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# **THE WIRE**

**Episode 110**  
**"The Cost"**

**"A man you don't meet everyday."**

**— McNulty**

**Teleplay by**  
**David Simon**

**Story by**  
**David Simon & Edward Burns**

**Final Shooting Draft**  
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REVISION PAGE

Please note that although sc. 17 has already been shot, the producers are aware of the page length. Cuts and changes are forthcoming in blues.

## CAST

DET. JAMES "JIMMY" MCNULTY.....Dominic West  
DET. SHAKIMA "KIMA" GREGGS.....Sonja Sohn  
LT. CEDRIC DANIELS.....Lance Reddick  
DET. WILLIAM "BUNK" MORELAND.....Wendell Pierce  
D'ANGELO BARKSDALE (Non-Speaking).....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 (Non-Speaking).....Tray Chaney  
OMAR.....Michael K. Williams

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  
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.....Clayton LeBouef  
ELENA MCNULTY.....Callie Thorne  
MAURICE "MAURY" LEVY.....Michael Kostroff  
SHARDENE.....Wendy Grantham  
DONETTE.....Shamyl Brown  
WALON.....Steve Earle  
A.M.E. RANDALL "DOC" FRAZIER.....Erik Todd Dellums  
SAVINO.....Christopher J. Clanton  
HARDCASE.....George Watson  
PROPOSITION JOE STEWART.....Robert F. Chew  
DEALER #1/TROOPER ALVIN WIGGINS.....  
JUDGE.....  
DEA AGENT.....  
7-ELEVEN MAN.....

DEALER #2.....  
DOPE FIEND.....  
LAWYER.....  
MAJOR.....  
PROSECUTOR.....  
TOUT.....  
UNIFORM #1.....  
UNIFORM #2.....  
WORKER.....

SETS

EXTERIORS

Argyle Avenue  
    Rear Alley  
Baltimore  
Baltimore County  
    Fast Food Restaurant  
    Parking Lot  
Downtown  
    Market Place  
Eastern Shore  
    Cambridge  
        Rural Home  
Fulton and Lexington Streets  
High-Rise Projects  
    Church Roof  
Lower Pimlico  
    Street  
Northwest Baltimore  
    Alley  
    Street  
    Surveillance Van  
Orlando's Strip Club  
Police Headquarters  
Union Square Park  
West Baltimore  
    Back Alley

INTERIORS

Broadway  
    Surveillance Van  
Charles Street  
    Four Eyes Lenswear  
D'Angelo's Apartment  
    Kitchen  
    Living Room  
Detention Center  
    Bullpen  
    Intake Area  
    Visiting Room  
District Court  
    Corridor  
    Courtroom

INTERIORS (cont.)

Downtown  
    Bus Station  
Fast Food Restaurant  
    Parking Lot  
    Nissan  
Fulton Avenue  
    Daniels' Unmarked Car  
Market Place  
    Surveillance Van  
Medical Examiner's Office  
    Autopsy Room  
Mitchell Courthouse  
    Basement  
        Detail Offices  
        Daniels' Office  
        Wiretap Room  
Corridor  
Pearlman's Office  
Phelan's Chambers  
Northwest Baltimore  
Alley  
    Carver's Unmarked Car  
    Daniels' Unmarked Car  
    Orlando's Car  
Street  
    Carver's Unmarked Car  
    Daniels' Unmarked Car  
Surveillance Van  
Orlando's Strip Club  
Back Office  
Dressing Room  
Police Headquarters  
Burrell's Office  
Homicide Office  
    Interrogation Room  
    Rawls' Office  
Narcotics Office  
Police Helicopter  
Rosemont  
Street  
    Orlando's Car  
State Police Headquarters  
Corridor  
Interrogation Room

White on black card:

“A man you don’t meet everyday.”

-- McNulty

FADE IN:

1 EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - DAY #1

1

BUBBLES sits on a bench -- alone. He fidgets in the sunlight, staring down at his own shadow. He checks his hands -- the scars, the old bleeds -- frowns. He tries to put them into his pockets, finds that uncomfortable. He rubs them together, looks around. The park is full of warm life -- not bucolic; it is, after all, a square in West Baltimore -- but certainly an island of calm with some green and ease. A WOMAN, white, thirties, walks a dog across a path and a few CHILDREN, black, gather in one corner to blow bubbles with small soap juice containers, watched by a GRANDMOTHER, who sits idly on a bench nearby. BUBBLES takes all of this in, silent, waiting for God knows what. As we MOVE IN CLOSE to see his eyes clear, his countenance stolid and aware. BUBBLES is clean for the first time in years.

BUBBLES  
(to himself)  
Lawd.

BUBBLES looks closely at the world that he has been missing for fifteen, twenty years. The CITY PARKS WORKER and the ROAR of his lawn mower on the other side of the square. The BIRDS around the edge of the gazebo. The fountain with its wrought-iron cherubs. An OLD MAN on the end of another bench, soaking in the sports section. BUBBLES takes all of this in, so intently that two DOPE FIENDS glide through the park and past him almost unnoticed, until one speaks.

DOPE FIEND  
What up, Bubs?

BUBBLES looks up at a gaunt, familiar face.

BUBBLES  
Hey.

The FIENDS keep walking, on a mission. BUBBLES remains on the bench. He follows their gait across the square, watching as they cross the street toward a corner that marks the beginning of a small drug strip, where a couple young SLINGERS stand their ground, oblivious to the park and its contents. BUBBLES watches one SLINGER flag down a WHITE MOTORIST, take his money. A RUNNER brings two pills to the window and the MOTORIST ROARS off. BUBBLES turns away to look at the fountain, the BIRDS, the park. On BUBBLES, at a crossroads alone, out of the fog, grieving for the lost years,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

2.

FADE IN:

2 INT. WIRETAP ROOM/DETAIL OFFICES/COURTHOUSE - DAY 2

A tape of a call made on a high-rise payphone PLAYS. DET. LESTER FREAMON listens with DETS. JAMES "JIMMY" MCNULTY, SHAKIMA "KIMA" GREGGS.

LITTLE MAN (O.S.)

Omar got close, man. He rolled up on Avon.

UNIDENTIFIED BLACK MALE #1 (O.S.)

Damn. You fuckin' wid me now...

LITTLE MAN (O.S.)

Naw. Bey sayin' he tagged Omar with a hot one, but Omar still in the mix, yo. Bounty on his black ass is up to thirty.

FREAMON switches OFF the tape, looks at MCNULTY and GREGGS.

FREAMON

Quite a character, our friend Omar.

MCNULTY

A man you don't meet every day.

On the TRIO, contemplating the complications,

CUT TO:

3 INT. BACK OFFICE/ORLANDO'S STRIP CLUB - DAY 3

AVON BARKSDALE, STRINGER BELL and WEE-BEY confer.

WEE-BEY

He shouldn't get that close, homes. That's my bad.

BARKSDALE

Naw, shit. You ain't pull up when you do, I'm gone. What I want to know is how the fuck we come back on this cocksucker?

BELL

We don't. Not now.

BARKSDALE looks at him angrily.

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

3.

3 (CONTINUED)

3

BELL (cont.)  
You ain't thinkin' now. You feelin'  
it, but you ain't thinkin'. You got  
to let me think for you on this.

BARKSDALE waits.

BELL (cont.)  
Make a show of throwin' up your hands  
on it. You put the word out there  
that you willin' to talk this shit  
down if he is.

BARKSDALE  
What if he ain't?

BELL  
He got to live in this town too. He  
gonna listen if we parley.

WEE-BEY  
An' then when he creep out his hole...

BARKSDALE  
...we put the cap in his ass.

BELL nods. BARKSDALE instructs WEE-BEY.

BARKSDALE (cont.)  
Give it out jus' like that. He ready  
to parley, so are we.

WEE-BEY nods, rises, limps out the door.

BELL  
What about the police? They were on  
you after the game.

BARKSDALE  
At least two cars, yeah.

BELL  
If they on you, they must got a name  
at least. An' if they got a name,  
they know you ain't got no license.

BARKSDALE  
They was trailin' me, yo. Don't  
want no traffic charge. Don't want  
no humble. Naw, they wanted to see  
where I might go.

(CONTINUED)



"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

4.

3 (CONTINUED) (2)

3

BELL

• Right. Okay. But even if that,  
where was you gonna take they asses?

BARKSDALE

Barbershop. I was goin' for a cut.

BARKSDALE and BELL share a small laugh.

BELL

That's my point, man. So we know  
the police is up on you, but what  
the fuck? Your name had to ring out  
sooner or later, right?

BARKSDALE

I just got to stay careful.

BELL

You ain't touchin' drugs. You ain't  
talkin' on no phones. An' from now  
on, you ain't gonna make the money  
runs. Either me or Bey gonna do  
that 'til shit cools off.

BARKSDALE nods agreement.

BELL (cont.)

Gimme your page, man.

BARKSDALE looks at him, hands him the beeper. BELL looks at  
it, frowns, tosses it into the trash.

BELL (cont.)

Anyone need you, they hit my page.

(pause)

Gotta build a wall 'round you, homes.

On BARKSDALE, grateful to have such a consigliere,

CUT TO:

4 INT. PHELAN'S CHAMBERS/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

4

MCNULTY and A.S.A. RHONDA PEARLMAN watch JUDGE DANIEL PHELAN  
review affidavits.

PHELAN

Thirty more days? On a fresh phone?

MCNULTY

They ripped out the payphones in the  
low-rises. Now they're walking a  
block or two away.

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

5.

4 (CONTINUED)

4

PHELAN

I'm just asking, how much longer  
until you bring this case in, Jimmy?

MCNULTY shrugs. Who knows?

PHELAN (cont.)

Well, okay. But the quicker you  
can, the better for everybody.  
Yourself included.

MCNULTY shoots PEARLMAN a look. What's with the judge?  
CLERK enters, goes over with clean copies for the judge to  
sign. He does so.

PHELAN (cont.)

(to CLERK)

Copies to the state's attorney, the  
clerk's office and the courtfile.

(hands copy to MCNULTY)

Here's your new phone. Thirty days.

MCNULTY takes it. He and PEARLMAN get up to go.

MCNULTY

A couple weeks ago, you were the one  
breaking it off in Burrell's ass  
when he wanted to shut down.

PHELAN

Jimmy, there's a lady here.

MCNULTY

Rhonda talks more trash than both of  
us, Your Honor.

PHELAN

(flirting)

Is that so?

PEARLMAN

I've never been anything other than  
lady-like, Your Honor. Detective  
McNulty is going out of his way to  
insult an officer of the court.

PHELAN

McNulty, I hold you in contempt.

MCNULTY

Who doesn't?

JUDGE doesn't smile. MCNULTY and PEARLMAN exit.

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

6.

5 INT. CORRIDOR/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

5

MCNULTY and PEARLMAN walk, talk.

MCNULTY  
What's with him?

PEARLMAN  
You haven't heard?

PEARLMAN gestures toward the door to her office. MCNULTY follows her inside.

6 INT. PEARLMAN'S OFFICE/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

6

PEARLMAN walks around to her desk, picks up a flyer for a campaign fundraiser showing photos of the Democratic ticket of sitting, incumbent Circuit Court Judges. Four black faces -- one female -- and one white male are up for re-election. PHELAN is not among them. MCNULTY scans the flyer.

PEARLMAN  
What's wrong with the picture?

MCNULTY  
Dunno.

PEARLMAN  
Phelan ain't in it.

MCNULTY  
He's up for re-election? I thought judges had fifteen-year terms?

PEARLMAN  
They do. But Phelan was appointed to finish Halpern's term, which only had two years left. So he has to run on his own in the primary.

MCNULTY  
And he's not on the ticket?

PEARLMAN  
Doesn't look like it, does it?

MCNULTY  
Why the fuck not?

PEARLMAN looks at MCNULTY: As if you don't know...

PEARLMAN  
Maybe it's the company he keeps.

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

7.

6 (CONTINUED)

6

On McNULTY, whose patron is now under siege,

CUT TO:

7 INT. HOMICIDE OFFICE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

7

SGT. JAY LANDSMAN, DETS. WILLIAM "BUNK" MORELAND and RAY COLE sit around, shooting shit, listening to the RADIO give pre-primary election campaign news. Feet on his desk, COLE is honing a paper airplane; BUNK is perusing a skin mag, centerfold splayed. DEPUTY COMMISSIONER ERVIN H. BURRELL enters the office, much to their surprise.

BUNK

Aw sh...

LANDSMAN

Ten-hut.

The THREE snap upright to attention, but even as they do, BUNK hands the skin mag, centerfold displayed to LANDSMAN, who unwittingly takes it.

BUNK

Here's your magazine back, Sergeant.  
Thanks for letting me look at it.

BURRELL glances at the centerfold, grunts the barest amusement, continues past them toward Rawls' office, as a pissed-off LANDSMAN swats at a laughing BUNK with the mag,

8 INT. RAWLS' OFFICE/HOMICIDE OFFICE/HEADQUARTERS - DAY

8

BURRELL enters without knocking. MAJ. WILLIAM A. RAWLS looks up, shows surprise, stands to attention.

BURRELL

You got a pulse on the detail unit?

RAWLS

Sir?

BURRELL

State's attorney just called me to say that McNulty was going up on another payphone. Thirty more days.

RAWLS

First I hear of it.

BURRELL

Me, too.

BURRELL and RAWLS share a look.

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

8.

8 (CONTINUED)

8

RAWLS

What can I tell you? I was getting briefed by Santangelo, but now he's trying to shut down on me. Sonsabitches have him thinking he's enough of a police to weather the storm.

BURRELL

Apparently, I don't have the best handle on Daniels either.

RAWLS

These people think they're running their own police department out of that courthouse basement.

BURRELL nods agreement.

RAWLS (cont.)

We're in the dark here.

BURRELL

Right now, we are.

On BURRELL, who doesn't like it,

CUT TO:

9 INT. LIVING ROOM/D'ANGELO'S APARTMENT - DAY

9

DONETTE changes TERRELL's diaper. Talks. D'ANGELO, his mind elsewhere, struggles to listen.

DONETTE

...no, see, you ain't thinkin' about how much room the baby gonna take up. Especially when he gets to growin' 'cause, I mean, there are things that we got to have...

D'ANGELO looks at her like a trapped animal.

DONETTE (cont.)

Like a changing table. An' the crib and you know, he got to have one of them Jolly Jumpers. An' so you add the bassinette -- I mean a nice bassinette like they got down at that baby store on Howard Street -- an' that's a room right there. So you see what I'm sayin'?

D'ANGELO gets up, escapes to the kitchen.

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

9.

10 INT. KITCHEN/D'ANGELO'S APARTMENT - DAY

10

D'ANGELO goes to the frig, grabs a juice, leans against the counter, misses Shardene and the very idea of another future.

DONETTE (O.S.)

It ain't like I'm sayin' your place ain't nice enough. 'Cause, you know, for just you, it do fine. But if we gonna be a family, we gonna need at least one more bedroom and maybe two, see? 'Cause I think we might could get some better furniture for the living room, right, and put your stuff in the other bedroom like it was a den, you know? 'Cause, I mean, this sofa you got seen better days. I think you know that much...

D'ANGELO leaves juice on counter unopened, walks out.

11 INT. LIVING ROOM/D'ANGELO'S APARTMENT - DAY

11

D'ANGELO grabs his keys.

DONETTE

Dee. Where you goin' at? I told you I needed money for the bassinette.

D'ANGELO heads toward the door.

DONETTE (cont.)

Dee...

D'ANGELO escapes. On DONETTE and the BABY,

CUT TO:

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

12

MCNULTY and FREAMON PLAY the tape of the mysterious stash-house call from Episode 109. DETS. ELLIS CARVER and LEANDER SYDNOR listen.

UNIDENTIFIED BLACK MALE #2

Why you holler at me?

UNIDENTIFIED BLACK MALE #3

We gettin' down to it.

UNIDENTIFIED BLACK MALE #2

I get to you when I get to you.

CLICK. FREAMON turns OFF the tape.

(CONTINUED)

12 (CONTINUED)

12

MCNULTY

That's the main stash house.

CARVER

Say what?

FREAMON

The incoming call is the guy running  
the main stash for Barksdale's people.

SYDNOR

Who is he?

MCNULTY

We don't know.

SYDNOR

So you're just guessing that he's on  
the stash, right?

FREAMON

No. He's on it.

MCNULTY shows them a printout of calls coming to the tower  
payphones from a single Pimlico exchange. The calls go back  
over the last month.

MCNULTY

Lester was checking the logs a couple  
weeks ago when he picked up the  
pattern...

FREAMON

Every time we start hearing that  
they're getting down to ends on a  
package, someone in the towers hits  
that pager number, which we have not  
yet put with a face.

MCNULTY

And then, within a half hour every  
fucking time, a call comes back to  
the tower phone from that number in  
Pimlico...

SYDNOR

Which is?

FREAMON

A phone booth at a Seven-Eleven on  
Reisterstown at Cold Spring. You  
see it now?

CARVER and SYDNOR do not.

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

11.

12 (CONTINUED) (2)

12

FREAMON (cont.)

When the supply gets low, they page this mope. And he always calls back from a payphone way the fuck out in Northwest. Same phone, same pattern.

SYDNOR

So y'all think he's taking the re-up order and that the stash is somewhere near that Seven-Eleven, right?

MCNULTY

You are on it, Detective Sydnor.

SYDNOR is pleased, at least until CARVER's next question.

CARVER

Okay, so what do you do with this?

FREAMON and MCNULTY share a knowing look. SYDNOR gets it.

SYDNOR

You mean, what do we do with it.

CARVER

We gonna be sittin' on that payphone in Pimlico all day and all night, waitin' for Mr. Seven-Eleven?

MCNULTY

Herc, too.

CARVER

Herc's out this whole week. In-service training.

FREAMON

Too bad. So instead of three eight-hour shifts, you two are gonna have to pull twelve hours.

CARVER

Just fucking kill me now.

CARVER walks away in disgust. SYDNOR, in contrast, picks up the printout of calls, impressed. MCNULTY gets up, walks to wiretap room, sticks his head in the door.

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

13

GREGGS, DET. ROLAND "PREZ" PRYZBYLEWSKI are logging calls.

MCNULTY

You heard from Omar?

(CONTINUED)



"The Cost"  
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12.

13 (CONTINUED)

13

GREGGS shakes her head.

MCNULTY (cont.)

Me neither.

They share a look. Is he dead? Is he still hunting Avon?

MCNULTY (cont.)

You need me, I'm on the radio.

GREGGS

Where you headed?

MCNULTY pulls a B of I photo of Wallace from his pocket.

MCNULTY

Everyone keeps sayin' this kid is  
all tore up about that dead stickup  
boy. Gonna see for myself.

GREGGS nods. As MCNULTY goes,

CUT TO:

14 EXT. PARKING LOT/FAST FOOD RESTAURANT/BALT. COUNTY - DAY

14

ORLANDO pulls up in a ragged Monte Carlo, which is a bit like Orlando -- showy on the outside but a beat-down clunker on the inside. He gets out and shakes hands with three black male DRUG DEALERS emerging from a Nissan Pathfinder. One of the DEALERS gives ORLANDO a quick pat down, and then, satisfied, they usher him inside the Nissan.

15 INT. NISSAN/PARKING LOT/FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

15

ORLANDO sits with the DRUG DEALERS.

ORLANDO

This first time, I can go a half-ounce. But hey, if the shit is right, then next time I can step that up.

DEALER #1

Almost ain't worth it for a half.

ORLANDO

Just on this first go-round. You do right by me, I'll turn around and come back on it.

DEALER #1

Where yo' money, man?

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

13.

15 (CONTINUED)

15

ORLANDO goes into his dip, pulls out a wad of manicured cash. DEALER #2 counts it as ORLANDO watches a white FAMILY of four exit with a fast food carry-out banquet. A drug deal in the heart of suburban America.

DEALER #2

We good.

ORLANDO

Where the shit?

DEALER #3 exits car, runs behind the wooden fence that shields the restaurant dumpster. He emerges with a brown paper bag, which he walks back. He gets inside, hands off to ORLANDO, who checks the contents and is pleased.

ORLANDO (cont.)

A-ight. Now we both good.

On ORLANDO, giving DEALER #1 a dap on the hand,

CUT TO:

16 EXT. REAR ALLEY/ARGYLE AVENUE - DAY

16

MCNULTY sits listening to TALK RADIO in his car a block away from the rear of Wallace's vacant house, eating a fast-food burger, sipping soda and watching the rear alley. We TRACK his POV as he follows the orange pirated electrical line into the second-floor window. He perks up when WALLACE, looking worn, slides out of the rear door with POOT at his side and heads down the alley. On MCNULTY, starting the car, and pulling off,

CUT TO:

17 EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - DAY

17

BUBBLES sits on the same bench on which he sat earlier, now joined by WALON, the ex-addict biker from Episode 8. They sit in the late afternoon calm, the feel of the city only visible at the edges of the park.

BUBBLES

Ain't got much left. Burnt it away.

WALON

Family?

BUBBLES

Momma dead. Father, who t'fuck know.

WALON

Brothers or sisters?

(CONTINUED)

17 (CONTINUED)

17

BUBBLES

Got a sister lettin' me stay downr  
her basement. Says she gonna call  
the police if I come upstairs, though.  
Best she can do, I guess.

(pause)

Got a kid, too. A son. Imagine me  
bringing life to this world.

WALON

What's his name?

BUBBLES

Keyshawn. His mother took him up  
Jersey way. She say I ain't fit to  
be with the boy. I ain't disagree.

(beat)

I'm playing for small stakes, homes.  
Nothin' left in the fucking pot.

WALON

Well, at least you got your health.

BUBBLES takes in the ridiculous cliché, starts laughing.  
WALON joins in. A few beats before LAUGHTER subsides.

WALON (cont.)

I got The Bug.

Beat.

WALON (cont.)

Had it since ninety-four. Gave that  
shit to my woman. Worried I mighta  
passed it to my baby girl.

BUBBLES looks at him, stricken.

WALON (cont.)

Got spared that at least. Delia's  
five now. She's fine.

BUBBLES

Damn, how you carry it?

WALON shrugs at the question.

BUBBLES (cont.)

So, what, you ask her forgiveness?

WALON

'Course.

(CONTINUED)

17 (CONTINUED) (2)

17

BUBBLES

What she say?

WALON

What she needed to say.

BUBBLES looks at him.

WALON (cont.)

You steal your mamma's clock radio,  
pawn it for half a blast, right?  
Spend the rest of your day plotting  
for the other half, so you ain't  
thinking 'bout what you done. But  
when the blast wears off, you gonna  
see your mamma's face. And then you  
get to feeling the guilt. Stealing  
from your mamma. Shit. Now, she's  
gonna tell you she forgives you,  
cause she's your mama and she knows  
that's what you need to hear. But  
the truth? Every morning, she'll  
remember what you did. 'Cause  
forgiveness don't wake folks up.

BUBBLES

Clock radio do.

WALON

Point is, other people's forgiveness  
is good, but it's just words comin'  
at you from the outside. You want  
to kick this shit, you got to forgive  
your own self. Shame kills the hope.  
And without hope...

WALON gets up stretches.

WALON (cont.)

Love yourself some, brother.

(pause)

An' then drag your sorry ass to some  
meetings.

BUBBLES

Meetings, huh?

WALON

The fuck you wanna hear? That you  
strong enough to do this alone?  
That if your ass don't leave this  
park, the shame won't find you?  
Motherfucker, gettin' clean was the  
easy part.

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

16.

17 (CONTINUED) (3)

17

BUBBLES looks at WALON.

WALON (cont.)  
Now comes life.

WALON gives him a dap on the shoulder, smiles, walks away.  
On BUBBLES, taking this in,

CUT TO:

18 EXT. REAR ALLEY/ARGYLE AVENUE - DAY

18

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

MCNULTY  
That one with the orange electrical cord coming in the back. They're pirating juice from the other side of the alley. I noticed it when that body got dropped here last month.

UNIFORM #1  
What? Now I'm policing for BG&E?

MCNULTY pulls out B of I photograph of Wallace.

MCNULTY  
They're not in there now. But when this kid here posts, I want you to give me a yell.

UNIFORM #2  
What'd he do?

MCNULTY  
He stumbled into my world.

UNIFORM #1  
You are asking us to park our asses outside this shithole and wait for some little project yo to raise up. This is how you see us spending our shift?

MCNULTY  
Mrs. McNulty raised no fools.

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

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

17.

18 (CONTINUED)

18

MCNULTY (cont.)

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

UNIFORMS share a look. UNIFORM #2 peers into the bag.  
McNulty's radio goes OFF with his call number.

GREGGS (O.S.)

Twelve-fourteen for eleven-thirty-five.

UNIFORM #2

Faidley's, huh?

MCNULTY

And another case of Heine on delivery  
of the kid.

(into radio)

Eleven-thirty-five.

GREGGS (O.S.)

Eleven-thirty-five. Channel three  
for a lateral.

MCNULTY clicks over from citywide broadcast.

UNIFORM #1

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

Having purchased his very own surveillance team from the  
Western District, MCNULTY walks back to car, keys radio.

MCNULTY

I'm here. What's up?

GREGGS (O.S.)

Our friend posted. He wants a meet.

MCNULTY

Copy that. Same spot?

GREGGS (O.S.)

Yeah. Fifteen minutes.

On MCNULTY, getting back into his car,

CUT TO:

19 EXT. ORLANDO'S STRIP CLUB - DAY

19

D'ANGELO sits on a bus bench with a YOUNG HOPPER, who BLARES  
old-school R&B from a boom box beside him.

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

18.

19 (CONTINUED)

19

He watches the front of the club, ill at ease with himself. And when SHARDENE pulls up in a cab and gets out in street clothes, carrying her stripper garb in a bag, he stands, walks down the sidewalk to intercept. His attempt to plead his case plays as pantomime, against the RHYTHM & BLUES. SHARDENE listens, says nothing, walks past him into the club. On D'ANGELO, alone on the sidewalk, adrift,

CUT TO:

20 EXT. BACK ALLEY/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

20

Their cars parked one behind the other, GREGGS, MCNULTY stand with OMAR in the back alley where they've met him before.

MCNULTY

So how close did you get?

OMAR

Y'all would be chalkin' him if Wee-Bey didn't pop up last-second-like...

GREGGS

Remember when we last talked? You were gonna lay back, give us room to work our case...

OMAR

I said I do what I can.

GREGGS, MCNULTY share a look.

OMAR (cont.)

Still, I thought I might let you know that I got Avon's people out here with the word that he lookin' to end the beef, offerin' me, a whatyoucallit, amnesty.

MCNULTY

Amnesty?

OMAR

I give up the hunt and I stop stealin' his packages. He call his dogs off.

MCNULTY

What you gonna do?

OMAR shrugs.

GREGGS

Take the truce, Omar.

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

19.

20 (CONTINUED)

20

OMAR shrugs.

OMAR  
I might, if they ain't tryin' to  
play me. They throwin' me the word  
they want to parley on it...

MCNULTY  
Parley? With who?

OMAR shrugs. He doesn't know yet.

OMAR  
First thing is, I need a little  
assistance from y'all.

OMAR nods toward his shoulder. MCNULTY gently pulls back  
the sweatshirt, revealing a wound with caked blood.

OMAR (cont.)  
Go to a hospital and they ask all  
kinda questions, you know?

MCNULTY  
Infected, maybe. Got some pus there.

OMAR  
I figure ya'll friendly with a doctor  
or two, right?

On MCNULTY, sharing a look with GREGGS,

CUT TO:

21 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM/STATE POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

21

Video surveillance shot. ORLANDO cuffed to a desk as DEALER  
#1, now revealed as STATE POLICE T.F.C. ALVIN WIGGINS,  
finishes writing out a statement, gets up and exits into the  
hall. On ORLANDO, trapped and miserable,

CUT TO:

22 INT. CORRIDOR/STATE POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

22

WIGGINS and DEALER#2/TROOPER confer with their SUPERVISOR, a  
uniformed STATE POLICE MAJOR. Other TROOPERS walk past.

DEALER #1/WIGGINS  
He says he can buy weight. Says he  
runs with some decent-size locals.

MAJOR  
Like who?

(CONTINUED)



"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

20.

22 (CONTINUED)

22

WIGGINS  
Avon something-or-other.  
(checks statement)  
Barksdale. Avon Barksdale.

MAJOR  
Who?

WIGGINS shrugs his ignorance, goes into Interrogation Room.

23 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM/STATE POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

23

WIGGINS gives the word to ORLANDO.

WIGGINS  
I'm gonna check around, see if  
anyone's working these names you're  
giving us. If you're full of shit,  
pal, I'm gonna know it quick.

ORLANDO  
What happens to me while you checkin'?

WIGGINS  
Eager Street. Pre-trial.

On ORLANDO, who isn't really up for jail,

CUT TO:

24 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

24

PAN from the empty driver's seat into the rear of the van,  
revealing the jetsam from an hours-long surveillance -- empty  
coffee mugs, newspaper pages, donut boxes, 7-Eleven hot dog  
boxes, condiment packs. PAN UP to CARVER, ass on a couple  
cushions, staring out the rear windows as he watches a WOMAN,  
black, gab away on the payphone outside a Seven-Eleven. As  
CARVER, bored and cramped, tears open a bag of Utz crab chips,  
BELCHES loudly, and begins shoveling more in,

CUT TO:

25 INT. AUTOPSY ROOM/MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

25

CU on a shoulder wound. PULL BACK to REVEAL autopsy room,  
with a bagged BODY or TWO on gurneys, waiting. A.M.E. RANDALL  
"DOC" FRAZIER fires a second shot of anesthetic into OMAR's  
shoulder, reaches for forceps.

OMAR  
(off BODIES)  
Who they be?

(CONTINUED)

25 (CONTINUED)

25

FRAZIER  
My regular patients.

OMAR frowns, winces at the touch of the forceps.

OMAR  
Dag. I'm feelin' that.

FRAZIER  
You know something? You're the first  
complaint I ever got...

MCNULTY snorts a laugh.

FRAZIER (cont.)  
(to MCNULTY)  
I can feel the bullet with the  
forceps, but he's gonna need more  
anesthetic for me to go in there  
after it.

MCNULTY nods. FRAZIER stands up, examines the wound again.

FRAZIER (cont.)  
Nine millimeter probably, hollow-  
point, probably not close range.  
Bullet's probably mutilated,  
unsuitable for comparison. Just in  
case you wanted my true medical  
opinion.

OMAR eyes FRAZIER wary as he leaves, feels his shoulder.

OMAR  
I need to thank y'all for this.

GREGGS  
Yes, you do.

OMAR  
Anything I can do, you know...

MCNULTY  
We'll think of something.

As MCNULTY and GREGGS share a look,

CUT TO:

26 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

26

SYDNOR unlocks the driver's door, enters the van, looks into  
the back and sees CARVER amid all the empty food and drink  
wrappers, looking bloated and cranky.

(CONTINUED)

26 (CONTINUED)

26

SYDNOR

Damn, Carv.

CARVER

I admit it. I'm disgusting.

CARVER gets up, wades through the trash toward the front of the van as SYDNOR moves past him to take his place at the rear of the van.

SYDNOR

You triflin' motherfucker. Cheese puffs and Ring-Dings.

CARVER ignores him, opens the passenger door and slips out.

27 EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

27

CARVER SLAMS the door and tries to find his sea-legs after eight hours in a van. As HE stretches his legs, wipes bits of junk food from his clothes, and walks toward the unmarked car just vacated by Sydnor,

CUT TO:

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

28

FREAMON and PREZ sit monitoring the tap. PREZ has his nose in a book on World War II codebreaking. The phone RINGS.

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

29

DET. MICHAEL SANTANGELO watches the courtyard at night. LITTLE MAN is on one of the tower payphones. SANTANGELO talks into cellphone.

SANTANGELO

That big fuck from the high-rise.  
Whatshisname...

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

30

FREAMON talks to Santangelo. PREZ waits, his finger on the record button.

FREAMON

Little Man?

SANTANGELO (O.S.)

Yeah. Him.

FREAMON nods to PREZ who hits the record button. But no -- Little Man is paging someone. Digit by digit, the beeper number for 7-Eleven man is revealed.

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

23.

30 (CONTINUED)

30

FREAMON and PREZ share a look, FREAMON picks up the phone, dials.

31 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

31

SYDNOR, watching an empty payphone, answers his cellphone.

FREAMON (O.S.)  
We're on. Be ready now.

As SYDNOR hangs up, wipes condensation from the rear van window and waits,

CUT TO:

32 EXT. REAR ALLEY/ARGYLE AVENUE - NIGHT

32

MCNULTY pulls his unmarked car up behind the radio car with the two Western uniforms he bribed earlier. He gets out, goes to the trunk, pulls out the second case of beer. He walks to the passenger side, drops the case on the car hood and leans inside to find UNIFORM #1, still drinking beer, somewhat shitfaced.

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

UNIFORM #1  
Or sober.

MCNULTY  
You sure he posted?

UNIFORM #1 hands the B of I photo of Wallace back to him.

UNIFORM #1  
Kid came in the back fifteen minutes ago. Vince is watching the front of the house, so...

MCNULTY  
Okay. Gimme ten minutes to get the lay of the land back here and then raise some hell at the front.

UNIFORM #1 nods, gets out of the radio car, grabbing the second case and shoving it in the back seat on his way. On MCNULTY, assessing the terrain,

CUT TO:

33 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT 33

SYDNOR's POV as 7-ELEVEN MAN makes his way to the payphone.  
SYDNOR raises a camera, snaps off a couple shots.

34 INT. WIRETAP ROOM/DETAIL OFFICES/COURTHOUSE - NIGHT 34

FREAMON and PREZ watch the incoming call, as their phone  
RINGS. PREZ picks up.

SANTANGELO (O.S.)  
Big Boy picking up.

FREAMON clicks ON the tape.

7-ELEVEN MAN (O.S.)  
You holler at me, right?

LITTLE MAN (O.S.)  
Where you at?

FREAMON dials Sydnor's cellphone.

7-ELEVEN MAN (O.S.)  
First thing tomorrow, man.

35 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT 35

SYDNOR watches 7-ELEVEN MAN hang up phone, start to walk  
from the store. His phone RINGS; he answers.

FREAMON (O.S.)  
It's him. Be on it.

As SYDNOR hangs up,

CUT TO:

36 EXT. STREET/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT 36

7-ELEVEN MAN walks away. In b.g., SYDNOR exits the van,  
begins to follow. On SYDNOR, sticking to the shadows,

CUT TO:

37 EXT. REAR ALLEY/ARGYLE AVENUE - NIGHT 37

MCNULTY waits by the rear door, flush against the vacant  
rowhouse. Suddenly, from the front, we hear POUNDING on  
wood and the SOUND of UNIFORM #1 shouting to open the damn  
door. A few seconds more and the back door of the rowhouse  
BURSTS open and one after another, the rag-tag KIDS raising  
each other in that hellhole come racing out, fearing foster  
care more than the existence they know.

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

25.

37 (CONTINUED)

37

MCNULTY lets the LITTLE ONES go, grabs WALLACE as he tries to bolt down the rear stairs. WALLACE wheels around in terror, struggling to get free, but MCNULTY puts him against the rear wall.

MCNULTY  
Wallace. What up?

On WALLACE, terrified, and not a little bit high, being dragged like a rag-doll toward the unmarked car,

CUT TO:

38 EXT. STREET/LOWER PIMLICO - NIGHT

38

From a good distance, SYDNOR follows 7-ELEVEN MAN as he makes his way around the corner and down a block of ragged, wood-framed, single-family houses. Turning the corner, SYDNOR picks up an empty, bagged fifth of liquor out of the gutter, using it as a prop to suggest that he is just a drunk on a roll. At one point, when 7-ELEVEN MAN gives a cursory look back, he sees SYDNOR, seemingly oblivious, taking a pull of the empty bottle and wiping his mouth. When 7-ELEVEN turns into an overgrown yard, SYDNOR marks the spot and continues down the empty street, and, as he passes the house, he notices: An overgrown yard on a badly maintained two-story house, but with security bars on the windows, a reinforced door and, subtly, a couple small security cameras mounted above the front porch. The yard also has a new chain-link fence with a Beware-of-Dog warning sign. As SYDNOR marks the house and continues walking down the empty street,

FADE TO:

39 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY #2

39

Establishing.

40 INT. HOMICIDE OFFICE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

40

MCNULTY sleeps in a chair outside the Interrogation Room, his coat draped over himself like a blanket. An empty bottle of Jameson's is at his feet as BUNK and COLE arrive to relieve the early morning shift.

BUNK  
Lookit this pretty motherfucker.

BUNK walks over, picks up the empty and throws it in trash. The CLATTER wakes MCNULTY, who begins to focus, bleary-eyed.

COLE  
Too fucked up to drive home, McNulty?

(CONTINUED)

40 (CONTINUED)

40

MCNULTY ignores COLE, who peels off with the sports section. He gets up, stretches, then checks the Interrogation Room through the wire-mesh window in the door. WALLACE lies on the table, covered by a spare overcoat, dead asleep. MCNULTY watches WALLACE dream for a moment, then turns back to BUNK.

MCNULTY

Kid gave us a murder.

BUNK walks over, looks in at WALLACE.

BUNK

Yeah?

MCNULTY

Omar's boy, Brandon. He picks Wee-Bey, Bird, Savino and Stinkum out of photo arrays. Puts all four of them at the Greek's the night they snatch the kid up.

BUNK

Geez, what'd you have over him?

MCNULTY

Not a fucking thing.

BUNK looks at MCNULTY.

MCNULTY (cont.)

Kid was ready. I barely had to push.

MCNULTY, BUNK both look into the Interrogation Room.

BUNK

How old?

MCNULTY

Fifteen. Living in a shithole vacant over on Argyle. And when I grab him up, I swear he's halfway into a nod.

BUNK

Using?

MCNULTY nods.

MCNULTY

After they kill the stickup boy, the motherfuckers dump the body in the alley right behind where this kid and all the other low-rise hoppers lay their heads. Can you imagine? It's all he can think about.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 (CONTINUED) (2)

40

MCNULTY (cont.)

(pause)

Problem is, what do I do with him  
now?

On WALLACE, sleeping,

CUT TO:

41 INT. INTAKE AREA/DETENTION CENTER - DAY

41

ORLANDO is brought in by the TROOPERS who arrested him and processed for intake. A JAIL GUARD begins inventorying his personal affects, as WIGGINS who was DEALER #1 takes off his cuff and signs paperwork. PULL BACK to REVEAL HARDCASE, who was arrested in the raids in Episode 103 and 104, sweeping the intake area indifferently with a broom. We glimpse ORLANDO, a fish out of water, from his POV, as HARDCASE puts the broom against the wall and leaves,

CUT TO:

42 INT. BULLPEN/DETENTION CENTER - DAY

42

HARDCASE is on a payphone, calling out.

HARDCASE

Pimpin'-ass Orlando. From the club.

(pause)

Yeah... in here, courtside.

On HARDCASE, with news for the crew,

CUT TO:

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

43

LT. CEDRIC DANIELS, MCNULTY talk with a weary WALLACE.

DANIELS

So how long you been slinging?

WALLACE

Since I was, dunno, twelve.

DANIELS

An' how long was you with Barksdale's  
crew in the low-rises?

WALLACE

With D'Angelo? Not long. He only  
come down from the towers beginning  
of summer. 'Fore that I was with  
Ronnie Mo.

(CONTINUED)



43 (CONTINUED)

43

MCNULTY  
D'Angelo ever talk to you about what  
happened in the two-two-one building?  
With Pooh getting shot?

WALLACE shakes his head.

MCNULTY (cont.)  
How about anything else like that?  
He ever mention a girl getting killed,  
up on the eastside?

WALLACE starts at the mention, then shakes his head.

WALLACE  
Naw. D'Angelo -- he was good to me,  
man. He alright.

Okay. So WALLACE doesn't want to give up D'ANGELO.

WALLACE (cont.)  
I'm sayin' it was my fault the boy  
got killed, the one at the Greek's.  
That was on me. 'Cause Poot, he  
seen him and knew him from the robbery  
and I was the one called Dee, you  
know? I didn't think...

WALLACE trails off, looks away. DANIELS gestures to MCNULTY  
and they leave the room.

44 INT. HOMICIDE OFFICE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

44

DANIELS and MCNULTY confer with PEARLMAN outside The Box.

MCNULTY  
Stink is dead and Bird's down for  
the Gant murder, but the kid puts in  
Wee-Bey and Savino.

DANIELS  
What about D'Angelo Barksdale? That's  
who he called. You've got D'Angelo  
tied in through the D.N.R. logs on  
the project payphones.

PEARLMAN  
D'Angelo could say he took the call,  
passed on the info -- but all that  
does is make him a gossip. It doesn't  
prove he knew the murder was coming.

DANIELS nods agreement, looks back into the room.

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED)

44

PEARLMAN (cont.)

Parents?

MCNULTY

Alcoholic mother, he says. In the wind, no fixed address. Says he has a grandmother down on the Eastern Shore somewhere. Cambridge, he thinks, but he hasn't seen her in years.

(pause)

Maybe we take him to a hotel.

DANIELS

On whose dime? No way the Deputy approves the manpower to stash this kid in a hotel, much less the room service.

MCNULTY

I can't go to Rawls either. I kinda burned that bridge to the waterline.

LANDSMAN (O.S.)

McNulty. Line three.

MCNULTY leaves DANIELS, PEARLMAN to answer the phone.

DANIELS

How about you run this up to the state's attorney?

PEARLMAN

He's a kid, Cedric. Even if we clear the money, we can't stick a juvenile in a hotel for six months waiting on a trial date.

DANIELS nods agreement, walks back to the window to look at WALLACE in The Box.

PEARLMAN (cont.)

I think you all need to find Grandma down on the Shore.

DANIELS nods agreement. PAN OVER to MCNULTY, standing, listening on the phone, increasingly irritated.

MCNULTY

Now? She's doing this right now?

(pause)

Don't they have to set a hearing date or something?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED) (2)

44

MCNULTY (cont.)

(pause)

Jesus. Okay. Yeah.

MCNULTY hangs up, looks around the Homicide Office, agitated.

MCNULTY (cont.)

I fucking need a fucking lawyer.

LANDSMAN's eyes settle on PEARLMAN.

PEARLMAN

What?

On Assistant State's Attorney PEARLMAN, who has just been recruited as a soldier in the War of the McNultys,

CUT TO:

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

45

GREGGS sits in the Deputy's office for the first time in her career. Uncomfortably.

BURRELL

You, ah, you came over to C.I.D. from the Western, right?

GREGGS

Eastern.

BURRELL

Eastern. That's right. You were under Daniels there when he was a sergeant, I guess.

GREGGS nods.

BURRELL (cont.)

Good man, Daniels.

GREGGS

He is. Taught me a lot.

BURRELL

This Barksdale thing. This is a lot on his plate, though. A lot on everybody's plate.

GREGGS

Yes, sir. But it's coming together. A piece here, a piece there.

(CONTINUED)

45 (CONTINUED)

45

BURRELL

I'm worried the lieutenant... well, he's a proud man. And if he needed something, if he had problems or concerns, he wouldn't reach out.

GREGGS

Sir?

BURRELL

If I had a better handle on things. You know? A sense of where things are going...

GREGGS

Sir?

BURRELL

If I were better briefed, I might be of more help. That's all I'm trying to say here.

GREGGS gets it. She's being recruited as a snitch.

GREGGS

(a bit stiff)

Sir, have you expressed these concerns to my lieutenant?

BURRELL

Not in so many words, I...

GREGGS

That would be my advice. If you need more information about our casework, you should talk to my lieutenant.

On BURRELL, thwarted,

CUT TO:

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

46

SYDNOR, PREZ, CARVER scan photos of the stash house.

CARVER

Still, you can see they got the security bars and look there...

(off photo)

...cameras on the porch that see the yard out to the street.

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED)

46

FREAMON

I checked that with Verizon. There's no phone service at that address. That's a telltale right there.

SYDNOR

So what? We write a warrant for the place, right?

FREAMON

We do not. If this is the main stash we write no warrants.

SYDNOR and CARVER look at him curiously.

FREAMON (cont.)

But first, we need to be sure.

FREAMON walks to the bulletin board that he labeled "Money," which is now as full of material as the earlier, "Drugs" PREZ has marked known assets with colored push-pins on a map of inner Baltimore. The larger properties have photographs tacked up as well. In fact, PREZ is matching addresses on real estate deeds to pins as FREAMON, followed by SYDNOR and CARVER, walk up.

FREAMON (cont.)

What are you seeing?

PREZ

No pattern, really. Except this cluster of old storefronts and warehouses on the westside of downtown. Around Paca, Eutaw, Howard Street, mostly.

FREAMON

Storefronts. Huh.

PREZ

Vacants, usually. Three separate holding companies. Look here. One of 'em owns the old Hutzler's warehouse on Mulberry.

FREAMON scans the map.

FREAMON

Detective Prezbylewski.

PREZ

What?

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED) (2)

46

FREAMON . .

You are good with a paper trail.

PREZ laughs, embarrassed.

FREAMON (cont.)

Tonight calls for some street work,  
though. Are you street ready?

CARVER and SYDNOR share a look. This can only end badly.

PREZ

Um, you know the lieutenant has me  
in-office. I don't have my gun until  
the grand jury...

FREAMON

You won't need a gun.

PREZ

On the street? No gun?

FREAMON

No gun. Not for this.

On PREZ, baffled and a little afraid,

CUT TO:

47 INT. COURTROOM/DISTRICT COURT - DAY

47

MCNULTY and ELENA MCNULTY square off in front of a District  
Court JUDGE -- black, late thirties, female. Elena's LAWYER  
is droning on; McNulty's lawyer, PEARLMAN, cannot believe  
she is caught in this.

LAWYER

...furthermore, Mr. McNulty, having  
utilized his sons in an act of police  
work, involving a criminal suspect,  
but he actually lost track of them  
in a crowded municipal market. This  
is simply unacceptable, Your Honor.

MCNULTY stews, glares at ELENA, who, with a glance at  
PEARLMAN, eyefucks him right back.

JUDGE

Be that as it may, an emergency ex  
parte order is an extraordinary  
request, Mr. Palmer. You want me to  
limit visitation to afternoons only  
and to require Mrs. McNulty to be  
present for visitations?

(CONTINUED)

47 (CONTINUED)

47

LAWYER

It is not a single lapse, Judge.  
Mr. McNulty has time and again failed  
to properly care for the children  
when they are in his custody. I  
have a list of recent events, Your  
Honor, that justify an emergency ex  
parte order...

JUDGE

Ms. Pearlman, is there a response  
that you'd like to offer here...

PEARLMAN

Nope. Not really.

MCNULTY looks at her hard.

PEARLMAN (cont.)

If this were possession with intent,  
I'd be a prosecutor with a plan.  
But a domestic order hearing? Your  
Honor, I am officially clueless.

JUDGE sighs with exasperation.

JUDGE

Tell you what, people. Before you  
ask me to rule on an emergency  
petition, why don't you all take a  
deep breath.

(to MCNULTY)

Is Mr. McNulty capable of talking to  
Mrs. McNulty?

MCNULTY

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Is Mrs. McNulty equally capable of  
talking to Mr. McNulty?

ELENA

Yes.

JUDGE

Good. I'm going to lunch. When I  
come back, let's see if we can't  
busy this tired old courtroom with  
something more engaging than the  
problems of the McNulty family.

(CONTINUED)

47 (CONTINUED) (2)

47

JUDGE GAVELS her way out of the chair. On MCNULTY, PEARLMAN, ELENA and the LAWYER, all of them wrapped in an embarrassing silence,

CUT TO:

48 INT. VISITING ROOM/DETENTION CENTER - DAY

48

ORLANDO meets with MAURICE LEVY, who has his briefcase open and papers out.

ORLANDO

Look the charge is on me. I understand that. I'll carry that. But the least that our people could do is throw down a little something to pay the bondsman.

LEVY passes a five-page legal document across the table to ORLANDO. ORLANDO scans the face sheet.

ORLANDO (cont.)

Fuck is this?

LEVY

That's a deed of transfer. For the club. And the other thing is a license transfer application. For the liquor board. Both are backdated and notarized to last week.

ORLANDO looks at LEVY.

LEVY (cont.)

A front has to be clean. And right now, you ain't that.

ORLANDO hesitates.

LEVY (cont.)

Sign.

ORLANDO

I want my bail paid. You send a bondsman for me, I'll sign.

LEVY

Is that what you want me to tell him? That I asked you to sign and you wouldn't?

ORLANDO thinks it through. He signs the documents, shoves them across the table bitterly. LEVY packs up his briefcase, stands. He RAPS on the door.

(CONTINUED)



"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

36.

48 (CONTINUED)

48

LEVY (cont.)  
You wanted to be in the game, right?  
Now you're in the game.

A GUARD opens the door. LEVY exits. On ORLANDO, alone,

CUT TO:

49 INT. CORRIDOR/DISTRICT COURT - DAY

49

MCNULTY and ELENA sit on a bench. ELENA is pissed.

ELENA  
You show up with her?

MCNULTY  
Elena, you went for an emergency  
hearing on an ex parte. I grabbed  
whatever lawyer was standing around.

ELENA  
She was standing, huh?

MCNULTY bites his tongue.

ELENA (cont.)  
Ask her if she wants the pictures  
back. I've got her at the restaurant.  
You pulling the chair out. I've got  
her in the motel parking lot. You  
opening the car door... Such a fucking  
gentleman, you are.

MCNULTY  
Why did you do this?

ELENA  
Because you shouldn't have Sean and  
Michael around criminals. And you  
shouldn't lose them in a Baltimore  
market. That's why.

MCNULTY lies.

MCNULTY  
It wasn't a criminal. I know the  
guy. It was a game we were playing.  
And it was daylight on a crowded  
street. They coulda followed John  
Gotti and it woulda been fine.  
Nothing bad is gonna happen.

ELENA takes this in.

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

37.

49 (CONTINUED)

49

MCNULTY (cont.)

These are my sons, Elena. I love  
them. You hear me? I love them.  
I'm not gonna let them get hurt.

ELENA eyes him warily.

MCNULTY (cont.)

I love you. I still do.

ELENA

Does she know that I know?

MCNULTY looks away.

ELENA (cont.)

Does she?

MCNULTY

No. Why would I tell her that?

ELENA

And you're still fucking her, right?

MCNULTY

No.

ELENA stares at him.

MCNULTY (cont.)

Yes... a little.

ELENA manages to smile.

MCNULTY (cont.)

C'mon. Let's make nice for the judge.

As THEY get up off the bench,

CUT TO:

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

50

WALLACE sits with a soda and a bag of licorice, eating a  
strand, watching the black-and-white detail office TV run  
early evening news shorts on the upcoming primary elections.  
As WALLACE blandly watches, we PAN through the window to:

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

51

DANIELS listens to GREGGS.

(CONTINUED)

51 (CONTINUED)

51

GREGGS

I'm thinking, why talk to me, you know? But the more he gets into it, the more I realize, "This mother-fucker's trying to turn me."

DANIELS

He didn't say what it was about when he called you in?

GREGGS

Just that he heard I was doing good and wanted to put a face with the name. But by the end, I could feel that what he really wanted was to know where we're going.

DANIELS takes this in.

GREGGS (cont.)

You been holding back with him?

DANIELS doesn't answer.

GREGGS (cont.)

Well, he lookin' to go around you then. I'm telling you, boss. You watch your back.

GREGGS gets a page, checks it. She gets up to go.

DANIELS

Kima.

GREGGS turns at the door.

DANIELS (cont.)

Thank you.

GREGGS nods, exits. On DANIELS, worried, PAN to the other side of the glass and GREGGS picking up the phone, dialing back on the page.

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

52

As GREGGS waits for an answer, WALLACE offers her a strand of licorice. She takes it, smiles, chews.

GREGGS

(into phone)

Me. Yeah.

(pause)

That'll work. Just gimme a few minutes to scare up my partner...

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

39.

52 (CONTINUED)

52

As GREGGS hangs up and heads out,

CUT TO:

53 EXT. MARKET PLACE/DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

53

A crowded PEDESTRIAN AREA -- bargoers, tourists, diners, couples, white and black. STRINGER BELL waits, checks his watch, waits some more until he sees PROPOSITION JOE STEWART, who is eating an ice cream cone, moving toward him through the CROWD. BELL nods slightly and JOE smiles.

BELL

He comin'?

PROPOSITION JOE

Said he would, if I guaranteed the parley. An' I'm here on it.

(pause)

'Course, he said y'all would be paying my fee, rather than his ownself.

BELL snorts, amused.

BELL

Your fee?

PROPOSITION JOE

I'm doin' like one of them marriage counselors. Charge by the hour to tell some fool he need to bring home flowers. Then charge another hour tellin' the bitch she ought to suck some cock every little once an' a while. You know? Keep a marriage strong like that.

BELL laughs. You gotta love JOE. OMAR emerges from the CROWD, noticing everything around him, satisfying himself that this is not a setup.

BELL

Speakin'a cocksuckers...

OMAR walks up, nods to JOE, BELL.

PROPOSITION JOE

Don't believe we ever met.

(dap of the hand)

Proposition Joe. You ever steal my shit, I'ma kill yo' whole family.

OMAR

Whatever.

(CONTINUED)

53 (CONTINUED)

53

PROPOSITION JOE

A-ight. You both here on my  
guarantee, so respect that shit and  
say what you feel. I'm up outta  
here now.

JOE chucks BELL in the shoulder, walks away.

BELL

So. There's an offer out to you.

OMAR

An offer, yeah.

BELL

Life, motherfucker. A man I know,  
he say he gonna give you back your  
life.

OMAR

You mean Barksdale.

BELL ignores him.

BELL

This man, he say, tell the  
motherfucker that if he can find a  
way not to go in my pocket, we call  
it even.

OMAR

Even. Y'all aced Bailey, and what  
you did to my boy?  
(swallows his rage)  
What you did to Brandon, you think  
we gonna see some even on this, huh?

BELL

I don't know shit about shit. I'm  
just a man here with a message.

OMAR

Yeah?

BELL

Dead on both sides. An' there gonna  
be more of the same if the beef keep  
on, though truth be told, there be  
more soldiers in one army than the  
other. You feel me?

OMAR looks around.

(CONTINUED)

53 (CONTINUED) (2)

53

OMAR

Tell Barksdale, he been paid back  
for killing my peoples. But he ain't  
paid the freight for me leavin' his  
product alone. I mean, a man got to  
earn a living, you know...

BELL

I don't know no one named Barksdale.  
An' the man I'm talking to, he can't  
have people seein' his shit taken  
all the time. That won't do.

OMAR

A-ight. Y'all come up with a little  
cash, maybe. Five, ten thousand.  
For my retirement, homes.

BELL looks at OMAR, sizing him up.

BELL

Think five might work.

OMAR nods to BELL, looks around.

54 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN/MARKET PLACE - NIGHT

54

GREGGS, MCNULTY watch out the van window, listen on a  
minispeaker to the conversation as its taped.

OMAR (O.S.)

Send the money through Joe, man.

BELL (O.S.)

Go through Joe, you won't see two  
thousand of it. Just let me tell  
the man where you want to meet...

OMAR (O.S.)

Naw. We figure something else out.  
I be in touch, homes.

From MCNULTY's POV, OMAR steps away and BELL, too, drifts  
into the CROWD. MCNULTY looks at GREGGS, shakes his head.

GREGGS

How careful is Stringer Bell? We  
got nothing here we can use.

OMAR enters van from the passenger door, unbuttons his jacket  
and begins pulling the microphone taped to his chest.

OMAR

Best I could do for y'all.

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
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42.

54 (CONTINUED)

54

On MCNULTY, frustrated,

CUT TO:

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

55

DANIELS exits his office, carrying coat, briefcase. WALLACE, bored, watching an old sitcom, looks up. His nose is running; the beginning of a mild heroin withdrawal.

DANIELS

You ready?

WALLACE shrugs. An I-guess-so gesture.

DANIELS (cont.)

C'mon. We'll get dinner first.

WALLACE

Ain't so hungry...

DANIELS realizes.

DANIELS

How much were you were using?

WALLACE shrugs.

DANIELS (cont.)

I'm askin' if you gonna be sick in my car...

WALLACE

Cap now and again.

DANIELS

Just snorting?

WALLACE nods. Follows DANIELS to the door.

DANIELS (cont.)

You be alright in a day or two.

On WALLACE, as they exit, wondering how that can ever be,

CUT TO:

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

56

BELL, BARKSDALE and WEE-BEY confer.

BARKSDALE

So he go to my pocket again, huh?

(CONTINUED)

56 (CONTINUED)

56

BELL  
Five thousand.

BARKSDALE  
Shhhhhheeeet.

KNOCK on the door. WEE-BEY checks. It's SHARDENE bringing drinks from the bar.

WEE-BEY  
A-ight, darlin'.

SHARDENE enters.

SHARDENE  
Antwon say to bring these up. Y'all want anything else?

BELL  
Naw, we good.

SHARDENE glides around the room, serving drinks.

WEE-BEY  
How we supposed to pay that?

BELL  
He wanted it to come through Joe, but I squashed that, you know. Fuck Joe. We do it another...

BARKSDALE raises his hand, nods at SHARDENE. The conversation holds until she clears the room.

BARKSDALE  
Make him come into the towers for his money. He stupid enough to try, he as good as got.

57 INT. DRESSING ROOM/ORLANDO'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

57

Having exited the office, SHARDENE pauses at the door, listening for as long as she dares. At the SOUND of other DANCERS coming up the stairs, SHE leaves and we,

CUT TO:

58 EXT. RURAL HOME/CAMBRIDGE/EASTERN SHORE - NIGHT

58

A worn house in what was once, long ago, a tight-knit black community of small farmers, tenant farmers, watermen on Maryland's Eastern Shore. Over the SOUND of locusts, we SEE an unmarked car roll slowly down a two-lane county road, and then pause, checking mailbox numbers.

(CONTINUED)



"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

44.

58 (CONTINUED)

58

Satisfied, DANIELS turns the car onto a gravel drive, brakes and turns off the engine. DANIELS and WALLACE get out of the car, look at the worn roadside house, the outshed, the old pickup and the shell of a an old car up on blocks in the yard. A light is still on inside the house.

DANIELS  
You sure, right?

WALLACE  
I spent a summer here when I was  
nine.

DANIELS  
When was the last time they saw you?

WALLACE  
When I was nine.

DANIELS takes this in, heads toward the house. WALLACE behind him, looking around with concern.

WALLACE (cont.)  
The fuck is that?

DANIELS  
What?

WALLACE  
That noise...

DANIELS  
Crickets.

On WALLACE, awed as he follows DANIELS onto the porch,

CUT TO:

59 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN/BROADWAY - NIGHT

59

CARVER and FREAMON watch as SHARDENE, in street clothes, exits Orlando's and walks down the block. Satisfied that no one is coming behind her, she cuts across the street, enters the van through the passenger side. CARVER and FREAMON are in the back, PLAYING the tape.

SHARDENE  
They sort of shut down once I was in  
the back room.

FREAMON  
Which one said the thing about making  
him come into the towers...

(CONTINUED)

59 (CONTINUED)

59

SHARDENE

I don't know. A tall man.

FREAMON and CARVER share a look.

SHARDENE (cont.)

I don't see really well without my glasses.

CARVER

Where are your glasses?

SHARDENE goes into her purse, pulls out the coke bottles.

FREAMON

You can't see faces without those?

SHARDENE shakes her head. A vanity issue.

FREAMON (cont.)

You don't wear your glasses when you're working, do you, darlin'?

SHARDENE

Would you?

CARVER and FREAMON concede the point.

SHARDENE (cont.)

I gotta live on drinks and tips.

On FREAMON, already pricing contact lenses,

CUT TO:

60 EXT. STREET/LOWER PIMLICO - NIGHT

60

Four a.m. PREZ and SYDNOR, dressed as sanitation workers, step out from an unmarked car at the end of the block and badge a garbage truck. The SANITATION WORKER driving brakes and the rest of the TRUCK CREW steps off, wondering.

SYDNOR

City police. We need to do this block with you guys.

WORKER

Do the whole route, you want.

SYDNOR smiles. He and PREZ hop on the truck, ride it down the block as the other WORKERS dump cans and Hefty bags into the maw of the rear.

(CONTINUED)

60 (CONTINUED)

60

Outside the stash house, PREZ and SYDNOR each grab two of four Hefty bags and hop back on the truck, holding them apart and riding the truck to the end of the block where they jump off. The other WORKERS stare at them as the truck rumbles off. As PREZ and SYDNOR, alone on an empty early morning corner, dig into a couple bags, searching for proof of their suspicions,

FADE TO:

61 INT. DETAIL OFFICES/BASEMENT/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY #3

61

CU on the same trash bags, now being carefully emptied of broken vials, colored vial tops, used rubber gloves, dirty cardboard, and excess cutting agents and chemicals -- all of it mixed with ordinary garbage. PULL BACK to REVEAL SYDNOR and PREZ, still wearing sanitation garb, proudly photographing the drug material for the probable cause that it is, while MCNULTY and GREGGS watch.

SYDNOR

Lester was sayin' we ain't gonna write a warrant for this place. How do we not do a paper with all this P.C.?

MCNULTY

Think about it. We're on the main stash house. Or one of 'em at least.

SYDNOR

I'm sayin'...

GREGGS

Why would you kick the door in when you can park a van down the street and follow the entire westside drug supply in and out of the place?

SYDNOR sees it. So does PREZ.

MCNULTY

This puts us on the main stem. We're gonna start picking up pieces of Barksdale's world that we didn't even know about.

PREZ nods approvingly, even as STATE TROOPER WIGGINS walks in the door.

WIGGINS

Been hell finding you people. What's the name of this unit anyway?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

61 (CONTINUED)

61

WIGGINS (cont.)  
(spots GREGGS)  
Aw shit. Kima in the house.

GREGGS  
What up, Wig?

They dap hands. GREGGS laughs, shakes her head.

GREGGS (cont.)  
Still slummin' in the city, huh?  
(to MCNULTY)  
State Police, C.I.D. outta Pikesville.  
Name is Alvin Wiggins, but pay no  
attention to the man. He about  
ninety, ninety-five percent bullshit.

WIGGINS  
Kima jus' talk like that 'cause I  
had her when she was good. Back in  
the day...

A lie that gets some attention.

GREGGS  
Sheeeet. You the ugly motherfucker  
turned my ass the other way.

Laughter at WIGGINS' expense, though he enjoys it, too.

WIGGINS  
A-ight. So, here's the thing, boys  
and girls. I'm doin' a reverse buy  
down in Arundel, right? An' I get  
this westside asshole nibbling on a  
half-ounce, right?

MCNULTY  
(sarcasm)  
A whole half-ounce?

WIGGINS  
I know. He ain't much. But I get  
him in the boat and he starts floppin'  
around, sayin' he can buy weight  
from some motherfucker name-a  
Barksdale.

Now he has their attention for real.

WIGGINS (cont.)  
I never hearda no Barksdale.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

61 (CONTINUED) (2)

61

WIGGINS (cont.)

But I put the name into NADDIS, and the computer has Avon Barksdale entered as an active Baltimore City target. So I go down to city narcotics and Dawson -- he sends me down here to see y'all.

MCNULTY

What's the name of your fish?

WIGGINS

Wendell O-as-in-oh-shit-I-tried-to-buy-from-a-state-police Blocker.

MCNULTY walks toward the "money" bulletin board, looks for something familiar.

SYDNOR

He got a sheet?

WIGGINS

Naw. He a virgin.

MCNULTY pulls off the card beside the photograph of Orlando's, which identifies Orlando Blocker as "owner of record and liquor licensee".

MCNULTY

That wouldn't happen to be Wendell Orlando Blocker would it?

WIGGINS

Yeah. You on it.

On GREGGS and MCNULTY, sharing a look,

CUT TO:

62 INT. PEARLMAN'S OFFICE/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - DAY

62

GREGGS and MCNULTY debate it with DANIELS, PEARLMAN.

MCNULTY

No way.

PEARLMAN

Why not?

MCNULTY

Because if this guy Orlando played, he wouldn't be the name on the liquor license.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

62 (CONTINUED)

62

MCNULTY (cont.)

If he played, he'd already have a  
connect for Barksdale's coke, right?  
He wouldn't walk into state troopers.

GREGGS

He caught a charge and now he's  
talking out his ass.

PEARLMAN

So maybe he can't buy from Barksdale.  
Maybe he only buys from Savino.

MCNULTY

Fuck Savino. We've already got him  
tied to the stickup boy's murder.

GREGGS

He's right. If he can't make a buy  
from Avon or Stringer, fuck him.

MCNULTY

Face it. We're never gonna catch  
Avon or Stringer in the same room as  
the dope. We make this case on their  
words alone. On the wire.

DANIELS looks at PEARLMAN, who shows her agreement.

PEARLMAN

We can take what Orlando gives us  
about the club. About the money  
laundering, maybe. Or the girls.  
For that kind of cooperation, I'll  
drop a few years and call it fair.

Another PROSECUTOR, male, white, KNOCKS on door.

PROSECUTOR

Daniels in here?

DANIELS turns around.

PROSECUTOR (cont.)

Call from the Deputy Commissioner  
for you. Burrell. Line five. You  
want it in there?

DANIELS nods. PEARLMAN sits up, picks a piece of lint off  
MCNULTY's lapel. GREGGS catches this, looks at them, as the  
phone RINGS. DANIELS gets it on the first ring.

DANIELS

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

62 (CONTINUED) (2)

62

GREGGS -

How long y'all been friends?

PEARLMAN blushes, but MCNULTY has his eyes on DANIELS, who is listening only. A moment more and the whole room is aware that something is up.

DANIELS

But, sir, we're...

(pause)

No, sir.

(pause)

Yes, sir.

DANIELS hangs up.

DANIELS (cont.)

He knows about Orlando. He wants the buy-bust.

MCNULTY

Already? How can he know?

DANIELS looks at GREGGS, shakes his head, leaves.

GREGGS

From someone on the detail. Someone's giving us up.

GREGGS gets a page, acknowledges it with a grunt of frustration. On MCNULTY, appalled,

CUT TO:

63 INT. FOUR EYES LENSWEAR/CHARLES STREET - DAY

63

FREAMON sits, admiring SHARDENE, who is being served by an OPTOMETRIST. She is leaning back in a chair, looking up, eyes wide, mouth parted slightly, as the OPTOMETRIST gently drops a contact lens into her eye. She blinks, blinks again, looks around the shop, her eyes settling on FREAMON.

SHARDENE

Whoa.

FREAMON smiles.

SHARDENE (cont.)

You are really, really focused.

FREAMON

What man wouldn't be?

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
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51.

63 (CONTINUED)

63

On SHARDENE, complimented,

CUT TO:

64 EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - DAY

64

GREGGS walks up, finds BUBBLES on the bench, staring across the park. The drug corner TRAFFIC is light, but present in the distance.

BUBBLES  
I need some help here.

GREGGS glowers. Needing to hold ten bucks is not a 911 call.

GREGGS  
Bubs, c'mon now. You got me comin'  
across town in the middle of a fucked-  
up day so you can hold ten. Shit  
ain't right.

BUBBLES  
I don't need ten.

GREGGS looks at him.

BUBBLES (cont.)  
I need, I dunno. I need a place of  
my own, you know. I need, maybe, a  
bed and some sheets. And clothes.  
I need clothes.

GREGGS gets it. She sits.

GREGGS  
How long you been clean?

BUBBLES  
Three days.

GREGGS  
Yeah?

BUBBLES  
Been chasin' meetings. Hangin' here  
mostly. Didn't know who else to  
call.

GREGGS  
You serious about this?

BUBBLES  
Right now, yeah. I'm serious.

(CONTINUED)



"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

52.

64 (CONTINUED)

64

GREGGS

What the fuck am I gonna do with a  
clean informant? You think about  
that?

Even BUBBLES has to laugh.

GREGGS (cont.)

Alright then. I'm on it with you.

BUBBLES

Yeah?

GREGGS

Yeah. Gimme some love, Bubs.

She hugs him. He laughs, shakes his head.

BUBBLES

I figure I can get a place and a  
mattress maybe for a couple hundred.

GREGGS

Okay. We'll talk. I gotta be  
somewhere else tonight, but you hit  
my page tomorrow.

BUBBLES

Tomorrow.

GREGGS

I'll be there. Hit me tomorrow and  
we'll work this thing out. You got  
somewhere to lay up tonight, right?

BUBBLES nods. GREGGS touches his cheek, gets up.

GREGGS (cont.)

I promise, Bubs.

On BUBBLES, watching her go,

CUT TO:

65 INT. BUS STATION/DOWNTOWN - DAY

65

MCNULTY stands with OMAR, who has a traveling bag. They  
stare up at the schedule of departing buses. New York,  
Norfolk, Pittsburgh, Atlanta.

OMAR

New York, I think.

(CONTINUED)

65 (CONTINUED)

65

MCNULTY  
Why New York? ..

OMAR shrugs.

MCNULTY (cont.)  
So you don't believe in the truce?

OMAR  
See, that's why I asked him for money.  
If he stares me down and says we  
ain't paying you shit, be happy just  
to live -- then I know they for real.  
But when he say come on over and  
pick up five thousand... please.

OMAR puts his hand out. MCNULTY takes it.

OMAR (cont.)  
Look here, homes. I wouldn't ask  
for much else, but I'm a little light  
on traveling money.

MCNULTY stares at him. What chutzpah.

OMAR (cont.)  
I mean I can go up the block and get  
myself paid, but I'm just thinkin'...

MCNULTY goes in his own wallet, pulls out fifty bucks, hands  
it to him.

MCNULTY  
Go easy, Omar. Stay free.

OMAR grunts a laugh, turns, heads towards the buses. On  
MCNULTY, watching him go,

CUT TO:

66 INT. NARCOTICS OFFICE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

66

Big meeting. ORLANDO sits cuffed with SYDNOR and CARVER on  
either side, out of pre-trial on a writ. MCNULTY, GREGGS,  
DANIELS, PEARLMAN round out the room, along with a DEA AGENT,  
white, forties, who sits with a satchel in his lap. GREGGS  
is a bit tarted up. ALL listen to an earlier taped phone  
call between Orlando and Savino that PLAYS on a portable  
recorder.

SAVINO (O.S.)  
You be pickin' me up outside the cut-  
rate on Lex and Fulton. I be up  
there after ten, right?

(CONTINUED)

66 (CONTINUED)

66

ORLANDO (O.S.)

That'll work.

CLICK. DANIELS shuts OFF the tape.

DANIELS

We've got thirty thousand in buy money courtesy of our friends over at DEA, but the thing is, they can't have that money walkin' on them.

DEA AGENT

Definitely not.

DANIELS

So Kima's gonna be in the car for the buy, fronting as our C.I.'s girl.

CARVER

Lookin' the part, too.

Small LAUGHTER. GREGGS flips him the bird.

DANIELS

(to GREGGS)

Where's your weapon gonna be?

GREGGS

He might pat me, so it has to stash in the car. I figure when Savino gets in the car at the cut-rate, I'll be going in back, so it'll be up under the rear seat.

DANIELS

The car will be a live wire and Kima will throw us twenties whenever she can because we probably can't be close enough for an eyeball on this. Rhonda?

DANIELS looks to PEARLMAN.

PEARLMAN

I only want to remind Mr. Blocker here that his plea agreement is contingent on the maximum cooperation. And a buy-bust on Savino Bratton is less cooperative than a buy-bust from someone higher up the food chain.

(to ORLANDO)

If you can get Savino talking about Stringer or Avon that's better for us and better for you.

(CONTINUED)

66 (CONTINUED) (2)

66

ORLANDO takes this in frowning.

CARVER

They already know that Orlando got  
jacked on a reverse buy, right? Why  
wouldn't they assume he's snitchin'?

ORLANDO

I need money for a lawyer, right?

DANIELS

That's the story. He got popped and  
now he needs to get right back into  
it to pay the bondsman and the lawyer.

CARVER nods to SYDNOR. It sounds clean enough.

DANIELS (cont.)

Alright. Let's make this work.

The meeting breaks up. CARVER uncuffs ORLANDO and the DEA  
AGENT hands the money to GREGGS.

DEA AGENT

Careful. That's my career you're  
holding there.

On MCNULTY, ill at ease with the plan,

CUT TO:

67 EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

67

Darkness. The drug corner at the park's edge is more alive,  
as TOUTS CHANT and FIENDS are served. BUBBLES sits on the  
bench, watching. He turns away, looks at the fountains and  
the cherubs for a long moment, then down at his own hands.  
He steels himself, rises from the bench, and walks out of  
the park, passing a TOUT.

TOUT

Spider bags.

BUBBLES

Ain't up.

On BUBBLES, drifting through the mix,

CUT TO:

68 EXT. FULTON AND LEXINGTON STREETS - NIGHT

68

Orlando's Monte Carlo pulls slowly to the curb outside the liquor store. SAVINO walks out. As HE does, we,

CUT TO:

69 INT. DANIELS' UNMARKED CAR/FULTON AVENUE - NIGHT

69

DANIELS and MCNULTY in the follow car, blocks away.

GREGGS (O.S.)

We're at the cut-rate. He's coming out.

A couple blocks back, watching as the Monte Carlo pulls off into the night. DANIELS keys radio.

DANIELS

Here we go.

As DANIELS pulls out,

CUT TO:

70 INT. ORLANDO'S CAR/ALLEY/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

70

SAVINO enters, jacks the radio LOUD, turns, looks at GREGGS.

ORLANDO

My girl. Half the money hers.

As SAVINO glares at her a moment more, jacks the radio LOUDER,

CUT TO:

71 INT. DANIELS' UNMARKED CAR/STREET/NW BALTIMORE - NIGHT

71

DANIELS cruises slowly along a residential street. A fidgety MCNULTY is in the front passenger seat, and a relaxed DEA AGENT, white male, thirties, stylishly dressed, is in the back seat. He is holding a small speaker, attached to a receiver/recorder that will record the drug-buy with SAVINO, but alas, the only SOUND heard through speaker is the heavy THUMPING of the hip-hop bass. MCNULTY keys the radio.

MCNULTY

Does any unit have the eyeball?

CARVER (O.S.)

That's a negative, eleven-thirty-five.

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

57.

71 (CONTINUED)

71

MCNULTY

(to himself, frustrated)

Greggs, will you please tell us where  
the fuck you are?

DEA AGENT

(off speaker)

It's not like this is some counter-  
surveillance move. Fuckin' people  
just can't live without their sounds.

As MCNULTY and DANIELS share a look,

CUT TO:

72 INT. ORLANDO'S CAR/STREET/ROSEMONT - NIGHT

72

On a dark, tree-lined street in a residential area, GREGGS,  
ORLANDO and SAVINO are in Orlando's car. ORLANDO drives,  
SAVINO is beside him; GREGGS, playing the girlfriend hanger-  
on, is in the backseat. Music BLARES from the car radio.

SAVINO

(off alley)

Pull in there.

ORLANDO rolls off the street into a side alley that tees  
into another alley, which is cluttered, party trashed. At  
the end of it is an overgrown stretch of vegetation -- a  
railroad cut jutting through the city,

CUT TO:

73 INT. ORLANDO'S CAR/ALLEY/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

73

ORLANDO turns off lights and shuts off the engine. As he  
does, the MUSIC turns OFF. SAVINO nods at the money bag.

SAVINO

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

SAVINO places the bag of money on the dash and gets out of  
the car. GREGGS watches until she is assured that SAVINO  
has gone to get the drugs.

GREGGS

Where the fuck are we? The sign  
said Bentalou, but I swear this is  
Winchester.

ORLANDO

You right. Hoppers up here be turning  
the sign poles to fuck wid ya'll.

(CONTINUED)

"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

58.

73 (CONTINUED)

73

GREGGS

So I make it that we are in an alley  
on the north side of Winchester,  
half a block west of shit, Longwood,  
maybe?

CUT TO:

74 INT. DANIELS' UNMARKED CAR/STREET/NW BALTIMORE - NIGHT  
MCNULTY, DANIELS and DEA AGENT listen in.

74

GREGGS (O.S.)

I hope y'all copy that...

DANIELS

That puts us eight blocks away. I'm  
pushing in a little closer.

MCNULTY picks up the radio from seat.

GREGGS (O.S.)

This got the right feel for you?

MCNULTY

(on radio)

Units be advised. Winchester near  
Longwood. In the northside alley.  
Or near to that twenty...

CUT TO:

75 INT. CARVER'S UNMARKED CAR/STREET/NW BALTIMORE - NIGHT  
CARVER and SYDNOR sit. CARVER starts the car.

75

SYDNOR

You creepin' closer?

CARVER

Yeah. Why not?

As HE jerks the car into gear,

CUT TO:

76 EXT. ALLEY/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

76

In the dark alley, WEE-BEY and LITTLE MAN, both wearing  
hoodies and gloves, approach Orlando's car. Both MEN have  
guns drawn but hidden behind their legs. WEE-BEY looks like  
he is out for a Sunday stroll, LITTLE MAN is showing some  
creep as he edges towards the car.

77 INT. ORLANDO'S CAR/ALLEY/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT 77  
ORLANDO is turned in the front seat to talk to GREGGS.

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

GREGGS catches movement in the alley.

GREGGS  
What's that?

ORLANDO  
What?

On GREGGS, staring into the darkness,

CUT TO:

78 INT. DANIELS' UNMARKED CAR/STREET/NW BALTIMORE - NIGHT 78  
DANIELS and MCNULTY listen, suddenly fearful.

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

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

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

The SOUND of a GUNSHOT comes over the wire.

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

DEA AGENT  
Uh-oh.

Two more GUNSHOTS. DANIELS GUNS the motor, races toward  
what he thinks is Greggs' location. On MCNULTY, terrified,

CUT TO:

79 INT. CARVER'S UNMARKED CAR/STREET/NW BALTIMORE - NIGHT 79  
CARVER SQUEALS the car around the corner.

SYDNOR  
No. Fuck no.



"The Cost"  
6/6/02 -- white

60.

79 (CONTINUED)

79

On CARVER, thinking the same thought,

CUT TO:

80 INT. DANIELS' UNMARKED CAR/STREET/NW BALTIMORE - NIGHT

80

DANIELS GUNS the undercover car. MCNULTY grips the radio. The DEA AGENT is thrown backwards from the acceleration, but holds onto the speaker. Through the speaker, we HEAR the door to Orlando's car opened.

WEE-BEY (O.S.)

Get it.

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 hoodie...

The report of a GUNSHOT is heard through the speaker. It galvanizes MCNULTY who was frozen by the drama.

MCNULTY

(into radio)

Signal Thirteen, Winchester, near Longwood. In the alleys. Check the alleys...

As a fifth and final GUNSHOT echoes across the wire,

CUT TO:

81 INT. CARVER'S UNMARKED CAR/ALLEY/NW BALTIMORE - NIGHT

81

CARVER wheels into the northside alley off Winchester. Nothing but an OLD DRUNK staggering past an abandoned frig.

SYDNOR (O.S.)

Northside, twenty-eight hundred block. Nothing.

CARVER

Jesus, Kima.

As CARVER jerks the car into reverse,

CUT TO:

82 INT. DANIELS' UNMARKED CAR/ALLEY/NW BALTIMORE - NIGHT 82  
DANIELS races down another stretch of alley. MCNULTY keys  
radio.

MCNULTY  
Twenty-nine hundred is dark.

DANIELS  
Foxtrot.

MCNULTY keys the radio again.

MCNULTY  
Eleven-thirty-five to KGA. We can't  
find the officer down. We need  
Foxtrot looking for a gold Monte  
Carlo with a white vinyl roof parked  
in those alleys.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)  
Ten-four, eleven-thirty five.

HELICOPTER (O.S.)  
We're on that KGA.

As DANIELS wheels out of the alley, crosses the street and  
wheels into the alley on the southside of Winchester,

CUT TO:

83 EXT. BALTIMORE - NIGHT 83

As the lights of the police helicopter soar overheard,  
searching the alleys, PAN DOWN to REVEAL a marked radio car  
racing across an alley, joining the search,

CUT TO:

84 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - NIGHT 84

POV of the helicopter observer as he shines searchlight on  
the back alleys of Rosemont, checking the parked vehicles,

CUT TO:

85 EXT. ALLEY/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT 85

Stillness at Orlando's Monte Carlo, the passenger door splayed  
open in the silence of the alley. No movement at all.  
Slowly, the approach of the helicopter is HEARD and then at  
one end of the alley, the beam of the searchlight lands,  
rolling up the alley and finally blanketing the Monte Carlo,  
throwing enough light to illuminate the shot-to-shit ORLANDO  
sprawled in the driver's seat. No sign of Greggs.

(CONTINUED)

85 (CONTINUED)

85

As a police radio is heard to SQUAWK overhead, we PULL BACK as WIDE as we can and play the arrival of MCNULTY, DANIELS, SYDNOR and CARVER in a backlit pantomime, a quartet of frantic, horrified souls silhouetted beneath the searchlight glow of the helicopter as they pull the seemingly lifeless GREGGS from the backseat and MCNULTY begins performing C.P.R. in the street with a kneeling DANIELS beside him. SYDNOR stands over them and CARVER, in a rage, kicks and punches the side of the car. Two more UNIFORMS arrive. On this tableau of dark shapes bathed in the light of the copter overhead, we slowly,

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END