

WE OWN THIS CITY

An HBO miniseries from
Blown Deadline Productions and Spartan Productions

PART ONE

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WHITE LETTERS FADE IN on a BLACK SCREEN:

FEBRUARY 2017

LETTERS FADE TO BLACK, then, more WHITE LETTERS FADE IN:

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

FADE OUT, and then FADE IN on:

EXT. CORNER/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

C.U. on a police espantoon being gripped lovingly by a pair of white HANDS, the cord wrapped through the FINGERS as the nightstick is dropped, retrieved and then twirled above the ground expertly, as only a veteran patrolman can do.

WHITE MALE (V.O.)

I'm not saying you don't have to fight. There will be times when every cop has to fight for his post, when all the talk in the world, when all the authority you have doesn't matter, when someone out there wants to try you...

PULL BACK to reveal a WHITE PATROLMAN walking foot in an all-black neighborhood, PEDESTRIANS giving him wide berth as he dangles the espantoon, making it dance in his expert hand.

WHITE MALE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And when you have to fight, you have to win. There are people out here who think police brutality is when police win the fight. But we're supposed to win the fights. If we're in a fight, fuck any talk of police brutality. If it has to happen, it has to be brutal. We lose the fights, we lose the streets.

WHITE PATROLMAN moves toward the corner and a sullen cople of YOUNG BLACK MEN drift away, yielding ground wordlessly as if they know this drill as well as he does. The last COUPLE eyefuck him, but not long enough to provoke. WHITE PATROLMAN ignores the surliness, stands on the vacated corner.

WHITE MALE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm not talking about the fights you have to have. No. I'm talking about the fights you want to have, the ones that you think you are entitled to just because you have the badge. I'm talking about the *real* brutality.

On the WHITE PATROLMAN, controlling his post, confident,

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM/POLICE ACADEMY/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - DAY

A classroom of earnest, young POLICE CADETS -- half black, half white -- arrayed at desk chairs. They are being addressed by the WHITE MALE voice, who is, in fact, SGT. WAYNE JENKINS, 36, at a lectern, in uniform. JENKINS is speaking extemporaneously, without notes.

JENKINS

You don't need *that* brutality.

On JENKINS, delivering to his rapt audience of CADETS,

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS/BALTIMORE - DAY & NIGHT

MONTAGE begins as Jenkins' speech continues, we return not to the sublime confidence of a solitary patrolman controlling his post but instead to the wild cacophony and dystopia of the American drug war as it plays out across Baltimore. JUMP-OUTS on corners, mostly black and brown BODIES cuffed, face down on the sidewalk, in a row or spread against cut-rate walls, UNIFORMED OFFICERS and PLAINCLOTHESMEN going through pockets, tossing the contents in the street, shoving DETAINEES, cuffing some, forcing others to sit or squat on curbs, brutalizing or abusing a few. Jail wagon doors flying open and BODIES heaved inside, unsecured, as the doors slam shut on them.

JENKINS (V.O.)

And not because it isn't fun to get a few licks in on some mouthy asshole. I mean, fun is fun...

(laughter from CADETS)

But because *that* kind of brutality gets in the way of your job. For one thing, no one talks to you when you beat on them. No one tells you what you want to know. And here's the thing, information -- who is who, who does what dirt, where they do it, who it is that they do that dirt with -- that's how you kick ass. Information is what makes cases, it's what gets drugs and guns and takes you into court with real cases, cases that matter.

(MORE)

JENKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If you're going to court with nothing but disorderlies or failures to yield -- humbles only -- you got nothing that makes a state's attorney want to sign your court slip. And even if you do get paid, even if they do give you two hours to wait in the hallway up at Wabash for a case that's gonna be dismissed, so what?

MONTAGE continues with scenes of ARRESTEES being unceremoniously dumped by jail wagons at Central Booking, or waiting sullenly, cuffed together in court house lockups, or arrayed in jail jumpers for bail reviews on the side of a district courtroom, the JUDGE moving from one file to the next, UNIFORMS and PLAINCLOTHESMEN waiting in the front rows of the gallery, waiting only to be paid. BLACK AMERICA being chewed up in a culture of mass arrest.

JENKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Truth is you're not doing jack being brutal. You're not getting drugs. Or guns. Or the kind of big, hairy, balls-out cases that matter, that get you paid and promoted.

On a last shot, shackled BLACK MEN being led back out of the courtroom and into pre-trial detention, each and every one dead-eyed at the prospect of how little their lives matter to anyone in this system,

BACK TO:

INT. CLASSROOM/POLICE ACADEMY/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - DAY

JENKINS staring intently at his CHARGES, almost judging them.

JENKINS

And here's the other thing about being brutal...

JENKINS continues, as the CADETS wait on his pause,

CUT TO:

EXT. & INT. STREETS/POLICE DISTRICTS/BALTIMORE - DAY & NIGHT

MONTAGE begins with a string of brutalities involving UNIFORMS and PLAINCLOTHESMEN, some involving SUSPECTS who try to fight off POLICE, but others resulting from moments of mere backtalk or CITIZENS and SUSPECTS moving too slowly or even implying attitude. VICTIMS are shoved against parked cars, rowhouse steps, brick walls, district stationhouse desks, interrogation room doors.

They are slapped abusively, or have their heads cracked by espantoons, or are kicked or pressed or choked against the sidewalk. SUSPECTS emerge bruised or bloody or not at all, ONE remaining unconscious on the sidewalk as OFFICERS step past and move on to the next argument. Almost all are black, but there are some brown and white STREET PLAYERS as well.

JENKINS (V.O.)

In the end, beating on people not only gets in the way of good cases. It will get you I.I.D. complaints and files, and if there are enough complaints, it can get you a reputation or even a transfer out of your unit. Even if you can write your way out of the hassle -- and most police know how to write their way out of anything...

(more LAUGHTER)

...It gets you the kind of attention that just makes it harder to do the job. It doesn't matter if you're not charged, or if you don't even get to a trial board, there's always the chance that a civil suit will come behind that and the city will end up paying money and you'll have a rep for that. And if that keeps you out of the street, then you're no good to anyone. What I'm saying is that if kicking ass made cases, then maybe we could argue for kicking everybody's ass...

(LAUGHTER)

But it doesn't work. So if you want to do that kind of work, you're not coming near my unit. No way. In the Gun Trace Task Force, we are not about that bullshit. We are going after guns and drugs and the motherfuckers dealing the drugs and shooting the guns. That's the job.

MONTAGE continues with battered BLACK MALE SUSPECT, late twenties, sitting on a curb, handcuffs behind him, bleeding from the nose and a head wound, otherwise ignored by the herd of COPS who beat him, save for one PLAINCLOTHESMAN, who is going through the man's wallet slowly, tossing ID cards, slips of paper and a few single bills into the street around him like confetti. On the BLEEDING MAN, looking up at his TORMENTOR, taking in the last affront,

BACK TO:

INT. CLASSROOM/POLICE ACADEMY/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - DAY

JENKINS is winding up his lecture, his AUDIENCE rapt.

JENKINS

So what am I saying? That you don't fight if you have to fight? No. That you can't control your posts? Hell no. That your hands are tied? No. Fucking. Way. Get this straight: a police officer in the street -- if he knows the law and how to use the law, if he can write a report and make it read clean, if he understands his own authority -- he gets to win every time. Every fucking time. Because whatever happens, when you come back to the district, or to headquarters downtown, or into any courtroom in the city, it's your word that will prevail. And if you bring in good cases, if you bring in guns and drugs and shooters, then your word wins.

APPLAUSE. On JENKINS, hero to his tribe, delighted,

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNER/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

Our confident PATROLMAN, seemingly operating outside the brutalities of the rest of our MONTAGE, stands twirling his espantoon. On his now-cleared corner, he nods politely to an OLD WOMAN who waddles past with her wheeled grocery cart, too burdened to note the PATROLMAN's greeting. PATROLMAN watches her as an OLDER MAN, late forties, exits the cut-rate with a forty wrapped in a paper bag. The man lifts the bottle to his lips, then notices the OFFICER. A moment as the two assess each other, and then the OLDER MAN, a working man, takes a long pull. As he does the PATROLMAN cocks his head. The MAN lowers the bottle, looks at the COP -- is it a look of disrespect, or of inquiry or even an appeal to reason? The OLDER MAN then starts to walk past the PATROLMAN and off the corner, only to have the PATROLMAN, his espantoon gathered in his fist, knock the bagged bottle to the pavement, where it shatters. THE OLDER MAN looks down at the lost forty, then to the PATROLMAN, who shows only quiet menace. BYSTANDERS near the corner -- a couple ADOLESCENTS, a FEMALE POSTAL CARRIER, another RUMMY entering the cut-rate -- freeze to acknowledge the moment. The OLDER MAN turns and walks away, humiliated. On the PATROLMAN, his primacy declared, twirling his espantoon again,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE/BALTIMORE - DAY

Proffer Session. MOMODU "G MONEY" GONDO, 34, black, wearing a jailhouse jumpsuit, sits at a scarred table in an interrogation room. Seated across the table are FBI Special Agent ERIKA JENSEN, thirties, white, and BPD SGT. JOHN SIERACKI, fifties, white, also a Federal Task Force Officer. Mounted high on a wall is a video camera, its "on" light illuminated green. The session is being recorded.

JENSEN

And how long had you known Antonio Shropshire...?

(checks her notes)

A-K-A "Brill," before you got involved in his drug operation?

GONDO looks up at the camera on the wall. CAMERA'S POV: Recording the scene in black and white, a timestamp reads "3/25/17" on the frame's lower right corner. BACK TO SCENE:

GONDO

Been knowing Brill about five years.

SIERACKI

You grew up in the same neighborhood.

GONDO

Thereabouts. But I didn't know him comin' up. We got to be close though. I can tell you that.

(smiles)

The one I came up with was Glen.

SIERACKI

Glen?

GONDO

Kyle Wells. I know him by Glen. He grew up around the corner from me.

JENSEN retrieves a mug shot of Wells from the folder, passes it to SIERACKI who nods, making the connection.

JENSEN

We'll get to Mr. Wells. But first, in your recollection, when did you first start doing robberies? Was it before or after you became involved with Shropshire?

GONDO
Before. Had to be around two thousand
and eight or so. But it wasn't,
like, armed robbery. I was just
leaning into some people.

JENSEN
You did that where?

GONDO
All over.

SIERACKI
Was Belvedere Towers on Northern
Parkway a hot spot for you?

GONDO
Yeah, the B-T.
(smiles, remembering)
I did a lot of business up there.

JENSEN looks down at her open folder, sits back. A beat as
JENSEN and SIERACKI stare at GONDO.

JENSEN
Do you know Sean Suiter?

GONDO
A little. Not enough to matter.

JENSEN
When did you first meet Wayne Jenkins?

GONDO
Stew Love? I don't know exactly.
Two Thousand Ten, Eleven. Somethin'
like that.

JENSEN
What was your initial impression?

GONDO
Huh?

SIERACKI
Tell us about him.

GONDO thinks on it. Shakes his head.

GONDO
Jenkins.
(pause, smile)
Jenkins is somethin'.

On GONDO, his answer a non-answer, expression unreadable,

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/MIDDLE EAST/BALTIMORE - DAY

Two unmarked cars are parked on a residential street northwest of Hopkins, south of North Avenue. Two-story row-houses with plywood in the windows, some still holding occupants, but in general it's a neighborhood in full blight and irreversible decline.

INT. UNMARKED CAR 1/MIDDLE EAST/BALTIMORE - DAY

A younger SGT. WAYNE JENKINS, sporting a mustache, sits behind the wheel, in the front seat next to him is DET. MARCUS TAYLOR, 30, black, and in the back seat, DET. EVODIO HENDRIX, 32, black and DET. MAURICE WARD, black, 36. All are wearing bulletproof Kevlar and raid jackets, all are armed. TAYLOR holds a police-issue pump shotgun across his lap. JENKINS eyes the quiet street.

TAYLOR

Come on, Jenkins. While we are young.

JENKINS smiles at him, waits a beat or two more, then keys his hand radio and speaks.

JENKINS

Go.

EXT. STREET/MIDDLE EAST/BALTIMORE - DAY

Both cars empty out as the squad exits their vehicles and move. JENKINS, HENDRIX, WARD, and TAYLOR move down the street, guns drawn, three in front, one behind, as the POLICE from second car enter an alley. JENKINS and his CREW stealthily make their way to the front door of a row-house with dirty white siding. JENKINS cop knocks on the front door. Announces himself rotely, without much volume.

JENKINS

Police. Open Up.

They wait, the door cracks open to reveal a sliver of a BLACK WOMAN who sees who they are.

BLACK WOMAN

Motherfucker!

She screams over her shoulder.

BLACK WOMAN (CONT'D)

Po-lice!

She tries to close the door. JENKINS forces the door open, grabs the BLACK WOMAN by the wrist, pulls her outside as WARD holds her. The others, guns drawn, rush inside.

JENKINS ET ALL (O.S.)
Police, down on the ground!

INT. LIVING ROOM/ROWHOUSE/MIDDLE EAST/BALTIMORE - DAY

Surprised, four BLACK MEN raise their arms as JENKINS and his CREW enter.

JENKINS
Drop down on the ground, now!

HENDRIX
Now, now!

Simultaneously the POLICE from the other car crash through the back door and come out of the kitchen guns drawn, also yelling commands. The BLACK MEN know the drill, they fall to the ground and on their stomachs, their arms behind them. One BLACK MAN who goes only to his knees is pushed to his belly by JENKINS.

JENKINS
Anyone upstairs. Talk.

BLACK MAN #1
No. No one.

Two OFFICERS from the second car move upstairs just the same, guns drawn, cautious. OTHERS use plastic cuffs to secure the suspects. JENKINS pulls cushions off the sofa, finds a couple of semi-automatic handguns.

JENKINS
(to TAYLOR)
Bag those.
(to HENDRIX)
Upstairs.

Guns still drawn, JENKINS and HENDRIX follow the stairs to:

INT. SECOND FLOOR/ROWHOUSE/MIDDLE EAST/BALTIMORE - DAY

Other OFFICERS have cleared the rooms as JENKINS and HENDRIX arrive. JENKINS and HENDRIX immediately go to the closet in the larger BEDROOM and begin finding more guns and even a semiautomatic assault rifle, as well as military-style ammo containers containing bricks of bullets and loaded magazines, including a banana clip.

HENDRIX
Dag, boy. Right where your man said.

JENKINS

I think I'm getting an erection,
Hendrix.

HENDRIX

You're smelling those commendations.

JENKINS leaves the room, moves into the smaller bedroom, looks inside. We HOLD on his face, but do not see what he sees. HENDRIX steps out into the hall, JENKINS turns to face him. On a meaningful look between them,

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE/BALTIMORE - DAY

Debriefing of GONDO continues. He is now finishing up a tableside repast of Chipotle and a large soft drink. SIERACKI and GONDO wait as he takes a last luxurious bite, sip and wipe of the hands on a paper napkin.

GONDO

Can I smoke in here?

JENSEN

You know the answer. There are rules.

GONDO

Are there?

GONDO pulls soft pack of Newports, lights himself up, blows the smoke up at the ceiling. INTERROGATORS let it pass.

GONDO (CONT'D)

Thing about Wayne Jenkins? That cop is fuckin' crazy. He's off the hook, but he understood something the way the rest of you fucking people did not.

GONDO smiles, remembering.

GONDO (CONT'D)

What you know is everything. You understand me?

(not quite)

If you're on the inside of everything, if people are talking to you, if you're talking to them, then you're a step ahead of everybody. The drug game is all about information. Who has it, who gets it, who uses it.

On SIERACKI and JENSEN, taking this in,

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICES/CITYWIDE SHOOTING TEAM/BPD HQ/BALTIMORE - DAY

JENKINS and HENDRIX stride through the Shooting Team offices at BPD headquarters, both carrying duffel bags containing the guns they confiscated in the raid. ON DET. SEAN SUITER, early 40s, black, seated at his desk, on the phone.

SUITER

Thanks, I'll stop by today.

He ends the call, replaces the receiver in its cradle. On a cork board next to SUITER's desk are photos of his five children and his wife, along with mug shots, morgue photos and Christian icons/imagery. SUITER sees JENKINS and HENDRIX approach, eyes them with recognition. Wariness rather than affection.

SUITER (CONT'D)

Wayne. Evodio.

HENDRIX looks at JENKINS, who nods him along.

JENKINS

(To Hendrix)

Get in line at E.C.U. and I'll be right down, okay.

HENDRIX nods, walks on.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Damn, De-tec-tive Suiter. Citywide Shootings. Look at you.

SUITER

I hear you're doin' alright for yourself, too.

JENKINS

Shit, I remember when both of us were fresh to V-C-I-D. Look at us now.

SUITER

(not fondly)

Time flies and all that bullshit. In four years I'll have my twenty in, and then I'm gone. What about you?

JENKINS

Retire? No fuckin' way.

SUITER looks at the bag in JENKINS' hand.

SUITER
What do you got there?

JENKINS
We hit the jackpot on a stash-house
raid. Eastside. Shitbirds had enough
artillery to start a war.
(nods at caseboard)
And since I know you guys have about
a half-dozen fresh bodies in the
Eastern in the last two weeks, I
thought I'd let you all know about
the haul.

JENKINS drops bag on the desk, opens it enough to pull out
the AK, display it with obvious pride.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
We even pulled a semi-auto rifle.
(to the room)
Any of you guys got a case with a
shit-ton of three-eighty casings at
the scene. Because if you do, I'm
your man.

A couple DETECTIVES look up, moderately impressed.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
Anyway, when you run these through
ballistics, maybe you get lucky. If
you do, I got all the info on the
crew we bagged.

SUITER
Another feather in your cap, Wayne.

JENKINS
See you around, hotshot.

JENKINS walks, SUITER eyes him as he goes. On SUITER,
contemplating their history.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE/BALTIMORE - DAY

GONDO continues with his INTERROGATORS, still surrounded by
the lunch trash. He starts to light a second cig, but JENSEN
pulls the lighter from him. One is enough. GONDO shrugs.

GONDO
Another thing about your boy Jenkins?
(MORE)

GONDO (CONT'D)

He produces, am I right? Other police, they're pretenders. Wayne Jenkins puts it on the table day after motherfuckin' day.

SIERACKI

That a fact?

GONDO

He's an asshole. Motherfucker thinks he owns the streets and he can't stop saying so. But, shit, he brings it. Always.

As SIERACKI makes a note,

CUT TO:

INT. EVIDENCE CONTROL UNIT/BPD HQ/BALTIMORE - DAY

JENKINS enters, where HENDRIX is waiting, one from the front of the line. A plainclothes cop, WALKER, forties, white, dumpy, is ahead of them, entering a single pistol into Evidence Control to the ECU OFFICER in the cage.

JENKINS

Hey, Walker, why don't you step aside? We got some serious iron here.

WALKER

You can wait.

JENKINS looks at the gun WALKER is entering.

JENKINS

What is that, a BB gun? It's a Crossman, right?

WALKER

Fuck you, Wayne.

HENDRIX

Make room for men, Walker.

JENKINS

Yeah, don't you gotta help an old lady across the street or sumshit?

WALKER

(weary)

You always were an asshole, Jenkins.

JENKINS

When you got a big dick, you wear
tight pants.

JENKINS pulls out the AK for effect. ECU OFFICER whistles.
On JENKINS, who knows who he is.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE/BALTIMORE - DAY

JENSEN picks up the lunch trash, walks it out as GONDO
continues talking to SIERACKI.

GONDO

So, tell me something. How you all
get on to all this shit?

SIERACKI

We ask the questions.

GONDO

I'm just curious. What was it that
brought you all into us?

SIERACKI

Long story. Lotta twists.

GONDO gives a small LAUGH, thinking on it as JENSEN re-enters
the interrogation room.

GONDO

Tell me about it.

GONDO thinks back. On SIERACKI, joined by JENSEN, watching
him, thinking themselves of what brought them here.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN.

Sound of police radio SQUAWK. FADE UP on white letters:

BEL AIR, MARYLAND

FADE DOWN TO BLACK and then FADE UP on:

TWO YEARS EARLIER

CUT TO:

EXT. SINGLE FAMILY HOUSE/BEL AIR, MD - NIGHT

A crime scene in a suburban neighborhood, Harford County
squad cars and an ambulance, bar lights illuminated and

strobing the perimeter. ONLOOKERS on the sidewalk, all of them white, a uniformed PATROLMAN keeping them back.

INT. LIVING ROOM/SINGLE FAMILY HOUSE/BEL AIR, MD - NIGHT

Harford County Narcotics Task Force CPL. DAVID MCDOUGALL, 33, white, plainclothes in a hoodie fronted by a badge on a chain, stands over ED ZOLLER, a white addict slumped on a couch, weak and pale as milk. Next to ZOLLER is Deputy GORDON HAWK, thirties, white, another badged HCNTF cop. Through an open bedroom door, we SEE the corpse of ASHLEY LEWIS, lying on the carpet beside the bed. A couple of EMTs are in the room, but they're no longer working on LEWIS. They're laying out a black body bag. She's young, white, dead.

ZOLLER

Ashley...

MCDOUGALL

(matter of fact)

Your wife didn't make it, Mr. Zoller. She was already gone when the E-M-Ts arrived. We revived you with a shot.

ZOLLER

(distraught)

Fuck, fuck...

MCDOUGALL

It was her who called nine-one-one, if that's any consolation.

(more thoughtful)

If you're gonna keep doin' this stuff, you should keep some Narcan around.

ZOLLER buries his face in his hands. HAWK carefully picks up a ziplock evidence bag off the table from its corner, it contains four glassbags of heroin with a Bumblebee stamp on each.

HAWK

Mister Zoller.

ZOLLER looks at HAWK.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Where'd this come from?

ZOLLER

The city.

HAWK

Be more specific. There's other Bumblebees like this in your bedroom.

(MORE)

HAWK (CONT'D)

That tells us you cop from the same
guy on the regular. Who is it?

ZOLLER

Goes by "Black."

MCDUGALL

That doesn't narrow it down much.

ZOLLER

His name is Anderson. That's all I
know. We're not tight. I roll into
the city and I roll out. I don't
even get out of my car.

HAWK

Where do you cop?

ZOLLER

The Alameda. That strip up next to
the chicken-box place.

MCDUGALL

You sure about that name? Just
Anderson? Nothing else?

ZOLLER

All he ever gave me. Yeah.
(starts to cry)
Fuck.

ZOLLER stares hollow eyed at his dead wife. The EMTs are
zipping her into a bag. MCDUGALL and HAWK stand.

MCDUGALL

Sorry for your loss.

As the POLICE head for the front door,

CUT TO:

EXT. SINGLE FAMILY HOUSE/BEL AIR, MD - NIGHT

MCDUGALL, HAWK exit to weedy front lawn, HAWK lights a cig.

MCDUGALL

Whoever this Anderson is, he's dealing
Shropshire product. The Bumblebee
bags are Brill's sig.

HAWK

Shit is layin' people out.

MCDUGALL

And it's all coming from the city,
and all from the same guy. Bumblebees
every-damn-where.

HAWK

We can't be the only ones who're
looking at Shropshire.

MCDUGALL

(thinks a beat)
Let's go home.

On MCDUGALL, taking the next step,

CUT TO:

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR/NORTH AVENUE/BALTIMORE - DAY

NICOLE STEELE, thirties, black, business attire, drives west on a blighted North Avenue, listening to 2015 R&B on her radio. Her appearance suggests not the street, but higher education and a professional aspect. As she nears a disturbance on the block ahead -- police cars, OFFICERS, an ARRESTEE sprawled on the ground, struggling, black BYSTANDERS gathered in a crowd, she pulls over to watch from the opposite side of the street. She hits her flashers, puts her car into park, and rolls down her window, her face open and curious at the disturbance. From her POV: Several POLICE OFFICERS are attempting to complete the arrest of a BLACK MAN, a detained PEDESTRIAN, while the BYSTANDERS have gathered and are hindering the arrest with physical presence and shouts: "He ain't do shit" And, "You gonna give him a ride like you did Freddie?" Several BYSTANDERS have their smartphones out and are videotaping the arrest.

EXT. CORNER/NORTH AVENUE/BALTIMORE -- DAY

CLOSER on the scene of the disturbance and we are in the middle of an angry, albeit not-quite-violent maelstrom of dissent and recrimination. The ARRESTEE is trying to fight off the handcuffs, and the OFFICERS are struggling as they are reluctant to use sufficient force with a CROWD gazing at their every move and wielding smartphones.

ARRESTEE

This is all bullshit.

Other OFFICERS stand by the ARRESTEE's car, its passenger door splayed open, rifling the glove compartment, looking for a case.

BYSTANDER #1

You up in his shit for no reason.

BYSTANDER #2

Fuck the poh-leece.

SMARTPHONE CAMERA'S VIDEO POV: Showing date and timestamp for this 2015 afternoon, as OFFICER #1 manages to get one of the ARRESTEE's wrists in the bracelet as OFFICER #2 fights to bring his other arm behind.

OFFICER #2

Stop fighting. You wanna get hit?

OFFICER #1 grabs the ARRESTEE by the back of the neck.

BYSTANDER #3

Yeah, go on, nigga, beat on him like you gonna do. We know you wanna.

OFFICERS look up and the SMARTPHONE catches their look. They are onstage. PULL BACK to STEELE watching from her car across the street. She, too, now has her smartphone out and is filming all.

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR/NORTH AVENUE/BALTIMORE - DAY

ON STEELE filming a scene in which a half dozen smartphones are now trained on the scene of the arrest, held aloft by BYSTANDERS like antennae twirling above it all.

EXT. CORNER/NORTH AVENUE/BALTIMORE - DAY

OFFICER #1 POV: still trying to get the ARRESTEE's second wrist into his cuffs: The swirl of cell phones pointed at him in righteous fury. He looks to OFFICER #2, angry, and mutters an obscenity.

OFFICER #2

Fuck this.

OFFICER #1 takes his, uncuffs the wrists, stands, and glares at the crowd, every smartphone arrayed around him.

OFFICER #1

Do what you fuckin' want.
(bitterly)
Peace, out.

He flips his handcuffs and pockets them, walking back to his radio car. OFFICER #2 follows, throwing a last line over his shoulder as he does.

OFFICER #2

Police yourselves.

Two other OFFICERS, backing up the arrest, look at each other and begin their own walk away to the LAUGHTER and CHEERS of the CROWD. PULL BACK to:

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR/NORTH AVENUE/BALTIMORE - DAY

STEELE films the last of the POLICE retreat from the corner, as the ARRESTEE, now no longer that, is helped to his feet by a BYSTANDER while others MOCK the departing POLICE. On STEELE, who has seen enough, putting her car in gear, taking off her flashers, and driving away,

CUT TO:

INT. OFFSITE OFFICE/HARFORD COUNTY, MD - DAY

The messy office of the Harford County Narcotics Task Force, where MCDUGALL is seated before a laptop, searching. HAWK is standing by a board on a wall, where photos are arranged, maps, etc., we sense that they are working a large case. We SEE the name "Shropshire, Antonio Shawn, Jr." with an accompanying photo and his AKAs, "Brill" and "Tony" printed below it, and then a string going to someone named "Wells, Glen Kyle" with his AKA "Lou." HAWK is tacking up a new name, "Aaron Anderson" with the AKA "Black" and a "?" next to that street name, the supposed player they got from the OD scene. There's also a map of greater Baltimore with pins indicating deaths by overdose.

HAWK

Anderson hits eleven hundred times in the police computer. Black pushes that to fifteen hundred. Anderson with Black is still over a hundred, but this guy...

(holds up arrest sheet)

...Aaron Anderson, grew up near The Alameda, so I'm gettin' a photo printed up...

(nod to laptop)

Anything on the C-E?

MCDUGALL

One hit for Brill.

C.U. on the LAPTOP SCREEN, we see the logo of Baltimore County, Shropshire's name in BOLD. BACK to WIDE:

MCDUGALL (CONT'D)

Baltimore County.

HAWK

Lemme guess. Kilpatrick. That fuckin' Mick has a hand in everything.

MCDUGALL

Be nice. The Irish are everywhere.

MCDUGALL checks a list of numbers on a nearby bulletin board, then reaches for his phone. He dials, waits. Answer:

VOICE (O.S.)

Narcotics.

MCDUGALL

Is Kilpatrick in?

(waits)

McDougall. With the task force outta Harford County. Yeah, tell him it's about my bar tab.

(to HAWK)

That should get him to the phone.

On MCDUGALL, waiting to talk to a neighboring colleague,

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE/U.S. COURTHOUSE/BALTIMORE - DAY

STEELE pushes on a door marked with a temporary paper sign of O.C.R. Baltimore Mission, enters the temporary offices of an ongoing civil rights investigation by Washington U.S. attorneys assigned to Baltimore, puts her laptop bag down on her desk. Nearby, a young attorney, BRAD ROSENTHAL, white, sits at his own desk, eating a sub while he watches a video on his laptop.

ROSENTHAL

I looked for you at lunch.

STEELE

I went for some carry-out. Shore Seafood, Northeast Market. Heard good things about their lake trout.

ROSENTHAL

Lake trout?

STEELE

You learn a city by its food.

STEELE removes her laptop, opens it, turns it on. ON her desk: printed-out clippings from the Baltimore Sun on the Freddie Gray death and subsequent uprising, a file labelled "Civilian Review Board," etc.

ROSENTHAL (O.S.)

Nicole, you should see this.

STEELE goes to his desk, looks over his shoulder at the video
 ONSCREEN: it's a newly-posted YouTube video of the altercation
 that Steele witnessed, albeit limited to the fight over the
 cuffs and focused on Officer #2 grabbing the arrestee's neck.

ROSENTHAL (CONT'D)

IPhones are no friend to the B.P.D.

STEELE

On North Avenue. I was just there.

ROSENTHAL

Damn, they do post these quick.

STEELE watches for a beat or two more until video finishes.
 Then she takes out her phone and swipes to find her own video.

STEELE

Did you see how it ended?

ROSENTHAL

This one ends with the guy on the
 ground.

STEEL

Nope. It ended when the police ran
 the hell away.

STEELE plays her video from earlier on her phone.

ROSENTHAL

What do you mean?

STEELE

They quit the arrest. With cameras
 pointing at them in every direction,
 they just cut and ran. Just left
 the man there on the pavement.

ROSENTHAL watches STEELE's video of the altercation's end.

ROSENTHAL

Well that makes a statement.

STEELE

Sure does. Says that after Freddie
 Gray, if we have to police the right
 way, we're not gonna police at all.

On STEELE, pulling out her lake trout,

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE/BALTIMORE COUNTY NARCOTICS/TOWSON, MD - DAY

MCDUGALL is seated before the desk of Baltimore County Narcotics DET. SCOTT KILPATRICK, thirties, white. ON the wall: photos, maps, strings and charts, similar to the casework being done in Harford County, a photo of Shropshire and his minions, along with photos of men being investigated in other cases. There's an open file on KILPATRICK's desk.

MCDUGALL

So, Shropshire.

KILPATRICK

Up on him for awhile, but Brill's slick. He stays away from the hot spots.

MCDUGALL nods at the wall.

MCDUGALL

And his people?

KILPATRICK

Glen Wells, 'Twan Washington...

MCDUGALL

What about a guy named Aaron Anderson, goes by Black?

KILPATRICK looks through the file, stops at a name.

KILPATRICK

Anderson. I don't have him dealing the same kind of weight as Shropshire. Or his lieutenants. He might be with them. Or not.

MCDUGALL

Well, I got four O-Ds out in Harford, all on Bumblebee bags. Latest one last night and Anderson dealt it.

KILPATRICK

Huh.

MCDUGALL

Fact is, I've been tracking stuff through the M.E. for central Maryland. These fucking Bumblebee bags have dropped like a dozen people so far. Six in the city, three in your county, one down in Arundel.

KILPATRICK

(rifles paperwork)

I have Anderson working out on The Alameda, that shopping center they got below Belvedere, but I don't have a good address on him. Stays with girlfriends mostly. Drives a Cherokee, if I remember. Also in a girl's name.

MCDUGALL

Yeah, my last O.D. says he copped off The Alameda.

KILPATRICK

You could set up shop.

MCDUGALL

I don't want to step on your toes.

KILPATRICK

You have jurisdiction if your case leads you there. And we want the same thing. It's all coming out of the city anyway. Hard to make a county case without us all showing up downtown, right?

MCDUGALL

Throw in together on this?

KILPATRICK

Sure. But Harford and Baltimore County only, for now. I've been to The Alameda. It's an open market, but you rarely see a bust. The drug boys there see B.P.D. radio cars cruise by and they don't even flinch.

They look at each other for a beat. Finally:

MCDUGALL

We're not gonna make a dent in this shit, are we?

KILPATRICK

If I thought about that, I wouldn't get outta bed.

On MCDUGALL and KILPATRICK, honest county cops swimming against a powerful city tide,

CUT TO:

INT. EXXON STATION MINIMART/THE ALAMEDA/BALTIMORE - NIGHT

HAWK, dressed in street grunge, is paying for two coffees, American Spirit cigarettes, and candy through the Plexiglas reach-through of a gas station minimart. A MAN waits behind him, while another MAN does scratch-offs on the counter. HAWK is the only white person in the place, but he looks suitably downtrodden and hence unsuspecting.

HAWK

Thank you, brother.

He exits the minimart.

EXT. EXXON STATION MINIMART/THE ALAMEDA/BALTIMORE - NIGHT

HAWK crosses the small lot to a van parked nose-out, it's blacked-out rear windows facing the expansive parking lot of The Alameda Shopping Center, a down-market retail strip by day, drug market by night. We SEE vehicles lined up, SELLERS and RUNNERS loitering, servicing the drive-thru trade. HAWK pauses to check out the Bank of America across the street, its lot holding parked cars, though the bank is closed. A young DRUG PLAYER locks his vehicle there and then crosses the street, heads towards the shopping center lot. HAWK opens the side door of the van, careful not to open it too wide and reveal the interior.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN/THE ALAMEDA/BALTIMORE - NIGHT

HAWK slips in, closing the door behind him. MCDUGALL is there, street clothes, looking out the back windows through binoculars. A 35mm camera within reach. There's a laptop, working, and video monitor set up on a folding table, but its screen is black.

HAWK

Here.

HAWK hands MCDUGALL a coffee.

MCDUGALL

A little milk and extra foam, right?

HAWK

Double cap with a dash of vanilla, dry. I told the barista. But he told me to go fuck myself.

MCDUGALL sips his coffee, makes an awful face.

MCDUGALL

Fucking perfect.

HAWK nods at the window.

HAWK

Anything?

MCDUGALL

(dry)

I could be confused, but there seems to be some drug-related activity out here tonight.

HAWK snorts a small laugh.

MCDUGALL (CONT'D)

But I can't make out the players. Our man at BGE will be here in the morning to set up the camera for us on one of the light poles, so we can read the monitor.

HAWK

You know that Bank of America across the street?

MCDUGALL

Yeah?

HAWK

Guys are parking their whips there before they go to work.

MCDUGALL

Good to know. You bring me anything else?

HAWK tosses MCDUGALL a roll of SweetARTS.

MCDUGALL (CONT'D)

Thanks.

MCDUGALL puts his eyes to the binoculars.

MCDUGALL (CONT'D)

I can't see shit.

On MCDUGALL and HAWK, working,

CUT TO:

EXT. DRUG MARKET/THE ALAMEDA/BALTIMORE - DAY

They've been there all night and into the next day. Open-air drug market still in full effect. REVERSE on the surveillance van right where we left it on Exxon lot.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN/THE ALAMEDA/BALTIMORE - DAY

MCDUGALL and HAWK in the van, coffee cups, candy bar wrappers on the floor. The monitor is up, showing a view of the parking lot/drug market, the image coming from the camera newly mounted on a light pole. The van door is slightly open, HAWK eyes the Bank of America parking lot, 35mm camera in hand. ON THE MONITOR SCREEN: open air drug dealing.

MCDUGALL
(looking at monitor)
Drive-thru windows, for Chrissake.
These guys just don't give a fuck.

HAWK (O.S.)
Hey, Dave...

MCDUGALL turns to see HAWK firing off photographs.

HAWK (CONT'D)
I think Anderson just got out of his
ride. Looks like him, anyway.

HAWK's POV through the partially open door: AARON "BLACK" ANDERSON, tall and rangy, is activating his key fob, locking his Jeep Cherokee remotely as he walks away from it and crosses the street towards the shopping center.

HAWK (CONT'D)
Late model Cherokee.

MCDUGALL
You get the plates?

HAWK checks the viewfinder on his digital camera.

HAWK
Yeah.

MCDUGALL watches the monitor, ONSCREEN: ANDERSON walks to a far corner of the lot, daps up a couple of GUYS who are standing around a car.

HAWK (CONT'D)
You got eyes on him?

MCDUGALL
Affirmative.

ON the MONITOR, a box truck eases across the lot and comes to stop in front of one of the stores. TRUCK DRIVER is copping, not making a delivery but the truck is blocking the camera view of ANDERSON and his MINIONS. C.U. on the monitor -- the action obscured.

MCDOUGALL (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

On MCDOUGALL, thwarted, for now,

TIME CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN/THE ALAMEDA/BALTIMORE - DAY

KILPATRICK, MCDOUGALL, and HAWK in the surveillance van, more littered with trash than before. The laptop is on, as is the monitor feed from the camera. KILPATRICK is looking at the monitor. C.U. on the monitor: CARS are lined up, the SELLERS are selling. A WHITE WOMAN sits behind the wheel of her car, waiting her turn, a BABY in the back seat.

KILPATRICK

Look at that. Wifey's got a kid in the car.

WIDE to van interior:

MCDOUGALL

Surprised?

KILPATRICK

Shouldn't be, but I always am.

MCDOUGALL

I've seen guys pull in here who look like they work at T. Rowe Price. People in wheelchair vans. Cars with Hopkins stickers in the windows.

HAWK

Heroin's cheaper than Oxy. What do you expect?

C.U. on monitor as KILPATRICK toggles to a different camera, marks a parked Jeep in the B.O.A. lot across the street.

KILPATRICK

And we think that's Anderson's Jeep?

MCDOUGALL

We do. But he rolled out and we don't know when he's coming back.

KILPATRICK

Patience then.

MCDOUGALL

Yeah.

(beat)

You think your latest intel is good?

KILPATRICK

On Anderson? I think so. Two of my good C.I.'s swear he's not using Brill anymore. Getting his shit somewhere else.

MCDUGALL

Might be better for us if they're not together. We pull Anderson up, he might be more inclined to deliver up Shropshire.

KILPATRICK

Something else I got. Last spring, Anderson got pulled up by B.P.D. for dealing in the parking lot at Belvedere Towers. City guys tossed his car and found three hundred grams. Federal weight, but they didn't charge him.

HAWK

So he talked his way out of it?

MCDUGALL

Good guess. Gotta trade something good to get outta that weight. I like that history. I like a man who cooperates early and often. Or maybe Baltimore City just does things different than we do in the county. Who fucking knows?

On our county DRUG TASK FORCE GUYS, waiting,

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE MAYOR'S OFFICE/CITY HALL/BALTIMORE - DAY

STEELE and ROSENTHAL sit with embattled Baltimore City MAYOR STEPHANIE RAWLINGS-BLAKE, 45, black, and several AIDES, racially mixed.

RAWLINGS-BLAKE

I'm not your opponent here, Ms. Steele. No one is. You'll remember that I first asked voluntarily for a civil rights assessment of our department...

STEELE

And here we are...

ROSENTHAL

Although now, instead of the collaborate and voluntary review, you are now subject to a full pattern-and-practice probe by DOJ's Civil Rights Division.

STEELE

Which will carry the weight of law.

RAWLINGS-BLAKE

Which means a consent decree.

ROSENTHAL

Likely it will, Miz Mayor.

RAWLINGS-BLAKE

Well, we began this process with you in good faith.

ROSENTHAL

But under pressure. The Sun's reporting on the city's legal payouts in brutality cases may have been the spark here...

STEELE

But Freddie Gray was the fire. I would think there's now even more of an imperative for federal intervention.

RAWLINGS-BLAKE

As far as I am concerned, Ms. Steele, this city is open to you and the D.O.J. Anything and everything that can be done to turn this thing around needs to happen sooner, not later.

ROSENTHAL

Can I ask what prompted you to seek the resignation of the police commissioner?

RAWLINGS-BLAKE

(sarcastic)

Have you seen the crime stats?

MAYORAL AIDE #1

Since Freddie Gray, the city is out of control. Murders, shootings, robberies -- everything is up and up big.

STEELE

I am getting the impression that the police -- some of them anyway -- are quitting on you.

ROSENTHAL

A work slow-down.

RAWLINGS-BLAKE

That is the new commissioner's worry as well. He says arrests have nosedived in the last months, beginning with Mosby's indictments of the six officers for Freddie Gray.

STEELE and ROSENTHAL share a look.

RAWLINGS-BLAKE (CONT'D)

But you asked why I replaced Commissioner Batts. And, between you and me, the honest truth is that I began to lose faith in him even before the crime rate exploded. In fact, I would date it to the day of Freddie Gray's funeral.

MAYORAL AIDE #1

Funeral and the rioting that followed.

MAYORAL AIDE #2

(correcting)

The uprising.

MAYORAL AIDE #1

Uprising. Pardon me.

RAWLINGS-BLAKE

Call it what you will, with the funeral scheduled and the city on edge, I called Commissioner Batts to ask what our preparations were. And I reached him on his way to the airport.

(pause)

He was taking his vacation in Greece, which he had scheduled earlier.

The MAYOR lets that sit a moment.

RAWLINGS-BLAKE (CONT'D)

Not that he came back to Baltimore and turned anything around. By then, I had people in the police department telling me that there was a job action underway.

MAYORAL AIDE #2

And arrests are still way down at this moment. With the crime rate at an all-time high. They're mad as hell about Mosby's indictments.

STEELE

Real reform has a cost.

RAWLINGS-BLAKE

Which we will pay. But that cost can't be that we lose control of the entire police department. Not with so much violence in the streets.

On STEELE and ROSENTHAL, contemplating the pressure coming at City Hall from every side,

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR/BALTIMORE MAYOR'S OFFICE/CITY HALL - DAY

STEELE and ROSENTHAL exit the meeting, wait until they are clear of AIDES in the outer office before proceeding down a corridor and pausing to talk.

ROSENTHAL

Damned if she does. Damned if she doesn't.

On STEELE, disgusted at the extortion involved,

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT/ANDERSON'S APARTMENT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

ANDERSON drives his Jeep onto the small apartment lot in quiet, suburban Pikesville. He finds a space, exits the vehicle, clicking it locked with his keyfob. He begins walking toward a building. As he does, we SEE the surveillance van slowly park on a street at a block's distance and dim its headlights.

INT. VAN/STREET/ANDERSON'S APARTMENT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

MCDUGALL and HAWK watch ANDERSON ascend exterior stairs at the apartment complex and enter a second-floor door with a key. They wait a moment or two longer.

MCDUGALL

Let him settle.

A moment or two more and the lights go on in that unit.

MCDOUGALL (CONT'D)

Go.

EXT. PARKING LOT/ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

From underneath the Jeep, we watch HAWK's legs jog closer and closer until his feet are replaced by his face as he kneels down at the rear of the Jeep. He reaches toward camera to place an electronic tracker on the underside of the vehicle.

INT. VAN/STREET/ANDERSON'S APARTMENT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

MCDOUGALL watches HAWK jog back and enter passenger door.

HAWK

We're up on Anderson.

As MCDOUGALL, puts it in gear and pulls out,

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE/DOWNTOWN BALTIMORE - DAY

STEELE is seated across the desk of KEVIN HAUGHTON, forties, black, a longtime Public Defender and native Baltimorean. He looks at her ID, hands it back.

HAUGHTON

So it took Freddie Gray dying in the back of a jail wagon to finally bring you people up to Baltimore.

STEELE

I've been on the ground since before then. We were asked in by the mayor as consultants after the newspaper here did those articles on all the brutality cases. Then, with Freddie Gray, we transitioned into a full-blown civil rights investigation by D.O.J. and, being an attorney, I transitioned to the O.C.R. probe for the sake of continuity.

(nod at nametag)

You've been a P.D. how long?

HAUGHTON

Twelve years. Too long.

STEELE

I guess that's why I got your name.

HAUGHTON

What do you need from me?

STEELE

How about a name? If I was gonna look at one problem cop as a prime example of what's gone wrong here in Baltimore, where might I start?

HAUGHTON thinks for a moment. Smiles.

HAUGHTON

Hersl. Daniel Hersl. H-E-R-S-L.

STEELE

Where's he work?

HAUGHTON

Eastern District. Last I checked.

HAUGHTON holds up a finger as if to pause her, then reaches into a file cabinet, roots around until he discovers a file. He opens it in front of her, arrays some photos. C.U. on photos: black citizens with bruises on their face, split lips, etc., and Hersl in uniform.

HAUGHTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A collection only from my own cases. These are some of the people Hersl arrested. That's how they went into the van. Relatives took these photos of them when they bounced back home.

STEELE

Any of these have complaints attached?

HAUGHTON

All of 'em. All unsustainable.

STEELE looks at the photos then at HAUGHTON.

STEELE

Daniel Hersl.

HAUGHTON

He's a prince.

On STEELE, looking at the photos of brutalized citizens,

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/EAST BALTIMORE - DAY

C.U. on the name plate, D. Hersl as we HEAR:

HERSL (O.S.)

License and registration.

PULL BACK to DANIEL HERSL, 45, white, beefy, in uniform, standing outside of the driver's side of a car he has pulled over. The driver is DAVID BATES, thirties, black, in Carhartt work clothes. His SON, preteen, is beside him.

BATES

What'd I do?

HERSL

That stop sign at the four-way back there? It means *stop*. Not pause, not tap the brakes and proceed. *Stop*.

BATES

I made a full stop. What you want me to do, put it in park and sit a while?

HERSL

Funny.
(smile fades)
License and registration.

The SON opens the glove box. HERSL has his hand on his sidearm as the SON reaches inside and hands BATES the registration. BATES produces that and his wallet. But before he can retrieve his license, HERSL gestures at the billfold:

HERSL (CONT'D)

Give it here.

BATES

Don't you want me to pull my license out first?

HERSL

No need.

HERSL takes the wallet, the registration. Examines the registration, hands it back to BATES, then opens the wallet.

HERSL (CONT'D)

Let's see...

HERSL takes out credit cards, photos, an insurance card, deliberately tosses all to the pavement.

BATES

(weakly)
Come on.

HERSL

Here it is.

HERSL reads the license theatrically.

HERSL (CONT'D)
 David Bates. Ah yeah. Monument
 Street address. Nice neighborhood.
 Congratulations on all your success.

HERSL hands BATES the wallet and driver's license, leaves everything else on the street.

HERSL (CONT'D)
 You can go. In the future, Mr.
 Bates, obey the law and with less
 backtalk.

BATES, thoroughly emasculated in front of his SON, eyefucks HERSL as he walks back to his squad car. On HERSL, chest out,

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT/ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

C.U. on the silhouette of the magnetic tracker under the Jeep. PAN slowly past it, beyond the vehicle tire and bumper and then racking focus on MCDUGALL and HAWK in an undercover car, parked at the edge of the lot.

INT. UNDERCOVER CAR/PARKING LOT/ANDERSON'S APT - NIGHT

MCDUGALL and HAWK watch ANDERSON's apartment. HAWK takes photographs with his camera.

MCDUGALL
 Just the girlfriend on the lease?

HAWK
 Yeah. Te'Ana. The Cherokee's also
 registered in her name.

MCDUGALL
 Man's a homebody? He stays put most
 nights.

HAWK
 Seems so.

On the COPS, eyeing Anderson's apartment door,

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE/BALTIMORE COUNTY NARCOTICS UNIT/TOWSON MD - DAY

ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY ANDREA "ANDI" SMITH, fifties, white, dark hair, petite, sits with KILPATRICK and MCDOUGALL, perusing their reports, listening to their pitch.

MCDOUGALL

And we're up to eighteen overdoses, twelve fatal in three counties and the city. That's how I got on Shropshire and Anderson both.

KILPATRICK

And we've been on Shropshire for a while now, trying to build something.

MCDOUGALL

Given all of the jurisdictions, we feel like we might do better if the task force takes it federal.

SMITH

The overdoses are interesting. We've got some statutes that we could apply in ways that the locals can't.

(closing file)

You can definitely tie the heroin to these organizations?

MCDOUGALL

Testimony of at least four survivors. It's all coming out of Northeast Baltimore, off The Alameda.

SMITH

How close are you on it?

KILPATRICK

Shropshire is pretty insulated. He might take some time.

MCDOUGALL

But Anderson is sloppy. We've got a tracker on his vehicle and we're probably a week or two from being able to write warrants.

On SMITH, willing to take this on,

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT/ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

ANDERSON comes out of his apartment, as if on cue. He gets into his Jeep, starts it, pulls out of the lot and rolls

down the block. A few moments after he has departed, another car rolls up from the other direction, parks in his vacated space. GONDO, in street clothes, gets out of the driver's door and scans the lot. He is joined by DET. JEMELL RAYAM, 34, black, street clothes, who also eyes the lot.

RAYAM
Tracker don't lie.

GONDO
No, it don't.

Satisfied that Anderson's Jeep is gone, they slide down into:

INT. CAR/PARKING LOT/ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

GONDO eyes the apartment as RAYAM checks his semi-auto and preps himself. In the backseat, Gondo's childhood best friend, GLEN WELLS, 34, black, is also putting up his hoodie, readying himself. Nothing indicates that anyone is a police officer.

RAYAM
Ain't nobody else in the crib, right?

WELLS
Not that I know. But I heard he keeps mad money in that joint. Usually more than a hunnert thou. Times I seen him, he been flashin' jewelry, too.

RAYAM
(to GONDO)
Watch our six.

On RAYAM, opening the car door,

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR/PARKING LOT/ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

RAYAM is standing over the open trunk of the car. He picks up a Glock 17, releases the magazine, checks the load, reseats the mag, holsters the gun in his dip. Looks at a Remington 870 pump-action shotgun, touches it, decides to leave it behind. RAYAM fits a pair of lightly-powdered nitrate gloves on his hands, and then pulls a full ski mask down over his face, a hoodie over that. Joining him, checking his own 9mm, WELLS pulls the strings of his own hoodie tight.

INT. CAR/PARKING LOT/ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

GONDO watches as RAYAM approaches the apartment stairs and goes up to Anderson's second-floor apartment.

EXT. DOOR/ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

RAYAM raises a booted leg and kick-smashes through the cheap door, it splinters, opens. As RAYAM and WELLS, guns drawn, enter the apartment, PULL BACK TO:

INT. CAR/PARKING LOT/ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

On GONDO, waiting patiently in the car, as if this is almost routine,

CUT TO:

INT. OFFSITE OFFICE/HARFORD COUNTY, MD - NIGHT

MCDUGALL and HAWK pecking out search-and-seizure warrants on competing computer terminals. MCDUGALL finishes a document, hits save and then send, and walks toward a printer as it SPUTTERS to life, emitting a page. As he begins walking back to his computer, he looks over HAWK's shoulder.

MCDUGALL

Fuck is that?

HAWK

What?

MCDUGALL

What is 'A faint'?

HAWK

Affiant.

MCDUGALL

I is before the A.

HAWK looks over his screen, frowning.

MCDUGALL (CONT'D)

Got it wrong just the once, or every fucking time?

HAWK

Shit.

MCDUGALL

You don't learn to spell soon, we'll be serving this warrant around Christmas.

On HAWK, scrolling back up to correct all,

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT/ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

RAYAM and WELLS jog out of the apartment, a full pillowcase in hand. GONDO, idling, has opened the trunk lid from inside the car. RAYAM dumps everything in, comes around, enters:

INT. CAR/PARKING LOT/ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

RAYAM gets into the back seat, strips off his mask, lowers his hoodie, blurts out, adrenalized:

RAYAM

Done.

(beat)

Go.

GONDO

Got what we came for?

RAYAM

Got what was there. Bitch damn near pissed herself she was so scared.

GONDO looks to WELLS, curious. WELLS shrugs.

WELLS

His girl was up in there.

On GONDO, grinning as he throws the car in reverse, angles out of the parking spot, and drives off,

CUT TO:

FLASH TO 2017:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE/BALTIMORE - DAY

CAMERA'S POV: Recording in black and white, TE'ANA, a black female, twenties, is seated at the table before JENSEN and SIERACKI, both with note-pads."

JENSEN

You had no idea this was coming.

TE'ANA

(shakes her head)

I was shook.

ON SCENE in interrogation room:

JENSEN

Did you recognize them?

TE'ANA

Nah, he had, like, the one had a mask on his face. Inside a hoodie. Other had his hoodie drawn tight.

JENSEN

But you suspected someone.

TE'ANA

My man said...

JENSEN

You mean Aaron Anderson.

TE'ANA

(nods)

Aaron said it might have been 'Twan Washington. That his brother Munch was prolly drivin' the car they left out with.

SIERACKI

Munch. That would be...

(checks notes)

...Alexander Campbell.

TE'ANA

Yeah. Aaron said 'Twan knew where we stayed at, and that we kept money and stuff in our spot.

JENSEN

What happened next?

TE'ANA

(matter of fact)

They robbed me.

FLASHBACK:

INT. BEDROOM/ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

We PICK UP on RAYAM, WELLS as they come crashing through the same door seen earlier, masked. RAYAM points his gun at TE'ANA's chest and speaks with menace:

RAYAM

Where's it at? Don't act stupid, neither, and don't waste my time. You know what I'm talkin' about.

TE'ANA's too scared to answer. She has put her hands up and they're shaking.

RAYAM (CONT'D)

Ai-ight, then. Lie down on the carpet
and put your head down.

She gets off the bed, lies down on her stomach, but...

TE'ANA

Please don't make me put my head
down.

RAYAM

Suit yourself.

RAYAM goes to the nightstand, opens it. Finds a pistol,
holsters it in his beltline. Rifles through the drawer,
finds nothing else, steps around the bed, opens the book-
ended nightstand drawer, finds a jewelry box inside, dumps
the contents on the bed. Pockets a Rolex, leaves the rest.

TE'ANA (V.O.)

It's like he knew where to look.

RAYAM then goes to the closet, rat-fucks through the clothing,
and then the shoe-boxes. In two Nike boxes at the bottom of
the stack he finds cash money, worn bills rubber-banded.
This he stashes in a pillow case. TE'ANA, still terrorized,
is watching him work.

RAYAM

Anything I'm missin'?

TE'ANA

You got it all.

RAYAM

If you're lyin', I'll whip your ass.

Finally, RAYAM takes her cell phone, charging by the bed.

TE'ANA

Nah, don't take my phone, come on.

RAYAM

Fuck you, girl.

RAYAM leaves, pillowcase in hand.

BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE/BALTIMORE - DAY

TE'ANA is not speaking. She drinks water from a glass.

JENSEN

You need a few minutes?

TE'ANA
Talkin' on it brings it back.

SIERACKI
We understand.

TE'ANA
Do you? Y'all ever had to look down
the hole of a gun?
(beat)
They stole more than money from me.

On the FEDERAL AGENTS, taking in her pain,

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE/OCEDTF TASK FORCE/FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

MCDUGALL and HAWK confer with A.U.S.A. SMITH.

MCDUGALL
Warrant was all ready to go and we
were gonna take Anderson's door.
But one hitch:

HAWK
Tracker gave us a second location.

SMITH
Where?

MCDUGALL
Red Roof Inn. The one up on Timonium
Road off Eighty-Three. Last couple
nights, he started staying there and
not the apartment.

SMITH
Stash house?

MCDUGALL
Could be. Or another girlfriend.

SMITH
So we write on both locations.

MCDUGALL
That's our plan.

On MCDUGALL, getting up to go. HAWK following,

CUT TO:

INT. JUDGE GORDY'S CHAMBERS/BALTIMORE CIRCUIT COURT - DAY

JUDGE GORDY, fifties, black, sits in his high-backed leather chair. STEELE is seated across from his desk.

STEELE

I appreciate you taking the time to see me. Kevin Haughton in the P.D.'s office said you might be able to provide some insight.

GORDY

Haughton's a good lawyer. I half-expect him to hang his own shingle but I guess he has the soul of a public defender. How can I help?

STEELE

I'm trying to find out about Baltimore officers whose names keep coming up repeatedly in complaints. Either excessive force or civil rights violations and he threw one at me.

GORDY

Daniel Hersl?

STEELE

Good guess.

GORDY

Well, Hersl's not the only one, but Kevin and I have talked about him before, so I could guess.

STEELE

He appears to be a multiple offender.

GORDY

You could say so.

(pause)

He's got almost fifty complaints against him.

STEELE

(astounded)

That's...pretty multiple.

GORDY

Also, he's somewhat of a cock-of-the-walk in Baltimore. Known in the bars and on the street.

STEELE

Why is he still on the street?

GORDY

That's a longer conversation than I have time for today. Simply put, Hersl gets out of his car and makes arrests. That's more than you can say for too many of the police collecting a paycheck in this city. And that's more of a problem since the Freddie Gray indictments...

STEELE

The work slowdown.

GORDY

Exactly. So, strangely enough, Hersl's seen as somewhat of an asset these days. Despite his many faults.

STEELE

But all of the I.I.D. complaints...

GORDY

Well before they see a trial board, the witnesses are impeached and the complaints marginalized.

STEELE

How?

GORDY

If you ask me, I'd say that the department has some of its weakest investigators working internal affairs. And more than that, I'd say it's by design.

(smile)

Those guys couldn't catch a cold.

STEELE sits back, takes this in.

GORDY (CONT'D)

I've had to throw out several of Hersl's arrests on cases in my court. He's come damn close to perjuring himself on Fourth Amendment stuff time and again. Of course, that's not unique to him.

(pause, pointed)

You should get a copy of the list.

STEELE

The list?

GORDY

The one the State's Attorney's Office keeps. It's about two dozen names of Baltimore police officers who can no longer testify in court because they've been exposed for on-the-stand perjury.

STEELE

You're kidding me. That many?

GORDY

And more being added all the time.

STEELE

Hersl is on this list?

GORDY

Not yet. But he should be.

On STEELE, learning more with each revelation,

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/EAST BALTIMORE - DAY

A situation on the street between Baltimorean JIMMIE GRIFFIN, thirties, black, and three POLICE OFFICERS. One of them is HERSL and another is a young black cop named HAIRSTON. GRIFFIN is against his car. HAIRSTON is searching the car, HERSL is standing nose to nose with GRIFFIN, grinning at him. The third POLICE OFFICER, young, white and dumpy, is nearby, keeping an eye on local onlookers who've stopped to gawk.

GRIFFIN

I ain't holdin' nothin'. No drugs, no contraband. *Nothin'*, Hersl.

HERSL

It's Officer Hersl to you, shitbird.

HAIRSTON closes the passenger door.

HAIRSTON

Hersl.

HERSL

What?

HAIRSTON shakes his head, the car is clean. GRIFFIN catches the message.

GRIFFIN

I told your ass. You ain't even had
no cause to stop me. This here is
harassment.

HERSL

Keep runnin' your gums.

GRIFFIN

Sick of this shit. And *fuck* you.

HERSL

Fuck *me*?

HERSL gets close to GRIFFIN, bumps him.

HERSL (CONT'D)

(to the other cops)

You see that? He put his hands on
me.

(to GRIFFIN)

Turn around.

GRIFFIN doesn't do it, or doesn't do it quick enough. HERSL
grabs his arm, spins him, takes his radio off his belt and
uses it to hit GRIFFIN on the side of the face. GRIFFIN,
hurt, is wrestled to the ground by HERSL, who, with the aid
of HAIRSTON, cuffs him.

HERSL (CONT'D)

(to the third OFFICER)

Call the van.

HERSL and HAIRSTON stand. GRIFFIN, face down on the ground,
turns his head, which is gashed from the radio.

GRIFFIN

What's the charge?

HERSL

Assaulting a police officer.
Resisting arrest. Possession.

GRIFFIN

(mutters)

Y'all got nothin' man. This is
bullshit.

HAIRSTON looks at HERSL, dubiously.

HERSL

Search his person, Hairston. Every
cavity.

HAIRSTON
 (incredulous)
 What?

HERSL
 Yeah, give him a rectal search.
 He'll like that.

GRIFFIN
 Nah, man, nah...

HAIRSTON
 I'm not doin' that.

HERSL
 What?

HAIRSTON
 I'm not. Fuckin'. Going. To *do*
 it. And I'm not gonna call for the
 jail van neither. The fucker needs
 an ambo now.

HAIRSTON walks away and begins to key his radio for an ambulance. HERSL brushes dirt off his shoulders.

HERSL
 Everyone's so fucking sensitive.

On HERSL, thinking *what's the problem?*,

CUT TO:

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB/WEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

GONDO and RAYAM are at a VIP table in a gentleman's club, all black CLIENTELE. A DANCER onstage, B-GIRLS pushing drinks, lap dances, and wildly overpriced champagne. House music playing. Also at the table: ANTONIO "BRILL" SHROPSHIRE, the drug dealer we have referenced repeatedly. A GIRL in a short sheer negligee delivers a bottle of bubbly in a bucket, kisses SHROPSHIRE on the side of his mouth, he stuffs a bill in her panties, she walks away.

GONDO
 Good to be the king.

SHROPSHIRE
 Truth.

RAYAM pours champagne for all.

SHROPSHIRE (CONT'D)
 Y'all scored.

GONDO

Lou had it right. Anderson kept it all at his spot in Pikesville.

SHROPSHIRE

(to RAYAM)

You took him off your own self?

RAYAM

(nods)

Me an' Kyle. Wasn't no thing. He was gone. Left his girl in the crib.

SHROPSHIRE

She see you?

RAYAM

She ain't see my face.

SHROPSHIRE

He gonna think it was me who sent 'Twan and Munch to do it. But I ain't give a good fuck *what* he think. That's a broke-ass nigga now.

SHROPSHIRE looks at the watch on RAYAM's wrist.

SHROPSHIRE (CONT'D)

You cop that Rolex out the deal?

RAYAM

To the winner go the jewels.

OFF their confused looks.

RAYAM (CONT'D)

Shakespeare and shit.

On our GROUP, as they raise their glasses and drink,

CUT TO:

INT. OFFSITE OFFICE/HARFORD COUNTY, MD - DAY

C.U. the warrant with Anderson's Pikesville address onscreen. CLOSE ON the date as MCDUGALL enters it into the form: October 19, 2015. Pull back to reveal MCDUGALL, HAWK typing.

MCDUGALL

(to HAWK)

You almost done?

HAWK, typing up his own warrant. C.U. on screen, address is for the Red Roof Inn on Timonium Road, same date. ON SCENE:

HAWK

Yeah. The tracker indicates that Anderson's been cribbin' out at the Red Roof Inn for the last two weeks.

MCDUGALL

His girl, too?

HAWK

(nods)

Got photos of them both going in and out. They're up on the second floor of that shithole.

MCDUGALL

Then that's where the action is. Let's give Kilpatrick the Pikesville door.

MCDUGALL goes to the printer, admires his police work on every page as it spits from the machine. On HAWK and MCDUGALL, about to make a bust,

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - DAY

SLOW PUSH IN to ANDERSON's apartment, through the parking lot, as we SEE ARMED POLICE approach his door, moving IN and OUT of FRAME. They're wearing Kevlar, carrying tactical weapons and a ram, about to take the door. OVER THE SHOULDER of KILPATRICK watching from back in the lot, who lifts a two-way to his mouth.

KILPATRICK

Go.

As they hit the door:

INT. ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - DAY

HOLD ON the interior of Anderson's apartment, quiet. It looks like no one is there. In fact, it looks as if it has been ransacked. The POLICE burst in easily, the door swinging open with barely a sound. They go from room to room, clear the scene. The TAC OFFICER in command keys his radio.

TAC OFFICER

Clear. Come on in.

On the POLICE, relaxing and lowering weapons,

CUT TO:

EXT. RED ROOF INN/TIMONIUM ROAD/TIMONIUM, MD - NIGHT

MCDUGALL, holding his two-way, is standing near Anderson's Jeep in the parking lot, watching as POLICE, dressed the same as those in the Pikesville raid, move towards the second floor stairwell of a rundown Red Roof Inn. REVERSE over his shoulder as ANDERSON and TE'ANA come out of their room on the second floor, walking towards the stairwell. As they begin to descend the stairwell. MCDUGALL keys radio.

MCDUGALL

Take 'em.

POLICE appear at the bottom and top of the stairwell, blocking both avenues of escape. CLOSE ON ANDERSON, his face resigned amidst the SHOUTED COMMANDS of POLICE,

CUT TO:

INT. ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

KILPATRICK is on his cell at the second raid location, talking to McDougall, the mood of the POLICE in apartment is relaxed.

KILPATRICK

Nothing here. No drugs, no money, no guns. But get this -- someone turned this place over, or Anderson cleaned it out before he moved. The door had already been splintered when we put the ram to it. What about you?

On KILPATRICK, looking at the ransacking,

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM/RED ROOF INN/TIMONIUM ROAD/TIMONIUM, MD - NIGHT

MCDUGALL is on his cell, talking to Kilpatrick, standing in the hotel room, cluttered with open suitcases, clothing, fast food wrappers, etc.

MCDUGALL

We just started our search. And it looks like him and his girl moved out here for keeps. All their shit is stacked up in the room.

On MCDUGALL, eyeing all their personal possessions,

CUT TO:

INT. ANDERSON'S APT/PIKESVILLE, MD - NIGHT

KILPATRICK on his cell.

KILPATRICK

Okay. And, hey, don't forget to get our tracker off his Jeep. Those things are expensive.

HAWK (O.S.)

Right.

As KILPATRICK ends the call,

CUT TO:

EXT. RED ROOF INN/TIMONIUM ROAD/TIMONIUM, MD - NIGHT

HAWK is crouched down, his hand on the undercarriage of the Jeep, searching for the tracker. He finds a tracker, pulls it out, looks at it -- something is slightly off. He hefts it for weight. Not as he remembered. He looks under the Jeep a second time. REVERSE SHOT from his tracker, still on the vehicle, as HAWK removes this object as well. HAWK squats beside the Jeep. He now has two trackers, one in each hand, slightly different models. He looks at them in wonder.

HAWK

What the actual fuck?

ON HAWK, dumbfounded and curious,

CUT TO:

EXT. LAFAYETTE AVENUE BRIDGE/STATION NORTH/BALTIMORE - DAY

SUITER gets out of his undercover car and walks beneath the Lafayette Street Bridge towards a squad car parked along the curb. JAMES OTIS, thirties, black, is polishing his car, a deceptively benign-looking Chevy sedan, in the shade of the bridge, an open can of beer in his hand. It's not a new car or a beautiful car, but it's his, and the pride of ownership is obvious in the care that he takes when removing the last vestiges of wax. SUITER passes him with a nod, gets a careful nod in return. SUITER goes to the driver's side window of the squad car. Under the wheel is PETER RUGGIERI, a uniformed cop. His PARTNER, also white, is beside him. SUITER flashes his badge to RUGGIERI.

SUITER

How's it goin' today?

RUGGIERI

(bored)
Can't complain.

SUITER produces a copy of a B of I photo arrest of a black male, shows it to RUGGIERI.

SUITER
You seen this guy around? He stays
up this way.

RUGGIERI barely looks at it, the PARTNER leans over a little, but shows just as much disinterest.

RUGGIERI
Doesn't look familiar. What's his
malfunction?

SUITER
Lookin' to talk to him is all. I'm
following a gun.

RUGGIERI shrugs. An ALTERCATION breaks out a block and a half away. Two YOUNG GUYS beating the shit out of an OLDER GUY. SUITER watches, OTIS stops to watch. SUITER looks at RUGGIERI and his PARTNER, who have made no move to react.

SUITER (CONT'D)
You guys Ten-Seven, or are you on
the clock?

RUGGIERI
Same difference.

Ruggieri's PARTNER chuckles.

RUGGIERI (CONT'D)
If I was to respond to that, and
make an arrest...say the suspect
bumps his head getting into the back
of my car...I might upset Madam Mosby.
You know what I mean, *Sir*?

SUITER
No need to "Sir" me.
(pointed:)
I work for a living.

SUITER walks away. Stops to talk to OTIS.

OTIS
(re: the fight)
Anything go out here these days.

SUITER
It does seem that way.

SUITER nods at his car, an Impala SS sedan.

SUITER (CONT'D)

Nice. You don't see too many of those in that kind of condition. Ninety-Four?

OTIS

Ninety-Five. The S-S only came in black the first year. They added Cherry Metallic year two. Family man's Vette.

SUITER

How many kids you got?

OTIS

Three. You?

SUITER

Five.

OTIS

You got me beat.

SUITER

I'm buried, brother.

SUITER nods at the open beer.

SUITER (CONT'D)

You'd do well to put that Bud in a bag.

OTIS

(not sarcastic)

I'll think on it.

SUITER

Be safe.

On SUITER, engaging with a citizen, then walking to his car,

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE/BPD HQ/BALTIMORE - DAY

STEELE sits across from BPD COMMISSIONER KEVIN DAVIS, 46, white, separated by the expanse of his desk. From the eighth-floor office window, Baltimore seems almost manageable.

DAVIS

I told Vanita. This agency is open to you. And my office is open to you because, look, the truth is I'm not afraid of a consent decree.

(MORE)

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I policed under a consent decree when I was the chief down in P.G. County. And the truth is, that decree was part of what helped us restore some trust in the community.

STEELE

Well, let's not kid ourselves. A consent decree is only paper unless politicians and police agencies actually implement changes. And then enforce those changes.

DAVIS

Very true.

STEELE

So let me ask you -- and I'm aware you've only been the police commissioner for a few months, I'm not asking you to personally account for all of this -- but how in the hell can an officer rack up fifty or more citizen complaints for brutality and abuse in one career and still be on the street? In fact, not only is he on the street, he's given the run of the city as a plainclothes officer?

DAVIS

Hersl.

STEELE

That name came to you easy enough.

DAVIS

I first heard it from one of the West Baltimore ministers when I got to town two years ago. In fact, he gave me two names of dirty cops: Daniel Hersl and Fabien Laronde. Hersl, as you point out, is still on the street, but do you know where Laronde is?

She does not.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

He's awaiting a trial board and he's off the street. And he's not charged with anything big, just lying about having failed to secure his service weapon properly, but I've told my

(MORE)

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I.A.D. people that if the trial board finds against him, he's gone.

STEELE

What's the difference between Laronde and Hersl?

DAVIS

Laronde has sustained complaints. Five in fact. There was some follow-through. The witnesses didn't back up. So his jacket has enough in that I can say screw the union, screw the rank-and-file. This guy is bad, this guy goes.

STEELE

So how is it that Hersl can generate this many complaints, year after year, and nothing is ever sustained. It's almost as if the trial board system is structured to save the ass of bad officers, or as if your internal affairs people are picked so they don't make cases. And how is it that Laronde, even after five sustained complaints, is now waiting on yet another trial board. What the fuck is that?

DAVIS nods, seemingly in agreement.

DAVIS

This is the department that I inherited, Miss Steele. These are the tools I have.

On STEELE, unsure whether to believe in DAVIS or not,

CUT TO:

INT. OFFSITE OFFICE/HARFORD COUNTY, MD - DAY

MCDUGALL is seated at his desk, on the phone with a company official, running a check on the second tracker that HAWK found under the Jeep. HAWK has that tracker in his hand and he is struggling to read its serial number.

MCDUGALL

Is that one-eight or one-six?

HAWK

One-Six.

MCDUGALL
 Seven-oh-seven-four-one-six-A-C.
 (pause)
 Yeah, A-as-in-Apple, C-as-in-Charlie.
 (pause)
 The number should also be on the
 subpoena we faxed over...

He waits for a reply.

HAWK
 If it hadn't felt a little different
 in my hand, I wouldn'ta known. It
 was only inches from our tracker.
 (shakes head)
 Crazy.

MCDUGALL reacts as the company official comes back on the
 line. He reaches for a pen and scratch paper, writes:

MCDUGALL
 Can you spell that for me, sir?
 (pause)
 Two L's at the end?
 (pause)
 And the billing address?

MCDUGALL continues to write.

MCDUGALL (CONT'D)
 Thanks. I appreciate the assistance.

He hangs up, shows the scratch paper to HAWK.

HAWK
 Who the fuck is John L. Clewell?
 And why is his tracker on our
 suspect's Jeep Cherokee?

On HAWK and MCDUGALL, with a mystery,

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BARN/NORTHERN PARKWAY/BALTIMORE - DAY

GONDO and RAYAM are standing by a couple of unmarked police
 cars parked at The Barn. Uniformed and plainclothes POLICE
 around. And we now know -- they are both police officers.

RAYAM
 She got some titties on her, though.

GONDO
 That's all you care about?

RAYAM

No. I like that ass, too.

GONDO

Women gonna be your downfall.

RAYAM

I like to talk to 'em. Don't be so critical. You my side partner, Gondo. You supposed to back me up.

They see a COP, thirties, white, approach, not yet close enough to hear their conversation. Shaved bald, mustache, square shoulders, a military bearing. This is DET. JOHN CLEWELL.

RAYAM (CONT'D)

We gonna collect some taxes today?

GONDO

Easy in front of choir boy.

CLEWELL gets within earshot, GONDO recovers.

GONDO (CONT'D)

You come empty-handed? You ain't bring me a sandwich or nothin'?

CLEWELL

(good natured)

Fuck you, Gondo.

GONDO

Aw'right, Detective Clewell. No sammich for me today.

(gearing up)

Let's take some guns off the street.

As the THREE of them go to a car,

CUT TO:

INT. OFFSITE OFFICE/HARFORD COUNTY, MD - DAY

MCDUGALL and HAWK, looking at the laptop, they are both very engaged. ON THE SCREEN: a photo of CLEWELL as a Marine, in dress blues.

HAWK (O.S.)

He was a jarhead.

BACK ON SCENE:

MCDUGALL

Before he joined the B-P-D. Says here he's been a city cop since Two Thousand Nine.

HAWK

What division?

MCDUGALL

He's Gun Trace Task Force now.

HAWK

So they were up on Anderson, too? They put the tracker on his truck?

MCDUGALL

If they were, they forgot to put anything in the database for deconfliction.

HAWK

Sloppy.

MCDUGALL

And something else. This isn't a department-issued tracker.

HAWK

City guys are always on their ass in that department. I know a lot of them buy their own gear.

HAWK hands the tracker to MCDUGALL.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Whatever. I guess we should call 'em and let 'em know we have it.

MCDUGALL thinks on this, then looks at HAWK for a long moment. He thinks some more. Finally:

MCDUGALL

We just popped Anderson and that's going into the computer, right? If they're up on him, they'll come to us to talk.

MCDUGALL puts the tracker in his desk drawer.

MCDUGALL (CONT'D)

When they do, I'll be sure and remember to give it back to Detective Clewell.

(reaches for phone)

I'm also gonna let the feds know...

HAWK gets it. On MCDUGALL, dialing Andi Smith, in no hurry to follow up with Detective Clewell,

CUT TO:

EXT. DRUG STRIP/PIMLICO/BALTIMORE CITY - DAY

GONDO, RAYAM, and CLEWELL on a car stop. CLEWELL is bagging up a gun that they found in the car. The car's DRIVER, a black male, shows the usual weak resistance and anger. He's being cuffed by a UNIFORMED OFFICER at the scene.

DRIVER

That ain't mine.

RAYAM

No?

DRIVER

There was this dude I gave a ride to last night, from a party where we was at. He must'a left in my car.

RAYAM

He got a name?

DRIVER

I expect he does, but I don't know it.

(beat)

Why'd you pull me over, anyway? You got to have *cause* for that shit.

RAYAM shakes his head, walks over to GONDO, who's standing by the rear of the car.

RAYAM

Why *did* we pull him over?

GONDO nods at the car.

GONDO

Rear license obscured.

RAYAM

It ain't obscured.

GONDO

Write it like that.

CLEWELL joins them, bagged gun in hand,

GONDO (CONT'D)

We good here?

CLEWELL

Yeah, I got it.

In the b.g., an unmarked car pulls into the lot. Something comes to CLEWELL...

CLEWELL (CONT'D)

Hey, Gondo, you know that tracker I lent you?

RAYAM side-eyes GONDO.

GONDO

Yeah? What about it?

CLEWELL

Shit costs.

RAYAM

What, you can't afford it? High roller like you?

CLEWELL

Just get it back to me, okay?

GONDO

Don't get your panties all twisted up, *John*. I will.

Out of the unmarked comes SGT. THOMAS ALLERS, 47, white, Van Dyke beard. CLEWELL drifts away.

ALLERS

Oh, shit. We got the brain trust up in the house.

GONDO

You lost, Sergeant Allers? I don't think anyone called for adult supervision today.

ALLERS

I saw you guys standing around, looking all helpless. Thought you might need some assistance from your actual supervisor.

(nod at SUSPECT)

What'd you pull?

GONDO

A gun. No drugs.

ALLERS

Any cash?

GONDO

Nothing to get excited about.

ALLERS looks deeply at GONDO and RAYAM, then finally smiles. Clearly, they all have a mutual history.

ALLERS

I'm ten-seven and headed to Pulaski Highway for pit beef. I'm on the radio if anyone needs me.

(nod to GROUP)

Ladies.

ALLERS walks to his car. GONDO and RAYAM watch him go, then start to head back to their car as the SUSPECT is led toward an arriving wagon. GONDO is almost about to get back into his vehicle when he remembers, returns to the stopped car and casually, using his shoe, bends an already-angled metal license holder down until the plate is near horizontal. On another stat delivered,

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE/BALTIMORE - DAY

GONDO sits, remembering it all, now days into his debriefing, still dressed in his jail suit. SIERACKI and JENSEN are dressed differently, but similarly.

JENSEN

So tell us about Sergeant Allers.

GONDO

Allers? He's one of yours now.

SIERACKI

One of ours?

JENSEN checks her watch, flashes it at SIERACKI. HE nods.

GONDO

I'm just saying he ain't street police anymore. If he ever was. But I'm here for you, right? What do you want to know about Allers?

JENSEN

Tell you what, Momodu, we're gonna pick this up on Thursday.

GONDO

You not gonna writ me out tomorrow? We got a lot more to talk about.

JENSEN
Thursday. Tomorrow's filled.

GONDO
Okay, Thursday. And make it Burger
King. I'm tired of Chipotle.

The INVESTIGATORS head toward the door, clearly weary of Gondo's entitlement, though not his cooperation.

GONDO (CONT'D)
Yo, I didn't mean any offense with that thing about street police. You all got some game. I'm just sayin' that when it come down to the street, we was the ones who got the guns, who brought the drugs. We were the cops they wanted.

SIERACKI, JENSEN share a look before JENSEN opens the door, exits. SIERACKI follows her and they are replaced by a uniformed U.S. MARSHAL, carrying shackles. As GONDO, knowing the drill, rises to be prepped for the return to the detention center,

CUT TO:

INT. COMPSTAT ROOM/BPD HEADQUARTERS/BALTIMORE - DAY

PAN a long bulletin board where photos of tabled guns, semi-automatic rifles, and modified-to-fully-auto weapons lie, all from the earlier raid.

PALMERE (O.S.)
Helluva rip, Sergeant Jenkins.

JENKINS (O.S.)
Yes, sir.

PALMERE
In the wake of this seizure, let me ask you if you have any thoughts on the fact that some of our officers have been reluctant to attempt arrests in the two years since the Freddie Gray indictments?

WIDEN TO REVEAL a Compstat meeting attended by many members of the Baltimore COMMAND STAFF led by Deputy Commissioner DEAN PALMERE, forties, white, as the police hierarchy are addressed by JENKINS, holding court and being exalted.

JENKINS

Deputy, I know as you do that the guys who were involved in the arrest of Freddie Gray got a raw deal with that indictment. But I believe that situation will be resolved in court. And I don't think we need to stand down from making arrests if they're the right arrests.

PALMERE (O.S.)

Elaborate.

JENKINS

In the Gun Trace Task Force, we are making the right arrests. The numbers tell you so.

BACK to PALMERE.

PALMERE

But many in the rank and file don't agree with you, Sergeant. Citywide our arrests are down sixty percent since the indictments.

BACK to JENKINS.

JENKINS

I can speak to my unit. In my unit, sir, arrests are up over the last eight weeks. Gun seizures and drug seizures as well. You compare our stats post-Freddie Gray to before and you'll see it.

COMMAND STAFF MEMBER

You don't worry about going out on the street and ending up on someone's viral video, Sergeant Jenkins?

JENKINS

As long as they get my good side.

LAUGHTER, he's got them in the palm of his hand. JENKINS points to the gun table.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

What you're looking at is the result of one raid, on *one house*. My men get guns off the street. With a little more personnel and a lot more overtime, we can really do some things to stop this current surge in violence.

ON PALMERE and the COMMAND STAFF, admiring,

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE/BPD HQ/BALTIMORE - DAY

DAVIS stands, looking out the window at the city skyline. His face is shattered. A long beat before he says anything at all.

DAVIS

Seven?

FBI S.A.C. (O.S.)

The whole unit. And it may go further. Truth is, it likely will.

DAVIS turns to S.A.C. GORDON JOHNSON, forties, black.

DAVIS

You couldn't tell me earlier?

FBI S.A.C.

Of course not, Kev. You know this.

DAVIS

Tomorrow morning?

FBI S.A.C. nods. On DAVIS, returning to the city view,

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/COMMAND SUITE/BPD HQ/BALTIMORE - DAY

JENKINS is kibbitzing by the elevator doors with MAJORS, COLONELS and DEPUTIES, his star-power evident. PALMERE's admiration boils over.

PALMERE

I heard you on the funding for the plainclothes work. We're gonna do what we can, Wayne.

JENKINS

I know you will.

Elevator door DINGS. DAVIS and an AIDE exit. DAVIS looks around, spots JENKINS right away.

PALMERE

Commissioner, we got a lot of guns on the table today.

DAVIS

I heard.

But DAVIS isn't smiling. He is weirdly non-committal and he pulls PALMERE aside to whisper a few furtive sentences and hand him a slip of paper. Then DAVIS hits the elevator button and enters the arriving elevator without looking back. PALMERE returns to the group.

PALMERE

(checking paper slip)

As it happens, Sergeant Jenkins, I.A.D. just called down here and asked if they could see you up on Kirk Avenue at nine A.M. tomorrow.

JENKINS

Oh yeah?

PALMERE

Doesn't sound like anything you can't handle. Something about some damage to the rear quarter panel of a department vehicle that wasn't properly reported.

JENKINS smiles. A minor infraction.

COLONEL

A career-ender.

LAUGHTER all around. JENKINS smiles at the LAUGHTER, exits to his own elevator. On PALMERE, his smile collapsing into genuine worry,

CUT TO:

EXT. I.A.D./EXETER HALL & KIRK AVENUES - DAY

In the parking lot of the department's off-site IAD offices, JENKINS gets out of his crash-bar-equipped Nissan Quest, walks towards the entrance. There are many more unmarked cars in the lot than there are squad cars. JENKINS stops to talk to an older patrolman, STEVE WATKINS, who's having a smoke by his vehicle.

JENKINS

What's up, Steve?

WATKINS

Committing suicide by cigarette. You got a date with I.A.D.?

JENKINS

Nuisance shit. A vehicular.

JENKINS continues on, into the building.

INT. LOCKER AREA/I.A.D./EXETER HALL & KIRK AVENUES - DAY

JENKINS is emptying his service weapon and cellphone into a small gun locker and shutting it, as per SOP, as two IAD OFFICERS, RON JOHNSON, forties, white, and CHARLES ROBY, fifties, black, arrive.

JOHNSON

Let's go back to the meeting room.

JENKINS

Never been back there. I feel special.

JOHNSON and ROBY don't comment. They pass an administrative assistant, LINDA WILLIS, forties, white, Cockeysville hair, who is standing behind her desk and is friendly with JENKINS.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

How's it going, Linda?

LINDA

Wayne.

LINDA cuts her eyes away, JENKINS a little perplexed.

INT. HALLWAY/2ND FL/I.A.D./EXETER HALL & KIRK AVENUES - DAY

Moments later, as JENKINS, JOHNSON and ROBY bound up from the stairwell onto the hallway landing, a full complement of FBI TACTICAL OFFICERS pour out of doorways in full SWAT-style regalia, subduing JENKINS and handcuffing him. JENKINS is astonished.

JENKINS

I'm one of you.
(shouted louder)
I'm one of you!

No one responds. JENKINS can't register it fully.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

What's the charge?

FBI SUPERVISOR

You're under arrest for racketeering and racketeering-related charges. Robbery, extortion, overtime fraud.

On JENKINS, prone on the ground, incredulous,

TIME CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL/I.A.D./EXETER HALL & KIRK AVENUES - DAY

CAMERA follows FBI S.A.C. and DAVIS up the same stairs from which JENKINS and his ESCORTS emerged earlier.

INT. HALLWAY/2ND FL/I.A.D./EXETER HALL & KIRK AVENUES - DAY

They arrive on the second floor where the arrest was effected. JENSEN and another FBI SUPERVISOR are waiting there.

FBI S.A.C.

The commissioner wants just a moment.

There is a hesitation. They don't want their case impeded.

KEVIN DAVIS

I just want to look him in the eye.

FBI S.A.C. gives them a go-ahead nod and they step aside.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/I.A.D./EXETER HALL & KIRK AVENUES - DAY

DAVIS enters, sees JENKINS seated, cuffed, SIERACKI and another FBI AGENT flanking him. DAVIS glares at the SERGEANT. JENKINS returns the stare, not backing down for a single moment. Just a hard look. No shame, no remorse. DAVIS takes a moment more and then turns out of the room.

INT. STAIRWELL/IAD OFFICES - DAY

After the door closes, DAVIS looks at the S.A.C.

KEVIN DAVIS

The rest of them looked away. Not this motherfucker. Not for a second.

On DAVIS, contemplating a sociopath,

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/I.A.D./EXETER HALL & KIRK AVENUES - DAY

JENKINS looks at SIERACKI, nods at the gathering of FEDS.

JENKINS

Don't you guys know who I am?

No answer. On JENKINS, thinking furiously, incredulous, and slowly, despite it all, remembering who he very much is,

FADE OUT.