

Episode #: 108

LOST

"Solitary"

Written by  
David Fury

Directed by  
Greg Yaitanes

PRODUCTION DRAFT

October 4, 2004 (WHITE)  
October 4, 2004 (BLUE)  
October 5, 2004 (PINK)  
October 5, 2004 (YELLOW)  
October 7, 2004 (GREEN)

**LOST**

"Solitary"

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

SULLIVAN.....  
PRISONER.....  
OMAR.....  
ETHAN.....  
ROUSSEAU.....  
NADIA.....

**LOST**

"Solitary"

**SET LIST**

**INTERIORS**

SAWYER'S TENT - Day  
THE VALLEY - Evening/Night/Day  
    INFIRMARY CAVE - Evening/Day  
HABITAT - Evening/Night/Morning/Day  
IRAQI BASE  
    INTERROGATION ROOM - Day - **FLASHBACK**  
    HALLWAY OUTSIDE DOOR - Day - **FLASHBACK**  
    CELL - Day/Night - **FLASHBACK**  
    CORRIDOR - Night - **FLASHBACK**  
    CORRIDORS - Night - **FLASHBACK**

**EXTERIORS**

UNFAMILIAR BEACH - Day  
BEACH - Day  
JUNGLE - Day/Evening  
    CLEARING - Afternoon/Evening  
    ANOTHER PART OF CLEARING - Day  
    LOCKE'S SPOT - Evening  
IRAQI BASE - Day - **FLASHBACK**

**LOST**

"Solitary"

TEASER

1 EXT. UNFAMILIAR BEACH - DAY 1

XCU - A MAN'S BLOODSHOT EYE, as it scans something...

WIDEN to find SAYID, sitting in the sand, alone -- staring at a photograph in his hand, running his fingers over it.

HIS POV - It's one of the retrieved photos from the fuselage in "Walkabout" -- The mysterious ARAB WOMAN.

EXTREME WIDE SHOT to see just how alone he is. The beach is empty as far as the eye can see as Sayid shoves the photo into his nearby backpack, and stands...

CLOSER AGAIN as he stares down the lonely stretch of beach before him, then stops when something catches his eye:

A SMALL LOOP OF CABLE, jutting out of the sand, the sun GLINTING off exposed metal wiring where the coating's eroded.

Sayid moves to it, reaches down to pick it up. When he does - A STAGGERING LENGTH OF CABLE bursts out of the sand, running in a straight line from the ocean, running toward the jungle.

ON SAYID -- he reacts, stunned. What the hell? He snatches up his bag and begins to track the wire into the jungle.

2 INT. SAWYER'S TENT - MEANWHILE 2

CLOSE ON a bandaged arm as fingers slowly pry up the adhesive tape around the dressing.

SAWYER (O.S.)  
Ow! -- Easy, jackass!

Widen to find JACK sitting next to a reclining SAWYER, removing his bandage. Fresh gauze and tape lie beside Jack.

JACK  
You want it easy, quit moaning. \*  
I've got to change these bandages --

SAWYER  
Yeah, well, try not taking my skin  
off with 'em.

JACK  
Hold. Still.

Sawyer eyes Jack a beat as he continues easing off the tape.

SAWYER  
So, considerin' we pretty much hate \*  
each other, how'd I score the house \*  
call, Dr. Quinn? \*  
(then, baiting him)  
Tryin' to ease your conscience? \*

And Jack does his best not to take that bait -- \*

JACK  
My conscience is fine, thanks. \*

SAWYER JACK  
Yeah? -- Yeah.

SAWYER  
'Course -- what you got to feel \*  
guilty about? You let that damn \*  
Arab torture me. Stood by and \*  
watched. So now you just patch me \*  
up and you get your ticket into \*  
heaven. Only reason you're here \*  
is... \*

JACK  
I'm here -- \*  
(locks eyes with Sawyer; \*  
intense) \*  
Because no one else wants anything \*  
to do with you. \*

Sawyer takes that in a moment, soberly. Then...

SAWYER  
She does.

Jack glances up at him on that. Then, he stands and tosses the fresh bandaging and tape he brought onto Sawyer's lap.

JACK  
Change your own damn bandages.

He turns and goes.

OFF SAWYER - glaring after him...

3

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

3

ON KATE, feeding wood into the signal fire Sayid created as she stares off down the beach, keeping a kind of vigil...

JACK (O.S.)  
Looking for someone...?

Kate turns to see Jack coming up behind her.

JACK (CONT'D)  
-- Or just admiring the view?

Still harboring anger, Kate turns back toward the beach.

KATE  
It's been two days, Jack.

JACK  
What?

KATE  
Two days since Sayid took off on  
his own. \*  
(beat) \*  
I keep thinking I'm gonna look up \*  
and see him coming back. \*

ON JACK, registering that, and feeling badly about it.

JACK  
He'll come back when he finds what \*  
he's looking for. The French \*  
transmission... \*

KATE \*  
He wasn't looking for anything -- \*  
He left because of what happened... \*  
because of what he did. \*

Jack shakes his head. Got it from Sawyer -- now her too? \*

JACK \*  
It was an accident -- \*

KATE \*  
(sharply) \*  
-- Yeah, well, accidents happen \*  
when you torture somebody, Jack. \*

Jack can only look at her, feeling ashamed. Kate looks back at him for a beat, maybe feeling a little sorry -- \*

KATE (CONT'D)  
I'm worried about him. He's out there. Alone.

JACK  
(comforting)  
Sayid's a trained soldier, Kate. He can take care of himself.

4 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 4

WITH SAYID as he tracks the cable deeper into the jungle, until he, suddenly, comes to an abrupt halt -- and slowly lowers himself to a crouch in order to get a good look at something at mid-calf level.

REVERSE ON HIM as he leans in. RACK FOCUS to reveal... A TRIP WIRE - fishing line, stretched across his path. Clearly a booby-trap.

ON SAYID - HOLY SHIT! Somebody is or was here. His head snaps around, scanning the area, then rises. After a beat, he, carefully, steps over the wire and takes another step.

CLOSE ON HIS FOOT as -- CLICK!

SAYID looks down, realizing he's stepped on a pressure trigger. What happens next happens instantly: he curses himself under his breath --

\*  
\*

SAYID  
Ya Allah--

-- as a noose under his foot ensnares him and he's yanked off his feet, into the air. As the rope goes taut, his body pendulums HARD into a tree. SLAM! --

\*

QUICK CLOSE UP of his thigh getting impaled on a broken branch jutting from the tree, causing him to cry out. As he swings away from the tree, he takes the branch with him...

WIDE ON SAYID, hanging twenty feet off the ground, swinging upside down, the broken branch protruding from his leg -- His SCREAMS piercing the quiet jungle...

\*

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 INT. THE VALLEY - EVENING

5

CLOSE ON MEAT ON A SPIT, as a knife carves off slices. WIDEN to see LOCKE doing the butchering as he serves a few waiting people, including HURLEY, holding airplane trays and whatever else passes as a plate or bowl in this place.

AN ESTABLISHING PAN ACROSS - We find the dozen denizens of the valley, including MICHAEL and CHARLIE, eating their dinners, tearing away the fatty grizzle. While some may sit here quietly -- depressed -- others seem, considering everything, to be doing all right: some are talking.

\*  
\*  
\*

CHARLIE, still going through late stage withdrawal, puts down his barely touched food, clearly having no appetite as

SHANNON walks by, holding an empty water bottle. We follow her as she crosses to the spring. We find WALT there, feeding pieces of meat to VINCENT who then starts lapping up water in the pool.

ON SHANNON, as she sees that.

SHANNON

(to Walt)

Ew -- Get him out of there!

WALT

What?

SHANNON

The dog, Webster! It's drinking our water!

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Hey --

MICHAEL steps in

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Do not yell at my kid. What's the problem?

SHANNON

My problem? I walked all the way from the beach to get something to drink... and your animal's drooling in our water supply.

Hurley passes by with two trays of boar meat.



HURLEY  
Y'know, dogs' mouths are cleaner  
than humans'.

SHANNON  
Nobody asked you. \*

HURLEY shakes his head and continues on as VINCENT suddenly hops into the pool, wading around to SHANNON's horror.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Oh my God -- DO SOMETHING!

6 INT. THE VALLEY - INFIRMARY CAVE - CONTINUOUS 6

ON JACK, examining the side of a shirtless SULLIVAN (late forties, thin). SUN is there, too, mashing aloe leaves in a bowl, showing concern about all the yelling outside. Hurley enters with the food. Jack glances at him.

JACK  
What's going on out there?

HURLEY  
Ah, you know, the usual... People yelling at each other over nothing.

SULLIVAN  
So, what do you think, Doc? This rash... It's bad, isn't it? Some kinda jungle disease... or--

JACK  
Hives.

SULLIVAN  
Hives. What is that, like, a poison ivy--

JACK  
It's a common rash, Sullivan. Brought on by heat. And stress. Just try to relax. It'll clear up.

SULLIVAN  
You sure? I mean... It really itches. And... burns a little.

SUN  
(in Korean)  
*It's ready.*

Jack turns to Sun who hands him the bowl. He nods gratefully to her and she goes. Jack passes the bowl to Sullivan.

JACK

Here. This should help with the itching. And the burning. Just... try to get your mind off it.

SULLIVAN

Uh... O-okay. Thanks.

He turns and exits. After he's gone, Hurley hands Jack a tray of food. As they move to sit...

HURLEY

"Get your mind off it?" What else is that dude gonna do but stress?

JACK

I've got enough on my plate without having to treat hypochondriacs.

HURLEY

That's, like, my point, man. We're all fried. I mean, have you taken a look at those people out there? Everybody's way tense... y'know, since we were in a plane crash? And Sayid splitting like that.

(then)

Plus... we got, like, no real plan to get off this island...

Jack looks wearily at Hurley, who backs off a little.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

I'm just saying... It'd be sweet to have something to, y'know... do.

JACK

Look, I sympathize. But we're surviving. That's my main concern right now. Keeping us alive.

(then)

Things could be worse.

\*

Hurley considers that for a moment, then:

HURLEY

How?

7 EXT. JUNGLE - MEANWHILE

7

WIDE ON SAYID, hanging upside down, impaled by the branch. Nothing but his labored breaths and the sounds of the jungle.

CLOSER as he, with great effort and GRUNTING IN PAIN, pulls himself up, and tries to pry the branch from his leg. Failing, after several agonizing seconds, he falls back.

WIDE AGAIN, as his screams echo through the jungle.

ON SAYID, as the pain subsides, he closes his eyes and begins to mutter something. We realize he's praying in ARABIC --

SAYID

*There is no divinity except God.  
What God has willed must be --*

Suddenly there's a noise. Twigs snapping. Sayid's head snaps around. He looks into the dense brush, seeing nothing. Then, another noise... A rhythmic rubbing sound...

SAYID (CONT'D)

Hel--Hello?

CLOSE ON the pulley rig responsible for suspending him. TILT DOWN to a GLOVED HAND cutting the taut rope with a machete.

ON SAYID -- the instant he realizes what's happening -- The rope is severed and he plummets downward. WHAM! Sayid lands, his head slamming hard into the ground. Barely conscious, head bleeding, he looks and sees:

HIS POV - BLURRY - A FIGURE standing in the shadows at the edge of the dense jungle, looking at him.

SAYID registers that for a split second before he passes out.

DISSOLVE TO WHITE... Under which we hear a VOICE -- sounding distant, distorted, almost as if underwater -- asking something... Gradually, the Voice becomes clearer and we realize it's speaking RUSSIAN. Then, PORTUGUESE...

8 INT. HABITAT - LATER

8

DISSOLVE IN CLOSE ON SAYID as his eyes flutter open, squinting against a BRIGHT LIGHT shining in his face. His head's been carelessly bandaged. As he hears:

FIGURE

(in Italian)

*Where is Alex?*

SAYID  
(weakly)  
Wha-- What...?

WIDEN as Sayid tries to move, and discovers his hands are chained to a rusty metal cot, wires running from it.

FIGURE  
Where is Alex?

He peers past the light into the dark corner of the room. We \*  
see the FIGURE sitting there in the shadows.

SAYID  
Who-- Who are you?

FIGURE  
(more demanding)  
Where... is... Alex?

SAYID  
I... I don't-- I don't know what -- \*

ON THE FIGURE'S HAND as it moves a wire to a METAL POST protruding from a bank of BATTERIES. The LIGHT DIMS as

SAYID suddenly lurches -- a considerable voltage of electricity is pumped into the cot. We hear the HUM of the current accompanied by Sayid's grunts, until...

ON FIGURE - as the wire is removed, the LIGHT brightens again. Sayid falls back onto the cot, short gasping breaths.

VOICE SAYID  
Where is Alex? -- Please -- Listen to me...  
I don't know any Alex. I'm --

The Figure touches the post with the wire. The LIGHT DIMS. SAYID again lurches. PUSH IN ON HIM as he shouts: \*

SAYID (CONT'D)  
STOP! -- SsstOP!!!

PRISONER (PRE-LAP)  
(in Arabic)  
*Stop...*

CLOSE ON AN IRAQI PRISONER, face bruised, lip bleeding -- hands tied in front, his feet shackled to the legs of a chair in the middle of the room, muttering, shaking his head...

PRISONER  
(in Arabic)  
*Stop...*

POW! He's punched across his jaw. SWING around to reveal...

SAYID, in Republican Guard uniform, shaking off the pain in his knuckles. Behind him, leaning on a wall, next to a desk, arms folded, an Iraqi officer -- OMAR, watches with interest.

SAYID  
(to Prisoner, in Arabic)  
*You want me to stop, Falah? Then  
start answering my questions,  
because I can do this all day...*

\*

PUSH IN as he puts his mouth right up to the Prisoner's ear.

SAYID (CONT'D)  
*I assure you we already know the  
truth. But I want you to admit it.*

CLOSE ON SAYID'S MOUTH NOW, as the dialogue turns to ENGLISH (Yes, the ol' "Hunt for Red October" bit), and we start to slowly PULL OUT again, as Sayid straightens.

SAYID (CONT'D)  
*...And all the pain will stop...  
Your Shi'ite friends have already  
implicated you in the bombing.*

PRISONER  
*You're... you're lying. They would  
never --*

\*  
\*

SAYID  
*They would and they have. You  
planned the attack, Falah. You  
planted the device in Najaf -- the  
Baathist headquarters. You killed  
two soldiers, yes?*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FALAH stares up at him through swollen eyes.

\*

PRISONER  
*I had nothing... nothing  
to... do...*

SAYID  
*-- Confess it. And perhaps  
it will only cost you your  
hands instead of your life.*

CLOSE ON FALAH - He opens his mouth to speak, but instead, he throws his head to the side and vomits BELOW FRAME.

\*

ON SAYID, stepping back, looking a little unnerved. PUSH \*

10 EXT. IRAQI BASE - LATER - **FLASHBACK** 10

OMAR and SAYID exit the building. An Iraqi GUARD stationed at the door salutes Omar. He returns the salute. As they walk, the CAMERA arcs around them, we see (through the magic of GREEN SCREEN) a desert landscape beyond the army camp.

SAYID  
He doesn't know anything. Your sources were wrong.

OMAR  
(with a shrug)  
Perhaps. But that's really not the point, is it? You handled yourself well in there.

SAYID  
Did I?

OMAR  
I'll put in for your reassignment to the Intelligence Division, if you still wish it.

Sayid halts, a big smile crosses his face.

SAYID  
Yes, sir. Very much so.

OMAR  
(returning the smile)  
Good... But stop calling me "sir" when it's just the two of us.

SAYID \*

Past them, we see TWO ARMED GUARDS, walking in their direction, escorting a FEMALE PRISONER.

OMAR  
That reminds me... a promotion is commensurate with your move...

As the FEMALE PRISONER passes, Sayid throws a glance at her.

SLIGHT SLO-MO as she glances back at him and we may recognize... It's the woman in the photo Sayid carries. But Sayid appears only to register some small recognition. \*

OMAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
That is, if you won't miss being a  
Communications Officer.

SAYID  
I'm willing to make that sacrifice. \*

OFF SAYID, grinning... \*

11 INT. THE VALLEY - NIGHT 11

CLOSE ON BAGS - a long vinyl one and a canvas suitcase -  
dumped on the ground.

WIDEN to see they've been dropped next to HURLEY sitting by a  
campfire. The rest of the camp is quiet, as everybody else  
has turned in. Hurley looks up at

ETHAN (thirties, unassuming, oddly still) standing by him.

ETHAN  
Hi.

Hurley peers up at him, unsurely. Then, at the bags.

HURLEY  
Yo. What's this?

LOCKE appears, dropping a third bag as Hurley stands.

LOCKE  
These were in the jungle. Must  
have fallen from the plane. \*

HURLEY  
Uh... What were you guys doing out  
in the jungle at night?

ETHAN  
Best time to hunt. \*

LOCKE  
Ethan here's got some experience...

ANGLE ON WALT, sitting up in his cubby, watching and  
listening. His father seemingly asleep next to him.

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Spotted tracks we think might be  
rabbit or some other rodent.

HURLEY \*  
Rodent. Yum. \*

ETHAN \*  
Figured people are starting to get \*  
tired of eating boar meat. \*  
(raises his eyebrows) \*  
Variety is the spice of life. \*

HURLEY \*  
Dude, you got that right. \*  
(then)  
Okay. I'll check out the bags.  
See if there's anything useful we  
can... y'know... use. Thanks.

Hurley grabs a suitcase and starts going through it. ON \*  
LOCKE and ETHAN moving out when they hear:

WALT (O.S.)  
Mr. Locke...

Ethan moves on as Locke turns and sees Walt walking up, \*  
speaking quietly.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Are you going back out to hunt?

LOCKE  
For a bit.

WALT \*  
Well... Can I go with you? \*  
(off Locke's look)  
I mean, I wanna learn how to... \*  
Y'know, hunt and-- \*

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
Walt -- !

Walt, busted, looks back to see:

MICHAEL, sitting up, looking at him.

WALT  
I was just... I was talking to Mr.  
Locke about--



MICHAEL

I know what you're doing, man. Not gonna happen. Get back to bed. \*

Walt glares at his dad, embarrassed and frustrated. He peers at Locke for a moment, then stalks to his cubby as Michael and Locke exchange a look. Then Locke and Ethan turn and go.

ANGLE ON HURLEY, emptying the contents of the open suitcase. He holds up an impossibly ugly Hawaiian shirt, shakes his head and tosses it aside. Then he unzips the long vinyl bag.

CLOSE ON HIM as he looks inside and reacts, eyes widening.

HURLEY

Oh... Duuude...

He looks up and a smile comes to him as he registers an idea.

12 INT. HABITAT - NIGHT 12

CLOSE ON SAYID, his eyes clenched shut, his body TENSING as we hear the HUM of electricity. To escape the graphic nature of this, we illustrate it through the DIMMING of the BRIGHT LIGHT, still focused on Sayid.

ON THE FIGURE in the dark, as the wire is moved away and the LIGHT BRIGHTENS.

FIGURE

Where is Alex?

SAYID

-- I don't -- Please --

FIGURE

Where is Alex?

SAYID

(summoning his energy)  
-- PLEASE just listen... I'm-- I'm a survivor of a plane crash -- I found a wire at the beach... followed it... Thought it might have something to do with a transmission we picked up on our out transceiver...

FIGURE

Transmission?

SAYID

A recording... a mayday -- a French woman... Repeating on a loop... for more than sixteen years...

He stops talking 'cause it's still so hard to do anyway... and after a long beat, he hears from the darkness:

\*  
\*

FIGURE (O.S.)

"Si n'importe qui peut entendre ceci veuillez nous aider... I' les a tues. Il les a tues tous..."

Sayid stares as the FIGURE rises, slowly steps toward him and into the light. A WOMAN, early forties -- attractive despite lacking make-up; swimming in a stained, stretched out sweater that hangs off her shoulder. Oh yeah, and she's holding a serious looking RIFLE, looking somewhat dazed.

\*

FRENCH WOMAN

(almost to herself)

... sixteen years...?

(beat)

Has it really been that long?

\*  
\*

SAYID stares, disbelievingly. He's found her. The French Woman. Alive.

SAYID

You...

She looks hard at him now, with mounting anger...

FRENCH WOMAN

You just... happened to hear my distress call... Stumbled upon it... LIES! No planes fly over this island. I know what you are --

She turns the rifle around in her hands.

FRENCH WOMAN (CONT'D)

You're one of them!

ON HER as she SLAMS Sayid in the jaw with the rifle butt, sending us into...

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13

INT. FRENCH WOMAN'S HABITAT - MORNING

13

With sunlight streaming in through the top of the space, we finally get a look at the surroundings. A dug-out hole in the ground, dirt walls, mesh ceiling, a ladder leaning against one of the walls.

CLOSE ON THE FRENCH WOMAN, manically rifling through Sayid's things on a desk: empty water bottle, fruit, a beat up copy of the Koran, an extra shirt; flashlight - which she turns on and off... then she comes to the envelope of photos, she looks through them seeing pictures of the Woman in Sayid's flashback. She compares that with the single photo she found -- the one Sayid had looked at in the teaser. She turns it over to see SOMETHING IS HANDWRITTEN on the back - in Arabic.

PAN OVER to SAYID, his pant leg is ripped open, his thigh is bandaged, and there's dried blood on his chin from the rifle butt blow. ON HIS FACE as he slowly comes to and, hearing noises, looks over at... THE FRENCH WOMAN, her back to him, going through his things, unaware he's awake.

SAYID's eyes scan across the room. It's a cluttered mess. Full of items salvaged from a ship. He catches sight of...

HIS POV - A TORN, FADED JACKET hanging on a nail. A FADED NAME is stenciled on it: ROUSSEAU.

SAYID  
(reading softly, aloud)  
"Rousseau..."

Startled, ROUSSEAU whips around, glaring suspiciously.

ROUSSEAU  
How do you know my name?

SAYID  
I- I read it. There. On the  
jacket.

Rousseau just STARES at him. An odd moment. The two studying each other. Then --

SAYID (CONT'D)  
What is this place?

ROUSSEAU  
Yes. What is this place?

She turns away from him again to examine more of his things.

ON SAYID, as he spots...

HIS POV - A bank of four large batteries, wires from it running to his cot.

SAYID  
Those batteries... They wouldn't produce enough power to transmit your distress call all these years.

ROUSSEAU  
The transmission. It broadcasts...  
from somewhere else. \*  
(long beat) \*  
But they control it now... \*

SAYID  
(squinting)  
"They...?"

ROUSSEAU  
(turning and eyeing him)  
You. And the others like you.

ON SAYID as he gets it. This woman is unbalanced, paranoid.

SAYID  
I... I don't know who you think I am. But I told you... I'm not--

ROUSSEAU  
"Sayid."

SAYID  
What? How do you -- ?

ROUSSEAU  
My name is on a jacket. Yours is on the envelope you carry.  
(then)  
Who is she? \*

Rousseau suddenly thrusts out the PHOTO in her hand.

ROUSSEAU (CONT'D) \*  
The woman. In the photographs.

SAYID  
That's -- She's no one...

ROUSSEAU  
You carry photos of her. She means \*  
something to you. Who is she? \*

SAYID ROUSSEAU  
I don't --  
-- Tell me!

Sayid looks at her a moment, seeing some desperate need in her to know. Then finally replies...

SAYID  
Nadia. Her name is Nadia...

14 INT. IRAQI BASE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE DOOR - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 14

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO OF NADIA, clipped with some other photos of her, to an open folder (the papers all in Arabic.)

OMAR (O.S.)  
We can't tie her directly to the bombing...

CUT OUT to see Sayid perusing the folder as Omar briefs him.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
But we know where her sympathies lie. She's a known associate of Kurdish and Shi'ite insurgents.

SAYID  
You think she knows who \*  
orchestrated the bombing. \*

OMAR  
That, my friend, is exactly what \*  
you will find out. \*

Omar gives Sayid a friendly slap on the shoulder and moves off as Sayid opens the door and enters...

A15 INT. IRAQ - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS - **FLASHBACK** A15

ON NADIA, her hands tied in front of her, her feet shackled to a chair in the middle of the room. Her head is down.

Sayid crosses to a desk in the corner and leans against it, staring at his prisoner.

SAYID \*  
(referring to file)  
Noor Abed Jaseem... I'm going to \*  
ask you some questions... And if \*  
you refuse to cooperate, I am going  
to hurt you. Do you under--

She raises her head and looks at him, evenly.

NADIA  
Nobody calls me "Noor," Sayid. You  
of all people should know that.

Sayid stares at her a moment, stunned she knows his name.

NADIA (CONT'D)  
What, you don't remember me?  
(then, almost wistfully)  
Am I so different from the little \*  
girl in the schoolyard who used to \*  
push you in the mud... send you  
crying home to your mother...

Sayid narrows his eyes, as it comes to him.

SAYID  
Nadia.

NADIA \*  
And your mother would tell my \*  
mother... And I would be in such \*  
trouble -- "Why must you pick on \*  
little Sayid?" and I'd answer: \*  
"Because he ignores me."

SAYID \*  
(after a beat)  
You had enough attention. With \*  
your family's wealth. And your... \*  
charms.

NADIA \*  
Such things matter little to \*  
children. \*  
(she looks at him warmly)  
But then you were always older than \*  
your years, weren't you, Sayid?

SAYID \*  
Not old enough to understand that \*  
being pushed in the mud was a sign \*  
of affection. \*

They look at each other for a moment, before Sayid realizes his place, his responsibility. He breaks his gaze...

SAYID (CONT'D) \*  
And now you're a traitor to your country.

ON NADIA - disappointed with the turn in the conversation.

NADIA  
(bitterly)  
Traitor... Saddam is the traitor. \*  
And you blindly serve him... like a dog. He's betrayed his own people, brutalized... murdered them --

SAYID \*  
(cutting her off, sharply)  
Tell me what you know about the bombing in Najaf...

She wearily shakes her head and he leans into her.

SAYID (CONT'D)  
You know who was behind it. Tell me -- or I swear I will hurt you.

She stares hard at him.

NADIA \*  
Oh, I know, Sayid. This isn't my first interrogation by the Republican Guard...

She reaches up with her bound hands and pulls away the open collar of her shirt revealing BURN SCARS near her chest.

NADIA (CONT'D) \*  
This is where they burned me with acid... When I couldn't tell them the whereabouts of a man I'd met only in passing... \*

She holds out her hands, revealing small SCARS on her palms. \*

NADIA (CONT'D) \*  
They pierced my hands with a drill... because I couldn't remember his name... Would you like to see the soles of my feet? \*  
Where they flaged the skin off -- \*  
(glaring defiantly)  
(MORE)

NADIA (CONT'D)  
These are handiworks of your  
"friends." The people you swear  
allegiance to.

Sayid stares at her wounds, shaken. After a beat...

SAYID  
If you were innocent, I am sorry.  
(then; hardening)  
But this bombing is another matter.

She looks away, not answering.

SAYID (CONT'D)  
Nadia --

NADIA  
Go on, Sayid. Do your work. I'm  
not going to tell you anything.

SAYID  
(with less conviction)  
I'm going to hurt you.

ON NADIA -- she looks up at him with resigned sadness...

NADIA  
I know.

OFF SAYID, registering regret and confusion.

15 INT. THE VALLEY - DAY 15

CLOSE ON A ROUGH SKETCH in progress... A series of  
interlocking poles attached to a braced funnel-type object.

REVEAL MICHAEL, by the spring, sketching on a found writing  
pad with a broken pencil. A long SHAFT OF BAMBOO leaning  
against him. WALT is balancing on the edge of nearby rocks.

WALT  
I'm bored...  
(Michael doesn't reply)  
Can I take Vincent down to the  
beach?

MICHAEL  
Uh... I'll take you later, man. \*  
I'm in the middle of something... \*

He tosses down the pad, grips the bamboo pole, and studies  
the end of it. He sticks the back end of the pencil into the  
nub of the shaft, scratching at it...



WALT

But there's nothing to do around--

MICHAEL

Well you gotta figure out stuff to do. You know what I'm saying? You gotta find a way to entertain yourself.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

OFF WALT, looking perturbed. Meanwhile, nearby...

CLOSE ON HANDS, digging in a pile of various salvaged items.  
WIDEN to see it's HURLEY, on a mission.

HURLEY

(to himself)

C'mon, c'mon... I know I saw it...

Behind him, JACK enters from the infirmary cave. He sees Hurley in his flurry of activity.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

(finding it)

Yes!

He brings up a broken thermos and removes the chipped plastic cut on top. Jack steps toward him...

JACK

Hurley...

But Hurley doesn't hear him as he spots

HIS POV - Michael resting the bamboo pole against a wall as he picks up his pad to continue sketching.

HURLEY

Whoa...

He gets up and hurries over to Michael as Jack continues to watch. Hurley grabs the bamboo pole and looks at Michael.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Dude, can I borrow this?

MICHAEL

-- Uh... I'm trying to--

-- Thanks, Man.

Hurley starts heading out, Michael looking after him.

JACK

Hurley -- !

Hurley stops and looks back at him.

JACK (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

ON HURLEY as a big grin crosses his face and he gives Jack an enthusiastic "Wait'll you get a load of this" look. Then turns and continues out...

OFF JACK, squinting, uncertainly, at him as he goes.

16 INT. FRENCH WOMAN'S HABITAT - DAY 16

ON ROUSSEAU sitting on the cot, next to SAYID, as she redresses his thigh wound.

SAYID  
There's no need to keep me chained up. I can't very well run off with a hole in my leg.

Rousseau notices something else on his leg...

HER POV - A SCAR just about his knee, below the bandage.

ROUSSEAU  
You have a bullet wound.

SAYID  
I was a soldier.

ROUSSEAU  
(intrigued)  
And are you still? \*

Sayid just looks at her. A flash of shame?

SAYID \*  
It was a long time ago. \*

ROUSSEAU \*  
Once a soldier, always a soldier. \*  
(then) \*  
Where did you fight? \*

SAYID \*  
In the Gulf War. \*

She looks at him oddly.

ROUSSEAU \*  
What's the Gulf War? \*

SAYID  
(realizing)  
A lot has happened in the world  
since you... left.

Rousseau ponders this. Of course it has. Then -- She shakes it off. Abruptly crosses to the desk and picks up Nadia's picture again, gazing at it. Sayid studying her...

SAYID (CONT'D)  
Alex. Who is he -- ?

ROUSSEAU  
(ignoring him)  
Tell me more about her. This  
woman. Nadia...

SAYID  
What is it you want--

ROUSSEAU  
-- You love her, don't you?  
She's everything to you.

Sayid stares a moment before answering, difficult to admit.

SAYID  
Yes.

Almost gratified to hear it, she turns the photo over.

ROUSSEAU  
This writing on the back. What  
does it mean?

SAYID  
It's... it's nothing.

She hardens, irrationally frustrated. She gets up, PACES --

ROUSSEAU  
Still lying.

SAYID

I'm not lying -- it has nothing to do with --

ROUSSEAU

SAYID

Lies... Like this "plane crash". That you survived... You claim there were others--

-- More than forty, yes --

-- Then why are you alone?

\*

He looks at her. After a beat...

SAYID (CONT'D)

I left them.

ROUSSEAU

Why?

SAYID

There was a --

(beat)

I did something.

Rousseau eyes him, innately understanding, somehow.

ROUSSEAU

Something you're ashamed of.

Sayid looks at her a moment, before offering a small nod.

ROUSSEAU (CONT'D)

And Nadia? You left her, too?

SAYID

She wasn't on the plane.

Rousseau ponders that, then putting the pieces together...

ROUSSEAU

SAYID

So you heard my transmission -  
- Came looking for me -- for  
answers... Hoping to find  
some way to get back to her --

-- I didn't know you were  
alive --  
-- There is no way --

-- But if she's waiting  
somewhere for you --

-- I can't --

-- She's dead!

Rousseau reacts, stricken.

ROUSSEAU  
Dead...?  
(sitting on the cot)  
How... How did--

SAYID  
(quietly)  
Because of me.

ON ROUSSEAU, looking at him with empathy as her eyes well up.  
She reaches over and brushes her hand against his cheek.

ROUSSEAU  
I'm so sorry.

Then, inexplicably, she bends down and kisses him on the  
lips. Sayid reacts with wary surprise, as she sits up.

ROUSSEAU (CONT'D)  
I know what it's like to lose  
someone you...

She stops. Can't bring herself to say the word. Pulls it  
together. Abruptly stands --

ROUSSEAU (CONT'D)  
I want to show you something.

SAYID continues to eye Rousseau as she moves off frame...

17 INT. THE VALLEY - INFIRMARY CAVE - DAY 17

CLOSE ON MICHAEL'S SKETCH, fully worked out now. As we hear:

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
...See, this junction here reroutes  
some of the spring's waterflow into  
a couple of suspended basins...

WIDEN to see Jack holding the pad, Michael next to him,  
pointing at the sketch as he explains:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Pop in some holes, we got showers. \*  
That way we keep our drinking water \*  
separate... \*

JACK \*  
(impressed) \*  
This is... You drew this?

MICHAEL  
Yeah, well, I was an artist in a  
previous life.

JACK  
Thought you were in construction.

MICHAEL  
I am. I mean, I was.  
(beat) \*  
Long story. Maybe I'll tell you \*  
when we've got some time to kill. \*

Jack smiles, a genuine moment between these two men before -- \*

CHARLIE (O.S.) \*  
Hey, Jack! \*

They look as CHARLIE runs in, winded... \*

JACK \*  
What's up? \*

CHARLIE  
Dunno... Hurley's all worked-up  
over something. Says... Says we  
need to come see it.

JACK moves off, Michael and Charlie right behind him...

18 EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - AFTERNOON 18

ON HURLEY, standing by the bamboo shaft sticking out of the  
ground - the top of the pole sports a torn remnant of the  
ugly Hawaiian shirt tied to it. Like a flag. Hurley pulls a  
GOLD BAG into frame, next to him, and addresses someone.

HURLEY  
Welcome to the first -- and,  
hopefully last -- Island Open.

REVERSE to see JACK, MICHAEL and CHARLIE, dumbfounded.

JACK  
What?

HURLEY  
Dig it. Just two holes for now...  
Three par and no waiting.

Jack looks at the flag, the hole, trying to absorb this.

JACK

Hurley, you -- You built a... a  
golf course?

HURLEY

Hey, rich idiots fly to tropical  
islands all the time to whack balls  
around. Gotta be something to it.

\*

\*

MICHAEL

(to Hurley)

All the stuff we gotta be dealing  
with, man... This is what you've  
been wasting your time on?

Hurley sees it's time for the hard sell.

HURLEY

Dudes... Listen... Our lives suck.  
Everybody's nerves are stretched to  
the max. We're lost on an  
island... running from boars,  
monsters... Freakin' polar bears! --

\*

\*

MICHAEL

Polar bears?

CHARLIE

Didn't hear about the polar bear?

HURLEY

-- All I'm saying is... If we're  
stuck here, just surviving's not  
gonna cut it... People need some  
kind of relief. We gotta find some  
way to have... y'know, fun.

(off Jack's unsure look)

Yeah, fun. Or we're just gonna go  
crazy waiting for the next bad  
thing to happen to us.

A moment passes as the others take his words in. Not sure  
what to make of all this. And then --

\*

\*

CHARLIE

It's bloody brilliant!

\*

He runs up to Hurley who high-fives him, delighted that  
somebody gets it. Charlie grabs a club from the bag...

ON JACK and MICHAEL sharing an incredulous look.



19

INT. FRENCH WOMAN'S HABITAT - MEANWHILE

19

CLOSE ON A BEAT-UP, ANTIQUE MUSIC BOX, with a waltzing couple on top, frozen in place.

ROUSSEAU (O.S.)  
Beautiful, isn't it?

PULL OUT to see it's held by ROUSSEAU, sitting next to SAYID.

ROUSSEAU (CONT'D)  
It was a gift from my love...

SAYID  
(fishing)  
You mean Alex?

Rousseau's eyes drift off for a moment.

ROUSSEAU  
Robert.  
(remembering)  
He bought this for me in Singapore.  
For our anniversary. It would play  
Chopin. \*

SAYID  
I'd... like to hear it.

ROUSSEAU  
It's broken. Has been for... a  
long time. \*  
(bittersweet) \*  
It was such a comfort for me... the  
first few years here.

She gets lost in thought, Sayid eyeing her. After a beat...

SAYID  
I could fix it for you.

She turns and looks at him.

SAYID (CONT'D)  
I could take a look at it... if you  
free my hands... \*

She continues to eye him strangely, perhaps suspiciously, then gets up and crosses to the desk, her back to him.

SAYID (CONT'D)

I'm fairly good with mechanical things... I'll need my hands to--

CLOSE ON ROUSSEAU'S HANDS as she places the box down, slides a LEATHER POUCH to her and removes an old, rusty syringe and a corked vial of liquid.

ROUSSEAU

What is written on the back of your photograph? Did she write it, or did you?

ON SAYID, getting NERVOUS -- unable to see her actions.

SAYID

What... What are you doing?

She draws the liquid into the syringe, then takes a piece of sandpaper and rubs the rusty needle. She turns to face him.

ROUSSEAU

Perhaps you won't tell me because it causes too much pain.

ON SAYID, seeing the old, weather-worn hypo in her hand, as she approaches him, continuing to sand the needle. \*

SAYID

(fear rising)

Rousseau... You don't have to do that. Whatever it is... I only offered to fix your music box.

She crosses back to the cot and sits, looking at him, sadly.

ROUSSEAU

Some things cannot be fixed, Sayid.

And she jabs him with the needle...

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

20

EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - DAY

20

CLOSE ON MICHAEL and JACK, appearing concerned.

MICHAEL

This is a problem, man.

JACK

(looking down)

Yeah.

MICHAEL

I mean, I know what I'd do... But this is your call.

JACK

(making his decision)

Okay...

(looks up at Michael)

Gimme the seven-iron.

CUT WIDE TO REVEAL they're talking about the lie of a GOLD BALL, stuck behind a mound of dirt. Michael removes the club from the golf bag beside him and hands it to Jack, who looks toward the hole.

JACK (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Heads up over there.

ON HURLEY and CHARLIE standing by the flagged "hole," a putter in Charlie's hand, as they step back.

Jack chokes up on a club and lofts the ball into the air. And at that moment...

SULLIVAN (O.S.)

Doc? -- Hey, Doc!

SULLIVAN emerges from the brush, spotting them.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

There you are... Somebody said you went this way. Listen... I think this rash is spreading... I mean, it's like the size of a grapefruit--

\*

He stops, noticing the club in Jack's hand.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

ON JACK, looking a little chagrined, feeling caught.

JACK  
Uh...

He peers at Michael, then back to Sullivan who sees Hurley and Charlie and the "flag."

SULLIVAN  
(incredulous)  
Are you-- Are you playing golf?

ON JACK, a little embarrassed, he finally admits:

JACK  
Y-yeah.

SULLIVAN  
(after a beat, brightly)  
Can I play?

ON JACK and MICHAEL - sharing a look and a shrug.

21 INT. FRENCH WOMAN'S HABITAT - DAY 21

CLOSE ON SAYID, lying face down on top of the cluttered desk, as his eyes flutter open. Raising himself up... WE WIDEN to see he's seated in a chair, his feet chained to the bottom of the desk, he registers his hands are free...

ON SAYID as his eyes clear, the first thing he sees before him is the MUSIC BOX, and a plastic container with several tools. He also notices other items pushed to the side...

HIS POV - various maps (some hand-drawn) and schematics, as well as a compass and other items.

SAYID is about to reach toward the maps when he hears:

ROUSSEAU (O.S.)  
I'm sorry. About the sedative...

ON ROUSSEAU, sitting in a chair, her rifle across her lap.

ROUSSEAU (CONT'D)  
It was the only safe way for me to  
move you.

Sayid looks at her, nods wearily. Almost resigned to it. \*

ROUSSEAU (CONT'D)  
You offered to fix my music box...  
After all I've done to you.  
Striking you, shocking you... Why?  
Why aren't you furious with me?

SAYID  
There's nothing you've done to me I  
didn't already deserve.

ROUSSEAU  
Perhaps you aren't still a soldier  
after all.

Sayid eyes her, then takes a screwdriver from the container.

SAYID  
Do you want me to fix your music  
box or don't you?

ROUSSEAU  
Yes. Please.

SAYID  
Then I want to know your name. \*  
Your first name. \*

She seems almost surprised by this. By his interest in her.  
After a beat --

ROUSSEAU  
Danielle. My name is Danielle.

He begins dismantling the music box. As he works...

SAYID  
And how did you come to be on this  
island, Danielle?

ROUSSEAU  
We were part of a science team.

SAYID  
(skeptical) \*  
A science team armed with rifles. \*  
(beat) \*  
Was Robert on the team? \*

ROUSSEAU \*  
(beat) \*  
Yes. \*



ROUSSEAU

(ignores him)

Our vessel was three days out of  
Tahiti when our instruments  
malfunctioned... It was night -- a  
storm... the sounds --

(beat)

The ship slammed into rocks, ran  
aground... The hull breached  
beyond repair. So we made camp...  
Dug out this temporary shelter...

(to herself, wryly)

*Temporary...*

(then)

Nearly two months we survived  
here... Two months before...

...She trails off.

SAYID

Your distress signal... the message  
I heard. You said: "It killed them  
all..." Did you mean that... thing  
in the jungle?

\*

ROUSSEAU

What "thing"?

\*

ON Sayid. How could she not...?

SAYID

Then what -- ?

ROUSSEAU

What killed them? Oh, what killed  
them? Yes, I suppose that's the  
question, isn't it?

And now, PUSHING IN, any semblance of lucidity we found with  
Rousseau is replaced by something... well, ELSE --

ROUSSEAU (CONT'D)

We were coming back from the black  
rock. It was them.

\*

(beat)

They were the carriers...

SAYID

What? Who --?

ROUSSEAU  
The others.

SAYID  
What others? And what's the black rock? \*  
(but she only stares off) \*  
Danielle -- Have you seen other people on this island? \*

ROUSSEAU  
No.  
(then)  
But I hear them. Out there in the jungle. \*  
(then) \*  
They whisper. \*

Sayid eyes her, pityingly. She senses it and looks at him.

ROUSSEAU (CONT'D)  
You think I'm insane.

CLOSE ON SAYID, deciding how to answer that. Then --

SAYID  
I think you've been alone. For too long. \*

22 INT. IRAQI BASE - CELL - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 22

DARKNESS, then the CLANGING of a steel door being unlocked and swung open. Light streaming in reveals NADIA, sitting on a metal bench, in the windowless cell, looking tired, thin. She squints up into the harsh light outside the cell to see

SAYID, entering, holding a rolled up jacket.

SAYID  
Good morning, Nadia.

NADIA  
Is it morning already?

Their manner now is casual, a comfortable routine they've fallen into. Sayid sits next to her and produces a small loaf of bread, which she tears into, hungrily.

SAYID  
I'm sorry... it's all I could find.  
I'll try to bring you fruit, later.  
(MORE)



(PINK)

10/5/04

35.

21

(BLUE)

10/4/04

36.

22

D)  
a beat)

U

what's the black  
stares off)  
you seen other  
land?

\*  
\*  
\*

t you'd like  
. Books?  
een neither --  
r weeks, I'm  
will suffer.

U

Out there in the

\*  
\*  
\*

n custody.  
phs. All you  
that you're  
. and I think  
you.

nd holds them out for her to  
n, she puts her HAND on his.

\*  
\*

She senses it and looks at him.

J (CONT'D)  
ne.

en I won't  
ook forward

to answer that. Then --

Sayid pulls his hand away --

n . ne. For too

\*

sn't a game--

- FLASHBACK

22

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Sayid gazes at her, and says  
you" --

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comfortable routine they've  
to her and produces a small  
s into, hungrily.

le as they sit in silence.

ll I could find.  
ou fruit, later.

23

EXT. BEACH - DAY

23

ON BOONE, crossing away from a couple of other survivors, who trek off towards the jungle. We see others conferring animatedly, then moving off as well when Boone arrives by

SHANNON, wearing sunglasses, sunning herself.

BOONE

You're not gonna believe this...

SHANNON

(not looking up)

You learned to tie your own shoes?

BOONE

Funny. Somebody at the caves built a golf course in the jungle.

SHANNON raises her glasses and finally looks up at him.

SHANNON

Are you high?

PULL OUT to reveal KATE crossing by with wood for the signal fire as she overhears:

BOONE

Seriously... A golf course.  
Doctor's there now, playing with some other--

Kate stops and looks at him, disbelievingly.

KATE

Jack? Is golfing?

BOONE

(to Kate, amused)

S'what I hear. Don't know about you, but I gotta check this out.

He turns and starts off, as Shannon gets to her feet.

SHANNON

Well, wait for me, bonehead.

She runs to catch up with him as Kate drops the wood where she stands and starts off toward the jungle path, herself...

SAWYER (O.S.)

A doctor playing golf...

Kate stops, looks over and sees SAWYER, sitting by his tent.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Boy-howdy, now I've heard  
everything. What's next? A cop  
eatin' a donut?

KATE  
(a dare) \*  
If you wanna come, you should just \*  
say so. \*

SAWYER  
Think I'll pass on that, freckles.  
Not big on crowds. And, face it,  
crowd's not too hot on me, neither.

Kate stares at him a moment.

KATE \*  
Do you like being an outcast, \*  
Sawyer? \*

SAWYER \*  
Last I check, you weren't exactly \*  
runnin' the yearbook committee \*  
yourself, pumpkin... \*

KATE \*  
Last I checked, you had a knife \*  
sticking out of your arm. \*

SAWYER \*  
Hell -- misunderstandings happen. \*

Sawyer unleashes his grin. Kate just shakes her head. \*  
Smiles despite herself -- \*

KATE \*  
So this is it, huh? Just... \*  
sitting around, pretending it's \*  
okay that they all hate you? \*

SAWYER \*  
(shrugs) \*  
Works for me.

KATE \*  
No it doesn't. Because I know \*  
better. \*

The reminder of this sobers Sawyer up. \*

KATE (CONT'D)  
One outcast to another? \*

(beat) \*

I'd think about making more of an effort. \*

SAWYER \*

Duly noted.

KATE, realizing he's hopeless, turns and goes. OFF SAWYER, watching her, stewing on her words. \*

24 INT. FRENCH WOMAN'S HABITAT - MEANWHILE 24

CLOSE ON SAYID'S HANDS as he tightens a screw on the bottom of the music box. WIDEN ON HIM as he rights the box up, and turns the key on the side. MUSIC - a CHOPIN WALTZ emanates from it and the waltzing couple spin. \*

ON ROUSSEAU, in her chair, as the sound reaches her. She looks at Sayid who smiles and holds out the box for her. Her face brightens as she stands and crosses to him to take it, putting NADIA'S PHOTO down on the edge of the desk. \*

SAYID  
You see? Some things can be fixed.

ROUSSEAU marvels at the waltzing couple atop the box, laughing. As she does ANGLE ON SAYID'S HAND, palming the small screwdriver. \*

ROUSSEAU  
Thank you. Oh, god... Thank you so much. How long it's been since I've heard music. It is...  
(overcome)  
Thank you. \*

As she sways, dancing... Sayid watches her. Then -- \*

SAYID  
Danielle -- please let me go. \*

She slowly stops swaying as his request reaches her brain -- \*

ROUSSEAU  
Go? Go where?

SAYID  
Back to the people I told you about. \*

ROUSSEAU  
The ones you left behind?  
(beat)  
But you said -- you said you had to  
leave them. That you were ashamed.

A moment. He IS ashamed. But then he looks up, a sense of  
OWNERSHIP OF THAT SHAME in his eyes. And more importantly,  
the desire to absolve himself of it.

SAYID  
That is why I have to go back.

Rousseau is getting UPSET. Doesn't like this AT ALL --

ROUSSEAU  
-- You can't. You have to stay.  
It's not safe...

SAYID  
Not safe? What's not --

ROUSSEAU SAYID  
You need me. You can't -- Danielle, please --  
leave.

Suddenly, the ROAR of a large animal -- Bear? Tiger?  
Mammoth? -- is heard from outside, close by. Most definitely  
NOT our monster. Their heads whip toward it.

SAYID (CONT'D)  
What -- What was --

And BANG: wordlessly, ROUSSEAU's on the move... She quickly \*  
puts the music box down, sweeps the tools into the plastic  
container and crosses with it to a cabinet in the corner.

SAYID (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

She places the container out of the way and grabs her rifle. \*

ROUSSEAU  
If we're lucky, it's one of the \*  
bears.

SAYID \*  
If we're lucky? \*

ROUSSEAU \*  
Dinner. \*

She opens the cabinet revealing ANOTHER RIFLE, A HANDGUN, THE MACHETE and BOXES OF AMMO. She drapes an AMMO BELT across her shoulder, shoves the pistol into her waistband, the machete through a loop on the belt. She's a fucking warrior. \*

SAYID  
Free me -- so I can come with you. \*  
Help you --

ROUSSEAU  
No. You'll leave me -- Run off. \*  
You have to stay --

Armed to the teeth, she moves to the ladder.

SAYID  
Danielle, listen to me... It might \*  
be that thing out there. The  
monster...

She stops climbing and looks back at him, with a tender, though almost patronizing look.

ROUSSEAU  
Poor Sayid... There are no such  
things as monsters.

She climbs to the top, pushes up the mesh and exits. Sayid's eyes drift back to the cabinet, staring --

HIS POV - SLOW PUSH IN on the OTHER RIFLE she left behind.  
PUSH IN on Sayid, weighing what has to be done, as we hear:

OMAR (PRE-LAP)  
You have to execute her...

25 INT. IRAQI BASE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK** 25

ON SAYID, confused.

SAYID  
What --?

WIDEN to see OMAR, reiterating the order.

OMAR  
The Jaseem woman has given us  
nothing. This will be a message to  
others who will not talk --

SAYID

I just need more time with her --

And Omar says this like it's the most ordinary thing in the world to say -- \*

OMAR

You've had more than a month. You failed, Sayid. Now take her outside and shoot her. \*

(off Sayid's hesitation)

Is this a problem? \*

SAYID

No. It is not a problem. \*

OMAR nods and crosses off, leaving SAYID as the pain of his duty registers on his face. \*

26 INT. IRAQI BASE - CELL - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK** 26

DARKNESS, again. Then the noise of the door being unbolted and swinging open. Light falling onto NADIA, who peers up at \*

SAYID, in the doorway, holding something.

NADIA

What did you bring me today --?

Sayid takes a step in and Nadia sees an ARMED GUARD standing next to him. Before she can say another word...

SAYID tosses a BLACK HOOD to her.

SAYID

Put it on.

NADIA stares at the hood, then looks back to Sayid.

NADIA

Are you going to hurt me, Sayid? \*

CLOSE ON SAYID, stoic, but his eyes filled with regret. And after a long, PAINFUL beat... \*

He nods. \*

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

27 INT. FRENCH WOMAN'S HABITAT - DAY 27

CLOSE ON A SMALL SCREWDRIVER, being worked around inside a PADLOCK, when we hear a -- CLICK --

WIDEN as SAYID pulls the lock open and frees his second leg, the first already unshackled. With effort, he pushes himself up to a standing position, and makes his way to the cabinet.

He takes the rifle, finds a box of ammo, then opens the gun up to load... \*

INTERCUT WITH: \*

A28 EXT. JUNGLE - MEANWHILE A28 \*

ON ROUSSEAU, as she moves into frame, her eyes scanning the surroundings. She stops and listens for a moment... Then, as if sensing something, she looks back toward the direction she came, lowers her rifle, and starts to walk back... \*

B28 INT. FRENCH WOMAN'S HABITAT - MEANWHILE B28 \*

SAYID limps over to the ladder when something occurs to him. He turns back to the desk and hurriedly moves to it-- \*

He grabs his backpack, then the maps, schematics, compass and other items, shoving them all into his bag. Then, he hoists the bag over his shoulder and struggles up the ladder... \*

LOW ANGLE - As he moves the mesh and climbs out... TILT DOWN to see NADIA'S PHOTO lying on the ground where it has fallen... Forgotten.

28 EXT. JUNGLE - ANOTHER PART OF CLEARING - DAY 28

A CROWD has gathered to watch, including BOONE, SHANNON, ETHAN, SULLIVAN, and KATE... We see WALT arrive... CHARLIE, HURLEY, and MICHAEL are standing on the sidelines, waiting.

HURLEY

Dude. I think you stuck it.

ON JACK, crossing to the golf bag, Kate joins him.

KATE

This thing have a ladies' tee?



JACK

Hey -- When did you --

KATE

Little while ago. Almost didn't  
recognize you...

(off his look)

You're smiling.

JACK

Gotta watch that.

KATE

How'd you come up with --

JACK

Not me. It was all Hurley...

He looks over at HURLEY, about to tee off. Charlie nearby.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm going crazy trying to make everyone feel safe -- I'm not sleeping because I want everyone to feel safe. This guy builds a golf course? Everyone feels safe.

(pure admiration)

Genius.

ON HURLEY as he muffs the shot and the ball dribbles a few feet away. The PEANUT GALLERY laughs, applauding.

HURLEY

Aw... Crap. Do-over!

CHARLIE

Nice shot, Tiger. And it's called a Mulligan.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL, chuckling, standing off to the side.

WALT (O.S.)

Dad?

Michael sees Walt approaching. Michael's happy to see him.

MICHAEL

Hey, Walt -- Check it out, man.

WALT

You left me alone at the caves...

MICHAEL

What? I left you with Claire... \*

WALT

She's sleeping. \*

MICHAEL

(realizing)

Oh. Oh, man... I'm sorry. I just... I just got caught up --  
(kneeling next to him)

I'm really sorry, Walt. I screwed up. I'm make it up to you.

(then)

Hey -- You wanna play? \*

Walt eyes the other grabbing clubs, conversing, laughing.

WALT

Naw. That's okay. There's other  
people waiting.

MICHAEL

They won't mind. C'mon, man, take  
a swing.

Walt shakes his head. Before Michael can offer again...

g, ughing.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
hael, you're up, mate.

wledges Charlie with a wave.

MICHAEL  
(to Walt)  
y, so, we'll play later.  
(standing)  
t me on, man.

again...

t to go make his tee-shot. Walt stares after  
t.

he hits his ball, the crowd applauds, cheering,

ng his father occupied, turns and sneaks off  
le.

MEANWHILE

29

cking with him, hobbling through the jungle. \*

INTERCUT WITH: \*

king up her pace as she hurries back to her \*

, pushing his way through some denser brush that \*  
r a while until he comes to a slight clearing of \*  
After a few steps, Sayid suddenly halts and \*  
sees something in his periphery. WHIP PAN OFF \*

e thirty yards away, as she hears twigs SNAP \*  
foot, and immediately swings up her rifle, \*  
ace him. \*

each other for a moment, frozen -- Rousseau \*  
e him. After a few tense moments... They both \*  
to a decision.

ly throws himself behind the nearest tree and  
s. THE BULLET ZINGS off the tree --

s in slowly, her gun poised.

ROUSSEAU  
i't make me do this!

YID, as he readies himself with the rifle...

30

INT. IRAQI BASE - CORRIDORS - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

30

TRACKING WITH SAYID as he leads the ARMED GUARD and HOODED NADIA, her hands shackled, down a corridor. As they come to a connecting hallway, he halts and turns to the Guard.

SAYID

I'll take it from here.

They Guard eyes him for a beat, then offers a salute. Sayid returns it and the Guard goes. Sayid takes Nadia's arm and marches her down the other corridor.

They eventually reach a steel door, Sayid stops again, and checks the coast. No one's around. He reaches up and pulls the hood off Nadia, who flinches, squinting from the light.

NADIA

What -- What's happening?

Sayid gets keys from his pocket and unlocks her restraints.

NADIA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SAYID

Forty meters out this door, there's a supply truck that will be leaving shortly. They don't check them on the way out, only coming in... Get inside, cover yourself any way you can... They won't reach the city for thirty minutes... plenty of time for you to jump out and hide --

\*

Nadia REALIZES what this means. Overwhelmed. Then --

\*

NADIA

Come with me.

\*

SAYID

-- I can't. Desertion... they would kill my family. I'm sorry... I don't have your courage.

\*

\*

NADIA

You have more than you know.

\*

A MOMENT. Under any other circumstance, it might lead to a kiss. But then --

\*

\*

NADIA SEES IT - HER PHOTO, protruding from the top of Sayid's shirt pocket. A pen is clipped there, as well. She reaches up and pulls out the photo. \*

SAYID  
What are you --? \*

She says nothing as she takes his pen, writes something on the back of her photo. Sayid anxiously looks around -- \*

SAYID (CONT'D)  
Nadia... Please... You have to go. \*

OMAR (O.S.)  
Sayid!

OMAR approaches, a look of confusion of his face.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

CLOSE ON SAYID, his mind reeling, trying to figure out what possible answer he could give.

ON OMAR, understanding now all too well what Sayid's doing. His hand reaches down to his sidearm. ON SAYID, seeing that. \*

SAYID  
(quietly)  
Omar... Don't --

OMAR  
Guar--!

Sayid quickly draws his pistol and SHOOTS.

OMAR is blasted back to the wall and slumps down dead. ON SAYID, staring in shock. Nadia behind him... \*

NADIA  
Sayid -- You have to come with me now. They'll kill you... \*

SAYID  
No. You escaped, stole my gun and shot him... And then you shot me. \*

NADIA  
What -- ?

And Sayid suddenly SHOOTS HIMSELF in the leg. He stumbles to the floor, enduring the pain. \*

NADIA (CONT'D)

Sayid!

He peers up at her and holds out the gun.

SAYID

Take it.

(off her hesitation)

Please, Nadia...

Reluctantly, she takes the gun from his hand, replacing it with her photo.

SAYID (CONT'D)

Now go! GO!!

Without another word, she turns and runs out the door.

ON SAYID, hearing distant voices shouting: "What was that?" "Gunfire --" He looks at Nadia's photo, then turns it over. And as he reads what she wrote --

31 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 31

ON ROUSSEAU as she reaches the tree behind which Sayid took cover. She hesitates for a moment, then, in a flash...

NEW ANGLE - She steps behind it, rifle poised to fire, and finds Sayid gone. Before she has time to react...

SAYID (O.S.)

Put the gun down, Danielle.

Come around her to find -- SAYID has gotten the drop on her, countering from the other side of the tree. He's got his rifle trained at her head.

ROUSSEAU lowers her gun and slowly turns to look at him.

SAYID (CONT'D)

Put it down. On the ground.

ROUSSEAU eyes him a moment, almost sadly. Then begins to raise her gun up again.

SAYID (CONT'D)

Please... I don't wish to hurt you.

\*

ROUSSEAU SAYID  
You already have.

-- DON'T!

But she ignores him, RAISING HER GUN --

ON SAYID, as it becomes clear what he has to do. He FIRES.  
But, nothing happens. Not even the sound of the hammer.

ROUSSEAU (O.S.)  
That was his gun...

Sayid looks at Rousseau, her gun still trained on him.

ROUSSEAU (CONT'D)  
The firing pin's been removed.  
Robert didn't notice it was missing  
either when I shot him.

ON SAYID, stunned.

SAYID  
You...  
(beat)  
But you loved him.

ROUSSEAU  
(painfully)  
He was sick. \*

SAYID  
Sick...? \*

ROUSSEAU  
It took them... One after the other. I... I had no choice. They were already lost... \*

SAYID  
You killed them --? \*

ROUSSEAU  
What would've happened if we were rescued? It would've spread... I couldn't let that happen...  
(raising her rifle)  
I won't.

Sayid tosses his rifle aside, and glares at her.

SAYID  
I am not sick! \*





SAYID

Then why kill me?

ROUSSEAU

I don't... I don't want... I... I  
don't know how else to stop you...

The rifle drops to her side, as if exhaustion has suddenly overtaken her. Tears stream down her cheeks.

ROUSSEAU (CONT'D)

I can't let you go... You don't...  
understand... To have someone... to  
talk to... to touch...

\*

\*

Sayid looks at her for a moment, pityingly. He takes a step toward her and she swings the rifle up again. Sayid halts, putting up his hands. After a beat...

SAYID

"You'll find me in the next life...  
if not this one."

ROUSSEAU

(looking at him, puzzled)  
What?

SAYID

The writing. On the back of  
Nadia's photo.

Rousseau stares at him, her weapon still trained.

SAYID (CONT'D)

I know what it is like to hold on  
to someone. I've been holding on  
for the last seven years to just a  
thought... A blind hope... that  
somewhere... she is still alive.

He starts to walk toward her.

SAYID (CONT'D)

But the more I hold on, the more I  
pull away from those around me. I  
may know in my heart that I cannot  
ever let her go...

(beat)

But I can't find her alone.

Sayid stands right before the rifle barrel.

SAYID (CONT'D)  
That's why I need to go back. The  
only way off this... place --  
Is with their help.

He reaches her and takes hold of the rifle barrel... There's  
a beat, before she relinquishes her weapon to him, and slumps  
to the ground, spent. He lowers himself next to her.

SAYID (CONT'D)  
Come with me. We have a doctor -

She shakes her head. No.

SAYID (CONT'D)  
Danielle, you have to stop  
punishing yourself. You don't have  
to be alone.

Rousseau looks at him a moment, sadly resigned.

ROUSSEAU  
Yes. I do.

She slowly gets to her feet and takes her rifle back.

ROUSSEAU (CONT'D)  
Your people, the ones you're  
determined to return to...  
(pointedly)  
Watch them closely.

And with that, she turns and starts to walk away.

ON SAYID, watching her go. Then, a question burns in him and  
he calls after her.

SAYID  
Who is Alex?

TRACKING WITH ROUSSEAU, her back to him as she moves on...

ROUSSEAU  
Alex was my child.

As she passes frame, we're left with SAYID staring after her,  
registering this new piece of the puzzle.

CUT WIDE to see him standing in the jungle, alone again.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE/EPILOGUE

32

EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - EVENING

32

EXTREME LOW ANGLE, behind the hole, as a golf ball rolls toward it, bumping along the uneven ground. We hear shouts from the unseen crowd: "Looks good." "Get in there!" The ball takes a sharp turn and runs past the hole.

RACK FOCUS to see CHARLIE, putter in his hand, some ten feet away. As the crowd gives a collective "Awww."

CHARLIE

Bollocks. You see that?

ON CROWD, now thirty or so strong, and including SUN, SCOTT, STEVE, etc. JACK, MICHAEL, HURLEY and KATE standing with them. All having a great time.

HURLEY

(to Charlie)

Dude. You were robbed.

MICHAEL

'Kay, Jack. S'up to you now. Sink this and you get to wear the blazer.

KATE

(to Jack)

No pressure.

Charlie joins them as Jack moves off to his ball.

HURLEY

(to no one in particular)

Five bucks says he makes it.

BOONE

Make it ten and you're on.

CHARLIE

(to Hurley, hurt)

You're betting against me?

HURLEY

No offense, dude. But you're a duffer like me.

SULLIVAN

Hey, I don't have any cash. But I'll put up my dinner tonight on the doc.

The CROWD becomes a buzz of people shouting out wagers. Kate laughs, finding it all hysterical.

Then, from the back:

SAWYER (O.S.)  
I got two tubes of sunscreen and a  
flashlight says he chokes.

ON KATE as she and the others turn to see

SAWYER standing behind them, looking back with uncertain defiance. There's a long awkward moment as all the fun dissipates with his arrival.

ON JACK, eyeing Sawyer, as well.

ON KATE, recognizing the heated tension in the air, but feeling for Sawyer, proud of him for making the effort.

KATE  
(to Sawyer)  
I'll take that action.

Some in the crowd look at her, as does JACK. After a moment...

BOONE  
Yeah, me, too.

SHANNON  
You already bet on Jack, dumbass.

BOONE  
We can use the sunscreen, princess.

After a moment, the tension broken, people again turn back to cheer Jack on. "Let's go, Jack!" "C'mon, Doc!"

KATE looks at Sawyer. Sawyer glances at her for a moment, then turns back to watch the action.

JACK sees this, then looks down at his ball and lines up his putt. As his putter strikes the ball...

33 EXT. JUNGLE - LOCKE'S SPOT - MEANWHILE 33

THWAK! A THROWN KNIFE imbeds itself in a tree trunk. The tree sports dozens of scars, as this isn't the first time a knife has cut into it.

WIDEN a bit as LOCKE crosses in and pries the knife out. He turns and walks back several paces, readying himself to throw it again, when he stops himself, sensing something, and says without turning...

LOCKE  
Does your father know you're here?

ARC AROUND LOCKE to find

WALT, standing by the edge of the jungle, behind him. Though Locke's back is to him, he answers with a shake of his head.

WALT  
Can you teach me how to do that?

Locke lowers his arm, and turns to face Walt for the first time. After eyeing him a few moments, he flips the knife over in his hand and offers the hilt out for Walt to take.

ON WALT, his eyes widen, as he steps in toward Locke and reaches out...

CLOSE ON HIS HAND as it takes hold of the hilt and Locke lets go...

34 EXT. JUNGLE - MEANWHILE 34

ON SAYID, exhausted, stumbling his way through the jungle. He's grunting a bit, but moving with purpose, now using a found tree limb as a crutch/walking stick...

Suddenly, he reacts to something and stops, with a sharp intake of breath, holding it. He listens. All we HEAR is:

WIND rustling through the dense thicket of trees.

ON SAYID - His head darts around...

HIS POV - Nothing but jungle, trees being blown by the breeze. And then we hear it... Amidst the sound of the wind, there's something else... Though faint, it sounds like:

THE WHISPERING OF VOICES, seemingly all around him.

And as we PUSH IN on Sayid, wondering whether the wind is playing tricks on him or... There is something out there.

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW