

PSYCH

"Dial M for Mustache...

Also Murder"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. EXHIBIT BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

A beautiful fall day at the show grounds. A sign outside this peculiarly shaped dome reads:

BRUSHCON 2012
INTERNATIONAL BEARD AND
MUSTACHE CONVENTION!

The BLUEBERRY pulls up to the curb.

SHAWN and GUS step out. Shawn's strangely quiet.

Gus's very masculine stride to the sidewalk ends abruptly when he sees the SIGN.

GUS

No way, Shawn!

He turns back for the car. Shawn grabs him by the shoulders.

SHAWN

Gus, don't be Huey Lewis and Gwyneth Paltrow singing *Cruisin'*. Is it Gwyneth or Gwenyth?

GUS

Who cares, Shawn? You know I'm intimidated by men with mustaches.

SHAWN

First of all, that is a ridiculous phobia.

GUS

It's not a phobia.

A MUSTACHED MAN walks by them to the exhibit building. Gus hides behind Shawn with a SQUEAK OF FEAR.

GUS (CONT.)

Okay. It's a bit of a phobia. You said we were going to the carnival.

SHAWN

It's like a carnival. Only instead of clowns and carnies there's hipsters and old Southern dandies. That, and the only rides are the mustache kind.

Gus gives him a look of disgust.

SHAWN (CONT.)

I know. I regret saying it. I promise, it'll be fun.

GUS

Fine. But if someone gets rough, you'd better have my back.

SHAWN

I'll have your back and your front, Gus. You know what? I'll even have the bag of chips.

Gus makes a whimper of longing back at the car, then follows Shawn inside.

INT. EXHIBIT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Shawn and Gus enter. Their eyes widen.

MUSTACHES and BEARDS as far as the eye can see, and the WOMEN who love them.

They're gathered around BOOTHS for grooming products, portraits of famous mustaches, a man having his mutton chops blow-dried, etc.

SHAWN

Jumpin' Jehosephat, Gus! I think we've stumbled on the long-lost city of Beardopolis!

GUS

I would've said Beardvana.

SHAWN

Beardopalooza?

GUS

That works.

They move through the crowd.

SHAWN

Look at this one. His eyes are saying
"no" but his soul patch says "more,
please."

Gus and Shawn giggle.

GUS

This guy looks like he chowed down a
large, semi-aquatic rodent and couldn't
finish the tail.

They giggle harder, approaching a group of GUYS showing off
GROOMING PRODUCTS.

OILED MUSTACHE

I use essential oils and shea butter.
It's an olfactory delight
that glistens well into the night.

Shawn and Gus stop to listen.

HONEY MUSTACHE

I find honey gives my mo' a brilliant,
non-waxy sheen. And ladies love the
sweet surprise.

SHAWN

And by ladies you mean the ones in your
mother's Bridge club.

Gus and Shawn laugh. The mustache guys get tough.

HONEY MUSTACHE

Was I talking to you?

Nervous, Gus drags Shawn away from the scene.

INT. EXHIBIT BUILDING - STAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The tattooed MASTER OF CEREMONIES (MC) TWIRLS his black mustache
onstage like an old movie villain. He TAPS a microphone. His

voice booms over the crowd:

MC (OS)

Men of whiskers and facial hair
aficionados, please make your way to
the stage. The twenty-fifth annual
BeardCon beard and mustache competition
is about to begin!

People begin moving toward the stage. Shawn pushes on ahead.

GUS

Wait up, Shawn! You said you'd have my
back!

A crowd gathers at the stage. Shawn and Gus edge their way to
the front, Gus nervously glancing at all the facial hair.

MC

I am very proud to welcome an honored
guest, host of the world's first
BrushCon convention in Munich, Germany.
"The Mustache" himself, Mr. Gerd
Osterhagen!

The crowd applauds.

The applause slows. Finally dies. Still no Osterhagen.

Shawn and Gus turn to each other, concerned.

MC (CONT.)

Mr. Osterhagen?

SHOUTING IN GERMAN behind the curtain. A WOMAN SCREAMS.

The curtain parts suddenly and GERHARD "GERD" OSTERHAGEN (Mr.
Monopoly with a triple-decker curlicue mustache, and lacking the
top hat and tails) stumbles out, sweating.

MC

Mr. Osterhagen, are you -- ?

Osterhagen grasps the podium to steady himself. Then he grabs at
his heart with an "ERK!" and collapses, to GASPS and SCREAMS
from the crowd.

Shawn and Gus hurry onto the stage.

SHAWN VISION - the MC grabs something small and black from the stool beside him and puts it in his pocket.

Then the MC rushes to Osterhagen's side. Checks his pulse. It doesn't look good. The MC stands, horrified.

MC

Ladies and gentlemen... The Mustache is dead!

SHAWN VISION - the CURTAIN FALLING CLOSED, as if someone was just peering out!

SHAWN

The Mustache isn't just dead. It was murdered.

(realizing)

He. He was murdered.

GUS

Shawn...

Shawn turns to see Gus looking off ominously.

GUS (CONT.)

How are we supposed to find out who the killer is when everyone in this building has a mustache?

Shawn follows Gus's look into a SEA OF FACIAL HAIR.

SHAWN

Because you should never trust a man with a mustache?

GUS

I think that was obvious.

They look off even more ominously than before.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. EXHIBIT BUILDING - DAY

DETECTIVE LASSITER frowns down at Osterhagen's body, rubbing his upper lip.

JULIET stands beside him, distracted, smiling girlishly as mustaches and beards go by. POLICE TAPE surrounds the stage.

Lassiter turns his frown on the MC.

LASSITER

...So you thought it would be a bright idea to let people loiter around a corpse.

The MC shrugs, about to say something when:

FRENCH MAN'S VOICE

The show must go on without fail.

The voice belongs to ROGER LANDRY. He's about Lassie's age, in a frock coat and ascot, with a handlebar mustache. They shake hands like old friends.

LASSITER

Roger, you old dog!

ROGER LANDRY

Carl. And who is this lovely creature?

LASSITER

Where?

(looks around)

Oh. You mean Juliet.

ROGER LANDRY

Juliet... A classic name for a classic beauty.

Landry takes Juliet's hand and kisses it. She blushes.

JULIET

It tickles.

Shawn lifts the police tape, crouches under it. Gus follows.

SHAWN
Juliet. Lassie. That Guy.

Juliet twiddles her fingers at them.

Shawn kneels down beside Osterhagen's body.

SHAWN (CONT.)
(like David Caruso)
Looks like this competition just got a
little hairy.

JULIET
It's already pretty hairy, Shawn.

Lassiter yanks Shawn to his feet.

SHAWN
Gus, we practiced this. I make a wildly
inappropriate pun about the deceased
like *CSI: Miami* and you say "Yow!"

GUS
(deliberate)
I don't know what you're talking about,
Shawn.
(sotto to Shawn)
That's for reading my unfinished
manuscript in the bathroom.

SHAWN
(covering)
I'm not a bathroom bibliophile.
Everyone knows reading on the toilet
causes hemorrhoids.

GUS
Then how did you know about the Alien
Invasion of Normandy, Shawn?

LASSITER
Will you two chuckleheads show some
respect? There's a DB here.

SHAWN

Which D.B.? Sweeney or Cooper? Either would be sweet, but for different reasons.

LASSITER

Ka-POW!

Everyone gives Lassiter a look of curiosity.

LASSITER (CONT.)

What?

Gus sniffs. He smells something delicious.

GUS

I smell honey.

ROGER LANDRY

I don't smell a thing.

GUS

The Super Smeller doesn't lie.

SHAWN

Lie? Never. Fudge the truth? Maybe.

GUS

Mmm... honey fudge.

Shawn and Gus share a FIST BUMP.

SHAWN VISION - CLOSE on Osterhagen's MEDICAL ALERT BRACELET peeking out from his shirt cuff. The words "BEE POLLEN."

SHAWN (CONT.)

Wait!

(hand to temple)

I'm sensing Osterhagen was deathly allergic to honey. Someone replaced this man's usual mustache wax with beeswax -- causing the allergic reaction that took his life, and that brilliant, non-waxy sheen.

JULIET

It is so shiny.

EVERYONE turns to Juliet, who's hypnotized by Osterhagen's mustache. She snaps out of it.

LASSITER

Now wait a minute, Spencer. No one said foul play was involved.

SHAWN

No, I'm getting a definite vibe, Lassie. A Vibe Magazine vibe, not the TV series with Quincy Jones. ...This man was murdered.

LASSITER

Against my better judgment, any idea who was behind the curtain when Osterhagen came out, Rodge?

Shawn mouths "Rodge" to Gus. They snicker behind their hands.

ROGER LANDRY

Let's see. There would have been Don Martini, of course. He's our American official. And Rhoda, BrushCon champion for the past three years.

SHAWN

Oh, come on, Rodge! You expect us to believe Valerie Harper won a mustache competition?

Roger turns to Lassiter questioningly.

LASSITER

Instead of his voice, I try to imagine .45 Auto hollow-points blasting fist-sized holes through a side of beef. You'll thank me later. Ka-POW!

JULIET

Lars Rohde, Shawn. He's Danish.
 (realizes EVERYONE's
 looking at her)
 I think.

ROGER LANDRY

Beauty and brains.

Juliet blushes again. It irks Shawn.

ROGER LANDRY (CONT.)

I myself was in the wings. The only other person likely to have been in the back would have been our handler, Ms. Watson.

SHAWN

Your mustache handler?

ROGER LANDRY

(eyes closed)

You're right, Carl. The beef trick works quite well.

LASSITER

You're welcome. I'm going to have to ask that anyone involved in the main competition be sequestered to the back room.

SHAWN

"Sequestered." Yes, please gather up ze usual suspects, Renault.

Roger gives Lassiter a look. Lassiter shakes his head.

JULIET

(impressed)

Was that *Casablanca*?

SHAWN

Jean Reno. TBS had a *Pink Panther* marathon last night.

JULIET

(less impressed)

Nice.

SHAWN

Excuse us, Rodge. We have a murder to solve.

Shawn and Gus head off.

INT. EXHIBIT BUILDING - DAY

They wander the booths.

SHAWN

Did you see the way Juliet was swooning
over Rodge?

GUS

I wouldn't say swooning. Swooning
implies a shortness of breath and a
feeling of lightheadedness.

(excited)

Sweet 'Stache!

SHAWN

Good for you, Gus. Never lose your sense of wonder.

GUS

No, I meant Sweet 'Stache!

Gus points to a booth called SWEET 'STACHE, the name written in
a giant Groucho mustache, display cases filled with various
kinds of FUDGE SHAPED LIKE MUSTACHES.

The VENDOR hands Gus a fudge mustache on a square of wax paper.

Shawn waits for Gus and the two of them bite into their fudge
together. They bump fists distractedly, savoring it.

DANISH MAN'S VOICE

Is good, *ja*?

SHAWN

(mouth full)

Ya.

LARS RODHE, a large man with a blonde bowl-cut, approaches the
booth. He's dressed all in black, a luxurious blonde Fu Manchu
mustache hanging down well below his turtleneck.

LARS RODHE

I get two, three of these every day.
The best fudge in the business, Lola
makes, *ja*?

SHAWN

It's delicious.

Lars extends a hand to Shawn.

LARS RODHE

I am Lars Rodhe.

SHAWN

BrushCon champion three years running.

LARS RODHE

I see you've heard of me.

SHAWN

I'm afraid not, Lars.

GUS

Shawn is psychic.

LARS RODHE

(smug grin)

Ah yes, the psychic.

(bites his fudge)

Tell me. If you are so psychic, who do you think murdered my dear friend Gerd?

SHAWN

That's a little hazy right now, Lars.
Not that I'd tell you anyway.

Shawn flashes an "as if" look to Gus. Gus agrees with a sputter.

LARS RODHE

Then tell me this, psychic. How do you get your hair so lustrous?

Lars tries to run his hand through Shawn's hair. Shawn pulls back, with an annoyed look at Gus. Gus shrugs.

SHAWN

Oh no, we don't touch the hair.

LARS RODHE

Well, it is magnificent. Have you ever thought of selling? It could make a lovely wig.

SHAWN

No, Lars, I haven't thought of--

SHAWN VISION - DOZENS OF BLOND HAIRS on Lars's shoulders.

SHAWN (CONT.)

You've got some schmutz...

Shawn reaches out to brush off Lars's shoulder. Lars pulls back angrily and brushes himself off.

He glares at Gus, then at Shawn.

LARS RODHE

Try to keep yourselves out of trouble!

-- then he storms off.

GUS

What was that?

SHAWN

A very angry, very balding Dane. And I don't mean Cook.

GUS

There's something rotten in the state of Denmark.

SHAWN

Yes there is. "Good Luck Chuck."

GUS

Dane Cook is not Danish, Shawn.

Shawn puts a Fudge 'Stache into Gus's mouth, silencing Gus with delicious. Then he raps on the counter.

SHAWN

Keep 'em coming, Lola.

The Vendor hands him another.

GUS

You know what would be great to wash these down?

TIME CUT TO: SHAWN and GUS with MILK MUSTACHES, strutting through the crowd to the stage, each with a milk carton.

GUS (CONT.)

This truly is the land of milk and honey fudge.

SHAWN

I told you you'd have fun, Gus. It's a carnival of delights. And mustaches.

Shawn pulls back the curtain.

INT. EXHIBIT BUILDING - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

It's a large dressing room. DON MARTINI, a stuffed-shirt type, reads a NEWSPAPER in a barber's chair. The HANDLER, a cute, nerdy woman, trims his black chin curtain beard.

They're startled to see Shawn and Gus in the mirrors. Don Martini quickly places the newspaper over his TEA CUP.

HANDLER

You two can't be back here.

SHAWN

Why? Is that man's Amish beard top secret?

The Handler snickers behind her hand.

DON MARTINI

This "Amish beard," as you call it, is the chin curtain, a style of facial hair worn by such great men as C. Everett Koop, Henry David Thoreau, and Abraham Lincoln.

SHAWN

Don't forget Dr. Zaius.
(excited, to Gus)

SHAWN (CONT.)

Dude, I think I figured out the end of Tim Burton's "Planet of the Apes" remake! No, it's gone.

SHAWN VISION - an EPINEPHRINE AUTO-INJECTOR in the trash.

SHAWN (CONT.)

(re: the injector)

Gus.

Gus looks. Reacts. They SPEAK IN HUSHED TONES:

GUS

That's an epinephrine injector. If Osterhagen had an anaphylactic reaction, that's a straight shot of adrenaline right to his heart.

SHAWN

And that's -- ?

GUS

Good. So long as he wasn't taking heart medication, like digitalis. Potentially, that could be fatal.

SHAWN

Fatal?

GUS

(shrugging)
Potentially.

Shawn turns to Don Martini and the Handler.

SHAWN

I'm sensing one of you injected Osterhagen with epi-- Gus?

GUS

Nephrine.

SHAWN

Right. You tried to save his life by injecting him with epi--

GUS
(annoyed)

Nephrine.

SHAWN

Exactly. But when you realized it killed him, you hid the evidence.

The Handler looks toward the garbage -- caught.

SHAWN (CONT.)

If you want to hide something in the garbage, put something awful on top so no one looks underneath. Like the ridiculous sci-fi novel your best friend's been writing in secret, and you haven't got the guts to tell him sucks.

GUS

I knew you threw my book away!

DON MARTINI

Gerd was a colleague and a friend. Are you suggesting either Chelsea or I would deliberately sabotage an investigation into his death?

SHAWN

Wait. Your name is *Chelsea* and you're the mustache *handler*?

(nobody gets it)

Chelsea Handler?

DON MARTINI

What's so funny about "Chelsea Handler"?

SHAWN

Nothing, actually. But America finds her delightful.

GUS

(suggestive; to Chelsea)

I know I do.

LARS RODHE (OS)

There they are, Roger!

Lars enters through the curtain, followed by Roger Landry.

ROGER LANDRY

Gentlemen, based on complaints from several of our guests, I must ask that you vacate the premises immediately.

SHAWN

Oh, Lars. I thought we connected. We had that whole bonding thing about male-pattern balding and wigs made of human hair.

Lars strokes his mustache, nervous.

LARS RODHE

He's lying, Roger.

SHAWN

I never lie. Sure, I might fudge the truth from time to time, but who doesn't -- right, Gus?

Gus has a dreamy look in his eyes.

SHAWN (CONT.)

Dude, this is no time to be thinking about fudge!

EXT. EXHIBIT BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

A large SECURITY GUARD shoves Gus and Shawn out of the building by their shirts. Gus attempts to turn his stumble into a smooth strut.

SHAWN

We've gotta get a closer look at Lars. He's hiding something.

GUS

You think Lars did it?

SHAWN

Of course he did it. Why else would he want us kicked out of the carnival so bad?

GUS

Okay, calling it "carnival" all the time? It's starting to get a little creepy.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The lot's full of trailers. Gus follows Shawn as he weaves between them, hunting.

GUS

Why are you so sure Lars has a trailer?

SHAWN

He's the Bono of the mustache convention circuit. The bigger the ego, the bigger the trailer.

Gus stops in front of a massive trailer, a DANISH FLAG flapping.

SHAWN (CONT.)

Why are we stopping?

GUS

This one's his.

SHAWN

It's cute when you play psychic, Gus. But leave the psychic-ing to a real psychic.

GUS

I'm not playing, Shawn, and psychic's not a verb. Besides, you aren't a really psychic either, Shawn, and that's a Danish flag.

SHAWN

I just assumed they really liked Swiss Army knives.

Gus looks around, then tries to jimmy the lock.

SHAWN (CONT.)

Gus, you can't pick that lock.

GUS

I can pick a lock. Keep lookout.

SHAWN

Electronic locks. Remember when you tried to open Betty Fisher's diary in the sixth grade?

GUS

That was a very complex series of tumblers for a children's toy.

SHAWN

The key was in the shape of a dolphin.
(lifts the doormat;
finds the KEY)
Don't look at the dogs, Gus. Work the lock.

GUS

That's not helping.

Finally, Gus RATTLES THE HANDLE in frustration.

GUS (CONT.)

-- I can't do it!

SHAWN

You looked at the dogs. Fortunately for us, Lars is no better at hiding things than the girl who handles his mustache.

Shawn shows Gus the key. He unlocks the door.

GUS

Let me see that!

Gus tears the key out of the lock and studies its grooves while Shawn slips inside.

INT. LARS'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Neat and roomy. Shawn looks around. Several EMPTY JARS OF MARSHMALLOW FLUFF on the table, along with a stack of Beard Monthly magazines. Lars looks like a rock star on the cover of one. A heap of FAN MAIL.

Shawn opens a kitchen cupboard. More marshmallow fluff.

SHAWN

This guy really loves marshmallow fluff.

GUS

Who doesn't? It's like eating delicious candy made of clouds. Look at all this fan mail.

(re: fan letter)

"Lars, even though I'm eighty years young, your mustache lights a fire deep within me." Ew.

Shawn pulls a face as he opens a drawer.

GUS (CONT.)

(reads another)

"Dearest Lars, I want to bear your hirsute children." Ok, weird.

(another)

Listen to this: "Never has their been a love so deep, so pure as mine for you. Though I touch you every day, I remain so far away."

SHAWN

Whoa. *Fatal Attraction*, anyone?

Gus pushes the letters aside. There's a MEDICATION BOTTLE buried underneath. He looks it over.

GUS

Lars was taking corticosteroids.

SHAWN

Really? He doesn't look jacked.

GUS

They aren't for getting jacked, Shawn.
Corticosteroids decrease inflammation
and suppress an overactive immune
system.

Shawn holds up a Styrofoam WIG HEAD from another cupboard.

SHAWN

(startled)
"Goodbye Horses," Gus! Why would
someone keep a severed mannequin head
in his cupboard?

GUS

You mean why would someone with so much
hair need a wig head?

Shawn MAKES THE WIG HEAD NOD along with him.

SHAWN

That makes more sense.

Gus holds up a tube of SPIRIT GUM to Shawn.

SHAWN (CONT.)

Spirit gum. You know who chews that?
Slimer.

GUS

Spirit gum's an adhesive for prosthetics and wigs.

SHAWN

It's also the official gum of ghost-
busting.

SHAWN VISION FLASHBACK - Lars stroke his mustache. CLOSE ON the
cross-cross of fabric and crumbs of dried glue.

LARS RODHE (FLASHBACK)

He's lying, Roger.

Shawn grabs the tube from Gus.

SHAWN

Dude! Could ghost gum be used for
mustaches and beards?

GUS

(gets it)
You think Lars isn't just balding, he's completely bald. Probably from chemotherapy or alopecia.

Gus begins slowly backing out of the trailer.

SHAWN

Gesundheit.

GUS

That wasn't a sneeze. Alopecia's a medical condition causing hair loss, usually in patches, but sometimes all over. That would explain the steroids.

SHAWN

Imagine it, Gus. Totally jacked and completely hairless.

GUS

I'm not getting alopecia just so you can fulfill your childhood dream of having a best friend made of chocolate, Shawn! Besides, it's not contagious.

SHAWN

Then why are you slowly backing out of the trailer?

Gus STOPS in his tracks.

GUS

I'm not.

SHAWN

(tongue smack; then
a revelation)
Dude, Osterhagen must have found out about Lars's hair loss. He was going to tell Roger, so Lars put honey in his mustache wax, knowing Osterhagen was deathly allergic.

GUS

Of course! It makes sense the killer would be the guy with the longest mustache of all.

SHAWN

The mustache is fake, Gus.

GUS

I stand by my theory.

And Gus BACKS ENTIRELY OUT the door.

EXT. EXHIBIT BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

They round the corner just as Juliet and Lassiter lead Lars out in handcuffs. In the meantime, Lassiter seems to have GROWN A MUSTACHE.

SHAWN

We're too late!

GUS

How did Lassiter figure out who the killer was before us? And how did he grow a mustache in an hour and a half?

SHAWN

I don't think either of those mustaches are real, Gus. And I don't think Lars did it.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Shawn and Gus enter the BUSY station. They head through the DESKS toward the interrogation rooms.

GUS

You only think Lars is innocent because Lassiter beat you to the punch.

SHAWN

If Lassie ever did beat me to the punch, I would be so far ahead the punch would already be spiked.

GUS

Oh yeah? With what?

SHAWN

(thinks)

With awesome. Anyway, I've figured out how Lassie beat us to Lars. His new stupid mustache gives him the power to smell crime.

GUS

You're jealous of his mustache.

SHAWN

I am not jealous of Lassie's --

Lassiter and Juliet step out of Interrogation Room A. Strangely, Lassie's MUSTACHE IS FULLER.

LASSITER

Police skills? Ability to catch bad guys? It's all right, Spencer. You'll get there someday.

Lassiter CLAPS Shawn on the back and saunters off, high and mighty. Juliet rolls her eyes.

JULIET

We're on our way to the Bryant Hotel to talk to Mrs. Osterhagen about her husband. The coroner confirmed he had honey in his mustache, just like you said, and an injection site was found for epinephrine, causing an immediate cardiac arrest when combined with the digitalis he was taking for cardiac arrhythmia.

Gus and Shawn bump fists.

JULIET

(re: fist bump)

A man died. It turns out Chelsea, the mustache handler -- how weird is that, by the way? -- she overheard an argument between Lars and Osterhagen before the incident. I think it was probably accidental, but Carlton's suddenly certain it was murder.

SHAWN

Lars's mustache is fake, Jules.

JULIET

I know, I spotted it right away. It's such a disappointment. Like when Andre Agassi revealed his mullet was really a wig.

Shawn and Gus exchange a look. Juliet sighs heavily, a glance back at the Interrogation Room where Lars sits.

JULIET (CONT.)

But I get it. The fame. The power. BrushCon is a cut-throat tournament. Only the best of the best can win.

SHAWN

Jules... Are you a mustache groupie?

JULIET

Actually, Shawn, they prefer to be called brush bunnies.

JULIET (CONT.)

And frankly, I'm offended you would even think that of me.

Juliet storms off.

GUS

Dude.

SHAWN

What?

They enter --

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM A - CONTINUOUS

Lars looks up from the table, a shell of himself. His bald head in handcuffed hands, mustache and wig in front of him.

LARS RODHE

Oh, goodie. Tell me, psychic, was it your -- what do you call them? -- "vision" which had me arrested?

SHAWN

Lars, we know you're innocent.

GUS

I don't.

SHAWN

As usual, Gus is on the fence. How long have you had alopecia, Lars?

Now Lars is listening.

LARS RODHE

How did you...?

SHAWN

(taps his temple)
Psychic, remember?

LARS RODHE

Ja, of course. It was about two years ago when I discovered an inordinate amount of hair in the drain after my morning bath.

Shawn mouths "Bath?" to Gus.

LARS RODHE (CONT.)

When it began falling out in clumps, I saw a doctor. She told me I have alopecia universalis. Within a year I was almost entirely bald. The rest fell out hardly a week before last year's convention. I didn't know what else to do but fake it. Gerhard stumbled upon my dark secret this morning while the girl applied my mustache. He told me to bow out, and we argued. He has always been a dear friend to me, I would never murder him over something so petty.

GUS

So Chelsea knows your secret?

LARS RODHE

She's in love with me, I think.

SHAWN

She's the girl who touches you every day, but stays so far away.

LARS RODHE

(shrugs)

I have many fans. I'm sure she will confirm I was at Lola's fudge shop at the time the deed was done.

GUS

I have to ask. What's with the marshmallow fluff?

LARS RODHE

It's childish, I know, but when I eat it I feel like I am eating sweet fluffy clouds.

GUS

This man is innocent.

(off Shawn's look)

What?

SHAWN

We're gonna get you out of here.

LARS RODHE

Danke. And perhaps you could also
smuggle in a fudge mustache or two?

SHAWN

No. I'm keeping those bad boys for
myself.

They exit.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Shawn and Gus step out into the hall.

SHAWN

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

GUS

That Chelsea killed Gerd to protect
Lars. But there's security guards at
all the entrances. How are we going to
get back into the carnival?

(dawns on him)

Are you happy, Shawn? Now I'm calling
it that!

SHAWN

Very. But there's more than one way to
shave a beard, Gus.

GUS

No there isn't. Always shave against
the grain.

SHAWN

If that's anything like "always bet on
black," we all know how that worked out
for Wesley Snipes.

INT. BRYANT HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Shawn and Gus approach the desk. A bored, beautiful HOTEL CLERK stands behind it.

SHAWN

Well hello...

(checks her NAMETAG)

Cindy. Cindy? Any relation to Cindy Lauper?

HOTEL CLERK

No.

SHAWN

No? Hmm.

GUS

That's what you're going with? I've got this.

(flirty)

Hi, Cindy. Burton Guster.

Gus holds out his hand. The Hotel Clerk just looks at it. He puts it down, embarrassed, and turns to Shawn, who's leaning on the counter.

GUS (CONT.)

This woman is made of stone.

SHAWN VISION - the COMPUTER SCREEN, the names DETECTIVE LASSITER and DETECTIVE O'HARA under G. SCHNURRBART, RM 308.

SHAWN

Maybe you can help us, Cindy. We're looking for Gloria Schnurr...

HOTEL CLERK

(perks up)

Schnurrbart? Do you two work for Detective Lassiter?

SHAWN

With. We work with Detective -- Why do you want to know?

Cindy tears off a sheet of HOTEL STATIONARY, scribbles something, and hands it to Shawn.

HOTEL CLERK

Mrs. Schnurrrbart's in room 308. While you're up there, would you give this to the Detective for me?

SHAWN

(looks at the note)
Please tell me that's the number of a good groomer.

Gus looks. "Are you kidding me?"

GUS

You're giving your number to Lassiter?
Carlton Lassiter?

HOTEL CLERK

That mustache... It's just so, I don't know... Cary Grant.

Gus and Shawn share a look.

SHAWN

We'll be sure and give this to him.

They leave the desk.

GUS

We're not going to give it to him, right?

SHAWN

C'mon, son.

Shawn wads it up and tosses it in the waste basket as they head for the stairs.

INT. BRYANT HOTEL - 3RD FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Shawn and Gus rise the stairs.

Lassiter and Juliet leave room 308 for the elevators.

Shawn and Gus head for the room. Gus knocks.

The door opens. MRS. OSTERHAGEN stands there, a Mrs. Robinson type in black silk negligee, running mascara. An American.

MRS. OSTERHAGEN

What is it now -- ?

She looks them over. Especially Gus. Gus raises an eyebrow.

MRS. OSTERHAGEN (CONT.)

You're not the police.

SHAWN

No, we're not. My name is Shawn Spencer, I'm a psychic detective. This is my partner, Wolf Manjack.

Mrs. Osterhagen gives Gus an odd look.

MRS. OSTERHAGEN

(shrugs)

This oughta be good for a laugh.

Then she steps aside to let them in.

INT. BRYANT HOTEL - RM 308 - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Osterhagen pours amber liquor from a crystal bottle into a glass of melting ice. She holds up an empty glass.

MRS. OSTERHAGEN

Care for a drink?

SHAWN

I never drink after noon. And Wolf's on heavy medication.

Gus gives her a shrug.

Mrs. Osterhagen pours more liquor into the second glass. Some spills down her wrist and she licks it off.

Gus adjusts his collar. She brings both glasses to the sofa.

SHAWN

Schnurrbart. Is that German?

MRS. OSTERHAGEN

It means mustache. Gerdie had a strange sense of humor.

SHAWN

How many people knew about Gerdie's --
(catches himself)
-- your husband's heart condition?

MRS. OSTERHAGEN

Oh, I suspect it's pretty common knowledge among the regulars.

SHAWN

Fair enough. Now what I do know is you love your husband. But you're not a fan of the conventions.

SHAWN VISION - a BOTTLE OF DRAMAMINE on the table, beside RETURN TICKETS to Munich peeking out of an envelope.

SHAWN (CONT.)

The truth is, you hate to fly.

MRS. OSTERHAGEN

Impressive. Seems like all Gerdie and I do is fly from one damn mustache convention to the next for him to judge another bunch of man-children showing off their facial hair.

SHAWN

(psych mode)
I'm sensing you didn't like your husband's mustache.

She says nothing, but she's clearly impressed.

SHAWN (CONT.)

In fact, you tried to shave it off in his sleep. But his mustache overpowered you, and you became its slave, unable to resist --

GUS

Shawn!

MRS. OSTERHAGEN

It was cute in the '80s, his mustache. Real Tom Selleck. You know, you might really have something with this psychic thing.

SHAWN

I think I know who murdered Gerd, but the evidence we need is at the convention, and Rodge kicked us out.

MRS. OSTERHAGEN

Roger Landry? The Frenchman?

GUS

You know him?

MRS. OSTERHAGEN

Sure, he was always coming-on to me whenever he thought Gerd wasn't paying attention. But Gerd knew. Tell you what, boys. I'll hire you to find out who killed my Gerdie. If Rodge gives you any trouble, you tell him Elaine said, "We'll always have backstage at BeardCon Milwaukee, 1987." He'll know what it means.

Gus and Shawn share a look.

MRS. OSTERHAGEN (CONT.)

Gerd was a good man, a faithful husband. He didn't deserve what happened to him. When you catch the son-of-a-bitch who did it, give me a pair of clippers and five minutes alone with him. I'll make it worth your while.

(looks Gus over)

Especially this one.

Gus appears nervous.

INT. EXHIBIT BUILDING - DAY

Shawn and Gus wander, eating Fudge 'Staches.

SHAWN

If real facial hair was this delicious,
shaving would be so much better.

(spots something)

Sweet beard cage!

GUS

You mean birdcage.

Shawn points at a guy with a BIRDCAGE MADE OF FACIAL HAIR around his head walking by.

SHAWN

Beard cage. *La cage au follicle.*

Suddenly Lassiter steps out in front of them, hands on hips. And he's got a FULL MUSTACHE.

LASSITER

I thought Roger made it clear for you
chuckleheads to vamoose.

SHAWN

"Vamoose"? Just because you look like
Yosemite Sam doesn't mean you have to
talk like him.

GUS

And that's twice with the chuckleheads.
I've been counting.

SHAWN

For your information, Elaine Osterhagen
hired us. So you can tell "Rodge" to go
trim his mustache.

GUS

Don't forget backstage at BeardCon
Milwaukee.

SHAWN

If you remember Beardcon '87, you
weren't really there.

Lassiter looks like he's seen a ghost. He hardens.

LASSITER

What do you two know about Milwaukee?

SHAWN

I know the Native Americans called it mill-eh-wah-que, which is Algonquian for "the good land."

GUS

You know that's right.

Lassiter just eyeballs them.

SHAWN

Anyway, Lassie, what's up with this mustache? You look like Bernie Lomax.

GUS

I would've said Bob Goulet.

SHAWN

An Old West prospector?

GUS

That works.

LASSITER

Don't be ridiculous. Everyone knows the majority of gold claims were falsified by unscrupulous businessmen.

SHAWN

It's a fake, isn't it?

GUS

A *fugazi*.

Shawn tries to touch it. Lassiter pulls back with a snarl.

LASSITER

I'll have you know, Spencer, I shave thrice daily.

SHAWN

"Thrice."

Roger Landry's standing right behind Gus and Shawn.

ROGER LANDRY

It's true. And Carl would have been inducted into the Whiskered Gentlemen's Club at our alma mater if not for an unfortunate shaving mishap in our sophomore year.

SHAWN

Since when is the Santa Barbara Police Academy an alma mater?

ROGER LANDRY

Apparently I did not make it clear enough that you chuckleheads were banished from the premises.

GUS

All right, what is with these guys and the word "chucklehead"?

LASSITER

They know about Milwaukee, Rog.

SHAWN

Yes, Rodge, we know all about Milwaukee. So if you don't mind, we've got psychic sleuthing to do.

Shawn walks off. Gus "talk to the hand"s Roger and Lassiter.

GUS

You just got chuckle-faced.

Then he follows Shawn.

INT. EXHIBIT BUILDING - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Chelsea the Handler's down on her haunches sweeping up hair with a hand broom and dustpan. She turns to find Gus and Shawn standing behind her.

CHELSEA

Well well, if it isn't the garbage pickers. Come back to criticize how I've sorted the recycling?

Gus looks at the recycling bin.

GUS

Actually, paper and food containers go
in separate --

(off Shawn's look)

Never mind.

Shawn holds up one of LARS'S FAN LETTERS. Chelsea looks at it,
horrified.

SHAWN

"Never has there been a love so deep,
so pure as mine for you. Though I touch
you every day, I remain so far away."

Chelsea bolts for the curtains.

The curtains part before her, and she RUNS HEADLONG right into
Juliet.

Juliet spins her around and SLAPS THE CUFFS on her.

SHAWN

Good catch, Jules!

Juliet turns, a fake mustache clipped to her nose.

Shawn and Gus react, creeped-out.

SHAWN

(touching his face)

Jules, you've got something...

JULIET

I do?

(touches the
mustache)

Oh, this.

She takes the mustache off, blushing.

JULIET (CONT.)

Guys, I can explain...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM A - DAY

Chelsea's in cuffs in the same spot Lars sat earlier.

CHELSEA

I didn't kill him!

LASSITER

Oh, spare me. You're a brush bunny,
sweet pea. You just had to protect your
precious mustache.

CHELSEA

If I was a brush bunny, why would I be
in love with a hairless man?

Lassiter can't answer that one.

JULIET

(sotto)

I know a mustache mama when I see one,
Carlton, and this girl isn't it.

CHIEF VICK, Shawn and Gus watch through the one-way glass.

SHAWN

She's got a point, Chief. Give me two
minutes with Chelsea. If she's our
killer, I'll know.

CHIEF VICK

Two minutes, Spencer. And no
shenanigans.

SHAWN

Shenanigans? I'm offended. Or at least
I would be if I didn't know myself so
well.

Lassiter and Juliet leave. Gus and Shawn enter. An uncomfortable
moment between Shawn and Juliet as they pass each other. He
smiles, and Jules looks down, embarrassed.

CHELSEA

Oh, great...

SHAWN

Chelsea, we know you have a crush on Lars Rodhe.

CHELSEA

What does that have to do with anything? He wasn't even there when Mr. Osterhagen died.

GUS

Maybe you're just saying that to get him off the suspect list. Put the heat on someone else instead.

SHAWN

Nice lingo.

GUS

C'mon, son.

Chelsea gives them like they're crazy, then:

CHELSEA

My love for Lars is pure. I would never do anything to jeopardize what we have.

GUS

Which is what? You pretend to groom his fake mustache and he pretends not to know you're in love with him?

CHELSEA

If that's the way it has to be, then yes.

SHAWN

We know you weren't the one who spiked Osterhagen. But you saw who did, didn't you?

CHELSEA

If Mr. Landry knew I told you this I could get in big trouble.

SHAWN VISION FLASHBACK - Roger talking to Lassiter.

ROGER LANDRY (FLASHBACK)
I myself was in the wings.

SHAWN
You're saying Rodge was backstage and
gave Gerd the epi-neph-rine?

Shawn looks at Gus like a proud student. Gus approves.

CHELSEA
Mr. Osterhagen was turning red,
screaming something in German.

FLASHBACK

Osterhagen grasps at his throat, choking out words in German.
Chelsea, Roger and Martini are stunned.

CHELSEA (V.O.)
Mr. Landry had to do something. The
injector was just sitting there on the
counter.

Roger grabs the INJECTOR, and JABS IT into Osterhagen's heart.
His eyes BUG OUT in horror. Chelsea SCREAMS.

END FLASHBACK

CHELSEA (CONT.)
Mr. Osterhagen had me mix his wax by
hand every day and apply it myself.
Someone must have replaced what I made
with the beeswax. I knew Mr. Osterhagen
was allergic. I would never do that on
purpose.
(breaks down)
I mean, it's not as if you can smell
it!

GUS
I can.
(off her look)
I have a heightened sense of smell.
Along with certain other...
sensitivities.

Gus hands her a tissue. Chelsea's confused, but takes the tissue and blows her nose.

SHAWN

Chelsea, is it possible Roger could have placed the injector there himself?

CHELSEA

I guess. It wasn't there when I started work yesterday. And Mr. Landry was pretty steamed when Mr. Osterhagen told him about Lars's mustache.

SHAWN

Steamed, how?

CHELSEA

Saying if it got out it could ruin BeardCon, that nobody would take it seriously as a competition anymore. Stuff like that.

Off Shawn and Gus's look we:

CUT TO:

INT. CHIEF VICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Chief Vick's behind her desk.

CHIEF VICK

This is Lassiter's friend we're talking about. I won't sign off on him based on the testimony of another suspect.

JULIET

For all we know, Shawn, Chelsea and Lars Rodhe conspired to get rid of Osterhagen together.

GUS

She's got a point, Shawn.

SHAWN

Gus, what happened to your blind distrust of mustaches?

GUS

I guess I've learned a few things.
(surprised)
You may have actually expanded my
horizons for once.

SHAWN

Once? I expand your horizons at least
"thrice" daily.
(aside)
Didn't think I could work that into a
sentence, did you?

GUS

I had my doubts.

CHIEF VICK

(losing patience)
Find some evidence, and I'll back your
play. Until then, get out of my office.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

They step out of Vick's office. Juliet stops them.

JULIET

Guys, what you saw earlier...

SHAWN

I'm sorry, Jules. I shouldn't have
called you a brush bunny. Clearly the
truth is much, much darker.

JULIET

Yeah, about that...

SHAWN

Your tearful confession can wait. We
need to find Lassie.

JULIET

He left with Roger Landry a few minutes
ago.

GUS

Where?

JULIET

Landry's office. He said they had unfinished business to take care of.

SHAWN

Unfinished business?

GUS

Oh, that's never good.

JULIET

And something about Milwaukee?

Shawn and Gus hurry away.

JULIET (CONT.)

(shouts after them)

Why? You don't think he's the one who killed The Mustache?

EVERYONE in the station turns to eyeball Juliet. She makes herself very small.

INT. LAW OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

They sprint down the hall. Even now they're racing.

SHAWN

If Lassie's dead, I get his alligator cufflinks.

GUS

If Lassie is dead, I'm sure those would go to his wife.

INT. ROGER LANDRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lassiter's kneeling, head bowed, the pointy end of a SWORD at his neck. Roger Landry HOLDS THE SWORD in both hands, and RAISES IT --

Shawn and Gus BURST through the door.

SHAWN

The jig is up, Rodge!

Roger and Lassiter turn, the blade held above Lassie's head. Lassiter, for some reason, is scowling again.

GUS

"The jig is up"?

LASSITER

Spencer, what are you -- ?

ROGER LANDRY

(to Lassiter)

What is this "jig"?

SHAWN

We know all about you and Elaine Osterhagen backstage at Milwaukee BeardCon 1987.

Roger lowers the sword.

GUS

(sotto to Shawn)

We do?

LASSITER

Spencer...

SHAWN

We do. We know about your tawdry little love affair with a married woman, and quite frankly it sickens us. Doesn't it, Gus?

GUS

Not if I pretend he wasn't there.

SHAWN

But Lassie interrupted, cutting it short as swiftly as a total eclipse of the heart.

GUS

Or a careless whisper.

SHAWN

Like a candle in the wind. Marilyn, not Princess Di. And now, here you are,

like a bird without a song, holding a
saber to the throat of your old friend.

LASSITER

(irked)
It's a sword.

SHAWN

I've heard it both ways.

Gus agrees.

ROGER LANDRY

I don't understand. You think Carl
walked in on Elaine and I making love?
This is your "Milwaukee"?

SHAWN

And Lassie promised to keep it a secret
from Gerd. Am I telling it wrong?

ROGER LANDRY

I am merely inducting Carl into the
Whiskered Gentlemen's Club, as I would
have in our sophomore year, had he not
fallen asleep at a fraternity party and
had the entirety of his body hair
removed, including his mustache.

Lassiter stands, shame-faced. Roger sheathes the sword.

GUS

That's your unfinished business?

LASSITER

What did you think? Rodge was going to
kill me?

Roger and Lassie turn to each other and burst into LAUGHTER.

LASSITER (CONT.)

(dead serious)
You thought Rodge was going to kill me,
Spencer?

Roger sips from a TEA CUP with a painting of the Leipzig
Konzerthaus on it, and a semi-circular ledge inside.

SHAWN VISION FLASHBACK - Don Martini hides the SAME CUP under his newspaper. CLOSE ON old cracks in the china.

ROGER LANDRY

And by implication, I must also have murdered my dear friend Gerhard. Preposterous.

LASSITER

Patently.

SHAWN

Not half as preposterous as a grown man drinking from a sippy cup.

ROGER LANDRY

This just so happens to a replica of the mustache cup Nietzsche used while writing *Beyond Good and Evil*.

SHAWN

What do you think, Rodge? Did the kids make it to Tomorrow-morrow Land after all?

GUS

That was *Beyond Thunderdome*.

SHAWN

Which was based on the book.

GUS

No it wasn't, Shawn.

LASSITER

(fed up)

You two can go now.

SHAWN

Fine. But can you put the saber to Lassie's neck again? I forgot to say "close shave."

He holds out a fist and Gus BUMPS it. With that, they exit.

INT. PSYCH OFFICE - NIGHT

Shawn paces. Gus types on the computer.

SHAWN

I'm not saying they're connected, Gus, I just think it's weird Rodge and Brother Hezekiah have the same cup. Do I think Rodge is guilty? There's definitely something about him that rubs me the wrong way.

GUS

Maybe it's because Juliet gave him the goo-goo eyes.

SHAWN

"Goo-goo eyes"? Really, Gus?

GUS

According to BeardCon's website, Roger Landry is a "mustache advocate," whatever that is.

SHAWN

Dude, he's a mustache judge and an advocate? If he's also a mustache general we'd have a sweet TV show.

GUS

Unfortunately not. But he is the chairman of something called the Society for the Advancement of Whiskered Gentlemen in the Workplace.

SHAWN

The S.A.W.G.W.? I hear that's how Hitler got started. They say his employers preferred the old Kaiser mustache over the toothbrush --

GUS

You've been reading my alternate history novel in the bathroom again, haven't you?

SHAWN

Not so much reading it as using it.

GUS

(the implication
dawns on him)

Shawn, where's my manuscript?

SHAWN

It's in good hands, Gus.

GUS

(angry tongue
smack)

They just better be clean.

SHAWN

What else does it say about Rog?

GUS

That's it. But there's stuff about all the judges here. Don Martini, the guy with the chin curtain? It says he's an antiques dealer, a mustache historian, and a linguist.

SHAWN

He's got more jobs than the Hedleys.

GUS

Hey mon. And the MC moonlights as an auctioneer. In fact, he's hosting a silent auction at the mustache convention tonight before it heads to Reno.

(then)

Shawn.

SHAWN VISION - One of the items on the AUCTION LIST is Friedrich Nietzsche's mustache cup, cracks and all. CLOSE ON "Donated by G. OSTERHAGEN" and "Reserve price \$45,000."

SHAWN

Gus, put on your auction hat. We've got motive.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. EXHIBIT BUILDING - NIGHT

A silent auction in progress, all the original booths torn down. People huddle around new booths set up for the auction items. VOLUNTEERS weave through the crowd, handing out BROCHURES.

MC (OS)

Our final item on display is a copy of "Sgt. Pepper" signed by all four Beatles, an album which not only proudly displays the lush mustaches of the band members circa 1966, but also includes a mustache cut-out for the children.

SHAWN

What is it with these people and mustaches?

Gus shrugs.

The MC's on stage in front of a banner: "BEARDCON AUCTION FOR MEN'S HEALTH."

MC

Take your time to peruse the items, and remember: this is for charity.

They arrive at the stage. The MC spots them.

MC (CONT.)

Oh, hey, fellas. Where'd you park the Mystery Van?

GUS

I'd better not be Scooby in that analogy.

SHAWN

Down, Gus.

MC

Only kidding, guys. What's up?

SHAWN VISION - a TAPE RECORDER on the MC's chair.

SHAWN

Do you always tape your events?

The MC snags the tape recorder and tucks it away in his pocket.

SHAWN VISION FLASHBACK - the MC putting the tape recorder in his pocket after Osterhagen died.

MC

If you're thinking about the day Osterhagen died, I forgot my tape recorder. Super PO'ed.

SHAWN

I know you recorded it.

MC

Right, you're the psychic. Well guess what? I don't believe in psychics.

SHAWN

You don't have to. They believe in you. And I believe the recording of Osterhagen's last moments is on the same tape in your pocket.

MC

Are you saying I killed Gerd? Dude, I'm a Mormon.

SHAWN

Maybe you'd prefer it if the police searched you personally.

The MC stares him down. Shawn stares harder. The MC blinks.

MC

All right, fine!

(hands Shawn the
tape recorder)

But there's nothing on there you didn't already hear yourself. Just Gerd shouting a bunch of nonsense in German.

SHAWN

I'm counting on it.

MC

(into mike)

The management asks that you please do not touch the items!

They walk and talk.

GUS

So we've got the tape, now what? We don't know German.

SHAWN

We don't need to. Lars does.

GUS

Lars is Danish.

SHAWN

True, but yesterday at the station I thought he was complimenting my badonkadonk, until I looked it up. "Danke" means "thank you" in German.

GUS

Lars speaks German!

(then)

Wait, you didn't know that? What planet are you from?

Gus looks around. Where's Shawn?

SHAWN (OS)

Dude!

He turns to see Shawn POP OUT from the top of a RED FERRARI 308 GTS.

GUS

Is that Robin 1 from *Magnum P.I.*?

SHAWN

I know what you're thinking, Gus.

GUS

How dope this would look parked out
front of the office?

SHAWN

So dope.

MC (OS)

Please refrain from touching or getting
in the items, this is your final
warning.

SHAWN

(climbing out)

My bad!

(to Gus)

You know, for a silent auction, that
guy sure does talk a lot.

Gus agrees with a nod. From the crowd, Juliet approaches with
HENRY.

SHAWN (CONT.)

Juliet, Dad.

SHAWN VISION - CLOSE ON Henry's mustache.

SHAWN (CONT.)

Oh sweet XTC. Not you, too.

HENRY

I have no idea what you're talking
about, Shawn.

SHAWN

The lip warmer?

GUS

Philtrum fuzz.

HENRY

Oh this? Just getting into the spirit
of the case, that's all.

JULIET

I think it's cute. In a strictly
professional way, of course.

Henry chuckles. A little too hard.

HENRY

Of course.

SHAWN

It's happening, Gus, just like we predicted. Evil Henry's come back from the dead.

GUS

Last time he had a mustache, that thing took on a life of its own.

HENRY

Boys, that was in the past. It's different now. I'm older. Wiser.

GUS

Oh really? Then why do I smell Hi Karate?

Shawn leans in to smell his father. Henry pulls back, irked.

HENRY

You boys didn't drag us out here to pick apart my choice of aftershave, did you?

SHAWN

Maybe we did. Is Lars still at the station, Jules?

JULIET

We had to let him go.

SHAWN

(surprised)
You let him out of the clink?

GUS

The pen.

It's a contest now:

SHAWN

The hoosegow.

HENRY

Boys.

They clam up.

JULIET

Security footage matched his story. Chelsea, Landry, Martini and the MC were the only people backstage that morning.

(to Shawn)

Shawn, can I speak to you?

HENRY

I think I saw something over there we should look at.

GUS

Me too.

Gus and Henry move along.

SHAWN

Jules, you don't have to explain.

JULIET

I want to, Shawn. My Nana was a kind, strong, beautiful woman. I looked up to her. But she had what you might call a medical condition.

SHAWN

Was it heavy metal poisoning? I once knew a guy who overdosed on Motley Crue. The attending physician was one Dr. Feelgood. Technically, he was an intern. Long story short, they tried to kickstart his heart, he died on the operating table. So don't let anyone tell you hair bands aren't dangerous, because they'd kill you as soon as look at you.

(off Juliet's glare)

Sorry. Go on.

JULIET

I always wanted to be just like my Nana. She had the prettiest, wispy blonde mustache.

SHAWN

This is a woman we're talking about.

JULIET

I knew you wouldn't understand.

SHAWN

I understand. To be honest, I used to wear my mother's --

JULIET

I don't want to hear this.

She heads off to meet Henry, and Gus returns.

SHAWN (CONT.)

Glasses! I was gonna say glasses, Jules!

MC (OS)

Ladies and gentlemen, just a friendly reminder, you have five minutes left to bid.

Gus turns to Shawn as he approaches.

GUS

And we've got five minutes to unmask a murderer.

Lars Rodhe and Chelsea walk into the convention arm-in-arm. It's a dream come true for Chelsea. Lars, going completely hairless, appears self-conscious.

HONEY MUSTACHE

Lars! Lookin' good, bro!

ESSENTIAL OILS

Love the new look!

Lars takes up a new, confident stride.

GUS

Lars, you dog!

LARS RODHE

What can I say, gentlemen. I have a newfound sweetness in life.

He smiles down at Chelsea. She smiles up at him.

SHAWN

Good for you two. We could really use your help, Lars. There's something we need translated.

LARS RODHE

I know many languages. But if it's translation you require, Don Martini might be of better service. He is, after all, a linguist.

SHAWN

That's exactly why we need you. This is a tape of Gerd's last moments.

Shawn hands Lars an EARBUD HEADPHONE. Lars puts it in, and Shawn plays the tape. He listens, increasingly uneasy.

LARS RODHE

He says, "No." He says, "You mustn't. I have a heart condition. Please. I will die if you -- "

(saddened; removes
the earbud)

That's all. This is very disturbing to me. How could Martini listen to this and not act?

SHAWN

Danke, Lars. Gus and I were wondering the same thing. Now do us a favor and have a whole litter of hairless children, okay?

Chelsea snickers. They leave.

GUS

Shawn --

SHAWN

I know. We have to find Martini.

They head for the booths.

Nietzsche's mustache cup has gathered quite a crowd. Don Martini stands among them, chewing on a pen as he looks at his brochure.

Shawn deliberately bumps into him. Martini cries out, drops the brochure, and bends to gather it.

DON MARTINI

Why don't you watch where you're --

Martini rises. He goes white.

SHAWN

Mr. Martini, what a surprise! Gus and I were looking for the John Wilkes booth. Have you seen it?

DON MARTINI

Is that a Lincoln joke?

SHAWN

It was, actually. You know what, let me try it again --

MC (OS)

Two minutes left to bid.

They're standing in Martini's way.

DON MARTINI

I don't have time for this foolishness!

SHAWN

Of course you do. The only item you're interested in is the Nietzsche cup, and it's a fake.

GUS

A *fugazi*.

The crowd around them reacts. Martini flusters.

DON MARTINI

That is ludicrous!

SHAWN

Not half as ludicrous as a grown man drinking from a sippy cup.

GUS

And you don't even have a mustache. Shame on you.

SHAWN

You see, we know you killed Osterhagen, and we know why. You just had to get your hands on that sweet sweet mustache cup. And we can prove it.

Don Martini turns to storm off. But Lassiter and Roger Landry stand in his way. Juliet and Henry join them.

LASSITER

Don't move a muscle, Martini.

ROGER LANDRY

I'd do as he says, Don. Carl was voted most likely to shoot an unarmed suspect at our alma mater.

JULIET

Why doesn't that surprise me?

Shawn climbs on stage, Gus right behind him. He grabs the microphone from the MC.

SHAWN

Four score and seven hours ago, Gerd "The Mustache" Osterhagen was murdered in cold blood on this very stage, by his friend and mustache colleague, Don Martini.

The crowd GASPS. Don Martini's shamed.

GUS

That's eighty-seven hours. It's only been thirty-eight.

SHAWN

Shut up, Gus.

(into the mike)

You'd planned the perfect murder, and you were so certain you'd get away with it you sipped tea from the very same cup right in front of us.

SHAWN (CONT.)

But one thing you didn't know was that your favorite MC and mine records every one of his gigs.

(holds up the tape recorder)

And the German Osterhagen shouted behind that curtain, telling them not to use the epinephrine, that he had a heart condition and it would kill him, Don Martini, a master linguist and a cunning one, would certainly have known what Gerd was saying, and should have warned Roger not to use the epinephrine injector.

ROGER LANDRY

Is this true, Don?

Don Martini opens his mouth to respond.

Then he sees Elaine Osterhagen, silently judging him. He doesn't know what to say.

SHAWN

(into the mike)

All mustache cups are not created equal. Roger Landry had a replica of Nietzsche's cup, but it didn't have the cracks of the authentic one. Your cup, Don, the one you hid under a newspaper when Gus and I interrupted your trim, had all the right cracks in all the right places. You robbed an auction house, Don, but unlike Bruce Willis, you couldn't even bother to croon a rousing rendition of "Swingin' on a Star."

GUS

Hudson Hawk?

SHAWN

Return of Bruno 2: Bruno Harder.

(into the mike)

Looks like it's curtains for Mr. Chin
Curtain.

Gus can't help himself this time, adding a *CSI: Miami* --

GUS

Yowwww!

Lassiter slaps the handcuffs on Don Martini.

LASSITER

You're under arrest for the murder of
Gerd Osterhagen.

Lassiter leads Martini off, Juliet and Henry in tow. Shawn turns
to the crowd.

SHAWN

Now, does anybody know where I can get
a good fudge mustache?

INT. CHIEF VICK'S OFFICE - DAY

We're all gathered around Chief Vick's desk. Shawn's holding a
big sheet of rolled paper.

CHIEF VICK

Martini confessed to the whole thing.
The real Nietzsche cup fetched almost
thirty-five grand for the auction.

JULIET

And even though Lars couldn't win
BeardCon this year, his mustache was
inducted into the Hall of Fame.

LASSITER

Everything's all tied up in a neat
little bow.

SHAWN

Not everything. There's still the matter of BeardCon Milwaukee, 1987.

LASSITER

Well, let's just say some mysteries are better left unsolved.

SHAWN

That may be true, Lassie, but this isn't one of them. When Gus and I expressed our interest in Milwaukee to Elaine Osterhagen, she was more than happy to supply us with some interesting photographic evidence.

LASSITER

We don't need to see this.

CHIEF VICK

I disagree, Detective. Proceed, Spencer.

SHAWN

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you --
(unrolls it)
-- BeardCon 1987.

And he REVEALS THE PHOTO.

Chief Vick SNICKERS behind her hand. Gus and Juliet can't help but join in.

LASSITER

This is ridiculous. I was a victim of the '80s.

CLOSE ON the photograph of the old college mustache crew. Mrs. Osterhagen has a big '80s perm, Roger Landry looks like Ducky with a pencil mustache, Osterhagen has his trademark handlebar and a Flock of Seagulls hairdo.

And Lassiter looks exactly as he does now, complete with scowl and crossed arms. Possibly even dressed in the very same suit.

SHAWN

If being square really was hip, you
were the coolest kid at your alma
mater.

Everyone LAUGHS aloud.

LASSITER

Mark my words, Spencer: you're gonna
pay.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - LASSITER'S DESK - DAY

Lassiter's busy with paperwork. He grumbles when he sees Shawn and Gus approach.

LASSITER

What now?

SHAWN

Gus and I wanted to apologize for yesterday, Detective, and as a show of gratitude --

(clearly painful)

-- the hotel clerk asked us to give you this number other day. She's expecting your call.

Shawn holds out a crumpled ball of paper.

Lassiter looks him over. Is it possible he's underestimated Shawn? He grudgingly takes it. NODS in respect.

LASSITER

Thank you, Spencer.

SHAWN

I promise you won't regret it. Although I can't say the same for her.

Off Lassiter's look, they leave his desk.

GUS

I can't believe you gave him that hot hotel clerk's number.

SHAWN

I didn't. What she gave us was the number for a talent agency that does celebrity look-a-likes. Get your mustache ready, Gus. Your audition's next Tuesday for a young Billy Dee Williams.

GUS
You know that's right.

SHAWN
And if that doesn't work, we'll shave it
off and try for Bud.

GUS
Shawn! You did not!

Shawn grins. As Gus hurries after him...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW