

PSYCH

"Gus, Don't Be a Serial Killer"

Written by

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TEASER

INT. GUS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

All is quiet and dark in Gus' apartment.

The front door opens, and the light switches on, revealing Gus, coming in and closing the door. He wears a business suit, and carries his briefcase. He locks the door and walks toward the back of the apartment.

INT. GUS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Gus opens his closet and grabs a pair of pajamas. He closes the closet.

He turns, but then stops. He turns back and opens the closet.

He frowns, and looks through the clothes, pushing some of them aside.

GUS  
What the...?

He shakes his head and closes the closet door.

INT. GUS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Gus walks into his bathroom (in his pajamas now) and switches on the light. He grabs his toothbrush and the toothpaste, but does a double take at the cup that holds his toothbrush.

Another toothbrush is in the cup.

Gus frowns.

A faint CLICKING is heard, the sound of somebody unlocking the door.

Gus spins around, dropping the toothbrush and toothpaste.

Nervously, he grabs the TOILET PLUNGER and walks out of the bathroom.

INT. GUS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

A man steps inside and closes the door, but the only part of him that is visible is his back.

Gus creeps through the hall, not able to see the man yet.

The man turns and walks to the kitchen, but only his lower half is visible.

Gus slowly follows, wielding his toilet plunger like a sword.

INT. GUS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN

The man walks into the kitchen and turns on the light. He opens the refrigerator and bends inside, looking around.

Gus sneaks around the corner and rushes the intruder, girlishly screaming and waving the plunger.

The man turns around calmly, revealing himself to be Shawn. On seeing the plunger, he screams and grabs a plate of leftover meatloaf and holds it in front of him to defend himself from the plunger. The meatloaf falls off and drops onto the floor.

While Shawn was grabbing the meatloaf, Gus had stopped and stared at him. Upon seeing the meatloaf fall onto the floor, he sets the plunger down and glares at Shawn.

GUS

Shawn, you ruined a perfectly good serving of meatloaf!

SHAWN

Well, it's better that an innocent meatloaf is ruined in its prime instead of me being attacked by a toilet plunger. Not only might it hurt, but it's disgusting. I'd have to take at least three showers afterward. It'd be criminal.

Gus glares at him, and grabs some paper towels.

GUS

So is breaking into my apartment.

SHAWN

I didn't break in; I have a key.

Gus bends over and cleans the meatloaf up off the floor.

Shawn turns around and opens the refrigerator again.

GUS

What are you doing here, Shawn? And why is half of your wardrobe in my closet, and your toothbrush making itself at home next to mine?

SHAWN

Well, I took advantage of the fact that the apartment I'm currently living in used to be a diner, and I tried to make roasted pineapple. Who knew that it would smell so bad? Not only did the pizza place next door complain, but a cute family of rats invaded. So an exterminator is going to come in tomorrow, followed by a cleaning lady the day after. That makes me temporarily homeless, so I need a place to crash for a few days.

Gus has finished cleaning up the meatloaf, and is now continuing to glare at Shawn.

GUS

No way, Shawn. I like my apartment clean and undisturbed.

SHAWN

And it'll stay that way, I promise.

GUS

Nope.

SHAWN

Please?

GUS

Nope.

Shawn starts to talk, but his phone rings. He pulls it out of his pocket.

SHAWN

Hold that thought; it's Juliet.

GUS

You can't say, 'Hold that thought' when it's your turn to speak, Shawn.

SHAWN

Who are you to decide? I'm the one who was speaking, that makes whatever I say perfectly normal.

GUS

No, it doesn't, Shawn. It's improper grammar.

SHAWN  
Fine, whatever. Just let me move in  
for a few days.

GUS  
Answer the phone, Shawn!

SHAWN  
Not until you give me an answer.

GUS  
Shawn!

Shawn refuses to look at Gus.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Somebody could be dying!

SHAWN  
Based on previous cases, he or she  
probably is already dead.

GUS  
Whatever, just answer the phone.

Shawn shakes his head.

Gus glares at Shawn.

Shawn's phone continues to ring.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Fine, you can move in with me. Now  
answer the phone!

Shawn pumps his fist.

SHAWN  
Thanks, buddy. I knew you wouldn't  
let me down.

GUS  
Answer it!

SHAWN  
Oh, yeah.

Shawn answers his phone.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Yes, Jules?

INT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE DEPARTMENT - LATER

Shawn and Gus walk into the police department, and they are greeted by Juliet.

JULIET

Come on; the chief is waiting for you guys.

SHAWN

What's so important that it can't wait until tomorrow morning?

JULIET

Because I'm guessing that by the time you wake up, it will be too late.

(pauses)

Gus would probably be awake for it, though.

GUS

You know that's right.

SHAWN

Awake for what?

Juliet doesn't answer.

INT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE DEPARTMENT - CHIEF VICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Shawn, Gus, and Juliet walk into Chief Vick's office, where Lassiter and the Chief are waiting.

Shawn opens his mouth, but the Chief holds up a finger.

CHIEF VICK

No jokes, Spencer; we need to get to work right away.

SHAWN

I was just going to say that--

The Chief holds up her finger again.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I can't even--

The Chief glares at him.

Lassiter picks up an evidence bag from the table, a YELLOW POST-IT NOTE inside.

LASSITER

This was found stuck to the department's front door when Dobson left for the day. Most of the officers had already left.

Lassiter clears his throat.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

We are the Brothers Marx--Groucho, Chico, Harpo, and Zeppo, your new best friends. It is a pleasure. For the record, this no prank; everything is on the up and up.

Shawn interrupts.

SHAWN

All that on a Post-It note? Wow, that guy could write a book on an unfolded napkin.

CHIEF VICK

(very sternly)  
Spencer!

SHAWN

(surprised)  
Sorry, Chief.

Lassiter turns the note over.

LASSITER

Tomorrow at eight thirty-two in the morning, on the corner of Ortega and Anacapa, someone will die--X marks the spot.

END OF TEASER