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"LAW & ORDER:
SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT"

"CONTACT"

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&
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Prod. #EO921

"LAW & ORDER:

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"CONTACT"

SCRIPT REVISION HISTORY

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LAW & ORDER:SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT"CONTACT"CAST

DET. OLIVIA BENSON
DET. ELLIOT STABLER
CAPT. DONALD CRAGEN
DET. JOHN MUNCH
DET. MONIQUE JEFFRIES
DET. KEN BRISCOE

(X)

A.D.A. ERICA ALDEN
JEN CALDER
IMPORTANT MAN
TRANSIT COP
CSU TECH
GREENBERG
NICK GANZNER
FLOWER CHICK
AUDREY JACKSON
JULIA
MARCO
MARE
E.R. DOC
WRESTLER

(X)

LISA SCOPES
BRUCE ABBOTT
ANGRY
SINGER
WAITRESS
BRUCE'S LAWYER
AHMAL
DEWELL
SAL (SALVATORE) AVELINO
SAL'S LAWYER
SPORTY SPICE
MASCARA
MEEK PINK
JUDGE KEVIN BECK
SUPER
SIDRA LONSTEIN
KELLI

(X)

VEHICLES

STABLER/BENSON GRAY SEDAN
SAL'S VAN
SUBWAY TRAIN

"LAW & ORDER:

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT"

"CONTACT"

SETS

INTERIORS:

PRECINCT
SQUADROOM
CRAGEN'S OFFICE
INTERROGATION ROOM
OBSERVATION ROOM
HALLWAY
SMALL ROOM
LINE-UP
NYC TRANSIT
CORRIDOR
SUBWAY PLATFORMS
HOYT-SCHERMERHORN (X)
STAIRS
DELANCY STREET
STEINWAY STREET
CHAMBERS (X)
SPRING STREET (X)
SUBWAY TRAIN
COLUMBUS CIRCLE STATION
CALDER'S APARTMENT
ARNOLD & SCHREIBER, CPA (X)

SWANKY APARTMENT
COP BAR
HOSPITAL
E.R. ROOM
BENSON'S APARTMENT
DEWELL'S PAINTING CONTRACTORS
COURTROOM

EXTERIORS:

SPRING ST. SUBWAY STATION
STAIRS
CONSTRUCTION SITE
QUEENS PARKING LOT
QUEENS TENEMENT BLDG.
LONSTEIN APARTMENT
FLORIST'S

(X)

"LAW & ORDER:
SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT"

"CONTACT"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOYT-SCHERMERHORN SUBWAY PLATFORM STAIRS - DAY 1

Pick up Jen Calder moving down the stairs toward the platform, yammering into her cell phone --

CALDER

No, we need blue gels. Cerulian Blue.
I made the reservation last week --
Hold on...What's it at...Hell yes.
That's a great deal. For me. Let's
do it.

2 INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS 2

She holds her latté in front of her like an Oscar as she weaves in and out of the people, trying to get better reception --

CALDER

We'll buy a hundred when it gets back
down to thirty...

She only gets good reception when she stands under a pipe that drips down on her.

CALDER

Can you hear me now? No! No not buy
a hundred now, sell it all! Sell it --
Hello?

Her digital phone has cut her off.

CALDER

Age of technology my ass.

She moves through the waiting crowd, center of her own universe. The "C" train thunders into the station, assaulting her with its stale air.

CUT TO

3 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

3

People like sardines. Calder tries her cell phone again.
No Service.

We're watching her closely. As is someone else.

She shoves the phone in her pocket, shifts her latté to her left hand. She reaches for the lid of her latté, removes it. Few drops drip on the floor. She takes a slurp.

The car jerks to a stop, spilling some of her precious latté on the floor.

People move in and out, an Important Man steps on the toe of her boot --

CALDER

Roll over Beethoven. You're on my foot.

Important man ignores her completely, moves on.

The car moves forward again -- when from behind, another man is there pushing up against her.

CALDER

Hey. Hey!

He's humping her like a dog; we don't see his face at all -- but he does have a box cutter, handy and sharp --

Her drink crashes to the ground -- and the spilling hot liquid -- that's what gets people's attention more than the assault that's taking place right in front of them --

One woman, arms loaded down with flowers, watches, watches silently -- the Flower Chick clutches those flowers tighter, steeling her self -- what if she's next?

And some people don't even notice it happening at all. They just want to be the first one off when the train stops.

4 INT. CHAMBERS SUBWAY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

4

With a screech and a PPPSHEEEW -- the car jerks to a stop and the guy bolts out of the car and up the stairs of the next station.

People move in and out -- we can see through the open car doors -- Calder collapsed on a seat and Important Man bending over her --

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

IMPORTANT MAN

Are you okay?

CALDER

No...

As the doors close, we see Calder blinking her eyes and opening her mouth, like a caught fish choking on the air we breathe --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

5

The room in motion, we're heading out, Stabler has a cold --

JEFFRIES

The 'A' or the 'C' Train?

CRAGEN

The 'C' train, now stopped at Spring Street, whole uptown line is shut down --

BENSON

Sure it's the same guy?

CRAGEN

Same M.O. --

JEFFRIES

Carries a box cutter, waits till the train's almost at its stop -- three seconds and boom! he's gone.

MUNCH

And no one says, 'how typical'?

STABLER

Seven times, six months.

BENSON

Makes three times this month.

CUT TO

6 EXT. SPRING STREET SUBWAY STATION STAIRS - DAY

6

Munch and Jeffries move through a throng of pissed off people who can't get into the subway.

JEFFRIES

What's the matter with you?

Munch looks around: isn't it obvious?

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

JEFFRIES
(shaking head)
Something else. You're out of sorts
-- even for you.

MUNCH
Okay, Monique, if you must know,
today's my wedding anniversary.

JEFFRIES
Which one?

MUNCH
Exactly.

They clip on their badges and push past the Uni's sealing
off the Uptown entrance to the station.

CUT TO

7 INT. SPRING STREET SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

7

Munch and Jeffries with a Transit Cop and Transit official,
Greenberg. The stopped train -- its mouth yawning open --
is behind them. There, CSU's fishing for fingerprints.

TRANSIT COP
Attack occurred between the Fulton and
Chamber Street stations.

MUNCH
That was two stops before this one.

TRANSIT COP
Right.

MUNCH
The train kept 'a rolling, as if
nothing had happened?

TRANSIT COP
Right.

JEFFRIES
What, it take her that long to find a
transit cop?

From a few feet away, Nick Ganzner eavesdrops, scribbles in
his notebook.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

TRANSIT COP

Who are you?

MUNCH

He's with The Post.

GANZNER

Nick Ganzner. We're all working together to get this guy.

MUNCH

Yeah, right.

Ganzner walks off, scribbling.

GREENBERG

Anyway, soon as we knew, we shut down.

JEFFRIES

Did you secure the station two stops back?

TRANSIT COP

Got it wrapped up like a birthday present.

MUNCH

Good -- and no peeking.

GREENBERG

(gritting teeth)

When can I get this train rolling, Detective?

Munch ignores him, steps onto the train.

8 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

8

Munch leans over a CSU Tech.

MUNCH

Anything?

CSU TECH

Everything and nothing.

MUNCH

That covers your ass.

CSU TECH

What's your problem?

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

MUNCH

I hate bureaucrats.

He glares balefully at Greenberg, who walks around with a clipboard, aping the detectives by observing nothing and writing it down.

CSU TECH

Bureaucrats? Don't look in the mirror.

MUNCH

I try not to.

CSU TECH

Anti-graffiti metal -- it resists the oils in spray-paint, and resists the oils in the hand.

JEFFRIES

No prints.

CSU TECH

Except on the windows, where you've got several hundred.

Munch examines the floor by the seat where Calder was attacked.

MUNCH

What about footprints.

CSU TECH

Couple partials.

Munch looks around. Sees one of those "Poetry on the Subway" banners crammed between the graffitied ads. Shakespeare. Sonnet 18. Munch shakes his head in disgust.

MUNCH

Anything else?

CSU TECH

Yeah.

The CSU Tech holds up the latté cup, lipstick on the rim.

CUT TO

9 INT. CALDER'S APARTMENT - DAY

9

Jen Calder collecting the clothes she was wearing earlier, putting them into a plastic grocery store bag. She's even more agitated than on the train.

CALDER

If I hadn't stopped for coffee -- I would've been on a different train --

STABLER

It's not your fault.

He blows his nose; she looks at him with mild distaste.

CALDER

I know that.

BENSON

All right, Jen. Where did you get on the train?

CALDER

Hoyt-Schermerhorn. I was heading up to Fiftieth Street. At the station, I got a latté --

BENSON

Did you see him at the coffee shop, maybe on the platform?

CALDER

No. I don't know -- I don't know.

BENSON

What did you do when he attacked you?

CALDER

I stood there -- it happened so fast, I couldn't believe it. So much for taking kickboxing.

STABLER

Did he talk to you?

CALDER

No. Not a word.

STABLER

We have this description -- from the previous attacks -- does he look familiar?

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

9

Stabler hands her the drawing. Guy in a hooded sweatshirt. Very bland, very non-specific. Calder's cell phone rings.

CALDER

Hello...Hello...No, I'm going to take out a loan...I'll tell you about it later...what. I can't hear you...

Phone cuts her off again.

CALDER

I got rid of my land line in January. Stupid, stupid thing to do.

(then)

That looks like him. Also looks like the Unibomber.

STABLER

Did you --

He sneezes. She averts her face.

STABLER

Sorry. Did you get a good look at him?

CALDER

Yeah, thin. Sandy blond. Pointy beak nose.

BENSON

How tall?

CALDER

I don't know, he pushed me back, he had a knife, something --

STABLER

Did you see what he was wearing?

CALDER

Dark clothes. Sweatshirt with a hood. He was panting at me, panting like a dog -- I can't believe this guy --

She shakes her head in disgust. Ties the knot in the plastic bag. Hands her clothes to Benson.

BENSON

Let us take you to the hospital.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED (2)

9

CALDER

Hey, believe me, I was all up for being helpful -- actually I was all ready for the transit cops to be helpful --

STABLER

But?

CALDER

But by the time they got their act together I was calling my own doctor. She did all the tests and anyhow, he left his mark on my skirt.

Calder's cell phone rings again.

CALDER

Hello...Hello...

Nothing, damnit -- Calder hurls her cell phone across the room. The snappy face plate splinters off.

CUT TO

10 INT. NYC TRANSIT - CORRIDOR - DAY

10

GREENBERG

Today's attack between Fulton Street station and Chamber neatly fits into our pattern. Which is that there is no pattern. We can assume --

MUNCH

That's the difference between us. You assume, we do the footwork.

GREENBERG

Your footwork lead you to a profile yet?

MUNCH

Yeah -- a long-time sex predator who'll rape again, probably before we finish this little dick contest of ours.

GREENBERG

If we can't predict where this guy will strike next -- we can't prevent him, either -- we get the population of Wyoming through here twenty-four hours a day --

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

MUNCH

More like a small town -- a rape happens in between stops in Chelsea, man from Washington Heights is on that train --

GREENBERG

He's from Washington Heights?

MUNCH

Hypothetically, Greenberg. Stay with me.

GREENBERG

Hey -- put some decoys and ghosts on the trains, look for pervs like we look for pickpockets --

JEFFRIES

Why aren't you requesting transit cops on each train, installing security cameras on each car, join the Twenty-First Century.

GREENBERG

We are -- next year. But all the computers in the world aren't going to stop some guy from sticking his hand up some girl's skirt.

JEFFRIES

Rape, Greenberg. Not fondling, not petting, not unwarranted advances -- rape. On your subway, remember?

CUT TO

11 INT. ARNOLD & SCHREIBER, C.P.A. - DAY

11

Benson and Stabler with the Important Man from the subway.

IMPORTANT MAN

I wasn't even sure what he was doing to her, at first. I just get so in the zone, you know, on the train -- ignoring all those blind people trying to sell you baseball bat keychains -- you learn not to see, you know?

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

BENSON

What did you see, when you weren't in the zone.

IMPORTANT MAN

He was on her and gone.

BENSON

Did you notice him before?

IMPORTANT MAN

No, I just got on.

STABLER

He get on with you?

IMPORTANT MAN

Don't know.

STABLER

Wha'd he look like.

IMPORTANT MAN

White. Shorter than I.

STABLER

How tall are you?

IMPORTANT MAN

I'm six even, so maybe five ten?

STABLER

You see his face?

IMPORTANT MAN

No. He had a hooded sweatshirt. And a heavy jacket.

STABLER

Wha'd the jacket look like?

IMPORTANT MAN

Navy.

BENSON

A pea coat?

IMPORTANT MAN

I was Army, myself, but yeah --- I'd say a Navy pea coat.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED (2)

11

STABLER

(sotto)

This is like pulling teeth. What about his pants.

IMPORTANT MAN

Dirty. Drips and streaks. Like a painter. I remember thinking -- that guy better not get too close to me, get paint on my coat.

BENSON

Did you notice him before he was on her?

IMPORTANT MAN

No.

BENSON

So he's on her, you're worried about your coat.

Off the Important Man, now not so important --

CUT TO

12 OMITTED

12

12A EXT. FLORIST'S - DAY

12A

Benson and Stabler with the woman who was clutching flowers. She works here.

FLOWER CHICK

I get on at Nostrand close to where I live?

STABLER

You ride the train same time every day?

FLOWER CHICK

Yes. Sometimes I'm a little late if I stop for grocery.

BENSON

So had you ever seen this guy before?

FLOWER CHICK

He looks like everyone else. Anyway, I don't look at men.

CONTINUED

12A CONTINUED

12A

STABLER

So you don't know if he was on the train when you got on?

FLOWER CHICK

Yes. Maybe.

BENSON

He talk to anyone?

FLOWER CHICK

Not to me.

STABLER

Did you hear him say anything to the woman?

FLOWER CHICK

No. No, maybe he wasn't on the train when I got on?

BENSON

(enough)

You've been a big help. Thanks.

CUT TO

13 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

13

Et al. They have their own map up, mapping the attacks.

BENSON

Got a witness who saw paint spots on the guy's pants --

MUNCH

That's a new detail.

CRAGEN

You release that detail to the press yet?

BENSON

Not yet.

CRAGEN

The pants -- he's a painter, in construction -- maybe. Narrow the search on our priors?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

STABLER

We've been looking -- found a plasterer with three flashing priors, but he lost an argument with a forty-four last month.

CRAGEN

Hardware store, paint supply? The subway stops -- what's on the block?

MUNCH

We're checking.

CRAGEN

Good. Victims, AKA the complaining witnesses, any pattern to them yet?

BENSON

Women wearing skirts.

Audrey Jackson enters, carrying a large box full of her books and papers. Discreetly, Benson checks her watch.

STABLER

Hot date?

BENSON

A mixer.

STABLER

(no it doesn't)

That sounds like you.

BENSON

Part of my new plan to have a life.

CRAGEN

Help you?

JACKSON

I hope so -- where can I put this?

CRAGEN

I don't know -- what is it?

She sets the box down on Munch's desk.

JACKSON

Files, my DSM Four, a copy of 'Psychology, Law and Eyewitness Testimony' which I hope to get around to some day...

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED (2)

13

CRAGEN

You're a shrink?

JACKSON

Audrey Jackson -- the Deputy
Commissioner is sticking me here.

(beat)

You never got his memo?

CRAGEN

No. No, I did not.

JACKSON

Would you have read it if you had?
Oh. Well...forget about an office...

CRAGEN

We don't have offices here.

MUNCH

We don't even have cubicles.

She looks over toward his office.

CRAGEN

That's mine.

She smiles, enjoying this.

CRAGEN

Wait a minute -- you're here because
of the Subway Rapist.

JACKSON

An excellent metaphor -- a predator
down in a long dark tunnel...

Cragen rubs his brow, walks quickly away.

MUNCH

I'm going to enjoy this little
Freudian psychodrama.

(sticking out hand)

John Munch.

JACKSON

Audrey.

(beat)

Moonk as in 'The Scream'?

MUNCH

Munch, as in junk food. So tell me,
Doc -- what up with this guy?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED (3)

13

JACKSON

What's important to him is the hunt --
maybe he gets on when he has an hour
free, finds nothing, maybe he rides
all day until he finds the perfect
victim to float his boat.

MUNCH

You make it sound like foreplay.

JACKSON

To him, it is.

CUT TO

14 INT. SWANKY APARTMENT - NIGHT

14

A cocktail party a la James Hamilton in The New Yorker.
Benson sits on the arm of a sofa -- a small group is
chatting with her.

MARCO

(fashion designer)

Everything's recycled these days --
look at Chanel.

JULIA

(model)

It's like all hippie chicks --
psychedelic whatever.

BENSON

People tell me to wear some color to
work, but I tend to go grey on grey.

MARCO

A pity.

(beat)

IBM?

BENSON

No -- actually, SVU.

(beat)

Special Victims Unit.

JULIA

(admiring)

You're a social worker -- that's nice.

BENSON

No. I'm a detective.

MARCO

Cool -- are you packin' heat?

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

Benson smiles.

JULIA
Like what kind of stuff?

BENSON
Sex crimes. Rape. Child abuse. You
know...

JULIA
Oh.

She and Marco exchange a look -- then look away. Their eyes
find their own kind.

MARCO
'Scusata mi.

He and Julia split, leaving Benson alone.

CUT TO

15 INT. COP BAR - NIGHT

15

Benson back where she belongs: a place where everybody knows
her name. She's downing a beer with a reporter named
Ganzner.

BENSON
Happens every time -- soon as I said
it, it was like a flatus in the
elevator.

GANZNER
Outsiders. Hate 'em. But I love a
gal who can use 'flatus' in a
sentence.

BENSON
I hate a guy who says 'gal.'

GANZNER
Lighten up, Benson -- I was using it
in quotes.

BENSON
Oh.

GANZNER
We've known each other five months --
have you ever heard me use 'gal'
without italics?

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

BENSON

Okay, okay -- I'm just...keyed up.

Ganzner signals for another round.

GANZNER

This subway rapist?

BENSON

Nick -- are we working, or flirting?

GANZNER

We're always working.

BENSON

So you're not flirting?

GANZNER

No. I'm offering my undying love, for the ten millionth time.

She smiles, touches his arm.

BENSON

Maybe tonight...ten million and one, you might get lucky.

They drink, look at each other: relaxed. Then:

GANZNER

Really? So your subway rapist...maybe he's trying to spread his seed.

BENSON

(groaning)

Why 'my' rapist? You've written about three hundred inches about the jerk. And what are you saying, if flowers and candy fail, there's always one more alternative?

GANZNER

I'm not saying that. Some people are saying that. And they're selling a lot of books.

BENSON

I should write a book.

GANZNER

Why not? You know these people.

BENSON

No I don't.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED (2)

15

GANZNER

You do -- that's why people move away
from you on the sofa, Olivia -- you
can get inside sex offenders.

BENSON

Gee, how nice for me.

She drains her beer, gets up. He gets up with her.

GANZNER

Well...?

BENSON

Well what?

GANZNER

I'm not moving away.

BENSON

I can see that.

He puts his arm around her as they walk out of the bar.

CUT TO

16 INT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE STATION - DAY

16

Dog found another human fire hydrant. Train is stopped.
Munch and Jeffries push through the chaos until they find
their favorite Transit Cop, who is smiling --

MUNCH

What happened?

TRANSIT COP

Made your life more interesting and my
life a lot easier.

JEFFRIES

What happened?

TRANSIT COP

Ballsy old lady saw the guy go after a
girl, cried wolf. One guy wrestled
him down, another pulled the emergency
brake between Lincoln Center and
Columbus Circle. I walked back in the
tunnel, apprehended the suspect.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

Transit Cop moves over to a uniform, who's cuffing a guy, a guy in paint stained pants. Transit Cop grabs the guy's elbow, turns him --

There he is: beak nosed, skinny, sandy haired dog.

TRANSIT COP
Call me the dog catcher.

Off this loser, who can't meet our eyes --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17 INT. INTERROGATION - DAY

17

The caught dog, Bruce, faces Benson and Stabler. He's already sporting a flossweat, and won't make eye contact.

BENSON

What happened.

BRUCE

The train jerked. I fell against her.

STABLER

You fell.

BRUCE

I fell.

STABLER

How many times.

BRUCE

How many times what?

STABLER

How many times you fall on her?

BRUCE

She overreacted.

BENSON

(hard)

Maybe she under-reacted.

BRUCE

I had one hand on the pole, to brace myself, and the other hand was in my pocket.

BENSON

Doing what?

BRUCE

I was just standing. That's how I stand.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

BENSON

We got three witnesses that put you on top of her.

BRUCE

The train jerked.

BENSON

Uh-huh.

Benson backs off. Do-si-does with Stabler.

CUT TO

18 INT. INTERROGATION OBSERVATION - DAY

18

Cragen and Jackson, watching.

CRAGEN

We'll see how his story jives with the witnesses.

JACKSON

The older woman --

CRAGEN

The guy who wrestled him down.

JACKSON

He have a box cutter on him?

Cragen shakes his head no.

CUT TO

19 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

19

Munch and Jeffries with the ballsy old lady, Mare.

MARE

Nobody looks at anybody on the subway. Except this guy. Staring at this girl. Boring holes into her. Then he started to circle her.

MUNCH

On a full train?

MARE

He still had room to move -- which is what got my attention. Nobody moves until the train gets close to a stop. This guy had no reason to move.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

JEFFRIES

So they were both standing.

MARE

He had both hands shoved deep in his pockets. She was leaning up against a metal pole. Reading.

JEFFRIES

And then what.

MARE

The train jerked. He grabbed that pole above her head -- so that he wouldn't run into her.

MUNCH

Did he touch her?

MARE

As he steadied himself, was it the train throwing him against her or was it on purpose? Who knows. But when he bent his knees and started to rub up against her, that was on purpose.

MUNCH

What did she do?

MARE

Nothing. That's why I said something. Shouted it out to the whole car. For all the times that I've stood there, taking it. Enough, already.

CUT TO

20 OMITTED

20

20A EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

20A

Cranes. Nails pounding behind the Wrestler, as he talks to Munch and Jeffries.

WRESTLER

I didn't really see too much of what was happening before I heard the old lady scream.

JEFFRIES

She scream or she say something?

CONTINUED

20A CONTINUED

20A

WRESTLER

First she just said 'Cut it out!' and I thought she was crazy and all, but then she kept on, saying, 'Stop that Man, Stop it Stop it Stop it,' and I looked, and she was pointing to this guy who was on this girl --

MUNCH

On her how?

WRESTLER

I saw him pushing into her, and you know, with everything going on -- I thought this was the guy -- and I didn't think, I put a Nelson on him.

JEFFRIES

Full, or half?

WRESTLER

Full. How is the girl?

CUT TO

21 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

21

Munch and Jeffries with an E.R. Doc.

E.R. DOC

Transit brought her here right away.

MUNCH

Probably because last time it took them forty-five minutes just to say hello to the c/w.

JEFFRIES

How is she?

E.R. DOC

She says he never penetrated her. I did a pelvic, and also found no signs of trauma.

MUNCH

You do a U.V. on her clothes?

E.R. DOC

We had our own blacklight party and...nothing. She says nothing happened.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

JEFFRIES

So she's in denial.

E.R. DOC

Maybe, or nothing happened.

CUT TO

22 INT. E.R. ROOM - DAY

22

The latest c/w, Lisa Scopes, resplendent in a hospital gown.

SCOPES

Really, nothing happened. One minute I'm reading 'People,' the next, some lady's yelling and two men are fighting at my feet. Any other time, I might be flattered, but now...

JEFFRIES

Did he touch you?

SCOPES

Did I feel him rubbing up against me, yes. Is that different from any other day during rush hour, no.

JEFFRIES

Somebody's always touching you.

SCOPES

Half of riding the subway is keeping your purse zipped, your pockets closed, your jacket buttoned.

MUNCH

What's the other half?

SCOPES

Keeping everybody else's hands in your sight..

MUNCH

Kind of hard to do when you're reading.

SCOPES

You read a line, you scan the car. Read a line, scan the car. You mind your own business, which is what that lady should've done.

JEFFRIES

He didn't rape you.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

22

SCOPES

Didn't even flash me. Which happened
two weeks ago right before we pulled
into Lexington Avenue.

She shakes her head.

JEFFRIES

What?

SCOPES

No matter how much you clean the
subway up -- you never get rid of the
smell. Other people's fast food.
Urine. I wish I had a Mustang and
lived in the burbs.

MUNCH

Amen, sister.

CUT TO

23 INT. INTERROGATION - DAY

23

Stabler. Benson. Bruce.

STABLER

What's that on your pants?

BRUCE

Paint.

STABLER

Stand up.

Bruce stands, slowly.

STABLER

Paint from what.

BRUCE

A window I did.

BENSON

What do you mean, 'a window'?

BRUCE

I'm not sure...I'm a little...

STABLER

Confused. So am I -- she means you
paint houses for a living, you get
paint on you all day long, right?

(MORE)

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

STABLER (CONT'D)

You live in paint splatters. So how
do you know these splatters were from
'a window'?

(to Benson)

Right?

BENSON

Right.

She goes over to Bruce.

BENSON

A window, my ass. Take off your
pants, please.

BRUCE

Do I have to?

BENSON

Yes. You do.

Bruce looks to Benson. She meets his look evenly. He looks
away.

CUT TO

24 INT. INTERROGATION OBSERVATION - CONTINUOUS

24

Cragen and Jackson, watching.

JACKSON

Do you like him for this?

CRAGEN

Do I like him.

JACKSON

For this. The flop sweat, the lack of
eye contact, like a kid lying about a
book he didn't read. He's feeling
guilty about something.

CRAGEN

Maybe he's Catholic, feels guilty
about everything.

CUT TO

25 INT. INTERROGATION - DAY

25

BRUCE

Can I say something?

STABLER

By all means.

BRUCE

I want to explain something.

STABLER

Please.

BRUCE

When I said 'a window,' I meant a store window.

STABLER

Explain further.

BRUCE

I kinda do window displays.

STABLER

Kinda.

BRUCE

Window displays. I make them.

BENSON

Why didn't you say so before?

BRUCE

You know -- people think it's a little fruity.

STABLER

But you're not.

BRUCE

No.

BENSON

You like women?

BRUCE

Yes.

(caught)

No, I mean...

STABLER

Take off your pants.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

Bruce does. Stabler takes them. Turns the pockets out. He starts to sit back down.

STABLER

No, stand. Those chairs are cold.

Bruce stands, stands there in his boxers.

STABLER

We're going to run a DNA check on the sample inside these pants. We're going to match it against the samples from the seven other rapes you did.

BRUCE

I didn't do seven other rapes. .

BENSON

No, you woulda done eight if the old lady hadn't've screamed.

BRUCE

No sir. No.

STABLER

There's a pocket missing.

BRUCE

There is?

STABLER

You a righty, or a lefty?

BRUCE

Lefty.

STABLER

(to Benson)

The left pocket.

BENSON

Naturally.

BRUCE

I don't know what you're getting at.

BENSON

The oldest perv trick in the book. 'You want some change? Some candy? It's in my pocket.' Only it's not coins or peppermints they find. It's your willy, Bruce.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED (2)

25

BRUCE

No! I keep my razor knife in my left pocket. It must have cut a hole...

Stabler and Benson exchange a look: the knife.

STABLER

Where's that knife now?

BRUCE

My tool kit.

BENSON

Okay, Bruce. We're going to put you under arrest now. You have the right to remain silent.

BRUCE

For rape? No, wait a sec...

BENSON

You have the right to call an attorney. If you can't afford one...

CUT TO

26 INT. INTERROGATION OBSERVATION - DAY

26

Cragen and Jackson, watching, as the Miranda plays underneath.

JACKSON

Those pants are going to sit in some plastic bag in a lab for six months --

CRAGEN

We'd use private labs if the Deputy Commissioner would put it in his budget.

JACKSON

Funds are tight.

CRAGEN

I know where you could free some up -- how much do you make?

JACKSON

(shaking her head)

He's not violent.

CRAGEN

He carries a knife --

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED

26

JACKSON

Part of his trade. He's not your guy.

CRAGEN--

But the sweaty brow. The agitation --
you said it yourself -- he's guilty of
something.

JACKSON

Yeah, he is. Just not this. Do the
line-up. You'll see.

CRAGEN

Thanks for your help

Cragen leaves. Off Audrey --

CUT TO

27 OMITTED

27

27A EXT. STREET - DAY

27A

GANZNER

Missed you at Columbus Circle.

BENSON

Missed you too.

A moment, a look between them.

GANZNER

(checking notebook)

Bruce Abbott, forty-one. Arrested
today.

BENSON

That's on the record. What do you
want from me?

GANZNER

Deep background.

BENSON

He looks promising.

GANZNER

Is he the one? People want to feel
safe again.

BENSON

(shaking head)

People should never let their guard
down.

CONTINUED

27A CONTINUED

27A

GANZNER
No, they shouldn't.

BENSON
Chinese Wall.

GANZNER
Mu-shu?

BENSON
Dim sum. Eight o'clock?

CUT TO

28 INT. INTERROGATION - DAY

28

The line up. Skinny white guys in their forties. Bruce thumbs the rough edge of the number four placard he holds.

CUT TO

29 INT. INTERROGATION OBSERVATION - DAY

29

A kind of line up in reverse, as each of the seven victims comes to identify him --

29A FIRST VICTIM

29A

Angry woman in a black turtleneck, crosses her arms. Grinds her teeth as she studies the line-up.

Looks to Cragen. Shakes her head no.

ANGRY
Guess I'll still be taking cabs.

CUT TO

29B SECOND VICTIM

29B

Meek Pink, taking deep breaths. Nervous. Scared. Shakes her head no. Behind her, Audrey gently puts a hand on her shoulder. Meek Pink jumps at her touch --

CUT TO

29C THIRD VICTIM

29C

Sporty Spice. She shrugs her shoulders. Looks to Munch. Munch shrugs his shoulders, too.

CUT TO

29D FOURTH VICTIM

29D

Wanted to be a professional singer when she grew up. She studies the line up.

SINGER

Number two.

Cragen steps closer.

CRAGEN

Number two.

SINGER

Number two's eyes, at least. And his hands -- like number four's.

CRAGEN

Number four?

SINGER

Yes. No -- I see parts of him everywhere. Every man on the street.

CRAGEN

Do you see him in there?

SINGER

No. But I wish, more than anything, that I did.

CUT TO

29E FIFTH VICTIM

29E

Waits tables. Chews her nail as she examines the line up.

BENSON

Do you recognize anyone?

WAITRESS

Yeah. Number one.

CUT TO

29F SIXTH VICTIM

29F

Thick black mascara and eyeliner. That phase of her life.

She shakes her head no. He's not in there.

And when the realization hits her -- that he's still out there -- she begins to cry all over again. Her mascara and eyeliner streak her face. Jeffries comforts her.

CUT TO

29G SEVENTH VICTIM

29G

Benson leads Jen Calder into the room.

STABLER

Hi, Jen.

He extends his hand. She looks at it.

CALDER

You still sick?

STABLER

Allergies.

CALDER

Right.

She doesn't take his hand.

BENSON

How'd you get down here?

CALDER

Train. Fight that fear head on, you know.

BENSON

Yeah.

Benson into the intercom box --

BENSON

Okay, bring them in.

In the other room, the line up lines up.

Jen takes a good look.

STABLER

Do you recognize anyone.

After a beat.

CALDER

I don't know. Sort of looks like number four, but...what if I'm wrong.

BENSON

It would be a trial issue.

CONTINUED

29G CONTINUED

29G

CALDER

Trial...

STABLER

By then, we'll have the DNA results --

CALDER

(a face)

The stuff on my skirt.

BENSON

I know, I know...

CALDER

So it doesn't matter if I'm right or wrong. You don't really need me at all.

BENSON

We need your I.D. to arraign, to indict him in front of a grand jury.

CALDER

But in front of a jury -- doesn't really matter, does it, what I see in here. All that matters is if something on my skirt matches his 'genetic material.'

STABLER

No, how that material got there is most important --

CALDER

I don't see him.

Off of Benson and Stabler --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

30 INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

30

Cragen and A.D.A. Erica Alden vent their mutual frustration. Jackson sits impassively.

A.D.A. ALDEN

You can always re-arrest him if the DNA tests ever match...

CRAGEN

That'll take a miracle.

JACKSON

They happen.

CRAGEN

(staring)

Don't even.

(to A.D.A.)

I'd rather re-arrest him on a lesser charge.

A.D.A. ALDEN

Third-Degree Sexual Misconduct -- for fondling on the train? Problem is, why would he cop to that if he knows he's got a pass on the rapes?

JACKSON

Because he knows he's guilty.

CRAGEN

So use it.

She gets up.

JACKSON

So watch me.

CUT TO

31 INT. INTERROGATION - DAY

31

Jackson comes in, faces Bruce and his lawyer. Cragen watches this scene through the observation window.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

BRUCE'S LAWYER

It's about time.

JACKSON

Your meter's running, what do you care about time?

BRUCE'S LAWYER

(acts offended)

My client can ill afford --

JACKSON

(pleasant)

Oh, shut up, Counselor.

(to Bruce)

I'm Audrey Jackson, a court appointed shrink. How're you feeling?

BRUCE

I don't know...not that hot.

JACKSON

Okay, well -- the police aren't going to hold you on the rapes -- they know you didn't do them.

BRUCE

I didn't think they believed me.

JACKSON

They didn't -- but that's their job. You like riding the subway, Bruce?

BRUCE

Yes. The motion -- you know. It rocks you side to side, front to back...

JACKSON

It's soothing?

BRUCE

Yes.

JACKSON

Like being in the womb.

BRUCE'S LAWYER

Oh please -- what's the point of this blather?

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED (2)

31

JACKSON

To help him feel better.

BRUCE'S LAWYER

That's my job.

But Bruce holds up both hands, as to arguing parents.

BRUCE

I came here from Wisconsin, a little town near Green Bay. I was the geek, okay? In a farming community. Football-crazy people. But I was 'artistic,' so I came to New York...it was my dream.

JACKSON

(gently)

Okay. So what happened?

BRUCE

I don't know. It all just... evaporated. The other day? I got drunk. I went to some porno place, where they dance behind the window? And the next thing I knew, my face was against the glass, and I was weeping -- for everything.

JACKSON

So when you got on the subway, you'd already relieved yourself.

BRUCE

(ashamed)

Yes.

JACKSON

So you weren't looking for sex.

BRUCE

No! I was just...

JACKSON

Just what?

BRUCE

Lonely. And I saw her...But then I realized what I was doing and then pulled back. All I wanted was some contact.

CUT TO

32 INT. BENSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

32

Making out. Not well.

BENSON

What.

GANZNER

Nothing.

BENSON

We don't have to. It's fine...

GANZNER

No -- I want to. It's just...

BENSON

Sex crimes. You're seeing what I see, is that it?

GANZNER

Yes. I mean, you close your eyes, is that it? To have sex?

BENSON

I have sex with my eyes wide open.

GANZNER

Tell me what you see.

He has his hands on her elbows, turns her around, so he's behind her.

BENSON

I'm not sure...

GANZNER

Do you ever...

He's kissing her neck, moving against her.

BENSON

What?

GANZNER

You know -- fantasize. About...

BENSON

About what?

GANZNER

Cases.

(moving against
her)

The subway guy...

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

She breaks free, looks at him with cold, bright disgust.

BENSON

I'm going to wash my hands, my face.
Put on fresh lipstick. Make sure
you're gone when I come out.

As she heads for the bathroom he stares at her back. Then shrugs. Gets his coat, goes to the door. Stops at her desk and -- glaring quickly at the bathroom door -- starts rummaging.

CUT TO

33 INT. DELANCY STREET SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

33

Another train stopped. Munch and Jeffries move through the mess of an attack that happened during the evening rush.

They find their favorite Transit Cop, whose shoulders visibly fall when he sees them.

MUNCH

Again.

Transit Cop just nods. This is defeating all of them.

MUNCH

How's the woman?

TRANSIT COP

She's like in shock or something.
Couldn't even speak. Took her to the
hospital.

Munch moves around the platform.

JEFFRIES

Anything different?

TRANSIT COP

One eye witness grabbed the guy's coat
as he was running -- something fell
out -- a card, she thought.

MUNCH

Where?

TRANSIT COP

On the stairs -- on the platform.
(beat)
Be my guest.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

Jeffries snaps on some plastic gloves. Begins picking up used Metro Cards. It's one of many.

Munch snaps on some gloves, bends down beside a bench -- pauses when the stench hits him -- then keeps on. From a pile of crap he fishes out a parking stub.

MUNCH

You use the subway, why do you have a parking stub?

JEFFRIES

Commuter.

(checks the ticket)

Queens. Six fifty a.m. Today.

MUNCH

(re: garbage)

All this other stuff -- putrefied. Rancid. At least this is fresh.

JEFFRIES

(nodding)

A fresh lead.

MUNCH

(let's go)

A fresh lead, indeed.

Clutching the parking stub he takes the stairs, two at a time.

CUT TO

34 EXT. QUEENS PARKING LOT - DAY

34

Place closest to a train stop. Ahmal, and his day visitors, Munch and Jeffries. Music plays on a shitty old radio.

He checks the claim ticket number against three rows of claim tickets inside his hut.

Nothing. Stops, taps the claim ticket. Nervous.

MUNCH

Car's not here.

AHMAL

No, it's not.

MUNCH

This doesn't surprise you.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

AHMAL

Uh...

JEFFRIES

Can I see your records?

Ahmal moves aside, be my guest.

MUNCH

So how does someone claim a car without a ticket.

AHMAL

Policy is, lost ticket pays maximum.

JEFFRIES

Looks like this car was picked up. A few hours ago.

MUNCH

Policy is, lost ticket, you keep the maximum?

AHMAL

I don't want to get fired.

JEFFRIES

Did you know the guy?

AHMAL

Always parks here.

JEFFRIES

What does he look like?

AHMAL

White. Skinny. Pointy nose.

MUNCH

What kind of car he drive?

AHMAL

Drives a couple different kinds. A van, a truck -- but they're all from the same place.

MUNCH

Place where he works?

AHMAL

Guess so. Dewell's. Dewell's Painting Contractors..

CUT TO

35 INT. DEWELL'S PAINTING CONTRACTORS - DAY

35

Mr. Dewell himself is not white, in his forties, or skinny. We see men in paint-splattered white clothes; the men are brown-skinned.

DEWELL

Only one white guy -- Sal Avelino.

MUNCH

How long's he been with you?

DEWELL

About a year. Moved here from somewhere. He's only part time. Not even that.

JEFFRIES

Explain.

DEWELL

Because when he takes a car, you never know when he's going to come back. Like this morning -- he goes out on a supply run, comes back three hours later. I'm gonna can his ass one of these days.

MUNCH

He gone at the same time everyday?

DEWELL

No. Depends on what the job is, what the errand is. Few days ago, he's on a lunch break that lasted all afternoon.

MUNCH

Maybe he drinks.

DEWELL

(shaking head)

I drink. Him -- it's something else.

(shrugging)

Women?

JEFFRIES

He here now?

DEWELL

Should be.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

35

Dewell leads them back through some heavy plastic doors, into a paint mixing room, where a guy stands in front of two shiny metal cans having the shit shook out of them by a paint mixer machine. It's thumping loud --

DEWELL

Hey, Sal --

Skinny white Sal turns his forty year-old beak nose around to face Munch and Jeffries.

SAL

What do you want?

MUNCH

A gallon of the truth, Sal.

As he badges him:

CUT TO

36 OMITTED

36

37 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

37

Munch and Jeffries lead Sal in.

MUNCH

Empty your pockets, Picasso.

As he counts:

SAL

I want it all back.

MUNCH

Twelve dollars and thirty-six cents.

(to Jeffries)

Will you voucher Mister Avelino's vast personal fortune, Detective?

SAL

You don't have to be snotty.

MUNCH

(going off)

Yes I do -- it's in my genes. I was raised to use sarcasm as a weapon.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED

37

SAL
Because you feel inadequate in other
ways, is that it?

Munch, too easily goaded today, calms down with an effort.

MUNCH
Yes. Yeah, that's it.

He goes back to the wallet.

MUNCH
Credit card, Y membership. Driver's
license, two driver's licenses --

JEFFRIES
Why two licenses?

MUNCH
Mister Avelino?

SAL
Let me see that.

MUNCH
(ignoring him)
Guy's got a woman's I.D. in his wallet --
Sidra Lonstein.

He turns the license over.

MUNCH
An organ donor.
(beat)
Sal?

SAL
What?

JEFFRIES
Who is she?

SAL
I have no idea.

MUNCH
Just some anonymous organ donor. You
keeping her license in case she needs
help giving up a kidney?

SAL
I don't know anything about her.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED (2)

37

MUNCH

That's okay --
(handing license to
Jeffries)
We'll find out.

As Jeffries picks up the phone, Munch pulls out a card.

MUNCH

What's this?

He holds up Sal's Metro Card.

SAL

My metro card.

MUNCH

A record of your travels. Okay Sal,
let's see where the day took you.

CUT TO

38 INT. NYC TRANSIT - DAY

38

Munch and Jeffries follow Greenberg down a hallway toward
another room --

GREENBERG

This will only tell you when and where
this guy got on, not where he got off.

They stop at an actual computer.

MUNCH

Careful, don't look at that directly.
It'll burn your eyes.

Greenberg feeds Sal's Metro Card into the tracking computer,
punches a few buttons. On the screen appears -- nothing.

GREENBERG

Oh, great.

JEFFRIES

What?

GREENBERG

System's frozen.

MUNCH

(can't believe)
You call this 'doing your part'?

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

GREENBERG

It's ancient technology -- whattya you want from me?

MUNCH

The dates of the attacks -- February twelfth, March nineteenth, March twenty-eighth, April eleventh -- we need them.

GREENBERG

Again, I ask you -- what would you like me to do?

Munch stares at the bureaucrat. Then:

MUNCH

I'd like you to go sit on the third rail.

As Greenberg sputters, Munch leaves, waving him off.

CUT TO

39 INT. INTERROGATION - DAY

39

Stabler with Sal and his lawyer. They are not comfortable in their silence.

SAL

I don't feel well.

STABLER

Makes two of us.

SAL

No, I really think I'm coming down with something.

STABLER

You're saying you're sick.

SAL

Yeah.

STABLER

That's a news item.

SAL

Hey -- don't be a wise-ass.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED

39

Stabler blows his nose, wads the tissue and lobs a three-pointer into the trash can. He comes over to Sal, slowly. Smiling. Leans in.

STABLER

Salvatore.

He whispers something in Sal's ear -- we hear "morte," "faccia di babuino," "un pistole," etc., as he corkscrews his index finger into Sal's temple. Sal blanches, lays his head on the table and groans.

CUT TO

40 OMITTED

40

41 INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

41

Sal's lawyer argues with Cragen --

SAL'S LAWYER

My client can't do a line-up right now.

CRAGEN

He can rest between the I.D.'s.

SAL'S LAWYER

Okay, but he wants to be first in line.

CRAGEN

You want to be number one, Sal?

SAL

Yeah.

CRAGEN

Is that your lucky number?

SAL

Matter of fact, it is.

CRAGEN

Okay -- number one it is. Good luck.

CUT TO

42 INT. LINE-UP - DAY

42

Cragen, Jeffries, Munch. Calder watches the men come in -- she stares right at Sal the whole time. When number one holds up his card:

CALDER

Number one.

CRAGEN

I'm sorry, you have to wait until all five are present.

The fifth man comes in. The moment he raises his number:

CALDER

Number one.

Cragen nods at Munch and Jeffries, who lead her out.

43 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

43

Jeffries walks Calder down the hall past the room where the others are sequestered.

CALDER

Now what?

JEFFRIES

We'll contact you about testifying...

CALDER

Okay.

She hangs back a little.

JEFFRIES

You did well, Jen. Thank you.

Calder nods, walks away. Jeffries opens the door.

JEFFRIES

Next, please.

We see Ken Briscoe watching over the witnesses. He nods at Sporty Spice, who gets up.

CUT TO

43A INT. INTERROGATION/OBSERVATION - DAY

43A

Sporty Spice looks at the line-up. Cragen, Jeffries, Munch watch her.

CRAGEN

Whenever you're ready...

SPORTY SPICE

Number one.

Sal it is.

CRAGEN

Thank you.

He nods at Jeffries, who takes her out.

CUT TOP

43B INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

43B

Ken Briscoe watches as Jen Calder comes in.

CALDER

I forgot my sweater.

BRISCOE

(nervous)

I'll get it....

But she breezes over to her chair takes her sweater off the back. Rapidly:

MASCARA

How was it?

BRISCOE

Don't --

CALDER

Short and quick.

MEEK PINK

Like him --

BRISCOE

Everybody stop -- Miss Calder, you can't --

CONTINUED

43B CONTINUED

43B

MASCARA
The little bastard.

As Jeffries opens the door -- sees Calder; reacts.

JEFFRIES
Oh, great...

CUT TO

44 OMITTED
AND
44A

44
AND
44A

45 INT. SVU HALLWAY - DAY

45

Cragen and Munch tearing into Ken Briscoe --

MUNCH
What did Jen say?

BRISCOE
She said it was quick.

MUNCH
They can't talk. What were you
thinking --

BRISCOE
It happened so fast --

MUNCH
You better work on your reflexes, pal --

BRISCOE
Hey, on the street, I'm fine. I had
seven women in there -- they started
yakking --

Munch and Jeffries throw up their hands, split.

CUT TO

45A OMITTED
AND
45B

45A
AND
45B

46 INT. COURT - DAY

46

Munch and Jeffries with A.D.A. Alden vs. Sal and his lawyer in front of Judge Kevin Beck and a Grand Jury.

SAL'S LAWYER

Of course they identified my client. They had prior knowledge he was in the line-up.

A.D.A. ALDEN

What was actually said was that the process was quick.

SAL'S LAWYER

'Like him.'

JUDGE BECK

Meaning your client.

SAL'S LAWYER

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE BECK

Which puts the others in a prejudicial state of mind.

A.D.A. ALDEN

Because of the absolute certainty with which the first two rape victims identified their attacker, Your Honor -- i.e. Sal Avelino.

SAL'S LAWYER

Who, apart from contaminated eyewitnesses, is linked to these appalling crimes by an unpaid parking stub.

A.D.A. ALDEN

Plus a metro card, and eight DNA samples.

JUDGE BECK

Which, without those I.D.'s don't mean anything except that they had sex.

SAL'S LAWYER

Exactly, Your Honor. Move to dismiss.

JUDGE BECK

(after a deep sigh)
Case dismissed.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

46

Munch watches in disgust as Sal looks up to heaven and says
a big thank you.

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

47 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

47

Cragen, Stabler, Benson, Munch.

STABLER

Consensual sex on the subway with a stranger holding a box cutter. What planet is this judge from?

BENSON

Planet of the Apes.

Cragen studies a copy of the woman's driver's license from Sal's wallet.

CRAGEN

What about this woman, Sidra Lonstein.

BENSON

She hasn't returned our calls, DMV hasn't issued her a new license.

CRAGEN

(frustrated)

Sal Avelino's way over twenty-one, people -- he doesn't need fake I.D.

STABLER

Seven months ago, all her credit card numbers changed. So did her address.

CRAGEN

For all we know, she's one of his victims. And an uncontaminated c/w.

MUNCH

Could we be that lucky?

CRAGEN

Take your partner, find out.

Stabler and Munch exchange a look --

STABLER

I'll go with you.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

CRAGEN
Where's Jeffries?

MUNCH
Just waiting to arrest him.

CUT TO

48 EXT. QUEENS TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

48

Sal squats on the pavement, slices open a carton of paint cans with a box cutter. Takes out a gallon, heads into the apartment building.

About fifty feet away, Jeffries watches his every move, on a hunt of her own.

CUT TO

49 INT. GANZNER'S OFFICE - DAY

49

Benson walks in carrying a file, and a newspaper.

BENSON
Nice article, Nicky.

GANZNER
(awkwardly)
Olivia -- I was going to call you...

BENSON
Of course you were. After I get reamed by my boss for letting you read a confidential police transcript?

GANZNER
You didn't let me -- I dug it up on my own.

BENSON
Yeah, yeah -- a reporter's instinct. But Cragen won't care about the details -- I screwed up.

GANZNER
(phony sincere)
Don't be too hard on yourself, Olivia.

BENSON
(furious)
Don't you dare.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

49

She throws the file on his desk.

GANZNER

(shaken)

What's this?

BENSON

A cold case. You want a good story?

GANZNER

No, that's okay -- I --

BENSON

(leaning in)

Read it. Read it.

GANZNER

Philip Sternhagen. Convicted of a strangulation/torture...

(looking up)

Who the hell is this?

BENSON

A man with a rich fantasy life, who couldn't stop. A man who used women without the slightest twinge of regret.

GANZNER

Okay, okay...

BENSON

A man like you, Ganzner.

All the reporters stare at Ganzner. They've overheard it all. Benson shakes her head, walks away.

CUT TO

50 EXT. LONSTEIN APARTMENT - DAY

50

Super spies Munch and Stabler --

SUPER

Help you?

MUNCH

We're looking for Sidra, Sidra Lonstein?

A definite smile crosses the Super's face.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

SUPER

Ah, Sidra. The cleaning lady with the
Mona Lisa smile.

STABLER

She around?

SUPER

She's at work.

MUNCH

Where?

SUPER

The subway. Thirty-Fourth Street
station.

STABLER

(to Munch)

That's five blocks away.

SUPER

Yeah -- she always laughs about it --
she's gotta ride the subway to Ninety-
Sixth Street to punch in, then back
here -- five blocks from her house.
Never complains, though.

MUNCH

She must be a saint.

SUPER

She is.

CUT TO

51 INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

51

Munch and Stabler descend the stairs, see two women with a
pushcart and brooms. Drab uniforms.

STABLER

Still your anniversary?

MUNCH

Longest days of the year.

He takes out her driver's license.

MUNCH

That's her -- on the right.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

51

She looks up as Munch and Stabler approach. Smiles at them as if they'd known each other for years. She's quite pregnant.

MUNCH

Sidra?

SIDRA

Yes.

MUNCH

I'm Detective Munch, this is Detective Stabler.

SIDRA

Hello. This is my friend, Kelli.

STABLER

This your driver's license?

She takes it.

SIDRA

Yes. Thank you.

Munch shows her an array, with Sal's mug shot.

MUNCH

Do you know any of these men?

SIDRA

They all look the same. Homeless?

STABLER

What?

SIDRA

Are they homeless? No, I mean -- I figured he's hungry. There's so much desperation down here, and they all look hungry.

Munch and Stabler look at her, beaming. At each other, confused.

MUNCH

(to Kelli)

You got a sec?

Munch walks with the woman along the platform.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED (2)

51

MUNCH

What's going on, Kelli?

KELLI

What do you mean?

MUNCH

Your friend -- she always this spacy?

KELLI

That's just Sidra. Plus now she's pregnant, the hormones are making her even more...

MUNCH

Spacy.

Kelli laughs.

KELLI

She actually doesn't care about stuff like driver's licenses -- I had to call the credit card companies for her. She felt sorry for the pickpocket.

Munch shakes his head; they walk back towards Stabler and Sidra, as:

MUNCH

She's not of this world. So who's the father of the child -- some alien?

KELLI

Could be -- she actually has no idea.

MUNCH

None.

KELLI

She's actually...she always says she's saving herself.

MUNCH

For whom?

KELLI

(shrugging)

For God.

As Munch and Kelli rejoin Stabler and Sidra.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED (3)

51

STABLER

Miss Lonstein's going to stop by and
look at other pictures with us.

MUNCH

Good. Good.

She holds out her hand to Munch who shakes it. Then
Stabler.

STABLER

I'd better not -- I have a wicked
cold.

But she takes it, squeezes it between her two hands.

CUT TO

52 EXT. STREET - DAY

52

Munch, Stabler walk, and talk.

STABLER

She said someone bumped her on one of
the trains, about seven months ago.

MUNCH

When she lost her wallet.

STABLER

Yeah. She said somebody grabbed her
wallet -- she never said rape. But
obviously, somebody got a hold of
her...

MUNCH

What'd you say?

STABLER

I said, somebody --

MUNCH

No -- you said 'hold,' not 'hode.'
Got a hold of her.

STABLER

What are you talking about?

MUNCH

I'm talking about your wicked cold,
Detective -- it's gone.

Stabler breathes in, damn. It's true.

CUT TO

53 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

53

Sidra and Benson, Stabler. At the computer.

SIDRA

Curly hair --

(as Benson
compiles)

Yes. Like that.

STABLER

What about his nose?

SIDRA

Thin -- a little long.

BENSON

(computing)

Like this?

SIDRA

Yes.

SCREEN -- Sal Avelino's face.

SIDRA

Him.

CUT TO

54 INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

54

Jackson with Cragen, observing them.

CRAGEN

A nice Jewish girl --

JACKSON

Who thinks she's the Virgin Mary.

(beat)

Immaculate conception.

CRAGEN

I suppose that is the ultimate sex
crime.

JACKSON

Actually, it's possible.

CRAGEN

It's possible she's in denial about
being raped on the Thirty-Fourth
Street station.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

54

JACKSON

(smiles)

Well, this is role reversal.

CRAGEN

What is?

JACKSON

You talking about denial.

CRAGEN

Can the Deputy Commissioner un-stick you here?

JACKSON

I called her doctor, to see if she'd had any odd behavior, anything out of the ordinary.

CRAGEN

And.

JACKSON

Behavior, no. But...he did write one thing off to hormones -- I mean, it happens, but...

CRAGEN

What.

JACKSON

Doctor said her hymen's still intact. He examines her, it grows back.

CRAGEN

This is all fascinating, Audrey, and I'm sure it'll make the cover of Parapsychology Today. Meanwhile, we have a rapist to pick up.

He grabs the phone, punches.

CRAGEN

Jeffries? He there?

CUT TO

55 EXT. STREET - DAY

55

Jeffries on cell phone, watching across the street as Sal loads his van. Munch is with her.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

JEFFRIES

He's here.

(nodding)

Got it.

She clicks off, nods to Munch.

JEFFRIES

Captain said pick up the trash.

They head across the street, Jeffries in the lead.

JEFFRIES

Sal Avelino? You're under arrest.

Sal stops.

JEFFRIES

Put your hands up on the roof of the truck.

He turns -- a box cutter in his hand. Munch grabs his weapon.

MUNCH

Knife...

But Jeffries already has Sal's wrist -- she yanks it, and the knife screeches across the metal of the van. As she doubles his arm behind his back:

CUT TO

56 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

56

Jeffries and Munch lead Sal into the station. There's an enormous flower arrangement on Munch's desk. As he reads the card:

SAL

(nasty)

Planning your funeral?

Munch turns to snap something back; he opens his mouth, but nothing comes out. Instead, he smiles, tucks the card into his jacket, then takes the flowers over to Sidra, who's sitting quietly on a bench.

MUNCH

Miss Lonstein? These are for you.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

SIDRA

Really?

MUNCH

They were a gift from one of my ex-wives -- it's our anniversary today.

SIDRA

Oh. Well -- she must be a lovely person.

MUNCH

You know, she is. But I'd like you to have them.

SIDRA

Well, thanks.

She looks up, sees Sal being fingerprinted by Jeffries. After Munch leaves, she walks over. Looks at him. He looks at her.

Cragen comes out with coffee, sees what's going on.

CRAGEN

Get him out of here.

Sal stares at her. At her pregnant belly.

SAL

You're going to have a baby.

She looks at him. Shakes her head slightly.

SIDRA

Yes.

JEFFRIES

(to Sal)

Let's go.

But Sal drags behind.

SAL

My baby?

Jeffries pushes Sal ahead, toward lock-up. She just smiles at him, lovingly. Hands on belly.

SAL

When I get out, I'll be with you -- you and our baby. Okay?

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED (2)

56

As Sidra smiles, Jeffries shoves him. Munch comes rushing back in.

MUNCH

What happened?

Shoves him out of the room.

CRAGEN

Perps ID'ing the victims. I think we just made the A.D.A.'s day.

Cragen heads toward his office.

SIDRA

You never know what's going to happen.

She lightly puts her hand on Munch.

MUNCH

You never know.

SIDRA

You'll find someone. Not everyone gets corrupted.

Off Munch --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR