

HOMICIDE

LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode Nine:
"Sniper: Part Two"

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FINAL DRAFT

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Please note "Sniper: Part Two" begins the morning of the same day Episode Eight left off. The action continues through that day and ends the morning of Day 2.

This episode takes place in 1996. All wardrobe, props, etc., should reflect the weather conditions of January in Baltimore.

CAST

JOHN MUNCH.....Richard Belzer
FRANK PEMBLETON.....Andre Braugher
MIKE KELLERMAN.....Reed Diamond
MEGAN RUSSERT.....Isabella Hofmann
MELDRICK LEWIS.....Clark Johnson
AL GIARDELLO.....Yaphet Kotto
KAY HOWARD.....Melissa Leo
TIM BAYLISS.....Kyle Secor

J.H. BRODIE.....Max Perlich
MARY WHELAN-PEMBLETON.....Ami Brabson

ALEX ROBEY.....

COLONEL GEORGE BARNFATHER.....Clayton LeBouef
PRESS SECRETARY ANGELA GRIFFIN.....
QRT LIEUTENANT JASPER.....Gary D'Addario
WESTMORELAND MAXWELL.....Scott Wesley Morgan

LINDA MARINER.....
BILLIE MARINER.....Robert Linver
JESSICA MARINER.....Jennifer Cardin

HELENA AEGIS.....

CORRESPONDANT.....
TECH.....
REPORTER.....
WAITRESS.....
WOMAN.....

SETS

EXTERIORS

Baltimore Skyline
Camden and Howard Streets
Cavalier
Clock Tower Area
 Inner Perimeter
 Outer Perimeter
 Roof Three
Funeral Home
 Parking Lot
Highlandtown
 Highland Park
 Witness Pool Area
Howard and Pratt Streets
Howard Street
Inner Harbor
 Rooftop
Jimmy's Restaurant
Little Italy
 Rooftop
Mariner Home
Medical Examiner's Lab
Police Headquarters
Pratt Street

INTERIORS

Cavalier
Highlandtown
 City Bus
Homicide Unit
 "The Box"
 Coffee Room
 Giardello's Office
 Observation Room
 Squad Room
Jimmy's Restaurant
Mariner Home
 Kitchen
Police Headquarters
 Men's Room
Whelan-Pembleton Office

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BALTIMORE SKYLINE - DAY

1

DAY TWO. 8:00 a.m. The blur of helicopter blades. REVEAL a Police Helicopter swooping low over Rooftops. PULL BACK FURTHER to REVEAL a second Police Helicopter hovering over the back alleyways. They fly in a tandem dance over the Clock Tower Crime Scene. A Kevlar-vested Surveillance OFFICER hangs out of Police Helicopter, sighting down a 30.06 with an infra-red scope. THROUGH the scope, the street images flare up in black and white. The infra-red images REVEAL QRT OFFICERS scurrying over Area, setting up an outer perimeter of six blocks. The second Helicopter swoops into the infra-red scope, revealing a second Surveillance OFFICER armed with a similar rifle. The scope searches the long shadows of the early winter morning, picking up the images of FRANK PEMBLETON and TIM BAYLISS in Kevlar vests.

2 EXT. CLOCK TOWER AREA - DAY

2

Infra-red images wash PEMBLETON and BAYLISS into regular colors. They survey the bloody Crime Scene. Three BODIES lie in the open. Two middle-aged men: the first, a bread delivery man, the second, a produce truck driver; and a young woman, late twenties, sprawled in a doorway. The force of the sniper shot left her in a half-standing position. J.H. BRODIE videotapes the BODIES. MELDRICK LEWIS and MIKE KELLERMAN in Kevlar vests trail a QRT SQUAD up a fire escape. JOHN MUNCH and KAY HOWARD, in Kevlar vests guarded by QRT OFFICERS, stand over the half-standing woman's BODY and guesstimate the trajectory of the shots which struck her. FOLLOW their eyes to a Rooftop which LEWIS, KELLERMAN and the QRT TEAM burst out onto. QRT OFFICERS flip their AR-15 assault rifles onto automatic. KELLERMAN and LEWIS chamber their Glocks. PICK UP PEMBLETON and BAYLISS with another QRT SQUAD over on the next Rooftop, their guns drawn. A sudden shift in the wind from the Helicopters buffet PEMBLETON and BAYLISS.

3 EXT. CAVALIER - DAY

3

AL GIARDELLO exits his car, strapping on Kevlar vest, ushered by QRT OFFICERS. GIARDELLO looks across and spies the Crown Victoria of Colonel GEORGE BARNFATHER and B.C.P.D. Press Secretary ANGELA GRIFFIN, mid-thirties, attractive, pulling up to the curb. QRT OFFICERS form a shield around BARNFATHER and GRIFFIN as they converge with GIARDELLO.

GIARDELLO

Colonel.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

BARNFATHER

What the hell is going on? I thought we closed the sniper case. I thought the sniper killed himself.

(looks at watch)

Two hours later, another shooting.

GIARDELLO

I guess William Mariner had an accomplice.

BARNFATHER

You guess?

GIARDELLO

Every indication, up to this point, was that Mariner acted alone.

GRIFFIN

We'll need to make a statement to the press. Meanwhile, we should keep the media out of the area.

BARNFATHER

(to GIARDELLO)

You know Angela Griffin, the Department's new press secretary. Work with her on covering your ass, Al.

GIARDELLO

Colonel, you shouldn't be out here without a vest.

(to QRT OFFICER)

Get the Colonel and Ms. Griffin a Kevlar.

QRT TEAM hurry GRIFFIN and BARNFATHER over to the QRT Vans. GIARDELLO comes up on HOWARD and MUNCH examining the contents of the dead woman's coat pockets. MUNCH holds open the woman's pocketbook to GIARDELLO.

MUNCH

Lieutenant. The victim is a Susan Lynn Darowz. She lives right here.

HOWARD

She must have been shot as she stepped out the door.

GIARDELLO turns and scans the Rooftops across Area, studying them. QRT Lieutenant JASPER appears at GIARDELLO's side. The Helicopters swoop down across Area, buffeting GIARDELLO, MUNCH and HOWARD.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

GIARDELLO

Get those helicopters out of here.

JASPER

It's not my call, Al. The
Commissioner ordered them in.

GIARDELLO

We got a sniper. All we need is
for him to shoot our copters down.

JASPER taps the earphone to his headset.

JASPER

They've found some shell casings up
on Roof Three.

RUSSERT

Roof Three?

JASPER

(points to Rooftop)
We designated each section.

GIARDELLO

Who's up there as the primary?

JASPER

(into his mic)
Who do we have on the shell
casings?
(to GIARDELLO)
Your guy Pembleton.

JASPER leads GIARDELLO toward Building. Again, a Helicopter
swoops low, buffeting GIARDELLO, nearly knocking him down.

GIARDELLO

That sky jockey does that again,
you have my permission to shoot the
sonofabitch down.

GIARDELLO sprints to Building. As QRT SQUAD forms a shield,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 EXT. OUTER PERIMETER/CLOCK TOWER AREA - DAY 4

A six block circle from the shooting sight. QRT and UNIFORMS slow car traffic coming out of area, checking IDs of MOTORISTS who are initially irritated, then curious and frightened. MOS banter between QRT and MOTORISTS.

5 EXT. INNER PERIMETER/CLOCK TOWER AREA - DAY 5

A three block circle from the shooting sight. QRT and UNIFORMS, along with TEAMS of Violent Crime Detectives, stop all TRAFFIC, pedestrian and car, and request IDs. MOTORISTS are requested to exit their cars while UNIFORMS conduct a visual search of car interiors. MOTORISTS pop their car trunks and hoods. A QRT OFFICER walks along with a mirror which is attached to a long pole, scanning the undercarriage of each car, searching for a rifle.

6 EXT. CLOCK TOWER AREA - DAY 6

The BODIES are loaded into M.E. Van. LEWIS and KELLERMAN talk with a terrified man, ALEX ROBEY, mid-twenties, wearing a jogging suit.

LEWIS

You come out for your morning run
and you hear gunshots.

ROBEY points to the side wall of the Clock Tower.

ROBEY

I come around the corner there and
I hear this crack-crack-crack and
this... Y'know how a bug or a
mosquito can buzz in your ears?
That's what it is.

KELLERMAN

You see any of the victims hit?

ROBEY

With all them gunshots going off
around me, I'm gonna look?
(gestures to M.E. Vans)
I look and I'm getting loaded onto
that meat wagon, right?

LEWIS

What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

ROBEY

Alex. Alex Robey.

PICK UP MUNCH and HOWARD, writing in notepad, with a
seventeen year old girl, HELENA AEGIS.

AEGIS

Helena Aegis.

HOWARD

You saw the shots. Which
direction?

AEGIS points to Rooftop Three across the way.

AEGIS

From up there.

MUNCH

And you're where?

AEGIS

Right here.

MUNCH

You're right here?

AEGIS

Where I am. Standing. Here. I
see the woman fall over there. And
the guy, he's got a whole tray of
bread, falls down. I'm here with
all these people getting shot. But
I can't move. And then I think: If
I move, then I'll get shot.

On HOWARD, looking up to scan Rooftops,

CUT TO:

7 EXT. ROOF THREE/CLOCK TOWER AREA - DAY

7

Crime Lab TECHS comb the ledge of Rooftop. BAYLISS fills a
third evidence bag with shell casings as PEMBLETON scans
shooting area.

BAYLISS

Thirty-caliber rifle. A whole clip
fired off.

PEMBLETON

Okay, we're now assuming Mariner
had an accomplice. Someone who's
carrying on the shootings without
him.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

BAYLISS

Yep.

PEMBLETON

The first three sniper shootings, there's always a Hangman game at the site. So how come there's no Hangman game on this rooftop?

BAYLISS

It takes two to play Hangman. Mariner's dead.

PEMBLETON

Right...

(to Lab TECH)

Anything on the ledge?

TECH

(holds fiber up with tweezer)

Fibers. Maybe wood. If it is, it could be from the shooter's rifle stock.

As Lab TECH deposits fiber into an evidence bag,

CUT TO:

8 EXT. CLOCK TOWER AREA - DAY

8

GIARDELLO huddles with BARNFATHER and GRIFFIN. GRIFFIN has difficulty adjusting the straps of her Kevlar vest.

BARNFATHER

This shooting is eight hours after the one at Mount Vernon? Exactly eight hours?

GIARDELLO

Yes.

(to GRIFFIN)

Ms. Griffin, can I help you with that vest?

GRIFFIN

Do you think I'm helpless?

GIARDELLO takes the Velcro straps and attaches them on GRIFFIN's front side.

GIARDELLO

I don't, no.

LEWIS and KELLERMAN come up to GIARDELLO's side.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

LEWIS

We have three dead. Tentative IDs are a Susan Darowz; the guy with the bread, a William Wixson; and the third victim, a Neal Ferdette.

GIARDELLO

Got addresses?

LEWIS

Uh-huh. The woman lives right there where she was shot. The Ferdette guy is from Towson. William Wixson is from Glen Burnie.

GIARDELLO

Let's make contact with next of kin.

KELLERMAN

Always something I look forward to.

LEWIS and KELLERMAN walk off. FOLLOW them.

LEWIS

Maybe we'll get lucky.

KELLERMAN

How's that?

LEWIS

Maybe these two guys don't have family.

On LEWIS and KELLERMAN, getting into car,

CUT TO:

9 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

9

CU on a cardboard box filled with take-out coffees and sandwiches. PULL BACK to REVEAL the Homicide Unit in the midst of a Redball. PICK UP PEMBLETON and BAYLISS.

PEMBLETON

We got to light a fire under the lab for those fibers they got from the ledge. If it's from the stock of the rifle, it might be the key to nailing down a specific make and model of rifle.

BAYLISS

I'll hold my breath on that one, Frank.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Pause as PEMBLETON and BAYLISS look off into separate distances, that middle distance, exhausted.

PEMBLETON

I'm so damn tired.
(rubs eyes)
My eyes are so far in the back of
my head, I think I'm seeing things
from a thousand years away.

GIARDELLO appears at their side.

GIARDELLO

Pembleton. Bayliss. Get out to
the Mariner house and talk to the
wife. Let's find out if Mariner
had any angry compadres.

PEMBLETON

On our way.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS grab their coats.

BAYLISS

We're waiting on the lab results.

GIARDELLO

I'll get Russert to cover that for
you.

PEMBLETON

Captain Russert?

GIARDELLO

She's not a Captain anymore.
Barnfather demoted her.

BAYLISS

Yeah, I'd heard that rumor.

GIARDELLO

We've no time for rumors, Bayliss,
get going.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS exit. GIARDELLO comes over to HOWARD
and MUNCH, who pore over computer printouts.

HOWARD

Lieutenant, we have a preliminary
list from C-jis. There's six or
seven possibles who've recently
been released from serving
big-time. I got the Warden over at
Jessup going over whatever records
he has up there, too.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 2

9

GIARDELLO

Munch, I want to know if there's any possible relationship between any recent parolees from Jessup and Mariner.

MUNCH

Hold that thought.

MUNCH exits to Men's Room. GIARDELLO rubs a migraine at his temples.

HOWARD

I'm gonna send someone over to the M.E., get the gunshot patterns on each victim.

GIARDELLO

Good. And check back with Ballistics. I want to establish the trajectory of the shots from the roof. See if there's anyway we can know in which order the victims were shot.

HOWARD

This guy just sprayed the whole area with bullets.

(calls out)

Hey, Shabazz, I need you.

HOWARD heads off as MEGAN RUSSERT enters.

RUSSERT

I got your message. Saw it on TV.

GIARDELLO

The crap's flying again.

RUSSERT

The Colonel told me not to come back to work until he made a decision on where to assign me.

GIARDELLO

I need you here.

RUSSERT

He'll have my head. And yours.

GIARDELLO

I'll take care of Barnfather.

RUSSERT

How?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 3

9

GIARDELLO

By ignoring him.

RUSSERT

That won't take care of him.

GIARDELLO

Lascia estare tu nemico mentre che
il se distrugge... Never get in the
way of your enemy while he's
destroying himself.

GRIFFIN comes up, holding a stack of phone messages.

GRIFFIN

I've got access requests from The
New York Times, The
Washington Post, The
Chicago Tribune. Someone from
the Des Moines Register
called and asked us for a hotel
recommendation.

GIARDELLO

What are we -- the Chamber of
Commerce?

GRIFFIN

And NBC, ABC, CBS and CNN are
sending their first teams down.
They want to know where they can
set up their satellites. Tom
Brokaw, Peter Jennings, Dan Rather,
Bernard -- better known as
Bernie -- Shaw. They've all
requested media access passes.

GIARDELLO

You're Public Relations, you handle
it.

GRIFFIN gives a look of recognition to RUSSERT, arches her
eyebrows and walks off. On RUSSERT, taking a deep breath,

CUT TO:

10 INT. MEN'S ROOM/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

10

MUNCH wipes a wet paper towel across his eyes, puts on fresh
shirt. He takes a deep breath, holds it, exhales slowly.
He closes his eyes, fighting hyper-ventilation. As MUNCH
brings up his trembling hands to cover his face,

CUT TO:

11 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY 11

The names "D-A-R-O-W-Z", "W-I-X-S-O-N", and "F-E-R-D-E-T-T-E" are written in RED under Pembleton's name on "The Board". PAN to a large street map of Baltimore and the surrounding Counties, where three circled areas mark Mariner's locations for his shootings. A HAND circles the Clock Tower Area shootings in RED. PULL BACK to REVEAL JUDY who then sticks three blue pushpins into Clock Tower circle, signifying the three victims. On the map of Baltimore,

CUT TO:

12 EXT. MARINER HOME - DAY 12

County and City Squad Cars park around a white Cavalier. Two County COPS stand outside Main Entrance.

13 INT. KITCHEN/MARINER HOME - DAY 13

CU on kitchen clock reading 10:57 a.m. PULL BACK to REVEAL PEMBLETON and BAYLISS in Kevlar vests, standing with LINDA MARINER. She is dressed in a frumpy cotton bathrobe over her nightgown, a pair of tennis shoes without shoelaces. Her children, BILLIE, SUSIE and JESSICA hover in b.g. Through the back door window, two County COPS are visible.

PEMBLETON

We had three more shooting victims this morning.

LINDA points to the phone, which is off the hook.

LINDA

So I was told. I got the wake-up call from WBAL. They want to know who of Bill's friends did this.

BAYLISS

So which one of 'em would?

LINDA

Maybe Bill wasn't the guy, maybe he wasn't guilty.

BILLIE moves in, stares at BAYLISS.

BILLIE

You're the cop who killed my Dad.

BAYLISS

No.

(to LINDA)

What's your son's name?

LINDA

What does it matter to you?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

BILLIE

It's Billie. And someday I'm gonna
get you for what you did to Daddy.

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON exchange glance.

LINDA

Jessica, take Billie and Susie and
watch some TV.

JESSICA

I can't. Every station will have
Dad killing all those people.

LINDA

Then watch "The Lion King" again.

JESSICA hesitates. LINDA gestures "please". JESSICA takes
BILLIE and SUSIE by the hand and leads them off.

PEMBLETON

Did your husband have a best
friend?

LINDA

Someone who'd want to go out and,
what, avenge him?

PEMBLETON

No. Someone who might've helped
him in those shootings.

LINDA

Bill shot all those people and he
shot to hell any chance that his
children, my children, will ever
be allowed to do anything with
their lives. How do my kids have
any chance at a normal life now?
They will always be the children of
some maniac who killed nine
innocent people and will my kids do
the same?

PEMBLETON

Is there anyone at your husband's
work who, I don't know, maybe they
had beers together after work?

LINDA

I have to call a funeral home
today. To get them to get Bill's
body out of the morgue.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

LINDA (cont.)

He's been called a madman and now I
have to bury this madman for his
children. I've been up all night
and this morning thinking of who to
invite to what kind of service?
Any ideas? Who would want to come
and help me bury Bill?

BAYLISS

Who would?

LINDA

You wanna come to the funeral?
You're the last one he ever talked
to.

As BAYLISS grimaces,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

14

News Trucks jam the street. TECHNICIANS set up huge satellite dishes. UNIFORMS are out on street, trying to clear congestion. A white Cavalier and a City Squad Car with its mars. lights blinking wind their way through the congestion. LEWIS and KELLERMAN exit Cavalier with CONNIE FERDETTE and ELEANOR WIXSON. A crush of MEDIA swarm them. LEWIS and KELLERMAN, along with a phalanx of UNIFORMS, hurry to two women into Building. PICK UP ALEX ROBEY giving an interview to a WBAL REPORTER on the front steps.

ROBEY

...I was just jogging. I run maybe five, six miles a day...

LEWIS and KELLERMAN push through the REPORTERS crowding the front entrance, shielding FERDETTE and WIXSON. LEWIS looks up, recognizes ROBEY.

REPORTER

Mr. Robey, you say you saw someone...

LEWIS

Mr. Robey, you really shouldn't be talking to these reporters.

KELLERMAN pushes FERDETTE and WIXSON into the door. REPORTERS surge forward, pushing LEWIS and ROBEY into front entrance. UNIFORMS hold the PRESS back.

ROBEY

Oh.

(to WIXSON and FERDETTE)

You witnesses, too?

KELLERMAN

Family of the victims.

KELLERMAN starts upstairs, gently leading WIXSON and FERDETTE ahead of him.

LEWIS

Mr. Robey, I would appreciate it if you just not say anything to the press.

ROBEY

I'm making a spectacle of myself, huh?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

LEWIS

Any information you give out could jeopardize our investigation. I told you that at the scene.

ROBEY

Yeah. Okay. Awright.

(to REPORTERS)

Hey, I can't talk to you anymore, huh? It's important to the investigation.

(to LEWIS)

I'll just go home, okay?

LEWIS

You need a ride?

ROBEY

I'm awright. I got my car. If anything else comes to me about this morning --

LEWIS

Give me a call.

LEWIS starts upstairs. ROBEY calls after him:

ROBEY

I'll call you.

On ROBEY, pushing past the REPORTERS, holding up his hands, shaking his head "no",

CUT TO:

15 EXT. MARINER HOME - DAY

15

PEMBLETON talks on Squad Car phone to GIARDELLO.

PEMBLETON

Mrs. Mariner was not very forthcoming as to who might've been involved with her husband and the shootings... We're gonna need to find out who his friends were without her help. Bayliss and I are going to head over to the insurance company where he worked, see what's up there.

16 INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

16

GIARDELLO on phone.

GIARDELLO

Alright. Let me know if you get anything...

GIARDELLO hangs up phone.

17 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

17

GIARDELLO exits his office, calls to RUSSERT:

GIARDELLO (cont.)

Megan, call Quantico. See where we are with the psych profile they're compiling.

RUSSERT

Okay... Lieutenant.

GIARDELLO crosses to BRODIE.

GIARDELLO

Brodie, I want you to go with a uniform to the Mariner home. Videotape anyone coming in or out.

BRODIE

You got it, Lieutenant. Anyone who shows up, brings flowers or a casserole will be a Kodak moment.

GIARDELLO

Keep your distance, but make your presence obvious.

GIARDELLO heads into Coffee Room.

18 INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

18

HOWARD gets a soda as GIARDELLO enters.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

Where's the M.E. report and the shell casings?

HOWARD

I sent Shabazz for them an hour ago.

GIARDELLO

Oh. I sent Shabazz to track down the lead on a rifle that's the same make as the one Mariner used.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

HOWARD

I'll go to the M.E.

MUNCH enters with KELLERMAN.

MUNCH

Lieutenant. I have the C-jis report. The computer banks don't run any recent parolees from Jessup or the rest of the State prison system with any history of killing with a rifle. Just the per usual knives, tire irons and handguns.

GIARDELLO

Any of them with a connection to the Mariner family?

MUNCH

None.

HOWARD

Come with me, Munch.

MUNCH

I can't. I got things to do.

HOWARD

I'm not asking you on a date, Munch. I need your help.

MUNCH

(hesitates)

You're the Sarge, Sarge.

They exit. KELLERMAN pours two coffees into styrofoam cups, reaches into refrigerator for carton of milk.

GIARDELLO

You interviewing the victims' families?

KELLERMAN

Yeah. One's a mess, the other's cool as can be.

GIARDELLO

What you'll learn is the family member who isn't busted up right now will be hysterical in an hour.

KELLERMAN

And the wife who is busted up over her husband?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 2

18

GIARDELLO

She'll be hysterical in an hour,
too.

KELLERMAN reaches for Sweet 'N Low packets.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

You and Lewis, you dance the dance
carefully with them. We're looking
for any possible linkage to William
Mariner.

KELLERMAN

Maybe I should add an extra Sweet
'N Low to the wife's coffee to keep
her steady.

GIARDELLO

(gestures to box of donuts)
Chocolate donuts always worked for
me.

GIARDELLO exits, KELLERMAN opens box lid. On KELLERMAN,
extracting a couple of chocolate donuts,

CUT TO:

19 EXT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S LAB - DAY

19

MUNCH and HOWARD exit back entrance, head to their Cavalier,
which is parked at the far end of Parking Lot. MUNCH
race-walks, HOWARD strains to keep pace. HOWARD holds clear
plastic bag of recovered bullets from victims' bodies.
MUNCH has autopsy diagrams rolled up in his hand.

HOWARD

...The Darowz woman was killed with
a shot that entered at what angle?

MUNCH

(glances at diagrams)
Forty-five degrees.

HOWARD

Lemme see the autopsy diagrams,
John.

MUNCH hands HOWARD diagrams, leading on through parked cars
in Lot, dodging left then right erratically.

MUNCH

They were all shot from that roof,
awright?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

MUNCH gently pushes HOWARD ahead of him, guiding her by his hands on her shoulders through the maze of parked cars, impulsively changing direction.

HOWARD

John, what are you doing?

MUNCH

Next time that parking lot guy puts me out in Siberia to park, I'll kick his teeth in. What time do you have?

HOWARD glances at her watch. MUNCH nudges her along.

MUNCH (cont.)

What's the time?

HOWARD

Quarter to twelve.

MUNCH

If the son of a bitch stays on schedule, we have only four hours before he starts gunning again.

They reach the parked Cavalier. MUNCH pulls out car keys, unlocks passenger door, opens door for HOWARD. HOWARD slides into passenger side. MUNCH SLAMS door, quickly makes his way to other side. HOWARD reaches over and unlocks his door. MUNCH climbs into Cavalier quickly.

20 INT. CAVALIER - DAY

20

MUNCH drives fast, erratic. HOWARD, being jostled, reaches around for her safety belt.

HOWARD

Cut it out, awright?

MUNCH floors gas pedal. Cavalier sails through two stop signs.

HOWARD (cont.)

Slow down. Now.

MUNCH takes another corner at a forty-five degree angle.

HOWARD (cont.)

What's with all these turns you're taking?

HOWARD points ahead to red light at an intersection.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

HOWARD (cont.)

It's red, John.

MUNCH gases car through red light.

HOWARD (cont.)

No one's gonna shoot you.

No response.

HOWARD (cont.)

John, we're not gonna get shot by this guy. You will get us killed, the way you're driving.

MUNCH

I won't get you killed, awright?

MUNCH slows car down, stares at HOWARD. HOWARD takes in MUNCH looking at her.

MUNCH (cont.)

I'm not scared about this sniper getting me. A shot to my noggin, lights out, finis, that's fine. But I'm not gonna be sitting here with you and have to watch you get shot again.

HOWARD

What?

MUNCH

You think I can ever forget? You, Stan and Beau getting shot down last year.

Silence.

MUNCH (cont.)

And I say to Gee, look how they ruined my shoes with their blood. I was so damn whacked out by seeing all your blood all over the place, I couldn't do a thing, awright?

HOWARD

Awright, John...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2

20

MUNCH

It's not awright. From now on, no more first names. I'm Munch, you're Howard. And that's the way it has to be.

On MUNCH, speeding up and taking another corner fast,

CUT TO:

21 EXT. HOWARD AND PRATT STREETS - DAY

21

An intersection Downtown. Gridlock. Car horns BLARING. Traffic Detail UNIFORMS direct cars futilely.

22 INT. CAVALIER - DAY

22

PEMBLETON sits in passenger side, eyes closed. BAYLISS brakes.

BAYLISS

Mariner's co-workers were no help either. I think we gotta lean on the wife a little more.

PEMBLETON

...We could go to a judge and get an order okaying a wiretap on the Mariner phone lines.

BAYLISS

We go back to the house, try to talk to the kids away from the mother, maybe they give us a name.

PEMBLETON

The boy thinks you killed his father.

BAYLISS

What's the damn hold-up?

BAYLISS cranes his neck out his window. PEMBLETON raises himself up through the passenger side window, sits on the door ledge, cranes his neck.

Their POV: Irate MOTORISTS and UNIFORMS yell at each other, giving each other the middle finger salute as if last call at a Saturday night bar.

PEMBLETON

There's some kind of nonsense happening up there.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS exit Cavalier.

23 EXT. HOWARD STREET - DAY

23

They walk toward traffic jam. A MOTORIST suddenly drives onto the sidewalk, makes a sharp U-turn. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS dodge the car. BAYLISS bangs his fist on the car trunk.

BAYLISS

'The hell you think you're doing?

The MOTORIST takes off. Other MOTORISTS maneuver their cars onto the sidewalk to make a U-turn. A Police Helicopter swoops low out of the skies. A body-armored UNIFORM sights down on the Rooftops with his infra-red scoped rifle. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS pause, watching the Helicopter. They adjust the Velcro straps on their Kevlars, tightening them, unholster their Glocks and head off following the direction of the Helicopter.

Their POV: MOTORISTS abandon their cars, leave their motors running, their doors open, sprint for cover. QRT TEAM huddles with a MOTHER and her two CHILDREN against the back of a Minivan.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS crouch low and sprint to the back of the QRT TEAM. JASPER turns, nods to PEMBLETON.

JASPER

We have a call on some guy up on the rooftop with a rifle.

Police Helicopter swoops low over the street, terrifying MOTHER and CHILDREN. JASPER taps the shoulder of a QRT SHARPSHOOTER. SHARPSHOOTER signals across the intersection to a SECOND QRT SHARPSHOOTER. SECOND QRT SHARPSHOOTER acknowledges signal. They raise and sight their rifles up to the Rooftops through their scopes. On PEMBLETON, his eyes dancing from one Rooftop to the next, terrified,

CUT TO:

ON VIDEO --

24 EXT. PRATT STREET - DAY

24

NBC CORRESPONDENT doing a live feed. CAMERA PANS from the gridlocked intersection to CORRESPONDENT.

CORRESPONDANT

...The report of a sniper in this neighborhood turned out to be a false alarm. Yet the fear of a report, any report, of someone on a rooftop, is very real.

VIDEO CUTS to MOTHER placing an air mattress in the bathtub and then sets her two CHILDREN down to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

CORRESPONDANT (o.c.; cont.)

...The mother who ran to safety
with her children just minutes ago
can testify to that fear.

VIDEO CUTS to HOMEOWNERS in the neighborhood nailing plywood
sheets over their windows.

CORRESPONDANT (o.c.; cont.)

...Schools are being closed early.
Hospitals are on emergency standby.
And homeowners are boarding up
their windows as if a hurricane
alert has been issued.

As CORRESPONDENT looks into CAMERA,

CUT TO:

ON FILM --

25 INT. WHELAN-PEMBLETON OFFICE - DAY

25

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS enter. MARY WHELAN-PEMBLETON, six
month pregnant, looks up from her paperwork.

PEMBLETON

Mary, we're going home.

MARY

What?

PEMBLETON

We're taking you home. Your work
is done for the day.

MARY

I told you I'm safe here.

PEMBLETON

And I told you not to come in to
work. To stay home. Let's go.

PEMBLETON grabs MARY by her elbow, begins to escort her from
office. MARY elbows PEMBLETON's hand away.

MARY

Frank, stop it.

PEMBLETON

Let's not make a scene in front of
my partner, okay?

MARY

Fine. Tim? Leave. And take Frank
with you.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

BAYLISS

Can't do that.

PEMBLETON

You are with child, our child, and you will not endanger yourself.

MARY

I am only in danger because you're here, instead of trying to catch the imbecile who's shooting up the City.

PEMBLETON

I can't have you staying here. You can't be downtown with all this crap going on.

MARY

You can be scared for me, but I can't be for you, right? I live with this everyday when I see you walk out the front door.

PEMBLETON

This is different.

MARY

It's not. You always say to me, "This is the job..." Well, Frank, this is my job. I'm not going home 'til I finish it.

PEMBLETON

Tim, give me a hand.

PEMBLETON goes over to Mary's desk, grabs an end. BAYLISS follows, grabs the other end.

MARY

I have work on that desk.

PEMBLETON

I can move this desk over to the far side of this room, away from the window or it's going the hell out the window.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS carry the desk to the other side of office. PEMBLETON walks to window, draws the blinds.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

These stay closed.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 2

25

MARY

What are the odds of my being shot here?

PEMBLETON

I really wish you'd give into me this one time.

MARY

I'm not giving in to fear and panic.

PEMBLETON sighs, nods, walks to door. BAYLISS exits ahead of PEMBLETON. PEMBLETON goes through doorway, stops, comes back, takes off Kevlar vest, starts to put vest on MARY.

MARY (cont.)

Frank, what are you doing?

PEMBLETON stares long and hard into MARY's eyes. A look of abject fear, concern. MARY pauses, then lifts her arms so PEMBLETON can adjust the Velcro straps on the vest.

PEMBLETON

I'll see you tonight.

MARY

And I'll see you.

PEMBLETON pauses, kisses MARY, hugs her quickly and just as quickly, exits, heads off to catch up to BAYLISS. On MARY, checking out Kevlar vest which drapes her,

CUT TO:

ON VIDEO --

26 EXT. PARKING LOT/FUNERAL HOME - DAY

26

Time code in the video viewfinder reads 1:15 p.m. The Mariner family, LINDA accompanied by her three children, BILLIE, SUE and JESSICA, walk the Parking Lot of Funeral Home.

ON FILM --

PULL BACK to REVEAL BRODIE holding his videocamera. UNIFORM stands alongside him as he films the MARINER FAMILY entering Funeral Home. As BRODIE lifts the camera from his shoulders, sighs.

BRODIE

Picked up my first camcorder when I was like eleven.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

BRODIE (cont.)
Started taping family events --
weddings, birthdays, funerals. I
thought when I went to grad school,
I'd get away from all that... Back
filming the bereaved again.

On BRODIE, snapping the lens cap back on,

CUT TO:

27 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

27

MEDIA chaos continues. News CORRESPONDENTS scribble script
as their respective wardrobe CREWS lay out the signature
"at-the-front" of the war zone khakis, boots and
photojournalist vest,

CUT TO:

28 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

28

Redball frenzy continues. PICK UP LEWIS, studying a map of
the shooting sites while putting on a fresh pair of socks.
KELLERMAN holds a magic marker.

LEWIS

The shooting scenes from yesterday:
Collington Square, Highlandtown,
Mount Vernon.

KELLERMAN circles those areas.

KELLERMAN

This morning, the Clock Tower.

KELLERMAN circles that area.

LEWIS

Downtown. Collington to
Highlandtown is, what, five miles.

KELLERMAN

Highlandtown to Mount Vernon, maybe
ten miles.

KELLERMAN draws line from circle area to circle area.

KELLERMAN (cont.)

From Mount Vernon to Clock Tower,
three miles.

KELLERMAN draws line connecting Mount Vernon area to Clock
Tower area.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

LEWIS

The four shooting areas form a perimeter around Downtown Baltimore. We got five, seven and three miles from area to area. It looks to me like the shootings are coming in a circle pattern.

KELLERMAN

Maybe somewhere in Little Italy is the next shooting?

LEWIS

(grabs phone)

Let's talk to the math whizes up at Hopkins, see if there's some kind of probability factor operating here.

PICK UP RUSSERT on another phone.

RUSSERT

This is the third time I've called... No, I don't remember who exactly we talked to. No, I wasn't that person here, but I need to know if you people at Quantico have come up with a psych profile on Mariner's accomplice... I know you're working on it, but I have...

RUSSERT glances up to Squad Room clock. CU on clock reading 3:52 p.m.

RUSSERT (cont.)

...If Mariner's buddy stays true to form, he starts shooting again in eight minutes.

PICK UP GRIFFIN, a fistful of phone messages, balancing a phone in each ear. CLERK comes up and hands her another phone message. GRIFFIN reads the message.

GRIFFIN

...I've got interview and access to the Crime Scene requests from the French, the Japanese and the Brits to handle...

PICK UP MUNCH and HOWARD with WESTMORELAND MAXWELL, Crime Lab Expert.

MUNCH

What kind of rifle we talking about?.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2

28

MAXWELL

A rifle capable of holding a clip which could hold fifteen to twenty rounds... What comes to my mind is something like an M-one-A carbine.

HOWARD

Our shooter could have what range with this rifle?

MAXWELL

Five, six City blocks easy. An M-one-A with attachable Nikon or Leupold scope can command a half-mile radius from point of location.

HOWARD

How many of these rifles are out there?

MAXWELL holds up computer printout sheet.

MAXWELL

ATF faxed us these numbers. We have maybe four dozen local registrations, but there could be hundreds because they were not required to be registered by the State before nineteen-ninety-four.

MUNCH

Lovely. That's just outstanding.

MUNCH looks at MAXWELL.

29 INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

29

GIARDELLO, GRIFFIN and BARNFATHER sit around the desk.

BARNFATHER

...The Governor is ready to call out the National Guard.

GIARDELLO

That sends a message that we've lost control of the City.

GRIFFIN

Having the Guard deployed would give the citizens a sense of security.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

GIARDELLO

Smoke and mirrors. The Guard has no experience in leading a criminal investigation to catch this sniper.

BARNFATHER

What's Russert doing here?

LEWIS sticks his head in doorway.

LEWIS

The math whizes up at Hopkins quote chapter and verse that the probability curve has our shooter somewhere between Little Italy and the Inner Harbor.

GIARDELLO

Notify QRT.

LEWIS exits.

BARNFATHER

I don't want Megan Russert anywhere near this case.

GIARDELLO rubs his bloodshot eyes, sighs, exhausted. He looks to the clock on his desk. CU on the clock as it reads 3:59 p.m.,

CUT TO:

30 EXT. LITTLE ITALY - DAY

30

Police Helicopters swoop low over the area. As Technical UNIFORMS and QRT TEAMS flood the area,

CUT TO:

31 EXT. ROOFTOP/INNER HARBOR - DAY

31

QRT TEAM trains a Forward Looking Infra-Red (F.L.I.R.) scope onto Area. Through the scope of the F.L.I.R.,

CUT TO:

32 EXT. HIGHLAND PARK/HIGHLANDTOWN - DAY

32

On the neighborhood -- abandoned -- empty -- deserted,

CUT TO:

- 33 EXT. CAMDEN AND HOWARD STREETS - DAY 33
As PEMBLETON and BAYLISS, caught in another gridlock of cars, try to make it to the I-395 Ramp,
CUT TO:
- 34 EXT. ROOFTOP/LITTLE ITALY - DAY 34
As QRT TEAM breaks out onto the highest Rooftop in the area, sighting down the lower Rooftops with their infra-red scopes,
CUT TO:
- 35 INT. WHELAN-PEMBLETON OFFICE - DAY 35
MARY, still in Kevlar vest, looks at wall clock. ECU on clock as the second hand moves to 4:00 p.m.,
CUT TO:
- 36 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY 36
LEWIS, KELLERMAN, HOWARD, RUSSERT and MUNCH watch the second hand on the wall clock pass 4:00. Deathly quiet. HEAR the singular BUZZ of the overhead fluorescent. BACK to clock reading 4:02 p.m. Nervous shifting of Squad Room PERSONNEL. The air is thick with nervous energy and silent prayers for luck.
- 37 INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY 37
GIARDELLO, GRIFFIN and BARNFATHER sit, anxious. Suddenly, PHONE RINGS. On GIARDELLO, hesitating, then picking up phone,
FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

38 EXT. HIGHLAND PARK/HIGHLANDTOWN - DAY 38

4:15 p.m. Ambulances, sirens BLARING, arrive on Crime Scene. UNIFORMS hustle to set up Yellow Police Tape around a City Bus which is shot to hell.

39 INT. CITY BUS/HIGHLANDTOWN - DAY 39

Glass from the shot-out windows litter the aisle and seats. Blood is splayed in a downward trajectory from the left side of Bus across the aisle to seats on the right side.

ON VIDEO --

The BODIES of two people: a senior citizen, male, slumped in the aisle; and a young teenaged male, sprawled across a double-seat.

ON FILM --

BRODIE carefully tapes the blood splays, the shot-out windows, the position of the VICTIMS. Crime Lab TECHS take blood samples, dig out bullets. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS crouch in the aisle. PEMBLETON looks up at BRODIE.

PEMBLETON

I can't see anything with you in the way.

BRODIE

I'd watch broadcasts from Belfast. Beirut. And I'd think, man, if only I could've been there. And this could be Jerusalem. Or Sarajevo. I don't have to go over there. I got it all here in Baltimore.

PEMBLETON

This ain't Belfast. This ain't Sarajevo. Get out of my way.

PEMBLETON's eyes follow a spider-webbed bullet hole in a window to the BODY of senior citizen to the Crime Lab TECH. As TECH pries a bullet from the right side wall under a seat,

CUT TO:

40 EXT. HIGHLAND PARK/HIGHLANDTOWN

40

GIARDELLO, GRIFFIN and BARNFATHER stand in middle of Crime Scene. JASPER comes up, pissed off.

JASPER

I was ordered to the Little Italy area. My Units deployed there and we're back here in Highlandtown?

GRIFFIN

(to GIARDELLO)
Your man said Little Italy.

GIARDELLO

Detective Lewis was working off mathematical probability.

JASPER

We could have been here in Highlandtown.

GIARDELLO

Well, you're here now. Kick ass.

JASPER directs QRT TEAM and UNIFORMS to disperse the crowd of ONLOOKERS. PICK UP News CREWS assembling transmission from their Mobile Satellite Vans. CAMERAMEN jostle each other for position to film the City Bus. PICK UP a Limo arriving. Mayor KURT SCHMOKE exits Limo. He is swarmed by Newspaper and Network News TEAMS. As NBC CORRESPONDENT exits Limo, signaling his News CREW, with a Cheshire cat smile of "getting an exclusive" look, which infuriates the other CORRESPONDENTS, who are trying to push their News CREWS toward SCHMOKE,

CUT TO:

41 EXT. WITNESS POOL AREA/HIGHLANDTOWN - DAY

41

UNIFORMS encircle a GROUP of ten people, various ages. LEWIS and KELLERMAN stand with a young WOMAN, early twenties.

WOMAN

...And this guy, he's this young kid, he's sitting with his head against the window and then he... his head...

WOMAN gestures with her hands of the young kid's head going from left to right in an instant.

WOMAN (cont.)

...His head... and then all this glass is flying...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

KELLERMAN

His head, then the glass?

WOMAN nods. KELLERMAN pauses a beat, in thought, then scribbles notes furiously.

LEWIS

You hear any gunshots?

WOMAN

No. Just the glass...

VOICE

Detective Lewis?

LEWIS glances up.

VOICE (cont.)

I saw it.

LEWIS looks over to the Witness Pool. REVEAL ROBEY, standing in his jogging suit. ROBEY waves to LEWIS.

ROBEY (cont.)

How you guys doing?

KELLERMAN and LEWIS, a look of recognition of ROBEY.

KELLERMAN

Mr. Robey? What're you doing here?

ROBEY

I live over there.

ROBEY points to Rowhouse across the way.

ROBEY (cont.)

That gray rowhouse there. Second floor.

KELLERMAN and LEWIS look across to Rowhouse. LEWIS motions ROBEY to come forward. KELLERMAN motions to PEMBLETON and BAYLISS to join him.

KELLERMAN

Frank. Tim.

PEMBLETON

(to another WITNESS)
Excuse us for a second.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS walk over to LEWIS and KELLERMAN.

KELLERMAN

This is Mr. Robey.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 2

41

ROBEY extends a hand to PEMBLETON. PEMBLETON feigns smile, glances to KELLERMAN.

KELLERMAN (cont.)

Mr. Robey helped us out this morning at the Clock Tower.

PEMBLETON

(pauses; to ROBEY)
This morning, huh?

ROBEY

Yeah.

PEMBLETON

And here.

ROBEY

Uh-huh.

PEMBLETON, BAYLISS, KELLERMAN and LEWIS eye-dance from ROBEY to each other.

PEMBLETON

Mr. Robey, would you have a few minutes to come down to headquarters with us?

ROBEY

Whatever you guys need.

BAYLISS

Why don't you ride with us?

ROBEY

Go with you guys?

BAYLISS

Yeah.

ROBEY

(smiles)
Awright.

BAYLISS gestures to ROBEY.

BAYLISS

We're this way.

BAYLISS leads ROBEY off. LEWIS turns to PEMBLETON.

LEWIS

We'll get a warrant for his house.

On ROBEY, smiling, puffing his chest,

SMASH CUT TO:

42 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

42

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS sit across from ROBEY.

PEMBLETON

Yesterday, we had three incidents:
Collington Square, Highlandtown,
Mount Vernon. Nine people down.
And today --

ROBEY

Clock Tower, eight a.m. Three hit.
This afternoon, Highlandtown again.
The City bus. Another two, shot
dead.

BAYLISS

That's where we get confused, see?
We catch the one guy --

ROBEY

William Mariner.

BAYLISS

William Mariner.

ROBEY

"Sniper Kills Self; Baltimore Siege
Ends."

BAYLISS

Excuse me?

ROBEY

New York Times.

PEMBLETON

The New York Times?

ROBEY

Late edition. Monday, January
eleventh, nineteen-ninety-six.
Section B, page twelve, column
four.

BAYLISS

Right. So this William Mariner, he
shoots himself during the arrest.

ROBEY

You were there?

BAYLISS

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

ROBEY

He say anything before he shot
himself?

BAYLISS

Doesn't matter, he dies and we
figure, the Redball's over.
Everyone can breathe easy, right?

ROBEY

"Baltimore Stunned; Relieved As
Sniper Dies."

PEMBLETON

The Times again?

ROBEY

Washington Post. Front page.
With a picture of a woman sprinting
from the Clock Tower. One shoe
off, mouth wide open. Screaming.

ROBEY opens his mouth as if he's screaming, imitating
photograph. BAYLISS flips open manila folder, takes out
newspaper clippings.

BAYLISS

This the picture?

BAYLISS points to Post article.

ROBEY

Where'd you get that?

PEMBLETON

It was taped to your bathroom wall.

ROBEY stands.

ROBEY

That belongs to me.

PEMBLETON

Sit down, Robey. We had a warrant.

ROBEY sits.

BAYLISS

Baltimore Sun. Boston
Globe. Chicago Tribune. All
these clippings came out of your
john, Alex.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 2

42

PEMBLETON

You one of those toilet intellectuals? You like to take a dump and read? Let me tell you something, it's a bad idea. Only thing to take into the bathroom is the comics. No one retains what they read on the can. Goes in one end and out the other --

BAYLISS

Why don't you tell us what you remember from the Clock Tower?

Beat. ROBEY does not respond.

ROBEY

I already told the other guys.

BAYLISS

Tell us again, Alex. In detail. Start with why you were there.

ROBEY

I was running.

PEMBLETON

Running. Anywhere in particular? Was someone chasing you?

ROBEY

No. Jogging. My usual route. I'm passing the market and I hear shots.

PEMBLETON

Then what'd you see?

ROBEY

Blood.

PEMBLETON

What else?

ROBEY

Apples.

PEMBLETON

Did you see anything... unusual?

ROBEY

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 3

42

PEMBLETON

Help us out here, Robey. So far you haven't told us one bit we couldn't read off your bathroom wallpaper. Did you see anything out of the ordinary, anything which helps point to the shooter?

ROBEY

Like what?

BAYLISS

Any drawings on the pavement?

ROBEY

Drawings? What drawings?

BAYLISS

Do you remember seeing any?

ROBEY

No.

PEMBLETON

How about at the City Bus crime scene? Any artwork there?

ROBEY

Red graffiti on the side of the liquor store. That what you mean?

BAYLISS pulls chalk out of his pocket.

BAYLISS

Recognize this, Alex?

ROBEY

It's chalk.

BAYLISS

Twelve pieces of school certified, DaVinci chalk. White. The very kind Mariner used to use. In fact, this box belonged to him.

BAYLISS spills pieces out on table. ROBEY touches chalk.

ROBEY

Used for what? What'd he use it for?

PEMBLETON

The game.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 4

42

ROBEY

The game?

— PEMBLETON

Let me just get one thing straight.
'Cause we don't want anymore
misunderstanding here. You don't
know William Mariner?

ROBEY

I don't know him.

PEMBLETON

There are two sniper shootings in
your neighborhood. One on your
very block. Then, you're jogging
near the scene of another incident.

ROBEY

So?

PEMBLETON

So, I'm thinking that's unlikely.
That is odd enough. Coincidence
enough. I'm thinking, maybe you're
the target.

ROBEY laughs.

BAYLISS

Yeah, Frank, the sniper hit the
other people instead. By accident.

ROBEY

Me -- the target?

BAYLISS

You must've done something to get
him pissed off.

ROBEY

I don't know. Why would anybody
shoot at me?

PEMBLETON

Let's figure it out. We identify
motive, we better our chances of
catching this scumbag. Anything
come to mind, Tim?

BAYLISS

Money?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 5

42

PEMBLETON

Always a popular motive. You owe anyone, Robey?

BAYLISS

How about life insurance? Have you got a policy, Alex? Maybe some member of your family wants to cash in on it?

ROBEY

Don't have life insurance. Don't have a family.

BAYLISS

What about women? Are you having an affair?

ROBEY

An affair?

BAYLISS

Yes. An affair might be the answer. If you were sleeping with another man's wife, that could send him over the edge. I can picture these shootings as crimes of passion. Can't you, Frank?

PEMBLETON

Absolutely.

ROBEY

I don't have a girlfriend.

PEMBLETON

No girlfriend?

ROBEY

That's what I said.

PEMBLETON

Nobody you're dating? Even casually --

ROBEY

Look, I'm not the damn target. Those dead delivery guys, they were the targets, okay? You're supposed to figure out who pulled the trigger. This is about the shooter. He's the important one, like Mariner, ain't he?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 6

42

PEMBLETON

Okay, Robey, you're out of here.

ROBEY

Huh?

BAYLISS

You're free to go, we're finished with you.

ROBEY

No more questions?

BAYLISS

Nope. Go home.

ROBEY

But --

PEMBLETON

You heard him. Leave. You're no help to us.

ROBEY stands.

ROBEY

If you need me to come back, I can come back.

BAYLISS

That's okay.

ROBEY

I can wait outside, if you want, in case you need me.

BAYLISS

No, thank you.

ROBEY

But I'm helping you catch the sniper --

PEMBLETON

You're nothing, but a waste of our time.

ROBEY

What? .

PEMBLETON

You're a loser and worst of all, you are a bore.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 7

42

ROBEY
I am not.

PEMBLETON
You are the most boring man ever
set foot in this room.

BAYLISS
(nods)
And we get all kinds in here.

PEMBLETON
Murderers.

BAYLISS
Yep. People who kill for all kinds
of reasons.

PEMBLETON
Lust...

BAYLISS
Revenge...

PEMBLETON
Drugs...

BAYLISS
Power...

PEMBLETON
Or plain old hate.

BAYLISS
They kill husbands, wives --

PEMBLETON
Mothers, fathers --

BAYLISS
Sons, daughters --

PEMBLETON
Lovers --

BAYLISS
Neighbors --

PEMBLETON
Teachers --

BAYLISS
Strangers --

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 8

42

PEMBLETON
And, they kill every kind of way.

BAYLISS
Shooting --

PEMBLETON
Stabbing --

BAYLISS
Hanging --

PEMBLETON
Drowning --

BAYLISS
Burning --

PEMBLETON
Then they come in here and sit
across from us. Some of them are
stupid. Some are crazy. Some are
mean. But none of them are boring.

Beat. PEMBLETON looks at ROBEY, yawns. PEMBLETON and
BAYLISS turn, look at each other.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
I need coffee, Tim.

BAYLISS
I need some air.

ROBEY
Can I have some coffee, too?

PEMBLETON glares at ROBEY. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS exit.

43 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

43

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS enter. GIARDELLO waits with RUSSERT
and HOWARD.

PEMBLETON
He doesn't know Mariner.

BAYLISS
He's never met him. He doesn't
know about the chalk drawings.

GIARDELLO
So who is he then?

RUSSERT
Mr. Robey fits the psych profile.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

GIARDELLO

What psych profile?

RUSSERT

You have a white male, early thirties, a loner with no prior record. He lives in the neighborhood, he's hanging around the crime scenes, asking questions. He knows what Mariner did yesterday, he sees the City explode. He wants in on the action.

HOWARD

We still don't have any hard evidence to connect him to Mariner.

RUSSERT

There is no connection. He's a copycat.

GIARDELLO

A copycat.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS look through the window at ROBEY. On GIARDELLO, nodding to RUSSERT,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

44 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 44

Establishing.

45 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT 45

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON stand outside "The Box". BAYLISS leans against a pillar, asleep at the wheel. PEMBLETON rips open a box of "No Doz", shakes out a handful, swallows them with a swig of coffee. PICK UP GIARDELLO hanging up a phone, walking to BAYLISS and PEMBLETON.

GIARDELLO

I have an emergency warrant coming from Judge Aandahl. We can hold this guy Robey for twenty-four hours on suspicion.

(stifles yawn)

You go home, shower, grab a couple hours sleep.

PEMBLETON

Gimme ten minutes for these No-Doz to kick in and I'll go back in and nail his ass to the wall.

BAYLISS puts his head down atop the file cabinets.

BAYLISS

I'll be with you in a second. I need a minute.

BAYLISS lifts head, heads for Men's Room, turns back to PEMBLETON.

BAYLISS (cont.)

I haven't taken a poop in two days.

RUSSERT comes up to GIARDELLO.

RUSSERT

Al, the press has gotten hold of the information we have someone in custody.

GIARDELLO

As far as we're concerned, we're still interviewing witnesses.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

RUSSERT

That's the song I gave 'em, but
they ain't dancing to it.

GIARDELLO

Barnfather and that press secretary
of his, where are they?

RUSSERT

Breakfast.

GIARDELLO looks down to see PEMBLETON leaning against a
pillar, his eyes closed.

GIARDELLO

Frank.

PEMBLETON

I'm not asleep.

GIARDELLO

You should get something to eat.

PEMBLETON stands, rubs his face, looks off, blinking, trying
to focus as his eyes drift off.

PEMBLETON

The coffee and these caffeine tabs,
they just need some time. I don't
need food.

PEMBLETON grabs a chair, pulls it underneath him, sits. He
leans his head back, waiting for the caffeine to kick in.

RUSSERT

Al, would you mind if I go in,
babysit Robey?

PEMBLETON rouses himself from the chair.

PEMBLETON

He's mine.

RUSSERT

He's not going anywhere for five
minutes.

PEMBLETON sits back down, nods, drifts off, closes his eyes.

46 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

46

ROBEY sits, etching his initials into the table with his thumbnail. RUSSERT enters.

RUSSERT (cont.)

Mr. Robey?

ROBEY looks up, covers his initials.

ROBEY

Yeah?

RUSSERT

Busy?

ROBEY

No.

RUSSERT

Everyone who comes in here
scratches their initials into that
table.

RUSSERT comes over, sits down across from ROBEY.

RUSSERT (cont.)

Can I see?

ROBEY

I wasn't doing anything. There's
nothing to see.

RUSSERT

You have time on your hands, you
start digging in your initials.

ROBEY

(smiles)
You know, huh?

RUSSERT

I'm Captain--
(corrects herself)
I'm Detective Russert.

ROBEY

Alex.

RUSSERT

You're tired?

ROBEY

Naw.

RUSSERT

You should be outta here soon.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

ROBEY

I'm in no rush.

RUSSERT

You want some coffee or something?

ROBEY

Those two detectives I'm helping out, they're bringing me some. You helping them, too?

RUSSERT

Me? No. I'm not involved in the case. Yesterday, I'm Captain and then I get busted down to Detective. I'm a nobody.

ROBEY

You got what?

RUSSERT

Demoted. Yesterday I have a personal assistant who chases after my coffee. Now, I stand in the back of the line, like everybody else, hoping the pot won't be empty when I get to the front.

ROBEY

How's that happen?

RUSSERT

Someone decided. Now I'm out. A nobody.

ROBEY

(pause)

Those two detectives, they went to get me coffee.

RUSSERT

They went to breakfast.

ROBEY stands, looks out window into Squad Room.

ROBEY

They didn't tell me they were going to breakfast.

RUSSERT

They got hungry.

ROBEY

I've been here a long time. As long as they've been.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 2

46

RUSSERT

They didn't ask you if you wanted something?

ROBEY

They know how much I've been helping them. They'll bring me something.

RUSSERT

They've forgotten all about you.

ROBEY

(smiles)
I ain't hungry anyway. I'm not a breakfast person.

PEMBLETON enters, wiping his face and neck with a wet handkerchief, still blurry-eyed.

RUSSERT

Frank, you bring Mr. Robey his coffee?

PEMBLETON pauses, squints at RUSSERT, walks up to ROBEY.

PEMBLETON

Tell me again, how is it you're at both the first and second shootings today.

RUSSERT

(to ROBEY)
How do you take your coffee?

ROBEY

Straight. Black.

RUSSERT

(to PEMBLETON)
One black coffee.

PEMBLETON

Excuse me?

RUSSERT

Get Mr. Robey a black coffee, please.

PEMBLETON

I get his coffee? This is my interview.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 3

46

RUSSERT
Mr. Robey and I are having a
conversation. I was just telling
him about my demotion.

ROBEY
She says she's a nobody. She's not
a nobody. Just 'cause someone
makes a decision about her, that
doesn't make her a nobody.

RUSSERT
(to PEMBLETON)
You understand.

PEMBLETON pauses, rubs his temples.

PEMBLETON
A black coffee.
(to RUSSERT)
What can I get you?

RUSSERT
Nothing. I'm fine.

ROBEY
You should have something.

RUSSERT
No, he should get you yours, but I
have to get for myself.

ROBEY
What do you want?

RUSSERT
Nothing.

ROBEY
If you were going to get for
yourself, what would you get?

RUSSERT
Tea.

ROBEY
(to PEMBLETON)
I want a tea and a coffee.

PEMBLETON
Tea in your coffee.

ROBEY
I'm asking for her, too.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 4

46

PEMBLETON

(to RUSSERT)

And how would you like your tea?

RUSSERT

One sugar.

ROBEY

One black coffee, a tea with one
sugar. Think you can remember
that?

PEMBLETON

(to RUSSERT)

You having a nice day?

RUSSERT

So far.

PEMBLETON

I see.

PEMBLETON walks to door.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

A black coffee, a tea with sugar,
or is it black tea, coffee with
sugar, or maybe I'll just bring the
sugar on the side, huh?

PEMBLETON exits, SLAMS the door. ROBEY flinches.

ROBEY

He's got a temper.

RUSSERT

He is what he is, but thanks.

ROBEY

For what?

RUSSERT

For asking for me.

ROBEY

No problem.

RUSSERT

But I do appreciate it.

ROBEY

What, he's getting me coffee, he
can't get you something?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 5

46

RUSSERT

I can't get anyone to pay attention to what I say anymore.

ROBEY

Doesn't mean it has to stay that way.

RUSSERT

Oh, yes, it does.

ROBEY

You gotta find a way to make them pay attention again. You do... something. This guy doing the shootings today, he's doing something.

RUSSERT

I couldn't shoot innocent people like he does.

ROBEY

Everyone's paying attention, though, huh?

RUSSERT

But to all the network news people, he's getting to be real old real fast. They're losing interest.

ROBEY

They're wrong. This guy is dangerous. More dangerous than Mariner. Y'know why? 'Cause he's the mystery man. No one knows who he is.

RUSSERT

Which doesn't do him any good.

ROBEY

What?

RUSSERT

No one knows who he really is. So he's still a nobody and a cheap imitation at that.

ROBEY

Cheap? You see how he's shutting the whole City down?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 6

46

RUSSERT

He didn't start it, though.
Mariner was the guy who lit the
City up with his first shots. This
guy you're talking about today,
he's not original.

ROBEY

This is not a nobody they're
dealing with.

RUSSERT

Mariner was a player. He knew the
attention would come to him. This
other guy, he doesn't want the
attention.

ROBEY

Sure he does.

RUSSERT

He's a copycat. A phony.

ROBEY

Don't say that. I told you, he's
dangerous. I saw all them bodies
of the people he shot.

RUSSERT

He's a guy who sits at the end of
the bar, nursing a beer and then
goes around telling everyone how he
took on the whole bar. He can't
stand up eye to eye with anyone so
he shoots them from a rooftop.

ROBEY

He's told people off in bars.

RUSSERT

He thinks he has.

ROBEY

I know he has.

RUSSERT

And probably comes out on the short
end of it every time.

ROBEY stares hard at RUSSERT. RUSSERT meets his stare.
ROBEY looks away, rubbing his forehead. PEMBLETON and
BAYLISS re-enter. BAYLISS closes door, walks over to
RUSSERT, hands her a paper cup.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 7

46

BAYLISS

Tea. One sugar.

PEMBLETON opens lid on paper cup of coffee.

ROBEY

That mine? Black, right?

PEMBLETON pauses, looks at ROBEY, sips coffee.

PEMBLETON

Right.

ROBEY

Hey.

PEMBLETON

I need it more than you.

ROBEY

(to RUSSERT)
He said he'd get me coffee.

RUSSERT

What happens if this guy doesn't stand up for the shootings? It gives someone else an idea, huh?

ROBEY

An idea about what?

RUSSERT

About maybe someone else taking the credit for today's shootings.

PEMBLETON

A copycat of a copycat.

RUSSERT

Someone who'll grab the attention.

BAYLISS

And even if the real shooter turns himself in, he ain't half as interesting a story as the guy who says he did it when he didn't.

ROBEY

That's not right.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 8

46

PEMBLETON

What, there's a right and wrong to this? Every other person out there now is in some rush to re-invent themselves. To get themselves out of a lifetime of being nobody.

BAYLISS

Everybody wants their day in the sun.

PEMBLETON

Those Warhol fifteen minutes.

ROBEY

But anyone would know, right off who was for real and who's taking credit for something that ain't theirs.

BAYLISS

I wonder, why would someone want to take credit for something they didn't do?

ROBEY

Nobody's going to take the credit for something I did.

RUSSERT

Like the shootings today.

ROBEY

(pause)
It's not right that people say they're someone they're not.

RUSSERT

You were at both crime scenes because you want the attention, the credit.

ROBEY

I deserve the credit, don't I?

RUSSERT

No one else should take what's yours.

ROBEY

I'm not a copycat. I'm an original. I had the idea before this Mariner guy. He just beat me to the punch, that's all.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 9

46

ROBEY (cont.)
It should have been me first. I've
had this idea for years.
(to RUSSERT)
You go tell all them news people it
was me today. Nobody else.

BAYLISS
I'm going to read you your rights.

ROBEY
I'm not a nobody.
(sits down)
Could I get a coffee now?

On PEMBLETON, BAYLISS and RUSSERT, exhausted,

CUT TO:

47 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

47

PAN DOWN list under Pembleton's name on "The Board"
revealing "D-A-R-O-W-Z", "W-I-X-S-O-N", "F-E-R-D-E-T-T-E",
"H-E-A-L-Y" and "N-I-T-S-C-H-K-E" in RED. CU on HAND
erasing the names in RED, rewriting them in BLACK,

CUT TO:

48 EXT. JIMMY'S RESTAURANT - DAWN

48

Establishing.

49 INT. JIMMY'S RESTAURANT - DAWN

49

PEMBLETON, BAYLISS and RUSSERT at counter, face WAITRESS.

PEMBLETON
I want something new. An egg
cream. Chocolate.

WAITRESS
Okay.
(to RUSSERT and BAYLISS)
Club soda and a coffee, right?

RUSSERT and BAYLISS nod. WAITRESS walks away. PEMBLETON
watches her feet.

PEMBLETON
Platform shoes.

RUSSERT
What about 'em?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

PEMBLETON

They're back. Women are wearing them again, along with beads, leather vests and bell bottom pants.

BAYLISS

Platform shoes?

PEMBLETON

Look around, Tim. See for yourself.

PEMBLETON points to Waitress' orange shoes.

BAYLISS

God.

PEMBLETON

You're surprised? As a culture, we ran out of ideas around nineteen-seventy-eight. Since then, we've been repeating ourselves. Same clothes, same songs, same movies. And the same crimes. Take this Robey guy. He's part of an entire phenomenon. The demise of imagination. It's nineteen-ninety-five. We're approaching the millennium. Everybody's nervous. On the edge. We can't face the future, so we look backwards instead. We're reliving each decade of the past century, one by one. We're, all of us, copycats.

WAITRESS with orange shoes approaches with drinks.

WAITRESS

Coffee for you. Club soda for the lady. And a chocolate egg cream.

WAITRESS leaves.

RUSSERT

Computers, Frank. The Internet. All that stuff's new.

PEMBLETON takes sip of his drink.

PEMBLETON

This ain't an egg cream.

BAYLISS

Sure it is.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 2

49

PEMBLETON

No, no, no. I know what an egg cream tastes like. This is watery.

RUSSERT

They probably use low fat milk.

BAYLISS

So, it's a little different.

PEMBLETON

Then it's not an egg cream. See, we take a beverage which was fine in its original recipe and we make it undrinkable.

BAYLISS

Frank, easy.

PEMBLETON

I'm going home.

PEMBLETON rises, exits. BAYLISS calls to WAITRESS:

BAYLISS

Check, please.

(to RUSSERT)

So, what happens next with you?

RUSSERT

Next?

BAYLISS

You gonna stay in Homicide?

RUSSERT

The next thing I have to do is go home and apologize to my daughter for missing her piano recital tonight.

WAITRESS brings check. BAYLISS and RUSSERT both reach for it.

BAYLISS

It's on me.

(puts money on counter)

I gotta tell ya -- and this is gonna sound strange -- I'm glad you're back to being a detective.

(CONTINUED)

"Sniper: Part Two"
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59.

49 CONTINUED: 3

49

RUSSERT

Really? I was that bad at being
Captain?

BAYLISS

No. On the contrary. You were...
too much of an original.

BAYLISS holds door open for RUSSERT. On the two of THEM
exiting,

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END