

# CASTLE



## “Home Is Where The Heart Stops” Ep. 106

Written by  
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Directed by  
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## CAST

White Production Draft  
January 2, 2009

RICHARD CASTLE  
KATE BECKETT  
MARTHA RODGERS  
JAVIER ESPOSITO  
LANIE PARISH  
KEVIN RYAN  
ALEXIS CASTLE  
ROY MONTGOMERY

JOANNE DELGADO  
EVAN MITCHELL  
CAINE POWELL (ALSO "VOICE" IN SCENE 19)  
ANNE GREENE  
MAYOR  
RACHEL MADDOX  
PAUL REYNOLDS  
RUTHIE  
KARL NADIR (ALSO "FIGURE" IN SCENE 52)

# Non-Speaking

White Production Draft  
January 2, 2009

## SC. 6

SUSAN DELGADO  
CSU PHOTOGRAPHER

## SC. 7

RICHARD PASTORI (IN PHOTO)

## SC. 28

STAFF

## SC. 34

GUESTS  
PAPARAZZI

## SC. 35

GOSSIP COLUMNISTS  
PAPARAZZI  
GROUP OF GUESTS

## SC. 41

BAND  
GOLDDIGGERS  
OLD BIDDIES

## SC. 43

OLD BIDDIE

## Locations

Yellow Production Draft  
January 7, 2009

### INTERIORS

CASTLE LOFT

KITCHEN

**OFFICE (ADDED)**

SUSAN DELGADO'S APARTMENT

HALLWAY OUTSIDE APARTMENT

LIVING ROOM

PRECINCT

BULLPEN

INTERVIEW LOUNGE

HALLWAY

OBSERVATION ROOM

INTERROGATION

MONTGOMERY'S OFFICE

SHOOTING RANGE

LOCK-UP

CONFERENCE ROOM

POWELL'S GARRET

BECKETT'S APARTMENT

BALLROOM

BECKETT'S UNMARKED

KARL NADIR'S APARTMENT

HALLWAY OUTSIDE APARTMENT

### EXTERIORS

NEW YORK STREETS (ESTABLISHING)

ALLEY

GALA BALL RED CARPET

APARTMENT BUILDING

CITY (ESTABLISHING)



CASTLE  
So...who is he?

ALEXIS  
His name's Owen. He's in my poetry  
class. Very shy. And very sweet.

Castle lunges, the point of his blade landing on her chest.  
He pulls up his mask.

CASTLE  
*Keep your guard up.*

She raises her mask as well and smacks his blade.

ALEXIS  
Then don't distract me.

CASTLE  
Does he know how you feel about  
him?

ALEXIS  
No.

She lowers her mask, and stands en garde. He lowers his mask  
as well.

CASTLE  
Why not?

They resume fencing.

ALEXIS  
Because I don't even know how I  
feel about him.

She lunges, disengages his parry, and lands with her tip.

CASTLE  
Yes! Nice!

On the counter, Castle's phone brays BECKETT'S RINGTONE. They  
pause, salute, and Alexis deftly uses the tip of her epee to  
sweep the phone across the counter to Castle - air hockey  
style. Castle catches it, flips it open.

CASTLE (CONT'D)  
(muffled by his mask)  
Hello?



Beckett turns to Castle, serious.

BECKETT  
Reverse double jinx.

Castle, caught off-guard, starts to talk.

BECKETT (CONT'D)  
Uh uh. Mouth shut, Castle, until I  
release you. Thanks Ryan.

Ryan nods, leaving Castle flummoxed. Beckett and Esposito  
walk and talk. Esposito nods to Joanne.

ESPOSITO  
Joanne Delgado, daughter of Susan  
Delgado, the victim. She calls to  
say good night like always, only  
tonight Mom doesn't pick up. Joanne  
calls the doorman, he comes up,  
finds the door ajar, and-

They approach Susan's apartment. Two uniforms guard the door.

BECKETT  
And?

ESPOSITO  
Let's just say this one's  
definitely Beckett-flavored.

6

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

6

Various angles as CAMERA FLASHES strobe the room, revealing  
every surface of Susan's lovely apartment salted with white  
feathers. LANIE and a CSU PHOTOG are at the open WALL SAFE.  
SUSAN DELGADO'S body has been stuffed inside.

Castle contorts himself unconsciously, seeing how it would  
have been possible.

Gloving up, Beckett approaches the safe. Castle, Ryan, and  
Esposito flow in behind her, but hang back.

LANIE  
There's spatter over the fireplace.  
(hooking her thumb at it)  
Indicates a single GSW. Close  
range.

Lanie tweezes a blood-soaked feather out of the pool.

BECKETT  
You can still smell the cordite.



RYAN

I'll have to take your word for it.

ESPOSITO

Better than last time.  
(off Castle's look)  
They beat the guy to death.

BECKETT

None of her neighbors heard the shot?

ESPOSITO

Nada. Must be heavy sleepers.

Castle squats over an exploded pillowcase.

CASTLE

The pillow acted as a poor man's sound suppressor.  
(off Beckett's look)  
Fine. I broke the jinx. I'll buy you a soda.

Ryan squats next to Castle and uses his pen to sift through the folds of the pillowcase for the singed hole.

BECKETT

(scanning the floor)  
No shell casing?

LANIE

None.

BECKETT

Probably used a revolver.

Beckett focuses on the missing finger.

LANIE

(cold)  
And a bolt cutter.

BECKETT

Her wedding ring. She wouldn't give it up and they punished her for it. Husband?

ESPOSITO

Passed a few years ago.

Castle surveys the apartment...

CASTLE

This building. This part of town.  
You'd think she was safe...

(bothered)

How often do people get killed in  
neighborhoods like this?

BECKETT

Same as anywhere, Castle. Just the  
once.

CUT TO:

CASTLE TITLE CARD

7

INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - DAY

7

CLOSE ON a push pin being shoved into a map. It bears the  
number FOUR. PULLING BACK we find...

Beckett is in front of a bulletin board displaying CRIME  
SCENE PHOTOS and NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS from the four home  
invasions. There are four PINS on the MAP.

CASTLE

Each one of the robberies was in a  
different part of the city.

BECKETT

A different high-end part of the  
city.

ESPOSITO

Yeah. Wall safes and high-end  
jewelry. They came in knowing  
exactly what they were going to  
find.

CASTLE

There's got to be a pattern.  
Something that connects them all.  
First one was three months ago?

RYAN

Central Park West. Bob and Linda  
Kesler were bound, gagged, and  
beaten. The intruders were masked.  
Took roughly \$175,000 in jewelry.

Castle moves to PIN NUMBER TWO.

CASTLE

Same M.O. on Yorke Street?

ESPOSITO

Yeah. Only when Mr. Bruner refused to open his safe, they broke his wife's arms and made him watch. Walked out with \$196,000 in bearer bonds.

CASTLE

That was six weeks after their first job. And they hit the third apartment on 59th Street less than three weeks later.

BECKETT

And by then it wasn't just broken arms anymore.

She nods to homicide scene PHOTOS of a DEAD MAN in his 50s, bound and bleeding from a head trauma.

RYAN

Richard and Julie Pastori. Richard opened the safe but warned the guys to keep their hands off his wife.

BECKETT

They beat him to death for his gallantry.

CASTLE

Which brings us to tonight.

BECKETT

They're getting bolder, escalating their violence.

CASTLE

Not just their violence. Also their timetable.

ESPOSITO

He's right. Tonight's was less than a week after the last one.

Castle stares at the board.

CASTLE

This can't be random. I mean, how did they know what was in the safes?

(he pauses)

Is that a word, "Safes"? Or is it "saves"? No, it can't be saves...

ESPOSITO

And you write for a living?

BECKETT

Castle. The point?

CASTLE

The point is, our home invaders seem to know an awful lot about their victims.

RYAN

We've compared insurance companies, home security vendors, even the kinds of safes they had. Nothing's been a match.

CASTLE

Right. But I was thinking if they know so much about their targets, maybe they actually know them.

Off Beckett,

CUT TO:

8

INT. PRECINCT, INTERVIEW LOUNGE - DAY

8

Joanne Delgado cradles some hot tea, across from Beckett and Castle.

JOANNE

Close? We were very close. She was my mother.

BECKETT

So you'd know most of her friends.

JOANNE

Her friends? Yes, but...

BECKETT

Were there any you had a strong feelings about? Any you didn't like? Maybe someone she met recently.

JOANNE

No.

CASTLE

Any of her friends have money problems?

JOANNE

Monsters broke into her place and  
killed her. Why are you asking  
about her friends?

Beckett flips open her notebook.

BECKETT

Did you know Nelson and Janet  
Bruner?

JOANNE

No.

CASTLE

How about Richard and Julie Pastori  
or Bob and Linda Kesler?

\*

JOANNE

Who are these people?

A moment.

BECKETT

They're victims in three previous  
home invasion robberies - robberies  
we think were committed by the same  
people who murdered your mother.

JOANNE

Others? There were others? How long  
has this been going on?

BECKETT

A few months.

Joanne hardens.

JOANNE

Months? And you haven't caught  
them?

BECKETT

(calm)

They hadn't murdered anyone until  
last week. That's when I took over  
the case. Since then, we've been  
doing everything we-

JOANNE

-Don't press conference me,  
Detective. I work in public  
relations, okay?

(MORE)

\*

JOANNE (CONT'D)

So you can save your little speech because I've heard them all. I'm the one who drafts all that pathos after airline crashes and E. coli poisonings.

(bitter)

'Our hearts go out to the victims' families.'

\*

Beckett's been through the anger. Castle studies Beckett as she lets Joanne get some of the poison out of the wound.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Our hearts? What does that even mean? She said she felt like baking. She wanted me to come by, but I was busy. I was busy and now she's dead.

(breaking down)

...I should have been there -

Joanne's losing it now. And Castle watches, a fascinated interloper, as Beckett brings Joanne back.

BECKETT

-Joanne. Joanne. Listen to me.

(holding her eyes)

You're going to want to play out every possible scenario in the next few days. If only you'd been there. If only you'd come over. If only you hadn't worked late.

(off Joanne)

Believe me. I've been there. And I'm telling you it's not your fault. The only ones to blame are the monsters who murdered your mother.

Beckett pulls back, hearing the emotion leaking out in her own voice.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

This isn't a speech. This isn't a platitude. It's a promise. I will do everything in my power to see that these people pay for what they've done.

Off Castle's look,

CUT TO:

9

INT. PRECINCT, HALLWAY - DAY

9

Castle puts money into a vending machine as Beckett looks at her options.

CASTLE

Pretty impressive, the way you handled her back there.

BECKETT

I didn't "handle" her, Castle. I told her the truth. The same thing I'm about to do with the other home invasion victims.

She punches a button on the machine. Castle recovers the soda and hands it to her.

CASTLE

Jinx paid in full.

BECKETT

Grief is grief. It just wears a lot of different faces. And there's no comfort for any of them.

CASTLE

You're short-selling, Beckett. Ryan and Esposito couldn't have managed that level of empathy.

BECKETT

That's not true. It's just they save it for fantasy football trades.

Beckett shoots him a smile. Castle knows that's her way of taking the compliment.

CASTLE

Makes me think about Alexis. What she would do if anything happened to me -

BECKETT

She'd still have her mother, right?

They walk and talk down the hallway.

CASTLE

Meredith's more like a crazy aunt with a credit card. Between the two of us, I was the more responsible one, if you can believe it.

BECKETT

Well, I wouldn't worry about it,  
Castle. Only the good die young.

CASTLE

Ouch.

BECKETT

Come on, Freud. I know what you're  
doing. You're trying to get me to  
talk about my mom. Squeeze a little  
more pulp for your fiction.

CASTLE

Pulp? You think I write pulp? I'll  
have you know that *The New York  
Review of Books* - not *The New York  
Times Book Review*, mind you, but  
*The New York Review of Books* - said  
Derrick Storm was our generation's-

BECKETT

Yeah, I read that piece. Even you  
have to admit it was more than a  
little hyperbolic. How much did you  
pay the reviewer?

CASTLE

A case of Chateauf-neuf-du-Pape...  
but that's not the point.  
(beat - wait)  
You read the *New York Review of  
Books*?

She smiles, knowing she's gotten to him.

BECKETT

Ooh, so many layers to the Beckett  
onion. How you gonna peel 'em all?

She steps into the elevator. He follows.

END ACT ONE



ACT TWO

10

INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - DAY

10

Ryan and Esposito at Esposito's desk. MONTGOMERY arrives.

MONTGOMERY

Anything from the other victims?

ESPOSITO

Beckett's downtown finishing the canvass, but here's what we know. The Keslers and the Pastoris didn't know each other, and neither of them knew the Bruners or Susan Delgado.

MONTGOMERY

So much for the personal angle.

RYAN

Four luxury buildings, four major scores and we got nothing. If I'm these guys, I got no incentive to quit now either.

ESPOSITO

Yeah, well, whoever they are, they definitely have some righteous trade craft.

Montgomery hands them a CSU report.

MONTGOMERY

About that... Forensics just came back on the Delgado's place. They found brass shavings in the lock mechanism on the front door.

RYAN

Brass shavings?

ESPOSITO

(getting it)

They used a bump key... Bad guy files down a standard house key, then uses a mallet to drive it into the lock. It separates the tumblers like billiard balls.

RYAN

Dude, I know what a bump key is. But the hardware on the Delgado's door was a high-end import. A standard bump key wouldn't work.

ESPOSITO

(considering that)

No. You'd need something special. Something your average mope couldn't rig.

Esposito takes a seat at his computer. Starts bringing something up on his screen.

MONTGOMERY

What are you thinking?

ESPOSITO

There's a guy I busted a while back. Specialized in bump keys. And definitely not afraid to get a little blood on his paws either.

MONTGOMERY

Bump keys and violence. I like him already.

Esposito pulls up a file on the computer, as Montgomery and Ryan join him.

RYAN

(reading screen)

Evan Mitchell.

MONTGOMERY

Evan Mitchell?

ESPOSITO

Know him?

MONTGOMERY

He's a legacy. Dad and grandpa were legends in the industry.

ESPOSITO

I collared him for a jewel heist over on 47th. He did a nickel upstate.

MONTGOMERY

When did Mitchell get out?

ESPOSITO

Two weeks before our first heist.

MONTGOMERY

Pick him up.

WE HOLD on Mitchell's PHOTO. He looks intense, capable.

11

INT. PRECINCT, OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

11

Full house - Castle, Beckett, Esposito, Ryan and Montgomery. Inside the tank is EVAN MITCHELL, 40s, who looks like he could be a professional soldier, or surgeon, with eyes that see right through you.

Esposito holds Mitchell's PISTOL in an evidence bag.

RYAN

Say hello to his little friend.  
It was in his waistband when we  
grabbed him up.

BECKETT

Serial numbers have been drilled  
off.

MONTGOMERY

(off file)  
Heavy on collars, light on  
convictions.

RYAN

Amazing how many times a guy can be  
arrested without ever serving time.

CASTLE

Must have a good lawyer.

MONTGOMERY

Or he's good at what he does.

CASTLE

Good enough to be our perp?

RYAN

Why do writers call them perps?

CASTLE

Isn't that what you call them?

RYAN

We got a whole bunch of names...  
pipehead, pisshead, ork, creep-

ESPOSITO  
(not to be outdone)  
- crook, knucklehead, chucklehead,  
chud, turd -

Ryan and Esposito now facing each other, like two kids  
'playing the dozens' - Castle scribbling furiously.

ESPOSITO (CONT'D)  
(another volley)  
- destro, skell, skeksi, sicko,  
slick, sleestack-

CASTLE  
Wait. Wait. Slow down.

Beckett steps in.

BECKETT  
-Suspects. We call them suspects.

MONTGOMERY  
I'm old school. I like "dirtbags."

12

INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION - LATER

12

Mitchell locks eyes with Beckett. Castle doesn't sit at the  
table, but rather lurks in the background.

BECKETT  
Tell me about the gun.

MITCHELL  
I'm not talking without a lawyer.

BECKETT  
Why? You guilty of something?

MITCHELL  
Yeah. Not running fast enough when  
your boys showed up.

BECKETT  
Where were you last night between  
say, five and nine?

Mitchell laughs.

MITCHELL  
I didn't do it.

BECKETT  
Do what?

MITCHELL

Doesn't matter what, because  
wherever you think I was, I wasn't.

BECKETT

So where were you?

MITCHELL

Happy hour. Little place in the  
neighborhood. Drinking Belfast  
Carbombs with some Westie pals.

BECKETT

Can anyone verify that for me?

MITCHELL

Oh, I'd say about 30 people can -  
conservative estimate.

BECKETT

I bet most of them have records a  
lot like yours.

MITCHELL

Well, I wasn't having tea at The  
Plaza. You want the truth, there it  
is. You want more reliable  
witnesses, give me an hour or so  
and I'll see what I can do.

\*  
\*

CASTLE

You must be pretty well connected.  
Friends in high places.

MITCHELL

Who's this Mary with the manicure?  
I know he's not a cop. Not with  
that haircut.

CASTLE

I'm assisting Detective Beckett  
with the investigation.

MITCHELL

Assisting?  
(to Beckett)  
What's wrong, sweetie? Can't hack  
it alone?

Beckett rises. She'd rip this guy's head off if she could.

BECKETT

You wanna play? Let's play. I've got an ex-con with a gun and two fresh homicides looking for a home.

MITCHELL

Fish all you want, Detective. But the smart fish don't bite.

13

INT. PRECINCT, MONTGOMERY'S OFFICE - DAY

13

Beckett with Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY

We can hold him on the gun, but there's no match with ballistics on Mrs. Delgado. And without other evidence to link him to the other homicide...

BECKETT

I'll come up with something.

MONTGOMERY

Not if his alibi checks out.

BECKETT

Please. They're all pots and kettles.

MONTGOMERY

For the last robbery, not the first.

Montgomery hands her Mitchell's jacket.

MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

Mitchell was being arraigned on an unrelated burglary the same day this crew struck.

Beckett looks at the file.

MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

He's not our guy, Beckett.

Off Beckett's frustration,

CUT TO:

14

INT. PRECINCT, SHOOTING RANGE - LATER

14

Beckett blasting away at silhouette targets. She's angry - her case going nowhere. She finishes the clip and reloads.

CASTLE (O.S.)

You gotta watch those silhouettes.  
They're shifty little bastards.

She looks back at Castle as he walks up to her.

BECKETT

Do you mind? I'm trying to  
concentrate.

CASTLE

Man, when I hit a wall, all I  
have's a stress ball and internet  
porn.

She slams the fresh clip home.

BECKETT

Castle -

CASTLE

Look, I get it. You made a promise  
to a daughter about catching her  
mother's killer. Doesn't take Freud  
to see what's what. But you're  
gonna run up some blind alleys  
before you come out of the maze.

BECKETT

As much as I appreciate your folksy  
Dr. Phil aphorisms, I just need to  
shoot some things.

She turns and squeezes off her clip, grouping a cluster in  
the silhouette's head. Castle, fingers in his ears, shouts  
above the din.

CASTLE

WOULDN'T IT BE MORE OF A CHALLENGE  
IF THEY WEREN'T STANDING STILL?

Beckett strips out her mag, loads a fresh one, and places her  
weapon on the barricade.

BECKETT

Okay, Castle. Show me how it's  
done.

Castle hefts the weapon, blades his body into a dueler's  
stance, closes one eye, and BAM! He looks elegant, but misses  
the target entirely.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

It's not a duel, Scaramouche.  
(moving behind him)  
Here. Square off with your target.  
(he shifts; closer)  
Feet shoulder-width. Now-  
(guiding his arms)  
-gauntlet your right fist with your  
left palm.

CASTLE

Like this?

Castle assumes a passable Weaver stance. His smile tells us he's enjoying the closeness in a way Beckett might not like.

BECKETT

Uh huh. Now, lock them together  
with some isometric tension. Put  
your front sight on that target and-  
(squeezing his arm)  
...squeeze.

BLAM! Surprise trigger break. Still way wide of the target.

CASTLE

Whoops! Shot too soon.

BECKETT

That's okay, Castle. We can still  
cuddle.

CASTLE

Funny. And a smile. That's good.

Castle's concentrating now. BLAM! Manages a shoulder hit.

BECKETT

Better.

CASTLE

Listen, I came down to ask if I  
could take home copies of the  
stolen property photos.

BECKETT

Pictures of the jewelry? What for?

CASTLE

I thought maybe they'd spark  
something.

BLAM! Castle shoots the silhouette in the crotch. He's way outside the 10-ring.



CASTLE (CONT'D)

Ooh. That's gotta hurt.

Beckett smiles.

BECKETT

Tell you what. Put any of the next three in the 10-ring, and the files are yours.

CASTLE

Yeah?

BECKETT

Yeah.

Castle grins, pivots into a Weaver and pulls the trigger in rapid fire - BAM BAM BAM - expended brass casings falling one after another at their feet -

The rounds slam dead center on his target in a tight group. He's a crack shot. Maybe even better than Beckett. He was just playing with her. Off her piercing look,

CASTLE

You're a very good teacher.

\*

CUT TO:

15

INT. CASTLE LOFT - NIGHT

15

Castle sits on his couch with a glass of wine, poring over the insurance PHOTOS. These are close-up photos of JEWELRY, the pieces each photographed next to a ruler for scale.

Alexis enters, munching a vegan cookie.

CASTLE

So how was your date with Owen?

ALEXIS

Dad! It wasn't a date. It was a study group.

CASTLE

Okay, how many in the group?

ALEXIS

(smiling)

Just the two of us.

CASTLE

Uh huh.

ALEXIS  
(draping her arms around  
his neck; a peck)  
Pilfering evidence again, I see.

CASTLE  
Borrowing. Besides, these are just  
copies. Insurance companies  
maintain photos of pieces like  
these for identification in case  
they're lost or stolen.

Martha dances into the room - cocktail in hand - eyeing the  
pictures. She lifts one, peering at it through her half  
glasses.

MARTHA  
Well, hello, gorgeous. Where have  
you been all my life?

CASTLE  
I think I should install a new  
security system. Maybe put in a  
panic room.

MARTHA  
A panic room. For what? Panic  
attacks?

ALEXIS  
Anyone shows up, we'll beat them  
off with swords. Or pens, since  
they're mightier.

CASTLE  
I'm serious. I want us to be safe.

MARTHA  
But life isn't safe. Especially not  
in New York. Cranes collapse, air  
conditioners fall from the sky. In  
the end, there's just a short span  
of years and you try to make the  
most of it before something knocks  
you down.

A moment - the three of them framed by the skyline.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
People living deeply have no fear  
of death.

CASTLE

Anais Nin? Mother, how many of these have you had?

MARTHA

Shush, you.

CASTLE

This is pretty high-end stuff. You couldn't use a normal fence. You'd want someone with impeccable taste, someone who understood their value, and had connections with high-end buyers. Someone like...

MARTHA

Powell?

(hands to her heart)

Now there was a man.

(smacks Castle)

And you had to ruin it.

ALEXIS

Who's Powell?

CASTLE

That was years ago. I'm sure he's forgotten all about it by now.

ALEXIS

Who's Powell?

MARTHA

Forgotten? You forced him into retirement. You ruined his life. He threatened to slit your throat.

ALEXIS

Dad! Who's Powell?

CASTLE

Remember my character Bentley Silver?

ALEXIS

The jewel thief from *Storm Rising*?

CASTLE

I kind of based him on Powell.

MARTHA

Kind of? You stole the man's entire life.

(to Alexis)

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

And then your father, genius that he is, thanked him in the acknowledgements, completely blowing his cover.

CASTLE

He can't still be mad. I'm gonna see him.

ALEXIS

Dad!

CASTLE

Don't worry, sweetie. It'll be fine...I think.

Alexis looks to Martha.

MARTHA

If he doesn't slit your throat, tell the old man he owes me a night at Le Cirque.

ALEXIS

Dad? Dad...

Off Alexis' concern,

CUT TO:

16      EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT      16

Sketchy. Feels like a bad part of town. Castle approaches the door. The manila evidence folder with the jewel photos under his arm. Castle presses the BUZZER. Beat. Then Castle looks up at a SECURITY CAM, waves. \*

17      INT. POWELL'S GARRET - CONTINUOUS      17

A man. We do not see his face as he eyes the SECURITY MONITOR and sees Castle waving. Presses a button.

18      EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS      18

The door BUZZES. Castle takes a breath and enters.

19      INT. POWELL'S GARRET - NIGHT      19

Castle enters into an elegant, cozy little GARRET. Leather bound books on the shelves. An antique globe. Leather club chairs. Reading lamps. Mozart on the phonograph.

There is a state of the art workbench filled with HIGH END \*  
GEMS, UNCUT DIAMONDS, and even a few SHOWPIECES. \*

Castle opens a leather-bound ALBUM on the workbench, flipping \*  
through yellowed NEWS CLIPPINGS of big JEWELRY HEISTS from \*  
around the world.

Castle notices the more recent (still white) *Ledger* clippings \*  
from the latest string of HOME INVASIONS posted on a pillar. \*  
A chill runs through him. Maybe this was a very bad idea.

VOICE  
(behind him)  
I've been waiting a long time for  
this, Castle.

CAINE POWELL, 60s, emerges from the shadows behind Castle.  
Think James Bond meets John Robie. Gray but still dangerous.

BAM. A punch sends Castle sprawling.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

20

INT. POWELL'S GARRET - NIGHT

20

\*

Castle sits in a leather wingback, rubbing his jaw. Powell chuckles, sets down a cheese tray, and pours wine for them. \*

POWELL

What can I say, Rick. You had it coming.

CASTLE

Yes I did. Thanks for not killing me.

POWELL

The carpet's antique. Turkish, mid 1600s. Blood stains would've been disastrous. Besides, I was ready to retire. Being a ghost is a young man's game.

CASTLE

It's good to see you again, old friend.

POWELL

And you as well, dear boy. Tell me, how is my dear Martha?

CASTLE

Still a one-woman-show in search of an audience. She says you owe her a night at Le Cirque.

POWELL

And a bottle of Petrus, I dare say.

Powell raises his glass.

POWELL (CONT'D)

To your good health.

Castle raises his glass too.

CASTLE

To Turkish carpets.

POWELL

And to what do I owe the pleasure?

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOS OF THE JEWELS.

Powell examines their luster and curves as if he were admiring a beautiful woman.

POWELL (CONT'D)

So very lovely.

CASTLE

I was wondering if anyone's tried to fence them?

POWELL

I've heard nary a whisper of anything in this range. But then every highwayman in town knows I refuse to touch anything with blood on it.

CASTLE

Is there anything special about them. Anything they have in common?

POWELL

You mean you don't see it.

(Castle doesn't)

These are not for everyday wear. No. I would think one dusts them off only for special occasions.

CASTLE

So, how did our thieves know they were there?

POWELL

Seeing precedes wanting, Rick. These chaps may in fact move among their victims, drift through their worlds.

CASTLE

And I guess everyone wants to hunt above his station.

POWELL

That's half the delight...

(a delicious memory)

Just walking through those uptown homes, *living* in them for those few moments.

CASTLE

Anything else you can tell me about them?

POWELL

Without seeing the crime scene,  
anything more would simply be idle  
speculation.

CASTLE

The scene's locked and sealed. I  
don't think I could get you in.

Powell throws him an amused glance.

POWELL

That should be the least of our  
concerns.

Off Powell's widening Cheshire grin.

21

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

21

Dark. Empty. The lock pops delicately, revealing Powell and  
Castle holding flashlights. Powell replaces his picks and  
tucks the case into the pocket of his leather jacket.

CASTLE

You, uh, don't seem out of  
practice.

POWELL

Like riding a bike.

CASTLE

The thieves used a bump key.

POWELL

How utterly vulgar.  
(*tut-tut*)  
This new generation.

They move through the darkness, flashlights illuminating  
familiar settings. Feathers, etc.

CASTLE

So you think we're looking for a  
younger crew.

POWELL

Younger than me, certainly.

His flashlight falls on the pool of blood.

POWELL (CONT'D)

But this sort of appetite, one  
usually develops on the dark side  
of thirty.



His flashlight follows the blood trail up to the safe.

POWELL (CONT'D)

You didn't tell me they put her in the safe, Rick.

CASTLE

What's the significance?

POWELL

The significance is that it's unnecessary. It's brutality for brutality's sake.

(eyeing the stain)

This used to be a gentlemen's game. We were ghosts. We could walk through walls and simply disappear. But the men who did this? They're more like vampires. The blood makes them feel alive. They don't want to disappear. They want people to know what they've done.

(anger rising)

You know, I was going to say these aren't the sort of chaps a fellow in my line of work wants to meet by chance in the dark, but now I think I would very much like to meet these...*gentlemen*.

CASTLE

How often does that happen?

POWELL

More often than you'd think. You climb in through a window only to find another 'interested party' coming through the skylight.

CASTLE

And then what?

POWELL

In my day, something was usually worked out. There was a Code of Conduct among true professionals, but these men have not only violated it, they're also advertising it, so others like me will know not to cross th-

He stops abruptly. Spidey-sense tingling. Castle starts to speak, but Powell puts a finger to his lips.

We hear a footfall. Someone's coming. Powell douses his light, indicates to Castle to do the same. A beat of darkness.

CASTLE  
(whispers)  
Powell? Powell?

And suddenly, the LIGHTS snap on, revealing BECKETT - her gun drawn.

BECKETT  
Hands! Show me your hands!

And there's Castle, hands raised. Powell nowhere to be found.

CASTLE  
Hi. What's up?

22

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

22

Castle and Beckett walk and talk.

BECKETT  
You brought a thief to a crime scene?

CASTLE  
It was very helpful.

BECKETT  
It was criminal trespassing.

CASTLE  
To-may-to, to-mah-to.

BECKETT  
Well, tell your friend to keep up his disappearing act. And if you go to a crime scene again without me, I'll show you how my taser works.

CASTLE  
Promise?  
(off her look)  
So why were you there?

BECKETT  
Seeing if there was anything I missed. So?

CASTLE  
So?

BECKETT

Was there?

Castle stops.

CASTLE

Mitchell make bail yet?

BECKETT

(shaking her head)  
Paperwork's not finished.  
(off Castle's look)  
I'm holding him out of spite.

CASTLE

I want to talk to him.

BECKETT

Why? We know it wasn't him.

CASTLE

Something Powell said. I think  
Mitchell might know more than he's  
saying.

BECKETT

What makes you think he'll share  
that with us?

CASTLE

Not us. Just me.

TRANSITION TO:

23 INT. PRECINCT, LOCK UP - LATER

23 \*

Mitchell sits across from Castle.

MITCHELL

So what are you, a forensic  
psychiatrist? Some kind of  
profiler?

CASTLE

Actually, I'm a writer.

MITCHELL

An *embedded* reporter. You gonna  
make me famous?

CASTLE

Not that kind of writer. I'm a  
novelist.

MITCHELL  
Anything I would have heard of?

CASTLE  
*Storm Season. Storm's Last Stand.*

Mitchell's demeanor changes.

MITCHELL  
Derrick Storm? I love that son-of-a-bitch. Why the hell you kill him?

CASTLE  
Long story. But I'm working on a new one and I gotta tell you, it's pretty cool. And I want to get the details right.

MITCHELL  
They never get it right. Not in books, movies. They write us as clowns and thugs. They never think that maybe we got families, mortgages.

Castle takes notes.

CASTLE  
So my next book's about a crew of home invaders. It's based on the crew that we're looking for now. And I've got this scene where a guy like you runs into them by accident. In the middle of a job.

Mitchell considers.

MITCHELL  
Wouldn't happen to me. I'm not doing any residential. At least not until you catch these guys.  
(beat)  
These guys are dark.

Castle feigns excitement - the author getting insight.

CASTLE  
You know them?

Mitchell looks around, then leans in conspiratorially.

MITCHELL

Their shot caller came into the bar a few months back, looking to put a crew together. Wanted to bring me on...

INTERCUT WITH:

24 INT. PRECINCT, CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 24

Beckett and Montgomery, listening to Castle and Mitchell on an AUDIO RECEIVER.

BECKETT

I'll be damned.

25 INT. PRECINCT, LOCK UP - CONTINUOUS 25

Back with Castle and Mitchell.

MITCHELL

Guy said he had eyes inside - working up scores for him, feeding him the Glengarry leads. Items, names, addresses. Tells me all he needs is one of my bump keys.

\*  
\*

CASTLE

Did you give it to him?

\*  
\*

MITCHELL

Yeah. To get rid of him. But I wasn't about to join his crew.

\*  
\*  
\*

CASTLE

Why not?

\*  
\*

MITCHELL

Like I said, these guys were dark. And I'm a two-minute man. In and out. That's my one hard-and-fast. But this sadistic whack job?

(beat)

He said he liked to play with his food before he ate it.

CASTLE

This shot caller, if I put him in the book, I want it to feel authentic. How would you describe him?

CUT TO:

26

INT. PRECINCT, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

26

Beckett places a POLICE SKETCH on the table in front of Joanne.

JOANNE

That's the man who killed her?

BECKETT

We think so. We have reason to believe he had more than a passing familiarity with your mom.

Joanne considers the sketch, chilled by the grim face.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

He could be a waiter. A doorman. A dog-walker. Personal trainer.

JOANNE

No. I don't recognize him. Maybe one of the other victims knows?

But we can see on Beckett and Castle's face that they've had no luck. Castle takes a different tact.

CASTLE

Did your mom wear jewelry often?

JOANNE

No. Just for special events.

BECKETT

What sort of events?

JOANNE

A fashion show last year. Gallery openings. Fundraisers. My mom... she loved her causes. Opera companies, environmental groups. Service was her life.

Castle looks at Beckett.

CASTLE

Eyes inside.

27

INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - LATER

27

Empty coffee cups on the table. Castle, Beckett, Ryan, and Esposito work on two different whiteboards, writing out charitable organizations below a list of the victims' names: Pastori, Bruner, Kesler, Delgado.

BECKETT

According to Mitchell, the shot caller who wanted the bump key had someone feeding him inside information about our victims.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Each board has a few dozen organizations written on it: Stop Starvation Today, Manhattan Opera Society, AIDS America, Elder Meals, Protect African Youth.

\*



CASTLE  
And Powell said the stolen jewelry  
pieces were the kind you save for  
special occasions. \*

RYAN  
(following) \*  
A special occasion like a charity \*  
event... \*

ESPOSITO  
So we find an organization that all \*  
our victims supported...

BECKETT \*  
...and we find our guy. \*

They stand back and look at the boards for a pattern.

ESPOSITO \*  
Bruner and Pastori gave to the  
Manhattan Opera Society.

BECKETT \*  
But not our last two victims.

RYAN \*  
I got three of these families \*  
making donations to AIDS America: \*  
Delgado, Bruner, and Kesler. \*

CASTLE  
But not Pastori.

ESPOSITO \*  
Maybe Pastori was a guest of one of \*  
the other three families? \*

BECKETT \*  
(shakes her head) \*  
None of the families knew each \*  
other. \*

And then Castle's eyes light up. He grabs a dry erase marker  
and circles under Kesler...

CASTLE \*  
Wait a second. M.A.D.T. That's the \*  
Metropolitan American Dance Theater. \*

ESPOSITO  
(under Delgado)  
Met American Dance Theater.

RYAN  
(under Bruner)  
M.A.D.T.

BECKETT  
(and under Pastori)  
Metropolitan American Dance.

CASTLE  
That's the non-profit these home  
invaders are profiting from.

\*  
\*

Beckett grabs her jacket.

BECKETT  
Find out who's in charge and where  
I can find them.

She and Castle head for the door.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

28

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

28

STAFF scurries around the ballroom, clearly in preparation for an event. M.A.D.T. banners are being raised. \*

Wading through the activity is ANNE GREENE, 30s, an impeccably dressed socialite.

BECKETT

Anne Greene, the Company's Director.

CASTLE

She can invade my home any time.

BECKETT

If she's in on it, she's doing it for kicks. Textile heiress. No record. Clean DMV.

They cross to her.

ANNE

(to staff)

White centerpieces go on the Angel Tables. Red centerpieces go on Sponsor Tables.

BECKETT

Ms. Greene? I'm Detective Beckett and this is-

ANNE

Ricky? Ricky Castle? I've heard perfectly awful things about you from my friend Cheney.

CASTLE

*Cheney...*

ANNE

Tall, brunette, after-market nose.

CASTLE

CHENEY, of course! And how is Cheney?

Beckett rolls her eyes.

ANNE

Oh, I hear she's a great scandal in San Moritz. And you?

CASTLE

Well, I'm actually between scandals  
at the moment.

ANNE

Oh, you two aren't...?

BECKETT

No.

Not yet.

CASTLE

BECKETT

Never.

(beat)

In fact, *Ricky* here is assisting me  
with a homicide investigation.

ANNE

How exciting.

BECKETT

Yeah. And it involves your  
organization.

CUT TO:

29

INT. BALLROOM - LATER

29

Castle, Beckett, and Anne sit at one of the tables.

ANNE

All our employees go through an  
extensive background check. I can  
assure you that none of them are  
involved.

BECKETT

I'll still need a list of all  
employees who have access to donor  
records.

ANNE

Of course... Detective, we enjoy  
support from most of New York's  
prominent families. I'm sure this  
is all a coincidence.

BECKETT

I'm not, so I'm going to need a  
copy of your donor list as well.

ANNE

That may be a problem.  
(off Beckett's look)

(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)

The people who give publicly,  
they're not an issue. But some of  
our donors cherish their anonymity.  
We're contractually obligated to  
protect that.

BECKETT

What about their lives? Do your  
donors cherish those as well...

ANNE

I assure you, my office will  
contact each of them and alert them  
to the situation.

BECKETT

I'd like to contact them myself.

ANNE

I'm sorry, Detective, but my hands  
are tied. If you want my  
confidential donor list, you're  
gonna need a court order.

30

INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - DAY

30

Beckett's back at her computer, still pissed, as she writes  
up the affidavit. Ryan comes over.

RYAN

We ran the employees and  
volunteers. None have records or  
priors.

Beckett ignores him. He waves his hand.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

Nothing. Ryan turns to Esposito.

\*

RYAN (CONT'D)

What's she doing?

ESPOSITO

Writing an affidavit for a court  
order.

\*

\*

Just then, Castle approaches from across the precinct.

\*

CASTLE

\*

That no one's gonna sign. Did you  
look at the list of their Board  
members? Half the judges in town  
are on it.

BECKETT

What am I supposed to do, Castle?  
Let someone else die?

CASTLE

You look stressed. You know what  
you need?

She shoots him a look - Don't tell me what I need.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

A night on the town.

BECKETT

A what now?

He holds up two glossy TICKETS.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

(dread fills her bones)  
What are those?

CASTLE

The gateway to another world.

BECKETT

Castle...

CASTLE

They have four fundraisers a year.  
The last one was a week before the  
robberies began.

BECKETT

No.

CASTLE

But it's perfect. We don't have to  
ask who the donors are, because  
they'll be there wearing their  
jewelry.

ESPOSITO

And if the employees and volunteers  
are clean, our perp...

CASTLE

(correcting)  
Skell.

ESPOSITO

...may be working the party.

CASTLE  
So, it's settled.

Castle hands her the ticket and rises.

CASTLE (CONT'D)  
Pick me up at eight.  
(beat)  
Oh and it's black tie. That's not a  
problem is it?

BECKETT  
(deer in the headlights)  
Uh, no... No.

Castle smiles and heads out, leaving Beckett stunned, staring  
at her ticket to the ball.

TRANSITION TO:

31      INT. CASTLE LOFT, CASTLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT      31      \*

Castle's getting into his tux in front of the mirror,  
fumbling with his tie. Alexis steps in to help him with it.

ALEXIS  
My dad, nervous for a date?

CASTLE  
It's not a date. It's an undercover  
operation.

ALEXIS  
Uh-huh.

Martha slips in, eyeing Castle suspiciously.

MARTHA  
I don't know why you won't tell me  
where the party is.

CASTLE  
Because you'll show up.

CUT TO:

32      INT. BECKETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT      32

Lanie sits on Beckett's bed while Beckett, wrapped in a  
towel, frantically tosses dresses out of her closet. One by  
one, Lanie inspects them.



LANIE

No. No. Uh-uh. And THAT one goes to a thrift store.

A fluorescent number lands on the bed next to Lanie. She lifts it between her thumb and finger.

LANIE (CONT'D)

Whoa, Karma Chameleon.

BECKETT

The girl at Sacks told me fluorescent was coming back.

LANIE

Well then, she was on commission.

Beckett drapes a sequined dress over her front.

BECKETT

(wrinkling her nose)  
Too *Showgirls*?

Lanie nods.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

You know why he's doing this? He wants to humiliate me. I mean, doesn't he know it's impossible to find something to wear with two hours notice?

DING-DONG!

BECKETT (CONT'D)

(off her state of undress)  
Do you mind?

Lanie heads to answer the door...

LANIE

When I come back you better not be wearing your prom dress.

Alone, Beckett looks at herself in the full length mirror. Holds a dress in front of her. She makes a face. Tries another dress. Nope. Sees Lanie reappear in the mirror.

BECKETT

Who was it?

LANIE

A delivery.

BECKETT

A delivery? From who?

She hands her the box. A puzzled Beckett opens the plain card on it. No signature. Just the words: BIBBITY-BOBBITY-BOO!

LANIE

Bibbity-bobbity-boo?

BECKETT

*Cinderella*. It's from him.

LANIE

Well, open it, girl.

BECKETT

Who the hell does he think he is? I mean I knew he was arrogant, but this, this is ...

Beckett opens the box, pulls the tissue wrap aside and...

BECKETT (CONT'D)

(melting)

Oh.

...sees the GREATEST DRESS IN THE WORLD.

PRE-LAP - A DOORBELL RINGS.

33

INT. CASTLE LOFT - NIGHT

33

Martha opens the door and in steps Beckett. Audrey Hepburn would be jealous.

MARTHA

Stunning. Simply stunning.

Alexis looks at her.

ALEXIS

You look incredible.

BECKETT

Really?

CASTLE

Really.

He crosses over to her.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

You clean up nice, Detective.

MARTHA  
(flitting)  
Hang on. Hang on.

She takes a box from the kitchen island. A felt jewelry case. She opens it, revealing a beautiful DIAMOND NECKLACE.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
(confiding)  
I was nominated for a Tony once.

BECKETT  
I couldn't-

MARTHA  
(shushing her)  
Quiet you.

Marta drapes the necklace over Beckett's neck. Beckett watching herself in the hallway mirror.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
(slyly)  
So, where are you kids headed tonight?

Castle's waving out of Martha's eyeline, trying to get Beckett's attention, mouthing the word - NO!

BECKETT  
(confused)  
The Waldorf.

Martha shoots Castle a triumphant look. Castle deflates.

34

EXT. GALA BALL, RED CARPET - NIGHT

34

Esposito and Ryan watch the GUESTS arrive, heading past PAPARAZZI. Esposito holds the sketch, checking it.

ESPOSITO  
These guys look guilty of tax evasion, not home invasion.

Ryan looks up and does a double take.

RYAN  
Well, uh, looks can be deceiving.

Esposito looks up as well. Their jaws drop. Think Sam Neill and Laura Dern seeing the *Jurassic Park* dinosaurs. But instead of dinosaurs, it's...

BECKETT stepping out of a town car. On Castle's arm, the two of them step into a salvo of flashbulbs. A fairy-tale moment. Beckett momentarily dazzled. They pass Ryan and Esposito...

RYAN (CONT'D)

Nice dress.

ESPOSITO

Yeah, what there is of it.

Beckett the princess snaps back into cop mode.

BECKETT

I'd let you borrow it Esposito, but you stretched out the last one.

Castle takes Beckett's hand at the threshold of the party. \*

A34

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

A34

Beckett and Castle descend the stairs. Halfway down, Beckett stops, pausing a beat to take in... \*

A BLACK TIE GALA PARTY to die for. \*

CASTLE \*

Detective Beckett. Welcome to my world. \*

We hold on her look as we... \*

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

35 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

35

Beckett and Castle wade past a gauntlet of GOSSIP COLUMNISTS and PAPARAZZI into Castle's high-society world. Everyone wondering, whispering.

Castle and Beckett are hailed by THE MAYOR: a big ruddy man wrapping Castle in a hail-fellow bear hug.

MAYOR

Ricky! Why didn't you tell me you were coming to this shindig? We could've shared a cab.

CASTLE

Mr. Mayor, may I present Kate Beckett. Kate, you know the Mayor.

MAYOR

So this is Detective Beckett.

She stiffens, becoming more cop.

BECKETT

Sir. It's a pleasure.

MAYOR

Please. Call me Bob.  
(to Castle)  
Rick, she's even prettier than you said.

Another GROUP hails the Mayor.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me.

As they move on,

BECKETT

You talk about me to "Bob?"

CASTLE

We play cards. And you are the subject of my next book.  
(beat)  
What would you like to drink?

BECKETT

Vodka. Lots of vodka. But since I'm on duty, just a water.

As Castle heads for the bar, Beckett scans the room, taking in all the opulent jewelry.

CLOSE ON Beckett trying to see these people the way the home invaders would. She absently touches Martha's necklace.

36 NEAR THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

36

As Castle heads to the bar, he's intercepted by RACHEL MADDOX, 20s, perky as hell. She sidles up to Castle at the crowded bar.

RACHEL

Richard. Hi, Rachel Maddox. We spoke on the phone.

CASTLE

Right. Thanks for getting me the tickets.

RACHEL

Thanks for the signed first edition for the auction.

PAUL

I had my eye on it, but it's probably too rich for my blood.

RACHEL

My boyfriend Paul. He's a huge fan.

PAUL REYNOLDS, 20s, gives Castle a goofy fan grin.

CASTLE

Always nice to meet a fan.

37 BACK ACROSS THE ROOM WITH BECKETT - CONTINUOUS

37

Beckett notices Rachel and Castle. RUTHIE, a vivacious party girl, 30s, walks up to her.

RUTHIE

Don't sweat it. That's just Rachel, Anne's Head of Development. She's only after his money - in a manner of speaking.

Ruthie's the kind of woman that makes a new best friend every time she gets on a plane or goes to yoga. She extends her hand.

RUTHIE (CONT'D)

I'm Ruthie.

BECKETT

Beck... Kate. Do you work for the charity?

RUTHIE

No. But I'm on the circuit. Breast Cancer. Land mines. The best is that project whaddayacallit - you know, with the lips.

(trade secret)

A lot of plastic surgeons there. Fish in a barrel.

\*  
\*  
\*

BECKETT

Really.

RUTHIE

Not that you need my help. I see you've got a big one on the line.

(beat)

Settle in, Katie. I hear he's a fighter.

BECKETT

Who? Castle?

RUTHIE

Most of the girls in the register have tried to land him. Rich and handsome. We call him The White Whale.

Off Beckett, wavering between amused and nauseated.

38

BACK WITH CASTLE AND RACHEL - CONTINUOUS

38

RACHEL

Listen, we're having a little gathering next month for our top donors. We're going to unveil plans for a new rehearsal space. If you're free, we'd love for you and Alexis to come.

CASTLE

(alert)

You know my daughter?

RACHEL

We make a point to know as much as we can about our potential donors, so we can match their interests with our programs. So many places ask you to just write a check.

(MORE)





CASTLE  
The White Whale, huh? Not Moby-

BECKETT  
-No. She's in donor development.  
It's her job to know about you. And  
she hardly strikes me as a criminal  
mastermind.

CASTLE  
I think we should take another  
look. Two, three, dip...

He dips her, and she almost smiles. But then he freezes,  
leaving her dipped.

BECKETT  
Castle?

And now we see what Castle sees. Moving through the crowd is -

CAINE POWELL

Castle's jaw clenches. What's he doing here? He watches  
Powell as he slides into a conversation with Anne Greene.

BECKETT (CONT'D)  
Castle, a little help!

He snaps back and pulls Beckett to her feet.

CASTLE  
It's Powell.

BECKETT  
Your jewel thief? \*

She follows him off the dance floor, suddenly aware that  
female eyes are on her. To onlookers, it appears they had a  
tiff and he's storming off.

A41 INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

A41

Castle snakes through the crowd, catching Anne Greene and  
Powell in mid-conspire.

CASTLE  
(stern, upset)  
I can't believe this. You're both  
in on it!

Their startled faces have guilt written all over them.

ANNE

Don't look at me. It was his idea.

CASTLE

You really had me going there, the wine, the cheese, the Code of Conduct. And now, here you are, making me look like a fool.

\*

POWELL

That was never my intent, dear boy. I just wanted to have a bit of fun.

CASTLE

Fun? You call what you did fun?

Beckett arrives.

BECKETT

Castle, what's going on?

CASTLE

(with disgust)

They're both in on it. They've all but admitted it.

ANNE

I'm so sorry. I had no idea it was such a big deal.

CASTLE

Big deal? Two people are dead!

And now, sudden confusion.

ANNE

Dead? What's he...

POWELL

Oh dear lord. You thought?

(laughs)

No, Ricky, we aren't your thieves.

CASTLE

Then what are you two whispering about?

The THUMP THUMP THUMP of a microphone. Powell nods across the way to a riser, where Rachel stands before the crowd.

RACHEL

On behalf of our company, thank you all for coming tonight.

(MORE)

\*

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Now it's time for all of us to open our hearts, and our pocketbooks, as we auction off some of the city's finest items for one of the finest causes. To start the bidding is a very special guest... Please welcome Martha Rodgers.

Polite applause as Castle tenses.

CASTLE

(to Powell)

What are you doing?

POWELL

Just a little payback.

MARTHA

Thank you all so much for that wonderfully warm reception. The first item on tonight's list - a signed first edition of *Storm Season*, written by, well, my son.

She waves at Castle. And then...

MARTHA (CONT'D)

My still single son. So tonight, as a special bonus, the winning bidder will also receive an enchanting evening in his company. Ladies, that's all I can do. The rest is up to you. Do I hear an opening bid!

The crowd loves Martha. So does Beckett. This is the most fun she's had in a long time, watching as GOLDDIGGERS and OLD BIDDIES bid on Castle. Powell smirks.

POWELL

Now we're even.

Castle turns to Beckett.

CASTLE

I have money. Whatever you bid, I'll pay it back.

BECKETT

(grinning)

Not a chance in hell.

Martha drives up the bidding, and all eyes are on stage watching her coax more money with phrases like "Twice voted most eligible bachelor" and "Knows how to cook."

Castle can't bear to watch. He looks away. But as he does, his eyes land on PAUL, Rachel's boyfriend. Castle nudges Beckett. She shoots him a look - What?

CASTLE  
Donor girl's boyfriend.

BECKETT  
So?

CASTLE  
So he's taking pictures.

BECKETT  
(still enjoying his  
embarrassment)  
I would be too if I had a camera.

He gives her a look - Very funny. But then he says...

CASTLE  
Of the crowd?

This gets Beckett's attention. As all eyes are on the stage, Paul's taking pictures with his phone - of people in the crowd.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

42 EXT. GALA BALL, RED CARPET - NIGHT

42

Beckett and Castle with Ryan and Esposito.

ESPOSITO

(into phone)

Yeah. Reynolds. Paul Reynolds.

As he waits for information, Castle works it out.

CASTLE

It's perfect. He IDs the jewels and uses his girlfriend's research to build profiles of his victims.

Esposito steps back, phone to his ear.

ESPOSITO

Yahtzee. Paul Reynolds, AKA Chad Nellis. Formerly Jerry Calucci from Albany. He's served on check fraud, embezzlement, forgery, and grand larceny.

\*

43 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

43

We find Paul and Rachel chatting up an OLD BIDDIE with a quarter million dollars worth of ice around her neck. Beckett and Castle approach.

CASTLE

Shopping, are we?

Paul looks up, Rachel looks confused. Beckett flashes her badge.

BECKETT

Paul Reynolds, you're under arrest on suspicion of theft and conspiracy to commit murder.

\*

As Ryan and Esposito move in to cuff him, Castle turns to Beckett. Looks at her badge and then at her dress. Tries to do the math...

CASTLE

Where was the badge?

BECKETT

Don't ask.



PAUL (CONT'D)

But he said I owed him. That I  
*belonged* to him now.

BECKETT

So you fed him all the top donors.



PAUL

Everything he needed was already in their dossiers: names, addresses. I took photographs of their jewelry and put it all on a flash drive. But he wanted more and more.

(beat)

Detective? After he beat that guy to death, I told him I wanted out, but he said if I quit he'd do everything he'd saved me from in prison. He'd do it to me and Rachel.

Beckett holds up the sketch.

BECKETT

Where can I find him?

CUT TO:

46      EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN      46

Unmarked's SCREECH to a halt in front of the building. Esposito and Ryan exit their vehicle. As Esposito pulls his short-barreled shotgun out of the trunk and racks it....

47      INT. BECKETT'S UNMARKED - CONTINUOUS      47

BECKETT

Castle, as a friend, do not leave this car. Because your Hardy Boy act is-

CASTLE

-gonna get me killed, I know.

BECKETT

More likely you'd get one of them killed. And I can't have that on my conscience. Understood?

CASTLE

What if I have to pee?

Beckett hands him an empty paper cup that was left on the dashboard and leaves.      \*

\*

48      INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE APARTMENT - MORNING      48

Beckett, Ryan, and Esposito heel-toe down the hall, their guns low. Esposito takes a knee next to the DOOR JAM, tucks the butt under his right arm, looks back at Beckett. Ready?

Beckett nods, gripping her pistol. Esposito reaches up, KNOCKS hard on the door.

ESPOSITO  
NYPD! We have a warrant.

Beckett nods at Ryan. Ryan kicks open the door. Yells of "HANDS! NYPD! NYPD!" as our cops spill into...

49     INT. APARTMENT - MORNING     49

A small one bedroom. Empty, other than various GEAR - the kind of gear one would use in a home invasion robbery.

50     INT. BECKETT'S UNMARKED - MORNING     50

Castle fidgets, like a bored six-year-old. Finally he scoots into the driver's seat, grabs the handset, and pretends to key the mike.

CASTLE  
(a la Clint Eastwood)  
This is Detective Castle to all  
Units. Negatory on the back-up.  
(digging himself in the  
rearview)  
This dirtbag's all mine.

51     INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS     51

Maps of the city. Dossiers. Alarm system schematics. Pictures of jewelry. It's clear this was central command for our guy. But he's gone. Beckett's pissed. Ryan picks up a coffee mug.     \*  
\*     \*

RYAN  
Still warm. Must've just missed him.

Beckett pushes back into...

52     INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS     52

As she comes into the hallway, she spots a FIGURE approaching holding a grocery bag. We don't get a clear look at the guy, but seeing Beckett, he drops the bag and runs.

BECKETT  
Police! Police!

As Beckett pursues, the guy books through a set of doors. Beckett gives chase, but the door slams. She shoulders into it, but it does not give. And it fucking hurts. She winces.

BECKETT (CONT'D)  
Ryan! Esposito!

She directs them down either side of the hall, as she slams into the door again. This time it gives a little. Through the door's glass window she can see the guy heading across a rooftop courtyard to the edge of the building. She slams into the door again.

53

INT. BECKETT'S UNMARKED - CONTINUOUS

53

And here's Castle, sitting in the car pretending he's in a car chase. And he's actually humming *action-hero theme music*.

CASTLE

*Bum-bum- bah-bum-bah-DAAH. De-nah-  
NAAAHH. De-nah-NAAAHH. De-nah-NAAAHH-*

He grins. Having too much fun for a guy his age when...

WHAM! A body hits the car hood. Castle is face-to-face with KARL NADIR, the man from the police sketch, which by the way, happens to be on the dash. He looks at Nadir, and then at sketch. Yep. That's the guy. And Castle does the only thing he can think of with a guy staring at him through the windshield. He turns on the wipers.

The wipers smack Nadir's beady-eyed face. Nadir rolls off the hood and levels his gun at Castle from the driver's side.

NADIR

Out of the car!

Castle's a little taken aback, as he stares down the barrel of Nadir's piece.

CASTLE

But I told her I'd...

NADIR

Out of the car now!

Castle starts to open the door and then, BOOM, he shoulders it. The door slams Nadir, knocking him back. Nadir's gun goes skittering. As Nadir goes after it, Castle gets out of the car and slams Nadir just as he's reaching for the gun.

They roll, with Nadir ending on top. He PUNCHES Castle right in the face.

CASTLE

Hey! Ow!

Nadir grabs the gun, but just as he's about to level the weapon, we reveal Beckett staring down the barrel of hers.

BECKETT

Go ahead. I need the practice.

On his knees, Nadir laces his fingers behind his head. Ryan and Esposito move in to cuff Nadir. Hauling him away.

CASTLE

I tried to stay in the car. I really tried.

She shakes her head, amused.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

He hit me in the face, y'know.

BECKETT

(grinning)

He sure did.

She offers him a hand and pulls him to his feet.

CASTLE

(imitating her)

"Go ahead. I need the practice."  
That was classic.

54      EXT. CITY - DAY      54

Establishing.

55      INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - DAY      55

The living room is cleaned of feathers. Packing boxes dot the room. Joanne and Beckett sit in the living room.

BECKETT

All the other stolen pieces are still in evidence, but I didn't see the harm in returning this.

Beckett holds a LOCKET in her palm. Joanne recognizes it, all the feelings flooding back.

JOANNE

How do you get over it?

BECKETT

You don't.

Joanne opens the locket: it contains a photo of Joanne and her mother together, a reminder of happier times.

\*  
\*

BECKETT (CONT'D)

But one day you'll wake up and find  
you don't mind carrying it around  
with you.

(beat)

That's as far as I've come.

JOANNE

Thank you, Detective.

BECKETT

My name's Kate.

(hands her a card)

If you ever need to talk.

56

INT. CASTLE LOFT, KITCHEN - DAY

56

Castle's making eggs for Alexis and Martha. Beckett walks into the kitchen. Castle looks up from the stove; he's got a nice shiner going.

BECKETT

Pretty butch, Castle.

CASTLE

I know, right? Pull up a chair.

BECKETT

Nah. I just came by to return your  
Mom's necklace.

CASTLE

You saved my life. At least let me  
make you some eggs.

BECKETT

I should really be going.

MARTHA

Nonsense. You are going to take a  
seat right here and tell us all  
about last night. All we've heard  
is his version.

Martha tenderly steers Beckett to the table. Alexis pours her some coffee. And we FADE OUT on a 'family breakfast.'

END OF SHOW