

EXEC. PRODUCER: DICK WOLF  
EXEC. PRODUCER: ROBERT PALM  
CO-EXEC. PRODUCER: TED KOTCHEFF  
CO-EXEC. PRODUCER: PETER JANKOWSKI  
PRODUCED BY: DAVID DE CLERQUE  
PRODUCER: MICHAEL R. PERRY  
CO-PRODUCER: JOE LAZAROV

PROD. #E0901  
June 8, 1999 (F.R.)  
Rev. 6/11/99 (F.R.)  
Rev. 6/15/99 (F.R.)  
Rev. 6/17/99 (F.R.)  
Rev. 6/21/99 (F.R.)  
Rev. 6/22/99 (F.R.)  
Rev. 6/29/99 (F.R.)  
Rev. 7/01/99 (F.R.)  
Rev. 8/11/99 (F.R.)  
Rev. 8/12/99 (F.R.)  
2nd Rev. 8/12/99 (F.R.)  
Rev. 8/13/99 (F.R.)  
Rev. 8/17/99 (F.R.)

"LAW & ORDER:  
SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT"

"PAYBACK"

PILOT

Written by  
Dick Wolf

The red and blue logo fades onto the screen.

## **LAW & ORDER**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the criminal justice system,  
sexually based offenses are  
considered especially heinous.

An additional logo fades up to join "Law & Order."

## **SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In New York City, the dedicated  
detectives who investigate these  
vicious felonies are members of an  
an elite squad known as The Special  
Victims Unit. These are their  
stories.

LAW & ORDER:

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT

"PAYBACK"

CAST

DET. OLIVIA BENSON  
DET. ELLIOT STABLER  
CAPT. DONALD CRAGEN  
DET. JOHN MUNCH  
DET. BRIAN CASSIDY

RODGERS  
MONIQUE JEFFRIES  
ABBIE CARMICHAEL  
SERENA BENSON

BREMMER

KLEIN  
KLOSTER  
WOMAN JUDGE  
PROSECUTOR  
VICTOR SPICER  
WAITRESS

SIKH  
UNIFORM  
MRS. PANACEK (PAN-A-CHECK)

BOY  
WILLIAM DUPREE  
CLAUDE MACARIO

(X)

ILEANA JASHARI  
ROBERT STEVENS  
NICHOLAS STEVENS  
MARTA STEVENS  
KATHY STABLER  
JACKIE (NON-SPEAKING)

ANYA RUGOVA  
FARLEY

VEHICLES

STABLER/BENSON GRAY SEDAN  
POLICE CARS  
YELLOW TAXI

LAW & ORDER:

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT

"PAYBACK"

SETS

INTERIORS:

PRECINCT  
SQUADROOM  
CRAGEN'S OFFICE  
HALLWAY  
INTERROGATION ROOM  
INTERVIEW ROOM  
CONFERENCE ROOM  
BENSON'S APARTMENT  
ND SEDAN

(X)

COURT  
RIKERS INTERVIEW ROOM  
COFFEE SHOP

INVESTMENT BANKER'S OFFICE  
ART GALLERY  
MORGUE

SOHO LOFT  
FELLOWES & KINSOLVING  
CLASSROOM  
NEIGHBORHOOD RESTAURANT  
SARAJEVO RESTAURANT

EXTERIORS:

NEW YORK STREETS  
CRIME SCENE  
UPPER EAST SIDE  
COFFEE SHOP  
687 WEST 123RD STREET  
FELLOWES & KINSOLVING  
TAXI GARAGE  
BROOKLYN STREET  
JASHARI HOUSE  
BACKYARD

SARAJEVO RESTAURANT

LAW & ORDER:SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT"PAYBACK"TEASER

1 A BLACK SCREEN 1

A telephone rings. Once. Twice.

BENSON (V.O.)

Hello?

(yawning;  
sarcastic)

Just lying here waiting for you to  
call.

2 INT. BENSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 2

Olivia Benson snaps on the bedside light and sits up. 30.  
Smart looking. Sensible hair. Sexy even in flannel  
pajamas. She's in a twin bed, a cordless phone plastered to  
her ear.

BENSON

Give me twenty minutes...I just want  
to take a shower...

(a smile)

I care...Fine, fifteen.

She yawns, swings out of bed, stands, then bends down and  
pulls the down comforter she's been sleeping under up, her  
actions a how-to primer on economy of movement. She looks  
at the bed critically, minutely adjusts the pillow, then  
turns and stops. There's an open four-pound container of  
Skippy peanut butter with a knife in it and an open box of  
Triscuits on the side table, the only discordant note in the  
spotlessly neat apartment. She picks up the peanut butter  
and looks down into the almost empty container with disgust.

BENSON

(sotto)

Nice going.

She hits 'play' on her CD player and Sheryll Crowe's guitar  
fills the apartment. She crosses to the bathroom, peeling  
off her pajamas as she turns on the water.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

Balling them up and dumping them into a white wicker hamper, Benson pivots so that she's looking over her shoulder into a full-length mirror and runs a hand critically down her side, pinching the skin just over her hip, checking for love handles. There aren't any. She allows herself a small smile of relief as Crowe's voice caresses her. She steps into the shower and tilts her face into the spray, her body moving to the music.

MATCH CUT TO

3 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

3

Benson's standing in her doorway, an umbrella protecting her from the driving rain. A gray sedan pulls to the curb. She dashes to it and hops into the passenger seat.

4 INT. ND SEDAN - NIGHT

4

Elliot Stabler's behind the wheel. Late thirties. Good looking, but more than that, aware looking -- even at two a.m. his eyes have morning intensity. There's an easy intimacy between them. He's brought two cups of coffee to go.

BENSON

You know, just once I'd like you to call before I'm asleep.

STABLER

If it was up to me...

BENSON

Right...

(beat)

What did you tell Kathy?

STABLER

Nothing. She's dead to the world... we've been through this, Olivia. She's just too tired to care.

Benson settles into her seat and lays her head back as he drives, then finally looks over at him.

BENSON

Don't the girls get pissed off when you're not there in the morning?

STABLER

I really don't think they even notice anymore.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

BENSON

Trust me. They notice.

STABLER

Come on...how long have we been together?

BENSON

Almost two years.

STABLER

Exactly. I'm not even sure they remember what it was like before.

BENSON

You really don't feel any guilt?

STABLER

I'm here because I want to be.

He turns a corner. Up ahead is a collection of flashing red lights. Benson reaches into her purse and hangs an NYPD Detective's badge around her neck as Stabler clips one to the breast pocket of his jacket.

5 EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

5

Stabler and Benson pull up, climb out and walk over to a yellow taxi which is up on the curb, bathed in floodlights, its front end smashed against a building. A forensics team works it over. Bremmer, a precinct detective in a plastic raincoat and a dripping Yankee's cap, comes up to them.

BREMNER

Sex crimes?

STABLER

(nodding)

Elliot Stabler.

BENSON

Olivia Benson.

BREMNER

Frank Bremmer. Two seven...White male, mid-thirties, multiple stab wounds, forty bucks still in the cigar box...

The three detectives glance into the cab. The driver's sprawled sideways across the front seat, covered in his own blood. There's more sprayed all over the interior.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

A battered cigar box is next to the body. Bremmer hands Stabler a blood-stained wallet.

BREMMER

Hack license made out to Victor Spicer. Another twelve bucks in his wallet. It was in his pants. No I.D.

Stabler opens the wallet, checks the cash, and pulls out a snapshot of the victim with a four year old on his shoulders and a smiling woman looking up at them. Stabler and Benson exchange a glance -- this guy didn't deserve this.

STABLER

Okay. It's not a robbery, but stabbings aren't necessarily sexual. Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar. Is there a specific reason you called us in?

BREMMER

(nodding toward  
cab)

Whoever did it sliced off his cigar and took it with 'em. That specific enough?

STABLER

Yep.

He glances at Benson.

BENSON

Works for me.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

FADE IN

6 OMITTED  
AND  
7

6  
AND  
7

7A INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

7A

Stabler, Benson, Cragen, Munch, Cassidy, Jeffries are present. The camera is constantly moving, discovering our cast.

CRAGEN

I just talked to Van Buren over at the Two Seven. She'd like copies of all our paperwork since they rolled on this. Where are we?

STABLER

Autopsy's this afternoon.

CRAGEN

Who's cutting?

BENSON

Rodgers.

JEFFRIES

Doesn't sound like there's much doubt about the C.O.D.

MUNCH

Do you think your conclusional pole vaults are personality or gender driven?

JEFFRIES

I don't know, John. How about they're deductively logical?

MUNCH

Oh really? I had what looked like a stabbing once in Baltimore. Turns out that a guy who was getting divorced drank drain cleaner. When his soon to have been unmarried widow found his body and realized 'Dead. No alimony,' she stabbed him fifteen times out of pique.

CONTINUED

7A CONTINUED

7A

The door swings open and Ken Briscoe enters.

CRAGEN

What?

KEN BRISCOE

Desk Sergeant just got a call for a sex crimes detective at the 96th St. IRT.

CRAGEN

Why?

KEN BRISCOE

Some guy molesting a dead body.

CRAGEN

Terrific. Who's up?

CASSIDY

Me and Munch.

CRAGEN

I think a dead molestee can be handled by one detective. Cassidy, you go, Munch, give Stabler and Benson the benefit of your vast puncture wound experience.

CASSIDY

(standing;  
confused)

If she's dead, is that a sex crime?

CRAGEN

Go. Investigate. Interrogate. Write up a DD5.

BENSON

(handing Munch  
notes)

Why don't you follow up with the cab company. Night guy didn't have a home address for the vic. I'll do the Hack Bureau.

MUNCH

And what about your erstwhile partner?

STABLER

Love to help, John, but my presence is required in court this morning.

CONTINUED

7A CONTINUED (2)

7A

CASSIDY

I read about it in the news -- The City Councilman, right?

STABLER

The weenie wagger.

8 INT. COURT - DAY

8

Stabler's on the stand. He's being cross-examined by Klein, a Brioni-suited defense attorney.

KLEIN

Now, Detective, you've previously testified that when you approached the defendant in the park, he was feeding the pigeons. Is that correct?

STABLER

That's correct.

KLEIN

And the zipper on Mr. Kloster's pants was closed?

STABLER

At that time, yes.

At the defense table, Kloster, 50, balding, glasses, stares at Stabler with undisguised loathing.

KLEIN

So, to your personal knowledge, Mr. Kloster's pants had never been unzipped in public.

STABLER

He didn't flash me, Counselor.

KLEIN

Then why did you arrest him?

STABLER

Because two women had stopped my car and told me that the defendant had been exposing himself.

KLEIN

So you arrested my client solely based on their uncorroborated accusations?

CONTINUED

KLEIN

So you arrested my client solely based on their uncorroborated accusations?

STABLER

And the fact that I had known both women for more than five years.

KLEIN

So you know them well?

STABLER

Yes.

KLEIN

(quizzical eyebrow lift)

Intimately?

STABLER

Don't be ridiculous. We're all neighbors.

KLEIN

Do you know their political affiliation?

STABLER

I have no idea.

KLEIN

Would it surprise you to learn that they're not members of Mr. Kloster's party?

STABLER

No.

KLEIN

Would it give you pause to hear that they had been volunteers for candidates of their own party?

STABLER

No.

KLEIN

You're a member of the Special Victims Unit of the New York City Police Department, is that correct?

CONTINUED

STABLER

Yes it is.

KLEIN

And inside the Police Department that unit is usually referred to as the Sex Crimes Unit?

STABLER

That's correct.

KLEIN

Are you obsessed with sex, Detective?

PROSECUTOR

Objection.

WOMAN JUDGE

Sustained.

KLEIN

That's an all-volunteer unit, isn't it, Detective Stabler?

STABLER

Yes it is.

KLEIN

Would you mind telling the Court why you volunteered?

PROSECUTOR

Objection, Your Honor. Relevance.

KLEIN

I'm merely trying to discover why Detective Stabler pursued this incident so aggressively.

WOMAN JUDGE

I'll allow it.

STABLER

I requested the assignment because sexually based crimes are a major law enforcement problem.

KLEIN

So you see yourself as kind of the Ken Starr of the NYPD?

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED (3)

8

STABLER

Hardly. I think sex should be one of the best parts of life, not the worst.

(looking at jury)

I do see myself as the father of three daughters, none of whom I'd like exposed to Mr. Kloster's shortcomings.

KLOSTER

(loud; pissed)

Shortcomings!

Stabler shakes his head, bemused. The woman judge is truly appalled. A half dozen reporters sprint for the door. Kloster is exposing himself to the amazed/amused/horrified jury. He looks at Stabler.

KLOSTER

Shortcomings my ass, you putzhead!

9 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

9

Benson is at her computer as Stabler puts a cup of coffee down in front of her. She hits print.

BENSON

How did it go?

STABLER

He's in Bellevue.

BENSON

(surprised)

The jury came back that fast?

STABLER

He waved his flag at them before they got the chance.

(beat)

Nobody saluted.

BENSON

Unfortunately, our homicide isn't going to close as fast...we've got a little problem.

STABLER

What's that?

BENSON

I went down to the Hack Bureau. Our dead guy? Victor Spicer?

(MORE)

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

9

BENSON (CONT'D)

His license was suspended when he got eleven months for assault.

STABLER

And?

BENSON

And he's still in Rikers...

Captain Donald Cragen, the unit's C.O., enters the squadroom with two shopping bags, crosses to the coffee area and puts four boxes of Krispy Kreem donuts on the table, then reaches into the other bag, takes out a tub of Red Vines, and crosses to his office. Munch and Cassidy go up and attack the Krispy Kreems as Stabler and Benson cross to Cragen's office.

MUNCH

A military plane dumps a coffin in nine thousand feet of water three years after the assassination. You don't find that...suggestive? Perhaps even a tad disquieting?

CASSIDY

Like Mark Twain said, 'A lot of sound and fury signifying nothing.'

MUNCH

Shakespeare.

CASSIDY

What?

MUNCH

Shakespeare. Not Twain, my young illiterate.

CASSIDY

Whatever. Both dead, too.

10 INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

10

Cragen tears the tape off the tub of Red Vines, takes the top off and offers it to Stabler and Benson. They refuse. He takes one.

CRAGEN

You can't trust the computers. They get backed up and don't input the releases.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

BENSON

I talked to the Watch Captain and asked him to check personally. Spicer's still there.

CRAGEN

(taking a bite)

Why is this ours?

STABLER

The doer sliced off the vic's unit.

Cragen stops in mid-chew, looks at the Red Vine and tosses it.

BENSON

I pulled Spicer's sheet. Prostitution. Soliciting. Petty theft. He also managed to get two of his clients arrested. Both married.

Cragen shoots her a look and cocks an eyebrow.

CRAGEN

Okay. He's scum. But he's not dead scum, so who's the stiff?

BENSON

(tossing license to Cragen)

According to the hack license he's Victor Spicer, and there was no other I.D. on the body or in the cab.

Cragen picks up the license, looks at it closely, opens his desk drawer and takes out a magnifying glass.

CRAGEN

Seam's not even.

Cragen reaches into his pocket takes out a switch blade. It opens with an authoritative "snick." He carefully inserts the blade between the lamination sheets covering the license and pries them apart. The picture of the victim slips out, revealing another photo underneath. The guy in the picture is blond. He tosses it back to Benson.

CRAGEN

I'd take a ride over to Rikers and see if Mr. Spicer thinks he has any enemies.

CONTINUED



11 CONTINUED

11

SPICER

Yeah? So?

STABLER

Give us a name and you can be back clubbing by the weekend.

SPICER

I sold it to a guy just before I went in. A hundred bucks. I don't know his name.

BENSON

You're going to have to do a little better than that if you want us to help you.

SPICER

It was by the 125th Street el. He had the kid with him. I dunno, four maybe five.

STABLER

You just walked up to a 'guy' on Broadway and he gave you a hundred bucks for your hack license?

SPICER

(pissy)

A foreign gentleman at a coffee shop I frequent set it up.

BENSON

Which one?

SPICER

43rd and 11th. Cabbies place. Don't know his name either.

(trying for some traction)

The guy on Broadway had groceries. He must've lived around there.

(to Stabler)

Doing anything Saturday night?

12 EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

12

Pick up Stabler and Benson's ND sedan as it rolls up Madison.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

BENSON (V.O.)

Patrol Sergeants are distributing the vic pic in the two-three and two-seven. They'll hit every apartment house within ten blocks of Sarabeth's.

(beat)

This guy's wife must be going nuts, and Missing Persons won't even take the report for another two days.

13 OMITTED

13

13A EXT. STREET - DAY

13A

The car pulls up. Stabler and Benson climb out.

STABLER

Bigger question is who was supposed to get sliced and diced? Spicer or the mystery man?

BENSON

Spicer's the one who said take a number.

(checking notebook)

This coffee shop's on the same block where he picked up his last fare.

14 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

14

The counter looks like a third-world jamboree. Pakistanis, Russians, Sikhs and Dominicans babble as Stabler and Benson enter and walk over to the end of the counter nearest the kitchen. A waitress about Benson's age is yelling an order through the pass-through.

WAITRESS

BLT down, hash with eyes, burn it.

BENSON

Could we talk to you for a minute?

WAITRESS

I'm kinda busy here.

(checking them out)

Hack Bureau?

CONTINUED

13 INT. ND SEDAN - DAY

13

BENSON (CONT'D)

They'll hit every apartment house  
within ten blocks of Sarabeth's.

(beat; shakes her  
head)

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and Missing Persons won't even take  
the report for another two days.

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mystery man?

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WAITRESS

I'm kinda busy here.

(checking them out)

Hack Bureau?

STABLER

(badging her)

Police.

Two orders come through the pass-through. She grabs them,  
puts them in front of two guys at the counter and comes  
back.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED (2)

14

WAITRESS

I said corny on pump...this is rye.

The chef takes it back with a pissed-off swipe.

WAITRESS

You know what it's like never hearing English?

BENSON

Did you ever talk to Victor Number Two?

WAITRESS

Almost every night for the last couple of months.

STABLER

About?

WAITRESS

The weather. Traffic. His kid. Why?

BENSON

Somebody murdered him in his cab last night.

WAITRESS

(pissed)

This city sucks.

15 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

15

Stabler and Benson come out and move to their car.

BENSON

It's pretty easy to become a cab driver. If he had to buy a license, odds are he was here illegally.

STABLER

No green card, no hack license.

As they're opening the doors the Sikh driver who had been eavesdropping comes hustling over.

SIKH

Peggy said Victor was killed?

Stabler and Benson glance at each other. Benson pulls out the pictures and holds them up.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED (2)

14

WAITRESS

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Oh my God.  
(pissed)  
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STABLER

Which Victor?

CONTINUED

17 INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

17

Cragen's switched to a Krispy Kreem. There's a knock and Munch enters.

MUNCH

Your dead taxi driver? The day dispatcher just called? Said that he got a call last week asking if Victor Spicer was one of their drivers and what time he worked.

CRAGEN

He remember if it was a man or a woman?

MUNCH

Wasn't sure -- could have been a guy with a high voice or a woman with a deep one.

BENSON

(pissed)

This poor guy is butchered and mutilated and whoever did it thought he was killing that disco queen in Rikers.

CRAGEN

That's certainly an objective perspective. A little psychic police work?

(she sits)

Okay, Olivia. Let's say the vic had the misfortune to buy the wrong hack license. Spicer's the target. Who wanted him dead?

MUNCH

Whoever called the dispatcher.

Cragen's phone rings. He picks it up.

CRAGEN

Cragen...give me the address...

(hanging up)

Uniform got a hit on your vic...687 West 123rd Street.

18 EXT. 687 WEST 123RD STREET - DAY

18

Stabler and Benson pull up behind a blue and white and climb out. Two uniforms are waiting.

UNIFORM

Apartment 1B, but nobody's home.

STABLER

Thanks. Nice work guys.

BENSON

Elliot...

Benson points up the street. A woman in her early thirties is coming up the street, a grocery bag in one arm. She's holding a four year-old's hand.

BENSON

It's the kid in the picture.

STABLER

You have the Victim Services cards?

(to woman)

Mrs. Panacek?

MRS. PANACEK

Yes?

STABLER

I'm Detective Stabler, this is  
Detective Benson...

The word "Detective" immediately inspires a look of fear. She looks from them to the two uniforms, who look uncomfortable.

MRS. PANACEK

What's happened to Steven?

BENSON

(gently)

Mrs. Panacek...

MRS. PANACEK

Was he in an accident? What hospital  
is he in?

Mrs. Panacek searches the two detectives' faces and sees the truth. She lets out a primal wail.

CONTINUED

UNIFORM  
Apartment 3B, but nobody's home.

STABLER  
Thanks. Nice work guys.

BENSON  
Elliot...

Benson points up the street. A woman in her early thirties is coming up the street, a grocery bag in one arm. She's holding a four year-old's hand.

BENSON  
It's the kid in the picture.

STABLER  
You have the Victim Services cards?

STABLER  
Mrs. Panacek?

MRS. PANACEK  
Yes?

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MRS. PANACEK  
Oh God...No...

The little boy immediately begins to cry.

CONTINUED



18 CONTINUED (2)

18

BOY

What's the matter, Mommy? What's  
wrong?

MRS. PANACEK

Why? Why Steven?

They can't answer her.

19 OMITTED  
AND  
20

19  
AND  
20

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

21 INT. PANACEK APARTMENT - DAY

21

Stabler has the little boy on his lap, reading to him, the four year old's head snuggled against his shoulder. Across the room, Benson gently interviews Mrs. Panacek.

BENSON

He was here illegally, wasn't he?

(beat; no response)

Mrs. Panacek?

MRS. PANACEK

What difference does that make now?

BENSON

Don't you want us to find out who did this?

(a slow nod)

What nationality was he?

MRS. PANACEK

He was Czech.

She starts crying again quietly.

BENSON

When did you get married?

MRS. PANACEK

Almost five years ago.

Benson glances across the room at Stabler, reading quietly to the boy.

MRS. PANACEK

Steven never applied for residency. He talked to an Immigration lawyer. He said they'd deport him.

Benson holds out a business card. Mrs. Panacek takes it, tears streaming down her face. Benson covers her hand with hers and speaks to her softly, clearly affected.

BENSON

Talk to Victim Services. They can be very helpful.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

CRAGEN

Kind of undercuts the gay theory.

STABLER

Could be a he/she.

CRAGEN

(thinking)

Didn't two of Spicer's married johns take a bust?

BENSON

About six months ago. Vice was targeting the piers.

CRAGEN

I'm sure their wives must've been thrilled.

(to Munch)

What are you doing?

MUNCH

Eavesdropping.

CRAGEN

Good. You're up to date. Go interrogate some husbands.

24 INT. INVESTMENT BANKER'S OFFICE - DAY

24

Paneling. Ship paintings. English antiques. Munch and Cassidy interview William Dupree, early 50's. He looks totally panicked.

DUPREE

I paid my fine. Do you have any idea how many problems that arrest caused me? Why are you here now?

MUNCH

When you were arrested you were with a male prostitute named Victor Spicer...

Dupree is out of his chair, his face flushed, his eyes flashing.

DUPREE

I know who Victor Spicer is!

(moving around desk)

I have nothing to do with Spicer!

CONTINUED

CASSIDY

Somebody tried to kill him last night.

DUPREE

(voice rising)

What are you saying? You think it was me? I wouldn't go near that animal.

He starts moving towards Munch. Both detectives stand.

CASSIDY

Calm down.

MUNCH

We'd just like to ask you a few questions about your wife.

DUPREE

What is wrong with you people? You leave my wife out of this! Don't go near her.

Dupree looks like he's going to stroke out. He gets in Munch's face and pushes his shoulder. In a nanosecond, Cassidy moves behind him, jerks his arm behind his back and slams him face down onto his desk.

DUPREE

Owww.

CASSIDY

You out of your mind? You want to be arrested again?

DUPREE

No, no, no...

CASSIDY

Then answer my partner's questions.

Dupree nods. Cassidy lets him up. Dupree grimaces as he rotates his shoulder.

DUPREE

I've got a very bad rotator cuff.

MUNCH

Just tell us where your wife was last night and we'll be out of here.

DUPREE

In her wheelchair.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED (2)

24

Munch and Cassidy glance at each other. Dupree catches it.  
Rolls his eyes.

DUPREE

She's a paraplegic. Why do you think I was in the back seat of a cab when I was arrested by the damn sex police?

MUNCH

Fair question. If it had been a female prostitute.

DUPREE

(irate)

You enjoy this? Is this how you get your rocks off?

CASSIDY

(putting notebook away)

Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Dupree.

25 INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

25

Stabler and Benson interview Claude Macario in a white-walled Madison Avenue Gallery. He seems amused. Late 40's. Armani.

MACARIO

Unfortunately, Spicer's a disgusting little piece of street meat, but he has an extraordinarily talented orifice in the middle of his face.

STABLER

Know anybody who might want to kill him?

MACARIO

I'm sure there are a whole host of candidates.

BENSON

Like your wife?

MACARIO

I know you'll find this hard to believe, Detectives, but I really have nothing to hide.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

MACARIO (CONT'D)

My sexual predilections may not be known to the readers of Page Six, but they're certainly known to my friends...and my wife.

STABLER

Just for the record, do you know where she was last night?

MACARIO

(amused)

My wife? You're joking.

BENSON

No. We're not.

MACARIO

My wife's bisexual, but she prefers women. We have a very civilized relationship.

STABLER

So then you won't mind telling us where she was about one a.m. this morning.

MACARIO

At a restaurant. Elaine's. With me and four very good friends.

He crosses to his desk, writes down a number and, ignoring Stabler, hands it to Benson with a dichotomous half smile.

MACARIO

Her name's Clarissa. You should give her a call.

26 INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - DAY

26

Stabler and Benson transit the corridor, passing uniforms, perps, various flotsam and jetsam. As they get to the double doors of the Special Victims Unit, they back up to let a Chinese delivery man with a large plastic bag exit and hustle down the corridor.

STABLER

Lunch is here.

BENSON

I'm going to the gym -- see you at two.

27 OMITTED

27

28 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

28

Cragen, Munch and Cassidy sit around the interview room table which is covered with Chinese take-out. Through the door, we see Stabler hovering over a humming fax machine.

MUNCH

A military plane dumps the coffin in nine thousand feet of water three years after the assassination. You don't find that...suggestive? Perhaps even a tad disquieting?

CASSIDY

(considers a beat)

No.

MUNCH

No. The Department of Justice waits thirty-three years to impart this little tidbit to the American people and then declares they did it because it wasn't evidence. Are you a sheep? Will you believe anything?

Jeffries enters, picks up a plastic plate, scouts the food.

JEFFRIES

You guys going to eat all this?

MUNCH

Suppose we say yes?

JEFFRIES

(taking some  
vegetables)

Suppose I was just being polite.

MUNCH

First time for everything.

CASSIDY

It's cool. John doesn't eat vegetables.

JEFFRIES

Way I heard? That's not the only thing he never gets to eat.

She exits.

CONTINUED

CRAGEN

(oil on water)

Speaking of D.O.J...You see the fax  
from the feeb?

CASSIDY

Internet pedophilia?

CRAGEN

(nodding)

"Innocent Images Squad." They're  
requesting that anything we come  
across gets sent to the Baltimore  
field office.

MUNCH

Forget it. I am never setting foot in  
the city of Baltimore again as long as  
I am on this mortal sphere.

CASSIDY

Why? You're rich, you did your  
twenty, got your pension and you're on  
the job here.

MUNCH

I earned my pension with the sweat of  
my mind while surrounded by  
intellectual insects.

(MORE)

CONTINUED



27 CONTINUED

27

STABLER

I'll eat hers.

Munch watches as Benson puts her jacket over her desk chair, unclips her Glock from her waist, puts it in her bag and heads out the door as he watches her back appreciatively.

MUNCH

Me, too...

28 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

28

Stabler, Cragen, Munch and Cassidy sit around the interrogation room table which is covered with Chinese take-out.

CRAGEN

You see the fax from the feebz?

CASSIDY

Internet pedophilia?

CRAGEN

(nodding)

"Innocent Images Squad." They're requesting that anything we come across gets sent to the Baltimore field office.

MUNCH

Forget it. I am never setting foot in the city of Baltimore again as long as I am on this mortal sphere.

CASSIDY

Why? You're rich, you did your pension and you're on the job here.

MUNCH

I earned my pension with the sweat of my mind while surrounded by intellectual insects. Not to mention that I lost a wife after less than one night of connubial bliss to a dog who was not only my best man but my commanding officer.

The door opens and Jeffries sticks her head in.

JEFFRIES

You've got a fax coming in from INTERPOL, Elliot...

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

Stabler pushes his chair back and follows her out.

MUNCH

I'll say one thing for New York.

CRAGEN

What's that?

MUNCH

Better looking chick dicks, for what that's worth.

CASSIDY

My partner's got a really twenty-first century viewpoint on women cops.

MUNCH

You want a Y chromosome partner?

CASSIDY

Not if she was as old and ugly as you. But Jeffries? In a heartbeat.

MUNCH

(to Cragen)

You like commanding women?

CRAGEN

Male, female, heterosexual, homosexual, bisexual, asexual - makes no difference to me as long as they're good cops.

The three cops look towards the door as a grim-faced Stabler enters.

MUNCH

Your dog die?

STABLER

(ignoring; to Cragen)

You'd better see this...

He hands Cragen a bunch of papers. The top sheet has a seal and INTERPOL in large letters.

STABLER

Fingerprint check on Panacek.

Cragen flips over the cover page and begins reading. His expression hardens.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

30

STABLER

Sixty-seven.

Benson's eyes go cold.

BENSON

How many are still alive?

STABLER

Fifteen...Five in the New York area.

31 INT. MORGUE - DAY

31

Stabler and Benson follow Assistant M.E. \*\*Rodgers\*\* into an autopsy room that holds Tanzic's corpse.

RODGERS

I called you back because the shape of some of the wounds was bothering me so I went back and made some additional measurements...

She pulls back the sheet, revealing Tanzic's body.

RODGERS

Width of entry and depth of penetration varied over different parts of the body.

BENSON

Can't that be accounted for by the fact that he was struggling?

RODGERS

It could be until I looked more closely at the wounds...some of them were made by a blade that had a serrated edge, some of them were clean.

(beat)

I hate to complicate your lives, but you're looking for more than one killer...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

30 CONTINUED

30

STABLER

Stefan Tanzic.

BENSON

Am I supposed to recognize the name?

STABLER

He was a Serb.

(beat;  
uncomfortable)He was under indictment for war  
crimes.

BENSON

What did he do?

STABLER

He commanded an ethnic cleansing unit.

Dead silence. Benson visibly stiffens. When she speaks her  
voice is tight with the effort to remain controlled.

BENSON

He was a rapist.

STABLER

Indicted, not convicted...

BENSON

(steely)

How many women?

STABLER

Sixty-seven.

Benson's eyes go cold.

BENSON

How many are still alive?

STABLER

Fifteen...Five in the New York area.

31 INT. MORGUE - DAY

31

Stabler follows Assistant M.E. Rodgers into an autopsy room  
that holds Tanzic's corpse. Benson stays by the door.

RODGERS

I called you back because the shape of  
some of the wounds was bothering me so  
I went back and made some additional  
measurements...

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

She pulls back the sheet, revealing Tanzic's body.

RODGERS

Width of entry and depth of  
penetration varied over different  
parts of the body.

BENSON

Can't that be accounted for by the  
fact that he was struggling?

RODGERS

It could be until I looked more  
closely at the wounds...some of them  
were made by a blade that had a  
serrated edge, some of them were  
clean.

(beat)

I hate to complicate your lives, but  
you're looking for more than one  
killer...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

32 EXT. PIER - DAY

32

Stabler and Benson are getting hot dogs.

BENSON

Before we start badgering this guy's victims, we should try and find out who else might have wanted him dead.

STABLER

Come on, it's black and white. Somebody found him and they murdered him.

BENSON

We don't know that. You think he came over here and turned into Mr. Nice Guy? Who knows who he might have pissed off since he got here.

STABLER

Fine. Where do you think we should start?

BENSON

With his lying wife.

33 INT. PANACEK APARTMENT - DAY

33

Mrs. Panacek opens the door. Stabler and Benson are on the other side. She searches the detectives' faces.

MRS. PANACEK

Have you found out something?

STABLER

May we come in?

MRS. PANACEK

Of course.

She steps back, allowing them to enter. Benson's expression is grim. Stabler looks around.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

STABLER

Is your little boy here?

MRS. PANACEK

He's at pre-school.

Benson faces her, all traces of her previous sympathy gone.

BENSON

You lied to me yesterday.

MRS. PANACEK

Excuse me?

BENSON

Your husband wasn't a Czech. He was a Serb.

MRS. PANACEK

(uncomfortable)

I don't see what...

BENSON

He was also under indictment as a war criminal.

MRS. PANACEK

That was just politics.

STABLER

If you want us to catch the people who killed your husband, we're going to need all the information...

BENSON

(cutting him off)

This goes way beyond 'just politics.'  
I can tell from your face that you know what he did.

MRS. PANACEK

You don't know what you're talking about. Steven was a wonderful man. I've never seen a better father...

BENSON

Let me ask you something. What was it like sleeping with somebody who had raped dozens of defenseless, terrified women?

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

ILEANA

Allah akbar.

39 EXT. STREET - DAY

39

Stabler stands by the sedan looking concerned. We can hear the sound of retching O.S. A beat later, Benson emerges from around a hedge, reaches into her purse, takes out a stick of gum and puts it into her mouth.

STABLER

Remember that Tom Hanks movie where he managed the girls team?

Benson looks at him - What?

STABLER

There's no crying in baseball.

(beat)

Look...maybe I should talk to Cragen.

BENSON

(a flash of intense anger)

Ileana Jashari is physically incapable of killing that pig.

(beat)

Who's next?

40 OMITTED

40

41 INT. SOHO LOFT - DUSK

41

An expansive, modern space with the lights of Manhattan winking on through the ten-foot-tall windows. Stabler and Benson talk to Robert Stevens. Mid 30's. Good looking. Blond. Wire-rimmed glasses. He looks confused. We hear a kid practicing piano in the b.g.

STEVENS

Marta's my wife. Why do you want to talk to her?

BENSON

Can you tell us where she is?

STEVENS

She works at Fellowes and Kinsolving. She's an architect. What's this about?

CONTINUED



41 CONTINUED

41

STABLER

What time are you expecting her?

STEVENS

It varies. She's working on a project.

Stabler glances at his watch, reaches into his pocket and pulls out his business card.

STABLER

Could you have her give us a call?

O.S. a small boy's voice calls out from the back of the loft.

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

Daddy? Can I stop yet?

STEVENS

Yeah. Come on in, Nicky.

A boy comes running in. Both detectives react. Except for the length of his hair, he could be the twin brother of the little boy in the Panacek apartment.

BENSON

(sotto)

Wow.

By his speech, he's clearly chronologically older, but small for his age.

NICHOLAS

Can we get dinner?

STEVENS

In a minute.

(to detectives)

Is there anything else?

BENSON

How long have you been married, Mr. Stevens?

STEVENS

Get a sweater, Nicky.

The little boy runs back toward his room. Stevens watches him, then turns back to Benson.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED (2)

41

STEVENS

A little over a year...I'm Nicky's  
stepfather. My wife's first husband  
died.

42 EXT. STREET - DUSK

42

Both Stabler and Benson are clearly shaken.

BENSON

Tanzic's the father of that boy.

STABLER

(sotto)

Yeah...And that doesn't change  
anything.

BENSON

I'm on the job here, Elliot.

STABLER

(checking his  
watch)

Knew you would be...I've got a  
conference with one of my daughters'  
teachers.

The two detectives look at each other for a long beat as a  
silent transfer of information takes place -- they've got a  
suspect.

STABLER

You want me to drop you?

BENSON

I've gotta walk this off.

Stabler nods and climbs into the sedan. As it pulls away,  
Benson begins walking.

Pick her up as she turns a corner, then stops in front of a  
newsstand. A magazine cover proclaims Balkan Refugees - The  
Problem With No Solution. Benson stares at it, lost in  
thought, then takes out her cell phone.

BENSON

I need an address...

43 INT. FELLOWES AND KINSOLVING - DUSK

43

The spacious, modern offices are almost empty. Several architects are still working at drafting tables as Benson enters with an assistant who points to a woman in the far corner of the room. Benson crosses to her.

BENSON

Marta Stevens?

Marta turns. Right around 30. Extremely pretty. Luxuriant dark hair and eyes. She smiles pleasantly.

MARTA

Yes?

BENSON

(badging her)

Detective Olivia Benson, New York City  
Police Department.

Marta visibly blanches, but retains her composure.

MARTA

Can I help you?

There's just the barest trace of an accent. Several of the other architects have looked up and are staring at them.

BENSON

Is there someplace more private?

44 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DUSK

44

Benson follows Marta into the glass-walled space, shutting the door behind them. Marta turns, a nervous smile on her face.

MARTA

What's this about?

BENSON

I just want to ask you a few  
questions...Would you mind letting me  
look at your hands?

Marta clearly understands what the request means. She slowly holds her hands out. Benson examines them. There are no chipped or broken nails. She releases them and looks into Marta's eyes.

CONTINUED

MARTA

What's this about?

BENSON

Would you mind letting me look at your hands?

Marta clearly understands what the request means. She slowly holds her hands out. Benson examines them. There are no chipped or broken nails. She releases them and looks into Marta's eyes.

BENSON

I think you know why I'm here.

MARTA

I have no idea.

BENSON

No idea?

MARTA

No.

Benson stares at her for a long beat, weighing her words.

BENSON

Stefan Tanzic was the father of your child.

MARTA

No. Robert is Nicky's father.

BENSON

And I'm sure he's a very good one.

The two women lock eyes, Benson in cop mode, Marta wary.

BENSON

Where were you Tuesday night?

MARTA

Right here. I have a presentation on Friday. Why?

BENSON

How late were you here?

MARTA

Late...very late. Maybe one o'clock.

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED (2)

44

BENSON

Was anybody here with you?

MARTA

I was the last to leave.

(beat)

Why are you asking me these questions?

BENSON

Stefan Tanzic was murdered Tuesday night.

No shock. No remorse. A non-reaction that's almost an admission of guilt.

MARTA

Oh...I didn't know he was in New York.

BENSON

He was stabbed to death.

Marta crosses to a window and looks out at the city. Silence.

BENSON

His genitals were cut off.

MARTA

Yes. So?

BENSON

I can see you're very affected.

MARTA

How would you feel if your next door neighbor raped you for three weeks and the government gave him a medal?

BENSON

Stefan Tanzic was your neighbor?

MARTA

(near whisper)

We went to grammar school together. When Sarajevo became insane I went to my cousins' in the mountains. Tanzic was an officer in the Serb Army. His unit came into the village, took all the men...old men...and all the boys over seven to the school and machine gunned them. Then they put all the women and children into trucks.

Marta's back there, her eyes glazed.

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED (3)

44

MARTA

Tanzic picked me out...he said I was too pretty to stay in the tents. That night he raped me. He raped me every night for twenty-three days. Some nights he was too drunk, so he would do it with whatever was there. A wrench. A pistol. A broom handle. Every day when he left, he would handcuff me to his bed. Every night he would tell me that maybe he was tired of me and would shoot me instead of using me.

(beat)

So I'm not sorry he's dead...Is there anything else?

BENSON

No...Not at the moment.

45 INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

45

Stabler and Kathy (his wife) are in a kindergarten classroom, talking to the teacher, Jackie. They all look slightly ridiculous sitting around a table on child-sized chairs.

KATHY

I'm just a little concerned that she's still writing her letters backwards a lot of the time...her sisters never went through that.

Stabler's cell phone rings. Kathy shoots him a look. He shrugs apologetically as he reaches into his pocket, gets up and moves across the classroom as the two women continue to talk.

STABLER

Hello?...Hi...

(impatient)

This really isn't a good...What? What were you thinking? I thought you could handle this...Did she implicate herself?...Did you tell her she was a suspect?...I am upset...Fine...We'll talk about this in the morning.

He hangs up, clearly worried.

46 INT. NEIGHBORHOOD NORTHERN ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

46

Benson sits across from her mother, Serena. Right around fifty, she's extremely attractive, WASPY and exudes quiet intelligence. She's looking at Benson with maternal concern. They wait while a waiter refills their wine glasses and moves off.

SERENA

Do you think she killed him?

Benson takes a sip of wine, puts the glass down and looks at her mother.

BENSON

There's not a doubt in my mind.

SERENA

And? How do you feel about that?

BENSON

When that little boy came in and I realized that Tanzic was the father? There was part of me that wished I had been in the cab with them.

Serena looks pained. She searches for the right words and realizes that there aren't any.

SERENA

I really wish you'd consider getting out of that unit you're in.

BENSON

C'mon, Mother...

SERENA

You think this is healthy for you?

Benson looks around and drops her voice.

BENSON

You were raped, for God's sake. You don't understand why she did what she did?

SERENA

I understand it. That doesn't mean I condone it.

CONTINUED

BENSON

Are you saying you wouldn't have done exactly the same thing if you had had the chance?

SERENA

Is that what you would have wanted me to do?

When she answers, her voice has a fierce certainty to it..

BENSON

Yes.

The vehemence of her own reaction seems to take her by surprise. She looks away.

SERENA

Look at me.

(Benson looks up)

How old is her little boy?

BENSON

Five.

SERENA

Is he going to be better off with his mother in prison?

(no answer)

Do you think you would have been better off with me in prison the whole time you were growing up?

BENSON

(fierce)

I hate him for what he did to you.

SERENA

So do I. And if he hadn't, you wouldn't be here.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

FADE IN

47 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

47

Stabler faces Benson. They're both deadly serious. She's staring down at her desk.

BENSON

No. I don't think she did it.

STABLER

Come on...Means? Motive? Opportunity?

BENSON

(looking up)

She says she was in her office until around one. That's after the murder.

STABLER

And no one else was there. For God's sake, Olivia. That's an anti-alibi.

Stabler waits her out.

BENSON

I saw her hands. No broken nails. We know there were two killers. How are we going to find the other one?

STABLER

Oh, you mean the other one who didn't do it?

(reaching for INS files)

We still have three other Tanzic victims in the five boroughs...

48 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

48

Stabler and Benson walk to their car.

STABLER

Being in Europe is an alibi.

BENSON

Who's next?

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED

48

STABLER  
(checking file)  
Anya Rugova...  
(flipping page)  
She owns a restaurant on the East  
Side...Sarajevo.

49 OMITTED

49

50 INT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

50

Stabler and Benson enter a dark mittel-European establishment. A young busboy is setting tables. Stabler badges him.

STABLER  
Ms. Rugova around?

The busboy, nervously nods and hustles into the kitchen. A beat later an imposing looking woman in her fifties comes through the swinging doors and looks at them suspiciously. Her left hand is bandaged.

RUGOVA  
Yes?

STABLER  
Anya Rugova?

RUGOVA  
Yes.

STABLER  
I'm Detective Stabler. This is  
Detective Benson.

She nods without speaking.

STABLER  
Did you know a man named Stefan  
Tanzic?

RUGOVA  
(careful; accented  
English)  
Years ago. In Yugoslavia.

BENSON  
How did you know him?

CONTINUED

BENSON

That nail could have been in the cab for a month.

Stabler shoots her an "Oh, please" look as they get to the car. He's juiced. His cop instincts have taken over.

STABLER

Theory of the crime...Tell me what you don't agree with...One of them, my guess is Rugova, gets in Tanzic's cab. She recognizes him, he doesn't recognize her. She sees the name on the license, finds out when he works. She calls Marta Stevens, they wait near the coffee shop for him, get in his cab, end of story.

Benson can't poke any holes in it. After a long beat she looks at him, her voice defeated.

BENSON

Doesn't it get to you at all? The bastard raped and killed women and children.

STABLER

Don't make Cragen right... (she looks away) It's very simple. They murdered him.

BENSON

They executed him, Elliot.

STABLER

No trial. No verdict. Not an execution.

BENSON

It's still all circumstantial.

STABLER

Not if the Sikh I.D.'s them...

52 OMITTED  
AND  
53

52  
AND  
53

53A EXT. TAXI GARAGE - DAY (WAS SC. 53)

53A

Stabler and Benson watch as the Sikh looks at pictures of Marta and Rugova carefully, then shakes his head in frustration.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED (2)

50

STABLER

Is there anybody here now who was here  
when you left?

RUGOVA

Not now. The dinner staff doesn't  
come in until five.

STABLER

We'll come back.

RUGOVA

Whatever you like.

51 EXT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

51

Stabler and Benson come out of the restaurant onto the  
sidewalk. Benson is upset.

STABLER

You agree she knows Marta Stevens?

BENSON

She's not a very good liar... 'I don't  
think I know...'

STABLER

Her hand is bandaged...

BENSON

Fine. Her left hand. You heard what  
Rodgers said about the depth of the  
wounds. Tremendous force. Hard to  
stab that hard with your left hand.

STABLER

Unless you're left-handed.

BENSON

You saw her sign that bill. She used  
her right hand.

STABLER

You couldn't see the signature...it  
looked like a five year old's. She's  
left-handed.

(beat)

Don't worry about it...we'll get a DNA  
match on the fingernail.

CONTINUED

53A CONTINUED (2)

53A

STABLER

(cutting her off)

Yes you are.

54 INT. FELLOWES AND KINSOLVING - DAY

54

Stabler and Benson walk through the now bustling design area and cross to Marta Stevens' drawing board, their badges in plain sight. She looks up as they approach and goes white. Every head in the room has turned and is staring at them.

BENSON

Would you stand up please, Mrs. Stevens?

MARTA

(complying)

What's this about?

STABLER

(cuffing her)

Marta Stevens, you are under arrest for the murder of Stefan Tanzic...

55 EXT. FELLOWES AND KINSOLVING - DAY

55

Stabler and Benson lead a handcuffed Marta out of the building. Stabler talks into his cell phone. Benson is putting Marta into the back seat of the sedan.

STABLER

We have the younger one in custody. Send a car to meet us at Second Avenue and Seventy-First. I want them transported separately...Yes, sir. We got a positive I.D. from the Sikh cab driver at the coffee shop...

In the back seat, Marta hears this and begins to weep softly.

56 EXT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

56

Benson has Marta out of the car and standing, still cuffed, on the sidewalk. Through the window, they can see Stabler talking to Rugova. Another ND sedan pulls up behind. Munch and Cassidy climb out. A knot of pedestrians has gathered, watching the action, trying to figure out what's going on.

CONTINUED

53 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

53

Stabler and Benson watch as the Sikh looks at pictures of Marta and Rugova carefully, then shakes his head in frustration.

SIKH

It could be them, but I told you, it was very dark where they crossed the street...

STABLER

Take your time...

SIKH

I could look at them all day, it wouldn't do any good. I am very sorry.

STABLER

But they saw you?

SIKH

Oh yes, yes. I am quite certain.

STABLER

Thanks. You've been a big help.

The driver nods and heads out. Benson looks relieved.

BENSON

We don't have a case.

STABLER

Yes we do.

BENSON

There's no proof.

STABLER

They don't know that.

BENSON

Elliot...

STABLER

We're arresting them. Now.

BENSON

A first-year-law-student will have them out in twenty minutes.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

57

RUGOVA  
(holding up a hand)  
May I call my lawyer?

Stabler nods. Rugova looks out the window. She can see Marta standing on the sidewalk with Benson, Munch and Cassidy. She moves to the phone behind the bar and picks up the receiver with her left hand. She's next to a table of four diners. Her right hand doesn't go to the phone, it goes to the table and comes up with a knife. The diners push back their chairs and move away as she holds up the knife.

58 EXT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

58

Benson and Cassidy react when they see the knife through the window.

BENSON AND CASSIDY  
Knife!!

As she sprints for the entrance, unholstering her Glock, she yells over her shoulder --

BENSON  
Watch her!

59 INT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

59

Stabler has his hands up, palms out to Rugova.

STABLER  
Drop the knife!

Wordlessly, she plunges it into her upper thigh just below the crotch, and with a grimace, twists it as Benson explodes through the door. She staggers, then twists it again as the cops look on in horror. Stabler sprints towards her, yelling at Benson.

STABLER  
Call 911. Get an ambulance.

Stabler races around the corner of the bar. Rugova staggers and goes down as Benson picks up the phone at the reservation desk.

BENSON  
This is Detective Olivia Benson, Sex  
Crimes, I need an ambulance now.  
Seventy-First Street and Second  
Avenue.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

STABLER (CONT'D)

We got a positive I.D. from the Sikh  
cab driver at the coffee shop...

In the back seat, Marta hears this and begins to weep  
softly.

56 EXT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

56

Benson has Marta out of the car and standing, cuffed on the  
sidewalk. Through the window, they can see Stabler talking  
to Rugova. Another ND sedan pulls up behind. Munch and  
Cassidy climb out. A knot of pedestrians has gathered,  
watching the action, trying to figure out what's going on.

BENSON

(soft; urgent)

Listen to me. I know what a shock it  
was to see Tanzic in that cab.

Marta's head swivels, her eyes narrowing with an intelligent  
gleam.

BENSON

Don't say anything until you speak to  
your lawyer. Nothing.

Munch and Cassidy come up.

CASSIDY

You called for back-up?

BENSON

This is one of the suspects in our  
cabbie homicide.

MUNCH

Ahhh...Miss Slice and Dice.

(to Benson)

So - psychodrama over?

57 INT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

57

Stabler is talking to Rugova.

STABLER

When you waited across the street for  
Tanzic another cab driver drove up. A  
Sikh with a turban? You remember him?

CONTINUED



57 CONTINUED

57

RUGOVA

I don't know what you're talking about.

STABLER

He remembers you. He identified you and Mrs. Stevens. He saw you get into Tanzic's taxi. We also recovered a fingernail in the front seat. They'll get a DNA match.

RUGOVA

Am I under arrest?

STABLER

Yes. You are. You have the right...

RUGOVA

(holding up a hand)

May I call my lawyer?

Stabler nods. Rugova looks out the window. She can see Marta standing on the sidewalk with Benson, Munch and Cassidy. She moves to the phone behind the bar and picks up the receiver with her left hand. But her right hand doesn't go to the phone, it goes to the shelf under the bar and comes up with a knife.

58 EXT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

58

Benson and Cassidy react when they see the knife through the window.

BENSON AND CASSIDY

Knife!!

As she sprints for the entrance, unholstering her Glock, she yells over her shoulder --

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59 INT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

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Stabler has his hands up, palms out to Rugova.

STABLER

Drop the knife!

Wordlessly, she plunges it into her upper thigh just below the crotch, and with a grimace, twists it as Benson explodes through the door.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

59

She staggers, then twists it again as the cops look on in horror. Stabler sprints towards her, yelling at Benson.

STABLER

Call 911. Get an ambulance.

Stabler races around the corner of the bar. Rugova staggers and goes down as Benson picks up the phone at the reservation desk.

BENSON

This is Detective Olivia Benson, Shield fourteen seventy-three, I need an ambulance now. Seventy-First Street and Second Avenue.

As Benson is yelling into the phone, Stabler is looking down at Rugova. The entire front of her skirt is already red and the floor of the bar is slick with blood. He falls to his knees and pushes the skirt above her waist.

STABLER

She got the femoral artery.

RUGOVA

(weak)

Please don't help me.

Stabler slips his belt off his pants to apply a tourniquet as Benson comes around the bar.

BENSON

How bad?

STABLER

She's bleeding out...

60 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

60

Stabler, Benson and ADA Carmichael, sit across from Marta and her lawyer, Farley. Stabler's now in jeans and a sweater.

MARTA

Anya called and asked me to come up to the restaurant to have a drink before going home. We left and walked over to the coffee shop because there are always cabs parked there. When we got there, there was an Indian cab driver who had just pulled up. He stopped and talked to another driver who was coming out.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

60

MARTA (CONT'D)

We crossed the street and got into the other man's taxi.

CARMICHAEL

Did you recognize the other driver at that time?

MARTA

No, no. It wasn't until we were driving. We spoke in English, but then we slipped into Serbo-Croatian. That's when he said he had grown up in Yugoslavia. As soon as we heard his voice we recognized him.

CARMICHAEL

And where were you at this point?

MARTA

I don't know. Somewhere downtown. I heard his voice and looked at Anya ...I thought I was going to faint.

CARMICHAEL

Then what happened?

MARTA

I don't really remember. I started to feel hot all over. My head started to spin...then Anya suddenly reached through the divider and stabbed him in the neck...Then we were both stabbing him. The car went up on the curb... And we were out of the car and pulled open the front doors and stabbed him more. Again and again. I was seeing him taking off his clothes...feeling him pushing into me...forcing me...

The lawyer puts a hand over hers and turns to Carmichael.

FARLEY

I think you've got enough, don't you?

61 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

61

Stabler, Benson and Carmichael walk out of the interview room. Cragen's waiting.

CARMICHAEL

I've got to run it by Schiff, but I'm willing to take a plea on this.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED

61

CRAGEN

Man One?

CARMICHAEL

I'll take Man Two and smile. Severe  
emotional distress.

Stabler gives Benson a quick look. Carmichael looks around  
the table, her eyes challenging anyone to dispute her.

CARMICHAEL

I sure as hell don't want to go to  
trial. All they have to do is get  
Tanzic's War Crimes indictment in and  
her friend's suicide and she'll get a  
walk.

BENSON

How much time?

CARMICHAEL

My guess? They get the right judge  
she'll get eighteen months in a  
psychiatric facility.

CRAGEN

You two all right with this?

STABLER

(Benson nods)

Sure.

CARMICHAEL

Get her transported and I'll have her  
arraigned. Minimal bail. She'll be  
home with her kid in time for dinner.

Carmichael moves off. Cragen looks at the two detectives.

CRAGEN

My office.

62 INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

62

The three cops walk in. Cragen flops into his desk chair  
and looks up at them.

CRAGEN

Nice. The game with the Sikh non-  
eyewitness was good police work, but  
it sure as hell ain't Man Two.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED

62

BENSON

We don't know...

CRAGEN

(a slap)

Stop!

(to Stabler)

What about the call to the taxi company asking when Spicer worked?

STABLER

Dispatcher said he didn't even know whether it was a man or woman's voice. Whoever called might actually have been looking for the real Victor Spicer.

CRAGEN

My ass. Let me ask you something. I read the autopsy report. You really think those two ladies were walking around with five and seven-inch knives in their purses every day?

BENSON

I think we did the one thing that's going to allow me to sleep tonight.

Silence. Cragen chews over the response, then looks at Benson.

CRAGEN

You used your get out of jail free card on this case...there's only one in the pack...

63 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

63

Stabler and Benson cross the squadroom in silence and sit behind their desks. She looks at him.

BENSON

She said something to you, didn't she? Before she died?

STABLER

'I just want to be with my family.'

Absolution. Benson takes a deep breath. The phone rings. Once. Twice. She picks it up.

BENSON

Special Victims Unit...

FADE OUT

THE END