Small, cozy, cluttered with papers and psychology journals.

GLORIA

Want tea? I still do peppermint the way you liked it. Or maybe that was just your mama's thing...

MICHELLE

Peppermint's fine.

They sit across from each other at a small table. Michelle keeps her bag close.

MICHELLE

You didn't leave much of a goodbye.

GLORIA

Twenty-five years under your mother's microscope? I figured slipping out was my right.

Michelle offers a polite smile.

MICHELLE

So the tapes... that was part of slipping out?

Gloria's hands pause mid-pour.

GLORIA

I was cleaning out. Things got mixed up. I was tired. And she was... her usual self.

Michelle tilts her head, not buying it.

MICHELLE

I don't think you mailed private recordings just because you were tired.

A long silence.

Michelle reaches into her bag and slides a folded newspaper clipping across the table.

Gloria looks down at it. Her eyes lock on the headline:

CONTINUED:

"COUPLE SUSPECTED IN MULTI-STATE MURDER SPREE - STILL AT

LARGE "

SHE STARES. NO REACTION. THEN SHE SPEAKS SOFTLY.

GLORIA

How's Tyler doing?

Michelle stiffens. She wasn't expecting that.

MICHELLE

What?

GLORIA

How is he?

MICHELLE

How do you know Tyler?

GLORIA (CALM)

Your mother controlled everything that happened to you, Michelle. The schools. The friends. And yes - the people you met.

Michelle's breath catches.

MICHELLE

Are you saying... she arranged us?

GLORIA

Nothing around you has ever really been by accident.

Michelle leans in.

MICHELLE

Tell me what you know.

Gloria stands and walks to the window. She pulls the curtain back slightly, like checking for something.

GLORIA

Gallego.

MICHELLE

What?

GLORIA

That's all I'm going to say.

Michelle rises.

MICHELLE

What does that mean?

Gloria doesn't answer. She walks back toward the kitchen.

GLORIA

You should go now. It's not safe for you to be here long.

Michelle watches her - unsure if the warning is for her safety... or Gloria's.

A long beat. Then Michelle turns and leaves.