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
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CAST

Yellow Production Draft
November 12, 2008

RICHARD CASTLE
KATE BECKETT
MARTHA RODGERS
GINA GRIFFIN (WAS GINA COWELL) OMMITTED 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)
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...

EXT. ROOFTOP, PUBLISHING PARTY - NIGHT

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:

INT. ADJOINING BAR - NIGHT

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...

INT. APARTMENT, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

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,
INT. PUBLISHING PARTY, AT THE BAR - NIGHT

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 bubbley.

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 the plucks the Sharpie from his hand.

ALEXIS
That’s new.

CUT TO:

CASTLE TITLE CARD

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

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

Castle enters his Penthouse apartment. From the living room he hears the sound of his mother belting out “Can’t Say No” from Oklahoma. (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 HAIREDFOX 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...
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 après 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

4D

INT. PRECINCT, BREAKROOM/BULLPEN - DAY

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


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
The sun shines down on the city.

6 INT. HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY
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.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - HOURS LATER

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.

INT. HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY

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.

EXT. ROOFTOP, POOL - DAY

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

10B  INT. CAR – DAY
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
Beckett knocks. The other detectives, with weapons drawn, flank the door.
BECKETT
Kyle Cabot! NYPD! Open up!

INT. BASEMENT, APARTMENT - DAY

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.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

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
ACT THREE

15
INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION - NIGHT

Kyle Cabot sits alone in his own little world, rocking back and forth. We pull back and we’re...

16
INT. PRECINCT, OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Beckett enters to find Castle and Montgomery.

BECKETT
He’s still not talking. His state medical records indicate he’s got pervasive developmental disorder.

CASTLE
That explains his fixation with me. P.D.D. sometimes manifests in an obsession with a single subject.

BECKETT
Yeah, well, your superfan also has a history of delusions. And guess who his caseworker was?

CASTLE
Alison Tisdale.

BECKETT
Her file indicates he was on pretty heavy anti-psychotics.

MONTGOMERY
Limited intelligence. Thinks he has a personal relationship with his hero. Looks like your profile was right, Detective Beckett.

CASTLE
So. What? That’s it?

MONTGOMERY
What more do you want? The evidence was in his apartment and we can connect him to all three victims: Two from the diner where he worked and Tisdale was his social worker.

(to Beckett)
Call the DA and get him a Legal Aid.

Montgomery walks off.
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.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

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

INT. PENTHOUSE, POKER LOUNGE - NIGHT

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.

INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - NIGHT

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.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

Establishing.

INT. POLICE STATION, DETECTIVE’S BULLPEN - DAY

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!
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.
ACT FOUR

INT. POLICE STATION RECEPTION - DAY

Martha and Alexis wait with Beckett and Captain Montgomery as Castle is escorted up by Uniforms. They uncuff him.

ALEXIS
Hello Father.

Castle grins sheepishly.

CASTLE
Hello Daughter.

MARTHA
Well, I wish I could say I was surprised. It’s my fault really. He never had a father figure.

CASTLE
That’s not true, Mother. I had lots of father figures. I see you’ve met Captain Montgomery and Detective Beckett.

MARTHA
They have agreed to drop the charges, if you agree to behave.

MONTGOMERY
No more interference with this case, Mr. Castle. Do we understand each other?

CASTLE
Yeah.

He turns and locks eyes with Beckett. Meaningful...

CASTLE (CONT’D)
But you still got the wrong guy.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Castle’s lost in thought. Alexis knows that look.

ALEXIS
You’re not gonna drop it, are you?
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:

INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN – EVENING

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
INT. JONATHAN TISDALE’S OFFICE BUILDING, LOBBY – DAY

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.

INT. JONATHAN TISDALE’S OFFICE, ENTRY ROOM – DAY

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. *

INT. JONATHAN TISDALE’S OFFICE - LATER

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.

EXT. STREET - DAY

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?

EXT. DOWN UNDER THE MANHATTAN BRIDGE OVERPASS - DAY
Trucks lumber down cobblestone streets past industrial
warehouses framed by the towering MANHATTAN BRIDGE.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY
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.

INT. HARRISON TISDALE’S OFFICE - DAY
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 just
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.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE WARHEOUSE - DAY
35
(Formerly INT. BECKETT’S CAR - DAY)

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
(sometimes)
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)
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.

INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN – DAY


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)
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!

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 (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.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET – DAY

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

DOORMAN
You’re home early Mr. Tisdale.
Harrison rushes inside.

**INT. HARRISON TISDALE’S APARTMENT – DAY**

Harrison crosses to his desk and sits down at his computer. He clicks open a file – photographs of KYLE CABOT and the victims. He highlights them and clicks delete. As he’s doing that, he opens a locked drawer. Inside, a GUN, a MANILA ENVELOPE and a FRENCH EU PASSPORT. He pulls out the PASSPORT, considers it a beat, and then sticks it into his shredder.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET – DAY**

Beckett’s car pulls to a stop around the corner from Tisdale’s apartment building. Two SQUAD CARS pull up behind her. Beckett gets out of the car, followed by Castle. They’re met by Esposito and McNulty, who finish talking with the DOORMAN.

**DOORMAN**

...got a list inside.

**MCNULTY**

Yeah, thank you for your help.

They head over to Beckett.

**BECKETT**

What do we got guys?

**MCNULTY**

Get this - Junior’s business is going under. He’s tens of millions in debt.

**CASTLE**

But with his sister’s share of the Tisdale fortune, he stands to pay off his debts and then some.

**BECKETT**

(to Castle, grave)

Castel, if you’re coming, you should be armed. My back-up’s in the glove compartment.

An excited Castle leans in and opens the glovebox. only to find it empty.

**CASTLE**

I can’t find it. It’s...

Beckett grabs his wrist and HANDCUFFS him to the grab handle above the car door. She smiles.
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.

INT. HARRISON TISDALE’S APARTMENT – DAY

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.

OMITTED

INT. HARRISON TISDALE’S APARTMENT – DAY

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.
EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Castle has his shoe and sock off and is trying to pick up the key with his toes. He’s almost got it. No. Drops it. It’s farther away now.

OMITTED

INT. HARRISON TISDALE’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

More knocking. Then Harrison hears...

BECKETT (O.S.)
Open the door, Harrison! Open it! It’s NYPD, we have a warrant!

Harrison hears keys in the door. Clutching the trash bag, he picks up his gun, and looks around. Nowhere to go!

THE FRONT DOOR -

The door opens. Beckett enters the apartment followed by the cops. But there’s no sign of Harrison.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Castle’s toes squeeze the handcuff key, and gently lift it up to his hand. He snatches it from his toes. As he goes to unlock his cuffs, he spots something strange -

DOWN THE ALLEY he sees HARRISON TISDALE quietly descending the building’s fire escape, clutching a trash bag. No one seems to be following him.

CASTLE
Hey... Hey!

Castle quickly uncuffs himself and grabs his shoe.

INT. HARRISON TISDALE’S APARTMENT - DAY

Beckett bends down and examines the remnants of shredded documents on the floor. Her cell phone rings. She answers.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Castle dodges traffic as he runs across the street, cell phone in one hand, shoe in the other, racing to the alley.

CASTLE
He’s coming down the fire escape.

BACK ON BECKETT rushing to the window.
(to McNulty and Esposito)
He’s out back, cover the front.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

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 clambers 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.
INT. CASTLE’S OFFICE – NIGHT
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.

EXT. MANHATTAN – MORNING
The sun rises over the city.

INT. MONTGOMERY’S OFFICE – DAY
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?

MONGOMERY
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