

PSYCH

"Brr! Is It Just Me, or Is This Case Cold?"

Written by

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PSYCH

"Brr! Is It Just Me, or Is This Case Cold?"

CAST

CHARACTER NAME 1

CHARACTER NAME 2

PSYCH

"Brr! Is It Just Me, or Is This Case Cold?"

SETS

INTERIORS:

PRIMARY LOCATION

Secondary Location

Secondary Location

PRIMARY LOCATION

EXTERIORS:

PRIMARY LOCATION

Secondary Location

PRIMARY LOCATION

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

A shot of Henry's beautiful house.

CHYRON: 1989

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Young Shawn sits in front of his grandfather, GREGORY, in the living room. Gregory sits on the couch, while Young Shawn sits on the floor, a coffee table between them. On the table is a chess board, with the pieces in play, some of them on the table next to the board.

YOUNG SHAWN
Your turn, Grandpa.

Gregory doesn't respond. Instead, his head starts to slowly drop, and his eyes start to close.

YOUNG SHAWN (CONT'D)
(a little louder)
Grandpa?

Gregory's head snaps up with a start. He coughs.

GREGORY
Yes, yes. Just a moment.

He stares at the board thoughtfully.

He keeps staring.

Slowly, he starts to let his head droop again.

YOUNG SHAWN
Grandpa?

Gregory's head snaps up again, and he coughs.

GREGORY
Yes, yes. Just a moment.

He stares at the board again.

Finally, he bends over and moves his bishop diagonally across the board.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
Your turn, sport.

Young Shawn thinks, and then slides his castle six spaces forward.

YOUNG SHAWN
Your turn, Grandpa.

Gregory doesn't respond. Instead, his head starts to slowly drop, and his eyes start to close.

YOUNG SHAWN (CONT'D)
(a little louder)
Grandpa?

Gregory's head snaps up with a start. He coughs.

GREGORY
Yes, yes. Just a moment.

He stares at the board thoughtfully.

He keeps staring.

Slowly, he starts to let his head droop again.

YOUNG SHAWN
Grandpa!

Gregory's head snaps up with a start.

Young Shawn sighs and rolls his eyes.

YOUNG SHAWN (CONT'D)
Why don't you tell me a story or something.

Gregory thinks, and then nods.

GREGORY
All right; I have something. Once upon a time...

INT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE DEPARTMENT - 1909 - MORNING

TALMADGE, Shawn's great-great grandfather and detective, stands in an older version of the SBPD, handing a criminal, WILLIAM FERGUSON, off to two other cops.

CHYRON: 1909

GREGORY (V.O.)
Eighty years ago, my grandfather,
your great-great grandfather, had
just arrested a mobster named
William Ferguson for the murder of
his wife.

Talmadge smiles and shakes hands with a coworker.

GREGORY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Everything was going just fine for
him. He had just put a dangerous
man behind bars, he was at the top
of his career, and he had just had
a beautiful son named Timothy, my
father.

INT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE DEPARTMENT - JAIL CELL - DAYS LATER

William stands in his jail cell.

GREGORY (V.O.)
However, William's friends didn't
abandon him.

The lights switch off suddenly.

After a moment, they turn back on.

William is gone, and the cell door hangs open.

GREGORY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They took him.

INT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE DEPARTMENT - TALMADGE'S DESK -
LATER

Talmadge sits at his desk, his head in his hands.

GREGORY (V.O.)
Talmadge was devastated. It was the
biggest catch of his career.

INT. BARBER SHOP BACK ROOM - DAYS LATER

Several men sit at a card table, playing poker.

GREGORY (V.O.)
He tried like mad to catch
William...

Suddenly, the police burst in and arrest the men.

Talmadge looks around for William, but doesn't see him.

GREGORY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But William was too careful.

EXT. CLOCK TOWER ROOF - DAYS LATER

Talmadge stands on top of the clock tower, in despair.

GREGORY (V.O.)
He tried for so long, but
eventually gave up.

Talmadge lets himself fall over and down.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - 1989

Young Shawn sits in front of Gregory.

YOUNG SHAWN
(disappointed)
He killed himself? Why didn't he
just keep trying to find William?
(pauses)
What happened next?

Gregory doesn't respond. He starts to nod off.

YOUNG SHAWN (CONT'D)
Grandpa?

Gregory falls asleep and snores.

Young Shawn sighs.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA BANK - PRESENT DAY - ESTABLISHING

A shot of the Santa Barbara Bank.

INT. SANTA BARBARA BANK - MORNING

Shawn and Henry walk through the bank's lobby toward the desk of MR. SANDERS, the manager.

Shawn starts to sit down in the bigger chair, but Henry tries at the same time, and they knock into each other.

Henry pushes Shawn slightly, and sits down.

Shawn rolls his eyes, and sits in the smaller chair.

HENRY
Mr. Sanders, you said it was
important.

Mr. Sanders nods.

MR. SANDERS

And unusual. I don't know why one would want to leave a message sitting here for a hundred years.

SHAWN

A hundred years?

Mr. Sanders hands Henry a yellowed envelope.

MR. SANDERS

It was left by a Talmadge Spencer a hundred years ago, with explicit instructions to give this letter to his descendants a hundred years into the future. You are the only descendants of his living in the area, so we are giving it to you.

Henry opens it carefully and pulls out an old, folded piece of paper. He squints and reads.

HENRY

(reading from letter)

Find the man who killed me, and bring him to justice.

Shawn's eyes widen as he stares at his father.

END OF TEASER