

PSYCH Want to Buy a Murder?

By

Katherine Wertz

TEASER

EXT. SHAWN'S HOUSE, DECK - DAY

Circa 1980s. YOUNG SHAWN, 11, and YOUNG GUS, 11, play Monopoly. Young Shawn shuffles through his property. Gus, the banker, scowls at his meager cash supply and one property, a utility.

Young Shawn tosses down a stack of Monopoly money from his heaping pile to buy Rainbow Station.

YOUNG SHAWN

One more railroad and I'll have 'em all.

YOUNG GUS

Shawn, you only have two! There's four in this game.

YOUNG SHAWN

Not according to my rulebook.

YOUNG GUS

You can't just make up rules!

YOUNG ANGELICA BROWN, 11, approaches. Her long, blonde hair blows in the wind. Her ELABORATE CELTIC CROSS NECKLACE sparkles in the sun as she places a hand on her hip. Young Gus stares.

YOUNG GUS

Wow. Hey, look at that. Isn't she in our class?

YOUNG SHAWN

Not now, Gus. I'm strategizing.

Young Angelica smiles at them. She flips her hair back. Gus straightens and tries to look manly, puffing out his chest.

YOUNG ANGELICA

Hello, boys. My name's Angelica.

YOUNG GUS

(wistful)

Hi, Angelica.

Young Gus jabs Young Shawn in the stomach. Shawn looks up and freezes.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG ANGELICA

That's a cool game set you have there.

She glides up to the board and fiddles with the ship, Shawn's piece. Young Gus blushes.

YOUNG GUS

Y...you think that's cool? Just look at this!

Young Gus flexes his near nonexistent muscles.

YOUNG ANGELICA

That's...nice. Anyway, do you want to buy some cookies?

YOUNG GUS

Sure...

Young Shawn shoves him aside.

YOUNG SHAWN

...If you go out with us for some ice cream.

Young Gus seizes the front of Young Shawn's shirt and yanks him close.

YOUNG GUS

What are you doing, Shawn?

YOUNG SHAWN

Relax, Gus. I know what I'm doing.

YOUNG ANGELICA

Uh, boys?

YOUNG GUS

Put me down for twenty boxes.

YOUNG SHAWN

Well, I want eighty.

Young Angelica hands them her order form.

YOUNG ANGELICA

Well then, here's the form. Write down your order here and...

They're about to fill it out when HENRY seizes it.

HENRY

What are you doing? What did I  
tell you about this?

YOUNG SHAWN

But, Dad...

HENRY

We'll have none of this  
today. Please leave.

Henry rips the order form in half and hands it to her.

YOUNG ANGELICA

My order form!

YOUNG ANGELICA

(angry)

Yes, sir.

YOUNG SHAWN

Wait!

YOUNG ANGELICA

See you, losers.

Young Angelica stomps away.

YOUNG SHAWN

What'd you do that for?

HENRY

You know why.

YOUNG GUS

We were only buying a few cookies.

HENRY

Go home, Gus.

YOUNG GUS

But...

HENRY

Now.

Young Gus runs off.

HENRY

Nearly getting conned by a Girl  
Scout is a disgrace. I taught you  
better than that, Shawn.

SHAWN  
(mumbles)  
Sorry.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - DAY

The present. The office is in its usual state of chaos. SHAWN leans back in his chair and props his feet up on the desk. GUS pretends to read paperwork.

SHAWN  
Now, if I had to choose which  
actress looks hottest in a  
swimsuit, Angelina Jolie is my  
pick.

GUS  
She has nothing on Marilyn Monroe.

KIMBERLY BROWN, 11, a small blonde girl with a Hello Kitty backpack, enters, looking around. She spots a copy of the Sports Illustrated swimsuit edition and grimaces.

KIMBERLY  
(whisper)  
What a dump.

SHAWN  
Monroe's dead.

GUS  
She's still hotter than Jolie.

SHAWN  
That only proves you have no taste  
in women.

GUS  
Like you can talk. Remember that  
one girl in high school you crushed  
on, the one with the tattoos.

SHAWN  
Hey, she was hot. I would have so  
dated her...

Kimberly COUGHS.

(CONTINUED)

GUS

If her biker boyfriend hadn't  
beaten you to a pulp.

The girl COUGHS louder.

SHAWN

Only a minor setback in my quest  
for love.

GUS

'Quest for love'? I can't even  
tell you how stupid that sounds.

Fed up, Kimberly RAPS her knuckles on the door.

KIMBERLY

Hey, stop talking about girls and  
pay attention to your customer.

Shawn and Gus freeze. They turn to face Kimberly. The girl  
taps her foot on the ground, arms crossed.

GUS

Sorry about that. We were just  
having...

KIMBERLY

Whatever. Look, I have a job for  
you guys. Which one of you is the  
psychic?

SHAWN

I am. Pleasure to meet you, Ms...

Shawn moves to shake her hand. She brushes him off.

KIMBERLY

Kimberly Brown.

SHAWN

Well, Ms. Brown, how can we help  
you?

KIMBERLY

Let's cut the crap and get to the  
point. My mom's been getting threat  
letters. I want you to find out  
who's sending them.

GUS

Wouldn't that be a matter for the  
police?

KIMBERLY

We already went to them. They were useless. All they keep telling us is "there are no leads at this time."

SHAWN

(sighs)

This time, I agree with Gus. The police should handle this one.

Kimberly seizes Shawn's shirt, dragging him closer.

KIMBERLY

Look, I want whoever is hurting my mom to get caught. And I want you to find that person.

SHAWN

I still ca--

Kimberly takes out an order form and shoves it in Shawn's face.

KIMBERLY

I'll pay for three dozen of whatever kinds of cookies you want in addition to your usual fee.

Shawn and Gus exchange looks.

SHAWN

We'll take the case.

INT. ALL NATURAL PHARMACEUTICALS, INC. SALES DEPT. - DAY

Kimberly leads them through a maze of tiny cubicles. GIRL SCOUT COOKIE ORDER FORMS bearing Kimberly's name are plastered everywhere.

KIMBERLY

(admires)

My mom's the Vice President of Sales.

GUS

VP of Sales? This is big. Real big.

SHAWN

What's the big deal, it's just a drug company.

(CONTINUED)

GUS

It's not just any pharmaceutical company, it's the most successful one in the country.

ANGELICA (O.S.)

What are they doing here?

Shawn jerks in surprise. Gus gawks at ANGELICA BROWN, 30s, a vivacious dark haired woman in a immaculate, well-made suit. She wears the ELABORATE NECKLACE from before. Her hair blows around as she places a hand on her hip.

KIMBERLY

Mom!

Kimberly hugs her. The Psych team pale when they realize their client's identity.

ROLL CREDITS



ACT ONE

INT. ANGELICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Angelica pushes Kimberly away. Angelica flips her hair over her shoulder as she stares. Gus fixes his tie. His hands shake with nerves.

SHAWN

I think its straight already.

GUS

Shut up, Shawn.

KIMBERLY

I brought them, Mom.

SHAWN

We're here to help. I'm a psychic.

ANGELICA

I remember you two now. You're those boys who humiliated me years ago. And now you claim to be psychics? Nonsense.

KIMBERLY

They're here to find out who's threatening you.

ANGELICA

Not interested. Get out.

Shawn notices a SALES CONTRACT on Angelica's desk. He pretends he is having a vision and grabs the contract.

INSERT - SALES CONTRACT

WHOLE FOODS GROCERIES, INC SALES AGREEMENT spreads prominently across the top. Many clauses are ~~CROSSED OUT~~ in red ink. Scribbled revisions fill the margins. A note in the top right corner says "FINAL NEGOTIATIONS DATE ON FRIDAY. AGREE TO REDUCED PRICE."

BACK TO SCENE

SHAWN

I see...I see you're having difficulties getting the CEO of Whole Foods Groceries Inc. to buy your products.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELICA  
Everyone knows that. It's been  
plastered all over the news.

SHAWN  
But don't worry, he'll sign on  
within the week.

ANGELICA  
Like that proves anything.

KIMBERLY  
Mom, please!

ANGELICA  
(sighs)  
Fine. You have one week. If you  
can't solve this by then, you're  
fired.

INT. A.N.P. SALES DEPT. - DAY

Angelica's top salesman, the too smooth BLAKE KING, 43,  
sneaks out of VIOLET PRICE'S, 31, cubicle. A Girl Scout  
ORDER FORM under Hope Price's name hangs in the cubicle.

ANGELICA  
What were you doing in there?

VIOLET  
Mr. King was--

ANGELICA  
I wasn't talking to you.

BLAKE  
I was showing Ms. Price some sales  
techniques.

ANGELICA  
Don't waste your breath on this  
one.

Angelica gestures at Violet.

ANGELICA  
She couldn't sell anything if she  
was handed the sales. Look at her  
record. Worthless.

Violet clenches her fist so hard her knuckles go white.

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET  
But Ms. Brown...

BLAKE  
So harsh. However, isn't part of  
my job to help out coworkers in  
need?

ANGELICA  
Fine.

Violet retreats to her cubicle.

GUS  
You know, I'm an excellent  
salesman.

Angelica ignores him.

SHAWN  
Nice try, Guster, but no tomato.

GUS  
It's no potato, Shawn. And at  
least I'm trying. That makes it  
one to zero.

SHAWN  
I told you, I'm not interested in  
her.

GUS  
Too late. I think you are. That  
makes you my rival. Consider  
yourself warned.

Angelica glares at Gus, hearing their conversation. She  
yanks at the bottom of her suit jacket. Shawn notices the  
other employees FLINCH as she does this.

ANGELICA  
This is Blake King, one of the  
salesmen working under me.

BLAKE  
(a little too sincere)  
You must be the psychics Ms. Brown  
hired. I do hope you  
succeed. This situation has caused  
her so much stress.

(checks his watch)  
Now, if you'll excuse me, I have  
business to attend to.

(CONTINUED)

Before they could reply, Blake strides off. Angelica peers at Shawn.

ANGELICA  
At least you're not an  
eyesore. Now get to work.

INT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE STATION - DAY

Shawn and Gus look for Juliet. LASSITER intercepts them. He wears an extra furious scowl.

LASSITER  
What are you doing here, Spencer?

SHAWN  
You're looking irritable  
today. Running out of  
caffeine? Might I reco--

LASSITER  
Spencer...

Lassiter's hand strays toward his gun.

JULIET (O.S.)  
Lassiter, stop. Why are you guys  
here?

JULIET steps in between Shawn and Lassiter. She wears a Girl Scout pin on her shirt.

SHAWN  
Looking for you.  
(gestures at the pin)  
Nice pin. Former Girl Scout?

JULIET  
Yep. Got it for winning a sales  
contest. Why are you really here?

SHAWN  
To bring some sunshine into your  
day.

Gus elbows Shawn.

GUS  
Shawn, be serious.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Come on, a little levity never hurt anyone.

GUS

We're on a case.

SHAWN

Fine.

(gets serious)

We need a copy of the threat letters sent to Angelica Brown. She hired us to find the culprit.

LASSITER

Leave, Spencer. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have work to do.

Lassiter marches away. He shoves past a NEW RECRUIT.

JULIET

I think I can get you your copies.

SHAWN

Thanks, Jules. Want to eat out later? Today's half-price mushu pork day.

JULIET

Sorry, I have to work late.

SHAWN

I can bring you something.

JULIET

I'll be fine. Oh, and if I hear anything more about the case, I'll tell you.

GUS

Thanks, Juliet.

EXT. GUS'S CAR, BUSY STREET - DAY

Shawn flips through scans.

GUS

Angelica was so beautiful, just like I remember. Do you think she'd go out with someone like me?

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN  
(distracted)  
You say that about every pretty  
girl you meet.

SHAWN  
Look at this. This one includes an  
address.

Shawn shows Gus a letter.

INSERT - THREAT LETTER

The letters are cut out of magazines. It says "QUIT OR  
DIE. 135 SUNSHINE BOULEVARD."

BACK TO SCENE

GUS  
So?

SHAWN  
This is Angelica's address.

GUS  
How do you know that?

SHAWN  
It's called research, Gus. I can  
do it, too.

GUS  
You never do any research. You  
always make me do it.

Shawn rolls his eyes.

SHAWN  
My point is, if the sender knows  
where she lives, then she's in real  
danger if the sender gets serious.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Shawn fiddles with a FISHING POLE. Gus sits rigid on the  
couch. FISHING GEAR rests on the floor.

GUS  
Why did I have to come with you  
again?

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

You promised, remember?

GUS

When?

SHAWN

At the end of the last case. Just before that drunk clown tried to--

GUS

Don't make me remember that. As I recall, it was your fault.

SHAWN

How was I supposed to know he was going to--

GUS

It took me five washes to get it out of my suit. My good suit! You still owe me for the dry cleaning.

SHAWN

At least Angelica didn't see it.

GUS

Don't you bring her...

HENRY comes out holding his fishing rod.

HENRY

What are you two yapping about?

SHAWN

Gus has a crush on our client.

HENRY

You shouldn't date clients. Bad idea.

The doorbell RINGS.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE, PORCH - DAY

HOPE PRICE, 11, shoves her Girl Scout order form toward Henry, head down. Her Scout uniform is wrinkled. Shawn recognizes her from a picture in Violet's office.

HOPE

Hi, I'm selling Girl Scout cookies. Would you like to buy some?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY  
Not interested.

Henry tries to close the door, but she stops it with her foot.

HOPE  
Please, sir? It's for a good cause.

HENRY  
Fine. I'll buy one box, but only if you pass my test. Give me three reasons why I should buy a box.

HOPE  
Well, they taste good, it's for a good cause, and...and...

Shawn opens takes a breath. He raises a finger in preparation to speak.

HENRY  
No helping, Shawn. Well?

HOPE  
Um...

HENRY  
No third argument? You fail.

HOPE  
But...

Angelica and Kimberly exit a Porsche. Kimberly sports a Scout uniform filled with every badge imaginable.

KIMBERLY  
Hi, I'm here to--

HENRY  
Sell cookies. I know.

Kimberly glances at Shawn and Gus, confused for a moment. Hope scowls at Kimberly. She snaps back into business mode.

KIMBERLY  
So...

HENRY  
Not interested.



KIMBERLY

Please.

Kimberly widens her eyes in an attempt to gain sympathy.

HENRY

Fine. Why should I buy your cookies? Give me three reasons.

KIMBERLY

The money goes toward a good cause, they are much higher quality than most other cookies, and 'cause selling them is good practice for later in life.

Henry fills out Kimberly's cookie order form. Hope pushes Kimberly back.

HOPE

You can't just steal my customers.

KIMBERLY

Customers?

(seizes Hope's order form)

Yours is completely empty. Shows what kind of salesperson you are.

HOPE

I've sold plenty of cookies! That's my second sheet.

KIMBERLY

Right.

HOPE

That's it! I challenge you to a sales contest.

KIMBERLY

(bored)

A contest? Please.

HOPE

My troop versus yours. If we win, you have to back off from our sales turf.

KIMBERLY

And if we win?

(CONTINUED)

HOPE

We'll go somewhere else to sell our cookies.

Kimberly smirks at Hope and seizes Hope's outstretched hand.

KIMBERLY

You've got yourself a deal.

Angelica saunters up to Shawn. She gets too close for Shawn's comfort.

GUS

He-llo Angelica.

Angelica ignores him. Gus deflates for a moment before he perks up again.

ANGELICA

(to Shawn)

Any progress?

SHAWN

Not yet, though judging from the number of letters, the sender ruined a lot of magazines.

ANGELICA

What kind?

SHAWN

Mostly fashion magazines.

ANGELICA

(frowns)

That's mostly what we order for the break room.

GUS

Don't worry, we'll solve the case.

ANGELICA

Yes, you will.

Shawn taps his chin, lost in thought.

SHAWN

Break room...

FLASHBACK - INT. A.N.P. SALES DEPT. - DAY

Two older female employees stalk out of the break room as Angelica talks to Blake.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE 1

Someone messed up our magazines again. God, I hate it when people do that.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE 2

Yeah, and I was looking forward to reading the newest issue of Vogue, too.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE, PORCH - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Shawn falls against the house with a loud thump.

SHAWN

(shouts)

I got it.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

ACT TWO

INT. A.N.P. SALES DEPT., BREAK ROOM - DAY

It's cramped, barely large enough to fit break room essentials. Shawn and Gus rifle through magazines.

SHAWN

Look at this.

Shawn holds up US News, open to a SPREAD of actresses at the Oscars. He points to an actress in a clingy silver gown.

SHAWN

Now that's a dress.

Gus grabs the magazine and almost tosses it to the side when he notices a picture of a gorgeous black actress.

GUS

Yea.

Gus violently shakes his head and throws it down.

GUS

We don't have time for this. Something's wrong.

SHAWN

Where are the cut up magazines?

BLAKE (O.S.)

What are you gentleman looking for?

Blake leans in between them. Shawn moves around him and picks up another magazine.

SHAWN

Old magazines.

BLAKE

I'm afraid you won't find any of those. They were discarded already.

He picks up the US News issue, reading pages at random. Blake rolls up the magazine, tapping it on his wrist.

GUS

By who?

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Violet from sales. She did it rather early this time, before even half of the new issues arrived...

SHAWN

Where would she throw them away?

BLAKE

In the dumpster, of course.

Blake checks his watch. Shawn and Gus dash out the door.

BLAKE

(calls after them)

You're not going to make it, you know.

He smiles.

EXT. A.N.P., INC., BEHIND THE BUILDING - DAY

Shawn and Gus arrive in time to see a brawny GARBAGE MAN haul garbage bags into his truck. Symbols from every creed dangle off of a thick silver chain around his neck.

SHAWN

Wait, wait!

GARBAGE MAN

What do you want?

The Garbage Man spits. The saliva lands on Gus's shoes. Gus winces, wiping his feet on the ground.

GUS

We are not seriously going to dig through all of that for magazines, are we?

Shawn shrugs. Flies buzz around the pile of decaying trash. Gus swats at the insects.

GARBAGE MAN

Well?

SHAWN

We need to find some magazines that are in your truck.

(CONTINUED)

GARBAGE MAN

No can do. I have a tight shift to run and there's no way I'm going to be late for you.

Garbage Man drives off. Shawn hurls himself in front of the truck. It screeches to a halt.

GARBAGE MAN

What the hell are you doing?

Shawn shakes. The Garbage Man gets out and stalks toward him.

SHAWN

(in a mock haunting voice)

If you do not let these people proceed, we will take action.

The Garbage Man backs off as Shawn approaches him. The Garbage Man fiddles with his necklace. Gus leans on the truck. He jerks away and scowls at the dirt on his suit.

SHAWN

(still in a "trance")

I am the spirit of your ancestors. Heed me or--

GARBAGE MAN

Fine, do what you want. I'm out of here.

The Garbage Man dashes off in terror.

EXT. A.N.P., INC., BEHIND THE BUILDING - DAY (LATER)

Waist deep in trash bags, Shawn finds the magazines. Letters are cut out from most of their pages. Gus picks one out with the tips of his fingers, shaking a banana peel off of it.

GUS

Finally. It's going to take hours to get rid of this stench.

SHAWN

Don't be such a fuddy duddy. This is what we needed.

GUS

You do realize you owe me dry cleaning for this suit, right?

(CONTINUED)

Shawn shoves the bag at Gus and climbs out of the truck.

GUS

Where are you going? You can't  
leave me like this!

SHAWN

Right. But first...We have a date  
with destiny.

GUS

What? Smelling like that? I feel  
sorry for destiny.

INT. A.N.P., INC. SALES DEPT. - DAY

Shawn strides in. Gus trails after him.

GUS

What are we doing here, Shawn?

SHAWN

Gathering intel.

GUS

About what?

SHAWN

Angelica, among other things.

GUS

What?

SHAWN

If the threats came from here, we  
need to find out who her enemies  
are.

INT. A.N.P., INC. SALES DEPT, BREAK ROOM - DAY

Shawn claps, making everyone stare at him. After a moment,  
they turn back to their coffee.

SHAWN

Hello, my name is Shawn Spencer. I  
would like to ask you a few--

MALE EMPLOYEE 1

Are you that weird psychic guy Ms.  
Brown hired?

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Yes, I am. Anyway, do you--

FEMALE EMPLOYEE 3

What kind of psychic tricks can you do?

Shawn twitches, irritated. Gus snickers.

SHAWN

Back to my questions. How do you guys feel about Angelica Brown?

MALE EMPLOYEE 1

(glances around)

She's alright, I guess.

The other EMPLOYEES, two men and another woman, murmur agreements, pale faced. They pick up magazines, trying to avoid the question. FEMALE EMPLOYEE 4 stares at the ground.

GUS

Do you know if she had any enemies?

MALE EMPLOYEE 1

(smiles, nervous)

Not that we know of. We all liked her.

INT. A.N.P., INC. SALES DEPT - DAY

SHAWN

Well, that was helpful.

GUS

Yeah.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE 4

Wait!

FEMALE EMPLOYEE 4 steps in their way.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE 4

I can tell you guys something.

SHAWN

What?

Female Employee 4 glances around. She guides them to a empty cubicle.

(CONTINUED)



FEMALE EMPLOYEE 4

We don't like working under that harpy. She takes credit for our work, criticizes us when we don't live up to her Olympian expectations...

GUS

She can't possibly be that bad, can she?

Female Employee 4 crows.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE 4

"Can't be that bad"? What planet have you been living on? Almost everyone wants to take a swing at her and her pet Blake.

SHAWN

Including Violet?

FEMALE EMPLOYEE 4

Especially Violet. That poor woman gets the worst of it...and all because her daughter is in a rival Girl Scout troop.

SHAWN

Harsh.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE 4

No kidding. I--

Female Employee 4's face turns white. Her eyes fixate on the entrance of the cubicle.

ANGELICA (O.S.)

Hello, boys.

INT. ANGELICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Angelica takes out a pen from her drawer and writes on a sticky note.

ANGELICA

What are you doing here?

SHAWN

We wanted to find out if you have any enemies.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELICA

All people in power have enemies.

Violet balances a tray of full Styrofoam cups. She trips on the edge of the carpet. The coffee spills. It leaves a large stain on the expensive flooring.

ANGELICA

Idiot! Look at what you did.

VIOLET

Sorry, ma'am.

ANGELICA

Clean it up.

Violet presses napkins into the soaked areas.

ANGELICA

Sorry about that. Good workers are so hard to come by nowadays.

Shawn glances at Violet. She fiddles with small round objects in her right pocket.

GUS

Can you think of anything to help us?

Shawn sees Violet bury something in the TRASH CAN, but Angelica stands up and blocks Shawn's view.

VIOLET

I'll get some paper towels.

Violet dashes out.

ANGELICA

How about we continue this discussion elsewhere?

SHAWN

Fine.

Shawn and Gus stand. BANG. The TRASH CAN explodes. Shawn and Gus land on top of each other.

END ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

ACT THREE

INT. A.N.P., INC. SALES DEPT - DAY

OFFICERS swarm the area. Employees group together, murmuring. Shawn holds a compress against his head. Gus mimics him, a fierce scowl on his face.

SHAWN

For the last time, I didn't mean to land like that.

GUS

I don't want to talk about it. You almost crushed me. You eat too many donuts.

SHAWN

Hey, for the record, I've switched to low fat snacks.

GUS

Like what?

SHAWN

Peanut butter cups.

Gus slumps into a swivel chair. He swings in circles. Nearby, Juliet interviews a SHOUTING Angelica.

JULIET

Now, if you could--

ANGELICA

Look here, my office was just blown up. What are you going to do to fix that?

JULIET

We need to have your statement, ma'am, before we can proceed.

ANGELICA

That's not good enough.

Another OFFICER questions a pale Violet. TINY BLACK SMUDGES stain her fingers. Blake exits an office. He gives Angelica a dirty look, smiling when she looks at him. Violet's eyes follow him. Her forehead furrows.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN  
I'm going in.

GUS  
Where?

INT. ANGELICA'S OFFICE - DAY

The remains of coffee cups and a scorched plastic trash can are scattered on the floor.

GUS  
I can't believe you snuck into a crime scene.

SHAWN  
Not 'snuck', glide. Think ninja.

Shawn pieces things together.

FLASHBACK - INT. ANGELICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Violet dumps something into the trash can along with the styrofoam cups. She looks pale and nervous.

INT. ANGELICA'S OFFICE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Shawn crouches, poking at a piece of styrofoam with a finger.

GUS  
So now you're a psychic ninja. Great.

LASSITER (O.S.)  
I don't care if you are a psychic ninja or a psychic lunatic, get out of my crime scene.

Lassiter pushes them out of the room.

INT. A.N.P., INC. SALES DEPT - DAY

Shawn and Gus avoid busy officers to join up with Angelica and Juliet.

SHAWN  
Hello, ladies. Quite an exciting day it's been, hasn't it.

(CONTINUED)

JULIET

Could you tell this woman to--

Angelica shoulders her way past Juliet, smiling at Shawn.

ANGELICA

I'm glad you're alright.

GUS

I'm just fine, thank you.

ANGELICA

(ignoring Gus)

Would you come help with the competition tomorrow?

GUS

Yes, we will!

INT. LA CUMBRE PLAZA MALL - MORNING

The mall's population is sparse. The Psych team, wearing GREEN SASHES, set up a folding table and chairs with Kimberly's troop. Hope's troop does the same.

ANGELICA

(loud)

What are they doing, setting up a lemonade stand?

Violet twitches. She crumples the edges of the troop's banner in her fists.

HOPE

Back off of my troop.

KIMBERLY

Don't talk to my Mom like that!

The troops face-off. Shawn intervenes. It doesn't work.

SHAWN

Hey, calm down ladies.

GUS

Yeah. Let's keep it--

Gus breaks off when the girls glare at him.

JULIET

Leave it. They aren't going to quit for you.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

We're going to crush you, losers.

HOPE

Not if we squish you first.

KIMBERLY

Bring it!

ANGELICA

(to Violet)

With your sales skills, I bet your kid is just as pathetic.

VIOLET

Don't you dare bring her into this.

Juliet slams the tape dispenser down onto the table.

JULIET

Lay off it, would you?

ANGELICA

Mind your own business.

JULIET

No, I won't.

Juliet stalks toward Angelica. The Girl Scouts part before her to avoid getting trampled.

JULIET

Don't be such a...such a jerk. I'll be helping the other troop.

ANGELICA

You can't just...You're supposed to be protecting me.

JULIET

That may be true, but I won't put up with your behavior.

SHAWN

Nice one, Jules.

JULIET

Thanks.

GUS

Why are you supporting her? Angelica's our employer.

SHAWN

So?

INT. LA CUMBRE P.M. - AFTERNOON

The sales race is on. Each side pulls out all the stops. Hope's troop waves a huge SIGN advertising their cookies. Angelica sweet talks an older man.

ANGELICA

If you want, I'll throw in an extra box of Thin Mints for free if you buy ten boxes.

Kimberly watches her mother, her eyes narrowed in concentration. She spots a COLLEGE GIRL eying their stand.

KIMBERLY

If you buy three, I'll...

COLLEGE GIRL

Sorry, I'm just looking.

She skips off. Kimberly pouts. Shawn tries to gain Juliet's attention, but she doesn't notice. A FEMALE CUSTOMER, 30s, approaches Shawn. She stoops to check out the selection.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

How much are these?

SHAWN

I'm glad you asked, my dear lady. These are six dollars each.

She grimaces. No sale.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

So expensive...I'll pass.

SHAWN

I'll throw in a free psychic reading.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

You're a psychic?

Shawn takes her hand. He notices the lack of a wedding ring and her careful makeup and clothing job.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

I feel...You shall meet your future husband at the mall.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Ri-ight.

She buys cookies and leaves. She glances at Shawn. A TEENAGE GIRL trots by.

JULIET

Come buy cookies from us!

ANGELICA

No, buy from us.

The women glare at each other. The Teenage Girl squirms.

TEENAGE GIRL

I think I'll just go now.

She sneaks away unnoticed.

VIOLET

(to shoppers)

Girl Scout cookies for sale. Come buy...

No one listens. As she watches the competition, she tenses.

INT. LA CUMBRE P.M. - EVENING

The competition over for the day, the troops pack up.

ANGELICA

So, how were your sales?

VIOLET

Fine.

Violet folds up the tablecloth, shoving it into a canvas bag. Shawn, Gus, and Juliet fold the tables and chairs.

ANGELICA

Don't be that way. We both know my troop won.

SHAWN

(to Gus)

Is it just me or are they taking this cookie thing way too serious?

(CONTINUED)



GUS

These things are serious. Girl Scout cookie sales generates a lot of money.

SHAWN

Still, Angelica is really digging into her.

GUS

Only to make Violet stronger.

ANGELICA

Do what? State the truth? Please.

SHAWN

I somehow doubt that.

VIOLET

You always do this. Every time I see a glimmer of success, you steal it away.

ANGELICA

I didn't need to try that hard. You always were a failure.

VIOLET

You...

Violet almost screams in frustration. She marches out.

SHAWN

That was harsh, don't you think?

ANGELICA

The truth hurts.

SHAWN

(to Gus)

Still think she's hot?

GUS

(uncertain)

She's a little harsh, but...

Violet returns to gather her troop. She puts a narrow object in her purse. They leave without a backward glance.

ANGELICA

Well isn't she a sore loser.

(CONTINUED)

JULIET  
Cool it, will you?

SHAWN  
(tries to break the tense  
atmosphere)  
I sold thirty boxes.

Shawn presents his order form with pride.

KIMBERLY  
Nice. I sold forty. How 'bout  
you, Gus?

Gus coughs. He hides his behind his back.

GUS  
In the end, this wasn't about--

KIMBERLY  
Stop stalling and fess up.

SHAWN  
Didn't sell any?

GUS  
I sold plenty.

Shawn steals the form. It only has six names on it.

SHAWN  
(laughing)  
Only six? Guster, my man, that's  
sad. What happened to your  
almighty sales skills?

GUS  
Shut up, Shawn. Selling medicine  
and selling cookies are entirely  
different things.

KIMBERLY  
Still.

ANGELICA  
Want to come over tonight, Shawn?

SHAWN  
I, uh...

GUS  
I have something for you.

Gus pulls out a cheap, but attractively designed silver bracelet and hands it to Angelica. Meanwhile, parents filter in to pick up their daughters.

ANGELICA

Thanks...  
 (to Shawn)  
 Come over sometime, okay?

Angelica throws the bracelet away as she leaves.

INT. ANGELICA'S CAR - EVENING

KIMBERLY

Hey, Mom?

ANGELICA

What is it?

KIMBERLY

Why do you hate Hope's mom so much?

ANGELICA

That's none of your concern. End of story.

KIMBERLY

But...

ANGELICA

Keep at it and I'll send you to live with your father.

KIMBERLY

Mom...

ANGELICA

We'll discuss your sales results when we get home.

KIMBERLY

I thought we did well.

ANGELICA

Not well enou--

POP. Their tires go flat. Angelica swerves. She just misses the car beside her. She tries to break but the pedal hits the floor. BANG. Their car PLUMMETS into a ditch. The windows SHATTER with a CRASH.

END ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR

EXT. SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT - NIGHT

Lassiter and Juliet investigate while Shawn and Gus talk to a heavily bandaged Angelica.

GUS  
Are you alright?

ANGELICA  
Do I look alright to you?

She gestures violently at her bruised face.

ANGELICA  
I...we could have died.

SHAWN  
What happened?

ANGELICA  
One moment, we're driving along and the next we're upside down in a ditch. Those people...  
(jerks her head at Lassiter and Juliet)  
...said someone tampered with our tire valves and breaks.

Angelica tightens her grip on Kimberly's hand. The girl winces.

ANGELICA  
I bet it was that woman Violet who did this. She's always been jealous of me.

KIMBERLY  
But Mom, she wouldn't...

ANGELICA  
(shouts)  
Don't interrupt me. I know it was her.

GUS  
We'll look into it.

Blake dashes up to them. A disappointed look flicks across his face, soon replaced by concern.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE  
Are you alright, Ms. Brown?

ANGELICA  
Barely.

PARAMEDIC 1  
Excuse me, sir. We have to take  
them, now.

BLAKE  
Of course.

Blake steps out of the way. The Paramedics drive them off  
with the Browns, their siren HOWLING.

SHAWN  
You got here fast.

BLAKE  
I was just a few minutes away when  
I heard about the accident. Pity  
this kind of thing keeps happening  
to her.

GUS  
You seem disappointed. Any reason  
why?

Blake drives off without answering. Juliet approaches  
Shawn, ignoring Lassiter's annoyed sigh.

SHAWN  
Find anything?

JULIET  
Fingerprints. All over the rims of  
the tires. More inside the  
trunk. We're running them now.

INT. A.N.P., INC. SALES DEPT - DAY

Violet types away in her cubicle when Lassiter and Juliet  
arrive. Angelica, Shawn, and Gus watch.

LASSITER  
Violet Price?

VIOLET  
Yes?

Lassiter pulls out a pair of handcuffs.

(CONTINUED)

LASSITER

You're under arrest for the first degree attempted murder and blackmail of Angelica Brown. You have the right to remain silent and--

Lassiter leads Violet away. Angelica watches. She smiles, pleased. She touches the bandages on her face and turns to Shawn.

ANGELICA

Want to go to dinner? I feel like celebrating.

SHAWN

Uh, no thanks. I have work to do.

GUS

What? The case is solved.

SHAWN

Something still isn't right.

As he leaves, Shawn notices a strange look on Blake's face as he enters Violet's cubicle.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Lassiter circles Violet. She chews on her lips, but sits still in her chair.

LASSITER

We know you slashed her tire valves and tampered with her breaks.

VIOLET

I didn't do that. Why would I want to hurt Kimberly?

Lassiter SLAMS his hands on the table.

LASSITER

Don't lie to me! Your fingerprints were all over the switchblade used. We found it in your purse.

Violet struggles to answer.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM VIEWING AREA - DAY

Juliet, Shawn, Gus, and INTERIM POLICE CHIEF VICK observe the interrogation.

SHAWN

There's something I need to ask her.

VICK

No's no. I can't let you interrupt an official interrogation. Besides, this isn't even your case.

SHAWN

But the spirits tell me...

VICK

I don't care what they say. Go home, Spencer.

Gus pulls out a pair of tickets.

SHAWN

What're those?

GUS

(proud)

Movie tickets.

SHAWN

Gus, she rejected you so many times, it isn't even funny.

GUS

So? They say persistence is always rewarded.

SHAWN

They who? You?

GUS

My folks.

BANG. Angelica forces her way in.

ANGELICA

Where is she?

Awkward silence.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The door slams open. A ragged Angelica storms in.

LASSITER

Get out. You're not supposed to be here.

Lassiter attempts to seize Angelica. She slaps him.

ANGELICA

Why did you do it?

VIOLET

Do what?

Angelica throws PICTURES on the table.

CLOSEUP - PICTURES OF ANGELICA'S RANSACKED HOUSE AND KIMBERLY

ANGELICA

I received these in the mail today. Why did you send them? What are you up to?

Two officers escort Angelica out. Violet stares at the pictures, face pale with shock. She clutches a gold necklace. Tears gather in her eyes.

VIOLET

You're that--

LASSITER

What are you doing here, Spencer?

Shawn presses his fingers to his temples. Shawn spasms.

SHAWN

I see...I see...

GUS

A heart.

Shawn glares at Gus. Gus grins in response.

SHAWN

A man, charming and dark. He holds something, a heart necklace.

VIOLET

Can that be...

(CONTINUED)



SHAWN

He says he loves you but...he tells you to do something, something bad. He tells you to write letters, threaten.

LASSITER

Cut the farce out, Spencer. It's getting old.

SHAWN

Don't disturb the spirits, Lassy. They don't like that.

LASSITER

Spencer.

VIOLET

Blake never told me to do that!

Shawn and Lassiter focus on her.

LASSITER

What did you say?

VIOLET

He never told me to do any of that. He loves me. He just...

SHAWN

Ah, but he did.

Shawn picks up a PICTURE and presses it against his ear.

SHAWN

What's that? He told her what?

(pause)

The spirit of the picture says Blake manipulated you, groomed you for revenge.

FLASHBACK - INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Blake and Violet sit at a table. Blake puts his hand over hers. He rubs her hand with his thumb. They kiss while Violet cries.

SHAWN (V.O.)

He told you he loved you, that only he understood.

INT. A.N.P. INC. SALES DEPT.

Violet watches Angelica chat with a well dressed customer, face filled with hate.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
He fed you ideas about taking control, getting rid of your lifelong tormentor.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Violet and Blake converse. Blake gestures many times, waving his hands around like an orator. Violet appears desperate. She shakes with rage.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
So you two started formulating this plan to get rid of Angelica.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Violet bursts into tears. Gus hands her a handkerchief, which she blows into.

VIOLET  
It's true. It's all true. We created the plan. We just wanted to scare her away.

Violet puts her head in her hands.

VIOLET  
I made the letters, hoping Angelica would quit. But this...  
(gestures at photos)  
This I knew nothing about.

SHAWN  
Would Blake go through with the threats if Angelica didn't comply?

Beat.

VIOLET  
(whispers)  
Yes.

SHAWN  
Where is Angelica?

(CONTINUED)

LASSITER

She's already been escorted off of  
the premises.

SHAWN

We need to get to Angelica's  
house. Now.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE STATION - DAY

Angelica's cell phone rings. The caller is UNKNOWN.

ANGELICA

What is it?

MALE UNKNOWN (V.O.)

If you want to ever see your  
daughter again, come to your  
house. Alone.

ANGELICA

What the hell are you--

Unknown HANGS UP. DIAL TONE.

INT. ANGELICA'S HOUSE, ENTRYWAY - DAY

Dead silence. The place looks ransacked.

ANGELICA

Kimberly? Where are you?

She hears someone's muffled cry.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angelica spots Kimberly tied to a chair.

ANGELICA

Kimberly.

She runs toward the girl and removes Kimberly's gag.

KIMBERLY

Mom, watch out!

A gun presses against Angelica's neck.

(CONTINUED)

MALE UNKNOWN (O.S.)

Hello, Ms. Brown.

ANGELICA

Blake? What are you doing?

BLAKE

Doing what I should have done years ago.

ANGELICA

What do you want?

BLAKE

(laughs)

Your life, your position. Everything.

ANGELICA

I can make it happen. I'll step down. You can have my job. I can even do it today. Just let us go.

BLAKE

No deal. All these years, I had to play the sympathetic underling, the submissive little adviser. But not anymore. Kneel.

Angelica kneels, hands on her head. She squeezes her eyes shut. The safety CLICKS off.

ANGELICA

Stop. We can work this out, please.

BLAKE

Begging now, are we? Pathetic. Goodbye.

The Psych team bursts in as he starts to pull the trigger.

SHAWN

Stop or else!

BLAKE

That idiotic psychic? Why are you here?

SHAWN

The spirits told me everything. You've been a bad, bad boy.

FLASHBACK - INT. A.N.P. INC. SALES DEPT. - DAY

Blake speaks with Angelica. He acts like the perfect lackey.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
You envied Angelica's  
position. Previously, you could  
always control your bosses. But  
not Angelica. She bowed to no one.

INT. A.N.P. INC. SALES DEPT., VIOLET'S CUBICLE

Blake bends over a sitting Violet. She blushes.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
So you sought out the one person  
who hated her as much as you:  
Violet Price. You came up with the  
plan and used her as a scapegoat.

EXT. SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT

Blake watches Angelica and Kimberly as they rest in the ambulance.

SHAWN (V.O.)  
But you didn't expect them to  
survive the car accident. You had  
to come up with another plan. The  
kidnapping.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Blake turns the gun on Shawn. Shawn and Gus put their arms in the air.

BLAKE  
Oh, do shut up.

GUS  
You don't want to do this.

Blake aims at Gus. Gus's hands shoot even higher.

GUS  
D-don't shoot! I'm too young to  
die.

Blake fires at their feet. Gus screams like a girl.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Do I need to repeat myself?

Blake pulls the trigger. He misses. Juliet and Lassiter burst in, guns drawn.

LASSITER

Drop the gun. Now!

Blake tosses the weapon onto the floor. Juliet kicks it away while Lassiter cuffs Blake.

JULIET

(to Shawn and Gus)

Are you alright?

SHAWN

I'd be even better after getting a bite to eat with you.

Juliet smiles.

END ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

TAG

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - DAY

Gus and Shawn sip Big Gulp sodas.

GUS

I'm never going after the pretty rich ones ever again.

Shawn belches.

SHAWN

She reject you again?

GUS

After I bought \$300 worth of vitamins from her.

SHAWN

Ouch.

GUS

I tell you, Shawn, the prettier the girl, the sharper the claws.

SHAWN

Not all the time.

Shawn leans back.

GUS

What? You mean?

Kimberly hauls a cart load of cookies through the door.

KIMBERLY

Talking about girls again? Dudes, you need lives.

GUS

Woah, are those all for us?

SHAWN

Our payment!

Kimberly spreads her arm toward the boxes.

KIMBERLY

Yup. Three dozen cookies as promised. One dozen Low Fat Lemon, one dozen Thin Mints, one dozen Samoas, plus your fee.

(CONTINUED)

She hands Shawn a thick envelope.

SHAWN  
How'd the competition go?

KIMBERLY  
We lost. The order forms got ruined in the car accident.

GUS  
That's unfortunate.

Kimberly shrugs.

KIMBERLY  
Whatever. Gotta go. I'm supposed to be packing for a camp. Something about Girl Scout unity. Anyway, see you weirdos.

Kimberly leaves, ignoring the Psych team's protests.

INT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE STATION - DAY

Shawn and Gus carry some cookie boxes. Gus grabs Shawn's wrist with his free hand.

GUS  
(whispers)  
You're not really going to give him those, are you?

SHAWN  
Come on, they're harmless. Don't be such a stiff.

JULIET (O.S.)  
Shawn, Gus. What're you doing here?

They straighten. Gus clutches the boxes closer to his chest. He hides a look of guilt behind a shaky smile.

SHAWN  
Just bringing some sugary love.

Shawn gives her a couple boxes of Thin Mints.

JULIET  
You did a nice job out there.

(CONTINUED)



SHAWN

Thanks.

LASSITER

Why is it that you're always here? And what's with all these cookies? The station isn't a dumping ground for your crap.

JULIET

You don't like cookies?

LASSITER

Cookies are for children who can't wait to have cavities.

SHAWN

Too bad. They're sooo good.

GUS

No, Shawn. Don't.

LASSITER

Fine. I'll have one, if it'll shut you up.

Lassiter grabs the Samoas and eats one.

LASSITER

There. Happy? Now get out.

Lassiter freezes. An uncomfortable look develops on his face. His face turns red as he clenches his fist.

LASSITER

What did you do to these cookies?

SHAWN

I just remembered something I need to do. Bye Jules, Lassy.

GUS

Uh...

They escape before Lassiter can retaliate.

ENG TAG