

THE WIRE

SEASON 2 - EPISODE 1:  
"EBB TIDE"

Teleplay By:

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Story by: David Simon and Ed Burns

Directed by: Ed Bianchi

FADE IN:

EXT. THE DOCKS - DAY

A police boat is driving alongside the docks. Jimmy McNulty and Claude are riding upfront.

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
Freezing my balls off.

CLAUDE:  
Ah, it ain't so bad. Loosen up. Couple more months, it's gonna be spring.

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
Spring, huh?

CLAUDE:  
Listen, you gotta realise the bosses did you a favour sending you down here.

Dispatch chimes in;

DISPATCH (O.S.):  
Citywide to Marine Unit.

CLAUDE:  
Seventy-Six Seventy-Two. Go Ahead.

DISPATCH (O.S.):  
Distress call from a private craft. Sixty-foot white vessel. Engines are dead.

CLAUDE:  
What's the location, Citywide?

DISPATCH (O.S.):  
In the channel near the bridge. About two thousand yards off the Armistead pier.

CLAUDE:  
Ten-Four, we're responding.

Jimmy and the other officer drive to the crime scene.

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
My father used to work there.

(CONTINUED)

CLAUDE:  
Beth Steel?

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
In the shipyards there, yeah.

CLAUDE:  
I had an uncle who was a supervisor  
there. Got laid off in '78,  
though.

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
'73 for my dad.

Jimmy and the other officer approach the boat.

JIMMY MCNULTY: (cont'd)  
Party boat?

CLAUDE:  
Pretty one, yeah.

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
More than one engine, right?

CLAUDE:  
Probably an electrical problem.

INT. PARTY BOAT - DAY

A party is happening on the boat. People are talking, and waiters are handing around food and drinks. People are also dancing while a live band plays.

EXT. PARTY BOAT - DAY

Jimmy and the other officer approach the boat. We can hear the classical music coming from inside the party boat.

INT. PARTY BOAT - DAY

A person inside the party boat notices the other boat approaching.

PERSON:  
Is that a police boat?

The police boat stops near the part boat.

PERSON #2:  
How are you tonight? Good to see  
you. Henry, how are you?

INT. CAPTAIN'S PIT - PARTY BOAT - DAY

The captain trying to get the boat to start. Jimmy enters the pit. The Captain stops. A drunk lady attempts to hand Jimmy a drink.

DRUNK LADY:

Drink?

JIMMY MCNULTY:

No, thanks.  
(to the Captain)  
You're the captain?

THE CAPTAIN:

Yeah. Harbour master?

JIMMY MCNULTY:

No, City Police. So you're dead in the water, huh?

THE CAPTAIN:

Think it's the starter. You're not a mechanic are you?

JIMMY MCNULTY:

Me? No. I can't tell the aft from the stern. Best I can offer you is a tow line.

Jimmy takes out his receiver and calls for Claude in the police boat.

JIMMY MCNULTY: (cont'd)

Claude, looks like they're gonna need a pull.

CLAUDE (O.S.):

Ten-four, we'll tow to Henderson's.

JIMMY MCNULTY:

That'll work.

A person stands behind Jimmy.

PERSON #3:

Any chance you can hold off on bringing us in? Lot of party going on now. And I wouldn't wanna cut it short for a little engine trouble.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
Well you're in the shipping  
channel.

The person walks away, disappointed. Jimmy walks out of the captains area towards the people partying. He follows the other person.

PERSON #3:  
Tow us somewhere out of the way and  
the band plays on a while longer?

The captain is still trying to fix the engine.

EXT. PARTY BOAT - NIGHT

It is now night - some time has passed - and the partying is still going on in the boat, however, this time the boat is tied to the police boat. Jimmy and Claude are in the police boat overhearing the partying. Claude is smoking a cigar.

FADE TO:

THE SHOW INTRO

FADE TO - OVER BLACK:

"Ain't never gonna be what is was"  
- Little Big Roy

FADE TO:

INT. POLICE BUILDING - DAY

Stan Valchek is holding up a glass image of a police officer on his knees holding his police hat over a small child.

ROLAND "PREZ" PRYZBYLEWSKI:  
Because... you see what I'm saying,  
right? I mean, three years in auto  
theft and I didn't learn  
anything. I didn't care. I'm  
telling you, I didn't even wanna be  
a police officer any more. I  
honestly didn't. I think that was  
why I shop up my care like I  
did. But this thing we did on  
Barksdale, the wiretap and all,  
that felt like something, that felt  
like something I wanna do. So I  
was thinking, you know, Narcotics  
maybe.

A police officer knocks on the door.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER (O.S.):  
Major, you want this stuff where?

The officer walks in with a bunch of stuff for the major.

STAN VALCHEK:  
Ah, just in here. Up against the  
wall over there.

The officer puts the boxes against the wall.

ROLAND "PREZ" PRYZBYLEWSKI:  
If there aren't any opening in the  
regular Narcotics shit, maybe  
Assets Forfeiture or something like  
that.

Stan getso ut of his chair.

STAN VALCHEK:  
(to the officers)  
Hey, easy, easy. Everything  
breaks.

The major walks over to the officers.

ROLAND "PREZ" PRYZBYLEWSKI:  
I mean, with this Barksdale  
thing. Lester Freamon had us deep  
into the money, real deep.

The major opens the box to make sure his stuff is still  
good.

ROLAND "PREZ" PRYZBYLEWSKI: (cont'd)  
We could've seized real estate,  
cash, vehicles, all kinds of  
stuff. If the bosses... I mean, if  
Command had let that case go  
forward. We were on it.

The major takes out a glassed dove. He holds it up in front  
of Prez.

STAN VALCHEK:  
Look at it, huh. It's the dove.

ROLAND "PREZ" PRYZBYLEWSKI:  
Oh, Right.

STAN VALCHEK:  
(to himself)  
Look at that.

Stan puts the dove on the desk.

ROLAND "PREZ" PRYZBYLEWSKI:  
So what do you think?

STAN VALCHEK:  
What do I think? I think you're gonna take the sergeant's exam next month. And because I have Andy Krawczyk's ear and because he had City Hall's ear, you're gonna make sergeant.

Stan puts one of the glassed pieces on his window silk.

STAN VALCHEK: (cont'd)  
Then you'll come out here to the Souheat where, because I'm your father-in-law, you're gonna be assigned a daytime shift in a quiet sector.

Stan sits down and plays with the glasses dove.

STAN VALCHEK: (cont'd)  
Then you'll take the lieutenant's exam where you'll also score high.

ROLAND "PREZ" PRYZBYLEWSKI:  
I don't want to make rank, I want to work caes. Good cases.

Stan doesn't look pleased.

STAN VALCHEK:  
Roland...

Stan takes off his glasses - he gets serious.

STAN VALCHEK: (cont'd)  
Listen to me. You did good with the drug thing. You buckled down, you did the work. Except for that thing with the Grand Jury, you helped took some of the stink off yourself. Now, if you'll just shut up and listen to me, you might actually have a career in this department.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rap music can be heard coming from the van. Preston "Boadie" Broadus is sitting in the van while someone else is driving.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
Hey, yo, this radio ain't working  
that well.

DRIVER:  
You're losing it.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
Huh?

DRIVER:  
You're losing the station, man.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
What you mean?

DRIVER:  
We're so far off from Baltimore,  
we're losing the station. Try a  
Philly station or some shit like  
that, yo.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
Yo, the radio in Philly radio is  
different?

DRIVER:  
Nigger please, you gotta be fucking  
with me, right? You ain't never  
heard a station outside of  
Baltimore?

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
(Look, man, I ain't never left  
Baltimore except that Boys'  
Billage shit for one day. And  
I didn't hear no radio up in  
that bitch.

The driver changes the radio station.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS: (cont'd)  
Come on, man. You're killing me,  
you're killing me. Stop.

(CONTINUED)



RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.):  
It's been perfect tomato weather  
out there. These wonderful hot,  
humid days and then rain at  
night... Thunderstorms--

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
This a Philly station?

DRIVER:  
Man, how the fuck would I know?

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
Why would anybody wanna leave  
Baltimore? That's what I'm  
asking. Yo, that be the  
exit. Take that shit.

The drive off the exit into Center City Philadelphia - Broad  
Street.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A man is standing on the corner of the street with a Grey  
hooded jumper on. He is watching someone.

INT. CAR - DAY

Two other people are in the car watching as well.

PERSON:  
So far, they on it.

PERSON #2:  
Mhm.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

Boadie runs out of the staircase and into the car park. He  
takes out a set of keys and turns off the alarm. Boadie  
gets in the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Boadie opens the glove box and takes out paper. He writes  
down the mileage on it. He chucks the paper pad back in the  
glove box and closes it. He turns on the car and drives out  
of the car park.

EXT. CAR PARK DAY-

Boadie drives out of the car park/parking garage. He beeps the horn at the van, and it follows. Another black SUV follows behind.

EXT. THE DOCKS - DAY

Bunk walks down the ramp towards the docks. Jimmy is tying up the boat.

BUNK:

Ahoy, matey! The girls always told me about the little man in the boat. Now I know who they talking about.

Jimmy laughs.

JIMMY MCNULTY:

Come on board, man, I wanna show you.

BUNK:

Fuck, no.

JIMMY MCNULTY:

What's the matter?

BUNK:

Bunk can't swim. I ain't too good at floating neither.

JIMMY MCNULTY:

So what brings you to the water's edge?

BUNK:

Ilene Nathan called. Gant case is coming up in four weeks. She wants to do preliminaries on our witnesses. So, that means the old lady from the projects, which is no problem, and your man Omar, who's in the wind.

JIMMY MCNULTY:

Ah, huh.

BUNK:

You got a link on Omar, Jimmy?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
Well, he's not to starboard.

BUNK:  
That's port, fool.

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
How the fuck would you know?

BUNK:  
Come on, let me buy you lunch and  
we can think on this shit together.

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
If I leave, I gotta tell my  
sergeant.

BUNK:  
Oh, right, that reminds me,  
Landsman wants his ten dollars.

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
What for?

BUNK:  
For betting that you'd ride the  
boat.

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
You tell that mother fucker he  
won't see that money. Because it  
was probably him that told Rawls  
where I didn't wanna go.

BUNK:  
Jimmy, ain't the same there without  
your ass.

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
No?

BUNK:  
Better, actually.

Jimmy hits Bunk in the arm.

BUNK: (cont'd)  
Hey, come on, now.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - DAY

Establishing shot of a busy shipping yard.

INT. OFFICE - SHIPPING YARD - DAY

FRANK SOBOTKA is sitting on a couch smoking a cigarette.

FRANK SOBOTKA:

The canal gets dredged, we all work. Your people, my people. The canal's the key, Nat. You know this.

Reveal: three other people are in the room.

NAT:

Yeah, yeah, yeah, but you know how much money you are going to spend to even get them talking about that shit?

FRANK SOBOTKA:

If we don't take a shot, we might as well roll over and die right now.

NAT:

Nah, you get them to rebuild the grain pier. You got a hundred ships right there.

FRANK SOBOTKA:

The best you'll do is one or two extra gangs a week on them blowers, and that's six or seven-man gangs at best.

NAT:

Yeah, but you try for that, you might actually come away with something. You go down to Annapolis asking for the goddamn canal, you'll come back with nothing but your shrivelled-ass dick in your hand. What's more, if the grain pier don't get fixed up soon, well, some asshole's gonna fuck us by building condominiums all over.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK SOBOTKA:

Nat, if the canal were two feet deeper...

NAT:

Hey, fuck the canal. I'm gonna go to the District Council, huh. I'm gonna tell them to push for the grain pier. You feel me?

FRANK SOBOTKA:

Nat, calm the fuck down.

NAT:

Goddamn Checkers Local - always acting like you're the king of everything and shit.

FRANK SOBOTKA:

Nat, listen to me. If we...

NAT:

Y'all need to crawl back down in them holds. Remind yourself of who you is and where you come from.

Nat walks out of the office.

THOMAS "HORSEFACE" PAKUSA:

Damn, Frank.

Frank laughs.

OTT:

We just sat here and watched Nat Coxson take a shit all over you.

THOMAS "HORSEFACE" PAKUSA:

And shrivel-dick motherfucker that you are, you take it.

FRANK SOBOTKA:

For your information, I wake up every morning with an angry, blue-veined diamond-cutter. I was gonna enlighten the president of Local forty-seven on this particular point. He chose to depart.

Frank gets off the couch and grabs his jacket.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK SOBOTKA: (cont'd)  
Blue steel, gentlemen.

THOMAS "HORSEFACE" PAKUSA:  
For Christ's sake!

Frank grabs his groan.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
Three and a half inches of hard  
blue steel.

Ott and Thomas laugh. Frank walks out of the office, too.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - DAY

Frank walks out of the office and into the Shipping Yard. Frank is amused by a flying bird. He continues walking through the shipping yard. A massive truck drives past him. He looks around at the surrounding - pleased with all the work that is going on. Frank takes out a packet of cigarettes, then he lights one up. NICK walks towards Frank.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
Nicky boy, you working today?

NICK:  
Yeah, as a lasher for Big Roy's crew.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
Attaboy. Make the family proud.

NICK:  
First day they gave me in two weeks. Is Ott around?

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
On his ass, as usual.

NICK:  
Worthless fuck still owes me twenty for them lotto tickets.

Frank and Nick laugh. Nicky walks off-screen.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
Hey, Nick.

Frank follows Nick. Nick stops and turns around.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK SOBOTKA: (cont'd)  
(sigh)  
Need to go see the Greek and get a  
number. He's got one on the way.

NICK:  
Today?

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
Tomorrow. The Atlantic Light over  
at North Point.

NICK:  
All right.

A worker calls Frank from off screen.

WORKER:  
Yo, Frank.

Frank turns around.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
What's up?

WORKER:  
You gotta get with Ziggy,  
man. He's all over the place.

Frank seems annoyed. Frank gets in the workers cart. They  
drive off.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - DAY

A truck driver is walking with ZIGGY, as he looks at the  
massive container.

TRUCK DRIVER:  
I've been here since eight. You  
know I've been here since eight.

ZIGGY:  
Hold your horses.

TRUCK DRIVER:  
You fucking goose!

ZIGGY:  
I'm gonna find it for you. Just  
shut the fuck up a minute.

Frank and the worker in the cart drive up to them. Frank  
gets out of the card.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
How we doing?

ZIGGY:  
Ain't a problem, Chief.

TRUCK DRIVER:  
(TO FRANK)  
Fuck it ain't. I'm down here since  
eight for crane-to-chassis and  
Tweety Bird here lost the can.

ZIGGY:  
It ain't lost.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
It's right here on the manifest as  
a hot box. Where is it, Zig?

Ziggy types on his portable checker.

ZIGGY:  
It's either in Bay seven or...

WORKER:  
Bey seven is empty, man.

ZIGGY:  
Or in eight. In that case... it's  
definitely somewhere in the stacks.

TRUCK DRIVER:  
Jesus fucking Christ.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
(TO THE TRUCK DRIVER)  
You're killing me here, Ziggy,  
fucking killing me. Get me a  
number for your shipping  
agent. I'll call and try to square  
it.  
(to Ziggy)  
And you... you clock out today and  
leave your box. Don't you ever  
come the fuck back. You hear me,  
Zig? You're fired.

Frank walks away.

TRUCK DRIVER (O.S.):  
Later for you, goofus.

Ziggy fake smiles.

(CONTINUED)



TRUCK DRIVER:  
(to the worker)  
Fucking guy. He loses his job and  
he couldn't care less.

WORKER:  
He ain't fired, man.

TRUCK DRIVER:  
No?

WORKER:  
That's his father.

The worker drives away in his cart.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

The OFFICER BURNS is walking with evidence in a package to his front desk. Bunk walks through the evidence area, too, holding a piece of paper. He is humming to himself. Bunk hands Officer Burns the piece of paper.

OFFICER BURNS:  
How fast do you need this?

BUNK:  
Fiscal trial's in a month. Got to  
start prepping it this week.

The Officer Burns picks up the piece of paper and walks away from Bunk. Bunk turns around and hums to himself again, waiting for the evidence to be brought to him. Cedric walks in the evidence room, too. He is also holding a piece of paper.

CEDRIC:  
Officer Burns...

Bunk turns around and notices Cedric.

CEDRIC: (cont'd)  
Detective.

Bunk and Cedric shake hands.

BUNK:  
I, ah, heard they posted you down  
here, but... I mean, you know,  
damn. These motherfuckers don't  
play, do they?

(CONTINUED)

CEDRIC:  
So what brings you downstairs?

BUNK:  
Well, I was pulling evidence on the Gant case. You know, ah, trial date for Bird is next month and Llene Nathan wanted to be ready.

CEDRIC:  
Well you give him my love.

BUNK:  
Who?

CEDRIC:  
Bird.

Bunk laughs to himself. Office Burns returns.

OFFICER BURNS:  
No evidence.

CEDRIC:  
What do you mean no evidence?

OFFICER BURNS:  
Submission slip says, "Row double B, Section fourteen, Shelf three, four, right rear." It says that.

BUNK:  
So?

OFFICER BURNS:  
No such thing. Double B has twelve sections. This says fourteen. You see what I'm saying?

Bunk grabs the paper off Burns.

OFFICER BURNS: (cont'd)  
No evidence.

Cedric grabs the paper off Bunk.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Boadie is driving in a car.

INT. CAR - STREET - DAY

Boadie is listening to the radio while driving.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.):  
Winters kill off the weaker  
varieties of caterpillars...

Boadie grabs his notepad and reads it.

PRESTON "BROADIE" BROADUS:  
Fuckin'...

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.):  
...that's of an entirely different  
breed...

Boadie turns the corner.

PRESTON "BROADIE" BROADUS:  
Fuck.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A white van is following Boadie and a black van is following the white van. Jazz music can be heard coming out of the black van.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Boadie turns off into a factory.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.):  
...it's not a protection against  
caterpillars, they eat right  
through it, but it is sort of a  
warning system.

Pan into the black SUV. The person dials on their phone.

PERSON:  
(into the phone)  
They here.

He hangs up. The white van follows Boadie into the factory. Bell clocks can be heard.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Frank is walking through a church. He kneals down and does a praying sign. He stands back up and sits down on the nearest seat. he takes out his stack of money and puts it in an envelope. A priest walks up the Frank.

PRIEST:  
Franus, you made it.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
Hey, Father, got you covered here.

PRIEST:  
Come on.

Frank follows the Priest. They both kneal down. Then they stand up and walk towards the back area of the church.

PRIEST: (cont'd)  
Do you want to see your window?

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Frank and the Priest are walking through the church.

PRIEST:  
Only Franus Sabotka would send all the way to Esslingen for stained glass. The Germans are hard-headed, but you can't beat them for craft.

Frank and the Priest both stop in front of a massive glass image of workers working.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
I was glad to do it, Father, for the church, you know. The truth is, I need to ask you something in return.

PRIEST:  
Anything I can do.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
I need some face time with the senator.

PRIEST:  
Barbara? She comes to the early mass on Sunday, the one in Polish.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK SOBOTKA:

We got nothing but problems,  
Father. We need to see something  
happen with the C and D Canal and  
the granary pier's been down for a  
year now.

PRIEST:

I got tough guys coming in to  
confess things I never heard  
before. I don't need you to tell  
me how bad things are at the docks.

FRANK SOBOTKA:

So you'll set something up with  
Mikulsi soon?

PRIEST:

You didn't need a German window to  
ask me for that, Francis. And  
what's more, you've made offerings  
way above what it would take to get  
that window up there. How long  
since your last confession?

Frank laughs. Frank pats the Priest on the back.

FRANK SOBOTKA:

I'll see you, Father.

Frank walks away.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

Boadie and two other guys are looking at the car he drove  
in, which is now in parts.

PERSON:

The shit might be somewhere else,  
man.

PERSON #2:

Yo, the shit always up in the door,  
man.

PERSON:

Motherfucker, you've been standing  
around right there watching  
us. You see any shit come up out  
of there?  
(to Boadie)  
You seen we ain't take shit up off  
this car.

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
Yeah, yeah.

PERSON:  
You seen.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
Well, who gonna believe us,  
huh? The shit is missing. And  
fuck what you're saying. That's  
all he'll hear is this shit is  
fucking missing.

PERSON #2:  
Yo, check it again.

PERSON:  
Yo, this shit ain't there,  
man. Call your man and say so.

PERSON #2:  
Nigger, whay you say?  
(yelling)  
I said, check it again, goddamn it!

The person pushes the other person.

PERSON #3:  
Whoa, chill, chill. Yo, man, cut  
that shit the fuck out.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
Fuck, what the fuck is going on  
today, man?

The person calls someone on his phone.

INT. SUV - FACTORY - DAY

The two people are watching the factory.

PERSON:  
Taking their time, ain't they?

One of the guys gets out of the black SUV. He walks towards  
the factory.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS (O.S.):  
What the hell is going on?

Pan to see Boadie getting angry by jumping on things. He  
hits something off the shelf too.

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
Come on, man. Damn!

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Cedric, Officer Burns and Bunk are looking through evidence.

OFFICER BURNS:  
Ain't anywhere in this section  
either.

CEDRIC:  
Star on the next row.

OFFICER BURNS:  
Lieutenant, those two bags could be  
anywhere in this damn basement.

CEDRIC:  
You're right.

Officer Burns goes to the next section.

OFFICER BURNS:  
We could be here all night.

CEDRIC:  
Right again.

OFFICER BURNS:  
So that's overtime, right?

INT. NARCOTICS' UNIT - DAY

DETECTIVE SHAKIMA GREGGS is typing on the computer.

DETECTIVE GREGGS:  
(to herself)  
Fuck me. I still cannot type.

DETECTIVE THOMAS "HERC" HAUKE bursts in her office.

DETECTIVE HERC:  
Fucking white boys, I fucking love  
'em. I fucking love 'em.

DETECTIVE GREGGS:  
Yeah?

DETECTIVE HERC:  
Dumb as a box of rocks.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE GREGGS:

Who?

DETECTIVE HERC:

White boys. Talking about the braindeads in my Kane Street case. I call and tell him I wanna buy drugs. You know what he says? He says, "Ok, I'll send you drugs. How much drugs do you want?" I swear to god, Kima, they don't code it, they don't ask for a meet, nothing. And then when you make the deal, there's no running, no bullshit. It's the guy himself walking up to you in the parking lot saying, "I brought the drugs. Did you bring the money?"

Greggs and Herc laugh.

DETECTIVE HERC: (cont'd)

I'm not kidding, I have much respect for black people after working with these idiots for two weeks. I'm serious. For white boys to sell drubs here, they have to make different laws, even it out for them.

DETECTIVE GREGGS:

Afirmative action.

DETECTIVE HERC:

Leave no white man behind.

DETECTIVE GREGGS:

Herc, what the fuck do you want?

DETECTIVE HERC:

I need you to do the seizures.

DETECTIVE GREGGS:

You got titles, deeds, registrations? What do you have for me?

DETECTIVE HERC:

I thought you do that. You're the Forfeiture Unit, aren't ya?

(CONTINUED)



DETECTIVE GREGGS:  
I write for affidavits and the  
filing for the City Solicitor. But  
you've gotta give me the  
information on what we're taking.

DETECTIVE HERC:  
But that's a fucking hassle.

DETECTIVE GREGGS:  
You want the propey, do the  
paperwork. You gotta step up,  
Herc. You don't have me or Carver  
to lean on here.

DETECTIVE HERC:  
No? How about you come on the  
raids tomorrow. Yake a few doors  
with me for old times' sake.

DETECTIVE GREGGS:  
You taking doors?

DETECTIVE HERC:  
Yeah, two houses and a bar on Kane  
Street. Come on, Kima, mount up  
with us. I know you miss it.

DETECTIVE GREGGS:  
I'm done rolling round the  
gutter. I am inside now.

DETECTIVE HERC:  
Well you're a house cat now, huh?

DETECTIVE GREGGS:  
I made a promise.

DETECTIVE HERC:  
Well I gotta say, Kima, if you were  
a guy - and, in some ways, you're  
better than most of the guys I  
know - your friends would buy you  
a beer and let you know.

DETECTIVE GREGGS:  
Let me know what?

DETECTIVE HERC:  
You're fucking whipped.

DETECTIVE GREGGS:  
Whipped?

DETECTIVE HERC:  
Pussy-whipped within an inch of  
your life. I kid you not.

Herc walks out of the office.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jimmy and Bunk are sitting at the bar drinking.

BUNK:  
So...

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
So?

BUNK:  
So where we find Omar?

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
Who?

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The white van is driving down the highway.

INT. VAN - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Boadie is in the van.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
He says anything else?

DRIVER:  
Nah, just to come back. All of us.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
How he say it?

DRIVER:  
You know, he just said it.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
Fuck.

DRIVER:  
Yeah.

Pan over to see two other guys sitting in the van with  
Boadie. They are silent.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van continues to drive down the highway. The black SUV follows behind. Pan to reveal the sign: "Havre de Grace - 3 mil. and Baltimore - 40 mi.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR - NIGHT

Boadie is sitting on a chair by himself next to a coffin with some dead old lady in it.

INT. BACK ROOM - FUNERAL PARLOUR - NIGHT

The two other people are sitting in the back room.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR - NIGHT

Another third person is sitting at the back of the funeral by himself.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FUNERAL PARLOUR - NIGHT

Some guy is counting money. STRINGER BELL is standing behind him mixing his tea. Someone knocks on the door. Some big guys with tattoos walks in the room.

STRINGER BELL:  
They holding to it?

BIG GUY WITH TATTOOS:  
So far.

STRINGER BELL:  
All right.

Stringer walks out fo the room. The two guys waiting get up right away. Stringer points for the driver to follow him in the room.

STRINGER BELL: (cont'd)  
They got the times right?

The drive nods.

STRINGER BELL: (cont'd)  
How about the mileage?

The driver hands Stringer a peice of paper. Stringer reads it.

STRINGER BELL: (cont'd)  
All right.

The driver walks out of the room.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR - NIGHT

Stringer Bell is sitting with one of the guys.

STRINGER BELL:

So I'm gonna ask you one more time. You never saw him out of the car?

PERSON:

Nah.

STRINGER BELL:

You stayed with him the whole time?

PERSON:

Every minute.

STRINGER BELL:

How long before he come out the parking garage? I mean, how long was he on his own?

PERSON:

Not enough time to do shit, String. I mean, he was in and out, like, three minutes.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:

(to himself)

Chill. Chill.

Boadie stands up. Stringer walks towards him.

STRINGER BELL:

This shit is fucked up.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:

Look, yeah, I know...

STRINGER BELL:

You follow the directions?

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:

I did... just like...

STRINGER BELL:

Wrote down the mileage?

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:

Yeah, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

STRINGER BELL:

Let me see.

Boadie hands Stringer his notepad.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:

See, right there.

Stringer compares the two papers together.

STRINGER BELL:

No, you three-tenth of a mile long,  
dawg.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:

Yo...

STRINGER BELL:

And if you followed directions, you  
wouldn't be.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:

Yo, String, I did everything like I  
should, yo, I swear.

Stringer walks away from Boadie. Boadie looks worried. Stringer walks over to the two guys that were in the black SUV. He talks to them. Stringer walks back over to Boadie. Stringer grabs his tea off Boadie and drinks it.

STRINGER BELL:

You got answers? You didn't take a  
detour in Camden when they shut  
down a couple of blocks on the  
Boulevard?

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:

Yeah.

STRINGER BELL:

You hurt your foot.

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:

My foot?

STRINGER BELL:

You know, the way you kicked that  
tyre jack the way you did.

Stringer smiles. Boadie seems relieved.

(CONTINUED)

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
You was on us the whole time?

STRINGER BELL:  
Who, me?

PRESTON "BOADIE" BROADUS:  
Y'all had people following us?

Stringer walks away from Boadie, again.

PRESTON "BROADIE" BROADUS (O.S.):  
So where it at?

EXT. CLEMENT ST. CAFE AND BAR - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the Clement Street Cafe.

INT. CLEMENT ST. CAFE AND BAR - NIGHT

Ziggy is in the cafe with Nick and a bunch of workers.

ZIGGY:  
Hey, you know, you should take me  
with you. I should meet these  
guys. If i meet these guys, we can  
figure out ways to do a little  
business, you know what I' saying?

NICK:  
Zig, these guys are real.

ZIGGY:  
What, I ain't real?

Ziggy drinks his beer. We can also see a live band playing.

WORKER:  
Six degrees. Everybody's going  
home to sauerkraut and Santy Claus  
and here comes a gang of us walking  
the other way... Little Big Roy  
with his wooden leg.

WORKER #2:  
Christ, then wooden shovels!

WORKER:  
Yeah.

WORKER #3  
(to Ziggy and Nicky)  
You children don't know nothing  
about them wooden shovels, do ya?

(CONTINUED)

WORKER:

Can't have no sparks, working  
grain!

WORKER #4:

Kaboom!

WORKER:

It's more like kaput. Never gonna  
see another grain ship here in  
Baltimore, my friends.

WORKER #2:

No.

NICKY:

Zig, you believe these fucking  
dinosaurs? Sit around all damn day  
talking shit about how they used to  
off-load with shovels. Carry  
fucking railroad cars on their  
backs!

WORKER:

And drink whisky through a fire  
hose!

WORKER #2:

And go home and fuck their wives  
silly til breakfast. Fucking  
heroes back then!

NICKY:

The shit is thick in here tonight,  
dammit.

WORKER:

What can you do? This generation,  
they just don't know.

WORKER #2:

Ain't never gonna be what it was.

WORKER:

No.

WORKER #4:

Every night with these old fucks is  
like nineteen-fifty-two and shit.

ZIGGY:

Hey, boys, you know, when I was  
your age, I unloaded ten ships a  
goddamn day!

(CONTINUED)

NICK:  
Stick it to 'em, Zig!

ZIGGY:  
Oh, you know, I had to do it with  
one arm after a three houndred  
poimd bag of polish dildos fell on  
me!

WORKER:  
What the fuck is a Polish dildo?

ZIGGY:  
Actually, at my house, it's a ring  
of kielbasa. Hey, hey, but you  
know what, I bet where you boys  
hail from, i'm sure any old  
breakfast link will do!

WORKER:  
You know he's gonna pull out his  
dick, right.

WORKER #2:  
That bou ain't right.

ZIGGY:  
Ah, huh, it's was just me and my  
old wooden leg and my old wooden  
shovel and my glass eye and my  
Polish pencil.

WORKER:  
Like anyone from the Checkers Local  
ever used anything but a real  
pencil.

WORKER #2:  
Shit, they don't push one of them  
no more!

GUY:  
Talking shit about fourteen-fifteen  
now.

ZIGGY:  
Jesus H Christ, you know what? All  
hands starboard! The old tub is  
listing. Can you feel her? You  
wanna know why? Cos them old fucks  
done unloaded so much bullshit that  
this whole motherfucker's gonna  
capsize!



Ziggy stands up on a table.

ZIGGY: (cont'd)  
Brace yourselves, we're sinking!

FEMALE BARTENDER:  
goddamn it, Ziggy, you're not  
taking your duck out in here again.

ZIGGY:  
Let me show you old gents some bulk  
cargo that none of yours could ever  
handle. Who says they don't make  
them like they used to?

Ziggy tries to take off his pants.

ZIGGY: (cont'd)  
Pretty boy is on the town!

Ziggy takes out his fake penis. The people in the bar boo  
Ziggy and throw stuff at him just as the live band begins  
playing. Ziggy cheers loudly.

RANDOM GUY:  
(to Nicky)  
Fucking Ziggy, man.

The live band plays. Ziggy gets off the table and dances  
around. All the people in the bar are enjoying the  
band. Beers are being passed around and a lot of happiness  
is being had. Shots are also being drank, too. The  
bartender is dancing around while passing drinks out.

EXT THE DOCKS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the docks at night time.

INT. CLEMENT ST. CAFE AND BAR - NIGHT

People are still having fun. The bands music can be heard -  
really loud. Ziggy kisses some girl.

EXT THE DOCKS - NIGHT

The sun can be seen coming up over the water.

INT. CLEMENT ST. CAFE AND BAR - NIGHT

Partying is still going on in the bar with the loud live band. Nick seems satisfied. People are still drinking and having a good time.

EXT. THE DOCKS - DAY

Establishing shot of the docks in the morning. The bands live music slowly fades away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A really drunk person is walking down the street.

EXT. SKY - DAY

A Baltimore police helicopter is flying over the city.

EXT. WATER - DAY

A dead body is floating in the water. The police boat gets closer to it. Jimmy is holding a long arm clipper.

INT. POLICE BOAT - DAY

Claude is driving the boat.

EXT. WATER - DAY

Jimmy is trying to reach the body.

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
Bring her in the boat?

INT. POLICE BOAT - DAY

CLAUDE:  
Hell, no. She'll fall apart if we try to bring her in.

EXT. POLICE BOAT - DAY

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
What's the plan, then?

CLAUDE (O.S.):  
We'll hook here real good.

INT. POLICE BOAT - DAY

CLAUDE:  
We'll tow here slowly over to the  
pier. What's she look like?

EXT. POLICE BOAT - DAY

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
What do you mean?

INT. POLICE BOAT - DAY

CLAUDE:  
Well, how long you think she's been  
in?

EXT. POLICE BOAT - DAY

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
She's fresh. Legs are broke,  
though.

INT. POLICE BOAT - DAY

CLAUDE:  
Probably a jumper from the bridge.

EXT. POLICE BOAT - DAY

Jimmy is trying to get the body closer to the boat.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Nick wakes up.

INT. KITCHEN - HOUSE - DAY

The mother is stamping her feet on the ground in the  
kitchen.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Nick gets out of bed. He turns on the radio and then puts  
on his shirt while walking up the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN - HOUSE - DAY

Nick walks up the stairs. The mother stamps her feet again.

NICK:  
All right, Ma. Shit.

Nick wakes up Ziggy on the couch.

(CONTINUED)

NICK: (cont'd)  
Yo, Zig. Ziggy.

Nick gives up and then walks in the kitchen.

MOTHER:  
Kitchen's closed. There's no  
service for drunks who can't get up  
in time to catch a ship.

NICK:  
What ship?

Nick grabs a beer out of the fridge.

MOTHER:  
Your father says the Talco Line is  
in today. That makes two ships at  
North Point.

Nick pours the beer into a glass.

NICK:  
It's the Atlantic Light. Ain't due  
until this afternoon.

MOTHER:  
That still is no excuse.

Nick drinks the beer in the glass. Nick kisses his mother  
on the head.

NICK:  
Good morning, Mom.

Nick walks out of the room.

MOTHER:  
Couple of goddamn drunks I got.  
(to Nick)  
And don't leave without taking your  
cousin with you. I gotta clean in  
there and I ain't gonna do it  
around his carcass.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Nick walks out of the house and gets in his car. He has  
trouble starting the car. Nick gets out of the car.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Officers are carrying stuff up stairs. The priest meets Valchek.

PRIEST:

Well, you keep us guessing, don't you, Stan? At Sunday mass, you can't be found. But early on a Tuesday, you arrive with an army?

Stan rips out a cheque.

STAN VALCHEK:

Two thousand and five hundred from myself and every other Polack in three districts and four firehouses.

PRIEST:

And to what do we owe such a generosity?

STAN VALCHEK:

A surprise. We ordered up a window for where you renovated the nave. A memorial.

Stan grabs a glass window. The one of the police officer holding his hat over the little boy while kneeling down.

STAN VALCHEK: (cont'd)

To Polish police and firefighters.

He puts it on the window silk.

STAN VALCHEK: (cont'd)

Found this craftsman down in Glen Burnie that you would not believe.

PRIEST:

For the nave?

STAN VALCHEK:

Yeah, for the nave.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

We get a shot of the glass window that Frank Sobotka donated. Stan and the Priest are standing in front of it.

(CONTINUED)

PRIEST:

We could use another window on the second floor of the rectory.

Stan looks disappointed.

STAN VALCHEK:

The rectory?

PRIEST:

The upstairs hallway.

STAN VALCHEK:

How much did them dock boys offer for this spot? I can match it.

PRIEST:

Offerings are confidential, Stan. And as you can see...

STAN VALCHEK:

I can go as high as four thousand. Just tell me if they went higher than four.

The priest pauses.

STAN VALCHEK: (cont'd)

More than four. From the docks. How the hell... I'm sorry, Father. Who came to you with the offer?

PRIEST:

Francis Sobotka.

STAN VALCHEK:

Frank has that kind of money?

PRIEST:

It was from his local.

STAN VALCHEK:

The Checkers? They don't have a hundred guys left paying dues.

PRIEST:

It's a parish of givers, Stan. Maybe you talk to Frank. Work it out somehow.

(CONTINUED)

STAN VALCHEK:  
Oh yeah, we'll talk.

Stan walks away from the priest.

OFFICER:  
Major?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Nick is walking down the street.

EXT. WATERSIDE - DAY

DETECTIVE RAY COLE gets out of the car. He runs up to Jimmy.

DETECTIVE COLE:  
Well, well, if it isn't Barnacle Bill, the sailor.

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
Hey, Ray, how you been?

Ray and Jimmy shake hands. A bunch of other cops and detectives are standing around the body.

DETECTIVE RAY:  
I got nothing but red ink under my name this year. Landsman's become an asshole with teeth.

Ray looks at the body.

DETECTIVE RAY: (cont'd)  
Fish your wish, huh?

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
Jumper, probably.

CLAUDE:  
This closer to the bridge.

DETECTIVE RAY:  
Probably, yeah. Pretty though.

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
She is, yeah.

DETECTIVE RAY:  
I go in the men's room this morning. And guess who's in the stall next to me puking his guts out.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
Bunk Moreland.

DETECTIVE RAY:  
How'd you know?

JIMMY MCNULTY:  
Useless fuck can't hold his liquor.

They laugh.

INT. VISITOR'S AREA - PRISON - DAY

AVON BARKSDALE walks into the visitor's area. Followed by a officer. Avon greets Stringer with a fist bump through the window. Avon sits down and their both pick up the phones.

AVON BARKSDALE:  
What's happenin', man?

STRINGER BELL:  
What's up, Fam?

AVON BARKSDALE:  
So, what's up? You ain't heard from Roberto, yet?

STRINGER BELL:  
Not a goddamn word, man.

AVON BARKSDALE:  
Billy still got our money though, right? So you need to get down to New York, man. Fuck kind of game this nigger playing? You sure of our people?

STRINGER BELL:  
I broke down all their stories and they came back clean. Besides, i had some good people watch 'em.

AVON BARKSDALE:  
Oh yeah?

Avon stops talking and watches the officer walk past him. He goes back on the phone.

AVON BARKSDALE: (cont'd)  
Who?

(CONTINUED)



STAN VALCHEK:

Tank, Country.

AVON BARKSDALE:

How long that motherfucker been home?

STRINGER BELL:

A month. Still on parole.

AVON BARKSDALE:

Yeah?

STRINGER BELL:

He said fuck that, straight back in the mix.

AVON BARKSDALE:

All right.

Avon and Stringer laugh.

AVON BARKSDALE: (cont'd)

So good, it ain't us, it's on Roberto. Set it straight, know what I mean? So when you go hard on them, take it light, but be firm. They got our money and we ain't got the product. So, you feel me? This shit ain't right.

STRINGER BELL:

How you fixed in here otherwise, B?

AVON BARKSDALE:

This ain't no thing, man, know what I mean? You cone in here, man, you get your mind right. You get in here and do two days. It's the day you come in this mother...

STRINGER BELL:

And the day you get out this motherfucker.

AVON BARKSDALE:

That's right. Exactly.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Nick meets up with some guy.

NICK:  
What's up? Coming from the hiring  
hall?

GUY:  
Yeah, I'm working the Atlantic  
Light today.

NICK:  
How's it looking for Local  
fourty-seven?

GUY:  
Outta luck. Ro/Ros isn't going to  
anybody lower than a  
G-series. Best you can get - maybe  
half a day doing break-bulk on  
analuminum load at Locust Point.

NICK:  
Half a day, huh?

GUY:  
Seniority sucks.

Ziggy pulls up in his red car.

NICK:  
Yeah, if you ain't senior, it does.

GUY:  
You got that right.

Ziggy turns off his car and gets out of it.

GUY: (cont'd)  
I'm out.

NICK:  
All right, man, I'll see you.

They bump fists. The guy walks away.

ZIGGY:  
The fuck you ain't wake me up for?

NICK:  
Just getting up now, fuck-face?

(CONTINUED)

ZIGGY:  
Nah, actually, your ma makes a  
pretty good breakfast.

NICK:  
No fucking way.

ZIGGY:  
Bacon and eggs, baby. You going  
down to see the Greek, right?

NICK:  
Ziggy...

ZIGGY:  
Come on, man. I ain't gonna fuck  
it up for ya. For Christ's sake,  
will you just get in the car  
already. Come on, let's go.

Nick gets Ziggy's car.

NICK:  
Swear to God, Ziggyv you open your  
mouth, I'll fucking kill you.

Ziggy speeds off down the street.

EXT. TRACK 7 - TRAIN STATION - DAY

Stringer Bell is waiting for the train to stop.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Nick and Ziggy walk in a dark cafe. Nick takes off his  
hood. Nick is greeted by SPIROS "VONDAS" VONDOPOULOS.

SPIROS:  
Nicky from the docks.

NICK:  
Spiros.

Nick and Spiros shake hands and hug.

SPIROS:  
How are ya?

NICK:  
Good.

Ziggy takes off his beanie and stands behind Nick.

(CONTINUED)

SPIROS:  
Who's your friend?

NICK:  
Oh, he's Zig, my uncle's kid.

SPIROS:  
Your uncle?

NICK:  
Frankie, yeah. Ziggy's his  
oldest. My car broke down, you  
know, He drove.

ZIGGY:  
So, ah, you must be the Greek.

Ziggy puts his hand out. Spiros shakes his hand.

SPIROS:  
Well, I'm Greek, anyway.

They laugh.

ZIGGY:  
Hey, Boris Badanoff, I know you  
from around the way, right?

Nick and Spiros sit down with two other guys at the  
table. Ziggy stays standing up.

BORIS:  
Why am I Boris? I don't understand  
this. Everywhere I am Boris.

NICK:  
Shit, you're Russian, right?

BORIS:  
No, Ukraine. Kieve is Ukraine.

ZIGGY:  
It's the same difference.

BORIS:  
No, you're wrong.

NICK:  
Whaty's the matter? You don't like  
being called Boris?

BORIS:

Sergei.

ZIGGY:

Oh, no way, man. Boris is way better. It's like the guy from the cartoon. Boris and Natasha?

Spiros laughs.

ZIGGY:

Bullwinkle, man. Rocky and Bullwinkle?

SPIROS:

(to Nick)

You want some coffee, pie?

NICK:

Nah, I'm good.

ZIGGY:

Actually, what kind of pie you got?

NICK:

Hey, Zig, shit the fuck up, huh?

Ziggy walks to the bar. THE GREEK is sitting at the bar reading a newspaper. Ziggy puts his beanie on the bar and sits down. The Greek moves over.

NICK: (cont'd)

Nah, it's cool. He's cool.

SPIROS:

That's Frank's kid?

NICK:

Yeah. He's in the union, you know, but he's, like, an L-series so he ain't getting any hours.

Spiros hands Nick a piece of paper. Nick puts it in his pocket without looking at it.

SPIROS:

Same deal, same rate.

NICK:

All right, who's driving?

Spiros nods to Segei.

(CONTINUED)

NICK:  
Again? You don't want to mix it up  
a little more? Make it so Customs  
doesn't put no names to faces.

SPIROS:  
When you trust a man, you stay with  
him.

NICK:  
Ok.

SPIROS:  
All right.

NICK:  
Boris it is.

SERGEI:  
Sergei.

NICK:  
Yeah, whatever.

Nick walks over to Ziggy.

NICK: (cont'd)  
Come on, fuck-nuts. Let's go.

ZIGGY:  
(to the waitress)  
Hey, how's the open-face turkey?

Nick grabs Ziggy.

NICK:  
It's shit. Let's go.

ZIGGY:  
See you guys later.

Nick pushes Ziggy out of the cafe.

SEGEI:  
(to Spiros)  
Bullwinkle?

SPIROS:  
Polacks.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Nick and Ziggy are walking towards Ziggy's car.

ZIGGY:  
You fucking embarrassed me in  
there, man.

NICK:  
You embarrassed yourself, Zig.

Ziggy and Nick get in the car.

INT. OFFICER - SHIPPING YARD - DAY

Frank is sitting at a table reading the newspaper. He is smoking a cigarette and music can be heard coming from the radio. Pan over to see Ott and Nat reading a newspaper each, also.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
You see my newpnew anywhere?

OTT:  
Nick? Not yet. I don't think he  
got any hours.

Frank walks out of the office.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - DAY

A police officer drives through the shipping yard.

EXT. OFFICE - SHIPPING YARD - DAY

Frank and Nat are standing outside the office. Officer Beatrice "Beadie" Russell stops in front of Frank.

OFFICER RUSSELL:  
Hey, Frank.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
Hey, darling.

OFFICER RUSSELL:  
Just so I can finish my paperwork  
early, what exactly are your people  
gonna be stealing today?

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
I don't know. Couple luxury  
sedans, some colour TVs,  
widescreen. Maybe a couple of cans  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK SOBOTKA: (cont'd)  
of vodka, maybe a whole container  
ship.

OFFICER RUSSELL:  
Okey-dokey. Y'all have a good one.

Officer Russell drives off. Frank and the officer wave at each other. Nat walks up to Frank.

NAT:  
You let her fuck with you like  
that?

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
She's all right. I like her.

Ziggy speeds past the Officer Russell. He stops in the available parking spot. Nick gets out of the car. Nick walks right up to Frank and hands him the piece of paper Spiros gave to him earlier.

NICK:  
I checked the computer. It's Bay  
nine, cell eleven. It's right on  
the bottom.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
(to Nat)  
You're working the Light, ain't  
you?

Frank hands Nat the piece of paper.

NAT:  
I'm on it, yeah.

Nat walks away from Nick and Frank.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
Did they say anything else?

NICK:  
No. Just that is' the same money  
to us.

Ziggy walks up to Frank and Nick. Nick walks towards Ziggy.

NICK: (cont'd)  
(to Ziggy)  
Let's go.  
(to Frank)  
All right, Uncle Frank.



Nick and Ziggy get in Ziggy's car.

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy walks in the Homicide Division's office. WINONA is putting files in the shelf.

JIMMY MCNULTY:

Winona.

WINONA:

(surprised)

Jimmy, where you been?

Jimmy seems pleased to be in there. He walks through the office looking around.

JIMMY MCNULTY:

Jay?

Jay laughs while holding a box of biscuits.

JAY:

(laughing)

Look who it is - Saily Boy. You owe me ten.

JIMMY MCNULTY:

Fuck you. You're the guy that told Rawls where I didn't wanna go. You made it happen, Jay.

JAY:

I told him where you didn't want ot go, exactly.

JIMMY MCNULTY:

Yeah, and they sent me there.

JAY:

I knew Rawls was pissed, I didn't know how pissed. What can I tell you?

JIMMY MCNULTY:

Where's Bunk?

JAY:

Out on a call with Crutchfield.

JIMMY MCNULTY:

What's up with that girl, she come off the bridge or what?

(CONTINUED)

A detective turns around.

DETECTIVE:

Doc Frazier poster her today. Blunt-force trauma to the head and chest. He's saying she was dead before she hits the water.

JIMMY MCNULTY:

What about the defence wounds? Bruising on three fingers. We saw that when we picked her up.

RAY:

You missed the defence wounds?

DETECTIVE:

I wasn't looking. Thought she went off the bridge.

JIMMY MCNULTY:

Also she has no coat or shoes on. Now, maybe they came off in the water, but maybe not. I don't see her making her way to the key bridge in winter dressed like she was, but then, that's just me. Tell Bunk I was here, will you? Have fun.

Jimmy walks away from Ray and the detective.

RAY:

Oh, we already had our fun. Dumping her on Baltimore County.

Ray laughs. Jimmy walks back.

JIMMY MCNULTY:

On the county?

RAY:

You fished her out east of the bridge, right? That's Baltimore County. She's their stat.

JIMMY MCNULTY:

You sold them on that?

(CONTINUED)

RAY:  
(laughing)  
Rawls did. Hey called up the  
Colonel, said, "You got one hell of  
a murder on your hands." It's all  
about self-preservation,  
Jimmy. That's something you never  
learned.

Jimmy walks away, again.

DETECTIVE (O.S.):  
Hey, Norris. State Police, line 2.

EXT. THE DOCKS - DAY

Cranes are picking up shipments off a large boat.

WORKER (O.S.):  
(yelling)  
A little to the right.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

Frank peaks out of the office.

WORKER (O.S.):  
Good, good, bring her down.

A crane sets a massive cargo container on a truck. Frank is  
watching. The truck driver gets in his trucks and drives  
off without the container moving. Nat walks up to Frank.

NAT:  
It's there whenever they want it.

Nat walks in the office. Frank follows. A guy is on the  
phone also.

EXT. BALITMORE CITY - DAY

Establishing shot of Baltimore City.

LAWYER (O.S.):  
Now that you are my client, Mr.  
Bell, we are protected by the  
attorney-client privilege.

INT. LAWYER OFFICE - DAY

Stringer Bell puts his coat on the eat.

STRINGER BELL:

I thought Roberto would be here.

Stringer sits down.

LAWYER:

Not likely. This, I'm afraid, was  
in Monday's papers.

The lawyer hands Stringer the newspaper. Stringer grabs the  
paper and reads it.

LAWYER: (cont'd)

It seems Roberto Castellano y Silva  
has been targeted by the DEA.

STRINGER BELL:

That's why we didn't do the  
business, huh?

LAWYER:

Right now, Roberto and his people  
aren't going to be getting involved  
in anything that could further  
complicate the situation.

STRINGER BELL:

Well, you know, usually when you  
take a fall, you get back in there  
cos you know nobody's watching,  
right.

LAWYER:

Sometimes. And sometimes you  
wonder how it is you got caught in  
the first place and you decide to  
change the pattern.

STRINGER BELL:

He took our money.

LAWYER:

Your advanced payment arrives as  
our problem did. And I'm told all  
the money is on the way back to  
Baltimore.

(CONTINUED)

STRINGER BELL:

You know, I get the feeling that you're blaming us for Roberto's predicament.

LAWYER:

Perhaps your problems in Baltimore and my client's problems here are coincidental. But right now...

STRINGER BELL:

Listen to me. He was the first to know that we took a hit. He knows no one came close to rolling over us and all the documents from the case.

LAWYER:

Nonetheless, we have a legitimate concern. Considering the scope of Mr. Barksdale's operation, his sentence was, to say the least, mild. But if the possibility exists, however unlikely, that the leniency he received was the result of cooperation... Well, you understand our position, I'm sure.

INT. OFFICE - THE DOCKS - DAY

Frank is peaking out of the window. He is looking at Sergei on the phone. Nat walks in the office.

NAT:

Frank, it's sitting out there and this Russian fuck won't take it off the pier.

FRANK SOBOTKA:

I ain't blind.

NAT:

I don't like it sitting out in the open that long. The Customs seal is broke. Somebody'll see it. Our asses are hanging out here.

Frank sits down. He picks up the phone and dials. Nat peaks out the window.

NICK (O.S.):

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
Nicky, what the fuck? It's still  
sitting here.

NICK (O.S.):  
Shit.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
Yeah.

NICK (O.S.):  
Where's Sergei?

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
He's parked at the end of the lot.

NICK (O.S.):  
What's he waiting for?

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
I got no fucking idea, but the  
ships almost empty. They need to  
shit or get off the pot.

NICK (O.S.):  
I'll look into it.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
Yeah.

Frank hangs up the phone.

EXT. OFFICE - THE DOCKS - DAY

Sergei is on the phone.

SEGEI:  
Ok, I understand.

Sergei gets in the truck. Frank walks towards Segei. Nat  
follows.

FRANK SOBOTKA:  
(yelling)  
Hey!

Segei drives off. Frank walks back to Nat.

FRANK SOBOTKA: (cont'd)  
(angry)  
Fuck it. Get it on the fifth wheel  
and lose it in the stack. We're at  
risk.

Nat walks off.

INT. BALTIMORE SEA POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy is sitting in front of the computer doing work. Music can be heard coming from the radio. He prints out a map of Baltimore. He puts the map on the table. He starts making markings on the map. Jimmy sits down at the typewriter.

INT. DETECTIVE GREGGS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Greggs arrives home. She closes the door behind her.

DETECTIVE GREGGS:

Hey.

CHERYL is sitting at the table.

CHERYL:

Hey.

Greggs puts her bag and coat away.

DETECTIVE GREGGS:

I ain't lying when I say this paperwork is kicking my ass.

CHERYL:

Maybe so, but at the end of the day you come through the door in one piece.

DETECTIVE GREGGS:

You like to think so, but all these paper cuts are starting to taek their toll.

CHERYL:

Aw, you big, nasty detective. Come here. Let me give your little boo-boo a kiss!

Greggs sits in Cheryl's lap. Cheryl kisses Greggs' fingers. They kiss each other on the lips.

KIMA GREGGS:

Whoa, all this?

Kima looks at all the work Cheryl has on the table.

CHERYL:

I'm just getting started.

(CONTINUED)

KIMA GREGGS:  
Thousand dollars for the doctor.

CHERYL:  
Thousand dollars each time,  
girlfriend. Every month till I'm  
pregnant.

KIMA GREGGS:  
There's gotta be a better way.

CHERYL:  
Well, that would be on you,  
sweetheart. Come up with a  
suitable donor and we pay a lot  
less.

KIMA GREGGS:  
Not with your pussy would I fuck  
any one of these guys.

CHERYL:  
What did you just say? Now you  
didn't just say that!

Cheryl chases Kima out of the room.

INT. BALTIMORE SEA POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT

Jimmy is typing on the typewriter. He finishes and takes  
out the paper. He then grabs a texta and starts writing on  
it. He faxes some of the papers he was working on.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

We get a straight shot of the door, it reads, "Col. William  
A. Rawls". RAWLS opens the door.

RAWLS:  
Sergeant.

Rawls walks out of the office.

RAWLS: (cont'd)  
Your floater's come back. County  
boys are putting her on our side of  
the bridge.

Ray walks up to Rawls and grabs the papers.

RAY:  
No fucking way.

(CONTINUED)



RAWLS:

Yeah. Some useless fuck in our Marine Unit faxed them a report on the early morning tides and wind currents. Shows the body went in the water west of the bridge and drifted out.

RAY:

McNulty.

Rawls laughs.

RAWLS:

Fucking Jimmy. Fucking with us for the fuck of it. I gotta give the son of a bitch some credit for wit on this one. Cocksucker.

RAY:

Motherfucker.

Rawls walks back in his office. Raw does also.

EXT. THE PROJECTS - DAY

Establishing shot of The Projects. Loud music can be heard coming from speakers. Boadie is standing in the Projects looks around.

GUY (O.S.):

Tall greens, Y'all. Tall greens.

Some guy walks up to Boadie. Boadie takes out a stack of money and hands it to him.

BOADIE:

The count is right. What's on the shelf?

GUY:

Mace carrying ten down here, Moe Man holding about thirty-eight up top.

Another guy walks up to Boadie.

GUY #2:

I checked the stash, yo, and we way low. Moe Man taking our shit.

(CONTINUED)

BOADIE:  
What he holding?

GUY #2:  
Yo, he said about thirty-something,  
but I know that ain't right. I'm  
gonna fuck him up, yo.

BOADIE:  
The first thing you think to do is  
fuck a nigger up, man. When you  
gonna realise there's more to this  
than thumpin' one niggers? What  
Moe supposed to be holding?

GUY:  
Thirty-eight, thereabout.

BOADIE:  
Ain't you the damn fool?

GUY #2:  
But then we low.

BOADIE:  
Look, nigger, if we low, it's cos  
String want us that way. When he  
want us up, we'll be  
up. Stringer's on top of this  
shit. He on top of everything. Go  
back to your spot, man.

Guy #2 walks away from Boadie.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Winona is standing on a chair, while writing on a massive  
board. Ray and the other detective are watching her.

DETECTIVE:  
Fucking McNulty.

RAY:  
The Prince of Tides.

Ray laughs. Ray walks to his office.

INT. OFFICER RUSSELL'S POLICE CAR - THE DOCKS - DAY

Officer Russell is driving through The Docks. She is listening to music on her headset.

EXT. THE DOCKS - DAY

Officer Russell is driving around the docks.

INT. OFFICER RUSSELL'S POLICE CAR - THE DOCKS - DAY

Officer Russell turns a corner.

EXT. THE DOCKS - DAY

Officer Russell continues to drive around the docks. She stops and then reverses the car as she spots something strange on one of the containers. She turns off her headset and gets out of the car. She walks up to the container and opens it. Massive boxes are everywhere. She takes out a torch and looks around the container. She opens a bigger box in the cargo and sees a dead body.

INT. OFFICE - THE DOCKS - DAY

Frank is standing up, Nat is sitting down, Ott is walking towards Frank, and another guy is in the background.

FRANK SOBOTKA:

Brother, you feeling strong today? See if you can get his ass out of that chair.

Ott laughs, grabs a newspaper and then sits down.

FRANK SOBOTKA:

He said it was fine if you want to hit him, too. Hey, hey, what's the first ting a guy from Local forty-seven does after he gets laid?

OTT:

What?

FRANK SOBOTKA:

Wipes the pepper spray from his eyes!

Everyone laughs. A worker runs in the office.

(CONTINUED)

WORKER:

Hey, Frank, sometime's going on.

He points outside.

EXT. THE DOCKS - DAY

A couple of police cars are speeding through the docks, as a Baltimore City Fire Department truck follows.

INT CARGO CONTAINER - THE DOCKS - DAY

Officer Russell is still in the cargo container looking around. She finds more dead bodies in it. Another officer comes in and helps her shine a light on all of the dead bodies, lots of them. All of them women of different nationalities. Officer Russell runs out of it before she spews.

EXT. CARGO CONTAINER - THE DOCKS - DAY

Officer Russell runs out holding her mouth. The male officer follows her. Frank runs over to his other workers behind the officers.

WORKER:

(to Frank)

It's fucking girls, man. Young ones.

NICK:

There's like, a dozen of them.

FRANK SOBOTKA:

Dead? They're dead?

Frank looks really shocked.

EXT. THE DOCKS - DAY

Panning shot of the docks as more police officers move in.

FADE TO CREDITS

THE END OF SEASON 1 - EPISODE 1.