

Episode #: 101

LOST

"Tabula Rasa"

Written by
Damon Lindelof

Directed by
Jack Bender

PRODUCTION DRAFT

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LOST

"Tabula Rasa"

CAST LIST

BOONE.....Ian Somerhalder
 CHARLIE.....Dominic Monaghan
 CLAIRE.....Emilie de Ravin
 HURLEY.....Jorge Garcia
 JACK.....Matthew Fox
 JIN.....Daniel Dae Kim
 KATE.....Evangeline Lilly
 LOCKE.....Terry O'Quinn
 MICHAEL.....Harold Perrineau
 SAWYER.....Josh Holloway
 SAYID.....Naveen Andrews
 SHANNON.....Maggie Grace
 SUN.....Yunjin Kim
 WALT.....Malcolm David Kelley

RAY.....
 THE MARSHAL.....

LOST

"Tabula Rasa"

SET LISTINTERIORS

BARN - Morning - **FLASHBACK**
RAY'S FARMHOUSE
 KITCHEN - Morning - **FLASHBACK**
INFIRMARY TENT - Morning/Night
FUSELAGE - Day - STORMY WEATHER
INFIRMARY TENT - Day - STORMY WEATHER
LEAN-TO - BEACH - Day - RAINSTORM
RAY'S PICK-UP - DRIVING - Day - **FLASHBACK**
INSIDE THE PICK-UP (AFTER CRASH) - Day - **FLASHBACK**

EXTERIORS

BEACH - Morning/Day/Night/Dawn/Night
 SECLUDED GROVE - Afternoon/Night/Day/Dusk/Dawn
 LEAN-TO - Day - RAINSTORM
 DOWN THE BEACH - Night
 FUSELAGE - Morning
 JUNGLE'S EDGE - Dawn
JUNGLE - Late afternoon/Afternoon
 A SECLUDED GROVE OF TREES
HILLSIDE - THE ISLAND - Dusk
MEADOW
 EDGE OF THE JUNGLE - Night
 KNOWER'S CAMPSITE - Night
BARN - AUSTRALIA - Morning/Night - **FLASHBACK**
BAMBOO FIELD - Day
FUSELAGE - Day - STORMY WEATHER
BEACH - Day - RAINSTORM
AUSTRALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - Day - **FLASHBACK**
AUSTRALIAN FOREST - Day - **FLASHBACK**

TEASER

Moving through the "O" of the "LOST" TITLE, POP IN on --

A SINGLE CLOSED EYE. AND IT FLIES OPEN. But this time, it's not Jack's. It's...

THE MARSHAL

She's dangerous.

PULL BACK to find --

1 EXT. BEACH - MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY AREA - AFTERNOON (DAY 2) 1

JACK and THE MARSHAL. Feels like a couple hours have passed -- Sky's a little darker and UNCONSCIOUS HURLEY noticeably gone.

Jack looks up from the makeshift SUTURES he's performing on his patient's abdomen. The Marshal's eyes flicker -- mumbling -- incoherent -- OUT OF IT --

THE MARSHAL

... have to find her...

Jack continues to stitch. Focused --

JACK

Try not to move, man.

THE MARSHAL

... have to bring her back...

Jack keeps stitching, talks to himself --

JACK

Yeah, you keep saying that, but every time I ask you who you have to bring back you pass out again. And since your fever's running pretty high and I'm guessing you have no idea what the hell you're talking about...

THE MARSHAL

The cuffs... where are the cuffs?

And THAT gets Jack's attention. Stops what he's doing --

JACK

What?

THE MARSHAL

Jacket pocket.

JACK

THE MARSHAL

I don't...

-- Jacket. Pocket.

Jack turns -- Sees the MARSHAL'S SUIT JACKET folded on the sand a few feet away. Oh. That.

Jack unfolds the jacket. Checks the outer pocket. Just a BOARDING PASS. Reaches into the inside pocket...

Pulls out a FOLDED PAPER. And we're TIGHTENING NOW as --

Jack unfolds the paper. Looks at it. Blinks.

And SO FUCKING MUCH is going through his head right now -- thousands of emotions -- but it LOOKS something like this --

CONFUSION. Then REVELATION. And finally, BETRAYAL. And we CIRCLE AROUND BEHIND HIM to look at what the hell is ON that piece of paper. And of course, it's --

KATE.

Just her face. Sad, but defiant. Maybe a little younger than she is now, but not by much. At the bottom of this photo, a NUMBERED PLACARD. Her name is not listed. Nor is her crime. But make no mistake about it --

This is her MUG SHOT.

And a final whisper as his eyes flicker closed --

THE MARSHAL (CONT'D)

... dangerous.

SMASH CUT TO:

2 EXT. JUNGLE - LATE AFTERNOON

2

A PAIR OF WORN BOOT HEELS being DRAGGED through the dirt --

We're moving really fucking fast... hand-held... disorienting... sound of HEAVY BREATHING... EXERTION...

And OH SHIT, those boots are on the feet of a BODY...

And KATE's the one dragging it.

She's sweaty -- banged up -- clutching the wrists of this bloody-faced MAN as she PULLS him up A GRASSY INCLINE...

And Kate GRITS her teeth, her toned arms BURN with the effort but he's DEAD WEIGHT and it's hard and --

The body's ARM comes off. What?

But Kate ain't bothered by this. She pulls the arm free of the SHIRT SLEEVE, tosses the ARM aside (a prosthetic?) -- Bends over, gets a grip on the body's OVERALLS and --

TUGS IT UP THE INCLINE

And the ground finally levels out, each step backwards a Herculean effort as she turns to look over her shoulder as --

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNK!

A HUGE EIGHTEEN-WHEELER -- a SEMI TRUCK -- passes within INCHES of Kate's FACE and we PULL BACK to find her --

RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF A HIGHWAY. Smack dab in the middle of CIVILIZATION -- across the street, a BILLBOARD. And just as we're wondering exactly WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON --

VOICE (O.S.)
Watch out.

KATE turns abruptly as --

3 EXT. HILLSIDE - THE ISLAND - DUSK 3

CHARLIE reaches out, grabs her shoulder as she almost SLIPS down the same STEEP INCLINE they came up.

Ah. That was obviously a FLASHBACK.

CHARLIE
You all right?

KATE
Yeah. Thanks.

And now we see the rest of the group; SAYID. BOONE. SHANNON. SAWYER.

BOONE
Getting dark.

SAWYER
Then pick up the pace.

BOONE SAWYER
Hick. -- Little louder?

They've reached an OPEN SPACE. A few more steps and they're in the JUNGLE. Sayid stops, looks to the DARKENING SKY --

SAYID
We should make camp...

SHANNON
What? Here?

Kate and Charlie exchange a knowing look at the thought of entering the JUNGLE...

SAWYER
I'm not stopping. Y'all have a nice cookout.

SAYID
Excellent. Walk through the jungle in the dark...

SAWYER
-- Ooooh. You think the trees are gonna get us?

SAYID
No. What is knocking down the trees will get you...

Sawyer reaches to the back of his jeans, pulls out the GUN --

SAWYER
You're so worried about me, how about you give me the clip back?

Sayid looks down to the MAGAZINE CLIP tucked into his pocket. Already shaking his head as the debate is silenced by --

KATE
Put your gun back in your pants, Sawyer.
(he grins; but does it)
Sayid is right. We need to stop, put the mountain at our back so we're protected on one side. If you keep walking, you won't make it to the beach.

SAWYER
Yeah? Why's that?

And she doesn't look away. Has ALL their attention now.

KATE
Trust me.

And as the IRONY of that statement rings in our ears...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 EXT. MEADOW - EDGE OF THE JUNGLE - NIGHT 4

THWUMP! A large ROCK lands in the grass, lit only by the soft orange light of a CAMPFIRE.

SAYID (O.S.)
This is Australia.

A LONG STICK pokes into frame - OPEN FLAME dances on the end.

SAYID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This is us.

SAWYER (O.S.)
Great stick.

PULL BACK to see NIGHT is upon us. Our GROUP OF SIX is gathered around a CAMPFIRE. Based on what Sayid just said, we intuit that Kate & Charlie have filled the rest in on their journey to the jungle, and thusly...

From here on out, when referring to these six as a group, we'll just call them THE KNOWERS.

Sayid holds the STICK as he literally MAPS IT OUT for those unfortunate enough to have missed the last two episodes --

SAYID
Two days ago, we take off from Sydney. We fly along the same northeast route every commercial airliner bound for Los Angeles does. The Pilot -- before he died from his injuries, he said he lost communication with the ground, yes?

KATE
Yeah. About six hours in. He turned around, headed for Fiji.

Charlie pulls off one of his SNEAKERS -- tosses it to Sayid.

CHARLIE
Fiji.

Sayid drops the sneaker off to the right of the ROCK. Alters the course of the stick towards it.

SAYID
So we changed course. Regrettably, no one knew we changed course.
(MORE)

SAYID (CONT'D)

It was perhaps another twenty minutes when the turbulence hit.

BOONE

Turbulence doesn't bring down planes.

SHANNON

You would know.

Boone smiles, shakes his head. Used to it. And now Sayid is holding the stick less steadily... his hand SHAKING --

SAYID

The plane came apart. We know the rest.

The stick angles downwards. Descending... lower... lower and -- TSSSSSS -- the FLAME SNUFFS out in the ground. Somewhere between the ROCK and CHARLIE'S SHOE --

SAYID (CONT'D)

So we are here.

Lifts the stick, passes it all the way over (and man, it seems A LOOOONG way) to the original FLIGHT PATH...

SAYID (CONT'D)

But they think we're here.

KATE

The pilot said we were a thousand miles off course.

SAYID

Maybe more.

CHARLIE

But they'll find us -- I mean, they've got satellites in space that can take a picture of your license plate.

SAYID

If only we were all wearing license plates.

CHARLIE

-- Well aren't you the pessimist...

SAYID

Basic Photography -- point and shoot. Satellites can shoot... but they must be told where to point.

CHARLIE

Oh. Right.
(then)
Bollocks.

Sawyer SNORTS. His turn --

SAWYER

Uh... hey -- hello? Hi there.
Okay, really enjoyed the puppet
show. Fantastic. So we're in the
middle of damned nowhere. How
about we talk about the other
thing? The transmission Abdul
picked up on his l'il radio?
Y'know, where the French chick who
said, what was it again? Oh yeah --
EVERYONE IS DEAD. And the
transmission's been on a loop for --
(to Kate)
How long was it, freckles?

*
*
*

KATE

(fuck you)
Sixteen years.

SAWYER

Right. Let's talk about that.

Some unsettled glances. Everyone waiting for someone ELSE to
come up with the answer. Then --

BOONE

Well - we need to tell the others
when we get back...

SHANNON

Tell them what?

CHARLIE

You're right. Maybe
someone...

BOONE (CONT'D)

What we heard.

SHANNON

-- You didn't hear anything.
I'm not a stupid translator --

SAYID

We're not going to tell them
anything.

BOONE

What?

SAYID

To relay what we heard without fully understanding it will cause a panic. People don't like questions they do not have the answers to. We tell them what we know, we take away their hope. And hope --
(trust me on this)
Is a very dangerous thing to lose.

Kate speaks softly --

KATE

So we lie.

Sayid nods. And his logic can't really be disputed. They all exchange looks. Shit -- Just like that, they've become CONSPIRATORS.

5 EXT. BEACH - MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY AREA - NIGHT

5

HURLEY

Was it a dinosaur?

BACK AT THE BEACH, we find Jack and HURLEY putting up a MAKESHIFT TENT around the now unconscious Marshal. Obviously in the midst of a similar conversation --

JACK

It wasn't a dinosaur.

HURLEY

You said you didn't see it.

JACK

I didn't.

HURLEY

Then how do you know it wasn't a dinosaur?

JACK

Because dinosaurs are extinct.

HURLEY

Oh.

(beat)

Yeah.

Jack works on the tent (the deflated YELLOW EMERGENCY SLIDE from the plane) as Hurley clocks the shallowly-breathing Marshal --

HURLEY (CONT'D)
So what's his story? He looks
kinda... dying.

JACK
He's not going to die.

HURLEY
But he's yellow, man...

JACK
His wound is infected. The
antibiotics will fight it
off.

HURLEY
What if they don't?

JACK
-- Then his body shuts down
one piece at a time. If his
abdomen goes rigid...

HURLEY
He looks like he's in pain.

And we're ON JACK. This is something he's already acutely
aware of. And it weighs on him... maybe for reasons we're
not entirely aware of. Lost in his own headspace --

JACK
Yeah.

HURLEY
What's this?

Jack suddenly turns to see Hurley unfolding the PIECE OF
PAPER. Shit -- where did he...?

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Wait -- this is...

And realization washes over Hurley's face as he turns the MUG
SHOT around to show Jack --

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Uh... Dude?

Jack takes the paper out of Hurley's hand. Folds it back up,
stuffing it into his pocket as --

HURLEY (CONT'D)
What do you think she did?

Beat.

JACK
It's none of my business.

HURLEY JACK
She looks pretty hardcore.
-- Hurley...

HURLEY
She didn't say anything to you? I
thought you guys were like, tight.

Maybe that lands for a second, but Jack doesn't let it show.
Instead --

JACK
No. She didn't say anything.

And as Jack returns his attention to The Marshal...

6 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 6

Again, small FIRES dot the area around the fuselage, small
groups of our CASTAWAYS gathered around them. We PICK UP --

WALT as he crosses the beach. He's wearing a BASEBALL CAP,
carries something else in his hand, but we don't see it until
he reaches --

THE TREE LINE

The darkness of the JUNGLE overwhelming in the moonlight. A
few more steps and Walt would DISAPPEAR. Throws a quick
glance over his shoulder to make sure he's alone. Then he
removes the hat, turns it over, puts it on the ground.

And now we see he's carrying an AIRLINE MEAL. Some Lasagna-
like substance. As he starts SPOONING the food into the
overturned hat --

NOISE FROM THE JUNGLE. Something coming. Walt stiffens --

WALT
Vincent?

Nothing. Silence. THEN --

JIN emerges. STOPS. Startled --

And a flash of EMBARRASSMENT as we see Jin is holding a ROLL
OF TOILET PAPER. But he quickly covers as he sees what Walt
is doing. IN KOREAN --

JIN

Why are you wasting that food?

Walt has no idea what he just said, but--

WALT

(softly)

It's for my dog.

And off this odd tableau --

7

EXT. MEADOW - KNOWERS' CAMPSITE - NIGHT

7

We find ourselves a couple miles inland on THE DYING EMBERS of the Knowers' campfire.

And right now, we're focused on SAYID. Sitting up, his back supported by his pack, SLEEPING SOUNDLY.

And a HAND is reaching towards his waistband. Towards the CLIP OF THE GUN...

Slowly. Carefully. Delicately pinches the top of the clip and begins to slide it out...

SAYID

What the...? HEY!

And the hand JERKS the clip out as Sayid wakes up -- SCRAMBLES to his feet as we reveal THE THIEF --

BOONE. Huh?

He SLAMS the clip into the GUN -- must've already lifted it off Sawyer...

And THE OTHERS wake up now, freaked about the commotion.

SAYID (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

BOONE

SAWYER

Standing guard.

(nods to Kate)

You heard what they said is out there...

-- You took my gun off me, boy?

SHANNON

Please -- You've never held a gun.

You don't even believe in guns.

(to the others)

He goes on marches.

BOONE
I do not go on...

SAYID
Give it back to me...

SAWYER
-- Oh yeah! Give Al Jazeera the gun. He'll protect us!

BOONE (CONT'D)
I'll keep the damn gun...

CHARLIE
I think Al Jazeera is a network...

SHANNON
We should give it to her.

And all the fighting stops as we realize that Shannon, of course, is referring to KATE.

CHARLIE
Yeah. Kate should hold the gun.

Kate just stands there. Says nothing.

SAYID
Fine with me.
(looks to Boone)
Well?

Boone doesn't wanna give it up. He's amped. But he's also *
OUTNUMBERED. And Kate makes sense. He turns the gun around, *
holds it out. After a beat...

Kate reaches out and takes it. Looks at it. And then her eyes go STEELY as she stuffs it into the back of her jeans. And we MOVE IN REAL CLOSE ON HER as --

8 INT./EXT. BARN - AUSTRALIA - MORNING - FLASHBACK 8

The business end of a SHOTGUN prods into --

KATE. She's curled up, sleeping in the corner of what just might be a SHEEP PEN. SHOTGUN pokes her again and --

Kate's eyes flicker open. Instantly, she's awake. Aware of the gun as she sits up and sees --

A FARMER. On the early side of fifty. KIND FACE doesn't match the rifle. This is RAY. Australian accent --

RAY
Mornin'.

KATE
(guarded)
Morning.

RAY
You're sleeping in my sheep pen.

KATE
Sorry.

RAY
How'd you get here?

KATE
Walked.

RAY
Walked from where?

KATE
Town.

RAY
Nearest town's fifteen kilometers.

KATE
Guess that's why I'm exhausted.

Ray looks her over --

RAY
What's your name?

KATE
Annie.

RAY
You hungry, Annie?

Kate seems surprised by this question. But then... she NODS.

9 INT. RAY'S FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - **FLASHBACK** 9

Kate sits in a modest KITCHEN, eating from a huge mound of SCRAMBLED EGGS. Liberally rips off a huge PIECE OF BREAD from the loaf in front of her.

Ray seems to enjoy watching her stuff her face for a few moments. Hard, but with a smile --

RAY
So, you wanna tell me why you're trespassing on my property?

KATE
I ran out of money.

RAY
You're American.

KATE
Canadian.

Kate continues eating. And she's so pat in her story we need to note -- we have no idea what's true and what ain't.

KATE (CONT'D)
Graduated college, figured I'd see the world. Australia was on the top of my list, so I hopped a flight to Melbourne. Don't really know anyone here, so I decided to walk for awhile. See the country.

RAY
Melbourne's a hundred kilometers from here.

KATE
I like walking.

RAY
And somehow you wandered onto my farm.

KATE
Like farms, too.

RAY
Know how to work one?

Kate actually stops eating.

KATE
Yeah.

Ray nods. Matter of fact --

RAY
Wife died eight months ago
Wednesday. Left me too many chores
and a helluva mortgage.
(beat)
You help me with the first one,
I'll give you a decent wage and a
place to stay.

We can actually see Kate mulling the offer. Weighing all the pros and cons. Sizing this guy up. Deciding right here and now -- can she trust him? Then --

KATE

Deal.

She extends her hand across the table. But Ray doesn't extend his. That's because...

RAY

I'm a lefty.

He pushes up the sleeve of his right arm. Knocks on it. Hollow. PROSTHETIC.

And as Ray extends his LEFT hand and Kate shakes it...

We make the connection. This sweet farmer -- this man who has just taken Kate into his life --

Is going to end up getting dragged through the woods by her.

10 EXT. BEACH - MORNING (DAY 3) 10

AND ANOTHER DAY BEGINS ON THE ISLAND.

We TRACK with Hurley as he RUNS (and he ain't exactly a gazelle, folks) towards -- *

11 THE MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY TENT 11 *

Hurley bursts in, instantly waking --

JACK. Snapped out of his five minute cat nap as he keeps a vigil at The Marshal's side. Jack looks up at Hurley --

HURLEY

They're back.

12 EXT. BEACH - FUSELAGE - MORNING 12

ALL FORTY OF THE CASTAWAYS are gathered around THE KNOWERS, specifically SAYID. We've missed the introduction and drop in right where it counts --

SAYID

The transceiver failed to pick up a signal. We weren't able to send out a call for help.

And we see this news land in TWO ways --

FIRST, on the KNOWERS as they officially commit to the lie.
SECOND, on EVERYONE ELSE. We can FEEL it -- they're SCARED.

SAYID (CONT'D)
We are not giving up. If we gather electronic equipment -- your cell phones, laptops -- I can boost the signal and we can try again.

We catch a glimpse of LOCKE here, listening to Sayid.
Listening CLOSE as he studies the faces of the KNOWERS...

SAYID (CONT'D)
But this may take some time, so for now we should begin rationing our remaining food. If it rains again, we should set up tarps to collect the water...

And the other CASTAWAYS begin to nod, given a sense of purpose now - Sayid might call it HOPE -- he continues to organize things, but his voice becomes a dull hum in the background as --

JACK approaches the group.

And he could really care less what Sayid is saying. No, what he cares about is --

KATE. And as soon as she sees him, she SMILES.

And even though Jack denies himself this...

He's happy to see her, too.

Kate immediately peels away from the others, moves to Jack.
He waits for her to come to him.

KATE
Hi.

JACK
Hey.

An awkward beat. Both of them... WAITING. Then --

KATE
I need to tell you something.

JACK
Okay.

KATE
But we should...
(nods to the others)
Wanna walk?

JACK
Sure.

SO THEY WALK. She's NERVOUS. Shit -- he is, too.

KATE
I know you don't know me -- we
don't know each other. But...
(simple; real)
I just need you to try to hear what
I'm telling you. Okay?

Jack nods. He knows what's coming. And we can FEEL the relief spreading through him. He told himself he didn't want to know, but he DOES... because in some crazy kinda way, he really feels for this woman.

JACK
Okay.

They stop, alone now. Face to face. Intimate. A beat. Another beat. And here it comes...

KATE
We weren't able to send out a
signal because there was another
signal blocking it.

Well. That wasn't quite what he was expecting to hear.

And as Kate continues, we SIT on Jack as her words play OFF SCREEN. So much going on for him right now. His deep feelings of confusion and DISAPPOINTMENT compounded by the implications of the French broadcast.

KATE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The other signal -- we heard it. A
distress call from a French woman --
she said the others were dead...
that something had killed all of
them... that she was alone on the
island. It's been playing for
sixteen years. We don't know what
it means or what to do about it...
so we decided not to tell anyone.
(beat; sincere)
But I wanted to tell you.

Jack nods. His brain fucking SCRAMBLED right now. All he can really manage is --

JACK
Anything else?

KATE
(thinks; then)
There was a polar bear.

Jack just looks at her. Kinda speechless.

And this is when Kate notices the YELLOW TENT. The same place where she last left Jack tending to The Marshal. She somberly nods towards it --

KATE (CONT'D)
How is he? The man with the shrapnel?

She said it like she doesn't even know the guy. Damn.

And we can feel something else in Jack now -- ANGER.

JACK
Touch and go.

KATE
Did he wake up?

JACK
Just for a couple seconds during the surgery.

KATE
He say anything?

Beat. Then --

JACK
No.

And Kate looks at him. And Jack looks at her. And we --

GO TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 EXT. BEACH - DAY 13

And it becomes instantly and obviously clear that we have officially SHIFTED GEARS because --

People are DOING something. The WAITING GAME is over. They haven't given up on rescue... but they're dealing with the reality that it hasn't come.

So we pick up these QUICK POPS as we float along the beach, obviously most interested to check in first with --

JACK & HURLEY

Jack strides down the beach with purpose, Hurley doing his best to keep up --

HURLEY

So what'd she say?

JACK

She didn't say anything.

HURLEY

But you told her you knew.

Jack doesn't say anything.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Dude.

JACK

I don't know anything.

HURLEY

Well... you kinda know she's in that mug shot. And that we found some handcuffs. And that guy keeps mumbling "she's dangerous" over and over...

JACK

Not my business. Not my problem.

Hurley can see that Jack is trying to convince himself of this. Ever the cheerleader, Hurley jumps on the bandwagon --

HURLEY

Yeah. You're right. Let Johnny Fever take care of her when he gets better.

JACK

He's not getting better unless I
get stronger antibiotics.

HURLEY

The stuff I got from the luggage...

JACK

Was for ear infections and foot
fungus.

HURLEY

We looked through everything, man.

JACK

What about the luggage in the
overhead compartments?

HURLEY

That's inside the plane.

JACK

Uh huh.

HURLEY

But the bodies are in there. And
they're all... dead.

Jack just looks at him. Hurley takes a moment, realizes
where he's going with this -- but Jack lets him off the hook.

JACK

I can handle it. Why don't you
keep an eye on our guy.

HURLEY

(so fucking relieved)
Great. Yeah. Love to. On it.
(beat)
You sure you're cool?

Jack STOPS walking. Looks at whatever's before him --

JACK

Yeah. I'm cool.

And as a far off PEAL OF THUNDER actually BRINGS THE CAMERA
AROUND to see over them and onto --

THE FUSELAGE. And it is SPOOKY.

We leave Jack and Hurley and PICK UP --

SUN

As she approaches Jin with a high-end, yet NON-DESCRIPT piece of LUGGAGE. They speak to each other in KOREAN, and yeah, WE GET THE SUBTITLES --

SUN

I think I found your bag...

Jin takes the suitcase. Checks the TINY LOCK. Frowns --

JIN

No. This isn't it.

SUN

Are you sure?

JIN

(looks up at her)
Yes. I'm sure.

SUN

I'll keep trying...

JIN

-- Come here.

Sun stops. Moves closer. Jin studies his wife --

JIN (CONT'D)

Have you seen yourself?

SUN

What?

JIN

*Your clothes. Your face. Covered
in sand and dirt. You're filthy.*

Sun's eyes drop -- Ashamed... or trying to hide her ANGER.

JIN (CONT'D)

Please clean yourself.

She turns to leave, but before she does --

JIN (CONT'D)

*Sun --
(and he means this)
I love you.*

And as she forces a smile, we FLOAT OFF THEM and onto --

MICHAEL as he approaches --

SHANNON. Back in her bikini top, scowling as she realizes her PRADA SUNGLASSES are busted...

MICHAEL

Excuse me -- Hi. Can I ask you a question?

SHANNON

(snaps)

What is it with you people? We couldn't send the stupid signal, okay? We didn't hear anything!

Michael just stands there for a second. Then --

MICHAEL

Uh... okay. I was just wondering if you saw a dog out there. In the jungle. Yellow Lab? My son...

SHANNON

Are you serious?

She shakes her head... can't believe the nerve of some people. So she just walks off, passing --

CLAIRE

Struggling with a suitcase, hauling it towards a growing PILE. Charlie instantly appears, pushing a WHEELCHAIR with a couple bags on it already--

CHARLIE

Oy! Hey, don't -- Lemme...

He takes the suitcase, loads it onto the Wheelchair. Catches Claire looking at it --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Look at the bright side... whoever it belonged to is probably better off than us, yeah?

CLAIRE

Yeah.

They start walking. Charlie affably nods to her belly --

CHARLIE

How's your...

CLAIRE

Okay, I think.

CHARLIE

The, uh... y'know, your husband?
Was he on the plane?

CLAIRE

I'm not married.
(off his look)
I know. How modern of me.

CHARLIE

Yeah... well. Who needs a man,
right? Men. Pah.

Claire smiles. Likes this guy.

CLAIRE

So you guys hiked all the way up
that mountain for nothing, huh?

And as Charlie's smile SLIPS for just a moment we hear --

LOCKE (PRE-LAP)

It's a lie.

DROPPING BACK, watching Charlie and Claire from a distance,
THE POV BELONGS TO --

14 EXT. BAMBOO FIELD - DAY

14

LOCKE. Right now, he and WALT move through the BAMBOO FIELD
on the periphery of the beach. Close enough to see the
others milling about. Close enough to WATCH THEM.

WALT

I thought you said it was called a
"bluff."

LOCKE

Bluffing. Lying. It's all the
same in poker.

WALT

Could you teach me?

LOCKE

Sure.

Walt thinks they're talking about a GAME, but Locke is
talking about THE KNOWERS. So here's the concept--

As Locke continues, we now pick up INDIVIDUAL LONG LENS SHOTS of THE KNOWERS in the distance. Small M.O.S. VIGNETTES as Locke gives us the accompanying VOICE OVER --

LOCKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
If you want to be a good poker player, you need to be able to spot a liar... And the only way to spot a liar is to find their tell.

We start on CHARLIE, talking to Claire. Panning down his arm to his hand, which clutches into a FIST. Opens. Closes...

LOCKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Easiest tell is one someone makes with their body. They tense up. Curl their toes. Make a fist.

SHANNON & BOONE in the middle of one of their TIFFS. Angrily jawing at each other as they move down the beach --

LOCKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Another amateur mistake -- Some people get very defensive when they're lying... even hostile.

SAYID directs castaways to build RAIN TARPS...

LOCKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
More experienced players use distraction to keep your attention off their cards...

SAWYER sits off by himself, completely isolated. An unlit cigarette dangles from his mouth.

LOCKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Others avoid contact all together. When they catch a hand, they isolate themselves for fear of being unable to hide the truth.
(beat)
And some people...

Finally settle on KATE. Walking down the beach by herself, carrying TWO SUITCASES towards the growing pile.

LOCKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You just can't read at all.

AND WE COME BACK TO THE BAMBOO as Locke studies Kate -- INTRIGUED by this woman for reasons he is not yet aware of...

15 EXT. BEACH - MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY AREA - DAY 15

Hurley emerges from the YELLOW TENT with a container of water. Almost runs headlong into KATE. He SHOUTS, STARTLED-- *

KATE
Hey -- Sorry...

Hurley is instantly on edge -- He knows, but she doesn't know he knows. "Slick" is not part of his arsenal, so even though she didn't ask --

HURLEY
I was just going to get some more water.

KATE
We haven't met. I'm Kate.

HURLEY
Hi. Kate. Hurley.

KATE
(okay...)
I was looking for Jack -- thought he might be inside there.

HURLEY
Yeah? No... uh, he's getting some medicine. Over there --

Kate turns towards where Hurley is pointing --

And that's when he sees the BUTT OF THE GUN sticking out of her waistband.

So when she turns back to him, he is REALLY SHITTING NOW.

KATE
Where? In the fuselage?

HURLEY
(can't meet her eyes)
What? Oh. Yeah... in the... uh, so I better get that water.

And Hurley moves off -- can't get out of there fast enough. Kate turns, watching him --

And her eyes narrow. Because she's familiar with this vibe. Felt it many, many, MANY times before --

16 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 16

DARK. And we're MOVING QUIETLY, someone stealthily enters the same kitchen where we last saw --

KATE. And here she is again. Lightly puts a DUFFEL BAG on the floor, moving like a thief in the night as she --

Opens up one of the CABINETS. Reaches into the WAY BACK --

And pulls out a CAMPBELL'S SOUP CAN. Dips her fingers in --

REMOVES A WAD OF CASH. That's when --

RAY (O.S.)

Bank'd give you one heckuva toaster
you put that in a savings account.

THE LIGHTS FLICK ON. Kate looks up. Money in her hand. And there's Ray. In his robe, but wide awake.

KATE

What do I need a toaster for?

RAY

You're hiding your wages in a tin
can? I woulda held it for you,
Annie.

KATE

I have trust issues.

And she's NOT a thief, this was her money. And Kate actually SMILES despite the incriminating position she's in. Ray shakes his head, but smiles back. Nods towards the duffel --

RAY

Weren't gonna say goodbye?

KATE

I wrote you a note.

Ray nods. A few beats. Then --

RAY

You've been here almost three
months now, Annie. Every time I
asked you about yourself, you got
that look in your eye...

(she reacts)

Yeah. That one.

(Ray smiles)

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

So I minded my own business,
respected your secrets. Figured
maybe you got on the wrong side of
a bad relationship... maybe you
ran. I always knew you'd be
leaving here sooner or later.
Guess I hoped you wouldn't be doing
it in the middle of the night.

And as stoic as Kate wants to be, the strength in her eyes is
betrayed by the fact that they're watering.

KATE

I need to go, Ray.

RAY

Okay.

KATE

I'm sorry.

RAY

Yeah. Me too.

(beat)

How about you stay one more night?
I'll drive you to the train station
in the morning. Promise.

Kate considers this. Looks at him. It's hard for her... for
reasons it'll take SEASONS to explain. But finally...

KATE

Okay.

As she moves to pick up her duffle --

RAY

Annie?

KATE

Yeah.

RAY

I get it, y'know.

(beat)

Everyone deserves a fresh start.

And OFF KATE as the SOUND OF THUNDER BRINGS US BACK TO...

17

EXT. BEACH - FUSELAGE - DAY - STORMY WEATHER

17

THE SKIES CONTINUE TO DARKEN over the Fuselage. And we're
MOVING IN towards it... Slowly... Ominously...

We've been avoiding it for three episodes now, but it's finally time to GO --

18 INT. FUSELAGE - DAY - STORMY WEATHER 18

Inside.

Eerily QUIET. Grim. Creepy. We are AWARE of the death around us without seeing it.

Jack is on his hands and knees, BANDANA tied over his face. Uses a tiny PEN-LIGHT as he POPS OPEN another OVERHEAD COMPARTMENT (as the fuselage is upside-down, it's at GROUND LEVEL) and removes a carry-on bag. UNZIPS it as --

BANG.

Jack's head turns -- Shit. Did he just hear...? BANG!

Oh yeah. Something is in here.

Jack turns his puny LIGHT in the direction of the sound -- just enough to get a fleeting glimpse of MOVEMENT...

BANGBANG! More movement. And it's gotta be one of the bodies moving around and that is BIGTIME FUCKING SCARY as Jack sits there, motionless until...

A MEGAWATT FLASHLIGHT BLASTS INTO HIS FACE.

Jack covers his eyes from the brightness as the flashlight slowly rotates up. UNDERLIGHTS the grinning mug of --

SAWYER

Boo.

Yup. SAWYER is on the other side of the fuselage. Jack pulls down his bandana, PISSED... but COOL --

JACK

What are you doing in here?

Sawyer holds up a practically OVERFLOWING BACKPACK. Shakes it. The sound of BOTTLES OF BOOZE amongst the contents...

SAWYER

Same as you. Trick or treating.

JACK

You're looting.

SAWYER

You say potato...

JACK

What's in the bag?

SAWYER

Booze. Smokes. Couple Playboys.
What's in yours?

JACK

Medicine.

SAWYER

Well. That about sums it up, don't
it...

JACK

You do this back home? Steal from
the dead?

SAWYER

Free island, amigo. Don't hear
them complaining... oh, wait --
(holds his hand to his
ear)
Nope. They're cool.

JACK

Nice. Might as well take their
wallets too, huh?

SAWYER

What good's money gonna do me?
(laughs)
Brother, you gotta wake up and
smell the gull crap here. Rescue
ain't comin'. You're wasting your
time trying to save a guy who --
last time I checked -- had a piece
of metal the size of my head
stickin' out of his bread basket.
Lemme ask you -- How many a' those
pills you gonna use to fix him up?

JACK

As many as it takes.

SAWYER

Yeah? How many you got?

Jack's eyes burn as he realizes there is a certain twisted
logic to what Sawyer is saying...

And now the latter is pushing past, daring him to physically
stop him from leaving the fuselage. But before he goes --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

You're not looking at the big picture, Doc. You're still back in civilization.

JACK

Yeah? And where are you?

SAWYER

Me?

(grins)

I'm in the wild.

And Sawyer moves on by. OFF JACK -

19 INT. INFIRMARY TENT - DAY - STORMY WEATHER 19

And as the first DROPS OF RAIN pitter-pat on the waterproof slide that now forms this TENT, we're --

CLOSE ON THE MARSHAL'S FACE. A PROFILE.

And he don't look good at all. Pale. Sickly. SWEATING. Struggling to breathe. And we sit here with him for a few moments. Jack's in the fuselage, so The Marshal is ALONE...

And Kate leans INTO FRAME.

Extremely close to The Marshal's face. Her eyes betray nothing, but the proximity is... well, INTIMATE as she studies this man whose past is so intertwined with her own.

CLOSER NOW. If we didn't know better, we'd almost think she's gonna kiss him. And we watch this odd tableau. Watch Kate watch him. Finally, she whispers --

KATE

Can you hear me?

A beat. Another beat. Then...

The Marshal's eyes FLY OPEN -- his hands already moving as he GRABS KATE'S THROAT!

Kate's hands flail to pull him off, but he's already sitting up... And their eyes LOCK. His burning with FEVER as hers burn with LOSS OF OXYGEN...

And as his GRIP tightens even further...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

And we SLAM out of the commercial break and find...

20 INT. INFIRMARY TENT - DAY - RAINSTORM 20

KATE EXACTLY WHERE WE LEFT HER - IN THE TIGHTLY CLOSING GRIP OF THE MARSHAL.

The Marshal is out of it, FEVERISH... but that doesn't matter because...

He's going to kill her.

And that's when JACK APPEARS.

Happens FAST -- Jack grabs The Marshal in a HEADLOCK -- drags him off Kate and she -- PULLS AWAY, GASPING for air -- and the fight leaves The Marshal as -- HE COLLAPSES into Jack --

CRUMPLES TO THE SAND -- Jack ignores Kate as The Marshal begins to SHAKE VIOLENTLY -- A SEIZURE --

JACK

Dammit.

Kate tries to catch her breath -- watches as Jack holds The Marshal's shoulders down -- all he can do right now and --

Finally The Marshal stops SHAKING. A moment of CALM.

And Jack looks up at Kate. And Kate looks back at him. AN ALMOST EXCRUCIATINGLY LONG BEAT. Sitting here. Wondering who's gonna talk first because there's so MUCH to say --

KATE

I was just checking to see how...

(beat)

He just grabbed me.

Another fucking lie. Jack can't deal with her. Turns back to The Marshal. Checking the area around the wound --

KATE (CONT'D)

How is -- ?

And part of this is ANGER. Part of it is SADNESS. And part of it a sense of his own FAILURE --

JACK

He's not responding to the antibiotics. He's septic -- bleeding internally. Extremely dehydrated. Fever's pushing 104.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
(realizing it as he says
it)
And his abdomen is rigid which
means he's gonna die.

And Jack finally looks up at her and it almost looks like
he's just... OVERWHELMED -- for some reason, saving this guy
means that much to him.

JACK (CONT'D)
He needs water.

He gets up, grabs an empty PLASTIC JUG. Pushes by Kate as he
moves out of the tent --

21 EXT. BEACH - RAINSTORM - CONTINUOUS 21

The RAIN REALLY COMING DOWN NOW, Jack oblivious to it as he
moves across the beach. Kate tries to keep up with him, both
of them SHOUTING over the DOWNPOUR --

KATE
What are you gonna do?

JACK
About what?

KATE
About him.

JACK
I told you, he needs water...

KATE
-- You told me he was going
to die...

Jack says nothing. Just keeps walking.

KATE (CONT'D)
Is he going to suffer?

Jack sees where this is going. And he doesn't like it one
fucking bit. Stops walking, TURNS ON HER --

JACK
What?

KATE
Will it be... quick?

Okay. She wants the truth? Here's the fucking truth --

JACK
No. It won't be quick. Two...
three, maybe four days.

KATE
He'll feel it?

JACK
Yeah. He'll feel it.

KATE
And you can't save him.

She looks at him. And there's no mistaking what she's trying to say here. And Jack knows what she means. Where she's going with this...

JACK
I'm not a murderer.

Well. There it is.

All the cards are on the table. Jack knows. Kate knows he knows. And it's sad and painful and REAL...

A long moment of SILENCE between them -- SOAKING WET but oblivious to the rain.

And then Kate walks away. And as Jack watches her go...

WE RACK FOCUS to find --

SAWYER. He squats underneath a piece of WRECKAGE, trying to stay dry. And yeah...

He heard the whole thing.

22 INT./EXT. LEAN-TO - BEACH - RAINSTORM

22

Walt huddles in a shoddily constructed LEAN-TO as Michael goes about making it more efficient, doing his best to PATCH the leaks MacGyver-style --

MICHAEL
So who's that guy you were hanging out with?

WALT
What guy?

MICHAEL
(you know what guy)
The bald guy.

WALT
Oh. Mr. Locke.

MICHAEL

"Mr. Locke." He have any kids?

WALT

He didn't say.

MICHAEL

Yeah? What did he say?

WALT

(shrugs like kids do)
I don't know.

MICHAEL

What do you mean, you don't know?

WALT

Some of it's secret.

Michael stops doing what he's doing. Doesn't like that one fucking bit. Turns to his son --

MICHAEL

He tell you not to tell me?

WALT

No.

MICHAEL

Then what's the secret?

Walt considers this for a few moments. And shit, we wanna know Locke's secret too so let's MILK IT. Finally --

WALT

Mr. Locke said a miracle happened to him.

Sit with it. Michael processes this. Then --

MICHAEL

Yeah. Well a miracle happened to all of us, Walt. We survived a plane crash.

(a little stern)

I don't want you hanging around that guy, okay?

WALT

Why not? He's my friend.

MICHAEL

Yeah? I'm your friend, too.

WALT

If you were my friend, you'd find Vincent.

And of course it all comes back to VINCENT -- But Michael hears the sadness in his son's voice. Breaks his fucking heart. Kneels so he can get eye to eye with Walt. Then --

MICHAEL

Walt -- I haven't given up on your dog. I am going to do everything I can to find him, okay?

And that's when it happens. Walt's eyes drop to his father's hand. Which is tensing. Closing into a fist. Opening.

His tell.

And we watch this information land on Walt. That his father just lied to his face.

WALT

No you won't.

MICHAEL

(a little surprised)
Yeah, Walt. I will.

WALT

You're bluffing.

MICHAEL

-- I'm what?

WALT

You don't care about Vincent.

And even though the kid is right, Michael's in too deep now. It might've been a lie thirty seconds ago, but now it's personal. And it's NECESSARY.

MICHAEL

I'm gonna find your dog. Soon as it stops raining.

(and once more with feeling)

I'm gonna find your dog.

Walt just looks at him. Still not buying it...

And that's the precise moment it STOPS raining. And as Michael acknowledges this sad fact...

23 EXT. JUNGLE - AFTERNOON 23

SUNLIGHT SHINES through the canopy as Michael moves through THE JUNGLE. His own voice the only thing to keep him company as he goes deeper and deeper in --

MICHAEL

Soon as it stops raining. Good.
Nice. I'm gonna find your dog.

And the DEEPER in Michael gets, the darker it gets.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Yeah -- I'll just go wandering
through the haunted damn jungle to
find your dog...

RRRRROOF! Michael stops dead in his tracks --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Vincent?

Sounded like a BARK coming from that THICKET over there.
Michael begins to move towards it...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Vincent? That you, buddy?

GRRRRRRROOOOWWWWWL.

Okay. That wasn't a dog.

SNORTSNORTGRRRRRRRRR. And it's getting louder. And nastier.
And WETTER...

So Michael is slowly backing up... but this THING... whatever
it is... it's COMING --

So Michael RUNS.

Full on. Hardcore. VAULTING over roots and rocks and fallen
branches like an OLYMPIC HURDLER...

BLASTING through the brush of the dark jungle, looking over
his shoulder as he finally --

EXPLODES out of the jungle to find himself --

24 IN A SECLUDED GROVE OF TREES 24

And he's not alone. SUN is here.

And she's naked from the waist up.

In the act of washing herself. And she's so surprised to see Michael that she doesn't even move.

And despite the fact that he was just running for his life, Michael is FROZEN dead in his tracks. All he says is --

MICHAEL

Oh.

An oddly beautiful MOMENT. Awkward. Intense. And maybe a little SEXY. Michael looks back the way he came --

NOTHING THERE. Feels silly for having overreacted as Sun finally brings her arms up to cover her chest...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(pointing to the jungle)

Uh... something was, uh chasing me so you should --

(embarrassed)

I don't hear it now, but you should probably head back...

Michael reaches down. Picks up Sun's BLOUSE. Averts his eyes as he hands it to her. Well aware of the language barrier, but still needing to say --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I didn't see anything.

And as Michael moves past her, Sun turns to watch him go. SOMETHING dancing in her intense eyes...

25 EXT. BEACH - MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY AREA - DUSK

25

And as the sun SETS below the horizon, the beach is dominated by a single penetrating concept --

The Marshal is dying.

MOANS. ANGUISH. INCOHERENT SHOUTS OF PAIN. All spilling outside of the INFIRMARY TENT. Echoing across --

THE BEACH

Where we get some QUICK POPS of our characters dealing with the intensity of the sounds of SUFFERING...

CHARLIE

Settles down next to Locke. Jitters compounded by the fact that we might suspect he's HIGH right now.

Nods at the piece of bamboo Locke is WHITTLING --

CHARLIE
Whatcha making there?

Locke brings the bamboo to his lips. BLOWS into it. No sound comes out.

LOCKE
A whistle.

CHARLIE
Whistle, eh? I used some tribal flutes in a recording session once.
(nothing from Locke)
I'm in a band. *

Locke looks up at Charlie. Somewhat... SYMPATHETIC? And as The Marshal's MOANS seem to get louder we find --

MICHAEL & WALT

Walking across the beach. And as they pass by SUN and JIN, she and Michael make eye contact for a quick moment...

And just as we're wondering whether or not Jin caught it ('cause he sure seemed to)...

The eerie quiet continues to be shattered by THE DYING MARSHAL as we discover --

SHANNON & BOONE

Shannon has been listening to this misery long enough --

SHANNON
I wish he would just die already.

BOONE
That's nice, Shan. Real humane.

And now we pick up --

SAYID

As he falls into step with Jack who heads back towards the tent with a jug of fresh water. These two have instant symmetry -- REAL MEN with no real need for small talk.

SAYID
Anything I can do to help?

JACK
I'm good. Thanks.

SAYID
The others... they're getting
upset. They want to know what's
going on in the tent.

JACK
(simply)
I'm trying to save his life.

Sayid nods. They walk in silence for a moment. Then --

SAYID
Rumor has it you can't.

And OFF JACK, wanting to deny that...

26 EXT. DOWN THE BEACH - NIGHT 26

And here, far far away from the wreckage of the plane -- and
more importantly, the CRIES OF THE MARSHAL -- we find KATE.

Building her own small campfire. A quiet, meditative
process. Alone with her thoughts... whatever they might be.

She reaches into her pocket (and past the GUN, reminding us
it's there), pulls out a MATCHBOOK. Flips it open. Empty.
Damn. That's when --

SAWYER (O.S.)
Need a light?

Kate looks up to see SAWYER, grinning that grin and flicking
the flint of his DISPOSABLE LIGHTER.

And yeah, he's probably the last fucking person she wants to
be dealing with right now... but she NODS.

Sawyer tosses her the lighter. She catches it. As Kate goes
about sparking the KINDLING, Sawyer settles down in the sand.
Leans back on his elbows. Makes himself comfortable.

KATE
I took your lighter. It wasn't an
invitation.

SAWYER
Well look who's getting all
territorial...

KATE

Sawyer --

SAWYER

Fair enough.

Sawyer reaches into his pocket, takes out his pack of cigarettes. Begins to tap out a smoke...

KATE

Don't even think about it.

He shakes his head. Laughs. Likes this girl's spirit. Maybe even likes this girl...

But he's still a dick.

SAWYER

Came by to thank you.

Kate just lets that sit there. A beat. Then --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

You gonna ask me what for?

KATE

What for.

SAWYER

Taking that gun away from me.

KATE

I didn't take it away from...

SAWYER

-- Stickin' out of your denims, ain't it?

Kate just looks at him. Shakes her head.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Yup. Sure wouldn't wanna be the one with that gun right now. 'Cause everybody sittin' out on that beach listening to that poor boy scream all night knows what's gotta be done... and the only one who can do it is the one with that gun.

(off Kate's distaste)

Awww. Don't play like you're surprised -- you're not even trying to sell it. Heard you tell the hero the same thing. Hell, there's only one bullet left. It'd be damn near poetic.

Having said what he came to say, Sawyer gets up. Brushes the sand off his ass --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Don't be too tough on yourself,
freckles. Some decisions are hard.
(beat)
Others ain't really decisions.

Kate REACTS when she hears this.

SAWYER (CONT'D)
What?

KATE
Nothing.

But it's NOT nothing. And we MOVE IN on Kate's eyes as the melancholy twang OF PATSY CLINE brings us into --

27 EXT. AUSTRALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - FLASHBACK 27

A BEAT-UP PICKUP TRUCK moves down the two-lane HIGHWAY, the Patsy Cline pouring out its WINDOWS.

28 INT. RAY'S PICK-UP - DRIVING 28

Ray drives, Kate sits in shotgun. We might notice they are REVERSED -- this is Australia, after all.

Kate listens to the music, moves her mouth along with the words. Ray checks the REARVIEW as --

RAY
They listen to Patsy Cline in
Canada?

KATE
They listen to Patsy Cline
everywhere.

Ray's eyes again flick to the rearview --

RAY
You hungry?

KATE
I'll eat on the train.

RAY
You sure?
(checks the rearview)
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

Little place up here makes a mean
burger.

And that's when Kate's SPIDEY SENSE starts to really fucking
TINGLE. Something is seriously OFF here.

KATE

What're you looking for, Ray?

RAY

What? I'm not...

But Kate is already sticking her head out the window to look
behind them and OH SHIT --

A BLACK SUV is following them. Right on their ass.

Kate turns back to Ray. Lets it sink in for a second.

KATE

How long have you known?

And shit... he does know.

In this moment, Ray literally TRANSFORMS. What he's been up
to now wasn't all an act, but he's been hiding something.
Something a little... COLDER.

RAY

Couple days.

(beat)

Saw your picture at the post
office. Guess they knew you were
down under.

KATE

Why?

RAY

Reward was twenty-three thousand
dollars.

(maybe a little ashamed)

Like I told you when we met --
I've got a helluva mortgage.

And Kate seems so vulnerable in this moment. She TRUSTED
this man. We can actually feel the HURT in her voice --

KATE

You asked me to stay.

RAY

If it makes you feel any better, it
was a hard decision, Annie.

And now, a HARDNESS comes over Kate. The vulnerability is gone. She is pure. Fucking. STEEL.

KATE

My name isn't Annie.

And that's when the SUV pulls up next to her -- the Driver's side just INCHES from Kate. WINDOW slides down revealing --

THE MARSHAL.

In all his cocky glory. Eye to eye with Kate. And as she realizes she is hopelessly and utterly fucked --

He waves. And now we see --

29

INT. INFIRMARY TENT - NIGHT

29

That very same Marshal. Serenely quiet right now. Breathing shallowly. All the color drained from his face. We MOVE OFF of him to find --

JACK. Sitting here on the sand beside the Marshal, a CAMPING LANTERN casting a yellowish glow over him.

And Jack is looking at the photo of Kate. The mug shot. And it feels like he's been doing this for awhile.

Because he's trying to make sense of it.

That's when --

THE MARSHAL (O.S.)

Pretty, isn't she?

Jack STARTS. Turns towards the raspy voice to see --

The Marshal. Awake. Conscious. Very much in pain. But for the first time since he was hit on the head in the crash...

He's lucid.

Jack immediately moves to him, pours some of the fresh water into a shitty airline COFFEE MUG --

JACK

Don't try to talk --

THE MARSHAL

We crashed.

JACK

Yeah.

THE MARSHAL
She survived?

JACK
Yes.

The Marshal looks into Jack's eyes. Sees something there.
Something FAMILIAR --

THE MARSHAL
She got to you too, huh?

JACK
What?

THE MARSHAL
I want you to listen to me...

JACK
-- You need to...

THE MARSHAL
Listen.
(so Jack does)
No matter what she does... no
matter how she makes you feel...
Don't trust a word she says --
(focused)
She'll do anything to get away.

That hangs there for a few beats. Then --

JACK
What did she do?

THE MARSHAL
I want to talk to her.

JACK
-- Tell me what she...

THE MARSHAL
I want. To talk to her.
(beat)
Alone.

And OFF JACK...

GO TO BLACK: *

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

A30 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT A30

We're looking at that YELLOW TENT from a distance, glowing from the lantern light inside. And as The Marshal's MOANS are audible even from here we FIND --

KATE. Sitting on the sand. Just WATCHING. And as we move into her unblinking EYES...

30 INT. RAY'S PICK UP TRUCK - DRIVING - DAY - FLASHBACK 30

So here's Kate.

On one side of her is RAY, the man who betrayed her. He continues to drive the PICK-UP.

On the other side is THE MARSHAL, the man who has hunted her. At the wheel of the SUV alongside them --

And we're MEGA-TIGHT on Kate's eyes as they move back and forth. Thinking. HARD. Or maybe she's just deciding...

To not fucking get caught. And this all happens pretty fast, so HANG ON TIGHT --

Kate reaches over and PULLS THE EMERGENCY BRAKE...

RAY
HEY! DON'T --

But Kate has already GRABBED THE WHEEL, PULLS IT TOWARDS HER WITH ALL HER STRENGTH so...

THE PICK-UP SWERVES INTO THE SUV -- SMASHES INTO IT -- SIDEVIEW MIRRORS FLYING OFF IN A CASCADE OF SPARKS --

But The Marshal reacts quickly and his ride has got a fuck of a lot more MUSCLE so he PUSHES BACK -- AND THE SUV IS PUSHING THE PICK-UP OFF THE ROAD SO IT --

31 EXT. AUSTRALIAN FOREST - CONTINUOUS 31

-- ROCKETS down a STEEP INCLINE -- KICKING UP DIRT, TEARING THROUGH THE DENSE FOLIAGE -- EMBANKMENT IS TOO STEEP AND -- IT FLIPS! ROLLS OVER AND OVER AND OVER UNTIL IT --

SMASHES INTO A TREE. BURSTS into flame as we go --

32 INSIDE THE PICK-UP 32

SMOKE filling the cabin -- Kate shakes it off, miraculously OKAY. Throws a glance at RAY who is OUT FOR THE COUNT --

Kate pulls off her seatbelt, KICKS open her door, ROLLS...

A33 INTO THE FOREST

A33

Scrambles to her feet... AND SHE RUNS.

She runs hard -- Has to get away -- Won't get caught.
CAN'T get caught. Animal instinct. Pure determination.
Singular purpose. Just. ESCAPE.

But then she stops.

And she turns around. Sees the PLUME of smoke emerging from
the forest behind her and we come in REAL CLOSE so we
actually watch her making the decision...

And Kate goes back.

33 EXT. FOREST - PICK-UP CRASH - FLASHBACK

33

Kate YANKS OPEN Ray's door -- SMOKE EVERYWHERE -- PULLS his
unconscious body out of the truck. And the FIRE is really
going now -- She's gotta get him clear so we're CLOSE ON...

A PAIR OF WORN BOOT HEELS being DRAGGED through the dirt --

Right. We've been here before. And watching it now we
realize this was not the man Kate killed...

It's the man she SAVED.

Moving up THE GRASSY INCLINE -- Kate GRITS her teeth -- Ray's
ARM comes off -- She pulls the arm free, tosses it aside --
Bends over, gets a grip on his OVERALLS and TUGS HIM UP THE
INCLINE -- Turns to look over her shoulder as --

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNK!

A HUGE EIGHTEEN-WHEELER - passes within INCHES of Kate's FACE
and we PULL BACK to find her ON THE EDGE OF A HIGHWAY.

A COUGH. Kate looks down, sees Ray STIR. He's OKAY.

And that's when Kate hears a CLICK.

Lets go of Ray as she slowly turns around to see --

THE MARSHAL. His gun pointed right between her eyes.

THE MARSHAL

Hey, Kate.

And as Kate stares defiantly at her CAPTOR...

34

INT. INFIRMARY TENT - NIGHT

34

Kate stares defiantly at her captor.

Of course, the context is a little different now. Just the two of them. Here inside the tent. She keeps her distance, arms crossed -- feeling oddly exposed.

He lies on his death cot. Still lucid, but the PAIN of every breath, every word, every motion... it's fucking PALPABLE.

THE MARSHAL

So what was it?

KATE

What?

THE MARSHAL

The favor.

KATE

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

THE MARSHAL

Last thing I heard you say --
Before the crash. You wanted a
favor.

KATE

Oh. That.

THE MARSHAL

Well?

And before she answers, we might notice the way these two talk to each other. A genuine shorthand. A real HISTORY.

KATE

I wanted you to make sure Ray
Mullen got his twenty-three grand.

THE MARSHAL

What?

(laughs through his pain)
The farmer who ratted you out?

KATE

He had a helluva mortgage.

THE MARSHAL

Gosh, Katey -- you really are one
of a kind.

His laughter turns into a COUGHING FIT. Then -- *

MARSHAL

You know you would've gotten away
if you hadn't gone back for him.

KATE

Case you haven't noticed, I did get
away.

THE MARSHAL

Yeah?

(gives her the once over)
Don't look free to me.

Kate nods. Almost smiles. And this moment is broken as The
Marshal WINCES, grits his teeth in pain. A beat. Then --

THE MARSHAL (CONT'D)

It hurts, Kate.

Suddenly somber as he looks at her. Oddly pathetic.

THE MARSHAL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna die, right?

And however she feels about this guy (and that's a ball of
twine we ain't gonna unravel tonight), she won't lie to him --

KATE

Yeah.

He nods. Resigned to this. Then --

THE MARSHAL

So are you gonna do it or what?

Whoa. OFF KATE...

35 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

35

Jack stands on the beach alone, looking towards the tent in
the distance.

HURLEY (O.S.)

Yo.

Jack turns, surprised to see Hurley has materialized beside
him --

JACK

How did you do that?

HURLEY

What?

JACK

I didn't even hear you.

HURLEY

I'm spry.

(beat)

So where's the fugitive?

JACK

In the tent.

HURLEY

(surprised)

You let her in there alone?

JACK

What's she gonna do? She's a hundred and twenty pounds soaking wet.

HURLEY

Yeah... but she's got that gun.

Beat. Okay. We're SERIOUS now.

JACK

What?

HURLEY

She's strapped, man. I saw it in --

But Jack is already RUNNING. Leaves Hurley in his dust. FULL SPEED, arms pumping -- He can still STOP her --

And Jack is almost there... but then he SEES something. His head WHIPS AROUND because it's --

Kate. Several yards away from the tent. She looks up at him -- eyes betray NOTHING -- and he looks back at her, confused.

BANG!

And that would be the sound of a single GUNSHOT.

And Kate just walks by Jack. Her head down...

JACK

Wait --

But she doesn't wait. She keeps walking. And Jack turns back towards the tent, trying to make sense of this...

That's when someone emerges from the tent. HOLY SHIT --
IT'S SAWYER.

Intense. Not his normal wiseass self. Got the GUN in his hand. He sees Jack, surprised, but OWNING IT.

JACK (CONT'D)
What did you do?

SAWYER
What you couldn't.

And Jack is fucking FURIOUS --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Look -- I get where you're coming from being a doctor and all... but people shouldn't have to listen to a man cry like a dog for three days. And him? He wanted it, too. Asked for it. So I don't like it anymore than you do, but somethin' had to be...

And that's when they hear a MOAN from the tent.

SAWYER (CONT'D)
What the hell's that?

And then another MOAN. Louder. More pained.

Holy fucking shit -- The Marshal isn't dead.

Sawyer is FROZEN, but Jack is already moving past him, INTO --

36 INT. INFIRMARY TENT - CONTINUOUS

36

FAST -- INTENSE -- HAND-HELD.

FRENZIED. The Marshal is THRASHING AROUND --

Jack immediately gets to his knees to help the guy as Sawyer enters the tent behind him --

JACK
You shot him in the chest!?!

SAWYER
I was aiming for his heart...

JACK
You missed.

The Marshal CRIES OUT IN AGONY. Jack GRABS whatever he can to try to plug up the wound --

JACK (CONT'D)
You perforated his lung... it'll take hours to bleed out...

Sawyer is FREAKING. Looks down at the gun. He's fucked.

SAWYER
There was... I only had one bullet.

But Jack turns around. Levels him with a LOOK. Rage.

JACK
Get out.

Sawyer stands there for a moment...

And then he gets out.

37 EXT. MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY AREA - BEACH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 37

The Marshal's CRIES even LOUDER now as Sawyer emerges from the tent -- Gets a safe distance away, CURSING under his breath as he fumbles for his cigarettes...

Finally fishes one out, but his hand is SHAKING SO FUCKING HARD he can't even light it -- finally throws it away.

And we stay out here. With Sawyer. As he looks towards the tent, hoping that Jack will do something to clean up the mess he just made.

And we don't want to go in there. We don't HAVE to.

Because whatever's happening in that tent is going to STAY in that tent. And all we need to know is this --

After a few moments, The Marshal stops screaming. And all is SILENT. A seemingly endless beat passes. Then --

Jack emerges from the tent. Walks past Sawyer without so much as looking at him.

And disappears into the night.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

38 EXT. BEACH - JUNGLE'S EDGE - DAWN (DAY 4) 38

The sky is the HAZY PURPLE OF DAWN as we come in on --

LOCKE. He sits INDIAN-STYLE. And he's just blowing into that whittled piece of BAMBOO. No SOUND comes from it.

And that's when we hear a JINGLE. Metal on metal. Again. Closer now. SOMETHING is coming...

And it's VINCENT. The Labrador. He comes to the edge of the jungle. Pauses. Sizes up Locke. Locke SMILES. Blows into the bamboo again and Vincent's EARS perk up.

Oh, man. This guy made a DOG WHISTLE.

39 EXT. BEACH - DAWN 39

CLOSE ON MICHAEL as he sleeps, curled into his Lean-to as a FINGER reaches in, gently taps his shoulder...

Michael's eyes open to see Locke. Crouched down beside him. Locke raises his finger to his lips, then points to Walt sleeping a few yards away. Whispers --

LOCKE
I found your son's dog.

MICHAEL
What?

LOCKE
Vincent. Tethered him to a tree just over there.
(sincere)
I know Walt lost his mom. Thought you should be the one to bring the dog back to him.

Michael doesn't know what to say. So he settles for --

MICHAEL
Thanks.

LOCKE
Welcome.

40 EXT. BEACH - DAWN 40

And as the SUN breaks over the horizon, we find Jack. Alone again. Looking out at the ocean. Feels like he's been here all night. And he has.

Kate walks up. Settles down next to him.

And the two of them just sit there for a moment. Watching the sun come up. Finally --

KATE
I want to tell you about what I did. Why he was after me.

Jack considers this for a moment.

JACK
I don't want to know.

KATE
(surprised)
Sorry?

JACK
It doesn't matter, Kate.

And as Jack speaks, we may get the sense that he's not really talking about Kate at all --

JACK (CONT'D)
Who we were... what we did before this -- before the crash -- it doesn't really...
(beat)
Three days ago, we all died.
We should be able to start over.

Kate likes the sound of this. Looks at Jack with a newfound respect. Something deeper than before. More real.

KATE
Okay.

JACK
Okay.

Kate stands up. Puts her hand on his shoulder. Looks like she's gonna say something --

But she doesn't. As she moves to go --

JACK (CONT'D)
How'd Sawyer get the gun?

Kate considers this. But says nothing. Just a sad SMILE. Well. Maybe it's not gonna be so easy after all.

After a moment, Kate turns. And walks away.

41 EXT. BEACH - EARLY MORNING - MONTAGE 41

And a PIECE OF MUSIC begins. Something about moving on. Something UPLIFTING. And that music is playing for an audience of one -- HURLEY. He sits on the beach wearing a pair of MASSIVE HEADPHONES as he empties the SAND from his socks. And as we've spent the last hour feeling crappy, it's time to get some moments of genuine human KINDNESS --

JIN

Watches Sun sleep under the shaded area of their LEAN-TO. Without waking her, he gently brushes the hair from her face and tucks it behind her ear.

BOONE

Hands Shannon her Prada Sunglasses. He FIXED THEM with a small paperclip. She puts them on, actually smiles for the first time since we've met her.

SAYID

Walks past Sawyer... and TOSSES him an apple. Sayid smiles, keeps walking as Sawyer is shocked by the gesture --

CHARLIE

Rewraps the bandage around his pointer finger. Changes the "F" in "FATE" to an "L".

CLAIRE

Runs her hand over her stomach, smiling -- talking to her unborn baby. Telling him everything is going to be okay.

WALT

Looks across the beach to see his father walking towards him. And at first Walt can't believe his eyes -- but then it's clear. VINCENT is with him. And as Walt runs for the dog...

THE MUSIC ENDS. AND WE MOVE OFF THE BEACH. FURTHER AWAY. TO A DISTANT POINT OF VIEW

As Walt is reunited with his dog. And we PULL BACK to see the person watching this reunion is LOCKE. And whatever's going on behind those intense eyes of his...

It ain't good.

END OF SHOW