

ERIC

Sir, my grandfather was a Deacon.

HANSSEN

Congratulations. Now it's time to join the Varsity. Shall we invite her?

ERIC

Juliana? No. She's sort of an... unenthused Protestant. Big fan of Christmas plays, though.

HANSSEN

We'll have to do something about that.

Hanssen opens the car door...

72 REVERSE ANGLE - FRONT DOOR OF THE APT. BUILDING - SAME 72

Juliana, visible through a tiny window in the building's front door, watches Hanssen's Taurus vanish down the street.

73 INT. CATHOLIC INFORMATION CENTER - MOMENTS LATER 73

We've seen this READING ROOM before. Behind it is the CHAPEL where we first met Hanssen.

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

HANSSEN

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

ERIC

Bet she was wearing pants, huh?

Hanssen almost smiles. Almost.

HANSSEN

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

Eric nods. Truth is, he feels comfortable here.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)

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

ERIC

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

HANSSEN

It shouldn't be.

ERIC

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

HANSSEN

What's money compared with the  
blessings of family?

Eric considers that, as ANOTHER PATRON passes by.

PASSING PATRON

Good to see you, Bob.

Hanssen smiles back, very much at home in this place... as  
Eric eyes a pamphlet called "Seeking Holiness in Daily Life."

HANSSEN

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

ERIC

I don't know.

HANSSEN

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

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

HANSSEN (CONT'D)

Come.

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

HANSSEN

Without God life would be terrifying,  
wouldn't it? Unlivable darkness.

(Eric nods)

That's why I come here, every day -  
for the light. To remind myself of  
the things that matter.

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

HANSSEN (CONT'D)

What are they for you? Do you know  
yet?

(Eric doesn't understand)

The things that matter, in your core.

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

ERIC

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

HANSSEN

...and your country.

ERIC

Of course. Yes.

HANSSEN

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

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

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

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

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

HANSSEN (CONT'D)

Shut that off!

Eric grabs the pager, eyes the readout: "7#". Kate... which  
is Eric's cue to run to a phone. He looks to Hanssen:

ERIC  
 (re: pager)  
 Juliana.

...and Hanssen's demeanor changes. He smiles almost fondly.

HANSSEN  
 Oh. Well. Perhaps you ought to call  
 her. Might be important.

Eric considers that... then:

ERIC  
 That's okay. It can wait.

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

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

75 INT. ARCHIVES-NAVY MEMORIAL METRO STATION - NIGHT 75

Eric sits, staring at his shoetops. Very few people around.

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

Here's Kate; (he'd been expecting her.) He hands her some  
 PAGES. She sits and starts to look them over.

ERIC  
 I was standing right next to him, in  
 his church.

KATE  
 Churches have phones too.

She keeps reading. That surprises him. A TRAIN approaches.

KATE (CONT'D)  
 Has he tried running the phone-line  
 to his computer again?

ERIC  
 No.

KATE  
 Good.

ERIC

I thought the whole point was to monitor his on-line activities.

KATE

We don't want him accessing the Internet from inside the Bureau. Anything you can do to obstruct it would be appreciated.

ERIC

I don't understand.

Kate shrugs. That TRAIN pulls in noisily, coming to a stop.

KATE

(from the file)

"He jiggles his keys a lot." "He wears the same coat and tie every day." "He drinks a lot of water." A *security camera* could tell me all this.

ERIC

He carries a .38 in an ankle holster. He goes to daily Mass. His Palm Pilot is on his person at all times. He calls his wife a lot. I know what you're looking for, Agent Burroughs, but he's just not doing it!

She keeps reading. Eric stares at that train... until:

ERIC (CONT'D)

Look, I might be the wrong guy for this. I'm used to tracking terrorists or Intel risks. Nobody ever put me on a perversion detail before.

KATE

Let's get back to the Palm-Pilot...

ERIC

Did you pick me because I was Catholic?

Kate pauses, replaying that one in her head.

ERIC (CONT'D)

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

KATE  
Jesus, Eric.

She puts the pages away, irritated.

KATE (CONT'D)  
We picked you because of your  
facility with computers. We thought  
it would impress him.  
(a beat)  
Has it?

He doesn't answer. Instead he begins to grin. It's odd...

KATE (CONT'D)  
What?

ERIC  
Nothing. Just... the way your hands  
moved when you said that. It's a  
tell.

In other words, "*I just caught you lying to me.*" Kate stands.

KATE  
I think that's your train.

She goes. Eric doesn't move. The train pulls away.  
...and the station is quiet again. Eric just sits...

76

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - NIGHT

76

Eric walks alone. The street is wet and cold. At a corner is  
a HOMELESS GUY, schizophrenically orating to no one:

HOMELESS GUY  
John Lennon is dead! The Who have  
disbanded!

To Eric's left, a CHEVY TAHOE with tinted windows pulls to a  
stop at a red-light, a few feet away.

HOMELESS GUY (CONT'D)  
You know Lennon?

Eric stops, absently reaching into his pocket for a dollar.

ERIC  
No.

He hands over the dollar... then notices something odd:

The light just turned GREEN, but that Chevy Tahoe *isn't* pulling away. Then the Homeless Guy also throws a look at the Tahoe, for a second too long...

And now Eric is silently entertaining the idea that the Tahoe and this "Schizo" might be a surveillance team. *Maybe I'm being photographed from behind those tinted windows...*

The Tahoe drives off. The Homeless Guy is gone. Eric is alone on the corner again. Thinking...

77 INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - NIGHT 77

Eric enters. He looks spent, shaken.

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

JULIANA

Hi, Baby.

ERIC

Will you go to Church with me?

That came out of nowhere. On her reaction, we CUT TO:

78 EXT. ST. CATHERINE'S CHURCH - ESTABLISHING - DAY 78

A beautiful Catholic church on a glorious Winter day.

79 INT. ST. CATHERINE'S - SAME (DAY) 79

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

We DOLLY up an aisle - every parishioner KNEELING - to find Bonnie and Hanssen, praying diligently. Eric too.

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

FATHER MCAFEE

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

ENTIRE CONGREGATION

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

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

80

INT. HANSSSEN HOME - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

80

Juliana looks up... as a slice of CAKE is served to her by Bonnie. It's a full house: Greg, Lisa, Jane and her husband RICHARD, lots of GRANDKIDS running by.

BONNIE

How did you like the service, Juliana?

JULIANA

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

BONNIE

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

She smiles warmly, puts her hand atop Juliana's.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Have some cake, Sweetheart.

81

INT. HANSSSEN HOME - STUDY - SAME

81

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

REVERSE ANGLE: Eric, watching Hanssen from inside this cozy study. He turns from the window, looks around the room:

Mementoes, a few awards, lots of family photos, statues of the Virgin Mary.

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

Eric sighs, conflicted - takes another look at Hanssen out there: a grandfather, playing, laughing.

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

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

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



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

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

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

HANSSEN (O.S.)

I love Sundays...

Eric looks up, "casually." Here's Hanssen in the doorway, wet from his snowball fight.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)

Going to Mass, having the kids here.  
It makes everything else fade away.

ERIC

Sorry, I... started thumbing through  
this book and forgot where I was.

HANSSEN

It's fine. We want you to feel at  
home here.

Eric nods. Hanssen approaches the desk.

ERIC

Is this your father, Sir?

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

HANSSEN

Yes, Chicago P.D. He was part of the  
Red Squad - infiltrating Communist  
sympathizers on the force.

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

ERIC

He must've been very proud of you.  
FBI, top Soviet analyst...

HANSSEN

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

(Eric nods)

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

ERIC  
So you'd pass?

HANSSEN  
So I'd fail.  
(a beat)  
He thought it would toughen me up.

Hanssen breathes out a sad laugh. Eric studies him.

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

GRANDKIDS (OUTSIDE)  
Grampa! Grampa!

Hanssen turns... as FIVE SNOWBALLS hit the window. SPLAT! His GRANDKIDS laugh. Hanssen smiles. Eric takes it all in.

HANSSEN  
Oh. I almost forgot. I have something  
for you.

He finds a thick FILE of pages on the desk. Eric's afraid that Hanssen will see that the SCREEN-SAVER isn't on, but:

HANSSEN (CONT'D)  
Everything I could get on  
Parkinson's. Downloaded last night.

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

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

Two minutes ago Eric was rifling through this guy's computer.

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

HANSSEN  
No.  
(he sits)  
I can't endorse any of the work based  
on Stem-Cells, for obvious reasons.  
But take a look at the studies on  
Deep Brain Stimulation: electrodes  
(MORE)

HANSSEN (cont'd)  
implanted to stimulate the Thalamus,  
Subthalamus, or Globus  
Pallidus. They control movement.

Eric eyes that file, and Hanssen, and the photo of Howard...

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

HANSSEN  
Oh? By whom?

ERIC  
I dunno, by the guy who hands out  
window-offices for one.

HANSSEN  
Oh, that's all right. I think I made  
too much fuss of all that. Besides,  
I'll be gone so soon anyway. What  
good would a window do me now?

ERIC  
(thinks he's kidding)  
Where're you going?

HANSSEN  
Where all agents go - out to pasture.

Eric's a blank, until he realizes that Hanssen *isn't* kidding.

ERIC  
You're serious.

HANSSEN  
Fifty-seven in two months. That's  
mandatory retirement.  
(Eric pauses, thrown)  
It's fine. It's time. I could stay  
there another hundred years and I'd  
still just be an afterthought. The  
perks go to the guys who play the  
game, the ones who politick; I knew a  
long time ago I didn't have the  
stomach for that.

He looks around this room, his accomplishments...

HANSSEN (CONT'D)  
Doesn't really matter much, does it?  
The judgments of other men. In the  
end, there's only God... and our own  
conscience.

A decision just got made. We see it on Eric's face. CUT TO:

82 EXT. THE VIETNAM MEMORIAL - TWO HOURS LATER (NIGHT) 82

Eric stands at the Vietnam Memorial. It's a cold night. He's alone... until Kate arrives, annoyed.

KATE

What's the trouble?

ERIC

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

KATE

Come again?

ERIC

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

KATE

Why?

ERIC

'Cause I don't think you have one.

She sighs, more irritated than threatened.

KATE

I can read you in. I'm authorized to do that. But it'd only put you at greater risk.

ERIC

Of what?! *What the hell is all this?*

She's silent; that raises a new suspicion:

ERIC (CONT'D)

Are you guys surveilling me?

KATE

What?!

Her shock alone answered his question. He gets back on point:

ERIC

He doesn't drink, doesn't tell dirty jokes. He goes to Church every day. His wife loves him, so do his grandkids.

KATE

Has someone been tailing y--

ERIC

And why the hell would you hand a new division to a guy who's retiring in two months, especially if he's under investigation?

(she's silent, waiting...)

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

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

KATE

You've come to admire him, I see.

ERIC

Yes.

KATE

Respect him.

ERIC

Yes.

KATE

He's a traitor, Eric. Started spying for the Russians in 1985.

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

No. He heard them right. That's why he can't speak...

KATE (CONT'D)

He's given them military secrets, intelligence secrets. At the height of the Cold War he gave them our Continuity of Government Program, which told them where the President would be taken during a nuclear attack. And the Vice President. And the Congress. And the Cabinet.

83 INTERCUT WITH/EXT. FOXSTONE PARK - FOOTBRIDGE - NIGHT 83

We've been here before: Hanssen, standing on a footbridge.

KATE (V.O.)

He made 37 confirmed drops in one six-year period: classified documents stuffed inside lawn and leaf bags.

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

84 INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSSEN HOME - ATTIC - NIGHT 84

We're tight on the LOOSE FLOORBOARD, where Hanssen's daughter stubbed her toe. Hanssen kneels over it, with a hammer.

KATE (V.O., CONT'D)

In one of them he gave up the names of two KGB agents we had turned. Valery Martynov and Sergei Motorin.

Hanssen pulls up the floorboard... revealing STACKS OF CASH - his stash. He adds more cash to the pile.

85 INTERCUT WITH/INT. UNNAMED SOVIET PRISON - DAY 85

A cold cement floor in a dark room... on which we find the lifeless bodies of VALERY MARTYNOV and SERGEI MOTORIN. Blood pools from bullet wounds in their respective skulls.

KATE (V.O., CONT'D)

They were promptly flown back to Moscow and executed.

86 INTERCUT WITH/INT. THAT MANHATTAN HOTEL ROOM - DAY 86

That hotel room AGAIN: curtains drawn, TV blaring. Mike Rochford sits opposite TWO UNNAMED RUSSIAN DEFECTORS.

That 200-page file and the audio-cassette lie on the coffee table. (So we're seeing what took place *before* Rochford brought his team in to bag and tag it all.)

KATE (V.O., CONT'D)

We got the file from two sources who'd defected from the GRU. Bureau paid seven million dollars for it.

DEFECTOR #1 writes "7m" on a pad, slides it to Rochford...

87 INTERCUT WITH/INT. MANHATTAN HOTEL ROOM - LATER 87

A TIGHT SHOT of that cassette as it spins inside a player.

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

But now we hear a REPLY, also imperfectly recorded:

MALE RUSSIAN VOICE (THRU HEADPHONES)  
It is always our objective to keep  
you out of trouble!

Those 200 SHEATHED PAGES, we now see, are written in Russian.

88 INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSSEN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 88

Bonnie kneels by her bed, at prayer. Crosses herself.

KATE (V.O.)  
And just for the record, the sexual  
stuff is also true. Irrelevant but  
true.

Bonnie looks up... to find her husband, eyeing her from the doorway. Hanssen starts toward her, gives her a kiss.

KATE (V.O., CONT'D)  
The stories he put on the Internet?  
They're about his *wife*, posted  
without her knowledge, using her real  
name - sweet little anecdotes about  
how much she loves hard cock, that  
sort of thing.

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

89 EXT. VIETNAM MEMORIAL - RESUMING - NIGHT 89

Eric is reeling, speechless. Kate eyes him.

KATE (CONT'D)  
But his grandchildren do love him,  
that part I can't argue.  
(Eric can't respond)  
Come with me. There're a few people  
I'd like you to meet.

She goes. We CRANE UP AND BACK... until Eric looks tiny to us: the only person visible for miles around. Then CUT TO:

90

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE - 5TH FLOOR - NIGHT

90

Small conference room. 20 AGENTS fueled on pizza and coffee. On the walls are maps, datelines, Hanssen-data.

We pass through this room in three different directions, picking up PIECES OF EXCHANGES, the faces partially obscured by COMPUTER SCREENS and IN-BOXES:

WFO AGENT #1

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

WFO AGENT #2 (INTO PHONE)

Has the Agency been briefed on this? If it deals with Russian sources, the Agency has to be briefed on it.

WFO AGENT #3

Does Hanssen have any leave-time coming?

WFO AGENT #4

What's leave-time?

That draws some laughs. We wind up in a CORNER of the room... where Eric stands, dumbstruck. Kate beside him.

ERIC

How many people are working this?

KATE

Got fifty on the Bigot List so far.

ERIC

Is the Director involved?

KATE

The Director's running the case. He sees your pages every day.

(that was another stunner)

Keep them coming, by the way. Our audio's missing about ninety percent of what Hanssen says in there.

ERIC

He mumbles.

Kate nods. Just then Rich Garcia appears, emerging from a CUBICLE that Eric had his back to.



GARCIA

Like I said, Kid: take nothing personally.

91 INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - CUBICLE - CONTINUING 91

Eric drifts in to find a TV-MONITOR bearing a LIVE FEED from inside Room 9930. He stares at it, just realized something:

ERIC

There is no "Information Assurance Division." Is there?

KATE

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

92 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - FLASHBACK - VARIOUS (DAY) 92

The CONSTRUCTION of 9930, which we saw once before:

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

KATE (CONT'D, V.O.)

Video, audio, bafflers on the vents, motion sensors, heat sensors, microwaves. You could cook a chicken in that office.

93 INT. WFO - CONFERENCE ROOM - CUBICLE - RESUMING 93

Eric just shakes his head. *How did I miss all this?*

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm sure I don't have to tell you this, but you're gonna have to unlearn everything you're learning tonight. Your behavior around him can't change in any way.

ERIC

I understand.

KATE

Good. How long would it take to download the Datacard from his Palm Pilot?

ERIC

Huh?

KATE  
His Palm Pilot. Downloading it.

ERIC  
You can't. He never lets it out of his sight.

KATE  
Assuming it could be gotten. What's the download time?

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

Then something clicks, something horrible:

ERIC (CONT'D)  
You want me to get it from him. Don't you?

KATE  
We know he keeps his schedule on it. And we know he's meticulous.

ERIC  
He's not going to put a drop-date on there. And even if he did, *it's never away from his person.*

KATE  
Eric, we have to get a net around him. Now.

ERIC  
So arrest him.

KATE  
We can't. We don't have a case yet.

That landed with a thud. Eric eyes her.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Everything in that seven million dollar file is inadmissible; we can't bring the sources into court without endangering them. So we catch him in the act of making a drop or he *walks*: retirement with full benefits.

That ended that. Eric nods, acquiescing. We CUT TO:

...a open FILE, thick with pages, sitting on a table. We are:

93A INT. WFO - ROOM 5-C - MOMENTS LATER

93A

A small room with no windows, feels like a MINI-VAULT. Kate stands by a multi-lock door.

KATE

These are the cover letters; 37 of them. He sent one with every drop. In back are the letters his handlers sent back.

Eric, seated at a table opposite her, looks up. Before him is that thick, open file.

KATE (CONT'D)

You'll notice they always capitalize the word "You."

(Eric's a blank)

The Russians. In all their communications with him. They always capitalize "You" and "Your" and "Yours." Subtle attempt to puff up his pride. He never calls them on it.

(she opens the door)

He identifies himself in most of the communiques as "Ramon Garcia." We think that may be his way of misleading them into thinking he's CIA - same three last letters - but that's just a guess.

(Eric nods)

I'll be in the Conference Room.

She opens the door, but:

ERIC

Kate?

She turns. Eric's eyes find the floor... until:

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... for what I said before, about him.

(this is tough)

I never misread anybody that badly before... except maybe you.

She breathes out a smile, unaccustomed to humility from this kid. Seems like a good time to give him some encouragement:

KATE

The Russians I told you about -  
Martynov and Motorin...

(MORE)

KATE (cont'd)

(Eric nods)

After they were executed, the Bureau formed a Task Force. We knew a mole had given them up, somebody inside the intelligence community. The Task Force was supposed to identify him...

Eric wasn't expecting a story from her...

KATE (CONT'D)

Our six best Analysts sitting in a room, poring through data, for years. Wanna guess who we put in charge of the Task Force?

(the answer's obvious...)

He's that good.

She goes. The door closes behind her. Eric is alone in here.

Silence. before him is the file... Reluctantly, he picks up the first page - which we HEAR, in Hanssen's V.O.:

HANSSEN (V.O.)

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

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

HANSSEN (V.O., CONT'D)

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

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

HANSSEN (V.O., CONT'D)

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

The tail of that third one is now overlapped by the beginning of the fourth, so we're hearing both at once:

HANSSEN (V.O., CONT'D)

Bloch was such a shnook, I almost hated protecting him. But he was your friend. If the guy we'd sent to Paris had balls or brains, Bloch would have been dead meat. Fortunately for you he had neither.

The letters continue, but we begin to hear *several more now, each overlapping at once* - all of it played on Eric's face:

HANSSEN (V.O.'S)

I found the site empty. Empty sites bother me. I like to know before I commit myself as I'm sure you do also./ Use 40-TRACK; it will hide data on specific tracks. This letter is not a signal./ My Security concerns may seem excessive. I believe experience has shown them to be necessary. I am much safer if you know little about me. Neither of us are children about these things.

It's now a Hanssen avalanche. Even when Eric shuts his eyes the voices keep coming:

HANSSEN (V.O.'S)

If you wish to continue our discussions, please have someone run an ad in the Washington Times during the week of January 12th or 19th: "For Sale, Dodge Diplomat, 1971, needs engine work, \$1,000. Give a phone number and.../ I was unable to locate the package based on your description last night. Please recognize that I am in a business suit and cannot slog around in inch-deep mud./ Meeting out of the country is simply not practical for me. I must answer too many questions from family, friends, and government./ Perhaps some diamonds as security to my children and some goodwill so that when the time comes, you will accept my senior services as a guest lecturer./ Policies are constraints. Constraints breed patterns. Patterns are noticed./ Soon I will send a box

(MORE)

HANSSEN (V.O.'S) (cont'd)  
of documents to Mr. Degtyar./ P.S.,  
your 'thank you' was deeply  
appreciated. / I decided on this  
course when I was 14 years old! Now  
that is insane, eh!/ Your service has  
recently suffered some setbacks. I  
warn that Mr. Boris Yuzhin, Mr.  
Sergey Motorin, and Mr. Valery  
Martynov have all been recruited by  
our "special services."

Then, the last one:

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

Eric pushes the file away. His head drops...

94 EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

94

Eric stands, staring, almost in a trance... until the  
penetrating SQUEAK of BUS-BRAKES jolts him.

A "WALK" sign blinks. He crosses the street, absently.

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

95

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

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

ERIC

Hi.

JULIANA

Hi.

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

HANSSEN

You're back!

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

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

ERIC

Boss. When did you--

BONNIE  
Very disappointed in you, Young Man.

HANSSEN  
Leaving your bride alone without  
telling her where you'd be. Not good,  
Eric. Where were you?

Just like that, Eric has to come up with a lie. He enters.

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

HANSSEN  
We couldn't reach you. You didn't  
take your pager or your cell.

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

Eric can only pray that Juliana won't smoke him out. Hanssen  
watches every nuance between them. Assessing...

HANSSEN  
Did she break anything?

ERIC  
Oh. No. Just bumped her head.

HANSSEN  
The Dear. Write down their address  
for me, would you? I'd like to send  
some flowers.

ERIC  
Very kind of you, Boss.

Bonnie brings a Pot Roast to the table...

JULIANA  
Bonnie, you really didn't have to go  
to all this tr--

BONNIE  
Now, now, Honey. It's just leftovers.  
I made far too much lunch, as usual.  
And I couldn't bear the thought of  
the two of you ordering from that  
Peking Wall place again.

HANSSEN

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

Upstairs, the HELLO LADY can be heard again: "Hello? Hello?" Hanssen and Bonnie laugh heartily.

BONNIE

I'll take that as an Amen!

Hanssen laughs again.

HANSSEN

Juliana was just telling us about her new major.

ERIC

Oh?

HANSSEN

You never told me she was such a fan of Russian Studies, Eric.

Another surprise. Great. Eric looks to Juliana.

JULIANA

I told you the other day, Honey. Remember?

Clearly, Eric doesn't remember. Hanssen notes that too.

HANSSEN

Either she's grooming herself for a career in Intel... or we'll have to put her under immediate surveillance, hmm?

He laughs. So does Bonnie. Juliana smiles tightly...

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

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

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

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



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

JULIANA  
 But they thought it would be okay,  
 Eric. Whose fault is that?

Eric grabs a glass, pours himself a Scotch.

JULIANA (CONT'D)  
 You hafta have boundaries, even with  
 a boss. And what was that bullshit  
 about your mom bumping her head?

ERIC  
 That's complicated.

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

JULIANA  
 Complicated as in I wouldn't  
 understand? Or as in you can't tell  
 me?

He gulps the Scotch. The Lady Upstairs squawks again.

ERIC  
 When were you gonna tell me about  
 your major?

JULIANA  
 I did tell you. Twice. You weren't  
 listening.

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

JULIANA  
 SHUT UP GODDAMMIT!!!!

That shook the windows, surprising them both.

JULIANA (CONT'D)  
 One of their daughters sleeps on a  
 wooden board - did you know that?  
 Opus Dei says it'll "quell her  
 passions," whatever that means. She  
 couldn't be a bridesmaid at her  
 sister's wedding because Opus Dei  
 wouldn't let her take a strange man's  
 arm walking down the aisle.

ERIC

She's a numerary. They're celibate.

JULIANA

Good for her. Hanssen says anyone who voted for Gore should be shot. He doesn't allow the word homosexual to be spoken in house. Should I go on?

Juliana crosses to the bedroom. Eric refills his Scotch.

ERIC

You can't do Russian Studies, Jule.

JULIANA

Why not?

ERIC

Didn't you *hear* him? Intel has its own rules. Anything you do goes in my file.

JULIANA

Do you know how paranoid you sound?

She opens a drawer, extracts a bottle of PRESCRIPTION PILLS.

ERIC

They know you're from East Germany. Don't you think that brings some scrutiny with it? And now you're gonna study Soviet culture?!

JULIANA

You're incredible, ya know that? I'm stuck with those two for a whole day and you wanna bust me about my major?

She opens the bottle. Pills spill onto the bed.

ERIC

Just change it back, okay? Before it's on your permanent record.

JULIANA

If I do will you quit?

ERIC

Quit what?

JULIANA

Him. He's *changing* you, Eric.

He would love to. Of course. But...

ERIC

I can't.

She grabs a pill, gulps it down without water.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What're those pills?

JULIANA

Xanax. They're for anxiety.

She brushes past him, crossing to the bathroom.

ERIC

What the hell're you doing with a prescription for Xanax?

JULIANA

Guess.

She shuts the bathroom door hard. Then...

Silence. Eric stares at the door, hears it LOCK from inside.

ERIC

(to the door:)

There's a lot I can't tell you.

98

INTERCUT WITH/INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUING

98

Juliana turns on a faucet, eyes her reflection in a mirror.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I just... need you to trust me.

JULIANA

Trust you? You worship the guy.

ERIC

What's that s'posed to mean?

JULIANA

You're there 'til ten every night. You drive him around, go to his church, kneel when he says kneel. Why don't the two of you just run off and start your own Field Office or something? Or your own parish! Better!

ERIC  
Knock it off, Jule.

JULIANA  
It's okay; we'll just get an annulment. I was never Catholic enough for you anyway.

ERIC  
I'm not kidding, Juliana. Shut up.

JULIANA  
You can find somebody like Bonnie who wants to spend her life being pregnant. Six kids and six miscarriages and *it's all just God's will!* Your parents would love her.

ERIC  
Goddamit!

*He hurls his whiskey glass at the door...*

*...just as Juliana opens it. Her eyes go wide.*

So do his. The glass sails right past her head, smashing violently into the bathroom mirror.

Then silence, both of them shocked. A long beat... until:

JULIANA  
"Goddammit." That's two Hail Mary's and a Glory Be. Right?

ERIC  
I'm so sorry.  
(no reply)  
I'm so sorry, Honey. Are you okay?

He starts toward her... until she closes the door on him. We DISSOLVE TO:

99

INT. HANSEN HOME - ATTIC - NIGHT

99

Shadowy, just one desk-lamp on. We DOLLY in...

...to find Hansen, alone at his lap-top. On it we see another ENCRYPTION: more Matrix-like strands of indecipherable ones and zeros, just like we saw before.

He hits a single key... and the strands become *words*, a document entitled "SENSITIVE COMPARTMENTED INFORMATION - TOP SECRET." He presses "PRINT." A printer hums to life.

100 INTERCUT WITH/INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - NIGHT 100

Eric sits alone at the kitchen table, another glass of Scotch before him. Juliana watches tv like a zombie.

101 INTERCUT WITH/INT. WFO - SMALL CONF. ROOM - NIGHT 101

Fifty agents, grinding away. Kate is at a table with agents SARGENT, SKELTON, LOPEZ, and SHERIN.

KATE

Where was Hanssen on March 7, 1991?  
File's got him making a drop at Ellis  
at 6:30 p.m.

SHERIN

He badged in at 8:27 a.m., badged out  
at 12:45 p.m., badged back in at  
1:45, badged out again at 5:36.

KATE

Okay. Let's look at August 12th...

102 INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSSEN HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT 102

Bonnie awakens... to find Hanssen at the foot of the bed. She recognizes the look of arousal in his eyes and she smiles, flattered - crooking a finger at him playfully... (NOTE: there's a bottle of NYQUIL on her nightstand.)

Oddly, Hanssen opens up their ARMOIRE before leaning in to nuzzle her neck, ducking out of frame.

103 INT. HANSSSEN HOME - ATTIC - RESUMING 103

That "Sensitive" file is PRINTED now. 300 PAGES. Hanssen puts them into a Lawn & Leaf bag, along with two CD-ROMS. He seals the bag with white tape. We FADE TO BLACK...

...and FADE BACK UP: on John O'Neill's front yard.

104 EXT. THE HOME OF JOHN AND VIVIAN O'NEILL - DAWN 104

John emerges from the house, dressed and shaved although the sun is barely up. He grabs the newspaper, turns... and STOPS.

Eric is sitting on the front-porch swing. Staring...

JOHN

Eric?

ERIC

Hey, Dad.

The kid looks lost. Steam fogs his breath. It's 5 a.m.

JOHN  
How long've you been out here?

ERIC  
I dunno, an hour or two.

JOHN  
It's freezing.

ERIC  
Dad, have you ever quit anything?

Oh. John just learned what Eric's doing here...

JOHN  
Why?

ERIC  
Just wanted to know.

John crosses the porch, trying to offer a smile.

JOHN  
Have I ever quit anything...  
(he sits, Eric waits...)  
I think I gave up on a paper route  
once. Got tired of waking up so  
early.

ERIC  
What'd your father say?

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

Then a fond smile begins to creep across John's face.

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

ERIC  
Huh?

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

ERIC

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

John turns. Through the Living Room window he can see those  
WWII MEDALS, encased in lucite, sitting on a table.

JOHN

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

Eric doubts that.

ERIC

Maybe I shoulda gone to Annapolis.

JOHN

Always seemed to me like joining the  
Bureau was your apology for not going  
to Annapolis - which you never had to  
do. You still don't.

ERIC

It's what you wanted for me.

JOHN

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

ERIC

Yes.

JOHN

Then you can't quit, can you?

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

JOHN (CONT'D)

Get on the boat, do your job, and get  
back home again. Can you do that?

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

105

INT. FBI HQ - CAFETERIA - LATE AFTERNOON

105

Hanssen clicks and twirls that fat blue PILOT DR.-GRIP PEN  
repeatedly, a Diet Coke and his PALM PILOT before him. Eric,  
nursing a burger and fries, sits opposite.

ERIC

Not eating today, Sir?

HANSSEN

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

ERIC

Oh. Better. Fine. Thank you.

Behind them are posters of FBI movies from the '30s: "G-Men," starring Cagney. "G-Men Never Forget," "You Can't Get Away With It," "FBI Girl." Eric eyes them, treading water now.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Ya know Sir, you still haven't given me your list of--

HANSSEN

Did you ask about me, before you came over?

Once again, a curveball. It takes Eric a minute to react.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)

Other agents, people I'd served with. Did you ask any of them about me before you started on my desk?

ERIC

I think I asked Agent Garcia what you were like, when he was giving me the key to the SCIF.

HANSSEN

What'd he tell you?

ERIC

He told me not to take anything personally.

Hanssen breathes out a bitter laugh.

HANSSEN

They call me The Mortician behind my back.

ERIC

Nobody said anything about that to me.

HANSSEN

They say it to each other. E-mails back and forth. I pick them off sometimes. I'm the guy who stands in  
(MORE)



HANSSEN (cont'd)  
the corner, jingling the keys in his pocket.

ERIC  
Boss, is something bothering you?

HANSSEN  
Just... hate the feeling of being talked-about.  
(Eric doesn't answer)  
I'm bored. Let's go.

With that, Hanssen rises and goes. We stay with Eric...

106

INT. FBI HQ - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

106

Eric stands at a sink, filling Hanssen's water pitcher, trying to exhale some of the tension he's feeling...

Garcia enters, tucking his tie into his shirt as he crosses to the sink. Eric nods a hello.

ERIC  
'Afternoon, Sir.

GARCIA  
'Afternoon.  
(wets his hands...)  
Be a good day for him to get his picture taken.

ERIC  
Sir?

GARCIA  
The 25-year portrait. Today.  
(Eric's a blank)  
His appointment's in five minutes. Media Room, First Floor. His bag oughtta stay with you in the SCIF.

Oh. Now Eric understands.

GARCIA (CONT'D)  
You'll get a page when he's in-pocket.

107

INT. FBI HQ - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE 9930 - MOMENTS LATER

107

Eric pauses at the SCIF door, steeling himself. This is going to require a hell of a performance. He eyes the WATER PITCHER in his hand, an idea forming, then...

108

INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - CONTINUING

108

Hanssen's working, his door open. (NOTE: There's now an OIL PAINTING on his wall, a study of *two men on a boat*, circa 1800's. Eric stole it for Hanssen days ago.)

Eric enters, pitcher in hand, feigning urgency:

ERIC

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

HANSSEN

Oh?

ERIC

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

He sets the pitcher on the desk, then:

ERIC (CONT'D)

They just called me on my cell. Your appointment's in five minutes.

HANSSEN

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

ERIC

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

HANSSEN

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

ERIC

It's how you dress every day.

HANSSEN

No. There's a spot on my tie.

ERIC

Lemme look.

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

HANSSEN

Good Lord! You klutz!

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

ERIC  
I'm so sorry!

HANSSEN  
It's everywhere.

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

ERIC  
Boss. Please. Get to your  
appointment. I'll have all this  
cleaned up by the time you're back.  
You can take my tie if you want.

Hanssen studies him; Eric just keeps mopping... until:

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

Eric stops, eyes him.

ERIC  
Sometimes.

HANSSEN  
Then pray more.

ERIC  
Yes Sir.

And Hanssen goes... *leaving his canvas briefcase behind.*

Eric waits for the sound of the SCIF door. It closes.

109 INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ - MEDIA ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 109

This is a makeshift photography studio: a stool, a drape, a non-descript CLERK at a desk, and a PHOTOGRAPHER.

Hanssen enters, passing the Clerk without a hello. The Photographer brightens, approaching.

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

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

110 INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING 110

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

*"Karat is in-pocket."*

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

...but pocket #3 has the jackpot: Hanssen's PALM PILOT, and a DataCard. Eric grabs them and hurries to:

111 INT. 9930 - ERIC'S DESK - CONTINUING 111

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

112 INT. FBI HQ - MEDIA ROOM - RESUMING 112

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

PHOTOGRAPHER

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

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

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Ya know something? There's a little too much bounce on your nose. We don't want that.

He reaches for a MAKE-UP tray.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Would you be opposed to just the slightest touch of base?

Hanssen's look is withering. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

113 INT. 9930 ERIC'S DESK - RESUMING 113

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

114 INT. FBI HQ - MEDIA CENTER - ENTRY - MINUTES LATER 114

Hanssen emerges, irritated. Photographer waves goodbye from the door, irritating Hanssen further. He turns a corner as:

GARCIA  
Hey! I found you!

Here's Garcia.

HANSSEN  
Oh?

GARCIA  
I was on my to the Firing Range so I called your office. Thought I might finally get to see if you're the dead shot I've been hearing you were.

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

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

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

Downloading's done. Eric pops the Datacard out. No problem.

116 INT. FBI HQ - FIRING RANGE - MOMENTS LATER 116

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

GARCIA  
Mmm, mmm, mmm. Shameful.  
(Hanssen smiles thinly)  
Double or nothing?

117 INT. 9930 - HANSSEN'S OFFICE - SAME 117

Eric enters, returns Hanssen's Palm Pilot and Datacard to the canvas bag. Easy.

118 INT. FBI HQ - ELEVATOR - ASCENDING - MOMENTS LATER 118

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

BEREZNAY  
Hey, Bob! I heard you were back!

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

BEREZNAY

Good for you!

The elevator rises... then stops again, on 7 now.

HANSSSEN

You should come up sometime. I finally got a sofa. And a parking space.

BEREZNAY

You deserve it! I'll see ya, Bob.

Bereznay exits. AN UNNAMED AGENT gets in and presses "8".

119 INT. 9930 - AT ERIC'S DESK - RESUMING 119

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

120 INT. FBI HQ - NINTH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME 120

Hanssen emerges from the elevator, heading for 9930.

121 INT. 9930 - AT ERIC'S DESK - RESUMING 121

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

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

ERIC

Wrong pocket.

122 INT. FBI HQ - NINTH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME 122

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

123 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - HANSSSEN'S OFFICE - SAME 123

Eric hurries to Hanssen's desk, kneels down at Hanssen's bag and yanks the Palm Pilot out of the pocket he just put it in.

He puts it into another pocket. That also looks wrong.

124 INT. FBI HQ - NINTH FLOOR - AT 9930 - SAME 124

Hanssen reaches the door of the SCIF.

125 INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - HANSSSEN'S OFFICE - RESUMING 125

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

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

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

126

INT. ROOM 9930 - AT THE SCIF DOOR - CONTINUING

126

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

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

ERIC

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you. Blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb.

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

ERIC (CONT'D)

Oh. Sorry. How'd the shoot go?

HANSSEN

Wonderful. I sat there while some faggot-photographer got his jollies.

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

ERIC

Door open or closed, Sir?

HANSSEN

Closed. I have work to do.

Eric goes. We go with him, to his desk:

*...where there's nothing to do but sit. And wait...*

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

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

Eric shuts his eyes, twisting... until... slowly, Hanssen's door opens. He leans out.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)

Have you been in my briefcase?