

E D E N | R I S I N G

#404

"Bury the Hatchet"

by
John Oddo

EDEN RISING
"Bury the Hatchet"
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TEASER

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

NEIL SEDAKA'S "LAUGHTER IN THE RAIN" plays as we

ECU - A QUALITY CUBAN CIGAR

Torpedo shaped, with a deep brown wrapper. We're focused on the freshly cut end of it.

We hear a LIGHTER click. It's a teasing, quiet nose as the tobacco ignites, starts to GLOW.

The smoker SPINS the cigar through his fingers, expertly so, allowing the wrapper to burn evenly around the circumference, casting a line of GRAY ASH as it RECEDES.

ECU - THE SMOKER'S LIPS

As he balances the Cuban in them.

Now that his hands are free...

ECU - THE STOVE

Where our smoker is meticulously preparing a lush breakfast. Fresh CREPES and CROISSANTS are sat aside to steam, while he prepares a MIXED FRUIT SALAD and some SCRAMBLED EGGS.

Now, the smoker begins to sing along:

ECU - HIS LIPS AGAIN

As he balances the Cuban and sings at the same time. Such talent. Wow.

There is a knock off-screen.

Our ECU of his lips goes off-kilter as he tilts his head, curious, in the direction of the knocking.

ECU - THE RADIO

As our subject shuts it off carefully, ending the melody of "Laughter in the Rain".

The camera PANS out at the front door as it's opened, revealing a shirtless, sweaty, out-of-breath SANTIAGO stood there.

The camera spins, revealing that our subject is THE SERPENT.

He wears a Hawaiian shirt and a silly-looking apron with a cartoon rabbit on the front. He releases a puff of thick white smoke from the cigar and grins. He returns his attention to the food, speaking to his subordinate without looking at him.

THE SERPENT

Ah, dear Santiago --- you care to join me for breakfast?

SANTIAGO

I'd love to sir, but we've got a situation.

THE SERPENT

Of what kind?

SANTIAGO

We have guests on the island.

The Serpent's fall back to Santiago now.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

And they're a couple people you'll be delighted to see.

The Serpent's stoic face turns into a grin, as we exit the scene.

EXT. DOCK -- MORNING

The Serpent and Santiago walk along the dock.

THE SERPENT

Where'd you find them?

SANTIAGO

We didn't. They found us. Said they wanted to speak directly with you. They've already been stripped of their weapons, told 'em it's up to you if they get fed to the sharks or actually get the time of day from ya.

As The Serpent slows his pace and a smile forms, we can tell that he sees his guests in clear view. The camera has not revealed them yet---

He takes a puff of the cigar and flicks it into the sea.

THE SERPENT

Lower your weapons! Welcome our guests with warm hearts and open arms!

The pirates on the bridge lower their weapons as The Serpent passes them, opening his arms. He wraps one of his guests in a huge bear hug ---

We pan around to reveal that he is hugging GWEN.

THE SERPENT (CONT'D)

Oh Gwen, we have so much to show you---so many exciting things! You'd be proud, I'm sure.

Her face is one of disgust. But she doesn't fight him.

ASH stands beside her, and The Serpent breaks off his hug with Gwen to give him an embrace too.

THE SERPENT (CONT'D)

The Wild Boy! I do hope you are treating Miss Pillsbury well.

The Serpent puts an arm around each of them, turns around and faces Santiago and the rest of his cronies.

THE SERPENT (CONT'D)

Come on people! Welcome them to our island! They are our guests for crying out loud, treat them as such!

There's an awkward silence as we focus on The Serpent's maddeningly grinning face.

CUT TO BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT IEXT. FOREST CAMP -- MORNING

DWIGHT approaches OLIVER, who is sitting outside of his tent. The other tents can be seen in the background of this scene. It's apparent that Oliver is being quite the recluse, secluding his tent farther off from the rest.

DWIGHT

Hey.

He alerts Oliver with this greeting, who turns around to face Dwight now. No response, he just remains quiet, giving a look that encourages Dwight to continue.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

You busy?

OLIVER

I look busy?

DWIGHT

Not at all. Just wanted to be polite before I shoved a favor on you.

OLIVER

What kind of favor?

DWIGHT

I'm going on a hike. I want you to keep these ladies safe.

OLIVER

Sure, okay. How can I do that without guns?

DWIGHT

Well since I'm leaving, I figured I'd keep 'em in your hands until I come back.

OLIVER

Really?

DWIGHT

Yeah. I trust you.

Oliver smiles softly.

OLIVER

Thanks.

ON ROZ now:

She is packing up her stuff having just woke up. She sees Dwight walking in her direction, from Oliver's tent.. She approaches.

ROZ
G'morning.

DWIGHT
Mornin'. Sleep okay?

She shrugs.

ROZ
Been better, been worse. You?

DWIGHT
I had this remarkable dream about pie, so I'd give last night's sleep two thumb's up honestly.

ROZ
Well I'm glad you enjoyed it.

DWIGHT
Yeah it was a bummer to wake up.

ROZ
You look like you're ready to go.

DWIGHT
Gonna appease Winnie and help her look for the dog.

Roz rolls her eyes. She lowers her voice, trying to convey her rough-n'-tough opinion without offending anyone.

ROZ
Why are you letting her do this to us? The dog is long gone, Barbie just needs to face it---

DWIGHT
What are you suggesting I do?

ROZ
I don't have a suggestion sadly, I just suggest that you do something.

As Roz walks away, Dwight grabs his things and starts off.

Meanwhile, WINNIE has her stuff. She's packing her things.

MAIA
Going somewhere, sweetie?

WINNIE
Yeah. Just a hike with Dwight.

MAIA
You've barely talked these last few days.

WINNIE
Not really much to say.

MAIA
Oliver's been a recluse too, since Hiro --

WINNIE
(interrupting)
-- This has nothing to do with Hiro, Maia.

There's an awkward pause here. Maia, just trying to help, stumbles a bit with her words.

MAIA
Then what is it?

WINNIE
It's Skeeter. Okay?

MAIA
Oh, the dog? Do you think he's out here still?

BEAT. Winnie just swallows, shakes her head. She pulls her hair back, putting it into a messy ponytail, turning her back on Maia.

MAIA (CONT'D)
Was it something I said?

WINNIE
No it's the look you gave me. I get it. I'm crazy. I'm wasting time on a dog.

MAIA
I never...

WINNIE
Just don't. We'll talk later, okay? I need this.

Winnie walks off-screen. One last shot of Maia as she SIGHS, frustrated by it all.

Winnie meets Dwight at the treeline.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
...Hey sheriff, can I get a gun?

DWIGHT
No. We stick together, you don't
leave my sight, and we'll be a-
okay.

Winnie glowers at his untrustworthiness toward her. The camera stays tight on her face.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
C'mon. Let's go find your dog.

EXT. PRIVATE PROPERTY -- AFTERNOON -- FLASHBACK

A young blonde girl, around the age of 12, lifts up her skirt and runs through the dirt and open fields of the farmland. The camera gives us a panorama view of the place---

---it's the same place WINNIE brought her group to in episode 4x02. The place she said she "knew a guy" on. Hmm, interesting.

The camera follows the giggling girl as she runs, runs, runs.

TIGHT on her BARE feet: Dirt covered. Not a care in the world.

The girl is suddenly grabbed by her shoulders, whiplashed around a tree and into the arms of a boy. He's the same age, perhaps slightly older. The boy's name is MILES. He has a British accent.

MILES
Hey love, where you off to?

The girl gives a wonderful smile. American accent. It's a YOUNG WINNIE, if you haven't guessed already.

YOUNG WINNIE
Let go of me, Miles!

She wriggles free of his grip, slaps him playfully with a laugh, and then grabs his face. A full-on MAKE OUT SESSION. Christ! She started early, that's for sure.

She breaks the kiss, pushing her lips into a thin, cute smile.

YOUNG WINNIE (CONT'D)
How was it?

MILES
You sure do know what you're doing,
don't you Winona? American girls
sure do know how to kiss.

YOUNG WINNIE
Don't call me that! I'm Winnie.

Miles rolls his eyes.

MILES
It's such a silly nickname though!
Winona's so sleek, so beautiful, so
elegant---

YOUNG WINNIE
---Winnie's more free though, don't
you think? Winona feels so---
empty.

MILES
It just reminds me of Pooh!

YOUNG WINNIE
So very unoriginal of you, Miles.

There's yelling from nearby.

ROGER (O.S.)
HEY!

Winnie grabs Miles by his hand and ducks him down.

MILES
Oh bullocks, is that your old man?

YOUNG WINNIE
Yeah. Crap. He's not happy. Get
out of here! Looks like he's got a
gun on him.

MILES
Christ, he's out of his right mind
yeah?

YOUNG WINNIE
He's not the best guy when he's
angry... Just go!

A gunshot rips through the air. Miles bolts it, running for the fence. He hops it quickly.

ROGER

You're lucky the voltage isn't on, you slimy little shit! Next time it will be so if you try to climb over here, you'll soil your pants and get a funky new hairdo! The sign says PRIVATE property for a reason...

Roger steps into frame, holding a shotgun and an ANGRY expression. He slings the gun, using a strap, over his shoulder, and approaches Winnie. He grabs her arm.

ROGER (CONT'D)

In the house Winona, NOW.

INT. PRIVATE PROPERTY -- AFTERNOON -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

Roger throws little WINNIE against the wall like a ragdoll. She gathers her footing, and backs away as her father closes in on her.

ROGER

I didn't raise my daughter to act like a little whore.

Winnie's eyes fall to the family dog, who is BARKING RELENTLESSLY at Roger. He acts as a barrier between the father and the girl, protecting her.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Shut up you mutt!

Roger's wife, Winnie's mother JANE, enters the room.

JANE

Roger, what's going on? You're hurting her---

ROGER

Your daughter was out there cleaning out some boy's mouth with her tongue. Where'd she learn that shit, huh?

He's pissed.

ROGER (CONT'D)
WHERE DID SHE LEARN IT, JANE? You
filthy whore. Don't think I don't
know---

Winnie runs down the hall and the dog follows her.

INT. WINNIE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

Winnie and the dog make their way into the bedroom. Winnie falls on the bed, her face buried in her pillow. The dog leaps to join her on the bed, curling up beside her --- lovingly, protectively.

As she waits on the bed, her face in the pillow, the dog her only sense of comfort, little Winnie cries.

INT. FRENCH CATACOMBS -- MORNING

ANTON leads the way. He's got a huge FLASHLIGHT that provides guidance for himself, VICTOR, and SIMON.

SIMON
(realizing)
I recognize these guys.

Anton tilts his head back.

ANTON
Oh yeah? Figured you big-wig's
forgot.

SIMON
That's not fair.

VICTOR
What are you going on about?

SIMON
Amir and his wife Kelly started a
whole bunch of trouble. They used
to live in Eden, after all. That's
why he wants 'em so bad. They're a
threat.

Anton scoffs. *Of course he doesn't remember.*

ANTON
Yeah. That's exactly it.

As they keep moving, Victor hears a click. Instantaneously, he SHOUTS.

VICTOR
DON'T --- FUCKING MOVE. Nobody.

He spins.

ANTON
Someone stepped on something didn't
they?

He looks down ---

--- nothing.

Simon gulps, looks down ---

A small plastic disc. Half-hidden by the dust and debris.
His foot is right on top of it.

SIMON
(well, shit)
This is a bloody mine isn't it?

ANTON
Christ... yeah.

VICTOR
Don't move okay? If we get
something heavy then we can fool
the trigger...

ANTON
Yeah, we gotta' find something
that's big enough to at least buy
you a few seconds to dive out of
the way.

Anton hands Simon the pistol on his belt.

ANTON (CONT'D)
I'm a shitty shot anyway, so take
this. We'll go find something.

SIMON
You're just gonna' leave me here?

VICTOR
What other options we got mate?
We'll fix this.

Simon, wide-eyed and terrified, stands there. His face is
trembling.

SIMON

Those fuckers hit me with a car,
remember? My leg is hurting like a
bitch---point is, I dunno how long
I can stand here!

But Anton and Victor are already down the hall. Simon
swallows, takes in a deep breath, shuts his eyes---

INT. LABORATORY -- DAY

THE SERPENT leads GWEN and ASH into the laboratory on his
island. They are flanked by SANTIAGO and a few other pirates.

OTTO, like a coiled spring, is a comfortably calm presence
full of deadly energy. This guy stands on a ladder at the
top of a huge glass window, using a pronged end of an
electric rod to poke and prod at an infected trapped inside.

THE SERPENT

I figured you'd like to see how
your brainchild was doing, my dear.
Otto here has found a way to
perfect your research.

Santiago, Otto and the other tamers peer uneasily through the
glass at the pair of yellow eyes staring back at them.

ASH

You feed it live meat? Animals and
shit? Other people?

OTTO

(incredulous)

No live animals. Not for them.

Gwen flashes a cocky smile.

GWEN

Glad you learned something from me.
Did I ever tell you I was a pet
lady, Otto?

OTTO

Sorry?

GWEN

Pets. I loved 'em. When I was
younger I had a snake. Mamushi
snake. Raised it on dead mice.
One day my friends came to the
house and it fascinated them. They
wanted a show.

(MORE)

GWEN (CONT'D)

They buy a live mouse and drop it in the tank with Mamushi. Mamushi looks at it for the longest time. The mouse just casually walks around the cage, probably thinking to itself "this is my new home." *Strike.* It's little heart goes fast, then slow, then... gone. After that, Mamushi won't look at a dead mouse again. It only ate things that were alive enough to bleed for the rest of its days.

Awkward silence. Gwen draws closer to the glass, as if the others aren't even there... entranced at her own design, the product of her own mind.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Trust me when I say if you're trying to tame these things like animals, then you don't want them to remember what something that moves and bleeds and screams tastes like. But then again, that defeats the purpose of what you're taming them for doesn't it? Bit of an oxymoron, so either way you're pretty much screwed.

OTTO

Oxymoron---I'm not sure if that's exactly what this'll be. We train them with the dead meat to get them to want the alive meat. To use them as weapons, we need to give them ammunition. In this case, motivation. We miss you around here, but we are very grateful for everything you've done for our research.

GWEN

Well good, that means we can talk here then and you can actually put weight on what I'm about to say.

THE SERPENT

Of course.

GWEN

We came here not to reminisce, but to offer you a deal.

The Serpent exchanges a look with Santiago. He smirks. Santiago chuckles.

SANTIAGO
(mocking)
A deal, she says.

GWEN
We draw lines and shake hands on a
peace treaty.

Santiago snaps at her like an angry guard dog.

SANTIAGO
And what's in it for us?

ASH
Trade. We have a crap ton of food
and supplies, I'm sure trading back
and forth with each other will
benefit us both.

GWEN
And having each other's backs can
keep us focused on potential
enemies on the outside. You got
what you wanted in Severine, so
your vendetta should be gone and
over with for the rest of us.

ASH
This is a new Eden. We're running
things differently now, there's no
need for sour blood between us.

Santiago gives a thin, snake-like smile.

SANTIAGO
From my experience, blood is salty,
not sour.

ASH
Which is exactly why we need to
change things between us.

THE SERPENT
I'm not sure I can see the benefits
you're speaking of here. I don't
think we have anything to gain from
you.

Ash looks flustered. He's tapping his fingers quickly.

ASH

Can I get some air? You mind?

GWEN

I'll join him. If you'll excuse us?

THE SERPENT

Santiago, show them to the door.

(off their incredulous
looks)

You can't blame me for being
nervous of leaving you two alone...

EXT. LABORATORY -- DAY

Ash wanders toward the treeline, balancing a cigarette in his lips. He lights it.

GWEN

Can I bum one off ya?

Ash turns, digs through the box, passes her a cig and lights it for her.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Thanks. Didn't know you started smoking again.

ASH

Quit for a while, but the stress...
it eats at me. Smoking helps.

GWEN

I feel ya.

ASH

Dealing with assholes eats at me too.

GWEN

Don't get too hasty. Remember how I said I came here to protect you from your own good graces? Well I'm here to protect you from the "other" side of Ash...

ASH

Other side?

GWEN

You can get heated up easily, Ash.
You dip really far on either side
of the spectrum, it's like a seesaw
with two fat guys on either side.

ASH

Wouldn't they just balance out?

Gwen takes a huge puff of smoke. Beat. She thinks this over.

GWEN

Maybe that wasn't the best analogy.
(shakes head)
Whatever.

Ash smirks.

ASH

I get what you're trying to say,
though.

GWEN

It seems weak. The moment they see
you as "weak", you already are.

ASH

I'm not.

GWEN

I know that. Prove it to them.
Storming out like some little
kid... it ain't gonna' win us any
friends.

He sees a few of the Island's residents passing by, giving him looks. Whispering amongst themselves.

ASH

They talking about me or you? You
had to have made some friends here.

GWEN

"Friends" isn't exactly the word
I'd use. But looks to me like
they've got their eyes on you.

A familiar face emerges from the crowd, approaching Ash. You may or may not remember him; FINIUS GOLDBERG.

FINIUS

Do my eyes dare deceive us? Are
you really back?

ASH

You're the guy that tried to have me killed, right? In that psycho game show of yours.

FINIUS

Yes! SlaughterBowl, of course! Welcome back, Wild Boy!

ASH

You and your co-host hated me.

FINIUS

Your debut appearance on the SlaughterBowl was a rousing success, mate. You were so popular, people have been chanting for you to return--

ASH

Don't even ask.

FINIUS

I have a favor to ask though. I promise it won't be anything raucous. But it's important. Please.

Ash seems taken by his sincerity.

ASH

I won't be killed?

Finius beams.

FINIUS

I can't make any promises! Accidents do happen...

ASH

You can handle this right, Gwen?

Gwen nods.

GWEN

Absolutely.

ASH

See you in a bit. We'll meet up back here.

Gwen heads back inside while Ash follows Finius --

ASH (CONT'D)
I'm honestly curious...

EXT. CAFE -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

We're seeing this through a CAMERA LENS:

A laughing, radiant WINNIE with the glare of the sun behind her giving her an eminent, capturing beauty.

WINNIE
Freddy, seriously! I'm not
photogenic.

FREDDY (O.S.)
Oh please. Now you're just fishing
for compliments. C'mon, this is
all part of my exposé.

WINNIE
(sassy)
I'm not very fluent in English, but
I'm pretty sure you didn't use that
word correctly.

FREDDY (O.S.)
Not fluent? Oh, the irony, you're
not even making sense...!

We can hear him laughing. Winnie whips her hand at the camera, laughing too.

We leave the view of the camera lens, finally seeing Winnie's beau, FREDDY. 20's, handsome, a photographer with big dreams and goals. And he's very in love with Winnie.

He checks out some of his snapshots. His tone is so playful, impossible to offend:

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Some of these are absolutely
breathtaking. They'd kill to have
a place in your portfolio.

WINNIE
You're still on about the
portfolio?

FREDDY
You would be an amazing model, I
think you should stop focusing so
much on your disgusting job at
Fisher, Inc. ---

Winnie's eyes peer up. A guilty expression.

It's obvious here that her boyfriend knows HOW she got the job.

WINNIE

--- Don't, Freddy...

FREDDY

--- You can make something of yourself, Winners.

WINNIE

Yeah, but that requires way too much physical labor.

FREDDY

You want to be a model babe, not a construction worker. All one needs is to know how to walk to be a successful model, and you've got that down pretty good.

WINNIE

Oh shut up, Freddy.

Winnie's phone rings. She digs through her purse.

FREDDY

You really have to take this?

WINNIE

I don't recognize the number. Hm.
Could be work related.

Freddy makes a gagging gesture with his hand and his mouth. Winnie smirks, apologetically, as she answers the call.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

JANICE (V.O.)

Hello, is this Winona Reil?

WINNIE

Yes, who's asking?

JANICE (V.O.)

My name is Janice Godspeed.

WINNIE

Um, the lawyer? What does this pertain?

Winnie and Freddy lock eyes -- communicating with their faces. He emulates her confused and worried expression.

JANICE (V.O.)
Yes, that's right. I'm
representing your father, Roger
Reil.

Off this...

EXT. FOREST -- MORNING

Winnie and Dwight navigate the forest together, alone. The sunrise offers an interestingly, if not ominously, beautiful atmosphere.

WINNIE
So how long's it gonna take?

DWIGHT
Huh?

WINNIE
I heard Roz. Skeeter's just a
stupid dog. So how long until you
tell me it's time to move on?

Dwight looks her over. Usually rough, he's being soft with her.

DWIGHT
I was thinkin' today. The group's
anxious to keep moving.

Winnie nods. She's hiding her emotions here. She doesn't want to expose herself, feel naked, vulnerable.

WINNIE
Why won't you let me carry a gun?

Dwight won't answer her.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
Do you have a reason?

Beat.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
What is this about, Dwight? Is it
really about me, or is it about
you?

DWIGHT

The group thinks you're unstable.

WINNIE

You think I don't know that? You think I don't see the looks they give me? It's like I'm some fucking psycho.

DWIGHT

It's this type of shit, Winnie. You're acting ridiculous. Once you get back to normal, I don't mind you carrying a gun. But with you acting like a recluse and then jumping down people's throats--- it's off-putting. And I don't trust someone like that with a gun. So it has nothing to do with me.

Her tone dripping with VENOMOUS sarcasm, as she gets closer to him:

WINNIE

So you're not hungry with power... taking all the guns for your own little stash wasn't a power play. Okay. I guess I buy it.

They're sweaty, nose to nose now.

DWIGHT

I don't care if you buy it or not, love, it's the damn truth.

His breath rustles right down her spine, it seems.

WINNIE

Or are you scared of what we'd do with the guns?

(getting it)

That's it. You don't trust us enough.

(beat)

If I walked around living in fear for the rest of my life, then I'd never be able to get what I want. I'm not afraid... are you?

This moment is so electric as Winnie purses her lips and then suddenly jerks her head up and meets Dwight's lips with her own.

Her mouth is hungry; she's more BITING and CLAWING at his massive body than KISSING him... And even in his surprise, Dwight wastes no time in opening his mouth to her and giving it right back.

She reaches for his head and SMASHES IT violently between her hands in a sexy VICE GRIP. Her hands slide down his scalp, PULLING his scruff of blonde hair BACK. She shoves him down to the forest floor. He crumbles to the ground, more of his own accord than hers, and he ROLLS ontop of her.

There's a short POWER STRUGGLE here as Winnie puts one hand on Dwight's neck while pulling his hair back with the other -- all the while KISSING HIM. She tries to flip him over, to no avail. She's trapped beneath his body and she's not COMPLAINING.

She RUNS her hand UP his torso and then, in a SWIFT MOVE, starts to PULL HIS SHIRT OFF. She squirms beneath him, and he helps by shaking his head. The shirt comes off and he dives in for another KISS --

Now it's Dwight's turn -- He FLIPS her over, SHE'S BACK ON TOP, and he PEELS at her shirt, leaving her in just her BRA and PANTS.

They're KISSING still, ANGRY, HARD, and it's impossible to tell really at this point if they're attempting to FIGHT OR FUCK. He stops momentarily, wondering how far this is going to go.

And as she waits, his response is to unbutton WINNIE'S JEANS.

As he does that, she dives in for another KISS --- running her hand down his CHEST, right for his jeans. He gets ready for her to unbuckle, but INSTEAD:

Winnie YANKS the semi-automatic custom GLOCK from Dwight's JEANS. Shoves it right in his face, clambering off of him quickly so he can't turn the tables on her. She picks up her shirt quickly, and keeps the gun trained on him.

DWIGHT

You tricky slag. That was good.
Why don't you put the gun down, we
can finish this up...?

WINNIE

Fuck you. I'm taking this gun, and
I'm walking away from here and
there's nothing you can do to stop
me. If no one will help me find
Skeeter, I'll find him my damn
self.

Off her frightening, but admirable, determination...

END ACT I

ACT IIINT. FRENCH CATACOMBS -- MORNING

We follow ANTON and VICTOR.

ANTON

Watch your step --- that can't be
the only trap they've got for...

Gunfire erupts. The two take cover as Ugis comes bursting out of a door on the side.

Ugis manages to grab Victor, tumbling forward and pinning the young man under his massive weight. With one hand on his gun aimed at Anton and the other hand wrapped around Victor's neck, Ugis looks like a maniac.

UGIS

Move and he dies, little nigga.

Anton moves closer. Ugis's hand around Victor's neck
CLENCHES tighter.

ANTON

So you choke him? That's your big
plan? How long will it take, huh?
Long enough for me to kill you, big
guy.

UGIS

I have big hands.

Anton scoffs. He flings forward with his hatchet, lightning fast, slicing Ugis's hand from the bone. Ugis screams, his other hand instinctively reaching from around Victor's neck and onto his own arm...

...That's when Victor, free now, SHOVES his ELBOW into Ugis's massive gut.

Ugis fires a few blind shots. Anton grabs Victor and drags him behind a large fallen piece of the catacomb wall, shielding for cover. Anton hears the

CLICK CLICK

Of an empty gun chamber.

UGIS (CONT'D)

Fuck man---

That's when Anton darts out of there like a speeding bullet.

Anton swings FAST and FURIOUS with his HATCHET, digging into Ugis's stomach -- he rips the weapon out of Ugis's meat, digs it back in, rips it out --

Gutting the large man all over the floor in front of a breathless, horrified Victor.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- MORNING

GWEN is inside the LABORATORY's CONFERENCE ROOM, returning from her smoke break. THE SERPENT, SANTIAGO and OTTO give her looks.

GWEN

Ash will be back shortly. He went for a little walk with one of your people. Finius Goldberg.

THE SERPENT

Catching up, I suppose?

She shrugs.

GWEN

I didn't ask. None of my business.

THE SERPENT

We can get this over with then together, Gwen. I think you've got a bit more experience with diplomacy and all the dangerous excitement of politico anyway.

SANTIAGO

I'm honestly surprised you even came back.

GWEN

Yeah. This place drove me crazy, but ---

THE SERPENT

--- But I taught you to play some damn fine notes on the piano, eh?

GWEN

You helped me fine-tune my skills, but I already had the base for that when you met me sweetie.

THE SERPENT

I'm just happy that after everything, you're so willing to set things aside and bury the hatchet. It speaks volumes about your character Gwen, and it's incredibly impressive.

She's smiling now. Gwen realizes she is winning brownie points and sees how fundamental it is that she doesn't stop here.

GWEN

You respecting my newfound authority is quite impressive too.

THE SERPENT

I respect authority until it disrespects me. Despite everything, you were an unwilling prisoner when you were here and I take full responsibility for your treatment. Consider this a clean slate.

GWEN

That's exactly what Ash and I came here to ask for. A clean slate.

Off The Serpent's look, intrigued:

EXT. FOREST CAMP -- MORNING

OLIVER sits at his tent. He's hoarding all of the guns. He holds one of the larger ones at their disposal in his lap, tapping his feet to a beat. He turns to the main campsite, spotting ROZ and MAIA chatting amongst themselves. Probably about him. He knows it. We see it in his eyes as he watches them.

The moment Maia's eyes fall on him, he turns away quickly --

-- Looking back at us, into the camera, facing forward with vigilance.

He hears rustling up ahead. He stands, aiming the big weapon.

ON MAIA and ROZ:

MAIA

He's on his feet now. He must see something.

She stands now. Roz remains more cool about it, turning but not standing.

ROZ
I'm not seeing much of anything.

MAIA
There's definitely something out there.

ROZ
I hear worry in your voice girl.
No need, I'm pretty sure Oliver can
handle a single enemy at point
blank range with a submachine...

Maia walks toward him anyway. Roz rambles off, before sighing and saying:

ROZ (CONT'D)
Or not?

She stands now, and follows suit.

The two women stand right behind Oliver.

OLIVER
(hoarse)
Get back!

Dwight, hands out, exits the forest foliage.

DWIGHT
Put 'em down, sheesh....!

Oliver does so, frowning.

OLIVER
Coulda' said something earlier.

DWIGHT
I wasn't quite sure how I wanted to
make my entrance.

As he keeps stepping forward, it's obvious to the others that...

OLIVER
Where's Winnie?

...Yep. Winnie's missing.

MAIA
Dwight, what happened out there?

He goes through Oliver's tent, grabbing a few guns that were stashed there.

DWIGHT

She took my gun and left. Insisted that since none of us care, she'll find that damn dog herself.

Roz raises an eyebrow, crosses her arms. She's NOT buying that it was THAT simple.

ROZ

Winnie just... took your gun?

DWIGHT

Yep.

ROZ

And you're actually going after her? Doesn't this seem like a sign to everyone? I hate to sound awful, but --- the times we're in, the stakes being this high --- I have no other choice but to speak up. She stole a fucking gun. One of the few we had left. She's emotionally unstable over the loss of a dog, and quite frankly, I think we should just carry on.

MAIA

And leave her behind? No. That's not even an option, Roz.

ROZ

Hear me out. I'm not the bad guy here, I'm just being realistic.

DWIGHT

If you don't want to come with, that's fine. I'm going after her, whether you like it or not. We've lost enough people, Roz. She can't have gone far, we'll find her.

ROZ

It's not an "if", Dwight, it's a "should we"?!

MAIA

When it involves people's lives, Roz, it's always a "we should". I'm going with him.

DWIGHT

(to Oliver, re: Roz)

Keep your eyes on her for me, make sure she doesn't steal a gun and shoot me when I'm not looking okay?

ROZ

Funny and charming of you, Dwight. Now I'm being painted out to be some murderess. Wonderful!

Dwight hands Maia a gun and the two stalk off into the forest. Roz sighs and stomps, annoyed at the misunderstanding of her comrades, back to her tent.

EXT. FOREST -- MORNING

A pair of legs stumbling through the forest, alone.

We PULL up ---

WINNIE.

She holds the gun she stole from DWIGHT close. She looks like she's ready to take on the world.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

WINNIE sits at a small table at a COFFEE SHOP. A well-dressed lawyer in a suit, in her early 30's, attractive, blonde, takes a sip of the coffee in front of her. This is JANICE, the lawyer representing Winnie's father.

WINNIE

...This is a man who physically and emotionally abused me and my mother. He hurt my mom til the day she died. And if he had the privilege to still see me, he'd do it to me too.

JANICE

I know.

WINNIE

That's what you lawyers always say right? The facade of sympathy, the...

JANICE
(interjecting)
I just want to put this out there,
for the sake of just getting it
over with. Honey, we're sisters.

Winnie glares at Janice, dumbfounded and confused.

WINNIE
Excuse me?

JANICE
Our father slept around a lot,
Winnie, and I mean --- a lot. The
stuff he did to you, he did to me
too. But luckily for me, my mother
was one of his flings, so I didn't
see him every day like you did. He
popped in and out of my life a lot
as a kid. I had to do a lot of
tracking down before I figured out
who he was.

Janice pulls out a file of information. A shit ton of
records. Proof that what she's saying is true. Winnie goes
through it, her jaw slack.

WINNIE
And now you're representing him as
his lawyer?

JANICE
I'm doing him a favor. He's dying,
Winnie.

WINNIE
I don't care. You thought that
revealing to me that I had a long-
lost sister would somehow allow me
to conjure up any form of sympathy
for him?

JANICE
No, but I figured that if you saw
that I was able to put it past
me... a girl who never had a
father around, a girl who felt
abandoned her whole life... then
you could too. Even if it was just
to hear what I have to say.

BEAT.

Winnie furrows her brow. She's annoyed, but Janice has a point.

WINNIE
I'm listening.

JANICE
When I found our father and I explained who I was, he instantly asked me to represent him. He's a dying man and he wanted to ensure that he would make things right as he passed on. I'm helping him not for him, but for me. To make me feel good, to have that closure, but to have a sense of self-improvement too.

WINNIE
(move it along, lady)
So what does he want?

JANICE
He wants to see you. And he wants to leave you one of his vacation homes. The one in England.

Winnie is taken by surprise.

WINNIE
I don't...

JANICE
Without the alcohol, he's not so bad. I think the wrinkles have softened him too.

She hands Winnie her business card.

JANICE (CONT'D)
I need to run, but in the end, I think it's for the best. It'll give you more time to sit on this. If you need me --- for anything, just let me know.

Janice smiles, stands, and leaves. Winnie is too overwhelmed by all of this to even respond to Janice's leaving.

INT. CAR -- DAY -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

Some time later, WINNIE and FREDDY are driving together. Freddy's at the wheel.

FREDDY

He's leaving you land in England?
Jesus, Winnie, just take it and
run!

WINNIE

I just... I don't feel right
taking anything from him. I don't
want his stuff. I don't need it
either.

FREDDY

Imagine raising a family in England
though, baby. Remember that offer
you had from that British modeling
agency? If you take this, offers
like those will increase tenfold.
There are too many pro's not to at
least think about it.

WINNIE

I'll let her know when I make a
final decision, okay Freddy? For
now I just... I need to think
about this.

Freddy nods his head. He's excited about the prospect of all
of this, he really is, but he respects his girlfriend's
choice.

INT. HARLOW RESIDENCE -- MORNING

FINIUS leads ASH inside of PIPER HARLOW's house. The
furniture is eccentric - for those who remember her, is this
really a surprise? - and messy.

PIPER

I told you not to come back without
The Wild Boy, Finius! Please tell
me you didn't--

Piper enters the room, seeing Ash. She drops a baseball bat
she had in her hands.

PIPER (CONT'D)

I won't have to use this ohmygosh.
Thank you Finius!

FINIUS

No... thank you. Jesus Piper, a
baseball bat...?

PIPER
You promised! You know I get pouty
when you break a promise, Fin...

Ash frowns, growing impatient.

ASH
Why am I here?

Piper beams.

PIPER
I... I'm sorry, I didn't mean to,
um... Please, follow me! Kelly's
really excited to meet you.

Piper leads the way down her hallway. Ash and Finius follow
into:

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A mixed-race girl, at the very oldest six years old, lies in
bed. She looks ill. Very ill, in fact.

Ash's hardened face suddenly softens as he sees the young
KELLY.

PIPER
Kelly, honey. Wake up sweetie.
Daddy brought you a surprise.

Kelly's tiny eyes struggle to open. When they do, however, a
smile crosses her face at the sight of Ash.

PIPER (CONT'D)
You're a superstar, Wild Boy. A
SlaughterBowl hero. I'm really
sorry for all of the nasty things I
said to you, we didn't anticipate
the positive feedback to flood in
for you like it did...

FINIUS
Our daughter is your biggest fan,
we just wanted you to meet her is
all...

ASH
It's fine, I don't mind.

He approaches the bed. The girl's smile grows bigger. He
touches her hand.

PIPER

We don't know what her illness is,
I advise...

ASH

(interrupting)

We call it Sebastian's Disease.
It's a mixture of many different
things---we initially confused it
for lung cancer, but it's a lot
more violent as it develops. I'm
immune. I've already been
thoroughly checked. And if you two
aren't sick yet, then you are too.
It's very contagious.

FINIUS

And will she recover?

ASH

It's something that the body must
fight on its own. It has a...
very high mortality rate, I'm
sorry.

KELLY

So I'm dying?

They turn to Kelly, who seems to have accepted her fate. Her
face is so young, yet so brave.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Can you put on another show for me
at least? At the arena. So I
don't have to keep watching the
same rerun. It never changes.

She smiles faintly. Ash smiles back at her. It's soft, he
seems wary and we are left without a definitive answer as we:

EXT. FOREST -- MORNING

MAIA and DWIGHT are walking through the forest together.
There's a steep cliff here.

MAIA

You really know how to push Roz's
buttons.

DWIGHT

Is that a question or an
observation?

MAIA
(smiling)
The latter. I've got a keen eye.

DWIGHT
She gets worked up over dumb shit
and gets over it quick. She'll be
fine once we get Winnie back, trust
me.

Maia smirks. The camera falls on a TWITCHING body of a shot infected.

MAIA
(scoffs)
You of all people being so worried
about Winnie...

DWIGHT
Is that condescendence or genuine
surprise?

MAIA
Ah, now you're being clever. Where
is Dwight and what the hell did you
do with...?

The twitching body reaches up --- its hand WRAPPING around
Maia's ankle. WHAM! She's sent falling, screaming, through
the underbrush of the forest. She rolls down the hill,
taking the infected's arm out of its place on the body
tumbling down with her.

DWIGHT
Maia!

Maia lands in a clearing, sprawled out.

MAIA
I'm fine!

DWIGHT
I'm comin' down there. Shit.

Dwight disappears from view.

Maia stands, gets on her feet. She moves forward, trying to
find the entry to climb back up the small cliff she fell
from, where she can meet up with Dwight.

She manages to move toward an area where WINNIE can be seen
in the distance.

She turns around, her gun aimed right at Maia...

...Maia freezes, arms up. Like she's been sucker-punched:

MAIA

Whoa!

Winnie quickly stands down.

WINNIE

What are you doing here?

There's a brief pause. Maia tries to catch her breath.

MAIA

Dwight and I came out here because we're worried, Winnie. We got separated.

WINNIE

Not without Skeeter.

MAIA

Why?

Winnie takes a deep inhale.

WINNIE

No one understands what this dog means to me.

MAIA

I do.

Maia moves closer to Winnie.

MAIA (CONT'D)

I was a heroin addict. I was an awful person Winnie, I... I wasn't all there when Nico took me in. He saved my life and I latched onto him for comfort. Now he's gone, and I feel so lost. But it gives me the opportunity to trust myself to do the right thing. And guess what I found on one of our runs?

Maia pulls something from her bag. The baggie of heroin we saw her snatch from the mall in episode 32.

MAIA (CONT'D)

The Lord's been testing me. I've had it on me since I got it back at that mall, right after we had to leave the farm.

(MORE)

MAIA (CONT'D)

I haven't touched it since, Winnie.
Not even after I lost Nico.

WINNIE

Then why do you still have it?

MAIA

I kept it at first because I was
tempted, but I've kept it up until
now because I felt like I wasn't
strong enough to get rid of it
without Nico.

She opens up the bag. And she DUMPS the drugs all over the
ground.

MAIA (CONT'D)

Well, screw this. We need to let
go of things sometimes, to make
ourselves stronger in the long run.

Winnie wipes the tears from her eyes and wraps Maia in a big
hug.

WINNIE

I'm sorry for being so stupid.

MAIA

You're not stupid baby, you're not
stupid... You're human. And
that's a beautiful thing.

As Winnie breaks down in her friends' arms:

INT. NURSING HOME HALLWAY -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

WINNIE and FREDDY sit in the hallway of a NURSING HOME
together. Nurses pass by. Anxious, the pair hold hands. As
a nurse approaches, Freddy kisses his beloved's hand.

NURSE

He's ready for you, Miss Reil.

WINNIE

Thank you.

FREDDY

You ready? Need me to be with you?

WINNIE

No, if you don't mind, I think we
could use the privacy.

He smiles at her tenderly.

FREDDY
Of course.

Winnie stands, and follows the nurse.

INT. NURSING HOME, ROGER'S ROOM -- DAY -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

The nurse brings WINNIE inside, then leaves and shuts the door behind her.

Winnie sees her father, ROGER, hooked up to tanks and laying in bed. He looks like a dead mess. She approaches, confidence and anger swelling in her face as she sits down tenderly at the foot of his bed. She stares hard into his face as he breathes heavily and just STARES back at her. He has no words, at least he can't SAY THEM...

But Winnie can.

WINNIE
So you're still alive.

ON Roger's face:

WINNIE (CONT'D)
Janice came to visit me. She introduced me to her family, her mother. Nice lady. It'd have been nice to know that I had a sister. Or to meet my other siblings. Being an only child sucked, but knowing that I wasn't sucks even harder. The irony.

ROGER
W--Winnie--

WINNIE
Shush. I've been thinking about forgiveness.

His words all a string, not a coherent sentence, like one jumbled word:

ROGER
--Whataboutmyland?

BEAT.

WINNIE

As soon as you draw your last breath, I'm going to sell it to the lowest bidder. There's nothing for me there. Nothing but anger.

ROGER

That's what I---thought---
staytiedtoyourhatred---it's all
you've got.

He remains barely coherent.

WINNIE

It's all I need.

ROGER

(proud)

I made you tough. You are what you are because of me.

WINNIE

I am what I am to spite you.

ROGER

I'm sorry.

WINNIE

Too late for that. You did everything you could to crush me. You took me down for as long as I remember, and one of my first memories is of mama breaking down in the middle of a church sermon. She was praying for you and I've never understood why, because from what I can see, you deserve to burn in hell, for your cruelty... for every night you came home in a drunken rage. You fed on our fear. The fear of a little girl and the woman you claimed you loved made you feel big and strong. Mama never judged you, but I will. I want you to remember this moment forever. This feeling of helplessness, of weakness, of me looking into your eyes and telling you how much I hate you. There's no forgiveness for you - no mercy. Only a lonely, slow, and fitting death.

She gathers herself and storms from the room.

INT. CAR -- DAY -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

WINNIE drives, solemnly staring ahead of her. She's probably zoned out, not exactly safe driving but there's so much in her head right now. FREDDY is worried.

FREDDY
I'm... disappointed.

She repeats the word. Disbelieving.

WINNIE
Disappointed...

FREDDY
We had an amazing piece of land in our fingertips, Winnie. In exchange for nothing.

WINNIE
In exchange for my dignity. I'm happy with our life here, Freddy!

FREDDY
You're happy with whoring yourself out to get a job?

WINNIE
I will get out of that job once I get the chance---

FREDDY
This was your chance, Winnie! I love you and I understand that your father is an... awful, inconsiderate and vile man but put that behind you, take his tools and make a better future. Forgive him, Winnie! Move on!

WINNIE
You don't even GET IT!

She PULLS over, swerving and parking. She looks right in his face, the tears uncontrollable, the rage like none other.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
You say you understand but YOU DON'T EVEN GET IT! You don't see what this means to me! You're supposed to support me, Freddy.

FREDDY

What is there to GET, Winnie? What am I missing? HUH?! I see someone who is unwilling to let go, and I'm trying to help you.

Her tone is alarmingly calm.

WINNIE

I don't need your help. What I need, is for you to get out of my car.

FREDDY

Winnie, you're being ridiculous. Hear me out Winnie...

WINNIE

Get out of my car.

FREDDY

You're being unreasonable.

WINNIE

(shrieking)

Get out of my car, get out of my car, get out of my car, GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY CAR!

Winnie just lost it. And by the end, Freddy has realized his mistake.

He opens the door and clambers out.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

I don't want to see you again, Freddy.

FREDDY

You see enemies everywhere, Winnie, and never the people who actually care about you. Even when they're standing right in front of your face.

She pulls the door shut for him and DRIVES off.

FREDDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

WINNIE!!

She keeps driving, her cold, betrayed eyes ahead on the road and NEVER in the rearview mirror to take a glance at Freddy.

END ACT II

ACT IIIINT. SLAUGHTERBOWL ARENA -- MORNING

The arena is totally EMPTY. Not a filming day.

In their little bunker above, FINIUS, PIPER and little KELLY sit and watch. Their cameras watching and filming ASH's every move, below in the arena.

PIPER

Today's been a great day and there are no signs of it slowing down...

FINIUS

That's right Piper, and now it's time for the main event!

Lights fall onto Ash, spotlighting him.

PIPER

There he is Fin! The Wild Boy himself.

FINIUS

You hear the story about how bad this guy is?

PIPER

How bad is he, Finius?

FINIUS

When this guy came out of the womb, he literally choked out his doctor with his own umbilical cord... he's that expletive sick!

Kelly giggles.

KELLY

I know what you meant to say, daddy...

PIPER

History is writing itself tonight as The Wild Boy makes his triumphant return --- the youngest ever winner of the SlaughterBowl competition!

ASH stands alone in the arena, as infected are RELEASED.

He leaps over a wall and slams a large metal door shut, cutting an infected in half. He proceeds to stop it dead with a foot to the face.

PIPER (CONT'D)
There he goes! Yes!

FINIUS
VERY impressive!

Kelly begins to cheer, smiling weakly as her father cradles her.

LATER: The action is over. Finius helps Ash clean things up in the arena.

FINIUS (CONT'D)
You did a good thing today, Ash.
You didn't have to either,
especially after we forced you out
here the first time and nearly got
you killed---

ASH
I don't like to dwell on the past.

It's a statement Ash makes with pure pride. He's able to move on now. This is a huge step for him and he knows it.

ASH (CONT'D)
Your little girl just wanted some
entertainment and I hope she got
what she wanted.

FINIUS
Piper had to take her home early.
She was coughing up blood, from
laughing so hard.

ASH
...It's getting terminal, Finius.
I can see it in her face. I'm
sorry. Keep her comfortable, make
her feel safe.

Finius nods, taking a deep inhale.

FINIUS
I will. Thanks again, Ash. We
really appreciate it.

He holds a hand out. Ash wipes his blood-soaked hand on his white tee and THEN shakes Finius's hand.

EXT. THE SERPENT'S ISLAND -- MORNING

ASH is escorted away from the arena by OTTO.

OTTO

The Serpent sent me down here to get you. It's a good thing too, cuz it allows me to ask how my sister's doin'.

ASH

I'm sorry?

OTTO

Tamsin.

Whoa. She had a brother, no way.

OTTO (CONT'D)

She didn't mention me?

ASH

No. That's odd.

OTTO

She didn't forget about me did she? I hope you're treating her right.

ASH

She actually ended things with me yesterday.

OTTO

She gets like that man. Don't take it personally, she's pretty indecisive.

ASH

You seem a little carefree to be one of his pirates.

OTTO

I earned my way to this spot, but I wasn't necessarily recruited like the rest. I was a prisoner of war. Like my sister.

ASH

(getting it)

So you had to earn his trust.

OTTO

Yeah. Didn't work out too well for Tam, but hey -- at least she got the hell off this island. I don't mind being here, as long as I know that she's safe.

ASH

She is.

OTTO

Good to hear.

They approach the doors to the lab. SANTIAGO stands there, arms crossed.

SANTIAGO

Your cougar's in there waiting for ya. Negotiations are official now, congratulations. We reached an agreement.

He holds a hand out. Smiling:

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

Looks like we'll be business partners.

Ash, bewildered, holds his hand out and SHAKES Santiago's.

Off this unexpected handshake:

INT. FRENCH CATACOMBS -- MORNING

Victor wipes himself clean of Ugis's insides.

VICTOR

Thanks for that. Dude had a lot of guts to jump out here like that--- makes up for his lack of simple intelligence.

ANTON

Emphasis on had a lot of guts.

He smirks.

VICTOR

You have a morbid sense of humor, you know that? You and Gwen should go out for lunch sometime, discuss pulling out guts and eyeballs.

ANTON

You keep bringing her up. You got a crush?

VICTOR

Something like that.

They to comb through the catacomb hallway in order to find something that will take the pressure off of the bomb SIMON triggered.

ANTON

We need a boulder or somethin'.
Something with a hefty amount of pressure.

VICTOR

It's been a quick minute, you think we should go back and check on the poor sod?

ANTON

We don't have time to go back, Victor, not without what ---

A massive EXPLOSION is heard from behind them, rocking the tunnels. Victor holds onto the rocks, as if it were helping keep the place together, his eyes fearful of the place caving in on them. Anton remains collected, taking in a deep breath.

ANTON (CONT'D)

Damn. You know what that means right?

Victor looks at his friend, breathless.

VICTOR

Did that just--- that really just happened?!

ANTON

Rest in peace, buddy. We have to keep going, though.

VICTOR

Belt up! You can't be serious. Simon just fucking blew up and we just keep going?

ANTON

What else do you suggest dude? We go back and piece him together like Humpty Dumpty?

(MORE)

ANTON (CONT'D)

He didn't sit on a wall, Victor, he stepped on a fucking bomb.

VICTOR

You need to tell me what's up because this isn't even phasing you--
--

ANTON

(interrupting)

They just killed Simon, so I'm gonna' give them what they deserve and get our supplies back in the process. Are you coming or not?

Anton starts trotting forward. With another deep breath, still in a state of pure awe, Victor follows.

EXT. FOREST CAMP -- DAY

WINNIE, DWIGHT and MAIA return to the camp together. ROZ and OLIVER watch them return. Roz stays seated by her tent, staying quiet while Oliver wraps Winnie in a hug.

LATER:

Dwight comes to Winnie's tent. He holds a hand out.

DWIGHT

Thanks for the good time earlier Poohbear, but I'ma need my weapon back.

Winnie retrieves Dwight's GLOCK from her person. Dwight takes it.

WINNIE

I noticed them.

Dwight's eyes fall to Winnie, curious.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

The tallies. I stopped counting at fifty-seven, but I noticed there were more...

DWIGHT

Seventy-four. It means I've killed seventy-four people.

(beat)

(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

They show it in the movies all the time, some stereotypical tribal man using a spear and honoring his kills with a tally. I did a lot of volunteer work in Africa and I actually noticed this a lot for the natives who killed wild animals. They kept track of it, not to honor the dead but to be proud of what they've done. I figured I'd keep track of mine too, but more like it is in the movies. Cuz in my head, any loss of life is sad and sick so I need to be reminded of what I've had to do.

WINNIE

It's sad and sick yet you've killed seventy-four people?

DWIGHT

All of them because I had to. How many people have you killed?

WINNIE

Just one. Skeeter's owner. He lived on that land I took you to. I sold it to him, in fact.

DWIGHT

Is that why you were here in the UK?

She nods.

WINNIE

It was my dad's land. After I sold it to him, I did some modeling work but every day I drove past the farm. So many memories there, and I could never just... get over it, you know? I dunno.

(beat)

Anyway, the poor guy was bit and Skeeter kept crying and crying, so I had to do it. I had no choice. Keeping that dog, taking care of him, was the only thing anyone ever asked me to do. And of course I found a way to screw that up. It was about respecting the dead, so yeah -- I understand what you did.

Dwight looks her over for a minute. He sighs. A speckle of guilt in his tone.

DWIGHT
We're leaving by sundown. Pack your things, okay? Again, I'm sorry about your dog. But we don't have a choice.

Winnie nods.

WINNIE
I understand. Thanks again. And sorry about earlier--

Dwight smirks, mischievous.

DWIGHT
Nothing to be sorry about, Pooh. Except that we didn't get to finish.

WINNIE
Don't expect us to, either.

Dwight looks her over for a moment, there's something really EATING at him. He clears his throat.

DWIGHT
This might seem random, but... I've been curious. What if I told you... I knew what started all of this? And that I've been living in fear of it ever since.

WINNIE
Then I'd say you're not very good at trying to make me feel better, but thanks for the attempt.

Dwight nods, leaving with a sad smile.

DWIGHT
Yeah. That's what I thought.

Winnie watches him go, one crossing her face too.

WINNIE
Cool story though.

Off Dwight, shaking his head sadly, we get the idea that there was something MORE to this:

EXT. PRIVATE PROPERTY -- AFTERNOON -- FLASHBACK

We're back at the private property, the land WINNIE lived on with her parents in the episode's first flashback and the place she brought the survivors to in episode 32.

WINNIE stands with a farmer and his dog -- lovely SKEETER -- and she shakes his hand.

WINNIE

...Thank you again for everything.
I appreciate it.

FARMER

No thank you, Miss Reil. This
purchase was almost like charity.

WINNIE

Yeah, well, I just needed it to go.

FARMER

Are you staying in London for a
while?

WINNIE

Actually yes, I'm getting a few
headshots done in a few weeks.

FARMER

Headshots?

WINNIE

Yeah, modeling shots.

FARMER

(laughing)

I imagined like, police work or spy
work, blowing heads off. My
goodness.

WINNIE

No, I'm not that interesting.

She smiles down at Skeeter, petting him. Reminiscing about the similar dog she had as a child that protected her from her reckless father.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Your dog is the cutest. What's his
name?

FARMER

That's good ol' Skeeter. He's just
a pup, but he's the sweetest thing.

The dog begins to lick Winnie, she's laughing. She starts to tear up.

FARMER (CONT'D)
That isn't the way to treat a lady
Skeeter. Get you!

Wiping her eyes, smiling through her tears:

WINNIE
No, it's okay. I love dogs.

Noticing:

FARMER
Are you okay?

WINNIE
Yes, I'm fine. My allergies are
terrible out here.

She sniffles, standing now.

FARMER
Thank you again, for everything.

WINNIE
Of course.

As she leaves the property, face welling up with tears:

EXT. FOREST CAMP -- MORNING

Everyone is packed up and ready to go. MAIA approaches WINNIE, who scans the forest sadly.

MAIA
Hey. You've seen Dwight?

WINNIE
No, I've been busy packing up.
Figured he's been doing the same.

MAIA
Stuff's already packed up but I
don't see him anywhere.

She touches her head. We see sweat beating down her face.

WINNIE
You okay? You don't look so good.

Maia gives a weak smile.

MAIA
Just a cold probably. I'll be
fine.

Winnie hears a BARK. Her eyes light up. She turns around.

SKEETER comes running out of the clearing of the forest
toward her. DWIGHT stands at the treeline, beaming.

WINNIE
What the hell? Where the fuck did
you find him?

DWIGHT
Figured I'd go for another look.

Dwight is dragging something behind him, Maia realizes this.
Roz and Oliver show up too.

ROZ
(laughing)
He was hunting.

A giant ass DEER. Skeeter totters around it proudly, Winnie
breaks down as she hugs and pets the dog.

Then she stands and EMBRACES Dwight too.

WINNIE
Thank you... thank you...

DWIGHT
I guess we're not leaving until
after breakfast.

Off Winnie's tearful, jubilant, laughter:

INT. FRENCH CATACOMBS -- MORNING

ANTON and VICTOR continue through the catacombs.

Victor keeps his distance, still WARY of Anton's behavior.

ANTON
You're going too slow.

VICTOR
I'm a wee bit afraid to get too
close to you, I'll get gutted and
blown up or sacrificed to the
dogs...

Anton rolls his eyes. They hear a click.

AMIR (O.S.)
So he's dead?

From the shadows ahead, AMIR and KELLY step forward.

AMIR (CONT'D)
Ugis? Poor bastard.

ANTON
Yep.

KELLY
We heard an explosion. I hope he
didn't activate one of our own
traps...

ANTON
We're one less man. That was ours.

AMIR
(frowning)
Ah. I'm sorry about that.

ANTON
No.
(scoffs)
No, you're not. I know you better
than that.

VICTOR
What the fuck's going on 'ere?
Christ.

AMIR
If you know me so well, then you'd
know better than to stop in the
middle of the city and relax
overnight. We own these streets,
Anton.

ANTON
I'm familiar with your M.O. too.

KELLY
So us stealing your supplies was
your plan?

ANTON
(simply)
Yes.

Amir and Kelly share laughter. Amir shakes his head.

ANTON (CONT'D)
I came here to make peace.

AMIR
You did all of this just to bury
the hatchet? So elaborate...

ANTON
Yeah. Bury the hatchet.

Anton's hand reaches back ---

But Kelly takes note.

KELLY
Amir, look ou---

Anton's HATCHET goes straight through Amir's hand - he DROPS his gun with a blood-curdling scream. Victor takes the chance to train his gun on a horrified Kelly.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Amir!

She reaches for her gun. Victor FIRES at the wall beside her. Fucking SERIOUS:

VICTOR
Don't even fucking move, love.

Anton, snake quick, puts his legs around Amir's neck. He performs a Judo maneuver spinning Amir around to the floor. They struggle but Amir, with his hand stabbed, cannot fight Anton off.

Anton twists Amir's wrist so the hatchet presses into his chest. Amir emits an animal-like moan.

As Amir clutches at his chest, Anton looks down into Amir's pale eyes. Anton yanks the dagger out of Amir's chest, then swings forward with all of his might, splitting Amir's skull in two.

With blood covering his face and savage eyes, and a screaming Kelly in the backdrop, Anton looks back at Victor.

ANTON
Asshole killed my mother.

And then he spits a wad of saliva on Amir's corpse and we ECU on Anton's animal-like expression as we...

EXT. BOAT -- AFTERNOON

It's a little after noon now.

ASH and GWEN are leaving THE SERPENT'S ISLAND, pushing through the sea on their tiny BOAT.

GWEN

So what were you doing all day?

ASH

Realizing that not everyone on that island is a sick bastard. They have families there, Gwen. Children.

GWEN

Yeah, I know. I know.

ASH

Which is why I'm really happy you got in the big wig's good graces and I'm in the good graces of the people. I'm better with the "little guy".

(beat)

I can't thank you enough for today.

She sends him a smile.

GWEN

I can keep hearing it as many times as you wanna' say it, though.

Ash laughs.

We get a FINAL SHOT of their boat, paddling away from the island.

EXT. BEACH -- AFTERNOON

We JUMP back to the BEACH, of THE SERPENT'S ISLAND. He and SANTIAGO and his fellow pirates watch the boat disappear through the sea.

THE SERPENT answers his beeping radio.

THE SERPENT

Darling. How is everything?

INT. GWEN'S SUITE -- AFTERNOON

TAMSIN sits on the guest bed. WALKIE-TALKIE in hand.

She's on the other line.

She looks DISTRAUGHT, CONFUSED, and SCARED about what she's doing.

TAMSIN
Where is my brother?

THE SERPENT (V.O.)
Alive. For now.

She closes her eyes, takes in a DEEP BREATH.

THE SERPENT (V.O.)
Your boyfriend and B-F-F just left the island. They'll be back to the dome soon. How are things holding up? Any luck?

TAMSIN
They still don't trust me.

THE SERPENT (V.O.)
Well, make them. I need you to be my eyes and ears, okay, Miss Pillsbury? Same time tomorrow. Make some progress, please.

Tamsin swallows, closes her eyes, fighting back angry tears.

TAMSIN
I will.

EXT. BEACH -- AFTERNOON

THE SERPENT
Good girl.

Conversation over.

Off his smile, we get:

ONE LAST SERENE SHOT of THE SERPENT stood at the beach with his men, of the beautiful sky in front of them, the sea and the boat that slowly disappears in the vast blue.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END EPISODE