

HOMICIDE: LIFE ON THE STREETS

"The Sniper: Part 1"

by

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HOMICIDE

"The Sniper: Part 1"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS AUDITORIUM - EVENING

"Education & Training" Graduation. Barnfather, Giardello, Russert on stage at attention, while GRADUATES file in. Everyone's in full-dress uniform, spit and polish. A lot of brass on stage and in audience. Civilians too. Giardello and Barnfather are steamed. Russert's tense.

BARNFATHER

Every detective is required to hand in his run sheets at the end of each shift. Your unit is consistently in violation.

GIARDELLO

My guys are out on the streets ten, twelve, fifteen hours every day.

RUSSERT

How is it I was not apprised of these findings?

BARNFATHER

(to Russert)
His unit is lax, Captain--

GIARDELLO

My detectives are putting down cases.

BARNFATHER

(to Russert)
--because their immediate superior is lax.

GIARDELLO

My unit is handpicked for self-motivators. The reason they're the best is because I let them be.

BARNFATHER

That suggests a clearance rate one look at the Board belies.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

RUSSERT
(to Barnfather)
Nevermind which are the whodunits,
which are the dunkers, when the
stats are down, suddenly ACTIVITY
sheets, paper--

BARNFATHER
(to Giardello)
Lieutenant. It'll be a write up
-- noncompliance and
insubordination.

Giardello gets signal from across stage, rises, walks over to
microphone, looks out. Russert turns to Barnfather.

RUSSERT
Next time you decide to dress down
one of my men, I'd appreciate you
not just springing it on me.

BARNFATHER
Now we know whose side you're
really on.

Giardello taps mike, clears his throat.

GIARDELLO
To the class of nine-five-three.
We, the Baltimore Police
Department, are honored to say,
"Welcome to our happy family."

Two rows of graduates stand. On their exuberant faces, and the
applause all around them,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. SQUAD ROOM - MORNING

TIM BAYLISS, JOHN MUNCH, FRANK PEMBLETON and KAY HOWARD at their desks, the rest of our guys are out, a few UNIFORMS milling about. It's been slow. Munch is reading the paper. Bayliss, a heating pad on his back, is fretting over forms.

BAYLISS

Consent form reads like a goddamn death sentence. You ever have surgery?

HOWARD

Nose job. I was fifteen.

They all check out her nose.

HOWARD

Hardball took a bad hop.

PEMBLETON

Caught it with the schnoz, huh?

MUNCH

(swats one)

Roaches again.

(flicking off desk)

Potato chip crumbs. Higby must be back from his hemmoroid operation.

BAYLISS

Please, no more talk about operations.

HOWARD

It just rained. They come out after the rain.

PEMBLETON

Hemmoroids?

HOWARD

Roaches.

MUNCH

There's a question, if you could wipe out one, which would you choose, roaches or hemmoroids?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON
I admire roaches. Our
evolutionary superiors.

MUNCH
Had one once as a pet in college,
named Kafka.
(swats; kills one)

Phone rings. Bayliss picks it up.

BAYLISS
Three people shot over on Madison
and Whitelock.

Bayliss and Pembleton pack up. Bayliss, his back worse than
ever, moves like he's 80, and Pembleton, nimble, an added bounce
to his step, to annoy Bayliss.

PEMBLETON
Shall we call you an ambulance?

BAYLISS
You never had back pain did you,
Frank?

PEMBLETON
I'm riding shotgun. You're the
primary.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. DRUID HILL (MADISON & WHITELOCK) - DAY

Pandemonium. Black neighborhood. The whole block is cordoned
off. Crawling with UNIFORMS keeping people out of area.
Pembleton's signing off with DR. SCHEINER, Medical Examiner,
who directs his ATTENDANTS to load two bodies into body bags,
and into WHITE VAN marked "O.S.M.E."

Bayliss moves on to a third victim, being placed onto stretcher
and into ambulance. Uniform #1 is hovering outside ambulance.

UNIFORM #1
Scott Thompson, I was the first
arriving officer.

BAYLISS
Can he talk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNIFORM #1

She. Little girl. No, she can't.
Gunshot pierced her lung. They're
enroute to Shock Trauma.

Bayliss peers into Ambulance. A little Black girl, twelve,
lifts her head and smiles at him. Paramedics push past Bayliss
into Ambulance, then take off, siren blaring.

BAYLISS

Get the girl's name?

UNIFORM #1

Yes, sir.

(checking notes)

Farrington. Kathryn.

(eager)

My first homicide, Detective, any
tips'd be gratefully received.

BAYLISS

Congratulations.

(going over notes)

So. Three victims, two adults,
one male, one female, both
ten-seven, third, female child--

Bayliss rubs his back.

UNIFORM #1

Critical but stabilized.

(notices Bayliss' pain)

You okay, Detective?

BAYLISS

Fine. Any eyewitnesses?

UNIFORM #1

A few outside that bodega there,
heard the shots, saw the vics go
down. Thought the shots came
from--

(pointing)

--one of those rooftops.

Bayliss looks up, sees Uniforms scouring two rooftops across
the street.

CUT TO:

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4 EXT. BODEGA - DAY

Bayliss talks to REGIS DOWNS, 25, Black, wired and freaked. Pembleton is in b.g., interviewing a Black woman, 50's.

REGIS

Bam bam. That lady was walkin' right in front of me, two full shopping bags. Bam Bam.

BAYLISS

Bam bam. So you heard two shots?

REGIS

Three shots, like I said. Bam bam.

Bayliss studies him, not sure if Regis gets the discrepancy.

BAYLISS

(makes notation)

Three shots. Bam bam. Got it.

Officer #1 approaches Bayliss, out of breath, his radio crackling.

UNIFORM #1

They found something.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

UNIFORMS doing a preliminary check of the roof. Uniform #1 watches Bayliss circle shell casings with chalk. LAB TECHS and POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER peruse rooftop.

BAYLISS

This is how we determine the trajectory, anticipating an overzealous defense attorney trying to turn his case around.

Bayliss picks up a shell, studies it closely.

UNIFORM #1

I'm no firearms expert, but...

BAYLISS

Thirty ought-six.

Uniform #1 does a take, truly awed. Bayliss plays with the kid.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

BAYLISS
(shows etching inside casing)
Says so right here. Nine times out of twenty, evidence is staring right up at you.

Bayliss hands shell to LAB TECHS and points to other casings. As the LAB TECHS collect the casings in the b.g., Uniform #1 wanders further along roof ledge.

UNIFORM #1
Detective.

Bayliss heads over to Uniform #1. Pembleton arrives on roof, joins them.

UNIFORM #1
Maybe this was here before but--

On the ledge, drawn in chalk, is a HANGMAN GAME -- a stick man minus an arm and leg, hanging from a scaffold, with letters and spaces underneath. "S", space, space, "D", space, "E", space, space.

PEMBLETON
Chalk looks fresh.
(calling out to Lab Techs)
Can we get some scrapings here.

BAYLISS
(to Uniform #1)
Probably unnecessary. But a fresh crime scene to a primary is like panning for gold.

PEMBLETON
(bending; pointing)
A chunk fell off here, let's get that, too...

As Lab Techs are busy getting chalk samples, Bayliss, Pembleton and Uniform #1, walk along ledge.

BAYLISS
Always want to watch the chain of custody when handling evidence. Let the Lab Techs or the primary handle it all.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

Bayliss and Uniform #1 look down at crime scene below. Several officers are milling about the chalked outlines where the victims fell.

UNIFORM #1
The shooter must've used a scope,
wouldn't you say, Detective?

Bayliss throws back an aspirin, swallows it with spit.

PEMBLETON
(re: distance)
Yeah, a telescope.

BAYLISS
(to Photographer)
Get close ups of the Hangman game.

UNIFORM #1
It's a pleasure watching you guys
work a case, Detectives.

BAYLISS
(musing to himself)
Bam Bam.

UNIFORM #1
So you guys have a theory, I mean,
what do you think we're looking
at?

BAYLISS
Bam Bam. Wasn't that the name
of Fred Flintstone's baby?

PEMBLETON
I believe it was Barney Rubble's.

On Bayliss and Pembleton, looking out over crime scene, and
Officer #1 looking up at them,

CUT TO:

6 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

Giardello addresses Bayliss, Munch, Howard, Pembleton, Kellerman
and Lewis.

GIARDELLO
Witnesses?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAYLISS

Canvassed the area. No one saw anything. Talked to two witnesses who heard the shots.

GIARDELLO

Motive?

PEMBLETON

Drugs, hands down.

BAYLISS

Could be domestic...

PEMBLETON

You want to kill your wife or husband, you want to see the surprise on their face, make sure they're dead. Somebody comes threatening your drug income, a nice clean shot sends the message.

BAYLISS

(shaking his head)

A man, woman and child expunged, that's familia, that's passion, not drugs.

LEWIS

Expunged?

MUNCH

Family planning gone bezerk.

GIARDELLO

Okay. We follow a two-pronged investigation.

KELLERMAN

Our most eloquent witnesses are the victims.

They all take that in.

GIARDELLO

Bayliss, give us the profiles.

BAYLISS

(reads from notebook)

Louise Wilcox, forties, charge nurse at St. John's, oncology unit.

LEWIS

Access to medications...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2)

PEMBLETON

Aka drugs.

BAYLISS

James Miller, nineteen, on disability, found a pocketknife on him and about a quarter ounce of reefer...

PEMBLETON

Dingaling. Drugs again.

BAYLISS

Kathryn Farrington, twelve, stabilized at the scene, now on life-support at University Hospital.

KELLERMAN

Heard about her stash of Gummy Bears.

BAYLISS

All three victims, African-Americans.

PEMBLETON

Mark my words, drugs is where these three vics intersect.

HOWARD

Why the little girl?

PEMBLETON

Sends a message he's a hard-ass.

GIARDELLO

Let's doh-see-doh partners, Bayliss and Howard take the Farrington girl. Bayliss, because you're the primary and she's our only eyewitness, Howard, in case she talks easier to a female.

(beat)

Kellerman and Lewis take James Miller.

(beat)

Pembleton and who does that leave... Munch, the Wilcox woman.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

GIARDELLO (Cont'd)
(beat; to everyone)
DMV 'em, get arrest records,
previous addresses, I want
everything, family grudges,
girlfriends, boyfriends, where'd
they hang, what toothpaste they
used. If these three victims had
anything in common, it may lead
us to our shooter.

They're in full throttle.

On the BOARD, under Bayliss's name, A HAND writes in RED,
WILCOX, MILLER, as we,

CUT TO:

7 INT. WILCOX HOME - DAY

Munch and Pembleton in den with adult daughter, EVELYN WILCOX,
who is comforting JONATHAN WILCOX, her father, dazed and
distraught, keening on the couch.

MUNCH
I know this is hard for you, Mr.
Wilcox, but we need to ask you
some more questions about your
wife.

PEMBLETON
You said Louise had a generous
nature. Is it possible, in her
work, she was helping someone
overcome their drug problem?

EVELYN
(indignant)
You think my mother was killed
because she got mixed up with an
addict? Is that what you're
suggesting?

JONATHAN WILCOX, tears streaming down, calls out for Louise,
over and over.

CUT TO:

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3 INT. JAMES MILLER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kellerman and Lewis in the kitchen with James Miller's brother, P.K., and a roommate, TOMMY HASTINGS.

LEWIS

We found weed on your brother,
P.K., he have any other bad
habits?

P.K.

He left the toilet seat up, would
drive my girlfriend crazy.

Kellerman rises, noses around apartment, not lost on Hastings.

HASTINGS

Hey, you got a warrant or
something?

Lewis slides his chair back from table with panache, getting
their attention, stretching out his legs.

LEWIS

Kellerman, sit down over here with
us. P.K. here wants to find his
brother's killer. Am I right,
P.K?

P.K.

You better hope you find him
before I do.

LEWIS

See, we ain't looking to pin
anything on you or your friend
here.

KELLERMAN

(looking around; sensing
it's a drug house)

Believe it or not, we're working
for you.

LEWIS

We need to know if your brother,
maybe because of his drug habit,
got himself mixed up with some
low-life might've wanted him...
expunged.

HASTINGS

Expunged?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

P.K.

Jimmy was a dooper, yeah, sure.
But we're talkin' weed, nothing
more. \$60 a month habit. Jimmy
never bought, never sold, I copped
it for him. Just so he'd never
have't'a deal with the man.

KELLERMAN

Any married girlfriends, y'know,
pissed-off husbands, anything like
that?

P.K.

Jimmy was afraid of girls.

HASTINGS

(indignant)

Hey, P.K. took care of Jimmy --
better than--

P.K.

(deep pain)

Yeah... not good enough.

CUT TO:

9 INT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - ICU CORRIDOR - DAY

Through the open door we see Kathy, a tiny brown girl dwarfed
by the technology keeping her alive -- a feeling of all the
King's horses and all the King's men... she is enveloped by
tubes and IV's and catheters. Plasma hangs by her bed, dripping
into her. A life-support machine by her bed towers over her.
A respirator is breathing for her.

Outside Kathy Farrington's ICU room, Howard and Bayliss sit on
either side of MR. HAROLD FARRINGTON, 30's, shattered.

MR. FARRINGTON

Who'd wanna shoot a little girl?

HOWARD

Where's Kathy's mother?

MR. FARRINGTON

Run off. Haven't seen her for
six years. Kathy thinks she's
dead.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

BAYLISS

What was Kathy doing home from school?

MR. FARRINGTON

I had the day off. We were going to treat ourselves to the zoo.

HOWARD

Rough neighborhood for a little girl. Do you know where she was headed on Whitelock?

MR. FARRINGTON

I was still sleeping. I'd come home from the night shift, bring scraps from the cafeteria, Kathy liked to feed 'em to the cats in the alley.

Mr. Farrington looks inside at his daughter.

MR. FARRINGTON

All she ever wanted was a kitten.
(terrible pain)
I'm allergic...

On Howard and Bayliss,

CUT TO:

10 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Bayliss and Howard walk toward elevators. Bayliss walks with difficulty.

BAYLISS

How was it to be put under?

HOWARD

I don't remember.

BAYLISS

You don't remember your whole being suddenly obliterated? How can someone not remember anesthesia?

HOWARD

I was a kid.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

BAYLISS

Did you know your heart could have stopped? Or you could've been allergic to the anesthesia and died from it?

HOWARD

You know, a lot of back problems are psychosomatic.

BAYLISS

(takes out form;
reading)

Listen to this. "I recognize that during the course of the operation/procedure UNFORESEEN conditions, blah, blah, blah may necessitate additional or different procedures than those set forth above... blah blah blah". I'd be giving them carte blanche.

HOWARD

It's a conspiracy.

They get to the elevators, press button, wait.

BAYLISS

Every day you read about the mistakes. Lady goes in for a simple gallstone operation, comes out with her leg amputated.

HOWARD

They should sell insurance at hospitals the way they used to at airports. That way, if your operation does a nosedive, your family collects.

BAYLISS

That's not even funny.

HOWARD

When's your operation?

BAYLISS

I'm still on "if".

The elevator doors open, they enter, Bayliss winces.

CUT TO:

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11 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

Bayliss gathers Pembleton, Munch, Howard, Kellerman and Lewis.

KELLERMAN

The bullet recovered from Kathy Farrington's chest had a left twist five. We're looking for a Mauser or a Remington.

BAYLISS

What'd we get on the victims?

LEWIS

James Miller. Arrest record shows shoplifting and one minor CDS for possession of marijuana. Loner, blew reefer, supported by his brother, Paul Miller, aka P.K. Think Miller was probably the target, the other two victims...

KELLERMAN

Collateral damage.

MUNCH

Louise Wilcox, the Angel of St. John's.

PEMBLETON

Domestic's ruled out. Access to pharmaceuticals but no history of abuse.

BAYLISS

Kay and I checked out the Farrington girl.

HOWARD

Unless some one out there really hates cats, we got zip.

BAYLISS

I've jumped over to Pembleton's side. Concentrate on the Miller kid. Follow the drugs.

Off them,

CUT TO:

12 EXT. HIGHLAND TOWN - TREE-LINED STREET - DAY

TWO WHITE TEEN AGE GIRLS walk, wearing backpacks. The girls glance over at the center of the street where a heavy-set Gas and Electric WORKER and his scrawny, pony-tailed CO-WORKER, prepare to go down manhole.

An ELDERLY LADY comes out of a shop, carefully closing the door. The teenage girls pass Elderly Lady and she smiles at them.

TWO SHOTS CRACK THE AIR. Elderly Lady looks up, falls. The girls run, looking for cover behind some parked cars, holding their hands over their heads, screaming.

CO-WORKER ducks down open manhole. WORKER starts toward ELDERLY LADY to help her, takes a shot in the back, falls face down in the street just as a taxi turns and almost smacks into him, screeching to a stop, horn BLARING.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 EXT. HIGHLAND PARK - SAME TREE-LINED STREET - DAY

CLOSE ON Taxi.

PULL BACK AND UP to see street scene from above. The bodies are gone now. The manhole is still open. The entire block is yellow-taped and UNIFORMS and LAB TECHS are crawling all over the scene.

14 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Howard peers over the side of the building. She looks down at her feet, marks the spot of a shell casing and starts methodically walking around the perimeter of the roof.

Bayliss, Pembleton and Munch are gathered around another chalk-drawn Hangman game, different letters and spaces.

MUNCH

Anyone remember this game?

PEMBLETON

Of course. Your opponent picks a word, you guess a letter, every time you guess a letter not in the word, you draw more and more of the stick man till you're hung, then you lose.

LEWIS

Our guy's hanging himself. Literally.

BAYLISS

Or he's working something out for himself.

LEWIS

Maybe he's just modifying the rules, each wrong guess, he shoots somebody.

MUNCH

I just had a terrible notion--

PEMBLETON

He's toying with us.

(CONTINUED)

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14 CONTINUED:

MUNCH

--don't you need two to play this game?

The implication dizzies them.

PEMBLETON

Two shooters...

LEWIS

All we know so far is we got a helluva marksman.

MUNCH

Or marksmen.

BAYLISS

Who play word games while using the city of Baltimore for target practice.

Off them, staring down at the Hangman game,

CUT TO:

15 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

Full Redball chaos. The two shifts crowd in, forming an uneasy alliance. Russert crosses toward a huge map of Baltimore. Giardello stands by her side. Officers and detectives gather around with a high, nervous energy. Barnfather watches from the back. Howard, Munch, Lewis, Kellerman, Bayliss and Pembleton scrutinize the other shift.

RUSSERT

Settle down. Please, I need your attention.

Things settle.

RUSSERT

Our shooter from the Druid Hill area has moved on to Highland Park.

KELLERMAN

There go the property values.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

RUSSERT

Irma Watts, 73, retired secretary,
Armando Layzek, 33, BG&E worker.
We've gone from a possible drug
at Madison and Whitelock to a
city-wide Redball. What we've
got here is a sniper on the loose
in Baltimore.

Russert lets that sink in.

LEWIS

(sotto voce; to Munch)
Sure, Blacks get killed, we're
lookin' for a shooter, for some
sleazeball drug dealers gettin'
over on each other--

HIGBY

How do we know it's the same
sniper?

LEWIS

(sotto voce; to Munch)
Now that it's white folks, we're
lookin' for a sniper, now it's
a redball.

Bayliss overhears, doesn't react.

GIARDELLO

(re: Higby's question)
Detective Bayliss, you're the
primary, why don't you field that?

BAYLISS

The through and through bullets
recovered at Highland Park were
too damaged for IDing. However,
we did get a result on the shell
casings. They match the Druid
Hill shooter.

MUNCH

Also, second Hangman game found
at the crime scene.

PEMBLETON

Our guy's signature.

(CONTINUED).

18 CONTINUED: (2)

RUSSERT

Under no circumstances does that information leave this squad room. Nobody even thinks "Hangman" outside these walls.

BAYLISS

Witnesses from Highland Park?

HOWARD

Two teenage girls hid behind a car, treated for shock and released. All they know is it started raining bullets.

KELLERMAN

The BG&E co-worker jumped down a manhole, didn't see a thing.

KELLERMAN

I'm running down all firing ranges and gun clubs, getting a list of registered Mausers and Remingtons.

RUSSERT

Location of the shooter?

PEMBLETON

Highland Park Library. Five stories high. Druid Hill building was seven. Our guy likes heights.

BAYLISS

What about the chalk samples?

HOWARD

They're at the Lab.

RUSSERT

I've got Larry Orloff, our resident handwriting expert on board, he's preparing a profile based on the chalk letters in the hangman games.

BAYLISS

One large crimp. Munch, you wanna explain?

MUNCH

We're tossing around the possibility of a second shooter.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

RUSSERT

Based on?

MUNCH

The Hangman game normally involves two players.

RUSSERT

Have Larry compare the letters in both games, see what he can come up with.

GIARDELLO

We've got to work fast and we've got to coordinate all our moves.

They turn to Bayliss.

BAYLISS

Let's recanvass, hope to hell we get more than we got.

Lewis and Munch head back to desks. Bayliss pursues Lewis.

BAYLISS

What were you saying, Lewis, I didn't handle the Druid Hill shootings as seriously as Highland Park because it involved Blacks?

MUNCH

(to Bayliss; fooling around)

Hey, we're Baltimore cops, our color is blue... right...

LEWIS

C'mon, Bayliss, drop it.

BAYLISS

No. I won't.

LEWIS

Bayliss, maybe it ain't your back that's out, maybe it's your brain.

BAYLISS

No wait, Lewis. You were the one pushing the Miller kid's drug history.

Lewis rises, takes his coffee cup, starts to head off. Bayliss can't drop it, follows after him, swallowing another aspirin.

(CONTINUED)

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15 CONTINUED: (4)

PEMBLETON

Maybe Bayliss's back is out
bearing all that white man's
burden.

BAYLISS

This is a private conversation,
Frank.

MUNCH

Look at the bright side, Bayliss,
at least it's an "equal
opportunity" sniper.

On Bayliss, getting sniped at from all directions,

CUT TO:

16 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - EVENING

Russert, in front of the map, at tail-end of Press Conference.
Camera lights blazing, microphones shoved in her face.
Barnfather stands in the back, watching.

RUSSERT

Any building over five stories
should be checked for roof access
and secured. We have notified
all public utilities and County
and State building managers to
do the same. Anyone with any
information, please contact the
Homicide Unit of the Baltimore
Police. Thank you for your
cooperation.

REPORTER #1
Is it the same guy?

REPORTER #2
What's the motive?

REPORTER #1
When will you release the names
of the Highland Park victims?

RUSSERT
I'm sorry. That's all.

CUT TO:

17 INT. SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kellerman and Munch join Howard at her desk.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

HOWARD

Our first break. ID'd the chalk.
DaVinci. Manufactured by
Magestic, Inc. Art stores.
They're giving us a list of
distributors. Meanwhile...

Howard throws Kellerman Baltimore Yellow Pages.

MUNCH

That sure narrows it down.

HOWARD

You got something better?

(beat)

You guys divvy 'em up, we start
making house calls. Talk to
managers, store clerks. We want
leads on anyone who bought DaVinci
chalk.

Giardello and Russert at a fast clip, approach. They're
adrenalized, excited.

RUSSERT

About the chalk.

HOWARD

Nice break, eh, Captain.

GIARDELLO

We want any and all credit card
receipts.

RUSSERT

Any reluctant storeowners, tell
'em it's either now or we come
back with a subpoena.

KELLERMAN

I don't get it. How could we
recognize, from a credit card
receipt, our shooter's signature?

RUSSERT

Because he may have left a
different kind of "signature" at
the crime scene.

KELLERMAN

(nickel drops)

The Hangman letters. Can
handwriting tell us that?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

GIARDELLO
It's a long shot.

RUSSERT
It's a shot.

Off everyone mobilized, finally getting something to go on,

CUT TO:

18 INT. TONY'S FRAME AND SUPPLY - EVENING

Pembleton and Bayliss at the back of store, at a table on which sit three overstuffed shopping bags. Next to them is an open box of DaVinci chalk.

BAYLISS
All this for DaVinci chalk?

Tony yells out from the front of the store.

TONY (O.C.)
No, that's all my receipts for the last three years.

BAYLISS
His accountant must love him.

Bayliss and Pembleton paw through receipts.

BAYLISS
Smell that?

PEMBLETON
Smell what?

BAYLISS
Chalk. I love that smell. What does that smell remind you of?

PEMBLETON
Detention. Sister Mary Anne. Writing on the blackboard two hundred times, I shall not talk out of turn.

BAYLISS
Margaret Winniford. Hopscotch queen. I see London, I see France. I see Peggy's underpants.

Pembleton takes out a huge stack of receipts.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON

You get Peggy. I get Sister Mary
Anne.

Bayliss takes out another huge stack.

BAYLISS

I have only one thing to say about
our sniper.

PEMBLETON

Shoot.

BAYLISS

May they bring back cruel and
unusual punishment.

On this,

CUT TO:

19 INT. SQUAD ROOM - EVENING

Russert emerges from her office with LARRY ORLOFF, early 20s,
pear-shaped, looks 16, sport's jacket, slacks, carrying an
overstuffed briefcase and a lap-top.

Howard and Bayliss come forward and hand Larry a huge stack of
receipts.

RUSSERT

Detective Bayliss is our primary.
Detective Howard, meet Larry
Orloff, our resident handwriting
expert from crime lab.

LARRY

I don't want to get your hopes
up...

BAYLISS

I don't want to scare you, Larry,
but you're our only hope...

LARRY

That scares me.

Larry reaches down to pick up his lap-top, drops a shoebox full
of receipts, which scatter all over.

(CONTINUED)

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19 CONTINUED:

Bayliss and Howard react, their confidence in Larry waning. Larry picks up receipts, stuffs them back in shoebox, grabs lap top, heads off to an Interview Room.

Howard, Bayliss look nervously to Russert.

RUSSERT

The Deputy Commissioner is pushing me to get psychological profiles on snipers from Quantico. What normally will take weeks, the Commissioner assures me because of his intervention, will now just take days.

(looking to where Larry ambled off)

But we may not have days.

HOWARD

We do have Larry.

RUSSERT

(no confidence)

Yeah.

Russert spins on her heels and walks off.

CUT TO:

20 INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Phone rings. Howard picks it up. Ten o'clock at night.

HOWARD

36442 Carrington Way. Got it. We'll be right over.

MUNCH

Don't tell me our snipers have struck again?

HOWARD

Another Hangman game.

21 INT. CAVALIER - MOVING - NIGHT

Munch drives. Howard is looking for address.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

HOWARD

Random victims, no motive, our
ace in the hole is some
handwriting nerd from the crime
lab. I'm getting buggy even
driving around.

(focusing her mind)

Point is what does a sniper get
out of it?

MUNCH

Publicity?

HOWARD

Control?

MUNCH

Putting the entire city of
Baltimore at his beck and call?

A long beat as Munch mulls this over.

MUNCH

The Mayor have an alibi?

Munch sees something, slams on the brakes. Howard follows his
grim gaze to:

A SCHOOLYARD. Basketball hoops, monkey bars, sandboxes,
hopscotch boards.

22 EXT. STREET - ADJACENT TO SCHOOLYARD - NIGHT

Munch and Howard work their way to UNIFORM #2 standing across
from schoolyard gates. Uniform #2 aims flashlight at cement
wall.

Another Hangman game. Munch takes flashlight, bends down, takes
a closer look, looks up at Howard.

MUNCH

A warning?

(CONTINUED)

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22 CONTINUED:

HOWARD

Possibly.

UNIFORM #2

Warning? My kids go to this
school.

Munch and Howard share a look.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23 INT. RUSSERT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Giardello's pacing, Russert at her desk. Barnfather sits across from her.

RUSSERT

It's ten fifty-two. In eight hours, a hundred and fifty kids, age six to twelve, will be going to school. If you don't give an order to cordon off the block and close that building, I will.

BARNFATHER

And on your whim, set off a city-wide panic...

GIARDELLO

Captain Russert's right. We've got a sniper warning us where he'll hit next, we cannot risk those children.

A knock on the door. Bayliss enters, out of breath.

BAYLISS

Howard and Munch found two kids a block away from the school -- playing hangman.

RUSSERT

You mean this might not be--

BAYLISS

The chalk the kids were using is consistent with the game found across from the schoolyard, different from Druid Hill or Highland Park.

BARNFATHER

(told you so)
Looks like a false alarm.

RUSSERT

Leave a detail at the schoolyard, as a precaution.

BAYLISS

One more thing.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

RUSSERT

What's that?

BAYLISS

The Farrington girl died.

Bayliss exits. Off Barnfather burning a hole into Russert with his look,

CUT TO:

24 EXT. MT. WASHINGTON COUNTRY CLUB -- MIDNIGHT

Limousines lined up outside. A sprawling lawn leading to a Colonial mansion. On one side, a church with a tall bell tower. Through the windows we can see a ballroom, HEAR "Good Night Ladies", a lot of laughter. The party is winding down. On the lawn, people head toward their cars, while a few stragglers balance champagne glasses and plates. Servants hover with trays, some beginning to clean up.

FOUR SHOTS RING OUT.

A servant and three guests fall. Pandemonium. People scream and run for cover.

25 EXT. MT. WASHINGTON COUNTRY CLUB -- LATER

Media everywhere. UNIFORMS and TECHNICIANS scour the block. Pembleton talks with a WOMAN in a white evening gown, torn and spattered with blood. Across the lawn, Bayliss, shifting his weight to relieve his back, interviews DONALD HAZELTON, retired Judge, 70's, stiff, stoic. Donald holds his eyeglasses in one hand, remarkably calm.

DONALD

There was an echo, but I believe the shots came from over there -- that Church. The Bell Tower.

BAYLISS

(writing)

You spell your name with a "z" or an "s", Judge Hazelton?

DONALD

A "z".

BAYLISS

Did you see anyone or anything unusual?

(CONTINUED)

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25 CONTINUED:

DONALD

Young man, I just saw a young
friend of mine get killed.

BAYLISS

Why don't you have a seat,
Judge...

As Bayliss leads Judge Hazelton to a chair, plops down next to
him, his back on fire:

DONALD

I wish I could say that was
unusual. But it's happened to
me before. D-Day, Omaha Beach,
in Normandy, well before your
time, we had to make it from the
beachhead to cover, with the
Germans shooting at us from the
cliffs. I threw my glasses off,
afraid the reflection would give
me away.

BAYLISS

If you remember any more
details... Judge.

Bayliss hands Hazelton his card.

HAZELTON

My friends call me Brownie. Old
Yale name.

(laughs; rubs his
eyeglasses)

Walked all the way from Normandy
Beachhead to Berlin. Couldn't
see a thing.

Bayliss knows Hazelton is in shock, this is his way of dealing
with it.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CHURCH BELL TOWER - NIGHT

In the gloom, three flashlights trace a HANGMAN GAME. Bayliss,
Pembleton and a UNIFORM examine it. Bayliss turns to Uniform.

BAYLISS

Whatever else you do, keep the
press the hell outta here.

27 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - 2:30 A.M.

Russert's just convened the troops. Giardello and Bayliss hover nearby. Everybody's exhausted and defeated. This last incident has put them all over the top. They are working their third shift overtime. This is war.

RUSSERT

Victim IDs have just been made official from the Mt. Washington incident. Among the four killed were Even Reinhart, Deputy Assistant to the Mayor and Joel Reitman, a well-known Baltimore physician.

GIARDELLO

We've got a redball on top of a redball.

RUSSERT

Let's go over everything we know and don't know. First, are we sure it's the same sniper?

BAYLISS

Signature Hangman game found at the Church next door.

HOWARD

Also, chalk matches the chalk found at both other sites.

MUNCH

I still stand behind the two shooter theory.

RUSSERT

Yes, good, did Larry come up with anything on that?

BAYLISS

A single writing style has emerged from the photos of the letters in the Hangman game.

MUNCH

Still doesn't erase the possibility of a second suspect.

PEMBLETON

Two to play the game... no, no, no. I think we got a lone nut out there.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

MUNCH

Two play, maybe only one's doing the letters.

PEMBLETON

Crazy enough to shoot up Baltimore, certainly crazy enough to play hangman solitaire.

BAYLISS

I agree with Pembleton, not enough evidence to support a two shooter theory.

RUSSERT

Let's pursue this as a single sniper unless something more emerges.

GIARDELLO

Kellerman, you're on the weapon?

KELLERMAN

Casings from Mt. Washington matches Druid Hill and Highland Park. I'm tracking all the registered Remingtons and Mausers. Thought I got lucky when I talked to a guy whose Mauser was stolen a couple weeks back, turned out his wife hid it in the attic.

GIARDELLO

What about the victims? Any pattern emerging?

HOWARD

All sexes, ages, and colors. Our guy likes the variety pack.

Russert flips to a clean page in a notebook, she's sweating, exhausted.

RUSSERT

Okay, I know we're tired. Let's keep rolling here. One more time. Let's go over the crime scenes.

BAYLISS

Druid Hill, ten a.m., three shots from a seven story warehouse, as of today, three deaths.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 2)

HOWARD

Highland Park, five o'clock.
Three shots from a Library, five
stories. Two victims, both dead.

PEMBLETON

Mt. Washington Country Club,
midnight, four shots from a three
story Church tower, four vics,
all four dead.

HOWARD

All clean kills except for the
Farrington girl.

KELLERMAN

Maybe this sniper's one of Tim's
buddies from Quick Response Team.

BAYLISS

No one was that good a shot on
QRT. This guy's gotta be
military.

PEMBLETON

What about a correlation between
the number of shots fired and the
letters in the game...

KELLERMAN

All the shots came from up high.

MUNCH

So they're not acrophobic, excuse
me -- he's not -- got so fond of
him as a couple.

Russert looks at her notes.

RUSSERT

These are the exact times?

PEMBLETON

Those are the times recorded.

RUSSERT

No minutes, seconds, just the hour
on the dot?

PEMBLETON

(sees it)

There's a pattern.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

RUSSERT

Jesus. They're seven hours apart.

Beat.

BAYLISS

No.

PEMBLETON

Our guy strikes every seven hours.

BAYLISS

C'mon, that's too simple.

KELLERMAN

What the hell time is it now?

RUSSERT

If Mt. Washington was midnight,
the next hit'll be seven in the
morning.

Everyone's looking at the clock on the wall, synchronizing their
watches.

RUSSERT

We have less than five hours to
find this psycho and prevent
another massacre.

CUT TO:

28 INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bayliss is lying on the bathroom floor, his knees up.
Pembleton's washing his face.

PEMBLETON

You think those cold tile floors
are doing your back any good?

BAYLISS

Doctor tells me I gotta have
what's called a laminectomy.
Remove the bad disc.

PEMBLETON

If a disc was hurting me that bad,
I'd say bye bye to that puppy.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

BAYLISS

They say the disc is like a shock absorber. And this one's shot.

PEMBLETON

Too bad about the Farrington girl...

BAYLISS

Yeah. Then they do what's called a spinal fusion.

PEMBLETON

My brother-in-law had that. They fuse two vertebrae together. Nothing to it.

BAYLISS

If it works. I don't like the odds.

PEMBLETON

Thought you were a gambling man.

BAYLISS

That Farrington girl died during surgery. It might've been the surgery that killed her.

PEMBLETON

Bayliss, look at you. You gotta do something.

BAYLISS

I could end up worse off after surgery. I could get an infection on top of an infection and have to have even more surgery. Or I could go through all that surgery and get no improvement at all. Still have this pain.

PEMBLETON

That girl died from a bullet lodged in her chest that came from a high-powered rifle, not surgery.

BAYLISS

I could end up paralyzed. Neurological damage. I could end up with drop foot.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2)

PEMBLETON

Drop foot?

BAYLISS

That's when your foot doesn't hold the normal ninety degree angle, you never walk right again.

PEMBLETON

C'mon, bunk, we gotta go get us a sniper.

BAYLISS

I could die. Not be able to walk anymore. I could lose bladder control.

PEMBLETON

Does our insurance cover both hospitalization and outpatient?

BAYLISS

Help me up.

On Pembleton giving Bayliss a hand,

CUT TO:

"THE BOARD", a hand writes under Bayliss's name, "Farrington" in RED. Under Pembleton's name, also in RED, "Ted Greene", "Evan Reinhart", "Michela Hernandez", and "Joel Reitman".

CUT TO:

29 INT. RUSSERT'S OFFICE - THREE IN THE MORNING

Three Baltimore citizens, BONITA GREEN, 40s, African American, carrying notebook, MIGUEL GUITERREZ, 50's, gentle nobility, and Donald "Brownie" Hazelton stand in front of Russert's desk. Everyone's talking at once.

BONITA

Nine people have been killed in the last twenty four hours.

DONALD

We don't understand what the Baltimore Police Department is doing about it.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

BONITA

There are rumors the police have information they are not disclosing.

MIGUEL

Information we need in order to defend ourselves against this maniac.

DONALD

If the Baltimore police can't protect us, who the hell can?

Barnfather enters quietly, observes.

RUSSERT

We are doing everything in our power. Please be patient.

MIGUEL

My neighbor's little girl was found two years ago raped and stabbed to death. The police still haven't found her killer.

BONITA

How is it someone can shoot nine people, some in broad daylight in front of countless witnesses, and still you can't make an arrest?

MIGUEL

Why haven't you caught this guy?

RUSSERT

We've got a lot of details out on this.

BONITA

And meanwhile what do we do? The people who pay you to protect us. Do we stay in at night, lock our doors?

MIGUEL

Do we go to work even? Do we let our children go to school?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 2)

RUSSERT

I urge you to go about your daily lives, confident the Baltimore Police is doing it's job.

DONALD

That's not good enough.

BONITA

We're forming a group, Captain, Baltimore victims of violent crimes.

RUSSERT

I will do this.

(beat)

We can set up phone banks, an eight hundred number. Any citizen that wants to, can call in and be informed of any and all progress in our investigation.

That seems to placate them.

RUSSERT

Please, every minute I spend with you is one less minute I have to catch this sniper. Do yourself and the Police a favor, it's three in the morning, go to bed.

BONITA

Who can sleep?

DONALD

I'm afraid you haven't heard the last of us.

Russert goes to door, opens it, ushers them out.

RUSSERT

My door is always open.

They exit. Russert closes the door, leans up against it, drained.

BARNFATHER

Great idea.

RUSSERT

Thank you. Which?

(CONTINUED)

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29 CONTINUED: 3)

BARNFATHER

The eight hundred number. Of course fortunately by the time you get approval for the funding, you'll have this case closed.

Barnfather exits. On Russert, too exhausted to react,

CUT TO:

30 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - TWO HOURS LATER

As Russert steps out of her office into the squad room, defeated, time pressing in on her, Larry Orloff rushes in with papers and acetates in his hands, exuberant, pushes her back into the office, closes the door.

31 INT. RUSSERT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hands Russert two notebook sized acetates with the letter "S" on them.

LARRY

Take a look at these.

(points to one)

"S" from the first Hangman game.

(points to the second)

"S" from a credit card purchase of DaVinci chalk.

Russert holds them to the light, slides them together.

We see the acetates in Russert's hand, light pouring through them, sliding one on top of the other. The two letters merge perfectly.

LARRY

We got a match.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

02 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - CRACK OF DAWN

Russert, Giardello, with Staff gathered around. Russert grips a printout tightly in her fist. She's running on nerves.

RUSSERT

(reads)

Steven Mariner, 43, insurance executive, lives at 2234 Beckman Drive.

GIARDELLO

No prior arrest record, no prior medical or mental history.

RUSSERT

He's up to date on his bills, a member of his church. Married to Linda Mariner, they have three kids, two girls and a boy.

KELLERMAN

What's the game plan?

GIARDELLO

Distract the press, move out in teams, connect with firepower close to the target.

RUSSERT

We go in with QRT. Bayliss, that's your alma mater, you lead the charge.

GIARDELLO

Keep in mind. This guy's a former marine and a crack shot.

RUSSERT

And we now have evidence linking him to NINE deaths. One way or another, he's going down.

MUNCH

(to Lewis)

All that info from a credit card receipt. Let that be a lesson to us.

CUT TO:

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03 EXT. SUBURB - ESTABLISHING - EARLY MORNING

Norman Rockwell land, Fifties Modern, garages, gravel driveways, well planted, surrounded by other charming split-level houses. The newspaper is just being delivered.

04 EXT. MARINER HOUSE - MORNING

Kids toys and bicycles speckle the otherwise pristine yard. Three kids play on a swing set -- JESSICA, eight, SUSIE, six, and BILLY, two.

We hear GIGGLES and SCREECHES from the kids as they enjoy their play. A DOG begins BARKING, and keeps barking, getting more and more excited.

On the sides of the house and along the driveway we suddenly see figures. Marksmen in dark jumpsuits and protective gear, carrying rifles with scopes, close in on this picture perfect, Middle America vision.

From an arial perspective we see: The whole block has been converted into a "war zone". Squad cars, their cherries lit, hover near fire engines parked across intersections. Uniforms everywhere, steer traffic away.

CUT TO:

05 EXT. ACROSS FROM THE HOUSE - DAY

TECHNICIANS scramble in and out of a mobile unit disguised as a BG&E truck. Bayliss, Pembleton, Lewis, Munch, Kellerman and Howard huddle with Russert around a portable two-way radio. Giardello joins them.

RUSSERT

All teams in place. Let's get the kids out of the way, then the wife.

(to Bayliss)

How's your back holding up?

BAYLISS

Next question.

(beat)

Howard, grab the baby. Lewis, Munch, grab the older kids. Pembleton, go in as backup.

RUSSERT

Wait for my signal.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

GIARDELLO

And remember, Bayliss, you've got time.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. MARINER HOUSE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

As Howard scoops up Billy, Munch and Lewis grab the two girls, muffling their screams with their hand, as they carry them off to Mobile Unit. All is deadly quiet for a moment.

LINDA (O.C.)

Billy? Girls, breakfast.

Suddenly Linda, 30's, blonde, would be pretty but for the bags under eyes, appears from the kitchen. Pembleton and Kellerman run toward her, grabbing her, carrying her off behind the mobile unit. Pembleton's got his hand tightly across her mouth and keeps it there. Bayliss hobbles over.

PEMBLETON

Linda. Linda, that's your name, isn't it? Everything's gonna be alright, I'm Detective Frank Pembleton. Call me Frank...

Linda, terrified, looking around at all the firepower around her, nods.

PEMBLETON

Linda, I want to take my hand off your mouth but I can't do that unless I know you can be quiet and not scream. Think you can do that?

Linda nods. Pembleton gives Bayliss a look, then removes his hand.

BAYLISS

We have evidence your husband may be responsible for the shooting deaths of nine people.

LINDA

(a gut-wrenching wail)

No.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

BAYLISS

I need you, Linda, please stay with me. If you love your husband, work with us, we're here to get him out alive.

LINDA

Please don't hurt him.

BAYLISS

We all want the same thing here.

Munch joins them.

MUNCH

I'm sending the kids with a uniform to IHOP, get 'em some breakfast.

LINDA

Oh God, get them out of here.

Munch signals Bayliss to join him out of Linda's earshot.

MUNCH

You gonna ask her if her husband's got a buddy?

BAYLISS

Drop it, Munch. We've got a single sniper, and right now all I care about is getting him out alive.

MUNCH

He's got a buddy, watch your ass.

Munch goes off. Bayliss returns to Linda. Russert and Giardello join them in b.g..

BAYLISS

How many guns in the house, Linda?

LINDA

I'm not sure. At least one. He's got them locked away in his private room.

BAYLISS

What do you mean his private room?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

LINDA

The study. For the last three months, he's locked himself away there. Night and day. Doesn't let anyone in.

PEMBLETON

Is that where he is now?

Linda studies Bayliss' face.

LINDA

Yes.

BAYLISS

We need you to give us the layout of the house. I need to know exactly where that room is and how to access it. Can you do that for me, Linda?

Linda hesitates.

PEMBLETON

Your husband may be responsible for the death of nine innocent people. One of them was a little girl, about the same age as your own little girls.

BAYLISS

We can get your husband help, Linda.

Linda looks over at the house, then back at Bayliss and Pembleton.

LINDA

Down the hall, last door on the left.

PEMBLETON

Anyone else in the house?

LINDA

No. He's alone.

BAYLISS

Good. I can tell, you love your husband.

LINDA

I do. Very much.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

BAYLISS

Did you tell him you were leaving
him, did he get fired or
something?

Linda cries, the shock's wearing off and she realizes what's
going on.

LINDA

My husband is crazy. He moved
into that room. Makes me leave
his food outside the door.
There's even a bathroom there so
we don't see him for days. When
we do, it's like he hasn't slept,
like there's something eating his
brain.

BAYLISS

Does he talk about anything in
particular?

LINDA

Steve's obsessed. With the
population explosion. The
neighborhood's being taken over
by gangs. The Government is owned
by Organized Crime. He's the only
one, of course, who sees through
"the game" as he calls it.

Giardello approaches Bayliss, who takes a quick look at the
house, gets his bearings.

GIARDELLO

QRT's here and holding.

BAYLISS

I'm going in.

CUT TO:

37 INT. MARINER HOUSE - CORRIDOR

Bayliss, his back giving him one bad spasm as he goes down the
hall, followed by QRT marksmen. He gets to the door Linda
indicated, knocks.

BAYLISS

Steven Mariner. This is Detective
Tim Bayliss.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

BAYLISS (Cont'd)

We've got your house surrounded.
There is no chance of escape.

No response.

BAYLISS

Steve? Can I call you that?
Nothing's going to happen here
that you don't want to. Steve?
You in there?

Bayliss listens at the door, hears rustling inside.

BAYLISS

My back is killing me, mind if
I sit down? Linda is real worried
about you. She wants me to tell
you that she loves you. That she
wants you to give up your gun,
and come out. I'm here to help
you do that.

38 INT. MARINER'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

STEVEN MARINER, gray at the temples, tortured, trapped, draws
with chalk on the wall, sweating, concentrating, breathing hard,
dragging his rifle on the ground. All around him, on the walls
and the floor and the ceiling are chalk Hangman Games, like he's
been trying every permutation, looking for the right
combination.

BAYLISS (O.C.)

You know, you would really be
doing us all a favor if you'd just
come on out of there and talk to
me.

STEVEN

I figured it out.

Bayliss is heartened the guy's talking.

BAYLISS (O.C.)

What did you figure out?

STEVEN

The answer.

BAYLISS (O.C.)

You got the answer? Great. What
is it?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

STEVEN

There isn't just one answer.

BAYLISS (O.C.)

How many answers are there?

STEVEN

That's a stupid question. It's irrelevant how many answers there are.

BAYLISS (O.C.)

Okay, I hear you. I agree, it is irrelevant. So let me ask you this, what is it that you finally figured out?

STEVEN

The question.

CUT TO:

39 INT. OUTSIDE DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bayliss moves closer to the door, crouching, his back killing him.

BAYLISS

And what is that? What's the question?

STEVEN (O.C.)

That's for you to figure out.

Bayliss considers his response.

A RIFLE SHOT is heard from inside the room.

BAYLISS

Steven?

A couple of QRTs crowd past him, kick the door in. Pembleton enters, looks in the open doorway. Bayliss slumps down a wall, looks up at one of the QRTs, recognizes him.

BAYLISS

Hey Bob, thought you retired.

PEMBLETON

(re: Mariner)

Bob may not have, but this guy sure did, big time.

(CONTINUED)

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39 CONTINUED:

BAYLISS
(can't even look)
Damn.

Bayliss helps Bayliss to his feet.

CUT TO:

40 INT. BARNFATHER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Russert, exhausted, stands while Barnfather sits at his desk.

BARNFATHER
Captain. Have a seat. You must
be exhausted.

CUT TO:

41 INT. SQUAD ROOM/COFFEE ROOM. - MORNING

TV is on. Kellerman, Howard, Bayliss, Pembleton, Lewis and
Munch crowded around it.

TV NEWS REPORT

IMAGE from outside Steven Mariner's house.

IMAGE of A WOMAN, 30s, squinting in the morning sun.

REPORTER (O.C.)
We spoke today with some of Mr.
Mariner's neighbors who are
appalled at this turn of events.
Mrs. Candace Oliver?

CANDACE
We didn't really know them that
well. We just moved in a few
months ago. They seemed like a
nice family. I can't believe Mr.
Mariner could hurt anyone.

42 INT. BARNFATHER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Russert and Barnfather.

RUSSERT
Is this about the press
conference?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

BARNFATHER

I'm citing you for violation of
General Order, cee dash-three.
Rule number one.

Beat.

RUSSERT

I'm waiting for the punchline.

BARNFATHER

Every Captain goes through a
year's probation.

RUSSERT

I'm sorry, Colonel, I'm cry-tired,
can we start over?

BARNFATHER

I'm citing you for non performance
of duty. You have failed to
complete the probationary period
as Captain.

Russert stands there, still unable to compute.

43 INTERCUT TV REPORTS FROM COFFEE ROOM.

CLEAN CUT MAN, 30s, in jeans and sparkling white T-shirt, next
to a lawnmower.

CLEAN CUT MAN (ON TV)

He really didn't seem like the
type. A good guy, you know.

44 INT. BARNFATHER'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Russert and Barnfather.

RUSSERT

You're demoting me?

BARNFATHER

I wouldn't use that term. Not
everyone's meant to be Captain.
That's the reason we have the
probationary period.

RUSSERT

How in hell can you accuse me of
non-performance of duty?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

BARNFATHER

A man, surrounded by a hundred and fifty law-enforcement officers, is now dead. I hold you directly responsible.

T.V. REPORT

MAN, 60's, golf clothes.

GENTLEMAN (ON TV)

I mean, when you wake up to a shot like that, "BOOM," like a cannon, at the crack of dawn, in your own neighborhood...

45 INT. BARNFATHER'S OFFICE - MORNING

BARNFATHER

The perception from above is poor judgment, poor command responsibility.

T.V. REPORT

TEENAGER in sexy grunge gear.

TEENAGER (ON TV)

It's terrible he had to go and kill himself. I mean, the police were right there. Couldn't they, you know, DO something?

46 INT. BARNFATHER'S OFFICE - MORNING

RUSSERT

I see what this is. Under the guise of vaguely worded departmental regulations, you're doing what you wanted to from the moment I made Captain -- get rid of me.

BARNFATHER

Perhaps you'll be happier not having such intense command responsibilities.

RUSSERT

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

BARNFATHER

You're tired. You've had a rough couple days that would test the mettle of even the best officer.

RUSSERT

(fuck you)

Bull. Goddamn you.

Barnfather looks like he's been spat in the face.

BARNFATHER

And when you return from two weeks suspension...

RUSSERT

(laughing crazily)

Now I'm suspended.

BARNFATHER

You'll report back as detective.

Russert takes this in.

RUSSERT

Let me get this straight. In the space of five minutes, I've been demoted from Captain to detective.

BARNFATHER

Think of it this way, you'll get more time to spend with that little girl of yours.

RUSSERT

And Toto too. Shame on you, Colonel.

BARNFATHER

Check in your badge and weapon. And Detective... get some rest.

CUT TO:

47 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - FOLLOWING

Russert stumbles back toward her office. Her troops report in.

HOWARD

Lab came back with prints on the shell casings. Got ten point matches on two.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

Russert nods. Howard's not sure Russert heard her.

MUNCH

It's the same gun, the same
bullets all the way down the line.

KELLERMAN

This was definitely our sniper.

Russert stops, stands there, shell-shocked, watches as:

On "THE BOARD, a HAND erases the eighth and ninth names in RED
and writes over them in BLACK.

The PHONE RINGS a couple of times. Pembleton picks it up.

PEMBLETON

Detective Pembleton, Homicide.
(listens; beat)

Pembleton grabs a pen and scribbles an address.

PEMBLETON

Right. We'll be right there.

Pembleton picks up his holster, his gun, his badge and his
jacket.

PEMBLETON

Report of a sniper at Redwood and
Paca.

BAYLISS

C'mon, that's not funny.

PEMBLETON

You don't see me laughing, do you?

As they all mobilize:

HOWARD

There are two snipers.

LEWIS

Please nobody say it.

KELLERMAN

Munch was right.

LEWIS

(to Kellerman)
I begged you not to say it.

(CONTINUED)

HOMICIDE - "The Sniper: Part I" Gennis/Murphy 7/24/95 55.

47 CONTINUED: (2)

MUNCH

Don't seem so shocked...

As they exit, Russert hangs back, suspended, literally.

CUT TO:

48 INT. COFFEE ROOM - MORNING

TV is on. We see graphic: "Special Bulletin"

Take in the empty room.

ANNOUNCER

We interrupt this program for a
special news bulletin...

FADE OUT.

THE END