

PETER  
sc 1 of 2

**INT. PETER'S SUV - DRIVING - NIGHT**

Peter drives. Rose rides shotgun. She's still freaked about what just happened and what she saw on Peter's wall.

START

ROSE  
Why did they say you were involved  
with the subway bombing?

Peter takes a deep breath. How do you explain to someone your life has essentially been doxxed and turned upside down?

PETER  
Because I was there. But I wasn't  
part of the attack, I stopped it.  
(beat, pained)  
I'm not a traitor... Neither was my  
father.

ROSE  
Those articles on your wall...

PETER  
People accused him, but no one ever  
proved anything. He didn't get a  
trial. Died before he had a chance  
to clear his name. Car accident.

ROSE  
So no warning? One night, he was  
just... gone?

He realizes she's going through the same thing right now.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Does it ever start to make sense?

PETER  
No... At least not in a way that helps. But maybe I can bring some truth to my father's life one day.

ROSE  
My aunt... she did more for me than anyone.

A beat. Peter doesn't know how to respond.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Why did I call you?

PETER  
What do you mean?

ROSE  
The number my aunt and uncle gave me... Why were you the one who answered?

PETER  
It's my job...

ROSE  
Answering a phone in a White House basement when people are in trouble?

PETER  
Most nights I just analyze reports.

ROSE  
You get a lot of calls? Like mine?

PETER  
Only one before tonight. It was a wrong number.

ROSE  
Everything feels wrong now.

Peter doesn't know what else to say. Instead he focuses on driving. He checks the rear view mirror. Sees car lights in the distance behind them.

He turns right onto a residential street. He checks -- the other car also turns right. Rose notices his concern.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
What?

Peter takes the next left. Sure enough, the trailing car also makes a left.

PETER  
Hold on, keep your head low.

Peter HITS the gas and accelerates down the street. The trailing car matches his speed.

Peter MAKES a HARD TURN, blowing through a stop sign, the car follows in kind. Peter hands Rose his cell --

PETER (CONT'D)  
Dial the top number on my  
"Favorites". Hit speaker.

She does. We hear ringing. After a moment --

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Yes. Go ahead.

PETER  
Night action.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Code please.

PETER  
Dog. Plate. Grass. Trunk... This  
is Agent Peter Sutherland. I have  
the witness from tonight. I'm in my  
FBI vehicle and we're being  
followed.

END

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Where are you?

Before he can answer -- GUNSHOTS ring out, and Rose's SIDE VIEW MIRROR explodes, sending glass HURTLING through the passenger window. Rose feels an impact, drops the cell phone at her feet and touches her face, sees BLOOD on her hand.

PETER  
sc 2 of 2

INT. AIR-BNB - NIGHT

Peter STARES through the blinds at the empty street. He hears a noise, turns and sees Rose -- all showered, wearing a yellow dress from his closet.

START

ROSE

Fits.  
(Peter takes her in)  
Whose dress is this?

PETER

Val's... My ex-fiancée.

ROSE

And you just kept her clothes?  
(beat)  
You bury her in the woods first?

PETER

(smiles)  
No...  
(beat)  
She's in Texas now. She left in a hurry.

ROSE

I'm sorry.

PETER

Don't be. She was right to go.  
She's happier now...  
(beat, off her)  
You should get some rest.

ROSE

There's only one bedroom.

PETER

You're the only one sleeping. I work nights.

A beat. Reality is setting in for Rose.

ROSE

They're after me now, aren't they?

PETER

(beat, honest)  
Maybe they think you saw something tonight. Or know something.

A beat. Can she trust him? He works in the White House. Is he there to help or to hurt?

PETER (CONT'D)  
On the call... You said you saw one of them.

ROSE  
(beat, lies)  
Not that well.

PETER  
Anything you saw or heard can help.

ROSE  
Tell me everything you know first.

PETER  
I can't. Orders.

ROSE  
Fuck your orders! Somebody killed my aunt and uncle and now they're trying to kill me! This isn't a one-way street. I'm owed a little fucking truth.

A beat. Peter takes in her pain. He won't break a rule, but maybe he can bend one --

PETER  
I really don't know anything. I swear. I'm as low level as you get in the White House. I'm a nobody... The only thing I can tell you is... people who work in "acquisitions" don't have that phone number they gave you. Or the code words.

ROSE  
So they were spies. For how long? Working on what?

PETER  
I really don't know...

A beat. She takes in his sincerity --

ROSE  
Thank you... for at least saying something honest.

Peter nods, then moves to the window, sits in a chair, places his gun on a side table. Puts his burner phone next to it and watches the live stream from his apartment.

END

PETER  
Get some sleep. You're safe.

Peter switches between watching the live stream of his apartment and watching the street outside.