

HANSSEN

(from the screenplay "The Eleventh Hour"  
by Adam Mazer & Bill Rotko)

Revisions by  
Billy Ray

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Robert Hanssen joined the FBI in 1976.

During his 25-year career, he served as head of the Bureau's Soviet Analytical Unit, Supervisor of a Counter-Intelligence Squad, and Unit Chief of the National Security Threat List.

In 2000, while Hanssen was ending his sixth year as the FBI's liason to the State Department, Eric O'Neill was working his way up the ranks of the FBI's Special Surveillance's Group.

He was 26...

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 newspaper stand SLAMS shut revealing a FLORIDA RECOUNT headline. It's December, 2000.

Hanssen pauses, his eyes squinting from the light, his ears offended by all this noise. He joins the weather-bundled crowd, vanishing down 16th Street as we SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

...then FLOURESCENT LIGHTS flicker on and we are:

4 INT. UNIDENTIFIED SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

4

We'll come to know this place as ROOM 9930. No windows, drab carpet. RICH GARCIA 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.

5 INTERCUT WITH/INT. UNIDENTIFIED HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

5

Splayed across a coffee table are 10 typed PAGES (their content obscured from our view.) We hear the drone of a TV.

MICHAEL ROCHFORD stands by a curtained window. He's 50, amiable... but grim today. He snaps off a lamp. DARKNESS.

...until the purple glow of a UV-LIGHT-WAND pierces the black. A gloved EVIDENCE TECH waves the UV-WAND over those pages on the coffee table, (to check for residue).

Simultaneously a gloved EVIDENCE CATALOGUER, pen-light in his mouth, places the rest of this file into plastic sheaths: 200 pages, 200 sheaths. On each he affixes a label: "EVIDENCE."

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, 25, 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. Garcia looks on as ELECTRICIANS run wires through the wall-studs.

8 INTERCUT WITH/INT. SSG VAN - NIGHT 8

An SSG team waits inside a van: GEDDES and BROOKS are Eric's age. JIM OLSEN is mid-30's and grim. Eric enters, excited.

ERIC

I got 'em. Him and the wife.

He shuts the van door, pulls off his Vagrant disguise.

ERIC (CONT'D)

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

The van takes off. Olsen isn't smiling. And Geddes and Brooks are waiting for Eric to notice. But he's too pumped:

ERIC (CONT'D)  
I can work the corner outside their apartment. He didn't make me.

Eric hands two rolls of film to Geddes - then notices, finally, that Olsen looks pissed-off.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
What?

OLSEN  
You took my stapler. Didn't you.

ERIC  
What?!

OLSEN  
My stapler. If I go through your desk I'm gonna find it there. I know it.

He's riding Eric about an office stapler. Now. Incredible.

OLSEN (CONT'D)  
Ya know how many forms I hafta fill out to get another one? Do you?

Eric just sags, his enthusiasm now doused...

9 INT. UNIDENTIFIED HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING 9

DIGITAL PHOTOS of the 200 pages are now being SCANNED into an I-POD-sized device... and TRANSMITTED, wirelessly.

10 INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSEN HOME - ATTIC - LATE NIGHT 10

On a TV we see FOX's coverage of the 2000 Florida Recount: hanging chads, lawsuits, etc. We're in a large ATTIC which has been converted into a workspace.

Hansen sits before a computer. Above him hangs a framed portrait of the Virgin Mary. On his monitor we see matrix-like strands of ones and zeros, indecipherable to us.

LISA (O.S.)  
Dad?

Here's LISA HANSEN, 15, dressed for bed, hair in a clip.

HANSEN  
Thought you were asleep, Sweetheart.

LISA  
Sunday threw up. I wanted to sit with  
him for a while.

HANSSEN  
He's lucky to have you.

Lisa approaches... but just before she reaches his desk, she  
stubs her toe on something, letting out a little "Ouch."

HANSSEN (CONT'D)  
You okay?

LISA  
Stubbed my toe.

HANSSEN  
Sorry, Honey. Floorboard's loose. I  
meant to fix it.

He pats his knee with mock-seriousness: *let me examine the  
wound*. She obliges, blushing. He kisses his finger-tip then  
places it on the offended toe.

Lisa eyes his computer: all those ones and zeros...

LISA  
You're gonna go to sleep eventually,  
right?

He shrugs. She kisses the top of his head.

HANSSEN  
'Night, Honey.

She goes. Hanssen eyes those strands again, dissatisfied...  
until he hi-lites one of the zeros, and deletes it. To us it  
looks like removing a single grain of sand from a beach.

But to Hanssen, it's fixed. He keeps working, pleased...

11 INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING 11

9930's face-lift just took a turn: a LIPSTICK CAMERA is  
installed in an overhead VENT, beside a MICROPHONE. Then a  
grill is screwed into place, obscuring the devices...

12 INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSEN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 12

The master-bedroom of a suburban home. BONNIE HANSSEN kneels  
in prayer by her bed, beneath a CRUCIFIX. She's a buttoned-  
down beauty, sustained by her faith. She crosses herself, as:

HANSSEN (O.S.)  
Bonnie Wauck.

Bonnie turns: Hanssen's in the doorway, a grin on his face. 32 years and he still adores her. Bonnie blushes.

BONNIE  
Bobby Hanssen.

Hanssen approaches, kisses her. They drift out of frame. We linger, just for a moment, on the ARMOIRE by their bed. Pictures of their CHILDREN and GRANDCHILDREN...

13 INT. UNIDENTIFIED HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING - DAWN 13

The scanning of those pages continues. Across the room, Rochford peeks out through the curtains. It's now DAWN.

And that's MANHATTAN out there. Rochford shuts the curtains.

14 INTERCUT WITH/INT. MEN'S ROOM - LOCATION UNKNOWN - DAY 14

A GAS STATION MENS' ROOM. Brooks, Olsen, Geddes, and Eric (undisguised now) play LIAR'S POKER back here - each holding DOLLAR BILLS as if they were poker hands.

Brooks and Olsen have folded. Eric studies Geddes... Then:

ERIC  
You're bluffing.

GEDDES  
(supremely confident)  
Maybe.

ERIC  
I call.

Geddes smirks, unworried, until Eric lays down his "hand":

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Three sevens.

Geddes sags, tosses his bill in. Eric swoops it up.

GEDDES  
Lucky guess.

15 INT. THAT MANHATTAN HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING 15

Rochford's wait continues... as a PRINTS GUY now dusts an AUDIO-CASSETTE. The TV continues to drone.

16

INT. MEN'S ROOM - LOCATION UNKNOWN - RESUMING

16

Eric pockets his winnings, winks at Geddes.

ERIC

Don't take it too hard, Man. I can read anyone, you know that.

Just then, the door to this Men's Room opens and GENE CONNORS enters. He's 45, balding, a Team Leader.

CONNORS

I'm starting to like this place.  
Might make it our permanent hq.

Grudging laughs from the team. They assemble by the sink.

CONNORS (CONT'D)

Okay, first: a small commendation for Mr. O'Neill. The C-T guys loved the photos of Three-Wood, and they will be working on the wife.

Light, jaded applause from the crew. Connors pulls a plastic-wrapped DANISH from his pocket, obviously purchased ten seconds ago from this very gas station. He hands it to Eric.

CONNORS (CONT'D)

Way to go.

ERIC

Thanks, Boss.

CONNORS

Now, second order of business, also Three-Wood-related:  
(knows they'll hate this:)  
He's out-of-pocket again. Field Office lost him.

The team members bitch openly: "Those guys couldn't cover a target in a phone booth," etc.

CONNORS (CONT'D)

So we're back on him. Any ideas?

Just then a STACK OF WEIGHTS slams down, and we are:

17 INT. FBI HQ - WEIGHT ROOM - MORNING (CONTINUING INTERCUT) 17

The crappiest gym you've ever seen: subterranean, windowless. Two UNNAMED AGENTS are in here, lifting free-weights:



FREE-WEIGHT AGENT #1  
 Ya gotta remember: Freeh was a  
Clinton guy. Ashcroft's not gonna  
 keep him around.

FREE-WEIGHT AGENT #2  
 You watch. They're gonna love each  
 other.

Reveal Hanssen, in the doorway, jingling the change in his  
 pocket, (he does that a lot.) Dark suit, red tie.

Behind him, Garcia enters, sweaty from a basketball game.

GARCIA  
 (re: Hanssen's suit)  
 Is that what they workout in at State  
 nowadays?

Hanssen smiles thinly. Social banter isn't a strength of his.

HANSSEN  
 Wanted to talk to you about the  
 datacards.

That was almost a mumble. (Hanssen, in public, talks low.)

18 INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING - DAY 18

A HEAT SENSOR is placed inside a wall. Garcia activates it  
 with a REMOTE. Then it's covered by a sheet of dry-wall.

WORKMEN enter with a huge roll of carpet. Garcia looks to a  
 TECH who is just now hiding a MOTION SENSOR and another  
 MICROPHONE in a hollowed-out space in 9930's floor...

19 INT. FBI HQ - WEIGHT ROOM - RESUMING 19

Garcia sits down at a military press, begins pumping, as:

HANSSEN (CONT'D)  
 I sent you that memo. You didn't  
 respond to it.

GARCIA  
 Catch me up on this again?

HANSSEN  
Datacards. Invicta makes them. They  
 move and disguise the IP address of a  
 work station so it can't be hacked  
 into. That'd protect the whole  
 system.

No reply. Garcia is clearly not seeing the urgency here.

So Hanssen opens up the CANVAS BAG he always carries. (It's got four external pockets on it.) From inside, he grabs two letter-sized pieces of paper.

...and drops them on to Garcia's lap, mid-lift.

GARCIA  
What's this?

HANSSEN  
A letter, taken off your computer  
this morning.

Wait. Garcia freezes. *What'd you just say?*

GARCIA  
I don't understand.

HANSSEN  
I hacked into your hard drive.

That was a bomb. The other agents turn, incredulous.

GARCIA  
I'm sorry?

HANSSEN  
Went right through your "firewalls."  
Took about three minutes.

20 INT. THAT MANHATTAN HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING - DAY 20

That AUDIO-CASSETTE whirrs inside a cassette player.

The room has been cleared. The TV is now BLASTING. Rochford and TIM BEREZNAVY (45, salty-haired) have HEADPHONES on, plugged into the cassette player.

Through the headphones, we hear a recording of a TELEPHONE CALL, a voice that we now recognize as that of Hanssen:

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

We hear Hanssen chuckle. Rochford eyes Bereznavy, sickened.

21 INT. FBI HQ - WEIGHT ROOM - RESUMING 21

The Other Agents sit up now, watching Hanssen and Garcia:

HANSSEN

I did it on an underpowered 386. How vulnerable do you think we are to people with real technology?

(no reply)

Terrorists have computers too, Rich.

GARCIA

Bob, do I have to tell you how fireable this was?

HANSSEN

I shouldn't've had to do it. Then again, I shouldn't have to explain the 21st Century to a guy who outranks me, should I?

He leaves. Garcia and the other agents watch him go...

22 INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING - DAY

22

The construction is finished now. TECH #2 plants a tiny LISTENING DEVICE into a PHONE as MOVERS haul in furniture.

GARCIA

(to MOVER, re: credenza)

Put it against the wall.

23 INTERCUT WITH/EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

23

Connors emerges from that Gas Station Mens' Room - and is instantly ambushed by Eric, who's been waiting:

ERIC

Boss?

CONNORS

Yeah?

ERIC

Did you read it yet?

(Connors keeps walking)

The Subject Database Proposal. I left it on your desk. It's a protocol for banking information on our targ--

CONNORS

Eric, I've been thinking about recommending you for Agent-status.

ERIC

(stops, thrilled:)

You have?

CONNORS

Not because you're ready - you're not ready - but because *I wanna stop having these discussions about re-inventing my division.*

(Eric sags, deflated)

We've got one job today: finding our Libyan. That's it. Okay?

Connors turns to go. Eric calls out at his back:

ERIC

Sir?

(Connors turns)

If we had my database in place, we might already know where he is.

Connors can't help it. He just grinned, despite himself...

24 INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - DAY 24

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...

25 INT. THAT MANHATTAN HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING (NIGHT) 25

All of the evidence is dropped into a STEEL BRIEFCASE, "Property of U.S. Govt.," which is then sealed and LOCKED. Rochford glances out the window: it's NIGHT again.

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 shoulder... to find a 9 mm. pistol in there, and a SUB-MACHINE gun, and 400 rounds of ammunition, all covered in plastic. An arsenal.

27 INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING (DAY) 27

Garcia programs the ELECTRONIC COMBO LOCK on 9930's door.

28 EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - RESUMING 28

Eric opens the trunk of *his* car, a green Jeep, revealing:

...a BOX, containing 50 copies of a thoroughly professional-looking presentation: "PROPOSAL FOR SUBJECT DATABASE SYSTEM... PREPARED BY ERIC O'NEILL, SSG."

Hours were spent at Kinko's on these. They're perfect: see-through covers, colored chapter-tags, bold fonts. *And I can't get my fucking Boss to read one.* Eric sighs, discouraged.

29 INTERCUT WITH/INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ROOM 9930 - RESUMING 29

Garcia shuts the door to 9930 and affixes a PLAQUE to the wall beside it: "9930 - Robert Hanssen - Special Asst. to Asst. Director in Charge of Information Assurance Division."

30 INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE/EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT 30

Miles apart from one another, Eric and Hanssen *shut their trunks simultaneously, angrily.* END SEQUENCE. And we are:

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

The world's coldest, dampest apartment, a BASEMENT really - just a kitchen and bedroom, (whose window looks up at an alley outside.) A SPACE HEATER blows. A crucifix hangs.

Eric lies in bed, awake, studying a PROOFSHEET of photos: *the ones he took of that arguing Libyan couple outside the restaurant.* Beside him sleeps his wife, JULIANA, (23.)

On a wall we see their WEDDING PHOTO, and a framed portrait of Eric and his THREE BROTHERS, (two of them Naval officers.)

A BROKEN RADIATOR gurgles. A CITIZENSHIP WORKBOOK sits beside the bed. So does a GERMAN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY. 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, her eyes opening.

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

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

Juliana breathes out a laugh. Eric kisses her tenderly.

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.

(Juliana's German by birth, still has a mild accent.)

ERIC

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

JULIANA

I'd rather go to a movie.

Eric nods, well aware. Juliana puts her head on his chest,  
absently eyeing the PROFSHEET he's studying.

The photos capture her attention, (his work often does.)

JULIANA (CONT'D)

(re: Libyan Woman)

Is she a terrorist too?

ERIC

(gentle reminder)

He's a target, Honey. That's all I  
said, right?

JULIANA

Right. Sorry.

ERIC

Good girl.

The LADY UPSTAIRS squawks once more. Juliana ignores it.

JULIANA

They're gonna make you an agent.

(he shrugs)

They have to. You're working so hard.

ERIC

Maybe after Stapler-Gate dies down.

She smiles, in on the joke. Eric studies the photos, then  
slides the sheet aside, frustrated. She kisses him.

ERIC (CONT'D)

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, (Eric's voice on the OUTGOING MESSAGE.) They ignore it, until:

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.

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.

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.

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. He's also a sexual deviant.

ERIC

Oh.

37 INTERCUT WITH/INT. THAT MANHATTAN MOTEL ROOM - FLASHBACK 37

Again, we're tight on that CASSETTE PLAYER.



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

FLASH: one of those PAGES is photographed. Blinding white...

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

38 INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSSEN'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  
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.

ERIC  
You have a Title 3?

KATE  
Of course.  
(Eric waits, ambivalent)  
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  
(MORE)

KATE (cont'd)  
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. HANSSSEN'S TAURUS - 14TH ST. - MORNING 40

Hanssen waits at a 4-WAY blinking red light... as a phalanx  
 of POLICE CARS leads a MOTORCADE through an intersection.

KATE (CONT'D, V.O.)  
 This is Louis Freeh's FBI, Eric -  
 abstinence and vigilance.

41 INTERCUT WITH/INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - EARLY MORNING 41

Juliana sits at a formica table, eyes closed, WALKMAN on, her  
 hands fingering an imaginary piano. (It's how she practices.)

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 (V.O.)  
 I understand.

Eric smiles fondly at his wife. We note the PAGER on his hip.  
 He's about to embark on Day One of the new job...

42 INTERCUT WITH/EXT. D.C. - 8TH STREET - EARLY MORNING 42

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.)  
 You'll be serving at the needs of the  
 Bureau, answerable to me at all  
 times.

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

43 INTERCUT WITH/INT. METRO - MOVING - MORNING 43

The train stops at Archives-Navy Memorial. Eric gets out.

KATE (V.O., CONT'D)  
 Here are two pagers. If it's me  
 you'll see a seven and a pound sign.

44 INTERCUT WITH/EXT. FBI HQ - PLAZA - ESTAB. - MORNING 44

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...

45 INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ - "ESCORT DESK" - SAME 45

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?

46 INT. WFO - SMALL CONF. ROOM - RESUMING 46

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 doesn't reply at first. Connors cringes a bit, pretty sure of what's coming...

ERIC (CONT'D)

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:

47

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

47

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.

48

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

48

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?

49 INT. FBI HQ - 9TH FLOOR - GARCIA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 49

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

GARCIA

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, is there anything you can tell me about him?

GARCIA

You mean Agent Hanssen?

ERIC

Yes, Sir.

GARCIA

What would you like to know?

ERIC

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

GARCIA

Sure.

(sly grin)

Take nothing personally.

50 INT. FBI HQ - CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE 9930 - MOMENTS LATER 50

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.

51 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - CONTINUING 51

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.

Hanssen doesn't reply, just ducks into his private office and shuts the door. Eric eyes it...

52 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - LATER MORNING 52

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 exits the SCIF without even *looking* at Eric.

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

53 INT. ROOM 9930 - HANSSSEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUING 53

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.

Then Eric hears those THREE BEEPS at the SCIF door. Shit.

He snaps the overhead light off, rushes back to his desk, sits. Another loud CREEEEEEAK. The SCIF door opens...

Here's Hanssen again, his water pitcher filled. He hovers in the doorway, jingles the keys in his pocket. Staring. Eric starts "repairing" that motherboard again. Silence.

...until Eric can't bear it any longer:

ERIC  
Antiquated machine.

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

Wait. What'd he just say?

ERIC  
I'm sorry?

HANSSEN  
Game we used to play in the Soviet  
Analytical Unit whenever a new  
Analyst came aboard, 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.

Message sent, loud and clear: *I'm smarter than you.*

HANSSEN (CONT'D)  
If you're dissatisfied with your  
computer, go get another one.

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

HANSSEN  
You're not listening; go get one.  
There are pallets of them in every  
corridor of this building. Req forms  
are for bureaucrats.

(Eric rises...)  
Actually, get two. That dinosaur on  
my desk is useless to me.

He eyes the ACS MANUAL on Eric's desk and shakes his head -  
offended by it. Without ceremony, he  dumps it into the trash.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)

We're going to be *re-inventing* how  
the Bureau stores case information.

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 heads for his office, then stops.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)

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

With that, he shuts his private door. Eric stares at it...

54 INT. FBI HQ - CORRIDOR - DAY

54

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.

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

55

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 stolen Dell.

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

Yes, let's do that. Let's bring in an I.T. guy making 35,000 dollars a year and give him access to hard drives that a foreign agent would pay millions for.

(Eric nods, chagrinned)

We're supposed to be *protecting* the Bureau from electronic infiltration.

Eric gestures to the new computer.

ERIC

Will this do, Sir?

Hanssen eyes the new Dell, smiles.

HANSSEN

Very good.

(can't resist:)

...and more of a challenge than swiping a stapler, I'd imagine.

Eric reddens. Hanssen studies him.

ERIC

Didn't know there was a file on me.

HANSSEN

There's a file on everyone.

(by rote:)

Gonzaga Prep, Auburn University.  
Why'd you quit the consulting job?

ERIC  
Wanted to do some good.

HANSSEN  
So you're a patriot. Points for that.

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

ERIC  
What kind of sites do you like?

HANSSEN (CONT'D)  
Do you pray the Rosary every day?

An awkward moment, each waiting for the other to answer.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
I meant on the Internet. Are there sites you like to--

HANSSEN  
Do you? Pray the rosary every day?

ERIC  
Not every day, no.

HANSSEN  
You should. Who's the pager for?

Hold it. He means the PAGER Eric got from Kate, on Eric's hip. *Christ this guy is good...* But Eric doesn't panic.

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

HANSSEN  
Oh. Thought it might have something to do with your mother's condition.  
(Eric reacts, thrown)  
The Parkinson's.

That caught Eric flush on the jaw, just as intended.

ERIC  
Sir, that wouldn't be in my file.

HANSSEN  
No.

A beat. That pissed Eric off:

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

Hanssen grins, amused. The kid's got some moxie.

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; they include recommend, knowledgeable, and weird. 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  
 I said one lie. Not two.

Eric tries not to react... but that was staggering.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)  
 The vodka and the spelling, obvious lies. Wish I could say the same about your skipping confession.  
 (Eric's jaw just dropped)  
 How'd I do?

56 INT. FBI HQ - VIDEO ROOM - DAY

56

Hanssen's canvas briefcase sits on a bare table beside his water pitcher. A VHS CASSETTE rewinds in a VCR.

HANSSEN (O.S.)  
 If people listened to me, there wouldn't be any spies...

TILT UP to find Eric, seated. The room is spare and tiny.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)  
 Now. Two Russian I.O.'s. One of them we've turned. The other is a double agent *pretending* to have turned...

Hanssen hits PLAY. On a TV MONITOR we see a SPLIT-SCREEN. On each side, a video-taped INTERROGATION is taking place. Each of the INTERROGATION SUBJECTS looks Russian.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)

Which one of them is lying?

Trouble is, the sound on this tv has been turned off.

ERIC

Sir, I can't hear them.

HANSSEN

That shouldn't matter.

In Hanssen's hand is a fat blue PILOT "DOCTOR-GRIP" PEN. He clicks it and twirls it, repeatedly. (Another habit.)

HANSSEN (CONT'D)

These are the greatest pens in the world. I would never write with anything else.

That wasn't particularly helpful.

ERIC

I haven't received any training in--

HANSSEN

This is your training. Now.

Eric studies him, trying to get a read on this man...

ERIC

I'm betting you're not much for polygraphs, are you?

HANSSEN

Polygraphs?

Hanssen spits that word out with disdain. Eric's silent...

HANSSEN (CONT'D)

Aldrich Ames, 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.

*Maybe he's just toying with me. Eric can't tell now.*

He looks to the screen again, trying. Hanssen clicks that fat blue pen... Clicking, twirling, repeatedly, until:

HANSSEN (CONT'D)

Look at the man on the right: his feet are pointed toward the door, a sub-conscious cue that he wants out. There's a soda can sitting on the table in front of him, indicating a sub-conscious desire to create a barrier between himself and his interrogator. He's slouching to feign comfort, a sub-conscious attempt to lean away from the questions. His hands keep fidgeting. Why did you ask me what sites I like on the Internet?

*WHAT?* That was so out-of-nowhere it nearly knocked Eric out of his chair. He pauses for a moment, gathering himself...

ERIC

Just... never saw anybody go to the trouble of pulling a phone-line out of a ceiling before.

Hanssen eyes him. Eric doesn't flinch.

HANSSEN

The vodka and the spelling were easy lies to spot because they weren't close enough to the truth. The most convincing lies are always rooted in some kind of truth. Remember that.

Eric nods, committing that to memory. We CUT TO...

57

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

57

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. *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--

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)  
Wait. Why don't I hear your chair  
creaking?

Eric freezes, doesn't even blink - or 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 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)  
They have their standards. I have  
mine.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)  
Yes, Sir.

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

58

INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S HOME - 10:30 P.M.

58

Eric's gym bag drops to the kitchen floor. Juliana is backed  
up against the refrigerator by a ravenous KISS. Eric's hand  
wraps around her waist, pulling her close, urgently.

He just got home, hasn't even said hello yet.

JULIANA  
(between breaths)  
I do wanna...hear about your day too.

Eric sssssh's her; they can talk later. Another kiss.

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

Another passionate kiss, ignoring the crazy neighbor...

...until Eric's CEL-PHONE RINGS.

Buzz-kill, because he has to answer it. He sags, grimacing.

JULIANA

We need a night in a hotel.

ERIC

Book it. Book it.

(grabs his CEL-PHONE:)

This is Eric.

KATE (THRU CEL)

Where're my pages?

ERIC (INTO CEL)

What?

59 INTERCUT WITH/INT. METRO STATION - SAME

59

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

KATE (INTO CEL)

Are they transcribed yet?

ERIC (INTO CEL)

I just got back. He kept me there  
'til ten o'clock.

KATE (INTO CEL)

Eric, is your wife within earshot?

ERIC (INTO CEL)

Huh?

KATE (INTO CEL)

Last I looked, she hadn't been read  
into the case. Go somewhere she can't  
hear you.

Eric looks to Juliana, then heads for the bedroom. Their eyes meet as he closes the door, with an apologetic shrug.

ERIC (INTO CEL)

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...

60 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - MORNING

60

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.

ERIC  
Morning, Sir.

HANSSEN  
Morning.

Hanssen approaches... and Eric tightens: *What kind of hoops will I be jumping through today?*

HANSSEN (CONT'D)  
This is very good work.

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

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

ERIC  
Sir, when did you--?

HANSSEN  
It was ignored, I'm sure.

Hanssen casually tosses a PACKAGE into the OUT-BOX on Eric's desk: *a manila envelope addressed to a "Jack Hoschouer" in Bonn, Germany.*

ERIC  
Yes, Sir.

HANSSEN  
That's because you don't shoot.

Eric doesn't understand. Hanssen ducks into his office...

61 INT. FBI HQ - NINTH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - DAY

61

A CUSTODIAN takes down a framed portrait of Bill Clinton and replaces it with one of George W. Bush. Then Janet Reno's portrait comes down, replaced by John Ashcroft. 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 pass by us now, and 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.

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

Hanssen nearly walks Eric into a water fountain...

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 All those years in Intel? Why didn't  
 you transfer out?

They STOP at a BANK OF ELEVATORS... and Hanssen ponders that  
 one. It runs deep with him:

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.

That landed too. 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.

62 INT. FBI HQ - ELEVATOR - CONTINUING

62

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. The NEWS-CREW exits, that Beautiful  
 Reporter drifting away. Hanssen hits the door-close button.

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.

63 INT. FBI HQ - DATA CENTER - DAY

63

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

Hanssen stands dead-center, very much unimpressed.

HANSSEN  
 Tell me, Eric... What do you see?

Eric pauses - doesn't want to give the wrong answer. To his  
 left is Rich Garcia.

ERIC  
Computers. Mainframes. Servers.

HANSSEN  
That's the surface. What do you see?

Another test. Eric tightens, reading Hanssen. Then:

ERIC  
I see a graveyard, systems with less  
power than my lap-top.

Must've been the right answer. Hanssen smiles...

HANSSEN  
"...from the mouths of babes."

GARCIA  
We know, Bob. It's why we brought you  
back, to teach us. We want the most  
robust I.T. system possible.

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.  
(Garcia nods, impressed)  
But you get the office with the  
window.

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

GARCIA  
Okay. Help us. What do we do?

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

HANSSEN  
First we drop ACS, which is a relic.  
We need to move to an ATM system  
instead of the WAN. That would give  
us an OC-48 with a data rate of 2.488  
Megabips. Instead, we're stuck in  
Token Ring, ten kilobits, not nearly  
enough band-width, which is why  
you've got agents who still keep  
sensitive information in cardboard  
boxes. Start with Linux A-B servers.  
Linux puts you into Red Hat,  
providing great encryption and good  
interface with IP routers, which we'd  
(MORE)

HANSSEN (cont'd)  
 put throughout the building. Dynamic  
 i.p. addresses to hide the system  
 from outside hackers, enabling us to  
 run Bureau network and internet on a  
 single workstation, using the Invicta  
 prototype with an external internet  
 connection that isn't patched into  
 the bureau network. Would it be  
 easier if I put this in a memo?

GARCIA

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:

GARCIA

Uh... ya mind if we book those  
 appointments through my office, Bob?

HANSSEN

What for?

GARCIA

Just protocol.

HANSSEN

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

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

64

INT. FBI HQ - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

64

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)

(MORE)

HANSSEN (cont'd)

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

ERIC

Sir?

HANSSEN

Were you watching him at all? His hands, his posture? Everything he said was an obfuscation. It's the mentality of this place! Turf protection. 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."

This is a SIOC: (Strategic Information Operations Center.) 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." I'm not making this up. I was in that room for twenty years.

(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 Garcia? These're his paintings?

HANSSEN

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

(Eric's at a loss)

Two guys on a boat.

65 INT. FBI HQ - 8TH FLOOR CONF. ROOM - LATE NIGHT 65

Eric enters surreptitiously, passing through this Conference Room. Up ahead is a door. He opens it, revealing:

...a deep STORAGE CLOSET. We see all kinds of items inside, including three tarp-covered PAINTINGS.

Eric sighs: another theft, great. Then he enters the closet.

66 INT. JOHN & VIVIAN O'NEILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 66

Five bedrooms, lawns front and back - in Kensington, Md. The kind of place you dream of raising a family in.

On a wall we see that same PORTRAIT of Eric and his brothers, and a large mounted CRUCIFIX. Beneath it, VIVIAN and JOHN O'NEILL play Scrabble with Juliana.

John is 55, warm, justifiably proud of his family and its accomplishments. Vivian is 52, an angel and a fighter, battling Parkinson's with dignity and guts.

She's just put down a seven-letter word, ESTUARY - the "s" turning the neighboring word, "vim," into "vims." But:

JULIANA

Hold it. "Vims" is not a word.

VIVIAN

Of course it is. Any noun can be pluralized.

(NOTE: the Parkinson's has impaired Vivian's SPEECH. She speaks slowly, in a high pitch. No one dwells on it.)

JULIANA

Fine. Use it in a sentence.  
(John laughs, tickled)  
It's an eighty-point word. I wanna hear it used in a sentence.

Vivian chuckles too. This family respects a good challenge.

VIVIAN

"Tom and Joe compared their respective vims and vigors."

John laughs, kissing her. Vivian maintains a straight face.

JOHN

Well-played, Honey.

JULIANA

You're taking advantage of me because English is my second language.

John laughs again, giving his daughter-in-law a big hug. Vivian adds 80 points to her score.

...as Eric enters, whipped. Came straight from work.

VIVIAN

Hello, Handsome.

ERIC

Sorry I'm late.

JOHN

Missing all the fun. Your mother's cheating at Scrabble again.

Vivian punches John's arm. Juliana rises, kisses Eric.

JULIANA

Hi, baby.

He hugs her, tosses his bag on the couch, shakes hands with John, gives his mom a kiss.

VIVIAN

How's the new job, Honey?



JULIANA

He can't tell you. Too top-secret.

JOHN

Saved you some dinner, Son. It's in the fridge.

ERIC

Thanks, Pop.

Eric flops on to the couch, wiped out. Takes Juliana's hand. Visible over her shoulder is a LUCITE BOX in which some WWII MEDALS hang proudly. Eric eyes them absently...

JULIANA

Do you think "vims" is a word?

Just then, Eric's PAGER buzzes. Juliana sags. He grabs the pager. Its face reads: 7#. The day never ends...

67 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HARD ROCK CAFE - NIGHT 67

We DOLLY PAST the restaurant from outside. Through a window we see Eric and Kate, in a booth. She reads TRANSCRIPT PAGES while he waits, exhausted. DISSOLVE TO:

68 EXT. FOXSTONE PARK - FOOTBRIDGE - SAME 68

DOLLYING in the opposite direction... we come upon Hanssen, who stands at a FOOTBRIDGE in this vast park, ringed by suburban homes. His face is a mask. DISSOLVE TO:

69 INT. FBI HQ - ROCHFORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT 69

7th Floor, blue carpeting; there's some rank here. Rochford and Berezney watch a tiny TV, on which we find VIDEOTAPE shot by the overhead surveillance camera in 9930.

It captures the moment in which *Hanssen was standing on his desk, pulling down a phone wire.* Rochford and Berezney eye one another. END MINI-SEQUENCE, and CUT TO:

70 INT. ERIC AND JULIANA'S APT. - MORNING 70

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.

71 EXT. ERIC &amp; JULIANA'S APT. - MOMENTS LATER

71

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.

HANSEN

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

Sir?

HANSEN

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.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

Godlessness. Atheism. Is your wife Catholic?

(that caught Eric too)

I was on my way to Morning Mass, thought you might want to join me.

ERIC

Oh.

HANSEN

You do remember what Mass is, yes? The Jesuits at Gonzaga taught you that much, didn't they?