

LOST
"Fire + Water"
#212

CAST LIST

ANA LUCIA.....Michelle Rodriguez
CHARLIE.....Dominic Monaghan
CLAIRE.....Emilie de Ravin
HURLEY.....Jorge Garcia
JACK.....Matthew Fox
JIN.....Daniel Dae Kim
KATE.....Evangeline Lilly
LIBBY.....Cynthia Watros
LOCKE.....Terry O'Quinn
MR. EKO.....Adewale Akinnuoye-Agbaje
SAWYER.....Josh Holloway
SAYID.....Naveen Andrews
SUN.....Yunjin Kim

LIAM PACE.....Neil Hopkins
KAREN PACE.....
YOUNG CHARLIE.....
YOUNG LIAM.....
MRS. PACE.....
MR. PACE.....
DIRECTOR.....

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

PACE FAMILY FLAT - MANCHESTER - Day - **DREAMBACK (1987)**

HOSPITAL - MATERNITY WARD - Day - **FLASHBACK (2002)** *

CHARLIE'S FLAT - Day, Night - **FLASHBACK**

SOUND STAGE - Day - **FLASHBACK**

HATCH

LAUNDRY AREA - Day

ARMORY - Day

EXTERIORS

BEACH

SHALLOWS - Day, Night

CHARLIE'S AREA - Day

CLAIRE'S AREA - Day, Night

TREE LINE - Day

SAWYER'S AREA - Day

EKO'S SHELTER - Day

JUNGLE

CHARLIE'S HIDEY-HOLE - Day

HATCH ENTRY WAY - Day

WOODED AREA - Night

FIRE AREA - Day, Night

LONDON STREET - SOUNDSTAGE - Day - **FLASHBACK** *

LONDON STREET - TUBE STATION - Night - **FLASHBACK** *

CUT:

CHARLIE'S FLAT - Day - **FLASHBACK** *

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TEASER

OVER BLACK.

"Come All Ye Faithful" sung by a CHOIR plays over a static-y radio. The comforting holiday cheer carries us to...

1 INT. PACE FAMILY FLAT - MANCHESTER - **DREAMBACK (1987)** 1

A PRINT OF VERROCCHIO'S "THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST." A cracked glass FRAME reveals this ain't exactly hanging in a museum, as our attention is diverted by --

The THUMP-THUMP of tiny feet. We're at the bottom of a STAIRWELL. Panning over and UP as we find a pair of BUNNY SLIPPERS excitedly descending -- finding the slippers on the feet of a sleepy-eyed EIGHT YEAR-OLD BOY with a mop of blonde hair messily hanging over his brow as he makes his way down --

Into the LIVING ROOM of a modest flat in a WORKING CLASS Manchester neighborhood. Cramped. Homey. POOR. But our boy's face LIGHTS UP. Why? Well, because he's eight and --

IT'S CHRISTMAS MORNING. A heavily ornamented CHRISTMAS TREE dominates the small room. A small pile of PRESENTS at its base. Sitting on the floor is a TWELVE YEAR-OLD BOY with a WRAPPED BOX labeled "To Liam" in his lap.

The eight-year-old is CHARLIE and this is his brother LIAM.

YOUNG CHARLIE

It's here, Liam! Christmas is here!

Liam shrugs -- DUH -- as he UNWRAPS a TOY ROBOT -- "Voltron -- Defender of the Universe.". SWEET. Gotta love '87.

On Charlie as he searches the pile for his own PRESENTS. But ALL OF THEM are labeled "To Liam." Young Charlie's smile begins to slip away as the search continues futilely...

YOUNG CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Where are... my presents?

And as TEARS threaten, we hear a soothing FEMALE VOICE.

MRS. PACE (O.S.)

Right over there, Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

Young Charlie looks up to see his MUM, MRS. PACE (30s, pretty but tired) entering in a bathrobe. She points to AN ALCOVE where a large OBJECT is covered in BUTCHER PAPER.

Young Charlie RUNS over and RIPS off the paper revealing...
A gleaming new STAND-UP PIANO with a bench in front of it.

YOUNG CHARLIE
(shocked, thrilled)
This is mine?!?

Liam, PREOCCUPIED WITH VOLTRON, plops onto the couch. Mrs. Pace puts her hand on Charlie's shoulder, smiles --

MRS. PACE
Yes, Charlie. Father Christmas
must've known how talented you are.

A beat. Charlie gapes at the piano -- AWED by this gift...

MRS. PACE (CONT'D)
You're special, love. Someday
you're gonna get us out of here.
All of us. To a better life.

And that tone in her voice? PURE BELIEF IN HER SON.

MRS. PACE (CONT'D)
Now go on. Give us a tune, dear.

Young Charlie walks over to the piano, sits at the bench. Hands hovering over the keys, TREMBLING with excitement.

LIAM (O.S.)
C'mon, baby brother. Can't save
your family if you don't play.

Something about Liam's voice sounds ODD. Young Charlie pauses, looks over at the couch and does a DOUBLE TAKE.

Liam is now in his ADULT FORM. That's right -- it's the LIAM we remember from ep. #105. The only thing stranger than this sudden transformation is that LIAM IS WEARING A DIAPER.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Liam...?

And the sound of his OWN voice startles him -- suddenly DEEP. He's GROWN UP. Busting out of his child-sized JAMMMIES.

MRS. PACE
Go on, Charlie. Play.

And just as his hands are about to TOUCH THE KEYS another voice breaks through. Male. Older. Harsher. ANGRY.

MR. PACE (O.S.)
Ain't savin' no one, he is! Music?
Music'll never get ye anywhere,
Charlie-boy -- you need a trade.

Charlie whips around to see an incongruous sight --

A BUTCHER COUNTER is suddenly in the middle of the LIVING ROOM. Charlie's POV is still that of a kid -- he can only see as the mid-section of a BURLY MAN in a BUTCHER COAT.

But he knows EXACTLY who's talking --

CHARLIE
...Dad?

YEP, this is Charlie's FATHER. A SHARP MEAT CLEAVER SLAMS into frame CUTTING through a STACK of PLASTIC BABY DOLLS --

MR. PACE (O.S.)
A trade! Can't bloody well pay the
bills with music, now can we!?!

CHOP. CHOP. Baby doll parts FLY off the BUTCHER BLOCK.

ON CHARLIE. Pure TERROR. He looks to his mum and Liam for comfort. They seem unfazed by the Butcher of Manchester --

MRS. PACE
It's okay, Charlie. Play.

LIAM
-- Do it, baby bro. Save us.

CHOP. CHOP. Dad tries to DAMPEN the encouragements of Mum and Liam. CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!

Charlie can't take it and does the only thing he knows how -- he DROWNS them out as his FINGERS begin to PLAY the PIANO. It's an elegiac, gospel-tinged BALLAD. And he's a FUCKING NATURAL... the music is HEART-WRENCHINGLY BEAUTIFUL.

And NOW WE'RE ON CHARLIE'S HANDS. And what we see takes us WAAAAAYYY BACK. To the PILOT. Wrapped around his fingers are his old BANDAGES labeled "FATE".

And now? The sound of a BABY CRYING. MUFFLED.

WIDENING NOW to see that Charlie is NO LONGER in his PJ's. He's now in his old druggie uniform (hoodie and jeans). And guess what? He AIN'T PLAYING in that FLAT ANYMORE --

2 EXT. BEACH - DAY - **DREAM** 2

He's on the fucking BEACH. Seated on the beach at the piano. IN THE SHALLOWS. Water laps around him as he HITS A SOUR NOTE. His eyes scan the deserted BEACH -- CONFUSED -- how the fuck did he get here...?!?

And the crying is getting LOUDER. Charlie's face clouds. HOLY FUCK...

It's coming from inside the PIANO.

Charlie leaps off the bench -- tries to PRY OPEN THE LID. But it's STUCK. The CRYING INTENSIFIES...

CHARLIE
Aaron? Aaron!

No matter how hard he PRIES, the lid won't fucking BUDGE. Then he hears something that makes his skin fucking CRAWL --

WHISPERS.

Charlie spins around in a circle as he tries to locate their source. He stops, gazing right at --

THE JUNGLE. DARK. Wind WHOOSHING through. It's fucking OMINOUS. The WHISPERS intensify. CLOSER. Are they saying something...? He strains to make it out as...

The baby just CRIES and CRIES and CRIES. Charlie turns back to the Piano. As he FUTILELY continues to try to PRY it open. His EYES BULGE -- sweat pours down his face as he BANGS his hands on the lid, SCREAMING, DESPERATE --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
AARON! AAAAAAAAAARON!

3 EXT. BEACH - CHARLIE'S AREA - MORNING 3

Charlie BOLTS up awake. Fuck. It was a dream. A fucking scary dream. But still only a dream. And though he should be relieved, Charlie can't shake the feeling that's coursing through him... Claire's baby is in danger. UPCUT TO:

4 EXT. BEACH - CLAIRE'S AREA - MOMENTS LATER 4

Charlie RACES UP, glances under Claire's tarp, and what he sees only increases his concern -- the cradle is fucking empty. No sign of Claire or Aaron anywhere. Charlie spins. Spots SUN walking down the beach --

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Oy! Sun! Have you seen Claire?
And the baby! They're gone.

SUN

They're right over there.

Sun seems confused by Charlie's distress as she POINTS --

FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH

CLAIRE strolling -- AARON safely nestled in her bjorn.

ON CHARLIE. RELIEVED. Thank God. He instinctively begins to walk towards them -- but he stops in his TRACKS as he sees --

LOCKE approach Claire with a SEASHELL he just picked up. He dangles it in front of the SMILING BABY. Claire LAUGHS. Ain't this just the picture of DOMESTIC BLISS?

ON CHARLIE. Like a jealous boyfriend seeing an ex on a date, HE CAN'T TURN AWAY. As Claire and Lock resume their STROLL --

CHARLIE FOLLOWS. TRACKING with him, he keeps his distance as he walks parallel at the TREE LINE. Just inside the JUNGLE.

Now in CHARLIE'S POV. Claire suddenly stops. And here comes the crushing BLOW --

Claire takes off the bjorn and offers it to Locke. He shakes his head. She insists. Finally, Locke relents and Claire straps the bjorn, with Aaron, to Locke.

ON CHARLIE. ANGUISHED as he witnesses this bit of intimacy. His heart breaking as he sees himself being REPLACED.

ON CLAIRE. Sensing something. Is she being watched? She turns toward the camp. And sees...

NOTHING but trees. She turns back to Locke. But we STAY ON the TREE LINE.

ARM AROUND one of the TREES to find Charlie, hiding. OFF CHARLIE, deeply disturbed. In fact, UTTERLY SHATTERED --

5 EXT. JUNGLE - CHARLIE'S HIDEY-HOLE - DAY

5

Charlie strides to a part of the jungle we may recognize from ep. 210. His hidey-hole. And if we don't remember, we're quickly reminded as Charlie removes some brush, revealing --

(CONTINUED)

The eight hidden VIRGIN MARY STATUES. Charlie stares at them for a long beat. Then picks one up. Holds it in his hand.

ON CHARLIE. Deeply conflicted. An emotional jumble. Fear. Frustration. Jealousy. Pain. PAIN that he wants desperately to SOOTHE.

Charlie stares at the statue as he considers what's inside it. WHAT IT COULD DO FOR HIM.

We know there's HEROIN in there and, because we love Charlie, we want nothing more than for him to put it away. A BEAT.

Charlie makes a decision. He puts the statue back down.

HOLD ON the statue lying in the dirt. And just as we BREATHE a SIGH of RELIEF --

CHARLIE'S FOOT FLIES into frame and fucking SMASHES the statue. Charlie digs through the shattered remains and pulls out a small baggie of brown powder.

SUPER CLOSE on Charlie's HAND. In his palm -- the BAGGIE of brown powder. And we know what the fuck this is.

The fucking HEROIN.

OFF CHARLIE, holding the heroin in his hand, seemingly headed back down the dark path to addiction -- SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

6 EXT. BEACH - CLAIRE'S AREA - DAY

6

Claire gently rocks a sleeping Aaron, singing SOFTLY to him. CLOSE ON HER as she looks at her child adoringly...

Seeing her this way, it's hard to imagine that there was a time that this woman didn't want to be a mother.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Hey.

Claire looks up to see Charlie standing right outside the tent. He holds a handful of CLOTHS.

CLAIRE

Hi.

Charlie extends the cloths... and we can see he is FIDGETY.

CHARLIE

I just... I made some nappies for Aaron this morning.

A moment. A FLASH of something from Claire -- oh right. Despite the current climate of awkwardness, she still LIKES this guy. She smiles as she takes the nappies from Charlie --

CLAIRE

Thanks.

And now a moment of mutual awkwardness. Claire picking up on the same thing we are -- Charlie's PALE. Looks like SHIT. And considering where we left him at the end of the TEASER? We have a pretty good idea of WHY that is.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Are you all right, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Well, truth be told, I'm a little off. Happens when I don't sleep. Miss the old routine, I guess. Waking up with Aaron in the middle of the night. Changing him... Everything, y'know?
(smiles)
He been asking about me?

CLAIRE

(awkward)
Charlie...

(CONTINUED)

And Charlie drops the cutesy shit. Looks her right in the eye, says what he came over here to say --

CHARLIE
I'm sorry, Claire. For lying. I should've told you about that statue. What was in it.

A moment. She WANTS to believe this. We glimpse the tenderness that used to be so common with these two.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I just wish we could go back to the way we were before.

And part of Claire does, too. But --

CLAIRE
There isn't a "before," Charlie. We were strangers on a plane. And then we became friends and...

CHARLIE
And Locke's your friend now, eh?

Ouch. Real VENOM in his voice there. Charlie's obvious JEALOUSY instantly snaps Claire back to pragmatic reality --

CLAIRE
Please, Charlie. For now... just give us some space, okay?

ON CHARLIE, catching himself. Realizing what he just said. How petty it sounded. Wipes his brow of sweat as he does his best to pretend that this doesn't hurt like fucking hell --

CHARLIE
Yeah. Sure. Space. You got it.

And as Charlie flashes a painfully unconvincing SMILE --

7 INT. MATERNITY WARD - DAY - **FLASHBACK (2002)**

7

CLOSE ON a BABY GIRL wrapped in a pink blanket, sleeping peacefully in the maternity ward of an English HOSPITAL. PULL BACK through the OBSERVATION GLASS to FIND Charlie, looking like he hasn't slept in a day -- which is pretty close to the truth. He SMILES at the baby --

KAREN (O.S.)
Charlie!

(CONTINUED)

Charlie turns as a pretty WOMAN (20s) in a hospital gown runs up. This is KAREN. Tired from having just given birth, she's all smiles now as she wraps Charlie in a WARM EMBRACE.

CHARLIE

Hey, what're you doing? You should be lying down.

KAREN

I just needed to see her again. Isn't she brilliant?!?

CHARLIE

She's beautiful, Karen.

KAREN

I named her Megan.

This hits Charlie more than we expect. He smiles, acknowledging the name. It means something to him.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Where's Liam?

BEAT. Shit. Time to tell her. But Charlie waits too long --

KAREN (CONT'D)

He's not here.

Karen hardens. Clearly Liam's done this before.

CHARLIE

It wasn't his fault. Right? We were leaving the club in Dresden. I was in a cab, he was in the van with the gear and it blew a tire on the way to the airport, and he missed the flight. He's on the next plane. He'll be here soon.

KAREN

But he's okay?

CHARLIE

He's great. He's a dad.

As he intended, Karen is DISARMED by this. But then she looks at Charlie. Sees his BLOODSHOT eyes. HAGGARD face.

KAREN

Are you okay, Charlie?

(CONTINUED)

Charlie knows that's her way of asking SOMETHING ELSE, SO --

CHARLIE
Truth be told I'm a little off.
Happens when I don't sleep.
Nothing to worry about.

That sounds familiar. But Karen grins, charmed. She seems to have great affection for Charlie. Which brings her to her next thought --

KAREN
Did Liam ask you?

CHARLIE
Ask me what?

Karen smiles broadly. Decides TO GO FOR IT.

KAREN
We want you to be Megan's
Godfather.

Karen is BEAMING at him. Charlie is FLOORED. *

CHARLIE
Me? *

KAREN
You're his only family, Charlie. *
You mean so much to him. *

And what does Charlie do? What else... he SMILES. TOUCHED. *

8 INT. CHARLIE'S FLAT - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 8

A shitty little flat in South London. Cramped. Not squalor but not rock star, either. It tells us exactly where Charlie and Drive Shaft are... in the dumps. Charlie BURSTS in.

He passes the only thing of value in the place -- THE PIANO his Mum bought him all those years ago.

Charlie notices a CIGARETTE perched on the KEYS. It's still smoldering, a long ASH hangs precariously.

CHARLIE
Oh fer... damn it...

Charlie plucks it off and stubs it out in an overflowing ashtray. INSPECTS the piano for damage... now he's more PISSED. And then, his face falls as HE SPOTS --

(CONTINUED)

LIAM, passed out on the couch. Sleeve rolled up. A SHOELACE around his arm -- he's tied off and nodded out during a fix. Charlie rushes over and ROUSES him. Fucking worried --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Liam... wake up!

Liam MUMBLES incoherently. Charlie's relieved -- he's alive. Then Charlie gets MAD.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
What the bloody hell're you doing?

LIAM
(groggy, drug haze)
Hey baby brother, 'sup...?

CHARLIE
You were supposed to be sleeping it off! Get up! I told Karen you missed the plane! She's all alone at the (fucking) hospital and you're here fixing!?! What's the matter with you?!?

Liam rubs his eyes. Orienting himself.

LIAM
I'm cool. I just needed to get right is all.
(sits up)
Don't worry, I left you some.

And from Charlie's reaction, we KNOW -- that WAS a concern. This is a time when CHARLIE'S STILL USING. But right now, something else is more important --

CHARLIE
Get right!?! How 'bout you get (the fuck) up, take a shower, and get to the hospital!

And despite being the older brother, Liam knows Charlie's right. He stands up and stumbles off toward the bathroom.

LIAM
All right, all right. I'm on it.

CHARLIE
(yells after him)
By the way, you have a daughter -- Her name's Megan.

(CONTINUED)

This STOPS Liam. He faces his brother, EMOTIONAL --

LIAM
After Mum?

Charlie nods. Now we know why he got emotional with Karen.

CHARLIE
Yeah. After Mum.
(shakes it off; tough)
Now clean yourself up. You're a
sodding father now.

9 EXT. BEACH - DAY

9

HURLEY sits at a fire, contentedly turning a STICK with BOAR MEAT over the flames. He removes the stick, takes a nibble of his BOAR-BACON. Smiles. Heads over with his snack to -- *

FIND SAWYER doing "two man" physical therapy on his SHOULDER with KATE. HE GRIMACES as she raises his ARM out to the side to shoulder level, then brings it up over his head...

KATE
Come on, Sawyer. One more.

Kate YANKS his arm down to his side and then SWINGS it across the body. Sawyer GRUNTS in PAIN. Hurley sits, watching -- *

HURLEY
That kinda looks like it hurts.

Kate stifles a laugh as Sawyer shoots Hurley a death-look --

SAWYER
I'd like to see you do this.
'Course that means I'd have to
shoot you in the shoulder first...

KATE
(amused)
Good luck. I've seen your aim.

That's when Sawyer notices something. Kate follows his glance to SEE WAY DOWN THE BEACH --

JACK and ANA LUCIA emerging from the jungle. They are focused on each other and deep in CONVERSATION.

SAWYER
Looks like Ana Lucia's gettin' the
twenty dollar tour.

(CONTINUED)

Kate CLOCKS THEM and despite herself -- is that JEALOUSLY she's feeling? And she's surprised she's feeling it.

And Sawyer SEES it, so he turns the knife -- just a little --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

This is the third time I've seen 'em come walkin' out of the jungle in the last few days. What'd you suppose they're doin' out there?

But Kate is not going to give Sawyer anything.

KATE

C'mon. Do you exercises.

Hurley watches them also. Jack and Ana Lucia cross the top of the beach and head into camp.

HURLEY

Um, Sawyer, so when you were over there across the island, how well'd you get to know those tailies?

SAWYER

Well enough. Why?

HURLEY

That Libby chick seems kinda cool. I mean, was she?

Sawyer registers Hurley's very specific interest --

SAWYER

Whoa, you got a little love connection brewing there, Jabba?

HURLEY

(defensive)
No. I'm just asking.

SAWYER

-- Yeah, I hear you asking.

HURLEY

Forget it.

Hurley is flushed and flustered. And TAKES OFF out of there. Kate turns and shakes her head at Sawyer in mock dismay --

KATE

What is with you? You're acting like you're in junior high.

(CONTINUED)

SAWYER

I'm just sensing a lot of pent up emotion around here. That's all.

And Kate still ain't gonna bite.

KATE

Grab your right elbow and pull it toward your left shoulder...

SAWYER

Whatever you say, boss.

Unable to help herself, Kate looks over one more time to see what's happening with Jack and Ana Lucia.

They are SAYING GOOD-BYE. Jack TOUCHES Ana Lucia's shoulder before turning and walking off.

OFF KATE, registering this. What the fuck is going on here?

10 OMITTED 10 *

11 EXT. BEACH - EKO'S SHELTER - LATER 11 *

Eko is seated Indian-style, a large piece of tree BARK on his lap. He SCRAPES a piece of CHARCOAL across it. He's DRAWING SOMETHING. *

ANA LUCIA (O.S.)

You could use a pen, y'know. I'm sure someone here'd lend you one.

Eko looks up to see ANA LUCIA. He smiles warmly at her as he turns over the leaf -- clearly doesn't want her to see whatever it is he's working on.

MR. EKO

I don't want to use a pen.

Ana Lucia shakes her head. Of course he doesn't. She sits in the sand next to him.

ANA LUCIA

I've been talking to the doctor.

(beat)

He wants to go after them.

MR. EKO

After who?

(CONTINUED)

ANA LUCIA

Them.

Oh. Them. The Others. Eko is STONEFACED.

MR. EKO

Why?

ANA LUCIA

(huh?)

Do you really need a reason after
what they did to us? *

Eko takes in this information. WEIGHS IT. Then --

MR. EKO

So your solution -- the doctor's
solution -- is to attack?

Ana looks at him. HARDCORE. And NODS.

MR. EKO (CONT'D)

And then what?

ANA LUCIA

"And then what?"

MR. EKO

For the most part they have left
these people alone. Perhaps we are
safe here. *

Ana Lucia shakes her head. INCREDULOUS --

ANA LUCIA

What happened to the guy who killed
two of them with his bare hands.

Eko stares at her, not liking that reminder --

MR. EKO

He is right here. Sitting on the
sand. And talking to you.

And he HOLDS HER STARE. Clearly, the days where he answered
to her are long gone. And as ANA'S EYES DROP, realizing that
whatever path Eko's on now, it sure as shit ain't hers...

CLOSE ON A GUITAR STRING. A FINGER PLUCKS IT. A SOUR NOTE.
WIDENING TO FIND --

CHARLIE. Sitting on the beach. Shaking slightly as he tries to find the right notes. Charlie PLUCKS the string. FLAT.

CHARLIE

Bloody...

FRUSTRATED, he TWISTS the tuning key, trying to find the right note. Hitting the string over and over as...

HE stops. Is that -- CRYING? Charlie SQUINTS out at the OCEAN -- is there something fucking FLOATING OUT THERE?

Charlie instantly drops the guitar, HOPS to his feet. And YEAH -- that CRYING? Is coming from the water.

Charlie trots to the SHALLOWS. SQUINTS again. And now he can see it -- A HUNDRED YARDS OUT. AND HOLY FUCKING CHRIST --

It's AARON'S CRADLE.

Charlie spins back towards the BEACH --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

HELP! THE BABY'S -- HELP!!!!

But the beach is DESERTED. No one to be seen ANYWHERE. Where the hell is Claire? What the FUCK is going on!?!?

ANOTHER CRY brings Charlie's attention back to the water -- SHIT! And without another thought, he is PULLING HIS SHIRT OFF -- SPLASHES into the shallows and DIVES INTO --

THE OCEAN

Charlie SWIMS madly for the cradle -- CRASHED and TUMBLED in the rough SURF -- A WAVE hits him -- SOUND drops out as he goes UNDER -- AARON'S CRIES greet him as he resurfaces --

But finally, he reaches the CRADLE.

Turns around, TOWING it back towards the shore as he spits seawater -- OUT OF BREATH -- SHOUTING OVER THE CRIES --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It's okay! I've got you, Aaron!

THE SHORE

Charlie wades out of the sea. Soaking wet, he gently reaches into the cradle and plucks out BABY AARON.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Shhhh -- you're safe now, love...

Aaron looks up at him, PEACEFULLY. Charlie smiles. And when Charlie looks back up -- his face goes white. Why?

Because... standing inland. Near the jungle are TWO UNMISTAKABLE FIGURES kneeling in the sand --

CLAIRE. And Charlie's MOTHER.

Even stranger -- they are both dressed like ANGELS -- right down to the WINGS on their backs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Claire...? Mum...?

Charlie moves closer. Their lips move -- but all we hear are the SAME WORDS, OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER --

<p>CLAIRE The baby. You have to save the baby. Only <u>you</u> can save him, Charlie...</p>	<p>MRS. PACE He's in danger. You have to save him. The baby's in terrible <u>danger</u>.</p>
---	--

And now Charlie is fucking about to lose it when --

HURLEY
Charlie?

ON CHARLIE. Confused as hell. He turns to see -- Hurley walking up to him in long, flowing, biblical ROBES. Charlie steps toward Hurley, tentatively, CONFUSED --

When a beautiful WHITE DOVE rises and gracefully cuts a path over Charlie's head. Charlie turns back toward Claire and Mrs. Pace... but now they're fucking gone. Charlie turns back to Hurley as --

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Dude? What're you DOING?

And then -- CRYING. Louder and LOUDER. It's... Aaron. In his arms. BAWLING. Charlie looks at the baby. PANICKED.

SMASH CUT TO:

ON CHARLIE. Standing on the beach, at the edge of camp. In exactly the same position. Except now? It's NIGHT TIME.

(CONTINUED)

HURLEY

What are you doing, man?

Here's HURLEY. Normal everyday clothes. Like he just WOKE UP (he did) -- looking mega-confused. And that's because --

Charlie is holding Aaron -- a crying baby in his arms. And to say he's CONFUSED?

CHARLIE

What... What's going on?

HURLEY

It's the middle of the night -- what're you doing with the baby?

CHARLIE

I... I don't know.

And that's when we hear a DISTANT VOICE SCREAM --

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Aaron! Where's Aaron!

Charlie whips around. Sees --

FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH - AT THE CAMP - CHARLIE'S POV

CLAIRE. EXASPERATED.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Somebody took my baby!

As she moves through camp, her commotion wakes up others. Sun and JIN appear. Then KATE.

BACK ON CHARLIE

And now we realize... not only has Charlie taken the baby, he has wandered OUT OF CAMP. Hurley SHOUTS TOWARDS THEM --

HURLEY

It's okay. We're over here!

CLAIRE FREEZES. Turns towards Hurley's voice --

AND THE EXPRESSION ON HER FACE. Even from FIFTY YARDS away. It could CHILL FUCKING ICE.

She strides towards Charlie -- but he's already moving towards her, APOLOGETIC --

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
Claire, I don't know what
happened... I'm sorry...

Claire arrives, filled with RELIEF at the sight of Aaron.
Charlie hands him over quickly --

Claire takes the baby into her arms. And as soon as Aaron is
safely nestled in one arm --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I'm really sorry. I didn't...

Claire fucking SLAPS him in the face.

ON CHARLIE. Stunned. As Claire turns around and heads back
towards the camp...

And as he RUBS his face, wondering what just happened... and
more importantly, if he's LOSING HIS FUCKING MIND...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

14 INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 14

We're in a "VIDEO VILLAGE" on a FILM SET. Lounging on director's chairs in BATHROBES are DRIVE SHAFT. Charlie whispers to LIAM (sickly as shit), slumped in his seat --

CHARLIE

Can you do this? You look green.

LIAM

Sod off. I'm fine.

CHARLIE

Right. Just get it together, mate.
Lest you forget... we need this.

Before we can figure out what "this" is, a DIRECTOR (British Wes Anderson) approaches. Condescendingly -- *

DIRECTOR

Right. You ready?

15 INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 15

As the band members line up at a CROSSWALK in front of a giant GREEN SCREEN, we realize this street seems familiar. FROM THE DIRECTOR'S POV we see --

A replica of the "Abbey Road" album cover. The VW (license plate "23IF") and LONDON CAB frame the crosswalk. "You All Everybody" starts PLAYING over LOUDSPEAKERS. But the lyrics are different. It's now "You All Every-BUTTIE." *

DIRECTOR

Robes! And... ACTION!

Simultaneously, Charlie, Liam and the band remove their bathrobes, revealing that...

They're wearing DIAPERS and carrying BUTTIES DIAPER BOXES. It's a fucking DIAPER COMMERCIAL for BUTTIES DIAPERS. *

On the director's MONITOR, the real London ABBEY ROAD background is composited with the stage crosswalk so WE SEE that it really looks like the original. The band slowly strides across (a la The Beatles) while LIP SYNCHING...

DRIVE SHAFT PLAYBACK (O.S.)

"You all Every-Buttie..."

Everyone but Liam, that is. The director sees this and -- *

(CONTINUED)

DIRECTOR

Cut. *

The director faces his A.D. And SIGHS, HE'S ABOVE THIS -- *

DIRECTOR (CONT'D) *

Tell them they have to lip sync,
would you? And let them know that
means moving their mouths. *

As the A.D. NODS, Charlie approaches. APOLOGETIC -- *

CHARLIE

Sorry, mate. We got it. *

The director looks at Liam. Practically SWAYING.

DIRECTOR

Doesn't look like he's got it.

LIAM

Oh I got it, baby. Wait...
(makes a strained face)
Wait for it...

A beat as all around look at Liam.

CHARLIE

Liam. What the hell're you doing?

And finally, Liam breaks into a STONED GRIN --

LIAM

They... They work. These
nappies... they really work!And then Charlie gets a WHIFF of something FOUL. That's
right, ladies and germs -- Liam just took his diapers for a
test drive. The Director shakes his head. Then, DECISIVE -- *

DIRECTOR

We're done here. *

The director MOVES off without a word to the band. *

A16 EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - LONDON STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A16 *

Still in his diapers, Charlie sprints after the director -- *

CHARLIE

Wait... What're you doing?

(CONTINUED)

DIRECTOR

Let's stop wasting time, shall we?
This was only a favor to your
lawyer anyway. I wanted Dirt
Spigot.

*
*
*

CHARLIE

C'mon, mate. Give us another
chance.

The Director STOPS. Looks over Charlie's shoulder toward
Liam -- still making a scene in the b.g.

*

DIRECTOR

You want a chance? Here's some
advice. Ditch that guy. He's a
bloody disaster.

*
*
*

A P.A. hustles up with a PLASTIC CONTAINER as the director
reaches his TRAILER. He opens it up, INSPECTS his LUNCH.

*
*

CHARLIE

I'm not "ditching" anyone. He's my
brother, mate.

*

More concerned with his lunch, the Director nods approval to
the P.A. Then shoots Charlie a "YOU'RE STILL HERE?" look --

*
*

DIRECTOR

Right. Well. Then you're fired.

*
*

The Director SLAMS the door to his trailer in Charlie's face.

*

16 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

16

From ONE DOOR we CUT TO another... this one being the
entrance to the hatch. WIDENING NOW TO -- Charlie,
DETERMINED. Perched outside the HATCH. Waiting. And then --
THE EXIT DOOR OPENS. And out walks LOCKE.

*
*

CHARLIE

Hey, John? Talk to you for a
moment?

Locke looks at him, shouldering his pack. A little cold --

LOCKE

What is it, Charlie?

CHARLIE

I take it you... uh... heard about
what happened last night?

(CONTINUED)

LOCKE

If you mean you taking the baby
from Claire's tent in the middle of
the night...

(beat; measured)

Yeah. I heard.

And with that, Locke starts off on his way. Clearly, there is an INNER FRUSTRATION at work here. Charlie, however, is desperate. Nips at Locke's heels --

CHARLIE

Look -- this whole thing's a big
misunderstanding. I was
sleepwalking. I don't know how.
Or why. But I was. And --

LOCKE

Something you want from me,
Charlie?

CHARLIE

Yeah. I was hoping maybe you could
talk to Claire for me... Put in a
word...

And Locke abruptly STOPS. Turns. Right in Charlie's face --

LOCKE

Are you using?

CHARLIE

What?

LOCKE

Heroin. Are you using again?

Charlie is taken aback by the question. Faux indignant --

CHARLIE

Is that what you think!?! I mean,
Kate sees a horse? Nothing. And
just about everyone's seen Walt
wandering the jungle by now... But
when it's Charlie? Must be the
bloody drugs, right?

LOCKE

(don't bullshit me)

Funny how you didn't answer the
question.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

The plane? We burned it. Me and Eko. We burned the whole thing! The heroin -- the statues -- they're all gone -- destroyed.

LOCKE

All of them?

A long beat passes. Charlie makes a decision. Then nods.

CHARLIE

Yeah. All of them.

And the way he says it is fucking CHILLING. Why? Because we know he's LYING. And Locke? Maybe he knows, too.

LOCKE

Trust is a hard thing to win back, Charlie. Claire needs time.
(and then; intense)
Maybe you should stay away from Claire and the baby for awhile.

And with that, Locke PUSHES by Charlie and goes on his merry way. And OFF CHARLIE, thinking the same thing we are...

Did Locke just fucking THREATEN him?

17 EXT. BEACH - DAY

17

CLOSE ON Dharma Initiative PLAYING CARDS. WIDEN TO Sawyer and Hurley PLAYING BLACKJACK.

HURLEY

Stick? I dunno, dude. Don't I need 21? I think I should hit.

SAWYER

But I've got a six, I'm gonna bust.

HURLEY

How do you know that?

SAWYER

I don't. But ya gotta assume.

HURLEY

Why?

Sawyer shakes his head, frustrated. Fucking IDIOT. And that's when he SEES SOMETHING down the beach --

(CONTINUED)

SAWYER

Well, well. Look who's off to the
laundromat...

Hurley follows Sawyer's gaze to -- LIBBY, a short distance
away. Toting an arm load of clothes.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Go on... she's gonna be down in the
hatch, with nothin' to do but watch
the clothes go spinning around.

(mischievous)

I'm sure you've gotta load you need
to drop in, don't you, Jethro?

HURLEY

I'm kinda waiting for my moment.

Sawyer shakes his head as he stands up, WINKS at Hurley --

SAWYER

Well your moment's now, hoss.

And with that, Sawyer cups his hands around his mouth, SHOUTS
down the BEACH in his best Hurley impression --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

HEY! LIBBY!

And no sooner is he done shouting, he's WALKING AWAY into the
jungle. Hurley FREEZES, suddenly ALONE as --

DOWN THE BEACH

LIBBY turns around and looks right at him. She offers a
little wave --

LIBBY

Hey, yourself!

Hurley just sits there like a deer in headlights. Cornered.
And as he finally manages to offer a wave back --

A load of LAUNDRY is spinning. Libby sorts through more of
her clothes as Hurley does the same with his --

LIBBY

Is this washing machine newer than
everything else down here... or is
it just me?

HURLEY

Dude, just go with it. It washes clothes. That's all I need to know.

LIBBY

Ah. Finally. Someone who keeps it simple.

She SMILES. This is a side of Libby we haven't really gotten to see... fun and yeah -- maybe a little FLIRTY, too.

She lifts up a PURPLE BLOUSE --

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Found this in some of the abandoned luggage. Think I can pull it off?

Hurley freezes -- not sure how to answer.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Let me give you a hint, when a girl asks that kinda question, she's looking for validation.

And BANG. Something crosses Hurley's face...

LIBBY (CONT'D)

You hate it.

Hurley shakes his head -- NO, IT'S SOMETHING ELSE.

HURLEY

Do I know you from somewhere?

WOW. Now THAT'S interesting.

A beat as Libby looks at him. And he looks at Libby. And then, she SMILES --

LIBBY

You mean besides from the flight?

HURLEY

The flight?

LIBBY

Turn around, will ya?

HURLEY

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

LIBBY
(unbuttoning her blouse)
I'm gonna try this on.

HURLEY
Oh yeah. Sure. Go ahead.

Hurley REDDENS, TURNS HIS BACK as she goes about CHANGING...
Hurley doesn't see this but we do -- Libby is worried that
Hurley does recognize her. But the expression passes and she
covers --

*
*
*
*

LIBBY
I can't believe you don't remember
stepping on my foot.

HURLEY
I did?

LIBBY
Hard. You were the last one on the
plane. You were all sweaty and
wearing headphones... and CRUNCH.
You stepped on my foot.

Libby's bare back is to us now -- Hurley can only imagine
what's going on just beyond his peripheral vision.

HURLEY
Did I, uh... say sorry?

LIBBY
No you did not. But I'm not gonna
hold it against you.
(beat)
You can turn around now.

Hurley turns around to see her sporting the PURPLE TOP.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
So? Whadaya think?

This time Hurley doesn't hesitate. He's SMITTEN --

HURLEY
Awesome.

Libby smiles. And we HOLD ON her just long enough to sense
that something might be just a tad wonky here. Yes, folks...

Libby just might be HIDING SOMETHING.

19 OMITTED 19
 20 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 20

WE FIND EKO -- walking through a GROVE of trees, examining them. He stops at one, PUSHES his HAND against it. Testing its thickness.

He seems pleased and MARKS it with a CHARCOAL "X". Moves to the next tree, repeats the process --

CHARLIE
 What're you doing?

Eko looks up to see Charlie -- who, dear friends, has looked much BETTER. He's anxious -- AMPED.

MR. EKO
 I am marking trees.

CHARLIE
 Why?

MR. EKO
 Because they are the ones I like.

Eko smiles. Goes back to his work as Charlie BLURTS out --

CHARLIE
 Did you tell Locke you gave me one of the statues from the plane?

MR. EKO
 Why would I do that?

CHARLIE
 Yeah... well, he knows, man. That bald wanker knows somehow.

Eko just continues marking the trees, picture of CALM --

MR. EKO
 Is something wrong, Charlie?

CHARLIE
 Other than me losing my mind? No. Everything's just peachy.

MR. EKO
 What makes you think you are losing your mind?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Let's see. Hmm. How 'bout the fact that I'm sleepwalking? Stealing babies from their cribs? Ah yes, and having insanely vivid dreams in which I feel like I'm absolutely awake... until of course, I wake up.

Eko STOPS his work. Something just LANDED on him. He looks at Charlie for the first time --

MR. EKO

In the fifty days I have been on this island, I have not had a single dream.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Well... thanks for sharing.

But Eko is COMPLETELY engaged now. Crosses over to Charlie --

MR. EKO

What are your dreams about?

CHARLIE

About? Well... they're variations on the theme of Aaron being in mortal peril. Trapped in a piano. Floating out to sea. Then of course, there's the flying dove and Claire and my Mum dressed as angels telling me I need to save the baby.

Eko stares LONG BEAT. Processing. Charlie feels the stare.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What?

PUSHING IN ON EKO now as Giacchino's mystical theme begins to play under him --

MR. EKO

Have you considered... that these dreams mean something?

PUSHING IN ON CHARLIE now, too -- almost HYPNOTIZED by the sheer charismatic power of this man --

CHARLIE

Like what?

(CONTINUED)

And we STOP on Eko -- BIG CLOSE UP. His eyes TWINKLING like he's privy to a joke we ain't as he softly intones --

MR. EKO

What if you do need to save the
baby?

Oh. Hmmmm. Wow.

And OFF CHARLIE... the sense that maybe these are PRECISELY
the words he was hoping to hear as --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

21 INT. CHARLIE'S FLAT - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 21

CHARLIE at the piano. Playing a HAUNTING MELODY. He suddenly STOPS. Thinks. Then RESTARTS --

And now we get it. He's fucking trying to write a song.

KNOCK. KNOCK. Charlie looks up from his work. KNOCK. He heads to the door. The KNOCKING grows LOUDER. FASTER. Charlie opens the door and --

Liam stands there -- A WRECK -- Carrying a GYM BAG, clothes hanging out. Hurriedly packed. His voice cracks, emotional, and it's not just the DRUGS --

LIAM
Karen kicked me out, man.

CHARLIE
What happened?

Liam enters, sinks into the couch. PATHETIC --

LIAM
She thinks... she thinks I'm
dangerous.

CHARLIE
Why would she think that?

LIAM
I... I dropped her.
(fucking torn up)
I dropped Megan.

And saying it out loud finally fucking breaks him down. Liam starts to CRY. He pulls out a cigarette. Clumsily puts in his mouth. Struggles with his lighter.

CHARLIE
(fuck)
Oh, Liam...

Charlie sits next to him. Pulls the cigarette out of Liam's mouth, TOSSES it aside. Liam stares vacantly ahead.

LIAM
Look at me. Got no money. Got
nothing.
(through the tears)
What are we gonna do?

(CONTINUED)

