

BREACH

By

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FADE IN:

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

1 INT. CHAPEL - NOON 1

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) 2

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 3

Sounds suddenly assault us, in REAL-TIME: voices, stereos, horns, unnaturally loud. A coin-op news-stand SLAMS SHUT, revealing a FLORIDA RECOUNT headline. It's December, 2000.

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 4 *

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

HANSSSEN'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 5

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.

6 INTERCUT WITH/EXT. GEORGETOWN ALLEY - NIGHT 6

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...

7 INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING (DAY) 7

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 R-8 *

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 *
translater. *

(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... *
 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 9-10

11 INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING 11

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

A HEAT SENSOR is placed inside a wall. Garces activates it with a REMOTE. Then it's covered by a sheet of dry-wall. A TV is also fitted with hidden MIC and LIPSTICK CAMERA.

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...

12-18 OMIT 12-18 *

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

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

20-25 OMIT 20-25 *

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

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

...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."

26 INT. FBI GARAGE - AT HANSSSEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER 26

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.

27-30A OMIT

27-30A

31 INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - BEDROOM - MORNING (7 A.M.) 31

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 proofsheets... mildly shaking his head, as if dissatisfied with something.

JULIANA

What?

ERIC

(re: proofsheets)
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?

32 EXT. FBI WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE - ESTABLISHING - DAY 32

The WFO is sunlit, modern. Eight stories high, at 4th and F.

33 INT. WASH. FIELD OFFICE ("WFO") - SMALL CONF. ROOM - DAY 33

A thin FILE slides into frame. Hanssen's PHOTO is inside.
Eric, coat and tie now, eyes it. Connors sits beside him.

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. HANSSSEN HOME - STAIRS - MORNING 34

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. HANSSSEN HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUING 35

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 Hanssens' 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 36

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 37 *

Again, we're tight on that CASSETTE PLAYER.

HANSEN'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. HANSEN'S TAURUS - MORNING 38

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 39

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.

40 INTERCUT WITH/INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - EARLY MORNING 40

Eric stands in the doorway, dressed for Day One. We note the PAGER on his hip. Juliana's at their formica table.

KATE (CONT'D, V.O.)

A few rules: first, no one can know about this. Even your wife. You've got a new boss; his name is Hanssen; he works in Information Assurance. That's it.

ERIC

(to Juliana)

Some guy named Hanssen; he works in Information Assurance.

Juliana looks up from her CITIZENSHIP WORKBOOK... as we hear Eric's reply to Kate:

ERIC (V.O.)

I understand.

*

41 INTERCUT WITH/EXT. D.C. - 8TH STREET - EARLY MORNING 41

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.)

42 INTERCUT WITH/EXT. NAVY MEMORIAL METRO STOP - MORNING 42

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.

43 INTERCUT WITH/EXT. FBI HQ - PLAZA - ESTAB. - MORNING 43

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...

44 INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ - "ESCORT DESK" - SAME 44

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?

45 INT. WFO - SMALL CONF. ROOM - RESUMING

45

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:

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

46

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.

47 INT. FBI HQ - 7TH FLOOR - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - MORNING 47

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, heavysset), tells us this is restricted air-space. Eric sags, embarrassed.

ERIC
How do I get to the Ninth floor?

48 INT. FBI HQ - 9TH FLOOR - GARCES'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 48

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 49

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 50

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 CREEEEAK. 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.

HANSEN

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

51

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

52

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 Catechism of the Catholic Church, The Bible, The Way.

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

52A

He sits. Another loud CREEEEEEAK. 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.

53 INT. FBI HQ - 7TH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - DAY 53

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.

54 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - MINUTES LATER (DAY) 54

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, chagrined)
(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

56 *

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

56A

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

57

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. HANSSSEN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 57AA *

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

HANSSSEN (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

57AA

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

58

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.

HANSEN

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 Hoschouer" 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:

59

INT. FBI HQ - LEVEL 1 - CORRIDOR - DAY

59

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.

60

INT. FBI HQ - ELEVATOR - AT LEVEL 1 - CONTINUING

60

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 60A

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 61

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.

69

INT. ERIC AND JULIANA'S APT. - MORNING

69

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.

70

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

70

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 71

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 72

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.

73 INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUING

73

It's beautiful in here. Shafts of light pour in through stained glass. Hanssen breathes it in, hushed. Eric too.

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...

74

EXT. UNIDENTIFIED COLONNADE - NIGHT

74

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:

76 EXT. ST. CATHERINE'S CHURCH - ESTABLISHING - DAY 76

A beautiful Catholic church on a glorious snowy day.

77 INT. ST. CATHERINE'S - SAME (DAY) 77

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.

78 INT. HANSSSEN HOME - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON 78

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.

79 INT. HANSSSEN HOME - STUDY - SAME

79

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:

HANSSSEN (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
Pallidus. 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...

80

EXT. WOODROW WILSON PLAZA - TWO HOURS LATER (NIGHT)

80

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
spying for the Russians in 1985.

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 81

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 81A

Eric doesn't know what to say...

KATE (CONT'D)

But that's just the money part...

82 INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSSEN HOME - STUDY - NIGHT 82

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 83

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.

84 EXT. WOODROW WILSON PLAZA - RESUMING 84

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.

85 INTERCUT WITH/INT. THAT UNIDENTIFIED HOTEL ROOM - DAY 85 *

Again, a cassette spins inside that tape recorder: *

HANSEN'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.

86 OMIT 86 *

87 EXT. WOODROW WILSON PLAZA - NIGHT - RESUMING 87

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. HANSSSEN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 88

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 89

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) 89A

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

89B

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

90

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

(MORE)

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.

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

91

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

92

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:

93 INT. C-TOC - VIDEO ROOM - RESUMING 93

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.

94 EXT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. BLDG. - ALLEY - NIGHT 94

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.

95 INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. BLDG. - FOYER - MINUTES LATER 95

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 96

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 97

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: *

98-102 OMIT

98-102 *

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

103

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

104

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
Oh. Better. Fine. Thank you.

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 105

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 106

Eric pauses at the SCIF door, steeling himself.

107 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - CONTINUING 107

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.

HANSEN

Don't you knock?

ERIC

The photographer for your twenty-fifth anniversary portrait, he's here
(MORE)

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 SCIF 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 110

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 111

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 112

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 112A

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 112B

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

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

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 114

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

115 INT. FBI HQ - FIRING RANGE - MOMENTS LATER 115

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 115A

The DOWNLOAD is complete now. Eric pops out the Datacard and
rises from his desk.

115B INT. FBI HQ - ELEVATOR - ASCENDING - MOMENTS LATER 115B

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

BEREZNEY

Hey, Bob! I heard you were back!

HANSSEN

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

BEREZNEY

Good for you!

116 INT. 9930 - HANSSEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUING 116

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 117-118

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

Hanssen emerges from the elevator, heading for 9930.

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

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 121

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

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

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.

123 INT. FBI HQ - NINTH FLOOR - AT 9930 - SAME 123

Hanssen enters his code at the door of the SCIF.

124 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - HANSSSEN'S OFFICE - RESUMING 124

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.

125 INT. ROOM 9930 - AT 9930'S DOOR - CONTINUING 125

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?

HANSSSEN

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?

HANSSSEN

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.

126 EXT. DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - GUARD-POST - DAY 126

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.

127 EXT. DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - PARKING LOT - DAY 127

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

128 INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - SAME 128

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.

129 INTERCUT WITH/INT. D.I.A. - DATA CENTER - SAME 129

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:

130 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - RESUMING 130

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:

131 INT. D.I.A. DATA-CENTER - RESUMING 131

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

132

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

133

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.

HANSSEN

I was doing you a favor, bringing you along.

ERIC

I spoke out of turn. I know that.

HANSSEN

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.

HANSSEN

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

134

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

135

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.

136 INTERCUT WITH/INT. THE SUBURBAN - MOVING - SAME 136

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.

137 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - SAME 137

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

PLESAC
Sew it up.

TRUNK CATALOGUER
Sir?

PLESAC
We're aborting. Sew it up.

138 INT. SUBURBAN - MOVING - TEDDY ROOSEVELT BRIDGE - DAY 138

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 139

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 140

A U.S. PARK POLICE HELICOPTER flies at a discreet altitude above the LINCOLN MEMORIAL. We ZOOM DOWN TO:

141 EXT. POTOMAC PARKWAY - SAME 141

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 142

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 143

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 144

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 145

Olsen, watching from up here, reaches for his cel-phone.

146 INT. SURVEILLING SEDAN - SAME 146

Geddes instantly reaches for his cel-phone.

147 INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - SAME 147

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

148

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 eyes him, reading him. A long beat.

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.

149 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - RESUMING 149

Plesac's cel-phone rings again.

PLESAC (INTO CEL)
Yeah?

150 EXT. POTOMAC PARKWAY - AT THE SUBURBAN - CONTINUING 150

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.

151 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - SAME 151

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:

*

152 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - LATER DAY 152

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

153 INT. THE SUBURBAN - CONTINUING 153

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.

154 INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - DUSK 154

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...

155 INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 155

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.

156 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUING 156

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.

157 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THEIR BLDG. - MOMENTS LATER 157

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 161

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 162

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.

163-177 OMIT

163-177 *

178 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - DAY

178

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 179

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 180

Eric shuts the door, pauses. Christ, that was odd.

Just then his PAGER goes off again. He eyes it: 7#.

181 OMIT 181

182 INT. WFO - C-TOC - EVENING 182

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..."

183 INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSSEN 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."

184 INT. WFO - C-TOC - RESUMING 184

That was a bomb; we can see it on Eric's face...

185 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 CONFSSIONAL.

186 INT. CHURCH - CONFSSIONAL - CONTINUING 186

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 187

We're on his face, as he types out the words:

HANSSEN (V.O., CONT'D)

"Amusing the games children play."

188 INT. CHURCH - CONFSSIONAL - RESUMING 188

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 189

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.

190 INT. WFO - C-TOC - RESUMING 190

Kate comes to the end of the letter...

191 EXT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 191

Hanssen's Taurus pulls up to the curb outside Eric & Juliana's building. He eyes the front door...

HANSSSEN & KATE (V.O., SIMULTANEOUS)
"Life is full of its ups and
downs..."

Hanssen cuts his engine. END INTERCUT. We DISSOLVE TO:

192 INT. WFO - C-TOC - RESUMING 192

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 CELL-PHONE 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... *

196

EXT. OUTSIDE HANSSEN'S CAR - PARKED - MOMENTS LATER

196

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. HANSSSEN'S CAR - PARKED - CONTINUING 197

Eric looks Hanssen over, searching for a weapon: in Hanssen's jacket? Inside that ankle holster?

HANSSSEN

(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--

HANSSSEN

Can I trust you?

Eric freezes. That was so stark, so direct...

ERIC

Of course... Don't you know that?

HANSSSEN

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 198

The Taurus glides by us, against the backdrop of ROCK CREEK PARK. It's huge, vast... and dark.

199 INT. HANSSSEN'S CAR - MOVING - SAME 199

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 199A

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) 199B

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 199C

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 200

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 201

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

202

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... *

206 INT. WFO - C-TOC - SAME 206

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.

207 EXT. HANSSSEN'S CAR - PARKED - RESUMING 207

Hanssen gets out, opens the trunk... That sealed LAWN & LEAF BAG awaits, beside CHALK and TAPE.

207A EXT. WOODS - SECOND LOCATION - SAME 207A *

A SECOND CAMOUFLAGED FBI GUY watches from a distance. He clicks his walkie-talkie twice. *

208 EXT. FOXSTONE PARK - ENTRANCE - CONTINUING 208

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.

209 INT. FBI VAN - SAME 209 *

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... *

210 EXT. FOXSTONE PARK - FOOTBRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER 210

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.

210A INT. FBI VAN - RESUMING 210A *

The sighting on a sniper's rifle is calibrated... *

211 EXT. FOXSTONE PARK - TRAIL - CONTINUING 211

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 211A

Eric sits on the stoop, alone.

212 EXT. FAIRWAY DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER 212

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 213

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 213A

Eric's pager CHIRPS. He reaches for it.

The readout says: "7# We Got Him."

214 EXT. FAIRWAY DRIVE - RESUMING 214

In a blur, Hanssen is surrounded. SWAT AGENT #2, his weapon inches from Hanssen's face, grabs Hanssen's car keys.

HANSSSEN

The guns won't be necessary. The guns
won't be necessary.

214A EXT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - RESUMING 214A

We PUSH IN on Eric as he absorbs the news...

215 EXT. FAIRWAY DRIVE - RESUMING 215

Hanssen is cuffed 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 216

...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 RB-216 *

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... *

PLESAC

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.

HANSSEN

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?

PLESAC

We never had a GPS on your car, Bob.

HANSSEN

Oh.

Hanssen shrinks a bit, thrown. Plesac stays on point:

PLESAC

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.

HANSSEN

Must not've taken long. All Ames
cared about was the money.

PLESAC

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.

HANSSEN

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 218

219 INT. FBI HQ - 9TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 219

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 220

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.

ERIC

Oh.

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