

"Still Lost" - The *Virtual* 7th Season

LOST

"Leap of Faith"

Episode 7.05

by
Tony Eichberger

Tony Eichberger
(818) 736-7126
Tony.Robert.Eichberger@gmail.com

LOST
"Leap of Faith"

TEASER

AN EYE OPENS

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY - **FLASHBACK (APRIL 15, 2023)**

CASSIDY PHILLIPS -- now at the age of 57 -- rests against her seat, headphones in her ears. She clicks on the PMP.

The song "EXTRAORDINARY" by Liz Phair begins to play. Cassidy surveys the passengers seated around her.

Nothing out of the ordinary. Some PASSENGERS chat, others lie back against their seats.

The chest of a female FLIGHT ATTENDANT appears next to Cassidy, a beverage cart being pushed down the aisle. We cannot see the flight attendant's face. A colorful logo for "LANCELOT AIR" is stitched on her blouse.

The flight attendant's fingers tap Cassidy's wrist. Cassidy's hands reach toward her ears, remove the headphones as the MUSIC FADES.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)
More orange juice, ma'am?

Cassidy's hand clutches the cup of ice on her tray. She grips the plastic, gives it a shake. Then, looks up from her seat.

CASSIDY
No... but thanks for asking. It was good.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Awesome.

The flight attendant pushes the cart farther down the aisle -- we still don't see her face.

Cassidy sighs, glances over at her seatmate... A WOMAN with long, jet black hair. Cassidy's neighbor sleeps soundly, her face turned toward the window.

A tear slips down Cassidy's eye.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Excuse me! Sir? You need to have your seat belt fastened!

The plane suddenly hits a BUMP. Cassidy reacts, as OTHER PASSENGERS GASP. Over the intercom:

PILOT (V.O.)
Attention, passengers. This is your captain speaking. We seem to have encountered a bit of turbulence, nothing to worry --

The cabin interior SHAKES again. More SHRIEKS. Cassidy turns to her sleeping neighbor.

CASSIDY
Is this normal?

Cassidy's seatmate mumbles, still resting.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
I've never been a good flier.

PILOT (V.O.)
Everyone please fasten your seat belts. We're approaching --

The SHAKING BECOMES FEROCIOUS. Amid screams, some passengers literally GO TUMBLING into the aisle. Luggage FLIES OUT from the overhead compartments.

Cassidy fastens her seat belt, clutches the seat in front of her. Grits her teeth as a MECHANICAL SOUND RESONATES from outside the trembling plane.

Oxygen masks FALL from above. Passengers struggle to put them over their faces, as the mechanical noise MOANS like a pregnant pterodactyl.

CASSIDY
Son of a bitch!

Cassidy tightens her oxygen mask over her face. She holds on for dear life, as...

The plane's ceiling BEGINS TO TEAR APART like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle in mid-flight. Some people ARE SUCKED INTO THE SKY, while everyone else grasps onto whatever she or he can.

EXT. BEACH - THE ISLAND - SAME

STEVE JENKINS, now in his late-forties, and ADAM, now in his early-sixties, patrol the beach. Both of them tote rifles.

STEVE
Do you hear that?

Adam squints. A FAINT NOISE from overhead -- much like the sound of a rocket spiraling down toward Earth.

ADAM

Look!

Adam points. Steve follows Adam's gaze, up to...

IN THE SKY

A commercial airplane -- bearing the logo of "LANCELOT AIR" -- BREAKS APART in mid-descent. Unlike Oceanic Flight 815, MORE THAN THREE sections from this plane scatter in multiple directions.

Pieces FALL toward the island landscape. CRASHES are heard as the plane disappears beyond the jungle's tree line.

From afar, a BILLOW OF SMOKE arises. Adam and Steve exchange nervous glances.

STEVE

Somebody fell asleep at the wheel.

ADAM

Probably Hurley.

STEVE

We've got to tell --

ADAM

He knows.

Steve unfastens a walkie-talkie from his belt, dials.

STEVE

(into the walkie)
Walt? Walt!

WALT (V.O.)

I know! We're fixing it!

The walkie CUTS OUT. Steve looks at Adam.

STEVE

Let's go!

ADAM

You meet up with whoever he sends.
I'll stay here, keep an eye on things!

Steve bolts from the beach, into the jungle. Adam turns, faces the distant wreckage.

SUB: SIXTEEN MINUTES LATER

EXT. THE ADJACENT BEACH - DAY

Cassidy crawls out from the wreckage. Weathered face, bloody scratches on her face and arms. She scans the beach.

Smoke WAFTS from the plane's wings and engine. Various PASSENGERS scream, run around in a panic, fall to their knees. In the b.g., a SILHOUETTED FIGURE is sucked into a turbine... which promptly EXPLODES.

Cassidy ducks as debris and shrapnel FLY PAST HER. She dives, crawls over to...

A middle-aged AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN. Early-fifties, wearing a torn business suit. Flat on his back -- not breathing. We recognize him as DR. ROB HAMILL, who became Chief of Surgery following Jack's return to St. Sebastian Hospital in 2007.

CASSIDY

Hey! You!

Still dazed, Cassidy slaps Hamill's cheekbones, then takes his pulse. Nothing.

She gives him mouth-to-mouth, then places her hands on his chest. Begins compressions.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Come on! Breathe. Breathe,
dammit! Breathe!

Upon the fifteenth chest compression, Hamill's eyes pop open as he gasps. Cassidy steadies him.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Hold on. You're going to be okay,
I promise.

Hamill coughs. He catches his breath, sits up. Coughs some more. Looks at her with kindly, grateful eyes.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

What's your name?

ROB

Rob... Dr. Rob Hamill.

CASSIDY

Take it easy, Dr. Hamill.
(looks around)

I have a feeling we're going to
need you. Really soon.

Rob takes Cassidy's hand in his. A brief glimmer of relief in their mutual gazes... before they must confront reality.

OFF CASSIDY, who wipes blood from her temples as she stands on both feet.

I'm alive! Thank God, I'm alive... AND AS SHE SURVEYS THE PANDEMONIUM AROUND HER --

SUB: FORTY-TWO MINUTES LATER

EXT. BEACH - DAY - **FLASH FORWARD TO THE PRESENT**

A rifle IS FIRED.

HARPER STANHOPE, at the age of 56, drops dead onto the beach. A canvass bag falls out of her hands, lands on the sand next to Harper. A bloody entry wound pierces her chest.

Cassidy stands there, grips the rifle -- frozen in horror. Shadows MOVE IN around her.

CASSIDY

Don't!

She snaps back to attention, repositions her weapon.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Stay back!

Adam and Steve -- clutching their weapons -- stop dead in their tracks. Both glare at Cassidy, not backing down.

The still-ageless OLIVIA GOODSPEED approaches Cassidy from another direction. CHARLIE HUME, at the age of 19, stands behind her.

OLIVIA

We're not going to hurt you.

CASSIDY

Then why did she just try to smother me?

ZACH, at the age of 26, steps toward Cassidy from her opposite blind spot, gun in hand. She swivels, screams:

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Don't!

OLIVIA

(warning)

Zach.

Cassidy swivels her rifle to and fro, erratic. She tries to threaten all of the Others simultaneously.

CASSIDY

I don't want to shoot again, but I will!

CHARLIE

Please... we're not going to --

Cassidy tightens her grip on the rifle. She studies these mysterious aggressors clad in simple brown threads.

Everyone stands in place. An impasse.

VOICE

Cassidy...

Cassidy turns, sees JILL -- at the age of 62, clothing tattered and torn -- get to her feet amongst their fellow passengers... most of whom still kneel in the wreckage.

CASSIDY

They're trying to hurt us!

JILL

Cassidy, listen to me --

CASSIDY

Who are you? How do you know my name?

Cassidy swings her attention back to the rest of the Others -- all of their eyes lock onto Jill, whose gaze Cassidy returns.

Jill gives Cassidy a sympathetic, heartened expression.

In the b.g., MORE CRASH SURVIVORS perform triage. Just past Jill's shoulder, NINA PUTNAM kneels next to her identical twin, TINA... who lies in the sand, screaming.

JILL

We need to talk, Cassidy.

Cassidy's eyes do another one-eighty, taking in the dead-serious faces of everyone who surrounds her. Her entire upper body begins to shake. She's speechless.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

SUB: EIGHT HOURS EARLIER

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY - **FLASHBACK (LANCELOT FLIGHT 423)**

Cassidy thumbs through a magazine, appears bored. She sighs, then turns her head. To her neighbor, the next seat over:

CASSIDY

So... I guess we've got a long trip ahead of us.

A FAMILIAR VOICE

Longer than you think.

HELEN NORWOOD -- now 65, her long hair dyed jet black -- stares back at Cassidy.

HELEN

My late husband, John... he used to travel to China for business. Always complained how the flights were never-ending.

CASSIDY

Hmm... China. So what kind of business did he do there?

HELEN

He was a CEO. Of a box company. Exciting, huh?

(beat)

He died of a brain aneurysm last year.

CASSIDY

I'm sorry to hear that.

(extends her hand)

My name's Cassidy. Cassidy Phillips.

Helen accepts Cassidy's handshake.

HELEN

Roberta Gulch.

CASSIDY

Nice to meet you, Roberta.

Cassidy holds a knowing stare on Helen, who gives Cassidy a lopsided smirk in return. Over the intercom:

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

This is your captain speaking...
just wanted to let you know we're
three-hundred miles out from Los
Angeles. Altitude is forty-
thousand miles above sea level,
clear skies ahead of us.

HELEN

Yeah, right. They always say that
to make the passengers feel better.

CASSIDY

So, Roberta, where are you from?

HELEN

Lowell, Massachusetts. Home of the
Bay State Marathon.

CASSIDY

Hmm. Never heard of it. I'm from
Albuquerque, myself. So what do
you do for fun in...?

HELEN

Lowell, Massachusetts. There's a
lot, actually. Winterfest. The
Southeast Asian Water Festival.
The Folk Festival. Our annual
Poetry festival.

CASSIDY

You sure love festivals, don't you?

HELEN

Mmm.

Cassidy covers her look of scrutiny with a smile. Helen
meets Cassidy's gaze with a smile of her own, defiant.

CASSIDY

What do you do for work?

HELEN

I'm a nurse in a neurology clinic.
It's how I was able to pick up on
John's condition, when he took a
turn for the worse.

CASSIDY

I see. Any kids?

HELEN

Yes. Eight. Been raising them since my twenties.

CASSIDY

Wow -- raising eight kids and working as a nurse while your husband went away on business trips. You're like supermom.

HELEN

What can I say. I've been rewarded with twenty-three lovely grandchildren.

CASSIDY

Amazing.

Cassidy tightens her lips, shifts her stare so she's facing the back of the seat in front of her.

HELEN

So are you married, Cassidy?

CASSIDY

No. Almost.

OFF CASSIDY, who whips her head back at Helen to make eye contact with her again.

But I actually have a child. AND AS SHE LOOKS BACK DOWN AT HER MAGAZINE, FLIPPING TO A PAGE THAT ADVERTISES BABY FOOD --

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - TAMPA - **FLASHBACK (2001)**

One finger extends, RINGS A DOORBELL.

A younger Cassidy -- at the age of 36 -- stands there, waits. The door opens, revealing...

JAMES "SAWYER" FORD -- at the age of 33 -- scruffy, his shirt hanging open. He holds a bottle of beer, glares at her.

SAWYER

You.

CASSIDY

Yeah, me.

He tries to close the door, but she blocks it with her foot.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Aw, where are your manners?

She barges in, elbows her way past him. Surveys the dumpy little apartment -- a tiny Christmas tree, lit with crappy decorations, sits in one corner among trashy furniture.

SAWYER

Well, by all means, come on in.

Sawyer practically breathes the words in her face. Cassidy winces, turns away -- as Sawyer takes another swig.

CASSIDY

You're butt-drunk, James.

SAWYER

Never stopped you from complaining before.

CASSIDY

Wow -- with all you took from me, I'd expect better. Maybe an indoor jacuzzi, some nice French drapes.

SAWYER

What do you want?

CASSIDY

My money back, for starters.

SAWYER

Sorry. It's all tied up in stocks and war bonds.

She picks up a small package, wrapped in velvet and trimmed with fancy ribbon. Shakes it.

CASSIDY

Let me guess... pearl earrings for your latest squeeze?

SAWYER

Gee, Cassidy -- can I get you a shot of tequila to add to your bitterness?

CASSIDY

I thought I'd let you know... I'm pregnant.

SAWYER

Well. If I knew you were coming I'd have baked a cake.

CASSIDY

It's a girl. Three months along.
She's yours.

SAWYER

Prove it.

CASSIDY

You're the only one I've been with
since last summer.

Sawyer shrugs. Ambivalence remains on his face.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

So are you going to man up and do
right by your daughter?

SAWYER

I ain't the nurturing type.

CASSIDY

Could've fooled me.

SAWYER

How'd you know where to find me,
anyway?

CASSIDY

It's funny. With enough money and
determination, you can find anyone.

SAWYER

Gee, you must have a hell of a lot
of determination.

CASSIDY

I found a temporary cash cow of
sorts -- in Iowa.

SAWYER

Well, then. I'd suggest using that
money and determination to go find
your rugrat a real daddy.

CASSIDY

Our rugrat.

SAWYER

It ain't mine. Never will be.

Takes another chug of beer, then holds the door open for her.

CASSIDY

Someday, James. It's only a matter of time before you change your mind.

(beat)

You'll want to be a part of her life. Moreso than you ever would have expected.

She shoots him a vicious glare, then turns her back on him.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas.

SAWYER

Ho, ho, ho.

As she whips her head around to face him again, Sawyer slams the door in her face.

OFF CASSIDY, who stares at the door. AND AS SHE BLINKS BACK TEARS, THEN SQUINTS HER EYES SHUT --

INT. AIRPLANE - LANCELOT AIR FLIGHT 423

Cassidy blinks open her eyes. Looks over, sees the face of Helen/"Roberta" staring back at her.

HELEN

Have a nice nap?

CASSIDY

How long was I out?

HELEN

Twenty minutes or so.

CASSIDY

Thank you for your concern.

HELEN

So, Cassidy... what happened to him? The love of your life.

CASSIDY

He couldn't make a commitment.

HELEN

Most men can't.

(beat)

What do you do for work?

CASSIDY

I'm retired.

HELEN

I see. Are you headed to South Korea for a vacation?

CASSIDY

No. I need to find someone.

OFF CASSIDY, who glances down at her own hand.

I have no idea how, though. AND AS SHE PRESSES HER AIRLINE TICKET STUB BETWEEN HER FINGERS --

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - SYDNEY - DAY - **FLASHBACK (2012)**

Cassidy's fingers push the doorbell; it CHIMES. She steps back -- now at the age of 47.

The door opens -- CAROLE LITTLETON, at the age of 53, peers back at her visitor.

CAROLE

Yes...?

CASSIDY

Carole Littleton?

CAROLE

Who are you?

CASSIDY

My name's Cassidy Phillips. I'm an old friend... of Kate's.

Carole raises her eyebrows, but says nothing.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Kate Austen. She was one of --

CAROLE

I know who she is.

YOUNG VOICE

Grammy?

AARON LITTLETON, now 8, peeks out from behind Carole's hip.

YOUNGER AARON

Who's she?

CAROLE

Go play, lamb chop.

YOUNGER AARON

But Grammy --

CAROLE

Go!

Carole gives him a no-nonsense Look. Aaron sulks away. Turning her attention back to Cassidy...

CAROLE (CONT'D)

What do you want?

CASSIDY

I want you to invite me inside.

CAROLE

I don't even know you. Why on Earth would I -- ?

CASSIDY

I promised Kate I'd try to look in on him. On her --
(stops, corrects herself)
On Claire's son.

CAROLE

Have you heard from Kate?

CASSIDY

No. I'm in Sydney on a business trip, just until tomorrow.

Carole hesitates, scrutinizes Cassidy's face. Cassidy wears a look of blunt honesty. Carole steps aside.

INT. DINING ROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER

Carole finishes pouring two tall glasses of iced tea. She takes a seat across the table from Cassidy.

CASSIDY

The night before her Ajira flight...
(searches for the word)
...disappeared... Kate made a phone call to me. Told me she was going away for a long time.

CAROLE

Going away to where?

CASSIDY

She didn't say. Probably to the island where they crashed.

CAROLE

To find Claire.

CASSIDY

Yeah.

A long, awkward pause. They both sip from their cups of tea.

CAROLE

Why did it take you so long to contact me, Ms. Phillips?

CASSIDY

I've been busy. Working in PR for the Hanso Foundation.

CAROLE

Never heard of them.

CASSIDY

And raising my daughter. She's staying with my cousin right now.

Cassidy digs a photo out of her wallet -- a smiling YOUNG CLEMENTINE, at the age of ten, balloons and Disney characters in the b.g. of the photo. Hands it to Carole.

CAROLE

She's a very lovely girl.

CASSIDY

She can be a handful. Takes after her father.

CAROLE

Why isn't he looking after her?

Cassidy ignores the question.

CASSIDY

I'm probably going to be up for a promotion soon... I may need to hire a nanny for Clem.

CAROLE

You seem nervous.

CASSIDY

I just --

CAROLE

You're holding something back. What aren't you telling me?

CASSIDY

I --
(sigh)

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

I want Aaron to know his mommy will be back for him someday. I was hoping I could talk with him.

CAROLE

Absolutely not.

CASSIDY

Carole, please --

CAROLE

Aaron's adjusted to his new life --

CASSIDY

Has he?

CAROLE

-- and it's much better than the one he had. You really think he's going to remember you?

CASSIDY

Yes, I do.

CAROLE

He's enjoying his childhood while he still can -- we're taking a Polynesian cruise this Christmas, in fact.

CASSIDY

He's a little young for that, don't you think? I waited until Clementine turned ten before I even took her to Disneyland.

CAROLE

I know what my grandson needs.

(beat)

This is my second chance as a parent. I won't blow it again.

CASSIDY

You shouldn't feel guilty about what happened to Claire. There was nothing you could have --

CAROLE

And I'll decide what's best for Aaron. Worry about your own child.

Cassidy narrows her eyes.

CAROLE (CONT'D)
Now please leave.

They both rise from the table.

FROM THE NEXT ROOM

Aaron eavesdrops, his back against the dividing wall. Shock and anxiety covers his face.

DINING ROOM

Cassidy looks disgusted. She turns to leave.

OFF CASSIDY, who strides away, Carole in the b.g. AND AS CASSIDY MOVES FORWARD, BITING HER LIP --

INT. AIRPLANE - LANCELOT AIR FLIGHT 423

Cassidy opens her eyes. She turns, sees Helen/"Roberta" staring back at her. Sits up.

HELEN
Welcome back to the land of the
conscious.

CASSIDY
Did I drift off again?

HELEN
Sure did.

Helen takes a sip of vodka from a mini-bottle on her seat tray. Cassidy cocks her head, knowingly.

CASSIDY
So, "Roberta"... are you finished
lying to me yet?

Calmly, Helen sets down her tiny bottle. Unfazed...

HELEN
When did I ever say I was lying to
you?

CASSIDY
You're right... you never said
that.

Helen picks the bottle back up, toasts it in the air. Cassidy reclines back in her seat, smirks.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SUB: FOUR HOURS EARLIER

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY - **FLASHBACK (LANCELOT FLIGHT 423)**

Cassidy sips a cup of ice water. She pulls the plastic cup away from her mouth, but suddenly feels...

A BUMP. The cabin briefly shakes, as PASSENGERS MURMUR nervously. Cassidy clutches her cup tighter.

PILOT (V.O.)

Attention, passengers -- we're encountering a bit of turbulence. Perfectly normal, no need to worry.

A FEMALE SCREAM, which startles Cassidy. She reacts, drops her cup -- which spills onto the floor, ice splattering.

MALE VOICE

Ma'am, please -- calm down.

THREE ROWS OVER...

In an aisle seat, SABRINA CARLYLE-RUTHERFORD, now at the age of 69, hyperventilates and screams intermittently. She clutches the seat in front of her.

A male flight attendant -- GABRIEL CHO, 23, Asian-American, slender, uniformed -- speaks to her with a soothing voice.

GABRIEL

Ma'am, there's nothing to be afraid of. Just take a deep breath --

SABRINA

No! We're going to die! We're all going to die!

GABRIEL

(strokes her arm)

I promise you, nothing bad will --

SABRINA

Quit touching me, you fruit! It's disaster, I tell you! Disaster!

GABRIEL

Ma'am, you're upsetting the other passengers. Please --

SABRINA

They should be upset! We're going to die, we're going to die, we're going to die!

RESUME CASSIDY AND HELEN

As Sabrina continues to freak out, other passengers SHUSH her. Helen gives Cassidy a lopsided grin, rolls her eyes.

HELEN

Oh, please. Flying is perfectly safe. People need to get over their fears.

CASSIDY

Do they, now?

Cassidy holds her gaze on Helen, who turns back to her magazine with discomfort.

HELEN

She's clearly got problems. I'll bet she's been unlucky in life.

CASSIDY

I don't believe in luck, Roberta.

OFF CASSIDY, who lays her head back against the seat.

People create their own problems. Sometimes "bad luck" is just a lack of faith. AND AS SHE COVERS HER EARS, AMID SABRINA'S CONTINUED YELPS --

EXT. MANSION - LOS ANGELES - DAY - **FLASHBACK (2017)**

Cassidy -- now at the age of 51 -- buzzes the intercom outside of a shiny, platinum gate. A FEMALE VOICE with a heavy, garish Jamaican accent SPEAKS from the other end.

VOICE

We see you on the house-cam, girly. How do you know my boss?

CASSIDY

I don't, exactly.

VOICE

And you think I'm going to just let you in, willy-nilly, eh?

CASSIDY
 Tell your boss I'm a friend of Kate
 Austen's -- she was one of the
 Oceanic Six.

A pause. MUFFLED DIALOGUE can be heard, before the
 housekeeper comes back on the intercom.

VOICE
 She'll see you now, baby-doll.

The gate SLIDES OPEN.

FRONT STEPS - ONE MINUTE LATER

Cassidy ascends the quartz-surface platform leading to a
 fancy front doorway. The double doors open, and emerging
 into the afternoon sun is...

CARMEN REYES -- now at the age of 67, still pudgy, her
 hairstyle basically the same except for more gray -- who
 greets Cassidy with a friendly smile.

CASSIDY
 Carmen Reyes?

CARMEN
 And you are...?

CASSIDY
 My name's Cassidy Phillips. Kate
 Austen and I were old friends.

Carmen nods, sympathetically.

CARMEN
 What brings you to my home,
 Cassidy?

CASSIDY
 My daughter's gone missing... just
 like your son did.

Carmen raises her eyebrows.

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER

Cassidy sits across from Carmen at a long, elegant table
 covered with fine linen. A JAMAICAN MAID enters, sets two
 margaritas with fruit slices in front of them.

CASSIDY
 Wow, fruit in the margaritas.
 Snazzy.

CARMEN

They're mango slices. Good for the digestion.

She takes a sip, eyes Cassidy.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

So you never met my Hugo?

CASSIDY

No. I remember seeing his Barbara Walters interview years ago -- your whole family was on it, actually.

CARMEN

Ah, yes. My dear David passed away on Easter Sunday in Two-Thousand-Eleven.

(beat)

I always told him to chew his food more slowly. Choked on the Apollo Bar I'd left in his Easter basket.

CASSIDY

That'll do it, I guess.

(takes a sip)

The thing is... my daughter... her biological father was on Oceanic Flight Eight-Fifteen. When she came back, Kate told me, he, um...

CARMEN

Survived the crash?

CASSIDY

Yes. How did you -- ?

CARMEN

Three days before he disappeared, Hugo told me all about it.

CASSIDY

All about...?

CARMEN

The crazy island. The Smoke Monster. The Others. The button he had to push every one-hundred-and-eight minutes. The DHARMA Initiative. The worse people on the freighter. Desmond's girlfriend's father.

Cassidy just stares at Carmen, stunned.

CASSIDY

Oh.

(beat)

Kate didn't mention all of that.

CARMEN

And why would she? It sounds like a nightmare straight out of those strange comics Hugo loved to buy.

CASSIDY

But you believed him, didn't you? I can see it in your eyes.

CARMEN

I could always tell when my Hugo was lying. And as God is my witness, everything he told me about that island was true.

CASSIDY

The problem is... the people who brought him there...

(sigh)

I just know they're the reason my daughter disappeared.

Carmen reacts with concern.

CARMEN

How old is your daughter?

CASSIDY

Clementine would have been fifteen next month. I quit my job, spent the past six months trying to find an answer as to... why.

(beat)

Why I had to lose her.

CARMEN

Oh, your *mija* is still alive. You can count on that.

CASSIDY

How do you know?

CARMEN

Because... Hugo's still alive too. I can feel it. A mother knows these things.

Carmen locks eyes with Cassidy, winks.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

And you wouldn't have come all this way to see me -- a complete stranger -- if you didn't know, deep in your heart, that somehow it was true.

Cassidy wrings her fingers through her hair, a mix of emotions dancing across her face.

CASSIDY

I've been traveling all over, trying to find the closest living family members to anyone who was on that Ajira flight.

CARMEN

It shows how strong your love is for her. To take such an incredible leap of faith.

CASSIDY

But I've been coming up empty. Aaron and his grandmother have disappeared... Diane Janssen is unlisted... the Paiks are hiding behind tons of red tape... Jack Shephard's mother, the poor woman, went to the looney bin --

Cassidy holds her gaze on Carmen, horrified at what just came out of her own mouth.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm so sorry! I didn't mean --

CARMEN

It's all right. I'm just thankful he's where he's supposed to be right now.

CASSIDY

Do you know something else that I don't?

CARMEN

(leans in)

A few weeks after Hugo disappeared, the second time -- this woman came to visit me. Told me that my son had a greater purpose to fulfill, and I shouldn't worry about him.

CASSIDY

This woman... what can you tell me about her? Who was she?

CARMEN

Just some white lady. Can't even remember her name. Very old -- hair the color of snow. Sounded like that Queen of England.

Cassidy's eyes widen. She pulls out her purse, digs around in it. Removes a photo, sets it down in front of Carmen.

CASSIDY

Was this her?

Carmen picks up the photograph, studies it.

A SNAPSHOT OF ELOISE HAWKING

In the photo, Eloise smiles quaintly -- while a YOUNGER CLEMENTINE, at the age of 13, looks bored.

CARMEN

Yes. I'll never forget those raccoon eyes... creepy as hell.
(points)
It's definitely her.

CASSIDY

I was afraid of that.

OFF CASSIDY, who takes back the photo of Eloise. AND AS SHE PRESSES HER LIPS TOGETHER, GRIM --

INT. AIRPLANE - LANCELOT AIR FLIGHT 423

Cassidy cups a photo -- this one a wallet-sized solo head shot of CLEMENTINE AT AGE 12 -- in her palm.

HELEN

Is that your daughter?

Cassidy turns, sees Helen leaning over to get a look at the snapshot.

HELEN (CONT'D)

She's a very pretty girl. Has your eyes.

CASSIDY

No, she doesn't.

HELEN
I'm sorry?

CASSIDY
They're her father's.

HELEN
Oh.

Dead silence.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Well, I'm sure he's very proud of
what a beautiful --

CASSIDY
Don't talk about him.

HELEN
Fine.

Another awkward silence.

CASSIDY
And don't talk to me anymore, until
you can bring yourself to stop
lying about who you really are...

Helen's eyes dart away from Cassidy, straight forward.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
..."Roberta."

Helen turns her head toward the window.

Cassidy takes a quick shot of vodka from a mini-bottle.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SUB: FORTY-TWO MINUTES EARLIER

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY - **FLASHBACK (LANCELOT FLIGHT 423)**

Cassidy reads an article from "MUSIC BEAT" magazine. A two-page color spread with PHOTOS accompanying the article's text. Its headline reads: "GERONIMO JACKSON REVIVED: THE REUNION TOUR NO ONE COULD HAVE PREDICTED."

HELEN
So you like music?

CASSIDY
(doesn't look up)
Yeah. I played the oboe in my high school marching band.

HELEN
Really?

CASSIDY
No.
(looks up, smirks)
And now you know how it feels to be lied to.

HELEN
Oh, trust me... I know.

The two women glare at each other.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I think I'll catch some shut-eye.

CASSIDY
You do that.

Cassidy stuffs the magazine into a seat pouch. Helen rests her head against the window, closes her eyes.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
Pretend to take your nap so you don't have to make more stuff up.

OFF CASSIDY, who picks up her plastic cup from the tray in front of her.

If only everyone could figure out when to stop lying. AND AS SHE POLISHES OFF THE LAST OF HER ORANGE JUICE, GIVING THE CRUSHED ICE ONE FINAL SHAKE --

INT. HOSPITAL - CHICAGO - DAY - **FLASHBACK (2019)**

Cassidy -- now at the age of 53 -- walks into a hospital room, surveys it. She pulls aside a curtain, reacts.

CASSIDY

You.

ELOISE HAWKING -- now at the age of 81 -- lies in a hospital bed, looks up. She cradles a copy of "MUSIC BEAT" magazine; the article headline reads: "GERONIMO JACKSON'S LATEST SINGLE FLOPS -- IS THEIR LEGACY ABOUT TO DIVE OFF A CLIFF?"

ELOISE

Hello, Cassidy.

CASSIDY

Where's Clementine?

ELOISE

She's safe. For now.

CASSIDY

What the hell does that mean?

ELOISE

It means you're not supposed to be with her, at this moment in time.

Eloise looks back down at her magazine. Cassidy storms over to her, rips the magazine from Eloise's grip.

CASSIDY

You tell me what happened to my daughter!

Eloise just smiles, eerily.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Why are you here? What is this place?

ELOISE

Well, you should have an idea. You found me, didn't you?

CASSIDY

My contacts said you'd be at the Megan McIntyre Memorial Cancer Center. They didn't tell me why.

ELOISE

This is an anthroposophic hospital, dear.

ELOISE (CONT'D)

They're about to begin treatments,
in a futile attempt to cure the
tumor pressed against my heart.

(beat)

I don't even have four months. The
next time you see me, I'll be dead.

CASSIDY

Pity.

(beat)

Wait, how do you know it'll be four
months? And how can you give up
hope so easily? What if the
radiation works on you?

Eloise simply looks at her. From one bed over, a VOICE wails
in agony...

VOICE

She can't know! We can cheat
death... we all can! I have!

Cassidy turns to see...

DIANE JANSSEN -- now at the age of 59 -- who lies in the bed
next to Eloise, most of Diane's hair gone... only sporadic
strands of whitish-blond protrude from her wrinkled head.

DIANE

If you know the right people, you
can live forever!

ELOISE

(to Cassidy)

Ignore her rantings. She has these
occasional fits of senility.

DIANE

Rantings, my ass. He told me! He
told me what's going to happen, and
we're all cursed! We're all going
to go to -- !

Diane stops, squints. Takes a good look at Cassidy, who
still stands by Eloise's bedside.

DIANE (CONT'D)

You!

CASSIDY

Me? What about me?

DIANE

You were Katherine's friend! From the diner! You spilled the soup on my apron, so she could ambush me!

CASSIDY

I don't know what --

DIANE

You pretended to sell Bibles at my front door! Spying on me, still? What is this, a set-up?

Cassidy sizes up Diane, with flashes of recognition.

CASSIDY

Kate deserved to know why you abandoned her. I was just helping.

DIANE

You liar! Get out of here right this minute, or I swear, I'll scream!

CASSIDY

I'm not going anywhere. So you just go ahead and --

Diane SCREAMS. A blood-curdling, endless wail. Cassidy looks a mixture of flabbergasted and horrified.

ELOISE

(over the noise)

Don't mind her. She does that all the time. We're used to it.

(to Diane)

Stop!

Diane stops. She glares at both women, defiant.

DIANE

I've been exiled to this world, forced to suffer, an eternally damned child of God. I'm going to live FOREVER!

ELOISE

No, dear. You won't.

(to Cassidy)

As I was saying, my time is running out. So what do you want to know?

CASSIDY

Where's Clementine?

ELOISE

On the same island her father was brought to.

CASSIDY

James...

(refocuses)

So how do I get there?

ELOISE

You can't. The island is always moving, always protecting itself and its inhabitants.

(beat)

Well, as best as it can, on its own.

CASSIDY

What do you mean "moving?" How can an island move all by itself?

ELOISE

Certain electromagnetic pockets of energy exist at key points across the Earth. They enable the island to keep itself mobile.

DIANE

Fables and fairy tales! I'm telling you, we're all damned for the rest of --

CASSIDY

Oh, SHUT UP!

(to Eloise)

How do you know all of this, Eloise? What makes you such an expert on moving islands?

Eloise takes a deep breath.

ELOISE

Because I was brought there, in my younger days. A group of scientists, known as the DHARMA Initiative, attempted to harness the island's mystical properties for their own personal gain.

(smirks)

They failed.

CASSIDY

And, what? You helped to "protect" this moving island from these evil scientists?

ELOISE

Yes.

CASSIDY

Uh-huh.

ELOISE

Scoff if you must. But what's meant to be is meant to be. If Clementine was destined to call the island her home, she would have been brought there sooner or later.

CASSIDY

So what happened to this... DHARMA Initiative? You killed them?

ELOISE

I didn't. They killed themselves.

CASSIDY

How?

ELOISE

Many of them perished, when they failed to get on with those of us who were looking out for the island's best interest.

(beat)

And some of them left on their own.

CASSIDY

So can Clementine leave on her own?

ELOISE

You'd have to ask the island, Cassidy.

Cassidy shakes her head. Ridiculous!

CASSIDY

How convenient. So you're telling me I'm supposed to talk to this... landmass that can't even be located, if I ever want to see my daughter again?

ELOISE

Yes.

CASSIDY

You are so full of it!

ELOISE

No. You just don't want to accept the truth.

(beat)

Those of us who took refuge back in this life... we have been toiling on the behalf of those whom we'd left behind.

CASSIDY

Doing what?

ELOISE

Doing our part to protect the island from darker forces. As Clementine now is.

(beat)

We secured you your job with the Hanso Foundation -- so I could guide Clementine down the right path, to prepare her for what lied ahead.

Cassidy gazes down, ponders. Looks back up at Eloise.

CASSIDY

Why didn't you just tell me all of this, five years ago? I... could have gone with her.

ELOISE

You honestly would have believed me, had I told you this when I first came into your lives?

Cassidy bites her lip.

ELOISE (CONT'D)

Besides, that's simply not the way it goes. Clementine isn't finished with her work. And if you're meant to be reunited, it will happen in good time.

Cassidy looks over, sees Diane hunkered down underneath some bed sheets. Glances back at Eloise, who returns Cassidy's gaze with another eerie smile.

OFF CASSIDY, who squints her eyes shut. AND AS SHE BURIES HER FACE IN BOTH OF HER PALMS --

INT. AIRPLANE - LANCELOT AIR FLIGHT 423

The cabin interior SHAKES. More SHRIEKS. Cassidy turns to Helen, who half-dozes next to her.

CASSIDY
Is this normal?

Helen mumbles, still resting.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
I've never been a good flier.

PILOT (V.O.)
Everyone please fasten your seat
belts. We're approaching --

The SHAKING BECOMES FEROCIOUS. Amid screams, some passengers literally GO TUMBLING into the aisle. Luggage FLIES OUT from the overhead compartments.

Cassidy fastens her seat belt, clutches the seat in front of her. Grits her teeth as a MECHANICAL SOUND RESONATES from outside the trembling plane.

Oxygen masks FALL from above. Passengers struggle to put them over their faces, as the mechanical noise MOANS like a pregnant pterodactyl.

CASSIDY
Son of a bitch!

Cassidy tightens her oxygen mask over her face. She holds on for dear life, as...

The plane's ceiling BEGINS TO TEAR APART like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle in mid-flight. Some people ARE SUCKED INTO THE SKY, while everyone else grasps onto whatever she or he can.

Cassidy practically hugs the seat in front of her. She looks over her shoulder, sees...

LIAM PACE -- now at the age of 50 -- jetting out of the lavatory like a madman.

LIAM
No! No! Please, God! I don't
want to die like my brother did!

Liam clutches onto the back of a nearby seat, as THE WOMAN WHO OCCUPIED IT is sucked upward, out of the plane. He grabs a dangling oxygen mask, slams it over his mouth. Then, squeezes the hell out of that seat!

Cassidy closes her eyes, as the plane CONTINUES TO RIP APART.

More PEOPLE CAREEN UPWARD, into the clear blue sky... which suddenly TURNS WHITE.

EXT. BEACH - DAY - **FLASH FORWARD (SIXTEEN MINUTES LATER)**

AN EYE OPENS

Cassidy lies on her back atop the shore of a sandy beach. She slides out from underneath a dented rudder, on her back.

SEVERAL FEET AWAY

Many different PASSENGERS run around in a panic amid SMOKE and FLYING DEBRIS. Next to one section of the main fuselage:

WOO-JUNG PAIK -- now in his early-eighties, wiry and badly aged -- swerves around, desperate.

PAIK
(in Korean)
My briefcase! I need my briefcase!

A demure hand clasps his shoulder. It belongs to...

JI YEON KWON, sand covering her clothes and hair. She looks frantic. As she yanks at Paik's arm:

JI YEON
(in Korean)
Sir, above you!

PAIK
(in Korean)
I need that briefcase!

JI YEON
(in Korean)
Sir -- !

PAIK
(in Korean)
Don't touch me, stupid girl!

As he shoves Ji Yeon away from him, harshly...

Paik's entire body FLIES UP AND AWAY. He wails, his feet disappearing into a nearby turbine... which EXPLODES.

Ji Yeon falls to her knees, having fled from the area. She closes her eyes, trembling.

A hand reaches down, touches Ji Yeon's shoulder. She looks up and sees...

AARON LITTLETON -- his shirtless chest also covered with sand -- who takes her in his arms. They embrace.

SEVERAL FEET DOWN THE BEACH

Cassidy helps Dr. Rob Hamill sit up, as he coughs.

CASSIDY

Take it easy, Dr. Hamill.

(looks around)

I have a feeling we're going to need you. Really soon.

Cassidy offers Rob her hand. They shoot each other a glimmer of relief, then they stand on their feet. Surveying the rest of the beach...

FIRE arises from several scattered parts of the downed plane. PEOPLE WAIL, others SHOUT OUT for their loved ones. SCREAMS can be heard, along with SOBBING and RANDOM PANIC.

Cassidy and Rob look at each other again, trade almost identical expressions.

Absolute dread.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURSUB: SIXTEEN MINUTES EARLIEREXT. JUNGLE - **FLASHBACK (SAME DAY)**

Ji Yeon and Aaron creep through the jungle -- both wearing their plain brown threads, from head to toe -- carry weapons in their arms. In low voices:

 JI YEON
 Aaron... listen.

She kneels on the ground, peeks through the leafy underbrush.

IN THE DISTANCE

Chaos unfolds on the beach. PASSENGERS run and scream from the initial shock of the crash -- scrambling all over the place, trying to make sense out of everything.

Aaron kneels down behind his wife.

 AARON
 You know the rules, Ji Yeon.

 JI YEON
 Screw the rules.

 AARON
 Walt said --

 JI YEON
 I don't care what Walt said.
 (beat)
 They need help.

She drops her gun, ducks out of the bushes. Aaron calls after her -- in a hoarse, desperate whisper:

 AARON
 Ji Yeon...

Ji Yeon begins to roll around in the sand. She messes up her hair, tears her brown shirt. Slips off her brown pants -- revealing athletic-style shorts underneath.

 AARON (CONT'D)
 Don't...!

She runs, kicks one sandal off her foot. Hobbles toward the chaos, her face determined...

Aaron sighs. He drops his gun, reaches down so he can begin to slather sand on himself as well.

DOWN THE SHORE

Cassidy staggers through the pandemonium. She stops, pulls out a DEAD BODY from underneath a half-buried rudder.

JI YEON (O.C.)
Here, let me help.

Cassidy turns, sees Ji Yeon -- disheveled in appearance, like any other crash survivor would be.

CASSIDY
Let's get him flat on his back.

They drag the corpse -- shown only from the neck down -- onto a patch of sand. Cassidy touches the corpse's wrist.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
No pulse.
(to Ji Yeon)
We need to do some triage. Find anyone else who might be hurt!

Ji Yeon nods, runs toward the shore. Rob joins Cassidy by the body, kneels to attempt some chest compressions.

AT THE SHORELINE

Ji Yeon sees another FEMALE BODY -- long, jet black hair -- floating near the sand. She runs over, drags it onto the beach. ANOTHER SET OF HANDS appear to grip the woman's arm, and Ji Yeon looks over to see...

AARON, now shirtless, his hair wet and upper body covered with sand, plain brown pants torn. He smiles.

JI YEON
Thank you.

They lay the body of HELEN NORWOOD, eyes closed, flat on her back. Aaron feels Helen's wrist.

AARON
She's barely breathing.

Rob runs over to them, begins chest compressions on Helen's body. Cassidy, right behind him, studies Ji Yeon's and Aaron's clothing and physical features.

JI YEON
Were you able to revive that man?

CASSIDY

No.

They stand in silence, watch Rob attempt to save Helen's life.

FROM SEVERAL FEET AWAY

WALT LLOYD -- wearing a gray shirt with a yellow horizontal stripe, along with jean shorts -- peers through the branches of some underbrush, gazes out at the turmoil on the beach. Over his shoulder...

WALT

You're sure it's what you saw me doing?

ZACH crouches right behind Walt on the ground.

ZACH

Yes. I did.

(beat)

I know it doesn't sound like it makes any sense --

WALT

It doesn't have to.

Zach moves closer to the brush, and they continue to watch.

RESUME CASSIDY AND JI YEON

Cassidy looks around at the CONTINUING CHAOS, shakes her head. Ji Yeon notices.

CASSIDY

This wasn't supposed to happen.

JI YEON

What do you mean by that?

Cassidy doesn't answer.

They look over, see Rob still performing chest compressions on the male body.

OFF CASSIDY, who shifts her gaze over to the smoky wreckage of their plane.

Am I ever going to understand any of this? What ANY OF THIS means? AND AS SHE CLOSES HER EYES, FIGHTING BACK TEARS --

INT. BAR - SINGAPORE - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK (2022)**

Cassidy -- eight months younger, dressed in casual summer clothing -- weaves her way among mostly Oriental BAR PATRONS. She approaches a bar, takes a seat. A FEMALE BARTENDER speaks, her back facing Cassidy.

BARTENDER
What will it be?

CASSIDY
You could tell I was there?

The bartender turns around, a smug look on her face -- it's ACHARA, Jack's one-time fling from Thailand. Now in her mid-fifties, hair dyed black with strands of multicolored glitter; her slim figure dons low-cut clothing.

ACHARA
A great man once showed me how to harness all of my senses.

CASSIDY
Really? And what are you sensing right now?

ACHARA
You are sad. You have lost someone close to you.

Cassidy just looks down at the bar.

ACHARA (CONT'D)
How about a *sake*? On the house.

CASSIDY
Make it a double.

Achara unscrews a bottle cork, begins to pour.

ACHARA
So who have you lost? A husband?

CASSIDY
No.

ACHARA
A child?

Cassidy responds with silence. Achara places a glass tumbler full of *sake* in front of Cassidy, gazes with sympathy.

ACHARA (CONT'D)
It was a daughter, wasn't it? I
can see it in your eyes.

CASSIDY
Six years. It's been six years
since she disappeared.

ACHARA
And that is what brings you to
Singapore? You think she might be
here?

Cassidy doesn't answer, but takes a slow sip of *sake*.

ACHARA (CONT'D)
I hope you find her.

VOICE
She will.

Cassidy turns -- only to see A WOMAN seated one bar stool
over. Late-forties, Caucasian, brunette, a knowing glint in
her eye. She sips a mimosa from a glass flute, speaks with a
cultivated South African accent.

CASSIDY
I beg your pardon?

WOMAN
Your daughter. Clementine. I said
you'll find her.

CASSIDY
How do you -- ?
(realizes)
You're the one I'm supposed to meet
here. The woman Eloise mentioned
in her letter to me.

WOMAN
God rest her soul.

She sips her mimosa.

CASSIDY
So who are you?

WOMAN
My name is Dr. Amy Honale.

CASSIDY
You expect me to believe you?

HONALE

You should. I work for the Hanso Foundation. And you know all about them, don't you, Cassidy?

Cassidy glares. Achara moves away from the two women.

ACHARA

I'll just leave you ladies alone...

HONALE

If you don't believe me, Cassidy, you can look me up online. I direct the Worldwide Wellness and Prevention Development Program.

(beat)

We now have more than five-hundred hospitals up-and-running in --

CASSIDY

Where is she?

HONALE

Not one for pleasantries, I see.

She removes a small manila envelope from her briefcase, places it in front of Cassidy.

HONALE (CONT'D)

So be it. We can make our business short and sweet.

CASSIDY

What is this?

HONALE

It's an airplane ticket. For a flight on Lancelot Air, departing from Los Angeles next spring.

As Cassidy reaches to unseal the envelope...

HONALE (CONT'D)

Don't open it here.

CASSIDY

Why not?

HONALE

Because that's not the way it's supposed to be. You will wait until after the new year.

CASSIDY

Who gave this to -- ?

HONALE

The flight is scheduled for the Fifteenth of April. That will give you plenty of time to get your affairs in order.

CASSIDY

What's the destination?

HONALE

Seoul. The capital of South Korea.

CASSIDY

Thanks for the geography lesson. What's so important that I can only find it in Seoul?

HONALE

I can't tell you.

CASSIDY

Bull. You can tell me whatever you want.

HONALE

No, you don't understand. I can't tell you.

Her eyes lock with those of Cassidy, who slightly quivers but gives her a half-nod. Dr. Honale rises, chugs down the rest of her drink.

HONALE (CONT'D)

It's been lovely chatting with you, Ms. Phillips. Don't follow me out.

She promptly exits -- leaving a dumbstruck Cassidy in her wake. Cassidy just stares down at the envelope. Achara returns to Cassidy's side.

ACHARA

What was that all about?

CASSIDY

I... wish I could say.

Achara looks down at the envelope.

ACHARA

What's in there?

CASSIDY
My saving grace?

OFF CASSIDY, who takes a quick chug from her *sake* bomb. AND AS SHE REACHES DOWN TO TOUCH THE ENVELOPE, TRACING ITS SURFACE WITH HER FINGER IN A CIRCULAR PATTERN --

INT. BEACH - DAY

Cassidy sits in the sand, traces TWO INTERLOCKING CIRCLES with her finger. Ji Yeon sits down next to her.

JI YEON
Don't blame yourself. You did everything you could.

CASSIDY
But it wasn't good enough. And now, this is my penance. This is my punishment. I'll never see her again.

JI YEON
You'll never see who again?

Cassidy just sighs, stares down at the feet of the corpse next to them -- the one she dragged out of the ocean.

We PAN across its legs, chest, and face to see...

It's KEVIN CALLIS, well-aged despite being in his early-fifties. Eyes closed, permanently.

CASSIDY
He was somebody's husband... or lover.

JI YEON
Someone's father, perhaps.

Rob approaches them. Cassidy rises, quickly -- and Ji Yeon follows suit.

CASSIDY
Dr. Hamill.

ROB
Call me Rob.
(beat)
I couldn't save her.

He gestures -- Cassidy and Ji Yeon follow his gaze... there lies Helen, sprawled across the sand, also dead.

CASSIDY
Her name was Helen. Helen Norwood.

JI YEON
You knew her? You were flying
together?

CASSIDY
No. She sat next to me. Lied
about who she was, right up until
the end.

(beat)
She admitted she was John Locke's
lover. Whoever that is.

Ji Yeon's eyes widen.

JI YEON
John... Locke...?

CASSIDY
Not the philosopher, I'm guessing.

JI YEON
John Locke!

ROB
How do you know John Locke?

Ji Yeon now looks terrified -- an expression Rob shares.
Cassidy appears completely baffled by their reactions.

FROM BEHIND THE UNDERBRUSH

Walt reacts to hearing Ji Yeon's exclamation from just
several feet away. He turns to Zach.

WALT
It's time.

ZACH
Are you sure that you -- ?

WALT
I have to. If this is going to
work, this is how it has to be.

Walt hands Zach his gun, then closes his eyes. He appears to
launch into a deep sort of meditation.

Zach watches closely, as Walt begins to talk... almost in a
controlled somniloquy.

WALT (CONT'D)
 (communing)
 Don't, John.

One of Zach's eyes darts toward the beach... where Rob has put his arm around a sobbing Cassidy.

WALT (CONT'D)
 (communing)
 Put the gun down.

Zach gives Walt his full attention again.

WALT (CONT'D)
 (communing)
 Now get up, John.

Several more beats.

WALT (CONT'D)
 (communing)
 You can move your legs. Now get out of the ditch, John.

ZACH
 Because, you have work to do.

WALT
 (communing)
 Because, you have work to do.

Zach watches a smile of contentment fall over Walt's lips. Then, Walt's eyes pop open.

WALT (CONT'D)
 It's done.

ZACH
 And you're sure it was the right time?

WALT
 As soon as I heard his name.

Walt picks up his walkie-talkie, speaks into it:

WALT (CONT'D)
 Steve, get the bags ready.

Zach bites down on one lip... as Walt lowers the walkie, face unbroken.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

SUB: THIRTY-FOUR MINUTES LATER

EXT. BEACH - **FLASH FORWARD (SAME DAY)**

Cassidy dries her eyes with a rag. She sees a canteen approach her elbow, seemingly from out of nowhere. She turns, and sees...

Ji Yeon, who holds out the canteen.

JI YEON

Water?

CASSIDY

Thanks.

She accepts the canteen, drinks.

JI YEON

Don't worry. Everything is going to be okay.

CASSIDY

Well, it can't get much worse.

Ji Yeon looks nervous, as Cassidy takes another chug.

OUTSKIRTS OF THE JUNGLE

Walt addresses nearly one-dozen OTHERS, dressed in brown -- Olivia, Harper, Zach, Adam, and Steve among them.

WALT

Go.

Several PAIRS OF HANDS grab canvass bags hidden underneath the brush. Their FOOTSTEPS hustle out to...

THE BEACH

Stranded SURVIVORS mill around in the background. Cassidy continues to talk to Ji Yeon, casually.

CASSIDY

We really should be making a fire, so we can signal any rescue planes that get sent --

A BAG IS BROUGHT DOWN over Cassidy's head by a pair of hands. She releases a MUFFLED SCREAM.

AT DIFFERENT SPOTS ACROSS THE BEACH

Similar bags smother the faces of VARIOUS CRASH SURVIVORS -- who attempt to fight back, to no avail.

Cassidy struggles against Harper's superior strength. Ji Yeon stands there, watching... conflicted.

ONE MALE SURVIVOR, mid-fifties, Middle Eastern, manages to push Zach aside, yanks off the canvass bag. It's SAMI -- now at the age of 54 -- the Iraqi who once accused Sayid of torturing his wife while holding Sayid prisoner.

SAMI

Who are you? Who are you!

A FEMALE OTHER rushes forward, charges at Sami with a rifle -- but he does a judo kick, smacks her off-balance. The rifle falls in the sand... and Sami dives for it.

Adam suddenly appears behind him, knocks Sami unconscious with his own gun.

Cassidy somehow maneuvers around, blindly delivers a swift kick to Harper's gut. As Harper falls back, Cassidy rips the canvass off her own head.

Cassidy quickly surveys her fellow SURVIVORS across the beach, many of them seemingly being abducted by bag-toting OTHERS. She then spots the abandoned rifle, which Sami had dropped. Cassidy charges at it, scoops it up in her arms.

Harper -- back on her feet, canvass bag once again in hand -- furiously makes a move toward Cassidy. Only seconds too late does Harper see that Cassidy is armed, when...

BANG!

Cassidy fires the rifle, nails Harper -- in mid-lunge -- straight in the chest with a bullet.

Harper drops dead onto the beach. The canvass bag falls out of her hands, lands in the sand.

Cassidy stands there, grips the rifle -- frozen in horror. A few of the armed Others approach her.

CASSIDY

Don't!

She snaps back to attention, repositions her weapon.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Stay back!

Adam and Steve -- clutching their weapons -- stop dead in their tracks. Both glare at Cassidy, not backing down.

Olivia approaches Cassidy from another direction.

OLIVIA
We're not going to hurt you.

CASSIDY
Then why did she just try to smother me?

Zach steps toward Cassidy from her opposite blind spot, gun in hand. She swivels, screams:

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
Don't!

OLIVIA
(warning)
Zach.

Cassidy swivels her rifle to and fro, erratic. She tries to threaten all of the Others simultaneously.

CASSIDY
I don't want to shoot again, but I will!

Cassidy tightens her grip on the rifle, studies her aggressors. Everyone stands in place. An impasse.

VOICE
Cassidy...

Cassidy turns, sees Jill -- also disheveled from the plane crash -- get to her feet amongst their fellow passengers... most of whom still kneel in the wreckage.

CASSIDY
They're trying to hurt us!

JILL
Cassidy, listen to me --

CASSIDY
Who are you? How do you know my name?

Cassidy swings her attention back to the rest of the Others -- all of their eyes are locked onto Jill, to whom Cassidy returns her gaze.

Jill gives Cassidy a sympathetic, heartened expression.

JILL
We need to talk, Cassidy.

Cassidy's eyes do another one-eighty, taking in the dead-serious faces of everyone who surrounds her.

JILL (CONT'D)
They're here to help.

STARLA -- Hurley's ex-girlfriend, wearing a Lancelot Air flight attendant's uniform, now at the age of 45 -- removes the bag from her upper body, as an Other keeps watch over her. Starla sees the Others trying to talk Cassidy down.

STARLA
(to Jill)
You were on the plane with us. How do you know anything about them?

JILL
Because... I'm one of them.

Cassidy reacts. She notices Adam take a step toward her... and repositions her gun in kind.

CASSIDY
One more move and you're dead!

JILL
Adam!

ADAM
She killed one of us, Jill!

AARON (O.C.)
Adam, drop the gun.

Aaron suddenly jumps in front of Adam, places his hands on Adam's rifle. Fury remains on Adam's face.

ADAM
She can't be here. She isn't a good person.

AARON
Yes, she is. I know her... I think I know her.

ADAM
Oh, yeah? Where could you possibly know her from, Aaron?

Cassidy reacts. Ji Yeon reacts to Cassidy's reaction.

CASSIDY
Wait... Aaron?

Adam takes advantage of Cassidy's momentary distraction... he rushes her -- and clocks her upside the head with the butt of his rifle.

AARON
Adam!

OFF CASSIDY, who tumbles to the ground.

All these people... so familiar... AND AS HER HEAD HITS THE SAND, AND SHE FALLS OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS --

INT. LAX - **DAY (FLASHBACK - TEN HOURS EARLIER)**

Cassidy stands in front of the electronic flight grid, reads the status of "DELAYED" next to Lancelot Flight 423.

VOICE
Where are you headed?

Cassidy looks to her left, sees Kevin Callis -- clean and well-groomed -- smiling back at her.

CASSIDY
Seoul. Four-Twenty-Three.

KEVIN
Me too. Connecting flight...
couldn't get a direct one to Hong
Kong.

CASSIDY
Ah. Vacation?

KEVIN
No. My new wife's cheating on me.

Cassidy raises her eyebrows. Kevin appears vengeful, but then softens his face for his new acquaintance.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
She was on a business trip.
Decided to mix in some pleasure.
Her coworker tipped me off.

CASSIDY
Wow. You seem to be taking it
well.

KEVIN

I'm used to being abandoned.
 (brightens)
 So, how about you? Why are you
 traveling to South Korea?

CASSIDY

I lost something.

KEVIN

Really? What did you lose?

CASSIDY

Something I'm going to find.

Cassidy gives him a curt, matter-of-fact Look... but Kevin just smiles, gestures. He then points someone out.

KEVIN

Hey, at least I got an upgrade to
 First-Class. That woman over there
 -- she was nice enough to buy me
 the seat next to her.

Cassidy follows Kevin's finger -- sees Carmen Reyes, now 73, still nicely aged -- across the other side of the waiting area. Carmen meets Cassidy's gaze, excitedly waves.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

She offered it to me when she heard
 I was on stand-by. A complete
 stranger! Can you believe that?

CASSIDY

Actually, I can.

Cassidy's gaze lingers on Carmen, who's turned her attention back to chatting with some people. Abruptly, SOMEONE'S SHOULDER bumps into Cassidy's chest, brusque.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Hey!

VOICE

Watch it!

The woman turns around, annoyed. She faces Cassidy -- it's Sabrina Carlyle-Rutherford, dressed up and pissed off. She notices Cassidy and Kevin staring at the delayed flight.

SABRINA

Don't tell me you're on Four Twenty-
 Three. Are you going to hog the
 aisle there too?

KEVIN

Hey, it was an accident.

CASSIDY

But if you want, I'll spill a drink
on you when I go to use the can.

SABRINA

(mutters)

Lowlife.

(flounces away)

I hate flying Coach.

Kevin tries to give Cassidy a reassuring smile.

KEVIN

Don't worry. Someday she'll get
what's coming to her.

OFF CASSIDY, who looks back at the flight grid. AND AS
FLIGHT 423 CHANGES FROM "DELAYED" TO "ON TIME" --

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Cassidy's eyes flutter open. She tries to sit, sees Rob
Hamill's kindly face leaning over her.

ROB

Whoa, you need to take it easy.
Just relax.

CASSIDY

How long have I been out?

ROB

About an hour. Don't worry,
everything's fine.

CASSIDY

How can it be -- ?

She glances up, sees the various Others on one side of the
beach. Most of the crash survivors stand on the opposite
side. Jill, Aaron, and Ji Yeon linger in the middle.

ROB

They say they won't hurt us.

CASSIDY

Well... not yet.

(beat)

Who are they?

ROB

Right now, they're helping us
gather the... the ones who didn't
make it. To identify them.

Cassidy looks over, sees Helen's lifeless body on the beach.
Steve kneels next to Helen, pulls out a wallet.

STEVE

I've got an ID here. She put it
behind plastic...
(reads)
Says her name is Roberta Gulch.

OFF CASSIDY, who closes her eyes, shakes her head.

No... no, it wasn't. AND AS SHE OPENS HER EYES AGAIN, MAKING
EYE CONTACT WITH DR. HAMILL --

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY - **FLASHBACK (LANCELOT FLIGHT 423)**

Cassidy looks at Helen, who reclines next to her, eyes
closed. She smirks.

CASSIDY

Wow, "Roberta." You must really be
a bad person... to be going to all
this trouble, making up baloney for
a complete stranger.

Helen's eyes flutter open. She mumbles...

HELEN

I'm not a bad person.

CASSIDY

Could've fooled me.

HELEN

(more intense)

I am not a bad person!

Cassidy does a double take at the rage in Helen's eyes.

CASSIDY

Hey, if you want to talk about it --

HELEN

I've been lying! I've been lying
for almost twenty years!

PASSENGERS begin to take notice. Cassidy looks taken aback.

CASSIDY
Lying about what?

HELEN
About who I am! They made me do
it!

CASSIDY
Who made you do what?

HELEN
My name is Helen Norwood! I
entered the witness protection
program after I saw something I
wasn't supposed to see! Or at
least...that's what they told me it
was! They wrote an obituary saying
I'd suffered a brain aneurysm!
They made me dye my hair... I'm
really a redhead! A redhead!

CASSIDY
Hold on a second. Just take a deep
breath --

HELEN
Don't you understand? They're
watching!

CASSIDY
Who's "they?"

HELEN
And John... John Locke -- he was
never my husband! He died in
Oceanic Flight Eight-Fifteen! I
couldn't keep my faith in him, and
I lost him forever! Don't you see!
(grabs Cassidy's wrists)
I killed him! I couldn't take that
same leap of faith I wanted him to
take! And if I hadn't pushed him
away, he never would have gotten on
that damn plane!

Cassidy appears horrified. Starla approaches them, wearing
her flight attendant's uniform.

STARLA
Ma'am, I need you to calm down.
You're upsetting the other --

HELEN

I don't care! It doesn't matter anymore! Because when I get off this plane, I'm dead! I wasn't supposed to leave Massachusetts! They have eyes EVERYWHERE!

Passengers from the surrounding aisles -- including Sabrina and Achara -- continue to stare, agape. Starla places her hands on Helen's arms.

STARLA

Ma'am, it's going to be --

HELEN

(swats her)

No! Don't touch me! Or you'll be dead too!

Cassidy reaches out, slaps Helen across the face with all of her might. Helen -- shell-shocked -- makes a muffled grunt, then falls back onto her seat. She closes her eyes.

Starla's jaw drops. Cassidy turns to her.

CASSIDY

I had to do that all the time at my old job. Worked with some crazies.

(beat)

You're not going to report me for assault, are you?

STARLA

I think I can look the other way.

CASSIDY

Great.

She extends her plastic cup.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Could I get a refill of orange juice, please?

Starla nods slowly, still half-gaping at Helen -- who now snoozes soundly against the window.

OFF CASSIDY, who heaves an exhausted sigh. AND AS SHE WIGGLES HER CUP, INDICATING FOR STARLA TO TAKE IT --

INT. BEACH - DAY

Cassidy approaches Starla, who stares at The Others from across the beach.

STARLA

Why did they put bags over our heads?

CASSIDY

Beats me. Apparently, at least one woman on our plane knew it was going to happen.

STARLA

But how?

Cassidy ponders that. From her flank, Rob approaches. Cassidy takes notice.

CASSIDY

Dr. Ham--
(corrects herself)
Rob.

ROB

You shouldn't be on your feet, young lady.

CASSIDY

Young lady, huh? Is that your way of asking me out for surf n' turf?

Rob chuckles, as Cassidy presses her lips together in spite of herself. All of a sudden, they hear...

THE ROAR OF A CAR ENGINE. The survivors crane their heads toward The Others, who also turn to see --

ZACH

They're coming.

-- a DHARMA van, driven by two ND FIGURES. It zooms off of a blazed trail leading from the jungle, onto the beach. The van stops. Its doors open, and...

HURLEY emerges from the driver's side. He looks at the large gathering of people -- a tense amalgamation of OTHERS and PLANE CRASH SURVIVORS... who all stare back at him.

HURLEY

Uh... hey, guys.

Carmen -- standing with the Lancelot passengers -- does a double take.

CARMEN

Hugo...?

HURLEY

Ma...?

Joy lights up, simultaneously, in both Hurley's and Carmen's eyes. They run toward each other, overwhelmed with emotion. Mother and son embrace in a loving hug.

Then, as the beach-dwellers watch the Reyes family reunion, they glance back at the parked DHARMA van, where...

CLEMENTINE emerges from the passenger side, her full-grown, 21-year-old self. She squints, then captures the gaze of...

Cassidy, whose face of utter shock turns to elation. She begins to make her way toward her long-lost daughter. Clementine also charges forward, to meet her mother halfway.

As everyone on the beach watches these reunions unfold --

Steve kneels next to Helen's body, clutches her limp hand.

Ji Yeon and Aaron help Starla and Liam Pace -- his clothes also drenched and dirty from the crash -- cover the two bodies with makeshift blankets. The bodies belong to Kevin Callis and ARTURO -- Tom Friendly's lover from New York City.

Carmen brushes Hurley's long, straggly hair out of his eyes.

Cassidy squeezes Clementine -- years of pain spilling out through her tear ducts. Clementine just holds onto her mother, similarly weeping.

Rob stares down at Sabrina Carlyle-Rutherford's lifeless body. Gabriel Cho -- the Asian-American flight attendant from the plane -- helps Rob to cover Sabrina's corpse with a tarp.

Adam kneels next to Harper's corpse, reaches down to shut her frozen, bloodshot eyes with his fingers.

Achara helps Sami up, and they aid Nina -- who watches over her identical twin, Tina.

AN ANGRY-LOOKING CRASH SURVIVOR, Caucasian, husky, graying hair, early-forties, joins them -- he and Sami gaze over at The Others from across the beach, trade hostile glares with Zach and a few ND OTHERS.

FROM THE JUNGLE

Walt steps out from the blazed trail, makes his way around the DHARMA van. He wears all brown, looks solemn.

Most of The Others stare at their approaching leader, implore his face for guidance.

BACK TO CASSIDY AND CLEMENTINE

Even as they part, Cassidy strokes her daughter's face.

CASSIDY

I was beginning to think I'd never see you again.

CLEMENTINE

But you took a leap of faith, didn't you, Mom?

Cassidy nods, clutches Clementine's shoulders.

CASSIDY

I'm finally bringing you home.

CLEMENTINE

No, Mom. You aren't.

Cassidy looks taken aback, then completely baffled.

From where they stand, watching, Aaron and Ji Yeon exchange tentative glances. Jill chews on her lower lip. They all look over at Walt, who stares down at the ground.

CASSIDY

Wha -- ?

(struggles)

Clem, what are you talking about?

Clementine attempts to give her mother a heartened smile.

CLEMENTINE

You don't have to bring me anywhere, Mom.

(beat)

We are home.

Cassidy's mouth opens... but she's speechless, confused, shocked, slightly frustrated, almost mortified, as we...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW