

Handwritten signature

The Punisher

by

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Logged

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REVISION

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EXT. KUWAIT CITY - ROAD TO KUWAIT GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Two battle-equipped Humvees sweep through Kuwait City past smoking mangled cars. SUPER: 75TH RANGER REGIMENT, 3RD BATTALION, C COMPANY. KUWAIT CITY 1991.

MAJOR MIKE MARS (V.O.)

Zebra-3 this is Zebra Leader, we're on Baghdad Highway, 11 North, approaching Kuwait City Hospital.

INT. U.S. ARMY HUMVEE - DAY

Green Beret Corporals Messina and Argento (early 20s) are up front. Major MIKE MARS studies a KUWAIT CITY GRID in back.

CASTLE (V.O.)

This is Zebra-3, you'll know it when you see it, believe me.

The Kuwait City GENERAL HOSPITAL, hung with a huge propaganda banner of Saddam Hussein, protected by a sandbagged ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY on the roof, comes into view.

EXT. KUWAIT HOSPITAL COURTYARD BUILDING - DAY

Sgt. 1st Class FRANK CASTLE and Staff Sergeant JIMMY WEEKS, US Delta Operators, are posing as a Reuters Photographer and Arab "Handler" in a Hospital Courtyard Building. KUWAITI DRS. and NURSES are frantically evacuating patients.

JIMMY WEEKS

Civilian patients evacuated, unable to get eyes on hostiles inside.

The Humvees roll through smoke into the Hospital Courtyard. Castle, snapping PHOTOS, speaks into a hidden transmitter.

CASTLE

Recommend limited, I say again, limited, recon fire to locate and engage hostile shooters, over.

INT. U.S. ARMY HUMVEE - DAY

Major Mars motions a "fire" command to Corporal Argento on the TOW missile platform on the Humvee's top.

EXT. HOSPITAL COURTYARD - DAY

The Humvee fires a TOW missile at the Hospital, blowing out an uppermost section of the building, taking out the sand-bagged anti-aircraft position on the roof.

INT. KUWAIT HOSPITAL COURTYARD BUILDING - DAY

CASTLE
I said "limited."

EXT. KUWAIT HOSPITAL ENTRY-PORT - DAY

The Hospital entry-port doors bang open, emitting smoke and concrete dust. A WHITE FLAG sticks out. Followed by Iraqis.

Major Mars, Sgt. Weeks, Corps. Messina and Argento, and two Rangers advance on the Hospital to take prisoners.

KUWAIT HOSPITAL COURTYARD BUILDING

Castle watches uneasily. He sees movement in the Hospital's 2nd floor windows...an IRAQI RPG team and MACHINE GUNNERS.

CASTLE
Guns! Take cover! Take cover!

KUWAIT HOSPITAL ENTRY-PORT

Before Major Mars can react the IRAQIS fire. Corp. Messina is blown back, dead. Corp. Argento is hit in the chest. An RPG PROJECTILE slams into the Humvee, blowing it over. The TOW MISSILE is knocked from it's mount.

MAJOR MIKE MARS
Fall back...FALL BACK...!!

The teams return fire and fall back, dragging the dead and wounded to the Hospital Courtyard Building.

EXT. KUWAIT HOSPITAL COURTYARD BUILDING - DAY

The Rangers take cover in the Courtyard Building. Corp. Messina lies dead. Castle, dodging BULLETS, reaches Argento, who is geysering blood. Castle finds morphine and a tourniquet to stanch the blood. He talks while he works on the bleeding Argento, occasionally returning fire.

CASTLE
So between the 1st and 2nd quarters of the Super Bowl you see a good looking guy like yourself driving a tank. "Be All You Can Be," right? You say, yeah, I want to be a tank guy with six-pack abs. Am I right?

ARGENTO
Y-yes sir.

(CONTINUED)

CASTLE

Next morning the Army recruiter promises you and your mother that war isn't what it used to be, it's a big video game, we let the smart bombs do the work. So you sign up to "Be All You Can Be" and today you find out that the recruiter lied, and 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?

Another RPG PROJECTILE slams into the building, caving in the walls. Castle spits concrete, returns fire.

ARGENTO

How did you know it was the Superbowl?

CASTLE

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

ARGENTO

(stabilized)

Thank you Sergeant Castle.

MAJOR MIKE MARS (INTO TAC RADIO)

Zebra Base this is Zebra Leader...request immediate med-evac...three critical wounded!

CASTLE

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

MAJOR MIKE MARS

Back off Sergeant!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

MAJOR MIKE MARS (CONT'D)

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

EXT. KUWAIT COURTYARD - DAY

Castle, dodging fire, runs zigzag to the blown-over Humvee. He pulls the dismounted, mangled TOW MISSILE LAUNCHER behind a covered position, sights, and fires.

EXT. KUWAIT HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY

The TOW MISSILE slams into the building, killing the RPG team and a machine gunner. Castle charges the Hospital, firing on the run, killing MACHINE GUNNERS on a catwalk over the entry-port. Castle reaches the Hospital, kicks in the door, heaves in a grenade, waits for detonation, and enters guns blazing.

Then silence. Seconds pass.

EXT. KUWAIT HOSPITAL COURTYARD BUILDING - DAY

The Hospital Courtyard is still. Seconds pass like hours.

CAPTAIN JIMMY WEEKS

C'mon Frank...

EXT. KUWAIT HOSPITAL ENTRY-PORT - DAY

Suddenly a grenade detonates and the Hospital's top floors explode, blowing two IRAQIS 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.

Two IRAQIS stumble out.

Then Castle. Covered in blood and rubble. Delta, the Killer Elite. Castle shoves the Iraqis to their knees, smacks them, and leans exhausted against the door.

EXT. KUWAIT HOSPITAL COURTYARD - DAY

The Rangers cautiously emerge, advance on the Hospital. Major Mars turns to Messina. Messina is dead. Major Mars, in a rage, gets up and unholsters his sidearm.

(CONTINUED)

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

CASTLE

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

MAJOR MARS

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

CASTLE

We're not in the revenge business.

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

MAJOR MIKE MARS

Secure the prisoners.

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

An UNFORGIVING EXPLOSION; Mars and the Iraqi are blown apart.

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: 13 YEARS LATER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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, more of a slickster wannabe than a hardcore gangster, carries a briefcase. Bobby is a good-looking college kid way over his head.

NICKY DUKA
A hash bar in Amsterdam. Bobby, this guy's the real deal. Ex-Delta Force. Speaks Russian, German, Arabic. He's got 5 Picassos. They're all stolen so he can't show them but that's 5 more than I got.

And descending the gangplank is Castle, with bleached white hair, a goatee, tinted glasses.

NICKY DUKA (CONT'D)
Tatum!

So that's what Castle 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 my friend Bobby.

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.

BOBBY SAINT
Mr. Shaw...I'm not a cop.

NICKY DUKA
Bobby, you have to see things from his perspective. He didn't expect you here. Tatum...Mr. Shaw...this is my friend. He is not a cop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE/TATUM SHAW

You say that but I don't know that.

Castle/Tatum Shaw comes to an inch from Bobby and looks him, laser-like, in the eye. Bobby holds his own. Castle/Tatum Shaw, satisfied, steps back and nods to Nicky, who whistles to the CUSTOMS HOUSE. A US CUSTOMS AGENT exits, approaches.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Welcome to Tampa, gentlemen. 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, your containers appear to be free of illicit goods.

Nicky Duka winks at Castle/Tatum Shaw who 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, satisfied, motions to the 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 a dresser and tear away a panel, exposing AK-47s and RPG-7 GRENADE LAUNCHERS.

YURI ASTROV

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

NICKY DUKA

Yeah!

(CONTINUED)

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.! DO NOT MOVE,
PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

Everyone turns in shock.

BOBBY SAINT
What...what is this?

CASTLE/TATUM SHAW
You brought a cop, Nicky, and he
brought his fucking friends!

NICKY DUKA
It wasn't him or me!...I swear!

FBI and Tampa P.D. vehicles come from everywhere, a full court press. FBI AGENTS in body armor approach. Behind them, a perimeter of TAMPA P.D. OFFICERS. Astrov and his bodyguards begin slowly backing toward the ship gangway.

BOBBY SAINT
This is not good. My father's
going to kill me.

FBI AGENT
You are under arrest for the
importation and sale of contraband
firearms...

An FBI Agent isolates Castle/Tatum Shaw, advancing on him.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)
HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM.

Castle/Tatum Shaw, eyes darting, suddenly pulls a .38 from a back-holster. The FBI Agent opens fire - point blank - with 6 shots into Castle/Tatum Shaw's chest.

NICKY DUKA
Tatum...!?

Bobby Saint watches Castle/Tatum Shaw thud down on the dock. He loses his composure and draws a small handgun. Astrov's bodyguards, reacting to Bobby, pull back their coats, revealing machine pistols. The FBI Agent wheels on Bobby.

(CONTINUED)

FBI AGENT
Drop the gun, DROP THE GUN.

BOBBY SAINT
You can't arrest me...I don't even
know these people..!

Bobby Saint gesticulates with his gun toward Astrov and his Bodyguards. One OPENS FIRE. The FBI Agents return, killing Astrov and a Bodyguard. A 2nd Bodyguard, hit, sprays the deck with automatic weapons fire. Nicky Duka dives away but Bobby Saint is caught in the crossfire.

The wharf is suddenly quiet. The FBI Agents approach the prone bodies. An FBI Agent cuffs Nicky Duka. Nicky stares in horror at Bobby Saint lying in a pool of blood.

NICKY DUKA
BOBBY!!

An AMBULANCE TRUCK screams up. EMTs hurry to the gunshot men. Bobby Saint and the Russians are beyond hope.

EMT
These four are gone.

NICKY DUKA
(whimper)
Oh no, oh no... no no no.

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 Nicky Duka and the U.S. Customs Agent (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 corpses.

INT. CITY MORGUE - AUTOPSY/STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The EMTs wheel in the corpses. The EMT lights a cigarette and begins unzipping the Castle/Tatum Shaw corpse from the body bag. The corpse's DEAD HAND grabs the EMT's wrist.

(CONTINUED)

CASTLE
Those can kill you.

EMT/UNDERCOVER FBI AGENT
(stubbing out cigarette)
Understood, sir.

The EMT/Undercover FBI Agent helps Castle from the body bag and begins peeling off his "bloody" shirt, squibs, etc..

Jimmy Weeks enters. Weeks, like Castle, is an FBI Agent now.

WEEKS
And the Oscar goes to...

Weeks and the other AGENTS clap.

CASTLE
"Perfect timing" Jimmy? "Like clockwork?" Who was that kid Nicky brought? People weren't supposed to die out there.

WEEKS
We beat the spread, Frank.

CASTLE
This isn't football.

WEEKS
A figure of speech. C'mon your transpo's here.
(they walk to the exitway;
CHOPPER BLADES in b.g.)
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, say hello to your folks. I'm going to miss you pardner.

CASTLE
I'll miss you too, Jimmy.

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMT 1 (FBI AGENT) (CONT'D)
Here's his ID.

Weeks, stunned, examines the ID.

WEEKS
Robert Saint. Bobby Saint?

EMT 1
Holy shit.
(examines corpse)
This is Howard Saint's son.

Weeks stares at the corpse.

EXT. TAMPA WATERFRONT - SAINT ESTATE - NIGHT

Establish.

INT. SAINT ESTATE - NIGHT

Two grim-faced men enter the foyer: JOHN SAINT (early 20s), Bobby's brother, a vicious sociopath; and LEONARD GLASS (40s) the Saint family's consigliere, a career criminal. They pass five Enforcers, DANTE, SPOON, LINCOLN, CUTTER, 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 is 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. An exchange of words. There is confusion and disbelief. Livia SCREAMS and nearly faints. Howard Saint gives John Saint a directive and sees to his wife.

John Saint walks back to Leonard Glass.

JOHN SAINT
Get him out.

EXT. TAMPA P.D. - LOCK-UP - NIGHT

Nicky Duka exits the building looking around.

NICKY DUKA
Hey who took care of the bail?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No one's waiting for him. Nicky walks down the street. A dark sedan rounds the corner. Nicky walks faster. The sedan pulls ahead and stops. The 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. methodically work Nicky over like loan shark leg breakers. A limousine pulls around the corner and parks. The door opens. The terrifying Leonard Glass emerges.

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 DUKA

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

LEONARD GLASS

Nicky? You should apologize 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 when he found out what I was doing he insisted on coming in. He put up half the cash! Came of his own free will! If you're going to kill me, 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.

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 where we have friends, and in some way that I can only describe as deeply pornographic, you would have been killed. But you're a small piece

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEONARD GLASS (CONT'D)
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 (O.S.)
It's no comfort, Nicky, not at all.

Howard Saint climbs from the darkness of the limo. Dante,
Spoon, and T.J. back off. Nicky stares at Saint in terror.

HOWARD SAINT (CONT'D)
What will bring me comfort is
watching the slow death of the man
who was supposed to be taking care
of my son. Keeping him out of
trouble. What would your father
say if he saw you here, Nicky? He
died for me. Your father was a man
and he died for me. What would he
say about this?

NICKY DUKA
(desperate)
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 him his.
Saint aims the gun at Nicky's face.

HOWARD SAINT (CONT'D)
The person responsible has to die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Saint abruptly turns and shoots T.J. T.J., clutching his gun-shot shoulder, takes a second to realize what's happened.

T.J.

No Mr. Saint ...Bobby told me he was going out for a drink!

HOWARD SAINT

Why didn't you go with him?

T.J.

He put the slip on me!

HOWARD SAINT

You're lying.

Howard Saint shoots T.J. in the knee.

T.J.

Okay okay Bobby told me he was going to the docks with Nicky. He he wanted to do a deal on his own to...to...impress you.

HOWARD SAINT

Thank-you for the explanation.

Howard Saint shoots T.J. in the other knee.

T.J.

ARGGGHH...please Mr. Saint.

Howard Saint stands over T.J. and fires into T.J.'s heart.

HOWARD SAINT

My son didn't need to impress me.

He drops the gun on T.J.'s chest and walks away.

INT. CITY MORGUE - AUTOPSY/STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Howard Saint and son John are escorted into the morgue by Tampa PD. FBI Agent Jimmy Weeks and the County CORONER are present. The Coroner unsheets Bobby Saint's corpse.

HOWARD SAINT

Look what they did to my boy.

WEEKS

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. Promised him one thing, gave him another. Who was Tatum Shaw? Who did he work with? Who were his friends? Who stood to make money on this deal?

Weeks is surprised by this.

WEEKS

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. ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA - FRANK CASTLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Establish a suburban house with a MOVING TRUCK out front.

INT. CASTLE'S HOUSE - DAY

AMANDA CASTLE, great-looking even in the middle of a move, deposits boxes in the living room and walks back down the hallway. She stops cold. The front door has opened behind her. She slowly turns. Her expression says everything.

CASTLE stands backlit in the doorway.

They move to each other. She hugs him tight and they kiss.

AMANDA

(knows him too well)
This was a hard one.

CASTLE

This was the last one.

Amanda sees two FBI AGENTS waiting by Castle's car.

AMANDA

Those are bodyguards Frank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

Protocol honey. Some guys get a gold watch, I get Elmo and Jake.

(off her look)

You know I wouldn't come home if it wasn't safe. And I promise they're not coming with us. I'm retired.

AMANDA

Tell that to your son. He doesn't believe me.

CASTLE

Where is he?

AMANDA

You know.

EXT. CASTLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Castle exits to the back yard. There's a barbecue, a basketball hoop, a dog house with the name "Buck" stencilled over the door. A ball and glove lie in the grass, forgotten. But no Will. Castle picks up the ball and bounces it off the wall. Catches it. Throws it again.

CASTLE

What I miss most about Buck? He could catch a ball. No matter how hard you threw it - SNAP - he was right there. God, I miss that dog. He sure would have loved chasing those big brown rabbits they've got over in England.

WILL (V.O. FROM SOMEWHERE)

Why are we always moving? You said "this is the last time."

CASTLE

I did?

WILL CASTLE, 10, crawls halfway from the dog house.

WILL

You said we're leaving California, and we're going to live in Virginia, and you're going to work in Washington and we're never going to move again. So why London?

Castle catches and holds the ball for a short beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

I'll tell you when you're older.

Castle throws the ball.

WILL'S HAND, now wearing the baseball glove, reaches in and catches the ball just before it hits Castle's hand.

WILL

I already know.

CASTLE

You do?

WILL

You're getting older and you don't know when your number's gonna come up, so you're taking a safer job.

CASTLE

Mom said that?

Will chucks the ball against the wall, it takes a bad bounce. Frank makes an impossible grab, comes up with the ball.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

Hey. Let's keep playing.

WILL

(walks away)

There's no baseball in England.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - SAINT BUILDING - DAY

Establish. Move into the lobby.

INT. SAINT BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

The world of business, where good-looking men and women lift nothing heavier than a phone and make themselves rich. TRACK with Howard Saint, Leonard Glass and John Saint crossing to the elevators. Howard Saint waves to his SECURITY GUARD.

LEONARD GLASS

I called New York, who called Las Vegas, who called Europe and Hong Kong, we even got the Sicilians on it for old time's sake.

JOHN SAINT

Who is Weeks?

(CONTINUED)

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. Divorced, no children. Pays his taxes, avoids hookers. No drug problems. A note of interest: he frequents an establishment in Ybor City. Owned by two of our clients. The Toro Brothers.

HOWARD SAINT

He gambles?

LEONARD GLASS

Roulette when he's up, blackjack when he's down.

HOWARD SAINT

I was born in the Alachua swamps. Alachua County folk believe everything's fated. So they read tea leaves, cut open fish guts, cast sticks on the ground, all to get a glimpse of their future, their fate. Now me, I'm educated, I don't believe a stitch of it. But this Weeks...with the Toros? That smells like fate.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE TORO

For 10 years we've done business,
10 years you've handled our money,
and this is the first time you've
come to my office and seen where
the money comes from! You never
invite 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.

MIKE TORO

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

HOWARD SAINT

The man down there - on your floor -
knows who killed my son.

MIKE TORO

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. As we discussed.

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

FBI Agent Jimmy Weeks is moving from the blackjack tables to
the roulette wheel. The clientele is white and upscale.
Mike nods. Joe picks up a phone. A PIT BOSS puts his hand
to his earphone, looks at the eye-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 ROULETTE WHEEL spins and CUT TO:

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

So I'm a bad judge of character, which is my problem, but 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.

Howard Saint and Leonard Glass enter.

HOWARD SAINT

2 nights ago I asked you who was responsible for killing my son. Could we open that inquiry again?

Weeks blinks as it dawns on him what they want.

EXT. PUERTO RICO COAST - DAY

Establish Puerto Rico's eastern (unpopulated) coast. Establish De Soto Pier, a steel/concrete fishing pier with a connected refueling dock for small craft vessels.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - DE SOTO 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 near an underwater CAVE OPENING.

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

EXT. PUERTO RICO - DE SOTO PIER/REFUELING DOCK - DAY

Castle and Will break to the surface.

WILL

What about the tank?!

CASTLE

Leave it! We'll be back!

They swim to the refueling dock. Castle's parents FRANK SR. and wife BETTY are on the refueling dock explaining the local geography. Amanda towels off Will.

FRANK SR.

Enjoy it while you can. When the season starts there'll be 500 people casting off this pier.

(looking down coastline)

We own all the beach past the North Point, it took us 5 years to find.

(to Castle re: Will)

How'd he do?

CASTLE

I've seen Navy SEALS do worse.

WILL

I want to go in the cave!

AMANDA

Not until you're certified.

CASTLE

Or tomorrow morning, whichever comes first.

WILL

Cool!

AMANDA

Frank....

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. Papparazzi 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 A34-Z11....

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, with Weeks, and later dressed as "arms dealer" Tatum Shaw.

LEONARD GLASS

Tatum Shaw never existed. His real name is Frank Castle. Senior Agent, just got the Bureau's London desk. 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

You should be there, so you can tell Livia how he died.

Leonard Glass nods, begins to walk off.

(CONTINUED)

LIVIA SAINT

Wait.
 (Glass stops)
 The family.
 (she lifts her veil)
 His whole family.

Howard Saint nods, consenting.

Lecnard Glass closes the door. The limousine drives off.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - CASTLE BEACH PROPERTY - NIGHT

30 Castle family members sit picnic-style at a table piled with food. The Castle property consists of two bungalows and a gazebo set up for the reunion. Frank. Sr. bangs his glass. This is not his first (or last) drink of the night.

FRANK SR.

Quiet! I just want to say...!

BETTY CASTLE

You just want to say you're drunk.

Everyone laughs.

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 McCareys, 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.

Everyone drinks.

Amanda looks at Frank. He has turned his face away.

(CONTINUED)

CASTLE

Excuse me.

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

EXT. CASTLE BEACH PROPERTY - LAGOON - NIGHT

Amanda finds Castle sitting by the lagoon down the beach from the Main Bungalow. The surf breaks quietly.

AMANDA

What happened? What's wrong?

CASTLE

I can't believe I'm home. That I could ever be so lucky. There were times, Amanda, I've got to tell you...

AMANDA

Frank...

CASTLE

I want my son to know me. Christ, I want to know my son. I've lost so much time. With both of you. 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.

They start to kiss. CHIRP CHIRP CHIRP. They stop.

CASTLE

Don't look at me.

Amanda unpockets her CELL PHONE. Looks at the caller I.D.

AMANDA

Oh shoot. It's the damn real estate lady.

CASTLE

Here, I need to talk to her.

Amanda hands him the phone. Castle hurls it in the ocean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

Frank!

CASTLE

I'll buy you a new one in London.
One that vibrates...

They begin to make love.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - COAST - NIGHT

The Castle property 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.

INT. CASTLE BEACH PROPERTY - MAIN BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Castle and Amanda watch Will sleep.

CASTLE

(whisper)

We should have another.

AMANDA

(whisper)

I'm ready.

WILL

(he was awake)

Another what?

CASTLE

Goodnight, Will.

WILL

Wait.

(reaches under bed for a
crudely wrapped GIFT)

It's your coming home present.

Castle begins to tear open the gift.

WILL (CONT'D)

There's this company, you mail in your design, they put it on a T-shirt. So I designed that.

Castle unfolds a T-shirt with THE SKULL SYMBOL.

CASTLE

This is...interesting.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
Do you like it?

CASTLE
I love it.

Frank kisses Will on the forehead. Amanda and Frank sit on the bed, their son between them.

EXT. PUERTO RICO COAST - DAY

Re-establish. The next day.

EXT. CASTLE BEACH PROPERTY - GAZEBO - DAY

Everyone's in the gazebo, eating and dancing. There's a band playing rocked up Italian folk music. Exuberance, children dance with old people, cousins flirt, teens reach for drinks and get their hands slapped, mothers look away and teens drink anyway, couples are loose enough to kiss in public.

Frank Sr. signals to Castle. They stroll off together toward Frank Sr.'s OFFICE BUNGALOW 50 yards away.

Will throws a football to his mother. They move down to the beach playing catch.

EXT. CASTLE BEACH PROPERTY - PERIMETER - DAY

The men who arrived the night before (still no faces) move through palm groves toward the compound. Bolt cutters shear a lock. The men are on the grounds. Silent signals, they spread out as planned.

INT. FRANK CASTLE SR.'S OFFICE BUNGALOW - DAY

Decorated with Frank Sr.'s medals and Castle's high school sports trophies. There are two cases: a tall one for rifles and shotguns, a smaller case for pistols. They can see the ongoing party across the beach through a large window.

CASTLE
Your 1911 Colts. You did something to them.

FRANK SR.
You could say that. I bored the chamber, polished the ramp, custom trigger job, tightened the slide and barrel bushing and replaced the sights with tritium night gear.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK SR. (CONT'D)

They were good before, now they're
nail drivers.

CASTLE

(opens the case)

Lemme see.

FRANK SR.

(shuts the case)

No. You're finished with guns. I
prayed... I prayed every night for
you 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. The Colts? I
killed with them. That Winchester
rifle? Some U.S. Marshall in
Tombstone Arizona used it a long
time ago. They're out of service.

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. CASTLE BEACH PROPERTY - GAZEBO - DAY

Betty Castle, dancing with a nephew, collapses to the floor.

INT. FRANK CASTLE SR.'S OFFICE BUNGALOW - DAY

Castle, through the window, sees his mother fall.

CASTLE

Mom?

Frank Sr. comes abreast, looks out the window.

EXT. CASTLE BEACH PROPERTY - GAZEBO - DAY

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

INT. FRANK CASTLE SR.'S OFFICE BUNGALOW - DAY

PUSH IN on Castle, his worst fear realized. He turns. Frank Sr. grabs a shotgun from the stand-up case and tosses it and a box of shells to Castle. Takes same for himself.

EXT. CASTLE BEACH PROPERTY - GAZEBO - DAY

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

It happens that fast.

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

EXT. CASTLE BEACH PROPERTY - BEACH (BEHIND ROWBOAT) - DAY

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

EXT. CASTLE BEACH PROPERTY - MAIN BUNGALOW - DAY

JOHN SAINT

Find his wife and son!

John Saint, Glass, and Enforcers 5-8 fan across the property while Enforcers 1-4 move on Frank Sr.'s Office Bungalow.

EXT. CASTLE BEACH PROPERTY - BEACH (BEHIND 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. FRANK CASTLE SR.'S OFFICE BUNGALOW - DAY

Enforcers 1-2 move toward Frank Sr.'s Office Bungalow. Enforcer 1 yanks open the back door and charges in and BOOM,

(CONTINUED)

he's immediately blown back out. Castle steps through the threshold, pumping his SHOTGUN, and blows away Enforcer 2.

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

EXT. CASTLE BEACH PROPERTY - ACCESS DRIVE - DAY

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

John Saint, fanning across the property 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 BEACH PROPERTY - ACCESS DRIVE - DAY

John Saint, Glass, Dante, and Spoon get in Castle Sr.'s PICKUP.

JOHN SAINT
(to Lincoln and Cutter)
No one leaves alive!

The Pickup truck peels out.

EXT. CASTLE BEACH PROPERTY - MAIN BUNGALOW - DAY

Castle and Frank Sr. run to the Main Bungalow and round the corner of the house and - BOOM - Enforcer 7 appears, firing.

Frank Sr., shotgunned, crumples to the ground.

Enforcer 7 pumps his shotgun to fire again but Castle's on him, headlocking him, snapping 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 with the shotgun, to the station wagon. Lincoln and Cutter whirl and fire, missing. Castle ROARS off down the coastal road.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - COASTAL ROAD/DE SOTO PIER - DAY

Amanda's Jeep races down the coastal road approaching the De Soto Pier and boat refueling station. 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 from their pickup, BLOWING OUT the Jeep's rear tires. The Jeep fishtails, its rims bite the pavement, throwing the vehicle into a roll. The Jeep stops upside down at the Pier's entrance.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - DE SOTO PIER/REFUELING STATION - DAY

Amanda and Will, shaken but uninjured, scramble out of the Jeep. They run up to a REFRESHMENT STAND/BAIT SHOP near the pier's entrance. Amanda ignores the "CLOSED FOR SEASON" sign and POUNDS on the door hoping for a miracle.

AMANDA

Help....HELP US!!

WILL

Mom....the boat!

Will tugs Amanda's sleeve, showing her THE CASTLE BOAT moored at the De Soto Pier refueling dock. Their last chance.

AMANDA

Run as fast as you can honey.

They sprint down the Pier toward the refueling dock.

EXT. DE SOTO PIER ENTRANCE - DAY

The Pick-up screeches up to the Pier entrance. The overturned Jeep is blocking the way. John Saint reverses, then guns it toward the overturned Jeep, ramming it. He reverses and guns it again, knocking it aside.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - DE SOTO PIER - DAY

Amanda turns, her eyes widen. The Pickup is driving onto the De Soto Pier.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Amanda and Will running.

-- The Pick-up closing.

-- Amanda and Will stumbling...desperate...

-- The Pick-up closes to within 50 feet.

-- Close on Amanda's eyes now, darting in terror, she knows she can't make it to the refueling dock.

The Pick-up wipes frame and continues to the end of the Pier.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Castle roars past Amanda's overturned Jeep onto De Soto Pier. He sees something on the Pier ahead. He stops and gets out with the shotgun.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - COASTAL ROAD/DE SOTO PIER - DAY

Castle runs, then jogs, then staggers....

....toward AMANDA'S AND WILL'S CORPSES on the pier.

Castle kneels and takes them in his arms. SCREAMS.

At the end of the Pier, John Saint's pickup truck u-turns.

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

The shotgun blast hits the Pickup's grille. The Pickup veers and careens against the concrete Pier railings.

Leonard Glass FIRES a machine gun burst from the Pickup.

BULLETS rip into Castle's shoulder and leg. He goes to one knee and raises his shotgun. CLICK.

Glass, Dante, Spoon, and John Saint emerge from the truck; the lethal foursome menacingly advances on Castle.

Dante and Spoon approach, kicking Castle's gun clear. They lift Castle to his feet. John Saint walks up and viciously

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

hits Castle. Again, again, again. Castle falls backwards down the steep ramp to the refueling dock.

REFUELING DOCK

Leonard Glass unscrews the lid on a 50 gallon gasoline drum and kicks it over; the fuel spills across the dock. Castle hobbles to his feet.

John Saint descends the ramp, drawing a 9mm.

JOHN SAINT

My mother and father send their 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, John Saint, Dante, and Spoon ascend the ramp. Glass flicks a ZIPPO LIGHTER, tosses it. A flame shoots down the ramp, toward Castle, but hits the refueling pump first. And the REFUELING DOCK BLOWS.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - REFUELING DOCK - 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) REFUELING STATION - DAY

John Saint and Glass stare into the swirling water. The destroyed, smoking refueling dock is sinking. Nothing could have survived.

EXT. PUERTO RICO - COAST (UNDERWATER) - DAY

Castle, bleeding heavily, 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. Castle ascends, pulling the SCUBA tank with him

EXT. PUERTO RICO - CAVES - DAY

Castle surfaces inside the cave. He pulls himself onto a ledge, wincing, coughing 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 - DE SOTO PIER - DAY

John Saint, Glass, Dante, and Spoon walk to the Pickup.

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" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Nicky Duka in tight C.B.

NICKY DUKA

Get that nunk-a-junk cutta here....

Nicky Duka's now the Valet Captain at "All Saints," Howard Saint's nightclub and de facto headquarters. Valets ferry

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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, 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 Property, bodies, Castle, etc.

NICKY DUKA (CONT'D)
 Holy sh.....

Nicky drops the paper like he's going to puke. The Saints enter the nightclub.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" NIGHTCLUB - DAY

The club is a blend of sophistication and depravity, and Howard and Livia Saint move through it to a private table on an elevated tier where Leonard Glass and John Saint are waiting with 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 TRO, the Cuban gangsters, are entering the club.

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD SAINT (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

ACROSS THE NIGHTCLUB

Howard Saint walks up with a forced smile. The Toros, we can see, are not Saint's preferred clientele.

HOWARD SAINT

Joe Toro. What a surprise. Can I get you a drink? Is Mike here?

JOE TORO

He's dancin'.

(looks around)

Now this is class. This is real class Howard.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Mike Toro moves across the dance 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

Who? I'm Mike Toro!

(wildly drunk, too

familiar, hands roaming)

You're Livia. I'm Mike, this is Lenny, I do business with Howard. Your old man's from Havana just like mine, we might be cousins, we should be nice to each other!

LEONARD GLASS

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

MIKE TORO

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 or did you forget your Spanish...?

LIVIA SAINT

I know what it means.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 SAINT (CONT'D)
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.

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

LIVIA SAINT
They're beautiful.

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

She puts them on.

LIVIA SAINT
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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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)

I'm Manuel Candelaria.

(points to his own WANTED
POSTER stuck on wall)

That's me. I'm photogenic, hmm?
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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

How long have I been here?

Candelaria picks up a DOLPHIN FISH from his dugout boat.

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

Castle finishes his dolphin fish. Candelaria pours rum. They drink in silence. Castle is rum-drunk, 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 BEACH PROPERTY - 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 BEACH PROPERTY - DAY

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

INT. FRANK CASTLE SR.'S OFFICE BUNGALOW - DAY

Castle kicks in the front door. The furniture and artwork are tagged for auction. He looks at the photo of Amanda and Will. He smashes the smaller gun case, takes the 1911 .45s. He hears a...VIOLIN. He turns. Amanda is standing there playing. Castle scrunches his eyes...SNAP...she's gone.

EXT. CASTLE BEACH PROPERTY - DAY

Castle, with the Colt 1911 .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...

(CONTINUED)

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

EXT. PUERTO RICO - CANDELARIA'S ISLAND - DAY

Castle ties the skiff up 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.

CANDELARIA
Do you need money?

CASTLE
You've helped me enough.

CANDELARIA
Where are you going?
(Castle walks off)
Vaya con Dios, Castle. Go with God.

Castle turns.

CASTLE
God's gonna sit this one out.

EXT. FAIRFAX, VIRGINIA - VACANT LOT - NIGHT

TRACK WITH FOOTSTEPS into an industrial lot. A billboard in the b.g. says "ARLINGTON VIRGINIA INDUSTRIAL PARK."

-- A SHOVEL bites into the dirt. We time elapse. The hole is deeper. The shovel hits a hard object.

-- HANDS pull out a LOCKBOX and key it open. We see fake passports with Castle's photo, packets of money...and guns.

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

Daybreak. Morning haze lifts as we move through headstones. We pause at: AMANDA CASTLE 1968 - 2004, WILL CASTLE 1996 - 2004. ANGLE WIDENS to include a chain wrapped around a third headstone: FRANCIS CASTLE 1968 - 2004. We hear a truck REV. Castle's headstone rips from the ground.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. NORTH TAMPA - DUSK

Establishing. Tampa's depressing slum section. Among ratty warehouses and desolate parking lots, a solitary tenement.

EXT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - 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 tenement's loft apartment. Joan turns and stares, listening.

INT. BUMPO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Resident STANLEY BUMPO, a 500-pound jolly man, is working his way through a stack of deep-dish pepperoni pizzas, watching a soap opera with the volume turned up LOUD to cover the CLANGING NOISE.

INT. SPACKER DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Resident SPACKER DAVE, 23, a Generation Z slacker with 36 facial piercings, is playing "Doom 3." A bay of TVs receive 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 opens the window, following his TV CABLES.

EXT. SPACKER DAVE'S APARTMENT - PULLY CART - NIGHT

Spacker Dave, still following the cables, crawls onto a scaffold on pulleys - like a window washer's - and pulls himself up to the roof.

EXT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Dave begins adjusting his TV feed which we now see is pirated illegally from a SATELLITE DISH across the street. He hears a RUMBLING ENGINE. A '69 PLYMOUTH ROAD RUNNER is wheeling into the garage below. Castle (his silhouette) gets out.

INT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - 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.

(CONTINUED)

SPACKER DAVE

A '69 Plymouth 426 Hemi Road Runner
with double overhead cams, dual
Holly carbs, TTI headers, 4:10
gears, and an A833 four-speed with
Hurst Competition Plus Shifter...

MR. BUMPO

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

SPACKER DAVE

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

JOAN

He hasn't slept all week.

MR. BUMPO

How do you know?

JOAN

'Cause I haven't slept all week.

SPACKER DAVE

What do you think he does?

JOAN

Maybe he's an artist.

MR. BUMPO

How exciting!

JOAN

Artists don't live in North Tampa.

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.

SPACKER DAVE

(laughs)

Oh... yeah... right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOAN

I'm late for work.

SPACKER DAVE

'Night Joan.

MR. BUMPO

'Night Joan. Up for American Idol,
Dave?

SPACKER DAVE

(of course)

What a stupid question, 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 '69 Road Runner's engine, begins rebuilding.

4. CASTLE'S GARAGE (DAY - MONTAGE) Castle steel-reinforces the '69 Road Runner's front driving compartment.

5. CASTLE'S LOFT - NIGHT (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. CASTLE'S GARAGE - SUNRISE (SUSPENDING MONTAGE)

The '69 Road Runner (repainted black, headers, ram-air), burns rubber onto the street.

EXT. "ALL SAINTS" NIGHTCLUB - 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 '69 Road Runner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICKY DUKA
 See that fender, you fuck? It's
 worth more than your life!
 (drops coffee)
 Oh shhhhhhhiiiiit...!!

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

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nicky Duka - stripped to the waist and hanging upside down
 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!

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. The paradox
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE (CONT'D)

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, killing them. It hurts, it's
just not hot. 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?

Castle takes a position behind Nicky Duka. Nicky squirm-
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. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - 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?

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, 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!
Anything you want to know.

CASTLE

I bet you say that to all the guys.

NICKY DUKA

Look, I'm not a strong person, I'm
a very weak person, but I'm not a
stupid person. I don't know who
ratted you out...

(gets jabbed again with
the popsicle)

....ARRGGGH that hurts, you're a
sick man, Castle, but I do know
some other things!

CASTLE

Tell me.

NICKY DUKA

I know how the Saints and the Toros
are connected. Bobby told me.

CASTLE

Keep going.

NICKY DUKA

Saint's a currency broker, converts
pesos to dollars. It's a business
you can run clean or dirty. Saint
runs it in a river of blood.

MONTAGE CONTINUES (WITH NICKY'S COMMENTARY)

7. MEXICO CITY (NIGHT - MONTAGE) Saints, Glass, and Toro
Brothers at El Toro nightclub. Handshakes and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Inside (shot through doorway) Huge CACHES OF UNSORTED MONEY being stuffed in suitcases.

NICKY DUKA

The Toros make money from gambling and drugs. Cash businesses. The problem with illegally made cash? You can't bank it or the IRS is onto you. And you can't take more than 10 grand at a time out of the country.

8. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - SAINT BUILDING (NIGHT - MONTAGE) Saint Enforcers offloading cash bins on the rear loading ramp.

NICKY DUKA (CONT'D)

So you give it to Saint. What's he do? Cigarette boats.

9. TAMPA HARBOR - MULLET KEY (NIGHT - MONTAGE)

A CIGARETTE BOAT (as seen in Puerto Rico) pulls into a mangrove thicket on Mullet Key in Tampa Harbor. John Saint oversees the loading of CASH BALES.

NICKY DUKA

Once the money's in the Cayman Islands, phhht, it's gone. Saint has it wired to banks around the world, who wire it back to Saint's stateside banks. Saint's banks then "loan" the money to the Toros, who never pay it back. Saint takes 40 percent.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Castle jabs Nicky one more time.

NICKY DUKA

ARGGHH...for the love of..

(Castle shoves popsicle in Nicky's mouth)

...humppphhh.

Castle cuts Nicky down. Nicky falls, momentarily confused. Nicky runs his hands across his unscathed back.

NICKY DUKA (CONT'D)

You are not a nice person.

(looks up at Castle)

So what's up? You gonna string up Howard Saint and blowtorch him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

I like that idea. But I have something better. And guess what? You're going to help me.

Castle opens a trunk. We see weaponry, explosives, and photo equipment. He picks up his old camera and telephoto lens.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

Tell me about them. What they do. For fun and leisure. When. Where.

10. ABOVE SAINT COMPOUND (DAY - MONTAGE) Castle photos (zoom lens) Howard Saint leaving the Saint mansion.
11. GOLF COURSE (DAY - MONTAGE) Castle photos Howard Saint playing golf, early morning, at Tampa Country Club.
12. TAMPA THEATER/SPA (DAY - MONTAGE) Castle photos Livia parking her Mercedes and entering a downtown FITNESS SPA.
13. TAMPA THEATRE/SPA - (NIGHT - MONTAGE) Livia exits the spa in a danceskin, walks down the sidewalk to a movie theater. Castle notes the time (8 p.m.) and day (Thursday).
14. TAMPA "MONS VENUS" - (NIGHT - MONTAGE) Castle photos John Saint in the parking lot of Mons Venus strip club.
15. LEONARD GLASS' TOWNHOUSE (DAY - MONTAGE) Castle photos Leonard Glass leaving his opulent waterfront townhouse.
16. TAMPA BARBER SHOP (DAY - 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.

EXT. '69 ROAD RUNNER - SUNRISE

Castle (we only see his eyes) drives from North Tampa into the Downtown. It's drizzling outside.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - DAY

Early morning rush hour in downtown Tampa. Lawyers, bankers, paralegals, secretaries, etc. hustle to work in the rain.

EXT. SAINT BUILDING - ALLEYWAY - DAY

Castle's Road Runner pulls into an alley next to the Saint Building. Castle (we only see his boots and a HALIBURTON CASE in his hand) gets out, walks to the building's rear.

EXT. SAINT BUILDING - REAR LOADING DOCK - DAY

Two Toro Brothers Henchmen are unloading bins of cash. They look up shocked. The truck door rolls down, locking them inside. We hear them YELLING within. A cash bin rolls up the ramp to the SERVICE ELEVATOR.

INT. SAINT BUILDING - 10TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Castle (still unseen) exits the elevator with the cash bin past a window overlooking the downtown intersection.

INT. SAINT BUILDING - 10TH FLOOR CASH ROOM - DAY

In a large bullpen, three ACCOUNTANTS are sorting, counting, and baling \$100 DOLLAR BILLS. We hear a cash bin rolling toward them. It jolts the table. They look up into the BARRELS OF CASTLE'S DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOTGUN. They freeze.

ACCOUNTANT 1

Who the fuck are you?

ACCOUNTANT 2

What is this, Halloween?

CASTLE (V.O.)

Trick or treat.

Accountant 2 lunges for a gun. Castle's shotgun barrel whips across his head, knocking him cold.

CASTLE) (V.O.)

Get up. Wheel the money out.

Castle cocks the shotgun. Accountant 1 gets up quickly.

INT. SAINT BUILDING - 10TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Castle (still unseen) and Accountant 1 wheel the cash bin to the window. Castle tosses Accountant 1 his Haliburton case.

CASTLE

Fill that up.

While Accountant 1 fills the Haliburton case with \$100s, Castle (unseen) applies suction cups to the window, unpockets a DIAMOND CUTTER, and begins cutting an oval.

ACCOUNTANT 1

Do you know whose money this is?
Do you know whose building this is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE (V.O.)
Howard Saint's.

ACCOUNTANT 1
He's going to fuck your life up.

CASTLE (V.O.)
He already fucked my life up.
(yanks away an oval of CUT
GLASS, points at cash)
Now. Out the window.

ACCOUNTANT 1
What?

Castle pumps the shotgun. Accountant 1 gets the message.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - SAINT BUILDING - DAY

-- A STREET GUITARIST is playing. He looks down in surprise as a \$100 BILL floats into his guitar case.

-- A NEWS BOY is making change when a \$100 BILL lands on a stack of Time Magazines.

-- A CAB DRIVER, negotiating traffic, squints through wipers at a \$100 BILL landing on his windshield.

-- BILLS begin landing on the street and sidewalk. Astonished pedestrians begin picking them up. Some look skyward.

-- From a variety of angles, THE SKY IS SNOWING MONEY. \$100 bills are blowing out the 10th floor window!

INT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - SAINT BUILDING - DAY

Saint Enforcers Dante and Spoon are playing checkers, drinking coffee. Across the lobby we hear the pandemonium.

DANTE
What's going on?

SPOON
Probably some celebrity.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - SAINT BUILDING - VARIOUS ANGLES - DAY

Mayhem. A riot. The \$100 bills falling, lawyers and bankers lunging for them in a free-for-all. The TAXI DRIVER, grabbing for more bills on the windshield, crashes. A BIKER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

grabs for cash and steers into a fountain. Two POLICE CRUISERS block a pedestrian-clogged intersection.

INT. SAINT BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Dante and Spoon look up from their game, alarmed. They rise and cross the lobby.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - SAINT BUILDING - DAY

Dante and Spoon exit. They look up, seeing the money.

INT. SAINT BUILDING - DAY

Dante and Spoon force their way into the lobby and cross to the elevator bank. An elevator DINGS. They freeze.

Castle stands there in his son's skull t-shirt and black duster, with the Haliburton case. Bad to the bone.

CASTLE

Good business, murder? Does Saint pay you for each one?

(advances)

Or do you give him a group rate discount?

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's blown through the lobby window. Spoon's blown back against a GLASS DISPLAY CASE which collapses.

A sound in the corner. Castle whips around, training his gun. The 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, accompanied by Lincoln and Cutter, is playing his weekly round in the morning drizzle, crushes a 5-iron to an elevated green. They drive off in a golf cart.

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

Howard Saint, Lincoln, and Cutter, cart up to the green. Howard Saint, with putter, walks to the green. He stops. Something's wrong. Howard Saint answers his cell phone.

HOWARD SAINT

Yes.

JOHN SAINT (ON PHONE)

Pop, 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.

The "date of death" has been chiseled off.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - SAINT BUILDING - DAY

The mayhem has quieted. Police are making arrests, towing cars, etc. FBI Agent Jimmy Weeks hurries down the sidewalk with Tampa PD Chief EDWIN MORRIS and US Attorney MARC FLYNN.

CHIEF MORRIS

The two men killed worked for Howard Saint. We're holding the shooter in Building Security. The Lobby Guard says it was self-defense.

INT. SAINT BUILDING - DAY

They enter.

WEEKS

What do we know about him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They approach the Building Security Office, where two uniformed Tampa PD officers stand watch. Weeks drops his coffee cup. It SMASHES on the tile floor.

CHIEF MORRIS
Believe in ghosts, fellahs?

They stare at Castle sitting in the office. Weeks pauses, takes a deep breath, and follows Morris and Flynn inside.

INT. SAINT BUILDING - BUILDING SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Castle sits, sipping coffee, staring straight ahead with emotionless eyes. The Haliburton case sits at his feet.

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

WEEKS
I spoke at his funeral.

CASTLE
(like he saw him
yesterday)
Hi Jimmy. What did you say? At my funeral?

WEEKS
I said it was hard to imagine you dead.

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 outside, and subsequent riot, the men you left locked to the radiator on the 10th floor aren't talking, but when they do...? Let's just say don't leave the country.

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

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF MORRIS

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

CASTLE

Nothing you don't know already.

CHIEF MORRIS

With your eyewitness account we can get Murder 1 indictments.

CASTLE

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

WEEKS

But Frank...where have you been?

CASTLE

I forget.

Morris and Weeks exchange a look.

MORRIS

What's in the case?

CASTLE

It's personal.

MORRIS

You want to open it?

CASTLE

No.

MORRIS

I can get a warrant.

CASTLE

Oh? I'm not being detained under suspicion and I'm not under arrest. Do you know something about the 4th Amendment I don't?

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASTLE (CONT'D)

tire. I used to get upset when a plane was delayed. I used to get upset when the Yankees won the Series. So if that's what upset means, then 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.

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.

CHIEF 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 picks up the Haliburton case and exits.

CHIEF MORRIS

Is he permitted to carry?

WEEKS

Class-3 Automatic Weapons Licence and a CCW Concealed Carry Permit - part of his undercover requirement. Technically he's still with the Bureau.

CHIEF MORRIS

Technically he's dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHIEF MORRIS (CONT'D)

Hear me Special Agent Weeks, if the
FBI can't stop that man from
playing cowboy in my city, my
department will - including use of
lethal force if necessary.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - SAINT BUILDING - DAY

Castle exits. 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. I'm gonna
take care of business.

Castle continues into the street, shouting skyward.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

You hear that Howard? Come and get
me!

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

Weeks watches Castle cross the street to the alley where he
left his Road Runner. Weeks unpockets a casino chip and
nervously rolls it across his knuckles.

EXT. NORTH TAMPA BAR/DINER - DAY

A run-down bar/diner down from the Tenement.

INT. NORTH TAMPA 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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

30.

the end of the diner counter, alone, eating a plate of eggs. The front door DINGS. 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. Through the blinds she sees him flash past on his Harley. Her eyes instinctively fall to the cash register. The cash is gone.

JOAN

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

She slumps against the counter, hands to face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COOK

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

JOAN

Here I am. Right here.

Joan composes herself and delivers the plates. She comes back. Castle is gone. A \$100 bill sits on the plate. Castle's Road Runner roars past the entrance. And CUT TO VARIOUS TAMPA LOCALES (TBD, but something like this):

1. A LOCAL TAMPA NEWS ANCHOR IN CLOSE-UP

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 from the 10th floor of a downtown Building...

2. On a Tampa street, window shoppers crowd a bank of TVs in a Radio Shack window. FOOTAGE shows money-chasing downtown.

NEWSCASTER 2 (TV)

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

3. In a Cuban Deli, patrons crowd a counter TV. FOOTAGE shows Castle being taken into Police custody.

NEWSCASTER 3 (TV)

...in a related story Francis Castle was taken into custody at the scene in the shooting deaths of two men....

4. At a downtown construction site, brick masons watch footage of Police Chief Morris outside City Hall.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR 1 (TV)

Castle was in Tampa participating in a Federal Bureau of Investigation arms seizure resulting in the arrest of Nicholas Duka and death of Robert Saint.

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...Rambo. 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. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - 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.

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

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. CASTLE'S LOFT 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, drenched in sweat, clutches his glass so hard it... SMASHES. He lies down shivering, staring at the ceiling.

INT. SAINT MANSION - 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.

JOHN SAINT

No, Pop.

LEONARD GLASS

Castle refused Witness Protection. He rented an apartment in North Tampa. He drives an old Plymouth. Dial 411, you'll 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, so let's give him some. Have the Toros called?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEONARD GLASS

They'll be here tomorrow morning.

HOWARD SAINT

You invited them to my...home?

LEONARD GLASS

They invited themselves Howard.

Howard Saint's expression sours.

INT. SAINT MANSION - FOYER - DAY

Howard Saint, with a forced smile, descends to the foyer. Morning sunlight streams through the curtains.

HOWARD SAINT

Mike Toro, Joe Toro! Something to drink?

JOE TORO

Nice weather we're having.

MIKE TORO

I've seen hurricanes, seen it rain like cats and dogs, but never in all my years have I seen it rain hundred dollar bills.

JOE TORO

This rainmaker - Castle - he was supposed to be dead.

HOWARD SAINT

We've done business for ten years and this is the first time that something has gone wrong.

MIKE TORO

At a personal loss to us of 50 million dollars, that's one time too many. You guaranteed that money. Do you want us to find another banker?

HOWARD SAINT

You don't have to do that.

MIKE TORO

We want our money back, and we want protection on the next shipment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE TORO (CONT'D)

It's fifty million dollars, Howard.
Do you guarantee our money?

HOWARD SAINT

(holds up arms)

With everything I own.

Mike Toro sees LIVIA outside, walking from the tennis court.

MIKE TORO

Everything?

The Toros, with lascivious grins, exit. Howard Saint grits his teeth with disgust.

LEONARD GLASS

In 48 hours Castle is a memory. A
pro from Memphis. The best.

EXT. SAINT MANSION - DAY

The Toros walk to their lime-green Cadillac past Livia. Mike Toro blows her a kiss and imitates fellatio.

LIVIA SAINT

I don't suck Cuban cock.

MIKE TORO

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

Livia gives Mike Toro the finger. The Toros get in their Caddy and burn rubber out of the driveway.

EXT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - NIGHT

The sun is setting. A Harley is parked outside the tenement.

INT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - 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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He kicks at the door.

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. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Spacker Dave and Mr. Bumpo warily leave their apartments.

SPACKER DAVE

Uhm...dude? It's kinda late.

MIKE

Yeah but what time is it in Hawaii?

MR. BUMPO

(assertive)

You should go right now.

MIKE

Shut your 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

Yeah? You are?

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

CASTLE

Hey.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE (CONT'D)

I'll say this once: get out.

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.

Mike advances on Castle with 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. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

SPACKER DAVE

Nobody 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, leaving Castle alone in the hallway with Joan. They regard each other.

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.

Castle turns, begins to walk off.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You're Castle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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
(double meaning)
They won't kill me.

Castle shuts his apartment door, brushes past her, and
disappears down the dark hallway.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Livia Saint, following her Thursday routine, exits the spa in
her dancaskin, stows her workout bag in her Mercedes, and
walks to the movie theater where Castle photographed her
during the montage. She pays for a ticket and enters.

Castle emerges from shadows, unpocketing carjacking tools.

INT. LIVIA SAINT'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Castle enters and rummages through Livia's gym bag on the passenger seat, noting Livia's DIAMOND EARRINGS (Howard's birthday present) and brand of perfume. He closes the gym bag, jack-starts the ignition and pulls away, clicking a VOICE DISTORTER on the handset of Livia's car phone.

EXT. LEONARD GLASS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Establish Leonard Glass' opulent bay-side home.

INT. LEONARD GLASS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Leonard Glass is sitting by his fireplace sipping wine. The phone RINGS. Glass answers.

LEONARD GLASS

Glass.

CASTLE

Leonard Glass?

LEONARD GLASS

Who is this?

INTERCUT - CASTLE/GLASS

CASTLE

I have certain photographic studies of you and your barber friend. Meet me at the bar in the Wyndham Harbor Island Hotel. Bring \$5000 and I'll give you the photographs. You wouldn't want Howard Saint to see them, Mr. Glass.

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

EXT. WYNDHAM HARBOR ISLAND HOTEL - NIGHT

Castle pulls Livia's Mercedes into the parking lot of the Wyndham Hotel, parks in a blue, clearly-marked "Disabled Parking" space, gets out, and bleeds into the shadows. SCREECH. A Tampa PARKING ENFORCEMENT VEHICLE pulls over. The Parking Enforcer gets out and begins writing a TICKET.

Behind this (50 ft. across the st.) LEONARD GLASS pulls his car into the Hotel Valet Stand. Glass gets out, valets his car, and enters the Wyndham Hotel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Parking Enforcer finishes writing Livia's ticket, slaps it on the Mercedes' windshield, and drives off.

Castle emerges from the shadows to the Mercedes, grabs the parking ticket, gets in, re-ignitions, and drives off.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

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

EXT. WYNDHAM HARBOR ISLAND HOTEL - NIGHT

Leonard Glass, clearly angered, checking his watch, exits the Wyndham. The "blackmailer" never showed.

INT. SAINT MANSION - NIGHT

Howard Saint comes through the house. He stops at the gym. John Saint, extremely muscular, is pumping iron. Nicky Duka is spotting for him.

HOWARD SAINT
Leonard's late. Where is he?

JOHN SAINT
(benchpressing)
No idea.

NICKY DUKA
I know. I saw Mr. Glass pulling into the Wyndham Hotel. Couple hours ago.

HOWARD SAINT
Have you seen your mother?

JOHN SAINT
It's Thursday Pop.

HOWARD SAINT
(remembers)
Right. Thursday. The movies.

Howard Saint hears LAUGHING in the foyer.

INT. SAINT MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Howard Saint approaches the foyer. Livia and Leonard Glass are standing close together by the front door. She's talking; he's laughing. At ease, intimate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIVIA SAINT

(sees Howard o.s)

Howard? Is that you? I was
telling Leonard about the movie.

HOWARD SAINT

Where were you Leonard? I called.

LEONARD GLASS

I dozed off. Out by the pool.

HOWARD SAINT

Ah. Funny.

LEONARD GLASS

What's funny?

HOWARD SAINT

Nicky said he saw you at the
Wyndham Hotel.

LEONARD GLASS

Nicky should have his eyes checked.

HOWARD SAINT

So he's mistaken?

LEONARD GLASS

Yes Howard, he's mistaken.

Howard accepts this and exits. Leonard Glass shrugs at
Livia, follows Howard.

EXT. TAMPA BAY - SUNRISE - DAY

Days later. The sun bursts over glistening Tampa Bay Harbor.

INT. NORTH TAMPA BAR/DINER - FRONT BOOTHS - DAY

Castle is at the counter eating. Joan (in waitress outfit),
Spacker Dave, and Mr. Bumpo are down the counter. Spacker
Dave picks at his sausage. Bumpo's working through the left
side of the breakfast menu. They speak in hushed tones.

MR. BUMPO

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

JOAN

Drinking. A lot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY HECK (CONT'D)

it will carry me home I pray,
on the day that I die.

Harry Heck stares hard at Castle.
A long...hard....stare.
Castle finally looks up.

CASTLE

Do I know you?

Harry Heck exhales. Keeps staring at Castle.

HARRY HECK

You're the one in the papers. The
one that came back from the dead.
How much do I owe you darlin'?

JOAN

Seventy-five cents.

Heck slaps change on the bar. Moves to the door.

CASTLE

I didn't catch your name.

HARRY HECK

Like the tune? It's called "The
Day I Die."

(smiles)

I wrote it for you.

Harry Heck pushes his hat over his eyes and exits. Joan,
Bumpo and Spacker Dave all turn and look at Castle. Castle
continues eating.

EXT. NORTH TAMPA BAR/DINER - DAY

Castle exits, eyes darting. The parking lot's deserted. No
Harry Heck. Castle gets in the Road Runner.

EXT. NORTH TAMPA - INDUSTRIAL ROAD - DAY

Castle's Road Runner moves through a creepy industrial part
of North Tampa dominated by abandoned warehouses.

INT. CASTLE'S ROAD RUNNER - DAY

Castle looks up in the rear view mirror. A white '77 LINCOLN
MARK V rolls out from an alley, falling in behind.

EXT. NORTH TAMPA - OLD HARBOR DRAWBRIDGE - DAY

Castle's Road Runner rolls up to the Old Harbor Drawbridge.

INT. CASTLE'S ROAD RUNNER - DAY

Castle (in rear view) sees that the Lincoln isn't slowing down. And the DRAWBRIDGE is rising. There's nowhere to run.

EXT. NORTH TAMPA - OLD HARBOR DRAWBRIDGE - DAY

The Lincoln rear-ends Castle, boxing him against the raised drawbridge. Harry Heck gets out with two shotguns.

INT. CASTLE'S ROAD RUNNER - DAY

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

EXT. NORTH TAMPA - OLD HARBOR DRAWBRIDGE - DAY

Harry Heck empties the pump shotguns into the Road Runner's side windows and windshield, blowing out the glass, but not penetrating the protective steel panels.

The drawbridge lowers. Castle peels out.

Harry Heck curses, gets in the Lincoln, and gives chase.

EXT. NORTH TAMPA - INDUSTRIAL ROAD - DAY

The Lincoln chases the Road Runner past slag heaps and decrepit factories.

INT. HARRY HECK'S LINCOLN - DAY

Harry Heck slides a custom MP-5K machine gun through a windshield port and FIRES.

INT. CASTLE'S ROAD RUNNER - DAY

Castle throws the wheel, pulling the Road Runner into a slide, and fires out the window. He empties both shotguns and goes to handguns. A ROUND blows off the side mirror.

EXT. NORTH TAMPA - WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Road Runner and Lincoln roar past a warehouse at 80 mph., Heck's rounds blowing holes in the warehouse. Castle slides around the side of the warehouse, emptying his .45's at the Lincoln to no effect.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Road Runner and Lincoln roar through the warehouse exchanging fire. A CEMENT TRUCK pulls in front of the Road Runner. Castle throws the wheel but crashes hard.

The Truck Driver gets out to survey the damage. The Lincoln pulls up and Harry Heck, armed with handguns, gets out. The Truck Driver hides behind the wheel-well.

Castle stirs in the driver's seat barely conscious, his forehead bloody. He gets out and staggers, falling heavily to the dirt. He can still aim his .45 at Heck. CLICK.

Harry Heck sidles up to Castle. He draws a vintage Colt and levels it at Castle's head.

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

HARRY HECK

You're dumber than a box of hammers, boy. You brought a knife to a gunfight.

CASTLE

They paid you to kill me. So kill me.

As Harry Heck begins to squeeze the trigger, Castle presses the blade handle. The blade, springloaded, shoots from the handle into Heck's neck. Heck is frozen, disbelieving his predicament. Blood gurgles.

Harry Heck pitches over dead.

Castle, panting, stands over Heck's corpse in the street.

Four TBPD POLICE CRUISERS, sirens blaring, scream around the corner and screech to a stop. TBPD OFFICERS get out, guns drawn. Castle throws up his hands, surrendering.

INT. TAMPA FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

U.S. Magistrate HARRY MCCALL stares at us.

U.S. MAGISTRATE HARRY MCCALL

All rise. Having issued the license to Mr. Castle during his employment in various Federal Agencies, the Bureau may revoke the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

U.S. MAGISTRATE HARRY MCCALL (CONT'D)
license at its discretion. Is this
the Bureau'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
Special Agent Castle, you are
hereby suspended from the Federal
Bureau of Investigation and
divested of all rights accompanying
that authority, including but not
limited to your Class-3 and CCW
licences to carry concealed
firearms. Mr. Castle, I presume
you entered this courtroom past the
metal detectors with a concealed
firearm?

CASTLE
I did, your Honor.

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

Castle pulls out 5 handguns from various holsters. The
Magistrate stares at Castle and CUT TO:

EXT. TAMPA FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Castle, followed by Police Chief Morris and Weeks, exit.

CHIEF MORRIS
I say to myself: 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. Weeks gives Castle a look.

WEEKS
So much for my pension.

WEEKS (CONT'D)
There was nothing I could do Frank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They walk down the sidewalk to Weeks' Mustang.

CASTLE

What happened to the Jag? You loved that car.

WEEKS

Well, you know, I wanted to buy American. What are you doing now? You want to get a beer?

CASTLE

I'm gonna smoke some cigarettes.

WEEKS

You don't smoke.

CASTLE

I know.

Castle smiles quixotically. Weeks watches him, nervously rolling his casino chip.

EXT. TAMPA HARBOR - MULLET KEY - NIGHT

Establishing. Mullet Key is at the mouth of Tampa Harbor. Oil tankers pass in the distance.

2 CIGARETTE BOATS laden with bales of \$100 BILLS pull into mangroves. Lincoln and Cutter get out, signalling with flashlights. John Saint and 2 CUBANS emerge from mangroves.

JOHN SAINT (SPANISH)

Mas rapido.

They turn back toward the cigarette boats and suddenly...

BOOM! both boats blow up in a monumental FIREBALL.

John Saint gets to his feet and runs to the boats. The bales of money are burning.

He turns inland. What he sees shocks him.

CASTLE, the skull t-shirt glinting in the moonlight, stands back-lit on a bluff behind the dunes. Castle's and John Saint's eyes lock. Castle bleeds off into the shadows.

INT. HOWARD SAINT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Howard Saint turns to Leonard Glass, flushed with rage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD SAINT

All of it?!
(heaves brandy snifter
against mirror)
Castle.

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

A limousine pulls up. Howard Saint and Leonard Glass get out. Mike and Joe Toro exit their club. They stand there gloating and threatening.

MIKE TORO

Smell that? Chicken Havana-style.

JOE TORO

We were going to invite you for our feast but then decided: nahhh.

MIKE TORO

Have you heard the news?

JOE TORO

A shipment of cash was torched 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.

The tone of all the above is not nice.

HOWARD SAINT

14 out of 15 shipments are perfect. One goes bad and you give me this? And because you're what - mad at me? - you want to scare me? You can't get insurance for what we do. So I'm not going to cover your fucking losses, and if you don't like that, remember one thing Mike: I've got more guns.

The Saints and Leonard Glass get in their limousine.

INT. SAINT'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

LEONARD GLASS
They're animals. With all due
respect we don't have more guns.
It's my duty to point out to you...

HOWARD SAINT
(flushed with rage)
It's your duty to make Castle dead.
Whatever it costs, whatever it
takes. Call the Russian.

INT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - AMTRAK DEPOT - DAY

Establishing. The next day. Commuters come and go.

The RUSSIAN (we don't see his face) enters from the trains,
commuters staring in awe. His giant hands hold bags stamped
with CYRILLIC LETTERS.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA - AMTRAK DEPOT - DAY

A RENTAL CAR AGENT approaches, straining his neck to look up.

RENT-A-CAR AGENT
Sir, you're rental's right over
there but as you can see it's
momentarily boxed in....

The Russian (still unseen) snatches the car keys and walks to
the rear of the rental car, squats, grips the bumper, lifts.
He picks the car up, swinging the rear end into the street.
He drops it; it SLAMS down. He gets in and drives off.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

Castle sits shirtless, staring at a wallet photo of himself,
Amanda, and Weeks taken years before. He hears CREAKING
FLOORBOARDS in the hallway. Castle assembles his .45 and
loads a clip. There's a KNOCK on the door. Castle gets up,
cautiously approaches. He looks through the ID fish-eye,
steps back, opens the door. Joan stands there.

JOAN
We want you to have dinner with us.

Joan looks at Castle's kitchen table. Where most people have
salt shakers and place mats - he has gun solvent and bullets.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Would you clear the table?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

I...

MR. BUMPO

Come on, Mr. Castle, live a little.

Mr. Bumpo and Spacker Dave wheel a cart past Joan laden with plates and food. Joan and the guys start moving guns, knives and bullets out of the way.

Castle stands there staring at them.

EXT. SAINT MANSION - DAY

Grim and foreboding.

INT. SAINT MANSION - DINING ROOM - DAY

Howard and Livia Saint sit at opposite ends of a 30-foot table eating dinner in silence.

LIVIA SAINT

Where is John?

HOWARD SAINT

He had some business.

EXT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

Later. The dinner has been eaten.

JOAN

I want to say that I feel thankful to be alive this year, and to have a job, and to be sober.

SPACKER DAVE

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? 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 Castle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

Thanks for dinner.

Castle gets up and walks to the far corner of the loft.

MR. BUMPO

Now the piece de resistance! Iced
"Florentine!" We'll be right back,
come on Dave.

(Dave doesn't get it)

Come on, Dave.

Mr. Bumpo motions to Dave to get the hell out so Joan can be
alone with Castle. They exit.

Joan crosses the room. Castle is pouring a whiskey.

JOAN

Say you kill them all. Then what?

Castle goes to the window. Looks out on crappy North Tampa.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Will your memories go away?

(draws closer,
uncertainly)

You can create new memories. Good
ones. Good memories can save your
life.

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

CASTLE

I'm not what you're looking for.

Castle turns away. Joan sadly exits.

INT. MR. BUMPO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mr. Bumpo, in chef's hat, puts a huge vat of vegetable oil on
the burner. Joan pulls a couple tubs of ice cream from the
freezer. Spacker Dave sorts through Mr. Bumpo's music.
Chooses a record. "Rigoletto" blares from the turntable.
Spacker Dave begins air-conducting the orchestra.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

Castle pours himself another drink. A KNOCK on the door.

CASTLE

It's open!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Castle gets up, goes into the hallway.

He opens the front door. WHAMMMMM.

THE RUSSIAN drives his fist through Castle's jaw and advances. He is 7'5", 450 pounds, with a scar running the length of his head and a spiderweb tattoo on his left shoulder. Wham. Wham. He hits Castle with both fists, each one a knock-out blow.

The violence is brutal, immediate, horrifying.

The Russian swings. Castle ducks. The Russian's FIST hits the wall, caving in the plaster and lathe-board. The Russian violently jerks his hand to wrest it free.

Castle, seizing the opportunity, grabs his boot-knife. The Russian grabs Castle's wrist, stopping Castle's thrust, and turns the knife on Castle, stabbing his shoulder.

The knife sinks in. Castle yelps. The Russian pulls the knife out and raises it for a second thrust. Castle moves; the knife stabs into the wall. Castle wheels and, clutching his shoulder, staggers down the hallway.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - HALLWAY- DAY

The Russian follows Castle's blood trail to the end of the hallway. The door to Castle's bedroom is invitingly ajar.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

The Russian enters. Stops. Castle, unarmed, stands there.

CASTLE

They paid you to kill me. So kill me.

The Russian unholsters his Desert Eagle and unloads. Castle doesn't look shot, rather "shattered," because The Russian shot a MIRROR positioned at a 45 degree angle in Castle's bedroom, giving Castle the opportunity to --

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

-- spring from behind the door, slamming a CROWBAR on The Russian's head. The Russian smiles.

THE RUSSIAN

Ah...baseball! I like baseball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 under the sink, pulls the pin, and tosses it at the Russian.

The Russian crowbar-bats the grenade back at Castle. It hits the bathroom wall, falling in Castle's lap. Castle stares wide-eyed at the grenade, then dives into the cast-iron tub as the grenade DETONATES.

INT. MR. BUMPO'S APARTMENT - DAY

The tenement vibrates from the blast. The needle on Bumpo's record player SKIPS off the Rigoletto record. Silence.

MR. BUMPO

Did you feel that?

Bumpo shrugs, starts dumping ice cream into the vat of vegetable oil. Spacker Dave puts the needle back on the record. Rigoletto blares again.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

The dust settles. The Russian approaches the blown-out bathroom. Castle's legs protrude from under the cast-iron tub. The Russian picks Castle up by the legs and hurls him into the bedroom, then bends 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 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 clutches a REVOLVER taped under the kitchen table. He brings it up to fire but the Russian clamps the gun to the table and SMASHES the barrel with the counter lamp's lead base. Castle forlornly looks at the gun barrel. It's oval.

EXT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

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

INT. MR. BUMPO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mr. Bumpo and Joan ladle out fried "Iced Florentine" while Spacker Dave plays "air cello" to Rigoletto in the b.g.

EXT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

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

INT. MR. BUMPO'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Russian explodes through the door and thunders inside. Joan SCREAMS and hides under the counter. Spacker Dave dives aside. 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.

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

THE RUSSIAN
ARGGGGGHHHHH!!

Castle charges, slamming both men 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 go, The Russian sliding on his back, Castle atop him...WHUMP WHUMP WHUMP over the stairs...slamming into the lobby wall with a sickening SNAP of bone.

INT. RENT CONTROL APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

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

SPACKER DAVE
Whoah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BUMPO
Mr. Castle? Frank?

IN THE LOBBY BELOW - CASTLE

rolls off the Russian.

CASTLE
I'm fine. He's not.

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

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

Castle staggers into his apartment followed by Joan, Bumpo, and Spacker Dave. A pool of blood is forming at Castle's feet. He sinks 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 grabs a 5th of Jack Daniels from the kitchen table. Castle takes it and guzzles it like Gatorade. Joan rifles the cupboards, finding a First Aid Kit. She pulls out some surgical scissors and cuts away Castle's shirt.

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.

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

JOAN (CONT'D)
This'll hurt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joan begins sewing Castle's knife wound. Castle's eyelids flutter; his eyeballs roll back in their sockets.

SPACKER DAVE

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

They hear CARS outside. Mr. Bumpo goes to the window.

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.

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. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - LOBBY - DAY

John Saint, Leonard Glass, and Enforcers Lincoln and Cutter
enter. The Russian's corpse lies there, hideous and twisted.
They exchange a foreboding look. All unholster handguns and
chamber bullets. 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 out onto --

EXT. SPACKER DAVE'S APARTMENT - PULLY CART - NIGHT

-- the makeshift scaffold Spacker Dave uses for roof access.
Dave climbs on and pulls. The scaffold, bearing Dave and the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

unconscious Castle, ascends to the rooftop. Dave whispers down to Mr. Bumpo and Joan, who watch from the window.

SPACKER DAVE
Get outta here!

INT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Bumpo and Joan move from Dave's apartment to their own as Glass, John Saint, Lincoln and Cutter come up the stairs.

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 FOOTSTEPS outside.

MR. BUMPO
Oh my goodness oh my goodness....

INT. SPACKER DAVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Spacker Dave climbs back inside and pulls the blind. He hears FOOTSTEPS outside. He goes to the door, peers through his fish-eye. CRASH....John Saint kicks Dave's door down. Dave falls. John Saint and Leonard Glass hover over him.

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

CRASH....Lincoln kicks Joan's door down. Joan's cowering in the corner. Lincoln advances.

INT. BUMPO'S APARTMENT - DAY

CRASH...Cutter kicks Bumpo's door down. Bumpo looks like he's going to have a coronary.

INT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

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

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

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

JOHN SAINT
Castle. Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.
(to Joan/Bumpo)
Your friend is about to have a bad
day. You can save him by talking.

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. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - DAY

We hear Spacker Dave's horrible SCREAMS inside.

INT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Leonard 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, when, he shows up, kill him.

Leonard Glass, John Saint, and Lincoln exit.

INT. HOWARD SAINT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Howard Saint sits in the dark staring at his son Bobby's photo. The phone RINGS.

EXT. "ALL SAINTS" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

John Saint is on his cell phone, walking from his Lamborghini to the nightclub's entrance.

JOHN SAINT
Castle's alive. The Russian's
dead.

INTERCUT.

HOWARD SAINT
Where's Leonard?

JOHN SAINT
Home. I'm at the Club.

HOWARD SAINT
Make the calls. I want every warm
body there, no excuses. Arrange
food and drinks. I'll be there in
an hour. We're going hunting.

Livia passes Howard Saint's office with her gym bag.

LIVIA SAINT
I'll be back after 10.
(no response)
Darling?
(Saint finally looks up)
It's Thursday.

HOWARD SAINT
Of course.

She kisses him and exits. Howard Saint reaches into his desk drawer, removing a handgun.

EXT. SAINT ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT

Livia exits to her Mercedes which Nicky Duka has just finished polishing.

NICKY DUKA
There Mrs. Saint, look at that
shine, gosh you're pretty tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIVIA SAINT

Give me the keys you little prick.

Nicky hands her the keys; she snatches them, gets in glaring at Nicky, and drives off. As she clears the drive, Nicky's expression darkens. He checks his watch.

EXT. ROOFTOP ABOVE SPACKER DAVE'S - NIGHT

The sun's down. Castle stirs. He finds himself on the tenement's rooftop. He rises and orients himself.

INT. SPACKER DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

INT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Castle enters, seeing Joan on the couch. She signals "over there" and Castle spins as a toilet FLUSHES in the b.g. and the bathroom door opens. Enforcer 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 grabs a knife from the kitchen table and cuts Bumpo and Joan loose, then goes to Spacker Dave.

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

JOAN

(gasps)

Oh no....

MR. BUMPO

Oh, look what they did to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 nothing but trouble. Why were you ready to die for me?

SPACKER DAVE

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

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 good person. You've been through a lot. You made a bad turn, you're finding your 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 tonight?

He doesn't answer.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Is that what you want?

He doesn't answer.

She turns and runs out, tears coming to her eyes.

Castle 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

I leave this as a declaration of intent so no one will be confused. One: "Sic vis pacem para bellum." It's Latin. The boot camp Sergeant

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASTLE (CONT'D)
made us recite it like a prayer.
Sic vis pacem, para bellum. "If
you want peace, prepare for war."

INT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - 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 clips with ammunition, puts small "soapdish" anti-personnel charges in his weapons bag. He packs up a small BOW and high-tensile ARROWS.

EXT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - 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
If you do this there's no turning
back.

They lock eyes. And Castle recedes into the darkness.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAMPA MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Livia Saint, in her Thursday routine, exits the spa in her danceskin. She puts her gym bag in her Mercedes and walks to the movie theatre marquee, pays for a ticket, and enters.

The Mercedes' door opens. Castle enters and rummages Livia's gym bag, fishing out Livia's EARRINGS and bottle of perfume. He clicks the voice distorter onto Livia's car phone.

INT. LEONARD GLASS' HOUSE - 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.)
Leonard, those photos of you? I
changed my mind. The number is now
\$10,000. Be at Banana Republic in
Westshore Plaza at 9 p.m. or
they'll have their own web site.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEONARD GLASS

You listen to me you son-of-a...

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.

NICKY DUKA (V.O.)

Nicky Duka speaking.

CASTLE

You're on.

Castle engages the gears and roars off.

INT. HOWARD SAINT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Howard Saint emerges from his closet, pulling a jacket over his shoulder-holstered handgun. Nicky Duka KNOCKS.

NICKY DUKA

Mr. Saint? How do you want me to pay for this?

HOWARD SAINT

Pay for what?

NICKY DUKA

I was detailing Mrs. Saint's car and found this ticket.

HOWARD SAINT

That's unlike her. Give it here.

Nicky hands Howard Saint the ticket.

INSERT - THE PARKING TICKET

A T.B. DEPT. OF MOTOR VEHICLES notice. His eyes flash across the NOTICE OF PARKING VIOLATION.

HOWARD SAINT

October 5. Last Thursday. 9:14
p.m.

BACK TO SCENE

Howard stares at the parking ticket, confused, disbelieving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICKY DUKA

That's around the time I saw Mr.
Glass at the Wyndham. Mrs. Saint
was at the movies at 9 on Thursday.
I mean...wasn't she?

Howard Saint stares at the ticket. His hands tremble.

NICKY DUKA (CONT'D)

Mr. Saint?

Howard Saint fights to compose himself.

HOWARD SAINT

You have a key to Leonard's house?

NICKY DUKA

Sure, I do his laundry.

HOWARD SAINT

Give it to me please.

EXT. LEONARD GLASS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Leonard Glass pulls out of his driveway.

DOWN THE STREET - Castle, sitting in Livia's Mercedes in a
service alleyway down the street, watches Glass drive off.
He gets out and moves on Glass' house.

EXT. LEONARD GLASS' HOUSE - SIDE YARD - NIGHT

Castle climbs into Glass' house through a side window.

EXT. SAINT MANSION - NIGHT

Howard Saint exits his mansion quickly, with agitation, and
gets in his Bentley. Roars off.

INT. BANANA REPUBLIC - NIGHT

Leonard Glass waits beside a rack of briefs, frowning at his
wristwatch. A SALESMAN approaches.

SALESMAN

Need help with some underpants?

LEONARD

Go fuck yourself.

EXT. LEONARD GLASS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Howard Saint pulls his Bentley up to Leonard Glass' house. 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 front door.

INT. LEONARD GLASS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Howard Saint enters, looking around, moving toward the bedroom staircase, inspecting, scrutinizing. He hears a honking HORN outside. He looks out the front window and sees LIVIA'S RED MERCEDES pulling away from the house. Howard Saint, rage exploding, heads up the bedroom stairs.

INT. LIVIA'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Castle drives off, watching Leonard Glass' house disappear in the rear-view mirror. He allows himself a slight smile, knowing what Saint is about to find.

INT. LEONARD GLASS' HOUSE - BEDROOM STAIRS - NIGHT

Howard Saint comes up the stairs, passing PHOTOS of Leonard Glass with John Saint and various Saint Enforcers.

INT. LEONARD GLASS' HOUSE - NIGHT

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

Livia's DIAMOND EARRING sits there. He smells a pillow.

He recoils as if gut-punched. It's true. His wife and best friend. Fucking under his nose. The cuckolded fool.

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

INT. LEONARD GLASS' HOUSE - 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)

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 were you going to do it next
week? Back to the Wyndham Hotel?

LEONARD GLASS
Who?

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD SAINT

You and 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.

LEONARD 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 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)

CONTINUED: (3)

LEONARD GLASS

Livia? What did she tell you...?

(blade enters; he gasps)

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

(blade goes deeper)

Howard, you're....

(deeper)

...killing me.

(to 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

FBI Agent Weeks gets out of his car, walks to his apartment.

INT. WEEKS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Weeks enters; lays his revolver on the kitchen table; enters the living room. Goes to the bar. Begins to pour.

CASTLE

How's work?

Weeks, startled, turns. Castle stands in the kitchen's shadows with his .45. He picks up Week's revolver.

WEEKS

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

CASTLE

It's how I say hi to everyone these days.

Castle doesn't lower his gun.

WEEKS

Do you want a drink?

CASTLE

You do.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE (CONT'D)

What happened to your Jaguar,
Jimmy?

WEEKS

I told you, buy American.

CASTLE

I didn't see your fishing boat
outside. It was built 35 miles
down the coast. That's not
American enough for you?

WEEKS

You know what they say about owning
a boat? Your two happiest days are
the day you buy it and the day you
sell it.

CASTLE

(looks around vacant apt.)
Do they say that about TVs and
stereos?

WEEKS

I had my money in high tech stocks,
my broker kept saying don't sell,
don't sell. I'm an old soldier and
I follow orders. Now I'm broke.

Weeks knuckle rolls the casino chip faster.

CASTLE

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

Gambling's like alcoholism, Frank.
It's a disease. Before you can
cure yourself you have to hit
bottom. I hit bottom. The car was
a dream and I miss the boat every
day. But I gave those problems
over to my Higher Power.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE
(considers this, smiles,
accepts the explanation)
Okay Jimmy. I get it.
(lowers gun, sets it on
the coffee table)
Pour me a drink.

Weeks pours, staring at Castle's gun on the table.. Castle
goes to Weeks' empty stereo cabinet.

CASTLE (CONT'D)
You know what's funny? A bank can
repossess everything except your
phone. They can get a Court to
hold you to \$10 dollars of calls a
month, but they can't take the
phone. I think the same should
apply to a man's stereo. Look at
this collection. This is a crime.

Castle turns around. Weeks has the gun pointed at him.

WEEKS
How long have you known?

CASTLE
You mean for certain? Enough to,
say, bet on? Not until now.

WEEKS
I'm sorry, Frank.

The two mens' 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 unpockets a handful of BULLETS.

CASTLE
I'm not a betting man, Jimmy.

WEEKS
I'll tell you who did it.

CASTLE
You did it Jimmy.

WEEKS
Saint did it.

(CONTINUED)

CASTLE
No. You did it.

WEEKS
I saved your life.

CASTLE
Yes. And I came home from the war
and met Amanda and had a son - your
godson - then one day they were
murdered in front of me, with my
mother and father, my whole family.
I should thank you for that?

WEEKS
(belting whiskey)
No.

CASTLE
You swore allegiance to a Code.

WEEKS
I know that.

CASTLE
Then you know what you have to do.
Frank holds one bullet up, between thumb and forefinger.

WEEKS
I can't.
He tosses Weeks the bullet.

CASTLE
You can. You will.
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 SAINT
Where is my husband?

Lincoln lights a cigarette.

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

He backhands her - she falls to the marble.

LIVIA SAINT (CONT'D)
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 went to the movies last
Thursday, like you always do? The
8 o'clock show?

LIVIA SAINT
Yes....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD SAINT

But called Leonard at 9? From your
car phone? How's that possible?

He throws Livia's car phone bill in her face.

LIVIA SAINT

There...there's an explanation.

HOWARD SAINT

Sure there is. You were fucking
him. You were fucking my best
friend.

LIVIA SAINT

That would be a little hard to
accomplish, Howard.

HOWARD SAINT

True.

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

LIVIA SAINT

Howard?

Howard Saint thrusts the PARKING TICKET in face.

HOWARD SAINT

And you really should pay your
parking tickets.

Livia fumbles the ticket, trying to comprehend.

LIVIA SAINT

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

HOWARD SAINT

You'll say anything now, won't you?
(shoves the DIAMOND
EARRING in her face)
THIS. Was in his bedroom.

Howard Saint drags her out the door.

EXT. YBOR CITY EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. HOWARD SAINT'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

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

LIVIA SAINT

Howard, you have to listen to me...

HOWARD SAINT

(disinterested)

Recognize the neighborhood, Livia?
Ybor City? Little Cuba? I saw you
for the first time three blocks
from here? 23 years ago it had
color. Now it's only for 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 SAINT

Howard...!

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

LIVIA SAINT (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 SAINT

(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 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. They slowly surround Livia.

LIVIA SAINT
I'm Howard Saint's wife.

MIKE TORO
The Howard Saint out to us for 50 million? That Howard Saint?

JOE TORO
He just called! Said he was delivering an interest payment on the money he owes us. I guess that's...you. Dig in boys.

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. Livia manages to break free.

The Toros advance. Livia makes a choice. She jumps from the overpass. The Toros go 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Howard Saint's limousine pulls up, drops Howard Saint, and pulls into the VALET PARKING LOT across the street from the nightclub, filled to the limit with Saint Enforcer vehicles.

A HAND reaches up and attaches a SOAPDISH CHARGE to the underside of the limo.

Castle moves through the parking lot, rigging all the other vehicles in similar fashion.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Howard Saint strides across the dance floor and takes the stairs to the upstairs Gentlemen's Bar.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" UPSTAIRS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Saint's Enforcers are waiting. Some play cards in the corner. Others clean weapons. Howard Saint enters, crosses to the center of the room, all eyes on him, and pulls out a STACK OF \$100S.

HOWARD SAINT

By morning Frank Castle is dead.
50 thousand dollars to the man who
pulls the trigger.

John Saint follows his father to Howard Saint's office.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" - HOWARD SAINT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. ALLEYWAY DOWN FROM "ALL SAINTS" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Castle stares at the nightclub from an alley down the street. He ducks into shadow and unshoulders his weapons bag, pulling out his shotguns, assault rifle, several "soapdish" charges, and lastly, the tape recorder and photo of his family.

He clicks on the tape recorder. Moonlight falls on his rugged, exhausted face.

CASTLE
Two: Frank Castle is dead. He died with his family. Three: The law is inadequate. To shame its inadequacy, it is necessary to act outside the law, to pursue a natural justice. This is not vengeance. Revenge is not a valid motive, it's an emotional response. No, not vengeance.

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

CASTLE (CONT'D)
...Punishment.

Castle clicks off the tape recorder, kisses the photograph of his wife and son, sets it next to the tape recorder on the weapons bag, and moves on the nightclub.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

At the bar 4 WAITRESSES are preparing buckets of champagne.

Two Saint Enforcers with Uzis walk the room. An arrow whistles and - THWICK. A Waitress SCREAMS. The Enforcer looks down. The ARROW HEAD is protruding from his chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pitches over dead. The 2nd Enforcer runs up. THWICK. An arrow pierces his neck. He too drops.

Castle steps from the shadows. The Waitresses back up, frightened out of their panties: Castle in body armor, weapons dangling, face demented.

CASTLE

Get out.

EXT. "ALL SAINTS" - NIGHT

The Waitresses, scared shitless, exit the club and run off.

Castle attaches a "soapdish" charge with a tripwire to the front door's deadbolt so that whoever next opens the door will trigger it. Castle heads for the stairs.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" - UPSTAIRS GENTLEMEN'S BAR - NIGHT

Howard Saint motions to Enforcer Lincoln, who goes to the dumbwaiter.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Castle moves up the stairs. The dumbwaiter BUZZES.

ENFORCER LINCOLN (V.O. INTERCOM)

Get that champagne up here!

Castle stops, looking back at the champagne buckets, getting an idea. He unpockets his anti-personnel "soapdish" charges and hits the intercom buzzer.

CASTLE (INTO INTERCOM)

Coming right up.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" - UPSTAIRS GENTLEMEN'S BAR - NIGHT

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

-- CLICK. Lincoln looks down. At the bottom of the ice bucket is the anti-personnel "soapdish" charge.

A horrifying, ungodly explosion. The charge rips through the room like a scythe. Lincoln and 5 Enforcers no longer exist.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" - HOWARD SAINT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Howard and John Saint react to the explosion and dive under Howard Saint's desk, drawing their weapons. A shockwave rips through the room.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" - UPSTAIRS GENTLEMEN'S BAR - NIGHT

Castle, his assault rifle belching lead, wheels into the club mowing down Saint's men.

An Enforcer advances with a shotgun, firing repeatedly. Castle takes one..two...three shotgun blasts to the chest, blowing his body armor to shreds. Castle clenches the shotgun barrel sending the 4th shot wide.

It blows the Enforcer's foot off. The Enforcer keeps coming, getting his hands around Castle's neck. Castle reaches for his ankle knife and buries it under the Enforcer's chin.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" - HOWARD SAINT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Howard and John Saint stagger through the rubble, making it to Howard Saint's private elevator.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Howard and John Saint go for the door, John in the lead. Howard Saint sees the soapdish charge and puts on the brakes.

 HOWARD SAINT
John...NO!!!

John looks down and dives away as the door trips the "soapdish" charge. A horrific BLAST.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" - UPSTAIRS GENTLEMEN'S BAR - NIGHT

Castle hears the explosion below and races down the stairs.

INT. "ALL SAINTS" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Castle moves across the dance floor. He sees a struggling shape ahead, in the blown-out doorway.

JOHN SAINT is caught behind a collapsed tubular-steel girder, desperately reaching for his gun, just out reach.

Castle approaches. John Saint squirms, helpless.

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CONTINUED:

CASTLE

Nice biceps. You must work out.
Ever try isometrics?
(unpacks "soapdish")
This anti-personnel mine for
instance only weighs a pound.
Let's make it harder.

Castle slaps the charge in John Saint's outstretched palm and attaches the out-spoiled filament to the girder, draping a 20 lb. piece of STEEL REBAR over his wrist. John Saint stares at his quivering hand, already growing heavy. If he lets the charge lower two more inches, it will detonate.

JOHN SAINT

Don't leave...me...like this....!

EXT. "ALL SAINTS" - NIGHT

Howard Saint staggers down the street to the parking lot.

CASTLE (O.S.)

Howard Saint.

Howard Saint desperately tries to reach his Bentley.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

HOWARD SAINT!

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 youngest son.

In the b.g. we hear JOHN SAINT SCREAM, then an EXPLOSION.

CASTLE

And your oldest.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Castle walks up. Stands over Howard Saint. He unpockets PHOTOGRAPHS and drops them on Saint's chest.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

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.

Castle rips off his belt, cinches it around Howard Saint's ankle, and lodges the buckle between the bumper and fender of Saint's Bentley. He opens the door, throws the car in neutral, and disengages the parking brake.

The Bentley begins to roll, dragging Howard Saint.

The Bentley accelerates down a gentle grade, pulling Howard Saint into the All Saint's parking lot.

HOWARD SAINT

No...NOOOOO!

Castle, eyes burning like coals, walks off clicking a radio detonator. The Bentley - and 50 other cars linked with charges - simultaneously blow sky high.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SKYSCRAPER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

We hear PARTY SOUNDS. A door opens and Police Chief Morris exits a gala dinner in a tuxedo, talking on a cell phone.

CHIEF MORRIS

I think I can see it from here.

Morris walks to the window at the end of the corridor and looks down. His expression is priceless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICE CHIEF MORRIS POV - the burning cars in the parking lot are in the shape of the SKULL ON CASTLE'S T-SHIRT.

EXT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - NIGHT

The old place in haunting moonlight.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Castle staggers in, sits heavily. The tension consuming the man is lifted. His mission is complete. His destiny fulfilled. He picks up his father's .45., 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.

EXT. VIRGINIA GREYHOUND TERMINAL - DAY

Not an hallucination this time. A memory. Castle, in dress uniform, is with Amanda. It's 1991, before Desert Storm.

AMANDA

Kuwait? I don't even know where that is. Take care, if anything happens to you I'll kill myself.

CASTLE

Never say that. Never. If I die you go on, have a great life, and never forget me. Promise?

AMANDA

Will you promise the same?

CASTLE

Promise.

AMANDA

You're my hero, Frank Castle.

They kiss. Castle boards the bus and turns back. Amanda slowly...fades away. SNAP. Castle looks at the .45 in his hand. The gun falls from his fingers. He shivers.

INT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joan sits on the hallway's ratty carpet, anxiously waiting. Castle's apartment opens. Castle emerges, packed to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

You're right. Good memories can save your life. When Dave's out of the hospital, check the cupboard. I left something for all of you. I have work to do. Read your newspaper every day, you'll understand.

JOAN

Newspaper? Which section?

CASTLE

Obituaries.

Castle shoulders his pack and walks off into darkness.

EXT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - DAY

A taxi pulls over. Joan and Mr. Bumpo get out and help Spacker Dave from the cab. Dave's weak, back from the hospital, his face wrapped in bandage swaths.

INT. NORTH TAMPA TENEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joan, Bumpo, and Spacker Dave stand outside Castle's apartment, uncertain what to do. The door is ajar.

INT. CASTLE'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

They enter, looking around. Castle has cleared out. Joan goes to the kitchen cupboard and opens it. They stand there stunned. On three cookie plates, with separate name tags for Joan, Dave, and Bumpo, are HEAPING STACKS \$100s.

EXT. TAMPA BAY BRIDGE & NIGHTSCAPE - NIGHT

A lone silhouette (Castle) stands starkly against a hallucinatory cerulean city-scape as we helicopter back...

CASTLE

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.

FADE TO BLACK. Gunshots pierce the theater. THE END