

PSYCH

"Planes, Trains, and Elevators"

Written by

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PSYCH

"Planes, Trains, and Elevators"

CAST

SHAWN SPENCER

BURTON "GUS" GUSTER

CARLTON LASSITER

JULIET O'HARA

CHIEF VICK

HENRY SPENCER

ABIGAIL LYTAR

ULRIC RICHARDSON

RECEPTIONIST

JACK THURSTON

MRS. THURSTON

LITTLE OLD LADY

YOUNG SHAWN

PSYCH

"Planes, Trains, and Elevators"

SETS

INTERIORS:

REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES ELEVATOR

Lobby

Back room

Elevator

Elevator Shaft

Unknown room

Second floor hallway

Fourth floor hallway

SANTA BARBARA POLICE DEPARTMENT

Lassiter's desk

HENRY'S HOUSE

Dining room

Henry's room

PSYCH OFFICE

Main room

Back room

THURSTON HOME

Jack's room

Living room

Kitchen

EXTERIORS:

REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES

HENRY'S HOUSE

ALLEY

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

A shot of Henry's beautiful house.

SUPERIMPOSE: 1990

FADE SUPER

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

YOUNG SHAWN sits at the dining room table, working on his homework.

Suddenly, Young Shawn stops and looks confused. He gets up from the table, grabs his books, turns around, and runs up the stairs.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - HENRY'S ROOM - MORNING

Henry is folding a shirt. He finished and puts it in a drawer.

Shawn comes running up the stairs and enters the room.

Henry turns and looks.

HENRY

Is something wrong, son?

YOUNG SHAWN

Yeah... The book says that guys used to have a lot of wives. Like, six!

HENRY

Yeah. That way they could have more kids to carry on the family name.

YOUNG SHAWN

But... Why isn't it that way any more? Why do guys only have one wife now?

HENRY

Well, in some countries, you can. But here in the United States, it's illegal.

YOUNG SHAWN

But why?

HENRY

I'm not sure. In any case, it would be hard to have more than one wife. A guy can only have so much love, and he should spend it all on only one woman. Any more, and things can get... Well, complicated.

YOUNG SHAWN

Complicated how?

HENRY

(sighs)

It's really hard to explain, Shawn. Basically, all you need to know is a man should only have one woman in his life. And when he gets married, that is his wife, and he can't go messing around with other girls.

YOUNG SHAWN

But isn't it better to have more girls? Isn't that so much cooler?

HENRY

It isn't about what's cooler, Shawn. What do you think your wife will do if she finds out you've been with other girls?

Young Shawn shrugs.

HENRY

She'd get mad. Real mad. A girl wants to feel loved, not like a toy you play with between other toys. Remember, treat a woman like a person, then a princess, then a Greek goddess, then a person again.

Shawn nods.

Henry crouches and faces Shawn.

HENRY

If you ever find yourself liking more than one girl, Shawn, you need to choose. Remember that. You need to choose.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - AFTERNOON

SHAWN and ABIGAIL walk hand in hand across a busy street toward the doors of REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES. Shawn holds Abigail's hand with his right hand, while holding a phone up to his ear with his left.

SUPERIMPOSE: Present Day

FADE SUPER

SHAWN

(into phone)

Gus, don't be a cheese-less cheeseburger. Juliet just needs me for a few minutes, and then Abigail and I will meet up with you at the office.

Shawn stops talking, but keeps walking.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I love you, too, Gus. Now I've got to go. I see Juliet.

They get to the other side of the street, where JULIET is waiting for them.

JULIET

Thanks for coming, Shawn.

Juliet turns and walks toward the building.

Shawn and Juliet follow.

SHAWN

(sarcastically)

Yeah, no problem. Any time you feel like interrupting me when I'm in the middle of a date, I'll be there for you. Now would you please tell me what I'm doing here?

Juliet stops and turns around.

JULIET

Look, I'm sorry that I had to drag you away from your date, but this is really important. We have a suspect for the Thurston murder. You remember that, right?

Shawn nods.

SHAWN

Yeah, you guys were talking about it the other day.

JULIET

Well, the problem is... our suspect is Warren Reynolds, head of Reynolds Industries, one of the largest homes for customer service in the world, and I have a warrant for his arrest. It happened just a block away from here, and his initials were painted in blood on a wall nearby. Thurston was nice enough to tell us who our killer is. But if we arrest Reynolds and it turns out that he's not our guy, we could be in big trouble, and the department cannot afford to be sued.

SHAWN

So you want me to...

JULIET

Psychically find out if he's our man.

Shawn looks rather nervous.

SHAWN

Uh... Jules...

JULIET

Don't worry, Shawn; it won't take long. You can go right back to your...

Juliet glances at Abigail.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Date.

Abigail hooks her arm through Shawn's.

ABIGAIL

It's okay; I like watching you catch bad guys.

Juliet FROWNS.

Abigail turns to Juliet and offers a hand.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
We haven't met. I'm Abigail,  
Shawn's girlfriend.

Juliet looks at Shawn, and then turns toward the building again, ignoring the hand offered.

Abigail turns to Shawn.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
(confused)  
What was that all about?

Shawn shrugs, but he secretly knows why.

SHAWN  
I think she's having a bad hair day  
or something.

ABIGAIL  
I think she looks beautiful.

Abigail follows Juliet inside.

Shawn sighs.

SHAWN  
(muttering)  
So do I.

He follows Juliet and Abigail inside.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Shawn jogs to catch up with Juliet and Abigail, and Juliet turns to the receptionist's desk.

JULIET  
Are Mr. Reynolds and his assistant  
here yet?

The RECEPTIONIST nods.

RECEPTIONIST  
Yes, he just got back from lunch.  
Do you have an appointment with  
him?

Juliet smiles innocently.

JULIET  
Sort of.

The receptionist frowns.

RECEPTIONIST

You can't go in without an  
appointment.

Juliet's smile disappears. She reaches into her pocket and  
pulls out a badge.

JULIET

Police business.

She turns and walks toward the elevators.

Shawn looks down at his feet and smiles.

Abigail is impressed.

ABIGAIL

Well, she may not like me, but I  
like her.

Shawn and Abigail join Juliet and walk into the elevator, and  
the doors close.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Shawn stands between the two women, Abigail on his left and  
Juliet on his right. He folds his arms and waits as the  
elevator goes up.

Suddenly, the lights go out, and there is a SCREECHING sound  
and some THUMPS. The three people are barely visible.

ABIGAIL

(nervous)

Uh... Shawn?

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

Juliet hangs up the elevator phone in frustration.

JULIET

Great. The phone isn't working.

Shawn digs into his pocket and pulls out his iPhone.

SHAWN

No signal.

Juliet leans over and looks at his phone.

JULIET

No signal? What major building doesn't have a miniature cell tower in the attic?

SHAWN

Miniature cell tower?

JULIET

Yeah. They're in most major buildings nowadays. You didn't know about them?

SHAWN

Yes... Maybe... No... But at least I know what Gus and I so need for the Psych office.

Juliet rolls her eyes.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Have you tried the Bananaphone yet?

JULIET

The Bananaphone?

SHAWN

Yes, the Bananaphone.

JULIET

(exasperated)

Shawn...

SHAWN

Would it help if I sang the song for you?

JULIET  
No, it wouldn't.

She is cut off near the end by Shawn jumping up and doing a funny dance while singing the Bananaphone song.

He sings and dances.

More singing and dancing.

Meanwhile, Juliet is getting rather agitated.

However, his dancing and singing is interrupted by Abigail, who places a hand on his leg.

ABIGAIL  
Shawn, this isn't helping...

Shawn sits back down.

SHAWN  
(rolling his eyes)  
Oh, come on, guys! How can the Bananaphone not cheer you up?

JULIET  
It's just my luck that I'm stuck in an elevator in the middle of a power outage on one of the busiest days I've had in months.

Shawn stretches his arm around Juliet's shoulders.

SHAWN  
What? You don't enjoy my enjoyable, entertaining, eclectic presence?

ABIGAIL  
Eclectic?

SHAWN  
Pretty much anything that starts with "e".

Juliet turns to him and shares a knowing look with him, recalling the time Shawn had rattled off a similar list.

Abigail doesn't see this look, but instead thinks of words of her own.

ABIGAIL  
Enigmatic? Effused? Estranged?

SHAWN

Estranged, Abigail? Really? I'd expect more from my girlfriend.

Juliet turns away and stares at the wall.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Who wants to play a game?

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - MAIN ROOM - AFTERNOON

Gus is sitting behind the desk, talking to a female CLIENT.

GUS

Well, we shouldn't get started until my partner gets back.

The client is very sorrowful, her eyes are red, and she clutches a Kleenex near her eyes.

CLIENT

When will he get back? I can feel my husband's spirit leaving us now.

Gus frowns and looks at the clock.

GUS

He should have been back by now.

The client blows her nose.

Gus gives her another Kleenex.

CLIENT

Bless you, boy. Will he get back soon? This is very important. His murderer must be caught before it's too late.

Gus smiles.

GUS

I'll call him again. Excuse me.

Gus stands up and walks into...

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gus pulls out his phone and presses a button. He holds the phone to his ear and waits. He frowns.

GUS  
(muttering)  
Straight to voicemail? Come on,  
buddy.

Gus hangs up and presses another number.

GUS (CONT'D)  
(still muttering)  
Maybe Juliet will be nicer.

He waits, but there is no response.

GUS (CONT'D)  
(yet more muttering)  
Really, Juliet? You, too?

Gus hangs up the phone and sticks it in his pocket. He then walks back into...

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gus sits back down and smiles at the client. He doesn't say anything. He just smiles.

He keeps smiling.

He looks at the clock.

He looks back at the client and still smiles.

He looks at the clock again.

He looks back at the client and continues to smile.

And smile.

And smile.

Finally, he stands up abruptly and smiles at his client.

GUS  
Please excuse me again.

Gus stands up and walks into...

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GUS  
(half-growling)  
I'm gonna kill you if I have to  
dismiss a client, Shawn.

INT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE DEPARTMENT - LASSITER'S DESK -  
AFTERNOON

Lassiter is sitting at his desk, trying to talk on the phone and work on the computer at the same time.

LASSITER  
(sarcastically)  
Oh, I believe you. I might even go as far as to say that it's a major emergency.

He waits as the person on the other end talked.

LASSITER (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Yes, thank you for calling, but we have better things to do than pulling cats out of trees.

Lassiter pauses, and then suddenly becomes "cheerful", smiling sarcastically.

LASSITER (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Oh, it's a dog? Well, why didn't you say so? We here at the Santa Barbara Police Department have a policy that states we will handle absolutely any case that has anything to do with dogs, including, and most especially, menial tasks like pulling them out of trees.

Lassiter growls.

LASSITER (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Get lost.

Lassiter SLAMS the phone down on the receiver, startling a few detectives walking by.

He goes back to work, but is interrupted by the phone ringing. He snatches the phone up.

LASSITER (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Ma'am, if I have to tell you one more time...

Lassiter's angry tone dies down a little.

LASSITER (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Guster, believe it or not, I'm glad  
to be talking to you.

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - BACK ROOM

GUS  
(into phone)  
Glad? That's a first. What's the  
occasion?

INT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE DEPARTMENT - LASSITER'S DESK

LASSITER  
(into phone)  
No reason. Now, what do you want?  
We're very busy; part of the city  
just lost its electricity.

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - BACK ROOM

GUS  
(into phone)  
Do you know where Juliet is? She  
needed Shawn for something, and I  
can't get ahold of either of them.

INT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE DEPARTMENT - LASSITER'S DESK

LASSITER  
(into phone)  
O'Hara? She was at Reynolds  
Industries, apprehending a suspect.  
But they should have been back by  
now.

He pauses.

LASSITER  
(into phone)  
Relax, Guster. They were in the  
part of town that lost its power.  
They may be doing some crowd  
control. I'll give you the address  
of the building, but, seriously,  
how much trouble could they be in?

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

Shawn sits against the wall of the elevator.

SHAWN  
Your turn, Jules.

JULIET

Um... Fiji.

Abigail looks up toward the ceiling and hums thoughtfully.

ABIGAIL

Something that begins with "I"...

After a pause, she responds...

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Iraq.

Shawn makes a funny face.

SHAWN

Iraq? That gives me a "Q". Now I'm  
in trouble.

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - BACK ROOM

GUS

(into phone)

I guess you're right. I would like  
the address, though. I'll check on  
him later.

INT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE DEPARTMENT - LASSITER'S DESK

LASSITER

All right, 32078 Fifty-second  
street. Make sure O'Hara calls me  
when you get ahold of her.

Lassiter hangs up the phone, but it immediately starts  
ringing again.

Lassiter sighs and picks up the phone.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

Santa Barbara Police Department,  
Head Detective Lassiter.

He pauses, and then gets an angry look on his face.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

Ma'am, I do not have the time to  
rescue your cat!

He pauses.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

Dog!

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - MAIN ROOM

Gus walks back into the room.

GUS

Well, I'm tired of waiting for him.  
Let's go ahead and get to your  
house.

The client thanks him tearfully and walks toward the front door, Gus following.

GUS (CONT'D)

(muttering)

If Shawn can do it, so can I.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CLIENT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Gus is standing in his client's living room, talking with his client.

GUS

And what was your husband's name?

CLIENT

Jack.

Gus nods.

GUS

Can you show me some of his personal things? I'll try to get a feel for his spirit.

The client nods and leads Gus up the stairs.

INT. CLIENT'S HOME - UPSTAIRS HALL - CONTINUOUS

Gus and the client emerge from the stairwell and walk down the hall.

CLIENT

This is his room.

The client leads him into another room.

INT. CLIENT'S HOME - JACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gus and the client walk into another room, a simple bedroom with little more than a bed. There is a closet, drawers, a desk, and a shelf.

Gus turns to the client.

GUS

May I be alone? I work better when it's just me and the spirit.

The client nods and exits.

Gus looks frantically about the room, trying to find anything that could tell him anything.

GUS (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

Shawn makes it look so easy.

He walks over to the bed and looks carefully at it.

He shakes his head and looks under the bed.

After a moment, he stands up and looks around.

He looks in the closet, but there's nothing there.

He looks in the drawers, but nothing is there.

He walks over to the desk and scans it. He sees an address book and picks it up.

He skims through it until he gets to today's date.

GUS (CONT'D)

Her husband was murdered a week ago, on the seventeenth...

He flips back a week. On the 17th, there is messy, cursive handwriting, reading "Money to w.r., 8:00".

Gus flips back through the book, and suddenly stops. Exactly a month before, there is another note reading "Money to w.r., 8:00".

He frowns and flips back another month. Sure enough, on the 17th, there is a note reading "Money to w.r., 8:00".

GUS (CONT'D)

Monthly money drops... Blackmail?

He sets the address book down and walks over to the shelf. He looks at the pictures, and picks one out.

The picture is of two men standing in front of Reynolds Industries, smiling.

GUS (CONT'D)

Warren Reynolds? W.R.? He's the blackmailer? It makes sense. Thurston and Reynolds did work together.

He sets the picture back down and starts to walk out of the room. However, he suddenly stops.

Gus sort of bounces in place. He frowns, and kneels to the ground.

He grips the carpet and yanks upward, and it comes easily off, revealing a locked trap door.

Gus stands up and stomps on the door. It doesn't budge. He stomps again, but it doesn't give.

He stands up and walks out of the room.

INT. CLIENT'S HOME - JACK'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gus walks back into the bedroom, carrying an axe. He swings it down onto the trapdoor. It penetrates.

He pulls it back out and swings again.

And swings.

And swings.

Finally, Gus breaks through. He wipes his brow and nods, satisfied with the job he's done.

He walks over to the shelf and places the axe on it. Accidentally, he knocks over a picture, and it falls to the ground.

Gus bends over and frowns. The picture landed face down, and there is a key strapped to the back of it. He rips the key off and sets the picture back.

He walks back over to the trapdoor and puts the key in the lock that previously held the trapdoor in place.

It fits.

Gus rolls his eyes.

GUS

Why couldn't I have found that five minutes ago?

Gus cleans the remains of the trapdoor away.

GUS (CONT'D)

I bet Shawn would have found that right away.

Finally, the area is clear, and a safe is revealed.

As soon as Gus sees it, his eyes widen, and he smiles.

GUS (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah, baby.

He pulls the safe up and out of the hidden area and sets it on the bed.

Gus stands up and lies down on the bed very gently next to the safe.

He slowly and gently strokes the safe, mumbling.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Uh... Uh... Baby... Mm... Come  
on...

He continues to stroke it.

Finally, he barely grabs ahold of the combination lock.

He presses his ear up against the safe and hums very quietly.

Slowly, he turns the lock.

And turns.

There is a click, and Gus smiles. He turns the lock the other way.

And turns.

And turns.

There is another click, and Gus half-giggles.

He turns it again.

And more.

Finally, Gus hears another click and he pumps his fist.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Oh, yeah!

He kisses the safe, and opens the lid.

Inside the safe are stacks upon stacks of money.

Gus sighs happily.

GUS (CONT'D)  
This must be what heaven feels  
like.

Suddenly, his smile fades.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Wait a second. If he was being  
blackmailed, why does he have all  
this money?

Gus takes a stack and rifles through it.

GUS (CONT'D)  
 There's gotta be at least two  
 million here.

Gus sees a ledger, and picks it up. He flips through it, and his eyes widen. He looks around to make sure nobody is watching him, and then looks back at the ledger.

GUS (CONT'D)  
 He was embezzling. That's why he  
 was being blackmailed. Warren  
 Reynolds must have caught him. And  
 after all this time, Thurston must  
 have gotten tired of it, and tried  
 to kill Warren. The showdown  
 probably went wrong, and Thurston  
 ended up biting the dust instead.  
 And yes, I'm talking to myself.

Gus pumps his fist, and then holds it out to his side as if to knock fists with somebody.

He is confused when nobody hits it, and looks to the side.

GUS (CONT'D)  
 Oh, yeah. I did this all by myself.

Gus knocks fists with himself and does a funny dance.

INT. CLIENT'S HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Gus comes down the stairs and into the kitchen, where his client, now revealed to be MRS. THURSTON, sits, sipping a cup of tea.

GUS  
 Ma'am, I know what happened to your  
 husband.

MRS. THURSTON  
 Do you? Please tell me.

GUS  
 A man named Warren Reynolds killed  
 him.

Mrs. Reynolds puts her head in her hands.

MRS. THURSTON  
 Not you, too.

Gus is confused.

GUS  
What are you talking about?

MRS. THURSTON  
(sighing)  
Warren is a good friend of mine. I know without a shadow of a doubt that he would never kill my husband.

Gus frowns.

GUS  
I'm sorry, Mrs. Thurston, but he did.

Mrs. Thurston is on the verge of tears again.

MRS. THURSTON  
No, you don't understand. I've known him for years. Since we were children. The police thought he did it, too. They sent somebody over to arrest him already.

Gus is confused.

GUS  
Wait... They sent somebody?

Then Gus remembers the conversation he had with Lassiter.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Shawn and Juliet! Just my luck. The one time I want to do something by myself, he's way ahead of me.

MRS. THURSTON  
I don't know what you're talking about, but my husband was not killed by Warren. I called for you because I know he didn't, and I need to find out who.

Gus starts to speak, but stops.

CLOSE ON a calendar.

Gus frowns, and then slowly smiles.

INT. GUS' CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Gus is driving his car, looking rather worried.

He picks up his cell phone again and presses a number. He holds the phone to his ear and waits.

After a moment, he sighs and hangs up.

GUS  
Come on, Shawn.

He dials a different number and waits.

GUS (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Lassiter? I need you to meet me at  
Reynolds Industries.

LASSITER  
(over phone)  
What for?

Gus starts to speak, but stops and slowly smiles.

GUS  
(into phone)  
I'm having a vision.

Through the phone, we can hear Lassiter.

LASSITER  
(over phone)  
What? You, too?!

GUS  
(into phone)  
Yes. I don't know how it's  
happening, but it is.

There is silence.

LASSITER  
(over phone)  
All right, fine. I'll meet you  
there in about ten minutes.

Gus smiles and hangs up the phone, satisfied.

EXT. OUTSIDE REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - MOMENTS LATER

Gus' car pulls into a parking space in front of Reynolds Industries.

Gus gets out and shuts the door. He looks around.

GUS  
I guess Lassiter will be here soon  
enough.

He walks up to the open doors and into the building.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Gus walks through the doors and toward the receptionist's desk.

The receptionist turns to him and smiles. "May I help you?"

Gus smiles back, ever the charmer.

GUS  
Yes. I was wondering if you've seen  
my friend.

Gus pulls out a picture of him and Shawn from his wallet.

The receptionist frowns and holds up a finger.

RECEPTIONIST  
Just a second...

She turns and walks into a room behind the counter.

Gus waits and looks around, obviously impressed by the interior of the building.

The receptionist returns, along with her smile.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Follow me.

Gus smiles again and follows her back into the room she had shortly ventured into.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gus walks in, and the door is shut suddenly behind him. He frowns and spins around.

Behind him is a MAN with a crowbar and a ski mask on his head. He raises it and hits Gus on the head, who falls to the ground.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - UNKNOWN ROOM - LATER

Gus slowly wakes up, blinking his eyes.

He sees a television on a table near him, and the picture is of Shawn, Juliet, and Abigail sitting together in a small room, overlaid with green (nightvision). They are talking and laughing, but no sound is coming through.

GUS  
(muttering)  
Shawn?

The man who hit Gus steps into view.

MAN  
He's awake.

The man purposefully steps in front of the television.

GUS  
Who are you?

MAN  
That doesn't matter. Are you aware  
of the Jack Thurston murder?

GUS  
Uh... No.

MAN  
Do you know a man named Warren  
Reynolds?

GUS  
Not personally.

MAN  
Why are you here?

GUS  
I came here to find my friend.

MAN  
Shawn Spencer?

GUS  
Yes, that's him.

MAN  
Why?

GUS  
Because he wasn't answering his  
cell phone. Is there anything else  
you'd like to know, your Highness?

The man just stares at him.

MAN

I feel there's something you're not telling us, and believe me, we will find out what it is.

At that moment, Gus' phone rings.

The man reaches into Gus' jacket pocket and removes his phone. He sets it on the table and smashes it with his crowbar.

Gus winces.

The man turns to Gus again.

MAN (CONT'D)

(to the receptionist)

I thought the cell tower was turned off.

RECEPTIONIST

It is. We must be in a spot that can still reach the signal outside. Listen, I don't feel comfortable doing this. I wasn't hired for this.

MAN

You'll do whatever I need you to do.

EXT. OUTSIDE REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - LATE AFTERNOON

Lassiter stands outside Reynolds Industries, holding his cell phone to his ear.

He frowns and hangs up.

LASSITER

Voicemail? You, too, Guster?

Lassiter draws his gun and goes inside.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

Lassiter walks through the lobby, looking around and swinging his gun in all directions, but it appears to be empty.

He rounds a corner and swings his gun down, bringing it right in front of a little old LADY, who screams bloody murder.

Lassiter quickly puts the gun away and pulls out his badge.

LASSITER

Relax, Ma'am. I'm a detective.

The lady keeps screaming.

Lassiter rolls his eyes.

The lady keeps screaming.

Finally, Lassiter snaps his fingers in front of her.

The lady finally quiets down.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Ma'am. Could you please tell me what happened here?

LADY

An hour or so ago, the electricity just shut down.

LASSITER

Yes, I'm aware of that. But where is everybody? Specifically an African-American man who would have walked in not too long ago.

LADY

Everybody was told to leave, but I didn't because was waiting for somebody, but I did see your friend.

LASSITER

Well, where did he go?

The lady starts to answer, and then stops, her eyes widening.

LADY

Wait just a second...

The lady's jaw dropped, and then trembled with anger.

LASSITER  
(annoyed)  
Ma'am, tell me where he is.

LADY  
I recognize your voice.

She reaches into her purse.

LADY (CONT'D)  
You're the mean old man I was on  
the phone with. You refused to come  
and help my poor puppy.

LADY (CONT'D)  
(her voice growing in  
volume)  
It took me forever to get him down,  
and when I finally did, he was  
nearly scared to death!

She whips out a mace sprayer.

Waving her arms, she sprays it all over Lassiter, including  
in his eyes.

Lassiter yells and clutches his eyes groaning in pain.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - ELEVATOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Shawn, Juliet, and Abigail are still sitting on the floor of  
the elevator, waiting for it to move.

SHAWN  
Truth.

ABIGAIL  
Okay, have you ever... left a vital  
piece of clothing at home?

Shawn smiles.

SHAWN  
Does doing it intentionally count?

Abigail giggles.

ABIGAIL  
Have you ever accidentally  
forgotten one?

Shawn thinks, and then nods.

SHAWN

Yes, actually. I completely forgot my socks one day, and I was made fun of all day because of my socklessness.

Shawn turns to Juliet.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Jules, Truth or Dare?

JULIET

Truth.

SHAWN

All righty...

Shawn looks upward thoughtfully and hums.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Have you ever almost kissed someone, but just ended up doing some very close talking?

Juliet looks at Shawn and slowly smiles.

JULIET

Yes, I have, Shawn.

Shawn smiles back.

They continue staring at each other.

Abigail was oblivious to the moment shared between Shawn and Juliet, and she frowned in confusion.

ABIGAIL

You there, guys? It's my turn, right?

Juliet regains her composure and her smile fades.

JULIET

Abigail, Truth or Dare?

Shawn looks away from Juliet and stares off into space, reminiscent of the night they had done some "Very Close Talking".

ABIGAIL

(with a sneaky grin)  
Dare.

JULIET

All right, you're going to have to do this when we get out of here, but you have to flirt with the annoying receptionist outside.

Abigail giggles again.

ABIGAIL

Okay.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

(to Shawn)

Truth or Dare, Shawn?

However, Shawn does not respond. He stares off into the distance with a shocked look on his face.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Shawn?

Juliet lays a hand on Shawn's shoulder, but then shakes her head and quickly withdraws her hand.

JULIET

Shawn, are you okay?

SHAWN

(very quietly)

The receptionist.

Juliet frowns.

ABIGAIL

What?

FLASHBACK of Shawn in the lobby earlier, as he turned to join Juliet in the elevator.

Just before he turns, he sees the receptionist get a look of panic on her face, and she runs into a room behind the desk.  
END FLASHBACK.

Shawn looks up slowly and sees a little, blinking red light. He stands.

SHAWN

Is that a... camera?

Juliet stands up next to him, along with Abigail. She leans close to the wall and nods.

CLOSE ON a very small object.

JULIET

Yes, it's a miniature camera. I suppose it's for security reasons.

Shawn backs up and looks around nervously. He backs up into the elevator wall. He starts to look around frantically.

SHAWN

Guys... We have got to get out of here. Now.

JULIET

Why? What's going on?

Shawn hits the "Open Doors" button several times, and tries to force them open with his hands. Unfortunately, the doors won't budge.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Shawn...

Shawn looks up and bangs on the ceiling.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Shawn...

He keeps banging, and finally, part of the ceiling jumps up from the rest of it, and moves out of sight.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Shawn!

Shawn finally turns and faces her.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Why do we need to get out of here so badly?

SHAWN

It was meant for us, Juliet. The power outage, the elevator stopping. It was meant for us.

JULIET

What are you talking about?

SHAWN

Think about it, Jules. What are we here for?

JULIET

To arrest Warren Reynolds.

SHAWN

Exactly. Warren Reynolds is a very important person, and I'm sure the last thing he wants to do is go to prison. His receptionist called him and told him that we were coming, and he must have panicked.

JULIET

But why trap us down here? Why not kill us?

SHAWN

The less people he kills, the better, and he knows it. He probably trapped us down here while he's deciding what he's going to do with us.

JULIET

How do you know?

SHAWN

I'm a psychic, Jules. In order to avoid suspicion, he probably knocked out a power line, also.

JULIET

Well, why don't we keep waiting? I have a gun.

SHAWN

Because if he does happen to decide to kill us, all he has to do is cut the cables and disable the brakes. We have to get out of here before he can make up his mind.

Shawn leaps up and grabs the ceiling of the elevator. He pulls himself up and out of the elevator.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Shawn reaches down into the elevator and holds out a hand.

SHAWN

Abigail, grab my hand.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Abigail reaches up and grabs Shawn's hand.

From above, Shawn pulls her up and out.

SHAWN (O.S.)  
You next, Jules.

Juliet reaches up and is hoisted out.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Shawn looks around, but the elevator had just cleared a floor before it had stopped, and the bottom of the next floor was a good twenty feet up, farther than usual because of extra insulation.

JULIET  
Now what, Shawn?

SHAWN  
You're the cop; aren't you trained for situations like these?

JULIET  
I think I missed the Escaping Trapped Elevators class.

SHAWN  
Shame, Jules. I'm sure you would have aced it.

Abigail is getting frantic.

ABIGAIL  
What's wrong with you guys? We could be dead in a few minutes, and you're cracking jokes?

Shawn waves a hand at her.

SHAWN  
We do this kind of thing all the time. Danger has become my sixteenth middle name.

Juliet is confused.

JULIET  
Sixteenth?

SHAWN  
Yup. The other fifteen are Trouble, Joker, Womanizer--

Unfortunately, Shawn is interrupted by Juliet before he can name the rest.

JULIET

Shawn. Save the list for some other time.

Shawn sighs.

SHAWN

Well, luckily, I was a rock climbing guide for two weeks, so I'm good at this kind of thing.

Shawn grabs the elevator cable.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Juliet, I assume you're good at this kind of thing. I can't imagine the horrors they put you through at the police academy.

Juliet smirks.

JULIET

You don't know the half of it.

SHAWN

Be sure to tell me the rest of it sometimes.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

(to Abigail)

Do you think you'll be able to follow?

Abigail looks up.

ABIGAIL

When it means my life, I think I can cope.

Shawn motions for her to grab the cable.

SHAWN

You should go first, then. We'll try to support you from below. I'll go last.

Juliet smiles.

JULIET

No, Shawn. I think you should go first. Abigail can go in the middle.

Shawn starts to speak, but doesn't.

CLOSE ON Juliet's and Abigail's skirts.

Shawn nods knowingly.

SHAWN

Ah. Right.

Shawn grabs the cable and pulls himself up a foot.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Let's go, then.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - UNKNOWN ROOM

The man is standing in front of Gus.

MAN

What is it you're not telling us?

Gus starts to speak, but sees the television behind the man. On it, Shawn, Juliet, and Abigail are climbing out of the small area.

His eyes widen, and the man starts to turn.

GUS

Wait! I'll tell you!

The man turns back to Gus.

MAN

All right; what are you doing here?

Gus doesn't speak.

The man shakes his head and starts to turn away again.

Gus gets a frantic look on his face.

GUS

The police are on to you!

The man turns back around again.

MAN

What? They are?

Gus nods frantically. On the screen, Juliet reaches up to the top of the elevator.

GUS  
They know what you did.

The man starts to turn again, and Gus starts blubbering nonsense.

However, this time, the man does not turn back to him. Instead, he finishes his turn and sees the picture on the screen just as Juliet is pulled up and out.

He spins toward the receptionist.

MAN  
Why weren't you watching?

The receptionist throws up her hands.

RECEPTIONIST  
I don't know what I'm supposed to be doing!

The man growls.

MAN  
I have to do everything myself.

He walks toward the door, but stops and turns back.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Watch him.

The man leaves.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - SECOND FLOOR

Lassiter carefully makes his way through the halls, stopping often to wipe his eyes.

LASSITER  
(grumbling)  
Pet-worshipping, mace-wielding  
idiot.

He continues his search down the halls.

He reaches the end of the halls and climbs up a set of stairs.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - ELEVATOR SHAFT

CLOSE ON the elevator cables, where a lone hand dramatically reaches up and grabs onto it. GRUNTING is heard, and a head comes into view, Shawn's head.

Shawn reaches up again and grabs more cable and with another GRUNT, pulls himself up again.

Finally, the shot changes and we see the entire picture. It turns out that Shawn isn't even three feet off the ground.

JULIET  
Come on, Shawn!

Shawn GRUNTS and pulls himself up again.

ABIGAIL  
I thought you rock climbed.

SHAWN  
That was a long time ago!

He GRUNTS much louder than before and pulls again.

Juliet smiles and shakes her head.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - ELEVATOR SHAFT - MOMENTS LATER

Shawn is near the next floor. He gives one last GRUNT, his loudest, and pulls himself up.

Then, he stretches his leg to reach over to the landing in front of the elevator doors leading to the next floor.

He pushes away from the cables and toward the doors. He almost loses his balance, but he manages to stay up.

Shawn grabs the doors and forces them open. As soon as they are wide enough, he falls in.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He pushes himself back up, and he turns around.

SHAWN  
Yeah! I made it!

Shawn sings and dances the Bananaphone.

Down on the cables, Abigail sighs.

ABIGAIL  
He is so cute.

Below her, Juliet frowns.

Shawn reaches back out and helps Abigail across the floorless gap. Then he reaches back out and grabs Juliet's hand. He pauses and smiles at her.

Juliet smiles back.

Shawn pulls, and Juliet makes it across. He keeps holding onto her hand for a moment, and then lets go.

Juliet walks toward the center of the building.

Shawn presses the button, but the doors don't close. He grabs them and pulls, grunting, but they don't budge.

Shawn shrugs and turns away from the doors.

SHAWN  
All right! Let's ditch this one-horse--

Shawn stops abruptly as he finished turning around.

In front of him stands a masked man, with his arm hooked around and in front of Juliet's and Abigail's necks. He held a gun above their heads.

MAN  
Don't move.

Shawn stands stock still, a shocked look on his face.

MAN (CONT'D)

If you just sit there and let me escape, I'll only take one of them with me. I need somebody to guarantee me a safe passage out of here. When I get far away, I might let her go. It depends on if I feel like some fun or not.

The man nuzzles Juliet, who in turn struggles.

MAN (CONT'D)

But, of course, if you insist on resisting, I'll kill two of you and take the third for safety. I'd really rather not kill, so take your pick. Which one do you want to stay here with you?

Shawn opens his mouth, but can't speak. He gulps.

MAN (CONT'D)

Which one?

JULIET

(rasping)

Just let him take me, Shawn! He'll let me go eventually!

MAN

(roaring)

Choose, Shawn!

Shawn tries to talk.

SHAWN

I... I...

MAN

(growling)

Fine. I'll just kill you and this one.

The man points his gun at Juliet.

SHAWN

Wait!

The man looks at him.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Wait.

MAN

Well?

Shawn stutters.

MAN (CONT'D)

(sneering)

I didn't think so.

The man presses the gun up against Juliet's head.

SHAWN

(blurting out)

Your grandmother!

The man looks back at Shawn.

MAN

What?

SHAWN

Your grandmother! She's staring down at you. She's crying at the man you have become.

MAN

What is this?

SHAWN

I'm a psychic, and right now, I can see your grandmother.

Shawn frantically all over the man's body.

CLOSE ON the man's shoulder, where a red hair is stuck to his clothing.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

She says to calm down and go back home to your beautiful, redhead wife.

The man is clearly affected by this. He straightens and stares at Shawn.

MAN

(gently)

She... she said that?

Shawn nods gently.

SHAWN

She also said that--

Unfortunately, Shawn is once again interrupted as somebody runs up behind them.

LASSITER (O.S.)  
Drop the gun!

The man spins around and holds Juliet and Abigail closer, cocking the gun.

MAN  
Don't move!

Lassiter and Gus were running toward the man, but they stop when they see the gun.

SHAWN  
No, Warren! Your grandmother!

The man looks at Shawn.

MAN  
I'm not Warren, you idiot. You're a psychic; you should know that.

GUS  
No, you're not Warren.

The man turns toward Gus.

MAN  
Who are you?

GUS  
I know who you are... Ulric Richardson, assistant for Warren Reynolds.

The man straightens.

ULRIC  
How could you possibly know that?

Everybody looks at Gus.

GUS  
I'm a psychic, too.

Shawn gives Gus a strange look.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - RANDOM ROOM - IN THE PAST

Jack Thurston is sitting at a computer, working intently.

Ulric comes up behind Jack and surprises him.

GUS (V.O.)  
You were blackmailing Jack Thurston  
because he was embezzling funds.

INT. THURSTON HOME - JACK'S ROOM - A WEEK AGO

Jack is pulling money out of his safe, frustrated with himself.

GUS (V.O.)  
But he was getting fed up with  
having to pay you off every month.

Jack reaches deep into the safe and pulls out a gun.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT - A WEEK AGO

Jack waits with a bag of money.

Ulric comes from around the corner.

GUS (V.O.)  
He tried to kill you.

Jack pulls out a gun and points it at Ulric.

However, Ulric grabs the gun and wrenches it out of Jack's hands.

GUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But you were too fast for him.

Ulric shoots Jack in the chest. He drops the gun from his gloved hands and runs away with the money.

Jack drags himself to a wall and uses his blood to write.

GUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Jack tried to tell us who killed  
him, but he had a bad habit of  
writing U's like W's.

INT. THURSTON HOME - KITCHEN - EARLIER THAT AFTERNOON

Gus stands in the kitchen, staring at the calendar.

CLOSE ON the calendar. A date is circled. It seems to read "Ultimate Frisbee 3:00".

GUS  
 (volume lower, as this is  
 a flashback)  
 W-ltimate Frisbee? Is that some  
 sort of new take on the game?

MRS. THURSTON  
 (volume low for her as  
 well)  
 No, that says "Ulitimate Frisbee",  
 all right. My husband has always  
 added a little swoosh at the end of  
 his U's, and it always makes them  
 look like W's.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - PRESENT  
 TIME

Gus smiles as he continues the "wrap-up".

GUS  
 And so everybody thought that Jack  
 meant Warren Reynolds, not Ulric  
 Richardson, his personal assistant.

Shawn concludes with his own observations.

SHAWN  
 It all makes sense. When you heard  
 that we were here, you thought that  
 we came for you, but we were  
 actually coming for Warren. So you  
 shut down the elevator power and  
 the miniature cell phone tower...

Shawn stops here.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
 (to Gus)  
 Gus, remind me to buy a miniature  
 cell phone tower for Psych.

Gus nods.

GUS  
 You know that's right.

SHAWN  
 (to Ulric)  
 And you took out the power lines  
 nearby to cover it all up.  
 (MORE)

And you would have gotten away with it if it wasn't for the swift hand of justice. No, the deadly hand of justice. No...

GUS  
The omnipresent hand of justice?

SHAWN  
That's it!

Shawn and Gus point at each other. Then, Shawn notices Lassiter's face.

SHAWN (CONT'D)  
Lassie, what happened to your eyes?

LASSITER  
Shut up, Spencer.

ULRIC  
I don't know how you figured that out, and I don't care. I'm still going to get away with it. I still have hostages.

Ulric presses the gun closer to the two women.

ULRIC (CONT'D)  
Now let me out.

SHAWN  
Wait... weren't you going to leave one behind?

ULRIC  
Maybe dead.

Shawn steps forward, but Ulric presses the gun even closer, and Shawn stops.

Shawn gulps.

SHAWN  
Take me.

ULRIC  
What?

SHAWN  
Just take me.

Ulric pauses, but then shakes his head.

ULRIC

No, you're a psychic, and you're  
too dangerous to be left alive.

Ulric points the gun at Shawn and fires.

The bullet catches Shawn's shoulder, and he spins around.  
Losing his balance, he falls through the open elevator doors.

While both Juliet and Abigail gasp in horror, Lassiter takes  
the opportunity to tackle Ulric.

Lassiter handcuffs Ulric while Juliet and Abigail run to the  
elevator doors.

INT. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES - ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Shawn is holding onto the elevator cables with the one good  
hand he has.

SHAWN

(in pain)

Hey, guys.

The two women smile back at him.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - BACK ROOM - MORNING

Shawn, Gus, and Henry are watching a football game on television. Shawn has just finished telling his father about his ordeal in the elevator.

HENRY

Wow. That's got to be one of the weirdest cases you've ever worked on.

GUS

I'd say it's right up there with the dinosaur and mummy cases.

HENRY

Is your shoulder okay?

Shawn nods.

SHAWN

It's just a graze. As for being trapped, contrary to what one would think, it was actually fun. I was stuck in the elevator with two of the most awesome girls on the planet.

Gus rolls his eyes.

Henry looks at Shawn.

HENRY

Shawn, you got away with the stunt you pulled on Ulric. You didn't have to choose then, but you will have to choose soon.

Shawn just stares at the television, but his smile fades.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You seriously don't want to play this game for much longer. Abigail is realizing that she's not the only woman you love, and Juliet won't wait forever.

Shawn gets up and walks toward the refrigerator.

SHAWN

Thanks, Dad, but I didn't ask for your advice, especially not for my love life.

Henry gets up and follows Shawn.

HENRY

Shawn, you're really hurting Juliet. She loves you; I can see it. Gus, can't you?

GUS

Oh, don't you drag me into this.

SHAWN

Besides, how do you know Juliet has feelings for me?

HENRY

I'm a father and a husband. Or, at least, I was a husband. I know love when I see it.

Henry sighs.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Shawn, please. Take it from somebody who has been there. You need to choose. Prove yourself a man and choose.

Shawn spins around and faces his father. He opens his mouth, but closes it. He starts to speak again, but doesn't. Finally, he talks.

SHAWN

You know what? I will. I'll go choose right now.

Henry is surprised.

HENRY

Really?

Shawn nods. He walks past his father and toward the front door.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Good luck!

Shawn ignores him. He exits the building and closes the door.

Henry turns to Gus.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I bet you five bucks it's Juliet.

GUS

I bet you five bucks it's his hair.

Henry laughs and sits down with Gus to watch the game.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW