"LAW & ORDER:
SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT"

"PAYBACK"

PILOT

Written by
Dick Wolf
The red and blue logo fades onto the screen.

**LAW & ORDER**

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In the criminal justice system, sexually based offenses are considered especially heinous.

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

**SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT**

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In New York City, the dedicated detectives who investigate these vicious felonies are members of an elite squad known as The Special Victims Unit. These are their stories.
LAW & ORDER:
SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT
"PAYBACK"

CAST

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

RODGERS
MONIQUE JEFFRIES
ABBIE CARMICHAEL
SERENA BENSON

BREMMER

KLEIN
KLOSTER
WOMAN JUDGE
PROSECUTOR
VICTOR SPICER
WAITRESS

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

BOY
WILLIAM DUPREE
CLAUDE MACARIO

ILEANA JASHARI
ROBERT STEVENS
NICHOLAS STEVENS
MARTA STEVENS
KATHY STABLER

JACKIE (NON-SPEAKING)

ANYA RUGOVA
FARLEY

VEHICLES

STABLER/BENSON GRAY SEDAN
POLICE CARS
YELLOW TAXI
LAW & ORDER:
SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT
"PAYBACK"

SETS

INTERIORS:

PRECINCT
  SQUADROOM
  CRAGEN'S OFFICE
  HALLWAY
  INTERROGATION ROOM
  INTERVIEW ROOM
  CONFERENCE ROOM
BENSON'S APARTMENT
ND SEDAN
COURT
RIKERS INTERVIEW ROOM
COFFEE SHOP

INVESTMENT BANKER'S OFFICE
ART GALLERY
MORGUE

SOHO LOFT
FELLOWES & KINSOLVING
CLASSROOM
NEIGHBORHOOD RESTAURANT
SARAJEVO RESTAURANT

EXTERIORS:

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

SARAJEVO RESTAURANT
LAW & ORDER:
SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT
"PAYBACK"
TEASER

1 A BLACK SCREEN
A telephone rings. Once. Twice.

BENSON (V.O.)
Hello?
(yawning;
sarcastic)
Just lying here waiting for you to call.

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

BENSON
Give me twenty minutes...I just want to take a shower...
(a smile)
I care...Fine, fifteen.

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

BENSON
(sotto)
Nice going.

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

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

MATCH CUT TO

3 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

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

4 INT. ND SEDAN - NIGHT

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

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

STABLER
If it was up to me...

BENSON
Right...

(beat)

What did you tell Kathy?

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

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

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

STABLER
I really don't think they even notice anymore.

CONTINUED
BENSON
Trust me. They notice.

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

BENSON
Almost two years.

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

BENSON
You really don't feel any guilt?

STABLER
I'm here because I want to be.

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

EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

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

BREMMER
Sex crimes?

STABLER
(nodding)
Elliot Stabler.

BENSON
Olivia Benson.

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

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

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

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

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

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

BREMNER
(nodding toward cab)
Whoever did it sliced off his cigar and took it with 'em. That specific enough?

STABLER
Yep.

He glances at Benson.

BENSON
Works for me.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER
7A INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

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

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

STABLER
Autopsy's this afternoon.

CRAGEN
Who's cutting?

BENSON
Rodgers.

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

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

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

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

CONTINUED
The door swings open and Ken Briscoe enters.

CRAGEN
What?

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

CRAGEN
Why?

KEN BRISCOE
Some guy molesting a dead body.

CRAGEN
Terrific. Who's up?

CASSIDY
Me and Munch.

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

CASSIDY
(standing; confused)
If she's dead, is that a sex crime?

CRAGEN
Go. Investigate. Interrogate. Write up a DDS.

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

MUNCH
And what about your erstwhile partner?

STABLER
Love to help, John, but my presence is required in court this morning.
CASSIDY
I read about it in the news -- The City Councilman, right?

STABLER
The weenie wagger.

INT. COURT - DAY

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

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

STABLER
That's correct.

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

STABLER
At that time, yes.

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

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

STABLER
He didn't flash me, Counselor.

KLEIN
Then why did you arrest him?

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

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

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

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

KLEIN
So you know them well?

STABLER
Yes.

KLEIN
(quizzical eyebrow lift)
Intimately?

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

KLEIN
Do you know their political affiliation?

STABLER
I have no idea.

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

STABLER
No.

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

STABLER
No.

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

Yes it is.

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

STABLER
That's correct.

KLEIN
Are you obsessed with sex, Detective?

PROSECUTOR
Objection.

WOMAN JUDGE
Sustained.

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

STABLER
Yes it is.

KLEIN
Would you mind telling the Court why you volunteered?

PROSECUTOR
Objection, Your Honor. Relevance.

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

WOMAN JUDGE
I'll allow it.

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

KLEIN
So you see yourself as kind of the Ken Starr of the NYPD?
STABLER
Hardly. I think sex should be one of the best parts of life, not the worst.
(looking at jury)
I do see myself as the father of three daughters, none of whom I'd like exposed to Mr. Kloster's shortcomings.

KLOSTER
(loud; pissed)
Shortcomings!

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

KLOSTER
Shortcomings my ass, you putzhead!

9 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

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

BENSON
How did it go?

STABLER
He's in Bellevue.

BENSON
(surprised)
The jury came back that fast?

STABLER
He waved his flag at them before they got the chance.
(beat)
Nobody saluted.

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

STABLER
What's that?

BENSON
I went down to the Hack Bureau. Our dead guy? Victor Spicer?
(MORE)

CONTINUED
BENSON (CONT'D)
His license was suspended when he got eleven months for assault.

STABLER
And?

BENSON
And he's still in Rikers...

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

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

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

MUNCH
Shakespeare.

CASSIDY
What?

MUNCH
Shakespeare. Not Twain, my young illiterate.

CASSIDY
Whatever. Both dead, too.

INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY
Cragen tears the tape off the tub of Red Vines, takes the top off and offers it to Stabler and Benson. They refuse. He takes one.

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

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

CRAGEN
(taking a bite)
Why is this ours?

STABLER
The doer sliced off the vic's unit.

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

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

Cragen shoots her a look and cocks an eyebrow.

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

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

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

CRAGEN
Seam's not even.

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

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

CONTINUED
SPICER
Yeah? So?

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

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

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

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

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

SPICER
(pissy)
A foreign gentleman at a coffee shop I frequent set it up.

BENSON
Which one?

SPICER
43rd and 11th. Cabbies place. Don't know his name either.
(trying for some traction)
The guy on Broadway had groceries. He must've lived around there.
(to Stabler)
Doing anything Saturday night?

12 EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Pick up Stabler and Benson's ND sedan as it rolls up Madison.
Patrol Sergeants are distributing the vic pic in the two-three and two-seven. They'll hit every apartment house within ten blocks of Sarabeth's.

(beat)

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

The car pulls up. Stabler and Benson climb out.

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

BENSON
Spicer's the one who said take a number.

(checking notebook)

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

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

WAITRESS
BLT down, hash with eyes, burn it.

BENSON
Could we talk to you for a minute?

WAITRESS
I'm kinda busy here.

(checking them out)

Hack Bureau?

CONTINUED
13 INT. ND SEDAN - DAY

BENSON (CONT'D)
They'll hit every apartment house within ten blocks of Sarabeth's.
(beat; shakes her head)
This guy's wife must be going nuts, and Missing Persons won't even take the report for another two days.

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

BENSON
Spicer's the one who said take a number.
(checking notebook)
That coffee shop's on the same block where he picked up his last fare.

14 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

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

WAITRESS
BLT down, hash with eyes, burn it.

BENSON
Could I talk to you for a minute?

WAITRESS
I'm kinda busy here.
(checking them out)
Hack Bureau?

STABLER
(badging her)
Police.

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

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

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

WAITRESS
You know what it's like never hearing English?

BENSON
Did you ever talk to Victor Number Two?

WAITRESS
Almost every night for the last couple of months.

STABLER
About?

WAITRESS
The weather. Traffic. His kid. Why?

BENSON
Somebody murdered him in his cab last night.

WAITRESS
(pissed)
This city sucks.

15 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Stabler and Benson come out and move to their car.

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

STABLER
No green card, no hack license.

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

SIKH
Peggy said Victor was killed?

Stabler and Benson glance at each other. Benson pulls out the pictures and holds them up.
WAITRESS
You know what it's like never hearing English?

BENSON
Did you ever talk to Victor Number Two?

WAITRESS
Almost every night for the last couple of months.

STABLER
About?

WAITRESS
The weather. Traffic. His kid. Why?

BENSON
Somebody murdered him in his cab last night.

WAITRESS
Oh my God.
(pissed)
This city sucks.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

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

STABLER
Which Victor?
17 INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

CRAGEN
He remember if it was a man or a woman?

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

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

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

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

MUNCH
Whoever called the dispatcher.

Cragen's phone rings. He picks it up.

CRAGEN
Cragen... give me the address...

(hanging up)
Uniform got a hit on your vic... 687 West 123rd Street.
18 EXT. 687 WEST 123RD STREET - DAY

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

UNIFORM
Apartment 1B, but nobody's home.

STABLER
Thanks. Nice work guys.

BENSON
Elliot...

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

BENSON
It's the kid in the picture.

STABLER
You have the Victim Services cards?
(to woman)
Mrs. Panacek?

MRS. PANACEK
Yes?

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

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

MRS. PANACEK
What's happened to Steven?

BENSON
(gently)
Mrs. Panacek...

MRS. PANACEK
Was he in an accident? What hospital is he in?

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

CONTINUED
UNIFORM
Apartment 3B, but nobody's home.

STABLER
Thanks. Nice work guys.

BENSON
Elliot...

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

BENSON
It's the kid in the picture.

STABLER
You have the Victim Services cards?

STABLER
Mrs. Panacek?

MRS. PANACEK
Yes?

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

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BENSON
(gently)
Mrs. Panacek...

MRS. PANACEK
Was he in an accident? What hospital is he in?

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

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

The little boy immediately begins to cry.

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

MRS. PANACEK
Why? Why Steven?

They can't answer her.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN

21 INT. PANACEK APARTMENT - DAY

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

BENSON
He was here illegally, wasn't he?
(beat; no response)
Mrs. Panacek?

MRS. PANACEK
What difference does that make now?

BENSON
Don't you want us to find out who did this?
(a slow nod)
What nationality was he?

MRS. PANACEK
He was Czech.

She starts crying again quietly.

BENSON
When did you get married?

MRS. PANACEK
Almost five years ago.

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

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

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

BENSON
Talk to Victim Services. They can be very helpful.

CONTINUED
CRAGEN
Kind of undercuts the gay theory.

STABLER
Could be a he/she.

CRAGEN
(thinking)
Didn't two of Spicer's married johns take a bust?

BENSON
About six months ago. Vice was targeting the piers.

CRAGEN
I'm sure their wives must've been thrilled.
(to Munch)
What are you doing?

MUNCH
Eavesdropping.

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

INT. INVESTMENT BANKER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

DUPREE
I know who Victor Spicer is!
(moving around desk)
I have nothing to do with Spicer!

CONTINUED
CASSIDY
Somebody tried to kill him last night.

DUPREE
(voice rising)
What are you saying? You think it was me? I wouldn't go near that animal.

He starts moving towards Munch. Both detectives stand.

CASSIDY
Calm down.

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

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

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

DUPREE
Owwww.

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

DUPREE
No, no, no...

CASSIDY
Then answer my partner's questions.

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

DUPREE
I've got a very bad rotator cuff.

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

DUPREE
In her wheelchair.
Munch and Cassidy glance at each other. Dupree catches it. Rolls his eyes.

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

**MUNCH**
Fair question. If it had been a female prostitute.

**DUPREE**
(irate)
You enjoy this? Is this how you get your rocks off?

**CASSIDY**
(putting notebook away)
Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Dupree.

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**INT. ART GALLERY - DAY**

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

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

**STABLER**
Know anybody who might want to kill him?

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

**BENSON**
Like your wife?

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

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

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

MACARIO
(amused)
My wife? You're joking.

BENSON
No. We're not.

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

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

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

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

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

26 INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - DAY

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

STABLER
Lunch is here.

BENSON
I'm going to the gym -- see you at two.
INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

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

MUNCH

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

CASSIDY

(considers a beat)

No.

MUNCH

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

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

JEFFRIES

You guys going to eat all this?

MUNCH

Suppose we say yes?

JEFFRIES

(taking some vegetables)

Suppose I was just being polite.

MUNCH

First time for everything.

CASSIDY

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

JEFFRIES

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

She exits.

CONTINUED
CRAGEN
(oil on water)
Speaking of D.O.J...You see the fax from the feebs?

CASSIDY
Internet pedophilia?

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

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

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

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

(MORE)
STABLER
I'll eat hers.

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

MUNCH
Me, too...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

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

CRAGEN
You see the fax from the feebs?

CASSIDY
Internet pedophilia?

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

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

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

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

The door opens and Jeffries sticks her head in.

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

CONTINUED
Stabler pushes his chair back and follows her out.

MUNCH
I'll say one thing for New York.

CRAGEN
What's that?

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

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

MUNCH
You want a Y chromosome partner?

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

MUNCH
(to Cragen)
You like commanding women?

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

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

MUNCH
Your dog die?

STABLER
(ignoring; to Cragen)
You'd better see this...

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

STABLER
Fingerprint check on Panacek.

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

CONTINUED
Sixty-seven.

Benson's eyes go cold.

**BENSON**

How many are still alive?

**STABLER**

Fifteen... Five in the New York area.

---

**INT. MORGUE - DAY**

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

**RODGERS**

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

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

**RODGERS**

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

**BENSON**

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

**RODGERS**

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

(beat)

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

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO
Stabler
Stefan Tanzic.

Benson
Am I supposed to recognize the name?

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

Benson
What did he do?

Stabler
He commanded an ethnic cleansing unit.

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

Benson
He was a rapist.

Stabler
Indicted, not convicted...

Benson
(steeley)
How many women?

Stabler
Sixty-seven.

Benson's eyes go cold.

Benson
How many are still alive?

Stabler
Fifteen...Five in the New York area.

31 INT. MORGUE - DAY

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

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

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

**RODGERS**

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

**BENSON**

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

**RODGERS**

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

(beat)

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

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN

32 EXT. PIER - DAY

Stabler and Benson are getting hot dogs.

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

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

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

STABLER
Fine. Where do you think we should start?

BENSON
With his lying wife.

33 INT. PANACEK APARTMENT - DAY

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

MRS. PANACEK
Have you found out something?

STABLER
May we come in?

MRS. PANACEK
Of course.

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

CONTINUED
STABLER
Is your little boy here?

MRS. PANACEK
He's at pre-school.

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

BENSON
You lied to me yesterday.

MRS. PANACEK
Excuse me?

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

MRS. PANACEK
(uncomfortable)
I don't see what...

BENSON
He was also under indictment as a war criminal.

MRS. PANACEK
That was just politics.

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

BENSON
(cutting him off)
This goes way beyond 'just politics.' I can tell from your face that you know what he did.

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

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

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

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

Benson looks at him - What?

STABLER
There's no crying in baseball.
(beat)
Look...maybe I should talk to Cragen.

BENSON
(a flash of intense anger)
Ileana Jashari is physically incapable of killing that pig.
(beat)
Who's next?

40 OMITTED

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

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

BENSON
Can you tell us where she is?

STEVENS
She works at Fellowes and Kinsolving. She's an architect. What's this about?
What time are you expecting her?

It varies. She's working on a project.

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

Could you have her give us a call?

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

Daddy? Can I stop yet?

Yeah. Come on in, Nicky.

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

(sotto)

Wow.

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

Can we get dinner?

In a minute. (to detectives)

Is there anything else?

How long have you been married, Mr. Stevens?

Get a sweater, Nicky.

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

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

Both Stabler and Benson are clearly shaken.

**BENSON**
Tanzic's the father of that boy.

**STABLER**
(sotto)
Yeah...And that doesn't change anything.

**BENSON**
I'm on the job here, Elliot.

**STABLER**
(checking his watch)
Knew you would be...I've got a conference with one of my daughters' teachers.

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

**STABLER**
You want me to drop you?

**BENSON**
I've gotta walk this off.

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

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

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

BENSON
Marta Stevens?

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

MARTA
Yes?

BENSON
(badging her)
Detective Olivia Benson, New York City Police Department.

Marta visibly blanches, but retains her composure.

MARTA
Can I help you?

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

BENSON
Is there someplace more private?

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

MARTA
What's this about?

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

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

CONTINUED
MARTA
What's this about?

BENSON
Would you mind letting me look at your hands?

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

BENSON
I think you know why I'm here.

MARTA
I have no idea.

BENSON
No idea?

MARTA
No.

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

BENSON
Stefan Tanzic was the father of your child.

MARTA
No. Robert is Nicky's father.

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

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

BENSON
Where were you Tuesday night?

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

BENSON
How late were you here?

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

CONTINUED
BENSON
Was anybody here with you?

MARTA
I was the last to leave.
(beat)
Why are you asking me these questions?

BENSON
Stefan Tanzic was murdered Tuesday night.

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

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

BENSON
He was stabbed to death.

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

BENSON
His genitals were cut off.

MARTA
Yes. So?

BENSON
I can see you're very affected.

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

BENSON
Stefan Tanzic was your neighbor?

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

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

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

BENSON
No...Not at the moment.

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

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

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

STABLER
Hello?...Hi...

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

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

SERENA
Do you think she killed him?

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

BENSON
There's not a doubt in my mind.

SERENA
And? How do you feel about that?

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

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

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

BENSON
C'mon, Mother...

SERENA
You think this is healthy for you?

Benson looks around and drops her voice.

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

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

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

SERENA
Is that what you would have wanted me to do?

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

BENSON
Yes.

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

SERENA
Look at me.
     (Benson looks up)
How old is her little boy?

BENSON
Five.

SERENA
Is he going to be better off with his mother in prison?
     (no answer)
Do you think you would have been better off with me in prison the whole time you were growing up?

BENSON
     (fierce)
I hate him for what he did to you.

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

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN

47 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

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

BENSON
No. I don't think she did it.

STABLER
Come on...Means? Motive? Opportunity?

BENSON
(looking up)
She says she was in her office until around one. That's after the murder.

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

Stabler waits her out.

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

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

(Reaching for INS files)
We still have three other Tanzic victims in the five boroughs...

48 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Stabler and Benson walk to their car.

STABLER
Being in Europe is an alibi.

BENSON
Who's next?

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

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

OMITTED

INT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

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

STABLER
Ms. Rugova around?

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

RUGOVA
Yes?

STABLER
Anya Rugova?

RUGOVA
Yes.

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

She nods without speaking.

STABLER
Did you know a man named Stefan Tanzic?

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

BENSON
How did you know him?

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

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

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

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

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

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

BENSON
They executed him, Elliot.

STABLER
No trial. No verdict. Not an execution.

BENSON
It's still all circumstantial.

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

52 OMITTED
AND
53

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

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED (2)

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

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

STABLER
We'll come back.

RUGOVA
Whatever you like.

EXT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

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

STABLER
You agree she knows Marta Stevens?

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

STABLER
Her hand is bandaged...

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

STABLER
Unless you're left-handed.

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

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

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

CONTINUED
STABLER
(cutting her off)
Yes you are.

INT. FELLOWES AND KINSOLVING - DAY

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

BENSON
Would you stand up please, Mrs. Stevens?

MARTA
(complying)
What's this about?

STABLER
(cuffing her)
Marta Stevens, you are under arrest for the murder of Stefan Tanzic...

EXT. FELLOWES AND KINSOLVING - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

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

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

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

STABLER
Take your time...

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

STABLER
But they saw you?

SIKH
Oh yes, yes. I am quite certain.

STABLER
Thanks. You've been a big help.

The driver nods and heads out. Benson looks relieved.

BENSON
We don't have a case.

STABLER
Yes we do.

BENSON
There's no proof.

STABLER
They don't know that.

BENSON
Elliot...

STABLER
We're arresting them. Now.

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

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

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

EXT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

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

BENSON AND CASSIDY
Knife!!

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

BENSON
Watch her!

INT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

Stabler has his hands up, palms out to Rugova.

STABLER
Drop the knife!

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

STABLER
Call 911. Get an ambulance.

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

BENSON
This is Detective Olivia Benson, Sex Crimes, I need an ambulance now. Seventy-First Street and Second Avenue.
STABLER (CONT'D)
We got a positive I.D. from the Sikh cab driver at the coffee shop...

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

EXT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

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

BENSON
(soft; urgent)
Listen to me. I know what a shock it was to see Tanzic in that cab.

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

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

Munch and Cassidy come up.

CASSIDY
You called for back-up?

BENSON
This is one of the suspects in our cabbie homicide.

MUNCH
Ahhh... Miss Slice and Dice.
(to Benson)
So - psychodrama over?

INT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

Stabler is talking to Rugova.

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

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

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

RUGOVA
Am I under arrest?

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

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

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

EXT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

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

BENSON AND CASSIDY
Knife!!

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

BENSON
Watch her!

INT. SARAJEVO RESTAURANT - DAY

Stabler has his hands up, palms out to Rugova.

STABLER
Drop the knife!

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

**STABLER**
Call 911. Get an ambulance.

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

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

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

**STABLER**
She got the femoral artery.

**RUGOVA**
(weak)
Please don't help me.

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

**BENSON**
How bad?

**STABLER**
She's bleeding out...

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**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

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

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

(MORE)
MARTA (CONT'D)
We crossed the street and got into the other man's taxi.

CARMICHAEL
Did you recognize the other driver at that time?

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

CARMICHAEL
And where were you at this point?

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

CARMICHAEL
Then what happened?

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

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

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

61 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

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

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

Man One?

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

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

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

BENSON
How much time?

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

CRAGEN
You two all right with this?

STABLER
(Benson nods)
Sure.

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

Carmichael moves off. Cragen looks at the two detectives.

CRAGEN
My office.

INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

CONTINUED
62 CONTINUED

BENSON
We don't know...

CRAGEN
(a slap)
Stop!
(to Stabler)
What about the call to the taxi company asking when Spicer worked?

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

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

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

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

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

63 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

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

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

STABLER
'I just want to be with my family.'

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

BENSON
Special Victims Unit...

FADE OUT

THE END