

INT - DAY

SERGEANT RIGGS approaches crime scene expert, PETERS, as he looks over gruesome crime scene photos from a previous crime.

RIGGS
Where the hell you been?

PETERS
Crime scene.

RIGGS
(throwing new crime scene
photos on the desk)
What about these? The hotel
cokehead murders, this dealer and
the girl?

PETERS
(taking the photos)
Oh. Well, this Hallmark-looking
couple didn't die by the hands of a
professional. No... this is child's
play. Messy work -- all that blood
on the walls. Looks like a finger
painting.

RIGGS
You give me the fucking creeps, you
know that, Peters?

PETERS
Yeah, I know. Sorry about that.

RIGGS
Fuck you.

PETERS
Okay. Uhhh... is there something I
can do?

RIGGS
Yeah, you can give me a fucking
analysis on the blood spatter on
these killings. You think I'm here
to invite you to my nephew's bris?

PETERS
I didn't know you were Jewish.

RIGGS
Shut the fuck up and write your
report already. Don't even know why
I need you.

(MORE)

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Grab a crayon, psycho, and scribble this down. Rival dealer came in, two scumbags slashed to hell, dealer stole the drugs. Wham, bam, done. And I don't give a shit what you say, because that's what happened, and that's who I'm looking for. Hey, we are looking for a motherfucking thief dealer. You got it?

PETERS

Okay. Sure. I guess.

(a beat))

But I should get over there.

RIGGS

They get over there already, you fucking weirdo. I need it quick.

PETERS

I'm on it, Sergeant.

CUT TO: