

INT. COFFEE ROOM – DAY – CONTINUOUS

SAVINO

You're tracking mud on my case and I'd like it to stop.

SIMONE

How'm I tracking mud on it Nick?

Henry Coffield gave me the names of those shys and I turned 'em over to you.

SAVINO

Now let's talk about the nut-job breeder sold the victim her dog.

You tell me about reaching out to him?

SIMONE

I'm wrong calling the dog-breeder.

SAVINO

I could half-way look at you for the homicide, you're acting wacky enough.

SIMONE

My alibi's good. *(beat)* You like these shys this Henry owned?

SAVINO

Oh we're all on the same team again?

SIMONE

Nick, I'm sorry I overstepped. You want me to jump out the window?

SAVINO

*(beat; grudgingly)* I don't like the shys. We talked to 'em, they are coked-up assholes,

SIMONE

*(agreeing)* Plus you'd figure they'd give him an ass-kicking beforehand.

SAVINO

Why'd you go at the breeder?

SIMONE

I knew she got the dog for protection, figured maybe she told the guy something about the mugger beat her up.

SAVINO

Breeder sounded like he ought to be in Bellevue.

SIMONE

Up in his kennel waiting for the race war.

SAVINO

My head's up my ass with this case. I'm nowhere.

SIMONE

Could I go hard at this Henry?

SAVINO

For what?