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David Simon
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THE WIRE

Episode 510

"-30-"

"..the life of kings."

-- H. L. Mencken

Teleplay by
David Simon

Story by
David Simon & Ed Burns

Final Shooting Draft
August 13, 2007

8/24/07 CHERRY
8/28/07 BUFF

8/15/07 BLUE
8/15/07 PINK
8/15/07 YELLOW
8/17/07 GREEN
8/20/07 GOLDENROD
8/21/07 SALMON

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CAST
EP 510 - BUFF

DET. JAMES "JIMMY" MCNULTY Dominic West
DEP. COMM. OPS. CEDRIC DANIELS Lance Reddick
DET. SHAKIMA "KIMA" GREGGS Sonja Sohn
DET. WILLIAM "BUNK" MORELAND Wendell Pierce
DET. LESTER FREAMON Clarke Peters
SGT. ELLIS CARVER Seth Gilliam
THOMAS R. "HERC" HAUK Domenick Lombardozzi
ROLAND "PREZ" PRYZBYLEWSKI Jim True-Frost
DET. LEANDER SYDNOR Corey Parker Robinson
A.S.A. RHONDA PEARLMAN Deirdre Lovejoy

MAYOR THOMAS "TOMMY" CARCETTI Aidan Gillen
COMM. WILLIAM A. RAWLS John Doman
CITY EDITOR AUGUSTUS "GUS" HAYNES Clark Johnson
SCOTT TEMPLETON Tom McCarthy
ALMA GUTIERREZ Michelle Pares

WEE-BEY (Non-Speaking) Hassan Johnson
BUBBLES Andre Royo
MARLO STANFIELD Jamie Hector
MICHAEL LEE Tristan Wilds
CHRIS PARTLOW Gbenga Akinnagbe
MAURICE "MAURY" LEVY Michael Kostroff
DUQUAN "DUKIE" WEEMS Jermaine Crawford
SLIM CHARLES Anwan Glover
SPIROS "VONDAS" VONDOPOULOS (Non-Speaking) ... Paul Ben-Victor
THE GREEK (Non-Speaking) Bill Raymond
WALON Steve Earle
POOT (Non-Speaking) Tray Chaney

OFC. BEATRICE "BEADIE" RUSSELL Amy Ryan
SGT. JAY LANDSMAN Delaney Williams
DET. VERNON HOLLEY (Non-Speaking) Brian Anthony Wilson
DET. EDWARD NORRIS Ed Norris
OFC. MICHAEL SANTANGELO (Non Speaking) Michael Salconi
DET. MICHAEL CRUTCHFIELD (Non-Speaking) Gregory L. Williams
OFC. KENNETH DOZERMEN (Non-Speaking) Rick Otto
OFC. BOBBY BROWN (Non-Speaking) Bobby Brown
ROOKIE DETECTIVE Dennis Hill
SPECIAL AGENT TERRANCE FITZHUGH (Non-Speaking) Doug Olear *
SQUAD SUPERVISER AMANDA REESE (Non-Speaking) . Benay Berger *

DEP. COMM. ADMIN. STANISLAUS VALCHEK (N.S.) .. Al Brown
NORMAN WILSON Reg E. Cathey
CHIEF OF STAFF MICHAEL STEINTORF Neal Huff
MARLA DANIELS Maria Broom
COUNCIL PRESIDENT NERESE CAMPBELL Marlyne Afflack
STATE'S ATTORNEY RUPERT BOND Dion Graham
JUDGE DANIEL PHELAN Peter Gerety
ANDREW KRAWCZYK Michael Willis
MANAGING EDITOR THOMAS KLEBANOW David Costabile
EXECUTIVE EDITOR JAMES C. WHITING III (N.S.) . Sam Freed
STATE EDITOR TIM PHELPS Tom McCarthy
METRO EDITOR STEVEN LUXENBERG Robert Poletick

CAST
EP 510 - BUFF

REGIONAL AFFAIRS EDITOR REBECCA CORBETT Kara Quick
REWRITE MAN JAY SPRY Donald Neal
BILL ZORZI William F. Zorzi
MIKE FLETCHER Brandon Young
REWRITE MAN DAVE ETTLIN Dave Ettlin
LONDON BUREAU CHIEF ROBERT RUBY Stephen Schnetzer
CARL SCHOETTLER Carl Schoettler

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL MARCIA DONNELLY Tootsie Duvall
JENNIFER CARCETTI (Non-Speaking) Megan Anderson
JACK Connor Aikin
KARI Sophia Ayoud

FATFACE RICK Troj Marquis Strickland
PHIL BOY (Non-Speaking) Sho "Swordsman" Brown
KENARD (Non-Speaking) Thuliso Dingwall
CHEESE Method Man
MONK (Non-Speaking) Kwame Patterson
RAE Eisa Davis
SPIDER (Non-Speaking) Edward Green
VINSON Norris Davis
MR. BOBBLES (Non-Speaking) William Joseph Brookes
SHARDENE Wendy Grantham
JOHNNY FIFTY (Non-Speaking) Jeffrey Pratt Gordon

GRAND JURY PROSECUTOR Gary D'Addario
SEVENTH GRADER Henry Carter *
ARABBER Reggie A. Green
DRUNK Chris Kies
UNIFORM #1 Edward C. Lewis
UNIFORM #2 Stephen Kinigopoulos
GRIZZLED HOMELESS MAN Jeff Wincott
LIEUTENANT #1 George Smith
HOMELESS MAN #2 Ptolemy Slocum
CLINTON "SHORTY" BUISE Clinton "Shorty" Buise
MAURICE WEBBER Alan V. Poulson
HOPPER #1 Joey Odoms
SOCIAL WORKER Dionne Audain

SETS
EP 510 - BUFF

EXTERIORS

Baltimore
Downtown Baltimore
 Intersection
 Kavanaugh's Bar
 War Memorial Plaza
East Baltimore
 Vacant Lot
Ft. McHenry Tunnel Approach
 I-95
Guilford Avenue
 Near The Sun
M.C.I. Jessup
 Prison Yard
Middle River
 Russell's House
 Front Steps
Pikesville
 State Police Headquarters
 Lawn
South Baltimore
 Hanover Street Bridge Approach
 Street
Southwest Baltimore
 Union Square
The Corners and Streets
Tilghman Middle School
 Front Steps
Under the J.F.X.
 Metered Parking Area
Virginia
 Richmond
 Homeless Shelter
Waverly
 Farmer's Market
West Baltimore
 McCulloh Homes
 Lot
 Near Tilghman Middle School
 Street
 Street

INTERIORS

Baltimore
 Bar
 Hotel Meeting Room
Baltimore City Jail
 Common Area
 Consultation Room
 Visiting Room
 Visitor's Entrance Area
Baltimore Sun

Newsroom
 City Editor's Office
 Managing Editor's Office
 Metro Desk
Butchers Hill
 Freamon's Townhouse
City Hall
 Mayor's Office
 Mayoral Suite
 Corridor
Downtown Baltimore
 Corporate Office
 Board Room
 Kavanaugh's Bar
 Law Office
Edmondson Village
 Rae's Rowhouse
 Basement
Middle River
 Russell's House
 Living Room
Mitchell Courthouse
 Corridor
 Courtroom
 Grand Jury Room
 Grand Jury Suite
 Anteroom
 Judge's Chambers
 State's Attorney's Office
 Corridor
New York City
 Banquet Room
Police Headquarters
 C.I.D. Floor
 Elevator Lobby
 Commissioner's Office
 Elevator
 Homicide Unit
 Interview Room #1
 Landsman's Office
 Squad Room
 Press Briefing Room
South Baltimore
 Waterfront
 Little Johnny's Diner
West Baltimore
 Arabber's Alley
 Stables
 Street
 Vinson's Rim Shop

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*
*

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE/CITY HALL - DAY #1

1

MAYOR THOMAS "TOMMY" CARCETTI sits behind his desk, CHIEF OF STAFF MICHAEL STEINTORF and NORMAN WILSON to the side. In the chairs opposite the MAYOR are ACTING COMMISSIONER WILLIAM A. RAWLS and STATE'S ATTORNEY RUPERT BOND, and at the conference table, DEPUTY COMMISSIONER FOR OPERATIONS CEDRIC DANIELS and A.S.A. RHONDA PEARLMAN. All look queasy; the CITY HALL FOLK, stunned as a silence envelopes the room. Thirty seconds before CARCETTI tries to get words around it:

CARCETTI

But if...

He stalls. It's too incredible to verbalize. CARCETTI gets up, paces, looks from his AIDES to RAWLS, then to BOND.

CARCETTI (CONT'D)

But how...

STEINTORF

Jesus Christ.

CARCETTI looks to STEINTORF, still incredulous.

CARCETTI

This means that...

STEINTORF nods, staring at his shoes.

CARCETTI (CONT'D)

But...

CARCETTI looks to DANIELS, PEARLMAN. DANIELS can only shake his head. PEARLMAN looks at him, her career in the balance.

WILSON

So no one killed any homeless men.

DANIELS

No serial killer. Some were random killings, some were natural deaths that were likely manipulated -- but they're not linked in any way.

CARCETTI

But why?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

DANIELS

The detectives used the money to fund a case against the drug traffickers responsible for the slayings in the vacants a year ago.

RAWLS

Last week's arrests and seizures were a direct result.

CARCETTI looks to WILSON, who gives a slight smile. For WILSON, the absurdity of it shines through.

CARCETTI

So let me understand this: I've been out there for weeks, slamming the governor for his neglect of the homeless and declaring that we will stop at nothing to find the person responsible for preying on the homeless and all the while...

WILSON can't stop a laugh.

CARCETTI (CONT'D)

Norman, this is my ass here.

WILSON

True, boss. But it does have a certain charm to it, you gotta admit.

(off CARCETTI's glare)

They manufactured an issue to get paid, and we manufactured an issue to get you elected governor. Everybody gettin' what they need behind some make-believe.

DANIELS

The detectives involved will be suspended and ultimately fired, at the least. Beyond that, a criminal prosecution on fraud and perjury charges is probable.

CARCETTI

You're saying we call a press conference and say, oh by the way, all this stuff about homeless people getting killed and the governor cutting the safety net and we're doing everything in our power to catch the guy -- hey, guess what, the joke's on us?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

PEARLMAN

Not to mention that the evidence against the traffickers arrested last week is tainted. That case could collapse as well.

CARCETTI

I don't fucking believe this.

(angry, to BOND, RAWLS)

You two are on point here. If word of this gets down to Annapolis, the governor will wreck me with it. If it gets to that, you guys drop on your swords, so help me.

WILSON

How does word not get out once we suspend the detectives? Never mind sending it to a grand jury for a criminal case...

A moment of silence all around.

DANIELS

The cops that did this? They gotta go. You cannot be telling me I have to live with this...

STEINTORF turns to DANIELS, PEARLMAN at the end of the room.

STEINTORF

Deputy, counselor...

(eyes CARCETTI)

If you two will excuse us, we're going to discuss this first as a matter of public policy. Until we can reason the best way to address this, do nothing and speak to no one about any of this.

PEARLMAN, DANIELS share a look: Cover-up mode in effect.

STEINTORF (CONT'D)

If this becomes public in the wrong way, a lot of people who were legally responsible...

(eyes PEARLMAN)

...for the situation, good people who were nonetheless in a supervisory role here...

(back to DANIELS)

...are going to suffer. And that's not the outcome that anyone wants.

WILSON watches CARCETTI, who is nodding slightly in agreement.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

CARCETTI

We need to clean this up and we will.
But what Mike is saying is that we've
got to be smart about how to proceed.

DANIELS, PEARLMAN take this in, exit the room. The remaining
MEN look at each other in the resulting silence.

WILSON

Careful now. Or some cops might not
be the only motherfuckers going to
jail here.

CARCETTI

The hell else can we do, Norman?
These fucking asshole cops fabricated
a civic emergency and every last one
of us took the hook in our mouths.

WILSON shakes his head, disgusted.

WILSON

Shit, I wish I was still at a
newspaper an' could write on this
mess. It's too fuckin' good.

On the OTHERS, decidedly unamused,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

2 INT. ANTEROOM/GRAND JURY SUITE/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY 2

DET. LESTER FREAMON enters, carrying a satchel and a sheaf
of computer printouts. He looks around at empty anteroom,
sighs wearily, KNOCKS on the Grand Jury Room door. No answer.
HE enters:

3 INT. GRAND JURY ROOM/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY 3

The room is empty, save for GRAND JURY PROSECUTOR, who is
seated at the prosecutor's table, doing paperwork. He looks
up at FREAMON, smiles.

GRAND JURY PROSECUTOR

Lester. What brings you down? We
don't have anything scheduled from
you today, I don't think...

FREAMON nods, walks over, gently slides the printouts onto
the table. As PROSECUTOR begins to examine them, FREAMON
goes to the witness stand, sits, waits.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

PROSECUTOR begins to lose the color in his face.

FREAMON

Forty thousand at the Showboat on the Boardwalk. Twenty-six at the Borgata. Eighty over the last year at the Taj Mahal... and that's just the Atlantic City casinos.

GRAND JURY PROSECUTOR

I like to play, so what? What the fuck are you...

FREAMON

You lost three times your salary over the last two years. I ran you through Sentinel Title and came back with seven pages of liens and a third mortgage that you folded on two months ago. C'mon, Gary. You're done.

GRAND JURY PROSECUTOR

What do you mean?

FREAMON

We pulled sealed grand jury papers from the houses of drug dealers. We've got people naming you for it.

GRAND JURY PROSECUTOR

Who? Who do you have?

FREAMON shakes his head, grunts softly; a comfortable bluff.

FREAMON

When you're the leak, you can't expect me to tell you who it is calling you such. It's over.

PROSECUTOR stares at him. An icy moment.

FREAMON (CONT'D)

You have a problem, Gary. But you have friends in this courthouse. Lifelong friends. You cop to the problem, you give up the names of those who bought from you.

(pause)

Disbarred? Yeah, no doubt. But you play it clean from this moment forward and we both know that you probably walk.

PROSECUTOR takes this in, looks away.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

GRAND JURY PROSECUTOR
Why did you look at me?

FREAMON
I ran the finances of everyone who worked this unit for the last three years. You're the only bogie.
(nod at outer office)
If the S.A.O. wasn't as screwed up as it is, they'd've been running background checks as a routine. But I guess you knew that.

GRAND JURY PROSECUTOR
(small smile)
I always wondered if they'd ever get their shit together. But it's Baltimore, you know?

FREAMON nods. He knows.

GRAND JURY PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
So what happens now?

FREAMON opens the satchel, pulls out telephonic recording equipment.

FREAMON
Well, for starters, you're gonna make a phone call.

On FREAMON, at the edge of implicating Maurice Levy,

CUT TO:

4 EXT. WAR MEMORIAL PLAZA/DOWNTOWN BALTIMORE - DAY

4

PEARLMAN, DANIELS confer beneath the shadow of City Hall.

DANIELS
McNulty, Freamon, Sydnor -- anyone who has the smell of this on them should be gone. Before the close of business, they should be suspended and before the end of the week, indicted.

PEARLMAN
I know, but...

DANIELS
But what? We're gonna let this shit stand because it'll hurt Carcetti to air it out?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

DANIELS (CONT'D)

(nod at City Hall)

Instead of cleaning house like we need to, he's up there figuring out how to hide the dirt. I swear, I gotta mind to call the governor myself and just let it fly...

PEARLMAN

Cedric, you can't.

DANIELS

Why not? If I let this thing stand, I might as well just roll over and play dead for every police who knows about this. We cover this up and...

PEARLMAN

(emphatic)

Cedric, you can't do anything. It was your detectives. If they need someone to blame, they'll measure you for it...

DANIELS

I don't give a fuck.

PEARLMAN

...and they'll fire me.

DANIELS pauses at this.

PEARLMAN (CONT'D)

You heard Steintorf. I was in charge of this thing. I was on that wiretap.
(pause)

This is my career. This is everything.

The idea of harming PEARLMAN presses on DANIELS.

PEARLMAN (CONT'D)

You go public and it hurts Carcetti. Maybe he doesn't get to be governor. But he's still the mayor and Bond is still my boss and you know that the weight will not fall on them. It never does.

DANIELS

Christ.

PEARLMAN

Everything I've worked for, all the years I put in at that courthouse...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

PEARLMAN (CONT'D)

(pause)

Please.

On DANIELS, trapped by the only loyalty that still matters,

CUT TO:

5 EXT. INTERSECTION/DOWNTOWN BALTIMORE - DAY

5

BUBBLES sits on a stack of newspapers as traffic rushes by, reading the printout of Mike Fletcher's article. BUBBLES reads carefully, his face tight, his hands grabbing the pages, his lips moving softly over the words. PULL BACK to reveal that MIKE FLETCHER is walking in traffic, selling papers to MOTORISTS for BUBBLES. He makes a sale and collects a buck.

FLETCHER

Thank you, ma'am.

FLETCHER counts his earnings, walks back to BUBBLES as he is devouring the last page. FLETCHER drops cash, coin on papers.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

People tip pretty good, don't they?

BUBBLES

Sshhhh.

BUBBLES reads and FLETCHER watches him. When BUBBLES finishes, he gathers up the pages, hands them back to FLETCHER, looks away.

BUBBLES (CONT'D)

You gonna put all that in the paper?

FLETCHER

That's the plan.

BUBBLES

Even the parts about Sherrod?

FLETCHER

Yeah.

BUBBLES

What good is a story like that?

FLETCHER

Like what?

BUBBLES

Me, Sherrod. Gettin' high. Not gettin' high.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

BUBBLES (CONT'D)

My sister -- all that shit in there.
What good do any of that do to put
it in the newspaper?

FLETCHER

People read it, think about it.
Maybe see things different.

BUBBLES

I don't know, man.

FLETCHER

(beat)

Bubs, you don't want me to do this,
I won't do it.

Long beat as BUBBLES thinks. FLETCHER waits.

BUBBLES

I don't know.

On BUBBLES, unsold, and FLETCHER, not willing to push,

CUT TO:

6 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE/CITY HALL - DAY

6

CARCETTI, WILSON, BOND, RAWLS, STEINTORF are at the conference
table as CARCETTI reasons with BOND.

CARCETTI

Look, Rupert, you take this thing
public if you want, but your shop is
going to come out looking worse for
letting it happen in the first place.

STEINTORF

The better move is to shut it down
quietly and then deal with those
responsible through back channels.
We'll bury these guys softly, and in
a hole so deep no one will ever get
close to digging them up.

BOND

(convinced)

I can see that.

STEINTORF looks to RAWLS, who looks back, noncommittal.

STEINTORF

Commissioner, do you agree?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

RAWLS

Well, it's a little more problematic for me. The offenders are in my shop, are they not?

STEINTORF looks to CARCETTI then back to RAWLS.

STEINTORF

A word with you in private, Bill?

STEINTORF leads the way out the side door into the corridor. As they depart, BOND turns to WILSON.

BOND

If Rawls isn't in, neither am I.

WILSON

Oh, don't worry about Bill Rawls. I believe he's about to have one of those Road to Damascus moments....

BOND looks at him curiously:

7 INT. CORRIDOR/MAYORAL SUITE/CITY HALL - DAY

7

On the other side of the door to the mayor's office, STEINTORF button-holes RAWLS, who never has a chance to get a word in.

STEINTORF

I can see what you're thinking in there. I can see the gears grinding in that head of yours. You're thinking, hey, I might have some wood on Carcetti here. After all, there's no way they can pin the blame on me for this fiasco without doing their boy Daniels, too, right? You're thinking we'd have to fire Daniels to fire you and that wouldn't sit well given how much we've already sold Daniels. Isn't that what you're thinking?

RAWLS says nothing.

STEINTORF (CONT'D)

And so you're telling yourself that maybe there's a way for you to leverage this, to get yourself a full term as commissioner, to delay Daniels a few more years in exchange for you shutting the fuck up and doing what you're told.

RAWLS actually smiles. At least STEINTORF is good at this.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

STEINTORF (CONT'D)

And you know what, Bill? You're not far off. You do have a little leverage here, but just a little. And I wouldn't overplay your hand.

RAWLS

How would you play it?

STEINTORF

I'd shut the fuck up and wait your turn, and when Tommy gets to the statehouse, he brings you with him to be State Police Superintendent, because while you may be a shade too white to run the Baltimore department, you're just about right for the M.S.P.

RAWLS takes this in, smiles slightly.

RAWLS

I have your word?

STEINTORF

And I have yours.

RAWLS nods. STEINTORF opens the door and they re-enter:

8 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE/CITY HALL - DAY

8

RAWLS, STEINTORF come back into the room.

RAWLS

Back channel is the way to go.

WILSON

(to BOND)

See? The police commissioner done fell off his ass.

On CARCETTI, sharing a look with STEINTORF, trying to clamp this secret down,

CUT TO:

9 EXT. FRONT STEPS/TILGHMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

9

DUQUAN "DUKIE" WEEMS hits the intercom BUZZER, waits, as a handful of middle-school STUDENTS pass him on the steps. His clothes are dirty and worn and he looks as ragged as he did when we first met him.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Can I help you?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

DUKIE

I need to see Mr. Prezbo.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Someone will come down.

DUKIE waits, watching a BOY just a couple years younger than he is slip out of the school, then shake the front bushes for his pocket knife. The knife slips out, and the boy -- a Michael or Namond to be -- glides down the street. The door opens again and ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL MARCIA DONNELLY stares at him, walkie-talkie in hand.

DONNELLY

Are you a student here?

DUKIE

Miz Donnelly, it's me, Duquan.

DONNELLY is taken aback. She absorbs DUKIE's appearance and condition; he's made no apparent progress in life.

DONNELLY

Well, it's good to see you, Duquan, but you're not a student here and I can't let you inside.

DUKIE

I just came past to see Mister Prezbo.

DONNELLY

Well he's teaching right now.

DUKIE

I know. I can wait.

DONNELLY looks at him, senses a lost young man.

DONNELLY

You're gonna have to stay outside, but after the bell, I'll tell Mister Pryzbylewski that you're here for him, okay?

DUKIE nods. As DONNELLY closes the door,

CUT TO:

10 INT. CORRIDOR/S.A.'S OFFICE/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

10

FREAMON is waiting outside PEARLMAN's office, a door adorned with the words Violent Crimes Unit, leaning against the wall, printouts in his hand. PEARLMAN comes up the stairs, sees him. He smiles but her face falls.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

FREAMON

I'm going to surprise you with something.

PEARLMAN

You already have.

FREAMON

I got a tip from an informant about a leak out of the grand jury unit, and sad to say it checked out.

PEARLMAN

We know about the leak.

FREAMON

Do you know who it is?

PEARLMAN gives him a blank look.

FREAMON (CONT'D)

Gary DiPasquale.

(off her shock)

Decent enough guy, but he's got a bear of a gambling problem and some of the bigger drug lawyers were willing to pay for their look-sees. Troy Sanders, Marvin Bronfman, Dennis Cray, Sid Silverstein. But the pick of the litter? Maurice Levy. I kid you not.

PEARLMAN

Gary is their leak?

FREAMON

He broke right away. He was ready to give it up. He needed to.

FREAMON hands her a microcassette.

FREAMON (CONT'D)

One-party consent call that implicates Maury Levy.

PEARLMAN

Where is Gary now?

FREAMON

He went down to the second floor and handed in his letter of resignation, then he went home to wait for the sword to fall. But he seemed okay, better than you'd think.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

PEARLMAN is shocked.

FREAMON (CONT'D)

Sad business, but at least we know the truth, right? And the thing is, if we can turn Levy and some of these other drug lawyers, we can route the drug money all over town.

PEARLMAN takes the file, looks at FREAMON.

PEARLMAN

The truth, you say.

PEARLMAN looks him in the eye. FREAMON is disconcerted.

FREAMON

Is there a problem, counselor?

On PEARLMAN, glaring at FREAMON, angry at his own betrayal,

CUT TO:

11 EXT. FRONT STEPS/TILGHMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

11

After school, with some KIDS hanging about and OTHERS walking off. DUKIE sits on the steps waiting until ROLAND "PREZ" PRYZBYLEWSKI emerges, takes in the sight of his former student. DUKIE smiles and PREZ tries to return that sentiment, but DUKIE looks rough.

DUKIE

Hey.

PREZ

Duquan, hello.

PREZ moves toward him only to have a SEVENTH GRADER dart in front of him, grabbing at another STUDENT's sub sandwich.

SEVENTH GRADER

Snatch-pops.

The sandwich falls, and as the STUDENT tries to pick it up, the SEVENTH-GRADER kicks it, splattering meat, cheese and lettuce against the school doors. PREZ grabs the SEVENTH GRADER by the scruff.

PREZ

Damien.

SEVENTH GRADER

Whoa.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

PREZ

You lose your mind?

SEVENTH GRADER

I called snatch-pops.

PREZ

I don't care what you called. You're gonna buy him a new sandwich, and past that, you're gonna go inside and ask Mister Williams for a broom to clean that up, you understand me?

SEVENTH GRADER

But Mister P...

PREZ

Right now, Damien, or you're mine for a week of detention. I don't want to hear another word.

SEVENTH GRADER frowns, nods, starts inside. PREZ notices a math book on the ledge nearby.

PREZ (CONT'D)

You forgetting something else?

SEVENTH GRADER realizes.

SEVENTH GRADER

Oh, my B.

He grabs his textbook, heads inside for a mop. PREZ shakes his head, turns back to DUKIE who is smiling.

DUKIE

Look like you got the hang of it.

PREZ gives a slight smile.

PREZ

So what's up with you, Duquan?

DUKIE

Oh, ain't nothing.

PREZ

You still at Southwestern?

DUKIE

Yeah, well, I am, but I'm like needing to take a semester off, you know?

(pause, sheepish)

I'm outdoors now, you know.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

PREZ takes this in, pained at the news.

DUKIE (CONT'D)

An' I was like thinkin' if I could get with you and maybe borrow some money, I could get a place and some clean clothes and, you know, get settled an' all an' then go back to school.

PREZ looks down the street, then back at DUKIE.

PREZ

You're on the street?

DUKIE

(shrug)

I got people ready to give me a real good place if I can come up with some money for it.

PREZ

How much do you need?

DUKIE

Couple hundred should do it.

PREZ hesitates, looks down at his shoes, then at DUKIE again.

DUKIE (CONT'D)

But if you could go one hundred fifty more than that, I could maybe enroll for the the G.E.D. program down B.C.C.C. You know? Get my G.E.D. without going back to Southwestern an' then I could get a work permit.

PREZ

I don't think you're eligible for the G.E.D. program if you're still of age to attend high school, Duquan.

DUKIE

Oh yeah you are.

PREZ

Tell you what? If you give me a half hour, I'll drive down there with you. If you're eligible, I'll write a check right to the bursar's office down there.

DUKIE is caught and backs up as best he can.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

DUKIE

Naw, you ain't gotta do all that, Mister P. Besides, I ain't got the time to go down there today. But I'm definitely gonna.

PREZ

So you're looking for three hundred and fifty dollars.

DUKIE

If you can. I mean, it'd just be like a loan until I get settled.

PREZ takes a step closer to DUKIE, talks softly.

PREZ

I can do it, Duquan, if that's what you want. And I don't even care about the money. But understand that a few days from now, I'm gonna go down to B.C.C.C. and find out if you're enrolled. If you are, then I'm gonna say, great, Duquan can come past and show me his certificate when he gets it, and we're still friends and he can still rely on me. But if you aren't enrolled? Then, well, I imagine I'm not gonna see you again, am I?

DUKIE

(guiltily)

Aw, no, Mister P. I'm definitely gonna enroll. You gonna see.

PREZ looks at DUKIE, knows it to be untrue. Nonetheless, he nods, takes a step or two toward the doors.

PREZ

Let me get my stuff. I'll meet you in the teachers' lot and we'll go find a bank machine.

PREZ steps off. On DUKIE, swallowing his guilt and despair,

CUT TO:

12 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

12

DET. JAMES "JIMMY" MCNULTY argues with SGT. JAY LANDSMAN.
DET.d WILLIAM "BUNK" MORELAND sits nearby, listening.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MCNULTY

What I'm saying is that we've run down all the leads we had and the office reports are in and at this point, barring some new development, I don't need all this manpower.

LANDSMAN

Fuck me, Jimmy. A week ago you were crying for every swinging dick you could get your hands on.

MCNULTY

Well, two weeks later and this case has gone quiet. No red ribbons. No bodies. No disappearances. And not a fucking word on that cellphone.

(nod toward wire room)

Fucking thing is useless.

LANDSMAN

So what? You don't want the wiretap either now?

MCNULTY

Judge gave us sixty days, but after that runs out...

LANDSMAN

Motherfucker, you were the one all semper fi for this serial killer and now you're fuckin' the dog.

MCNULTY

Jay, I'm ready to work the case. But short of any new leads or new developments, the fuck do you want from me? I can't make shit up, can I? It is what it is.

BUNK rolls his eyes at that one, goes back to sports section.

LANDSMAN

If I send the surveillance teams back, Jimmy, do not come crying for more manpower tomorrow. You hear?

MCNULTY nods, throwing up his hands in surrender. LANDSMAN walks off, leaving MCNULTY and BUNK.

BUNK

Shit is like a war, ain't it?

MCNULTY looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

BUNK (CONT'D)

Easy to get in, hell to get out.

FREAMON comes in, his face a death mask. He nods at the interview room as he passes, not even acknowledging BUNK, who notices his mood. MCNULTY follows FREAMON into:

13 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM #1/HOMICIDE UNIT/PHQ - DAY

13

FREAMON shuts the door, looks at MCNULTY.

FREAMON

Pearlman knows everything. Daniels, too. They figured it out.

MCNULTY

Hu... How?

FREAMON

I don't know.

MCNULTY

Jesus. What are they...

FREAMON

I don't know. But she made it clear in no uncertain terms that there are not to be any further homeless killings. Nothing more on that case whatsoever. When the wire comes up for renewal, she's dumping it.

MCNULTY

Does she know about Marlo, that our case there is...

FREAMON

She knows everything. Daniels knows. They went down to the E.C.U. and dialed the wiretap number and up jumped Marlo's cellphone.

MCNULTY slumps against the wall.

MCNULTY

Lester, why aren't we fired?

FREAMON shakes his head. No clue.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

Shit. Why aren't we in bracelets?

FREAMON can't reason it.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

We gotta get outta here. Think this thing through. Jesus fucking Christ.

FREAMON nods, opens the door.

FREAMON

Kavanaugh's. Ten minutes.

FREAMON exits. MCNULTY struggles to regroup, walks out:

14 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 14

MCNULTY enters to find BUNK staring at him.

BUNK

Jimmy?

MCNULTY looks at him as if he's from another planet, then grabs his keys, walks out of the office. On BUNK, worried:

15 INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY/C.I.D. FLOOR/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 15

MCNULTY waits impatiently for elevator, hitting the down button repeatedly. He looks around at OFFICERS, his demeanor crumbling, his neck sweating. The elevator doors open and it's DANIELS, coming down from the command floor. They lock eyes:

A16 INT. ELEVATOR/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY A16

MCNULTY steps on, giving the slightest nod. DANIELS glares at him. The doors close. Agonizing silence as the elevator descends and MCNULTY feels the heat. DING. Doors open on the third floor. DANIELS turns to MCNULTY, hate in his voice.

DANIELS

To be continued.

DANIELS exits. On MCNULTY, as the doors close on him,

CUT TO:

16 EXT. STREET/NEAR TILGHMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY 16

ARABBER is tending his junk cart as PREZ rolls up across the street in front of the school. DUKIE emerges from the passenger seat and watches as PREZ drives off. Then he walks over to the ARABBER, his hands in his pockets.

ARABBER

How much?

DUKIE

Two hunnert.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

ARABBER

Damn, boy. You wadn't sellin' no wolf tickets. Teacher must love your black ass.

ARABBER hops up on cart.

ARABBER (CONT'D)

C'mon with it. They gonna put out testers up on Poplar Grove an' we gonna be late for it.

DUKIE climbs up and ARABBER snaps the reins. The cart rolls into the street. On DUKIE, staring down the street from which Prez and his car have disappeared,

CUT TO:

17 INT. METRO DESK/NEWSROOM/BALTIMORE SUN - DAY

17

CITY EDITOR AUGUSTUS "GUS" HAYNES moves through the newsroom, passing CARL SCHOETTLER, who eats a cottage cheese lunch with a scowl.

SCHOETTLER

Fuck fuck fucking fuck.

HAYNES

(still moving)

Cottage cheese for lunch, huh?

SCHOETTLER nods, HAYNES moves on, passing the rewrite desk as REWRITE MAN DAVE ETTLIN is arguing with the COUNTIES EDITOR. REWRITE MAN JAY SPRY is typing on his computer.

ETTLIN

...there's always a salmonella outbreak somewhere. I don't see why we have to cover this one...

HAYNES

Spry, what's the first rule of rewrite?

SPRY

(without looking up)

Shoot it down.

HAYNES grunts a laugh, turns the corner, sits at his desk. REGIONAL AFFAIRS EDITOR REBECCA CORBETT is reading a story on the Metro front by Scott Templeton: "Governor to restore cut to social program." Subhead: "Sun coverage of homeless results in policy reversal."

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

CORBETT

Did you read this? We're crediting our own coverage with changing the governor's mind?

C.U. on the article as CORBETT turns to the jump.

CORBETT (CONT'D)

I'm already to the jump and there's not a quote from anyone crediting us with anything of the sort.

HAYNES

The guy is gonna restore funding alright. But only because Carcetti's been beating the shit out of him on the issue. We're an afterthought.

CORBETT

Whiting can smell the public service Pulitzer, huh?

HAYNES

Seems so.

She shakes her head, as FLETCHER walks up.

FLETCHER

You get a chance yet?

HAYNES

Yeah, yeah. I read it.

FLETCHER

And?

HAYNES

Beautiful.
(off his look)
No kidding.
Real Joe Mitchell stuff there on the page. I mean, I feel like I know this fella and his world. You pulled it all through the keyhole.

FLETCHER

Thanks, Gus.

HAYNES

If the art is good, I'm gonna fight for the Sunday front.

FLETCHER

Well, the thing is, I gotta make sure the guy is good with it.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

HAYNES

What do you mean?

FLETCHER

The part of the story about the kid still bothers him, and when he told me about it, he was just talking...

HAYNES

Well, you told him you were gonna write about him, right?

FLETCHER

I know. But I'm putting the guy's life out there and, I dunno, I just wanna feel clean about it. You know what I'm sayin'?

HAYNES does, nods and FLETCHER walks away. CORBETT smiles.

HAYNES

I remember clean.

On CORBETT, reading Templeton's hype,

CUT TO:

18 INT. KAVANAUGH'S BAR/DOWNTOWN BALTIMORE - DAY

18

Mostly empty saloon. FREAMON, MCNULTY solemn, at a table. Soda water between them. No liquor.

FREAMON

Obviously, they're not in a hurry to go public 'cause we ain't cuffed.

MCNULTY

They're pretending on this case like we're pretending. Why?

FREAMON

(seeing it)
Carcetti. He's exposed on this.

MCNULTY

How? He can blame it all on us, on the department.

FREAMON

But it's *his* police department, right? To kill us, he'd have to kill Rawls, Daniels -- half the chain of command. And he made those guys, so he opens himself up right when he's out there running for governor.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

MCNULTY

So they want us to do what? Run this thing down quietly? No problem.

FREAMON

Six months from now, after the election, they might decide to open this up and grand jury us. We could still go to jail, and if we don't, I'd expect to be back in the pawn shop unit and you, my brother, are gonna ride the boat.

MCNULTY

So what? It was worth it.
(pause, doubtful)
Wasn't it?

FREAMON

Depends. Are they gonna let the case we made against Marlo and his people stand, knowing what they know?

MCNULTY

Why wouldn't they? It still works on the seizures and cellphones. It works without the illegal tap.

FREAMON

It does. And they made a big deal about dropping Marlo. They called that press conference, linked him to all the bodies.

MCNULTY

For them to drop the case now...

FREAMON

(nodding)
You think about it and we've got almost as much on them as they do on us.

On MCNULTY, FREAMON, hoping this is true,

CUT TO:

19 INT. METRO DESK/NEWSROOM/BALTIMORE SUN - DAY

19

HAYNES is editing, muttering to himself about bad copy.

HAYNES

Tom Wolfe wanna-be thinks he's gonna get a phrase like that past me? No fuckin' chance, motherfucker.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

He deletes offending phrase. LONDON BUREAU CHIEF ROBERT RUBY walks up with a manila file full of printouts, marked up, with colored post-its attached. He drops it on desk. RUBY has a serious expression. HAYNES rifles the file, reads.

RUBY (O.S.)

It's like a sweater with the threads hanging off. Pull any thread...

HAYNES nods, reads.

RUBY (CONT'D)

You don't seem too surprised.

HAYNES

I think I've known it a while.

RUBY

Mostly exaggerations and too-perfect quotes, sometimes on-the-record. I called some of them back, asked if they really said those things. You know what the city housing commissioner told me about the quotes in the flipping story? He wished he'd said some of them, but that he'd never been that smart in his life.

HAYNES snorts at that, reads on.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Someone takes the time to re-report that stuff, it'll get ugly.

(pause)

What're you gonna do?

HAYNES

I dunno, Robert. I dunno.

RUBY

Keep my name out of it.

RUBY exits. HAYNES nods, closes file, stuffs it in his desk. On HAYNES, wondering where to take this,

CUT TO:

20 INT. CONSULTATION ROOM/BALTIMORE CITY JAIL - DAY

20

MARLO STANFIELD meets with attorney MAURICE "MAURY" LEVY.

LEVY

No bail.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

LEVY (CONT'D)

They're claiming a propensity for violence and witness intimidation at the bail review, trying to have you held as the kingpin.

MARLO

They can do that?

LEVY

They can try. Depends on which circuit judge they draw.

MARLO

And no bail for Chris, right? I mean, he got that murder warrant.

LEVY

Monk neither. Too much weight in his car and he was on parole from the oh-four charge. Best I could do was spring Mister Wagstaff on three hundred thousand.

MARLO

He show that kind of money?

LEVY

He put up his uncle's house on surety bond for a third of it. Bondsman is fronting the rest on a fake lien.

MARLO nods.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Right now, the important thing is not bail, though. The important thing is this: I need you to tell me who knew your clock code. Who knew anything about it?

MARLO

I told you. Me, Monk, Cheese, Chris and the supply. That's it.

LEVY

No one else.

MARLO

No one else even had my cell number.

LEVY thinks for a long beat.

MARLO (CONT'D)

What?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

LEVY

There's a lie in here somewhere.

MARLO

I ain't lyin'.

LEVY

I don't mean you.

(beat)

Look, the police say a source told them that you were re-upping on the day, and word of that might have slipped out. That's possible. I mean, if you were wholesaling all over town...

MARLO

Possible, yeah.

LEVY

But they only grab your cells when they arrest you and then they have to go get warrants before they can look at the photos on the phones. And it's only when they get to the photos and break the code that they have enough to type a charging document for you or Chris, right? I mean, you two aren't caught with drugs.

MARLO nods, beginning to see it.

LEVY (CONT'D)

But they had the arrest warrants on both of you within a couple hours, which means they broke the code almost instantly, in no time at all.

MARLO

So they wiretapped me.

LEVY

My investigator thinks so, but he says he doesn't know for sure which unit ran the tap, or who manned it. It doesn't add up.

MARLO

Everyone who knew the code been locked up behind it. Has to be a tap.

On LEVY, who tends to agree,

TIME CUT TO:

21 INT. COMMON AREA/BALTIMORE CITY JAIL - DAY

21

Escorted by JAIL GUARD, MARLO comes through a door from meet, encounters MONK, CHEESE, CHRIS PARTLOW. He addresses CHEESE.

MARLO

You gettin' out.

(to MONK)

You ain't.

(back to CHEESE)

You hit the street, you scrounge what muscle you can and get the boy.

CHRIS

He did Snoop cuz he knew we was on him, and he knew we was on him cuz he the one talked about the damn re-up.

MARLO

Get your shit together. Bondsman came in with Levy.

CHEESE

A-ight. I'm on it.

CHEESE heads off. On CHRIS, MARLO sharing a tight look,

CUT TO:

22 EXT. METERED PARKING AREA/UNDER THE J.F.X. - NIGHT #1

22

SCOTT TEMPLETON parks his car, grabs notepad off the seat, exits car, dropping a couple quarters into the meter. He moves across the lot toward Guilford Avenue. The rear of The Sun, with its neon logo, is visible. TEMPLETON is preoccupied with the contents of his notepad, oblivious to the few HUDDLED shapes of HOMELESS camped against the concrete retainers. As he steps out on the sidewalk, however, he can't help but notice a HOMELESS DRUNK sprawled on the concrete, snoring, bagged bottle beside him. TEMPLETON steps around the form, continues toward newspaper. He pauses in the street, looks back at the DRUNK, thinking, his mind running it all through. He looks back at The Sun, and then around Guilford Avenue, satisfying himself as to the lack of bystanders. He steps back on the sidewalk, staring at the sleeping DRUNK. A lone car passes and keeps going on Guilford and then there is silence again. TEMPLETON thinks only a moment more before reaching down and shaking the DRUNK.

TEMPLETON

You alright? Hey, buddy...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

PULL BACK to the far wall of the parking area, where another GRIZZLED HOMELESS MAN, white, early 30s, is watching the encounter between TEMPLETON and the DRUNK, who is slowly coming to, dazed and confused. On that encounter,

CUT TO:

23 INT. LIVING ROOM/RUSSELL'S HOUSE/MIDDLE RIVER - NIGHT

23

MCNULTY is playing the board game Trouble with the KIDS. BEATRICE "BEADIE" RUSSELL watches them from the table, eyeing MCNULTY warily. MCNULTY, of course, senses this, but this moment is genuine for him, not forced. He hovers his hand over the Popomatic extending only his thumb and pinkie.

MCNULTY

Here it comes. The dreaded crab
claw. And you know what happens
when I go crab claw...

LAUGHTER and SHOUTS of "No" and "No crab claw" from KIDS.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

It's all crab tonight...

He lowers his hands, using only pinkie and thumb to snap the Popomatic. A six comes up on the dice. SCREAMS from KIDS.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

Crab claw does it again. Six and
I'm out...

MCNULTY moves piece to start. The KIDS are LAUGHING.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

(mock sinister)

Make no mistake, you sad little fools,
there is no stopping the crab claw.
You cannot run, you cannot hide.
The claw shows no mercy...

LAUGHTER from the KIDS. RUSSELL watches, wondering which man is with her. MCNULTY's cellphone RINGS and he grabs it, as the KIDS take their turn.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

Yeah?

(eye roll)

Where?

(long beat)

You're fucking kidding me. This is
more bull..

(pulling up for KIDS)

It's bogus, Jay. I'm telling you.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

MCNULTY clicks off, looks at RUSSELL.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

RUSSELL says nothing.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

I have to run out the string on this.
There's no choice.

RUSSELL

You said the bosses know.

MCNULTY

Some do, some don't. But the ones
that do want us to keep pretending.
If we stop pretending...

RUSSELL doesn't react. Should she be scared for him? Is he
headed to another bar? What to trust? She gives him nothing
back. MCNULTY turns instead to KIDS.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

We'll finish this tomorrow night.

AWS and MOANS from KIDS.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a bit.

RUSSELL stares at him. Maybe, maybe not. MCNULTY exits.
On RUSSELL, thinking, as the KIDS put the game away,

CUT TO:

24 EXT. UNION SQUARE/SOUTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

24

BUBBLES and WALON sit on a bench, a bag of cooked crabs
between them. BUBBLES is sucking meat from loose crab legs
as WALON reads the last page of Fletcher's story.

BUBBLES

Watcha think?

WALON shrugs.

BUBBLES (CONT'D)

Puttin' my shit in the street, huh?

WALON

It's you, though. He got you.

BUBBLES

Yeah, well...

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

WALON

I mean he got what you're about.
The guy likes you and that comes
across.

Now BUBBLES shrugs, tosses an empty leg shell, grabs another.

WALON (CONT'D)

And it's like he's saying that the
giving back you're doing, he's putting
that up against Sherrod, you know?
He ain't takin' you off the hook for
shit, but he's just puttin' it all
out there. The good, the bad.

BUBBLES

Know what? The bad don't bother me
to have out there. I know the bad.
I ain't lyin' to no one 'bout the
bad.

WALON

Scared of someone callin' you good?

BUBBLES

Lotsa folk volunteer places. Lotsa
people share at meetings. Plenty of
motherfuckers wake up every day and
not get high.
(shrugs)
Man makin' me sound special for doin'
what I fuckin' need to do.

WALON smiles, pulls out his wallet, reaches inside and pulls
out a folded white sheet of paper. He opens, hands it over.

WALON

Read it, sucka.

BUBBLES

"You can hold back from the suffering
of the world, you have free permission
to do so, and it is in accordance
with your nature, but perhaps this
very holding back is the one suffering
you could have avoided."
(squint, mispronouncing)
Fran-zee Kafka.
(to WALON)
Who he?

WALON

Some writer.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

BUBBLES

You read his books.

WALON

Fuck no. But you remember Flubber?
He gave me that the night he had me
start leading the Saint Martin's
meetings. Kept it ever since.

BUBBLES

What it mean to you?

WALON

(Socratic)

I dunno, Bubs. What's it mean to
you?

BUBBLES hands back the slip of paper, thinks on it a beat.

WALON (CONT'D)

(holding up article)

You want these?

BUBBLES

Man say he need it back and not to
make no copies. He sayin' he ain't
even supposed to show it to me before
it goes in the paper. I mean, if I
let him.

WALON

You gonna?

BUBBLES shrugs. WALON smiles at him, waves adiós.

BUBBLES

Thanks for the crabs.

WALON

Yeah.

On BUBBLES, on the bench, thinking,

CUT TO:

25 EXT. NEAR THE SUN/GUILFORD AVENUE - NIGHT

25

Blue strobes of radio cars, an ambo, with HOMELESS DRUNK
being treated on the tailgate by PARAMEDICS. MCNULTY is
interviewing TEMPLETON by a radio car.

MCNULTY

Grey van. You get the tag?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

TEMPLETON

Couldn't see it from where I was.

MCNULTY

Describe the driver?

TEMPLETON

White. Six foot. Not heavy, but not skinny either.

MCNULTY

Clothes?

TEMPLETON

Nothing I noticed. Kinda non-descript.

MCNULTY

Non-descript?

TEMPLETON

I was surprised, I guess. I just thought, whoa, what's he doing?

MCNULTY stares at TEMPLETON for a beat.

MCNULTY

Funny it bein' you to see this.

TEMPLETON

It's weird. If an interview doesn't go late, I'm not even out here tonight.

MCNULTY eyes him: Yeah, sure.

TEMPLETON (CONT'D)

You mind if I get inside? I gotta check in with my desk. Anything else you need, you got my number.

MCNULTY nods, TEMPLETON exits. MCNULTY moves to ambo, assesses DRUNK, talks to UNIFORM #1, who is standing by.

UNIFORM #1

Smokehound can't remember a thing. Only motherfucker he remembers messin' with him is the fella found him. Whatever happened before that is anyone's guess.

MCNULTY turns to DRUNK.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

MCNULTY

Someone tried to kidnap you? Drag
you into a van?

DRUNK

Okay.

MCNULTY

Who tried to hurt you?

DRUNK

(thinking)

My father.

(explaining)

But he was a drunk.

MCNULTY nods at this, weary of the nonsense. UNIFORM #2
walks up and addresses MCNULTY.

UNIFORM #2

Detective, there's a vagrant over
here says he saw something.

MCNULTY follows UNIFORM #2 to where GRIZZLED HOMELESS MAN is
still encamped against the concrete wall.

MCNULTY

What did you see, fella?

GRIZZLED HOMELESS MAN

McNulty.

MCNULTY shows his surprise. GRIZZLED HOMELESS MAN grins,
flashes his badge to them.

GRIZZLED HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Johnny Weaver. Tactical.

UNIFORM #2

Fuck me? Why didn't you say so?

MCNULTY

J.W. Tryin' to keep your cover,
huh?

GRIZZLED HOMELESS MAN

Better if everyone down here thinks
I'm one of the regulars, right?

MCNULTY nods, smiles.

GRIZZLED HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, what's the ruckus with Petey?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

MCNULTY

The drunk? Sun reporter says he's on his way into his building when he sees a guy trying to drag him into a grey van.

GRIZZLED HOMELESS MAN grunts a laugh.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

Bullshit, right?

GRIZZLED HOMELESS MAN

Petey was layin' there forty-five minutes before that preppy cocksucker even parks his car.

MCNULTY nods, closes notebook.

MCNULTY

Thanks.

GRIZZLED HOMELESS MAN

No problem. Now gimme a dollar to make it look right.

MCNULTY opens wallet, peels off a couple, walks away with UNIFORM #2 at his side.

UNIFORM #2

What're you gonna do about the reporter? You could charge false statement if you want.

MCNULTY pulls out cellphone, dials. He thinks on the suggestion, but is no hypocrite..

MCNULTY

We lock up every liar, there's no room at B.D.C. for anyone else, right? More trouble than it's worth.

(into phone)

Jay, it's horseshit. I'm goin' home.

On MCNULTY, amid the emergency lights, doing just that,

CUT TO:

26 INT. BASEMENT/RAE'S ROWHOUSE/EDMONDSON VILLAGE - NIGHT

26

BUBBLES enters rear door, closes it, drops his keys, carries the crabs up the stairs and KNOCKS on the kitchen door. RAE opens up, eyes her brother.

BUBBLES

Brought home some crabs.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

RAE

I already made dinner.

BUBBLES

Put 'em in the fridge. Cold for lunch tomorrow if you like. I can't eat 'em all.

RAE takes the crabs, nodding a curt thanks. She shuts the door. On BUBBLES, alone, stepping slowly back to the basement,

CUT TO:

27 INT. MANAGING EDITOR'S OFFICE/NEWSROOM/BALTIMORE SUN - NIGHT 27

With the door closed, HAYNES, MANAGING EDITOR THOMAS KLEBANOW and TEMPLETON are in a full blown argument, with HAYNES in the minority.

HAYNES

We don't run this. And we certainly don't run it off the front.

TEMPLETON

I saw what I saw.

HAYNES

Goddammit, Alma is on the phone with the police P.I.O. and he's telling us -- on the record and off -- that they are discounting the report of a possible abduction.

KLEBANOW

That may be. But that doesn't mean they're doing their job, and it doesn't mean we don't do ours.

HAYNES

Our job is to report the news. Not manufacture it.

TEMPLETON

Fuck you, Gus.

TEMPLETON opens, SLAMS door, storms out into:

28 INT. NEWSROOM/BALTIMORE SUN - NIGHT

28

A furious TEMPLETON watches -- along with OTHER REPORTERS -- through the glass as HAYNES, KLEBANOW continue to argue in a muted, near pantomime. On TEMPLETON, righteous:

29 INT. MANAGING EDITOR'S OFFICE/NEWSROOM/BALTIMORE SUN - NIGHT 29

KLEBANOW is shocked at the tone, substance of the argument.

HAYNES

We cannot run this shit.

KLEBANOW

Are you suggesting that Scott made any of this up?

HAYNES hesitates a moment, then lowers his voice.

HAYNES

You ever notice how the guys who do that -- the Glasses, the Blairs, the Jack Kelleys. They start small, with a quote here and there that they clean up, and then it's a whole anecdote, and eventually they're seeing amazing shit. They're the lucky ones standing on the right streetcorner in Tel Aviv when the pizza joint blows up and the human head rolls down the street with its eyes still blinking.

KLEBANOW

Those pictures were sent to him. The police have confirmed...

HAYNES

It begins with something true, something confirmed. But tonight he just happened to be coming in the Guilford entrance when a mysterious grey van...

KLEBANOW

(hard, tight)

Gus, this has got personal between you and Scott and it's affecting your judgment. I'm going to move the story through the state desk. You should go home, think it through and we'll talk in the morning.

HAYNES has nowhere to go. He regroups, seems to soften.

HAYNES

Maybe you win a Pulitzer with this stuff. Maybe you have to give it back.

HAYNES exits to:

30 INT. NEWSROOM/BALTIMORE SUN - NIGHT 30

HAYNES exits. TEMPLETON is standing by his desk, notepad in hand, furious at him. He gestures with notepad:

TEMPLETON

It's in my notes, Gus. Everything that happened. Everything the guy said when I got to him. Every last word is in my notes.

HAYNES looks at him for a moment, says nothing, walks to his desk, gets his coat, heads for the exit. The NEWSROOM is silent and embarrassed at the scene. TEMPLETON watches HAYNES go and hurls the notepad angrily against his desk. It smacks against the partition and kicks over to ALMA GUTIERREZ's desk. TEMPLETON walks away. On GUTIERREZ, on the phone, staring at TEMPLETON's notebook on her desk,

CUT TO:

31 INT. LIVING ROOM/RUSSELL'S HOUSE/MIDDLE RIVER - NIGHT 31

MCNULTY enters. RUSSELL is up, watching T.V.

RUSSELL

Home earlier than I thought.

MCNULTY

Yeah. Home.

MCNULTY looks at her for a quick beat, walks past, enters the bedroom. On RUSSELL, watching him, thinking,

FADE TO:

32 INT. CORRIDOR/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY #2 32

PEARLMAN exits courtroom holding files, encounters LEVY coming down the hall with his briefcase.

LEVY

Ronnie.

PEARLMAN waits for him. LEVY catches up.

LEVY (CONT'D)

I've been going over the charging documents on the Stanfield-Partlow drug arrests. Problematic to say the least.

PEARLMAN

How so?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

LEVY

They grab the cellphones and minutes later they've cracked an elaborate code that implicates everyone.

(shakes his head)

No one's that brilliant. Not in the B.P.D. anyway.

PEARLMAN

(feigning confidence)

You don't know Lester Freamon.

LEVY

I know what I know. And this feels to me like an illegal wiretap. Your guys were up on those phones and tracking my clients long before they went near any drugs.

PEARLMAN

Untrue.

LEVY

We get into discovery and I'm going to have no problem knocking down that bullshit about a source of information. And my own sources around here tell me that with all the budget cutbacks, the only wiretap you all have had up this year is the homeless killer thing. Whatever else you're running is illegal.

PEARLMAN

Sources? Title threes are supposed to be secret, Maury. Are you saying you have a source of information in the courthouse?

LEVY

Figure of speech. What I'm saying is that there's shit in the blood of your case. And if you wait until this goes past indictments, I'll run wild with it.

(false empathy)

We should talk. Out of court.

LEVY smiles, walks away. On PEARLMAN, mortified,

CUT TO:

33 EXT. STREET/SOUTH BALTIMORE - DAY

33

DET. SHAKIMA "KIMA" GREGGS exits unmarked car, walks up toward CRIME SCENE PERSONNEL, who are working the BODY of a vagrant. SOUTHERN SHIFT LIEUTENANT #1, BUNK are already there on the scene.

LIEUTENANT #1
He hit again.

GREGGS
Who did?

LIEUTENANT #1
Serial killer.

GREGGS
Get a grip, motherfucker.

LIEUTENANT #1
You don't think so? Check out his
left wrist.

GREGGS bends down, pulls up the jacket sleeve, revealing a ribbon -- white this time. She checks the battered, beaten face briefly, but returns to the ribbon.

GREGGS
(sotto voce)
You fuckin' with me again, Bunk?

BUNK shakes his head. He's dead serious.

BUNK
Copycat.
(worried beat)
Call Jimmy. Get him down here.

On GREGGS, standing, pulling her cellphone, watching as the T.V. trucks pull up and the MEDIA begin to gather. On GREGGS, mortified that this is a runaway case,

CUT TO:

34 INT. CITY EDITOR'S OFFICE/NEWSROOM/BALTIMORE SUN - DAY

34

HAYNES sits with METRO EDITOR STEVEN LUXENBERG, door closed. The manila folder is on the desk between them.

LUXENBERG
Is it enough? Do you have enough?

HAYNES
It has to be. It should be.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

HAYNES (CONT'D)

You can't look at everything that Robert found -- at the pattern -- and not see what this guy's about. You know that. I know that.
(off his look)
You don't think so?

LUXENBERG

I think that if you do this, these sonsabitches will do you.

HAYNES considers this. Nods. They probably will. KNOCK on the door. GUTIERREZ opens it.

GUTIERREZ

Sorry. There's been another homeless murder. South Baltimore.

HAYNES nods thanks and GUTIERREZ leaves.

LUXENBERG

Careful, Gus. I can't protect you.

On HAYNES, knowing this is the case, going back to work,

CUT TO:

35 EXT. STREET/SOUTH BALTIMORE - DAY

35

MCNULTY is now squatting over the BODY. BUNK beside him. GREGGS stands, hovers over the both of them.

BUNK

Dead a while. I'm gonna assume, Jimmy, from the fact that the ribbon ain't red and the simple fact that you don't need another body with Marlo locked up...

MCNULTY

I got nothing to do with this.

GREGGS

Wonderful. We've eliminated one suspect.

(angry)

You see what you started here?

MCNULTY is sickened to think that he is responsible.

BUNK

The bosses are gonna kick this one over to you, no doubt.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

MCNULTY

The bosses know it's bullshit.

BUNK

Whhaaat?

MCNULTY

Daniels knows. Pearlman, too.

BUNK

How the fuck...

GREGGS takes a step away, looks away.

BUNK (CONT'D)

How are you not in jail?

MCNULTY

Dunno. The lie is so big no one can live with it, I guess.

GREGGS walks away. BUNK stands up, goes off:

BUNK

Jesus fucking Christ. I told you. Did I fuckin' tell you it would come to this?

MCNULTY

(horrified)

Bunk, this guy's dead because...

BUNK

...you played with fire, didn't ya? Now we're all burnin'...

On MCNULTY, guiltily staring at the BODY as BUNK continues to curse him,

CUT TO:

36 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE/CITY HALL - DAY

36

CARCETTI, WILSON watch live coverage on T.V. A long-long shot of MCNULTY kneeling over BODY and BUNK gesticulating above him as T.V. reporter DRONES about latest slaying. CARCETTI watches, dumbstruck, then hurls the remote at the television.

CARCETTI

Did somebody not get the message?

On WILSON, at a complete loss, and CARCETTI, furious,

CUT TO:

37 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 37

MCNULTY, BUNK, GREGGS enter. MCNULTY is the man of the hour, all eyes -- LANDSMAN, DETS. VERNON HOLLEY, ED NORRIS, OTHERS -- on him as he moves toward his desk, nauseated that he can't stop this train. Suddenly he sees DANIELS glaring at him from the outside of The Box. DANIELS swings open the door and MCNULTY wordlessly walks into:

38 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM #1/HOMICIDE UNIT/PHQ - DAY 38

MCNULTY enters, finds RAWLS leaning against a wall. DANIELS follows him, SLAMS the door.

RAWLS

You're not killing them yourself,
McNulty. At least assure me of that.

MCNULTY hesitates only a moment before shaking his head.

RAWLS (CONT'D)

And the one you disappeared.

MCNULTY

He's okay, last I checked.

RAWLS

Good. That's a start, I guess.

DANIELS

I thought you got a message.

MCNULTY

Copycat. I got nothing on this one.

DANIELS

Jesus.

RAWLS

How did you do it? How did you get
'em by the medical examiner?

MCNULTY

Some were real and I just linked 'em
with the ribbons. Some I juked as
strangle jobs.

(ashamed)

If it matters, I know now that...

RAWLS

Fuck what you know now. This was
all for money, McNulty? You couldn't
live without the O.T.?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

MCNULTY

The Stanfield case. It was that.

RAWLS

I know where it went. But you got paid, too. You and Freamon and maybe a dozen other guys.

MCNULTY

It wasn't about the money.

RAWLS

Down the road, when we settle on this -- and we will settle on this -- I don't expect that any of you will ever see an hour of O.T. again. I don't expect any of you will be doing police work ever again. And the only reason this isn't in front of a grand jury right now is that our mayor can't live with that.

(off his react)

Oh, yeah. The mayor knows your name.

DANIELS

So this is your last case. Work it.

RAWLS

If you're half the detective you think you are, you'll put this one down fast and take us all off the hook. The longer this goes on, the worse the payback's gonna be.

RAWLS stalks out, DANIELS follows. On MCNULTY, alone,

CUT TO:

39 INT. STATE'S ATTORNEY'S OFFICE/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

39

BOND, STEINTORF, PEARLMAN meet.

STEINTORF

But what does he really know?

PEARLMAN

What he knows now isn't half of what he'll learn when we get to discovery. They won't be able to produce a credible source of information...

BOND

They don't have to if it's not a registered C.I. A source of information is only...

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

PEARLMAN

If he can raise doubts in a judge's mind, we could be compelled to reveal our source. At that point, we're giving up the wiretap.

BOND

And he gets the paperwork from the phone company...

PEARLMAN

...which has Marlo's number on it.

STEINTORF

God.

PEARLMAN

The only thing we can do is barter.

STEINTORF

Then barter. This can't go to court.

BOND

We do have some leverage.

STEINTORF

What?

PEARLMAN

Let's just say Mister Levy has problems of his own to deal with.

STEINTORF

(to PEARLMAN)

Make this go away and the mayor will not forget that you did so. Nor will I.

STEINTORF gets up, shakes her hand, nods to BOND, exits.

BOND

Question is, how far can we push?

PEARLMAN

And how far will he push back?

On PEARLMAN, who will soon be playing liar's poker,

CUT TO:

40 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

40

GREGGS arrives with bagged evidence from the morgue, including the itemized contents of the BODY's possessions from his pockets, his bedroll, everything.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

MCNULTY is at his desk, morose, head in hands. BUNK gets up, starts dumping stuff.

BUNK

Jimmy, ass up an' help with this.

MCNULTY gets up, walks over, starts sifting through the flotsam and jetsam of a homeless soul's life.

GREGGS

Shit is funky.

BUNK

Yeah, shoulda gone in a Box with it.

MCNULTY

Where's the pocket contents?

GREGGS

Those two envelopes there.

MCNULTY dumps the envelopes, begins sifting. LANDSMAN walks through, carrying a sheaf of communications reports.

LANDSMAN

We get one more fucking call about a grey van and I'm burning that fucking newspaper building down.

LANDSMAN moves on, his anger ignored. C.U. on MCNULTY's searching hands: mostly pennies and matchbooks and buttons and wrappers and...

MCNULTY

Huh.

GREGGS

What?

MCNULTY is looking at a collection of random business cards: Realtors, Salesmen, Social Workers, etc. MCNULTY fingers the cards, trying to remember. Eureka.

MCNULTY

Which pocket were these in?

GREGGS

Everything in that bag is from the jacket. The other one was pants.

MCNULTY walks down the aisle and around the corner to where the ROOKIE DETECTIVE is at his desk, working.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

MCNULTY

Your homeless guy from days ago.
What was in his pockets?

ROOKIE DETECTIVE

Bullshit.

MCNULTY

You got business cards?

ROOKIE DETECTIVE

Yeah, but every card had an alibi.

MCNULTY

Lemme see.

ROOKIE opens casefile, shows the cards stapled to a page.
MCNULTY nods, stalks back to BUNK, GREGGS.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

I think it's down.

BUNK, GREGGS share a look.

BUNK

Motherfucker, you ain't *that* good.

On MCNULTY, grabbing keys, gesturing for them to follow,

CUT TO:

41 INT. METRO DESK/NEWSROOM/BALTIMORE SUN - DAY

41

HAYNES sits at his desk, trying to edit, but his mind racing.
STATE EDITOR TIM PHELPS senses this.

PHELPS

You okay, Gus?

HAYNES

Hmmm? Yeah, yeah.

PHELPS moves off and HAYNES goes back to editing. GUTIERREZ
then walks up with notepad. She pulls an empty chair, next
to HAYNES, sits close.

HAYNES (CONT'D)

Problem?

GUTIERREZ looks around, wondering if she should speak.

HAYNES (CONT'D)

Alma, what's up?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

GUTIERREZ

It's empty.

HAYNES

What's empty?

GUTIERREZ hands him the notepad brandished by Templeton.

GUTIERREZ

The pad he waved at you, saying it was all in his notes. It's empty. Every page.

HAYNES takes this in as GUTIERREZ, worried that she's said too much, gets up and walks off. On HAYNES, closing his eyes and then resolving his fate. He grabs the manila folder off his desk and walks into the executive editor's office. From a POV in the newsroom, we watch as EXECUTIVE EDITOR JAMES C. WHITING III greets him, first jovially, then with concern and wariness. Finally KLEBANOW makes his way from his own office to join the discussion. On HAYNES, pleading his case, opening the file, telling them all he knows. PICK UP on BILL ZORZI, SPRY, watching from the rewrite desk.

ZORZI

Fuck is that about?

SPRY shrugs, checking the local channels, finding footage of police vehicles arriving off the Hanover Street Bridge. He shouts to GUTIERREZ:

SPRY

Alma, T.V. has police on a sweep of the homeless under Hanover Street.

GUTIERREZ nods, grabs notepad, keys, heads out, throwing a quick look into Whiting's office as she does,

CUT TO:

42 EXT. HANOVER STREET BRIDGE APPROACH/SOUTH BALTIMORE - DAY

42

With other UNIFORMS holding CAMERA CREWS and REPORTERS at a decent distance, MCNULTY, BUNK, UNIFORMS move through the encampment of HOMELESS, MCNULTY retracing his steps from that night long ago, feeling his way through the tents and cardboard, doubling back once or twice, and finally finding his suspect's hovel. He pulls away the makeshift curtain, finds HOMELESS MAN #2, from episode 504, sleeping. He yanks him awake and hands the groggy SOUL to a UNIFORM, who holds him. MCNULTY roots around, finds the case with all the business cards.

HOMELESS MAN #2

Mine.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

MCNULTY

Yours. I know.

MCNULTY roots around further, finds a roll of white ribbon, matching the one on the last victim. He holds it up for BUNK, then eyes the SUSPECT, who nods agreeably. Yep. On MCNULTY and BUNK, continuing their search as UNIFORMS cuff SUSPECT, while T.V. REPORTERS roll film and GUTIERREZ arrives,

CUT TO:

43 INT. LAW OFFICE/DOWNTOWN BALTIMORE - DAY

43

PEARLMAN and LEVY face off.

PEARLMAN

I'll get right to the point.

LEVY

Please do.

From her case, PEARLMAN pulls out the microcassette recorder, places it on the table, punches play. On tape:

GRAND JURY PROSECUTOR (O.S.)

Maury, hey. You, ah, you have Stanfield, right? He's your client?

LEVY (O.S.)

Him and his people.

GRAND JURY PROSECUTOR (O.S.)

Well I have some stuff, straight from grand jury that you're gonna wanna see sooner rather than later.

LEVY (O.S.)

This is a Title Three case?

GRAND JURY PROSECUTOR (O.S.)

You're gonna find it interesting, I promise.

LEVY (O.S.)

When can you meet?

GRAND JURY PROSECUTOR (O.S.)

Tomorrow, after work. Same money, right?

LEVY (O.S.)

Yeah, the money's the same.

PEARLMAN clicks off recorder. Color has left LEVY's face.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

PEARLMAN

We can grand jury Gary DiPasquale tomorrow, along with that one-party consent call.

(pause)

Or, here's the deal: No court trials. Partlow pleads to all of the bodies in the vacants and takes life no parole. We'd want the second shooter, too, but Pearson is beyond it now. Metcalf and Wagstaff plead to possession with intent. Marlo takes ten years on conspiracy.

LEVY

You're blackmailing an officer of the court. The moment you came in here and offered that quid pro quo you were guilty of obstructing justice.

PEARLMAN

You're right. I could get six to eight years. And for the bribery of a state's attorney and the violation of grand jury secrecy, you could see ten or twelve.

(small smile)

I'll be out a couple years before you, Maury. You come home, the first round is on me, I guess.

LEVY

So you'll let me walk to avoid taking the case into open court? That file must be dirty as hell.

(no reaction)

The conspiracy charge on Stanfield falls without the cellphones, and you and I both know that if someone starts digging, they're gonna find an illegal wiretap and you're gonna lose the phones.

PEARLMAN

Everhart, two-seventy-four, Maryland four-fifty-nine. Or Ceccolini, four-thirty-five, U.S. two-sixty-eight. Lying cops don't automatically kill a case.

LEVY

But that's a lot of risk on appeal, and a lot of dirt for your office to show.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

PEARLMAN smiles, shrugs. LEVY thinks for a beat.

LEVY (CONT'D)

No. You're scared of the light.

(pause)

Partlow takes his chances on the legit murder charge only. The conspiracy count goes and Stanfield and the rest walk.

PEARLMAN grimaces, but after a beat nods.

PEARLMAN

Stanfield walks. But the case goes on the stet docket, not dismissed outright. And I can tell you that while there are people in the city who can't tolerate a scandal at this particular moment, that dynamic changes after November.

LEVY

The election...

PEARLMAN

After November, no one is going to care as much about showing dirt. If Carcetti wins, he's in Annapolis. If he loses, he's an incumbent mayor who can take a hit or two. So you tell Mister Stanfield this is his only window. Partlow pleads to all the murders and both lieutenants plead to the drugs. Then Stanfield retires. He's done. We even get the scent of him on the street ever again, this case comes off stet and goes to trial. And if we have to put a few cops in jail right behind him, so be it. We'll bring the evidence and take the hit.

(gets up)

Your client walks away now, or the both of you don't walk at all.

On LEVY, with half a loaf,

CUT TO:

44 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM #1/HOMICIDE UNIT/PHQ - DAY

44

MCNULTY, BUNK interview HOMELESS MAN #2.

HOMELESS MAN #2

Do you have a card?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

MCNULTY

A what?

HOMELESS MAN #2

Where is your card? If you are going to look at me, you need a card.

MCNULTY pulls out his wallet, then a business card. He slides it across the table to the MAN, who picks it up.

HOMELESS MAN #2 (CONT'D)

That's not a card.

MCNULTY

We met before, remember?

HOMELESS MAN #2

Liar. Black liar.

BUNK

Why did you kill your friend?

HOMELESS MAN #2

He drinks. He always drinks.

MCNULTY

But you put a ribbon on his wrist. Like the others.

HOMELESS MAN #2 nods, agreeable.

BUNK

Did you see that on television? The ribbon on the wrist? Did you hear about it from other people? Why did you do that with the ribbon?

HOMELESS MAN #2

No one understands. You don't understand. I know what I'm going to do before I do it. I always know what I am going to do.

MCNULTY

Did you kill the others? Did you kill all of them?

HOMELESS MAN #2

Every last one. I did it because I knew I was going to do it. I killed millions. And they killed me.

MCNULTY

You did all the murders, huh?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

HOMELESS MAN #2
You aren't in the war. You are a
coward. I can tell.
(suddenly curious)
Do you have a card?

MCNULTY sighs, eyes a wearied BUNK, then gets up, walks to
the door, exits, leaving BUNK with a MADMAN:

45 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

45

MCNULTY exits the Box, encountering LANDSMAN, who nods toward
his own office.

LANDSMAN
Reporter is in there waiting for a
photo array.

MCNULTY
What? Jay, he's bullshit.

LANDSMAN
I know he is.
But the newspaper made such a fuss
that the major wants us to jerk him
off, just to say we did.

MCNULTY rolls his eyes, grabs a photo array card off his
desk, strides into:

46 INT. LANDSMAN'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT/PHQ - DAY

46

TEMPLETON waits, a bit nervously. MCNULTY dumps the card in
front of him unceremoniously. TEMPLETON is, of course, unable
to pick any one of the six mugshots.

MCNULTY
No grey van either.

TEMPLETON
W-what...

MCNULTY
He doesn't have a grey van.

MCNULTY suddenly can't help himself. He reaches behind him,
closes the door to the office, turns on TEMPLETON.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)
No grey van. And he didn't call you
on the phone either...

TEMPLETON
He....

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

MCNULTY

He didn't call you the first time
and he didn't call you the second
time. I did that.

(Bawlmer accent)

...yew mortify me in fronta my
fartha...

(normal)

And those pictures you got. I took
those. And the missing guy? He's
my second cousin. We sent him to
Atlantic City with a roll of quarters.
And you know why I can tell you all
this? Because, you lyin'
motherfucker, you are as full of
shit as I am, and you have to live
with it and play it out for as long
as it goes. Right?

TEMPLETON is staggered; he can't get his head around this.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

Trapped with the same lie. Only
difference is I know why I did it,
and fuck if I can figure out what it
gets you in the end. But hey, I
ain't part of your tribe.

TEMPLETON

You can't, you're not serious...

MCNULTY

No, I'm a fucking joke and so are
you. Get the fuck out of here.

(pause)

Now.

MCNULTY opens the door, walks away, leaving TEMPLETON, to
awkwardly depart on his own, unattended,

CUT TO:

47 INT. CONSULTATION ROOM/BALTIMORE CITY JAIL - DAY

47

LEVY lays it out to MARLO.

LEVY

You walk. Chris eats the murders,
every last one, takes life with no
parole.

MARLO

No parole?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

LEVY

No shot. But they've got him cold
on the one with the D.N.A.

(pause)

Can you sell that? Is Chris loyal?

MARLO nods solemnly.

LEVY (CONT'D)

Cheese and Monk are looking at up to
twenty for the drugs. But there's
gonna be no assets investigation and
you come home with all your money.

MARLO

Why they letting me go?

LEVY

They don't wanna, but there's some
shit in their case and they'd rather
not show it in court. But here's
the rub: If you stay in the game,
they will. They definitely win.
Right now, with an election going
on, they're willing to give you a
buy. But after November, if they
even think you're still a player,
they can pull this case down off the
shelf and the shit in the case might
not be enough to keep you free.

(pause)

Do you understand?

MARLO

Give up the crown.

LEVY

What?

MARLO

Yeah. I get it.

LEVY

Well, that's the deal, kiddo. And
there ain't a lawyer who could get
better for ya.

On MARLO, appalled,

CUT TO:

48 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

48

C.U. through The Box door window, watching BUNK, MCNULTY
work the HOMELESS MAN #2.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

Finally, the DETECTIVES get up from the table and open the door to reveal LANDSMAN, DANIELS and RAWLS waiting for them.

BUNK

It's down.

MCNULTY

Not that this thing is ever going to trial. Guy has N.C.R. written all over him.

BUNK

Can't argue. A padded room at Clifton T. Perkins is definitely called for.

DANIELS

He go for all of them?

MCNULTY

No, sir. Just the last two.

RAWLS

He deny the others?

BUNK

He ain't exactly denying anything in there. I mean, he'll cop to anything we damn please...

RAWLS

Then go back and get it.

DANIELS

Excuse me?

RAWLS

If he's N.C.R. then what the fuck is the difference whether he cops to two or six. Either way, they tie his arms and feed him green jello.

MCNULTY

Sir, he did the last two.

RAWLS

Motherfucker, you are a cunt hair away from indictment and you see fit to argue with me?

MCNULTY looks to BUNK, who looks to DANIELS.

MCNULTY

I did what I did. I know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

And now, I'm standing responsible
for two fresh murders. I know what
I've done here.

(pause)

But I can't do this.

MCNULTY walks away, and BUNK approves of this moment, at
least. DANIELS walks away, as does BUNK. On RAWLS, with no
use for conscience,

CUT TO:

A49 INT. VISITOR'S ENTRANCE AREA/BALTIMORE CITY JAIL - DAY

A49

LEVY is ushered out of the secured lock-up by a JAIL GUARD.
He comes through the gate to be greeted by THOMAS R. "HERC"
HAUK.

HERC

How'd that go, boss?

LEVY

Kiddo, you are a goldmine to me.
You've taken this law firm to a whole
new level.

HERC

Me?

LEVY

You don't tip me to that bad wiretap,
I've got all kinds of trouble. But
now, if Marlo takes the deal? He's
gonna get a walk after being charged
in a multimillion dollar drug seizure.
That doesn't happen very often, and
when it does happen, the name and
number of the defense attorney goes
in the front pocket of every
respectable drug trafficker.
(squeezes HERC's cheek)
You're a genius, you are. We're
gonna get rich behind this.

HERC

(false modesty)

I'm just doin' what I do, right?
You need to know something, alls you
gotta do is ask.

(pause, proud)

That's what a detective is, right?

(CONTINUED)

A49 CONTINUED:

A49

LEVY

You should come over for dinner tonight. Yvette's making brisket.

HERC

At your house?

LEVY

You're *mishpucha* now.

HERC

(um...)

If you say so...

As THEY exit the security area,

CUT TO:

49 INT. PRESS BRIEFING ROOM/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

49

CARCETTI is at the microphone, PRESS enveloping him.

CARCETTI

This is over. All of our citizens can rest soundly knowing that the man responsible has been apprehended through the diligent efforts of investigators.

GUTIERREZ

Mister Mayor, is he charged with all of the murders, or...

CARCETTI

My understanding is...

CARCETTI turns, looks to RAWLS, DANIELS on rostrum behind him. RAWLS jumps into the void, leaning into microphone.

RAWLS

Ah, we are charging the last two of the incidents, but it is my understanding that he is suspected in all of the crimes. Indications are that he may be mentally incapacitated and therefore additional prosecutions would prove redundant.

DANIELS takes in this lie, stoically, hiding his disgust.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

CARCETTI

I'd also like to credit Deputy Commissioner for Operations Daniels with not only bringing these cases to the proper conclusion, but also for recently solving last year's slayings in the vacant rowhouses. He's given us such excellent work that I think it's as good a moment as any to announce that we are sending the Deputy's name forward to the City Council this week for confirmation as Baltimore Police Commissioner.

APPLAUSE from nearby COMMAND STAFF, not from PRESS.

CARCETTI (CONT'D)

Acting commissioner Rawls, to whom I am also especially grateful, will serve in an advisory capacity pending new responsibilities at City Hall.

RAWLS joins the APPLAUSE for DANIELS, making it almost seem heartfelt. As the PRESS CONFERENCE continues,

CUT TO:

A50 INT. NEWSROOM/BALTIMORE SUN - NIGHT

A50

A frenzy of editing and writing on deadline. PAN a string of REPORTERS typing, making calls -- FLETCHER, ZORZI, GUTIERREZ, OTHER REPORTERS -- before finally reaching TEMPLETON. His expression is as quizzical as it is frightened until KLEBANOW moves down the aisle, leans over him.

KLEBANOW

Scott, you should be working the main bar on the arrest with Alma.

TEMPLETON

Um... I...

KLEBANOW

We're going to want your byline in this coverage.

TEMPLETON

I, uh, I don't feel so well. My stomach...

KLEBANOW looks at him curiously.

TEMPLETON (CONT'D)

I think I've gotta go home.

(CONTINUED)

A50 CONTINUED:

A50

TEMPLETON gets up, grabs his jacket, walks off the story.
On KLEBANOW,

CUT TO:

50 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM #1/HOMICIDE UNIT/PHQ - DAY

50

Door is open. PEARLMAN sits with FREAMON, MCNULTY.

PEARLMAN

You're right. They can't fire you.
Not without it bouncing back on City
Hall. If you don't mind being buried
in some backroom unit, you can stay
for as long as you can stand it.

(to MCNULTY)

Or until you get the pension.

(pause)

But at the same time, I can't let
you do police work. Not anything
that's going to find its way to a
courtroom. I won't do that. For
both of you, that's over.

FREAMON looks at MCNULTY, then back at PEARLMAN.

MCNULTY

So Marlo walks.

PEARLMAN

Or you go to jail.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

FREAMON

And you couldn't do better with Levy?
I mean, giving up the money...

PEARLMAN

I did what I could. You lost the
money trail, Lester, when you decided
to color outside the lines.

(to MCNULTY)

This isn't on me.

MCNULTY nods. PEARLMAN gathers her things, stands, touches
MCNULTY's hand lightly -- an ex-lover's goodbye -- exits.
On FREAMON and MCNULTY, alone at the end of their conspiracy,

CUT TO:

51 INT. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

51

STEINTORF meets with DANIELS, gives marching orders.

STEINTORF

Having ducked the bullet on that
homeless mess, I want you to know
that the mayor and I both appreciate
your discretion.

DANIELS can't even bring himself to nod.

STEINTORF (CONT'D)

But right now we can't take our eyes
off the ball when it comes to crime
overall...

STEINTORF produces paperwork.

STEINTORF (CONT'D)

Looking at your weekly U.C.R.s from
the Districts, I'm not seeing the
kind of decline that's going to
measure out to a ten percent drop in
the quarter.

DANIELS

They're clean.

STEINTORF

Excuse me.

DANIELS

The stats are clean. They're gonna
stay clean. Either we fix this police
department and the crime goes down,
or we don't and the crime stays up.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

STEINTORF

Commissioner, we're talking about a little help in the next couple quarters. That's all...

DANIELS

No. I can't.

STEINTORF

You're quiet on the homeless fiasco, but this makes you squeal? What the...

DANIELS

Tell the mayor his stats will be clean. Before the election, after the election...

On STEINTORF, incredulous and DANIELS, firm,

CUT TO:

52 INT. VISITING ROOM/BALTIMORE CITY JAIL - DAY

52

MARLO meets with three representatives of the New Day Co-Op: FATFACE RICK, SLIM CHARLES, CLINTON "SHORTY" BUISE.

FATFACE RICK

What do you mean selling?

MARLO

I'm sellin' the connect.

SLIM CHARLES

How much?

MARLO

Ten million. Or a high bidder if I hear ten from more than one of y'all.

BUISE

The fuck?

MARLO

That's a nice round number. Easy to remember. You think it ain't worth that, I can put this shit in my pocket and y'all can go back to runnin' stepped-on New York shit.

SLIM CHARLES

You don't mind me askin', why you want to sell? I mean, even from inside here, you can take a slice for just layin' in the cut.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

MARLO

I ain't gonna be in here long. Case they got already fallin' apart.
(pause, smile)
But the thing is, I'm done with this gangsta shit. Been there, done that.

BUISE

You somethin' other than a gangsta?

MARLO says it as if trying it out for the first time.

MARLO

Businessman.

SLIM CHARLES shakes his head, dubious.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Yeah, I can't get my head 'round it neither, Tall Man. Anyway, any one of y'all can't make my price, then maybe you pool your money. But the supply gonna only deal with one of y'all and I'll need to make that intro.

(shrug)

Then, I'm out.

On MARLO, confident that his price will be met,

CUT TO:

53 INT. COUNCIL PRESIDENT'S OFFICE/CITY HALL - DAY

53

STEINTORF fills in CITY COUNCIL PRESIDENT NERESE CAMPBELL.

CAMPBELL

You've got a problem. I thought Daniels was your boy.

STEINTORF

We've both got a problem if crime doesn't drop. Carcetti loses the statehouse and you aren't mayor. And even if he wins, Nereese, you're stuck with a police commissioner that won't work with you.

CAMPBELL

I'm not stuck with anything. Daniels either comes around or he's done.

STEINTORF

We just anointed him. We can't go back on that now. He knows it.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

CAMPBELL

Either he learns his place or he'll
be offering to resign.

STEINTORF is surprised.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Oh, you ain't the only one knows how
to play this game.

On CAMPBELL, who has a card in the hole,

CUT TO:

54 INT. NEWSROOM/BALTIMORE SUN - DAY

54

GUTIERREZ has gathered her things in a box. Her desk is
clean. TEMPLETON sits adjacent, but can't look at her,
pretending not to know what her departure is about. She
looks around, gathers up the box, walks toward the elevators
and into:

55 INT. NEWSROOM FLOOR LOBBY/BALTIMORE SUN - DAY

55

GUTIERREZ reaches the elevator, pushes the button, waits.
The door opens and it's HAYNES, getting off. He sees
GUTIERREZ, her box, her expression.

HAYNES

I just heard.

GUTIERREZ

The Carroll County bureau? That's
how they punish me? Why not just
send my ass all the way to
Pennsylvania?

HAYNES

What did they tell you?

GUTIERREZ

That I did an excellent job. That
this had nothing to do with anything
but making the county bureaus
stronger.

HAYNES

Alma, I didn't tell them about the
notepad. I left that out.

GUTIERREZ

I told them.

HAYNES is surprised.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

When I heard you were in trouble, I went to Whiting, told him I thought you were right about Scott. I told him about the notepad.

HAYNES shakes his head, smiles.

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

Did he make all of it up? The calls from the killer? The pictures?

HAYNES

(shakes his head)
Some, not all.

GUTIERREZ

Why? Why would Scott do that?

HAYNES

(nod at surroundings)
Look around. The pond is shrinking. The fish are nervous.
(laughs)

Get some profile, win a prize -- maybe you go to a bigger pond somewhere. Whiting, Klebanow, Templeton -- they snatch a Pulitzer or two, they're up and gone from here. For them, that's what it's all about.

(pause)

Me? I'm too fuckin' simple-minded for that. I just wanted to see something new every day and tell a story with it.

(smile)

You'll write your way outta Carroll in no time, watch.

GUTIERREZ shakes her head. The elevator door opens and she gets on.

GUTIERREZ

About as fast as you edit your way off the copy desk, huh?

As HAYNES smiles, the doors close. On HAYNES, his expression dying, walking back into the newsroom as we hold on the Mencken quote long enough to read it,

CUT TO:

56 INT. KAVANAUGH'S BAR/DOWNTOWN BALTIMORE - NIGHT #2

56

IRISH MUSIC amid a crowd of LAW ENFORCEMENT TYPES, including BUNK, SYDNOR, NORRIS, HOLLEY, DET. MICHAEL CRUTCHFIELD, ROOKIE DETECTIVE, F.B.I. SQUAD SUPERVISOR AMANDA REESE, SPECIAL AGENT TERRANCE FITZHUGH, OTHERS from Homicide including the secretary, WINONA. Also present are SGT. ELLIS CARVER, OFCS. MICHAEL SANTANGELO, BOBBY BROWN, and dozens of OTHERS from the B.P.D., other agencies. PICK UP the drunken camaraderie of a detective's wake and glimpses of the suited BODY laying atop the pool table. One hand gripping a stogie, the other hand, rigged around an unopened bottle of Jameson's. Knotted tie. Detective's shield on the green felt. Dress shoes with a hole in one sole. St. Christopher medal draped over the top of a patrolman's photo, seen only from an angle. No way for us to know who has died. LANDSMAN is on a chair.

LANDSMAN

What to say about *this* piece of work?

LAUGHTER.

LANDSMAN (CONT'D)

Fuck if I don't find myself without the right words. Me, as gifted a golden throat as all you cocksuckers, being loosed from religion, are ever likely to hear.

(LAUGHTER)

What can I say about the dearly departed? I mean, really...

BUNK

He died young. Too young.

NORRIS

Not even forty years old.

CARVER

Though had it lived, his dick woulda been a hundred-thirty-four...

LAUGHTER.

LANDSMAN

Shut up. It's coming to me...

(closes his eyes)

He was the black sheep, the permanent pariah. He asked no quarter of the bosses and none was given. He ran about as far as you can against the wind, and then, the motherfucker got up, dusted himself off, and started running again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

LANDSMAN (CONT'D)

He learned no lessons, he acknowledged no mistakes, he was as stubborn a mic as ever stumbled out of the Northeast parishes and took hold of a patrolman's shield.

CHEERS from some of the Irish there. As LANDSMAN continues to speak, we slowly pan up the CORPSE and come to rest finally on the fact that it is MCNULTY listening. His face curls into a slight smile, signaling that he is enjoying this.

LANDSMAN (CONT'D)

He brooked no authority. He did what he wanted to do and he said what he wanted to say and in the end, he gave you the clearances. He was natural police. Yes he was. And I don't say that about many people. Even when they're here on the felt, I don't give that one up unless it happens to be true.

PAN the GATHERING. Nods and AFFIRMATIONS.

LANDSMAN (CONT'D)

Natural poh-leece.

LANDSMAN pretends to get weepy, emotional. He pauses, daubs an eye, as CRIES of "Aw..." and "Don't cry..." are heard from the CROWD. LANDSMAN quickly turns the corner.

LANDSMAN (CONT'D)

But Christ, what an asshole.

(LAUGHTER)

I mean, not just the ordinary, gaping orifice that all of us possess. But an all-encompassing, all-consuming, out-of-proportion-to-every-other-facet-of-his-humanity chasm from whose borne, if I may quote Shakespeare, no traveler has ever returned.

PICK UP on MCNULTY, laughing at himself now, enjoying it.

LANDSMAN (CONT'D)

I mean, Christ, you couldn't tell this bastard anything, ever. I was his sergeant for five years and let me tell you, I had to write more on Jimmy McNulty than on any ten detectives. The motherfucker never stopped fucking my shit up.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

MCNULTY
(trying to rise)
The fuck did I do?

BUNK slaps him back down on the felt to LAUGHTER.

BUNK
Shut up. You're dead to us now.

LANDSMAN
Anyway, he gave this job a ride,
didn't he? I mean, he didn't hold a
fuckin' thing back...

The door opens and FREAMON steps in, with his girl, SHARDENE,
behind him. FREAMON sees MCNULTY on the table, laughs, as
CHEERS, GREETINGS for FREAMON are heard.

BUNK
Ho, it's his partner in crime.

FREAMON
Now, now. Be gentle. I'm a civilian
now. Be gentle.

BUNK
Your papers went in, huh?

FREAMON
This afternoon. Thirty-two years...

SHARDENE
...and four months.

LAUGHTER. FREAMON comes down to the celebration, stands
beside the pool table, looks down at MCNULTY.

FREAMON
Mmm mmm. Y'all did a fine job with
him. You did. He look to be about
ten years younger than I remember.

LAUGHTER. BUNK tries to guide FREAMON onto the felt.

BUNK
C'mon, there's room for both of you
to be laid out.

FREAMON
Naw, naw. One at a time. You don't
crowd a man at his own wake.

MCNULTY
You sure, Lester? We can snuggle.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (3)

56

FREAMON

Keep our secrets, Jimmy. I brought
Shardene out tonight.

LAUGHTER. MCNULTY realizes, kisses SHARDENE on the cheek.
FREAMON shoves him back down on the felt.

LANDSMAN

If you gentlemen will spare us the
unfortunate homoerotic lapse, I will
conclude my elegiac remarks...

BUNK

Then do it, ya gabby motherfucker...

LANDSMAN

To conclude...

(CROWD is restless)

To conclude, I say... He gave us
thirteen years on the line -- not
enough for a pension...

(MUTTERINGS, WHOAs)

...but enough for us to know that he
was, for all his negligible Irish
ancestry...

(CRIES of protest)

...his defects of personality...

(LAUGHTER)

...and his inconstant sobriety and
hygiene...

(LAUGHTER)

A true murder police. Jimmy, I say
this seriously. If I was laying
there dead on some Baltimore street
corner, I'd want it to be you standing
over me, catching the case. Because,
brother, when you were good, you
were the best we had.

MCNULTY sits up, eyes LANDSMAN, who nods at him genuinely.

BUNK

Shit, if you was layin' there dead
on some corner, it was Jimmy probably
done ya.

Back to LAUGHTER. But MCNULTY is up and taking a hug from
LANDSMAN, from FREAMON, others. "Body of An American" PLAYS
for the last time as MCNULTY -- though not drinking with the
OTHERS -- SINGS, cavorts, embraces with his TRIBE,

CUT TO:

57 INT. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

57

MARLA DANIELS sits across from her ex-husband. The file on Daniels' time in the Eastern District -- from Burrell to Campbell to Marla to this moment -- sits on the desk. DANIELS scans it, glancing at pages as if to read more carefully about his past is too painful.

DANIELS

How did Nerese Campbell get it?

MARLA

You think I asked? Do you think it matters? They gave it to me because they thought you'd listen to me.

DANIELS

So now they want me to go.

MARLA

The way she expressed it was that she wanted you to stay if you could come to your senses.

DANIELS

Come to my senses.

MARLA

What does she mean?

DANIELS

She wants me to juke the stats for Carcetti. This quarter and the next -- hide the crime, get him elected as governor and make her the mayor.

MARLA

So do it.
(off his look)
Burrell juke them before you.
Battaglia before him. And after you're gone, Rawls or whoever will juke them. So what?

DANIELS

I'll swallow a lie when I have to. I've swallowed a few big ones lately. But the stat games -- that lie -- it's what ruined this department. Shining up shit and calling it gold, so majors become colonels and mayors become governors. Pretending to do police work while one generation fucking trains the next how not to do the job.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

DANIELS (CONT'D)

(picks up the file)

I looked Carcetti in the eye. I shook his hand. I asked him if he was for real.

DANIELS drops the file on the desk, sits back in his chair.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

This is the lie I can't live with. If I do, then Nerese has me in her pocket whenever she wants me. And I'm no good to anyone like that.

MARLA

Then go. Withdraw for personal reasons, for health reasons. Whatever. You've got the law degree. You won't starve. But if you don't go, they'll wreck us both.

DANIELS

There's not enough in here to indict.

MARLA

There's enough that you'll never make it through confirmation hearings. And enough so that my career is dead even before it got started.

(pause)

The tree that doesn't bend, breaks.

DANIELS

Bend too far, you're already broken.

On DANIELS, his mind made up,

CUT TO:

58 EXT. KAVANAUGH'S BAR/DOWNTOWN BALTIMORE - NIGHT

58

FREAMON, drunk, but not comically so, swaying and drinking on the sidewalk. MCNULTY is with him, stone sober.

FREAMON

Marlo on a walk. And the money, Jimmy. She gave that away, too.

MCNULTY

Yeah.

FREAMON

We don't get to follow the money.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

MCNULTY grunts a laugh, vaguely resigned to it, as GREGGS -- ball cap, jean jacket, as we met her -- walks up on them. FREAMON beams at her.

FREAMON (CONT'D)

Wonderin' where you was...

GREGGS

Didn't know if I should come out on this here...

FREAMON

Why the fuck not?

GREGGS

Was me told Daniels.

FREAMON, MCNULTY share a look.

GREGGS (CONT'D)

Didn't want to do it behind your back, but it had to be done.

GREGGS eyes them, waits.

GREGGS (CONT'D)

Anyway, it was great bein' on the job with y'all. I just wanted to say that, too, I guess.

FREAMON

You ain't gonna drink with me?

GREGGS

I am if you want...

FREAMON looks at MCNULTY, who eyes GREGGS.

MCNULTY

Detective, if you think it needed doin' then I guess it did.

GREGGS nods at MCNULTY, heads into the bar. FREAMON turns to MCNULTY, gleam in his eye.

FREAMON

You comin'?

MCNULTY gives a tiny shake of his head. Freamon understands, *
nods: Good for you. On MCNULTY, walking away sober and good *
with it, *

CUT TO:

59 EXT. VACANT LOT/EAST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

59*

A herd of S.U.V.s parked on an open lot. FATFACE RICK, BUISE, PHIL BOY, CHEESE, ONE OTHER DEALER meeting in an emergency session as another S.U.V. pulls up and SLIM CHARLES, two other CO-OP MEMBERS emerge, walk over.

SLIM CHARLES

Milton came with six hunnert. An' Little Glen is in for three.

BUISE

I got five from me an' five from Chinaman to cover. As long as we payin' ourselves back outta shared profit, we good with it.

SLIM CHARLES

Still short nine hunnert.

CHEESE

I can go that. No thing.

FATFACE RICK

Nine? Where you got all that scratch?

CHEESE

You don't think Cheese knows this here business? We sellin' dope an' coke in Baltimore, any one of y'all don't have that kind of money need be ashamed.

BUISE

Still, you puttin' up more than your share with that.

CHEESE

Yeah, well, the way I look at it is we all gonna be more than paid once we own the connect, so...

FATFACE RICK

Shit, we was fine when Joe had it. If you hadn't put in with Marlo...

CHEESE draws gun, startling ALL. He aims it at RICK's nose.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

CHEESE

See now, to me, that's just the wrong way to look at it. 'Cause Joe had his time and Omar ended it, and then Marlo had his time -- short though is was -- an' the police put an end to that. And now, motherfucker, it's our time. Yours and mine. And instead of just shuttin' up and kickin' in, you gonna stand here cryin' that back-in-the-day shit.

FATFACE RICK

Cheese, man...

CHEESE

There ain't no back in the day. Ain't no nostalgia to this here. There's just the street and the game and what happen here today.

FATFACE RICK

You right.

CHEESE puts his gun away.

CHEESE

When it was my uncle, I was with my uncle. When it was Marlo, I was with him. But now it's...

SLIM CHARLES pulls his own gun, shoots CHEESE in the head. CHEESE falls.

BUISE

The fuck you do that for? Now we short the nine.

SLIM CHARLES

That was for Joe, man.

BUISE

(to FATFACE RICK)

Sentimental motherfucker just cost us money.

On the CO-OP, GRUMBLING at the murder, drifting back to their rides, leaving CHEESE,

CUT TO:

60 EXT. FRONT STEPS/RUSSELL'S HOUSE/MIDDLE RIVER - NIGHT 60

MCNULTY, RUSSELL sit on the steps. Nothing is said between them. MCNULTY shifts, looks down, looks out at the night. As RUSSELL's arm comes up around him and we FADE TO a long moment of black, implying the passage of time,

CUT TO:

61 EXT. BALTIMORE - DAY 61

Establishing the skyline.

62 EXT. FARMER'S MARKET/WAVERLY - DAY 62

BUBBLES sits on the curb as the legs of PASSERSBY browse past him. He is reading the newspaper story, carefully clipped from the paper. C.U. on Fletcher's story, with art of Bubbles, seen from behind, walking down a westside street as cover art, headline: "The Road Home: A life at the margins is reclaimed day by day in West Baltimore." BUBBLES reads about himself yet again, reconfirming in some strange way his own fragile sense of his worth. He finishes, carefully folds the article, places it in his shirt pocket. PULL BACK to reveal BUBBLES, with some shopping bags, amid the to-and-fro of the farmer's market. As he stands, picks up his purchases, and blends with the rest of Baltimore,

CUT TO:

63 INT. PRESS BRIEFING ROOM/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 63

ACTING COMMISSIONER DANIELS is going down a line of new LIEUTENANTS and SERGEANTS, handing them their collar insignias, shaking their hands. He reaches CARVER, pauses, smiles.

DANIELS

Glad I got to do this at least.

CARVER nods at the compliment. DANIELS hands him his bar, salutes, shakes his hand.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Lieutenant Carver.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

CARVER looks around, wonders if he should broach it. Then:

CARVER

Thank you, sir. I'm just sorry it
won't be you I'm serving under.

DANIELS

Word gets around, huh?

CARVER

It's on W.B.A.L. today.
(dubious)
They said you're leaving for family
reasons...

DANIELS

I guess I have some kids somewhere I
don't even know about.

CARVER smiles at that. So does DANIELS.

CARVER

They fucked ya, huh?

DANIELS

No more or less than anyone else.

CARVER takes that in, nods.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

They say on B.A.L. who they're sending
up as acting commissioner?

CARVER

Say it ain't so.

DANIELS smiles. It's true. He turns, addresses himself to
the crowd of RELATIVES, FRIENDS, other COPS.

DANIELS

Ladies and gentlemen, as what may be
my last official act as a Baltimore
police officer, allow me to
congratulate all of the promoted
officers, their families, their fellow
officers, and their friends.

APPLAUSE. DANIELS salutes CARVER and the OTHERS, steps from
the riser and walks back down the aisle, his face now a mask,
the warm moment past. PICK UP on CARVER stepping down from
the riser to find HERC waiting for him.

HERC

You ain't careful, they'll make you
a major. Then you're truly fucked.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2) 63

CARVER shakes his head at HERC. As HERC hugs him warmly,

CUT TO:

64 OMITTED 64

65 EXT. LOT/MCCULLOH HOMES/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY 65

Under the statues of Episode 101, BUNK parks his unmarked car, walks up. Shot-to-hell BODY, a young, black, male. GREGGS stands over him taking notes. UNIFORMS, CRIME LAB PERSONNEL hanging around, bored.

BUNK

See now there you go givin' a fuck when it ain't your turn. Lehman's squad was up.

GREGGS

I needed the O.T.

BUNK

Yeah, an' now you got an alley job with no wits, no suspect and no prayer of it goin' to black.

(muttered)

Pickin' up the phone like a got-damn rookie. Shame on ya.

GREGGS

Stop squealin' like a bitch. An' make sure you don't kick that shell casing behind you.

On BUNK, making sure, muttering his disgust, then bending to examine the BODY, at work with his new PARTNER,

CUT TO:

66 EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER/RICHMOND/VIRGINIA - DAY 66

MCNULTY pulls up in his personal car, dressed in T-shirt, jeans. He gets out, moves through some CLUTTERED HUMANITY gathered in an ad hoc smoking lounge, and is about to enter the shelter when he sees the same SOCIAL WORKER on the sidewalk, talking with a NEW ARRIVAL.

SOCIAL WORKER

...and you say you applied for S.S.I. Mr. Belton?

NEW ARRIVAL nods.

66 CONTINUED:

66

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)

Well, let's go inside and look it up
on the computer.

*
*
*

She starts inside, but encounters MCNULTY.

*

MCNULTY

Hey, remember me?

*
*

MCNULTY produces I.D. for MR. BOBBLES.

*

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

I brought him in a few weeks back
and I wanted to see how he's...

*
*

SOCIAL WORKER

He wandered out after a couple nights.
Sorry.

*
*

MCNULTY looks around, frustrated, thinking.

*

MCNULTY

Where do the homeless go down here?

*
*

SOCIAL WORKER

Different places. Down by the river,
over in the warehouse district...
(thinking it through)
Some of the places, I don't really
think it would be safe for you...

*
*
*
*

MCNULTY

I'm police. Used to be anyway.

*
*

SOCIAL WORKER

Wait here. I'll see if I can find
you a map.

*
*

She moves off with NEW ARRIVAL. On MCNULTY, amid her
CLIENTELE,

*

CUT TO:

*

67 OMITTED

67*

68 INT. BOARD ROOM/CORPORATE OFFICE TOWER/DB - NIGHT

68*

MARLO is trapped at a window in conversation with developers ANDREW KRAWCZYK, MAURICE WEBBER and ANOTHER of their ilk, who are showing him the south harbor skyline.

KRAWCZYK

(pointing)

New Westport is Howard Street ten years ago, except the land is still cheaper and there's more potential for mixed-use because of the waterfront locations.

LEVY enters from the main party room.

LEVY

There you are.

WEBBER

You can't put a price on a waterview.

KRAWCZYK

Oh yes you can. Yes you most definitely can.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

KRAWCZYK (CONT'D)

(LAUGHTER)

But the thing is to get in early and ride the wave, because the speculation that goes on once...

LEVY arrives from around boardroom table.

LEVY

Andy, he's gotta meet Tommy and they're leaving early, so let me borrow him for a moment...

KRAWCZYK

No problem. We'll catch up.

LEVY guides MARLO away.

LEVY

You know who you were talking to?

MARLO

Nah.

LEVY

Andy Krawczyk. Very connected. Very big with development around the harbor. He's someone you're gonna wanna know well, but kid, do not get in a room with him alone. You want me there with you, or guys like that will bleed you...

(nods at PARTYGOER)

I want you to meet Tommy Flanagan before he leaves...

MARLO

Yeah, gimme a minute. I need to, ah...

MARLO nods in the general direction of where he thinks a bathroom might be. LEVY understands, points to where he'll be. MARLO nods, looks around, heads for the exit,

TIME CUT TO:

69 EXT. STREET/WEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

69

Still dressed for success, MARLO walks into West Baltimore from downtown, coming to a corner ripe with HOPPERS in white tees, who eyefuck him as he approaches.

HOPPER #1

...so Omar, he got an A.K., right?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

HOPPER #1 (CONT'D)

But he surrounded, see? They like eight or nine motherfuckers in the store an' they all got nines...

His voice trails off, as HOPPERS stare at MARLO coming up on them.

MARLO

Fuck y'all lookin' at?

HOPPER #1

You, nigga.

MARLO

You know who I am?

HOPPER #1

You know who I am?

A slight smile creases MARLO's face, as he reaches out to grab HOPPER #1, only to have HOPPER #2 pull a handgun from his dip. Before he can aim it, MARLO wheels, clocks HOPPER #2 with a punch that sends a bullet skyward. The gun falls to the sidewalk and MARLO reaches for it only to have HOPPER #1 slash his forearm with a razor. MARLO wheels again, levels the kid with a hard punch and the HOPPERS suddenly lose heart and flee, leaving MARLO on the corner, the gun abandoned at his feet. Breathing hard, MARLO examines his forearm wound, feels and tastes his own blood. Alone in a West Baltimore night, he smiles broadly, proudly.

On MARLO, in the only world in which he can believe,

CUT TO:

70 INT. VINSON'S RIM SHOP/WEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

70

VINSON, two other DRUG DEALERS, are coming out of the back office. One DEALER is carrying a trash bag. They turn the corner toward the door only to see a hooded THUG smash kick the door, step inside and aim a sawed-off at VINSON. The THUG's cohort, ACCOMPLICE #1, black, 17, also hooded, steps in beside him holding a 9mm. VINSON, DEALERS freeze in their tracks.

VINSON

Motherfucker.

THUG takes a step forward, revealing himself as MICHAEL LEE.

MICHAEL

Time to give it up.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

VINSON

You know who I am?

MICHAEL

Name is Vinson. You used to be Marlo's bank before he figured out how to use lawyers an shit. But Marlo ain't 'round no more, and you still movin' money for other players and now...

(nod at bag)

...I guess some of it need be mine.

VINSON

Shit, you just a boy.

MICHAEL lowers the shotgun, blows up VINSON's kneecap.

MICHAEL

Shit, that just your leg.

MICHAEL aims shotty at DEALER #1, who tosses him the cash. MICHAEL nods and VINSON moans and with ACCOMPLICE covering, backs out of store. On the NEW OMAR, swallowed by the night,

FADE TO:

71 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

71

DET. LEANDER SYDNOR sits on the other side of a wide expanse of desk.

SYDNOR

...and if the major could find his ass with his hand, he'd know that this is more than enough for us to be up on a pen register. Lieutenant Carver told him so, but fuck if he isn't trying to shut this thing down.

REVEAL that he is talking to an amused JUDGE DANIEL PHELAN.

SYDNOR (CONT'D)

All's I'm sayin' is a phone call or two and you're gonna find out that they're gettin' some kinda pressure from somewhere to sit on this thing, even though we've tied three killings to this crew.

PHELAN

Does the police commissioner know?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

SYDNOR

Him? He wouldn't know police work
if it took down his front door on a
warrant.

SYDNOR gets up, goes to the door.

SYDNOR (CONT'D)

Just keep my name out of it.

SYDNOR exits. On PHELAN, amused at the unbroken circle,

CUT TO:

72 EXT. I-95/FT. MCHENRY TUNNEL APPROACH - DUSK

72

Returning from Richmond in his personal car, MCNULTY pulls up on the northbound shoulder, just after the Washington Boulevard exit. With MR. BOBBLES lolling in the passenger seat, MCNULTY gets out as traffic RUSHES past him on the interstate in both directions. He takes in the landscape of his city, the only home he knows, and he knows it well. On MCNULTY, no longer a police, saying goodbye in a way, staring at the lights and skyline, as we hear the first notes of the Blind Boys singing "Way Down In The Hole":

CUT TO:

73 INT. FREAMON'S TOWNHOUSE/BUTCHERS HILL - NIGHT

73

Song CONTINUES. SHARDENE in the kitchen, cleaning up.
FREAMON at the dining room table, touching up a tiny armoire:

74 INT. BAR/BALTIMORE - NIGHT

74

Song CONTINUES. HERC in his Brooks Brothers suit, buying rounds for OFC. KENNETH DOZERMAN, OTHER EX-COLLEAGUES:

75 INT. BANQUET ROOM/NEW YORK CITY - DAY

75

Song CONTINUES. Flanked by WHITING and KLEBANOW, TEMPLETON stands with a medallioned plaque for his Pulitzer Prize, doing a grip-and-grin with his mentors as cameras flash and he smiles broadly:

76 INT. STABLES/ARABBER'S ALLEY/WEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

76

Song CONTINUES. As worn as we've ever seen him, DUKIE waits and scratches, his arm torniqueted with a belt, as the ARABBER fires the first shot and then passes the bottle cap to DUKIE. On DUKIE, pulling out his own works and joining an altogether different tribe:

- 77 INT. HOTEL MEETING ROOM/BALTIMORE - NIGHT 77
- Song CONTINUES. CARCETTI is at the microphones, JENNIFER CARCETTI beside him, STATE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS and his LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR-ELECT flanking him amid confetti in the air as he is elected Governor of Maryland. On CARCETTI, having reached another summit:
- 78 INT. NEWSROOM/BALTIMORE SUN - NIGHT 78
- Song CONTINUES. PAN from Carcetti's victory lap on the television to the City Desk, where new CITY EDITOR FLETCHER is shouting to ZORZI that he needs the senate race story in three minutes. PICK UP on HAYNES, now on the copy desk, looking older than we've seen him. HAYNES types for a bit, then drops his reading glasses, watches FLETCHER do the job. On HAYNES, amused and strangely okay with it:
- 79 INT. PRESS BRIEFING ROOM/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 79
- Song CONTINUES. As MAYOR CAMPBELL congratulates STANISLAUS VALCHEK, Baltimore's new police commissioner by default. On VALCHEK, delighted, trying on the hat, as cameras flash:
- 80 INT. COURTROOM/DISTRICT COURTHOUSE - DAY 80
- Song CONTINUES. DANIELS in lawyerly affect, schmoozing with a PROSECUTING ATTORNEY over a file, then guiding a shackled young black DEFENDANT toward the defense table for an arraignment. "All rise," is heard from a BAILIFF and we look up to see, in black robes, DISTRICT COURT JUDGE RHONDA PEARLMAN. On PEARLMAN, trading a wry look with DANIELS, and getting down to business, which means announcing her recusal:
- 81 EXT. PRISON YARD/M.C.I. JESSUP - DAY 81
- Song CONTINUES. As INMATES run a game of basketball, CHRIS walks the line of a chain-link fence and comes to rest next to WEE-BEY, who greets him with a casual nod. On two SOLDIERS with some time on their hands, watching the game:
- 82 EXT. LAWN/STATE POLICE HEADQUARTERS/PIKESVILLE - DAY 82
- Song CONTINUES. CARCETTI congratulates newly christened STATE POLICE SUPERINTENDANT RAWLS amid MEDIA ATTENTION. On RAWLS, splendid in his new uniform, gripping hands with the GOVERNOR and smiling:
- 83 INT. LITTLE JOHNNY'S DINER/WATERFRONT/SOUTH BALTIMORE - DAY 83
- Song CONTINUES. FATFACE RICK and SLIM CHARLES meet with SPIROS "VONDAS" VONDOPOLOUS in the back booth. PULL BACK to REVEAL additional MUSCLE and THE GREEK sitting placidly at the bar, reading a Greek paper, drinking espresso, smoking:

84 INT. BASEMENT/RAE'S ROWHOUSE/EDMONDSON VILLAGE - DAY 84

Song CONTINUES. BUBBLES comes in the back door, trudges up the stairs and, with just a moment's hesitation, enters to find RAE and her DAUGHTER at the table, where a third setting awaits her BROTHER. On BUBBLES, sitting down to dinner:

85 EXT. THE CORNERS AND STREETS - DAY & NIGHT 85

Song CONTINUES. And the images of BALTIMOREANS -- the forgotten ones, black and white, working class and poor, begin to accelerate as they live and breathe on the city streets. Some are seen at work, illegal and legal, some are idle on stoops, some are at play, or laughing, or morose, some look away from camera, some eye the camera warily. Mixed in with the UNKNOWNNS are four KNOWNS -- SPIDER on his corner; POOT walking to work in his uniform; KENARD finally cuffed and being led into a wagon; JOHNNY FIFTY, homeless, scouring the contents of a trash can. The last images are TIGHT ON the improbable Baltimore FACES, all of them wounded, all of them waiting for a day that never seems to come, as the music CONCLUDES:

86 EXT. I-95/FT. MCNHENRY TUNNEL APPROACH - DUSK 86

C.U. on MCNULTY's face as he opens his eyes, a bit taken aback by the visions, the rush of memory, the veiled hints of the future. He takes one last long look at the skyline amid the coming night, turns back to his car and MR. BOBBLES, who is in his own world in the passenger seat.

MCNULTY

Larry?

MR. BOBBLES says nothing, looking out the passenger window at God knows what. MCNULTY gets in the car. POV is through the passenger window, across to MCNULTY.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

Let's go home.

MR. BOBBLES emits a vague noise and MCNULTY nods, puts the car in gear. PULL BACK as MCNULTY's car edges back into traffic, rolling out of frame. On BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, an American city, as traffic rolls past her in both directions,

FADE OUT.

THE END