

Executive Producer:
Executive Producer:
Producer:
Co-Producer:
Director:

Robert F. Colesberry
David Simon
Nina K. Noble
Karen Thorson
Steve Shill

THE WIRE

Episode 111
"The Hunt"

"Dope on the damn table."

-- Daniels

Teleplay by
Joy Lusco

Story by
David Simon & Ed Burns

Final Shooting Draft
June 21, 2002

6/24/02 blue
6/25/02 pink

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REVISION PAGE

COLOR	DATE	PAGES
Blue	6/24/02	Cast Page, Set Page, 18-19, 33- 34A, 44, 55-56
Pink	6/25/02	1-2, 6-6A

UC BERKELEY: DAVID WALTER

CAST

DET. JAMES "JIMMY" MCNULTY.....Dominic West
DET. SHAKIMA "KIMA" GREGGS.....Sonja Sohn *

LT. CEDRIC DANIELS.....Lance Reddick
DET. WILLIAM "BUNK" MORELAND.....Wendell Pierce
D'ANGELO BARKSDALE.....Larry Gilliard, Jr.
STRINGER BELL.....Idris Elba
AVON BARKSDALE.....Wood Harris
BODIE.....J D Williams

BUBBLES.....Andre Royo
WEE-BEY.....Hassan Johnson
WALLACE.....Michael B. Jordan
POOT.....Tray Chaney

DET. THOMAS R. "HERC" HAUK.....Domenick Lombardozzi
DET. ELLIS CARVER.....Seth Gilliam
DET. LESTER FREAMON.....Clarke Peters
JUDGE DANIEL PHELAN.....Peter Gerety
DEP. COMM. ERVIN H. BURRELL.....Frankie R. Faison
MAJ. WILLIAM A. RAWLS.....John Doman
MAJ. RAYMOND "RAY" FOERSTER.....Richard De Angelis
SGT. JAY LANDSMAN.....Delaney Williams
A.S.A. RHONDA PEARLMAN.....Deirdre Lovejoy
DET. ROLAND "PREZ" PRYZBYLEWSKI.....Jim True-Frost
DET. LEANDER SYDNOR.....Corey Parker Robinson
DET. MICHAEL SANTANGELO.....Michael Salconi
DET. RAY COLE.....Robert F. Colesberry

ORLANDO (Non-Speaking).....Clayton LeBouef
MAURICE "MAURY" LEVY.....Michael Kostroff
DET. EDWARD NORRIS.....As Himself
DET. VERNON HOLLEY.....Brian Anthony Wilson
ILENE NATHAN.....Susan Rome *

CHERYL.....Melanie Nicholls-King
LITTLE MAN.....Micaiah Jones
SAVINO.....Chris Clanton *

DEA SUPERVISOR.....Christopher Glenn Wilson
STERLING.....Curtis Montez
I.I.D. MAJOR (Non-Speaking).....Tony D. Head
COMMISSIONER.....Dick Stilwell *

SAVINO'S MOM.....Katana Lazet Hall *
TAC LIEUTENANT.....Derren M. Fuentes *
UNIFORM.....Warren E. Thomas *

SETS

EXTERIORS

Dorchester County
Two-Lane Road
Downtown
Levy & Weinstein Offices
High-Rise Projects
Church Roof
Courtyard
Low-Rise Projects
Courtyard
McCulloh Street
Payphone
Surveillance Van
Mitchell Courthouse

Northwest Baltimore
Alley
Crime Scene
Dead-End Alley
Footpath
Parking Lot
Railroad Bed
Rancher
Stash House
Street
Payphone
Union Square Park
Various Locations
Doorways
Wee-Bey's Rowhome
Rear
West Baltimore
Rowhouse

INTERIORS

Edmondson Avenue
SUV
Greggs' Apartment
Hallway
High-Rise Projects
Apartment
Empty Apartment
Hallway
Levy & Weinstein Offices
Conference Room
Law Office
Maryland Shock Trauma Center
Hallway
I.C.U.
Nursing Station
O.R.
Prep Room
Mitchell Courthouse
Basement
Detail Offices
Daniels' Office
Wiretap Room
Northwest Baltimore
Rancher
Orlando's Strip Club
Back Office
Bar
Police Headquarters
Burrell's Office
Outer Office
Homicide Office
Squad Room
Interrogation Room
Press Briefing Room
Print Shop
Various Locations
Doorway
Wee-Bey's Rowhome
Finished Basement

White on black card:

“Dope on the damn table.”

-- Daniels

UC BERKELEY: DAVID WALTER

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ALLEY/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT 1

Crime scene, forty minutes after the murder of Orlando and the shooting of Det. Shakima Greggs. All the POLICE in the known world have descended on the warren-run of Rosemont back alleys. SOUND and flash from the helicopter overhead, scouring area. DET. SGT. JAY LANDSMAN and DETS. WILLIAM "BUNK" MORELAND, RAY COLE are among five HOMICIDE DETECTIVES clustered around Orlando's car. DETS. ELLIS CARVER, LEANDER SYDNOR and the DEA SUPERVISOR pace useless at the sidelines. Other DEA OFFICIALS, City Narcotics DETECTIVES, LAB TECHS and UNIFORMED OFFICERS move around the vicinity in a swirl of confusing activity. PULL BACK to the edge of the scene, as MAJ. WILLIAM A. RAWLS pulls up in a command car, gets out, takes stock of the scene.

RAWLS

Christ.

RAWLS moves through the disorder toward LANDSMAN, who is examining the dead Orlando, sprawled behind the wheel as he was left by the gunmen. Det. Shakima Greggs is long gone to the trauma unit, leaving only a bloody pool on the rear floorboards and the jetsam of IV material and plastic gloves and blood spatter in the street where CPR was performed. From RAWLS' POV we take all of this in.

RAWLS (cont.)

Sergeant.

Crouched beside the car, peering underneath the rear seat, LANDSMAN looks up, stands, at the sight of RAWLS. *

RAWLS (cont.)

Who are the primaries?

LANDSMAN

Cole and Norris. Cole here. Norris at the hospital.

RAWLS

What do you need? *

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

LANDSMAN

Room to work. I keep ordering people off the scene, but between Narcotics, DEA and two patrol districts, the bodies tend to collect.

*
*
*
*
*

RAWLS takes in the CHAOS, cups his hands, shouts.

*

RAWLS

Nobody move.

SOME of the chaos stops.

RAWLS (cont.)

I said, nobody fucking move.

All chaos stops. ALL look to RAWLS.

RAWLS (cont.)

If you have not specifically been assigned a task by a homicide detective, you need to step away from this crime scene.

Confused looks, MUTED discussion of the order.

RAWLS (cont.)

Is there anyone that doesn't understand a direct order? If you have not specifically been instructed otherwise, then remove your useless, interfering selves from the area.

(pause)

Now.

BODIES begin to drift across the street. RAWLS turns back to LANDSMAN.

*

RAWLS (cont.)

Slow this thing to a crawl. Give these bastards no chance to fuck up in a meaningful way.

*

RAWLS approaches the car to find BUNK reaching carefully, with a gloved hand, deep under the rear seat and slowly, with some struggle, retrieving Greggs' unfired weapon. He holds it up for all to see, then deposits it in a clear evidence bag held by a LAB TECH.

BUNK

Wedged all the way to the back, with the wire mesh of the seat supports hangin' down in front.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

LANDSMAN

She couldn't get to it. Her right hand was all scratched to shit from trying to reach back through the wires.

BUNK pulls some worn duct tape from beneath the front edge of the rear seat.

BUNK

She taped it up front, but as soon as she put any weight on these worn-ass car seats, they sank enough to pull the tape off. Gun slid back behind the mesh as they drove, probably.

RAWLS

Christ.

BUNK goes back to work on the immediate scene, as RAWLS looks around, his eyes taking in the street approaches and the general geography. He turns to LANDSMAN.

RAWLS (cont.)

Where was her support?

LANDSMAN

Two follow cars, several blocks distant. She got a little bit lost in the alleys, gave her twenty on the northside of Warwick.

RAWLS

They went there on the shots?

LANDSMAN

Foxtrot finally found her.

RAWLS

So we had two units covering the northside and the helicopter up on top. And no one sights any vehicle in flight.

A good point. RAWLS looks the other way, where the dead-end street fades into a cut path down toward the railroad cut. LANDSMAN follows his eyeline, sees the logic. He nods and walks back to the cluster of DETECTIVES around the car.

LANDSMAN

Bunk, Terry, Mike. C'mon.

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

LANDSMAN leads the way toward the path. COLE and a LAB TECH remain at the car. As COLE leans into the front seat, turning Orlando's head to allow the TECH a better shot of a close-contact wound, we PAN to see DET. THOMAS R. "HERC" HAUKE, arriving, getting out of his personal car. He walks around the periphery of the scene, taking in the scope of the disaster, finding CARVER and SYDNOR, standing, forlorn and forgotten against the E.V.U. truck, staring at the Lincoln Continental and a dead Orlando.

HERC
The fuck happened?

On CARVER, too stunned to answer, we PAN to RAWLS as he walks down the side alley, away from the scene, arriving at the street and the street sign marking the intersection of Warwick and Longwood. As RAWLS looks up, frowns, and then, with one hand, easily turns the street sign ninety degrees, correcting the mistake that confused Greggs,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

2 INT. NURSING STATION/MD SHOCK TRAUMA CENTER - NIGHT

2

A gathering cluster of DETECTIVES and POLICE COMMANDERS, including MAJ. RAYMOND FOERSTER, LT. CEDRIC DANIELS, and HOMICIDE DETS. VERNON HOLLEY and EDWARD NORRIS, hover around the nursing station, somber, awaiting the first. With a notepad out, DANIELS is debriefed by NORRIS.

NORRIS
You didn't have an eyeball?

DANIELS
(defensive)
On those streets? There's no way you can eyeball it. She was throwing out twenties as best she could.

NORRIS
Understood. I'm just asking.

DANIELS
The link we have to this is Savino Bratton. A minor lieutenant to our target, Barksdale. I gave your people all of that at the scene...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

NORRIS

And we're hitting his last knowns...
We're on that. But the set-up was
more than him.

DANIELS looks at him.

NORRIS (cont.)

Casings are different calibers, and
her Glock was full up, so...

DANIELS takes this in. DEPUTY COMMISSIONER for OPERATIONS
ERVIN H. BURRELL arrives, cutting a swath for the POLICE
COMMISSIONER, a crisp, white-haired, white man, fifty, in
full uniformed regalia. DANIELS stiffens as BURRELL finds
him, clasps his shoulder.

BURRELL

How bad?

NORRIS

Chest wound, no exit. Through-and-
through to the throat. She wasn't
stabilized.

DANIELS

They had the pressure pants on her.
Trying to push up the pulse.

NORRIS

They put those pants on you, it ain't
good.

BURRELL takes this in, nods, goes to the COMMISSIONER and
begins briefing him, as NORRIS resumes with DANIELS.

NORRIS (cont.)

So you're on Baker when you hear the
shots... where was the second car?

DANIELS

Warwick, I think.

NORRIS

Right. Okay. So you've got
everything to the east pretty well
covered and the west is the railbed.

DANIELS

What did Foxtrot see?

NORRIS

Nothing moving except our units.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

The POLICE COMMISSIONER steps into the conversation, taking NORRIS by the hand, pumping it.

COMMISSIONER
Lieutenant. This department stands behind your officer in every possible way. I want you to know that.

NORRIS
Um, this is Lieutenant Daniels here.

COMMISSIONER looks at DANIELS, embarrassed.

COMMISSIONER
Right, of course.

He pumps DANIELS' hand, offers a rehearsed condolence.

COMMISSIONER (cont.)
This is the hardest job that a police commissioner has. I don't think I'll ever get used to it...

DANIELS
Yes, sir.

COMMISSIONER pats him on the shoulder, walks away. DANIELS looks to NORRIS, who gently rolls his eyes. On DANIELS, the fear and frustration building,

CUT TO:

3 EXT. FOOTPATH/DEAD-END ALLEY/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

3

Armed with flashlights, LANDSMAN leads BUNK and two other DETECTIVES from the dead end street, down the path toward the foliage that marks the railroad bed. They move slowly, shining the lights at their feet, stepping only where they are sure they are not trampling a piece of their scene. BUNK stops, where at the edge of an evaporating puddle, the result of rains two nights earlier, there is the imprint of a running shoe.

BUNK
Jaybird.

LANDSMAN steps over carefully, squats down with BUNK, examines the imprint. They look around carefully, find another partial imprint at the opposite edge of the puddle. A small jump. Running gait.

BUNK (cont.)
A runner.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/25/02 -- pink -

6A.

3 CONTINUED:

3

LANDSMAN turns to a DETECTIVE.

*

LANDSMAN
We need casts of both imprints.
Tell the lab techs.

*

*

*

DETECTIVE keys his radio. As LANDSMAN and BUNK move slowly
down the path,

*

*

CUT TO:

UC BERKELEY: DAVID WALTER

4 EXT. CRIME SCENE/ALLEY/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

4

With the Lincoln Continental in b.g., RAWLS walks the length of the street, satisfied the scene is being handled professionally. MORGUE ATTENDANTS are now removing Orlando's BODY from the front seat, while COLE, hands gloved, stands ready to inventory the dead man's pockets. Beside RAWLS, the DEA SUPERVISOR, very stressed, natters on.

DEA SUPERVISOR

...not that the money is anyone's primary concern. I understand that. I'm not going to stand here giving a shit about the money when you people have lost... have one of yours who might... I mean, Jesus. This is awful. So the money isn't the most important thing. That's understood. On the other hand, if we can get to this Savino character quick, we could still... you know, we get him with the money, we get to the money and that's evidence, right? That's gonna help the case, help everyone...

RAWLS turns, smiles thinly at DEA SUPERVISOR.

RAWLS

Hey.

DEA SUPERVISOR stops gibbering for a moment.

RAWLS (cont.)

Fuck your money.

RAWLS walks away from the stunned SUPERVISOR, pauses when he reaches the corner and looks over to see MCNULTY, sitting on the curb, alone, staring at something centuries away. RAWLS walk over and we PICK UP on MCNULTY, ass on the curb, as Florsheims and suitpants step into frame.

RAWLS (cont.)

Jimmy.

MCNULTY looks up slowly. RAWLS notices that his shirt and hands are bloodied. There is a streak of blood on one cheek, as well.

RAWLS (cont.)

You hurt?

MCNULTY doesn't answer, just stares at him. RAWLS leans over, checks MCNULTY closely.

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

8.

4 CONTINUED:

4

MCNULTY

Hers..

RAWLS straightens, nods, stands over him for a beat more.

RAWLS

Get up.

MCNULTY doesn't move.

RAWLS (cont.)

C'mon. Up with you.

RAWLS reaches down, pulling on MCNULTY's arm until he slowly, listlessly rises from the curb.

MCNULTY

Couldn't talk. Couldn't breathe.
Nothing. She went into the ambo
like that. She, um...

RAWLS nods, looks at MCNULTY, who is clearly in shock.

RAWLS

Walk. C'mon.

MCNULTY

(in horror)
The fuck did I do?

On RAWLS, guiding MCNULTY back toward the world of the living,

CUT TO:

5 EXT. RAILROAD BED/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

5

LANDSMAN, BUNK, two other DETECTIVES emerge from the foliage into the railroad bed, their flashlights scanning in both directions. We SEE the scene in pantomime as BUNK and another DETECTIVE head up the tracks and LANDSMAN and the other DETECTIVE begin moving slowly in the opposite way. As THEY slowly comb the railbed, their flashlights crossing the dark before them,

CUT TO:

6 EXT. CRIME SCENE/ALLEY/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

6

Orlando's BODY is being zipped into a body bag, COLE and a MORGUE ATTENDANT over him as RAWLS pulls out in his command car, a stricken MCNULTY slumped in the passenger seat. He rolls down the window as he pulls nearest to COLE.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

RAWLS

What's our plan, Ray?

COLE

Bunk and Jay stay with the scene. Keeley and Crutchfield are in the office typing the warrants for this Savino fuck.

RAWLS

Who's on the autopsy?

COLE

I'm at the morgue. Norris and Holley stay at Shock Trauma in case she sits up and talks.

RAWLS

And we're laser printing the car, right?

COLE

'Course. Worden's on that.

RAWLS nods, satisfied that the case is surrounded. He rolls off. MCNULTY silent beside him. As he turns the corner, he passes DET. LESTER FREAMON driving up in his personal car. FREAMON pulls up, gets out, and stares at shattered Lincoln and the body bag at COLE's feet. COLE reads his look, shakes him off.

COLE (cont.)

(off body bag)

The cooperater.

(pause)

Your girl's down Shock Trauma.

FREAMON looks around the scene wearily, until his eyes settle on HERC, CARVER and SYDNOR, standing uselessly together. He walks over to them, watches as Orlando's BODY is hauled aboard a gurney and rolled toward the morgue wagon.

FREAMON

Let's go to work.

CARVER

Fuck you.

FREAMON

We have a wire up.

HERC

So?

(CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

10.

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

FREAMON

We have a wire up on some
motherfuckers that just shot a cop.

They stare at him for a moment.

FREAMON (cont.)

If they talk, if they get on the
wrong phone and say one fuckin' thing
about what happened here tonight,
where do you want to be?

CARVER looks at HERC.

HERC

Church roof?

CARVER

Yeah, you an' me. Sydnor takes the
McCulloh Street phone.

FREAMON

Anyone get with Kima's people...

CARVER

Shit. I'll do that first, meet you
at the church.

As the FOURSOME go back to work,

CUT TO:

7 EXT. RAILROAD BED/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

7

Both sets of DETECTIVES are now a couple hundred yards apart
as they move up and down the railbed. In foreground, we SEE
LANDSMAN, his flashlight before him, cross the rails and
assess the mouth of a dirt path leading off the railbed on
the opposite side as the crime scene. LANDSMAN squats where
the gravel turns to mud, looks up the track at BUNK's distant
flashlight and WHISTLES loudly. On LANDSMAN, assessing the
trail, as the two MEN up the track change direction and begin
heading back,

CUT TO:

8 EXT. PAYPHONE/STREET/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

8

WEE-BEY and LITTLE MAN, our shooters, finish dialing in a
hit on Stringer's pager. WEE-BEY hangs up and they wait.

LITTLE MAN

Wonder who the bitch was.

(CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

11.

8 CONTINUED:

8

WEE-BEY

Hmm. Always some shit.

Phone RINGS. WEE-BEY picks it up.

BELL (O.S.)

Yo.

WEE-BEY

Done.

BELL (O.S.)

Huh.

CLICK, as Bell hangs up. As WEE-BEY does likewise, follows LITTLE MAN back toward their SUV, limp still noticeable,

CUT TO:

9 EXT. RAILROAD BED/WEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

9

LANDSMAN, BUNK and the other DETECTIVES crowd around another similar shoe print in the dirt at the edge of the path leading off the railbed.

LANDSMAN

(to DETECTIVE)

Lab tech to this spot. Photos and casts...

DETECTIVE nods, turns around and keys his radio. LANDSMAN and BUNK move slowly into foliage, scanning ground, until BUNK finds two discarded black sweatshirts, both pulled inside-out in haste, to the side of the path. BUNK reaches down below the branches of a locust bush, picks up the hoody enough to ascertain that it is freshly dropped, then gently puts it down. LANDSMAN turns to remaining DETECTIVE.

LANDSMAN (cont.)

You're camped here. No one touches that shit or even steps near it until a tech does the recovery.

LANDSMAN and BUNK move slowly up the path, arriving at another, empty dead-end street on the opposite side of the tracks. They scan around with their lights, until LANDSMAN notices a third imprint -- same type running shoe -- in the tar that lines the edge of the asphalt and is still warm from the day's heat. BUNK keys his radio.

BUNK

Eleven thirty-four.

- (CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

12.

9 CONTINUED:

9

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Go ahead, eleven thirty-four.

BUNK
I'm in the three-thousand block of
Lanvale backing up to the CSX bed.
I need a lab unit and a D.P.W. crew
with a jackhammer.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
A jackhammer?

BUNK
Gonna keep a bit of road, KGA.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Got that, thirty-four.

On BUNK and LANDSMAN, working the trail,

CUT TO:

10 INT. NURSING STATION/MD SHOCK TRAUMA CENTER - NIGHT

10

RAWLS arrives with a bloodied MCNULTY in tow. DANIELS sees
them first, intercepts MCNULTY, who looks at him, agape.

DANIELS
Alive. In the O.R.

MCNULTY takes this in, walks past DANIELS, slumps against
the nursing station desk, rubs his face in his hands. Having
moved past them, RAWLS confers with FOERSTER, BURRELL and
the COMMISSIONER, producing a microcassette from his pocket.

FOERSTER
They brought a machine for that.
Where the fuck is it?

HOLLEY
Sir...

HOLLEY holds up a tape player, makes his way to the counter
at the nurses station. RAWLS hands him the tape. HOLLEY
punches it in and hits PLAY. Blaring MUSIC, which is turned
OFF, then background NOISE, the RUMPLE of a body turning in
a leather car seat. Then VOICES:

SAVINO (O.S.)
Don't fuck with that count, O. I'ma
be right back wid ya shit.

DANIELS
That's Savino.

- (CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

13.

10 CONTINUED:

10

A car door OPENS. A body exits. Door SLAMS.

GREGGS (O.S.)
Where are we? Sign said Baker, but
I swear this is Warwick.

ORLANDO (O.S.)
Hoppers be turning the sign poles to
fuck wid ya'll.

GREGGS (O.S.)
So I make it an alley on the north
side of Warwick, half a block west
of shit, Longwood, maybe?
(beat)
I hope y'all copy that... This got
the right feel for you?

The GROUP all look at each other in horror. They sense what
is coming. MCNULTY most of all is transfixed, though he has
heard it before.

ORLANDO (O.S.)
...I don't know where the stash is,
but if they draggin' us all over
this part of town, you know...

GREGGS (O.S.)
What's that?

ORLANDO (O.S.)
What?

BURRELL
Jesus...

GREGGS (O.S.)
Ain't right. Shit ain't right...

ORLANDO (O.S.)
What... no...

FOERSTER
Christ...

WEE-BEY (O.S.)
Snitchin' motherfucker...

The SOUND of a GUNSHOT. Glass SHATTERS. HEAR Orlando's
SCREAMS. Fast breathing SOUNDS from Greggs as she reacts to
Orlando getting shot, struggles for her gun.

GREGGS (O.S.)
Ten-thirteen... we're... shit.

- (CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

14.

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

DANIELS

She can't reach the gun.

Two more GUNSHOTS. HEAR the door to Orlando's car open.

WEE-BEY (O.S.)

Get it.

NORRIS

The money, probably...

The passenger door opens, the door NOISE goes off. A shuffling SOUND as Greggs goes for her gun. SOUND of RUSTLING as the money is pulled from the dash, and then as Greggs is discovered in the back seat:

LITTLE MAN (O.S.)

Wadda fuck...

GREGGS (O.S.)

Two males, black hoody...

The report of a GUNSHOT is heard, then ANOTHER, followed by RUSTLES and FOOTSTEPS running off. But the tape goes on: SOUNDS of THRASHING, GURGLING from throat wound. Greggs MOANS. PAN to the GROUP listening, resting on MCNULTY. He's raw. RAWLS signals HOLLEY to turn it OFF, but too late. MCNULTY staggers a step or two around the nursing station, vomits into a trash can. RAWLS interposes, helps MCNULTY to his feet, walks him down hallway to an empty sofa. MCNULTY sits, wipes his mouth on his sleeve, closes his eyes.

RAWLS

Listen to me, you fuck.

MCNULTY can't look up.

RAWLS (cont.)

You did a lot of shit here. You played a lot of fucking cards and you made a lot of fucking people do a lot of fucking things that they didn't want to do. This is true. We both know this is true.

MCNULTY looks up, a drowning man. RAWLS leans over.

RAWLS (cont.)

What the fuck you were trying to prove, I will never know, Jimmy, but I think Landsman is right about you. It's not about the case.

(MORE)

- (CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

RAWLS (cont.)

It's not Barksdale, or the projects, or making West Baltimore safe for fucking democracy, right? Fuck all that. It's about Jimmy McNulty showing he's smarter than the rest of us, that he and he alone has the keys to the fucking kingdom.

MCNULTY actually nods, ashamed.

RAWLS (cont.)

You, McNulty, are a gaping asshole. We both know this. Fuck if everyone in C.I.D. doesn't know it.

(pause)

But fuck if I'm gonna stand here and say you did a single fucking thing to get a police shot.

MCNULTY, at the point of emotional collapse, looks up at RAWLS, surprised, but still desperate.

RAWLS (cont.)

You did not do this. You fucking hear me? This is not on you.

MCNULTY shakes his head. Yes it is.

RAWLS (cont.)

No, it isn't, asshole. Believe it or not, everything isn't about you. And the motherfucker saying this -- he hates your guts, McNulty. So you know that if it was on you, I'd be the sonofabitch to say so.

RAWLS straightens.

RAWLS (cont.)

Shit went bad. She takes two for the company. That's the only lesson here.

MCNULTY looks at RAWLS for a long moment. RAWLS walks away. On MCNULTY, surprised by the gift,

CUT TO:

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

16.

11 EXT. ROWHOUSE/WEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT 11

As a TACTICAL TEAM, followed by DETECTIVES in raid jackets, take down a door and rush inside,

CUT TO:

12 INT. APARTMENT/HIGH-RISE PROJECTS - NIGHT 12

A second TACTICAL TEAM, followed by more DETECTIVES in raid jackets, arrive on either side of an apartment door and SLAM their way in with a maul,

CUT TO:

13 EXT. RANCHER/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT 13

A third TACTICAL TEAM, followed by more DETECTIVES, SLAMS through the front door of the final raid location, and we STORM inside.

14 INT. RANCHER/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT 14

We FOLLOW RAIDERS through the rooms. A WOMAN, black, 25, SCREAMS at the sight of the armed TACTICAL TEAM and is forced against a wall. A fifteen-year-old BOY is grabbed and tossed on a sofa. The TAC LIEUTENANT reaches the kitchen, where a middle-aged woman, SAVINO'S MOM, is at the table, guarded by a TAC OFFICER. An older MAN, an uncle perhaps, is sprawled on the floor, being searched by other OFFICERS.

SAVINO'S MOM

He ain't here.

TAC LIEUTENANT

Who?

SAVINO'S MOM

Zach ain't here.

TAC LIEUTENANT

Zach? Naw, honey. Savino.

SAVINO'S MOM shows shock, alarm.

SAVINO'S MOM

Savino? No, he's my baby.

TAC LIEUTENANT

Yeah? Baby shot a cop.

On SAVINO'S MOM, mortified, as her house is roughly searched,

CUT TO:

15 INT. WIRETAP ROOM/DETAIL OFFICES/COURTHOUSE - NIGHT
FREAMON and PREZ monitor the tap, PLAY back a call.

15

CALLER (O.S.)
They takin' doors, yo. For Savino...

UNIDENTIFIED BLACK MALE (O.S.)
What up with that?

CALLER (O.S.)
Some shit about a cop shot.

UNIDENTIFIED BLACK MALE (O.S.)
Who? Savino shot a cop?

CALLER (O.S.)
They on it like he did.

UNIDENTIFIED BLACK MALE (O.S.)
Shheeeet.

FREAMON clicks OFF the tape.

PREZ
They're talkin' about it anyway...

FREAMON
Ripples in the pond. But talkin'
ain't knowin', is it?

PREZ has to agree. All they've got is rumor.

FREAMON (cont.)
Skin this cat another way, maybe...

FREAMON wheels around to the screen with Stringer's pager number. Only two pages all evening: He centers on the one that has a payphone call back number -- encoded -- and an "07" user code.

FREAMON (cont.)
Only two pages to Stringer tonight,
and only this one here after the
shooting.

PREZ
Who's oh-seven? And what phone was
he asking for Stringer to call back?

FREAMON looks at PREZ, nods agreement. As HE picks up the phone, dials, and waits,

FADE TO:

16 INT. PRINT SHOP - DAY #2

16 *

STRINGER BELL waits patiently, the newsradio offering a BULLETIN on a cop shot in Northwest Baltimore. No ID, scanty details, a mention of an undercover went awry. WEE-BEY steps to the sunlit front door of the shop, steps inside.

WEE-BEY

Went good. But there was...

BELL shakes his head and WEE-BEY shuts up. BELL gets up, goes to the copier and sticks a fresh ream of copying paper in the tray, presses for two hundred copies of nothing and starts the copier DRONING. He walks back to WEE-BEY.

BELL

Talk.

WEE-BEY

Went good. 'Cept there was some bitch curled up there in back. Surprised the shit out of us.

BELL

Hmm.

WEE-BEY

Didn't even see her 'til the shit started, you know? I mean, it be up to me, I'da let the girl walk, 'cause she ain't look like the testifyin' kind. But Little Man, he seen her and bugged. Let a couple go.

*
*
*
*
*

BELL

Savino ain't tipped you to her?

WEE-BEY

No chance for that. We see him get out the car, walk up the block like we said, right? He get out of sight and we bring it home like we planned.

*

BELL reaches over, flicks ON the radio. More incomplete news about a Baltimore officer critically wounded.

BELL

Shorty a cop...

*

WEE-BEY nearly turns white.

BELL (cont.)

An' she ain't dead.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

WEE-BEY

A cop. Shit.

BELL

Where the guns?

WEE-BEY

She look like one-a Orlando's whores.
She wadn't no motherfuckin' cop.

BELL

Where the guns, Bey?

WEE-BEY

Storm drain off Park Heights.

BELL

What up with Little Man? He bug out
the one time, he might bug out again,
he get to knowin' she a cop.

*
*
*

WEE-BEY shares a tight look with BELL.

BELL (cont.)

Savino got a story to hold 'em off
wid and he knows it, but Little Man
always been a little weak that way.

WEE-BEY nods.

BELL (cont.)

This shit gonna get rough, Bey. We
gonna lay back, see how they come at
Savino, see how they play it past
that. But if the shit won't hold,
or if the cop gonna wake up and say
the word, you need to sky up.

WEE-BEY takes this in.

BELL (cont.)

Where you got peoples?

WEE-BEY

New York. Jersey. Cleveland.

BELL

Philly, then. Or D.C. No
connections, no noise, no profile.
Feel me?

(CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

20.

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

On WEE-BEY, for whom life just got complicated,

FADE TO:

17 INT. HALLWAY/GREGGS' APARTMENT - DAY

17

CARVER paces the hallway, trying to form words. He goes to the door, starts to knock, pauses. Steps away. He rubs his hand on his neck. Suddenly, to his surprise, the apartment door opens and CHERYL, dressed for work, exits, turns, sees CARVER, startles.

CHERYL

Jesus.

CARVER

Sorry, sorry.

CHERYL

Scared me.

CHERYL starts to move past him, an awkward smile.

CARVER

I, uh, I work with Kima.

CHERYL stops, looks at him, confused.

CARVER (cont.)

Kima... she...

CHERYL stands for a moment looking at him. CARVER is speechless.

CHERYL

Kima's at work.

CARVER can't do it. He can only shake his head.

CHERYL (cont.)

What? What are you...

CHERYL takes it in, realizes.

CHERYL (cont.)

Kima.

On CARVER, helpless, as CHERYL imagines the worst,

CUT TO:

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

21.

18 EXT. PAYPHONE/STREET/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - DAY

18

FREAMON stands at payphone from which Wee-Bey called Stringer. He is accompanied by a UNIFORM and two LAB TECHS. He double-checks a Verizon printout indicating the location of the payphone number that was input on Stringer's pager. It checks with the number imprinted on the phone itself.

FREAMON

Dust the receiver, the coin return,
and the metal shelf top.

FREAMON looks around, sizing up the terrain. He spots the orange soda can, laying on the sidewalk. He squats over it, moves it enough to see that the last pool of soda has yet to evaporate in a day's heat.

FREAMON (cont.)

The can, too.

The TECH acknowledges the order. On FREAMON, giving the scene a last look over, then heading off,

CUT TO:

19 INT. HALLWAY/MD SHOCK TRAUMA CENTER - DAY

19

CHERYL waits with CARVER. From their POV, there is a swirl of POLICE and COMMANDERS down the hallway: FOERSTER, RAWLS, DANIELS, BURRELL, POLICE COMMISSIONER -- now joined by some political figures, namely the MAYOR and COUNCIL PRESIDENT. It is a continuous run of inconclusive medical updates, investigative updates and orders, coupled with a clusterfuck of rank, privilege and ornate, useless platitude. In short, it is everything and nothing. CHERYL watches it without caring; CARVER sits, waiting for someone to come and say something, anything. No one does. CARVER looks at CHERYL, walks down to where DANIELS and BURRELL stand.

CARVER

Lieutenant. I'm sitting down there with Kima's girl and, I dunno, maybe someone from the department or the city, maybe they might want to say something...

DANIELS looks to BURRELL who nods, goes and whispers something to the COMMISSIONER, who is beside the MAYOR and COUNCIL PRESIDENT. They confer briefly and BURRELL returns.

BURRELL

Who is here from the family? A daughter you say?

- (CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

CARVER

A daughter?

BURRELL

Officer Greggs has a girl?

DANIELS and CARVER share a look. DANIELS gestures down the hall to CHERYL.

DANIELS

A roommate. The family's in Richmond, driving up first thing tomorrow, but the roommate's already here.

BURRELL drops a beat, turns back to the COMMISSIONER, who looks toward the family room and discusses the matter. BURRELL returns, embarrassed.

BURRELL

Lieutenant, you should convey the city's concern and condolence...

CARVER looks at DANIELS, who glares across the hallway chaos at the COMMISSIONER. Even BURRELL senses the slight.

CARVER

(bitter)

No problem. If we lose her, they can always post for the funeral.

DANIELS turns, heads toward CHERYL. On CARVER, angry,

CUT TO:

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

20

A refugee from the trauma unit vigil, MCNULTY staggers in the empty detail office, stares around the room. He looks around dispassionately at the same office they left the night before -- a still-life of whatever they thought this case was before the shooting: Coffee cups, paperwork, newspapers, Herc's skin mag, a box of 9mm ammo that had been opened during the mount-up. His eyes settle on Greggs' hat, Adidas jacket, empty holster, badge, police ID -- all left in a pile on one desk. MCNULTY looks away, goes to the rusted sink, turns it on, leans over, washes her blood from his face and hands. He stands upright, face and hair wet, clean save for the blood still on his shirt. He drifts away, passing the boards labeled Money and Drugs. He stares at the pictures and names: Avon Barksdale, Wee-Bey, Stringer Bell, mesmerized, almost distant. He staggers back towards his desk and pulls apart the drawers, finds a half bottle of Jameson. He takes a long, needed pull, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

23.

20 CONTINUED:

20

Sensing something behind him, he looks back to see PREZ in the doorway of the wiretap room, staring at him. On MCNULTY, looking away,

CUT TO:

21 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE OFFICE/HEADQUARTERS - DAY

21

LANDSMAN, BUNK, COLE and NORRIS sit in the conference room, sort out the night's progress, with paperwork before them.

NORRIS

Still need the right door for Savino. His last known, his girlfriend, his mama -- all empty holes.

LANDSMAN

Trace pulled a couple hairs off one of the hoodies. That's something.

BUNK

So these motherfuckers set it up in an alley on one side of the tracks, then slip over to the other side where they park their ride.

COLE

That's no crime of opportunity.

BUNK

Hell no. Shit was a straight-up set-up and she walked into it.

(to COLE)

What about the post?

COLE

Cause and manner of death on Mr. Blocker is homicide, to wit, close-range GSWs to the head, chest and left arm. Nine millimeter, six left twist, suitable for comparison.

NORRIS

We pulled something different from the back seat of the car, right?

BUNK

Three-eighty, semi-jacketed. Casings are different, too. So even if it's this fucker Savino, he had help.

LANDSMAN

Tape seems to have Savino walkin' off though...

- (CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

24.

21 CONTINUED:

21

FREAMON enters carrying lab report. He hands it to BUNK.

FREAMON

Print hit. Wynton "Little Man" Rice.
Enforcer in the two-two-one, a
definite connect to the Barksdale
world.

LANDSMAN

Print hit from what?

FREAMON

Soda can dropped at the payphone at
Park Heights and Belvedere. Still
had a little fizz to it when I got
there.

BUNK

What the fuck is the payphone at
Park Heights and Belvedere?

FREAMON

The phone from which some motherfucker
paged Stringer Bell twenty minutes
after the shooting. I dusted the
phone, too, but that was smudged.

LANDSMAN

So we got a Barksdale shooter up in
the Northwest, ringing up the boss
minutes after the deed. Very nice.

NORRIS looks up at FREAMON, impressed.

NORRIS

Good pull. You are?

FREAMON

Freamon. Lester Freamon.

They shake hands.

NORRIS

Where you working?

FREAMON

Pawn shop unit.

FREAMON exits. NORRIS looks at the others. Pawn shop unit?
On BUNK, amused, knowing the whole story,

CUT TO:

22 EXT. COURTYARD/LOW-RISE PROJECTS - DAY

22

D'ANGELO, BODIE and POOT sit on the orange sofa. A package is moving slowly, the TOUTS and SLINGERS chanting, FIENDS drifting in, copping.

D'ANGELO

What kinda dumb motherfucker shoot a police? No percentage in that, yo.

POOT

For real.

D'ANGELO

That shit happen around here, you know every knocko in the world be down here, bustin' heads.

BODIE

I guess them Park Heights niggers got no common sense. Lotta heart, maybe. But no sense.

STERLING limps up; he's off crutches now at least.

STERLING

Yo, Poot. Wallace on the phone.

POOT

Yeah?

POOT gets up to go.

D'ANGELO

Wallace?

POOT

Nigger ring me up twice a day whether he got shit to say or not. Homesick motherfucker makin' me bug, yo.

D'ANGELO

Where he at, man?

POOT

At the Shore. With his grandma down there...

POOT walks off. D'ANGELO and BODIE share a look.

BODIE

(contemptuous)

Surfin' or some shit.

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

26.

22 CONTINUED:

22

D'ANGELO laughs, impressed with Wallace nonetheless,

CUT TO:

23 INT. PREP ROOM/O.R./MD SHOCK TRAUMA CENTER - DAY

23

HOLLEY slowly catalogs and bags Greggs' bloody, bullet-ridden clothes, which were cut from her body before surgery the night before. Wearing gloves, he bags each item separately and writes the E.C.U. number on an inventory sheet. As he does so, a pager, still attached to the belt begins to SOUND. As HOLLEY pulls off the pager, reads a payphone number and the added "911" notation,

CUT TO:

24 EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - DAY

24

BUBBLES puts down phone, looks around, frustrated, as another day begins on his fragile island of sobriety. He checks his pockets for remaining coins, leans against the wall by the phone, waiting for Greggs to call back. Instead, he watches as two marked radio cars SQUEAL around the corner and the SLINGERS on the nearby drug corner scatter. BUBBLES watches, curiously detached, as the UNIFORMS jump out, ignore the drug trafficking and race right at him, slamming him against the wall, searching him and then pulling out the cuffs.

BUBBLES

Make some sense of this for me...

UNIFORM

Shut up.

BUBBLES

...cause I ain't never been so clean
in my whole damn life...

UNIFORM

I said shut the fuck up.

On BUBBLES, caught up in Greggs' shooting,

CUT TO:

25 EXT. PAYPHONE/MCCULLOH STREET/LOW-RISE PROJECTS - DAY

25

POOT jogs up to the phone, which hangs off the hook, guarded by one of the young LOOKOUTS.

POOT

What up, Mr. Beachfront Property?

- (CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

WALLACE (O.S.)

Naw, fool. I told you. I'm bayside.
My grandma on the bayside, yo.

POOT

Still, man. You on vacation and all
and not bringin' me wid you. How
you get all the way down there,
anyhow?

WALLACE (O.S.)

Took a bus, yo.

POOT

Well, shit. Tell me how to go an' I
grab a 'hound, too. Come down there
an' hang with your ass.

WALLACE (O.S.)

Ain't like that. The air down here
is sticky, man. Worse'n Bawlamore.
An' these crickets down here, yo?
Loud as a motherfuck. Can't sleep
at night.

(pause)

Yo, man. I don't think I'm cut out
to be a country-ass nigger.

ELECTRONIC OPERATOR (O.S.)

Please deposit two dollars for three
additional minutes...

WALLACE (O.S.)

Shit. Gotta go.

POOT

You can take a nigger up out the
westside, but you can't take...

CLICK. As POOT chuckles to himself, hangs up,

CUT TO:

26 EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD/DORCHESTER COUNTY - DAY

26

WALLACE hangs up a roadside payphone, waits for a farm truck
with haybales to pass, then crosses the road, and begins
walking down the shoulder, alone and bored,

CUT TO:

27 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM/HOMICIDE OFFICE/HEADQUARTERS - DAY

27

BUBBLES sits, cuffed to the table. HOLLEY enters.

- (CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

HOLLEY
What's your name?

BUBBLES
I didn't do shit here.

HOLLEY
I asked you your name.

BUBBLES
Naw. This ain't right.

HOLLEY
Who'd you try to page, shitbird?

BUBBLES
Why you fuckin' care?

HOLLEY leans over BUBBLES.

HOLLEY
Fuck if it ain't. You have exactly
three more seconds to explain yourself
to me, asshole.

On BUBBLES, glaring at an angry DETECTIVE,

CUT TO:

28 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

28

BUNK is standing at desk, on the phone with the trace lab.

BUNK
One shooter definitely opened the
passenger door, so any latents from
that side of the car...

From the Interrogation Room, the SOUND of a beating. BUNK
looks over as LANDSMAN steps out of the conference room,
provoked by the disturbance.

BUNK (cont.)
Bobby, I'll call you back.

BUNK hangs up, heads with LANDSMAN into:

29 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM/HOMICIDE OFFICE/HEADQUARTERS - DAY

29

HOLLEY is wailing on BUBBLES, who has been nicely pulped.

HOLLEY
You think this is a fucking game...

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

29.

29 CONTINUED:

29

LANDSMAN and BUNK pull HOLLEY off, hold him away.

BUBBLES
I wanna talk to Greggs.

HOLLEY
You can't, motherfucker.

BUBBLES
McNuttly then. Shit ain't right.

BUBBLES, his pride hurt, tries to gather himself. On BUNK, sensing that things may have gotten out of hand,

CUT TO:

30 EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP/HIGH-RISE PROJECTS - DAY

30

HERC and DET. MICHAEL SANTANGELO on post, holding B of I photo of Savino. In the high-rise court, slinging as usual, TOUTS and DEALERS plying their wares.

SANTANGELO
Mope ain't around.

Down below, we SEE BODIE walking toward a tower payphone. HERC punches his cellphone, waits.

HERC
One of them low-rise hoppers on tower phone two. Yeah.

HERC hangs up. Watches BODIE hanging on the phone.

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

31

PREZ waits on the call, but nothing happens. FREAMON shrugs.

PREZ
Maybe he forgot the number.

32 EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP/HIGH-RISE PROJECTS - DAY

32

HERC watches as BODIE cradles the phone but fails to dial, until a four story window opens in the high-rise and someone drops a paper bag package. BODIE hangs up, catches the package, pockets it, starts back to the low-rises.

SANTANGELO
The fuck was that?

HERC
You don't know? We just caught a re-up off a tower stash.

(MORE)

- (CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

30.

32 CONTINUED:

32

HERC (cont.)
(nods toward the window)
Fourth floor, south side, second
unit down.

As HERC again begins punches his payphone with the news,

CUT TO:

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

33

MCNULTY sits slumped in a chair in front of Daniels' desk,
his bottle shamefully in his hand. He stares at nothing for
a Mamet-like minute.

DANIELS
Put that away.

MCNULTY takes another pull of Jameson.

DANIELS (cont.)
Put that away and work the case.

MCNULTY
Fuck the case.

DANIELS looks at him, hard.

MCNULTY (cont.)
It wasn't worth it.

DANIELS
What?

MCNULTY
This wasn't worth Avon Barksdale.
Or Bell. Or all of them lined up in
a row.

DANIELS stares at him.

MCNULTY (cont.)
You know it, too.

DANIELS
I don't know shit.

MCNULTY
Yeah. You do.

DANIELS swallows his anger, listens.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

MCNULTY (cont.)

Look at us. Look at her. Look at what it takes to get up on and get over on one drug organization in one housing project in one fucking city. And if we bring the case in? So fucking what? So some other shitbag takes his place and we start over again? It was never fucking worth it.

DANIELS picks up a paper on his desk.

DANIELS

I'm sitting here with a hospital progress report that shows no fucking progress. She's not conscious. She's intubated. She's had a trach and a lung collapse and if she's got a shred of luck, the shot she took in the neck didn't catch any spine.

MCNULTY can't meet his glance. We HEAR the phone RING in the Detail Office.

DANIELS (cont.)

When you went to the bosses, it wasn't worth it. When you dragged us all into this mess, it wasn't worth it. But today, this case is everything. You wanted me in, McNulty?
(off the hospital report)
Now I'm in all the way.

PREZ KNOCKS on door. DANIELS signals him in.

PREZ

Homicide on line two for McNulty.

DANIELS gets up, takes the bottle, walks to the door.

DANIELS

Do your job.

DANIELS walks out. MCNULTY sits for a beat more, slowly reaches up and grabs the phone from Daniels' desk. He punches line two.

MCNULTY

Yeah.

CUT TO:

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

32.

34 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE OFFICE/HEADQUARTERS - DAY

34

BUNK is at the phone at his desk.

BUNK
How you doin' with it?

MCNULTY (O.S.)
(dry, cynical)
I'll live.

BUNK glances over his shoulder toward the Interrogation Room.

BUNK
Yeah? Well, listen, Jimmy, we had a little dust-up over here. Holley mighta beat one of your girl's C.I.'s on spec.

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

35

MCNULTY on phone.

MCNULTY
Little guy? Mumbles alot?

BUNK (O.S.)
Yeah. That's him. Maybe you can roll past and squelch this shit before it gets outta hand.

MCNULTY
Yeah.

MCNULTY hangs up phone. He sits alone in Daniels' office for a long, weary moment. As MCNULTY gets up and goes back to work,

CUT TO:

36 INT. BACK OFFICE/ORLANDO'S STRIP CLUB - DAY

36

BELL and AVON BARKSDALE meet. BARKSDALE stares forlornly at the \$30,000 cash taken in the ripoff of Orlando. BELL follows his gaze, reads his mind.

BELL
Ain't worth it.

BARKSDALE
Naw.

BELL
Ain't worth it at ten times the price.

- (CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

BARKSDALE

A cop. A fucking cop.

BARKSDALE holds his head, stares at the floor in frustration.

BARKSDALE (cont.)

How could they be so damn stupid?
You got some bitch in the car, you
change up. Just let the motherfucker
roll and we catch up to Orlando some
other fuckin' day.

BELL

Savino say he tried to signal, you
know? But, shit, he walkin' away in
the dark, not even knowin' where Bey
at, or where they comin' from.

*
*
*

BARKSDALE

Nothin' breakin' our way, man.

BELL nods toward the pile of cash.

BELL

Need to burn that shit. Cop money
probably marked somehow.

BARKSDALE nods.

BELL (cont.)

Guns are in the sewer, an' Bey is a
rock. But if that police wake up
rememberin' shit, she might could
put in him and Little Man both.

BARKSDALE

What up with Little Man?

BELL

Scared motherfucker now that he hit
a cop.

BARKSDALE looks at BELL.

BELL (cont.)

I put Bey on that shit.

BARKSDALE

What about Savino?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

BELL

Sav gonna have to eat the one charge,
but he knew that might be comin'
when we planned it. An' if he can
keep his story tight, he ain't gonna
have no more than that.

BARKSDALE

I mean, Orlando was a snitchin'
motherfucker who had to be got, but
the cash, String, caught us up.

BELL

That's on me. The younguns -- Bey
and Sav -- came at me with the idea
to take Orlando and the money, and I
let it pass, you know. Tellin' myself
they deserve a payday for all the
work.

BARKSDALE

But if Orlando frontin' that kind of
money, what it say?

BELL

(closes his eyes)

I know. I know. My bad.

BARKSDALE looks at BELL, accepts the apology.

BARKSDALE

(off the money)

A-ight. Take this trash up outta
here an' burn it. An' tell Bey to
clean up whatever mess we got before
he jet.

BELL nods, takes the cash, walks out. On BARKSDALE, worried,
his ranks thinning,

CUT TO:

37 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE OFFICE/HEADQUARTERS - DAY

37

MCNULTY, BUNK, HOLLEY stand at Interrogation Room, look in
at battered but uncuffed BUBBLES.

HOLLEY

He was throwin' nine-one-one messages
to her pager. I asked him why, he
raised up, shit got outta hand.

MCNULTY

Does he know?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

BUNK shakes his head. MCNULTY nods, enters. HOLLEY walks away. From BUNK's POV, we SEE MCNULTY explain in pantomime to an angry and hurt BUBBLES what has happened to Greggs. As BUBBLES visibly softens and shows his grief, LANDSMAN comes up and puts a hand on BUNK's shoulder.

LANDSMAN

No good latents on the passenger door.

LANDSMAN keeps going. BUNK turns, yells after him.

BUNK

What about the dash?

LANDSMAN

(shrugs)
Call the lab.

(CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

35.

37 CONTINUED:

37

On BUNK, frustrated, walking away,

CUT TO:

38 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM/HOMICIDE OFFICE/HEADQUARTERS - DAY

38

MCNULTY talks with BUBBLES.

BUBBLES

What can I do?

MCNULTY

For one thing you could roll around
the projects and see who's missing.
Who ain't around.

BUBBLES doesn't react.

MCNULTY (cont.)

You okay with that?

BUBBLES

Yeah, you know. I been kinda... I
been keepin' it close, like. Ain't
been down the projects much lately,
you know what I'm sayin'?

He doesn't get it. BUBBLES wants to stay clean.

MCNULTY

You beefin' with someone down there?

BUBBLES

Naw. No beef.

MCNULTY pulls out twenty, hands it to BUBBLES.

MCNULTY

Eyes open, Bubs. For Kima.

(pause)

Hang loose. I'll get you a ride.

BUBBLES stares at the twenty as MCNULTY stands up, heads for
door.

39 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE OFFICE/HEADQUARTERS - DAY

39

MCNULTY walks over to BUNK who is on the phone.

MCNULTY

Where are we with Savino?

BUNK

Still in the fucking wind.

- (CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

36.

39 CONTINUED:

39

MCNULTY
Enough of this bullshit.

On MCNULTY, stalking out, angrily,

TIME CUT TO:

40 INT. LAW OFFICE/LEVY & WEINSTEIN OFFICES - DAY

40

MCNULTY sits with PEARLMAN, a desk apart from MAURICE "MAURY"
LEVY, who is shelling pistachios.

LEVY
...he calls me for anything, I'll
tell him to turn himself in. You
know I'm going to do that.

MCNULTY
Not good enough.

LEVY
Excuse me?

LEVY offers shelled nuts to PEARLMAN; she declines.

MCNULTY
We need him now.

PEARLMAN
Perhaps you could, as an officer of
the court, endeavor to...

MCNULTY
Ronnie here is being polite. She's
a member of your twisted little tribe,
so she's putting it into your twisted
little language. Me? I wouldn't
wipe my ass with a Baltimore lawyer,
no offense.

LEVY
(laughs)
None taken.

MCNULTY
I'm willing to let you little
ratfuckers suborn perjury, and blow
smoke up a judge's ass and jury-tamper
your balls off without losing the
slightest bit of my sunny disposition.

PEARLMAN looks at MCNULTY, nervous about the direction.

*(CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

37.

40 CONTINUED:

40

MCNULTY (cont.)

Hey, fuck me if I don't let you structure your cash-in-a-briefcase fees, either. That's between you and the I.R.S. and neither one of you is a fan favorite, right?

PEARLMAN

What Jimmy's trying to say is...

MCNULTY

What Jimmy is saying is that if you want to keep my nose closed to your shit, then you'll throw me a little something when I need it. And right now, I fucking need Savino Bratton in bracelets.

LEVY

I don't know where he is.

MCNULTY

You repped him on the last four felonies. I'm guessing you can get word to him if you want.

PEARLMAN and LEVY share a look. MCNULTY presses it.

MCNULTY (cont.)

A police may die, Maury. And Savino was there. He comes in this afternoon and takes the drug charge at least.

LEVY

Or what?

MCNULTY

Or we send tactical teams into his momma's house every night until there's no house left to worry about.

MCNULTY looks at PEARLMAN, plows ahead.

MCNULTY (cont.)

And you get a target letter from the state's attorney's office, followed by subpoenas for every fucking bank account in your fucking name. And let's see if all those cash deposits match the reported income.

LEVY

I'm hearing this from him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

LEVY (cont.)
Am I hearing this from the state's
attorney's office as well?

PEARLMAN is pissed, but she goes with it.

PEARLMAN
You are.

On LEVY, angry, but cornered,

CUT TO:

41 EXT. LEVY & WEINSTEIN OFFICES/DOWNTOWN - DAY

41

MCNULTY and PEARLMAN exit, walk.

PEARLMAN
Fuck you, Jimmy. You didn't tell me
that was coming...

MCNULTY
He'll bring him in, you'll see.

PEARLMAN
That's not the point.

MCNULTY
What's the point?

PEARLMAN
The point is that Maury Levy is a
past officer of the Monumental Bar
Association, and unless I want to
stay an A.S.A. my whole fucking life,
I cannot spend my afternoons pissing
on people who matter.

MCNULTY
Another career in the balance.

PEARLMAN stops.

PEARLMAN
Fuck you.

MCNULTY
If only half you motherfuckers in
the state's attorney's office didn't
want to be judges, didn't want to be
partners in some downtown firm -- if
only half of you had balls to follow
through, you know what would happen?
(MORE)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

39.

41 CONTINUED:

41

MCNULTY (cont.)

A guy like him would be indicted and tried and convicted. And the rest would back up enough so we could push a clean case or two through your courthouse. But no, everybody stays friends. Everybody gets paid. Everybody has a fucking future.

PEARLMAN

You'll use anyone, won't you?

PEARLMAN turns, stalks away. On MCNULTY, alone,

CUT TO:

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

42

PREZ consults with FREAMON over the beeper logs.

PREZ

So I been lookin' through the logs for pages that used an oh-seven code, you know? And it pops up now and then on D'Angelo's pager. Stringer's too, but less often. Most times, there's nothing to place the guy, but check it:

PREZ points to a message from about 2 a.m.: 266-6543-07-911.

FREAMON

That's on Stringer's pager?

PREZ

Yeah. And when you use the code and jump the five, you come back to eight-four-four-four-oh-six-seven, which when you look it up in a Verizon criss-cross, comes back to the payphone at seven hundred north Howard Street, which when you look it up, happens to be the emergency room at Maryland General Hospital.

FREAMON

Lemme guess. Date of that page is the same day as Stinkum got killed.

PREZ

An' Wee-Bey got shot in the leg. You remember?

(CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

40.

42 CONTINUED:

42

FREAMON

That was the talk on the wire, anyway.

PREZ

You go up to Maryland General and pull the E.R. records for that morning, you're gonna find Wee-Bey somewhere in the pile.

PREZ points to the logs, certain.

PREZ (cont.)

Wee-Bey is oh-seven. He's gotta be.

FREAMON

And it's Wee-Bey and Little Man on the payphone at Park Heights, twenty-minutes after the ambush, throwing a page at Stringer.

As FREAMON looks approvingly at PREZ, his prodigy,

CUT TO:

43 INT. BURRELL'S OFFICE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

43

BURRELL is briefed by RAWLS, FOERSTER and DANIELS.

RAWLS

We're all over town for this piece-of-shit Savino.

BURRELL

With ties to the Barksdale organization?

DANIELS nods.

BURRELL (cont.)

What else?

FOERSTER, RAWLS and DANIELS all share a look.

DANIELS

The case is progressing. We're starting to glean some possible shooters from the wiretap.

BURRELL

One of ours is down. We're supposed to do something when one of ours is down. We're supposed to do everything.

- (CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

41.

43 CONTINUED:

43

DANIELS

We are doing everything pos --

BURRELL

I want to let them know who we are.
You cannot let them think for one
minute that this will stand.

FOERSTER

It won't stand, sir.

BURRELL

I want raids Citywide. Every door
we can take. Any address we can
write on, anything connected to a
narcotics case. C.I.D., Tactical,
the D.E.U.s -- and tomorrow, for the
six o'clock news, we put a lot of
fucking dope on the table. A lot of
it.

DANIELS

Dope on the table.

BURRELL looks at DANIELS, surprised by the insolence.

BURRELL

It's a message, Lieutenant. Make
sure you and your people do everything
possible to see that it's heard.

On DANIELS, disgusted at the cynicism.

44 INT. OUTER OFFICE/BURRELL'S OFFICE/HEADQUARTERS - DAY

44

DANIELS exits with RAWLS and FOERSTER. DANIELS turns to
FOERSTER, his commander.

DANIELS

Dope on the damn table.

FOERSTER

Like the man says. It's a message.

DANIELS

Saying what, exactly?

DANIELS walks away bitterly, leaving RAWLS and FOERSTER to
wonder at a lieutenant so callous with his career,

CUT TO:

45 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/LEVY & WEINSTEIN LAW OFFICES - DAY

45

LANDSMAN, BUNK, MCNULTY and PEARLMAN and another prosecutor, ILENE NATHAN of the violent crimes unit, sit with LEVY and another DEFENSE ATTORNEY who takes notes on a legal pad with a Swiss pen, and a sullen SAVINO. On the table is a satchel, zipped closed.

LEVY

...again for the record, let's make clear that Mr. Bratton has not been Mirandized and that what is said at this juncture is for purposes of a proffer. Agreed?

NATHAN

Agreed.

LEVY

Okay, then. Here you go.

LEVY slides the satchel across the table to LANDSMAN, who unzips the bag and looks inside to find what appears to be about \$30,000 worth of cocaine.

LEVY (cont.)

That's baking soda, which Mr. Bratton intended to sell to Orlando Blocker. Keep it with our compliments.

LANDSMAN

Where's the money?

LEVY

Mr. Bratton did not receive money. He left it in the car when he went to retrieve the sham cocaine. If you were recording the transaction, the tape will confirm this.

MCNULTY

And he wasn't around for the shooting either. In fact, he doesn't know who the shooters are...

LANDSMAN

...and God knows he wasn't in on the setup. It's pure dumb luck he leaves them in an dead-end alley to be shot to shit two minutes later.

BUNK

This is bullshit. A police is down.

45 CONTINUED:

45

LEVY

Mr. Bratton had no awareness that the young woman was a police officer and no intention of doing anything other than defrauding Mr. Blocker of thirty thousand dollars. Ms. Nathan?

NATHAN

No charge if he gives us the shooters. And if he testifies, we'll find a way to squeeze him into the federal witness program.

LEVY

As I indicated, Mr. Bratton has no idea who shot Mr. Blocker or the undercover officer.

NATHAN looks at LANDSMAN. End game.

LEVY (cont.)

Best you can do is two-eighty-six B.

BUNK

Hell's that?

PEARLMAN

Distribution of sham C.D.S. Three year maximum and a five thousand dollar fine.

MCNULTY

That's it?

PEARLMAN

If he took the cash, we could go to felony theft and fraud. But the tape has him leaving the money.

LANDSMAN

Three years.

NATHAN

A cop was shot, Maury. So you know he'll do every damn day of the three.

SAVINO

I can do three. Ain't no thing.

SAVINO looks at LEVY, shrugs.

BUNK

An' the five thousand fine? Sheeet, you still up twenty-five, right?

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

LEVY sits back in his chair. The other DEFENSE LAWYER stops taking notes, puts the top back on his gold pen.

MCNULTY
(cold as ice)
Nicely done.

LEVY stays impassive. BUNK rises, pulls out his cuffs and steps toward SAVINO, who blandly rises and puts his hands behind him. On MCNULTY, quietly furious,

CUT TO:

46 EXT. COURTYARD/HIGH-RISE PROJECTS - DAY

46 *

BUBBLES glides through a mix of TOUTS and SLINGERS all CHANTING product names. FIENDS are served and money handed off and BUBBLES feels the twenty burning in his pocket. He moves through the mix, past POOT hanging on the phone below the tower window. As BUBBLES, taut and desperate, drifts into the shadows, we PICK UP POOT, looking up, watching a HAND hold out the re-up from the fourth floor apartment.

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

47 *

HERC watches intently as the package is dropped to POOT. On POOT, in HERC's POV, racing back to the low-rises,

CUT TO:

48 EXT. COURTYARD/LOW-RISE PROJECTS - DAY

48 *

BODIE and D'ANGELO sit on the sofa, watch as POOT jogs past them, acknowledging them with a nod, and proceeds into the door of the current stashhouse with the re-up. D'ANGELO is beside himself, brooding.

D'ANGELO
Orlando. Damn. I can't believe that shit, yo.

BODIE
All this shit behind that motherfucker. Who the fuck was he?

D'ANGELO
Ran a club for my uncle.

BODIE
Yeah?

D'ANGELO
First Stink gets aced, now this.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

BODIE

Heard the police is deep in Savino's
shit, too. He ain't been around.

D'ANGELO

Little Man, neither.

BODIE

See, that's the thing. Someone might
could be tryin' to clean some shit
up here...

D'ANGELO

'Cause, I mean, shit, you can't just
drop police like that.

D'Angelo's pager goes OFF.

BODIE

An' you know when people get to
fuckin' up, your uncle, man, he take
it personal, you know? Might be a
few more niggers get dropped.

D'ANGELO looks at his pager, frowns.

BODIE (cont.)

Who dat?

D'ANGELO

Stringer, with a nine-one-one on it.

BODIE

See? You might be movin' up in the
world, exceptin' you don't fall in
with the garbage they tryin' to move
out...

D'ANGELO, less than enthused, as he gets up to callback on
the page. POOT walks up behind BODIE.

POOT

Tower boys all nervous an' shit.
Little Man ain't post for work.

BODIE looks up at him, nods curtly. On POOT, wondering,
watching D'ANGELO walk off into the courtyard darkness,

CUT TO:

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

49

DANIELS briefs MCNULTY, FREAMON, CARVER, HERC, SYDNOR,
SANTANGELO, PREZ, who are scattered around the room.

- (CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

DANIELS reads from some handwritten notes.

DANIELS

Ain't gonna lie. They're sayin' the chest shot caught a lung, but that's less of a problem than the one she took in the throat. She's got swelling around the vertebrae from a through-and-through and some indications of partial paralysis.

Paralysis? Looks are shared.

DANIELS (cont.)

That might go away when the swelling goes down. Might not either.

(pause)

Her family is with her.

PREZ

The fuck is up with Homicide? Are we on the shooters yet?

SANTANGELO

They're working it hard.

No one can think of what else to say.

DANIELS

The departmental response is gonna be to take doors tomorrow morning. Citywide. Every unit, every district is kicking in any drug-connected address they can write on. We're gonna do the same.

MCNULTY

Lieutenant...

DANIELS holds up his hand. He knows.

DANIELS

Except...

He looks pointedly at MCNULTY.

DANIELS (cont.)

...we're gonna hold back on the main stash, the house up in Northwest we tracked off the wire. For one thing, we advance this case more by sitting on that location.

(MORE)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

47.

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

DANIELS (cont.)

For another, raids that are too much on the bulls-eye will have Barksdale changing up. We might blow the wire altogether.

DANIELS nods to FREAMON, who displays a photo of the high-rise window open, hand extended out, dropping bag.

FREAMON

We have two addresses in the low-rises that are probables, and two other rowhouses off the Avenue that were being used for stash as recently as last week. But this here...

(off the photo)

...is the best bet for a good rip. Herc picked up on it yesterday.

HERC

Fourth-floor, second unit in on the south side of two-two-one. They're droppin' the re-up out the window to the hoppers who run it off.

CARVER

What if they change up the unit?

HERC

They do that every day. Yesterday the drop was from the fifth floor, northside.

FREAMON

We're gonna have a man on the church watching with a cellphone. They change up, we call the duty judge and he can orally amend the affidavit and change the apartment number on the warrant.

DANIELS stands, looks at his DETAIL.

DANIELS

We hit everything at eleven-hundred hours. But the squad that takes the high-rise needs to stage at oh-five hundred. We need to be inside before the building even wakes up.

(checks watch)

Anyone wants to sleep tonight, he needs to start typing his ass off right now.

(CONTINUED)

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

48.

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

DANIELS heads for his office. On the DETAIL, slowly struggling back to life,

CUT TO:

50 INT. BACK OFFICE/ORLANDO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

50

A KNOCK. BELL, with WEE-BEY, unlocks door for D'ANGELO.

D'ANGELO

What up?

BELL

You goin' with Bey.

D'ANGELO

Goin' where?

BELL tosses the keys to an SUV to WEE-BEY.

BELL

(to WEE-BEY)

Keep it tight. No mistakes.

WEE-BEY nods. D'ANGELO looks at BELL; Keep what tight?
BELL looks back at D'ANGELO, but he is too concerned with events to explain.

BELL (cont.)

The fuck you waitin' for?

On D'ANGELO, suddenly very worried,

CUT TO:

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

51

A SYMPHONY of typing, collating, stapling as the warrants come together. MCNULTY, HERC, CARVER, FREAMON, SANTANGELO all hard at work. The IID MAJOR enters, ignoring them, and stalks into Daniels' office. As MCNULTY and FREAMON watch, the IID MAJOR begins gesticulating at DANIELS. The ensuing ARGUMENT is played almost in pantomime against the typewriter CLATTER and xerox WHIRR of the detail office. The IID MAJOR has the last word and leaves, stalking back through the office with all eyes on him. MCNULTY and FREAMON walk to the doorway to encounter DANIELS, shaking with anger.

DANIELS

The main stash. He knows we're on it. He knows we held it back.

- (CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

FREAMON

The Deputy. We grab a senator's bag man in the projects, he knows it. State Police walk in here with a cooperator, he knows that, too...

MCNULTY

Like fucking clockwork.

FREAMON and DANIELS share a certain look.

FREAMON

He's got a rat. Here. In the detail.

DANIELS takes this in, nods reluctantly. MCNULTY walks away, grabs his keys and leaves.

DANIELS

In the beginning, when we started, Burrell had me. I pipelined everything to that motherfucker. But now...

FREAMON

He lost you, so he picked up someone else. That's how they do.

On DANIELS, staring through the window at his COMMAND, wondering who it is that he can no longer trust,

CUT TO:

52 INT. CATERING HALL - NIGHT

52

A meet-the-candidates gathering; banners that declare: "Support our Baltimore City Ticket" and "E.D.O. Meet the Candidates Night." MCNULTY moves through the traffic intent on his quarry, passing POLITICIANS, POLITICIAN'S WIVES, OPERATIVES -- the entire menagerie of Baltimore political machine hackdom. He finds JUDGE DANIEL PHELAN over by the bar, drinking with a couple POLITICIANS.

MCNULTY

We need to talk.

PHELAN

(to POLITICIANS)

Excuse me a moment.

(to MCNULTY)

Calm down, for chrissakes.

MCNULTY

It's Burrell. He has to back the fuck off already.

- (CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

PHELAN

What now...

MCNULTY

We're on a quality location.
Barksdale's main stash. And instead
of sitting on it and making cases
off it, he wants us to write a paper
and take the door.

PHELAN

Why?

MCNULTY

Dope on the table. A photo op to
make us all feel better about Kima
Greggs catching a bullet or two.

PHELAN

Christ.

MCNULTY

Rip him a new one, Your Honor.

PHELAN looks at MCNULTY for a beat, turns away, takes an
hors d'oeuvre off the food table.

PHELAN

I dunno, Jimmy.

MCNULTY

You don't know what?

PHELAN looks at him and MCNULTY realizes. He turns back
toward the banners, scanning them until his eyes settle on
the names and photos of the sitting Circuit Court Judges --
Phelan's photo is back with them.

PHELAN

It was just the usual bullshit.
They're dickin' me around, trying to
get another black face on the ticket,
make it four-and-one to even it up
for the last time. Governor has to
promise the next two appointments
and now we're right back to where we
were. That's all it was.

MCNULTY

That's all, huh?

PHELAN

Half-assed hack politics, Jimmy. It
had nothing to do with the case.

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

MCNULTY
I need you on this.

A tight look for a long beat. PHELAN is embarrassed.

MCNULTY (cont.)
So, who's my daddy now?

MCNULTY turns on his heel, exits. On PHELAN, guilty as charged,

CUT TO:

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

53

FREAMON, DANIELS sit at the middle table, proofing the paperwork. SYDNOR finishes the last of his affidavit and brings it over.

SYDNOR
Hope that flies.

FREAMON
A good police can write his way in
or out of anything.

SYDNOR
Yeah, well. Make it shine before
you show it to a judge.

FREAMON gives a small laugh. DANIELS checks his watch.

DANIELS
Go get some sleep.

SYDNOR nods, grabs his keys, leaves. DANIELS scans the affidavits, as FREAMON yawns.

FREAMON
Shame to give up the main stem.

DANIELS
I thought about offering the Deputy
a raid on the nightclub in trade.
But I'm glad I didn't. He'da likely
made us take both tomorrow.

FREAMON
Glad you didn't either.

DANIELS looks at him.

53 CONTINUED:

53

FREAMON (cont.)

Me an' Kima had been workin' one of
the dancers in that club. Turned
her pretty good.

DANIELS

Yeah?

FREAMON

Girl's got heart, too. Comes down
to it, she might be willing to run a
wire up into that shithole.

DANIELS takes this in, nods.

FREAMON (cont.)

Who knows, Lieutenant? Maybe they
take the hit and they keep rolling.

DANIELS

You believe that?

FREAMON sits back, smiles.

FREAMON

We took off a single runner and they
ripped the phones from the low-rises.
Now we're taking the main stash and
we want them to sit still?

On DANIELS, resigned,

CUT TO:

54 INT. SUV/EDMONDSON AVENUE - NIGHT

54

D'ANGELO drives, worried. WEE-BEY rides, agitated.

WEE-BEY

I jus' do what the fuck they tell
me, you know? It ain't on me to
know what the fuck they have in mind.

D'ANGELO

Bey, man...

WEE-BEY

Now it come down to this shit.

D'ANGELO

Bey, c'mon...

WEE-BEY

Turn in the alley. The alley there.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

D'ANGELO pauses, braking at the edge of a dark, forbidding alley behind a string of porched rowhomes.

WEE-BEY (cont.)
The fuck you waitin' for. Go.

D'ANGELO is shaking now. As HE rolls slowly into the darkness,

CUT TO:

55 EXT. REAR/WEE-BEY'S ROWHOME - NIGHT

55

The SUV brakes to a halt. WEE-BEY gets out, SLAMS the door, he checks the handgun in his dip, then pulls his shirt back down. He turns, realizing D'ANGELO is still in the car, eyes closed, breathing hard.

WEE-BEY
Inside, man. C'mon.

WEE-BEY opens the back door of the rowhouse. He waits for D'ANGELO to get out of the truck, walk slowly around to the back doorway.

D'ANGELO
Bey, man...

WEE-BEY
Get in, motherfucker. Ain't got all night for this shit...

D'ANGELO closes his eyes, steps into the darkness. WEE-BEY follows, taking one last look outside.

56 INT. FINISHED BASEMENT/WEE-BEY'S ROWHOME - NIGHT

56

WEE-BEY flicks on a light. D'ANGELO, expecting a bullet, opens his eyes to a basement wonderland of tropical fish tanks and brightly colored fish. WEE-BEY drops the gun and his keys on the table, moves past him.

WEE-BEY
Check it out, Dee.

D'ANGELO is speechless, his one-way ride an illusion.

WEE-BEY (cont.)
I'ma need you to feed 'em while I'm gone. Different food for each tank, too, but I'ma show ya...

WEE-BEY goes to one tank of favorites, TAPS the glass.

56 CONTINUED:

56

WEE-BEY (cont.)

These my tetras -- Kimmy, Alex Aubrey
and Jezebel.

D'ANGELO

You got names for them all?

WEE-BEY

Aw, yeah.

D'ANGELO goes over to the refrigerator with WEE-BEY.

WEE-BEY (cont.)

You take two pinches of whatever
food I got next to each tank. They
be set for the day.

D'ANGELO looks at him, incredulous.

WEE-BEY (cont.)

You see, they ain't no trouble.
They beautiful is all.

D'ANGELO looks around at the tanks.

WEE-BEY (cont.)

I'ma go upstairs, pack some shit.

D'ANGELO

Bey, where the fuck we goin'?

WEE-BEY

Philly. You gonna bring the truck
back, yo, but first I got to grab
some shit and show you what to do
with my tanks, right?

D'ANGELO

Philly?

WEE-BEY

We shot a knocko, man.

WEE-BEY takes the stairs two at a time and we HEAR him
rustling together some clothes. As D'ANGELO slumps in a
chair and closes his eyes, exhausted, but alive,

CUT TO:

57 INT. GREGGS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

57

CHERYL sits on the couch, alone, staring at the contents of
her shared life with Greggs.

- (CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

She looks around the room slowly, deliberately, her eyes taking in small bits and pieces of a shared life. She looks away, her face taut, her gaze falling from the room itself to the sofa on which she sits. She stares at the blue highlighter mark. A permanent stain. She feels it with her hand. As CHERYL finds herself in tears,

FADE TO:

58 EXT. MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY #3

58 *

Establishing.

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

59

The DETAIL mounts up for the raids. SANTANGELO, FREAMON check vests, radios, etc. As they do, MCNULTY debriefs BUBBLES at his desk. BUBBLES has something crumpled tightly in his fist and is quiet, but stressed.

BUBBLES

No Savino. No Little Man. No Wee-Bey either. The Barksdale boy -- from The Pit -- he out the mix, too.

MCNULTY

Any talk about it?

BUBBLES

Not to me. But somethin' up.

MCNULTY picks up the phone, dials.

BUBBLES (cont.)

You think that was them all did it?

On MCNULTY, waiting.

60 INT. HOMICIDE OFFICE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

60

BUNK, on phone, and COLE sit at the teletype computer. COLE is punching the keys, inputting a lookout.

BUNK

That's what we're hearing, too. We got teletypes on both these motherfuckers. MILES and NCIC both. But, right now, they're just hold-for-questioning.

MCNULTY (O.S.)

It's Bey and Little Man. Shooter One and Shooter Two. I feel it, Bunk.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

BUNK
Yeah, well, right now, we need our
girl to wake up and say so.

On BUNK, weary.

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

61

MCNULTY hangs up, looks at BUBBLES.

MCNULTY
You did good, Bubs.

BUBBLES takes this in, looks around at the DETAIL mounting
up for wartime. He turns back to MCNULTY, starts to say
something.

BUBBLES
McNulty, I'ma... I got a situation
that's different. I mean, for me...

MCNULTY looks away as DANIELS enters, checks watch.

DANIELS
Mount up.

MCNULTY grabs his vest and shotgun, starts to follow the
OTHERS out, turning back to BUBBLES as an afterthought only.

MCNULTY
Gotta go. Prez can get you a ride.

MCNULTY follows the OTHERS. BUBBLES sits alone for a beat,
looks over at PREZ, who is busy in wiretap room. BUBBLES
uncurls his hand and looks at the unspent twenty. On BUBBLES,
without the strength to walk through the projects one more
time,

62 INT. EMPTY APARTMENT/HIGH-RISE PROJECTS - DAY

62

HERC, CARVER squat with two TAC OFFICERS, armed and waiting.
As HERC checks his watch.

63 EXT. PARKING LOT/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - DAY

63 *

DANIELS, FREAMON and MCNULTY wait with two TAC OFFICERS and
three UNIFORMED OFFICERS. As DANIELS checks his watch, nods,
and they hustle toward their cars.

*

64 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN/LOW-RISE PROJECTS - DAY

64

SYDNOR, SANTANGELO wait in the back with another TAC TEAM.
As SANTANGELO checks his watch and gestures a five-minute
warning to the TAC COMMANDER.

65 INT. HALLWAY/HIGH-RISE PROJECTS - DAY 65

Carrying a maul, HERC and CARVER open the door of the vacant in which they have been hiding, race down the hall toward the door of the stash unit.

66 EXT. STASH HOUSE/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - DAY 66

Two unmarked cars and two radio cars SQUEAL to a halt in front of the main stash house. As MCNULTY, DANIELS and FREAMON race out, following the TAC TEAM up to the door.

67 EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN/LOW-RISE PROJECTS - DAY 67

SANTANGELO and SYDNOR follow their TAC TEAM as they tumble from the van and rush across Preston Street and into the low-rises.

68 EXT./INT. DOORWAYS/VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 68

The raids blend to MONTAGE as mauls, carried by TAC TEAMS, batter their way through a collection of doors.

69 INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 69

MONTAGE continues. A quick-cut journey through a string of locations -- some shots showing members of our DETAIL, others showing TAC or UNIFORMED OFFICERS, as they tear apart the innards of the main stash, the high-rise stash and a few of the other locations being hit around the city. SUSPECTS are arrested, drugs recovered, money seized and, in the main stash house, we GLIMPSE FREAMON and MCNULTY pulling a huge amount of raw cocaine and cut from the kitchen pantry. The MONTAGE culminates at the high-rise stash, where HERC and CARVER walk out of one bedroom to the living area and begin tossing the cushions off a ratty sofa and tearing into the lining. Nothing. The camera FOLLOWS them to another bedroom, where they pick up a bare mattress and toss it. Then pick up the box-spring to find... cash, banded and manicured. Maybe \$60,000. HERC reaches down, picks up two piles, tosses one to CARVER. Two TAC OFFICERS enter, see the cash. CARVER picks up a third pile and tosses it to TAC OFFICER. The money is pocketed, the thefts occurring wordlessly, without fanfare. Just business as usual. As we return to the business of recovering evidence,

CUT TO:

70 INT. PRESS BRIEFING ROOM/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 70

A cluster of TV, RADIO and PRINT REPORTERS wait for BURRELL, the COMMISSIONER, RAWLS and FOERSTER to take the podium. CAMERA CREWS and STILL PHOTOGRAPHERS grab shots of the takings of the raids: Heroin, coke, weapons. A tableful.

"The Hunt"
6/21/02 -- white

58.

70 CONTINUED:

70

As they mount the podium, the COMMISSIONER looks at the haul with pride and pleasure. He turns to BURRELL.

COMMISSIONER
Fine police work, Erv.

On BURRELL, in agreement, following the others into the glare of the TV lights and flashbulbs,

CUT TO:

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

71

Still in their raid garb, DANIELS, FREAMON and MCNULTY stare at the televised press conference as if it were a dispatch from some other country.

COMMISSIONER (O.S.)
...representative of our department's answer to a culture of drugs and death. When an officer falls in this war, others stand ready to take up the challenge and bring the fight to the very doorstep of those responsible. This is only the beginning, I assure you. But today, a message has been sent...

The camera PANS the pile of drugs and weapons. Dope on the table for the media swarm. As DANIELS and FREAMON stare at their televised COMMANDERS, celebrating, MCNULTY gets up, saunters over to the wiretap room, looks in on PREZ.

PREZ
Slow. Bullshit on the McCulloh Street phone, nothing at all at the towers.

MCNULTY
Who's on the rooftops?

PREZ
No one.

MCNULTY raises an eyebrow.

PREZ (cont.)
Fuck it.

MCNULTY shrugs, nods, steps away, walks back outside to watch the televised media circus DRONE on. PREZ yawns, checks the McCulloh Street phone and we HEAR:

POOT (O.S.)
How much you need?

- (CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

WALLACE (O.S.)
Bus cost like eighteen...

POOT (O.S.)
Your grandma ain't got it?

WALLACE (O.S.)
I ask her, she gonna try to stop me
from bookin'. I'm tellin' you, boy,
this country-ass shit got me all
messed up.

Poot LAUGHS. And PREZ, bored and unaware of who Wallace
might be, turns DOWN the volume and logs the call as non-
pertinent. As we PULL into a CU of the volume levels bouncing
on the computer screen, they slowly BLUR to become:

72 INT. I.C.U./MD SHOCK TRAUMA CENTER -- DAY

72

A CU of the medical monitors beside the bed of DET. SHAKIMA
"KIMA" GREGGS, who lies, intubated, her neck braced, bandaged
and unconscious. On GREGGS, alone, we,

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END