

Episode #: 109

LOST

"All The Best Cowboys Have Daddy Issues"

Written by

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TEASER

A WHIZBANG RECAP takes us through the intensity of last week's EPISODE -- Claire's FREAK OUT. Her insistence that SOMEONE ATTACKED HER. Hurley suggesting a CENSUS to Jack. Interviewing ETHAN. Claire claiming she was attacked. Jack offering her the sedative -- her storming OFF. Charlie going after her. And finally, ETHAN confronting Charlie and Claire on the path --

ETHAN

I know you're scared. It's okay.

CHARLIE

What the hell are you talking about, you git? One more step --

AND SUDDENLY, a NOISE in the DENSE JUNGLE behind them -- MOVEMENT -- NON-DESCRIPT -- Charlie and Claire both turn towards it -- NOTHING. And the instant they turn back --

Ethan is standing right in front of them --

ETHAN

I'm sorry it's come to this.

And as we CLOSE IN ON ETHAN'S COLD EYES -- wondering who the hell he is -- what he wants -- and what he is GOING TO DO...

SMASH TO BLACK:

And just as we begin to catch our breath, A FRENETIC ZOOM through the "O" pushes through the darkness -

HURLEY (O.S)

He wasn't on the plane.

- and BLASTS OUT OF JACK's opening eye at -

1 INT. THE VALLEY - DAY

1

- where he dresses SAYID's wound as he lies passed-out. It is two seconds since we last saw Jack -- surrounded by KATE, HURLEY and LOCKE.

KATE

Who wasn't on the plane?

HURLEY

That Canadian guy - Ethan - He isn't in the passenger manifest -

And there is great ENERGY to all this -- OVERLAPPING DIALOGUE -- CAMERA FLYING AROUND PICKING UP PIECES OF IT -- ALL BOILS DOWN TO ONE THING -- CONFUSION.

JACK  
Well where is he?

HURLEY  
-- Don't know -- I talked to him yesterday and --

KATE  
Jack -- Sayid... his leg --

JACK  
-- Anybody seen Ethan?

AS THE CAMERA SPINS, PEOPLE COMING TO CHECK THE COMMOTION, WORD OF SAYID'S RETURN - MURMURING - JACK, LOUDER NOW, HIS SENSE OF SOMETHING FUCKING TERRIBLE GROWING --

JACK  
Has anyone seen Ethan?

CAMERA finds MICHAEL --

MICHAEL  
Yeah... said he was gonna get wood -  
took off on the path to the beach.  
(re: Sayid)  
Is he okay, man? What happened --?

But Jack's mind is going a THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR, LOOKING AROUND -- suddenly realizing --

JACK  
Where's Charlie?

KATE  
-- What?

JACK  
Where's Charlie?

And on that, the CAMERA ABRUPTLY STOPS. A moment. Another moment. And then, finally we find someone we haven't yet heard from --

LOCKE  
He went after Claire.

And as the implications of this hit Jack full force, we PUSH IN ON HIM and --

SMASH CUT TO:

2 EXT. JUNGLE - PATH TO THE BEACH - DAY

2

JACK runs down the PATH -- LOCKE at his side.

We're MOVING with them, CLOSE on the two men as this growing sense of dread FUELS THEIR SPRINT --

-- AND OTHER THAN THE HARDCORE SOUND OF THEIR BREATH, all we get is the SOUNDS OF THE JUNGLE - birds - trees - the wind -

And LOCKE abruptly STOPS. His head turns to the right as those preternatural EYES focus on something --

LOCKE

Jack.

And JACK, already ahead, comes to a STOP. Turns towards us -- EYES QUESTIONING what Locke is looking at...

But Locke is already striding through the FOLIAGE. Whatever it is, now Jack sees it too...

TWENTY YARDS AWAY

And as the two men approach us, CAMERA BOOMS DOWN to reveal --

A BAG.

Just sitting here, surrounded by lush, green JUNGLE. Oddly out of place. Locke squats down in front of it -- as Jack makes an awful realization -

JACK

She was moving to the beach.

Locke turns to shoot Jack a quizzical look:

JACK (CONT'D)

(indicating the bag)

Claire. It's hers.

Locke nods, turns back to the bag. Jack is overwhelmed with guilt -- trying to make sense of this... and NOT --

JACK (CONT'D)

What -- what happened? Where --?

LOCKE

I don't know.

And we're ON LOCKE NOW, an EERIE CALM coming over him as he examines the GROUND around the bag --

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
 Footprints - at least three  
 discrete sets - they're all over  
 the place - looks like there might  
 have been a struggle -

But Locke has found something REALLY INTERESTING NOW on the  
 periphery of the clearing. BENT and BROKEN GRASS. He moves  
 to it suddenly --

JACK  
 What? What is it?

LOCKE  
 Drag marks. Here... and here.

JACK  
 Charlie -- he came after her. They  
 were together...

Locke explains what both of them are thinking, and said so  
 simply it's all the more TERRIFYING --

LOCKE  
 I think they've been taken.

ON JACK, Locke's words freaking him out because he KNOWS  
 THEY'RE TRUE -- Looking around the DARK, DENSE JUNGLE. They  
 could have gone anywhere -- FRANTIC -- SHOUTS --

JACK  
 CLAIRE! CHARLIE!  
 (then; in another  
 direction)  
 CLAIRE!

LOCKE  
Jack.

Jack's head whips around, back on Locke -- And if Jack is  
 dialed up to TEN, Locke is sitting comfortably at ONE --

And as we PUSH IN, he carefully brings a raised finger to his  
 lips --

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
 Shhhhhhhhhhh.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 EXT. JUNGLE - PATH TO THE BEACH - DAY

3

ECU on Locke's hand - picking up a twig - WIDER as Locke examines a break in the wood --

-- Jack steps up behind him, the two men exchange glances. Locke motions for Jack to follow him - the two move down the path - checking behind and around, suspicious that someone may be watching them -

- Locke finally breaks the silence as he examines a footprint on the soft earth - but their voices stay quiet, furtive - full of amped-up intensity --

LOCKE

The tracks are still fresh.

JACK

It doesn't make any sense --  
How could one man drag two people --  
one of them pregnant...?

LOCKE

You're asking the wrong question.  
Not how...

(turns to him)

Why?

Jack absorbs this. And as there is no answer --

JACK

You think it was Ethan?

LOCKE

It certainly feels like it was  
Ethan.

ON JACK. Yeah. It does - but the questions still outnumber the answers -- This is fucking IMPOSSIBLE -- FRUSTRATED --

JACK

By himself? How --?

LOCKE

We can't account for all of our  
people --  
(beat; then)  
And more importantly, who's to say  
they're even our people?

This effectively freezes Jack. What the fuck is he...?

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Sayid said there were others.

JACK  
(no...)  
He said "we are not alone."

A beat, then --

LOCKE  
Semantics.

JACK  
(refusing to believe this)  
Sayid's injured -- we don't know  
where he went -- he's delirious...

LOCKE  
I'm only telling you what the  
ground is telling me.

JACK  
(frustration mounting)  
So which way is the ground saying  
they went?

Locke looks at Jack, his tone cautious, measured:

LOCKE  
Jack -- we don't know what's  
going on here.

JACK  
-- We know enough.

LOCKE  
We need to prepare -- we can be  
back at the caves in ten minutes --  
organize a search party, get  
weapons --

JACK  
Which way did they go, Locke?

Locke stares at Jack - practically vibrating with impatience.  
After a moment, Locke simply points into the woods -

- and Jack just takes off in that direction -

AND OFF LOCKE, his expression betraying nothing in spite of  
having no intention whatsoever of following...

4 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 4

Jack runs - knocking tree branches aside - propelling himself as fast as his legs can carry him - and as he does -

JACK'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)  
*Let's get a clamp on that artery so  
 I can ligate above the tear -*

5 INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 5

ECU on Jack, mouth and nose covered by a surgical mask, eyes narrowed into slits as he wages war on a mounting crisis.

JACK  
 - come on - come on!

WIDEN TO REVEAL a harsh CONTRAST TO THE LUSH JUNGLE -- the COLD ANTISEPTIC WHITENESS of an OPERATING ROOM.

And we're IN THE SHIT here, folks. CAMERA once again ON THE MOVE as we find Jack surrounded by several SURGICAL NURSES and an ANESTHESIOLOGIST gathered around the OPERATING TABLE as Jack works an incision in the PATIENT'S abdomen -

ANESTHESIOLOGIST  
 B.P.'s falling - she's  
 bleeding out...

JACK  
 -- No - I got the artery -  
 almost there -

- BEEEEEEEP! That sound. Instantly recognizable as a heart monitor's way of saying the Grim Reaper's come a-knockin'.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Let's start CPR...

ANESTHESIOLOGIST  
 She's in arrest...

JACK  
 -- 1 milligram epi - Where's  
 that crash cart!?!

Over the WHIRR of defibrillator paddles CHARGING UP, a Nurse (JESSICA) performs CPR as Jack redoubles his efforts -

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Artery's sealed - close her up -

JESSICA  
 (holding out the paddles)  
 D-fib!



- and takes his hands out of the incision, grabbing the paddles without missing a beat -

JACK

CLEAR!

- and pushing them into the patient's chest - KA-THWUM! The Patient JERKS UPWARDS as...

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE -- Monitor still flat-lining, Jack's head whipping back to his patient --

JESSICA

We're charged -

JACK

Clear!

KA-THWUM! BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...

Jack passes off the paddles. Instantly begins to administer CPR himself...

JACK (CONT'D)

- C'mon -- C'mon back --

More COMPRESSIONS. Jessica administering OXYGEN from a SQUEEZE MASK --

JACK (CONT'D)

C'mon... Let's go... C'mon back...

And that's when we hear an AUTHORITATIVE VOICE --

VOICE (O.S.)

Call it.

Jack doesn't stop. Keeps PRESSING --

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

Call it.

Jack ignores the voice --

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

Jack.

And Jack finally turns. And we've been on this action so TIGHT, we neglected to register the MAN standing just five feet behind the table, out of the fray --

And as he lowers his mask, for those of us who can remember back to Episode Three, we instantly recognize SHEPHARD. Jack's father.

[For those of us who DON'T remember, we'll restate their relationship soon enough.]

SHEPHARD  
It's over. Call it.

And Jack just LOOKS at his father. A BEAT. ANOTHER beat. And finally --

Jack slowly removes his hands from the patient's chest.

Reaches over to the MONITOR. FLICKS A SWITCH. The BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE abruptly CUTS OFF.

Jack exchanges a look with JESSICA. Her eyes drop.

And now, he pulls off his OWN MASK. Turns back to his father, eyes burning intensely --

JACK  
You call it.

A stand-off. A battle of wills. SO FUCKING MUCH GOING ON HERE -- and we'll spend the rest of the episode exploring it. But for now, Shephard holds his son's gaze. And without batting an eyelash --

SHEPHARD  
Time of death is 3:23 PM.  
(beat)  
Per the Chief of Surgery.

Jack turns from his father to look at this Patient -- His eyes locked in as he PULLS OFF HIS BLOODY GLOVES - and as we STAY TIGHT ON HIM --

SMASH CUT TO:

Jack PUSHES HIS WAY THROUGH GIANT JUNGLE LEAVES, continuing to run - and the silence of the previous scene is overtaken by the dull ROAR of the jungle - the look on his face identical to that seen in the operating room -

- and then a SOUND - and it is the kind of sound that could be anything. The WIND, the RUSTLE of trees, the HOWL of an animal - but to Jack - it is a sign to push even harder -

LOST "All the Best..."  
(CONT'D)

10.

6

6

- and as Jack picks up the pace, growing smaller and smaller as the jungle grows larger and larger around him -

CUT TO:

7

INT. THE VALLEY - ENTRANCE - DAY

7

- abuzz with activity - anxiety abounds, and all of the movement in the valley (including the brief, clipped pace of the following scenes) indicates growing unease.

KATE enters in mid-argument with Locke -

KATE  
You just let him go? Alone?

LOCKE  
Couldn't stop him. Don't worry --  
I'll catch up.  
(then)  
What's the word from the beach?

KATE  
Nothing. Nobody's seen them.

Locke nods. Of course they haven't. Then --

KATE (CONT'D)  
I'm coming with you.

LOCKE  
Figured you might.

LOCKE reaches his little area, PULLS OPEN his SUITCASE -- loaded with KNIVES. Selects the biggest and SHARPEST as we pick up --

SHANNON (O.S.)  
- What are you doing? We need to get our water and go back to the beach! This isn't our --

BOONE (O.S.)  
I heard you're forming a search party. Can I help?

Locke and Kate look up to see BOONE, SHANNON on his heels --

SHANNON  
Search party? This is a deserted island.

(MORE)

LOST "All the Best..."  
(CONT'D)

11.

7

7

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
No choppers, no Amber alert - how  
exactly are you going to find them?

Locke takes one look at the put-upon expression on Boone's  
face and shuts Shannon down -

LOCKE  
By following Ethan's trail -  
(off Shannon's look)  
- no one can walk through  
wilderness without leaving signs --  
bending blades of grass, breaking  
twigs -- especially with captives  
in tow.

Locke extends a KNIFE to Boone --

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
And yes, I could use another hand  
if you're up for it.

Boone takes the knife, grateful for the validation.

BOONE  
I'm up for it.

And Locke REGARDS BOONE -- as if for the first time. Really  
take this kid in. Odd. Finally:

LOCKE  
Then let's get moving.

Locke and Kate step past Shannon toward the cave exit - Boone  
follows, gives his sister a look as he PASSES.

And off her DISBELIEF of having been completely FROZEN OUT --

8

EXT. THE VALLEY - ENTRANCE - DAY

8

Michael and WALT walk toward the entrance in mid-argument --

WALT  
I could take Vincent, you know, he  
could sniff something that belonged  
to Charlie and - I can help.

MICHAEL  
I said no, man.

Michael reaches Locke as he stuffs ANOTHER knife into his  
VEST, falls into step with him as he moves out -- Kate and  
Boone lagging behind --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

A lot of us don't want to just sit here waiting for news. We're willing to go out and look too.

Locke barely stops to look at Michael -

LOCKE

Thanks, but we're set. Anyone else is just going to slow us down.

MICHAEL

Yeah -- Okay -- so maybe I can put together another party...

LOCKE

Good idea. We're going north. I suggest you go south.

And with that, Locke STRIDES OFF, leaving Michael alone.

And as Michael looks at Walt, aware that he has just gotten the same kind of dismissal he was giving his son...

EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - DAY

ECU on Jack's hand, reaching for a twig, then WIDER as he brings it up to his face, trying to read it, only to crush and throw it to the ground, frustrated.

Out of breath, Jack continues to walk, looking down - trying to find that bent twig or footprint that will tell him where to go - but the sad truth is that Jack is lost and alone.

As Jack slowly descends to rest on his haunches, pondering -

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

- the equally troubled look on Jack's face as he looks down at the dead woman on the operating table. This is the quiet after the storm.

The nurses and assistants file out. Jack places a sheet over the patient and turns to look at his father and realizes that the storm is about to begin.

SHEPHARD

Never thought I'd see the day.

Jack says nothing. The Old Man approaches - his anger building.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)  
You barge into my OR to work on my patient?

Jack's tone is somber - reserved - there is something between him and his father he does not want to articulate -

JACK  
You didn't have to do the procedure...

SHEPHARD  
I don't have to do anything.

JACK  
-- Yeah. Of course you don't.

SHEPHARD  
I chose to do this procedure -- this emergency procedure -- because when that girl crashed in the E.R., they called me.

JACK  
I was upstairs -

SHEPHARD  
And you should have stayed there - How did you even know about...

JACK  
One of the nurses came to get me.

This effectively freezes Shephard for a moment. Then --

SHEPHARD  
Who?

Jack won't take the bait and put another person in dad's cross-hairs. Keeps his mouth shut.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)  
Well. Thank God I have you and some anonymous nurse to rescue me -

JACK  
She told me your hands were shaking.

SHEPHARD  
My hands weren't...

JACK

-- You cut her hepatic  
artery, she bled out -

SHEPHARD  
She was in a car crash - her  
insides were a mess -

But these two aren't even talking anymore - this thing  
becomes a street fight in extremely short order -

JACK  
-- You made a mistake.  
  
-- I don't care whether they  
called you or not, you made a  
mistake.

SHEPHARD  
-- They called me. Not you.  
  
-- You're lecturing me?  
  
-- Tell me -- if you were  
upstairs and I was at lunch,  
then why did they call me?

-- Oh. Oh. Okay...

- And finally, Jack actually RAISES HIS VOICE --

JACK  
How many drinks did you have at  
lunch, dad?

It just hangs there - OUT LOUD AT LAST... in the shadow of  
the death of a patient, there is little else to add.

An interminable moment passes between father and son - the  
birth of an unbridgeable gulf. And ON JACK, we HEAR:

LOCKE (V.O.)  
Jack.  
(then)  
Jack.

MATCH CUT TO:

Jack, turning to see Locke, Kate and Boone:

LOCKE (O.S.)  
Good thing you've been going in a  
circle.  
(then)  
Not the best search grid, but we  
might not have found you otherwise.

ON KATE, happy to see him. And despite the circumstances, he's happy to see her, too.

KATE  
You find anything?

JACK  
(ashamed/angry)  
No.

Locke approaches, compassionate. Sincere --

LOCKE  
You should get back to the caves.  
Sayid's leg...

- but Jack shrugs him off, even as Locke continues to try to be a voice of reason.

JACK  
I dressed Sayid's leg. You found me -- Then we can find Charlie and Claire. So do we have a trail to follow or not?

LOCKE  
Jack --  
(beat)  
This is my fault.

JACK  
What?

LOCKE  
I've been hunting with Ethan. Spent time with him. Never sensed anything...  
(beat)  
Off.  
(then; pointed)  
For everything I know -- about hunting? Tracking? Whoever he is... he knows more. If we catch up to him -- I don't want anything to happen to the only trained physician on the island.  
(beat)  
Go back and be the doctor - let me be the hunter.

No malice or threat in any of what Locke said. Just genuine concern. Jack just looks at him. And after a beat --



JACK  
Can we go now?

Beat. Locke shakes his head. If that's the way it's going to be --

LOCKE  
Follow me.

And as Locke turns to go, Jack does indeed follow. Exchanging a look with Kate. And then... BOONE --

BOONE  
Jack.

- and although innocuous enough, given their past history, it is clear that Boone's greeting is intended to give Jack the sense that Boone is finally playing with the big dogs.

Off Jack, offering Boone a cursory nod...

12 INT. THE VALLEY - DAY

12

Hurley watches as Michael fills water bottles and puts them in a backpack. Another five CASTAWAYS work nearby -

MICHAEL  
- I'm trying to help and all the guy can tell me is to "go south." Like what, I'm gonna get in his way or something?

HURLEY  
Look, man, everyone's tweaked - Locke's feelin' it just like the rest of us -

Michael stands and indicates the other five Castaways -

MICHAEL  
So what? I got five other guys who are going out there with me, putting our necks on the line to find Charlie and Claire.  
(beat)  
All I'm saying is I'm getting sick of being treated like a second-class citizen around here just because Mount Baldy knows how to boar a boar.

Hurley shrugs back his dissent, realizing that Michael needs to vent - but a third voice comes to Locke's defense -

WALT

He knows a lot more than how to get a boar.

(off the looks)

Mr. Locke's a warrior. He knows how to hunt and track and stuff - and he's the only one who brought knives. If he told me to stay out of his way...

- but Walt realizes that his dad is glaring at him.

WALT (CONT'D)

(timidly)

...I'd listen to him.

MICHAEL

(beat, then)

Well I don't want you to. Y'understand?

A beat. Walt nods. Then:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You stay with Hurley. I might not be a warrior. But I'm going south.

(to the group)

Let's go.

Michael walks off with the others. Walt watches him go, feeling as guilty as he does righteous. He looks up at Hurley.

HURLEY

Back home? I'm known as something of a warrior myself.

Walt just stares -- is this guy fucking with him? A beat. Then Hurley smiles. Walt reluctantly smiles too --

ECU on a red t-shirt. WIDER TO REVEAL Locke cutting a strip off the shirt with his knife, then tying the strip to a tree as Boone watches on -

LOCKE  
We keep our progress marked by line  
of sight -- we tie these off so we  
don't get lost.

BOONE  
But you can lead us back to camp,  
right?

LOCKE  
Unless something happens to me.

Boone doesn't like the sound of that -- but he's not gonna  
SHOW IT. Puts out his hand.

BOONE  
Then maybe I better take marker  
detail.

Locke smiles, appreciatively. Hands over the shirt.

FIND JACK & KATE, the former anxiously coming back towards  
them --

JACK  
Anything?

LOCKE  
Not yet.

Locke takes out a bottle of water. Takes a SWIG.

JACK  
If you can't find the --

LOCKE  
I'll pick it up again. But we  
should rest for a minute. Get our  
clarity back.

Locke offers the water bottle to Jack --

JACK  
You're taking a break? It's four  
o'clock, man -- if the sun sets  
there's no way...

LOCKE  
It's four twenty-five, and yes --  
I'm taking a break.  
(then)  
Sorry.

Jack can't fucking believe this. Boone looks on, somewhat intrigued by what's happening here as KATE moves up to Jack--

KATE  
(sotto)  
Can I talk to you?

And OFF JACK, trying to engage in a staredown with Locke but not getting his opponent to engage...

UPCUT TO:

14 EXT. JUNGLE - A FEW METERS AWAY - MOMENTS LATER

14

Kate and Jack, alone now.

KATE  
Would it kill you to give the guy a little bit of space?

JACK  
It might.

KATE  
Stop that.

JACK  
What?

KATE  
That.

He knows exactly what she means. Jack shakes his head in frustration.

KATE (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

A beat. Then --

JACK  
I didn't believe her. Claire.  
(really fucking angry at himself)  
I gave her a sedative.

KATE  
Jack -- You can't...

JACK  
She told me someone was coming after her. That she was attacked... and she sounded so... out of it.

(MORE)

14 LOST "All the Best..." 20.  
(CONT'D) 14

JACK (CONT'D)  
I thought the pregnancy was amping  
up her stress. I just --  
(stops himself; pained)  
I didn't believe her.

Kate just looks at him. Feeling his pain. Not knowing what  
to say to make it go away. And that's when --

BOONE (O.S.)  
JACK! KATE!

And as Jack and Kate turn to the sound of Boone's VOICE --

UPCUT TO:

15 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 15

Kate and Jack rush up to join Boone, standing over a  
CROUCHING LOCKE. All their interest focused on what's in  
Locke's hand -- He holds it up and opens his palm slowly:

KATE  
What is it?

And now we're CLOSE ON IT --

- a piece of gauze bandage with the letter "L" written on it  
with magic marker.

And just as we're beginning to connect to what it might be,  
let's instantly SHARE with those not as familiar with the  
show as we are --

FLASH CUT TO:

16 EXT. BEACH - DAY - **FLASHBACK (FROM EPISODE 101)** 16

CHARLIE - as seen at the end of "Tabula Rasa" - sitting by  
the fire on the beach, using a Sharpie to write the word  
"LATE" on the gauze bandages wrapped around his knuckles.

After lingering on Charlie's knuckles for a moment -

FLASH CUT TO:

17 EXT. JUNGLE - RESUME 17

Locke examines the gauze - turns around and looks to Jack,  
his eyes TWINKLING, maybe he'd be smiling if the  
circumstances were slightly different --

LOCKE  
Look familiar?

JACK  
It's Charlie's.

Boone steps up, confused --

BOONE  
What? You think it just... came  
off?

JACK  
No. I think...  
(beat; to Locke)  
He's leaving us a trail.

Locke nods -- Hell yeah, he is.

And OFF JACK, for the first time since we began, despair  
actually replaced by HOPE --

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

18 EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - DAY 18

OPEN ON an EXTREME CLOSE UP of the "A" scribbled on a piece of gauze from Charlie's knuckle. And we RACK FOCUS to find it in the hand of --

JACK. Crouching at the base of a BANYAN TREE in a beautiful JUNGLE CLEARING. Beyond the tree, a narrow SWATH of path cuts through the DENSE JUNGLE.

JACK  
They went this way.

WIDEN to reveal Kate and Boone, a few yards behind Jack. All of them COVERED IN SWEAT -- BREATHING HARD --

But LOCKE is actually ACROSS THE CLEARING. RUNS his fingers along the slightly BENT BRANCHES OF A FERN --

LOCKE  
I'm not so sure.  
(turns to the others)  
There's another trail here.

Jack stands, crosses to Locke --

JACK  
What do you mean, another --?

LOCKE  
(points to the grass)  
These are footprints. People moved off this way.

Jack holds up the "A." Feels he's getting close --  
FRUSTRATION MOUNTING --

JACK  
Charlie is leaving us these to follow.  
(points back towards the Banyan)  
They're heading that way.

Locke just looks at him. Then --

KATE (O.S.)  
What if Charlie isn't the one leaving them?

Both men turn towards Kate --

KATE (CONT'D)  
If Ethan knows we're behind him, he  
might be setting up a dummy trail.  
Take off one way, then double-back  
in his own footprints.

And the SURPRISE registers on Jack's face as what he's  
thinking is verbalized by --

BOONE  
Wait -- Now you're a tracker?

Kate says nothing, playing a LOOK with Jack as Locke turns to  
her, AMUSED --

LOCKE  
You're just full of surprises.

Locke doesn't know the half of it. Jack shakes off his  
surprise, simply doesn't have the time because it's pretty  
fucking clear what they've gotta do --

JACK  
If there are two trails, we split  
up. I'm taking this one --

LOCKE  
(shakes his head)  
We should stay together, Jack...

JACK  
Why? We have two trails...  
(pointed; to Kate)  
And apparently two trackers.

A moment.

Locke considers this. And since Jack isn't really asking for  
permission, he doesn't have much of a choice. Finally --

LOCKE  
Be careful.

And as the four exchange a series of LOOKS, the safety of  
their number about to be HALVED --

SAWYER (PRE-LAP)  
Okay - who got taken by what?



19 INT. THE VALLEY - FRONT YARD - DAY

19

Sawyer puts BOTTLES OF WATER into his backpack, while listening incredulously as Walt catches him up on current events -

WALT  
Charlie and Claire... they think  
Ethan took them.

SAWYER  
Ethan took them.

WALT  
Yeah.

SAWYER  
Took them why?

Walt SHRUGS.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
And who the hell is Ethan?

WALT  
Dunno -- but he wasn't on that list  
thing. The manifest. People are  
saying they don't remember him from  
the plane.

SAWYER  
You ever think he might've lied  
about his name?

And we can't help but notice the following give and take either makes Sawyer more childlike or Walt more adult. Pick one.

WALT  
Why would he lie?

SAWYER  
You serious?

WALT  
It's stupid to lie about your name.

ON SAWYER. For loyal viewers, that means something. Then --

SAWYER  
Allrighty, so where do you think  
Ethan came from, Tattoo?

WALT

Maybe he was already here. On the island. Before we...

SAWYER

(laughs, shakes his head)  
Got yourself a helluva imagination.

WALT

There could be lots of other people on the island.

SAWYER

So a tribe of evil natives planted a ringer in the camp to kidnap a pregnant girl and a reject from VH1 has-beens-reunited - yeah, that's fiendishly clever -

(then)

And why am I getting the evening news from a six year old?

Walt shoots Sawyer an annoyed glare:

WALT

I'm ten.

SAWYER

Okay, then it must be true.

Walt shakes his head. Enough of this guy. As he walks off --

WALT

If you don't believe me, go ask Sayid. He said we're not alone.

And this news knocks the snark right out of Sawyer.

SAWYER

... Sayid's back?

And as we sit on SAWYER, absorbing this as Walt walks off --

Locke kneels - studying the ground cover when ZIP! - RACK FOCUS TO REVEAL Boone, cutting fabric from the RED T-SHIRT, starts to tie it around a tree...

BOONE

Red shirt.

LOCKE  
Hmmm?

BOONE  
Red shirt.  
(then)  
You ever watch Star Trek?

Locke turns to Boone. Smiles --

LOCKE  
I don't have a television.

BOONE  
Oh.  
(then)  
You know what it was about?

LOCKE  
(back to tracking)  
Sure. Big spaceship. Lasers.  
Aliens. That sort of thing.

BOONE  
(nods)  
The crew guys who would come down  
to the planets with the main guys,  
y'know the Captain and the guy with  
the pointy ears?  
(holds up the T-shirt)  
They always wore red shirts.  
(beat)  
And they always got killed.

LOCKE  
Huh.  
(beat)  
I'd say that's one piss-poor  
Captain.

Boone laughs, likes Locke. Likes the way he makes him feel.  
Locke moves around the area, still trying to pick up a sign --

BOONE  
So what do you do back in the real  
world, Mr. Locke?

LOCKE  
It's John.

BOONE  
(smiles)  
John.

LOCKE  
Why don't you guess.

BOONE  
Okay...  
(thinks; then)  
I'm gonna go with taxidermist or  
hit man.

LOCKE  
I was Regional Collections  
Supervisor for a box company.

BOONE  
(what?)  
A box company?

LOCKE  
They made boxes.

Boone stops, perplexed. A beat. Locke turns to him. Offers that smile. And Boone LAUGHS --

BOONE  
Yeah, right.

Locke raises his eyebrows -- yeah, let Boone think he was kidding. But as he turns back to his work...

The smile falls away.

21 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

21

A large leaf covering the view gives way as Jack SMASHES it away, pushing through the path with great speed.

KATE  
Would you please slow down? Jack?

Jack stops as Kate catches up.

JACK  
You said they went this way...

KATE  
I think they went this way. I'm  
not as good at this as Locke...

JACK

So when'd you pick up the tracking skills, Kate? Before or after you were on the run?

And with that, KATE abruptly STOPS.

After a few beats, Jack realizes she's not behind him. Turns back to her. And we can see that she's HURT --

KATE

I'm trying to help, Jack.

JACK

You know what might help? A little honesty. Just give me something real. Anything.

Kate just looks at him. Then, after a moment --

KATE

My dad was in the Army. Ranger Battalion. We were stationed at Fort Lewis. Washington State. He used to take me out into the woods. One day we spent eight hours tracking deer... being in the woods, that was his religion.

(then)

He could've killed it, but he said that was his day job. The weekends were just for fun.

And there's something else here. Something DEEPER. But --

KATE (CONT'D)

That was real.

(beat)

He was real.

And with that, Kate is on the move again. Striding past Jack. And as we SETTLE ON HIM --

CUT TO:

22 INT. HOSPITAL - SHEPHARD'S OFFICE - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 22

Shephard sits at his desk paging through a surgical incident report, doesn't bother to look up as Jack enters.

SHEPHARD

Thanks for coming, Jack. Sit down.

Jack doesn't. Shephard pushes the report across the desk.

JACK  
What's it say?

SHEPHARD  
The truth...

Jack looks at his father, who stands to meet his gaze:

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)  
... That a patient was brought to  
the ER following a car accident,  
rushed into surgery with massive  
internal bleeding. You joined me --  
and in spite of our most heroic  
efforts -- the patient succumbed to  
her injuries.

Jack picks up the file, then, with a bitter edge:

JACK  
Looks like you fixed everything but  
the patient.

Jack expects Shephard to blow, and is ready for the fight.  
But Shephard doesn't. He lets Jack's statement hang there.

JACK (CONT'D)  
You had no business being in that  
operating room.

SHEPHARD  
You really think I'd have walked in  
there if I couldn't handle it?

JACK  
You've done it before.

Shephard doesn't deny this. Almost a sense of pride about it.

SHEPHARD  
The problem was not related  
to --

JACK  
-- You were impaired!

SHEPHARD  
I know my limits.

JACK  
I won't sign this.

Jack tosses the file back across his father's desk.

SHEPHARD

You were part of the team. I'm not  
the only one on the hook for this.

(beat)

You called me off! You were the  
surgeon of record when she died!

Jack doesn't reply. He's willing to let the chips fall where  
they may and Shepard knows it.

Shepard softens his tone and approach.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

Accidents happen in surgeries all  
the time, Jack. You know that.  
That's the truth. But if you  
contradict this report -- mention  
alcohol -- well, that's the only  
fact that will matter. They'll  
strip me of my license.

JACK

Yes, they will.

Jack looks up at his father. And he's surprised because  
instead of anger he sees something he's never seen in his  
father's face before --

His features have gone soft. Into fear, vulnerability.  
Shepard RUBS the bridge of his nose, shakes his head  
despondently. Let's face it, it freaks Jack out.

SHEPHARD

I know I've been hard on you.

Possibly the greatest understatement of all time.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

But that's how you make metal into  
steel.

(beat)

And that's why you're the most  
gifted young surgeon in this city.

Jesus Christ! Did Jack just hear that right?

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

This is a career that's all about  
the greater good. I've had to  
sacrifice certain aspects of my  
relationship with you, so that  
hundreds...

(MORE)

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)  
thousands of patients will live,  
will thrive, because of your  
extraordinary skills.

And, oh my God, tears are welling in Shephard's eyes. This cracks Jack's own visage of determination, hits him in an emotional place he's unprepared for. He's getting what he's always wanted when he very least expected it.

Shephard steps up, puts his hand on Jack's shoulder.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)  
Long time coming. I know.

Shephard picks up the file, arranges the papers neatly inside, to cover his own emotions. Then he turns to Jack with complete sincerity:

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)  
What happened today... I promise  
you -- it'll never happen again.

Shephard holds out a pen. What he says next -- it goes so much to Shepard's emotional core he can barely get it out above a whisper --

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)  
What I've given... This isn't just  
my career, Jack. This is my life.

The pen hovers there in Shephard's hand. An interminable beat. And then Jack reaches out. And takes it.

Jack makes the toughest choice of his life. He signs the false surgery report.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Son.

And OFF JACK, already torn by what he's just done...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

23 INT. THE VALLEY - INFIRMARY CAVE - DAY 23

ECU on Sayid's opening eye - WIDER to reveal him shooting to a sitting position from a pile of blankets on the cave floor.

SAWYER (O.S.)  
I don't know if you "Islams" have a  
concept of karma -

Sayid sees Sawyer, squatting a few meters away.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
- but I get the sense this island  
served you up a heaping platter of  
cosmic payback.

Sayid backs himself up against the cave wall, facing Sawyer.

SAYID  
What do you want?

SAWYER  
Doctor do-right don't trust me with  
his antibiotics, so I have to hump  
here every day to get my meds.  
(then)  
Apropos of nothing... a less  
magnanimous man than I might just  
be thinking he could beat the ever-  
loving snot out of you without fear  
of reprisal.

SAYID  
You want a shot, take it... but  
know that I left this camp out of  
shame for what I did to you. It  
was never my intention to return.

SAWYER  
You cut me up, put bamboo under my  
nails... Sorry, I'm fresh out of  
sweet forgiveness.  
(leaning in)  
So if it wasn't your intention to  
return, why did you?

Sayid considers. Then --

SAYID  
I was taken prisoner by the French  
woman.

SAWYER  
(what the fuck?)  
The one that's been sending out a  
distress signal for sixteen years?  
(long skeptical beat)  
... she's alive?

SAYID  
She was on a science expedition...  
She said they shipwrecked.

SAWYER SAYID  
How? Where? -- She didn't say.

SAWYER  
She alone?

SAYID  
She said that there were others on  
the island.

SAWYER  
(beat, -- what?!)  
Her people?

SAYID  
No.  
(beat -- this is hard)  
She murdered her entire team.  
(then)  
She believed they were... sick.

Okay, this freaks Sawyer out. He tries to cover, stay cool.

SAWYER SAYID  
Right. And these "others?" I don't know. \*  
Who the hell are -- (beat)  
She's never seen them.

SAWYER  
Never seen them. But she knows  
they're there.

Sayid looks at him. Doesn't want to share this information.  
But knows that he must. As crazy as it sounds...

SAYID  
On my way back. I heard something  
in the jungle. Surrounding me.

SAWYER  
Something like that.

Sayid tilts his head back - frustrated. He shouldn't have opened up to him after all:

SAYID  
Do you have something to say to me,  
Sawyer? Or are you going to  
continue to ask me questions you  
know I don't have the answers to?

ON SAWYER. Busted. But doesn't wanna let Sayid know it...  
So he just shakes his head. Gets up. Turns to go --

SAWYER  
By the way, the tides are comin' up  
the beach. Plane hull's almost in  
the water...  
(the point)  
I kept your signal fire burning.

Sawyer goes. Sayid watches him. Was that an olive branch?  
Maybe these two have made a very tentative connection.

24 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

24

Locke and Boone walk through DENSE JUNGLE, Locke no longer in tracker mode -- moving through the foliage with PURPOSE -- Boone, a little UNEASY --

BOONE  
It's been fifteen minutes since we  
found any sign... what are we  
following?

LOCKE  
My gut.  
(then)  
So, Boone. What do you do in the  
real world?

BOONE  
I run a business.

LOCKE  
What kind of business?

Boone is actually a little ASHAMED for some reason. Then --

BOONE  
It's a... wedding thing.

LOCKE  
Huh.

BOONE  
My mother -- she has this...  
empire. "The Martha Stewart of  
Matrimony." I run one of the  
subsidiaries.

LOCKE  
And who's running it now?

Boone ponders this. Maybe for the first time.

BOONE  
Guess it doesn't matter, does it?

LOCKE  
There are people who can handle it.  
Temporarily.

With that, Locke stops moving. Smiles. Boone stops too.  
What is it? Then Locke looks SKYWARD.

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Gonna start raining in one minute.

BOONE  
(cynical)  
One minute?

LOCKE  
Give or take a few seconds.

Locke turns to Boone. A look of CONCERN on his face --

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
You should turn around, Boone.  
Head back.

BOONE  
What?

LOCKE  
Trail's been cold for a quarter  
mile and there's dangerous terrain  
ahead. If you go now, you'll make  
it back to camp before dark.

BOONE  
What about you --?

LOCKE  
I can take care of myself.

BOONE  
(beat)  
I'm not heading back.

LOCKE  
I admire your bravery, but --

BOONE  
-- I'm not heading back.

Locke sizes up Boone. A beat. Then, he nods.

LOCKE  
All right, then.

And it happens in an instant --

DOWNPOUR. RAIN. LOTS AND LOTS AND LOTS OF RAIN. Both Boone and Locke soaked to the skin within SECONDS. Boone shouts over the STORM --

BOONE  
THEY TEACH YOU HOW TO PREDICT THE  
WEATHER AT THE BOX COMPANY?

25 EXT. JUNGLE - THE FOOT OF A MUDDY HILL - DAY

25

The end-of-the-world weather grows even more severe as Jack and Kate rush to the foot of a hill covered in long grass... and at the foot of the hill, wedged between two rocks -

- is the "T" from Charlie's hand.

Jack and Kate exchange looks -

JACK  
(grimly)  
I guess we were right.  
(then)  
Where to now?

- but before Kate can answer, the two hear that SOUND again - the one that Jack heard as he first ventured into the jungle - something between a rustle of trees and a howl -

- something that distinctly conveys a presence -

- only now the sound is followed by something very close to a SCREAM from the top of the hill!

Or was it a scream? The trees? The wind?

Jack doesn't care. He looks at Kate and then springs into action -- And we PUSH IN on him as --

26 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 26

Jack, back in scrubs and a labcoat and reading a chart, walks down a hospital corridor.

We get the sense it's LATE. Not the heavy bustle of peak hours. And Jack comes to a stop as he SEES --

AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY --

SHEPHARD. And he's talking to a VERY SAD LOOKING MAN in his thirties. Both unaware of Jack.

And Jack is very interested in this conversation -- Jack standing there, watching his father.

And whatever they're talking about, Shephard's conversation with the man is intense and COMPASSIONATE --

And just then, JESSICA (we may recognize her as one of the nurses from the OR earlier) emerges through the DOORS right next to Jack --

JESSICA  
Dr. Shephard.

JACK  
Jessica -- do you know who that man  
is? That my father's talking to?

Jessica looks down the hallway. Turns back to Jack, SOMBER.

JESSICA  
That's her husband.

And Jack knows exactly to whom Jessica is referring. And maybe she's actually a little ACCUSATORY when she says --

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
He's threatening to sue.

And with that, she walks OFF.

BACK ON JACK as he continues to watch the conversation.

DOWN THE HALLWAY

The MAN breaks into a WRACKING SOB. And although this is Jack's POV, we make sure we get all this because --

Shephard RUBS the bridge of his nose, shakes his head despondently. And gently places his hand on the man's shoulder.

And Jack doesn't even need to hear the words to know --

He has just watched his father "handle" another person's emotional crisis in the exact way he handled his own son.

THE CRASH OF THUNDER BRINGS US BACK TO --

27 EXT. JUNGLE - HILLSIDE - RESUME

27

- Jack struggles to get up the hill. Kate follows - the hill grows steeper and steeper, Jack drops to a crawling position - clinging on to the grass as Kate comes up behind him -

They turn and scramble across the side of a very steep slope.

Grabbing hold of anything to keep them vertical.

KATE

This is -- can't be right -- how could they have gone this way?!

JACK

Just follow me, keep moving!

Jack presses on into the driving rain.

And in the rain and buffeting wind, another sound seems to come and go everywhere around them - strange WHISPERS (like those heard by Sayid in "Solitary"...)

That's when the sodden slope under his feet gives way. Jack falls. Grabs for something, anything. No luck. Gravity takes over. He begins to tumble down the slope.

Now that he's got his momentum going, there's no way he's going to stop himself. He's a one man tumbling human avalanche, nearly free-falling through the rain down the steep slope.

CLOSE ON KATE

Grabbing a branch.

KATE  
Jack!!

BACK TO JACK

Slipping, sliding, tumbling, he finally rolls to a stop in a tangle of jungle at the bottom of the slope --

28 EXT. JUNGLE - FOOT OF A LARGE TREE - RESUMING 28

Jack reaches for his aching head -- DISORIENTED -- DIZZY -- RAIN pouring down on him --

And this is something he SENSES before he actually looks up and sees it. And we SENSE it too --

There is someone here.

And as Jack slowly looks up -- standing right in front of him -- just FIVE FUCKING FEET AWAY --

Is ETHAN.

ETHAN  
Hello, Jack.

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

And Jack instantly tries to get to his feet - but he's HURT and Ethan moves way too fast, coming towards him and literally STOMPING down on Jack's CHEST with his foot, pressing him down into the MUDDY GROUND...

Jack looks at him, ragged breath, but EYES BURNING. And he asks the question that hopefully all of America has been asking for the past week --

JACK  
Who are you?

And we're LOOKING UP at Ethan. SOAKING WET but seemingly oblivious to the rain. And his EYES. His FUCKING EYES.

ETHAN  
Stop. Following. Me.

JACK  
Where are they? What did you do with them? What --

Ethan PUSHES down with his foot -- JACK GRUNTS --



ETHAN  
You are not understanding... so  
listen very closely.

And he PUSHES down with his foot even HARDER. Into Jack's  
SOLAR PLEXUS. Cutting off his breathing. Ethan leans in...

And when he says this, it is CHILLING --

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
If you do not stop following me,  
I will kill one of them.

Yeah. We heard that right. And Ethan fucking means it.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Do you understand?

TIGHT on Jack's eyes as he ABSORBS THIS. Understands it.

But he doesn't ACCEPT IT.

Jack summons every last bit of his strength to get himself  
out from under Ethan's foot -

- REACHES UP, grabs ETHAN'S ANKLE -- PUSHES -- Ethan's LEG  
TWISTS -- SPLASH -- HE GOES DOWN IN THE MUD!

Jack ROLLS OVER, GOES for Ethan and --

THIS IS CLOSE QUARTERS COMBAT. RAIN FALLING. But it quickly  
becomes APPARENT that ETHAN IS ONE BAD MOTHERFUCKER as --

SMASH. HIS OPEN PALM JAMS into JACK'S NECK -- An ELBOW under  
his CHIN -- ETHAN IS JUST SO FUCKING FAST AND BRUTAL -- BLOW  
AFTER BLOW -- All covered in QUICK AND DEVASTATING CUTS til --

Jack literally FLIES BACK into the MUD. Onto his back.  
Completely SPENT. Done.

Defeated.

And as Ethan begins to move towards JACK, that fucking CRAZY  
smile spreads across his face --

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
No more warnings.

And as he cocks his fist back and DRIVES it towards camera...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

29 EXT. JUNGLE - FOOT OF A LARGE TREE - DAY 29

Gray sky. The sound of rain. Then -

KATE'S VOICE

Jack - Jack - please -

- Jack's eyes snap open to see Kate standing over him, stroking his head and raising up her hand to see BLOOD -

KATE

You're bleeding - are you -?

JACK

-- How... how long was I out?

KATE

Two minutes. You slid away --

Kate reaches for her bag, pulls out a rag -

JACK

Ethan...

KATE

What?

And there is great INTIMACY as Kate dabs at his wound, puts her other hand on the back of Jack's neck --

JACK

Ethan was here. He...

KATE

Jack, you banged your head --

JACK

-- He was here.

And Jack GRUNTS, gets to his feet. A little WOBBLY.

Kate immediately GRABS him as he STUMBLES. She's genuinely CONCERNED. Softly --

KATE

Jack -- you have to stop.

JACK

What?

KATE

The rain's getting worse, the trail's washed away. Even if you did see him...

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
They're gone.

Jack just looks at her. And PULLS AWAY.

JACK  
No.  
(then)  
I'm not letting him do this.

Kate looks at Jack - the look on his face is FARAWAY - like he isn't talking about Ethan anymore -- Kate's confused --

KATE  
Not letting him -- ?

But Jack is already moving for the INCLINE and begins to SLOG his way back up --

KATE (CONT'D)  
JACK!

But he's not listening. Rain pouring down on him -- And as we CLOSE IN on him, more INTENSE NOW than we've ever seen --

JACK  
(under his breath)  
Not again.

And the sound of the POUNDING RAIN begins to drop out as --

SHEPHARD (O.S.)  
- at which time the patient went  
into cardiac arrest -

The INSANITY of the jungle is replaced by the quiet austerity of a HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM as we find --

JACK. Calmly sitting at the POLISHED TABLE as his father commands the room, addressing a group of FIVE OTHER DOCTORS --

SHEPHARD  
- of course, every effort was made  
to resuscitate the patient - but  
the severity of her injuries and  
the amount of internal bleeding  
made it impossible.

Shephard looks at the members of the board, clear, decisive. Shit -- We saw what happened and we believe him.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)  
In my professional opinion -- and  
that's all I've got, gentlemen...  
(somber, yet responsible)  
By the time I was called in, the  
damage was irreversible.

On Jack. STOIC. Can't bring himself to look at his dad...

The Board members make their final notes, exchange glances.  
Finally, the HEAD DOCTOR speaks up -

HEAD DOCTOR  
Thanks, Christian. Sorry about the  
formality.

SHEPHARD  
(shakes his head)  
Of course.

Jack keeps his expression neutral - knowing that he just has  
to stay still until this is over and then he can wash his  
hands of the entire affair.

And that's when --

HEAD DOCTOR  
Just one final detail - you were  
aware of the patient's pregnancy  
when you went into the procedure?

- pregnancy? Jack looks at his father, who doesn't react -  
but as Shephard gives a lucid, convincing response, the look  
on Jack's face indicates his distress at this revelation -

SHEPHARD  
Absolutely. The patient's husband  
informed the attending at the ER.  
It was, however, extremely early in  
the pregnancy and our primary focus  
had to be on the mother.

And while the Board buys the line - we settle on JACK...

Because he DIDN'T know that.

And Jack now realizes it wasn't just a woman's life that was  
destroyed. The truth is inescapable: a family's entire  
future died that day -- and his eyes swell with tears as it  
becomes clear why Jack has been hell bent on saving Claire:  
another pregnant woman under his charge.

HEAD DOCTOR

Okay, then. I think we're done and  
the final report will be filed --

JACK (O.S.)

I need to revise my statement.

And that's when everyone turns to --

JACK. And now -- as he speaks -- he IS looking at his  
father. RIGHT at him.

JACK (CONT'D)

I didn't come into the OR until  
well into the procedure.

SHEPHARD

Jack.

JACK

(ignores him)

I was warned by one of the nurses  
that my father was operating under  
the influence -

SHEPHARD

Jack. That is not--

JACK

(louder now)

By the time I got there it was  
clear that my father was not only  
incapacitated, but that he severed  
the patient's hepatic artery, which  
in my professional opinion, caused  
the crisis that led to her death.

And there it is. Let it sit. Let it sink in.

And as we realize what the implications of this are going to  
be -- that the career of Christian Shephard, M.D. has  
officially just ended -

And so has Jack's relationship with his father.

Jack and Kate clear the hillside and rush into the dense  
wilderness - their pace is determined - even as the foliage  
around them grows thicker, blotting out the light -

- Kate leads the way - until she knocks down a large leaf and finds herself face-to-face with -

CHARLIE'S HAND - THE "E" STILL ON HIS PINKY

- attached to the rest of Charlie -

- REVEALED hanging above them - with a noose wrapped around his neck! And a ratty cloth BLINDFOLD covering his eyes!

KATE SCREAMS!

And before we can take in the full HORROR of all of this,  
THANK FUCKING GOD --

Jack is here.

He wraps his arms around Charlie's legs, pushing him up to get some slack on the rope, allowing him to breathe -

JACK  
You have to cut the noose!

Kate pulls out one of Locke's knives, but -

KATE  
- I can't reach it -

JACK  
- hold him -

Kate grabs Charlie, awkwardly exchanging the knife with Jack, but in the muddy ground, even as tall as he is, Jack can't get to the noose with the knife -

- so he grabs a hold of Charlie again - turning to Kate -

JACK (CONT'D)  
You have to cut the rope from the  
tree - go!

IN QUICK CUTS:

- Kate climbs the slippery trunk, fighting the pouring rain - her foot slips - she slides down, until she grabs onto a branch - barely hanging on while -

JACK

- struggles to keep Charlie up above the rope choking him, but the mud and rain make it tremendously difficult -

JACK  
Just hold on, Charlie - hold on!

- as Jack wages his battle to keep Charlie breathing -

KATE

- launches herself onto a branch - she can see the rope, a white line dead ahead - as she moves, drawing the knife -

JACK

- gets a kick to the head when Charlie twitches - he loses his grasp - Charlie GULPS - then - as Jack picks him back up -

KATE

- finally reaches the end of the branch - she holds out the knife - but the rope is just out of arm's length.

Kate tries to marshal her anger and frustration - she holds on to another branch - arches her body forward and -

- SLASHES through the rope with the knife!

JACK

- falls to the ground, breaking Charlie's fall. Scrambling to his knees, Jack lays Charlie out, PULLS OFF THE BLINDFOLD as Kate descends from the tree and hurries over.

Jack checks for vital signs - but Charlie's body is inert, limp, his eyes are shut - his lips are blue -

JACK (CONT'D)  
He's not breathing.

- and a look of dread plays across Kate's face - an uncontrollable emotional response to the blunt truth staring her in the eye -

- Charlie is dead.

But Jack has not come this far to let it go. He tilts Charlie's head back to unblock the airway - still not breathing - Jack breathes into Charlie's mouth -

- nothing - without hesitation, Jack rips into Charlie's shirt and starts compressions -

Jack breathes into Charlie's mouth again - nothing - he resumes compressions -

JACK (CONT'D)  
Two breaths every fifteen  
compressions - do it Kate!

- Kate overcomes her shock and snaps to - kneeling over Charlie as Jack counts off the compressions -

JACK (CONT'D)  
- eleven - twelve - thirteen -  
fourteen - fifteen - breathe!

- Jack stops pounding - Kate breathes - and as he puts his hands back on Charlie -

JACK (CONT'D)  
- five - six - seven - eight -

- and Kate breaks into sobs beside him - Jack turns to look at her - still compressing - and SCREAMS -

JACK (CONT'D)  
Don't do that! COME ON!

- Kate struggles to choke back her tears -

KATE  
He's... He's not --

JACK  
- he can't breathe without  
you - DO IT -

- and as Kate follows his command -

Jack continues to pound on Charlie's chest, oblivious to the march of time and the pouring rain -

- and the growing unease on Kate's face that communicates the grim possibility that this may be a losing battle, that Charlie may indeed be gone for good -

- but Jack will have none of it -

JACK (CONT'D)  
- two - three - four -  
(then, under his breath)  
- Not again -- No -- Not again...

- and just as Jack lifts his hands off Charlie for Kate to breathe for him -



- Charlie shoots up with a GASP, taking his first breath in minutes.

Kate bursts into tears, scooping Charlie up in her arms as he sputters his way back to life. Jack leans back, looking up as the rain slowly abates - until Kate puts her hand on his shoulder -

- Jack turns to look at her and Charlie - battered, and still gasping but alive - Kate smiles through her tears -

- and so does Jack, out of breath, heart and mind racing, finally allowing himself a moment of joy after this ordeal as he joins them in their embrace...

...and off the three, joined in this moment of victory - as the waning rainstorm reveals the strong light of the sun above...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

33 &amp; 34 OMITTED

33 &amp; 34

35 INT. THE VALLEY - NIGHT

35

A grim scene - Walt, Hurley and some of the other CASTAWAYS -- eating dinner when something grabs Walt's eye -

WALT

Dad!

Walt shoots to his feet and runs to the valley entrance as -

MICHAEL

-- enters with his search party. Walt races up to his dad - and then stops --

-- because the look on Michael's face is grim: a father who knows he is about to disappoint his son.

MICHAEL

We didn't find them, Walt.

WALT

I'm just...

(hard for him to say this)

Glad you're okay.

Michael reaches forward and takes Walt by the shoulder, drawing him into an embrace. Then, after a moment --

MICHAEL

We the only ones back?

Walt shakes his head -- points across the valley at --

CHARLIE

-- who sits on a ledge, wrapped in a blanket. Jack and Kate looking over him. Even from here, we can see that Charlie's eyes are hollow, distant.

BACK TO OUR GROUP

Walt looks up at his father, concerned --

WALT

He hasn't said anything since he came back.

MICHAEL  
Did they find Claire?

As Walt shoots his father a scared look -- the answer etched on his face --

KATE

-- moves off from Jack and Charlie towards the SPRING to get more water. Hears a VOICE --

SHANNON (O.S.)  
They aren't back yet.

Kate stops. Turns to see SHANNON. Something on Shannon's face that we are not akin to -- WORRY.

KATE  
I'm sure they just made camp for the night.  
(forces a smile)  
If there's anyone on this island that your brother's gonna be safe with, it's Locke.

And OFF SHANNON, about as sure of that as we are --

36 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

36

We find LOCKE & BOONE moving through the jungle, Locke GUIDING the way with a POWERFUL FLASHLIGHT as they SPLASH through a small STREAM.

Boone follows a few steps behind. It's clear his earlier bravado has been replaced by FEAR.

BOONE  
Are we lost?

LOCKE  
No, Boone. We're not lost.

BOONE  
It's just... I don't see how you can still be following the trail.

But Locke just POWERS on. Guided by... well, something.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
I think we should go back, man.

And Locke stops. Turns to Boone --

And we're getting that old, familiar feeling. That one we haven't felt in awhile --

That Locke KNOWS something the rest of us don't.

LOCKE  
Don't you feel it?

BOONE  
(confused)  
Feel what?

LOCKE  
It.

ON BOONE. Maybe a little CREEPED OUT by this. And Boone is backing off now, not liking this one bit --

BOONE  
Okay, John -- I'm just gonna follow the strips back, okay?

Locke just stands there.

LOCKE  
Suit yourself.

But Boone is already turning around, moving off --

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Boone!  
(Boone turns --)  
You need this more than I do.

Locke TOSSES him his FLASHLIGHT...

But Boone bobbles it! It slips through his hands and --

SPLASH! Ends up in the STREAM --

BOONE  
Dammit!

And as Boone crouches down to pick it up, he suddenly STOPS. Because the flashlight is illuminating something SHINY in the stream -- about the size of a book --

A piece of metal.

Boone furrows his brow, trying to make SENSE OF THIS --

BOONE (CONT'D)  
Hey... John?

But Locke is already here -- crouching down next to Boone.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
What is it?

Locke looks at Boone -- UNSHEATHES his biggest KNIFE...

And uses it to POKE the metal under the water. TAPS it against the surface.

LOCKE  
Steel.

BOONE  
Maybe it's wreckage -- part of our plane...

Locke uses his knife to SCRAPE away DIRT around the periphery of the metal, REVEALING MORE METAL. We can see from Locke's curious-but-determined expression: THIS IS NO PIECE OF THE PLANE.

Now even Boone is doubting that it came from their jet. Even in the darkness, it is clear that this thing is shiny, polished, and part of something much larger.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
What is that?

And we're ON LOCKE -- clearly fascinated by this thing. And it is most definitely worthy of that fascination -- And after a moment -- Locke looks over at Boone --

LOCKE  
That's what we're going to find out.

And OFF BOONE. OFF LOCKE. AND OFF THAT SUBMERGED METAL...

Jack sits with Charlie. GENTLY pressing on the already PURPLING BRUISE around his neck.

JACK  
That hurt?

Nothing from Charlie.

JACK (CONT'D)  
You breathing okay?

Still nothing. So Jack moves in close. COMPASSIONATE. Eye to eye with Charlie.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Charlie -- You've gotta talk to me.  
We're gonna go back out to look for  
Claire the moment the sun's back  
up, so we need your help, man --  
(still nothing)  
-- anything you can tell us about  
what you remember... where you were  
going -- did you see or hear --?

Charlie still stares dead ahead, doesn't make eye contact with Jack. Voice HOLLOW.

CHARLIE  
I didn't see anything. Hear  
anything. I don't remember...  
(a long beat; then)  
Anything.

Charlie still stares dead ahead, doesn't make eye contact with Jack. Voice HOLLOW.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Claire.

JACK  
What?

CHARLIE  
That's all they wanted.

JACK  
They? I don't --

And finally, Charlie's eyes FOCUS on Jack. PAIN. SORROW. LOSS. And as we PUSH IN --

CHARLIE  
All they wanted was Claire.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE