

psych

Episode #2002

"American Duos"

by

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Directed

by

John Landis

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TEASER

INT. BACKSTAGE AT THE AFTERSCHOOL TALENT SHOW - 1987

Behind curtain, YOUNG SHAWN runs vocal scales. His hair is sprayed with perfect 80's flair. He looks in the mirror and holds up the LP cover of Tears For Fears' *Songs From the Big Chair* --lovingly comparing his look to singer Roland Orzabal.

YOUNG GUS rushes in, wearing a matching Michael Jackson fake leather pants and jacket and one glued-on sparkle glove. Shawn is horrified.

YOUNG SHAWN

What are you doing? The Michael Jackson outfit?!?! That's like, two years old!

YOUNG GUS

(now also panicked)
I got scared.

Shawn grabs another PICTURE and shoves it in Gus' face. It's Billy Ocean in an all-white suit.

YOUNG SHAWN

You were supposed to be Billy Ocean! Where's your white suit?

YOUNG GUS

I looked like the 7-Up guy!

YOUNG SHAWN

He's bald and like, over a hundred! Why would Michael Jackson sing with Roland Orzabal?

YOUNG GUS

Why would Billy Ocean sing with Roland Orzo-- orzo--

YOUNG SHAWN

Orzabal! Now we have to add a moonwalk into *Shout* and hope the judges don't slam us for it...

YOUNG GUS

I don't know how to moonwalk.

YOUNG SHAWN

Learn. Quick.

He heads through the curtain...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY - 2007

--a PAIR of SINGERS stand breathlessly, waiting. Seated at a table across from them is NIGEL ST. NIGEL, smug and articulate, looks at them squarely and speaks without pause.

ST. NIGEL
...you're stiff. Inarticulate.
Slightly jaundiced. Asymmetrical.
You smell. The one on the right,
there's something in your teeth.
All in all, I'd say there's
absolutely nothing worthwhile about
either one of you...

The singers stand, shell-shocked. Finally, one of them is able to muster a response.

SINGER #1
But we haven't even sang yet.

Nigel considers this.

ST. NIGEL
Apples and Oranges.

He looks to the other judges, henpecked ROCKWELL and slightly loopy and self-medicated former pop star EMILINA SAFFRON.

ST. NIGEL (CONT'D)
I've seen enough. Anybody else?

EMILINA
I like them.

ST. NIGEL
Of course you like them, you've
been asleep for the last 45
minutes. Rockwell?

Rockwell starts to speak. But before he can utter a sound--

ST. NIGEL (CONT'D)
Good. Moving on.

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As GUS and SHAWN watch this exchange on television, Gus with baited breath, Shawn is disgusted...

SHAWN
You see? This is why--

GUS
Shusssiizziitt!

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN
You're shushing me? For reality
television? Are you serious--

GUS
Shuuuuuussssss!

SHAWN
Dude --

GUS
Shzzt!!

Shawn recoils, slightly disturbed. The show goes to commercial. As the American Duos logo pops up, Gus finally takes his eyes off the screen.

GUS (CONT'D)
Rule one, Shawn, no talking during
Duos.

SHAWN
Gus, use the pause button once,
please, for the love of Lori
Loughlin. Why did we get TiVo if
we don't fast forward and I'm never
allowed to stop for commentary?

GUS
The show is intended to be watched
straight through, there's a rhythm--

SHAWN
Like when they do the personal
segments about how they were born
in a giant corn silo and named all
their pigs after characters from
Big Valley -- you're right, it's
like really, really good jazz.

Suddenly, the phone rings. Shawn jumps up.

GUS
Whoa, no calls either.

SHAWN
Gus this show is nothing more than
a knock off of the other knock off
of the other knock off show.
They've got the standard cranky
Brit, the crazy former pop star.
How many of these processed shows
are you going to get suckered into?

(CONTINUED)

GUS

The contestants in this one are DUOS, which makes it way more compelling because they have to mesh, become one soul, like V-ger and Stephen Collins in Star Trek I, and... they're shooting in Santa Barbara this year so it more than compensates.

(it rings again)

Don't you dare answer that.

SHAWN

(looking at caller i.d.)

It's Juliet.

(Gus won't budge)

She might be bleeding and in a ditch.

GUS

She's not in a ditch.

SHAWN

Then maybe she's lonely and in the shower. Either way it's a win, except for the ditch one...

GUS

(still mulling the imagery)

She has a shower phone?

SHAWN

I certainly hope so.

He answers. Listens for one second.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

We'll be there.

INT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Shawn and Gus enter, JULIET meets them outside the Chief's office. The guys are still bickering.

SHAWN

Gus, seriously, I'm cancelling the TiVo. No more frame by frame, no more "Ghost Cat."

GUS

I recorded that by accident!

SHAWN

Then why didn't you erase it for three months?

(CONTINUED)

GUS
Fine. But I'm putting the official
Gus "spoiler alert" up. Until we
watch the recording when we get
back, nobody utters a word about
American Duos.

JULIET
That's going to be difficult.

GUS
Why?

She leads them into CHIEF VICK'S OFFICE where they find NIGEL
ST. NIGEL in the flesh. Gus reels back on his heels.

GUS (CONT'D)
Oh, man. Wow. Nigel St. Nigel.

Nigel sits next to INTERIM CHIEF VICK. Gus is tongue-tied
for a moment, then completely changes his tone--

GUS (CONT'D)
You were TOTALLY unfair to
Catherine Clement in season two.

ST. NIGEL
I don't remember who you are
referring to, but she was hideous.

Nigel, disappointed, looks to INTERIM CHIEF VICK.

ST. NIGEL (CONT'D)
This is them?

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
Yes, Shawn Spencer and Burton
Guster. Our resident psychic team.

ST. NIGEL
The answer is no.

He stands.

SHAWN
No? No what? Was the question,
"Have I seen better hair?" If so,
I thank you, sir.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
Mr. St. Nigel, this is exactly what
you asked for. Hear them out.

ST. NIGEL
There's no reason.

(CONTINUED)

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
Hear. Them. Out.

She gives him a firm look. Surprised, he obeys.

JULIET
Nigel needs protection.

SHAWN
You realize you're in a police
station?

ST. NIGEL
I don't trust the police. They're
useless.
(looks to the Chief)
No offense.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
Oh, none taken.

JULIET
Mr. St. Nigel has been the victim
of a series of threats and attempts
on his life by a crazed stalker.
He believes even the police could
somehow be in on the conspiracy.
Even though we have assured him--

ST. NIGEL
I can speak for myself.
(looks at Juliet)
And stop slouching.

Juliet stands up straight.

ST. NIGEL (CONT'D)
Every time I bring in some sort of
"professional" protection, my
attacker gets closer. My car has
been tampered with, my trailer has
been broken into, accidents follow
me everywhere. I need someone who
can anticipate my attacker's next
move, who can move about
undetected.

Shawn looks at Gus, excited. Best case ever? Perhaps.

SHAWN
You're talking about a psychic.
Who senses the danger before it
strikes, who can tell you to duck
before the bullet leaves the
chamber, who--

(CONTINUED)

ST. NIGEL
Spare me the theatrics. Can you do
it or not?

GUS
You're criticizing his speech, too?

The chief puts a silencing hand up and walks to Shawn.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
We're asking you to go undercover,
no one outside of this room will
know that you're on the job.

Shawn and Gus exchange a secret low fist bump.

SHAWN
Consider yourself safe, Nigel.
(to Juliet)
We'll need full access to the
theatre tomorrow. Airshafts, green
rooms, spokesmodels...

GUS
I'd like to speak to all the stars,
ASAP. Get a handwriting sample...
in my autograph book.

Juliet stops them.

JULIET
Slow down, guys. We need to think
this through, come up with a plan.
You'll need to blend. Obviously, a
lot of the local police already
know you, so you can't use a false
identity--

SHAWN
I already have a plan.

JULIET
You have a plan?

GUS
Already?

Everyone waits.

ST. NIGEL
Well, what is it?

SHAWN
(cryptically)
I thought you wanted us to be
stealth.

St. Nigel smiles, for the first time.

ST. NIGEL
(to the Chief)
All right.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Shawn and Gus walk out. LASSITER sees them coming out of the Chief's office.

LASSITER
What are you two doing here?

SHAWN
We can't tell you.

GUS
Police business.

SHAWN
All part of a secret plan. I'm
sure you understand.

They keep walking, Lassiter unsure if they're kidding.

GUS
You better have a plan.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

The three judges are behind the panel. Another contestant (we don't see) leaves.

ST. NIGEL
(bored)
Phenomenal, more farm folk. Bring
in the next two contestants.

The door opens, in walk... Shawn and Gus.

GUS
Hello.

Nigel can't believe what he's seeing. Juliet DROPS her police radio. Emilina inexplicably has a high heel shoe on the table in front of her. She looks at one of her "stock question" note cards.

EMILINA
What do you two hope to get out of
this competition?

SHAWN
We just hope to be here long enough
to do something great.

(CONTINUED)

He winks to Nigel.

EMILINA

Well, round one is the most
diffi...

She trails off. Lost in some thought we'll never know.

ST. NIGEL

Why don't you go ahead?

SHAWN

Sure thing. I have a feeling we're
gonna blow you away.

Off Nigel's worried look and Juliet's horrified gaze, we roll
credits...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Shawn and Gus are singing a capella. It's slightly reminiscent of an A-ha hit from 1986, only because it is, without the cartoon video accompaniment.

SHAWN

*Taaaaa--kke oooooonnnnnnn
mmmmmmmmmmmm.*

GUS

Take. On. Me.

SHAWN

*Tttaaaakkkkkkkkkkk mmmmmmmmm
oooohhhhhhh---*

GUS

Take. On. Me.

SHAWN

*I'll be graaaaawwwwwnnnnn. In a
dreaaaaaaaaaaaaaammmmmmmmmmmmm---*

The judges are dumbfounded. This was not good. Not even close. Shawn and Gus wait for a reaction.

ST. NIGEL

Well. That was something.

SHAWN

Something awesome.

St. Nigel is speechless, momentarily. Emilina dramatically puts back on her shoe.

EMILINA

Honestly, guys. Bad news. This is going to hurt. Although I love your style because you both opted to wear purple.

Shawn and Gus look at each other, neither is wearing purple. Nigel starts to get nervous, realizing his "protectors" are about to get bounced from the auditorium.

EMILINA (CONT'D)

We just have to be straight up in saying that--

ST. NIGEL

--we could not even understand how brilliant that was.

(CONTINUED)

EMILINA
Pardon me?

ST. NIGEL
It was real, it was rough. Post-
post-post modern. Yet challenging.
Sandpaper-esque.

EMILINA
Sandpaperesque?

ST. NIGEL
Completely.

EMILINA
They didn't even get most of the
words right. I'm voting no.

ST. NIGEL
Well, I vote yes.

EMILINA
That leaves it up to Rockwell.

ST. NIGEL
He votes yes.

EMILINA
He hasn't spoken.

ST. NIGEL
He doesn't need to.

EMILINA
Rockwell?

ST. NIGEL
--Votes yes. Next?

Shawn and Gus are ushered out. Emilina glares at Nigel.

INT. CONTESTANTS HOLDING AREA - DAY

Shawn and Gus walk out. Juliet stops them.

JULIET
Have you gone completely insane?

SHAWN
No.

JULIET
What was THAT?

GUS
Us advancing to the next round.

(CONTINUED)

JULIET
You got half the words wrong.

SHAWN
Juliet, those A-ha guys were from Norway, even THEY didn't know what they were singing.

JULIET
What are you considering singing for round two?

SHAWN
I was thinking, something timeless, "Yankee Rose" David Lee Roth.
(she's horrified)
Too obvious? I thought it'd be different because Gus could sing the guitar part.

JULIET
Guys, if you are going to stay in this competition, you're going to need to step it up. Way up.
(looks around)
Now, I've got to go, I can't be seen talking to you. And not just because you're undercover.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - DAY

Shawn looks around. Gus is in full business mode, with a handful of scribbled notes.

GUS
Nigel's essentially a monster. He's an equal-opportunity bastard. The list of suspects can be narrowed down to "everybody." Even I kinda want to kill him.

SHAWN
So where does that leave us?

GUS
Well, there have been nine "incidents" that can be counted as attempts on his life. In nine different cities. Each with varying success. We have to assume it's someone who's here every week.

SHAWN
Good.

(CONTINUED)

GUS
No, not good. That only narrows it
down to crew, security, and fans-
most of which are pretty diehard.
We'll have to talk to everybody,
which is gonna be hard because I
think I'm developing a polyp.

Gus sees a SINGER running vocal scales behind a curtain
ahead. Hitting all the notes in this basic warm-up exercise.
Gus quickly stops discussing the case. The singer stops.

SHAWN
Hey, my name's Shawn Spence--
Starr, this is my partner Guster T.
T. Showbizz.

GUS
The extra T. is for extra talent.

SHAWN
We just advanced to round two.

BEVIN RENNIE LLYWELLEN
Congratulations.
(extends a hand)
Bevin. Bevin Rennie Llywellen.

GUS
Well, you already got us beat with
that name.

SHAWN
Where's your partner?

BEVIN RENNIE LLYWELLEN
Don't have one. I sing BOTH parts.

GUS
The show's called American Duos.

BEVIN RENNIE LLYWELLEN
It's my hook. Everyone needs a
thing. Learned that last year.
Good luck, dudes.

He walks away.

SHAWN
He did it.

GUS
Him? You talk to one guy and
you're done?

SHAWN
His name's Bevin Rennie Llywellen.

(CONTINUED)

Another duo bursts out from offstage. THE CADE BROTHERS (Rance and Chance) from North Dakota (think Buscemi and Stormare in cowboy hats).

CHANCE CADE
Whooo-hooo! We made it!

They see Shawn and Gus and approach.

CHANCE CADE (CONT'D)
Hey fellow winners! I'm Chance Cade -- this here's my brother Rance. We just made the next round, too!

SHAWN
Rance? Nice.

CHANCE CADE
Yeah. Nigel called him a "curious cocktail of obesity and stupid" but then they sent us through, anyway!

Rance doesn't speak. He's just big and stone cold pissed.

SHAWN
That's hitting below the belt.

CHANCE
Yeah. Australian people are mean.

Chance and Rance Cade exit. Beat.

SHAWN
I was wrong. It was them.

GUS
Shawn --

SHAWN
You see the thighs on that big one?

GUS
Contestants don't get access to the trailers, the hotels, the media room, which is where half the attacks occurred.

SHAWN
So what are you saying? You wanna keep investigating?

GUS
Uh. Yeah. Kind of do.

INT. CATWALK - DAY

High above the action, Shawn and Gus look down into the audition room below.

GUS

A sniper could get off a shot here.

Below, two DANCERS are tearing it up, they're pretty good.

SHAWN

Uh-oh, those two could beat us.

GUS

The janitor and his cat could beat us.

SHAWN

Gus, don't be ridiculous... cats aren't allowed in the competition. It wouldn't be fair. They'd win on cuddliness alone.

Juliet, watching from her post. SHAWN VISION: as the two dancers tear it up, Juliet's feet subtly move along with their routine, mimicking in perfect step. Shawn smiles.

The show's host LESTER BEACON, followed by a LARGE SECURITY GUARD grabs them by the collar.

BEACON

Are you supposed to be up here?

SHAWN

Define "supposed to be."

INT. NIGEL'S TRAILER - DAY

Shawn and Gus quickly SNEAK inside. Nigel has both of his hands in cooling jello molds.

SHAWN

There he is. Here's what we've got.

ST. NIGEL

What I've got, is tinnitus. Thanks for the gift. How do you expect me to carry you two injured howler monkeys through tomorrow?

SHAWN

Whoa.

GUS

I might have been a little pitchy. I had a dairy-heavy Jamba Juice...

(CONTINUED)

ST. NIGEL
Stop with the excuses. Step it up.
I cannot carry you another round.
(starts to shake)
I think I preferred the stalker.

EXT. NIGEL'S TRAILER - DAY

They follow Nigel outside as he lights up a cigarette. Shawn looks around, nervous. Something is out of place, different...

SHAWN
Don't--

ST. NIGEL
Don't what?

SHAWN
(stalling)
Um, smoke? Those can kill you.

ST. NIGEL
Well add them to the list.

Bingo. SHAWN VISION: a fresh puddle, WATER streaming into from behind one of the trailers.

Nigel pulls out a lighter to spark up his cigarette.

SHAWN VISION: a THICK ELECTRICAL CABLE smolders off in the horizon where the cable emanates from. Shawn's eyes go wide.

SHAWN
STOP!!!

He RUNS over, bear-hugging the confused judge. St. Nigel immediately TWISTS AWAY from him, horrified.

ST. NIGEL
I do not have physical contact with
people with arm hair!

He gets out of Shawn's grasp and starts to step forward. Nigel pulls away but Shawn GRABS Nigel's platinum engraved cigarette case and fakes a psychic episode...

SHAWN
That case...

ST. NIGEL
Was a gift. A very expensive--

Shawn THROWS it in the fresh water. The metal EXPLODES as it hits what we now realize is super-conducted water. Nigel's ashen face stares at the sight until he realizes his cigarette case is destroyed.

(CONTINUED)

ST. NIGEL (CONT'D)
You couldn't have TOLD me to stop?

SHAWN
(quietly)
I... did.

Shawn steps back. Nigel dusts himself off and tries to collect himself, he looks at the smoldering water, shakes his head, then PASSES OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A line full of people fills the police station. They are CONTESTANTS, TECHS, all being interviewed as witnesses or suspects. Lassiter walks through.

LASSITER
How many more?

MCNAB
A lot. You wanted everybody who was in the building.

LASSITER
That's right. Inside. And outside. Anyone inside the gates. This is attempted murder.

MCNAB
Okay, but --

LASSITER
You heard what I said. Who's next?

He walks inside--

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM A - DAY

Waiting there, in the suspect chairs, are Shawn and Gus. Kind of enjoying the fact that they are there.

GUS
What's up?

LASSITER
You're kidding. What are you two doing down at that show?

GUS
We're looking for our big break.

SHAWN
Do I get a phone call?

LASSITER
Out. I'm trying to conduct an investigation.

SHAWN
Don't you wanna ask us if we did it?

GUS
Ask him, I plead the fifth.

(CONTINUED)

Lassiter pushes them out. Into the--

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

Where Shawn sees Juliet pass. Takes off. Gus follows.

SHAWN
Hey, what's up, undercover partner?

JULIET
No public discussion of your
"undercover" business. I still
haven't told Lassiter.

SHAWN
We need a choreographer.

Gus looks at Shawn, surprised.

GUS
YOU need a choreographer.

JULIET
You both have many needs. So?

SHAWN
So, I sense that you're a dancer.

JULIET
Oh, no, no, no. I went to
cheerleader camp. For two weeks.
I got kicked out.

GUS
Kicked out?

JULIET
It's a long story. Suffice to say
I don't like liars who steal nail
polish and pass out just because
you slap them a little bit on the
back of the head--

Shawn and Gus look at each other, worried.

SHAWN
Juliet, my heart tells me that you
can dance, and we need to step it
up. Literally. And stomp the
yard. Figuratively. We reached
the second round, an elite class of
performer...

JULIET
Shawn, 97 teams have made it to
round two.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Look, there's no time and you're
all we've got.

She looks around, nervous that they will be overheard. And
pulls them into--

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM B - DAY

She closes the door.

JULIET

The only time I ever danced
publicly was when I was in a high
school performance of 'Everybody
Hip-Hop!' which closed after two
performances. We lost a school-
record 72 dollars on that
production.

SHAWN

All Gus and I do is argue. We need
an impartial guiding force. A
svengali, if you will.

JULIET

I'm a detective, Shawn, not a
svengali.

SHAWN

Fine. I was wrong. Whatever.

He starts toward the door. Then:

JULIET

Wait.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Lassiter is across from ROCKWELL.

LASSITER

And what exactly do you do on the
show?

ROCKWELL

(is he serious?)
I'm a judge.

LASSITER

What kind of judge?

ROCKWELL

Talent judge. On camera. I sit on
the far left.

(CONTINUED)

LASSITER
(suspicious)
Really?

ROCKWELL
Have you SEEN the show?

LASSITER
A hundred times. I'm sure I would
have remembered you.

ROCKWELL
I can't believe this. I was the
FIRST person hired for this show.

LASSITER
You're spinning yourself in
circles, whoever you are. Maybe
you should go outside and rethink
your story.

ROCKWELL
What story?

LASSITER
Exactly.

McNab comes to the door, walks out a dumbfounded Rockwell.

LASSITER (CONT'D)
Keep an eye on that one. Who's
next?

Enter Emilina Saffron, wearing one shoe.

LASSITER (CONT'D)
Great. The Bride of Frankenstein.
Have a seat.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM A - LATER

Emilina sits down.

EMILINA
Why am I here?

LASSITER
Because you're the most obvious
suspect. You have the trailer next
to Nigel's. You hate him. And you
can't seem to account for your
whereabouts for most of the last
sixty days.

EMILINA
Everybody hates Nigel.

(CONTINUED)

LASSITER

And everybody *loves* Raymond. But everybody doesn't have a vacant sense of morality and an assault with a deadly weapon charge on their record.

EMILINA

Please, that was just a publicity stunt. It was a fork lift and I was drunk on a spray bottle of Charlie.

LASSITER

I'm gonna need some answers, some real answers, or you and I are gonna turn on the hot lights and see who cracks first.

EMILINA

So now you're trying to seduce me?

LASSITER

You know, I never thought I'd make this sound in my lifetime, but--
Eww.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gus and Shawn walk with Nigel down the hallway.

ST. NIGEL

You left me alone for half a day.

SHAWN

We were at the police station.

ST. NIGEL

You'll never make it as bodyguards.

GUS

We're not bodyguards.

ST. NIGEL

You'll never make it as anything.

As they walk, Shawn quickly SHAWN VISIONS the hotel hallway: the elevator door, a maid cart, the half-eaten food on the service trays with little plastic swords in them.

INT. NIGEL'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

They enter. The door opens. A FOOD CART is waiting in the room.

ST. NIGEL

Oh, thank goodness, I'm starving.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN
What's that?

ST. NIGEL
My standing order.

He lifts the silver food cover off, revealing a tuna sandwich. Shawn looks at it closely.

SHAWN
Don't eat that.

ST. NIGEL
Why not?

SHAWN
I'm sensing something about this sandwich. It's--

GUS
(smelling)
--delicious?

He looks closer at the food.

SHAWN
I was thinking "poisoned."
It's not from the hotel kitchen.

Nigel steps behind Gus nervously.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERIM CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Nigel, Shawn, and Gus wait in the Chief's office. Lassiter enters with a tox report. Slaps it on the desk.

LASSITER
Looks like Spencer was right.
There were enough drugs to kill a Clydesdale in that tuna salad nicoise sandwich.

ST. NIGEL
See? Your hotel detail couldn't handle one room.

LASSITER
Pardon me, I'm not the target who's off ordering room service.

ST. NIGEL
It's a standing order!

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
We're almost through with our screen of the room.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTERIM CHIEF VICK (CONT'D)

Mr. St. Nigel, I suggest you stay here until we can clear the scene.

SHAWN

Good plan. Gus and I have more pressing issues.

(purposefully)

We need to rehearse.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

They walk.

GUS

How did you know that sandwich didn't come from the hotel kitchen?

SHAWN

Easy. I saw the other sandwiches in the hall. Each of them had 87 sesame seeds. Nigel's only had 83.

GUS

Are you serious?

SHAWN

No. The other ones had plastic swords in them. Please, Gus, I'm not Rain Man.

GUS

You sing like Rain Man.

Lassiter comes out after them.

LASSITER

Spencer. You missed something. We found prints.

SHAWN

You're talking about fingers.

LASSITER

They belong to Emilina Saffron. So did the drugs in the food. I'm getting a warrant.

Shawn is actually a little surprised.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM B - LATER

Emilina sits facing the glass. She is half drunk.

EMILINA

Hello? Where am I? Hello! I need my bag!

Lassiter enters calmly chewing on a toothpick. From her POV, he is out of focus.

EMILINA (CONT'D)

Oh, Mr. Bean! Thank God it's you. I need my saddle bag.

LASSITER

And I need a confession.

EMILINA

All right. I have a kid in Milwaukee. His father was Samoan. Now dial me up with that bag, Flat Stanley.

LASSITER

I was thinking something more along the lines of "I tried to kill Nigel St. Nigel by poisoning his tuna nicoise with a dangerous cocktail of prescription medications that I just happen to carry with me at all times..." Unquote.

EMILINA

I have no idea what you are talking about.

Emilina stares at Lassiter with the craziest eyes this side of Farrah Fawcett in *Dr T. and the Women*.

LASSITER

Congratulations. You're an even worse liar than my ex-wife.

EMILINA

Ex-wife?

LASSITER

Well, I mean, we're separated.

EMILINA

What are you telling me here, you got a hole in your heart?

He comes into focus. She smiles up at him.

(CONTINUED)

EMILINA (CONT'D)
Fill it with *saffron*.

Lassiter spits out his toothpick.

LASSITER
Right now, you're disgusting me in ways I can't clearly communicate.

EMILINA
That's right, let it out. You can't feel until you heal. Take off your shoes and socks.

LASSITER
Tell you what. I'm gonna grab a bite. You think long and hard about what you did and I'll come back, let's say, tomorrow afternoon.

Emilina's eyes widen like soup bowls.

EMILINA
I need my saddle bag.

LASSITER
Oh -- I know. Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on it for you.

Lassiter exits. Emilina immediately begins to sweat and rubs one of her eyebrows off.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Lassiter walks out. Interim Chief Vick is waiting.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
I don't know Detective...

LASSITER
Please tell me you're not buying this dog and pony show. It's all an act... the perfect cover up.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
It's pretty convincing.

LASSITER
She's good -- but I'm better.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - NIGEL'S SUITE - SAME

Nigel wears a plush robe and is on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
We've made an arrest, but just to
be safe, keep your eyes open.

ST. NIGEL
Are you serious? That's supposed
to make me feel BETTER?

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
You'll be fine.

He hangs up. Now more paranoid than ever. He tears open a pop tart and opens a diet coke. He dramatically breaks off a corner and tries to take a bite but cannot... equally dramatically tries to take a sip but cannot. He throws the snack against the wall.

Distraught, he thinks some television might help calm his nerves. He can't turn it on -- it might explode after all. He removes the batteries from the remote, takes the phone off the hook and locks himself in the bathroom.

EXT. PSYCH OFFICE - SAME

C+C Music Factory (or something cheaper) blares from inside.

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Shawn and Gus -- sweaty and adorned in dance attire -- attempt to keep up with an unusual routine of steps that date back to the early 90's.

REVERSE to REVEAL that Juliet is leading the charge, counting out beats and dressed like she's just been cast in a revival of FAME.

Shawn stops. Gus stops a few beats later. Together they stand and stare with great uncertainty as Juliet finishes the routine, lost in her own performance fantasy. The song ends. Shawn and Gus immediately snap into the final tableau before Juliet turns around, drenched in sweat -- mascara running.

SHAWN
Come on, Juliet, let it spill, we
can handle the truth.

JULIET
Really?
(smiles)
I hope so, because you were awful.

GUS
Awful?

SHAWN
You said the last one was "vile."
Are we getting better or worse?

(CONTINUED)

JULIET

Put it this way. I'm embarrassed not only for you but for all the people who didn't even see that. Shawn, you're about as flexible as kevlar and Gus -- you're not exactly the second coming of Alfonso Ribeiro, are you there? Try staying on MY count...

GUS

Did she just say Alfonso Ribeiro?

JULIET

This just isn't gonna cut it guys.
(sighs)
Can I teach you how to krunk? I honestly don't know. Can I reach inside you both and make you want this... absolutely NEED this... the way both Hall and Oates used to need it. That one's a definite "no."
(points to her heart)
That has to come from inside here.
(points to her gut)
And deep, deep inside here.

SHAWN

Jules. You do realize we have a suspect now and the case is just about closed... right?

JULIET

So that's what this is about? This laissez faire, half baked effort I'm seeing is because of the case? I thought you were in it to win it!

Shawn and Gus look at each other. When did we say that?

SHAWN

Jules, are you okay?

JULIET

I wouldn't put all my eggs in Emilina's basket, Shawn. She's barely lucid enough to form word endings, much less plan a series of attempts on Nigel's life.

SHAWN

She could be like Keyser Soze...

GUS

With one shoe.

(CONTINUED)

Not very convincing.

JULIET
I think until we get a confession,
we keep our eyes on the prize.
Now, let's take it back to the
broken wilting robot. Gus, watch
me...

Juliet demonstrates the BROKEN WILTING ROBOT.

RING. RING. Phone in the Psych office. Shawn answers. We
can hear Nigel ranting on the other end. Shawn hangs up.

SHAWN
Duty calls.

INT. GUS' CAR - LITTLE LATER

Gus drives with Shawn shotgun and Nigel in the back. He
still wears the plush, Four Seasons robe.

ST. NIGEL
How much further? It's torture
back here. I feel like I've been
incarcerated in a blueberry.

GUS
Shawn --

ST. NIGEL
This car makes me want to weep and
then die.

GUS
SHAWN --

SHAWN
Nigel, you asked for a safe house
where NO ONE will find you. That
means we have to venture off the
beaten path a little. Relax.

EXT. HENRY SPENCER'S HOME - SAME

They walk, revealing a house we know all too well. Nigel
grimaces at the house.

ST. NIGEL
Good Lord. Who lives here? The
Boring--tons?

The guys exchange the look.

SHAWN
There's a better than decent chance
this goes poorly.

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM B - SAMEISH

Emilina is shivering, drenched in cold medicinal sweat. She is banging on the two way glass, bordering on hysterics:

EMILINA

I remember something! I remember!
Hurry up! I'm lucid! Get in here,
Errol Flynn! And bring me my bag!

Lassiter sits calmly on the other side of the glass, casually eating a turkey sandwich with cheese and lettuce.

EMILINA (CONT'D)

You hear me, Count Chocula? Don't
make me pee on something! Again.

Lassiter jumps up and re-enters the room with his sandwich.

EMILINA (CONT'D)

Took you long enough. I'm dying!

LASSITER

Yeah -- that's called withdrawal.
You ready to confess?

EMILINA

No! That's the thing! First of
all, I can remember somebody
getting into my bag yesterday.

LASSITER

When?

EMILINA

I... don't know. But I was
asleep... they dug around in there -
- right in front of me.

LASSITER

Well, who was it?

EMILINA

Can't be sure. Might have been a
werewolf. I thought I was
dreaming.

LASSITER

Might have been?

EMILINA

Yeah. And this morning I wasn't at
the hotel! I slept in the guard
shack! That makes me innocent!

LASSITER

You slept in the guard shack?

(CONTINUED)

EMILINA

In the parking lot. Yes. It's a long story... sometimes I sleep on the lifeguard's chair, but I didn't want to make a scene.

LASSITER

(processing this)
Your fingerprints were all over Nigel's room.

EMILINA

We hook up sometimes. I went to see if he was lonely -- it was a moment of weakness.

Lassiter is not happy. He begrudgingly leaves the room.

INT. HENRY SPENCER'S EAT-IN KITCHEN - LATER

Nigel and the guys sit at the table. Nigel's hair is freshly styled and he sports an even plusher, thicker robe now.

SHAWN

You used the jasmine bubble bath?

ST. NIGEL

With aloe.

SHAWN

Is that his robe?

GUS

Bold move. Wearing another grown man's robe.

Henry enters from the patio with steaks. Gus salivates.

HENRY

All right gentlemen -- prepare to taste the most succulent, evenly marinated beef you have ever... is that my robe?

ST. NIGEL

It is indeed, Horace. And it's comforting me at an elite spa level. I should also note that I am absolutely famished and that those filets smell promising.

Henry grimaces at another man wearing his robe, but has other issues at hand.

HENRY

It's Henry. And they're ribeyes.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Sweet.

GUS

That's what I'm talking about.

Gus digs in and eats with vigor. Henry puts Nigel's steak in front of him. Nigel looks appalled.

HENRY

Is there a problem?

ST. NIGEL

Look at it, it's still got marks where the jockey was hitting it.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Lassiter walks in. Throws Emilina her bag.

LASSITER

You're free. The parking lot attendants confirmed your alibi.

EMILINA

I can go?

LASSITER

The sooner the better. And for the love of God... take a shower.

EMILINA

I'll never forget you--
(pauses)
What was your name again?

INT. HENRY SPENCER'S HOME - NIGHT

Tempers flare. Nigel stands, now nose to nose with Henry.

ST. NIGEL

Who decorated this place -- Kris Kristofferson?

HENRY

Real wood. Real character. A true craftsman builds a table with his own bare hands.

Wanting to get away, Gus spots something O.S. in the kitchen.

GUS

Is that... damn!

He gets up and crosses out.

(CONTINUED)

ST. NIGEL
If I were to build a table, I'm
sure I'd start by using wood that
had never drifted.

HENRY
All right that's it.

ST. NIGEL
Already? I'm just getting started.
I've got a sonnet for each piece of
fish paraphernalia and a soliloquy
for the linoleum.

HENRY
Well I've got an ice cold can of
whip ass in the fridge.

SHAWN
It's actually diet whip ass.

Gus crosses back with THREE BUTTERED COBS OF CORN. Shawn
reaches for a cob. Gus defends.

GUS
You must be out of your damn mind.

SHAWN
Dude, you have THREE full cobs.

Shawn tries again. Gus raises his hand high.

GUS
I will slap you, Shawn.

And then he fangs into a juicy cob of buttery corn.

ST. NIGEL
Are you absolutely certain that
this cow shoulder on my plate is
dead? That's all I'm asking.

HENRY
Off with the robe! Wearing that
robe is a privilege and you, pal,
have lost it.

ST. NIGEL
I steadfastly refuse. It's the
plushiest, most opulent robe I've
ever even been near.

HENRY
Well that's one thing we can agree
on. Now give it up.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Dad, I'm not sure you're thinking
this through.

HENRY

Shawn, for the last time...

SHAWN

I'm pretty sure he's going commando
under there!

Shawn tries to sneak a cob -- Gus slaps his hand hard.

GUS

Keep playin', Shawn. Go ahead.

Henry considers this. Back to Nigel:

HENRY

You wouldn't dare.

ST. NIGEL

I'm like an angel baby swaddled in
a spool of cloud candy.

HENRY

What kind of a sick bastard goes
commando in another man's robe?

Shawn stands, grabs Henry, pulls him aside.

HENRY (CONT'D)

He's not staying here. He violated
basic robe code--

SHAWN

Robe code violation. Check.

HENRY

Look, Shawn, there's a reason this
guy is on the run. He's been here
ten minutes and even I want to kill
him.

SHAWN

That's the problem, Dad. How do I
protect him from EVERYBODY?

HENRY

You already have a suspect in jail.

SHAWN

There's no way it was her. I
wouldn't be surprised if she's
already out, which leaves us with a
hundred more good suspects and no
way to narrow it down.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

It's easy. Tighten your focus.
Who does he victimize the most?

Shawn thinks this through. Gus pops his head in, coming from the kitchen.

GUS

Is that cobbler in the fridge for everybody?

INT. FOUR SEASONS - EMILINA'S SUITE - SAME TIME

Emilina enters her suite mumbling -- she has her bag back and she's clearly less lucid now...

EMILINA

Try to accuse me of attempted murder... uh-uh... not today. No, sir.

She enters the bathroom and grabs a stick of deodorant. As she applies the antiperspirant OVER her clothing, she hears a creak coming from the shower.

EMILINA (CONT'D)

Nigel? Is that you? Boy, you better have some food in there.

Emilina yanks open the curtain and as a blurred figure in all black explodes from the tub and grabs her! She kicks and screams, thrashing about until a something from behind her puts a cloth over her nose and her already impaired vision
FADES TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - NEXT MORNING

Shawn and Gus approach with Nigel in tow. There's a police barricade waiting for them and Interim Chief Vick, dressed in red, cuts them off at the pass. She is joined by third judge Rockwell and American Duos host Lester Beacon.

SHAWN

Chief! You're a vision in cranberry.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

Mr. Spencer. Mr. Burton. I'm afraid I've got some unfortunate news.

Nigel catches up.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK (CONT'D)

Ah, Mr. St. Nigel. There you are. You'll want to hear this as well.

SHAWN

Gus left his Airwolf windbreaker in the dressing room and it was accidentally set on fire?

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

I wish. Emilina Saffron was found in the bathroom of her hotel suite this morning. She was clinging to life and has been rushed to St. Thomas of the Apostles. Thus far all signs point to an overdose of some sort, but we are fully investigating the matter.

ST. NIGEL

How did she escape? You must transport her to some prison hospital immediately.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

Mr. St. Nigel, Miss Saffron was released from custody last night when her alibi checked out. She's the last person you should be worried about now.

ST. NIGEL

We have to cancel the show!

Before Rockwell can speak, Lester chimes in.

(CONTINUED)

BEACON
Are you kidding?

All heads turn to Lester's lack of sensitivity.

BEACON (CONT'D)
I don't want to seem insensitive,
but this is the third time this
season she's been in the ICU.

ST. NIGEL
Not like this. I won't go. I'm a
sitting duck out there.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
I personally will oversee the
security detail, Mr. St. Nigel.

BEACON
We'll all be out there together.
You'll be fine. Suck it up.
(checks his watch)
I'm way late for my pilates.

Lester leaves. Rockwell pats Nigel on the back and leaves.

SHAWN
Well, I suppose we should rehearse.

GUS
Not before I get a danish in my
stomach.

Shawn makes eye contact with Nigel -- his face is white as a
ghost. He points to the Chief.

SHAWN
She's the best of the best. You
want her on that wall. You need
her on that wall.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
Mr. Spencer --

Shawn and Gus leave Nigel alone with Interim Chief Vick. As
they walk off in the B.G., we see them look back and then
veer out of frame in another direction.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK (CONT'D)
Can I get you anything?

ST. NIGEL
Are you really the chief of police?

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
I really am. *Amazing*, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

ST. NIGEL

I'm sorry. It's just that you have such a calming presence. You exude the callous exoskeleton of an authoritarian while simultaneously oozing a gentle kindness and a delicate yet complicated femininity.

She momentarily is at a loss for words -- bordering on blushing. Then she playfully smacks Nigel on the shoulder.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

You know I'm married.

ST. NIGEL

I'm willing to share.

The chief blushes in full. Then shakes her head. Nigel knows he's rejected.

ST. NIGEL (CONT'D)

Just... promise me you won't let me die tonight.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - HALLWAY OUTSIDE EMILINA'S SUITE - LATER

Shawn and Gus creep along the wall towards the suite.

GUS

Lester Beacon sure didn't seem too broken up about Emilina.

SHAWN

He sure didn't. Plus, his hair...

GUS

Shawn -- we're in a hallway. Staying close to the wall doesn't make us invisible.

Shawn stops. Considers.

SHAWN

Agree to disagree.

GUS

You have a plan yet?

SHAWN

I'm a lyrical gangster Gus -- I'll use some colorful vernacular and, if necessary, you'll engage in fisticuffs.

GUS

Shhhhh!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shawn and Gus smash up against the wall and hold completely still as a room service attendant walks by and clearly notices them. He passes.

SHAWN

That was close.

GUS

Too close.

Then:

VOICE (O.S.)

Shawn? Shawn's partner?

Shawn and Gus pop off the wall as OFFICER BUZZ MCNAB approaches from down the hallway.

SHAWN

McNab! What's up man? You look tall.

BUZZ

Thanks. What are doing here?

SHAWN

Here's the thing. We need to get in that room because I'm just about positive that Emilina didn't overdose and that foul play was involved. I need to feel the lay of the land, channel what really happened in there. We don't have a lot of time because we have to make it back to the convention center in time to win the competition and, to be completely honest, Gus is prepared to challenge you to an old fashioned donnybrook if you don't cooperate.

Buzz reaches into his pocket and pulls out two pairs of latex gloves -- hands them to the guys.

BUZZ

I used to have the biggest crush on Emilina -- you know, back in high school -- before she started eating glue and what not -- I'd love to think that she didn't try to, you know -- do that to herself.

SHAWN

That makes three of us, buddy.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - EMILINA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shawn continues his investigation into the bathroom and turns on the light.

GUS
What are we looking for?

SHAWN
Beats me.

Shawn carefully analyzes every inch of the bathroom -- it couldn't be more pristine except for a rug scrunched up where Emilina was found. Nothing.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Damn. The whole place is clean.
Let's go.

He turns the light off and catches a tiny sparkle out of the corner of his eye as he turns to go.

SHAWN VISION: The beam of sunlight coming in through the window is reflecting off something in the toilet creating a tiny prism on the ceiling.

Shawn turns the light back on. Not visible.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Huh.

He gets on his knees and looks into the bowl.

SHAWN VISION: Sure enough, there at the bottom, about a centimeter from being flushed away forever, is a single translucent bead. Like a fake diamond -- possibly crystal.

FLASHBACK! Shawn talking Bevin Rennie Llywellen at the convention center -- noticing the very unusual string of beads around his neck. Cha-ching.

Gus re-enters the bathroom, Shawn still over the bowl.

GUS
That's what you get for drinking
whole milk, Shawn.

SHAWN
I have bones like granite. And
look at this. We got ourselves a
clue.

GUS
What is it?

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN
I don't know. Reach your hand in
there and fish it out.

GUS
I'm not reaching my hand in there,
You do it.

SHAWN
Gus, I found it, YOU get it.
That's how it works.

GUS
I'm not putting my hand in Emilina
Saffron's toilet water.

SHAWN
Fine. Rock, paper scissors for it?

GUS
You always cheat.

SHAWN
Indian wrestling?

GUS
You wanna Indian wrestle in a crime
scene?

SHAWN
You got a better idea?

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS - HALLWAY OUTSIDE EMILINA'S SUITE - LATER

Juliet rushes to the scene. Shawn and Gus are waiting
outside the room.

JULIET
What is it, guys?

SHAWN
Hurry! My inner signal is fading.

Shawn waits, McNab is relieved of his position outside
Emilina's door.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
That McNab is a real bulldog. He
just wouldn't budge.

JULIET
That's why we put him there, Shawn.

GUS
Did you bring gloves?

(CONTINUED)

JULIET
Why would I need gloves?

SHAWN
I feel a sparkle!

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Shawn is having a psychic moment. Eyes closed. He leads Juliet to the toilet.

SHAWN
And I feel it... right.... there.

He opens his eyes.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
That came from your attacker.

Her eyes go wide. Impressed.

JULIET
Attackers. Plural. Emilina's
bruises suggest she was assaulted
by two people.

Shawn and Gus steal a look.

SHAWN
I need to speak with Emilina right
away.

JULIET
She's mostly comatose, Shawn.

SHAWN
We probably won't know the
difference.

Juliet bags the bead and heads out. The guys wait for her to exit and do some excited jumping.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Dude, that bead was on --

GUS
I know!

SHAWN
Go back to the office and get us
some information on him.

INT. ST. THOMAS OF THE APOSTLES - EMILINA'S ROOM - LATER

Lassiter is bedside, holding Emilina's hand. She appears to be comatose, her mouth hangs open and she's missing an eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

JULIET
Knock, knock. Visitor.

LASSITER
Why is Spencer here?

Shawn puts a pineapple with a bow on Emilina's window sill.

SHAWN
She was my favorite judge. We all miss her. Has she said anything?

LASSITER
Not yet. But I'll be right here when she does, I can tell you that.

Lassie gently strokes Emilina's hair.

SHAWN
That's... very gentle.

LASSITER
I misjudged her -- she was innocent, crying out for help in her own sad and potentially disease-ridden way. I cut her off at the arms. Judged the book by it's filthy, loathsome cover.

SHAWN
Well, if it makes you feel any better I don't think she did this to herself.

LASSITER
Neither do I. What makes you --

With this, Emilina's eyes shoot open. She slaps Lassiter.

EMILINA
Somebody's watching me!

Lassiter shakes off the blow --

LASSITER
It's okay, baby. I'm right here.

Shawn and Juliet look at each other. Baby?

EMILINA
Somebody's... watching... me....

And with that she slips back into her coma-like state. Shawn closes his eyes and grabs Emilina's hand.

SHAWN
She's trying to tell us something.

(CONTINUED)

JULIET
That somebody's watching her?

LASSITER
We were all watching her!

Suddenly, Shawn's phone rings.

SHAWN
I should take this.

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gus is firmly planted in front of his computer. On screen is footage of Bevin Rennie Llywellen (wearing his crystal beads) -- on stage -- singing BADLY. The phone rings. Gus pauses the image. SPLIT SCREEN w/ Shawn on his cell at the hospital.

GUS
Get ready to be happy.

SHAWN
You found him?

GUS
I didn't just find him, Shawn. I found him, found him, found him and found him. I knew there was something familiar about him. He's been at every stage of the competition -- in every city. Different outfits. Hats. You name it. He ditched his partner after a few tries. And he's doing his best William Hung at every stop.

SHAWN
Say that again and leave out the reference that you know means nothing to me.

GUS
He was singing badly on purpose Shawn! So that he could enter in every city -- knowing full well he wouldn't advance.

SHAWN
Nefarious!

GUS
But he couldn't do this alone. Now we just have to figure out who was helping him... from the *inside*.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Emilina said "Somebody's Watching Me" from her hospital bed.

GUS

Shawn, millions of people were watching her every week -- what good does that...

The light bulb goes off for Gus. He starts looking for something else on his computer.

GUS (CONT'D)

Wait a -- OH MY GOD!

We don't see what Gus sees, but Shawn knows exactly where this is going.

SHAWN

Do we have a match?

GUS

Oh, yes we do.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - 37 MINUTES, TWO DONUTS LATER

Rehearsal is coming to a close. The final duo (except for Shawn and Gus), Chance and Rance Cade, are singing something country-ish. They wear 12.5 gallon cowboy hats.

Nigel sits feverishly, flanked by Rockwell and Interim Chief Vick. He's watching everything but the rehearsal -- the rafters, the doors, anything electrical, Lester Beacon.

BANG! Shawn and Gus explode onto the stage, Gus stumbling and knocking over a bass drum. Nigel hits the deck, cowering behind Chief Vick.

CHANCE CADE

Hey -- this is our time. You missed yer sound check, buddy!

GUS

Please accept our apologies, we just thought y'all might want to know you're in the presence of a homicidal sociopath!

Chance looks at Rance, pleads:

CHANCE CADE

He's not crazy, we got a doctor's note and everything.

BEAT. WTF? Then:

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

NIGEL!

Nigel slowly rises from beneath the table.

ST. NIGEL

I, er... dropped some items.

SHAWN

Chief -- so glad you're here. I know who's been trying to kill Nigel...

GUS

And who tried to take out Emilina!

Beat. Everyone looks at Gus. Beat. Oops.

SHAWN

AND WHO TRIED TO TAKE OUT EMILINA!

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

Mr. Spencer, last I checked Emilina overdosed on her own prescription medication...

SHAWN

That's what Bevin Rennie Llywellen wanted you to think.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK

That's really his name?

ST. NIGEL

He's the wanker that auditioned in every city.

FLASHBACK!

Bevin, dressed as a hotel employee, poisoning the sandwich before it made its way up to Nigel's room.

Then, dressed in all black, attacking Emilina in her bathroom and putting her to sleep -- but NOT before a slight struggle where Emilia was able to rip off his string of crystal beads, sending one into the depths of the commode.

SHAWN (V.O.)

Just another slice of deception. He can actually sing like a bird -- but if you heard THAT he wouldn't have to re-audition in every city on the tour -- every city that you nearly died in Nigel. When her head started to clear he tried to silence her for good...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
before she had a chance to put it
all together.

END FLASHBACK

ST. NIGEL
Put what together?

FLASHBACK! EMILINA'S POV!

*Bevin rifling through Emilina's bag o' "goodies" while she
lays in the parking lot booth. One eye opens as she looks up
at him, smiling wanly. He's wearing a concert tee shirt --
the image is blurry -- Emilina's in a haze.*

END FLASHBACK!

Almost on cue, Lassiter and Juliet enter the back of the
auditorium with Bevin in custody.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
And who might this be, detectives?

JULIET
Meet Bevin Rennie Llywellen.

LASSITER
Emmy's gonna be okay. She's out of
her coma and she remembered this
guy as the man who attacked her...

Juliet offers up a very important piece of evidence -- the
single crystal bead in an evidence bag.

JULIET
This bead puts him at the scene of
the crime.

Shawn smiles. The Chief is still skeptical.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
So he made an attempt on Emilina's
life -- allegedly poisoned a tuna
sandwich--

LASSITER
Tuna Nicoise, Chief.
(looks to Juliet)
There's a difference.

INTERIM CHIEF VICK
-- what about all the other near
misses with Nigel?

(CONTINUED)

ST. NIGEL
He couldn't have done it -- it's
impossible. He was just a
contestant --

GUS
Sounds like he had somebody on the
inside...

Shawn approaches the judge's table.

SHAWN
But he had somebody on the inside.

FLASHBACK! That same shot of Bevin rifling through Emilina's bag -- the IMAGE ON HIS TEE SHIRT slowly comes into focus as Emilina squints and smiles a goofy smile:

It's Rockwell's spooked face... and the words "Somebody's Watching Me!"

END FLASHBACK!

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Didn't he, Rockwell?

Nigel bursts into laughter.

ST. NIGEL
Oh don't be ridiculous. Rockwell
adores me -- plus he can't even
think. It must be someone else --
what about Lester? I'd love to see
him go to prison.

SHAWN
Bevin is Rockwell's biggest fan.
He runs the only fan site
Rockwell's ever had on the
internet.

FLASHBACK - to what Gus saw on his computer in the office.
Rockwell's fan club. The site managed by B.R. Llywellen.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
They actually became pretty good
friends... and I don't think this
show has provided the type of
comeback either of them were hoping
for...

Rockwell lowers his head.

FLASHBACK! Rockwell coordinating with Bevin, giving him access passes, call sheets, carefully and methodically plotting different attacks.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN (CONT'D)
(to Rockwell)
I could keep going... but I'm happy
to give you the floor.

Nigel is absolutely shocked and appalled.

ST. NIGEL
What's he going to say? He can't
speak!

Rockwell looks up, then stands up, then explodes:

ROCKWELL
Yes, I can! You just don't let me!
I was the first to sign on! This
was supposed to be my show! My
shot! My comeback! You turned me
into a simp! I am not your dog,
dawg. People don't even know who I
am! I get fan letters addressed to
Jodeci and El Debarge. You ruined
everything! Why won't you DIE????

And Rockwell lunges at Nigel and attempts to choke him.
Nigel recoils. Interim Chief Vick snaps into action and has
Rockwell cuffed in a matter of seconds. Nigel looks at her
with pure adoration in his eyes. He pauses. Takes this all
in. Looks at Rockwell as they finish cuffing him.

ST. NIGEL
That was your plan? Really?
That's the poorest executed attack
in history. I was TWO FEET from
you the whole time! You are
absolutely, without doubt, the
worst murderer I've ever seen!

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - LATER - SHOWTIME

Shawn and Gus are on stage, performing the last bit of their rendition of SHOUT by *Tears For Fears*. Shawn is a dead ringer for Roland Orzabal and Gus is kicking it with some old school MJ. The crowd is eating them up.

Juliet watches from the wings as they end the song and NAIL the dying, Wilting Robot. She exalts. Shawn and Gus are quite pleased.

The applause ends and Lester Beacon joins the guys.

BEACON

Give it up for Shawn Spence Starr,
and Guster T.T. Showbizz!

The crowd roars again.

LESTER BEACON

Let's see what our judges
thought...

REVERSE and REVEAL Nigel.

ST. NIGEL

That was... without question... the most REVOLTING thing I ever seen in my life that didn't involve natural child birth. Are you kidding me? You're like a couple of rodeo clowns up there -- nothing was in sync, your hairstyles are ridiculous... you butchered a terrific song and it's time you went home. Please spare us the additional torture and just euthanize yourselves...

Shawn and Gus are stunned --

AND WE FADE OUT

END OF SHOW