

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

LOST

"Meet Jake Jackson"

Episode 7.10

by  
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LOST  
"Meet Jake Jackson"

TEASER

EXT. BEACHSIDE COVE - DAY - THE ISLAND

A pair of hands scrape flint against a rock. Over and over and over again.

LIAM PACE sits in the sand, tailor-style. He tries his damndest to create sparks within a fire pit. But... nothing.

LIAM  
Knackers...

His fingers move faster -- Scrape! Scrape! Scrape!

A brown hand touches Liam's shoulder. The scraping stops. Liam looks up, sees...

ROB HAMILL, who gives him a consoling smile. He extends a box of matches.

ROB  
Don't sweat it.

LIAM  
Where'd you get those?

ROB  
From one of the suitcases.  
Belonged to a "Woo-Jung Paik."

LIAM  
I'm such a twat!

He throws the flint to the ground.

ROB  
So you fell asleep. You let the  
light go out.  
(beat)  
It's morning. Not like we need it  
right now.

LIAM  
That Norris-bloke already hates me.  
He's just looking for a reason to  
vote me off the island.

ROB  
For what it's worth, I think Sami  
likes you.

LIAM  
Sami?

ROB  
The Iraqi. He's naturalized. Owns  
a restaurant in Sherman Oaks.

Liam raises his eyebrows.

ROB (CONT'D)  
I'm a people person.  
(gestures)  
Come on. We're having a group  
meeting. They sent me to get you.

Liam rises, follows Rob up a sandstone slope.

CLIFFSIDE - A MINUTE LATER

Liam and Rob approach a plateau where ONE-DOZEN SURVIVORS are  
gathered. SAMI RUBBA nods at them both.

SAMI  
Dr. Hamill.  
(to Liam)  
Nice of you to join us.

NORRIS  
We were just discussing how to deal  
with them.

He motions toward where the Lancelot passengers hold STEVE  
JENKINS, JILL ERDMAN, ADAM, and SIX ADDITIONAL OTHERS  
hostage, arms and wrists bound. ACHARA guards them.

ACHARA  
I say we kill them.

SAMI  
We kill them, we lose our leverage.

NORRIS  
So let's off one of 'em. Throw his  
corpse in the jungle, let his  
buddies know we mean business.

He smirks at Adam.

NORRIS (CONT'D)

I nominate the old beanpole with  
the big mouth.

Adam glares back at him. From where she sits, tied-up, Jill  
clears her throat.

JILL

They won't barter.

SAMI

Oh, really?

JILL

If you kill any of us, you'll just  
be wasting bullets.

STARLA

So then what do your people want?

STEVE

Why don't you find out?

They react to his words.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Open up some dialogue with them.

Sami, Norris, Starla, Achara, and Rob all exchange glances...  
along with TINA PUTNAM, KI-WOON, and OTHER SURVIVORS.

Liam twitches as he hears the FAINT PURR of a motor.

LIAM

What's that?

VOICE

Don't shoot!

Arms raised, out from the shadows walks...

HUGO "HURLEY" REYES, still dressed in his oversized DHARMA  
jumpsuit.

HURLEY

Whoa! Easy! Walt sent me.

NORRIS

It's that fat-ass from the beach.

SAMI

Now just hold on --

ACHARA

Oh, so he's one of us now?

Sami is quiet. Norris gestures from Hurley to the rest of The Others, addresses his fellow survivors:

NORRIS

He's one of their people!

HURLEY

Um, not quite...

NORRIS

Shut up!

Hurley scans the rest of the Lancelot survivors -- suddenly, he and Starla catch each other's gazes. Hurley takes in his first glimpse of her, shocked.

HURLEY

Starla...?

She doesn't respond. Norris looks back and forth between the two of them.

NORRIS

(to Starla)

You know him?

STARLA

A long time ago. We used to date.

(to Hurley)

But... Hugo... it can't be you.

HURLEY

Why can't it?

STARLA

Because... you're dead.

OFF LIAM, who fixates his stare on Hurley.

Yes... that's where I know him from! AND AS HURLEY BRIEFLY RETURNS LIAM'S GAZE, CAUSING LIAM TO TIGHTEN HIS LIPS --

INT. CAR - MANCHESTER (U.K.) - DAY - **FLASHBACK (2010)**

Liam -- thirteen years younger -- adjusts the volume on his car stereo. "YOU ALL EVERYBODY" by Drift Shaft BLARES.

LIAM

(sings along)

*...acting like you're stupid  
people...*

Someone TAPS the window, which snaps Liam out of his reverie. He rolls the window down...

LIAM (CONT'D)

Hop in.

...revealing KAREN PACE -- now at the age of 37, her face showing signs of age and stress.

KAREN

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

LIAM

No tricks, Karen. Scout's honor.

KAREN

What's this about, Liam? It isn't Tuesday yet.

LIAM

Take a leap of faith. Please... what have you got to lose?

KAREN

Not as much as you.

She sighs, pulls open the car door. Slides in next to her ex-husband, reluctant.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Talk.

LIAM

You got my message? Saw it on the news?

KAREN

Yes, I did. And the answer is no. We will not go to Los Angeles with you.

LIAM

But Megan --

KAREN

-- doesn't even remember her uncle.

(beat)

Liam, you really think visiting this Oceanic Memorial will mean anything to her?

LIAM

She'll see what it means to me.

KAREN

It's going to take time, if you're serious about getting into her good graces.

Liam gulps. Karen gazes out the window, distant.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You had three years to ask them about Charlie. And now, they're gone.

LIAM

But their families... maybe they confided in -- ?

KAREN

Liam! Enough.  
(beat)  
You missed the boat.

She opens the car door, steps out onto the sidewalk.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Please, just let it go... before you lose your daughter forever.

OFF LIAM, who scowls at Karen as he yanks the car door shut.  
AND AS HE FLIPS THE STEREO BACK ON, CRANKS UP THE VOLUME --

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY

Liam stares at Hurley, who's still being interrogated by the Lancelot camp.

SAMI

You tell your leader to come here himself, if he wants to talk.

HURLEY

Dude, I don't think he'll --

LIAM

You!

The rest of them turn to look at Liam, who addresses Hurley.

LIAM (CONT'D)

You were one of the Oceanic Six. Your plane crashed almost twenty years ago... but you and your mates survived.

The survivors size up Hurley, then look to Starla for validation.

STARLA

And then they all disappeared on another plane... again. It was never found.

LIAM

(to Hurley)

I knew I recognized you from somewhere!

STARLA

What's going on, Hugo? Wh-what are you doing here?

SAMI

Yes, Hugo -- what are you doing here?

HURLEY

It's... kind of hard to explain. But if you all just come with me --

ACHARA

We're not going anywhere with you.

KI-WOON

We deserve to know as much as you do.

Starla strides up to Hurley, resolute.

STARLA

Something's up, here. That Cassidy-woman gets reunited with her daughter... on this island. Liam ends up in the very same place his brother died... on this island. That blonde bitch is working with the people who tried to kidnap us... on this island. And now you waltz back into my life... on this island.

(beat)

Something brought us here, didn't it? We were all brought here!

HURLEY

Yeah... you were.

STARLA

Why, Hugo? No more secrets... Why  
were we brought here?

Hurley looks somber, a chilling expression in his eyes.

HURLEY

To die.

(beat)

You were brought here to die.

Starla looks at Sami, who looks at Norris, who looks at  
Achara, who looks at Rob, who looks at Liam -- who looks  
right back at Hurley.

And Hurley maintains his stoic expression, which doesn't  
break.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. CLIFFSIDE CAMP - DAY

Hurley sits against a palm tree, near where the cliffs merge with another beach. Sami and Norris both tower over their newest prisoner, armed.

NORRIS

How do we know he won't try anything? Like freeing his people.

SAMI

Because... he wants to survive.

Sami flashes an intense glare at Hurley, who sucks in his lips. Looking over at where Jill, Steve, Achara, and the rest of The Others are being held...

HURLEY

I already told you... they're not my people. Not anymore.

SAMI

So you defected?

HURLEY

No.

NORRIS

Then what makes you any different from them?

HURLEY

Because... you know how Walt said he runs things on this island?

(beat)

Well... that sort of used to be my job.

Sami and Norris exchange glances. Achara joins them.

ACHARA

What has he told you?

NORRIS

Apparently, this goon used to be in charge around here.

SAMI

(to Hurley)

But you gave it up?

HURLEY

Yeah...

SAMI

Why? Why wouldn't you want to be the one with the power to make everyone's decisions?

HURLEY

Well, I did make some good ones. For awhile, things were great.

ACHARA

But not for long?

HURLEY

Well... you know all those good decisions I just mentioned...

(beat)

...well, I also made a few really bad ones.

SAMI

Such as?

Hurley clams up. His overseers move away from him, convene.

AT THE UNLIT FIRE PIT

Tina reclines against a log. A blanket pads her back. Liam sits with her.

Across from them... Jill, Steve, Adam, and the six additional Others trade uncomfortable glances with the Lancelot survivors in the vicinity. Nearby, one of the survivors trains his gun in The Others' direction.

Liam smiles back at Tina, anxious.

LIAM

How's your leg doing?

TINA

I can barely feel the pain anymore.

LIAM

That's good, right?

TINA

I hope so.

She stares over to where Rob helps Starla hang a makeshift tarp. Tina notices Starla gaze over toward where Hurley is being interrogated -- yet Tina continues to address Liam.

TINA (CONT'D)  
 You said you and your brother were  
 in Drive Shaft?

LIAM  
 Aye. Not that it helped our  
 relationship.

Adam listens to their conversation. From behind, the rope  
 binding his wrists loosens.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
 We always fought, growing up.

TINA  
 Don't most siblings?

LIAM  
 It was me. I couldn't handle my  
 little runt of a brother being such  
 a ladies' man.

TINA  
 So you drifted apart?

LIAM  
 Eventually. But not before I  
 helped him feed his drug habit.

Tina nods, sympathetic.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
 I was a young and stupid wanker.  
 Charlie asked me to restart the  
 band with him, but...

TINA  
 You didn't want to reopen those old  
 wounds.

LIAM  
 Yeah.

OFF LIAM, who lowers his eyes at the empty fire pit.

And once I did, it was too late. AND AS HE KICKS AT A STRAY  
 ROCK --

INT. GREEN ROOM - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK (2012)**

Liam -- at the age of 40 -- yaks it up with fellow members of  
 Drift Shaft's revival -- RODERICK, GARETH, and TREVOR. They  
 stand at a refreshment table, graze on snacks.

MOIRA KENNEDY -- late-thirties, brunette, wearing funky threads and a spunky smirk -- approaches. She speaks with a hotshot British accent.

MOIRA

Alright, boys. A shade over three hours to go.

LIAM

Got to warm up the vocals...

He proceeds to do high-pitched voice exercises. His bandmates laugh.

MOIRA

Liam, Roderick, Gareth, Trevor -- let's focus here. It's debut night. You gents need to hit the ground running.

GARETH

We will, dearest Moira.

LIAM

Have some faith.

MOIRA

You're not just doing this for Charlie, you know. You're doing it for yourselves. For your families.

She fixates on Liam, pointedly. He absorbs her words.

RODERICK

Relax, Kennedy. We're old hats.

MOIRA

Then take off your earmuffs... because this decade's a whole new ballgame.

LIAM

How'll it be any different than our old concerts? We get up there, do our --

MOIRA

Taft Entertainment International has invested a lot of quid in your revival tour. That means they're not only banking on your success -- but on the success of all the up-and-comers who open for you.

She notices an ENTOURAGE approach them.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
Speaking of which...

Amid this incoming cluster of people is JAKE JACKSON -- now at the age of fifteen, Caucasian, blond, and baby-faced. Still fresh into the salad days of his career.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
Meet Jake Jackson -- trust me, in a few years he's going to be the hottest thing on both sides of the Atlantic. And the Pacific.

She turns to Jake.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
Jake, this is Drive Shaft. We're counting on you to open strong for them tonight.

Jake nods at each member of Drive Shaft, casual. His gaze remains friendly yet innocent.

JAKE  
Hey, I think my parents have some of your old CDs.

They guys blush.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Oh, sorry. I didn't mean --

LIAM  
It's okay, sport. You get to learn from the pros.

JAKE  
For sure.

TREVOR  
Jake Jackson... I don't suppose you have any relation to Geronimo Jackson, do you?

The members of Drive Shaft snicker. Jake replies, straight-faced:

JAKE  
Actually, it was my grandpa's band.

Their laughter stops short as they examine his face. The kid looks completely serious.

MOIRA

It's true. Jakey here has bluegrass folk running through his veins. And now, he's bringing a little bit of that legacy to the world of modern pop.

LIAM

Oh. Jake, forgive our naivete. We thought you were just --

JAKE

It's cool. When I was in grade school, no one in my class had heard of my grandpa's band, either.

He slaps Liam and Roderick on the arms, fraternally.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'm stoked! I'll make you guys proud -- I promise!

LIAM

We'll hold you to that.

Jake pumps his fist with exuberance, nabs a celery stick off the craft services table -- then leads his entourage away.

Moira scrutinizes Drive Shaft with her eyes. Liam and his bandmates shift their feet. An awkward silence.

MOIRA

You'd best not piss him off, boys. Someday, you'll be the ones opening for Jake Jackson.

Liam tries to grin, but Moira doesn't look amused.

OFF LIAM, who attempts to smile at his bandmates. AND AS THE AWKWARD SILENCE PERSISTS --

EXT. BEACH/CLIFFS - FIRE PIT AREA - DAY

Liam continues talking with Tina, as The Others listen.

LIAM

The Oceanic Six...  
(points to Hurley)  
...him and the ones who survived -- they said Charlie lived for months until he died from injuries.

TINA

What kind of injuries?

LIAM

I never got to ask them. That was a time in my life when my priorities were out of whack.

(beat)

Three years went by, and I never even bothered to visit the folks who were with my brother in his final days.

Tina suppresses a tear.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Then, in Two-Thousand-and-Seven, they got on another plane... and it disappeared. All of them were on it -- except for the kid they'd brought back with them.

(beat)

And then, years later, he and his grandmum disappeared too.

TINA

Ajira Flight Three-Sixteen. I've heard of it. It's become one of the greatest mysteries of the Twenty-First Century so far.

JILL

It doesn't have to remain a mystery.

Liam and Tina look up at Jill, curious.

LIAM

I beg your pardon?

JILL

All the answers you seek about your brother can be found on this island.

Liam gapes at her. Steve shushes Jill, paranoid.

STEVE

Jill...

JILL

You think they won't find out soon enough, Steve?

Jill trades almost knowing looks with Tina, while Liam continues to be paralyzed by Jill's cryptic revelation.

All of a sudden, Adam leaps up -- throws off his loosened rope. He makes a run for it. The entire camp snaps alert.

NORRIS  
Hey! Stop him!

Liam runs after Adam, dives for his feet -- he's only able to grab Adam's heels. They both go down.

Sami, Norris, Rob, Achara, and other Lancelot survivors run toward them -- just as Adam clocks Liam across the face with a fist.

Norris fires bullets, which pelt the sand near Liam's and Adam's feet. Rob intercedes, thrusts the rifle away from where Norris angles it.

ROB  
Watch out, man! You're going to hit Liam!

NORRIS  
And I'm supposed to care?

Adam sprints behind a rock formation. Norris leads several passengers; they scurry after him. Starla kneels next to Liam, examines his bloody face. Rob is right on Starla's tail.

STARLA  
Are you okay?

LIAM  
My face hurts like hell, but other than that...

Rob takes Liam's face in his hands. Norris and the other passengers backtrack toward them.

NORRIS  
He's gone!

ROB  
What?

NORRIS  
The bastard just disappeared!

SAMI  
He couldn't have gone far. Let's organize some men --

Norris storms over to Liam... grabs Liam by the collar, lifts him to his feet.

LIAM  
Hey! What's the big idea?

ROB  
(to Norris)  
Man, what are you doing?

NORRIS  
This clown let him get away!

LIAM  
I did not! He punched my lights  
out!

NORRIS  
Just like I'm going to!

Norris tries to knee Liam in the stomach... but Liam sidesteps him, takes off running.

NORRIS (CONT'D)  
You might as well be one of them!

Rob and Sami try to restrain Norris, but he breaks loose from them.. and charges after Liam.

SAMI  
Norris!

ROB  
You need to cool off! Seriously!

Norris ignores them... pursues Liam up onto the:

SANDSTONE CLIFFS

Liam climbs up onto a rocky ledge, looks down over his shoulder. Norris is hot on Liam's heels.

NORRIS  
(calls up)  
Get back down here!

LIAM  
Why? So you can throw me into the  
fire tonight?  
(resumes climbing)  
Ashes to ashes, eh...?  
(heaving)  
I... don't... think so!

Liam arrives at the top of one cliff. He looks down at his fellow survivors on the ground, now mushroom-sized to him.

He looks back up. The high clifftops become BLURRY, as his vision begins to WOBBLE.

Liam calls down to them.

LIAM (CONT'D)

That guy's a maniac! You need to  
tie him down...!

Liam's foot suddenly slips. He begins to fall several feet off the cliff's edge, hollers.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. MAKESHIFT BEACH CAMP - FIRE PIT - DAY

Liam opens his eyes, tries to sit up. He sees Jill sitting nearby, hands tied behind her back.

JILL  
He's awake.

LIAM  
(groggy)  
What... happened...?

He rolls over, spots Tina seated on his other side.

TINA  
You almost killed yourself, that's what happened.

LIAM  
Norris... he came after me... he was going to kill me...

TINA  
He's not here right now.

JILL  
They're out looking for Adam.

LIAM  
One of your people? The one who got away?  
(morbid)  
When they find him --

JILL  
They're not going to find him.

Liam looks to Tina for insight. She just looks at the ground.

CLIFFSIDE - SAME

Starla follows the contours at the base of the cliffs. Face forward, she passes by...

Hurley, who's now tied up. Two armed Lancelot passengers guard him.

HURLEY  
Starla...

She turns to face him, conflicted.

STARLA

I know what you're going to ask me.  
And it doesn't matter anymore.

HURLEY

But why'd you do it? Get with  
Johnny, I mean.

She heaves another sigh.

STARLA

You really hurt him, Hugo. You  
hurt both of us.

HURLEY

I didn't want you to treat me...  
different.

STARLA

Did you honestly think we'd never  
find out you'd won millions of  
dollars?

She turns, begins to walk away. Hurley blurts out:

HURLEY

I went crazy, you know.

Starla stops short, turns back to him. A look of  
incredulity.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Spent some time in a mental  
hospital. Because so many bad  
things happened after I played  
those numbers.

STARLA

So, what? -- you blame me for  
sending you to the looney bin?

HURLEY

No... well, not completely...  
(beat)  
I just can't help but wonder... did  
you and Johnny choose each other  
because you knew it would hurt me?

She scoffs, storms off toward the shoreline.

BACK TO LIAM AND TINA

Liam traces a circle in the sand with his finger. Tina  
scoots next to him, touches Liam's arm.

TINA  
Hey.

LIAM  
Hey.

TINA  
So... you and your brother...?

LIAM  
Charlie.

TINA  
Charlie. Were you close?

LIAM  
We had our ups and downs. But when his plane crashed, we hadn't spoken in months.

TINA  
I could never imagine being away from my sister for so long.

LIAM  
Yeah, but you have that whole twin-thing going on. Like two peas in a pod, as they say.

TINA  
Doesn't matter. Everyone needs family.

LIAM  
Who says family has to be blood-related?

They smile at each other.

TINA  
How about your parents? What was your -- ?

CHARLIE  
I'd rather not talk about it.

TINA  
Do you get along?

OFF LIAM, who doesn't answer her.

Not as well as we should have. AND AS HE PICKS UP A BLACK ROCK ALONG THE EDGE OF THE FIRE PIT, HE BEGINS TO STROLL AWAY BY HIMSELF --

EXT. COTTAGE - MANCHESTER (U.K.) - DAY - **FLASHBACK (2014)**

Liam, at the age of 42, enters a backyard. He wears designer clothes, approaches an herb garden... cautious.

SIMON PACE, now in his late-sixties, still heavysset but badly aged, rises from behind the plants.

LIAM

Sorry I caught you on your knees.

Liam ventures a chuckle. Simon keeps his face grouchy.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Not the right time?

SIMON

You never have been too good with timing.

He returns to his weeding.

LIAM

Come on, Dad.

SIMON

How's that daughter of yours?

LIAM

I haven't seen her since last year.

SIMON

(unsurprised)  
Really?

He looks up at his son again.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Nice to see you have your priorities straight.

LIAM

Enough with the low blows.

Simon rises to his feet, drops a hoe.

SIMON

I haven't seen my little Meggie in four years. Whose fault is that?

LIAM

You think I don't remind myself of that, everyday?

SIMON

So you repent between sets? While chomping on bonbons in some green room?

Liam flinches. He looks away.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Why are you here, Liam?

LIAM

The tour's doing well. I want to take care of you.

SIMON

I can take care of myself.

LIAM

Dad --

SIMON

I took care of your mum well after you boys skipped town.

LIAM

You just can't forgive us, can you?

SIMON

I've lost two sons. One in a plane crash... the other because he can't be bothered to pick up a phone while jet-setting around the world, making a lot of noise.

LIAM

It isn't noise, Dad. It's music. It's self-expression... we do it to honor Charlie.

SIMON

And you donate all of the proceeds to charity, eh?

Liam meets his father's scowl.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What are you looking for?

LIAM

Redemption. The chance to be the brother I never was... the father I never was... the son I never was.

Simon absorbs those words. He faces his son, hardened.

SIMON

Don't come back here unless you  
have Megan by your side.

LIAM

Nice to see you again too, Dad.

OFF LIAM, who turns his back on Simon. AND AS LIAM PLODS OUT  
OF THE BACKYARD, SQUEEZING BACK A TEAR OR TWO FROM HIS EYE --

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY

Two fingers pull down a zipper.

Liam stands at the edge of a cliff, faces the oceanside view.

He exhales, closes his eyes. A liquid trickle slides down  
the sides of rocks.

VOICE

Feels good, doesn't it?

Liam whips around, comes face-to-face with...

MIKHAIL BAKUNIN -- dressed in a dark blue bulletproof vest  
over a blue shirt, an eyepatch still covering his right eye --  
who smirks at him. A bloody splotch stains Mikhail's  
sternum.

LIAM

Who... who are you?

MIKHAIL

I am the man who killed your  
brother.

Liam reacts, completely floored. Mikhail responds with a  
matter-of-fact curve of his lips.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY - CONTINUED

Rage overcomes Liam's face. He takes a swing at Mikhail, but...

His fist PHASES straight through the eye-patched Other's spirit form.

MIKHAIL

I have not been able to take a punch in twenty years.

LIAM

Wait... so you're... dead?

MIKHAIL

I am.

(beat)

I also spent the final ten years of my life on this island.

Liam begins to circle Mikhail, who appears to turn his body to remain facing his conversation partner.

LIAM

So... what were you? Like, some kind of pirate?

MIKHAIL

I helped to protect the island.

LIAM

From who?

MIKHAIL

Your brother. And all of those who survived the crash of Oceanic Eight-Fifteen along with him.

LIAM

There were only nine survivors. And Charlie was one of the three who didn't --

MIKHAIL

They lied about Charlie. To protect this island from those who would exploit its power.

Liam scrutinizes Mikhail, embittered.

LIAM  
So why'd you have to kill him?

MIKHAIL  
I allowed my pride to interfere  
with serving the island's best  
interest.

LIAM  
Your pride?

MIKHAIL  
Your brother and the seventy  
passengers who survived alongside  
of him... they feared my people.

LIAM  
Why?

MIKHAIL  
They thought we were abducting  
them.

LIAM  
You mean like what Walt's mates  
tried to do to us?

MIKHAIL  
Walt was only a young boy back  
then... one of the few children to  
survive the crash.

Liam's anger switches to curiosity.

LIAM  
You still haven't answered me. Why  
would you kill my brother?

MIKHAIL  
Retaliation. I couldn't deal with  
being bested by one of them.

LIAM  
"One of them?"

MIKHAIL  
John Locke. Jin-Soo Kwon. Desmond  
Hume.

LIAM  
Those names mean nothing to me.

MIKHAIL

I realize that.

(beat)

They each tried to kill me... but failed.

LIAM

And what did Charlie do to you?

MIKHAIL

Unbeknownst to me at the time, he was using a video phone to contact a woman who was about to tell him that some very bad people were on their way to invade our island.

(beat)

In hindsight, I should have let him live. Had my rage not consumed me, he could have prepared those who were on the island for what was to come.

LIAM

Why are you telling me all of this?

MIKHAIL

Because, Liam, you must realize -- there is still much work to do.

OFF LIAM, who stands there -- gaping in disbelief -- at this stoic ghost.

No matter how hard I try, I manage to push away those closest to me. AND AS HE GAZES OVER AT THE MAKESHIFT CLIFFSIDE CAMP, IN THE DISTANCE --

INT. BACKSTAGE - CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK (2015)**

Liam, now 43, stands with Gareth, Trevor, and Roderick; they munch on snacks from the craft services spread. Jake Jackson -- now at the age of 19 -- strides over to them.

JAKE

Hey, guys. Helping yourselves to the chow?

LIAM

There's our golden goose!

RODERICK

Don't you mean "golden stud?" The birds swoon over him whenever he opens for us.

JAKE

You dudes put me on the map. Glad to do my part.

TREVOR

Not to mention how he gets a full two hours of sets before we go on.

GARETH

That tends to happen when your latest CD explodes.

Liam's cell phone VIBRATES. He opens it, reads a text message.

LIAM

Speaking of which --

RODERICK

Oh, here we go.

Liam's bandmates smirk at him, as he glares in response. Jake witnesses this exchange, confused.

JAKE

What?

LIAM

Jake, my man --

GARETH

His little girl's dying to get your autograph.

The guys snicker. Liam continues to look pissed.

JAKE

Hey, no prob. I love meeting fans.

Liam wiggles his head at his bandmates, triumphant.

FIVE MINUTES LATER

SECURITY GUARDS escort MEGAN PACE -- at the age of thirteen, Caucasian, reddish-blond hair, trendy clothing -- toward Liam. She looks quite bored at the sight of him, speaks with a British accent.

MEGAN

So...?

LIAM

Patience, sweetheart.

MEGAN  
Don't call me that.

LIAM  
Right.

Liam glances over his shoulder, then steps aside.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Miss Megan Pace...

Jake steps out from behind a sandwich-board CUT-OUT OF DRIVE SHAFT, which is promoting their revival tour.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
...meet Jake Jackson.

Megan's face lights up, overcome with pure shock -- then delight.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
I've told him all about --

MEGAN  
Oh, my God!...Oh, my God!...OH, MY  
GOD!

She completely ignores her father, shakes as she approaches Jake.

JAKE  
Hey, Megan. I'm flattered you like  
my music.

MEGAN  
"Like?" LIKE?  
(gushes)  
I love it! I love you! You're  
awesome! I have every single CD  
you've done!

JAKE  
So I guess I don't have to beg you  
for a hug.

Megan squeals, as Jake spreads his arms. She loses it, lets herself fall into Jake's arms. Liam beams at her.

BACKSTAGE - FOUR HOURS LATER

Liam -- sweaty from his on-stage performance -- watches from afar as Jake gives Megan a goodbye hug. His daughter heads toward him, arms filled with souvenirs.

LIAM  
How much do you love your old man?

MEGAN  
Thanks.

She keeps walking. He blocks her path with one arm.

LIAM  
Wait a soddin' minute here. I go out of my way to arrange for you to meet one of the world's hottest pop idols, and all you can say is "thanks"...?

MEGAN  
What do you want me to say, Dad?

LIAM  
I don't know -- maybe that you might want to go grab a bite with me? We could catch up.

Megan gives him a Look.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
What? You're too hip for food now?

MEGAN  
I knew that's what this was about.

LIAM  
This was "about" what?

MEGAN  
You only did this because you want an easy way to be a cool parent.

LIAM  
Megan --

MEGAN  
You never email me. You missed my birthday last year, Dad. And the year before that! I'll bet you don't even know when it is!

Liam remains silent.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
It's March Eighth.

LIAM  
And when's mine, Megan?

MEGAN  
May Thirteenth.

Liam's gaze drops, guilty.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
Are you snorting again?

Liam's face turns fierce.

LIAM  
Look, I've never been Father of the  
Year. But I am still your father.  
(beat)  
That entitles me to at least a pint  
of respect, Margaret.

MEGAN  
Mum says respect is a two-way  
street.

She turns to leave... but then stops and faces him.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
But you wouldn't know that, since  
you never talk to her.

OFF LIAM, whose face falls as Megan stares up at him with  
disappointment. AND AS HE WATCHES AS HIS DAUGHTER WALKS  
RIGHT OUT OF HIS LIFE --

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY

Rob examine's Liam's chest, touches his patient's arm.

LIAM  
So what's the diagnosis, doc? Any  
broken ribs?

Liam winces, seethes as Rob presses down on Liam's ribcage.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Guess that answers my question.

ROB  
Maybe. I can't tell.

LIAM  
I don't suppose they've got x-ray  
equipment anywhere on this island.

ROB  
You may have one or two broken. Or  
it's just really bad bruising.

LIAM  
So...?

ROB  
For now, try not to move too much.

LIAM  
Spot on.

Rob pats him on the shoulder, leaves Liam's side. Tina lays several feet parallel to him, glances his way.

TINA  
You'll be fine.

LIAM  
We both will. I promise.

Tina stares off into the distance.

TINA  
Who's that guy?

LIAM  
What guy?

TINA  
The one with the eye patch.

She gestures. Liam follows her gaze, only to see...

Mikhail Bakunin -- staring at them from more than fifty feet away. The deceased Other peers over a cliffside plateau.

LIAM  
Bloody hell...!

Liam attempts to sit up, fights through the pain.

TINA  
Liam! Don't!

Mikhail ducks back behind the cliff. Liam yells after him:

LIAM  
You soddin' bastard!

He sees two feet step in front of him. Liam slowly cranes his neck, catches sight of:

Simon Pace -- apron-clad, holding a meat cleaver. Simon's hands, bloodied, position the utensil at Liam.

SIMON

I ought to chop off your balls...  
it's not like you've been using the  
ones you've got.

LIAM

Sod off!

Liam jerks forward, grits his teeth. Closes his eyes, and...

Upon reopening them, Liam sees his daughter, Megan -- still  
at the age of thirteen -- blood dripping from her skull.

MEGAN

You can't even hold me right.

LIAM

Megan... I'm so sorry...

MEGAN

No you're not. You're not even  
sorry you missed my oboe solo.

LIAM

No, I am! I truly --

Megan **MELTS INTO** a puddle of blood before his very eyes.  
Liam gasps, crawls around where his daughter stood.

LIAM (CONT'D)

No! Don't leave me! I'll take  
care of you, Meggie...!

Another pair of feet appear at nose-level to where he crawls.  
Liam tilts his head upward, in dread...

There stands Karen Pace, her clothing bloodied from head to  
toe. Her eyes fixed to Liam... cold, distant, unforgiving.

KAREN

You're a failure, Liam. Just like  
your druggie brother.

LIAM

No...

KAREN

A fool, a hedonist, a self-centered  
egotist.

LIAM

I've changed, I swear.

KAREN  
Nothing ever changes.

LIAM  
I can change! Just give me a  
chance! Please!

KAREN  
No.

Liam gets to his feet, wobbly.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
You were a failure as a husband,  
Liam Pace. A failure as a  
father...

LIAM  
No...

KAREN  
A failure as a musician...

LIAM  
Stop!

KAREN  
A failure as a man!

LIAM  
Go shag yourself, you miserable  
harpy!

He lunges forward, tackles her to the ground. Karen  
struggles against him. Liam clasps her neck, throttles.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
That'll teach you...

Karen gags, her eyes bulging.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
To mess with this washed-up,  
deadbeat druggie!

Karen can barely choke out her words.

KAREN  
What... are...?

LIAM  
I'm showing you how I can succeed  
at something.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(beat)

At getting rid of you for good!

Liam brushes sweat out of his eyes with one wrist. He looks down again, sees...

His hands now strangle Starla, who struggles to push him away.

Liam gasps, shocked and horror-stricken at what he's doing.

At what he's become.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A finger traces some circular patterns in the sand.

Hurley brushes sand from his finger, looks over at Sami and Norris -- who stand above him, armed.

SAMI

So explain it to us one more time.

NORRIS

This place... they call it "the barracks?"

HURLEY

Dude, it's like Mister Rogers' Neighborhood. We've got running water, electricity, heaters, ovens...

NORRIS

You must make good use out of those.

Hurley barely flinches.

SAMI

How did all of those amenities get there?

HURLEY

People have been coming to this island, like, forever. Back in the seventies, there was this group of scientists --

They hear a sudden SCREAM. Everyone on the beach looks over toward the low-rise plateau.

PLATEAU - SAME

Liam kneels, throttles Starla's neck.

NORRIS (O.S.)

HEY!

FROM THE BEACH

Hurley yells out:

HURLEY

Starla!

NORRIS  
 What the hell do you think you're  
 doing!

Norris charges forward, Sami right behind him.

PLATEAU - ONE MINUTE LATER

Liam releases Starla, who can't seem to catch her breath.  
 Various survivors gather around them.

LIAM  
 I'm sorry! I'm sorry, Starla! I  
 don't know what came over --

Norris tackles Liam, grabs him by the collar.

ROB (O.S.)  
 Norris! Hold up!

Rob and Sami pull Norris off of Liam, but Norris continues to yell in Liam's direction.

NORRIS  
 Are you crazy? Trying to kill her!

LIAM  
 I wasn't! I swear -- !

ROB  
 Just calm down!

NORRIS (CONT'D)  
 I'll kill him! I never trusted  
 this punk! I swear, I'll kill him!

Starla sits up, gasps for air. She gazes at Liam, a combination of fear and disgust.

OFF LIAM, who pants... catches sight of all the morbid stares directed his way.

This is not me. This is not who I am. AND AS HE CLOSES HIS EYES, APPALLED AT HIS OWN INEXPLICABLE BEHAVIOR --

INT. GREEN ROOM - LONDON - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK (2018)**

Liam, now at the age of 46, sits on a couch -- an immaculate spread of hors d'oeuvres and alcohol in front of him.

A THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE ERUPTS from the stage, as the music CUTS OUT. Liam sulks, pops a crab puff into his mouth. Washes it down with a swig from a mini-bottle of vodka.

Two high heels CLACK against the floor in front of Liam's feet.

Moira Kennedy -- now six years older, still dressed for success -- looks down at him with pity.

MOIRA  
Bad news, I'm afraid.

LIAM  
Is there any other kind?

MOIRA  
You're off the tour.

Liam takes another swig of vodka, doesn't react.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
Taft wants to bring in a new headliner. A younger guy, Riley Avellino. Another American... has great boy-next-door potential.

LIAM  
Just like Jake.

MOIRA  
They're giving you one more month. You can concoct a public excuse. Tell people you want to spend more time with your family.

Liam snorts, shoves two more crab puffs into his mouth.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
You'll still get paid off for the remainder of your contract.

LIAM  
Fantastic.

Jake, now almost 21, struts in. His shirt hangs open, revealing a sweaty chest. Newfound confidence brightens the youthful innocence in his face. Moira greets him.

MOIRA  
There's my Jakey.

JAKE  
Hey, guys.

Jake rolls his eyes as Moira gives him an overly-enthusiastic squeeze. Liam looks completely disinterested.

LIAM  
Good show, Jakey.

JAKE  
Thanks, man.

Another BLOND GUY, 19, Caucasian, slender, trendy clothes, sticks his head in the doorway. Jake's face lights up as he clasps fingers with his buddy.

BLOND GUY  
Jake-ster!

JAKE  
Ry-Ry!

He turns to introduce his friend.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Guys, this is Riley Avellino.  
Riley, my manager, Moira Kennedy.  
And this is Liam Pace... an old-timer who gets the European crowds fired up for me.

RILEY  
(to Liam)  
Hey.  
(to Moira)  
Pleased to meet you, Ms. Kennedy.

MOIRA  
No, love... it's Moira.

RILEY  
Moira.

Riley drapes his arm around Jake, grins.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
This guy's great. Ever since I met Jake, life's been a rush. Meeting all these big musicians, seeing the most amazing cities...

JAKE  
Riley, here, has some pretty sweet vocals himself. He's going to hit it big soon, I know he will.

LIAM  
Well, bully for him.

Liam pops open another mini-bottle of vodka, while Jake looks at him with concern.

MOIRA  
So, Riley, why don't I give you a  
full backstage tour.

RILEY  
Awesome.

Moira ushers Riley out of the green room -- clearly buttering him up. Jake moves over to the couch, sits down next to Liam while picking off a small vine of grapes from the spread.

JAKE  
Want to talk?

LIAM  
It's nothing.

JAKE  
No it isn't. You haven't even  
touched the Dom Pérignon.

Jake ventures a chuckle. Liam looks over at him with lifeless eyes.

LIAM  
Ever since Drive Shaft dumped me...  
my life's been going downhill.

JAKE  
Hey, look at it this way... it  
freed you up to work with me.

LIAM  
Not anymore.  
(beat)  
Moira just told me your mate,  
Riley, is in. I'm out.

Jake looks genuinely shocked.

JAKE  
Liam, I had no --

LIAM  
I know you didn't. Just the latest  
blow to my ego.

An awkward silence.

JAKE  
So... how's Megan?

LIAM

She's been a wreck ever since her mum's accident. Wouldn't even look at me during the funeral.

(beat)

Moved in with her gramps. Simon the soddin' butcher...

Jake gives him a long, sympathetic look.

LIAM (CONT'D)

I had to miss her orchestra concert tonight. To be here. She plays the oboe, you know.

JAKE

So... maybe now you'll have the chance to reconnect with her?

LIAM

Nice try.

Liam grabs a full bottle of champagne, pops the cork. As he toasts it...

LIAM (CONT'D)

Down the hatch.

...the back of a BLONDE WOMAN's head appears in the green room doorway.

FEMALE VOICE

Excuse me.

EMMA -- at the age of 23, dressed as nicely as Moira -- stands there.

EMMA

Sorry to interrupt. My name's Emma Thorne... I'm the VIP Ambassador for Taft Entertainment.

(to Jake)

Mr. Jackson, I have some special guests here who'd like to meet you.

JAKE

For sure. I always have time for my fans.

Emma moves aside, calls out into the hallway:

EMMA

Nancy, bring them in.

NANCY, at the age of 60, dressed similarly to Emma, escorts in KEVIN CALLIS -- at the age of 47 -- and a TEENAGE GIRL -- 14, Caucasian, brunette -- her face absolutely lit up.

NANCY

Mr. Jackson, this is Annie Callis and her father, Kevin. Annie was the winner of last year's PopTop Sweepstakes.

JAKE

Hey. Great to meet you, Annie.

He reaches out to shake the girl's hand... but Annie throws herself into Jake's arms.

ANNIE

Your newest CD was so bitchin'!

KEVIN

Sweetie, language.

ANNIE

Well it was, Dad.

KEVIN

(to Jake)

You'll have to excuse her. She's been dreaming of this moment ever since her mother and I made the mistake of buying Annie her first iPod.

JAKE

No worries.

EMMA

I'll bet you have this to look forward to for the next ten years, eh, Jake?

Jake flashes them a helpless grin as Annie smothers him with her hug.

OFF LIAM, who fumes at all of the attention Jake continues to receive. AND AS HE DOWNS ANOTHER THROATFUL OF BUBBLY --

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Liam sits against a palm tree, arms and wrists bound. The remaining Others -- including Jill and Steve -- are also imprisoned adjacent to him.

Rob stands nearby, gives Liam a look of solidarity. Several of the other survivors guard the prisoners with guns.

SAMI (O.S.)

I am just saying we might want to consider it.

ACHARA (O.S.)

Why? You heard that psychopath, Adam. He said his people want to hurt us.

SAMI (O.S.)

Not necessarily all of us.

A FEW FEET AWAY FROM WHERE THE HOSTAGES ARE KEPT...

Norris and Sami lead a discussion, in which Achara and Starla participate. Hurley sits in the middle, looking quite overwhelmed.

NORRIS

What do you mean? We draw straws to see who gets slaughtered?

SAMI

I am proposing we send several of us as emissaries -- with the understanding that we will have amnesty.

NORRIS

Amnesty? This ain't the U.N., buddy -- we're in the wild, here.

ACHARA

Let's ask him.

She gestures down at Hurley, who looks up at the group.

ACHARA (CONT'D)

(to Hurley)

You said we came here to die? Can we avoid death if we appease your people?

HURLEY

Um, it doesn't exactly work that way...

TINA

Then how does it work?

All eyes focus on her.

TINA (CONT'D)

Because I can barely feel my leg --  
and I want my sister back.

ROB

She's right. The longer Tina stays  
out here, the worse her infection  
will get. Maybe they can help her.

HURLEY

We can.

STARLA

Why should we believe you, Hugo?  
Do you ever tell the whole truth?

Hurley just looks back at her, the sting of Starla's words  
evident in her gaze.

SAMI

I propose that we pick two  
candidates.

(gestures to Hurley)

He can take them across the island,  
to his leader. The rest of us will  
keep moving.

NORRIS

Well if you're so hell-bent on  
sending emissaries, why don't you  
volunteer?

SAMI

Perhaps I will.

(to the group)

In the meantime, someone should  
check back at the old beach to make  
sure we didn't leave anything  
important behind. Flashlights,  
tools, edible rations...whatever  
useful items passengers may have  
tucked away in their luggage.  
Anything we might use to our  
advantage.

(beat)

Because we'll need every advantage  
we can get.

He addresses one SURVIVOR -- a Caucasian brunet in his late-  
twenties.

SAMI (CONT'D)

Jordan, can you take a couple of  
people?

JORDAN  
Of course.

STARLA  
I'll go.

SAMI  
Starla, are you certain you -- ?

STARLA  
Yes.

HURLEY  
She doesn't want to be around me.

Starla gives Hurley a deep glare -- then shuffles to Jordan's side. Sami hands Jordan his gun.

SAMI  
Use this if you need to.

Jordan nods. He, Starla, and Ki-Woon head off down the beach. Starla breaks eye contact with Hurley, doesn't look back at him. Hurley appears hurt.

From where he's seated, Liam watches and listens to his fellow survivors talk.

NORRIS  
The Brit needs to be dealt with.  
He almost killed her.

SAMI  
He's still one of us. He wants to survive just as badly as we do.

ACHARA  
What if they use him against us?

SAMI  
Then we take "them" out.

NORRIS  
Come on, Rubba. You're just willing to look the other -- ?

SAMI  
I'll keep an eye on him. Make sure he does not try anything.

Liam glances to the side... and suddenly yelps as he sees...

Mikhail, standing in Liam's blind spot. The eyepatched ghost gives Liam a sly smile, as Liam reacts:

LIAM

You!

Everyone turns, in time to see Mikhail standing there.

LIAM (CONT'D)

It was him! He did it to me! He made me act that way!

Norris, Sami, and the other armed Lancelot survivors angle their guns toward Mikhail's spirit form.

NORRIS

Don't move!

SAMI

Who are you?

Mikhail slowly FADES FROM SIGHT... right before their very eyes. The survivors MURMUR, shocked and frustrated.

NORRIS

Everybody, SHUT UP!  
(to Liam)  
Who was he?

LIAM

He's a ghost. He's the one who made me --

Norris whips Liam across the face with his rifle butt. Liam falls over, kisses sand. Norris and Sami approach Liam, who moans:

LIAM (CONT'D)

Please, you've got to believe me --

SAMI

You have given up the right to be believed.

He turns to address the crowd.

SAMI (CONT'D)

I need at least some of you to go with Hugo. I realize it's a frightening prospect to --

Rob instantly raises his hand. Slowly, a few other survivors raise their hands, as well.

SAMI (CONT'D)

Okay, then. Dr. Hamill, look after Tina. If they try anything on a helplessly injured young woman --

ROB

I'll guard her like she was my own daughter.

Tina smiles at Rob through her discomfort.

SAMI

Just let them know there will be consequences, if they harm her.

HURLEY

Dude, we're not --

SAMI

Shut up.  
(to everyone)  
You leave with him in one hour.

Norris scowls at Hurley, who gazes over at Liam and gives him a look of sympathy. Then, Hurley stares toward the beach, in the direction Starla, Ki-Woon, and Jordan are headed.

THE SURVIVORS' OLD BEACH - HALF AN HOUR LATER

Starla, Ki-Woon, and Jordan arrive at the wreckage of Lancelot Flight 423. They approach a cacophony of scattered suitcases, airplane parts, and debris.

KI-WOON

We should spend no longer than fifteen minutes here.

JORDAN

Fan out. We're looking for anything we might have missed. Batteries, knives, non-perishable food --

STARLA

Guys, look.

Starla points off in the distance.

JOHN LOCKE buttons up a nice jacket over his torso. He's now dressed in a dark suit, his old clothes strewn by his feet. He looks up, spots them staring at him from afar.

The three Lancelot refugees turn inward toward each other, form a small circle.

KI-WOON

Who is he?

JORDAN

Maybe he was on the plane... and we left him behind by mistake?

STARLA

So we mistook his body for a corpse? Like that Helen-woman...?

An ominous MECHANICAL ECHO. They glance back at where Locke had stood -- only to see he's now gone.

JORDAN

Where'd he go?

They hear a WHOOSH, followed by a "TICKA-TICKA" sound... as THICK SMOKE surrounds the trio. They holler, attempt to run... unable to flee from the barrier of black smoke that's penned them in.

As the smoke clears, Locke stands in front of them -- still wearing his dignified suit. He gives them a cordial nod.

LOCKE

Hello, there.

STARLA

Wh-who are you?

LOCKE

Where are your friends? From your plane that crashed.

The threesome remains silent, paralyzed by fear. Locke takes one step toward them.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

I don't want to hurt you...

(shrugs)

...but sometimes we have to do things we don't want to do.

Starla's, Jordan's, and Ki-Woon's faces freeze as a SHADOW LOOMS over their stiffened, terrified bodies.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. DINER - DAY - **FLASHBACK (TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE CRASH)**

SUPER IN/OUT: MARINA DEL REY, CALIFORNIA

Liam struts through a cozy diner where PATRONS eat lunch and chat heartily. He spots the back of A WOMAN'S head; she's seated at a corner booth, dressed from head-to-toe in purple.

He approaches the booth.

LIAM

Hey. Lady in Purple.

She turns to face him -- it's DR. AMY HONALE, the same woman who gave Cassidy a plane ticket to South Korea eight months earlier.

LIAM (CONT'D)

You're the one who texted me?

Liam plops down into the seat across from her. Honale speaks with a distinct South African accent, after swallowing a bite of her club sandwich.

HONALE

That I did.

LIAM

So how did you get my number? It's private, you know.

HONALE

I'm a fan of Drive Shaft.

LIAM

Really?

He smiles at her. She simply raises her eyebrows, chomps the tip of a pickle from her plate.

LIAM (CONT'D)

You and a dozen other people on the planet.

(beat)

You said you had some information about my daughter?

HONALE

No. I said I had some information about Megan.

LIAM  
Megan is my daughter.

HONALE  
Whom you named after your late  
mother.

Liam frowns, rises from his seat.

LIAM  
Is this some kind of practical  
joke? April Fool's Day was  
yesterday, you know. Are you  
pretending to be a psychic, or some  
bunk like that?  
(angrier)  
You ask me to meet you at some hole  
in the wall... you don't tell me  
your name... or how you know my --

HONALE  
Sit down.

He obeys her command, despite himself.

HONALE (CONT'D)  
My name is Dr. Amy Honale. I work  
for the Hanso Foundation.

LIAM  
Never heard of them.

HONALE  
I wouldn't have expected you to.

She removes an envelope from the inner pocket of her vest.  
Slaps it down on the table, slides it across to Liam.

LIAM  
What's that?

HONALE  
Take it.

He does.

HONALE (CONT'D)  
It's a plane ticket. A flight that  
leaves from LAX, two weeks from now  
-- Lancelot Four-Twenty-Three,  
bound for South Korea.

LIAM  
Why would I -- ?

HONALE

You're already going to be in Seoul for Drive Shaft's month-long reunion tour.

LIAM

How did you -- ?

HONALE

Like I said, I'm a fan.

(beat)

I guess at this point in your career, you'll do almost anything for money.

LIAM

I haven't flown anywhere in about four years. But Gareth's manager already booked me a flight. It doesn't depart until --

HONALE

Use this one, instead.

LIAM

I'll be a week early. What am I going to do in South Korea for a whole -- ?

HONALE

Enclosed with a plane ticket is an address. A woman named Mi-Ok Han. She's an old soothsayer... she can answer all your questions about how your mother really died.

Liam reacts, then narrows his eyes.

LIAM

What, she just told you this? Why didn't she contact me herself?

HONALE

That isn't her style, Liam. If you want answers, make sure you're on that flight, April Fifteenth.

Dr. Honale rises from her seat, strides away from the booth. Liam just looks down at the envelope, dumbfounded.

Over her shoulder...

HONALE (CONT'D)

And lunch is on you, sweets.

OFF LIAM, who gapes after the exiting Dr. Amy Honale, his jaw practically on the floor. AND AS HE STARES BACK DOWN AT THE UNMARKED ENVELOPE --

INT. BEACH - NIGHT (DUSK)

Under the direction of Sami and Norris, the survivors back up their few belongings. Rob kneels, shakes Liam awake.

ROB  
Hey. Hey, man. We're getting ready to go.

LIAM  
Eh... so they can shoot me under the cover of darkness, I'll bet.

ROB  
I'm not going to let that happen.

LIAM  
You really think they're going to let me go with you guys.

Each of them directs a side-glance toward where Sami and Norris bark out orders to the rest of camp.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
You can't save me, mate. I can't even save myself.

ROB  
Don't talk like that. We're going to get through this.

LIAM  
How? Everybody wants a piece of me.

Rob sighs, glances back at the rest of the group -- everyone seems to be discussing plans for abandoning camp.

ROB  
Trust is a hard thing to earn back.

LIAM  
I couldn't save him, you know.

Rob blinks, confused.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Charlie... my brother.

ROB

The one who died in the Oceanic crash?

LIAM

I lost my wife, my daughter... but I'd abandoned my brother way before he ever stepped onto that soddin' plane.

ROB

You had no way of knowing --

LIAM

When Charlie was eight, our mum got him a piano. I tried to teach myself to play. Couldn't get the hang of it. Charlie never let me live it down.

Rob looks at Liam, sympathetic.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Our father thought it was too... "feminine." So I gave Charlie a hard time whenever he sat down at that bench. I was a jealous wanker... from that moment on, I questioned my ability to do anything.

(beat)

Hell, I somehow managed to drop my Megan on her head when she was just a babe.

ROB

Come on. You're being way too --

LIAM

I guess that's why I want to save people all the time.

He glances over at Tina, then turns back to Rob.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Because I know I'm never going to save myself.

ROB

Who says you need to be saved, Liam?

Liam absorbs Rob's words, then attempts to muster a smile.

Rob's glance suddenly shifts just over Liam's shoulder... and Liam follows it, only to see...

Mikhail, once again standing over Liam's person.

LIAM

You again! What do you want with me?

People in the camp take notice. Sami and Norris charge over to where Mikhail stands.

MIKHAIL

Your mother sent you those images, Liam. The ones that almost drove you to kill that American woman.

LIAM

My mum? How do you -- ?

MIKHAIL

Megan is always with you.

Liam gulps in shock. Rob turns on Mikhail, infuriated.

ROB

Who are you, man?

Mikhail just gives them a clever smile. Norris and Sami raise their guns at the deceased Other.

SAMI

WHAT are you?

MIKHAIL

Go ahead. Shoot.

Norris fires one bullet -- which flies STRAIGHT THROUGH Mikhail's spirit form. Onlookers' jaws drop.

Mikhail smirks... then, once again FADES FROM SIGHT. Norris aims his weapon at Liam, barks out:

NORRIS

Get up!

LIAM

Please! I didn't --

NORRIS

We're leaving! Things are getting way too creepy around here!

SAMI

Those of you who are leaving with Hugo, you had best --

NORRIS

We're not letting them go anywhere.

SAMI

I beg your pardon?

NORRIS

I changed my mind.  
(gestures to Hurley)  
He knows things that we don't.

SAMI

All the more reason for him to be on our side.

NORRIS

What makes you think he's going to come over to our side?

VOICE

That's a very good question.

The entire camp looks toward the sound of this VOICE.

There stands John Locke -- still adorned in the nice suit, as though he's about to attend a funeral.

LOCKE

Hugo isn't on anyone's side.

Hurley looks absolutely morbid at the sight of Locke, addresses him:

HURLEY

Dude...

LOCKE

Sorry, Hugo. But it's time we tell these people the truth.

HURLEY

Walt won't be too happy about that.

LOCKE

Well, Walt isn't here right now, is he?

Locke removes a knife from his pocket, strides over to where the captive Others are tied up. Sami trains his rifle upon Locke -- who doesn't seem the least bit fazed.

SAMI  
What are you doing?

Locke slices Steve's rope loose. Everyone watches, too taken aback for words.

Steve, now free, makes a run for it. He jets down the beach.

NORRIS  
Stop!

Locke walks right in front of the rifle butt before Norris can shoot. He stares Norris down.

LOCKE  
Everybody has the right to be free.  
Chains are never a good thing.

Norris balks at the audacity of this bald guy. His trembling finger massages the trigger.

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
You won't shoot. I have a feeling  
you're better than that.

Locke strolls back over to The Others, casually. He begins to cut away at the ropes that bind Jill's wrists.

NORRIS  
Screw you...

Norris fires a bullet straight into Locke's spine... and it bounces off, landing in the sand.

Everyone reacts... including Norris, whose facial expression now appears to say "Oh, shit." Norris adjusts his weapon, pulls the trigger again -- this time aiming for a direct head-shot.

The second bullet bounces off the back of Locke's bald skull.

Everyone on the beach MURMURS, with uncertainty.

Locke turns around, faces Norris -- disappointment clearly on Locke's face.

LOCKE  
Aw... now that wasn't very nice,  
was it?

Locke steps toward him. Norris backs up, fires another bullet straight into Locke's chest.

The bullet WILTS as it hits Locke's dress shirt, falls back down near Locke's feet.

Hurley watches from where he sits, morbid.

HURLEY

Uh, oh...

Locke shakes his head, stares Norris down with pity.

LOCKE

You really shouldn't have done that.

Locke steps forward -- his eyes dance with hurt... then sadness... then utter disgust, as we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW