAY

David sees Ted perched over the toilet bowl. Not vomiting, but having a near panic attack. Ted hates David's pity.

TED
I'll be fine, David.

DAVID
You'll get the help you need.

David pulls out a small wad of cash. Ted is troubled.

DAVID (CONT'D)
It's only two hundred dollars.
That's all I can spare right now.

TED
You don't have to do this. I can
make due on my own.

DAVID
We're in this together. You'd do
the same for me.

TED
You're a good brother, David.

Wanda comes over with a small Ziploc bag. It's full of cash.

WANDA
Here's what we have in the house,
dear. We can send you more, if
that's what'll make you better.

SUPER: May 1985

TED (V.O.)
It's unfortunate that modern science
is engaged in the evil act of
manipulating helpless individuals.
Because I'd have made a very good
scientist.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted works on piecing together a precise detonator.

EXT. MONTANA WILDNERNESS - DAY

He tests out the detonator in the barren woods.

INT. BERKELEY CLASSROOM - DAY

JOHN HAUSER (26), air force fit, opens a bomb in a classroom.
It blasts through his eye, and takes off his hand.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted reads an article about the bombing. He's got a collection.

TED (V.O.)
I'm precise, diligent and
scrupulous. I respond well to
feedback, and adjust my work for
greater efficiency.

INT. BOEING AIRPLANE FACTORY - DAY

SUPER: June.

A man sees a package. He unwraps it. He's confused.

SHORT TIME LATER--

A BOMB DEFUSING TEAM--including Fletcher and Stallings--takes
apart Ted's bomb.

TED (V.O.)
I keep perfect records. I'm always
willing to try new methods.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN - DAY

SUPER: November

PROFESSOR MCCONNELL (50) and NICK (25), open what looks like
a dissertation. It bursts and they're blasted across the
room. Lead fishing sinkers enlodge into their faces.

But they're alive. The bomb pipe is cracked and fragmented.

INT. FBI LAB - DAY

Fletcher and Stallings dissect the cracked bomb with a
TECHNICIAN. They work next to evidence from Ted's other bombs.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted reads about the Ann Arbor experiment. He's furious.

INT. STEEL SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Super: December

Ted shops the aisles, looking for metallic ingredients.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Stallings scans binders: former BOMB suspects, MASS MURDERERS let out of prison, known SOVIET SPIES. He's craven.

TED (V.O.)

But most importantly, I have a complete lack of feeling for all of my subjects. Every action I take is for the sake of advancing my ideas.

EXT. MONTANA WILDNERNESS - DAY

Ted builds a bomb. He detonates it. It's violently effective.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ted is watching TV. He flips the channel. It's local news. He almost flips it again, but he cuts back.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

A local man was killed today by a bomb placed by an anonymous killer.

ON SCREEN

EXT. SACRAMENTO STRIP MALL - DAY

FBI OFFICIALS--including Stallings and Fletcher--surround the scene. The RENTECH computer store is badly damaged.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Hugh Scrutton, the owner of the Rentech Computer Rental Shop, was killed today by a bomb. While he was able to cry for help, the blast removed his right hand and he died thirty minutes later.

BACK TO MOTEL ROOM

Ted has a face like he just heard his lottery numbers called.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

The only evidence the killer left is a disc with the letters "FC". If you have any information, please call the number below.

Ted runs up to the television, as it cuts back to the studio.

TED

No. Go back. Show us his corpse!

Ted shakes the TV. He's finally scratched his itch. He's like a casual coke user trying crack for the first time. Hooked.

INT. STALLINGS' OFFICE - DAY

Stallings looks over the cases, lined up along his wall.

There are now 11 in total, and they're organized with photos, dates, and obsessive evidence--Ted's "hair" and "FC" tabs.

Stallings scans the walls, with paranoid eyes and a righteous scowl. He stares into the abyss, then, DASHES from the room!!

INT. FLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Stallings barges into Fletcher's office. Fletcher is working.

STALLINGS

I know who the bomber is!

Stallings looks around the office: the room is overtaken with Disney paraphernalia. Fletcher notices Stallings' confusion.

FLETCHER

What? I have kids. Not that you ever noticed.

Clearly, it's the first time he's been in Fletcher's office.

STALLINGS

I know who Unabomb is!

INT./EXT. FBI CAR - DAY [DRIVING]

Stallings is driving like Mad Max, weaving through traffic.

STALLINGS

It's just like she said. Middle-aged white man, highly educated, seems harmless. Probably a professor. Roots in Chicago.

FLETCHER

Jack, we don't have a warrant.

STALLINGS

We've got to grab him before he knows we're on to him.

EXT. ILLINOIS SUBURBS - DAY

The car SCREECHES to a halt in front of a middle-class house in the suburbs. It looks suspiciously like the Kaczysnkis'.

Stallings leaps to the door. He readies his gun. Fletcher lays back a step, nearly embarrassed.

Stallings hammers the front door, like it's a bass drum.

STALLINGS

FBI! Open up!

We HEAR shuffling from inside. Who opens it? Buckley Crist! The near-victim of the first bombing! (He's aged a tad.)

Stallings runs through Buckley like a football dummy, ramming him into his carpeted foyer.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)

Buckley Crist Jr., we know you've been sending mail bombs for years!

Stallings can't actually arrest him. So he just kind of dry humps him, as Buckley's FAMILY hustles downstairs, concerned.

BUCKLEY

What are you talking about? I was the victim of a mail bomb!

STALLINGS

Please. We know you haven't published a paper in seven years.

BUCKLEY

I have tenure! I'm a professor!

Stallings looks up, seeing the confused family, middle-class tapestry, and Fletcher, mortified. He realizes his mistake.

INT./EXT. FBI CAR - DAY (DRIVING)

Stallings is silent behind the wheel. Fletcher is baffled.

FLETCHER

Jack, I've seen you sit across from guys who've raped and murdered a dozen people. Your blood still wouldn't have melted an ice cream cone. Unabomb's killed one guy and you're turning into Travis Bickle.

(then)

Do you know this guy? From the war?

Stallings sighs for a second, shaking his head.

STALLINGS

You know what makes America
different than everywhere else?

FLETCHER

Miracle Whip?

STALLINGS

Liberty and security. Government
shows up to your house in China,
says, you gotta come with us--too
bad. Communists wanna take your
house in Russia--that's how it goes.
But here: get a job, keep your nose
clean, we'll leave you alone.

Stallings is deeply disturbed by Unabomb. Philosophically so.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)

This isn't just crime, Fletch. This
is a guy who's turning innocent
Americans into human volcanoes, just
cause he feels like it. He is the
secret police. He is the SS. He's not
just a murderer. He's trying to
destroy what makes this country free.

EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

David saws away, cutting wood on a work table.

DAVID

It's good to finally be out here to
see you in the flesh.

TED

Why? My letters are a full
evocation of my thoughts.

Ted is working away, sawing and hammering at his own projects.
It's family carpentry day at the Unabomber compound!

DAVID

Are you sure about that? Because
you're much kinder in your letters.
Sometimes, I get the impression you
think of us as equals.

TED

You're not reading them carefully
enough.

There's knowing patter between the two. Half aggressive, half playful. There's a TENT beside Ted's cabin: where David stays.

DAVID

You seem happy. Like you've finally done something you've wanted to do for a long time.

Ted freezes. Does David know? Is his pride that obvious?

DAVID (CONT'D)

If I had to guess, seems to me, you've finally got a girlfriend.

In a moment: Ted goes from relieved, to dismissive, to angry.

TED

If I wanted to share my private life with you, I would. I thought you disliked the surveillance tactics of the technological society. You can't eat your cake and have it too.

DAVID

Nothing wrong with love, Ted.

TED

Love is a construction designed to sell soap--

DAVID

Ahhhhh!

The table has collapsed over David's leg. David drops to the ground, wounded. There's blood-stained wood everywhere.

Ted runs over, in full-on medic mode. David grabs his leg.

TED

Are you okay? Let me see your leg!

Ted places his hands gently on David's shoulders.

DAVID

Your saw is ruined. Ted, I'm so sorry. I don't know what happened--

The saw--one of Ted's precious few tools--is destroyed.

TED

The hell with the saw! You alright?

Ted helps him up. He's warm and nurturing towards David.

TED (CONT'D)

You'll be okay. We just need to get you bandaged and clean.

He carries David towards the cabin. In a weird way, this is the most affection either has felt in fifteen years.

Ted & David Bonding Montage:

-- They race down the road on tandem bikes, like teenagers.

-- Ted and David pick vegetables. When David's head is down, Ted affectionately shoves him and tosses dirt in his hair.

-- Ted and David walk out of the Lincoln library, arms packed with books. They're smiling and joking, like college pals.

-- Ted and David stand atop the Montana mountain, after a hike. David puts his arm around Ted. Ted just smiles.

EXT. MONTANA POWER PLANT - NIGHT

DAVID

They're not so bad, Ted. Really.

TED

Shhh. Keep focused.

It's pitch black. They're barely lit. And up to no good...

DAVID

Mom and Dad love you. They ask about you all the time.

TED

They never pressured you. You were the adorable baby brother. I was their prize-winning puppy.

DAVID

No one's perfect, Ted. You can't expect everyone to live up to your rigid standards.

TED

Their emotional appeals are clouding your thinking again.

The point of contention. David finds Ted rigid, and Ted thinks David is undisciplined and disloyal. The greatest sin of all.

TED (CONT'D)

Hold it still!

David is crouched over a long wire they've set up. Ted is tying something together. It looks vaguely sinister.

Ted lights a homemade match, igniting a wire. David backs up.

DAVID
Is it ready?

The fire travels, and it catches onto a pile of kindling.

TED
Run!

As Ted and David sprint towards his truck, a few yards away, the fire grows in scope. Ted and David climb in. As David starts to pull away, suddenly--A BRIGHT FLASH OF LIGHT!

An edge of the power plant is burning. Serious eco-terrorism.

INT./EXT. DAVID'S TRUCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (DRIVING)

DAVID
We did it! It's beautiful.

They watch the plant burn. Flames dance across the black sky.

TED
Freedom for all! The system must be destroyed!

David doesn't say anything. He's bashful, a bit timid.

TED (CONT'D)
Come on, David! Be free!

David gulps. He's been repressing this for years.

DAVID
Ronald Reagan, you are the cunt lining of Satan!

They HOWL like soccer hooligans as they drive into the night.

SHORT TIME LATER--

Ted and David drive along the infinite Montana highway.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Are you sure this was right?

TED
Our cause is right. There are no wrongs. Only sacrifices.

David is comforted by Ted's moral certainty. He's reassured.

DAVID

I've never felt so...powerful.

TED

It feels good to fight back.

DAVID

I've been so frustrated, watching our country turn into...an advertisement for Pop Tarts. I'm not in favor of destruction, but, what else is there?

TED

David. I have something to tell you.

DAVID

What is it?

TED

For the past few years---

David's like a puppy expecting a treat. He's so excited to be close with his brother. Ted can't tell him the truth.

TED (CONT'D)

I admire how you've come to accept the consequences of modern life.

He just received Ted's approval. The first person on earth...

DAVID

Well, you've been telling me this stuff for years. I guess it just took me a minute to see the light.

EXT. CAAMS COMPUTER STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

Ted is bundled up like an assassin. Hoodie up, mustache, sunglasses. Like a 7/11 robber meets neighborhood pedophile.

He casually strolls through the Strip Mall parking lot, walking towards the CAAMS store window.

He holds a huge laundry bag, filled with something strange and dirty. It looks like a pair of 2x4s, with nails brimming.

INT. CAAMS COMPUTER STORE - DAY

DEBBIE (30), slightly awkward, plain, gets the store ready.

Out the window, she sees Ted as he strolls toward the store. She watches as he pulls the contraption out of his bag.

Another EMPLOYEE (27), arrogant, readies some computers.

DEBBIE
Hey, see that guy there? Looks like
he's trying to blow someone's tires.

EMPLOYEE
You worry too much.

EXT. CAAMS COMPUTER STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

Ted sees Debbie looking at him through the window.

He walks toward her slightly, nearly grinning. He's excited to be seen. He wants her to acknowledge his existence.

He gets within maybe six feet of the entrance, standing in full cartoonish portrait: sunglasses, a hoodie, a weathered face, an expressionless visage. He's still as a Greek statue.

Then....Debbie opens the office door!

DEBBIE
Can I help you?

Ted is silent. He glares at her, holding his breath.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
What do you want?

He starts backing away cautiously. Like she's a ravenous bear.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Hey!

He breaks into a full sprint, towards the end of the lot. She chases after him, leaving the store door ajar behind her.

Ted is panicked. He knows if he's caught now, it's over. He's a failure. A serial bomber caught like a clumsy cat burglar.

He runs between the parked cars, dodging them like Pac Man. But Debbie's not far behind.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
(panting) I! Saw what you! Did!

Ted blows past a Dodge Neon hurtling past him at 25 mph--fast for a parking lot. Debbie does too: she's hot on his trail.

QUICK INSERT OF INSIDE DODGE NEON

GARY WRIGHT (45), middle management, a short-sleeves with tie kinda guy, grooves to some Huey Lewis morning radio tunes.

BACK TO PARKING LOT

Ted runs towards at the brim of the lot, at the biting edge of surprisingly strong Salt Lake City morning traffic.

He slows slightly--seeing the cars speeding back and forth across the freeway and Debbie gaining on him.

He vaults into crossing traffic, to Debbie's amazement, and then he trips, faceplanting in the middle of the intersection.

From Ted's POV: A SALT LAKE CITY bus speeds towards him.

From Debbie's POV: She sees the bus carooming, full speed ahead--at Ted's immobile body, glued to the ground.

The bus doesn't yield, and speeds through the intersection. As the traffic clears, she sees Ted dash off into a suburb.

She stands in the middle of the parking lot, a good 800 yards from her car. Breathless and confused.

She turns around. She can see a man (her boss, GARY WRIGHT), kneeling near her car, and then **AN EXPLOSION!**

Gary's projected back from the car, like a rock from a slingshot. Bits of shrapnel and junk spew like stray bullets.

DEBBIE

Jesus!

The door opens, and the employee runs to Gary. Debbie follows.

EXT. SALT LAKE CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Ted is running at full tilt. He's in incredibly good shape.

He sees a RAVINE available, from someone's backyard, and leaps down into it. Ahh, he's a lone wolf in nature again.

He takes off his sweatshirt and sunglasses and tosses them in a ditch. He buries them, under a forklift of snow.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS INTERROGATION ROOM (UTAH) - DAY

Stallings and Fletcher are talking to Debbie.

DEBBIE

He looked right at me. It was like he wanted me to acknowledge him.

STALLINGS

Can you tell us anything about him? How'd he walk? What'd he smell like?

DEBBIE

He reminded me of Dirty Harry.

FLETCHER

Did he say anything to you?

DEBBIE

No. But he wanted to be seen.

The SKETCH ARTIST (40), female, enters, holding a drawing.

SKETCH ARTIST

How's this?

STALLINGS

That right there, is the most dangerous man in America.

CLOSE ON FAMOUS UNABOMBER SKETCH. As we pull back, it's...

INT. LINCOLN LIBRARY - DAY

...in the newspaper, on a table at the Lincoln library.

Ted bursts in. He thumbs through the periodicals and newspapers on an empty table, with purpose and antic focus.

MARTHA

I've got them over here for you.

Behind her desk, Martha has a neatly arranged stack of the past few weeks of papers. The sketch sits atop the pile.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I was wondering where you had dashed off to.

TED

I've been preoccupied by a lot of important things.

MARTHA

Got that sense about you. (smiles)
You're not one of those Russian spies, now, are ya?

Martha notices the sketch, and Ted glaring at it.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
 Scary, isn't it? Some fugitive,
 just wandering the country, leaving
 bombs in parking lots.

TED
 It all starts with bad parenting.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted reads the article about him. He's happy as a clam.

CLOSE ON PAPER

Lead FBI Agent Jack Stallings: "This man is dangerous. He is a threat to the American way of life."

Ted looks at his lab longingly. He knows it might be a while.

He picks up something from his desk and goes outside.

EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ted stands beside the tiny cabin, next to its lone window.

Ted looks at his reflection in the window, and then, after making sure no one is around, compares it to the sketch.

He glances around again. Then he pulls his hood up and puts on a pair of aviator sunglasses and examines his reflection.

We're watching a man confront his human cartoon. Ted loves it.

He tries to match the sketch's sociopathic portrait. And then, he just lets out a big grin and a theatrical cackle.

BINGO CALLER (PRE-LAP)
 O-61! O-61!

INT. LINCOLN TOWN HALL - NIGHT

A BINGO CALLER (55), skinny, runs the show at the town hall. It's about three-quarters full, with a crowd of all stripes.

Ted sits next to Martha. He's indifferent. He puts an O-61 down, making a B-I-N-G-O. But he's absorbed in his book.

GLENN (55), retired and loving it, notices Ted's full card.

GLENN
Bingo! Bingo!

The crowd looks over. Glenn nudges Ted from across the table. Ted looks at his card. He walks over to the caller, stunned.

BINGO CALLER
Congratulations, Ted! You've won
your very own battery-powered radio!

Ted stares at the radio. He's confused but captivated, like he's just received a pet alien. The room applauds.

He sits back down. Glenn and JOAN (55), sweet, are impressed.

GLENN
Hell of a product you got there.

TED
I'll use it for the weather.

GLENN
Glenn Plotz. This is Joan. Still
getting accustomed to life out here?

TED
I enjoy the peace and quiet. And
lack of industrial obstruction.

GLENN
You seem a bit high-strung for these
parts. We call it the heartland
since you leave your brain somewhere
else. This is freedom. Enjoy it.

Ted takes in the Rockwellian small town scene. He's disgusted.

INT. TED'S CABIN - NIGHT

Ted places his radio on his desk. He TURNS it on. He listens for a moment. He's bored, almost angry even, with its banality.

He fidgets with his tools: the wood, the wires, the powder. He maneuvers them wistfully, like an alcoholic at an open bar.

He looks at the sketch of him. Posted in every FBI office.

He paces around, caught between primal urge and paranoia. He picks up his gun, now finely calibrated, and mock fires it.

He has an idea! He leaps to his desk and starts writing.

TED

Dear David. I have come to realize over the past few years that we are not merely biologically connected, but philosophically so.

EXT. LINCOLN MONTANA - DAY

Ted boards the Greyhound bus from downtown Lincoln.

TED (V.O.)

Like me, you realize that modern society is a construct designed to suppress human instincts. As such, you have become an outsider, avoiding fictional comforts like marriage, middle-class employment, and typical liberal indulgences.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Ted writes as he rides the bus. He looks outside: coal plants and factories intrude on his precious nature. He seethes.

TED (V.O.)

Like you, I worry about the fate of humanity, and whether it can survive without active rebellion. Luckily for us both, I have something to inform you--

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - DAY

Ted walks towards a Chevy sedan. He looks cleaner than usual. As he gets into the car, he tucks the letter into his jacket.

INT. KACZYNSKI CAR - DAY

TURK

Looks like you finally moved your cabin within driving distance of a shower.

TED

I only own a bicycle.

Turk breathes in Ted's waft.

TURK

I can tell.

EXT. KACZYNSKI HOUSE - DAY

Ted lugs his bags towards the house. Turk walks ahead of him.

TURK

Your brother's really changed since the last time he was home.

TED

He's finally realized what's important in life.

TURK

You can say that again.

INT. KACZYNSKI LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ted drops the bags at the door. Wanda stands to greet him.

WANDA

Teddy, you're home!

David is facing her. He turns around. He's now clean-shaven, with eyeglasses, wearing an LL Bean buttondown that a professor might sport. He looks downright middle-class.

DAVID

Ted, my god! You haven't changed a bit!

David clutches Ted in one of his brotherly hugs. Ted is perturbed by David's new look. We HEAR footsteps...

DAVID (CONT'D)

I've got so much to tell you. There's a reason I haven't written.

In walks, LINDA PATRIK (45). The Devil Incarnate. (Actually she's got short brown hair, glasses. Dianne Wiest-ish.)

DAVID (CONT'D)

You remember Linda.

Linda embraces Ted from a distance. Ted's in shock.

TED

Sure. The woman who rejected you in high school, leaving you hollow and morose.

WANDA

Ted! Don't be so negative.

Linda is unmoved by Ted's hostility. She's calm and assured. David strokes Linda's wrist, trying to ease the tension.

DAVID

Hah, It has been a while, hasn't it, Linda?

LINDA

It's fine, Wanda. People change, whether or not Ted accepts it.

TED

I don't let banal platitudes get in the way of fundamental truths.

WANDA

Tell him the good news!

DAVID

Ted, Linda and I are getting married this summer. We're moving to Schenectady.

TED

For the fat people?

David tries to laugh off Ted's sarcasm. Linda hardly reacts.

DAVID

No. Linda is a philosophy professor. She's teaching at Union College.

TED

What is your area of speciality?

LINDA

I teach courses in Buddhism, Existentialism, and Feminist Theory.

TED

Feminism. And the universe remains completely predictable.

David giggles, nervous. Linda's unamused. Ready to fight back.

DAVID

We're buying a house and everything. It's a big step.

TED

Have you registered with Swanson, or are you planning to get your microwaveable lifestyle from another corporation?

WANDA
Come on, let's eat!

Linda, Turk and Wanda hustle to the dining room. David hangs back with Ted.

DAVID
My anger, it's all gone away. All of the ranting and raving I was doing, I was just feeling lonely.

TED
All you ever wanted was a domestic partnership. If only I'd known.

A step behind, Ted takes the letter and tears it to shreds.

INT. KACZYNSKI DINING ROOM - DAY

The "family" sits over a Thanksgiving spread. Turk is at the head of the table, while Wanda fusses, ensuring the three kinds of potatoes, stuffing, and gleaming turkey are perfect.

WANDA
I thought before we ate, we could go around the table and say what we're thankful for. I'm thankful that, for once, we're all together as a family on this holiday.

The centerpiece practically applauds. Wanda and David are warm and handsy with each other, oblivious to Ted's glares.

TURK
I'm thankful for Kurt Vonnegut. And beer. Cheap beer.

WANDA
Turk!

TURK
You said to be honest!

WANDA
Ted.

Ted pauses. His body is rigid, tense and flexed. He's furious.

TED
I am thankful that I understand the rational ideals of objective thinking that persist in the face of emotionally-driven weakness.

The room is both dismayed and unsurprised. A short beat.

WANDA

Thank you, Ted.

DAVID

Well, I am thankful for my health, my family. And for Linda. All the things that truly matter.

LINDA

I am thankful for hope.

Ted's kryptonite.

TED

(mutters) Here we go.

LINDA

Even in a world where politicians represent the gilded elite and businesses pollute our air, I'm glad that sometimes, things change.

She puts her hands in David's.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Douglas Wilder is the first Black governor in United States history, and New York City elected its first Black mayor. And I'm thankful that these are signs of a country finally headed towards justice.

TURK

Even a blind squirrel finds a nut once in while. Pass the potatoes.

The meal starts. Should be tasty and conflict-free.

TED

Finally found a couple of blacks who followed your rules, did ya?

LINDA

Excuse me?

TED

You're so pleased with your "progress". And yet, the only way you'd ever vote for a black is if they conform to your upper middle-class behaviors.

LINDA

That's one way to paint over a deep-seated legacy of oppression.

DAVID

Ted's just being glib. Aren't ya?

TED

Have you considered that Blacks don't want to behave the way you do? That by pretending to cater to them with affirmative action and public assistance, you are in fact taking away their freedom to live the life they choose?

WANDA

Ted, let's not talk about politics. It's Thanksgiving.

TED

I can't think of a better way to celebrate our great nation.

LINDA

You sound like a plantation owner.

TED

An ad hominem attack. Impressive. Do you have more non-sequiturs from the Hallmark school of reasoning?

DAVID

Linda. Teddy. Come on. You're on the same side. You both want to make the world better for everyone.

TED

But how does one accomplish that, David? Holding hands? A Be-in?

LINDA

Education. Empathy. Tolerance.

TED

Ahhhh yes. The holy trinity of leftists. Building your magical liberal America, with its low ceilings, soft landings, and government-sponsored lollipops.

LINDA

Oh, you think everyone can make it on their own. By their bootstraps.

TED

Please. Only a conservative is foolish enough to think you can rapidly overhaul society and expect it to cling to traditional values.

LINDA

So what do you want, Ted? Apathy?

A big smile from Ted. And a glare at David.

TED

Revolution.

TURK

Americans are too greedy for that. Yams please.

Ted passes his father the yams.

LINDA

We are at the dawn of a new era in which oppressed minorities--

TED

Become slaves of the technological system which saps away their human freedom. They too must conform.

LINDA

I'm sorry that you're angry, Ted. Change is good for all of us.

TED

Change is good for all of us. Hmmn.

Ted stands. Glowering at David. This is fucking personal.

TED (CONT'D)

You guilt-logged, overemotional shrew. What you, and all you oversocialized leftists offer is the Great American Compromise. You promise the people sitcoms and telephones, and equal rights, and in turn, you rob mankind of its freedom. You turn us into a robotic mass, and your balkanized elite of scientists and psychologists tries to convince us our anger is merely caused by our need for a house, and a good job, and a happy marriage.

He's raging at her. This is what she's done to **David**.

TED (CONT'D)

And you try to distract us, with your venal leftist media. Roping us into delusional feelings of self-hatred by broadcasting a never-ending game of victim hopscotch.

Ted dances back and forth like he's playing hopscotch.

TED (CONT'D)

'Ooh a woman was raped. We're all so sexist!' "But she was raped by a black. Oh no, we're racist!" "Oh but he was homeless." We need social justice for all!" "What else must we do to dull the entire human race into a catatonic stupor of contentedness and self-loathing?"

LINDA

And you have a plan to save us.

TED

Violence is never the best solution but in certain cases it is the right solution. I am not willing to accept your suppression of human freedom.

LINDA

The world is getting better, Ted. Whether or not you will admit it.

TED

You can believe whatever you want. But the seasons will continue to change, and eventually, the naked emperor will freeze to death!

Ted flings his plate across the room. He storms out.

Wanda's crushed, David's despondent, Linda is outraged, but steadfast and still. And Turk couldn't be less surprised.

TURK

Pass the stuffing.

(then)

What? He's not going to change.

EXT. KACZYNSKI HOUSE - DAY

David runs after Ted, like a child after his fleeing dog.

DAVID

Ted, wait. We can work this out.

TED

If there is an emergency, you may contact me by writing a letter and underlining the stamp in red pen. Otherwise, never speak to me again.

DAVID

Aren't you happy for me, brother?

Ted grins sadistically, like a cheshire cat.

TED

I'm so pleased you've found a partner. And I think we know which of you is the owner and who will be kept on a leash.

Ted lifts his hands like he's readying to strangle David.

TED (CONT'D)

Let me know your neck size. I'll get you a dog collar for Christmas.

Ted takes his bags and marches off. David stays, forlorn.

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE (DRESSING ROOM) - DAY

David is writing a letter. He looks at a photo of two adorable boys: The OLDER (Ted) is slender, 11-ish and the YOUNGER (David) is 4, cherubic, in a baseball cap three sizes too big. He tears up at the memory.

Turk walks in, and is slightly saddened by what he sees.

TURK

David. Everyone's waiting.

DAVID

I just have to finish this.

TURK

It's been an hour. He's not coming.

David looks at the photo.

DAVID

I betrayed him.

TURK

Don't feel guilty. Then he wins.

DAVID

I just want him to be happy.

TURK

He's not. But he's living his life exactly the way he wants to.

David and Turk leave the room. Through the door, we see Linda standing at an altar. David's getting married!

David seals the letter in an envelope. We stay on the letter..

EXT. MONTANA WILDNERNESS - DAY

...as it burns over a fire, completely unopened. It's one of many other unopened letters from David, now turning to ash.

Ted looks horrible. He seems to have aged ten years since we last saw him. He hovers over a bomb he's making in the woods.

TED

You will pay for what you've done!

He lights it, and although it looks more elaborate than his previous bombs--more powder, more nails--it fizzles out.

He looks over his depleted supplies. And his money pouch--down to 40\$. Alone in the deep woods. Helpless. Silenced.

TED (CONT'D)

You cannot ruin me! I will be heard! I will change the world!

INT. POST OFFICE (UTAH) - DAY

Ted places a parcel on the counter. He's unusually pleased.

The POSTAL WORKER looks at the package and types something into the computer. Then looks down at the money Ted gave him.

POSTAL WORKER

It'll be 19.41.

TED

It's supposed to cost 14.03.

POSTAL WORKER

Cost of shipping's gone up, with the new scanning technology and tracking function. It's for your own good.

TED

I don't have that much. I need the rest for my transportation.

POSTAL WORKER

Well then, I guess--

He reads from the package.

POSTAL WORKER (CONT'D)

Linda Patrik of Schenectady, won't be getting her package from the Foundation of Feminist Philosophers.

Ted seizes the package from the counter. He marches out of the post office. But once he steps outside, he stops and just stares off. He's sad, broken---aimless.

INT. STALLINGS' OFFICE - DAY

A new office: it's tiny, and poorly lit. Stallings TYPES LOUDLY at a typewriter. Scotch beside the keys. Half drunk.

The office is an obsessive tribute to Ted. Portraits of bombs, evidence, insane graphs. As bedeviled as the inside of Ted's mind.

The door opens.

FLETCHER

I see you went with the same interior decorator you always use.

STALLINGS

Russ sent you on a babysitting trip?

FLETCHER

I was in the neighborhood. My wife's parents live in Marin. Out here visiting them. For Christmas. You know, the family one?

Fletcher glances around purposefully. He's on the lookout.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

It's been...three years since he last killed? And you're still at it.

STALLINGS

If the Bureau didn't make me file my memoirs every week I'd have found him by now.

Fletcher pulls out a letter. He puts it on Stallings' desk. It READS: "I know you've been killing through the mail..."

STALLINGS (CONT'D)

How did you get that?

We see MORE: "If you don't cease killing immediately, you will be tortured to death. I am watching you like a hawk."

FLETCHER

You sent this to every arsonist and murderer on parole in the whole country. Five thousand people.

A look of extreme guilt on Stallings' face.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

You tried to pull a Unabomb to find Unabomb! I didn't believe it when I looked in the log, but, you've gone rogue, Jack.

STALLINGS

What log?

FLETCHER

I can see everything you're doing from DC. Including the addresses you looked up. Whole network's connected now. I came out here to warn you before someone senior found out.

STALLINGS

You're tracking me?

FLETCHER

This is the how the Bureau works now. Our eyes are on the criminals, their eyes are on us.

STALLINGS

I am trying to save the lives of innocent people!

FLETCHER

At what cost, Jack? Spent 74 million in Bureau money. Detained how many suspects--

STALLINGS

Justice has no cost!

FLETCHER

He's killed one guy. You're trying to convince yourself there are no monsters when the world goes to sleep at night.

STALLINGS

He's planning something bigger.

FLETCHER

You ever think he's dead?
He's making homemade bombs out of copper wire and...diarrhea. Probably died in a forest fire. Or poison ivy, for all we know.

STALLINGS

He will kill again. He's out there.

Fletcher grabs one of the solved Rubik's cubes from the desk.

FLETCHER

You wanna save lives? AIDS clinic down in Castro could use volunteers. The world is not your Rubik's cube. Merry Christmas, Jack.

EXT. EVERGREEN PARK NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Turk and David walk through their quiet Addison suburb. Turk looks old and ill. David looks morose. Grey sky above.

DAVID

Have you told Ted yet?

TURK

I assume he'll notice when the cheques stop coming.

DAVID

I thought you were cutting him off.

TURK

Ideas are perfect. People are flawed. Sometimes for their own good.

DAVID

I'll write him tomorrow. Once Ted finds out you're sick, he'll be on the first bus in.

TURK

Don't bother him. The procedure has a ninety percent success rate. He'll say you're cutting into his precious freedom.

David opens the door to the Kaczynski house.

DAVID

Well, we should all go visit him once you're better.

TURK

That'll be nice, David.

They walk into the house together.

INT. KACZYNSKI BEDROOM - DAWN

Turk gets out of bed, while Wanda's still asleep.

INT. KACZYNSKI BASEMENT - DAWN

He pours himself a big glass of scotch, downs it, and smiles.

Then, he picks up the .22 Shotgun at his side and blasts it through his neck. His body slumps and drops. Blood splatters across the room; it's the same color as....

CLOSE ON ENVELOPE

The bright red marker that thickly underlines a postage stamp.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted holds an envelope. DAVID KACZYNSKI is the return address.

He opens the letter and reads it. His face is contemplative.

He walks over to his desk and writes something on a paper. His face twinkles at his own wit.

CLOSE ON PAGE

It reads: That was an appropriate use of the red line.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

David reads the note at Turk's memorial. Turk is solemnly laid out, suit-in-casket style. Most people are crying.

Ted's nowhere to be seen. David tucks it back into his coat.

TED (PRE-LAP)

To decide between Tolstoy and
Dostoevsky, you must ask yourself:
do you believe in love or do you
believe in faith?

INT. LINCOLN LIBRARY - DAY

Ted is boxing up books at the library with Martha and HENRY (14), a typical small-town boy. Ted looks healthy and stable.

HENRY

I read the books, but I need your
help understanding it.

TED

Tolstoy thought the world's problems
were caused by social arrangements.

Ted enjoys playing professor. It's comfortable for him.

HENRY

Like politics.

TED

Precisely. But Dostoevsky thought
that man's problems come from
within, and he must find an
external source of meaning.

HENRY

So, he worries about God and stuff?

Ted sees something familiar in Henry's innocence. David. He pats Henry's head, like he's the loving older brother again.

TED

You're a smart boy. You haven't
become corrupted by the system.

MARTHA

He's had good influences.

TED

So the question is: do you think
humans can make the world better?

HENRY

Yes. We invent stuff. Cure diseases.

Ted sneers, as he lifts a box.

TED

But, those just create a need to cure more diseases and write more books. Progress just creates a desire for more progress.

HENRY

So you like Dostoevsky, then?

TED

I don't read that stuff much anymore. I used to read Conrad.

HENRY

So what does Conrad believe in?

TED

That evil lurks in the heart of all men. It can be controlled. It can be concealed. But we are just all feral animals, hungry for our next kill.

HENRY

How come no one reads him?

TED

He seems to have gone out of fashion. Political correctness.

INT. FBI (MAIN) HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The office is empty, barely decorated for Xmas. Stallings walks in. He sees clamor in the conference room.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Russ is making a presentation. Stallings wanders to Fletcher.

STALLINGS

He quit.

FLETCHER

You're quitting the FBI?

RUSS

Gentlemen, the future has arrived. The sixties radicals are on drugs or in jail, the Communists have starved to death, and the gangs that terrorized our streets are killing each other off one by one. History is over. The good guys won.

STALLINGS

No. Unabomb. He quit being a professor *before* he started bombing. That's what we never figured out.

He opens a folder. It's a list of names including...Ted.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)

I looked it up. 38 professors quit teaching math or science at universities in Illinois or California right before the first bomb. One of these 38 is our guy.

Fletcher shakes his head at Stallings' relentlessness. He looks back at Russ, who is showing a SLIDE.

ON SLIDE: Grainy photos of Suspected Islamic Terrorists

THE HEADLINE: AL-QAEDA: The Threat to Come

RUSS

Our greatest threat is no longer treason, but a global network of Islamic fundamentalists who will attack us for our freedom.

Russ hands out stapled photocopies: photos, profiles, etc.

FLETCHER

It's over, Jack. Your old friend Unabomb, his new name is Ahmed.

STALLINGS

Brave new world. Brave new fucking world.

INT. MARTHA'S CABIN - DAY

Super: 1993

Ted, looking calm, serene--natural--wanders in, confused.

TED

What were you calling me for?

MARTHA

Shhh. On the television.

ON SCREEN

A REPORTER is live from outside the World Trade Center.

REPORTER

Again, we're reporting live from the World Trade Center, where a bomb emanating from a truck in the parking garage was detonated today at 12:30. While it does not appear to have done the damage it intended, police and fire are attempting to rescue hundreds of people still trapped in the building's elevators.

BACK TO MARTHA'S CABIN

The room: Martha, Henry, Glenn, and Joan. They're horrified by the ongoing existence of evil. Ted, however, is mesmerized.

GLENN

Fucking commies never know when to wave the white flag. Just angry freeloaders too lazy to work hard!

TED

What kind of instruments did they say they were they using?

The room is silent and bewildered. They raise a collective eyebrow. Like asking about Bin Laden's hair dye.

GLENN

What does it matter?

TED

I'm curious. As a man of science.

GLENN

They're criminals trying to rip apart this country from the inside.

TED

You don't even know what principles they stand for.

GLENN

Death. Destruction. Atheism. They're socialists. It's not like they have any new ideas.

TED

I'm not sure they can be discounted so easily.

ON SCREEN

A split-screen of a News Anchor and the Reporter at the WTC.

NEWS ANCHOR

Does the FBI have any suspects?

REPORTER

The FBI is conducting a full investigation, but they haven't announced any suspects.

BACK TO CABIN

The room watches in disgust, but Ted is captivated by the screen's warm glow. The color, the immediacy, the fame. He's as intoxicated by technology as he feared one might become.

JOAN

Someone killing innocent people for their ideas. What kind of person is capable of something like that?

TED

A revolutionary.

EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted trudges through the thick snow, carrying a heavy sack.

INT. PSYCHOLOGY LABORATORY - DAY (1962) (FLASHBACK)

Young Ted walks into the lab. He looks wearied and tortured from many experiments. A FEMALE GRAD STUDENT (25), sees him.

FEMALE GRAD STUDENT

Here is your fifty cents, and your carton of milk. Thank you.

She hands him the "reward". Ted just stares at it, dazed.

TED

How long must I keep participating?

She looks quickly at Dr. Murray, occupied in some data.

FEMALE GRAD STUDENT

(whispers) You can stop coming. If it's gotten too hard for you.

As she and Ted exchange glances, Dr. Murray swaddles over.

DR. MURRAY

Young man. Your efforts are greatly appreciated. You are playing a vital role in the future of this country.

TED

What is this experiment for? I've been coming here for two years.

DR. MURRAY

You are helping us unlock the riddles of the human mind. There's no goal more noble than uncovering the truths of the human condition.

TED

Are you doing this to other people? It's been very painful for me.

DR. MURRAY

I wouldn't worry. You'll get over your pain. You are a brilliant mind at the finest university in America. Your mind has survived a course of rigorous conditioning. We'll see great things from you one day.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted ambles in. He looks dislodged from his flashback. He drops the thick sack on his desk, and starts rummaging through it.

Inside it are piles of recent newspapers and magazines. He tears through them like an addict who's heard of a spare vial.

To his side are clippings and articles on the WTC bombings. Ted's clipped them out and underlined key facts. He's on a quest for possible compatriots.

Suddenly, we HEAR, on Ted's "radio for the weather".

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

Two arrests were made today about the World Trade Center bombing attempt last week. Abdul Yasin and Mohamed Salameh were arrested today in their Jersey City apartment.

Ted's interest is suddenly piqued. His eyes light up.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

Both Salameh and Yasin were members of the Al-Farooq mosque in Brooklyn. They used the mosque, in conjunction with a network of untraceable cellphones to build their organization.

Ted GROWLS. He's suddenly enraged. He sprints outside.

EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted rampages through the snow, spitting as he barks.

TED

I devote my whole life to revolt
against the technological
imprisonment of mankind and this is
what threatens you? Islam?

He's paranoid, misunderstood, vengeful. He wants **recognition**.

TED (CONT'D)

This is who will cause you to
abandon your video games and
digital watches? Alter boys with
beards and burkas! No!

He's now at his bombing pit in the deep woods. He's clearly
been working here for a while. There's wood, coal, nails etc.

He lights a fuse, and it's about to explode...

CLOSE ON TED'S FACE

It's sour and unimpressed. We HEAR an EXPLOSION.

TED (CONT'D)

I will not be silenced.

INT. CHEMICAL SUPPLIES STORE - DAY

Ted walks into a chemical supply store. It's Home Hardware-y.

Ted approaches the EMPLOYEE (35), a tech support kinda guy.

TED

I'd like to purchase some C-4.

The employee assesses Ted: aviators; plastic bag full of cash.

EMPLOYEE

The chemical.

TED

Yes. I understand you're the leading
supplier in the Montana region.

EMPLOYEE

Do you have a corporate code?

TED

No, sir. It's for personal use.
This is a free country, is it not?

The employee looks around. He sees Ted's bike parked outside.

EMPLOYEE

Let me see what we have available
in the back.

The employee goes through a back door. Ted sees the employee talking to his BOSS. And a camera perched in the corner.

The employee comes back with his boss, only to see the trail of Ted, on his bike, leaving the mall.

TED (V.O.)

America is a fundamentalist nation.
It is a country in which the true
believers of the left and right are
unwilling to accept clear scientific
facts, for fear of damaging their
precious political identities.

"JUST WHAT HAS TED BEEN UP TO" MONTAGE:

-- Ted purchases a variety of plain tools from a big-box hardware store. He pays with a large bag of cash.

TED (V.O.)

What truly threatens us is not a war
between nations, races, or genders.
The great fear is not that a poor
black boy will rape your daughter,
or that a Soviet bomb will detonate
outside your office. These are mere
distractions from the slow and
steady war man fights with himself;
between his desire for freedom and
his desire for so-called progress.

-- Ted melts aluminum into small blocks on his stove.

-- Ted pours the melted aluminum into a sealed copper tube.

-- Ted writes out equations, both mathematical and chemical, in precise order in a notebook. He's lit by candlelight.

-- Ted attaches the copper tube to a wire connected to 9-volt batteries, from some junkyard, gerryrigged together TK-style.

TED (V.O.)

Technology beats us down and numbs
us;

(MORE)

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

not with one hyper-advanced strike,
but in slow, conditioned submission.
It is the woman who gets a new phone
and then can't go a day without
calling each of her relatives. It is
the man who first uses the
television set for news and then
must know of each change in the
world as it happens.

-- Ted triggers one of his new bombs. As he touches it, we see the wire HEAT, and he sprints and dives into the ground.

BOOM! A fourth-of July style explosion, shooting aluminum and potassium everywhere. It's spectacular: violent and elegant.

TED (V.O.)

Technology appears to empower the
individual, but it cloaks each of us
into the system's demands. It is the
poisoned apple mankind cannot resist.

A huge grin across Ted's face. He's better than ever.

TED (V.O.)

This is why I must kill. Death cuts
beneath our slow submission to the
machines and awakens our base
desires for survival. Violence is
mankind's primary currency.

-- Ted's in a University library. He comes across the name David Gelernter--Yale Computer Science. He writes down the address. He lingers...with the book open for a second...

TED (V.O.)

The great irony of our revolution is
that it feeds on technology itself.
Technology makes man anonymous
within the vast system; and so, we
kill anonymously, plucking men from
society like grapes from a tree.

-- Ted, in an anonymous suit and tie, just like before, deposits a bomb into a postage box in Sacramento, California.

TED (V.O.)

The recent upsurge in religious
terror and media saturation has made
our revolution even more vital.
Mankind cannot forget that our real
enemy are the machines who strive to
dominate us. The world is the
totality of facts, not of things.

(MORE)

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 So we must slaughter all the things
 to awaken the world to the facts.

-- Ted--wearing the same suit, but standing in a different
 location--deposits a second package into a mailbox.

TED (V.O.)
 Our revolution will not be
 televised, because it will require
 destroying television itself. You
 can't eat your cake and have it too.

EXT. CHARLES EPSTEIN'S HOUSE - DAY

What a house: thick shrubs, emerald windows. And the lawn! So
 bright, you can imagine the quality of local public schools.

Stallings shoots Fletcher a sarcastic look as they walk up the
 desecrated property. FBI WORKERS clear and label WRECKAGE.

STALLINGS
 He's probably dead, Jack! What
 damage has he really done?

FLETCHER
 (shaking his head) You were right.

Next to the house is the owner's car. License plate: DNADOC

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
 Same targets as ever. Fifteen years
 ago, he was basically sticking
 fireworks in mailboxes.

STALLINGS
 Asshole's been drinking his Met-RX.

INT. CHARLES EPSTEIN'S HOUSE - DAY

As if someone bombed a home in Architectural Digest. FBI
 Experts assess the debris, with high-tech crime-fighting toys.

Stallings and Fletcher find the wood chips with the "FC" logo.

FLETCHER
 Still only one casualty.

STALLINGS
 So far.

An FBI AGENT runs over, in an emergency. A SECOND FBI AGENT
 runs right behind him. Seems they have the same news.

FBI AGENTS

Jack, you're not gonna believe it!

STALLINGS

What?

FBI AGENT

He blew up a professor at
Yale University.

SECOND FBI AGENT

He sent a letter to the New
York Times.

INT. YALE UNIVERSITY LAB - DAY

The Yale University office of David Gelernter is barren, but for bomb leftovers. Ted's made a smashing return to academia.

The Bomb Tech is incredibly impressed with Ted's performance. He briefs Stallings, Fletcher, and Janet--all on the scene.

BOMB TECH

There's no pipe. He mixed the explosive around the detonator, and packed it in plastic. It's more dangerous and precise than anything I've ever seen. He's gotten better.

STALLINGS

Any fingerprints? Leftover hairs?

BOMB TECH

Whole thing is soaked in saltwater soybean oil. Completely untraceable.

FLETCHER

This guy is screwing with us. What'd the Times letter say?

STALLINGS

He won't stop killing until his opinions are heard. He claims to have formed an anarchist group: Freedom Club. We need to find them.

JANET

It doesn't fit. He's a stone-cold loner. Who would he work with?

STALLINGS

The fastest way to make new friends is to figure out what enemies you have in common.

FLETCHER

Who else hates what he hates?

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA AUDITORIUM - DAY

It's a radical political RALLY. A school auditorium is PACKED with 300 ANGRY HIPPIES. Like Occupy Wall Street, but indoors.

ONSTAGE SPEAKER

What do we want?

CROWD

To take back the planet!

Above is a banner of the EARTH FIRST! Logo: A fist encircled by the slogan: No Compromise in The Defense of Mother Earth.

ONSTAGE SPEAKER

And why do we want it?

CROWD

Because the Earth comes first!

We CLOSE ON Ted, enthusiastically cheering the battle cry.

ONSTAGE SPEAKER

And what does that mean?

TED (AND ALL)

Taking down the system!

The crowd cheers loudly. Ted even reaches out for an awkward high-five with an AUDIENCE MEMBER, who gives it to him.

A HIPPIE (35), ethereal, Joni-Mitchell-esque, walks onstage.

HIPPIE

Now, before we break for lunch, I'd like to lead everyone in a minute guided meditation. Close your eyes--

Everyone in the room finds inner peace. Except Ted, of course.

TED

You're not fucking serious, right?

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA LOBBY - DAY

Ted sorts through the paraphernalia of the various groups. He looks lost and alone: most of the people here know each other.

EARL

Homemade deer jerky?

EARL (50), bald, beard, offers Ted a tupperware of dried meat. Ted digs in and grabs a piece. He bites into it with abandon.

EARL (CONT'D)

The spices are my wife's, but I shot the deer myself.

TED

Tastes like a dead animal.

Earl laughs.

EARL

I like the cut of your jibe. Earl Grimes.

Ted takes a second before he shakes his hand. He trusts Earl.

TED

Ted. Ted Kaczynski.

EARL

Haven't seen you around these meetings, Ted. You get our mailings?

TED

I've been busy with a project. It's hard for me to stay in touch.

EARL

I know, what's a radical environmental group using a mailing service for? But, if you're gonna eradicate the entire techno-capitalist system, stamps help.

TED

I couldn't agree more.

EARL

I'm not sure we're winning, but hey, it's a nice group of folks.

TED

Your ideals are perfectly aligned with mine.

EARL

You should come get some beers with us tonight. From the looks of you, it's your kinda crowd.

Ted leans in close.

TED

Is that code for an act of mutiny?

EARL

Even Karl Marx took a night off.

TED

I'm not interested in a meager ritual of socialization.

EARL

Oh. Well, if you're looking to channel your rage there's room here for that. That's what you need.

Ted sees the booth Earl points at. "ECOFUCKER HIT-LIST"

EARL (CONT'D)

Lots of enemies to keep an eye on.

Ted walks over to the booth. He looks down at the "10 BIGGEST ECOFUCKERS" pamphlet. It's the last copy. CLOSE ON PAMPHLET:

We see THOMAS MOSSER (50), country club handsome. Ted's about to take the pamphlet, when another hand grasps it.

Stallings. Ted and him lock eyes. They see how out of place the other is. The primal vengefulness that fuels them both.

TED

Please. Have the last copy. I know plenty about terrorism already.

STALLINGS

It's scary. Men like this are a threat to our way of life.

TED

Well, that's why we have to fight back. Isn't it.

The eeriest look between the two. It's both confrontational and sympathetic. Both feel like Superman meeting Lex Luthor.

INT. MOSSER HOME - DAY

Super: 1994.

Huge home, wide bannister stairs, wreaths, family photos.

Thomas Mosser walks into his kitchen. He sees a package. CHRISTMAS MUSIC on the stereo. Holiday cards on the fridge.

SUSAN (O.S.)

I think we should get a really big tree this year.

THOMAS

That sounds swell, dear.

He opens up the package. It looks like a book.

Mosser becomes a fucking human blowtorch. He's shot into his ceiling--blood gushes from him, bubbling out from his middle.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Honey!

We HEAR his wife's footsteps, holding her crying INFANT. His kitchen burns black, as Maytags turn to coal. They walk in. His wife SCREAMS. She shields her baby daughter's eyes.

Mosser lays on the floor, heart oozing from his chest. His wife rips off the baby's blanket and tries stopping the bleeding, as blood bubbles from every orifice. The baby WAILS.

INT. LINCOLN LIBRARY - DAY

Ted reads about the killing in the paper. He's giddy with joy.

MARTHA

Looks like it's going to be a very merry Christmas.

TED

And a happy new year.

Ted's about to hand her the newspaper--

MARTHA

Keep it. Spirit of the season.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted walks back into the cabin, snow-covered and smiling.

He puts the paper down on his desk, alongside his GROWING COLLECTION of Unabomber coverage. He's now his own fan club.

He looks at the paper again. Sees a photo of Stallings on the scene. He recognizes him! Ted's enraged...but then, he grins.

INT. STALLINGS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stallings staggers in. He TURNS on the light. MS. STALLINGS (45), attractive, miserable, is sitting in the dark. Next to her lies his dinner. Steak, potatoes, broccoli. Once piping hot; now packaged under cling wrap.

Nothing to be said, because this happens so often. But as she walks out of the room...

MS. STALLINGS

Package came for you today.

It sits on the kitchen table. It's cigar box-sized, wrapped in butcher paper, and the return address is from: F.C.

Jack starts breathing really heavily. He picks it up. It feels light. Rips the wrapping paper off. Shakes it.

Looks around the room, and debates what to do for a second.

He opens it. Inside, just sits a single looseleaf sheet:

"Am I a threat to our way of life? Or just yours?"

- You don't know where to find me, do you?"

Stallings exhales, loudly. Relieved. Furious. Shocked.

EXT. MONTANA WILDNERNESS - DAY

Ted hovers over a bomb. But it's different than the others. Three times as large, it's powered by three different batteries powering it, and it's full of gunpowder and nails.

In his hand he reads a handout: THE CREATION OF MASS WEAPONS

INT. FBI COMPUTER LABS - DAY

AN IT WHIZ (28), wearing short sleeves & tie, works at a 1995 IBM, with Stallings by his side. Stallings is perplexed.

IT WHIZ

We got a whole new system for searching through this stuff. What we do is cross-reference all the relevant points of contact, to narrow down the list of suspects.

STALLINGS

First bomb was at Northwestern. 1978.

The IT Whiz types a bunch of things.

STALLINGS (CONT'D)

Second bomb is Utah in 1981. So anyone with a license, property record, or university ties.

The IT Whiz types. The screen FREEZES. He types more.

IT WHIZ

I don't know what's happening.

The phone RINGS. Stallings hangs it up, violently. The sound of COMMOTION GROWS outside. Fletcher bursts into the room.

FLETCHER

Jack--we gotta go. Someone just blew up a Federal building in Oklahoma City.

STALLINGS

(excited) Unabomb?

FLETCHER

I don't know. They're talking 200 dead. The whole unit's reassigned.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

All systems go. Agents answer phones, SCREAM. It's earthquake-like. Stallings runs through the pandemonium, unfazed.

INT. JANET'S OFFICE - DAY

Stallings bursts into Janet's office. Before he can speak...

JANET

I just heard. When are you flying out?

STALLINGS

I'm not. I got enough to worry about here. Look, I know this sounds crazy, but it's gonna get asked: any chance you think this is our guy?

JANET

Unabomb has been mailing targeted bombs to individual scientists and professors over a sixteen-year period. This guy killed innocent children using a dirty truck. Teenagers don't have this kind of identity crisis.

STALLINGS

I didn't think so either. I'm gonna get back to--

JANET

Jack. He's gonna kill again.

STALLINGS

When?

JANET

Tomorrow? The next day? Unabomb cares about power and uniqueness. An attack this significant will set him off. And not just once. He's about to get real angry. He's going to try to show us he's the most frightening man in America.

STALLINGS

We gotta stop him.

JANET

What are we gonna do? Shut down the mail? Close every science lab?

STALLINGS

We can't just let him kill someone.

JANET

No one knows who he is.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Stallings prowls through the FBI hallway with a vengeance, shoving bodies out of the way like he's escaping a fire.

INT. FBI COMPUTER LABS - DAY

STALLINGS

Did you find him yet?

The IT guy cowers in confusion. He punches in the data again.

IT WHIZ

It's not working. System's down.
Network's overloaded.

Stallings bursts into a rage. (It's, dare one say, Ted-like.)

STALLINGS

System's down! Network's overloaded!
We got a serial bomber, blowing
people up like they're fucking Grape
Gushers!

(MORE)

STALLINGS (CONT'D)

And we can't find him because you
can't get your fucking \$50,000 Etch-
A-Sketch to find his driver's
license!

Stallings grabs the computer and tries to throw it against
the wall, but it's nailed down. So he yanks out the keyboard
and heaves that against the wall. Sparks fly. Chord's busted.

IT WHIZ

That's just the keyboard.

STALLINGS

Who the fuck is running this place,
the monkeys or the typewriters?

EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

A homemade arrow pierces a HEADSHOT of a middle-aged CEO.

Below the arrow, which cuts right between his eyes, we read:

WILLIAM DENNISON, President, California Lobbying Association

Ted, holding the bow, opens his eyes.

He walks to the side of his cabin and considers Dennison's
portrait for a second, pulling the arrow from his face.

Beside Dennison are the headshots of a dozen other CEOs, all
glued together on a large homemade wooden posterboard.

CLOSE on POSTERBOARD'S TITLE: My To-Do List

INT. CALIFORNIA FORESTRY OFFICES - DAY

Super: 1995

BOB (40), a dorky biologist, and ELEANOR (40), a secretary,
are going through the mail. He sees a large brown package
addressed to WILLIAM DENNISON. He puts it aside.

GILBERT (50), a pompous CEO type, swaggers in.

GILBERT

Mail's not done yet?

BOB

This one was for William. Guess the
sender doesn't know he retired.

He nods towards the package. Gilbert picks it up, impressed.

GILBERT

Ooh. Heavy.

BOB

Careful Gilbert. Oklahoma City was just last week.

GILBERT

Fear is what's keeping you from the Executive suite.

Gilbert starts to peel the package open.

BOB

I'm leaving. I don't wanna be here when the bomb goes off.

ELEANOR

Me neither.

They run from the room. Gilbert laughs as he opens the box...

Pow! He's blasted into the ceiling. Dead on impact. Room's on fire. Bob and Eleanor run back, mouths agog. They were right.

EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted is outside, gardening. Henry, now 17, quarterback-like in stature, proudly wearing his letterman's jacket, jogs over.

HENRY

Mr. Kaczynski, Mr. Kaczynski!

TED

What do you want, boy?

Ted scowls at him, bothered by his very presence. Henry is completely taken aback by how unkempt Ted has gotten.

HENRY

Mr. Kaczynski, it's me, Henry. From the library.

TED

My memory is highly functional.

HENRY

Anyways, I'm applying for college, and I'm not sure what to study, and my mom said you knew a lot about that stuff.

Ted doesn't respond. Which further unnerves Henry.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You used to tell me all the time about helping the world. So, what subject is good to study for that?

Ted's eyes light up. (Oh, how his philosophy has changed...)

TED

Find something that you excel at. And then, no matter how society disapproves of it, perform that task. Over and over again. It will bring you great happiness and deep satisfaction. And if you are truly exceptional at one particular task, the entire world will be forced to take notice of your work.

Henry is frightened. He backs away. Ted looks euphoric.

TED (CONT'D)

I hope that helps you find happiness.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted sits at his typewriter. He's alone. Unknown. And yet...

He bathes in his network of destruction. His FBI sketch is on the wall. Bombing protocols are everywhere. The "To-Do List"

He talks as he types. Loudly and comically, like a self-important New York gossip columnist from the 1930s.

TED

Hello. This is a note informing you that within the next six days, we, the radical group FC, will be blowing up a plane leaving from Los Angeles International Airport.

Ted pulls the letter out and puts in a fresh sheet of paper.

TED (CONT'D)

Since the public has a short memory, we decided to play one last prank to remind them who we are. But, no, we haven't tried to plant a bomb on an airline.

(then)

Recently.

He switches the paper back to the first letter. The threat.

TED (CONT'D)

Of course, we will not tell you which plane we are blowing up, but simply that FC's technological capacities have improved, and one of our bombs will easily kill two hundred passengers.

INT. SF CHRONICLE OFFICE - DAY

A busy newsroom. Some mailroom clerk opens the near-ignorable letter and reads it. He drops the letter, screaming.

INT. LAX BAGGAGE SORTING DEPOT - DAY

The FBI examines LUGGAGE with needlepoint precision.

INT. USPS MAIL TERMINAL (AIRPORT) - DAY

FBI agents inspect packages with orange-alert precaution.

INT. LAX SECURITY LINE - DAY

The FBI is closely examining each passenger and his carryon.

TED (V.O.)

Don't bother utilizing the security-industrial system to defuse the bomb, nor to quell the public's fears. You will have no luck with either. You have tried to stop us for nearly twenty years, and have no idea who we are or what we stand for. The FBI is a joke.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

The Unabomber office is in full force. DOZENS of AGENTS, working at desks, passing out documents.

The famous sketch is clearly displayed on a wall, as well as the hotline number: 1-800-701-BOMB

EXT. MONTANA WILDNERNESS - DAY

Ted huddles over the super-bomb. It's now connected to some hazardous chemicals. He works diligently on the fuse.

He holds some calculations and blueprints. We CLOSE on his FINAL TALLY: 10 000 square feet. 500 victims.

He looks at the math, and his budding bomb. He's satisfied.

TED (V.O)

The FBI has tried to portray these bombings as the work of an isolated nut. We won't waste our time arguing about whether we are nuts, but we certainly are not isolated. Clearly we are in a position to do a great deal of damage. And it doesn't appear that the FBI will catch us any time soon. The FBI is a joke.

INT. NYTIMES OFFICES - DAY

A busy newsroom. An EDITOR receives a letter and starts reading. He calls a few people over to his desk. Eventually the entire newsroom gathers. He dials his phone.

TED (V.O.)

The people who are pushing all this growth and progress garbage deserve to be severely punished. But we are getting tired of making bombs. So we offer a bargain. We have written a manifesto. It must be published in the New York Times, Time or in some other widely read, nationally distributed periodical. If you can get it published according to our requirements we will permanently desist from terrorist activities.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted finishes typing. Then he looks down at his manifesto beside him; it's well-ordered and complete. He's satisfied.

INT. KINKO'S - DAY

Ted uses a Xerox, making thick copies of his manifesto.

An EMPLOYEE walks by, and notices Ted's care with his work.

EMPLOYEE

That looks important.

Ted smiles slightly; he's a man keeping a wicked secret.

EXT. ROADSIDE CAFE IN PARIS - DAY

Linda is enjoying summertime in Paris. A WAITER walks by.

LINDA

Excusez-moi? Do you have an...

He rolls his eyes at her accent.

WAITER

New York Times.

He hands her one. She smiles, unfolding it. On the FRONTPAGE:

"SERIAL BOMBER THREATENS BLAST THEN CALLS SCHEME A PRANK"

She digs into the article. We follow her eyes, CLOSING ON:

"Terrorized scientists and researchers for 17 years...
Originated in the Chicago area..."

"If you'd had any brains you would have realized that there are a lot of people out there who resent bitterly the way techno-nerds like you are changing the world."

BACK TO LINDA

A flash of horrific insight on her face. The worst premonition you can have: that a member of your family is a killer.

As David walks over to the table, she crumples the paper.

DAVID

The bathroom was still clogged.

LINDA

David.

DAVID

A week here, and I still can't adjust. It's so gosh-darn expensive and full of itself, and there's nowhere to just watch a ballgame--

LINDA

David.

DAVID

I know. I shouldn't be such a sourpuss. It makes you happy, and what's more important than spending time with the people you love? What were you saying, Linda?

Linda gulps. It might not be Ted, right? Why start a fight?

LINDA

I'm just so glad we came here.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Where state secrets come to a head.

On one side of the table, the dons of publishing: LEONARD DOWNIE and ARTHUR SULZBERGER (The Washington Post's editor and the NY Times' editor, respectively.) On the other side: Fletcher, Stallings, Janet and Russ.

The tension is so thick the coffee and donuts are untouched.

RUSS

I'm just not sure we should be giving into his demands so easily.

STALLINGS

All due respect: he's not asking for a kilo of coke and a helicopter.
(he taps the manifesto)
Someone will recognize this guy.

LEONARD

Have you no interest in our thoughts? Whether a paper of our standing will publish the ravings of a fugitive terrorist?

Stallings, Fletcher and Janet try to conceal their laughter.

FLETCHER

America's most notorious serial killer wants to publish his manifesto in your paper and you would really say no to that?

STALLINGS

It'd sell more copies than a picture of Pamela Anderson's tits dipped in chocolate.

Leonard and Donald look at each other sheepishly.

RUSS

You'll have to make your own minds up as to what's appropriate.
(then)
And still, the copycat factor.

JANET

The ideas in here are far too dense for the average copycat to grasp.

DONALD

And yet, his anger towards the left might threaten our readership.

Russ seems to take this into serious consideration.

JANET

He's another angry white man. The only thing to fear is that he'll probably run for office.

Russ gathers himself for a second. He's made his mind up.

RUSS

If you agree to publish this, we'd prefer the Post publish it first. A day before the Times.

DONALD

Something this historic should be published in the same newspaper that put out the Watergate stories.

Donald beams. Stallings leans in, preparing to tell the truth.

STALLINGS

Based on the pattern of his bombings, we have good reason to suspect that the Unabomber has migrated to the San Francisco area--

RUSS

Guy's going to want a copy of the paper. Like a ballpark program.

STALLINGS

So we're confident we can arrest him while he buys a copy of the paper.

FLETCHER

The Post only sells a very small handful of copies at four outlets in downtown San Francisco--

DONALD

You know how many copies we sell at each outlet in San Francisco?

STALLINGS

We're the FBI. We know everything.

FLETCHER

The Times has a much larger base of newsstand sales, so keeping close surveillance on that vast array of locations would be near impossible.

Arthur smiles, radiant at his publishing triumph.

ARTHUR

Well, this meeting was far from useless.

DONALD

Were our papers the only two he reached out to?

RUSS

There was a third outlet, however, they've refrained from partaking---

STALLINGS

He sent it to Penthouse Forum.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

CITIZENS everywhere are engrossed in Ted's manifesto.

FBI Agents wash windows, sell newspapers, sell hot dogs...

Stallings and Fletcher watch the proceedings from their car.

INT. MISSOULA MALL - DAY

Ted, dressed in his suit, walks through the mall. He walks to a newspaper stand and grabs the only Washington Post left.

STAND OWNER

Just got the last one.

TED

Must be riveting reading.

He walks through the mall. People are reading his manifesto, with rapt attention. The store TVs show newspanels devoted to him. He even sees a TEENAGER in aviators and a hoodie.

He is, for a brief moment, famous. He grins and howls.

INT. LINDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Linda sits in her small, bookish college office. Trembling.

She is scared, but feels a primal urge to confront the facts.
She opens the WASHINGTON POST and we CLOSE ON THE MANIFESTO:

INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND ITS FUTURE

"The industrial revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race."

"We therefore advocate a revolution against the industrial system. This revolution may or may not make use of violence"

Her breaths get shallow. Her mouth folds into a knowing frown.

BACK ON PAPER

6. THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MODERN LEFTISM

BACK ON LINDA

She reads that and pulls away from the paper in shock.

LINDA
Fuck! Fuck!

She looks at the picture of her and David on her desk. Happy and untroubled. And then, she buries her head in her hands.

INT. LINDA AND DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David's reading and watching baseball. Linda stands over him.

DAVID
Hi, honey. Did you want to watch
Homicide?

She doesn't move. She's stood silently for nearly a minute.

LINDA
Have you spoken to Ted lately?

David looks deeper into his book. She's hit a nerve.

DAVID
No. He hasn't written me in years.
What makes you bring that up?

LINDA
But you're still writing him?

DAVID
I still send him letters. Why? Did
you see one on the kitchen table?

She sits down on the couch next to him. Takes a deep breath.

LINDA

I think Ted might be in some kind
of trouble.

David gives her a warm look. She finally understands.

DAVID

Ted hasn't been well for a very
long time.

LINDA

I'm worried that his illness and
antipathy to society have made him
dangerous--to himself and others.

DAVID

Did he write you?

Linda sighs loudly. This is not what she signed up for.

LINDA

I think your brother is--might be--
the Unabomber.

DAVID

The Unabomber.

LINDA

The one who's been mailing bombs to
Universities, and wrote the big
manifesto in the Washington Post.

DAVID

Linda, I dislike your cousin Ralph,
but I don't think he's a murderer.

LINDA

David, I read the essay. It's like
everything Ted has ever said.

DAVID

Plenty of folks have anti-
establishment ideas.

LINDA

How many of them are as extreme as
your brother?

DAVID

Ted has been hunting and reading in
Montana for seventeen years. That's
extreme for him: peace and quiet.

LINDA

David, this man is killing innocent strangers. We can't sit idly by.

DAVID

Ted is not an evil person. He believes what he believes because he wants to make the world better.

LINDA

That's what scared me, David. Ted's...moral certainty is what leads people to kill. Radical violence is his idea of justice.

David gets up. He's offended by these accusations.

DAVID

Where's the paper? I will prove to you that Ted isn't this...maniac.

LINDA

I left it at the office.

DAVID

Well, then we'll go to the library!

Linda jogs after rabid David. He's like a dog on the prowl.

INT. SCHENECTADY LIBRARY - NIGHT

David bursts into the placid library. Linda chases after him.

LINDA

David, we don't have to--

David's within a foot of the LIBRARIAN, 50, kind-looking.

DAVID

No, I want to settle this now. Where's today's Washington Post?

LIBRARIAN

We don't get it.

DAVID

You don't get the Washington Post?

LIBRARIAN

Cutbacks.

David turns around, marching out as fast as he came in.

DAVID

Come on, we're going to--

TEEN LIBRARIAN

I can get it on the internet.

A TEEN LIBRARIAN (16), pimples, skinny, loves Beavis and Butthead, is standing there with a pile of books.

NEXT MOMENT --

David and Linda sit at an IBM as the Teen loads the internet.

TEEN LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

You said you wanted the Washington Post, right?

They nod, silently. He TYPES a few things into the computer.

TEEN LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

You really haven't used this yet? The entire planet is going to be interconnected on the internet. Technology is going to allow a old man in China to talk to a little boy in Dallas. It makes the world better for everyone. It's magic--

DAVID

Will you fucking get the newspaper to work already!?!?!?!

The FEW PEOPLE in the library drop their books and look over.

LINDA

David.

TEEN LIBRARIAN

Sorry man. The future is slow.

He taps on the keyboard a couple more times. It loads.

TEEN LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

Here you go.

In all its primitive, DOS-like glory, the screen reads:

INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND ITS FUTURE

David scans the manifesto, paging downward as fast as he can. Linda looks frustrated, waiting for his acknowledgement.

LINDA

Well?

DAVID

What? He's very smart, he's very angry, he hates technology. Half the grad students at the University of Chicago could have written this.

LINDA

Keep reading.

David scans down the page. We CLOSE ON:

"Art forms that appeal to modern leftist intellectuals tend to focus on sordidness, defeat and despair"

"He wants society to solve everyone's needs for them."

LINDA (CONT'D)

Your brother said that very thing to me.

DAVID

Rush Limbaugh says the same nonsense on his radio program every day. You think he's the Unabomber?

David scrolls down to the end, dismissing Linda's concerns. She grabs his wrist, trying to stop him, but he sees **IT**:

"As for the negative consequences of eliminating industrial society -- **well, you can't eat your cake and have it too.**"

He gulps. It's Ted. The odd phrasing, the glibness; it's a personal note about David's choice. Linda sees his reaction.

LINDA

David. What is it?

DAVID

What? This is ridiculous.

She starts scrolling up the screen.

CLOSE ON SCREEN (Just below the left-wing stuff):

"It is obvious that modern leftist philosophers are not simply cool-headed logicians"

Ted's pet phrase: witty, dismissive, wry. No doubt, it's Ted.

David puts his chin in his hands. He acts as if he's only trying to read but Linda sees through it. She knows he knows.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

The cabin has turned into a full portrait of self-obsession: sketches of him on the wall. Op-Eds. Magazine articles.

He looks around at his growing celebrity. And then looks at his plans for his super bomb. An evil grin on Ted's face.

TED

Who will stop me? The FBI? The psychologists? My freedom will not be suffocated! I will be heard!

INT. LINDA AND DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LINDA

When did he say you could visit?

David and Linda have turned their dining room into an amateur Unabomber investigation. It's a mess of articles, memorabilia, personal correspondence, and charts with dates and locations.

David shuffles through letters from Ted, reading one closely.

DAVID

Between September 27th and October 4th, 1986.

She looks at the homemade chart. No bombings in the vicinity.

LINDA

So this would have given him plenty of time to clean up and prepare for the bomb in February 1987.

DAVID

Yes. If he's the Unabomber.

A beat of incredibly awkward silence.

LINDA

David, this is way beyond the realm of coincidence.

DAVID

He was with me in Addison in 1978. He couldn't have committed the first bombing, unless he did it from our house.

LINDA

We can let the FBI figure that out. The Unabomber is killing people.

DAVID
And if we tell the FBI, they will
kill Ted. Innocent or guilty.

A moment. Linda is wondering when he'll come to his senses.

DAVID (CONT'D)
When were the last two bombings?

LINDA
December 1994. April 1995.

David looks down at the letters for a second.

DAVID
It's not him. It can't be.

LINDA
How do you know?

DAVID
Because it doesn't fit the
timeline. He couldn't have done it.

LINDA
You haven't seen Ted in six years.
How do you know where he was?

DAVID
You just have to trust me.

LINDA
David, you have to face the truth.

DAVID
He was sick!

Huh? Linda doesn't say anything. David is about to erupt.

DAVID (CONT'D)
He wrote me in November and
December of last year, and he told
me that he was sick, and he needed
two thousand dollars, to go to the
doctor and get better!! And I sent
him two cheques for two thousand
dollars and I told him to get well!

Oh god. They've been funding him. Linda looks violently ill.

DAVID (CONT'D)
He can't be the bomber! He was sick
and he was going to get better.

It's sinking in. David's Valentine-red. Tears dribble out.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And Ted wouldn't lie and take my money! To kill innocent people! Because I know my brother, and he wouldn't do that! He wouldn't do that to me!!! Because he's my brother and he wouldn't lie to me!

He's full-on bawling now. Linda tries to comfort him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What are we gonna do? They're gonna kill Ted!

David sobs, pounding on the FBI sketch of Ted. Inconsolable.

FBI AGENT (PRE-LAP)

We have found the Unabomber. For years, he has been taunting us with his words, hiding in plain sight.

INT. FBI MEETING ROOM - DAY

An FBI AGENT (40), chest puffed full of pomp and circumstance, directs a presentation in a conference room.

FBI AGENT

His name is William T. Vollman.

INSERT: Photo of novelist William T. Vollman.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

He masquerades as a novelist, publishing coded novels that are packed with the same dangerous ideas he lays out in his manifesto.

He passes out BOOKS to a PACKED conference room.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

No one in publishing has ever seen him or read one of his novels. He's tricked the entire literary world into funding his terror.

MURMURS of agreement. Stallings couldn't be less convinced.

STALLINGS

You made this exact same presentation last year with Pynchon.

FBI AGENT

Agent Stallings is correct. We were under the impression that Anti-American novelist Thomas Pynchon was our bomber. He also has not been seen in public, and uses many of the same destructive ideas. Both Pynchon and Vollman seemed like compelling suspects. Until it occurred to us---

The CLICK of the projector switching slides--

ON SCREEN: Thomas Pynchon merging with William T. Vollman.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

Thomas Pynchon and William T. Vollman are the same person. They are both aliases for the terrorist known as the Unabomber.

Russ looks at Stallings. Stallings rolls his eyes.

FBI AGENT 2

What about Salieri? The one who wrote The Catcher and the Pie.

Janet peaks her head in from outside the room.

JANET

Agent Stallings.

INT. FBI HALLWAY - DAY

Janet and Stallings stand outside. Janet holds a FOLDER.

JANET

The hotline got a call from a lawyer. He claims to represent a client who believes he knows who the Unabomber is.

STALLINGS

A lawyer? Easier to get our hotline money than chase down ambulances?

JANET

He's unwilling to hand over his client until he has the assurance we will not seek the death penalty.

STALLINGS

He won't give us his name and he's already negotiating his sentence?

JANET

Profile checks out. Says he's a math PhD who quit teaching at Berkeley in the '60s to move to Montana and live off the land. Educated, middle-aged white male. Angry at the cosmos.

She hands him the folder.

JANET (CONT'D)

He mailed us an essay he wrote in the early '70s. The ideas, the references--linguistic department says it's an 68% match.

STALLINGS

I'll look it over.

(then)

Why's the caller so concerned about the suspect's safety? They part of the same organization?

JANET

It's his brother.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Stallings, Fletcher, Janet and Russ on one side of the table, meeting Linda, David and their LAWYER on the other.

STALLINGS

Do you have any reason to believe he's dangerous?

DAVID

I've never seen him hurt anyone.

Linda tries to keep her mouth shut, until the last second...

LINDA

He gets very angry. Irrationally so.

David looks at her, displeased.

DAVID

He doesn't own any weapons.

STALLINGS

As far as you know, he's spent the last seventeen years perfecting the quadratic formula.

LAWYER

Our stance is firm. We are willing to assist you if you promise that the suspect will not be harmed.

RUSS

We won't allow you to compromise the safety of our agents.

DAVID

Ted is not violent. He is willing to listen to reason.

LAWYER

And the death penalty?

STALLINGS

We have no say as to what the federal prosecution does.

FLETCHER

Usually, in these kinds of psychiatric cases, the government is willing to consider a plea deal.

DAVID

I won't do it. Not for a million dollars. Not for any amount of money. He's my brother.

The room is at an impasse. David's unwilling to budge. Janet, silent this whole time, pipes in, very calmly.

JANET

We're gonna catch this guy, David. He might be your brother. He might not be. But you seem like a guy who really cares about doing the right thing. Well, this is your chance.

FBI SURVEILLANCE MONTAGE:

-- The FBI sets up surveillance units in a downtown office building that has a clear view of Ted's Cabin.

STALLINGS (V.O.)

You have to behave as if nothing has changed. If he gets wind that we're on to him, he'll disappear.

-- FBI agents, undercover as federal workers, survey property.

STALLINGS (V.O.)

That means no contact with him, and
no telling anyone who might warn
him: like your mother.

-- Stallings and Fletcher knock on Glenn's door.

INT. WANDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

DAVID

Mom, do you understand what I'm
saying?

David's with Wanda in her new apartment in Schenectady. It's
pleasant and domestic: a tad nicer than an upscale rest home.

WANDA

Yes, every word, David.

Wanda sways in her rocking chair, almost serenely calm.

WANDA (CONT'D)

You said the FBI is going to arrest
Ted because they think he's been
killing people with homemade bombs.
And you've been helping them.

DAVID

Are you mad at me?

Wanda gets up, and sits next to David, and kisses him on the
cheek. She puts her arms around him, like he's a little boy.

WANDA

This must be so hard for you.

DAVID

It's hard on all of us.

WANDA

You're a good man, and I know how
much you love Ted. What you did was
very courageous.

David nods, feeling her warmth and affection.

WANDA (CONT'D)

You shouldn't worry. I know Ted. He's
much too fragile to be a murderer.
When the FBI looks closer, they'll
see he's completely innocent.

DAVID

Mom, you don't understand--

WANDA

I do. It's scary now. But it'll all go away. Just like a bad dream.

EXT. MONTANA WILDNERNESS - NIGHT

Ted is perched over his superbomb. It's tightly constructed, battery powered and packed with chemicals. It looks genocidal.

Ted looks fully deranged. His beard and skin are charcoal black. His eyes, however, are energized, craven. He's alive.

TED

(sing-song) Harvard, Stanford,
Microsoft, The Fed/How many
scientists will end up dead?/ Kill
them all or spare two or three?/I
murder to save humanity.

We see him THROUGH THE LENS of a sniper rifle....

Which is operated by Stallings, 800 yards away. He tickles the trigger as Fletcher tiptoes over. He looks at Fletcher.

FLETCHER

I won't stop you, Jack. If that's really what you think is right.

STALLINGS

The warrant's gonna be another three days. If it comes. Look at what he's doing down there.

FLETCHER

Sixty-eight percent match. Is that good enough for you?

Stallings stands up. He's not gonna shoot him.

STALLINGS

How come he gets to live, when everyone he killed doesn't?

FLETCHER

Because he thinks we're all just wild animals, and that good and evil are just made up by the same scientists who build TVs. And if you kill him, you know he'd be right about that.

Stallings picks up his rifle. He walks away with Fletcher. We see Ted working from afar, a speck of megalomania that dots the tranquil Montana landscape.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

Ted is messing with some electrical parts at his workstation.

GLENN (O.S.)
Hey Ted, you in there? Can you come
out here for a second?

TED
Just a minute!

Ted walks to the edge of his door. He cracks it open a smidge.
From TED'S POV:

Five yards away, Glenn is in his full US Park Ranger uniform, next to Fletcher and Russ, who look like mountain men.

GLENN
These two men are from Ellersby Gold
Mining. They've leased rights on
Harry Lukes' property. Can you come
show us your boundaries so they
don't end all up in your business?

Ted inches forward, just out of the cabin.

TED
My property boundaries are clearly
marked. I abide by all proper rules
and regulations.

FLETCHER
Snow's got 'em all covered up.

Fletcher and Russ tip-toe towards him.

GLENN
Why don't you just come on down and
show us. It'll only take a minute.

Ted glances at the cunning smiles of Fletcher and Russ.

TED
Alright. Let me just grab a coat--

As Ted turns to his cabin, he feels a hand on his shoulder, yanking him back towards the snow.

Glenn is body-locked around Ted's waist, trying to pull him to the ground. Ted heaves and jerks his body as he SNARLS loudly--he's not going down without a fight.

Fletcher and Russ bear-hug them both. The four of them shuffle along clumsily, like a fraternity three-legged race on ice.

Suddenly, Stallings, in full camouflage, cuts in front of them, emerging from behind the cabin! He cocks his Sig-Sauer inches from Ted's nose. Pure satisfaction on Stallings' face.

STALLINGS

Theodore Kaczynski, we're from the FBI. We have a warrant to search your property.

Ted belly-flops to the ground. Fletcher pulls out his cuffs. In the distance, we hear the LOUD RUSTLE of FBI agents hustling towards the cabin. A chopper flies overhead.

MOMENTS LATER--

Ted is being perp-walked to Glenn's cabin by the three men.

Behind him, a DOZEN FBI Agents, either in camouflage or high-tech Bomb defusing gear, shuffle into and around the cabin.

TED

Am I under arrest?

STALLINGS

No.

Three or four FBI vans drive by on the road.

TED

The handcuffs are too tight. Can you loosen them?

STALLINGS

No.

TED

Am I free to go?

STALLINGS

No.

TED

Can you remove the handcuffs?

FLETCHER

(adamant) No.

TED
Sounds like I'm under arrest.

INT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

A half-dozen AGENTS stand back-to-back cataloging the cabin.

They take Polaroids: the books, the homemade weapons, the chemistry set, the diaries written in hieroglyphic code...

And they try their best not to inhale the earthy fecal smell.

One FBI AGENT sees something under the bed. He pulls it out.

BOMB SNIFFING AGENT
Shit! That thing is live.

There it sits: Ted's final creation. The perfect, packaged, Unabomb. The return address: The Seattle FBI Office.

INT. GLENN AND JOAN'S CABIN - DAY

Ted sits at the table. He seems rather calm.

STALLINGS
Is there anything in the cabin that might injure someone?

TED
Obviously, I'm being suspected of a crime of some sort, and they always say not to talk unless you've consulted a lawyer. You are free to ask me about my wilderness lifestyle and habits of self-preservation.

The FBI agent who discovered the bomb blasts through the door.

FBI AGENT
Jack.

Stallings walks over to the door. They murmur to each other.

TED
Office gossip?

STALLINGS
There is a fully packaged, ready to detonate C-4 bomb, underneath your bed that will kill hundreds of people with a mere false touch.

TED

Oh. Right. That. Enjoy.

STALLINGS

You let a half-dozen agents go in there! Are you going to tell us how to defuse this thing?

Ted grins and spits on the floor. He's won.

TED

The FBI is a joke.

INT. SANDIA LAB - DAY

A coterie of RESEARCHERS works with a motion-control PAN bomb robot in a high-tech lab. It's like an IKEA lamp with wheels. An ADMINISTRATOR (50, serious) comes in.

ADMINISTRATOR

Package her up.

RESEARCHER

She's not ready yet.

ADMINISTRATOR

FBI needs her. Now.

EXT. TED'S CABIN - DAY

The robot "carries" the bomb along a lengthy wooden ramp from Ted's cabin to an open field near the cabin.

Two dozen FBI agents hold the ramp together: it's a spectacle.

INT. FBI VAN - DAY

Ted sees the bomb being walked as he's driven out of town.

TED

Having some sort of parade for yourselves?

STALLINGS

Brand new bomb-defusing robot flown in to take apart your handiwork. You won't be killing anymore, Kaczynski.

TED

A robot saving your life. Tell me I'm not right about everything.

Ted smirks. He's vindicated. But Stallings looks at him, feeling the same way. They both got exactly what they wanted.

INT. WANDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

David, Wanda, and Linda watch the television.

ON SCREEN

Ted is marched out of an FBI van to a JAIL, with Stallings and Fletcher and a HALF-DOZEN FBI AGENTS by his side.

NBC NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 Today, after a seventeen-year search, the FBI finally apprehended Ted Kaczynski, the domestic terrorist known as the Unabomber.

Ted is in handcuffs and tattered clothes. He looks homeless. But he has a look of deep pride on his face. He's a martyr.

NBC NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 Kaczynski, a graduate of Harvard, and former math professor, is rumored to have killed three men and injured an additional twenty-three using homemade bombs.

BACK TO WANDA'S APARTMENT

The three of them sit there, stunned. Linda looks at David and mouths "We did the right thing." But he doesn't respond.

WANDA
 He looks just like the last time I saw him.

David sighs. They're silent and still, eyes glued to the TV.

INT. MONTANA JAIL VISITATION AREA - DAY (1997)

QUIN (45), and JUDY (45), dyed-in-the wool liberal attorneys, wait for Ted's arrival by the prison phones.

Ted sits down. He looks a bit more domesticated than when he was arrested: groomed, fed, and rested by the government.

QUIN
 Hey Ted. How're you holding up?

TED

Oh, mighty well. I've amassed quite a fan club. Even on the fringes, people want to find their Jesus.

JUDY

And the all the testing, it hasn't gotten you too tired?

TED

The art of psychiatry is a false attempt to control the human mind.

QUIN

Well, that's good. The only hope you have of being declared fit for trial is if you pass these tests.

Quin passes documents through the barrier for Ted to sign.

TED

Bureaucracy and its discontents.

Ted glances down at the papers.

TED (CONT'D)

And you promise these results will be kept secret from the public.

JUDY

Yes. They're confidential.

TED

What goes on inside my mind is private--for me and me alone!

A sore spot. He finishes signing them and passes them back.

TED (CONT'D)

I assume my brother's Gandhi complex won't get in the way. He knows very well I'd choose death over incarceration.

David is being interviewed on TV in the corner. TICKER: Kaczynski's brother claims he's mentally ill.

TED (CONT'D)

Disturbed since I was an infant. He's out to portray me as a Dickens character. If he had any talent, he'd write it himself. No wonder he's a self-mutilating leftist.

Quin and Judy have heard this rant before.

QUIN

So we will continue building our defense, and we'll see you at jury selection in a few weeks.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE COURT (SACRAMENTO) = DAY

A good ONE HUNDRED citizens, of all races and ages, are filed throughout the room with OFFICIALS keeping an eye on things.

Ted sits quietly, almost placid, as he watches his lawyers, the PROSECUTION, and JUSTICE BURRELL (50), Black, bald and bearded, stocky, control the proceedings.

A Potential JUROR (Perkins) (40), female, is seated.

QUIN

Ms. Perkins, have you or any members of your family who have been the victim of a serious crime?

JUROR

My Uncle Fred was mugged once. But that was in New York City.

QUIN

Strike for cause.

JUSTICE BURRELL

Conference please.

They huddle, not far from where Ted sits. He overhears them.

JUDY

She'll be biased against the neuropsychological testing.

Ted grows bright red with anger. Betrayed, once again.

QUIN

He has been diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic. We plan to introduce this as part of an insanity plea.

Ted is livid. He BANGS the pencils against the desk.

JUSTICE BURRELL

Mr. Kaczynski, please!

Ted glares at his attorneys. They look back at him, confused.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE COURT - DAY

PROSECUTOR

What we will show is that Mr. Kaczynski did not commit a crime of passion, but a series of pre-planned acts of evil.

The prosecutor has the jury on the edge of their seats.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Over a seventeen year period, Mr. Kaczynski murdered innocent citizens, in the name of ideals he constructed to justify his terror.

The courtroom is packed: spectators, officials, the whole team, and chock full of media foaming at the mouth.

Ted is pleased by the attention, looking professorial in a drab brown sweater. Behind him are David, Linda and Wanda. Ted ignores them like needless flies.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

The only punishment that fits such a crime is death.

He sits. Ted smiles. David holds his head in his hands.

JUSTICE BURRELL

Defense, please proceed with opening arguments.

Quin barely acknowledges Ted as he enters the legal arena.

QUIN

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, there is no greater crime than the murder of a helpless victim. The only thing that could drive cold-blooded killing is a need for revenge, or a dangerous idea that clouds one's judgement.

Ted nods.

QUIN (CONT'D)

And this is why you cannot allow the state to kill Ted Kaczynski. Yes, he is a murderer, but he is afflicted with a mental illness known as paranoid schizophrenia. This illness has caused him to become deranged and deluded ----

Ted bolts from his chair.

TED
You LIE!!!!

JUSTICE BURRELL
Mr. Kaczynski!

Ted is held down by the bailiffs. Quin looks back.

QUIN
We have transported here his cabin,
which he inhabited for the past
seventeen years. Wretched, smelly,
the size of a doghouse: only a
seriously ill person would choose
to live there for seventeen years.

TED
You manipulated me! I refuse to be
represented by these leftist
cowards!

The crowd CLAMORS as Ted shrieks. It's an absolute circus.

JUSTICE BURRELL
Order, order! Both counsel, and Mr.
Kaczynski, in my chambers!

INT. JUSTICE BURRELL'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The four lawyers and Ted are gathered around Justice Burrell.

TED
Their defense is a complete
misrepresentation of me and what I
stand for. I refuse to be painted
as some kind of deranged nutjob.

JUDY
Mr. Kaczynski is not sane enough to
determine his best course of action.

JUSTICE BURRELL
Unfortunately, Mr. Kaczynski, you
do not have the funds to pay for
your own defense.

TED
That's fine. Which is why--

He pulls out some papers he has prepared.

TED (CONT'D)

I will be representing myself.

The room is shocked. Justice Burrell looks at the papers.

TED (CONT'D)

I would like the Jury, and country-at-large to confront my ideas before they sentence me to death.

QUIN

He's a schizophrenic!

JUSTICE BURRELL

Mr. Kaczynski, if this is some desperate tactic to delay your trial, I will look very harshly upon you. That said, I cannot deny your right to represent yourself.

QUIN

Justice Burrell, he's mentally unfit to stand trial.

JUSTICE BURRELL

Mr. Kaczynski, you will undergo a full psychiatric evaluation. If a psychologist declares that you are legally sane, you can act as your own lawyer.

Ted is literally nonplussed. What a Faustian bargain.

INT. TED'S CELL - NIGHT

Ted is quietly panicking: whimpering, antic, furious.

TED

I am not deranged!

He bangs his head against the cement wall, a couple times with vigor, but aside from mild brain damage, it's useless.

He notices an errant hook, hanging from the ceiling. His eyes search the room: some paper, a toilet, his uniform...

MOMENTS LATER--

Ted has finagled his government-issued underwear into a noose. It's shaggy, cotton, and weak.

He tip toes onto his bed as he latches it onto the hook. Then, ever so quietly, he releases!

He bends his knees, ensuring he won't catch ground. He sways for a few seconds, lightly choking. Then the noose RIPS.

Ted pounds the concrete floor on his knees, his ripped underwear around his neck. He cries, uncontrollably.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

A GUARD walks by Ted's cell. Ted's asleep. He sees the government-issued underwear hanging from the ceiling.

INT. TED'S CELL - DAY

Ted is woken by the sound of a DRILL. He looks out of the corner of his eye: three guards are installing a camera.

TED

What do you think you're doing?

A guard tosses Ted's underwear, now mangled, onto his face.

GUARD

Caught you tryin' to take a Texas Cakewalk last night. Cell's under 24-hour surveillance.

TED

What about my rights? My privacy?

The drill STOPS.

GUARD

Privacy? You broke the law. You're part of the system now, Kaczynski.

Ted exhales forcefully into his pillow as they DRILL ON.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC OFFICE - DAY

DR. Sally JOHNSON (45), an academic type, assesses Ted.

DR. JOHNSON

Did you feel any remorse when you mailed those bombs? You should--

TED

No. I killed those men because they are engaged in an act of genocide against the human race. I wanted my ideas understood by the American public. They are. I am vindicated.

DR. JOHNSON

I was about to say that we have
Doctor-Patient confidentiality.

TED

I am not a patient. The fact that I
recognize the plunderous nature of
technology makes me intelligent.

She takes a few notes, here and there. Ted is caustic as ever.

DR. JOHNSON

Have you always hated science?

TED

Once I discovered the truth. That
all scientists are merely motivated
by power and control.

DR. JOHNSON

How did you discover this truth?

TED

Well, it was immediately apparent
once I realized what they were
doing. They were abusing me. I was
nothing more than a toy to them.

DR. JOHNSON

Who's they?

Ted takes a second. His tenor goes from arrogant to wounded.

TED

The scientists at Harvard!

DR. JOHNSON

Which scientists at Harvard?

TED

I was just fuel for their
experiments! They tortured me! They
mocked me! They called me a rat! My
mind is mine alone! They wouldn't
stop! They wouldn't stop!

Ted is shaking, paranoid and raging. Dr. Johnson, with a
solemn face, quietly writes. She nudges herself forward,
almost to comfort him, but Ted puts on (another) brave face.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE COURT - DAY

Justice Burrell presides over the packed courtroom.

JUSTICE BURRELL

I have examined Dr. Johnson's report on Mr. Kaczynski. While she has diagnosed him with paranoid schizophrenia, he is competent, and is capable of understanding the nature of the charges. He is able to assist his attorneys in his defense, or even act as his own counsel.

Ted fist-pumps and pounds the table. Sounds of surprise and horror from the peanut gallery. Quin and Judy are mortified.

JUSTICE BURRELL (CONT'D)

However, it must be asked: If Mr. Kaczynski is competent, why was he unaware of the defense his lawyers have pursued for a six-month period? Why did he sign the paperwork enabling such a defense?

Ted looks hollow. All his nightmares are coming true.

JUSTICE BURRELL (CONT'D)

In the eyes of the court, this is nothing more than a tactic to delay the trial. Granting Mr. Kaczynski's request to represent himself would turn the trial into a 'suicide forum'. It is the ruling of the court that Mr. Kaczynski is beholden to his present counsel.

The courtroom is shocked. We HEAR the media commence writing their op-eds in real time. Ted's attorneys nod with satisfaction. The prosecutor quickly gets Ted's attention.

PROSECUTOR

We want to talk to you.

INT. SACRAMENTO FEDERAL JAIL - DAY

The prosecutors are gathered with Ted's lawyers, and Ted.

PROSECUTOR

Look, there's no need to let this go to trial. None of us want that.

JUDY

Afraid you'll lose on appeal?

TED

Shut up! What are you offering me?

PROSECUTOR
Life sentence. No parole.

QUIN
We'll see you in court.

Quin stands up to leave.

PROSECUTOR
He's not going to give you the
trial you want.

QUIN
Ted. Let's go.

Ted is intrigued. Quin and Judy are useless to him.

PROSECUTOR
All he wants is to stop you from
getting the chair. So he's gonna
paint you as completely deranged.
Psychiatrists will discuss your
thoughts in front of the whole
country. Every idea you've ever had
will be discredited as the
ramblings of a lunatic.

The prosecutor pushes the paper forward.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
You can take a chance and let them
portray you as a madmen. Or you can
take our offer and rot in jail for
the rest of your life. Your choice.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE COURT - DAY

Susan Mosser is testifying. (From the 1994 Xmas bombing).

SUSAN
My husband's body--the body of the
man I loved--was torn apart. Lock
him so far down that when he dies
he will be closer to hell.

She cries uncontrollably. She looks like she's aged 50 years.

The room is moved by her testimony. Well, all but Ted. Susan
walks back to her seat, surrounded by other victims & widows.

JUSTICE BURRELL
Before we conclude, Mr. Kaczynski,
do you have anything to say?

Ted stands. He's thought about this.

TED

Two days ago, the government filed a sentencing memorandum, the purpose of which was clearly political. It was full of lies, designed to assassinate my character. By discrediting me personally, they hope to discredit my ideas. I hope the American public will judge me for the truth I speak, and will save themselves, before they too become victims of the system.

Ted sits down, pleased. The crowd sighs: still THAT arrogant.

JUSTICE BURRELL

It is clear, from the proceedings that the defendant has committed unspeakable and monstrous crimes for which he shows absolutely no remorse. Theodore Kaczynski, you are sentenced to four consecutive terms of life in prison, without the possibility of parole.

The silence in the courtroom breaks. The spectators stand, the judge exits, the prosecution and defense shake hands.

Ted is immediately cuffed by the bailiff. We look over the grieving widows and victims in the gallery. Some are crying. Others are solemn and angry. The tone is neither funereal nor jubilant, but ongoing pain; like a memorial service for 9/11.

Ted is walked out by the prison guards, and he passes David, Linda and Wanda. Wanda is bawling her eyes out; Linda averts her gaze; David is crying. He's really hurting.

Ted stops, glaring at David. He shakes his head in disgust.

DAVID

I knew you'd change the world, Ted.

Ted spits towards David's feet. He stares at the ground.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I still love you. You'll always be my brother.

Ted is silent. He's marched out of the courtroom: the media, the bereaved, and the draping American flag in the background.

THE END