

Episode #: 103

1057

"White Rabbit"

199
Written by
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Directed by
Kevin Hooks

PRODUCTION DRAFT

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LOST

"White Rabbit"

CAST LIST

BOONE.....	Ian Somerhalder
CHARLIE.....	Dominic Monaghan
CLAIRE.....	Emilie de Ravin
HURLEY.....	Jorge Garcia
JACK.....	Matthew Fox
JIN.....	Daniel Dae Kim
KATE.....	Evangeline Lilly
LOCKE.....	Terry O'Quinn
MICHAEL.....	Harold Perrineau
SAWYER.....	Josh Holloway
SAYID.....	Naveen Andrews
SHANNON.....	Maggie Grace
SUN.....	Yunjin Kim
WALT.....	Malcolm David Kelley
YOUNG JACK.....	
MEATHEAD.....	
SHEPHARD.....	John Terry
ANNETTE.....	
HOTEL MANAGER.....	
AUSTRALIAN NEWSCASTER.....	
DOCTOR.....	
TICKET AGENT.....	

LOST

"White Rabbit"

SET LISTINTERIORS

JACK'S PARENT'S HOME

LIVING ROOM - Day - **FLASHBACK**STUDY - Night - **FLASHBACK**

INFIRMARY TENT - Day/Late Afternoon/Night

CORPORATE HOTEL ROOM - Afternoon - **FLASHBACK**HALLWAY - Night - **FLASHBACK**RECEPTION - Night - **FLASHBACK**

THE VALLEY - Night

SYDNEY AIRPORT - Day - **FLASHBACK**EXTERIORSSCHOOLYARD - Day - **FLASHBACK**

BLACKNESS

BEACH - Dawn/Day/Late Afternoon/Night

DOWN THE BEACH - Day

AROUND THE BEACH - Day

TREE LINE - Day/Night

MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY AREA - Day

WATER COLLECTION SITE - Day

COCONUT GROVE - Day

NEAR THE FUSELAGE - Late Afternoon

JUNGLE - Day/Late Afternoon/Night

CLIFF FACE - Day

TEASER

And as tradition now dictates, we PUSH THROUGH the "O" of the LOST logo. We hear HEAVY BREATHING - PANIC - And SLAM INTO --

1 EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 1

AN EYE STARING AHEAD INTENSELY. And as we PULL OUT, we discover an OPEN CUT just above it. And this eye belongs to -

OUR BOY. Dark hair. Twelve years old. Good looking. And as we PULL UP we see he's on his back -- lying on what looks like BLACKTOP PAVEMENT. A SCHOOLYARD? We ain't on the island, that's for sure.

And right now a BIG KID -- fourteen and a real MEATHEAD -- stands over OUR BOY wielding a clenched fist --

MEATHEAD

Stay down.

OUR BOY looks past Meathead, SEES --

ANOTHER GOON pounding on a smaller KID. The kid desperately locks eyes with Our Boy between punches -- Help me. OUR BOY grits his teeth, starts to get up, but --

Meathead gets RIGHT in his face (he's a head taller) --

MEATHEAD

Your choice, man -- Walk away now,
you won't get your ass kicked.

And the FIGHT behind Meathead is intensifying, the other kid just getting PUMMELED...

The dilemma is clearly etched across OUR BOY'S face -- He knows what will happen if he helps his friend -- Knows he doesn't stand a chance. Yeah, he COULD walk away...

But he doesn't. PUSHES past Meathead -- but the kid is too big and he grabs Our Boy by the arm and YANKS him back --

And as Meathead shakes his head, cocking his FIST back to literally knock Our Boy's head CLEAN FUCKING OFF, he leaves us with a final piece of wisdom --

MEATHEAD

Shoulda stayed down, Jack.

1 And with the swift CRUNCH of contact --

CUT TO BLACK:

2 AND IN THAT BLACKNESS: 2

we hear a familiar BRITISH VOICE shouting excitedly --

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Jack? Jack! HEY JACK!

3 EXT. BEACH - DAWN (DAY 6) 3

JACK snaps out of a DAZE -- maybe half asleep. Finds himself sitting on the beach. And right now CHARLIE is running towards him, FULL TILT --

CHARLIE
You've gotta -- someone's out there! The current! Someone's --

*

Jack gets to his feet, as DISORIENTED as we are --

JACK
What?

CHARLIE

-- Someone's out there!

And Jack is instantly ALERT. Because Charlie is gesturing towards the OCEAN --

CHARLIE
I woke up -- I don't swim and...

*

But Jack is already SCANNING the water in the dawn light. And GODDAMMIT...

There IS someone out there. Really fucking FAR OUT THERE. We can JUST make out an ARM frantically waving for help as...

ADRENALINE KICKS IN. INSTINCT TAKES OVER. And Jack is PULLING OFF HIS SHIRT as he sprints for the water and he...

DIVES IN. And we go with him into --

THE OCEAN

As Jack's arms CUT through the water -- his face emerging every ten strokes to take a GAPING BREATH -- a fucking machine as he POWERS towards --

THE PERSON OFF IN THE DISTANCE -- struggling to keep their head above water -- still so FAR AWAY --

And we're MOVING TIGHTER on Jack with every stroke -- his purpose SINGULAR -- and he's closing that distance, but --

The victim DISAPPEARS under the surface of the water.

And we're WITH JACK in the ten seconds it takes to get to the spot where they went under -- he takes a DEEP BREATH and DIVES underneath the surface after them --

And we wait. And WAIT...

Waves. Ocean. NO ONE. Then -- Jack emerges, GASPING for air! But ALONE. Takes another RAGGED BREATH as he --

DIVES UNDER AGAIN. And this time we sit on the surface even longer. BEAT. ANOTHER BEAT. How can ANYONE hold their breath this long? And just when we're counting Jack out --

He EXPLODES to the surface! And this time, he's got someone with him. We recognize the victim instantly --

It's BOONE. COUGHING up water. GASPING for air. But ALIVE.

JACK

Deep breaths -- c'mon, man -- relax
-- you're okay -- deep breaths...

And as Jack wraps him into a CROSS-CHEST CARRY and begins to swim back to shore, we're CLOSE ON BOONE. Completely SPENT. But his lips are moving -- trying to SAY something. Too weak. But he WILLs HIMSELF to do it. And finally --

BOONE

Did you... get her?

JACK

What?

BOONE

The woman... out there... I was
trying to...

(focused)

Did you get her?

WHAT?! And Jack instantly turns back away from the shore, TREADS WATER with one arm, holds Boone afloat with the other -

JACK'S POV - PANICKED. HANDHELD. Scanning the ocean from side to side -- How could he not have seen...?

And OH FUCKING SHIT! Because there -- ANOTHER hundred yards out -- IS A WOMAN. And she is about to go UNDER.

BOONE
You have to get her --

JACK
-- No -- Current's too strong
-- You won't make it back... *

BOONE
LEAVE ME.

Here's Boone. Exhausted. A sack of rocks in Jack's arm.

And there's the WOMAN. About to dip below the surface. And so far away we can't even make out her face.

So it's Sophie's fucking choice here, folks. And we --

SMASH CUT TO:

4 THE BEACH

4

As Jack heroically PULLS Boone out of the shallows and to the safety of the beach.

Some of the OTHERS (MICHAEL, WALT, SUN, HURLEY) here now -- *
CHARLIE and KATE splash into the water, wrapping their arms *
around Boone --

And as soon as they relieve Jack of the burden, he is already turning back towards the ocean --

KATE
Jack!

JACK
There's someone else out there.

A MOMENT. Jack was spent before he swam out to get Boone and back. But he's going to go back in. He's GOT to go back in.

And Kate knows it.

And time resumes as Jack DIVES back in -- Arms, legs, heart, mind... all furiously dedicated to saving that woman...

But we stay HERE. And we're already PULLING BACK and UP. OVER the gathered crowd at the shallows so all we see is --

JACK. Swimming out into the ocean. A single figure cutting through an endless expanse of BLUE. And he can swim forever, but it's painfully obvious to us...

There's no one left to save.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 EXT. BEACH - DAY

5

We start CLOSE ON BOONE -- His blue eyes UNBLINKING as they stare out towards the ocean. PULL BACK to find --

He's still shirtless. Barefoot. And the intensity in his eyes. If we had to guess at what he's feeling right now, we'd have to go with ANGER. No sense of how long he's been sitting here...

But it's been awhile.

And now Boone's gaze floats elsewhere on the beach. Off in the distance. Onto JACK. Walking towards the INFIRMARY TENT, inexplicably carrying a full length MIRROR.

*

And now we leave Boone to join him as --

6 DOWN THE BEACH

6

KATE moves to catch up with Jack, concern in her eyes. Because now that we're closer, we can clearly see --

Jack has seen better days. UNSHAVEN. EXHAUSTED. And because he is who he is, beating himself up for the life he didn't save.

KATE

Hey --

*

JACK

So what'd they say?

*

*

KATE

(sensitively)

Jack, maybe you should...

*

*

*

JACK

Who was she?

*

*

A beat. Okay. He wants to know. NEEDS to know. Then --

*

KATE

Her name was Joanna. She wasn't supposed to be on the plane.

(beat)

She went scuba diving off the Barrier reef and got an ear infection. Doctor grounded her two days, so she bumped her flight. Ended up with us.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

Jack shakes his head. Hard to stomach the brutal irony --

JACK

She was swimming this morning.
Just swimming. Riptide caught her.
(beat)
We've been here six days and we
never talked. I never said a word
to her. There were --

KATE

Jack. Don't.

JACK

-- forty seven of us. I
didn't say a single word.

And Kate is not a big believer in feeling sorry for oneself --

KATE

You tried.

Jack finally stops walking. Puts the MIRROR down. Turns to
look at Kate for the first time --

JACK

No. I didn't. I thought maybe I
could... I thought I could bring
him back and still have time. I
was there -- in the water... *

(beat)

I didn't try. I decided not to go
after her. *

Kate doesn't know what to say to that. And that's when it
happens --

Jack goes WHITE.

KATE

What's...?

But Jack isn't looking at her. He's looking PAST her. WAY
past her. And the SOUND DROPS OUT as we follow his gaze to --

THE OCEAN. There. In the shallows. A MAN.

And we're TOO FAR AWAY to see his face, but he's wearing a
SUIT. And he's WAIST DEEP in the water. Just standing
there. Facing us. Facing Jack.

And it's fucking CREEPY.

KATE (O.S.)

Jack?

SOUND rushes IN -- Jack's attention is drawn back to Kate... *

KATE
Are you okay?

But Jack is already looking back towards the ocean, MOVING TOWARDS IT, in fact. But --

There's no one there.

JACK
You see that?

KATE
(confused)
See what?

JACK
He was just standing there... in the water. A man.

Jack turns back to her. DESPERATE. Needing her to tell him he's not going fucking nuts. Needing her to tell him she saw the same thing he did.

KATE
Jack...

And her face says it all. Jack is visibly distraught --

JACK
You didn't see him?

KATE
(tenderly)
When's the last time you slept?

But Jack isn't in the mood for tenderness right now. And he sure as shit isn't answering that question, either. He just picks up the MIRROR... *

JACK
I have to put this with the rest of the gear.

And with that, Jack walks off. And as KATE watches him go, we begin to drift --

7 AROUND THE BEACH 7

And there's a new feeling here amongst the castaways today. One of LOSS. They've all heard about the woman who drowned --

But none of them are actually TALKING ABOUT IT. We FIND --
MICHAEL

Still a little GIMPY from his run-in with the boar. He
stands barefoot on the beach, BRUSHING HIS TEETH. WALT *
stands next to his father, doing the same.

Michael holds a cup of OCEAN WATER in a coffee mug. Brings *
it to his lips. Sloshes it around his mouth. SPITS. *
Refills the mug. Hands it to Walt.

MICHAEL
Don't swallow it, okay?

WALT
Why not?

MICHAEL
'Cause it's from the ocean. It'll *
make you thirsty.

WALT
Why?

Michael is not up for the "constant barrage of questions"
thing. Especially today.

MICHAEL
Just don't swallow it, man.

Walt knows when to push and when not to. So he takes the
cup. Rinses. And SPITS.

And we PULL BACK to see Michael and Walt from afar. SOMEONE
watching them. And it's --

She watches Michael and Walt from the TREE LINE.

Sun is snapped out of her quiet observance as --

A FINGER reaches into frame, gently touches her CHAPPED LIPS. *
Sun jumps -- immediately looks at --

JIN. He speaks softly (but not altogether kindly) in KOREAN.
As they're alone, we get the benefit of SUBTITLES --

JIN
You need water.

SUN

No -- I'm all right. Thank you.

He settles down next to her.

And they sit in SILENCE for a few beats. And we can see the death of the woman... even though a stranger... it WEIGHS on them, too. And finally, it is SUN who speaks --

SUN

When will someone tell us what to do?

JIN

(surprised)

What?

SUN

I don't think anyone is coming.

JIN

(not so sure)

Someone will come.

Sun shakes her head. Unable to challenge what she clearly knows is her husband's DENIAL --

SUN

The others... they ignore us. If we tried harder to communicate...

JIN

We'll be fine. We don't need them.

And then, in an attempt to be reassuring --

JIN

I will tell you what to do.

And if Sun were actually looking into her husband's eyes right now, she might see the same thing we do --

Doubt. But for now, we're MOVING ON AS --

A LONG PAIR OF STUNNING LEGS

Tromp by Sun & Jin, dainty plastic SUNFLOWERS adorning a pair of PINK FLOP-FLOPS as the feet within them stride with great purpose towards --

A PAIR OF FANTASTICALLY CRAFTED COWBOY BOOTS. Toes in the air. One tapping to a tune no one can hear but its wearer.

The Flip-Flops stop. Square off against the boots. A tense beat. Then --

SHANNON (O.S.)
Have you got it or what?

And we PAN UP to reveal the Flip-Flops belong to SHANNON. The boots, of course, are on --

SAWYER
You're in my light, sticks.

SAWYER sits on a MAKESHIFT DECK CHAIR. Doesn't even look up as he reads a battered paperback -- "WATERSHIP DOWN."

SHANNON
"Lightsticks?" What the hell is that supposed to --

SAWYER
Light. Comma. Sticks. Meaning your legs. *

He turns a page. This is a different side of Sawyer. Less directly adversarial with Shannon. HMMMM.

SAWYER
How's your brother?

SHANNON
What do you mean how --

SAWYER
-- Almost drowned, didn't he?

SHANNON
(fuck you)
Look -- while I really love my new nickname and I think it's really sweet that you're asking...

SAWYER
Calm down. I got your damn stuff.

And with that, Sawyer produces a can of BUG SPRAY from the canvas bag at his feet as Shannon SCRATCHES her leg --

SHANNON
(skeptical)
It'll keep off sand fleas?

SAWYER
You bet. And it's got aloe, too.

SHANNON

How much?

SAWYER

You serious?

SHANNON

-- Yeah, I'm...

And Sawyer finally puts his book down. Looks at Shannon like she just might be the stupidest person in the world.

SAWYER

You in the same situation I am?
'Cause last I checked, we weren't
going nowhere for awhile.
(slowly and clearly)
Your money's no good here.

SHANNON

So what the hell do you want?
(then; dawning on her)
If you think that I'm...

SAWYER

Five grand.

That effectively shuts her up. After a beat --

SHANNON

I thought you said money was no
good here.

SAWYER

I was negotiating.
(grins)
I'll take an IOU. Somethin' tells
me you're good for it.

Shannon just looks at him. Scratches her leg... but it almost becomes a DEFIANT SCRATCH. Then she straightens up. Gives him the full on EVILEST EYE EVER --

SHANNON

Screw you.

And with that, she STALKS OFF. Sawyer watches her go. Drops the bug spray back into his bag...

And goes back to his book.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

CLOSE ON a pile of clothes as KATE sorts through.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

You haven't found a hairbrush have
you?

Kate looks up. Sees CLAIRE. Smiles --

KATE

Nope. Sorry.

CLAIRE

I must've looked in twenty
suitcases today and I can't find
one. Weird. You'd think everyone
packs a --

And Claire stops talking -- Takes a step backwards, LOSING
HER BALANCE -- Kate immediately jumps up, steadying her --

KATE

Whoa -- You okay?

Claire shakes it off.

CLAIRE

Yeah it's just the heat.

(bad joke)

Oh. And I'm pregnant.

*

KATE

(bad joke back)

Really?

*

*

*

Claire smiles. Kate offers her a half-filled BOTTLE OF
WATER. Claire takes it appreciatively --

*

CLAIRE

Thanks.

KATE

Wanna sit? You can help me sort
the "practical clothes" from the
"impractical clothes."

CLAIRE

How can you tell the difference?

KATE

(holds up a pair of jeans)
Practical.

(holds up a negligee)
Impractical.

Claire laughs. Sits down. Claire's eyes light up as she spots a SUN HAT, puts it on --

CLAIRE

Can I ask you something? Don't mean to get personal, but I'm curious.

KATE

(stiffens; then)
Sure. Shoot.

CLAIRE

Are you a Gemini?

KATE

(surprised)
Yeah.

CLAIRE

Thought so. Restless. Passionate. Everyone thinks Astrology is a load of crap, but that's because they don't understand it. I could do your chart if you'd like...

(Kate wouldn't like)

Ah. All right then.
(shakes her head; sighs)
Geminis.

Kate smiles at her. Claire smiles back. A genuine bond between them. And off this lovely moment we move BACK TO --

11

EXT. MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY AREA - DAY

11

JACK. Still working. Always working. Eyes bloodshot.

*

Next to the tent, Jack has managed to drag a CARGO CONTAINER to store valuable GEAR. Right now, he's placing the MIRROR next to a stack of what seem to be TEXTBOOKS as --

HURLEY (O.S.)

Hey, Jack?

Jack looks up to see HURLEY --

*

HURLEY

Whoa -- You look tired, brother.

*

*

JACK

I'm fine. What's up?

*

*

11

LOST
(CONT'D):

"White Rabbit"

(BLUE)

8/6/04

13A.

11

HURLEY

We've got a problem, man.

SMASH CUT TO:

12

EXT. BEACH - WATER COLLECTION SITE - DAY

12

CLOSE ON JACK. His eyes telling us that somehow his day actually just got WORSE --

JACK

That's it?

CHARLIE (O.S.)

That's it.

And we PULL OUT to find --

Jack stands with CHARLIE AND HURLEY. Next to them, one of the RAIN STATIONS -- a jury-rigged TARP meant to collect water. But right now, all their attention is on --

A RED SUITCASE. Inside it, carefully arranged, BOTTLES OF WATER. Some bear the OCEANIC LABEL. All about three quarters full.

JACK

How many?

CHARLIE

Eighteen.

HURLEY

People just took what they needed 'cause, y'know we were supposed to be rescued? But uh -- we weren't. And it hasn't rained, man.

CHARLIE

Even if we divvied it up... split the bottles in half, it wouldn't be enough water for all forty-seven...

JACK

Forty-six.

(beat)

There's forty-six now.

A quiet moment as they all absorb the implication. Then --

HURLEY

It's getting pretty toasty out here. When people find out this is it, they're gonna freak out, man.

*

CHARLIE

And the boar's running low until we
can catch another one. What should
we tell them?

*
*

And they're looking to Jack for these answers. And we can FEEL his pain. The enormous load he's bearing. The enormous load the others PUT ON HIM --

JACK
I don't know.

HURLEY CHARLIE
Maybe we can make one of those water-finding sticks... -- Where should we put what we've got?

JACK
I don't know...

And Jack is WALKING AWAY now, it's just TOO FUCKING MUCH...

But Charlie picks up the RED SUITCASE. He and Hurley nipping at Jack's heels as he heads back for the infirmary tent --

CHARLIE HURLEY
We should put it in the tent, yeah? -- Maybe that dog can find water. *

CHARLIE HURLEY
Probably better if no one knows how little is left... -- Dogs can find pot and bombs, so they can find water...

They arrive at the infirmary tent and Charlie places the suitcase of water just inside the flap. *

CHARLIE
(to Jack)
If you tell the others we're running low, we can ration it.
That way you can decide who gets...

And that does it. The dam breaks. Jack stops. SPINS ON BOTH OF THEM -- And he doesn't YELL, but it's fucking close --

JACK
I'm not deciding anything.

And Hurley visibly flinches. Not used to this from Jack. Shit. Neither are we.

HURLEY
(quietly)
Why not?

12

LOST
(CONT'D): (3) "White Rabbit"

(PINK)

8/9/04

12

Jack GRITS his teeth. Why not? Why fucking not?

12

12

Whatever the answer to that is, he ain't giving it to them.
So he turns. And WALKS AWAY.

And we stay with Jack as he leaves Charlie and Hurley in his
wake. Moving closer. CLOSER. And finally, we're right on
his BLOODSHOT EYES as --

13

INT. JACK'S PARENTS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 13

CLOSE ON THAT SAME PAIR OF EYES -- but twenty years younger.
And one of them is almost SWOLLEN SHUT.

TWELVE YEAR OLD JACK stands nervously in the doorway of an
imposing STUDY. Beautiful. Ornate. The kind of place where
you don't want to touch stuff. Jack currently focused on --

A WELL-WORN LEATHER CHAIR. Its back facing us. But
someone's in it -- A MASCULINE HAND reaches to the small end
table next to the chair, picks up a GLASS OF SCOTCH...

CLINKS the ice cubes as he gently rotates his wrist. And
finally --

A FACE peers from around the chair. Extremely handsome.
Very intense. INTELLIGENCE dances behind his eyes.

This is DR. SHEPHARD. This is JACK'S FATHER.

SHEPHARD

Not the best decision, huh kiddo?

Shephard offers a smile to his son -- but it's only with his
mouth, not his EYES.

SHEPHARD

You wanna come in?

Not really. But Jack does anyway. Walks up to his dad's
chair. Of course, there's no place for him to sit.

SHEPHARD

So how's the other guy look?

Jack doesn't get the joke. His father sighs --

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

Want to tell me what happened?

JACK

(shrugs)

Couple guys jumped Marc Silverman.

SHEPHARD

Couple guys jumped Marc Silverman.

(beat)

But they didn't jump you.

JACK

No.

Shephard just looks at his son for a moment. Can't quite read it... but it feels a lot like PITY. Then --

He extends his FISTS. Face down.

SHEPHARD

Okay, Jack. One's got a quarter in it. Other's empty. You choose right, quarter's yours. You choose wrong, you give me a quarter.

Jack just looks at his father's outstretched hands for a moment. Not sure what's going on right now...

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

Decide, Jack.

Jack deliberates another moment. Finally --

Picks the left hand. Shephard opens it up -- NOTHING inside. Shakes his head --

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

Pay up.

*

Is he serious? Yeah. He is.

Jack reaches into his own pocket, hands his father a QUARTER. The old man takes it, looking over his son's beaten face. Downs a swallow of his drink --

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

Your heart's in the right place.

*

Sticking up for the little guy.

*

(beat)

But look what happened. You made the wrong call. You lost, buddy.

*

(beat)

*

You failed.

*

*

And let's stop for a second here. Because this is one of those moments in your childhood. One of those moments where your folks say something that just NEVER GOES AWAY.

Something that sticks with you. That BECOMES you. And Jack is listening to every fucking word of it.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

Boy was on my table today. Year younger than you, maybe. Bad heart. And it was a real rough one, Jack. Got real hairy, real fast. People were looking to me to make decisions. Big decisions. What to do. How to do it.

(beat)

And I was able to make those decisions because at the end of the day after that boy died, I was able to wash my hands, come home to dinner, watch Carol Burnett and laugh until my sides hurt. And how can I do that? Even when I fail -- How do I do that?

(beat)

Because I have what it takes.

And his father actually puts his hand on Jack's shoulder. He does love his son. This is said out of that love... no matter how fucking cruel it sounds to us --

SHEPHARD

Don't choose, Jack. Don't decide. Walk away from the fights. Because when you fail -- when you make the wrong choice? It's gonna hurt. And buddy? When that hurt comes?

(beat)

You don't have what it takes.

Jack absorbs that. And more importantly, because this is his father. Because he is twelve. Because this must be true --

He BELIEVES it.

A beat. And then, his father again extends two fists --

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

Same rules. Double or nothing. Decide.

But Jack just looks at the extended hands. Many, many, many beats pass before Jack finally shakes his head. No.

SHEPHARD (CONT'D)

Good boy.

And OFF YOUNG JACK, the lesson not only learned, but HARD-
WIRED, WE COME BACK TO-- *

14 INT./EXT. INFIRMARY TENT - DAY 14

Those same intense eyes. UNBLINKING.

Jack sits alone in the INFIRMARY TENT. AND what's he staring
at?

The OPEN RED SUITCASE that Charlie placed on the floor -- THE
EIGHTEEN BOTTLES OF WATER.

And as if that wasn't enough to worry about here's -

BOONE (O.S.)
Why didn't you leave me?

Jack looks up to see BOONE standing in the opening of the
tent. We get the feeling he's been working his way up to
this confrontation all morning.

And this is the last fucking thing Jack needs. He gets up,
exits the tent --

JACK
Not now, man. *

BOONE
I could have made it back.
(Jack ignores him)
What? You're not gonna answer me?
I told you to leave me, man. I
told you I could've...

JACK
You were drowning.

And Boone can't argue that. So --

BOONE
You should've saved her.

Jack stands. Gets in real close to Boone. Something about
his eyes -- something FRAYED. But what he says, he says
quite SIMPLY -- *

JACK
But I didn't save her.
(beat)
And neither did you.

And with that, Jack pushes past him and out to -- *

15 THE BEACH 15 *

Boone isn't gonna be blown off. Stays with Jack as he moves across the beach -- *

BOONE

You think you're all noble and heroic coming after me? I was fine. You're not the only one around here who knows what to do, man. I run a business. Who appointed you savior? What gives you the right to... *

And although Boone continues his rant, his voice begins to fall away. Because Jack isn't looking at Boone anymore...

He's looking over Boone's shoulder. Because there's something there. No -- SOMEONE.

16 OFF IN THE DISTANCE 16

There on the TREE LINE. Where beach meets jungle.

The MAN IN THE SUIT and he's wearing WHITE TENNIS SHOES. *

Too far away to discern the figure's identity. Just standing there.

17 AND WE'RE BACK WITH JACK 17

Because he's not taking his eyes off the man this time. He's already walking away from Boone --

BOONE

(shouts after him)

Hey -- Don't you walk away from me.
Where the hell are you going? HEY!

But Jack is BREAKING INTO A RUN. Eyes locked --

18 ON THE TREE LINE 18

Where the SUITED MAN turns around, heads INTO THE JUNGLE...

19 AND JACK 19

RUNS. Stumbles in the sand -- but immediately regains his footing. SINGLE PURPOSE. DESPERATE.

And we follow Jack ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE BEACH until he...

EXT. BEACH - TREE LINE - DAY

BURSTS through the tree line. The sun immediately obscured by the JUNGLE CANOPY. And Jack comes to an ABRUPT STOP because --

The Man In The Suit is ten yards away.

Just standing still. His back to Jack. Close enough to make out his GRAY HAIR. And it's HAND-HELD. CREEPY. Jack takes a few tentative steps forward. Closing the distance...

Jack reaches out to touch his shoulder... And the Man
SUDDENLY TURNS! *

And holy FUCKING SHIT --

It's Jack's father.

SHEPHARD. Twenty years older. But here. On the island.

And the SHOCK of this -- the fact that he's actually SEEING this -- FLOORS Jack. His eyes go WIDE as he literally staggers backwards, TRIPS --

And lands on his ass.

His eyes never leave the face of his father. SO FUCKING MUCH GOING ON -- but it's almost like Jack has regressed twenty-five years. His voice almost childlike as he utters --

JACK

Dad?

And they LOCK EYES.

But Shephard gives Jack nothing. He just turns around. And
heads DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE. *

And OFF JACK, eyes open wide. FROZEN. We --

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

21 EXT. BEACH - TREE LINE - DAY 21

JACK is exactly where we left him. Here where the jungle meets the beach.

And he's just BREATHING. Fast. ADRENALINE still pumping with the weight of what he just saw. Or what he THINKS he just saw.

And as we begin to CLOSE IN on Jack, we realize he's not just breathing -- he's WHISPERING something. Over and over and over again...

And now we're TIGHT enough to hear it --

JACK
(whispers)

Gone... he's gone... he's gone...

And as we begin to HEAR THE PATTTER OF RAIN ON GLASS...

22 INT. JACK'S PARENTS' HOME - STUDY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 22

MARGO (O.S.)
He's gone, Jack.

*

And we find JACK'S REFLECTION in a window being pummelled by RAIN. The Jack we know and love. Same age as he is on the island... and surprisingly, equally as RUN DOWN.

JACK
He'll be back.

And Jack turns away from the window to face --

MARGO. His MOTHER. Late fifties. A crisply put together woman. All Blue blood. STOIC.

*

MARGO
This time it's different.

*

*

Both stand in HIS FATHER'S STUDY. Not as imposing as it was when Jack was a boy -- But THE EMPTY LEATHER CHAIR is a constant presence in every shot...

Jack looks over a mantle of PHOTOGRAPHS -- All of SHEPHARD. *Catching a fish, receiving an award, giving a speech.* Jack reaches to pick one up --

MARGO
Please don't touch that.

*

But Jack picks it up anyway. Maybe DEFIANTLY.

JACK
Ever notice there aren't any
pictures of me in here? Or you?

MARGO
(simply)
It's his study.

JACK
Yeah.

Jack puts the photo back. Just the sound of the RAIN for a few beats. Then --

MARGO
I want you to bring him back.

JACK
(shaking his head)
That's good. Yeah. Me.

MARGO

-- What?

JACK
He hasn't talked to me in two
months, mom.

MARGO
You haven't talked to him in
two months.

JACK

-- He doesn't want me to
bring him back. Trust me.
Let one of his "friends"...

MARGO
He doesn't have friends anymore.
(beat; pointed)
Why do you think that is?

*

Okay. Starting to heat up a little here. We're definitely dropping in on some big time FAMILY SHIT -- and we don't need to know exactly what it is to get the main idea -- WHATEVER MADE HIS FATHER RUN OFF, JACK IS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT.

Jack's eyes drop under his mother's GLARE. Whatever it is she's accusing him of, part of him is OWNING IT. Then --

MARGO
He was right about you.

And that fucking hits a nerve. Jack's eyes dart back up, giving her a GLARE right back --

JACK
Right about what?

MARGO
You don't understand the pressure
he was under. You --

JACK
I understand pressure.

Beat. And Jack's eyes begin to water. He's TRYING to hold
it together. We're seeing the PAIN here...

And damn if Margo doesn't see it too. She actually SOFTENS.
Vulnerable --

MARGO
Please -- You know how he gets. He
doesn't... he won't take care of
himself. You have to go after him.
(beat)
Please. *

A moment. ON JACK. And this is hard for him to say, but --

JACK
I'm sorry. I can't.

And that vulnerability in Margo? It is gone in a SECOND.

MARGO
"I can't?" You don't get to say "I
can't." Not after what you did. *
Was it hard? Betraying your own *
father? Was that a tough decision? *
Oh -- but you thought you were *
actually helping him, didn't you? *
But you took it all away, you... *
You ruined him. You did this. *
(as near rage as she gets)
You bring your father home, Jack.

And whatever she's talking about -- whatever Jack "did" -- it
gets him. A low blow... but a TRUE blow. So finally --

JACK
Where is he?

Beat.

MARGO
Australia.

And as the pieces of the puzzle start to fit together. We
BLAST BACK TO --

23

EXT. BEACH - TREE LINE - DAY

23

JACK. Still on his ass. Brought out of his memory by --

VOICES behind him. Off in the distance. And Jack looks over his shoulder --

BACK AT THE BEACH

The CASTAWAYS milling around, doing their thing. CHARLIE. HURLEY. BOONE. Responsibility.

And now Jack turns back towards THE JUNGLE.

The way his father went. And maybe the path of madness.

TIME TO MAKE A DECISION.

So Jack gets up.

And walks into the jungle.

SMASH CUT TO:

24

EXT. BEACH - DAY - LATER

24

WALT runs FULL TILT down the beach.

WALT

HEY! HEY!

FRANTIC. HECTIC. SEARCHING. And the first person he comes upon is KATE, immediately concerned--

KATE

What's wrong?

WALT

That pregnant lady fell down.

Off Kate's concerned look:

*

25

OMITTED

25

*

26

EXT. MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY AREA - DAY

26

*

CHAOS. EVERYONE TALKING OVER EACH OTHER as Charlie and Michael literally CARRY Claire across the beach towards the INFIRMARY TENT. Kate beside them --

KATE
What happened?

CHARLIE
-- She just dropped... *

KATE
I was with her before -- the
heat... Is she breathing?

MICHAEL
-- Where's the doctor?

KATE
Let's get her inside --

And we follow them --

INSIDE THE TENT

Michael and Charlie gently lay Claire down on the makeshift
BED of SEAT CUSHIONS.

CHARLIE
She's breathing, I think...

Kate leans over her --

KATE
Claire? Can you hear me? Claire?
Wake up...

And THANK FUCKING GOD because Claire's eyes flutter open.
She looks around, confused --

CLAIRE
What...?

KATE
Claire, it's me -- Kate. You
passed out. Take it easy okay?
(turns to Charlie)
She needs water.

CHARLIE
Water. Yeah. There's some
right...

And Charlie turns to where the RED SUITCASE was...

But it's gone.

CHARLIE
What the...?!?

Charlie madly pulls away various boxes, searching the tent. But it's pretty clear that the suitcase isn't here. Charlie turns back to Kate...

CHARLIE

The water's gone.
(furious confusion)
Someone stole it.

*

EXT. BEACH - A MINUTE LATER

LOCKE

Where's the doctor?

*

*

Find Kate talking with LOCKE and SAYID, the concern apparent on their faces, clearly filled in on the situation --

*

*

KATE

I don't know. No one can find him.

SAYID

And this was the last of the camp's water supply?

KATE

Yeah.

SAYID

Keeping it all in one place.
Foolish.

*

KATE

SAYID

I can go into the jungle.

Maybe find some fresh water.

-- You're not going alone --

*

LOCKE

When the others find out we're out of water, it's gonna get ugly. And when they find out someone pinched it, it's gonna get uglier. I'll go. Camp needs you two here. Especially with the doctor gone. Besides --

*

*

*

(that fucking smile)

I know where to look.

And speaking of looking...

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

JACK moves through the jungle.

The guy is literally COMING APART AT THE SEAMS. A man possessed. Clearly in pursuit of something and someone that couldn't possibly be here. But that's not stopping him.

Again, we're HAND-HELD. DISORIENTED. No rhyme or reason to the direction that Jack is heading. And he comes to --

A CLEARING SURROUNDED BY DENSE JUNGLE

And Jack STOPS. Looks around him. Has no idea where he is. And maybe he doesn't care. But we're starting to SLOWLY SPIN AROUND HIM -- JACK, a man more lost now than ever before. And it starts as a whisper...

JACK
Where are you?

Spinning FASTER NOW. Jack louder --

JACK
Where are you?

And we're getting FUCKING DIZZY we're SPINNING SO FAST as --

JACK
WHERE ARE YOU?!?

And we SLAM INTO --

INT. CORPORATE HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON - **FLASHBACK**

THE COMPLETION OF THAT WILD SPINNING AS WE FINALLY REST ON --

JACK. And he's standing in the middle of a HOTEL ROOM. Crisp. Sharp. LIFELESS. This place is where fancy business travellers might stay - A complete CONTRAST to the organic jungle of the island.

Jack stares at the KING-SIZED BED - It has not been slept in.

HOTEL MANAGER
The maid says he hasn't used the
bed in the past three days.

A YOUNG HOTEL MANAGER stands a few feet behind Jack. He looks uncomfortable. A clear AUSTRALIAN ACCENT.

Jack wanders around the room. Jack picks up a DIRTY BUTTON-DOWN SHIRT neatly hanging over one of the chairs. Runs his finger over the collar --

JACK

He rent a car through your
concierge?

HOTEL MANAGER

No, sir.

Jack puts down the shirt. Floats over to the DESK -- A
chaotic, ugly representation of his father's STATE OF MIND.

A TORN MAGAZINE, MEDICATIONS, TICKETS, RECEIPTS, CIGARETTE
PACKETS. Jack PULLS OPEN ONE OF THE DRAWERS -- *

INSIDE -- THREE mostly empty bottles of SCOTCH. Jack
abruptly CLOSES the drawer.

HOTEL MANAGER

Quite honestly, Mr. Shephard, I
don't think he rented a car at all.

JACK

Yeah? Why's that?

HOTEL MANAGER

There was an incident a few nights
ago. Here at the hotel bar. I had
to ask Security to escort your
father to his room.

Jack turns. Maybe a little embarrassed. Maybe a little
guilty. But definitely a little ANGRY --

JACK

What's that have to do with renting
a car?

HOTEL MANAGER

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have...

JACK

C'mon. What's it have to do
with renting a car?

HOTEL MANAGER

-- Mr. Shephard... *

The Hotel Manager shakes his head. He takes a BEAT. Then -- *

HOTEL MANAGER

I don't think any rental agent in
Sydney would lease your father a
car in his condition.

Well. There it is. And Jack does not like hearing it. NOT
AT ALL. Takes a step towards the Manager --

JACK

My father...
(holding it in but it's
not fucking easy)
Is a Chief of Surgery.

The Hotel Manager quickly realizes he's crossed the line --

HOTEL MANAGER

Of course, sir. I apologize.

*

And Jack is so fucking angry he wants to pound this guy, but luckily his attention is diverted as --

He spots something on the NIGHT STAND. A WALLET. Jack immediately crosses to it. Picks it up. Opens it --

*

Cash. Credit Cards. Driver's License. HIS FATHER'S.

Jack settles down onto the bed -- as if the AIR has been knocked out of him. A few moments pass. Then... softly --

*

*

JACK

He left his wallet. Who leaves a wallet?

*

HOTEL MANAGER

Perhaps you should talk to the police, Mr. Shephard.

*

*

*

The Manager remains awkwardly in the center of the room, but we're MOVING IN ON JACK -- his eyes full of DESPERATION. As he whispers softly to himself --

JACK

Where are you?

WE BLAST BACK OUT INTO --

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

COMPLETE SILENCE. Jack stands frozen in the middle of the CLEARING where we left him. Eerie. No insects. No birds. NOTHING. Just the sound of his own BREATHING.

*

*

And maybe it's just that Jack is literally at the end of his fucking tether, but it's almost like we can FEEL A PRESENCE here. And Jack STOPS breathing because he hears something.

THE CLINK OF ICE CUBES INSIDE A GLASS.

And it's fucking CLOSE. Jack WHIPS AROUND --

Nothing there. But then the CRACK OF A TWIG snapping brings his attention back to --

THE SURROUNDING JUNGLE

And Jack can just make out SOMEONE RUNNING THROUGH IT --

The Man in the suit and white tennis shoes. HIS FATHER.

*

JACK

Wait!

And a new look of DETERMINATION falls over Jack's eyes. Enough of this bullshit. ENOUGH. He's gonna catch him this time. He has to.

So Jack cuts through the jungle, just catching GLIMPSES of his father up ahead -- always far off, just out of reach.

Jack pushes massive LEAVES aside -- and we're SO CLOSE on him we lose perspective because Jack RUNS with such drive and such purpose -- GAINING now, about to finally CATCH UP when --

THE GROUND GIVES WAY.

JACK FALLS FORWARD down an INCLINE -- FALLS ON HIS ASS -- SCRAMBLING -- SLIDING -- Tries to STOP HIMSELF with his feet but he's moving too fast and...

OH SHIT -- He's flying off A ROCK SHELF and --

A ROOT is all that saves him as his body goes over and his LEGS KICK AT AIR because...

Jack is hanging off the EDGE OF A CLIFF. A hundred foot drop to the ground. Out here. ALONE.

And as we realize he's totally FUCKED...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

33

EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY

33

Jack right where we left him --

CLINGING TO THE CLIFF FACE -- his grip slipping.

And we wanna milk this. Our guy. Our hero. Literally facing DEATH and there is NO WAY he can escape it.

Jack tries to wedge his foot amongst some rocks, but they're LOOSE and...

THE ROOT he's holding on to is PULLING FREE and ---

GRIM RECOGNITION falls over Jack's WATERING EYES. He's going to die here. Here on this fucking island --

And just as the root is about to POP OUT OF THE CLIFF FACE --

VOICE (O.S.)

Take my hand.

And Jack instinctively looks up at the SOUND OF THAT VOICE --

It's LOCKE.

Lying on his belly, extending his arm over the EDGE --

And Jack barely registers the relief of seeing him before he SLAPS his free hand into Locke's outstretched one just as the ROOT COMES FREE, tumbles down into the abyss as --

Locke GRUNTS, pulling Jack up and over the edge to SAFETY.

Jack immediately rolls over, STARES up at the sky. Quick shallow breaths. Borderline HYPERVENTILATION.

LOCKE

You okay?

Jack just nods. Because he's not hyperventilating at all. He's LAUGHING. Louder now. Hysterically.

And okay, maybe it's a little insane, but this is what happens when you've been in a plane crash and haven't slept and you're chasing your father through the jungle and you almost fucking die.

And as Locke looks on, starting to chuckle himself --

LOST

"White Rabbit"

(BLUE)

8/6/04

34

OMITTED

35

INT. INFIRMARY TENT - LATE AFTERNOON

34

We find CLAIRE inside the shade of the infirmary tent. She
NAPS... not looking too hot. PALE.

35

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Hey...

Claire's eyes flutter open to see CHARLIE settling down next to her. *

CLAIRE

(disoriented) *

Hey. How long have I...?

CHARLIE

Couple hours. Here -- it's not much, but it's what we have.

Charlie offers her a small THERMOS CUP -- A little liquid splashes inside. Claire takes a grateful SIP --

CLAIRE

I should get up...

NO SHE SHOULDN'T because another wave of DIZZINESS falls over her. Charlie immediately SUPPORTS her, nurturing instinct --

CHARLIE

You just relax, yeah?

(smiles)

Got to think about the little one. *

The dizziness passes as Claire eases back down on the cushions --

CLAIRE

Thanks for the water.

CHARLIE

Yeah. A whole swallow.

(somewhat darkly)

There'd be more if some git hadn't nicked it.

CLAIRE

Is Jack back yet?

CHARLIE

No. No one's seen him.

(seeing her concern)

Don't worry though -- good ole' Mr. Locke's gone into the jungle to get you some water. Should be back before nightfall.

CLAIRE

Great. Our only hunter's gonna get eaten so that he can get the pregnant girl some more water.

CHARLIE

I wouldn't worry, love.

(smiles conspiratorially)

You tell me who'd you rather meet in a dark alley -- whatever's out there, or that geezer and his four hundred knives?

*
*

Claire actually begins to GIGGLE --

CHARLIE

Seriously. Who packs four hundred knives? Personally? I only have room for two hundred. Three hundred, the most.

The two share a nice LAUGH. A real moment -- And then Claire becomes serious. Contemplative --

CLAIRE

When are they going to find us?
The rescuers.

*
*
*

Beat.

*

CHARLIE

Soon.

*
*

CLAIRE

(smiles)

Thanks, Charlie.

*

CHARLIE

Thanks for what?

CLAIRE

People don't look me in the eye here. I think I scare them. The baby...

(searching for the words)

I'm like this time bomb of responsibility waiting to go off.

Charlie considers this. Then --

CHARLIE

You don't scare me.

35

LOST
(CONT'D): (3) "White Rabbit"

(BLUE)

8/6/04

35A.

35

And off this genuinely sweet MOMENT...

36

EXT. BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

36

A STUNNING SUNSET throws magical light across the camp as
various fires are lit - Night is falling.

And we pick up SHANNON as she approaches BOONE, sitting at the edge of the ocean. That same mix of contemplation and anger in his eyes.

SHANNON

Hey, Superman -- still moping?

Boone just keeps looking out at the water...

SHANNON

Boone?

And Shannon actually sheds the bitch persona for a moment. Maybe actually displaying GENUINE CONCERN --

SHANNON

It's not your fault that...

BOONE

Go away, Shannon.

And when she gets shut down, she snaps back into purely defensive mode. PISSED --

SHANNON

Nice talking to you, jackass.

And Shannon STALKS off, passing --

HURLEY. A little out of breath. Obviously excited about something. We PICK HIM UP as he hurries over to --

KATE AND SAYID. They look up expectantly --

HURLEY

The Chinese people have water.

EXT. BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON AN EMPTY OCEANIC WATER BOTTLE -- just like the ones we saw in the RED SUITCASE. PULL BACK to find --

SAYID

Where did you get this?

Kate and Sayid confront SUN outside her makeshift Lean-To. Sayid is amped --

SAYID

Where. Did. You --

KATE

-- She doesn't understand you, Sayid...

SAYID

She understands me.

(back to Sun)

Did you steal this water?

SUN just looks at them nervously, speaks softly in KOREAN (no subtitles here -- not when ENGLISH SPEAKERS are around) --

SUN

This is a misunderstanding...

And that's when JIN arrives. Head full of steam --
IMMEDIATELY GETS BETWEEN SAYID AND HIS WIFE -- PROTECTIVE --

JIN

*Get away from her, pig! If you
touch my wife...*

Kate gets into the fray, ever the peacemaker --

KATE

Easy. Let's just talk about this,
all right?

Sayid steps back, raises his hands in frustration, stares daggers at JIN. Kate holds up the water bottle to Jin. Points to it.

*

KATE

Is this yours?

Jin stares at her blankly.

KATE

Who gave you this?

And "WHO" is a word that Jin does understand, because his immediate (albeit defiant) reaction is to POINT DOWN THE BEACH. Kate and Sayid turn to see --

OFF NEAR THE FUSELAGE

SAWYER. Smoking a cigarette.

Completely oblivious to the fact that he's just been picked out of a lineup.

BACK WITH KATE AND SAYID

KATE

Sonofa...

39

And Kate is set to rip Sawyer's fucking head off, but...
Sayid grabs her arm.

SAYID
I don't see the water.

KATE
So?

SAYID
You go after him now, he'll give
you nothing. But if you wait...
(beat)
A rat will always lead you to its
hole.

And OFF KATE, knowing he's right but not happy about it. And
as NIGHT finally falls on the BEACH...

40 EXT. JUNGLE - LATE AFTERNOON 40

MACRO CLOSE ON A SINGLE DROPLET OF WATER suspended on a
BANYAN LEAF. And as the leaf tips, we watch that DROPLET
slide down its surface and into --

41 AN OCEANIC BOTTLE. 41

PULL BACK to find the bottle in the hand of Locke. It's
barely a quarter full, but that's what happens when you do it
one drop at a time --

JACK sits on a rock. Staring into the jungle. And we get
the feeling that Locke has just been letting him sit, too.
Something we should note about these two -- They can talk.
Kindred spirits. Mutual respect. Finally --

JACK
How are they? The others.

LOCKE
They're thirsty. Hungry. Waiting
to be rescued.
(then; pointed)
And they need someone to tell them
what to do.

*
*

Jack stiffens. And this is an instinct. A FEAR.

JACK
Me? I can't --

LOCKE

Why can't you?

That's really the question, isn't it?

And maybe Jack has never spoken the words aloud before, but when he does, we know he believes them --

JACK

Because I'm not a leader.

LOCKE

And yet they all treat you like one. Hm.

Jack knows he's right. Hates that he's right.

JACK

I don't know how to help them.

I'll fail, I'll...

(then; quietly)

I don't have what it takes.

*
*

And in this moment -- his father's words travelling twenty years to find themselves coming out of his mouth -- we know that despite his own instinctual heroism, Jack BELIEVES this.

Locke nods. Twists the cap on the bottle as he settles down across from Jack --

LOCKE

Why are you out here, Jack?

JACK

I think I'm going crazy.

LOCKE

You're not going crazy.

JACK

No?

LOCKE

Crazy people don't know they're going crazy. They think they're getting saner.

(smiles; again now)

So why are you out here, Jack?

And something about Locke -- Something HYPNOTIC about the way his eyes dance... makes Jack open up to him --

JACK

I'm chasing something.

(beat)

Someone.

LOCKE

Ah. The White Rabbit.

(off Jack's confusion)

Alice in Wonderland.

JACK

Yeah, Wonderland. Because who I'm chasing? He's not here.

LOCKE

But you see him.

JACK

Yes. But he's not here.

LOCKE

And if I came to you saying the same thing, what would your explanation be? As a doctor?

JACK

(diagnosis mode)

I'd call it a hallucination.
Result of dehydration. Post
Traumatic Stress. Not having slept
more than two hours a night for the
last week. All of the above.*
*
*
*
*

LOCKE

All right, then. You're
hallucinating.

(beat)

But what if you're not?

Jack masks his fear of exactly that with a nervous laugh --

JACK

Then we're all in a lot of trouble.

And now we begin to PUSH IN on Locke. A man who knows of what he speaks, and what he speaks of is fucking SCARY --

LOCKE

I'm an ordinary man, Jack. Meat
and potatoes. I live in the real
world. Not a big believer in
"magic."*
*
*
*

(MORE)

LOST
(CONT'D): (3)

"White Rabbit"

(BLUE)

8/6/04

40A.

41

41

LOCKE (cont'd)

(beat)

But this place is different.
Special. The others... they don't
want to talk about it because it
scares them. But we all know it.
We all feel it. Is your white
rabbit a hallucination? Probably.

(beat, here it is)

But what if everything that
happened here happened for a
reason? What if that someone
you're chasing is really here?

*
*

*
*
*
*
*
*

JACK
That's impossible.

*
*

LOCKE
Even if it is, let's say it's not.

And Jack is practically in a trance... because part of him believes exactly THAT. Softly --

JACK
Then what happens if I catch him?

LOCKE
I don't know -- But, I've looked
into the eye of this island. And
what I saw?
(beat)
It was beautiful.

And with that, Locke stands up. Runs his hands down his legs, maybe to get the dirt off -- or maybe just because he likes to touch them -- and picks up his pack.

JACK
Wait -- Where are you --?

LOCKE
Someone needs this water back at
the beach.

JACK
(standing)
I'll come with you.

LOCKE
No. You need to finish what you
started.

And hoping Locke might actually have the ANSWER --

JACK
Why?

LOCKE
Because a leader can't lead until
he knows where he's going.

And with that, Locke melts back into the jungle. OFF JACK,
looking after him -- a lot to think about... *

42 EXT. BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON 42

And SOMEONE ELSE is moving briskly through the late day.
Crossing the SAND of the beach this person slips into...

43 THE TREE LINE -- 43

And a PATCH OF DENSE FOLIAGE. A HAND reaches in, pushes the
LEAVES aside to reveal --

THREE SUITCASES. The hider of this STASH is of course -- *

SAWYER. And we're close on him as he POPS OPEN one of the
suitcases revealing an array of goodies - SUNTAN LOTION, BUG
SPRAY, CANDY, CIGARETTES, LIGHTERS, MEDICINE, ALCOHOL...

And as he reaches for a pack of the SMOKES...

The CRACK of a twig behind him! SPINS AROUND in time to see -

44 KATE RUSHING HIM. 44

It's a flat-out fucking TACKLE and this girl really fucking
knows what she's doing because in a matter of seconds --

She's PINNED Sawyer -- her KNEES pressing hard into his
shoulders -- a provocative position under any other set of
circumstances. As soon as Sawyer recognizes his attacker --

SAWYER
It's about time.

KATE
(fierce)
About time for what?

SAWYER
I made this birthday wish four
years ago.

Kate's eyes BURN as SAYID emerges from the jungle --

SAYID
Does he have it?

SAWYER KATE
What? You two follow me out
here? I wanna see a warrant! -- Where's the water, you--

And Sawyer suddenly PUSHES UP, TWISTS -- ROLLS OVER -- and
now he's pinning Kate down -- He GRINS, out of breath --

SAWYER KATE
That's better.
-- Get off me...

But Sayid is already there, PULLS Sawyer up, PUSHES him --
Fed up with the cutesy bullshit --

SAYID
Give the water to us now.

SAWYER
(pissed)
Touch me again.

Kate gets up, moves to the SUITCASES. Pulls them open --
More BOOZE, SMOKES, ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT -- But NO WATER --

SAWYER
You really think I stole your damn
water? *

SAYID
We know you gave two bottles to the
Korean couple...

Sawyer takes a step forward -- gets in Sayid's FACE --

SAWYER
I don't give nothin' to nobody. *

KATE
It's not here. *

SAWYER
(real slow so Sayid can
understand)
I traded Mr. Miyagi the last water
I had for a fish he caught -- we
worked it out caveman-style. *

KATE
(skeptical)
You gave up your last two bottles? *

SAWYER

Water has no value, Freckles --
it's gonna rain sooner or later.
(MORE)

149

SAWYER (cont'd)
(smiles)
And hell, I'm an optimist.

And there's something about him -- despite the fucking bravado -- that makes it instantly clear that Sawyer is absolutely INNOCENT. He's telling the truth.

So they're back to square one. And still without water. Sayid turns to Kate --

SAYID
Come on, let's go.

Sayid starts back into the jungle as Kate levels Sawyer with a look. He just SMILES. Kate shakes her head, goes to follow Sayid when --

SAWYER
Hey. You forgot something.

Kate turns as Sawyer tosses her a large LEATHER WALLET. Kate is confused... but FLIPS IT OPEN TO REVEAL --

IT'S THE MARSHAL'S BADGE.

SAWYER
Seeing as you're the sheriff now,
might as well make it official.

Ah. The IRONY.

But Kate KEEPS the badge. Slides it into her pocket as she heads back to the beach. Sawyer watches her go, pops a smoke into his mouth. And as the FLAME flicks from his lighter --

45 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT 45

We're deep in a small CAMPFIRE. PULLING OUT OF IT TO FIND -- *

JACK. Alone. Staring into the fire. And he's in that zone of non-sleep where he is actually HYPER-AWAKE.

And there is something about these flames that is familiar to him. And as Jack looks deeply into them --

46 INT. HALLWAY - RECEPTION - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 46

FLAMES flicker in BLACK & WHITE. PULL OUT to find them on a small TELEVISION. We're watching a local NEWS BROADCAST. *

JACK sits in a small chair in a spartan HALLWAY, watching the wall-mounted TV -- *

AUSTRALIAN NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
*And wildfires continue to burn just
 outside Melbourne. While local
 crews coordinate their efforts, an
 arson investigation is underway...*

And the NEWSCAST is interrupted as Jack looks up to see --

DOCTOR (O.S.)
 Mr. Shephard? Will you follow me,
 please?

A Middle-Eastern MAN in a white lab coat -- looks like a
 DOCTOR. And although we're not entirely sure why yet, Jack's
 eyes make it clear -- he does not want to follow this man.
 Not at ALL.

47

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

47

JACK and THE DOCTOR walk along the corridor. This place is
 depressing - FLICKERING FLUORESCENT LIGHTS. WORN PAINT JOB.

DOCTOR
 There are ways we can make it
 easier for you. We can take a
 photograph if you'd prefer...

*

JACK
 No. I want to see him.

The two reach THREE STAINLESS STEEL DOORS -- FREEZERS. The
 Doctor pulls open the middle one.

*

*

ON JACK, as he follows the Doctor--

*

A48

INSIDE.

A48

*

A GURNEY waits. ON IT,

*

A BODYBAG.

*

The Doctor looks at Jack one last time.

*

Then slowly, he pulls down the bag's zipper, revealing the
 body inside, and of course it's--

*

*

JACK'S FATHER.

*

Just as he's appeared on the island. Gray haired. Sixties.
 And completely lifeless.

A48

LOST
(CONT'D):

"White Rabbit"

(BLUE)

8/6/04
A48

45A.

JACK
That's him.

DOCTOR
I'm very sorry.

JACK
What happened?

DOCTOR
(sympathetic)
It's probably best not to know the details, Mr... JACK
-- What happened?

And as the Doctor begins to speak, we HOLD ON JACK -- PUSHING IN as every second brings more emotion. A deeper sense of pain and loss. And it is fucking DEVASTATING to watch.

DOCTOR(O.S.)
The police found him in an alley in Kings Cross. There was no identification, so they brought him here. Our tox screen showed a blood alcohol content... which for a man of his size would most likely have brought on myocardial infarction -- a sizeable and fatal heart attack.

(best bedside manner)
If it's any consolation, it was painless.

And now we are RIGHT UP on Jack's EYES. And in this, the single most devastating moment of his life, the last word that comes to mind is "painless." And as a SINGLE TEAR drops from his eye...

We find that same tear sliding down his cheek back at the CAMPFIRE. And Jack is snapped out of this quiet repose by --

THAT SOUND. Ice cubes in a glass.

Jack immediately LEAPS TO HIS FEET. Something moving through the JUNGLE beyond the fire. Maybe we can just make out the WHITE TENNIS SHOES...

And Jack is way beyond rational now as he PULLS A PIECE OF WOOD FROM THE FIRE -- a makeshift TORCH --

And he moves into the moonlight-dappled jungle -- Almost like he's SLEEPWALKING -- following what just might be a GHOST --

And he soon comes to a NATURAL STONE ARCHWAY.

Jack pauses -- a sense of whatever lies beyond -- but it's too fucking late to turn back now -- his journey almost at its inevitable conclusion...

So he moves through the archway. AND for the first time we enter our SET...

INT. THE VALLEY - NIGHT

MOONLIGHT pierces through the obscured ceiling of this caved-in VALLEY, lighting Jack's way --

And his father is nowhere to be seen.

But Jack hears the sound of TRICKLING WATER. Drawn to it --

And here's a WALL OF WATER dripping into a SHALLOW POOL. Jack approaches -- looks into it and --

There's a small, pale FACE shimmering under the surface. But Jack seems more confused than scared as he reaches into the water and pulls out --

A CHINA FACED DOLL -- blonde hair, floral dress. Jack lays the doll down, walks deeper into THE VALLEY, his torchlight illuminating the openings of a series of CAVES...

And there are more dolls. MANY MORE. A TRAIL of them. Jack follows it, raising his flaming torch as he finally comes to the source -- A SMASHED CRATE. And right next to it --

A fallen fifteen foot-long section of WRECKAGE from our plane. The OCEANIC LOGO PROMINENT.

All around this area of the valley; scattered pieces of LUGGAGE. OF CARGO. Jack looking it over...

*

And then he FREEZES.

Because there, at the edge of a cave, trapped partially under a piece of wreckage is what looks like A LARGE BOX.

And Jack is drawn to it. THIS is why he's been led here. THIS is what he's supposed to find.

Yeah. It's a COFFIN.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

50 INT. THE VALLEY - NIGHT 50 *

Jack stands right where we left him, in this moonlit cave-like VALLEY.

And he's just FIXATED on that banged-up but surprisingly intact SIMPLE WOODEN CASKET which lies FACE DOWN in the dirt.

And this time, it's not Jack that we PUSH INTO, but that coffin as we hear the sound of a PLANE TAKING OFF and --

51 INT. SYDNEY AIRPORT - DAY - FLASHBACK 51

We're in SYDNEY AIRPORT.

And here's Jack. Wearing the very same SUIT we saw him wearing in the Pilot. He stands at the OCEANIC CUSTOMER SERVICE COUNTER. And he is fucking losing it.

JACK

What do you mean you won't put it on the plane?

A FEMALE AUSTRALIAN TICKET AGENT looks back at him --

TICKET AGENT

I'm sorry, Mr. Shephard, but our policy is that the body must have the proper documentation if we're to put it on board. I'm afraid there's no latitude to...

*
*
*

JACK

No latitude? No latitude?

TICKET AGENT

-- Without the proper documents...

JACK

You can't do this to me. I'm ready to go now...

TICKET AGENT

-- Sir, perhaps another carrier may...

JACK

(enough)

NO!

And he fucking SHOUTED THAT. People standing around actually look over, nervously. But Jack could care less. He leans in to the DESK ATTENDANT, eyes burning --

JACK

I want you to listen to me, okay?
Because I'm asking you a favor...

(reads her name-tag)

"Chrissy?" I am standing in front
of you wearing the same suit I'm
wearing to my father's funeral and
I'm asking you a favor.

(beat)

In sixteen hours I need to land in
LAX. And I need that coffin to
clear customs because there is
going to be a hearse waiting there.
And that hearse needs to take me
and that coffin to a cemetery.
Why, Chrissy? Why can't I just
land and bring him to a funeral
home and make all the arrangements
there? Why can't I really take my
time with it? Because I need it to
be done. I need it to be over.

*

And Jack suddenly realizes he's YELLING. Stops. Pulls
himself together. But his eyes are watering. And this is
said softly, but not without desperation --

*

*

*

JACK

I just need to bury my father.

And Chrissy is actually MOVED by this. Affected by Jack's
pure emotion. So after a beat, she NODS --

TICKET AGENT

Let me see what I can do, sir.

And as Jack finally registers some sense of RELIEF...

INT. THE VALLEY - NIGHT

*

We're back on the island. In this valley.

And Jack looks down at what we now know to be his FATHER'S
CASKET. Neither one of them made it to Los Angeles.

But Jack has found it. Been led to it.

So now, finally, he'll get to bury his father himself.

And as much as we don't want him to do it, we have to WATCH
HIM as he carefully slips his hand under the casket.

52

52

Jack squats -- then with great STRAIN he manages to LIFT IT UP - pushing it on to its side -- but OH FUCK -- the lid FLIPS OPEN!

BUT THE COFFIN IS EMPTY.

Jack is confused. Devastated. And then, ultimately -- DEPRIVED.

Maybe the body fell out in the crash -- maybe it's still out there in the jungle -- or maybe...

But none of that matters now. Because all of this pressure, this anxiety, this fucking situation is all so UNFAIR.

And that translates to pure RAGE for Jack.... ANGER at not being able to put this behind him... and ANGER at his father for haunting him, even here...

And Jack's pulling a METAL ROD from the wreckage, raising it over his head and he --

SMASHES the coffin. Over and over. Into fucking splinters.

And as we PULL BACK, leaving Jack to resolve his demons the only way he knows how...

53

EXT. BEACH - MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY AREA - NIGHT

53

We QUIETLY MOVE towards the INFIRMARY TENT -- the sense that this is the POINT OF VIEW of someone as we MOVE THROUGH THE PLASTIC FLAP AND INSIDE TO FIND --

54

INT. INFIRMARY TENT - NIGHT

54

CLAIRE as she lies asleep. She's alone. We're looking down at her. No -- SOMEONE'S LOOKING DOWN AT HER and...

A bottle of WATER is brought to her chapped lips. Claire's eyes flicker open as the cool liquid flows into her mouth. Someone has come to her rescue! And Claire looks up to see her benefactor is...

BOONE?

He offers an awkward smile -- screws the cap on the remainder of the bottle, places another FULL ONE by her side...

CLAIRE
How did you...?

BOONE

-- Shhhh.

And we don't get much of a chance to put this all together because a VOICE from the entrance of the tent snaps us out of this quiet moment --

VOICE (O.S.)
Where did you get that?!

WHIP AROUND TO REVEAL --

CHARLIE. And he ain't happy.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

BOONE takes a full face-plant into the SAND.

CHARLIE
Here's your thief.

We're out on the BEACH. Charlie (that old DARKNESS in full effect) is surrounded by Michael, Hurley, Sun, Jin, Walt, Sawyer -- a few of the other survivors --

MICHAEL
Where'd he hide it?!

CHARLIE
Dunno -- but this wanker had three bottles on him.
(to Boone)
Why'd you do it, Pretty Boy? Eh?

HAND-HELD. CHAOTIC. SCARY. MOB MENTALITY EMERGING. Boone surrounded on all sides, scrambles to his feet -- PANICKED --

BOONE
I didn't think... You just left it in the tent. And he... Jack just took off.

CHARLIE
Claire could've died.

BOONE
-- I tried to give her some sooner but it got out of hand. Nobody would've understood...

CHARLIE
(to the others)
I say we throw him in the jungle and see what happens.

SHANNON runs up -- locks eyes with Boone -- No fucking idea what to do...

KATE & SAYID are right behind her --

KATE
What's going on...?

SAWYER
(nods to Boone)
Guess you got your thief.

*
*
*

Boone pleads to Kate -- maybe she'll understand...

BOONE CHARLIE
I was trying to help!
Someone needed to take
responsibility. It never -- Oh SHUT IT!
would have lasted unless...

SLAM! Boone goes flying into the sand again.

*

And it's out of control. Six days on the island. The stress. The frustration. The situation. This is the very worst of human nature because --

The fucking MOB wants blood.

Charlie ROUGHLY pulls Boone back up -- Pushes him into what feels like a tightly constricting CIRCLE --

And as Boone looks around at all these angry faces... these people who might just TEAR HIM LIMB FROM LIMB --

VOICE (O.S.)
LEAVE HIM ALONE.

And everything just STOPS.

We're ON KATE as she turns towards the sound of that powerful voice. And thank fucking God...

IT'S JACK.

And he might still be unshaven. He might be fucking exhausted. But there is a LIGHT in his eyes now.

The same light in his eyes when he got his ass kicked on the playground twenty years ago.

And they're ALL just staring at him.

He starts quietly at first --

JACK

It's been six days and we're all
still waiting. Still waiting for
them to come.

(beat)

But what if they don't?

Jack steps forward -- engaging each person one at a time as
he speaks. Powerful. Charismatic. FEARLESS...

JACK

We have to stop waiting. We need
to start figuring things out. A
woman died this morning because she
went for a morning swim.

(points to Boone)

He tried to save her life and now
you're about to crucify him because
he took some water?

Charlie drops his eyes --

JACK

We can't do this. We can't just
hope it'll figure itself out. It's
time to start organizing. We need
to figure out how we're going to
survive. I found water -- fresh
water in the valley. I'll take a
group in at first light. You don't
want to come? Then you find
another way to contribute because
"every man for himself" isn't gonna
work anymore, people. Last week,
most of us were strangers. But now
we're all here. And God knows how
long we're gonna be here, but...

(beat)

If we can't live together, we're
gonna die alone.

*
*

*

And as we see them -- ALL of them -- just looking at Jack.
Looking UP to him. And yeah, there's gonna be some bumps
along the way, but it's pretty fucking clear --

We've just witnessed the birth of a LEADER.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

57 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 57

And once again, CALM has come to the beach.

CHARLIE & HURLEY

Walk amongst the castaways with the RED SUITCASE -- doling out HALF-CUPS of water to the SURVIVORS as we FIND --

58 SUN & JIN 58

Sun looks at her husband as he builds them a SMALL FIRE.

SUN

Thank you.

(beat)

For getting me water today.

Jin pauses for a moment. Looks at his wife. Then, as simple as it is touching --

JIN

That's what husbands do.

And now, we FLOAT OVER to --

59 MICHAEL & WALT 59

Michael watches his son sleeping. Has his half-cup of water, but his kid's fine. Not worth waking him up for.

So instead, he gives his water to VINCENT.

As the dog laps it up appreciatively, we FIND --

60 BOONE 60

Sits away from the camp, ALONE. Spared a beating, but a pariah nonetheless.

SAWYER (O.S.)

How's it feel?

Boone looks up to see Sawyer.

BOONE

How's what feel?

SAWYER

Taking my place at the top of everyone's most hated list.

Boone just looks at him.

SAWYER
Yeah. Sucks, don't it?

And as Sawyer strides off to wherever it is he strides off to, we leave Boone to FIND --

61 JACK 61

He sits at a small FIRE close to the ocean. Kate settles down next to him, hands him a cup of WATER --

JACK
Thanks.

A few beats pass as they take in the night ocean together.

KATE
Where were you today, Jack?

JACK
Just taking care of some things.

As always, not much has to be said between these two. In some kind of cosmic way, they just GET each other.

KATE
That's all I'm gonna get, huh?

A few more beats pass. Then --

JACK
My father died. In Sydney.

Kate reacts -- surprised... but instantly sympathetic.

KATE
I'm sorry.

Jack nods. His eyes watering with the intensity of his day. Watering with the closure he will not get.

JACK
Yeah. I'm sorry, too.

And as the two of them sit there in this moment of quiet simplicity...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE