

DEBRA

Half the stuff on here costs more than my rent.

MATTHEWS

My treat. For a job well done... despite some enormous challenges.

DEBRA

Yeah, it would be a lot easier if Homeland Security wasn't breathing down my neck.

MATTHEWS

Well, just don't let them become a distraction. I know only too well how easy it is to get bogged down in your job. That, uh, call girl from the hotel is a perfect example of what I'm talking about.

DEBRA

I think I'm gonna have the duck.

MATTHEWS

I have to admit I was a bit, uh, puzzled when I heard you were still looking into that.

DEBRA

What kind of wine goes with that?

MATTHEWS

You know, some cases are better left alone--

DEBRA

Fuck. I can't do this. I know you were one of her clients.

MATTHEWS

Excuse me?

DEBRA

Jessica Morris. I found a card for flowers sent to her the morning that she died, from Thomas Matthews. Were you the one in her hotel room the night she died?

MATTHEWS

White. You should, uh, order the white wine.

DEBRA

Sir. You can talk to me.

MATTHEWS

You don't know what it's like, Debra. Since Maggie died... I've been alone for a very long time. I went to the hotel. We... And when I came back into the bedroom... I found

her lying on the floor. I saw the drugs. I tried to revive her... But... She just wouldn't breathe. 911 wouldn't have helped. She was dead... And I couldn't change what happened. So... What do you intend to do?

DEBRA

I don't know.

MATTHEWS

Debra, I've known you since the day you were born. You cried in my arms the night your father died. I've always looked out for you, and I made you lieutenant, and now I'm the one who needs a favour.

DEBRA

I want to help you, but what do I tell that girl's father?

MATTHEWS

You tell him you found nothing. She overdosed. No one needs to know any more. It's not gonna help anyone. It'll only hurt me.

DEBRA

I'll call Mr. Morris in the morning.

MATTHEWS

Good.