

Episode #: 114

LOST

"Outlaws"

Written by  
Drew Goddard

Directed by  
Jack Bender

PRODUCTION DRAFT

December 10, 2004 (WHITE)  
December 13, 2004 (BLUE)  
January 4, 2005 (PINK)

LOST

"Outlaws"

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
BOY.....	
MOM.....	
WOMAN.....	
HIBBS.....	
LAURENCE.....	
DUCKETT.....	
BARTENDER.....	
SHEPHARD.....	

LOST

"Outlaws"

(BLUE)

12/13/04

LOST

"Outlaws"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

BEDROOM - Night - **FLASHBACK**

SAWYER'S TENT - Night

HOTEL ROOM - Night - **FLASHBACK**

BOAT REPAIR SHOP - Day - **FLASHBACK** \*

THE VALLEY - Day

Day

BAR - Day - **FLASHBACK**

SAWYER'S CAR - Night - **FLASHBACK** \*

EXTERIORS

BEACH - Day/Dusk

SAWYER'S AREA - Night/Morning/Day

JUNGLE - Night/Day/Late Afternoon/Dusk

TALL GRASS - Day

CAMPSITE - Night/Morning

OUTSIDE THE VALLEY - Morning/Dusk

DOCKS - Day - **FLASHBACK** \*

SHRIMP TRUCK - Day/Night - **FLASHBACK** \*

RIVER CREEK - Day \*

MORE JUNGLE - Day

**LOST**

"Outlaws"

TEASER

ECU OF A CLOSED EYE. As we hear a WHISPERED VOICE say:

VOICE (O.S.)

*Wake up --*

The eye SNAPS OPEN, and we reveal:

1 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

1

A YOUNG BOY (eight years old, blonde hair) being roused from sleep by his MOM (late-twenties.)

She's scared. She levels her gaze at her son:

MOM

He's here.

The boy's face goes cold. As he hurries out of bed, we hear the muffled sounds of FRANTIC BANGING at the front door.

We're in the BOY'S BEDROOM -- it's small, simple. Not a lot of decorations -- nothing that would indicate time or place.

Someone desperately wants in this house -- we hear his ANGRY VOICE yelling offscreen --

VOICE

Open the door --

And this all plays FRANTIC -- the BANGING and the YELLING continue throughout the scene, keeping tension at a fever pitch.

Mom looks around, trying to figure out what to do. Her hands shake slightly -- she's rattled.

We're CLOSE ON THE BOY -- we see all this from his POV: his Mom quickly makes the boy's bed. As she does so:

MOM

He'll think you're still with your grandparents...

She looks at him:

MOM (CONT'D)

Get under the bed.

He doesn't move. She gets down on her knees, looks him in the eyes. Tries to speak to him in a calm voice.

MOM (CONT'D)  
Listen to mommy. Get under the bed. Don't make a sound. Don't come out.

WHAM! There it is again -- whoever it is, he's trying to break down the front door.

MOM (CONT'D)  
(still focused on her son)  
No matter what happens -- don't come out.  
(beat)  
Okay?

ON THE BOY as he steels himself, trying to be strong. He nods. She kisses him.

MOM (CONT'D)  
I love you.  
(then)  
Go.

He scrambles under the bed. WE STAY WITH HIM as he turns around, looks out:

HIS POV from under the bed -- his mom's bare feet walk across the WOODEN FLOORBOARDS of his bedroom. She walks out of the room, closes the door.

ON THE BOY

He's breathing hard. We plays this all on him as he listens intently: WHAM! He tenses at the sound. WHAM! He tenses again.

And then, with an earsplitting CRASH! the front door GIVES WAY. We hear the wood splinter as the man KICKS THE FRONT DOOR IN.

We hear a flurry of YELLING -- their MUFFLED VOICES overlapping -- impossible to make out. But he's SHOUTING. She's PLEADING. Then --

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
What the hell are you --

\*

BANG.

The boy jerks as a GUNSHOT RINGS OUT. We hear his BREATH CATCH in HORROR.

A quick succession of shots follow -- bang bang bang bang.

And then SILENCE.

PUSH IN on the boy. He's terrified -- we hear his sharp, quick BREATHS.

As he looks out from under his bed, we hear the sound of BOOTS walking across the hardwood floor. The boy's eyes go wide.

HIS POV -- as the door to his room opens -- CREEAAK -- and A MAN steps into the room. We see only HIS BOOTS, and as he walks, each step RINGS OUT on the hardwood floor.

The boots walk right up to the bed, then turn around, as the man SITS DOWN on the bed. CRREAK -- the bed sags under his weight, forcing the boy even closer to the ground.

He looks up toward the sagging bed above him as we hear -- CLICK -- the sound of a gun being COCKED.

A few tension-filled beats and then...

BANG.

2 INT. SAWYER'S TENT - NIGHT 2

SAWYER jerks awake. He's in a COLD SWEAT.

And we put it together: He was the boy. We're CLOSE ON HIM as he gasps for air at the intensity of the nightmare.

We watch him go through the motions: looks around, breathing hard, slowly realizes where he is. It was a nightmare...

And then -- something RUSTLES.

Sawyer freezes.

HIS POV -- the shadows around him START TO MOVE.

Something is in his tent with him.

Sawyer backs up against his tent. In the shadows, we see the DARK OUTLINE of his predator.

Whatever it is, it's BIG. Eight-hundred pounds of animal.  
Slowly moving RIGHT TOWARDS HIM.

Sawyer reaches out, grabs a FLASHLIGHT, SHINES it to see a huge glimmering brown eye. With his other hand he grabs a HEAVY SCRAP of airplane wreckage -- some sort of HYDRAULIC ROD, perhaps. As the beast moves towards him, Sawyer SWINGS with all his might. CUT TO:

3 EXT. BEACH - SAWYER'S AREA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 3

We're outside SAWYER'S TENT -- establishing its location on the beach at the edge of the jungle. We hear an UNGODLY SCREECH from inside as Sawyer CLUBS THE BEAST.

Suddenly the blue tarp Sawyer uses as part of his structure is ripped from its moorings. The beast is running away -- and taking the tarp with it.

The tarp and the animal ROCKET OFF INTO the jungle.

And Sawyer's running right after it.

4 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 4

WE'RE WITH SAWYER running through the jungle. He doesn't get far -- the beast is long gone. And shirtless and shoeless he's in no condition to give chase.

His adrenaline's pumping. Fired up, no scared. He looks around -- what the hell was that? He takes a few deep breaths, then, turns to head back toward his campsite.

And that's when the WHISPERS start.

They fade in gradually (as they did in episode 108.) Sawyer glances around -- who the fuck is saying that? We scan the jungle -- it's dark, creepy. But nobody's there.

We 360 around Sawyer as the whispers BUILD. And as they reach crescendo, they CUT OUT COMPLETELY, replaced by a single, WHISPERED VOICE:

WHISPERED VOICE  
*I was gonna pay --*

Sawyer goes COMPLETELY PALE. Off his terrified look we --

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 EXT. BEACH - SAWYER'S AREA - MORNING

5

TRACK across the scattered DEBRIS of Sawyer's area. It's a MESS -- since the tent came down, the wind has scattered much of the CLOTHES, MAGAZINES, and GEAR Sawyer's been hoarding.

FIND Sawyer, angrily collecting his belongings into a pile. SAYID stands nearby, surveying the damage:

SAYID

A boar. Took you tarp.

SAWYER

(muttering)

It was dark -- but yeah. Pretty sure it was a boar...

SAYID

I thought the boar had vacated this area...

Sawyer clearly does not want to have this conversation.

SAWYER

Well, genius, I think we got some bad info.

SAYID

What was it doing in your tent?

SAWYER

It was staring at me.

Sayid frowns. Sawyer realizes how ridiculous that sounds.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Then it came at me. So I hit it.  
And it took off --

He gestures toward the jungle where the boar disappeared.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Into the jungle.

SAYID

With your tarp.

(pause; then)

Perhaps it wanted to go camping.

Sawyer grits his teeth.



SAWYER  
You enjoying yourself?

Sayid thinks about it, then:

SAYID  
A bit. Yes.

Sawyer shakes his head, fed up. He starts walking into the jungle after his tent.

SAWYER  
Laugh it up, Mohammed -- I get back  
and find my stuff's gone, I'm  
coming after you.

ON SAYID -- he takes a final glance at the wreckage, shakes his head, and starts to walk off. After he takes a few steps, we hear:

SAWYER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Sayid --

Sayid turns back. Sawyer's looking at him.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
What did you hear?

Sayid doesn't understand the question. Off his look:

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
After you ran into the French  
Woman, you said you heard something  
in the jungle...

SAYID  
(shakes his head)  
I was injured and exhausted. My  
mind was playing tricks on me...

SAWYER  
What did you hear?

SAYID  
I thought I heard... whispering.

SAWYER  
What was it saying?

SAYID  
Why? Did you hear something?

Sawyer stares at him a beat. Then:

SAWYER  
Forget it.

We're CLOSE ON HIM as he turns, walks toward the jungle.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
I didn't hear anything.

WOMAN (PRE-LAP)  
What are you afraid of?

6 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK** 6

A hotel room door crashes open as Sawyer and a WOMAN (thirties, attractive) tumble into the dark room. They're ALL OVER each other, making out like horny teenagers.

SAWYER  
Sweetness, I ain't the one  
tremblin' here --

And if this feels a bit familiar, it should. Sawyer's in his professional con man form. As they kiss passionately, crashing down on the bed:

WOMAN  
I can help with the investors --

SAWYER  
-- we're not talkin' about this --

He kisses her, acting as though he wants nothing to do with this conversation. She kisses back, rolls on top of him:

WOMAN  
Seriously, baby -- look at me --  
(beat)  
How much money do you need,  
exactly?

It's a beautiful moment for a con man and his prey. But it's interrupted when a VOICE across the room says:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Okay, this is really awkward...

Sawyer and the woman JUMP IN SURPRISE. They turn toward the voice...

And FIND A MAN sitting across the room at the table. He's been there the whole time, sitting in the darkness.

He TURNS THE LIGHT ON, and we get a better look at him: This is HIBBS. He's mid-thirties. Tough, but not as tough as Sawyer. \*

HIBBS  
...but if I don't say something now, things are liable to get downright embarrassing.

Sawyer leaps to his feet, the woman huddles behind him.

SAWYER  
(eyes narrowing)  
Hibbs --

HIBBS  
Hello Sawyer.  
(to Woman)  
Ma'am -- I must apologize. I figured my good friend Sawyer here'd be alone.  
(back to Sawyer/dead serious)  
I just need a few minutes.

Sawyer keeps his iron gaze locked on Hibbs. It's clear -- these guys have history. After a beat, Sawyer turns toward the woman, pulls her aside. They speak in HUSHED TONES.

SAWYER WOMAN  
Listen -- -- what's going on --  
Go down to the bar, get a drink -- -- Sawyer --

She looks over his shoulder -- Hibbs is admiring the hotel artwork. As Sawyer opens the door to the room:

SAWYER  
Soon as I get rid of him I'll find you and explain everything. I promise.

He kisses her, ushering her out the door.

We're WITH HIBBS as the door shuts. He walks towards Sawyer --

HIBBS  
Gotta hand it to you, Sawbucks.  
How you find women that beautiful  
to work your --

WHAM -- Sawyer GRABS HIBBS by the throat and SLAMS HIM up  
against the wall.

SAWYER  
Now, if I'm not mistaken, Hibbs --

He SQUEEZES HARD. Hibbs gasps in pain. Whatever Sawyer's  
doing, it looks like it hurts.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
I'm fairly certain I said I'd kill  
you if I ever saw you again.

HIBBS  
(between gasps)  
's why I'm here... make things  
right...

Sawyer holds a beat -- then releases his grasp, shoves Hibbs  
aside. Hibbs shakes it off, clearly in pain. As he regards  
Sawyer.

HIBBS (CONT'D)  
'Sides -- we both know you ain't  
the killin' type...

He composes himself, reaches into his jacket, pulls out a  
LARGE ENVELOPE. Tosses it on the table.

HIBBS (CONT'D)  
There --  
(points to envelope)  
Figure that makes us even for the  
Tampa job. \*

SAWYER  
(still fuming)  
Now Hibbs. What could possibly  
make us even for the Tampa job... \*

HIBBS  
Oh, I don't know...

Hibbs takes a beat, clearly enjoying the moment.

HIBBS (CONT'D)  
How 'bout the known whereabouts of  
the man who ruined your life?

Sawyer's face goes cold. He looks at the envelope.

HIBBS (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
I'm gonna make myself a drink. You  
want one?

Sawyer shakes his head, walks over to the table, sits down.  
Hibbs opens the MINIBAR. As he pours himself a drink, we  
notice Hibbs is missing his LEFT RING-FINGER just above the  
first knuckle (why? That's another episode, my friends...)

\*  
\*  
\*

HIBBS (CONT'D)  
You remember Old Man Parks, right --  
ran capper for us on that gig in  
Atlanta.

SAWYER  
What about him?

HIBBS  
(beat)  
We still talk from time to time --  
he's been working the wire at an  
off-track parlor down in Sydney.  
(beat)  
So last week, one of his regulars  
gets a little too sauced, starts  
running his mouth about his glory  
days as a grifter...

Sawyer opens the envelope -- pulls out a FILE. On top of  
which is a PHOTO. A MAN IN HIS LATE-FIFTIES. Shot with a  
LONG LENS, SURVEILLANCE-STYLE.

HIBBS (CONT'D)  
This guy --  
(taps photo)  
"Frank Duckett." Real hard-luck  
case -- gambling addict, alcoholic,  
runs a shrimp truck --  
(aside)  
You know what a shrimp truck is?

SAWYER  
(after a beat)  
A truck that sells shrimp?

HIBBS  
(to himself)  
Damn it. It is obvious. I owe  
Parks a fifty...  
(taps photo)  
Back in the day, this guy Duckett \*  
used to be quite a hustler...  
(beat)  
He ran the romance angle -- hook  
the wife, take the husband for all  
his money. Used to be pretty good  
at it, too, from what I hear...  
(beat)  
Until, sadly, one of his marks in  
despair took a gun, shot up his \*  
wife, and blew his own head off... \*  
(eyeing Sawyer) \*  
All in front of their little boy... \*

ON SAWYER, feeling the full weight of what he's holding. He  
leafs through the file, we see various FORMS -- police  
records, DMV printouts.

HIBBS (CONT'D)  
I paid Tony to pull his jacket -- \*  
turns out "Frank Duckett" used to \*  
be named "Frank Sawyer..." The \*  
name I believe you appropriated for \*  
yourself. \*

SAWYER  
(quietly)  
This is him... \*

HIBBS  
(nods)  
That's him.

CREEP IN on Sawyer, his eyes going cold as he looks at the  
photo of the man who ruined his life --

EXT. OUTSIDE THE VALLEY - MORNING 7

WE'RE LOOKING DOWN THE BARREL OF A GUN, MACRO-CLOSE. AND --

It FLIPS up, TWIRLS around deftly -- Now its HANDLE OUT. And  
we RACK FOCUS to find the gunslinger is --

KATE  
Thanks for the loaner.

KATE stands with JACK by the tree where he stows THE HALLIBURTON CASE.

JACK  
Always a pleasure.

Jack takes the gun from Kate, EJECTS the CLIP as he places both pieces back into the case.

KATE  
Anyone curious where they came from?

JACK  
The others know there was a Marshal on the plane. Guess they assume he was travelling alone. Protecting them from terrorists.  
(beat; then)  
Sounded like a good theory to me.

ON KATE. A moment of silent THANKS --

Jack LOCKS up the case, ties the LEATHER STRAP with THE KEY back around his neck.

KATE  
You get all of the guns back?

JACK  
All except one.

Who...?

KATE

JACK

-- How about I give you three guesses?

KATE  
Sawyer.

Jack gives her a look -- "Of course it's fucking Sawyer." -- Puts the Halliburton in its hiding place, begins to CAMO the opening. \*

KATE (CONT'D)  
I can get it back.

JACK  
(uh huh)  
Really. How you gonna do that?

KATE

I speak his language.

Jack finishes secreting the case. Turns to Kate... shaking his head --

JACK

We've done this before, Kate. If I remember it right, you made out with him and never even had what you said you could get.

Beat. Kate could try to defend herself here. But instead --

KATE

I only made out with Sawyer because torturing him didn't work.

Another beat. Then Jack can't help but GRIN at the pure absurdity of it. Tension broken --

JACK

Let him keep the gun. It's not worth it.

KATE

Why? You afraid he's gonna shoot me if I ask?

JACK

(serious now)

No. I just don't want you to owe him anything.

And that's as close as Jack will ever get to declaring that he might just be JEALOUS. And OFF KATE, perhaps appreciating precisely that...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE VALLEY - MORNING

Michael has a makeshift worktable on which he's sawing lengths of bamboo for his raft project.

CAMERA TRACKS to find CHARLIE sitting off by himself, BINDING a piece of BENT WRECKAGE to the end of one of the GOLD CLUBS. And with just one look at him, it is instantly clear -- This is not the Charlie we know and love. Something just... OFF.

CLOSE on him -- VERY focused on the task at hand, wrapping the WIRE around and around and around.



CLAIRE (O.S.)

Hey.

Charlie looks up, sees CLAIRE. He offers a smile, but doesn't come close to selling it.

CHARLIE

Hi.

Awkwardness. She's got amnesia. He just killed a man. What the fuck are they going to talk about?

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

How are you feeling?

CLAIRE

(shrugs; vulnerable)

Very pregnant.

Charlie just nods and continues BINDING. Not rudely... just DISTRACTED. After watching him for a few beats --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I had... dreams last night. More like memories, actually. You were in them. I...

(beat)

They were nice dreams.

(beat)

Thought I'd see if you wanted to take a walk...

She's obviously reaching out. Trying to make some kind of connection. But Charlie's so focused, it takes him a beat to realize what she's saying.

CHARLIE

Sorry. Can't right now. There's...

(reluctant)

...something I have to do.

HURLEY (O.S.)

Dude -- not the golf club.

Charlie and Claire turn to see HURLEY -- standing there with a makeshift TOOL (kinda resembles a shovel) of his own.

CHARLIE

It was all I could find.

HURLEY  
You used the sand wedge?  
(shakes his head)  
Jack will spaz.

Charlie hops to his feet. Offers Claire that weird smile --

CHARLIE  
Excuse me. We've gotta...  
(not gonna go there)  
I'll see you later, all right?

CLAIRE  
Sure. Yeah. All right.

And Charlie walks off.

Hurley stands there for a beat, looking at Claire. And he's got no fucking idea what to say to her. So he just raises his hand, offers a little WAVE --

HURLEY  
Bye.

Hurley shuffles off after Charlie. And OFF Claire, displaced, confused... and ALONE --

9 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 9

Sawyer walks through the dense jungle, searching for --

HIS BLUE TARP

It's in a clearing, the wind's blown it up against the tree. Sawyer gathers it up in his arms, heads back toward camp.

10 EXT. JUNGLE - TALL GRASS - DAY - CONTINUOUS 10

We're with Sawyer as he walks through TALL GRASS. He's got his tarp in his arms. As he walks, we hear the wind blowing through the grass, and ever-so-faintly:

WHISPERED VOICE  
*I was gonna pay --*

Sawyer stops in his tracks. Did I just hear that?

As he listens closely, he hears RUSTLING. Coming from BEHIND HIM. He turns around and sees MOVEMENT IN THE GRASS. Something's out there...

We catch a glimpse of it -- it's THE BOAR. And it's charging right towards Sawyer.

Oh. Shit.

Sawyer starts to run. HANDHELD CHAOS as he sprints through the jungle. He throws his tarp away. As he flees, we catch glimpses of the beast -- blurs of fur amidst the grass. This thing's moving fast.

BOAR POV -- as it rushes up right behind Sawyer --

The animal SHRIEKS and Sawyer's legs are cut out from under him as the beast runs him down. Sawyer goes down hard, headfirst into the mud. We catch QUICK, FRENETIC POPS of the beast as it TRAMPLES SAWYER.

It all happens fast... And then it's over. The beast is gone. It disappears into the tall grass. Just like that.

Leaving Sawyer facedown and trampled in the mud.

He slowly gets to his feet. He's filthy. Breathing hard. Sore as shit from the hit. But he checks himself over -- no severe damage.

WE'RE CLOSE ON HIS FACE as his fear hardens into anger.

SAWYER  
SON OF A BITCH --

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - SAWYER'S AREA - DAY

A KNIFE IS SLAMMED INTO A SCABBARD. WIDEN OUT AS Sawyer shoves it into his BACKPACK. He's focused -- angry determination etched on his face.

WE PULL BACK as he rummages through the debris of his site, packing for the hunt. He shoves various articles of FOOD and CLOTHES into his pack.

And then we see Kate is there with him.

She sees Sawyer's site is a mess -- debris scattered about -- and he's filthy, covered in dried mud from his run-in with the boar.

KATE  
A boar. Did all this.

We can just feel the frustration rising off Sawyer.

SAWYER

Yes. A boar did all this.  
(ranting)

Last night, it wrecked my tent. Then, this morning, when I was going to get my tent back, it attacked me from behind, and ran off into the jungle. Like a coward.

Long beat as Kate stares at him.

KATE

A boar wouldn't... attack you for no reason.

\*

SAWYER

Thank you, boar expert. This one did.

He searches through a pile, looking for something in particular...

SAWYER (CONT'D)

(muttering)  
It's harassing me...

He finds what he's looking for: HIS GUN.

KATE

What are you doing?

He checks the magazine, slams it into his gun. Tucks the gun into his waistband.

SAWYER

Gettin' even.

KATE

(rolls eyes)  
Listen to yourself. It's a boar. Let's just... tell Locke, he'll go kill it.

SAWYER

(muttering)  
Nope. It's my fight...

KATE

Do you know anything about hunting  
boar?

He doesn't say anything as he straps on his backpack.

KATE (CONT'D)

Those things are dangerous.

SAWYER

So am I.

She glances to the heavens -- oh christ.

KATE

You're gonna get yourself lost. Or  
worse...

SAWYER

Since when did you care?

KATE

I don't.

SAWYER

Good. Then if you'll excuse me...

CLOSE ON HIM as he walks by her, heading into the jungle --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

I got some revenge to tend to.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

12

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

12

Hurley pokes at something BELOW FRAME with a STICK.

HURLEY

Dude, I know how this works...

Charlie enters frame, sees what Hurley's doing:

CHARLIE

Trust me. He's dead.

We WIDEN TO REVEAL he's poking at a DEAD BODY wrapped for burial in airplane blankets. Charlie holds his shovel, Hurley's is next to his feet. \*

HURLEY

We put him in the ground,  
everything seems cool, then when  
we're about to leave, his hand pops  
out of the dirt --

Charlie takes his shovel, breaks ground. Shrugs.

CHARLIE

(matter of fact)  
S'pose we'll have to bury him deep,  
then...

Hurley keeps his wary eyes focused on the body.

HURLEY

(shakes head)  
Doesn't matter. There's no grave  
that can hold the undead.  
(beat)  
No, this ends with you and me  
running through the jungle,  
screaming and crying --

CHARLIE

Hurley --

HURLEY

-- and then he catches me first,  
'cause I'm heavy and I get cramps --

CHARLIE

Hurley --

Hurley snaps out of it, looks at Charlie.

12

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(kind)  
You don't have to do this, y'know.  
I mean -- I appreciate the help and  
all, I really do...

(beat)  
But I killed Ethan. I can bury him.

And Charlie says it so simply, it brings Hurley back to reality. He exhales:

HURLEY

Nah. I'm good.

He takes one last look at the body, then picks up his shovel.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Let's just get it done.

Charlie nods. Hurley breaks ground next to him.

We're CLOSE ON HURLEY as he glances at Charlie -- how is Charlie so calm about this?

13

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

13

WE'RE MOVING SLOWLY through the dense foliage of the jungle to find Sawyer creeping through the trees.

He's focused. Not making a lot of noise. It's clear he's in tracking mode -- he gets low, studies --

A PRINT

Barely visible in the soil.

Sawyer looks it over, surveys the jungle in front of him. As he does all this, we start to get the sense that Sawyer may in fact know what the hell he's doing.

That is, until:

KATE (O.S.)

That's a footprint.

Sawyer's face falls. He turns and looks behind him. Finds Kate walking out of the trees. She's wearing a BACKPACK. As she speaks, it's all very matter-of-fact, no sense of smugness whatsoever:

KATE (CONT'D)  
(looking it over)  
Based on the weight, distance  
between strides... I'm pretty sure  
you've been tracking Boone for the  
last hour.

SAWYER  
(annoyed)  
Look --

KATE  
Could be Jin, I suppose...

SAWYER  
I'm tickled you've taken such an  
interest in my affairs -- I really  
am -- so don't take it personal  
when I tell you to go --

KATE  
I want carte blanche.

SAWYER  
(after a beat)  
What?

KATE  
It's pretty simple. You can't  
track this boar without my help.

SAWYER  
Is that right?

KATE  
That's right. Over the last few  
hours, you've managed to follow the  
tracks of --  
(counts them off on her  
fingers)  
Humans, birds, a rockslide,  
yourself... everything except a  
boar, actually.  
(beat)  
You have no idea what you're doing.

And he can't do anything but steam -- because he knows she's  
right.

KATE (CONT'D)  
So I help you, I want carte  
blanche.

(MORE)



KATE (CONT'D)  
(off his look)  
It means "blank check."

SAWYER  
I know what it means.

KATE  
Every time I want something from  
your stash -- medicine, soap,  
whatever -- I get it. No questions  
asked.

Goddamn it, does he want to tell her to fuck off. But he  
knows he's screwed without her.

SAWYER  
Carte blanche...

KATE  
Take it or leave it.

And we see it -- the moment where he forces himself to put on  
a good face and act like this doesn't bother him in the  
slightest.

SAWYER  
All right. You got a deal.

And as Sawyer watches her lead him away --

14 OMITTED 14

A15 EXT. DOCKS - DAY - **FLASHBACK** A15 \*

Sawyer walks down an old dock toward a run-down boat repair  
shop. Behind him we see one of the bridges of SYDNEY HARBOR  
and a slice of the famous SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE. \*

He ducks into a boat repair shop past somebody welding. \*

LAURENCE (V.O.) \*

So you're Hibbs' mate, huh?... \*

Worked a few jobs with Hibbs back \*

in the States -- \*

15 INT. BOAT REPAIR SHOP - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 15 \*

CLOSE ON A VERITABLE ARSENAL of HANDGUNS spread out on a  
table in a private room in the back of the shop. \*

Sawyer pulls out an ENVELOPE, starts counting out AUSTRALIAN  
DOLLARS. Into the hands of LAURENCE, a gun dealer. \*

LAURENCE \*

-- nice enough fella. \*

SAWYER

He's a son of a bitch.

LAURENCE

Right. Indeed he is.

Laurence nods, picks up a WEAPON. Hands it to Sawyer.

LAURENCE (CONT'D)

Few disclaimers. First off --  
Australia doesn't allow its  
citizenry to own handguns. You get  
nicked with that --

SAWYER

(without looking up)  
I ain't gonna rat you out.

LAURENCE

Secondly -- no refunds. Even for  
dear friends a' mine such as  
yourself. You decide you don't  
need a weapon -- not my bikker.

SAWYER

(as he counts)  
Won't be a problem.

LAURENCE

(studying him)  
Been doin' this a while... a man  
buys a compact .357 with hollow  
point loads -- he ain't lookin' to  
scare, or steal... he's lookin' to  
kill.

And Sawyer stops counting for a moment, locks eyes with  
Laurence.

LAURENCE (CONT'D)

And that's all well and good to  
talk about in the beautiful Sydney  
Harbor, but when it comes down to  
it he may find he doesn't have what  
it takes to do the job...

SAWYER

Your sales pitch needs some work.

LAURENCE

I'm sayin' -- you point a gun at a  
man, you look him in the eye -- you  
find out who you are.

(beat)

And if you should find that you're  
not a killer -- well...

(beat)

There's no refunds.

\*

Sawyer looks at Laurence for a beat, then hands him the money. As he picks up the weapon and the box of ammo:

SAWYER  
Won't be a problem.

CUT TO: \*

16 INT. THE VALLEY - DAY 16 \*

JACK AND CLAIRE in the caves. Jack has his fingers on her wrist, checking his watch as they talk: \*

CLAIRE  
(looks around) \*  
So this is, like, our infirmary? \*

JACK  
(shrugs)  
Next best thing.

CLAIRE  
I have a friend back home -- she's  
really into holistic medicine --  
the whole "hospitals are evil, keep  
things natural" bit...  
(beat)  
She'd love this place.

JACK  
(grins)  
Any nausea? Headaches?

She shakes her head.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Has the baby been moving at all?

CLAIRE  
(nods)  
'S like he's running laps in there.

Jack removes his fingers from her wrist. \*

JACK  
Well if he's as strong as your  
heart rate, you're both in great  
shape... \*  
(beat) \*  
How are you holding up otherwise? \*

And we're on Claire for a beat as she hesitates, then:

CLAIRE

Okay.

JACK

Memory coming back?

CLAIRE

In bits and pieces.

(beat)

Certain people... seem familiar.  
Like I've met them before in  
another life.

(beat)

Helps, more I talk about it.  
Brings things into focus, you know.

She shuffles a bit, getting at what's bothering her:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

But... everyone's avoiding me.

(beat)

I think I freak them out. I'm "the  
weird amnesia chick."

\*

JACK

Nice to meet you "weird amnesia  
chick," I'm the "heroic doctor."

\*

\*

\*

CLAIRE

Is that so?

\*

\*

JACK

Minus the heroic part.

\*

\*

Claire smiles as Jack says in his most comforting tone --

\*

JACK (CONT'D)

Give 'em time.

(beat)

They're just... confused.

\*

CLAIRE

Yeah, well...

(beat)

I know how they feel.

OFF CLAIRE, trying not to show how alone she feels --

18 EXT. JUNGLE - LATE AFTERNOON 18 \*

Kate and Sawyer trudge through the jungle -- Dirty and SWEATY (and on these two, somehow it looks GREAT), BREATHING HARD.

Kate stops, looks up at the sky. Frowns. Sawyer gets ahead before he realizes she's not beside him. Turns --

SAWYER

What?

KATE

Gonna be dark in half an hour.

SAWYER

Then I guess we got half an hour to catch us a hog.

Kate shakes her head, pulls off her PACK --

KATE

Suit yourself.

(points)

He went that way. I'm making camp while I can still see.

SAWYER

What? You're just gonna let it get away? How're we --

KATE

Boars sleep too.

ON SAWYER -- Frustrated, wanting to continue on...

But without his guide, he's completely helpless to do anything about it. As he drops his OWN PACK in frustration --

19 EXT. JUNGLE - CAMPSITE - NIGHT' 19 \*

CLOSE ON A FIRE as a PIECE OF DRY WOOD kicks up a field of EMBERS as it's dropped into the flames.

Kate settles down next to the fire, Sawyer on the opposite side. Two outlaws, camped out under the stars. Hell, if we didn't know any better?

We'd think this was downright romantic.

Sawyer digs around his pack, finally finds what he's looking for -- a MINI-BOTTLE OF VODKA. Cracks it open.

Tosses it back in one cool shot. REVEAL Kate, having watched the whole process.

KATE  
Where'd you get that?

SAWYER  
Plane.

KATE  
Jack was looking for the  
alcohol cart --

SAWYER  
-- Well, it's a good thing I  
found it instead then, huh?

Kate just looks at him. No idea what she's thinking. Then --

KATE  
Got anymore of those?

SAWYER  
I got more a' everything. But you  
ain't got carte blanche yet.

KATE  
Is that a "no?"

Now it's his turn to look at her. And dammit if Sawyer ain't charmed. Reaches into his pack, emerges with a whole HANDFUL of mini-bottles.

SAWYER  
All right, Sassafrass -- but you  
wanna drink? You gotta play.

KATE  
(smelling the rat)  
Play what?

SAWYER  
I never.

KATE  
What?

SAWYER  
I. Never.

KATE  
Am I supposed to know what that is?

SAWYER

A game is what it is. Call it a way to get to know each other better. For example...

(grins)

I know you never went to college.

KATE

(he's right)

And how do you know that?

SAWYER

If you had, you'd a heard of "I Never."

Sawyer tosses her a MINI-BOTTLE --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Simple. You say "I never..." and then finish the sentence. If it's something you did, you drink. If it's something you never did, you don't drink.

Kate absorbs this. Then --

KATE

That makes absolutely no sense.

SAWYER

Then learn by example.

(declares)

I have never kissed a man.

(a beat)

Now you drink.

(another beat)

'Cause you've kissed a man.

Subtext -- That man being him. Kate sighs --

KATE

What's the object of this game?

SAWYER

What's the object of anything?

ON KATE. Deciding whether or not to embark on this foolishness. Sawyer's just lookin' at her, eyes twinkling --

So she cracks open her bottle. DRINKS. Sawyer grins, impressed --



SAWYER (CONT'D)

Your turn.

KATE

(thinks; then)

I've never implied I went to college when I really haven't.

And Sawyer's grin is GONE. But rules are rules. He drinks.

SAWYER

I never been to Disneyland.

Kate does NOT drink.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Aww. That's plain sad.

KATE

I've never worn pink.

Sawyer GLARES at her. But DRINKS. By way of explanation --

SAWYER

The eighties.

(moving on)

I never voted Democrat.

Kate doesn't drink.

KATE

I've never voted.

Sawyer smiles. Drinks.

SAWYER

I never been in love.

KATE

(bullshit)

You've never been in love.

SAWYER

Ain't drinking, am I?

Kate might not buy it (hell, WE might not buy it), but she drinks. Then --

KATE

I've never had a one-night stand.

Sawyer takes a healthy swig.

SAWYER  
I gotta drink for each one?

KATE  
(ha-ha)  
Your turn.

SAWYER  
I never been married.

Kate eyes him for a second. And then she takes a little sip.

KATE  
Didn't last long.

Sawyer, INTRIGUED as she reaches for a new bottle --

KATE (CONT'D)  
I never blamed a boar for all my  
problems.

O-kay. Now it's getting personal. Yet, Sawyer DRINKS.  
Fires back --

SAWYER  
I never cared about getting carte  
blanche 'cause I just wanted to  
spend some time with the only other  
person on this island who just  
don't belong.

On KATE. And that flash of VULNERABILITY. Yeah -- He  
fucking NAILED her. But she meets his gaze. Takes a drink.  
And fires right back:

KATE  
I never carried a letter around for  
twenty years because I can't get  
over my baggage.

And Sawyer goes cold. Locks that stare into her. But  
drinks. Holds the stare for a beat, then:

SAWYER  
I never killed a man.

And there it is. After all this time. The handcuffs. The  
case. The guns. The Marshal. It doesn't matter when he  
found out, but he KNOWS.

He looks at her, for a reaction. SEES a flash of intense vulnerability, then covers it. She doesn't want to give him the fucking satisfaction.

And she drinks.

ON SAWYER. Not as surprised as we might expect him to be. But what is surprising...

Is that Sawyer drinks TOO. Drains his whole mini-bottle. And when he's done --

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Well, looks like we got something in common after all.

And OFF this dark tableau --

CUT TO BLACK: \*

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

20 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK** 20

OVER BLACK WE HEAR:

FEMALE VOICE \*

*Don't come out. Don't make a  
sound.*

ON A GUNSHOT we CUT IN to the FLASHBACK we saw at the beginning of the Teaser: Young Sawyer's under the bed, we hear the quick succession of shots -- bang bang bang bang.

And then SILENCE.

PUSH IN on young Sawyer. He's terrified -- we hear his sharp, quick BREATHS. As he looks out from under his bed, we hear the sound of SOMETHING walking across the hardwood floor. The boy's eyes go wide.

HIS POV -- as the door to his room opens -- CREEAAK -- just like we saw before... \*

WHISPERED VOICE (O.S.) \*

*I was gonna pay...* \*

But then, instead of boots, we see THE HOOVES OF A BOAR walk in through the bedroom door. \*

KATE (O.S.)

-- *Sawyer* --

21 EXT. JUNGLE - MORNING 21

Sawyer awakes with a start as Kate rousts him from his nightmare.

KATE

Sawyer --

SAWYER

Wh-what --

He focuses, realizes he's been dreaming. He exhales, rubs his eyes -- *jesus christ...*

KATE

You okay?  
(beat)  
You're *shaking...*

SAWYER  
(shakes head)  
I'm... fine... It was just a --

Off his look we CUT WIDE TO REVEAL their camp has been RANSACKED. The entire contents of Sawyer's backpack are strewn all about the area -- torn clothes, empty liquor bottles, food wrappers. It's a mess.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
I don't believe this...

\*

KATE  
(reluctant)  
Yeah. There's... hoof marks everywhere and most of your stuff looks like it's been... chewed.

SAWYER  
Look at this!

\*

KATE  
I can't figure out how we didn't wake up --

SAWYER  
(looking around, furious)  
It ate all our stuff...

KATE  
No, it only destroyed your stuff. My stuff's fine.

She points -- there's her backpack on the ground, completely intact. Sawyer's face darkens.

SAWYER  
That hog's gonna suffer, I swear to god --

And as he says that, they hear a rustling in the jungle. Sawyer locks eyes at Kate -- Whip-fast, he yanks the gun from his waistband, aims it just as

LOCKE

Walks right into their campsite. Backpack strapped to his shoulders. He's eating a piece of fruit, not bothered in the slightest.

LOCKE  
Mornin'.

They just stare at him -- what the fuck is he doing way out here? Locke takes a bite of his fruit, surveying the mess around them. Then:

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
What happened to your campsite?

22 EXT. JUNGLE - MORNING - LATER 22

CLOSE ON A TIN POT heating coffee over the fire. WIDEN OUT as Locke pulls the pot off, pours CUPS for himself and Kate.

While they talk, Sawyer angrily walks around camp, picking up his destroyed items --

KATE  
So what're you doing all the way out here, John?

LOCKE  
Looking for salvage from the crash. Tail came off over the water, so we were losing pieces as we came in. I've been back-tracking the course.

KATE  
Find anything useful?

LOCKE  
The occasional scrap of metal --  
(raises his cup)  
-- few bags of coffee. Stumbled across your path about a mile back -- thought I'd say howdy.

Kate studies Locke for a moment. Maybe starting to feel that Locke ain't exactly telling the complete truth here. Then --

SAWYER  
SONOFABITCH!

Sawyer throws down a T-SHIRT like it's on fire --

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
It peed on my damn shirt!  
(amazed almost) \*  
Took my shirt out of my pack and peed on it.  
(pointing at the shirt)  
I wore that shirt the day we came here. Only piece of clothing that was mine. And he peed on it.  
(MORE)

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
(glares at Kate)  
And you say this ain't personal?

Kate shakes her head, turns to Locke --

KATE  
He's convinced the boar we're after  
has a vendetta against him.

LOCKE  
Uh huh.

SAWYER  
That's three! Three times he  
attacked me...

KATE  
-- Maybe it's got your scent.  
Doesn't like your cologne...

SAWYER  
I don't wear cologne.

KATE  
-- Yes you do.

SAWYER  
Yeah. Well...  
(fuck you)  
He's got it in for me.

KATE  
It's just a boar.

Sawyer stares at Kate. Kate stares at Sawyer. Then --

LOCKE  
My sister Jeannie died when I was a  
boy. She fell off the monkey bars.  
Broke her neck.

Kate and Sawyer turn to Locke, both wondering what's gonna  
justify that segue --

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
My mother -- well, she blamed  
herself of course. Thought she  
should've been watching closer.  
(beat)  
So she stopped eating. Stopped  
sleeping. Then she just stopped  
speaking all together. She'd just  
sit on the couch and stare off into  
space. The neighbors started  
talking -- afraid she might do  
something to herself, I guess.  
(takes a sip of his  
coffee; savoring it)  
(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Mmmmm. That's good.

(then)

Anyway, about six months after Jeannie's funeral, this golden retriever comes padding up our driveway, walks right into our house, sits down on the floor and looks right at my mother there on the couch. And my mother looks back at the dog. And after a minute of this -- them both staring at each other like that...

(beat)

My mother burst into tears.

Kate looks to Sawyer, but he is absolutely RIVETED on Locke --

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Beautiful dog. No tags. No collar. Healthy. And sweet. A little older than a puppy. About six months, we figured.

(and here it is)

Dog slept in Jeannie's old room on Jeannie's old bed and stayed with us until my mother passed eight years later. Disappeared back to wherever it was she came from in the first place.

Locke drains his coffee. Story ended. Sawyer still transfixed, but Kate? Well, Kate's a pragmatist --

KATE

You're saying the dog was your sister?

LOCKE

Well that would be silly.

Then, he turns to Sawyer --

LOCKE (CONT'D)

But my mother thought it was. Thought Jeannie came back to let her know that it was okay. To tell her the accident wasn't her fault. To let her off the hook.

And Sawyer does not like Locke's gaze. Because somehow, it can SEE right INTO HIM.



And as twisted and bizarre as this parable is, we're most certain that Sawyer is BUYING INTO IT --

SAWYER  
So whose fault was it.

LOCKE  
Sorry?

SAWYER  
The accident. On the monkey bars.

LOCKE  
Oh.  
(thinks; then)  
I don't know. Wasn't there.

SAWYER  
Then who says your sister wanted to let your momma off the hook?

Locke considers this. Then --

LOCKE  
Well I suppose if she hadn't...  
(beat)  
Jeannie would've come back as a much meaner dog, wouldn't she?

Locke smiles... but Sawyer doesn't take it as a joke. Not at all. And as we PUSH IN ON SAWYER we CUT TO:

23 EXT. SHRIMP TRUCK - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 23

CLOSE ON a car door opening. Out steps Sawyer. And he's holding the .357 REVOLVER he purchased at his side. He puts it in his coat pocket. \*

WIDEN TO REVEAL Sawyer is standing not far from a lonely SHRIMP TRUCK open for business on the side of the Australian beach. Sawyer scans the area. Nobody is around except a single customer at the truck. \*

And now Sawyer slowly starts walking towards it. His hand's in his jacket pocket, holding the gun. \*

He approaches the truck. Gets in line behind the remaining CUSTOMER. As he does so, he glances up toward the man working at the counter and we see -- \*

It's him.

The guy who ruined Sawyer's life. The guy Hibbs showed us with the picture in Act One. The Original Sawyer (but for the sake of clarity, let's refer to him by his current alias, "Duckett.")

DUCKETT's middle-aged. Sagging face. He has a sense of danger about him -- a tough guy stuck behind the counter of a second-rate shrimp truck.

ON SAWYER -- his eyes are locked on Duckett. And as we HOLD ON HIM, everything GOES QUIET.

ON DUCKETT -- he takes the money from the customer in front of Sawyer. Everything played silent.

BACK ON SAWYER -- we see it play out on his face -- he's found him. The man he's been looking foro his entire life.

Sawyer's so focused, in fact, that he fails to realize --

DUCKETT (O.S.)  
Hey -- pal --

Duckett's talking to him.

DUCKETT (CONT'D)  
Only two choices -- shrimp in mild sauce and shrimp in hot sauce.

Sawyer snaps out of it. Swallows.

SAWYER  
I'll go with the hot...

DUCKETT  
(nods)  
Hot it is...

He turns around, places a handful of shrimp in a basket, drops the basket in boiling water. As he works, he speaks over his shoulder:

DUCKETT (CONT'D)  
Fellow American, huh?... Good for  
you. You missed the lunch rush.

\*  
\*

Sawyer looks to his left -- EMPTY BEACH. He looks to his right -- EMPTY BEACH. They're alone.

DUCKETT (CONT'D)  
Whereabouts you from?

He stares at Duckett's back. Keeping his eyes locked on him.

SAWYER  
Tennessee...

But as Sawyer stares at him, we see his eyes start to waver.  
Something's wrong...

DUCKETT  
(nods)  
Love the South. Miss the southern  
women.

Now that Sawyer's in the moment, he's having second thoughts. \*  
Because it's not that easy to kill a man. And we see it play \*  
out on his face. \*

DUCKETT (CONT'D)  
You in Australia long?

SAWYER \*  
Not really.

Sawyer wipes the rain out of his eyes. Duckett continues  
with his business, pulling the shrimp out the water.

DUCKETT  
Well -- fer what it's worth -- I  
run a special here at the truck --  
half off for all Americans.

He turns around, faces Sawyer.

DUCKETT (CONT'D)  
My name's Frank, by the way.

And we HOLD ON SAWYER -- what does he tell him? A beat,  
then:

SAWYER  
(quietly)  
James.

Duckett nods, turns back around.

DUCKETT  
Good to meet ya, James.

WE'RE CLOSE ON SAWYER -- on his face: the moment he realizes he's not a killer. He looks down -- what am I doing?

ON DUCKETT, wrapping the shrimp up for sale.

DUCKETT (CONT'D)  
Okay -- one shrimp in hot sauce  
comin' right --

But as he turns back around, we reveal Sawyer's gone.

DUCKETT (CONT'D)  
-- up...

CUT TO:

24 EXT. BEACH - DAY 24

Sayid's on the beach, diligently going over his MAPS.

HURLEY (O.S.)  
Yo Sayid --

Sayid looks up, finds Hurley approaching.

HURLEY (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you a question?

Sayid nods -- of course.

HURLEY (CONT'D)  
Did you ever get like, Gulf War  
Syndrome?

SAYID  
(with patience)  
That was the other side.

HURLEY  
Oh. Right.

SAYID  
(frowns)  
Why do you want to know if I've had  
chemical attack-related illness?

HURLEY  
Beacu --  
(beat)  
That's what Gulf War Syndrome is?

Sayid nods.

HURLEY (CONT'D)  
What's the one where you're all...  
shellshocked?

SAYID  
Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

HURLEY  
(snaps his fingers)  
That's it.  
(beat)  
Did you ever have that?

SAYID  
Again -- why do you ask?

HURLEY  
I'm worried about Charlie...

SAYID  
What's wrong with Charlie...

HURLEY  
Well -- nothing.  
(off Sayid's look)  
That's just it -- I mean, he killed  
a man -- shot him four times in the  
chest -- and he's acting like he's  
totally fine...

And as Sayid takes this in --

25 EXT. RIVER CREEK - DAY 25 \*

CLOSE ON SAWYER, trekking with purpose through the jungle \*  
past a creek. Kate's a few steps behind him -- he seems to \*  
be following the boar's tracks on his own.

KATE  
You don't believe him, do you?

SAWYER  
Man says he's tracking wreckage,  
he's tracking wreckage.

KATE  
No, I mean, about the boar...

SAWYER

(shrugs)

Let's just say it'll be fun to see  
what it comes back as in its next  
life.

\*

KATE

Sawyer -- seriously --

But he's got that INTENSITY in his eyes -- he's barely paying  
attention as he presses onward.

KATE (CONT'D)

Sawyer --

She stops in her tracks. Once he realizes she's no longer  
following him, he turns, looks at her.

KATE (CONT'D)

What are we doing?

(beat)

We're miles from camp. Even if we  
manage to find it, it weighs what?  
Eight hundred pounds? There's no  
way we're going to be able to bring  
it back.

\*

SAWYER

Who said anything about bringing it  
back?

CLOSE ON SAWYER as he turns, continuing onward --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

We're out here to kill it.

CLOSE ON SAWYER as he TOSSES BACK A SHOT of something dark  
and dirty --

SAWYER

Again.

WIDEN to find him bellied up to a BAR. Dingy. Sawdust on  
the floor. Immediately get the feeling that we are in the  
armpit of Sydney -- You come to this place to DRINK. Still,  
THE AUSTRALIAN BARTENDER eyes Sawyer warily --

BARTENDER

You sure about that, mate?

SAWYER  
(I'm fucking sure)  
Again.

On Sawyer. ANGER. SELF-LOATHING -- more than usual. And so the bartender fills the shot glass again. That's when --

VOICE (O.S.)  
You tell him, cowboy. These bastards think Americans can't hold their liquor.

The VOICE comes from the man sitting at the bar next to him (who, at this point, is out of frame.) Sawyer glances at him, then tosses back his shot --

SAWYER  
Again.

This time, the Bartender fills the glass without protest as The VOICE (does it sound somehow familiar?) comes again --

VOICE (O.S.)  
Hate to put my hand out -- but I can't seem to find my wallet. Any way you could...?

SAWYER  
(to the bartender)  
Set him up.

In the FOREGROUND, the Bartender sets up a glass. POURS. A HAND reaches in (okay, why aren't we SHOWING this guy?), folds around it, APPRECIATIVE --

VOICE (O.S.)  
I drink to you. What's your name, cowboy?

SAWYER  
Sawyer.

The hand raises the GLASS --

VOICE (O.S.)  
To Sawyer. May he find whatever he's looking for at the bottom of a glass.

And this -- hopefully -- is one of those moments where people lose their FUCKING MIND. Because we follow the glass up to the lips of...

CHRISTIAN SHEPHARD. Jack's father.

And for the loyal fans of the show with an astute enough memory, we're probably realizing right now that this might be Shephard's last day on Earth.

For the rest of us? Well, we'll figure it out eventually.

SHEPHARD

So, Sawyer -- what brings you to Sydney?

SAWYER

Business.

SHEPHARD

Three PM on a Tuesday afternoon and you're throwing back bourbon.

(smiles)

That's my kind of business.

SAWYER

What brings you to Sydney?

SHEPHARD

Furthest I could run.

(beat; then)

Know why they call Australia "Down Under?" 'Cause it's as close to hell as you can get without getting burned.

Sawyer actually SMILES at that one. If this guy only knew. To the Bartender --

SAWYER

How about you leave the bottle, Slim.

The Bartender obliges. Sawyer pours two more shots.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

What's your handle -- back in the States?

SHEPHARD

I...

(downs the shot)

Was a Chief of Surgery.



SAWYER SHEPHARD  
Was?

-- Was.

SAWYER  
So we're in hell, huh?

SHEPHARD  
Not in. Just close. Or maybe on  
our way.

Sawyer shakes his head --

SAWYER  
Speak for yourself.

SHEPHARD  
Don't let the air conditioning fool  
you, son. You're here, too. And  
you're suffering.

ON SAWYER. Bingo. And Shephard knows it.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)  
Hey -- Don't beat yourself up about  
it. It's fate. Some people are  
supposed to suffer. It's why the  
Red Sox'll never win the damn  
Series -- They're made to suffer.

SAWYER  
(defiant)  
I ain't made to do anything.

SHEPHARD  
Okay. Then let me ask you  
something, Sawyer -- Do you have  
the means to end it?

SAWYER SHEPHARD  
What the hell are you --?!?

-- Your suffering. Do you  
have the means to put it to  
rest? Make it go away?

Sawyer is NAILED again. His look says it all.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Me too.  
(drinks)  
But we don't end it, do we?

Shephard slides a little closer. And this does NOT play drunk. In fact, it's extremely lucid. Plain. And SAD.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

I have a son -- about your age.  
He's not like me. He keeps it  
simple, does what's in his heart.  
A good man. Maybe a great one.

(beat)

Right now, he thinks I hate him.  
That I feel betrayed by him. But  
what I really feel?

(hard to say)

Is gratitude. And pride. Because  
what he did to me? For me? It  
took more courage than...

(there isn't a word; so)

There's a payphone over there. I  
could pick it up, call my son. And  
I could tell him all this.

(beat)

And I could tell him I love him.

(beat)

One simple phone call and I could  
fix... everything. I could take  
away his suffering.

ON SAWYER. Taken by all this. Affected by it. So he asks  
the question we all want the answer to --

SAWYER

Why don't you?

And Shephard knows the answer instantly --

SHEPHARD

Because I'm weak.

Shephard picks up the bottle now. Pours two more.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

You close with your father?

WE'RE CLOSE ON SAWYER as that question lands --

SAWYER

He died when I was a kid.

Shephard nods. Then --

SHEPHARD  
This "business" you've got.  
(beat)  
Will it ease your suffering?

SAWYER  
(thinks about it)  
Yeah.

SHEPHARD  
Then what are you doing here?

SAWYER  
It's not that simple.

SHEPHARD  
Sure it is.  
(downs his shot; then)  
Unless you want to end up like me.

ON SAWYER, wheels turning. What this stranger has just told him begins to sink in. AND MAKES SENSE. His face hardens...

SAWYER  
What's your name, Doc?

SHEPHARD  
Christian.

And Sawyer gets up, throws some BILLS on the bar. Turns to Shephard, puts his hand out --

SAWYER  
Thank you, Christian.

And as Jack's father shakes Sawyer's hand --

SHEPHARD  
Good luck, Sawyer.

27 INT. SAWYER'S CAR - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK** 27 \*

THE CAR STOPS. No headlights. Windshield wipers SLAP against a POURING RAIN. Sawyer looks out the watery glass at the SHRIMP TRUCK, the lone beacon of light against the dark night. \*

Sawyer SEES the distant figure of Duckett in the truck working. Sawyer opens the glove box, pulls out the .357. \*

In QUICK CUTS he SLAMS the magazine in place, ready to go, and stuffs it into his jeans. \*



ACT FOUR

28

EXT. BEACH - DAY

28

THWACK! A make-shift machete (made from a sharp piece of aircraft metal with a wrapped handle) LOPS THE TOP OFF a coconut husk.

WIDEN to reveal Charlie using the machete. He's sitting on the beach husking coconuts and stacking four or five finished ones. He's working skillfully but without much enthusiasm.

SAYID (O.S.)

You're developing quite a talent.

Charlie looks up to see Sayid there.

CHARLIE

Yeah well, you know, musical trends being what they are... who knows what'll be popular when we get back home?

(thwack!)

Now I've got a skill I can fall back on.

He works the latest coconut from its husk and tosses it on the pile. Sayid sits down next to him. Charlie turns and meets Sayid's concerned stare.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, I get it. You're here to check up on me...

\*

SAYID

(simple; but without any judgement)

You killed a man.

CHARLIE

A man who killed one of us, who kidnapped Claire -- who strung me up and left me for dead. He deserved to die -- and I'd do it again in a minute...

THWACK! Harder now with the machete. This whole little speech comes out stronger than Charlie intended --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

So pardon me if I'm fresh out of bad feelings.

Sayid nods. Then after a beat --

SAYID

When I was in the army in Tikirt,  
in Iraq, the man who lived next  
door was a policeman. One day his  
car was rigged with a bomb. It  
went off but it missed him -- it  
killed his wife and two young  
children instead.

(beat)

They caught the man who did it.

(another beat)

I volunteered to be on the firing  
squad. And I did my duty without a  
single ounce of remorse.

Charlie listens to Sayid, acting somewhat disinterested --  
but the thing is, he's stopped work completely.

SAYID (CONT'D)

Then... for no reason, I started  
waking up nights. Replaying what I  
did in my mind.

CHARLIE

Looks like you're the one who needs  
checking up on.

SAYID

What I'm saying is this: what  
happened with Ethan will be with  
you for the rest of your life.

CHARLIE

Meaning an impending lack of sleep?

SAYID

More than that.

Charlie now meets Sayid's eyes. They bore right into him.  
Charlie's try for a casual and slightly flippant attitude is  
providing him literally no cover.

CHARLIE

Any suggestions?

SAYID

(simply)

You're not alone. Don't pretend to  
be.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

OFF Charlie as that lands with more impact than he thought.

29 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 29

Sawyer and Kate trek through the jungle. They push through the tangled vegetation, Kate scanning the ground ahead of them, "cutting for sign."

They are dirty, sweaty and breathing hard. Sawyer looks around at the dense, bleak jungle as they march forward.

SAWYER

I take comfort in knowing...  
someday this is all gonna be a real  
nice shoppin' complex or maybe an  
auto mall...

Kate is focused on something else. She veers quickly off their path onto a narrow sliver of trail.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Where ya goin'?...

Kate stops ahead on the trail because she's found something. She waits for Sawyer to catch up. Which he does.

KATE

Know what this is?

SAWYER

A hole in the mud?

KATE

A wallow.

SAWYER

What the hell's a wa--

KATE

-- A boar's wallow. It's his  
den, where he sleeps. And  
look at the tree rubbings  
from his tusks.

SAWYER

(intent now)

You mean he's around here?

KATE

Maybe

That's when Sawyer hears a RUSTLING NOISE.

29 LOST "Outlaws" (BLUE) 12/13/04 50A.  
(CONT'D): 29

SAWYER  
Hear that?



Sawyer rushes into the bushes following the noise. He's all AMPED UP. URGENT and INTENSE. KNOWING he's damn close to finding the boar now.

KATE

Wait --

Too late. We hear RUSTLING, BRUSH CRASHING, BRANCHES SNAPPING -- and we HEAR Sawyer GRUNTING, SCRAMBLING --

KATE

Sawyer?!...

SAWYER (O.S.)

Gotcha!

Followed by an intense SHRIEKING HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL. Kate starts after him, but then the bushes part and Sawyer reemerges -- holding a BOAR PIGLET.

KATE (CONT'D)

(deadpan)

I thought it'd be bigger.

SAWYER

Funny. Now we know daddy's gotta be close by.

So Sawyer grabs the piglet's little leg and starts TWISTING IT. The piglet starts to WAIL LIKE A BANSHEE. SQUEALING and YELPING INSANELY.

KATE

Stop it Sawyer! What is the matter with you?!

Stop it! Damn it! Let it go!

PUT IT DOWN -- RIGHT NOW!

I said PUT IT DOWN!

SAWYER

Here PIGGY, PIGGY, PIGGY -- !  
 (twisting some more)  
 Over here, daddy!

Where are ya?! 'Cause we're right over here!

She tries to grab the piglet but Sawyer twists away from her, so Kate does the only reasonable thing she can do -- she KICKS SAWYER IN THE ACHILLES TENDON. Kicks him HARD.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

OWWW! What are YOU DOIN'?! \*

In his weakened state Kate GRABS THE PIGLET from his arms -- and lets it go. The piglet hits the ground scrambling for purchase -- SQUEALING like crazy -- and SCURRIES OFF fast as its little legs can carry it into the bushes.

KATE  
You're SICK!

SAWYER  
I didn't hurt it!

She starts to storm off.

KATE  
We're done. Game over.

SAWYER  
What are you talkin' about?! --

KATE  
Find your own way back.

SAWYER  
No problem.

And she strides away, angry as hell. OFF Sawyer, pissed, watching her go, but still on this fucking mission.

30 EXT. SHRIMP TRUCK - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK** 30

RAIN is still FALLING. Duckett is closing up his shrimp truck. He hefts a large TRASH BAG, carries it to a nearby DUMPSTER.

REVERSE to find Sawyer, waiting. Now he starts walking towards Duckett. And he's different. No longer nervous. No longer conflicted. His conversation with Jack's dad has him steeled for what he has to do.

As Duckett hefts the garbage bag into the dumpster, Sawyer walks up behind him --

SAWYER  
Sawyer --

And as Duckett turns around --

BAM -- Sawyer shoots him. Right in the stomach.

Duckett DROPS. He lands on the ground, back against the dumpster. Not quite dead. Not yet.

Sawyer kneels down next to him. Duckett gasps, shock splashed all over his face.

Sawyer calmly reaches into his pocket and pulls out his LETTER (last seen in episode 106.)

30

LOST  
(CONT'D):

"Outlaws"

(BLUE)

12/13/04

52A.  
30

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
I got a letter for you...

Duckett squirms on the ground, holding his stomach, life draining out of him. He looks at his hands -- they're covered in blood.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
"Dear Mr. Sawyer -- "

DUCKETT  
(coughing)  
Who --

And that's enough to give Sawyer pause.

SAWYER  
You used to go by the name  
Sawyer...

Duckett shakes his head, losing focus.

DUCKETT  
The hell you talkin' about...

He coughs, looks at his hands again.

DUCKETT (CONT'D)  
You didn't have to --  
(beat)  
Tell Hibbs I would've...

And as soon as Sawyer hears "Hibbs" his face drops.

SAWYER  
You know Hibbs?  
(beat)  
How do you know Hibbs?

But Duckett's almost gone.

DUCKETT  
Tell Hibbs I would've paid him...

SAWYER  
(putting it together)  
You borrowed money from Hibbs...

Duckett coughs, looks at Sawyer.

DUCKETT  
You don't know what you're doing,  
do you...  
(glassy eyed)  
It'll come back around.

And as he dies, he whispers his final words:

DUCKETT (CONT'D)  
I was gonna pay...

Sawyer stares at Duckett.

And we see it play out on his face: He's been fucking conned.

And we're CLOSE ON Sawyer when the horror of the full-realization hits him: he's now a cold-blooded killer.

31 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 31

Sawyer spins around 360 degrees, realizes he's fucked out here by himself. He makes up his mind, jams off through the jungle after Kate, pissed but exasperated that she deserted him.

SAWYER  
Kate!

32 EXT. MORE JUNGLE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 32

Sawyer strides into a more open area, looks around, trying to follow the direction she took -- but hell -- he doesn't know -- and she's nowhere in sight. \*

SAWYER  
C'mon, Kate! Where are y--?

Suddenly, he stops short. Even backs up a step or two because standing right in his path is the fucking BOAR. That big one. The one he's been hunting.

Sawyer draws his gun.

The boar doesn't move -- doesn't go anywhere. Instead, its head turns and A BIG BROWN EYE stares over at Sawyer.

Sawyer, looks out over his outstretched gun, stares right back at the boar.

Now we see KATE step INTO VIEW, behind Sawyer. But he doesn't see her.

Instead, for the longest moment Sawyer and the fucking boar have a STARE-OFF. They look at each other.

And from the intense expression on Sawyer's face we're just waiting for him to pull the trigger...

But he doesn't. Instead he lowers the gun.

The BOAR waits a final beat, watching him, then turns and walks off into the brush.

Sawyer stands there, gun hanging down at his side, trying to collect himself.

Now he senses something -- turns to see Kate watching him. SEES that she saw the whole thing -- and in her face is an appreciation for what he just did. Except Sawyer DOESN'T WANT IT. He walks right back past her. Meets her eyes for only the briefest of moments to say --

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
(shrugs)  
It's just a boar.  
(as he goes)  
Let's get back to camp.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Kate takes this in then walks after him, drawn toward this complicated, troubled soul. Because she is one herself.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

33

EXT. JUNGLE - DUSK

33

FIND Kate and Sawyer walking back out of the jungle and onto the beach. \*

KATE

...a deal's a deal.

SAWYER

The deal was for toiletries --

KATE

"Carte blanche." Whatever I want.  
And I want the gun.

And now we see they are being observed by Jack, much further down the beach. Way out of earshot, and they do not see him, but he SEES them returning together and takes note. \*

BACK ON SAWYER AND KATE \*

SAWYER \*

I didn't kill the damn hog --

KATE

I said I'd help you find it. We found it.

Sawyer stops in his tracks, realizing something.

SAWYER

Jack asked me for the gun two days ago...

(beat, cold)

That why you came on this trek --  
to do your doctor boyfriend a  
favor?

She meets his gaze, not giving him an inch.

KATE

You needed help. I helped. You don't like the deal?

(beat)

Not my problem.

As Sawyer stares at her, jaw set, mulling this.

34

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

34

We're ON CLAIRE as she watches DOWN THE BEACH --

Walt and Vincent are running through the shallows of the ocean. Laughing. PLAYING. Michael is there also, now adding decking to connect his bundled bamboo pontoons. (Or whatever appropriate advancements we see in the raft construction.)



Beyond them, JIN and SUN are working together making (repairing or adding to) Jin's fishing net. They are comfortable, working in tandem. Make small talk to themselves. \*

BACK ON CLAIRE -- Hand on her belly, brow furrowed. This is A JOY she is trying to connect to.

CHARLIE

Hey.

Claire turns to see CHARLIE.

CLAIRE

Hey.

CHARLIE

Wanna go for that walk?

Claire looks at him. Sees him trying to reestablish their connection.

CLAIRE

Sure.

He helps her up and they walk off together down the beach --

35 EXT. OUTSIDE THE VALLEY - DUSK 35 \*

AS JACK moves some gear, we hear a voice behind him say:

SAWYER (O.S.)

Stick 'em up.

Jack turns around, FINDS SAWYER, his gun actually pointing up at Jack from his hip. OUTLAW STYLE. Jack regards him, then:

JACK

You trying to be funny?

SAWYER

Yeah. But I was fresh out of pies to throw atcha.

And we sit in this tableau for just a few moments longer. Despite the smile on Sawyer's face, it's TENSE. And it's a reminder that these two are not big fans of one another.

Finally, Sawyer turns the gun around, extends it to Jack -- who, to say the least, is SURPRISED by the gesture --

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Here ya go, Sheriff.

JACK  
I asked you for this two days ago --

SAWYER  
-- and I told you to stick it.  
(beat)  
Guess I had a change of heart.

SAWYER turns, starts heading out of the cave. We're on him as we see Jack in the background ask:

JACK  
What'd she give you?

Sawyer turns around, locks eyes with him.

SAWYER  
Sorry?

JACK  
(don't fucking play with  
me, asshole)  
Kate. What'd she give you?

Sawyer considers this. Reads a hint of Jack's jealousy here. And then? He GRINS --

SAWYER  
Nothin' she wasn't willing to part  
with.

Jack shakes his head. Not gonna take the bait. Turns his back on Sawyer, resumes with his gear --

Sawyer's grin WIDENS, pleased with himself as he again turns to go -- And he BARELY hears Jack mutter to himself --

JACK  
That's why the Sox'll never win the  
series.

Sawyer freezes. Turns back --

SAWYER  
What'd you just say?

Jack keeps his back to Sawyer, continuing with his GEAR --

JACK

Huh?

SAWYER

What'd you just say?

JACK

I said "That's why the Red Sox will never win the Series."

SAWYER

What the hell does --?!?

JACK

Something my dad used to say. So he could go through life knowing people hated him. Instead of taking responsibility, he put it on fate. Said he was made that way.

ON SAWYER as the synapses fire. Connections are made. Revelations are realized. He can't fucking believe it.

SAWYER

Your daddy -- He a doctor, too?

JACK

He was. He's dead.

Then it occurs to Jack that he's actually having this conversation with Sawyer. He stops, turns back to him --

JACK (CONT'D)

Why do you want to know about my father?

AND WE HOLD ON Sawyer for a LONG BEAT -- REAL LONG. And here's his opportunity to let Jack off the hook. To end his suffering. To tell Jack his father didn't blame him for what happened. To tell him his father did take responsibility for his actions. To tell Jack his father LOVED HIM.

And finally --

SAWYER

No reason.

Oh. Fuck.

And ON SAWYER -- wondering how he can have more compassion for a fucking boar than he can for this man...

But if he's gonna suffer? So is everyone fucking else.

And as he turns away from Jack and WALKS OFF -- \*

CUT TO BLACK: \*

END OF SHOW