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 .............................. Gary D'Addario
QRT LIEUTENANT JASPER .......................................... Scott Wesley Morgan
WESTMORELAND MAXWELL ..........................................

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

HELENA AEGIS .....................................................

CORRESPONDANT ...................................................
TECH .................................................................
REPORTER ...........................................................
WAITRESS ...........................................................
WOMAN ..............................................................
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
FADE IN:

1 EXT. BALTIMORE SKYLINE - DAY

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

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

AL GIANDELLO exits his car, strapping on Kevlar vest, ushered by QRT OFFICERS. GIANDELLO 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 GIANDELLO.

GIARDELLO

Colonel.

(CONTINUED)
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CONTINUED:

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.

GIARDELO
I guess William Mariner had an accomplice.

You guess?

BARNFATHER

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

GIARDELO
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. GIARDELO comes up on Howard and MUNCH examining the contents of the dead woman's coat pockets. MUNCH holds open the woman's pocketbook to GIARDELO.

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.

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

(CONTINUED)
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:

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 EXT. OUTER PERIMETER/CLOCK TOWER AREA - DAY

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

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

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:

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

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:

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:

EXT. CLOCK TOWER AREA - DAY

GIARDELL'O 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?

GIARDELL'O
Yes.
(to GRIFFIN)
Ms. Griffin, can I help you with that vest?

GRIFFIN
Do you think I'm helpless?

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

GIARDELL'O
I don't, no.

LEWIS and KELLERMAN come up to GIARDELL'O's side.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

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)
CONTINUED:

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
Pemberton. 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)
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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)
CONTINUED: 3

GIARDELLI

By ignoring him.

RUSSELT

That won't take care of him.

GIARDELLI

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.

GIARDELLI

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.

GIARDELLI

You're Public Relations, you handle
it.

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

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

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:
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11 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

The names "D-A-R-O-W-Z", "W-I-X-S-O-N", and "F-E-R-D-E-T-R-E" are written in RED under Pemberton’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

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

13 INT. KITCHEN/MARINER HOME - DAY

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.

PEMBLETON
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)
CONTINUED:

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)
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
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ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

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 mar's 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?

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14 CONTINUED:

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

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

GIARDELLO on phone.

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

GIARDELLO hangs up phone.

17 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

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

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)
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18 CONTINUED:

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.

GIARDELLI
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.

GIARDELLI
You interviewing the victims’ families?

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

GIARDELLI
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?

(Another scene)
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

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)
CONTINUED:

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.

INT. CAVALIER - DAY

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:

IT'S RED, JOHN.

MUNCH GASES CAR THROUGH RED LIGHT.

NO ONE'S GONNA SHOOT YOU.

NO RESPONSE.

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)
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:

EXT. HOWARD AND PRATT STREETS - DAY


INT. CAVALIER - DAY

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?

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.
EXT. HOWARD STREET - DAY

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 --

EXT. PRATT STREET - DAY

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)
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,

ON FILM --

25 INT. WHELAN—PEMBLETON OFFICE - DAY

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.
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)
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

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)
26 CONTINUED:

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

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

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)
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CONTINUED:

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.

KELLERMANN
Maybe somewhere in Little Italy is the next shooting?

LEWIS
(grabs phone)
Let's talk to the math whizzes 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)
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
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)
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29 CONTINUED:

GIARDELLINO
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.

GIARDELLINO
Notify QRT.

LEWIS exits.

BARNFATHER
I don’t want Megan Russert anywhere near this case.

GIARDELLINO 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

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

CUT TO:

31 EXT. ROOFTOP/INNER HARBOR – DAY

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

On the neighborhood – abandoned – empty – deserted,

CUT TO:
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33 EXT. CAMDEN AND HOWARD STREETS - DAY

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

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

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

LEWIS, KELLERMAN, HOWARD, RUSSELL 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

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

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

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

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

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)
CONTINUED:

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.
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?

Yeah.

BAYLISS
(smil es)
Aright.

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

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

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)
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CONTINUED:

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

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)
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)
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?

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

(CONTINUED)
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)
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.

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)
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)
I am not.

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

(nods)
And we get all kinds in here.

Murderers.

Yep. People who kill for all kinds of reasons.

Lust...

Revenge...

Drugs...

Power...

Or plain old hate.

They kill husbands, wives --

Mothers, fathers --

Sons, daughters --

Lovers --

Neighbors --

Teachers --

Strangers --

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CONTINUED: 8

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.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

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)
CONTINUED:

GIARDELLA
What psych profile?

RUSSELT
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.

RUSSELT
There is no connection. He's a copycat.

GIARDELLA
A copycat.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS look through the window at ROBEY. On Giardeollo, nodding to RUSSELT,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

44 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Establishing.

45 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

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 GIANDELLO 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 GIANDELLO.

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

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

Breakfast.

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

Frank.

I'm not asleep.

You should get something to eat.

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

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.

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

PEMBLETON rouses himself from the chair.

He's mine.

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

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

RUSSELL (cont.)

Mr. Robey?

ROBEY looks up, covers his initials.

ROBEY

Yeah?

Busy?

ROBEY

No.

RUSSELL

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

RUSSELL comes over, sits down across from ROBEY.

RUSSELL (cont.)

Can I see?

ROBEY

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

RUSSELL

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

ROBEY

(smiles)

You know, huh?

RUSSELL

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

ROBEY

Alex.

RUSSELL

You're tired?

ROBEY

Naw.

RUSSELL

You should be outta here soon.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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)
They didn’t ask you if you wanted something?

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

They’ve forgotten all about you.

(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.

Frank, you bring Mr. Robey his coffee?

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

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

(to ROBEY)
How do you take your coffee?

Straight. Black.

(to PEMBLETON)
One black coffee.

Excuse me?

Get Mr. Robey a black coffee, please.

I get his coffee? This is my interview.
Mr. Robey and I are having a conversation. I was just telling him about my demotion.

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.

(to PEMBLETON)
You understand.

PEMBLETON pauses, rubs his temples.

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

Nothing. I'm fine.

You should have something.

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

What do you want?

Nothing.

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

Tea.

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

Tea in your coffee.

I'm asking for her, too.

(CONTINUED)
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?

So far.

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)
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?
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)
BayliSS  
Tea. One sugar.

Pembleton  
Opens lid on paper cup of coffee.

Robey  
That mine? Black, right?

Pembleton  
Pauses, looks at Robey, sips coffee.

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)
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)
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:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT


CUT TO:

EXT. JIMMY'S RESTAURANT - DAWN

Establishing.

INT. JIMMY'S RESTAURANT - DAWN

PEMBLETON, BAYLISS and RUSSERT at counter, face WAITRESS.

PEMBLETON

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

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

Platform shoes.

RUSSERT
What about 'em?

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

Platform shoes?

Look around, Tim. See for yourself.

PEMBLETON points to Waitress' orange shoes.

God.

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.

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

WAITRESS leaves.

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

PEMBLETON takes sip of his drink.

This ain't an egg cream.

Sure it is.
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)
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