

**PSYCH**

Episode #2004

"Zero to Murder in Sixty Seconds"

by

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Directed

By

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TEASER

1 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY - 1987

1

CLOSE ON the rear wheel of a ten-speed bicycle. There are multiple baseball cards attached to the spokes, a pedal-powered generator attached to a taillight, and no fewer than ten reflectors. The handlebars are adorned with side mirrors and a mini-speedometer. The middle bar has an air pump and water bottle. We pan up to reveal YOUNG SHAWN clipping his Sony Walkman to the bike.

He puts on the headphones as we pull back to reveal YOUNG GUS -- in helmet, knee pads and elbow pads -- waiting patiently beside him on his no-name banana-seat bike. Gus' only accessory is the thumb-bell attached to the U-frame handlebars. Far down the street, HENRY stands with his arms raised.

He lowers his hands and Shawn takes off. We stay on him as he pedals furiously, "**Eye of the Tiger**" blaring in his headphones. His baseball cards are clacking, lights blinking, and reflectors... reflecting. He grabs his water bottle like a marathon runner and douses his head as he flies across the finish line. He then looks up to see Gus patiently standing next to Henry, having crossed the finish line ages ago. Shawn is dumbfounded.

YOUNG SHAWN

How'd I lose? My bike is twice as good as his!

HENRY

That's the thing, Shawn. Sure your bike looks good, with the cool reflectors and gadgets from a year's worth of cereal-top boxes, but Gus here focused on what counts. Hard work. He just out pedaled you, son. You understand?

Shawn looks at Henry and then at Gus. Gus rings his thumb bell -- challenging Shawn.

YOUNG SHAWN

Best two out of three! I had the wrong song playing that time.

They reposition themselves as Henry just shakes his head...

2 INT. POLICE STATION - PRESENT DAY - DAY

2

Shawn and Gus sit in office chairs, bored. Suddenly, Shawn scoots himself backwards past Gus. Gus looks up.

(CONTINUED)

GUS

I know what you're trying to do,  
Shawn, and it's not gonna work.  
I'm not buying.

Without saying a word, Shawn smugly reaches below his chair and releases the hydraulic switch, lowering it to the floor.

GUS (CONT'D)

Oh, it's on now.

They quickly position themselves and race the office chairs down the hallway, backwards. It's neck and neck, until Lassiter steps into the hallway, causing a two-chair pile up. He dresses them down.

LASSITER

Listen, you two. Unlike everyone else around here, I'm not fooled by the fact that you wear grown-up clothes, have mastered rudimentary levels of communication and somehow manage to feed yourselves. I see you for what you are -- children. So do me a favor. Goof off on your own time and not while grown-ups are working.

SHAWN

(re: elbow)

I think I got a boo-boo.

Lassiter snarls and proceeds to exit. Gus shoots Shawn a look and they quickly follow him.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Sorry, Lassie. We were just checking to see if our services were needed on any open cases.

LASSITER

Spencer, there's no easy way to tell you that I consider you a waste of the department's time and resources.

(then; realizing)

Huh, I guess there was an easy way.

(then)

But, today I have even less patience for you than usual. I've been chosen to give a presentation at 21-LES.

Shawn and Gus exchange a quizzical look.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

(duh?)

21-LES... The 21st Century Law Enforcement Seminar.

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

SHAWN  
Oooooohh, that. See, we know it by  
its more accurate acronym, "21-ST-  
CENT-LES."

Lassiter ignores him and exits outside.

3 EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

3

Shawn and Gus follow Lassiter outside.

SHAWN  
Maybe I should be giving a  
presentation, too. On 21st Century  
Law Enforcement Hairstyles.

LASSITER  
Sorry, Spencer. This is for real police  
officers. I'll be presenting the cutting-  
edge tools of the modern detective: DNA  
tracing, back-scatter x-ray scanning,  
sonic weaponry -- you name it.

Lassiter then stops dead in his tracks and stares at an empty  
space on the curb where his car used to be.

LASSITER (CONT'D)  
It can't be. I don't believe it.

GUS  
Don't believe what?

LASSITER  
My car. It... it was right here.

He looks around but it's nowhere to be found.

LASSITER (CONT'D)  
It's gone. Stolen. Who would dare  
steal my car?

Shawn pats Lassiter's shoulder.

SHAWN  
This will make an amusing anecdote for  
your presentation at 21-ST-CENT-LES...

As Lassiter fumes, we...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

4

Lassiter tries not to let any of the passing officers know his car was stolen.

LASSITER  
(to Shawn and Gus)  
Keep your mouths shut. I don't want people to think anything's wrong.  
(then; to passing officers)  
Morning O'Connel, James, Dobson. Just shooting the breeze... Rapping with the fellas.

SHAWN  
Good. Now they'll just think it's 1974.

LASSITER  
(realizes)  
Wait. Is this some kind of a prank? Did you take my car?

Shawn and Gus are taken aback. Shawn pours it on.

SHAWN  
For you to think that we'd stoop so low as to tamper with police-issued property and defile the institution that is the Santa Barbara Police Department is an affront to our honor. I, for one, am offended.

GUS  
And I, for two.

Gus then surreptitiously turns to Shawn.

GUS (CONT'D)  
(mouths)  
Did you?

Shawn shakes his head, "no."

LASSITER  
Maybe they left some evidence...

Lassiter stoops down and looks at the empty space. SHAWN VISION - CLOSE UP on Lassiter's keychain, he sees the tiny remnant of a valet parking stub.

SHAWN  
I'm getting something...

(CONTINUED)

His leg starts to "uncontrollably" shake.

GUS

What, Shawn? What is it?

SHAWN

It's a psychic trace on Lassiter's car...

Lassiter tries to ignore them, but his interest is piqued. He looks up out the corner of his eye.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

It, it's faint. I hear the car. Vroom, vroom... ker-plunk!

(then)

Dude, you were overdue for an oil change.

LASSITER

(rolls eyes)

If you don't mind...

He goes back to looking for evidence.

SHAWN

Wait! There's more...

(closes his eyes)

You were recently someplace where the security of your car was compromised... Am I seeing someplace posh? Someplace surprisingly upscale for someone on a civil servant's salary?

LASSITER

(intrigued)

Okay, I'll humor you. As it just so happens, I dined at a very exclusive restaurant last night.

SHAWN

(opens one eye)

The kind of place you take a date to? Is ol' Lassie back in the game?

LASSITER

It is none of your business with whom I spend my personal time.

SHAWN

Details please. Blonde? Brunette? Mail order?

GUS

You sly dog...

(CONTINUED)

LASSITER

Please, I won't resort to some juvenile masculinity contest to--

SHAWN

(to Gus)

He was alone.

LASSITER

--Sandra Hill! 324 Sycamore Lane. We kissed. Ask her.

SHAWN

Well I'm sure you wowed her with your charm.

(again; eyes closed)

Something happened at the restaurant that led to your car being stolen. I'm sensing red coats... and accents.

GUS

The British?

SHAWN

No... The valets! Check the valet who parked your car. They may have used the old "key in the putty" trick to get an impression.

LASSITER

Of course that would've been my first deduction, had I not been smarting from this egregious offense. I'll get right over--

He remembers his predicament.

SHAWN

No car. Remember?

He and Gus share a laugh.

GUS

Maybe there's a bus stop near this fancy restaurant.

SHAWN

Or a cab.

GUS

A petty cab?

They giggle like schoolchildren. Lassiter boils.

(CONTINUED)

LASSITER

You guys think you're pretty funny?  
Well guess what?

Suddenly he pulls out his badge.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

I just got a replacement car.  
Yours. I'm commandeering it for  
official police business. Get  
moving.

Busted, they lead Lassiter to Gus' parked car. Gus opens the  
driver's side and starts to get in.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

Un-uh. You two in the back.

They sheepishly get in the back seat. Lassiter gets behind  
the wheel and pushes the driver's seat all the way back,  
squeezing Shawn's legs to his chest.

GUS

Maybe we had a little too much fun  
with him.

SHAWN

(tiny)  
Maybe.

Lassiter pulls off and we:

Shawn, Gus and Lassiter enter. They approach the RESTAURANT  
MANAGER, a very fastidious man.

MANAGER

May I help you gentlemen?

Lassiter flashes his badge.

LASSITER

A theft of police property has  
occurred and we have reason to  
believe that the guilty party may  
work here.

MANAGER

Oh dear. Well, rest assured that  
you have our complete cooperation.  
(leans in)  
I only ask that you keep your  
investigation under wraps... You  
know, for appearance sake.

LASSITER

Noted. I'll need to sequester the main dining room to question your entire valet staff.

MANAGER

Oh dear. I'm sure this won't cost me my job. One moment.

He hurries off.

LASSITER

This guy's gonna be a problem.

SHAWN

I don't know, he seems pretty--

LASSITER

Your work here is done. Here.

He returns Gus his keys.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

(cocky)

I'll have my car back soon enough.

(then)

But I'm warning you, if word of this incident gets out at the station I will start making things very difficult for you down there.

SHAWN

Wait, you mean you haven't even been trying all this time?

LASSITER

Goodbye.

Shawn and Gus start to walk out.

SHAWN

He's not going to get anywhere talking to the valets. They have a very strict code.

GUS

I still think you're confusing them with the British.

SHAWN

I may need to roll up my sleeves for this one.

Shawn sees a gorgeous hostess, CHELSEA, standing at her station.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

In fact, I may need to take off my entire shirt.

He approaches her.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Hi, my name is Shawn Spencer, head psychic for the Santa Barbara police department. I may need to get a statement from you -- the word "yes."

CHELSEA

(unimpressed)

Nice try.

(points to sign)

But I reserve the right to refuse service to anyone.

She goes back to arranging the menus. SHAWN VISION - a red ink pen behind her ear is covered with teeth marks.

SHAWN VISION - CLOSE UP on a stack of pamphlets in her pocket. They include the Museum of Miniatures, Beach Tai Chi and Santa Barbara Senior discounts. Various times are circled in red ink.

SHAWN

Don't worry, if my parents were visiting, I wouldn't waste time meeting new people either. No matter how smart and interesting he was.

This gets her attention. She crosses to him and speaks in a hushed tone.

CHELSEA

My parents are visiting. Oh my goodness, you really are psychic. How cool is that?

(then)

What was it you wanted to ask me?

SHAWN

By any chance did you notice any suspicious behavior from one of the valets on duty last night?

CHELSEA

Now that you mention it, we had a new guy who started yesterday but didn't show up this morning.

SHAWN

Great, I'm gonna need a name and phone number.

CHELSEA

Of course.

(winks)

And then I'll give you information about the valet.

Shawn smiles, and we:

6 EXT. CHOP SHOP WAREHOUSE - DAY

6

Shawn is on his cell phone. We see a warehouse in the background.

SHAWN

(into phone)

Gus, get this. The valet's phone number was actually the number to a pay phone outside of a warehouse... Yep... Meet me at the station in an hour.

He hangs up.

7 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

7

Shawn eagerly waits as Gus, in his suit and tie, enters.

GUS

(excited)

A warehouse? Sweet. There's always something happening on the D.L. inside a warehouse. You staked it out, right? I know you staked it out.

SHAWN

Oh, it got staked.

(then; unsure)

Stook? Staken?

(settles)

No, staked.

GUS

Did you find out what happened to Lassiter's car?

SHAWN

A lot of cars went in, but only cargo containers full of car parts came out. It's a chop shop.

GUS

That's big.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

You bet it is. Ready?

GUS

Let's do it.

They head for Interim Chief Vick's office.

8 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERIM CHIEF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 8

Vick talks with Lassiter and JULIET as Gus carries Shawn in. Shawn grabs his temples.

SHAWN

It won't stop! It won't stop!

GUS

I brought him straight in. He gets like this when the psychic episode is particularly urgent.

SHAWN

So... much... chatter on the psychic channels.

Shawn hops down and shakes his head back-and-forth, like he's tuning in to a channel.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I'm sensing a victim, no many, many victims... oh, the scene is hideous... parts sawed off and strewn about... fluids splattered in every direction...

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

Dear God...

JULIET

Is it a serial killer?

SHAWN

Wait, I'm getting names -- names of the victims... Watch out, Accord! Don't let him in the door, Escalade! Oh, Camry, you were too young to go!

JULIET

Are we talking about cars?

Vick pulls out a file and opens it.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

There has been a rise in reported car thefts.

(CONTINUED)

LASSITER  
(involuntary)  
Huh?

Lassiter then coughs, covering.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK  
No discernible pattern, but those  
names are the most stolen models.  
(then)  
Are you saying these are all  
related?

Shawn clinches his head.

SHAWN  
The signal's too strong! Ahhh!  
What? What? Chop sticks? Chopped  
salad?

His hands are "guided" to a chair and he "uncontrollably"  
disassembles it.

JULIET  
Chop shop! It's a chop shop!

SHAWN  
Yes! Yes! That's it. I see a  
warehouse... and cargo  
containers... a street sign... A  
mouse named Algernon in a maze...  
Flowers... Flower Street!

INTERIM CHIEF VICK  
That's down by the tracks. We  
better check it out.

She and Juliet rise to leave. Lassiter hesitates a beat.

LASSITER  
You, uh, better let me go first.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK  
Why?

LASSITER  
You know, in case it's not safe.  
And I better take your car. Mine's  
being detailed.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK  
(rolls eyes)  
Move out of the way. I'll drive.

They file out and we:

9 EXT. CHOP SHOP WAREHOUSE - DAY

9

The bust is in progress. Various police officers and crime scene workers mill about, collecting evidence and leading handcuffed members of the theft ring out of the building. Inside, we see that the floor is covered with cars, car parts and machinery used to turn the former into the latter. Shawn and Gus watch as WALLY (we'll meet him later) is led out. SHAWN VISION - Wally appears to smile as he's pushed into the back of a patrol car. Chief Vick approaches, holding an evidence folder.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

Looks like a slam dunk, Spencer. Wally there is the ring leader. All the evidence we'll need to take him down is right here. Stolen parts, serial numbers, shipment logs, you name it.  
(extends her hand)  
Good work.

SHAWN

Don't thank me, Chief. Just glad we could help.

She reaches to shake Gus' hand too.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Don't thank him, either.

Chief Vick pulls out a check.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

Well, if I can't thank you, I can't pay you.

Shawn and Gus fall over themselves to shake her hand.

SHAWN

You're more than welcome.

GUS

Our pleasure.

She hands Shawn a check.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK (CONT'D)

This ring was responsible for hundreds of car thefts around town.

(re: evidence folder)

Wally had operatives in place as valets, mechanics and car wash attendants -- all copying people's keys and then stealing their cars from different locations.

GUS

Does it say anything in there about them stealing loose change or switching the presets on radios? Because that always happens to me.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Gus, put your aluminum foil hat  
back on.

GUS

I'm not paranoid. It happens.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

Anyway, I believe this is a department  
record for the fastest bust ever for a case  
this size. Truly your best work.

All of the officers applaud Shawn for his work. He nods,  
basking in their praise. Lassiter, also clapping, lingers  
after the others disperse. He pulls Shawn and Gus aside.

LASSITER

I can't help but notice a car  
belonging to a certain head detective  
isn't in here.

SHAWN

Don't worry, we had the boys from  
crime scene move it down the street  
right before you and the chief  
arrived. You're in the clear.

Lassiter breathes a sigh of relief. Shawn turns to Gus.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

(realizes)

Today is street sweeping. Did we  
park on the east side of the street  
or the west?

GUS

The north side.

SHAWN

Dude, it wasn't the north side.

GUS

Sure it was. I'd know -- I'm good  
with directions. You're not.

SHAWN

Please, I'm great with directions.  
You have the bearings of a bumble  
bee.

Behind Lassiter, Shawn and Gus then see a tow truck pulling  
away with Lassiter's car -- the parking ticket still in the  
windshield. They exchange a look.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Was that tow truck going east or  
west?

(CONTINUED)

GUS

I don't care. Let's go!

They bolt before Lassiter realizes what happened.

10 INT. PSYCH OFFICE - NIGHT

10

Shawn leads Chelsea, the hostess from the restaurant, inside the office. They're both a little giddy.

SHAWN

(re: office)

So, as promised, here's your tour of where it all happens.

She looks around. Shawn then realizes the place is littered with his toys. Wastebasket basketball goal, various Nerf aerial toys, video game system, etc.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Uh... my partner Gus isn't as focused as I am... He plays a lot. Not like me. I'm always working.

She pulls Shawn close.

CHELSEA

Then I feel pretty lucky you called to ask me out.

SHAWN

I happened to wrap up that case earlier than anyone thought and found myself free for the evening.

They start making out but something is bugging Shawn. He thinks out loud.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Wait. Was that too easy?

CHELSEA

What?

SHAWN

Nothing. Sorry.

They start kissing again. After a beat, Shawn is again distracted by his thoughts.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I can't believe how quickly everything came to me. Am I really that good?

CHELSEA

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

He pulls away, caught up in his own thoughts.

SHAWN

Or could it be...? No. That's never happened before.

CHELSEA

(misunderstanding)

And nothing's going to happen tonight, either. How dare you think I'm "easy." Goodbye!

SHAWN

What? No, I wasn't talking about you. This is something much worse.

He suddenly grabs his coat and heads for the door. He stops and turns around.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

This is the first case where I've been wrong.

He quickly exits and we:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 INT. GUS' OFFICE - NIGHT

11

Gus opens the door to Shawn, still in his clothes from his date.

GUS

Shawn? What are you doing here this time of night?

Shawn enters with a head of steam.

SHAWN

We got a problem, buddy. I think I was wrong about the chop shop case.

GUS

What do you mean "wrong?" It was a chop shop and the guy they apprehended was guilty. Case closed.

SHAWN

I know all that, but something's bugging me about how easy it was. I mean, for that Wally guy to have such a tightly controlled and intricate operation, one that's eluded the police for so long, and then to slip up by stealing a detective's car from in front of the police station... it just doesn't make sense.

GUS

Sure it does. One of his guys got sloppy.

SHAWN

But that doesn't explain why the evidence that identified Wally as the ring-leader was all there in the shop, waiting to be found. And I could've sworn I saw him smiling as they put him in the squad car. No, I think I solved the crime I was supposed to solve. Not the one I should've solved.

GUS

Okay, you're not making any sense and I happen to be busy, so if you don't mind...

He tries to lead Shawn out.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Wait. Why are you working so late at night?

GUS

I'm finishing up some things to clear my schedule.

Shawn just now notices a suitcase behind Gus' desk.

SHAWN

Are you going somewhere?

GUS

As a matter of fact, I am. Thanks to how fast you wrapped up the case, our bills will actually be paid on time this month. That means I have a free weekend.

He pulls a small trophy from the shelf.

GUS (CONT'D)

(re: trophy)

Now I can finally use the Spa Ojai package I won for being top sales rep. It comes complete with a town car and driver.

SHAWN

(suspicious)

You were bragging about that trip over a year ago. Why go now?

GUS

Maybe I kept pushing it back because I was always helping someone. Like when I had to enter a Civil War re-enactment. Or when I was getting my butt kicked by a tennis prodigy. And let's not forget the entire week I spent riding shotgun to a cat.

SHAWN

I know I ask for help a lot. Listen, if it'll make you happy I'll officially state, for the record, that--

He holds up his right hand.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I always need Burton Guster's help because he is so much more smarter than me.

(CONTINUED)

GUS

First of all, I see your fingers  
crossed behind your back.

SHAWN

(busted)  
Damn!

GUS

Second. It's "smarter than I."  
(then)  
Sorry, Shawn. Each time I cancel  
this trip, the package gets  
smaller. It's already gone from a  
week to a weekend. Next it'll just  
be a gift card. I'm going this  
time and you can't stop me.

He lets out a deep breath and smiles.

GUS (CONT'D)

Nothing but relaxation for a whole  
weekend. Maybe I'll finally read  
the stack of subscriptions I never  
get to.

He indicates a pile of magazines in the corner.

SHAWN

Dude, that "Time" is from 2005.  
It's not news anymore. It's olds.

GUS

Doesn't matter. I paid for them.  
I'm reading them. And after that,  
I'm getting a deep-tissue massage  
to work out all the knots in my  
back.

(re: back)

I call the big one "Little Shawn."

(then)

They have a blind masseuse up there  
named Gloria. She supposedly works  
wonders.

SHAWN

What's with you and the blind? I  
still remember when you went crazy  
over that blind sculptor who made  
that bust of you.

GUS

That was Lionel Richie. In the  
video for "Hello."

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Great, now that song's stuck in my head.

GUS

(smiles)

Good. Goodbye, Shawn.

Gus ushers Shawn out the door and closes it.

SHAWN (O.S.)

(SINGING)

HELLO?/IS IT ME YOU'RE LOOKING FOR?

His voice fades off into the distance and we:

12 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

12

Shawn enters Chief Vick's office as she sits behind her desk.

SHAWN

Chief, we need to re-open the chop shop case. I think there's something we missed.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

First of all,  
(points to her and Shawn)  
"We" don't decide if a case needs to be re-opened.

(points to herself)  
I do. Secondly, if something was missed it wasn't...

(points to her and Shawn)  
"we", but...

(starts to point to herself; then points  
o.s.)

Lassiter who missed it.

They see Lassiter enter the bullpen area. He checks his pocket for his car keys and hits the alarm button just to be sure. We hear his alarm **chirp** outside the window. He enters Vick's office.

LASSITER

Morning, Chief.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

Lassiter, Mr. Spencer seems to think you might have missed something in the chop shop case.

(CONTINUED)

LASSITER

Well, Mr. Spencer is wrong because, as much as I hate to admit it, he did an excellent job leading us to the culprits.

Paranoid, he then checks his alarm again. It **chirps** o.s.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

It's an open-and-shut case if I've ever seen one. And I have.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

(to Shawn)

And there you have it.

Juliet enters, carrying a stack of transparencies.

JULIET

(excited)

Detective Lassiter, I finished the Power Point slides for your 21-LES presentation.

LASSITER

Great. Let me see them.

JULIET

I was wondering, what do you think about adding a field-demonstration? I have a rubber-ball grenade in my desk just waiting for a crowd to control.

LASSITER

Not a bad idea. Not bad at all.

SHAWN

Juliet, help me out. I'm trying to convince them to re-open the chop shop case. I know we made the bust, but some things still don't add up.

JULIET

Are any of these "things" new evidence that the D.A. will accept?

SHAWN

(sheepishly)

No.

JULIET

Then I don't see the point.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

And there you have it. Again.

(CONTINUED)

LASSITER

Spencer, if you don't mind, we have some important business to discuss.

They all look at the slides.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

Helvetica is a much better font.

JULIET

I know. See how the "M" in "Double Murder Suicide" jumps off the page?

As they go over the slides, Shawn exits.

SHAWN

(to himself)

Isn't there anyone involved with this case who'll listen to me?

SMASH CUT TO:

13 INT. COUNTY JAIL VISITING BOOTH - DAY

13

Shawn sits across the glass from WALLY a weasly, cagey type.

SHAWN

Like I was saying, there are some unanswered questions.

WALLY

What can I say? You got me fair and square.

SHAWN

That's just it. What chop-shop artist steals a cop's car and doesn't chop it up? It's like you wanted it to leave a trail.

WALLY

Leave a trail, don't leave a trail. It wouldn't do any good. You guys caught me quick. All red-handed. I was like, "What?" And the cops were like "Wham!" Miranda.

SHAWN

But that still leaves a lot of questions. Like why haven't you posted bail?

WALLY

It's all good. I'll just do my time - with good behavior - and go on with my life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

WALLY (CONT'D)

Until then, I'm like, "my bad."  
And the court's like, "Get in that  
cell!" Justice.

SHAWN

Okay. Let's try this again.

PRISON GUARD

Prisoner 1906, visiting time is  
over.

WALLY

Gotta go.

Wally rises, exits. Shawn crosses to the visitor's log and signs out. SHAWN VISION - Shawn quickly fans through the pages of the clipboard. As the pages fly by, SHAWN VISION - he sees three prior logs for Prisoner 1906 and each one has the signature "Johnny G." besides it.

14

INT. SPA OJAI - RELAXATION ROOM - DAY

14

Gus, draped in a spa robe, enters with an SPA ASSISTANT.

ASSISTANT

Your massage therapist will be  
right with you, Mr. Guster. In the  
meantime, please relax and hydrate.

GUS

Thank you.

Gus takes in the tranquil surroundings and breathes a sigh of relief. He takes a seat along with other spa patrons. He leans back and closes his eyes. Suddenly, a patron behind him begins spritzing himself, catching Gus in the second-hand spritz. He politely turns around.

GUS (CONT'D)

Excuse me, but would you mind--

The patron turns around. It's Shawn, also in a spa robe.

GUS (CONT'D)

Shawn! What are you doing here?!

Gus' reaction immediately ruins the relaxed atmosphere. The other patrons turn and look.

GUS (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(then; in relaxed tone)

Shawn. What are you doing here?

SHAWN

Trust me, the way things are going,  
I need to relax too.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

No one at the police station is willing to re-open the case.

GUS

I already told you, I'm not helping you either.

SHAWN

But wait until you hear this. I went to see Wally in jail and the only other person to visit him, besides me and his lawyer, was a "Jonny G." So I looked into it. After Jonny Garrison and Jonny Gibert hung up on me, I realized "Jonny G." is a moniker belonging to the owner of Jonny G.'s "Bling it On" Custom Car Shop.

GUS

So what?

SHAWN

It opens up a whole other angle to this case. What if Jonny G. is using stolen car parts in his shop and Wally was his partner?

Gus winces in pain and rubs his back.

GUS

Just sitting here listening to you, Little Shawn got bigger. No thanks.

SHAWN

Fine.

(then; bitter)

So when's your appointment with the blind chick?

GUS

Gloria can't see me.

SHAWN

Dude, I know how being blind works.

GUS

I mean, she's booked. I'm getting an Eastern Energy Massage instead. It's supposed to help my chi.

SHAWN

Really? I didn't know you were Buddhist.

(CONTINUED)

GUS  
I'm not. I'm Baptist.

SHAWN  
Well, that's a Buddhist massage.

Gus is worried. Just then his massage therapist, JOI, enters.

JOI  
Mr. Guster, are you ready for your Eastern Energy Massage?

GUS  
Wait. Is this a Buddhist massage? Because my grandmother would roll over in her grave if I cheated on Jesus.

JOI  
It uses the principles of many Eastern metaphysical philosophies.

GUS  
You know, I forgot that I had another appointment to go to. Thanks for your time.

She exits. Gus turns to Shawn

GUS (CONT'D)  
Okay, I'll help. But I must be back in two hours. That's when I booked the isolation chamber.

SHAWN  
Great, we'll go in your town car.

He takes off his robe, revealing his street clothes underneath. Gus hesitates.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
(realizing)  
Dude, you better not be naked under there.

GUS  
(chin up)  
Naked and unashamed.

SHAWN  
I'll be waiting outside.

He exits. Gus winces and rubs "Little Shawn" on his way to the dressing room.

15

INT. "BLING IT ON" CUSTOM CAR SHOP - DAY

15

Shawn and Gus enter the garage area. Cars are on lifts, being "tricked out" with rims, spoilers, hydraulics, ground effects, entertainment systems, etc.

GUS

How are we going to get information out of this Jonny G.?

SHAWN

Relax. He thinks we're customers. It's the perfect cover.

Gus looks at one of the cars on a lift.

GUS

I don't get it. Who'd waste this kind of money tricking out a car? It's frivolous and ridiculous. Not to mention, it ruins the car.

Shawn looks around. SHAWN VISION - CLOSE ON the serial numbers of various car parts and accessories. JONNY G. (think Mike D. from the Beastie Boys) enters.

JONNY G.

Shawn, what's up homie?

SHAWN

Jonny G., this is my friend, Gus.

He shakes Shawn's hand but gives Gus the pound-hug combo.

JONNY G.

Respect.

GUS

Back at ya.

JONNY G.

Yo Shawn, check it out. Your ride is fresh to death. I always do the final check myself, you know, to make sure it meets the specs.

(to Gus)

Know what I mean?

He gives Gus the pound-hug combo again.

GUS

Sure.

(then; to Shawn)

What ride?

JONNY G.

This one.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

He lowers a lift, revealing Gus' pharmaceutical-rep issue Echo, now "frivolously" and "ridiculously" tricked out. Gus is incensed.

GUS

Shawn!... Shawn!

SHAWN

Told you we had a cover.

On Gus' expression, we:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

16 INT. GUS' CAR - DAY

16

The tricked out Echo is stopped at a light. Shawn drives with Gus in the passenger seat.

GUS

This is a company car, Shawn. I have to visit clients in this.

SHAWN

Would you relax?

GUS

I can't believe you spent all the money we got for the chop-shop case on this. What, you couldn't find any magic beans?

SHAWN

I re-invested into the business. When we figure out what's going on at Jonny G.'s shop and re-solve the case, we'll get another check.

GUS

And we immediately turn my car back the way it was.

SHAWN

I still don't see why you won't drive it.

GUS

Because it's embarrassing.

SHAWN

Fine. If you won't enjoy it, I will.

He cranks up the **thundering bass**. A convertible full of UCSB co-eds in bikinis pulls up beside them. They giggle and flirt with Shawn.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Ladies...

GIRL #1

Nice ride.

Gus tries to get in on the action but is too late. They pull off. He then turns to Shawn.

GUS

Get out of my seat.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

But you said...

GUS

It's my ride, Shawn. I'm driving.

They do a Chinese fire drill. Gus gets behind the wheel and pulls off.

SHAWN

Let's head to the station so I can convince the police to look into Jonny G.'s operations.

Gus takes a corner. Suddenly they hear a police **siren** behind them. Gus checks his mirror.

GUS

What now?

He pulls to the side. A beat later, Officer McNab walks up to his window.

MCNAB

I'm gonna need to see your license and--

(recognizes them)

Oh, hey. I didn't know it was you guys.

(then; to Gus)

Sorry, but in this car you just happened to fit a profi--

(catches himself; clears throat)

I'm really sorry to bother you guys.

GUS

Mmm Hmmm.

They then hear loud barking from outside the car. They jump and turn around to see McNab's police dog barking at Gus and Shawn.

MCNAB

Mauler! Heel! Heel!

(embarrassed; to guys)

Now I'm really, really sorry. He's just a trainee for K9 unit.

Obviously he's not going to make it.

He grabs the dog by the collar and pulls him back to the car.

(CONTINUED)

MCNAB (CONT'D)  
Sorry again, fellas. And Gus,  
Mauler barks at all cars, not just  
blue ones.

McNab gets into the squad car and pulls off.

Shawn and Gus approach Lassiter's desk as Juliet removes a  
state-of-the-art bullet-proof vest from a box.

LASSITER  
Are those the new nano-material  
vests we ordered from the lab?

JULIET  
Yep, just in time for 21-LES.

Juliet pulls out the brochure.

JULIET (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
The Kev-Tek 7000 is made with nano-  
material polymers that give it  
enough strength to stop a tank  
mortar shell.

SHAWN  
(joking)  
So who's taking a round to the  
chest to test it out?

She and Lassiter exchange a look. They both eagerly reach  
for it.

LASSITER  
No, you got to be incapacitated by  
the sonic gun, now it's **my** turn.

They both tug at the vest. Vick comes out of her office.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK  
I've had just about enough out of  
the two of you.  
(re: vest)  
You can both be shot. Just sign  
the waivers.

Since Shawn has all of their attention, he has a psychic  
moment. He starts shaking.

GUS  
What is it, Shawn?

SHAWN

Numbers. Numbers everywhere.  
"9459687", "7635452", "1125721".

Juliet writes them down on a pad.

JULIET

These look like serial numbers.

SHAWN

Wait. Now I see car parts. Shiny  
rims, spoilers...

LASSITER

Spencer, is this about the chop  
shop again? We told you, that case  
is closed.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

Hold on, that's pretty specific  
information. Juliet, run those  
numbers by the crime lab just to be  
sure we didn't miss anything in the  
sweep.

(then; to Shawn)

You better not be wasting  
department time, Mr. Spencer. If  
you are, then we'll be testing our  
new vests on you.

LASSITER

Good idea. That way, it's a plus  
for me whether they work or fail.

Shawn swallows hard and we:

18 INT. GUS' CAR - LATER

18

Shawn and Gus leave the station. Gus drives.

GUS

It better not take long for Juliet  
to run those numbers.

SHAWN

It won't.

A beat.

GUS

Because I'm not missing my desert  
hot stone massage appointment.

SHAWN

You won't.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

GUS

I already missed all of yesterday because of this stupid case. This is my last day to enjoy my vacation. You don't realize how much stress I've been...

Shawn cranks the stereo up, intentionally drowning Gus out with the bass. Gus turns to him and begins to shout.

GUS (CONT'D)

(barely audible)

I'm not playing, Shawn! I never get to do anything for myself. I'm getting that massage!

Behind Gus, another car full of babes pulls up and tries to get their attention. Shawn turns the music down while Gus is mid-rant.

GUS (CONT'D)

--And yes I'll be naked and unashamed under my robe while they rub Little Shawn down!

Gus turns around in time to see the girls cringe and pull off.

GUS (CONT'D)

(calling after)

Wait! It's not like that!

Shawn's cell phone rings. He answers.

SHAWN

Hello?... Juliet! What did the lab say about the serial numbers?...

(repeats to Gus)

The good news is they tracked them to car parts...

(listens more; then

repeats to Gus)

But the bad news is the parts were purchased legitimately for "Bling it On."

(listens more)

Oh... And the worse news is Lassiter wants to know what size vest I wear. Very funny. Thanks.

He hangs up.

GUS

The car parts at the shop are legit?

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Looks that way. There must be something else going on down there that we're missing. We have to go back and look for more clues.

GUS

I don't know about you, but I'm still on vacation.

Desperate, Shawn reaches behind Gus' radio and tugs hard. He brings his hands up, holding a handful of frayed wires. The radio slurs to silence.

SHAWN

Uh-oh. Looks like something's wrong with your in-dash DVD navigation and integrated surround sound stereo system. We'll need to take it back to Jonny G. to fix.

Gus stares at Shawn for a beat.

GUS

You know that's foul, right?

Gus signals and heads for the shop.

19 INT. "BLING IT ON" CUSTOM CAR SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

19

The shop is abuzz with activity as Shawn and Gus enter. They approach one of the workers.

SHAWN

Hey, is Jonny G. around?

WORKER

Don't know. We've been busy.

SHAWN

Whacha working on?

WORKER

We're getting this fleet ready to ship to Arizona.

SHAWN

Okay, thanks.

The worker goes back to what he was doing. SHAWN VISION - SHAWN sees a DELIVERY ORDER in the worker's hand. He zooms in on the name: "Fleet Feat Trucking." Shawn then signals for Gus to follow him into Jonny G's office. They sneak in and close the door.

GUS

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

You heard him say Jonny's not around.

GUS

No, I heard him say he didn't know if he was around or not.

SHAWN

Okay maybe that's what he said. I really wasn't listening since I'd planned on doing this all along.

GUS

(rolls his eyes)  
Just hurry up.  
(then)  
What are we looking for, anyway?

SHAWN

Anything that points to criminal activity. A white cloth sack with a big green dollar sign on it, a red barrel labeled "TNT", an anvil, anything.

GUS

(noticing)  
Check this out.

SHAWN

You found something? Because the purpose of those examples was to imply that it wouldn't be so obvious.

Gus holds a huge custom rim above his head.

GUS

Look at how light this is. I bet it's so some rapper can wear it around his neck.

SHAWN

(re: office)  
Looks like this is another dead end.

(sigh)

I'm out of ideas, Gus. And we both know what usually happens when I'm out of ideas.

He and Gus exchange a knowing look.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
I have to get help from the last  
place in the world I'd want to.

SMASH CUT TO:

20 INT. HENRY SPENCER'S HOME - LATER

20

Shawn knocks on the door. Henry opens it, holding a largemouth bass by the lip.

HENRY  
You finally show up at a good time.

Before Shawn can speak, he shoves a filet knife into Shawn's hands.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Here. Scale. I have to get these  
on the grill before too late.

They enter and see that Henry is filleting fish.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
You still remember how, don't you?

SHAWN  
(rolls eyes)  
Yes. You only made me do it a  
thousand times as a kid. A kid who  
didn't believe in cruelty to  
animals, mind you.

HENRY  
(dead serious)  
Those same animals would kill you  
dead if given the means.  
(then)  
Just scrape the scales without  
bruising the flesh. Then make an  
incision behind the gills and filet-

SHAWN  
(by rote)  
--down the spine.

HENRY  
Right, you remember. And Gus, you  
remember--

Gus sees the fish guts and his gag reflex kicks in.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
--where the bathroom is.

(CONTINUED)

Gus holds his mouth and crosses off. Shawn stands besides Henry at the counter and fillets fish in tandem with his father (think "Heart and Soul" on the piano). Clearly, they did this a lot when he was a kid.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What brings you two here? I'm sure it wasn't to see how great my fishing trip went.

SHAWN

Did you ever have a case you couldn't crack?

Henry stops cleaning fish and goes into lesson mode.

HENRY

Of course I did, Shawn. More than a few. But a good detective learns the most when he doesn't get the bad guy. That's why I always tried to teach you to--

SHAWN

I got the bad guy.

HENRY

Oh. Well, sometimes they get off. But a good detective doesn't let that--

SHAWN

He's still in jail. In fact, Chief Vick said it's my best work.

HENRY

Oh.

Frustrated, he goes back to cleaning fish.

HENRY (CONT'D)

So what's your problem?

SHAWN

It doesn't feel like my best work. It was just too easy. Did you ever have that problem?

Henry forcibly chops a fish's head off with a loud **whack!**

HENRY

(then; calmly)

No. Don't think I did. Most of my problems were real. Like not getting the promotion you deserved.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

Or trying to make a marriage work when you're on the job five nights a week. I can't recall any "champagne" problems like things being "too easy."

Henry takes another loud **whack** at the fish.

SHAWN

I think you just bruised the flesh.

(then)

Anyway, I always thought that my best work would be more complicated. More important. More... more.

HENRY

A-ha!

SHAWN

A-ha?

HENRY

I should've known. Just like always, you go after something because you want the flash and excitement. Then when you finally get it, you're not satisfied. You think it needs "more."

SHAWN

That's not true.

HENRY

Your best case needs more excitement just like as a kid your first ten-speed needed more reflectors. And your science team's solar system needed more planets. And your first girlfriend needed more bracelets.

SHAWN

Said the eighties, not me.

HENRY

Well Shawn, did you ever stop and think that maybe it's your expectations that need to change? Son, sometimes a case is just a case. I always tried to teach you that--

SHAWN

Wait a second...

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN VISION FLASHBACK - SHAWN and Gus in the car as McNab's police dog barks at the car.

MCNAB (FLASHBACK)

He's just a trainee for K9 unit.

SHAWN

(to Henry)

I figured out what I missed. Just now, while you were berating me.

HENRY

Wait.

SHAWN

This is much bigger than we thought! I was right all along.

HENRY

Don't you dare. Don't you dare learn the wrong lesson while I'm trying to teach you the right lesson.

SHAWN VISION FLASHBACK - GUS holding the rims in Jonny G's shop.

GUS (FLASHBACK)

Look at how light this is.

SHAWN

(to himself)

Of course!

HENRY

Stop figuring it out, Shawn. You stop right this second!

SHAWN

I can't help it. It all makes sense now.

SHAWN VISION FLASHBACK - SHAWN and Gus talking to the shop worker.

WORKER (FLASHBACK)

We've been too busy getting this fleet ready to ship to Arizona.

SHAWN

(calling off)

Come on, Gus!

Shawn cleans himself off. Gus rejoins them.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Let's go. I'll explain on the way.

(CONTINUED)

They head to the door with Henry on their tails. He slams the door before they can exit. Shawn turns around. Henry stares daggers at him, then:

HENRY  
(rapidly)  
You should be happy with a job well done regardless of how much excitement it produces.

Satisfied with finishing his lesson, he goes back to cleaning his fish.

SHAWN  
That's it?

HENRY  
That's it.

Shawn exits. Gus then notices Henry frown and rub his back.

GUS  
Is it a tight knot, right under the shoulder blade?

HENRY  
Yeah. How'd you know?

Shawn yells from offscreen.

SHAWN (O.S.)  
Guuuussss!!!!

Gus and Henry then give each other an acknowledgement nod and we:

Gus enters while Shawn sits shotgun.

SHAWN  
Jonny G. is smuggling drugs out of state inside the car parts!

GUS  
You sure?

SHAWN  
The rims at the shop were so light because they were hollow. That's how he gets the drugs out. And some of the drug residue in the shop must've gotten on your car, which is why the police dog went crazy barking at the wheels!

21 CONTINUED:

21

GUS

Then that must be what Wally's been covering for all along. He's just the fall guy. Jonny G. runs the real operation--

SHAWN

--Drug trafficking. And I'm willing to bet that shipment to Arizona is their next big score. We need to get back to that shop before the evidence is all gone.

Gus pulls off and we:

22 INT. "BLING IT ON" CUSTOM CAR SHOP - LATER

22

Shawn and Gus enter to find the shop empty.

SHAWN

Damn! We're too late.

They then hear the sound of an engine **revving** in the back of the shop.

GUS

Somebody's here.

They carefully go to investigate.

23 INT. "BLING IT ON" CUSTOM CAR SHOP - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

23

They peek their heads around the corner.

SHAWN

Jonny G.? Homie? Are you in the house?

No response. They walk out to see a car on a lift, hooked up to various gauges. The engine is open full throttle and all the gauges are red-lined. Shawn hits a switch to lower the lift. When the car comes down, they find Jonny G. dead behind the wheel!

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

GUS

Ahhh!

They jump back. Then check it out.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

His foot's still on the accelerator.

They stand there in shock. A beat later, they both giggle.

(CONTINUED)

GUS  
Stop. This isn't funny.

SHAWN  
You stop.

They both giggle again.

GUS  
I can't.

SHAWN  
Me either.

SHAWN VISION - inside the car is a nitrous oxide performance booster. There's a crack in its valve.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
The nitrous oxide cannister is open.

GUS  
Laughing gas? That's deadly in high doses.

SHAWN  
Well, now we--  
(giggle)  
know the cause of--  
(giggle)  
death.

They cover their mouths and exit and we:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

24 INT. COUNTY JAIL VISITING BOOTH - DAY

24

Shawn and Gus sit across the glass from Wally.

WALLY

I can't believe Jonny G. went out like that.

GUS

The police suspect foul play, but so far they have no leads.

WALLY

All while I was on lockdown. Guess I came out with a better sentence than Jonny G. did. Irony.

SHAWN

We still have some questions, though. What do you know about a shipment of custom cars to Arizona?

WALLY

We were partners, but Jonny G. was involved in a lot of stuff I didn't know about. If I asked questions, he'd be like "Nunya." And I'd be like "Okay." Relegated.

GUS

You're saying you weren't involved with the custom car shop at all?

WALLY

I'm saying I was just the front man for the chop shop. And now I'm doing my time. But after I get out, crime's gonna be like, "Come out and play, Wally." And I'm gonna be like, "Wally doesn't live here any more." Re-assimilated.

PRISON GUARD

Time's up.

Wally gets up to leave. As he does, Shawn notices a sly smile creep on his face when. SHAWN VISION FLASHBACK - it's the smile he had when he was arrested at the warehouse. He exits.

SHAWN

I'm starting to think I was wrong about Wally.

(CONTINUED)

GUS

The first time or the second time?

SHAWN

Both. Wally's the mastermind behind the smuggling ring and Jonny G.'s death.

GUS

But Wally was in jail when Jonny G. died.

SHAWN

Yeah, he made sure of that.

They exit.

25 INT. PSYCH OFFICE - DAY

25

Shawn paces while Gus works on the computer.

SHAWN

Wally made it easy for us to catch him because he wanted to get thrown in jail. That way he'd be locked up when he murdered Jonny G.

GUS

Which would give him the perfect alibi.

SHAWN

Then, with Jonny out of the way, Wally would assume sole control of the custom car shop.

GUS

And the secret drug operation!

SHAWN

Why, hello Motive. My old friend.

Gus notices something on the computer screen.

GUS

Get this. According to public court records, Wally posted bail this morning.

SHAWN

Why wait until now?  
(then; light bulb)  
The big drug deal's going down today!

GUS

But we don't know when or where.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

SHAWN VISION FLASHBACK - Shawn and Gus talk to the worker in the shop. Shawn sees a DELIVERY ORDER in the worker's hand. He zooms in on "Fleet Feat Trucking."

SHAWN

Yes, we do. Call Fleet Feat Trucking and see if they're making a delivery of custom cars today. Find out where and what time.  
(then)  
I'll get the cops there.

Shawn exits and we:

26 INT. AUDITORIUM - LOBBY - DAY

26

Various police officers mingle under a sign which reads "21st Century Law Enforcement Seminar." Gus enters and finds Shawn waiting.

GUS

The dispatch at the trucking company said they had a fleet from Bling it On scheduled to be dropped-off at two-thirty. I wrote the location down.

He hands Shawn a sheet of paper.

SHAWN

(checks his watch)  
We don't have much time.

They check the bulletin board and see "Room 221: Modern Detective Techniques -- Det. Lassiter." They hurry off.

27 INT. AUDITORIUM - SEMINAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

27

Shawn and Gus quietly enter a dimly lit room. CLOSE ON Lassiter giving a slide show presentation. Cool music plays over various pictures of Lassiter and Juliet:

- 1) In the field. Lassiter sprays a bio-luminescent substance to identify blood stains at a crime scene.
- 2) In the lab. Lassiter and Juliet in white coats and lab goggles mixing chemicals in test tubes.
- 3) In the office. Lassiter and Juliet stand in front of a huge board with various photos of victims, crime scenes and suspects, all overlaid onto a map with multi-colored lines connecting each one. It looks like a complicated neural net.

(CONTINUED)

LASSITER

As you all can see, the tools in the arsenal of the modern-day detective are formidable to say the least. Scientific advancements, from the mapping of the human genome to manipulation of the building blocks of matter itself have taken law enforcement into the 21st century... and beyond.

He ends with dramatic flair. He then stops the slide show and brings the lights up. We PULL BACK to reveal that only seven people are in attendance. Juliet stands besides Lassiter, clapping.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

Any questions?

A hand shoots up.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

Yes?

STUDENT #1

Um, we were expecting new law enforcement techniques. We've seen all of this stuff on CSI.

Lassiter and Juliet exchange worried looks.

LASSITER

Well, I can assure you this represents the latest technology available to police departments.

STUDENT #2

Dude, you can get all that stuff off of Amazon.

The others ad-lib their agreement.

LASSITER

Okay, okay then let's just get to the practical demonstrations. I'm sure this is what you've all been waiting for.

He pulls out small robotic car with a large grasping claw on the front.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

Say you have a bomb to diffuse but you don't feel like being blown up. Well, with this little fella--

(CONTINUED)

STUDENT #1

The Packbot 510 bomb disposal robot. I saw that on Crossing Jordan.

Lassiter then pulls out a hi-tech looking rifle with a sound cone for a muzzle.

LASSITER

Okay. Next we have a--

STUDENT #2

Sonic rifle. They used that on the second season of 24.

LASSITER

Listen, buddy, this isn't science fiction. This equipment is police sanctioned--

Shawn suddenly stands.

SHAWN

Whoa! Lassie, you're on to something...

LASSITER

Spencer? Nobody called for a psychic.

STUDENT #1

Psychic? Is he police sanctioned?

SHAWN

I'm getting a reading...

Shawn extends his hands in front of him, and like magnets they are "drawn" to Lassiter's laptop.

LASSITER

Spencer, we're in the middle of--

STUDENT #2

Awesome!

Lassiter seizes the moment.

LASSITER

Well, yes, the Santa Barbara police use every tool within our arsenal to combat crime. In fact, Spencer often falls under my jurisdiction...

They ignore Lassiter and eagerly come closer to watch Shawn in action. Shawn pulls up a map of the city on the laptop and it shows on the projection screen.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

I'm sensing a location...

He grabs the mouse and closes his eyes. His hand psychically guides the cursor to an area on the map.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Here.

(opens his eyes)

An abandoned airfield? But why?  
Do tell, oh spirits of law  
enforcement technology...

He touches his temples.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I'm getting... Michael Douglas,  
Catherine Zeta-Jones... The always  
under-appreciated Don Cheadle.

STUDENT #1

Traffic!

SHAWN

(a la Al Pacino)

"Say hello to my little friend!"

He takes Student #2 by the head and rakes his nose across his desk while sniffing.

STUDENT #2

(muffled)

Scarface!

STUDENT #1

Movies about drugs!

SHAWN

Drugs!

(points to map)

There must be a big deal going down  
right here!

Lassiter's unsure.

JULIET

We can send a squad car over there  
to check it out.

LASSITER

(reluctantly)

Okay.

SHAWN

(hand to head)

There's no time. It's happening in  
ten minutes. We have to leave now!

(CONTINUED)

LASSITER

There's no way I can get there that fast.

Gus exchanges a look with Shawn. Gus then pulls out the keys to the tricked-out Echo.

GUS

I got this. Let's roll.

STUDENT #1

Can we come?

LASSITER

Yeah, wait out front. We'll pull around just for you.

STUDENT #2

Shotgun!

Lassiter shakes his head. He and Juliet then quickly follow Gus and Shawn out.

28 EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

28

A semi-truck holding the fleet of cars from Jonny G.'s shop is parked in an abandoned field. Two men in dark suits and sunglasses stand outside of a limo and hand a briefcase to Wally. He opens it to reveal multiple stacks of one hundred dollar bills.

WALLY

It's been a pleasure doing business with you.

He closes the briefcase and they shake hands. In the distance, they hear the sound of **booming bass music** followed by the **wail** of police sirens. Gus and Shawn, with Lassiter and Juliet stuffed in the back seat, pull up followed by squad cars. The police encircle Wally and the men, sirens blaring. The cops then leap from their vehicles, guns drawn. Lassiter and Juliet get out of the Echo, followed by Shawn and Gus.

LASSITER

Hold it right there. You're all under arrest!

WALLY

We're simply making a transaction. I'm like, "Here are your automotive goods, sir." And he's like, "Please take my money." Capitalism.

Shawn approaches.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Selling custom cars is legal. But murdering Jonny G. to take over his drug operation isn't.

WALLY

(laughs)

I'm laughing. Entertained.

SHAWN

No, it makes perfect sense. Especially knowing how you resented Jonny G. for not including you in the real business of the shop...

SHAWN VISION FLASHBACK - SHAWN and Gus talking to Wally in jail.

WALLY (FLASHBACK)

Jonny G. was involved in a lot of stuff I didn't know about. If I asked questions, he'd be like "Nunya." And I'd be like "Okay." Relegated.

SHAWN

So you came up with a plan to get Jonny out of the way and take over his operations. You got yourself arrested, knowing that in jail you'd have the perfect alibi when Jonny showed up dead.

SHAWN VISION RECREATION FLASHBACK - Wally inserting a key into Lassiter's car and stealing it.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

You brilliantly planned his murder beforehand, knowing that Jonny was a creature of habit...

SHAWN VISION FLASHBACK - Shawn and Gus talking to Jonny G.

JONNY G. (FLASHBACK)

I always do the final check myself, you know, to make sure it meets the specs.

SHAWN

You knew he always tested the cars on the day they were scheduled for delivery. So you figured out which nitrous oxide cannister he'd be using. Then you rigged it to leak when the gauge red-lined...

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN VISION RECREATION FLASHBACK - WALLY SNEAKING INTO THE SHOP AND TAMPERING WITH THE VALVE ON THE N2O CANNISTER.

WALLY

Very creative. But unlike last time, there's no evidence. The People's Burden.

Shawn then has a psychic inspiration.

SHAWN

(hand to head)  
Wait, someone's talking.

Everyone looks around. No one is speaking.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Someone who witnessed everything...  
Where are you?

He stumbles around until he places his hand on one of the cars.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

(to car)  
What's that, Bessie? What did the bad man do to you? Check your wheels?  
(to officer)  
Check inside the wheels of the cars.

Wally jumps in front of the officer.

WALLY

Stop! You don't have a warrant.

LASSITER

But you just gave us probable cause.  
(to officer)  
Carry on.

An officer takes a crow bar and pries the cover off of one of the wheels. Plastic bags of white powder fall out.

OFFICER

(to Lassiter)  
It's drugs, sir. In all of them.

LASSITER

Okay, you're coming with us. This time, for drug trafficking and murder.

He cuffs Wally as officers grab the other two men.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Man, that's three strikes.

GUS

Legislated.

Lassiter leads them away.

JULIET

Good work, Shawn. You got your man. Again.

Shawn turns to Gus.

SHAWN

You know, the stress from this weekend has been getting to me.

He rubs the back of his shoulder.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I think I feel a knot right here. Any advice on where I should go to get a massage?

Gus smiles and we:

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

29 INT. SPA OJAI - FRONT DESK - DAY

29

Shawn and Gus approach the spa assistant.

GUS  
We'd like to schedule a couple of  
massages with Gloria.

The assistant checks the computer.

ASSISTANT  
I'm sorry but Gloria is still  
booked. The only slot she has  
available is a couple's session.

Shawn and Gus exchange a knowing look and both turn to the  
assistant.

No. GUS Yes. SHAWN

SHAWN  
(off Gus' reaction)  
I mean, no.

They walk off.

GUS  
What's wrong with you?

SHAWN  
Dude, you're the one who said how  
great she was supposed to be. I  
thought it'd be worth it.

GUS  
Me be in the same room as you, with  
just two towels between us? Not  
gonna happen. She's blind, but I'm  
not.

Gus shudders as they walk out and we:

END OF SHOW