

LOST

"All the Best Cowboys Have Daddy Issues"

Written by

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ETHAN

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

CHARLIE

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

AND SUDDENLY, a NOISE in the DENSE JUNGLE behind them --

MOVEMENT -- NON-DESCRIPT -- Charlie and Claire both turn  
towards it -- NOTHING. And the instant they turn back --

Ethan is standing right in front of them --

ETHAN

I'm sorry it's come to this.

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

SMASH TO BLACK:

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

HURLEY (O.S.)

He wasn't on the plane.

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

INT. THE VALLEY - DAY

1

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

KATE

Who wasn't on the plane?

HURLEY

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

1 (CON T'D)

2.  
1

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

JACK HURLEY  
Well where is he?  
-- Don't know -- I talked to  
him yesterday and --

KATE JACK  
Jack -- Sayid... his leg --  
-- Anybody seen Ethan?

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

JACK  
Has anyone seen Ethan?

CAMERA finds MICHAEL --

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

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

JACK KATE  
Where's Charlie?  
-- What?

JACK  
Where's Charlie?

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

LOCKE  
He went after Claire.

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

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - PATH TO THE BEACH - DAY 2  
2

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

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

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

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

LOCKE

Jack.

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

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

TWENTY YARDS AWAY

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

A BAG.

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

JACK

She was moving to the beach.

Locke turns to shoot Jack a quizzical look:

JACK (CONT'D)

(indicating the bag)

Claire. It's hers.

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

JACK (CONT'D)

What -- what happened? Where --?

LOCKE

I don't know.

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

LOCKE (CONT'D)

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

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

JACK

What? What is it?

LOCKE

Drag marks. Here... and here.

JACK

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

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

LOCKE

I think they've been taken.

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

JACK

CLAIRE! CHARLIE!

(then; in another  
direction)

CLAIRE!

LOCKE

Jack.

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

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

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Shhhhhhhhhhh.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. JUNGLE - PATH TO THE BEACH - DAY

3

3

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

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

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

LOCKE

The tracks are still fresh.

JACK

It doesn't make any sense -- How could one man drag two people --

one of them pregnant...?

LOCKE

You're asking the wrong question.

Not how...

(turns to him)

Why?

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

JACK

You think it was Ethan?

LOCKE

It certainly feels like it was Ethan.

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

JACK

By himself? How --?

LOCKE

We can't account for all of our people --

(beat; then)

And more importantly, who's to say they're even our people?

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

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Sayid said there were others.

JACK

(no...)

He said "we are not alone."

A beat, then --

LOCKE

Semantics.

JACK

(refusing to believe this)

Sayid's injured -- we don't know  
where he went -- he's delirious...

LOCKE

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

JACK

(frustration mounting)

So which way is the ground saying  
they went?

Locke looks at Jack, his tone cautious, measured:

LOCKE

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

JACK

-- We know enough.

LOCKE

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

JACK

Which way did they go, Locke?

Locke stares at Jack - practically vibrating with impatience.

After a moment, Locke simply points into the woods -

- and Jack just takes off in that direction -

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

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

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

JACK'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)

Let's get a clamp on that artery so

I can ligate above the tear -

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY - F L A S H B A C K

FLASHBACK

5

5

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

JACK

- come on - come on!

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

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

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

JACK

B.P.'s falling - she's

bleeding out...

-- No - I got the artery -

almost there -

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

JACK (CONT'D)

Let's start CPR...

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

JACK

She's in arrest...

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

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

JACK (CONT'D)

Artery's sealed - close her up -

ANDREA

(holding out the paddles)

D-fib!

5 (CON T'D)

5

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

JACK

CLEAR!

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

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

ANDREA  
We're charged -

JACK  
Clear!

KA-THWUM! BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...

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

JACK (CONT'D)  
- C'mon -- C'mon back --

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

JACK (CONT'D)  
C'mon... Let's go... C'mon back...

And that's when we hear an AUTHORITATIVE VOICE -- we've been  
on this action so TIGHT, we neglected to register the MAN  
standing just five feet behind the table, out of the fray --

MAN  
Call it.

Jack doesn't stop.   Keeps PRESSING --

MAN (CONT'D)  
Call it.

Jack ignores the voice --

MAN (CONT'D)  
Jack.

Jack finally turns to face the man --

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

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



SHEPHARD

Call it.

It's over.

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

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

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

Jack exchanges a look with Andrea. Her eyes drop.

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

JACK

You call it.

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

SHEPHARD

Time of death is 3:23 PM.

(beat)

Per the Chief of Surgery.

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

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

6

6

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

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

6 (CON T'D)

6

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

CUT TO:

INT. THE VALLEY - ENTRANCE - DAY

7

7

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

KATE enters in mid-argument with Locke -

KATE  
You just let him go? Alone?

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

KATE  
Nothing. Nobody's seen them.

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

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

LOCKE  
Figured you might.

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

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

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

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

SHANNON  
Search party? This is a deserted  
island.  
(MOR E)

7 (CON T'D)

7

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

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

LOCKE  
By following Ethan's trail -  
(off Shannon's look)  
- no one can walk through  
wilderness without leaving signs --

bending blades of grass, breaking  
twigs -- especially with captives  
in tow.

Locke extends a KNIFE to Boone --

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

Boone takes the knife, grateful for the validation.

BOONE  
I'm up for it.

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

LOCKE  
Then let's get moving.

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

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

8  
8 EXT. THE VALLEY - ENTRANCE - DAY

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

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

MICHAEL  
I said no, man.

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

8 (CON T'D)

8

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

Locke barely stops to look at Michael -

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

MICHAEL

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

LOCKE

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

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

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

EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - DAY

9

9

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

Out of breath, Jack continues to walk, looking down - trying  
to find ANY SIGN that will tell him where to go -- the sad  
truth, however, is that Jack is lost and alone --

-- but that doesn't mean he is beaten or resigned. Jack  
looks up at the sky, then, after a beat - he turns back to  
the ground, redoubling his effort to find Ethan's trail --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY - F L A S H B A C K

FLASHBACK

10

10

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

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

SHEPHARD

Never thought I'd see the day.

10 (CON T'D)

10

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

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

You barge into my OR to work on my  
patient?

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

JACK

You didn't have to do the

procedure...

SHEPHARD  
I don't have to do anything.

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

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

JACK  
I was upstairs -

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

JACK  
One of the nurses came to get me.

This effectively freezes Shephard for a moment. Then --

SHEPHARD  
Who?

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

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

JACK  
She told me your hands were  
shaking.

10 (CON T'D) (2)

10

SHEPHARD JACK  
My hands weren't...  
-- You cut her hepatic  
artery, she bled out -

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

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

JACK SHEPHARD  
-- You made a mistake. -- They called me. Not you.

-- I don't care whether they      -- You're lecturing me?  
called you are not, you made  
a mistake.                      -- Tell me -- if you were  
   upstairs and I was at lunch,  
-- Oh. Oh. Okay...                      then why did they call me?

- And finally, Jack actually RAISES HIS VOICE --

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

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

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

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

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - RESUME                      11  
11

Jack, turning to see Locke, Kate and Boone:

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

11 (CON T'D)                      11

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

KATE  
You find anything?

JACK  
          (ashamed/angry)  
No.

Locke approaches, compassionate.      Sincere --

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

- but Jack shrugs him off, even as Locke continues to try to

be a voice of reason.

JACK

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

LOCKE

Jack --  
(beat)  
This is my fault.

JACK

What?

LOCKE

I've been hunting with Ethan.  
Spent time with him. Never sensed anything...

(beat)

Off.

(then; pointed)

For everything I know -- about hunting? Tracking? Whoever he is... he knows more. If we catch up to him -- I don't want anything to happen to the only trained physician on the island.

(beat)

Go back and be the doctor - let me be the hunter.

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

11 (CON T'D) (2)

11

JACK

Can we go now?

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

LOCKE

Follow me.

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

BOONE

Jack.

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

Off Jack, offering Boone a cursory nod...

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

MICHAEL

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

HURLEY

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

Michael stands and indicates the other five Castaways -

MICHAEL

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

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

WALT

He knows a lot more than how to get  
a boar.  
(off the looks)  
Mr. Locke's a warrior. He knows  
how to hunt and track and stuff -  
and he's the only one who brought  
knives. If he told me to stay out  
of his way...

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

WALT (CONT'D)

(timidly)  
...I'd listen to him.

MICHAEL

(beat, then)  
Well I don't want you to.



Y'understand?

A beat. Walt nods. Then:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You stay with Hurley. I might not  
be a warrior. But I'm going south.  
(to the group)

Let's go.

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

HURLEY

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

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

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

13

13

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

13 (CON T'D)

13

LOCKE

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

BOONE

But you can lead us back to camp,  
right?

LOCKE

Unless something happens to me.

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

BOONE

Then maybe I better take marker  
detail.

Locke smiles, appreciatively. Hands over the shirt.

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

JACK

Anything?

LOCKE

Not yet.

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

JACK

If you can't find the --

LOCKE

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

Locke offers the water bottle to Jack --

JACK

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

LOCKE

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

13 (CON T'D) (2)

13

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

KATE

(sotto)

Can I talk to you?

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

UPCUT TO:

14

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

Kate and Jack, alone now.

KATE

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

JACK

It might.

KATE

Stop that.

JACK

What?

KATE

That.

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

KATE (CONT'D)

What's going on?

A beat. Then --

JACK

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

KATE

Jack -- You can't...

JACK

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

(MOR E)

14 (CON T'D)

14

JAC K (CONT'D)

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

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

BOONE (O.S.)

JACK! KATE!

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

UPCUT TO:

15

15 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

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

KATE

What is it?

And now we're CLOSE ON IT --

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

And just as we're beginning to connect to what it might be,

let's instantly SHARE with those not as familiar with the  
show as we are --

FLASH CUT TO:

16

16 EXT. BEACH - DAY - F L A S H B A C K (FROM EPISODE 101)  
FLASHBACK

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

After lingering on Charlie's knuckles for a moment -

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - RESUME

17

17

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

LOCKE

Look familiar?

17 (CON T'D)

17

JACK

It's Charlie's.

Boone steps up, confused --

BOONE

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

JACK

No. I think...

(beat; to Locke)

He's leaving us a trail.

Locke nods -- Hell yeah, he is.

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

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - DAY

18

18

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

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

JACK

They went this way.

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

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

LOCKE

I'm not so sure.

(turns to the others)

There's another trail here.

Jack stands, crosses to Locke --

JACK

What do you mean, another --?

LOCKE

(points to the grass)

These are footprints. People moved off this way.

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

JACK

Charlie is leaving us these to follow.

(points back towards the  
Banyan)

They're heading that way.

Locke just looks at him. Then --

KATE (O.S.)

What if Charlie isn't the one leaving them?

Both men turn towards Kate --

KATE (CONT'D)

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

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

BOONE

Wait -- Now you're a tracker?

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

LOCKE

You're just full of surprises.

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

JACK

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

LOCKE

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

JACK

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

A moment.

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

LOCKE

Be careful.

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

A19

A19 INT. THE VALLEY - STREAM - DAY

We find Hurley and Walt playing BACKGAMMON. Hurley ROLLS the  
dice -- looks at the results -- FRUSTRATED --

HURLEY  
Crap!

WALT                                 HURLEY  
Your blots can't get it.  
-- Yeah, I know my blots  
can't get in.

WALT  
My roll.

HURLEY  
Yahoo.

WALT  
Okay, I need a four-three...

Walt concentrates, blows on the dice, **SHAKES THEM**, in his cupped hands -- for the longest time. Hurley rolls his eyes.

HURLEY  
Dude, would you please roll?

Finally Walt rolls. The dice tumble and Hurley watches, incredulous, as Walt gets a four-three, HITS another of his pieces, puts it on the bar --

HURLEY (CONT'D)  
No!!

WALT  
Your turn.

Hurley rolls again. DAMN. And again, he must cede the dice to Walt. Hurley can barely contain himself.

WALT (CONT'D)  
It's okay. I wasn't very good when  
I first started playing either.

**HURLEY**  
I didn't just start playing. I  
finished 17th at a tournament once!

WALT  
17th's not very good.

LOST	"All the Best..."	(SALMON)	11/17/04	23B.
A19	(CON T'D) (2)		A19	

HURLEY  
No, 17th is very good.

WALT

If you say so.  
(does his rolling shtick)  
C'mon, double sixes...

Walt rolls. And... DOUBLE SIXES!

HURLEY  
You gotta be kidding me.

WALT  
(shrugs)  
I'm lucky.

Walt wins.

HURLEY  
No one is that lucky.

WALT  
My Dad said I was the luckiest  
person he knew.

HURLEY  
Really...

WALT  
Not Michael, Brian -- my other  
Dad...

Hurley gives him a surprised look -- other Dad...?

WALT (CONT'D)  
It's kind of a long story.

Which Walt doesn't want to go into.

Walt picks his pieces off the board (this is what you do in  
the endgame of Backgammon) --

LOST	"All the Best..."	(SALMON)	11/17/04	23C.
A19	(CON T'D) (3)		A19	

WALT (CONT'D)  
C'mon, one more game -- double or  
nothing again.

Hurley just shakes his head. Gets up.

HURLEY  
I got a meeting.

WALT  
A meeting?

HURLEY  
Yeah. A meeting.



As in -- "I'm out of here." And as Hurley heads off --

WALT  
(calling after him)  
You owe me twenty thousand dollars!

Hurley takes a quick glance back. Bastard! And he's gone.  
OFF Walt, left alone -- and he's bored.

LOST "All the Best..." (GOLDENROD) 10/15/04 24.

19 INT. THE VALLEY - FRONT YARD - DAY 19

SAWYER  
Okay - who got taken by what?

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

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

SAWYER  
Ethan took them.

WALT  
Yeah.

SAWYER  
Took them why?

Walt SHRUGS.

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

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

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

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

WALT

Why would he lie?

SAWYER  
You serious?

WALT  
It's stupid to lie about your name.

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

LOST "All the Best..." (GOLDENROD) 10/15/04 24A.  
19 (CON T'D) 19

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

19 (CON T'D) (2)

19

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

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

WALT  
There could be lots of other people  
on the island.

SAWYER  
So a tribe of evil natives planted  
a ringer in the camp to kidnap a  
pregnant girl and a reject from VH1  
has-beens-reunited - yeah, that's  
fiendishly clever -  
(then)  
And why am I getting the evening  
news from a six year old?

Walt shoots Sawyer an annoyed glare:

WALT  
I'm ten.

SAWYER  
Okay, then it must be true.

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

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

And this news knocks the snark right out of Sawyer.

SAWYER  
... Sayid's back?

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

EXT. JUNGLE - LATER  
20

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

BOONE  
Red shirt.

20 (CON T'D) 20

LOCKE  
Hmmm?

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

Locke turns to Boone. Smiles --

LOCKE  
I don't have a television.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOCKE  
It's John.

20 (CON T'D) (2)

20

BOONE  
(smiles)  
John.

LOCKE  
Why don't you guess.

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

LOCKE  
I was Regional Collections  
Supervisor for a box company.

BOONE  
(what?)  
A box company?

LOCKE  
They made boxes.

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

BOONE  
Yeah, right.

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

The smile falls away.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

21

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

KATE  
Would you please slow down? Jack?

Jack stops as Kate catches up.

JACK  
You said they went this way...

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

21 (CON T'D)

21

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

And with that, KATE abruptly STOPS.

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

KATE  
I'm trying to help, Jack.

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

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

KATE  
My dad was in the Army. Ranger  
Battalion. We were stationed at  
Fort Lewis. Washington State. We  
would go hiking together. One day  
we spent eight hours tracking  
deer... being in the woods, that  
was his religion.

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

KATE (CONT'D)  
That was real.

That's all she's gonna give him now. So she just stands  
there, watching him. Then, after a moment -

KATE (CONT'D)  
Anything you wanna share, Jack?

Jack looks at Kate - what does she mean? About his father?  
About his driven need to find Claire? About anything  
personal?

No - this is his turn to be mysterious.

JACK  
No.

21 (CON T'D) (2)

21

And with that, Kate is on the move again. Striding past  
Jack. And as we SETTLE ON HIM, not watching her go, but lost  
in the memories brought on by this conversation --

CUT TO:

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

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

SHEPHARD  
Thanks for coming, Jack. Sit down.

22 (CON T'D)

22

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

JACK  
What's it say?

SHEPHARD  
The truth...

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

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

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

JACK

Looks like you fixed everything but  
the patient.

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

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

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

JACK  
You've done it before.

Shepard doesn't deny this. Almost a sense of pride about it:  
he's a great surgeon and he knows it - almost too well.

SHEPHARD  
That's right. I have - and I'm  
fully capable of making those  
decisions --

JACK  
How can you say that after  
yesterday?

22 (CON T'D) (2)

22

SHEPHARD JACK  
The problem was not related  
to -- -- You were impaired!

SHEPHARD  
I know my limits.

JACK  
I won't sign this.

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

22 (CON T'D) (3)

22

SHEPHARD  
You were part of the team. I'm not  
the only one on the hook for this.  
(beat)  
You called me off! You were the

surgeon of record when she died!

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

Shepard softens his tone and approach.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

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

JACK

Yes, they will.

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

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

SHEPHARD

I know I've been hard on you.

Possibly the greatest understatement of all time.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

But that's how you make metal into steel.

(beat)

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

Jesus Christ! Did Jack just hear that right?

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

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

(MOR E)

22 (CON T'D) (4)

22

SHE PHARD (CONT'D)

thousands of patients will live, will thrive, because of your extraordinary skills.

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



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

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

Long time coming. I know.

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

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

What happened today... I promise  
you -- it'll never happen again.

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

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

What I've given... This isn't just  
my career, Jack. This is my life.

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

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

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

Thank you, Son.

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

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

### ACT THREE

INT. THE VALLEY - INFIRMARY CAVE - DAY

23

23

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

SAWYER (O.S.)

I don't know if you "Islams" have a  
concept of karma -

Sayid sees Sawyer, squatting a few meters away.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

- but I get the sense this island  
served you up a heaping platter of  
cosmic payback.

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

SAYID

What do you want?

SAWYER

Doctor do-right don't trust me with his antibiotics, so I have to hump here every day to get my meds.

(then)

Apropos of nothing... a less magnanimous man than I might just be thinking he could beat the ever-loving snot out of you without fear of reprisal.

SAYID

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

SAWYER

You cut me up, put bamboo under my nails... Sorry, I'm fresh out of sweet forgiveness.

(leaning in)

So if it wasn't your intention to return, why did you?

Sayid considers. Then --

SAYID

I was taken prisoner by the French woman.

LOST	"All the Best..."	(GREEN)	10/19/04	33.
23	(CON T'D)		23	

SAWYER

(what the fuck?)

The one that's been sending out the distress signal for sixteen years?

(long skeptical beat)

... she's alive?

SAYID

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

SAWYER

How? Where?

SAYID

-- She didn't say.

SAWYER

She alone?

SAYID

She said that there were others on  
the island.

SAWYER

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

SAYID

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

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

SAWYER

Right. And these "others?"  
Who the hell are --

SAYID

I don't know.  
(beat)

She's never seen them.

SAWYER

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

SAYID

If you believe her.

SAWYER

Do you?

SAYID

Maybe, maybe not.

LOST	"All the Best..."	(GREEN)	10/19/04	33A.
23	(CON T'D) (2)		23	

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

SAYID (CONT'D)

But on my way back. I heard  
something in the jungle.  
Surrounding me.

23 (CON T'D) (3)

23

SAWYER

Something like what?

Sayid tilts his head back -- frustrated. He shouldn't have

opened up to him after all:

SAYID

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

ON SAWYER. Busted. But doesn't want to let Sayid know it...

So he just shakes his head. Gets up. Turns to go --

SAWYER

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

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

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

24

24

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

BOONE

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

LOCKE

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

BOONE

I run a business.

LOCKE

What kind of business.

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

24 (CON T'D)

35.  
24

BOONE

It's a... wedding thing.

LOCKE

Huh.

BOONE

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

LOCKE

And who's running it now?

Boone ponders this. Maybe for the first time.

BOONE

Guess it doesn't matter, does it?

LOCKE

There are people who can handle it.  
Temporarily.

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

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Gonna start raining in one minute.

BOONE

(cynical)  
One minute?

LOCKE

Give or take a few seconds.

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

LOCKE (CONT'D)

You should turn around, Boone.  
Head back.

BOONE

What?

LOCKE

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

BOONE

What about you --?

LOCKE

I can take care of myself.

BOONE

(beat)

I'm not heading back.

LOCKE BOONE  
I admire your bravery, but --  
-- I'm not heading back.

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

LOCKE  
All right, then.

And it happens in an instant --

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

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

25

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

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

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

Jack and Kate exchange looks -

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

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

- something that distinctly conveys a presence -

25 (CON T'D)

25

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

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

Jack doesn't care. He looks at Kate - and as he stands there in the rain, girding himself for what he knows he must do --

26

26 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY - F L A S H B A C K

## FLASHBACK

Jack's face is blurred - as if the lens has been doused - until a squee-gee crosses the frame to reveal that Jack is standing in front of a pair of glass doors at the entrance to the corridor --

-- he is wearing scrubs and a labcoat and reading a chart, waiting for the JANITOR cleaning the door to step aside so he can move into the corridor.

We get the sense it's LATE. Not the heavy bustle of peak hours. Jack steps past the janitor and SEES --

AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY --

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

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

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

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

ANDREA  
Dr. Shephard.

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

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

ANDREA  
That's her husband.

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

26 (CON T'D)

26

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

And with that, she walks OFF.

BACK ON JACK as he continues to watch the conversation.

## DOWN THE HALLWAY

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

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

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

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

THE CRASH OF THUNDER BRINGS US BACK TO --

27

EXT. JUNGLE - HILLSIDE - RESUME

27

- Jack - having just heard the SCREAM from the top of the hill, ready to do what he has to do, he springs into action - powering himself up the muddy slope!

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

They turn and scramble across the side of the incline. Grabbing hold of anything to keep them vertical.

KATE

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

JACK

Just follow me, keep moving!

Jack presses on into the driving rain.

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

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

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



CLOSE ON KATE

Grabbing a branch.

KATE  
Jack!!

BACK TO JACK

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

EXT. JUNGLE - FOOT OF A LARGE TREE - RESUMING

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

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

There is someone here.

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

Is ETHAN.

ETHAN  
Hello, Jack.

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

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

JACK  
Who are you?

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

ETHAN  
Stop. Following. Me.

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

Ethan cuts Jack off by STOMPING down on Jack's CHEST with his foot, pressing him down into the MUDDY GROUND... Jack

winces, and Ethan makes sure Jack is good and uncomfortable before reiterating his warning.

LOST "All the Best..." (PINK) 10/15/04 40.  
(CON T'D)

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

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

And when he says this, it is CHILLING --

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

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

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Do you understand?

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

But he doesn't ACCEPT IT.

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

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

Jack ROLLS OVER, GOES for Ethan and --

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

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

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

Defeated.

And as Ethan begins to move towards JACK --

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
No more warnings.

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

END OF ACT THREE

LOST "All the Best..." (YELLOW) 10/18/04 41.

ACT FOUR

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

Gray sky. Then -

KATE'S VOICE

Jack - Jack - please -

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

KATE

JACK

You're bleeding - are you -?

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

KATE

Two minutes. You slid away --

Kate reaches for her bag, pulls out a rag -

JACK

Ethan...

KATE

What?

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

JACK

Ethan was here. He...

KATE

JACK

You banged your head --

-- He was here.

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

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

KATE

Jack -- you have to stop.

JACK

What?

KATE

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

(MOR E)

LOST "All the Best..." (YELLOW) 10/18/04 42.  
29 (CON T'D) 29

KAT E (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
They're gone.

Jack just looks at her. And PULLS AWAY.

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

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

KATE  
Not letting him -- ?

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

KATE (CONT'D)  
JACK!

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

JACK  
(under his breath)  
Not again.

And the sounds of the jungle -- and Jack's breathing -- begin  
to drop out as --

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

30  
30 INT. HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - F L A S H B A C K  
FLASHBACK

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

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

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

Shephard looks at the members of the board, clear, decisive.

Shit -- We saw what happened and we believe him.

30 (CON T'D)

30

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

In my professional opinion -- and  
that's all I've got, gentlemen...

(somber, yet responsible)

By the time I was called in, the  
damage was irreversible.

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

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

HEAD DOCTOR

Thanks, Christian. Sorry about the  
formality.

SHEPHARD

(shakes his head)

Of course.

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

And that's when --

HEAD DOCTOR

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

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

SHEPHARD

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

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

Because he DIDN'T know that.

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

HEAD DOCTOR

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

JACK (O.S.)

I need to revise my statement.

And that's when everyone turns to --

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

JACK (CONT'D)

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

SHEPHARD

Jack.

JACK

(ignores him)

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

SHEPHARD

Jack. This is not--

JACK

(louder now)

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

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

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

And so has Jack's relationship with his father.

EXT. JUNGLE - HILLTOP - DAY

31

31

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

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

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

- attached to the rest of Charlie -

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

KATE SCREAMS!

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

Jack is here.

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

JACK

You have to cut the noose.

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

KATE

- I can't reach it -

JACK

- hold him -

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

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

JACK (CONT'D)

You have to cut the rope from the  
tree - go!

IN QUICK CUTS:

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

JACK

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

JACK

Just hold on, Charlie - hold on!

- as Jack wages his battle to keep Charlie breathing -

KATE

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

JACK

- he loses his grasp on Charlie, his feet sliding on the  
muddy earth - then - as Jack picks him back up -

KATE

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

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

- SLASHES through the rope with the knife!

JACK

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

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

JACK (CONT'D)

He's not breathing.

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

- Charlie is dead.

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

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



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

JACK (CONT'D)

Come on... come on...

- Kate just stands there, helpless, in SHOCK --

JACK (CONT'D)

Come on... breathe...

- Jack puts his ear to Charlie's MOUTH -- NOTHING -- Tilts Charlie's head back -- BREATHES IN TO IT -- Back to compressions -- his eyes absolutely fucking DESPERATE -

- and Kate breaks into sobs beside him -

JACK (CONT'D)

Come on -- Breathe... COME IN!

- Kate struggles to choke back her tears -

KATE

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

But Jack SLAMS his closed fist into Charlie's chest -- AGAIN. AGAIN. AGAIN.

Puts his ear to Charlie's mouth, checking for breath --  
Waiting -- Waiting for something... ANYTHING --

AND SUDDENLY WE'RE WIDE --

Looking at this tableau from twenty yards away. Charlie still. Jack bending over him. Kate standing behind them.

SILENCE.

And we just sit here for an excruciatingly long moment. Long  
enough to know in our hearts...

Charlie is gone.

AND WE COME BACK IN CLOSE as --

Kate gently puts her hand on Jack's shoulder --

KATE (CONT'D)

Jack...

JACK'S EYES -- DEFEAT. SORROW. FAILURE.

And just when we think it's over. That Jack has given up...

SLAM! He hits Charlie's chest again. And he screams this at the top of his lungs -- louder than he has ever fucking screamed in his LIFE --

JACK

COME ON!

And as he raises his fist to bring it down again...

32 (CON T'D) (4)

32

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

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

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

- and so does Jack, out of breath, heart and mind racing, finally allowing himself a moment of joy after this ordeal...

...and off the three, joined in this moment of victory - however dark the context of it may be...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

33 - 34 OMITTED

33 - 34

35 INT. THE VALLEY - NIGHT

35

CLOSE UP on a pair of hands, weaving palm fronds together -

WIDER to REVEAL Hurley, doing the weaving - although whatever it is that he is weaving isn't coming together very well -

WALT  
That's never going to look like a hat.

HURLEY  
Who says it's a hat?

- but this conversation abruptly ends when Walt turns and sees --

WALT  
Dad!

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

MICHAEL

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

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

MICHAEL  
We didn't find them, Walt.

WALT  
I'm just...  
(hard for him to say this)  
Glad you're okay.

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

MICHAEL  
We the only ones back?

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

CHARLIE

35 (CON T'D)

35

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

BACK TO OUR GROUP

Walt looks up at his father, concerned --

WALT

He hasn't said anything since he  
came back.

35 (CON T'D) (2)

35

MICHAEL  
Did they find Claire?

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

KATE

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

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

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

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

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

36

36 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

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

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

BOONE  
Are we lost?

LOCKE  
No, Boone. We're not lost.

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

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

BOONE (CONT'D)

I think we should go back, man.

And Locke stops. Turns to Boone --

36 (CON T'D)

36

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

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

LOCKE

Don't you feel it?

BOONE

(confused)

Feel what?

LOCKE

It.

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

BOONE

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

Locke just stands there.

LOCKE

Suit yourself.

But Boone is already turning around, moving off --

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Boone!

(Boone turns --)

You need this more than I do.

Locke TOSSES him his FLASHLIGHT...

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

SPLASH! Ends up in the STREAM --

BOONE

Dammit!

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

A piece of metal.

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

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

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

BOONE (CONT'D)  
What is it?

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

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

LOCKE  
Steel.

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

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

Now even Boone is doubting that it came from their jet. Even  
in the darkness, it is clear that this thing is shiny,

polished, and part of something much larger.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
What is that?

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

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

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

37 INT. THE VALLEY - A LEDGE - NIGHT

37

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

JACK  
That hurt?

Nothing from Charlie.

JACK (CONT'D)  
You breathing okay?

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

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

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

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

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

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Claire.

JACK  
What?

CHARLIE  
That's all they wanted.

JACK  
They? I don't --

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

CHARLIE  
All they wanted was Claire.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE

JACK (CONT'D)  
You breathing okay?

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

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

Charlie still stares dead ahead, doesn't make eye contact  
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CHARLIE  
I didn't see anything. Hear  
anything. I don't remember...  
(a long beat; then)  
Anything.

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

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Claire.

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What?

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That's all he wanted.

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LOSS. And as we PUSH IN --

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CUT TO BLACK:

THE END



