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The Wire

Episode 109
"Game Day"

"Maybe we won."

-- Herc

Teleplay by
David H. Melnick & Shamit Choksey

Story by
David Simon & Edward Burns

Final Shooting Draft
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REVISION PAGE

COLOR	DATE	PAGES
White	5/21/02	Full Script

Please note that the producers are aware of the script length. Cuts are forthcoming in blues.

CAST

DET. JAMES "JIMMY" MCNULTY.....Dominic West
DET. SHAKIMA "KIMA" GREGGS.....Sonja Sohn
LT. CEDRIC DANIELS.....Lance Reddick
DET. WILLIAM "BUNK" MORELAND (Non-Speaking)...Wendell Pierce
D'ANGELO BARKSDALE.....Larry Gilliard, Jr.
STRINGER BELL.....Idris Elba
AVON BARKSDALE.....Wood Harris
BODIE.....J D Williams

BUBBLES.....Andre Royo
JOHNNY.....Leo Fitzpatrick
WEE-BEY.....Hassan Johnson
WALLACE.....Michael B. Jordan
POOT.....Tray Chaney
OMAR.....Michael K. Williams

DET. THOMAS R. "HERC" HAUK.....Domenick Lombardozzi
DET. ELLIS CARVER.....Seth Gilliam
DET. LESTER FREAMON.....Clarke Peters
DET. ROLAND "PREZ" PRYZBLYEWSKI.....Jim True-Frost
DET. LEANDER SYDNOR.....Corey Parker Robinson
DET. MICHAEL SANTANGELO.....Michael Salconi

CHERYL.....Melanie Nicholls-King
RANDALL "DOC" FRAZIER.....Erik Todd Dellums
ORLANDO.....Clayton LeBouef
SAVINO.....Christoper J. Clanton
SHARDENE.....Wendy Grantham
STERLING.....Curtis Montez
WALON.....Steve Earle
LITTLE MAN.....
ELIJAH ROE.....
PROPOSITION JOE.....
KEVIN STOLTZ.....

BYSTANDER.....
CLERK #1.....
CLERK #2.....
DEALER.....
GIRL.....
MANAGER.....
RAE.....
REF.....
SLINGER.....
TOUT.....
UNIFORM #1.....
UNIFORM #2.....

SETS

EXTERIORS

Argyle Avenue
Rear Avenue
East Baltimore
Used Appliance Store
High-Rise Projects
Church Roof
Low-Rise Projects
Courtyard
School Roof
Northeast Baltimore
D'Angelo's Apt. Bldg.
Rear
Porched Rowhouse
Orlando's Strip Club
Rear Alley
Battered Rowhouse
Vacant Rowhouse
Tar Roof
West Baltimore
Alley
Basketball Court
Drug Corner
Penn. Ave. Corner
Projects
Streets
Street
Various Streets

INTERIORS

Baltimore City Elections Board
Baltimore County
Shopping Mall
Menswear Store
Counter
Basketball Court
McNulty's Unmarked Car
Santangelo's Unmarked Car
Sydnor's Unmarked Car
Battered Rowhouse
First Floor
City Real Estate Office
D'Angelo's Apt. Bldg.
D'Angelo's Apt.
Medical Examiner's Office
Autopsy Room
Mitchell Courthouse
Basement
Detail Offices
Daniels' Office
Wiretap Room
Garage
Morgan State University
Gymnasium
Orlando's Strip Club
Porched Rowhouse
Basement
State Board of Morticians
State Corporate Charter Office
Used Appliance Store
Back Office
Vacant Rowhouse
West Baltimore
Herc's Unmarked Car
McNulty's Unmarked Car
Santangelo's Unmarked Car
Shooting Gallery
Sydnor's Unmarked Car

White on black card:

"Maybe we won."

--Herc

FADE IN:

1 INT. GYMNASIUM/MORGAN STATE UNIVERSITY - DAY #1

1

A pick-up game of basketball. Elbows jabbing, BODIES colliding. AVON BARKSDALE and STRINGER BELL in the stands, watching intently.

BELL
Him with the ball, from Dunbar. He junior college now, but he goin' somewhere bigger if he pull the grades.

The ball is passed to ELIJAH ROE, black, seventeen, a semitruck who drives through the melee, lays one up.

BELL (cont.)
That's our edge, right there.

A PLAYER settles in for a jumper. ROE on defense now, launches up with a monster block.

BARKSDALE
Damn, where he going?

BELL
Don't know. Kansas, Mizzou, Terps, Hoyas. They all after him.

BARKSDALE
Now we in the mix too.

BELL gives a light laugh. PICK UP ROE on a break-away ending with a full-throttle jam.

BELL
Boy gonna blow Proposition Joe's mind. He ain't got no one ballin' like this.

BARKSDALE
Best not be. I'm tired of losing to them Eastside bitches. Three years runnin' now. Shit bad for morale.

ROE fires from three-point land. Swish. BELL smiles.

BELL
I think we be a-ight.

Beat.

BARKSDALE
Yo, where we at with the faggot?

BELL
Omar? Nigger in the wind.

(CONTINUED)

1 (CONTINUED)

1

BARKSDALE
City ain't that big, homes.

BELL thinks a moment before speaking.

BELL
Avon, man. You know what Omar do
when he hole up somewhere? He knock
off a package or two and then he
rolls around the new neighborhood,
givin' vials away for free.

BARKSDALE
Yeah?

BELL
Robin Hood shit. We try to get at
the motherfucker, two dozen other
niggers tellin' him we on the way.

BARKSDALE looks away. He doesn't want to hear this though
he knows it's true.

BELL (cont.)
You want us to hunt, we gonna hunt.
But the smart play would be to work
a truce, put this war on the shelf
for a while. Omar gonna get
comfortable, pop out from his hole,
you know? We get him then.

BARKSDALE
An' what everyone gonna say 'til
then? What they gonna say when they
see that cocksucker walkin' around
in the sunshine. Like it ain't no
thing to take my shit.

BELL is the one with no answer now. ROE and his coach, KEVIN
STOLTZ, forties, white, jacket and tie, approach BARKSDALE
and BELL.

STOLTZ
Kid's everything I said he was, huh?

BARKSDALE
Yeah, he right.

STOLTZ
Don't know how we're going to get by
without him next year.

BELL
How come you ain't signed yet?

ROE
Lotta people talkin' at me. I'm
listening.

(CONTINUED)

"Game Day"
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3.

1 (CONTINUED) (2)

1

BARKSDALE
Ten large. Not bad for an afternoon.

ROE
No, it ain't.

STOLTZ
Ten for the boy, plus five. Donation
to the program.

BARKSDALE smiles, glances at BELL.

BARKSDALE
Done.

STOLTZ
Good.
(to ROE)
Give me thirty from the line and get
out of here.

ROE dribbles off.

STOLTZ (cont.)
(to BARKSDALE)
And I assume there's another five
right here, for making this happen.

BARKSDALE sizes up STOLTZ.

BARKSDALE
Ain't no free. I hear that.

As THEY shake, while ROE drains free throws,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

2 EXT. COURTYARD/LOW-RISE PROJECTS - DAY #2

2

D'ANGELO BARKSDALE and WALLACE sit on the orange coach. All
around them TOUTS CHANT product names and SLINGERS sling.

D'ANGELO
So what you do for money, man?

WALLACE shrugs.

D'ANGELO (cont.)
Can't live without it, right?

WALLACE says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

2 (CONTINUED)

2

D'ANGELO (cont.)

Shit, you still fucked up behind the stick-up boy? That shit ain't on you or me neither. Motherfucker robbed the stash, shot Sterling. I mean, what the fuck. He gonna be got no matter what you or me do.

WALLACE

I just... I don't wanna play no more.

D'ANGELO hears this, understands.

WALLACE (cont.)

I'm thinkin' I should go over to Edmondson, ask if I can get back in at the semester.

D'ANGELO

What grade?

WALLACE

Ninth.

D'ANGELO

Ninth. Shit. You how old?

WALLACE

Sixteen.

D'ANGELO

Should be a junior.

WALLACE shrugs.

WALLACE

I heard Stinkum got kilt.

D'ANGELO nods.

WALLACE (cont.)

Dag.

D'ANGELO reaches into his pocket, peels off a twenty, hands it to WALLACE, who looks at the bill, then at D'ANGELO.

WALLACE (cont.)

Yo, I said I don't want to play.

D'ANGELO

You ain't got to do nothin', man. I'm hearin' you. An' if you want to go back to school, then go back. You do what you need.

WALLACE looks at D'ANGELO, who smiles at him fondly.

(CONTINUED)

2 (CONTINUED) (2)

2

D'ANGELO (cont.)
You a smart motherfucker, yo. You
start back up at Edmondson, you likely
to finish at Harvard or some shit
like that.

WALLACE laughs. D'ANGELO gives him an affectionate chuck on
the head, then looks across the court at POOT, BODIE.

D'ANGELO (cont.)
You got a good heart, too, man.

WALLACE and D'ANGELO share a look.

D'ANGELO (cont.)
Get the fuck gone, motherfucker. I
got work to do here and you all up
in my shit today.

D'ANGELO reaches out, gives WALLACE's another chuck on the
head. Then he gets up, walks toward BODIE and POOT. Twenty
still in his hand, WALLACE watches him go.

3 EXT. SCHOOL ROOF/LOW-RISE PROJECTS - DAY

3

DETS. THOMAS R. "HERC" HAUKE and ELLIS CARVER watching the
scene below. As HERC dials D'Angelo's pager on a cellphone,
then, hearing the BEEPS, inputs a phone number for Carver's
cellphone.

4 EXT. COURTYARD/LOW-RISE PROJECTS - DAY

4

D'ANGELO walks over to BODIE arriving as his pager goes OFF.
He checks it, staring curiously at the number.

BODIE
What up with Wallace?

D'ANGELO
Nothing.

BODIE
Nothing?

D'ANGELO
It's all good, man. Leave him be.

BODIE watches WALLACE walking out of the court, frowns.
D'ANGELO looks over at the ripped-up Pit payphones and frowns.

D'ANGELO (cont.)
Fuck it. Tired of not havin' a phone
up in this joint.

BODIE grunts agreement, signals for a RUNNER to bring four
vials. The RUNNER goes to the ground stash.

(CONTINUED)

"Game Day"
5/21/02 -- white

6.

4 (CONTINUED)

4

D'ANGELO (cont.)

I be back.

As D'ANGELO begins walking out of the court,

CUT TO:

5 INT. DETAIL OFFICES/BASEMENT/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

5

DET. JAMES "JIMMY" MCNULTY sorts through paperwork, preparing a court report on the wiretap for Judge Phelan. He pecks at a typewriter, as DET. ROLAND "PREZ" PRYZBYLEWSKI sticks his head out of the wiretap room.

PREZ

McNulty.

PREZ gestures for him. MCNULTY walks into:

6 INT. WIRETAP ROOM/DETAIL OFFICES/COURTHOUSE - DAY

6

PREZ PLAYS a just-recorded call between WEE-BEY and an unidentified black MALE.

MALE (O.S.)

Where you at? You gonna come get this shit?

WEE-BEY (O.S.)

Keep cool. We makin' rounds, and you know I ain't movin' like I used to.

Male voice LAUGHS.

WEE-BEY (O.S.) (cont.)

You think it's funny? I put a bullet in your ass, we see how you move.

MALE (O.S.)

Yo, ease up. I'm jus' playin'.

WEE-BEY (O.S.)

Couple hours, we be at you.

MALE (O.S.)

A-ight.

Call ends, PREZ clicks OFF tape. MCNULTY nods at the screen for Tower payphone #1.

MCNULTY

Wee-Bey pickin' up at the towers.

PREZ

In a couple hours, give or take.

(CONTINUED)

"Game Day"
5/21/02 -- white

7.

6 (CONTINUED)

6

MCNULTY

Time enough for us to make a play.

As MCNULTY picks up the phone,

CUT TO:

7 INT. HERC'S UNMARKED CAR/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

7

HERC, CARVER watch from a cautious distance as D'ANGELO crosses McCulloh Street, a couple blocks from the Pit, heading for a new payphone. They watch as he checks his pager, drops a couple quarters and dials Carver's number. Carver's phone RINGS and he answers in a bad Korean accent.

CARVER

Hello. You make order.

D'ANGELO

Who this?

CARVER

You make order? Good yockame.

D'ANGELO

What?

CARVER

No delivery. You order, you come get. Good yockame. Good noodle.

HERC snaps photo of D'ANGELO at phone. D'ANGELO hangs up, checks the pager again, heads back toward the Pit. HERC looks at CARVER.

HERC

The fuck was that?

CARVER

That was my Korean grocer.

HERC

Sounded Chinese.

CARVER

Like you can fucking tell a difference?

On HERC, who believes he can,

CUT TO:

8 INT. DETAIL OFFICES/BASEMENT/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

8

DET. LESTER FREAMON enters, dumps a stack of paperwork, files, index cards, thumbtacks, and three copies of the hard-bound Baltimore City Real Estate Assessments book on the center table. PREZ and DET. LEANDER SYDNOR look at the mess, then up at FREAMON, who motions for them to wait a moment.

(CONTINUED)

"Game Day"
5/21/02 -- white

8.

8 (CONTINUED)

8

FREAMON goes back out into hallway and wheels a second bulletin board into detail office. The board is empty. Having acquired the younger DETECTIVES' attention, FREAMON walks back to the table, takes a marker and writes "Drugs" and "Money" on separate index cards. Then he takes two tacks, walks back to the dual boards and sticks "Drugs" atop the existing organizational chart. Atop the empty board he sticks "Money".

FREAMON
Brave new world for y'all.

On PREZ and SYDNOR, sharing a look,

CUT TO:

9 EXT. CHURCH ROOF/HIGH-RISE PROJECTS - DAY

9

MCNULTY and DET. SHAKIMA "KIMA" GREGGS are at the high-rise vantage point.

GREGGS
How do we know it's Wee-Bey?

MCNULTY
Talk was about him catching a bullet,
moving slow.

GREGGS nods, keys radio.

GREGGS
Twelve-fourteen.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Twelve-fourteen.

GREGGS
Request a lateral with twelve-oh-eight.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Go ahead, fourteen.

GREGGS
Oh-eight, can you go to Channel Three?

CARVER (O.S.)
Twelve-oh-eight. I got that.

On GREGGS, switching her radio channel,

CUT TO:

10 INT. HERC'S UNMARKED CAR/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

10

HERC and CARVER are sitting on the same payphone, which is now being used by POOT, who seems to be making a leisurely personal call. HERC snaps a photo.

(CONTINUED)

10 (CONTINUED)

10

CARVER changes channel, keys radio.

CARVER
What up, Kima?

GREGGS (O.S.)
Where you at?

CARVER
McCulloh above Preston. We're on a
good payphone that the Pit boys are
now using.

GREGGS (O.S.)
I'm up on the church. Hang close,
boys. We might have a nice jackup
for you two.

CARVER
Okeydoke.

A jackup. Their favorite. As HERC nods appreciatively,

CUT TO:

11 EXT. COURTYARD/LOW-RISE PROJECTS - DAY

11

BUBBLES, JOHNNY mill about with other FIENDS, most black and
brown, but some white as well. They are waiting on testers.
STERLING limps up on his crutches.

STERLING
Testers comin' in five.

BUBBLES
What's the new package?

STERLING
Yellow tops. Shit is a bomb.

BUBBLES looks at JOHNNY, hopeful and impatient. From the
other side of the court, WALON -- the white biker who led
the recovery meeting in 107 -- enters, heads toward the
cluster of waiting ADDICTS.

JOHNNY
Check it. A man who wants to get
high more than he wants to be clean.

BUBBLES looks over. Unlike JOHNNY though, he looks grieved.

BUBBLES
Aw, man. He was doin' good.

JOHNNY
All bullshit, Bubs. Them fuckin'
meetings is just for fronts.

(CONTINUED)

11 (CONTINUED)

11

BUBBLES

Still, man. He sounded strong.

WALON walks up to the GROUP, puts his arm around a younger WHITE FIEND, who looks discomfited. WALON is talking, smiling. The FIEND nods his head, says nothing, makes no eye contact with WALON. BUBBLES sidles over, tries to hear what's being said, only to be interrupted when BODIE and STERLING return with the testers.

BODIE

New shit got a yellow top. An' it right. So remember where ya caught this blast an' tell yo' punk ass friends.

STERLING

One a customer. Line the fuck up.

Instead, the ADDICTS shove and push, cluster around with their hands out.

BODIE

Said line yo' punk asses up.

A FEW ADDICTS obey, MOST though, keep shoving toward BODIE like a rugby scrum.

BODIE (cont.)

Fuck y'all.

BODIE throws three dozen yellow tops against a low-rise wall. The cluster of ADDICTS dives and grovels for free ones, BUBBLES and JOHNNY and the young WHITE FIEND included. Only WALON stays still, watching. Having caught three testers, BUBBLES stands upright, starts moving away, notices only that WALON, looking weary, is walking away. BUBBLES starts to jog over.

JOHNNY

Yo, Bubs. C'mon.

BUBBLES gives a wait-up sign, falls in beside WALON, walks.

BUBBLES

You catch one?

WALON looks at him, smiles, shakes his head.

BUBBLES (cont.)

Got three, if you need.

WALON ignores the offer.

WALON

You was at the meeting. Over at Samuel Morse.

(CONTINUED)

11 (CONTINUED) (2)

11

BUBBLES

Yeah, one day. But I wasn't even that.

WALON

Stood up though.

BUBBLES reaches into his pocket, offers the keyring back.
WALON smiles, shakes his head.

BUBBLES

So why you down in the tester line
if you ain't chasin'?

WALON

Tryin' to talk my nephew off the
corner. His mama sent him back up
to Cumberland, you know? Try to
keep him clean at my grandma's house.

BUBBLES

W'happened?

WALON

Shit. They got the pipe up there in
the hills the same as they do here.

BUBBLES looks back for the WHITE FIEND, who is long gone.

WALON (cont.)

He ain't near his bottom. Got to
see that bottom comin' up at him
first. An' it's hard, 'cause he's
young. Twenty-four. Most folks
don't start gettin' tired until
they're thirty-five, forty.

BUBBLES

True, true.

WALON

How old are you?

WALON pauses, sizes up BUBBLES.

BUBBLES

Young at heart.

WALON looks at BUBBLES, gives a soft laugh, extends hand.

WALON

Walon, man.

BUBBLES

Bubbles.

WALON

You take care.

(CONTINUED)

"Game Day"
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12.

11 (CONTINUED) (3)

11

BUBBLES

Yeah.

On BUBBLES, watching him go for a moment, then turning back toward the waiting JOHNNY,

CUT TO:

12 EXT. CHURCH ROOF/HIGH-RISE PROJECTS - DAY

12

MCNULTY watches as Wee-Bey's SUV pulls up on Dolphin Street, with SAVINO driving. WEE-BEY struggles out of the passenger seat, stands with his cane beside the SUV, waits for SAVINO. The TWO then walk into the high-rise.

MCNULTY

Showtime.
(into radio)
You guys on it?

HERC (O.S.)

The Benz truck. Got it.

MCNULTY

Give 'em a long rope. The farther away from the projects you pop him, the less risk to the wire.

HERC (O.S.)

Hell with the wire.

MCNULTY

(agitated)
Excuse me?

HERC (O.S.)

Gotcha, McNulty. You're too easy.

WEE-BEY and SAVINO exit high-rise, return to SUV. As GREGGS snaps off a couple more photos and the SUV departs,

CUT TO:

13 INT. DETAIL OFFICES/BASEMENT/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

13

PREZ and SYDNOR are schooled in the financial part of a conspiracy investigation. PREZ has the city assessment book open and is leafing through pages. SYDNOR is taking notes.

FREAMON

You can come at this a few ways.
First thing is we need to get the name of any front companies, limited partnerships, L.L.C.'s. All that mess.

SYDNOR

L.L.C.'s?

(CONTINUED)

13 (CONTINUED)

13

FREAMON
Limited liability corporations.

PREZ looks at SYDNOR. What the fuck?

FREAMON (cont.)
Start with the nightclub, which we believe he owns. You look up Orlando's in the assessments book. By address, you match it, and you see that it's owned by who?

SYDNOR
(catching up)
It's on Baltimore Street, right?

FREAMON
Five-ninety-eight West Baltimore. The assessment book lists East and West streets separately, going from unit block out.

SYDNOR
Got it. D & B Enterprises.

FREAMON
Okay. Now, you write that down and you hand it to Prez, who gets up off his ass and walks over to the state office building on Preston Street.

PREZ
Preston Street?

FREAMON
Maryland Corporate Charter office.

PREZ
Corporate who?

FREAMON
It has the paperwork on all corporations and L.L.C.'s licensed to do business in the state. You look up D & B Enterprises in the card file. It gives you the reel for some microfilm and you pull up the corporate charter papers that way. You write down every name you see: Corporation officers, shareholders if there are any. And especially, the resident agent on the filing which is usually a lawyer.

PREZ is taking notes as fast as he can.

PREZ
Resident agent.

(CONTINUED)

13 (CONTINUED) (2)

13

FREAMON

The resident agent is often a tell-tale with this shit. Because while they usually put front names up as corporation officers, they'll often use the same lawyer to file the charter papers. You get the name of a resident, you ask them to do a computer run on the motherfucker, see if you come up with other corporations where he did the filing. That way you find other front companies.

PREZ

Huh.

SYDNOR

While he's doing that, what do I do?

FREAMON

You keep your head in the assessments book. McNulty heard he owned an apartment building up by Druid Park Lake, right? So you check the blocks up in Reservoir Hill, look for anything owned by D & B Enterprises, or anything with a similar name. You don't find anything similar, you start taking down whatever corporate listings you have for multi-unit addresses near the lake. You call that list over to Prez, who pulls the charter papers and looks for connections.

PREZ

This is like a scavenger hunt. What are you gonna do?

FREAMON

I'm gonna put my ass in front of typewriter and type a request to the state's attorney for subpoenas to triple-A and the state licensing board for undertakers. If Barksdale owns an approved towing service and a funeral home, he's left a paper trail in those places, too.

SYDNOR

What if he's careful? What if his name isn't on anything we can find?

FREAMON

In this country, someone's name has got to be on the paper.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 (CONTINUED) (3)

13

FREAMON (cont.)

A cousin, a grandmother, a girlfriend,
a lieutenant he can trust, maybe.
You get those names, you show the
connection.

SYDNOR and PREZ share a look. Heady stuff for them.

FREAMON (cont.)

And here's the thing. You follow
the drugs, you get drug dealers and
drug addicts. You start to follow
the money, you don't know where the
fuck it's gonna go. So whatever we
find, we shut our mouths and keep it
close. At least for now.

On the younger DETECTIVES, agreeable,

CUT TO:

14 EXT. STREET/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

14

HERC and CARVER's unmarked car wheels behind the SUV, and CARVER gives the siren a WHOOP. Through the windshield of the SUV, we see SAVINO check the rearview and WEE-BEY mouth the word "Fuck". The SUV pulls the curb, the unmarked car on its ass. HERC and CARVER are out of their car, guns drawn. They approach with caution, and, satisfied that WEE-BEY and SAVINO have their hands where they can be seen, they open the car doors, pull out the SUSPECTS, spread them on the hood and frisk them. CARVER cuffs WEE-BEY, then searches the SUV from the passenger side.

HERC

Anything in the truck we should know
about?

WEE-BEY

Nope.

HERC

No guns, no drugs?

WEE-BEY

I ain't got shit.

CARVER emerges from SUV with bags of bundled bills. Each bundle is labeled: "T1", "T2", "T3", "T4", "T5", "T6", "P".

CARVER

So this money right here, I didn't
just pull this out of your truck?

WEE-BEY

What money?

CARVER tosses a bag of bills to HERC.

(CONTINUED)

14 (CONTINUED)

14

HERC
Damn. We'll be counting this limp
dick cash all day.

CARVER
(to SAVINO)
Where you going with all this?

SAVINO
Like the man say, it ain't ours.

HERC
It ain't yours, huh? So you don't
mind if we take it off your hands?

WEE-BEY
Do what you feel. You pretending to
pull money out up this truck that I
didn't know was even there.

CARVER
I know how that shit feels. Other
day, I pulled up the cushions on my
sofa. Found a buck forty I didn't
know was down there.

WEE-BEY is unamused. CARVER uncuffs him. HERC does the
same for SAVINO.

WEE-BEY
You ain't got no charge, right?

HERC
No, fucko, we do not have a charge.
We just have your money. You want
it back, you can explain to the
state's attorney where you got it.

WEE-BEY has enough elan to smile at SAVINO.

WEE-BEY
Y'all enjoy your day now.

As SAVINO and WEE-BEY get into their truck and pull out,
leaving HERC, CARVER and \$22,000 in cash,

CUT TO:

15 INT. STATE CORPORATE CHARTER OFFICE - DAY

15

PREZ bends over a drawer full of 3 x 5 file cards, holding
one in his hand and pulling another that reads: Triple-B,
Inc. CU on the top right of both cards, each of which reads:
Resident Agent: Maurice Levy, attorney at law. On PREZ,
walking the two cards up to the counter,

CUT TO:

16 INT. CITY REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

16

A CLERK steps into frame, looking over the counter.

SYDNOR (O.S.)

I need to pull the tax info on these
here properties.

PULL BACK to REVEAL SYDNOR on the other side of the counter,
still holding the city assessments book, which he has open
to a page that has a string of Druid Park Lake Drive
properties highlighted. On CLERK, assessing the request,

CUT TO:

17 INT. STATE BOARD OF MORTICIANS - DAY

17

A fat file is handed across the counter, tabbed to the funeral
home purchased by fronts for Barksdale.

CLERK #1

That's everything back to Seventy-
one, when we first issued a morticians
license for that concern.

PULL UP to REVEAL FREAMON, scanning the file.

FREAMON

So if the funeral home is sold, the
license to operate goes with it?

CLERK #1

Yep. As long as a state-recognized
mortician is affiliated, the license
is transferred and the new owner takes
over the listing.

On FREAMON, peering over his reading glasses,

CUT TO:

18 INT. CITY REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

18

A string of property tax cards arrayed on the counter,
different addresses -- some on Druid Park Lake -- but others
along the Howard Street corridor also listed to D & B
Enterprises, BBB Inc., or a third front company -- B Squared
Ltd. PULL UP to REVEAL SYDNOR scanning the array, talking
into cellphone.

SYDNOR

I also got a B Squared Limited with
two properties on the same block of
Howard...

On SYDNOR, staring at the property cards,

CUT TO:

19 INT. STATE CORPORATE CHARTER OFFICE - DAY

19

Microfilm slides by in a Microfilm reader, before slowing and coming to rest on the charter filings for B Squared Ltd. Officers are a string of four names -- seemingly unrelated black females. PULL BACK to REVEAL PREZ scanning the film.

PREZ

I got that up. Nobody we know as officers, but...

CU on correspondence attached to the filing showing the business stationary of Levy & Weinstein, Attorneys at Law. Maurice Levy, partner, with a downtown address.

PREZ (cont.)

It's Levy again as the agent and the mailing address. So that makes four different companies with him on the filing.

As PREZ drops a quarter into the reader and flashes a xerox photo of the charter document,

CUT TO:

20 INT. BALTIMORE CITY ELECTIONS BOARD - DAY

20

The flash of xerox machine as it copies page after page of campaign finance reports. PULL BACK to REVEAL CLERK #2, as he turns to FREAMON across the counter.

CLERK #2

Mayor, council president and comptroller. Or do you want the councilmanic races, too?

On FREAMON, nodding agreeably, the strobe of the running Xerox machine playing on his face,

CUT TO:

21 EXT. TAR ROOF/VACANT ROWHOUSE - DAY

21

The roofcap is popped on an end-of-group rowhouse and out climbs BUBBLES, creeping low to the ground and trailing a long piece of fishing line that ends in a three-pronged, barbed hook. BUBBLES eases over to the edge of the roof and looks down. A teenaged SLINGER is standing with his back to an abandoned tire that leans against the rowhouse wall. From BUBBLES' POV, we SEE the SLINGER take a signal from up the alley, turn and pull a plastic bag from the tire. The SLINGER takes out two vials, jogs up the alley and serves a FIEND, then returns the ground stash to the tire. BUBBLES waits for the SLINGER to turn again before he drops the fishing line down toward the tire.

22 EXT. ALLEY/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY 22

The SLINGER waits for his next sale, bored, running through a homemade RAP and bopping to an imaginary rhythm. The fish hook eases down behind his head.

23 EXT. TAR ROOF/VACANT ROWHOUSE - DAY 23

BUBBLES' POV as he tries to snag the loose ends of the baggie with the barbed hook.

24 EXT. ALLEY/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY 24

The SLINGER is still RAPPING as the hook, with the baggy and about forty vials attached, eases upward behind his head. From off-camera, we HEAR a TOUT yell to him.

TOUT (O.S.)

Two, yo. Two.

SLINGER breaks his rap, turns, nods acknowledgment, then reaches down into the tire. Nothing. He checks around the tire, up and down the alley wall. Nothing. He's mind-fucked, until he happens to look up and catch a last glimpse of his stash being pulled up over the lip of the roof.

SLINGER

Motherfucker.

As the SLINGER breaks and runs,

CUT TO:

25 INT. VACANT ROWHOUSE - DAY 25

BUBBLES, elated, tumbles down broken stairs, heading for the open rear door of the house. He pulls up at the door, ducking behind a wall as the SLINGER and two CONFEDERATES rush into the alley with baseball bats. They scan the backs of the houses. BUBBLES breathes barely at all, edges his face around enough to see that they are not going anywhere. Suddenly, a NOISE from the next vacant rowhouse in the group, and a MUFFLED LAUGH, as two FIENDS -- seen from BUBBLES' POV through a rear window -- have finished firing up and are emerging oblivious to the danger.

SLINGER

Think you some slick motherfuckers?

The SLINGER runs up and clubs one of the FIENDS with his bat; his PARTNERS follow suit. On BUBBLES, as he stands, sheltered, listening to OTHERS pay the price,

CUT TO:

26 INT. SHOOTING GALLERY/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY 26

JOHNNY and BUBBLES fire up with the stolen stash.

(CONTINUED)

26 (CONTINUED)

26

JOHNNY
Fished yer wish, Bubs.

BUBBLES
You shoulda seen the one got away.

JOHNNY laughs, slams his shot. So does BUBBLES. They sit back on the floor to wait on the rush.

BUBBLES (cont.)
I nearly got kilt behind this caper.

JOHNNY
What happened?

BUBBLES
Almost got caught comin' out the house, you know? I was almost in the alley when I seen them comin' up with ball bats. Mighta found me but for these other two gents comin' past who got beat on my 'count.

JOHNNY
All in the game, Bubs.

BUBBLES
Yeah.

They wait a moment more.

JOHNNY
Yo, Bubs...

BUBBLES
Huh.

JOHNNY
These ain't shit.

BUBBLES
I ain't high neither.

JOHNNY picks up a gelcap, opens it, gives the powder a taste.

JOHNNY
Fuckin' Arm & Hammer.

BUBBLES opens a gelcap of his own, tastes.

JOHNNY (cont.)
We just fired baking soda, man.

BUBBLES slumps against the wall, deflated.

JOHNNY (cont.)
A-ight. New plan...

BUBBLES says nothing, stares mournfully at the useless stash.

(CONTINUED)

26 (CONTINUED) (2)

26

JOHNNY (cont.)
You with me, Bubs?

On BUBBLES, who is suddenly very tired and worn,

CUT TO:

27 INT. GARAGE/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

27

HERC and CARVER park the unmarked car, exit. CARVER opens the trunk, reaches in to get the seized money, only to have the bag catch on the trunk latch and rip. A couple bundles fall to the pavement.

CARVER
Fuck me.

HERC and CARVER bend down, pick up the fallen cash. CARVER picks one bundle from inside the trunk, which HERC then shuts. They walk toward the elevator.

HERC
Yo, Carv. You go in a restaurant,
say, and the waitress gives you decent
service, how much you tip?

CARVER
How much do I tip?

HERC
For good service.

CARVER
I dunno. Fifteen percent.

HERC
Some people tip twenty.

CARVER
Some people got money.

HERC
Yeah.

A pause as HERC pulls a couple bundles from the bag, looks at them, looks at CARVER.

HERC (cont.)
How much you think Wee-Bey would tip?

CARVER looks at HERC for a long beat.

CARVER
You'd be a clever motherfucker if
there wasn't a wiretap running.

HERC
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

27 (CONTINUED)

27

CARVER

Say we turn in twenty and this
afternoon, the bosses are listening
to the wiretap and they hear we took
thirty out that car.

HERC takes this in. Shit.

CARVER (cont.)

Didn't think of that, did you?

On HERC, disappointed,

CUT TO:

28 INT. DETAIL OFFICES/BASEMENT/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

28

SYDNOR and PREZ sit at the center table amid stacks of freshly
obtained documents trying to trace the financial connections
in and around Avon Barksdale. On the new bulletin board,
beneath the "Money" header, we SEE a small but notable
collection of properties -- most of them run-down commercial
sites along Howard Street and elsewhere on the westside of
downtown. Some have question marks beside the addresses.
FREEMON stands by the board, talking with LT. CEDRIC DANIELS,
MCNULTY and GREGGS.

FREEMON

We're finding a lot of stuff on the
westside of downtown that might be
him. Howard Street or thereabouts.

GREGGS

What kinda property?

FREEMON

Low-rent commercial. Lot of vacants.

MCNULTY

The fuck does Avon Barksdale need
with a string of empty storefronts?

DANIELS

If it's him. Until we can figure out
some connect between Barksdale and
the listed officers, all you have is
Levy, the lawyer, as the corporate
agent.

HERC and CARVER enter, holding the seized cash proudly.
They get a few "attaboys" and "huzzahs" for the rip, which
they dump on the table, atop PREZ's paperwork.

PREZ

Hey, I'm working here.

(CONTINUED)

28 (CONTINUED)

28

HERC
Shoulda seen the look on their faces.
I thought Savino was gonna shit
himself.

GREGGS
Wee-Bey say anything?

CARVER
(imitating WEE-BEY)
What money?

Some LAUGHTER.

HERC
Only hassle is, we need to sit here
and count this shit, do the E.C.U.
submission.

CARVER
And it's all limp-dick dime-vial money.
Dirty bills right off the corner.

HERC picks up half the bundles, CARVER the rest. They edge
off toward a pair of desks to begin the count. MCNULTY pulls
them up.

MCNULTY
You all have the Pit boys going to a
fresh payphone, right?

HERC
Yeah. On McCulloh.

MCNULTY
You take pictures?

CARVER
Yeah.

MCNULTY
Good. We're gonna need an additional
affidavit to get up on that phone.

DANIELS
Another thirty days, McNulty?

As DANIELS looks wearily at MCNULTY, who can only shrug, as
if to say, "What the fuck do you expect from me?"

CUT TO:

29 EXT. BATTERED ROWHOUSE/REAR ALLEY - NIGHT

29

Carrying a chicken box and a six-pack of soda, OMAR creeps
past a string of broken rowhouses. He walks around the
corner, turns, waits and watches.

(CONTINUED)

29 (CONTINUED)

29

Satisfied that no one is marking him, he retraces his steps to a rear door, where he checks a tell-tale -- a piece of string wrapped around the door handle and then connected, taut, to a knotted edge of the outside door jamb. Satisfied that his new lair has not been molested, HE enters.

30 INT. FIRST FLOOR/BATTERED ROWHOUSE - NIGHT

30

OMAR enters, walks through an empty kitchen toward the first-floor front room where there is nothing but a mattress, a couple Hefty bags of clothes and several boxes of ammunition on the bed. OMAR pulls off his coat, his sawed-off, his handgun. He checks the front window, and, finally, sits on the edge of the mattress, opens his dinner and eats. On OMAR, popping a soda and waiting the wait,

CUT TO:

31 EXT. CHURCH ROOF/HIGH-RISE PROJECTS - NIGHT

31

SYDNOR monitors the high-rise payphones. HE spots LITTLE MAN dialing up and calls it in.

32 INT. WIRETAP ROOM/DETAIL OFFICES/COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

32

Phone RINGS. DET. MICHAEL SANTANGELO picks it up.

SANTANGELO

Yeah.

SYDNOR (O.S.)

Little Man on line number two.

SANTANGELO flicks the recorder ON.

UNIDENTIFIED BLACK MALE (O.S.)

Yeah?

LITTLE MAN (O.S.)

Checked my count again, yo.

UNIDENTIFIED BLACK MALE (O.S.)

How bad?

LITTLE MAN (O.S.)

Not too bad, man. Not too bad. We, um, we got hit by a twenty-two.

UNIDENTIFIED BLACK MALE (O.S.)

Twenty-two?

LITTLE MAN (O.S.)

That's all.

UNIDENTIFIED BLACK MALE (O.S.)

A-ight.

(CONTINUED)

32 (CONTINUED)

32

Click. SANTANGELO stares at the computer screen. He logs the call non-pertinent. Then he changes his mind, calls it pertinent. Then he changes his mind again. On SANTANGELO, unsure what anything means at this point,

CUT TO:

33 INT. SHOPPING MALL/BALTIMORE COUNTY - NIGHT

33

GREGGS shops with CHERYL. CHERYL is deep into a work tale, but GREGGS is half-listening and window shopping.

CHERYL

...and this fool think he knows what to put at the top of the eleven o'clock? Please. He doesn't know the first thing about it.

GREGGS

So what you do?

CHERYL

I pulled the story about the priest getting locked up and I lead with the mayor's race, because what the hell, that's what the boss says to do.

GREGGS

It's his TV station, right?

CHERYL

Kima, someone always gonna be running for mayor, but how often do a priest get locked up for child porn?

GREGGS

Every fifteen minutes, it seems.

CHERYL

Naw. You got no news judgment neither.

GREGGS has stopped in front of a display window for a high-end menswear chain. A mannequin -- looking a bit like D'Angelo Barksdale, and certainly dressed in his style -- smiles down at her.

CHERYL (cont.)

Girl, you ain't that butch.

As GREGGS smiles, lost in the beginnings of an idea,

CUT TO:

34 INT. COUNTER/MENSWEAR STORE/SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

34

Holding a tie, GREGGS bullshits the MANAGER. CHERYL assists.

(CONTINUED)

34 (CONTINUED)

34

GREGGS

...so anyway, this man is fine. I mean, I don't usually do things like this, but I seen him wear all kinda things from your store and I thought, you know, a way to get to meet him might be to come in and buy a little something and send it to him, you see? But the thing is, I know his name, right? I know his name and how fine he look, but I don't really have an address...

CHERYL

You makin' a fool of yourself here.

MANAGER laughs slightly, smiles.

GREGGS

Like you ain't never done that over a man or two. Sheeeet.

CHERYL raises an eyebrow.

GREGGS (cont.)

So anyway, seein' how much of your clothes this man wear, I been thinkin' he might get your catalogue...

MANAGER gets it, nods agreeably.

GREGGS (cont.)

...and that way I could send him this tie or maybe a tie and a shirt or something and, you know, make an impression.

MANAGER

What's the name?

GREGGS

D'Angelo Barksdale.

MANAGER types it into the computer.

GREGGS (cont.)

Isn't that a fine name?

MANAGER reads from the screen.

MANAGER

D'Angelo Barksdale. Seven-four-fifty-seven Killian Circle, apartment B.

GREGGS

That's great. That's it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 (CONTINUED) (2)

34

GREGGS (cont.)

But you know, I'm looking at this tie
and I'm thinking I want to match it
to something else, so...

MANAGER

No problem. Lemme know if you need
more help.

GREGGS

Thank you.

GREGGS carries the tie away from the counter, with CHERYL
following. She pretends to contemplate a rack of shirts,
watching over her shoulder to make sure that the MANAGER is
onto new business.

CHERYL

I'm not sure I can hang with someone
who lies as good as you.

GREGGS

No? I thought you was in television.

As GREGGS leaves the tie on the shirt rack and, with CHERYL
following, slips from the store,

FADE TO:

35 EXT. D'ANGELO'S APARTMENT BLDG./NE BALTIMORE - DAY #3 35

GREGGS parks an unmarked car, gets out, surveys the terrain.
Assured that no one is around, SHE walks to the front of the
garden apartment building.

36 INT. D'ANGELO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 36

GREGGS enters, checks the mailboxes. Apartment B has no
name on the box. GREGGS walks to the first landing, assesses
the location of Apartment B. On GREGGS, thinking,

CUT TO:

37 EXT. REAR/D'ANGELO'S APARTMENT BLDG./NE BALTIMORE - DAY 37

GREGGS walks around back until she has a view into the
apartment by way of the sliding patio doors. SHARDENE is on
the sofa, watching television, eating breakfast. On GREGGS,
taking this in,

CUT TO:

38 INT. WIRETAP ROOM/DETAIL OFFICES/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY 38

HERC and CARVER sit in the tap room with PREZ listening to
Foot on one of the high-rise phones, having phone sex with
his girl.

(CONTINUED)

38 (CONTINUED)

38

POOT (O.S.)
...you ready, bitch? You ready for
me? Yeah, you know it. You know it.
I'ma fill every damn hole you got...

GIRL (O.S.)
You a dirty boy.

POOT (O.S.)
Go on now. Touch yourself. Touch
yourself when I talk...

SEX TALK continues unabated until HERC and CARVER are slain
with laughter. Only PREZ is concerned.

PREZ
You know we're supposed to turn off
the tap when it's non-pertinent.

CARVER
Fuck no. This is too good.

The Girl begins to approximate an orgasm. Poot continues to
encourage her.

POOT (O.S.)
You gonna look like a glazed donut,
you know that? I'ma get there an'
fuck you in all three holes...

HERC falls out of his chair with delight. PREZ, upset, walks
out of the room.

39 INT. DETAIL OFFICES/BASEMENT/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

39

MCNULTY enters, encounters PREZ, distraught. MCNULTY hands
him a copy of the signed affidavit.

MCNULTY
We're adding a fresh payphone on
McCulloh Street, near the Pit.
Technician should be here by afternoon.

PREZ nods toward wiretap room.

PREZ
Someone's gotta talk to them. They
think this is a fucking joke.

MCNULTY looks at PREZ, then heads for wiretap room.

40 INT. WIRETAP ROOM/DETAIL OFFICES/COURTHOUSE - DAY

40

MCNULTY enters, catches post-coital SIGHS of exhaustion.

POOT (O.S.)
Who get you there, bitch? Who do it?

(CONTINUED)

40 (CONTINUED)

40

GIRL (O.S.)

You talk it. But y'all need to come
past here with some real dick soon.

POOT (O.S.)

I hear that.

Post-sex cooing CONTINUES.

MCNULTY

Phone sex?

CARVER

Shit was hilarious.

MCNULTY

You know you have to shut down after
ninety seconds if it's non-pertinent.
We need that for the court log.

HERC

Who's gonna fucking know? C'mon.

GIRL (O.S.)

So you gonna come past here?

POOT (O.S.)

Tomorrow, yeah. But I need to go
past the Argyle tonight, you know?
Check in with Wallace.

GIRL (O.S.)

Wallace?

POOT (O.S.)

He off the hook since we helped the
tower crew get that stickup boy. I'm
tellin' you, Wallace is buggin'.
Don't hardly even come out of that
room no more...

GIRL (O.S.)

Why he be like that?

POOT (O.S.)

Dunno. But he fucked up for real.

GIRL (O.S.)

A-ight. You holler at me later.

POOT (O.S.)

That'll work.

CLICK. They hang up. MCNULTY, HERC and CARVER share a look.

CARVER

It's pertinent now, right?

(CONTINUED)

40 (CONTINUED) (2)

40

MCNULTY

It is if you can explain why we're
still on the line after ten minutes
of jerking off.

(off tape recorder)

Find a way to justify that.

MCNULTY walks out, past PREZ, who is still upset.

HERC

Maybe three holes was code for three
stash houses...

On CARVER, willing to agree,

CUT TO:

41 EXT. ORLANDO'S STRIP CLUB - DAY

41

GREGGS and FREAMON sit in an unmarked car, with FREAMON
holding the DMV photo of Shardene.

FREAMON

You saw her in the apartment?

GREGGS

Couldn't miss her. She looks like
her license photo.

FREAMON

So she's fucking our man Dee.

GREGGS

It would seem.

FREAMON

Interesting.

As a couple DANCERS -- not yet Shardene -- arrive for work,
dressed in street clothes,

CUT TO:

42 EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE CORNER/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

42

TOUTS and RUNNERS slinging drugs. Suddenly, the LOOKOUTS
raise up with shouts of "Omar." The drug world scatters,
with FIENDS and DEALERS racing in different directions.
OMAR walks across courtyard in his duster, shotgun at the
ready. It is empty, save for the last couple DEALERS who
run inside a rowhouse, SLAM and bolt the door. Alone in the
empty court, OMAR marks this and walks directly to that unit,
shouts through the locked door.

OMAR

Hey, yo. Y'all need to open this
here door before I huff and I puff.

(CONTINUED)

42 (CONTINUED)

42

No answer.

OMAR (cont.)
C'mon, now. By the hair of your chinny-
chin-chins...

DEALER (O.S.)
Omar, you best roll out. We up in
here with a Mac-ten.

OMAR laugh to himself.

OMAR
I think not, Terrell. I think not.

OMAR waits another long moment, sighs.

OMAR (cont.)
Motherfuckers, y'all need to think
this shit through an' stop wasting my
time. 'Cause Omar can come back
tomorrow. An' the next day. An' the
next after. An' I will put a bullet
in all y'all behind what happens here
right now.

From a second-floor window, a black Hefty bag with three G-
packs of yellowtop vials are tossed wordlessly down to the
sidewalk. OMAR checks the bag, determining its contents.

OMAR (cont.)
Fair enough.

On OMAR, leaving with his haul,

CUT TO:

43 EXT. ORLANDO'S STRIP CLUB - DAY

43

SHARDENE gets out of a cab in street clothes, makes her way
down the block toward the club. FREAMON and GREGGS get out
of their car, intercept her.

GREGGS
Shardene Ennis.

SHARDENE looks at them curiously.

FREAMON
Miss, we need to talk.

SHARDENE
About what?

GREGGS
It's a downtown talk.

SHARDENE hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

43 (CONTINUED)

43

FREAMON

We could badge you, and cuff you and put you in the back of a cage car. But that might raise a fuss out here in front of the club. And we don't really want to cause you trouble.

GREGGS

So instead, why don't we walk back to our car and you walk down to the corner and around the block. And we'll meet over by the bank machine.

FREAMON nods encouragement. He and GREGGS walk back to their car. On SHARDENE, intimidated, walking past the club and into the arms of the police,

CUT TO:

44 EXT. SCHOOL ROOF/LOW-RISE PROJECTS - DAY

44

HERC and CARVER on surveillance. CARVER watches the low-rise courtyard; it's dead empty. HERC kicks pebbles around.

HERC

How you figure these little pebbles get up on the roof?

CARVER

Where's everybody at?

HERC

Maybe this whole thing is over and no one bothered to tell us. Maybe we won.

CARVER

Something ain't right. C'mon, let's take a ride.

As HERC and CARVER leave the roof,

CUT TO:

45 INT. DETAIL OFFICES/BASEMENT/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

45

SHARDENE sits with FREAMON at Freamon's desk. FREAMON is filling out the face sheet of a witness statement form.

SHARDENE

I like these.

SHARDENE is looking at FREAMON's dollhouse miniatures.

FREAMON

Hmm?

(CONTINUED)

45 (CONTINUED)

45

SHARDENE

The toy furniture. It's great.

FREAMON

Doll house miniatures. A hobby.

SHARDENE

My sister had a dollhouse when we
were young. Nothing as nice as those
things though.

(reaching for one)

Can I?

FREAMON

Sure.

SHARDENE picks it up, examines it.

FREAMON (cont.)

That's a redwood dressing table. Art
Deco, mid-twenties.

SHARDENE

Do you have a house for 'em?

FREAMON

No. I make them and sell them.

SHARDENE

You sell them?

FREAMON

Hmm.

SHARDENE

That seems kinda sad. You should
have a house for them.

FREAMON smiles, a bit sadly in fact. GREGGS walks up.

GREGGS

We can use the lieutenant's office.

FREAMON looks to SHARDENE.

FREAMON

After you.

SHARDENE smiles at the courtly gesture. As THEY head toward
Daniels' office,

CUT TO:

46 EXT. REAR ALLEY/ARGYLE AVENUE - DAY

46

MCNULTY stands with two UNIFORMED OFFICERS, his unmarked car
behind their radio unit. MCNULTY gestures to the rear of
WALLACE's not-so-vacant house.

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED)

46

MCNULTY

That one with the orange electrical court coming in the back window. They're pirating electricity from the other side of the alley. I noticed it when they dropped that body here last month.

UNIFORM #1

What? Now I'm policing for B.G. & E.?

MCNULTY pulls out B of I photograph of Wallace.

MCNULTY

They're not in there now. I just tried it up, but all their clothes and bedrolls are still there. When this kid here posts, I want you to give me a yell.

UNIFORM #2

What'd he do?

MCNULTY

He stumbled into my world.

UNIFORM #1

Let me understand something, McNulty. You are asking us to park our asses outside this shithole and wait for some little project yo to raise up. This is how you see us spending our shift.

MCNULTY

Mrs. McNulty raised no fools.

MCNULTY goes to the trunk of his car, produces a case of Heineken, atop which sits a brown paper grocery bag.

MCNULTY (cont.)

Four crabcakes from Faidley's in the bag, twenty-four beers from Germany in the box.

UNIFORMS share a look. UNIFORM #2 peers into the bag.

UNIFORM #2

Faidley's?

MCNULTY

And another two cases of Heine, plus an Attman's cheesecake on delivery of the kid.

UNIFORM #1

Attman's, he says.

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED) (2)

46

MCNULTY

The Patrolman's Creed: A good police
is never cold, hungry, tired or wet.

UNIFORM #1

You're alright, McNulty. I don't
care what all them other fucks downtown
say about you.

On MCNULTY, walking back to his car, having purchased his
very own surveillance team from the Western District,

CUT TO:

47 EXT. PORCHED ROWHOUSE/NORTHEAST BALTIMORE - DAY

47

BUBBLES rings the BELL, waits. A woman, black, forties --
call her RAE -- answers, looks at BUBBLES for a long beat.

BUBBLES

Hey.

RAE

No.

BUBBLES

I ain't askin' for nothing.

RAE stares at him, hard. A young GIRL, ten, comes to door.

BUBBLES (cont.)

Whoa, Tosha. You got too pretty.

The GIRL smiles.

RAE

Go inside, Tosh.

The GIRL looks at BUBBLES, disappears.

BUBBLES

Gonna try for clean.

RAE stares at him impassively.

BUBBLES (cont.)

Again.

RAE snorts derisively.

BUBBLES (cont.)

I just thought maybe, since I ain't
got no place, that maybe...

RAE looks away.

(CONTINUED)

47 (CONTINUED)

47

BUBBLES (cont.)
But that ain't right, I know. Sorry.
I'm sorry.

BUBBLES steps down off the porch.

RAE
Wait.

RAE disappears into house, leaving BUBBLES to contemplate the clean, semi-suburban string of porches, KIDS playing, lawns, etc. RAE returns, comes out on porch, hands him a key.

RAE (cont.)
Back door only. There's an old mattress in the basement and I'll throw down some blankets.

BUBBLES looks at the key.

RAE (cont.)
You try to come up the stairs, I'ma call the police on you. I swear I will.

RAE walks back into the house. On BUBBLES, holding the key and the thinnest of plans,

CUT TO:

48 EXT. STREETS/PROJECTS/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

48

HERC and CARVER ride in unmarked car, search for signs of project life. Nothing. The world is dead.

CARVER
West fucking Baltimore is on vacation.

HERC
No crews slinging in the low-rises, the towers. When was the last time you couldn't buy drugs in the stairwell of two-two-one.

CARVER
You know what this is? A secret government project. C.I.A.-sanctioned.

HERC looks at him curiously.

CARVER (cont.)
The yo bomb.

HERC laughs.

(CONTINUED)

48 (CONTINUED)

48

CARVER (cont.)

You detonate it over any urban area and every single corner shitbird is instantly de-atomized. Slingers, fiends, whores, thugs -- all of them reduced to small stains on the pavement. Meanwhile, taxpayers walk around downtown, unaffected.

HERC

The yo bomb! I love it.

CARVER

We put that shit on a Ninety-five-form and send it upstairs, I guarantee you we get some kinda government grant.

HERC, smiling, nods agreement, then nearly goes through the dashboard as CARVER SLAMS on the brakes. Recovering, HERC looks over to see the entire PROJECT WORLD crowded around an outdoor basketball court, watching a game between two evenly matched street squads of BALLPLAYERS. There are HUNDREDS around courtside, CHEERING, HOOTING, STOMPING their feet.

HERC

What the fuck?

CARVER curbs the car.

49 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

49

CARVER and HERC get out of the car, move toward the edge of the CROWD, which tolerates them with indifference, or perhaps, veiled hostility. They arrive in time to watch ELIJAH ROE, Barksdale's ringer, move through the lane to tip in a stray rebound. From their POV, we SEE two TEAMS -- "Best of the West" and "Eastside Hustlers" wearing handprinted jerseys, running a full-court game replete with two REFEREES, a TIMER and SCORER. BARKSDALE and BELL are courtside with the West BENCHPLAYERS, BARKSDALE coaching. The Eastside bench has PROPOSITION JOE REYNOLDS, a competing drug lord, as their coach and his LIEUTENANT as an assistant. CARVER turns to a BYSTANDER adjacent.

CARVER

Who's playing who?

BYSTANDER

West against East.

CARVER

Baltimore?

BYSTANDER

The projects, man. This for braggin' rights in the 'jects.

(CONTINUED)

49 (CONTINUED)

49

CARVER

Huh.

(beat; to HERC)

You know the projects had a ball team?

HERC shrugs. On CARVER, unnerved by the idea of it,

CUT TO:

50 INT. DANIEL'S OFFICE/DETAIL OFFICES/COURTHOUSE - DAY
GREGGS and FREAMON talk with SHARDENE. GREGGS leads.

50

GREGGS

So how long you been working Orlando's.

SHARDENE

Four, five months.

GREGGS

You like it?

SHARDENE

Pays the rent.

GREGGS

You see a lot there, I imagine.

SHARDENE

What do you mean?

GREGGS looks at FREAMON.

FREAMON

Lot of players in that place. Lot of
game getting played.

SHARDENE

I just work for tips, you know.

GREGGS

For tips.

SHARDENE

Drinks. Tips. I'm just a B-girl. I
don't mess with nothing beyond that.
Some of the girls, you know, they're
into drugs and what not. And some of
'em will turn tricks in the rooms
upstairs, but I mostly stay at the
bar.

FREAMON and GREGGS share another look.

GREGGS

You datin' anyone?

(CONTINUED)

50 (CONTINUED)

50

SHARDENE

(pause)

No one in particular.

FREAMON

You know, Miss Ennis, it's a rare thing when we ask someone to come downtown with us, when we don't have them on a charge and when we don't tell them what we're gonna talk about -- and they do it without complaining. That doesn't happen much.

GREGGS

Rarely, if ever.

SHARDENE

I figure you got your reasons.

GREGGS

The crew that runs Orlando's. They've dropped about a dozen bodies in the last year. And they're running the drugs in every housing project west of the Martin Luther King.

SHARDENE

I don't know nothing about that. I just work for tips.

GREGGS and FREAMON share a look.

GREGGS

You know a girl named Keisha Little?

For the first time, SHARDENE is unnerved.

SHARDENE

She dances with me.

FREAMON

How's she doing?

SHARDENE

Alright, I guess.

FREAMON gestures to GREGGS. They get up.

FREAMON

Excuse us.

FREAMON, GREGGS exit.

51 INT. DETAIL OFFICES/BASEMENT/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

51

FREAMON and GREGGS confer.

(CONTINUED)

51 (CONTINUED)

51

GREGGS

What do you think?

FREAMON

She's a sweetheart. Push her hard, I think she'll tumble. You want to show her the pictures?

GREGGS

I want to do better than that.

FREAMON smiles. On FREAMON, pleased with GREGGS' instincts,

CUT TO:

52 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

52

CARVER and HERC have settled in to watch a great ballgame. The WESTSIDERS lead by four, but the EASTSIDE TEAM has a RINGER, who, though double-teamed, finds the baseline and a turnaround layup. PULL BACK to REVEAL BARKSDALE consulting with BELL.

BARKSDALE

Who he?

BELL

Marcus Rivera. Came out of Lake Clifton. I think he played in Italy a couple years.

BARKSDALE

Fuck.

BARKSDALE looks across the court at PROPOSITION JOE, shouts.

BARKSDALE (cont.)

Yo.

PROPOSITION JOE smiles.

BARKSDALE (cont.)

Y'all went to Europe for a ringer?

PROPOSITION JOE

Naw. He home now.

(off ELIJAH ROE)

But I see you been pullin' boys out the junior colleges. An' he Eastside to boot. Went to Dunbar.

BARKSDALE has to laugh.

BARKSDALE

Hey, Joe. What up with the suit?
You goin' for that Pat Riley feel?

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED)

52

PROPOSITION JOE

Look the part, be the part,
motherfucker.

BARKSDALE smiles, turns to BELL.

BARKSDALE

Nigger walkin' around with a blank
clipboard pretendin' he got a playbook.
Buncha run-and-gun bitches is all.

BELL laughs. ROE comes back with a twenty-foot jumper. All
net. PICK UP CARVER and HERC in the CROWD, enjoying a great
street game. An EASTSIDER puts an unbelievable crossover
move on his DEFENDER, goes in for an uncontested dunk.

HERC

Aw shit. That was nice.

CARVER

That boy was talkin' to God.

BODIE sidles up to them with POOT behind him.

BODIE

Ain't y'all on the clock?

HERC

Ain't you?

POOT

We on break.

CARVER

Then we on break, too.

(off game)

What's with this game?

BODIE

Do it every year. Westside niggers
run against Eastside. Loser got to
pay for a big-ass picnic up in Droodle
Park next weekend.

HERC

Who's favored?

POOT

Eastside won the last two years.

CARVER

Mah boys.

BODIE

Oh, right. You a Flag House nigger.
Humble beginnings an' all that shit.

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) (2)

52

CARVER
Proud of it, motherfucker.

BODIE
Show it then. Un-ass some money and
lay it with your peoples. Gimme a
chance to get back some of what you
took with that pool stick.

CARVER
A-ight. I go fifty.

HERC reaches into his pocket.

HERC
An' fifty more.

Big play on court and the CROWD WAILS. As our FOURSOME settle
in,

CUT TO:

53 INT. AUTOPSY ROOM/MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY

53

CU on SHARDENE's face staring down, as curious as she is
horrified. She has not seen a dead person before, and while
frightening in some respects, this BODY has no overt trauma
to it. Still, SHARDENE struggles to hold herself together.

FRAZIER (O.S.)
Found nude Monday morning in a dumpster
off Reisterstown Road, above Northern.
Toxicology is positive for heroin,
and cocaine.

PULL BACK to REVEAL DOC FRAZIER, GREGGS and FREAMON standing
with SHARDENE over the BODY of Keisha Little.

SHARDENE
In a dumpster.

FREAMON
Rolled up in a rug.

GREGGS
She overdosed and whoever was with
her didn't do shit but roll her up
and throw her away.

FREAMON
'Cause that's how they do.

FRAZIER
Positive for semen in vaginal, oral
and anal cavities. Three different
blood types, all secreters.

(CONTINUED)

53 (CONTINUED)

53

GREGGS

They fucked her and threw her away.

SHARDENE thinks on D'ANGELO's lie. She hardens.

FREAMON

And the reason we even knew who she was, or what she might mean to someone like you is that we've been on the people that run Orlando's for a while now.

GREGGS

We got ways of knowing what they're saying, what they're thinking.

FREAMON

You know what they said about this?

GREGGS

That the stupid bitch didn't know how good the snort at Little Man's party was. That it was her own fault. That's how they do. They use people, and when they throw them away, they find a way to say it ain't on them.

SHARDENE

Lying motherfucker.

FREAMON looks at GREGGS.

SHARDENE (cont.)

He say they took her to a hospital.

SHARDENE looks at them bitterly. On the DETECTIVES, having turned D'Angelo's girl,

CUT TO:

54 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

54

POOT and BODIE, HERC and CARVER watch. ROE hits a three-point jumper and the CROWD WHOOPS. BARKSDALE dances with delight.

POOT

Check out Avon. He freakin'.

BODIE nods, laughs. HERC picks up on it, turns to CARVER, whispers.

HERC

Yo, I think Avon Barksdale's here.

CARVER

Where?

(CONTINUED)

54 (CONTINUED)

54

HERC
Like I know what he looks like? He's
probably a black guy, rooting for the
westside.

CARVER's attention goes back to the game. As we PAN to show
D'ANGELO moving down the bench to point out HERC and CARVER's
presence to his UNCLE. As HERC scans the CROWD again,
saunters away, pulls out his cell,

CUT TO:

55 INT. DETAIL OFFICES/BASEMENT/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY 55
Phone RINGS and MCNULTY picks up. SYDNOR, SANTANGELO and
PREZ are also present.

MCNULTY
Yeah.
(pause)
We might have a visual on Avon.
Street ball game up at Cloverdale.
(pause)
Where's Gregg's? Freamon?

SYDNOR
Pressin' the stripper they picked up.

MCNULTY
C'mon. All of you.

PREZ
I'm in-office.

MCNULTY
Not today.

PREZ is shocked. As THEY saddle up,

CUT TO:

56 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY 56
Half-time. The TEAMS water up. BARKSDALE meets with
PROPOSITION JOE back at halfcourt.

PROPOSITION JOE
Got yourself a fine ringer.

BARKSDALE
Not your year, I guess.

PROPOSITION JOE
Look that way, but you never know.

BARKSDALE
Sheeet, we twelve up.

(CONTINUED)

56 (CONTINUED)

56

PROPOSITION JOE
You is. But hey, I got a proposition
for you.
(Cheshire grin)
Double down? Give this here wager a
clean six-figures.

BARKSDALE is taken back. Then smiles.

BARKSDALE
Your money.

PROPOSITION JOE turns, nods to his bench. A short, stubby
kid -- next year's Spud Webb, call him SHORTY -- pulls off
his sweats, starts warming up. BARKSDALE looks at PROPOSITION
JOE. As PROPOSITION JOE shrugs,

CUT TO:

57 INT. MCNULTY'S UNMARKED CAR/BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

57

Car pulls up to curb across from the basketball court.
MCNULTY, behind the wheel, looks at a copy of the photo of
Golden Gloves Barksdale.

MCNULTY
(into radio)
Anyone got him?

58 INT. SANTANGELO'S UNMARKED CAR/BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

58

SANTANGELO behind the wheel. PREZ, in the passenger seat,
also with a copy of the Golden Gloves photo, scans the CROWD.

59 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

59

SYDNOR wades into the CROWD, catches the eye of HERC who is
back seated with CARVER, BODIE, POOT. HERC shrugs. SYDNOR
looks around, sees WEE-BEY, BELL, D'ANGELO, OTHERS. His
eyes settle on BARKSDALE. SYDNOR looks at him for a moment
more, then fades into CROWD.

60 INT. SYDNOR'S UNMARKED CAR/BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

60

SYDNOR gets in, checks Golden Gloves photo, keys radio.

SYDNOR
Got him marked. On the sideline,
red shirt, white visor. I think
he's coaching or some shit.

61 INT. MCNULTY'S UNMARKED CAR/BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

61

MCNULTY tries to see, but he's too far away.

SYDNOR (O.S)
Lot of familiar faces out here.

(CONTINUED)

61 (CONTINUED)

61

MCNULTY
Good time to check pager numbers.
Who's got a cellphone?

62 INT. SANTANGELO'S UNMARKED CAR/BASKETBALL COURT - DAY 62
PREZ grabs cellphone, pulls out a list, begins to dial.

63 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY 63
BARKSDALE and BELL watch as SHORTY slices through their
defense with style, jukes a less-fresh ROE for an easy two.

BELL
Who the fucking midget?

BARKSDALE looks down the sideline at PROPOSITION JOE.

BARKSDALE
(under his breath)
Thieving mutherfuck.

Bell's pager goes OFF. He checks the number. Just garbled
nonsense. HE pays no mind.

64 INT. MCNULTY'S UNMARKED CAR/BASKETBALL COURT - DAY 64
MCNULTY listens on the radio.

SYDNOR (O.S.)
Just as expected. Mr. Stringer Bell.

MCNULTY smiles.

65 INT. SANTANGELO'S UNMARKED CAR/BASKETBALL COURT - DAY 65
PREZ makes a note on list, dials another number.

66 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY 66
In the CROWD, SAVINO checks his pager.

67 INT. SANTANGELO'S UNMARKED CAR/BASKETBALL COURT - DAY 67
PREZ waits until SYDNOR confirms.

SYDNOR (O.S.)
Another hit. Savino.

68 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY 68
SYDNOR watches, smiles as WEE-BEY checks his pager. LITTLE
MAN, too. But not AVON BARKSDALE. Although the pager is
evident on his waist, it does not sound. Clearly, the police
do not yet have that number. The game races to a conclusion.
Westside down by two, work the ball to ROE. ROE drives,
gets mugged by three Eastside PLAYERS, falls to the asphalt.

(CONTINUED)

68 (CONTINUED)

68

Ball is swatted to SHORTY, who takes it to the other end.
Reverse-jam. Westside loses by four. CROWD goes nuts.
BARKSDALE storms the court, bee-lines at REF.

BARKSDALE
Yo, ref, what the fuck?

REF backs up.

BARKSDALE (cont.)
Boy was fouled. Straight up, ain't
no ticky-tac. How you not call that?

The REF is soft-spoken.

REF
It was all ball.

BARKSDALE
Boy's head part of the ball?

REF is silent, looks around to see some of Barksdale's CREW.
BARKSDALE steps forward. REF cowers.

REF
Awright.

BARKSDALE
Awright, what?

REF
You want, we'll put time back on the
clock. Replay it.

BARKSDALE notices PROPOSITION JOE in earshot.

BARKSDALE
Say what?

REF
We'll replay it if you want.

BARKSDALE
Do-over? You talkin' do-over? That
ain't the way the game played. Ain't
no do-overs.

(to PROPOSITION JOE)
You believe this shit?

PROPOSITION JOE
What you expect? Punkin' the man out
like that.

REF
I don't want no trouble.

BARKSDALE
Trouble?

(CONTINUED)

68 (CONTINUED) (2)

68

PROPOSITION JOE

There ain't gonna be no trouble over ball.

BARKSDALE

Damn, you the ref. Stand up for yourself. You know what the fuck you doin'. Can't be backing down everytime a nigga's in your face. How you gonna carry life that way, man?

REF

Yeah, sorry, you right.

BARKSDALE, done with the lesson, turns away.

BARKSDALE

Ignorant motherfucker.

The REF slips away. BARKSDALE turns to PROPOSITION JOE.

BARKSDALE (cont.)

Where'd you find shorty?

PROPOSITION JOE

I be full of surprises, yo. We cool?

BARKSDALE

Yeah, we cool. Tell your side of town the picnic be Saturday at noon by the lake.

(pause)

'Course I see you over westside without a ball in your hand, I'ma still have to light yo' ass up.

PROPOSITION JOE

I feel ya.

PROPOSITION JOE walks off. BELL walks up.

BARKSDALE

Man, let's get the fuck gone.

On BARKSDALE and BELL, rolling out,

CUT TO:

69 INT. MCNULTY'S UNMARKED CAR/BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

69

MCNULTY watches as the game disperses. He spots BARKSDALE, BELL and SAVINO walking to, and getting into, an SUV, SAVINO driving. He keys the radio.

MCNULTY

We're on.

(CONTINUED)

70 (CONTINUED)

70

On SHARDENE, assessing FREAMON,

CUT TO:

71 EXT. VARIOUS STREETS/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

71

A three-car attempt to follow BARKSDALE's SUV, with each of the unmarked cars taking the lead follow, or attempting to follow-in-front, then giving way to another car. BARKSDALE seems oblivious, and yet MCNULTY soon realizes that he's doing counter-surveillance techniques: Stopping and waiting at one intersection, then turning around a block to catch any follows. Once, when a helicopter flies over on an unrelated mission, BARKSDALE is seen in the front of the SUV, scanning the skies. MCNULTY is close enough to see him hold out a small mirror to mark the copter and assure himself that it is not on them.

72 INT. MCNULTY'S UNMARKED CAR/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

72

MCNULTY

Jesus. Do you believe these guys?

73 INT. SYDNOR'S UNMARKED CAR/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

73

SYDNOR

They're good. Really good.

74 EXT. VARIOUS STREETS/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

74

The follow attempt continues, block after block, turn after turn, until SAVINO intentionally runs a red light and SANTANGELO and PREZ make the mistake of running it as well. BARKSDALE, looking back, makes them.

75 INT. SANTANGELO'S UNMARKED CAR/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

75

SANTANGELO turns off as quickly as he can, keys radio.

SANTANGELO

Think he marked us.

MCNULTY (O.S.)

Fall off him.

SANTANGELO

We did. He just turned on Towanda, westbound.

MCNULTY (O.S.)

Got him.

As SANTANGELO looks at PREZ, shrugs his frustration,

CUT TO:

76

INT. MCNULTY'S UNMARKED CAR/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

76

MCNULTY guns the motor around a couple corners, heads down Towanda, arriving at a dead end by the park. BARKSDALE, BELL and SAVINO are sitting, placidly, waiting for him. He arrives to see their SUV facing him, idling. MCNULTY slows and the SUV rolls past him. As it does, MCNULTY and BARKSDALE share a SLOW-MOTION look, with BARKSDALE giving a slight, modest nod. MCNULTY turns to watch the SUV roll back up the street, keys radio.

MCNULTY

He's made us. Break it off.

MCNULTY gets out of his car, stands in the street watching as the SUV's brakelights flash and the truck stops, signals and turns out of sight. MCNULTY keys radio.

MCNULTY (cont.)

You know the old stationhouse proverb?
Stupid criminals make for stupid cops?

(pause)

I'm proud to be chasing this guy.

On MCNULTY, alone in the street,

CUT TO:

77

INT. DETAIL OFFICES/BASEMENT/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

77

SHARDENE is trying to match B of I photos to players she has met in the club. FREAMON takes notes.

SHARDENE

I can't really say, you know? They
all look familiar, but I have these
glasses that I don't like wearing.
So mostly, the men are a blur.

GREGGS walks up.

GREGGS

I checked with the lieutenant. We
got no money for motel rooms, so if
we're gonna do something, it's out-of-
pocket for us.

SHARDENE

Y'all ain't gotta do that.

GREGGS

You okay going back to D'Angelo
tonight?

SHARDENE

Naw. But I figure somethin' out.

FREAMON raises an eyebrow at GREGGS.

(CONTINUED)

77 (CONTINUED)

77

GREGGS

You could stay with me. I got a roommate, but we got a sofa. Right downtown on Calvert Street.

SHARDENE

He be okay with it?

GREGGS

She will, yeah.

SHARDENE

But I gotta go past an' get my clothes is all.

GREGGS

You okay with that? 'Cause I can't really walk in there with you.

SHARDENE

Dee ain't the kind to be beatin' on a woman. That ain't him. Gimme your number and call me a cab, I'm good.

FREAMON nods to GREGGS, gathers up the photos. SHARDENE gets up, walks off with GREGGS. FREAMON watches them exit, then gets up, grabbing a tall stack of paperwork off his desk and heads toward Daniels' office.

78 INT. DANIELS' OFFICE/DETAIL OFFICES/COURTHOUSE - DAY

78

FREAMON KNOCKS, enters. DANIELS looks up.

FREAMON

No money to house a cooperating witness, huh?

DANIELS

No. No point even asking.

FREAMON

Someday, I'm gonna grow up, work for a real police department.

DANIELS doesn't even smile. FREAMON drops paperwork on desk.

FREAMON (cont.)

The money trail. I've got Prez and Sydnor running around the city, gathering string.

DANIELS opens the top file tentatively.

FREAMON (cont.)

At least four front companies so far, buying up all kinds of shit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78 (CONTINUED)

78

FREAMON (cont.)

The club, an apartment building, the funeral home. And a whole lot of real estate on the westside of downtown. Howard Street corridor. Storefronts, a couple old warehouses.

DANIELS

Barksdale's name on it?

FREAMON

Fronts, mostly. Relatives, some. Point is, he's had the projects more than a year and it's a money factory. We popped Wee-Bey coming out of the projects the other day with one morning's take. Twenty-two thousand, and the boys talking on the wire were saying that it wasn't too bad a loss.

DANIELS starts.

DANIELS

Twenty-two.

FREAMON

And that's just one morning from the towers and the Pit. Add the Avenue corners and you're probably up near thirty. Add another run for the evening take and you're up at sixty thousand a day.

DANIELS

A day.

FREAMON

That's twenty, twenty-five million a year, conservatively. Pull twenty percent out for operating expenses and spillage and this motherfucker is clearing a minimum of a million dollars a month.

DANIELS

Where's it all go?

FREAMON

That's the thing. He shows no flash at all -- Barksdale. No house, no cars in his name, no clothes, no jewelry. Just the front companies and the properties.

DANIELS takes this in.

FREAMON (cont.)

And the political contributions.

(CONTINUED)

78 (CONTINUED) (2)

78

DANIELS stares at him.

FREAMON (cont.)
Seventy-five thousand in the last
six-months alone, all from front
companies or their listed officers.
And that's just from a quick look
through the campaign finance reports.

DANIELS does not want to hear this.

FREAMON (cont.)
And of course I'm just totaling up
the legal contributions. You've
also got the likes of Damien Price,
aide to a state senator, driving
twenty-thousand in cash out of the
projects whenever it suits him.

DANIELS looks at FREAMON, hard.

FREAMON (cont.)
The money is real, Lieutenant. It's
everywhere. And more than the drugs,
it's what matters.

On DANIELS, his mind elsewhere,

CUT TO:

79 INT. WIRETAP ROOM/DETAIL OFFICES/COURTHOUSE - DAY

79

DANIELS escorts HERC, CARVER into the room.

DANIELS
Sit.

CARVER looks at HERC. The BOSS is angry. DANIELS closes
door. They sit. DANIELS punches the tape machine and plays
the recording in which Wee-Bey got hit for "22".

DANIELS (cont.)
You didn't think anyone was gonna
notice?

CARVER
Sir?

DANIELS drops evidence photos of the submitted money in their
laps. The bundles labeled "T1", "T4" and are not there.

DANIELS
I got towers two, three and five and
six and another one labeled "P" for
the Pit. Where's one and four?

The BOYS have no answer. They are dumbstruck.

(CONTINUED)

79 (CONTINUED)

79

DANIELS (cont.)

It's on the wire that we took them
for twenty-two. You shitheads turned
in fifteen, eight. Where's the rest?

HERC

Lieutenant, we ain't got...

DANIELS

You have 'til roll call tomorrow to
crawl back to whatever rock you hid
it under. It comes back and it goes
to E.C.U. This doesn't happen. Not
with me. Not with my unit.

DANIELS, livid, storms out, SLAMMING the door. CARVER looks
at HERC accusingly.

HERC

I wouldn't steal and not tell you
about it.

On CARVER, dubious,

CUT TO:

80 EXT. USED APPLIANCE STORE/EAST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

80

Establishing. OMAR, carrying a satchel, enters.

81 INT. BACK OFFICE/USED APPLIANCE STORE - NIGHT

81

PROPOSITION JOE sits with one of his LIEUTENANTS and another
BODYGUARD, watching as OMAR opens the satchel and drops four
thousand yellow-top vials, ready for sale, on the desk.

PROPOSITION JOE

That's some of Avon's shit. You got
Avon Barksdale chasin' you all around
town, an' you still find time to
take his shit.

PROPOSITION JOE laughs.

OMAR

Your shit now.

PROPOSITION JOE

What I want with that?

OMAR

What anyone want with it?

PROPOSITION JOE

How much you askin'?

OMAR

We free.

(CONTINUED)

81 (CONTINUED)

81

PROPOSITION JOE

Free?

OMAR

I got a proposition here.

PROPOSITION JOE smiles at the word.

OMAR (cont.)

Proposition is, I give you these two
four G-packs and you give me some
better idea how to reach Avon.

PROPOSITION JOE

How to reach him?

OMAR

Y'all just had your game, right? How
you get hold of him to parley?

PROPOSITION JOE

We talk now and then. I page his
ass.

OMAR

Okay.

PROPOSITION JOE

That all you need? A number?

OMAR

I make do with it. As long as you
gimme a code for one of his peoples.

PROPOSITION JOE

I know Wee-Bey use, what, oh-seven?

PROPOSITION JOE looks to his LIEUTENANT, who nods.

OMAR

Oh-seven.

PROPOSITION JOE

What makes you think I ain't gonna
just take this shit off your hands
and throw your ass up outta here?

OMAR

Avon falls, the projects be an open
market again, right?

PROPOSITION JOE smiles, looks to LIEUTENANT, who nods.

PROPOSITION JOE

Lemme understand. Avon loses a hundert
large to me on a bet, then you bring
me some of his shit so that I can
put your predatory self on his ass.

(CONTINUED)

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81 (CONTINUED) (2)

81

OMAR nods.

PROPOSITION JOE (cont.)
Not his day, is it?

On OMAR, unamused, waiting for the number,

CUT TO:

82 INT. DETAIL OFFICES/BASEMENT/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

82

HERC and CARVER ransack the desk where they were counting the money. They check everywhere. Nothing.

CARVER
(imitates HERC)
How much would Wee-Bey tip?

HERC
Fuck you. I didn't do it.

On HERC, dumping the trash in a panic,

CUT TO:

83 INT. D'ANGELO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

83

SHARDENE packs a single suitcase with her stuff. When that's full, she throws the rest in a black Hefty bag.

D'ANGELO
Why you doin' this?

SHARDENE doesn't answer.

D'ANGELO (cont.)
I ain't fucked no one else.

SHARDENE drags her shit to the door.

D'ANGELO (cont.)
I mean, fuck it, you wanna go, you go. But you could at least have a got-damn reason...

SHARDENE opens the door, looks at D'ANGELO.

SHARDENE
What do I look like to you?

D'ANGELO
What you mean?

SHARDENE
What do I look like?

D'ANGELO
A girl. A woman. You fine.

(CONTINUED)

83 (CONTINUED)

83

SHARDENE

I don't look like trash...

D'ANGELO misunderstands.

D'ANGELO

Naw, it ain't about what you do...

SHARDENE

I don't look like something you could
roll up in a rug, throw in the trash?

D'ANGELO is stunned. SHARDENE picks up her things, exits.
On D'ANGELO, amazed and frightened in the same instant,

CUT TO:

84 INT. BASEMENT/PORCHED ROWHOUSE - NIGHT

84

BUBBLES sits, waiting to get sick, on a bare mattress with
two old blankets and a worn pillow. Around him is the
useless, unpawnable discardings of a working-class homeowner:
manual mower, plant pots, a broken dresser. On BUBBLES,
staring out the back basement door at the night sky,

CUT TO:

85 INT. GARAGE/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

85

CARVER and HERC rampage through the car they used for the
jackup, ever more desperate. CARVER goes to the trunk, pops
it, roots around amid police equipment, the jack, some paper
trash. Suddenly, he pulls up one, then another bundle from
the wheel well, replete with the missing tower labels.

CARVER

Herc.

HERC comes out from the backseat. Sees CARVER slumped at
the back of the car, sitting on the pavement, the money in
his lap. He is relieved enough to be near tears.

HERC

Where was it?

CARVER

Wheel well. Near the tirejack. You
remember when the bag broke?

HERC sits beside him, wounded.

HERC

Think Daniels will believe it?

CARVER

Would you?

A long beat while they regroup.

(CONTINUED)

85 (CONTINUED)

85

HERC
You didn't believe me.

CARVER
I'm sorry, man. I'm sorry.

On our COMPADRES,

CUT TO:

86 EXT. DRUG CORNER/WEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

86

A few blocks away from the projects. CRIES of TOUTS selling unfamiliar product names. POOT steps out of a Korean shop carrying a wrapped sandwich and a soda. He turns toward home, spots WALLACE copping from a corner DEALER. POOT stares as WALLACE drifts away into the night. POOT walks up to the DEALER.

POOT
Yo, what you got?

DEALER
Family affair. Two-for-one.

On POOT, staring up the street at a lost WALLACE,

CUT TO:

87 INT. ORLANDO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

87

Three in the morning and the DANCERS are leaving, JANITOR sweeping the floor with the stools up on the bar. ORLANDO is counting the take. WEE-BEY and BARKSDALE are at the bar, yawning, bored.

BARKSDALE
Savino late. I wanna make the money-run, get the fuck out here.

WEE-BEY
You tired?

BARKSDALE
Tired an' hungry...

WEE-BEY
You want something from the diner?

BARKSDALE
Yeah, yeah. Cheesesteak be good.

WEE-BEY
(to ORLANDO)
O. You hungry?

ORLANDO
I could do a burger.

(CONTINUED)

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87 (CONTINUED)

87

WEE-BEY hopes off the stool, heads out on a food run.

88 EXT. ORLANDO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

88

WEE-BEY exits, holds the door for two departing DANCERS, in street clothes, walks to his SUV. He drives off. PULL BACK to REVEAL OMAR at a payphone booth, watching him go. As OMAR lights a cigarette, waits,

CUT TO:

89 INT. ORLANDO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

89

ORLANDO finishes emptying the till, hands a stack of large bills to BARKSDALE who pockets them. BARKSDALE's pager goes OFF and he checks it: CU on readout that has the number of a payphone, Wee-Bey's "07" code, and then 9-1-1.

BARKSDALE

What the fuck?

ORLANDO looks over.

BARKSDALE (cont.)

Wee-Bey throwin' me an emergency call.

BARKSDALE goes to the door, opens it, looks up and down the block. Nothing. Early morning emptiness. As BARKSDALE checks his pager again, concerned,

CUT TO:

90 EXT. ORLANDO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

90

Still at the payphone, OMAR dials again: The payphone number, then Wee-Bey's code, then 911 twice. As HE hangs up,

CUT TO:

91 INT. ORLANDO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

91

BARKSDALE's pager goes OFF again. He checks it.

ORLANDO

Bey?

BARKSDALE

Yeah. Nine-one-one.

ORLANDO nods at the bar phone.

BARKSDALE (cont.)

Naw. We got rules, right?

BARKSDALE gets up, goes to door, looks around. Nothing.

92 EXT. ORLANDO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

92

BARKSDALE walks outside, heading for the payphone on the same side of the street as the club. We SEE him pull two quarters, drop them in, start dialing. PULL BACK to REVEAL OMAR putting his hoody up, pulling his handgun and starting down the sidewalk behind BARKSDALE, keeping to the shadows. RACK FOCUS to REVEAL the payphone that Omar used, off the hook. PAN OVER to BARKSDALE who is listening to a BUSY SIGNAL.

BARKSDALE

Fuck.

BARKSDALE retrieves his quarters, drops them, dials again. In b.g., we SEE a hooded, indistinct OMAR moving toward him, handgun at his side. PICK UP ORLANDO stepping out of the club to check on BARKSDALE, who is still at the phone. ORLANDO sees nothing amiss, taking no note of the hooded PEDESTRIAN, who is holding his gun away from ORLANDO, on the street side. PICK UP OMAR, who notes ORLANDO in the club doorway, quickly assessing that he doesn't appear to be armed. Nothing in his hands, nothing in his waist. RETURN to BARKSDALE with another BUSY SIGNAL, snatching up his quarters, ready to drop them again, when suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he sees WEE-BEY pulling to the curb in the SUV. With OMAR only twenty yards behind him, BARKSDALE looks over at WEE-BEY, who pops out of the truck laughing, holding the food bag.

WEE-BEY

Cheese fries, yo. Got you some.

BARKSDALE

Why you hit me...

WEE-BEY is smiling, unaware. BARKSDALE realizes, dives for cover between parked cars as OMAR opens up. Bullets SMACK the payphone, the cars, a windshield. WEE-BEY drops the food and ducks down behind his truck. OMAR edges closer, looking for BARKSDALE between the cars as WEE-BEY comes up FIRING, surprising him. A bullet SMACKS OMAR in the shoulder.

OMAR

Dag.

ORLANDO, slack-jawed, dives back inside the club. OMAR creeps between two parked cars, tries to look underneath for BARKSDALE. Nothing. He looks over the trunk of one, sees WEE-BEY with his 9mm, waiting for another chance.

WEE-BEY

Avon. Stay down, man. You covered.

OMAR checks his wound, gives a last look for BARKSDALE. No sign.

(CONTINUED)

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92 (CONTINUED)

92

Slowly, silently, he retreats down the line of cars, slipping into darkness. On BARKSDALE, panting, eyes darting wildly as he waits in silence between riddled and shattered cars, knowing what fear feels like,

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END