"The Moth"

Written by
Jennifer Johnson

&

Paul Dini

Directed by
Jack Bender

NETWORK DRAFT
August 24, 2004
LOST

“The Moth”

CAST LIST

BOONE................................Ian Somerhalder
CHARLIE................................Dominic Monaghan
CLAIRED..............................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

PRIEST..................................
LOST

“The Moth”

SET LIST

INTERIORS

THE VALLEY - Day/Night
  CHARLIE’S CAVE - Early Morning/Day
  WATER POOL - Day
  LARGE CAVE - Day
  CAVE ENTRANCE - Day
  JACK’S CAVE - Day
  TUNNEL - Day
  LOCKE’S CAMP - Night
  JACK’S FIRE - Night
CHURCH - Day - FLASHBACK
  CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - Day - FLASHBACK
INFIRMARY TENT - Day
CONCERT VENUE - Night - FLASHBACK
  DRESSING ROOM - Night - FLASHBACK
  BACKSTAGE - Night - FLASHBACK
  DRESSING ROOM - Night - FLASHBACK

EXTERIORS

BEACH - Day/Late Afternoon
  BY THE INFIRMARY TENT - Morning
JUNGLE - Morning/Day
  CLEARING - Morning
  ANTENNA POSITION TWO - Day
SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AUSTRALIA - Day - FLASHBACK
IAN’S HOUSE - BACKYARD - Day - FLASHBACK
STEEP GRASSY INCLINE (KUALOA RANCH) - Late Afternoon/Night
THE SOUND of DISCORDANT GUITAR CHORDS rises as we PUSH THROUGH the “O” of the LOST logo and SLAM INTO --

AN EYE BLINKING OPEN. GLASSY. Huge DILATED PUPIL. Struggling to FOCUS. CUT OUT to find the eye belongs to --

INT. THE VALLEY - CHARLIE’S CAVE - EARLY MORNING (DAY 8)

CHARLIE -- who probably hasn’t slept all night -- sitting on an upper tier cave with his GUITAR, struggling to find chords that once came easily. He’s sweaty, twitchy... Even if we have no idea that Charlie’s GOING COLD TURKEY -- we quickly realize that this guy is barely keeping it together.

LOCKE (O.S.)

Charlie--

Charlie squints down towards the mouth of the cave and sees LOCKE, silhouetted by the early morning light.

LOCKE (cont’d)

How about you and I go for a walk?

CHARLIE

Uh, N-no thanks, Locke. Think I’ll stay in today.

He goes back to his guitar, but stops when he sees Locke, moving closer, looking hard at him -

LOCKE

C’mon. The fresh air will do you good.

Not exactly a question anymore. ON CHARLIE - After a moment, he nods, puts down his guitar and rises to join him...

EXT. BEACH - BY THE INFIRMARY TENT - MEANWHILE

CLOSE ON KATE’S MUGSHOT. WIDEN to reveal it’s being held by JACK, standing over a leather bag full of medical supplies. He’s TOTALLY FOCUSED on the photo in his hand, staring at it wistfully, when he hears:

KATE (O.S.)

I take better pictures than that.

Jack spins to face -- KATE, smiling unsurely. Happy to see Jack despite what he’s holding. Trying to make light of it --

www.presseexecute.com
(CONT’D):

KATE (cont’d)
Smaller, too. I mean, if you’d like something for your wallet.

He looks at her a beat, almost sadly.

JACK
Just came to pick up a few things.

He hands Kate her mug shot. The ROAD BLOCK between them.

JACK (cont’d)
This, uh... It was with my stuff.

Kate takes the photo, folds it up -- MEMORIES HERE. Jack goes back to packing up his things.

KATE
So... You’re not staying.

JACK
Hurley and I... We’ve been checking out in the valley...
(pointedly)
And they’re a hell of a lot safer than living out here on the beach.

KATE
You’re mad at me.

He stops packing to look at her.

JACK
No. Kate, I’m-- I just don’t understand why you won’t come with me -- us. The caves are--

KATE
We crashed eight days ago. I’m not setting up house here, Jack.

JACK
Look, I want off this island too. But we both know that’s not gonna happen anytime soon.

They stand in silence for a beat, then...

KATE
Sayid... He has a plan...
JACK
To find the source of the distress signal. Yeah. I remember.

KATE
The transmission's coming from somewhere on the island. If we can find it --

JACK
-- That signal's been playing on a loop for sixteen years. The woman who left it wasn't rescued, what makes you think it'll be different for us?

KATE
(after a beat)
Because I believe it.

Jack eyes her a moment.

JACK
I wish I shared your faith.

SAWYER (O.S.)
Wouldn't mind sharing a few things with her myself.

They both turn to see SAWYER strolling up, a bag slung over his shoulder. There's no love lost between him and Jack.

KATE
What do you want, Sawyer?

SAWYER
Not a thing, sweetheart. Heard the doc here was vacating the premises. Thought I'd best lay claim to my new digs before somebody else does.

He tosses his bag into the tent. Jack can't fucking believe this guy --

JACK
I didn't build this for you to live in -- it's an infirmary.

SAWYER
Not without a doctor around it ain't. Yep, I could fix this place up real nice.

(MORE)
SAWYER (cont'd)
(turning his gaze to Kate)
Maybe even find someone to share it with me.

Kate rolls her eyes, disgusted. Jack doesn’t have time for this High School shit -- Hoists the leather bag...

JACK
Fine. Take the tent.

KATE
Jack...

JACK
I’ll see you later.

And Jack goes. Sawyer comes up behind her.

SAWYER
Offer on the tent stands, Freckles. Think about it.

Kate throws him a glare, moves off. Sawyer smirks as he calls after her...

SAWYER (cont’d)
C’mon -- You don’t wanna be out there all alone, do ya?

EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - MEANWHILE

WIDE ON CHARLIE, alone, inexplicably standing in the middle of a clearing, surrounded by tall, dense brush.

CUT IN CLOSE on his face - Looking pale, breathing shallowly. His eyes dart around, anxiously. When suddenly he hears A TWIG SNAP. His head SWINGS toward the direction. Whispers --

CHARLIE
Locke? Th-that you?

The SNAPING becomes QUICKER, the nearby brush shakes, and we hear an UNGODLY SCREECH! Something’s charging --

AND CHARLIE RUNS FOR HIS LIFE! TRACK WITH him as he crashes through the flora, weaving among the tall trees -- TIGHT ON HIS FACE, terror in his eyes, when we hear:

CHARLIE (PRE-LAP) (cont’d)
Bless me, Father, for I have sinned...
INT. CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - DAY - FLASHBACK

Someone kneeling, head bowed, penitent before a priest --

CHARLIE
It’s been a week since my last confession.

He lifts his head and we recognize that this CLEAN-CUT GUY IN TAILORED CLOTHES is CHARLIE, five years younger. GONE is the nail polish, the grungy clothes. He hesitates...

PRIEST
Go ahead, my son.

CHARLIE
Last night, I had... physical... relations... with a girl I... I didn’t even know.

PRIEST
I see. Anything else?

CHARLIE
Yeah. Then, uh... right after that I had... y’know... relations with another girl.

PRIEST
Two girls. Well, that’s--

CHARLIE
And then... I watched while they had... relations with each other.

SILENCE. And we can read on Charlie’s face that this ISN’T a joke -- that he is TRULY CONFLICTED. At war with himself.

PRIEST
I, uh... You... Hmmmm...

CHARLIE
See, it’s my band, Father. Drive Shaft... We’ve been playing this club in Manchester and... well, we’re starting to get some real heat... A following, like... And these girls... they... well... There’s some serious temptations that come with the territory. If you know what I mean.
PRIEST
Yes, well... We all have our temptations, but giving in to them, that’s your choice. I know it’s difficult, but find strength in your faith. Your family... (anxious to be done) Say five Our Fathers and two Hail Marys and you will be absolved.

The slot SLIDES SHUT. OFF Charlie, crossing himself, a little taken aback by the abruptness --

INT. CHURCH - A MOMENT LATER - FLASHBACK

As Charlie emerges from the confessional...

IAN (O.S.)
And the meek shall inherit the earth.

Charlie glances up to see, in a pew by the aisle...

IAN, a “MU$IC $LUT” T-shirt and ripped jeans. (His look should say OASIS, THE VERVE -- NOT HEAVY METAL.) A few years older than Charlie, he’s a guy you can’t take your eyes off. Good-looking, charismatic. His motorcycle boots draped over the pew in front of him.

CHARLIE
(mortified, sotto)
Ian -- You’re in a church! Get your sodden boots off there.

Ian does so as Charlie wipes the pew with his jacket sleeve.

IAN
Relax, Choir Boy. I bring tidings of great joy...

He flashes a smile as he holds up a BUSINESS LETTER --

IAN (cont’d)
We’ve just been signed to a recording contract. You’re gonna be a rock god.

And as the news LANDS ON Charlie, we BLAST BACK OUT TO --
EXT. JUNGLE - MORNING

CHARLIE -- as he continues to TEAR ASS through the jungle.
WHIPPING PAST TREES -- HURDLING BUSHES -- until he reaches --

A DEAD END. He spins around in time to see --

A SQUEALING FLASH OF FUR BURSTS THROUGH THE BRUSH...

ON CHARLIE - Breathing hard, pinching his eyes closed, as the
thing bares down on him, then...

CLOSE ON A ROPE draped across a tree branch PULLING TAUT and

WE SEE A SCREECHING BOAR -- ASCENDING INTO THE SKY --
SQUEALING AND CONVULSING IN A NET.

   LOCKE (O.S.)
   Nicely done, Charlie...

Charlie looks over at

LOCKE -- securing the pull-rope attached to the BOAR TRAP.

   LOCKE (cont’d)
   You make excellent bait.

ON CHARLIE, taking a step toward him, as all shades of that
good kid in the confessional melt away, and a DARKNESS falls
over his eyes. He speaks in a harsh, dangerous whisper.

   CHARLIE
   (glad I could oblige)
   Now give me my bloody drugs.

And off a glowering CHARLIE --

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

ON fuming Charlie trailing Locke ON THE MOVE, calmly receiving Charlie’s verbal assault.

CHARLIE
You hear what I said? I want my drugs back! I need them!

LOCKE
Yet you gave them to me. Hmmm.

CHARLIE
And bloody well regret it. I’m sick, man. Can’t you see that?

LOCKE
I think you’re a lot stronger than you know, Charlie. And I’m gonna prove it to you...

Locke comes to a nearby backpack resting on a rock and, from a side pocket, removes a HUGE HUNTING KNIFE. ON CHARLIE -- seeing the knife -- What’s Locke got in mind here?

LOCKE (cont’d)
I’ll let you ask me for your drugs three times. And the third time...? I’m going to give them to you. Now. Just so we’re clear.

(gesturing with knife)
This was one.

As Charlie takes that in, Locke crosses to the netted boar.

CHARLIE
Why-- Why are you doing this? To torture me? Just throw them away -- Get rid of ‘em and be done with it!

LOCKE
If I did that, you wouldn’t have a choice, Charlie.

CHARLIE reacts, remembering the words of his priest as LOCKE grabs the netting surrounding the squealing boar.

LOCKE (cont’d)
Having a choice, making decisions based more than instinct...

(MORE)
...is the only thing that separates you from him.

With that, Locke (OFF-CAMERA) stabs the boar in the throat.

AND ON CHARLIE, as he adverts his eyes, the Boar letting out an AGUISHED SQUEAL...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

BOOMING DOWN on a MAKESHIFT ANTENNA, reminiscent of the one in Ep. 2, and attached to an 8-foot pole from the wreckage, until we find...

SAYID securing the pole into the wet sand and addressing BOONE and KATE, who stand nearby, a duffle bag at their feet.

SAYID
Three antennas. Three points of a triangle. One here on the beach...

He removes another antenna from the bag and hands it to Kate.

SAYID (cont’d)
Another Kate will position in the jungle, roughly two kilometers in. And the third...

He brings up yet another antenna, this one hardwired to the ever-important TRANSCEIVER.

SAYID (cont’d)
I’ll take to high ground. (points toward mountains) ...up there. If the French transmission is coming from somewhere within our triangulation, I’ll be able to locate the source. (beat) But there are two complications...

BOONE
Of course there are.

SAYID
The power cells I’ve grafted onto the antennas are drained. There’s no telling how long they’ll last. A minute. Maybe more. Maybe less.
KATE
(understanding)
So we all have to be in position before we switch them on.

BOONE
Whoa, wait a minute, how are we supposed to do that? There’s no way to communicate with each other.

Sayid just smiles. Thought of this. Reaches into his duffel, pulls out three bottle rockets.

KATE
Bottle rockets?

SAYID
God bless firework smugglers.
(then, slowly and clearly)
When I’m in position, I’ll fire off my rocket. When you two see it, fire yours. After the last one goes up, we’ll all switch on our antennas.

KATE
You said there were two complications.

SAYID
The battery in the transceiver is dead. And I’ve yet to find a suitable replacement. Without the transceiver, all of this is for nothing...
(beat)
Something from a PDA or, better yet, a laptop computer would probably work... but... I’ve been unable to salvage any from the wreckage.

Kate thinks for a moment, glances back at the beach camp.

KATE
Think I might know where to look.

OFF KATE, hoping this will work...
INT. THE VALLEY - WATER POOL - DAY

ON CHARLIE - or rather, HIS REFLECTION in the pool, as he stares at his pale, haggard face. His hands suddenly dive in, obliterating his reflected image...

NEW ANGLE as Charlie sits at the pool’s edge, splashes water on his face. In Korean:

JIN (O.S.)
Hey! You!

Charlie squints up to see JIN, looking down on him from the nook on which he and Sun have settled. SUN stops laying out their belongings to observe her husband shouting at Charlie.

JIN (cont’d)
That water is for drinking!

ON CHARLIE, he waves, no idea what Jin’s saying...

CHARLIE
Morning.

JIN, disgusted, shakes his head and returns to his wife. As Charlie shakily gets to his feet, he hears:

HURLEY (O.S.)
Jack... Dude... What’s in these things -- cinder blocks?

ON HURLEY, entering the caves, struggling to carry two large suitcases. With him is JACK, the leather bag over his shoulder, cradling another suitcase, lying flat in his arms.

JACK
Packed anything I thought’d be useful here... without leaving the others empty-handed.

Exhausted, Hurley puts his suitcases down as CHARLIE crosses over to them...

CHARLIE
Hey. Need a hand?

JACK
No thanks. I think we’re good.

CHARLIE
I don’t mind. Used to lug around my band’s equipment back in the
CHARLIE (cont’d)
day. Before we had roadies.
(re: Jack’s suitcases)
Here, lemme get that --

JACK
Charlie. No. The zipper’s--

Charlie grabs the handle of the suitcase and takes it from Jack -- but as he does, the lid FLOPS OPEN and the contents spill out onto the ground.

JACK (cont’d)
...broken.

CHARLIE
Aw, hell. Sorry... I was just trying to--

JACK
Help. I know. It’s okay.
(to Hurley)
Hurley, why don’t we grab those last couple of bags.

HURLEY
(unthrilled)
Oh, could we?

As Jack and Hurley move away, Jack drops the leather shoulder bag on the ground, near Charlie, who continues retrieving the fallen items until he catches sight of...

HIS POV - THE LEATHER BAG, open, and piled on top are numerous PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES.

ON CHARLIE, frozen for a moment as his mind reels. He looks in the direction Jack and Hurley headed, then back behind him. Satisfied the coast is clear, he moves to the leather bag and rummages through it, checking the labels as he goes. He brings up a bottle and evidently likes what he reads when:

JACK (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Charlie finds Jack standing over him.

CHARLIE
Oh. Um... I’ve got a bit of a headache. So, I thought...

Jack takes the bottle from Charlie, and checks the label.
JACK
Valium?

CHARLIE
Couldn’t... find any aspirin.

Jack tosses the bottle back into the bag and zips it closed.

JACK
It’s not self-serve, Charlie. This medicine may have to last us awhile. Gotta save it for things more serious than a headache...

CHARLIE
Yeah. Yeah... You’re right.

And now Jack notices Charlie’s SHAKY STATE for the first time. Steps closer to him.

JACK
You okay? You’re looking a little--

Charlie turns away, not wanting Jack to examine him, and goes back to picking up the fallen contents.

CHARLIE
Told you. Just a headache.

JACK
Leave it. Get some water. Maybe you’re dehydrated...

CHARLIE
(continuing the clean-up)
Just want to be useful --

Jack squats next to Charlie and grabs his arm.

JACK
(firmly)
Charlie, I got it. We don’t need you right now. Go take care of yourself, man.

Charlie looks at Jack, stung, as Jack takes over. Charlie stands up, feeling dismissed, like a child, as he watches Jack clean up his mess. And as we go TIGHT ON CHARLIE...

IAN (PRE-LAP)
C’mon, Charlie-boy... We can’t do this without you...
INT. CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK

We’re on Charlie, moments after we left him, sitting in the front pew, head in hands, holding the business letter. Ian’s sitting on the altar now, addressing him...

IAN
Face it... You’re the heart and soul of the band. You are bloody Drive Shaft.

CHARLIE
Watch the language.

IAN
(hopping off the altar)
Sod that. This is our shot at the big-time. What’s the problem?

CHARLIE
I dunno... I just...
(standing)
I want to keep things the way they are. Playing the pubs. It’s enough for me.

He heads down the aisle. Ian at his heels...

IAN
Yeah, fine for you. You’re the smart one. Be anything you want. It’s your songs that got us signed. I’m just the clown with the pretty face that sings ‘em. Now you wanna take away my chance to be somebody.

They stop near the back of the sanctuary, by a CISTERN filled with holy water, as Charlie turns back to him.

CHARLIE
Ian, it’s not about you. It’s...
(difficult to admit)
Look, I love the band, but... It’s not who I am.
(beat)
Sometimes... I get lost in it.

Ian looks at him a moment, registering Charlie’s concern.
IAN
Won’t happen. ’Cause we’ll be there looking out for each other. What brothers do, right?

As Charlie considers this, Ian splashes him with holy water from the cistern.

CHARLIE
Ian --
(getting splashed again)
Stop that, you lunatic.

IAN
Now you sound like Mum.

Charlie can’t help but smile at that. After a moment...

CHARLIE
Just promise me... If things... get too crazy... No matter what... If I say we’re done... We walk away.

IAN
We walk away.

CHARLIE
You swear it.

IAN
(pledging)
You’re the rock god, baby brother.

OFF CHARLIE, as he nods, sealing their pact...

INT. INFIRMARY TENT - DAY

CLOSE ON KATE, an ICY expression on her face...

KATE
Why don’t I believe you?

WIDEN to see she’s addressing a lounging SAWYER, his battered copy of “WATERSHIP DOWN” on his lap.

SAWYER
Couldn’t say, cupcake. Most folks think I got a trustworthy face. Or so they tell me.
KATE
You’ve been hoarding like a packrat since the crash and you don’t have a single laptop?!

Sawyer studies Kate. Smiles.

SAWYER
We are testy, aren’t we? Still upset about your little breakup?

KATE
What?

SAWYER
Musta hurt bad when Doc came back for his record collection...
(just plain mean)
Cause now there’s nothing for him to come back for.

And Kate just looks at him. Then speaks to him evenly --

KATE
God, it must be so exhausting...

SAWYER
What’s that?

KATE
Living like a parasite. Always talking, never giving...

SAWYER
Boy, you sure got me pegged.

KATE
I get it now. It all makes sense. You don’t want to get off this island because there’s nothing for you to go back to. There’s no one you miss. And no one misses you.

SAWYER

KATE
I don’t feel sorry for you. (simple; true)
I pity you.
Sawyer just sits there for a MOMENT. Then he reaches into his bag again and brings out a LAPTOP. He slides the BATTERY out, TOSSES it to her --

SAWYER
All you had to do was say please.

Kate stares at him a beat, then turns and goes. ON SAWYER, watching her, his glib smirk melting away for just a second, showing he might just’ve been STUNG...

INT. THE VALLEY - CHARLIE’S CAVE - DAY

CHARLIE, sitting against a wall. Jonesing and a bit hyper.

HURLEY (O.S.)
Hey. Dude. This yours?

Charlie sees Hurley standing over him, holding his guitar. Charlie’s pleased to have some engagement, anxious to talk.

CHARLIE
Yeah. Probably wondering ’cause I’m known for playing bass in Drive Shaft. S’only ’cause we could never find a decent bass player...

(getting to his feet)
Wrote a bunch of songs with that guitar. “You All Everybody.” That was mine. Got the idea from --

HURLEY
Listen, man, Jack just wants you to find another place for this thing. He’s moving supplies and says it’s in the way.

He hands him the guitar and walks out. PUSH IN ON CHARLIE, feeling foolish. Then, eyes narrowing in anger, he moves off frame...

INT. THE VALLEY - LARGE CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

ON JACK, scrutinizing a naturally formed pillar near the center of the cave. He places his hand against it, and with that, a small stream of dirt and pebbles cascades down the side of the pillar. As Jack takes that in, he hears:

CHARLIE (O.S.)
You know, most people look up to me. Respect me --
Jack turns to find Charlie converging on him.

**JACK**

Charlie -- ?

-- What are you talking --

**CHARLIE**

-- And you treat me like a bloody child, like some useless joke --

-- I’m not good enough to help. Right? No. No, I’m just in the way --

Jack can see that Charlie is PALE, SWEATING -- in a bad fucking way. Concerned --

**JACK**

You okay, man? C’mon, sit down.

Let me take a look at you --

**CHARLIE**

-- Right. You’ll look out for me. We look out for each other... Well, stuff that --

**JACK**

-- Charlie, calm down.

You’re not yourself --

**CHARLIE**

You don’t know me! I’m a bloody rock god!!

INT. THE VALLEY - WATER POOL - DAY

PANNING OFF HURLEY filling up his water bottle, we find...

JIN, by the pool’s edge, sporting the detached handcuff bracelet, dabbing the raw skin around it with a rag. SUN comes over, wearing a low-cut tank top, and kneels beside him. Jin doesn’t look up at her. The following’s subtitled:

**SUN**

You should have the doctor look at your wrist.

**JIN**

It’s fine. It will heal --

As he looks up at her, he sees her attire for the first time.

**JIN (cont’d)**

What are you wearing? It’s indecent. Cover yourself!

Sun leans back and eyes him squarely.
SUN

It’s too hot.

Before Jin, stunned at her defiance, can respond, they both react to a DISTANT RUMBLE and notice...

The water in the pool RIPPLING.

AND GRRRRRBOOOOOM! The RUMBLE GROWS LOUDER and the Earth shakes. PUSH IN on HURLEY as he sees it first...

HURLEY

Aw, no...

ANGLE ON CAVE ENTRANCE - A THICK CLOUD OF DUST bursting from it. HANDELD -- CHOATIC -- *

Hurley, Jin and Sun hurry over -- DUST SWIRLING EVERYWHERE as they find... CHARLIE, choking and coughing, on the ground by what used to be the cave entrance, now sealed by rock and earth.

HURLEY (cont’d)

Charlie! Where’s Jack?
(no answer)
WHERE’S JACK?

A coughing Charlie lifts his arm AND POINTS AT THE CAVE-IN. And OFF HURLEY’S look of dread...

CUT TO BLACK: *

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. THE VALLEY - CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

ON CHARLIE, where we left him. SHELL-SHOCKED. As we hear:

HURLEY (O.S.)
JACK!! --

CUT WIDE to see HURLEY, standing at the SEALED CAVE ENTRANCE. Jin and Sun are there, too. Already pulling away rocks, speaking urgently to each other in Korean...

HURLEY (cont’d)
JACK -- CAN YOU HEAR ME?!

CHARLIE
(dazed)
I-- I dunno what happened. We were talking and... it all just... It just came down on top of us...

HURLEY
(to Charlie)
Dude, we gotta get help. -- Happened so fast...

Hurley grabs Charlie and pulls him to his feet.

HURLEY
* Charlie! You gotta run to the beach and get help! Now!

CHARLIE
(grasping his mission)
Right. On it.

He runs off. Stay with Hurley as he calls after him --

HURLEY
Make sure you tell Kate!

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

KATE and SAYID -- NOT at the beach -- as they trek through DENSE JUNGLE, Sayid’s antennas PROMINENT in their backpacks.

SUDDENLY KATE JUST STOPS. SPOOKED. Sayid looks at her.

SAYID
What is it?
KATE
I dunno. Felt like a goose just walked over my grave.
(off Sayid’s look)
Something my dad used to say. When he got the feeling something bad just happened. You ever get that?

SAYID
Only about every thirty seconds.

Kate manages a smile, as Sayid continues on and she follows.

KATE
What we’re doing. I mean, chasing some phantom distress signal -- What are the odds of this working?

SAYID
No worse than the odds of us surviving that plane crash.

KATE
People survive plane crashes all the time.

SAYID
Not like this one. The tail section broke off when we were still in the air. The cockpit separated some time later... Our section cart-wheeled through the jungle, completely crushing those who died. And yet we escaped with nothing more than a few scrapes. How do you explain that?

KATE
(considers, then shrugs)
Blind, dumb luck.

SAYID
No one is that lucky. We shouldn’t have survived.

KATE
(half-playful)
So... what -- We’re dead? And this... is, what, Hell?

Sayid gives her a bemused look --
SAYID
Of course not. That’s insane...
All I’m saying is that perhaps
there’s a reason we’re still alive.

KATE
Divine intervention?
(off his non-response)
Sorry, Sayid... but things just
happen. No rhyme or reason to it.

SAYID
(grins)
Tell that to your goose.

AND OFF KATE, as they forge deeper into the unknown...

17 EXT. BEACH - DAY

CHARLIE reaches the beach -- out of breath -- rushes up to
MICHAEL and WALT - Michael’s shaving as Walt pets VINCENT,
lying next to him.

CHARLIE
HEY! We need help!

MICHAEL
What’s wrong, man?

CHARLIE
It’s Jack. He’s trapped! There
was a cave-in...

SHANNON and Boone overhear, and rush over --

BOONE
What? How -- ?

CHARLIE
-- Cave collapsed. Don’t
even know if he’s alive... We
gotta get him out...

MICHAEL looks around, spots a couple of burly SURVIVORS. Good-
looking guys in their FORTIES. He calls out to one of them.

MICHAEL
Hey, you... Scott!

STEVE
I’m Steve. (pointing to his partner)
He’s Scott.
MICHAEL
We got an emergency. Grab a couple
more guys and c’mon --

CHARLIE
Yeah. We gotta move. Follow me...

Charlie starts to lead them toward the jungle. Walt and
Vincent tag along. Suddenly, Boone STOPS. Shit. PULLS the
BOTTLE ROCKET from his pocket, turns to Shannon --

BOONE
Shannon, you need to do something
important, okay?
(points to the ANTENNA)
At five o’clock, you need to be
ready to turn that thing on. The
switch is right at the base.

SHANNON
Uh... why?

BOONE
Kate and Sayid are triangulating
the French signal. But the
antenna’s power is weak, so you
have to wait until they fire off
their bottle rockets...
(holds up his rocket)
Then you fire off this one. Then
turn on the antenna. Got it?

A long beat. She just looks at him BLANKLY. Then --

SHANNON
The switch is where now?

BOONE
Did you hear a word I said?

SHANNON
Look, don’t get mad at me because
the Professor and Maryann have a
confusing frigging plan...

BOONE
Can you do it or can’t you?

Shannon shakes her head, but petulantly takes the ROCKET --
SHANNON       BOONE
Yeah. I can do it.

-- If you can’t...

SHANNON
I can. Go save the world already.

Boone nods. Runs off to join the others, all heading into
the jungle. We pick up CHARLIE, who stops abruptly --
doubles back -- realizing someone’s missing --

CHARLIE
Wait. Kate. I gotta let Kate know
about Jack.

SAWYER (O.S.)
Sorry, sport, you just missed
her...

ON SAWYER by the infirmary tent, having heard every-
ingthing, wringing out his wet T-shirt.

SAWYER (cont’d)
She and Muhammed headed into the
woods ‘bout ten minutes ago --

CHARLIE
Which way?

SAWYER
Don’t sweat it, amigo. I know
which way they went.

Charlie starts to protest, but Sawyer cuts him off --

SAWYER (cont’d)
I’ll tell her. You just keep
doing... whatever it is you do
around here...

Sawyer hurries off in another direction of the jungle,
leaving Charlie standing there, ignored and alone. PUSHING
IN ON HIS FACE, we hear a BASS LINE playing, accompanied by
the roar of an appreciative crowd...

INT. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

CHARLIE ON STAGE, before a microphone stand, fingering a bass
intro... He appears more like the Charlie we know. Grunge
attire, earring, etc...
CUT TO A REVERSE, behind Charlie and we see (via the magic of GREEN SCREEN) a huge, filled concert arena, complete with screaming fans. And when we REVERSE again...

WE SEE the whole four-piece band of DRIVE SHAFT, guitarist, drummer, and IAN, front and center, with his own mic stand, head banging through the intro.

CLOSE ON CHARLIE again as he steps up to the mic, and opens his mouth to launch into a verse, when...

IAN (SINGING)
YOU ALL EVERYBODY, ACTIN’ LIKE IT’S
THE STUPID PEOPLE...

Charlie snaps a look over at Ian, who wails away --

IAN (SINGING) (cont’d)
WEARIN’ THE ‘SPENSIVE CLOTHES...
AND THEY NOT...

A clearly perturbed Charlie joins in on the chorus...

IAN/CHARLIE (SINGING)
YOU ALL EVERYBODY!  YOU ALL...

UPCUT TO:

INT. CONCERT VENUE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

ON A CLOSED DOOR. We hear: APPLAUSE and WHOOPING coming from the other side, as the door bursts open. IAN enters, followed by CHARLIE and the rest of the band. In the hall behind them we see SCREAMING FANS, T-SHIRTED SECURITY GUARDS.

WIDEN as RECORD-EXEC TYPES and their assorted eye-candy dates move in to congratulate them.

RECORD EXEC

Before Ian responds, Charlie grabs his arm, pulls him aside.

CHARLIE
What the hell was that out there?

IAN
Uh... Another kick-ass show? You were bloody brilliant!
CHARLIE
I sing the intro to “You All Everybody.”

IAN
(laughing)
Oh, yeah... Sorry about that, man.
Just...got caught up in the moment. *
Like the crowd wanted it, y’know...
Won’t happen again. I swear...

GROUPIE (O.S.)
Ian!

Ian turns and see a lovely GROUPIE, being blocked by the security guards. He waves her in, calls out:

IAN
She’s cool. Let her in.

Ian moves to greet her, as Charlie watches him go. A RECORD EXEC comes over with two flutes of champagne.

RECORD EXEC
Have some champagne, Chuck. You deserve it.

But Charlie is focused on something else. HIS POV - The GROUPIE slips IAN a couple of 35mm film canisters. You know the type -- the short black plastic tubes with gray pop-off tops. Ian kisses the girl, then notices...

CHARLIE staring at him, a disapproving look on his face.

IAN
(to Charlie)
Chill, baby brother.

He pops open a cannister and pulls out a baggy of powder -- the same type we’ve seen Charlie snort on the island.

IAN (cont’d)
Rock gods gotta fly...

And OFF CHARLIE, betrayed and alone, WE FIND --

INT. THE VALLEY - CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

HURLEY - filthy and exhausted, continuing to remove rocks and dirt from the mountain of rubble sealing the entrance. WIDEN to see SUN and JIN doing the same. Hurley strains to remove a particularly large rock until he hears:
MICHAEL (O.S.)
Stop!

MICHAEL, BOONE, WALT and the FOUR SOCKS (including Scott and Steve) enter the valley. Walt checks out the mess...

HURLEY
What do you mean, “stop,” dude? Jack’s in there --

MICHAEL
And if you remove that rock you might bring the whole cave ceiling down on top of him.
(re: Walt under his feet)
Walt, get back, man. I don’t want you near the rocks, okay? And take the dog with you --

WALT
Why do I have to --

MICHAEL
-- Just do it.

Walt sulks while he pulls Vincent to the stream for a drink, but hangs back and watches as Michael studies the collapse...

MICHAEL (cont’d)
This area over here is load bearing... We gotta dig where there’s no danger of the wall buckling in on itself...

BOONE
How do you know so much about --

MICHAEL
Eight years of construction work.

Michael reaches the left side of the obstruction --

MICHAEL (cont’d)
Here. We dig here. Four at a time. By hand, until we can fashion some kinda shovel. We take shifts and go slow --

ON WALT, as Michael continues giving out orders. A leader. A side of Michael Walt’s never seen.

MICHAEL (cont’d)
Whoever isn’t digging should be clearing the rocks we pull out,
MICHAEL (cont’d)
bringing water to who’s working... *
Okay. Let’s move. *

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

KATE continues to trek through the jungle with Sayid -- when they hear a rustle in the underbrush -- STOP -- NERVOUS -- *

SAWYER emerges from the jungle. Kate shakes her head -- *

KATE
What the hell are you doing here?

SAWYER
(winded)
Easy. I just came to tell you something -- *

KATE
(harsh tone)
What makes you think I’m interested in anything you have to say to me? *

SAWYER, taken aback by this reception. After a beat...

SAWYER
Came to tell you... You were right. (off her look)
About me. That I don’t help anyone but myself. Well, here I am. Ready to pitch in.

Are Sayid and Kate skeptical? Fuck yeah.

KATE
You’re here to help?

SAWYER
Hey -- You act any more surprised, I’m gonna be insulted.

And OFF KATE, wondering what Sawyer’s up to -- no idea that he’s sitting on the news of the cave-in -- WE FIND --

CHARLIE, his withdrawal symptoms worsening, heading through the jungle to the place where Locke trapped the boar --
LOCKE (O.S.)
Something wrong, Charlie?

Charlie whips around to see LOCKE, the skinned BOAR in the background, hanging from a tree by its heels.

CHARLIE
Yeah. Jack. He’s... There’s been an accident... At the caves...
Jack’s buried in a cave-in...

Locke takes that in, wiping his bloody knife on his shirt.

LOCKE
Is anyone trying to get him out?

CHARLIE
Yeah -- Bunch of people there now.

LOCKE
And why aren’t you with them? (no response) *
You didn’t come to tell me about Jack, did you?

Charlie looks at the ground, broken.

CHARLIE
I want my stash, Locke. I can’t stand... feeling like this. *

Locke eyes him a moment, then nods.

LOCKE
Let me show you something...

He leads Charlie to a tree, points out a COCOON on its trunk.

LOCKE (cont’d)
What do you suppose is in this cocoon, Charlie?

CHARLIE
(not in the mood)
I dunno. Butterfly, I guess.

LOCKE
No. It’s much more beautiful than that. This is a moth cocoon. *
(smiles, then)
Ironic. Butterflies get all the (MORE)
LOCKE (cont’d)
attention. But moths? They spin silk. They’re stronger. Faster...

CHARLIE
Yeah. Wonderful. What’s the --

But Locke ignores him, leaning in CLOSE to the cocoon. Transfixed -- in his own world to some degree...

LOCKE
See this tiny hole? This moth’s almost ready to emerge. It’s in there right now, struggling, digging its way through the thick hide of the cocoon. Now I could help it, take my knife, gently widen the opening... And the moth would be free. But it’d be too weak to survive.
(looks at Charlie)
The struggle is nature’s way of strengthening it...

He pulls the baggie out of his pocket...

LOCKE (cont’d)
This is the second time you’ve asked me for your drugs back...

He holds the baggie out, holds it right up to Charlie’s face. And we’re CLOSE ON LOCKE as his eyes narrow...

LOCKE (cont’d)
Ask me again and it’s yours.

And OFF CHARLIE, hungering for a fix...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

CLOSE ON CHARLIE, stumbling along a jungle path. Dazed. Leaving us to assume he’s had a fix. THE CAMERA FLOATS with him, dreamily, emulating his high, or so it’d seem...

But something is WEIRD HERE. Something is DEFINITELY OFF. And then Charlie just STOPS -- because up ahead is --

A MAN SITTING ON A ROCK. Just sitting there, wearing a black t-shirt, his back to Charlie.

CHARLIE

Hello?

As Charlie inches forward -- the guy suddenly turns around. And HOLY FUCKING SHIT. It’s...

CHARLIE (cont’d)

J-Jack?

JACK

Where’d you do, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Wha-- Nowhere. I mean, I went for help. For you... But I was... I... I got lost... * (notices Jack’s shirt) What are you wearing...?

As Jack looks down, we TILT DOWN to see he’s wearing Ian’s “MU$IC $LUT” T-shirt.

JACK

You’ve seen me in this before, Choir Boy. (stands; intense) You were supposed to look out for me, Charlie. But you left me to die in a hole.

Scared and confused, Charlie backs away --

CHARLIE

How’d you get out of the cave, Jack?

And now Jack is COMING TOWARDS HIM, eyes burning --
JACK

Don’t you get it, rock god? I’m still there!
(singing, a capella)
YOU ALL EVERYBODY... YOU ALL EVERYBODY! --

And as he’s almost on top of Charlie, a bird’s ca-caws!
Rattle Charlie. He jolts -- as if waking from a dream. And when he looks back -- Jack is gone. As Charlie moves off, unnerved...

OMITTED

INT. THE VALLEY - JACK’S CAVE - DAY

Blackness. As we pan across it, we hear scraping noises. The camera finally comes to rest on the still face of --

JACK, unconscious. His battered body wedged between the far wall of the space and a huge remnant of the collapsed pillar.

The scraping sound gets louder, then suddenly -- a long hoe-like piece of fuselage pushes through, displacing some rocks, and revealing a hole, through which light streams in. From the other side we can barely make out --

HURLEY (O.S.)
We’re through! We got a hole!
(shouting)
Jack! Can you hear me? JACK!

The sound of Hurley’s voice causes Jack to stir, rousing him to consciousness. His eyes flutter open -- trying to make sense of the dark space and the vise-like grip on him --

HURLEY (O.S.) (cont’d)
C’mon, Dude. Answer me --

JACK

H-Hurley?

HURLEY (O.S.)
(faintly; to others)
I hear him.

A cheer of relief echoes into the cave from the outside.

HURLEY (cont’d)
Jack... Bro, you okay?
Jack tries to move. **BUT HE CAN’T.** Every attempt to do so is met with **EXCRUCIATING PAIN.** Even talking is difficult --

**JACK**
I’m... I’m pinned. I can’t move...
(suddenly remembers)
**Charlie.** Charlie was with me --

**HURLEY (O.S.)**
He’s okay, man. He made it out. *Listen, we’re gonna get you out of there. Just sit tight.*

And as the irony of that registers on Jack’s face, WE FIND --

**EXT. JUNGLE - ANTENNA POSITION TWO - DAY**

**KATE,** completely oblivious to Jack’s predicament, as she, Sayid and Sawyer enter a clearing.

**SAYID**
This is far enough. We’ll place the second antenna here.

Kate removes her antenna from her backpack. Sayid takes out a small coil of wire, looks around, then at Sawyer.

**SAYID (cont’d)**
You want to help?
(pointing)
Attach this antenna up in that tree. As high as you can.

**SAWYER**
Golly, thanks!

He takes the antenna from Kate, giving her a wink, and moves toward the tree. Sayid hands Kate her bottle rocket.*

**SAYID**
Five o’clock. Watch for my flare.
Then it’s your turn.

Kate nods. Sayid glances over at Sawyer, uncoiling the wire.

**SAYID (cont’d)**
I do not trust him.

**KATE**
Who does?
SAYID
(more pointedly)
I do not trust him with you.

Kate looks at Sayid. Then, smiles at him, fondly.

KATE
I can handle him.

Sayid doesn’t like it... but he NODS. Heads back off into the jungle. ON KATE as she turns to watch Sawyer --

INT. THE VALLEY - CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

ON MICHAEL, addressing the others before a hole roughly the * diameter of a TIRE -- the ENTRANCE of their makeshift TUNNEL. *

MICHAEL
Okay. We can’t safely make the *
tunnel any bigger. But since Jack *
can’t get out... One of us is gonna have to go in.

HURLEY
What? Crawl through that?

BOONE
I think he means someone smaller.

Sun steps forward (others are around, NO SUBTITLES) -- *

SUN
I could climb through --

JIN
-- I forbid it!
(to others)
I will not permit you to use my wife for such a dangerous--

HURLEY
Dude! We don’t understand Chinese.

MICHAEL
Korean, man. They’re Korean.

He and Sun share a fleeting look, unnoticed by Jin.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
I’ll do it.

They all turn to see -- CHARLIE, standing behind them. And he looks like hell -- but with something that resembles COURAGE... weather he got it from the drugs or not.
HURLEY

Charlie?

MICHAEL

No, man. You’re still shook up. I might be able to squeeze through -- *

CHARLIE

Yeah? Who’s gonna look after your kid if something happens?
(to Boone)
And you’ve got your sister.
(re: Sun)
She’s got a husband. *
(beat, without self-pity) *
I got no one. No family. I’m alone here. *
(then, to Michael) *
And I’m small. Let me do this. *

As Michael looks at him, consider his offer...

EXT. JUNGLE - ANTENNA POSITION TWO - DAY

SAWYER, sitting in the shade of a tree watching Kate as she scans the horizon, checking her watch constantly. *

SAWYER

Still ain’t five. Just like the last time you checked your watch.

KATE

I just don’t want to miss Sayid’s signal. Remember, I’ll fire the flare, you switch on the antenna.

SAWYER

Thank the good Lord I got you here to keep reminding me.

Kate shoots him a look, then focuses back on the horizon. *

After a beat...

SAWYER (cont’d)

So what do you see in that guy, anyway?
(off her look)
Jack. What is it about him that makes you go all weak in the loins?
KATE
Do you try to be a pig, or does it just come naturally?

SAWYER
It’s that he’s a doctor, right? Ladies always dig the doctors. Hell -- Give me a couple band-aids, bottle of Peroxide and I could run this island, too --

KATE
You’re actually comparing yourself to Jack?

SAWYER
Difference between us ain’t all that big, sweetheart. I guarantee if he’d survived a few more weeks on the island, you’d have figured it out --

KATE
What did you just say?

Sawyer looks at her, unsure what she means.

KATE (cont’d)
You said ‘if he’d survived a few more weeks...’ What does that --

Sawyer realizes he’s BUSTED. He manages a smirk --

SAWYER
Aw... damn. Didn’t I tell you? Word from the valley is Saint Jack got himself buried in a cave-in...

KATE
What?!

SAWYER
Hey, look at the bright side... (brutal)
Now you got someone else to pity.

Shit. The man holds a GRUDGE. Kate stares at him in shock. And just when we think she’s gonna rip his fucking head off --

She throws the bottle rocket to the ground. Turns. And RUNS.
ON SAWYER, his spiteful expression dissolving into something like REMORSE. He picks up the bottle rocket by his feet, regards it for a moment, before looking after her again...

INT. THE VALLEY – CAVE ENTRANCE – DAY

CHARLIE is ready for his climb through the tunnel. Michael hands him a flashlight.

MICHAEL
Go slow and easy, man. Try not to nudge any of the rocks around you.

CHARLIE
Anything else?

MICHAEL
Yeah. Good luck.

BOONE

HURLEY
Be safe, man --

-- Good luck, Charlie.

Sun and Walt offer smiles. Jin, Steve and Scott nod.

CHARLIE
Thanks.

And as the group watches, Charlie enters...

INT. THE VALLEY – TUNNEL – CONTINUOUS

We go TIGHT ON CHARLIE’S FACE as he CRAWLS through the claustrophobic tunnel...

INT. CONCERT VENUE – BACKSTAGE – NIGHT – FLASHBACK

ON CHARLIE as he PUSHES his way through a CROWD -- completely oblivious to his presence -- congregated in a hallway leading to a dressing room. Charlie reaches the DOOR at the end of the hall and pushes past a SECURITY GUARD into --

INT. CONCERT VENUE – DRESSING ROOM – SAME – FLASHBACK

A dimly-lit dressing room (REDRESS), where Charlie spots IAN across the room on a couch, in a drugged-out stupor with three equally zoned-out GROUPIES. On the coffee table before them, a half-dozen FILM CANNISTERS and baggies of powder.

CHARLIE
Bloody hell.
He SLAMS the door behind him, causing Ian to look up.

IAN
Hey... Baby Brother... Pull up a
bird and sit down...

CHARLIE
(to Groupies)
Get out. All of you, get out!

The girls just look at Ian for confirmation, who shrugs. *

CHARLIE (cont’d)
NOW.

The Groupies exit sloppily. When the last one disappears --

CHARLIE (cont’d)
You missed the sound check. You
don’t come to rehearsal anymore.
And we’ve got a show in an hour --

IAN
Ooh, a show. I like shows.

CHARLIE
All right, Ian. This is it...
After tonight, we cancel the rest
of the tour.
   (dead fucking serious)
We’re walking away.

IAN
What?

CHARLIE     IAN
Walk away. Like we swore
we’d do if things got too -- -- Are you raving? Walk away
and go where?

CHARLIE     *
   (re: drugs on table)
You’re killing yourself with this
junk. You’re destroying Drive
Shaft --

IAN     *
I am Drive Shaft!

Charlie reacts, stung by that.
IAN (cont’d) 
This is it. End o’ the bleedin’ rainbow. Try and enjoy it. Cause if you’re not with me... 
(pointedly) 
Then what the bloody hell good are you?

And we can see from Charlie’s stunned expression that this is a question he hasn’t asked himself in a long time... Ian grabs one of the CANNISTERS and pushes past Charlie, in whom we begin to see the glimmer of something new: DESPERATION.

As Ian exits into the hallway, to the delight of the fans, Charlie crosses to a chair and sits, burying his head in his hands. And when he opens his eyes, he notices:

One of the baggies of powder. Charlie stares at it for a moment, listening to the crowd outside CHANTING Ian’s name. Then resignation comes to his face... And as he picks it up and reaches in to take his first hit, WE FIND...

INT. THE VALLEY - TUNNEL - DAY

CHARLIE - struggling through the tunnel, scrapes on his face, his flashlight finding the opening just up ahead... Then --

A RUMBLE. A few SMALL ROCKS fall down in front of him. He pushes his way through. But it’s getting worse -- harder and harder to see as --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE VALLEY - CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

The rescue team as they hear the RUMBLE too --

MICHAEL

HURLEY

Oh no --

-- What?

MICHAEL

(into the tunnel)

CHARLIE! MOVE!

INT. THE VALLEY - TUNNEL - DAY

CHARLIE. As MORE AND MORE ROCKS crumble from the walls and ceiling of the tunnel. And now he can hear Michael screaming at him --
Micheal (O.S.)
IT'S COMING DOWN!

Charlie picks up his pace, crawling as fast as he can. And just as the tunnel collapses behind him --

INT. THE VALLEY - JACK'S CAVE - DAY

Charlie flings himself into the open space where Jack is. But even that space is compromised as --

STREAMS OF DIRT AND ROCKS POUR INTO IT. The air is black, choked with dirt and dust. And as Jack struggles to see through the near-darkness, coughing and gagging, he spots...

CHARLIE - looking at him, almost sheepishly.

CHARLIE
I'm, uh... here to rescue you.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. THE VALLEY - DAY

KATE -- TIGHT ON HER PANICKED, SWEATING FACE as she runs as fast as she can into the valley. Follows VOICES to --

INT. THE VALLEY - CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

The cave entrance, where the rescuers are FUCKING APOPLECTIC-- NO CLUE WHAT TO DO NOW --

HURLEY
I say we try again --

BOONE
-- We can’t just leave them --

HURLEY
-- We don’t move they’re gonna run out of air --

MICHAEL
-- Stop talking! I’m trying to think --

KATE (O.S.)
Where is he?!

They turn to see KATE running up to them, out of breath --

MICHAEL
Kate --

KATE
Where is he, Michael? Where’s Jack?

HURLEY
In there.

KATE
Do you know if he’s alive?
(blank stares)
Is he ALIVE?

MICHAEL
We don’t know. Charlie went in after him. Through a tunnel we dug. But it... collapsed.

KATE
So why isn’t anyone digging?

MICHAEL
Kate -- *(sensitive)*

(there’s nothing left to dig to.)

*
Kate looks around at the others, breathlessly, desperately... Then she moves to the barrier wall and starts digging -- clearing away an impossibly large rock.

MICHAEL (cont’d)
Kate...

She doesn’t listen. Just keeps digging.

LOOKS pass between the rescue team. Without a word, they each join her. Despite the fact that it probably won’t make a difference -- but doing it -- for Kate -- anyway... And OFF KATE’S LOOK OF DESPERATE DETERMINATION, WE FIND --

INT. THE VALLEY - JACK’S CAVE - A LITTLE LATER

CHARLIE. IN THE DARKNESS OF THE CAVE.

CHARLIE
You ready?

ON JACK, nodding.

CHARLIE (cont’d)
One... Two... Three!

On “Three,” CUT WIDE to see Charlie, with great effort, rolling the huge boulder off Jack. Jack GRUNTS -- in EXCRUCIATING pain --

CHARLIE (cont’d)
Sorry... Sorry, Jack --

JACK
My shoulder’s dislocated!

-- You’re gonna have to pop it back --

-- I need your help, man --

CHARLIE
-- What?

-- No... I... I can’t --

-- I can’t do it, Jack!

Jack takes a deep breath. Speaks as evenly as possible.

JACK
Yes, you can.

Charlie stares at him a long BEAT... Then --

CHARLIE
Okay. So what do I do?
JACK
Grab my hand... Pull as hard as you
  can when I tell you.

Charlie takes Jack’s arm. He and Jack share eye contact for
  a beat, then:

JACK (cont’d)

Now!

TIGHT ON CHARLIE, as he pulls Jack’s arm -- the SOUND of Jack
  HOWLING IN AGONY --

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AUSTRALIA - DAY - FLASHBACK

CLOSE ON CHARLIE. PULL BACK TO REVEAL he’s standing on the
doorsstep in a lovely, middle-class suburban neighborhood --
dressed exactly as he was in the PILOT (with the addition of
dark sunglasses)... THE FRONT DOOR OPENS, revealing --

An Ian we’ve never seen before... CLEAN-CUT, TAILORED
CLOTHES, VIBRANT... Like Charlie in the teaser.

IAN
Charlie? What are you doing here?

CHARLIE
What, a bloke can’t pay his big
  brother a visit once in a while?

Ian smiles. Wraps his arm around Charlie, ushering him
  inside --

IAN
‘Course you can! Why didn’t you
call, you lunatic? Get in here.
What are you doing in Sydney?

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. IAN’S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY - FLASHBACK

ON A TWO YEAR-OLD GIRL, playing with her musical play toy.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

It’s all lined up, Ian...

PANNING OFF the baby we find IAN and CHARLIE, sitting nearby
  at a picnic table drinking lemonade...
CHARLIE (cont’d)
Eight weeks on tour, opening for some band called “Meat Coat.”
First show’s in Los Angeles.
L.A., Ian! Lotta record companies... It’s a chance to get back on a label... A real one...
It’s our comeback...

IAN
Charlie... I don’t want to come back.

And this takes the wind RIGHT OUT of Charlie’s sails. He slides his sunglasses up, confused, DESPERATE --

CHARLIE
Yeah. Well... Here’s the thing...
They won’t book “Drive Shaft” without you...So, I’m asking you as a BROTHER -- the way you asked me --

IAN
Charlie, it’s taken me a long time to clean up. I can’t go back to --

And Ian suddenly STOPS. Looking at CHARLIE’S EYES --

IAN (cont’d)
Oh... man. Oh, man, baby brother, you’re still using, aren’t you?

Charlie puts the sunglasses back down to cover his eyes.

CHARLIE
Don’t change the bloody subject --

-- You gonna do this bloody tour with us or --

-- I lost your sodding number, okay?

IAN
-- You said you’d get help, man --

-- That’s why you haven’t been returning my calls...

-- You’re still a junkie --

CHARLIE
Well... you did this to me!

A LONG BEAT, as Ian stares at him. Then, SYMPATHETICALLY...
IAN
Listen. Why don’t you stay with us for a few weeks? Karen and me... We can get you help. Sydney’s got some really good programs--

CHARLIE
Forget it.

He gets up, knocking over his lemonade, and walks away. Ian stands, wants to follow, but can’t leave his Little Girl...

IAN
Don’t go --

CHARLIE
(his back to Ian)
Thanks for helping, brother.

IAN
Charlie... stay. Please.

CLOSE ON CHARLIE, tracking back with him. Ian in the background, calling after him.

IAN (cont’d)
I’m just looking out for you --

CHARLIE
You NEVER --
(stops himself; pure RAGE)
I’ve got a plane to catch.

As Charlie exits frame, we’re left with the sight of Ian, standing on his manicured lawn, helpless to stop Charlie --

INT. THE VALLEY - JACK’S CAVE - DAY

ON JACK’S FACE, as he catches his breath. And with the dust clearing, he can see the perspiration on Charlie’s brow... the goose bumps... the watery eyes and dilated pupils...

JACK
How long’s it been, Charlie?

Charlie pulls away. Puts on a smile.

CHARLIE
Don’t know what you’re talking about --
JACK

How long since your last fix?

Charlie looks at him, too fucking worn down to deny it...

CHARLIE

Almost a day and a half now.

And that’s when we realize it. Charlie DIDN’T take his drugs back from Locke. As Jack sits up --

JACK

How’s the withdrawal treating you? Any hallucinations?

CHARLIE

Other than the conversation you and I had in the jungle about an hour ago, no, not really. You have a wonderful falsetto, by the way.

JACK

Why didn’t you say something, man? I could’ve helped you through it.

CHARLIE

Yeah -- You thinking I’m not only useless, but a junkie to boot.

JACK

You’re not useless. Took a lot of guts getting in here, trying to rescue me. I won’t forget that.

Charlie and Jack share a look. Charlie manages a smile.

CHARLIE

For the rest of our lives?

JACK

(seeing the humor)

At the rate we’re using up the oxygen in here? Yeah... that won’t be too long.

They chuckle over that for a beat, until Charlie stops, seeing something. Jack notices the odd look on his face.

JACK (cont’d)

What’s wrong?
CHARLIE

There’s a moth.

JACK

A what?

CHARLIE

(getting to his feet)

Right there. Behind you. It’s...

There’s a bloody moth in here.

He points the flashlight just past Jack to reveal *A MOTH.* Luminous, ghostly, beautiful. It floats over to a nearby wall and disappears into an unnoticed crack high up.

CHARLIE (cont’d)

Hey --

Charlie climbs up on the boulder that once pinned Jack and peers into the crack. As Jack pulls himself to his feet, Charlie starts to dig. Clumps of dirt fall away --

JACK

Charlie! What are you --? -- Light! I can see light!

CHARLIE (cont’d)

The wall here -- It’s soft. Look!

Jack joins him, digging at the wall with his good hand.

Together they turn the crack into a larger hole. As light streams in, FLARING THE LENS...

INT. THE VALLEY - CAVE ENTRANCE - A LITTLE LATER

CLOSE ON KATE - exhausted, breathing hard as she continues to dig. She stops for a second to catch her breath and a hand reaches in and touches her arm. She turns to see...

MICHAEL

Kate... You need to take a break...

KATE

I’m... fine...

MICHAEL

We have enough people digging. You keep going at this pace, you’re gonna kill yourself...

Then, a SHOUT from OFF SCREEN --
WALT (O.S.)
Hey! It’s the doctor!

KATE and MICHAEL turn, as does everyone else. Walt is pointing EXCITEDLY across the valley at --

CHARLIE and JACK. Walking towards them. Dirty as all fuck, but very much ALIVE.

HURLEY
What the--

But Kate is already running for them. And this is just instinct because if she had time to think about it, she’d probably never do it but --

She wraps her arms around Jack in the HUG OF ALL HUGS.

JACK
Ow! Easy...

As the others CATCH UP. Hurley fucking THRILLED --

HURLEY
How did you get out?

JACK
Charlie found a way.

Hurley puts his arm around Charlie’s shoulder.

HURLEY
Dude. You rock.

And as we pull away from the joyous group, WE FIND...

EXT. STEEP GRASSY INCLINE (KUALOA RANCH) - LATE AFTERNOON 44

SAYID. ANTENNA in position. Checks his watch. FIVE SHARP. He takes a breath, offers a MUTTERED PRAYER (‘Allaabu Akbar’) and prepares to light his bottle rocket, THE ONE AND ONLY FAILSAFE he will have of signaling the others to turn on their antennas. He touches a match to the fuse -- WHOOSH!

FOLLOW THE ROCKET UP AS IT EXPLODES IN THE SKY ABOVE HIM. ON SAYID, staring up as he prepares to activate the ANTENNA --

SAYID
Alright, everyone. It’s your turn.
SHANNON casually chats with another young survivor, BETH, her bottle rocket ignored next to her.

SHANNON
...Malibu most of the year, but the guys there are such idiots...

BETH
Hey, what’s that? Fireworks?

Shannon turns around and sees Sayid’s bottle rocket exploding high in the sky... ONLY THEN does she remember her MISSION --

SHANNON
Oh, dammit, dammit, dammit --

And as Shannon LUNGE FOR THE BOTTLE ROCKET, WE CUT BACK TO --

Sayid. His face LIGHTS UP as Shannon’s bottle rocket EXPLODES in the SKY OVER THE BEACH.

SAYID
Come on, Kate. One more...

BUT NOTHING IS HAPPENING. No bottle rocket. Sayid begins to look nervous for a moment, then... SWOOSH -- the third bottle rocket EXPLODES above the jungle. And although it’s lost on Sayid, we can’t believe Sawyer actually came through.

SAYID switches on his antenna, the one connected to the transceiver -- and we see CLOSE ON TRANSCEIVER - Bars. He’s getting BARS.

SAYID (cont’d)
Yes! Yes, yes, yes!

As he slowly pivots his body away from CAMERA, trying to find the source... A SHADOW falls over him. Someone is behind him. Sayid senses it, but before he can turn...

WHAM! A LARGE ROCK in the hand of someone we don’t see SLAMS down on Sayid’s head!

And as Sayid CRASHES to the ground, unconscious...
ACT FIVE

INT. THE VALLEY - NIGHT

PAN ACROSS the scene. It’s an hour later and things are settling down in the valley after Charlie and Jack’s return. Some of the people from the beach, including Scott and Steve, have lingered... There’s almost a celebratory feel.

CHARLIE and JACK sit in front of a campfire, blankets draped over their shoulders as Hurley stops by to give them water. Charlie holds up his cut with a shaky hand...

HURLEY
(to Charlie)
Dude. You feeling okay? You look a little...

JACK
Flu. He’s got the flu.

Charlie and Jack share a look, an unspoken pact between them.

HURLEY
Oh, man. That’s rough. After all you’ve been through... Fightin’ a flu bug...

As he moves on, Charlie catches sight of...

HIS POV - LOCKE, cooking the boar on a spit over a fire.

Charlie looks at his trembling hands for a beat, then stands.

CHARLIE
(to Jack)
I’m just gonna... stretch my legs.

Jack nods and Charlie moves off... We go with Charlie for a bit until he crosses by

MICHAEL and WALT - We stay on them as a happy Walt climbs the cave walls, Michael holding VINCENT by his leash...

WALT
This place is so cool. Can we live here?

Before Michael answers, he looks over his shoulder and we RACK FOCUS on

JIN and SUN - at another fire across the camp.
RACK BACK to MICHAEL as he contemplates the complicated relationship he has with both.

MICHAEL
We’ll, uh... talk about it, pal...

And for Walt, that’s good enough for now...

INT. VALLEY - LOCKE’S CAMP - CONTINUOUS

ON LOCKE, turning the boar on the spit when he hears:

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Give them to me.

Locke looks up to see Charlie, and gives a heavy sigh.

LOCKE
This is the third time, you know. Are you sure you really want --

CHARLIE
I’m sure.

Locke nods, pulls the baggie of powder from his pocket. Hands it to Charlie. Charlie regards the grimy bag in his hand -- THEN TOSSES IT INTO LOCKE’S FIRE.

Locke looks up at him. Too hard to read. Maybe impressed. Maybe surprised. Maybe exactly what he expected. Then --

LOCKE
I’m proud of you, Charlie. Always knew you could do it.

Charlie nods, then suddenly notices...

HIS POV - SEVERAL MOTHS, dancing in the air near the flame they’re forever drawn to. And while Charlie continues to stare at them... LOCKE continues to stare at him. Smiling that smile.

INT. VALLEY - JACK’S FIRE - CONTINUOUS

ON JACK, still sitting by the fire when he hears:

KATE (O.S.)
Hey --

Jack smiles as Kate sits down to join him.
KATE (cont’d)
Made you something...

She shows him a loop of material, the ends tied in a knot.

JACK
(touched)
Ohh. My very first sling.

EXTRA CLOSE and INTIMATE as Kate pulls the blanket off him, drapes the sling around his neck, and gently eases his sore arm into it.

JACK (cont’d)
Thank you.

She smiles... Then, a little uncomfortable, switches gears:

KATE
So... These are the safe caves you were going on about.

JACK
Okay, one unsafe cave in this whole valley.

KATE
That you know of.

After a beat...

JACK
Does that mean you’re going back to the beach?

KATE
Sayid should be back there by now. If his plan worked...

JACK
Then we’re one step closer to getting off this island.

Kate nods. And there’s so much here. What it all means. But for now, he’s just gonna let it be.

JACK (cont’d)
Thanks for the sling, Kate.

KATE
You’re welcome.
And OFF THESE TWO, we find --

EXT. STEEP GRASSY INCLINE (KUALOA RANCH) - NIGHT

SAYID, lying on the ground right where we left him. His eyes slowly blink back to consciousness.

He sits up, disoriented. His HEAD THROBBING. Trying to remember what happened.

And it all comes back to him when he sees the antenna -- SMASHED on the ground by his side.

SAYID

No...

And then he spots something. Crosses over. PICKS IT UP--THE TRANSCEIVER, also completely destroyed.

And as the awful truth washes over Sayid’s face -- that someone doesn’t want the castaways finding the source of the French transmission -- WE...

BLACK OUT.

END OF EPISODE