

Episode #: 110

LOST

"Whatever the Case May Be"

Written by

Damon Lindelof

&

Jennifer Johnson

Directed by

Jack Bender

PRODUCTION DRAFT

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LOST

"Whatever the Case May Be"

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

HUTTON.....  
SHOOTER (JASON).....  
BASEBALL HAT.....  
SIX FOOT FIVE.....  
ROSE.....L. Scott Caldwell  
TRUCKER.....

LOST

"Whatever the Case May Be"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

BANK - Day - FLASHBACK  
BACK ROOM - Day - FLASHBACK  
LOBBY - Day - FLASHBACK  
VAULT AREA - Day - FLASHBACK  
SAWYER'S TENT - Night/Day  
VALLEY  
INFIRMARY AREA - Day

EXTERIORS

DENSE JUNGLE - Day  
WATERFALL - Day  
TOP OF THE FALLS - Day  
UNDERWATER - Day  
SURFACE OF WATER - Day  
LAGOON - Day  
BEACH - Day/Sunset/Morning/Dusk  
SAYID'S AREA - Day  
JUNGLE - Day  
ROCKS - Day  
BANYAN TREE - Day  
SECLUDED COPSE OF TREES - Day  
NEW BEACH - Sunset  
ENCAMPMENT - Night

TEASER

We PUSH THROUGH the "O" of the LOST logo and find -

1

EXT. DENSE JUNGLE - DAY

1

An eye -- KATE'S -- as she wipes SWEAT out of it with the back of her hand. And as the camera PULLS BACK from Kate's mud-smearred face, we get a quick flash of VERTIGO -

WHEN THE GROUND FALLS AWAY BENEATH US. Because Kate is at the tippy-top of a tree. Cutting a weighty bunch of BANANAS from their fronds. Stuffs them into a makeshift CANVAS SACK strapped across her chest.

And in Kate's face we can see it all. She's exhausted. Spent. The events of the past few days -- Claire's abduction, Charlie's rescue and resuscitation, Sayid's news of the "others" -- have clearly taken their toll.

Readjusting the sack, Kate MOVES down through the tree with impressive agility. Finally reaches the ground --

A couple of WATER BOTTLES here. She picks one up. Takes a LONG DRINK. And we can't help but notice how QUIET it is out here. EERILY so.

ON KATE as she puts her bottle away. And we feel the same thing she does. Something WONKY. But she shakes it off. Starts WALKING back the way she came through --

THE DENSE JUNGLE

And that's when she hears it. A NOISE. And unlike prior episodes... THIS ISN'T IMAGINED. That was a SNAP. A BRANCH BREAKING.

AND WE TRACK WITH KATE as she walks through the jungle, becoming increasingly aware with every step --

SOMEONE -- or SOMETHING -- is following her.

And Kate KNOWS IT -- INSTINCT kicks in as she walks faster -- The SOUNDS of something moving through the brush near her more apparent now -- And this all happens QUICK, but --

Kate takes a knee. SNATCHES UP A LARGE ROCK. Quickly TURNS, taking a BARE MOMENT to ZERO in on her target and --

SHE THROWS THE ROCK. HARD. And... THUNK.

SAWYER (O.S.)  
Son of a bitch!

And a beat later, SAWYER careens out of the FOLIAGE, already limping as he RUBS his kneecap, glaring at Kate --

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
What the hell you think you're doing?

KATE  
What the hell do you think you're doing?

SAWYER  
You busted my damn knee --

KATE  
-- You were stalking me.

SAWYER  
I was protecting you.

KATE  
-- I don't need protecting.

Kate walks off. Sawyer shakes his head, HOPS after her --

SAWYER  
What're you doing all the way out here anyway?

KATE  
It's the only place the trees aren't picked clean.

SAWYER  
Yeah -- well you shouldn't be out here alone. Not after what happened to --

KATE  
-- I can take care of myself.

SAWYER  
"I don't need protecting." "I can take care of myself." "Me Kate, me throw rock."

Sawyer CRACKS himself up. Kate shakes her head, can't believe this guy. But then -- she ABRUPTLY STOPS --

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
What? You smell blood on the wind?

KATE  
Shhhhhh.  
(a beat)  
You hear that?

1 (CONT'D): (2)

1

Sawyer listens. Sure enough -- we hear a LOUD RUSHING SOUND. Something BIG. Sawyer and Kate creep forward. Following the sound with increasing urgency until they move through a particularly DENSE AREA OF BRUSH and --

STOP COLD. A moment. The two of them just standing here, LOOKING UP at something. And judging by the expressions on their faces? It's something pretty damn AMAZING. CAMERA CRANES UP TO REVEAL --

A2 A BREATHTAKING WATERFALL.

A2

Idyllic. Sunlight bounces off the CASCADING FALLS which empty into a huge POOL OF CLEAR WATER. A moment to take in this stunning piece of ISLAND BEAUTY before we realize --

Sawyer is already pulling his shirt off.

KATE

What are you doing? \*

SAWYER

What's it look like?

And as he kicks off his shoes, he flashes that smile --

SAWYER (CONT'D):

C'mon, Freckles -- After all we been through on this damn island, don't we deserve something good?

Kate falters, charmed by the fucker whether she likes it or not. But he's already heading for the ROCKS --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Race you to the top.

(a dare)

'Less you ain't got the nerve.

Okay. That did it. And as Kate PULLS OFF HER OWN SHIRT (Sorry, fellas -- she's wearing a SPORTS BRA) --

2 EXT. WATERFALL - TOP OF THE FALLS - MOMENTS LATER

2

Kate and Sawyer stand at the TOP OF THE FALLS -- him COUNTRY-BOY-STYLE (just his denims), her in tasteful UNDERWEAR.

SAWYER

Ready, Freddy?

(Kate nods)

One. Two. THREE --

2 (CONT'D):

2

Kate and Sawyer JUMP into the deep blue water --

3 EXT. WATERFALL - UNDERWATER - DAY

3

And we're UNDERWATER when Kate and Sawyer break through the surface into the deep clear water, filling it with THOUSANDS OF BUBBLES. And when the bubbles clear --

We see TERROR on their faces! Because hidden underneath the beautiful clear water there's --

A ROW OF SEATS FROM FLIGHT 815.

And FUCK if there aren't still THREE DEAD PASSENGERS strapped into those seats on a CHUNK OF PLANE WRECKAGE.

But as horrific as it all is, Kate sees something else, too.

A SHINY HALLIBURTON SUITCASE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE POOL.

And even underwater, we're going to want to PUSH IN TIGHT on Kate's face. Because something about her expression tells us that this suitcase MEANS SOMETHING TO HER.

4 EXT. WATERFALL - SURFACE OF WATER - DAY

4

Sawyer EXPLODES from the surface of the water, breathing hard -- FREAKED. Treading water. Suddenly becomes aware he's ALONE. Turns around, actually concerned --

SAWYER

Kate? KATE?

Where the hell is she? And after several anxious MOMENTS -- KATE POPS up -- GASPING FOR AIR -- her lungs BURSTING --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

You okay --?

KATE

Yeah...

But Sawyer can see that Kate is struggling to keep afloat... in fact, she's treading water with only one arm -- And it's patently obvious -- she's being weighed down by something.

SAWYER

What the hell you got there?

UPCUT TO:

5

EXT. LAGOON - DAY

5

Kate PULLS HER SHIRT back on at the edge of the LAGOON.  
Realizes Sawyer is eyeing her suspiciously --

KATE

What?

Sawyer nods towards the SHINY HALLIBURTON CASE -- This is what Kate pulled up from the bottom of the lagoon.

SAWYER

Just tell me it's yours. Unless,  
of course, you don't want me to  
know it's yours.

\*

KATE

It's not mine.

SAWYER

(bullshit)

Sure it ain't. Hell -- You're  
starin' that thing down like it's a  
diamond in a jewelry box.

\*

\*

Kate just shakes her head.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Then why'd you bring it up from the  
deep?

KATE

Maybe there's something inside we  
can use.

SAWYER

Why don't you open it up?

KATE

-- It's locked.

SAWYER

So it ain't yours.

KATE

No. It "ain't."

Sawyer mulls this over. Then, Sawyer crosses over to her,  
picks up the case --

SAWYER

Well then I guess you won't mind if  
I just take it then.

Yeah -- He's calling her bluff. And Kate doesn't even flinch. We're IN CLOSE on both of them now, feeling the tension BUBBLE --

KATE

Go ahead.

SAWYER

I'm just gonna walk off with it and when I get it open, whatever's inside is gonna be all mine.

KATE

Fantastic.

And he's giving her the eye -- trying to find any chink in her armor.... But she's giving him NOTHIN'. Finally --

SAWYER

Well. Allrighty then. I'll let you know what I find inside.

KATE

You do that, Sawyer.

And after a beat, Sawyer shakes his head. Walks off.

PUSHING IN ON KATE as he goes -- giving US nothing -- Until at the very last second, her eyes DROP to the departing CASE...

Yeah. We have no fucking idea why... but SHE WANTS IT.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

6

EXT. BEACH - DAY

6 \*

PAN ACROSS the vast horizon of ocean, we find FIFTEEN FOOT WAVES slamming into the sand... and follow the rising water to see it lapping against the DISINTEGRATING FUSELAGE...

SAYID (O.S.)

This can't be normal...

PULL BACK to reveal SAYID and JACK piling many SEAT CUSHIONS salvaged from the plane onto a piece of wreckage rigged as a sled. In the b.g., VARIOUS SURVIVORS gather what belongings they have while others trek up the beach, away from the crash site. It's a mass exodus.

SAYID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The tide shifting so suddenly.  
Rising in such a short time.

JACK

The word "normal" doesn't apply to  
this place.

(eyeing the surf)

At the rate the beach is eroding...  
it's a matter of days before the  
fuselage is under water.

SAYID

I just hope moving up the  
coast will make a difference.

JACK

-- It'd make a difference if  
everyone would move inland.

SAYID

I think you'll find people wary of  
entering the jungle... After what  
happened to the pregnant girl.

Jack looks at him --

JACK

I need you to take me back to the  
French woman -- Rousseau.

\*  
\*

SAYID

Why?

\*

JACK

Because maybe she can help us find  
Claire --

\*  
\*

SAYID  
I don't think so. \*

JACK  
(forcefully)  
Sayid, Claire's still out there.  
With some madman. Rousseau  
mentioned these... "others" on the  
island -- \*

SAYID  
Her mind is gone.

JACK  
You heard them yourself--

SAYID  
-- I don't know what I heard.

JACK  
You said--

SAYID  
-- The wind, Jack. It was...  
the wind. Playing tricks.

Jack eyes him for a moment, not sure if this is Sayid trying  
to convince himself. \*

JACK  
Okay. So, what about those papers  
you took from her. The documents,  
maps... Is there anything that  
points to a place where this guy --  
these "others" might be? -- \*

SAYID  
I'm skilled in mathematics, but  
these equations are beyond anything  
I've ever come across. There are  
notes in French. If I could  
translate them, perhaps I could  
make sense of some of it. But... \*

JACK  
What?...

He trails off, shaking his head. His former confidence  
shaken, something new here -- SELF-DOUBT. \*

SAYID  
I wonder whether some things are  
better left untranslated. \*

Jack stews on that for a beat, then, determined:

6

(CONT'D): (2)

6

JACK

Yeah? Maybe you should tell that  
to him. \*

And before Sayid can ask who that may be, Jack turns and  
looks off towards the TREE LINE. And we RACK FOCUS to find --  
CHARLIE, sitting by himself on the beach.

And as we move into an ECU, we find him staring out at the  
ocean like he's not seeing anything at all. The trauma of  
being abducted, of returning without Claire, too much for him  
to process. And as he unconsciously RUBS the faded PURPLE  
BRUISE around his neck -- ROPE-BURN.

7

EXT. BEACH - LATER

7

\*

VARIOUS SURVIVORS busy with the SALVAGE OPERATION. The only  
person seemingly OBLIVIOUS to all this is SHANNON. For whom  
today is just another day at the beach. She THUMBS through a  
FASHION MAGAZINE.

BOONE (O.S.)

Glad to see you're doing something  
productive with your time.

Shannon looks up at BOONE. He settles down next to her.

SHANNON

Where've you been?

BOONE

What do you mean where've I been?

SHANNON

You and Locke've been leaving  
before sunrise and coming back  
after dark for the last four days.  
What are you doing out there?

BOONE

(beat; then)  
Looking for Claire.

The mention of Claire has an instant, sombering effect --

SHANNON

I thought there was no trail  
anymore, that no one even knew  
where to look. \*

\*

\*

\*

ON BOONE -- We can't help but get the sense that WHATEVER he's doing, he does NOT want to talk about it.

BOONE  
Yeah? Well... we're looking. \*

Shannon looks over at Boone -- he's got DIRT in his fingers and caked in pieces on his arms and clothes. \*

SHANNON  
Why is there dirt all over you? \*

DEFENSIVE, he dodges her question -- \*

BOONE  
Look, Shannon, I'm doing something. \*  
(then)  
Don't you see how the others look at us around here? No one takes us seriously. We're a joke. I'm trying to contribute and you... you're just...  
(beat)  
Useless.

And with that, Boone STALKS off. As Shannon watches him go, her cool facade crumbles. She's been stung by his words...

8 EXT. BEACH - SUNSET - ESTABLISHING 8

And as the SUN dips below the horizon behind the HUSK of the FUSELAGE on one of the last nights we'll see it here...

We find KATE. Distractedly going through the motions of building a fire. And what's distracting her?

OFF IN THE DISTANCE

Sawyer enters his TENT, carrying the SILVER CASE. As KATE zeroes in on it and it becomes abundantly clear that whatever's inside? Man -- she WANTS IT.

And the SOUNDS of a familiar PATSY CLINE song bring us into --

9 INT. BANK - DAY - FLASHBACK 9

CLOSE ON -- A STERN-LOOKING MAN, forties. We get the feeling this is a guy who does not smile often. His name is HUTTON.

HUTTON

Okay, Ms. Ryan... if you'll just give me some ID, we'll get your loan-ap started.

And we SWING AROUND TO REVEAL KATE. Hair up. Pretty SUNDRESS. Younger. Beautiful. She SMILES at Hutton as she hands over her ID --

KATE

Of course.

\*

And now we PULL BACK to find both of them at Hutton's DESK -- ensconced in the bullpen of a BANK. The PATSY CLINE playing softly in the BACKGROUND. Not the busiest time of day, maybe SEVEN CUSTOMERS in line for the TELLERS...

Hutton copies down info from Kate's ID -- keeps glancing up, captivated by her beauty despite his professionalism.

\*

\*

HUTTON

So what brings you to New Mexico?

\*

KATE

Work.

HUTTON

And what line of work is that?

KATE

I'm a photographer.

\*

\*

HUTTON

What do you photograph?

\*

\*

KATE

I do various jobs. Right now I've got this little project...

\*

\*

She tries to be dismissive of it, but Hutton is interested.

\*

HUTTON

No, I'm curious.

\*

KATE

It's a commission for a coffee table book -- pictures of old movie theaters in small towns.

\*

\*

\*

Okay. Hutton's officially charmed by her now.

\*

HUTTON

Oh, there's a fantastic one down in  
Ruidoso.

(And by the way, the town is pronounced RIA-DOSO.)

KATE

Really...?

HUTTON

Can't miss it. It's right on Main  
Street.

KATE

(smiles)

If I use it, I'll give you an  
acknowledgement...

(reads the nameplate on  
his desk)

Mr. Hutton.

HUTTON

Mark.

And as Hutton SMILES at her, HOLD ON TIGHT BECAUSE --

BLAMBLAMBLAM! Holy shit -- was that GUNFIRE?!?

And we're thrust into CHAOS -- Watching all this happen  
through KATE as she spins around and SEES --

THREE MASKED MEN -- STOCKINGS pulled over their faces --  
MOVING THROUGH THE BANK -- THE SHOOTER wears a BLACK  
TURTLENECK, SHOUTS --

SHOOTER

EVERYONE DOWN ON THE GROUND -- DOWN  
ON THE GROUND NOW!

(to Tellers)

STEP BACK -- DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT  
IT! HANDS! SHOW ME YOUR HANDS!

ACROSS THE BANK

The tallest of the masked men, SIX FOOT FIVE -- PISTOL-WHIPS  
the SECURITY GUARD at the front door -- Guard crumples to the  
polished floor as Six Foot Five pulls the Guard's SIDEARM out  
of its holster, tucks it into the back of his jeans as --

IN THE BULLPEN

BASEBALL HAT, the third robber, STORMS into the bullpen where Kate sits across from Hutton -- Grabs her by the arm, roughly PUSHES her towards the CENTER ISLAND OF THE BANK --

BASEBALL HAT  
GET UP -- C'MON -- OVER THERE! ON  
THE GROUND -- MOVE!

BLAM! Kate FLINCHES as A SECURITY CAMERA EXPLODES behind the TELLERS. BLAMBLAM! Another camera DISINTEGRATES! And we --

STAY WITH KATE as she scrambles to where the other CUSTOMERS are already lying on the ground -- HANDS COVERING their heads, FUCKING PETRIFIED -- SIX FOOT FIVE literally TOSSES the Security Guard past her, levels his gun on KATE --

SIX FOOT FIVE  
ON THE GROUND, BITCH!

So Kate gets on the ground. Takes in the other SIX CUSTOMERS around her -- varying states of FEAR & PANIC as Kate's attention goes back to --

BASEBALL HAT as he roughly pushes Hutton across the bank where they're met by SHOOTER --

SHOOTER  
You the manager?

Hutton just glares at him. COOL under the circumstances...

SHOOTER (CONT'D)  
I said -- ARE YOU THE MANAGER? \*

HUTTON  
(defiant)  
Yes.

Shooter sticks his gun into Hutton's NECK --

SHOOTER  
Good. Now open the money cage  
before people start getting killed. \*

And as we PUSH IN ON KATE, hands over her head -- PETRIFIED --

10 INT. SAWYER'S TENT - NIGHT

10

We're CLOSE on Sawyer's SLEEPING FACE. WIDEN A LITTLE --

To find ourselves inside his TENT. Moonlight trickles through the FLAP. But wait -- that's not the wind we hear...

There's someone in here with him. And it's KATE. The reason she's here is OBVIOUS -- THE HALLIBURTON CASE tucked under SAWYER'S LEGS.

Kate crouches down, inching closer to his supine body. Then slips her arm under his legs, holding them up while sliding the Halliburton out from under them, when --

IN A SWIRL OF BODY PARTS AND MOTION -

Sawyer grabs Kate's arms and pulls her on top of him -- wrapping his legs around her body like a vise.

SAWYER

Gotcha.

KATE

Get off of me.

SAWYER

Golly. I hate to bicker about positions, sweetheart. But I think you're the one on top.

Kate struggles. And like a Boa Constrictor, Sawyer squeezes tighter. Their faces inches apart. Yeah -- it's SEXY.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

So the case ain't yours, huh?

KATE

Let me go.

SAWYER

Or maybe you ain't here for the case at all...

His eyes TWINKLE. And the two of them -- so CLOSE to each other right now the SEXUAL TENSION is just DRIPPING --

And in that moment where it seems a kiss is GOING TO HAPPEN --

Kate smashes her HEAD into Sawyer's face. She PULLS UP AND OFF. Scrambles to her feet.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

OW!

And Sawyer gets to his own feet, LAUGHING despite the fact that he's essentially just been ATTACKED --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Hell -- if you wanted to play  
rough, all you had to do was ask.

KATE

Not tonight. You've got a  
headache.

Kate can't help but toss another look towards the  
HALLIBURTON, but now it's BEHIND Sawyer --

SAWYER

Wanna try for it again?

Nothing from Kate.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Hell. Before I was curious. Now  
I'm captivated.

\*

ON KATE, frustrated, angry -- but not wanting to give him the  
satisfaction of knowing it. And so, she gets the fuck out of  
there. Soon as she's gone...

Sawyer's bravado slips away. And as he looks down at that  
CASE, wondering what the hell could possibly be inside...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 EXT. BEACH - MORNING

11

MACRO-CLOSE ON a METALLIC KEY HOLE as a BENT HAIRPIN works its way around inside. ANOTHER hairpin enters frame in an attempt to catch the LOCK TUMBLER but...

SNAP! It breaks off.

SAWYER (O.S.)  
SonofaBITCH!

WIDEN to reveal SAWYER at the edge of the beach. He sits INDIAN-STYLE, the HALLIBURTON CASE held upright and steady between his legs.

And yeah, we get the feeling he's been at it for awhile.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
You're wasting your time, man.

Sawyer looks over to see MICHAEL & WALT, Michael dragging a MAKESHIFT SLED loaded with WRECKAGE back off the beach. \*

Sawyer just shoots him a look. Takes out another hairpin, goes back to the LOCK.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Suit yourself. But you pick the lock on a Halliburton? I'll put you on my back and fly us to L.A.

Walt SNICKERS at this. Sawyer gives him the eye as --

SAWYER  
Well you better find a runway,  
Daddy -- 'cause there ain't no lock  
I can't pick.

HURLEY approaches, SEES the case. \*

HURLEY  
What's he trying to do? \*

MICHAEL  
Pick the lock. \*

HURLEY  
HA! Good luck. \*

Hurley moves on as -- SNAP. Another hairpin bites the dust. \*

WALT

How many of those things have you broken?

SAWYER

Don't you got a dog to walk?

But Michael and Walt are already moving off. Michael shouts over his shoulder --

MICHAEL

Only way you're gonna open that case is pure force, man. Impact velocity.

SAWYER

What the hell does that mean?

MICHAEL

You gotta hit it with something. Hard. Like a sledgehammer...  
(then)  
Or the axe.

SAWYER

Where is that damn axe?

\*

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON THE BLADE OF THE AFOREMENTIONED AXE. WIDEN to find it in the hands of --

12 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

12

BOONE. And we're FAIRLY TIGHT ON HIM as he FIGHTS HIS WAY through a TANGLE OF THICK jungle -- and STOPS. Suddenly disoriented. Is this the right way?

\*

\*

Because for all the bravado he showed Shannon last night? Right now, he's a little FREAKED. That's when --

LOCKE (O.S.)

Did you bring it?

Boone spins around, and there's --

LOCKE. Where he came from? Who fucking knows. But he was QUIET. After nearly crapping his pants, Boone is actually relieved to see him --

BOONE

Yeah. Right here.

\*

\*

Locke steps up to Boone. Takes the axe, looks it over... \*

Boone looks around at the THICK SWIRL OF BRANCHES AND ROOTS  
surrounding them. \*

BOONE (CONT'D) \*  
Isn't there an easier way to get \*  
there? \*

LOCKE \*  
The easiest way isn't always the \*  
best. \*

Boone looks over at Locke, decides against asking for a  
clarification. \*

LOCKE (CONT'D) \*  
(runs his thumb down the \*  
axe blade) \*  
Did anyone see you take it? \*

BOONE  
No... I don't think so.

LOCKE  
Which is it?

BOONE  
(confused)  
Sorry...?

LOCKE  
"No" or "I don't think so?"

And Locke is smiling jovially enough...

But his eyes aren't.

BOONE  
No.

LOCKE  
Good.  
(then)  
Let's get to work.

And as we're left to wonder exactly what "work" that might  
be, Locke forges ahead. Boone follows. \*

13

EXT. BEACH - DAY

13 \*

We find Shannon lying on her back in that old familiar position -- SUNBATHING. She sits up. Lowers her bikini bottom enough to check her tan line. Satisfied she's had enough sun on this side, she starts to roll onto her stomach.

She reaches around, unhooks the back of her bikini top. No tan lines for her. \*

SAYID (O.S.)

We're close to the equator. The sun might be stronger than you are used to. \*

Shannon looks over her shoulder at SAYID, who has approached from the opposite direction.

SHANNON

I have a pretty good base.

AN AWKWARD BEAT as Sayid considers what he came to say. Clearly at odds with it.

SAYID

There was... a matter I was going to ask you about.

SHANNON

What?

SAYID

A favor.

And now we're on Sayid as he considers whether or not to do so. Because this isn't the cocksure Sayid we're used to. This Sayid is reeling from his experience in the jungle. This Sayid knows there are things about this island he may prefer NOT to understand...

SAYID (CONT'D)

I need your help translating some papers I took from Rousseau.

SHANNON

Who's Rousseau?

SAYID

The French Woman. The distress call we intercepted --

SHANNON  
Did my brother put you up to this?

SAYID  
Your brother?  
(then)  
No -- The papers contain equations  
that are accompanied by notations,  
in French. If I can understand the  
notations...

SHANNON  
Sorry. Can't do it.

SAYID  
(compassionately)  
You're the only person on the  
island who speaks French.

SHANNON  
I barely...

SAYID  
Please.  
(beat)  
Can you at least try?

And Shannon looks at him. Knows he needs her. And let's not  
gloss over this. Because for Shannon, this is finally an  
opportunity to NOT be useless. After a beat.

SHANNON  
Okay. I'll try.

And as Sayid smiles, the beginnings of a VERY UNLIKELY  
pairing underway...

14 EXT. BEACH - DAY

14

ROSE drags a piece of metal with some stuff on it up the  
beach. PAST -- \*

CHARLIE, staring out at the ocean in the same place where  
Jack and Sayid saw him last night. Rose's face softens. She  
knows Charlie's situation. Lets go of the metal, brushing  
off her hands as she approaches him.

ROSE  
Hello, Charlie.  
(nothing from him)  
Oh right. You're not talking much  
these days...

And there's a SMILE in her voice when she says --

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Doesn't mean you get to be rude.

And this is the first time anyone's talked to Charlie since he was rescued. Not just tip-toeing around him trying to be nice, but actually talking -- Let alone giving him shit.

CHARLIE  
Excuse me?

ROSE  
Everybody's helping move our camp up the beach except for you.

ON CHARLIE -- and under these circumstances, he can't believe he's actually being subjected to a GUILT TRIP.

CHARLIE  
Are you serious?

ROSE  
You think you're the only person on this island who has something to be sad about?  
(shakes her head; smiles)  
Baby -- have I got some sob stories for you.

Rose nods towards her piece of WRECKAGE --

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Why don't you take the other side of this thing and help me? \*

CHARLIE  
Because it's just a piece of junk.

ROSE  
Piece of junk to you. But once I get it to the new beach?  
(smiles)  
This is gonna be a counter top in the gourmet kitchen I'm plannin'.

Charlie just looks at her. Can't decide whether she's crazy... or something else.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Well?

14

(CONT'D): (2)

14

And after a moment, he actually GETS UP. And without either saying a word...

They PICK UP the metal and begin to DRAG it down the beach.

A15

EXT. ROCKS - DAY

A15

\*

In a series of QUICK JUMP CUTS, Sawyer tries to open the case. He BASHES it against a ROCK -- SLAM! Against another ROCK! BANG! He bashes the case with a rock.

\*

\*

\*

He swings around and THROWS it like he's doing the HAMMER THROW. The case SLAMS off yet another rock but doesn't open.

\*

\*

Shit! Nothing works! OFF SAWYER, still with his determination.

\*

\*

15

EXT. BANYAN TREE - DAY

15

\*

OVER THE SOUND OF HUFFING AND PANTING - TILT UP the rise of a very tall, jagged BANYAN TREE -

\*

SAWYER (O.S.)  
(grumbles)  
Impact velocity --

TO FIND - SAWYER: drenched in sweat - doing a very awkward job of climbing the tree with one hand and holding the Halliburton in the other -

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
- physics my ass -

And with that, as Sawyer makes a final heave up into the tallest branch on the tree WIDER TO REVEAL how majorly high up there he is --

And he's looking down at a cluster of craggy rocks at the base of the tree -

And there's this... GLINT in Sawyer's eye - the look you give someone you want to punch in the face right before you go ahead and punch them in the face -

And that's when he lifts the HALLIBURTON up to eye level -

And DROPS IT. Follow it as it falls - falls - FALLS -

And FUCK -- The case literally BOUNCES off the rocks with a solid THUNK!

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Son of a bitch!

Sawyer POUNDS the tree in frustration -

And then, just when he thought he couldn't get any more tweaked with this situation -

ANGLE ON THE JUNGLE FLOOR - SAWYER'S P.O.V. --

KATE emerges from the BUSHES, looks up at Sawyer, WAY UP IN THE TREE. Almost SMILES --

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Don't you even think about it!

But she's already thought about it. Kate picks up the case and TAKES OFF --

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Hey! HEY!  
(then)  
Dammit!

Sawyer turns and REPELS DOWN one of the Banyan tree's HANGING VINES, doing his best to get after her as quick as he can. \*

16 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 16

ECU on Kate's feet as she TEARS ASS through the jungle, then TILT UP - past her legs, carrying her forward at top speed - past the case in her arms - to see her face -

And the look is driven - she doesn't care where she's going - all that matters is getting away with this case.

SAWYER

- dashes in, spotting her, giving chase with all he's got. He's a predator - a prowler giving little thought to why he is doing what he is doing - all he wants is to get Kate -

- and she knows it. Picking up her pace in spite of the heavy case slowing her down - drenched in sweat - heaving for breath - she doesn't know how much longer she can keep it up -

- and Sawyer is gaining. Closer - closer - even as she dodges around the trees - he's coming - nothing she can do -

BLAM! Sawyer SMASHES into Kate. A flying tackle that would make any linebacker proud.

The two roll in the slippery jungle floor, but Kate just keeps fighting - even with her feet out from under her and Sawyer's arms around her torso, Kate just keeps fighting -

- forcing Sawyer to leverage his weight over her - stopping their tumble as he straddles her -

- and finally causing her to let go of the case. Sawyer's on top now, trying to catch his breath --

SAWYER

Hell, Freckles, I knew you wanted it -- just didn't know how bad.

- and Kate shoots her head forward -- but this time Sawyer is QUICK. Pulls back, LAUGHING --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Whoa. You're gonna have to come up with a new move if --

And SLAM! She HEAD-BUTTS him again!

SAWYER (CONT'D)

DAMMIT!

Hard enough to stun him, make him lose leverage - force him off - it's a messy disengage, and in the chaos -

- Sawyer gets the case - son of a bitch! The two scramble up to their feet, facing off - circling each other -

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Okay, now this is just getting silly. I got a proposition.

KATE

Yeah? What?

SAWYER

Tell me what's inside, I'll give it to you.

KATE

Are you serious?

SAWYER

Hell -- no way to open the damn thing. This point, all I care about is satisfying my own curiosity.

KATE

How do you know I won't just make something up?

SAWYER

A fine upstanding citizen like you?  
(off her look)  
I know you'll be straight -

- and even as he and Kate stand off, Sawyer finally lets himself take a breath... smiles.

SAWYER (cont'd) (CONT'D)

- 'cause me and you... well, let's just say we know first-hand that there's a certain... moral fluidity in the world, now don't we?

(then)

And you know I ain't one to judge - unlike others.

It doesn't take a particle physicist to know who Sawyer is dissing - but Kate ignores the dig, says nothing...

SAWYER (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Easy, sweetheart. I don't really care what it is...

(beat)

What's burning me up is why it means so much to you.

...and that's it. Sawyer just tipped his hand - and knowing that it means something to him only makes her that more resolved to keep her mouth shut. She GLARES at him --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

That's the way it's gonna be, huh?

Nothing from Kate. Yeah -- that's the way it's gonna be.

Sawyer shakes his head. And after a moment, he turns around. And walks off. And as Kate watches him and the case go...

We PUSH IN on her defiant expression--

17 INT. BANK - DAY - FLASHBACK

17

And we're back in the bank, on KATE'S TERRIFIED FACE as she takes in her current situation, looks over at --

THE FRONT DOORS

As BASEBALL HAT paces nervously in front of them, making sure no one outside figures out what's going on in here.

THE REAR OF THE BANK

Where Kate and the other HOSTAGES are gathered, backs against the wall, watched over by SIX FOOT FIVE whose interest is currently directed towards -- \*

THE TELLER WINDOWS

Where SHOOTER pushes his gun right between Hutton's eyes --

SHOOTER  
I'm tired of asking nice. Gimme  
the money cage key. NOW. \*

Hutton is oddly COOL --

HUTTON  
You're just going to kill me  
anyway. Why would I give you the --

BAM! Shooter PISTOL-WHIPS Hutton, brings him to his knees...

SHOOTER  
You think we're having a  
conversation here? Huh?

And as Shooter BARKS AT Hutton, we hear a WHISPER --

TRUCKER (O.S.)  
*I can take him.* \*

BACK WITH KATE as she turns towards the source of that voice, a BURLY TRUCKER-TYPE seated by her. TRUCKER nods towards SIX FOOT FIVE, his back to them, oblivious to their conversation - \*

KATE  
(barely moves her lips)  
*What?*

TRUCKER  
*The tall guy. He's not watching  
us. I can take him.* \*

KATE  
*Don't. Just let them --* TRUCKER \*

*-- Manager ain't giving up  
nothing, so we're next. Now  
or never...* \*

And KATE tenses as the Trucker begins to get up. SHIT. \*

KATE  
Wait -- Stop --

TRUCKER  
Keep your head down. \*

And this all happens fast -- ABSOLUTE CHAOS -- But BASEBALL HAT sees the Trucker making his move from the FRONT DOORS -- \*

BASEBALL HAT  
MIKE!

Six Foot Five SPINS just in time to see -- The Trucker rushing him -- BRINGS his GUN UP but it's not in time and -- \*

Trucker TACKLES HIM! Six Foot Five hits the ground hard -- IMPACT and inertia causing his GUN to fly out of hand -- \*

And now we're TRACKING WITH THE GUN as it SKITTERS across the cold polished floor -- Finally stops as it slides into --

KATE'S FOOT. She sits there, FROZEN --

Trucker wrestling with SIX FOOT FIVE -- \*

TRUCKER  
Pick it up! PICK IT UP!!! \*

BASEBALL HAT already moving from across the bank -- SHOOTER turning his attention away from Hutton --

Kate snaps out of it. Picks up the gun, SCRAMBLES TO HER FEET -- POINTING IT towards SHOOTER --

TRUCKER (CONT'D)  
SHOOT HIM! \*

And SHOOTER is striding straight for her NOW -- And believe it or not, Kate PULLS the trigger... But nothing happens.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)  
TAKE OFF THE SAFETY! \*

Kate pulls the trigger again -- NOTHING --

KATE  
I don't -- I don't know how to use a gun!

17

(CONT'D): (3)

17

And Shooter is upon her. ROUGHLY GRABS the gun, THROWS it to BASEBALL HAT who catches it handily -- Turns back to Kate --

SHOOTER

Okay, hero. Let's you and me talk.

And Shooter GRABS Kate by the back of the NECK, FORCEFULLY pushes her away from the others towards a CLOSED DOOR --

KATE

Please. Don't --

SHOOTER

-- Shut up.

Kate makes eye contact with Hutton as she's PUSHED by Shooter-

BANG! Through the BACK DOOR and into --

18

INT. BANK - BACK ROOM - FLASHBACK

18

Shooter forcefully pushes Kate away from him, SLAMS the door behind them. They're alone.

And we're ON KATE. Breathing hard. INTENSE. Defiantly staring at her captor as he holds his gun on her... we sit in this tableau long enough to think that he's actually gonna BLOW HER FUCKING HEAD OFF when --

SHOOTER

When'd you put the safety on?

KATE

When I picked up the gun.

HUH?

KATE (CONT'D)

Where'd you find those two idiots?  
If I hadn't --

SHOOTER

Not everybody's a pro, Maggie.

And before we can get any MORE confused, Shooter PULLS OFF HIS MASK to reveal a good-looking, rough & tumble man in his thirties. This is JASON.

JASON

"I don't know how to use a gun."  
(grins)  
Classic.

And with that, he pulls Kate into his arms and KISSES her.

And goddammit... She kisses him back.

And after they tongue-wrestle for a good ten seconds, Kate finally breaks it off. Looks into Jason's eyes, SERIOUS --

KATE

Okay. Let's get that vault open.

And for those of us who need a couple moments to put two and two together, we SIT ON KATE long enough to realize... She is not an innocent bystander, she is IN on this robbery.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

19 INT. VALLEY - INFIRMARY AREA - DAY 19 \*

JACK and SUN are going over some herbs Sun has found. \*

JACK  
So what's this stuff for? \*

SUN  
(in Korean)  
Headaches. \*

She points to her head. Miming it. \*

JACK  
Headaches...?  
(off her nod)  
Cool... All right... \*

They share a friendly smile over the frustration of non-communication. \*

KATE (O.S.)  
Jack... We've got a problem. \*

Jack looks up to see Kate. So does Sun. She wraps up the herbs. He knows her well enough to reframe the question. \*

JACK  
(light)  
We've got a problem, or you've got a problem? \*

It's light -- on the surface at least. Kate looks over at Sun who is working in EARSHOT but, of course, Kate thinks she only understands KOREAN. \*

KATE  
Jack -- you're the only one...  
(beat)  
Who knows about me. \*

ON JACK. Right. In the subtlest of ways Sun registers this. She IS LISTENING IN, but Kate and Jack HAVE NO IDEA. But still Kate waits until Sun moves off before she continues -- \*

KATE (CONT'D)  
Before I left Sydney, The Marshal who was... escorting me -- he had a silver case. \*

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

The airline wouldn't let him bring it on the plane -- it was hard enough talking them into letting him carry a gun on his ankle, but the case... they made him check it.

Jack's face betrays nothing --

JACK

What was in it?

KATE

Some travelling money -- cash.  
Some of his personal stuff.  
(beat; finally looks up)  
And four Sig-Sauer nine millimeters  
and a few boxes of ammo.

JACK

Guns.

\*

KATE

(nods)

Guns.

Beat. Then --

JACK

Where's the case?

KATE

Sawyer has it.

And obviously hearing SAWYER is mixed up in this shit, brings a whole new level to things.

JACK

Uh huh.

KATE

He hasn't been able to open it up --

JACK

-- Lucky us.

KATE

But he will. Sooner or later.

(beat)

If there are guns on the island, we need to keep 'em safe.

\*

\*

Jack looks at her a moment, then:

JACK

So what do you need me to do?

KATE  
I know where the key is. He... The  
Marshal kept it in his wallet.  
Back pocket of his pants.

Jack takes this all in. Shakes his head --

JACK  
I buried him, Kate.

KATE  
I know.  
(then)  
Where?

And ON JACK. Finally gets it. Yeah. That's why she's here.

JACK  
What else is in the case?

KATE  
What?

JACK  
What else, Kate?

KATE  
Nothing --

JACK  
That's the truth?

KATE  
Just the guns.

And Jack looks at Kate. Her EYES. And shit -- he doesn't  
know what to believe. After a LONG BEAT --

JACK  
You want my help?  
(holds her eyes; intense)  
We open the case together.

And ON KATE. Tested. After a moment, she nods --

KATE  
Okay.

JACK  
Okay.

And as we SIT on Kate, less sure of what she's up to, why  
she's doing it, or who she fucking IS --

20

EXT. BEACH - SAYID'S AREA - DAY

20 \*

CLOSE on some PAPERS. Yellowed and decaying, crazily scrawled with WORDS AND DIAGRAMS AND STRANGE EQUATIONS.

PULL BACK to find SHANNON, eyes wide, as she looks at the papers spread out on a rock in front of her and Sayid. These, of course, are the papers Sayid took from Rousseau --

SHANNON

You never said anything about math.

SAYID

You worry about the French, I'll worry about the math.

SHANNON

(shakes her head)

I can't do this...

SAYID

Shannon... if you put your mind to it... I know you can.

And now Sayid, the consummate soldier, suddenly finds himself in a role he hasn't played on the island until now: another castaway's emotional pillar.

SAYID (CONT'D)

Tell me. Where did you learn to speak French?

SHANNON

(a beat; then)

I knew this guy.

SAYID

"This guy?"

SHANNON

In France. St. Tropez. I kinda... lived there for awhile.

It takes Sayid a moment to realize she's talking about an affair. He SMILES --

SAYID

Well. They say that is the best way to learn a foreign language.

A beat. And miraculously, Shannon smiles back --

SHANNON  
Alright. Lemme see...

SAYID  
Excellent.

And OFF Sayid's genuine appreciation --

21 EXT. BEACH - DAY 21

Charlie continues to work with Rose as they DRAG a LARGE TARP stacked with CUSHIONS across the sand.

Charlie keeps looking over at Rose. Every time he does there's just... this SMILE on her face. Blissful. Totally ZENNED-OUT, despite the heavy lifting. Finally --

CHARLIE  
Why are you smiling?

ROSE  
Am I?

CHARLIE  
Yeah. You look like you're... happy.

ROSE  
Guess I must be then.

A beat.

CHARLIE  
But... things are awful. There's no reason to be happy.

ROSE  
They're not that awful.

CHARLIE  
We're stranded on an island. No one's coming for us...

ROSE  
You don't know that.

CHARLIE  
(softly; resigned to it)  
Yeah?

(MORE)

21 (CONT'D):

21

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Well what I know is that there's something in the jungle that eats people, and just because we haven't heard from it in a couple of weeks doesn't mean it won't get hungry again. And I know that there's a person... or people here who want to hurt us and...

ROSE

No one blames you, Charlie.

CHARLIE

What?

ROSE

For what happened to Claire.

(beat)

It's not your fault.

Charlie physically RECOILS. As if he's been slapped. Rose takes a step closer, MATERNAL --

ROSE (CONT'D)

You did everything you could, Charlie. You came very close to dying yourself.

Charlie gives her a look. So much EMOTION right now. He's been in SHOCK for four days. And in WITHDRAWAL even longer. Now, the ANGER is here. The SELF-LOATHING --

CHARLIE

Yeah. Well maybe I should have died. Maybe I deserved to.

Rose won't indulge that kind of pity. Shakes her head --

ROSE

You know what I think, Charlie?

Charlie can't respond. TEARS well in his eyes. He can only look over.

ROSE (CONT'D)

You need to ask for help.

CHARLIE

(softly)

Who's gonna help me?

Beat. Rose just gives him a look -- like the answer to that question is the most OBVIOUS thing in the world.

22

EXT. SECLUDED COPSE OF TREES - DAY

22

CLOSE ON -- A CRUDELY FASHIONED CRUCIFIX. STICKING OUT OF THE GROUND.

KATE

Never figured you for the religious type.

Kate and Jack are amongst a DARK AND SECLUDED copse of trees. The two stand here somberly -- the duty ahead of them hanging over the entire scene...

JACK

It's just a grave-marker.

KATE

Why didn't you just put him with the others... when you burned the fuselage?

And this is a good question. But for those of us who watch every damn episode of this thing, we'd sense the following answer has something to do with the fact that albeit an action of mercy, Jack killed the Marshal with his own hands --

JACK

Because I needed to bury him.

With that, Jack slings a DUFFEL from his back onto the ground with a metallic CLANK. Jack UNZIPS it, removes TWO MAKESHIFT SHOVELS -- CROQUET MALLETS with BENT PIECES OF SHARP FUSELAGE METAL TWINED around their ENDS --

Tosses one to Kate. And as she looks down at it --

KATE (PRE-LAP)

*You ready to do this?*

23

INT. BANK - BACK ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

23

\*

We're back with KATE and JASON (formerly SHOOTER and heretofore referred to by his Christian name) in the BACK ROOM of the bank.

They're standing CLOSE to each other -- INTIMATE.

JASON

Hell yeah, by now their imaginations are runnin' wild.

\*

\*

KATE  
Don't hold back. He won't talk if  
the details are off.

Jason just shakes his head --

JASON  
You and your details, Maggie.

AND SLAM! HE SMASHES KATE IN THE FACE with his fist!

Her head snaps around -- Then SMACK! -- he hits her once \*  
more, not liking it but doing it FOR HER... \*

She turns back to Jason. EYES BURNING. Runs the back of her  
hand across her lips, looks at the BLOOD she brings away from  
them. A long beat. Then --

JASON (CONT'D)  
You all right? \*

KATE  
(steely) \*  
I'm good. \*

And the quiet (though incredibly DISTURBING) stillness of  
this moment is shattered as --

SMASH CUT TO:

24 INT. BANK - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK 24

HANDHELD KINETICISM as --

SLAM! The DOOR OF THE BACK ROOM IS THROWN OPEN and --

JASON (stocking mask back in place) roughly PUSHES KATE out  
in front of him -- Kate looks absolutely TERRIFIED --

QUICK REACTIONS of the other CUSTOMERS as they PEER UP, \*  
WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED to her and now seeing it -- the \*  
BEATING (and God knows what else) she has obviously \*  
suffered... \*

KATE  
Please... wait, don't...

JASON  
SHUT UP!

Jason PULLS Kate over to where the HOSTAGES are gathered --  
Namely HUTTON, who witnesses all this with growing concern...

Pushes her down on her KNEES. Right in front of Hutton, just a few feet away. Stands above Kate, holds the gun to the back of her head.

JASON (CONT'D)

Okay, Mr. Manager -- You wanna be a hardass? Protect a vault that doesn't even belong to you? Okay. But now there's gonna be some consequences...

KATE

He's gonna kill me anyway --

JASON

-- I SWEAR TO GOD -- IF YOU  
DON'T SHUT UP...

Kate STIFLES a cry as Jason grabs onto her HAIR, pulls her head back into the cold barrel of his gun. Pushes her even CLOSER to Hutton --

JASON (CONT'D)

You got three seconds to give me the damn key. Or...

(beat)

Consequences.

\*

AND WITH AS MUCH FUCKING SUSPENSE AS WE CAN MILK OUT OF THIS -  
- HUTTON SWEATING IT OUT -- PUSHING IN, CLOSER AND CLOSER --  
KATE MOUTHS THE WORD "DON'T" -- JASON COCKS THE GUN --

HUTTON

All right -- WAIT!

CLOSE ON KATE -- And luckily, Hutton is looking at Jason, or else he would see what WE just saw -- SATISFACTION.

HUTTON (CONT'D)

I'll get it for you!

\*

CLOSE ON A SHOVELFUL OF EARTH as it hits the ground.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Jack and Kate, digging up the last of the dirt covering THE MARSHAL'S BODY. The grave is relatively shallow. About three feet deep.

THEY ARE HIT BY THE SMELL OF DECOMPOSITION.

KATE EXHALES SHARPLY, unable to hold her breath any longer.

JACK  
You all right?

Kate turns back to him, best GAME FACE on, almost smiles --

KATE  
Compared to what?

JACK  
You want me to...?

KATE  
No. I'll do it.

And we are as CLOSE AS POSSIBLE ON KATE because what she's doing is disturbing enough without having to SEE IT in all it's macabre glory --

She bends down, PUSHES the Marshal's body over on its side. Again, almost GAGS with the STENCH --

But she pulls it together. PLAY SOME OF THIS ON JACK as Kate reaches into the corpse's BACK POCKET --

And removes THE MARSHAL'S WALLET.

JACK  
That it?

KATE  
Yeah.

They exchange a look. Kate FLIPS OPEN the wallet and -- IT'S SQUIRMING WITH MAGGOTS.

She REACTS (the audience at home goes "Ewwwww"), but gets a hold of herself, brushing them OFF --

She quickly hands the wallet to Jack, to let him search through it. \*

He opens it UP. Thumbs through some BILLS. Dips into the CHANGE COMPARTMENT. Beat. Looks up at her -- \*

JACK  
The key isn't here. \*

She looks at him with grave disappointment. \*

KATE  
It isn't? \*

And now he reaches out and GRABS her WRIST. \*

JACK \*  
No, but it was a good sleight of \*  
hand, distracting me with the \*  
wallet... \*

He turns her HAND OVER. \*

JACK (CONT'D) \*  
Open it. \*

Kate has no choice. She uncurls her fingers to reveal -- \*

That Kate has palmed the key.

Jack's eyes come up to her face. Like he's seeing her for the first time. And he just stares at her.

There's so much he wants to fucking say right now. Dizzy with confusion. Betrayal. Utter fucking betrayal. Almost incapable of processing the intense and conflicted emotions.

KATE \*  
Jack --

JACK \*  
Don't.

And Jack reaches into her palm. Takes the key. And gets up. And he doesn't say anything else. As Jack walks away --

We SETTLE ON KATE. Defeated. Heartbroken.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

26

EXT. BEACH - SAYID'S AREA - DAY

26 \*

We find Shannon and Sayid where we left them, poring over ROUSSEAU'S documents. And from the looks of things, both are getting FRUSTRATED --

SHANNON

(reading to herself)

*A des relets d'argent... la mer des relets changeants...*

(then)

*Sparkles of silver... The sea of sparkles... that change.*

(then)

It's the same as the other one.

SAYID

Are you sure?

(he looks)

No. This equation is completely different from that one. That makes no sense.

\*  
\*  
\*

Shannon looks at Sayid. He's starting to freak her out with his growing intensity. Because for all of his earlier patience, this exercise is testing him.

He expected something different. He struggles to remain calm. Turns to another page.

SAYID (CONT'D)

How about this one?

(prompting her)

It should say something about latitude. Or longitude. Perhaps something about the stars.

SHANNON

Okay. Just... give me some room.

Shannon looks at the French scribbles and takes a deep breath. Praying the right words come to her...

SHANNON (CONT'D)

(translating)

*Next to the pond, blue eternity...*  
*Wait, no -- blue infinity --*

SAYID

Blue infinity?

SHANNON  
(repeating it to herself)  
*Le long des golfes clairs...*  
(and again)  
*Le long des golfes clairs...*  
(a beat, then)  
There's something about this that's  
familiar.

Sayid's reaching the end of his tether --

SAYID  
You've been spouting nonsense for  
an hour and suddenly it seems  
familiar?

SHANNON  
A -- I told you my French sucks and  
B -- it's not my nonsense. You  
ever think that after sixteen years  
of living on Mystery Frigging  
Island that your "friend" might not  
be quite adjusted?

Sayid shakes his head. That may be true, but he ain't gonna  
accept it. Starts packing up the papers --

SAYID  
This was a mistake.

Shannon's had enough. Stands up, PISSED --

SHANNON  
Yeah? In case you haven't heard --  
I'm useless.

And although that came out in prototypical Shannon fashion,  
there is definitely a LEVEL of pain there too. Her anger,  
instead of being directed at Sayid, is cast inward.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Do it yourself!

And as she stalks off, WE STAY WITH SAYID. The moment she's  
gone, he scatters the papers in frustration.

27 INT. SAWYER'S TENT - DAY

27

Sawyer's packing his shit to move up the beach. And there  
with his possessions is the HALLIBURTON CASE. Five feet  
away. Upright in the sand. Just MOCKING him.

\*  
\*

JACK (O.S.)

Sawyer.

Sawyer looks over to see JACK in the open flap of the tent. \*

SAWYER

Doctor.

The two men give each other a nice long look. And although Sawyer already suspects he knows the answer to this one --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

So what can I do you for?

Not here to play games, Jack nods towards the CASE. Sawyer shakes his head -- CHUCKLES --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Figured she'd talk you into doing her dirty work for her. \*

(stands up; brushes off the sand)

So -- what? We gonna wrestle or --

JACK

No. You're going to give it to me.

SAWYER

(surprised)

Am I?

JACK

Yeah.

SAWYER

I'm just gonna give it...

JACK

-- Yeah.

A beat. Then, the grin melts from Sawyer's face --

SAWYER

Why would I wanna do that? \*

JACK

Cephalexin. \*

SAWYER

Yeah? Keep goin'. \*

Jack takes a step forward. And here's what he came to say --

JACK

The antibiotic I've been giving you. For the knife wound in your arm. You're right in the middle of your treatment cycle. I keep giving you your pills, you'll be right as rain.

(beat)

But I'm going to stop giving you your pills.

(then)

For two days, you're gonna think you're all good. Then it'll start to itch. Day after that, the fever'll start... that's when you'll see red lines running up your arm. And then day or two after that?

(beat)

You'll beg me to take the case just to cut off your arm.

So here they are. Eye to eye. Who's gonna blink first?

SAWYER

That's a real nice story, Jack. And even if it's true?

(beat)

I don't think you can do it.

And Jack is not overtly macho when he says this. It's plain. Simple. And TRUE.

JACK

You're wrong.

And although he doesn't realize he's actually doing it, Sawyer reaches to the BANDAGE wrapped around his arm -- SCRATCHES it. And after a long moment of contemplation...

SAWYER

She tell you what's inside?

Jack just looks at him.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Yeah. Me neither.

With that, Sawyer turns around. Picks up the case...

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Hope you got yourself some jaws of  
life in Cavetown, 'cause that's  
what it'll take to pop this bitch.

JACK

I'll figure something out.

So Sawyer hands the case to Jack. But for one moment,  
Sawyer's grip stays TIGHT on the handle --

SAWYER

I know you think you're doing her a  
favor -- But however she talked you  
into doing this?

(intense)

She lied, brother.

ON JACK -- Yeah, there's a big part of him that knows Sawyer  
is right, but he's not gonna give the fucker the  
satisfaction. He PULLS the case out of Sawyer's hand --

JACK

This isn't for her.

And with that, Jack walks out.

And as we LINGER on Sawyer, his own eyes betraying a much  
DEEPER INVESTMENT here...

28 EXT. BEACH - LATER

28 \*

Getting darker. A few STRAGGLERS still hauling transportable  
pieces of the PLANE up the beach...

But not Kate.

She just sits here. Looking at the FUSELAGE as the waves LAP  
up over it. The inevitability of leaving it behind -- of  
moving on -- all too real.

And this is EMOTIONAL. Coupled with everything she's feeling  
right now -- lying to Jack -- seeing that case -- and being  
here on this fucking island -- It's all wrapped up in this  
plane. What it represents. It means something.

And as Kate looks off towards the SETTING SUN, she can see a  
silhouette approaching her from the distance. Clearly a man.

A man holding a case.

Kate stands up, SURPRISED. The last thing she was expecting right now was to see --

KATE  
Jack...?

JACK  
We're gonna do this together.

KATE  
(confused)  
Why?

JACK  
Because that's what I said we would do.

And as Kate absorbs this -- the simple HONOR of it. Even after she tried to fuck him over, he's still here.

29 INT. BANK - VAULT AREA - DAY - FLASHBACK 29 \*

The door to the cash vault is SWUNG OPEN by Jason -- \*

PULL BACK TO FIND --

A WALL OF SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES. But more prominently -- FIVE \*  
CARTS stacked with CASH.

JASON  
Well now we're talkin'.

We're away from the other HOSTAGES, back by the VAULT.

Find HUTTON AND KATE at the gunpoint of SIX FOOT FIVE as JASON enters the vault, incredibly pleased with himself --

HUTTON  
I let you in -- now please... let \*  
the girl go.

Jason LAUGHS, drunk on the adrenaline of it all --

JASON  
"Let the girl go." Man... you just  
have no idea, do you?

Six Foot Five immediately moves into the vault -- TUCKS his piece into the back of his waistband as he PULLS OUT a PLASTIC ZIP-DUFFEL. Starts to stuff cash in it.

JASON (CONT'D)

"The girl" is the one who set you up. "The girl" picked this bank. Picked this vault. This whole thing is the girl's idea.

ON KATE -- What the fuck --? And Hutton turns to her, looking at her through a whole new set of eyes...

And Jason PULLS off his stocking mask.

SIX FOOT FIVE

Dude --!

Hutton sees Jason's face. And for any of us who have ever seen a movie, we know what that means.

KATE

What are you doing?

JASON

Easy, Maggie. Just cleaning up after myself.

And as Jason raises his gun to blow Hutton away...

THIS ALL HAPPENS EXTREMELY FUCKING FAST.

Kate steps to the side -- YANKS the gun from Six Foot Five's waistband --

SIX FOOT FIVE

HEY!

And has it POINTED at Jason --

HOL-EEE SHIT. It's one thing to know Kate's a little mysterious. It's another to see her in ACTION.

KATE

You shoot him, I shoot you. \*

HUTTON

(really fucking confused)  
Wait -- what's...?

KATE

I said no one gets hurt...

She's fucking serious. The grin MELTS off of Jason's face as he looks down the barrel of Kate's GUN --

JASON

I know you're cold, baby. But  
you're not that --

And he's bringing his gun up as he's saying it -- when --

BLAM! Kate shoot Jason in the LEG!

He goes DOWN -- Kate steps forward, KICKS his gun out of his  
hand -- Jason CRIES OUT, grabbing his leg --

JASON (CONT'D)

SONOFABITCH!

Hutton raises his hands to his ears -- FREAKED -- As...

BASEBALL HAT comes running back to the VAULT AREA --

BASEBALL HAT

What the hell is --!?!

BLAM! BLAM! Kate is a MACHINE -- functioning on PURE  
INSTINCT -- puts one in Hat's shoulder -- SPINS him around --  
One in his leg -- DROPS HIM. She immediately TWISTS around,  
points the gun at Six Foot Five --

KATE

On your stomach. NOW.

So Six Foot Five gets on his stomach. Jason still writhing  
on the ground, CLUTCHING HIS LEG --

JASON

YOU BITCH! YOU STUPID --

KATE

-- Shut up, Jason.

She immediately turns to Hutton, all business --

KATE (CONT'D)

I need the safe deposit key for Box  
#815.

Hutton looks up at her, feeling much the way WE are --

HUTTON

Who are you?

But that's pretty much moot --

KATE

The key. Box #815. Now.

HUTTON

But -- You need two keys, the  
bank's and...

Kate reaches into her shirt, reveals a CHAIN around her neck..  
PULLS it out. ON the end, a SAFE DEPOSIT KEY TO #815.

HUTTON (CONT'D)

(confused)

If you had the customer key, why  
would you...?

KATE

I'm not on the signatory card.

Jason WRITHES on the floor, RAGE building --

JASON

You put me up to this to get into a  
damn safe deposit box?!? I swear  
to GOD you better kill me, Maggie.  
'Cause if you don't...

Kate FREEZES Jason with a look. All elements of whatever  
romance she once feigned completely gone --

KATE

My name's not Maggie.

And off JASON. And off HUTTON. Two men completely PLAYED by  
this woman, we --

UPCUT TO:

30 TWO KEYS TURN AT THE SAME TIME, UNLOCKING --

30

Box #815.

And we're CLOSE ON KATE as she opens the box. Looks inside.  
And we delay the moment long enough to make the audience  
think they're not gonna get ANYTHING when...

REVERSE -- OVER KATE'S SHOULDER --

INSIDE THE BOX

A single item. A pristine GREEN ENVELOPE. Letter-sized.  
And it has DIMENSION. Kate takes it out -- Pockets it -- And  
as she SLAMS the BOX back into the wall --

31

INT. THE VALLEY - INFIRMARY CAVE - DAY

31 \*

Kate. Jack. THE CASE. Off in a SECLUDED AREA. Ready to open it up. But first --

JACK

Anything you want to tell me?

ON KATE. She just looks at him. And even if she wanted to tell him what's inside, there's no way he would understand.

So Jack just nods.

JACK (CONT'D)

All right, then.

And so Jack uses the Marshal's key to open the Halliburton.

And this is the moment we've all been waiting for. With a satisfying CLICK, the case pops open...

And we STAY on this side of things, the LID in the foreground, Jack facing us -- as HE takes in the contents without us seeing them. Watching him REACT.

And as Jack reaches in, the first thing he removes --

Is a SNICKERS BAR.

He gently places it in the sand next to the case. Reaches back in, takes out --

A BOUND STACK OF CASH. HUNDREDS.

Jack places it next to the Snickers, already reaching back into the case. Removes --

TWO BOXES OF BULLETS. The size of BRICKS.

ON KATE. NOT REALLY REGISTERING ANY OF THIS. Actually looking AWAY from the case. Knowing that Jack is getting closer and closer to what it is she really cares about...

And now Jack removes the FIRST GUN. A SIG-SAUER NINE MILLIMETER. Gently places it with the ammo as he takes out the OTHER THREE GUNS. One at a time.

And finally, he pauses.

He reaches into the case. And removes a MANILA ENVELOPE. Turns it over to undo the clasp so we see what is written on the front in BLOCK LETTERS -- "Her Personal FX"

And Jack reaches inside... pulls out --

THE GREEN ENVELOPE. Considerably WORN since we saw it last.  
And the same BULGE in its center.

JACK (CONT'D)

Is this it?

(nothing)

Is this what you wanted?

Kate doesn't deny it. And Jack can't bring himself to open  
it up. So he hands the envelope to Kate.

And she opens it. She gently tips it over...

And something falls into her HAND.

It's a tiny TOY AIRPLANE.

Made of tin. A model of a DC-3 with a five inch wing span  
and tiny spinning propellers. Impossible to tell how old it  
is. But what it is possible to tell?

Is that this thing -- this little TOY -- is IMMENSELY  
meaningful to Kate.

JACK (CONT'D)

What is it?

Kate snapped out of her reverie. Looks up at Jack -- he's  
trying to understand this -- trying to understand HER. But --

KATE

Nothing.

And Kate delicately drops the plane back into the envelope,  
stands up. And begins to walk off --

And JACK. His compassion quickly becoming ANGER --

JACK

What is it, Kate?

KATE

You wouldn't...

And Jack grabs her by the wrist, SPINS her back around  
towards him --

JACK  
I want the truth. Just this once.  
(beat)  
What is it?

A beat. Then --

KATE  
It belonged to the man I loved.

But Jack doesn't buy it for a second --

JACK  
The truth.

His GRIP tightens. He pulls her even closer. And goddammit, he might actually be hurting her -- But that doesn't mean it isn't PASSIONATE -- Fever pitch building --

KATE  
(more desperate)  
It belonged to the man I loved.

JACK  
Stop lying to me!

KATE  
I'm not -- I...

JACK  
-- Tell me the truth!

And finally, Kate BREAKS. SHOUTS AS SHE SOBS --

KATE  
It belonged to the man I killed.

Whoa. Jack FREEZES.

Maybe what she said was true. Maybe both things are true.

But Jack lets go of her. And she CRIES. Can't meet his eyes. Can't explain any of it to him. And he knows it.

So after a beat... after an ETERNAL beat...

Jack turns away. And walks back towards the CASE. Takes the ammo. The guns. The candy and the cash. Puts them back inside. Closes it. Picks it up.

And walks back down the beach the way he came. Alone.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

A32 EXT. NEW BEACH - SUNSET - ESTABLISHING A32 \*

WIDE SHOT of a group of our castaways arriving in the GLOW OF SUNSET up the shore at the new beach. They are towing airplane scraps and their personal stuff. \*

32 EXT. NEW BEACH - ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT 32 \*

It's nighttime and the only remainder of the sun is its REFLECTION on the UNCOUNTABLE STARS sprayed across the sky.

Below the heavens, campfires dot the sand of the new beach, the place the survivors have dragged, pushed and carried the last of their belongings to escape the rising tides.

And since the castaways probably wouldn't like the implication, we'll call it their NEW ENCAMPMENT, instead of their new home. Which is what it really is.

FIND JACK, by himself, securing his leather backpack for his hike back to the caves. He surveys the beach, and, satisfied that the beach dwellers will be safe for the night, begins his trek. As he goes HE PASSES -

SAWYER, sitting at his own camp fire, idly rolling a coin across his knuckles.

SAWYER

So, Doc -- What was in the case?

Jack stops. A beat. Then, he reaches into his back pocket. TOSSES something to Sawyer.

And OFF SAWYER, looking at the SNICKERS BAR in his hand as Jack leaves the beach...

WE NOW FIND --

33 ROSE 33

As she sits at the NEW SIGNAL FIRE. Her eyes are closed, her head bowed. From the serene look on her face, we get the feeling that she is praying.

Charlie walks up to the fire. He's obviously been doing a lot of thinking. Gently sits down next to Rose. After a moment, softly --

CHARLIE

Your husband was in the tail section of the plane.

Rose brings her hand to the GOLDEN WEDDING BAND that hangs around her neck.

ROSE  
Yes. He was.  
(opens her eyes)  
But he'll be back.

CHARLIE  
You think he's still alive?

ROSE  
I know he is.

And Charlie looks into her eyes. She's so... SURE. And he wants to understand this. NEEDS to understand it.

CHARLIE  
How?

ROSE  
(shrugs)  
I just do.

CHARLIE  
The others... they say you're in denial.

This doesn't seem to bother Rose one tiny bit --

ROSE  
Fine line between denial and faith.  
And Charlie?  
(smiles)  
Much better on my side.

And that did it.

Charlie's eyes WELL UP. On every level, he is COMPLETELY BROKEN. The loss of his life as a Rock Star. The loss of the drugs that numbed him. The loss of Claire. He's so overcome, he can barely get out the words --

CHARLIE  
Help me.

Rose smiles, shakes her head --

ROSE  
Oh, baby -- I'm not the one who can help you.

Charlie is confused. But only for a moment. Because Rose is reaching over, taking Charlie's hand into her own --

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Close your eyes, Charlie.

And with TEARS streaming down his cheeks, Charlie does. And Rose begins to PRAY. Quiet. Assured. Honest.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Heavenly Father... We thank you for bringing us together tonight. We ask that you show Charlie the path to your infinite love, and keep him ever safe in Your presence... We ask that you carry his burdens for him in this difficult time...

And as Rose and Charlie continue to pray together, WE MOVE FURTHER UP THE BEACH where --

34 SAYID

34

is staring up at the stars, the infinite space, their beauty, and his isolation, when...

SHANNON sits down next to him. Sayid looks over at her... then back to the stars. After a few beats --

SHANNON  
The guy from St. Tropez... he had this kid. A real snot. His name was Laurent.

SAYID  
How old was he?

SHANNON  
The guy or Laurent?

SAYID  
Laurent.

SHANNON  
Five. Six. Who knows?  
(then)  
But Laurent -- who hated me -- watched this movie over and over and over all day, every day like kids do. Nine hundred times. It was the cartoon about fish -- y'know, one of the computer ones.

Sayid has no idea what she's talking about.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Ellen Degeneres is one of the fish?

Sayid has no idea who Ellen Degeneres is, either.

SAYID

Why are you telling me this?

SHANNON

Because the movie was dubbed in French and at the end, there was this song.

Sayid is still clueless.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Those "notations" -- They're song lyrics. Your French Woman? She's like Laurent, 'cause she just wrote them over and over and over again.

Sayid SITS UP -- can't fucking believe this. And yet... somehow, he CAN.

SAYID

What's the song?

Shannon just lays there on the sand. Wistful. And after a moment -- She begins to SING. In French - a sweet, haunting, pitch-perfect A CAPELLA. And as she does, the song becomes more recognizable. It's "BEYOND THE SEA" -- but sung as a wistful, lilting, melancholy ballad...

SHANNON

(singing)

*La mer, qu'on voit danser le long  
des golfes clairs, a des reflets  
d'argent... La mer, des reflets  
changeants, sous la pluie...*

And as Shannon's beautiful voice causes Sayid (and the rest of us) to forget everything ugly in this world WE FIND --

Back from today's segment of his mysterious jungle mission with Locke. He's standing back in the shadows... WATCHING SHANNON AND SAYID SHARE THIS INTIMATE MOMENT.

35 (CONT'D):

35

And he's watching them with a less-than-friendly expression. In fact, it's full of intensity. More to come on this, as we find...

36 JACK

36

where jungle meets beach. Looking off at the spread out FIRES. And although he's far away, he knows that at one of them sits --

37 KATE

37

who sits alone in the dark, far from the other castaways, listening to the POUNDING WAVES.

As she continues to stare at the toy airplane in her hand, a single tear falls down her cheek. AND WE... PAN to the endless sky.

\*  
\*

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE