

Episode #: 220

LOST

"Two for the Road"

Written by
Elizabeth Sarnoff

&

Christina M. Kim

Directed by
Paul Edwards

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LOST
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#220

TEASER

1 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

1

WE SMASH RIGHT BACK IN ON -- MICHAEL.

In the flesh and looking like death warmed over. He lies unconscious on the JUNGLE FLOOR as a concerned KATE illuminates his battered and scraggly face with a TORCH --

KATE
Michael. Michael.

No response -- his eyes stay closed, his condition worsening by the second. Kate looks to JACK.

KATE (CONT'D)
What's wrong with him?

But Jack's attention is on the TREELINE. His mind's been racing since the moment Michael appeared, FULLY AMPED. He SCANS for signs of movement. Reaches for his GUN -- not about to be satisfied until he gets what he came here for -- QUALITY FACE TIME WITH THE OTHERS.

Kate's totally focused on Michael --

KATE (CONT'D)
Jack!

But Jack's still looking out at the jungle --

JACK
Maybe they let him go...

KATE
Let him go? -- he's alone...

JACK
We don't know that.

KATE
I know he's sick -- and I know he's been gone two weeks -- stop looking for (fucking) them!!

Jack turns, looks at her. Kate's still pissed, but she's focused on Michael's UNCONSCIOUS FORM as --

KATE (CONT'D)
They didn't just push him out of
the jungle, Jack --

And as much as Jack'd like to get down to business with the Others right now, as much as he hates being turned around again? HE KNOWS KATE'S RIGHT.

KATE (CONT'D)
-- He's alone!

Jack holsters his gun, walks back over to them.

Kate scuffles aside as Jack leans over Michael, checks his pulse -- his BREATH. A beat, then --

JACK
C'mon, let's go.

And YEAH -- we did detect a hint of DEFEAT in Jack's voice there. But he's already throwing Michael over his shoulder in a fireman's carry and WALKING OFF.

And OFF KATE as after a beat, she FOLLOWS --

2 INT. HATCH - KITCHEN - NIGHT

2

It's dark. The sparse lights lend a MOODY, almost CREEPY GLOW. FIND ANA LUCIA. Chopping a MANGO and putting it in a bowl. As she licks the juice off her fingers, she glances into the bedroom to see:

LOCKE. Asleep. Lying on his side of the bottom bunk, his back to her. His crutches leaning up beside the bed.

She turns away, grabs the bowl and heads to --

3 INT. HATCH - ARMORY - NIGHT

3

THE ARMORY DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

Ana Lucia enters, carrying in the BOWL of FRUIT, looking to:

HENRY. He's exhausted, weak, BEATEN. He sits on his COT, hands tied together in front of him, feet bound, staring blankly at the wall. This is a man who has clearly GIVEN UP. A bowl of NOW OLD FRUIT sits a few feet from him.

ANA LUCIA
Hey, Henry, whad'dya say?
(no response)
Just the usual nothing, huh?
(MORE)

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)
(points to the bowl)
How long you gonna keep up the
hunger strike, man?

A SILENT BEAT. NOTHING FROM HENRY. Not even a FLICKER from his eyes. Ana Lucia decides to do the talking --

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)
I ever tell you I was a cop?
(no response)
Y'know, I've been around a lot of
killers.
(Henry remains silent)
And you know what surprises me
about 'em? How much they like to
talk.

Ana Lucia goes to take the bowl of old fruit, replacing it with the fresh mangoes --

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)
(looks at him)
But I guess you're different, huh,
Henry? Quiet.
(beat)
Well don't tell anyone, but that's
just the way I like you.

And then -- Henry MUMBLES something. It's barely audible, but it's the first sound he's made in days. Ana stops with the fruit. Looks at him --

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)
What was that?

Henry MUMBLES again. Ana Lucia LEANS IN closer --

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)
If you're gonna say something,
you're gonna have to --

And before she can fucking process anything, Henry's SWINGS HIS TIED HANDS UP AND SMASHES THE PORCELAIN FOOD BOWL RIGHT INTO THE SIDE OF HER FUCKING HEAD!

SMAAASSSHHH. CRAAACCKK. Porcelain pieces shatter and halo off her HAIRLINE.

Ana Lucia falls back, stunned. Henry's eyes are fierce as he seizes the moment and lunges toward her, GRABBING her NECK between his bare hands --

That's right. HE'S GONNA STRANGLE HER. HIS HISSES, INTENSE --

HENRY
You make me sick.

Ana's eyes go WIDE -- she tries to fight back, but she's dazed from the blow and lack of oxygen -- Henry knows he's got the advantage. And despite what he's doing, he is ODDLY CALM. And that? Is fucking DISTURBING --

HENRY (CONT'D)
You killed two of us. Good people who were leaving you alone and you murdered them.

Ana Lucia knows this is going bad. She gathers her remaining strength, and KNEES HENRY right in the GROIN. And you know what? It doesn't stop him for a second. His grip TIGHTENS on her NECK and he SLAMS HER UP AGAINST THE WALL.

And as her head BANGS against the CONCRETE it hits her all at once: she's going to fucking DIE here --

HENRY (CONT'D)
You're the killer, Ana Lucia.
You're the killer.

Ana Lucia teeters on the brink of consciousness, her body beginning to go limp when --

THWACK! Henry collapses in a heap. AS HE FALLS, WE --

RACK FOCUS AND FIND -- LOCKE.

Holding the CRUTCH he used to SMASH HENRY OVER THE HEAD. He looks to Ana Lucia, GASPING FOR AIR --

LOCKE
Guess he decided to start talking,
huh?

OFF ANA LUCIA as she looks to a now unconscious HENRY -- not as shook up by the fact that he just tried to KILL her...

As by what he fucking SAID.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

4 EXT. POLICE STATION - ROOFTOP - DAY - **FLASHBACK (2003)** 4

A ROOFTOP GARAGE full of LAPD CARS with an impressive view of the LA skyline.

An LAPD SQUAD CAR pulls up. Ana Lucia gets out, heads for the station entrance.

VOICE (O.S.)
You look tired.

That's when she sees her CAPTAIN, TERESA CORTEZ, waiting for her. And Captain Cortez? She also happens to be Ana Lucia's MOTHER. Ana is instantly awkward, but cracks a wise-ass smile to cover --

ANA LUCIA
Yeah, thanks.

Cortez doesn't smile. Just studies her daughter --

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)
What?

CORTEZ
Where were you last night?

Ana Lucia makes a calculated effort not to make eye contact --

ANA LUCIA
Home.

CORTEZ
All night?

ANA LUCIA
Yeah. I made myself some dinner,
watched TV. Exciting.

CORTEZ
What'd you watch?

ANA LUCIA
Some reality show.

CORTEZ ANA LUCIA
Which -- ? -- A stupid one.

ON CORTEZ. She's had enough.

CORTEZ
Look at me, Ana.

And Ana Lucia DOES look at her. A long beat as Cortez studies her. Not like a mother... but like a COP. Then --

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Let's go for a drive.

That wasn't a request. It was an ORDER. And OFF ANA LUCIA --

5 INT. MORGUE - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

5

SCHTHUNK! A STEEL METAL HANDLE SLAMS DOWN -- A SHINY STAINLESS STEEL DOOR IS PULLED OPEN and A METAL SLAB IS PULLED OUT OF THE DRAWER. On it --

A SHEET COVERING WHAT IS CLEARLY A DEAD BODY. Yeah. We're in a fucking MORGUE.

Cortez stands over the body, Ana Lucia right next to her. Intentionally AVERTS her eyes as Cortez pulls back the sheet.

The DEAD GUY is a young, white man. His CHEST is riddled with GUNSHOT WOUNDS. If you're a loyal viewer, you recognize this guy as JASON -- the man Ana Lucia shot in "Collision." If you're NOT, Cortez is about to explain it to you...

CORTEZ
Found him in a parking lot just after three in the morning. He was dead an hour before anyone saw him.

ON ANA LUCIA. She blinks. Maybe a shred of... GUILT?

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Crime scene pulled the gun from a dumpster. Registration filed off. No prints. No witnesses.
(beat)
He was executed.

Ana finally looks up to see her mother looking right at her. And it's with a completely STRAIGHT FACE that she says --

ANA LUCIA
Any idea who did it?

A beat. Another beat. Cortez's eyes UNBLINKING. Finally --

CORTEZ
Yeah, Ana. You did it.

Ana Lucia opens her mouth to protest, but before she can --

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

This man -- he confesses to shooting you in cold blood. But you? You refuse to ID him. So we have to cut him loose.

(pointed)

And a week later, he turns up with five bullets in his chest because somebody shot him. In cold blood.

And that IS guilt on Ana Lucia's face. And her eyes are starting to water. But she fucking CHOKES it down --

ANA LUCIA

Guess I better get a lawyer.

And Ana turns to go, but --

Cortez grabs her by the wrist. PULLS her around. And we can see that there is MUCH more than anger here -- this is a mother who is DEEPLY FUCKING WORRIED about her daughter.

CORTEZ

Look, you and I both know this is a dead end investigation.

(beat; emotional)

But if you... If you did this, I have to help you, Ana. I just --

ANA LUCIA

Yeah. Thanks.

(pulls away; then)

But I'm fine.

But Cortez isn't giving up. Really REACHING OUT here --

CORTEZ

You won't let me help you? Then you're gonna need to get it from somewhere else.

(beat; measured)

You're a police officer, Ana. If you don't respect me, respect that.

A TENSE BEAT, as Ana Lucia's eyes fill with emotion. We can see that part of her WANTS to ask for help. WANTS to collapse into her mother's arms and apologize. WANTS to tell her what this man -- what this FUCKER -- really did to her.

(CONTINUED)

But Ana? She can't do any of that. So without a word, she removes her BADGE. UNHOLSTERS her gun. And hands them both to her mother.

ANA LUCIA

I quit.

AND OFF ANA LUCIA as she throws open the door and begins what will be a LONG WALK away from everything she's ever known --

6 INT. HATCH - BATHROOM - DAY

6

Ana Lucia stands in front of the mirror. She's pulled her hair back to reveal the BLOODY WOUND RIGHT ABOVE HER EAR. She WINCES in pain as she dabs it with a WET TOWEL --

LOCKE (O.S.)

You okay?

LOCKE'S REFLECTION appears in the mirror. Ana Lucia continues to clean her wound, PISSED OFF AT HERSELF.

ANA LUCIA

He was playing (fucking) possum.

Locke's got his own reasons for hating Henry right about now, feels her frustration --

LOCKE

Well, he's not playing anymore.

ANA LUCIA

You tied him up.

LOCKE

Good and tight.

Locke lingers in the doorway, something clearly on his mind. A BEAT, then his curiosity wins out --

LOCKE (CONT'D)

What was he saying to you?

ANA LUCIA

Nothing much. He's just angry.

LOCKE

Angry about what?

Well that was fucking DIRECT. A BEAT, then --

ANA LUCIA
(eyes down)
I killed a couple of his "friends."

LOCKE
Well. I'm sure it was in self-
defense.

ANA LUCIA
First one came into our camp one
night to take our kids.
(beat)
I hit her with a rock.

ON LOCKE. Listening as Ana continues --

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)
The second one was pretending to be
one of us. Said his name was
Goodwin. I jammed a spear through
his chest.

A beat. Okay. Not exactly self-defense. We eagerly await
Locke's thoughts on all this. But all he does is point to
the GASH on Ana's forehead --

LOCKE
You need stitches.

ANA LUCIA
You got a needle and thread?

LOCKE
Not on me.

OFF ANA LUCIA, frowning as she turns back to the mirror --

7 EXT. JUNGLE - DAWN

7

WE'RE WIDE ON JACK carrying Michael up a STEEP INCLINE. Kate
can be seen close behind.

TIGHTER ON JACK. INTENSITY IN HIS EYES AS SWEAT POURS down
his FACE as he struggles. Kate clocks his effort --

KATE
How 'bout a break, Jack?

JACK
We'll rest at the top.

A COUPLE SILENT BEATS as Jack takes the last PAINFUL STEPS to the top of the hill. FINALLY, they reach the top. Jack puts Michael down gently, tries to catch his own breath as he puts a hand on Michael's forehead --

JACK (CONT'D)
No fever.

KATE
What do you think happened to him?

JACK
I don't... He's been on his own for two weeks -- he's exhausted, dehydrated...

And then? Michael MUMBLES something. Jack leans in --

JACK (CONT'D)
Michael? It's Jack, man -- can you hear me? Michael?

Michael's lips move a little -- Jack STRAINS to listen -- and then Michael's OUT again. Jack blinks, pulls away...

KATE
What'd he say? Did you -- ?

JACK
(beat; then)
He said "Walt."

A MOMENT as that plays. Kate just STARES at Jack --

JACK (CONT'D)
What?

Kate clocks Jack's EXHAUSTION. Remembers the moment they shared before Michael stumbled out -- the closeness of it.

KATE
You okay?

JACK
Gimme a sec to catch my breath.

Kate steps up -- takes one of Michael's limp arms and drapes it over her shoulder. Manages to bring him to a SITTING POSITION. Jack looks at her, understands the gesture -- she's going to help him.

KATE

You don't have to do everything
alone, Jack.

He considers it, then takes Michael's other arm. Together,
they lift him to his feet. Jack gives Kate a quick glance,
grateful for her help. AND OFF THE TWO OF THEM, working
together to bring Michael home --

8 EXT. BEACH - LIBBY'S AREA - MORNING

8

LIBBY and HURLEY are practicing their new EXERCISE REGIME --
PACING DOWN TO THE SHORELINE AND BACK, all the while playing
a new game called "I miss" --

LIBBY

I miss my bathtub.

HURLEY

I miss my hog.

LIBBY

You had a motorcycle?

HURLEY

No, I had a potbellied pig. His
name was Chester...

Libby just LAUGHS. Then --

LIBBY

I miss music. The perfect song --
y'know, that matches your mood.

HURLEY

Dude, there's a whole record
collection in the hatch. Let's go.

LIBBY

There's also a prisoner down there.
Kind've a mood... killer, y'know?

HURLEY

Uhm, yeah... good point.

But something's caught Libby's eye down the beach.

LIBBY

Hurley -- will you excuse me for a
minute?

And lest we be curious as to what it is she just saw...

9 EXT. TREELINE - MORNING

9

Ana Lucia's WOUND, as REFLECTED in a SHARP of MIRROR --

LIBBY (O.S.)
What happened?

WIDEN TO REVEAL Ana Lucia's got a needle and thread and is about to sew up her own fucking head using a propped up COMPACT MIRROR.

ANA LUCIA
Cut myself shaving.

LIBBY
Stop that. Let me.

Ana Lucia looks up -- **HARDCORE.** Part of her WANTS to go through the suffering of stitching herself, but after a beat, she hands the needle to Libby.

A beat as Libby sits across from her, studies the GASH. Ana can feel her eyes on her, waiting for an explanation...

ANA LUCIA
Guy in the hatch tried to kill me.

LIBBY
You okay?

ANA LUCIA
Yeah. I'm fine.

Libby clocks her -- she's not fine, she's fucking **ANGRY.**

LIBBY
Ana?

ANA LUCIA
What?

LIBBY
Don't do anything stupid.

Ana says nothing -- but their eyes meet, hold a beat. Libby shakes her head... then **LEANS IN** --

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Okay. This is gonna hurt.

And **OFF ANA, GRITTING HER TEETH** before the needle **PUNCHES IN.**

10 INT. HATCH - LIVING AREA - DAY 10

Locke leans on his crutches as he stands in the ENTRYWAY to the living area. Reaches his fingers as high as they'll go to touch the TEETH of the BLAST DOOR that resides in the wall above him. The blast door with the fucking MAP on it.

A BEAT. Another BEAT. And Locke finally turns towards the ARMORY DOOR. PUSHING IN. And although Henry's a liar... someone who just tried to KILL one of our castaways...

He's John Locke's only fucking shot at ANSWERS.

11 INT. HATCH - ARMORY - DAY 11

TOTAL DARKNESS as THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN, casting a SHAFT OF LIGHT on Henry, sitting on the COT.

Henry is not only bound by his wrists, but he is also TETHERED to the bed. And fucking TIGHTLY, too.

ON LOCKE. Backlit. Very fucking NOIR. Just looking at Henry. Trying to... make sense of him. The silent moment PLAYS. Then --

HENRY

If you've come to apologize, I forgive you for hitting me with your crutch.

(beat)

I'm glad my head didn't break it.

Boy, is he fucking smug. And Locke ain't one bit amused --

LOCKE

Why?

HENRY

Now there's a broad question.

LOCKE

Why did you try to hurt Ana Lucia and not me?

ON HENRY. His eyes dance with intelligence. But --

HENRY

I'm not sure I know what you're getting at, John.

LOCKE

I was trapped under that blast door. Helpless. You could've crushed my skull. And you didn't do a thing. Why didn't -- ?

HENRY

Because you're one of the good ones, John.

LOCKE

Good... whats?

HENRY

(shakes his head)

None of it matters. I'm dead anyway.

Locke listens with deep skepticism.

HENRY (CONT'D)

The doctor went out to make a trade, and you and I both know he'll come back empty-handed. And then?

(simple; cold)

I have lost my value.

Locke's mind spins with the implications. And Henry is ROLLING now --

HENRY (CONT'D)

So either Jack comes back and kills me or my people find where I'm being held and they do it.

LOCKE

Why would your own people -- ?

HENRY

Because the man in charge? He's a great man, John -- a brilliant man.

(a flash of FEAR)

But he is not a forgiving man.

ON LOCKE. Forgetting why he even fucking came in here. Totally caught up in Henry's download.

HENRY (CONT'D)

They'll kill me because I failed, John. I failed my mission.

LOCKE
What... "mission"?

HENRY
When that... woman caught me in her
trap... I was on my way here, John.

SUDDENLY A COMMOTION CAN BE HEARD FROM THE HALLWAY -- MUFFLED
VOICES -- SEVERAL PEOPLE ENTERING THE HATCH -- KATE'S VOICE --

KATE (O.S.)
JOHN!?!

Locke looks towards Kate's VOICE, but quickly turns back to
Henry. And we are SUPER TIGHT on him as he softly says --

HENRY
I was on my way here, John, because
I was coming for you.

HOLY. FUCKING. SHIT. NOW JACK'S VOICE --

JACK (O.S.)
LOCKE! Get out here!

ON HENRY. Laid bare. Not a shred of the Lecter bullshit --
he's as GENUINE as we've ever seen him.

ON LOCKE. Head SPINNING. Doesn't know whether he's being
fucked with or he's just been given the meaning of LIFE.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
JOHN? I NEED YOU.

And as Locke turns to see Jack and Kate hauling MICHAEL into
the living area, he SNAPS OUT OF IT.

And with one last look at Henry -- DESPERATE Henry -- Locke
SLIDES the door SHUT -- snuffing out that single stream of
light and plunging us into --

BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

12 INT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY - MOS - **FLASHBACK (2004)** 12

CLOSE ON A METAL DETECTOR WAND as it TRAVELS ACROSS THE BODY of a MAN --

ARM AROUND TO REVEAL Ana Lucia in a TSA (Transportation Security Administration) UNIFORM -- that's right, since leaving the force, Ana Lucia's been working the worst job in the world: AIRPORT SECURITY.

She waves the man through. And as her next victim approaches, WE LINGER A BEAT on Ana Lucia's FACE, and see clearly how much she hates what she's doing --

UPCUT TO:

13 INT. LAX AIRPORT BAR - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK** 13

Ana Lucia, in her STREET CLOTHES now, BELLIES UP TO THE AIRPORT BAR. This is a VERY familiar ritual for her.

ANA LUCIA

Hey, Mike. Tequila and tonic.

Ana settles down on a stool. Takes off her JACKET. And then WE HEAR a MAN'S VOICE one stool over --

MAN (O.S.)

Nice to see you again.

And Ana Lucia turns to see:

CHRISTIAN SHEPHARD.

Yup. Jack's Dad. Dr. Fucking Shephard. Here he is, in the flesh, smiling at Ana Lucia, and draining a SCOTCH, while indicating to the bartender that he'd like another.

But while we can't believe our fucking eyes, remember, he's a stranger to Ana Lucia. He SMILES --

SHEPHARD

You wanded me. At security.

Ana gets her drink, sucks on the LIME. And Shephard seems to be AMUSED by the fact that she's completely IGNORING him.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

So how does somebody get into wanding?

(CONTINUED)

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ANA LUCIA
I used to be a cop.

SHEPHARD
What a coincidence. I used to be a
doctor.

Shephard gets his drink. Takes a BIG gulp. And Ana -- well,
she's actually kind've drawn in by this guy. Why? Who
fucking knows. But she answers.

ANA LUCIA
Why'd you quit?

SHEPHARD
I didn't. My son ratted me out for
drinking on the job. Lost my
license.

Ana Lucia, shakes her head, SMILES --

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)
Yeah. Hilarious, I know.

ANA LUCIA
No... It's just -- I don't think
parents and kids should work
together. Too many... issues.

SHEPHARD
(smiles; BINGO)
I will drink to that.

Ana SMILES. Raises her glass. They CLINK.

ANA LUCIA
So where you headed?

SHEPHARD
Sydney. Sydney, Australia.
(beat; thinks; then)
Wanna comes?

ANA LUCIA
Ha.

SHEPHARD
I'm serious.

ANA LUCIA
Sure you are.

SHEPHARD
I am. Flight leaves at eleven.

Ana shakes her head, what the hell is UP with this guy?

ANA LUCIA
Why would I go to Sydney with you?

SHEPHARD
Why wouldn't you?

ANA LUCIA
Because you're a stranger. And you've had two drinks just since I've been talking to you. And I don't go to (fucking) Australia just to... go.

Christian moves over a seat. Not sexual at all -- but definitely more... INTIMATE.

SHEPHARD
I always have two drinks for the road because it's good luck and I don't want to crash. And if you need a reason to go to Australia, here's a great one --
(beat)
What I'm doing down there is dangerous. I need someone to protect me. A bodyguard. Perfect for someone who "used to be a cop."

ANA LUCIA
Protect you from what?

SHEPHARD
Does it matter?

Ana Lucia just looks at him. He looks back. Somehow, KINDRED SPIRITS. After a beat, he reaches into his leather CARRY-ON. Pulls out a worn MANILA ENVELOPE.

Reaches inside... roots around -- and extracts a WAD OF HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. Pushes it across to Ana Lucia.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)
Payment in advance.

ANA LUCIA
You're crazy, man.

SHEPHARD

Maybe.

(then)

But maybe I'm not and fate has
thrown you and me together. Two
drinks in at an airport bar.

ANA LUCIA

And why would "fate" do that?

SHEPHARD

Same reason fate does anything...
so we can help each other.

(beat)

Don't you need help?

And this time when he looks at her, it's a REAL MOMENT.
Bonding. She can see the same thing in his eyes we can -- a
real level of SADNESS AND DESPERATION.

And Ana Lucia is actually fucking CONSIDERING THIS. She
looks down at the money. Back up at Shephard, points to
herself and then to him --

ANA LUCIA

That ain't gonna happen.

And if we don't get her gist, Shephard certainly does --

SHEPHARD

Darlin' -- I couldn't if I tried.

She SMILES. Charmed by his honesty.

ANA LUCIA

I don't even know your name.

SHEPHARD

Let's not use our real names. That
keeps it nice and... professional.
Tell you what... you pick mine,
I'll pick yours.

Ana Lucia shakes her head -- can't believe she's fucking
getting into this. But she IS getting into it. So --

ANA LUCIA

You look like a "Tom" to me.

SHEPHARD
Tom is an excellent name.
(thinks; then)
And you... should be "Sarah."

Ana nods. So fucking be it. She raises her eyebrow --

ANA LUCIA
You said two was good luck, huh?

Shephard SMILES back --

SHEPHARD
I believe I did.

And Shephard raises his finger to the bartender --

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)
Another drink for the lady.

And OFF ANA LUCIA, a FLASH OF AMBIVALENCE -- not exactly sure WHY the fuck she just agreed to WHAT she just agreed to... but that doesn't really matter right now...

Because she's going to fucking SYDNEY.

ON ANA LUCIA staring up at something... and then -- WHACK, WHACK -- we see a MANGO PULL INTO FRAME and DROP INTO A TRAP.

WIDEN TO REVEAL SAWYER having rigged up a device to KNOCK the FRUIT from the TREE. He suddenly realizes HE'S NOT ALONE. Sawyer looks over and sees Ana Lucia packing the mangos in his canvas bag. He looks suspicious that she's helping, walks over --

SAWYER
I got it.

ANA LUCIA
Didn't figure you for the fruit-picking type.

SAWYER
Whatt'ya want?

ANA LUCIA
Can't a person make conversation?

SAWYER

A person can. You can't. You ain't ever talked to me except to say "shut-up" or "five minutes," and now you wanna be my best friend? Whatt'ya want, Small-fry?

Sawyer hits the ground, takes his sack from her. Ana Lucia smiles, busted --

ANA LUCIA

I need a gun.

SAWYER

Course you do.

(shakes his head)

If I'd known everyone was gonna come askin' every damn day, I never would've stole 'em in the first place. This island needs to repeal the damned Second Amendment.

Ana Lucia just looks at him. He GRINS --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

That's the one about guns.

ANA LUCIA

(fuck you)

Funny.

Ana Lucia keeps her expression even but Sawyer clocks... something. Whatever she wants it for, it ain't GOOD.

SAWYER

Hey, here's an idea: Why not go to your buddy, Jack? He's got himself a gun.

(snaps his fingers)

Oh, right -- he's still traipsing through the jungle with Kate.

ANA LUCIA

If you've got a problem 'cause he's making time with your girlfriend, don't take it out on me, man.

Sawyer looks at her, his eyes cold -- he can throw out wise ass remarks all day, but Ana just hit him where he LIVES. And she doesn't let up. Takes a step forward. Eye to EYE.

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)
So how about you just give me a
gun.

SAWYER
Here's another idea -- scram.

Ana blinks. A beat. But Sawyer's OVER IT now --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
You heard me. Not git.

She eyes him like she just might bite his fucking nose off.
But after a beat, she breaks away. Turns around. And walks
off. AND OFF SAWYER, watching her go --

15 INT. HATCH - BEDROCK AREA - DAY

15

CLOSE ON MICHAEL'S EYE as Jack carefully PULLS IT OPEN.
They're in the "INFIRMARY." Michael on the bottom bunk.

JACK (O.S.)
Michael...

But Michael AIN'T REALLY THERE. PUPILS rolled up.

LOCKE (O.S.)
So it worked.

Jack turns to see Locke standing in the door, observing them.

JACK
What are you talking about, John?

LOCKE
Your deal -- the trade. If they
gave us Michael back...

JACK
They didn't give us anything.

Locke is slightly CONFUSED. Not to mention, his head is
still fucking TRIPPED OUT from his conversation with Henry.

LOCKE
So it's just a coincidence that he
came wandering out when you --

JACK
I was shouting. He heard my voice.

Locke nods, noncommittally. Jack getting DEFENSIVE now --

JACK (CONT'D)

What? They sent Michael back just hoping we'd keep up our end of the bargain? You think they're on the (fucking)... honor system?

Kate enters with FRESH WATER, immediately clocks THE TENSION.

KATE

Hey.

JACK

Hey.

Jack takes the water bottle and moves to Michael. ON LOCKE. After a moment, he wordlessly HOBBLER OUT.

16 EXT. BEACH - COMMUNAL PANTRY - DAY

16

ON SAYID, digging a hole. A VOICE calls out to him --

HURLEY (O.S.)

Dude, nice hole.

Sayid looks up and see Hurley approaching.

SAYID

What is it, Hurley?

HURLEY

Hey, man... you remember that radio we made? I thought maybe I could, like, get it to play some music, y'know... for Libby.

Ah. There it is. Sayid nods, sympathetic --

SAYID

It worked only once and then just for a minute. I've tried numerous times since and gotten only static.

HURLEY

I know, but here's the thing... even that'd be good. 'Cause then Libby'll be all like, "It's the thought that counts." Then I score major points. Especially when she sees me holding it over my head.

Sayid looks at Hurley -- confused.

SAYID

And why would you hold a static
generating radio over your head?

HURLEY

They didn't have "Say Anything" in
Baghdad?

(off his blank look)

It's awesome. This dude like gets
a boom-box, and holds it over his
head outside the chick's window,
and he plays some Peter Gabriel
song. And bam. The girl's like,
his. I mean, after her father goes
to jail. But then he gets her.
And he's a kickboxer --

SAYID

I think I get the idea.

HURLEY

You should check it out sometime.
I mean, if we ever, y'know, get off
the island.

Sayid shakes his head. Charmed by the site of young love.

SAYID

If you want to do something nice
for Libby, there's a beautiful
beach maybe three kilometers from
here. Pack a picnic basket and
take her there.

HURLEY

You think that'd work?

Sayid nods. Yes, he does. Hurley's starting to dig this
plan. Then Sayid resumes digging, his smile fading as --

SAYID

I took Shannon there once.

Oh yeah. Shannon. Remember her? Hurley does. Suddenly
feels for Sayid. But Sayid quickly lets him off the hook --

SAYID (CONT'D)

Would you like directions?

As Hurley NODS back...

17 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

17

ON SAWYER as he walks through the jungle. He stops. Looks around. Produces a papaya from his pack and takes a bite. Chews. Then, he starts moving again.

A BEAT. Then he SUDDENLY STOPS. There it is -- that RUSTLING behind him. And then it stops. Yup, there's somebody out there. He turns --

SAWYER

Come out, come out, whoever you are.

Nothing. Not a sound. And now, Sawyer draws his GUN --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

I know you're there -- don't make me come in after you.

A beat, then -- Ana Lucia emerges from the brush.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Well, well, well -- look what we got here. Was Little Red Riding Hood gonna follow the Big Bad Wolf to his stash o' guns?

ANA LUCIA

Why not gimme that one right there.

Sawyer puts the gun back in his waistband --

SAWYER

I ain't gonna gimmyou nothin'.

But Ana Lucia isn't taking no for an answer, starts moving towards him --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

You and me been over this, Lucy --

-- She keeps right on going, getting right in his face --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Hey! --

And WHAM! Ana Lucia fucking PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE! Sawyer stumbles backward -- goes down like a sack of wheat!

SAWYER (CONT'D)

What the -- ?

Ana Lucia jumps on top of him, tries to hold him down --

And while Sawyer doesn't exactly hate being this close to her he ain't letting this little chickie get the best of him. He wastes no time in using his superior strength to flip her over. BOOM. Her BACK SLAMS AGAINST the jungle floor. Now HE'S ON TOP and pinning her down. He leans in close. She feels his breath on her face --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

What'cha gonna do now, Muchacha?

They're sweaty, nose to nose. Heat and anger burning from their eyes, their bodies pressed tightly together. And just as we wonder what she's going to do, Ana Lucia suddenly jerks her head up and meets Sawyer's lips with her own.

Holy shit. Her mouth is hungry; she's more biting and grabbing at him than kissing him. And even in his surprise, Sawyer wastes no time in opening his mouth to her and giving it right back.

She reaches for his head and SMASHES IT between her hands in a VICE GRIP. Her hands slide down his scalp, PULLING HIS HAIR BACK as she ROLLS ON TOP OF HIM.

ONCE THERE, she puts one hand on his neck while pulling his hair back with the other. All the while KISSING HIM. And quickly he's had enough, FLIPS HER OVER AGAIN and HOLDS HER HANDS DOWN OVER HER HEAD.

HE RUNS HIS HAND down her TORSO and then, in ONE DEFT MOVE, HE PULLS HER SHIRT OFF. She squirms beneath him, IN ONLY HER BRA. Now it's her turn -- SHE FLIPS HIM OVER, GRABS HIS BELT, YANKS IT OFF and FLINGS IT out of the way.

They KISS, angry, HARD, and it's impossible to tell really whether they want to FIGHT OR FUCK. He looks at her, wondering how far this is going to go. And Ana's response is to unbutton SAWYER'S PANTS...

WE PAN OFF TO THE BELT, LAYING ON THE GROUND, PARTIALLY COVERED BY ANA LUCIA'S SHIRT.

AND AS SAWYER'S GUN FALLS ON TOP OF THE PILE...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

18 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

18

TIGHT ON A PAIR OF JEANS, laying on the jungle floor as a HAND reaches into FRAME and grabs them.

WIDEN TO REVEAL shirtless Sawyer. Getting dressed in all his post-coital glory. HE STEALS A GLANCE AT --

Ana Lucia's BACK as she throws on her familiar black tank top. She turns around, catches him looking at her --

ANA LUCIA

What?

Jesus. This is AWKWARD. And now Ana Lucia simply takes off. Not a word or a look to Sawyer who can't believe his usual role of loving 'em and leaving 'em is being reversed. This is the PERFECT SCENARIO -- she's fucking leaving.

SAWYER

Don't you want my phone number?

Ana Lucia turns around, her eyes smoldering --

ANA LUCIA

If you tell anyone about this, I'll kill you.

SAWYER

Guess that takes cuddlin' off the table.

And we PUSH IN TIGHT on Ana Lucia's FACE as she goes, not even a hint of a smile --

19 INT. SYDNEY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

19

Ana Lucia lies on top of the kicked out sheets of her bed. Insomnia-ville. CANNOT FUCKING SLEEP. She looks at the CLOCK RADIO. 3:51 A.M. FUCK.

She gets up out of bed, opens the MINI-BAR. Cracks open a mini bottle of tequila and pours it in a glass. She mixes in some tonic, but doesn't drink. She whirls it with her finger instead, as she moves to the window and looks out at the twinkling lights of Sydney Harbour.

She stares out, wonders how in fuck she got here... SUDDENLY -- POUNDING ON HER DOOR -- only one person it could be. She puts the drink down and moves to the DOOR --

(CONTINUED)

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SHEPHARD (O.S.)
Saarah. Open the damn door!

Yeah. Christian. She opens the door TO REVEAL A VERY DRUNK Christian Shephard holding the door frame to steady himself --

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)
Good, you're up. Protection duty... It's time. Let's go.

Ana Lucia looks at him, suspicious and skeptical --

ANA LUCIA
After four days of drinking... doing nothing -- now in the middle of the night, you're ready to go?

He nods. Damn STRAIGHT --

SHEPHARD
That's exactly right. Now, c'mon... It's time. Get dressed.

OFF ANA LUCIA, pondering. What the fuck. Sooner started, sooner finished. AND AS THUNDER CRASHES --

20 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SYDNEY - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK** 20

RAIN POURS DOWN AS A LONE CAR cruises ghost-like down the street in a working class neighborhood of modest homes.

21 INT. CAR - DRIVING - **FLASHBACK** 21

Ana Lucia drives. Christian swigs from a MINI BOTTLE of scotch. He scans the street, points to a RUN-DOWN HOUSE with a RUSTED OUT JEEP parked in the driveway --

SHEPHARD
That's it -- that's the one. Pull in!

ANA LUCIA
This is what I'm protecting you from? The suburbs?

SHEPHARD
Just stay here.

ANA LUCIA
(pissed)
Should I keep the meter running?

But Christian's out of the car, SLAMMING the door, and heading up the front walk. He's INSTANTLY SOAKED.

WE STAY IN THE CAR WITH ANA LUCIA, WINDSHIELD WIPERS GOING -- watching from HER POV as --

CHRISTIAN RINGS THE BELL AND KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. A man on a mission...

Finally, a light comes on. Then the door opens, revealing LINDSEY, an attractive but weathered blonde in her FORTIES.

She's surprised to see Christian and not very happy about it.

Christian -- DRUNK AND IMPASSIONED -- tries to explain something to her -- and from the looks of it, it's something that's been weighing on his mind for a long time.

Whatever the explanation, it ain't working. Lindsey starts to CRY, cinches her robe tighter, and SHAKES HER HEAD, NO.

Christian starts to YELL in frustration, his voice RISING TO A LEVEL where Ana Lucia can NOW HEAR --

SHEPHARD
Tell me where she is --!!

LINDSEY
-- Go home, Christian.
You're drunk!

SHEPHARD
She's my daughter. I have a right to see her!

LINDSEY
-- You don't have any rights.
Get OUT!

Lindsey tries to SLAM THE DOOR CLOSED, but Christian sticks his foot in it. She pushes hard against the door, and Christian APPLIES A SHOULDER AND -- BLAM! -- IT BASHES OPEN! That's enough for Ana Lucia --

22 EXT. LINDSEY'S HOUSE - SYDNEY - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

22

She's out of the car and rushing for the house as --

Christian tries to PUSH IN PAST Lindsey, but she HOLDS HER GROUND, GRABS HIM -- PUSHING -- SCREAMING --

LINDSEY
GET -- GET OUT OF MY HOUSE --

SHEPHARD
-- This is MY house! I pay your mortgage! Let me --

Christian GRABS Lindsey, TRIES TO MOVE HER. SHE SCREAMS --

Ana Lucia rolls up and pops Christian with a forearm to the side of the head -- STOPS HIM -- grabs him in AN ARM BAR.

SHEPHARD
OW!! What (the fuck) are you
doing?! Let go of me!

Lindsey clearly has no idea who this WOMAN is who has come to her aid, but she doesn't really care. SHOUTS at Shephard --

LINDSEY
DON'T EVER COME BACK HERE!

Ana Lucia's got control of him. This is cop 101. She uses her arm bar leverage to turn Christian around --

ANA LUCIA
It's okay. We're leaving...

LINDSEY
You get him away from me! He's
poison. He's poison!

That sentiment LANDS on Ana Lucia as she marches Christian across the LAWN, both of them getting DRENCHED in the rain --

SHEPHARD
Let me GO. I was just having a
conversation --

ANA LUCIA
Your conversation's (fucking) over.

SHEPHARD
You work for me!

She TORQUES his arm harder, gets him to the car --

ANA LUCIA
Shut up.

She opens the CAR DOOR and shoves him inside. Gives one last look back to the house --

And as Ana Lucia locks eyes with Lindsey, a MOMENT. And as Lindsey shakes her head, a sense of PITY from this complete stranger... Pity that Ana is now saddled with the same man she clearly fucking HATES...

23 EXT. BEACH - PANTRY - DAY

23

CLOSE ON A STICK OF DHARMA INITIATIVE SALAMI. WIDEN TO REVEAL Hurley, tossing it into his backpack.

He's at the COMMUNAL PANTRY, going through the shelves of food, loading up. DHARMA CHEDDAR SPREAD, DHARMA SALTINES, DHARMA OLIVES... he stuffs 'em all in when he hears --

LIBBY (O.S.)
Hey there, how's it going?

Hurley freezes, deer in headlights. Turns around with a guilty look to see -- Libby.

HURLEY
Uh... it's not what it looks like.

Libby eyes the bag of goodies. Looks back at Hurley --

LIBBY
And what does it look like?

HURLEY
It looks like... stuff... that
it's... not?
(beat)
Man, I'm so busted.

LIBBY
Hurley, I'm not here to tell you
how to act around food.

HURLEY
No, I'm not busted for that, I'm
busted for... something... else.

Fuck. He didn't want to have to ruin what he was planning but, now he has no choice --

HURLEY (CONT'D)
I was packing for a picnic. And I
was kinda hoping... you'd go with
me... as, like, an... us thing.
But it was a... uh... surprise.

LIBBY
Really?

Hurley blushes, nods sheepishly.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
That's so sweet.

HURLEY
So do you, like, wanna go?

LIBBY
Where to?

HURLEY
Can that part still be a surprise?

Libby grins at him. Genuinely excited. And she NODS. And
OFF HURLEY'S DELIGHTED SMILE --

24 INT. HATCH - KITCHEN - DAY

24

Jack's at the SINK washing his INSTRUMENT TRAY. Locke's
tightening the screws on the CRUTCH he used to clobber Henry.
They are NOT TALKING, THEN --

ANA LUCIA (O.S.)
Hey. You're back.

Jack looks up to see Ana Lucia entering the LIVING SPACE.

JACK
Hey.

She looks at him. Then --

ANA LUCIA
So the Others... They didn't show
up?

JACK
Nope.
(then)
But Michael's back.

ANA LUCIA
(surprised)
What -- ? When did he...?

But Jack's clocked the WOUND on the side of her head --

JACK
What happened to you?

Ana Lucia's hand goes to the WOUND. Fuck. This is gonna
take some explaining and she sure as shit doesn't wanna do
it. But before she opens her mouth --

LOCKE (O.S.)
It's my fault.

Both Jack and Ana Lucia turn to see Locke, calmly sketching his "map" as he sits in the NOOK --

LOCKE (CONT'D)
I must've left the tap on in the
bathroom sink, it flooded over.
Ana wiped out, banged her head on
the counter.
(to Ana)
Again -- I'm sorry about that.

A moment ON LOCKE -- long enough to realize that he knows what might happen to Henry if his attempted murder came to light. And that he ain't done TALKING to him.

Ana Lucia is SURPRISED he covered her, but grateful, too.

ANA LUCIA
Yeah. Don't worry about it.

And Jack? He's NOT sure what the fuck is going on, but why the hell would they lie about it? And that's EXACTLY when --

KATE (O.S.)
JACK!

And as all three heads turn towards the sound of Kate's voice. Towards the BEDROOM --

25 INT. HATCH - BEDROOM AREA - DAY

25

CLOSE ON KATE, nervous and excited as she leans by Michael's side. His eyes are FLUTTERING --

KATE
I think he's waking up...

Locke and Ana Lucia enter behind Jack who moves to the bed -- kneels, gently puts his hand on Michael's shoulder.

JACK
Hey, Michael? Michael?

MICHAEL
Jack...?

Jack smiles as he exchanges a look with Kate, RELIEVED --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Man... where... how did I...?

JACK
Try to take it easy, okay? You're
back in the hatch -- we found you
in the jungle last night.

MICHAEL
My head... How long've I -- ?

LOCKE
You were gone twelve days.

Michael looks over at Locke. A MOMENT. For those of us who
have forgotten, Michael SMASHED Locke over the head before he
ran off. Nods a somewhat shamed greeting --

MICHAEL
Hey, John.

LOCKE
(nods back)
Welcome back.

Michael GRUNTS as he pulls himself into a sitting position.
Takes the bottle of water Kate offers him. ON ANA as she
watches him gulp it down. And the minute he's finished --

MICHAEL
I found them.

Okay. SHIT. None of our folks need to ask who "them" is.
And we let that play because what Michael's about to say?
Well, we've been waiting for ANY fucking information about
these bastards for the better part of two seasons now.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
After I left... I hiked north.
(looks to Ana Lucia)
Back to where we were. I dug
myself a hide-out -- waited there
for five days, but nobody came. So
I left. Hiked to the beach and
started following the shore.
(beat)
Day later, I saw one.

ON LOCKE. Mega fucking ENGAGED --

LOCKE
What did he... look like?

MICHAEL

Dirty. Worn out clothing. No shoes. Simple. Just like the rest of them.

JACK

The rest of them?

MICHAEL

(intense)

Yeah. His people. The "Others."
I followed him back to his camp.

Ana Lucia and Jack share a look. CHRIST -- Michael found where the OTHERS FUCKING LIVE.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

They live in tents. Canvas tents and... tee-pees. They eat... dried fish -- they're worse off than we are.

ON OUR GROUP. Not what they were expecting at fucking ALL.

LOCKE

No buildings? No structures?

Michael shakes his head. NOPE.

KATE

How many of them are there?

MICHAEL

I counted twenty-two.

JACK

The boat that -- ?

MICHAEL

-- Didn't see it.

JACK

Did you... see Walt?

A MOMENT. ON MICHAEL. Emotional.

MICHAEL

No.

(then; confident)

But I know he's there.

ANA LUCIA

What about everyone else they took?
Cindy? Did you see any other kids?

MICHAEL

No. No kids. But I think they're
in the same place as my boy.

ON EVERYONE. Speechless. Just letting Michael talk now --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

They have a hatch.

As that lands --

JACK

How do you know they -- ?

MICHAEL

There's a set of metal doors
leading into the ground. What else
would it be?

JACK

And you think the kids are inside?

MICHAEL

(nods)

They keep it guarded 24/7. Two
guards... two guns. And two guns
is all I saw.

(temper rising)

They're barely armed. They're old.
And half of 'em are women. Even
so, I couldn't... I wanted to --

Michael gets choked up -- A RISING FRUSTRATION --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I couldn't save him. So I came
back to tell you.

(looks up; eyes burning)

To tell you that we can take them.

ON JACK, activated on a NEW LEVEL. Holy shit -- IT'S ON.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Soon as I get my strength back. I
will take us back there.

(fierce determination)

And we're gonna get my son back.

The clarity and undeniably of this mission lands on them all.
ON LOCKE. ON KATE AND JACK, sharing a look. AND FINALLY --
OFF ANA LUCIA. They are ALL AMPED and READY TO GO --

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

26 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

26

Getting DARK now. Hurley holds back a tree branch to let Libby through to a small clearing --

HURLEY

Watch your head -- almost there...

Libby ducks and makes her way under. Stops to look around --

LIBBY

You ever watch "The Flintstones"?

HURLEY

Sure -- I used to watch it all the time in the hospital...

OOPS. Hurley stammers, the worst job of covering ever --

HURLEY (CONT'D)

When I... broke my, uh... hip.

And for obvious reasons, Libby lets him off the hook. Smiles as they walk on --

LIBBY

Well, did you ever notice how Fred would run by the same thing over and over again?

(points)

Third time past that tree.

HURLEY

That's a... different tree.

LIBBY

It's okay if you're lost --

HURLEY

-- I'm not lost, dude. Trust me -- we're about to walk right out onto the beach and...!

Sure enough, they emerge onto SAND. Hurley turns, HUGE GRIN.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Surprise!

Libby looks around, shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

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LIBBY
Hurley, this is our beach.
(points to the shallows)
There's Jin.

And sure enough, JIN is there cleaning a FISH. He sees them and offers a friendly wave. HURLEY'S FACE FALLS --

LIBBY (CONT'D)
(smiles; optimistically)
Hey -- why not have a picnic right here? Here, give me the blankets.

HURLEY
Blankets?

LIBBY
You don't have blankets.
(okay; then...)
How about drinks?

Hurley turns red. Forgot that, too. Libby smiles reassuringly --

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Tell you what -- I'll handle the blankets and you track down Rose and Bernard. I saw them pull some wine from the pallet.

Hurley even MORE red now. This sounds like a DATE.

HURLEY
Oh. Wine. Uh... groovy.
(smiles goofily)
Hey, maybe if I get drunk enough I'll be able to remember where I know you from.

UH-FUCKING-OH. ON LIBBY, her smile fades ever so slightly because WE know where he knows her from.

But then? She SMILES. And it's GENUINE. The sense that maybe it's time to come clean. Hell -- she LIKES him.

LIBBY
Yeah. Okay.

Libby turns to go, but before she gets too far --

HURLEY

Hey, Libby!
(she turns)
If you, uh -- wanted to call me
Hugo, that'd be cool.

LIBBY

You got it, Hugo.

A big SMILE as she turns back and heads off, we linger on HURLEY. Smiling WIDER than he's ever smiled before --

27 INT. HATCH - GEODOME - DAY

27

Locke sits at the computer working on his MAP as Jack enters. And there's something about Jack right now... He is actually PENSIVE. Awkward. He's got something to say and now he just fucking says it --

JACK

You were right.

LOCKE

Right about what?

JACK

About Henry.

Locke looks UP. Whoa. This is fucking big.

JACK (CONT'D)

What you and Sayid did to him when
you first found him... You were...
right. I never should've...

(beat; owning it)

I don't like how you did it, but I
shouldn't have got in your way.

And that's about as close to SORRY as Jack Shephard ever gets.

LOCKE

You did what you thought was right
at the time you thought it, Jack.

Jack NODS, relieved that Locke is being so chill. And then --

LOCKE (CONT'D)

But I hope the next time you decide
to do something, you include me.

(beat; pointed)

And something tells me that's gonna
be soon.

THERE IT IS. Fun time over. Locke and Jack are, at least for the next two minutes, BACK IN BUSINESS together. Jack gets off the couch, IMPASSIONED NOW --

JACK
You heard what Michael said? We can take them.

LOCKE
(devil's advocate)
Our friend with the beard told us not to cross the "line."

JACK
These people are liars, John -- why the hell should we take their word for anything?

A beat as Locke looks across the hatch to the ARMORY DOOR. And the man fucking BEHIND it. And then --

LOCKE
I couldn't agree more.

ON LOCKE, fierce DETERMINATION twinkling in his eyes --

LOCKE (CONT'D)
So... now what?

28 INT. HATCH - LIVING AREA - DAY

28

ON KATE as she fills a bottle of water at the sink. Feels something weird. Looks up to find Ana Lucia leaning against the nook. And she's just... STARING at her.

KATE
What?

ANA LUCIA
Nothin'...
(then; points)
It's just -- that's my shirt.

Uh... what? Kate looks down at the shirt she's wearing, instantly self-conscious --

KATE
Oh. I... found it in the luggage.

ANA LUCIA
Looks good on you. You keep it.

(Producer's note: And before we get busted on this, the prior scene where we played this gag was cut from that show.) Ana Lucia SMILES at the absurdity of the situation. And now Kate smiles BACK. Wow, could they actually be bonding?

That's when Jack and Locke enter -- and you can feel the TENSION -- they're READY TO MOVE -- PACKS ON THEIR SHOULDERS.

KATE
Where are you going...?

LOCKE
To get our guns back from Sawyer.

JACK
(to Kate)
And we're gonna need you to help...
convince him.

ON KATE as she mulls the CONNOTATIONS of this. Then --

KATE
Who's gonna take care of Michael?

Ana Lucia saves them from the decision --

ANA LUCIA
I'll stay. You guys go ahead.
Give Sawyer my best.

JACK
You sure?

She NODS. Yeah -- she's fucking SURE.

JACK (CONT'D)
Thanks. We'll be back soon.

Now Kate grabs HER pack, and the three of them exit out. And as soon as they're gone... we PUSH IN ON ANA LUCIA, as she TURNS TO LOOK TOWARD THE ARMORY DOOR --

29 INT. CAR - DRIVING - EARLY MORNING - **FLASHBACK**

29

Ana Lucia's behind the wheel. Quiet.

Next to her, Shephard, dishevelled from their TOUSLE on the front lawn, tips his mini-bottle all the way back, draining the very last drop into his throat. He reaches out to the car radio --

SHEPHARD

We need some damn music in here.

Shephard finds something mournful and bluesy. The two drive on silently for a few beats. Then --

ANA LUCIA

Who was she?

SHEPHARD

Who was who?

ANA LUCIA

("don't play around")
That woman.

SHEPHARD

She? Is a very long story, Sarah.

ANA LUCIA

My name's Ana Lucia.

Shephard acknowledges that Ana no longer wants to play his game. A beat. And then --

SHEPHARD

Well, I'm still "Tom."

She shakes her head, getting pretty SICK of this --

ANA LUCIA

You're pathetic is what you are.

SHEPHARD

You bet your sweet ass I am.

He reaches over to CRANK up the radio, but Ana's had ENOUGH -- FRUSTRATED -- she CRANKS THE WHEEL -- SCREEEEECH -- PULLS OVER TO THE CURB, SLAMS it into PARK -- TURNS ON Shephard --

ANA LUCIA

What the hell are we -- ? Why are you here, man?

SHEPHARD

Why are you here?

ON ANA. Shit. Well, that's a GOOD FUCKING QUESTION.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

Because I know exactly why I'm here.

(MORE)

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

I'm here because I can't apologize to my son. He tried to help me and I... I thanked him by cutting him off. By hating him.

(beat; pointed)

Your turn, Ana...

OUCH. Ana feels like she's been SLAPPED.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

You fly halfway around the world with a stranger at the drop of a hat and I'm "pathetic"?

ANA LUCIA

You said you needed someone to protect you! Not just sit around and watch you (fucking) drink!

A beat. Shephard looks at her. And here's that terrible part of him we've seen in the past. That MEAN part.

SHEPHARD

You came here for the same reason I did, kiddo. You ran away.

That's pretty much a verbal KNOCKOUT PUNCH. Ana Lucia looks away, pissed and sad that this fucker is right.

A BEAT, then Shephard suddenly SMILES as he CLOCKS SOMETHING ACROSS THE STREET.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

Well. Look where fate's delivered us this time...

Ana follows his eyes. There, across the street, a BAR -- "THE LAST CALL." Shephard offers a sad smile.

ANA LUCIA

It's five-thirty in the morning!

SHEPHARD

Good, we won't have to fight the crowds. Let's go have a drink or ten and be pathetic together. C'mon...

Ana Lucia looks at him -- a mixture of PITY and ANGER. And her answer JUST COMES OUT --

ANA LUCIA

No...

She's having herself an EPIPHANY HERE. A moment of CLARITY where she SEES that SHEPARD is MERELY HERSELF four steps down the road. More FORCEFUL now --

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)

No.

SHEPHARD

If that's your call...

He seems disappointed, but turns the DOOR HANDLE to leave. As it swings open -- SLAM -- it CRASHES into a PEDESTRIAN --

PEDESTRIAN (O.S.)

Hey, I'm walking here!

And the fucking voice is damn familiar. HOLY FUCKING SHIT -- we're on HIS BACK BUT WE SEE ENOUGH OF HIM TO KNOW THAT IT'S FUCKING SAWYER HEADING INTO THAT BAR!

Ana Lucia turns back towards Shephard as he gets out --

ANA LUCIA

Wait...

Because her gut is telling her that if she lets this guy go in that bar something fucking terrible is going to happen. And we know she's right, because after Christian Shephard has a heart-to-heart with Sawyer in that bar, he is going to die in the fucking alley behind it.

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)

Don't. You don't have to -- let's just get the hell out of Sydney.

(beat; emotional)

Let's just go... back.

Shephard looks at her. Then, softly BECAUSE IT'S SO FUCKING HARD FOR HIM TO SAY --

SHEPHARD

I can't ever go back.

(then)

See ya, kiddo.

And with that, Christian Shephard gets out of the car. And WALKS OFF, across the street. And into that bar, like a man to the gallows. And OFF ANA LUCIA as she watches him go...

30 EXT. BEACH - DAY

30

ON A MANUSCRIPT. WE READ THE TITLE, "BAD TWIN." WIDENING to find it in the hands of Sawyer in front of his CAMPFIRE. Totally ENGROSSED --

JACK (O.S.)

Sawyer.

Sawyer barely looks up as Kate, Jack and Locke (on crutches) approach his tent. Just turns the page --

JACK (CONT'D)

Put the book down.

SAWYER

It ain't a book, it's a manuscript, and I'm gonna be the first and only guy to find out who-done-it.

(turns another page)

I think I might've figured it out, so just cool your damn jets and take a walk around the coconut trees. Only got ten pages to go.

JACK

You wanna figure it out?

But Jack's jets ain't gonna cool, so he GRABS THE MANUSCRIPT, RIPS OUT the last several PAGES and THROWS THEM IN THE FIRE.

SAWYER

HEY!

He leaps up, GRABS a stick -- KNOCKS the flaming pages out of the fire -- STOMPS THEM OUT. Takes a knee to find that the pages are half ASH.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

What the hell d'you do that for?

JACK

Time to give us the guns back.

SAWYER

(are you fucking KIDDING?)

You burn the ending of my book and now you want me to --

LOCKE

Where are they, James?

(CONTINUED)

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SAWYER
You to, Brutus?

KATE
Just... take us there, Sawyer.
Okay? Stop playing around --

SAWYER
(to Jack)
What? You brought her along for
the sympathy vote? Well she ain't
in my head, Doc, so go screw.

Ow. ON KATE, uncomfortable that Sawyer has crossed into this
territory. Jack deals with it another way -- pulls out HIS
fucking gun, sticks it in Sawyer's face --

JACK
Take us to the guns. Right now.

Now Sawyer has a moment of realization. He doesn't have his
fucking gun! He forgot about it. He involuntarily reaches
anyway for the back of his waistband, like you'd check for
your missing wallet. Nothing! Double fuck.

SAWYER
That bitch. She stole my damn gun.
(off Jack's look)
Ana Lucia.

JACK
How'd she do that?

Sawyer's not about to tell Jack that --

SAWYER
Sonofabitch!

JACK
What does she need a gun for?

Locke knows why: to get fucking revenge. He realizes he
might have seriously fucked up.

LOCKE
Jack. I need to tell you
something.

CLOSE ON THE GUN. Sticking out of the back of Ana's jeans.

31 CONTINUED:

47.

31

She pulls it out. Slips out the cartridge, checks the load. Uses the back of her hand to wipe the beads of sweat off her forehead. Blinks. Then SMASHES it back in.

32 INT. HATCH - ARMORY - DAY

32

SWOOSH. The door slides open. Ana Lucia reaches into her pocket, pulls out her KA-BAR and SLIDES IT ACROSS THE ROOM. PAN OVER as the KNIFE SKIDS ACROSS THE FLOOR and LANDS AT HENRY'S FEET. He looks up to Ana Lucia questioningly --

ANA LUCIA

Pick it up and cut yourself loose.

HENRY

What?

ANA LUCIA

Just do it.

HENRY

Why?

Ana Lucia ain't about to EXPLAIN the situation to him --

ANA LUCIA

You know why.

Her tone is dead fucking serious. Henry picks up the knife with his BOUND HANDS. HIS EYES WIDEN with recognition --

HENRY

I remember this knife.

(beat)

The woman you took it from? The woman you murdered. Her name was Jennifer.

Ana Lucia looks at him knowing damn well she got that knife off the body of the WOMAN SHE KILLED WITH A ROCK.

Henry starts to CUT THROUGH HIS ROPES, shakes his head --

HENRY (CONT'D)

He kept saying you were "misunderstood."

ANA LUCIA

What're you talking -- ?

HENRY

Goodwin.

(CONTINUED)

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Henry knows she's captivated -- milks it for all it's worth --

HENRY (CONT'D)

Yes. He told us all about you,
Ana. He thought you were worthy,
that he could change you.

(off Ana Lucia)

But he was wrong.

(goes back to cutting)

And it cost him his life.

ANA LUCIA

(shaken)

He... he was gonna kill me.

Henry looks up to her, his eyes as innocent as a lamb's --

HENRY

Was he?

Ana Lucia blinks. Because she's asked herself that same question over and over again. But this is not a woman who psychoanalyzes herself. No. She fucking TAKES ACTION.

ANA LUCIA

You finished?

ON HENRY as he lifts up his hands, now free from the ropes. Opens them in a gesture of surrender.

HENRY

Yes, Ana. I'm finished.

And now, she reaches around to the back of her jeans. And removes her gun. Holds it at her side. Henry looks at her with a sense of acceptance. Completely FEARLESS.

HENRY (CONT'D)

So this is it, huh?

ANA LUCIA

Yeah, Henry. This is it.

AND AS ANA LUCIA RAISES HER GUN, POINTS IT RIGHT AT HENRY'S FUCKING HEAD --

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

33 INT. SYDNEY AIRPORT - TICKET COUNTER - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 33

We're in the SYDNEY AIRPORT.

And here's Jack. Wearing the very same SUIT we saw him wearing in the PILOT. He stands at the OCEANIC CUSTOMER SERVICE COUNTER. And he is fucking losing it.

JACK

What do you mean you won't put it on the plane.

That's right, folks. We are back in the scene where Jack is screaming at the TICKET AGENT to get his FATHER'S CASKET on the PLANE. Jin waits in line behind Jack; SUN in the b.g. deciding whether or not to leave Jin. We stay ON JACK --

JACK (CONT'D)

I want you to listen to me, okay?
Because I am asking you a favor...
(reads her name-tag)
"Chrissy?" I am standing in front of you wearing the same suit I'm wearing to my father's funeral and I'm asking you a favor.

And now we PAN the CROWD, the CAMERA SEARCHING, SEARCHING... until it LANDS ON -- ANA LUCIA.

She's watching Jack, listening to him. And even though we knew she overheard the conversation, now we get to SEE HER WATCH IT. AND JACK IS FUCKING YELLING NOW --

JACK (CONT'D)

And I need that coffin to clear customs because there is going to be a hearse waiting there. And that hearse needs to take me and that coffin to the cemetery. Why, Chrissy? Why can't I just land and bring him to a funeral home and make all the arrangements there? Why can't I really take my time with it? Because I need it to be done. I need it to be over.

And of course, she has nary a fucking idea that the man in that coffin is her friend, "Tom."

But still, Ana Lucia can understand. Her features soften. We see the sympathy in her eyes as she watches Jack.

(CONTINUED)

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Suddenly, Ana Lucia pulls out her CELL PHONE and DIALS. She brings the phone to her ear, WE HEAR RINGING ON THE OTHER END, THEN --

ANSWERING MACHINE
This is Captain Teresa Cortez,
please leave a message.

Ana Lucia is calling her mother.

But she doesn't leave a message. With a conflicted look on her face, she simply HANGS UP --

UPCUT TO:

34 INT. SYDNEY AIRPORT - BAR - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 34

Jack's at the bar nursing a cocktail. Ana Lucia sits down next to him --

ANA LUCIA
Tequila and tonic with a wedge of
lemon.

Yes. We're back in that scene. The scene where Jack and Ana Lucia met for the first time. ONLY THIS TIME -- WE KNOW EVERYTHING.

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)
Why were you yelling?

ON JACK -- Is she talking to him?

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)
The girl at the check-in counter.
You were yelling at her.

Jack turns, not quite ready for this invasion of privacy --

JACK
I'm sorry -- do I know you?

The Woman smiles, undaunted.

ANA LUCIA
I'm on your flight. L. A.?
(sips her drink; then)
So your dad died, huh?

AND WE FUCKING CRINGE, because we know even what they do not: Ana Lucia came to Australia with Christian Shephard and met him in a bar just like she's meeting Jack.

We also know Ana Lucia now. And as the scene plays out, we recognize that this tough-guy-bravado covers a sad and hurt and lonely woman. So we play the scene out in full, because it's a different scene, now that we know what lies beneath.

And she SMILES, actually cracking Jack's veneer.

JACK
Yeah, my dad died.

ANA LUCIA
How?

JACK
(hesitates; then)
Heart attack.

Jack lifts his cocktail to his lips, takes a healthy GULP... but he makes a FACE as it goes down.

ANA LUCIA
Not a drinker, huh?

JACK
(owning it)
No. No, not really.

She downs the rest of her drink and gives Jack the once over.

JACK (CONT'D)
So what's your name.

ANA LUCIA
Ana Lucia.

JACK
So tell me, Ana Lucia, why're you drinking tequila and tonics at ten 'til noon?

ANA LUCIA
I hate flying. And they stuck me in the back of the plane where the wheels come down right under your damn feet. So where are you sitting?

Jack takes out his ticket. Checks it --

JACK
23B.

ANA LUCIA

42F.
(smiles)
Wanna trade?

Jack smiles back -- but before he can answer, her phone RINGS. Ana Lucia checks the caller ID, FLIPS IT OPEN --

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)
(into phone;)
Hey... Yeah, I'm in Sydney...
Hold on.

She sups the phone.

ANA LUCIA JACK
Sorry -- -- Jack.

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)
Jack... I gotta talk. We'll have
the next drink on the plane, okay?

JACK
42F.

ANA LUCIA
42F, right.

She smiles, touches his arm. ON Jack, fully fucking intrigued. And right before she turns away --

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)
And Jack? Worst part's over.

And now we know that maybe, just maybe, she means that for herself, too. So Jack smiles and then we go where we've never gone before: WE FOLLOW ANA LUCIA OUT OF THE BAR.

35 INT. SYDNEY AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 35

Now, entering the terminal, Ana Lucia's smile fades and her face fucking falls as she stops, brings the phone to her ear.

ANA LUCIA
Hi, mom. No, I didn't leave a
message... Yeah, that's right,
Australia.

Ana Lucia's mystery call WAS HER MOTHER. And now, we hear her MOTHER'S VOICE on the other end of the phone --

CORTEZ

Why are you in Australia?

No fucking easy answer to that question --

ANA LUCIA

I don't know... I... uhm...

And now we start to PUSH IN, TIGHTER AND TIGHTER ON ANA LUCIA as all of her efforts at holding it together crumble beneath the weight of her pain and the sound of her mother's voice. Her mouth quivers, her eyes fill with floods of tears --

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)

...I did something bad...

A LONG BEAT, THEN she chokes out --

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)

...You knew... and I got as far away from you as I could, but now... I wanna come home, Mom.

It's a child's plea for help and her mother hears it. A beat, then --

CORTEZ

So come home.

ANA LUCIA

I'm at the airport right now...
I'm on Oceanic Flight 815...

CORTEZ

I'll be there when you land,
querida.

ON ANA LUCIA, still crying but now, her face floods with relief, and something altogether new to her... HOPE.

36 INT. HATCH - LIVING AREA - DAY

36

CLOSE ON A GUN. THE gun. And it's SHAKING. PANNING UP TO FIND IT IN THE HAND OF --

Ana Lucia. She sits on the couch, eyes down. Holds the gun against her thigh. And we see now why it's shaking --

It's because SHE'S fucking shaking.

And since the last time we saw her was in the armory pointing that gun at Henry's fucking HEAD, we have a good idea why.

(CONTINUED)

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VOICE (O.S.)
Where is everybody?

Ana Lucia instantly stiffens, turns to see Michael. Wobbly, but on his feet. Still looking like hell. Ana becomes self-conscious, tries to play cool. Tries.

ANA LUCIA
Whatever you said got 'em worked up. They went to get all the guns from Sawyer.

MICHAEL
(processes this; then)
Sawyer. Has all the guns.

ANA LUCIA
Long story.

Michael shakes his head. Limpes over. Settles down on the couch next to her. Nods to the gun in her hand --

MICHAEL
At least he didn't get that one.

ANA LUCIA
Yeah.
(then)
Too bad I can't (fucking) use it.

Ana Lucia looks up at Michael... a mixture of anger, vulnerability and SELF-FUCKING-DISGUST.

MICHAEL
Use it on what?

Ana nods towards the ARMORY DOOR. We see now it is still tightly CLOSED. Yeah. Henry is still ALIVE AND WELL.

ANA LUCIA
We caught one. One of them. The Others. Got him locked up in there.

ON MICHAEL as he turns to look at the door. And SOMETHING in his eyes -- maybe DISBELIEF -- or maybe the idea that he is THIS close to one of those FUCKERS.

MICHAEL
How long has he -- ?

ANA LUCIA
-- Over a week

MICHAEL

And you're... taking care of him?
Feeding him.

ANA LUCIA

Yeah. I've been... I --
(then; looks away)
He tried to kill me today. I saw
it in his eyes. He wanted me dead.

Michael turns back to her. Speechless. Ana takes a breath.
STRUGGLING with this. Continues --

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)

So I wanted him dead. Because
people like that... They -- they
should be...

And now, the TEARS are starting to come. She hates it.
HATES it. But she can't fucking HELP it, either.

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)

He called me a killer... but I
can't... I can't do it... I can't
even kill him...
(losing it)
I couldn't do it -- I... I looked
down at him and he...

And Ana Lucia looks up at Michael, laid completely bare. In
this moment. To this relative STRANGER. She just says it --

ANA LUCIA (CONT'D)

I can't do it anymore.

Michael just looks at her. Not without empathy... but there
is a HARDNESS here now. Something he brought back with him
from the jungle. A long. Long. BEAT. Then finally --

MICHAEL

Then let me do it.

Oh. Shit. Fuck. WOW.

Ana Lucia BLINKS. Just as surprised as we are. Michael
moves closer to her. His OWN eyes watering now --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

They're animals. I've... seen
these people and they're animals.
(anger rising)
They took my son.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Right out of my hands. They took him and they...

(stops himself; measured)

I'll do it. Give me the gun and I'll kill him.

(finally; chilling)

Because that's what they'd do.

ON ANA LUCIA. TORN. But knowing Michael is right. And knowing of all the people on the island, no one more than him has more REASON to fucking do it.

So Michael puts out his hand.

And after a long beat -- a long moment of DECISION -- Ana Lucia slowly hands him the fucking gun. Jesus.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What's the combination?

ANA LUCIA

Eighteen to the right. One to the left. Thirty-one to the right.

BACK ON MICHAEL -- And his expression changes -- as if he's in great EMOTIONAL PAIN that he can't restrain anymore. A single TEAR slips down his cheek. And then, very, very softly, he says --

MICHAEL

I'm sorry.

ANA LUCIA

(confused)

For what?

Michael abruptly STANDS. Points the gun at Ana Lucia.

BLAM.

He shoots her. POINT BLANK.

And Ana's eyes barely register surprise as she slides off the couch. SLUMPS into a seated position.

She looks up at Michael, still pointing the gun at her as she opens her mouth -- but it's not drawn out. No. Because a moment later, her body just... goes SLACK.

Her eyes stay open, but the lights are out.

Ana Lucia Cortez is dead.

VOICE (O.S.)
(confused)
Michael -- ?

BLAM! BLAM!

And Michael is fucking SHOOTING before he even sees what he's shooting at -- INSTINCT now as he WHIPS AROUND towards the sound of that voice and REVEAL --

LIBBY.

SHOCKED. HOLDING THE BLANKETS SHE WAS GETTING FOR HER PICNIC WITH HURLEY. A BLACKENED HOLE now permeates in the center of those blankets as Libby's knees fucking BUCKLE --

She hits the ground like a back of rocks. Over. DONE.

Oh sweet fucking CHRIST.

TIME STOPS. ON MICHAEL. FREAKING OUT. SWEATING. BLINKING. HIS GUN HAND FUCKING TREMBLING. FROZEN.

And then he BREAKS it. Pulls his eyes away from the dead women as he TURNS -- INTENSE -- walks over to the ARMORY --

GIACCHINO MUSIC starts to POUND now as his SHAKING HAND spins the COMBINATION DIAL -- eighteen to the right -- one to the left -- thirty-one to the right. HE PULLS DOWN THE HANDLE --

37 INT. HATCH - ARMORY - CONTINUOUS

37

THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN. DARK IN HERE, Michael, the gun at his side, BACKLIT by the living area behind him as we REVEAL...

Henry. Sitting in the corner. Untied.

And considering he just heard three gunshots and a STRANGE MAN is now standing in the doorway of his "cell," the look on Henry's face is not one of FEAR...

It is one of ACCEPTANCE.

He stands up. Faces Michael.

And Michael looks at him. ANOTHER tear slides down his face as he raises the gun...

And turns it on HIMSELF -- PUSHING IT AGAINST HIS COLLARBONE.

37 CONTINUED:

58.

37

BLAM.

SMASH TO BLACK:

HOLD ON BLACK FOR THREE FULL SECONDS, THEN --

FADE UP:

38 EXT. BEACH - DUSK

38

A static frame. WIDE. Beautiful. Pastoral. It's a beautiful night. A warm breeze ripples the PALMS.

Hurley sits on the sand. The picnic basket. A bottle of WINE next to him.

Just holding this frame. Holding on Hurley. Waiting.

And although our heart is already aching for him, let's allow the guy one final moment of PEACE...

Before it all goes to fucking shit.

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW