



## A SCENE THAT WILL NEVER MAKE THE BONUS DISC

As serious an intellectual as they come – a brooding writer called “The Angriest Man in Television” in a cover story by the *Atlantic Monthly* – David Simon likes to fancy himself a prankster.

Simon routinely hid all of Bob Colesberry’s New York Yankees memorabilia. He glued everything to director Clark Johnson’s desk, creating a disorderly still life.

A year or so before *The Wire* went into production, Simon and I waited for fellow writer Bill Zorzi to join us for breakfast at the Blue Moon Café on Aliceanna Street in Fells Point. While waiting, Simon decided we should completely ignore Zorzi when he arrived, go on talking to one another as if Bill did not exist.

We did, to which Zorzi replied: “You assholes.”

And then we ignored him for another two minutes.

When the “Backwash” episode in Season Two called for a practical joke to be played on Ziggy in retaliation for the goof having downloaded photos of his cock on another longshoreman’s computer, Simon rejected all ideas about itching powder, laxatives and hair removing creams.

“We’ve seen enough of Ziggy jumping around,” he said and set to write a scene in which the “legend of the docks” receives a letter from a law firm claiming he’d knocked up a woman who’d danced the cha-cha – at *least* once – with every guy in the neighborhood.

When his cousin Nicky suggests he call the number listed in the letter, a cell phone rings across the bar: it’s Maui, the stevedore on whose computer Ziggy had placed a photo of “Pretty Boy.”

All the while, “Love Child” by the Supremes plays over and over on the Clement Street Bar jukebox.

“He got ya, Zig,” laughs Nick.

But Simon claims he never got anybody better than he got Dominic West and Wendell Pierce and the rest of the cast and crew of the show over the 2007 Labor Day weekend on the next-to-last day of filming five seasons of *The Wire*.

On that day, which was already looking to be an 18-hour marathon, one last script insert was delivered to the set. And this is what it said.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT  
BUNK, MCNULTY sit, worried. A long beat of frustrated  
silence before MCNULTY leans back in his chair, speaks.

MCNULTY

If they were going to do me, I’d be done already.

BUNK

Now, later. They’re gonna do you.

MCNULTY

I’m not so sure.

BUNK

You really think we need to discuss this some more? Whatever’s gonna happen is gonna happen.

MCNULTY

What are you saying?

BUNK

I'm not sure this conversation is going anywhere, Jimmy.

MCNULTY thinks on this, nods.

BUNK

I'm sayin' this like that song by whatshersame, you know? Whatever the fuck is gonna be is gonna be.

MCNULTY

Doris Day.

BUNK

Say what?

MCNULTY

Doris Day. Que sera, sera?

BUNK

The fuck are you going on about, motherfucker?

MCNULTY

That's the song. "Que Sera, Sera", by Doris Day. Whatever will be, will be.

BUNK

The shit that's clogged up in your fuckin' head. Amazing.

MCNULTY

You brought up the song, bitch. I'm here trying to figure out whether or not I'm gonna get done and you're talking in gay-ass clichés.

BUNK

You ain't goin' to get done.

MCNULTY

How do you know?

BUNK  
How do I know?

MCNULTY  
Yeah. Which god came down to Baltimore and gave you the power to see  
the motherfuckin' future. This is my life on the line here.

BUNK  
Calm the fuck down.

MCNULTY  
How can I?

BUNK  
Look, you know the rest of the story.

MCNULTY  
I do?

BUNK  
Motherfucker, they done moved the whole script. And you read to the  
end of this shit, right?

MCNULTY  
I know what it says so far, but all these fucking revisions. They're up to  
cherry-colored pages . . .

BUNK  
Buff.

MCNULTY  
What?

BUNK  
Buff pages. Last revision was buff.

MCNULTY  
Fuck buff. These pages right here are second white.

BUNK  
That's what I'm sayin', Jimmy, we're far along in the process here.

MCNULTY

But they could still revise it more. Like this scene here . . .

BUNK

They ain't gonna shoot this bitch.

MCNULTY

You sure?

BUNK

Motherfucker, they lookin' at a seven-and-a-half-page day tomorrow already. Simon tries to add this shit to that sked and the crew will bank his white ass.

MCNULTY

I dunno. I think that cocksucker has been asking for impossible shit so long, he just figures . . .

BUNK

He is a motherfucker, but, Jimmy, this one would go too far.

MCNULTY

So we're done?

BUNK

Done. These pages ain't gonna actually get shot, Jimmy.

MCNULTY

So we're just talking here.

BUNK

Talkin' shit about ourselves for ourselves. We a drunkass pair of meta-motherfuckers right now.

MCNULTY

I love the way you say shit like that.

BUNK

Well, it's the script.

MCNULTY

But you make the shit sound good.

BUNK

I do.

MCNULTY

Profane, but poetic.

BUNK

Yeah, fuck.

MCNULTY

Motherfuck.

BUNK

Fuck me.

MCNULTY

Fuck fuck fuckity fuck fuck.

BUNK

Aw fuck.

MCNULTY

Yeah. Fuck, yeah.

On MCNULTY and BUNK, nodding in fucking affirmation of just how fucking good The Wire crew is, just how fucking grateful the writers are, how there is not - we repeat, not - another scene remaining that we could ask you to shoot,

FADE TO:

THE END