FADE IN.

[EXT. VARIOUS SEATTLE (STOCK) - DAY]

LEGEND:
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

(It's pouring. Thunder rumbles.)

[EXT. BUILDING STAIRS - DAY]

(People on their way to work walk up and down the stairs huddled under their umbrellas.)
[INT. OFFICE -- DAY]

(TOP VIEW DOWN: The office is busy. At the end of the row of cubicles, Heather Woodland types at her computer. She's on the Internet.)

LYRICS:
well, I'm waitin' on a day
when the people walk free to see
when the penitentiary is on fire
there's no need to bleed
for your mother or your brother
or the one that comes before you
oh, I'm waiting on a time ...

(The music fades and continues in background.)

(She pulls up a photo of a red car. She's on IM with Z4SALE.

    Z4SALE says:
    I'll send you a picture of the car ...

    Z4SALE says:
    New paint. New Tires. Not bad, huh?

(She types:
    HEATHER says:
    Why so low on the price?

    Z4SALE says:
    Moving. Must sell ASAP. You up for a test drive?

CUT TO:

[EXT. STREET CORNER -- DAY]

(Heather stands under her red umbrella. It's pouring. Thunder rumbles. She looks around for her ride.)

(A red Datsun Z, license #269-IDR, pulls upside the curb. The horn beeps twice. Heather smiles, impressed. The driver gets out of the car. He's wearing a jacket, the hood pulls up over his head.)

DRIVER: Hey.

HEATHER WOODLAND: Wow!

(He dashes around the car. They shake hands.)

HEATHER WOODLAND: Hey, I'm Heather.

DRIVER: Nice to meet ya.

(Heather dashes around the car and gets inside.)
(Cut to: They're driving around the city.)

DRIVER: It's a 2.4 liter, 6-cylinder engine.

HEATHER WOODLAND With Hitachi side-draft carbs.

DRIVER: (chuckles) That's right. Wanna take a look under the hood?

HEATHER WOODLAND: Yeah!

(Cut to: They're parked somewhere and looking under the hood.)

DRIVER: You know your Zs. I'm impressed. (He shuts the hood.) You should have your mechanic check it out anyway.

HEATHER WOODLAND: Okay.

DRIVER: How 'bout I leave you my number and we can set it up?

HEATHER WOODLAND: Thank you.

(He opens the passenger door for her and she gets inside. He removes the inside door lock completely and shuts the door for her.)

(He gets inside and starts the engine. The car leaves.)

[INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY]

(She points.)

HEATHER WOODLAND: So it's just ... right up here.

(He doesn't stop.)

HEATHER WOODLAND: Oh! That was - (chuckles) Hello! There was the right.

(He still doesn't stop.)

HEATHER WOODLAND: (nervously) Uh, maybe just ... pull over here, and we can try and do a U-turn.

(He doesn't stop. She looks at him.)

HEATHER WOODLAND: What are you doing?

(He doesn't stop and he doesn't say anything.)

HEATHER WOODLAND: (scared) Okay. Stop the car now. (firmly) Pull over now!

(He continues to drive. Heather looks out her window, then down at the lock. The door lock is down inside the door. Heather turns.)

(The driver hits her in the face.)

(The car continues down the rain-slick road.)
CUT TO:

[EXT. HOTCHNER RESIDENCE (STOCK) - NIGHT]

LEGEND:
WASHINGTON, DC

[INT. HOTCHNER RESIDENCE - NURSERY - NIGHT]

(Aaron "Hotch" Hotchner stands near the crib, assembling it while his wife, Haley, sits on the bed going through a book of baby names.)

HALEY HOTCHNER: How 'bout Andrew? It's Greek for 'valiant'.

AARON HOTCHNER: Let's call him ... Sergio.

HALEY HOTCHNER: (chuckles) Please tell me you're kidding.

AARON HOTCHNER: Butch?

HALEY HOTCHNER: How about Donald?

AARON HOTCHNER: Hans.

HALEY HOTCHNER: No! Wait, wait. Um ... Okay. Gideon.

AARON HOTCHNER: Not a chance.

(She laughs. He walks over to her and sits next to her on the bed.)


AARON HOTCHNER: No.

HALEY HOTCHNER: Yes.

AARON HOTCHNER: No.

HALEY HOTCHNER: Yes.

(He kisses her.)

AARON HOTCHNER: No.

HALEY HOTCHNER: Gideon.

(The phone rings. He kisses her and hugs her as the fax machine hums.)

[FAX MACHINE]

(A Missing Persons fact sheet and photo of Heather Woodland prints out.)
CUT TO:

[INT. BAR -- NIGHT]

(Derek Morgan stands at a table with three women.)

DEREK MORGAN: It's the 1940s. He put bombs in train stations and movie theaters.

WOMAN 2: Uh, the "Mad Bomber," George Metesky.

DEREK MORGAN: Nice. The winners sit. Losers, drink.

ALL: Cheers.

(They clink glasses.)

WOMAN 3: Hold on. Metesky wasn't a serial killer. None of his bombs ever killed anyone.

DEREK MORGAN: Well, you think all we do is serial killers? Trust me, we cover the whole spectrum of psychos. We profiled the "DC Sniper," the "Unabomber." We do terrorists, arsonists -

WOMAN 3: (nods) Supervisory agents trying to get trainees drunk?

(He chuckles just as his cell phone rings.)

DEREK MORGAN: Excuse me.

(He turns and checks his call. It shows an incoming from BAU. Woman 1 sitting nearest him looks at the info over his shoulder.)

WOMAN 1: Wow. Behavioral Analysis Unit. You work with Gideon? Were you with him in Boston?

(He glances back at them.)

DEREK MORGAN: I was supposed to be. (to phone) Yeah. This is Morgan.

CUT TO:

[INT. FBI - BAU -- CLASSROOM -- DAY]

LEGEND:
B.A.U - BEHAVIOR ANALYSIS TRAINING
FBI, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

(Up on the wall screen are photos of various victims.)

JASON GIDEON: Anyone recognize these faces?

STUDENT (WOMAN): Victims of the "Footpath Killer."
JASON GIDEON: That's what Virginia newspapers are calling him. We refer to him as the UNKNOWN SUBJECT or Unsub.

(The lights go back on. Jason Gideon is teaching class.)

JASON GIDEON: I told Virginia PD -- we're looking for a white male in his 20s ... who owns an American-made truck in disrepair. Works a menial job. I told 'em when you find him ... don't be surprised to hear him speak with a severe stutter.

(One of the students raises her hands.)

STUDENT (WOMAN): Not to sound skeptical, but come on ... a stutter?

JASON GIDEON: Where'd the murders occur? Hiking paths. Isolated. If I'm a killer who has to use an immediate application of overpowering force, even out in the middle of nowhere, I lack confidence. I can't charm them into my car like Ted Bundy did. I can't because I am ashamed of something.

(The side door opens and Dr. Spencer Reid steps into the class. He holds up a file folder and taps it.)

JASON GIDEON: Excuse me.

CUT TO:

[INT. FBI - BAU - HALLWAY -- DAY]

(Dr. Spencer Reid and Jason Gideon walk through the hallway as Reid fills Gideon in on the details. They're looking at a crime scene photo of a dead body.)

DR. SPENCER REID: They're calling him the "Seattle Strangler." Four victims in four months. He keeps 'em alive seven days. The handle serves as a crank.

JASON GIDEON: Allowing him to control the rate of suffocation.

DR. SPENCER REID: To prolong it?

JASON GIDEON: To enjoy it. Seattle's hit a wall?

DR. SPENCER REID: Physical evidence is nonexistent. There are no tangible leads.

JASON GIDEON: And another girl is missing.

(He grabs the photo from Reid and heads into the office.)

[INT. FBI - BAU - GIDEON'S OFFICE -- DAY]

(Gideon stands behind his desk and looks through the file.)

JASON GIDEON: I looked the case file over. I'll get some thoughts to you ASAP.

(Aaron Hotchner and Derek Morgan walk into the office.)
AARON HOTCHNER: You're gonna be with us in Seattle ASAP.

(Gideon looks up from the file. Morgan holds up a photo of Heather Woodland. Gideon takes the photo from him.)

DEREK MORGAN: 22-year-old Heather Woodland.

AARON HOTCHNER: Before she left for lunch, she downloaded an email with a time-delayed virus attached. The killer's virus wiped her hard drive and left this on the screen.

(Hotchner hands Gideon a photo of the message. He reads it and recognizes it immediately. He glances at Hotchner before walking over to the nearby wall.)

JASON GIDEON: (reads) "For heaven's sake, catch me before I kill more. I cannot control myself."

(On the wall is a framed photo with the inscription on the bottom:
   WILLIAM HEIRENS,
   THE LIPSTICK KILLER, 1945.
)

(The message is the exact one written on the wall in the photo.)

AARON HOTCHNER: He never keeps them for more than seven days, which means we have fewer than 36 hours to find her.

DEREK MORGAN: They want you back in the saddle. You ready?

DR. SPENCER REID: Looks like medical leave's over, boss.

JASON GIDEON: They sure they want me?

AARON HOTCHNER: (nods) The order came from the director.

(Gideon turns and looks at the photo.)

JASON GIDEON: Well, we'd better get started.

CUT TO:
END OF TEASER.

[TITLE LOGO: CRIMINAL MINDS]

FADE OUT.

(COMMERCIAL SET)

FADE IN.

[EXT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT]

(Two black cars stop on the runway in front of the airplane. Gideon and Reid step out of the car with their gear. They head for the plane.)
JASON GIDEON: (v.o.) Joseph Conrad said, "The belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary. Men alone are quite capable of every wickedness."

(Hotchner and a female agent exit the second car. They head for the plane with the others.)

FEMALE AGENT: (to Hotchner) This girl may only have 36 hours to live. We're not asking for a judgment of Gideon. We want an assessment. We want to know you're there to step in if he can't perform. Are we clear?

AARON HOTCHNER: Of course.

(Hotchner gets on the plane.)

CUT TO:

[EXT. PLANE IN THE AIR (STOCK) - NIGHT]

[INT. PLANE (FLYING) -- NIGHT]

(Gideon walks up the aisle to join Reid, Morgan and Hotchner. Reid reads from the file.)

DR. SPENCER REID: His first victim was 26-year-old Melissa Kirsh. Stab wounds, strangulation.

DEREK MORGAN: Wait, wait. Back up, back up. He stabbed her ... and then strangled her to finish her off?

JASON GIDEON: Other way around. Why do you think he started using the belt with the second murder?

DR. SPENCER REID: Strangulation with your bare hands is not as easy as one would believe. He tried, probably found that it took too long ...

DEREK MORGAN: So he stabbed her instead.

AARON HOTCHNER: And realized it would be hours cleaning up the blood.

DEREK MORGAN: Next time, our boy's got a method -- the belt.

JASON GIDEON: (nods) He's learning, perfecting his scenario. Becoming a better killer.

CUT TO:

[INT. UNKNOWN PLACE -- NIGHT]

(The lamplight flickers on and off. Inside the room, Heather Woodland sits in a wire cage. Her eyes and mouth are taped)
(Her hands aren't tied. She touches the tape on her eyes and mouth and gasps when she hears the voice.)

RASPY VOICE: What did I tell you about the tape?

(Someone walks up to the cage. Heather gasps. He hits the cage with his fist and she screams.)

(He reaches down and unlocks the padlock keeping the chain in place.

HEATHER WOODLAND: (sobs through gag) I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

(He removes the chain around the door.)

HEATHER WOODLAND: (sobs through gag) I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

(She hears the cage door squeak open.

HEATHER WOODLAND: (sobs through gag) I'm sorry!

(He grabs her hand and pulls her wrist toward him. She screams and cries through her gag.)

(He takes her hand and pulls out a nail clipper. As she cries, he clips her fingernails.)

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

[EXT. SEATTLE CITY SKYLINE (STOCK) - MORNING]

[EXT. FBI BUILDING - DAY]

LEGEND:
F.B.I. NORTHWEST FIELD OFFICE
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

(The team exits the vehicle and enters the building.)

[INT. FBI BUILDING - LOBBY -- DAY]

(Gideon picks up his bag from the conveyor belt after entering the metal detector. He heads inside. Behind him, Reid and Morgan follow.)

(Morgan nudges Reid.)

DEREK MORGAN: He never stands with his back to a window. When I was between him and a doorway, he asked me to move.

(Hotchner comes up behind them.)

DEREK MORGAN: Just how much disorder are we talking about?

AARON HOTCHNER: Morgan, it's been six months. Everything's okay.

CUT TO:

[INT. FBI BUILDING - BULLPEN -- DAY]

(Hotchner makes the introductions.)

AARON HOTCHNER: This is Special Agent Gideon, Special Agent Morgan, our expert on obsessional crimes, Special Agent Reid.

(Gideon stands over by the map.)

JASON GIDEON: (clarifies) Doctor Reid.

AARON HOTCHNER: Dr. Reid, our expert on, well, everything, and after two years busting my butt in this office, I hope you remember me.

(The office chuckles. Gideon is looking at the board - just one of many they have set up in the office.)

JASON GIDEON: He's willing to travel with the body.

AARON HOTCHNER: Then he drives a vehicle capable of concealing one.

DR. SPENCER REID: One in 7.4 drivers in Seattle owns an SUV.

(As they talk, Gideon looks at the victim boards. The first board has photos of MELISSA KIRSCH, VICTIM #1.)

DEREK MORGAN: (o.s.) Explorer with tinted windows.

DR. SPENCER REID: (o.s.) Explorers rate higher with women.

(The second victim board has photos of ANNE CUSHING, VICTIM #2.)

(The next board has photos of AMY HABERLAND, VICTIM #3.)

(The board after that has photos of SONDRA WATTS, VICTIM #4.)

DEREK MORGAN: (o.s.) But how do we know it's his car?

[VARIOUS QUICK FLASHES OF THE PHOTOS AND INFORMATION ON THE BOARDS]

DEREK MORGAN: (o.s.) Ted Bundy drove a VW Bug.

(The final board has photos of: MISSING, HEATHER WOODLAND.)

AARON HOTCHNER: (o.s.) What about a Jeep Cherokee?
DR. SPENCER REID: Jeeps are more masculine.
(Gideon turns and looks at the group.)

JASON GIDEON: We all know how an Unsub feels about asserting his masculinity.

AARON HOTCHNER: When did the Bureau become involved in the case?

SEATTLE AGENT: After the fourth body. He dumped that one out of state.
(Hotchner turns and looks at Gideon.)

AARON HOTCHNER: On purpose.

DR. SPENCER REID: If so, knowledge of law enforcement does suggest a criminal record.

DEREK MORGAN: Or that he watches television. May I?

(Seattle Agent 1 hands Morgan the file. Seattle Agent 2 looks at Hotchner.)

SEATTLE AGENT 2: So you wanna see our suspect list?

AARON HOTCHNER: No, we won't look at a suspect list until after we come up with a profile. It keeps our perspective unbiased.

JASON GIDEON: When do we sit down with your task force?

SEATTLE AGENT 2: Four o'clock.

(Morgan looks up from the file.)

DEREK MORGAN: An accurate profile by four o'clock today?

(Gideon is looking at something on the far victim board. He walks past them.)

JASON GIDEON: (absently) That's not a problem.

(The agents follow Gideon as he nears the board.)

AARON HOTCHNER: Agent Gideon, where would you like to start?

(He walks up to the board for VICTIM #2, ANNE CUSHING. He points to one of the photos.)

JASON GIDEON: Let's start at the site of the last murder.

FADE IN TO:

[EXT. UNDERPASS - DAY]

(Gideon walks around the very area where the body was found. An officer and Morgan follow at a distance. Morgan looks around the area.)

SPD OFFICER: So that's Gideon? The Gideon. The one who caught that guy, Adrian Baal, in Boston.

(Gideon walks to the spot and looks around. In his mind, he hears the woman's scream echoing.)

(Morgan walks up to him.)

DEREK MORGAN: 22-year-old Anne Cushing was found right here. Nails clipped just like the others. He wants them to fight back.

(Gideon looks down at the photo, AC24518-43, in his hand. It's on Anne Cushing.)

JASON GIDEON: But not enough to hurt him. And he left the belt around her neck.

(He hands the photo back to Morgan.)

JASON GIDEON: He's probably in his early 20s.

DEREK MORGAN: (shakes his head) What's your reasoning?

JASON GIDEON: Youthful arrogance.

(Gideon turns away and looks around. Morgan sighs.)

DEREK MORGAN: He clothed the body before dumping it.

JASON GIDEON: That's a sign of remorse.

DEREK MORGAN: It's not consistent. Look where we are. His opinion of women is pretty clear, don't you think?

JASON GIDEON: They're disposable.

DEREK MORGAN: Why show remorse by taking the time to dress her but then dump her here?

(Gideon stops as he thinks about it.)

CUT TO:

[INT. WOODLAND RESIDENCE - DAY]

(A sandy-colored dog barks at Reid and Hotchner. Reid is startled. David grabs Sandy's collar.)

DAVID WOODLAND: Sandy, no, no, no. I'm so sorry.

AARON HOTCHNER: No, it's okay. It's what we call the Reid effect. (They glance over at Reid.) Happens with children, too. I'm Agent Hotchner. This is Special Agent Dr. Reid.

DAVID WOODLAND: You look too young to have gone to medical school.
DR. SPENCER REID: They're Ph.D.s. --three of them.

DAVID WOODLAND: Are you a genius or something?

(Hotchner starts petting the dog.)

DR. SPENCER REID: I don't believe that intelligence can be accurately quantified--but I do have an IQ of 187 and an eidetic memory and can read 20,000 words per minute. Yes, I'm a genius.

(Reid turns and looks around the room.)

(Sandy barks.)

AARON HOTCHNER: Sandy, you get a lot of attention, don't you?

DAVID WOODLAND: Yeah, Heather loves this dog. I feed her when Heather's away. Usually, she's fine, but ... lately, she won't eat. It's almost like she can sense something's wrong.


AARON HOTCHNER: Sandy's worried because she knows you are.

(David nods. Reid looks at the magazines on the dresser.)

DR. SPENCER REID: David, does your sister drive a Datsun Z?

DAVID WOODLAND: No, but she's in the market for one. How'd you know?

(Reid picks up the magazine and shows it to them. Sandy barks.)

DAVID WOODLAND: Come on, Sandy.

(David takes Sandy out of the room. Hotchner looks at Reid.)

DR. SPENCER REID: There's an immediate relationship established between a buyer and a seller, a level of trust. If I want to coax a young woman into my car ...

AARON HOTCHNER: (nods) Offer her a test drive.

CUT TO:

[INT. FBI BUILDING - OFFICE -- DAY]

(Morgan tosses a baseball and paces the floor as he thinks.)

DEREK MORGAN: Okay, then how 'bout the fact that on one hand, we have paranoid psychosis ... but the autopsy protocol says what?

(Reid twirls around and around in his office chair.)

DR. SPENCER REID: Adhesive residue shows he put layer after layer of duct tape over his victims' eyes.
DEREK MORGAN: He knows he wants to kill them, but he still covers their eyes. (His voice fades into the background.) He doesn't want 'em looking at him, apparently. Okay, but then he takes the body and dumps it right out in the open, murder weapon nearby.

(Gideon continues to stare at the wall in front of him. We see the various photos, maps and reports flash by. The argument in the background gets louder and louder.)

DR. SPENCER REID: Not the MO of a paranoid convinced he's being watched or surveilled.

DEREK MORGAN: Paranoid psychosis, but behavior that's not paranoid.

AARON HOTCHNER: Maybe he's schizophrenic.

DEREK MORGAN: Maybe we just don't have enough for a complete profile.

AARON HOTCHNER: We have enough to narrow our list of suspects.

DEREK MORGAN: We're looking at less than 12 hours to have to find this woman.

AARON HOTCHNER: We don't know exactly what --

DEREK MORGAN: Hey, Hotch, we don't know anything!

JASON GIDEON: All right, enough.

(Everyone is quiet.)

JASON GIDEON: Let's tell them we're ready.

(Gideon turns and heads out of the room. Hotchner and Reid are very quiet. Morgan is stunned.)

DEREK MORGAN: We're ready?

(Gideon leaves the room without answering him. Morgan turns to look at the others.)

DEREK MORGAN: Reid. You're good with this? We've got a woman who's only got a few hours left to live, an incomplete profile, and a unit chief on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

(The door opens and Gideon rushes back in to grab something.)

JASON GIDEON: They don't call them nervous breakdowns anymore.

(Gideon leaves the room.)

DR. SPENCER REID: It's called a major depressive episode.

DEREK MORGAN: I know, Reid.

CUT TO:
[INT. FBI - CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY]

(Gideon makes the presentation.)

JASON GIDEON: The unidentified subject is white and in his late 20s. He's someone you wouldn't notice at first. He's someone who'd blend into any crowd.

(As he talks, the background changes. He's now on the sidewalk with people walking past him.)

JASON GIDEON: The violent nature of the crime suggests a previous criminal record -- petty crimes.

(The background fades back into the conference room.)

JASON GIDEON: Maybe auto theft. We've classified him as an organized killer -- careful. Psychopathic as opposed to psychotic. He follows the news, has good hygiene. He's smart.

(The background again changes to the underpass. The Unsub is adding touches to Anne Cushing's body on the dirt under the underpass.)

JASON GIDEON: Because he's smart, the only physical evidence you'll find is what he wants you to find.

(The Unsub looks up, turns and runs away.)

(The background fades back into the conference room.)

JASON GIDEON: He's mobile, car in good condition. Our guess -- Jeep Cherokee, tinted windows. The murders have all involved rapes. But rape without penetration is a form of piquerism, and that tells us he's sexually inadequate. Psychiatric evaluations will show a history of paranoia stemming from a childhood trauma-- death of a parent or family member.

(The background fades to show a funeral service in a cemetery. A little boy is standing in front of the coffin.)

(The little boy turns and looks at Gideon.)

JASON GIDEON: And now he feels persecuted and watched.

(The background fades back into the conference room.)

JASON GIDEON: Murder gives him a sense of power. Organized killers have a fascination with law enforcement. They will inject themselves into the investigation. They will even come forward as witnesses to see just how much the police really know. That makes them feel powerful, in control. Which is why I also think ... in fact, I know ... you have already interviewed him.

FADE OUT.

(COMMERCIAL SET)
FADE IN.

[EXT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE -- NIGHT]

(Elle Greenaway walks across the street toward the Slessman house. She glances behind her, then hurries up the grass and up the porch stairs.)

(She knocks on the door.)

(The door opens.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: Hi.

(An old woman with an oxygen tank, wearing a nasal canula and leaning heavily on a cane answers the door. In the background, we see a young woman carrying a toddler.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: I'm sorry to bother you. I'm house-sitting down the street, and when I got back, the door was wide open, and the lights weren't working. I feel stupid asking this, but is there someone who might be able to take a look inside with me?

(Mrs. Slessman turns and calls up the stairs.)

MRS. SLESSMAN: Richard. Richard, get down here!

SHORT TIME CUT TO:

[EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT]

(Richard Slessman and Elle Greenaway walk across the street toward the darkened green-colored house.)

RICHARD SLESSMAN: Are you sure you locked it?

ELLE GREENAWAY: Yeah.

(They walk up the front steps. He turns on his flashlight and pushes the door open.)

RICHARD SLESSMAN: Hello?

[INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS]

(He steps into the house slowly and looks around. Elle follows him inside. There doesn't appear to be anyone there.)

(He walks deeper into the house, looking at the dining room area.)

RICHARD SLESSMAN: Hello!

(Suddenly, armed FBI agents burst out from their hiding places.)
AGENT: FBI! Freeze!
AGENT: Freeze!

(Richard is surprised. Elle grabs Richard's hands, twisting them behind his back. He drops the flashlight and falls forward to his knees.)

AGENT: Get him down!

(He takes out her handcuffs and cuffs him.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: Richard Slessman, FBI. You are under arrest for the murder ...

(Her voice fades into the background. Richard turns and looks to the side. Gideon steps forward and looks at him.)

(Richard smiles back at him.)

CUT TO:

[EXT. SLESSMAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT]

(HELIicopter VIEW of the officer cars parked outside the house.)

JASON GIDEON: (v.o.) Emerson said, "All is riddle, and the key to a riddle ... is another riddle."

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - NIGHT]

(A framed photo of Richard Slessman hangs on the hallway wall.)

(The front door opens and Hotchner rushes in. Other agents quickly follow.)

AARON HOTCHNER: I'm going up.

(Gideon walks into the house; Reid joins him.)

DR. SPENCER REID: There's no sign of the girl here. We can arrest him with probable cause, but we won't be able to hold him.

(Gideon walks down the hallway enough to glance into the kitchen. He sees Mrs. Slessman sitting at the kitchen table, the woman carrying the baby standing next to her.)

DR. SPENCER REID: Slessman's been at the top of the suspect list.

JASON GIDEON: Is that the mother?

(Elle steps into the hallway.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: Grandmother. The mother died in a fire when he was 13.

(Gideon walks past her and toward the kitchen.)

JASON GIDEON: Probably not the only fire in his childhood.
(Reid looks around the room. Morgan is behind him.)

DR. SPENCER REID: Before his "Son of Sam" murders, David Berkowitz set a multitude of fires.

DEREK MORGAN: Exactly how much is a multitude?

DR. SPENCER REID: According to his diary, 1,400 and ...

ELLE GREENAWAY: ... 88.

JASON GIDEON: (to Elle) Luring him out was your idea, right? Greenaway?

ELLE GREENAWAY: Elle. I don't send a SWAT team into a house with children.

JASON GIDEON: Hotch says your background is in sex offender cases. What can you tell us?

ELLE GREENAWAY: The last four murders show he's an anger-excitation rapist. He'll keep a victim for a couple of days. He probably records or videotapes them so that he can keep reliving the fantasy.

JASON GIDEON: You okay with Hotch being in on the interview?

ELLE GREENAWAY: I'd like him to lead, actually.

JASON GIDEON: Fine. But hold off. Slessman's done time, and he knows the process. And all you will get now is a demand for a lawyer.

(Gideon turns and heads out. Elle looks a little disappointed.)

JASON GIDEON: Hotch, let's check the garage, then show me what you got.

DEREK MORGAN: Next time, show a little leg.

(Morgan heads up the stairs.)

(After a beat, Elle follows him.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: Morgan, the only time you're gonna see a little leg from me is when I'm about to kick your ass.

DEREK MORGAN: I still teach hand-to-hand over at Quantico if you need a little brush-up training.

ELLE GREENAWAY: Seriously ... I want that opening at BAU. You got any advice?

DEREK MORGAN: Just trust your instincts.

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - GARAGE -- NIGHT]

(Hotchner opens the garage door. Inside is a dark-colored jeep.)

AARON HOTCHNER: Well, we got the jeep right.
JASON GIDEON: (unsatisfied) And everything else wrong. The bodies had defensive wounds. Richard doesn't have a mark on him. (shakes his head) We're missing something.

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - SECOND FLOOR -- NIGHT]

(Morgan looks around the second floor and finds Richard's bedroom. He looks around the room and notices the large model airplane hanging on the wall along with the other various items around the room.)

DEREK MORGAN: Something's not right about this. This is a boy's room ... not a man's.

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - ATTIC STAIRS -- NIGHT]

(Elle opens the door, revealing the stairs to the attic. She heads upstairs.)

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - RICHARD'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT]

(Two agents sit at the computer.)

AGENT 1: Log in password.

(He hands the slip of paper to agent 2, who starts typing in the DEADBOLT DEFENSE Administrator login password: SLSS6000)

(Morgan tries to stop them.)

DEREK MORGAN: No, no -- wait, wait!

(It's too late. The agent hits enter and the computer blacks out. Morgan exhales.)

AGENT 1: It's not turning back on.

DEREK MORGAN: Yeah. And it won't. It was a false password.

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - ATTIC -- NIGHT]

(Elle walks into the attic and finds Gideon and Reid already there. They're both staring at a Go board. Hotchner stands in the back of the room behind them.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: What kind of game is it?

DR. SPENCER REID: In China, it's called Wei- Chi. Here we call it "Go". It's considered to be the most difficult board game ever conceived.
JASON GIDEON: Chairman Mao required his generals to learn it.

DR. SPENCER REID: It also looks like he's playing himself.

ELLE GREENAWAY: How can you tell?

(Reid reaches down and spins the board.)

DR. SPENCER REID: This might provide an advantage, actually. Go is considered to be a particularly psychologically revealing game. There are profiles for every player -- The Conservative Point Counter, The Aggressor, The Finesser.

AARON HOTCHNER: What kind of player is Slessman?

(Reid leans forward to study the board for a moment. He looks at Hotchner.)

DR. SPENCER REID: Extreme Aggressor.

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - ATTIC -- NIGHT]

(Elle, Reid, Gideon and Hotchner enter the second floor bedroom just as Morgan finishes setting up a laptop to get into Richard's computer.)

DEREK MORGAN: Okay, here we go.

(The laptop hums and a DEADBOLT DEFENSE login appears on the screen.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: What's the number 6 at the bottom of the screen?
DEREK MORGAN: Number of password attempts before the program wipes the hard drive.

ELLE GREENAWAY: There could be an email or a journal in the computer, something that tells us where Heather is. Do you think you can break in?

(Suddenly, Gideon is listening in on their conversation.)

DEREK MORGAN: In six tries?

(Morgan scoffs and shakes his head.)

JASON GIDEON: (quotes) "Try again. Fail again. Fail better."

(Reid looks at Morgan.)

DR. SPENCER REID: (nods) Samuel Beckett.

(Morgan blinks.)

DEREK MORGAN: (counter-quotes) "Try not. Do. Or do not."

(Reid turns and looks at Gideon.)

DR. SPENCER REID: Yoda.

(Gideon turns and looks on the small wall shelf. He suddenly sees something and reaches out to grab a book from the bottom of the stack. He pulls the book out}
and looks at it. The title of the book is "Journal of Applied Criminal Psychology."

(He flips through the pages of the book and finds a newspaper clipping inside. The partial headline reads: "BLAST KILLS SIX". The photo under it shows two men. One of them is Gideon, his hands and pants bloodied.)

(Reid, who is standing next to Gideon also looking at the news article, looks at Gideon.)

JASON GIDEON: I wanna talk to him.

(Gideon closes the textbook and heads out of the room. Elle and Morgan look up from the laptop as Gideon leaves.)

CUT TO:

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT]

(Richard Slessman sits at the kitchen table. Gideon walks in, tosses the textbook on the table in front of Richard and takes a seat opposite him.)

JASON GIDEON: You read my paper. Learn anything?

RICHARD SLESSMAN: Heirens said a man living inside of his head was the one who committed the murders. You said he was lying, that there'd never been an actual case of multiple personalities.

JASON GIDEON: You have an academic interest in disassociative identity disorder, or you just planning your defense?

(Richard chuckles.)

(Gideon takes the newspaper clipping out from the book. He spreads it out in front of Richard. The Boston Sentinel headline reads: "Shrapnel Blast Kills Six".)

JASON GIDEON: You a fan of Adrien Baal's work?

RICHARD SLESSMAN: No. (He looks at Gideon.) I'm a fan of yours. (He leans forward.) You know ... they never give you the real facts about CPR ... that outside of a hospital, it's only effective 7% of the time. Your friend had a 93% certainty of dying, but you kept trying ... even after you'd broken his ribs, even after his blood was all over your hands.

JASON GIDEON: Why don't you tell us where Heather Woodland is?

RICHARD SLESSMAN: (sits back) Woodland ... isn't she the girl that went missing a couple days ago?

(Gideon nods.)

(He looks around the room. The wood block on the counter reads: "Good little boys are like sunshine." The cookie jar on the shelf reads: "Cookies for Good Boys Only.")
JASON GIDEON: Get him out of here.

(Gideon stands up and leaves the kitchen. He briskly walks past Hotchner.)

CUT TO:

[EXT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - NIGHT]

(Hotchner walks out and around the side of the house where Gideon is. Gideon takes several short breaths.)

AARON HOTCHNER: Hey.

(Gideon turns around.)

JASON GIDEON: He said "isn't she the girl...". If he'd already killed her, he would have said--

AARON HOTCHNER: "Wasn't she the girl..."

JASON GIDEON: She's alive. We don't know for how long.

AARON HOTCHNER: Is it true what he said about CPR? I mean, I didn't know.

JASON GIDEON: You want statistics on CPR, ask Reid.

AARON HOTCHNER: I wanna know if you're okay.

JASON GIDEON: I'm fine.

AARON HOTCHNER: Are you?

JASON GIDEON: Think I can't do the job?

AARON HOTCHNER: I think you can't be two different people at once. (Gideon looks away. He smiles as he realizes something.) What is it?

JASON GIDEON: Conflicts in the profile.

(Quick flashes of: Richard Slessman's interview with Gideon; Heather Woodland's victim board; crime scene photos of another victim; more photos of the victims; the dump site for victim #2; the Unsub appears next to the body, turns, then runs; the computer message; the matching message on the framed photo; the funeral; the child looks at Gideon; the strangers walking along the sidewalk; the first victim's photo with the belt still tied around her neck; strange photos; extreme close-up of an eye; a map with places labeled and stickered in green, yellow and blue; Richard Slessman walks down the stairs; and Richard Slessman sitting across the kitchen table from Gideon.)

(The final image splits and mirrors.)

(End of flash.)

AARON HOTCHNER: Two different behaviors.

JASON GIDEON: Two different people. There's a second killer.
FADE OUT.
(COMMERCIAL SET)

FADE IN.

[INT. FBI - STAIRS -- DAY]

(Gideon, Elle and Hotchner walk down the stairs.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: A second Unsub.

JASON GIDEON: It's not unusual. Remember Lawrence Bittaker and Roy Norris?

ELLE GREENAWAY: 1979. They outfitted a van to rape and murder girls in California.

AARON HOTCHNER: We're looking for someone who fits a similar relationship?

JASON GIDEON: They're not equals. Slessman's smart, but he is a submissive personality.

ELLE GREENAWAY: So number two is the dominant.

JASON GIDEON: Authoritative, arrogant.

AARON HOTCHNER: Probably not as smart as Slessman.

JASON GIDEON: He's like the schoolyard bully recruiting a good underling -- he'll be protective of Richard. He'll make him feel like he owes him.

AARON HOTCHNER: If Richard's been up in the attic fantasizing about being an extreme aggressor, this guy showed him how to do it.

JASON GIDEON: He helped him take the first step.

ELLE GREENAWAY: I think we should interview him, use this as pressure.

(Gideon stops and looks at Elle.)

JASON GIDEON: No, no. We need leverage. A name.

ELLE GREENAWAY: From the suspect list?

JASON GIDEON: That'll take too long. There's gotta be a faster way.

AARON HOTCHNER: There is.

CUT TO:

[INT. FBI - LOBBY -- DAY]
(Hotchner hands a cup to Mrs. Slessman.)

AARON HOTCHNER: Here. This might be a little hot.

(He sits down.)

AARON HOTCHNER: Mrs. Slessman, I don't think we've got the right guy. I think the person we're looking for might be a friend of Richard's.

MRS. SLESSMAN: Richard never had many friends.

AARON HOTCHNER: You sure? There's gotta be someone.

CUE SOUND: (PRE-LAP) PHONE RINGS

CUT TO:

[INT. FBI - OFFICE -- DAY]

(Penelope Garcia is at the computers as she answers the phone.)

PENELOPE GARCIA: (to phone) You've reached Penelope Garcia in the FBI's 'Office of Supreme Genius'.

INTERCUT WITH:

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - DAY]

(Morgan is on the phone.)

DEREK MORGAN: Hey, it's Morgan. Need you to work me some magic here. I got a program called Deadbolt Defense and a girl with only a couple of hours to live, so what do you know?

PENELOPE GARCIA: Then you've got a problem. Deadbolt's the number one password crack-resistant software out there. You're gonna have to get inside this guy's head to get the password.

DEREK MORGAN: I thought I was calling the 'Office of Supreme Genius'.

PENELOPE GARCIA: Well, gorgeous, you've been rerouted to the office of 'Too Friggin' Bad'.

DEREK MORGAN: Thanks anyway.

CUT TO:

[INT. FBI - LOBBY -- DAY]

(Hotchner continues to talk with Mrs. Slessman.)

[INT. FBI - OFFICE - DAY]
(In the nearby office, Gideon and the others listen in on Hotchener's conversation with Mrs. Slessman.)

MRS. SLESSMAN: (over mic) Well, there was ... there was this one young man. I think his name was Charlie.

JASON GIDEON: Cross-reference Charlie for the second Unsub. (Elle types it in and gets a result.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: Charlie is probably Charles Linder. He was Slessman's cellmate and received a dishonorable discharge from the military.

JASON GIDEON: He's bigger, tougher. He could have protected Richard in prison. Where were they incarcerated?

ELLE GREENAWAY: Cascadia. Less than a mile from here.

JASON GIDEON: Let's go.

CUT TO:

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - BATHROOM -- DAY]

(Morgan closes the bathroom medicine cabinet. He's reading the label off of a prescription bottle.)

DEREK MORGAN: My name is Richard Slessman, and I have trouble sleeping.

CUT TO:

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - RICHARD'S BEDROOM -- DAY]

(Morgan is lying flat out on Richard's bed.)

DEREK MORGAN: (exhales) Okay. What do I do when I'm trying to get to sleep?

(He reaches up into the headboard cubbyhole and grabs a handful of CDs. He looks at them and grabs the portable CD player and headset. He looks inside and finds it empty.)

(He looks on the side of the room and sees the CD rack. He gets up.)

DEREK MORGAN: Guys, a little help. (to the agents) We're going through every one of these CDs -- scratches, wear and tear. I wanna know which CD he plays the most. Let's go.

CUT TO:

[INT. FBI - OFFICE -- DAY]
(Hotchner enters the office and heads for Reid.)

AARON HOTCHNER: We get an address on Linder?

DR. SPENCER REID: It's coming right now.

(Reid looks at the fax printout. Hotchner hands something to the agent sitting at the desk.)

DR. SPENCER REID: Does senior management want a field assessment on Gideon?

AARON HOTCHNER: (quietly) Don't worry about it.

DR. SPENCER REID: Are they nervous about him being in charge?

AARON HOTCHNER: Aren't you on your way back to Slessman's house to help Morgan?

(Hotchmer turns and walks away for a moment.)

DR. SPENCER REID: Do you know why he always introduces me as Dr. Reid?

(Hotchmer turns and heads back toward Reid.)

AARON HOTCHNER: Because he knows that people see you as a kid, and he wants to make sure that they respect you. What's the address?

DR. SPENCER REID: Don't think it matters anymore.

(Hotchmer sighs. They look at the fax printout.)

CUT TO:

[INT. CASCADIA COUNTY CORRECTIONAL CENTER -- NIGHT]

(Various shots of the prisoners.)

JASON GIDEON: (v.o.) Winston Churchill said, “The farther backward you can look, the farther forward you will see."

(Gideon and Elle talk with the warden.)

JASON GIDEON: Anyone who can tell us more about Slessman?

WARDEN: Tim Vogel was the security guard covering Slessman's block. (points) That's him over there. I'll get him for you.

(The warden leaves.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: That was Hotch. Linder's name came up on a police report.

JASON GIDEON: And?

ELLE GREENAWAY: He's dead--car accident, two months ago.

JASON GIDEON: Linder is dead.
(Gideon and Elle talk with Tim Vogel.)

TIM VOGEL: Too bad you guys came here for nothing. I mean, talk about scum. I can't remember how many times I put Linder in solitary for causing trouble with us.

(He takes his keys and opens the door.)

TIM VOGEL: You'd think the inmates would try to stay on our good side, right? Especially since half our job is protecting them from each other.

JASON GIDEON: You protect them?

TIM VOGEL: If you're a little white guy? Especially in a prison like this.

JASON GIDEON: Linder's 6'4". You talking about Slessman?

TIM VOGEL: (nods) Oh, yeah.

(Gideon and Elle share a look.)

JASON GIDEON: Thanks for your help.

(They both notice when Tim Vogel uses his keys to unlock and open the door.)

CUT TO:

[EXT. CASCADIA COUNTY CORRECTIONAL CENTER - FRONT -- NIGHT]

(Gideon and Elle walk out of the prison.)

JASON GIDEON: He befriended Richard, protected him, made him feel like he owed him.

ELLE GREENAWAY: He fits the profile. And did you see them?

JASON GIDEON: The keys.

[INT. CASCADIA COUNTY CORRECTIONAL CENTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT]

(Tim Vogel walks through the hallway. He takes his keys out to unlock the door.)

(Camera zooms down to the keychain - a large, silver "Z").

FADE OUT.

(COMMERCIAL SET)
FADE IN.

[EXT. CASCADIA COUNTY CORRECTIONAL CENTER -- NIGHT]

(A red Datsun Z comes out of the parking lot. Elle and Gideon are sitting in their car waiting. Elle takes after the car. Gideon is on the phone.)

JASON GIDEON: Hotch, I just found your leverage. His name is Timothy Vogel.

CUT TO:

[INT. FBI - OBSERVATION ROOM -- NIGHT]

(Hotchner enters the observation room and lowers the room temperature.)

AGENT 1 (MAN): What's he doing?

AGENT 2 (WOMAN): Lowering the room temp. The cold puts them on edge.

AARON HOTCHNER: (to both) Okay, so I want an SPD, and I want a Seattle agent in the room. I want him to see that we've got every department working on this. And I need some file boxes. Fill them. I don't care if the paper's blank. And I want you to write the name on the sides.

(Hotchner leaves the room.)

AGENT 1 (MAN): Whose name?

SHORT TIME CUT TO:

[INT. FBI - INTERVIEW ROOM -- NIGHT]

(Hotchner enters the interview room carrying a file box. The other agents follow him inside, each carrying a file box.)

AARON HOTCHNER: Four months of investigative work, one file, and guess what, Richard. It's not your file. See, we don't care about you.

(Hotchner slides the box toward Richard. On the side is:

621209-05
TIMOTHY VOGEL
VOG. 216210

AARON HOTCHNER: It's Vogel we want.

CUT TO:

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT]

(Reid sits cross-legged in the center of Richard's bed, opened and discarded CDs litter the bed and floor around the bed. He fiddles with a CD, flipping it
around as he thinks.)
(He gets something.)

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - ATTIC-- NIGHT]
(Morgan is up in the attic pacing the floor.)

DEREK MORGAN:  (mutters)  Aw, c'mon.  I need a password.  I need a password.  
(He looks around the attic.)  What am I looking for?  What could I possibly be looking for?

(Reid enters the attic carrying an open paper clip.)
(Morgan sits down and sighs.)

DR. SPENCER REID:  I've been thinking about the CDs.

DEREK MORGAN:  Oh, Reid, come on.  We tried the CDs.  We searched, sifted, and sorted through every one of this guy's head-banging heavy metal collection.  We gotta find something, or this girl is dead.

(Reid starts using the paper clip and fiddling with the laptop.)

DR. SPENCER REID:  Think we may have missed the obvious.

DEREK MORGAN:  What are you doing?

(Reid slides the CD holder open and finds a Metallica disk inside.)

DEREK MORGAN:  (impressed)  Reid, what made you think of this?

DR. SPENCER REID:  It was the only empty case.

DEREK MORGAN:  All right.  I'm an insomniac who listens to Metallica to go to sleep at night.  What song could possibly speak to me?

DR. SPENCER REID:  'Enter Sandman'.

CUT TO:

[INT. FBI - INTERVIEW ROOM -- NIGHT]
(Hotchner talks with Richard.)

AARON HOTCHNER:  We found out Heather was buying a used car.  You know how car salesmen get us to buy a car?  They call it reciprocity.  They drop the price and ... feels like they've done us a favor.  We feel obligated.  There's a sudden pressure to reciprocate this one little favor.  And it's so powerful that we'll ... put a deposit down on a car we're not even sure we really want.

RICHARD SLESSMAN:  So what?

AARON HOTCHNER:  So Vogel did you a favor.  He protected you in prison, and now
you feel like you owe him and you need to protect him. Guys like Vogel learn in
the schoolyard which kids to bully and which kids to protect, and he's got you
convinced that you owe him so much that you'll go to jail for him. Richard ...
I'm here to remind you of something. You owe him nothing.

CUT TO:

[EXT. ROAD/INT. CAR (MOVING) -- NIGHT]

(Elle follows the red Datsun Z.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: There's something wrong. We gotta pull him over. I can feel it.

JASON GIDEON: You wanna know the word repeated more than any other in your
file? Impatient. You wanna stop him, you give me a reason.

ELLE GREENAWAY: His behavior. When we left him, he was nervous, unsettled. But
now he's stopping at every stop sign. He's using his blinker at every turn.
He's slowing at yellow lights. This is not someone who is rushing to kill and
dump a body.

JASON GIDEON: Okay. Do it.

(Elle flips the siren on and flashes her lights. The red Datsun Z slows and
stops.)

(Elle and Gideon get out of the car, draw their guns and head over toward the
red Datsun Z.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: FBI. Put your hands up where we can see them! Put your hands
through the window now! Now!

(Someone's hands appear through the open window.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: All right, with your left hand I want you to open the car door
from the outside.

(The driver reaches down and opens the door. Elle moves forward, grabs the
driver, pulls him out of the car and pushes him down to the ground.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: Get out!

(The driver cries out as he hits the ground.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: It's not him!

JASON GIDEON: Where is he? Where is he?

DRIVER: Who?

ELLE GREENAWAY: Vogel!

DRIVER: I don't know!

JASON GIDEON: What are you doin' driving his car?!
DRIVER: He came up to me in the garage after our shift ended. He asked if he could borrow my truck.

JASON GIDEON: What kind of truck?

ELLE GREENAWAY: He's dumping the body.

JASON GIDEON: What's the make? (shouts) What's the make?!

DRIVER: Dodge! Dodge Dakota!

CUT TO:

(The dark-colored car speeds off, tires screeching.)

INTERCUT WITH:

.INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - ATTIC - NIGHT

(Morgan is on his cell phone.)

DEREK MORGAN: (to phone) Gideon, Heather's alive.

JASON GIDEON: (to phone) How do you know?

(Derek kneels down in front of the laptop. Reid and the other agents are huddled around the monitor as well.)

DEREK MORGAN: (to phone) 'Cause we're watching her right now.

(On the monitor is a live Webcam viewer of Heather Woodland inside the cage.)

(Video close-up shows Heather taped and gagged inside.)

FADE OUT.

(COMMERCIAL SET)

FADE IN.

[EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT]

(The dark-colored car speeds down the road.)

[INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT]

(Gideon is on the phone.)

JASON GIDEON: Hotch, he's gonna kill her. He's heading there now. We need a location.
INTERCUT WITH:

[INT. FBI - OFFICE - NIGHT]

(Hotchner is on the phone.)

AARON HOTCHNER: I don't have enough time to get it out of him.

JASON GIDEON: Find something, Hotch, or that girl is dead.

CUT TO:

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - ATTIC - NIGHT]

(Reid and Morgan watch the monitor.)

DR. SPENCER REID: Morgan, can you show me the last twelve images lined up next to each other?

DEREK MORGAN: Yeah.

(The images line up, filling the monitor.)

DEREK MORGAN: Right there.

(Reid points.)

DR. SPENCER REID: Right there. You see that? The light bulb hanging from the wire?

DEREK MORGAN: Yeah, what about it?

DR. SPENCER REID: It's shifting positions like it's swaying ... like the earth is tilting.

DEREK MORGAN: Not the earth, Doc. The ocean.

(They look at each other.)

SHORT TIME CUT TO:

[INT. FBI - HALLWAY - NIGHT]

(Hotchner is on the phone with Morgan.)

AARON HOTCHNER: She's on a boat? Where?

INTERCUT WITH:

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - ATTIC - NIGHT]

DEREK MORGAN: It's a pier or a dock. He wouldn't be able to transmit the Webcam image from the middle of the ocean.
AARON HOTCHNER: You're sure about this.

DEREK MORGAN: It's the best we got, Hotch. Even if we're right, getting the exact location's on you, my friend.

AARON HOTCHNER: What is it you always ask Garcia?

DEREK MORGAN: To work me a little magic.

(Hotchner opens the interview room door.)

[INT. FBI - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT]

AARON HOTCHNER: Just to let you know ... Gideon's talking to Vogel ... and Vogel's nailing you to the wall.

(Hotchener walks around the room.)

RICHARD SLESSMAN: Yeah, whatever.

AARON HOTCHNER: He said it was your idea to keep the girls on a boat. He's talking, Richard. Reciprocity. Tell me where she is, and we make a deal. Is it a dock? A pier?

RICHARD SLESSMAN: It's a shipyard. Allied Shipyard.

CUT TO:

[EXT. ALLIED SHIPYARD -- NIGHT]

(The dark-colored car pulls into the shipyard and stops. Elle and Gideon get out of the car and look around the area.)

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - ATTIC - NIGHT]

(The video cam updates and we see Tim Vogel is there inside the room.)

DEREK MORGAN: Reid, he's inside.

[INT. ALLIED SHIPYARD -BOAT - NIGHT]

(Vogel unlocks the cage and removes the chain.)

DEREK MORGAN: Get Elle on the phone.

(Reid gets his phone out to make the call.)
[EXT. ALLIED SHIPYARD - NIGHT]

(Gideon walks down the ramp, his gun out. He opens the gate and enters the fenced-off area.)

[INT. SLESSMAN RESIDENCE - ATTIC - NIGHT]

(Morgan is on the phone with Elle.)

DEREK MORGAN: Listen to me. You need to wait for backup.

ELLE GREENAWAY: If we wait, the girl is dead.

DEREK MORGAN: And if we had waited in Boston --

ELLE GREENAWAY: I can't. You told me to trust my instincts.

[INT. ALLIED SHIPYARD - BOAT - NIGHT]

(Vogel opens the cage door and reaches for Heather. She's on the floor sleeping.)

TIM VOGEL: Come on.

(He starts dragging her out toward the door by pulling her ankles. She frees one leg and kicks him in the head.)

(Heather gets up and tries to run. She hits her head on something. Still, she runs and manages to get out of the room and out onto the boat deck.)

(Vogel follows her.)

(Unable to see, Heather starts crawling away from him.)

(He grabs her from behind and pulls her up.)

JASON GIDEON: Stop!

(Vogel looks up and sees Gideon headed his way.)

JASON GIDEON: Stop.

TIMOTHY VOGEL: Get back!

(Gideon is on the walkway toward the boat.)

TIMOTHY VOGEL: I'll shoot her.

JASON GIDEON: I wouldn't. If I were you, I'd aim the gun at me. You shoot the girl, you got nothing.

TIMOTHY VOGEL: Get ... back!
JASON GIDEON: Shoot me instead. Come on. What, are you a lousy shot?

(Gideon moves his gun to the side, his arms spread out.)

JASON GIDEON: Fifty feet away. You got a perfect shot. Shoot me.

TIMOTHY VOGEL: You think I'm stupid?

JASON GIDEON: I think you're an absolute moron. I know all about ya, Tim. You're at the gym five times a week. You drive a flashy car, you stink of cologne, and you can't get it up. Not even Viagra's workin' for ya. You know what that tells me? That tells me you are hopelessly compensating, and it's not just in your head. It is physical. What did the girls call you in high school? What'd they come up with when you fumbled your way into some girl's pants, and she started laughing when she got a good look at just how little you had to offer?

TIMOTHY VOGEL: Shut up!


(Vogel pushes Heather away from him and points his gun at Gideon. Elle shoots and hits him a couple of times.)

(Vogel fires at Gideon, hitting him in the chest.)

(Vogel goes down.)

(Gideon goes down. He slumps back against the chain railing.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: Gideon!

(Elle heads over to check on Gideon. Heather gets to her feet and yells as she cries.)

ELLE GREENAWAY: You okay?

JASON GIDEON: I'm fine. Go look after the girl.

(Elle runs over to Heather and puts her arms around her. Heather cries.)

(In the distance, sirens approach.)

CUT TO:

[EXT. ALLIED SHIPYARD -- DAY]

(Heather is on a gurney as Gideon looks down at her. He puts a hand on her forehead, turns and leaves as the EMTs put Heather into the back of an ambulance. Gideon walks away.)

(Hotchner and Morgan sit on the side watching Gideon.)

DEREK MORGAN: So what kind of report do they want on him?

AARON HOTCHNER: I suppose whether he's fit to be a field agent. You know,
Haley and I were looking at a baby names book. Well, guess what Gideon means in Hebrew.

(Reid passes by and hears the question.)

DR. SPENCER REID: Mighty warrior. Appropriate.

(Reid walks away. Hotchner smiles at him.)

DEREK MORGAN: So what are you gonna tell them?

AARON HOTCHNER: What would you say?

DEREK MORGAN: Gideon saved her life. That's good enough for me.

(Morgan stands up and leaves Hotchner there.)

CUT TO:

[EXT. AIRPLANE (FLYING) -- STOCK - EVENING]

[INT. AIRPLANE (MOVING) - EVENING]

(Camera moves around the small cabin.)

(Morgan is sleeping in his seat, the file he's reading off to the side.)

(Reid is lying across several chairs, his jacket covering himself like a blanket. He rolls over and clutches his jacket closer.)

(Gideon is awake. Hotchner walks over to him with a cup of coffee in his hand. He sits on the armrest across the aisle from Gideon.)

AARON HOTCHNER: Hey.

JASON GIDEON: You and Haley pick the baby's name yet?

AARON HOTCHNER: It's funny ... Haley liked the name Charles, but, you know ... all I could think of ...

JASON GIDEON: (chuckles) Manson.

AARON HOTCHNER: Then there was Henry.

JASON GIDEON: Lee Lucas.

AARON HOTCHNER: Uh ... Jeffrey.

JASON GIDEON: Dahmer.

AARON HOTCHNER: There's just too many of them.

JASON GIDEON: Kind of hard to feel good about catching one when you know there are fifty more still out there.
(Hotchner stands up.)

JASON GIDEON: How's your report going?

(Hotchmer smiles and scratches his head. He's busted.)

JASON GIDEON: Didn't think you could hide that from an old profiler, now, did ya?

AARON HOTCHNER: You know, you saved that girl today. You can feel good about that.

JASON GIDEON: It is good. It's a good thing.

(Hotchmer puts a hand on Gideon's shoulder. He turns and walks away.)

FADE TO:

[EXT. ROAD - DAY -- PAST]

(A car is moving down the road. A black SUV passes it in the opposite direction.)

JASON GIDEON: (v.o.) Nietzsche once said, "When you look long into an abyss, the abyss looks into you."

LEGEND:
DUMFRIES, VIRGINIA

(The car turns into an old roadside gas station.)

[INT. GAS STATION / STORE - DAY -- PAST]

(Gideon finishes filling the tank up with gas. He walks over and enters the store.)

RADIO: (lyrics) Galveston, oh, Galveston
I still hear your sea winds blowin'

(In the background, we hear the TV on. Gideon picks up a candy bar and puts it on the counter.)

JASON GIDEON: I'll take this.

(As the clerk rings it up, Gideon looks at the wall behind the clerk, completely covered with Polaroid close-ups of people's faces.)

(He turns around and looks outside the gas station at the clerk's beat-up truck.)

(He turns back to the clerk, who hands him his change.)
CLERK: (stutters) Have a n-n-a n-n-n-nice day.
(Gideon stares at the clerk. The clerk stares back. He looks down and sees Gideon's holster at his waist. He looks at Gideon. The two men don't move.)

(Gideon calmly takes his candy bar from the counter, turns and heads for the door.)

(Gideon exits the store. With his back to the store, Gideon heads back to his car.)

[SLOW MOTION]

(Behind him, the clerk steps up to the doorway.)

[GUIDEON'S POV]

(As he passes by a reflective mirrored sign, Gideon sees the clerk in the doorway behind him.)

(Through the mirror's reflection, he sees the clerk raise a shotgun and point it at Gideon's back.)

(The clerk cocks the rifle.)

(Camera zooms in close to Gideon's face.)

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

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THE END
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[Captioning made possible by Touchstone Television Productions, LLC and CBS captioned by the national captioning institute www.Ncicap.Org]

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TITLE/OPENING CREDITS
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CRIMINAL MINDS
1X01: EXTREME AGRESSOR
ORIGINAL AIR DATE ON CBS: 09/22/2005
TRANSCRIBED FROM CBS

Starring:
MANDY PATINKIN as Jason Gideon
THOMAS GIBSON as Aaron 'Hotch' Hotchner
LOLA GLAUDINI as Elle Greenaway
SHEMAR MOORE as Derek Morgan
MATTHEW GRAY GUBLER as Dr. Spencer Reid

Guest Starring:
LUKAS HAAS as Gas Station Clerk
DJ QUALLS as Richard Slessman

MEREDITH MONROE as Haley Hotchner
ANDREW JACKSON as Timothy Vogel

Produced by:  PETER McINTOSH
Co-Executive Producer:  JEFF DAVIS
Co-Executive Producer:  DEBORAH SPERA

Created by:  JEFF DAVIS
Written by:  JEFF DAVIS
Directed by:  RICHARD SHEPARD

END CREDITS

Executive Producer:  MARK GORDON
Executive Producer:  EDWARD ALLEN BERNERO

* The Mark Gordon Company
* Paramount, A Viacom Company
* Touchstone Television

Associate Producer:  GIGI COELLO-BANNON

Co-Starring:
KIRSTEN VANGSNESS as (Penelope) Garcia
CHELAH HORSDAL as Heather Woodland
DAVID LEWIS as David Woodland

LOUISE GRANT as Mrs. Slessman
HIRO KANIGAWA as Seattle ASAC

Director of Photography:  ALEX NEPOMNIASCHY, A.S.C.
Production Designer:  JERRY WANEK
Edited by:  PETER B. ELLIS

Music by:  MARK MANCINA / STEFFAN FANTINI / MARC FANTINI / SCOTT GORDON

Unit Production Manager:  S. LILI HUI
First Assistant Director:  RACHEL LEITERMAN
Second Assistant Director:  JOSY CAPKUN

Casting by:  APRIL WEBSTER, C.S.A. / SCOTT DAVID
Vancouver Casting by:  COREEN MAYRS, C.S.A.
And HEIKE BRANDSTATTER, C.S.A.

Costume Designer:  CATHERINE THOMAS
Make-Up Artist:  DANA HAMEL
Hair Stylist:  PAUL EDWARDS