

Muted police noise outside.

LACE sits behind her desk. Perfect posture. Still hands.

A knock.

She doesn't answer.

The door opens.

STERLING steps in. Plain clothes. Familiar.

They hold eye contact a beat too long. Not romantic. Not cold. History.

Sterling closes the door.

He sits down without asking.

He opens a notebook.

STERLING
Chloe Richards last seen here.

Lace nods once.

STERLING
Her car never moved and her body was
in the trunk.

Lace's fingers tighten---just briefly---then relax.

STERLING
Two shots. Suppressed. No struggle.

She knew her attacker.

Lace leans back, measured.

LACE
That's your conclusion?

STERLING
That's the evidence.

He flips a page.

CONTINUED:

STERLING
Her phone's missing... but her Purse
wasn't.

Silence.

Sterling watches her face---not for guilt, or for cracks.

She gives him none.

LACE
You done?

Sterling closes the notebook.

He stands. Hesitates---then gently straightens a pen on her desk. Something he's done before.

STERLING
If you remember anything---

She meets his eyes.

LACE
I'll call you.

Sterling nods. Professional.

He opens the door, pauses---

A look. Not pity. Respect.

Then he's gone.

The door closes.