

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. #EO922
January 14, 2000 (F.R.)
Rev. 1/19/00 (F.R.)
Rev. 1/20/00 (F.R.)
Rev. 1/21/00 (F.R.)
Rev. 1/23/00 (F.R.)

"LAW & ORDER:
SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT"

"NOCTURNE"

Written by
Wendy West

Prod. #EO922

"LAW & ORDER:

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT"

"NOCTURNE"

SCRIPT REVISION HISTORY

<u>DATE</u>	<u>COLOR</u>	<u>PAGES</u>
1/14/00	White	1-63
1/19/00	Pink	1-63
1/20/00	Blue	1-63
1/21/00	Yellow	1-67
1/23/00	Green	1-67

LAW & ORDER:

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT

"NOCTURNE"

CAST

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

KATHY STABLER
DICKIE STABLER
ELIZABETH STABLER
MAUREEN STABLER
KATHLEEN STABLER
CLERK
LOK
LARRY HOLT
A.D.A. JEFF HICKEY
RICKY
TAYLOR CAMPBELL

OSLOW
SAM HOLT

OFFICER TULIA
KID (JONATHAN)
JONATHAN'S FATHER
JUDGE ROTHMAN
JUDGE KEVIN BECK
VIDEO KID (EVAN)
WINDOW WOMAN
SINGLE MOM
GROCER
OWNER
EVAN'S MOM

P.D.
JUDGE PAMELA MIZENER

"LAW & ORDER:

SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT"

"NOCTURNE"

SETS

INTERIORS:

PRECINCT
SQUADROOM
CRAGEN'S OFFICE
INTERROGATION ROOM
OBSERVATION ROOM

INTERVIEW ROOM
QWICK-STOP PHOTO DEVELOPER

BROWNSTONE
HOLT'S APARTMENT

LESSON ROOM
TV ROOM

COURTHOUSE
JUDGE'S CHAMBERS

ANOTHER BROWNSTONE
GROCERY STORE
VIDEO STORE
JUDGE ROTHMAN'S FOYER
EVAN'S FAMILY'S APT.
KITCHEN
STABLER HOUSE

LIVING ROOM
CHEAP HOTEL

EXTERIORS:

MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS
HOLT'S BROWNSTONE

CRACK HOUSE

APARTMENT DOOR
STREETS
ANOTHER BROWNSTONE

LAW & ORDER:SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT"NOCTURNE"TEASER

FADE IN

1 OMITTED
AND
1A

1
AND
1A

2 INT. QWICK-STOP PHOTO DEVELOPER - DAY

2

Street sounds french kiss with popular seventies music --
sappy Elton John played over a '70's speaker system as we
see --

Machine digests film and poops out photos poop poop poop and
a mechanical arm shoves each photo aside and back into the
hands of Mr. Gen-Y clerk.

Quality control -- he flips through them. The flip-book
plays a film --

A young boy's face, smiling. He's missing a front tooth.

That same boy, pulling his red-and-blue striped shirt up
over his head. He sits on a piano bench.

Same boy, shirtless, standing in front of a large baby grand
piano. Our boy poses with a large open bottle of tequila.
Makes a muscle.

Clerk meanders over to Mr. Lok, older guy trying to keep the
shop afloat.

CLERK

Uh, Mr. Lok...

CUT TO

3 INT. QWICK-STOP PHOTO DEVELOPER - LATER

3

We flip through the photos again.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

LOK (O.S.)

Guy dropped these off forty-five minutes ago.

Now it's Benson and Stabler who flip through the photos as Mr. Lok watches. His arms are crossed, he rubs his elbow, uncomfortable. The Clerk shoves his hands in the pockets of his baggy pants.

LOK

Photomat down the way closed -- this the first time I seen him.

STABLER

Guy's name?

The Clerk checks the photo-drop envelope.

CLERK

Holt. Larry Holt.

LOK

Had a coupon.

CLERK

These photos ain't right.

BENSON

There's nothing exactly wrong with them, either.

LOK

I see a lot of photos of kids -- baby's first step, baby's second step, baby's third step -- These are weird.

CLERK

Few weeks ago, area rep came in about this kind of thing. Told us to call if we see anything weird.

BENSON

But they're a far cry from child porn.

STABLER

Maybe. Maybe not. His shirt is off in one photo. And...

Stabler stops at a photo of the smiling boy at the piano. His ankles are crossed, his hands above the keys, as he looks coyly at the camera.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED (2)

3

STABLER

This child's posed.

(passes the photo
to Benson)Look at the way he's looking at the
camera.

CLERK

Yeah. That's it.

Stabler spreads the photos out on the counter. Each takes a
closer look.

BENSON

Open bottle of alcohol --

(shrugs)

Endangering the welfare of a child...

STABLER

But...what, you don't think that's
enough to make an arrest...

BENSON

No, EWC is all we can arrest him on --
we're gonna have a hard time proving
this is child porn --

STABLER

Gut feeling: this is only the tip of
the iceberg. Guy gets one whiff of us
and he cleans out everything.

BENSON

So we follow him for a few weeks, and
don't waft his way.

The door jingles open. In walks a sweet fellow, white hair.
He has kind eyes. He takes in Benson and Stabler as he
proceeds to the counter. Stops when he sees...

HOLT

What's going on here?

Benson and Stabler exchange a look. Plowing forward --

STABLER

(quietly to Benson)

So much for wafting his way.

(to Holt)

These your photos?

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED (3)

3

HOLT

Yes...

Holt eyes Stabler's gun.

HOLT

Detective.

BENSON

Name?

Benson moves to the door, blocking it.

HOLT

Holt. H-O-L-T.

STABLER

Stabler. N-Y-P-D.

Off Stabler, badging Holt --

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

4 INT. INTERROGATION OBSERVATION - DAY

4

Cragen, none too happy with Benson and Stabler. Holt sits with his expensive lawyer, Oslow, in Interrogation. Cragen has the photos.

STABLER

Because where there's one photo,
there's a hundred more.

CRAGEN

You don't even have EWC --

STABLER

The kid is clearly under eighteen and
that bottle is clearly over eighty
proof.

CRAGEN

You don't know that! You can't prove
that's not apple juice. You can't
prove that kid drank from the bottle.
Kid may have found a stash --

STABLER

Which is EWC!

CRAGEN

You jumped the gun --

BENSON

No -- we didn't have another choice.
Holt knew we were detectives -- if
there are other photos --

STABLER

And there are --

BENSON

He would've gone straight home and
destroyed them.

Cragen looks at Holt. At his lawyer. Guy is a shit and we
all know it. Cragen moves out into --

5 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

5

As Cragen heads back to his office, he hands Stabler the photos.

CRAGEN

But there's nothing in those photos
that we can do anything about.

STABLER

Captain, look at this one --

Stabler shows Cragen another picture of the smiling boy at the piano. He sits on the piano bench, hugging his knees to his chest and giving that same coy smile -- chin dropped, eyes looking up at the person taking the photo.

STABLER

Middle of winter, kid's wearing hot
pants --

CRAGEN

They're shorts.

STABLER

Shorts that ride up a little too high
on his leg --

CRAGEN

Growth spurt.

STABLER

Someone had to tell this boy to drop
his chin and smile -- that's not
normal --

CRAGEN

Unless you're in a beauty pageant.

STABLER

How many boys go Jon Benet?

Cragen takes the photo, looks closely.

CRAGEN

Keep going.

A.D.A. Hickey enters, briefcase in hand, Stabler hands him the photos --

STABLER

Not usually like this. The look, the
pose -- these are learned. Taught.
And not by other kids.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

STABLER (CONT'D)

And the kind of man who takes these pictures is going to keep them, cherish them. Collect them.

A.D.A. HICKEY

How's the kid in the photos related to Holt?

BENSON

Guy is a piano teacher. This is his student.

STABLER

These are sexualized photos. Pedophiles keep evidence of their sexual acts -- I know there are more photos in Holt's apartment.

A.D.A. HICKEY

And I suppose you want a warrant now, based on your ESP?

STABLER

Yeah, I do.

CRAGEN

This is post McMartin, people.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Any judge worth her salt will throw out Holt's arrest at arraignment.

From Interrogation, Holt's lawyer, Oslow, emerges, beelines to Cragen --

OSLOW

My client has informed me that you took his watch, his wallet, his house keys --

CRAGEN

We voucher all personal property at the time of arrest in order to prevent theft or accidental loss.

OSLOW

I need those keys.

CRAGEN

Why.

OSLOW

Need to get in that house.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED (2)

5

CRAGEN

Tell me why.

OSLOW

(fuck you)

Need to feed the dog.

CRAGEN

(fuck the dog)

Dog'll be fine.

OSLOW

Where are my client's keys.

CRAGEN

Property clerk.

End of the line. Oslow whips around, heads back into
Interrogation.

CRAGEN

You make a run to the property clerk?

Benson opens her desk drawer. Pulls out a giant envelope.
Out spills Holt's wallet, keys, watch.

BENSON

In about two hours.

STABLER

There is something in that house.

He looks to Cragen. Will he back him up? After a beat --

CRAGEN

I'll put a Uniform on the door.

A.D.A. HICKEY

We get probable cause, we get a
warrant.

CRAGEN

Kid in the photos?

BENSON

It's a small neighborhood --

STABLER

Let's go --

CRAGEN

But I caution you -- we're looking for
witnesses. Not necessarily victims.

CUT TO

6 EXT. HOLT'S NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS - DAY

6

Street sounds -- car honks at a gaggle of kids crossing in a crosswalk as --

Benson and Stabler pull up in front of Holt's brownstone -- where a guy in an expensive coat, Sam Holt, heatedly argues with the officer on duty, Tulia.

SAM HOLT

Who the hell are you to tell me I
can't go in there --

OFFICER TULIA

My lieutenant told me to stand here,
not let anyone in, and that's what I'm
doing --

SAM HOLT

You can't stop me --

OFFICER TULIA

I can, and I am --

Benson and Stabler scramble out of the car --

STABLER

Problem here?

Stabler badges Sam -- and his song instantly changes --

SAM HOLT

Yes. Hi.

STABLER

Hi.

SAM HOLT

This officer is preventing me from
entering --

STABLER

You live here?

SAM HOLT

No, my father --

STABLER

Then I'm sorry, these premises are
secured --

SAM HOLT

Do you...have a warrant?

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

STABLER

It's before a judge. And until she
rules, we're going to keep this place
locked down.

Sam Holt regards Stabler. Smiles.

SAM HOLT

Thanks.

And leaves...

OFFICER TULIA

They got a money tree in this place,
what?

STABLER

I don't know.

Tulia shakes his head no. Benson checks out the mail
box/buzzer --

BENSON

This whole place belongs to Holt.

STABLER

(looks around)

Nice place.

Car goes by blaring music. Down the street, a kid
approaches.

BENSON

Too nice. Where's a piano teacher get
that kind of money?

STABLER

Rich white guy moves into this
neighborhood -- it's not by accident.

Benson and Stabler look around -- sees across the street an
elementary school --

BENSON

Think he moved across the street from
an elementary school by accident?

STABLER

Set himself up good.

The Kid stops at the foot of the steps, watching Benson,
Stabler, Tulia. Kid looks familiar. Stabler smiles at the
kid.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED (2)

6

KID

Excuse me.

Kid moves past them.

STABLER

Where are you going?

KID

I'm here for my piano lesson.

Stabler smiles at the child, prompting a smile in return. And when he does, we see that front tooth missing. No question, it's the kid from the photos.

CUT TO

7 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

7

Benson with the kid, whose name is Jonathan. Eight years old. Paper and crayons in front of him. He's smart for his age, head too big for his body, awkward. A nerd in the making. His father sits next to him, elbows on the table, leaning forward, anxious.

BENSON

Mr. Holt a good teacher?

JONATHAN

You know. Good.

BENSON

Did he ever touch you when you were playing?

JONATHAN

He always keeps his hand on my back when I play. It's for posture.

BENSON

Did that make you uncomfortable?

Jonathan glances at his father. Yes, it did.

JONATHAN

My dad said that's okay.

The father shrugs slightly.

JONATHAN'S FATHER

Look, that teacher's like that with all his students.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

BENSON

You go to his lessons?

JONATHAN'S FATHER

(defensive)

I work late.

BENSON

Who are his students?

JONATHAN'S FATHER

Kids in the neighborhood.

BENSON

Boys and girls?

JONATHAN

Girls.

(rolls eyes)

Please.

BENSON

I'll take that as a no.

JONATHAN

Yes.

BENSON

Jonathan, did Mr. Holt take a lot of pictures of you playing piano?

Jonathan nods.

JONATHAN

But he's got a lot of pictures. Calls them 'snappies.'

BENSON

Does he show them to you?

JONATHAN

(as if telling a secret)

No, I found them.

BENSON

Where?

JONATHAN

I turn the page on the music stand, snappies fall out.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED (2)

7

BENSON

Are they like the snappies he took of you?

JONATHAN

No. Those boys didn't have any clothes on.

Jonathan's father reacts. Benson glances toward the one-way glass --

CUT TO

8 INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

8

Where A.D.A. Hickey turns to Cragen and Stabler.

CRAGEN

There's your probable cause.

A.D.A. HICKEY

We aren't going to get a nighttime exemption. If we don't hit the door by nine, we won't be able to get in until six a.m. tomorrow.

CRAGEN

Holt's lawyer's pushing for arraignment --

STABLER

That Uniform is gone in two hours. If we don't get into that house tonight, someone else will.

CRAGEN

You two go file the warrant.

A.D.A. HICKEY

I'll page Judge Rothman, she owes me --

CRAGEN

We'll go in while the ink is drying.

CUT TO

9 INT. JUDGE'S ROTHMAN'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

9

A.D.A. Hickey and Stabler with Judge Rothman. Beautiful table in the entryway, with flowers. Behind her, Cognac, candles and fancy pants sit at a table, interrupted.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

9

Classical plays softly in the background. She reads the warrant --

JUDGE ROTHMAN

...Photos, negatives, slides, cameras, photographic equipment, books, magazines, Xeroxes, and printed material at the residence of Lawrence Holt, Thirty East Hundred and Twelfth Street --

As the judge is about to sign --

STABLER

Wait -- we'd better add videotapes. Film.

Judge Rothman looks at the A.D.A. who nods.

JUDGE ROTHMAN

Adding video cassettes, video tape, and film. Anything else --

A.D.A. HICKEY

It's three till nine.

JUDGE ROTHMAN

You got your warrant.

The judge lifts her pen to sign. As she puts ink to paper, A.D.A. Hickey whips out his cell phone, and button by button dials Benson's number. The judge lifts her pen; A.D.A. Hickey presses send. Judge checks her watch.

JUDGE ROTHMAN

Good luck.

CUT TO

10 EXT. HOLT'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

10

Benson answers her cell phone --

BENSON

You got it?

The second she hears A.D.A. Hickey's yes she clicks off, looks to Munch, Jefferies, and Officer Tulia --

BENSON

It's good -- let's go --

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

Three or four neighborhood folks gather -- eyeing them -- as Benson pushes past a guy in an ESU windbreaker who opened up the house. A car moves through, a thumping acid heartbeat of the neighborhood. Jeffries and Munch rush in after Benson, and we follow them --

11 INT. HOLT'S BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

11

Street sounds disappear. The place is still with quiet.

The mood instantly changes -- the chaos outside immediately replaced by the soothing pastel colors of a kid-friendly environment.

This place smells good, it is the kind of place you want to be.

The front hall has steps that are piano keys. Step on them, they make a sound. Munch steps on a key -- "G." It lets out a plaintive electronic whine.

BENSON (O.S.)

John...?

MUNCH

Guess the dog died.

Munch follows her voice down the hall and into a large room at the end of the hall.

12 INT. THE LESSON ROOM - NIGHT

12

Simple. Plain. Dominated by a baby grand, which we instantly recognize from the photos. One wall is windows. Couch along the other wall.

JEFFRIES

This place is so clean.

MUNCH

'The Lesson Room.'

A large poster -- a young kid called Taylor Campbell -- dominates one corner. Benson has opened the several large wood boxes -- like toy chests -- beside the couch. They are full of at the top, sheets and sheets of music whose covers read "Finger Builders." And at the bottom -- photo albums.

BENSON

What are 'finger builders'?

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

MUNCH

Exercises to strengthen your fingers.
For playing.

She flips through the album. It's full of old photos --
snappies -- square, rather than the now standard 3x5 photos
of boys smiling like the best of pals. Posed. Weird, like
the photos developed at the photo shop.

Munch heads toward the doorway at the end of the room.
Tries it. It's locked. He shoulders the door -- forcing it
open --

12A INT. T.V. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

12A

The light from the other room illuminates a camera on a
tripod. The camera is pointed at a large sheet of one-way
glass -- the reverse of the mirror in the other room.

The video camera's tentacles reach into that VCR above a
large T.V., which is on. Monitor blue fills the room. The
VCR blinks 12:00.

Benson walks in as Munch presses PLAY on the VCR.

We never see the screen. We watch Benson and Munch as they
hear: the sound of a kid's giggle. The beginning of "Ode to
Joy." And then Holt's voice --

HOLT (V.O.)

Good, good, but you must feel the
music --

The duet abruptly stops. Benson and Munch react as they see
Holt touch the child. Abuse the child.

Munch stops the VCR. Looks to Benson, and then looks at...

Rows and rows of videocassettes fill the built-in shelves
opposite the camera and tripod. The walls are black with
them. The rest of the iceberg.

Munch looks back to Benson.

As their minds reel at the sex and lies on the videotapes --

13 OMITTED
AND
14

13
AND
14

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

15 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

15

Holt's arraignment. A.D.A. Hickey addressing the bench.
Judge Kevin Beck presides.

JUDGE BECK

And forty-three photos in the albums
were obscene.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Yes, Your Honor.

From the defense, Holt's expensive lawyer, Oslow rises --

OSLOW

Your Honor -- May I?

JUDGE BECK

Briefly.

Oslow does.

OSLOW

I understand the Court is under
tremendous political pressure to
punish child abusers to the full
extent of the law.

JUDGE BECK

(waving him off)

Somehow, it never seems like enough.
Based on the evidence found, the
defendant is hereby charged with:
Endangering the Welfare of a Child;
Use of a Child in a Sexual
Performance; Promoting an Obscene
Sexual Performance by a Child...how
many tapes did you find?

A.D.A. HICKEY

Last count was one hundred and fifty-
seven.

JUDGE BECK

Impressive, Mr. Holt.

From the defense, Holt does not react. Behind him, his son,
Sam, watches intently.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

JUDGE BECK

Forty-four counts of Possessing an
Obscene Sexual Performance by a Child.

OSLOW

Your Honor, the People have clearly
not had time to inventory each
videocassette --

JUDGE BECK

Then we will all dread the discovery
process. Bail is denied, defendant is
remanded.

As the judge bangs his gavel --

CUT TO

A VIDEO IMAGE:

16 INT. THE LESSON ROOM - SEPTEMBER 23, 1987 - DAY

16

Every video image has a large time/date stamp on it.

The sound of a metronome. A young boy, about eight, mugs
for the camera. He's wearing a "Knight Rider" shirt --
placing him squarely in the mid-eighties. He's got life in
his big brown eyes.

Kid runs a toy truck along the keys.

HOLT

You ready to start?

VIDEO KID

Yeah, you come do it with me.

Young kid drops the truck and starts playing "Ode to Joy."

CUT TO

17 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - PRESENT DAY - CONTINUOUS

17

All crowd around PD-issue VCR and monitor.

CRAGEN

This the tape you found in the VCR.

BENSON

Yeah.

The music stops suddenly. One by one, our faces fall, bile
rising in the throat.

CUT TO

A VIDEO IMAGE:

18 INT. THE LESSON ROOM - APRIL 8, 1992 - DAY

18

An older kid, around twelve, sits at the piano struggling with "Für Elise." He sneaks a mischievous look toward the camera -- and smoothly transitions into the chorus of "Smells Like Teen Spirit." Holt walks into the corner of the frame, shaking his head.

CUT TO

19 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

19

MUNCH

What is this, Holt's greatest hits?

BENSON

How many kids are there?

CUT TO

A VIDEO IMAGE:

20 INT. THE LESSON ROOM - DECEMBER 5, 1995 - DAY

20

A kid now around fifteen sits at the piano, tearing through the middle movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." Holt sits next to him. Kid stops playing. With the ring finger on his left hand, he smoothes his left eyebrow three times. A nervous tic.

VIDEO KID

Please don't.

HOLT

Technique is discipline.

CUT TO

21 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

21

Stabler voices what each thinks --

STABLER

That's not a different kid.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

JEFFRIES

It's the same person.

CRAGEN

Growing up. Right in front of our eyes.

CUT TO

A VIDEO IMAGE:

22 INT. THE LESSON ROOM - JULY 14, 1999 - DAY

22

The boy now is a man, nineteen or twenty. He plays the finale to Beethoven's "Pathetique." When he finishes, he stands, and takes a very stiff, formal bow.

HOLT (O.S.)

That was very good. I felt your passion.

The video zooms in on the kid's face. Again, with the ring finger on his left hand, he smoothes his left eyebrow three times. Only briefly does he look directly into the camera --

VIDEO KID

Thank you.

And we see that his eyes are cold. Dead. Tape goes fuzzy.

CUT TO

23 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

23

The blare of static. Each of us looks wiped out. A.D.A. Hickey enters.

A.D.A. HICKEY

You watched the tape.

No one makes eye contact with him, each lost in their thoughts.

BENSON

Yeah.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Bad.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

STABLER

Yeah.

CRAGEN

We usually just hear about it after.

JEFFRIES

I want that guy. I want that guy gone forever.

A.D.A. Hickey turns the monitor off. Looks at the four boxes of videocassettes behind them.

A.D.A. HICKEY

There's a lot more to go through.

CRAGEN

Could be fifty -- hundred more kids.

Exchange of glances -- who'll step up?

MUNCH

I'll do it.

CRAGEN

You got Holt arraigned on possession and promoting -- we'll need to go back in, get his computer, daytimer, schedule.

STABLER

Wait a minute. Not abuse?

A.D.A. HICKEY

No. To do that, we need a complainant. We need an actual kid.

CRAGEN

(indicates the VCR)

We need that kid.

JEFFRIES

Well then, let's go.

CUT TO

24 EXT. HOLT'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

24

Street sounds. Mariachi polka music plays.

Stabler holds a video-capture image of the most recent image of the video kid's face, looking back at the camera.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

Stabler stares at it. He huddles with Benson, Jeffries and four other detectives, who are equally grim.

STABLER

Okay, let's go --

The team breaks. Spreads out into the neighborhood.

Benson and Stabler head up the steps of a brownstone near Holt's.

Benson presses a buzzer. No response. She presses another one.

From above, a woman leans out the window, looks down to see who it is.

Benson badges the woman --

WINDOW WOMAN

!Ay, la migra --!

She instantly slams the window shut --

BENSON

No! No --

BENSON

Creemos charlar, nada mas -- podremos regresar...

STABLER

She thinks we're INS.

BENSON

Somos la policia de la municipalidad --

STABLER

Same difference.

The window stays shut. So does the door. Benson looks to Stabler.

CUT TO

25 EXT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - DAY

25

Hear muffled talk show in the b.g., coming from the apartment.

Benson stands in the doorway talking with a bath-robed Single Mom, a five-year-old boy clutching her leg. She hands Benson back the photo of the video kid.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

SINGLE MOM

Looks familiar, but I don't know his name.

Benson regards her with an even look, knowing full well what a monster Holt is.

BENSON

Does your son take piano lessons from Mr. Holt?

SINGLE MOM

No. Not yet. My son, he doesn't like music very much. But I've been talking to Larry about that. Larry says it's never too late to develop an ear.

Off Benson --

CUT TO

26 INT. LOCAL GROCERY STORE - DAY

26

AM radio hugs the cash register. Plays tinny Roberta Flack. Three or four customers who refuse to line up crowd around the register, trying to pay for their few groceries.

The Grocer shakes his head at Stabler's photo of the video kid. This guy, like everyone else in the neighborhood, is suspicious of the police; even without a badge, Stabler stands out.

GROCER

Yeah, sure. Plays piano. Know who you should ask about him --

STABLER

Piano teacher.

GROCER

Yeah, Larry Holt. Lives across the way. Knows every kid in this neighborhood.

He unloads some bulk candy into some candy dispensers.

STABLER

What'd you know about him.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED 26

26

GROCER

(shrugs)

Guy's a piano teacher.

Stabler waits for more.

GROCER

Little fruity, but you know.

STABLER

Fruity.

GROCER

Yeah, always touching everything,
every one -- but you know.

STABLER

No, I don't.

GROCER

There was something going on, none of
my business.

STABLER

Was there something going on?

GROCER

Why you care -- you're only here after
something happens.

STABLER

I'm here now.

GROCER

Then that's your business.

Off Stabler --

CUT TO

27 INT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

27

Jeffries with the Owner and the photo of the video kid.
Sweeping orchestral John Williams soundtrack plays over the
stereo.

JEFFRIES

Holt rent a lot of children's videos?

OWNER

What'd he do?

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED

27

JEFFRIES

Did he?

OWNER

Yeah, so? He likes kids.
(quickly)
Not that way.

Jeffries doesn't respond.

OWNER

Look, I tell you right now, he's one
of the most decent guys I know. Gave
my own kids piano lessons for free.

JEFFRIES

What do your kids say about him.

OWNER

That he's strict. But they like him.
Anything funny going on, they'd tell
me.

Jeffries nods. If you think so, buddy.

OWNER

You don't know Larry Holt. He takes
kids and sees what they have in them,
that they can do anything -- you see
that kid?

He points to a BAM poster on the wall. It's been taken care
of -- cherished -- more than any of the movie posters. The
poster shows off Taylor Campbell -- black tux, piano, the
glory of success.

OWNER

Name is Taylor Campbell. Heard of
him?

JEFFRIES

No.

OWNER

Man can he play.

JEFFRIES

Holt his teacher, too?

OWNER

Holt makes a difference in people's
lives -- hell of a lot more than you
ever will.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED (2)

27

JEFFRIES
Thanks for your help.

CUT TO

28 EXT. HOLT'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK

28

From above, we see the three detectives converge. Street sounds -- roach coaches, their drivers shouting about hot tamales, churros...

JEFFRIES
People knew. This whole neighborhood knew --

STABLER
Little justifications go a long way.

JEFFRIES
Some of them not so little.

STABLER
But don't admit it, don't see it,
don't hear it --

BENSON
Because what kind of parent would that
make you.

A woman heading toward them takes her daughter by the hand and crosses the street away from them.

JEFFRIES
Talk to her?

Benson and Stabler shake their heads, "no." Jeffries crosses the street after them.

BENSON
Know what you're thinking.

STABLER
Becha don't.

BENSON
Even the best parent can't protect
their kid.

STABLER
Gutter at home, part of it broken. I
haven't fixed it yet.

BENSON
Can't do everything.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

STABLER

You'd feel everything for them if you
could. All the pain.

From the mixes of thudding cars, kids laughing, busses
screeching -- From somewhere, the sound of scales being
played. They're approaching Holt's brownstone.

BENSON

Sometimes I look at kids and I think
-- why -- do it at all --

STABLER

Because you want to more than anything
in the world.

(then)

Because you run out of things to say.

Now, clearly, they hear the opening to Beethoven's
"Pathetique." Played beautifully. Perfectly.

BENSON

Where is that --

They are now right in front of Holt's brownstone -- Stabler
looks at Benson --

STABLER

No way --

Stabler moves up the steps, music gets louder. He tries the
knob. Door opens.

CUT TO

28A INT. HOLT'S BROWNSTONE - DUSK

28A

Again the quiet. All else falls away except the
"Pathetique." Stabler and Benson follow the music down the
hall to

28B INT. THE LESSON ROOM - NIGHT

28B

Stabler and Benson stop for a moment as soon as they enter
the room --

The lights are off, sun almost drained from the room. At
the piano, a man plays, lost in the beauty of the music.
Plays without sheet music.

Stabler flips on the lights -- The man does not stop
playing.

CONTINUED

28B CONTINUED

28B

STABLER

Hello.

The man's playing intensifies.

STABLER

Excuse me.

Man's playing intensifies more --

STABLER

Hey.

The man plays and comes to a furious conclusion.

This is his, he's in control. He turns around --

And we see that it is the kid from the video. Benson and Stabler trade a look -- is it him?

The kid is now an adult, dressed simply in restrictive clothes -- tight collar, nice pants.

STABLER

How did you get in here?

VIDEO KID

I got a set of keys. Who are you?

BENSON

I'm Detective Benson, and this is my partner, Detective Stabler.

Evan straightens up a little at their authority.

BENSON

What's your name?

VIDEO KID

Evan.

STABLER

Evan. The way you play, it's nice.

Video kid smiles, genuinely touched.

VIDEO KID

Thanks, thank you, sir. Can I help you?

Stabler hands Evan the photo of himself.

STABLER

Looking for this person.

CONTINUED

28B CONTINUED (2)

28B

Evan takes it. With the ring finger on his left hand, he rubs his left eyebrow three times, nervously.

Benson and Stabler exchange a look -- it's him.

EVAN
(shakes his head)
Sorry.

STABLER
You don't know who that is?

EVAN
No, Sir.

CUT TO

29 OMITTED

29

30 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

30

Benson and Stabler with Evan. Evan is polite, deferential.

EVAN
It's a three-year program.

STABLER
When's your audition?

EVAN
Few days.

STABLER
You nervous?

EVAN
It's Julliard. But if I get in, it'll be all thanks to Mr. Holt.

BENSON
What do you mean?

EVAN
Mr. Holt's a great teacher.

BENSON
Why?

EVAN
Because he pushes you.

BENSON
How?

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

30

EVAN

Makes you practice a lot, makes you
memorize the music -- play without
pages.

STABLER

How else did he push you?

EVAN

Uh...I don't know, just makes you
practice a lot.

BENSON

How long have you been playing piano?

EVAN

Forever, I guess. Mr. Holt was real
good to me. Taught me for free.

BENSON

I need to ask you about your piano
teacher, about what he did to you.

EVAN

What do you mean what did he do to me?
-- He didn't do anything to me.

BENSON

I want you to know what you're feeling
is normal. It's okay.

(beat)

Tell me what happened.

EVAN

Elton John.

STABLER

Huh?

EVAN

My mother played his 'Greatest Hits,
Volume One,' over and over -- his
voice, when it gets all high --

BENSON

Far cry from Beethoven.

EVAN

Not really. If I could sing like he
does, I would've, but I can't -- so I
learned how to play.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED (2)

30

BENSON

How old were you when you first had sex?

EVAN

I haven't yet.

BENSON

Mr. Holt didn't -- Mr. Holt hurt you.

EVAN

No. He didn't.

STABLER

He never touched you?

EVAN

Never. He pushed me. Raised the bar.
And I met it, each time.

Off Stabler, considering...

CUT TO

31 INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

31

Cragen, Stabler and A.D.A. Hickey. Evan waits in the Interview Room, visible behind them. He spreads his fingers out in front of him, as if they were on a keyboard.

STABLER

He doesn't know he was videotaped.

CRAGEN

So, I think we should show him the tape.

STABLER

I don't know. Take away that kid's denial -- we gonna stick around for the fallout?

CRAGEN

There are people...

STABLER

And for as much pain as that kid has been through, there's an equal amount ahead of him.

(then)

Is it enough just to try Holt for possessing and promoting child porn?

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

CRAGEN

But Holt is guilty of a lot more --

A.D.A. HICKEY

And possession and promoting, even with EWC tacked on, will only net seven years. That's why a jury needs to see that tape.

STABLER

Seeing that tape, I tell you, will wreck this child's life --

CRAGEN

He's not a child, he's an adult.

Cragen grabs the tape, heads out of the room. A.D.A. Hickey follows.

CUT TO

32 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

32

Cragen slides the tape into the VCR, turns on the monitor, then turns to Evan. A.D.A. Hickey stands close.

CRAGEN

May I have a seat?

EVAN

(this is your place)

Uh, yeah...

Evan still is deferential, though more agitated.

CRAGEN

What you're going to see will be hard for you.

(finding the words)

What happened on this tape was wrong. And the man who did this deserves to be punished.

A.D.A. HICKEY

But we can't do that without the help of the other person on this tape.

CRAGEN

Please tell us if you know who that is.

Evan swallows. Nods. Looks strained.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

And then Cragen presses play. We hear the familiar kid's giggle. The beginning of "Ode to Joy."

Evan looks uncomfortable as he stares at the screen...

EVAN

What is this? What...

It hits him. He's never seen this before.

EVAN

Oh...no...

Cragen and A.D.A. Hickey exchange a look. Let the tape continue to play.

And Evan, pale Evan, emits a low moan. Deep. Visceral.

EVAN

No. Please...stop...

He stands, knocks the VCR off the monitor, but the tape continues to play.

Cragen moves to stop Evan from hurting himself during this psychic break. He gathers Evan in his arms.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

33 EXT. HOLT'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

33

Benson and Stabler walk towards the brownstone where Evan lives, bracing against the chill of the day. Stabler carries a photo album with him, one of the ones seized from Holt's brownstone. It's been days since Evan saw the tape.

STABLER

Holt moves into this neighborhood,
somehow manages to blend in --

BENSON

He didn't blend in, he stood out --
and that's exactly what these kids --
Evan -- need...that he loved them.

They walk up the stairs.

STABLER

Meant they were part of his world.

Benson presses the buzzer.

BENSON

Rich. Educated.

STABLER

White.

CUT TO

34 INT. EVAN'S FAMILY APARTMENT - DAY

34

Benson and Stabler face Evan's mom. Evan's formidable mom, who sits smoking, in curlers, at the kitchen table. She wears a coat -- inside.

EVAN'S MOM

What'd he do?

BENSON

He didn't do anything, ma'am --

EVAN'S MOM

Then why you want to talk to him --

Evan hovers in the living room behind her --

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

STABLER

You heard your son play piano?

EVAN'S MOM

Sure, you know.

STABLER

He's real good.

EVAN'S MOM

Yeah, so.

STABLER

That's why we want to talk to him.

EVAN'S MOM

If you're from that fancy school, ya better come in here and talk about who's going to pay for this.

They move past her, into --

CUT TO

34A INT. EVAN'S FAMILY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

34A

TV is always on in this house -- we hear the canned sitcom laughter...

Too many people have lived in this apartment, most of them related. The kitchen is dirty, the white cabinets are not white, and they are full of bulk food, and government cheese. An open cereal box on the counter.

Evan slumps at the kitchen table across from Stabler and Benson. He looks like he's been through hell. His hair is not neat, and he's dropped his prep-school look -- now wears a dirty sweatshirt. Benson and Stabler keep their coats on inside this cold place.

STABLER

How'd the audition go?

Evan shrugs. It went. Stabler lightly touches the photo album.

BENSON

Can you tell us who these other kids are.

Evan stares at the album.

CONTINUED

34A CONTINUED

34A

EVAN

Yeah.

Evan's mother walks through the living room, walks slowly, watching the strangers in her kitchen.

EVAN

My mother...

STABLER

Families...

Evan looks right at him. Stabler gets it.

EVAN

Yeah.

(looks around his
kitchen)

You know Larry's place?

STABLER

We do.

Evan puts the cereal box in the cabinet. The cabinet door doesn't close, keeps yawning open.

EVAN

Cabinet doors close.

(then)

There is a piano at the middle school,
but it's missing a 'D' flat. Never in
tune.

STABLER

Holt has a nice piano.

EVAN

I guess everything has its price.

BENSON

For him, too. That's why we need you
to tell us who these kids are.

EVAN

He's my teacher. He cared about me,
you know? Bought me a coat one year.

BENSON

I know it's hard, but it's okay.

EVAN

(angry as hell)

No it's not -- it never was --

CONTINUED

34A CONTINUED (2)

34A

STABLER

And if you don't help us, Mr. Holt will
be right back giving more lessons --

EVAN

Holt always said I wasn't ready to
leave -- I'm no Taylor Campbell. I'm
still here.

(slams cabinet door
shut)

Know how old he was when he put his
first disc out? Seventeen.

STABLER

So what.

EVAN

You know how old I am --

STABLER

Almost twenty-one --

EVAN

Some prodigy.

BENSON

Julliard took a forty-year-old flute
player last fall --

EVAN

Guy was a monk --

BENSON

It's not too late --

EVAN

(yeah right)

It's not.

He takes the album, opens to a page.

EVAN

That's Caesar. Know where he is?
Prison. His gun 'accidentally' went
off as a dry cleaner was emptying the
register.

(flips a page)

Ricky's a junkie...

(flips a page)

And Tony. Know where he is?

Canned laughter from the other room. Neither Benson nor
Stabler respond.

CONTINUED

34A CONTINUED (3)

34A

EVAN

Nobody does. And me, you know -- I
still have to live here.

CUT TO

35 INT. STABLER HOUSE - DAY

35

Stabler's closes the cover to his piano.

Moves to the couch. She watches him fidget through the
room -- unable to concentrate. Kathy studies him, knows
him well --

KATHY

Elliot --

KATHY

You alright.

STABLER

Yeah.

KATHY

How are things going?

STABLER

Going.

KATHY

What's going on at work?

He turns the T.V. off. Where to begin?

STABLER

Nothing.

She waits.

KATHY

You talk to Olivia about it?

STABLER

She's my partner.

He stands, heads up the stairs. Off Kathy, his other
partner --

CUT TO

36 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

36

A.D.A. Hickey with Cragen, et al. Munch is zoned out.

JEFFRIES

Holt didn't have a computer.

CRAGEN

No evidence anyone helped him --

JEFFRIES

No set schedule -- no daytimer --

A.D.A. HICKEY

The tapes all have dates on them --

STABLER

They are the starting dates. Of the lessons.

CRAGEN

And his students -- his current students in the neighborhood --

JEFFRIES

Nobody's talking.

STABLER

They relied on this guy, Holt.

CRAGEN

Not even that simple -- Holt's recitals were community events. Free cookies. Free baby-sitting.

JEFFRIES

And when you're a single mom -- a little break makes a difference.

(beat)

Guy is still a monster.

A.D.A. HICKEY

This case is being fast-tracked. We indicted Holt separately for abuse against Evan...

CRAGEN

How many counts?

A.D.A. HICKEY

Just two.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

JEFFRIES

What.

A.D.A. HICKEY

We can only go back five years.

JEFFRIES

Wait a minute, the law changed in
'96 --

CRAGEN

Child abuse can be prosecuted up to
five years after the child's
eighteenth birthday --

JEFFRIES

That's a lot more than two counts --

A.D.A. HICKEY

But there's no grandfather clause for
abuse before '96. So we can still
only prosecute what happened to Evan
since he was sixteen.

JEFFRIES

Because anything over seventeen...

CRAGEN

Is consensual.

A.D.A. Hickey nods.

STABLER

Oh, please.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Evan can testify to the abuse he
sustained over his lifetime, but we'll
only be able to try him on statutory.

JEFFRIES

Basically only one year of what
happened to him.

A.D.A. HICKEY

And right now, he's all we have --

STABLER

May not even have that.

A.D.A. HICKEY

So our star witness may not testify.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED (2)

36

STABLER

He's worried about betraying Holt.
He's worried people will hate him.

CRAGEN

So we talk to the kids Evan knows.

STABLER

Caesar, the lifer, Ricky, the junkie.

CRAGEN

And what about the tapes.

MUNCH

What about them.

CRAGEN

How many victims -- ?

Munch grabs a box full of tapes, dumps them out on the desks
-- more like hurls -- he's seen them all and make him sick
with anger --

CUT TO

36A EXT. STREET - DAY

36A

Benson talks to Ricky, the junkie Evan identified from the
album. They're both on a subway grate, soaking up any
available heat. They stand apart from the detritus. Ricky
smokes, won't make eye contact. He's coming down, looking
for the next score.

RICKY

No, nothing ever happened.

BENSON

He never touched you.

RICKY

No.

BENSON

Why did you stop playing piano?

RICKY

Didn't have the technique. Or the
discipline.

(then)

It's cold.

CONTINUED

36A CONTINUED

36A

BENSON

Come back to the station with me. Get warm. We can talk there.

RICKY

Holt's place was warm. Door was always open. Never locked it.

BENSON

Never?

RICKY

If it was, you come back. Go inside. Get warm. Eat a meal. Sugar cookie.

(tosses his
cigarette)

Miss that part.

Ricky moves away from Benson, down the street.

CUT TO

36B EXT. APARTMENT DOOR - DAY

36B

Stabler, holding photos. Knocking. Nothing.

CUT TO

36C EXT. STREET - DAY

36C

Jeffries and the inevitable Taylor Campbell leaving his house, heading toward his car. He drives the nicest car by far in this neighborhood.

JEFFRIES

You're his most successful student --

TAYLOR

I owe him a lot.

JEFFRIES

Yes, and you owe this community to testify.

TAYLOR

I don't owe this 'community' anything.

JEFFRIES

You're still a part of it --

CONTINUED

36C CONTINUED

36C

TAYLOR

No -- I only come back here to see my
mom --

JEFFRIES

Look, Holt got away with this for
almost twenty years.

TAYLOR

Holt was the only person who ever told
me I could do something. Know what
that's like?

JEFFRIES

Yeah. I do.

TAYLOR

You know there are like three ways out
of here. Either you're smart enough
to figure it out and get out on your
own -- which isn't me -- or you die
here -- or you can do something --
handle a ball. Play the piano.

Getting in the car...

TAYLOR

And no one's going to take that away
from me.

CUT TO

36D EXT. ANOTHER BROWNSTONE (NOT HOLT'S) - DAY

36D

Sam Holt, closing the door on Stabler, who furiously stops
it --

STABLER

Why won't you talk to me?

SAM HOLT

Because he's my father.

Slam.

CUT TO

37 OMITTED

37

38 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

38

The monitor, static. Munch, watching it, worn down. Worn out. He carefully takes his glasses off. Wipes his eyes.

Cragen enters.

CRAGEN

You still here?

MUNCH

Yeah.

CRAGEN

Can you sleep?

MUNCH

Close my eyes, and I see those tapes.
Every frame...

CRAGEN

Go home.

MUNCH

Yeah, Baltimore.

CRAGEN

Okay.

MUNCH

Back to dead people. It's much more
clear-cut. Simple.

CRAGEN

Back to photographs. Bodies bent,
broken.

MUNCH

Bodies that can't talk back to you.
Look at you.

CRAGEN

You don't get attached.

MUNCH

Exactly.

CRAGEN

'Course, you retired in Baltimore, few
months later, found yourself here.
Another squadroom. Another case...

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

MUNCH

This time I'll do a better job of quitting.

CRAGEN

Yeah, running's good.

MUNCH

(indicates monitor)

I don't need this.

CRAGEN

No. You don't.

After a beat.

CRAGEN

Have a drink. Read a book to a kid.
Drive your car too fast. Take care of
yourself.

Jeffries enters, carrying some dinner.

MUNCH

I got two more tapes to watch.

JEFFRIES

No, you gotta eat first.

Munch looks at her -- first time she's cared for him.

MUNCH

Yeah, okay.

As Cragen leaves, Jeffries sits down to eat with her partner.

CUT TO

39 INT. STABLER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

39

Stabler lies on his back on the floor, reading to Dickie and Elizabeth, each flopped on opposite ends of the sofa.

STABLER

(reading)

A wink of his eye, and a twist of his
head, soon gave me to know I had
nothing to dread. He spoke not a
word, but went straight to work, and
filled all the stockings...

Stabler's pager goes off. He checks the number.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED

39

STABLER

I'll be right back.

DICKIE

Are our stockings gonna be filled
tonight?

Stabler gets eye to eye with Dickie --

STABLER

Dickie. I'll tell you this one last
time. It's February. Christmas comes
once a year.

Stabler stands, reaches for the phone, dials.

DICKIE

But why, Daddy, why?

ELIZABETH

Yeah, why can't Christmas come all the
time?

As the phone rings on the other end of the line --

STABLER

Because Santa's credit cards are maxed
out...

(then)

This is Stabler...Evan, Hi.

Stabler turns away from his kids, lowers his voice, almost
as if the person calling were someone having an affair with
him.

STABLER

No. Stay right there. I'll be there
as soon as I can.Stabler clicks off the cordless. Looks at Dickie and
Elizabeth.

DICKIE

How do you make a Kleenex dance? Put
a boogie in it.

Lizzie laughs.

CUT TO

40 OMITTED
THRU
42

40
THRU
42

42A INT. DINER - NIGHT

42A

Horrible songs about love (Elton John) -- the muzac versions -- play over these Nighthawks. Place looks sticky. Old guy at a booth, alone. Greek cook at the counter, smoking. Reading the paper.

Stabler with Evan. Evan has a lunch pack, and a duffel. And it's all he has.

EVAN

My mom kicked me out. Said...said she didn't want a faggot living in her house.

(then)

I didn't know who else to call.

STABLER

It's okay.

EVAN

I hate that everything's always 'okay,' you know?

Stabler nods. Doesn't say 'okay' again.

STABLER

I know some places that give emergency housing. They'll help you get on your feet. How's your job?

Evan shakes his head.

EVAN

The hot water cracked my skin. Hurt my hands.

STABLER

So you quit washing dishes?

EVAN

No. They fired me.

(then)

I think I want to testify.

STABLER

That's good. Real good.

EVAN

Do you think I'm gay?

CONTINUED

42A CONTINUED

42A

STABLER

I don't know.

EVAN

I mean, I've never even had a girlfriend.

STABLER

Then maybe you don't know yet. It's not something you choose.

EVAN

It's not.

STABLER

Nah...you know when you're a teenager and wallpaper gives you an erection...

EVAN

So maybe I love wallpaper.

STABLER

Maybe. Your body has a mind of its own.

EVAN

Like when your mom slaps you -- and your cheek still turns red.

STABLER

Doesn't matter how you feel about her, you love her, you hate her, but your cheek still turns red. It's an automatic response.

EVAN

That's what happened when Holt would touch me.

STABLER

You haven't had the chance to be with someone by choice. Your choice. My guess is when you're ready to see someone that way, you will, and it will mean something to you. And it will come from you, and it won't be about what was done to you.

EVAN

And it won't be my fault.

STABLER

Fault?...it's supposed to be about love. And you don't choose who you fall in love with.

CONTINUED

42A CONTINUED (2)

42A

Off Evan, who looks away from Stabler --

CUT TO

43 INT. STABLER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

43

On one end of the sofa, Dickie's sacked out. Moving down, Elizabeth rests her head on Benson's lap, also out cold.

Benson closes the book she was reading, looks at Elizabeth's sleeping face, the calm. Reason enough to have a child. Gently she touches the girl's hair.

Keys, laughter, the door opens -- Maureen, Kathleen and Kathy push through the front door. Kathy's a little surprised; the girls are excited as they go to her --

MAUREEN

Livia!

KATHLEEN

Hey!

BENSON

Shhhhh!

(quiet)

It's good to see you guys, look at your hair --

It's so long, blah squeal blah...Dickie and Lizzie stir...

BENSON

(to Kathy)

Hi --

KATHY

Hi --

BENSON

Elliot got a call, the kid in this case...so he called me.

KATHY

(to Maureen and Kathleen)

It's late, why don't you take the twins up --

Each girl grabs a sleepy child, heads up the stairs.

BENSON

Bye, guys -- I'll see you soon --
(after they're gone)

You have fun tonight?

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

KATHY

Sure, high school movie, you know the drill.

BENSON

Pretty girl figures out she's pretty.

KATHY

Fascinating.

(after a pause)

So you going to go meet him somewhere or...?

BENSON

I don't know. He's not the best at communicating.

KATHY

No, he's not.

BENSON

But I'm sure he'll be home soon.

KATHY

Good to know. You have fun tonight?

BENSON

Yeah.

KATHY

Kids -- are such a trip.

BENSON

I wouldn't know.

KATHY

(lovingly)

Sometimes I wish I didn't.

Benson takes down four of the twins' socks they had taped to the fireplace. Hands them to Kathy, who smiles --

BENSON

This case is bad...

KATHY

I wouldn't know.

BENSON

Sometimes I wish I didn't.

CUT TO

44 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

44

A.D.A. Hickey with Stabler.

STABLER

What can we do to make Evan feel comfortable?

A.D.A. HICKEY

We just spent two hours rehearsing his testimony.

STABLER

How'd it go?

A.D.A. HICKEY

You know the way he answers questions, almost as if he wants to say the right answer, as if there were a right answer -- he's just like a kid..

STABLER

He is -- Evan shut down emotionally, sexually, at eight years old.

A.D.A. HICKEY

(nods)

When I do have kids on the stand, I do a courtroom prep.

STABLER

I'll go with you.

CUT TO

45 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

45

Eve of trial. Evan sits in the judge's chair, spins around.

EVAN

Cool.

STABLER

That's enough, Wapner.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Last, and most important. Where you will sit.

EVAN

I won't get to come here at all?

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

A.D.A. HICKEY

Because you're a witness, you might get contaminated by watching the whole trial.

EVAN

Contaminated.

STABLER

You got a lot better things to do than hang out here.

A.D.A. Hickey pats the witness box. Evan sits in it. Grows serious.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Now when you're here, you're going to answer my questions just like we practiced. And when you answer, I want you to speak loudly, and look at me, and only at me.

EVAN

What about when his lawyer asks me questions.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Answer the questions. Anything else, ignore.

EVAN

Just hear music.

CUT TO

46 INT. SQUADROOM - NIGHT

46

Stabler enters with his dinner.

STABLER

Hey, John...

Munch says nothing, watches Stabler unpack his white paper sack: wrapped sandwich. Coke.

MUNCH

You think it's a conscious choice?

STABLER

What, Holt? What are you talking about?

MUNCH

Yeah, Holt. What makes a perp a perp?

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

46

STABLER

Who cares.

MUNCH

Some people say the frontal lobe is
the body's armor against impulses.

Stabler unwraps his sandwich.

STABLER

So maybe Holt had a bad lobe.

MUNCH

Think he was abused?

STABLER

Who cares if he was. It only gives
him a better excuse. That guy hurt a
lot of kids. That's what I care
about.

Munch stands. Shoves his hands in his pocket.

STABLER

Why, what's going on with you?

MUNCH

I got something to show you.

Stabler never even takes a bite.

CUT TO

47 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

47

Munch pops a videocassette out of its black plastic case.
It's labeled only by a date, a recent date. With a deep
sigh, he shoves it into the VCR. Leans back. Presses play.
He and Stabler watch as...

CUT TO

A VIDEO IMAGE:

48 INT. THE LESSON ROOM - AUGUST 22, 1999 - DAY

48

Two boys sit on the piano bench -- Evan and another kid.
Can't see the kid's face. The kid plays, slowly, the old
rag "The Entertainer."

EVAN

Good.

CUT TO

49 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

49

Stabler looks to Munch. Munch stares straight ahead.

CUT TO

A VIDEO IMAGE:

50 INT. THE LESSON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

50

Evan turns a page of music for the kid.

HOLT (O.S.)

No, no. Evan, he's having trouble
with the music.

At the sound of Holt's voice, both Evan and the kid look
toward the camera. The kid smiles nervously. We see that
missing front tooth. It's Jonathan.

EVAN

He doesn't feel it.

HOLT (O.S.)

(gently)

He's ready to start learning, he's
ready. Can you show him?

Evan hesitates, looks nervous. Rubs his eyebrow.

CUT TO

51 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

51

We watch Munch and Stabler as they watch Evan touch
Jonathan. Stabler sits up in his chair. Munch slumps.
Both pale.

The tape ends. Static. Loud.

Off Munch and Stabler, as they stare at the blank screen.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

52 INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

52

Munch, pacing. Worked up. He's with Cragen, Benson, Stabler, Jeffries.

MUNCH

I almost erased that tape.

CRAGEN

But you didn't.

MUNCH

Maybe I should have. Once the A.D.A. knows, he'll have no choice but to disclose to the defense.

BENSON

He's counting on you to review the evidence.

STABLER

Which means he will never have time to watch these tapes himself.

JEFFRIES

Hasn't this kid been through enough already?

BENSON

How can you say that? You, who when we first saw the tapes wanted to throttle the guy --

JEFFRIES

And you kept telling Evan -- how everything was okay.

BENSON

It's okay when he's the victim, not the abuser.

MUNCH

He's both.

JEFFRIES

For as awful as Holt was -- he gave these kids something -- hope -- I don't know --

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

BENSON

He ruined their lives.

CRAGEN

He ruined Evan's life.

BENSON

Evan probably never would have done this if it weren't for Holt.

JEFFRIES

Probably never would have applied to Julliard, either.

CRAGEN

That going to make a difference? Who's next? Evan hurts another kid, and we are responsible.

BENSON

Give it a few years we'll have another Holt on our hands.

STABLER

Maybe. Maybe not.

CRAGEN

Same laws that bind Holt, bind Evan, too.

He reaches for his phone.

CRAGEN

(into phone)

Yeah, Mark. Hi...No, I think you should come over here.

Off the Captain, looking at his detectives...

CUT TO

53 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

53

Cragen, A.D.A. Hickey, Stabler. Evan sits up straight, but stares down at the table, vacantly.

EVAN

Larry said Jonathan didn't feel the music. Said, 'How can you play a piece about longing if you've never felt that?...'

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

Stabler pushes away from the table, disgusted.

STABLER

Jonathan was playing 'The Entertainer.'

EVAN

It was how I learned to play.

STABLER

So what're you gonna do with that talent now? Look at me. Look at me.

Finally Evan does.

STABLER

How many times did that happen.

EVAN

Once. That's it.

STABLER

Don't lie to me.

EVAN

That was the only time.

Stabler believes Evan. Backs off.

CRAGEN

You committed a crime --

EVAN

And deserve to be punished.

CRAGEN

You're going to be arraigned this afternoon.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Do you still want to testify tomorrow?

Evan nods.

CRAGEN

At least what you've gone through will be on record.

EVAN

Am I going to jail?

A.D.A. Hickey nods at Cragen.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED (2)

53

CRAGEN

(after a beat)

We probably could make a deal.

CUT TO

54 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

54

Judge Kevin Beck arraigns Evan, who by now has his own P.D.

JUDGE BECK

Bail is set at twenty-five thousand.

P.D.

Your Honor --

JUDGE BECK

I think that's more than fair.

P.D.

It is, Your Honor, and we appreciate
the court's generosity. May we
approach the bench?

Judge Beck nods. A.D.A. Hickey and P.D. approach --

P.D.

My client can't even make that.

JUDGE BECK

So he spends the night in jail like
anyone else.

A.D.A. HICKEY

You arraigned Larry Holt, whom Evan is
testifying against tomorrow. You know
Evan is not like anyone else.

Judge Beck considers. Speaks in full volume to the court.

JUDGE BECK

Alright then. I'll release Evan into
the custody of the People.

CUT TO

55 INT. CHEAP HOTEL - NIGHT

55

Muted street sounds -- but you feel it there.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

Evan and Stabler have been here a while -- pizza carton in trash, napkins, Coke cans on the table.

Evan, on his side, under the covers of one of the two double beds in the room. Stabler stays in the chair.

STABLER

Need anything?

Evan shakes his head no. Stabler turns out the light. Closes his eyes. Evan's eyes remain wide open. Watching.

EVAN

You hate me.

STABLER

(doesn't look up)

I don't hate you.

EVAN

What you said in the diner that night --

STABLER

I don't know anymore...

EVAN

I thought when I grew up, life would be so much easier.

Stabler sits up. Turns on the light. Looks at this kid face to face --

STABLER

Tell you something. My dad was what you call a strict disciplinarian. And even after a broken nose, teeth wired together, eye swollen shut, I never once doubted that he loved me. Then when I had my own kids -- I can't even remember what happened but -- that kid -- got to me -- and I slapped that child. Had a million excuses -- how I was brought up -- all that -- but none of that matters. I knew it was wrong. And I tell you something. Never again. All that crap with my father -- stops with me.

Evan -- what to say...Stabler gets up, moves around the room.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED (2)

55

STABLER

You want an orange?

Evan nods. Stabler fishes around in his bag for an orange. He has to un-pack it a little -- takes out balled up sweatsocks, sweats, a child's book, sweatshirt.

EVAN

May I look at this?

Evan picks up the child's book. It's "The Night Before Christmas."

STABLER

Yeah. My kid must've put that in there. He's determined to make Christmas happen every night.

Stabler finds the orange. Evan flips through the old book, running his fingers along the illustrations. Smiles, somewhat sadly. More than self-pity. Genuine sadness.

STABLER

Your mom ever read that to you?

EVAN

Uh, no.

Stabler hands Evan half the orange. Gently takes the book.

STABLER

It's better out loud.

Stabler leans back against his headboard. Opens the book, begins to read.

STABLER

'Twas the night before Christmas, When
all through the house, Not a creature
was stirring, not even a mouse...

Evan leans back. Eats a slice of orange. About the best orange he's ever had.

CUT TO

56 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

56

Evan on the stand, cheap suit and tie. A.D.A. Hickey on direct. Judge Pamela Mizener presides.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

EVAN

When I would play, he would sit right next to me, on the bench.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Why?

EVAN

Made it easy to turn the music.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Did he ever touch you when he would sit next to you?

EVAN

Yes. He would keep a hand on my back, for good posture.

A.D.A. HICKEY

He touch you anywhere else?

Evan's eyes dart to Mr. Holt, who sits next to his lawyer, Oslow. Behind him, his son, Sam, hating Evan.

In the gallery -- Stabler. Faces of the community. Some we know: the single moms, the video store owner.

As instructed, Evan looks back toward A.D.A. Hickey, takes a deep breath.

EVAN

Yes...

We know the rest of the story.

CUT TO

57 INT. COURTROOM - LATER

57

Oslow on cross.

OSLOW

You have said before that Mr. Holt was a good teacher.

Evan watches Oslow, wary.

OSLOW

Apparently you were a good student.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

57

A.D.A. HICKEY

Objection, Your Honor.

OSLOW

Withdrawn. If you didn't like what
Mr. Holt was doing to you, why didn't
you leave?

EVAN

I liked playing the piano.

OSLOW

So you were getting something in
return.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Objection.

OSLOW

I'll rephrase -- you knew what would
happen every time you went to Mr.
Holt's, right?

EVAN

It didn't happen every time.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Your Honor --

OSLOW

In fact, going there, knowing what
would happen would imply to some
people that in fact you wanted it to
happen --

A.D.A. HICKEY

Your Honor --

OSLOW

That you liked it --

JUDGE MIZENER

Mr. Oslow --

OSLOW

So much so that you taught students in
exactly the same way Mr. Holt taught
you --

Off Evan --

CUT TO

58 INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

58

In the Interview Room, Jonathan flips through a coloring book with Benson, who nods. The sound is off.

In the Observation Room, Jonathan's father stands with A.D.A. Hickey, Cragen and Stabler.

JONATHAN'S FATHER

Absolutely not.

STABLER

We're sparing your son the ordeal of testifying at trial --

JONATHAN'S FATHER

Jonathan doesn't testify, that son of a bitch goes free.

A.D.A. HICKEY

He won't be free, he's plead guilty, he'll be on probation.

CRAGEN

A heavily supervised probation.

JONATHAN'S FATHER

My son is the victim here --

STABLER

So was Evan --

JONATHAN'S FATHER

No -- to me, to my son, that guy is a monster --

STABLER

Holt was the monster. You saw how fast that jury came back.

JONATHAN'S FATHER

And I want that other kid to go to trial --

STABLER

You think that in your son's best interest or yours --

CRAGEN

It's in everyone's best interest. We're taking into account the whole picture here.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED

58

JONATHAN'S FATHER

Yeah, special laws for special people --

A.D.A. HICKEY

No, not at all -- it's just almost a done deal --

JONATHAN'S FATHER

Well then undo it -- because if you don't, I'm going to call every newspaper, every television station, every person that will listen to me for two minutes and tell them how certain child molesters are worth your time and how certain ones...aren't.

He storms into the interview room, where we see him gather up his son in his arms.

CUT TO

59 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

59

Court is packed for Holt's sentencing. A.D.A. Hickey at his table. Evan sits with in the gallery next to Stabler.

JUDGE MIZENER

During the trial, I heard from the prosecution, I heard from the defense. But I did not hear from you, Mr. Holt. You want to say something now?

Holt doesn't even move his head. His lawyer speaks for him.

OSLOW

No, Your Honor.

Judge Mizener nods okay then.

JUDGE MIZENER

I've read the pre-sentencing report; nothing in it indicates you feel any remorse. Nothing indicates I should be at all lenient.

She removes her reading glasses. Speaks to the courtroom.

JUDGE MIZENER

Mr. Holt, note by note, you eroded the hope in each child in your charge. You stole from them, and you stole from this community.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

59

The gallery is full -- the parents, the children of the neighborhood.

JUDGE MIZENER

I sentence you to one hundred fifteen years, the maximum the law allows.

Behind Holt, his son, Sam Holt, crumbles.

JUDGE MIZENER

Maybe knowing you will never teach another child will fill some of us again, with hope.

She bangs her gavel. Evan leans into A.D.A. Hickey.

EVAN

Will he really be in jail that long?

A.D.A. HICKEY

He'll be eligible for parole in thirty-eight years.

EVAN

But he's almost sixty.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Isn't math wonderful?

CUT TO

60 INT. INTERROGATION - DAY

60

Evan and his P.D., with A.D.A. Hickey and Stabler.

A.D.A. HICKEY

I'm sorry I can't give you probation. Jonathan's father is hungry for a trial.

STABLER

Good news about that, I guess. Trial lets you tell your side of the story.

EVAN

Trial.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Yeah.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

60

EVAN

Jonathan, too.

A.D.A. Hickey nods. Evan pushes his finger into the table. Evan reaches into his jeans pocket, pulls out a thick white envelope. Places it on the table.

STABLER

What's that?

EVAN

Letter from Julliard.

STABLER

You open it yet?

Evan shakes his head no. Stabler picks it up. It's thick.

STABLER

Congratulations.

P.D.

Look, Evan pleads guilty, we don't go to trial.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Yes, but the judge can't give you a deal -- not in this climate --

EVAN

So how long would I be in jail?

A.D.A. HICKEY

The felony carries a one to three-year sentence. And a judge will be politically obligated to give you the maximum.

P.D.

We go to trial, we probably end up with probation, right where we started.

A.D.A. HICKEY

I know. It sucks.

P.D.

Then I guess we withdraw our guilty plea.

A.D.A. HICKEY

Okay.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED (2)

60

He stacks his papers.

EVAN

No.

P.D.

You'll be in jail for three years...

EVAN

Yeah.

P.D.

Go to trial, and --

EVAN

No. Jonathan can't.

Evan fingers the weighted Julliard envelope. Then slides it over to Stabler.

EVAN

Look, I don't know what made Holt the way he is. I do know -- sort of -- why I am the way I am. And it stops here. Now.

Does it? Off of Stabler -- as proud of Evan as he is wary --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR