

PSYCH

"Oh, Brother..."

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

CHYRON: 1990

Young Shawn sits on the front porch of the house, staring out at the beach beyond the front gate. His head is resting in his hands, and he is clearly discontent.

Beyond the gate, a boy and his brother play frisbee on the beach, laughing and enjoying themselves.

Young Shawn sighs.

Slowly, one of the boys turns into himself, throwing the frisbee to the other boy while smiling.

In Young Shawn's imagination, the other boy hooks his arm around his shoulder and walks off smiling.

Behind Young Shawn, Henry steps out onto the front porch (off-camera).

HENRY (O.C.)  
(faintly)  
Shawn?

Young Shawn does not hear him.

HENRY (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Shawn?

Young Shawn is startled out of his vision.

Out on the beach, the two boys walk away smiling, and everything is back to normal.

Young Shawn turns around and faces his father.

YOUNG SHAWN  
(sadly)  
Yeah, Dad?

HENRY  
What were you doing?

Young Shawn sighs and turns back around.

YOUNG SHAWN  
Nothin'.

HENRY  
What's wrong, Shawn?

Young Shawn pauses, and then replies.

YOUNG SHAWN  
Why didn't you get me a brother?

HENRY  
Get you a brother? Shawn, it's not that simple.

YOUNG SHAWN  
Why not?

HENRY  
It just isn't.

YOUNG SHAWN  
I don't care. Why don't I have a brother?

HENRY  
Why do you want a brother, anyway? You have Gus.

YOUNG SHAWN  
Gus is my friend; he's not my brother.

Henry sighs and sits next to Young Shawn.

HENRY  
We wanted one child. One kid that we can direct all our attention to.

Henry puts his arm around Young Shawn.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
It's tough to divide your attention between two children, and I know how you love attention. Why would you want somebody else to fight for that spotlight?

Young Shawn sighs.

YOUNG SHAWN  
But... They look so happy.

HENRY  
Not all the time. Brothers fight all the time. Also, they get each other into trouble. A lot.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Sort of like you and Gus, just less. Do you really want somebody who will just get you into trouble all the time? Besides Gus, I mean.

Young Shawn slowly smiles.

YOUNG SHAWN  
I like trouble.

Henry laughs.

HENRY  
That is true. Just remember, you don't need a brother to be happy. Friends can be just as good as siblings.

Young Shawn nods.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

It is a quiet night, but suddenly disturbed by Henry's truck pulling into the driveway.

CHYRON: Present Day

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Henry turns off the truck and gets out. Madeleine and Shawn do so as well. Shawn is shaking his left index finger in pain. A PINK BAND-AID is wrapped around it.

HENRY  
That's what happens when you flirt with a waitress while cutting your meat, Shawn.

SHAWN  
Yeah, that's it. Blame me. She's the one who came over to our table and asked me specifically if we needed anything else.

HENRY  
And then you chatted her up about how cute she looked in her uniform.

SHAWN  
I was being courteousful.

Shawn frowns.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Courteousful?

MADELEINE  
It's just courteous, Goose.

SHAWN  
I've heard it both ways.

Madeleine smiles.

HENRY  
So, Maddy, would you like to come  
in for a while?

Shawn raises his hand.

SHAWN  
I need to come in, too. I have got  
to find a different colored  
bandage.

MADELEINE  
I'm sorry, Goose, but that's all I  
had in my purse.

SHAWN  
It's pink! I can't be seen with a  
pink bandage. It was bad enough  
when I cut my finger in front of  
Lizzie.

MADELEINE  
Lizzie?

SHAWN  
The waitress. Elizabeth.

Henry rolls his eyes and motions toward the house.

HENRY  
Well, come on, then.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Henry, Shawn, and Madeleine walk in from the back door, and Shawn walks straight to the back of the house, and Henry and Madeleine go to the living room.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Madeleine sits on the couch and Henry stands nearby.

HENRY

Would you like something to drink?

Madeleine smiles.

MADELEINE

Some water, please.

Henry nods and goes into the kitchen.

Shawn comes from the back of the house, peeling off his band-aid. He tosses it in the trash and unwraps his new band-aid. He applies it, sighing.

SHAWN

Ah... Finally free of the pinkness.

Madeleine smiles.

The doorbell rings.

Henry calls from the kitchen.

HENRY (O.C.)

Don't bother. I've had six ding-dong-ditches in the last three days.

Shawn sits on the couch next to his mother.

SHAWN

So how was your dinner?

MADELEINE

Good, but I lost my appetite when you bled all over your food.

SHAWN

Good times.

The doorbell rings again.

Shawn sighs and stands up.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I'll get it.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

A man, soon to be known as DAVE, stands on the front porch, waiting.

Shawn opens the door.

SHAWN  
Welcome to 1428 Elm Street.

DAVE  
Shawn?

Shawn frowns.

SHAWN  
Do I know you?

DAVE  
I'm Dave... I'm your brother.

Shawn's mouth slowly opens, and he stares at the man in front of him.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Shawn still stands on the front porch, facing Dave, who is apparently his brother.

SHAWN  
That's not possible.

Madeleine comes up from behind Shawn.

MADELEINE  
Who is it, Goose?

SHAWN  
(not turning away)  
He... He says he's my brother.

Madeleine smiles and laughs.

MADELEINE  
I think I would know if I gave  
birth to another boy. I think you  
have the wrong house.

DAVE  
I'm not your son.

Dave points inside.

Madeleine and Shawn turn to see Henry looking over their shoulders.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
I'm his son.

Madeleine looks from Henry to Dave, and then shakes her head.

MADELEINE  
No, that's not possible.

HENRY  
No, it's not. Who are you?

DAVE  
I'm Dave. Technically, I'm Dave  
Spencer, but I was raised as Dave  
Chapman. I'm twenty-two years old,  
and--

Shawn interrupts.

SHAWN

Twenty-two, Dad. That's while you and Mom were still together.

HENRY

Exactly, and that makes it even more impossible.

Henry puts a hand on Madeleine's shoulder.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I would never cheat on my wife.

Madeleine smiles.

MADELEINE

And I believe you.

Dave looks down at his feet, and Madeleine looks forward.

DAVE

I'm sorry to disappoint, but I am your son, Henry. Maybe if you'd let me explain.

Madeleine looks back at Henry again.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Shawn, Henry, and Madeleine sit together in the living room, while Dave stands before them.

DAVE

You might remember my mother, Henry. Her name was Violet Chapman.

Henry snaps to attention.

HENRY

Violet?

MADELEINE

(slightly nervous)  
You knew her?

HENRY

She was the wheelman in a bank heist a little over twenty years ago. It took forever for me to catch her and the others, and she was right under my nose, a barmaid at Tom Blair's Pub right here in Santa Barbara.

Dave nods.

DAVE

The night of the heist, she went back to the pub and celebrated. That night, you were also there, drinking off a fight you had with your wife.

Henry nods slowly.

HENRY

I remember that, but the rest of the night is a major blur.

Dave nods.

DAVE

My mother offered to give you a good time, and you accepted. So you guys, um...

Dave makes motions with his hands, but gives up.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Anyway, you had a lot to drink, and you passed out soon. My mother drove you home and went back to work.

During this, Henry is shaking his head, not believing what he's hearing.

DAVE (CONT'D)

A few weeks later, you busted her for the bank heist, and a few months later, she gave birth to me in jail. However, by that time, she was transferred to a federal prison, and you were unavailable for contact, so they gave me away for adoption.

HENRY

No, that's not possible. I've always been available for all kinds of contact; nobody ever tried to contact me regarding a child.

DAVE

That's what my mother thought. However, I'm pretty sure they just made that up. I think they just didn't believe her.

HENRY

I certainly don't. I never had a child with your mother. You're simply not my son.

Dave smiles a sad smiles.

DAVE

I'll take a blood test. I've already made the appointment; I knew you'd want proof.

HENRY

I don't want proof; I know I'm not your father.

MADELEINE

Henry, let's just go. If a blood test will convince him that you're not his father, then we should do that.

Henry turns to Dave and scowls.

HENRY

Fine. Let's go. I have nothing to hide, anyway.

Dave nods.

DAVE

The appointment is tomorrow at one o'clock.

HENRY

Good. So I can prove to you that you are not my son.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Henry stands in front of DR. CONLEY. Madeleine, Shawn, Gus, and Dave stand in back of him.

HENRY

He's my son?

Dr. Conley nods. Shawn shakes his head slowly, Gus looks at Shawn, Dave sadly smiles, and a tear runs down Madeleine's cheek.

MADELEINE

I don't believe it. All this time, you were lying to me.

HENRY

No, Maddy, I swear. I didn't know.

MADELEINE

But it happened, and it shouldn't have. I can't believe you.

Gus' phone buzzes, and he pulls it out of his pocket. He studies it, and puts it back in his pocket.

GUS

Shawn, Juliet and Lassiter need us at the morgue.

Shawn nods, obviously happy to get away from the awkwardness.

SHAWN

Gotta go, Dad.

HENRY

Shawn, I... I--

SHAWN

There's nothing to talk about, Dad, You betrayed me and Mom. Now I've got to go.

Shawn and Gus turn to leave, but Dave speaks up.

DAVE

May I come with you? From what you told me in the waiting room, psychic investigating sounds like fun.

Dave wraps "psychic" in air quotes, and Shawn frowns.

SHAWN

Now, don't be hating just because you don't believe in the third eye.

Dave looks at Dr. Conley and nods in realization.

DAVE

Sorry, Shawn. So can I go?

Shawn looks at Gus.

SHAWN

Sure. Clearly, Dad and Mom need some time anyway.

INT. MORGUE - INNER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lassiter and Juliet stand next to a table while Shawn and Gus approach. A body is on the table, covered by a blue tarp.

JULIET  
Thanks for coming, Shawn.

SHAWN  
You missed me, didn't you?

Juliet smiles.

JULIET  
We need your help.

Shawn smiles back and nods.

SHAWN  
Right... Code for...  
(in girly voice)  
Yes, Shawn, I missed you very much.

LASSITER  
Spencer!

Shawn stops and frowns at Lassiter.

LASSITER (CONT'D)  
We have a job to do. As much as I  
hate to admit it, "we" includes  
you.

Shawn smiles and pats Lassiter on the shoulder.

SHAWN  
Aww... Lassie missed us, too.

Lassiter throws Shawn's hand off his shoulder.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Why didn't you text me, Jules?

JULIET  
I did, but when you didn't reply  
ecstatically within a few minutes,  
I texted Gus.

Shawn frowns. He reaches into his back pocket, but comes out with nothing.

SHAWN  
Wonderful. My phone's gone.

GUS  
Why am I not surprised?

Dave comes from around the corner.

DAVE  
Creepy place. Took forever to fill  
out the guest form, too.

LASSITER  
Who's this?

SHAWN  
Long story short, he's my brother.

JULIET  
Your brother?

Shawn nods.

JULIET (CONT'D)  
You never told me you have a  
brother. A cute one at that...

Shawn frowns, Dave smiles, and Lassiter groans.

LASSITER  
"We" also includes you, O'Hara.  
Now, let's get to work.

Juliet looks down at the ground, embarrassed at being called  
out.

SHAWN  
Who's the dead guy?

JULIET  
We don't know. He was found in a  
furnace down at an oil refinery,  
and he's burnt to a crisp. There  
was blunt force trauma to the head,  
but the coroner doesn't think  
that's what actually killed him.  
He's sure the fire killed him. CSU  
gathered some DNA, but we don't  
have anything to match it with. We  
were hoping that you could  
psychically identify him.

Shawn nods.

JULIET (CONT'D)  
(to Dave)  
So, what's your name?

Dave smiles and offers a hand.

DAVE  
I'm Dave. And you are?

Juliet shake the hand and smiles widely.

JULIET  
I'm Detective O'Hara, but you can  
call me Juliet.

Dave smiles, and Lassiter growls.

LASSITER  
Work before play, O'Hara.  
(to Shawn)  
Do you want to look at the body  
anytime soon?

GUS  
I'm not sure I want to look at it.

SHAWN  
Gus, don't be the last piece of  
pizza that nobody wants.

Shawn frowns.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Or that everybody wants. Whichever  
is worse.

Lassiter sighs impatiently.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
I shall try my best, and tell you  
anything that I glean.

Lassiter rolls his eyes and pulls back the tarp, and Shawn  
nods.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Which, in this case, could be  
absolutely nothing.

A completely black object, barely identifiable as a person,  
lies on the table.

Gus grimaces, and Dave's nose scrunches up in slight disgust.

JULIET  
You're not getting anything?

Lassiter sighs.

LASSITER

Yet another waste of department resources.

SHAWN

Are you sure it's a man?

JULIET

CSU confirmed it. We talked to the workers at the oil refinery, but they don't think anybody's missing.

SHAWN

How did they know he was in the furnace?

JULIET

There was an equipment malfunction this morning, so everything shut down automatically. It was found during the equipment check afterward. If the furnace had continued unabated, there wouldn't be a body.

Shawn sighs.

SHAWN

Lucky us.

JULIET

There is one more thing: On the floor, somebody scratched out two letters, "LW". The man in charge said he had never seen them before, so we're assuming they were put there either before or after the murder.

Shawn frowns and holds two fingers to his head.

SHAWN

Hmm... Doesn't mean much to me.

LASSITER

I guess we won't be needing you anymore.

JULIET

(exasperated)

Carlton, he might find out something...

(looking out Shawn)

Hopefully...

SHAWN

Don't worry, Jules. Not only will I solve this case and figure out who your dead man is, but I will do so in the middle of an intra-family crisis.

Gus half-laughs.

GUS

Good luck with that.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. OIL REFINERY - LATER

Shawn, Gus, and Dave get out of Gus' car.

DAVE

I can't believe you tricked them  
into believing you're a psychic.

GUS

I can't believe you told him,  
Shawn.

SHAWN

He's family, Gus. Secrets drive a  
family apart, as clearly being  
demonstrated by parents.

GUS

Your father didn't know.

SHAWN

The point is...

Shawn wraps an arm around Dave's shoulder.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

We're one big, happy family.

They walk into the building.

INT. OIL REFINERY - CONTINUOUS

GUS

Whatever, Shawn. We have a case to  
solve, so let's solve it.

SHAWN

Besides, maybe Dave can help. He  
told me last night that he also has  
the gift of observance that I have.

DAVE

It's nowhere near as strong as  
yours; I had no one to train me and  
hone my skills.

Dave looks at the ground.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I had no father, at least none  
living with me.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

I recently decided to find him, and find him I did. It took a while, though.

SHAWN

Well, you have one now. Just let him get over his self-punishment over cheating with his wife, and he'll come around.

GUS

You couldn't have come at a worse time, though.

SHAWN

Gus is right. My mom doesn't visit often. It would have been better to catch Dad by himself instead of surprising him while my mother was visiting.

DAVE

Sorry. I would have waited if I knew.

SHAWN

Ah, it's okay. I'm rather impressed. It's hard to catch my father with his pants down.

They approach a dirty and rather fat man shouting orders, LLOYD WESTON.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Sir?

Lloyd turns around.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I am Shawn Spencer, head psychic for the SBPD. This is my partner, Jimmy "Jello" Jordan...

Gus nods.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

And my brother, Vladimir Sidorov.

Dave looks at Gus, confused.

GUS

Don't worry; he does this all the time.

LLOYD  
Wait... If he's your brother, why  
doesn't he have the same last name?

SHAWN  
I'll be asking the questions,  
Lloyd.

LLOYD  
How did you know my name?

SHAWN  
What did I say about the questions?

Lloyd stares.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Good boy. You're the one who found  
the dead body, right?

Lloyd nods.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Did you notice anything unusual?

LLOYD  
Um... The body was burnt...

Shawn blinks.

SHAWN  
Are you sure he wasn't faking it?

Lloyd stutters.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Why did you kill him?

LLOYD  
What?!

SHAWN  
Sorry. I saw it on The Mentalist.  
It worked for him.

Lloyd stares again, confused.

Shawn shakes his head.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Well, thank you, Lloyd. You don't  
know how much help you were.  
Really, you don't.

Lloyd smiles.

LLOYD  
I'm glad I could help.

Shawn, Gus, and Dave walk away from him.

SHAWN  
That was interesting.

GUS  
You can say that again.

SHAWN  
Okay. That was interesting.

GUS  
I didn't actually want you to say  
it again, Shawn.

SHAWN  
Then don't say "You can say that  
again."

Gus rolls his eyes.

They approach a furnace, and stop.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
So this is where he was found.

Shawn carefully scans it, and then scans the floor, where the  
most visible thing are the letters, "VW".

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
What on earth does "VW" mean,  
anyway?

Dave shrugs.

DAVE  
Maybe initials?

SHAWN  
Maybe...

He continues to scan the floor.

CLOSEON a little piece of white cloth.

Shawn bends down to the ground and picks it up.

SHAWN

Well, hello.

(to Gus and Dave)

Finally, something that can tell us what happened here.

GUS

How do you know that's from the the murder?

Shawn carefully inspected it.

SHAWN

Barely any dust has collected on it.

DAVE

How do you know that isn't from the workers after the murder?

SHAWN

Are you serious? This cloth is nearly spotless. The workers around here are filthy. No, this is definitely from the murder. Remember that the trauma wasn't enough to kill the man? He probably recovered while the killer was preparing to turn his victim into toast. They probably struggled.

GUS

Well, who is the cloth from?

Shawn shrugs.

SHAWN

Who knows? Who cares? It's something to go on.

Shawn examines the cloth some more.

GUS

Wait a second... You're getting your fingerprints all over it!

SHAWN

Relax, Jimmy. The killer was probably careful enough to wear gloves, and they couldn't identify the victim, remember? The DNA wasn't in any records.

GUS  
They didn't run his fingerprints  
because he was burnt. His  
fingerprints may be on file  
somewhere.

Shawn looks up.

SHAWN  
Oh, yeah, you're right. Would you  
look at that...

DAVE  
Shouldn't you give that to the  
police, anyway?

Shawn shakes his head.

SHAWN  
It can't look like I'm actually  
investigating. I've got to save it  
all for the last second, when I  
reveal who the killer is and why he  
did it, using my signature move.

Shawn holds his fingers to his head and tries his hardest to  
look mysterious.

DAVE  
That's your signature move?

SHAWN  
Well, I am supposed to be a  
psychic. Besides, it looks cool.  
When you become a psychic  
detective, you can come up with  
your own signature move.

Dave laughs.

DAVE  
Fair enough.

Shawn opens the door and glances inside.

SHAWN  
Who wants to come and check out the  
inside?

GUS  
You must be out of your mind. Ain't  
no way I'm getting in there.

SHAWN  
Gus, don't be a...

Shawn looks up and frowns, unable to think of anything.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Just get in here.  
(to Dave)  
Stand guard.

Dave nods.

Shawn and Gus climb in the furnace.

INT. OIL REFINERY - FURNACE - CONTINUOUS

Shawn points at the far wall.

SHAWN  
You check out that side of the  
furnace. I'll look over here.

Being in the small opening, Gus grunts, trying to push past Shawn.

GUS  
Do you mind?

Shawn moves into the main body of the furnace and to the side.

SHAWN  
Sorry, buddy.

He turns around and looks at the wall, studying it intensely, and Gus moves to the far wall and looks around.

Shawn sighs.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
I'm getting nothing. How about you?

GUS  
Nothing.

Suddenly, the furnace door slams shut, and Shawn and Gus spin around.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Oh, no, he did not.

Shawn and Gus look at each other.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. OIL REFINERY - FURNACE - MOMENTS LATER

Shawn and Gus are banging on the furnace door and screaming like little girls.

Gus stops screaming, and looks at Shawn.

GUS

I don't want to die like this,  
Shawn. I don't want to end up like  
the last guy who was in here.

They go back to banging and screaming.

SHAWN

Gus, there's something I need to  
tell you.

GUS

(almost crying)  
What is it, Shawn?

SHAWN

It was me! I ate your dinner last  
night! I couldn't help myself; I  
was just so hungry!

Gus turns to Shawn.

GUS

I knew it! I'm gonna kill you,  
Shawn!

SHAWN

Don't you wanna get out of here  
first?

GUS

Oh, yeah.

They go back to banging and screaming.

The door opens, and Dave and Lloyd are standing there.

Dave holds a hand to his chest, and Shawn and Gus get out.

DAVE

Sorry about that, guys. I slipped  
and I grabbed for the door, but it  
swung and slammed shut. I had to  
get Lloyd to open it for me.

LLOYD  
What were you guys doing in the  
furnace, anyway?

SHAWN  
Investigational stuff.

LLOYD  
That's not a word...

SHAWN  
Oh, so now you're an English  
professor? I was the spellmaster at  
a spelling bee once; I think I  
should know.

Gus scoffs.

GUS  
Yeah. If you ever have trouble  
spelling banana, you know who to  
ask.

LLOYD  
Actually, I'm a little foggy on  
that. I'm still not sure if there's  
a double-n somewhere.

Shawn blinks, and looks at Gus.

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

Chief Vick is sitting at her desk, talking to Lassiter and  
Juliet.

The doors open and Shawn, Gus, and Dave walk through, and  
Shawn immediately throws himself up against a window, howling  
in fake pain.

SHAWN  
I feel fire! Pain, agony, fire!

Lassiter scoffs.

CHIEF VICK  
Who's your friend, Spencer?

Shawn ignores the chief and throws himself around, and falls  
to the ground, clutching at the chief's desk.

Suddenly, he stops, and looks up.

SHAWN

I see a struggle.

He stands up, and assumes a boxer's position. Gus throws himself in front of Shawn and assumes a similar position. They throw fake punches at each other.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

They fought, but the killer won in the end.

Gus throws a heavy punch and pulls back at the last second, allowing Shawn to throw himself backward dramatically.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

He threw him in the furnace.

Gus drags Shawn a few feet to the side.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

And let him, burn, burn, burn! Oh, the pain, agony, fire!

Shawn writhes on the floor.

CHIEF VICK

Is there a point to this, Spencer? You didn't tell us much, except for the struggle.

Shawn sits up and holds his fingers to his head.

SHAWN

I see white. Some sort of white cloth. It belongs to the victim... or the killer... I'm not sure.

LASSITER

Wonderful. The case is all but solved.

CHIEF VICK

You still haven't told me who your friend is.

Shawn waves the chief off nonchalantly.

SHAWN

He's my long-lost brother.

CHIEF VICK

You have a brother?

SHAWN

Yup. Never knew about him, though.  
Now can we get back to the case?  
I'm really feeling something with  
the white cloth here.

CHIEF VICK

It's not much to go on. What do you  
feel about the letters?

SHAWN

My brother, Dave, who also was  
given the psychic gift, feels that  
they're some sort of initials.

CHIEF VICK

(to Dave)

You're a psychic, too?

Dave nods.

DAVE

Yes, but my skills aren't as  
refined as Shawn's.

LASSITER

But whose initials? The killer's,  
or the victim's?

SHAWN

I doubt the killer would care  
enough to write the victim's, and I  
doubt he'd be sloppy enough to  
write his own. The victim probably  
isn't worried about being  
remembered at the time, he's  
probably trying to tell us who  
killed him, so we can assume that  
the initials are, in fact, the  
killer's.

(to Juliet)

How many people do you think have  
the initials "L.W."?

Juliet shrugs.

JULIET

In Santa Barbara? Several hundred,  
I'm guessing.

SHAWN

What about in the factory? A worker  
would have easy access to the  
furnace.

JULIET

Anybody has easy access to the furnace. The building is very easy to break into, so anybody wanting to erase all traces of a person could get in there and throw a victim into the furnace.

SHAWN

Well, at least we have initials. It's better than nothing. That, coupled with my premonition of a white cloth, helps us immensely.

LASSITER

How does the cloth help?

SHAWN

Well, let's make a list of people who wear white.

GUS

Scientists

SHAWN

Brides

GUS

"Shoeless" Joe Jackson

SHAWN

Anne Montgomery

GUS

You know that's right.

Shawn and Gus fist-bump.

CHIEF VICK

Gentlemen, we're getting nowhere. The list is too long, anyway. We need more than initials and little white cloths.

Gus' phone buzzes. He gets it out and looks at it, and then puts it back in his pocket.

GUS

Your dad says to check your text messages and that he needs us at the house.

SHAWN

Kind of hard to do that when I  
don't have my phone with me.

(to Chief Vick)

Well, we have to go.

CHIEF VICK

Don't be too long. The press is  
having a party with this story, and  
we need to close this case as soon  
as possible.

(to Dave)

It was nice to meet you, Dave.

Dave nods politely.

DAVE

Bye, Juliet.

Juliet smiles, and Shawn frowns.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Shawn, Gus, and Dave walk into the living room, where Henry  
is sitting on the chair.

SHAWN

What is it, Dad? You said it was  
important.

Henry nods.

HENRY

Have a seat.

They sit down on the couch.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do. Maddy  
won't speak to me, and--

SHAWN

Wait a second... You wanted me over  
here so you can get my advice on  
your problems with my mother? Dad,  
we're solving a murder.

HENRY

Shawn, I really need you right now.  
I can't make her understand that I  
would never do such a thing to her.

SHAWN

But you would. You did.

HENRY

I was under the influence.

SHAWN

Well, you should have thought twice before drinking.

HENRY

You're not helping, Shawn.

SHAWN

All right, you want my advice? Leave her alone for a few weeks, and then talk to her again. If she's still hostile, go talk to a counselor or something. I have a murder to solve.

They get up and leave, Henry interrupts.

HENRY

And I'd really appreciate it if you'd check your text messages every once in a while.

Shawn shrugs.

SHAWN

I can't find my phone.

HENRY

(grumbling)  
Figures.

Shawn, Gus, and Dave start to leave again, but Dave stops.

DAVE

I'm sorry that I caused all this trouble... Dad...

Henry sighs.

HENRY

I'm sorry you never had a father. I never knew.

Dave nods.

INT. OIL REFINERY - DAYS LATER

Shawn, Gus, and Dave, walk through the oil refinery.

SHAWN

I can't believe we're back here again. We've been here six times in the past week, and I don't see how this will help. We don't know who the victim is, we don't know of any motive; this is basically an impossible case to solve. "L.W." turned out to be a dead end. Who knew there are so many people in Santa Barbara with the initials L.W.?

GUS

And nobody working here with the initials L.W.

Gus pauses.

GUS (CONT'D)

Wait a second... There's Lloyd, but I don't know what his last name is. He got here recently, so his name isn't on the work roster.

Shawn smiles.

SHAWN

Let's go ask him.

Unknown to the trio, Lloyd had come up behind them while they were talking.

LLOYD

Ask me what?

Shawn, Gus, and Dave all jump and turn around.

SHAWN

You scared me to death, Lloyd.

LLOYD

Sorry.

GUS

What's your last name?

LLOYD

Weston.

Dave's eyes widen, and he turns to Shawn.

DAVE

L.W.

Lloyd is confused.

LLOYD

Huh?

The trio backs away slowly, and Shawn laughs nervously.

SHAWN

Nothing. Nothing at all. Now if you'll excuse us, we have to go do... something...

They turn around and walk rather quickly in the opposite direction.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

We may have found our killer. Now all that's left is for me to find my cell phone.

DAVE

What happened to looking for more evidence to see if Lloyd really is our killer?

Shawn thinks.

SHAWN

All right, we'll do some more investigating, and then we'll look for my phone.

DAVE

Go on without me. I'm going to have lunch with Henry.

SHAWN

See? I told you he'd come around. Of course, my mom still won't talk to him, but at least he's finally starting to accept the fact that you're his son.

Dave nods and smiles.

DAVE

Later, guys.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - LATER

Shawn and Gus walk into the room.

GUS  
I can't believe I'm helping you  
look for your phone. You're the one  
who lost it.

SHAWN  
You were with me anyway,  
investigating at the refinery.

GUS  
Yes, but we didn't find anything. I  
have to get back to work, Shawn.

Shawn ignores him.

SHAWN  
It has to be here somewhere. I had  
it the night before, texting you,  
but I didn't have it in the  
hospital room itself. I must have  
left it here in the waiting room.

Gus looks around.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Call my cell.

GUS  
That's wasting my minutes, Shawn.  
I'm not going to call your cell  
phone.

SHAWN  
Gus, I need to find my phone.

GUS  
Not going to happen, Gus.

They start arguing indistinctly.

Finally, they stop and turn to the RECEPTIONIST.

SHAWN  
Hi, would you please call someone  
for me?

The receptionist smiles.

RECEPTIONIST  
Sure.

SHAWN  
The number is 555-4329.

The receptionist dials.

Soon, a BUZZING is heard.

Shawn smiles and walks over to the magazine table. He moves a few magazines and picks up his phone.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Got it.

RECEPTIONIST

Hey, you're the psychic guy who was here for a blood test a week ago, right?

SHAWN

Well, I wasn't the one whose blood was being tested, but yes, that was me.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you think you could find the Dr. Conley?

Shawn frowns.

SHAWN

The doctor who did the blood test?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, he hasn't showed up for several days. He showed up for a day after his transfer here, but never since. We have other doctors in the building, but they're working extra hard to cover him, and we need to find him.

SHAWN

I'll take a crack at it. Got nothing better to do.

Gus rolls his eyes.

GUS

I've got work to do, Shawn.

SHAWN

It'll only take a second.

Gus glares at him.

Shawn walks into the hospital room, and Gus follows.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shawn and Gus enter, followed by the receptionist.

SHAWN

Has anyone been in here?

RECEPTIONIST

No. Not even the cleaning crew.  
There's nothing to clean when there  
hasn't been a doctor in a while.

Shawn walks around, looking carefully at everything. He stops at a garbage can and peers inside.

CLOSEON a pink Band-Aid in the trash.

FLASHBACK of Shawn throwing away a pink Band-Aid at his father's house a week ago.

Shawn's eyes widen.

SHAWN

Oh, no.

GUS

What?

SHAWN

I've got bad news, badder news, and  
baddest news. The bad news is, Dave  
is not my brother. The badder news  
is, he's a murderer. The baddest  
news is that he's with my dad.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Shawn and Gus burst through the door.

SHAWN  
(shouting)  
Dad!

GUS  
(shouting)  
Mr. Spencer?

SHAWN  
Go check upstairs.

Gus runs upstairs.

Shawn pulls out his phone and dials like mad.

He waits.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Dad, call me back, and stay away  
from Dave.

Gus comes back.

GUS  
Nothing.

SHAWN  
He's still not answering his phone.

GUS  
It might be too late.

SHAWN  
Don't say that, Gus.

GUS  
How are we going to find them?  
There's hundreds of places they  
could have gone to eat.

SHAWN  
True, but there's one place that  
Dave likes to dispose of his  
victims.

Gus' eyes widen.

Shawn dials another number while running to the door.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Lassie! Meet me at the oil refinery  
as soon as humanly possible!

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shawn and Gus run outside and to Gus' car. Shawn hops up and down.

SHAWN  
Open it already!

The doors unlock, and Shawn throws open the door and leaps inside.

INT. GUS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gus gets in, and Shawn waves his arms.

SHAWN  
Go, go, go!

GUS  
I have to start the car first,  
Shawn.

SHAWN  
Start the car faster!

Gus starts the car.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Now go, go, go!

Gus pulls out of the driveway and zooms down the street.

INT. OIL REFINERY - LATER

Dave stands in front of the furnace, holding Henry by the back of his shirt. He forces him to the ground and holds a gun to his head.

DAVE  
You put my mother away. You scared  
my father away. You deserve to die.

HENRY  
What are you talking about? I am  
your father.

Dave sneers.

DAVE

No, I'm not.

Suddenly, Shawn, Gus, Lassiter, and Juliet run in. Lassiter and Juliet cock their guns and aim them at Dave.

LASSITER

Put the gun down!

Dave grabs Henry and pulls him up, still holding a gun to his head.

SHAWN

I can see it clearly now... Twenty-two years ago, my father did go to the bar, and your mother was there. But they didn't get together. I think your mother found out that Henry was a cop, and she was afraid that she had told him something incriminating, so she drugged him and took him back to his house.

(to Dave)

You're not the son of my father.

DAVE

Very good, Shawn. I'm the son of another man, one who was involved in the bank robbery and was never caught. But when the members of the heist started getting caught, he skipped town, never to be seen again.

Dave holds Henry closer.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Your father took away the only family that I had. I had to find him and kill him. But not right away. I wanted to see what it was like to have a family.

SHAWN

So you weasled your way into ours.

HENRY

I don't understand. The blood tests proved that he's my son.

Shawn shakes his head.

SHAWN

It wasn't his blood; it was mine. Dave killed the doctor who was supposed to do the blood tests. He dumped the body in the furnace, knowing that the fires would erase every trace of the man. There was a fight, and a piece of the doctor's coat ripped off in the process, but Dave won and killed the doctor, keeping the coat. He also scratched the letters into the ground, but that was just to throw us off track.

FLASHBACK of Shawn in the hospital room a week before, who spots a piece of the doctor's coat missing.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

A friend of his impersonated the doctor. It was easy. He was a new transfer, and nobody knew him. Dave got a sample of my own blood, from a Band-Aid, no less, and he gave that to the pseudo-doctor to run the blood test with.

FLASHBACK of Dave taking Shawn's pink Band-Aid out of the trash can.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

It was easy enough to take the bandage; it was a very... interesting night.

DAVE

Brilliant work, Shawn. They said you were good. Of course, you're not a real psychic.

Juliet is confused, and Shawn laughs nervously.

SHAWN

You're just jealous that you're not a psychic too. My powers are real, and that's how I know that you're not going to get away with this.

DAVE

Yeah, whatever. Get out, and let me go my way, or I'll kill him.

SHAWN  
You're just going to kill him  
anyway.

HENRY  
That's not helping, Shawn.

DAVE  
Put the guns down.

Shawn gasps and points past Dave.

SHAWN  
What's that right there?

Dave smiles.

DAVE  
You can't pull that past me, Shawn.

SHAWN  
Actually, there is something  
there...

Lloyd has snuck up behind Dave. He brings a piece of metal  
down onto Dave's head, who collapses.

Shawn smiles.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Lloyd.

Lloyd smiles.

LLOYD  
No problem.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

INT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE DEPARTMENT - LATER

Shawn, Gus, Henry, and Madeleine watch as Lassiter and Juliet lead Dave down to the holding cells.

Madeleine wraps her arms around Henry.

MADELEINE

I'm so sorry, Henry. I feel like a fool. You would never cheat on me, and I'm ashamed of believing that you did.

HENRY

It's all right, Maddy.

Shawn and Gus walk toward the exit.

SHAWN

Another job well done, Gus. We put another dangerous man behind bars, just when it looked like the case was unsolvable.

Lassiter and Juliet come back up the stairs.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Ah, Lassie! Don't you ever get tired of complaining that we're a waste of time and money, and then being proved wrong when we solve the case?

LASSITER

You got lucky, Spencer. A pink Band-Aid, honestly.

Lassiter scoffs and walks off.

SHAWN

(shouting after him)  
You're just jealous that I got a pink Band-Aid and you didn't!

SHAWN (CONT'D)

So did he tell you where to find his doctor-impersonating friend?

Juliet nods.

JULIET

We cut a deal with him, and he told us exactly where to find him. I'm on my way to arrest him now. There's just one thing I'm not clear on.

SHAWN

What's that, Jules?

JULIET

He insists that you're not really a psychic.

Shawn glances at Juliet's purse.

CLOSEON a receipt for an oil change.

SHAWN

Of course, I'm a psychic. How else would I know that your car is currently in the shop for an oil change?

Juliet smiles.

JULIET

Dead on.

SHAWN

He's just mad that I caught him.

JULIET

Isn't he a psychic, too?

SHAWN

No, Jules, that was fake too.

JULIET

I'm surprised you didn't know he was lying from the start.

SHAWN

He was a clever liar indeed. Such a clever liar that it took the incredible duo of Shawn and Gus to catch him.

Shawn and Gus fist-bump.

JULIET

Well, I have to go before his doctor friend is on the lam.

Juliet walks to the exit.

SHAWN  
Bye, Jules!

Gus smiles.

GUS  
Yep. Another job well done.

SHAWN  
This deserves a celebration with  
pizza. I'll order some.

Shawn reaches into his pocket, but frowns. He sighs and pulls  
his hand out.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Just as soon as I find my phone.

END OF SHOW