

WE OWN THIS CITY

An HBO miniseries from
Blown Deadline Productions and Spartan Productions

PART TWO

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1st Draft
November 27, 2020

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FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY/HOWARD COUNTY DETENTION CENTER/JESSUP - DAY

ON a long, empty institutional hallway, tile floor. A MALE VOICE begins an ANNOUNCEMENT over a scratchy P.A. system.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I've got one in burgundy going to
interview room number three.

WE HEAR what sounds like a heavy door opening.

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

Are the hallways clear?

Entering the hallway from an intersecting corridor is Howard County CORRECTIONAL OFFICER #1, in brown work uniform with gold star badge-patch. He looks up and down the hallway, keys his radio.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER #1

(into radio)

All clear.

WAYNE JENKINS, in a burgundy jail jumpsuit, no handcuffs, walks into view. PICK UP on JENKINS and his escort -- a uniformed CORRECTIONAL OFFICER #2 -- as seen through the video monitors in the security booth of the detention center. As JENKINS shuffles, the image is adorned with a date and time stamp: 3/2/2017, 11:40 a.m. Back to the HALLWAY and close on JENKINS.

JENKINS

I'm not gonna be here long, that's
all I'm saying. They don't know who
they're fucking with.

(no reply)

Shit, they probably realize by now
they got the wrong guy.

(beat)

I'm definitely gonna sue these
motherfuckers once I get out.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER #2 gives not a fuck. They stop outside a closed door. C.U. on an "Interview Room" sign at eye level beside it. As CORRECTIONAL OFFICER #1 opens the door.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER #1

Jenkins, Wayne. Attorney-client.
Half hour, approved.

As CORRECTIONAL OFFICER #1 checks it against his paperwork:

INT. VISITING ROOM/HOWARD COUNTY DETENTION CENTER - DAY

JENKINS is led inside and deposited at a table opposite an empty chair. On JENKINS, deflating without an audience, staring, remembering,

CUT TO:

BLACK BACKGROUND, FADE UP WHITE LETTERING:

2003

FADE OUT, THEN FADE UP ON:

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

LETTERS FADE.

CUT TO:

INT. ROLL CALL ROOM/POLICE DISTRICT/BALTIMORE - DAY

WAYNE JENKINS, now 22, fresh-faced and bright-eyed, stands against a far wall, reading the ceremonial plaques for Baltimore officers of that precinct who have given their lives in the line of duty. He is alone, aloof, with other, older PATROLMEN milling about, some drinking coffee from styrofoam cups, others BULLSHITTING with each other in small groups. JENKINS finishes reading a plaque, looks around to make friends, but everyone seems occupied with each other. He walks to rear windows and looks out at the radio cars, doors and trunks splayed open, waiting to go out on patrol for the coming shift, as well as returning OFFICERS on the lot, gathering their gear and sharing after-shift cigarettes.

LAMBETH (O.S.)

You Jenkins?

JENKINS

(turning quickly)

Yes, sir.

LAMBETH

I'm not a sir. I'm four-B-twenty-three post and so are you.

JENKINS

Excuse me?

LAMBETH

Sergeant says you ride with me. I'm your training officer.

(extends hand)

Jimmy Lambeth.

JENKINS pumps his hand.

JENKINS
Wayne Jenkins.

LAMBETH
I know. Tell me something, what's
your sequence number?

JENKINS
My sequence number? T-five-four-
nine, sir. I mean...Jim.

LAMBETH
They're popping them out of the
academy with T-sequence numbers?
Holy fucking Christ.
(smiles)
I'm a K.

LAMBETH nods to a couple of empty desk-chairs. JENKINS sits,
but LAMBETH hesitates.

LAMBETH (CONT'D)
You need coffee?

JENKINS
No, I'm okay.

LAMBETH
I fuckin' need coffee. No police
work without coffee.

He wanders off as the SHIFT LIEUTENANT takes the podium.

SHIFT LIEUTENANT
Today the same as yesterday, gents.
The brass want bodies. All you got.

MOANS, LAUGHTER, SIDE TALK.

SHIFT LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
All the corners are indicted. All
the drug-free zones are empty. All
the humbles are in play. Whatever
you have to do to clear the streets.

PATROLMAN #1
Lieutenant, this is bullshit. They
cut most of them loose right inside
the jail doors.

SHIFT LIEUTENANT
So what?
(MORE)

SHIFT LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

We still leave the corners empty for the night and if the corners are empty they can't fuckin' shoot each other. This is the priority.

Some GRUMBLING, but mostly LAUGHTER.

SHIFT LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

If you do not give your shiny silver bracelets a workout today, you'll need to see me after the shift to explain why.

LAMBETH returns with his coffee, slumps next to JENKINS as the SHIFT LIEUTENANT reads out fresh warrants, continuing the roll call.

LAMBETH

All that shit in the academy that they taught you about procedure and probable cause? Fuck that.

(JENKINS just stares)

No seriously. Fuck it. And the, what do they call it now, cultural sensitivity training they give you? Fuck that shit, too.

JENKINS actually nods at this. He had a feeling.

LAMBETH (CONT'D)

This is Baltimore.

On JENKINS, about to take to the streets,

CUT TO:

INT. VISITING ROOM/HOWARD COUNTY DETENTION CENTER - DAY

JENKINS sits across the desk from attorney STEVEN HALE LEVIN, a middle-aged white guy in a suit, seated at a desk in a small, all-but-empty windowless office, a 6-inch-plus pile of folders and files before him. LEVIN is somewhat agitated at the direction of their conversation.

LEVIN

...And I realize you know the ins and outs of this process from the other side. But what I'm saying is the government has a...

JENKINS

Whatever they think they got, they can't make it stick.

LEVIN

Wayne, they have you on tape.

LEVIN taps the pile of folders before him.

LEVIN (CONT'D)

Hours of wiretapped conversations.
I've read the transcripts, and the
paperwork, and all the FBI's Three-
Oh-Twos.

JENKINS stops his protest for a beat to consider this.

LEVIN (CONT'D)

Look, Wayne, I'm telling you, we
sent these wiretap affidavits up to
an expert in Boston for a review.
This guy's never been wrong, and he
says the wiretap's solid.

JENKINS

(dawning on him)

They were listening to my phone.

LEVIN

For weeks. And the Title Three is
solid, Wayne. This is all gonna
come in as evidence -- all your words
for the jurors to hear.

The two stare at each other for a beat.

LEVIN (CONT'D)

Looking forward, I think it's time
to consider what the next step is.
You might do yourself a world of
good if you think about cooperating.

JENKINS

No.

LEVIN

What do you mean, *no*?

JENKINS has his mind elsewhere.

JENKINS

I don't know what they got on tape.
I mean if they got me talking
business, then maybe they got me
talking about personal shit. Stuff
I did when I was, you know, outside
my house.

LEVIN realizes where the real worry is here.

LEVIN

You mean, women? Christ, Wayne, you gettin' a little strange is the least of your problems right now. Is that where your head is at?

JENKINS folds his arms defensively.

JENKINS

I'm not gonna throw a shadow on my wife. I won't do that.

LEVIN

Christ almighty, Wayne. You're sitting there worried about saving your marriage and what you need to think about is saving your ass. This is federal time we are talking about and the sentencing guidelines only give you a downward departure for cooperating early and often. And believe me, if you aren't going to roll for the government, I guarantee you that someone else is rolling on you right now.

On JENKINS, stoic, as there's a line even he won't cross,

CUT TO:

INT. BACK HALLWAY/U.S. COURTHOUSE/BALTIMORE - DAY

JEMELL LAMAR RAYAM, also clad in burgundy jailhouse jumpsuit, handcuffs, belly chain and leg shackles, is escorted by Federal Task Force Officer BPD SGT. JOHN SIERACKI, and an FBI SPECIAL AGENT, both in suits and round-the-neck FBI IDs.

RAYAM

Never been up here before.

SIERACKI and AGENT ignore the attempt at small talk, as they continue down a white-walled back hallway of the courthouse to a door marked "Conference Room." SIERACKI holds up his FBI ID to a keycard entry box beside the door. We hear the lock CLICK, as SIERACKI opens the door to reveal a spacious conference room, featuring a wall of windows overlooking downtown Baltimore City from the eighth floor.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/U.S. COURTHOUSE/BALTIMORE - DAY

Seated at a large conference table is FBI Special Agent ERIKA JENSEN, before her a 4-inch-thick case file with the U.S. Department of Justice shield printed on the cover, along with legal pads and pens, and a chair for SIERACKI beside her. JENSEN stands, gestures to a waiting seat for RAYAM.

As AGENT exits, SIERACKI unfastens RAYAM's handcuffs from his belly chain. RAYAM sits across the table from JENSEN and SIERACKI.

JENSEN

Mr. Rayam, you have elected not to have a lawyer present at this time.

RAYAM

At five hundred an hour? Shit.

JENSEN

Do you acknowledge...

RAYAM

Got it. Yes.

SIERACKI opens the case folder.

JENSEN

Why don't we start with the pigeon feed store.

RAYAM

Okay.

RAYAM leans back in his chair.

RAYAM (CONT'D)

Me, Sergeant Allers and Gondo executed a S-and-S warrant at this feed store in the Southwest. We couldn't find the gun, but the Sarge found twenty thou in the woman's purse. I thought we would take it. But the lady had a bill for some legal problem they had, so Sarge let them keep the money. That night I got my cousin David and a high school friend, a white boy named Tom, and we went to their home.

JENSEN

Are they police?

RAYAM

Wannabe gangsters. Anyhow...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. 2600 BLOCK GEORGETOWN ROAD/SOUTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

An unpainted wooden fence is around the target house, and in front yard is junk.

Years of Christmas decorations -- mostly cut-outs of leaping gold and silver reindeer -- are affixed to the fence and house front.

INT. BMW SEDAN/GEORGETOWN ROAD/SOUTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

RAYAM sits behind the wheel. In the passenger seat is DAVID RAHIM, 39, black, wearing a raid vest with a "Police" tag on it. In the back seat is THOMAS FINNEGAN, 35, white, wearing a "Baltimore Police" raid vest.

RAYAM

Like I told you, just bang on the door, put this paper up in their face. You'll be waking them from sleep. They won't know it ain't a warrant and you ain't police. Or by the time they do, we'll be gone.

DAVID RAHIM

You sure the twenty-thousand gonna still be in her purse?

RAYAM

I ain't got X-ray vision, but I'm telling you, it's there.

FINNEGAN

What about them surveillance cameras, there, on the lawn?
(pointing)
Up there.

In front of the duplex house on the right WE SEE two surveillance cameras atop an old 4x4 post, with two cables running back to a second-story window of the house.

RAYAM

Just tear them motherfuckers down. Half the time that shit ain't on anyway, they just up there for show.
(beat)
Look, we didn't find a gun in the store today. So, Tom, make sure you can see everybody the whole time. Sit 'em both down, the man and the wife, and keep a gun on 'em.

DAVID RAHIM

Yeah, don't leave me hanging while I'm looking for the purse.

RAYAM

And I'll be out here on the police
radio, listening for trouble and
ready to badge our way out of it.

BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/U.S. COURTHOUSE/BALTIMORE - DAY

RAYAM continues his saga as JENSEN and SIERACKI take notes.

RAYAM

They weren't inside more than ten
minutes before they came out.

FLASHBACK CONTINUES:

EXT. BMW SEDAN/GEORGETOWN ROAD/SOUTHWEST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

RAHIM and FINNEGAN run jubilantly from the house.

RAYAM (V.O.)

Running like fools. We got out of
there and split the twenty thou.

They get in the car, RAYAM leaves rubber on the street as
the BMW speeds off.

BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/U.S. COURTHOUSE/BALTIMORE - DAY

SIERACKI and JENSEN takes notes.

SIERACKI

So no other police involved in that
one?

RAYAM

Just me.

SIERACKI

To reiterate, you know this doesn't
work for you if you so much as forget
to tell us about the involvement of
even a single Baltimore cop. You
don't get to leave your friends out
when you tell a story.

RAYAM

I ain't gonna leave out a soul. Who
you wanna talk about?

JENSEN

Tell us about Jenkins.

RAYAM

Jenkins.

On RAYAM, thinking on the wild man,

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/BALTIMORE - DAY

Continue in 2003 with JENKINS on his first day. Two jail vans and five radio cars immobile in the middle of a wider street that is residential rowhouses with bars and liquor stores on the corners. Inner-city neighborhood, all black RESIDENTS and BYSTANDERS. PATROLMEN, JENKINS among them, are literally rounding up the LIVING and escorting them to the back of the vans, over some PROTESTATION and ARGUMENT.

ARRESTEE #1

You gonna lock me up for comin' out
of the cut-rate.

PATROLMAN #2

Shut the fuck up.

ARRESTEE #1

I ain't do nuthin'.

PATROLMAN #2

Shut it.

As ARRESTEE #1 heads to the rear doors of the van regardless, PULL BACK to reveal the scope of the operation: more than a dozen UNIFORMED OFFICERS and WAGON MEN searching, cuffing and off-loading black BALTIMOREANS. No drugs or guns in evidence, this is all loitering and failure to yield charges. PICK UP on LAMBETH, who is emptying the pockets of a TEENAGER jacked against a rowhouse wall.

LAMBETH

Anything in your pockets?

TEENAGER

Huh?

LAMBETH

I get stuck with a needle, you gonna
take an ass-whupping.

TEENAGER

Ain't got no needle man. I ain't
doin' shit but seein' my girl when
y'all roll up.

LAMBETH

Where's your girl live?

TEENAGER
Port Street.

LAMBETH
We're on Milton.

TEENAGER
I was walkin' there.

Not good enough. LAMBETH cuffs him and starts walking him to a van. JENKINS dutifully follows. After handing off the TEENAGER to the WAGON MAN, JENKINS turns for the lesson in all of this.

JENKINS
What's the charge?

LAMBETH
Does it matter? Loitering in a drug free-zone, failure to yield, failure to obey...

JENKINS
What's that do in court?

LAMBETH
It doesn't go to court. It pulls him off the street until he sees a court commissioner in the morning. Then they drop the charges. Or if the A.S.A. cuts him loose on the jail side, then maybe he's indoors until early morning.

JENKINS
And that's good.

LAMBETH
That's what they want. They say if we clear the corners they'll stop shooting each other. If they stop shooting each other, the murder rate goes down. If the murder rate goes down, the mayor gets to be the governor.

JENKINS
This is about the mayor?

LAMBETH
Fuckin' O'Malley promised to get the murder rate under two-hundred a year and he ain't close. So we clear the corners so that Ehrlich can't say he runs a shithole city.

JENKINS

And we're allowed to lock up anybody.

LAMBETH

Anybody and everybody.

LAMBETH arrives at a stoop where two BLACK MEN, late twenties, are seated, watching. LAMBETH eyefucks them, nods at the jail van.

LAMBETH (CONT'D)

You two wanna ride?

BLACK MAN #1

This is my house.

LAMBETH

I don't give a fuck.

BLACK MAN #1

You gonna lock me up for sitting on my own steps?

LAMBETH

I am if you're still on your ass ten seconds from now.

BLACK MEN share a look, rise, enter the rowhouse.

LAMBETH (CONT'D)

See? Like the bosses say: Them two fellas ain't gonna get shot or shoot anyone now.

LAMBETH shrugs; he doesn't believe this shit.

LAMBETH (CONT'D)

That's the theory anyway.

On JENKINS, leaning back against the wall of a rowhouse, fresh-faced on his very first day, absorbing the state of policing in Baltimore,

CUT TO:

INT. COMPSTAT ROOM/BPD HQ/BALTIMORE - DAY

JENKINS leans against the rear wall of the room, the same position from the last scene -- but he is now a dozen years older in 2015 -- with facial hair and the wizened and arrogant look of veteran. His perch at the back of the room seems to be chosen as symbolic of disengagement. He is watching BPD COMMISSIONER KEVIN DAVIS, in a stern mode, at the lectern before a room full of PLAINCLOTHES OFFICERS gathered for a mission statement from the new department leader.

BPD DEPUTY COMMISSIONER DEAN PALMERE is beside DAVIS.

DAVIS

...And some of you know me and the rest of you will get to know me. For those who are familiar with me from my stint as Chief in Prince George's County, you know that I back up my men and women, with few exceptions, until there's a line that's crossed.

PAN the audience, some bored, some fairly attentive, land on JENKINS, both bored and contemptuous.

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

I won't name names, but there was a recent incident in which an officer in one of our plainclothes units was banned from the city courthouses after he was caught filming a witness and television reporter. Witness intimidation, plain and simple...that's gangbanger shit. Unbefitting of a police officer by anyone's standard.

BACK ON DAVIS.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

This wasn't his only offense. There are many in his file -- four of which were sustained complaints. And while I understand that the work of our plainclothes units is where we have to police aggressively...

JENKINS can't help himself. He cups his hand and shouts:

JENKINS

Free Laronde!

DAVIS wheels at the interruption, searching for the CULPRIT. Eyes in the room go to JENKINS and he locks into brief stare with the new POLICE COMMISSIONER.

DAVIS

Officer Laronde...

(tight pause)

...Has now been suspended from duty and his case will be proceeding to a trial board. That kind of behavior is unprofessional and unacceptable. It stains all of us.

DAVIS turns his head to PALMERE.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
 On behalf of Deputy Commissioner
 Palmere, I can tell all of you working
 plainclothes, anti-crime and drug
 enforcement that we understand how
 hard your work is and we will have
 your back. But there is a limit.
 (angry)
 That's all for today.

As the audience begins to get up, DAVIS wheels on PALMERE.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
 Bring me that asshole.

PALMERE gives only a poker face back, but heads off:

DAVIS (CONT'D)
 I'm serious. I want to talk to him.

On DAVIS, in no mood for this:

TIME CUT TO:

INT. HALL/COMPSTAT ROOM/BPD HQ/BALTIMORE - DAY

PALMERE walks up to a still angry DAVIS, trailing JENKINS.

DAVIS
 Fuck was that.

JENKINS
 (slight smirk)
 Sorry, sir. Sometimes I let my mouth
 run away from me. I need to work on
 that.

DAVIS
 You're Jenkins?

JENKINS
 Yes, sir.

DAVIS glares at him in silence.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
 (half-ass)
 It won't happen again, sir.

DAVIS walks away, he's made his point. PALMERE gives JENKINS
 a subtle eye roll, letting him off the hook.

On JENKINS, only slightly chastened,

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE/BALTIMORE COUNTY NARCOTICS - DAY

Harford County Narcotics Task Force CPL. DAVID MCDOUGALL opens a case folder and takes out a stack of BPD Ident photos, grabs his notebook, while other DETECTIVES sort and bag the evidence recovered from the two S&S warrants served on Aaron Anderson. His partner, Deputy GORDON HAWK, walks over.

HAWK

You goin' in?

MCDOUGALL

Me and Kilpatrick, yup. And the A.U.S.A.

HAWK

You need anything let me know.

MCDOUGALL

Anything you want me to ask him?

HAWK

Just check his ass before you sit him down. You might find a third tracker between his cheeks.

As MCDOUGALL heads toward:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM/BALTIMORE COUNTY NARCOTICS - DAY

DET. SCOTT KILPATRICK and federal prosecutor AUSA LEO WISE, 38, white, sit across from AARON "BLACK" ANDERSON, 28, black, as MCDOUGALL enters.

ANDERSON

Why am I here? I didn't have shit in that hotel room.

AUSA WISE

True. But we've charged you with possession in excess of one hundred grams of heroin that occurred on February ninth, two thousand fifteen by city police officers.

ANDERSON

Fuck that, man that's old news.

MCDOUGALL

Not any more, it's not.

AUSA WISE

And it's enhanced by your prior felony conviction. We're trading up, Aaron. We're seeking your cooperation. But since you blew-off the city cops on the hundred plus grams, for me to even consider a cooperation agreement, you have to show us a whole lot more than something.

ANDERSON

I'll be square, as long as I don't got to wear no wire.

AUSA WISE

No promises.

A beat as that settles.

KILPATRICK

Tell us about Brill.

ANDERSON

I cut him loose months ago.

AUSA WISE

How did you two communicate?

ANDERSON

I call him and we meet.

AUSA WISE

Can you go back to him?

ANDERSON

Hell no. Brill had Twan and Munch kick my door in two weeks ago. That's why I changed up and moved to the Red Roof.

WISE looks to MCDUGALL for assistance.

MCDUGALL

(to ANDERSON)

You're not telling us much that we don't already know. We saw the kicked-in door when we hit the apartment.

ANDERSON considers.

ANDERSON

I wouldn't say anything at all if you was *city* cops.

ANDERSON leans in, lowers his voice.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

'Cause Brill is tight with a cop he
grew up with. Name of G Money, works
narcotics.

On WISE, maybe it'll work out,

INT. HALLWAY/BALTIMORE COUNTY NARCOTICS - DAY

AUSA WISE, MCDOUGALL AND KILPATRICK powwow.

MCDOUGALL

Maybe G Money is why Shropshire can
run an open-air drug market.

AUSA WISE

Slow down, we don't know that.

(to KILPATRICK)

Put in the affidavit that Anderson
said on numerous occasions he and
Shropshire used the phone to conduct
business.

KILPATRICK

Should I use his name?

AUSA WISE

Call him Cooperator Number Four.

KILPATRICK

Got it.

AUSA WISE

(to MCDOUGALL)

Do a card lineup of Anderson and
show it to all your witnesses.

On MCDOUGALL, his hard work paying dividends,

CUT TO:

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

DOJ Civil Rights Division lawyer, NICOLE STEELE is beside
her colleague, BRAD ROSENTHAL, both of them standing over a
desk, looking down at his phone, the screen displaying a
paused tune on a music streaming service.

STEELE

What are we about to listen to?

ROSENTHAL

Local rapper. Check it out.

ROSENTHAL un-pauses the song, it plays...

YOUNG MOOSE (V.O.)

(rapping)

"Detective Hersl, he a bitch. I swear to god he ain't right. Heard about my rap career, he tryna fuck up my life. That nigga fucked me over once, he ain't gettin' another..."

STEELE hits the pause button, she's heard enough.

ROSENTHAL

A cop so badass he makes his way into the local folklore. How is this guy such an open secret.

STEELE

Hersl isn't suspended because nothing has ever made it to a trial board finding. And he's still working plainclothes because he gets out of his car. Or so I'm told.

ROSENTHAL

Those are the current high standards of the BPD.

STEELE gathers her things.

ROSENTHAL (CONT'D)

Where you off to?

STEELE

Bethel A.M.E., Westside.

On STEELE, rushing off to an appointment.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE OFFICE/BALTIMORE COUNTY NARCOTICS - DAY

At a desk, KILPATRICK and MCDUGALL assemble a photo lineup featuring Aaron "Black" Anderson.

MCDUGALL

You know with what Black just gave us, I bet Andi Smith might just take Brill federal.

KILPATRICK

Good for us. The Feds aren't shy about overtime.

At a nearby table a DETECTIVE, 35, white, straight-laced, close-cropped hair, steel-framed glasses, lacking the vibe

of a narc, but wearing a raid jacket, takes photos of the seized evidence.

MCDUGALL

Is that your L-T?

KILPATRICK

He's I-A-D.

MCDUGALL stares at him for a beat: *Why is internal affairs involved in their case?*

KILPATRICK (CONT'D)

We're required to have an internal affairs officer on every drug raid. We can't kick in a door without bringing one of their guys with us.

MCDUGALL

That's standard in your department?

KILPATRICK

I'm alright with it. With him along, you don't have to worry about sticky fingers.

MCDUGALL

Do they do that in the city?

KILPATRICK

What do you think?

On MCDUGALL, shaking his head, laughing softly,

CUT TO:

EXT. BETHEL A.M.E./WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

STEELE parks in front of church. SECURITY GUARD, 45, black, street-hardened face, big across the chest, wearing a black suit, steps up to open the car door.

SECURITY GUARD

Good morning, Ms. Steele. Bishop Reid is expecting you.

As STEELE exits car, heads into the historic church,

INT. BISHOP'S OFFICE/BETHEL A.M.E./WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

SECURITY GUARD and STEELE enter the office. BISHOP FRANK REID, 65, black, with a warm and inviting presence, rises from a vast expanse of a desk to greet STEELE.

SECURITY GUARD
Bishop, this is Ms. Steele.

BISHOP REID
Thank you, Mister Andrews.

SECURITY GUARD leaves.

BISHOP REID (CONT'D)
It's a pleasure to meet you.

STEELE
Thank you for seeing me...

BISHOP REID
I only hope something positive comes of your efforts. I praised the mayor from the pulpit when she requested a voluntary review of the police department and I praised Attorney General Lynch when she made that review mandatory after the Freddie Gray tragedy.

STEELE
Events keep overtaking Baltimore. No sooner do people react to one tragedy than the next one lands.

BISHOP REID
Sad but true.

REID walks to the door.

BISHOP REID (CONT'D)
Let me introduce you to members of the church who can get you off on the right foot.

INT. YOUTH PASTOR OFFICE/BETHEL A.M.E./WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

BISHOP REID introduces STEELE to REVEREND WILSON, 28, black, and MARVIN BLOCKER, 20, black, nervous.

BISHOP REID
This is Reverend Wilson, our youth pastor, and Marvin Blocker, a member of the church.

A shaking of hands.

BISHOP REID (CONT'D)
Well, I'll leave you to it.

STEELE

Thank you.

REID leaves. WILSON gestures to a chair. STEELE takes a seat, pulls out a notepad.

REVEREND WILSON

Where to begin?

STEELE

I've started with official channels where I was given a global overview, which is fine as far as it goes, but now I'm more interested in the details. Cases in point.

WILSON picks up several reports, finds one he is looking for, hands it to STEELE.

REVEREND WILSON

To start, take a look at that.

As STEELE takes the report,

CUT TO:

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

MCDUGALL and KILPATRICK sit across from ED ZOLLER, the overdose victim in Episode 101. He holds the photo line-up card and looks up to the detectives. He puts the card on the coffee table.

ED ZOLLER

This one is Black.

MCDUGALL

Are you sure?

ED ZOLLER

He sold the shit that killed my baby.

KILPATRICK clicks a pen, hands it to ZOLLER.

MCDUGALL

Sign beneath his photo.

KILPATRICK

If I were Anderson looking at twenty-five, I'd flip on Brill in a heartbeat.

As ZOLLER puts his signature,

CUT TO:

INT. YOUTH PASTOR OFFICE/BETHEL A.M.E./WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

STEELE is reading the report, looks to REVEREND WILSON for more detail. WILSON looks at BLOCKER, waits. Finally:

MARVIN BLOCKER

I don't want my name coming up.

STEELE

It won't. All I'm interested in is what the police are doing that falls outside the scope of the law.

BLOCKER thinks a beat.

MARVIN BLOCKER

Okay, I was like walking home from work. I work for Morton's movers. It was January and cold as I don't know what. I was crossing Riggs Avenue, not far from the police station...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. RIGGS AVENUE AND STRICKER STREET/WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

A blustery day. Head down, hoodie up, MARVIN BLOCKER crosses Riggs Avenue when a patrol car cuts in front of him and two BPD OFFICERS, twenties, one black, one white, get out of the car. BLOCKER stops in the middle of the street. Another patrol car arrives on the scene.

OFFICER #1

You got ID?

MARVIN BLOCKER

I'm coming home from work. Why you stopping me?

OFFICER #1

You're in a high crime area while wearing a hooded sweatshirt.

MARVIN BLOCKER

You stopped me for wearing a hoodie?

OFFICER #2

Your head was on a swivel. It looked to us like you were seeking a victim of opportunity.

MARVIN BLOCKER

I had to look both ways, so I didn't get hit by no car.

BLOCKER looks around. There's not a soul in sight.

MARVIN BLOCKER (CONT'D)

Wait. What victim? Ain't nobody
out here but me.

OFFICER #1

I'm going to pat you down.

OFFICERS #3 and #4, twenties, both black, from the second
patrol car, join the encounter.

MARVIN BLOCKER

For what? I ain't do nothing.

OFFICER #1 steps to BLOCKER, who takes a step back. OFFICERS
#3 and #4 grab him from behind. OFFICER #1 takes a small
dull cheap knife from Blocker's outer jacket.

OFFICER #1

Looks like a rigged knife.

MARVIN BLOCKER

I gotta walk home at night sometimes.
You said it your own self, it's a
high crime area.

OFFICER #2

Another smartass.
(to OFFICER #3)
Cuff this little motherfucker.

OFFICERS #3 & #4 try to force BLOCKER to the ground. OFFICER
#2 pulls BLOCKER's legs out from him and BLOCKER goes down.
They flip him on his front and cuff him. BLOCKER twists
half upright.

MARVIN BLOCKER

What the fuck, I ain't done shit.

On a knee, OFFICER #2 hammers at BLOCKER's head and face.
One of the punches splits BLOCKER's eyebrow and he begins to
bleed profusely.

MARVIN BLOCKER (CONT'D)

Ah, shit...

OFFICERS #3 and #4 drag BLOCKER to their car, and toss him
in the rear seat as if he were a bundle of dirty clothes.

BACK TO:

INT. YOUTH PASTOR OFFICE/BETHEL A.M.E./WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

MARVIN BLOCKER finishes his story.

MARVIN BLOCKER
They took me to University E.R.
I got this. Twelve stitches.

MARVIN points to a scar on his forehead.

STEELE
What were you charged with?

MARVIN BLOCKER
Nothing, they cut me loose.

STEELE
Wait. Hold on. They beat you and
didn't charge you?

MARVIN BLOCKER just nods as if this happens all the time.

STEELE (CONT'D)
Who in the hell taught these people
how to do police work?

On STEELE, without answers,

CUT TO:

INT. INTAKE AREA/BALTIMORE DETENTION CENTER - NIGHT

Continue in 2003 with POLICE processing their arrests, with mostly WAGON MEN uncuffing the evening's losers. At an ad hoc intake post, seated across a metal table, an ASSISTANT STATE'S ATTORNEY is perusing reports from a stack in front of him. The young JENKINS and LAMBETH watch from the wings.

JENKINS
Why'd you follow our wagon here?

LAMBETH
Part of your training. I wanted you
to see this.
(nods at A.S.A.)
Jessamy is so fuckin' mad at how
we're just dumping bodies into her
courtrooms that she's planted an
assistant state's attorney right
here at intake. He looks at the
arrest reports and if he sees that
it's horseshit, he offers the sad
ass motherfucker the chance to sign
one of those waivers.

JENKINS watches as an ARRESTEE is offered a single-sheet form by the PROSECUTOR, who starts to explain it.

JENKINS

Waivers?

LAMBETH

It says if you agree not to sue the balls off the city for false arrest, they'll let you go right now with the charge dropped.

JENKINS

And if you don't sign?

LAMBETH

Then you gotta go to the lockup until tomorrow, maybe tomorrow afternoon and wait to see the court commissioner and have the charges dropped then.

JENKINS takes this in. Then he actually SMILES.

LAMBETH (CONT'D)

Kid, there is no dictatorship in America more complete than a cop on his post.

On JENKINS, lesson learned,

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. COURTHOUSE/BALTIMORE - DAY

MCDUGALL and KILPATRICK cross Lombard Street on way to the U.S. Attorney's Office. They flash their badges and enter:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/OCEDTF/U.S. COURTHOUSE/BALTIMORE - DAY

AUSA ANDREA SMITH and AUSA WISE, along with MCDUGALL and KILPATRICK work around a large table in a room overlooking downtown. JENSEN and SIERACKI, two years younger than we've seen them, and at the beginning of their role in this case, are also at the table, we're in mid-catch up.

KILPATRICK

So Anderson, AKA Black, gave us Shropshire's phone number. We checked his log and there were numerous calls between the two numbers.

MCDUGALL

That and times and durations of call, plus observations of suspected drug activity... it should give us a wire on Shropshire's mobile phone.

AUSA WISE

We know all of this. You briefed us over the phone.

MCDUGALL

And we're gonna put a tracker on Shropshire's car for good measure.

AUSA SMITH

So that is the status of the narcotics probe, but at this point, there's enough for us to look at the possibility that we have another investigation to spin off.

AUSA WISE nods toward SIERACKI and JENSEN.

AUSA WISE

We've invited Special Agent Jensen and Sergeant Sieracki, who is detailed to the bureau's public corruption squad to sit in and begin gathering string.

MCDUGALL

We've got a whole ball of yarn at this point. For starters,
(checks notes)
Anderson claims Shropshire has an in with a Baltimore City narcotics detective. He said Shropshire called this detective G Money. Anderson also said Shropshire told him he and G Money grew up together and were tight. He had the impression that G Money was helping him out.

JENSEN

Specifics?

MCDUGALL

So far, only that Anderson believes that G Money 'has Shropshire's back,' his words. And that was why Anderson was worried that G Money might tip Shropshire that he was cooperating.

KILPATRICK

And then, of course, the second tracker.

MCDUGALL

Right.

(MORE)

MCDUGALL (CONT'D)

No way to know yet how this fits in, but when we retrieved our own tracking device from Anderson's vehicle, we also recovered a second tracker on Anderson's vehicle.

JENSEN

Go on.

MCDUGALL

We subpoenaed the records, and it was bought by John Clewell. Who just happens to be a Baltimore police officer assigned to a citywide plainclothes unit chasing guns.

KIRKPATRICK

What's interesting is why a detective's privately-owned tracker is attached to a known drug dealer's vehicle.

SIERACKI

Well, I do know that the city guys are often short on equipment and sometimes they've been known to buy or rent their own gear.

AUSA SMITH

True. But here's the kicker: so far, we haven't heard one word from anyone in Baltimore City. Not a call. Not a word from Clewell or anyone in the Gun Trace Task Force.

MCDUGALL

And it's been weeks since we arrested Anderson and found their tracker. It's still sitting in my desk.

AUSA SMITH

Does the tracker have value?

MCDUGALL

They're not cheap.

JENSEN

That says something.

AUSA SMITH

Sure does.

On JENSEN and SIERACKI, sensing they have a case here,

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE/BWI AIRPORT - DAY

ANTONIO "BRILL" SHROPSHIRE, 31, black, gets out of his parked, late model sedan, and wheels a small suitcase towards the elevator bank of the BWI Airport hourly parking garage.

MCDUGALL (O.S.)

It was me, I would parked it in the satellite lot.

KILPATRICK (O.S.)

Our man Brill doesn't have to worry about his budget.

As SHROPSHIRE disappears from sight we pull back to:

INT. MCDUGALL'S CAR/PARKING GARAGE/BWI AIRPORT - DAY

MCDUGALL and KILPATRICK surveilling from the car, a tracker in KILPATRICK's hand.

MCDUGALL

Where you think Shropshire's off to?

KILPATRICK

A MENSA convention? How the fuck should I know.

A beat as they wait, for safety.

KILPATRICK (CONT'D)

Looks like we're clear.

MCDUGALL

Go ahead.

KILPATRICK

Why do I have to do it? I don't want to get my jacket dirty.

MCDUGALL

Just buy another one. Kmart's got 'em in stock.

On KILPATRICK, shaking his head, tracker in hand, getting out of the car,

CUT TO:

INT. WISE'S OFFICE/OCEDTF/U.S. COURTHOUSE/BALTIMORE - DAY

WISE, JENSEN and SIERACKI work at a small table in Wise's office. Jensen scans a 302 report from the Field Office.

JENSEN

I just did a computer search for the Gun Trace Task Force and this just came up from Woodlawn. A three-oh-two is based on information provided by Detective Ryan Guinn of the BPD, who reported that he witnessed a Detective Momodu Gondo, who he worked with in the Gun Trace Task Force, and whose nickname is...wait for it...G Money.

SIERACKI

Goddamn.

JENSEN looks at WISE.

JENSEN

Detective Guinn saw him at a restaurant in company with Shropshire, who Guinn identified as a large-scale drug dealer in Northeast Baltimore. Guinn described the two men as, quote, very friendly. Later, Guinn said that Gondo told him that he grew up with Shropshire and it was just talk that Shropshire was a drug dealer.

AUSA WISE

Was there any follow-up by us?

JENSEN

Unfortunately, no. This is all that came over from the field office.

JENSEN is pissed by the failure of a lack of follow up.

AUSA WISE

Well at least the information was memorialized.

JENSEN shakes her head, still pissed.

AUSA WISE (CONT'D)

Okay, anything else?

JENSEN

Only that I checked and Detective Gondo is still assigned to the gun task force.

AUSA WISE

Interesting.
 (to JENSEN)
 You'll interview Guinn?

JENSEN

On it.
 (beat)
 Where's Andi today?

AUSA WISE

A.U.S.A. Smith is retiring in a couple of months. So now that you are on your way on the corruption angle, she's getting off the bus. She said to tell you go with God and good hunting.

On our GROUP, unsentimental, the case goes on,

CUT TO:

INT. INTERIOR PARKING GARAGE/BPD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Notebook in hand, DETECTIVE SEAN SUITER and DETECTIVE RAYMOND YOST, 50, white, tall and slim, graying flattop, an old Homicide hand, walk a four-story parking garage in search of their assigned car. YOST checks the parking place slip with the car in residence, there's no match.

YOST

Fuck me, those lazy sonsabitches.

SUITER

What's the tag again?

YOST

Tango, whiskey, bravo, one-three-six.

They set off in opposite directions to locate the car when a mint-condition Impala makes the turn and stops by SUITER. All smiles, GONDO greets SUITER.

GONDO

Hey, Sean. How's life in the Citywide Shootings unit?

SUITER

(proud)
 Homicide now.

GONDO

Yeah? For real?
 (MORE)

GONDO (CONT'D)
 (thought, then shrug)
 What's the angle working bodies?
 You can't make any money in Homicide.

This deflates SUITER. YOST is pissed, however.

YOST
 We solve murder cases and take 'em
 into court. Fuck do you do?

GONDO
 I make arrests *and* I make money. My
 overtime alone? *Shit*.

GONDO breaks a silence that has started to settle.

GONDO (CONT'D)
 Man, I'm just fuckin' with y'all.
 Good luck with whatever you working
 on.

SUITER nods as GONDO pulls off. YOST walks up, looks at the
 departing car.

YOST
 Motherfuckers get reserved parking
 spaces to jam-up potheads and we
 gotta fucking hike the garage to
 find a beater so we can work a body.
 Who was that fucker?

SUITER
 Name's Gondo. G Money.
 (remembering beat)
 We worked plainclothes together.

YOST
 Guy's like the shitheel you *don't*
 want to run into at your high school
 reunion.

SUITER looks at GONDO's car driving away.

SUITER
 (under his breath)
 Asshole.

On SUITER, shaking off a chill,

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE POLICE ACADEMY/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - DAY

A converted middle school, with several marked and unmarked cars parked in the lot. JENSEN crosses the lot.

INT. CLASSROOM/POLICE ACADEMY/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - DAY

SGT. RYAN GUINN sits behind the teacher's desk, pushing paper. JENSEN enters, flashes her FBI billfold.

JENSEN
Sergeant Guinn?

GUINN
That's me.

JENSEN
Special Agent Jensen, FBI.

GUINN
Whatever it is, I didn't do it.

JENSEN
I'm sure you didn't. And, ah, I have to tell you, I dread this interview.

GUINN
Whoa, this doesn't sound good.

JENSEN
It's just that we dropped the ball at The Bureau, and now I'm back...

GUINN
My report on Detective Gondo.

JENSEN
Exactly.

GUINN
Okay, but what happened to all the secret-agent, cloak-and-dagger stuff?

JENSEN
The what?

GUINN
Two years ago, when I called Woodlawn, an agent told me to stand outside the Walters Art Gallery at, I forget the time, and I did. A van pulled up, the side door slid back, and an agent waved me in.

(MORE)

GUINN (CONT'D)

I thought it was a little over the top, but now that you just walked in here like a normal pedestrian, I know it was...

JENSEN

Well, working back I guess the feeling is that the heat is off.

GUINN

But it isn't? Is something happening with Gondo now?

JENSEN looks at him for beat. She can't possibly say.

JENSEN

Let's just say if you could revisit the concerns you had two years ago, it would be helpful.

GUINN takes a beat, exhales.

GUINN

You know how you get a gut feeling when something's not right? That's the feeling I had when I saw Gondo and Shropshire together at Mo's Seafood. It was the loose vibe feel of a couple of friends at lunch. I probably would've let it slide, but when Gondo ran this line to me that Shropshire was cool... you know, just a good guy from the neighborhood, a red flag went up.

JENSEN

Did you say anything to Gondo?

GUINN

No. I mean, you can't help where you grow up and all that, but Gondo was playing it hard that Shropshire was a good guy, and that was some bullshit. Brill was moving weight and Gondo had to know that.

On JENSEN, taking out a notepad, gathering string,

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED CAR/PARK HEIGHTS AVENUE/BALTIMORE - NIGHT

YOST, driving, with SUITER, his passenger, are on the bricks.

SUITER
Is four to twelve always this busy?

YOST
No, and there's no way to predict
the action. I've been here for twelve
years and I can't figure it out.
Weather don't matter. Full moon
don't either.

CITYWIDE DISPATCHER (O.S.)
K.G.A. to eleven forty-two.

Suiter keys a hand-held walkie.

SUITER
Eleven forty-two. K.G.A.

CITY WIDE DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Eleven forty-two, call your office.

SUITER
Copy.

Suiter gets on the cell.

SUITER (CONT'D)
Sarge, it's Sean. You called?
(listens)
The new guy, Suiter.
(listens)
Right, I got you. We haven't met.
What?

Listening, SUITER covers the cell.

YOST
It's nothing, Jay's just Jay. You'll
see, he's a good guy.

SUITER
(back to the cell)
Say again.
(listens)
Let me write that down.

On SUITER, catching an address,

CUT TO:

INT. OFFSITE WIRETAP ROOM/WOODLAWN, MD - DAY

WISE, MCDOUGALL, KILPATRICK and two TASK-FORCE DETECTIVES
stare at a computer as a TECH, 25, white, hooks up speakers.

TECH

You're all set. Any problems give me a call.

TECH leaves.

AUSA WISE

You have authorization for twenty-four seven, but if after the first month, you want to limit the time, put it in the court report.

MCDUGALL

Got it.

They return to staring at the computer a beat when it flashes an incoming call, registering phone number and listed name of the caller: TaNesha Stokes.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

You gone?

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)

Yeah.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Well, I'ma get some sugar when you're back from Vegas.

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)

You'll get it.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Ain't that what the fuck I said?

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)

Yeah, baby. Ain't no question. Later.

Computer records time and duration of call.

KILPATRICK

(looking at WISE)

Cool, sugar's code for coke.

WISE gives a look.

KILPATRICK (CONT'D)

Just kidding.

(to WISE)

That was Shropshire's girlfriend. Non-pertinent.

AUSA WISE

When things get slow and you start second-guessing the tap, here is something Judge Quarles told me that might help. The bad guy has to be perfect all the time. While all we have to do is set a trap and be lucky one time.

On KILPATRICK and MCDUGALL, settling in,

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED CAR/REAR ALLEY/LOWER PARK HEIGHTS - NIGHT

YOST turns into alley as SUITER talks into cellphone. In his hand he holds the scribbled address.

SUITER

Sarge, you do know that makes this my first homicide, right?

SUITER gets his answer and hangs up.

YOST

What did he want?

SUITER hands YOST the slip of paper.

SUITER

There's a serious shooting at Greenmount and twenty-second. And get this, Sarge wants you to take that one.

(beat)

I told him that leaves me alone on my first case.

YOST stops at the crime scene.

YOST

What he say to that?

SUITER

He said he has faith in me. Doesn't know my name, but he has faith in me.

YOST gives a small CHUCKLE, as SUITER pops passenger door.

YOST

Take it real slow. Don't let nobody rush you. I'll try to get back to you as soon as I can.

SUITER turns back to YOST, who's grinning. SUITER shakes his head and gets out, and as YOST backs down the alley, he heads toward:

EXT. CRIME SCENE/REAR ALLEY/LOWER PARK HEIGHTS - NIGHT

Surrounded by a strip of yellow tape and guarded by two PATROL COPS, the backyard is litter-free and the grass is cut, a late-model, bottom-line car is parked on a patch of gravel and a trove of toys are collected on the back porch. A half-built wooden fence partially envelopes the yard. A PHOTOGRAPHER, thirties, black, snaps shots of the scene. A LAB TECH places numbered markers, nine markers in all, in close proximity, while collecting shell casings. SUITER squats next to the body of the victim, KENDAL FENWICK, 24, black, clean shaven, fresh face, with limbs akimbo, his torso twisted and punctured by several bullet holes. Using a pen, SUITER probes the body before he takes FENWICK's hand in his and examines it. SUITER turns to a PATROL OFFICER, 28, black, female, a pro, clipboard in hand, pen poised.

SUITER
What do you think, Officer?

PATROL OFFICER
Doesn't look like he's in the game.

SUITER
He's got working-man calluses.

SUITER judges the close pattern of the numbered markers, and stands in a spot to approximate where the shooter stood.

SUITER (CONT'D)
(to PHOTOGRAPHER)
Could you get a wide shot of this?

The PHOTOGRAPHER shoots the request as SUITER extends his arm as if firing a weapon. With that concluded, SUITER uses his cell to take his own photos of the scene,

CUT TO:

INT. OFFSITE WIRETAP ROOM/WOODLAWN, MD - NIGHT

CLOSE on the blank screen of the wiretap computer. PULL back to a slouched KILPATRICK and a second DETECTIVE, forties, black, female, who sits, doodling away on a legal pad. The screen comes alive as a phone number and subscriber information with a female name appears on the screen. KILPATRICK bolts upright, calls to MCDOUGALL who is at a table, phone to ear. MCDOUGALL waves him off.

KILPATRICK
We got an outgoing.

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)
I'm back. We good?

UNKNOWN MALE CALLER #1 (O.S.)
I'm up.

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)
Same spot?

UNKNOWN MALE CALLER #1 (O.S.)
Same spot.

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)
Later.

The laptop shows time and duration of call. KILPATRICK slides the curser to a column marked pertinent.

KILPATRICK
We just got a short sweet drug call.

MCDUGALL holds up his hand for silence.

MCDUGALL
(into phone)
Let me check.

MCDUGALL taps in a phone number on the laptop on the table. CLOSE on the screen as he hits enter. Several calls listed to "Momodu Gondo."

MCDUGALL (CONT'D)
Yeah, we got him.
(listens)
No, we haven't heard back yet on the subpoenas to the phone companies.
(listens)
What, you're fucking kidding me?
(listens)
I'll let you know right away.
(listens)
Thanks.

MCDUGALL clicks off, turns to KILPATRICK.

KILPATRICK
What's up?

MCDUGALL
That was Erika.

MCDUGALL taps the laptop.

MCDUGALL (CONT'D)

You ain't gonna believe this. That one number on the list of Shropshire's calls that shows up twenty times in the last month? Belongs to Detective Momodu Gondo of the Baltimore City Police Department.

KILPATRICK

Fuck me.

ON the screen: The list of Gondo's prior calls,

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/VICTIM'S ROWHOUSE/LOWER PARK HEIGHTS - NIGHT

Notebook opened, SUITER sits in a chair across from DOMINIQUE JARVIS, 23, black, his victim's girlfriend, who is tear-stained and distracted, her blouse is stained with blood. A young CHILD lays on her lap, asleep.

DOMINIQUE JARVIS

We were sitting down to eat. Kendal was telling a family joke and the children were laughing. He's always telling jokes.

(She chokes up)

Sorry.

SUITER

Can I get you something?

DOMINIQUE JARVIS

No, I'm okay. I was at the stove fixing the plates. Kendal heard a noise and went out back to check. He was gone just a few seconds when we heard like a machine gun go off. The children ran to the hall closet. Kendal had taught them to do that because in June a bullet came through the front window. I ran outside, he was lying on the ground.

SUITER

Did you see anyone else?

DOMINIQUE JARVIS

Just Kendal on the grass.

SUITER

Do you have family coming?

DOMINIQUE JARVIS
They're on the way.

SUITER
Can you go on?
(off her nod)
I saw the partially completed fence
out front and down the side. Can
you tell me about that?

On SUITER, a homicide detective at work,

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE/BALTIMORE - DAY

As the court room empties, FIND SIERACKI seated midway on the defense-side pews as GUARDS cuff a male PRISONER, 25, black. PROSECUTOR, 40, white, and DEFENSE ATTORNEY KODEK, 45, white, confer with JUDGE, 50, black female. The huddle breaks up and KODEK smiles as he joins SIERACKI, who rises to shake hands and they walk into:

INT. CORRIDOR/MITCHELL COURTHOUSE/BALTIMORE - DAY

KODEK, SIERACKI walk and talk.

KODEK
You've come over to my side?

SIERACKI
Maybe some day.

KODEK
Where have you been keeping yourself?

SIERACKI
I got detailed to the F.B.I. Public
Corruption squad.

KODEK
Not the kind of assignment to endear
you to the politicians in town.

SIERACKI
Fuck it. I never thought I'd be one
to wear gold.

KODEK
So you didn't just drop into Part
Twenty-Three of the Baltimore Circuit
Court to watch the master at work.

SIERACKI

Some other time. You're representing Young Moose?

KODEK stops walking.

KODEK

Someone from your shop is actually a fan of hip-hop. I am slack-jawed.

SIERACKI

I'm still pissed off the Eagles broke up. But we've at least parsed the words of your client with regard to Detective Hersl. I'd like to talk to your client, on the record, if possible, or as background.

KODEK

I can ask, but I can't promise anything. In his world, reputation means everything.

SIERACKI

Okay, but any help we'd appreciate.

KODEK

If you are working corruption, I take it your interest goes beyond mere brutality.

SIERACKI merely meets his gaze. KODEK considers, then:

KODEK (CONT'D)

John, I can ask around, get you a list of the names of the cops who our clients say are stealing. But take the list with a grain of salt. My fingerprints won't be on it, right?

SIERACKI

You have my word.

As they handshake to seal the deal,

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE OFFICE/BPD HQ/BALTIMORE - DAY

With notebook at hand, SUITER types an office report as SERGEANT JAY, 50, white, agitated, plops down on the side of the desk, tapping a Sunpapers article on the murder.

SERGEANT JAY

I guess your vic wasn't getting what he deserved.

SUITER

Worker and a family man. I ran his record, got one hit: a civil citation for littering. Fifteen years, I've run records, and this is the first time I've ever seen that charge.

SERGEANT JAY

Who'd a thought, getting gunned down for building a fence to stop some gang of hoodle-headed drug dealers from cutting across your yard? Word from upstairs, the Commissioner and some of the Deputies and City Hall pols are headed up to Park Heights to finish the fence for the T.V. cameras.

SUITER

I don't know about the fence thing being the motive, Sarge. My guy's shot nine times. I'd say my shooter's got anger management issues that go way beyond a fence.

SERGEANT JAY

Let it play like it is. You never know, it might move somebody to call.

SERGEANT JAY gets up, remembers newspaper, hands it to SUITER.

SERGEANT JAY (CONT'D)

Cut out the article, put it in the folder. Oh, yeah, you want somebody with you on this?

SUITER thinks for a beat. Then:

SUITER

No, I'm good.

On SUITER, watching SERGEANT JAY leave, and wondering,

CUT TO:

EXT. CYLBURN ARBORETUM/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - DAY

STEELE exits her car in the lot of Cylburn Arboretum, empty save for a patrol car. PATROL OFFICER STANLEY WILLIS, 28, black, military bearing, gets up from a bench to greet her.

OFFICER WILLIS
Sorry for the hush-hush. I'm Officer
Willis. Stanley.

STEELE
Nicole Steele.

She shows credentials and looks around.

OFFICER WILLIS
Care for a seat?

They sit.

STEELE
I guess I haven't learned enough
about Baltimore because I didn't
know this existed.

OFFICER WILLIS
Me neither, until I was assigned the
post. It's one of those that is
usually given to burnouts or O-Gs.

STEELE
(smiling)
I take it, you're neither...

OFFICER WILLIS
I got a big mouth. Like an idiot, I
made it clear I don't like how we go
about policing. So here I am, twenty-
eight-years-old and out to pasture.
But that's my problem. I heard you're
taking a hard look at the department.

STEELE
Right now, I'm poking around.

OFFICER WILLIS
I'm not alone to be fair. Plenty of
guys feel like me. We've seen things
going on that will blow your mind.
Like this for example.

WILLIS hands STEELE a report.

OFFICER WILLIS (CONT'D)
This happened last week. Tyrone
Boyd. Before we get into it, you
need to know what's going on is
nothing but a numbers game. The
squad's numbers were down, and the
sergeant wasn't happy.
(MORE)

OFFICER WILLIS (CONT'D)

So we got our marching orders. Bring in bodies. This happens in every district. It was worse under O'Malley -- when he was running for governor -- but it still goes on because it's what they taught us to do.

STEELE

How about the citywide units?

OFFICER WILLIS

I can't speak to them, but I don't believe they're exempt from the numbers game either. As to the report, I spoke with the family, they're more than willing to cooperate.

(taps report)

Speak to Fran. I told her someone might follow up...

On WILLIS, doing his bit,

CUT TO:

EXT. SUITER'S DEPARTMENTAL/STREET/LOWER PARK HEIGHTS - DAY

SUITER parks a half-block from the victim's house. He gets out and leans against the car's hood. His POV: the victim's house, several departmental vehicles, TV trucks, and a Home Depot truck clog the street. A CROWD watches as a CREW of middle-aged men attempt to complete the victim's fence under the watchful eye of local TV cameras. An OLD MAN, 70, black, straight back with a cane, neatly dressed, walks an old dog. He stops on the sidewalk by SUITER, shares the look toward the victim's house.

OLD MAN

Thinking a handful of nails and a few lengths of wood is gonna make some kinda difference.

OLD MAN uses his cane to arc the stretch of rowhouses across the street. SUITER turns, follows the arc. PAN slowly the remains of the Park Circle neighborhood. Some houses have collapsed, some are fire charred, others have been torn down and the lots are now filled with weeds and trash. Trees grow from some second floor windows. And there is a keen absence of life. SUITER turns to the OLD MAN, who has walked on with his old dog. On one last look at the media scrum, SUITER returns to his car,

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL CAR/STREETS/EAST BALTIMORE - NIGHT

Once again in 2003 with the young JENKINS as he continues to learn his reality. He watches out the patrol car passenger window as the ruins of East Baltimore roll past him a dozen years earlier. LAMBETH drives. ON the corner where three GANGBANGERS, early twenties, black, loiter. LAMBETH angles the patrol car to the curb and hops out with JENKINS following his lead.

LAMBETH

On the wall.

Murmuring, the three GANGBANGERS assume the position. GANGBANGER #1 does so halfheartedly.

LAMBETH (CONT'D)

(to JENKINS)

There's always one. Watch 'em.

LAMBETH moves to GANGBANGER #1, grabs the scuff of his neck.

LAMBETH (CONT'D)

Spread 'em.

GANGBANGER #1 widens his legs.

LAMBETH (CONT'D)

Lace your fingers.

GANGBANGER #1 laces his fingers on the back of his neck.

GANGBANGER #1

Hey man, be cool.

LAMBETH pushes GANGBANGER #1's head into the wall.

LAMBETH

I'm cool. You cool?

GANGBANGER #1

Yeah.

LAMBETH steps back.

LAMBETH

(to JENKINS)

Search 'em.

JENKINS pats down the three GANGBANGERS, finding a bag of marijuana on the third GANGBANGER.

JENKINS

Here we go.

JENKINS shows the bag of weed.

LAMBETH

Cuff 'em all and kneel 'em. Use the zip ties.

JENKINS zip-ties GANGBANGERS and guides them to their knees.
LAMBETH keys his walkie.

LAMBETH (CONT'D)

Need a wagon at Oliver and Rose.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Copy that.

JENKINS turns for the lesson in all of this.

JENKINS

What's the charge on these guys?

LAMBETH

Well, we could take the one body for the weed, or we can take three. There are only two ways to add to your city-scale salary, my son. First is overtime, and no one's gonna approve overtime for chasing 9-1-1 calls and making street arrests from patrol. Second is court pay, and if you put charges on a docket, you get to show up at the Eastside District Court and make a lawyer sign your slip for court pay. You make enough arrests, you can over-fill the day's docket, get paid twice.

(nods at ARRESTEES)

You wanna make the extra coin, or no?

JENKINS

I'm good with that.

As the jail wagon arrives,

CUT TO:

EXT. CYLBURN ARBORETUM/NORTHWEST BALTIMORE - DAY

STEELE still talking with OFFICER WILLIS.

STEELE

One thing I don't understand.

WILLIS

What's that?

STEELE

If police work has become this indiscriminate, I mean, if anyone and everyone in the city can be locked up for anything, then who talks to you?

WILLIS

Who talks to me?

STEELE

To the department. When you need witnesses, or informants, who can you talk to if you've made everyone angry with thousands of meaningless arrests.

WILLIS

It's worse than that.

STEELE

Tell me.

WILLIS

You need to talk to the guys in Homicide or Robbery. Used to be that every now and then, the phone would ring and someone would drop a dime on who shot Tater, or who robbed the Rite Aid counter. Not anymore. But now, when you need to get twelve people together to make a jury -- twelve people to believe that you aren't lying on the witness stand about who shot Tater or who robbed the Rite Aid, they look at you and then remember when some cop lied on their son or their husband and locked him up for sitting on his steps or walking from his car. The lawyers will tell you that we lost the city juries doing this stuff. They think police just lie.

STEELE

Because now you do.

WILLIS

Now we do.

On WILLIS, sad to say so, and STEELE taking in the lesson,

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH/ROWHOUSE/PARK HEIGHTS AVENUE - DAY

A house that sits several meters from the sidewalk. There are steps to a long walkway then several steps leading to a porch that has an over-hang roof. STEELE is on the porch with FRAN, twenties, black female.

FRAN

Didn't make no sense. It was hot and we were all out, my neighbors too. I was on the porch steps with my boyfriend.

STEELE

(checking notes)
That's Tyrone Boyd?

FRAN

Yes. We were talking and Ty had a bottle of beer. Then the police pulled up. Shit got crazy...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. PORCH/ROWHOUSE/PARK HEIGHTS AVENUE/BALTIMORE - NIGHT

FRAN and TYRONE "TY" BOYD, twenties, black are on the porch steps when two CITY OFFICERS, CURLY and CIGAR, late twenties, white, get out of the patrol car. OFFICER WILLIS is leaning against his own car, observing.

TY

Fuck, Curly and Cigar. What these motherfuckers want?

FRAN

Just don't beef. Be easy.

The OFFICERS approach. CURLY eyes TY, addresses CIGAR.

CURLY

Damn shame, some people never learn.

CIGAR

That's 'cause some people just don't give a fuck.

TY

Whoa. We ain't doing nothing. And this is private property.

CURLY

It don't matter, you got an open container of alcohol. Which even you know is against the law.

FRAN
That ain't against no law...

CURLY
Who asked you?
(to TY)
Stand up.

TY
No. I ain't going nowhere.

FRAN
You can't take him. Get out of here.

NEIGHBORS show an interest, edging towards the confrontation. One neighbor, DENNIS, 20, black, comes off the neighboring porch, walks towards the OFFICERS.

CURLY
I'm not going to ask again,
motherfucker.

TY remains seated. CURLY pushes him off the step, wrestles him to the ground. Curly swats FRAN as she tries to push him off of TY. DENNIS steps up.

DENNIS
You can't do that shit.

DENNIS is punched down by CIGAR, who then keys his radio.

CIGAR
Signal thirteen, thirty-two-fifty-
six Park Heights.

The radio alert tone SOUNDS as more younger NEIGHBORS rush to the scene. PAN to the street where two patrol cars, each with four OFFICERS, and two wagons screech to halt. The OFFICERS bail out and join the donnybrook. ON OFFICER WILLIS, across the street, disgusted, not joining in.

BACK TO:

EXT. PORCH/ROWHOUSE/PARK HEIGHTS AVENUE - DAY

STEELE makes notes as FRAN recalls the incident.

STEELE
You were arrested?

FRAN
Me and about twelve others.

STEELE

Is there anything else you recall about the incident?

FRAN

I remember Mister Carney said the whole thing was like a set-up, meant to lock people up.

STEELE

Why did he say that?

FRAN

Usually, only Curly and Cigar are in a car together. The rest are by themselves. But when the fight started, Mister Carney said when they showed up, they was packed deep.

On STEELE, making another note,

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD/DONALD STEPP'S HOUSE/MIDDLE RIVER - DAY

A backyard on the bank of Middle River. WHITE MEN are clumped around an outboard motor, while their WOMEN are either in lounge chairs, soaking the rays, or preparing two long tables with salads and slaws and spreading newspaper. TEEN GIRLS gyrate to early 2000s music and steal looks at TEEN BOYS tossing a football. YOUNG GIRLS splash in an above-ground pool while YOUNG BOYS are on the pier, fishing. JENKINS, our young rookie cop, lugs a bushel basket of live crabs around the corner and into the yard, deposits the bushel basket, hugs his wife, KRISTY, 21, white.

KRISTY

You made it.

JENKINS

Getting the crabs took longer than I thought.

KRISTY

No kiss?

JENKINS kisses KRISTY as the host, DONALD STEPP, late thirties, a shaved-headed white bruiser, sidles up.

DONALD STEPP

My man, the Rookie. How's it feel to be policing in the city?

They embrace with a slap and manage a white-man's soul shake.

JENKINS

It's all good. I brought crabs for everyone.

JENKINS reaches over and takes off the top of the basket, revealing a bushel of small-to-medium-sized steamed crabs, as disappointment seems to register on STEPP's face.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

I thought Jimmy's was gonna put them aside for me, but they didn't and were nearly out when I got there. Fuckin' mediums were all I could afford, too. Crabs are expensive this year.

STEPP

Money is only paper until you spend it, brother. Check out what's in the coolers.

JENKINS looks inside two large ice chests.

STEPP (CONT'D)

New York strips, lobster tails, Grey Goose Vodka, none of your cheap shit. Are we going to party or what?

JENKINS

No doubt.

On JENKINS, smile fading, stung by the unspoken comparison of his seemingly meager contribution to the party,

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/U.S. COURTHOUSE/BALTIMORE - DAY

POV is from a security camera, with a 2017 date stamp, on the hallway as the burgundy-clothed RAYAM is led yet again in shackles toward the conference room by U.S. MARSHALS.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/U.S. COURTHOUSE/BALTIMORE - DAY

RAYAM, now unshackled, is seated across the table from agents JENSEN and SIEREKI.

JENSEN

Did the marshalls get you lunch okay?

RAYAM

I'm good.

JENSEN

Assistant U.S. Attorney Wise will be joining us shortly. While we're waiting, can you clear up something?

RAYAM

Happy to help.

JENSEN checks a file.

JENSEN

I didn't see Detective John Clewell's name on your bad-cop list.

RAYAM

You mean, Choirboy? Shit, that fool was straight. I don't even know how the fuck he got in the unit. Probably Allers brought him from Southern.

JENSEN

Just to confirm, this is Sergeant Allers, supervisor. Now with the D.E.A. task force.

RAYAM

Correct.

RAYAM points to his list of drug and money rip-offs.

RAYAM (CONT'D)

This one here, M and G and A, that's me, Gondo and Allers.

JENSEN

And Allers stole money with you?

RAYAM

Yes, ma'am. He did.

(off her look)

You think 'cause he was the sergeant he was immune? Hell, the sergeants and lieutenants can't make no overtime. They're hungrier for it.

AUSA WISE, burdened with files, enters the room.

AUSA WISE

Am I interrupting anything?

JENSEN

I'll catch you up later.

AUSA WISE
 (opening file)
 Officer Rayam, in preparation for
 your grand jury appearance, there's
 something I want to go over with
 you.

RAYAM
 Fire away.

AUSA WISE
 Do you recall lying to investigators
 and failing a polygraph relative to
 a two-thousand-nine incident where
 eleven-thousand dollars was stolen?

RAYAM
 (proudly)
 Yeah, it's on my list. We haven't
 got to it yet.

AUSA WISE
 No time like the present.

RAYAM
 This was at Eutaw and Lafayette...

FLASHBACK

EXT. EUTAW STREET AND LAFAYETTE AVENUE/BALTIMORE - DAY

In an undercover car, RAYAM and DETECTIVE JASON GIORDANO,
 30, white male, spy plainclothes DETECTIVE SLY MICHAELS, 30,
 black who has pulled over a vehicle.

RAYAM
 Let's see what Sly's got.

DETECTIVE GIORDANO
 Hope it's better than last time.

RAYAM parks and the TWO get out.

RAYAM
 What's up, blood?

DETECTIVE MICHAELS
 Seatbelt violation.

RAYAM
 Can't have it. That shit saves lives.

RAYAM approaches DRIVER, 24, black male.

RAYAM (CONT'D)
Sir, would you step out of the car?

DRIVER complies.

DETECTIVE MICHAELS
Gimme your keys.

DRIVER
Why?

RAYAM
Give the man your fucking keys.

DRIVER looks frightened, hands MICHAELS the keys. MICHAELS goes to the trunk and opens it.

DETECTIVE MICHAELS
What the fuck?

MICHAELS holds up bag, opens it.

DETECTIVE MICHAELS (CONT'D)
How much is in here?

DRIVER
Eleven-thousand. That's the equity from when I refinanced my house.

RAYAM
Equity, my ass. We're gonna submit this to evidence control, and the only way you get your 'equity' back, motherfucker, is if you have the bank paperwork.

On RAYAM, confident he has just been paid,

BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/U.S. COURTHOUSE/BALTIMORE - DAY

AUSA WISE, JENSEN, SIERACKI sit across from RAYAM.

AUSA WISE
So, then what happened?

RAYAM
Sly took the bag, and me and him split it up later.

AUSA WISE
So, you did steal the money?

RAYAM

All of it.

AUSA WISE

And you lied about it?

RAYAM

Damn right. Look, I been doing this a long time, and them mopes in I.I.D. couldn't catch the clap in a whorehouse.

AUSA WISE

So you lied about knowing Michaels?

RAYAM

Yup.

AUSA WISE

You were in the Academy with him.

RAYAM

That's right. Good on you to notice. Because they never would.

AUSA WISE

And according to this report, in the four months before and after this incident, you called him four hundred seventy-four times.

RAYAM

(smiles)

Yeah, I didn't think those boys were smart enough to pull my phone records. But you all were, weren't you?

RAYAM is somewhat pleased with how he's handling himself. He volunteers even more:

RAYAM (CONT'D)

Check this out: couple months later, they set up an integrity sting, to catch Michaels knocking off some cadet playing undercover. My man took like seventy bucks in marked bills, and when they popped his locker, they found coke. But I.I.D. fucked up that simple shit so bad, the State's Attorney's Office had to drop those charges.

He shakes his head.

RAYAM (CONT'D)

So, even though they had me dead up because I blew the fucking box, now get this, they only suspended me.

(beat)

For two years.

RAYAM leans in to the table.

RAYAM (CONT'D)

With pay.

The FEDERAL INVESTIGATORS all consider this.

RAYAM (CONT'D)

And when they reinstated me, they put me in with a unit made up of the biggest bunch of crooks in the department. That's how fucked up it is. Shit, there's so much money out there, and I'm supposed to play by the book with these motherfuckers? Nah, man.

(beat)

I lied to get off, just like I'm telling the truth now to cut my time. Fucked up, ain't it?

On RAYAM, leaning back, hoping he's made the absurdity clear,

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/U.S. COURTHOUSE/BALTIMORE - DAY

WISE, JENSEN and SIERACKI lug their respective paperwork as RAYAM retreats in background, shackled and escorted in the opposite direction by the U.S. MARSHALS.

AUSA WISE

Pretty compelling witness. Nothing seems to shake him up.

SIERACKI

He's cold.

JENSEN

(to WISE)

Both Gondo and Rayam have Gladstone on their dirty-cop list. And before you walked in, he put in his supervisor, Sergeant Allers, the one who's now with D.E.A.

AUSA WISE

Nice. Are those the only names?

SIERACKI

No, there's more. And more to look at beyond them. A defense attorney I know helped me out.

JENSEN

We'll never starve for want of work.

On our GROUP, moving forward, with a growing list, as POV goes to security camera, once again with 2017 date stamp,

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE OFFICE/BPD HQ/BALTIMORE - DAY

SUITER hangs up coat, goes to mailbox, reads a message on a slip of paper. He goes to file cabinet and takes out a slim case folder. Does a quick read, walks over to SERGEANT JAY.

SUITER

You need me, I'll be with Ballistics.

SERGEANT JAY

You got something? No shit.

As SUITER shrugs and walks away,

CUT TO:

INT. OFFSITE WIRETAP ROOM/WOODLAWN, MD - DAY

MCDUGALL and KILPATRICK monitor the Shropshire wiretaps. A small digital clock on a desk blinks 4:45 p.m., as MCDUGALL receives an ALERT on his cellphone indicating that a tracking device planted on the car of their target, Shropshire, is being tampered with.

MCDUGALL

Shit. Well, that didn't take long.

KILPATRICK

What's that?

MCDUGALL

Looks like Brill found our tracker.

KILPATRICK

Where?

MCDUGALL

G.P.S. shows Baltimore City, down on 25th Street, around Loch Raven.

KILPATRICK

There's a bunch of auto shops down there.

As digital clock blinks 5:03 p.m., the monitor shows an outgoing call from Shropshire phone to 443-513-1994.

MCDUGALL

Look, look, that's Gondo. Fuck me, he's calling Gondo.

WE hear RINGING then:

GONDO (O.S.)

Hello?

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)

Hola, poppy?

On the expectant DETECTIVES, listening:

INT. CAR/STREET/PHILADELPHIA, PA - DAY

GONDO in a car, on a cell, talking to Shropshire.

GONDO

What's up, brother?

EXT. AUTO SHOPS/25TH STREET/BALTIMORE - DAY

SHROPSHIRE, outside an auto garage, on a cell, talks to GONDO.

SHROPSHIRE

What's up with you?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

GONDO

Nothin' man. You know Philly.

SHROPSHIRE

Oh, you in Philly?

GONDO

Yeah, Yeah.

SHROPSHIRE

Well, I got a question for you.

GONDO

I'm listening.

SHROPSHIRE

Uh, I took the car to the shop...
The thing, the thing was lit.

GONDO

Okay.

SHROPSHIRE

What to do with it?

GONDO

Uh ... what time the shop close?

SHROPSHIRE

They close probably at eight.

GONDO

Run that by me one more time.

SHROPSHIRE

You know what I'm talking about?

GONDO

Yeah!

As GONDO thinks on the problem:

INT. OFFSITE WIRETAP ROOM/WOODLAWN, MD - NIGHT

KILPATRICK and MCDOUGALL, listening to the call.

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)

A-ight.

GONDO (O.S.)

Right, right. Yo, this an iPhone?

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)

Yeah.

GONDO (O.S.)

Just FaceTime me, yo.

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)

A-ight.

Line goes DEAD, the computer spits out the time and duration.
MCDOUGALL moves the cursor to the column marked "pertinent."

KILPATRICK

Fuck.

MCDOUGALL

I'm going to call Leo and Erika.
They need to know we just got Gondo
on the hook with Brill.

KILPATRICK

I wonder why Gondo waited half a conversation to tell Brill to call on FaceTime? He knows we can't wiretap those calls. He didn't have to talk at all on the phone.

MCDUGALL

Maybe we got lucky.

On MCDUGALL, ever optimistic,

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/HOWARD COUNTY DETENTION CENTER/JESSUP, MD - DAY

As in the top of the script, JENKINS is being led down a hall by a CORRECTIONS OFFICER. On JENKINS, remembering:

INT. RADIO CAR/POLICE DISTRICT/BALTIMORE - NIGHT

CARD: 2005

JENKINS, still young but now seasoned by two years in patrol, hears a RADIO CALL for a Signal 13, keys his shoulder mic.

JENKINS

Seven-C-twenty-five. On it.

As JENKINS guns the motor,

CUT TO:

EXT. DRUG CORNER/BALTIMORE - NIGHT

JENKINS arrives to find five PATROLMEN on the ground, tussling and fighting with a prone but still struggling SUSPECT, black and male. It's a morass of arms and legs, and in the darkness with the SUSPECT still squirming, JENKINS struggles to find a place to pitch in. Eventually he grabs a black shin that is attached to a Nike Air Jordan and he smashes his baton against it viciously. PATROLMAN #3, black, rolls off the pile, MOANING, holding his shin.

JENKINS

Shit. Jarrod, sorry.

PATROLMAN #3

Why'd you do that?

PATROLMAN #3 is rolling around in pain. The SUSPECT is finally subdued with several hard shots to the head. PATROLMAN #4, also black, gives him one last kick in the ribs as they raise themselves.

PATROLMAN #4
What do you got to say now,
motherfucker?

SUSPECT only MOANS. JENKINS stands over PATROLMAN #3

JENKINS
I just grabbed the leg that was
wearing the Air Jordans and gave it
a smack.

PATROLMAN #4
Fuckin' Jarrod forgot his department-
issues. Came outta roll call tonight
wearing his gym shoes.

PATROLMEN begin to crack up. Even PATROLMAN #3, still on
the ground rubbing his leg, is LAUGHING.

JENKINS
What'd he do?

PATROLMAN #5
Told him the corner was indicted.
And he was still standing here when
we rolled back.

JENKINS
Well you fucked him up pretty good.

PATROLMAN #5
(nods, agreeable)
You handled it, too.

JENKINS
MMA baby. What's your charge?

PATROLMAN #5
Loitering in a drug-free zone.
Failure to obey.

JENKINS
Considering the damage, you better
add resisting, write that he took a
swing on you. Am I right?

PATROLMAN #5
Right as rain.

JENKINS walks over, leans down to the prone SUSPECT.

JENKINS
Never swing on a cop.

LAUGHTER from the GROUP. On JENKINS, now versed in the ways of policing, walking back to his radio car,

CUT TO:

INT. OFFSITE WIRETAP ROOM/WOODLAWN, MD - EVENING

In the b.g. MCDOUGALL is on the phone while, KILPATRICK monitors the wire. The computer activates 5:21 p.m., an incoming call from Gondo.

KILPATRICK
Dave, they're back on.

MCDOUGALL
(into phone)
I'll call you right back.

MCDOUGALL joins KILPATRICK.

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)
Hello?

GONDO (O.S.)
Yeah, basically when something like that happens, on the other side, it's just a loss. You feel me?

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)
Right.

GONDO (O.S.)
But definitely, definitely somebody's been tracking you. So...

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)
Ain't no question. I'mma pop it on somebody else's car, like a working-folk car.

GONDO (O.S.)
You know, I don't even know who I'm talking to, so whatever you do, you do, but...

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)
Right.

GONDO (O.S.)
Just be mindful, just be mindful of that, brother. So, whatever you do.

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)
Right.

GONDO (O.S.)
 But, yeah, you definitely gotta get
 rid of it. A-ight?

SHROPSHIRE (O.S.)
 A-ight. Bye.

Line goes DEAD. The computer spits out duration of call.
 KILPATRICK checks the call as pertinent.

MCDUGALL
 Thank you, Gondo.

KILPATRICK
 (laughing)
 'I don't even know who I'm talking
 to?' What the fuck?

On MCDUGALL and KILPATRICK, reveling in their one tiny
 victory,

INT. CELL/HOWARD COUNTY DETENTION CENTER/JESSUP - NIGHT

JENKINS in his cell, on his cot, leaning against the wall.
 We HEAR the SOUNDS of the jailhouse echoing around him, but
 JENKINS is awake. Remembering:

INT. ROLL CALL ROOM/WESTERN DISTRICT - DAY

The SHIFT gathers before roll call. Face of a ROOKIE COP,
 early twenties, Asian, in foreground, reading the plaques of
 fallen officers on the memorial wall. JENKINS, holding a
 styrofoam coffee, appears over his shoulder.

JENKINS
 Your name Yang? I'm Jenkins. You're
 riding sector two tonight with me.
 I'm your F.T.O.

ROOKIE
 Call me Tommy.

JENKINS gestures for him to follow to their seats. The SHIFT
 LIEUTENANT is beginning roll call. Over his shoulder:

JENKINS
 All the shit they taught you in the
 academy? Forget it.
 (beat)
 This is Baltimore.

On JENKINS, smiling:

INT. CELL/HOWARD COUNTY DETENTION CENTER/JESSUP - NIGHT

JENKINS, one link in a chain, remembers. He seems unaffected, stony, without remorse. ON JENKINS' hard, set face,

FADE TO BLACK.