

Episode #: 100

LOST

"Pilot"

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**LOST**

"Pilot"

ACT ONE

1 OVER BLACKNESS, MUSIC. OMINOUS AND FOREBODING. THEN, OUT OF 1  
THE DARKNESS, A SINGLE WORD. FLOATING IN SPACE, OUT OF  
FOCUS, TOWARD CAMERA. AS IT APPROACHES IT COMES INTO FOCUS,  
BUT IT'S SHARP ONLY FOR A BRIEF MOMENT:

LOST

AS IT NEARS US IT AGAIN LOSES FOCUS -- AND AS WE MOVE THROUGH  
THE "O" OUR MUSIC CRESCENDOS, THEN STOPS ABRUPTLY AS WE CUT  
TO:

2 A MAN'S EYE 2

EXTREME CLOSEUP. Open wide. The man's skin wet, speckled  
with soil and flecks of blood. His breathing CLOSELY MIKED --  
erratic. This man's in shock. The SOUNDS of INSECTS and  
ANIMALS other-worldly. A blink.

Then, the REVERSE ANGLE: staring up hundreds of BAMBOO  
STALKS. Sunlight almost impenetrable through the dense  
forest.

SLIGHTLY WIDER on the Man's face as he stares upward,  
disoriented, stunned. 40-years-old. Fit. In normal  
circumstances, one glance would make you feel confident in  
him. Trusting. But here, now, he's the one in trauma.

His name is JACK.

Then, a RUSTLING SOUND -- something COMING -- it gets LOUDER  
and Jack suddenly SNAPS his head to the side to see something  
appear through the thick bamboo foliage --

A WHITE LABRADOR.

Collar. Tags. It stops abruptly, twenty feet away from  
Jack, looking at him. And for the first time, we PULL BACK  
TO A WIDE SHOT of the intense, alien-looking BAMBOO FOREST.

The dog just stares at Jack, who we now see wears a BUSINESS  
SUIT and lies on his back, caught in broken bamboo stalks.  
And Jack just stares back.

(CONTINUED)

It's an odd tableau -- man and dog looking at each other, both entirely out of place...

Finally the Lab turns and huffs back into the jungle, disappearing in the claustrophobic bamboo -- and Jack would call out "Wait" if he could even think that clearly and he turns to sit up and it's a PAINFUL MOVE -- he manages to extricate himself from the plants -- and while still on his knees, he opens up his suit jacket to check out the source of his pain. Something on his left side -- but we're so TIGHT on his face that whatever he sees, we don't. Yet.

His reaction to his wound is more disappointed than terrified. He manages to get to his feet, feeling something in his jacket pocket. He reaches in... and pulls out a MINIATURE BOTTLE OF VODKA.

And we HOLD ON his face as he looks at it... considering... his heart beginning to POUND, his fear growing, as does a SOUND -- a FRIGHTENING, ODD SOUND -- something REVVING in the distance -- SOMETHING LOUD -- and the horror of what he suddenly understands far outweighs any physical pain. He moves off --

3 EXT. BAMBOO FOREST - DAY

3

Jack moves as fast as he can through the THICK BAMBOO -- and as he goes there's something that almost beckons to him -- he hurries through the thick growth, his determined eyes focused on the thing he approaches -- and as he gets closer to it, we finally see it:

A WHITE TENNIS SHOE

Laces untied, caught mid-fall in a bamboo tree, hanging by a branch, twelve feet above ground. He stops for a moment, looks at it. Again: THE LOUD REVVING -- but it's CLOSER NOW -- and suddenly the most important thing in the world is that he get there and fast -- so he's moving now, even faster than before -- through a straight-away miracle path, he's near SPRINTING now -- BREATHING QUICKLY, ERRATICALLY as he makes his way --

4 EXT. BRUSH - DAY

4

-- and now he's running from bamboo into JUNGLE BRUSH -- thick still, but there's some more sunlight and he's almost there and finally he bursts out of the brush onto --

5 EXT. BEACH - DAY

5

-- and Jack runs up, finally stopping dead in an EXTREME CLOSEUP.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

He's bathed in SUNLIGHT now -- squinting at what he sees -- and we're just on his eyes. HOLD ON HIM, in shock, until he moves forward -- and IN THE SAME SHOT, we PAN AS HE MOVES -- 180 DEGREES UNTIL WE'RE BEHIND HIM, LOOKING OUT ON SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY HORRIFIC. Only twenty yards away...

6 A PLANE CRASH ON THE BEACH

6

777 -- PASSENGER AIRLINER -- 250-Seater -- the MIDDLE SECTION of the fuselage PLOWED INTO THE SAND -- one WING STICKING STRAIGHT UP, TOWERING SEVEN STORIES INTO THE SKY, sporadic SPARKS BURSTING FROM THE INVERTED ENGINE, showering down on the absolute MAYHEM on the sand --

7 ANGLE

7

-- and it is like a fucking WARZONE: scattered FIRES and wreckage -- DOZENS OF PEOPLE RUNNING ABOUT, some injured, others not -- they're helping each other, SCREAMING -- their cries drowned out by the SOUND and WIND caused by the ENORMOUS JET ENGINE -- no, not the one on the wing pointing upward -- the other one -- the one on the INVERTED WING, now cracked off its brackets and resting at SAND LEVEL. And the ENGINE STILL REVS -- SPASTICALLY, ERRATICALLY -- SPEWING COOLANT and SPARKS and SUCKING IN SAND every time it THROTTLES UP --

8 TIGHT ON JACK

8

as he takes this in, overwhelmed -- knowing he's part of it -- his eyes WELL UP in fear -- sorrow -- confusion -- and he turns to look for help --

9 ANGLE

9

-- but what he sees... is nothing. His look spans 360 degrees: there's only spectacular ocean, waves violently CRASHING as far as a half mile from shore -- a distant coastline -- then MOUNTAINS -- jagged, 2000-foot high peaks -- a deep valley of JUNGLE -- then his eyes are back on the horror of the CRASH --

10 ANGLE

10

-- where DOZENS OF LIVES are in the balance -- and all at once he knows that some -- perhaps most -- will die if he doesn't take action -- and so he does --

11 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

11

Chaos. Terror. Smoke, fumes, fire -- people desperately trying to help each other -- running, screaming -- everything happening at once --

12 ANGLE 12

And amid the madness, the JET ENGINE MOMENTARILY REVS DOWN -- enough to HEAR A MAN'S SCREAM -- Jack turns to the source: a MAN is caught -- STUCK UNDERNEATH two rows of airplane seats -- ten feet to the side of the malfunctioning engine --

Jack hurries across the insanity toward the man -- flash-passing pieces of conversation as he runs --

KOREAN MAN (searching for his wife) -- <u>SUN!!! SUN!!!</u>	MAN #1 -- <u>GET AWAY FROM THE GAS!!!</u> <u>STAY OVER THERE!!!</u>
WOMAN #2 -- <u>SHE WAS RIGHT HERE!</u> I <u>DON'T KNOW!</u>	MAN #2 I <u>NEED SOME HELP!</u> <u>PLEASE--!</u>

13 ANGLE 13

-- Jack races past a pretty 20-year-old girl who we HOLD ON for a moment -- she just stands there, SCREAMING LIKE A MOTHERFUCKER. We'll meet her later.

14 ANGLE 14

Jack gets to the man stuck under the seats -- he's too close to the terrifying, LOUD ENGINE -- which is still so hot that HEAT RIPPLES can be seen behind Jack -- who sweats now as he tries to LIFT THE ROW OF SEATS off the man --

With the DEAFENING VOLUME of the jet drowning out any dialogue, we see Jack YELLING for TWO MEN close by (one of them is LOCKE, 58, someone else we'll get to know in a bit) -- they run over and help -- and the three STRAIN HARD as they lift the chair sections off -- Jack then moves to the man -- whose leg BLEEDS SEVERELY.

Jack rips off his tie, immediately goes to business the way only a man with medical training could: he begins making a TOURNIQUET, tying the injured man's leg off --

15 ANGLE 15

As he ties the leg, Jack looks up to see a whole mess of simultaneous emergencies -- including a 60-year-old WOMAN in a PEACH BLOUSE, who lies unconscious with a 30-year-old MAN desperately trying to revive her --

16 WHIP PAN 16

across the beach of debris to a PREGNANT WOMAN, on her knees, struggling to stand, but with no one to help --

17 ANGLE 17  
 Jack then yells to the two Men he's with to take the  
 Tourniquet Man to safety -- and Jack RUNS -- OVER THE WING,

18 BEHIND THE MONSTROUS REVVING ENGINE -- 18  
 over to the Australian Pregnant Woman (CLAIRE) -- he helps  
 her up -- helps her walk -- but she stumbles again, strains:

CLAIRE  
 -- I'm having contractions--

Jack helps her lie down--

JACK  
 -- that's not ideal... how many months  
 pregnant are you--?

CLAIRE  
 (crying)  
 -- almost eight months--

19 ANGLE 19  
 -- and he glances up, checking on the unconscious 60-year-old  
 Woman in the peach blouse, the 30-year-old Man still trying  
 to revive her -- though his eyes are there, he asks Claire:

20 ANGLE 20  
 JACK  
 -- how far apart are they--?

CLAIRE  
 -- I don't know, a few of 'em just  
 happened--

21 AND WE CUT BACK 21  
 to the two Men, carrying Tourniquet Man away from --

22 THE LOUD ENGINE 22  
 -- and they're at a safe distance -- that's when ANOTHER MAN,  
 his back to us -- someone we haven't seen -- runs past us,  
 just in front of the massive engine -- just as it REVS FULL  
BLAST -- AND THE MAN GETS SUCKED INTO THE ENGINE AND JUST AS  
HE HITS THE BLADES WE CUT BACK TO:

23 JACK 23

With Claire as the engine EXPLODES in the distance behind them -- camera ROCKED, Claire SCREAMS, Jack COVERS Claire with his body as debris falls -- LITTERING THE SITE WITH PIECES OF FIERY DEBRIS.

24 ANGLE 24

At least the HORRIBLE ENGINE NOISE IS GONE now -- and with Jack's horrified face close to Claire's, he forces himself to appear calm -- to his focus on her:

JACK

-- listen to me-- listen to me, you're gonna be okay -- do you understand? But you need to lie absolutely st--

CLAIRE

(suddenly, winces, scared)  
-- There -- God, that's a big one--

JACK

-- okay --  
(looks up, calls out:)  
YOU!

The random person who turns is a MAN -- a large guy, more or less frozen in terror -- this is HURLEY.

JACK (CONT'D)

COME HERE!

HURLEY

-- The -- the plane crashed--

JACK

Yeah, I know -- get over here!

And Hurley does -- in this moment he might just follow anyone anywhere -- Jack rips off his watch, gives it to him:

JACK (CONT'D)

-- I need you to get this woman away from these fumes! Take her over there! -- Then stay with her! Don't let her move! If her contractions occur closer than three minutes apart, call out for me!

HURLEY

-- okay-- okay--

-- you gotta be kidding me --

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CONT'D)  
(with bedside manner, to  
Claire)  
I'll be back soon.

CLAIRE  
-- Thank you --

Jack's already up -- Hurley calling out:

HURLEY  
-- Hey, what's your name?!

And here it is, the first time we've heard it:

JACK  
Jack!

And Hurley turns back to Claire, who says, crying:

CLAIRE  
-- I'm sorry --

Hurley quickly begins helping Claire up -- and though  
terrified, he tries to comfort her --

HURLEY  
-- Don't be sorry -- this wasn't your  
fault--

25 WITH JACK NOW

25

-- as he runs to the unconscious 60-year-old Peach Blouse  
Woman (ROSE) -- immediately taking over for the 30-year-old,  
whose name is BOONE:

<p>JACK -- stop -- her head's not tilted far back enough -- you're blowing air into her stomach-- (as he does the work) -- you <u>seriously</u> need to think about giving back that license --</p>	<p>BOONE -- are you sure? I'm a lifeguard! I'm licensed!</p>
---	--

And Jack's performing it now on Rose the way it should be --  
breath, breath, pump, pump, pump --

BOONE  
That's exactly what I was doing!



26 ANGLE - HURLEY AND CLAIRE 26

As Hurley moves with Claire to an area on the other side of the plane -- Claire lying down again, in pain, on the sand.

27 ANGLE - JACK AND ROSE 27

As he keeps trying CPR on her -- Boone watching --

BOONE

-- Hey man, she's still not breathing!

(then)

Maybe we need to do one of those hole things -- where you stick a pen in her throat?

JACK

(just get the fuck outta here)

-- Yeah, good idea -- you go get me a pen!

And Boone hurries off -- Jack, just relieved to be rid of him, goes back to Rose -- trying to bring her back -- when suddenly: WREEEEEEEEEEEEORRRRRR!!! -- a LOUD METALLIC WHINE which makes Jack TURN AROUND to look --

Dear God, it's --

28 THE FUCKING WING 28

-- THE 75-FOOT WING POINTING TOWARD GOD -- IT'S ACTUALLY BENDING AT THE FUSELAGE WHERE IT'S CRACKED -- IT'S STOPPED FOR THE MOMENT, BUT IT'S CLEAR: THIS THING IS MOMENTS AWAY FROM CRASHING DOWN UPON THE SAND -- WHIP PAN down to the sand -- WHERE HURLEY AND CLAIRE REST ON THE SAND, oblivious -- and in the direct path of the enormous metallic WING FULL OF FUEL -- HORRIFIED --

29 JACK WORKS ON THE WOMAN FASTER NOW 29

JACK

-- Come on! Come on!

30 AND THE WING BENDS AGAIN -- 30

about to go -- a SHOT FROM ABOVE THE WING -- FUEL SPRAYING FROM IT --

31 JACK KEEPS PUMPING -- PUMPING -- 31

Suddenly ROSE GASPS FOR BREATH -- horrified, disoriented, but ALIVE --

32 ANGLE 32

Seeing this, Jack's already RUNNING NOW as the WING BENDS AGAIN -- CRACKS MORE -- and as Jack runs he yells out:

JACK  
MOVE! MOVE!

Hurley turns -- sees Jack approach -- Hurley's confused:

HURLEY  
 You -- you said don't move!

JACK  
GO, GET HER UP!!! NOW!!!

33 HURLEY TURNS -- SEES THE WING -- WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEORRRRRRR!!! 33

HURLEY SCREAMS AS THE WING STARTS TO GO -- a LONG LENS SHOT as JACK ARRIVES -- GRABS THEM, PULLS THEM TO THEIR FEET AND RUSHES THEM AWAY AS THE WING FALLS RIGHT BEHIND THEM LIKE A TIPPING REDWOOD TREE --

34 -- AND THE WING SMASHES TO THE GROUND 34

LANDING ON pieces of FIERY ENGINE DEBRIS and KA-BOOOOOOOM!!!  
THE WING EXPLODES -- AN ENORMOUS BLAST -- pieces of FIERY  
METAL RAIN EVERYWHERE --

35 JACK 35

instinctively protecting Claire, SCARED BUT DETERMINED --

JACK  
 -- You okay?

She nods -- fast --

JACK (CONT'D)  
 (to Hurley)  
 Stay with her.

HURLEY  
 (out of breath)  
 Dude, I'm not goin' anywhere.

Jack gets up and moves off --

36 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY 36

Now we're LONG LENS as Jack walks through the wreckage scene -- amid smoldering piles of debris, and People helping each other. Things seem to finally be calming down.

37 JACK SCANS THE AREA

37

looking to make sure there's nothing that needs an urgent response. He finds one MAN, 45 in a suit, who lies on the ground, unconscious. BLEEDING BADLY from the head. Jack pulls open the Man's jacket -- TO REVEAL A PIECE OF METAL SHRAPNEL STUCK INTO HIS STOMACH.

Seeing this, Jack's eyes go flush with concern. He checks SHRAPNEL MAN's pulse -- pulls open his eyelids. Jack delicately removes the man's jacket, drapes it over him, forming a makeshift BLANKET. Jack turns to the ripped-open end of the fuselage -- where first class and the cockpit would normally be --

38 INT. FUSELAGE - DAY

38

INSIDE the fuselage, looking out, the tumultuous OCEAN framed by this giant shattered aluminum tube. It's a disorienting shot, since the plane is BANKED ON ITS SIDE. At this angle, SEATS are on a SIDE WALL, the wreckage-strewn floor actually a long row of windows.

And Jack appears, looking into the fuselage -- and we PUSH IN ON HIM. What Jack sees -- despite his ER training -- sickens him. Then Boone arrives, urgent, holding a HANDFUL OF PENS.

BOONE

-- I didn't know which one would work best.

For a long beat, Jack's eyes don't leave the fuselage. Finally he looks at Boone. And the pens. And tears well in Jack's eyes -- the whole experience finally catching up to him. Jack takes all of the pens, saying, softly, emotionally, kindly:

JACK

...They're all good. Thanks...

And Jack walks off, past Boone, who turns, watching Jack go.

39 EXT. BEACH - DAY

39

A fifty-yard distance from the wreckage, a fellow survivor stands here, staring almost angrily at the wrecked plane. He's 35, handsome, with a cocky, self-centered vibe. And he's smoking. Meet SAWYER.

A few others recover about here -- including another Man, who approaches. 25. English rocker. Self-deprecating -- somewhere between an adult and a child. This is CHARLIE. These two have never spoken.

(CONTINUED)

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39 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE SAWYER  
-- You, uh... s'cuse me, ya sure you should be smoking--? -- You sure you want me to shove my foot up your ass?

A beat.

CHARLIE  
Okay. Excellent, just... thought I'd raise it.

Charlie walks off. A beat later, he returns --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
-- Mind if I... bum one then? Thanks...

Charlie takes a cig from tough Sawyer, then walks off.

40 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY 40

MUSIC: Synthesizer DRONE. A surreal post-disaster moment. LONG LENS SHOT as Jack, for the first time appearing vulnerable -- perhaps even weak -- near the jet's open CARGO DOOR. He rummages through a stranger's SUITCASE... other bags he's already searched beside it. As he ZIPS open someone's TOILETRY BAG --

41 EXT. BEACH WOODS - DAY 41

A cluster of trees off the beach. The SHATTERED JET barely visible in the distance. Jack walks in here, getting away from the others.

TIGHT SHOTS as he sets down, on a large rock, a TRAVEL SEWING KIT. A LIGHTER. A T-shirt.

And in some pain, Jack pulls off his jacket -- revealing an enormous BLOOD STAIN and RIP on the side of his shirt. He carefully removes his shirt. Looks down at the LARGE SLASH -- A DEEP SIX INCH CUT STARTING ON HIS LEFT SIDE AND RUNNING TO HIS BACK.

Christ, he did all that with this crash wound.

He twists, trying to figure out how best to sew himself up. He angles around -- can't find a good way to approach this. And we watch him for a long beat, feeling for Jack as he tries to solve this painful puzzle. Frustrated but needing help, Jack looks around -- we pop to a TIGHT SHOT as he sees something off-camera. Something that makes him stop...

... and we see his point of view: walking, slowly, seemingly aimless through the brush, is a WOMAN.

She's thirty feet away, her back to us. Jack watches her for a moment. Then he calls out:

JACK  
Excuse me!

And this woman turns. Her face pale, ghostly. Wracked in stress. Eyes wet. This is KATE. Pretty, 26 years-old. Smart. Trustworthy. And, in all the important ways, entirely untested.

JACK (CONT'D)  
D'y'ever use a needle?

And Kate just stares at him for a moment, disoriented.

KATE  
...d-- what?

JACK  
Have you ever patched up a pair of jeans?

KATE  
(beat, about to cry)  
... I... I made the drapes in my apartment  
-- ?

JACK  
That's fantastic -- d'you have a second?  
I need a little help.

Kate takes a post-traumatic-stress-disorder beat, then moves forward, through the trees. She arrives at Jack.

KATE  
...Help with what?

And Jack turns, SHOWING HER THE WOUND.

JACK  
This.

And her eyes just close.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I'd do it myself -- I'm a doctor -- but I  
just can't reach it.

KATE  
(eyes closed)  
You want me to sew that up.

JACK  
It's just like drapes, same thing--

KATE  
-- No, I used a sewing machine on the drapes --

JACK  
You can do this, I'm telling you. If you wouldn't mind.

A beat. Finally Kate snaps into agreement: she'll do it.

JACK (CONT'D)  
-- Thank you --

And Jack pulls from his pocket the mini bottle of VODKA. Holds it out to her, as if offering a drink. Odd. Then:

JACK (CONT'D)  
It's for your hands.

Understanding now, she takes the vodka, cleans her hands with it.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Save some for me.  
(off her look; smiles)  
The wound.

She nods, gives back the half empty bottle as he gives her the needle and thread:

JACK (CONT'D)  
You're gonna have to sterilize the needle.

She takes the stuff, using the lighter to heat the needle.

Jack sits on the rock, sucks in a sharp intake of breath as he pours the remaining vodka over his wound -- it fucking STINGS --

Kate's finished with the needle -- considers the SIX COLORS OF THREAD in the travel sewing kit.

KATE  
Any, uh... color preference?

Jack looks at her -- there it was, the first flash of her personality.

JACK  
Standard black.

Kate nods, trying to stay cool, pulling out a length of black thread and threads the needle. Kate then kneels beside him -- and after a beat she starts to sew his skin. Then:

KATE  
So I might throw up on you.

JACK  
(it hurts, but:)  
You're doing fine.

He watches her, this pretty young woman he doesn't know, stitching him back together again, trying to keep her composure. CLOSE ON her hands. No jewelry, no watch.

JACK (CONT'D)  
You live in New York?

God, she just wants to lose it. But she doesn't.

KATE  
... I used to. I've been in New Zealand.  
About a year.

JACK  
...How come?

KATE  
Oh, I just... had to get away --

-- And suddenly Kate is crying. It just caught up to her, that's all. And she weeps, resting her head on the back of her hand. Jack suddenly feels guilty, watching this kind stranger weep. So he speaks, quietly, sweetly:

JACK  
...Hey... hey, listen, I can get someone  
else to do this--

KATE  
-- No. No, I'm okay.

And Kate gathers her strength -- shows a small sign that she's not someone to give up. She SNIFFLES, gathers herself. Knows she must. She continues sewing.

KATE (CONT'D)  
You don't seem afraid at all. I don't  
understand that.

JACK  
Fear's sort of an odd thing. It's like  
an in-law who just drops in.  
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

You don't like it, but you can't just get rid of it. It's a struggle. But you have to learn to deal with it or it'll make you insane.

KATE

I haven't had much success with fear.

Sensing she needs some help as she works on him, Jack offers:

JACK

When I was in residency, my first solo procedure was a spinal surgery on a sixteen year-old kid. Girl.

(beat)

At the end of it -- thirteen hours later -- I was closing her up... and I... I accidentally ripped her dural sack -- you know what that is?

Kate has stopped sewing, now staring at him.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's at the base of the spine, where all the nerves come together. Membrane as thin as tissue. So it ripped open -- the nerves just spilled out like angel hair pasta-- her spinal fluid flowing out and I just... froze. 'Cause I knew. If I didn't get those nerves back in that sack and sew it up... those thirteen hours were for nothing, that girl would be paralyzed. I had about a minute.

(beat)

And all the assistants were just watching me, I could feel their eyes. And the terror was so... crazy, so real... and I knew I had to deal with it. So I just made a choice. I'd let the fear in. Let it take over. Let it do its thing.

(looks at Kate)

But only for five seconds. That's all I was gonna give it. So I started to count to five. I could feel it inside -- like when you drink a milkshake on a hot day.

(beat)

One, two, three, four, five.

(beat)

And it was gone. I got back to work. Sewed her up. She was fine.

Kate breathes again, returns to stitching him.

(CONTINUED)

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JACK (CONT'D)

I think everyone has something like that.  
A moment where you establish your  
relationship with fear. And either you  
learn to deal with it... or you don't.

From Kate, a little, sad laugh:

KATE

If that had been me... I think I would've  
run for the closest door.

JACK

No, I don't think that's true.  
(then)  
You're not running now.

And Kate stops -- looks up at him. Her eyes clearly saying,  
"Oh yes I am."

42 EXT. CRASH SITE - DUSK

42

The sun drops below the horizon. The sky turning a  
miraculous purple-red.

Claire watches the sunset.

At another part of the beach, Locke watches the sunset.

43 ANGLE - THE LARGE BONFIRE - DUSK

43

A MAN WANDERS into frame. Stops. Checks his CELL PHONE.  
Holds it in the air. Takes another few steps. Checks it  
again. This ritual has been going on for awhile.

CAMERA PULLS BACK past a 40 year-old Middle Eastern man,  
SAYID, along with Boone (the former lifeguard) and a few  
others, throw PALM FRONDS to make it even bigger. Sayid  
turns -- sees Charlie (our English rocker), sitting alone,  
clutching his legs, looking like he's got the chills.

SAYID

You! What's your name?

Charlie's head snaps to Sayid:

CHARLIE

-- What -- sorry -- Charlie.

SAYID

Charlie, we need some help with the fire!  
No one will see it if it isn't big!

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE  
(getting up, helping)  
-- Right! I'm on it! What's your name?

SAYID  
Sayid.

CHARLIE  
-- Sayid! I am on it, Sayid!

TRACK CHARLIE as he goes for more fronds -- CAMERA STOPPING ON ROSE, the woman Jack resuscitated, who sits on the sand near the fire, a blanket wrapped around her. Lit by the fire, she's taking a man's WEDDING BAND and stringing it into her necklace, turning the ring into a pendant.

44 FIVE BONFIRES - NIGHT 44

Spread out across the beach, groups of EIGHT to TWELVE SURVIVORS huddle around them. And we get a sense now of how many have survived: forty-seven people. One of the fires is particularly big --

45 ANGLE - A KOREAN COUPLE 45

30's. Her name is SUN, his is JIN. Both scratched up, neither seriously wounded. She sits, he kneels before her, holding her face in his hands. Talks to her IN KOREAN, deeply caring. She's just nodding, agreeing with whatever it is he asks. Those who speak Korean understand:

JIN  
(in KOREAN)  
I want you to stay in my sight at all times. If I walk away, you follow. We need to stay together, do you understand me? We cannot be apart.

-- And as he continues, Hurley CROSSES FRAME -- we FOLLOW HIM NOW. He carries two dozen THAWED-OUT AIRPLANE MEALS. He arrives at:

46 CLAIRE 46

The pregnant woman, who sits in a disembodied Business Class chair on the beach. She rests comfortably. Relatively speaking, she's doing fine. Hurley offers her a meal:

HURLEY  
Hungry?

CLAIRE  
(sweetly, taking it)  
-- Yeah. Thank you.

HURLEY  
(re: contractions)  
Any more, uh... you know, baby stuff?

CLAIRE  
No. No... I'm all right.

Hurley's glad. Hands her some plastic silverware:

HURLEY  
Hang in there.

CLAIRE  
Yeah. You too.

Hurley nods confidently and walks off.

47 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

47

SHANNON (the 20 year-old girl who was just screaming her ass off before) sits on the beach beside a small FIRE, painting her toenails, of all things. She's composed now, but still coming down from the experience.

After a beat, Boone sits closely beside her on the sand, facing her. Watches her paint her toenails. There's something clear here: there's enormous animosity between them. Regardless, he offers her a chocolate bar.

SHANNON  
As if I'm gonna start eating chocolate.

He wants to kill her.

BOONE  
How are your toenails coming.

SHANNON  
They're fine, thanks.

A beat. Boone stares at her.

BOONE  
Shannon, we might be here a while

SHANNON  
I can go a day without eating  
if I have to.

BOONE  
We might be here longer than  
a day.

SHANNON  
The plane had a black box, idiot. They  
know exactly where we are, they're  
coming.  
(beat, then:)  
Lemme guess. You don't think they are.

BOONE  
No, I'm pretty sure they're not.

SHANNON  
Why.

BOONE  
Because you're so sure they are.

SHANNON  
You're such an ass.

BOONE  
While that may be true, I am still -- I  
swear to God for reasons I will never  
understand -- concerned about your  
survival.

And he offers the candy bar again. Shannon just looks at  
him. All resentment. And while she's hungry, she says:

SHANNON  
I'll eat on the rescue boat.

She goes back to her nails. Boone knows that's a pipe dream.  
Resenting her in equal measure, he rips open the bar and  
starts eating.

48 EXT. SHORE - NIGHT

48

Locke, the man Jack recruited to help save Shrapnel Man, sits  
on a piece of curved jet wreckage, which almost looks like a  
modernist sculpture. Locke just stares out at the crashing  
water. Eyes fixed on the nothingness out there. Hurley  
approaches.

HURLEY  
We got chicken or lasagna.

A long beat. Locke doesn't move. Finally:

HURLEY (CONT'D)  
They're not cooked, but they can't be  
worse cold than they were heated.

Locke doesn't look away from the night sea. A beat.

HURLEY (CONT'D)  
Hello?

But Locke still doesn't respond.

HURLEY (CONT'D)  
Okay, you too.

And Hurley just walks off.

49 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

49

RIIIIIIP: Jack rips open Shrapnel Man's shirt. The metal piece still embedded in this breathing-but-unconscious man's belly. It's a dirty, bloody mess. Jack kneels over him, checking the wound. Kate sits close, watching intently. BONFIRES in the background.

KATE  
-- Why aren't you removing that?

JACK  
Because it could be holding his stomach together. Pulling this out could cause more damage than leaving it until help comes.  
(then)  
His head wound's bad too.

KATE  
...Is he gonna live?

JACK  
I could tell you a lot more if there was a CAT scan around.

Kate can't take her eyes off the Man. Jack turns to her and sees this. Realizes there's a connection between them:

JACK (CONT'D)  
...Do you know him?

KATE  
(beat, staring)  
...He was sitting next to me.

49 CONTINUED:

And Jack feels for her. Wishes he could fix all of this.  
But he can't.

50 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 50

Now we FAVOR a nine year-old boy -- WALT -- who lies here, on his side, covered in layers of clothing to keep him warm. His eyes are open, staring off. His father, MICHAEL, 32, lies beside him.

MICHAEL  
Hey. Walt. Sure you're warm enough?

WALT  
(a whisper)  
...Yeah.

Michael wants to make it better for his son -- somehow -- but he can't think of one thing to do or say. Finally:

MICHAEL  
Love you.

And we just hold. Walt not saying a thing.

51 EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT 51

Imagine the most spectacular view of the stars visible from Earth.

JACK (O.S.)  
We must've been close to 40,000 feet when it happened.

Then a crude MODEL OF A PLANE appears -- maybe eight inches long, CUT out of that BANANA LEAF, and held by Jack's HAND.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
When we hit a pocket of dead air.

Now we see that we are:

52 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 52

Bonfires and other survivors in the distance. Jack and Kate are together here, using a piece of wreckage as a table. Jack holds the model plane, re-enacting the pre-crash moments, trying to make sense of it all. Kate's hands are clasped at her mouth as she watches, closely, intensely.

JACK

We dropped. Must've been two-hundred feet. The turbulence that followed... by far the worst I've ever been through... but turbulence doesn't bring down planes.

(beat)

Electrical power came in and out. Sounded like the hydraulics went out. It was pretty clear what was happening.

(beat)

How long would you say that lasted?

KATE

...Five minutes?

JACK

Yeah, that's what I was thinking...

(beat)

There was too much stress on the structure of the plane.

(beat)

That's when the tail broke away.

And Jack snaps off the tail -- he now, slowly, turns the fuselage, rolling it -- and you can imagine how terrifying this actually was -- as he does this, Kate watches the model, tears in her eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)

-- We were out of control. We actually went up for a while. Then dropping... flipping...

(then, it occurs to him)

What row were you in?

KATE

...27.

JACK

23.

(then)

...I blacked out.

And God, this is the worst memory of all time. Still, Kate fights for her composure as she says:

KATE

(unfortunately)

I didn't.

(beat, with dread)

I saw the whole thing. We were falling... I knew the tail was gone. I couldn't make myself look back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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KATE (CONT'D)

(then)

Then the... the front section came apart.

Jack rips off the nose section -- slowly cartwheeling the leaf model...

JACK

-- Did it hit something?

KATE

It might have.

(beat, wipes away a tear)

We crashed maybe five seconds later.

And Jack lets the model come down -- in a position resembling what we saw at the opening. The ANGLE IS LOW NOW -- MACRO -- it looks like the opening in model form. Jack considers this. Sort of studies the image, trying to figure it out.

JACK

The front end of the fuselage isn't on the beach. Neither's the tail. I woke up about five hundred yards away from the beach... must've fallen out while the fuselage was cartwheeling...

(realizes his own amazing luck;

then)

We need to figure out which way we came in.

KATE

Why.

JACK

Because there's a chance we could find the cockpit. If it's still intact, there could be a transceiver. That would let us send a signal, help a rescue party find us.

KATE

(a little bit of awe)

How do you know all that?

JACK

I took a couple of flying lessons.

(forces a smile)

Wasn't for me.

KATE

I saw some smoke. From the beach -- about a mile inland. -- Where?  
(pointing)

-- through the valley. From the jungle, there.

JACK

(CONTINUED)

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His eyes on the blackness of the night. As he stares, in his gut knowing it's the cockpit, Kate says:

KATE  
If you're going for the cockpit, I'm  
going with you.  
(determined)  
We'll leave as soon as it's light.

Jack can't help but delight in this resolute young woman.

JACK  
I don't know your name.

KATE  
I'm Kate.

JACK  
Jack.  
(smiles)  
So what were you doing in New Zealand?

Now that the topic of conversation has shifted, Kate stiffens momentarily. Then --

KATE  
Everything. Feels like.  
(off Jack's curiosity)  
I was, uh... mixing paint for a while.  
At a hardware store. I worked for a  
veterinarian, in Lumsden.

JACK  
Lumsden.

KATE  
(enough about me, pal)  
So what's up with the tattoos, Jack? You  
one of those really hardcore spinal  
surgeons or what?

Now it's JACK's turn to stiffen. But before he can answer --

MWOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR! Jack and Kate turn --  
listening to --

FUCKING INDESCRIBABLE -- UNLIKE ANYTHING WE'VE EVER HEARD  
BEFORE -- TERRIFYINGLY PRIMITIVE -- PROFOUNDLY DISTURBING.

54 OTHER SURVIVORS 54

Turn in the distance, looking, scared as Kate enters frame in FOREGROUND -- in EXTREME CLOSEUP --

KATE  
(at a whisper)  
...What was that...?

And Jack walks up behind her, looking out -- with no answer --

55 ANGLE - LOCKE 55

PUSH IN ON HIM as he turns back toward the jungle -- seated, as he has been for hours, staring out to sea. Locke doesn't seem scared as much as accepting of whatever challenge this is. This guy's somehow accepted his mortality in a way that can only, inevitably, be frightening.

56 ANGLE - WALT AND MICHAEL 56

The boy's sitting up -- eagerly reacting to the sound -- somehow HOPEFUL -- Michael seen behind him, concerned -- both looking toward the distant jungle --

WALT  
-- I think that's Vincent --

MICHAEL  
(beat, afraid)  
-- That's not Vincent --

57 ANGLE - CLAIRE 57

Mid-way through her meal, Claire is turned, eyes on the distant jungle valley --

CLAIRE  
-- Did anyone hear that sound -- ?

DOLLY to find Hurley, getting to his feet and moving forward.

HURLEY  
...I think, uh... unfortunately all of us did.

Suddenly -- THE SOUND AGAIN -- and -- WORSE -- Hurley TURNS toward the source of the SOUND --

58 ANGLE - TREES 58

Distant 50-foot tall TREES SWAY -- hundreds of yards away --  
PAN to Jack and Kate -- who step forward -- moving closer to  
the scary SOUND --

59 ANGLE - SHANNON AND BOONE 59

Sitting, but already alert --

SHANNON

-- Okay... this isn't funny--

Boone gets up -- moves to get closer to maybe see something --  
Shannon is on her feet, pissed --

SHANNON (CONT'D)

-- Boone -- wait -- !

60 ANGLE - SAYID AND CHARLIE 60

-- And the Others at the bonfire -- start to move toward the  
noise --

61 ANGLE - THE GROUP 61

And all of the characters we've met so far gather on the  
beach -- in a sort of tiered way -- Jack and Kate near the  
front. There's a long silence, all of them watching...  
afraid -- then, suddenly, GASPS as all their heads  
simultaneously TURN to --

62 ANOTHER PART OF THE JUNGLE -- 62

where a SERIES OF DISTANT TREES SWAY as if something SCARY-  
BIG is moving -- A FEW ACRES IN SECONDS -- this huge THING --  
whatever the hell it is -- seems to be disappearing into the  
jungle --

63 -- AN WE HOLD ON OUR TERRIFIED MAIN CHARACTERS 63

for a long beat... until finally...

CHARLIE

Terrific.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

64 THOUSANDS OF FEET ABOVE PURE TURQUOISE OCEAN, STRETCHING FOR 64  
MILES AND MILES AND MILES -- MOVING OVER AN ENDLESS EXPANSE  
OF BLUE.

And we begin to PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

65 INT. PLANE - FLYING - DAY 65

This was Jack's POV -- as he still stares out the window,  
contemplating something pretty heavy. Then:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1  
...How's the drink?

Jack turns -- looking up at the pretty, Australian FLIGHT  
ATTENDANT.

JACK  
(bad)  
It's good.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1  
That wasn't a very strong reaction.

JACK  
It's not a very strong drink.

So she slips a couple MINI-BOTTLES of VODKA from her cart to  
Jack.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1  
(quiet, playful)  
Shh.

JACK  
(leans in, sotto,  
conspiratorial)  
This of course breaks some critical FAA  
regulations --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1  
I saw you when you got on. Giving your  
first class ticket to that older lady.

JACK  
Oh, I wasn't being sweet. She guilted me  
into it. She's like six-hundred years  
old and says she's never flown before.  
(gimme a break)  
Come on.

(CONTINUED)

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1  
You think it's all an act?

JACK  
I'm pretty sure.

Smiling, she walks off, toward the rear of the plane -- where she has words with another Passenger a few rows back. Jack is smiling too, hoping she'll be back again soon. Pleased, Jack twists open one of the bottles, empties it into his DRINK. DOWNS the whole thing.

He puts the other mini-bottle into his jacket pocket.

Unbuckles his seatbelt, gets out of his seat just as CHARLIE quickly pushes past, heading toward the front of the plane at a swift clip -- a man on a mission --

CHARLIE  
Sorry...

ROSE  
Guess he really had to go.

Jack smiles at ROSE seated across the row from him. Of course he has no idea that he will, in short order, save this woman's life.

Suddenly: light TURBULENCE. Just a little. No big deal. DING -- "FASTEN SEATBELTS" LIGHTS UP. Jack becomes visibly tense, does his best not to let it show --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT'S VOICE  
Ladies and gentleman, the pilot has turned on the fasten seatbelts sign -- please return to your seats with your seatbelts fastened...

Jack glances at Rose, nervously clutching her armrest.

JACK  
It's normal.

ROSE  
(grateful)  
...Oh, I know.  
(then)  
I've just never been a good flier. My husband always reminds me that planes want to be in the air.

JACK  
Well he sounds like a smart man.

ROSE  
(smiles)  
You be sure and tell him that when he  
gets back from the bathroom.

The plane SHAKES again. Jack smiles at Rose... and we almost  
get the sense it's easier for him to focus on her fear than  
deal with his own --

JACK  
I'll keep you company 'til he does.  
(clicks seatbelt)  
Don't worry, it'll be over in a --

66 AND THE PLANE DROPS TWO HUNDRED FEET IN TWO SECONDS -- 66  
SCREAMS, ENGINE WHINES AND THREE PEOPLE AND EVERY LOOSE  
OBJECT SLAM TO THE CEILING -- JACK GRIPS THE ARMRESTS AS THE  
PLANE SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY AND WE SMASH CUT TO --

67 EXT. BEACH - DAWN 67

CRASHING WAVES and we're TIGHT ON JACK, his eyes focused out  
across the water as the SUN RISES. Remembering the horror as  
the SUN RISES. It's an unadulterated moment of PURE ISLAND  
BEAUTY -- and Jack, now in a clean white T-shirt, takes it  
in.

We're DOLLYING, Jack in FOREGROUND CLOSEUP, as behind him the  
Survivors are mostly grouped together now -- nobody slept --  
they're all wired, SCARED -- and Walt stands among them,  
looking up at this strange collection of adults, all talking  
over each other about that "THING" from the night before --

MICHAEL  
It wasn't natural, whatever it was...

ROSE  
-- that sound it made -- I keep thinking,  
there was something familiar about it.

SHANNON  
Really? Where are you from?

ROSE  
The Bronx.

CHARLIE  
It could've been something like monkeys.

SAWYER  
Yeah, I'm sure it was monkeys. It's  
Monkey Island.

HURLEY  
Technically, you know, we don't even know  
if we're on an island --

SAYID  
(if he knows anything)  
-- We're on an island.

This is all just buzz to Jack -- the same conversation has  
been going all night. He's still in his own head space as  
Kate arrives, close -- almost conspiratorial:

KATE  
You ready?

Jack turns to see Kate. She's tired, scared, but determined.

JACK  
Kate, you showed me where the smoke was.  
I can get there myself--

KATE  
I'm coming with you.

JACK  
I want you to stay here.                      -- No.                      KATE

JACK  
We don't know what the terrain's gonna  
be. You're safer if you--

KATE  
I can't prove to you that I'm up for it.  
All I can say is my gym had a rock  
climbing wall -- and yeah, I realize how  
pathetic that sounds.  
(then, firm but simple)  
I'm going with you.

Jack won't argue. Truth is, he wants the company. Then:

JACK  
You're gonna need better shoes.

Near the crash, she's doing the bleak work of pulling boots  
off a DEAD BODY. She puts them on. They fit. A severe but  
necessary move. And she looks up -- far across the beach,  
LOCKE is watching her. A somewhat intense gaze. And Kate  
thinks for a moment, "Did Locke know the woman whose shoes  
I'm now wearing?" But in the middle of that question, Locke  
SMILES -- AND REVEALS AN ORANGE PEEL COVERING HIS TEETH.

68 CONTINUED:

68

Somehow, this moment just gives Kate the chills. And Locke turns away from her, continuing to PEEL THE ORANGE that he's eating.

69 ANGLE - 15 SURVIVORS

69

Sitting together. Among them are Boone and Shannon, Sayid, Charlie, Michael and Walt.

CHARLIE

-- Anyone have any sunscreen?

SHANNON

(going for her backpack)  
Yeah, I do.

HURLEY

So I was just looking inside the fuselage. It's pretty grim in there. You think we should be doing anything about the, uh...

(uncomfortable with Walt)

... "B-O-D-Y-S"?

No one gets his spelling.

MICHAEL

What are you spelling, man, "Bodies"?

WALT

B-O-D-I-E-S.

SHANNON

(hands Charlie sunblock)  
They'll deal with 'em. When they get here.

CHARLIE

(re: sunblock)  
SPF 2? Do they even make this?

SHANNON

Fine.

She grabs it back as Jack arrives:

JACK

I'm going to look for the cockpit. See if we can find a transceiver to send out a distress signal. Help out the rescue team.

(they're surprised, he addresses Boone)

You're gonna need to keep an eye on the wounded.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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JACK (CONT'D)

If that guy in the suit wakes up, try to keep him calm -- don't let him remove that piece of shrapnel. You understand?

BOONE

What about the guy with the leg? Your tourniquet --

JACK

Stopped the bleeding. I took it off last night. He'll be all right.

BOONE

-- Yeah, okay. Cool -- uh, good job.

CHARLIE

(moves to them)

-- Hey, I'm coming with -- I wanna help --

JACK

-- I don't need anymore help --

CHARLIE

-- No, I wanna go, I'm not too keen on keeping still --

And Sawyer enters the group now:

SAWYER

Yeah, this is genius. Going into the jungle? After that sound last night? The thing that moved those trees? Yeah, this is a great idea.

And Kate arrives --

KATE

(re: sawyer)

-- What's going on?

JACK

-- Nothing --

SAWYER

When they show up to rescue us while you're gone? We're not waiting around.

JACK

(to Kate)

Let's go.

CHARLIE

-- Oh, she's coming too? Excellent.

(CONTINUED)

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And Charlie actually goes first. Jack and Kate share a look -- and the two head off after him.

70 EXT. JUNGLE - THE HIKE - MORNING - LATER

70

Jack cuts a SWATH through the jungle with a large STICK, forging a path of sorts. A man of few words, he's about ten yards ahead of --

KATE and CHARLIE. Walking in silence for a beat. Then:

KATE

You mind if I ask you something?

CHARLIE

Me? No, I'd be thrilled -- I've been waiting.

KATE

Have we ever met anywhere?

CHARLIE

Nah. That would be unlikely.

KATE

Hm.

They keep walking.

CHARLIE

I look familiar though.

KATE

Yeah.

CHARLIE

You can't quite place it.

KATE

No, I can't.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Yeah, I think I know.

KATE

...You do?

Then Charlie does something surprising. He starts singing.

CHARLIE

"Till the ennnnd of time! You know you thought you would be caught -- Till the ennnnd of time...!"

(CONTINUED)

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As he walks, Charlie looks back at her, somehow impressed by himself. Kate has no idea what that meant. Jack watches Charlie like he's nuts.

CHARLIE (CONT'D) (almost insulted)  
You still don't get it? You never heard that song?

KATE -- Of course I've heard it, I just don't know what the hell that has to --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
-- Well that's why I'm -- that's us!  
Drive Shaft!

KATE  
-- What?

CHARLIE  
God -- have you never heard of bloody  
Drive Shaft?

KATE The band?  
-- You were in Drive Shaft?  
Are you kidding me?  
-- My friend Beth would freak out, she loved you --

CHARLIE Yes, the band!  
-- Not was, I'm in it! Right now, we're still together, I'm the bassist!  
-- Kidding? No! I'm fantastic! With a bass. Gimme Beth's number, I'll call her.

KATE  
(to Jack)  
You know Drive Shaft?

And Jack shakes his head, a grateful "no"...

KATE (CONT'D)  
They were good.

CHARLIE  
-- You don't have to keep using the past tense, you know. We're still together.  
(as they hike...)  
In fact, I'm supposed to be in the middle of a comeback. So...

And they continue, into the jungle... and now we're on a WIDE SHOT of the three of them on their trek -- and we begin to BOOM DOWN and realize... it's actually a POV:

71 REVERSE ANGLE 71

Through the overgrown bushes -- something's watching them. It's the WHITE LAB from the opening...

72 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 72

TIGHTER as they enter another area of jungle. And suddenly... THE SKY DARKENS. Day to GRAY in seconds -- Charlie, looks up at the sky -- WIND picks up. ELECTRICITY crackles in the air -- the three stop.

CHARLIE

This -- is this normal...?

SUDDENLY IT'S POURING. SHEETS OF RAIN. FUCKING TORRENTIAL. Jack, Kate, Charlie -- all SOAKED instantly -- and they pick up their pace, hurrying off as we CUT TO:

73 EXT. "BASE CAMP" - CRASH SITE - RAINSTORM - DAY 73

The rain pouring down -- VARIOUS SHOTS of the Survivors scrambling.

The Korean couple (SUN and JIN) huddle with half a dozen other survivors under a piece of FUSELAGE DEBRIS -- when another Survivor runs over, Jin YELLS at them in Korean over the DIN of the rain, pointing:

JIN

(in KOREAN)

There's no more room here! Over there!  
There's room over there!

And that Survivor is turned away, running past Michael, who covers his son Walt with a too-large raincoat.

Shannon and Boone head toward the wrecked plane -- stopped by Hurley, who yells to them over the NOISE:

HURLEY

I'm telling you, you don't wanna go in there! Too many bodies!

So Shannon and Boone head for shelter of some nearby trees.

And Locke -- odd Locke -- who sits near the shore, eyes closed, head back. Letting the rain fall onto his face. Washing clean all that's come before...

And there's Sayid, being smart: he sets up a TARP he's found in cargo -- using aluminum sticks of wreckage as supports. And as soon as it's up, Sawyer enters --

(CONTINUED)

SAYID  
I need to put up the other side!

SAWYER  
(don't tell me what to do)  
Yeah, I'm all right in here, Osama.

TIGHT on Sayid as he turns to Sawyer. Fury in his eyes.

SAYID  
...What did you call me?

74 EXT. JUNGLE - VALLEY OF TREES - RAINSTORM - DAY

74

-- AND DISTANT TREES SWAY again -- as if the thing is heading into the deep valley -- MOVING -- and we PAN FAST -- we're UNDER DEBRIS SHELTER -- TIGHT ON CLAIRE'S FACE as she says --

CLAIRE  
-- Look -- oh God, look, out there --

-- we then CONTINUE THE PAN to ROSE, the rainy beach and ocean in the background. And we PUSH IN on Rose, who says:

ROSE  
... that's the way the doctor went...

And the SOUND OF RAIN BUILDS AND WE...

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

75 EXT. JUNGLE - RAINSTORM - DAY 75

As the rain POUNDS, we find Jack, Kate and Charlie, continuing their hike. They finally stop. Their eyes falling upon something -- and we PAN TO SEE IT.

It's the COCKPIT. Actually, the entire front SECTION OF THE PLANE, smashed badly, UPENDED, resting against a giant tree. The characters take it in for a moment. A horrible sight. And as they exchange a look, ready for anything...

76 EXT. JUNGLE - RAINSTORM - DAY 76

BOOM DOWN over the massive piece of fuselage as Jack, Kate and Charlie arrive, looking up at the terrifying debris. Our TRIO moves around the WRECKAGE, twisted metal offering no obvious way in. Kate SPOTS something:

KATE  
(shouts over the rain)  
OVER HERE!

Jack and Charlie come to Kate, who indicates a JAGGED OPENING AT GROUND LEVEL -- enter-able, but TIGHT. Kate gets on her stomach and CRAWLS into --

77 INT. FRONT SECTION OF THE PLANE - RAINSTORM - DAY 77

Kate stands up to find herself -- inside the front section of the plane. Everything eerily CANTED: all of FIRST CLASS and the FRONT LAVATORIES between her and the COCKPIT. OVERHEAD BINS hanging open, the aisles themselves on an ANGLE -- RAIN leaking in -- half a dozen BODIES still in their chairs.

Jack emerges from the opening -- Sees Kate is uneasy --

CHARLIE  
Let's find your transgizmo and get outta here, yeah?

Jack starts to move up the aisle -- fighting GRAVITY -- has to grab onto the SEATS so he doesn't fall...

Kate follows him, THE SOUND OF THE RAIN still pounding on the shattered hull. Goes without being said --

This is all pretty fucking SCARY.

Charlie then crawls through. Stands. Looks up, toward the cockpit. Takes it all in --

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 God... this is horrible...

He starts climbing behind them...

78 INT. FRONT SECTION OF THE PLANE - COCKPIT DOOR - RAINSTORM - 78  
 CONTINUOUS

Jack reaches the COCKPIT DOOR. Battered by the crash -- slightly ajar, but still LOCKED. Jack reaches in -- TUGS on the door. But it won't open. Jack grabs a CHARRED FIRE EXTINGUISHER...

JACK  
 (to Kate)  
 -- Get back...

And Jack SLAMS the extinguisher down on the DOOR KNOB. Dents, but nothing. SLAMS it down again -- the lock BREAKS a little -- but it'll take some more SLAMS --

JACK (CONT'D)  
 (HITTING IT with all his MIGHT)  
Come on-- come on-- COME ON!

BANG! The knob BREAKS off! And Jack drops the extinguisher -- RIPS OPEN THE DOOR AND THE COPILOT'S BODY FALLS OUT!

Kate SCREAMS -- Jack SHOUTS -- and the body lands RIGHT NEAR CHARLIE, JUST AS HE'S CLIMBING INTO THE FRONT SECTION AND HE SCREAMS --

CHARLIE  
AAAHHH--DAMN! GOD!

Jack looks to Kate --

JACK  
 You okay?

KATE  
 (no)  
 -- Yeah, you?

CHARLIE  
 I'm all right! FYI -- I'm good...

And Jack pulls himself up and into:

79 INT. FRONT SECTION OF THE PLANE - COCKPIT - RAINSTORM -  
CONTINUOUS

79

Rain pours through one of the shattered windows -- though TREE BRANCHES and LEAVES obscures any view. The other windows are intact, but thick with humidity. Branches and leaves also obscure any view to the outside. The instrument panel broken -- some pieces HANGING -- WIRES EXPOSED.

And the PILOT's body is here, slumped in his seat. Jack turns back to Kate, who is about to climb up -- but she sees the Pilot's body.

JACK  
(protectively)  
-- You don't have to come up here--

KATE  
-- No, I'm good.

So Jack helps pull up Kate. As he starts searching compartments:

KATE (CONT'D)  
-- So what does a transceiver look like?

JACK  
-- Like a complicated walkie talkie.

Kate starts looking for it too. In order to check the Pilot's compartment, she has to pull him back, off the controls. So does, back into his seat and SUDDENLY THE PILOT JOLTS, AWAKE -- KATE GASPS and Jack, shocked, moves to him -- the Pilot COUGHS, disoriented and hurt. Jack unbuckles his straps -- checks his vitals --

JACK (CONT'D)	PILOT
-- Hey -- can you hear me?	(dazed, weak)
(to Kate)	-- What -- wh --
-- I need the water --	

Kate quickly goes through the backpack as Jack undoes the Pilot's tie, loosens his collar -- Kate hands the water to Jack, who gives it to the Pilot -- he drinks a little, coughs some up. A dried cut on the man's forehead -- his eye closed. Although a pro, the Pilot is on the verge of tears.

PILOT  
-- How many -- survived?

(CONTINUED)

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JACK  
At least forty-eight. Including you.  
(Pilot nods, heartsick)  
-- Anything feel broken?

The Pilot slowly, painfully begins to move -- but:

PILOT  
Head hurts -- dizzy...

JACK  
Probably a concussion.

PILOT  
-- How long has it been?

JACK  
Sixteen hours.

PILOT  
-- Sixteen...  
(then, afraid)  
-- Has anyone come?

JACK  
Not yet.

Jack and Kate watch as the Pilot closes his eyes, almost in pain at the thought. Finally, his voice weak:

PILOT  
Six hours in. Our radio went out. The  
redundant system... the transponder --  
wasn't functioning. No one could see us.  
(then, with dread)  
So we turned back. To land in Fiji.  
(dear God...)  
When we hit that turbulence... we were  
over a thousand miles off course --  
They'll be looking in the wrong place.

Kate looks to Jack -- this is even worse news than he anticipated.

PILOT (CONT'D)  
We have a transceiver--

JACK  
-- Good, that's what we were hoping --

And the Pilot tries to stand -- it's hard, he's so bruised --

JACK (CONT'D)  
You shouldn't try to...

PILOT  
(getting his bearings now)  
I'm all right.  
(points to the panel)  
Transceiver's in there.

Kate goes for a compartment -- and pulls out a DAMAGED RADIO. She hands it to the Pilot. He starts to work it -- when Jack realizes:

JACK  
-- Where's Charlie?

Good question. Kate moves back, out of the cockpit. The Pilot keeps trying to radio -- but:

PILOT  
-- It's not working...

80 INT. FRONT SECTION OF THE PLANE - RAINSTORM - CONTINUOUS 80

Kate peeks in -- but Charlie's nowhere to be seen. Played as an eerie moment... but then she sees the door to one of the FRONT LAVS is ajar. Hears something INSIDE.

Kate climbs back -- peers into the inverted bathroom, where Charlie's leaning over the toilet bowl --

KATE  
-- Hey, what're you d--?

Charlie jumps -- nervous -- turns to her -- we HOLD ON CHARLIE, he doesn't have a fast answer --

CHARLIE  
-- What? Nothing --

But then: MROOOOWRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOBWWRRRRRRRRRRRRRR! Oh shit: the SOUND again. Except this time it's CLOSE --

81 INT. COCKPIT - DAY 81

Jack turns -- the Pilot freezes --

PILOT  
-- What the hell was that?  
JACK  
(whisper yell to the back)  
Kate!

Kate's quickly climbing back in --

KATE  
(sotto)  
-- It's right outside --

PILOT  
-- What's righ -- ?

JACK  
-- Shh!

-- Whatever it is, it's RIGHT THERE -- stepping now, outside the cockpit -- they're motionless as there's ANOTHER STEP -- the WIRES in the cockpit SHAKE with the apparent "FOOT" IMPACT -- and a DARK SHAPE CROSSES the window --

Jack SLOWLY climbs up -- on one of the pilot seats -- and he uses his hand -- wipes away some of the humidity on the window in order to look outside -- but there's no way to see a thing out there.

So the Pilot gets up -- moves toward the broken window covered with LEAVES and BRANCHES --

JACK (CONT'D)  
-- I wouldn't do that.

PILOT  
-- Good to know.

And the Pilot puts the transceiver down on his seat as he pushes away the LEAVES and BRANCHES and PEEKS HIS HEAD OUT THE SHATTERED WINDOW.

Jack and Kate watch, terrified for a moment. Then, quietly:

KATE  
...Do you s--

SUDDENLY THE PILOT'S BODY GETS YANKED UP -- BUT HIS LEGS HIT THE DASH SO WHATEVER'S GOT HIM CAN'T PULL HIM OUT AND KATE SCREAMS AND THE PILOT -- HIS UPPER BODY OUTSIDE THE COCKPIT -- DROPS THE TRANSCEIVER ONTO THE FLOOR AND HE SCREAMS BLOODYFUCKINGMURDER AS JACK MOVES TO HOLD KATE BACK -- CHARLIE SCRAMBLES UP, YELLING:

CHARLIE  
-- WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPE--?!?!!

-- NOW CHARLIE'S SCREAMING AS THE PILOT'S BODY GETS YANKED UP AGAIN -- BAM! -- HIS LEGS HIT THE DASH AGAIN -- THE PILOT'S SCREAMS ARE HORRIBLE -- KATE SCREAMS AGAIN AS THE PILOT FINALLY GETS YANKED OUT OF THE COCKPIT AND SUDDENLY THE THING OUTSIDE SLAMS INTO THE SIDE OF THE COCKPIT --

81 CONTINUED: (2)

Jack, Kate and Charlie all on the ground, scrambling to get out, trying to get the fuck out of the cockpit but --

Jack looks back -- sees the TRANSCIVER has fallen off the pilot's seat. He reaches for it -- BAM! The cockpit jars again -- transceiver skitters out of Jack's grasp --

KATE CHARLIE  
JACK! C'MON! LEAVE IT!

JACK  
No...

But he doesn't give up -- lunges after it -- SLAM! Jack loses his footing, lands on his stomach -- transceiver's just sitting there, arm's length away and --

Jack finally gets it into his grasp -- staggering to his feet as it SHIFTS again and --

BAM!!! ONCE -- THE THREE FALL DOWN -- TWICE -- AND THEN AGAIN -- AND THE WHOLE COCKPIT DROPS --

82 EXT. FRONT SECTION OF THE PLANE - RAINSTORM - CONTINUOUS 82

-- The giant piece of jet CRASHES to the ground -- we're TIGHT so that we don't see the BEAST that's done it -- but now it makes a HORRIBLY LOUD CRY --

83 INT. FRONT SECTION OF THE PLANE - COCKPIT - RAINSTORM - CONTINUOUS 83

-- And it's so LOUD in here. Jack scrambles after Kate and Charlie, all three trying to get the fuck outta here --

84 EXT. FRONT SECTION OF THE PLANE - RAINSTORM - CONTINUOUS 84

-- And they do -- and they're RUNNING IN THE RAIN LIKE CRAZY -- another LOUD STEP and as we're TRACKING AT HIGH SPEED THROUGH THE RAIN -- WE WHIP PAN TO A SPRINTING KATE --

And we INTERCUT NOW between KATE, JACK AND CHARLIE -- ALL RUNNING LIKE NUTS --

MROOOOWRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOBWWRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

Christ, it's close -- THE SOUND is all around us now, no idea if we're running toward it or away from it, just PURE FUCKING FEAR AND CONFUSION and...

86 CHARLIE

86

Runs through THICK TANGLED ROOTS and WIPES OUT -- coming down HARD -- WIND knocked out of him -- he tries to get up but CAN'T -- suddenly JACK is there to help him up --

JACK

C'MON!

But Charlie's foot is caught and the fucking THING is COMING -- LOUDER AND LOUDER and that's when we CUT TO:

87 KATE

87

Still running, up ahead -- CRYING as she runs through the rain -- almost losing her footing, but not -- distant SCREAMS OVERWHELMED by a THUNDERCLAP and Kate SCREAMS as she runs:

KATE

JACK!!!

But when the THUNDER stops, the screaming is gone -- and Kate runs and runs and finally SLIPS -- FALLS HARD -- scrambles to her feet and takes SHELTER inside:

88 EXT. TREE TRUNK - RAINSTORM - CONTINUOUS

88

-- Kate's hiding now, in the ALIEN BRANCHES AND VINES of a 90-FOOT-TALL TREE. She waits there... and waits... TERRIFIED... and we just HOLD ON HER... AND HOLD... until she SCREAMS OUT -

KATE

JAAAAAACK!!!

-- But there's nothing -- no one -- and she waits... her eyes GLUED TO THE DIRECTION THEY JUST CAME FROM... she breathes heavily, waiting... and WE HOLD ON HER FOR ALMOST A MINUTE. And as soon as we get so close we couldn't possibly get any closer -- she whispers to herself, terrified:

KATE (CONT'D)

One... two... three... four...

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

89 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

89

Kate is exactly where we left her, tucked amongst the roots of the alien tree. Rain pouring down around her. Dark in here. She's scared to death. We're with her. CLOSE.

And she hears a SOUND over the rain -- something moving towards her -- and she turns around -- looking behind her now, petrified.

Nothing there. Her eyes wide, blinking in the rain. Nothing but jungle.

She then turns back -- AND CHARLIE IS STANDING RIGHT THERE -- and it scares her so much she SCREAMS AND GRABS HIM -- PUSHING -- AND THEY FALL OVER onto his back, her lying on top of him in the mud --

KATE	CHARLIE
<u>WHERE THE HELL'S JACK?!</u>	-- I don't know!
-- <u>Did you see him?!</u>	-- <u>Yes!</u> He helped me up--!
-- <u>So where is he?!</u>	-- I don't know where he--!
-- <u>HOW COULD YOU NOT KNOW?!</u>	-- <u>WE GOT SEPARATED!!!</u>

-- and Kate stops long enough for Charlie to say:

CHARLIE

-- he pulled me up. If he hadn't, that th--

KATE

-- Did you see it?

CHARLIE

No. No. But it was right behind us. We were dead -- I was. Until Jack came back for me.

And just then, something remarkable happens. The rain stops. As abruptly as it started, it's gone. They both look back the way they came -- Kate looking up, Charlie, still on his back, craning his head.

KATE

We have to go back for him.

CHARLIE

Go back? There? Love -- listen -- there's a certain... gargantuan quality to whatever the hell that thing is --

(CONTINUED)

She's already getting up:

KATE  
-- Then don't come.

And she goes off, after Jack. Pissed and nervous, Charlie finally goes after her.

90 EXT. JUNGLE - MOMENTS LATER

90

DOLLY OUT OF THE THICK FOLIAGE to find Kate and Charlie, walking slowly through the dripping-wet jungle, back the way they came. They're edgy... and we're moving with them. The DRIPPING SOUNDS somehow unnerving.

Then Kate sees something up ahead. Something GLISTENING in the mud -- and she moves for it, Charlie behind her.

And she gets to it -- kneels -- it's a scattered collection of COINS. And among them, something she picks up.

A PILOT'S WINGS PIN.

And Kate stares at the pin, horrified... because she senses what's coming next. She SLOWLY LOOKS UP. And sees something horrific. Charlie looks up too. His mouth opens in shock.

CHARLIE  
...What the hell's that...?

Then, a welcome voice:

JACK (O.S.)  
It's the pilot.

And they turn around -- grateful to see Jack approaching from the jungle -- Kate moves to him, scared --

KATE  
-- Did you see it?

JACK  
No. It was right behind me, I dove into the bushes.

Charlie's eyes have gone back to the tree.

CHARLIE  
...Excuse me, people... but... how the hell does something like that happen...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And they all look up again... and we FOLLOW THEIR GAZE to reveal that, stuck up in a branch, at least thirty-five feet above ground -- IS THE BLOODY, TORN BODY OF THE PILOT. Dead now, for sure.

91 EXT. BEACH - DAY

91

SHANNON, wearing a BIKINI now, lying near the surf. Of all things, she's SUNBATHING. And the glorious sun is doing its job -- and it's a damn Coppertone commercial -- except as the camera SLOWLY DOLLIES, the huge PLANE WRECK is revealed in the distance.

And we can see, in the background, the Survivors are going through luggage, doing work to get a fire burning again, laying clothing out to dry.

And after a beat, Boone walks over, looking down at his vacationing sister.

BOONE

Hey, we're going through the clothes.  
Sorting them.

(beat, judgemental)

I see you found your bag.

(beat)

You wanna give us a hand?

SHANNON

(doesn't even look)

Not really.

Boone just stares at her, absolutely despising her. But all he does is turn and walk off. HOLD ON SHANNON for a beat...until we HEAR:

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Is that your boyfriend?

And Shannon looks over: Claire sits twenty some feet away. Shannon's far nicer to Claire than Boone.

SHANNON

(with vitriol)

My brother. Boone. God's friggin' gift to humanity.

A beat. Then Shannon turns to Claire -- actually very sweet.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Do you know what it is?

A beat for Claire

(CONTINUED)

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CLAIRE

Not yet.

(beat, quietly, half to herself)  
...I haven't felt the baby kick since  
yesterday.

And Shannon turns to her -- off her look we CUT TO:

92 INSERT - SEA URCHIN

92

As it's picked out of a tidal pool.

93 EXT. BEACH - SURF LINE - DAY

93

At the surf line, Jin, our Korean HUSBAND, his pants rolled up, intensely picks SEA URCHINS from the water, placing them in a PLASTIC BAG he's taken from the plane. It's an oddly serene image.

And then we have a REVERSE VIEW -- from the ocean inland -- and Sun, Jin's wife, sits on the sand. Sitting, straight backed, rather stoic. Watching her husband. The TOP BUTTON of her blouse undone.

Then we're TIGHT on Sun's face as she watches him, his back to her... and though there's no dialogue here, there doesn't need to be. Because her gaze is distinctly unsettled.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Excuse me.

And Sun looks up. Michael stands there.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Have you seen my boy?

Sun just looks at Michael for a long beat. Finally, she speaks, in her native language:

SUN

(in KOREAN)

My apologies... but I do not speak  
English.

And Michael stands there for a moment, confused. And Michael looks up and sees that, mid-reach into the sea, Jin has stopped working, looking back at her wife and this strange man. Which should tell us immediately how controlling Jin really is. Then, Jin calls out:

(CONTINUED)

JIN  
(in KOREAN)  
Your top button is undone! Button it,  
please, right now!

And Michael watches, somewhat fascinated and disturbed as Sun buttons it up. Michael then says, quietly:

MICHAEL  
...I'm, uh... I'm sorry...

And Michael walks off.

94 EXT. BEACH ADJACENT JUNGLE - DAY

94

We're maybe two feet off the ground, DOLLYING through the jungle. And we HEAR:

WALT (O.S.)  
Vincent!  
(beat)  
Vincent!

And Walt enters the FOREGROUND -- so close that all we see is his waist to his knees -- and that he's holding a DOG LEASH. He stops.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Vincent!

And we BOOM UP as Walt turns, looking off-camera, his eyes scanning the jungle. Then he sees something... and he walks toward it -- and we FOLLOW HIM, over his shoulder, BOOMING UP as he arrive at the shiny piece of metal lying on the leafy floor. He picks it up.

IT'S A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS.

And Walt holds them. TIGHT ON HIM as he looks at them, deeply curious. Just then he HEARS:

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
Hey!

And Walt turns as Michael approaches, kneeling, taking the kid firmly by the shoulders:

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 -- What did I tell you?  
 -- After everything that's  
 happened --  
 I told you to stay on the  
beach.  
 -- No, don't do this -- you  
listen to me, I mean what I  
 say. You understand that?  
 (then, seeing them)  
 ...What's this?

WALT  
 -- I thought maybe Vincent  
 would be around --  
 -- I didn't go far, this is  
so close to the beach, I  
 thought this would be okay --

WALT  
 ...I just found' em.

PUSH IN on Michael, disturbed, as he considers the existence  
 of these cuffs...

95 EXT. JUNGLE - AFTERNOON

95

Jack, Kate and Charlie walking back. A pregnant SILENCE.  
 All of them still in the wake of the insanity of what just  
 happened. Jack up front, fiddling with the transceiver.

CHARLIE  
 Anything?

JACK  
 (not happy)  
 ...You keep asking me if there's  
 anything.

CHARLIE  
 Pardon me for appearing desperate, but in  
 case you didn't hear the pilot before he  
 was eaten, they're never going to find us  
 unless we get that thing to work.  
 (deep breath, then)  
 So is there anything?

JACK  
 No.

KATE  
 What were you doing. In the bathroom.

CHARLIE  
 Oh, I thought you could tell. I was  
 getting sick. Puking. My one...  
 tangible contribution to this trek.

KATE  
 No, I'm glad you came.

CHARLIE  
Yeah, every trek needs a coward.

KATE  
You're not a coward.

And as they walk we're TIGHT ON CHARLIE, who considers this as they walk... and we HOLD TIGHT ON HIS FACE AS SOUNDS FADE IN -- SOUNDS OF AN AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT -- THEN:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1 (V.O.)  
Are you all right, sir?

AND SUDDENLY WE CUT TO:

96 INT. PLANE - MIDAIR - DAY

96

Back on the PLANE, PRE-CRASH. CHARLIE sits in his seat near the rear of the plane, shaking. Pale. SWEAT dots his brow. He looks up at the same FLIGHT ATTENDANT that helped Jack:

CHARLIE  
Yeah -- I'm good, thanks.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1  
Can I get you some wat--?

CHARLIE  
(go away)  
I'm fine. Thank you. Please.

The Flight Attendant stares. Then:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1  
All right.

As she heads to the back of the plane, she looks at him, maybe a little SUSPICIOUSLY.

Charlie taps his hand, FIDGETY. Takes a quick peek over his shoulder at --

THE REAR GALLEY

The Flight Attendant who he just blew off talks to TWO MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANTS in hushed tones and --

All three look up at Charlie.

He immediately faces front -- nervous. TIGHT on him. He turns back -- takes another peek --

ALL THREE FLIGHT ATTENDANTS are heading back up the aisle towards him --

Charlie quickly undoes his seatbelt, gets up in one swift motion --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1 (CONT'D)  
Sir? Excuse me --

But Charlie's already moving fast down the aisle -- and he brushes by JACK, getting up from his own seat --

CHARLIE  
Sorry...

And as Charlie moves on, we can just hear behind him --

ROSE (O.S.)  
Guess he really had to go.

Charlie arrives at the lavatories -- but they're both occupied.

CHARLIE  
-- Bugger --

-- And so he KEEPS MOVING, through BUSINESS CLASS -- crossing to the other side of the plane -- he keeps going, into FIRST CLASS -- he turns back to see the THREE FLIGHT ATTENDANTS heading for him -- and the PLANE SHAKES. Just a little. No big deal. DING -- "FASTEN SEATBELTS" LIGHTS UP as Charlie reaches the FRONT LAVATORY, enters --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT'S VOICE  
Ladies and gentleman, the pilot has turned on the fasten seatbelts sign -- please return to your seats with your seatbelts fastened...

97 INT. PLANE - LAVATORY - CONTINUOUS

97

Charlie is FLIPPING OUT. CAMERA is in here with him, TIGHT. CLAUSTROPHOBIC as he PULLS OFF HIS SHOE -- reaches into his SOCK as suddenly there's a KNOCK ON THE DOOR --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1 (O.S.)  
Sir? Are you all right?

Charlie ignores her, still digging in his sock... finally pulls out a ROLLED UP BAGGIE containing a BROWN POWDER.

KNOCKING MORE INSISTENT NOW...

97 CONTINUED:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to open  
the door...

Charlie holds the baggie up... looks at it longingly. This physically PAINS him. But he turns around and drops it into the TOILET. The baggie rests on the METAL DROP-PLATE as...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #2 - MALE  
(O.S.)  
(firm)  
Open the door now, sir.

Charlie takes one last look at his stash, TIGHT SHOT as he reaches for the FLUSH LEVER and...

THE PLANE SUDDENLY DROPS TWO HUNDRED FEET -- CHARLIE IS THROWN TO THE CEILING --

98 INT. PLANE - MAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS 98

PEOPLE SCREAMING -- THE PLANE BANKING HARD -- NIGHTMARE TURBULENCE AND THAT HORRIBLE WHINE -- OXYGEN MASKS SWING WILDLY -- THE BEVERAGE CART ROLLS SLAMS INTO THE WALL --

99 CHARLIE 99

FALLS out of the bathroom -- and in the TERRIFYING JOLTS of the last minutes of the flight, he falls back to --

100 FIRST CLASS 100

-- FALLS to the floor and CRAWLS back through the MASSIVE PANDEMONIUM -- gets into a free chair -- BUCKLES UP and we're TIGHT on his TERRIFIED EYES as we:

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

101 EXT. "BASE CAMP" - CRASH SITE - DAY

101

CHAOS. We drop right into the middle of a BRAWL.

CLOSE ON THE FIGHT as Sawyer and Sayid WRESTLE. It's PANDEMONIUM. A GROUP of twenty or so stands around, watching the brutal fight --

VOICES

...GONNA KILL YOU... LET HIM GO!... SICK OF... DON'T!

ACROSS THE CAMP Jack, Kate and Charlie emerge from the jungle, see all this --

KATE

What -- ?

But Jack is already pulling his pack off, immediately enters the fray, pulling the men apart --

JACK

-- All right, ENOUGH!

SAYID

I've had enough of this guy! You accuse me of being a criminal?! What next? I suppose you think I am responsible for the crash!

SAWYER

You've had enough of me?! If the shoe fits, buddy! Look around! They all know it's you! I'm just the only one SAYING it!

JACK (CONT'D)

HEY! What the hell --?

Michael is here, holds up the pair of CUFFS --

MICHAEL

My kid found these out in the jungle.

On Jack. Kate. Charlie. All digesting this as...

SAWYER

(finger in Sayid's face)

And this guy was in the back row of business class the whole flight. Never got up. Hands folded under his blanket. And for some crazy reason -- I'm just pointing this out -- the guy I saw next to him didn't make it. Do the math --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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SAWYER (CONT'D)  
(nose to nose with Sayid)  
You're the prisoner, muchacho.

SAYID  
Thank you so much for  
observing my behavior so very  
carefully --

-- If you do not take your  
finger out of my face --

SAWYER  
You think I didn't see them  
pull you out of line before  
we boarded?  
-- Oh, please -- bring it--

And they're about to go at it all over again when --

KATE  
STOP!

And they do. All eyes on Kate. Strong. Defiant. Angry.

KATE (CONT'D)  
We actually DO have bigger problems than  
this.  
(beat, pulls the TRANSCIEVER  
from Jack's pack)  
We found the transceiver. But it's not  
working. Can anybody help...?

A beat. Then, of all people, Sayid steps forward. Turns  
back, looks directly at fuckin' Sawyer.

SAYID  
Yes, I might be able to.

SAWYER  
Oh yeah, good! This guy! Perfect!  
Let's trust him -- !

HURLEY  
Hey -- we're all in this together, man.  
Let's try to treat each other with --

SAWYER  
Shut up, lardo.

JACK  
HEY -- Give it a break.

SAWYER  
(fuck you)  
Whatever you say, Doc, you're the hero.

And Sawyer walks off, passing Jack, BUMPING him as he goes.  
Jack watches him, not liking him one bit --



BOONE

You found the cockpit? Were there any survivors?

Kate and Charlie exchange a look. Turn their eyes to Jack, who meets their gaze. A beat. Then:

JACK

No.

SAYID

(re: transceiver)

It's dual-band. Military spec. Broadcasts full-range, far as I can tell. Chances are the battery is good, but the radio... it is dead.

KATE

-- Can you get it to work?

SAYID

(stares at it, feels pressure)

I need some time.

Kate nods -- Sayid walks off -- just as Rose moves to Jack, saying quietly:

ROSE

That man with the metal in his side -- he looks bad.

Takes a beat for Jack to hear this -- but he finally does. Jack looks at Kate for a moment -- then heads off. HOLD ON Kate, who stands there, alone.

102 INSERT - TRANSCEIVER -- CLOSEUP 102

The broken transceiver, being OPENED. We are:

103 EXT. BEACH - AT FUSELAGE - DAY 103

Sayid's right at the edge of the fuselage, sitting on wreckage, using TWEEZERS and a found SWISS ARMY KNIFE to take apart and examine the transceiver. Checking the internal connections.

After a beat, Hurley arrives, sitting across from him. Saying one word, the sub-text being, "What a fucking prick":

HURLEY

(re: Sawyer)

That chain-smoking jackass.

(CONTINUED)

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Sayid glances up, nods: no kidding, then goes back to the radio. Understatement of the day:

SAYID  
Some people have problems.

HURLEY  
Some people have problems.  
(then)  
Us. Him.

SAYID  
(amused)  
Us him.

Hurley smiles back. Then:

HURLEY  
You're okay. I like you.

SAYID  
(considers Hurley)  
You're okay, too.

HURLEY  
Hurley.

SAYID  
Sayid.

As Sayid works:

HURLEY  
How d'you know how to do all that?

SAYID  
I was a Military Communications Officer.

HURLEY  
Yeah?  
(then)  
Y'ever see battle?

SAYID  
Oh yes.  
(then)  
I fought in the Gulf War.

HURLEY  
No way. I have a buddy, fought over there. He was in the 104th Airborne. Where you in the Air Force? Army?

SAYID  
(looks at him)  
The Republican Guard.

And Hurley looks at him... realizing that holy shit... he's just bonded with the enemy...

104 EXT. LAGOON - DAY

104

LONG LENS, CLOSE ON KATE, standing alone in a lagoon, out of sight of the others. Her duffel bag on the shore, she wears only her underwear and tank-top in the water, cleaning herself off, using a shirt as washcloth.

As she does this, she CRIES. Letting out all of the emotion that's been building. We HOLD on her. This moment a catharsis for us as well.

And we HOLD on her long enough to see her pull it together. Finding her strength again. Staring off, knowing that somehow she has to keep moving forward.

SUN (O.S.)  
(in KOREAN)  
-- Excuse me --

-- And Kate turns to see Sun standing there -- and Sun is slightly embarrassed as she points back, toward the wreckage:

SUN (CONT'D)  
(in KOREAN)  
-- I believe they are finished. They need you.

And Sun moves away.

105 EXT. BEACH - DAY

105

Kate returns, dressed now -- as Sayid finishes wrapping the radio in black electrical tape.

KATE  
-- Is it working?

SAYID  
Seems to be -- except we're not picking up a signal.

KATE  
-- Why would we need to pick up a signal, aren't we sending one -- ?

SAYID

-- Yes, but it's a "transceiver" -- it transmits and receives. Which means you can also read the level of other signals that you are picking up.

(shows her)

What you want is to see little bars. Right here.

And Sayid shows her where RECEPTION BARS would normally be. Currently, there are none.

SAYID (CONT'D)

The little bars would show that the radio is getting reception. Meaning we'd be in range of another radio. There are no bars here.

KATE

...So the radio's worthless.

SAYID

-- We could broadcast blind. Hope that someone... maybe a ship, somewhere, picks up our distress call. But that would be a waste of the battery. Which might not last for long.

KATE

We need the bars.

SAYID

We need the bars.

(then, with a thought)

It is unlikely, but perhaps worth a try.

KATE

-- What.

SAYID

Sending a signal from high ground.

KATE

(uh-oh)

...How high?

And Sayid's eyes flick over Kate's shoulder as...

106 CLOSE ON KATE --

106

Following Sayid's gaze. And CAMERA SLOWLY FOLLOWS KATE HEAD AS SHE TURNS, REVEALING -- the ENORMOUS MOUNTAINS that hover above them. Scary high. And with the next part of their mission now before them...

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

107 EXT. BEACH - DAY

107

Jack examines SHRAPNEL MAN. His condition has worsened considerably -- skin taking on a yellow hue. Shallow breaths. As Jack delicately looks at the wound --

KATE

How is he?

Jack glances over his shoulder, sees Kate. Eyes go back to Shrapnel Man. Shakes his head: not good. And she asks, caring, nervous for the Man:

KATE (CONT'D)

...Can you do anything?

JACK

I can pull out the shrapnel.

KATE

...But yesterday you said --

JACK

-- I know. But that was yesterday.

(then)

I was hoping he'd be at a hospital by now.

(beat)

We leave him like this... he'll be dead within a day. If I open him up... and if I can control the bleeding... and if he doesn't go into sepsis -- and if I can find some antibiotics... he might be all right. But there's no way of knowing until I see what kind of damage there is in there.

(sees she's freaked; a morose joke)

Hey -- at least he's unconscious.

Kate absorbs this. A lot going on behind her eyes. We can almost see her make a decision. Then --

KATE

I'm going on a hike.

JACK

Sorry?

(CONTINUED)

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KATE

We fixed the transceiver, but we can't use it, not from here. If I --

JACK

-- Kate -- wait a second --

KATE

You're the one who said we had to get out a signal --  
-- Someone has to -- and it can't be you, not with what he needs --  
-- No --  
-- There's not time -- we obviously need to send out a signal sooner than later --

-- Yes I did, what makes you think you're any safer on the beach than you are in the jungle?

JACK

-- Yeah, and we do, but I don't want you going in there.  
-- I want you to wait for me -  
-  
-- Kate --

-- Hold on a second -- you saw what that thing did to the pilot --

Well. That's logic that even Jack can't argue with. He looks at Shrapnel man, knowing he has to stay --

JACK (CONT'D)

Wait for me. I don't know how long this'll take --

KATE

Sayid says the battery won't last.

Jack looks at her. Knows he can't stop her.

JACK

If you hear anything. Anything.  
(beat)  
Run.

KATE

You know I will.

JACK

Good luck.

Kate throws another look at Shrapnel Man -- intense. Connected. Somehow doesn't want to leave him. Then:

KATE

You too.

108 INSERT - SEA URCHIN - EXTREME CLOSEUP 108

The sea urchin gets CUT with a found POCKET KNIFE. REVEAL that we are:

109 EXT. BEACH - DAY 109

At the shore. Sun kneels on the sand, cutting the sea urchins for food prep on a large ROCK. Jin stands beside her, holding an airplane FOOD TRAY, collecting the cut pieces.

Once she's done, Jin takes the newly-cut pieces and adds them to the tray.

Sun reaches to take one of the pieces off the rock -- clearly just trying to help -- but Jin actually slaps her hand, putting the piece onto the tray himself. She reacts -- obedient and accepting as Jin walks off with the tray. TIGHT ON SUN as she watches him go.

And in a private moment of defiance -- her eyes holding on her husband as he walks off -- SHE UNDOES THE TOP BUTTON OF HER BLOUSE.

A WIDE SHOT of the image -- the complicated couple with their culturally-formed dynamic framed majestically by the incredible tropical terrain.

110 EXT. OCEAN - DAY 110

Hurley stands in the water, cleaning one of his shirts. After a long beat, Jin approaches with the tray. When Jin speaks, it's terse. Seemingly cold. And, of course, not in English:

JIN  
(in KOREAN)  
I have food. Here. Try this.

Hurley turns, sees Jin.

HURLEY  
S'up.

JIN  
(in KOREAN)  
Try this. Sea urchin, it's good, it'll keep you alive.

Hurley takes a beat to understand what he's suggesting.

(CONTINUED)

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HURLEY

-- What. That? What, eat that?

JIN

(in KOREAN)

It's food, there's enough for everybody.

HURLEY

Dude, guess what, I'm starving. But I am not nearly that hungry. No.

(slow, louder)

Thank you. No way. No.

And Hurley turns back. Jin, finally realizing he's being rejected, walks off.

111 INSERT - COMIC BOOK - CLOSEUP 111

A page turns. It's THE FLASH. The text -- all dialog balloons, everything -- are in SPANISH.

112 EXT. BEACH - DAY 112

Walt lies here, reading. Angry. Vincent's LEASH nearby. He turns the page. After a beat, Michael comes. Lies beside him. Eyes the comic. A beat.

MICHAEL

...That comic's in Spanish.

(beat, knowing)

...D'you... read Spanish--?

WALT

No.

(then)

I found it.

Michael just nods. Nothing's working. Takes a moment.

MICHAEL

Esta ese libro bueno, pequeño hombre?

(nothing from Walt)

That was... I was kidding.

(beat)

Tell me about your school -- you go to school?

WALT

Yeah, I go to school.

MICHAEL

...Though maybe 'cause you travelled so much that y--

(CONTINUED)

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WALT  
I go to school.

A beat. Nothing's working. Then:

MICHAEL  
Tell you what. When we get home... I'll  
get you another dog.

And Walt looks back at his father. These words have the opposite of their intended effect -- they tell the kid that his dog is dead. And furious -- on the verge of tears -- Walt gets up and heads off. Michael watches him go, his eyes closing. Somehow he's fucked it up again.

113 EXT. BEACH - DAY

113

Sayid puts the TRANSCIVER in a plastic bag, then wraps it in a beach towel. Nearby, Kate fills an empty water bottle with RAIN WATER collected on the TARP. She seems determined here. Driven.

SAYID  
The others. They've heard about the  
thing you saw. The pilot.  
(off Kate's surprise)  
I understand why you and the doctor  
decided not to frighten us, but your  
English friend is telling anyone who will  
listen.  
(beat; grim)  
They think we are insane for going back  
in there.

Kate hesitates. Then --

KATE  
If he told you about the pilot, he told  
you what the pilot said. The rescue  
people -- they're looking in the wrong  
place. They're not gonna find us.

Sayid nods. But his eyes stay on her. Curious --

SAYID  
I don't like it here. But you... you  
don't like it here even more than I do.  
(off her look)  
I agree, sending a signal from high  
ground -- this is something we need to  
do.  
(beat)  
But your... willingness to go back in.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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113 CONTINUED:

SAYID (CONT'D)  
After you saw... whatever it is you saw.  
It is either impressive. Brave. Or  
something else... I can't really  
understand.

Sayid's looking at her now -- with those deep eyes -- almost  
as if looking into her soul... and God, it unnerves her.

114 INSERT - BAGGIE - EXTREME CLOSEUP 114

A hand unrolls a sandwich bag containing an ounce of BROWN  
POWDER.

115 EXT. BEACH ADJACENT JUNGLE - DAY 115

With the crash site in the distance, Charlie -- sweating,  
slightly shaking -- has found some privacy here. And good  
thing: Charlie takes a pinky nail-full of the powder and  
SNORTS it.

We're TIGHT ON HIM as we watch its effects: Charlie calms --  
"evens out" almost instantly. He closes the bag, rolls it up  
-- feeling much better about himself now --

116 EXT. BEACH - DAY 116

TIGHT ON THE FACE OF A MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT. Lying DEAD,  
eyes open, facing us. SLOWLY DOLLY and RACK FOCUS TO REVEAL  
SHANNON, sitting a few feet away in the sand. She stares at  
the corpse, hugging her knees, quiet and nervous.

The first dead body she's ever seen. And she just stares at  
the thing, until Boone slowly walks up behind her. A beat.

BOONE  
...What the hell are you doing.

She just stares. Then, quietly:

SHANNON  
...I think I was mean to him.

BOONE  
(beat)  
...What?

SHANNON  
He was the guy.

BOONE  
What guy?

SHANNON

The guy at the gate. The guy who  
wouldn't give us our seats.

(beat)

In first class.

Finally she looks at Boone.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Remember him?

And Boone's staring. Christ, he does remember. Her eyes go  
back to the body. Realizing, she says, sotto:

SHANNON (CONT'D)

He saved our lives.

This morbid moment makes Boone very uncomfortable:

BOONE

Shannon, come on, we're trying to clear  
the wreckage why don't you help out.

But she doesn't turn away.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Come on, you're being worthless over  
here.

That makes her turn to him, hurt, pissed off:

SHANNON

...I'm being what?

BOONE

-- Well come on, you're sitting on your  
ass staring at bodies -- that isn't--

SHANNON

Hey, I've been through a trauma, okay--?!

BOONE

-- We've all been through a trauma! The  
difference is that since the crash you've  
actually given yourself a pedicure!

(CONTINUED)

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SHANNON  
 You know what? It's so easy  
 to make fun of me -- and  
 you're good at it, I get it --  
 well screw you -- you don't  
 know the first thing about  
 what I'm thinking --  
 -- No you don't!

BOONE  
 -- I'd rather not waste my  
time making fun of you! I  
 wish I didn't have any reason  
 to! Yeah, it is easy! I  
 have a better idea than you  
 think I do --  
 -- No? Okay, Shannon, what  
 are you thinking?

117 ANGLE --

117

As Shannon's eyes flick over Boone's shoulder -- and we RACK  
 FOCUS past Boone to the distance, where Kate and Sayid pack  
 up to go.

SHANNON  
 I'm going with them. On the hike.

A beat. Then -- Boone just laughs.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
I'm going.

BOONE  
 Oh yeah?

SHANNON  
 (fuck you)  
 Yup.

She grabs her WINDBREAKER, walks past an incredulous Boone.

BOONE  
 -- No you're not.  
 (she doesn't stop.)  
Shannon!

118 EXT. BEACH - DAY

118

As Kate and Sayid finish ZIPPING PACKS as Shannon, then  
 Boone, arrive --

SHANNON  
 I'd like to come with you.

KATE  
 Thanks, but we're --

BOONE  
 She's not going.  
 (to Kate et al)  
 -- She doesn't want to go --  
 she does this --

SHANNON  
 (sharp, to Boone)  
 -- The hell I'm not --  
 -- You don't know what the  
 hell I "do"!

BOONE  
 She postures -- makes choices just to  
 infuriate her family-- which at the  
 moment is me --

SHANNON  
Shut-up and stop trying to be charming--  
 (to Kate, et al)  
 I'm coming with you.

KATE  
 I'm not sure that's a good idea --

SHANNON  
 What're you -- like, two years older than  
 me? Please.  
 (turns to Charlie, who arrives)  
 You're going, right?

CHARLIE  
 -- Where, on the hike? Are you?

SHANNON  
 Yup.

CHARLIE  
 -- Yes, I'm going. Definitely.

KATE  
 (firm, no time)  
 Look, everybody can come.  
 (heaves her PACK onto her back)  
 But we're leaving now.

And Kate walks off. Shannon looks to Charlie, slightly taken  
 aback by Kate. Says quietly:

CHARLIE  
 You couldn't tell from that, but she's  
 quite nice, really.

Shannon heads off. Boone, annoyed, follows. Then Charlie  
 and Sayid.

A LONG SHOT of them walking off -- then PULL BACK TO REVEAL  
 we're with:

119 EXT. FUSELAGE - DAY

119

Sawyer watches them go as he sits on part of the shattered wing, near the remains of one of the enormous engines. He's taking final drags on a cig. In general, a "fuck 'em all" attitude.

After a beat, something weighing on his mind, he pulls his wallet from a back pocket. Opens it. Pulls out a folded piece of paper. Unfolds it.

TIGHT on Sawyer's face as he re-reads the page.

And slowly... his face changes. His eyes awash in concern... and, more surprisingly, vulnerability. He just stares at the mysterious letter... his eyes actually WELLING UP with what he reads.

Finally, quickly, he re-folds it -- puts it back in his wallet, more anxious and troubled than we've seen him.

He finishes the cigarette and puts it out on the damn airplane that brought him here.

He gets up and moves off, quickly, after the others.

120 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

120

On Kate, with Sayid at the head of the group. Charlie, Shannon and Boone behind her in that order. They're just entering the jungle -- the growth gets thick quickly.

And now we CUT BACK TO SAWYER, who moves quickly, determined, through the jungle -- passing Boone, Charlie, Shannon -- then Sayid and KATE, who he looks at, walking with her for a moment. Their eyes lock. She's surprised -- and not pleased.

KATE

Decided to join us?

SAWYER

Yeah, looks like it.

KATE

What changed your mind?

SAWYER

(mind your own business)  
I'm a complex guy, Sweetheart.

(CONTINUED)

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And Sawyer keeps walking, taking the lead. Kate wanting to tell him off -- but not. And we...

DISSOLVE TO:

121 EXT. MOUNTAIN BASE - DAY

121

WIDE SHOT. Spectacular view. Our SIX HIKERS (Kate, Sayid, Charlie, Shannon and Boone, with Sawyer at the front, hacking away plants with a found stick) trudge through the jungle, up the base of the MOUNTAIN. The hike isn't any fun. Plus, it's HOT. Also, they're scared. Kate especially -- looking around with concern as they walk. Afraid that, at any moment, that Thing might show up to end their lives.

Now WE FAVOR Shannon and Charlie, who walks beside her:

CHARLIE

Y'ever heard of Drive Shaft?

SHANNON

...What, the band?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

SHANNON

(not a fan)

Yuchhh.

CHARLIE

Right.

SHANNON

Why?

CHARLIE

Nothing. Horrible.

SHANNON

Do you have one of their songs stuck in your head--

CHARLIE

-- Uh, yeah, sort of--

SHANNON

-- God, I'm sorry.

CHARLIE

(laughs it off, dying)

Yeah. Me too.



122 EXT. BEACH - DAY

122

Back near the fuselage, Jack approaches Hurley --

JACK  
I need some help.

HURLEY  
-- Okay --

JACK  
I need you to help me go through the luggage -- I need any prescription medication you can find -- especially any drugs that end with "mycin" or "cillin"-- those are antibiotics--

HURLEY  
-- What's this for?

JACK  
Please just do it -- you'll see.

123 INSERT

123

TIGHT ON A SHAVING KIT. Jack's hands UNZIP it. Pulls out a DISPOSABLE RAZOR.

124 EXT. BEACH - DAY

124

Jack, disappointed, puts the shaving kit back in the bag -- he TURNS, opens another bag. And he notices MICHAEL, sitting nearby among the bags, staring off. As Jack goes through another bag, he asks:

JACK  
...How's your son?

Michael looks up, surprised.

MICHAEL  
Walt? Yeah, I think he'll be all right.

JACK  
How old is he?

MICHAEL  
Nine.  
(then, suddenly)  
Ten.

(CONTINUED)

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Jack glances at Michael, then finds something in the luggage. It's another SHAVING KIT. As he UNZIPS it, starts to go through the contents --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Walt's more worried about his dog than anything. It was on the plane, so... Kids, you know. They're --

JACK  
-- Was it a white lab?

MICHAEL  
(stunned)  
...Yeah.

JACK  
-- Yeah, I saw him yesterday. In the jungle.

MICHAEL  
-- What? Where?

JACK  
Over there, hundred yards in or so. He looked good.

And Jack pulls out a STRAIGHT RAZOR. He snaps open the blade. Tests its sharpness with his finger.

MICHAEL  
-- What was that thing you saw. In the jungle -- what was it?

Jack folds the razor shut.

JACK  
I have no idea.

And Jack walks off. Michael looks toward the jungle. Sighs, burdened with a task he doesn't want to accept: going into the jungle after that damn dog.

125 INSERT - BACKGAMMON SET 125

EXTREME CLOSEUP of a mini-travel MAGNETIC BACKGAMMON SET. Hands setting up the pieces.

126 EXT. BEACH - DAY 126

It's Locke, setting up the game. After a long beat, in a WIDE SHOT, Walt comes into frame, watching Locke.

A long beat of silence. Finally, Locke asks, without ever looking up:

LOCKE  
Do you play?

A beat.

WALT  
Nope.  
(long beat)  
...What is it? Is it like Checkers?

As odd as Locke seemed around the adults, he almost seems normal now. A bizarre child-like honesty that makes him accessible to Walt.

LOCKE  
Not really.  
(looks up)  
It's a better game than Checkers.

And after a beat, Walt moves closer to Locke. Watches.

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Do you play checkers with your pop?

WALT  
(long beat)  
No.  
(beat)  
I was in Australia with my mom.

LOCKE  
You have no accent.

WALT  
Yeah, we move a lot.  
(beat)  
She got sick. She died. So.

Locke looks at the kid. You sorta wish he weren't.

LOCKE  
You're having a rough month.

Matter of fact. Not talking down to the kid. And Walt appreciates that. Locke turns his attention back to the board. Slowly and gently continues to set up the board, pushing the small black and white tiles onto their starting points. The effect is almost mesmerizing --

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Backgammon is the oldest game in the world. Much older than chess. Archaeologists found sets when they excavated the ruins of Ancient Mesopotamia. Would you like to guess how old they were?

WALT

A hundred years?

LOCKE

Five thousand years.

WALT

(whispers to himself)

...Five thousand...

LOCKE

...That's older than Jesus Christ.

Which doesn't really land for Walt. But he asks:

WALT

Did they have dice and stuff?

LOCKE

Yes. But theirs weren't made of plastic.

(then)

Their dice were made of bones.

WALT

(slightly nervous)

Cool.

Walt watches carefully as Locke picks up one WHITE piece and one BLACK one. Folds them into his CLASPED hands and gently shakes...

LOCKE

The Persians called it "Takhteh Nard" which means "Battle on Wood". Two players. Two sides. One is light. One is dark.

Locke extends his closed fists, offering them to Walt. Walt considers... deliberates. Then taps his finger on Locke's right hand. He slowly opens one. We don't get to see it, but Walt does. And now that distracted creepy grin is back.

(CONTINUED)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Walt.

(beat, sotto)

...You wanna know a secret?

HOLD ON the boy, staring at him... intrigued...

127 EXT. BEACH - DAY

127

Back at the beach, Claire sits in the First Class seat, writing in a journal. Sad. Scared. And after a beat, Jin is there, with a tray of sea urchins.

She regards the plate.

CLAIRE

...Oh. No thank you.

But Jin insists:

JIN

(in KOREAN)

You will need to eat -- especially you, you should have some.

She hesitates, but takes some. Chews some off. Eats it. And God, does she not like it. Jin watches her, nodding:

JIN (CONT'D)

(in KOREAN)

It's good, isn't it?

And as she eats the horrible food, suddenly her face changes. Like she just felt something.

Jin looks on, concerned -- and Claire stands --

CLAIRE

-- Oh my God --

JIN

(in KOREAN)

-- What is it? Are you -- are you okay?

And she suddenly SMILES -- beams -- THANK GOD, SHE'S FELT A KICK!

CLAIRE

-- I felt it! Come here -- feel this!

-- And she takes Jin's hand -- which disturbs him to no end -- he doesn't like this situation at all -- especially what she does: PLACING HIS HAND ON HER BELLY --

(CONTINUED)

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CLAIRE (CONT'D) JIN  
 -- Do you feel that?! Feel (in KOREAN)  
 that! It's a kick! That's a -- Excuse me, that's okay, I  
 foot! Right there -- no don't need to -- I would  
 wait, it's moving -- he's rather not -- no, that's all  
 moving around -- he... I right, please let go of my  
 guess I think it's a he... hand --

And Claire's laughing now at the relief -- her eyes tearing up as she talks to her belly:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 I felt you -- thank you -- thank you!

128 EXT. OVERGROWN GRASS FIELD - DAY

128

Another WIDE SHOT. Different area, some time later. And our GROUP arrives, hiking through. As they do:

SAWYER  
 Okay. Wide open space.  
 (to Sayid)  
 You should check the radio -- see if  
 we're good.

SAYID  
 We're not gonna have any reception yet --

SAWYER  
 -- Tell you what -- just try it.

SAYID  
 I don't want to waste the batteries --

SAWYER  
 -- I'm not asking you to keep it on all  
 day --

SAYID  
 -- We're still blocked by the mountain --

SAWYER  
 -- Just check the damn radio!

SAYID  
If I just CHECK, we might not have any  
 juice left when we get to --

A sudden RUMBLE -- they all turn to look toward the SOUND, coming from the OVERGROWN GRASS FIELD -- something LOUD -- something COMING, FAST -- and they all FREEZE, afraid --

(CONTINUED)

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BOONE  
-- The hell's that?

SHANNON  
(quiet, sudden panic)  
-- oh God --

And they all turn to look -- to the distant, tall-growing  
GRASS -- PUSH IN on our characters -- KATE --

KATE  
...Something's coming --

Then we SMASH CUT TO:

129 EXT. TALL GRASS - DAY 129

-- We're RIPPING THROUGH THE GRASS at a SIDE-ANGLE -- A VIEW  
OF THE LEGS OF THIS CHARGING, SNORTING BEAST -- BUT IT'S  
MOVING SO FUCKING FAST THAT IT'S JUST A LOUD, HORRIFYING BLUR  
and just as fast we SMASH CUT BACK TO:

130 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 130

WHIP TO CHARLIE, TERRIFIED if under-stated:

CHARLIE  
(choked voice)  
-- Coming towards us, I think...?

-- Hell yeah, it is -- a hundred yards away and closing --  
it's BIG, it's CHARGING, and it's KICKING UP DUST in the over  
grown grass --

131 EXT. TALL GRASS - DAY 131

-- Another FAST, LOUD BLUR of a CHARGING CREATURE and --

132 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 132

-- Kate's been through too much now -- she grabs Charlie and  
the two run off --

KATE  
LET'S MOVE!

The RUMBLING CHARGE -- A SNORTING BEAST GETTING LOUDER --  
Shannon just stands there, SCREAM-SHRIEKING OUT OF HER MIND:

SHANNON  
I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME ON THIS!!!

-- And Boone grabs her and YANKS her away and Kate is RUNNING to, she turns back to Sawyer, who stands there alone, intensely facing whatever's coming -- and Kate yells:

KATE  
SAWYER, COME ON!!!  
NO, SAWYER!!!

SAYID  
LET HIM GO!

But Sawyer doesn't move -- instead he does something wildly surprising: HE PULLS OUT A GUN AND BEGINS FIRING AT THE APPROACHING THING! BAM! BAM! BAM!

And Kate and the others stop, shocked, watching in out-of-breath horror as Sawyer FIRES, AGAIN AND AGAIN and the thing gets CLOSER AND CLOSER UNTIL SAWYER'S GUN FIRES OUT AND SUDDENLY, EXPLODING FROM THE BRUSH: A GIANT FUCKING ANIMAL BURSTS OUT, FALLING TO THE DIRTY GROUND, DEAD -- BLEEDING -- and heaving its last breaths only two feet away from Sawyer, who stares, in shock...

...At a giant WHITE BEAR.

And now we're on Charlie, Shannon, Sayid and Boone -- all of them, in total mind-bending shock at what's just happened. Out of breath, they all walk over to the beast, which inhales and then exhales for the last time. A long beat, then:

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
...That's... that's a big bear.

BOONE  
-- You think... that's what killed the pilot?

Kate throws a look at Charlie -- this is exactly why he should have kept his mouth shut. But as the cat is already out of the bag --

CHARLIE  
That? No. No, that's maybe a little tiny preemie baby version -- this is nothing compared to that --

KATE  
-- Guys? This isn't just a bear.  
(beat)  
It's a polar bear.

And they're all staring, incredulous...

MOVE PAST PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES, a pair of SCISSORS. THE SEWING KIT.



CLEAN WHITE T-SHIRT torn into STRIPS -- makeshift BANDAGES.  
THE STRAIGHT RAZOR. A REMOVED SINK BASIN FROM THE LAV, full  
of water. PAN UP TO REVEAL --

Jack has built a makeshift TENT out of the deflated LIFE RAFT  
over Shrapnel Man, now stripped down to his waist. Hurley is  
here. Leans over the "patient" --

HURLEY  
You sure he's out?

JACK  
He's out.

HURLEY  
How do you know he won't wake up when you  
pull that thing out?

JACK  
(flips open razor)  
I don't.

Hurley doesn't exactly feel reassured by this information.  
Moves in real close over Shrapnel Man --

HURLEY  
Hey, guy -- you awake?  
(louder)  
Yo! There's a rescue Plane! Hey!  
(nothing)  
Yeah, he's out.

Jack passes the blade over the flame of a LIGHTER. Hurley's  
pale --

HURLEY (CONT'D)  
...So what do I --

JACK  
-- It's unlikely he'll regain  
consciousness, but the pain might bring  
him around. If it does... I need you to  
hold him down.

HURLEY  
Uh -- I'm not so good around blood, man.

JACK  
Then don't look.

HURLEY  
Yeah. But I'm not so good around blood.

JACK  
Just do your best, okay?

Jack puts the lighter down, then puts both hands on the shrapnel.

HURLEY  
Shouldn't you like, wash your hands?

JACK  
I did. But he'll probably get infected no matter what I do. He lives, we just hope the antibiotics work. Don't look.

HURLEY  
(turns away)  
Okay...

Mutters something to himself. Maybe a silent prayer. A TENSE MOMENT... and then, suddenly Jack YANKS THE SHRAPNEL FROM THE MAN'S BELLY as we --

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT SIX



SHANNON

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I never... finished college. But... polar bears don't... normally live in the jungle, right?

CHARLIE

Yeah, spot-on. No, they don't. This is a freakshow --

KATE

(to Sayid)

Have you ever heard of anything like this?

SAYID

No, this is, uh... polar bears don't live near this far south --

BOONE

-- This one does.

SAWYER

Did. Did. You're welcome for that.

And Kate turns to him. Tough.

KATE

Where did that come from.

SAWYER

Prob'ly Bear Village. How the hell do I know --

KATE

-- Not the bear, the gun.

SAWYER

I got it off one of the bodies.

SAYID

(confronting him too)

One of the bodies.

SAWYER

(fuck you)

Yeah, one of the bodies.

SHANNON

People don't carry guns on planes!

(CONTINUED)

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SAWYER

They do if they're a U.S. Marshal! There was one on the plane --

KATE

-- How do you know that?!

SAWYER

'Cause I saw a guy lying there with an ankle holster -- so I took the gun, thought it might come in handy, guess what, it did!

KATE

-- Why do you think he was a Marshal?

SAWYER

Because he had a clip-on badge!  
(WHIPS OUT THE BADGE, angry)  
Took that too! Thought it was cool!  
Listen, Sweetheart, you should be kissing my ass after what I just did for you!

SAYID

I know who you are. You're the prisoner.

SAWYER

(beat)  
...I'm the what?

SAYID

You found a gun on a U.S. Marshal? Yes, I believe you did. You knew it was there because you were the one he was bringing back to the States. Those handcuffs were on you.

(everyone stares at Sawyer,  
nervous)

That's how you knew there was a gun --

SAWYER

-- Hey, guess what, screw you!

SAYID

That's who you are, you son-of-a-bitch!

SAWYER

Be as suspicious of me as I am of you -- go ahead!

SAYID

You accuse me, but you are the prisoner!

(CONTINUED)

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SAWYER  
-- Fine, I'm the criminal! You're the  
terrorist, we can all play a part!  
(to Shannon)  
Who do you wanna be? I'll tell ya what  
you should be!

And in the middle of their argument KATE GRABS THE GUN FROM  
SAWYER'S PANTS -- Sawyer swings around --

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
HEY!

But Kate stands there, defiantly holding the gun on Sawyer.  
Everyone just freezes -- TENSE --

KATE  
Who knows how to use a gun?

CHARLIE  
I think you just pull the trigger. But  
Kate, we just escaped death, let's not  
push our luck --

KATE  
I want to take it apart.

CHARLIE  
-- Oh --

SAYID  
There's a button on the grip -- push  
that, it will eject the magazine.

And Kate does it: it POPS out with a solid metallic SNAP.

SAYID (CONT'D)  
But there's still a round in the chamber  
-- hold the grip, pull back on the top  
part of the gun --

She does that -- the bullet POPS out. She tosses Sayid the  
clip. She picks up the bullet. Hands Sawyer the worthless  
gun. He takes it, somehow amused by her.

SAWYER  
I know your type.

KATE  
I'm not so sure.

SAWYER  
Yeah, I've been with girls like you.

KATE  
Not girls exactly like me.

Sawyer's amused by her. And he just walks away -- and we HOLD ON KATE for a long beat as she watches him go... finally HEARING:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #3 (V.O.)  
Can I get you a refill?

And Kate looks up as we CUT TO:

136 INT. PLANE - DAY

136

We're looking up at the FLIGHT ATTENDANT -- and realize that we're back on the plane. The moments before the trouble.

And the Flight Attendant is talking to KATE, who looks up at her -- and as if having to hide some deep trouble, kindly says about her almost-empty cup of Coke:

KATE  
No, I'm fine with this, thank you.

The Flight Attendant turns to the MAN sitting beside Kate --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #3  
-- You, sir?

AND WE REALIZE IT'S THE MAN WHO WAS BLEEDING FROM THE HEAD AT THE CRASH SCENE -- THE MAN WHO JACK IS OPERATING ON.

MAN  
(to her chest)  
I'll have a coffee, sweetheart.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #3  
-- Coffee, sure --

And the Flight Attendant moves away. The Man glances at Kate. Kate stares out the window, pensive. A beat.

MAN  
You look worried.  
(she says nothing)  
I'd be worried too, I was you.

Kate's eyes just stare at the blue out there.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Hey -- look at the bright side. There's an off-chance they'll believe your story.  
(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)  
(tongue firmly in cheek)  
I sure know I do.

Kate finally looks at him. An intense stare. For a reason we're about to learn, she resents this man.

KATE  
It doesn't matter to me what you believe.

He grins. If it wasn't clear before, it's clear now -- this guy is a Class-A prickfuck.

MAN  
Well that sure is true. Always has been.  
(long beat)  
You sure you don't want another soda?

KATE  
(defiant)  
Yeah, thanks.

Then she goes to take a final sip -- and what we see shocks us.

KATE IS WEARING THE HANDCUFFS.

HER JACKET HAS HIDDEN THEM FROM THOSE AROUND HER -- BUT HOLY SHIT, SHE'S THE ONE THE U.S. MARSHAL WAS TAKING BACK TO THE STATES -- AND THE MAN BESIDE HER IS THAT MARSHAL.

As she finishes her drink, the PLANE SHAKES. Just a little. No big deal. DING -- "FASTEN SEATBELTS" LIGHTS UP.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT'S VOICE  
Ladies and gentleman, the pilot has turned on the fasten seatbelts sign -- please return to your seats with your seatbelts fastened...

And Kate turns to the man.

KATE  
I have one favor to ask.

MAN  
This oughta be good. Wh--

AND SUDDENLY THE PLANE DROPS TWO HUNDRED FEET IN TWO SECONDS -- PEOPLE HIT THE CEILING -- SCREAMS AS THE BEVERAGE CART COMES DOWN, HITTING THE MAN BESIDE KATE -- HE'S SUDDENLY UNCONSCIOUS AS THE PLANE HITS HORRIBLE TURBULENCE --



137 PASSENGERS SCREAMING -- TERRIFIED -- 137

-- AND THE PLANE DROPS -- it's MAYHEM as the thing is about to break up and the OXYGEN MASKS DROP NOW and people scramble to grab them -- Kate tries too --

BUT HER CUFFS ARE ATTACHED TO HER BELT -- SHE CAN'T REACH HIGH ENOUGH -- AND SHE CAN BARELY BREATHE NOW -- UNABLE TO REACH FOR THE OXYGEN MASK --

138 PEOPLE ARE SCREAMING -- 138

CAMERA SHAKING MADLY AS THE STRUCTURE OF THE PLANE IS TESTED -- THE VIEW OUT KATE'S WINDOW ALTERNATELY SKY AND SEA AS THEY DROP --

139 THEN KATE 139

GRABS THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN AND PULLS HIM OVER HER -- HE SLUMPS ON TOP OF HER, HEAD BLOODY AND SHE PULLS HIS KEY-RING OUT -- SCRAMBLES TO UNLOCK HER CUFFS -- SHE DOES -- AND SHE GRABS THE OXYGEN MASK, PUTS IT ON HER -- AND PROPS THE MARSHAL UP IN HIS SEAT -- GRABS HIS MASK AND PUTS IT ON HIM.

140 AND WE'RE TIGHT ON KATE -- 140

TERRIFIED OUT OF HER MIND AS THE PLANE IS ABOUT TO BREAK UP -- AND WE'RE LOOKING AT HER AS THE REAR OF THE PLANE RIPS OFF -- JUST FUCKING DISAPPEARS -- PEOPLE AND THINGS FALLING OUT INTO NOTHINGNESS AS WE SMASH CUT TO:

141 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 141

Just where we left Kate -- as the others walk off, following Sawyer. Sayid then moves to Kate, who's pale now. And he says to her, sweetly:

SAYID

-- We should keep moving.

And Kate nods -- and heads off --

142 EXT. MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY TENT - DAY 142

Hurley still out fucking cold, Jack continues his surgery. Up to his elbows in blood. His patient, now clearly identifiable as the MARSHAL who flew with Kate.

We don't see what Jack is doing, but it has a frantic feel to it. Clearly get the sense that things have gone from bad to worse.

(CONTINUED)

His hands move on autopilot -- using the torn shirt to soak up the blood with his left hand -- holds the needle and thread in his right, trying to stitch up whatever is torn inside -- A desperate attempt to stick his thumb in the dam that is this guy's life. And that's when --

SHRAPNEL MAN

Gah ---

Jack FREEZES -- the Man's face is contorting in pain as he begins to GAIN CONSCIOUSNESS --

JACK

-- No --

The guy is literally struggling to breathe -- but he's conscious now. Moving his lips, something coming out in a whisper -- the guy is WILLING himself to say something -- Jack puts down the needle -- leans closer --

JACK (CONT'D)

What? I can't...

And suddenly, the guy GRABS Jack by the shirt. Pulls him close with his last ounce of strength. And he HISSES --

THE MARSHAL

WHERE IS SHE?

Off Jack's face --

143 EXT. BEACH - DAY

143

TIGHT ON A SMALL LEAF (known as "Sleeping Grass"). A small hand touches it -- and the LEAF CLOSES. RACK FOCUS TO REVEAL Walt, sitting on the sand, studying this odd plant.

After a beat he HEARS:

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Walt!

And Walt turns around -- across the beach, he sees his father.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You looking for this?

Walt looks, curious. And Michael steps forward -- REVEALING VINCENT, WALT'S WHITE LAB. Walt's face comes to life as he RACES across the sand to the dog, who runs to Walt. Walt hugs the dog, loving him. Michael watches this. He can't help but smile at the reunion.

(CONTINUED)

Then Michael looks over to Jack -- who kneels over the Man with the shrapnel wound. And Jack is talking to the Man -- and Michael watches this from a distance -- can't hear anything -- but what Michael sees is fascinating.

The Man -- the Marshal -- is telling Jack something. Something urgent -- and Jack's reaction is shock. Disbelief.

And the Man -- holding on to Jack's lapel -- dies. And Jack stares at him, stunned.

Michael watches as Jack finally sits back, exhausted, shocked.

And Michael watches him, intrigued.

We're TIGHT ON JACK -- LONG LONG LENS -- as he looks off, his mind spinning --

144 EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

144

We're TIGHT ON KATE as she walks, staring off, numb... reliving her last moments on that airplane... HOLD ON HER for a long beat.

ANGLE - SAYID

Also walking. He pulls out the transceiver as they go. Sawyer sees this.

SAWYER

Oh. Now it's a good time to check the radio. Not before, but now.

SAYID

We're up higher.

SAWYER

(asshole)

Yes, we are.

Sawyer walks off, past Sayid as Sayid turns on the radio. Stares at the screen. And he walks up to camera and stops -- now in EXTREME CLOSEUP.

145 AND WE SEE HIS POV --

145

TIGHT: A BAR FLICKERS in the RECEPTION window -- Sayid's shocked -- breathless --

146 BACK TO SCENE

146

SAYID  
 -- Bar -- bar, there's a bar--  
 (then, loud)  
HEY! WE GOT A BAR!!!

The Others stop -- turn to him -- Sayid fiddles with the controls as the others surround him -- he holds down a button and makes the call:

SAYID (CONT'D)  
 -- Mayday mayday--

But: SCRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! HORRIBLE FEEDBACK!

KATE	SAYID
-- What's that?	-- Feedback --
-- Feedback from what?	-- I don't know --
-- What would do that?	

SAWYER  
 I'll tell you what would do that. This guy not fixing the radio -- the thing doesn't work --

And once again: SCRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! Sayid releases the button --

SAYID  
 No -- no, it's not broken...  
 (suddenly)  
 We can't transmit because something's already transmitting.

This sinks in --

SHANNON	CHARLIE
<u>What?</u>	Transmitting from <u>where?</u>

SAYID (CONT'D)  
 Somewhere close -- the signal's strong --

CHARLIE  
 Close? You mean here on the island  
 close? That's fantastic!

BOONE  
 Maybe it's other survivors --

SHANNON	SAWYER
From our plane? How --	So what kind of "transmission" <u>is</u> it?

(CONTINUED)

SAYID  
 Could be a Satphone -- maybe a radio  
 signal...

TIGHT ON KATE as she finally asks the only question really  
 worth answering --

KATE  
Can we listen to it?

SAYID  
 I don't know what frequency the signal is  
 -- hold on --

Sayid begins to SCAN for the frequency -- nothing but STATIC.

SAWYER KATE  
 -- There's no transmission -- Sawyer, shut-up --

CHARLIE  
 It's the rescue crew -- it must be --

And suddenly GASPS from the group as they HEAR A FRANTIC  
FEMALE VOICE:

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 ...Il est dehors... Il est dehors et  
 Brennan pris les clefs!

CHARLIE  
 -- That's French. The French are coming!  
 I've never been so grateful for the  
 French --

Our people can't believe they're actually hearing another  
voice:

KATE	FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
I never took French --	-- Veuillez nous aider... Ils
What's she saying?	sont morts
	-- Ils sont tous morts...

SAYID  
 -- Does anyone speak French?

MOVING over all their faces as the voice continues. No.  
 None of them speak French. But then -- pointing:

BOONE  
She does.

Boone's pointing at Shannon. And not since Algebra 2 has  
 Shannon been on the spot like this.

SHANNON  
What?!? No I don't...

BOONE SHANNON  
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING  
ABOUT, YOU SPENT A YEAR IN DRINKING! NOT STUDYING!  
PARIS!

And now another VOICE emerges from the walkie. A MALE VOICE, oddly flat. Without inflection. Automaton --

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 Iteration one seven two nine four five  
 three one.

CHARLIE  
 (fucking befuddled)  
 Right then -- what was that?

But now the FRENCH WOMAN is speaking again. And her voice is FADING a little...

SAYID KATE  
 -- Nonono -- -- What? "Nonono" what?  
 -- The batteries -- they're  
 dying --

BOONE  
 (to Shannon)  
I'VE SEEN YOU TALK FRENCH!!! LISTEN TO  
THIS!!!

Shannon tries to understand it -- shaking, her eyes closed --  
 Kate's nervous --

KATE SAYID  
 How much time do we -- ? -- Not much --

SAWYER  
 You're telling me no one here speaks  
French?!?

CHARLIE MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 -- That voice -- that's Iteration one seven two nine  
 weird -- four five three two.

And THE DESPERATE FEMALE VOICE begins again...

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.) SHANNON  
 -- Nous aider... Ils sont (small voice)  
 morts -- It's -- it's repeating --

SAYID

-- Yes, she's right --  
It's a loop. "Iteration." It's  
 repeating the same message.  
 (and to prove it)  
 It's a counter -- the next number will  
 end five three three.

And they HUSH, focused on the transceiver as --

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Iteration one seven two nine four five  
 three three.

Beat. Then, the FRENCH WOMAN begins again, still FAINTER -  
 Sayid looks up at the others, triumphant.

SAWYER

Does anyone understand what the hell he's  
 talking about?

SAYID

It's a running count. Of the number of  
 times the message has repeated. It's  
 roughly thirty seconds long, so...

Sayid's eyes look skyward, lips moving -- runs the numbers...

SAWYER

Don't forget to carry the one, chief.

CHARLIE

-- Guys, the battery --

KATE

Give him a minute.

Boone couldn't care less about figuring out the numbers. He  
 is still intent on his sister --

BOONE

-- C'mon, Shan -- What's she saying?  
Try.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Si n'importe qui peut  
 entendre ceci -- veuillez  
 nous aider...

SHANNON

(scrambling; stressed)  
 -- I don't know -- I think  
 she's saying "Please."  
 (listens)  
 She's saying "Please help me.  
 Please come get me."

SAWYER

(losing his shit)  
Or she's not! You don't speak French!

(CONTINUED)

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KATE  
Let her listen.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Il les a tues. Il les a tues tous.

And Shannon's face FALLS as she listens, something registering... and whatever it is, it scares the LIVING SHIT OUT OF HER.

CHARLIE  
What? What is it?

The voice gets fainter and fainter. Shannon brings the walkie to her ear, she's calm now, almost as if she's CHANNELING the speaker. And yeah -- it's fucking SPOOKY...

SHANNON  
"Please help... I'm alone now... on the island alone. Someone please come... the others, they're dead. It killed them.  
(then)  
It killed them all."

And with that, complete and utter SILENCE. The battery is dead. Just the wind. Then Shannon lowers the transceiver.

We suddenly find SAYID. His lips stop moving. His eyes drop from the heavens. And he looks even more frightened than the rest of them.

SAYID  
Sixteen years.

SAWYER  
(snapping out of it)  
What?

SAYID  
Sixteen years. Five months. And nine days. That's the count.

CHARLIE  
The count? What -- ?

BOONE  
You wanna give us a minute here, man? 'Cause this is --

SAYID (CONT'D)  
The message. The iterations. It's a distress call. A mayday. A plea for help. And if the counter's right, it's been playing... over and over for sixteen years.



And we let that doozy sink in for a moment before --

BOONE  
Someone else was stranded here?

KATE  
Maybe someone came for them...

SAWYER  
If someone came, why's it still playing?

Beat. Another beat. And another. Taking in all six of them. All equally freaked... no longer so sure they were lucky to survive. Finally --

CHARLIE  
Guys -- where are we?

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END