

Law and Order SVU:  
Diamonds and Pearls

Written by

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"LAW & ORDER:  
SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT"  
"DIAMONDS AND PEARLS"

FADE IN

EXT. EIGHTH AND 22ND STREET - NIGHT

10:00 P.M. SUZANNE CAZALET, 40s, athletic build, dress and wool overcoat, saunters down street, scans the area. A cab slows. She flags it down.

SUZANNE

Sir, can you tell me where The Brooklyn Bagel and Coffee Company is?

CAB DRIVER

Do you need a cab or not lady?

SUZANNE

No. I just need to find The Brooklyn Bagel and Coffee Company.

The cab driver speeds away. Suzanne fumbles in her purse for her phone. She fishes it out, glances at it. She bumps into a MAN.

MAN

Watch it!

Suzanne continues walking. She pauses in the doorway of The Brooklyn Bagel and Coffee Company, peers in, takes a deep breath, enters.

SUZANNE

Kristi. What is it this time?

Suzanne takes a seat at the counter, next to KRISTI CAZALET, 20, slightly overweight, messy green hair, nose ring, hoodie.

KRISTI

I need money. A lot of it.

Suzanne's eyes grow wide. She clutches her purse.

SUZANNE

Money for what? How much?

KRISTI

It doesn't matter what I need it for. I have some insurance, though, that says you'll pay up.

WAITRESS eyes the two women, watches for a moment, listens, then makes a pot of coffee.

SUZANNE

Insurance?

KRISTI

I know all about you and Mr. Lodzinski. Five thousand dollars, please, or Dad will know, too.

Suzanne's cell phone rings. She briefly stares at it, then answers.

SUZANNE

Alerion! Dear, I'm on my way home from the office now. (Pause) Yeah, go to bed. (Pause) Love you, too!

KRISTI

I don't want a check this time. I need cash.

Suzanne fishes in her purse, produces an ATM card. Looks at it, then stuffs it back in her purse.

SUZANNE

I'll get it for you tomorrow. Just leave your dad out of this, ok?

Suzanne leaves the restaurant, hails a cab.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAZALET HOME - CURBSIDE - NIGHT

Suzanne pays cab driver, walks toward house. As she reaches steps, someone comes from behind and hits her in the back of the head with a two-by-four.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MERCY HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Benson strolls through double doors leading to waiting area. A POLICE OFFICER walks toward her.

BENSON  
What do we know?

Police Officer opens notebook, scans the information.

POLICE OFFICER  
There are two victims. Alerion  
Cazalet and his wife, Suzanne.

BENSON  
From Cazalet Diamonds?

POLICE OFFICER  
Yes. His throat was slashed but it  
was seemingly superficial.

BENSON  
Was the wife sexually assaulted?

POLICE OFFICER  
Yes. She was found beside a  
rosebush outside her home, throat  
slashed, raped and beaten.

Benson eases over to the doorway of Suzanne's room and  
observes Suzanne before she walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MERCY HOSPITAL - SUZANNE CAZALET'S ROOM - DAY

Benson and Carisi stand on opposite sides of Suzanne's bed.  
ALERION CAZALET, 40s, bandage on neck, hospital gown, stands  
at the foot of the bed.

BENSON  
Mrs. Cazalet, can you tell us what  
happened?

SUZANNE  
I can't remember. I just remember  
my husband and I had an argument.

ALERION  
We didn't have any arguments,  
honey.

SUZANNE  
I remember arguing with someone. I  
think. I thought we argued and I  
went to bed.

ALERION

No. You never even made it in the house, honey.

Alerion turns to Benson.

CARISI

So, what do you recall, Mr. Cazalet?

ALERION

Well, I was actually the one in bed. I was awakened by screams.

BENSON

What time was this? Do you know?

ALERION

I didn't look at the time. I just wanted to see what the screaming was about.

BENSON

Ok. What happened once you got up?

ALERION

I looked in the closet, grabbed my rifle and went outside.

CARISI

Wait. You had a rifle?

ALERION

Yes. It's registered. I went out to see what was happening, and I saw a man beating Suzanne.

CARISI

Did you get a look at this man?

ALERION

No. He wore a hoodie. I tried to intervene, but he hit me, knocking me out before I could shoot.

BENSON

You blacked out?

ALERION

I was in and out of consciousness. I remember being beaten with a metal rod, a two-by-four.

BENSON

I really need you to think. Can you remember anything at all about this man?

ALERION

No. I couldn't see. It was dark.

BENSON

All right. Well, get some rest. We'll be in touch.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Benson passes out copies of a police drawing to Rollins and Tutuola, who sit at conference table. Carisi leans on table.

BENSON

This sketch is a man the neighbor remembers seeing earlier in the day, watching the vic's house.

ROLLINS

So what do we know?

Benson moves to the briefing wall where photos of the victims, a sketch of the Cazalet home, and a neighborhood diagram are affixed. She points to the wall.

BENSON

The vics are the Cazalets. Alerion and Suzanne.

TUTUOLA

The owners of Cazalet Diamonds?

BENSON

Bingo! The attack happened outside their Gramercy home. The husband says he woke up to screaming.

CARISI

That's when he grabbed a rifle from the bedroom closet and went outside to see what was happening.

TUTUOLA

So he shot the perp?

CARISI

No.

BENSON

Mr. Cazalet made it down the front steps, where he saw the perp beat Mrs. Cazalet with a two-by-four.

CARISI

Before he could fire a shot, the perp had whacked him with the two-by-four also.

ROLLINS

Both vics had their throats slashed?

BENSON

Yes. The wife had to undergo emergency surgery last night. The husband's wounds are superficial.

CARISI

Her jaw and skull were broken in the attack. Apparently, both vics blacked out, so didn't see much.

ROLLINS

I thought the husband made the call for help?

BENSON

When he came to, Mr. Cazalet made it to a neighbor's house for help.

CARISI

Which seems a little weird, because if he was beaten as bad as he says he was--

BENSON

Agreed. We need to interview the husband again. He just might be good for this.

TUTUOLA

I thought they had a daughter? Why didn't she call for help? Where was she?

BENSON

She was at her new apartment over  
in Chelsea.

TUTUOLA

Chelsea, huh? I guess she's not as  
conservative as her pops.

BENSON

I guess not. Finn, Rollins, you  
two head back to the hospital and  
interview the husband again.

CARISI

You and I will talk to the  
daughter?

BENSON

Yeah. Grab your coat.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - ALERION CAZALET'S ROOM - DAY

Alerion Cazalet sleeps in his bed. Tutuola and Rollins knock  
on door, enter and walk to opposite sides of his bed.

ROLLINS

Patrol found a receipt for two from  
The Brooklyn Bagel and Coffee  
Company in your wife's purse. Were  
you there together?

Alerion's brow furrows. He shakes his head.

TUTUOLA

Is that why you sliced her throat  
open? She was out with someone  
else and you couldn't stand it?

Alerion glares at Tutuola.

ALERION

I did not slice my wife's throat!  
Are you crazy?

TUTUOLA

I'm just asking a question.

ROLLINS

Mr. Cazalet, what do you remember  
about that night?



ALERION

I already gave my statement to Lieutenant Benson. I don't remember anything else.

TUTUOLA

Have you and your wife been having any problems?

ALERION

No. No we have not. We love each other very much. I think.

ROLLINS

You think?

Rollins eyes Tutuola.

ALERION

Do I need a lawyer?

TUTUOLA

Do you?

ALERION

I've already told you everything I know. Please, just find who did this to us.

Rollins' cell phone RINGS. She answers it.

ROLLINS

Yes, Lieutenant, we're here now.  
(Pause) Ok. We'll get right on it.

Rollins hangs up phone.

TUTUOLA

That was Liv?

ROLLINS

Yeah. Mr. Cazalet, we'll be back to talk to you later.

Rollins briskly walks out of room with Tutuola.

TUTUOLA

Where to now?

ROLLINS

Liv wants us to head over to The Brooklyn Bagel and Coffee Company in Chelsea. Over near Eighth and Twenty Second.

TUTUOLA

What's up?

ROLLINS

They have some footage of our vic an hour before the attack.

CUT TO:

INT. KRISTI CAZALET'S RESIDENCE - DAY

Benson and Carisi approach the front door and knock. Loud music can be heard coming from inside the apartment.

BENSON

Kristi? Kristi Cazalet? NYPD.  
We'd like to speak with you for just a moment.

The volume of the music lowers. Kristi opens door.

KRISTI

Yes? Can I help you?

JORDAN SMYTHE, 21, mohawk, ripped jean shorts, sits on couch with his shirt off.

JORDAN

Babe! Who is it?

Benson walks past Kristi and enters apartment.

BENSON

Hi, I'm Lieutenant Benson, from the Special Victims Unit. May we talk to you for just a moment?

Kristi slowly closes the door, gestures for Benson and Carisi to take a seat. Clothing and food containers cover the sofa.

KRISTI

Do you want to have a seat?

CARISI

No. We're good.

BENSON

We noticed you haven't been to see your parents in the hospital. Is everything all right?

KRISTI

Yes.

CARISI

Well, we also wanted see if you knew of anyone that might want to harm your parents?

KRISTI

She is not my parent! She is my stepmother. Stop calling her my parent.

Benson and Carisi exchange a glance.

CARISI

Do I sense some animosity here?

KRISTI

No. This is just too much. I'm stressed from all of this.

BENSON

So stressed that you couldn't go to the hospital?

Kristi begins to cry. She takes a seat on the sofa.

CARISI

I know this is a lot. I need you to tell us, though, if you know anyone who would hurt your parents.

Kristi sobs louder. Carisi and Benson kneel beside Kristi.

BENSON

I need you to think really hard, Kristi. We need your help.

Kristi wipes the tears from her face. She hugs Benson.

KRISTI

It was probably her boyfriend. You should ask him.

Benson and Carisi exchange a glance.

CUT TO: