

CASTLE

“Flowers For Your Grave” Pilot Completion

Written by
Andrew Marlowe

Directed by
Rob Bowman

SCENES IN BOLD ARE RESHOOTS

SCENES IN ITALICS ARE RE-EDIT

White Production Draft October 23, 2008
Blue Pages October 24, 2008
Pink Pages October 31, 2008
Yellow Pages (Full) November 12, 2008



CAST

Yellow Production Draft
November 12, 2008

RICHARD CASTLE
KATE BECKETT
MARTHA RODGERS
~~GINA GRIFFIN (WAS GINA COWELL)~~ **OMITTED RESHOOT SCENE**
JAVIER ESPOSITO
FRANK MCNULTY
LANIE PARISH
KEVIN RYAN
ALEXIS CASTLE
ROY MONTGOMERY

JAMES PATTERSON
~~SUE GRAFTON~~
STEPHEN J. CANNELL
JONATHAN KELLERMAN
FAYE KELLERMAN
KYLE CABOT
JONATHAN TISDALE
HARRISON TISDALE
JUDGE MARKWAY
SILVER FOX
UNIFORM (COP)
RECEPTION
DOORMAN

Non-Speaking

Note: only characters from reshoot scenes are listed.

Yellow Production Draft
November 12, 2008

SC. 1C SCENE OMITTED

Photographers

SC. 10C

OTHER DETECTIVES
UNIFORMS (COPS)

Locations

Note: only locations for reshoot scenes are listed.

Yellow Production Draft
November 12, 2008

INTERIORS

APARTMENT

DINING ROOM (1A, 2)

~~ADJOINING BAR (1C)~~ **OMITTED FROM RESHOOTS**

PRECINCT

BREAKROOM (4D)

OBSERVATION ROOM (16)

BULLPEN (4D, 19, 26A, 35A)

INTERROGATION (15) **ADDED TO RESHOOTS**

CAR (10B)

BASEMENT

HALLWAY (13)

APARTMENT (13A)

PENTHOUSE

POKER LOUNGE (17A)

JONATHAN TISDALE'S OFFICE (29)

ENTRY ROOM (A28) ADDED TO RESHOOTS

COURTHOUSE

CORRIDOR (35B)

EXTERIORS

APARTMENT BUILDING (10A)

1A

CLOSE ON:

1A

A LANDSCAPE. Sand colored, stretching to a horizon of black. Very serene. And then we see a bead of red, rolling like a teardrop, and we realize this is no landscape. It's a body.

Something dark and red crashes down onto the body -- ROSE PETALS -- tumbling through space and landing on naked skin.

As we follow them up to a GLOVED HAND, up-tempo music rises taking us to...

1B

EXT. ROOFTOP, PUBLISHING PARTY - NIGHT

1B

A macabre CENTERPIECE of SKULLS. Oddly enough, we're at an upscale party. The music kicks into high gear, rocking a good time beat.

Among a well-dressed crowd of young, hot literatis, we catch glimpses of a ROGUISH MAN moving through a crowd of admirers. Hands grab books from display stands and offer them to the man to sign. This is RICHARD CASTLE, dressed in Armani and three days growth, he's the kind of trouble every woman hopes to find. And a couple of them have, to his delight, offering their chest for him to sign.

As CAMERA passes another strange and bloody centerpiece we hear a voice...

VOICE

Murder...

And see the beautiful lips...

VOICE (CONT'D)

Mystery...

... of GINA, 39 and holding. She's President of Black Pawn Publishing.

VOICE (CONT'D)

The Macabre.

A hush has fallen over the crowd as they turn their attention to her behind the podium.

GINA

What is it about a dark and stormy night that sets our pulses racing?

Castle continues to work his way through the crowd, getting his photograph taken with admirers.

GINA (CONT'D)

What is it about a hard-boiled detective, a femme fatale, and the cold steel of a gun that keeps our bedside lamps glowing until the wee hours of the morning? However the spell is cast, tonight we honor a master of the form and celebrate the launch of "Storm Fall"...

Gina glances over to where Castle has taken a position nearby, holding a SHARPIE at the ready as one giggling young beauty pulls her dress top aside to reveal a beautiful lace bra, tastefully covering her breast. Castle grins and signs his name just above the bra line.

CASTLE

Call me when you're ready to wash it.

A fleeting glimpse of disapproval crosses Gina's face, but she soldiers on.

GINA

(continuing)

...the stunning conclusion to his best-selling Derrick Storm mystery series. Ladies and gentlemen, the Master of the Macabre... Rick Castle.

Rick Castle trots up on stage to the applause of the audience. Castle takes the stage, soaking up the adoration of the crowd. CAMERA FLASHES TAKE US TO:

1C

INT. ADJOINING BAR - NIGHT

1C

Gina and Castle stand for the photographers. Gina speaks through her smile.

GINA

They love you.

CASTLE

Yeah.

GINA

And you had to screw it all up.

CASTLE

That is so sweet.

The photographer nods. Gina turns, Castle following.

GINA

You could've retired him, crippled
him, had him join the circus. But no.
You gotta take a billion dollar
franchise and put a bullet through his
head.

CASTLE

Real messy too. Big exit wound.

GINA

I'm merely pointing out a pattern. Are you sure you've thought this through?

CASTLE

Are you asking as my blood-sucking publisher or as my blood-sucking ex-wife?

GINA

You did it because it got old. Because it was work. Does that remind you of anything?

CASTLE

Nothing comes to mind.

GINA

If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were trying to punish me by killing the golden goose.

CASTLE

Derrick Storm is not the golden goose, I am. I wrote half a dozen best-sellers before. What makes you think I'm going to stop now?

GINA

You shaved this morning.

CASTLE

So?

GINA

So you don't shave when you're writing. And you're wearing your lucky pirate socks which you only wear when you're blocked.

(off Castle's look)

You're not married to a man for a year without learning a few things.

CASTLE

You can't rush genius.

GINA

I'm not hearing genius, Rick. I'm hearing you haven't written in months.

CASTLE

Well, your sources are wrong.

GINA

I hope so, because Storm or no Storm, you're still under contract and if I don't have a manuscript in the next three weeks, Black Pawn is prepared to demand the return of your advance.

CASTLE

You wouldn't dare.

GINA

Sweetheart, till death do us part is nothing compared to a publishing contract.

As Gina walks away, Castle calls after her...

CASTLE

Which reminds me, I already returned that advance. I spent it divorcing you.

Gina smiles at him and gives him a "Not my problem" shrug. Castle downs his champagne, setting the glass on a table covered with rose petals.

As the CAMERA tracks across the petals they become...

2

INT. APARTMENT, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

2

ROSE PETALS partially drape the splayed body of ALISON TISDALE, 24, who lies on a DINING ROOM TABLE, otherwise nude.

A few more FLASH POPS as, CAMERA MOVES off the BODY to reveal: DETECTIVE KATE BECKETT, 29, professional, exuding a confidence and natural inquisitiveness, even if her striking features somehow seem out of place at a crime scene. At the moment, she's squatting low, so that she's at eye-level with the object of her interest: a dead woman; her proximity engendering a level of intimacy; an almost quiet curiosity.

BECKETT

Who are you?

ESPOSITO

Alison Tisdale. 24. Grad student at
NYU. In the Social Work program.

BECKETT

Nice place for a social worker.

RYAN

Daddy's money.

ESPOSITO

Neighbors called to complain about the
music. When she didn't answer, they
had the Super check on her.

BECKETT

And no signs of a struggle.

RYAN

No.

BECKETT

He knew her.

Ryan looks over at Esposito, as Beckett finally stands.

Just as another woman in her early-thirties leans over the
body coming into view. This is LANIE PARISH. The M.E.

LANIE

Even bought her flowers. Who says
romance is dead?

Lanie maintains a friendly outlook despite her profession.
She and Beckett have the rapport of longtime friends.

BECKETT

I do, every Saturday night.

LANIE

A little lipstick wouldn't hurt.
(off her look)
I'm just saying.

BECKETT

What'd he give her besides roses?

Lanie tweezes away petals, revealing the gunshots.

LANIE

Two to the chest. Small caliber.

Something about the scene strikes Beckett. Like deja vu.

LANIE (CONT'D)

You okay?

BECKETT

Does this look familiar to anyone?

Esposito shakes his head.

ESPOSITO

No. But I'm not the one with a thing for the freaky ones. Just give me a "Jack shot Jill over Bill" so I can make my collar and go home.

BECKETT

The freaky ones require more. They reveal more.

(off them)

Look how he left her: her femininity covered modestly...

RYAN

So?

BECKETT

So despite all the effort, all the preparation, you're not going to find evidence of any sexual abuse because whoever did this held her in some regard.

ESPOSITO

You really get all that from just this?

BECKETT

This... Plus I've seen it before.

RYAN

You've seen it before? Where?

BECKETT

Oh c'mon. Roses on her body?
Sunflowers on her eyes?

(beat)

Doesn't anyone here read?

Off all of them,

CUT TO:

3

INT. PUBLISHING PARTY, AT THE BAR - NIGHT

3

MARTHA RODGERS (60), a classic Broadway broad, touches-up her over-done make-up. A former actress on the Great White Way, Martha never made it as big as she thinks she did.

MARTHA

Really, dollface. Who does homework at a party?

ALEXIS CASTLE, 15, sits at the bar in a party dress, studying from a physics text book. She's a natural beauty, the kind of old soul more at home with adults than kids her own age.

ALEXIS

I have a test next week.

MARTHA

So do I. Liver function. You don't see me studying.

(turning to the bar)

Alright. Gimme a hit of the bubbly.

CASTLE

Make it two.

Castle joins them.

MARTHA

Kiddo! Sales must be slipping. They're only serving the soft stuff.

He may be a rock star to everyone else, but not to his disapproving mother.

ALEXIS

Hey Dad.

CASTLE

Hey sweetie. So, Mother...

MARTHA

Shh. Not so loud. I'm still hoping to get lucky.

CASTLE

Did you tell Gina I was having trouble writing?

MARTHA

I told her nothing of the sort.

(off his look)

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I may have said something about spending your days moping in your underwear waiting for post time at Belmont, but hey, you're an artist. It's expected!

CASTLE

We had a deal. I let you live with us but you don't talk about my work.

MARTHA

What's there to talk about? You haven't done any since I moved in.

ALEXIS

Gram!

MARTHA

Well, he hasn't.

CASTLE

Whatever I have and haven't done, I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't share it with my ex-wife.

MARTHA

Oh, what's the harm? If you ask me, she's still in love with you.

CASTLE

If by "love" you mean "hate", then yes, she is still very, very much in love with me.

MARTHA

Right. So what's the big deal?

Before Castle can respond, Martha holds up her hand.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Hang on, sweetie. I just got a hit on my Grey-dar.

She's locked in on a SILVER FOX (70s) across the room. Country club looks, spray-on tan. As he lifts a glass of champagne to his lips Martha scans his fingers.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Bingo. No ring. Stand back, kids. Momma's going fishing.

And just like that she's gone.

CASTLE

You should have me committed.

ALEXIS

For letting her move in? I think it's sweet.

CASTLE

Won't be when I strangle her.

The bartender puts the two glasses of champagne on the bar. Castle slides one of the champagne flutes down to Alexis.

ALEXIS

You know I'm only fifteen right?

CASTLE

You're an old soul.

ALEXIS

Yeah well, me and my soul can wait.

Alexis pushes the glass back.

CASTLE

You know, when I was your age...

(he stops himself)

Ah. Can't tell that story... Wildly inappropriate. Which is oddly my point. Don't you want to have wildly inappropriate stories that you can't tell your children?

ALEXIS

I think you've got enough of those for both of us.

CASTLE

Life should be an adventure. You know why I killed Derrick? No more surprises. I knew exactly what was going to happen every moment of every scene. Like these parties. It's all become so predictable -- "I'm your biggest fan" "Where do you get your ideas?"

ALEXIS

And the ever popular "Will you sign my chest?"

CASTLE

That one I don't mind.

ALEXIS

Yeah, um, FYI - I do.

CASTLE

Just once, I'd like someone to come up to me and say something new.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Castle?

Castle sighs, pulls out his sharpie and turns to see BECKETT. He gives her his patented grin.

CASTLE

So, where would you like it?

Beckett looks at the Sharpie, then holds up her badge.

BECKETT

Mr. Castle. Detective Beckett. NYPD. We need to ask you a few questions about a murder that took place earlier tonight.

Alexis reaches over and she plucks the Sharpie from his hand.

ALEXIS

That's new.

CUT TO:

CASTLE TITLE CARD

CUT TO:

4

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

4

Castle sits in an NYPD interrogation room. Green paint peels from the cinder block. Beckett enters holding some files.

BECKETT

Mr. Castle... You've got quite a rap sheet for a bestselling author. Disorderly conduct, resisting arrest.

CASTLE

Boys will be boys.

BECKETT

It says here you stole a police horse?

CASTLE

Borrowed.

BECKETT

And you were nude at the time?

CASTLE

It was spring.

BECKETT

And every time the charges were dropped.

CASTLE

What can I say? The mayor's a fan. But if it makes you feel better, I'd be happy to let you spank me.

BECKETT

Mr. Castle, this whole bad boy charm thing you've got going might work with bimbettes and celebutantes. Me? I work for a living and that makes you one of two things to me. Either the guy who makes my life easier or the guy who makes my life harder, and trust me, you do not want to be the guy who makes my life harder.

She throws a photo down on the table of Alison Tisdale. Castle looks at it.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Alison Tisdale. Daughter of real estate mogul Jonathan Tisdale.

CASTLE

She's cute.

BECKETT

She's dead. You ever meet her? Charity event? Book signing?

CASTLE

It's possible, but she's not in my little black book if that's what you're asking.

Beckett slides over a PHOTO of a MAN in his 40s.

BECKETT

How about this guy? Marvin Fisk. Small claims lawyer.

Castle examines the photo.

CASTLE

Most of my claims tend to be on the, uh, large side. So, what's this got to do with me?

BECKETT

Fisk was murdered in his office two weeks ago. I didn't put it together until I saw the Tisdale crime scene tonight.

Beckett slides him a photo of the Tisdale crime scene. The roses and sunflower covered body. Castle leans forward, recognizing the scene.

CASTLE

Flowers for Your Grave.

Beckett slides another photo in front of him: Marvin Fisk lying face down in a pentagram.

BECKETT

And this is how we found Marvin Fisk. Right out of *Hell Hath No Fury*.

CASTLE

Looks like I have a fan.

BECKETT

A really deranged fan.

CASTLE

Oh, you don't look deranged to me.

BECKETT

What?

CASTLE

Hell Hath No Fury? Angry wiccans out for blood? C'mon. Only hardcore Castle groupies read that one.

He grins at her. She moves on.

BECKETT

Do any of these groupies ever write you letters? Disturbing letters?

CASTLE

All my fan mail's disturbing. It's an occupational hazard.

BECKETT

Sometimes in cases like these, the killer attempts to...

CASTLE

(interrupts)

The killer attempts to contact the subject of his obsession. I'm pretty well-versed in psychopathic methodologies. Another occupational hazard.

(beat)

Do you know you have gorgeous eyes?

Beckett doesn't take bait.

BECKETT

So I take it you wouldn't have any objections to us going through your mail?

CASTLE

Knock yourself out.

(off the crime photos)

Hey, can I get copies of those?

BECKETT

Copies?

CASTLE

I've got this poker game, mostly other writers. You have no idea how jealous those would make them.

*

BECKETT

Jealous?

CASTLE

That I have a copycat. Oh my gosh, in my world, that's the red badge of honor. The criminal Cooperstown.

BECKETT

People are dead, Mr. Castle.

CASTLE

I'm not asking for the bodies. Just the pictures.

BECKETT

I think we're done here.

Beckett heads out of the room. Castle watches her go, a little bit pleased he's gotten under her skin. We hear the flourish of a piano...

4A INT. CASTLE'S SOHO LOFT - NIGHT

4A

Castle enters his Penthouse apartment. From the living room he hears the sound of his mother belting out "Can't Say No" from *Olkahoma*. (As we move through Castle's Penthouse, we'll notice that it is the home of someone who has a lot of money. Art. Gourmet Kitchen. etc.)

MARTHA

*I'm just a girl who can't say no! /I'm
in a turrible fix/*

Castle checks the CLOCK (12:45am). He shakes his head and enters the Kitchen, giving him a view into the LIVING ROOM where MARTHA, dressed in a leotard and tights, performs like she's center stage at the Winter Garden. At the piano is the SILVER HAired FOX tickling the ivories and drinking a Martini.

At the kitchen island, Alexis is studying, oblivious to the noise. She has cotton in her ears.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

*I always say "come on, le's go"/Jist
when I orta-*

Martha looks up and notices Castle watching.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Hey, Kiddo! I'm just showing Burt here
how we did it at the Palace.

CASTLE

Does he know it's your theme song?

She makes a face at him.

SILVER FOX

Ready to bring it home, Ducky?

MARTHA

Hey, yes!

SILVER FOX

A Five. Six. Seven. Eight...

MARTHA

*I'm just a fool when the lights are
low...*

4B INT. CASTLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

4B

Laughter and carousing can be heard from the living room as Castle crosses to Alexis and ruffles her hair. She pulls the cotton out of her ears.

CASTLE
You're missing the late show.

ALEXIS
I saw it in previews.

Castle crosses to the fridge. Grabs a can of WHIPPED CREAM.

CASTLE
Looks like we've got a new lead.

ALEXIS
His name is Burt. He does magic.

He shakes the whipped cream can and sprays a mound of it into directly into his mouth.

CASTLE
Let's hope he disappears by morning...
C'est apres minuit dans une school
night. Don't you turn into a pumpkin
or something?

ALEXIS
Not if your dad's escorted away by
cops. How was the slammer? Anyone make
you their bitch?

CASTLE
Sorry, Switchblade. I still belong to
you.

He holds the whipped cream above her mouth, offering.

CASTLE (CONT'D)
Baby bird?

ALEXIS
Already brushed.

CASTLE
Your loss.

He gives himself another squirt and heads back up the hallway. Alexis follows.

ALEXIS

So you wanna tell me, or do I have to read it on the fan sites?

CASTLE

I thought we had a deal. All the internet you want. Just stay away from the fan sites.

ALEXIS

Seriously, Dad. Are you in some kind of trouble?

CASTLE

Despite my best efforts, no. They want my help on a case...

ALEXIS

A case?

Castle enters his OFFICE, Alexis following. He crosses to his bookcase, puts the whipped cram cannister down and fingers through a bunch of beat-up old paperbacks.

CASTLE

Apparently, someone's been killing people the way I do in my books.

ALEXIS

That's horrible.

CASTLE

Yeah.

ALEXIS

How many?

CASTLE

Two so far.

ALEXIS

Are you okay?

CASTLE

Yeah. It's just so senseless.

ALEXIS

Murder usually is.

As Castle talks, he finds and pulls down a pair of books from his shelf.

CASTLE

Nope. Murder usually makes a great deal of sense. Passion, greed, politics. What's senseless here are the books the killer chose.

He holds up the books he's found.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

Hell Hath No Fury? Flowers For your Grave? My truly lesser works. Why would a psychotic fan pick those?

ALEXIS

Maybe because he's psychotic.

Castle isn't sure. Alexis takes the books from her father and puts them on his desk.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

Come on. It's bed time. You can figure it out in the morning.

4C OMITTED

4C

4D INT. PRECINCT, BREAKROOM/BULLPEN - DAY

4D

Esposito pours himself a cup of coffee. Ryan's already at his desk as Beckett enters, holding a stack of RICHARD CASTLE books. Hardbacks and paperbacks. She begins handing them out.

RYAN

What are these?

BECKETT

Castle's greatest hits. You're going to familiarize yourselves with his murder scenes so we don't miss any.

ESPOSITO

Got any on tape?

BECKETT

First victim: a male lawyer. Second victim: a female social worker. Somewhere they're connected.

Ryan's looking at one of the books.

RYAN

From the library of Katherine Beckett?

Ryan looks at the stack. Dog-eared pages.

BECKETT

You got a problem with reading, Ryan?

Esposito opens his book. Sees her name inside his too.

ESPOSITO

Check it, girl. You're totally a fan.

BECKETT

Of the genre.

RYAN

Riiight. The genre. That's why you're blushing.

BECKETT

What are you, twelve?

She tosses down the photos of the case, switching back to business.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

BTK, Bundy, Dahmer. They all had strong methodology easily recognized by the police. Why?

ESPOSITO

Serial killers are exhibitionists. It's part of the thrill.

BECKETT

Right. We, however, are dealing with a mimic. No expression of independent thought or applied intelligence. He's not creating his own fantasies, he's copying someone else's... Profiling indicates a perp of low intelligence, someone who has, or thinks he has a personal relationship with our author. That's where we start.

Ryan nods, takes his coffee and his books, and moves off. Esposito looks at Beckett.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

What?

ESPOSITO

I work dead bodies all day, the last thing I want to do when I go home is read murder books.

BECKETT

I'm not you, Esposito.

ESPOSITO

Just seems... a little obsessive... Or
is it 'cause in a book, the bad guys
always get caught.

Beckett looks up.

BECKETT

Aren't you curious, Esposito?

ESPOSITO

Curious?

BECKETT

About how people can do these kinds of
things to each other.

(beat)

You know after 9-11? The CIA sent
their top guys to Hollywood to talk to
screenwriters. They did it because
they wanted to talk to people who
thought big, who had the imagination
to think like a terrorist.

Beckett picks up a photograph of Alison Tisdale's crime
scene.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Whoever did this, read Castle's books.
... Somewhere in all these pages is
the answer to where he'll strike next.

Off Castle's book covers,

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

5 EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY 5

The sun shines down on the city.

6 INT. HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY 6

Carrying a heavy box of fanmail, Beckett comes in with UNIFORMS carrying more bags of it.

MCNULTY

Is all that his mail?

BECKETT

His fans love him...

(passing McNulty her box)

...almost as much as he loves himself.
Can you take that back to briefing
please?

(to Esposito)

Did we hear from the lab?

Esposito walks over to her.

ESPOSITO

Scene was negative for DNA and prints,
just like Fisk. The guy's careful.

BECKETT

What about Tisdale and Fisk -- Any
connection?

ESPOSITO

(nodding across bullpen)

Other than your boy there, no.

Beckett looks across the way to see CASTLE talking with
CAPTAIN ROY MONTGOMERY -- African-American, mid-fifties --
Beckett's gruff but paternal boss.

BECKETT

What's he doing here?

ESPOSITO

Maybe he likes you.

Montgomery calls her over.

MONTGOMERY

Detective Beckett.

BECKETT

Captain?
(crossing to him)
Yes?

MONTGOMERY

Mr. Castle has offered to assist with
the investigation.

BECKETT

Really.

CASTLE

It's the least I can do for the city I
love.

MONTGOMERY

Considering the nature of the crime
scenes, I think it's a good idea.

Beckett, however, does not.

BECKETT

Sir, can I talk to you for a moment,
in private?

MONTGOMERY

Nope.

He walks into his office, as Castle turns to her with a grin
on his face. Pissed, Beckett marches off.

8

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - HOURS LATER

8

We pan over stacks of letters. Envelopes litter the floor.
Dead coffee cups across the table. Castle looks over at
Beckett, she tries not to notice. He looks at her again. A
smile on his face. Finally, annoyed, she says...

BECKETT

What?

CASTLE

Nothing. It's just, the way your brow
furrows when you're thinking. It's
cute. I mean not if you're playing
poker. Then it'd be deadly, but
otherwise -

BECKETT

Can I ask you a question?

CASTLE

Shoot.

BECKETT

Why are you here? You don't care about the victims, so you aren't here for justice. You don't care that the guy is aping your books, so you aren't here 'cause you're outraged. So what is it, Castle? Are you here to annoy me?

CASTLE

I'm here for the story.

BECKETT

The story?

CASTLE

Why those people? Why those murders?

BECKETT

Sometimes there is no story. Sometimes the guy's just a psychopath.

CASTLE

There's always a story, always a chain of events that makes everything make sense. Take you for example... Under normal circumstances, you should not be here. Most smart, good looking women become lawyers, not cops. And yet here you are. Why?

BECKETT

You're the novelist. You tell me.

CASTLE

Well, you're not bridge and tunnel, no trace of the boroughs when you talk. So that means Manhattan and that means money. You went to college, probably a good one. You had options. Yeah, you had lots of options, better options, more socially acceptable options. And you still chose this. That tells me something happened. Not to you - you're wounded but you're not that wounded. It was somebody you cared about. It was someone you loved. You could've probably lived with that, but the person responsible was never caught. And that, Detective Beckett, is why you're here.

He can see by the look on her face that he's right.

BECKETT

Cute trick. But don't think you know me.

CASTLE

Point is, there's always a story. You just have to find it.

Beckett looks down at the letter in her hand.

BECKETT

I think I just did.

She holds it up for Castle to see. Scrawled on it are very disturbing childish pictures of murders, including the rose petal and pentagram murders.

9

INT. HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY

9

Ringing phones. HOMICIDE DETECTIVES working cases. Castle sits nearby, chatting with Esposito as Beckett works the phone.

BECKETT

(hanging up)

Lab's got lifts off the letter.

CASTLE

Whose?

BECKETT

System's backlogged. It'll take a week to run a match.

CASTLE

A week?

BECKETT

Welcome to reality, Superstar.

CASTLE

I never did like reality much

Castle pulls out his CELL PHONE and dials.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

Hi Denise, it's Rick Castle. Is he in?

(to Beckett)

Like I said, the Mayor's a fan.

(into phone)

Yo big cheese, it's Ricky! Yeah, of course!

(MORE)

CASTLE (CONT'D)

Well, I don't know where you went, we
looked all over for you. You took off
with that girl...

He walks away as he continues the conversation.

ESPOSITO

Man's got the Mayor on speed dial. The rich really are different.

BECKETT

You want him? He's yours.

ESPOSITO

A control freak like you with something you can't control? No, no, that's gonna be more fun than Shark Week.

Castle hangs up the phone and crosses back.

CASTLE

Okay, you'll have your prints in an hour.

BECKETT

Mr. Castle, half the guys here are waiting for prints. You don't just jump the line.

CASTLE

Oh, I think someone feels threatened.

BECKETT

(exasperated)
I'm not threatened.

CASTLE

No. I get it. I can call the mayor, and you can't.

BECKETT

We have procedures. Protocol.

CASTLE

Yeah, and you always come to a complete stop and you never fudge your taxes. You ever have any fun? Y'know, let your hair down. Drop the top. Little cops gone wild.

BECKETT

You do know I'm wearing a gun?

McNulty nearby hangs up the phone.

MCNULTY

Beckett. Midtown. They just found another one.

10

EXT. ROOFTOP, POOL - DAY

10

A WOMAN floats face down in a pool. She wears a CANARY YELLOW EVENING GOWN and a TIARA. A knife sticks out of her back like a dorsal fin. Castle recognizes it as a scene from...

CASTLE

Death of a Prom Queen.

Beckett and Castle stand with the Uniforms.

UNIFORM

Maintenance found her an hour ago.

BECKETT

We got an ID?

UNIFORM

Kendra Pitney. She lives in the building.

BECKETT

Let's get her out of the water.
(to Castle)

All right, you just stay here and don't touch anything.

CUT TO:

The woman's body is face down on the ground on blankets, being examined by Lanie. Castle, standing off to the side, watches Lanie a beat, and then looks over to see Beckett, Esposito and McNulty interviewing the MAINTENANCE MAN.

ON LANIE - examining the body. Castle joins her. Lanie gives him a "who-the-hell-are-you" look.

CASTLE

Hi. I'm Richard Castle. I'm consulting.

LANIE

Richard Castle, the author?

CASTLE

On my better days.

LANIE

Lanie Parish. Medical Examiner. I love your books. Y'know, you have a real gift with the details of death.

Beckett joins them.

BECKETT

I thought I told you to stay over there.

CASTLE

I got lonely.

BECKETT

You got a C.O.D?

LANIE

Not until the full exam. But this wasn't a stabbing.

BECKETT

You want to explain the knife sticking out of her back?

Castle jumps in.

CASTLE

Lack of blood around the wound suggests she was dead before it was inserted. There's no foam around the mouth, so we know she didn't drown.

LANIE

Oh, you're good.

CASTLE

She was killed first, then posed -- just like the others.

BECKETT

(annoyed)

Yeah, I know. Can I have a word?

Beckett pulls him aside. Castle flashes his innocent eyes.

CASTLE

Something wrong?

BECKETT

This is a homicide investigation, not a day at Disneyland. If I give you an order I expect you to obey it.

CASTLE
Then you don't know me very well.
(re: the body)
Y'know, in my book the dress was blue.

BECKETT
Stop trying to change the subject.

CASTLE
Did Fisk and Tisdale know each other?

BECKETT
We haven't found a connection. Why?

CASTLE
What about motive?

Beckett's phone rings.

BECKETT
He's a serial killer. He doesn't need
motive.

Castle's bothered, his mind racing. Beckett answers her phone.

BECKETT (CONT'D)
Beckett...
(hangs up the phone)
They got a match off the print. Kyle
Cabot. He's in Brooklyn. We got him.

10A **EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY** 10A

Beckett's car pulls up, followed by SQUAD CARS.

10B **INT. CAR - DAY** 10B

Beckett unholsters her gun and turns to Castle, vaguely
threatening.

BECKETT
Stay here.

CASTLE
Scout's honor.

And Beckett is out of the car, moving with Esposito and Ryan.

13 **INT. BASEMENT, HALLWAY - DAY** 13

Beckett knocks. The other detectives, with weapons drawn,
flank the door.

BECKETT

Kyle Cabot! NYPD! Open up!

13A INT. BASEMENT, APARTMENT - DAY

13A

We hear Beckett knocking. It's creepy inside. Camera passes over murder drawings from Castle's books. A newspaper clipping of the Alison Tisdale murder story on the kitchen table, and photos of Alison on the fridge.

BAM!!!! The door crashes open and Beckett and the cops spill inside. The **UNIFORMS** move through the apartment, yelling "Clear" as they clear the rooms.

We follow Beckett up into the living room. No one's there. Beckett turns to see a **BOOKCASE**. It's filled with Rick Castle books, and only Rick Castle books. Most are dog-eared from multiple reads. She pulls on gloves and takes one off the shelf.

RYAN

You should invite him to your book club.

Beckett opens one of the books. Disturbing child-like drawings are colored on the pages.

MCNULTY (O.S.)

Beckett. You gotta see this.

14 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

14

The cop motions to a closet. Inside is a psycho mural collage of Rick Castle photos and crude childish drawings just like the letter Beckett found. It's a veritable shrine.

CASTLE

Well that's creepy.

Beckett turns around to see Castle right behind her.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

(off her look)

I was never a scout.

ESPOSITO

Hey Beckett!

Esposito holds up a bloody blouse with two bullet holes, from a garbage bag found under the bed.

BECKETT

Allison's blouse. I'm guessing he kept trophies.

And then, from the garbage bag, Esposito pulls out a gun.

ESPOSITO
22 caliber.

Just then, they hear a thump. They all go quiet, guns out. Another thump. Beckett signals to the HALLWAY CLOSET. The uniforms flank the closet. Beckett grabs the door handle and THROWS OPEN THE DOOR. FLASHLIGHT reveal a GEEKY LOOKING KID in his early twenties buried in back.

KYLE CABOT rocks back and forth, growling in a creepy half whisper.

KYLE CABOT
Get out of my house! Get out of my
house! Get out of my house!

There's something clearly off and dangerous about this guy.

END ACT TWO

CASTLE

It's too easy. The reader would never buy it.

BECKETT

This isn't one of your books, Castle. Out here, we find a guy standing over a body with a gun, he's usually the one who did it.

Beckett turns and exits, as Castle looks in on Kyle.

17 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT 17

The NY skyline twinkles. In one of the lit windows we find...

17A INT. PENTHOUSE, POKER LOUNGE - NIGHT 17A

A poker game is in session. We recognize some of the players: *
JAMES PATTERSON, STEPHEN J. CANNELL, JONATHAN and FAYE *
KELLERMAN, and of course, Rick Castle. Patterson throws in *
some chips. *

JAMES PATTERSON *
That's twenty to you, Cannell. *

STEPHEN J. CANNELL *
You're bluffing, Patterson. *

JAMES PATTERSON *
Cough up some of that TV money and *
you'll find out. *

Cannell tosses in chips. Castle just stares at his cards. *

FAYE KELLERMAN *
Bet's to you, Castle. Castle? *

CASTLE *
What? Sorry. *

JONATHAN KELLERMAN *
I know that look. Faye gets that look. *
Story trouble, right? *

STEPHEN J. CANNELL *
Should've never killed off Storm, *
Ricky. Shoulda retired him. *

JONATHAN KELLERMAN *
Or crippled him. The man was money. *

JAMES PATTERSON *
Kellerman's right. You don't see me *
putting a bullet through Alex Cross' *
head. *

STEPHEN J. CANNELL *
And my boy Shane Scully's gonna be *
fueling my private jet long after *
folks have forgotten about Storm. *

CASTLE *
Just for that I'll call. *

FAYE KELLERMAN

So what's the problem, Ricky? Maybe we
can help.

*
*
*

CASTLE

This thing I'm working on. Starts with
a famous writer.

*
*
*

(MORE)

CASTLE (CONT'D)

Turns out some psycho is staging
murders like in his books.

*
*

STEPHEN J. CANNELL

A little self-aggrandizing, don't you
think?

*
*
*

JAMES PATTERSON

This is Castle we're talking about.

*
*

CASTLE

The crime scene's clean. No prints, no
DNA. But the psycho writes the author
a fan letter and leaves his prints on
it. The cops are able to track him
down and in the apartment is all the
evidence they need for a conviction.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

JONATHAN KELLERMAN

OK. Then what happens?

*
*

CASTLE

That's it.

*
*

JAMES PATTERSON

That's it?

*
*

CASTLE

Yeah. They arrest him.

*
*

A beat. The other writers look at each other. And then laugh.

*

JAMES PATTERSON

Boy, that's terrible. No wonder you're
blocked.

*
*
*

STEPHEN J. CANNELL

Guy doesn't leave prints at the scene,
but sends a letter with prints? Right
there, you lost me.

*
*
*
*

FAYE KELLERMAN

Yeah, I mean where's the twist?

*
*

CASTLE

Yeah, there's gotta be a twist. Like
maybe this kid was set-up.

*
*
*

JAMES PATTERSON

**That's what your story needs - the
character that thinks the kid's
innocent and keeps digging until he
finds the truth.**

*
*
*
*
*

A funny look crosses Castle's face. He smiles.

CASTLE

I know just the guy.

19

INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - NIGHT

19

Ryan and Esposito are taking photographs and material off the MURDER BOARD and putting files in boxes. Beckett is sitting at her desk looking through a file.

BECKETT

Did you know this kid was in and out of the system for years? Doesn't look like he ever got proper treatment.

RYAN

He hid in his closet when he heard us coming. Trust me, this kid definitely knew right from wrong.

BECKETT

I just meant he never got the proper treatment until Alison Tisdale took over his case file... She got him a job at that diner. Her notes indicate that he was doing okay.

Esposito picks up a box.

ESPOSITO

Well, the DA can worry about all that now, right? Our work is done.

BECKETT

Yeah. Hey, just leave the box.
(still reading)
I'll take care of it tomorrow.

Esposito puts the box down. She continues to read the file.

19A

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

19A

Establishing.

19B

INT. POLICE STATION, DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN - DAY

19B

Beckett enters to find Castle sitting at her desk, reading through her papers.

BECKETT

What are you doing?

Beckett snatches the papers from his hand and slips them back into their file.

CASTLE

It's a novelist's habit. Looking through other people's mail, checking their medicine cabinets.

BECKETT

Why are you still here?

CASTLE

I just came by to give you this. A little something to memorialize our brief partnership.

From his bag, he hands her a gift-wrapped box.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

Don't look so suspicious. Go on, open it.

She does. It's a copy of *STORM FALL*.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

I even signed it for you. Not that you're a fan.

BECKETT

That's actually kind of sweet.

He catches her with his eye and turns on the sexy.

CASTLE

Well...

BECKETT

Well.

CASTLE

It was nice to have met you, Detective Beckett.

He leans in and gives her a kiss on the cheek. Then turns and walks away. She watches him go and she's just a little bit smitten. She sinks in her chair, takes a moment and then turns back to her desk. She shuffles her files a beat and then... Wait. Something's missing. She sorts through her papers and her eyes narrow.

BECKETT

He didn't... Oh, he did!

21 INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

21

Castle sits in the corner of the long READING HALL with the case files spread out in front of him. He picks through the arrest reports, jots some notes, and examines crime scene photographs with a photographers loupe.

At the far end of the READING HALL, Beckett enters with two uniforms. She crosses to Castle.

BECKETT

Richard Castle, you are under arrest for felony theft and obstruction of justice.

CASTLE

You forgot "Making you look bad."

BECKETT

Y'know, for a minute there you actually made me believe you were human. Cuff him...

Castle seems nonplussed as the uniforms begin to cuff him.

CASTLE

Mmm. Bondage. My safe word is "apples."

BECKETT

Oh, there's no need to be gentle.

CASTLE

How'd you find me anyway?

BECKETT

I'm a detective. That's what I do.

CASTLE

My mother told you, didn't she?

Beckett begins packing up the files, starting with the photo of a flower covered Alison Tisdale.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

By the way, the rose petals in the Tisdale murder? They're grandiflora, not hybrid teas.

BECKETT

I'll make a note of it.

CASTLE

Yeah, you probably should. Because it means that Kyle Cabot is innocent.

CASTLE

The story doesn't end until the victim gets justice. You know that. Somebody set Kyle up to take the fall - someone who knew enough about his fixation with me to use it to get away with murder. That means we're not looking for a serial killer, we're looking for a good old fashioned murderer... someone with motive.

ALEXIS

You think the victims are somehow related?

CASTLE

The police would've found it by now. Now if I were writing the story, the killer would've only wanted one of the victims dead. He would've killed the other ones to cover up the crime.

ALEXIS

How do you get away with one murder by committing two more?

CASTLE

At one death, you look for motive. At two, you look for a connection. At three, you look for someone like Kyle. At three, you don't need motive because mentally unstable serial killers usually don't have one.

MARTHA

That makes about as much sense as *Mousetrap*. I did that play eight times a week for a year, I still have no idea what it's about.

ALEXIS

Okay, which of the three was he trying to kill?

CASTLE

The killer must have known both his intended victim and Kyle Cabot fairly well. The only victim that had any real knowledge of Kyle's obsessive condition would have been Alison Tisdale.

(MORE)

CASTLE (CONT'D)

So if the killer found out about Kyle
through Alison, then Alison must have
been his intended target.

(beat)

(MORE)

CASTLE (CONT'D)

Someone wanted Alison Tisdale dead. I just have to figure out why.

ALEXIS

If I have to keep bailing you out, you're gonna need to raise my allowance... by a lot.

MARTHA

Mine too.

Off Castle's troubled look, we...

CUT TO:

26A

INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - EVENING

26A

Beckett's troubled look. She stands in front of the MURDER BOARD -- pictures of the victims, background info, Castle book covers and police reports tacked to it. Castle books are piled nearby. Esposito brings over a file box.

ESPOSITO

No no no no no. Don't tell me he got to you.

BECKETT

Please. He didn't get to me.
(beat)
She did.

She points to a photo of Alison Tisdale.

ESPOSITO

Tisdale?

She walks Esposito through the board.

BECKETT

Marvin Fisk. First murder. Kyle knew him from the diner. Then he kills Alison, his social worker. And then Kendra Pitney from the diner.

ESPOSITO

So?

BECKETT

So he starts with a murder of convenience, escalates to the murder of someone he's very close to, then goes back to a murder of convenience? It makes no sense.

ESPOSITO

Except for all the evidence.

BECKETT

Not all the evidence. Castle was right. If he's following the books, then the roses covering Alison were wrong.

Beckett nods to the Castle books.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

And Fisk should've been suffocated by a plastic bag, not strangled by a necktie. And Kendra's dress should've been blue, not yellow.

(off Esposito)

He was an obsessive. It would've been important to get the details right.

ESPOSITO

So, if it's not him, then who?

Beckett pulls Alison's photo from the board.

BECKETT

Alison's the key. She's the one the killer's trying to hide, sandwiching her between two distractions.

ESPOSITO

Well, as far as we know, she wasn't seeing anyone, and none of her other case files fit the profile.

BECKETT

Someone out there has to know something about her.

ESPOSITO

Yo, Ryan?

Ryan turns from his desk.

ESPOSITO (CONT'D)

Alison Tisdale. You take next of kin?

RYAN

Her father. Her brother was out of the country.

BECKETT

How'd he seem to you?

RYAN

Like I just told him his daughter was
dead. Why?

BECKETT

She had no boyfriend, no close
friends, least none we know about.

(MORE)

BECKETT (CONT'D)

With her family's money, she could have had a pretty easy life. Instead she becomes a social worker. Why does someone like her do that? What happened?

ESPOSITO

I don't know.

BECKETT

Maybe the person supporting her does.

ESPOSITO

The father.

BECKETT

We find out who she is, we find out who killed her.

Off Beckett,

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

27 INT. JONATHAN TISDALE'S OFFICE BUILDING, LOBBY - DAY 27

Hiding behind "famous person" sunglasses, Castle crosses to the RECEPTION desk where a pretty YOUNG WOMAN waits.

CASTLE

Hi. I'm Rick Castle. I have an appointment to see Mr. Tisdale.

The receptionist checks her list. Finds Castle's name.

RECEPTION

Yes, Mr. Castle. He's expecting you.

BECKETT (O.S.)

Is he now?

Castle turns to see Beckett walking toward him.

CASTLE

This is not what it looks like.

(off her look)

Okay. This is exactly what it looks like. But I can explain.

BECKETT

You coming?

Beckett heads toward an open elevator and gets in. Castle follows after her.

A28 INT. JONATHAN TISDALE'S OFFICE, ENTRY ROOM - DAY A28 *

Castle and Beckett walk and talk. *

CASTLE *

What are you doing here anyway? I thought the case was closed. *

BECKETT *

It is. *

CASTLE *

Oh I get it. You think I'm right. *

BECKETT *

You know the difference between being a cop and playing cop, Rick? You just want to be right. I can't afford to be wrong. *

They look up and see Tisdale's impressive office.

*

29

INT. JONATHAN TISDALE'S OFFICE - LATER

29

An imposing glass and steel box perched atop a skyscraper with a god's-eye view of the world. The room is peppered with architectural models and tables spilling over with blueprints. JONATHAN TISDALE, a gaunt man in his late sixties, talks with Beckett. Castle stands in the back of the office looking at pictures.

JONATHAN TISDALE

But the police said that boy she helped; he's the one who did it.

BECKETT

The evidence does suggest it.

JONATHAN TISDALE

Then what is it you'd like to know?

BECKETT

Your daughter seemed very good at what she did.

JONATHAN TISDALE

That's true. Alison had a real gift. When she was younger, she lost a friend to drugs. From that moment on, she never wavered about what she wanted to do with her life.

BECKETT

I guess that's what's troubling me.

JONATHAN TISDALE

Troubling you?

BECKETT

Well, thanks to Alison, Kyle Cabot was doing better than he'd ever done. There doesn't seem to be any trigger for what he did.

JONATHAN TISDALE

We were always a little afraid for Alison. About the people she took care of, the places she'd work. That apartment I gave her was my only consolation. When I bought it, she didn't want to take it... It's ironic she'd be killed in the one place I thought I'd made her safe.

BECKETT

... Yes, it is.

JONATHAN TISDALE

But I know Alison would want me to be strong. I still have a son and together we're hoping to carry on Alison's work.

From the back --

CASTLE

Carry on her work?

JONATHAN TISDALE

Through my charitable foundation.

Castle picks up a photo. Jonathan Tisdale, Alison and another young man.

CASTLE

Fortune Magazine estimated your net worth at nearly a hundred-million dollars. Is that true?

JONATHAN TISDALE

I don't keep track day-to-day.

CASTLE

But it's in the ballpark?

JONATHAN TISDALE

I've been very lucky, yes.

CASTLE

And you're devoting your fortune to charity. That's very generous of you.

JONATHAN TISDALE

It was actually Alison's idea. She might have been a social worker, but she had a great head for business.

CASTLE

Just out of curiosity, what happens to all that money, if something happens to you?

BECKETT

Castle...

Castle shoots her a look - just go with this.

JONATHAN TISDALE

My estate goes to the foundation.

CASTLE

All of it?

JONATHAN TISDALE

Overseen by my son. Why?

CASTLE

Just curious. Thank you for your time.

31

EXT. STREET - DAY

31

Castle and Beckett exit the building.

BECKETT

What was that all about?

CASTLE

He's dying.

BECKETT

Who's dying? Tisdale?

CASTLE

Do you want a hotdog? I want a hotdog.
(to the vendor)
Take two of those. What do you take on
your-

As Castle starts toward the hotdog vendor, a frustrated Beckett grabs his nose.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

Ow! Apples apples apples!

BECKETT

What makes you think he's dying?

CASTLE

Okay. You see the pictures on the
wall?

BECKETT

Yeah?

CASTLE

He's much thinner now. Like sick thin,
not workout thin.

She releases Castle. He rubs his nose.

BECKETT

His daughter was just murdered...

CASTLE

And the way he kept touching his hair.
Like he was self-conscious.

BECKETT

You think it was a piece?

CASTLE

It's a good one, but it's new to him.
The chemo's relatively recent. And he
was wearing make-up...

BECKETT

He's trying to look healthier than he
is.

CASTLE

He doesn't want his shareholders to
know.

BECKETT

Okay, so he's got cancer. That doesn't
make him terminal.

CASTLE

But it's a much better story if he is.
You interview the brother?

32 EXT. DOWN UNDER THE MANHATTAN BRIDGE OVERPASS - DAY 32

Trucks lumber down cobblestone streets past industrial warehouses framed by the towering MANHATTAN BRIDGE.

33 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 33

Signs indicate that we're at TISDALE IMPORT/EXPORT. Out by the loading dock HARRISON TISDALE, late twenties, signs invoices as Beckett and Castle approach.

BECKETT

Harrison Tisdale?

HARRISON TISDALE

Yeah. Hey Mitch! Let's get these pallets on the truck.

BECKETT

Detective Kate Beckett. Rick Castle. We'd like to ask you some questions about your sister.

HARRISON TISDALE

Yeah, yeah, anything I can do. Let's step inside.

34 INT. HARRISON TISDALE'S OFFICE - DAY 34

Strictly functional. Papers piled on desks. White board calendars with routing info on them.

HARRISON TISDALE

Last time I saw her? About a month ago at Dad's. Y'know, I still can't believe she's gone.

BECKETT

Were you close?

HARRISON TISDALE

Everybody loved her. My sister jut wanted to see the best in people. Even that kid who killed her. She did everything to help that guy. Even brought him around here once to see if I could get him a job.

CASTLE
But you didn't.

HARRISON TISDALE

I can't afford to, all right? My employees mess up, I lose my bond. I realize that's not as bad as what happened to those people. I don't know. Maybe if I'd helped him, things would be different.

BECKETT

How did your sister react when your Dad told you he was dying?

Beat. We see Harrison's surprised they know but he covers.

HARRISON TISDALE

She was upset. We both were.

Beckett and Castle share a look. Confirmation.

CASTLE

Now that she's dead, your inheritance stands to double.

HARRISON TISDALE

What are you suggesting?

He looks from Castle to Beckett, getting it.

HARRISON TISDALE (CONT'D)

Is this some kind of joke? You already caught the killer.

And now, after giving Castle enough rope to hang himself, Beckett steps in.

BECKETT

Yeah, we did. But the first thing his lawyers'll do is shift suspicion to someone else, someone with motive. And then they'll stick me on the stand and ask me why I didn't investigate. And then the jury's will have doubts and we don't want them to have any doubts, do we?

HARRISON TISDALE

No.

BECKETT

So you'll have to excuse me, but I have to ask - where you were the night of your sister's murder.

HARRISON TISDALE

I was traveling... on business.

Harrison opens his desk drawer and pulls out a passport. He hands it to Beckett.

HARRISON TISDALE (CONT'D)

Actually, I was out of the country for all three murders. Here check the stamps on that if it's useful.

35

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE WARHEOUSE - DAY
(Formerly INT. BECKETT'S CAR - DAY)

35

Castle follows Beckett down the street, bothered.

CASTLE

A U.S. Passport.

BECKETT

Absolutely unassailable.

He shakes his head in disbelief. How could he be so wrong?

CASTLE

I was sure it was him...

BECKETT

Oh, don't take it so hard. After all, you're just a writer.

He deflates a little. She smiles, barely containing herself. He notices.

CASTLE

What?

BECKETT

Nothing.

She cracks a grin.

CASTLE

(seriously)

What!

Finally...

BECKETT

Oh c'mon, he was lying.
(Off Castle's look)
(MORE)

BECKETT (CONT'D)

I mean, I get him knowing where he was
the night his sister was killed, but
the other two victims?

(MORE)

BECKETT (CONT'D)

He didn't pause. He didn't ask for dates. He didn't even check his calendar, but he was ready with an alibi. Innocent people do not prepare alibis.

CASTLE

So I was right.

Beckett rolls her eyes.

35A

INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - DAY

35A

Ryan's on the phone. Beckett, Castle and Esposito wait on him.

RYAN

(into phone)

Okay, give me the dates and flights.

Ryan starts scribbling.

CASTLE

Why can't you admit I was right?

BECKETT

Because he totally fooled you.
(to Esposito; re: Castle)
He totally bought the alibi.

RYAN

(into phone)

You're sure?

CASTLE

I had one fleeting moment of self-doubt.

Ryan ends the call.

BECKETT

So?

RYAN

His credit card company confirms he paid for three round-trip tickets. Dates coincide with the three murders.

ESPOSITO

So according to Mastercard, Tisdale was out of the country.

CASTLE

Wait? So now I'm not right?

BECKETT

Which means the passport stamps have to be forgeries.

ESPOSITO

I'll call passport control. Have them check their logs.

Esposito picks up his phone. Until --

CASTLE

Forging the stamps on a passport isn't how he would've done it.

BECKETT

You have a better idea, Ricky?

CASTLE

A second passport.

BECKETT

Where would he get that?

CASTLE

With his money? Trust me, in the black market, it'd be a piece of cake.

BECKETT

So he leaves the country on his own. Comes back on the other passport, commits the murder, flies back, and then returns home on his own.

CASTLE

Perfect alibi. Perfect murder.

BECKETT

And almost impossible to prove.

CASTLE

Unless you find the other passport.

Off Beckett,

RYAN

Dude's gotta be freaked after your meet and greet.

BECKETT

Put eyeballs on him. If he moves I wanna know.

Beckett pulls out her cellphone and dials.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

The things people will do for money.

CASTLE

**He killed his sister in cold blood and
two more people to cover it up.**

(MORE)

CASTLE (CONT'D)

He's either a world-class sociopath or there's a lot more to this story than just money.

BECKETT

(into phone)

Judge Markway, please.

CASTLE

Markway? Tell him I said hello!

35B

INT. COURTHOUSE, CORRIDOR - DAY

35B

JUDGE MARKWAY, 50's, moves quickly down the corridor with Beckett and Castle trailing.

JUDGE MARKWAY

No, seriously. They're re-doing the entire back nine.

CASTLE

Aw man. I loved that course. When's it going to reopen?

BECKETT

Judge, I hate to break up golf digest, but I have an exigent situation here.

JUDGE MARKWAY

Very well, Detective. Play through.

Castle jumps in.

CASTLE

We need a search warrant.

Beckett shoots Castle a look. Castle corrects himself.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

She needs a search warrant.

BECKETT

The home and office of Harrison Tisdale.

JUDGE MARKWAY

Harrison Tisdale as in Jonathan Tisdale's son?

CASTLE

Yeah. He murdered his sister and killed two more people to cover up the crime.

JUDGE MARKWAY

Murder? The Tisdales? You better be long and straight on this one, Detective.

BECKETT

Harrison's father is terminally ill.

JUDGE MARKWAY

What? I just saw him at a benefit.

CASTLE

Hope you took a picture.

BECKETT

With his sister gone, the son will inherit all of it.

Beckett's cellphone rings.

CASTLE

There's probably a twisted emotional angle there too, but I don't want to bore you with the details.

BECKETT

(into phone)
Beckett. No. Just stay with him. *

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Tisdale just left work.

CASTLE

He's probably headed home to destroy the evidence.

JUDGE MARKWAY

And you're sure you can tie him to the other victims?

BECKETT

Through a patient of his sister's that he was trying to frame.

JUDGE MARKWAY

(signs paperwork)

It's days like this I wish I was back in Civil Division.

36

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

36

A TAXI pulls up outside an apartment building. The DOORMAN open the door for HARRISON TISDALE.

DOORMAN

You're home early Mr. Tisdale.

BECKETT

This time you're staying put.

Beckett heads up the sidewalk, McNulty and Esposito trailing.

CASTLE

OK Beckett. Very funny. Joke's over!
C'mon!

Castle looks at his cuffed hand, and then slides his other hand into his pocket and pulls out his wallet.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

Cuff me once, shame on you. Cuff me twice...

He opens his wallet, fishes inside. Pulls out a HANDCUFF KEY.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

... Shame on me.

But the key slips and with one hand cuffed he can't catch it. It hits the ground. He goes to pick it up, but because he's cuffed his hand can't reach the ground.

39 INT. HARRISON TISDALE'S APARTMENT - DAY 39

Harrison pulls a file folder out of the manila envelope. Scrawled on the tab in sharpie - "KYLE CABOT" and "CASEWORKER - Alison Tisdale." He begins shredding that file too, but in his haste he feeds in too many sheets and the shredder jams. He switches his shredder between forward and reverse, trying to get the papers to shred.

Just then he hears a pounding knock at the door.

40 OMITTED 40

41 INT. HARRISON TISDALE'S APARTMENT - DAY 41

Harrison looks up from his shredding.

BECKETT (O.S.)

Harrison Tisdale. NYPD. We have a warrant.

HARRISON TISDALE

Just a minute. I'll be right there.

Panic on his face. He looks down. The file's only half-way shredded, and stuck in the shredder is the picture of Kyle Cabot. Another KNOCK. Harrison grabs the papers, shredded and unshredded and shoves them into a garbage bag.

BECKETT
(to McNulty and Esposito)
He's out back, cover the front.

48 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

48

FIRE ESCAPE - Beckett emerges, spots Harrison below her.

BECKETT
Stop, Police! Don't Move!

As Harrison jumps down to the alley, the BAG snags on the fire escape, ripping open. Evidence spills everywhere. Harrison sees Castle racing toward him and Beckett descending from the fire escape. He turns and runs down the alley, with Castle chasing after him.

BECKETT (CONT'D)
Castle, no!

CASTLE
I got 'em! I got 'em.

BECKETT
Castle!

Castle's still holding his shoe as he runs. He finally tosses it aside. Beckett swears under her breath as she clammers down the fire escape and drops to the pavement just in time to see Harrison and Castle disappear behind a TRUCK. She gives chase, gun drawn. But as she ROUNDS THE TRUCK, she finds Harrison using CASTLE as a shield, holding a gun to his temple. Castle's a tad sheepish.

HARRISON TISDALE
Stay back, stay back! Don't come any closer!

BECKETT
Let him go Harrison!

CASTLE
Easy, easy, okay?

Harrison backs away, pulling Castle with him.

BECKETT
Castle, you okay?

CASTLE
Yeah, except psycho here needs a breath mint.

HARRISON TISDALE

Shut up!

CASTLE

Okay, okay. You know what's bugging me? If you were that deep in debt, why didn't you just ask your father for the money?

BECKETT

Castle... You are not helping.

CASTLE

You know what I think? I think you did ask. I think you asked and he said no. I think he always said no. A self-made man like that, I bet he thought you were weak for asking.

HARRISON TISDALE

He was the one who was weak. I was trying to make something with my life and all he cared about was her.

CASTLE

That's why you killed her. It wasn't just for the money, you wanted to punish him before he died. Take away the only thing he loved. That's a pretty good story!

Harrison looks at Castle in disbelief.

HARRISON TISDALE

What are you?

BECKETT

Harrison, let him go. It's over.

HARRISON TISDALE

It's not over, it's not over! Drop the gun or I swear to god, I'll blow his...

And with that, Castle punches his elbow into Harrison's nose, and snaps his gun away. Harrison stumbles back. Beckett grabs him, shoving him to the ground.

CASTLE

Tell me you saw that! You're gonna put that in your report, right?

BECKETT

Can I see the cuffs please?

CASTLE

Yeah, yeah.

He passes her the cuffs. Once Tisdale's cuffed, Beckett shoves Castle.

BECKETT

What the hell were you thinking? You could've gotten yourself killed.

CASTLE

Oh, the safety was on the whole time.

BECKETT

Y'know, you could've told me.

CASTLE

Where's the fun in that?

LATER : McNulty and Esposito take statements. Castle and Beckett walk back to her car as the UNIFORMS stick Harrison in the back of a black and white.

BECKETT

Well, guess this is it.

CASTLE

It doesn't have to be. We could go to dinner, debrief each other.

BECKETT

Why Castle? So I can be just another one of your conquests?

CASTLE

Or I could be one of yours.

She considers it a beat, then...

BECKETT

It was nice to meet you, Castle.

CASTLE

It's too bad. It would've been great.

She leans in and whispers in his ear.

BECKETT

You have no idea.

Smiling, she turns and walks away. Castle watches her go. There's a look on his face... Something. He smiles.

48A INT. CASTLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 48A

While the city sleeps, Castle sits huddled over his laptop, bathed in the light of his desk lamp. His fingers tap the keyboard rhythmically... that same mischievous smile on his face. He's writing again.

49 EXT. MANHATTAN - MORNING 49

The sun rises over the city.

51 INT. MONTGOMERY'S OFFICE - DAY 51

Beckett knocks on the door, enters.

BECKETT

You wanted to see me, sir?

MONTGOMERY

Yeah, I just got a call from the Mayor's office. Apparently, you have a fan.

BECKETT

A fan, sir?

MONTGOMERY

Rick Castle. Seems he's found the main character for his next set of novels. A tough but savvy female detective.

BECKETT

I'm flattered?

MONTGOMERY

Don't be. He says he has to do research...

BECKETT

Oh no.

MONTGOMERY

Oh yes.

BECKETT

No way.

MONTGOMERY

Beckett, listen-

BECKETT

Sir, he is like a nine year-old on
sugar rush... totally incapable of
taking anything seriously.

MONTGOMERY

But he did help solve this case. And
when the Mayor's happy, the
Commissioner's happy. When the
Commissioner's happy, I'm happy.

BECKETT

How long, sir?

Montgomery nods over Beckett's shoulder to Castle, now
standing in the doorway.

MONTGOMERY

That's up to him.

Castle grins and raises an eyebrow at Beckett.

END OF EPISODE