

CRIMINAL MINDS

"Nazi Hunter"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. BRAXTON HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

KYLE BRAXTON (38), plain and unassuming with wire rimmed glasses, rocks in a wooden chair. Staring into the distance.

Gravel CRUNCHES under tires.

He keeps rocking.

DELIVERY MAN (O.S.)

Darn it, Kyle. You just won't let me get here first will you?

Kyle plants his feet on the porch to stop the chair's movement. He smiles. Genuine and friendly.

The DELIVERY MAN (20s), pudgy and not bothered by it, hoists a bound stack of newspapers from the back of his truck.

KYLE

Where's the fun in that?

Kyle stands while the man plops forty newspapers at his feet on the porch. They shake hands.

DELIVERY MAN

Look forward to trying again next week.

KYLE

It's a holiday next week so no delivery. But feel free to try week after next.

With a chuckle and a wave, the delivery man goes back to his truck and drives away.

Despite being thin, Kyle has no trouble hoisting all the papers and taking them inside the house.

INT. BRAXTON HOUSE - DAY

Thoroughly cozy and homey. Framed family photographs cover the walls. Kyle threads his way between an overstuffed couch and matching chair to continue down the hall.

INT. BRAXTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

LACEY BRAXTON (32), heavily pregnant stands looking out the window by the sink. Rubs her belly and her back.

She gives Kyle a gorgeous smile when he enters.

KYLE
Aren't you supposed to be resting?

LACEY
I was tired of resting.

She pouts and bats her eyes at him. He laughs and puts the papers on the table.

KYLE
Well, humor me. At least sit down.

He helps her into a chair. She runs a finger along the stack of newspapers.

LACEY
Remember way back in the day, when I couldn't get you to even look at a coupon insert? Now look at you. You're a pro.

KYLE
This is just temporary. I will gladly return the scissors to you after she's born. Until then, I just don't want you to worry.

He kneels to kiss her and her belly. She smiles and cups his face with both hands.

LACEY
You always take such good care of me. We're so lucky.

He stands and picks up the newspaper stack.

KYLE
Your smoothie is in the frig when you're ready for breakfast.

Lacey bites her lip and looks toward the window again.

LACEY
Be careful out back. I keep hearing someone out there.

KYLE

We're in the middle of nowhere, Lacey. No one is back there. It's just your brand spanking new storage shed for your stockpile.

LACEY

I know. But be careful. I don't know what I'd do if I ever lost you.

KYLE

Like that would ever happen.

EXT. BRAXTON BACK YARD - DAY

Kyle steps out of the house and closes the back door. He casts a wary look around the large yard that's surrounded by trees. Smiles and shakes his head.

He heads for the double sized shed where he drops the papers so he can open the padlock.

INT. BRAXTON SHED - DAY

Kyle brings the papers inside and hoists them up on a workbench next to a tall, rolling recycle bin.

He sits on the stool and pulls the coupon inserts. He drops the rest of the sales ads in the bin, but sets aside the news portion from each paper.

KYLE

Where were we? Oh yes. There's so much work that goes into coupon clipping. You have to collect the inserts...

He expertly deals the inserts into separate stacks.

KYLE (CONT'D)

...collate the inserts. Then file them by date. Or however you want to organize them.

He looks toward the back of the shed.

There are shelves full of razors, shampoo, laundry detergent, toothpaste, toilet paper, pasta, soda, etc. All neatly stockpiled to the ceiling of the shed.

KYLE (CONT'D)

People who coupon have to work for their savings.

He stands and heads for the shelves.

Squats next to DOROTHY GAVERS (52), who lies bound, gagged and crying on a pile of newspaper. Her red shirt is mostly pink and her khakis have red stains on them. An open bottle of bleach is by her head.

She trembles and tries to back away from Kyle.

KYLE (CONT'D)
But then they run into people like
you. All that hard work goes right
down the drain.

He reaches for her. She flinches away. He rips the gag from her mouth.

KYLE (CONT'D)
So tell me. Have you learned
anything? Or is the world better
off without you in it?

DOROTHY
Ple...please. Let me go.

He sighs and stares at her. Stands.

KYLE
Very well.

Kyle grabs another gallon of bleach from a shelf full of bleach. Pours it on the pad of newspaper under her.

DOROTHY
(crying)
No! Please don't.

He picks up an ammonia based cleaner.

KYLE
Class dismissed.

He dumps the second cleaner on the bleach. He holds his breath when the fumes start rising all around her.

Dorothy coughs and cries.

Still holding his breath, Kyle picks up the coupon inserts and leaves the shed.

EXT. BRAXTON SHED - DAY

Kyle closes the door and padlocks it behind him. Without a care in the world he walks back to the house.

White fumes obscure the shed's windows. There's no escape.

INT. BAU/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

TECH PENELOPE GARCIA and AGENT JENNIFER JAREAU remove crime scene photos and maps from the whiteboard and file them away.

Jareau freezes mid action and reaches for her phone.

JAREAU
Oh no, no, no.

GARCIA
What's wrong?

JAREAU
I dropped off the check for Henry's preschool tuition this morning, but don't recall transferring the money out of savings to cover it.

She opens her banking app.

JAREAU (CONT'D)
How did they deposit that so fast?

She gestures toward her cup of coffee while tapping away on her phone.

JAREAU (CONT'D)
That right there just became a forty dollar cup of coffee.

GARCIA
Ouch.

JAREAU
That's an understatement. Dipping into his college fund to pay for preschool was not exactly how this was supposed to go.

AGENT AARON HOTCHNER rushes in.

HOTCHNER
Good. You're already here. Reid is paging Morgan and Rossi and I just spoke to Prentiss. We've got a situation in Los Angeles.

JAREAU
A situation?

HOTCHNER

We've got an unsub who just dumped his third body in four weeks.

JAREAU

Why are we just being called in?

HOTCHNER

The officer who linked the murders had some difficulty getting her superiors to believe her.

JAREAU

Why difficulty?

HOTCHNER

The manner of death was too different, but the disposals were highly public. Logic leaned toward copycats. Wheels up in thirty. All of us. We'll debrief on the plane.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BAU JET

The jet cuts through the clouds.

JAREAU (V.O.)

"Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it break." from The Tragedy of Macbeth by William Shakespeare.

INT. BAU JET - DAY

DR. SPENCER REID, AGENT DEREK MORGAN, and AGENT DAVID ROSSI flip through crime scene photos on their tablets.

Hotchner and Jareau sort the incoming faxes AGENT EMILY PRENTISS hands them from the machine into victim files.

Garcia stands at the smartboard that has a map of Los Angeles, San Diego and San Bernadino Counties on it. She places a third red magnet on the map.

GARCIA

Julia Henley, twenty-one year old woman, was the fourth body to be dumped on the front stoop of a major retail chain.

PRENTISS

Other than the dump sites and profession of the victims, there's not much linking them. They don't even work at the same chains.

REID

None of them were killed the same way. One was poisoned by fabric softener, another suffocated in hair conditioner, the latest ingested dish washing liquid. There's nothing here that indicates they are connected.

ROSSI

The quantity. That's the link. Somehow, the unsub has access to extremely large amounts of household products.

INT. BRAXTON SHED

Kyle stands over a bound WALLACE JACKSON (21). The skinny, black kid cries and tries to turn his head away. Kyle holds him still and forces the last bit of toothpaste from the tube in his mouth.

KYLE
Really? You wanted someone to *pay*
for toothpaste?

Kyle tosses the empty tube in a nearby trash can that is full of empty tubes.

Wallace screams in agony and tries to double up. He goes into convulsions then is still.

INT. BAU JET

Morgan reaches for one of the victim files.

MORGAN
The coroner estimated that Wallace Jackson had the equivalent of seventy-eight tubes of toothpaste in his system. The fluoride caused a heart attack.

Garcia winces. She types away on her laptop. Shakes her head.

GARCIA
I just did a search for anyone ordering large quantities of household products. I've got bumpkis.

MORGAN
What about retailers ordering inventory?

Garcia pats her laptop.

GARCIA
Georgina is amazing, but she can't handle that big of a query until we get back on the ground.

Jareau frowns while studying a newly compiled file.

JAREAU
Are we sure the unsub is organized enough to place an order?
(MORE)

JAREAU (CONT'D)

What if he just happens to be around a large quantity of these items and is opportunistic? Someone who works in a warehouse.

HOTCHNER

His dump sites are too brazen for him to be unorganized. They're public. With cameras all around.

Rossi pulls up a security camera still on his tablet showing the unsub dumping the body.

ROSSI

He's smart enough to take forensic countermeasures. He covered the license plate. These murders are planned and he does not want to be caught.

Garcia loads a new program.

GARCIA

I'm running that footage a thousand different ways. I can't get a decent frame of him or the license from any direction.

HOTCHNER

We can't come at this from the unsub. We need to figure out the connection between the victims.

GARCIA

There's nothing, nada. They're from a range of backgrounds, ages, race. None of their current activities or lack thereof tie, either.

MORGAN

Maybe it's not the person, but the corporation. Could the unsub be making some kind of statement?

REID

That's a good possibility.

Hotchner checks his watch.

HOTCHNER

We're landing soon. J.J. head up to the L.A. field office and handle the media.

(MORE)

HOTCHNER (CONT'D)

Morgan, Prentiss, see what you can get from the crime scenes. Dave, you and Reid head to the coroner's office. Garcia and I will go to JRIC to get set up. We're working from there so we'll have faster access to the joint task force.

Garcia's laptop BEEPS.

GARCIA

Uh, sir. We just got another body.

ROSSI

Already?

HOTCHNER

Slight change of plans.

INT. JRIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

AGENT LAUREN CALDWELL (49), leads Garcia into the room.

OFFICER SHELLEY JAMES (32), uniformed, tacks up crime scene photos along a nearly complete time line. She does a bit of a double take at Garcia's blonde and purple hair.

CALDWELL

Penelope Garcia, this is Officer Shelley James. She'll be your liaison while you're here.

The women shake hands. Garcia studies the board.

GARCIA

Oh my. I thought it would take me the rest of the day to get this far. How'd you get it going so fast?

SHELLEY

I started it weeks ago. After the fourth victim.

GARCIA

After the fourth...? We were under the impression that the fourth victim was just discovered a few hours ago.

Shelley shakes her head. Points to a picture of LAURA GILES (44). She'd look peaceful in her business suit if not for the pajamas still tied tightly around her neck.

SHELLEY

Laura Giles is victim number four. She worked at Kohl's Department store. Strangled with a pair of pajamas from the men's department.

GARCIA

Why weren't these other victims included in the files that were sent to us? This will completely change the profile.

CALDWELL

There's a bit of disagreement that these murders are connected at all. I had to pull rank just to get you all invited out here.

GARCIA

We're still puzzling over how they're connected ourselves.

Caldwell's phone RINGS. She nods to Shelley.

CALDWELL

It's a good thing that the officer who made the connection is your liaison, isn't it? She'll get you up to speed.

Caldwell takes her call. Garcia and Shelley get to work.

SHELLEY

She really had to stick her neck out on this one.

GARCIA

What am I missing? Why is connecting these bodies such a big deal?

SHELLEY

No one wants to believe that people are dying because of coupons.

EXT. TARGET - DAY

Crime scene tape cordons off the entrance. OFFICERS hold the perimeter, keeping back the ONLOOKERS and MEDIA.

DETECTIVE VINCENT TATE (56), examines the body. A PHOTOGRAPHER documents the scene.

Hotchner, Rossi and Jareau exit a black SUV and approach Detective Tate. He sees them coming and stands.

DETECTIVE TATE
You must be the folks from the
FBI. I was told to expect you. How
did you get here so fast?

Hotchner shakes his hand.

HOTCHNER
Agent Aaron Hotcher. These are
Agents Rossi and Jareau. We were
enroute when we heard about this
latest body. What do we have?

DETECTIVE TATE
Not much. Preliminary ID, Dorothy
Gavers, fifty-two. COD is unknown
as yet.

ROSSI
She worked here?

DETECTIVE TATE
(nods)
That's how we were able to ID her
so quickly.

He gestures toward a HEAVY-SET GUY with slicked back hair.

DETECTIVE TATE (CONT'D)
The store manager. He gave us the
ID.

HOTCHNER
Initial impressions?

DETECTIVE TATE
He's more upset that his precious
store can't open until we leave
than the fact one of his employees
is dead.

ROSSI
Well, you know, these days murder
is more of an inconvenience than
anything else.

DETECTIVE TATE
How right you are. Other than that
charming quality, I don't like him
for this.

Rossi kneels to examine the body. He recoils then stands.

ROSSI
Whoa.

HOTCHNER
What is it?

ROSSI
Bleach. And lots of it.

Rossi looks at Detective Tate.

ROSSI (CONT'D)
You didn't smell that?

DETECTIVE TATE
Allergies.

Jareau leans in to sniff.

JAREAU
Is that a bit of ammonia?

ROSSI
If so, I think we just stumbled on
our latest cause of death.

HOTCHNER
And one that's dissipating with
every passing moment.

Hotchner waves a TECH over.

HOTCHNER (CONT'D)
We need you wrap this body in
plastic immediately and take it to
the coroner. We're not waiting for
them to get here. Our potential
murder weapon is evaporating.

Hotchner, Rossi, Jareau and Detective Tate all move out of
the way so the TECHS can get to the body.

Hotchner points to surveillance camera.

HOTCHNER (CONT'D)
Do we have any useful footage?

DETECTIVE TATE
I was just about to ask Mr. Charm
to take me to the security office.
Join me.

Jareau checks out the REPORTERS.

JAREAU

I think the press has gotten wind of who we are. I'm on it.

HOTCHNER

Interview the manager, too. See if anyone else in the crowd knew the deceased. We need to get a feel for who these victims are.

She strides off.

Rossi and Hotchner follow Tate inside.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Prentiss and Reid study the body of JULIA HENSLEY, (24). Other than bruises on her ankles, wrists and jaw, she's in good shape.

Prentiss examines her jaw and sighs.

REID

What's the matter. What do you see?

PRENTISS

It's what I don't see. There's no rage here. Nothing to indicate the unsub is losing control.

REID

It's especially troubling now that we know this is victim number six.

PRENTISS

He's not deteriorating. If anything, he's getting better.

REID

He's comfortable killing in many different ways. Whatever it takes to get the job done.

PRENTISS

This guy is on a mission and he's not going to stop. He's too meticulous. He's not going to make a mistake. We're going to have to flat out catch this guy.

The CORONER returns holding a clipboard.

CORONER

I'm so sorry. Those other bodies you asked about have already been released. The best I can do is send you the reports.

REID

That will be fine.

INT. JRIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Rossi and Jareau study the board.

Hotchner and Morgan go over the new files at the table while Garcia trolls coupon forums on her computer.

Reid and Prentiss join them.

PRENTISS

The coroner is going to send the other files to you since they already released the bodies.

GARCIA

Yes. They came ten minutes ago and are already on your tablets.

HOTCHNER

Did you find anything?

PRENTISS

That we can use? Not really. This guy is a ghost. He leaves nothing behind.

JAREAU

So that just leaves the victims. We have to use what attracts him to them to get ahead of the curve.

Morgan snorts and tosses a file on the table.

MORGAN

About that. Are we really going with this coupon theory? Doesn't it sound a bit far out to anyone else?

GARCIA

It was that kind of attitude that put us this far behind the unsub in the first place.

Garcia goes over to the board.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

How else do you explain that each of these cashiers were killed by items that were free after coupon during the week they died?

ROSSI

So our unsub is an extreme couponer. That certainly explains why we couldn't turn up any large orders he might've placed.

REID

An extreme what?

ROSSI

You really need to read less and watch TV more, kid.

PRENTISS

You're talking about that show. Where people buy like a thousand boxes of cereal for under two dollars.

GARCIA

According to Officer James, who you will all meet once she gets off duty, the show is totally fake. Here in the real world, stores will not place those kinds of orders for customers. To get any kind of quantity - stockpile for those of us in the know - they have to visit multiple stores.

Reid sifts through the reports on the table.

HOTCHNER

So tracking large orders is a dead end. Where are we on the victims? Do we know what exactly makes them a target? They weren't the only cashier working the week they were killed. What sets them apart?

GARCIA

After a crash course in couponing, I did a little digging. Every single one of our victims has multiple complaints concerning denial of coupon use.

MORGAN

So our unsub is killing folk because they refused to let him use a coupon?

GARCIA

Actually, it goes a bit deeper than that. All of the victims are on the nastier end of the coupon denial scale. In fact, among our couponing friends, they're all unaffectionately known as coupon nazis. That's what they call cashiers who refuse to accept legitimate coupons.

PRENTISS

You're kidding.

Garcia taps a few keys on her laptop sending a video to one of the large monitors.

GARCIA

I'm not, but it led me to find this.

INT. RITE AID - NIGHT (VIDEO)

RYAN BOYLE (38), perpetual frown, slams his coupon binder down on the checkout counter and angrily flips to the back section. He holds it up for MICHELLE WINSTON (65), to see. Points to a section and gestures to his coupons.

His mouth moves indicating he's talking, but there's no sound on the footage.

Michelle snatches the paper out of Ryan's hand and tears it to shreds. She throws the pieces at him.

Ryan stands there, shocked, for moment.

He slams his coupons down on the counter with some cash, sweeps the items into his cart and walks out the store.

Michelle looks like she's going to have a heart attack on the spot. She races around the counter and out to the parking lot.

END VIDEO

INT. JRIC - CONFERENCE ROOM

Garcia looks at the team's surprised faces.

GARCIA

You've just seen victim number three, Michelle Winston, in action.

REID

She's one of the missing victims. The one who was burned to death.

Garcia winces.

GARCIA

Yes. According to Officer James, this was the week Rite Aid had Glade candles on a sale called a money maker.

HOTCHNER

What do we have on that customer?

With a few keystrokes, Garcia puts his license on the monitor.

GARCIA

Meet Mr. Ryan Boyle. Degree in psychology, but currently working an office job at a music company.

She scrolls through more screens.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Was heavily in debt until a couple years ago when he started aggressively paying down credit cards.

PRENTISS

Does he have another bank account somewhere? There are no extra deposits here.

GARCIA

Not that I can see and I see everything. His income hasn't changed with the exception of small annual raises.

MORGAN

So where is the extra money coming from?

Garcia pauses on a screen and tracks through the lines with her feathery pink pen.

ROSSI

The change isn't what's coming in.
It's what's going out.

GARCIA

You're right. Two years ago, his
average grocery bill was almost
\$400 a month. Now, it's maybe \$25.

MORGAN

Are you kidding me?

JAREAU

All because of coupons?

PRENTISS

Don't sound so impressed. He's
gotta be working the system some
kind of way.

GARCIA

I don't know if he's working the
system or not, but I just matched
up his debit card transactions
with our victims work schedules.
He's had contact with every single
one of them.

HOTCHNER

I think we need to speak with Mr.
Boyle.

INT. RITE AID - DAY (VIDEO)

Michelle snatches the coupon policy out of Ryan's hand.
Tears it up and throws it in his face.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The LANDLORD opens the door for Reid and Rossi.

REID
Thanks.

The landlord leaves.

Rossi is on his phone.

ROSSI
He's not here, Aaron. See if
Penelope can track him down while
we execute the warrant.

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Reid and Rossi stop just inside the door and look around.

Other than several tall garbage bags scattered around, the place is pretty neat.

Reid makes a beeline for one of the bags.

REID
It doesn't smell like rotting
flesh in here. Or even garbage.

He peeks inside the bag then shows Rossi.

ROSSI
Newspapers. No surprise there.

He digs through the bag.

ROSSI (CONT'D)
All of these are from this past
Sunday. That's a lot of coupons.

Rossi holds up a set of collated inserts. A date is handwritten on the front with permanent marker. He flips to a page with some of the coupons missing.

REID
It's also a lot of work.

Rossi gestures with the inserts.

REID (CONT'D)
He told Morgan that Greta often
got in the way of his deals.
(MORE)

REID (CONT'D)

With this much time invested, he may be removing his biggest obstacles.

ROSSI

The kills have been calm and controlled. He was pretty livid in the video.

Reid wanders over to a large corkboard next to a wall calendar. Detailed excel spreadsheets with planned shopping trips are pinned on the board and sorted by store. Product lists are written on the calendar.

He reads through them.

REID

These shopping lists are planned down to the penny. There's no reason this kind of planning couldn't go into a murder after he calmed down.

Rossi tosses the inserts back in the trash bag and tries to lift it. The plastic stretches, but he can't move it.

ROSSI

If he can carry this thing, I'd say he'd be able to move a body. This thing must weigh a hundred pounds easy.

Rossi heads for another room.

INT. RYAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Rossi looks around the tidy kitchen. Opens a cabinet door.

Boxes of Hefty storage bags, aluminum foil and trash bags fill the cabinet to the brim. All in neat stacks.

ROSSI

Whoa.

REID (O.S.)

You find something?

Reid steps in the kitchen while Rossi opens more cabinets. All are fully stocked with canned goods, salad dressings, bags of rice, condiments, protein bars, pasta, sauce. Everything is neat and organized.

REID (CONT'D)
That's enough food to feed a
family of four for months.

ROSSI
This must be the stockpile
Penelope was talking about. Think
there's more?

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Reid follows Rossi to the small hallway between the bedroom
and bathroom.

Rossi makes a beeline for a storage closet the moment he
sees it. Opens the door.

It's stocked with cleaning supplies and toiletries.

ROSSI
There it is.

He picks up a bottle of shampoo.

ROSSI (CONT'D)
I've never seen more than four of
these in stock at the stores I go
to. He has what? Twenty?

Reid peeks inside the closet.

REID
Twenty-eight.

ROSSI
Did the lab come up with a brand
name for the shampoo used to
torture Josh Isaak?

REID
Herbal Essence. This is all
Pantene. Same manufacturer,
different formula.

ROSSI
This also explains why he's had
contact with all the victims. He'd
have to go to several locations to
purchase this kind of quantity.

Reid examines the stockpile more closely. Picks up a couple
tubes of toothpaste.

REID

This is some seriously obsessive behavior. The products are all lined up by expiration date.

ROSSI

Toothpaste has an expiration date?

REID

Yeah. The fluoride loses it's efficacy over time and bonds with the other caking agents usually about two years after manufacture. Ironically, fresh toothpaste is more lethal than expired toothpaste since it's the fluoride, the poisonous ingredient, that's becomes less effective over time.

ROSSI

We've got to track this guy down.

INT. JRIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Hotchner and Jareau analyze security video footage of the victims while Garcia isolates the relevant portions.

Jareau hits pause after watching Wallace Jackson reduce a CUSTOMER to tears over a coupon.

JAREAU

You know, Hotch, after watching all these people in action, I gotta say I'm less and less sorry they're gone.

HOTCHNER

It's not your job to feel sorry for them. It's your job to find out who did it and stop them from doing it again.

JAREAU

I know. But seriously, these cashiers must all have enemy lists miles long.

Shelley, in plainclothes, knocks on the doorjamb before entering. She shakes hands with Hotchner and Jareau. Garcia waves before answering her RINGING phone.

GARCIA

Miracle workers anonymous. How can we improve upon your day?

SHELLEY

Agent Hotchner? I'm Officer James. Shelley. Penelope told me all about you. Sorry I couldn't stick around before. Where do you need me?

HOTCHNER

Nice to meet you. You've been a huge asset already. We have a viable suspect and we're analyzing video footage of all the victims.

He points to the enlarged photo of Ryan's license on the smartboard.

HOTCHNER (CONT'D)

Specifically we're looking for interactions with that man. Ryan Boyle.

SHELLEY

You got it.

GARCIA

Spence, you're on speakerphone with Hotch, J.J. and Officer James.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT

Phone on speaker, Reid flips through shelves of collated inserts while Rossi searches the desk.

REID

We've executed the warrant, but there's still no Ryan Boyle. Garcia, is there a way that you can track him for us?

GARCIA

His phone is off so GPS is out.

Reid moves to the calendar of sales.

REID

The closest thing we can find to an appointment book is a wall calendar with products listed on a couple days.

SHELLEY

Which days specifically?

She looks at Hotchner.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Sorry. May I?

HOTCHNER

Of course.

REID

Sundays and Wednesdays. And since today is neither, it isn't much help.

SHELLEY

What's listed on the Sunday of this week?

Reid runs a finger down the list.

REID

It's some kind of code. "Wags", "H2O", "four slash two nine RP", "two slash one", "NV BW".

SHELLEY

He's shopping. He's at Walgreens shopping for water and Nivea Bodywash.

HOTCHNER

But the notation is only on Sunday.

SHELLEY

The sale runs all week. The Nivea deal is a two dollar money maker. He'll have to shop every day until his coupons run out. Speaking of...Do you have any inserts there?

Rossi pulls a stack of inserts from a bag.

ROSSI

Yeah. Tons.

SHELLEY

How many like pages do you have?

Rossi flips through the thick insert.

ROSSI

Upwards of thirty.

SHELLEY

To use all those coupons, he's going to have to hit at least three stores every day this week.

Garcia goes to work on her keyboard.

GARCIA

Okay. That I can use. Ah, here we go. I've got hits on his debit card at two separate Walgreens in the last three hours.

HOTCHNER

Near his home?

GARCIA

No, sir. But he seems to be moving in that general direction. There are three more possible stores along this route.

SHELLEY

Check their inventory for the bodywash. If they're out, he'd avoid that store.

JAREAU

Would he have access to that kind of information?

SHELLEY

It's on the store's website.

GARCIA

That helped. One store is completely wiped. That leaves these two.

Garcia puts the map up on the big monitor. Shelley nods.

SHELLEY

The one on Olympic.

HOTCHNER

Are you sure?

SHELLEY

The other store is in a city with higher taxes. And they have a coupon nazi.

HOTCHNER

Dave, Spencer, check out the store on Wilshire. He could seek out another victim there. Garcia, send Morgan and Prentiss to the store on Olympic. They're closest.

GARCIA

Right away, my liege.

INT. WALGREENS - CHECKOUT - DAY

Ryan is already at the checkout counter when Morgan and Prentiss enter the store. They flash their badges at him.

The CLERK (23), mousy brunette with big eyes, gapes at Ryan.

MORGAN

We're agents Morgan and Prentiss from the FBI. May we speak with you for a bit?

Ryan frowns.

RYAN

Who? Me? About what?

MORGAN

Greta Odacic to start.

RYAN

That mean, bitter old hag. What about her?

PRENTISS

Well, she's dead.

Ryan raises an eyebrow at Prentiss' tone.

PRENTISS (CONT'D)

How well did you know Ms. Odacic?

RYAN

(shrugging)

Just from shopping here. No matter what time of day I came in to avoid her, she always managed to be here.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)
Do you have any idea how many deals I missed out on because of her?

Morgan and Prentiss exchange a look.

MORGAN
Deals?

Ryan rolls his eyes. Sets some items on the counter for the clerk to scan.

RYAN
Yeah. Coupon deals. She just flat out hated couponers. I think she was jealous.

MORGAN
Mr. Boyle, would you mind coming back to the office with us?

He gives Morgan a searching look.

RYAN
Nah. I think I would mind because now you think I had something to do with her death, don't you?

PRENTISS
Of course not. You seem to have an expertise that we need to share with our boss.

Ryan looks between Prentiss and Morgan.

RYAN
So I'm not under arrest.

PRENTISS
Not at all.

RYAN
I can pay for this first?

MORGAN
Absolutely.

He steps aside so Ryan can finish his transactions.

INT. JRIC - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Ryan sits alone at a table.

INT. JRIC - OBSERVATION - DAY

Hotchner and Prentiss study Ryan through the window. Jareau joins them. Hands him a tablet.

JAREAU

Garcia dug up an altercation between Mr. Boyle and the first victim, Greta Odacic. That's the footage.

HOTCHNER

The evidence is certainly piling up against this man.

Jareau turns her attention to Ryan while Hotchner views the footage.

JAREAU

He seems awfully calm.

PRENTISS

Which fits the profile. He has a good poker face, but his right foot hasn't stopped moving since Morgan and I deposited him in there.

Hotchner hands the tablet back to Jareau.

HOTCHNER

When was Greta Odacic reported missing?

JAREAU

Three days after that incident. On a Sunday.

HOTCHNER

Mr. Boyle has no alibi?

PRENTISS

(annoyed)

Sundays apparently are his coupon days. He stays in to organize the new inserts.

Hotchner turns his attention to Prentiss.

HOTCHNER

Something about him bothers you.

PRENTISS

You haven't seen him in action. He was practically ripping off the store with Morgan and I standing right there.

HOTCHNER

What do you mean?

PRENTISS

He bought four packages of toilet paper, six bottles of aspirin, two hundred candy bars, three boxes of rice and two bottles of bodywash for under three dollars total. How is that legal? There has to be a scam there somewhere.

JAREAU

Why can't he just be a smart shopper?

HOTCHNER

When you ask him, I want him thinking that he's unimportant to us.

INT. JRIC - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Ryan sits up straight when Prentiss enters the room carrying a file folder and the tablet. He slouches again when he sees who it is.

RYAN

Oh. It's you.

Prentiss fights to keep the irritation off her face.

PRENTISS

I'm terribly sorry for keeping you waiting, Mr. Boyle. We appreciate it that you came down here to help us. Agent Hotchner has been unavoidably detained.

Ryan cocks an eyebrow.

RYAN

That's a complete load of bull isn't it?

PRENTISS

Why do you say that?

RYAN

If you truly wanted my help, you wouldn't have kept me isolated in here for so long. And I know you hate what I do?

PRENTISS

What you do?

RYAN

Couponing. I won't apologize for being good at saving money.

Prentiss snorts before she can stop herself.

PRENTISS

We don't care about the scams you run on stores. That's not...

RYAN

Scams? I do not scam anybody. Unlike you and your buddy with all that crap about needing my help. Talk about a scam.

Ryan crosses his arms and sits back in defiance.

Prentiss shoves the folder across the table toward Ryan.

PRENTISS

You want it straight? Here it is.

She opens the folder to show Ryan photos of each of the dumped victims.

PRENTISS (CONT'D)

Each of these people were murdered and the only link we've come across so far happens to be you. Care to explain that?

Ryan flinches away, then meets Prentiss' gaze. He spreads the photos out on the table.

Hotchner opens the door and pokes his head in.

HOTCHNER

Agent Prentiss, a word, please.

Prentiss leaves the photos with Ryan and joins Hotchner in the hallway.

INT. JRIC - OBSERVATION - DAY

Hotchner watches Ryan's reactions a bit longer.

Jareau's phone BEEPS.

JAREAU

These managers. I've got another store demanding we pick up the requested footage in person.

HOTCHNER

Go.

PRENTISS

We were finally getting somewhere.

HOTCHNER

I sent you in there to get to him, not let him get to you.

PRENTISS

He's not getting to me. He--

HOTCHNER

You just shoved graphic crime scene photos under what could be an innocent man's nose.

PRENTISS

He doesn't look all that repulsed, though, does he?

HOTCHNER

He looks like he'd rather die than give you the satisfaction of seeing any weakness. I'll take it from here. Go with J.J. When you return we'll give the profile.

INT. JRIC - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Ryan clenches his fist to keep his hand from trembling.

Hotchner returns to the room.

HOTCHNER

I apologize for the delay. I'm Agent Hotchner.

Ryan barely glances at him.

RYAN

There's so many of them.

HOTCHNER
Seven, so far.

RYAN
How exactly am I the one link
between all of them? Oh my God.

He pulls the picture of Greta from the stack and puts it on top.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I know her. In a manner of
speaking. We had a bit of a
disagreement.

HOTCHNER
Why don't you tell me about that?

RYAN
(defensively)
The policy is very clear on how to
handle this type of transaction.

INT. WALGREENS - CHECKOUT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

GRETA ODACIC (64), stares at Ryan over the top of her glasses. Thrusts a coupon back at him.

GRETA
I'm not accepting this coupon.
You'd get the item for free.
Nothing is free.

Ryan's composure is breaking down. He waves an ad at Greta.

The line of CUSTOMERS behind him groans.

RYAN
It says right here in the ad that
the item is free after coupon.

GRETA
That is a mistake. Maybe you
should try to steal from someone
else.

RYAN
Are you kidding me right now? I
would like to speak to your
manager.

GRETA
He does not wish to speak to you.
Next.

Greta glares in the direction of the MANAGER (26) who cowers behind some shelves unwilling to incur her wrath.

END FLASHBACK

INT. JRIC - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Hotchner puts the photos in a folder out of sight.

HOTCHNER

Did you notice anyone else follow you out to the parking lot?

RYAN

No. Should I have?

HOTCHNER

Was that the end of it?

RYAN

I reported her to corporate and chatted about it online. Several folks were supportive.

HOTCHNER

Supportive how?

RYAN

You know. The usual, "I would've done the same thing." Or "Good for you." That kind of thing.

HOTCHNER

Did anyone seem especially interested in the conversation?

RYAN

Not that I noticed...Oh my God. Did I lead the killer to her?

HOTCHNER

We're still exploring all the possibilities at this point.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Kyle's sedan travels down a street that has a cow farm on one side and homes on the other.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Kyle leans his head back. A hand caresses his cheek.

LACEY (O.S.)
You look so tired, sweetheart.

He sighs then turns to look at Lacey. A bit less pregnant, she gives him a warm smile.

LACEY (CONT'D)
You always take so much on yourself. You know that?

KYLE
I'm fine.

LACEY
You always say that, too.

She turns in the seat to face out the windshield. Caresses her rounded belly.

LACEY (CONT'D)
Kylie thinks you're stretched too thin, too. Don't ya snookums? Yep. She just kicked in agreement.

KYLE
We're not naming her Kylie.

Lacey gives him an even bigger smile. He can't help, but smile back. The kid's name will be Kylie.

LACEY
We're here.

EXT. VONS - PARKING LOT - DAY

Kyle's sedan pulls into a parking space. He gets out of the car and goes inside.

INT. VONS - CAFE - DAY

Kyle sits at a table with a newspaper, nursing a cup of coffee.

He glances at the registers.

INT. VONS - CHECKOUT - DAY

MAGGIE (48), wearing a dress that's seen better days, timidly unloads four bottles of bathroom cleaners followed by two eight packs of paper towels.

LORETTA (55), the cashier, gives her a friendly smile. Until Maggie plunks a new-looking binder on the check writing stand.

INT. VONS - CAFE - DAY

Kyle watches the two women interact. He stands, tosses the coffee and his newspaper in the trash.

INT. VONS - CHECKOUT - DAY

Kyle joins the line a couple CUSTOMERS behind Maggie.

LORETTA

I'm sorry ma'am. You can only use two like coupons per week.

Flustered, Maggie frowns.

MAGGIE

Surely that can't be right. I have to buy four bottles of cleaner to get the sales price.

LORETTA

That's just how it is. I don't make the rules. I just follow them.

Maggie bites her lip while reconsidering her items.

EXT. VONS - PARKING LOT - DAY

A black SUV parks. Jareau and Prentiss get out. They head for the entrance.

JAREAU

I'm just saying I can understand how someone can snap when their bank account empties out.

PRENTISS

So buy less for a little while.

JAREAU

It's not always that simple.

They enter the store.

INT. VONS - CHECKOUT - DAY

The GUY behind Maggie sighs loudly.

GUY

Come on lady. Just buy the stuff or get out of the way. Some of us have better things to do.

LORETTA

I'm terribly sorry about the delay, sir. I will be with you in a moment.

Maggie fights tears and fumbles through her binder.

MAGGIE

But those aren't the rules. You're making that up. I have them right here. Somewhere.

Maggie triumphantly pulls out the store's coupon policy.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

See? Right here. One coupon per item. I have four items and four coupons.

LORETTA

That's Safeway's policy. This is Vons.

MAGGIE

Safeway is your parent corporation.

LORETTA

Whatever. Management has the right to limit excessive quantities of items sold to a customer.

MAGGIE

Excessive? Can you take all the cleaners off the bill, then?

Loretta heaves a sigh and rolls her eyes. She makes a huge production of cancelling the transaction. She scans the paper towels.

Prentiss and Jareau approach. Take note of the long line.

JAREAU

Where can we find the Tom Riley?

Loretta jerks a dismissive thumb toward the service desk. Jareau raises an eyebrow. She and Prentiss walk away.

With a shaking hand, Maggie hands over two more coupons.

MAGGIE

I'm so sorry. I'm new at this.

Loretta snatches the coupons and studies them.

LORETTA
Ma'am, these are fraudulent. You cannot make copies of coupons.

MAGGIE
I didn't copy them. I printed them out online. They're legit.

GUY
Oh good grief. Can somebody else open up another register? I'm late.

LORETTA
I'll call someone now.
(on intercom)
Additional checker to the front, please. Additional checker.

She holds out the printed coupons.

LORETTA (CONT'D)
You have to print them in color. These are obviously copies.

MAGGIE
They are not copies!

GUY
Oh my God!

2ND CASHIER (O.S.)
I can take you over here.

The guy gestures for Kyle to go to the second line first.

Kyle glowers at the man. Shakes his head and reaches for a pack of gum.

KYLE
I'm fine where I am.

The guy pushes by him to the new lane.

Other CUSTOMERS follow.

Kyle fills in the gap the customers just vacated.

Maggie turns tear-filled eyes on Kyle.

MAGGIE
I'm so sorry.

LORETTA

You should be. You got caught
trying to commit coupon fraud.
You're trying to rob the store.

Loretta's raised voice draws the attention of everyone in the place including Jareau and Prentiss.

That's Maggie's last straw. She bursts into tears. Frantically tries to collect her coupons.

MAGGIE

I'm so sorry. I didn't know... I mean I read that's what people were doing and...

Maggie shoves her binder back in her bag and hurries for the exit without buying anything.

Loretta rolls her eyes at all the items left behind. She shoves them aside so she has room to scan the gum.

She turns her attention to Kyle.

LORETTA

I'm so sorry about that. Since that reality show started airing a lot of customers now think it's okay to steal from us.

Kyle just stares at her.

She shifts with discomfort under his gaze.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

That's a dollar nineteen, sir.

Kyle lays a coupon for a free pack of gum on the counter, picks up his purchase and walks away.

Loretta gapes after him.

INT. VONS - SERVICE DESK - DAY

Jareau and Prentiss return their attention to TOM RILEY (47), average guy with glasses.

Jareau gestures toward the DVD in Prentiss's hand.

JAREAU

We're going to need the footage of what just happened?

He rubs the bridge of his nose and nods.

EXT. BRAXTON DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Headlights sweep up the driveway.

Near the end, Kyle's sedan does a three point turn then backs toward the shed and parks a few feet away.

Kyle climbs out from behind the wheel and pops the trunk.

EXT. BRAXTON SHED - NIGHT

Kyle removes the padlock and props the door open.

He lifts the lid of the trunk revealing a ton of plastic shopping bags. He lifts out the top layer.

Loretta, bound and gagged stares up at him with large, frightened eyes.

KYLE

It's time for you to be retrained
on proper coupon usage.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JRIC - BULLPEN - DAY

Hotchner, Reid, Morgan, Rossi, Jareau, Garcia and Prentiss are scattered about the front of the room that's filled with FBI AGENTS, POLICE OFFICERS, SWAT and SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES.

Morgan looks around the room. Leans to Reid.

MORGAN

Have you seen Shelley today?

Reid shakes his head. Morgan leans against a file cabinet and watches the door.

HOTCHNER

We're dealing with an individual who suffered a great personal loss. Someone close to him was taken away or possibly died. We believe the event was triggered in some way by a retail cashier who denies coupons.

MORGAN

Now he's on a mission to fight back. His goal is to rid the world of these coupon nazis so no one else will go through what he has.

DEPUTY

All these murders are about coupons? Really?

REID

Yes. The unsub sees himself as a protector. He's making the world safe for other couponers.

PRENTISS

That's not to say he doesn't have an endgame. His cooling off period is almost nonexistent. He's almost on the verge of a spree. What's slowing him down is the frequency of the sales.

JAREAU

He's smart and he's controlled. He won't be thrown off his game easily.

ROSSI

When confronted, expect him to try to commit suicide by cop. He's not going to go down without a fight.

EXT. SHELLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Morgan walks up the driveway from the street. Takes note of the car sitting there with the back door open.

He looks up at the porch leading into an upstairs apartment.

Shelley strains to push the big garbage bags to the top of the straight flight of stairs.

MORGAN

So you blew us off to clean your apartment?

She pauses when she sees him at the bottom.

SHELLEY

Are you kidding me? I mean, are you really kidding me right now?

She rolls the bag to the edge of the steps and shoves it down. It takes on quite a momentum under the weight.

Morgan jumps out of the way.

MORGAN

I don't kid about finding killers. We still need your help on this.

She glares at him. Shoves another bag over.

SHELLEY

I put my career on the line to get you guys here. Isn't that enough? I thought that if it went through JRIC it wouldn't come back on me.

MORGAN

What are you talking about?

She shoves the last bag down the stairway. She follows.

SHELLEY

I've been suspended. Without pay.

MORGAN

What? Why?

SHELLEY

Sense doesn't play a huge role when the delicate male ego gets bruised.

Shelley gets behind one of the bags and struggles to roll it to her car. The thing won't budge.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

What possessed you guys to thank me when you distributed that profile? Didn't it occur to you that I've been working the case while off duty for a reason?

MORGAN

We appreciate your help and wanted to acknowledge you. That's all.

SHELLEY

Yeah, well, your appreciation just might cost me my job. My captain has decided that either I'm somehow involved in these murders or that I know who the unsub is and I'm covering for him. Like all of us couponers know each other or something. It's ridiculous.

MORGAN

(smiles)

I can see how that would be annoying.

Some of Shelley's anger melts.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Let me get it.

She raises an amused brow. Steps aside.

Morgan struggles to get the bag to move, too.

SHELLEY

Come on, Mr. FBI Guy. Put some muscle into it.

MORGAN

This thing has got to weigh three hundred pounds.

SHELLEY

I can only hope.

She strides off into her garage. Comes back with a couple flat pieces of cardboard. Drops them on the ground.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
Let's try this.

Together they roll the bags on the cardboard and slide them over to the car. They lift them into the backseat.

MORGAN
What'd you do to tick this captain off?

SHELLEY
I might've turned down his offer to help boost my firearms qualifier right before scoring higher than him.

MORGAN
(laughs)
Damn, girl. Doesn't he know women are better shots?

She shrugs. They go pick up another bag.

SHELLEY
Apparently not.

Morgan and Shelley shove the bag into the car. Pause to catch their breath.

MORGAN
You've come this far. Don't you want to see it through?

SHELLEY
That's not fair. I'm no quitter.

MORGAN
I know.

She wipes sweat from her brow.

SHELLEY
I'm insane.

MORGAN
Before sanity returns, can you teach me one more thing?

INT. TARGET - DAY

Morgan and Shelley survey the front registers while walking slowly down the line.

SHELLEY
Profiling cashiers only gives you a fighting chance of spotting a coupon nazi. You can always be wrong.

She nods to an older white WOMAN.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
I'd avoid her like the plague.

MORGAN
Why?

SHELLEY
That's why it's so uncertain. We have only anecdotal evidence to go by. However, middle aged to older white women tend to hassle couponers the most.

Shelley stops near the register worked by a young guy.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
I'd pick his line. Young guys don't tend to get caught up in the "you can't get that for free" nonsense.

A young FEMALE CASHIER steps out from behind her register.

YOUNG FEMALE CASHIER
(super cheery)
I can help someone over here.

Shelley watches a MOTHER with a TODDLER, full cart and coupon binder head to that register and winces.

MORGAN
What's wrong?

SHELLEY
Never change lines. Especially for a cashier who says they can "help" you over here. It's always a lie.

The cashier speeds the items across the scanner. She's all smiles until the customer starts handing over coupons.

She scrutinizes every one despite the growing restlessness of the toddler. Hands more than one back.

YOUNG FEMALE CASHIER
I'm sorry, it says one coupon per purchase.

MOTHER
I'm buying five of those.

YOUNG FEMALE CASHIER
Everything together is one purchase.

Shelley grabs Morgan's arm to pull him along.

SHELLEY
That's a coupon basic. One per purchase is not the same as one per item. Like I said. They're never helpful.

INT. JRIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The team, sans Morgan and Shelley, gathers around the conference room table.

Garcia pins lists of complaints on the whiteboard under the picture of the relevant victim.

GARCIA
Yeah, so Coupon Boy's interview got me thinking. What kind of recourse do couponers really have when deals go wrong? Look how hard it was for us to accept that these murders were all related.

HOTCHNER
Go on.

GARCIA
Not only do all the victim have multiple complaints filed with their employers regarding coupon issues, but I've been cross referencing them with names I mined from the coupon forum. Turns out, quite a few of them are the ones who lodged those complaints. The problem goes back years.

REID

Judging by the comments I've read. The probability is quite high that our unsub frequents the coupon forums.

ROSSI

That means we have what? Thousands of users just in the Los Angeles area alone.

HOTCHNER

Let's narrow the pool by users who regularly log on, but don't post. The unsub isn't pretentious. He's on a mission. Means he's not going to boast about what he's up to.

GARCIA

Already on it. Putting it on the screen.

She hits a couple keystrokes. The coupon forum appears on the large monitor.

Reid moves closer to read the posts.

HOTCHNER

Look for users who went silent for a time, then began posting again.

REID

I think I've got something on that front. One user, savermomma, stopped posting about a year ago. She began posting again a couple weeks before the first victim was dumped with no explanation for the absence.

JAREAU

Savermomma? A woman?

REID

No. When "she" came back online, her voice changed. The word usage is different. More masculine.

He pins some comparison posts on the big board.

REID (CONT'D)

At first, the language was flowing. Now it's more concise. Fewer pronouns.

JAREAU

Indicative of a man posting under the handle now.

REID

I read everything savermomma has posted and she didn't rekindle any of the previous friendships she had with other posters. There used to be more off topic posts inquiring about families or offering advice. Now it's all about the deals.

HOTCHNER

What do we know about savermomma?

GARCIA

In three...two... Savermomma's real name is Lacey Braxton. Wife of Kyle Braxton. No kids. Oh...strike that. I have her name on some prenatal vitamins-- Awww.

ROSSI

What is it, Penelope?

GARCIA

Lacey was in a car crash during her eight month. She's dead.

EXT. RALPHS CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Kyle sits in his car watching PEOPLE come and go.

LACEY (O.S.)

You still haven't gotten any rest have you?

KYLE

I'll rest when I'm finished.

Lacey threads her fingers through his hair, making him look at her. She's not pregnant.

LACEY

You've got to let me go.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. JRIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Garcia puts a blow up of Kyle's license on the board. Hotchner studies it.

HOTCHNER

What about her husband? Kyle?
Where is he now?

GARCIA

He cashed in the life insurance check and paid off all their bills. He still owns their house, but there's no utilities in his name. Almost like he died instead of his wife.

Jareau studies the license with a frown.

JAREAU

I've seen him before. I just can't... Vons. When we picked up the footage. He was in line behind the woman Loretta Dever harassed.

PRENTISS

That's why we never found him on the surveillance footage. We were focusing on the actual couponers.

HOTCHNER

Get a warrant for his last known address.

EXT. KYLE & LACEY'S HOME - DAY

Several black SUVs create a perimeter in the street. The BAU hops out accompanied by several more geared up AGENTS and Caldwell.

Hotchner signals for the team to surround the house.

Hotchner and Prentiss hurry around the back.

Weapons ready, but lowered, Morgan and Rossi head up the front walkway to the dilapidated house.

A shutter hangs by one hinge. Paint flakes off the stucco.

ROSSI

I don't think Kyle has been here in a very long time.

MORGAN

It does look that way.

Rossi climbs the rotting stairs to the front door.

His foot goes through the top step.

Morgan comes over to help him. Rossi waves him off.

ROSSI

Termites.

He frees his foot then goes to peek in windows. He tries the door. It opens.

INT. KYLE & LACEY'S HOME - ENTRY - DAY

Rossi and Morgan burst in. Do a silent sweep.

Morgan clears the slightly dark, but pristine interior. Total contrast from the outside.

Rossi checks in closets and the adjacent room.

Morgan tries the light switch by the door. Nothing happens. Shakes his head.

They move on.

Rossi runs a finger along the top of a small table near the door.

ROSSI

No dust.

MORGAN

Someone's been here.

They both add flashlights to sweep the interior.

INT. KYLE & LACEY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Morgan clears the room. It looks just like the entry. Neat as a pin. The pillows on the couch are placed at each end with precision.

INT. KYLE & LACEY'S HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

Rossi clears the room. The china in the cabinet all but sparkles.

They meet Hotchner and Prentiss coming from the other direction.

ROSSI

Clear.

INT. KYLE & LACEY'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Morgan pushes through the swinging door. They all train their weapons on...

...TRISHA TALBOT (50s). She drops the newspaper she'd been reading, turns her hearing aid on then raises her hands in surrender.

TRISHA

Oh my God. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Don't hurt me. I didn't think
anyone would mind. I'm sorry.

Taking note of the half peanut butter sandwich with the crusts removed on a plate in front of her, Morgan lowers his weapon a fraction.

MORGAN

Who are you?

TRISHA

Tri...Trisha. Talbot. Trisha
Talbot.

MORGAN

Is anyone else in the house,
Trisha?

TRISHA

N...no. Just me.

Everyone relaxes a bit. Prentiss displays her credentials.

PRENTISS

FBI. Do you live here?

TRISHA

It was just supposed to be
temporary. Until I could get back
on my feet. And well...the door
was open. I didn't think they'd
send the FBI.

ROSSI

What do you mean the door was
open? Where's Kyle Braxton?

Trisha looks between the agents.

TRISHA

Who?

MORGAN

Kyle Braxton. The man who owns this house. You are renting it from him, correct?

TRISHA

Uh...yeah? But I don't know where he is.

Morgan and Rossi exchange a look. Morgan lowers his weapon completely.

ROSSI

This will go a lot faster if you just tell us the truth. How long have you been squatting here?

She gives him a surprised look. Her shoulders slump in defeat.

TRISHA

About eleven months. I was evicted from my apartment when I lost my job.

She pushes back from the table and turns in the chair to face them. She has to lift her right leg with her hands to get it to move.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

Not a lot of work out there for a crippled waitress with a hearing problem. This house was on the bus route I took to work. It seemed to be empty and I just...

She shrugs.

ROSSI

You're the one who's been keeping the place clean.

TRISHA

It keeps me busy.

Hotchner looks at her leg.

HOTCHNER

What about upstairs? Have you cleaned up there?

INT. KYLE & LACEY'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

In stark contrast to the first floor, the upstairs is dusty and full of cobwebs.

Morgan and Rossi climb the stairs and look around. Hotchner and Prentiss are right behind them. They explore different rooms in teams.

INT. KYLE & LACEY'S HOME - NURSERY - DAY

Hotchner and Prentiss step inside and checks it out.

Dusty and dirty from non habitation. A crib sits in a corner by a window with a pink and purple mobile hanging over it.

The wallpaper is covered with white lambs wearing pink bows.

Hotchner sets the rocking chair in motion.

PRENTISS

They knew they were having a girl.
A lot of love went into this room.

HOTCHNER

They were a happy family.

He picks up a pillow with the letters "CKB" embroidered across the front.

Prentiss gives him a sympathetic look.

INT. KYLE & LACEY'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Morgan studies the unmade bed. A classified section and a Sharpie rests on the covers. Jobs are circled. Ink stains the sheet.

MORGAN

This paper is dated last year.

An opened box of tissues is stacked on top of two more boxes of tissues on the night stand. An empty cold medicine bottle lays on its side by the boxes.

MORGAN'S VISION

Kyle lays huddled in the bed, shivering with a fever, tissue clenched in one hand, the classifieds in the other.

BACK TO SCENE

Used tissues overflow the small waste basket and litter the floor around it.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
It's like he just walked out in
the middle of his life.

Rossi picks up a framed photo of Kyle hugging Lacey from behind. Absolute joy on their faces.

ROSSI
Her death ended his life. Since
their child died, too, he feels
like he has nothing left.

MORGAN
Except this mission of his killing
cashiers. I cannot for the life of
me understand that connection.
Wouldn't he be more likely to go
after the person who caused
Lacey's death?

Rossi cocks his head.

ROSSI
I think you're on to something. We
need to know why she died.

MORGAN
It was a car accident. Key word
being accident.

ROSSI
She was eight months pregnant. Why
was she out that late at night?
Where was she going? Where was she
coming from?

Rossi's gaze lights on a closet. He goes over and opens the door.

It's stocked with toiletries, paper goods and cleaning supplies.

ROSSI (CONT'D)
Take a look at this. What's
missing?

Morgan checks out the closet for a moment. Shrugs.

MORGAN
Nothing. There's enough stuff here
to last for quite a while.

ROSSI
There's multiples of everything.
Except...

MORGAN
Cold medicine.

MORGAN VISION

Lacey pours the last bit medicine in the dose cup and helps Kyle take it. He gives her hand a grateful squeeze then closes his eyes.

She looks at the twenty-nine cents in her other hand and bites her lip, worried.

BACK TO SCENE

ROSSI
And given Kyle's penchant for selecting cashiers based on coupon denials I'm willing to bet that had something to do with Lacey not making it home that night.

Morgan pulls out his cell phone just as Hotchner and Prentiss join them.

HOTCHNER
You have something?

MORGAN
We need to know where all she went the night she died.

GARCIA (O.S.)
You've reached the office of she who sees all and knows all. How can I help you?

MORGAN
We need a play by play of Lacey's Braxton's last hours. Where all did she go before the accident.

GARCIA (O.S.)
You sound like you're on to something. You wanna know anything in particular?

MORGAN
I wanna know what stores she went to that night and who was working.

GARCIA (O.S.)
Your wish is totally my command.

INT. WALGREENS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Lacey argues with cashier MARLA JOPLIN, (72), sour and unpleasant looking. Defeated, she picks up her coupons and walks out, leaving the cold medicine on the counter.

INT. WALGREENS - AISLE - NIGHT

Lacey rubs the baby and waits by an empty shelf. A CASHIER comes over and shakes her head. Lacey gives her an understanding smile and leaves.

EXT. LACEY'S CAR - NIGHT (TRAFFIC FOOTAGE)

She waits in the left turn lane for the green arrow.

Tires SCREECH.

Another car slams into the back of Lacey's car sending it into the intersection. Another car T-bones it.

Lacey's car spins out and stops at the entrance to a Walgreens parking lot.

INT. KYLE & LACEY'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kyle drags himself to the front door. Opens it to see two OFFICERS standing on the porch. Takes in their somber expressions and breaks down crying. His world just ended.

END FLASHBACK

INT. KYLE & LACEY'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Morgan holds the phone for Rossi to hear, also.

ROSSI
Where is that cashier now?

GARCIA (O.S.)
Marla Joplin. Alive and well.
Working at Rite Aid in West L.A.
Reid and J.J. are closest. I'll
text the address to them.

MORGAN
Braxton can't know who she is can
he?

ROSSI
Let's not take the chance.

INT. KYLE'S SEDAN - DAY

Kyle watches JONAS KIRKLAND (45), whose power suit does nothing to hide his weasel quality, leave the building.

If looks could kill, Jonas would be dead long before he reaches his bright red Maserati.

He gets in and zooms out of the parking lot. Not caring that he almost mows down a group of women.

Kyle starts his car and follows.

INT. RITE AID - NIGHT

Jareau and Reid speak with a MANAGER and Marla.

MARLA

So you're saying it's my fault
some woman died and her husband
went on a killing spree?

JAREAU

We're not saying that at all.

REID

But Kyle Braxton does blame you
for the death of his wife and
daughter so it really is best that
we take you into protective
custody.

INT. JRIC - OFFICE - NIGHT

Garcia surfs through dozens of coupon related web sites.

GARCIA

Where are you? I just need to pick
up your trail and...oh!

She pauses a moment then opens another window.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

If you're an extreme couponer,
you're gonna need lots of inserts.
No sellers in Los Angeles, so...
Got ya!

She speed dials the phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLACK SUV - DRIVING

Hotchner drives. Prentiss rides shotgun.

HOTCHNER
Go ahead Garcia.

GARCIA
So I was thinking about the tools an extreme couponer would need to continue couponing. Printable coupons are always limited unless you know, you're me, but inserts aren't. Those are only limited by how many papers one buys. Or in this case subscribes to. With that in mind, I cross referenced subscriptions to the L.A. Times with accounts going to the same address that aren't multi family dwellings.

HOTCHNER
And?

GARCIA
There's still too many to narrow down.

HOTCHNER
Do any have the initials CKB? CB? CK?

GARCIA
You're brilliant. 3683 Juadaro Road, Lancaster. Forty subscriptions are delivered to Christine Kylie. The baby. Of course. Not sure why she was issued a social security card. The utilities are in her name, too. I swear, she's the most active dead person since Tupac.

HOTCHNER
Good work Garcia.

EXT. BRAXTON BACK YARD - DAY

Kyle backs his sedan up to the shed door. He gets out and opens the trunk. Jonas, bound and gagged, is stuffed inside.

KYLE
Are you ready for your education?

INT. JRIC - DAY

Garcia takes a call. She looks to Morgan and Reid. Hangs up.

GARCIA

That was the highway patrol. They just found a Maserati registered to Jonas Kirkland abandoned in Van Nuys.

MORGAN

Jonas Kirkland? Why do I know that name?

REID

It's all over the coupon forums. He's the district manager for Ralphs.

GARCIA

And responsible for their crappy new coupon policy.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. BRAXTON HOUSE - PORCH - EVENING

Kyle rocks in his chair on the porch. He cocks his head to the side and stares down the long, winding driveway.

A line of black SUVs rush his way kicking up gravel and dust.

INT. BRAXTON HOUSE - EVENING

Kyle rushes inside. Pauses to look at the house's dilapidated conditions. He shakes his head. The house becomes pristine again.

INT. SUV - EVENING

Morgan drives. Prentiss, Jareau and Reid are with him.

They get to the rear in time to see Kyle race out the back door of the house.

PRENTISS

He's going for the shed.

INT. BRAXTON SHED - EVENING

Kyle bursts inside the shed and shoves a set of shelves in front of the door to barricade it.

Staring at Loretta's body, Jonas struggles against his bonds. He's almost free. He lunges toward Kyle who easily dodges him.

KYLE

It's a shame your class has to be cut short. But you seem the stubborn type. I'd just be wasting my time.

Kyle dumps all twenty gallons of bleach on the floor. Mixes it with twenty cans of Comet. They both start coughing.

Jonas weakens in the polluted air.

Kyle pushes another shelf in front of the windows. He's losing strength.

EXT. BRAXTON BACK YARD - EVENING

Hotchner, Morgan, Rossi, Jareau, Prentiss and Reid rush up in several black SUVs with Caldwell and her AGENTS.

They surround the shed.

Caldwell gets on the bullhorn.

CALDWELL
Kyle Braxton! You're surrounded.
Surrender yourself.

HOTCHNER
We don't have time to negotiate
with him. As far as he's
concerned, his mission is over.
He's got nothing left to live for.

Morgan races to the back of one SUV.

MORGAN
I need a gas mask.

One of the men gives him one then passes them out to everybody else.

Morgan rushes for the door. It won't budge.

He pushes on the wall. It's solid.

Hotchner joins him with his own gas mask.

HOTCHNER
We've got to get some ventilation
in there.

They look for ways to breach the building. Everyone else joins them.

Morgan stands back and looks up.

MORGAN
It's all solid down here, but what
about up there?

Hotchner nods.

HOTCHNER
I need an SUV over here!

Caldwell drives a vehicle over.

HOTCHNER (CONT'D)
Get as close as you can.

Morgan climbs up the SUV to the roof of the shed. Checks it out.

MORGAN
I need an ax up here.

EXT. SHED ROOF - EVENING

Rossi grabs one from the back of the SUV. Tosses it up to Morgan.

He hacks away at the roof.

Hotchner grabs another ax and joins him.

A few more blows and they're able to peel back the roof.

They both recoil from the rush of chemicals.

Look inside the shed.

INT. BRAXTON SHED - EVENING

Jonas lies motionless on the floor still bound and gagged next to Loretta.

Kyle is slumped over a shelf that's almost pushed in front of another window.

EXT. SHED ROOF - EVENING

Morgan calls over the edge of the roof.

MORGAN
Break the window on the north side
of the building. I'm going in.

He puts his gas mask on and drops down through the roof.

INT. SHED - EVENING

Morgan shoves the shelves from in front of the door to let the team in. He rushes to Jonas and picks him up. Carries him outside.

EXT. BRAXTON BACK YARD - EVENING

Morgan lays Jonas down and rips off his gas mask. Begins chest compressions while Prentiss gives him mouth to mouth.

MORGAN
Come on, man. Come on! Medic!

Jareau drags Loretta's body's out.

JAREAU
My God. I know her.

Hotchner and Rossi pull Kyle out of the shed and start working on him. It's too late. He's gone.

Prentiss gives Jonas another breath. He starts coughing.

The PARAMEDICS rush up and take over for Prentiss and Morgan. They stand back in relief.

INT. SHELLEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shelley sits at her computer, browsing through the forums. She stops at the thread titled, "SoCal Coupon Nazi Killer Commits Suicide."

She clicks on the pages and reads a bit. Sadness all over her face.

A private message pops up on the screen. From mrfbiguy.

She smiles and opens the message:

"Sorry I almost got you fired."

With a laugh, she hits reply. Types back.

INT. BAU JET - NIGHT

Rossi naps in a chair.

Hotchner works on his report.

Jareau sits at a table sorting stacks of coupons. Prentiss and Garcia join her.

PRENTISS
You're kidding, right?

JAREAU
(shrugs)
Henry is expensive, but worth it.

GARCIA
Where'd you get all those so fast?

JAREAU
Shelley doesn't have kids so she gave them to me along with a list of mommy blogs to check out.

PRENTISS
How come she was so nice to you, but hates me?

JAREAU
(grins)
Maybe I don't give off the same
coupon nazi vibe you do.

Reid gets a bottle of water from the refrigerator and sits
down across from Morgan who types on his phone.

REID
How do you do it?

Morgan looks up at him.

MORGAN
Do what?

REID
You almost cost a woman her job,
but still manage to charm your way
back into her good graces.

Morgan chuckles.

MORGAN
It's both a gift and a curse, my
friend. A gift and a curse.

EXT. BAU JET - NIGHT

Lights flash in a steady rhythm on the plane.

PRENTISS
And the Lord God said, it is not
good that the man should be alone,
I will make him an help meet for
him. Genesis 2:18

END OF ACT FIVE

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW