

WRECKAGE

"Pilot"

Written by  
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Based on the novel by Emily Bleeker

OVER BLACK:

THE SOUND OF CRACKLING. Like fire. Starts quiet. But then builds, growing louder...

POP OPEN ON:

*A torch dimly lighting what appears to be a jungle.*

Not a dream. More like a vision.

The images come rapidly now, overlapping. Overwhelming.

- *bare feet pound the ground, running frantically*
- *a handmade knife glistens in firelight*
- *makeshift shovels dig in the ground*
- *a body falls from a great height...*

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - LILLIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The CRACKLING becomes the sound of rustling CELLOPHANE. NURSE SHEILA moving and arranging cellophane-wrapped bouquets of flowers. Lots of flowers.

LILLIAN (39, American) lies in bed. Eyes closed. She's impossibly thin and very tan. Hooked to an IV.

The rustling of the cellophane becomes louder. Exaggerated.

Lillian's eyes open. She stares at the cellophane causing the sound. Her gaze is intense, direct, deliberate.

She looks around the room, taking everything in. On the opposite wall hangs a handmade POSTER, signed by hospital personnel, that reads: *Welcome to Australia!*

LILLIAN  
Australia?

The nurse turns, startled that Lillian is conscious.

NURSE SHEILA  
(strong Australian accent)  
You're awake!

The nurse rushes over to the edge of the bed, excited. She's a bit too eager.

NURSE SHEILA (CONT'D)  
How are you feeling?  
(then)  
(MORE)

NURSE SHEILA (CONT'D)

How did you know you were in  
Australia?

(catches herself)

Ah, right, my accent, of course.

Lillian smiles slightly. Looks toward the poster. Sheila's gaze follows. She's embarrassed.

NURSE SHEILA (CONT'D)

Right.

(realizing that Lillian  
spoke first)

Right.

LILLIAN

How long have I been here?

NURSE SHEILA

Since yesterday.

Lillian registers that it's dark out the window.

LILLIAN

(surprised)

I've been asleep for twenty-four  
hours?

NURSE SHEILA

The doctor gave you something to  
help you rest. You were barely  
coherent when they brought you in.

(then)

You feeling okay? Any pain?

LILLIAN

Where's Dave?

NURSE SHEILA

He's here, in the next room. I can  
tell him you're awake --

LILLIAN

No.

(then)

Not yet.

Lillian assesses her surroundings: the flowers, cards, balloons.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Who... where did all this come  
from?

NURSE SHEILA  
 Thirteen countries and three  
 continents by last count.  
 (off Lillian's look)  
 You're a bit of a celebrity.

The nurse moves to the window and looks down to the street.

NURSE SHEILA (CONT'D)  
 See? News people from all over the  
 world down there. Hoping to get a  
 glimpse of the famous Lillian  
 Marble.

Lillian swings her legs over the side of the bed, curious.  
 The nurse moves to help.

NURSE SHEILA (CONT'D)  
 Careful.

The nurse helps Lillian roll the IV with her to the window.

Lillian looks down to the street. A small village of  
 reporters has set up shop. The generator-powered lights  
 casting an eerie, almost horror-like, glow below.

LILLIAN  
 (re: the news crews)  
 Why?

NURSE SHEILA  
 It's impressive -- surviving four  
 years on a deserted island. Not  
 many people have done that.

The nurse grabs a newspaper from the counter. Lillian's  
 picture on the front page next to a picture of a HANDSOME MAN  
 in his 30s.

NURSE SHEILA (CONT'D)  
 Speaking of, do you think you could  
 sign this for me?

LILLIAN  
 What? I -- no.

A beat. Then:

NURSE SHEILA  
 I'm joking.

LILLIAN  
 (is she?)  
 Oh.

NURSE SHEILA  
 Anyway, I think stories like you  
 bring people hope. You've become a  
 sort of... symbol.

LILLIAN  
 Of what?  
 (re: her hairy armpits)  
 Poor hygiene?

The nurse LAUGHS. Lillian stares at her.

NURSE SHEILA  
 It's been a while, eh? Since you  
 interacted with people.

Lillian nods. Moves back to the bed. Sits on the edge.

NURSE SHEILA (CONT'D)  
 (holding up candy)  
 You want a Tim Tam?

LILLIAN  
 Okay.

The nurse unwraps one and hands it to her.

Lillian holds it, smells it, then takes a bite.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
 Oh my God.

NURSE SHEILA  
 Right?

LILLIAN  
 Oh my God.

As Lillian stuffs the whole thing in her mouth --

NURSE SHEILA  
 Well, you might want to -- ope,  
 okay, it's gone already.

LILLIAN  
 Can I have another?

The nurse hesitates, then begins to confiscate all the  
 chocolate bars as if they were drugs.

NURSE SHEILA  
 Maybe we'll just save these for  
 later.

(MORE)

NURSE SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Your stomach is a bit sensitive  
right now, to say the least.

Lillian frowns.

NURSE SHEILA (CONT'D)  
You need anything else?

LILLIAN  
I don't think so.

NURSE SHEILA  
Just tug that cord there if you  
need me.  
(then, sweet, genuine)  
You've been through hell. Get all  
the rest you need.

Lillian smiles.

LILLIAN  
Thank you. Really.

NURSE SHEILA  
Of course.  
(re the newspaper)  
And I'll just leave this here in  
case you change your mind. My name  
is Sheila. If you change your mind.

She turns on her heel. Bumps into DAVE (36, American) in the doorway. The man whose picture is on the front page of the newspaper with Lillian.

NURSE SHEILA (CONT'D)  
She doesn't want to see you right  
now.

Lillian stares at the man in the doorway. He's clean-shaven. A fresh haircut.

LILLIAN  
Dave?

A sweet smile passes between them.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
(to Sheila)  
No. It's fine, of course, it's  
fine.

Dave steps into the room and moves to Lillian. They hug. Familiar. Life preservers in rough seas.

He sits on the side of the bed. Close to her.

She touches his smooth face. His short hair.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
You look different.

DAVE  
Better or worse?

LILLIAN  
Good. You look good.

A moment between them. Then...

DAVE  
I'm still getting used to it.

He may be talking about his short hair and fresh shave. Or everything.

LILLIAN  
I can't believe this. Any of this.  
How did you -- how did we -- ?

DAVE  
Chance. Just dumb chance. Some  
billionaire came on his helicopter  
to check out the island with a real  
estate agent.

LILLIAN  
As in he might *buy* the island?

DAVE  
Yep.

LILLIAN  
Wow... if only we'd known it was  
for sale. Maybe we should send him  
one of these baskets.

DAVE  
Have you seen the footage?  
(she shakes her head)  
It's playing on repeat.

He grabs the TV remote. Turns the news on mute.

On screen: Footage of the rescue plays. Lillian leans against Dave as they stagger toward a helicopter on the beach. Lillian is barely able to walk. There is a hard-to-miss intimacy in the way she clings to Dave for support.

Dave's hair is long and tangled. His beard unwieldy and unkept. (Think Tom Hanks when he's rescued in *Cast Away*).

Both are barely covered by tattered, ill-fitting clothes.

As they climb into the helicopter, their pictures flash on screen. The same pictures on the front of the newspaper. From four years ago. It's like watching strangers.

LILLIAN

It feels surreal.

DAVE

(re the hospital room)

This...

(the footage of the island)

...or that?

LILLIAN

Both, I guess.

(then)

I thought we would die there.

DAVE

Another few months and you would have.

So much unsaid in the look between them. A long, twisted road ahead. A beat, then:

DAVE (CONT'D)

We need to talk about the others. There'll be a lot of questions.

LILLIAN

I know. But not now, Dave. Please. I'm really tired.

DAVE

They want to do a press conference in a couple of days.

LILLIAN

Then we have a couple of days.

She lays back in the small bed, careful to keep the IV attached.

Dave moves to the side of the bed. Looks down at her. Dave's POV becomes...

FLASH TO:



EXT. ISLAND - BEACH - DAY - **PAST**

POV of Lillian lying on the sand. She's coughing up water, struggling to catch her breath. Afraid. The RAIN beating down on them. A storm raging.

Dave's on his knees leaning over her, waves having thrown them both onto the beach. The Dave and Lillian of four years ago. Their clothes soaked. Their bodies battered.

DAVE  
(over the wind and rain)  
You okay?

LILLIAN  
I think so. Where's everyone else?

DAVE  
I don't know.

He looks down the beach in both directions. Nothing visible through the rain but sand and crashing waves.

He looks back down to Lillian. His eyes tell the story.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
I don't know if they made it out.

Hard to tell if it's rain or tears on Lillian's cheeks.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - LILLIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lillian in bed. A tear on her cheek.

LILLIAN  
Stay tonight.

DAVE  
You sure?

LILLIAN  
Yes.

She pats the space on the bed beside her.

Dave crawls onto the narrow bed. They lie close, face-to-face. Noses almost touching.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
(a whisper)  
What happens now?

DAVE  
I have no idea.

High Angle. She touches his hand. Comfortable together.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - LILLIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Same Angle. Night becomes Day. The room now full of morning sunlight.

Dave and Lillian, arms entwined. Sleeping. At peace. Lillian's eyes gently open. She smiles when she sees Dave.

Then she spots something just off screen and --

LILLIAN  
What the -- ???!

Dave jolts awake.

Reveal: Nurse Sheila is standing over them, eerily close to the bed.

SHEILA  
Hi. Morning.

LILLIAN  
Jesus, you scared me.

Sheila stares for just a beat too long, silent.

DAVE  
Do you need something?

SHEILA  
Lillian, your, uh -- your husband  
is downstairs. Shall I send him up?

The realization that they are back in the real world. Off Lillian, contemplative...

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN - LILLIAN'S HOME - NIGHT - **PAST**

Establish a well-kept, upscale townhouse in a nice neighborhood.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - DINING ROOM - **PAST**

Lillian sits at the dinner table with ROB (late 30s, English) and MARGARET (70s, English, very posh).

They eat dessert: homemade tiramisu.

LILLIAN  
Thanks for bringing this, Margaret.  
It's wonderful.

MARGARET  
It has too much sugar.

ROB  
Mom, it's delicious. You can take  
the compliment.

Margaret raises an eyebrow.

MARGARET  
Everything can be improved.

On Lillian: *What does that mean?*

A beat as everyone continues to eat. Then:

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
I won a trip to Fiji.

Lillian almost chokes on her tiramisu.

LILLIAN  
What?

MARGARET  
I won a trip to Fiji.

LILLIAN  
No, I heard you, I just --  
(then, laughing)  
What do you mean?

MARGARET  
I don't know what's funny about  
that.

Lillian looks to Rob. He shrugs.

LILLIAN  
(skeptical)  
How exactly did you find out you  
'won' this trip?

MARGARET

It's real, Lillian, if that's what you're thinking. I'm not some incompetent old prude who fell prey to a scam.

Lillian swallows. That is definitely what she was thinking.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(then, proud)

I entered a contest through Carlton Yogurt.

ROB

That probiotic stuff?

MARGARET

That's right. They announced a contest on the lid, and I won an all-expenses paid trip to Fiji.

Lillian and Rob are genuinely surprised. And a little impressed?

ROB

Wow, that's -- good on you, Mom. When is it?

MARGARET

In a month.

LILLIAN

So you're going?

MARGARET

Of course I'm going. Who wins a trip to Fiji and turns it down?

LILLIAN

It's just, I can't exactly picture you -- I didn't know you enjoyed traveling all that much.

MARGARET

I love it. Have I told you about when I safari-ed in South Africa?

LILLIAN

Many times.

MARGARET

I can bring a guest. To Fiji.



Rob avoids Lillian's gaze.

ROB  
 Sorry, I just... there wasn't a  
 good time. I thought we could tell  
 her tonight.

MARGARET  
 Tell me what?

ROB  
 Mom... Lillian lost the baby.

LILLIAN  
 (biting)  
 We lost the baby.

ROB  
 We, yes, right, of course.

Margaret carefully sets down her wine glass.

MARGARET  
 It's not really 'we' though, is it?  
 (then, to Lillian)  
 Have you gotten tested? Checked  
 out?

Lillian seethes.

LILLIAN  
 Gosh, Margaret, I didn't think of  
 that. Three miscarriages... I  
 figured things were probably tip-  
 top down there. But you're right --  
 I should definitely get *checked*  
*out*.

She pushes herself away from the table and exits.

Margaret raises an eyebrow to Rob. Like *what's gotten into her?* Rob is pissed.

ROB  
 Oh, come on, Mom. Don't pretend you  
 don't know how to push her buttons.

MARGARET  
 What? How is this my fault?

Lillian comes barreling back in:

LILLIAN

Oh, and Margaret, you were right.  
The tiramisu *does* have too much  
sugar!!!

And with that, she's gone.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - MASTER BATH - **PAST**

Lillian, now in her PJs, brushes her teeth with fervor.

Rob enters and watches. For a moment neither says anything.

Lillian spits and leans against the counter.

LILLIAN

She's right, you know.

ROB

No, she's not --

LILLIAN

Of course she is. These  
miscarriages... they're happening  
in *my* body. Not yours.

(then, softly)

I'm sorry.

He steps forward, holds her.

ROB

Please, *please* don't be sorry.  
There's nothing wrong with you. The  
doctor said so.

(then, reciting a fact)

Lots of women suffer multiple  
miscarriages before giving birth.  
People just don't talk about it.

LILLIAN

You have to stop Googling pregnancy  
statistics.

ROB

I'm serious, Lillian.

LILLIAN

(laughing)

So am I.

ROB  
Don't laugh. It's... I want to understand what you're going through. I want you to know you're not alone in this.

This hits Lillian.

LILLIAN  
Thank you.

ROB  
I love you.

LILLIAN  
You more.

They hug.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Can you believe your mom invited me to Fiji?

ROB  
Completely bonkers given how she feels about you.

LILLIAN  
Whoa. You're not supposed to *confirm* she hates me. You're supposed to lie and tell me your mom treats everyone like that.

ROB  
I figure after eight years of marriage we can do away with the disillusionment.

LILLIAN  
Au contraire, my love. Disillusionment is an essential component of any healthy relationship.

ROB  
Ah, okay, I see. In that case...  
(placating)  
Don't worry, dear, she's an absolute cunt to everyone.

Lillian laughs. They both know there's some truth in this.



LILLIAN

You know she only asked me to win bonus points with you. She figured it was safe because she thought I was pregnant and would definitely say no.

Rob looks at her sideways.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

She'd positively jump out of her skin if I said yes.

ROB

And in a month I wouldn't have a mother or a wife because you two will have killed each other.

LILLIAN

How do you think she'd do it? Suffocation? A pillow while I sleep?

ROB

Too hands on. Poison in your wine.

LILLIAN

Ooh that's good.

(then)

Really, though. I could use a vacation. Your mom and I can get separate rooms. We won't even have to see each other that much.

ROB

You're mad.

She smiles.

LILLIAN

A bit. But you knew that.

They kiss.

INT. HOSPITAL - LILLIAN'S ROOM

As Lillian waits for Rob, she sits in bed rifling through gift baskets. Something to busy her hands. She's nervous.

She pulls out a WHITE COSMETIC FACE MASK. Puts it on. It makes her look like she's dressed for Halloween.

She pulls a CANDLE from a basket. Opens it, smells it.

She continues to rifle. Opens a jar of lotion, pours too much on her hands, wipes it off on the sheets.

There's a soft KNOCK on the door. She looks up to find Rob in the doorway, staring at her. He hasn't changed much in four years. And she's so different than when he last saw her.

ROB  
Bloody hell. Lillian?

She smiles, though her expression is impossible to read through the face mask.

He moves to her. They hug. Sincere, but awkward. Almost like strangers. A stark contrast to her embrace with Dave yesterday.

Suddenly, Lillian starts laughing.

ROB (CONT'D)  
What? What's funny?

LILLIAN  
(endearing)  
I haven't seen you in four years  
and your first words are 'bloody  
hell.'

Rob laughs.

ROB  
I'm sorry. It's just...  
(pointing to her mask)  
Can you, uh -- that's, like, really  
scary.

LILLIAN  
Oh, yeah, sorry.

She pulls off the mask.

Rob looks at her. Really looks at her. Smiles.

ROB  
There you are.  
(then)  
God, I've missed you. I thought I'd  
never see you again. And now, this  
*miracle*, I... I can't believe it.

LILLIAN  
I'm so sorry, Rob.  
(off Rob's uncertainty)  
(MORE)

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

About your mom -- I'm so sorry she didn't --

ROB

Stop. You're alive, Lillian. You're alive! I don't care about anything else right now. Just us. Being together again. Being with you is all I've dreamed about since the day you left on that trip.

Lillian is a little reserved. Maybe she didn't expect Rob to embrace her return so unconditionally. Maybe she didn't want him to.

LILLIAN

I know, I just... I was gone a long time.

ROB

And now you're back. Nothing else matters.

Rob pulls her into a hug again.

ROB (CONT'D)

I love you so much.

LILLIAN

I love you, too.

(re his hug)

But I'm gonna need you to loosen your grip a bit --

They both laugh.

ROB

Sorry, I just... I feel like if I blink or let you go, you'll disappear again...

(then)

I'm never letting you out of my sight.

LILLIAN

Well, that's terrifying.

ROB

No arguments. Those are the rules now.

LILLIAN

Careful what you wish for.

She raises her arms to show her hairy armpits.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Island living changed me.

They simultaneously realize the subtext that might be buried in that. But Rob moves past it, takes her hand in his.

ROB  
I'm in awe of you, Lillian Marble.  
Surviving the plane crash, living  
on that island for four years.  
(a beat, then)  
Thank God two of you survived the  
crash. That you had Dave. I can't  
imagine what it would have been  
like to be alone out there.  
(wry)  
Not even a volleyball to talk to.  
(off her hesitation)  
You know, like *Cast Away*?

But that's not what caught Lillian's attention.

LILLIAN  
How did you know only Dave and I  
survived the crash?

ROB  
He told the rescue crew yesterday.  
They were going to go back to the  
island to search, but Dave said  
there was no need since it was only  
the two of you.

LILLIAN  
Right.

ROB  
I want to hear all about it. The  
crash, life on the island...  
everything.  
(off Lillian's look)  
When you're ready.

Lillian forces a tight smile. She'll never be ready to tell her husband everything.

LILLIAN  
It's not nearly as exciting as you  
probably imagine. Day after day the  
same.

Rob so wants to believe her. Maybe he does.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
 (then smiles)  
 But I am a hell of a fisherman now.

He relaxes a little and hugs her again. But we see that Lillian isn't at ease...

INT. HOSPITAL - DAVE'S ROOM - DAY

BETH (late 30s, American), sits alone in the corner chair. She's a natural extrovert with scattered energy.

She picks at the nail-polish on her fingers, nervous.

Dave enters. He's surprised to find her there.

DAVE  
 Beth. I didn't -- they didn't tell me you were here.

They hug. Even more awkward than Rob and Lillian's hugs.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
 This is... hi.

BETH  
 Welcome back, Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
 Can you believe it?

BETH (CONT'D)  
 I really can't. I thought...  
 I'm happy you're alive. I can't begin to imagine what you've been through.  
 (then, pent up)  
 I should have been there, Dave. I should have been on that plane with you.

DAVE  
 Thank God you weren't. What would the kids have done without either of us? Where are they? I can't wait to see them. Let's --

BETH  
 The kids aren't here.

DAVE  
 What? Where are they?

BETH  
 Home.

DAVE

Okay...

Dave senses something is 'off.'

BETH

It's a long flight. Too much to put  
on them all at once.

(then)

They don't know, Dave.

(off his look)

That you're alive.

They're interrupted by the DOCTOR (50s) coming into the room.

DOCTOR

(seeing Beth)

Excuse, me, Dave. I didn't know you  
had company.

Dave still looks at Beth, trying to get a read on her.

DAVE

Can you give us a minute?

DOCTOR

We're ready to discharge you. If  
you let me do the final check, you  
can have as many 'minutes' as you  
want.

DAVE

I just --

BETH

It's fine. We can talk after.

She starts to leave.

DAVE

No, Beth, you can stay.

(to doctor)

She can stay.

DOCTOR

Family?

DAVE

She's my wife.

The doctor nods. But Beth hesitates.

BETH

I'll be downstairs.

She avoids Dave's eyes. Exits.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

We follow Beth out of Dave's room. She steps out and pauses, takes a deep breath. Gathers herself.

A beat, then she turns toward Lillian's room.

She slowly approaches Lillian's door. Looks in the small window.

Rob has pulled the chair from the corner of the room close to Lillian's bed. They sit facing each other, Rob in the chair and Lillian on the bed. Hard to read the body language.

Beth's expression is heavy. Guilt?

Lillian suddenly stands and walks toward her bathroom.

Beth JUMPS out of view of the window. *Did Lillian see her? Shit, shit, shit.* She holds her breath.

NURSE SHEILA (O.S.)

Do you need to go in?

Beth jumps again. Rattled. She turns to see Nurse Sheila moving toward her.

BETH

What?

NURSE SHEILA

To see Lillian? Her husband's in there, but I'm sure they won't mind. She was asking about you this morning.

BETH

(taken aback)

About me?

LILLIAN

Yes. She asked if I knew when you were arriving.

Beth looks at Lillian's door. Uncertain about everything.

BETH

That's okay. I don't want to interrupt. I'll talk to her later.

Beth scurries off. Nurse Sheila watches after her. Curious.

INT. HOSPITAL - LILLIAN'S ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Lillian, alone, splashes water on her face. She towels off, looks at herself in the mirror.

Inspects her face. The first time she's seeing herself in years. She pulls at her eyes, notes the circles underneath. Touches her overgrown eyebrows. Frowns.

There's a knock on the door.

ROB (O.S.)  
You okay in there?

LILLIAN  
(voice cracking)  
Yeah.  
(then, clearer)  
Yes, thanks, love.

She looks back to the mirror.

From somewhere, we hear a baby crying. Elsewhere in the hospital? Or is this in Lillian's mind?

She stares more and more intently at her own reflection...

Which MORPHS into a moving reflection in water. Lillian leans close, staring at her face... which turns into someone else's face... another woman's... it's Margaret (Rob's mother).

Then suddenly, the reflection DISSIPATES as her hands break the surface.

ROB (O.S.)  
Lillian?

The vision BREAKS. Rob in the bathroom, his hand on her back.

ROB (CONT'D)  
Sorry to barge in, I just -- I was knocking --

Lillian's look is distant. Somewhere else.

ROB (CONT'D)  
You okay?

She nods.

ROB (CONT'D)  
Let's get you back to bed.

She lets him lead her out of the bathroom.



She sits on the side of the bed. As she reaches for the GLASS of water on the beside tray...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. POOLSIDE, FIJI RESORT - DAY - **PAST**

Her hand reaching for a DRINK on a low table.

Lillian sits on a lounge chair poolside at a resort. She sports a giant hat. She sips the tropical drink.

Across the pool, she sees Margaret walking away from the bar with a glass of wine. Lillian SMILES and WAVES.

Margaret obviously sees her but pretends she doesn't.

LILLIAN  
(sotto)  
Bitch.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I heard that.

Lillian turns to find OLIVER (11) standing beside her chaise.

LILLIAN  
Oh, hi. Uh, sorry.

OLIVER  
Why are you sorry?

LILLIAN  
Because it wasn't a very nice thing to say.

OLIVER  
It's just a word.

Lillian looks around. *Where did this kid come from?*

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
I can see your belly rolls.

Lillian looks down and self-consciously adjusts her bathing suit cover-up.

LILLIAN  
I don't have --

BETH (O.S.)  
Oliver? Oliver!

Suddenly, Beth (Dave's wife) appears. She pulls Oliver away.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Can you help your brother, please?  
He's back where our stuff is.

As Oliver heads off, Beth turns to Lillian.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I hope he didn't say  
anything too revolting.

Lillian raises an eyebrow, then:

LILLIAN  
Uh, no, it's fine.

BETH  
He can be a real asshole.

She plops down onto the chaise next to Lillian.

BETH (CONT'D)  
(re: drink)  
What's that?

LILLIAN  
Mojito.

BETH  
Ooh that sounds good. Is it sweet,  
though? Sometimes they're too  
sweet. Can I try?

Lillian hesitates. This stranger wants to sip her drink?

LILLIAN  
Oh, well, that's --

BETH  
(catching herself)  
What am I saying?! We don't even  
know each other, of course you're  
not going to share your drink.  
Living with three boys messes with  
your sense of what's appropriate...  
like personal space, germs, potty  
humor... Really just anything  
having to do with bodily fluids.

LILLIAN  
You have three boys??

BETH  
Two kids. One husband.

She rolls her eyes. Lillian smiles.

BETH (CONT'D)  
I can't complain about the husband too much, though. He does get us this vacation for free every year.  
(off Lillian's look)  
It's a work trip for him. He works for Carlton Yogurt, they do a giveaway thing --

LILLIAN  
Wait, really? That's why I'm here. I won that contest!

Really?!

BETH

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Well, my mother-in-law did.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Fiji with your mother-in-law? We lead very different lives.

LILLIAN  
Ha. Probably not as different as you think. My husband makes us send proof of life every couple hours.

BETH  
Sounds about right.

A waiter walks by with glasses of CHAMPAGNE. Beth waves him over and takes one.

BETH (CONT'D)  
(raising her glass)  
Well, here's to the Carlton Company.

LILLIAN  
And a toast to Margaret's IBS, without which she never would have bought that probiotic yogurt.

BETH  
("honored")  
Potty humor? For me? You shouldn't have.

They 'cheers' and drink.

INT. HOSPITAL - LILLIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lillian sits in her room alone. She stares at her hands.

DAVE (O.S.)

You okay?

She looks up to meet Dave's gaze.

LILLIAN

You told them it was just the two  
of us. That survived the crash.

DAVE

What was I supposed to say?

LILLIAN

The truth.

DAVE

The plane crashed. We survived. We  
lived off the land for four years.  
And now we're here. That's all the  
truth that matters now.

For Lillian, the whole truth is painful. And scary.

LILLIAN

I'm not sure I can...

DAVE

What's the point of saying anything  
else?

LILLIAN

We don't deserve this, Dave. We  
don't deserve to be here --

Just then, Rob enters with some food in hand.

ROB

They didn't have --

(seeing Dave)

Oh wow, are you Dave? Hi. I'm Rob.

He puts down the food and shakes Dave's hand.

ROB (CONT'D)

I, uh, I can't thank you enough,  
you know? For taking care of  
Lillian all this time.

DAVE

Sure. I mean... we sort of took care of each other.

Rob isn't certain how much to read into that.

ROB

Right. Of course.

(then, smiling)

I don't know what to say, honestly, I just -- we're all just -- so happy you two are home.

DAVE

Us too.

A pregnant pause before Rob reaches for the food again.

ROB

Well, can I offer you something? I only got two sandwiches, but they're big. And I have extra --

DAVE

No, no, I'm good. I'll leave you to it.

He exits.

As we PUSH CLOSE ON Lillian, slowly being crushed under the weight of her secrets.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM, FIJI RESORT - NIGHT - **PAST**

Lillian at a dinner table.

She sits with Margaret and other resort guests. Lillian is engaged in conversation with RIDHI (20s, Indian) and ARJUN (20s, Indian). Margaret sips wine and picks at her salad.

LILLIAN

So this is your honeymoon?

RIDHI

It is.

Arjun looks lovingly at Ridhi, the way two newlyweds do.

LILLIAN

Tops my honeymoon, that's for sure.

ARJUN  
Why? What did you do?

MARGARET  
( chiming in )  
She's being coy. They had a lovely  
honeymoon in Mexico.

LILLIAN  
Lovely except for the week-long  
monsoon that flooded the first  
floor of our hotel.

Margaret raises an eyebrow. *Details.*

MARGARET  
( to the newlyweds )  
So was it an arranged marriage?

LILLIAN  
Margaret...

MARGARET  
What? Am I not allowed to ask that?

RIDHI  
It's fine. A surprising number of  
people have asked us that.

LILLIAN  
Not that surprising, if you know  
people.

Lillian pours herself more wine.

ARJUN  
We had a self-arranged marriage.

LILLIAN  
I've never heard of that.

ARJUN  
It's halfway between arranged  
marriage and love marriage.

RIDHI  
We fell in love and then convinced  
our parents to arrange it for us.

MARGARET  
So you wanted to marry and your  
parents paid for the wedding?  
( making a "joke" )  
( MORE )

MARGARET (CONT'D)

That's how it always works, isn't it?

LILLIAN

(talking over her)

I didn't know that existed. How fascinating.

Margaret tries to call over a waiter. As she does, Lillian leans in toward Arjun and Ridhi.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

(re: Margaret)

I apologize. She's a bit toasted.

RIDHI

It's okay, really. She's harmless.

ARJUN

(to Ridhi)

You feeling okay? Should we head up to bed?

LILLIAN

Everything alright?

RIDHI

Yes, yes.

(then, playful)

He's just being overly protective. I'm pregnant.

LILLIAN

How wonderful. Congratulations.

She means it. But, as always with these things, it puts her back in her head, thinking of all she doesn't have.

ARJUN

Do you have children?

LILLIAN

No. I don't.

Margaret (of course) pipes back in here.

MARGARET

Soon, though.

RIDHI

Oh, yes?

LILLIAN

Well, no. Probably not.

MARGARET  
Of course you will.

LILLIAN  
It's looking like it really won't happen, Margaret.

MARGARET  
Pish-posh. I had two miscarriages before Rob, and he's fine.

This hits Lillian. She obviously didn't know.

LILLIAN  
You did?

Now Arjun and Ridhi are feeling a bit awkward. Before they can excuse themselves, Beth walks over to the table --

BETH  
Lillian. Hi. Hope I'm not interrupting --

LILLIAN  
(happy for the interruption)  
Not at all. Please join us.  
(to group)  
This is Beth. Her husband works for Carlton Yogurt, the company I was telling you about that sponsored our trip here.

They all make friendly introductions.

BETH  
Just wanted to make sure I'll see you in the morning. You're going on the mini trip to the island, right?

LILLIAN  
I was actually thinking of skipping that part of the itinerary.

MARGARET  
You didn't tell me that.

LILLIAN  
("no shit")  
I didn't?

BETH  
You have to come. It's my favorite place in the whole world.



RIDHI

What is it?

Beth, excited, talks animatedly.

BETH

Carlton Yogurt charters a plane to take the contest winners and some guests to another, more private island. It's like an exclusive resort away from the exclusive resort. Easy two, two-and-a-half hour plane ride and you're there.

LILLIAN

Or I could skip the plane ride and order room service here.

BETH

Oh, stop! It's *gorgeous* there. And fun. There's zip-lining and hikes to the most beautiful waterfalls and hammocks on the beach. And the most glorious massages you've ever had. Just no TV or internet...

(off Lillian's look)

Which would be good for you.

(then)

And the best part: no kids allowed. We could have some actual girl time. I've already got a special Chardonnay packed.

ARJUN

It sounds incredible.

BETH

(to Arjun and Ridhi)

You two should come. There are always extra seats on the plane.

ARJUN

We couldn't impose.

BETH

Don't be silly. There's plenty of room. Dave's company rents the whole place out for a couple of days for these contest trips.

Arjun and Ridhi look to one another.

RIDHI

Really? It wouldn't be too much trouble?

BETH

You'd be doing us a favor. A bigger group is always more fun.

ARJUN

Are you sure, Ridhi? It might not be smart to be away from --

RIDHI

Arjun. Shh. I don't have some rare disease. I'm pregnant. If anything happens, we can just jump in the plane and come back.

BETH

(to Lillian)

Sooo...?

LILLIAN

(caving)

Oh, alright. I mean, I *guess* I could live with special Chardonnay, glorious massages, and no distractions for a couple of nights.

Beth CLAPS. The group is all smiles.

EXT. RUNWAY/INT. PLANE, FIJI RESORT - DAY - **PAST**

Early morning. The sun is just rising.

SHOTS of people boarding and settling into a 20-passenger COMMERCIAL plane. An island hopper.

- Margaret is well-put-together despite the early hour. Lillian lags behind, sunglasses covering her tired eyes.

- Arjun carries Ridhi's overnight bag for her. He walks with his hand on her lower back.

- NAOMI (30s, Fijian) brings Margaret some water at her seat.

- KENT (40s, American) settles into the pilot seat. Beside him is TIMOCI (50s, Fijian), the co-pilot.

- Lillian waves to Arjun and Ridhi. She looks around, checking for Beth. No sign of her new best friend.

INT. PLANE - DAY - **PAST**

Naomi (flight attendant) approaches Lillian.

NAOMI  
You need anything?

LILLIAN  
No, thank you.

Margaret leans across the aisle.

MARGARET  
Can I get a separate cup with ice?  
Just ice. I don't want it to melt  
too quickly.

NAOMI  
Of course.

As Naomi heads off, Lillian starts flipping through a BROCHURE that has pictures of the island where they're headed. It looks spectacular.

INT. PLANE - COCKPIT - DAY - **PAST**

Kent and Timoci do pre-flight checks as they chat.

Timoci is bright-eyed, enthusiastic. Kent is gruff, private.

TIMOCI  
Weather says there's a squall line  
to the west.

KENT  
It's barely moving. We'll be  
drinking cocktails on the beach  
long before we see any rain.

Naomi knocks on the cockpit door and brings them both coffee.

NAOMI  
(handing a cup to Kent)  
Two sugars.  
(then to Timoci)  
And black for you.

KENT  
Thank you.

She smiles at Kent, exits.

TIMOCI  
 (chuckling)  
 The passion is electric.

KENT  
 I knew I shouldn't have told you.  
 It was one date.

TIMOCI  
 So far.  
 (then, playful)  
 Seriously, I could feel the  
 connection between you two. She is  
 your North Pole Star.

That makes Kent laugh.

KENT  
 Add that one to your long list of  
 broken English phrases, my friend.

TIMOCI  
 My English is better than your  
 Fijian.

KENT  
 Bakola.  
 (*Bastard*)

TIMOCI  
 Your vocabulary is imperative.

Kent chuckles at Timoci's malaprop. Timoci chuckles at Kent's  
 chuckle. Good friends.

INT. PLANE - DAY - **PAST**

Dave is the last to board the plane. He finds Naomi at the  
 front, fussing with drinks.

DAVE  
 Morning.

NAOMI  
 Good morning, Dave.

DAVE  
 Can I get an orange juice?

Naomi nods and pours one for him.

NAOMI  
 Where's Beth?

DAVE

The kids are sick, so just me today. We can go whenever you guys are ready.

Naomi nods, hands Dave a cup of orange juice. Then she exits to deliver Margaret's ice.

Alone, Dave pours an airplane size BOTTLE OF VODKA into his orange juice. He's about to head to his seat, but then grabs *two more bottles* for good measure. Puts them in his pocket.

Outside the window, the rising sun...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

...the sun just starting to set.

Dave leans against a wall at the back exit of the hospital, away from the gaggle of news' crews. He stares into space.

We see FLASHES, similar to the ones Lillian was imagining earlier:

- *a man-made knife being sharpened*
- *a torch lighting a forest*
- *feet pounding the ground*
- *a woman bent over, screaming*

The SCREAMING becomes Beth calling to him from a rental car.

BETH (O.S.)

Dave!

He comes to and nods. Climbs into the car.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Beth drives Dave away from the hospital.

BETH

I booked you a room at my hotel for tonight --

DAVE

My own room?

BETH

Tomorrow we'll figure out flights back to the States and everything.

(MORE)

BETH (CONT'D)

It might be a bit difficult, what with the logistics.

DAVE

Yeah, dammit, I just realized I left my passport on the island.

Dave smiles, but Beth doesn't. They drive in awkward silence a beat. Then:

DAVE (CONT'D)

There's a silver lining to all this, you know?

Beth glances at him sideways. No idea where he's going with this. And a little afraid of what might come next.

DAVE (CONT'D)

There was no Tito's on the island.  
(wry smile)  
I haven't had a drink in four years.

BETH

Listen, Dave, it's more than --

But Dave has a speech rehearsed. Things he thinks he's supposed to say. It feels more rehearsed than sincere.

DAVE

I know I was a bit of a shit before. But maybe this a second chance. For us. For me and the boys. For everything. A chance for me to be the husband you needed me to be then. The father our boys have been missing. A chance to start over... do it right this time.

Dave looks to Beth for approval. Absolution.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What do you think?

An agonizing beat. Then:

BETH

I'm married, Dave.  
(off his look)  
Remarried.

The last thing Dave expected to hear on the ride from the hospital to the hotel.

DAVE

What? How?

BETH

I had you declared dead. Last year.

(a beat, then)

Everyone said there was no hope. No chance you were ever coming back. I was alone. The boys were struggling. I did what I thought was best.

(then)

I'm sorry.

Dave stares at her, confused... but not necessarily sad.

INT. DAVE'S HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dave stands in his hotel bathroom. It might remind us of Lillian doing the same earlier.

He turns the faucet on. Watches the water flow. Then turns it off. Turns it back on again. He's completely fascinated by this simple gesture.

He disrobes and climbs into the shower. Turns on the water. Feels it on his face.

He reaches for a mini shampoo bottle and empties the entire thing into his palms. Lathers it up.

He similarly uses the entire bottle of conditioner. And then all of the body wash.

INT. DAVE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dried off, he heads for the mini-fridge. He reaches past the alcohol for a soda.

Cracks it open, takes a sip. Then reaches for a different soda and takes a sip of that one.

He sits in front of the fridge and proceeds to take out all of the items, one by one, drinking and eating only one sip/bite of each. Tasting.

He lines up the barely touched sodas and snacks in a neat row on the counter over the mini-fridge.

*He never touches the alcohol.* Makes an obvious effort to avoid those bottles.

INT. DAVE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dave lies in bed. The TV on in the background, a nondescript crime show playing.

He stares at the ceiling. Then he stands, wearing BOXERS and a tee-shirt. He fishes through a gift basket he brought from the hospital.

He finds a bottle of lotion and lies back down in bed. He stares at the ceiling. Pours lotion onto his hand and starts to touch himself.

It's working. He's starting to feel euphoric --

DAVE  
Who's dead now, huh?!

But before he can finish, this pathetic outburst resonates with him -- and he starts to CRY. Loudly.

He sobs as he continues to pump.

TIME CUT:

INT. DAVE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dave lies in the dark staring at the ceiling. He rolls over and checks the clock: 1:30 a.m.

He considers something. Gets out of bed. Pulls pants on over his boxers.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dave exits his room and starts down the hall toward the elevator. Stops, realizing.

DAVE  
Shit.

He turns around, approaches the room next to his. Knocks lightly on the door. No answer. He knocks again. A little louder.

Finally, Beth cracks open the door to the end of the security chain.

BETH  
(half asleep)  
Dave? Are you okay?



DAVE  
Yeah, everything's fine. I just  
can't sleep. I was wondering if --

BETH  
You can't come in, Dave.

DAVE  
That's not what I --

Just then, ANDREW (40s, charming, oozes competence) appears  
behind Beth.

ANDREW  
Everything alright?

DAVE  
(stunned)  
Andrew.

ANDREW  
Hi, Dave.

This is immediately very awkward.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
(filling the silence)  
You, uh, you look good. Really. You  
lost weight.

DAVE  
Yeah, well, starving on an island  
for four years will do that to ya.

BETH  
Dave.

DAVE  
(another beat, then)  
So you two are...

BETH  
Yes.

Dave nods slowly. Trying to make sense of it all.

ANDREW  
We were going to tell you.  
Tomorrow.

BETH  
After you were re-acclimated.

Dave looks at his wife and her new husband standing in the hotel doorway in the middle of the night.

DAVE  
That might take more than a day.  
(then, to Beth)  
I need to borrow some cash. For a  
cab.

BETH  
(genuinely concerned)  
Where are you going?

DAVE  
I just need some fresh air.

Nothing Andrew wants more than Dave gone from his door.

ANDREW  
I'll get my wallet.

A look between Dave and Beth as Andrew goes for cash.

INT. HOSPITAL - LILLIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rob sleeps in the chair, contorted into an uncomfortable-looking position.

Lillian in bed. It appears she's sleeping, but as we move closer we see her eyes are open. Staring into space.

Dave appears quietly at her bedside.

DAVE  
(whispering)  
Lily?

She sits up. Not surprised or startled. Almost like she expected Dave to show up. She looks to Rob. He's hasn't roused, still sleeping.

Dave motions for her to follow him. She crawls out of bed and slips out of the room after Dave.

EXT. HOSPITAL - GARDEN - NIGHT

Lillian and Dave walk through the grounds at the back of the hospital. They're mid-conversation. At ease with each other.

LILLIAN  
He's your old boss?

DAVE

She had me declared dead so she could marry him.

(then)

She said the logistics of getting me back to the States would be 'difficult.' I really had no idea.

LILLIAN

There should be a discounted fare for dead men.

DAVE

Evidently, you have to really be dead to qualify.

A beat.

LILLIAN

How does it make you feel?

DAVE

(avoiding)

Being dead?

LILLIAN

Beth remarrying.

DAVE

Mostly relieved, I guess. Is that horrible? I mean, my ego's bruised, sure... and I'm worried about the boys.

(then)

But I don't have to feel guilty anymore. You know?

The silence hangs. They both know why Dave is relieved. He wants Lillian to hear it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I want to be with you, Lily.

LILLIAN

(delaying, deflecting)

Now that your wife is with someone else?

Dave doesn't let her deflect.

DAVE

And you want to be with me.

LILLIAN

Rob didn't move on, Dave. He waited for me.

DAVE

Don't tell me it's the same as it was... that you don't feel different. About Rob. About me.

LILLIAN

(can't deny it)  
I do. But --

DAVE

I can't imagine spending a day without you, Lily. That sounds cheesy, I know, but I *literally* can't imagine it. We're out here in the middle of the night because neither of us could sleep without the other. Do you know how many nights we've spent next to each other?

LILLIAN

(bittersweet)  
One thousand, four hundred and seventy-two.

Dave is surprised, and touched, that she knew.

DAVE

Counting last night.

LILLIAN

Counting last night.

Lillian's facade beginning to crumble.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

There's a part of me that wishes we could have stayed there. Just the two of us. Growing old together.

(smiles)

But with new clothes and some vegetables.

DAVE

And indoor plumbing.

LILLIAN

(smiles)  
Definitely indoor plumbing.

Shared experience that no one else can ever understand.

Dave holds her face in his hands. Then, slowly, passionately, they kiss. Both of them hungry for it.

After a moment, Lillian pulls away.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
I can't do this to Rob.

DAVE  
Can you do it to me?

Can she? Lillian buries her head on Dave's chest. They hold each other. Alone together again.

INT. HOSPITAL - LILLIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Still asleep, Rob twists in the chair trying to get comfortable. Impossible. He wakes, groggily looks to Lillian's bed. Surprised that it's EMPTY.

ROB  
Lillian?

He untangles from the chair, checks the bathroom. Nothing. Now he's a bit concerned. He exits into the hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

ROB  
Lillian? Lillian?

No sign of her and no response.  
Rob moves anxiously down the hall.

EXT. HOSPITAL - BACK GROUNDS - NIGHT

Lillian still clinging to Dave. Her head against his chest.

LILLIAN  
Rob didn't want me to go on the trip. He said if Margaret and I traveled together, he'd end up losing his wife and his mother.

She gently breaks the embrace to make eye contact with Dave. But stays close. Connected.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

He was joking about Margaret and I not getting along. That we'd kill each other being together for two weeks. But I can't help feeling --

Dave puts his finger to Lillian's lips.

DAVE

Sshh. Margaret wasn't your fault. You were helping her.

LILLIAN

I know that. But Rob doesn't. And he can't ever know.

Lillian takes a step back. Now a space between them.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

I don't want to be responsible for Rob losing us both.

(then)

I *can't* be.

EXT. HOSPITAL - BACK EXIT - NIGHT

Rob exits the hospital, looking around frantically. He spots Lillian and Dave at the back of the grounds. Too far away to hear what they're saying.

Rob steps into the shadows, watching from a distance.

Dave gently brushes hair from Lillian's face. It's tender. Intimate. They hug. Impossible for Rob to know that they are saying goodbye.

Lillian breaks the hug and starts quickly toward the exit.

Rob turns and rushes back inside the hospital. Desperate to keep Lillian from seeing him.

INT. HOSPITAL - LILLIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rob enters quickly and curls up into the chair. Closes his eyes, pretending to be asleep.

A beat, then Lillian quietly enters. Like a teenager sneaking in after curfew.

She looks at Rob on the chair, seemingly still asleep. She stares fondly at him a moment. Conflicted.

Then she crawls back into bed.

As Lillian settles in, facing away from Rob, he opens his eyes. Stares at his wife's back, contemplating what he has just seen.

And Lillian stares at the wall. Both *pretending* to be asleep. Avoiding the other.

AS we PUSH CLOSE on Lillian...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PLANE - DAY - **PAST**

CLOSE ON Lillian. Bored.

Arjun and Ridhi both read in their seats. Margaret dozes with an eye-mask over her face.

A little annoyed, Lillian stands and makes her way to Dave's seat near the front of the plane.

LILLIAN

Hi. I guess you're Dave?

He doesn't hear her. He's wearing headphones.

Lillian bends down and waves in front of his face.

He turns toward her. He looks tired, worn, not happy to be here. He's on his third drink by now. But no one would know.

He pulls out one earbud.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

You're Dave?

DAVE

Yes.

LILLIAN

I'm Lillian. My mother-in-law Margaret won the contest.

DAVE

Oh, yes, Lillian Marble, hi.

He shakes her hand.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I would have introduced myself earlier but then I figured I'd wait until we landed.

(a beat, then)

Well, nice to meet you.

Lillian nods. Dave plugs his earbud back in.

Lillian sits in the seat across the aisle.

LILLIAN

Your wife is Beth, right?

Dave again has to pull out his headphones.

DAVE

Sorry?

LILLIAN

Beth is your wife?

This gets Dave's attention. *Who the hell is this lady?*

DAVE

Yes.

LILLIAN

I met her yesterday. By the pool.

DAVE

Ah.

LILLIAN

She's actually the whole reason I'm even on this trip. I thought she was coming?

DAVE

She was supposed to. But it didn't work out.

LILLIAN

Got it.

He's about to put his headphones back in when --

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

It's just a little frustrating, you know? She was the whole reason I came, so...

DAVE

Right. Yeah. Sorry.



LILLIAN

Now I'm stuck with Margaret for two days on an even smaller island. At least at the resort I had places to hide.

She laughs a bit. Dave is not amused. Finally:

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Well, I'll let you get back to -- what are you listening to?

DAVE

A meditation to help manage rage.

Lillian laughs. Then: *wait, is he joking?*

LILLIAN

Alright, well, enjoy.

She stands as he plugs his headphones back in. Then, remembering something, she turns one last time:

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Did you at least bring the special Chardonnay?

DAVE

(really annoyed now)  
What?

LILLIAN

Never mind.

Just as she turns to head back toward her seat, the plane is jolted by sudden turbulence. Lillian loses her balance, starts to fall. Dave grabs her waist to steady her.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

DAVE

Probably should buckle up.

LILLIAN

I'll do that.

She lurches back to her seat, the turbulence knocking her from one side of the aisle to the other.

She crosses Naomi in the narrow aisle. Naomi moving toward her jump seat up front.

NAOMI

Make sure your mother-in-law stays seated. It's going to get a little rough.

LILLIAN

(re the increasing turbulence)

I don't think we'll have to tell her twice.

Margaret is gripping the armrests, staring out the window at the clouds.

As Naomi passes Dave, he grabs her arm. The alcohol talking.

DAVE

I thought you said it was going to be a smooth ride.

NAOMI

That squall line to the west turned out to be bigger and faster than forecast. Kent's trying to divert east around the front edge.

Naomi starts away, but Dave grabs her arm again.

DAVE

Tell him no cowboy bullshit. If it's safer to turn back, then go back.

NAOMI

Once I get buckled in, I'll call the cockpit.

Naomi pulls free, sits in her jump seat and buckles up.

Dave watches as she reaches for the phone to the cockpit. She's not getting an answer.

DAVE

(nods toward the cockpit)  
Go tell him.

Naomi reluctantly unbuckles, then disappears inside the cockpit.

Dave shakes his head in disgust. Can't believe these people.

INT. PLANE - COCKPIT - DAY - **PAST**

Kent and Timoci have their hands full with the fast moving storm. Both worried that Naomi's out of her seat.

KENT  
You need to strap in.

NAOMI  
Dave insisted I register his complaint.

KENT  
Fuck Dave. Take your seat and --

Just then a bolt of lightning strikes the plane. Gauges FLASH on the control panel, then go dark.

The plane rolls violently to the right.

Naomi is thrown against the door, then bounces to the ceiling. Her arm twists at an impossible angle. SNAPS.

NAOMI  
(screaming in pain)  
Kent!!

A CLAP of THUNDER fills the cockpit as Kent and Timoci fight to control the plane.

The thunder becomes a KNOCK.

INT. HOSPITAL - LILLIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Lillian in bed as we left her. Rob in the chair. Both with eyes still open. Neither has slept.

They both turn toward the knock at the door.

The doctor eases into the room.

DOCTOR  
Good morning.  
(to Rob)  
Could you give us a minute?

Rob, a little surprised and a lot curious. He looks to Lillian, but she doesn't ask him to stay.

ROB  
Of course.

He exits.

Lillian sits up in bed. The doctor moves close.

DOCTOR

Your blood work looks good. You were weak from a parasite, but now that we've taken care of that you're in remarkably good shape for what you've been through. You need to gain some weight --

LILLIAN

Ha. Finally, a piece of medical advice that seems doable.

The doctor offers a polite smile, but Lillian's weight is not why he asked Rob to leave.

DOCTOR

Are you planning to tell him?

LILLIAN

(she knows what)  
Tell him what?

DOCTOR

About the baby?

A long beat. Lillian looks down at her hands.

LILLIAN

No.

DOCTOR

When did you give birth?

LILLIAN

About nine months ago.

DOCTOR

And the baby survived?

LILLIAN

For a while.

Lillian begins to cry.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Dave approaches Beth, who is standing nervously near the front desk.

DAVE

Where's Andrew?

BETH

Loading the luggage. We've already checked out.

(then)

Are you sure this is what you want?

DAVE

Yeah. You should get back to the boys.

BETH

I told them. They're anxious to see you.

DAVE

I'll be there in a couple of days. As soon as everything gets settled here.

BETH

(delicate)

Is Lillian being released today?

DAVE

Tomorrow, I think. We'll do the press conference tomorrow afternoon and I'll fly out the next day.

(wry smile)

If they'll let me on the plane.

Beth looks at the various people around the lobby who stare at Dave.

BETH

I don't think you're going to need an ID for awhile.

An awkward beat.

BETH (CONT'D)

I really am sorry, Dave.

DAVE

It's okay. We'll be okay.

(then)

See you in New York.

They hug. Ironically, this hug is far less awkward than the one in Dave's hospital room just a day earlier.

Beth exits. Andrew waiting outside for her. He waves. Dave does not wave back.

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

Dave moves into the hotel bar. It's chic, but mostly empty this early in the day.

Dave looks around. Finds a barstool.

DAVE  
(to the bartender)  
You have a lunch menu?

The bartender lays a menu on the bar in front of Dave.

BARTENDER  
Specials on the back. What can I  
get you to drink?

Dave considers that question. Then:

DAVE  
Club soda.

The bartender nods and heads off.

Above the bar, NEWS FOOTAGE of the rescue plays. We see images play on screen.

- Pictures of Lillian and Dave, from before the Fiji trip.
- Footage of the rescue itself: Lillian leaning on Dave at the helicopter.
- It cuts to LIVE STUDIO SHOT. A NEWSCASTER at a desk.

The bartender returns with his club soda.

BARTENDER  
Here you go.

The bartender notes Dave watching the news. Looks to the TV, back to Dave. Realization hits.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
Hey... are you the guy who survived  
that plane crash?

DAVE  
Yeah.

BARTENDER  
That's amazing. It's -- welcome  
back. Let me buy you a real drink.

DAVE  
I'm good, thanks.

BARTENDER  
You sure?

DAVE  
I appreciate the thought.  
(then, re: TV)  
Could you turn that up?

The bartender ups the volume, then heads over to a coworker, probably to share the news that Dave is sitting at their bar.

On screen: The newscaster speaks as images of those who died in the crash flash on screen.

NEWSCASTER  
The mystery of what happened to the Tropical Air plane might never have been solved if British billionaire Thomas Cook hadn't gone looking for a private island in the Pacific.

A picture of Thomas Cook flashes on screen.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)  
Cook says he now plans to develop what he's calling Miracle Island into an exclusive retreat. He will honor the six people who died in the plane crash with a memorial just above the beach where Lillian Marble and David Thorne washed ashore, the only two survivors of that terrible tragedy four years ago. The six victims who will be memorialized are Margaret Marble --

A picture of Margaret...

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)  
-- the mother-in-law of survivor Lillian Marble. Newlyweds Ridhi and Arjun Goyel --

A picture of the happy couple...

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)  
-- the flight attendant on board, Naomi Vakatora --

A picture of Naomi in uniform...

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)  
 -- co-pilot Timoci Dawai --

A picture of Timoci in uniform...

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)  
 -- and the pilot of the doomed  
 flight, Kent Neilsen.

A picture of Kent in uniform.

PUSH CLOSE on Dave as he stares at the picture of Kent on screen.

When we cut back to Dave's POV... we're there. On the island.

EXT. ISLAND - BEACH - DAY - **PAST**

Pouring rain. The storm raging.

Dave still kneeling over Lillian on the beach. Only now his POV is of Kent, dragging Naomi from the surf. Her arm twisted at an impossible angle. Kent stares at Dave with disdain.

Behind Kent, another person washes ashore. Arjun staggers to his knees, trying to catch his breath.

Dave stands, realizing there are others who survived. Others who might need help. He looks to the surf... sees Margaret floating face down.

He rushes into the water, pulls Margaret to shore. Checks.

DAVE  
 (hollering to Lillian)  
 She's alive!

He starts working to clear Margaret's lungs of water.

As she crawls to Dave and Margaret, Lillian looks down the shore in the other direction.

Timoci and Ridhi have washed up on the shore in that direction.

*ALL EIGHT SURVIVED.*

CLOSE ON Dave, focused. Intense.

BARTENDER (O.S.)  
 You ready to order?

MATCH CUT TO:



INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

CLOSE ON Dave. The same concerned look from that day on the beach four years ago.

He meets the bartender's questioning look.

DAVE  
I've changed my mind.  
(a beat, then)  
Tito's on the rocks.

Off Dave, reeling...

END OF EPISODE