BREACH

By

Adam Mazer, William Rotko and Billy Ray

Story by

Adam Mazer & William Rotko

07/21/06
FADE IN:

...on ROBERT HANSEN, eyes closed, at prayer.

1 INT. CHAPEL - NOON

He's on his knees, clutching a rosary while silently mouthing a Novena. (Religion runs bone-deep with this man.) We're in SLOW-MOTION, M.O.S.

Ask people about him and the same words keep popping up: cold, arrogant, introverted, awkward... But you'll also hear brilliant, well-read, generous, old-fashioned, a mentor.

We linger on his face, in profile; then he rises. TRACK HIM down the aisle of this gilded chapel to a pair of large wooden doors. He pushes them open, revealing:

2 INT. CATHOLIC INFORMATION CENTER - CONTINUING (NOON)

A Catholic "Reading Room" boasting pamphlets, tracts, the writings of the Pope, copies of a tome called "The Way." We're still in SLOW-MO as Hanssen glides through, calmly.

The STAFFERS here know him well; they like him. He nods to the NUN at the Cash Register, then opens two glass doors.

...and the real world hits us like a jackhammer.

3 EXT. 16TH STREET - WASHINGTON D.C. - NOON


Hanssen pauses, his ears offended by all this noise. He joins the weather-bundled crowd, vanishing down 16th Street...

4 INT. UNIDENTIFIED HOTEL ROOM - DAY

We're TIGHT on a TAPE RECORDER as a cassette spins inside. From it, we hear the voice of Robert Hanssen:

HANSEN'S VOICE (ON CASSETTE)
I shouldn't tease you. It just gets me into trouble...

But that's all we hear of him, as we CUT TO:

5 INT. UNIDENTIFIED SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

We'll come to know this place as ROOM 9930. No windows, drab carpet. RICH GARCES looks it over. He's 45, friendly, stocky. Behind him, in a HALLWAY, is a crew of SIX CARPENTERS.
He nods to them: *go to work.* They enter the conference room.

**INTERCUT WITH/EXT. GEORGETOWN ALLEY - NIGHT**

Snow falls on a *vagrant* as he urinates against an alley wall: grimy clothes, matted hair, we can smell him from here. Beside him is a *cart*, packed with junk. He shivers, mumbling.

Across the street is an Ethiopian restaurant. A *Libyan man* and his *wife* emerge from it, *bickering.* The Vagrant turns...

...and, with a minimum of movement, extracts a *camera* and a huge *low-light lens* from his tattered overcoat. *He squeezes off 24 shots of the arguing Libyan Couple.* Just like that.

Then he pockets the roll of film, inserts another, and gets 24 more shots... until the Libyan Couple is gone.

This "vagrant" is *Eric O'Neill,* 26, from the FBI's Special Surveillances Group. Smart, cocky, ambitious. But baby-faced. He vanishes around a corner - like a ghost...

**INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING (DAY)**

The *Construction Crew* frames a *wall* in the center of this conference room, turning it into a two-office *suite.* Garces looks on as *Electricians* run wires through the wall-studs.

**R-8 INT. SSG VAN - NIGHT**

**TWO SSG GUYS** wait inside a van: *Geddes* and *Olsen.* *Eric bursts in,* excited.

**ERIC**

I got 'em. Him and the wife.

*(shuts the door, pulls off his Vagrant costume)*

She can be turned; they were *screaming* at each other. We gotta tell the C-T guys.

**GEDDES**

Good. Good.

The van takes off. Eric hands over two rolls of film.

**OLSEN**

Did ya catch any of what they were saying?

**ERIC**

I got some of it, just gonna need a *translator.*

*(MORE)*
ERIC (cont'd)

(Geddes notes that)
I can work the corner outside their apartment. He didn't make me. We should get over there now, while they're still fighting.

Then Eric notices something - at Olsen's feet. And it stops him cold.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Oh.

OLSEN

(grim)
Yeah.

Eric leans forward and retrieves the item in question:

It's a FILE, entitled: "PROPOSAL FOR SUBJECT DATABASE - PREPARED BY ERIC O'NEILL."

Plastic cover, great-looking font. Hours were spent at Kinko's on this thing. Olsen and Geddes just hate that.

ERIC

It's a protocol - for storing data on our targets.

OLSEN

We got that part. What we're unclear on is what it was doing on Gene's desk?

ERIC

Has to go up the chain, doesn't it?

GEDDES

Nobody likes a show-off, Eric. We're all trying to make agent - ya know?

OLSEN

Different-color tabs, five different fonts... You musta spent a weekend at Kinko's on this thing.

ERIC

Did you read it?

OLSEN

No.

ERIC

That's too bad... 'cause you're both credited in there, by name.
That changes everything. Geddes and Olsen almost blush...  

That changes everything. Geddes and Olsen almost blush...  

OLSEN  
GEDDES  

Really?  
Really?  

ERIC  
Yeah. Can we get over to that  
apartment now?  

Eric can do that to people - just disarm them when they least  
expect it.  

OLSEN  
Yeah. That's a good idea...  

End of conflict. The van rolls on...  

9-10  OMIT  

11  INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING  

A LIPSTICK CAMERA and MICROPHONE are installed in an overhead  
VENT. Then a grill is screwed into place, obscuring them...  

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A HEAT SENSOR is placed inside a wall. Garces activates it  
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WORKMEN enter with a huge roll of carpet. Garces looks to a  
TECH who is just now hiding a MOTION SENSOR and another  
MICROPHONE in a hollowed-out space in 9930's floor...  

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12-18  OMIT  

19  INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - DAY  

Canvas bag over a shoulder, Hanssen emerges from an elevator  
ono to prime FBI real estate: an empty parking space "Reserved  
for Director L. Freeh." Hanssen eyes it as he passes by...  

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20-25  OMIT  

25A  INTERCUT WITH/INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ROOM 9930 - DAY  

An ELECTRONIC COMBO LOCK is programmed into 9930's door.  

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...as Garces shuts the door and affixes a PLAQUE to the wall  
beside it: "9930 - Robert Hanssen - Special Asst. to Asst.  
Director in Charge of Information Assurance Division."
INT. FBI GARAGE - AT HANSSEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

At the far end of this garage, Hanssen stops at a Silver Ford Taurus in an unreserved space. To his right, two huge turbines whirl noisily, the building's ventilation system.

He opens the Taurus' TRUNK. We peer over his back... to find an ARSENAL in there: a 9 mm. pistol, a SUB-MACHINE gun, and 400 rounds of ammunition, all covered in plastic.

He places his canvas bag atop the arsenal, then slams his trunk shut.

OMIT

INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - BEDROOM - MORNING (7 A.M.)

JULIANA O'NEILL sleeps on Eric's chest. She's 23, a beauty, German by birth. Her eyes open slowly... to find him studying a PROOFSHEET of the photos he took in that alley.

JULIANA
Are they terrorists?

Eric breathes out a smile: he'd thought she was asleep.

ERIC
They're targets, Honey. That's all I said, right?

JULIANA
Right. Sorry.

ERIC
Good girl.

They share the world's coldest, dampest apartment, a BASEMENT really - (its window looks up at an alley outside.) A SPACE HEATER blows. A BROKEN RADIATOR gurgles. He kisses her.

JULIANA
I dreamed I couldn't find my keys.

ERIC
They're behind the coffee-maker. You put them there when you came in from the market last night.

JULIANA
Oh.
By the bed we find A CITIZENSHIP WORKBOOK and a GERMAN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY and a book called "Parkinsons and the Family." (Handwritten notes peek out from between pages.)

On a wall we find a framed portrait of Eric and his THREE BROTHERS, (two of them Naval officers), flanking Juliana. Just then, we hear:

THE LADY UPSTAIRS (O.S.)
Hello? Hello?

That was the LADY ONE FLIGHT UP, squawking at no one. (She does this around the clock.) Juliana, familiar with the sound, grumbles good-naturedly.

ERIC
It's like she's training a parrot.

THE LADY UPSTAIRS (O.S.)
Hello? Hello?

ERIC
Hey, Mom and Dad wanna take us to Mass today. You wanna go to Mass with me?

JULIANA
I'd rather go to a movie.

ERIC
Me too...

She leaves it alone, puts her head back on his chest. Eric puts his focus back on that proofsheet... mildly shaking his head, as if dissatisfied with something.

JULIANA
What?

ERIC (re: proofsheet)
I shoulda been one alley over. The light was better.

JULIANA
You're gonna be an agent.

That was completely spontaneous, but said with absolute certainty. Eric just shrugs - can't quite agree.

JULIANA (CONT'D)
Are the rest of those guys working as hard as you?
ERIC
Of course.

JULIANA
I bet they aren't.

There's a lot of love here. Juliana shuts her eyes. Eric runs a hand through her hair, his mind drifting, until:

ERIC
Say it again, okay?

JULIANA
Say what again?

ERIC
That I'm gonna be an agent.

Juliana smiles. His ambition is so raw, so unapologetic...

JULIANA
You're gonna be an agent.

He smiles, satisfied. Then the PHONE RINGS. Damn it.

JULIANA (CONT'D)
Don't get it.

He obliges. Their ANSWERING MACHINE picks up. Then:

CONNORS' VOICE (THRU MACHINE)
Get dressed. You've been T.D.Y.'d.

Eric grabs the phone in an instant.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
To where?

CONNORS (THRU PHONE)
They'll explain at the Field Office. We're due in twenty minutes.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
On a Sunday?
KATE (O.S.)
I'll get right to it if ya don't mind...

KATE BURROUGHS sits opposite them. She has short hair, a Jersey accent, and the vulnerability of a tank. Wears low heels and hose. Her rank is Special Agent.

KATE (CONT'D)
You're being tasked to Headquarters, where you're going to ride the desk of an agent named Robert Hanssen. Do you know him?

ERIC
No.

34 INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSEN HOME - STAIRS - MORNING

We're right behind Hanssen as he descends the stairs, dressed for work. (We've time-cut to Monday morning). We hear:

KATE (V.O.)
Former head of the Bureau's Soviet Analytical Unit, considered our most knowledgeable analyst on Russian Intel. Last six years he's been our liaison at the State Department - monitoring the whereabouts of every Russian Intelligence Officer in D.C.

35 INT. HANSSEN HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUING

GREG, (17, in a school uniform), is just finishing breakfast. JANE, 30, is also here, handing off her INFANT BOY to... *

...BONNIE, Hanssen's wife of 32 years. She's a buttoned-down beauty - never had plastic surgery, never needed it. *

JANE
Sure you don't mind, Mom?

BONNIE
Mind? It's a treat!

Hanssen enters the kitchen, grabs his keys, kisses the baby.

KATE (V.O.)
We're bringing him back to HQ to start our new Information Assurance Division, safeguarding the Bureau's I.T. system from cyberterrorism and infiltration.
Sunday, the Hansssens' dog, breezes through. Hanssen breathes out a laugh at the sight of him, then heads for the door.

36 INT. WFO - SMALL CONF. ROOM - RESUMING
Eric looks through the file.

   ERIC
   Wait. I've heard about this guy. Was he the one who hacked into another agent's hard-drive?

   KATE
   He's the best computer guy we've got.
   (Eric nods)
   He's also a sexual deviant.

   ERIC
   Oh.

37 INTERCUT WITH/INT. UNIDENTIFIED HOTEL ROOM - FLASHBACK
Again, we're tight on that CASSETTE PLAYER.

   HANSSEN'S VOICE (ON TAPE)
   I shouldn't tease you. It just gets me into trouble...

   KATE (V.O.)
   He's been posting on the Internet. Lurid material.

38 INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSEN'S TAURUS - MORNING
Hanssen sits in his car on the shoulder of a suburban road beside NOTTOWAY PARK. He makes a note on a PALM PILOT.

   KATE (V.O.)
   There are also some complaints in his file from female subordinates. You're going to keep an eye on him for us.

39 INT. WFO - SMALL CONF. ROOM - RESUMING
Eric hates this task already.

   ERIC
   You have a FISA Warrant?

   KATE
   Of course.
ERIC
Do I get a cover?

KATE
God, no. Hanssen would peel it away in a day. He spent the last twenty years out-thinking Russian spies.

ERIC
...and jerking off under his desk.

That was a test, to see if Kate is easily thrown.

KATE
Ya wanna duck down there and scrape for samples, feel free.

So much for throwing her.

...But Eric's distaste for all this remains.

KATE (CONT'D)
Just so ya know, nobody around here likes the idea of embarrassing a guy who's done 25 years of service... But we have reason to believe there are other agents involved in this as well - shared postings, et cetera. If that's true, it could mean a huge embarrassment to the Bureau.

ERIC (V.O.)
I understand.
Eric walks up 8th St., which is dotted by HOMELESS PEOPLE and POTHOLES. He's in a winter coat, carrying a worn gym bag.

KATE (V.O.)
Second. You'll be serving at the needs of the Bureau, answerable to me at all times. I hope that's clear.

(HEADLINES blare from news-stands; "W. Assembling His Team." "Ashcroft Facing Confirmation Fight." It's January, 2001.)

Eric emerges from below. Before him is the Navy Memorial.

KATE (V.O., CONT'D)
This pager will be on your person 24/7. If it's me you'll see a seven and a pound sign.

A huge building, occupying a block on Pennsylvania Avenue. Eric passes through an OUTDOOR PLAZA. There's a fountain here, and a quote from J. Edgar Hoover inscribed on a wall.

KATE (V.O., CONT'D)
You'll keep a journal of everything that goes on in that office...

Behind a glass case are photos of every FBI agent who's ever died in the line of duty. From Edwin C. Shanahan (1925) thru Charles Reed (1996). Heroes, martyrs, patriots...

Eric stands at the "Escort Desk." A CIVIL SERVANT behind bullet-proof glass hands him an I.D. BADGE.

CIVIL SERVANT
Know where you're going?

ERIC
I think so.

Civil Servant just smiles a knowing smile.

KATE (V.O.)
Who he talks to, who he calls - no detail is insignificant. Got that?
INT. WFO - SMALL CONF. ROOM - RESUMING

Her job done, Kate rises.

KATE (CONT'D)
Good. Gene can fill you in on the
rest. Thanks for coming in.

She turns, almost gone... when Eric just has to ask:

ERIC
Agent Burroughs?

KATE
Yes?

ERIC
Is this high-priority?
(Kate's silent)
We've been ghosting some priority
targets lately. C-T targets. If I'm
being pulled off of that, I just
wanna make sure it's...

KATE
In other words, you wanna know if
this is gonna fast-track you into
becoming an agent.
(Eric blanches)
Gene tells me you're confident,
bordering on cocky... He also says
you can park it when necessary.

ERIC
Yes, Ma'am.

KATE
Enjoy your Sunday.

And out she goes. END INTERCUT. We are:

INT. FBI HQ - 7TH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Welcome to the single most confusing structure on earth.

Eric stares down two identical corridors that shear off from
one another at a 45 degree angle. Yellowish lights overhead,
not a window in sight. A maze of intrigue...

Sitting outside several offices are PALLETs piled high with
boxes of NEW COMPUTERS. They're everywhere.

And Eric is lost. The numbers on the doors make no sense.
INT. FBI HQ - 7TH FLOOR - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - MORNING

More pallets on the floor. More identical doors. On a wall, behind glass, a POSTER lists all of the FBI SPECIAL BADGES.

A posted FLIER congratulates a secretary on her impending retirement. Her Party is next Friday. Cake and Cookies.

Eric drifts along until he spots a familiar name on the NAMEPLATE beside a door: "Louis Freeh. Director."

PASSING UNNAMED AGENT (O.S.)
Can I help you?

Eric turns. The look from this AGENT (50, heavyset), tells us this is restricted air-space. Eric saggs, embarrassed.

ERIC
How do I get to the Ninth floor?

INT. FBI HQ - 9TH FLOOR - GARCES'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Garces slides an I.D. BADGE across a desk toward Eric. A window looks out on D.C.

GARCES
Okay. This is the code to the combo lock. This is the code for the key punch. And this is the badge for the security pad. You're all set.

Posters on the wall warn of the dangers of cyberterrorism. Eric eyes them, not quite ready to leave yet...

ERIC
Sir... do you know Agent Hanssen?

GARCES
A little.

ERIC
Is there anything you can tell me about him?

GARCES
What would you like to know?

ERIC
Anything that'd help me do my job better, I guess.

GARCES
Sure... Take nothing personally.
Garces conceals a grin...

49
INT. FBI HQ - CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE 9930 - MOMENTS LATER

On the door of 9930 now is a sign identifying this as a SCIF: (SENSITIVE COMPARTMENTALIZED INFO FACILITY). Eric eyes the sign, and the plaque with Hanssen's name and title on it...

Then he swipes his badge, works a combo lock, punches numbers into a keypad. THREE BEEPS emanate. And he's in.

50
INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - CONTINUING

We saw this suite being constructed: an outer office with a desk, chair, computer, file cabinets. And an inner office. No windows. The door closes hard behind Eric; it's like being sealed into a BANK VAULT, or an air-lock.

He crosses to his new desk, sets down his gym bag, sits.

...and is greeted with a loud CREEEEEAK. The springs in this chair must be a hundred years old. He sits forward. The chair creaks again, annoying as hell.

On the desk is an old IBM 350 computer. He flips it on. It groans to life. Beside it is a MANUAL: "OPERATING THE ACS (Automated Case Support System)". Eric opens it.

Then he hears those same THREE BEEPS coming from the SCIF Door. 9 a.m. on the dot. The door opens...

...and Hanssen enters, carrying his canvas briefcase and two CARDBOARD BOXES. (Today is his moving-in day too.)

He pauses, regarding Eric in silence... Then that chair CREAKS again and Hanssen's mind becomes painfully easy to read: "Who is this moron they put on my desk?"

Hanssen can do that to you, just paralyze you with a look of withering disdain. Silence hangs, until Eric gathers himself:

ERIC
Good Morning.

HANSSEN
Tell me five things about yourself, four of them true.

Wait. What'd he just say?

ERIC
I'm sorry?
HANSSEN
Game we used to play in the Soviet
Analytical Unit to keep ourselves
sharp. Lie detection.

ERIC
Oh, I don’t think I’d be much good at
bluffing...

HANSSEN
That would've counted as your lie,
right there.

With that, Hanssen ducks into his private office and shuts
the door. Eric eyes it...

51
INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - LATER MORNING

Eric sits, disassembling the MOTHERBOARD of that old IBM. (He
unclips the RAM WAFER from its housing. It has an ounce of
DUST on it.) Each time he moves, his chair CREAKS again.

Hanssen emerges from his office, bearing an EMPTY WATER
PITCHER. He pauses, eyes Eric, then spots something offensive
on Eric's desk... and makes a bee-line for it:

Eric braces himself... as Hanssen grabs that ACS MANUAL off
the desk, and tosses it into a trash can without ceremony.

HANSSEN
I'm going to be re-inventing how the
Bureau stores case information.
Didn't anybody tell you that?

...and Hanssen exits the SCIF. Just like that.

A long beat - Eric waiting until it's safe. Then he rises.

52
INT. ROOM 9930 - HANSSEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

It's dark in here, shadowy. (The flourescents overhead have
been turned off; a DESK LAMP provides the only light.) Eric
flips on the overhead light, revealing:

PHOTOS of Bonnie, SIX CHILDREN, five GRANDCHILDREN. A
CRUCIFIX over the desk. A framed Virgin Mary. And books: The

There's a TV MONITOR in here. It will always be on. And it
will always have the same image on it: a LIVE FEED SECURITY-
CAM POV from the Corridor outside 9930.
Eric eyes it, a bit unsettled... until he sees Hanssen himself on the screen - emerging from a Men's Room and approaching 9930. Shit.

Eric snaps the overhead light off, rushes back to his desk.

52A
INT. 9930 - AT ERIC'S DESK - CONTINUING

He sits. Another loud CREEEEEEAAK. He hears the THREE BEEPS at the SCIF door. It opens...

Here's Hanssen again, his water pitcher filled. He hovers in the doorway, staring. And clicking a fat blue PILOT DR.-GRIP pen, repeatedly.

Clicking, twirling... until Eric can't bear it any longer:

ERIC
Antiquated machine.

HANSSEN
There are pallets of new computers in every corridor of this building. Why don't you go get one?

ERIC
Okay. I'll fill out a req form...

HANSSEN
You're not listening; go get one. Req forms are for bureaucrats.

(Eric rises...)

Actually, get two. That dinosaur on my desk is useless to me.

ERIC
Agent Hanssen, my name is Eric.

HANSSEN
No. Your name is Clerk.

(Eric reacts)

My name is "Sir." Or "Boss," if you can manage.

ERIC
Yes, Sir.

HANSSEN
And if I ever catch you in my office again, you'll be pissing purple for a week.

He ducks into his office, shuts his door. Eric stares at it.
Eric approaches one of those unguarded PALLETS, piled high with boxed DELL COMPUTERS, cello-wrapped.

Agents pass by, their ID badges bouncing. Eric ignores them, trying to look like he's supposed to be here. He pulls out a pocket knife, shears through some cello-wrap.

PASSING SECRETARY (O.S.)
You must know somebody.

Eric turns, alarmed. That was a PASSING SECRETARY.

PASSING SECRETARY (CONT'D)
I ordered ours a month ago.

Eric smiles thinly, shrugs. The Secretary breezes by.

Eric enters, carrying a brand new DELL. Here's what he sees:

Hanssen, standing on his own desk. He has pulled a CEILING PANEL loose and is now hunting through the empty overhead space. On his hiked pantleg we see a .38 in an ANKLE HOLSTER.

ERIC
Sir? Sir, you could fall.

HANSSEN
I won't fall. I'm very co-ordinated.

Hanssen drops down, as Eric unloads the new computer.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Trying to re-route a phone line, to get Internet access.

ERIC
I can get an I.T. guy in here to do that for you, Sir.

HANSSEN
My Lord, you are dumb as a bag of hammers, aren't you?
(Eric's silent)
Yes, let's bring in an I.T. guy making 35,000 dollars a year and give him access to hard drives that a foreign agent would pay millions for.
(Eric nods, chagrinned)
(MORE)
HANSSEN (cont'd)
We're supposed to be protecting the Bureau from electronic infiltration.

Hanssen's PALM PILOT is on the desk. He shoves it into his canvas bag, as:

ERIC
(casually)
What kind of sites do you like?
(no reply)
On the Internet. Are there sites you like to--

HANSSEN
Why?

ERIC
Just... never saw anybody climb on top of a desk to get on-line before.

HANSSEN
Do you pray the Rosary every day?

Another curveball. Eric reacts, thrown...

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Your file says you prepped at Gonzaga - with the Jesuits.

ERIC
That's right. I did.

HANSSEN
So?
(Eric's a blank)
Do you? Pray the rosary every day?

ERIC
Not every day, no.

HANSSEN
You should.

Eric tightens - just has to find a way to get his balance back around this guy.

ERIC
You still want my list, Sir? The five things?

Hanssen grins, amused. Then he takes a fat blue PEN from his breast pocket (a PILOT DR.-GRIP) And begins clicking and twirling it. Again and again.
HANSSEN
These are the greatest pens in the world. I would never write with anything else.

Eric waits... until Hanssen gives him the go-ahead:

HANSSEN
Sure.

Eric doesn't hesitate, just launches:

ERIC
I won Boy Scout Merit Badges in every category except Riflery. I haven't been to Confession since high school. There are several words I constantly misspell. My favorite drink is a Vodka Tonic. And I'm the only male in the last four generations of my family who hasn't served in the military.

Eric waits, pleased with himself. But:

HANSSEN
What is your drink then? Gin?

ERIC
(tries not to sag)
Scotch.

HANSSEN
It's against Bureau policy for an Agent to consume alcohol, even off-duty - did you know that? - because an FBI Agent is never off-duty.

(Eric pauses, thrown)
That comes from Director Freeh. We attend the same church. Who's the pager for?

Wait. He means the PAGER Eric got from Kate. Eric hangs on.

ERIC
My wife. She likes to know she can get a hold of me 24/7.

HANSSEN
Hmmm.

(a beat)
Catholic girl?
ERIC
Oh. No. Sort of a lapsed Protestant, actually; she's East German. Big fan of Christmas plays, though.

HANSSEN
Have to do something about that, won't we?

They eye one another. On Eric, we DISSOLVE TO...

55
INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - 8:30 P.M. 55

Working late, Eric dollies an unwanted FILE CABINET out of Hanssen's office. Hanssen's new Dell sits on the desk.

Eric stops... and eyes the computer. There's no one around.

He turns the computer on. The screen glows to life, a green field reading "FBI NET", with a command for a PASSWORD.

Eric looks to the door. Nothing. He looks to Hanssen's TV MONITOR: that security-cam POV of the corridor outside 9930. The corridor is empty. Relax, the guy left hours ago.

Eric types in a password... and HANSSEN'S PHONE RINGS, startling the hell out of us. Eric grabs it.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Supervisory Special Agent Hanssen's office.

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
Hang up the phone.

Hanssen, calling from a land line. Eric winces.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
I'm sorry?

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
That is an unacceptable greeting. Hang up the phone.

CLICK. Eric pauses, unsettled. Hangs up the phone. It RINGS AGAIN. Eric eyes it, grabs it:

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Information Assurance Division.

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
Good Lord.
CLICK. Eric tightens... and the phone RINGS once more.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Is there something I can do for you, Sir?

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
Yes. You can learn how to answer my phone properly. "Section Chief Robert Hanssen."

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Sir, my understanding was that you were Special Assistant to the Assistant Director in charge of--

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
I function as a Section Chief. You will address me as a Section Chief.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Yes, Sir.

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
I also want it changed on the plate outside the door.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Sir, I'm fairly certain I'd have to clear that with--

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
Don't bother. They have their standards. I have mine.

Eric is about to respond, when:

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Wait. Why don't I hear your chair creaking?

Eric freezes, almost afraid to breathe.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Sir?

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
Are you in my office?

How the hell is he always so far ahead of me...?
ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Yes, Sir. I was moving your file cabinet when the phone rang.

A beat. Eric hears the static of a cel-phone...

ERIC (INTO PHONE, CONT'D)
Sir?

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
I have to be able to trust you.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Sir. I'm here to help you.

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
That's a great comfort.

CLICK. It's been a tense day...

56 OMIT

56A INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - LATER NIGHT

The bedroom door is shut. The tiny apartment is still. Eric sits at the kitchen table, transcribing his HANDWRITTEN NOTES from the day on to his LAP-TOP:

We read over his shoulder: a few Hanssen quotes, verbatim. Also a few observations: "Threw out ACS Manual." "Brought his water pitcher to and from the Men's Room several times."

Then we hear a CEL-PHONE RING, coming from Eric's GYM BAG. He fishes for the phone, grabs it.

ERIC (INTO CEL)
This is Eric.

KATE (THRU CEL)
Is your wife within earshot?

ERIC (INTO CEL)
Huh?

57 INTERCUT WITH/INT. METRO STATION - SAME

Kate descends a Metro ESCALATOR, on a cel-phone:

KATE (INTO CEL)
Last I looked, she hadn't been read into the case. Can she hear this?
ERIC (INTO CEL)
No.

KATE (INTO CEL)
Good. Where're my pages?

ERIC (INTO CEL)
I just started them. He kept me there 'til ten o'clock.

KATE (INTO CEL)
(unimpressed)
Uh-huh.

A beat. He doesn't like this lady too much.

ERIC (INTO CEL)
Hey, I don't know what I'm supposed to be looking for with this guy. It's not like he's gonna bring a train of hookers through the office...

KATE (INTO CEL)
Just get me my pages.

She snaps the phone shut before Eric can reply...

57AA INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSEN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 57AA

Bonnie kneels by her bed, beneath a CRUCIFIX. She prays in whispers, then crosses herself, as:

HANSSEN (O.S.)
Bonnie Wauck.

Bonnie turns: Hanssen's in the doorway, a grin on his face.

BONNIE
Bobby Hanssen.

Even after 32 years, he still makes her blush. They kiss, and drift out of frame. We linger on the MIRRORED ARMOIRE by their bed. Pictures of their CHILDREN and GRANDCHILDREN...

57A INT. ERIC AND JULIANA'S APT. - 7 A.M. 57A

It's early, but Juliana's awake - laying out Eric's CLOTHES for today. She lays two ties against a shirt.

Eric's awake too... and wondering whether or not he wants to reveal something. We're TIGHT on him.
ERIC
He doesn't think too much of me.

JULIANA
No?

ERIC
No.

He sits up, faces her.

ERIC (CONT'D)
There're a couple people like that, at work. They think I'm a...
lightweight, I guess.

He looks like a kid just now. She touches his face.

JULIANA
They don't know you.

He considers that, then:

ERIC
Maybe they do.

That's all he'll say. We leave them here, cutting to:

57AA
INT. FBI HQ - NINTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MORNING

TWO CUSTODIANS take down framed portraits of Bill Clinton and Janet Reno, replacing them with portraits of George W. Bush and John Ashcroft.

We look down this long corridor. It's quiet...

58
INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - SAME

Eric tightens a screw on a new, NON-SQUEAKING CHAIR, as we hear those THREE BEEPS at the SCIF door...

Hanssen enters, in his usual uniform: dark suit, red tie. Oddly, today he's carrying a cheap-looking ROWING MACHINE.

ERIC
Morning, Sir.

HANSSEN
Morning.

Hanssen approaches... and Eric tightens: What kind of hoops will I be jumping through today?
HANSSEN (CONT'D)
This is very good work.

From his canvas bag, Hanssen drops a 50-page DOCUMENT on Eric's desk. It's the Kinko's-perfect "Proposal for New SSG Subject Database System" that Eric wrote.

But how did Hanssen get it? Eric just stares for a moment.

ERIC
Sir, when did you--?

HANSSEN
It was ignored, I'm sure.

Hanssen tosses a PACKAGE into an OUT-BOX: a manila envelope addressed to a "Jack Hoschauer" in Bonn, Germany. He notes the dog-eared PARKINSON'S BOOK on Eric's desk.

ERIC
Yes, Sir.

HANSSEN
That's because you don't shoot.

On Eric's reaction, we CUT TO:

INT. FBI HQ - LEVEL 1 - CORRIDOR - DAY

This used to be the Reception Area for the FBI TOUR. Now the Bureau's discards have been shoved here: old vcr's, half-desks, used curtains. The lighting is shadowy. We hear:

HANSSEN (O.S.)
The FBI is a gun-culture. You can't advance here unless you're part of it.

Eric and Hanssen walk past, as we learn something else that's odd about Hanssen: he walks at an angle, as if his gyros were off, cutting into Eric's path completely.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Every Director in the history of the Bureau has been from the Law Enforcement side: guys who shoot, guys who make arrests.

Eric has to adjust his strides to keep from being walked into a wall. But Hanssen has no awareness of it at all.
HANSSEN (CONT'D)
There's never been a Director from the Intel side. Never will be. Intel is Siberia, the "rubber-gun" squad...

ERIC
(trying not to trip)
So why'd you stay?

Hanssen nearly walks Eric into a water fountain...

ERIC (CONT'D)
All those years. Why didn't you transfer into something with a higher profile?

HANSSEN
Because I didn't care about making headlines. I wanted to make History.
(that landed)
The people Intel tracks are the ones who wanna wipe America off the map...
Somehow, that always meant a little more to me than chasing bank robbers. Why're you reading about Parkinson's?

They come to a stop at a BANK OF ELEVATORS, just in time for Eric to react to the change-up he's just been thrown.

ERIC
My mother. For a few years now.

HANSSEN
Oh. I'm very sorry to hear that.

Eric studies him for a hint of sarcasm, or maybe another test... but that was sincere. An ELEVATOR OPENS.

Inside is a LOCAL-TV-NEWS-CREW: a CAMERAMAN, a male PRODUCER... and a BEAUTIFUL REPORTER. (She's 30, brunette, smoky eyes, in a great-looking pant-suit.)

Eric turns, eager to see Hanssen's reaction to her...

Yet Hanssen doesn't react at all, doesn't even look. He just enters the elevator. Eric follows.

Hanssen hits a button, eyes forward.

BEAUTIFUL REPORTER
Good Morning.
HANSSEN
(tight)
Morning.
The doors close. They descend in silence. A long beat.

ERIC
Oh, I forgot to mention, Sir: we got a call from Photo, for a portrait-sitting. You're going up on the "25 Years of Service" Wall.

HANSSEN
Imagine that.
The elevator stops.

60A INT. FBI HQ - LEVEL B-1 - CONTINUING

The NEWS-CREW exits, that Beautiful Reporter drifting around a corner. Hanssen hits the door-close button. We remain inside the elevator as the doors close - descending:

ERIC
Beautiful woman.

HANSSEN
You're married.

ERIC
I can look, can't I?

HANSSEN
God expects you to live your faith, Eric. At all times. Besides, I disapprove of women in pant-suits.

ERIC
Sir?

HANSSEN
Men wear pants. The world doesn't need any more Hillary Clintons.

Eric pauses, certain Hanssen's kidding... No such luck.

61 INT. FBI HQ - DATA CENTER - LEVEL B-2 - DAY

A huge subterranean room: computers, mainframes, servers of different makes and sizes - manned by PROGRAMMERS.

Hanssen stands dead-center, very much unimpressed. To his left is Rich Garces.
HANSSEN
I wrote a program last night using nothing but ones and zeroes, just to see if I could do it. 612 bits of encryption, completely unbreakable.
(Garces nods)
But you get the office with the window.

Eric can't believe Hanssen would say that to a superior. But Garces's unoffended.

GARCES
Okay. Help us. What do we do?

Hanssen sighs, jiggles his keys... then he launches:

HANSSEN
First we drop ACS, which is a relic, not nearly enough band-width. That's why you've got agents who still keep sensitive information in cardboard boxes. We need to move to an ATM system instead of the WAN. An OC-48 with a data rate of 2.488 Megabips. Start with Linux A-B servers, which puts us into Red hat. IP routers throughout the building. Dynamic i.p. addresses to hide the system, using the Invicta prototype with an external internet connection. Would it be easier if I put this in a memo?

GARCES
Yeah.

HANSSEN
Fine. On your desk in the morning.
(at Eric)
You're going to set up meetings for me with the appropriate systems managers at the CIA, DIA, NSA, and the intel agencies of each armed service. They're all ahead of us on I.T.; we have to study them.

ERIC
Yes, Sir.

Eric makes a note of it, but:
GARCES
Uh... ya mind if we book those appointments through me, Bob?

HANSSEN
What for?

GARCES
Just protocol.

HANSSEN
Of course... And then we switch offices, right?

Garces and Eric eye Hanssen. Can't tell if he's kidding...

62  INT. FBI HQ - LEVEL 1 - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER  62

Eric and Hanssen emerge from an elevator. When Hanssen is agitated like this, his gyro-less walk is even more pronounced, literally wedging Eric sideways now.

HANSSEN
Perfect. We're fighting crime with 19th century technology and he's worried about protocol.

(Eric nods)
You set up those meetings. Leave it up to him and they'll never happen.

ERIC
Sir?

HANSSEN
That was turf protection you just watched in there - didn't you see it? Organizational arrogance: No, we don't wanna learn anything from the CIA; we want the CIA answering to us.

They pass by a door. It has THREE SIGNS on it: "Sensitive Compartmentalized Information Facility," "Restricted Access Area," "Authorized Personnel Only."

Hanssen angle-walks past it, Eric struggling to dodge a wall.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
What's going on behind that door, do you know?

ERIC
No, Sir.
HANSSEN
Analysts, looking for a spy inside the Intelligence Community - highest clearance. But there aren't any CIA Officers in there. Know why? Because it's a CIA Officer we're trying to build a case against. Could the mole be someone from the Bureau and not the CIA? Of course. Are we actively pursuing that possibility? Of course not! Because we're the Bureau, and the Bureau knows all. Knock on the door someday, ask them if they're planning to share their files with the Agency. Know what they'll tell you? "Co-operation is counter-operational." That's the mentality.

(keeps walking, spouting)
The enemies of this country aren't so picky. They'll work with anyone who shares their hatred of us. Bureau hasn't learned that lesson yet.

At last he STOPS, at a water fountain, and changes gears:

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
He keeps some paintings in a conference room on eight. I want you to get one of them for me.

ERIC
Sir...?

HANSSEN
Two men on a boat. I want it.

Eric runs that through his head, no idea how to respond.

ERIC
Wait. You mean Agent Garces? These're his paintings?

HANSSEN
Stop thinking like a clerk, they're sitting in storage!

(ERIC's at a loss)
Two guys on a boat.
INT. ERIC AND JULIANA'S APT. - MORNING

Juliana cooks some eggs. It's FREEZING in here. Eric, dressed for work, writes out a small NOTE to himself:

"Linux/Red Hat - problems: 1) training issues 2) password keys"

JULIANA
I'm thinking about changing my major.

ERIC
Huh?

The LADY UPSTAIRS squawks "Hello? Hello?" Eric, his focus total, adds to the note: "3) redundant systems."

ERIC (CONT'D)
Did you say something, Honey?

JULIANA
We can talk about it later.

He leans in, kisses her goodbye.

EXT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - MOMENTS LATER

He emerges from the building - zipping up his jacket, putting that note in his back pocket... then he STOPS:

Here's Hanssen, ten feet away, leaning on his Silver Taurus.

HANSSEN
Do you know why the Soviet Empire collapsed?

Not "Hello." Not "Sorry to surprise you like this." No, the guy just jingles the change in his pocket, waiting.

ERIC
"Good Morning"?

HANSSEN
I made a career studying them. They were smarter than us, more devious, more determined. Why did they fail?

Eric hesitates, this is all so odd.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Godlessness. Atheism. I'm on my way to Morning Mass. You do remember what Mass is, yes? The Jesuits at Gonzaga taught you that much, didn't they?
ERIC
Sir, my grandfather was a Deacon.

HANSSEN
Congratulations. Now it's time to join the Varsity.

Hanssen opens the car door...

71
REVERSE ANGLE - FRONT DOOR OF THE APT. BUILDING - SAME
Juliana, visible through a tiny window in the building's front door, watches Hanssen's Taurus vanish down the street.

72
INT. CATHOLIC INFORMATION CENTER - MOMENTS LATER
We've seen this READING ROOM before. Behind it is the CHAPEL where we first met Hanssen.

Eric eyes stacks of Catholic reading material: A Voting Guide for Serious Catholics, The Pope's Writings on Reproduction... And a pamphlet called "THE PRELATURE OF OPUS DEI."

HANSSEN
Saw a woman from Planned Parenthood on television this morning - a lesbian, naturally. Defending gay marriage. I almost ripped the cable out of the wall.

ERIC
Bet she was wearing pants, huh?

Hanssen almost smiles. Almost.

HANSSEN
Will your children be Jesuit-taught, as you were?

ERIC
Don't know yet. That conversation's still years away.

HANSSEN
It shouldn't be.

ERIC
I'm a GS-11, Sir. We need a second salary before we can start having--

HANSSEN
What's money compared with the blessings of family?
Eric considers that, as the MANAGER passes by.

    MANAGER
    Good to see you, Bob.

Hanssen smiles back, very much at home in this place, as Eric eyes a pamphlet called "Seeking Holiness in Daily Life." Truth is, he feels comfortable in here.

    HANSSEN
    It was my wife who first brought me here. Bonnie. I was a Lutheran when we met, and not much of one. She saved my life...

Before Eric can reply, Hanssen pushes open a pair of large doors, revealing the CHAPEL.

    HANSSEN (CONT'D)
    Come.

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUING


    HANSSEN
    Without God life would be terrifying, wouldn't it? Unlivable darkness.'
    (Eric nods)
    That's why I come here, every day - to remind myself of the things that matter.

Eric kneels, crosses himself, whispers an audible prayer. Hanssen - who's been watching - nods, satisfied...

    HANSSEN (CONT'D)
    What are they for you? Do you know yet?
    (Eric doesn't understand)
    The things that matter, in your core.

In a House of God, that's a loaded question...

    ERIC
    My faith. My family.
    (laughs at himself)
    Becoming an agent.

    HANSSEN
    ...and your country.
ERIC
Of course. Yes.

HANSSEN
Those are the three: faith, family, country. Take care of them and the agent part will take care of it itself.

...not the sort of advice you'd expect to get from a sexual deviant - hence the look of confusion on Eric's face.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
(whispered)
We attend St. Catherine's on Sundays. A traditional Latin service. Then a big family lunch after. Do you think Juliana might like that?

ERIC
I don't know.

HANSSEN
Let's give it a try this weekend. My Bonnie's been known to work miracles.

Hanssen drops his head in prayer. Eric studies him. Their eyes shut...

...when a SHARP SOUND shatters the moment, interrupting:

Eric's pager. It BEEPS obnoxiously, Hanssen nearly recoiling from the sacrilege.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Shut that off!

ERIC
Sorry.

Eric silences the pager, quickly. A beat passes.

...then Hanssen's anger dissipates. He eyes the kid.

HANSSEN
Your wife?

ERIC
No one else even has this number.

HANSSEN
Oh. Well. Perhaps you ought to call her. Might be important.
Eric considers that... then:

ERIC
That's okay. It can wait.

...and he shuts the pager off, bringing a very pleased grin to Hanssen's face.

They proceed down the aisle. We linger here by the doors, as Hanssen leads Eric away from us, to the front pew...

EXT. UNIDENTIFIED COLONNADE - NIGHT

We're not sure where we are: a shadowy semi-enclosed outdoor space. Eric passes along a row of cement columns. Some faint street noise can be heard, maybe twenty feet below him.

...then he finds Kate, seated, awaiting him.

KATE
Ya know, when I page you it isn't to discuss what's on Oprah. It means I need to speak to you.

He hands her some PAGES. She starts to look them over.

KATE (CONT'D)
We're going to be searching his car, which'll involve your keeping him out of the office for a few hours. A thing like that has to be planned.

ERIC
Did you pick me because I was Catholic?

Wait. That came out of nowhere. Kate actually looks thrown.

KATE
I'm sorry?

ERIC
Did you think he'd trust me because I was Catholic?

KATE
Jesus, Eric.
(he eyes her) We picked you because of your facility with computers. We thought it would impress him. We also thought he might like that 50-page proposal you were pushing all over the Bureau.

(MORE)
KATE (cont'd)
I understand he got his hands on a copy, right?

She returns to her reading. Traffic buzzes by below...

ERIC
Agent Burroughs... I'm starting to think I might not be the right guy for this.

KATE
Oh yeah?

ERIC
I'm used to Intel cases, terrorist cases, targets of value. Nobody ever put me on a perversion detail before.

KATE
Think we're being too hard on him?

She puts the pages in her briefcase. He studies her.

ERIC
Tell me five things about yourself, four of them true.

Kate pauses, irritated.

ERIC (CONT'D)
It's a game he taught me. Lie detection.

The conversation just ended... We hear the brakes of a BUS squeaking below.

KATE
I think that's your bus.

And she goes. Eric doesn't move...

75
INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - NIGHT
75

Eric enters. He looks spent.

But here's Juliana, waiting for him by that lousy formica table. Dinner tonight is two CHINESE FOOD CARTONS and mismatching plates. She shrugs, smiles. Adorable.

JULIANA
Hi, Baby.

ERIC
Will you go to Church with me?
That came out of nowhere. On her reaction, we CUT TO:

**EXT. ST. CATHERINE'S CHURCH - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

A beautiful Catholic church on a glorious snowy day.

**INT. ST. CATHERINE'S - SAME (DAY)**

FATHER MCKEE and other PRIESTS stand at an altar with their backs turned to their parishioners. A Latin Sunday Mass.

We DOLLY up an aisle - every parishioner KNEELING - to find Bonnie and Hanssen, praying. Eric too. And three of Hanssen's kids, (Greg, Jane, SUSAN), and three GRANDKIDS.

Then we PAN LEFT... to find Juliana, an outsider here.

FATHER MCKEE
This is the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world. Happy are those who are called to his supper.

ENTIRE CONGREGATION
Lord, I am not worthy to receive you, but only say the word and I shall be healed...

Hanssen eyes her, checking to see if she knows what to do in a Church. Then he smiles, "encouragingly." It rankles her.

**INT. HANSEN HOME - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Juliana stares at a decorated cake. Around her, this house bustles: Greg, Lisa, Jane, lots of GRANDKIDS. Bonnie approaches from the Kitchen.

BONNIE
How did you like the service, Juliana?

JULIANA
It was lovely... I'd never been to a Mass where people knelt the whole time.

BONNIE
It's a gesture of devotion. We've taught our children not to be grocery-cart Catholics, you know? The kind of church-goer who takes only what's convenient and leaves the rest on the shelf. It's all expected of us.
She smiles warmly, puts her hand atop Juliana's.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Eric's such a nice young man. How did you two meet?

JULIANA
We met in a bar, actually.

BONNIE
Oh.
(a beat)
Have some cake, Sweetheart.

INT. HANSSEN HOME - STUDY - SAME

Through a window we see Hanssen and HIS GRANDKIDS, playing in the Hanssen's modest backyard. A snowball fight.

REVERSE ANGLE: Eric, watching Hanssen from in here. He turns from the window, looks around the room: mementoes, a few awards, lots of family photos, statues of the Virgin Mary.

...and a computer, which is on but sleeping.

Eric sighs, conflicted - takes another look at Hanssen: a grandfather, playing, laughing. Sunday barks happily.

Eric sits in Hanssen's chair and toggles the computer mouse. The screen comes to life, revealing the last site Hanssen's been to:

...the official WEB-PAGE of the Vatican. Of course.

Now he feels like an idiot. But he moves the mouse to a tab reading "Internet History" and CLICKS on it. The names of twenty recently-visited web addresses fill the screen.

He turns for another look out that window. Just to be safe.

Uh-oh. Hanssen is no longer out there. And we hear FOOTSTEPS.

Eric wheels back around, clicks out of "Internet History," grabs the nearest book handy, ("The Man Who Was Thursday" by G. K. Chesterton,) and pretends to be reading, as:

HANSSEN (O.S.)
I love Sundays...

Eric looks up, "casually." Here's Hanssen in the doorway, wet from his snowball fight.
HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Going to Mass, having the kids here. It makes everything else fade away.

ERIC
Sorry, I...

HANSSEN
Don't be. We want you to feel at home here.

Eric nods. Hanssen approaches the desk.

ERIC
Is this your father, Sir?

Eric's referring to a framed photo on the desk: of a CHICAGO POLICE OFFICER, circa 1968, HOWARD HANSSEN...

Eric studies the photo again: a hard, joyless face...

ERIC (CONT'D)
He must've been very proud of you. FBI, top Soviet analyst...

HANSSEN
Oh, I don't know... Father wasn't very... impressed by things. He wanted me to be a doctor.

(Eric nods)
He rigged my first driving test, the day I turned sixteen. Made an arrangement with my DMV Instructor.

ERIC
So you'd pass?

HANSSEN
So I'd fail.

(a beat)
He thought it would toughen me up.

Hanssen breathes out a sad laugh. Eric studies him.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
I do that too, I suppose - test people. More than I ought to.

(just remembered:)
Oh. I almost forgot. I have something for you.

He finds a thick FILE of pages on the desk. Eric's afraid that Hanssen will see that the SCREEN-SAVER isn't on, but:
HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Everything I could get on Parkinson's.

Eric pauses, thrown... as Hanssen hands him 100 PAGES OF ARTICLES ABOUT PARKINSON'S: pieces from medical journals, websites, the National Institute of Health.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Been quite a bit of progress in the last few years. I didn't know if you were up on it.

ERIC
Is there... someone in your family who has Parkinson's?

HANSSEN
No. Thank God.

Just then, SNOWBALLS hit the window - SPLAT! Hanssen turns. His GRANDKIDS giggle outside. Hanssen crosses to the window.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Take a look at the studies on Deep Brain Stimulation: electrodes implanted to stimulate the Thalamus, Subthalamic Nucleus, or Globus Pallidius. They control movement.

Eric eyes that file - and Hanssen, and the photo of Howard, feeling pretty lousy now about having snooped in here...

ERIC
Ya know, Sir. I think you're... misunderstood.

HANSSEN
Oh? By whom?

ERIC
I dunno, by whoever hands out window-offices for one.

HANSSEN
Oh, that's all right. I think I made too much fuss of all that. Besides, I'll be gone so soon anyway. What good would a window do me now? I'm fifty-seven in two months. That's mandatory retirement.

Eric pauses, unsettled. Hanssen appreciates that.
HANSSEN (CONT'D)
It's fine. It's time. I could stay there another hundred years and I'd still just be an afterthought. The perks go to the guys who play the game, the ones who politick; I knew a long time ago I didn't have the stomach for that. But I'll get my portrait on that 25-year wall, right? That's something.

He looks around this room, his accomplishments...

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Doesn't really matter much, does it? The judgments of other men. I know what I've done.

That landed. We can see it on Eric's face...

79A INT. ERIC'S JEEP - PARKED OUTSIDE THEIR BUILDING - DUSK 79A

Eric and Juliana pull up to their building, still in their church-clothes. It's been a silent ride home...

ERIC
Okay. You didn't like them.

JULIANA
Don't you think something's off about him? About both of them?

ERIC
No.

JULIANA
One of their daughters sleeps on a wooden board - did you know that? Opus Dei says it'll "quell her passions," whatever that means.

ERIC
She's a numerary. They're celibate.

JULIANA
Good for her. She couldn't be a bridesmaid at her sister's wedding because Opus Dei wouldn't let her take a strange man's arm walking down the aisle.
ERIC
It's their religion, okay? They take it seriously.

She gets out of the car, livid... but Eric doesn't.

JULIANA
You're not coming in?

ERIC
I hafta to go talk to somebody.

JULIANA
Who?
(he's silent)
Oh. You can't tell me.

No, he can't. Juliana heads inside. We MOVE IN ON ERIC...

EXT. WOODROW WILSON PLAZA - TWO HOURS LATER (NIGHT)
Kate ascends a Metro escalator at Federal Triangle. Before her is Woodrow Wilson Plaza, a massive semi-circular building with a NAVY MEMORIAL at its center.

And here's Eric, waiting for her. Alone.

Kate approaches, annoyed. It's a cold night.

KATE
What's the trouble?

ERIC
I wanna see what you've got on this guy.

KATE
Come again?

ERIC
His "internet postings," the e-mails. Your case.

KATE
Why?

ERIC
'Cause I don't think you have one.

KATE
I can read you in. I'm authorized to do that. But it'd only put you at greater risk.
ERIC
Of what?! What the hell is all this?
He doesn't drink, doesn't tell dirty
jokes. He goes to Church every day.
His wife loves him, so do his
grandkids. And why the hell would you
hand a new division to a guy who's
retiring in two months, especially if
he's under investigation?

KATE
Are you through?

She walks toward the Navy Memorial: flags, statues, a quote
from John F. Kennedy. Eric follows, talking to her back:

ERIC
I think this whole thing is cooked. I
think he keeps shooting off his mouth
about the Bureau and nobody knows
what to do with him. So we tag him as
a deviant and run him out of the
building. It's bullshit, the whole
thing - Kenneth Starr all over again -
except I'm running around looking for
the blue dress!

She waits, making certain he's done. Then:

KATE
You've come to admire him, I see.

ERIC
Yes.

KATE
Respect him.

ERIC
Yes.

KATE
Well that was inevitable. In fact for
our purposes it was sorta necessary.
(a beat)
But he's a traitor, Eric. Started

Silence. Dead silence. Eric doesn't blink, or breathe. He
replays the words in his head. Maybe he heard them wrong.

No. He heard them right. That's why he can't speak...
KATE (CONT'D)
He's given them military secrets, intelligence secrets. He gave them our Continuity of Government Program, which told them where the President would be taken during a nuclear or terrorist attack. And the Vice President. And the Congress. And the Cabinet.

81 INTERCUT WITH/EXT. FOXSTONE PARK - FOOTBRIDGE - NIGHT
Hanssen stands on a footbridge.

KATE (V.O.)
The damage he's done to the U.S. Government is in the billions.

TILT DOWN... to reveal a large LAWN & LEAF BAG at his feet. He kneels down, and stashes it below the footbridge.

81A EXT. WOODROW WILSON PLAZA - NIGHT - RESUMING
Eric doesn't know what to say...

KATE (CONT'D)
But that's just the money part...

82 INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSEN HOME - STUDY - NIGHT
We're tight on a LOOSE PIECE OF PARQUET FLOORING. Hanssen kneels over it, with a hammer.

KATE (V.O., CONT'D)
He's also given up lives. Sources we were working.

Hanssen pulls up the parquet tile... revealing STACKS OF 100-Dollar bills - his stash. He adds more cash to the pile.

83 INTERCUT WITH/INT. UNNAMED SOVIET PRISON - DAY
A cold cement floor in a dark room... on which we find the lifeless bodies of VALERY MARTYNOV and SERGEI MOTORIN.

KATE (V.O., CONT'D)
In one of his drops he identified Valery Martynov and Sergei Motorin, two KGB agents we'd turned.

Blood pools from bullet wounds in their respective skulls.
KATE (V.O., CONT'D)
They were flown back to Moscow and executed.

EXT. WOODROW WILSON PLAZA - RESUMING
Kate eyes Eric...

KATE
We don't have a handle yet on how many of our assets he's compromised. Maybe fifty, maybe more. Might be years before we truly know how many deaths he's been responsible for.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. THAT UNIDENTIFIED HOTEL ROOM - DAY
Again, a cassette spins inside that tape recorder:

HANSSEN'S VOICE (THRU CASSETTE)
I shouldn't tease you. It just gets me into trouble.

...but this time we hear a REPLY on that cassette. A RUSSIAN VOICE:

RUSSIAN VOICE (THRU CASSETTE)
It is always our attempt to keep you out of trouble!

KATE (V.O.)
Our file on him came from two Russian defectors. Bureau paid seven million dollars for it.

OMIT

EXT. WOODROW WILSON PLAZA - NIGHT - RESUMING
Kate goes on:

KATE (CONT'D)
Of course, everything in the file is inadmissible. We make our case independently or he walks. Retirement with full benefits.

She lets that sink in. Then, almost as an afterthought:

KATE (CONT'D)
Oh, and not that it matters, but the sexual stuff is also true. Irrelevant but true.
88 INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSEN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bonnie kneels by her bed, at prayer. She crosses herself, then looks up... to find her husband, eyeing her from the doorway. Hanssen starts toward her, gives her a kiss.

KATE (V.O., CONT'D)
The stories he put on the Internet?
They're about his wife, using her real name - sweet little anecdotes about how much she loves hard cock, that sort of thing. He's a big fan of strippers, too. Has been for years.

Hanssen and Bonnie drift out of frame, toward the bed.

89 EXT. WOODROW WILSON PLAZA - RESUMING - NIGHT

Kate eyes him...

KATE (CONT'D)
But his grandchildren do love him, that part I can't argue.

Eric tries not to stagger; it all feels like a hole that just keeps getting deeper. He swallows hard.

...just realized something:

ERIC
There's no such thing as the "Information Assurance Division."
Is there?

KATE
No. We created that, to lure him back from State. 9930 was built for him too.

89A INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - FLASHBACK - VARIOUS (DAY)
The CONSTRUCTION of 9930, which we saw once before:

- The inner and outer offices are framed by CARPENTERS.
- Installation of cameras, heat detectors, microphones.
- Carpeting goes down, covering over motion sensors.

KATE (CONT'D, V.O.)
Video, audio, bafflers on the vents, motion sensors, heat sensors, probably enough microwaves in that office to cook a chicken.
89B EXT. WOODROW WILSON PLAZA - NIGHT - RESUMING

She gives him a moment to absorb it all.

KATE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry we had to mislead you. But this is the worst breach in the history of U.S. Intelligence - unusual steps were required.
(Eric nods...)
Good news is, you got your wish: you're in the middle of the biggest case we've ever run.

Not long ago, that would have been thrilling. But now...

KATE (CONT'D)
Come with me. There're a few people I'd like you to meet.

90 INT. WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE - C-TOC - NIGHT

This is a C-TOC, (Command & Tactical Operations Center.) A high-tech, vibrant "situation room," impressive as hell.

40 AGENTS occupy two rows of NASA-like consoles. The feeling is precise, focused. If these guys are after you, you're going to be caught. Computers are built into the consoles.

We pass through this C-TOC in three directions, picking up EXCHANGES between Agents. A few voices pop out at us:

AGENT SHERIN
He badged out at 5:12, stopped at his dry cleaners, drove by Dead-Drop Ellis, then went home. How does that compare with the previous Thursday?

AGENT NECE (INTO PHONE)
Has the Agency been briefed on this? If it deals with Russian sources, the Agency has to be briefed on it.

AGENT LOPER
Does Hanssen have any leave-time coming?

AGENT SHERIN
What's leave-time?

That draws some laughs. We land a CORNER of the room... where Eric stands, dumbstruck, Kate beside him. He looks over the room: AGENT SHERIN, AGENT LOPER, three dozen others.
One is AGENT DEBRA NECE, whom we (and Eric) mistook not long ago as the Passing FBI Secretary who joked with Eric about the computer he was swiping in the 9th Floor Corridor.

Eric tightens, feeling small. Behind him is a DATA ROOM, in which servers and mainframes wink in the dark, way ahead of the technological curve.

(NOTE: The C-TOC is ringed on three sides by interior windows that reveal support offices and a huge BULLPEN of cubicles and desks. C-TOC has no exterior windows of its own.)

ERIC
How many people are working this?

KATE
Got fifty on the Bigot List so far.

ERIC
Is the Director involved?

KATE
The Director's running the case. He sees your pages every day.
   (that was another stunner)
Keep them coming, by the way. Our audio's missing about ninety percent of what Hanssen says in there.

ERIC
He mumbles.

KATE
He does a lot of things, this guy.

Eric looks around... all this manpower, working one case.

ERIC
Why don't we just arrest him?

PLESAC (O.S.)
Can't do that.

Eric turns... to find DEAN PLESAC leaning in the doorway of what we now realize is the same CONFERENCE ROOM in which Eric was first assigned to this case.

Plesac's 47, Kate's superior. He remains in that doorframe like he owns the place.

PLESAC (CONT'D)
He knows the names and locations of every source we've ever turned. He
PLESAC (cont'd)
knows where we've put our agents overseas. If we can't get him to talk their lives are all at risk.

Eric looks to Kate for an introduction:

KATE
Eric O'Neill. Special Agent Dean Plesac.

ERIC
Sir.

PLESAC
Director wants him caught in the act of making a drop.

ERIC
That would give you the Death Penalty.

PLESAC
Don't you think he's earned it?

That lands... just as Rich Garces emerges from that same Conference Room, carrying a steel briefcase - (he and Plesac have just concluded a meeting in there.)

Eric pales a bit, realizing that Garces too has been in on this all along.

GARCES
See ya, Dean.

PLESAC
Thanks for coming in, Rich.

Garces passes by Eric, hiding a grin.

GARCES
Like I said, Kid: take nothing personally.

Eric just sags, humbled.

INT. WFO - C-TOC - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

We DOLLY through the busy BULLPEN as Eric follows Kate. Again, the feeling is disbelief: How did I miss all this?

KATE
He has an appointment at the D.I.A. tomorrow at two, right?
ERIC
Yeah.

KATE
You're driving him?

Eric mumbles a "yeah" as they arrive at her CUBICLE (it's slightly neater than those around it).

Kate opens up her desk, grabs a KEY from it.

KATE (CONT'D)
We need you to keep him out of the office for at least three hours. That's when we'll be sweeping his car.

ERIC
Okay.

KATE
Good.

Key in hand, she heads back toward the C-TOC, with Eric in tow. We continue to TRACK THEM:

KATE (CONT'D)
How long would it take to download the Datacard from his Palm Pilot?

ERIC
Twenty, thirty minutes, depending on the level of encryption.

(she nods)
But you can't. He never lets it out of his--

She stops him with a look. He re-considers.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Assuming we could separate him from it, twenty to thirty minutes.

KATE
Okay.

She opens a door, leading him into:

91A INT. C-TOC - VIDEO ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 91A

With a THUNK a thick FILE is dropped onto a table in front of Eric. (Kate has just retrieved it from one of the several large SAFES that line the wall of this room.)
ERIC
What's this?

KATE
You wanted to be read-in, right?

Kate shuts the safe, then heads for the door to leave Eric alone with the file. But before she gets there:

ERIC
Kate?

She turns. The kid looks lost.

ERIC (CONT'D)
What if he's smarter than I am?
(hates to say this)
I never misread anybody that badly before... except maybe you.

She breathes out a smile, unaccustomed to humility from him. Seems like it wouldn't be a bad time to encourage him a bit:

KATE
A couple years ago, the Bureau put together a Task Force.

Eric wasn't expecting a story...

KATE (CONT'D)
Lots of assets had been disappearing, sources like Motorin, Martynov; dozens of them, vanishing. So this Task Force was formed - to find the mole who was giving them up. Our best analysts, poring over data, for years, looking for the guy. But they could never quite find him.

(Eric waits)
Take a guess who we put in charge of the Task Force.

(Eric gets the idea)
He was smarter than all of us.

That helped, a little. Kate's about to go...

KATE (CONT'D)
Actually, I can live with that part. It's the idea that my whole career's been a waste of time - that's the part I hate.

(re: the C-TOC)
Everything I've done since I got to (MORE)
KATE (cont'd)
this office - everything we were all
being paid to do - he was undoing it.
We all could've just... stayed home.

Then she goes... and Eric is alone. Behind him, a TV MONITOR
beams a live feed from inside 9930. To his right, a window
looks out over the buzzing C-TOC, Kate drifting across it...

And before him is that THICK FILE.

Reluctantly, he picks up the first page, and eyes it. Its
words come alive, in Hanssen's voice:

HANSSEN (V.O.)
Dear Friends... Thank you for the
50,000. As far as the funds are
concerned, I have little need or
utility for more than 100,000 at any
one time. It merely provides a
difficulty since I cannot spend it,
store it, or invest it without
tripping 'drug money' warning bells.

Eric puts the page down, picks up another. It sounds angrier:

HANSSEN (V.O., CONT'D)
I have come close to sacrificing
myself to help you, and I get
silence. I hate silence. Conclusion:
One might propose that I am either
insanely brave or quite insane. I'd
answer neither. I'd say insanely
loyal. Take your pick, there is
insanity in all the answers.

Eric grabs another - noticing now that his hand is shaking...

HANSSEN (V.O., CONT'D)
The U.S. can be errantly likened to a
powerfully-built but retarded child,
potentially dangerous but young,
immature, and easily manipulated. But
don't be fooled by--

The tail of that third one is now overlapped by a fourth:

HANSSEN (V.O., CONT'D)
My Security concerns may seem
excessive. I believe experience has
shown them to be necessary. I am much
safer if you know little about me.
Neither of us are children about
these things.
We begin to hear several more now, all at once:

HANSSEN (V.O.'S)
I found the site empty. Empty sites bother me. I like to know before I commit myself as I'm sure you do also.

(Eric shuts his eyes...)
If you wish to continue our discussions, please have someone run an ad in the Washington Times during the week of January 12th or 19th:
"For Sale, Dodge Diplomat, 1971, needs engine work, $1,000. Give a phone number and...

92
INT. WFO - C-TOC/BULLPEN - RESUMING

We move through in SLOW-MOTION now, from Eric's vantage-point, watching the Agents of the Field Office at work: grinding away, sweating the details, building their case...

HANSSEN (V.O., CONT'D)
I was unable to locate the package based on your description last night. Please recognize that I am in a business suit and cannot slog around in inch-deep mud. Meeting out of the country is simply not practical for me. I must answer too many questions from family, friends, and government. Perhaps some diamonds as security to my children and some goodwill so that when the time comes, you will accept my senior services as a guest lecturer. Policies are constraints. Constraints breed patterns. Patterns are noticed./ P.S., your 'thank you' was deeply appreciated. / I decided on this course when I was 14 years old! Now that is insane, eh! Your service has recently suffered some setbacks. I warn that Mr. Boris Yuzhin, Mr. Sergey Motorin, and Mr. Valery Martynov have all been recruited by our "special services."

It's painstaking, exacting work, but it has to get done. Agents in the C-TOC and the surrounding BULLPEN - fueled on pizza and coffee, tireless. Then we drift back to:
INT. C-TOC - VIDEO ROOM - RESUMING

Eric, eyeing those agents as we hear that last letter:

HANSSEN (V.O., CONT'D)
Eventually, I would appreciate an escape plan. Nothing lasts forever.

Eric pushes the file away. His head drops. END SLOW-MO.

EXT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. BLDG. - ALLEY - NIGHT

Eric sits in his car, staring, almost in a trance... until the penetrating SOUNDS of a distant SIREN jolts him.

He gets out of the Jeep.

INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. BLDG. - FOYER - MINUTES LATER

He approaches, reaches for his key... But his front door opens before the key is inserted.

And Juliana stands here, with an odd look on her face.

ERIC
Hi.

JULIANA
Hi.

Eric doesn't understand her slightly-lost expression... until she swings the door open wider, and:

HANSSEN
You're back!

The blood drains from Eric's face. Hanssen and Bonnie are here. She's in an apron, cooking. He's at the kitchen table.

Hanssen, the traitor, the monster, in my home. Eric's head begins to swim. The look on Juliana's face is heartbreaking.

ERIC
Boss. When did you--

BONNIE
Very disappointed in you, Young Man. Leaving your bride alone without telling her where you'd be.

HANSSEN
Not good, Eric. Where were you?
Just like that, Eric has to come up with a lie. He enters.

ERIC
My mother fell. I had to go see her.

HANSSEN
Did she break anything?

ERIC
Oh. No. Just bumped her head.

HANSSEN
(watching Juliana's reaction)
That's awful. Write down their address for me, would you? I'd like to send some flowers.

ERIC
Very kind of you, Boss.

HANSSEN
We couldn't reach you on your cell.
(Eric hesitates)
On your hip 24/7, right?

ERIC
It was stupid, I know.
(approaches Juliana)
Sorry, Honey. I should've called.

Eric gives her a kiss, praying she won't smoke him out.
Hanssen watches every nuance between them. Assessing...

HANSSEN
We were just hearing what it was like
to grow up in the Communist Bloc.

ERIC
Oh yeah?

HANSSEN
It piques my curiosity, as you can imagine.
(Eric shrugs)
I hope it hasn't felt like an interrogation, Juliana.

Juliana breathes out a smile, trying, as Bonnie brings a Pot Roast to the table, sitting...
JULIANA
Bonnie, you really didn't have to go
to all this tr--

BONNIE
It's only leftovers. I couldn't stand
the thought of you two ordering from
that Peking Wall place again.

HANSSEN
(sits)
Even Chinese people can't eat Chinese
every night, Eric. Besides, how's
this tiny thing going to give you a
house full of babies if you don't put
some protein in her diet?

Upstairs, the HELLO LADY can be heard again: "Hello? Hello?"
Hanssen and Bonnie find that pretty amusing.

Time to eat now. Bonnie takes Hanssen's hand to say Grace,
extending her other hand toward Juliana.

BONNIE
Eric, would you like to say Grace?

Hands are joined, heads are bowed. Juliana looks to Eric...

96
EXT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - LATER NIGHT

Hanssen and Bonnie drive away in the Silver Taurus, waving.
Eric waves back, waiting until the Taurus is long gone...

97
INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - MOMENTS LATER

Eric re-enters the apartment. Juliana is angrily dumping food
into the trash as if it were poisonous.

ERIC
Jule, I'm sorry. I didn't invite
them, obviously.

JULIANA
But they thought it would be okay,
Eric. And what was that bullshit
about your mom bumping her head?

ERIC
That's complicated.
JULIANA
"Complicated" as in I wouldn't understand? Or as in you can't tell me?

ERIC
(heads for the bedroom)
I've got work to do. Some reading.

JULIANA
Are you gonna quit?
(he stops, thrown)
I want you to quit.

He sighs, stuck. She approaches him, trying to connect.

JULIANA (CONT'D)
I felt... sick all day, Eric. It's like you're someone else when he's around.

There's a lot he can't tell her. So he's in a box...

ERIC
I'm sorry it was a stressful day for you. Let's not make it worse.

And he turns away. Juliana's at a loss.

JULIANA
I dunno, maybe it's me. Maybe you want me to be someone else too. Maybe you want me to be Bonnie or something.

ERIC
Knock it off, Jule.

JULIANA
No, that'd be easier for you, wouldn't it? If I were more of an FBI kind of wife, like she is?

ERIC
I'm not kidding Juliana, shut up.

JULIANA
If I just went to church all day and wanted to spend my life being pregnant. Your parents'd probably love that.
ERIC
(starts toward her)
*Enough, awright?!

JULIANA
And you wouldn't have to worry
anymore if I was Catholic enough or
American enough. Maybe you'd even--

ERIC
(grabs her)
SHUT UP GODDAMMIT!!!

That shook the walls, shocking them both. Then, silence.

With a forced calm he shuts the bedroom door. She stares at
it. We DISSOLVE TO:

OMIT

103
EXT. THE HOME OF JOHN AND VIVIAN O'NEILL - DAWN

JOHN O'NEILL, 55, emerges from his suburban home, dressed and
shaved although the sun is barely up. He grabs the newspaper,
turns... and STOPS.

Eric is sitting on the front-porch swing. Staring. 5 a.m.

JOHN
Eric?

ERIC
Hey, Dad.

JOHN
How long've you been out here?

ERIC
I dunno, an hour or two.

JOHN
It's freezing.

ERIC
Dad, have you ever quit anything?

JOHN
Why?

ERIC
Just... wondering.
John just learned why Eric's here. He crosses the porch toward the kid, trying to offer a smile.

JOHN
I think I gave up on a paper route once. Got tired of waking up so early. Why?

ERIC
What'd your father say?

Now John really knows why Eric has come here. He sits.

JOHN
Nothing. He just shrugged. (remembering)
He could kill you with those shrugs.

ERIC
I've been thinking about him a lot this morning. I don't know why.

JOHN
It's a lot to put on yourself, Son. He was just a kid doing his duty. Like you.

Eric glances past John, through a window... where he can see *THREE WWII MEDALS*, encased in lucite, sitting on a table. *

John eyes them too. The sight of them takes him back a bit...

JOHN (CONT'D)
"Get on the boat, do your job, and get back home again."

ERIC
Huh?

JOHN
It's what he said to me the first time I ever shipped out. He knew I was scared so he kept it simple.

ERIC
Maybe I shoulda gone to Annapolis.

JOHN
Always seemed to me like joining the Bureau was your apology for not going to Annapolis - which you never had to do.
ERIC
It's what you wanted.

JOHN
I wanted you to serve your country. Is that what you're doing?

ERIC
Yes.

JOHN
Then you can't quit, can you?

Eric is silent. The answer's obvious. John pats his leg.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Get on the boat, do your job, and get back home again. Can you do that?

Eric nods, he thinks so. Either way, it's comforting, sitting here together. We leave them on that swing...

104 INT. FBI HQ - CAFETERIA - NOON

Eric pays at a cash register while Hanssen clicks and twirls his fat blue PILOT DR.-GRIP PEN. Clicking, twirling. Nothing on his tray but a Diet Coke...

ERIC
Not eating today, Sir?

HANSSEN
Best way to lose weight - just skip lunch. How's your mother?

ERIC

Hanssen smiles thinly, drifting from the buffet line to a table. Behind him are posters of FBI movies from the '30s: "G-Men," "G-Men Never Forget," "You Can't Get Away With It."

They sit, Eric acting as if's nothing's wrong. Hanssen clicks the pen again.

HANSSEN
I had eggs for breakfast this morning, I own eighteen guns.

ERIC
Sir?
ERIC
My list of five. Thought we might see
if you'd learned enough to catch me
yet.

ERIC
Oh.

HANSSEN
Should I go on?
    (Eric nods...)
When I leave the Bureau I'll be
stepping into a two-hundred-and-fifty-
thousand-dollar-a-year position at an
I.T. firm. I'm behind on my tithing
to the church... And I don't believe
anything actually happened to your
mother last night. I think you were
somewhere else and just didn't want
to tell me.

That was supposed to unnerve Eric. But:

ERIC
    ("shocked")
You're behind on your tithing to the
church?!

He laughs it off. Hanssen doesn't - just throws another of
those X-ray stares. Then:

HANSSEN
How many people in this room are
lying? Can you tell?

ERIC
Huh?

HANSSEN
It's in the hands - little gestures.
Tension around the mouth. If you're
after a career in Intel you really
ought to master all that.
    (pointedly)
How is your mother?

Okay. He must be toying with me... But Eric refuses to wilt.

ERIC
Better. Fine. Thank you.

HANSSEN
I'm bored. Let's go.
With that, Hanssen rises. We stay with Eric... as he watches Hanssen go, crossing the cafeteria.

...until Eric's eyes land on Garces, seated at a distant table, casually sipping a coffee. He notes Eric, then looks down at a newspaper. Hanssen exits. And Eric is at sea...

105 INT. FBI HQ - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

We're TIGHT on Hanssen's WATER PITCHER as Eric fills it in a bathroom sink.

Then Garces enters... and Eric tightens.

GARCES
His appointment's in five minutes.
Media Room, First Floor. You'll get a page when he's in-pocket. Obviously, if he takes his Palm Pilot with him you call me and we shut it down.

ERIC
Might not be the best day to do this, Sir. He's due at the D.I.A. at two. I'm driving him.

GARCES
Looks like you're in for a full day.

With that, Garces leaves...

106 INT. FBI HQ - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE 9930 - MOMENTS LATER

Eric pauses at the SCIF door, steeling himself.

107 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - CONTINUING

Hanssen works, his door open. (There's now a ROWING MACHINE stacked against a wall, and an OIL PAINTING hanging: two men on a boat, circa 1800's. Eric stole it for him days ago.)

Eric enters, pitcher in hand, feigning urgency:

ERIC
Boss, I just realized - I totally screwed something up.

HANSSEN
Don't you knock?

ERIC
The photographer for your twenty-fifth anniversary portrait, he's here
ERIC(cont'd)
today. I had it in my book for next week. But it's today.

(sets the pitcher down)
They just called me on my cell. Your appointment's in five minutes.

HANSSEN
Well, we'll just have to reschedule, won't we?

ERIC
We shouldn't. He's only here once a month. I'm so sorry.

HANSSEN
I'm supposed to drop everything I'm doing and run down there? In this?

ERIC
It's how you dress every day.

HANSSEN
No. There's a spot on my tie.

ERIC
Lemme look.

Eric crosses to the desk, "accidentally" knocking over that water pitcher as he moves to Hanssen's chair. Big spill.

HANSSEN
Good Lord! You klutz!

Hanssen shoots to his feet. Water runs all over the desk.

ERIC
I'm so sorry!

HANSSEN
It's everywhere.

Eric grabs a fistful of Kleenex, starts mopping the desk.

ERIC
Boss. Please. Get down there. I'll have all this cleaned up by the time you're back.

HANSSEN
I've got the D.I.A. at two.

ERIC
I'll get you there. No problem.
Eric keeps mopping, Hanssen studying him... until:

HANSSEN
Are you finding this job stressful,
Eric? Is all this too much for you?

Eric stops, eyes him.

ERIC
Sometimes.

HANSSEN
Then pray more.

ERIC
Yes Sir.

And Hanssen goes... leaving his canvas briefcase behind. Eric waits for the sound of the SCIP door. It closes.

And, on Hanssen's TV SCREEN, Eric sees Hanssen disappearing down the corridor...

108 INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ - MEDIA ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 108

A makeshift photo studio. Hanssen enters, passing a non-descript CLERK without a hello. A PHOTOGRAPHER approaches, a bit too enthusiastic for Hanssen's tastes:

PHOTOGRAPHER
Mister Hanssen! Nice to meet you! I'm John.

Hanssen nods. Photographer leads him toward the "studio"... as that non-descript Clerk sends a TEXT-MESSAGE:

109 INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING 109

Eric has cleaned up the mess on Hanssen's desk. Now he waits... until his PAGER beeps. He looks at its face:

"Karat is in-pocket."

That's the green light. Eric goes to work, unzipping Hanssen's bag. The first pocket is empty. So's the second.

...but pocket #3 has the jackpot: Hanssen's PALM PILOT, and a DataCard. Eric grabs them and hurries to:
110 INT. 9930 - ERIC'S DESK - CONTINUING

Eric pulls out a key and opens a LOCKED DESK DRAWER. It has a FALSE BOTTOM in it. He slides that aside, to find an ADVANCED PDA RECORDER, hidden here. Eric plugs the Datacard into it.

111 INT. FBI HQ - MEDIA ROOM - RESUMING

Hanssen sits on the stool, uneasy, as a brush is run through his hair by that Photographer.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Twenty-five years, huh? That's quite a prideful thing.

Hanssen smiles tightly - this Photographer seems a little gay to him... Photographer eyes him, then frowns, as:

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
Ya know something? There's a little too much bounce on your nose. We don't want that. (reaches for make-up tray) Would you be opposed to just the slightest touch of base?

Hanssen's look is withering. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

112 INT. 9930 - ERIC'S DESK - RESUMING

DOWNLOADING begins. A horizontal PERCENTAGE BAR on the PDA recorder shows the speed at which we're copying.

112A INT. FBI HQ - MEDIA ROOM - RESUMING

We're mid-shoot. That Photographer is chatting up a storm... and Hanssen's growing more and more uptight. Then, in the middle of a FLASH.

HANSSEN
Stop. (Photographer stops)
Just, stop.

Hanssen rises off that stool, heading for the door.

112B INT. 9930 - AT ERIC'S DESK - RESUMING

That PDA recorder continues: 50% downloaded, 51%, 52%...

113 INT. FBI HQ - MEDIA CENTER - ENTRY - MINUTES LATER

Hanssen emerges, irritated. Photographer's behind him:
PHOTOGRAPHER
Mister Hanssen! We can get you another tie!

HANSSEN
I don't like to be scrutinized.

He walks away from the Media Center, irritated. We FOLLOW.

Angry strides, his head shaking. To his right are MORE DISPLAYS in glass cases. Then he turns a corner and:

GARCES
Hey! I found you!

Here's Garces.

HANSSEN
Oh?

GARCES
I was on my way to the range so I called your office. Thought I might finally see if you're the dead shot I've been hearing you were.

HANSSEN
Maybe some other time, Rich. I'm not in the mood just now.

GARCES
Me neither. Let's go take it out on some targets.

114 INT. 9930 - AT ERIC'S DESK - RESUMING

Downloading has reached 80% now, 81%, 82%...

115 INT. FBI HQ - FIRING RANGE - MOMENTS LATER

BANG-BANG-BANG. Hanssen squeezes off shots, his eyes slightly manic. Garces's right beside him. They push buttons to bring their TARGETS up close. Hanssen has won easily.

GARCES
Mmm, mmm, mmm. Shameful.

(Hanssen smiles thinly)
Double or nothing?

115A INT. 9930 - AT ERIC'S DESK - RESUMING

The DOWNLOAD is complete now. Eric pops out the Datacard and rises from his desk.
115B INT. FBI HQ - ELEVATOR - ASCENDING - MOMENTS LATER

Hanssen rises. The elevator STOPS on 6 and Tim Berezny boards; (we met him in Manhattan.)

BEREZNAI
Hey, Bob! I heard you were back!

HANSEN
Yep. Gallagher asked me to start up a division. I'm S.E.S. now.

BEREZNAI
Good for you!

116 INT. 9930 - HANSSEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

Eric enters, returns Hanssen's Palm Pilot and Datacard to the canvas bag. Easy. No sign of Hanssen on that TV MONITOR.

117-118 OMIT

119 INT. FBI HQ - NINTH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME

Hanssen emerges from the elevator, heading for 9930.

120 INT. 9930 - AT ERIC'S DESK - RESUMING

Eric sits, once again hiding the PDA Recorder beneath that false drawer-bottom. He shuts the drawer, locks it.

...and allows a grin to fan across his face. Maybe you're not smarter than I am. Asshole. It's satisfying.

...until he realizes something that makes him shoot straight up in his chair, breathless:

ERIC
Wrong pocket.

121 INT. FBI HQ - NINTH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME

We're close on HANSSEN'S FOOTSTEPS. His keys jingle noisily.

122 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - HANSSEN'S OFFICE - SAME

Eric hurries to Hanssen's desk, kneels down at Hanssen's bag and yanks the Palm Pilot out of the pocket he just put it in. He puts it into another pocket. That also looks wrong.

He throws an anxious look at the TV MONITOR... in time to see Hanssen, at the door of 9930.
Hanssen enters his code at the door of the SCIF.

Eric hears the THREE BEEPS behind him: the SCIF door.

He crosses himself with a silent prayer, and picks a pocket - shoving the Palm Pilot and DataCard in.

But there's no time to get back to his desk. He's stuck.

Hanssen enters. Eric's desk is empty. Hanssen notes it, then crosses to his private office, leans in:

...and finds Eric, on his knees, his back to the door, praying before the Virgin Mary:

**ERIC**

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with Thee. Blessed art Thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for our sinners, now and at the hour of our death.

Hanssen waits, lets Eric finish... "Amen"... then jingles his keys. Eric turns as if startled, rising quickly.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

Oh. Sorry. How'd the shoot go?

**HANSSEN**

It didn't.

(crossing to his desk)
I don't know why they thought I'd just sit there while some faggot-photographer got his jollies, but I have work to do.

Eric doesn't reply - just heads for the door. They pass one another awkwardly.

**ERIC**

Door open or closed, Sir?

**HANSSEN**

Closed.
Eric goes. We go with him, to his desk... where there's nothing to do but sit. And wait...

A silent beat, suddenly unbearable. Eric tries to focus on his computer screen. Forget it.

Then he hears the worst sound possible from Hanssen's office: that canvas briefcase being opened... and examined.

Eric shuts his eyes... Hanssen's door opens, slowly, then:

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Have you been in my briefcase?

Eric turns. This had better be good...

ERIC
Sorry, Boss, I had to move it so it wouldn't get soaked. The water was everywhere. Did I put it back wrong?

Silence - Hanssen not reacting, Eric just hanging...

...another agonizing moment... Then Hanssen nods, and:

HANSSEN
Let's go.

EXT. DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - GUARD-POST - DAY

An FBI-issue CHEVY SUBURBAN pulls up to the first of TWO GUARDPOSTS protecting this Roslyn, Virginia building. Eric, in the driver's seat, shows his I.D.

The Suburban is waved through. A nasty-looking hydraulic BARRICADE is lowered into the pavement.

EXT. DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Hanssen and Eric head for the front door, which is guarded by MARINES. The MILITARY PRESENCE around us is profound.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - SAME

We're two levels down. Hanssen's Taurus is driven past us by an UNSEEN DRIVER, who parks it behind a CEMENT BARRICADE.

Waiting at the barricade is a FED-EX truck. A SWEEP TEAM emerges from it, each agent wearing inspection gloves.

They look toward Plesac. He's in charge today.
PLESAC
We've got until five.

The Sweep Team descends on the Taurus.

Eric and Hanssen stand in a DATA CENTER. We find SEVEN SUPERCOMPUTERS down here, each identical, churning out data. Immaculate, impressive.

HANSSEN
The Seven Dwarfs, watching the world. God I wish the Bureau had this kind of technology.

Eric smiles thinly. In bg we see a D.I.A. GUY IN A SUIT, talking on a telephone. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

PHOTOS of every inch of the Taurus and its interior now fill a bulletin board. Plesac eyes them, then nods to a TRUNK CATALOGUER and an ENGINE CATALOGUER: "Proceed."

They open the trunk and hood of the Taurus, but:

TRUNK CATALOGUER
Jesus.

Plesac turns to see what the TRUNK CATALOGUER is seeing: Hanssen's ARMORY: the 9 mm., the sub-machine gun, the 400 rounds of ammunition, and all of it under clear PLASTIC.

TRUNK CATALOGUER (CONT'D)
This guy could park at the bottom of the Potomac and come out firing.

Plesac nods soberly. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

The D.I.A. SUIT approaches Hanssen, a bit sheepish.

D.I.A. SUIT
Got some bad news, Agent Hanssen: we're gonna hafta cut this meeting short.

HANSSEN
I don't understand.
D.I.A. SUIT
That was my superior, calling me into an emergency meeting. I'm sorry.

HANSSEN
Does he know that I'm here? Does he know who I am?

D.I.A. SUIT
I made all that clear to him, Sir, yes. He asked me to reschedule at your convenience.

HANSSEN
No thanks.

Without warning, Hanssen turns to go. Eric's eyes go wide.

ERIC
Sir?

HANSSEN
This visit was a courtesy. Let's go.

ERIC
Sir, maybe there's someone else who can show us around.

HANSSEN
Get the fucking car.

132 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - RESUMING
A huge plastic tarp has been laid out. Sitting on it are the Taurus' HOOD, doors, tires, every inch of its CARPETING. An EVIDENCE PHOTOGRAPHER, flanked by Plesac, shoots it all.

Also on the tarp: two HEADSHOTS of Catherine Zeta-Jones... and DVD's of "Entrapment" and "The Mask of Zorro." That's odd. We also find Hanssen's guns and ammo.

...and a box of LAWN & LEAF BAGS, some WHITE MEDICAL TAPE, a BOX OF COLORED CHALK. Most importantly, the sealed lawn & leaf bag that Hanssen filled in his study. Hard evidence...

133 EXT. DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - PARKING LOT - DAY
Hanssen, with the Marine Guards over his shoulders, stands outside the D.I.A., fuming, clicking that Dr.-Grip pen furiously. Then Eric pulls up in the Suburban.

ERIC
Boss, I'm sorry.
HANSSENN
I was doing you a favor, bringing you along.

ERIC
I spoke out of turn. I know that.

HANSSENN
When somebody takes a shit on you, you don't reschedule. He wasn't called into any meeting. That was a power play.

ERIC
I didn't... I didn't read it that way.

HANSSENN
That's why you're still a clerk. Just take me back to the office.

Eric knows he can't do that... CONTINUE INTERCUT:

134 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - RESUMING

That Evidence Photographer clicks away as Plesac stands stoically. Then his CEL-PHONE RINGS.

PLESAC (INTO CEL)
Plesac.

GEDDES (THRU CEL)
They're on their way back.

PLESAC (INTO CEL)
Uh-huh...

135 INTERCUT WITH/INT. SURVEILLING SEDAN - MOVING - SAME

Geddes and Brooks, Eric's old team, drive in a plain sedan... tailing the Suburban along Wilson Boulevard in Arlington, Va.

GEDDES (INTO CEL)
The meeting took 20 minutes. They're on Wilson Boulevard, heading back.

Plesac looks at the pieces of that dismembered Taurus: doors, bumpers, engine parts, carpeting. A mess...

PLESAC
(barely audible)
Good God.
Eric looks in his rear-view mirror, very much aware that he's being tailed. Beside him, Hanssen fumes.

ERIC
Would you like to hear some music, Sir?

HANSSEN
Yes. I'm in the mood for some Andrews Sisters. They got any in here?

ERIC
Not to my knowledge, Sir.

HANSSEN
Didn't think so.

Plesac snaps his cell-phone shut, turns to his Sweep Team:

PLESAC
Sew it up.

TRUNK CATALOGUER
Sir?

PLESAC
We're aborting. Sew it up.

Eric drives. Hanssen clicks his blue Doctor-Grip pen angrily.

ERIC
(looks out window)
How about that - Parkway's wide open.

HANSSEN
I hate the Parkway. Take E Street.

ERIC
They're doing construction on E Street. It was on the radio this morning.

HANSSEN
So take Constitution.
ERIC
Sir, I'm SSG; we tail people for a
living. Parkway's faster.

139 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - SAME
The Sweep Team is working frantically to re-assemble the car.
Plesac's cel-phone rings. He grabs it.

PLESAC (INTO CEL)
Yeah?

GEDDES (THRU CEL)
He just bought you some time. They're
heading for the Potomac Parkway.

PLESAC
Good. What kind of roadblock can we
get in front of them?

GEDDES
Already en-route, Sir.

140 EXT. FBI CHOPPER - HOVERING - MINUTES LATER
A U.S. PARK POLICE HELICOPTER flies at a discreet altitude
above the LINCOLN MEMORIAL. We ZOOM DOWN TO:

141 EXT. POTOMAC PARKWAY - SAME
GRIDLOCK. A traffic jam... caused by a TOW-TRUCK that has
mysteriously STALLED at the bottleneck of this thin street.
(We see the back of the Lincoln Memorial in the distance.)

142 INT. THE SUBURBAN - STUCK IN TRAFFIC - SAME
Eric and Hanssen are in that gridlock now. Hanssen is livid.
A line of TWENTY STUCK CARS stretches before him.

HANSSEN
Imbecile. Idiot!

ERIC
I'm sorry.

HANSSEN
Is this what they teach you in
"ghosting school?" No wonder the
Bureau can never find anyone.

Hanssen reaches across Eric and LEANS ON THE HORN.
143  INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - SAME
Kate arrives, out of breath. She hurries over to Plesac.

   KATE
   I paged him. Where are we?

   PLESAC
   Not sure yet. Maybe screwed.

144  INT. THE SUBURBAN - RESUMING
With every second, Hanssen's getting more irritated... until he simply grabs his bag and opens the car-door. That's bad.

   ERIC
   Sir, what're you doing?

   HANSSEN
   I can sit here for an hour. Or I can walk two blocks, get on the other side of that bottleneck by myself, and take a five minute cab-ride back to the office. Which do you think would better serve the needs of the Bureau?

With that, he's gone, exiting the Chevy. And Eric is stuck.

145  INT. U.S. PARK POLICE CHOPPER - SAME
Olsen, watching from up here, reaches for his cel-phone.

146  INT. SURVEILLING SEDAN - SAME
Geddes instantly reaches for his cel-phone.

147  INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - SAME
Plesac's phone rings. He grabs it.

   PLESAC (INTO CEL)
   Please tell me they're on their way to Niagara Falls.

   GEDDES (INTO CEL)
   Hanssen's on foot.

   PLESAC
   Of course he is.
GEDDES
I put him back at the office in 10 minutes, best case.

Plesac snaps his phone shut with disgust, turns to Kate:

PLESAC
Your boy is killing us.

KATE
He'll be fine.

148 EXT. POTOMAC PARKWAY - SIDEWALK - CONTINUING

Eric gets out of the Chevy, in the middle of this bumper-locked street, abandoning the truck to follow Hanssen.

A few DRIVERS begin HONKING at him. Eric ignores them, heading for Hanssen, the Potomac on their right:

ERIC
Boss?

(Hanssen keeps walking)
You gotta get back in the truck, Sir.

HANSSEN
Haven't you made enough mistakes for one day, Eric? Now you wanna throw in a traffic violation?

ERIC
Sir, you hafta get back in the truck.

HANSSEN
Why should I?

ERIC
Look, don't kill me, okay? I did something stupid.

HANSSEN
What a shock.

ERIC
(here goes...)
I lied to you, Boss.

That stopped Hanssen in his tracks. He turns...

ERIC (CONT'D)
There isn't any construction on E Street. I made that up.
Another x-ray stare from Hanssen. Eric tries not to waver...

HANSSEN
What would you do that for?

ERIC
Because I need your help... And I was afraid to ask if we could make an extra stop.

Eric shakes his head, as if embarrassed by his own cowardice.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I wanted to go back to that Reading Room, Sir - the Catholic Information Center. I sorta have to.

HANSSEN
Why?

Eric pauses, as if not certain he can reveal this... Then:

ERIC
(reluctantly)
It's Juliana. We've been fighting all week.

HANSSEN
What about?

ERIC
To be honest, Sir... your church.

There it is - a big, fat lie... rooted in truth. And Hanssen, despite himself, is hooked.

ERIC (CONT'D)
She didn't like it, Boss. She didn't get it. So I wanted to go back to the Reading Room. I thought there might be some books I could get for her, to help her see things better. And I figured if we were driving right past it you might wanna pull in. Stupid. But there it is...

A long beat, cars honking all around them now...

And Eric can't tell if he's dead or not... until:
HANSSEN
Swear to God.

ERIC
Excuse me?

HANSSEN
Swear to God that everything you just told me is true.

Eric pauses... but his eyes never leave Hanssen's...

ERIC
No. I'm not gonna do that.

Hanssen doesn't react.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I don't lie about my wife, or the church - and if you don't know that yet then I sure as hell wouldn't-- (stops himself...) Ya know something, Boss? You do test people too much. And I've had it. I was asking you for help. (silence...then:) Have a nice walk, Sir. I'll see you back at the office.

Eric turns, walks away. We STAY WITH HIM as he blows through the middle of the street, passing pissed-off motorists.

INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - RESUMING

Plesac's cel-phone rings again.

PLESAC (INTO CEL)
Yeah?

EXT. POTOMAC PARKWAY - AT THE SUBURBAN - CONTINUING

Eric puts the key in the ignition, wondering how the hell he's going to explain all this to Kate...

Then the passenger door opens. And Hanssen gets in.

HANSSEN
Maybe... maybe I overstepped.

He sits heavily, eyes front, and pulls the door shut.
INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - SAME

Plesac's about to squeeze that cel-phone into pulp, when:

GEDDES (THRU CEL)
O'Neill talked him back in.

Plesac's eyes go wide. The news is too good to be trusted.

PLESAC (INTO CEL)
How'd he manage that?

GEDDES (THRU CEL)
Hard to say. But from here it looked like he may've proposed marriage.

Plesac hangs up, looks to Kate.

KATE
He's not bad at poker, that kid.

PLESAC
Let's not start congratulating anybody just yet.

Kate half-smiles. END SEQUENCE. CUT TO:

INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - LATER DAY

The Suburban pulls up to Hanssen's parking space... where Hanssen's silver Taurus sits, looking entirely unmolested.

INT. THE SUBURBAN - CONTINUING

Eric's silent. Books from the "Catholic Information Center" sit beside him. Hanssen eyes the Taurus, thinking...

Then he pulls a BULKY MANILA ENVELOPE from his canvas bag. Again, it's addressed to "Jack Hoschouer" in Bonn, Germany.

HANSSEN
This needs to be mailed.

ERIC
You're not coming in, Sir?

HANSSEN
I don't have to account to you, do I?

Hanssen hands him the envelope and gets out - examining the Taurus as he approaches. Eric smiles thinly and pulls away.
INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - DUSK

Eric sits at that crappy formica table, alone. A kettle is heating up on the stove. Another glass of Scotch awaits.

Before him is Hanssen's MANILA ENVELOPE, addressed to "Jack Hoschouer." Eric stares at it, conflicted.

Then a SHRILL WHISTLE from the kettle pierces the silence, startling him. Steam pours from its spout.

Eric grabs the envelope, carries it to the stove...

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We're on an unmarked VHS CASSETTE, with a Post-It attached:

"Jack, Think you'll like this one. Bob."

It's not too late to stuff this tape back into its envelope, (which sits beside the stove in the kitchen.) Instead Eric turns on his TV, and shoves in the cassette.

First image on the screen shocks him: It's Hanssen's bedroom, shot in Hi-8 video from inside the mirrored door of their ARMOIRE. Bonnie lies in bed, asleep...

And a pit begins to form in Eric's gut.

On the monitor, Hanssen crosses into frame on his way to the bed, behind Bonnie, and peels back the sheets.

He crawls in so that her body obscures our view of his, and begins to touch her. We hear AUDIO now - her soft moans...

Clearly, she doesn't know she's being taped.

Eric wants to look away, but can't... Hanssen unbuttons the top of Bonnie's silk pajamas... until a sudden SOUND startles the hell out of Eric. And us.

It's the front door. Juliana just came home.

Eric leaps for the VCR, hitting STOP just as she enters the room. He doesn't have time to turn the tv off... and doesn't know if she caught the sound of moaning when she walked in.

JULIANA

Hi.

ERIC

Hi.
JULIANA
What're you watching?

ERIC
Nothing. A training tape on surveillance. Hanssen asked me to check that the transfer was okay.

Juliana bought that. She heads for the kitchen, (two grocery bags in her arms), as:

JULIANA
Would you mind getting the rest of the groceries for me, Honey?

ERIC
Oh. Sure.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUING

Juliana sets the bags down by the sink, right on top of that empty MANILA ENVELOPE addressed to Jack Hoschouer...

...as Eric "casually" drifts out of the bedroom, dropping the cassette into his gym bag.

JULIANA
Few more bags in the car.

She tosses him the keys. He smiles, heads out.

ERIC
How was school?

JULIANA
It was fine. I'm just tired.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THEIR BLDG. - MOMENTS LATER

Eric emerges into the alley, disturbed as hell by what he's just seen, but equally relieved that he won't have to explain it to Juliana.

Then he freezes in his tracks. Just saw something horrible:

Their Jeep. There aren't any grocery bags inside.

And he just heard the sounds of BONNIE'S MOANING coming from his bedroom tv; (the room looks up into this alley.) He's dead, and he knows it. He races back toward:
158  EXT. OUTSIDE THEIR BLDG. - TRACKING ERIC - CONTINUING  158
We're right on his back as he runs around the corner, crossing their thimble-sized lawn to a walkway.

159  INT. THEIR BLDG. "LOBBY" - TRACKING ERIC - CONTINUING  159
He races into the building. Then down two steps, and into:

160  INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - CONTINUING  160
He bursts in, breathless...

Juliana is right where he expected her to be: sitting on the edge of the bed... watching that tape. He hurries in.

ERIC
Jule...

JULIANA
*A "training tape on surveillance"*

He crosses to the tv.

ERIC
*This isn't what it looks like.*

JULIANA
*It looks like he's making porno's of Bonnie for some guy in Germany, except she doesn't know about it.*

*(Eric ejects the tape)*

Everybody told me - when you marry the Bureau, things get weird sometimes, the cases... But they never told me about this.

ERIC
*This has nothing to do with a case.*

JULIANA
*Oh.*

*(eyes him...)*

So... you weren't just steaming open his mail. He *gave* it to you.

ERIC
*I gotta go.*

He heads for the door. Juliana remains on the couch.
JULIANA
(at his back)
Do you trust me, Eric?

That stops him cold at the door. He turns.

ERIC
Of course.

JULIANA 'Cause I think you've got this idea somehow that telling me the truth would mean you were betraying your country or something. It wouldn't.

(Eric's silent)
You're not gonna shock me - he's a creep, I knew that already. I just... he's been in our home, we keep fighting about him. I'd just like to know what the hell all of this is.

(a beat)
Can't you tell me? Please?

They eye one another from across the room, feels like miles between them.

ERIC I don't know when I'll be back.

With that, he goes. She just stares at the door...

161 INT. KATE'S APT. BUILDING - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

A hand raps hard on an apartment door, repeatedly. Then the door is opened by Kate.

Eric stands in her doorway, too wound-up to say hello:

ERIC I think my wife just read herself into the case...

Kate throws a glare at Eric that is Hanssen-like in its disdain. Eric nearly staggers from it.

Then she opens the door wider. He enters.

162 INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUING

A clean, efficient one-bedroom. Kate closes the door, calmly.
KATE
I'm assuming that you know what a massive fuck-up that would be.

They enter. Her Dining Room table is cluttered with two days' worth of unread newspapers, unanswered mail, a half-eaten Lean Cuisine dinner, and some laundry in piles.

ERIC
Look, she's smart, okay? She puts things together.

It feels odd to have her underwear stacked three feet from Eric. She pushes the piles into a basket, irritated.

KATE
Uh-huh.

ERIC
You're as much to blame as anybody, ya know that? I'm telling so many lies now I can't keep 'em straight anymore.

KATE
Wanna make things easier? Next time Hanssen gives you a package and tells you to mail it, mail it!

That made his jaw drop. Utter silence. She eyes him...

KATE (CONT'D)
Aside from being a colossally stupid thing to do that was also a violation of the law. You stole someone's mail. Don't you know better?

ERIC
Jesus. Agent Burroughs, I'm...

KATE
The package has been re-sealed as you found it, right? No trace that it was ever opened, nothing that would arouse any suspicions on the other end?

ERIC
No. I posted it from the Bureau five minutes ago. It was pristine.
KATE
We'll see.
(Eric's silent) *
I'm sorry you're having problems at home. I'd offer you some advice but it wouldn't be worth much - I don't even have a cat. All I can tell you is keep your head on straight and do your job; it's your best shot at getting this over with. Understand?

Eric just nods...

KATE (CONT'D)
We pulled 300 pages of classified materials out of a Lawn & Leaf Bag in his trunk today. And quite a bit of correspondence off the Palm Pilot. His next drop appears to be imminent... unless someone does something to make him suspicious.

ERIC
Right.

KATE
Right.

The silence hangs.

KATE (CONT'D)
(re: laundry)
I really oughtta finish this.

In other words, "you have to go." .

ERIC
Yeah. Okay.

He crosses to the door. She follows, opens the door for him. But he turns, just before leaving:

ERIC (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something?

KATE
Sure.

ERIC
Is it worth it?
(she's silent)
(MORE)
ERIC (cont'd)
Being an agent, what it costs. Is it worth it?

She weighs that one for a second, then:

KATE
Ask me when we've caught him.

178 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - DAY

Eric sits at his desk, trying to keep it together. A document sits before him: "MISSION STATEMENT for the Information Assurance Division... by Robert P. Hanssen." Ten pages long.

Across its top is a hand-written note: "Please check this for spelling and typographical errors, R.H."

Eric eyes it. All is quiet, until:

HANSSEN (O.S.)
Eric?

Hanssen's voice, coming from behind a closed door.

ERIC
Yes Boss?

HANSSEN (O.S.)
Come in here. I want to show you something.

Eric rises, heads toward Hanssen's office.

179 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - HANSSEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

Eric enters. Hanssen is at his desk, staring at a LAPTOP.

HANSSEN
This is the address of my mechanic in Manassas. I'm dropping my car off on Monday. Need you to pick me up and bring me into work.

A slip of paper sits on the edge of the desk. Eric takes it.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
No later than 8:15.

ERIC
Something wrong with your car?
HANSSEN
I'm having it swept. For electronic devices.

ERIC
Oh.

HANSSEN
I've been sensing signal bursts coming through the radio lately. And car alarms go off when I drive past. It's not beneath the Russians to track me. I'm tailed all the time. They know how much I know.

ERIC
Yes, Sir.

HANSSEN
Do you know this movie?

Eric crosses to the desk... where he finds *Entrapment*, starring Catherine Zeta-Jones, playing on Hanssen's laptop. Hanssen stares at the screen, his eyes glazed but aroused.

And he is touching himself, over his pants.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
She's very appealing.

Eric pauses. No idea how to play this one.

ERIC
Yes, Sir. I've always thought so.

HANSSEN
Close the door on your way out.

Eric goes.

180 INT. 9930 - ERIC'S OFFICE - CONTINUING
Eric shuts the door, pauses. Christ, that was odd. Just then his PAGER goes off again. He eyes it: 7#.

181 OMIT

182 INT. WFO - C-TOC - EVENING
Eric enters the packed room, breathless. He ran here.
Oddly, there's no buzz in here tonight. The faces look strained. He spots Kate and hurries over. Something is very much off...

ERIC
What happened?

KATE
I was wrong, Eric. We're not days away from getting this guy.
(Eric waits)
Son of a bitch is going to ground.

Eric is silent. Before Kate is a single page, a typed LETTER.

KATE (CONT'D)
Just got the encryption off this one: his last letter to his handlers in the SVR, dated two days ago.

Eric doesn't reach for it. She begins to read it aloud:

KATE (CONT'D)
"Dear Friends..."

INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSEN HOME - STUDY - LATE NIGHT 183
Hanssen eyes his laptop. On the screen is a letter. It begins with the words, "Dear Friends..." We hear Kate, in V.O. now:

KATE (CONT'D, V.O.)
"I thank you for your assistance these many years. It seems, however, that my greatest utility to you has come to an end, and it is time to seclude myself from active service."

INT. WFO - C-TOC - RESUMING 184
That was a bomb; we can see it on Eric's face...

INTERCUT WITH/INT. ST. CATHERINE'S - EVENING 185
Hanssen enters this magnificent church.

KATE (V.O., CONT'D)
"Since communicating last, and one wonders if because of it, I have been promoted to a higher do-nothing Senior Executive job, outside of regular access to information within the counterintelligence program. It is as if I am being isolated..."
Hanssen dips his finger in the water, crosses himself, as HIS VOICE begins to over-ride Kate's, also in V.O.:

HANSSEN (V.O.)
"Furthermore, I believe I have detected repeated bursting radio signal emanations from my vehicle."

We watch from a HIGH-ANGLE as he moves to a CONFESSIONAL.

186 INT. CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - CONTINUING
Darkness. Then a tiny SCREEN slides open, revealing Hanssen.

HANSSEN (V.O., CONT'D)
"I have not found their source, but as you wisely do, I will leave this alone, for knowledge of their existence is sufficient."

187 INT. HANSSEN HOME - STUDY - RESUMING
We're on his face, as he types out the words:

HANSSEN (V.O., CONT'D)
"Amusing the games children play."

188 INT. CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - RESUMING
Hanssen has been in here for a while now. We MOVE IN TIGHT.

HANSSEN (V.O., CONT'D)
"In this, however, I strongly suspect that you should have concerns for the integrity of your compartment concerning knowledge of my efforts on your behalf."

A single tear rolls down his cheek. He rises, exits...

189 INT. HANSSEN HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT
Hanssen opens the TRUNK of his Taurus. Inside we find that LAWN & LEAF BAG, sealed.

HANSSEN (V.O., CONT'D)
"Something has aroused the sleeping tiger. Perhaps you know better than I."

He removes the lawn & leaf bag from the trunk.
INT. WFO - C-TOC - RESUMING

Kate comes to the end of the letter...

EXT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hanssen's Taurus pulls up to the curb outside Eric & Juliana's building. He eyes the front door...

HANSSEN & KATE (V.O., SIMULTANEOUS)
"Life is full of its ups and downs..."

Hanssen cuts his engine. END INTERCUT. We DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WFO - C-TOC - RESUMING

A pall of gloom now hangs over Kate and her team. Eric too.

KATE
Okay. If he doesn't make another drop, what do we have?

NECE
We've got the Palm Pilot. That still gives us Conspiracy to Commit Espionage.

KATE
...until he walks into court with a lawyer who says that everything on the Palm Pilot was just notes for a spy novel he was planning to write.

SHERIN
We've got the evidence from his trunk, Unauthorized Possession of Classified Material.

KATE
That's five years - hardly enough to make him talk.

That hovers. These guys are screwed, and they know it.

LOPER
Maybe we just keep promoting him. (they turn)
Might be the only way to keep him from retiring.

KATE
Shit...
Just then, PLESAC ENTERS, urgently, with news:

    PLESAC
    He's outside your apartment.
    (Eric turns)
    He's parked outside your apartment.
    Just pulled up.

That stops things cold in here. But before Eric can react, his CELLPHONE rings.

He eyes the incoming number, then looks to Plesac:

    ERIC
    It's him.

193  EXT. 4TH STREET - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT)  193

TIRES SQUEAL as a FORD EXPLORER pulls away from the WFO.

194  INT. KATE'S CAR - MOVING - LATER (NIGHT)  194

Kate speeds through a RED LIGHT, Eric beside her.

    KATE
    How drunk did he sound?

    ERIC
    I don't know, he wasn't slurring or anything. Maybe surlier than usual but that's it.

    KATE
    The ghosts said he's been driving all over the place tonight. Spent an hour in his church, then drove to your place.

    ERIC
    Has he gotten out of the car? Did they say? Juliana's alone in there.

    KATE
    He hasn't gotten out of the car.

She goes a little faster. That's fine with Eric...

    ERIC
    The guy's melting down.
KATE
That would bother me a little less if he didn't have a dozen guns in his trunk.

ERIC
Drop me off here, okay? It's right around the corner.

KATE
I know where it is.

Kate pulls over at:

195 EXT. 8TH STREET - EASTERN MARKET - CONTINUING 195

Eric gets out on 8th Street. A passing CAR splashes into a deep POTHOLE, sending slush toward us. He pauses, thinking - just decided something. He taps on the passenger-side window.

Kate lowers it. Somehow, before he's said a word, she knows what's coming:

ERIC
We've got a team on his tail, right?

KATE
Uh-huh.

ERIC
Can we pull 'em back?

She eyes him, entirely unsurprised.

KATE
Now why would we wanna do that?

ERIC
I think I can still work him. I think I can get him to make that drop.

KATE
Do you need me to read that letter again, Eric? There is no drop. He's going to ground.

ERIC
No, he's dying to make it. We just have to make him feel safe.

KATE
What if he's made you?
ERIC
What if he has? Bumper-locking him
won't make me any safer.
(she considers that)
Please. I can handle him... but not
if he picks up a tail.

Kate sighs. She knows he's not wrong...

KATE
Okay. I'll call Dean.

The window goes up and Kate pulls into traffic, reaching for
her cell-phone. One last look at Eric, then she's gone.

Eric watches her go, then approaches the corner of 8th & E.
We TRACK HIM on his way. He turns the corner...

...and spots Hanssen's Taurus, parked 100 feet away, right
outside the apartment. Eric pauses, readying himself, then
approaches...

EXT. OUTSIDE HANSSEN'S CAR - PARKED - MOMENTS LATER
An empty bottle of Gin sits by Hanssen's side. An "Andrews
Sisters" song plays on his stereo. Hanssen stares, until:

ERIC (O.S.)
Ten minutes, as promised.

Hanssen turns sleepily, as Eric leans in the open window.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Caught me coming right out of the
Metro.

HANSSEN
Why didn't you drive?

That sounded drunk. And angry.

ERIC
Juliana needed the car. I felt like
walking anyway.

HANSSEN
Why? Something on your mind?

ERIC
Not especially.

HANSSEN
Get in. I want some company.
Eric pauses... as a non-descript SEDAN pulls by them. **Connors is driving it.** The sedan vanishes. Eric is on his own now...

**ERIC**

Sure.

Eric opens the door, **climbs in.** We do too.

---

**197 INT. HANSSEN'S CAR - PARKED - CONTINUING**

Eric looks Hanssen over, searching for a weapon: in Hanssen's jacket? Inside that ankle holster?

**HANSSEN**

(quoting himself:)
"It is against Bureau policy for an Agent to consume alcohol. Ever. Even off-duty... because an FBI Agent is never off-duty." Director Freeh.

**ERIC**

Ya wanna go across the street, get a cup of coffee or--

**HANSSEN**

Can I trust you?

Eric freezes. That was so stark, so direct...

**ERIC**

Of course... Don't you know that?

**HANSSEN**

I don't know what I know anymore.

Then Hanssen **hits the gas.** We move OUTSIDE ERIC'S WINDOW as the Taurus pulls away. Looks like we're going for a ride...

---

**198 EXT. D.C. - 16TH AND MORROW - MOVING - LATER NIGHT**

The Taurus glides by us, against the backdrop of ROCK CREEK PARK. It's huge, vast... and dark.

---

**199 INT. HANSSEN'S CAR - MOVING - SAME**

Another Andrews Sisters song plays. Hanssen taps a finger to it, definitely drunk, and **looks over his shoulder, out the back window.** They've been silent for ten minutes.

**ERIC**

This the music of your childhood or something?
HANSSEN
It's the music of my father's childhood.

More silence... as Hanssen moves into the LEFT-HAND TURN LANE. Nothing but a pitch-black PARK over there...

ERIC
What's in Rock Creek?

HANSSEN
I like the park at night.

He makes the turn. We watch from across the street as the Taurus disappears into the park...

199A  INT. C-TOC - KATE'S CUBICLE - SAME

Kate sits at her desk, staring at her phone. Beside it is her cel-phone. Neither is ringing. We PUSH-IN on her, landing tight on her face... Then MATCH CUT TO:

199B  INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - SAME (NIGHT)

We're tight on Juliana, sitting up in bed, pensive. Her phone isn't ringing either. Where the hell is Eric? We leave her there, PULLING BACK... then:

199C  EXT. HANSSEN'S TAURUS - MOVING - MINUTES LATER

HEADLIGHTS from Hanssen's Taurus play on an unlit road. All else is darkness, surrounded by a frozen creek and WOODS.

200  INT. HANSSEN'S TAURUS - MOVING - CONTINUING

The Andrews Sisters continue to sing away. Eric looks around, trying to guess what's coming...

But Hanssen's not saying a word. It's just a silent, slow drive. The speedometer reads 15 m.p.h.

...and there's nowhere for Eric to go. He just has to sit.

201  EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK - ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Hanssen's Taurus pulls toward us, parking at the entrance to a thin TRAIL. We peer inside the car, the two men sitting.

Hanssen reaches for the Gin by his side, has another swig. Eric tries not to stare.

HANSSEN
Hafta be sure that I can trust you.
ERIC
Why don't we go back to the office?
You can polygraph me.

HANSSEN
(with disdain)
Ever heard of Aldrich Ames?

ERIC
Of course.

HANSSEN
Worst spy in U.S. history, sold 2.5 million dollars worth of information to the Soviets... and passed every polygraph the Agency gave him.
(a beat)
But he never would've gotten past me. I can read anyone.

Just then, Eric's PAGER RINGS. That's not good; Hanssen glares at the sound as Eric glances at the readout.

HANSSEN
I'm getting really tired of that pager.

Before Eric can reply, Hanssen gets out of the car. Eric calls out to his back:

ERIC
What're we doing?

HANSSEN
I told you: the FBI's a gun-culture. Ya can't advance here unless you can shoot.

With that, Hanssen's walking toward that trail into the woods. Eric gets out of the Taurus...

202 EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK - TRAIL - CONTINUING

Cold enough to see your breath out here. Hanssen heads for a dense wood by the creek - not a bad place to dump a body, (Chandra Levy will be found here in less than a year.)

Eric follows, twigs and snow crackling under their feet.

HANSSEN
They test you at 25 yards, 15 yards, seven yards, and five yards.
...which is when Hanssen stops, and pulls his .38 from a holster.

...and FIRES at a nearby BRANCH, a deafening sound. The branch is decimated.

    ERIC
    What're you--?

    HANSSEN
    You wanna be an agent, or don't you?

He turns and FIRES AGAIN, blowing away another branch. But this time the gun is closer to Eric.

    HANSSEN
    Prone, left hand, right hand, five-yards-with-gun-in-holster. You get three seconds to fire five shots.

Then BANG! Another blast. Eric shies away.

    ERIC
    What're you doing?!

    HANSSEN
    Who was that calling you, in the car?

    ERIC
    What?!

Another SHOT. Eric spins away, moving clockwise to stay out of range.

    HANSSEN
    I need to know if I can trust you.

    ERIC
    Put the gun down, Boss.

    HANSSEN
    Who was calling you?

    ERIC
    PUT THE FUCKING GUN DOWN!!!

    HANSSEN
    I NEED TO KNOW IF I CAN TRUST YOU!

Hanssen's fires again, Eric dropping to a knee. Hanssen stands over Eric now, pointing the gun right at him.

Then... CLICK. His .38 is empty.
There's a surprised silence for a moment. No one moving... until Eric, still on the ground, finally erupts:

ERIC  
Can I trust you? Jesus!  
(no reply)  
Godsakes, what is wrong with you?!

Hanssen doesn't answer. Eric gets to his feet.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Look around you, Boss: it's just us out here. Nobody's tailing you, there isn't any GPS on your car. And I'm not a foreign agent trying to work you. You don't matter that much.

There it was - a lie that is 100% true. And it stung...

ERIC (CONT'D)  
The page was from Juliana, obviously. My wife. She's trying to reach me because I told her I'd be home by now and because we're in another fight, caused by you as usual. Thanks for dropping by unannounced and lecturing her about Opus Dei, that was real helpful. And thanks for staring at her in church like she was from Mars. That also worked out great. Lemme guess, you were testing her too. Ya know she asked me this morning why you're like this, why you grind everybody so hard. And I had all these answers ready: "He's misunderstood." "He's trying to fix the Bureau and no one'll listen." "He was born in the wrong century." "His father was a prick." I've got a whole list. But ya know something? At the end of the day it's all crap. You are who you are. The why doesn't mean a thing. Does it?  
(Hanssen's silent)  
DOES IT?!

Hanssen considers that, his face a blank...

...then he turns without a word, and starts a slow, drunken walk back toward the car. Conversation over.

But he stops just long enough to lean in toward Eric, their faces almost touching, as:
HANSSEN
I matter plenty.

He vanishes into a thicket of woods. We hear his shoulders rubbing against the brush...

Eric doesn't move. He can't.

203 EXT. ERIC & JULIANA'S BLDG. - LATER NIGHT 203 *
Eric emerges from the Taurus. He waits until it drives away... waits another beat to be certain... then grabs his cel-phone and dials.

204 INTERCUT WITH/INT. WFO - AT KATE'S CUBICLE - SAME 204 *
Kate's at her desk. Her CELL-PHONE rings. She grabs it, reading the incoming number:

KATE (INTO CEL)
Yes, Eric.

ERIC (THRU CEL)
Get the tail back on him - but discreet. He'll make the drop. Tomorrow, maybe even tonight.

KATE (INTO CEL)
You're not burnt?

ERIC (THRU CEL)
No. I'm not burnt.

KATE (INTO CEL)
Okay. We're on him.

Eric enters his building. We DISSOLVE TO:

205 INT./EXT. HANSSEN'S CAR - PARKED - DAY (4 P.M.) 205 *
Hanssen, sitting in his Taurus, parked at a curb on Fairway Drive in Vienna, Va. We DRIFT IN toward him, slowly, as he stares out the window at the trees.

Hard to say exactly what he's thinking just now, but there's a certain resignation on his face, a yielding to something inevitable. We land on a CLOSE-UP. He sighs...

205A EXT. WOODS - SAME 205A *
A camouflaged FBI GUY lies in the brush, looking through a pair of binoculars, waiting...
As always, FOUR TV MONITORS line the front wall of the C-TOC. On one is C-SPAN. On #2 is a feed from inside 9930. On #3 is the feed from the corridor outside 9930.

But on screen #4 we're seeing a LIVE FEED from the dashboard of a vehicle of some kind. The vehicle is parked across the street from a Radio Shack in Vienna, Virginia.

Kate sits, staring at that fourth monitor... The room bustles over her shoulder.

Hanssen gets out, opens the trunk... That sealed LAWN & LEAF BAG awaits, beside CHALK and TAPE.

A SECOND CAMOUFLAGED FBI GUY watches from a distance. He clicks his walkie-talkie twice.

Lawn & Leaf bag in hand, Hanssen crosses Fairway Drive as it slopes toward a large PARK. A wooden SIGN marks its entrance: "Foxstone Park." He passes the sign and enters.

We hear a SIGNAL coming through a VAN DRIVER'S earpiece. Then, behind the Driver, a SWAT TEAM prepares: a clip is rammed into a sub-machine gun, vests are snapped on...

Through bare trees we see the houses that overlook this park. Hanssen, standing at a tiny FOOTBRIDGE, eyes the houses. And he sighs. Then he climbs UNDER the footbridge, stows that lawn & leaf bag there... and walks away.

The sighting on a sniper's rifle is calibrated...

Hanssen walks on a thin trail, footbridge at his back. Sounds feel oddly amplified out here: his footsteps, his breaths, the buzzing of a bird. We're CLOSE on his face...
He stops at that park-entrance sign, takes a piece of COLORED CHALK from his pocket, and draws a single line on the park sign. Then he pockets the chalk.

211A EXT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - SAME
Eric sits on the stoop, alone.

212 EXT. FAIRWAY DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER
Hanssen walks up the incline from the park entrance to his car. Fairway Drive is quiet and calm.

...until he hears a SHARP SOUND, to his right: a VAN DOOR, sliding open quickly. He turns.

...as FIVE SWAT GUYS explode out of a WHITE VAN, bearing SUB-MACHINE GUNS.

Then he hears the SQUEALING OF BRAKES... and a SECOND VAN appears, out of nowhere, followed by a white Ford Excursion.

His head swivels... A total of TWELVE AGENTS, armed to the teeth, now close in on him. He freezes.

    SWAT AGENT #1
    You're under arrest! Put your hands in the air!

213 INTERCUT WITH/INT. WFO - C-TOC - RESUMING
TV MONITOR #4, we now realize, is picking up the feed from inside the Excursion at the arrest site. So Kate is watching all this live, without sound.

Kate reaches for a phone and dials, her face a mask.

213A EXT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - RESUMING
Eric's pager CHIRPS. He reaches for it.

The readout says: "7# We Got Him."

214 EXT. FAIRWAY DRIVE - RESUMING
In a blur, Hanssen is surrounded. SWAT AGENT #2, his weapon inches from Hanssen's face, grabs Hanssen's car keys.

    HANSSEN
    The guns won't be necessary. The guns won't be necessary.
214A  EXT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - RESUMING

We PUSH IN on Eric as he absorbs the news...

215  EXT. FAIRWAY DRIVE - RESUMING

Hanssen is cuff ed and led to the Excursion... where Plesac awaits.
Hanssen pauses in front of him, almost smiling.

HANSSEN
Maybe now you'll listen.

PLESAC
It's a sad day for all of us, Bob.

Hanssen is shoved into the Excursion. The others pile in. The Excursion pulls away, followed by the white vans. An agent jumps into Hanssen's Taurus and drives it away as well.

216  EXT. FAIRWAY DRIVE - RESUMING

...and Fairway Drive is Fairway Drive again - no sign that anything out of the ordinary has occurred.

INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - SAME

Eric enters. Juliana's at the desk. She turns.

JULIANA
Hi.

Their eyes meet. He looks shaken.

JULIANA (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

He crosses to her, touches her face, kisses her.

ERIC
Everything's fine.

They're going to be okay, these two. We leave them there...

RB-216  INT. FORD EXCURSION - MOVING - DAY

The arrest was two minutes ago. Now Hanssen sits in the back seat, cuffed, with an AGENT on each side of him. Plesac sits up front. It's been a silent ride...
Can I give you some advice, Bob?
(Hanssen doesn't reply)
I've been in on a few of these now:
Nicholson, Aldrich Ames. It goes a
lot easier if you co-operate. On you,
on your family.

You really ought to do an overhaul of
your GPS units, Dean. They throw off
a signal burst through the radio.
Can't the Bureau come up with better
technology than that?

We never had a GPS on your car, Bob.

Oh.

Hanssen shrinks a bit, thrown. Plesac stays on point:

Even if all you give them is why you
did it... it buys you some goodwill.
(no reply)
That's what Ames did, at first anyway
- just gave up the why.

Must not've taken long. All Ames
cared about was the money.

Why else would he have done it?

In other words: Why the fuck have you been betraying your
country for 22 years? Hanssen almost smiles. Almost.

Oh, it's not so hard to guess, is it?
Considering the human ego?
(Plesac waits)
Imagine sitting in a room with a
bunch of your colleagues, everybody
trying to find a mole. And all the
while, it's you they're looking for.
That must be... very satisfying,
wouldn't you think?

Plesac doesn't answer.
HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Or maybe he considered himself a patriot. Maybe he saw it as his duty to show us how lax our security was. Maybe he--

Hanssen stops himself. Something just hit him:

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Aw, what good does speculating do? He spied. The why doesn't mean a thing, does it?

PLESAC
No. I guess it doesn't.

The Excursion pulls away from us. We DISSOLVE TO:

R-217 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - HANSSEN'S OFFICE - DAY R-217

Eric stands in the doorway, carrying a CARDBOARD BOX. It's moving-out day. He pauses for one last look around:

All of Hanssen's things remain in place. Pictures, a crucifix, that painting of two guys on a boat, the rowing machine. Eric takes it all in, turns to go.

Then he hears those THREE BEEPS again, coming from the SCIF door. He tenses a bit... until Kate enters. She looks the place over - fascinated but detached.

Then she spots that painting on the wall.

KATE
Two guys on a boat.

Eric smiles, Kate drifts in.

KATE (CONT'D)
Did you see the Director's press conference?

ERIC
Yeah.

KATE
Funny about those things. He thanked the CIA and the U.S. Attorney's Office, the Counsel for Intelligence Policy... but he couldn't thank the guy we put behind that desk. You're classified now.
Eric knows that.

KATE (CONT'D)
I'm on my way to the Field Office.
We've still got two Russian I.O.'s unaccounted for.
(re: the cardboard box)
This mean me you won't be heading over there with me?

ERIC
Thought I'd go home instead.

KATE
You're gonna make agent, Eric. That's set now. Isn't that what you wanted?

ERIC
It was.

KATE
...until you came to my apartment and saw the tv dinner and no cat...

She was kidding there - she hopes. Eric just lets it go.

KATE (CONT'D)
Most of our agents are married, ya know. Their spouses all get used to the life eventually. So will Juliana.

ERIC
I don't think I want her to.

KATE
Oh. That's different.

ERIC
Yeah.

KATE
Yeah...

Conversation's over. Kate knows that. So she has to say this:

KATE (CONT'D)
You know how much you did here, don't you? That was the worst spy in American history you just took down. How can you walk away after that?
ERIC
Can you think of a better time to walk away?

Kate, for the first time, doesn't have an answer.

KATE
No.

ERIC
So...

Kate nods, giving her blessing. Eric turns to go.

...but he stops before getting there. Just spotted something:

On the desk is one of those fat blue Doctor-Grip Pens. Eric eyes it, looks to Kate.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Think it'd be okay if I...?

KATE
I'd say you'd earned it.

He puts the pen in his box, heads out.

KATE (CONT'D)
Good luck, Eric.

ERIC
You too.

One last look, then he leaves 9930 for the last time. We remain on Kate as the door to the SCIF closes...

218 OMIT

219 INT. FBI HQ - 9TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Eric passes a GLASS CASE boasting a display of the FBI's HISTORIC ARRESTS. Beside it is a FLIER for a party to honor a RETIRING SECRETARY's 35 years of service. Cake and cookies.

He turns a corner, heading for a bank of elevators.

220 INT. FBI HQ - BANK OF ELEVATORS - CONTINUING

Ten feet away, a pair of elevator doors begin to close.

Eric hurries over, knifing his free hand between the closing doors. They open... And he freezes.
Robert Hanssen, master-spy, is inside the elevator, flanked by Plesac and an FBI COP. Hanssen's hands are cuffed. Eric stands stiffly, no idea what to say. The moment hangs.

Hanssen eyes his would-be protege, then utters the last words Eric will ever hear from him:

HANSSEN
Pray for me?

Eric's jaw nearly drops. But then...

ERIC
I will.

He backs away, allowing the elevator doors to close. As the doors come together, we MOVE IN ON HANSSEN...

...and an odd thing happens: the light above him begins to dim. Then it starts to vanish entirely.

He looks up, confused, as the doors meet one another, and Hanssen is in utter blackness. We leave him there, and...

FADE OUT

-THE END