

FREAMON: "To what do we owe the honor?"

MCNULTY: "Just checking in. Why? You got something going on?"

FREAMON: "Nothing too sexy. Just pushing a case uphill inch by inch on Kintel Williamson...our stated target."

MCNULTY: "We are working too, Lester."

FREAMON: "Yeah, on your own thing. You even listening to me, McNulty?"

MCNULTY: "I got a real case to bring in. Fellow name of Stringer Bell. You might have heard of him. I don't know."

FREAMON: "You got a mouth on you, boy."

MCNULTY: "He's still out there, Lester. He's got his corners, his money. Fuck it. By now, for all you know, he's got all that downtown real estate. Motherfucker probably owns half of Baltimore without us even knowing it."

FREAMON: "That ain't the point."

MCNULTY: "Do you even know what happened to all that real estate, Lester? All that downtown property Bell has title on? Fuck no. He's probably laughing his balls off right now. At you, me, Daniels, all of us."

FREAMON: "You even pretending to speak for anyone other than yourself, McNulty?"

MCNULTY: "I'm speaking for the job."

FREAMON: "You wanna talk about police work? I was doing the job when you wa just dreaming on it. Daniels was out there, too. Now you gonna fuck him when he pulled you off a goddamn boat?"

MCNULTY: "He's a boss. Fuck the bosses."

FREAMON: "Maybe Daniels plays a few games to get by... but he's cost himself plenty for the sake of the job! He's earned some loyalty."

MCNULTY: "Fuck loyalty and fuck you, Lester. I never thought I'd hear that chain of command horseshit come out of your mouth."

FREAMON: "Motherfucker, I've spent a lot of time in a lot of weak units. More than you. Now this here may not be perfect, but it's a chance to be police."

MCNULTY: "Well, then be one...."