

# CASTLE

## “Ghosts” Ep. 108

Written by  
Moira Kirland

Directed by  
Bryan Spicer

Studio Draft January 19, 2009  
Network Draft January 22, 2009  
Full White Draft January 23, 2009  
Full Blue Draft January 27, 2009  
Pink Pages January 28, 2009  
Yellow Pages February 4, 2009



“Ghosts”

CAST

Pink Production Draft  
January 28, 2009

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

JUDGE MARKWAY  
MAYOR

LEE WAX  
ADAM PIKE  
SUSAN MAILER / MARY WRIGHT  
MICHAEL GOLDMAN  
JARED SWANSTROM  
ELEANOR PIKE  
POST OFFICE CLERK  
SRO NIGHT CLERK  
CAPTAIN SAM PIKE  
**TRANNY HOOKER**

“Ghosts”

NON-SPEAKING

Pink Production Draft  
January 28, 2009

SCENES 2, 4 & 6

ALLISON GOLDMAN / CYNTHIA DERN (DEAD)

SCENE 5

~~TRANNY HOOKER~~ (NOW SPEAKING)

SCENE 19

NURSE

SCENE 38

UNIFORMED COP

“Ghosts”

Locations

Blue Production Draft  
January 27, 2009

INTERIORS

CASTLE’S LOFT

    CASTLE’S OFFICE

    KITCHEN

GOLDMAN HOME

    LIVING ROOM

LEE WAX’S APARTMENT BUILDING

    ELEVATOR

    HALLWAY

    LEE’S STUDIO

LITITZ POST OFFICE

MORGUE

PIKE HOUSE

    LIVING ROOM

PRECINCT

    BULLPEN

    INTERROGATION ROOM

    INTERVIEW LOUNGE

    OBSERVATION ROOM

SRO

    BATHROOM

    FRONT DESK

    SRO ROOM

EXTERIORS

PIKE HOUSE

    BACKYARD

STREET



MARTHA

I just don't see the point in stringing out a bad hand. Why waste time?

CASTLE

Mother's game is strip poker, not Texas Hold 'Em. She's used to keeping things humming along, if you know what I mean.

MARTHA

And, frankly, I prefer strip because even when you lose, you win.

RYAN

Maybe next time.  
(tossing in chips)  
Raise twenty.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY

(tossing in twenty)  
Call.

Beckett checks her cards. She has an Ace and a King of Spades.

BECKETT

Make it a hundred.

Beckett throws in her chips. Castle eyes the pot. He's holding a Two and a Seven, off-suit.

ESPOSITO

Hundred bucks?

BECKETT

Man up, bro.

In response, Esposito mucks his cards.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

What about you, Castle? You're already in for the blind.  
(off his hesitation)  
Not scared of a little action, are you?

CASTLE

"Action" is my middle name.

Castle throws in his chips. Martha taps Beckett's arm.

MARTHA

Don't worry, sweetie, he's bluffing. He always blinks too much when he's got a lousy hand.

CASTLE

Mother.

Esposito burns a card and then flops three cards. Two Sevens and a Two. Beckett realizes these cards are useless to her, just as Castle, who has been dealt a full house, taps the table eagerly.

MARTHA

Uh-oh.

BECKETT

What?

MARTHA

He's stopped blinking, now he's tapping. That means he's got the nuts. Look out, honey.

Beckett hesitates. Castle grins.

CASTLE

Not scared of a little action, are you?

\*  
\*

Beckett takes a moment, then STANDS UP. Reaches over and shoves the rest of her chips into the pot.

\*

BECKETT

All in.

The other cops go crazy.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY

Take him down, Beckett.

ESPOSITO

Make him pay.

RYAN

Can't write your way outta this one, huh, Castle?

Castle glances down at his hand, a full house. He looks at Beckett, stone-faced. He smiles at her and folds.

The boys cheer for Beckett. She pulls the pile toward her.

BECKETT

Someone needs to change their  
middle name... to "Loser."

\*  
\*

CASTLE

What can I say? It just wasn't my  
night.

\*  
\*  
\*

Castle stands and grabs a couple of EMPTY BOTTLES, which he  
carries off toward the kitchen.

\*

MARTHA

See? I knew he was bluffing.

Martha demonstrates the "blinking thing" and the others laugh  
as Beckett's cell phone rings and she goes to answer it. As  
Martha cleans up the table, she surreptitiously checks  
Castle's discarded cards and is surprised by what she sees.

\*  
\*  
\*

BECKETT

(on phone)

Beckett.

(listens)

Okay. We can be there in twenty.

(to the others as she  
hangs up)

Homicide on Henry Street.

\*

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY

At least you're already downtown.

The cops start to pull on their coats without enthusiasm.

MARTHA

But it's after midnight!

RYAN

Murder never sleeps, Ms. R.

ESPOSITO

And neither do we.

Castle, returning from the kitchen, quickly sees there's  
police business going on and is thrilled.

CASTLE

Did someone say "murder"? Lemme  
just grab a jacket.

Castle runs off to grab his jacket.

ESPOSITO

Look at him. He's so happy.



BECKETT

Like a kid at Christmas.

RYAN

Yeah, with a dead body under the tree.

SMASH CUT TO:

CASTLE TITLE CARD

4 INT. SRO ROOM, BATHROOM - NIGHT

4

Beckett, Castle, Ryan, and LANIE are standing over the tub of black liquid. The body, floating inside, is barely visible.

BECKETT

Is that... motor oil?

LANIE

Looks like it. But I'll need to pump out the tub and run some tests to be sure.

They all turn as they hear:

ESPOSITO

It's motor oil, all right.

He holds up an EMPTY PLASTIC CONTAINER in his gloved hand.

ESPOSITO (CONT'D)

10w-40. I found the empties in the closet.

\*  
\*

RYAN

What kind of freak drowns a woman in motor oil?

ESPOSITO

Racing fan? Those guys are seriously torqued.

He heads off, as...

CASTLE

Looks to me like the killer is trying to send us a message.

RYAN

Like what? Reduce, reuse, recycle?

Off Beckett and Castle...

CUT TO:

5 INT. SRO, FRONT DESK - NIGHT

5

Beckett and Castle talk with the jaded NIGHT CLERK.

NIGHT CLERK

I already told the uniforms, once the people check in, I don't wanna know what they do up there.

BECKETT

Her purse is missing and there's no ID on her. Any chance she paid for the room with a credit card?

NIGHT CLERK

(checking his book)

All I can tell you is that whoever rented the room on Friday paid cash for a five-day stay. They were supposed to be out tonight, so at midnight, I went to make sure the place was empty and I found her in the tub. Gonna be a bitch to clean it.

CASTLE

So if she had been meeting somebody here...

NIGHT CLERK

It's not like, when guests arrive I ring them up. This ain't the Ritz.

CASTLE

Clearly.

BECKETT

How about tonight? See anyone strange going in or out?

The Clerk shakes his head as a TRANNY HOOKER saunters past.

\*

TRANNY HOOKER

\*

(deep voice)

\*

Hey, Bill.

\*

NIGHT CLERK

\*

Jasmine. How's it hanging?

\*

CASTLE

(sotto, to Beckett)

I think you just described most of  
their clientele.

\*  
\*  
\*

Off Beckett, frustrated...

CUT TO:

6 INT. MORGUE - EARLY MORNING

6

\*

Beckett, Castle, and Lanie stand before the body.

LANIE

Unidentified female, early-40s.  
Good health. She's wearing a  
wedding ring, but there's no  
inscription.

BECKETT

Cause of death?

LANIE

Drowning. There's a nasty contusion  
on the back of her head.

BECKETT

So somebody hit her hard enough to  
knock her out, then dropped her  
into a motor oil bath.

\*

\*

Lanie holds up a baggie containing a WET PIECE OF PAPER.

\*

LANIE

And I found this in one of her  
pockets.

\*

BECKETT

What is it?

LANIE

A ticket stub for the Metro-North.  
Our victim took the train in from  
Westchester yesterday morning.

CASTLE

Westchester to lower Manhattan?  
That's a long way to travel for a  
lube job.

\*

(off Beckett's look)

When married women go to cheap  
hotels, it's always about sex.

BECKETT

Or drugs.

Lanie hands Beckett a CLIPBOARD with several sheets of paper.

\*

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Preliminary tox screens are  
negative for drugs, alcohol, and  
recent sexual activity.

\*

\*

LANIE

(nods)

But the sample in one of the wine glasses tested positive for Remian.

BECKETT

That's a sleeping pill...

CASTLE

Well, we know one thing for sure: this wasn't a crime of passion. Someone rented the room for five days and stocked the place with motor oil. That takes planning.

BECKETT

And nice suburban ladies don't just take the train into the city and then not return without somebody taking notice.

\*

CUT TO:

7

INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - DAY

7

Beckett is at her desk, while Castle relaxes nearby with a cup of coffee. Esposito hangs up his phone and approaches them with a piece of paper in his hand.

ESPOSITO

Irvington PD in Westchester logged a call last night from a Michael Goldman, wanting to report his wife, Allison, missing. The clothing and description match.

\*

BECKETT

How long did he say she'd been gone?

ESPOSITO

Just eight hours. He said she went into the city for work and never came back. Said he "knew" something was wrong.

CASTLE

Poor guy. His instincts were right.  
She was already dead.

(and then, a thought)

Unless... he's the killer, trying  
to cover his tracks by calling the  
police to file a report before the  
body is discovered.

\*

BECKETT

How about we question him before we  
convict him.

(to Esposito)

You got an address?

Esposito hands a slip of paper to Beckett.

CUT TO:

\*

8 INT. GOLDMAN HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

8

\*

Beckett and Castle are sitting across from MICHAEL GOLDMAN, 50.  
Michael hands back to Beckett TWO PHOTOS of the dead woman.

\*

\*

MICHAEL

I don't understand. Where did you  
say she was found?

\*

\*

\*

BECKETT

At an SRO in the city.  
(off his confusion)  
Single room occupancy. Like a  
transient hotel.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

MICHAEL

Why would she be in a place like  
that?

\*

\*

\*

BECKETT

We were hoping you could tell us.

\*

\*

CASTLE

Can you think of anyone she might  
have been meeting?

\*

\*

\*

MICHAEL

No. No one.  
(off their looks)  
I know you think she must have been  
having an affair, but you're wrong.  
My wife and I were happily married,  
Detective. We had no secrets.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

BECKETT

What about the motor oil we found  
at the scene? Does that mean  
anything to you?

Michael shakes his head. Beckett shifts gears.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

You told the police last night that  
your wife went into the city for  
her job...

MICHAEL

She was working part-time. We'd had  
some financial setbacks in the last  
few years. I had been laid off.  
Money was getting tight. Then our  
landlord decided to triple our rent,  
and we had to give up the apartment.

CASTLE

How did your wife handle moving to  
the suburbs?

MICHAEL

Not too well. Allison missed the  
city. So a couple of months ago,  
she started working three days a  
week at a clothing boutique in  
Manhattan. This little place on  
72nd called Lehane's. She said  
being there reminded her of the  
good old days...

Michael looks away, overcome. Off Castle and Beckett...

CUT TO:

9

INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - DAY

9

Beckett and Ryan are at their desks while Castle sits nearby. \*

Esposito, hanging up the phone, approaches Beckett.

ESPOSITO

So I'm trying to put together a  
timeline of Allison Goldman's last  
hours. First call I make is to  
Lehane's, the store where she  
worked, and I say to the owner,  
"Good morning.

(MORE)

ESPOSITO (CONT'D)

I need to talk to you about your  
employee, Allison Goldman."

\*  
\*

BECKETT

And?

ESPOSITO

And she says, "Who?"

\*

CASTLE

Allison didn't work there.

\*

ESPOSITO

Not yesterday, not ever.

BECKETT

She lied about the job?

(and then)

So much for the Goldmans not having  
any secrets.

CASTLE

Marital lies are like cockroaches.  
Find one, and there's a hundred  
more behind the cabinets you just  
can't see.

\*

\*

BECKETT

So if Allison Goldman wasn't going  
to her job three days a week, then  
why was she going into the city?

\*

ESPOSITO

And how did she come home on Friday  
night with four hundred bucks in  
cash for the family kitty?

RYAN

An SRO? A tub full of oil? Maybe  
Castle was right. Maybe it was  
about sex.

\*

\*

\*

\*

ESPOSITO

Prostitution? At her age?

RYAN

What are you saying, Esposito? That  
a 40-year-old woman can't get paid  
for sex?

\*

ESPOSITO

The lady was a soccer mom.



CASTLE

Head over to my daughter's school  
around 3:30, it's like happy hour.

(off Beckett)

The only thing I *don't* buy is that  
a woman like Allison Goldman would  
sell herself in some cheap SRO.  
That wasn't her style.

\*

BECKETT

Okay, then. How about a boyfriend?

(pointed, to Esposito)

40-year-old women can have  
boyfriends, right?

\*

\*

ESPOSITO

You'd better hope so.

Beckett shoots him a look as Castle warms to this theory.

CASTLE

Yes... A boyfriend. Maybe someone  
she met in line at Zabar's, or at  
the museum one afternoon when she  
ducked inside to escape a  
rainstorm. Maybe he was even  
someone she knew before she had to  
leave the city. Someone who  
reminded her of when life used to  
be good, before she had to give up  
that cute apartment with the  
partial river view.

ESPOSITO

Someone who might slip her a little  
cash while he was... slipping her  
something else.

CASTLE

Allison wouldn't have been into a  
cheap affair. This would have been  
someone who meant a lot to her.  
Someone who cared about her.  
Someone who listened. Only now he  
wanted something in return for  
his... investment; something she  
wasn't willing to do.

\*

ESPOSITO

Leave her husband.

RYAN

And when she wouldn't, he got  
violent.

BECKETT

God. I feel so stupid. Here I am, trying to find evidence, when all I had to do was make something up. This imaginary boyfriend-killer, do you have his imaginary address?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Detective Beckett?

Beckett looks up to see a shell-shocked Michael Goldman.

BECKETT

Mr. Goldman? What is it?

CUT TO:

10 INT. PRECINCT, INTERVIEW LOUNGE - DAY

10

Beckett and Castle sit across from Michael Goldman. \*

MICHAEL

My lawyer called the Social Security office this morning to let them know that Allison had passed away. I guess they looked her up in the system. \*

He reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a piece of paper.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He faxed this to me two hours ago.

Beckett examines the paper.

BECKETT

A death certificate?

MICHAEL

For Allison Porter. Porter was my wife's maiden name.

BECKETT

But it says here Allison Porter died in 1963.

MICHAEL

When she was three months old. But  
this child's Social Security Number  
is the same as my wife's.

BECKETT

Mr. Goldman, you know what this  
means?

He nods.

MICHAEL

My wife wasn't the woman she said  
she was. Our whole life together  
was a lie.

\*

\*

Michael Goldman looks away. Devastated.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO11 INT. CASTLE'S LOFT, KITCHEN - MORNING

11

ALEXIS is getting her things ready for school, while Martha finishes her breakfast and Castle cleans up.

ALEXIS

So for twenty years, this woman was living under a fake name? That's crazy.

CASTLE

Her husband was pretty shaken up.

MARTHA

Well, sure. All those birthdays and anniversaries and holidays, spent with someone he didn't even know. I can't imagine that kind of betrayal.  
(and then)

Oh, wait; yes I can. It's just like when my rat of an ex-husband stole all my money and left me homeless.

CASTLE

It's actually kind of fascinating. I mean, it's weird enough writing fiction, but Allison Goldman was *living* it every day. Keeping track of all those lies... that's hard work. She must have had a damn good reason for doing it.

MARTHA

Trust me, kiddo, when a woman marries a man and doesn't bother to tell him who she is for *twenty years*... she's a criminal. A Mata Hari. A shady lady.

CASTLE

Or in other words, a very good actress.

MARTHA

And speaking of acting, you seem to have inherited my talent for it.

CASTLE

How so?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

MARTHA

The poker game? Letting Beckett win?

CASTLE

I don't know what you're talking about.

MARTHA

Don't you? I checked your cards.

ALEXIS

You let her win? Why?

CASTLE

I didn't want to take all her money in front of her friends.

MARTHA

Why? Because she's a girl? Kate Beckett isn't some bimbo who needs big, strong you looking out for her. She's a woman. And real women don't like to be patronized.

ALEXIS

She's right, Dad.

CASTLE

I was being nice!

Their looks tell him that they do not agree. Luckily, his cell phone rings.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

Castle.

(and then)

Yeah. I'll be right over.

(hanging up, to Alexis)

Gotta get down to the precinct, see who the Mata Hari really was.

He gives Alexis a kiss.

ALEXIS

Bye, Dad. I mean, if *Dad's* your real name.

Castle smiles, then shoots a look at Martha.

CASTLE

Dad's never really been sure *what* his real name is...

As Castle heads out...

\*

CUT TO:

12

INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - DAY

12

Castle, Beckett, Esposito, and Ryan, in front of Allison's laptop.

CASTLE

So Allison's imaginary boyfriend had a very real email account...

\*  
\*  
\*

RYAN

He goes by the screen name of LWax220. The husband said it didn't sound familiar to him.

\*  
\*  
\*

CASTLE

And yet another marital secret scurries out from behind the cabinets.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RYAN

(off the screen)

Allison writes, "Lee, can we meet on Tuesday instead this week?" Then Lee writes back, "Sounds good. The usual place."

\*  
\*

BECKETT

Tuesday, as in the day of the murder.

ESPOSITO

Cyber tracked it down. Get this, Castle, the guy's a writer.

CASTLE

A real writer or an "I Took a Course at the Learning Annex" writer?

Esposito turns the computer monitor toward him. On it is an Amazon-type site, with a handful of titles.

ESPOSITO

His name's Lee Wax. He writes true crime.

Castle looks at the list of books.

CASTLE  
I don't know him.

BECKETT  
So?

CASTLE  
So, he must not be any good. Wow...  
Just look at the titles. *Bobby  
Socks and Blood: The Shocking True  
Story of a Cheerleader, an Eagle  
Scout, and the Murder that Shocked  
America.* I mean, gimme a break.

BECKETT  
Well, maybe he got tired of writing  
about other people's murders and  
decided to commit one of his own.

CUT TO:

13 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, ELEVATOR - DAY

13

Beckett and Castle ride up the elevator. Beckett takes a wad of bills from her pocket and hands them to Castle.

CASTLE  
What's this?

BECKETT  
Your winnings from the other night.  
(and then)  
I'm not an idiot. I know you threw  
that last hand.

CASTLE  
How did you figure it out?

BECKETT  
That's not the point.

CASTLE  
(sigh)  
My mother called, didn't she?

BECKETT  
You owe me a rematch.

Castle smiles.

CASTLE  
Fine. You want to play? Let's play.  
How about tomorrow night?

\*

BECKETT

With your mystery buddies?

CASTLE

You kidding? Those boys would eat you alive. No. I was thinking something a little more local. The Gotham City crew. Folks I beat on a regular basis.

BECKETT

"Gotham City crew"?

The elevator doors open.

14 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

14

They head down the hall, Beckett searching for a number.

CASTLE

The captain, the mayor, Judge Markway.

(off Beckett's look)

Y'know. Your boss. Your boss's boss, the guy you get your warrants from. Or would that make you nervous? I don't want you to be off your game, but I also don't want you to feel patronized.

BECKETT

Just set it up. And be prepared to get your ass kicked.

They've reached the door. Beckett KNOCKS LOUDLY. They both react as Beckett's knocking actually OPENS THE DOOR, which had been slightly ajar.

15 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, LEE WAX'S STUDIO - DAY

15

As Castle and Beckett enter, we reveal that this SMALL LIVING AREA contains a futon couch, a desk, a file cabinet, and a pair of 6-foot FOLDING TABLES covered with notes and a timeline. Scattered across the tables' surfaces are news clippings and photos, including several PHOTOS OF ALLISON GOLDMAN. Castle moves closer.

CASTLE

Well, look who's stalking.

BECKETT

Wait here.



Beckett goes through a SWINGING DOOR, which leads to the kitchen off-screen, as Castle moves to the wall and briefly takes it in, and then:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

Castle spins to find a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN standing in the doorway, holding an empty plastic GARBAGE CAN.

YOUNG WOMAN

Who the hell are you?

CASTLE

Who the hell are you?

LEE

Lee Wax. What are you doing in my apartment?

CASTLE

You're a woman.

At which point, Beckett emerges from the kitchen.

LEE

Either you tell me who you are or I'm calling the cops.

BECKETT

I am the cops.

(badges her)

My name's Detective Beckett and I'd like to talk to you about Allison Goldman.

LEE

Allison?

(with a sigh)

Let me get my lawyer on the phone.

BECKETT

Why would you need a lawyer?

LEE

Why do you think?

CASTLE

So... you're confessing.

LEE

(picks up the phone)

I'm not confessing to anything.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

It's just that my publisher instructed me not to talk with law enforcement until I had a lawyer present-

\*

BECKETT

Your publisher?

LEE

But I do want to state for the record that I never harbored, nor concealed, a fugitive.

\*

BECKETT

What are you talking about?

LEE

Allison Goldman. If that's why you're here, then obviously you found her.

BECKETT

Yeah. Murdered.

\*

LEE

Murdered? How is that possible?

\*

CASTLE

Exactly what kind of a true crime writer are you?

\*

LEE

(ignoring Castle; hanging up the phone)  
Murdered by who?

\*

\*

\*

CASTLE

Given your unhealthy infatuation with her, my first guess is... you.

\*

\*

LEE

Me? No, I'm just her ghostwriter. We were working on her memoir together.

\*

\*

\*

BECKETT

Memoir?

Castle looks back at the FOLDING TABLES, as...

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Why would Allison Goldman be writing a memoir?

LEE

(realizing)

Wait, so you don't know who she  
really is?

CASTLE

We do now.

Castle grabs an FBI WANTED POSTER of Allison off a table,  
holds it up for Beckett.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE16 INT. PRECINCT - DAY

16

Beckett shows Montgomery the FBI wanted poster.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY  
That's Allison Goldman?

BECKETT  
Aka Cynthia Dern. Wanted for domestic terrorism. In 1989, she and two friends set off a bomb on a tanker owned by one of the big oil companies.

\*

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY  
Motor oil.

CASTLE  
Like I said. Someone was sending a message.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY  
I remember this. Radical environmentalists protesting the Exxon Valdez spill?

BECKETT  
Yeah. One was killed, one was caught, but Cynthia was never found.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY  
Looks like her past finally caught up with her.

17 INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

17

Castle and Beckett are sitting across the table from Lee Wax.

LEE  
While she was in college, Cynthia made friends with a couple of environmental activists: Susan Mailer and Jared Swanstrom. After the Exxon Valdez spill, these three decided to stage a protest.

\*

\*

\*

\*

CASTLE  
By blowing a hole in an oil tanker.

\*

\*

LEE

Jared Swanstrom built the bomb.  
Cynthia and Susan Mailer snuck on  
the ship to set it. Only something  
went wrong.

(and then)

The ship was supposed to be empty  
of oil and people, but the captain,  
Sam Pike, had come back. He was  
paralyzed in the explosion.

\*

BECKETT

So how did you track down Cynthia?

LEE

I didn't. She contacted me.

BECKETT

For what? To send you a fan letter?

LEE

In a manner of speaking. Cynthia was  
getting ready to turn herself in, but  
she wanted to get her story out to  
the public before she surrendered.  
That way, she could explain her  
actions and express her remorse.

CASTLE

And get public opinion on her side.

LEE

It's a great way to influence a  
potential jury pool.

BECKETT

But, she did it, right? How was she  
planning to "influence" them?

LEE

Cynthia told me that on the night of  
the bombing, she tried to back out.  
When she realized the captain was  
aboard, she argued with Susan Mailer  
to call it off. But Susan refused.  
Susan went to set the bomb herself  
and, ironically, died in the  
explosion. Cops thought it must have  
gone off in her hands. The girl was  
vaporized. But Cynthia escaped.

\*  
\*  
\*

BECKETT

So why come out of hiding now?

\*

LEE

Money. She needed the cash.

\*

CASTLE

You were paying her?

\*

LEE

A few hundred a week. I managed to get the publisher to agree to a small advance. But if the book had sold well...

\*

(a pointed look to Castle)

I don't have to tell you how much money was at stake.

BECKETT

When was the last time you saw Cynthia?

LEE

Tuesday afternoon.

CASTLE

The day she died.

LEE

Look, we met in a coffee shop near my apartment three times a week. She was fine when she left.

BECKETT

Did she say anything about going to see someone else that day? Someone from her past?

LEE

No. She was really paranoid about being discovered before the book could come out. She didn't want me to get in touch with anyone from her old life.

\*

CASTLE

But you did anyway...

(off her look)

Any true crime writer worth their salt would've checked her story with other sources.

\*

\*

LEE

Okay, so I made a few calls.

\*

BECKETT

These sources that you talked to, did any of them want her dead?

LEE

Maybe. But no one knew how to *find* her, remember? Even I didn't know where she lived.

BECKETT

I'll need to see your manuscript and your interview notes. \*

LEE

You can have whatever you want, but in return, I'd like to be kept in the loop as the investigation proceeds.

BECKETT

What for?

LEE

For my book.

CASTLE

You're going ahead with the memoir? But Cynthia's dead.

LEE

Correction. Cynthia's been *murdered*. Which means her memoir just became a true crime story. That's kind of my forte. \*

Lee pulls a LARGE BOUND MANUSCRIPT from her bag and slides it across the table toward Beckett.

LEE (CONT'D)

You'd be doing me a huge favor.

BECKETT

(with a glance to Castle) I've got enough writers hanging around here looking for favors already. But thanks for your cooperation. \*

Beckett takes the manuscript and leaves. Castle is about to follow, when: \*

LEE

Pretty sweet gig you've scored for yourself, Mr. Castle. Is this your secret to writing best-sellers? \*

(MORE) \*

LEE (CONT'D)

Follow the pretty cop-lady around  
and take copious notes?

\*  
\*

CASTLE

I like to think talent played a  
small role.

\*  
\*  
\*

She crosses to him, seductively.

\*

LEE

Still, this kind of all-access pass  
most writers would kill for.

\*  
\*  
\*

CASTLE

Let's get to the part where you  
tell me what you want.

\*  
\*

LEE

Maybe give me a call when an  
interesting case pops up, or a  
celebrity arrest is made. Y'know,  
one professional to another.

\*

(and then, re: Beckett)

Or do you need to check with the  
boss lady?

CASTLE

Why don't you give me your number  
and I'll see what I can do.

She hands him her business card with a smile and heads out  
the door. Off Castle...

CUT TO:

18 INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - DAY

18

OVER AN IMAGE of Cynthia Dern:

CASTLE (O.S.)

A domestic terrorist who clips  
coupons.

Reveal Beckett, Castle, and Montgomery gathered around images  
similar to the ones from Wax's apartment, now pinned to a  
portable BULLETIN BOARD.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

I just might buy the movie rights  
myself.



Beckett shows them a PHOTO of a young Cynthia (Allison Goldman) at a protest rally with her arms around another pretty young woman (SUSAN MAILER) and a rakish man (JARED SWANSTROM). \*

BECKETT

It obviously wasn't a very sophisticated operation.  
(indicates photo)  
Susan Mailer was killed in the blast. Jared Swanstrom was captured by the FBI and went to prison for fifteen years.

Beckett indicates a PHOTO of Jared Swanstrom being per-p-walked up the courthouse steps.

CASTLE

But Allison Goldman, aka Cynthia Dern, managed to stay a fugitive for almost two decades.

BECKETT

Then she pokes her head out of hiding and, a few months later, she's dead.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY

So who would hold a grudge for twenty years?

Beckett points to a PHOTO of a smiling man in a captain's uniform (SAM PIKE), holding his young son (ADAM) on his lap.

BECKETT

How about the people whose lives she ruined?

MATCH CUT TO:

19 INT. PIKE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

19

The SAME PHOTO. Beckett sits across from ELEANOR PIKE, mid-50s, while Castle peruses the photographs on the Pikes' mantle. CAPTAIN SAM PIKE is in a wheelchair, connected to a breathing apparatus.

ELEANOR

You say she was living in Irvington? That's just a couple of miles away from here. \*

Eleanor just shakes her head, a little amazed. \*

BECKETT

In the months before her death,  
Cynthia was working with a  
journalist, writing a memoir...

ELEANOR

We spoke with Lee Wax several  
times...  
(with distaste)  
She never told us that Cynthia was  
involved.

CAPTAIN PIKE

She... should... have...

Eleanor holds her hand up as if to tell him not to strain.  
Pike nods to a NURSE and she wheels him away.

ELEANOR

It's hard for him. He's still angry  
about what happened. We all are.

Castle picks up a FAMILY PHOTO: the Pike family, circa 1988.

CASTLE

This is your son?

ELEANOR

Adam.

Castle sees another PHOTOGRAPH of ADAM, 20s, proudly standing  
beside a small motorboat. Castle hands the photo to Beckett.

CASTLE

He's a sailor, like his dad.

Eleanor nods.

BECKETT

It must have been difficult for  
you, Mrs. Pike, taking care of your  
husband full-time while trying to  
raise your son.

ELEANOR

The settlement wasn't enough to  
cover all of Sam's medical costs.  
Adam's been working and helping out  
since he was a teenager.  
(and then, bitter)  
I guess we can't all live in  
Westchester.  
(and then)  
(MORE)

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Is there anything else you need? I have to get my husband's lunch.

BECKETT

(setting down the photo)

I'd like to talk to Adam for a few minutes. Is he around?

20

EXT. PIKE HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

20

Beckett and Castle approach ADAM PIKE, mid-20s, as he refinishes the surface of a small motorboat.

BECKETT

Adam? I'm Detective Kate Beckett.

Adam, head down, continues to scrape paint off his boat.

ADAM

This about her? Cynthia or Allison or whatever she called herself?

BECKETT

Did you have any idea she lived so close to you? \*

ADAM

Didn't know, didn't care.

Beckett and Castle share a look.

BECKETT

You didn't care about the woman who almost killed your father? That's a little hard to believe.

Adam stops now and gives them his attention.

ADAM

You know, my family waited twenty years for the cops to find Cynthia Dern, so that my dad could get just a *little* bit of justice for what she did to him. Now it's too late for that, so what do you want from us?

BECKETT

I just thought you might want to know how Cynthia died.

(off his silence)

She was drowned in motor oil.

ADAM  
(thrown)  
Motor oil?

CASTLE  
It's almost as if the person who  
did it had a personal connection to  
the bombing.

He doesn't answer. Looks away. \*

BECKETT  
Adam, if I were to look inside your  
garage, would I find any motor oil?

ADAM  
I have a boat and a car, Detective.  
Oil kind of comes with the territory. \*

BECKETT  
Where were you on Tuesday night? \*

ADAM  
I bartend at the Foxtail Grill on  
Manchester every Tuesday.  
(and then)  
Are we done? \*

Off Beckett...

CUT TO:

21 INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - DAY

21

Castle and Beckett enter and approach Ryan.

BECKETT  
I need you to check out an alibi.  
(hands him a paper)  
Adam Pike.

RYAN  
You like the kid for this? \*

BECKETT  
Just call the place when they open  
and confirm he was working Tuesday  
night.

Ryan heads off. Castle turns to Beckett, pensive.

CASTLE

You know what? I hope his alibi checks out. I hope he didn't do it.

BECKETT

And here I thought you'd be saying what a great story it would make if Adam Pike was guilty. A son, taking revenge for his father?

\*

CASTLE

It is a good story. A great story. It's downright Shakespearean. But, personally, I would write that family a happier ending.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Esposito approaches with an OLD FILE FOLDER in his hand.

BECKETT

What's that?

ESPOSITO

FBI files on the tanker bombing in '89. I've been going through them.

BECKETT

And?

ESPOSITO

Three days after the bombing, they captured Jared Swanstrom at a motel where he'd been hiding out with Cynthia Dern.

BECKETT

Right. They arrested Swanstrom, but by then, Cynthia was in the wind.

ESPOSITO

Got me wondering how she managed to slip away so easily.

CASTLE

What did you find out?

ESPOSITO

The Feds had a tip line. There was a reward for anyone with information leading to an arrest. Some helpful citizen called and said they'd seen Swanstrom at the motel. Feds went and grabbed him up. Easy-peasy.

\*

\*

BECKETT

So far, pretty standard stuff.

ESPOSITO

Until you get to the part where the tipster never bothers to collect the reward.

BECKETT

Who was the tipster?

ESPOSITO

That's just it. FBI never knew because she didn't leave her name.

BECKETT

"She"?

ESPOSITO

Records describe the voice as "young and female."

BECKETT

Could be Cynthia Dern.

(to Esposito)

You think she gave up her friend to the cops?

ESPOSITO

Doesn't matter what I think. Only matters what Swanstrom thought. The guy did fifteen years in prison.

CASTLE

That's a pretty long time to think about who put him there.

CUT TO:

22

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

22

It's late afternoon as Beckett and Castle emerge from her parked car and approach a MAN in his 40s, wearing a maintenance uniform, hosing down the sidewalk. Beckett badges him.

BECKETT

Jared Swanstrom?

SWANSTROM

Yeah.

BECKETT

NYPD. We'd like to ask you some questions about Cynthia Dern.

SWANSTROM

I'm not sure what I can tell you. I haven't seen her in twenty years.

CASTLE

But you knew Cynthia was writing a book, right? You talked with Lee Wax.

SWANSTROM

I talked with her, but I didn't ask a lot of questions. That part of my life is behind me now, you know?

BECKETT

So you weren't holding any old grudges?

SWANSTROM

Against Cynthia? What for?

CASTLE

For turning you in.  
(off his look)  
Cynthia's the one who called the cops the night you were arrested.

SWANSTROM

If that's true, she was just trying to save herself.

(off their looks)

After the bombing, Cynthia wanted to run, try to make it to Canada, but I wouldn't go. I fell apart.

CASTLE

Why?

SWANSTROM

Guilt. I was the one who built the bomb. I'm the one who messed it up.

BECKETT

"Messed it up" how?

SWANSTROM

I built the explosive with a timer. Once it was set, the girls were supposed to have three minutes to get off the ship before it went off. Three minutes.

(MORE)

\*  
\*

SWANSTROM (CONT'D)

But when Cynthia got back in the car that night, she told me something had gone wrong; that the bomb had blown early. You see? I'm the reason that Susan Mailer is dead.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

23

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT - NIGHT

23

Castle, with Martha and Alexis. Castle's reading Lee Wax's manuscript.

MARTHA

At least one of them accepted some responsibility for what happened that night.

CASTLE

Yeah. Maybe even a little too much responsibility.

ALEXIS

You don't believe Jared Swanstrom's story?

CASTLE

That's the thing. It's not his story, it's Cynthia's.

\*

MARTHA

You wanna break this down for those of us who have already had a glass of wine?

CASTLE

(re: the manuscript)  
Cynthia told Lee Wax that she and Susan Mailer argued about going through with the bombing once they knew the captain was aboard. Cynthia backed out. Susan went to set the bomb by herself and... Boom!

\*

ALEXIS

(getting it, to Martha)  
But today, Jared Swanstrom said Cynthia told *him* there was something wrong with the timer. She didn't say anything about an argument.

\*  
\*

MARTHA

That is a rather glaring omission.



CASTLE

You know, when I'm writing, I find it's all about choices. What to put in. What to leave out. When to reveal information, when to hold something back... But as someone else's ghostwriter, you only have what *they* give you. You only know what *they* want you to know.

ALEXIS

But Lee Wax isn't Cynthia's ghostwriter anymore, right? Now that she's dead, it's no longer a memoir. It's a true crime story.

\*  
\*

MARTHA

Then Ms. Wax needs to get her stories straight, because someone's lying about what happened that night.

Off Castle...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR24 INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - DAY

24

Beckett enters the bullpen with her morning coffee and finds Castle at her desk. Lee Wax's manuscript is open in front of him and he is also holding several sheets of paper in his hand. She gives him a look, and he gets out of her chair.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BECKETT

Good morning.

\*  
\*

CASTLE

(in response, he hands her  
the papers)

I've been going through Lee Wax's  
interview notes. When she talked to  
Jared Swanstrom, he told her the  
same thing he told us: Cynthia said  
the bomb blew early.

(showing her the  
manuscript)

But she left that version out of  
the book.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BECKETT

Because it contradicted with  
Cynthia's later story: that the  
girls argued when they realized  
Captain Pike was aboard, and Susan  
went to set the bomb alone.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CASTLE

Cynthia couldn't know *what* happened  
once Susan was out of her sight.

("and another thing")

But according to the publisher,  
Cynthia had approval over  
everything Lee Wax wrote. It was  
her way or the highway.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BECKETT

That makes sense, since-  
("wait a second")  
You called the publisher?

CASTLE

I am somewhat known in those  
circles.

(leaning in)

They weren't happy.

(MORE)

\*

CASTLE (CONT'D)

They wanted a true crime tell-all,  
but all they were getting was a  
bunch of sanitized, remorseful  
boohooing. They were thinking about  
dropping the book.

\*  
\*

BECKETT

And now?

CASTLE

Now that Cynthia's murder is all  
over the media, they're back on  
board, as long as the book has a  
more sensationalized point of view.

(then, by way of example)

*Kaboom! The True Story of a  
Domestic Terrorist Turned Suburban  
Housewife and the Crime that  
Shocked a Nation.*

\*

BECKETT

Catchy. So now that Cynthia's out  
of the way, Lee Wax is sitting on a  
potential best-seller.

CASTLE

People have killed for a lot less.

Beckett's phone rings and she answers it.

BECKETT

Beckett.

(listens, then)

Okay, bring him in.

Beckett hangs up and hands the notes back to Castle.

CASTLE

What?

BECKETT

Adam Pike's alibi fell apart. He  
called in sick to work on Tuesday  
night, so we got a warrant to search  
his house. They found a Metro-North  
train schedule in the trash.

CASTLE

Guess we're back to the  
Shakespearean version. A son kills  
out of revenge for his father.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

25 INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

25

Adam Pike is at the table, lacking all of his earlier bravado. Beckett sits across from him.

ADAM

I didn't kill her. I didn't even know where she was.

BECKETT

We're not gonna get anywhere if you keep lying to me. I know you went to Westchester.

(and then)

I spoke with Cynthia's husband. He remembers seeing a guy just like you outside his house a few weeks before the murder.

(and then)

Don't make me put you in a lineup.

INTERCUT WITH:

26 INT. PRECINCT, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

26

Castle watches Beckett question the young man.

ADAM (THROUGH THE GLASS)

I just... wanted to talk to her.

BECKETT (THROUGH THE GLASS)

How did you find her?

27 INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

27

ADAM

That writer. The way she kept talking about what happened to my dad, she knew things only someone on that ship could have known. So, I started following her around. Eventually, she led me to Cynthia Dern.

BECKETT

Why didn't you call the police?

ADAM

Because I wanted to look her in the eye. I wanted to tell her that none of it mattered. Her blood money wouldn't buy our forgiveness.

\*

\*

\*

28      INT. PRECINCT, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

28

CASTLE  
Money? What money?

BECKETT (THROUGH THE GLASS)  
What do you mean, "blood money"?

29      INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

29

Adam looks away, reluctant. Then he shakes his head.

ADAM  
After I found out where Cynthia lived, I went and told my mom. I didn't know if we should call the Feds or what. She started to cry. She said we couldn't do anything.  
(beat)  
She told me we've been getting money every month since the bombing. Different amounts. Sometimes more, sometimes less. But every month.

\*

BECKETT  
She thought the money was coming from Cynthia Dern?

\*

ADAM  
In the first envelope there was a note, "Please forgive me." Susan Mailer was dead and Swanstrom was in prison. There wasn't anybody else.

\*

\*

BECKETT  
You know, with evidence like that, they might have been able to track Cynthia down years ago.

ADAM  
Mom said without the money, we wouldn't have made it. She figured as long as Cynthia was free, the money would keep coming.  
(and then)  
If I couldn't afford to turn her in, why would I kill her?

\*

\*

\*

\*

BECKETT  
Why did you lie to me about where you were on Tuesday?

\*

Adam looks away. Weighs his options. Realizes he has none.

ADAM

Because I was there. At the SRO. I followed her. I was just going to talk to her. I walked up and down the hallway for an hour, trying to get up the courage to go and knock on that door, y'know? I was going to, but then someone got off the elevator and knocked on her door instead.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BECKETT

You saw her killer?

ADAM

I'm not sure. I didn't get a good look, but I heard them talking and I can tell you one thing.

BECKETT

What?

ADAM

It was a woman.

30     INT. PRECINCT, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

30

Castle realizes he was right.

CASTLE

Lee Wax.

Ebullient, Castle starts knocking on the two-way glass.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

Lee Wax. Lee Wax!

31     INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

31

Adam Pike reacts to the strange knocking. Beckett just shakes her head, as we...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

32

INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

32

Lee Wax and Beckett sit across from each other. Castle leans against the wall.

LEE

*Murder? Are you people crazy?*

BECKETT

I have an eyewitness who can place you at the SRO where Cynthia was found dead.

LEE

Then your eyewitness needs to have their eyes examined.

CASTLE

You had motive, means, and opportunity.

LEE

(to Castle)

Please. Only a novelist could come up with a twist this absurd.

CASTLE

No more absurd than killing a woman to salvage your publishing contract. Drowning her in motor oil gave you just the ending you needed.

LEE

You know, now I can see why your books are so popular, Mr. Castle. You have such a fanciful mind. But see, I'm a true crime writer, and I don't have your talent for fiction.

\*

BECKETT

The publisher was about to drop your contract.

\*

LEE

Yes, because I told them I thought Cynthia was lying.

(and then)

She may have fooled her husband and her suburban girlfriends, but I'm a reporter. She wasn't fooling me. Not anymore.

BECKETT

You're saying her remorse wasn't genuine?

LEE

When Cynthia cried, it was for herself, not for Captain Pike or Susan Mailer. She cried for the good life she was giving up. Cynthia wanted to cash in and keep herself out of jail, that's it.

A look between Castle and Beckett.

BECKETT

She had to have felt some responsibility for what she'd done. She sent money, year after year, to the Pike family.

LEE

What money?

CASTLE

Every month since the bombing, the Pikes have been getting an envelope full of cash, courtesy of Cynthia Dern.

(and then)

But there's nothing about that in your notes.

LEE

Because she never told me. Are you sure?

BECKETT

We're sure.

LEE

I don't know why she didn't tell me, but she must have had her reasons. Cynthia had a habit of altering the truth to suit her needs.

\*  
\*  
\*

BECKETT

That's an understatement.

LEE

Look, the Tuesday that Cynthia was murdered, I was out to dinner with my publisher until after midnight.

(MORE)



LEE (CONT'D)

I couldn't write her lies anymore.  
I was gonna walk away.

\*

CUT TO:

33 INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - NIGHT

33

Beckett is on her computer as Castle stands nearby, studying the murder board plastered with Cynthia Dern notes, clippings, and photos.

\*

CASTLE

Remind me if I ever decide to write a memoir, that I should never write a memoir.

BECKETT

Okay.

A long moment while he waits for her to ask, "Why not?" Beckett sighs; gives in.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Why not?

CASTLE

Because memoirs are about the truth, and I'm not a particularly truthful person. It would be too easy to make myself look good.

BECKETT

It might be harder than you think.

CASTLE

Maybe. But I'd sure start with the most generous thing I ever did.

This is on Beckett's mind as well...

\*

BECKETT

You mean, like how you sent money anonymously to your victims, because you felt so terrible about what you'd done?

\*

CASTLE

The object of Cynthia's memoir was to gain sympathy. What's more sympathetic than sending guilt money to the Pikes for twenty years?

\*

\*

\*

\*

BECKETT

It doesn't make sense that Cynthia kept that from Lee Wax.

\*  
\*

CASTLE

Unless the money wasn't coming from Cynthia.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

34

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT, CASTLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

34

Sitting clockwise from the top of the table: Castle, JUDGE MARKWAY, the MAYOR, Beckett, and Captain Montgomery, all playing poker.

\*  
\*

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY

It had to be from Cynthia.  
Swanstrom was in prison and Susan Mailer was dead.

\*  
\*

JUDGE MARKWAY

(throws in chips)  
Call... And you're sure no one else was involved?

\*  
\*  
\*

CASTLE

Just the three of them. Assuming you believe the FBI.  
(throws in chips)  
Call.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Beckett calls as well.

\*

BECKETT

We don't have to talk about this, you know.

\*  
\*  
\*

JUDGE MARKWAY

Anything to stop Hizzoner there from talking about budget initiatives.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MAYOR

Oh, okay, Judge. Tell me, who appointed you again?

\*  
\*  
\*

JUDGE MARKWAY

So, the FBI I believe. But why take Cynthia Dern's word for anything that happened that night when her own ghostwriter didn't even trust her?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MAYOR

Markway's right. What do we actually know about what happened?

BECKETT

Not much. According to Lee Wax's notes, Captain Pike heard two women arguing just before the explosion. Cynthia claims she was trying to change Susan's mind.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY

Fold. But if we assume Cynthia's lying...

\*  
\*  
\*

MAYOR

Then maybe it was Susan who wanted to save Pike, and *Cynthia* who wanted to run. Raise twenty.

\*

CASTLE

(getting into it)

Right! But they'd already set the bomb. Their three minutes were ticking away-

JUDGE MARKWAY

The girls argue, wasting precious seconds-

MAYOR

Susan runs back toward the ticking bomb to try to shut it down-

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY

While Cynthia runs for cover-

CASTLE

But it's too late. Just as Susan gets to the bomb...

MAYOR

Boom.

Beckett can't help but be amused at how completely caught up the guys are in this game of speculation. Castle throws in some chips, calling.

CASTLE

Which means Susan Mailer didn't die trying to set the bomb.

JUDGE MARKWAY

She died trying to save an innocent  
man's life.

Beckett calls.

BECKETT

And here I thought all you'd be  
talking about is sex, sports, and  
broads.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY

We're talking about broads.  
Criminal broads.

BECKETT

Still doesn't explain where the  
money came from.

The Mayor checks his cards, and then tosses them away.

MAYOR

Fold.

(turns to Castle)

C'mon, Castle, you're good with  
twists. Where'd the money come  
from?

CASTLE

I'm thinking.

BECKETT

Yeah, well you might want to think  
up some chips for the pot, 'cause  
it looks like it's just you and me.

Castle eyes Beckett, and then pushes in a big stack of chips.

CASTLE

Okay, Detective. Raise you two  
hundred.

(off her look)

What's the matter? Not scared of a  
little action, are you?

JUDGE MARKWAY

Do the world a favor, Detective.  
Beat his pants off.

CASTLE

Yes. Beat my pants off, if you  
dare.

She looks at her hand. It's killer. Aces over Queens.

MAYOR

Bring down the Castle walls,  
Detective; hell, I'll give you the  
keys to the city.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY

C'mon, Beckett, make me proud.

JUDGE MARKWAY

To hell with "proud." Make him cry  
like a little girl.

Beckett looks at her cards, looks at her chips. She knows  
she's got him. She looks at him stone-faced and then...  
Tosses away her cards.

BECKETT

Sorry, fellas. It's just not my  
night.

They all moan as Castle takes his chips.

CASTLE

(to his chips)

Who's a good boy? Who's a good boy?  
You are. And you are. And you are.

JUDGE MARKWAY

Don't you ever get tired of  
winning, Castle?

CASTLE

You'd think, right? But no.

Then he catches Beckett's eye. Sees her smile. Wait a minute.  
Did she just...

The Mayor checks his watch and rises.

MAYOR

Well, that's it for me. Detective,  
it was pleasure.

BECKETT

Mr. Mayor.

Judge Markway rises as well.

JUDGE MARKWAY

Sorry we couldn't solve your case.

BECKETT

Sorry I couldn't make him cry like  
a little girl.

Castle reaches for Beckett's cards. But she casually picks them up and shuffles them into the deck. Castle gives her a knowing look as she hands him the deck.

MAYOR

Not your fault, Detective. No matter how down he gets, he always manages to rise from the dead.

Castle looks up.

CASTLE

That'd be a real twist.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY

What?

CASTLE

The money had to be from Cynthia because Swanstrom was in prison and Susan Mailer was dead, right?

JUDGE MARKWAY

Right.

CASTLE

What if Susan Mailer didn't die in the explosion? What if she was somehow blown clear? What if she's still alive?

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

\*

A35 INT. PRECINCT - DAY

A35

\*

Beckett and Castle are at her desk with Ryan and Esposito.

\*

RYAN

\*

Susan Mailer? Alive?

\*

CASTLE

\*

They never found her body.

\*

BECKETT

\*

Yeah. Because she was vaporized in the explosion.

\*

\*

\*

CASTLE

\*

What if she was blown clear?

\*

ESPOSITO

\*

She would've been pretty badly burned. She would've needed care.

\*

\*

\*

RYAN

\*

And no one matching her description ever checked into area hospitals.

\*

\*

\*

CASTLE

\*

Mere details, my good man.

\*

BECKETT

\*

Uh, around here, we call them "facts."

\*

\*

\*

CASTLE

\*

Well then, let's go get us some "facts."

\*

\*

\*

35 INT. PIKE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

35

Castle and Beckett sit with Eleanor and Adam. Eleanor hands them several envelopes.

ELEANOR

Please don't think less of me. I did what I had to do to survive.

Beckett and Castle look through the envelopes. Beckett examines the postmarks.

BECKETT

They're from all over the place.

ADAM

Not the recent ones. The recent ones are all the same.

He points out the recent postmarks.

BECKETT

Lititz, Pennsylvania.

36

INT. LITITZ POST OFFICE - DAY

36

Beckett and Castle are at the CLERK's window, and Beckett's showing him a PHOTO of Allison Goldman.

POST OFFICE CLERK

I've never seen her before.

BECKETT

You're positive?

CASTLE

Didn't he sound positive?

BECKETT

Castle.

Beckett takes out a PHOTO of Susan Mailer, obviously when she was still young (and alive).

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Okay, what about her?

The Clerk stares at the photo. Beat...

BECKETT (CONT'D)

She'd be older now.

POST OFFICE CLERK

How much older?

CASTLE

Twenty years.

POST OFFICE CLERK

I don't think so.

BECKETT

This is what I get for listening to a mystery writer.

Castle turns to the Clerk.



CASTLE

She might have scars or walk with a  
limp.

\*  
\*

POST OFFICE CLERK

Like she'd been in an accident?  
(off their look)  
Could be Mary Wright.

\*  
\*

Castle and Beckett react.

BECKETT

Mary Wright?

POST OFFICE CLERK

Well, she sounds like the woman  
you're describing. Can't say  
whether or not this is her, though.

BECKETT

How do you know her?

POST OFFICE CLERK

She comes in every month or so,  
buys a money order to send to her  
relatives in New York.

BECKETT

Do you have an address?

CUT TO:

37

INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

37

Open on a PHOTO of Susan Mailer (file photo from younger days). TILT UP to SUSAN MAILER, aka Mary Wright, today. We can see that she looks similar, but is scarred around her neck and lower cheek. Castle and Beckett sit across from Susan.

SUSAN

It sounds naïve now, but everything  
I did back then, I did because I  
thought it would help. I never  
wanted to hurt anyone.

BECKETT

You're not here because of the  
bombing, Susan. You're here because  
of what you did to Cynthia Dern.

\*  
\*

Susan doesn't respond.

CASTLE

Her body was found in a tub full of motor oil.

(off Susan)

But you already knew that. Because you put her there.

BECKETT

Forensics is going over that room as we speak, Susan. Believe me, they will find something. A fingerprint. A fiber. *Something* that connects you to Cynthia's death. This is your chance to tell us your side.

\*  
\*

Then, quietly...

SUSAN

She should have just left it all alone... She had a husband, a good life.

\*  
\*

(beat, then)

But that wasn't Cynthia. Once she decided on something, well, you just better not be in her way.

CASTLE

Like that night on the tanker...

Susan looks at Castle, sees he knows the truth.

SUSAN

I saw the captain go below deck. I don't know how he got back on the ship without us seeing...

(and then)

The bomb had already been set. Cynthia said there wasn't time to go back. We fought. She said we should run, but I couldn't just let him die... I tried, but I was too late. When the bomb exploded, I was thrown overboard.

\*  
\*  
\*

She touches her face.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I can still feel the heat on my skin... even today.

BECKETT

How did you survive without medical treatment?

SUSAN

A friend took me in, a med student,  
and nursed me back to health. I got  
a new identity.

CASTLE

And Mary Wright was born.

SUSAN

It isn't hard to live like a ghost  
when everyone you love thinks  
you're dead. I never contacted  
anyone from my former life, not  
even my parents...

\*  
\*  
\*

BECKETT

But you did send money to the Pike  
family.

SUSAN

They had a son, and medical  
bills... I was responsible.  
(and then, miserable)  
We all had to live with what we'd  
done. Everything could have stayed  
the way it was, except...

\*  
\*

CASTLE

Except Cynthia decided to write a  
book.

SUSAN

That reporter, Lee Wax, put up a  
post on an environmental board  
wanting info on Cynthia. I emailed  
her, pretending to be an old friend  
of "the group." It didn't take long  
to realize she'd found Cynthia, and  
that Cynthia was lying about what  
happened on the ship.  
(shaking her head)  
I couldn't let her get away with it.  
After everything we'd done to the  
Pikes... the very least she owed  
them was the truth about that night.

Susan looks away, quelling the feeling of betrayal.

BECKETT

You tracked her down. You  
confronted her.

SUSAN

I threatened to turn myself in if she went through with the book. Give myself up and tell the authorities everything. She begged me to meet her first. Somewhere we could talk.

CASTLE

That's when you rented the room?

SUSAN

Cynthia rented it, not me. It was all part of her plan.

BECKETT

Her plan?

SUSAN

Her plan to murder me.

Castle and Beckett exchange a look.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

When I got there, she poured me a drink. "Let's toast to old friends," she said. Only, you see, I don't drink.

(remembering)

She was acting so strange. I tried to leave, but she wouldn't let me, so I hid in the bathroom. That's when I saw it. The tub, full of oil. Then, I understood.

CASTLE

She hadn't planned to talk to you. She planned to kill you and make it look like a suicide. That wine was laced with a sleeping pill. You were supposed to drink it, and then drown in the oil.

BECKETT

It would look to the world like you were wracked with guilt about the Pikes all these years. That you finally decided to end your life.

CASTLE

Once your body was discovered, the public would be clamoring for the "true" story. Cynthia's true story, with you now cast as the villain.

SUSAN

I couldn't let that happen.

Susan looks away, recalling it...

SUSAN (CONT'D)

We struggled. I pushed her away from me. She lost her balance and fell against the sink... She hit her head.

(and then)

I should have called for help. But I just wanted it to be over. So I dragged her to the tub, and I... I pushed her in.

(tears)

You see, I was already dead. I just wanted to keep it that way.

Off Castle and Beckett...

CUT TO:

38 INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - NIGHT

38

The room is relatively empty; it's late as, in the background, Beckett delivers a handcuffed and subdued Susan Mailer to a UNIFORM. Castle, at Beckett's desk, sees Lee Wax approaching.

LEE

I heard you made an arrest.

CASTLE

Susan Mailer murdered Cynthia.

LEE

Susan Mailer is dead.

CASTLE

Not anymore.

A moment. She waits for him to speak, but he doesn't.

LEE

Come on. After all the help I gave you on this case, you can't give me any more information than *that*?

CASTLE

I could, but then I keep thinking that if it hadn't been for you, there never would have been a case.

LEE

What does that mean?

CASTLE

All those people from Cynthia's past that you interviewed... How did you manage to let every one of them know you were in contact with her?

LEE

Did I do that?

\*

CASTLE

With Adam Pike, I figured you were just sloppy. With Jared Swanstrom, I thought maybe you were trying to get a rise out of somebody. But when Susan Mailer told us she emailed you claiming to be an old friend of Cynthia's, and in only a couple of back-and-forths with you, she figured it out, too...?

LEE

What are you implying?

CASTLE

That you were hoping someone would put two-and-two together and call the cops. You wanted Cynthia in prison, so you could tear up the contract you had with her and write the book the way you wanted. Not a memoir. A true crime. With an ending that would sell more books. But you couldn't call the authorities yourself. What kind of story would that be?

LEE

It's a lovely theory. But even if it's true, I didn't kill Cynthia. I didn't even do anything illegal.

CASTLE

It's not illegal, it's just slimy. So your all-access pass has been revoked.

Lee Wax, knowing she's beat, turns to go, when:

CASTLE (CONT'D)

And another thing.

(she turns)

(MORE)

CASTLE (CONT'D)

One day, one day not too far from  
now, I'll be using it in a book.

Lee nods, then turns and walks away. Beckett crosses to Castle... \*

BECKETT

Guess she won't be coming to your  
writers' poker game anytime soon. \*

CASTLE \*

(re: Susan) \*

All these years, trying to do the  
right thing, trying to make amends,  
and because of Cynthia's greed,  
she'll end up going to jail. \*

BECKETT \*

If you're looking for a happy  
ending, you came to the wrong place. \*

CASTLE \*

Next time, I'll try that massage  
parlor on 2nd. \*

She shoots him a look. \*

CASTLE (CONT'D) \*

Joking. Besides, who needs a happy  
ending when you have a story where  
people pretend to be dead, live  
under assumed names, plot fake  
suicides, and murder out of revenge? \*

BECKETT \*

I'm so glad you were entertained. \*

I'm the one who has to call Michael  
Goldman and break the news that his  
late wife was a sociopath. \*

CASTLE \*

Ah, but you also get to call Jared  
Swanstrom and tell him Susan  
Mailer's death wasn't his fault. In  
fact, Susan is still alive. \*

BECKETT \*

Which is why Cynthia Dern's now dead. \*

CASTLE \*

You're all about the cloud, aren't  
you? Never about the silver lining. \*

(takes cash from pocket) \*

Maybe this'll cheer you up. Your  
winnings from last night. \*

BECKETT  
My winnings?

CASTLE  
Don't play coy. You threw your hand.

BECKETT  
I was only being nice. I didn't  
want to embarrass you in front of  
your friends.

CASTLE  
Okay, fine. So now that we're even,  
what do you say to a little  
showdown...

Castle pulls a deck of cards from his pocket.

CASTLE (CONT'D)  
You and me, toe to toe, winner take  
all, *mano a mujer*.

BECKETT  
"Hand to woman"?

CASTLE  
Whatever it takes.

BECKETT  
You're on.

CASTLE  
No mercy.

BECKETT  
I'm going to make you hurt.

CASTLE  
You're gonna get hurt.

BECKETT  
What are we playing for?

CASTLE  
Pride. Or clothing.

BECKETT  
I think I have some gummy bears.

Off the two of them, settling in, we PULL BACK as Beckett  
starts to shuffle the deck and deals.

END OF SHOW