

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.

(Hanssen doesn't reply)
Did I put it back wrong?

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

...another agonizing moment...

Then Hanssen nods... and drifts back into his office. Eric allows himself a breath. END SEQUENCE.

127 EXT. FBI BLDG. - NIGHT

127

We get a look at the Department of Justice at night. Then the Capitol, rising majestically. RACK BACK to the FBI HQ... as Eric emerges, looking dwarfed by this mammoth building.

128 EXT. AMERICAN UNIV. - MUSIC BLDG. - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 128

Eric mounts the steps of the Music Building.

129 INT. MUSIC BUILDING - CONTINUING

129

He drifts down a hallway. On either side of him, we hear PIANOS being played in PRACTICE ROOMS. 20 pieces at once.

He stops outside a door, recognizing the playing within. A smile fans across his face. He peeks through a tiny window:

Sure enough, Juliana is inside, practicing in this tiny room. She doesn't see him. He reaches for the door.

Then his CEL-PHONE RINGS. Shit.

An instinct tells him to throw the damn thing into a trash can. All he wants is on the other side of this door... Instead, he answers the phone:

ERIC (INTO CEL)
This is Eric.

KATE (THRU CEL)
How fast can you get to the Field Office?

130 INT. WFO - 5TH FLOOR - MINUTES LATER (NIGHT)

130

Elevator doors open... and here's Kate, awaiting us:

KATE
He goes to the D.I.A. tomorrow at 10
a.m. Is that right?

So much for hello. Eric freezes in place.

ERIC
Yes.

KATE
You're driving him?

ERIC
Yes.

KATE
Follow me.

She moves away. Eric hurries out of the elevator. We follow:

KATE (CONT'D)
I've got about five minutes; case is
ratcheting up and the Director needs
to be briefed on it.

ERIC
What was on the Palm Pilot?

KATE
Everything.

We TRACK THEM through the 5th floor of the W.F.O. It's empty.

KATE (CONT'D)
The arrogant son of a bitch actually
kept a record of all of his
correspondence with the KGB, GRU, and
SVR. Last drop was two months ago.

ERIC
So he's active...

KATE
Very much so.
(they keep walking)
Most of the datacard is still
encrypted. First thing we cracked was
a ledger tracing payments-received:
six-hundred thousand in cash so far,
with another eight hundred thousand
waiting for him in an escrow account
in Moscow.

Just then, Eric stops - at a LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM.

It's PACKED. 60 AGENTS now, grinding away.

ERIC
Bigot-list just got a little bigger.

KATE
We're starting air surveillance,
picket surveillance, monitoring his
phones and computers. We'll also be
buying the house across the street
from him and putting two agents
there.

(soberly:)
As long as he's active, every single
source we're working has to be
considered at risk: Counter-Intel and
Counter-Terrorism. He knows all their
names and locations.

(Eric nods)
Okay. Tomorrow. You'll drive him in a
Bureau vehicle. Make sure you keep
him out of the office for at least
three hours. We're sweeping his car.

ERIC
Okay.

KATE
Need to get some hard evidence on
him. Thanks for--

ERIC
Ya know, he doesn't think you're
close.

KATE
No?

ERIC
We walked by the SIOC once; he knew
there was a molehunt going on in
there. But he thought you were
targeting CIA Officers only. Sorta
treated the whole thing like a joke.

KATE
...unless he was just working you, to
see if you knew any better.
(Eric considers that)
Three hours.

With that, she ducks behind the door. Eric stares at it...

131

INT. HANSEN HOME - ATTIC - NIGHT

131

Darkness, just that desk-lamp on. We PAN along the attic floor, following electrical wires that lead us to Hansen's printer, tv, lap-top.

...until we find Hansen himself, at his desk, his back turned to us, holding a CORDLESS PHONE.

Sitting, conflicted... until he dials a number, and:

HANSEN (INTO PHONE)
 Victor? Bob Hansen... Fine, fine.
 How are you?

We MOVE IN on him now, slowly - his face still hidden to us.

HANSEN (PHONE, CONT'D)
 I have a proposal for you, Victor...
 Yes, I think I've seized upon a sure-fire way to put you into business with the Bureau, to get a contract out of them for Invicta's technology.
 (pauses, then:) Hire me as a consultant.

We see a quarter of his face now - just enough to know how much he *hates* having to pitch himself. But...

HANSEN (PHONE, CONT'D)
 No one understands your systems like I do, no one can be a more effective advocate for them. And I don't think I have to tell you how much influence I have in terms of I.T. and case-management-security around there. These guys are at sea without my input, and they know it.

He laughs, a bit forced. CAMERA SETTLES on his profile...

HANSEN (PHONE, CONT'D)
 My timetable? Well, that would be now actually.
 (trying to sound breezy)
 Yes, I wanna get out of there before my fellow Agents start inflicting a bunch of farewell parties on me.

Another forced laugh... then he tightens - just heard a polite version of "No, Thanks."

HANSSEN (PHONE, CONT'D)
I see. Well...

Suddenly he's become Willy Loman; it sickens him...

HANSSEN (PHONE, CONT'D)
I suppose I should have been more precise, Victor. I'm not looking for a rich deal. And whatever you paid me would be more than offset by the monies I'd be bringing through the door. It's a very lucrative contract I'd be securing for you.

(a beat...)

Will you? Good. That's all I ask. I know the logic of it will appeal to you if you consider it long enough.

(it's dead, he knows it)

Thank you for your time, Victor. I apologize for having bothered you at home... Good night.

He hangs up the phone and shuts his eyes, fighting a feeling of despair. On his face we MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

...Hanssen, in the passenger seat of a CHEVY SUBURBAN.

132 EXT. DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - DAY 132

It's a brilliant, sunlit morning. Eric, in the driver's seat, shows his I.D. to a GUARD at a MILITARY GUARD-POST.

The Suburban is waved through. Then it disappears into the garage of this modern, non-descript building in Roslyn, Va.

133 INT. DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - LOBBY - MORNING 133

Hanssen and Eric enter a windowless marble lobby. THREE separate security checks here, manned by MILITARY PERSONNEL.

134 INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - SAME 134

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 Special Agent DAN PLESAC. He's 47, wiry.

PLESAC
We've got until noon.

The Sweep Team descends on the Taurus.

135

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

135

Eric and Hanssen stand in a DATA CENTER that puts the FBI's Data Center to shame. SEVEN SUPERCOMPUTERS down here, each identical, churning out data. Immaculate, impressive.

HANSEN

The Seven Dwarfs, watching the world.

(Eric smiles thinly)

God I wish the Bureau had this kind of technology.

In bg we see a GUY IN A SUIT, talking on a telephone. Eric eyes him. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

136

INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - RESUMING

136

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:

137

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

137

That SUIT hangs approaches Hanssen, a bit sheepish.

D.I.A. SUIT

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

HANSEN

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.

138 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - RESUMING

138

A HUGE PLASTIC TARP has been laid out. Sitting on it are the Taurus' HOOD, doors, tires, every inch of its CARPETING.

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 Attic. Hard evidence...

Plesac nods to an EVIDENCE PHOTOGRAPHER, go to work.

139 INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN - D.I.A. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 139

Eric pulls up in the Chevy. Hanssen gets in, slams the door.

ERIC
Boss, I'm sorry.

HANSSEN
I was doing you a favor, bringing you along.

ERIC
I spoke out of turn. I know that.

HANSEN
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.

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

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

140 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - RESUMING

140

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)
What?!

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

141

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
Good God.

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

142

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.

Silence... then Eric's PAGER BUZZES. Eric grabs it. The face
reads 7#. Hanssen eyes him.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
She certainly does like to know where
you are, doesn't she?

Eric smiles anxiously. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

143 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - SAME

143

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.

144 INT. THE SUBURBAN - MOVING - RESUMING

144

Eric drives. Hanssen clicks his blue Doctor-Grip pen angrily.
Suddenly, Eric turns left, following a sign that says
"FRANCIS SCOTT KEY BRIDGE."

HANSSEN
What're you doing?

ERIC
Taking the Key Bridge.

HANSSEN
What the hell for? We're not going to
Georgetown.

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

HANSSEN
 So take the Teddy Roosevelt.

ERIC
 Sir, I'm SSG; we tail people for a living. Key's faster.

145 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - SAME

145

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 Key.

PLESAC
 Good.

GEDDES
 I put 'em back at HQ in 30, 35 minutes. Is that enough?

PLESAC
 Not even close.

146 EXT. FBI CHOPPER - HOVERING - DAY

146

An FBI HELICOPTER hovers at a discreet altitude above GEORGETOWN, watching a single car. We ZOOM DOWN TO:

147 EXT. M STREET - GEORGETOWN - SAME

147

GRIDLOCK. A traffic jam. And the Suburban is dead center. (Up ahead, a TOW-TRUCK is uncoupling TWO CARS.)

148 INT. THE SUBURBAN - SAME

148

Hanssen is livid.

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.

149 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - SAME

149

Kate arrives, out of breath. She hurries over to Plesac.

KATE
I paged him. Where are we?

PLESAC
Screwed.

150 INT. THE SUBURBAN - RESUMING

150

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.

151 INT. FBI CHOPPER - SAME

151

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

152 INT. SURVEILLING SEDAN - SAME

152

Geddes instantly reaches for his cel-phone.

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

153

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
You're kidding me.

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.

154 EXT. GEORGETOWN - M STREET - SIDEWALK - CONTINUING

154

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, who walks angrily down the sidewalk:

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

HANSEN
(over his shoulder)
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.

HANSEN
Why should I?

ERIC
(no choice now)
I lied to you, Sir.

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

ERIC (CONT'D)
There isn't any construction on the
Memorial Bridge. I made that up.

Another x-ray stare from Hanssen. Eric tries not to waver...

HANSEN
Why?

ERIC
It's Julian; we've been fighting all morning.

HANSEN
What about?

ERIC
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. It didn't... speak to her. So I wanted to go back to that Reading Room. I thought there might be some books I could get for her, to help her see things better. I thought you might tell me which ones to buy.

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

And Eric can't tell if he's dead or not... until:

HANSEN
Swear to God.

ERIC
Excuse me?

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

ERIC
Sorry, Sir. I'm not gonna do that.
(Hanssen waits)
I don't lie about my wife. Or the church. If you don't know that yet then I sure as hell wouldn't take the name of the Lord in vain just to prove it to you.
(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.

155 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - RESUMING

155

Plesac's cel-phone rings again.

PLESAC (INTO CEL)
Yeah?

156 EXT. M STREET - AT THE SUBURBAN - CONTINUING

156

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

Then the passenger door opens. And Hanssen gets in.

HANSSEN
You're right. I overstepped.

He sits heavily, eyes front, and pulls the door shut.

157 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - SAME

157

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
(turns to Kate:)
Stay of execution.

Kate half-smiles. END SEQUENCE... We CUT TO:

158 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - LATER DAY

158

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

159 INT. THE SUBURBAN - CONTINUING

159

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?

That came out sharper than either had anticipated. Hanssen hands him the envelope, then gets out. Eric pulls away.

We STAY WITH HANSSEN, just a beat, as he examines his car before getting in. His face is unreadable...

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

160

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

Before him is that 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...

161 INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

161

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 the hell out of him: It's the Hanssen bedroom, as seen from behind a DOOR of some kind, shot in Hi-8 video. Bonnie lies in bed, asleep...

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

On the monitor, Hanssen crosses into frame, his mid-section filling it entirely. He opens the door that's been blocking our view: (we now see that it was the door of their ARMOIRE.)

Hanssen crosses to the bed, behind Bonnie, and peels back the sheets. Bonnie's in a camisole.

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

Eric wants to look away, but can't.

Hanssen tugs her panties down. Clearly, she doesn't know she's being taped. He pulls the camisole above her breasts and frees himself from inside his pajamas...

...as a sudden SOUND startles the hell out of Eric. And us.

It's the front door. Juliana just came home. She has GROCERY BAGS in her arms.

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; (Thank God.) She heads for the kitchen.

162

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUING

162

She 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.

ERIC (CONT'D)

How was school?

JULIANA

(unpacking items)

It was fine. Would you mind getting the rest of the groceries for me?

ERIC

Oh. Sure.

JULIANA

Few more bags in the car.

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

163 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THEIR BLDG. - MOMENTS LATER 163

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:

164 EXT. OUTSIDE THEIR BLDG. - TRACKING ERIC - CONTINUING 164

We're right on his back as he runs around the corner, crossing their thimble-sized lawn to a walkway.

165 INT. THEIR BLDG. "LOBBY" - TRACKING ERIC - CONTINUING 165

He races into the building. Then down two steps, and into:

166 INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - CONTINUING 166

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

What is this?

ERIC

Honey, it's not what you're--

JULIANA

She doesn't know she's being filmed,
does she? Look at her.

He hits STOP. And EJECT. She's still reeling... He throws the tape and its envelope into his gym bag, zipping it shut, as:

ERIC
You shouldn't've opened this, Jule;
it could've been Classified for all
you knew.

JULIANA
If it was Classified it wouldn't be
sitting on our sink. Did he give it
to you?

ERIC
No.

JULIANA
Do you find it exciting?

ERIC
God, no.

JULIANA
Is there a tape of us floating around
out there somewhere?

ERIC
What?! Of course not.

JULIANA
Then can you tell me why you have it?

A long beat, his face working... until:

ERIC
You know I can't do that.

JULIANA
Oh. "Needs of the Bureau," is that
it? This is a case of some kind?

She said that sarcastically... But he just tightened, without
meaning to. And that tells her something.

...which means he'd better get out of here.

ERIC
(heads for the door)
I gotta go.

JULIANA
Wait a minute.

ERIC
I'm not sure when I'll be back.

JULIANA
Is this what you want, Eric?

That threw him. He stops at the door.

ERIC
Huh?

JULIANA
This. Doing a job where lying to your wife is just business as usual. Is that who you want to be?

That's a larger question than he was prepared for...

ERIC
This is a... special circumstance.

JULIANA
I'm not talking about Hanssen. He's a creep, I knew that already. I'm talking about the life.

(no reply)
There's gotta be some other way you can serve your country where you wouldn't have to lie to me every day. Wouldn't that be better?

Yes, it would be better - but he can't say so. In fact right now he can't say much of anything, except:

ERIC
I never said this was a case. Right?

Juliana sags. She just gave up on him.

JULIANA
No. You didn't.

They study one another, then he goes...

167 INT. KATE'S APT. BUILDING - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER 167

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.

168 INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUING

168

It's a clean, efficient one-bedroom, looks like it's not used very often. Kate closes the front door, calmly.

KATE

I'm assuming that you know what a massive fuck-up that would be.

ERIC

Look, she's smart, okay? She puts things together.

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...

ERIC

How did you...?

KATE

That was a Bureau vehicle you were in today, Hot-Shot. It had ears.

He doesn't know what to say.

ERIC

Jesus. Agent Burroughs, I'm... It's what I came over to--

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.

There's nothing to say. He's beyond embarrassed now.

KATE (CONT'D)

I understand that you're stressed, Eric. Cover-cases are like that. But Agents learn to withstand it; that's what makes them agents. Okay?

ERIC

I'm sorry. It was a--

KATE

Just so happens, we don't think you'll have to withstand it much longer, maybe just days.

Wait. That almost sounded encouraging. Eric pauses...

ERIC

What makes you think so?

KATE

We pulled 300 pages of classified materials out of a Lawn & Leaf Bag in his trunk today. His next drop appears to be imminent. Then he's ours.

From despair to hope, just like that...

ERIC

Oh.

KATE

Oh.

(a beat)

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. Best I can tell you is keep your head on and do your job; it's your best shot at getting this over with. Understand?

ERIC

Okay.

An awkward pause. There's not much to say...

ERIC (CONT'D)
I should go. I'm sorry to've--

KATE
It's fine. I'm *supposed* to be the one
you bring problems to.

He heads for the door. She escorts him, opens it.

But he turns, just before leaving:

ERIC
Can I ask you something?

KATE
Sure.

ERIC
Is it worth it?
(she's silent)
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.

In the distance a few chords from a PIANO can be heard, their source unseen. The music carries us into:

169 EXT. FOXSTONE PARK - DAY

169

Hanssen drives his car at 5 m.p.h., creeping past the entrance to Foxstone Park. He stares out the side window, looking for something... INTERCUT WITH:

170 INT. WFO - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

170

An Agent named SKELTON gives a freshly-printed ARREST PLAN one last proofread. (The document is twenty pages long.) We peek over his shoulder as he flips through it.

Paragraph SLUGLINES tell us what the Arrest Plan entails: NUMBER OF VEHICLES, LEAD VEHICLE, PERSONNEL PER VEHICLE, NUMBER OF ARRESTING AGENTS, LEAD AGENT...

Also: MEDICAL CONTINGENCIES, NEAREST MED-EVACS AND HOSPITALS, NEIGHBOR CONTROL, CROWD CONTROL, MEDIA CONTROL.

KATE (O.S.)
That thing ready?

We TILT UP... to find that 100 agents now cram this room: phones, computers, timelines, safes, maps. Kate sits opposite Skelton. He slides the Arrest Plan to her.

The chords from that piano build, slowly. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

171 INT. FBI HQ - UNNAMED CORRIDOR - DAY 171

A corridor sits in yellowish light. More pallets of computers clog the hall. Behind us, ELEVATOR DOORS open. We turn...

...as SPECIAL AGENT DEBRA SMITH emerges, carrying a PACKAGE. She's 35, African-American. We FOLLOW HER to:

172 INT. FBI HQ - SIOC DOOR - CONTINUING 172

This is the SIOC that Eric and Hanssen once walked past:
"Sensitive Compartmentalized Information Facility,"
"Restricted Access Area," "Authorized Personnel Only."

Smith swipes her badge outside the door, enters a code...

173 EXT. FOXSTONE PARK - DUSK 173

Hanssen drives by the entrance to Foxstone Park again - just as slowly, but from the opposite direction this time, hours later than his last trip... still looking for something.

...and still not seeing it. He drives off.

As he does so, the CAR ALARM of a PARKED CAR HE JUST DROVE PAST begins to wail. Hanssen notes it...

174 INT. WFO - CONFERENCE ROOM - RESUMING 174

Beside Skelton's Arrest Plan is an OPERATIONAL PLAN. Its sluglines read: REMOVAL OF SUSPECT'S VEHICLE, NOTIFICATION OF SUSPECT'S FAMILY, CHAIN OF COMMAND AT COMMAND POST.

It's now Plesac who is looking the documents over.

175 INT. WFO - ASAC'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 175

This is the office of an ASAC (Asst. Special Agt. in Charge.) Plesac enters, hands Skelton's arrest plan to the ASAC.

176 INT. WFO - S.A.C.'S OFFICE - MONTAGE CONTINUING 176

The ASAC carries Skelton's plan to the office of an S.A.C. (Special Agent in Charge). We return to FBI HQ:

- 177 INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ - INSIDE THE SIOC - SAME 177
A windowless, trapezoidal space built for three. But 12 PEOPLE are in here, surrounded by maps, computers, timelines, safes. Special Agent Smith enters, bearing that package.
...which we now recognize as the Arrest & Operational Plan.
Now it must go up the chain here at Headquarters. Smith hands it to an Agent named PACK. Music continues, as:
- 178 INT. FBI HQ - ROCHFORD'S OFFICE - MONTAGE CONTINUING 178
Pack enters, handing the Plan to Mike Rochford.
- 179 INT. FBI HQ - BEREZNAY'S OFFICE - MONTAGE CONTINUING 179
Rochford hands the Plan to Bereznay.
- 180 INT. FBI HQ - GALLAGHER'S OFFICE - MONTAGE CONTINUING 180
Bereznay enters, carrying the Arrest Plan. DEPUTY ASST. DIR. KEN WAGUESPACK and ASST. DIR. NEIL GALLAGHER wait for it.
- 181 INT. FBI HQ - FREEH'S OFFICE - MONTAGE CONTINUING 181
Gallagher and Waguespack enter an office. The NAMEPLATE outside it reads: "Louis Freeh - Director." And we see LOUIS FREEH himself, awaiting the Arrest Plan...
A door shuts. We're outside it.
- 182 EXT. FOXSTONE PARK - NIGHT 182
Hanssen creeps by the park again, shining a FLASHLIGHT out his window... At last, he sees what he's been looking for:
A piece of WHITE TAPE, affixed to the ENTRY SIGN of the park.
Hanssen notes it, then drives off. As he does, he passes ANOTHER PARKED CAR. The ALARM on this one begins to wail too.
- 183 INTERCUT WITH/INT. AMERICAN UNIV. - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT 183
It's JULIANA'S PIANO-PLAYING we've been hearing. She hits one final note. END MUSIC. END INTERCUT. END MONTAGE. And we are:
- 184 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - DAY 184
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. THAT MUSIC CONTINUES, but it has receded into the background now. 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.

185 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - HANSSEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUING 185

Eric enters. Hanssen is at his desk, staring at a LAPTOP, his hands hidden from us. Music recedes even farther now...

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Do you know this movie?

Eric crosses to the desk... where he finds *Entrapment*, starring Catherine Zeta-Jones, playing on Hanssen's laptop.

...and Robert Hanssen, touching himself over his pants, obviously aroused.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
She's very appealing.

Eric pauses, no idea how to play this one. Hanssen continues to touch himself, then looks to Eric for a response.

ERIC
Yes, Sir. I've always thought so.

HANSSEN
This is the address of my mechanic in Manassas. I'm dropping my car off in the morning. Need you to pick me up and bring me into work.

As if all was perfectly normal, he nods toward a slip of paper that sits on the edge of his desk. Eric takes it.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
No later than 8:15.

ERIC

Yes, Sir.

HANSSEN

Close the door on your way out.

- 186 INT. 9930 - ERIC'S OFFICE - CONTINUING 186
 Eric shuts the door, pauses. Christ, that was creepy.
 Just then his PAGER goes off again. He eyes it: 7#.
- 187 INT. WFO - CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING 187
 Eric enters the packed room, breathless. He ran here.
 Oddly, there's no buzz in here tonight. The faces look strained. He spots Kate, in that same cubicle. He heads over.
- 188 INT. WFO - CONFERENCE ROOM - CUBICLE - CONTINUING 188
 Kate sits, looking pretty gloomy. Eric hurries in.

ERIC

This guy is melting down. He just--

Then Eric stops - just noticed the look on her face.ERIC (CONT'D)
 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 ten days ago.

Eric doesn't reach for it. She begins to read it aloud:

KATE (CONT'D)
 "Dear Friends..."

- 189 INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSEN HOME - ATTIC - LATE NIGHT 189
 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."

190 INT. WFO - CONFERENCE ROOM - RESUMING 190

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

191 INTERCUT WITH/INT. ST. CATHERINE'S - EVENING 191

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."

Hanssen dips his finger in the water, crosses himself, as HIS VOICE begins to over-ride Kate's, also in V.O.:

HANSEN (V.O.)
 "It is as if I am being isolated..."

192 INT. CHURCH - PEW - CONTINUING 192

He kneels at a pew and begins to pray.

HANSEN (V.O., CONT'D)
 "Furthermore, I believe I have
 detected repeated bursting radio
 signal emanations from my vehicle. I
 have not found their source, but as
 you wisely do, I will leave this
 alone, for knowledge of their
 existence is sufficient."

193 INT. HANSEN HOME - ATTIC - RESUMING 193

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

HANSEN (V.O., CONT'D)
 "Amusing the games children play."

194 INT. CHURCH - PEW - RESUMING 194

Hanssen has been at prayer 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, sniffs back the
 tear. We linger on the empty pew as he exits frame...

195 INT. HANSSEN HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT 195

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.

196 INT. WFO - CONF. ROOM - CUBICLE - RESUMING 196

Kate comes to the end of the letter...

197 EXT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 197

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

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

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

198 INT. WFO - KATE'S CUBICLE - TWO HOURS LATER (NIGHT) 198

Pizza boxes sit on the floor. Kate sits with Skelton,
 Sargent, Sherin, and Lopez. Eric is here, but he seems
 somehow just outside the circle.

KATE
 Okay. If he doesn't make another
 drop, what do we have?

SKELTON
 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.

LOPEZ

Maybe we just keep promoting him.
(they turn)

Might be the only way to keep him from retiring.

They're just pissed off enough to find that funny.

SHERIN

Great. We make him Deputy Assistant in Charge of Parks and Footbridges.

Some bitter laughs go around. Gallows humor...

SARGENT

Section Chief, Lawn & Leaf Bag Division.

SKELTON

Director, Pornography Crash Unit.

KATE

Christ, if he plays his cards right he might wind up running the whole Bureau.

They laugh; it's funny... until it stops being funny. And the laughter stops.

...just as 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 Hanssen.

SMASH CUT TO:

199 EXT. 4TH STREET - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT) 199
TIRES SQUEAL as a FORD EXPLORER pulls away from the WFO.
200 INT. PLESAC'S TRUCK - MOVING - LATER (NIGHT) 200
Plesac drives, racing - Kate beside him. Eric sits in back, anxiously eyeing his watch.

PLESAC
How drunk?

ERIC
I don't know, he wasn't slurring or anything. Where're you dropping me off? I don't want him to--

PLESAC
The ghosts said he's been driving all over the place tonight. Came to your apartment after sitting in his church for an hour.

ERIC
Sounded surlier than usual, but that's it.

Plesac blows through a RED LIGHT. Kate checks the clock...

KATE
I'd be a lot happier if he didn't have an armory in his trunk...

ERIC
Drop me off here, okay? My apartment's right around the corner.

PLESAC
I know where it is.

Plesac pulls over at:

201

EXT. 8TH STREET - EASTERN MARKET - CONTINUING

201

Eric gets out on 8th Street. A passing CAR splashes into a deep POTHOLE, sending slush toward us. He pauses, thinking.

...then leans in to Kate's window. Just decided something:

ERIC
You've got a team on his tail, right?

PLESAC
Of course.

ERIC
Pull 'em back.

A beat. Plesac thinks he might've heard that wrong...

PLESAC
Why would I wanna do that?

ERIC
I think I can still work him, Sir. I think I can get him comfortable enough to make that drop.

PLESAC
Have you been listening the last few hours? There *is* no drop. He's going to ground. He said so in the letter.

ERIC
The letter is why he still has to make the drop.

Plesac doesn't understand. Neither does Kate.

ERIC (CONT'D)
He wrote it ten days ago. And he doesn't use e-mail with these guys. That means it hasn't been sent yet. If he doesn't make another drop, he'd be disappearing on them without explaining why. He'd never do that.

KATE
Why not?

ERIC
They make him feel too important.

Not a bad point. Kate looks to Plesac.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Please. I can handle him - but not if
he picks up a tail.

PLESAC
What if he's made you?

ERIC
What if he has? Bumper-locking him
won't make me any safer.
(a beat)
The guy's got his antennas up, Sir.

Again, Kate looks to Plesac. Eric awaits a decision... until:

PLESAC
Okay. We pull back.

With that, Plesac pulls into traffic, reaching for his cell-phone. Kate throws one last look at Eric, then they're gone.

Eric watches them 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.

ERIC
(to no one)
Get on the boat, do your job, and get
back home again...

With that, he approaches...

202

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

202

An empty bottle of Gin sits by Hanssen's side. An "Andrews Sisters" song plays on his stereo. Hanssen stares, until:

ERIC (O.S.)
Hey, Boss.

Hanssen turns sleepily, as Eric leans in the open window.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Five minutes, as promised. Caught me
coming right out of the Metro.

HANSEN
Why didn't you drive?

That sounded drunk. And angry.

ERIC

Juliana needed the car. I felt like walking anyway.

HANSEN

Why? Something on your mind?

ERIC

Not especially.

HANSEN

Get in. I want some company.

Eric pauses... as a non-descript SEDAN pulls by them. Geddes is driving it. The sedan vanishes. Eric is on his own now...

ERIC

Sure.

Eric opens the door, climbs in. We do too.

203

INT. HANSEN'S CAR - PARKED - CONTINUING

203

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

ERIC (CONT'D)

Where're we--

HANSEN

Can I trust you?

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

ERIC

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

HANSEN

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...

204

EXT. D.C. - 16TH AND MORROW - MOVING - LATER NIGHT

204

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

205

INT. HANSEN'S CAR - MOVING - SAME

205

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.

HANSEN

It is against Bureau policy for an Agent to consume alcohol. Ever. Even off-duty... because an FBI Agent is never off-duty. That's Director Freeh's "BrightLine Policy."

ERIC

What's wrong with your car?

HANSEN

Why. Ya hear something?

ERIC

No. You asked me to meet you at your mechanic in the morning.

HANSEN

Oh. I'm having it swept. For electronic devices.

Eric shrugs. Hanssen checks his rear-view mirror now.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

I've been sensing signal bursts coming through the radio lately. And car alarms go off when I drive past.

(Eric nods)

It's not beneath the Russians to track me. I'm tailed all the time. They know how much I know.

Then, without warning, Hanssen turns left, from the middle lane, into Rock Creek Park. That feels ominous.

ERIC

We goin' to the park?

HANSEN

It's a clear night.

Eric's CEL-PHONE RINGS. Hanssen glares at the sound. Eric silences it quickly. They drive on.

206

INT. HANSEN'S CAR - MOVING - MINUTES LATER

206

We drive in darkness, a frozen creek and THICK WOODS around us. Eric looks around, trying to guess what's coming...

HANSEN (CONT'D)

I had eggs for breakfast this morning, I'm behind on my titheing to the church, I own eighteen guns.

ERIC

Sir?

HANSEN

My list. Thought we might see if
you'd learned enough to catch me.

ERIC

Oh.

HANSEN

Should I go on?

(Eric nods...)

Last night Victor Sheymov offered me
a job with Invicta. Two-hundred-and-
fifty-thousand a year, starting
immediately. When I was a kid my
father liked to leave me bound on our
Living Room floor until I wet my
pants... And I don't believe anything
actually happened to your mother the
night Bonnie and I came over. I think
you were somewhere else and just
didn't want to tell me.

That was a mouthful. Eric pauses, assessing it all as road
rolls under them. Awfully dark out here.

ERIC

Y'ever notice how often you try to
catch me in a lie, Boss?

HANSEN

I wonder why that is.

ERIC

Maybe you've spent so many years
studying spooks you can't imagine
anybody telling the truth.

(Hanssen doesn't react)

Jule and I have an Anniversary coming
up. That night I was out arranging a
surprise for her. I made up the mom
thing so she wouldn't know.

A beat. No idea if that flew or not...

ERIC (CONT'D)

And I'm sorry about your father.

HANSEN

Maybe that's the part I made up.

ERIC
I don't think so.

Hanssen breathes out a bitter laugh, then pulls the car over at a secluded spot.

ERIC (CONT'D)
What're we doing?

HANSSEN
Agent-training. That's what you wanted, right?

And he gets out, waiting for Eric to follow. Eric does so.

207 EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK - ROAD - CONTINUING 207

Hanssen crosses the road, toward a small CLEARING by the creek. Eric follows. Cold enough to see your breath out here.

208 EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK - CLEARING - CONTINUING 208

Not a bad place to dump a body, (Chandra Levy will be found here in less than a year.) Eric follows Hanssen, twigs and snow crackling under their feet. Otherwise, there's SILENCE.

...until Hanssen stops, and pulls his .38 from a holster.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
They test you at 25 yards, 15 yards, seven yards, and five yards.

With that, he aims at a branch and FIRES, a deafening sound. (Eric is beside him.) The branch is decimated.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Prone, left hand, right hand, five-yards-with-gun-in-holster. You get three seconds to fire five shots.

He turns and FIRES AGAIN, blowing away another branch. But this time the gun is just a foot from Eric's face. Eric drops to his knees out of instinct.

ERIC
What're you doing?

HANSSEN
FBI's a gun-culture, I told you. Can't advance here unless you can shoot.

He extends a hand. Eric rises... Then BANG! Another blast, mere INCHEs from Eric's face this time. Eric spins away.

ERIC
What're you doing?!

HANSSEN
Who was calling you before?

ERIC
What?!

Hanssen steps toward him, then another SHOT, right beside Eric's ear now. Eric spins away again, scared witless.

HANSSEN
I need to know if I can trust you.

ERIC
Put the gun down, Boss.

HANSSEN
(another shot)
Who was on the phone?

ERIC
PUT THE FUCKING GUN DOWN!!!

HANSSEN
I NEED TO KNOW IF I CAN TRUST YOU!

Hanssen's fires again, but... CLICK. His .38 is empty. There's a surprised silence for a moment.

Then Eric knocks the gun from his hand. It falls into snow.

ERIC
Can I trust you? Jesus!

Hanssen doesn't answer... and Eric finally erupts:

ERIC (CONT'D)
Ya know something, Boss? You do test people too much, and I've had it! Who the hell d'you think was calling me? My handlers in the Kremlin? Once and for all, for the record: I don't have any. I'm not a foreign agent! Is that official enough? 'Cause I'm getting really tired of having to prove myself to you every five minutes. And by the way, if I were SVR don't you think I'd be working my way through
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

Intel by now, instead of wasting my time in some do-nothing I.T. Division? Look around you, Boss: it's just us out here. There's no one tailing you, there isn't any GPS on your car. You don't matter that much.

There it was - the perfect dodge, a lie that is 100% true. And Hanssen doesn't know what to do with it...

ERIC (CONT'D)

The call 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 and you do what you do. The why doesn't mean a fucking thing. 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.

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.

Eric watches as the Taurus pulls away, disappearing into the night. He pulls out his cel-phone, dials.

210 INTERCUT WITH/INT. WFO - 5TH FLOOR CONF. ROOM - SAME 210
 Huge buzz in here again. Kate's cel rings.

KATE (INTO CEL)
 Yes, Eric.

ERIC (INTO CEL)
 Get the tail back on him - but
discreet. He's definitely making
 another drop. Tomorrow, maybe even
 tonight.

KATE (INTO CEL)
 You're not burnt?

ERIC (INTO CEL)
 No. I'm not burnt.

KATE (INTO CEL)
 Okay. We're on him. Nice work, Eric.

He's about to say thanks, but she's already hung up. END
INTERCUT. We remain with Eric... then DISSOLVE TO:

211 INT./EXT. HANSEN'S CAR - PARKED - DAY (4 P.M.) 211

Hanssen, sitting in his Taurus, parked at a curb on Fairway Drive in Vienna, Va. We DRIFT IN toward him, a slow zoom, 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...

212 INT. WFO - CONF. ROOM - KATE'S CUBICLE - SAME 212

Kate sits, staring at a VIDEO MONITOR. On it, she's picking up a LIVE FEED from inside a vehicle of some kind. Looks like the vehicle is parked in a mall.

Eric enters, urgently. He sits, looks to the monitor.

213 EXT. HANSEN'S CAR - PARKED - RESUMING 213

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

214 EXT. FOXSTONE PARK - ENTRANCE - CONTINUING 214

Lawn & Leaf bag in hand, he crosses Fairway Drive as it slopes toward a large PARK. A wooden SIGN marks its entrance: "Foxstone Park." He passes the sign and enters.

215 INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ - SIOC - SAME

215

Bereznay is on the phone:

BEREZNAK (INTO PHONE)
 I don't want anything disruptive at
 the arrest site. We don't wanna scare
 off whoever's picking up the package.

He hangs up, eyes his team, gives them the news:

BEREZNAK (CONT'D)
 He's operational. How many of the
 Russian I.O.'s are unaccounted for?

216 EXT. FOXSTONE PARK - FOOTBRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

216

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.

217 EXT. FOXSTONE PARK - TRAIL - CONTINUING

217

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.

218 EXT. FAIRWAY DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER

218

He 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!

INTERCUT WITH/INT. WFO. - KATE'S CUBICLE - RESUMING

That video monitor, we now realize, is picking up the feed from inside the Excursion at the arrest site. So Eric is watching all this live, without sound.

EXT. FAIRWAY DRIVE - RESUMING

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

HANSSEN

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

He's cuffed and led to the Excursion... where Plesac awaits.

Hanssen pauses in front of him, almost smiling.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
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.

INT. WFO. - KATE'S CUBICLE - RESUMING

Eric watches. The whole thing makes him want to cry, though he's not entirely sure why...

EXT. FAIRWAY DRIVE - RESUMING

...and Fairway Drive is Fairway Drive again - no sign that anything out of the ordinary has occurred. We DISSOLVE TO:

...Eric, carrying a CARDBOARD BOX of his belongings.

219

INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - DAY

219

He's here to clean out his stuff. Juliana is by his side. She looks the room over with some reverence, knowing now what her husband was put through in here.

ERIC
We should go.

She nods. Eric turns to the door... then he STOPS:

On a cabinet is one of those fat blue Doctor-Grip Pens. Eric breathes out a smile, puts the pen in his box...

220 INT. FBI HQ - OUTSIDE ROOM 9930 - DAY 220

Box in hand, he shuts the door to 9930 for the last time.

221 INT. FBI HQ - UNNAMED CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 221

Eric leads Juliana down another nameless hallway, past a GLASS CASE boasting a display of the FBI's HISTORIC ARRESTS.

Beside it is a FLIER notifying us of a retirement party to honor a SECRETARY's 35 years of service. Cake and cookies...

They turn a corner, heading for a bank of elevators.

222 INT. FBI HQ - BANK OF ELEVATORS - CONTINUING 222

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 Kate and Plesac. His hands are cuffed.

Eric stands stiffly, no idea what to say. The moment hangs.

Juliana appears at his side, equally thrown.

Hanssen eyes his would-be protege, half-smiles at Juliana. Then he utters the last words they'll ever hear from him:

HANSSEN

Pray for me?

Eric's jaw nearly drops. He backs away, allowing the elevator doors to close. Juliana's silent.

As the doors come together, we MOVE IN ON HANSEN...

...and an odd thing happens: *the light above him begins to dim*. Then it starts to vanish entirely.

He looks up, confused, wondering how in the world everything suddenly got so dark. Then the doors meet one another, and Hanssen is in utter blackness. We leave him there, and...

FADE OUT

A DARK SCREEN. Then a CRAWL appears, in stages:

"Under the threat of the Death Penalty, Robert Hanssen submitted to extensive questioning by FBI interrogators."

"In return, Hanssen was given a life sentence. He's now incarcerated in the Supermax Federal Penitentiary in Florence, Colorado where he spends 23 hours per day in solitary confinement."

"Hanssen revealed the names of at least fifty human sources to his Russian handlers. Three are known to have been executed. Scores more were imprisoned by the KGB. Many of them remain so today."

"Eric O'Neill left the Bureau in 2001. He and Juliana remain in D.C., where Eric now practices law."

-THE END