

LOST

"Walkabout"

Written by

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TEASER

Moving through the "O" of the "LOST" TITLE, as we HEAR...
CHAOS -- people shouting, wailing in pain, a woman screaming,
the WHINE of a jet engine, then...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

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XCU - A MAN'S EYE as it snaps open (deja vu). CUT WIDE to
see it belongs to

LOCKE, lying by the side of the smoking fuselage. We quickly
realize this is right after the crash. A FLASHBACK. And
we're experiencing it from his point-of-view. Dazed, he
props himself up on his elbows and glances around, taking
stock of the other terrified survivors, including the
screaming SHANNON, etc., until suddenly he notices...

HIS POV - His feet. One of his shoes is missing.

Locke stares dumbly at his socked foot for a moment, then...

He slowly wiggles his big toe. Then, all the toes.

He barely has time to process his parts are working before he
spots something. CUT WIDE--

OVER HIS SHOE, lying nearby on its side -- its CLEAN,
PRISTINE, UNSCUFFED SOLE facing camera.

Oblivious to the panicked people running past him, Locke
retrieves the shoe, then sits up.

Amid the din, we may notice a new sound - A DOG BARKING. It
starts faint, at first, then grows progressively louder as
Locke slowly bends his knee, bringing his foot into his lap.

As he proceeds to put his shoe back on, we PUSH IN, the
BARKING becoming louder, more frantic...

...and LOCKE looks up...

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EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

CLOSE ON LOCKE, sitting on the beach -- lost in his own
thoughts -- SNAPPED OUT by the sound of VINCENT barking. He
looks over at...

WALT, holding VINCENT back as the dog strains at his leash.
A groggy MICHAEL sits next to him.

MICHAEL
Walt, ya gotta keep that dog quiet.

WALT
I dunno what's the matter with him.
(pulling on leash)
C'mon, Vincent-- Cut it out...

Michael offers an apologetic look to Shannon and Boone, a few feet away.

MICHAEL
Sorry...

SHANNON tsk with annoyance. BOONE nods, understandingly.

We get QUICK POPS of some of the other regulars, stirring awake to the commotion: SAYED, CLAIRE, HURLEY, JIN and SUN, etc. That's when we find...

JACK, already up. And staring at something. KATE appears from behind and sidles up next to him.

KATE
What is it?

She follows his gaze to see he's looking at

THE FUSELAGE. From inside we hear NOISES - banging around, dull thuds.

CLAIRE
Somebody's in there.

SAYID
Everybody in there's dead.

JACK
(under his breath)
Sawyer.

SAWYER (O.S.)
Standing right behind you, jackass.

Jack looks back over his shoulder to, indeed, find SAWYER. Then, turning back, and with a deep breath, Jack takes out his itty-bitty PENLIGHT. He moves off toward the opening of the ruined fuselage.

KATE
Jack...?

ON SAWYER - he throws a smirking glance to Kate, as he whips out his MEGA-WATT FLASHLIGHT. Kate rolls her eyes, then follows Jack. Sawyer follows her.

Much schmuck-baiting as Jack nears the opening of the wreckage, and Locke folds into the group from the other side. The others in the camp hang back.

REVERSE ANGLE - the four arrive at the opening and peer in. The banging and noises are louder now. And we see something in the foreground... something NOT HUMAN moving inside.

ON SAWYER - Waiting for Jack to make a move. Then, out of patience...

SAWYER

How `bout I shed a little light on--

Sawyer switches his lamp on and attempts to bring it up, as a SHARP GRUNT is heard from inside the fuselage, and Jack blocks his arm.

PUSH IN to the darkness inside the cabin as we can just make out...

CLOSE-UP - SOMETHING'S HEAD turning to look at them. Moonlight glinting of its feral, furious eyes as it snorts...

CLOSE ON JACK - Staring back at it... Without turning, he says to the others in a quiet, but urgent whisper:

JACK

Run.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

44 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

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Continuous. The others barely have time to act on Jack's suggestion when Sawyer shines the flashlight inside.

JACK

No!

From inside... SHRIEKS!

THREE SMALLISH SQUEALING BEASTS come barreling out of the

fuselage, fanning out in different directions. Kate SCREAMS as they run, and the camp is thrown into chaos.

Random shouts of: "Look out!," "What's happening?!", "Get away!," etc., as some flee, some cower, others bring up make-shift weapons to defend themselves as the creatures charge past them - including HURLEY, who wields a diving FLIPPER.

HURLEY

Aww crud, now what?

ON JIN, brandishing a piece of driftwood as he commands SUN:

JIN

(in Korean)

Stay down.

She obeys, staying crouched behind him.

In the melee, one of the fleeing CASTAWAYS run right into CHARLIE, knocking him down onto a jagged piece of wreckage.

CHARLIE

Hey-- Oww!

On the ground, Charlie looks at the gash across his forearm, then glances up and reacts as A BEASTIE closes in on him...

ON CHARLIE - Terror rising. At the very last second, he's YANKED to his feet, flinching, as a BLUR OF FUR flashes by. He glances back to discover it was

JACK who pulled him out of the animal's path. They both turn just in time to see the RUSTLING OF BRUSH as the beasts disappear into the jungle.

ON SAYID, shouting to the others.

SAYID

It's alright! They're gone!

ON BOONE, who'd been shielding a wigged out Shannon.

BOONE

You okay?

SHANNON

Yeah. Way to go, Ace.

ON CHARLIE and JACK...

CHARLIE

What the bloody hell was it?

ON LOCKE, nearby, staring off, stoically, in the direction of the departing animals.

LOCKE
Boars.

UPCUT TO CU ON:

INT. INFIRMARY TENT - A LITTLE LATER
45 45

JACK
We have to get rid of the bodies.

WIDEN to see him conferring with Kate and Sayid as he dresses Charlie's wound.

CHARLIE
What, bury them? There's a whole
bunch in there--

SAYID
More than twenty. Digging will be
difficult without shovels or--

JACK
Not bury. We have to burn them.

The other three react, taken aback by that. Jack notices --

JACK (CONT'D)
What?

KATE JACK
They're people. -- I know they're people,
Kate...

SAYID
Burning the remains... They deserve
better than--

JACK
Than what? Getting eaten by wild
animals? `Cause that's what's
gonna happen. Any bodies we bury
won't stay buried for long. Look,
I know it seems harsh. But that
fuselage, in the sun, it's not
about what they deserve...
(softening)
They're gone. And we're not.

Sayid looks at the ground, shaking his head.

SAYID
What you say may be true.
(looks back up to Jack)
But it's not right. For us to

decide how these people are laid to
rest, with no regard to their own
wishes -- their religions-

JACK

We don't have time to sort out
everybody's God.

CHARLIE

Really? Last I heard, we're
positively made of time.

KATE

Charlie...

CHARLIE

-- What? I'm just saying...

JACK

Hey, I'm not happy about it either.
But the plane crashed a thousand
miles off-course. They're looking
for us in the wrong place. If
they're even still looking.

(then)

It's been four days. Nobody's
coming.

The remainder of this registers on Sayid's face.

JACK (CONT'D)

In the morning, we need everybody
to start collecting wood... Dried
brush... We're going in turn that
fuselage into a furnace.

KATE

Crematorium, you mean.

Jack looks at her. And nods. Starts to exit, STOPS --

JACK

We'll wait until the sun goes down
tomorrow night to set the fire.

Kate nods as Jack goes. As the others start to disperse,
Charlie looks at Kate...

CHARLIE

If he's so eager to get this done,
why're we waiting `til...

KATE
He's hoping somebody'll see it.

She crosses off as Charlie takes that in...

46 EXT. HORIZON - DAWN - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - DAY 5 46

The sun peeks out over the empty ocean. Another day.

47 EXT. BEACH - DUNE - MORNING 47

ON A PILE of METAL PIECES, STRIPPINGS, WIRES and AIRPHONES
WITH CORDS. Nearby lies the TRANSCIVER from the cockpit.
As a HAND reaches in and picks up a wire, TILT UP to find

SAYID, carefully wrapping the wire around a cylindrical piece
of piping attached to a curved piece of metal.

KATE (O.S.)
Guess I'm not the only one who
didn't sleep last night.

He glances up at her, then goes back to work.

SAYID
There are better uses for my time
than collecting firewood.

KATE
(gets his meaning)
You don't agree with Jack.

Sayid doesn't answer her, just goes about his business.

KATE (CONT'D)
What're you making?

SAYID
Too soon to talk about. Not sure
if it'll even work.

KATE
You're trying to pick up the
signal, aren't you? The one we
heard on the transceiver.

Bingo. Reluctantly, Sayid nods.

SAYID
If the French woman's transmissions
have truly been playing on a loop
for sixteen years, then there must

be a power source on this island.
A significant one.

KATE
You can find it?

SAYID
Hypothetically... yes.
(beat)
I'm making an antenna, of sorts.
With a few of these mounted at
different points on the island, I
may be able to use the transceiver
to triangulate the signal. Find
out where it's coming from.

KATE
What can I do to help?

SAYID
This is only a prototype. Testing
it now may be premature...

KATE
Then it's a good thing I test well.

Sayid eyes her for a moment. Smiles. A moment. Then --

SAYID
Appears you're as anxious to get
off this island as I am.

Boy, don't we know it. Off Kate...

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EXT. BEACH - MEANWHILE

ON MICHAEL, collecting wood near the edge of the jungle.
Walt sits nearby, petting Vincent, who's tied to a tree. He
suddenly catches sight of

HIS POV - LOCKE, sitting in the sand, unlocking a SUITCASE,
and lifting the lid toward camera, masking what's inside.

ON WALT, he gets up and starts to walk off. Michael sees him
out of the corner of his eyes.

MICHAEL
Where you going, man?

WALT
(busted)
Nowhere.

MICHAEL looks over at LOCKE, now rummaging through the
suitcase.

WALT (CONT'D)

I just thought... I wanted to go
see what Mr. Locke's doing.

MICHAEL

How `bout you help your dad with
the wood, okay?

(beat)

I'm sure Mr. Locke doesn't want a
kid hanging around him all day,
anyway.

Walt is obviously not keen on that option, but he grudgingly
begins to pick up sticks --

WALT

At least he talks to me.

That STINGS -- but it's kinda true, too.

MICHAEL

Okay. Let's talk then. What you
wanna talk about?

WALT

Forget it.

As Walt sulks, Michael casts another wary eye at Locke,
before picking up a final piece of wood and crossing back to
the fuselage, where we find...

JACK, a bandana around his neck, supervising as various
others bring over wood and brush. He takes Michael's
delivery and passes it along to a chain of two other MEN
inside the cabin, also wearing something across their faces.
He casts a wary eye over at

HIS POV - A SMALL GATHERING of four or five CASTAWAYS
talking, occasionally peering over. Among them is Claire,
who looks at Jack, then peels away and crosses to him.

CLAIRE

Excuse me. Doctor...?

JACK

Jack. Claire, right?

(re: her belly)

How's the...?

CLAIRE

Good. He's good.

(beat)

I think maybe you should see this.

She hands Jack some folded, partially SINGED papers. As he unfolds them...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Somebody found it.

(pointing to the fuselage)

In there. They're collecting belongings.

JACK'S POV - The pages contain hand written notes accompanied by COLOR PHOTOS OF A HAPPY, YOUNG COUPLE, lovely bridal gown, a luxurious beach resort, floral arrangements, etc.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

They're wedding plans.

(pointing, reading)

"Steve and Kristen's." They were on the plane. Sitting a couple of rows behind me. I remember 'cause...

(a little overcome)

They looked... so happy.

Jack quickly returns the pages to her, awkward under the weight of her raw emotion --

JACK

I-- I don't understand, Claire, what am I supposed to do with--

CLAIRE

I thought... Well, some of us were wondering if maybe we should do some kind of... thing. Like a memorial service or something. You could lead it...

JACK

Uh, no, I don't think...

CLAIRE

It's just a few words. Or maybe we could just read off names. From the passports or driver's licenses--

Jack's had ENOUGH --

JACK

Look -- It's not my thing.

Claire instantly backs off. Clear to her (and us) she's pushing a button that best ain't pushed --

CLAIRE

Oh. Okay. Then... maybe I could do it.

JACK
Yeah. Sounds fine. Whatever
everybody wants.

And with that, Jack walks off. As Claire watches him go...

49 EXT. BEACH - EDGE OF THE JUNGLE - MEANWHILE

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ON BOONE, collecting wood... He looks up as

JIN, crosses by, his arms also laden with wood. They notice
each other. After a moment, Boone offers:

BOONE
Hi.

Jin returns the greeting with a friendly nod and moves off.
Boone crosses to a piece of driftwood high on the beach, then
suddenly sees

ROSE, sitting far down the beach, near the surf, by herself.

REVERSE - CLOSE ON ROSE, just sitting, staring out at the
sea, gently caressing the gold band she wears on a string
around her neck. We can make out BOONE in the deep
background.

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EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

ON SHANNON, doing a crossword puzzle in the back of an
airline magazine, as others continue to toil around her. We
see BOONE dump off his wood by the fuselage and cross to her:

BOONE
That woman's still sitting out
there.

SHANNON
(barely listening)
Uh huh.

BOONE
Her husband was on the plane. In
the back.

SHANNON
Great.

BOONE
Are you even listening to me?

SHANNON
What's a four-letter word for "I
don't care?"

BOONE

She hasn't moved from that spot
since yesterday, Shannon.

(beat)

Somebody should go talk to her.

SHANNON

I nominate you.

(weary sigh)

Taking care of the whole freakin'
world, one person at a time.

BOONE

Not the whole world. Just my

SHANNON

-- Who was doing just fine

sister--

until you came along.

BOONE

Yeah! You had it all together.

That's why I had to fly seven
thousand miles to rescue your ass.

(then)

Face it, Shannon. You'd be lost
without me.

SHANNON

Correction. I am lost with you.

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BOONE

Yeah, well, at least you know you
won't starve with me to take care
of you.

SHANNON

BOONE

I'm not gonna starve...

-- Yeah? What're you gonna
eat?

SHANNON

(shrugs)

Ocean's full of fish.

BOONE

Hate to break it to you, but the
ocean's not gonna take your gold
card.

And now Shannon finally puts down her magazine. It's ON --

SHANNON

You don't think I can catch a fish?

Boone's look at her says it all. Nope. Before she can
respond, their attention's drawn to...

ANGLE ON SAWYER and HURLEY, yelling on top of one another.
Hurley keeps reaching for the backpack in Sawyer's hands.
Sawyer shoves him away. As they quarrel, ten or fifteen
castaways converge on them.

HURLEY	SAWYER
-- hand `em over -- There's	-- How `bout `no' --
other people here, or don't	Well, maybe if one of us
you give a crap --	didn't eat more than his fair
That's bull and you know it --	share, wouldn't be a shortage
Dude, what's your Problem?!	-- Hey, I'm peachy, pork-pie.
Not happy unless you're	You're the one--
screwing over--	

Boone enters the fray, trying to calm the situation.

BOONE
Okay, guys, knock it off. C'mon --
SAWYER
Stay outta this, Metro--

JACK (O.S.)
What's going on?

Sawyer, Hurley and Boone look over to see JACK, KATE and
SAYID pushing past some of the onlookers.

HURLEY
(indicating Sawyer)
Jethro here's hoarding the last
bags of peanuts.

SAWYER
It's my own stash.
(nodding to fuselage)
Found `em in there.

JACK
(to Hurley)
What about the rest of the food?

HURLEY
(to Hurley)
There is no rest of the food, dude.
It's gone. We kinda... ate it all.

The castaways start to murmur: "No food?" And PANIC begins
to seep in. People are really starting to get scared. The
KNOWERS doing their best to maintain order --

JACK	SAYID
Okay, everybody calm down...	
	-- We can find food. There
	are plenty of things on this
	island to sustain us.

ON SAWYER, who casually leans against a row of detached airplane seats.

SAWYER

Oh yeah? And exactly how are we gonna get this... sustenance?

THWACK! A good-sized knife suddenly imbeds itself in the empty seat next to Sawyer. He flinches back, startled.

ON JACK, KATE and the others as they turn toward the direction from which the knife had come to see

LOCKE.

LOCKE

We hunt.

Stop. Let it sink in. The pure AUTHORITY of this man. After a moment, Kate steps toward him...

KATE

How'd you get that knife on the plane?

Locke eyes her a moment... then shrugs.

LOCKE

I checked it.

Jack PULLS the knife out of the seat. For a second we think he might keep it... but instead, he offers it to Locke, hilt out. Sizing up this guy for the first time --

JACK

Either you've got good aim...
(looks to Sawyer)
Or bad aim, Mr...?

MICHAEL

Locke. His name's Locke.

JACK

Okay. So what is it we're hunting, Mr. Locke?

SLOW PUSH IN ON LOCKE as he speaks...

LOCKE

We know there are wild boar on the island. Razorbacks by the look of them. The ones who came into camp

last night were piglets... A
hundred, hundred and fifty pounds
each. That means there's a mother
nearby. A two-hundred and fifty
pound rat with scimitar-like tusks
and a surly disposition, who'd love
nothing more than to eviscerate
anything that comes near her...

ON JACK, eyeing Locke as he continues...

LOCKE (CONT'D)

... Boars' usual mode of attack are
to circle around their prey, charge
from behind. So I figure it'll
take at least three of us to flank
one of the piglets, distract it
just long enough for me to pin
it... and slit its throat.

Everyone stares at him, stunned for a moment. Then Sawyer
turns to Jack --

SAWYER

And you gave him his knife back.

JACK

If you've got a better idea...

SAWYER

Better than three of y'all
wandering into the magic forest to
bag us a hunk `o ham armed with one
l'il bitty knife? Hell no! That's
the best idea I ever heard!

With the barest of smirks, Locke takes a step toward his
black bag lying nearby and deftly KICKS open the lid.

REVEAL, strapped to the lid, HALF A DOZEN LARGE HUNTING
KNIVES, of various shapes and sizes, along with other hunting
accountrements: fishing line; snake-bite kit; etc.

The others REACT. Fuck.
CLOSE ON HURLEY:

HURLEY

Who is this guy?

INT. OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

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CLOSE UP ON LOCKE, in crisp white shirt and tie, jotting
something down in an open file. Suddenly his phone TRILLS.
Locke picks it up:

LOCKE
(into phone)

Yes?

CLIPPED VOICE (V.O.)
(on the phone)
Col. Locke, is this line secure?

Locke's eyes dart off for a moment, before he pushes a button on his phone console.

LOCKE
Line secure, GL-12. Go ahead.

CLIPPED VOICE (V.O.)
(on the phone)
Target area is acquired. Maneuvers
are a go for thirteen hundred
hours. Repeat -- we are a go.

LOCKE
Roger that. We'll convene at the
usual rendezvous point at --

RANDY (O.S.)
Locke!

Locke looks up from his call and we reveal...

RANDY, an office supervisor, standing at the entrance to
Locke's cubicle.

That's right, Locke's a mid-level management cubicle jockey.

RANDY (CONT'D)
I told you. I need those TPS
reports finished by noon today.
Not twelve-thirty. Not twelve-
fifteen. Noon!

Locke, evenly, though clearly peeved:

LOCKE
I heard you the first time, Randy.

As Randy starts to leave, he adds:

RANDY
And no personal calls during office
hours. Colonel.

Randy moves off, barely suppressing a snicker and we're...

CLOSE ON LOCKE, his eyes narrow, watching him go...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

52 EXT. BEACH - MID-DAY

52

CLOSE ON A KNIFE, glinting in the sunlight. Widen to see Kate holding it, looking it over, before she slides it into her belt and continues gearing up she hears:

JACK (O.S.)

So you're hunting boars now, huh?

She turns and sees Jack. Hint of a smile. This will always be their dynamic -- concern baked under the fluffy crust of a CHEMISTRY neither can deny. As they WALK AND TALK --

KATE

Who says this is my first time boar-hunting.

JACK

Uh huh. Tell me something -- How come anytime there's a hike into the Heart of Darkness, you sign up? You know what's in there.

KATE

Actually, I don't.

And we can see that Kate is kinda scared... VULNERABLE, even.

KATE (CONT'D)

But at least I've got some experience, right?

Jack smiles. She can handle herself. So he turns his attention across the beach towards --

LOCKE, filling his VEST with stuff from his suitcase...

JACK

What's your feel on our new friend?

KATE

Seems to know what he's doing.

JACK

Call me paranoid, but anyone who packs a suitcase full of knives...

KATE

(smiles)

If I didn't know better, I'd say you were worried about me, Jack.

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JACK

If I didn't know better, I'd say
you've got a problem staying in one
place very long, Kate.

(beat)

So you wanna tell me why you're
really going?

Kate stops. She's busted. Eager to break this awkward
moment, Kate makes sure they're far enough away from the
others -- Opens up her pack, revealing SAYID'S ANTENNA.

KATE

Sayid gave me this so he can
triangulate the distress signal we
heard -- Find the source.

JACK

(realizing)

This isn't about boars.

She smiles as she refastens her bag and hoists it, does her
best to cover her nervousness with bravado --

KATE

What can I say? I'm a vegetarian.

She moves off. Jack watching her go.

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EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE BEACH - MEANWHILE

WALT's pleading with Michael who shoves things into a pack.

WALT

But why can't I come?

MICHAEL

Because I said so --

At that moment, Michael notices SUN crossing by, holding
plants she's apparently dug up. He attempts to communicate
with her pantomimically as he introduces himself --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Uh, hi. I'm, uh, Michael. Mi-
chael. My name.

SUN

(gesturing to herself)

Sun.

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MICHAEL

"Sun." Sun... That's-- that's
nice. Uh, listen, Sun... I'm...
I... am going off... off... away...
to hunt... And I was wondering...
if you... you could keep an eye on
my boy... Walt... Y'know... Watch
him for me... Until I get back...

Sun looks somewhat apprehensive at first, then, after a
moment's thought, she nods and speaks in Korean:

SUN

I will gladly look after your son.

MICHAEL

Sorry... I don't understand
Japanese, but -- You're cool with
this, right?

SUN

(smiling shyly)
Yes. And I'm Korean.

WALT

I don't need a baby-sitter...

MICHAEL

C'mon, man. Vincent needs you
here, okay?

As Walt sulks, Michael adds:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And cheer up. This'll give me a
chance to get to know your friend
Mr. Locke a little better.

With that, he heads off to join Kate and Locke, as they move
off into the jungle.

SUN

Try not to worry about your father.
He will be all right.

WALT

Yeah, whatever.

ON CHARLIE as he sits down in a quiet secluded spot, looks around to see the coast is clear, then takes out his bag of dope. Clearly about to take a hit, then...

REVERSE ANGLE - BEHIND HIM as a pair of shapely legs come into frame. Feeling someone's presence, Charlie turns his head and peers up at

SHANNON, the sun backlighting her, haloing her head.

SHANNON

Hi.

CHARLIE

Uh, hello. Shannon, right?

SHANNON

Yeah.

(her best smile)

You doing anything right now?

CHARLIE

Oh, um...

(shoving the bag into his pocket)

N-no, not really. At the, uh...

He gets to his feet.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing now?

SHANNON

I was just gonna take a walk.

Wanna come?

CHARLIE

Er. Yeah. Sure.

They head off down the beach. Charlie glowing from the attention. After a beat...

SHANNON

Can I ask you something?

CHARLIE

(grinning)

I was wondering when you were gonna get `round to it. Yes. I'm the bass player from Drive Sha--

SHANNON

Do you know anything about fishing?

CHARLIE

What--?

Charlie halts, caught off-guard. Then, off her expectant look, he clearly lies, sputtering out:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Fishing? Oh, yeah... My granddad
used to take me, taught me
everything he knows... knew -- He's
dead god rest his soul -- Anyway,
I'm, like, a... fishing fiend.
(beat; confidently)
England's an island after all,
in'tit?

OFF SHANNON's pleased look...

EXT. BEACH - BY THE FUSELAGE - MEANWHILE

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ANGLE ON A WHEELCHAIR laden with wood, being pulled by a
CASTAWAY and delivered to --

JACK, a bandana across his mouth and nose, feeding wood and
dried brush into the fuselage. As the Castaway moves off,
leaving the wheelchair, Boone approaches.

BOONE

Doc? Got a sec?

JACK

Just call me Jack... What's up?

Boone points down the beach. Jack looks.

HIS POV - Rose, still sitting out there.

BOONE

Woman's been sitting by herself. I
don't think she's had any food or
water. Guess she's having trouble
dealing... Y'know, about her
husband. Think maybe you could go
and talk to her or something?

JACK

Why me? I'm not a psychiatrist.
Maybe you should...

BOONE

I just figured you might want to
'cause, well...
(beat)
You're the one who saved her life.

As Jack looks off in Rose's direction, considering...

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EXT. JUNGLE - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON a tree trunk, the bark rubbed off. A hand reaches into frame, feeling the scarred grooves in the trunk.

WIDEN to find Locke, in expert tracker mode, squatting next to the tree. He reaches down, brings up some loose soil. Kate and Michael in the background. Kate steps toward Locke.

KATE
Find something?

He gives her a cursory glance, then tosses the dirt, stands.

LOCKE
Ground here's been rooted up.
That's how boars get the majority
of their food. Digging.
Afterwards, they generally wallow
in the dirt, rub up against trees --
(pointing out tree scars)
--Scoring them with their tusks.

MICHAEL
O-kay. So what's all that mean?

LOCKE
Means we're close.

He starts to move off, as Kate falls into step with him.

KATE
Mr. Locke, how is it you--
(smiles; then)
Sorry... You have a first name?

LOCKE
It's John.

KATE
John Locke. Like the philosopher.

Locke eyes her, appreciatively. That grin --

LOCKE
Like the philosopher.

KATE
(searching her memory)
"Good and evil, reward and
punishment, are the only motives to
a rational creature..."

She sees Locke and Michael just looking at her, suddenly becomes self-conscious.

KATE (CONT'D)

Minored in college.

MICHAEL

Great. And I got an art degree.
(looking around, ironic)
Who says higher education doesn't
prepare you for the real world?

KATE

And where'd you learn all this
stuff, John? Tracking, hunting...

Locke continues to look at her before answering...

LOCKE

Well, let's just say I've had time
to minor in a few things myself.

LOCKE continues on, moving past frame as we stay with Kate
and Michael. They follow several steps behind.

MICHAEL

(sardonic, re: Locke)
Huh. International Man of Mystery.

As they pass frame...

EXT. BEACH - FAR END - DAY

57

57

ON ROSE, still sitting stoically, staring out as an airline
blanket is suddenly draped over her shoulders. She doesn't
respond or look up as Jack sits down next to her. He holds
out a half empty bottle of water:

JACK

Hi. Rose, right? Remember me?
Seat 23A?

Getting no response from her, he adds, wryly:

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm the guy that told you not to
worry about the turbulence.

Rose doesn't even look at him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Everybody's getting kinda worried
about you. If you want to be
alone, that's fine, but you need to
take care of yourself. You really
should drink.

(no response, he sighs)

Okay... We don't have to talk.
Let's just sit. For a while.

And they do. In silence.

58

58

EXT. JUNGLE - AFTERNOON

ON KATE and MICHAEL - MOVING -- She glances at him, then...

KATE

Your son -- How's he handling all this?

MICHAEL

Hell of a lot better than I am.

KATE

You must be proud. He's a brave kid.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Can't take credit for that -- I wasn't part of his life, `til his mother passed away. Two weeks ago.

KATE

Oh, I'm sorry -- I didn't--

MICHAEL

That's okay. They were living in Sydney the past couple of years. I flew out last week. To, y'know... get him.

(beat, he looks at her)

What were you doing in Australia?

Thankfully --

ON KATE. Uh oh.

LOCKE (O.S.)

Shhhhh...

They halt and look to find themselves in a FIELD OF TALL GRASS. Kate and Michael FREEZE as Locke signals -- "It's right there." And sure enough, we see --

FLASHES of dark fur as what must be a BOAR moves through the tall grass. GRUNTS. SNORTS. And shit -- it's CLOSE.

LOCKE turns toward Michael and Kate and tries to signal them, silently, to flank the boar...

KATE starts to move up, close to Locke, but MICHAEL, eager to challenge Locke's authority, is resistant to comply.

MICHAEL

(whispering)

Quit giving us the steal sign.

Damn pig doesn't even know we're--

A LOUD SNORT as --

SOMETHING EXPLODES FROM THE TALL GRASS. IT'S BIG. FLASH OF FUR AND TUSK AS IT CHARGES

Locke grabs onto Kate, pulling her out of the way of the charging BOAR. The animal sideswipes LOCKE hard, sending him spinning to the ground... And continues to charge at

MICHAEL -- IT HITS HIM HARD IN THE LEG AND HE GRUNTS IN PAIN as he goes down --

Kate picks herself up a few feet away -- the GRUNTING AND SNORTING still all around them -- and makes her way to help Michael.

CLOSE ON LOCKE, down on the ground, dazed -- we're in his head space again (dream-like, SLO-MO), much like we saw him in the teaser. He props himself up and sees

HIS POV - Kate reaches Michael, obviously HURT. As we continue to hear the angry SNARLS of the boar.

BACK TO LOCKE as he turns his attention to...

HIS FEET. Just like in the teaser. He hasn't lost a shoe, but he doesn't appear to be wiggling his toes, either.

CLOSE ON LOCKE, continuing to stare at his legs, the sounds around him fading, as we hear:

WARREN (PRE-LAP)

Move...

INT. OFFICE - BREAKROOM - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK

59

59

CLOSE ON WARREN, forty-ish, short-sleeve shirt and tie.

WARREN

You've got to move, Colonel... Your troops are across enemy lines. And time's running out.

REVERSE ON LOCKE, sitting across from him, unperturbed.

LOCKE

Patience -- a quality you lack, GL-12 -- is the hallmark of a leader.

RANDY (O.S.)

Really...?

CUT OUT to reveal they're seated at a table in a small office
BREAKROOM -- VENDING MACHINES line one wall. On the table is
a GAME BOARD - A flat map of the world, with color-
differentiated army figures grouped in different areas.

Locke's boss RANDY stands over them, holding a clipboard --

RANDY (CONT'D)

Hallmark, huh? Tell me more about
being a leader, Locke.

Locke looks at him with muted annoyance, then takes a large
bite from his sandwich as Randy pulls up a chair and sits --

RANDY (CONT'D)

And while you're at it, explain the
deal with this "Colonel" thing?
Perused your file in Human
Resources... You've never been in
any armed forces.

WARREN

Uh, hey, John... Ya wanna move? I
gotta get back to the mailroom--

RANDY

Shut up, Goldberg.
(back on Locke)
So where'd you serve, Colonel?

Locke doesn't like this guy, but has to take it --

LOCKE

I'm just playing a game, Randy.
This is my lunch hour and I can...

RANDY

What's a "Walkabout?"

Locke STIFFENS as Randy produces a COLOR BROCHURE from his
clipboard and reads:

RANDY (CONT'D)

"Experience the dream journeys of
the Aborigines as you tour the
fabled Australian outback...

Locke reaches over, SNATCHES the brochure from Randy's hands.

LOCKE RANDY

You've no right taking that
off my-- -- So you wander around,
 hunting and gathering food,
 right? On foot?

LOCKE

Not that you'd understand... but a Walkabout is a journey of spiritual renewal... where one derives strength from the land... Becomes inseparable from it.

(then)

I have vacation days, Randy. I'm going. Already made a reservation.

Warren is SURPRISED by this --

Wow, John, you're really doing it, huh? You tell Helen yet?

Locke shoots a glance at Warren as --

Helen? What's this? Locke, you actually got a woman in your life?

LOCKE
That's none of your business.

RANDY
What is it with you, Locke? Why do you torture yourself, imagining you're some globe-trotting spy or hunter... Collecting your brochures for wilderness trips, rafting down the Amazon... and Walkabouts? Wake up -- You can't do any of that!

LOCKE
(softly; to himself)
Norman Croucher.

RANDY
-- Norman who?

LOCKE
Norman Croucher. He's a double
amputee. No legs. And he climbed
to the top of Mount Everest. Why?

It was his destiny.

Randy knocks over a few of the army pieces, KNOWING he's ruining the game and Locke is powerless to stop him...

RANDY
That what you think, old man? You
have a destiny?

LOCKE
Everyone has a destiny, Randy.
Mine just hasn't been revealed to
me yet. While yours is to grow
soft and fat, working in this
office, pushing your papers and
reports... Always clamoring for
promotions that'll never come.

This stings. Randy leans into him, pissed.

RANDY
Watch yourself, Locke. Unless you
wanna find yourself out of a job.

And with that, Randy pushes away from the table. As he huffs
out, he shakes his head, SCOFFS --

RANDY (CONT'D)
Destiny.

CLOSE ON LOCKE, relenting, his eyes drift down. Subordinated
by this fucking WANKER. Softly. Almost PITIFULLY --

LOCKE
Just... Don't tell me what I can't
do.

60

60

EXT. JUNGLE - AFTERNOON

ON LOCKE, still frozen on the ground. Just looking at his
legs. Lost in his own head while --

FIFTEEN FEET AWAY, Kate is with Michael. As she bends down
to look at his injury...

MICHAEL
How bad is it?

CLOSE ON MICHAEL'S LEG WOUND - a deep GASH across his thigh.
Kate sucks in a breath, as freaked as we are.

KATE
Uh -- it's... bad.

Kate stands, looking around through the grass -- Finally
spots LOCKE on the ground. Moves towards him, concerned --

KATE (CONT'D)

John...?
(moving to him)
You all right?

LOCKE

(waving her off)
Fine. I'm fine, Helen.

He starts to move his legs and slowly rises to his feet.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

KATE

Just-- Just got the wind -- Helen...?
knocked out of me -- What?
-- You called me Helen.

Locke glances at her, distracted.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Did I?
(changing subject)
Which way did the boar go?

KATE

We've got to get
Michael's hurt.
him back to...

LOCKE

Yeah, of course. You take him back
to camp. I'll get the boar.

KATE

What -- What are you talking about?

LOCKE

I'm fine. I can do it.

Before she can make a move to stop him, he takes off into the brush. Kate follows a few steps, calling after him...

KATE

John -- You can't! LOCKE!!!

She stops. He's gone. She shares a look with Michael.

ON LOCKE, moving through the jungle, a man possessed...

LOCKE

(under his breath)
Don't tell me what I can't do...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

61 EXT. BEACH - REEF INLET - LATE AFTERNOON 61

CLOSE ON THE REEF BED - we see a fish, swimming among the coral. It's lovely, tranquil, then --

A POINTED STICK clumsily stabs into the water, once, twice...

WIDEN to find Hurley and Charlie standing on the reef, their pants rolled up to their knees. It's Hurley stabbing the water with the spear as Charlie watches.

CHARLIE

Ya get it?

HURLEY

Dude -- Quit asking me that. No!

CHARLIE

Sorry.

(then)

You said you knew how to catch fish.

HURLEY

Yeah. -- Off the Santa Monica Pier with my old man and a fishing pole and bait. Never had to poke one with a sharp stick before.

CHARLIE

Well, anyway... Really appreciate your help.

HURLEY

Hey, anything that keeps me far away from that fuselage...

(stabs at the water again)

And that freakin' redneck jerk.

And again, he stabs at the water. Then, frustrated, he starts beating the water with the stick.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Ah, dammit -- crap -- Son of a --

CHARLIE

Er -- Maybe I can give it a go.

Hurley stops pounding, hands him the stick.

HURLEY

Knock yourself out.

Charlie readies himself, scans the water, his spear poised.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

(spotting a fish)

Okay, here comes one. Remember to
put your weight into it... He's
heading your way... Easy... Wait
for it... Wait... NOW!

Charlie stabs hard, slips on the slick reef and falls
headfirst into the water. He flails a moment before
awkwardly righting himself in the shallow inlet.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

CHARLIE

Aw, dude -- You were supposed to put my weight
to try to pin it against-- into it--

Suddenly, in the midst of their bickering, they pause,
feeling a presence, and look back at the beach to see

JIN -- just standing and staring at them.

Charlie, still standing in the water, and Hurley share an
embarrassed look. After this awkward beat --

Jin crosses out onto the reef, squats and stares down into
the water.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Uh, hey, careful, man. You're
gonna scare away all the --

SPLASH! Jin's hand juts into the water and he comes up with
a good sized fish. He turns, hands it to Charlie, nods and
crosses away.

OVER HURLEY and CHARLIE as they look at each other, then turn
and watch Jin leaving.

A62

A62

EXT. BEACH - BY THE FUSELAGE - MEANWHILE

CLOSE ON HANDS, bending and breaking off metal trimming from
wreckage.

WIDEN to see it's SAYID. MOVE WITH HIM as he gathers his new
metal pieces and crosses by the Fuselage, people still
filling it with brush, then... CLAIRE, sorting through a
growing pile of wallets, passports, fanny-packs, etc. She
notices him.

CLAIRE

Um... Is your name Sayid?

SAYID

Yes.

She holds up a singed envelope.

CLAIRE

This has your name on it.

ON SAYID, almost disbelieving, as he takes it from her...

SAYID

I... I thought I'd lost this.

Claire smiles and goes back to her sorting.

CLOSE ON SAYID as he pulls out a batch of photographs.

HIS POV - They're almost exclusively photos of a WOMAN --
some are taken of her from behind, in others her face is
OBSCURED BY A VEIL.

SAYID, clearly elated to have these back. He continues on...

EXT. BEACH - FAR END - MEANWHILE

62

62

ON JACK and ROSE, still sitting. Rose looking intently at
the ring in her hand. After a beat, he looks at her.

JACK

You a religious woman, Rose?

(no answer)

I didn't get much religion growing
up. Just wasn't an issue in my
family.

(beat)

Kinda wishing it had been, y'know.
After you've been in a plane
crash... Helps to believe in...
Something.

After a long beat...

ROSE

His fingers swell.

Jack sits up. Surprised she's finally said something...

JACK

Sorry?

ROSE

Bernard. My husband. His hands
swell up when we fly...

JACK
(nodding)
The altitude --

ROSE
He started having me hold onto his
wedding ring whenever we took a
plane trip. Always wore it around
my neck for safe keeping. Just
until we landed, you see...

Jack nods, sympathetically. Rose finally looks at him.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Y'know, Doctor, you don't need to
keep your promise.

JACK
Promise?

ROSE
The one you made to me on the
plane. To keep me company until my
husband got back from the restroom.
(she smiles)
I'm letting you off the hook.

JACK
Sorry. You're not getting rid of
me that easily.

Rose goes back to staring at the ocean.

JACK (CONT'D)
Rose... You shouldn't be out here
alone. You're suffering from a
post-traumatic shock...

ROSE
Aren't we all?

Jack sees the humor in that and laughs.

JACK
Yeah. I guess we are.

The two share the chuckle as she looks at him again --

ROSE
You've got a nice way about you. A
good soul. Patient. Caring... I
suppose that's why you became a
doctor.

LOST "Walkabout" (GOLDENROD) 8/4/04 35.

JACK

(smile fading)
Thanks, but I was just kind of born
into it...
(pensively)
Family business.

Before she can say anything further, he jumps in with:

JACK (CONT'D)
Do you have a family, Rose? Kids, I
mean... You and Bernard?

ROSE
Mm-hm. Three. All boys.

JACK
Three. That's great. And I'm sure
it's important for you to get back
to them. They need their mom.

ROSE
I appreciate the thought, Doctor.
But my boys are all grown. Kids
get to a certain age, you need them
more than they need you.

Something about that seems to hit home with Jack. Almost to
himself:

JACK
I don't know about that.

63

OMITTED

63

64 INT. JUNGLE - VALLEY - MEANWHILE

64

ON LOCKE, reaching the bottom, then moving with purpose,
tracking the boar...

LOCKE (PRE-LAP)
I've never felt so alive...

INT. LOCKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

65

65

We HEAR Locke's voice speaking to someone as we

PAN ACROSS a moderately low-rent apartment, littered with
books; travel magazines and, inexplicably, some kind of
Electronic Muscle Stimulator (EMS) Unit with several wires
emanating from it. A HAND adjusts the controls on it.

LOCKE (INTO PHONE)

Getting to finally tell Randy off --
It was... life-changing.

Continuing the PAN, we find the hand belongs to
LOCKE sitting on his Murphy bed, talking on the phone. The
wires from the EMS dip just below frame.

LOCKE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
I mean it -- Now I'm free to do all
the things I've ever wanted to do.
Things I know I was destined to do.
Like we talked about, Helen...

We hear the filtered voice of a woman on the line.

HELEN (V.O.)
It's... wonderful, John. I'm happy
for you. Really.

LOCKE (INTO PHONE)
I haven't even told you the best
part. Remember that Authentic
Aboriginal Walkabout --

HELEN (V.O.)
Sure. It's all you've talked about
for weeks.

LOCKE (INTO PHONE)
Yeah, well... I'm really going to
do it. I'm flying to Australia at
the end of the week.
(shifting nervously)
I bought... two tickets.

He waits, but there's just silence on the other line.

LOCKE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)	HELEN (V.O.)
Helen...?	-- John, we talked about
-- I know, but--	this. I like you. And I've
	enjoyed talking with you
-- So have I --	these past few months --

LOCKE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
-- Eight months.

HELEN (V.O.)
I'm not allowed to meet customers.

LOCKE (INTO PHONE)
Customer? Is that what I am to--

HELEN (V.O.)
This isn't really normal... I mean,
it isn't what I do. Maybe you
should find a... I dunno...

therapist.

LOCKE (INTO PHONE)
(starting to fume)
I have a therapist.

HELEN (V.O.)
John--

LOCKE (INTO PHONE)
I thought you understood, Helen.
You know me better than anyone.

HELEN (V.O.)
John, if we talk any longer I'm
gonna have to charge you for
another hour. That's another
\$89.95. You can't afford that any--

LOCKE (INTO PHONE)
I don't care about money! I just--

HELEN (V.O.)
I'm sorry, John. I gotta go.

There is a click as she hangs up.

LOCKE (INTO PHONE)
Helen?! HELEN!!

PUSH IN ON LOCKE, abandoned, furious -- He SLAMS down the
phone. And again. And again. The last time SLAMS us to:

LOST "Walkabout" (YELLOW) 8/2/04 38.

66 OMITTED

66

LOST "Walkabout" (GREEN) 8/2/04 39.

67 EXT. JUNGLE - LATE AFTERNOON

67

ON KATE and MICHAEL as they reach a small clearing. Kate
suddenly stops, looking up at a nearby tree.

KATE
Wait a minute...

MICHAEL
That the guy with the gimpy leg
should be deciding when we rest.

She drops her bag and takes off her over-shirt.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

KATE

Trying to boost the transceiver
signal. I'm gonna climb this tree
and attach an antenna.

Michael looks up at...

HIS POV - A very tall tree.

MICHAEL

You're gonna climb that?

KATE

Climbed a lot worse.

She throws the bag over her shoulder, gets a grip on the tree
and starts up. We follow her all the way up, using whatever
outcroppings from the trunk that she can for her footing.

As she reaches the top, she takes the antenna out of the bag
and attempts to attach it with a bungee cord when she hears:
THAT UNGODLY SOUND and ghostly moan.

ON MICHAEL, hearing it, too.

MICHAEL

Aw, hell.

BACK TO KATE as she sees: TREES, bending violently --
Something very large making its way across frame.

LOST "Walkabout" (GREEN) 8/2/04 40.

PUSH IN ON KATE as she realizes - IT'S BACK. The HUGE,
RAVENOUS THING... She suddenly loses her grip on the
antenna...

GROUND LEVEL - As the antenna hits, it smashes to pieces,
right before Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey!!

ON KATE, reaching the ground.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You hear that?

KATE

It's on the move.

MICHAEL
What -- Toward us?

KATE
No. It's going that way.
Toward...

She hesitates, realizing something.

MICHAEL
What's wrong?

She looks at him.

KATE
I think it's heading for Locke.

68 68
EXT. JUNGLE - VALLEY - MEANWHILE

TRACKING CLOSE ON LOCKE, as he catches sight of

THE BOAR - or rather a MASS OF BROWN FUR quickly disappearing
into a patch of dense brush.

LOCKE moves in, slowly, producing and bringing up the large
hunting knife in his hand. Then he suddenly halts as he
hears, from the brush:

THE BOAR SHRIEKING IN AGONY, its cries suddenly swallowed up
by the INHUMAN GRINDING NOISE of our jungle monster.

ON LOCKE - as it gets quiet again. His mind reels with
options before he becomes aware of something moving toward
him. He braces himself and slowly looks up as

LOST "Walkabout" (GREEN) 8/2/04 40A.

THING POV - High up, coming through the trees, finding Locke
staring up at it. We hear that undefinable NOISE...

ON LOCKE, as a large shadow falls over him. He stands his
ground, frozen with... Awe? As he looks into the face of the
behemoth...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

LOST "Walkabout" (YELLOW) 8/2/04 41.

ACT FOUR

69 EXT. BEACH - DUSK

69

ON CLAIRE - sitting on a blanket, organizing the various licenses, passports, pictures, and other documents when

Five other wallets are suddenly tossed onto the pile. She looks up at --

SAWYER

These were, uh... Found these the other day. When I was...
(screw the explanation)
Ah, hell. Just take `em.

CLAIRE

Thanks.

SAWYER

(moving off)
Yeah.

He crosses past

SUN as she extracts a vicious fluid from the roots of a plant into a plastic bowl.

Walt sits nearby with Vincent, watching her. Curious, despite himself.

WALT

What... What is that?
(pointing at the fluid)
That!

Sun smiles at him, then rubs some of the fluid across her bared teeth.

WALT (CONT'D)

Ohh. I get it. Like toothpaste, right?

Sun nods. Then, teaching him the word in Korean, she sounds it out slowly.

SUN

Toothpaste.

WALT

(repeating, in Korean)
Toothpaste.

SUN
Smart boy.

As she gives Walt a wink, they suddenly hear somebody shout
"They're back!," and see some of the CASTAWAYS rushing toward

KATE and MICHAEL emerging from the jungle; Michael leaning on
her.

ANGLE ON WALT, seeing his father.

WALT
Dad!

He runs to him. She watches him go.

ON KATE, handing Michael over to Hurley.

KATE
Watch his leg.

HURLEY
(unsure about asking)
So, like, what happened out there?

Before she can answer, Walt arrives to greet Michael --

WALT
Dad!
(eyeing the blood)
Your leg's all messed up. Does it
hurt?

ON MICHAEL - Pleased with his son's attention and concern, he
looks past Walt and shares a look with SUN who watches,
smiling gently. He thanks her with a nod.

MICHAEL
S'okay, man. Not as bad as it
looks.

Kate turns to cross away, only to find Sawyer's there to
greet her, with his usual smirk.

SAWYER
The mighty huntress returns. --
What's for dinner, honey?

KATE
Not now.

She crosses off. He watches her go, a little chagrined.

ON MICHAEL and WALT.

WALT

Wow... So, like a boar fight --

MICHAEL

Wasn't so much a fight. Pretty
much just me getting gored.

Walt suddenly thinks of something and looks around:

WALT

Um... Where's Mr. Locke?

Off Michael, unsure how to break the news...

70

70

EXT. BEACH - FAR END - MEANWHILE

ON JACK and ROSE still sitting there in the sand, staring
out...

THEIR POV - The sun dipping down past the horizon.

ON JACK, speaking without looking at her.

JACK

Rose... After the sun goes down...
We're burning the fuselage...

She looks at him and turns to her.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's... It's just something we have
to do. There's gonna be a memorial
service back at the camp. For
those who... who didn't make it. A
way for everyone to say good-bye.

After a moment...

ROSE

I'd like to be there for that.

Jack's eyes widen. She's READY.

JACK

Okay.

He gets up and helps Rose to her feet.

JACK (CONT'D)

Maybe... if you'd like to say
something... Y'know, about your

husband... To say goodbye to him,
I'm sure--

ROSE
(squinting at him)
What?

JACK
I'm just saying... If you want to
say goodbye to Bernard--

She smiles almost pityingly at Jack.

ROSE
Doctor -- My husband's not dead.

TRACK BACK with her as she turns and starts walking toward
camp, leaving a stunned Jack behind. Then he follows her...

JACK
He was in the tail section, Rose.
It broke off in mid-flight. I'm
sorry, but... Everyone in the rear
of the plane's gone.

ROSE
They're probably thinking the same
thing about us.

ON JACK, chewing on that, when he suddenly glances at
something and freezes...

HIS POV - an OLDER MAN standing on the edge of the jungle,
near a cluster of trees, a good distance away. To us, he
could easily appear to be one of the CASTAWAYS. To Jack,
there's something else. He can't make out the man's face,
but he wears an impeccably clean, dark blue suit... And WHITE
TENNIS SHOES.

JACK reacts, startled, but before he can say or do anything,
he's distracted by:

ROSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Doctor...?

Jack looks at her.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Are you coming?

...Then back to the Older Man. WHO'S NOW GONE. Did he cross
behind the trees?

OFF JACK, unnerved...

EXT. BEACH - MEANWHILE

BOONE emerges from a gathering of some agitated people, verging on panic. He approaches Shannon...

BOONE

Looks like the hunt didn't go well.
That bald guy never came back--

SHANNON

BOONE

Wait -- So they didn't bring
back any food at all? -- Did you hear what I said?!
Somebody may have died out
there--

SHANNON

We're all gonna be dead if somebody
doesn't--

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Here we are, luv...

She turns to see Charlie, holding the fish Jin caught for him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

As promised, you and me'll be
dining on fresh catch of the day.
Hope you don't mind alfresco.

SHANNON

(pleased)
My fish!

She grabs it from him. Then, disgusted, hands it off to Boone, as Charlie waxes on...

CHARLIE

Yeah. Nothin' to it, was there?
Like I said... I'm a fishing fiend.
This one gave me a hell of a
tussle. But I stuck with it...
Y'know, tired him out--

BOONE

(glaring at Shannon)
I don't believe you --

SHANNON

Awww, what's the matter? Can't
stand me fending for myself?

BOONE

(to Charlie)
Listen, hey, I'm sorry about this--

CHARLIE

(uncomfortable)
Uh, no worries, mate. We were-- I
mean, I was just--

SHANNON BOONE
(to Boone)
What are you apologizing to -- For you -- Using this poor
him for? guy, just like you use
-- Oh, whatever. everybody else --

BOONE
And, somehow, in your twisted
little brain, you think this proves
to me you can take care of
yourself.

Shannon tosses a look at Charlie then back to Boone.

SHANNON
(with a smirk)
Told you I could catch a fish,
didn't I?

Pow! ON CHARLIE, humiliated, realizing he's been played, as
we hear them continue to argue.

BOONE (O.S.)
That's low, Shannon. Even for you.

SHANNON (O.S.)
Oh, go find a baby bird you can
rescue or something...

72 EXT. BEACH - DUNE - MEANWHILE

72

CLOSE ON the shattered remnants of the antenna as Kate passes
them into Sayid's cupped hands.

KATE
I'm sorry.
(a bad joke and she knows
it)
I should've gotten the warrantee.

SAYID
I suppose I'll just try again.
(frustration building)
Of course, I have no welding iron,
no rivets, scorched wiring... and
of course, I must continue to lie
to anyone who asks me what I'm
actually doing...

KATE
Sayid --

He looks at her and softens.

SAYID

Sorry.

(forces a smile)

I'm cranky when I'm hungry.

KATE

(smiles back; then)

We'll try it again.

SAYID

We'll try it again.

They share a look, not unwarm. And smile. Then, with some seriousness...

KATE

Really think it'll work?

SAYID

(determined)

I will make it work.

JACK (O.S.)

Kate --

She turns as Jack approaches them.

KATE

Hey --

SAYID

Excuse me...

Sayid nods to Jack as he moves off. Jack's attention goes to the SCRAPES on Kate's cheek --

JACK

You okay?

He touches the scratch gently, examining her injuries. Purely professional. And yet...

KATE

Is this where you say "I told you so?"

JACK

I'm not big on rubbing it in.

Kate smiles. They're CLOSE. But then, a sober moment --

KATE

Locke's gone. That... thing... in there. I think it got him.

Jack absorbs that for a moment. Shakes his head. Kate

notices the CASTAWAYS beginning to gather near the fuselage --

KATE (CONT'D)

What's going on?

JACK

The fuselage is ready to go.

(beat)

Some of the others decided to... I
guess some words are gonna be
said... over the fire... Names
read, I think...

KATE

That's good. A little closure.

JACK

(distracted)

Yeah.

KATE

I don't think they're ready to know
what we --

She pauses, suddenly realizing Jack is looking past her at
something.

HIS POV - The OLDER MAN in the white shoes, mostly obscured
by the foliage. Kate sees Jack's expression:

KATE (CONT'D)

What?

But Jack is already moving past her, toward

The OLDER MAN who moves off deeper into the jungle.

Jack's rushing to the edge of the jungle, Kate right behind
him.

KATE (CONT'D)

Jack --

He's about to dive in when...

A LARGE FORM emerges from the brush. Jack and Kate come to a
sudden halt and look upon...

LOCKE, his brow and arms slightly bloodied, his arms slung
over a long stick across his shoulders, not unlike a
scarecrow.

JACK

Locke -- ?

Locke suddenly heaves the stick off of him and we see a DEAD
BOAR, hog-tied to it. The carcass hits the ground before

them.

CLOSE ON LOCKE - His face flush with the kill, his chest heaving...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

73 EXT. BEACH - BY THE FUSELAGE - NIGHT

73

CRANE SHOT - We see smoke and fiery embers rising up against the night sky, then TILT DOWN onto

THE BURNING FUSELAGE, and the CROWD of SURVIVORS standing before it, some bowing their heads in prayer, others quietly crying -- all the while hearing Claire's voice:

CLAIRE

Judith Martha Walker... Denton,
Texas... Guess she was gonna catch
a connecting flight...
(studying the license)
Uh, well, she wore corrective
lenses. And... she was an organ
donor...

CUT IN ON CLAIRE, sniffing her way through these impromptu eulogies - (occasionally popping in on others as they listen.) HURLEY stands next to her, holding various I.D.s, documents and other items. BOONE is also near, holding up a TORCH, giving her the light to read. [NOTE: We may also see an iPod propped up on some luggage, along with two external speakers, as we hear an appropriate SONG playing.]

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Or would've been...

She hands off the license to Hurley, who hands her the wedding plans she found earlier. She reacts...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh... yeah. Steve and Kristen. I
don't know their last names, but...
They were in love... And they were
going to be married--
(her voice breaks)
At least... At least wherever they
are now... they have each other...
They're not alone...

ARC around a tree as CLAIRE'S faltering voice continues in

the background, to find

CHARLIE, taking a hit from his bag of dope. He closes his eyes, letting the numbness wash over him, and shoves the bag back into his pocket. (There ain't much left.)

WE GO WITH HIM as he steps out from his hiding place and rejoins the crowd, winding up next to KATE, near the back.

LOST "Walkabout" (PINK) 7/22/04 50.

PANNING ACROSS the gathered, we see LOCKE, next to WALT and MICHAEL, then SAYID, SHANNON, SAWYER, SUN and JIN, and, finally, ROSE, her eyes closed, appearing almost serene.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

...Manuel Raphael Ortiz... Los Angeles... He turned thirty-two... wow, just last week... And, well, looks like Diego didn't travel much -- At least as far as we can tell from his passport...

(off piece of paper)

... But, oh, he must've had children... A video store receipt in his wallet lists overdue charges... Willy Wonka and... The Little Princess...

ON KATE, standing by CHARLIE. She scans the assembled.

KATE

(whispering, to Charlie)

Have you seen Jack?

Charlie looks around, but can only shrug. Off Kate's concerned look, as we hear Claire:

CLAIRE (O.S.)

So... I guess...

(becoming emotional)

I expect they're missing their daddy right now...

74

74

EXT. BEACH - FAR END - MEANWHILE

We see the fiery fuselage and congregated survivors way off in the distance, then BOOM DOWN to find

JACK, sitting alone, staring out over the ocean, far down the beach where Rose had sat. Lost in troubled thoughts.

EXT. BEACH - BY THE FUSELAGE - NIGHT

75

75

As we hear Claire reading on, we find

MICHAEL - He glances over at Locke, who doesn't look back.
After a beat, they speak in whispers...

MICHAEL
Nice work.

LOCKE
What?

MICHAEL
The boar. Nice work. Y'know...
Killing it.
(beat)
Just thought I should say
something.

Locke looks at him a moment, then nods, accepting Michael's
compliment, and returns to looking at the funeral pyre.
Another beat, then...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
So, that... Thing... The monster,
whatever... She said it was heading
right toward you...

Locke now turns and looks directly into Michael's eyes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Did you see it? I mean, did you
get any kind of look at it?

A moment passes before Locke shakes his head.

LOCKE
No.

Michael stares back at Locke for a beat. Then nods and turns
back to the service. As does Locke.

PUSH IN ON Locke's face - flames flickering in his eyes...

INT. MELBOURNE WALKABOUT TOURS - MORNING - FLASHBACK

76

76

CLOSE ON an Aussie TRAVEL AGENT, sitting at his desk inside
the storefront operation.

TRAVEL AGENT
-- The Walkabouts we arrange aren't
just some stroll through the
park... It's trekking over vast
stretches of desert -- rafting
treacherous waters -- climbing --

CLOSE ON LOCKE, sitting across from him, dressed in a khaki
vest, cap and dark sunglasses. A small, bitter smile masking

his contempt.

LOCKE

You've got no idea who you're
talking to. Believe me. I'm well
aware of what's involved...

(MOR E)

LOC KE (CONT'D)

Probably know more than you on the
subject--

TRAVEL AGENT

(cutting him off)

In any case, it's a trying ordeal
for someone in peak physical
condition, let alone --

LOCKE

Look -- I booked this tour a month
ago. You've already got my money.
Now I demand a place on that bus--

TRAVEL AGENT

LOCKE

You misrepresented yourself.

-- I never lied.

TRAVEL AGENT

By omission, Mr. Locke! You
neglected to tell us about your
condition --

LOCKE

(snapping)

My condition -- is not an issue!
I've lived with it for four years
and it's never kept me--

TRAVEL AGENT

Yes, well, unfortunately, it's an
issue to our insurance company.

Seeing this going nowhere, the Travel Agent stands and
crosses past Locke, who doesn't get up.

TRAVEL AGENT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I can't keep the bus
waiting any longer. It isn't fair
to the other people--

LOCKE

Don't talk to me about fair! --

TRAVEL AGENT

-- We can put you on a plane back
to Sydney on our dime. It's the
best we can do--

We see through a large window, a tour bus waiting to leave,

its doors open, the guide on the steps looking at his watch.

LOCKE

I don't want to go back to Sydney!
I've spent years preparing for
this. -- You put me on that bus
right now! I can do this!

TRAVEL AGENT

(at the doorway)

No. You can't.

He exits to confer with the guide as Locke yells after him.

LOCKE

Don't you walk away from me!

He suddenly swivels around...

LOCKE (CONT'D)

You don't know who you're dealing
with. -- Don't ever tell me what I
can't do! Ever!...

As he rolls himself toward the window, PULL OUT to REVEAL...

LOCKE IS IN A WHEELCHAIR. And has been throughout the entire
flashbacks. Shot to hide it, but dropping subtle clues: The
unscuffed shoes, the waist-high shelving, the EMS unit, etc.

THE BUS doors close and it pulls away. The Travel Agent
looks back at Locke, shakes his head and walks away. Just
doesn't want to deal with the guy...

LOCKE (CONT'D)

This is destiny! This is my
destiny! I'm supposed to do this,
dammit!!!

PULL UP HIGH and WIDE, Locke looking small and impotent...

LOCKE (CONT'D)

DON'T TELL ME WHAT I CAN'T--

FLASH CUT TO:

77

EXT. BEACH - DAY

77

LOCKE'S TOES - Wiggling beneath their sock.

ANGLE ON LOCKE staring dumbly at them, then, as before, he
retrieves his pristine shoe (understanding its clean because
HE'S NEVER WALKED ON IT) -- and puts it on.

Once he does, he looks up to the sky, almost serenely... As if an understanding's been reached.

Locke braces himself on a large, nearby, piece of wreckage, and carefully pulls himself up to his feet. He takes stock of his legs, gently rubbing them -- They appear steady, and he wills them to take... one... two... three... tentative steps. Then a couple more confident ones.

CLOSE ON LOCKE - Turning back to the scene of carnage -- His face flush with this "miracle" as he puts his hand on his hips and watches --

CUT IN TO COVERAGE FROM THE PILOT - Shannon screaming, Jin calling out, Michael looking for Walt, etc., and we HEAR Jack's voice, yelling over the whine of the jet engine...

JACK (O.S.)

-- get over here -- gimme a hand --

ON LOCKE, glancing over at

JACK, who turns and sees him:

JACK (CONT'D)

You! C'mon... Come over here!
Gimme a hand! --

TIGHT CLOSE-UP ON LOCKE, looking over at Jack.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

78

78

ON LOCKE - His eyes drift over to something past the crowd.

HIS POV - THE WHEELCHAIR, a short distance from the burning fuselage, resting idle and empty.

CLOSE ON LOCKE, as a small smile curls the corner of his lips.

THE END