

Alex thinks.

She gets up. Walks up the stairs to

GRETCHEN'S OFFICE

She looks through some papers on the desk. Stops. Thinks.  
Goes back downstairs to the

LIVING ROOM

She crouches by Jason.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Mr. Carlson.

(beat)

Where would your wife run to in an  
emergency?

JASON

Go spit.

Alex smiles.

11 EXT. PARK - DAY

11

Gretchen walks towards a bench. A man sits there. This is Sam  
DILLON, 32, well-dressed with an air of authority.

Gretchen comes closer to Dillon. He looks away.

Without missing a beat. Gretchen sits behind him.

DILLON

Don't say anything. It's your turn  
to listen.

GRETCHEN

Okay...

DILLON

What did I *just* say?

Gretchen shuts up.

DILLON (CONT'D)

Senator Hughes is willing to meet  
with you--

GRETCHEN

Thank God.

DILLON

Tonight.

GRETCHEN

I have to meet with him now. They have my husband --

DILLON

I'm sorry. Did I say it was time to have a conversation?

(beat)

You can't meet with him now because you're hot. The entire intelligence community wants you dead...Goddamn did you ever start something...He can't be seen with you in public until he knows where this is going.

GRETCHEN

How brave of him.

DILLON

Bravery. Huh. How does your husband feel about your bravery?

She says nothing.

Dillon stands. Walks off. A file folder sits on the bench where he was.

Gretchen gets up. Takes the folder. Walks in the opposite direction.

As she walks she looks through the folder. There's a slip of paper. It has an address and a time: 8:30 PM.

12 EXT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT 12

Gretchen approaches the house. Trying to stay hidden in the shadows.

She reaches the front door. She looks at her watch. It reads 8:24. She's early. But she has no choice.

Knocks. Waits. No answer.

Gretchen stays. Thinks. Tries the door. It opens.

13 INT. HUGHES'S HOUSE - NIGHT 13

Gretchen explores the house. It's quiet, dark, and silent.