

The Punisher

by

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Revised by

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REVISION

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"The Punisher"

EXT. KUWAIT CITY - DAY

Two Humvees roll through Kuwait City, entering a refugee camp in a slummy section. Detritus of Operation Desert Storm (rubble, mangled cars, etc.) is everywhere. SUPER: Kuwait City, 1991: Operation Desert Storm.

INT. U.S. ARMY HUMVEE - DAY

Green Beret Corporals Messina and Argento (early 20s) are up front driving/navigating. In the back, Col. MIKE MARS, 40, and Capt. JIMMY WEEKS, 25, examine dossier photos of 2 men.

COLONEL MIKE MARS

Ali El Haq and Massoud Hossad.
Both Iraqi. They escaped
detention, killed two U.N.
Peacekeepers. Our Delta Force
contact is Captain Castle.

EXT. TEA GARDEN DOWN STREET FROM REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

Down the street in a Muslim tea garden, we focus on a guy sipping tea, dressed as a UPI photographer, camera bag next to him. CAMERA PUSHES into his EAR, where in EXTREME CU we see a RECEIVER from which emanates:

COLONEL MIKE MARS

Cameraman this is Gypsy, need intel
on suspect locations, over.

Castle, the photographer/Delta Force Op, lifts his tea cup, revealing in EXTREME CU a micro-transmitter in its ceramic handle. He barely whispers:

CASTLE

The tenement, north end. Can't
confirm number. Advise: wait for
reinforcements. Don't bet until you
know the odds, Colonel.

INTERCUT - CASTLE IN TEA GARDEN/MARS AND WEEKS IN HUMVEE

CAPTAIN JIMMY WEEKS

Didn't Custer say that?

COLONEL MARS

Custer didn't have air support.

CASTLE

Neither do we.

EXT. KUWAIT CITY - REFUGEE TENEMENT COURTYARD - DAY

The atmosphere is tense as COL. MARS, Corp. Messina, and another Green Beret advance on the tenement's right; while on the left CPT. Weeks, Corp. Argento, and another Green Beret advance.

IN THE TEA GARDEN

Castle watches uneasily. He can see what Col. Mars cannot: a STREET PEDDLER is signaling to a WOMAN IN A BURKHA who signals to a MUEZZIN CALLER on the roof...

CASTLE

Abort Colonel...abort...

IN THE REFUGEE TENEMENT COURTYARD

Before Col. Mars can react the Tenement's 2nd floor shutters bang open and IRAQI GUNNERS fire. Corp. Messina is blown back, dead. Corp. Argento is hit in the chest.

COLONEL MIKE MARS

Fall back...FALL BACK...!!

The teams return fire and fall back, dragging the dead and wounded into the Tea Garden.

EXT. KUWAIT CITY - TEA GARDEN - DAY

The Green Berets take cover in the tea garden portico. Corp. Messina lies dead. Capt. Weeks hovers over Corp. Argento, who is geysering blood. Castle, dodging BULLETS, reaches them. Fire continues. While they keep low to avoid bullets, Castle finds morphine and a tourniquet to stanch the blood. He talks while he works on the bleeding soldier, occasionally returning fire.

CASTLE

So between the first and second quarters of the SuperBowl, you see a good looking guy like yourself, and he's rock climbing in a T-shirt, and he's really buff and he's watching a radar screen and you're all pumped up from the game. Guy says, Be All You Can Be, you say, yeah, I want to be a radar guy with six-pack abs. Am I right?

ARGENTO

Y-yes sir.

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

Next morning, the Army recruiter promises you, and promises your mother, that war isn't what it used to be, no more soldiers on the ground, it's one big video game, we let the smart bombs do the work. So you sign up to be all that you can be and today you find out that the recruiter lied to you and that all you can be is dead.

ARGENTO

Yes sir.

CASTLE

And you want to go back home and teach him a lesson about promises to your mother, don't you?

ARGENTO

Something like that sir.

CASTLE

So, you tell me, is dying on today's menu?

ARGENTO

(life is back)

How did you know it was the Superbowl?

CASTLE

That's what I tell all the guys with big sucking chest wounds.

ARGENTO

Thank you, Captain.

Argento is stable.

COLONEL MIKE MARS (INTO TAC RADIO)

Team Alpha-Zebra-Taurus! Three men down, I have three men down, requesting air evac!

CASTLE

You can't land choppers here! They've got RPGs and ground-to-air!

COLONEL MIKE MARS

Back off Captain!

CONTINUED: (2)

Castle pulls off his photog garb, exposing body armor with custom harnesses. He grabs the dead soldiers' over-under machine gun/grenade launchers, clips them on, and rises...

COLONEL MIKE MARS (CONT'D)

What are you doing?...CASTLE...!

Castle sprints off.

EXT. KUWAIT CITY - REFUGEE TENEMENT COURTYARD - DAY

Castle runs zigzag toward the tenement, firing on the run, killing a MACHINE GUNNER and a second ROOF GUNNER. He reaches the tenement, shoves open the door, heaves in two grenades, waits for detonation, and enters guns blazing.

Then silence. Seconds pass.

EXT. KUWAIT CITY - TEA GARDEN - DAY

The courtyard is still. Seconds pass like hours.

CAPTAIN JIMMY WEEKS

C'mon Frank...

EXT. KUWAIT CITY - REFUGEE TENEMENT - DAY

Suddenly a grenade detonates and the Tenement's upstairs explodes, blowing two TERRORISTS from the building aflame. More explosions. A man blows out an upstairs window, riddled with bullets. Small arms fire. More men SCREAM.

Then silence. The dust settles.

The front door falls open, blown off its hinges.

The two IRAQIS stumble out.

Then Castle.

Covered in blood and rubble.

Delta Force. The Killer Elite.

Castle shoves the Iraqis to their knees, smacks them, and leans exhausted against the door, lighting a cigar.

EXT. KUWAIT CITY - TEA GARDEN - DAY

The Green Berets cautiously emerge from the Tea Garden. Col. Mars turns to Messina. Messina is dead. Col. Mars, in a rage, gets up and unholsters his sidearm.

EXT. KUWAIT CITY - REFUGEE TENEMENT - DAY

Colonel Mars walks up to one of the Iraqis and levels the gun at his head. Mars' hand shakes. Castle and Capt. Jimmy Weeks exchange tense glances.

CASTLE

I'm a Captain, so maybe they showed you a rule of engagement that's for Colonels only, but shooting unarmed prisoners of war is... usually on the war crimes list, Colonel Mars.

COLONEL MARS

(wild-eyed, hand shaking)
They're not soldiers, they're terrorists.

CASTLE

Well, yeah, but that's what they say about us.

Castle grabs Colonel Mars wrist as Mars FIRES. The gun discharges into the dirt. Castle wrests the gun from Mars and shoves him away. Colonel Mars composes himself.

COLONEL MIKE MARS

Secure the prisoners.

An Iraqi suddenly lunges for Colonel Mars, yanking the pin of a grenade hanging from Mars' body armor. Captain Weeks frantically spins away and rams Castle to the ground; they fall to safety behind the Tea Garden Portico.

An UNFORGIVING EXPLOSION. Colonel Mars and the Iraqi are blown to bits.

SLOW PUSH IN ON Castle as he stares in shock.

CASTLE

You saved my life.

WEEKS

Don't waste it.

Castle looks over the scene. Argento is dead. Everything is turned to shit.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. TAMPA SKYLINE - SUNSET

Aerial establishing and superimpose: 12 YEARS LATER.

BOBBY SAINT

Where'd you meet this guy?

EXT. TAMPA WHARF - NIGHT

BOBBY SAINT and NICKY DUKA walk from their parked BMWs to a moored Russian cargo ship. Nicky carries a briefcase.

NICKY DUKA

A hash bar in Amsterdam. Bobby, this guy is the real deal. He's ex-Army Rangers, speaks Russian, German, Arabic. He's got five Picassos. They're all stolen so he can't show them but that's five more than I've got.

And descending the gangplank is Castle, 12 years older, bleached white hair, a goatee, tinted glasses.

NICKY DUKA (CONT'D)

Tatum!

So that's what Frank is calling himself now. TATUM SHAW

CASTLE/TATUM SHAW

(points at Bobby Saint)

Who's he?

NICKY DUKA

Tatum Shaw, I'd like you to meet Robert Saint.

BOBBY SAINT

Yo.

CASTLE/TATUM SHAW

Yo? Yo? Did they teach Mr. undercover cop to say Yo at the Police Academy? Bad vibe. Bye bye.

And Castle turns around.

CASTLE/TATUM SHAW (CONT'D)

(to the crew)

He's a cop.

Bobby jumps at this.

CONTINUED:

BOBBY SAINT

The fuck I'm a cop.

CASTLE/TATUM SHAW

I don't know what you are.

NICKY DUKA

Whoa, Bobby, Bobby, easy easy.
You have to see things from Mr.
Shaw's perspective. He didn't
expect you here.

(to Tatum)

Mr. Shaw... Mr. Shaw, please.
Please. This is my friend. Believe
me, he is not a cop.

TATUM

You say that, but I don't know
that.

Tatum comes to an inch from Bobby's face, and looks him in the eye. This is laser vision. Bobby holds his own. Nicky takes a chance and whistles for someone. A U.S. Customs Agent exits the Customs Office and approaches.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Welcome to Tampa Bay. All
containers must be inspected by
U.S. Customs.

Nicky Duka hands an envelope to the Customs Agent, who opens it, flips through a stack of crisp \$100s, and walks off.

CUSTOMS AGENT (CONT'D)

Thank-you gentleman, your
containers appear to be free of
illicit goods.

Nicky Duka winks at Castle; Castle in turn waves an "all clear" sign up to the Cargo Ship's PILOT HOUSE. YURI ASTROV, accompanied by BODY GUARDS, exits the Pilot House and descends. Astrov's ex-KGB and looks it.

YURI ASTROV (RUSSIAN)

The money.

CASTLE/TATUM SHAW

He wants the money.

Nicky opens his briefcase. Astrov clicks on an ultraviolet wand to reveal the anti-counterfeit striping in each bill. Astrov mutters in Russian. Astrov, satisfied, motions to the

CONTINUED: (2)

pilot house and the ship crane - holding a CONTAINER - swings over the deck and clangs down on the dock. Astrov's bodyguards open it.

It's filled with cheap IKEA-like furniture. Astrov's men carry out a chair, dresser, and table. Astrov flicks open a SWITCHBLADE and knifes the chair's cushion, revealing .50 CALIBER AMMUNITION BELTS. They flip over the table, revealing hollow legs. Other men remove the dresser's back panel, exposing AK-47 ASSAULT RIFLES and GRENADE LAUNCHERS.

ASTROV

Money good, this good. We have deal. We do business again.

NICKY

Yeah!

Nicky Duka offers a high five to Astrov, who refuses it and takes the briefcase. FLOODLIGHTS bathe the pier in blinding light. Emanating from the surrounding warehouses:

VOICE (O.S., ON MEGAPHONE)

THIS IS THE F.B.I.! DROP YOUR WEAPONS AND PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

Everyone turns in shock.

BOBBY SAINT

Nicky, what the fuck is this?

Astrov's men draw assault rifles from beneath their leather trench coats. FBI and Tampa P.D. vehicles come from everywhere, a full court press with no way out. They're surrounded by 10 FBI AGENTS in body armor, and behind them, a perimeter of TAMPA PD OFFICERS.

CASTLE/TATUM SHAW

You brought a cop, Nicky, you brought a fucking cop and he brought his fucking friends!

NICKY DUKA

(same time as Bobby)
It wasn't me. I swear.

BOBBY SAINT

This is bad. This is really bad.

CONTINUED: (3)

FBI AGENT

You're under arrest for the
importation and sale of contraband
firearms...DROP YOUR WEAPONS.

Astrov's bodyguards don't comply. They (and Astrov) begin
moving slowly backward to the ship gangway.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

DROP YOUR WEAPONS! (AGAIN, IN
RUSSIAN)!

BOBBY SAINT

My father is going to kill me.

As an FBI Agent moves to cuff the Americans.

TATUM

Fuck it, Nicky, fuck you to hell!

Castle/Tatum Shaw suddenly pulls a .38 from a back-holster,
and the FBI open fire with 6 shots into Castle/Tatum Shaw's
chest.

NICKY DUKA

(horrified)

Tatum...!?

A Russian bodyguard loses his composure and fires a burst.
The FBI Agents open up, returning fire, killing him and
another Russian bodyguard. Nicky Duka hits the deck.

BOBBY SAINT, caught in the crossfire, spins and falls, his
chest shot through.

NICKY DUKA (CONT'D)

BOBBY!!

Astrov and the Russians, outgunned, drop their weapons and
throw up their hands. The FBI Agents move in and restrain
them. An FBI Agent cuffs Nicky Duka.

An EMS TRUCK screams across the pier. EMTs hurry to the
wounded men. Bobby Saint and the Russians are beyond hope.

EMT

These three are gone.

NICKY DUKA

(whimper)

Oh no, oh no, oh... no no no no.

CONTINUED: (4)

The EMT defibrillates Castle/Tatum Shaw but he flatlines.

EMT

He's done. I'm calling it.

(consults wristwatch)

1:37 a.m. Bag 'em and ship 'em.

The FBI Agents haul the Russians, Nicky Duka, and the U.S. Customs Agent (who's been yanked from his office and cuffed) to a waiting Police Van.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - CITY MORGUE - NIGHT

The EMT van, followed by an FBI black suburban, pulls into the City Morgue. The EMTs unload the four corpses.

INT. CITY MORGUE - AUTOPSY/STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The EMTs wheel in the corpses. The dead Russians and Bobby Saint are put in "refrigeration." The EMT unzips the Castle/Tatum Shaw corpse from the body bag. The corpse's DEAD HAND grabs the EMT's arm.

CASTLE

This wristwatch. If Mr. Drug Dealer asks you for the time and you check it on that government issue watch, Mr. Drug Dealer is going to give you a spanking.

The EMT - also an undercover Federal Agent - stubs out his butt and Castle sits up, shrugs off the body bag, unbuttons his "bloody" shirt, peels off the squib patches and wires.

EMT

Yes sir, thank-you, Agent Castle.
It's been an honor to work with you sir.

Former Army Capt. Jimmy Weeks, 12 years older like Castle, enters. Weeks is an FBI Agent now.

WEEKS

And the Oscar goes to...

Weeks and the other AGENTS clap.

CASTLE

"Perfect timing" Jimmy? "Like clockwork?" You were supposed to cover the Russians, I was supposed to pull the gun on Nicky and you

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE (CONT'D)

were supposed to kill me, and if Nicky was going to bring a friend, you should have let me know. The kid upset the balance.

WEEKS

We beat the spread, Frank, they didn't score at all.

CASTLE

This isn't football.

WEEKS

It's a figure of speech, that's all it is, and if you want to have a fight with me to make it easier for you to go, that's one game I will not play. Have fun in Puerto Rico. I'm going to miss you.

Weeks escorts Castle out. They pause in the exitway. A CHOPPER whirs in the b.g.

CASTLE

I'm gonna miss you, too.

They clasp forearms in a military hug and we see the depth of their friendship. They go way back.

Castle runs to the chopper. Weeks watches it lift off into the night sky. EMT 1 (an FBI Agent) calls to him:

EMT 1 (FBI AGENT)

Agent Weeks?

Agent Weeks reenters, walks back to Bobby Saint's corpse. The Agent is going through Bobby Saint's wallet.

EMT 1 (FBI AGENT) (CONT'D)

Here's his ID.

Weeks looks at the ID.

WEEKS

(stunned)

This is Bobby Saint.

EMT 1

Do you know him?

WEEKS

Have you ever heard of Howard Saint?

CONTINUED: (2)

EMT 1

No.

WEEKS

That's his choice. The IRS says he's everywhere. The FBI says he's nowhere. He's a currency broker, he converts pesos to dollars, it's a business, you can run it clean, you can run it dirty, or you can run it in a river of blood. He kills on suspicion, and he's a very suspicious man. So it's been five years since anyone has whispered a word against him. He's about as bad as they come.

EXT. TAMPA WATERFRONT - SAINT ESTATE - NIGHT

Establish.

INT. SAINT ESTATE - NIGHT

Two grim-faced men enter the foyer: JOHN SAINT (30s), Bobby's brother, a vicious sociopath; and LEONARD GLASS (40s) the Saint family's consigliere, a career criminal. They pass three enforcers, DANTE, SPOON, and T.J.

They arrive at the rear veranda where a man and woman are drinking cognac. He's around 50, with the body of a man who has a full gym in the basement. His wife 45 and at the height of her allure; in another era she would be Lucretia Borgia or Livia Augustus, her namesake.

They are HOWARD SAINT and wife LIVIA.

Leonard Glass stays in the doorway. John Saint approaches his parents. We can see them exchange words. There is confusion and disbelief, then Livia SCREAMS and nearly faints from shock. Howard Saint and John Saint exchange more words. Howard sees to his wife.

John Saint walks back to Leonard Glass.

JOHN SAINT

Get him out.

INT. TAMPA FEDERAL BUILDING - LOCK-UP - NIGHT

Nicky Duka sits chain-smoking in a cell. The door unlocks.

CONTINUED:

U.S. MARSHALL

Get up.

EXT. TAMPA FEDERAL LOCK-UP - NIGHT

Nicky Duka exits the building looking around. No one's waiting for him. He walks down the street. A limousine rounds the corner and tails him. Nicky walks faster. The limousine pulls ahead of Nicky and stops. The door opens.

Leonard Glass sits inside. 3 Saint enforcers, DANTE, SPOON, and T.J. climb out. There's nowhere for Nicky to run.

EXT. TAMPA - DESERTED STREET - NIGHT

Nicky's head thuds on the ground. Dante, Spoon and T.J. pick him up and work him over like loan shark leg breakers. Glass sits in the limo waiting. Nicky's left lying in the gutter.

LEONARD GLASS

You sell home grown pot by the ounce, Nicky, not by the barrel, you sell badly forged fake passports to Haitians. What inspired you to become the Mr. Universe of International Arms Dealers?

NICKY

I was infected by the virus of greed, but I'm learning my lesson.

LEONARD GLASS

Nicky? You haven't apologized for the death of Mr. Saint's youngest child.

NICKY DUKA

Okay, okay, I know how it looks, but Bobby, he buys pot from me and I tell him what I'm trying to do and how I don't have enough cash and he puts up most of it and he comes of his own free will. But if you're going to kill me now, would you leave my face alone, for my mother?

Glass motions. Dante, Spoon, and T.J. continue kicking Nicky in the head. Nicky screams through cracked lips.

CONTINUED:

LEONARD GLASS

(grabs Nicky by hair)

We just made your bail, if I'd wanted to kill you I would have left you in jail, and you would have rotted in a Federal prison and in some way that I can only describe as deeply pornographic, you would have been killed. But you're a small piece of shit and I don't want the karma of your murder on my soul.

(lights a cigarette)

On the other hand, maybe I don't believe in karma, in which case...

(to the thugs)

Guys?

Nicky Duka is crying.

NICKY DUKA

I'll tell you anything you want....

LEONARD GLASS

Then this'll be quick. I want to know one thing only. Who brokered the deal?

NICKY DUKA

His name was Tatum Shaw. And if it's any comfort to Mr. Saint, he's dead too.

HOWARD SAINT

It's no comfort, Nicky, not at all.

Saint walks into the scene. He's been watching from the shadows. The three toughs are standing close by. Nicky stays on the ground.

HOWARD SAINT (CONT'D)

What will bring me comfort, Nicky, is watching the slow death of the man who was supposed to be taking care of my son. Keeping him out of trouble. Look at you, Nicky, what would your father say if he saw you here? He died for me, Nicky. Your father was a man and he died for me. What would he say about his son turning my son into the police?

CONTINUED: (2)

NICKY DUKA

I didn't know it was going to happen like this, please.

HOWARD SAINT

Ignorance is no excuse.

Saint holds out his hand for a gun. T.J. gives it to him. Saint looks down at Nicky, the gun aimed at his face.

HOWARD SAINT (CONT'D)

The person responsible for keeping track of my youngest child has to die.

And Saint points the gun at T.J.'s shoulder and pulls the trigger, blasting T.J. back.

T.J.

Please, Mr. Saint. He told me he was going out for a drink.

HOWARD SAINT

You should have gone with him.

T.J.

I couldn't watch him every minute.

He shoots again, this time hitting T.J.'s knee.

HOWARD SAINT

Why not?

He fires, hitting the other leg.

T.J.

Please, Mr. Saint.

HOWARD SAINT

No.

He stands over T.J., and he fires, right into the heart. He drops the gun on T.J.'s chest.

HOWARD SAINT (CONT'D)

Thanks for letting me borrow this, but I don't need it anymore.

INT. CITY MORGUE - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Howard Saint and son John are escorted into the morgue by Tampa police. Weeks nods to the County CORONER, who unsheets Bobby Saint's corpse.

Howard Saint's voice is a choked whisper.

HOWARD SAINT

Look what they did to my boy.

WEEKS

So you are identifying this body as your son, Robert Saint?

HOWARD SAINT

He was a special boy. Very loving, very trusting. He believed that people were good. He didn't know that people lie, and someone lied to him. Someone promised him one thing and gave him another. Who was Tatum Shaw? Who did he work with? Who did he know? Who were his friends? Who stood to make money on this deal?

Weeks is surprised by this.

WEEKS

I'm sure your son had good qualities, but we can't talk about the case, Mister Saint. I understand your grief, but for your own safety, leave this to professionals.

HOWARD SAINT

Professionals, right. That's a good idea. I'll do that. Thank you.

EXT. CASTLE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Frank comes home, driven by two FBI agents. He gets out of the car, and they stay there. He rings the bell. AMANDA CASTLE, his beautiful wife, opens the door. She hugs him tight and they kiss.

Over her shoulder, we see that inside the house she's been packing everything for a move.

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

This was a hard one.

CASTLE

I knew I'd come home, but I know you didn't. And this was the last one.

AMANDA

I told that to Will, but he doesn't believe me.

CASTLE

Where is he?

AMANDA

You know.

EXT. CASTLE'S HOUSE -- DAY

A ball bounces off a wall. WILL CASTLE, ten, catches the ball and throws it angrily back against the wall, and catches it again. He throws it one more time, and a FIST reaches for the ball, catching it just before it would have hit the glove. It's Castle. He throws the ball against the wall and Will catches it. They continue to throw, and they talk.

WILL

Why are we always moving?

CASTLE

This is the last time.

WILL

You said that the last time.

CASTLE

I did?

WILL

Yes. You said, we're leaving California, and we're going to live in Virginia, and you were going to work in Washington and we were never going to move again.

Castle catches and holds the ball for a short beat.

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

Someday, I promise you, someday,
after we move to England, I'll tell
you why we had to move.

Castle throws it.

WILL

I already know.

CASTLE

You do?

WILL

You always say, Will, keep your
eyes open. I keep my eyes open.

Will reaches for the ball, which grazes his mitt and hits him
in the head.

CASTLE

Let's keep playing.

WILL

Not now, Dad. Maybe later.

Will walks away from his father.

EXT. TAMPA OFFICE TOWER -- DAY

Move into the lobby.

INT. OFFICE TOWER LOBBY -- DAY

The world of business, where good looking men and women lift
nothing heavier than a phone or pen, and make themselves
rich. We track with Howard Saint, Leonard Glass and John
Saint as they cross the lobby and go into the elevator.

LEONARD GLASS

I called the right guy in New York,
he called the right guy in Las
Vegas, he called the people in
Europe and Hong Kong, they've even
got the Sicilians in this, just for
old time's sake.

JOHN SAINT

And who was Weeks?

CONTINUED:

LEONARD GLASS

FBI Special Agent James Weeks. Age 37. Former Green Beret. Recruited by the FBI 8 years ago, recently assigned to the Bureau's Florida Division. Two sons, divorced. Pays his taxes, avoids hookers. No drug problems. But here's something interesting, he does business with one of our clients.

HOWARD SAINT

Who?

LEONARD

The Toro Brothers.

Saint stops.

HOWARD SAINT

Do you think that's a coincidence?

John looks to Leonard, and indicates to say 'no'.

LEONARD

What do you think?

HOWARD SAINT

When you're born in the swamps, you don't laugh about the thin line between this world and the other. There's a reason things happen. Weeks and the Toros? If this isn't a message from something beyond the world we see, how else can you explain what you just told me?

INT. SAINT MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Livia Saint sits before the fireplace with a PHOTO SCRAPBOOK of Bobby. She tears the photos from the book and stacks them on the fire. They ignite. Howard Saint appears behind her. Together they watch the photos burn. Livia's eyes burn more fiercely than the fire.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CASTLE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Frank is having a nightmare.

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

No guns... no... no put it
down... what'd you do... put it
down..

Amanda watches him.

We move through the house to Will's room. Will is awake. He's
worried about his Dad.

EXT. YBOR CITY - "EL TORO" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Ybor City, Tampa's Cuban barrio. A nightclub with a sign:
"TORO" over a huge neon bull. Cuban gangsters loiter on the
stoop, smoking hashish/tobacco cigars. A limousine pulls up.
Howard and John Saint, and Leonard Glass get out.

INT. "EL TORO" NIGHTCLUB - OFFICE OVER GAMBLING PIT - NIGHT

MIKE TORO and JOE TORO, Tampa's leading Cuban gangsters, hold
court with Howard Saint, John Saint and Glass. They're in an
office overlooking the Toro's gambling pit.

MIKE TORO

For ten years we've done business,
for ten years you've handled our
money, and this is the first time
you've come to my office. This is
the first time you've seen where
the money comes from. You never
invited me to your house, and I
know you're not a silver spooner
anymore than me, so why not be
social?

HOWARD SAINT

My son is dead.

JOE TORO

We didn't kill him.

HOWARD SAINT

I didn't say that. I said my son is
dead.

MIKE TORO

I can't bring him back, Howard, so
if you think I'm Jesus Christ,
you're in the wrong church.

CONTINUED:

HOWARD SAINT

We've been following someone who knows who killed my son. We followed him here.

MIKE TORO

And this fuck is in my club, drinking my rum and playing cards at my table?

JOE TORO

We'll kill him right now.

HOWARD SAINT

No.. Something else.

The Saints and Leonard Glass look down at the gambling pit --

Where FBI Agent Jimmy Weeks walks past the blackjack tables to the roulette wheel. The clientele is mostly white and upscale. Mike nods to Joe. Joe picks up a phone. A PIT BOSS puts his hand to his earphone, looks up at the camera in the sky, and nods. He walks to the croupier and says something, the croupier nods as Weeks puts his chips on the table.

The wheel spins.

CUT TO:

NT. "EL TORO" OFFICE - NIGHT

Weeks sits in a chair staring at the Toros.

WEEKS

Lay one hand on me and 50 Federal Agents will raid this place in the morning - with warrants.

MIKE TORO

Go get your warrants. "Hey Your Honor, we want to bust this illegal gambling joint where I lost 200 grand." You'll be a meter maid before breakfast.

WEEKS

You shouldn't have given me credit.

JOE TORO

You busted me, I'm a bad judge of character, which is my problem, but

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JOE TORO (CONT'D)
you still have to make good, in any
way you can.

Weeks stares at the Toros, not yet understanding.

Mike Toro raps his knuckles on the door.

A pause. The door opens.

And Howard Saint and Leonard Glass enter the room.

HOWARD SAINT

If you were a father, you'd
understand why I can't stop until I
find out what really happened to my
son. I told you, I'd go to the
professionals. And here you are.

Weeks blinks at Howard Saint as it dawns on him what they
want...and --

CUT TO:

EXT. PUERTO RICO - WOODEN PIER (UNDERWATER) - DAY

BUBBLES burst from a SCUBA regulator. Castle, in SCUBA gear,
watches Will, free-diving, swim down to a tank and regulator
on the sandy bottom. Will breathes off the regulator.
Castle signals "thumbs up." Will points past Castle, who
turns and looks at a 10 foot BULL SHARK harmlessly swimming
past the barnacle-encrusted wooden pier pilings next to them.

Castle makes the hand signal: "ascend." Will ditches the
regulator and kicks upward. Castle follows.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - WOODEN PIER - DAY

Castle and Will break to the surface next to an old wooden
pier in a cove down the coast from the Castle estate,
outfitted as a boat refueling station with gas pumps.

They wave up to Amanda and Castle's parents, standing on a
knoll above the cove.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - KNOLL ABOVE COVE - DAY

Amanda takes in Puerto Rico's eastern (unpopulated) coast.
Castle SR. and wife BETTY are showing their daughter-in-law
his island retreat.

CONTINUED:

FRANK SR.

Nature preserve on one side, rocky beach on the other, I looked five years to find a place like this.

Castle and Will trudge up the knoll with fins and masks.

FRANK SR. (CONT'D)

How'd he do?

CASTLE

He did the free dive to the submerged tank. I've seen Navy SEALS do worse.

WILL

We saw a shark!

FRANK SR.

That little bull shark's back?

AMANDA

What's "little?"

CASTLE

12 footer.

FRANK SR.

Ahh, that's nothing. So long as you're not bleeding, they're not biting.

Amanda stands there aghast, watching 3 generations of Castle men - Will, Castle, and Castle Sr., walk off together.

BETTY CASTLE

Nothing you can do about it honey, you married a Castle.

EXT. TAMPA CEMETERY - DAY

A line of limousines are parked in a hillside cemetery. Downtown Tampa in the b.g. Mourners are walking from Bobby Saint's funeral. Paparazzi and news crews are working.

Howard Saint and John Saint walk Livia to their limousine and help her in. Howard Saint gets in next to Livia. A car pulls up next to them. Leonard Glass gets out and tosses a MANILA ENVELOPE on Howard Saint's lap.

INT. HOWARD SAINT'S LIMOUSINE - DAY

Howard Saint removes two FBI CONFIDENTIAL files from the envelope. The first is an investigation file on Nicky Duka:

INSERT - FBI FILE HIGHLIGHTED LANGUAGE

Arms sale scheduled between Astrov and N. Duka of Tampa, Florida. Sale arranged by Undercover Code Name Alpha Zebra....

BACK TO SCENE

Howard Saint hands the 1st file to Livia and opens the 2nd, marked UNDERCOVER OPERATIVE PROFILE, containing Castle's military dossier and PHOTOS of Castle as a Delta Operative in Iraq, standing with Weeks, and later dressed as "arms dealer" Tatum Shaw.

LEONARD GLASS

Tatum Shaw never existed. His real name is Frank Castle. The name, connections, apartments in Europe, none of it was real. Not even his death.

HOWARD SAINT

Maybe it was, maybe he came back from the dead just to die again.

LEONARD GLASS

You have your chance. He's leaving for England next week and he's at a family reunion in Puerto Rico.

HOWARD SAINT

I want you to be there, so you can tell Livia how he died.

Leonard Glass begins to walk off.

LIVIA SAINT

Wait.

(Glass stops)

The family.

(she lifts her veil)

His whole family.

Howard Saint nods, consenting.

Leonard Glass closes the door. The limousine drives off.

INT. PUERTO RICO - CASTLE ESTATE - NIGHT

A table long enough for everyone, piled with food. Frank. Sr. is banging his glass, and by the look in his eyes, this is not going to be his first drink of the night.

FRANK SR.

Quiet! I just want to say!

BETTY CASTLE

You just want to say you're drunk.

FRANK SR.

Betty, when a Castle gets drunk-

BETTY CASTLE

(to everyone)

-He falls asleep, if you know what I mean.

Everyone laughs.

WILL

I don't get it.

AMANDA

And you shouldn't.

FRANK SR.

But seriously folks: -I've always wanted to say that- But seriously folks, this is the first family reunion we have had in five years, and that's too long. We don't see each other like this enough. Look at us. Italian Castigliones, Irish Careys, these two sides of the family that, when you put them together... you get a boy like my grandson. You get the future. Will, the future belongs to you. And to all of you kids... all of you. I love you all.

General hum of "And we love you."

FRANK SR. (CONT'D)

So. Drink one for Dublin, drink one for Rome.

They drink.

CONTINUED:

Amanda looks at Frank. He has turned his face away. He has tears in his eyes.

CASTLE

Excuse me.

He walks away. His mother looks concerned, Amanda/mouths, 'it's okay'.

AT THE DOCK

Frank sits on the dock.

AMANDA

What happened? What's wrong?

CASTLE

I'm home. I'm finally home. It's over. It's really over. I love you so much. And I'm really sorry for...

AMANDA

You don't have say it. I married you. I knew what I was doing. And I'd do it again. You and I... we're not lucky, we're blessed.

She hugs him, and he breaks down, and cries for twenty years of death.

They begin to make love.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - COAST - NIGHT

The Castle estate is 2 miles downshore. We hear OUTBOARD ENGINES which cut to an idle. Two sleek, menacing, CIGARETTE BOATS glide to a mooring. 8 men (we don't yet see their faces) get out of the boats and head into the palms.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Castle and Amanda watch him sleep.

CASTLE

(whisper)

We should have another.

CONTINUED:

AMANDA
(whisper)
I'm ready.

WILL
(he was awake)
Another what?

CASTLE
Goodnight, Will.

WILL
Wait. I bought something for you.

He reaches under his bed and pulls out a crudely wrapped package.

CASTLE
It's not my birthday.

As he opens the package.

WILL
I know, but... I saw it... in a window. It was the only one. And I knew you had to have it.

It's a T-shirt with THE SYMBOL.

CASTLE
It's my size.

WILL
Will you wear it?

CASTLE
Yes, but not every day, this is too special for every day.

WILL
That's what I think, too.

Frank kisses Will on the forehead.

EXT. CASTLE ESTATE PERIMETER -- DAY

Eight men (we do not yet see their identity) move through palm groves toward the compound.

INT. CASTLE ESTATE - MAIN HOUSE -- DAY

Everyone is in the thatched hut bar/dance area. There are two sets of musicians in the family, one set is Irish, the other is Italian, and they're having a battle of the ethnic bands.

EXT. CASTLE ESTATE -- DAY

Bolt cutters shear a lock. The men are on the grounds. Silent signals, they spread out as planned.

INT. CASTLE ESTATE - GAZEBO -- DAY

This is just exuberance and dancing, Castles dancing Irish jigs and Careys dancing Italian folk dances; children dance with old people, cousins flirt, teens reach for drinks and get their hands slapped by mothers, mothers look away and teens drink anyway, couples are loose enough to kiss in public, everyone is happy.

Frank Sr. signals to Castle, let's take a stroll. They walk away.

Will throws a football to his mother, they move down to the beach and play catch.

INT. FRANK SR'S STUDY -- DAY

Frank walks to a custom made gun case in a room decorated with his father's medals and his own high school sports trophies. There are two gun cases, a tall one for rifles and shotguns, and a locked glass covered table for antique pistols.

CASTLE
The 1911 Colts...

FRANK SR.
What about them.

CASTLE
You did something to them.

FRANK SR.
I fixed the actions.

Castle tries to open the case, but it's locked.

CASTLE
Can I see?

CONTINUED:

FRANK SR.

No. You're finished with guns. I prayed... I prayed every night, every night, for you to come back home. To do something else with your life, not for you, but for my grandson. I don't want my grandson to have a room like this. That bayonet, I used it. That rifle, I killed with it. The Colts? Some US Marshall in Tombstone Arizona used those a long time ago. They're out of service.

CASTLE

Then why'd you fix the actions?

FRANK SR.

Because I wasn't praying for myself.

CASTLE

You always told me that someone had to do the fighting, and better it be men of honor like the Castles, or none at all.

FRANK SR.

That was when the world made sense. Let Will do something better.

CASTLE

Amen.

EXT. GAZEBO -- DAY

Castle's mother, dancing with a little boy, collapses to the floor.

INT. FRANK SR.'S STUDY - DAY

Castle has seen his mother fall.

CASTLE

Mom?

EXT. GAZEBO -- DAY

Then a bullet tears through one of the teenagers' faces, sending blood everywhere.

INT. FRANK SR.'S STUDY - DAY

PUSH IN on Castle, his worst fear realized. The two men grab rifles from the tall gun case and run out.

EXT. GAZEBO -- DAY

As the family runs away, unseen killers cut them down.

It happens that fast.

Glass and Enforcers 1-4 move on the Castle family on the beach while John Saint and Enforcers 5-8 surround those on the patio. They start shooting Castle's family, execution-style. Single shots to the head. Cold and clinical.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Amanda pulls Will behind the rowboat, out of view. They watch the killings through a hull crack.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - PATIO - DAY

JOHN SAINT

Find his wife and son!

John Saint, Glass, and Enforcers 5-8 fan out across the property while Enforcers 1-4 move on the Main House.

EXT. BEACH - BEHIND DERELICT ROWBOAT - DAY

Amanda frantically looks around; she sees their RENTAL JEEP sitting in the beach access drive.

AMANDA

I'm going to count to three, then we're going to run to that jeep, okay?

WILL

Mom what's happening? Where's dad?

AMANDA

Dad'll be okay, you have to do what I tell you honey. One...two...

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - PATIO - DAY

Enforcers 1-2 move on the Main House. Enforcer 1 yanks open the back door and charges in and BOOOOM, he's immediately blown back out. Castle steps through the threshold, pumping a SHOTGUN, and blows away Enforcer 2.

CONTINUED:

Enforcers 3-4 take cover behind the gas grill. Frank Sr., exiting behind Castle, shotguns the grill's PROPANE TANK. The tank EXPLODES, killing them.

EXT. BEACH - BEHIND DERELICT ROWBOAT - DAY

Amanda and Will run to the Jeep near the beach access drive. Amanda pushes in Will and scrambles behind the wheel.

John Saint, fanning across the beach with Enforcers 5-8, hears the Jeep IGNITION. They turn and open fire on the fleeing jeep.

INT. RENTAL JEEP - DAY

Bullets PING off the rear bumper. Amanda floors the Jeep onto the main coastal road.

EXT. CASTLE ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

John Saint, Glass, and Enforcers 5 and 6 (referred to hereinafter as DANTE and SPOON) get in Castle Sr.'s PICKUP TRUCK.

JOHN SAINT

(to Enforcers 7, 8)

Where's Castle?

The Pickup truck peels out.

FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Castle and Frank Sr. run to the front yard. As they round the corner of the house - BOOM - Enforcer 7 appears, firing.

Frank Sr., shotgunned, crumples to the ground.

Enforcer 7 pumps his shotgun, but Castle's on him. He headlocks Enforcer 7 and snaps his neck. Enforcer 8 garrotes Castle from behind. Castle is losing consciousness. Suddenly Enforcer 8's grip weakens and he collapses, Frank Sr.'s BAYONET buried in his back.

It was Frank Sr.'s last heroic act.

Castle goes to his father. Kneels. Frank Sr.'s mortally wounded, finished, nothing Castle can do for him.

FRANK SR.

Go.

CONTINUED:

Castle is overwhelmed by his father's courage - but the soldier in him takes over. He sprints across the yard, gets in the station wagon and ROARS off down the coastal road.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - COASTAL ROAD - DAY

Amanda's Jeep races down the coastal road. The Pickup with Saint, Glass, Dante, and Spoon, closes fast.

INT. AMANDA'S JEEP - DAY

Amanda comforts Will, who's staring out the back window.

AMANDA

Mom's going to find help.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - COASTAL ROAD - DAY

Dante and Spoon fire at the Jeep from the pickup. The Jeep's tire blows out. The Jeep veers into a power pole.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - CRASHED JEEP - DAY

Amanda and Will, shaken but uninjured, scramble out. Amanda grabs Will's hand and pulls him toward the old WOODEN PIER where they were scuba diving the previous day.

Behind them, the pickup truck bears down.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

John Saint accelerates for Amanda and Will.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - COASTAL ROAD - DAY

Amanda turns, her eyes widen. The pickup wipes frame and we hear the impact as they are run down.

WIDER ANGLE

We see Amanda and Will's bodies on the road.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Castle pulls up to Amanda's crashed Jeep. There's no one inside. He keeps going down the road. Then he sees them.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - COASTAL ROAD/WOODEN PIER - DAY

Castle stops and runs to his murdered wife and son in front of the old wooden pier. He drops to his knees and takes them in his arms. He SCREAMS.

CONTINUED:

In the b.g., the pickup truck u-turns.

Castle gets to his feet. The pickup truck bears down. Castle doesn't retreat, but advances determined, FIRING.

The blast hits the pickup's front grille.

The pickup veers wildly, fishtailing across the road.

Glass fires a burst from his machine gun.

BULLETS rip into Castle's leg. He goes to one knee.

The pickup u-turns again.

Castle, gunshot, hobbles down the Wooden Pier.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - WOODEN PIER - DAY

Castle staggers to the end of the pier where there's a dingy with an outboard. His only escape.

The pickup pulls up to the wooden pier and John Saint, Glass, Dante and Spoon get out.

John Saint levels his gun and FIRES.

The bullet hits the powerboat's outboard. It explodes, blowing Castle backwards. The boat starts sinking.

Castle, groggy, stirs on the dock. Dante and Spoon approach, kicking his gun clear. They lift him to his feet. John Saint walks up and viciously hits Castle. Again, again, again, enjoying it. He steps back, drawing a 9mm.

JOHN SAINT

My father sends his regards.

(clicks back hammer)

This time they're not blanks.

John Saint shoots Castle. Point blank. No mistake.

Castle sinks to his knees, shot straight through his chest.

Glass clicks the re-fueling tank's nozzle and lets a STREAM OF GASOLINE run across the wooden pier. Glass, John Saint, Dante, and Spoon step back. Glass flicks a ZIPPO LIGHTER and tosses it to the dock. The flame runs down the dock into the refueling tank.

The WOODEN PIER BLOWS SKY HIGH, sending the pick up truck into the air and then into the water.

EXT. WOODEN PIER - DAY

Castle is blown into the water.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - COAST (UNDERWATER) - DAY

Castle sinks as a curtain of fire wipes the surface above. He's bleeding heavily and concussed, but not finished.

On the bottom, he sees the SCUBA TANK left behind from Will's SCUBA lesson.

He sinks to the regulator and weakly takes it in his mouth. He starts breathing. His BLOOD begins to cloud the water.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - (NOW DESTROYED) WOODEN PIER - DAY

John Saint and Glass walk to the edge. The destroyed, smoking pier is sinking into the swirling water below. Nothing could have survived that. And a SHARK FIN slices the water. The bull shark is returning.

LEONARD GLASS

Bon appetit.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - COAST (UNDERWATER) - DAY

Castle, bleeding heavily, sees the SHARK circling above. He turns to the island's underwater CAVE OPENINGS. Dragging the SCUBA tank and sucking on the regulator, Castle pulls himself along the rocky bottom toward the caves.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - COASTAL CAVES (UNDERWATER) - DAY

Castle pulls himself through a cave opening. Behind him the BULL SHARK has picked up the blood scent and is homing in. Castle ascends, pulling the SCUBA tank with him.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - CAVES - DAY

Castle surfaces inside the cave. The shark closes. Castle pulls himself onto a ledge; the shark fin passes agonizingly near. Castle winces. Coughs up blood. He looks around.

He's on the rocky bank of an underground river (common to the Caribbean) running to the sea. With the last of his strength, Castle drags himself down the rocky bank.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - (NOW DESTROYED) WOODEN PIER - DAY

John Saint, Glass, Dante, and Spoon walk to the pickup and drive off.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - DOWN COAST FROM DESTROYED PIER - NIGHT

Castle sees - through an opening in the cave wall - the moon.. He squeezes through, emerging under a rock outcropping down the coast from the destroyed wooden pier. He staggers into the surf. Waves crash against him. His eyes roll back. He falls backward on a slab of rock, unconscious.

DISSOLVE TO:

A HALLUCINATORY SEQUENCE

-- our eyes flutter open. We hear the SPLISH SPLOSH of feet in the surf. A man is staring at us. A native West Indian. We lose consciousness.

-- we regain consciousness. We're on a boat of some kind, a little wooden dugout, being borne across the sea.

-- We're walking down the beach. Amanda and Will are there. But they fade from view. We SCREAM.

-- We regain consciousness. We're in a smoky room now. A huge PARROT stares at us. We lose consciousness. CUT TO --

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - NIGHT

Nicky Duka in tight C.U.

NICKY DUKA

Get that hunk-a-junk outta the way...!

Nicky Duka's now the Valet Captain at All Saints, Howard Saint's nightclub and de facto headquarters. Valets ferry luxury cars. A Bentley pulls up. Howard and Livia Saint get out, Livia in a tight black number dripping diamonds. John Saint pulls up behind them in a Lamborghini.

NICKY DUKA (CONT'D)

(sycophantic)

Big crowd tonight Mr. Saint...you look beautiful Mrs. Saint.

Livia rudely brushes past Nicky, ignoring him, moving toward the entrance with her husband. John Saint tosses Nicky his keys and slaps a TAMPA DAILY NEWS in Nicky's chest, walking off. Nicky Duka turns over the paper. The headline: MASSACRE IN PUERTO RICO

Photos of the Castle Estate, bodies, Castle, etc.

CONTINUED:

NICKY DUKA (CONT'D)

Holy sh.....

Nicky drops the paper like he's going to puke, white as a sheet. The Saints enter the nightclub.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - DAY

The club is a blend of sophistication and depravity, and Howard and Livia Saint move through it to a private lounge area where Leonard Glass and John Saint are waiting champagne glasses. They all toast.

HOWARD SAINT

To Bobby.

ALL (UNISON)

To Bobby.

LIVIA SAINT

To a score settled.

They all drink. The music changes. John Saint is beckoned to the dance floor by a silicone-enhanced blonde.

HOWARD SAINT

Leonard, could you dance with Livia?

Glass takes Livia to the dance floor, leaving Howard Saint to be mobbed by mob-world enforcers. From the corner of his eye Howard Saint watches Leonard Glass dance with his wife. Livia's affection for Glass is obvious and they dance well together. There's a COMMOTION across the room. MIKE and JOE TORO, the Cuban gangsters, are entering the club.

HOWARD SAINT (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

ACROSS THE NIGHTCLUB

Howard Saint walks up and smiles.

HOWARD SAINT

It's good to see you here, but next time, you're coming to the house.

JOE TORO

And we'll have you for Thanksgiving. Howard, this town is big enough for both of us.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Mike Toro moves across the floor, cutting in on Glass. Glass and Livia don't quite know how to react. Mike Toro's drunk and loose and having a good time.

LIVIA SAINT
Leonard, who is this?

MIKE TORO
(wildly drunk, too
familiar, hands roaming)
You're Livia, I'm Mike, this is
Lenny, I do business with Howard.
We're third cousins, and we should
be nice to each other.

LEONARD GLASS
Mike, this is Mrs. Saint, and
you're Mister Saint's guest.

MIKE TORO
And it's a party, Leonard, tell
this beautiful woman to have
another drink and I'll show her how
I cha cha cha. Besame, baby, besame
mucho. That's Spanish for...

LIVIA SAINT
I know what it means.

Livia slaps Mike Toro's face, startling him. Toro rubs his cheek, staring at Livia. She walks away.

ACROSS THE FLOOR

Livia stalks back to the table past Howard Saint.

LIVIA
Don't bring business home.

Howard Saint watches her, then turns to Joe Toro. He shrugs.

INT. SAINT MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Howard and Livia Saint stand on the balcony overlooking glittering Tampa Bay.

HOWARD SAINT
I have something for you.

CONTINUED:

He takes a velvet case out of his pocket. She opens it. Two beautiful diamond earrings.

LIVIA
They're beautiful.

HOWARD SAINT
No, you're beautiful, without you,
they're just diamonds.

She puts them on, and then...

LIVIA
They're all I need.

And she steps out of her dress. They kiss.

INT. PUERTO RICO - CANDELARIA'S DRIFTWOOD SHACK - DAY

Weeks later, indicated by Castle's bristled face. Castle stirs. His eyes open wide. He attempts to move. The pain is excruciating. He manages to sit up. He's in a shack made from what appears to be driftwood.

PARROT
Who's your daddy?

Castle turns. The PARROT from his dream sits there.

PARROT (CONT'D)
My name is Bob.

CASTLE
Bob.
(looks around bewildered)
Where am I?

PARROT
(mimicking)
Where-am-I-where-am-I-where-am...

Castle looks at his chest. It's bandaged with worn muslin wraps. His leg and shoulder. Bandaged too. He painfully stands and shuffles to a broken mirror hanging on the wall. Runs his hands through two weeks of beard. The broken mirror merges with --

CASTLE'S HALLUCINATION

-- the broken mirror shards of Amanda's crashed jeep...and Amanda and Will. Running. Lying dead. Castle Srs. Blood on the patio. The other murders. It's terrifying.

CONTINUED:

SNAP...Castle pulls himself out of it.

Castle hears FOOTSTEPS outside. Someone's coming. Castle looks around for a weapon. He grabs a rusty knife from the kitchen table. It'll have to do. The door swings open. SANDALED FEET cross the threshold.

CANDELARIA

A bullet in the leg, that's just one bullet, a bullet in the leg, a bullet in the shoulder, and a bullet in the chest? That's very interesting, very interesting.

The door slowly swings open, revealing MANUEL CANDELARIA, the last old man of the sea.

CANDELARIA (CONT'D)

You look silly with that knife.

He turns and walks out. Castle looks at the knife in his hand, suddenly feeling foolish. Castle follows him.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - CANDELARIA'S ISLAND - DAY

Candelaria walks to his dug-out boat. Castle follows, shuffling. The Puerto Rican coastline lies across the sea.

CASTLE

How long have I been here?

No answer. Candelaria picks up a DOLPHIN FISH from his dugout boat.

INT. PUERTO RICO - CANDELARIA'S DRIFTWOOD SHACK - DAY

Castle finishes his fish. Candelaria pours rum. They drink in silence. Castle is rum-drunk, exhausted, fading. The parrot is hopping around the table. Candelaria gives him a faded newspaper, with the story of his family's death.

CANDELARIA

You think you're ready to go back?

CASTLE

Yes.

CANDELARIA

You're not.

Castle falls asleep again.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - CASTLE ESTATE - DAY

Weeks later. Castle, further recovered and moving better, paddles ashore on Candelaria's dug-out. He stares at his parents' property. Castle continues toward the house, ducking orange CRIME SCENE TAPE strung between palms.

EXT. CASTLE ESTATE - DAY

"For Sale" and "Estate Auction" signs hang in the yard. Castle approaches the house. The front door is plastered with crime scene tape. Castle stops. He hears voices in his ears. SCREAMS. He sees FLASHES of the killings.

INT. CASTLE ESTATE - MAIN HOUSE - DAY

Castle kicks in the front door and enters. All the furniture and artwork has been tagged for auction.

INT. FRANK SR.'S STUDY - DAY

The gun case.

Castle's hand smashes through the glass. He takes the guns.

He looks at the PHOTOS of Amanda and Will. He hears VIOLIN MUSIC. He turns.

Amanda is standing there playing. Castle scrunches his eyes...SNAP...she's gone. Castle grabs the .45s and exits.

EXT. CASTLE ESTATE - BEACH - DAY

Castle, with his father's .45s, staggers down the beach. He sits on a log and unpockets the Amanda/Will photo and stares at it. He finally breaks down and weeps uncontrollably. He sees something o.s. Black cloth knotted with seaweed. Castle pulls the cloth from the sand, shakes it...

...it's the SKULL T-SHIRT Will gave Castle.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - CANDELARIA'S ISLAND - DAY

Castle ties the skiff to Candelaria's dock and walks to the shack carrying the items from his parents' house. Candelaria, with Bob perched on his shoulder, stares at the .45 in Castle's hand.

CASTLE

I'm leaving in the morning.

CONTINUED:

CANDELARIA

I know.

CASTLE

Thank you.

CANDELARIA

(don't even say it)

Where are you going?

CASTLE

You read the papers.

Castle walks off.

CANDELARIA

Vaya con Dios. Go with God.

Castle turns.

CASTLE

God's gonna sit this one out.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. FAIRFAX, VIRGINIA - CEMETERY - (MORNING) DAY

Morning haze lifts as we move through rows of headstones. We pause at three: AMANDA CASTLE 1968 - 2004, WILLIAM CASTLE 1996 - 2004.

CASTLE stands staring at the graves. He kneels.

CASTLE

I'll see you soon.

Castle exits frame. ANGLE WIDENS to include a chain wrapped around a third headstone: FRANCIS CASTLE 1968 - 2004. Castle's headstone. We hear a truck REV. Castle's headstone rips from the ground and CUT TO:

EXT. VIRGINIA CEMETERY - (LATER) DAY

A Groundkeeper is cutting grass on a John Deere ride-em' lawnmower. He suddenly brakes. He sees something peculiar. Castle's headstone has been ripped from the earth.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. TAMPA - HOOKER'S POINT - DUSK

Establishing. Hooker's Point is the old wharf, now a vista of smokestacks, slag, rusted metal. Utterly depressing. In the middle of this, a solitary tenement apartment.

EXT. HOOKER'S POINT - TAMPA RENT CONTROL APARTMENTS - DUSK

Resident JOAN, 30s, is planting flowers in a pathetic little garden by the stoop. She's reserved, tired, seen too much of the world's dark side. Frayed, but with hidden beauty. A CLANGING and BANGING noise emanates from the apartment's loft warehouse. Joan turns and stares, listening.

INT. BUMPO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Resident STANLEY BUMPO, a 500 pound fat man with corresponding esteem problems, working his way through a stack of deepdish pepperoni pizzas, watches a soap opera with the volume turned up LOUD to cover the CLANGING NOISE. A NEW SOUND is too loud to ignore and he looks out the window. A crane is lifting STEEL PLATES into the loft above the apartment building's garage.

INT. SPACKER DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Resident SPACKER DAVE, 23, a Generation Z slacker with 36 facial piercings, is playing "Doom 3" on a monitor amongst a bay of TVs receiving satellite feeds: Brazilian Soccer, Danish porn, the German Parliament, etc. Dave hasn't cleaned or picked up anything for 3 years. All the TVs suddenly blink with static.

SPACKER DAVE

DAMN.

Spacker Dave crawls out the window.

EXT. CATWALK OUTSIDE SPACKER DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spacker Dave rides a makeshift cart across a catwalk, following his TV CABLES, to the adjacent rooftop where he's illegally pirating feeds from a satellite dish.

EXT. ROOFTOP ADJACENT TO SPACKER DAVE'S - NIGHT

Dave begins adjusting his cable feeds. He hears a RUMBLING ENGINE below. A 1971 CHEVELLE SUPERSPORT is wheeling into the garage below. Castle (we see his silhouette) gets out.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Spacker Dave joins Mr. Bumpo and Joan (tying the apron of her waitress uniform) at a window overlooking the garage. They're friends because they have no one else.

SPACKER DAVE

A supercharged 1971 Chevelle
Supersport with double over head
cams.

MR. BUMPO

Why would you even want that kind
of information in your brain?

SPACKER DAVE

It's like gum underneath a table.
It just sticks there until you want
to chew it again.

JOAN

He hasn't slept all week.

MR. BUMPO

How do you know?

JOAN

Because I haven't slept all week.
When he moved all that steel in, I
thought he might be an artist.

MR. BUMPO

How exciting!

JOAN

No. Artists don't live in Hooker's
Point, Florida.

SPACKER DAVE

And you're the expert on artists?

JOAN

I've known a few.

MR. BUMPO

So what do you think he's doing?

JOAN

Ask him.

CONTINUED:

SPACKER DAVE

(laughs)

Oh... yeah... that's... Joan, you
are so droll. Just so droll.

JOAN

You too, baby, and I'm late for
work.

SPACKER DAVE

'Night Joan.

MR. BUMPO

Are you up for American Idol,
Spacker Dave?

SPACKER DAVE

(of course)

What a stupid question, Mr. Bumpo.

BEGIN MONTAGE (rapid, quick-cut images)

1. CASTLE'S LOFT (NIGHT - MONTAGE) Castle ignites a welding torch and begins steel-reinforcing the loft's doors and windows, installing hidden gun placements.

2. CASTLE'S LOFT (NIGHT - MONTAGE) Castle exercises.

3. CASTLE'S GARAGE (DAY - MONTAGE) In morning sunlight, Castle hoists the '71 Chevelle's engine, begins rebuilding.

4. CASTLE'S GARAGE (DAY - MONTAGE) Castle steel-reinforces the '71 Chevelle's front driving compartment.

5. INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT (ENDING MONTAGE)

Castle slides a clip in his Colt .45s and slugs a whiskey, rising into FRAME wearing his son's SKULL T-SHIRT. He puts a leather jacket on over it and zips it up, hiding the shirt.

6. EXT. CASTLE'S GARAGE - SUNRISE

The '71 Chevelle (repainted black, headers, ram-air), burns rubber onto the street.

EXT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - NIGHT

Nicky Duka - face and teeth healed now - pulls his Corvette out of All Saints. Down the street HEADLIGHTS click on.

EXT. TAMPA COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Nicky Duka walks his coffee to his 'Vette. WHUMP, a car hits his rear fender. A '71 Chevelle.

NICKY DUKA

See that fender, you fuck? It's worth more than your life!

(drops coffee)

Oh shhhhhhiit...!!

Castle gets out of the Chevelle and gruffly collars Nicky and SLAM CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nicky Duka - stripped to the waist and hanging from his wrists like a rack of ribs - stares at Castle, terrified.

NICKY DUKA

Look Tatum...

CASTLE

It's not Tatum.

NICKY DUKA

Right, Castle, wait a second...

Castle raises an acetylene torch and - POP - ignites it.

NICKY DUKA (CONT'D)

...uhm, what's the torch for?

CASTLE

Oh this? Just a little something I learned from the Taliban. Question:

(draws close)

Who gave me up?

NICKY DUKA

I don't know anything about it.

CASTLE

Not the right answer.

(slower this time)

Who gave me up?

NICKY DUKA

The Saints tell me nothing!

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

Nothing? They pay your rent, your legal bills...you should know something.

(holds up torch)

Two thousand degrees. Enough to turn steel into tofu. But the paradox of... well, what I like to call... the Persuader is that when I put it to your skin it won't feel hot. Isn't that not what you expected? Isn't science fun? Nicky? Isn't science fun.

NICKY DUKA

Uh huh.

CASTLE

The flame sears your nerve endings shut and that kills them. It hurts, it's just not hot. And then you go into shock and all you feel is... cold.

NICKY DUKA

I swear I'm telling the truth!

CASTLE

But you still know you're burning because of the smell. Have you ever smelled burning human flesh, Nicky?

Castle takes a position behind Nicky Duka. Nicky squirms, turns, trying to see what he's doing.

NICKY DUKA

I don't know shit....!!!

(Castle jabs him)

...ARGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!

We hear SIZZLING. Smoke and steam. Castle smiles. Jabs Nicky again. Flesh SIZZLES. Nicky Duka writhes.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Spacker Dave and Mr. Bumpo come out of their apartments, reacting to Nicky Duka's agonized screams.

MR. BUMPO

Should we call the police?

CONTINUED:

SPACKER DAVE

Let's stay out of it. He's a very scary man.

MR. BUMPO

Maybe he's killing someone! Maybe we're next!

SPACKER DAVE

Exactly!

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nicky Duka is apoplectic, gasping....

NICKY DUKA

I don't know, really, stop it... please!

ANGLE BEHIND NICKY DUKA

Castle is jabbing Nicky with a popsicle (the "cold" sensation) while running the torch over hot dogs on a tin plate (the smoke, sizzle and smell). Castle jabs again.

NICKY DUKA

All right! I'll tell you anything! I'll tell you anything you want to know.

CASTLE

I bet you say that to all the guys.

Castle removes the popsicle.

NICKY

Oh, God, that hurts. You're a sick man, Castle.

CASTLE

I don't want to know about me.

And he jabs again with the popsicle.

NICKY DUKA

I'm not a strong person, I'm a very weak person, but I'm not a stupid person and I keep my eyes open and that's why no one kills me. I don't know who turned on you, but I know other stuff.

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

Tell me.

NICKY

I know how the Saints and the Toros are connected. They don't think I've been watching, but I have. And I know you'll kill me if I don't tell you what I've seen.

CASTLE

Keep going.

NICKY

Bobby told me how it works, and if his father knew that I know, he would have killed Bobby himself.

MONTAGE CONTINUES

7. YBOR CITY (NIGHT - MONTAGE) Saints, Glass, and Toro Brothers at El Toro nightclub. Handshakes and smiles. Inside (shot through doorway) Huge CACHES OF UNSORTED MONEY being stuffed in suitcases. WHILE THIS IS ON SCREEN WE HEAR NICKY DESCRIBING IT TO CASTLE.

NICKY

The Toros make money from gambling and drugs. It's an all cash business. They give it to the Saints.

8. TAMPA COMMODITIES EXCHANGE BUILDING (NIGHT - MONTAGE) Saint Enforcers offloading cash suitcases into the Exchange.

NICKY (CONT'D)

The Saints count it, sort it, and get it out of the country. They have an operation in the Cayman Islands.

9. TAMPA HARBOR (NIGHT - MONTAGE) John Saint pays a CORRUPT HARBOR MASTER while, in the b.g., the cash suitcases are loaded onto a cargo ship marked with a Cayman Island Manifest.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Once the money is deposited in the Caymans, Saint has it wired to banks around the world, who send it back to his bank in Florida, and then the bank "loans" the money to

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

NICKY (CONT'D)

the Toros, who never pay it back.
And the Saints take forty percent.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Castle jabs Nicky one more time.

NICKY DUKA

ARGGHH...for the love of..

(Castle shoves the
popsicle in Nicky's
mouth)

...humppphhh.

Castle cuts Nicky down. Nicky falls to the floor,
momentarily confused.

CASTLE

For the first time in your life,
you told the truth.

Nicky runs his hands across his back. Looks up at Castle.

NICKY

That wasn't very nice.

CASTLE

Really? How many people have I left
alive? And are you sure I've made
my mind up about you?

10. CASTLE'S LOFT (NIGHT - MONTAGE) Castle sits before a trunk of weaponry, explosives, and military equipment and begins constructing a homemade version of the torso-mounted weapon harnesses we saw in Kuwait City 12 years before.

11. TAMPA MOVIE THEATER (NIGHT - MONTAGE) Castle photos Livia, exiting her parked Mercedes and entering a downtown movie theater.

12. TAMPA BARBER SHOP (NIGHT - MONTAGE) Castle photos Leonard Glass and young male BARBER in the barbershop's rear alley. It looks like a shakedown. It's not. Glass and the Barber kiss. Castle gets the picture.

13. ABOVE SAINT COMPOUND (DAY - MONTAGE) Castle photos (zoom lens) Howard and John Saint leaving the Saint mansion.

14. LEONARD GLASS' TOWNHOUSE (DAY - MONTAGE) Castle photos Leonard Glass leaving his opulent waterfront townhouse.

EXT. '71 CHEVELLE - SUNRISE

Castle drives from Hooker's Point into Downtown Tampa. The Chevelle's interior resembles the bus cab from "The Gauntlet" - steel-lined with collapsible viewing slats.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - DAY

Early morning rush hour in Tampa's business district. The sidewalks are jammed with lawyers, bankers, paralegals, secretaries, etc. all hustling to work.

INT. TAMPA COMMODITIES EXCHANGE - 20TH FL. - DAY

Two ACCOUNTANTS transfer BALES OF \$100 DOLLAR BILLS from a walk-in safe to a dolly. One of them stops. Sniffs something. Turns. Sees an ACETYLENE TORCH burning through the rear stairwell door. He lunges for a gun when the door bursts open. Castle stands in the threshold with a shotgun.

CASTLE

On the floor.

The Accountant drops the gun to the floor.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

Wheel the money to the window and throw it out.

ACCOUNTANT 1

Mister, these deposits are insured by blood.

CASTLE

Are you afraid to say his name? Are you afraid to say that this money belongs to Howard Saint?

ACCOUNTANT 1

If you know who he is, then you have to know he'll fuck your life up.

CASTLE

He already fucked my life up.

Castle pumps the shotgun. The Accountants get the message and roll the dolly to the window.

EXT. TAMPA COMMODITIES EXCHANGE - DAY

Saint Enforcers Dante and Spoon (executioners in Puerto Rico) exit a delivery truck. The sidewalk pedestrians are scattering and screaming. Dante and Spoon look around. What in the world is happening? A \$100 dollar bill lands at their feet. Then another. Another. They look up.

THE SKY IS SNOWING MONEY. \$100 bills. Thousands of bills. Bale upon bale is blowing out the 20th floor window!

Lawyers, bankers, secretaries chase the money, stuffing bills away. Dante and Spoon race to the building's entrance but they're pushed back by people piling out.

INT. TAMPA COMMODITIES EXCHANGE - 20TH FL. - DAY

Castle shotgun-prods the Accountants into the walk-in safe and kicks it shut. He grabs the last cash bale and hurries across the floor to the rear-facing windows and looks out.
IN THE ALLEY BELOW

are trash dumpsters. Castle drops the cash bale, which plummets 20 stories and lands PLONK! In a dumpster.

EXT. TAMPA COMMODITIES EXCHANGE - VARIOUS ANGLES - DAY

Mayhem. The \$100 bills still fall. A TAXI DRIVER, grabbing for a bill on his windshield, crashes. A BIKER grabs for cash and steers into a fountain. Two POLICE CRUISERS block a pedestrian-clogged intersection.

INT. TAMPA COMMODITIES EXCHANGE - GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

Dante and Spoon force their way into the lobby to the elevator. The elevator DINGS and opens. Dante and Spoon look like they just ate worms.

Castle stands in the elevator.

CASTLE

Do they pay you for each one? Do you give a discount if it's more than ten?

Dante and Spoon slowly back up. Castle advances.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

I want to know how much you charge for your services.

CONTINUED:

Multiple CUTS of the men going for their weapons. Dante's nostrils flare, Spoon's brow sweats. They draw their semi-autos from beneath their coats.

Castle pulls back his jacket and draws.

SIX SHOTS spit from Frank's .45s.

Dante and Spoon collapse, THUDDING on the marble.

A sound in the corner. Castle whips around, training his gun. A terrified SECURITY GUARD cowers under the desk.

SECURITY GUARD

Don't kill me.

Tampa P.D. OFFICERS pour into the lobby.

POLICE OFFICER

Freeze! Hands in the air!

Castle drops his .45s and raises his hands and CUT TO:

EXT. TAMPA SPRINGS COUNTRY CLUB - 1ST TEE - DAY

Howard Saint, playing his weekly morning round, swings a five iron, crushing the ball to an elevated green. He squints. Saint and his bodyguards drive off in a golf cart.

EXT. TAMPA SPRINGS COUNTRY CLUB - 1ST GREEN - DAY

Howard Saint and bodyguards cart up to the elevated green. As the green comes into view, Howard Saint stops short. Something's wrong. Howard Saint answers his cell phone.

HOWARD SAINT

Yes.

JOHN SAINT (ON PHONE)

Dad, you're not going to believe this.

HOWARD SAINT

Oh, I might.

REVERSE ANGLE - WHAT HOWARD SAINT IS STARING AT

Castle's HEADSTONE from the Virginia cemetery has been forcefully rammed - with upturned dirt around it - into the middle of the pristine, manicured golf green. Right next to the pin and Howard Saint's golf ball.

CONTINUED:

The "date of death" has been chiseled off.

INT. TAMPA FEDERAL BUILDING - FBI BUREAU - DAY

The news about the Commodities Exchange has just come in. FBI Agent Jimmy Weeks hurries down the corridor with Tampa POLICE CHIEF EDWIN MORRIS and U.S. Attorney MARC FLYNN.

CHIEF MORRIS

This is interesting. The two men who were killed work for Howard Saint. The guard in the lobby says it was self-defense. The shooter's in Room 7, just brought in.

WEEKS

What do we know about him?

They stop outside INTERROGATION ROOM 7. Weeks drops his coffee cup. It SMASHES on the tile floor.

CHIEF MORRIS

Believe in ghosts, fellahs?

Chief Morris and U.S. Attorney Flynn continue inside. Weeks pauses, taking a breath, then proceeds inside.

INT. TAMPA CITY HALL - POLICE INTERROGATIONS - DAY

They enter. Castle is sitting, sipping coffee, staring straight ahead with emotionless eyes.

P.D. CHIEF MORRIS

Castle? I'm Tampa Chief of Police Edwin Morris. This is United States Attorney Marc Flynn. You know Agent Weeks.

CASTLE

(like he saw him
yesterday)

Hi Jimmy.

WEEKS

I spoke at your funeral.

CASTLE

What did you say?

WEEKS

I said it was hard to imagine you dead.

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

Anything you can imagine, Jimmy,
there's always something worse.

U.S. ATTORNEY MARC FLYNN

(steps forward)

Special Agent Castle, the lobby
guard corroborated your statement.
As for the...cash blizzard
downtown, and subsequent riot, I
can't place you at the scene
because, surprise, everybody's
taking the 5th. You will be
further questioned and may be
subject to prosecution. Don't
leave the country.

U.S. Attorney Flynn stares at Castle, then exits.

POLICE CHIEF MORRIS

Let's talk about Puerto Rico. What
can you tell us?

CASTLE

Nothing you don't know already.

POLICE CHIEF MORRIS

With your eyewitness account we can
get Murder 1 indictments.

CASTLE

I got shot. I woke up. That's what
I remember.

Morris and Weeks exchange a look.

WEEKS

But Frank...where have you been?

CASTLE

I forget.

POLICE CHIEF MORRIS

I know you're upset.

CASTLE

(rising to frightening
rage)

Upset? Is that the word? I used to
get upset when I had a flat tire. I
used to get upset when a plane was
delayed. I used to get upset when

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASTLE (CONT'D)

the Yankees won the Series. So if that's what upset means, than how do I feel now? If you know the word, tell me, because I don't know the word for what I really feel. Who gave me up?

He grabs Morris by the collar and lifts him against the wall. Morris is red-faced, shaking, scared shitless.

POLICE CHIEF MORRIS

No one from my department had anything to do with your family's murder.

WEEKS

Castle!

Castle releases Morris, who slumps against the wall, flushed and gagging.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

We'll get you a safe house.

CASTLE

I was in a safe house.

MORRIS

If they know you're still alive, they'll come back for you.

CASTLE

(walks to door, stops)

Don't worry about keeping me a secret. I'm in the phone book.

Castle exits..

POLICE CHIEF MORRIS

He's got a permit for concealed weapons, doesn't he?

WEEKS

Yes. Level-5.

POLICE CHIEF MORRIS

If the FBI can't stop that man from causing any more trouble in my city, I'll have him arrested, and if he resists, I'll have him shot.

EXT. TAMPA CITY HALL - DAY

Castle comes down the stairs. Weeks follows.

WEEKS

Frank.

(Castle keeps walking)

Frank!

(Castle finally stops;

Weeks approaches)

Morris is a local cop with no imagination and he didn't have the training you had, and I had. Forget about him, and forget about the Tampa PD. I'll find out who set you up. Just hang in there.

CASTLE

(this is about friendship)

You know what I lost. Don't talk to me about patience.

Castle continues down the stone stairs, walking through traffic across the street into a plaza.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

You hear that Howard? Come and get me!

AERIAL POV: Castle, tiny in the plaza, his voice booming.

BACK ON THE STEPS: Weeks watches him nervously. He unpockets a casino chip and begins nervously rolling it across this knuckles.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND TAMPA COMMODITIES EXCHANGE - DAY

Castle's Chevelle SuperSport pulls into the alley behind the Commodities Exchange. Castle, looking furtively left and right, lifts the cash bale from the dumpster, dumps it in his trunk, and rolls off.

EXT. HOOKER'S POINT - BAR/DINER - DAY

A run-down bar/diner down from the Rent Control Apartment.

INT. HOOKER'S POINT BAR/DINER - DAY

This is where JOAN works. She's a waitress, and she's at the cash register breaking up paper nickel, dime and quarter sleeves, watching Castle from the corner of her eye. He's at the end of the diner counter, alone, eating a plate of eggs.

CONTINUED:

The front door DINGS and Joan turns, her expression darkening.

JOAN

Get out of here, Mike.

MIKE, a hard-nosed tattooed guy, sidles up to the cash register. He has the wild-eyed look of a meth addict.

MIKE

I just want a cup of coffee. Coffee calms me down. They say that caffeine speeds people up but I have so much natural energy that what speeds up a normal person actually slows me down. And if you don't have coffee, I could really use some cash, I could really use about a couple hundred bucks.

JOAN

Mike, go back to rehab.

Castle looks up, disinterested.

COOK

Joan, table 12! Table 14!

MIKE

Joan, table 12, table 14.

JOAN

Mike, please.

Joan goes to the kitchen slot for two pancake plates.

AT THE END OF THE COUNTER - CASTLE

Watches Joan deliver the pancake plates. He sees Mike, alone at the register, dipping his hand into the cash slots.

AT THE REGISTER

Joan comes back behind the counter. Mike is gone. Her eyes instinctively fall to the cash register. The cash is gone.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Shit. I can't afford this now, oh, God, no... I can't handle this.

She slumps against the counter, hands to face.

CONTINUED: (2)

COOK

Joan, c'mon!...table 14!

JOAN

Here I am. Right here.

Joan composes herself and delivers the plates. She comes back. Castle too is gone, and he didn't leave any money.

JOAN (CONT'D)

He didn't pay.

She returns to the register. Sitting there are six \$100 bills. She picks them up, confused, then turns as Castle's Chevelle roars past the entrance. And CUT TO:

A LOCAL TAMPA NEWS ANCHOR IN CLOSE-UP

TV NEWSCASTER 1 (TV)

Our top story... Commuters awoke to something our own Accu-Weatherman could've never predicted - a hailstorm of cold cash. 50 million dollars was thrown off the 20th floor of the Tampa Commodities Exchange this afternoon...

EXT. TAMPA STREET - DAY

Window shoppers crowd a bank of TVs in a Radio Shack window. FOOTAGE shows the a.m. money-chasing in the downtown.

TV NEWSCASTER 2 (TV)

...authorities believe was a collection point for illegal proceeds, of which 15 million is still unaccounted...

INT. TAMPA DELI - DAY

Deli patrons crowd a counter TV. FOOTAGE shows Castle being taken into Police custody.

TV NEWSCASTER 3 (TV)

...in a related story Francis Castle was taken into custody at the scene in the shooting deaths of two men tied to the Saint Crime Syndicate.

EXT. TAMPA CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

At a construction site 10 brick masons watch. FOOTAGE shows Tampa Bay Chief of Police Chief Morris outside City Hall.

TV NEWSCASTER 4 (TV)

Castle was presumed dead after his family's gangland-style execution made national headlines in June.

INT. SPACKER DAVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mr. Bumpo's glued to Dave's bank of TVs, buzz-sawing through 3 stacked pepperoni pizzas, as Dave scrolls through 17 cross-indexed "Yahoo" search engine pages.

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR 1 (TV)

Sources now say that Castle was not a photojournalist as reported, but was participating in a Federal illegal arms investigation....

SPACKER DAVE

He did two tours with Special Forces. Delta Force. Speaks six languages...

MR. BUMPO

What's Delta Force?

SPACKER DAVE

He's like....Sergeant Rock. Bigger.

There's a RUMBLE outside. Mr. Bumpo goes to the window.

MR. BUMPO

It's him.

They go to the door. Spacker Dave opens it a crack. They hear footsteps...CLUNK CLUNK CLUNK...coming up the stairs. CASTLE passes by the door. Mr. Bumpo, straining to see, leans too heavily on Spacker Dave and...

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

...they fall out into the floor. CASTLE is down the corridor, menacing, larger than life.

SPACKER DAVE/MR. BUMPO

-- Hi there...

-- How are ya, Frank.

CONTINUED:

Castle turns and keys open his apartment. He looks back at them. He doesn't say anything. He goes into the apartment.

SPACKER DAVE

You called him Frank.

MR. BUMPO

That's his name.

SPACKER DAVE

Yeah, but.

MR. BUMPO

But what? He lives here, doesn't he?

INT. HOWARD SAINT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Howard Saint sits behind his desk. John Saint, Leonard Glass and the other Saint Enforcers lurk in shadows.

HOWARD SAINT

How is he still alive? I don't know I can't answer that, Leonard, I wasn't there. Why is he still alive? That's more interesting. Maybe he's still alive because he was meant to suffer even more.

Leonard Glass and John Saint are embarrassed about this.

HOWARD SAINT (CONT'D)

But we can't make him suffer if we can't find him. By now he's in a Witness Protection safe house, with real guards.

JOHN SAINT

We already found him.

LEONARD GLASS

Castle refused Witness Protection and rented an apartment on Hooker's Point. He drives an old Chevelle. Dial 411 and get his phone number.

(pointed)

He's daring us.

HOWARD SAINT

No. He misses his family and he wants to die. He's asking for help.

CONTINUED:

Howard Saint's expression sours.

EXT. SAINT MANSION - NIGHT

The Toros walk to their lime-green Cadillac as Livia pulls up in her car. Nicky Duka is waxing Howard Saint's Bentley. Mike Toro blows Livia a kiss and makes a lewd gesture imitating fellatio.

LIVIA
(sarcastic)
I don't suck Cuban cock.

MIKE TORO
Of course not. After the first
three hundred, you lose the taste.

Mike Toro gives Livia the finger. The Toros burn rubber out of the driveway.

INT. CASTLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Castle sits staring into a whiskey glass.

CASTLE'S HALLUCINATION

The same horrible flashes. Amanda. Will. Running. Lying dead. The other murders... SNAP

BACK TO SCENE

Castle is drenched in sweat, a hand clutching his forehead, the other clutching his glass so hard it... SMASHES. He hears POUNDING on a door in the hallway outside.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mike - the scumbag addict from the Diner - is pounding on Joan's door. He's wild-eyed, sweating, wasted on meth.

MIKE
C'mon Joanie, do you think I'd take that money for myself? Oh, right, Mike is selfish, Mike only thinks about himself, Mike never scores for anybody else, Mike never shares, no, no. And why should I share with you? You hurt my feelings!

He kicks at the door.

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)

I want to talk to you about how you hurt my feelings!

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joan, terrified, clutching a knife, leans on the door.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Spacker Dave and Mr. Bumpo warily leave their apartments.

SPACKER DAVE

Uhm...dude? It's 3 a.m.

MIKE

Yeah, it's three a.m. here, but what time is it in Hawaii?

MR. BUMPO

(assertive)

You should go right now.

MIKE

Shut your fucking face, lard ass.

MR. BUMPO

Or stay.

MIKE

Joan! Let me in!

He kicks. The door could give way.

SPACKER DAVE

I'm gonna call the cops.

Mike advances on Spacker Dave.

MIKE

You're a cop, aren't you? You've been following me. I want you to stop following me.

Dave, terrified, backs up. Mike slaps him upside the head. Again, harder. Again, even harder. And just when Mike is about to unload on Dave with two big, clenched fists....

CASTLE

Excuse me.

CONTINUED:

Mike turns. Castle, menacing and back-lit, stands in the threshold of his loft apartment.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

I'm trying to sleep.

MIKE

People think, oh, Mike, he can't do his tricks anymore, he doesn't have the, the, the, the speed anymore, but watch this.

Castle doesn't move. Mike advances on Castle, brandishing a BUTTERFLY KNIFE, making it dance in an impressive show of bladesmanship, which ends when - CRACK - Castle's fist flattens his nose.

MIKE (CONT'D)

My nose! You broge my dose!

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joan listens as - THWACK, CRUNCH, WHAMM - Castle beats Mike to pulp and kicks his ass down the stairs. Then silence. Joan exhales. She opens the door.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Spacker Dave and Bumpo, having just witnessed Castle kick serious ass, stand there with mouths agape.

SPACKER DAVE

Nobody's ever stuck up for me before.

Mr. Bumpo presses a kerchief to Dave's bloody nose.

MR. BUMPO

Let's put some ice on that.

They move into Bumpo's apartment. Castle's alone with Joan. They regard each other. Castle withdraws to his apartment.

JOAN

I met him... it doesn't matter where I met him. I made a mistake one night. I mean he's pathetic now but a few years ago he was, anyway, now he's my latest ex-boyfriend.

CONTINUED:

CASTLE
Keep it that way.

Castle turns, begins to walk off.

JOAN
You're Castle.

CASTLE
I used to be.

JOAN
We saw you on TV.

CASTLE
I don't have one.

JOAN
I'm Joan. Dave's the guy with all
the uhm metal, and Bumpo's the...
large guy. I don't know how to ...
We're really sorry.

CASTLE
About what?

JOAN
Your family.

CASTLE
Did you know them?

JOAN
No.

CASTLE
I'm over it.

Joan looks beyond Castle - into his apartment - and sees the
whiskey bottle and glass on his kitchen table.

JOAN
Don't let your memories kill you.

CASTLE
(he means it one way, she
won't understand the
other way)
They won't kill me.

And he shuts the door in her face.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Castle reenters, pours a shot, picks up the phone.

EXT. LEONARD GLASS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Establish Leonard Glass' opulent ocean-side duplex.

INT. LEONARD GLASS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Leonard Glass is sitting by his fireplace sipping wine. The phone RINGS. He grabs the receiver.

INTERCUT - CASTLE/GLASS

Castle uses a voice distorter.

CASTLE

Hi, Lenny.

LEONARD GLASS

Who is this?

CASTLE

Meet me in the Banana Republic in the Oceanside Mall tomorrow at 7 p.m. Give me \$5000, and I'll give you photographs of you and your barber. Come alone. There are one point eight billion people on the internet. If you're not there, they'll all have the pictures by midnight. It's your choice.

CLICK. Leonard Glass thinks a moment. He goes to his wall safe and begins spinning the dial.

INT. SAINT MANSION - NIGHT

Howard Saint comes through the house. John Saint is in the bar with a glass and bottle of scotch.

HOWARD SAINT

Where's Leonard?

JOHN SAINT

He called, said he'll be here later.

HOWARD SAINT

Have you seen your mother?

CONTINUED:

JOHN SAINT
(consults wristwatch)
Right about now she's buying
popcorn.

HOWARD SAINT
(remembers)
Right, Monday.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Livia Saint, following her Monday routine, pulls her Mercedes into the movie theater where Castle photographed her during the montage. She emerges in a workout dance-skin, walks to the marquee, pays for a ticket, and enters.

Castle emerges from shadows, unpocketing carjacking tools.

INT. LIVIA SAINT'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Castle enters and jack-starts the ignition. He rummages through Livia's gym bag on the passenger seat, finding Livia's DIAMOND EARRINGS (Howard's birthday present), and a JADE BROOCH.

EXT. LEONARD GLASS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Castle pulls Livia's Mercedes up to Glass' duplex. He parks in a space marked "handicapped", then gets out and strolls down the sidewalk. It doesn't take long. SCREECH. A Tampa PARKING ENFORCEMENT VEHICLE pulls over. The Parking Guy gets out, shaking his head, writing a \$100 Ticket which he slaps on the Mercedes' windshield. He drives off.

Castle strolls back to the Mercedes, grabs the parking ticket, gets in, re-ignitions, and drives off.

INT. BANANA REPUBLIC -- NIGHT

Leonard Glass waits beside a rack of underpants. A SALESMAN approaches.

SALESMAN
Don't know your size?

LEONARD
Go fuck yourself.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Castle re-parks the Mercedes exactly where Livia left it, gets out, and bleeds into the shadows.

EXT. TAMPA BAY - SUNRISE - DAY

The sun bursts over glistening Tampa Bay Harbor.

EXT. TAMPA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Syndicate Assassin EDDIE LAU exits a taxi with a backpack and a bamboo kendo stick.

PUNK ON STREET

It's Bruce fuckin' Lee.

ANOTHER PUNK

Nobody believes that one inch punch
shit.

Lau extends his fists into their sternums. They fly as if pulled by wires into the garbage cans. Lau walks off, pulling from his pocket a PHOTO of Castle.

EXT. HOOKER'S POINT - DAY

A nondescript sedan moves through Tampa's industrial area.

INT. EDDIE LAU'S SEDAN - DAY

Eddie Lau scans the road ahead, passing the Hooker's Point bar/diner. He brakes. Castle's Chevelle SuperSport sits in the parking lot.

INT. HOOKER'S POINT BAR/DINER - FRONT BOOTHS - DAY

Castle is in the corner alone, eating. He unzips his leather jacket, his twin .45s hidden within. He's wearing just his son's T-shirt. He goes to the men's room, leaving his jacket and guns. Joan (in waitress outfit), and Spacker Dave (in cook's bib) are with Mr. Bumpo at a booth. Bumpo's working through the left side of the breakfast menu. A couple old guys, retired longshoremen etc. at tables in the b.g.

MR. BUMPO

Oh my goodness, these blueberry
pancakes are good Dave. What's he
been doing the last few days?

JOAN

Drinking. A lot.

MR. BUMPO

Why does he drink?

CONTINUED:

SPACKER DAVE

Why do you eat? Why do I spend all day in a video game? Because he's a troubled man. A haunted man. A man whose very deeds and responsibilities are so..so..so awesome he has to douse his central nervous system in alcohol.

(off their looks)

Or he just likes to get hammered.

DING. Eddie Lau - one scary fucker - enters, glaring, casing the place. Bumpo buries his face in the menu.

EDDIE LAU

The Chevelle outside. Is the owner here?

JOAN

He's getting some cigarettes down the street. Have a seat. Coffee?

EDDIE LAU

Spinach omelet. Ice water.

Joan, scared shitless, ducks into the kitchen while Spacker Dave heads for the Men's Room.

INT. HOOKER'S POINT BAR/DINER - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Broken tiles, peeled paint. Castle's washing his hands.

SPACKER DAVE

Mr. Castle, there's a man out there.

Castle draws his .45, puts his finger to his lips and cracks the door an inch, peering out. Eddie Lau sits in a booth.

CASTLE

Eddie Lau.

SPACKER DAVE

He didn't go to college with you, did he?

CASTLE

Can I ask you to do something for me?

CONTINUED:

SPACKER DAVE

Oh shit, I'm going to say yes and wish I hadn't.

INT. HOOKER'S POINT BAR/DINER - DAY

Minutes later. Spacker Dave puts Eddie Lau's steaming hot omelet on the counter and Joan walks it over to Eddie Lau. He begins eating, eyes trained on the entrance. He stops.

EDDIE LAU

This is...garbage!

CASTLE

How would you know?

Castle stands in the Men's Room threshold. Eddie Lau slowly gets up, fingers clutching his Kendo stick. Castle grabs a mop in a bucket in the doorway and snaps the handle.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

They paid you to kill me. So kill me.

Eddie Lau, eyes darting, figuring the angles, advances on Castle. Mr. Bumpo and the other patrons clear the hell out.

MR. BUMPO

Oh my goodness!

Joan and Spacker Dave crouch behind the counter.

INT./EXT. HOOKER'S POINT BAR/DINER - FIGHT SEQUENCE - DAY

The fight begins, escalating into a stunning, desperate, fight to the death, with state-of-the-art kendo choreographed by the best, designed to exhibit Castle's martial arts skills learned in Delta Force.

-- They square off in the diner. Across the tables.

-- They crash through the window onto the street. Pedestrians scattering.

-- Eddie Lau is too much for Castle and systematically beats him to near death, leaving Castle semi-conscious in the street. Eddie Lau draws his kendo sword from its bamboo case and holds it, poised, over Castle's head.

Castle fumbles, drawing a blade, just 3 inches, more like a prison-made shiv than a dangerous weapon. It looks wimpy, ineffectual in Castle's hand, almost laughable.

CONTINUED:

Eddie Lau smiles at Castle's blade and raises the sword to bring down on Castle's neck.

Castle presses the handle of his blade. It shoots like a bullet (we now see it's springloaded) from the handle and embeds in Eddie Lau's neck. Eddie Lau stands frozen, confused, disbelieving his own predicament. Blood gurgles up. Eddie Lau pitches over dead. Castle, panting, stands over Lau's corpse in the street, watched by pedestrians and looky-loos. Joan, Spacker Dave, and Mr. Bumpo, stunned, slowly emerge from the bar/diner, regarding Castle in awe.

A TBPD POLICE CRUISER and a TV NEWS VAN arrive on the scene. The cruiser screeches to a stop. TBPD OFFICERS get out, guns drawn. Castle throws up his hands, surrendering.

SPACKER DAVE

(awed whisper)

Whoah.

Spacker Dave is like Sal Mineo to James Dean in "Rebel."
He's got a new hero.

INT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - FEDERAL LOCK-UP - DAY

A Tampa P.D. Officer escorts Castle in restraints up to the Booking Desk.

BOOKING OFFICER

Charge?

COP

Felony Possession of a Class 3
weapon.

BOOKING OFFICER

A Block.

(consults watch)

Next bail hearing's 8 a.m.

CASTLE

Do I get a phone call

INT. FEDERAL LOCK-UP - DAY

Castle's allowed into a room with a table and four phones. The door shuts, leaving him in privacy. He dials.

INT. IRS OFFICE -- DAY

Ring Ring. An IRS AGENT answers. The call connects.

CONTINUED:

IRS AGENT
Internal Revenue, banking division.

CASTLE
If you want to know how Howard
Saint transports illegal cash to
the Cayman Islands, grab a pencil
and a notepad...

The IRS Agent hurriedly does so.

EXT. TAMPA HARBOR - MULLET KEY - NIGHT

Later that night. The sun sets over Mullet Key, a small
atoll at the mouth of Tampa Bay Harbor. Oil tankers pass in
the distance. Two cigarette boats, engines idling, move into
a dense mangrove thicket. John Saint emerges.

JOHN SAINT (SPANISH)
Mas rapido.

They begin to off-load bales of money. Suddenly floodlights
hit them. A COAST GUARD CUTTER rounds the shore. The IRS
agent is on board.

COAST GUARD CUTTER
This is the United States Coast
Guard. Put your hands in the air!

COAST GUARDSMEN come down the beach in body armor. John
Saint and the others are put under arrest. A coastguardsman
pulls the lid off a water-sealed compartment in the cigarette
boat. It's filled with BALES OF \$100 BILLS.

INT. HOWARD SAINT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Leonard Glass enters flushed and agitated.

LEONARD GLASS
John was arrested. Someone tipped
off the Coast Guard. The cash is
impounded.

HOWARD SAINT
Castle.

He heaves his glass against the wall.

INT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - CENTRAL LOCK-UP - NIGHT

John Saint is escorted by Federal Agents into the Lock-up.
They pass a row of communal cells. An Agent keys one open.

CONTINUED:

John Saint enters. They shut the cell door and exit. John Saint walks around the cell. He stops. Someone is watching him. In the adjacent cell.

Castle sits there.

John Saint, smoldering with rage, gives Castle the eye.

CASTLE

You think you're safe in here?

No answer.

JOHN SAINT

You have no idea what you're up against. You think we don't have you covered from every angle? You think we don't own the people we need to own?

No answer.

JOHN SAINT (CONT'D)

You're going to die very slowly, you're going to see yourself as you're cut apart. You will cry for the end, but we won't give it to you. That's right. We won't give it to you. We won't give you anything.

Finally.

CASTLE

You know something, John? The punishment for being you is being you.

A BOOKING OFFICER comes to the cell.

BOOKING OFFICER

Castle, bail hearing, five minutes.

EXT. YBOR CITY - "EL TORO" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A limousine pulls up to the Toro's nightclub. Howard Saint and Leonard Glass get out. Mike and Joe Toro come out. They stand there gloating and threatening.

MIKE TORO

Have you heard the news?

CONTINUED:

JOE TORO

A shipment of cash was seized on Mullet Key. Whose money was it?

MIKE TORO

Our mother always put her cash in the mattress, which I thought was a good idea until the house burned down. It was a big fire. She lost everything. That's what happens when you don't watch your money. You lose everything. Everything.

HOWARD SAINT

Fourteen out of fifteen shipments are perfect, are fucking perfect, and you're mad at me because one goes bad, and because you're mad you want to scare me? A lot of that money is mine. You can't get insurance for what we do. So I'm not going to cover your fucking losses, and if you try to get them from me, remember, I've got more guns.

The Saints and Leonard Glass get in their limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

LEONARD

Who do they think they are?

HOWARD SAINT

You think they're wrong? You think if we were in their position, we'd be forgiving?

(flushed with rage)

Don't give them another reason. You know what I want. Whatever it costs, whatever it takes. Call the Russian.

INT. TAMPA FEDERAL BUILDING - FBI BASEMENT GARAGE - DAY

The garage/motor pool in the Federal Building's basement. Weeks exits the elevator and walks to his Chevy Caprice. He stops short. Castle is sitting on the hood of Weeks' Chevy.

WEEKS

Frank?

CASTLE
I saw a psychiatrist.

WEEKS
You?

CASTLE
He said I'd never get over my grief
by killing people.

WEEKS
You really saw a psychiatrist?

CASTLE
A very wise man.

Weeks is playing with the Toro casino chip. Frank sees it.

WEEKS
If he brought you to a place of
closure, he's more than wise.

CASTLE
He said, if you want to find peace,
you won't find it in Tampa. So I'm
going.

WEEKS
Where?

CASTLE
I can't say.

WEEKS
You can tell me.

CASTLE
I'll send you a postcard. So,
goodbye.

A military hug.

WEEKS
You're the best.

Castle walks away and then turns back.

CASTLE
(looks at Weeks' car)
What happened to the Jaguar, Jimmy?
You loved that car.

CONTINUED: (2)

WEEKS

Well, you know, I wanted to buy American.

CASTLE

There should be more people like you.

WEEKS

I'm going to miss you.

CASTLE

Me too.

Castle gives Weeks car another look and bleeds off into the shadows. Weeks watches him.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - AMTRAK DEPOT - DAY

Morning COMMUTERS exit a train, all looking at someone. Syndicate Assassin THE RUSSIAN finally disembarks. 7'5", 450 pounds, with slim waist, a scar running the length of his head, and a spider web tattoo on his left shoulder. He's the scariest person who's ever lived.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

Castle sits shirtless, staring at a wallet photo of himself, Amanda and Weeks taken years before. CREAKING FLOORBOARDS are heard outside in the corridor. Castle assembles his .45, loads a clip, levels the gun, waits.

A KNOCK. Castle slowly approaches the door. He looks through the ID fish-eye. Satisfied, he steps back and opens the door. Joan stands there.

JOAN

It's Thanksgiving.

CASTLE

So?

JOAN

You're having dinner with us.

Joan looks at his kitchen table. Where most people have salt shakers and place mats - he has rags, gun solvent, bullets.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Would you clear the table?

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

I...

MR. BUMPO

You're not having Thanksgiving alone.

And Mr. Bumpo, followed by Spacker Dave come into Castle's loft wheeling a tv stand with a turkey, and all the trimmings. Joan and the guys start moving guns, knives and bullets out of the way as though they were toys.

EXT. CASTLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Later. They've eaten. Castle hasn't touched his food.

JOAN

It's Thanksgiving, and I want to say that I feel thankful to be alive this year, and to be sober.

SPACKER DAVE

Uhhh, I'm thankful for... this girl who gave me her number, I'm thankful that my Mom got out of jail, I'm thankful that I'm alive.

MR. BUMPO

What am I thankful for? Well, let's see. I'm thankful for a lot. Thanks for letting me lose ten pounds. Thanks for Diet Doctor Pepper. Thanks for all of you.

They look to Frank.

CASTLE

Thanks for dinner.

He gets up and walks to the far corner of the loft. Joan follows him.

JOAN

Say you kill them all. Then what?

Castle goes to the window. Looks out on the slag heaps.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Will your memories go away?

(draws closer,
uncertainly)

You can create new memories. Good

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JOAN (CONT'D)

ones. Good memories can save your
life.

Joan moves closer. She could kiss him. He could kiss her.
But he doesn't. And she knows he won't. And she wants him to.

CASTLE

I'm not what you're looking for.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - NAT'L BANK OF FLORIDA - DAY

Castle parks outside the bank. Enters with briefcases.

INT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - NAT'L BANK OF FLORIDA - DAY

Castle sits across from a pretty, efficient TRUST OFFICER.

TRUST OFFICER

A Beneficial Trust, Mr. Castle, is
usually set up by the client's
lawyer.

CASTLE

I'll do it myself.

Her eyes dart to the Tampa Daily News showing photos of
Castle and his latest carnage.

TRUST OFFICER

That's a lot of paper work.

CASTLE

If you don't have the time, I'll go
to another bank.

TRUST OFFICER

No, no, no. Let me just get the
preliminary information. Trustee,
amount, and which beneficiary?

CASTLE

(hands her paper)
It's all in here. Trustees,
amount, Beneficiary. Families
victimized by violent crime.

TRUST OFFICER

(reads paper, skeptical)
Ten million dollars? How will the
funds be transferred?

CASTLE

Like this.

CONTINUED:

Castle opens his briefcases on her desk. The Trust Officer stares in disbelief at the cash.

VOICE (O.S.)
EVERYONE ON THE GROUND! NOW!

Castle turns. Three BANK ROBBERS stand in the lobby, training shotguns on the Guards and Tellers. Robber 1 takes a Security Guard's gun and holds out a canvas bag.

ROBBER 1
Wallets and jewelry in the bag!

Robber 2 jumps the counter and rifles the Teller drawers as Robbers 1 and 3 collect wallets and jewelry.

An OLDER WOMAN is slow in opening her purse. Robber 3 pistol whips her. She falls, bleeding from the temple. Robber 3 viciously yanks the purse from her and begins rifling.

CASTLE (O.S.)
That takes a lot of courage.

Robber 3 whirls, staring at Castle.

CASTLE (CONT'D)
Hitting old ladies. What's your encore? There's a two year-old over there.

Robber 3 levels his gun at Castle's head.

Castle yawns. The tension grows.

Castle draws his gun and shoots Robber 3 in the head, turns and shoots Robber 1 through the chest, blowing him through the bank's window. Robber 2 hurdles the teller's counter with his cash-stuffed duffle bag and sprints for the exit.

Castle FIRES, hitting him in the leg, knocking him off his feet, causing him to fall through the glass revolving door. Castle walks up to him; he's grimacing in a pool of blood.

ROBBER 1
Lucky shot.

CASTLE
I was aiming for your head.

POLICE SIRENS wail in the b.g..

INT. TAMPA FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

U.S. Magistrate HARRY MCCALL stares at us.

U.S. MAGISTRATE HARRY MCCALL
 Having issued the license to Mr. Castle during his employment in various Federal Agencies, the Government may revoke the license at its discretion. Is this the Government's recommendation?

Castle stands before the bench, flanked by Tampa Chief of Police Morris, Weeks and U.S. Attorney Marc Flynn.

U.S. ATTORNEY MARC FLYNN
 It is, Your Honor.

U.S. MAGISTRATE HARRY MCCALL
 Mr. Castle's license to carry concealed firearms is revoked. Mr. Castle, are you currently carrying a concealed firearm?

CASTLE
 Yes Your Honor.

U.S. MAGISTRATE
 Please relinquish it to the bailiff, who will cause it to be delivered to your place of residence. So ordered.

Castle pulls out 5 handguns from various holsters. This makes an impression.

EXT. TAMPA COURTHOUSE - DAY

Castle comes down the steps. Police Chief Morris and Weeks follow.

POLICE CHIEF MORRIS
 I say to myself, all right, one self-defense killing, it happens. But wherever you go, people die. I might as well invite the plague. Get out of my city, Castle.

Police Chief Morris stalks off. Castle gets in his Chevelle and burns rubber. Weeks watches him, nervously pulling out his casino chip and rolling it across his knuckles.

EXT. TAMPA -- HOOKER'S POINT ROAD - DAY

Castle's Chevelle crosses the bridge from Tampa's glittering downtown into Hooker's Point.

INT. CASTLE'S CHEVELLE - DAY

Castle looks up in the rear view mirror. A '98 Bonneville rolls out from an alley, falling in behind.

EXT. TAMPA - OLD HARBOR DRAWBRIDGE - DAY

Castle's Chevelle rolls up to the Old Harbor Drawbridge leading to the Hooker's Point industrial wasteland. A garbage scow passes beneath.

INT. CASTLE'S CHEVELLE - DAY

SLAM...the Bonneville rear-ends Castle, boxing him against the raised bridge. Castle can see The Russian getting out with an AK-47. He instinctively reaches for his shoulder holster but his guns are gone.

Castle grips steel levers above his head and above the side windows, collapsing the spring-loaded steel panels he welded in, creating an impenetrable roll cage around him.

EXT. TAMPA - OLD HARBOR DRAWBRIDGE - DAY

The Russian empties the assault rifle into the Chevelle's side windows and windshield, blowing out the glass, but not penetrating the protective steel panels.

The drawbridge lowers. Castle peels out.

The Russian curses, changes clips, and gets in his Bonneville. He burns out over the bridge.

EXT. HOOKER'S POINT - INDUSTRIAL PARK ROAD - DAY

The Bonneville chases the Chevelle into Hooker's Point. They pass slag heaps and decrepit factories.

INT. THE RUSSIAN'S BONNEVILLE - DAY

The Russian FIRES a custom .50 sub-machine gun at Castle.

INT. CASTLE'S CHEVELLE - DAY

Castle throws the wheel, steering into an alley, watching the Bonneville follow in his side mirror. SMASH...Castle recoils and spits glass as a ROUND blows off the mirror.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

Castle's hit in the leg and shoulder. He continues up the staircase with Joan and Dave.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Spacker Dave and Joan duck into their apartments.

CASTLE

When the shooting stops, count to a hundred before you come out.

Castle staggers down the hallway dripping blood.

EXT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENTS - DAY

The Russian enters, seeing Castle's blood trail.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

The Russian comes down the corridor, passing the other apartments, following Castle's blood trail. He approaches the end of the corridor. The door to Castle's apartment has been left invitingly ajar.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

The Russian enters. Stops. Castle, unarmed, stands in his bedroom smiling.

CASTLE

They paid you to kill me. So kill me.

The Russian unloads into Castle. Castle doesn't look shot, rather "shattered." The Russian just shot a MIRROR positioned at a 45 degree angle inside Castle's bedroom.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - BEDROOM/BATHROOM - DAY

The Russian enters furiously. A crowbar SLAMS down on his head. The Russian turns. The crow bar is in Castle's hands, cocked baseball-style. The Russian smiles.

THE RUSSIAN

Ah...baseball! I like baseball.

The Russian swipes Castle's crowbar and swings it like a bat into Castle's chest. Castle, holding his ribs, staggers backward into the bathroom. Castle grabs a GRENADE from the sink, tosses it out, and slams the bathroom door.

CONTINUED:

The Russian disdainfully bats the grenade out the window --

EXT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENTS - DAY

-- it lands on the Bonneville's front seat and EXPLODES.

INT. CASTLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Russian pulls Castle out of the bathroom and hurls him across the bedroom. The Russian bends down and with very little effort, uproots Castle's toilet from the floor.

Castle charges the Russian as he swings the toilet, knocking Castle through the wall into --

THE LIVING ROOM

Where Castle groggily stirs.

The Russian hurls the toilet through the hole in the wall. Castle rolls away as porcelain shatters inches from his head. The Russian charges into the living room.

Castle pulls his spring-loaded knife from his boot. The Russian hoists Castle like a feather as Castle thrusts the knife into The Russian's shoulder. It has the effect of a mosquito bite. The Russian pulls the knife from his shoulder, discards it, and hurls Castle into the kitchen.

THE KITCHEN

Castle slams against the fridge and crumples. His head's spinning and he's trying to orient himself. This is a fight he cannot win and he knows it. The Russian grabs Castle and slams his head against the refrigerator door repeatedly.

THE RUSSIAN

How do you say in America: just
chill.

Castle reaches back for a bottle of bleach. He sprays the Russian's eyes, blinding him, and grabs the REVOLVER taped under the kitchen table. The Russian recovers and swipes the gun from Castle's hand, bending it like putty.

EXT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Castle hurtles through the air into the hallway. The Russian advances, again enjoying this.

INT. MR. BUMPO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mr. Bumpo, still bellowing opera, prepares to sink a basket of chicken wings in the boiling vat of vegetable oil.

EXT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Castle THUDS against Bumpo's door. We hear OPERA within. The Russian grabs a FIRE AX off the wall and charges Castle, who ducks.

INT. MR. BUMPO'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Russian explodes through the door and thunders inside. Mr. Bumpo's gut quivers as the fight continues, the action now cut to Verdi's "Rigoletto." The Russian slams Castle onto the cutting table next to the stove where Bumpo's vat of vegetable oil boils.

Castle grabs the vat and heaves it in The Russian's face. The effect is like napalm. The Russian YELPS, turning into camera as the boiling oil sears the flesh from his face.

THE RUSSIAN

ARGGGGGHHHHH!!

The Russian wheels away. Castle charges, slamming both through the doorway --

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

-- into the hallway where their momentum takes them to the top of the staircase. There's a moment of terrified recognition as The Russian knows he's falling.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

Down the stairs they fall...WHUMP WHUMP WHUMP over the stairs...careening and slamming into the lobby wall at the base of the stairs. Castle lands atop The Russian with the loud, sickening SNAP of neck bones breaking.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Spacker Dave and Joan emerge from their apartments and cautiously approach Castle at the top of the stairs. They look down in shock.

SPACKER DAVE

Holy shit, virtual reality in reality.

CONTINUED:

MR. BUMPO

Mr. Castle? Frank?

IN THE LOBBY BELOW -- CASTLE

rolls off the Russian. Looks up at Bumpo and Spacker Dave.

CASTLE

I'm fine. I'm fine.

(looks at the Russian)

He's not.

The Russian's head is hideously twisted, facing backwards.

IN THE HALLWAY ABOVE - CASTLE

dripping blood, staggers up the stairs to his apartment.
Joan and Dave follow.

INT. CASTLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Castle sits at his kitchen table, exhausted, a pool of blood forming at his feet. He slides off the chair to his knees.

JOAN

We've got to get him to a hospital.

CASTLE

No. No hospital. No police.

JOAN

You need a doctor.

SPACKER DAVE

I know what he wants.

Spacker Dave returns with the First-Aid and a 5th of Jack Daniels. Castle grabs the whiskey and guzzles it like Gatorade. Joan opens the First-Aid kit, removes scissors, and cuts away Castle's pantleg.

SPACKER DAVE (CONT'D)

Gee, you know what you're doing.

MR. BUMPO

Waitress, cook, nurse.

JOAN

I'm not good with much, but I'm good with a needle.

CONTINUED:

She pours iodine on Castle's wounds. He winces and downs more whiskey.

JOAN (CONT'D)
(to Castle)
This'll hurt.

Joan digs out hollow-point fragments from Castle's thigh and begins sewing the wound. Castle's eyelids flutter, he loses consciousness.

SPACKER DAVE
Is he going to die? He looks weak.
(Castle grips Spacker
Dave's arm, nearly
breaking it)
Appearances aren't everything. Uhm
Mr. Castle, you can let go now.

They hear CARS outside. Mr. Bumpo enters frantically.

MR. BUMPO
Does everyone with guns in Tampa
have this address?

EXT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENTS - DAY

John Saint, Leonard Glass, and Enforcers Lincoln and Cutter get out of their vehicles next to the burning Bonneville.

LEONARD GLASS
This time we see his body.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

SPACKER DAVE
We have to move him.

MR. BUMPO
Where? There's no place to go!

Spacker Dave - ceasing for all time to be a loser - rises to the occasion.

SPACKER DAVE
Sure there is.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY

John Saint, Leonard Glass, and Enforcers Lincoln and Cutter enter. They stare at The Russian's corpse on the floor. They start up the stairs.

INT. SPACKER DAVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Spacker Dave and Mr. Bumpo drag Castle into Dave's apartment, to the window, and hoist Castle into Dave's catwalk cart. Spacker Dave gets on the cart's edge. Joan gives the cart a push.

EXT. CATWALK OUTSIDE SPACKER DAVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The cart, bearing Spacker Dave and the unconscious Castle, rolls across the catwalk to the adjacent rooftop.

INT. SPACKER DAVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Spacker Dave rolls back, climbs in the window, and shoos off Mr. Bumpo and Joan.

SPACKER DAVE

Get outta here! Don't answer the door!

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Bumpo and Joan exit Dave's apartment and enter their own as Leonard Glass, John Saint, Lincoln and Cutter come up the stairs, following Castle's blood trail.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

Leonard Glass, John Saint, Lincoln and Cutter enter. They look around. It's deserted. They go back into the hallway.

INT. MR. BUMPO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mr. Bumpo lies on his bed, sweating, terrified, staring at the ceiling. He hears the Saint's footsteps outside.

MR. BUMPO

.Oh my goodness oh my goodness....

INT. SPACKER DAVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Spacker Dave hears Saint's footsteps outside. They stop outside his apartment. He peers in his peep hole as --

CRASH....John Saint kicks Dave's door down. Dave falls back on his ass. John Saint enters, hovering over Dave.

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

CRASH....Lincoln kicks Joan's door down. Joan's cowering in the corner. Lincoln and Cutter advance.

INT. BUMPO'S APARTMENT - DAY

CRASH...Leonard Glass kicks Bumpo's door down. Bumpo looks like he's going to have a coronary as Glass advances.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Leonard Glass, John Saint, Lincoln, and Cutter corral Spacker Dave, Joan, and Bumpo into Castle's apartment.

INT. CASTLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Joan and Bumpo sit bound on the couch. Leonard Glass stares menacingly at Spacker Dave.

JOHN SAINT

Castle. Where is he?

SPACKER DAVE

N-n-not here.

LEONARD GLASS

Really? Are you sure?

SPACKER DAVE

Well, I don't actually...I mean...

(stiffens)

I'm not saying shit.

LEONARD GLASS

We don't want shit, we want answers...

Lincoln and Cutter sit Dave in a chair and bind his hands. Leonard Glass takes a PAIR OF PLIERS from Castle's toolbox and stands over Dave, clamping the pliers on his nose ring. Glass gently tugs the ring. Dave's heart pounds.

LEONARD GLASS (CONT'D)

We asked you a question.

(no response; to

Joan/Bumpo)

Your friend is about to have a very bad day. You can save him if you talk.

Spacker Dave glares at Joan/Bumpo, with the tiniest, almost imperceptible head-shake indicating: "don't say a word."

LEONARD GLASS (CONT'D)

It didn't have to be this way.

EXT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENTS - DAY

We hear Spacker Dave's horrible SCREAMS inside.

EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CASTLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Glass, John Saint, and Lincoln exit Castle's apartment, Leonard Glass handkerchiefing his bloody palm.

LEONARD GLASS

If they knew, one would have talked.

JOHN SAINT

(to Enforcer Cutter)

If and when Castle shows up, just shoot him.

Leonard Glass, John Saint, and Lincoln exit, John Saint placing a call on his cell phone.

JOHN SAINT (CONT'D)

He's still alive.

INT. HOWARD SAINT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Click. Howard Saint puts down the phone. Livia Saint passes the office carrying her workout bag

LIVIA SAINT

Bye.

HOWARD SAINT

Where are you going?

LIVIA SAINT

It's Monday honey.

HOWARD SAINT

Right. Love you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP ADJACENT TO SPACKER DAVE'S - NIGHT

The sun's gone down. Castle stirs. He rolls off the cart and orients himself. Stands. Looks around, groggily.

INT. SPACKER DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Castle pulls himself across the catwalk and climbs through Dave's apartment window. No one's around. Castle exits, grabbing Dave's large, Gothic, dagger-style LETTER OPENER.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Castle comes down the hallway. No one here either. He approaches his apartment. The door is open.

INT. CASTLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Castle enters, seeing Joan on the couch. She head signals "over there" and Castle spins as a toilet FLUSHES in the b.g. and the bathroom door opens. Cutter emerges. He sees Castle and brings up his gun....

THWICK.

...Castle throws the dagger/letter opener, piercing Cutter between the eyes. He pitches over backwards, dead.

Castle turns. Spacker Dave, face angled into the shadows, sits restrained in the chair. On a table are Dave's ear and lip rings - 30 of them - ripped from Dave's face.

MR. BUMPO

Oh, look what they did to you.

Dave turns enough for Castle to make out the horror, and for Castle it's all too reminiscent of the horror the Saints brought upon his family in Puerto Rico.

SPACKER DAVE

They tried to make me talk. I gave 'em nothing.

CASTLE

You don't know me. You don't owe me anything. I've brought you, all of you, nothing but trouble. Why were you ready to die for me?

SPACKER DAVE

Because you're one of us. Because you're family.

Castle grabs a knife from the kitchen table and cuts off Bumpo's and Joan's restraints, then hands the knife to Bumpo, who begins cutting Spacker Dave free.

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

Take him to a hospital.

Bumpo, supporting Spacker Dave, staggers out, leaving Joan.

Castle crosses the room to a LARGE TRUNK in the corner. Joan puts a hand on his arm.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

You're a nice person. You've been through a lot. I remember people like you. Good people who made a bad turn, and could only find part of the way back. I know what you feel about me. Someone else will feel that way about you, and then you'll be home.

JOAN

Are you going to die today?

He doesn't answer.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Is that what you want?

He doesn't answer.

INT. SAINT ESTATE - HOWARD SAINT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The house is dark. John Saint sits in the shadows.

HOWARD SAINT

We know his address. We'll bury him there. Meet at the club.

John Saint nods, exits. Howard Saint grabs a huge stack of daily mail and begins going through it.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is dark. A single candle burning.

Castle has field-dressed his gunshot wounds. He opens a trunk. Inside are fatigues and Airborne Ranger jump boots. Castle clicks on a small TAPE RECORDER and dons his gear, speaking slowly and deliberately, staring at a small framed photo of Amanda and Will Castle.

CASTLE

"Sic vis pacem para bellum." Every dawn the boot camp sergeant made us
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE (CONT'D)

recite it like a prayer. Sic vis
pacem, para bellum.

Castle paints his face with black tiger stripes. He dons the torso weapon mounts we saw him make earlier.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

I leave this as a declaration of intent so no one will be confused. One: Castle is dead. He died with his family.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joan listens to Castle outside his apartment. A tear falls from her eye across her cheek.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Castle arms up his bandoleers. He loads M-60 clips with ammunition, clips grenades to his belt, and puts Claymore Mines in a shoulder bag. He removes high-tensile arrows from a quiver and attaches small C-4 charges to each shaft.

CASTLE

Two: When the law does not act even when it has identified The Guilty, it is necessary to act outside the law, to shame its inadequacy, to pursue a natural justice. This is not vengeance. Revenge is not a valid motive, it's an emotional response. No, not vengeance. Punishment. "Sic vis pacem, para bellum."

Castle slides on his kevlar vest, music pumping, the fiercest motherfucker to walk the planet, the Angel of Death, his kevlar vest hand-painted with the SKULL LOGO.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

If you want peace, prepare for war.

Castle clicks off the tape recorder, kisses the photograph of his wife and son, and moves off.

EXT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Castle exits his apartment, a terrifying one-man arsenal, ready to explode, looking right through Joan, and heads off down the hallway. Joan buries her face in her hands.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Livia Saint, in her Monday routine, pulls her Mercedes into the movie theater lot, gets out in her dance-skin, walks to the marquee, pays for a ticket, and enters.

The Mercedes' door opens. Castle enters and rummages Livia's gym bag, fishing out Livia's EARRINGS, the JADE BROOCH, and the bottle of perfume he bought for \$200. He clicks Livia's car phone.

INT. LEONARD GLASS'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The phone RINGS. The floor is littered with bloody clothes. Leonard Glass climbs from the shower, grabbing the phone.

LEONARD GLASS

Glass.

CASTLE (V.O.)

Hello, Lenny.

LEONARD GLASS

I was there with the money.

Glass stares at the receiver in his hand. Remains calm:

CASTLE (V.O.)

\$10,000, Pier 64, 9 p.m.

LEONARD GLASS

You said it was five thousand.

CASTLE (V.O. MASKED VOICE)

That was then, this is now.

CLICK. Leonard Glass stares at the phone, thinking. He comes to a decision, pulls his handgun from his holster, checks the clip, and begins dressing.

INT. LIVIA SAINT'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Castle places another call on Livia's car phone.

INT. HOWARD SAINT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The phone RINGS. Howard Saint, going through mail, answers.

HOWARD SAINT

Saint.

CONTINUED:

CASTLE (V.O. MASKED VOICE)
Have you read today's mail?

HOWARD SAINT
(grabs stack of mail on
desk)
Who is this?

CASTLE (V.O. MASKED VOICE)
Do you know where your wife goes
every Monday Mr. Saint? Not the
movies. Tell her to park more
carefully.

CLICK. Howard Saint rifles through his mail, ripping open a
letter from TAMPA BAY DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES. His eyes
flash across the NOTICE OF PARKING VIOLATION.

HOWARD SAINT
Monday. 9:14 p.m. East Coast
Drive.

BACK TO SCENE

Howard stares at the parking ticket, his face clouding.

HOWARD SAINT
Livia?

EXT. LEONARD GLASS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TILT DOWN FROM a street sign - East Coast Drive - to Leonard
Glass pulling out of his garage. Moments pass. Castle
enters the rear alley and starts up Glass' fire escape.

INT. LEONARD GLASS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Castle climbs in through a window.

INT. LEONARD GLASS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Castle enters the bedroom, unpocketing one of Livia's
earrings, the brooch, and the perfume he bought. He places
the earring and brooch on Glass's night stand and sprays a
shot of perfume in the bed sheets and pillow.

EXT. TAMPA BAY WHARF - PIER 64 - NIGHT

TILT DOWN from a sign "Pier 64" to Leonard Glass standing
impatiently on the dock. No one showed again. He gets in
his car and leaves.

EXT. LEONARD GLASS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Howard Saint pulls his Bentley up to Leonard Glass' apartment. He quietly gets out and approaches. It's dark inside. Howard Saint pulls out a key ring - he's got a key to Glass' place - and unlocks the door.

INT. LEONARD GLASS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Howard Saint enters, looking around, moving toward the bedroom, inspecting, scrutinizing.

EXT. LEONARD GLASS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the alley, Castle watches Howard Saint's silhouette behind blinds inside Glass' apartment, then moves off.

INT. LEONARD GLASS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Howard Saint continues looking around. There's nothing unusual or suspicious. We see PHOTOS on the walls: Leonard Glass with John Saint and various Saint Enforcers.

Suddenly he catches a whiff of something.

INT. LEONARD GLASS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Howard Saint enters, flicking on the lights. Sniffing, he approaches the bed. He looks down at the night stand.

Livia's earring and brooch sit there. He smells a pillow.

He recoils as if punched in the sternum, the one thing he could count on dashed. His faithful wife and his best friend. Fucking under his nose. The cuckolded fool.

Howard Saint hears the apartment's front door OPEN, then SHUT. He draws from a sheath in his jacket, a glinting 10 inch knife.

INT. LEONARD GLASS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Leonard Glass, returned, hangs up his coat.

HOWARD SAINT
Evening Leonard.

Leonard Glass jumps.

Howard Saint enters the living room.

The knife in his hand.

CONTINUED:

Understandably Glass is confused.

LEONARD GLASS
Howard? What are you doing here?

HOWARD SAINT
Jim Bowie.

LEONARD GLASS
Excuse me?

HOWARD SAINT
Jim Bowie the riverboat gambler,
who died at the Alamo. When a man
accused him of cheating they went
ashore to a whore house, threw the
furniture out and stuck a knife -
like this -in the floor. Whoever
walked out got the money.

LEONARD GLASS
(what?)
I didn't know that Howard.

HOWARD SAINT
(looking around)
Our only problem? Too much
furniture.

LEONARD GLASS
Howard I'm not following this...?

HOWARD SAINT
I'm accusing you.

LEONARD GLASS
Of what?

HOWARD SAINT
Cheating.

LEONARD GLASS
I've never taken a cent from you.

HOWARD SAINT
(laughs)
Where is she?

LEONARD GLASS
Who?

CONTINUED: (2)

HOWARD SAINT

The whore.

LEONARD GLASS

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

Howard Saint throws the knife THWIP into the hardwood floor.

HOWARD SAINT

You're good. You might have had a stage career. Maybe in the next life. Take the knife, Leonard, or I will.

GLASS

I'm not touching it.

(Howard Saint takes the knife)

This isn't funny.

(Howard Saint lunges, slashing Glass's forearm)

Howard...WHAT??

HOWARD SAINT

How long have you worked for me?
Do you think I'm an idiot?

Saint viciously strikes Glass, breaking his nose, and rams him against the wall. Glass, terrified now, fights back. He shoves Howard Saint back, striking him.

LEONARD GLASS

Have you lost your mind?!

HOWARD SAINT

You were my brother. I gave you everything. Denied you nothing.

(charges; they clinch, their heads two inches apart)

It wasn't enough.

Howard Saint bears down; Glass tries to block the blade.

HOWARD SAINT (CONT'D)

My Livia?

Howard Saint is more powerful. The blade touches Glass's chest, breaking skin.

CONTINUED: (3)

LEONARD GLASS

Livia? What did she tell you...?

(blade enters chest; he
gasps)

Don't do this...don't...!

(blade goes deeper)

Howard, why did you

(deeper)

...kill me?

(to the hilt; he coughs
blood)

Why....?

(wheezes)

Why?

Glass's body jerks; he dies open-eyed. Howard Saint steps back. Glass drops with a thud to the floor.

EXT. WEEKS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A dumpy apartment under the Expressway. Weeks gets out of his car, goes to his apartment.

INT. WEEKS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Weeks enters; lays his revolver on the kitchen table; enters the living room.

CASTLE

How's work?

Weeks, startled, turns. Castle stands there with a .45. He picks up Week's revolver.

WEEKS

We said goodbye. Why are you pointing a gun at me?

CASTLE

Oh... Jesus, I didn't even... you know, it's force of habit. It's how I say hi to everyone these days.

But he doesn't put it down.

WEEKS

Do you want a drink?

CASTLE

You do.

CONTINUED:

Weeks slugs back whiskey; tries to compose himself. Out comes the casino chip. He starts knuckle-rolling it.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

What happened to your Jaguar, Jimmy?

WEEKS

I told you, buy American.

CASTLE

You had a fishing boat outside. It was built thirty-five miles down the coast. That's not American enough for you?

WEEKS

You know what they say about owning a boat?

CASTLE

No, I don't.

WEEKS

The two happiest days of your life are the day you buy it, and the day you sell it.

CASTLE

I never heard that. Do they say that about TVs and stereos?

WEEKS

I had a lot of my money in high tech stock and my broker kept saying to me, don't sell, don't sell. I'm an old soldier and I follow orders. Now I'm broke.

CASTLE

And your TV...and your stereo...

Weeks knuckle rolls the casino chip faster.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

I told you not to gamble.

The chip flies out of Weeks' hand and rolls across the floor. Castle picks it up.

INSERT - THE CASINO CHIP

It is embossed with TORO and the bull emblem.

WEEKS

I've learned a lot about gambling. It's like alcoholism, it's a disease, but before I could cure myself I had to hit bottom. I hit bottom.

CASTLE

And you lost everything?

WEEKS

The car was a dream, and I miss the boat every day. But I gave those problems over to my Higher Power.

CASTLE

That explains it then.

WEEKS

Explains what?

Castle lowers the gun and puts it on the table.

CASTLE

Why you had to sell all the things you loved. Can I have a drink?

Weeks pours. Frank gets up and talks as he goes to the empty stereo cabinet, all the CDs are there, nothing to play them on.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

You still have your phone. If the bank repossesses everything in your house, they can't take the phone. The court may hold you to ten dollars of calls in a month, but they can't take the phone. And I think that the same should apply to your stereo. How can anyone have such a good collection of music, everything from jazz to speed metal, and not be able to hear it? That's a crime, isn't it?

He turns around and Weeks has the gun pointed at him.

CONTINUED:

WEEKS

How long have you known?

CASTLE

You just told me.

WEEKS

I'm sorry, Frank.

The two men's eyes burn holes in each other. Week's finger slowly compresses the trigger.

CLICK. Weeks stares at the gun. He pulls the trigger again. Again again again. CLICK CLICK CLICK.

CASTLE

I've got the bullets, you've got the gun. You're closer to the kitchen, so you're closer to the knives, but you know that if you get within reach of me, I will kill you, because I'm stronger than you, and because I'm already dead, which I've discovered is a very good advantage in a fight.

WEEKS

I'll give you everyone who did it.

CASTLE

But you did it.

WEEKS

Saint did it.

CASTLE

No. You did it.

WEEKS

I saved your life.

CASTLE

And because of that, I came home and I met Amanda and we fell in love and I married her and we had a son -he was your godson- and then one day they were killed in front of me, along with my mother and my father, and my whole family. And none of that would have happened if you hadn't saved my life. If you

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASTLE (CONT'D)

knew what was coming, would you
save my life again?

WEEKS

I didn't know they were going to
kill your family.

CASTLE

But you knew they were going to
kill me. How do you live with
yourself?

WEEKS

I don't.

CASTLE

You did not behave like a Special
Forces Man. You did not.

WEEKS

I know that.

CASTLE

Then you know what you have to do.

And Frank holds one bullet in the air, between his thumb and
forefinger.

WEEKS

I can't.

He walks to Weeks and gives him the bullet.

CASTLE

You can. You will. Now.

Weeks takes the bullet and chambers it in the gun.

WEEKS

You do it.

CASTLE

No.

Weeks puts the gun under his own chin and pulls the trigger.

EXT. SAINT COMPOUND - NIGHT

Livia Saint parks her Mercedes and approaches the house.

INT. SAINT MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Livia enters, sets down her purse, removes her coat. Saint Enforcer Lincoln stands there, staring at her.

LIVIA
Where is my husband?

Lincoln lights a cigarette.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
What are you doing? You know
there's no smoking in the house.

Lincoln exhales in Livia's face. She coughs and stares at him, livid, uncertain of what's happening.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
(nervous)
What is this about?

CRASH. A VASE dropped from the upstairs wing smashes at Livia's feet. Next come Livia's fur coats, jewelry, framed family photos, shoes, etc. Lincoln begins heaving her stuff out the door.

Howard Saint descends the stairs.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this to me?

He backhands her - she falls to the marble.

LIVIA SAINT
I...I don't know what's happened,
just talk to me.

HOWARD SAINT
I know about you and Leonard.

LIVIA SAINT
Leonard? What?

HOWARD SAINT
You've been fucking him.

LIVIA SAINT
That would be a little hard to
accomplish, Howard.

HOWARD SAINT
How true.

CONTINUED:

Howard Saint pulls back the curtain to the study, revealing Leonard Glass wrapped in his bloody foyer rug. She sharply inhales.

LIVIA SAINT

Howard?

Howard Saint thrusts the PARKING TICKET in face.

HOWARD SAINT

You really should pay your parking tickets.

Livia fumbles the ticket, trying to comprehend.

LIVIA SAINT

I don't know what this is...you thought we...? Howard, Leonard was gay.

HOWARD SAINT

You'll say anything now, won't you?
(yanks her to her feet,
pushes her to door)
Move. We're going for a drive.

EXT. YBOR CITY EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Howard Saint's limo heads into Tampa's Ybor City.

INT. HOWARD SAINT'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Livia, seated beside Enforcers Lincoln, stares at Howard Saint nervously.

LIVIA

Howard, you have to listen to me...

HOWARD SAINT

(disinterested)
This neighborhood used to be nice,
now it's for drug dealers and
hookers. You'll fit right in.

EXT. YBOR CITY - NIGHT

The limo pulls over. Howard Saint drags Livia out, pulling her through the greasy gutter, ripping her tight skirt and nylons. Mascara runs down Livia's face.

LIVIA

Howard...!

CONTINUED:

She claws at his pant leg. Saint grabs her hand and twists off her wedding ring.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Don't do this...!

HOWARD SAINT

You did it to yourself.

Howard Saint climbs back in the limo, motioning to the driver. It ROARS off.

LIVIA

(howls)

HOWARD!!!

The limo's tail lights fade off. Livia gets to her feet and tries to compose herself. One of her heels is broken. She discards her shoes and starts down the sidewalk barefoot.

She realizes she's in the Cuban Barrios.

Livia's heart pounds. This is not the place to be.

EXT. YBOR CITY - TRAIN OVERPASS - NIGHT

Livia hurries toward a pay phone near the Expressway Train Overpass, but there's no handset, just a severed cord. She hears thudding rap music. A LIME GREEN CADILLAC with mag wheels approaches.

HIGH BEAMS fall across Livia's face. The Cadillac pulls over. Doors open. Livia covers her eyes as six silhouettes emerge. Two of the men approach.

Mike and Joe Toro.

LIVIA

I'm Howard Saint's wife.

MIKE TORO

The Howard Saint who owes me millions of dollars? That Howard Saint?

The Toros surround Livia. She's desperate.

JOE TORO

The wife who treats us like a couple Back Bay Pimps? Oh her. If we can't get our money back, we'll

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JOE TORO (CONT'D)

find our satisfaction any way we
can.

Livia looks over the overpass edge. If she jumps it's a 50-foot drop to the train tracks.

Mike Toro grabs at Livia and violently kisses her - if you can call it that. Livia resists to no use. Joe Toro cinches her skirt, spreading her legs, exposing her panties.

The Toros advance. Livia makes a choice.

She jumps from the overpass.

The Toros run to the edge and look down.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS BENEATH OVERPASS - NIGHT

Livia lies on the train tracks. Her legs are broken but she's alive. The tracks begin to vibrate and she hears a WHISTLE. Livia's eyes BULGE.

A Tampa Metro Rail Train emerges from the tunnel.

Livia tries to crawl from the tracks but isn't fast enough. The train wheels cut her in half.

EXT. YBOR CITY - TRAIN OVERPASS - NIGHT

The Toro Brothers look down at the grisly scene below.

MIKE TORO

Beats paying alimony.

They look across the overpass where Howard Saint sits in his limousine. Howard Saint nods to them. The limo drives off.

INT. HOWARD SAINT'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Howard Saint, driving away, is all ice-cold dispassion.

HOWARD SAINT

The club. I'd like a martini.

EXT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - NIGHT

Castle, carrying a duffel bag, emerges from an alley down the street and heads toward the lounge parking lot.

EXT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - NIGHT

Howard Saint's limousine pulls up.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - NIGHT

Garish, tacky. Nude statues and velvet. It's a big turnout. All the Saint muscle is here. Howard Saint crosses the room to son John.

JOHN SAINT

Where have you been? Where's Leonard?

HOWARD SAINT

He's wrapped up in something.

JOHN SAINT

I called home. No one's there.

HOWARD SAINT

Your mother's gone.

JOHN SAINT

What?

HOWARD SAINT

She took the train.

John Saint stares oddly at Howard Saint who belts a martini.

EXT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Castle spools detonation-cord from a Mercedes to another car several spaces away. We see that 20 cars have been similarly rigged.

Castle unshoulders his duffel bag and pulls out a shotgun, two Delta Force M-60 machine guns and several Claymore mines. He moves on the nightclub.

EXT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - NIGHT

A group of PROSTITUTE/SEMI-PROS, drunk and giggling, exit a limo and hit the intercom buzzer.

PROSTITUTES (INTO INTERCOM)

It's us.

The inner door buzzes open. As the girls begin to enter --

-- Castle steps in front of them, barring the door. The girls back up, frightened out of their panties: Castle in body armor, weapons dangling, face tiger-striped.

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

Get in the limousine and drive
away.

The girls get back in the limousine. It ROARS off.

Castle moves inside, attaching a Claymore mine's tripwire to the door's deadbolt so that whoever next opens the door will trigger it. Castle heads into the downstairs kitchen area.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A COOK and two WAITERS prepare food. They freeze. Castle stands across the kitchen in his body armor and war paint, clutching a shotgun and an assault rifle. He puts five stacks of hundreds on the counter.

CASTLE

This should take care of you until
you find another job.

EXT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The Cooks and the Waiters, scared shitless, exit the service entrance and run off down the alley.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - NIGHT

Howard Saint empties his glass, and the bottle is empty.

HOWARD SAINT

More champagne!

Enforcer Lincoln goes to the dumbwaiter intercom.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Castle moves through the kitchen. The dumbwaiter's intercom BUZZES.

ENFORCER LINCOLN (ON INTERCOM)

More champagne.

Castle grabs a champagne bucket and unpockets a Claymore mine. He hits the intercom buzzer.

CASTLE (INTO INTERCOM)

Coming right up.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - GAMBLING PIT/LOUNGE - NIGHT

The dumbwaiter arrives. Enforcer Lincoln opens the dumbwaiter door and lifts the champagne bucket from the dumbwaiter. He untowels the bottle and lifts the bottle from the ice, exposing a FINE-FIBRE FILAMENT connected to the champagne. As Lincoln continues pulling the bottle out -

We hear a CLICK. Lincoln looks down. At the bottom of the ice bucket is the anti-personnel Claymore mine.

An explosion. A horrifying, ungodly explosion, as the Claymore mine - by its very design - blows forth 700 steel pistol balls which rip through the room like a scythe. Lincoln and 10 Saint Enforcers no longer exist.

John Saint and Howard Saint dive into an ALCOVE as the shockwave rips through the room.

Two Enforcers with Uzis enter from an adjacent room; they look up at the shattered skylights as two arrows whistle down and - THWICK THWACK - pierce their chests.

The arrows are equipped with C-4 charges rigged with digital timers ticking 3...2...1... The Thugs SCREAM as --

-- the arrows EXPLODE, blowing the Thugs to kingdom come.

Castle, his M-60 belching lead, rappels through the shattered skylights, mowing down any and all survivors mercilessly.

Howard Saint scrambles down the stairs, following two Saint Enforcers escaping to the entrance/exit.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The Saint Enforcers go for the doors. As they pile through they trip the second Claymore mine, blowing them into next century. A horror show of fire and metal.

Howard Saint, still on the stairs, dives away.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - 2ND FLOOR LOUNGE - NIGHT

Castle kicks over dead bodies, checking IDs. One of the Enforcers stirs, not yet dead. Castle shoots him and keeps moving.

Across the room John Saint stirs beside an enormous concrete Venus de Milo replica blasted off its pedestal, balanced precariously. His fingers reach for his gun....

CONTINUED:

Castle sees John Saint and fires.

Castle limps up to John Saint. He's gutshot, convulsing.

JOHN SAINT

Please help me....help me...

Castle pushes over the Venus de Milo statue. The 8-ton concrete replica crunches John Saint, embedding his body in the floorboards. John Saint's exposed hand twitches. Castle watches it until John Saint's life drains away.

EXT. "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - NIGHT

Howard Saint staggers across the parking lot. And a voice echoes behind him.

CASTLE

Howard Saint.

Howard Saint desperately tries to reach his car.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

HOWARD SAINT!

CASTLE steps through the blown-out nightclub entrance and walks under the neon light.

Howard Saint stumbles to a stop. There's nowhere to go. He turns, facing Castle, smoldering with contempt.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

You took everything from me.

HOWARD SAINT

You killed my son.

CASTLE

Both of them.

Their eyes are so intense they could cut steel; their hands inch for their weapons; sweat beads on their foreheads.

Castle and Saint go for their guns. A single shot FIRES.

Howard Saint spins into frame. Face shocked. Surprised. He goes heavily to his knees. His hand, gun clenched in it, falls to his side. He pitches over to one side.

Castle walks up. Stands over Howard Saint.

CONTINUED:

CASTLE (CONT'D)

Let me show you something.
 (pulls from pocket SHEAF
 OF PHOTOGRAPHS)

I made you kill your best friend.

Howard Saint weakly paws through the photographs, disbelieving...Leonard Glass, en flagrante, with the barber.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

I made you kill your wife.

Castle pulls out Livia's OTHER EAR RING and drops it to the pavement. Howard Saint's lips quiver.

HOWARD SAINT

.....Livia...

Howard Saint stares at the ear ring.

CASTLE

And now I've killed you.

Howard Saint's eyes roll back. He dies like a dog. Castle walks stiffly back to the alley. We hear an engine REV. The Chevelle SuperSport rumbles out of the alley.

Castle drives past the nightclub entrance, tossing a C-4 BRICK through the blown-out door.

INT. CASTLE'S CHEVELLE - NIGHT

Castle, eyes burning like coals, looks up in the rear-view as "All Saint's" blows SKY HIGH. He accelerates out of the parking lot, clicking a radio detonator. The last Mercedes in the parking lot - and 20 other cars linked with det-cord - simultaneously blow sky high.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY ABOVE "ALL SAINTS" LOUNGE - NIGHT

Tampa POLICE CRUISERS and FIRETRUCKS are screaming from all directions into the burning nightclub parking lot.

A black sedan pulls over on the Expressway Overpass above the nightclub. Chief of Police Morris gets out. His expression is priceless.

POLICE CHIEF MORRIS POV - (ELEVATED FROM OVERPASS)

A chilling image. The burning cars in the parking lot are in the shape of the SKULL ON CASTLE'S T-SHIRT.

BACK TO SCENE

POLICE CHIEF MORRIS

Castle.

EXT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Castle's Chevelle SuperSport sits outside.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Castle pulls off his body armor. The tension which has consumed the man is now lifted. His mission is complete. His destiny fulfilled.

Castle picks up his father's .45., checks the clip, chambers a round. He picks up the picture of Amanda and Will, stares at it for a long beat, kisses it, and sets it down.

He positions the .45 barrel under his chin, pointed upward, as he was taught to do in the army, so as not to survive.

HIS FINGER inches on the trigger. Castle suddenly stops.

CASTLE'S HALLUCINATION

Castle's 4th and final hallucination. This time, though, not about his family's murder. This is beautiful, peaceful. Amanda and Will are walking toward us on the beach. Amanda smiles. Will smiles. We run to them. We try to reach them but we can't. They back away.

AMANDA

Not yet darling. Stay. Stay.

Will waves goodbye at us. They slowly....fade away.

SNAP.

Castle looks at the .45 in his hand. The gun falls from his fingers. He steps back, shivering.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joan sits on the hallway's ratty carpet, anxiously waiting. The door to Castle's apartment opens. Castle emerges.

CASTLE

You're right. Good memories can save your life.

(leans, exhausted)

I have work to do. Read your

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE (CONT'D)
 newspaper every day, you'll
 understand.

(reacts to b.g. POLICE
 SIRENS, begins to head
 off.)

This is goodbye. Thank you.

JOAN
 Why the newspaper? Which section?

CASTLE
 Obituaries.

Castle shoulders his weapons pack and disappears.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENTS - DAY

Spacker Dave, much better groomed, in a funky suit, is on the stoop reading "Hitman." His face is healed. A guy comes down the sidewalk, a professional camera around his neck. He's a cub reporter.

CUB REPORTER
 Is your name...Dave?

SPACKER DAVE
 Spacker Dave, fool!

CUB REPORTER
 I'm doing a piece for "New Tampa Times"? You knew him didn't you? Before he went underground?

SPACKER DAVE
 (fingers together)
 We were like this.

Bumpo and Joan come out.

CUB REPORTER
 And you were saying, you were his closest friend in the building?

JOAN
 You were?

SPACKER DAVE
 (busted, he wants to get
 out of there)
 (MORE)

CONTINUED:

SPACKER DAVE (CONT'D)

Listen, can we do this later?
 We've got a meeting of the Castle
 Trust For Victims of Violent Crime.
 And I'm with them, we're together,
 the three of us, right?

JOAN

That's right.

MR. BUMPO

(to the reporter)

Dave has a problem with high self
 esteem, but we're working on it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANK TOWER -- DAY

The lobby is crowded with the kind of people who push nothing
 heavier than a pen and lift nothing heavier than a phone, and
 have a house in Deer Valley.

We rise through the building to

INT. CAYMAN INVESTMENTS -- DAY

Another money laundry. A busy office.

Joe and Mike Toro are talking to a new INVESTMENT ADVISER.

MIKE TORO

We used to do business with Howard
 Saint.

INVESTMENT ADVISER

Everyone in the community is
 devastated.

JOE TORO

But life goes on.

INVESTMENT ADVISER

It's all you can do.

MIKE TORO

You have a reputation.

INVESTMENT ADVISER

For what?

CONTINUED:

JOE TORO

You don't blush for money that comes from whores, gambling, and drugs.

INVESTMENT ADVISER

It depends on how much.

There's a click. The Investment Adviser looks up.

INVESTMENT ADVISER (CONT'D)

How did you get in here?

It's Castle, in a long coat. He lifts his shotgun.

CASTLE

You don't need to know.

MIKE TORO

Castle. We'll make you rich.

CASTLE

I have enough money.

Joe reaches for a gun. Castle shoots him.

MIKE TORO

Don't.

CASTLE

Do.

And he blasts Mike Toro.

INVESTMENT ADVISER

Don't kill me.

CASTLE

I know what you do, I know where you live. Your life is in your hands, not mine.

And he puts the gun away, and walks out, shutting the door.

EXT. TAMPA BAY BRIDGE & NIGHTSCAPE - NIGHT

A lone silhouette (Castle) stands starkly against a hallucinatory cerulean city-scape as we helicopter back...

CASTLE

The angels gave me a glimpse of heaven. To see what I'd been

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE (CONT'D)

missing. A wife. A son. Finally at peace. If I'm not to join them, if it's not my time yet, I will remain. But on my terms. Those who do evil to others, the killers, the rapists, the psychos, sadists...you will come to know me well. Frank Castle is dead. Call me....the Punisher.

Camera moves backward, into the sky.

FADE TO BLACK. Gunshots pierce the theater.

THE END