

Episode #: 107

LOST

"Raised by Another"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT

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**LOST**

"Raised by Another"

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

THOMAS.....  
RACHEL.....  
MALKIN.....  
ETHAN.....  
SLAVITT.....  
ARLENE.....  
SCOTT.....  
STEVE.....

\*  
\*

LOST

"Raised by Another"

SET LISTINTERIORS

THE VALLEY - Late Afternoon/Sunset

CLAIRE'S CUBBY - Night/Dusk/Day

ENTRANCE \*

ROCK WALL - Dusk/Night/Day \*

INFIRMARY CAVE - Morning

JACK'S CAVE - Night \*

LOFT - Day - **FLASHBACK**MALKIN'S HOUSE - Day - **FLASHBACK**BEDROOM - Night - **FLASHBACK**

LAW OFFICES

CONFERENCE ROOM - Day - **FLASHBACK**EXTERIORS

JUNGLE - Night/Day

ELSEWHERE - Day

CLEARING - Day

BEACH - Day

OPEN JUNGLE - Morning \*

SAWYER'S TENT - Day \*

COCONUT GROVE - Day \*

MALKIN'S HOUSE - Day - **FLASHBACK**

JUNGLE PATH - Day

PAY PHONE - Day - **FLASHBACK**

TEASER

**NOTE: THE EVENTS OF THIS SCRIPT FOLLOW THE EVENTS OF WHAT WILL BE PUBLISHED AS EPISODE #108. NONE OF THE INFORMATION FROM #108 IS RELEVANT IN TERMS OF PERFORMANCE.**

PURE SILENCE. Then THE DISTINCT SOUND of a BABY'S CRY rises as we PUSH THROUGH the "O" of the LOST logo onto --

A CLOSED EYE. SNAPS OPEN as we hear the CRY again and --

1 INT. THE VALLEY - CLAIRE'S CUBBY - NIGHT 1

CLAIRE BOLTS UPRIGHT INTO FRAME. And we're EXTREMELY CLOSE on her. She's confused. Disoriented. Couldn't have heard --

The BABY CRIES again. Distant, but not too distant.

And instinctively Claire's hand falls to her belly... and her face REGISTERS this before we MOVE DOWN to find --

Her belly is perfectly FLAT. She's not pregnant. And she's trying to make sense of how this is possible as we REALIZE --

Claire is in one of the small caves/cubbies inside the valley. The CRY again. Coming from outside the caves.

And whatever the fuck is going on, Claire is DRAWN TOWARDS that sound so --

We FOLLOW HER as she leaves the caves and enters --

2 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 2

Moonshadows mix with mist. A WHISPERING wind. STARS brighter in the sky than we've EVER SEEN THEM. And a baby. Somewhere out there -- STILL CRYING.

And this is really fucking SCARY. Anything could be out here. Claire very aware of this, but moving through the DENSE FOLIAGE anyway. And suddenly --

A BRANCH CRACKS!

Claire spins -- SOMETHING flashes through the thick brush -- SOMETHING FAST --

Claire stumbles back -- steadies herself with one hand on the TRUNK of a LARGE TREE. And oddly enough, embedded in its trunk are two PINK LINES, like RINGS around the tree. They seem to GLOW in the moonlight. And Claire is as perplexed by them as we are but... \*

The baby cries again. And it's closer now. More URGENT.  
Distressed. A WAIL.

Claire lets go of the tree -- still scared, but DRIVEN now --  
PUSHING THROUGH the thick LEAVES until she emerges into --

A CLEARING

And Claire comes to a full STOP as she sees --

LOCKE. Sitting at a LARGE WOODEN DESK, eyes down, flipping  
over what look like LARGE PLAYING CARDS by the light of a  
PURPLE SHADED DESK LAMP.

This makes as much sense to Claire as it does to us --

CLAIRE  
Wh -- what's happening?

LOCKE  
You know what's happening.

Locke turns over another card. Claire, FREAKED, takes a step  
closer to the desk --

CLAIRE  
I don't understand -- Why are  
you...?

The CRY again. Anguished. In trouble. Locke nods his head  
towards the sound --

LOCKE  
He was your responsibility.  
(turns a card)  
But you gave him away, Claire.

FINALLY, Locke looks up -- And both his eyes are OPAQUE. ONE  
is SOLID BLACK. One is solid WHITE.

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Everyone pays the price now.

Oh. SHIT. Claire backs off, TERRIFIED as LOCKE SHOUTS AT  
THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS...

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
EVERYONE PAYS THE PRICE NOW!!!!

And Claire TAKES OFF, running --

Running towards the sound of the CRYING BABY. Even MORE DIRE. The jungle even THICKER. The noises around her even SCARIER. And we're so close on her -- SO IN HER HEAD as she's literally being SUFFOCATED by the jungle until -- Claire BURSTS into --

ANOTHER CLEARING

And here is A BASSINET. White. Crisp linens. A MOBILE hangs from a TREE BRANCH above it.

And the CRIES are gone. Eerily SILENT.

Part of Claire doesn't want to look inside... but she has to. Slowly moves towards the crib, as we get a better look at the MOBILE --

Half winged, busted TOY AIRPLANES hang from its strings -- THE OCEANIC LOGO clear on them all.

And as Claire looks down into the crib, all we can make out is THICK BLANKETS. And as Claire reaches for what's SWADDLED INSIDE --

The mobile TURNS ON. And eerie, tinkery tune -- "Catch a Falling Star." The fractured PLANES begin to SPIN --

And Claire ignores this as her hands DIG into the blankets... but something is wrong... something is seriously wrong -- \*

And the JUNGLE around us is ALIVE -- SHADOWS, WHISPERS and THINGS MOVING FAST -- The SONG in high gear, CHIPMUNKS SPEED -- and those once white blankets are NOW COVERED IN THIS VISCOUS DARK LIQUID until FINALLY --

The MOBILE STOPS. The jungle is STILL.

And Claire pulls a PRISTINE BABY from the blankets.

Wait. No. It's not a baby... It's a DOLL. Plastic. Diapers. Eyes closed. And Claire just holds it. Scared. Confused. A beat. Another beat.

And the Doll's eyes FLIP OPEN as it CRIES. An INHUMAN HOWL.

Claire DROPS it -- PETRIFIED -- STEPPING BACK -- TRYING TO GET AWAY -- And that's when she realizes -- There is something DARK all over her HANDS. LIQUID. \*

CLAIRE SCREAMS! And we --

SMASH CUT TO:

3

INT. THE VALLEY - NIGHT

3

SUPER TIGHT ON CLAIRE AS -- SHE SCREAMS!

And we PULL BACK to find her STANDING in the middle of the valley. Alone. Waning FIRELIGHT.

And now STIRRING. People waking up to the sound of the SCREAMS. And it's --

CHARLIE who reaches her first -- Claire STILL screaming --

CHARLIE  
Claire? Claire!?!

No idea what the fuck is going on, Charlie grabs her by the shoulders -- And she WAKES up -- EYES WIDE -- AS SCARED AS SHE'S EVER BEEN -- instinctively LASHING OUT at Charlie --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Claire -- Stop! It's me -- It's  
Charlie -- It's okay!

In the far background, SUN, JIN, HURLEY and MICHAEL arrive from other areas of the caves. They've heard the screams. As they meet up, fast, overlapping --

SUN  
(in Korean)  
*What's going on?*

MICHAEL  
I think it's Claire.

HURLEY  
Is she okay?

JIN  
(in Korean)  
*Is it the baby?*

Meanwhile, Charlie is still trying to rouse Claire --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Claire. Listen to me --

And finally Claire zeroes in on Charlie. Blinks. Confused.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
It's okay.  
(consoling)  
You were dreaming --  
sleepwalking...

And that's when Charlie's eyes drop. Sees something.



ACT ONE

4 INT. THE VALLEY - INFIRMARY CAVE - MORNING 4

We find Claire with JACK over in his INFIRMARY AREA. He's putting on his bedside manner as he examines her HANDS. She's still shaken up, but putting on her best game face.

JACK  
Must've been a hell of a nightmare.

CLAIRE  
(forced smile)  
Who says it was a nightmare?

Jack rips off a PIECE OF BANDAGE, delicately wraps Claire's hand in it as we see FOUR DEEP CUTS embedded in her palm.

JACK  
I'd say when someone makes fist so tight they dig their fingernails a quarter inch into their palms, they're not dreaming about pony rides.  
(her eyes drop)  
Y'ever sleepwalk before?

CLAIRE  
No. I mean I don't think so-- I mean how would I know?

JACK  
It'd get back to you. I had a girlfriend once, told me I talked in my sleep.

CLAIRE  
What'd you say?

JACK  
Don't know. Whatever it was, she didn't like it.

Claire cracks a GRIN as Jack BANDAGES her other hand --

JACK (CONT'D)  
How was your OBgyn -- in Sydney?

CLAIRE  
Good. She's good.

4

JACK

She was okay with letting you fly  
in your third trimester?

There's something here. Something Claire doesn't wanna TELL.

CLAIRE

I had a checkup the week before...  
she said it would be okay.

JACK

Ultrasound cool?

CLAIRE

Yeah. Very healthy.

JACK

How've you been feeling?

CLAIRE

My back hurts. Probably from  
sleeping on the ground. I get  
dizzy when I stand up too fast.  
And I have to pee all the time.

JACK

(smiles)  
Eating enough?

CLAIRE

Boar N' Bananas, yeah.

JACK

(finishes bandaging)  
How many weeks in are you?  
(off her uncertainty)  
... what was the date you found out  
you were pregnant?

We're ON CLAIRE as she can't help but recall:

5

INT. LOFT - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

5

A small, typically messy Sydney loft of a 21 year-old guy.  
Canvases and paints. CDs and clothes and posters and food  
and it's comfy, but definitely a young person's first place.  
There have been lots of parties here -- but this moment is  
not one of them: the guy who lives here, THOMAS, is freaking  
out -- as is CLAIRE -- both of them walking across the small  
place, from the open bathroom door, towards the window, for  
light -- she's holding a PREGNANCY TEST WAND:

THOMAS CLAIRE  
-- is it pink? -- I don't know yet!  
-- Did you pee on it? -- Yes! Gimme a second--  
-- maybe you didn't use it  
right -- -- I can pee on a wand,  
-- what color is it? Thomas--  
(checking his watch) -- how long has it been?  
-- sixty-six seconds...

They're at the drapeless window now, both closely studying the wand, waiting for the result. CLOSE ON THEM (maybe HANDHELD CAMERA?) in this tense-as-hell moment. We love her - and we like him, too -- for caring so much. He's such a guy, but he's got a heart. HOLD ON THEM for a long beat.

THOMAS CLAIRE  
-- oh God-- -- shh.

Suddenly Claire holds up the INSTRUCTIONS, re-reads them, as Thomas holds the wand, checking it again:

THOMAS CLAIRE  
-- okay, it's definitely two--  
two lines-- -- two pink lines?

THOMAS  
Pink? No-- these are, like, red... \*

CLAIRE  
(eyes on the wand)  
... they're pink. \*

THOMAS  
-- these? That's...

A beat... shit. She stares off... tears coming to her eyes. But Thomas doesn't want to give up -- his mind racing:

THOMAS (CONT'D) CLAIRE  
Okay, first of all, these tests are not always accurate. -- Thomas...

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
No, come on: my uncle thought he had testicular cancer -- remember that?!

CLAIRE  
He did! He's dead!

THOMAS

No, it was a-- a-- wrong, a bad diagnosis! This thing doesn't mean for sure that you're pregnant -- we should go get another one--

\*

CLAIRE

I'm six weeks late. Six weeks. That never happens.

(beat, then, simply)

I'm pregnant.

(tears)

... so, um...

-- but she's so afraid -- there's really nothing to say -- and she's staring off, her mind racing, tears streaming down her face. What the hell is she gonna do? Thomas is freaking too -- but he's too good a guy. So he takes her, holds her.

THOMAS

Okay. Okay, so this is gonna be okay.

CLAIRE

(not at all believing it)

... I know...

Then we're ON THOMAS as a thought comes to him. He looks into Claire's eyes. Considers this before he says it. Then:

\*

\*

THOMAS

Claire...

(then)

... if we wanted... we could do this.

\*

\*

And staring into his eyes, she starts to understand what he means. And this moment goes from being horrifying to being... only a little less horrifying:

CLAIRE

Stop it.

THOMAS

No, I'm not kidding.

CLAIRE

Can you imagine that?

(then)

My mom would disown me--

THOMAS  
She basically has already.

A beat. Then: she can't even consider it.

CLAIRE  
With what, my five dollar an hour  
job at the Fish N' Fry?

THOMAS  
You're not the only one with a job. \*  
I mean... I've got my art. \*

CLAIRE \*  
(doesn't wanna go there) \*  
You're sweet. But this isn't what  
we want.

THOMAS  
Maybe it is. I mean this could  
be... I dunno, the best thing ever.

She's still, obviously, shocked at the whole situation. But  
this idea -- of keeping the baby -- bends her mind. She's  
never considered something like this before. But she likes  
him. Christ, maybe this could work.

CLAIRE  
... you'd... really wanna...?

THOMAS  
Claire. I love you.

And she cries a little more now as he kisses her -- a  
convincing kiss -- and we CUT TO:

6 EXT. BEACH - DAY 6

And here's KATE, just standing at the edge of the ocean.  
Watching as the foam of tired waves washes over her feet. He  
stops a few feet from her --

JACK  
This is a first.

Kate turns and sees Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)  
You. Standing still. Middle of  
the day. Doing nothing. Amazing.

As Jack takes off his shoes and Kate looks at the ocean --

KATE  
I'm doing something.

JACK  
Yeah? What's that?

KATE  
I'm sinking.  
(beat)  
When the water goes out, it takes  
the sand with it and... you sink.  
(a smile: then)  
I used to do this with my Mom.  
When I was a kid.

Jack is surprised by this quiet and gentler Kate -- he steps up to the water line. Next to her.

JACK  
Ah. A new plan -- sink your way  
off the island. Sayid would be  
proud.

Kate reacts to the sound of Sayid's name. Looks up at Jack --

KATE  
He's been gone almost a week. \*

JACK  
Something tells me he'll be okay.

Kate nods. Turns back to the ocean --

KATE  
So what're you doing, Jack?

JACK  
Bringing down some water. Bringing  
back some fish.

KATE  
Whatever would we do without you?

Jack shakes his head, smiles. A few beats pass. Jack just looking out at the ocean. And then --

JACK  
Claire's going to have the baby  
soon.

Kate turns to him. And as we see the real WORRY on Jack's face, the full implications of what that actually MEANS...

7 EXT. THE VALLEY - ENTRANCE - ROCK WALL - DUSK 7 \*

Claire writes in her JOURNAL. The occupants of the valley  
BEDDING DOWN for the night -- starting to light their fires. \*

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
"Dear Diary -- Still on the bloody  
island. Ate a bug today. Love,  
Claire."

Claire looks up to see CHARLIE. Smiles as he hands her a cup  
of STEAMING liquid -- \*

CHARLIE (CONT'D) \*  
What separates us from these savage  
Yanks if we do not have tea?  
(sits, then)  
Feeling better?

CLAIRE  
It was just a dream.

CHARLIE  
I have this dream -- craziest  
thing. I'm driving a bus and all  
my teeth start falling out. And my  
mum's in the back. Eating  
biscuits.  
(beat)  
'Course I don't wake up screaming.

CLAIRE  
I'm fine, Charlie.

And it's clear from her tone that Claire clearly doesn't want  
to talk about this.

CHARLIE  
Right. Well. Of course you are.

And now a somewhat awkward moment. Charlie obviously wanting  
to SAY something here -- and he's a little bit NERVOUS, so it  
comes out in sorta one sustained THOUGHT --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I was just thinking how hard it must be for you... y'know, being here in this... place -- without your family and your friends and I just wanted to tell you that we could be friend -- I mean I could be your friend.

(off her look)

Not like we should do each other's hair or anything -- I just mean...

(beat; sincere)

If you ever needed anyone to talk to. About anything. I'm here.

And while Claire might be touched by all this, there is also a part of her that PULLS BACK as a result of it. Simply put: she is uncomfortable with Charlie's affection.

CLAIRE

Charlie, trust me. You don't...

(trying to find the words)

You'll change your mind. I'm...

\*

Charlie's hurt, but does his best to cover with humor --

CHARLIE

Lemme guess. Damaged goods.

\*

CLAIRE

Something like that.

Charlie feels like he put himself out there and got shot down for it. He's embarrassed. Forces a smile as he gets up --

\*

CHARLIE

All right then.

CLAIRE

I didn't mean you--

CHARLIE

Sweet dreams, Claire.

HOLD ON Claire as Charlie walks off. Disappointed. Maybe, with HERSELF. As she takes a SIP of the tea, we CUT TO:

\*

8 EXT. MALKIN'S HOUSE - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 8 \*

Claire, walks with her friend, RACHEL, towards the entrance of a MODEST HOUSE in suburban Sydney. Rachel playfully rubs her hand over Claire's still FLAT belly --

\*

\*

\*

RACHEL  
-- oh yeah, it's a girl.

CLAIRE  
(smiling, nervous)  
-- God, it just feels impossible.  
(then, brightly)  
Thomas cleaned out his whole  
apartment -- I'm officially moving  
in on Tuesday--

RACHEL  
-- wow --

CLAIRE  
-- I know, he's the best.

Rachel goes to knock on the door, but Claire stops her, is  
having second thoughts.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Maybe we shouldn't --

RACHEL  
-- Uh uh. You're not backing  
out now --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
It feels silly --

RACHEL  
He's just a psychic, Claire. I  
thought you were into this... all  
your astrology stuff...

CLAIRE  
... is for fun. I don't need  
someone telling me what's gonna  
happen or how to live my --

RACHEL  
It's not about what you need  
Claire. It's about what's fun.  
(then)  
You'll go in, find out if it's a  
boy or a girl -- I mean, the  
doctors can't tell until you're at  
least two months preggers...  
(then)  
So unless you have another  
excuse...

\*  
\*  
\*

Claire doesn't have one she can articulate, so Rachel knocks  
on the door and we go to:

9

INT. MALKIN'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

9

Quite a crowded place, save for the BARKING DOG, coming from a nearby apartment. Piles of books. Dark and musty. You can see the dust in the air. A cat may occasionally jump up on the stacks of newspapers and mail, then back down again.

In the middle of it all, Claire sits across a table from RICHARD MALKIN. Australian (60's). Doesn't look sharp at all, wears a dark blazer and tie. There's something oddly legit about how he does his thing. No evident humor from Malkin. Not a bad guy, but a touch odd. Takes this seriously. Rachel is in the b.g.

MALKIN

I need your hands. For this.

And Claire offers them, palms up. He looks at her palms. Closes his eyes for a long beat. Leans his head back a touch. Claire finally, subtly, turns to Rachel, who indicates for her to turn back to Malkin. She does.

MALKIN (CONT'D)

... oh...

(then)

... when did you, uh...? Find out?

TIGHT ON CLAIRE as she stares. Already, this is weird.

CLAIRE

... what.

There's a beat -- we're TIGHT ON MALKIN as he listens, eyes closed, to whatever voices talk to him. Despite the surroundings, this is an increasingly eerie moment...

MALKIN

... you know, about the baby.

And holy fuck does Claire just go still. Claire is freaked. Christ, she almost wants to cry. She turns to Rachel -- shoots her a look -- did you tell him? Rachel shakes her head, no -- she didn't. She's just a freaked as Claire is. Claire turns back to Malkin.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CLAIRE

... uh... two days ago.

Malkin listens, searches, on some kind of journey, sitting there, he seems to encounter something that disturbs him -- creates a huge question -- something that makes him open his eyes and check Claire's palms.

\*

Claire watches him closely -- what the hell is he doing? \*

RACHEL CLAIRE  
She hasn't told her mom yet --  
we're afraid she-- Shhhh!

TIGHT ON MALKIN as he studies her hands -- and apparently  
sees something -- something that concerns him deeply --

CLAIRE (CONT'D) \*  
What. What, should I not tell her?

Suddenly Claire wants to know what he thinks. But Malkin,  
holding her wrists, staring at her hands, does the best he  
can to hide the utter terror that begins to creep up on him --  
he only wants to run the hell away -- but he doesn't want to  
show his fear. He lets go of her -- saying:

MALKIN \*  
I'm not, uh... \*  
(then, agitated) \*  
I'm overdue for a break -- \*

Claire and Rachel are confounded as Malkin goes to his pocket \*  
-- counts out and hands back the money --

RACHEL CLAIRE  
What? A break? We have an -- hold on-- were you  
appointment -- thinking something?

MALKIN (CONT'D) \*  
(standing) \*  
I'm not doing this reading.

CLAIRE  
But you were gonna say something--

But Malkin ushers them to the door. As he opens it and \*  
motions for them to leave -- \*

MALKIN \*  
Go. Now. \*

After a beat, Rachel snorts her displeasure, laughs. \*

RACHEL \*  
What a freak. \*

And Rachel heads out -- but we HOLD ON CLAIRE, who looks off, \*  
surprisingly troubled by what she saw in Malkin's face. \*

10 INT. THE VALLEY - NIGHT 10

NIGHT has fallen again. The pure STILLNESS of the valley suggests we are in the WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING.

THE CAMERA DRIFTING THROUGH IT ALL. Something OMINOUS about this. Quiet. Still. And CREEPY. And finally, we REST ON -- \*

11 INT. THE VALLEY - CLAIRE'S CUBBY - CONTINUOUS 11

CLAIRE. Sleeps on her side, hand on her belly. ON HER BABY. \*

And the CAMERA gets EXTREMELY CLOSE until Claire's face FILLS THE FRAME. And we just SIT here as --

We begin to hear SOUNDS. Unsettling noises. METAL AGAINST METAL -- not unlike a SWORD BEING UNSHEATHED. Huh?

Claire's EYES suddenly POP open -- Instantly aware that someone or SOMETHING is HERE with her -- looks down to see -- \*

SOMEONE IS STANDING OVER HER.

The SHADOW moves quickly -- COVERS HER MOUTH with his (its?) free hand!

Maybe a man. And Claire is fucking petrified with fear, because it's not just that he's here, it's what he's doing...

And this is highly STYLIZED -- TWENTY QUICK CUTS -- ONE SECOND EACH -- CONFUSING -- DISTURBING -- BIZARRE --

HERE is what we catch quick GLIMPSES OF: Claire's SHIRT is pulled up -- BARE STOMACH EXPOSED -- SHE STRUGGLES -- A WEIRD METALLIC DEVICE pressed up against her belly -- AN OVERSIZED HYPODERMIC NEEDLE DESIGNED BY H.R. GIGER -- CLAIRE'S FEET KICK AT THE AIR, BUT SHE'S HELD DOWN -- A PLUNGER EXTENDS FROM THE SIDE OF THE DEVICE -- SOMETHING PUNCTURES INTO HER SKIN? -- All of this underscored by RAPID BREATHING -- \*

AND THE CUTS ABRUPTLY END because in the midst of this pure, unadulterated TERROR, the scariest thing about it is the CRACKLY WHISPER which comes from this unseen SHADOW --

SHADOW

Shhhhhhhhhhhhh.

And off THE HORROR in Claire's WIDE EYES --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

12 TOTAL SILENCE. OVER BLACK -- 12

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
*HELP! PLEASE -- HELP ME!!!*

13 INT. THE VALLEY - JACK'S CAVE - NIGHT 13

BANG! JACK's eyes fly open. Find him in his SLEEPING AREA.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
SOMEBODY HELP!!!!!!!!!!

And this is not just a scream, it's a SCREAM TO THE TENTH POWER -- Jack is instantly ALERT -- JUMPS UP -- RUNS --

OTHERS awake now -- Some of them instinctively moving towards the SHOUTS --

But we STAY with Jack because this is PURE CHAOS -- HANDHELD AND INSANE -- as he reaches --

CLAIRE

Literally HYSTERICAL. Charlie already at her side, turns to Jack as he RUSHES UP --

CHARLIE  
Someone attacked her!

And this dialogue is all OVERLAPPING -- ON SPEED --

JACK  
What?

CLAIRE CHARLIE  
They -- they held me down -- -- Which way did he go?

CLAIRE  
-- I don't know... I didn't... he ran... I think --

JACK CLAIRE  
How long -- -- Just now. He just --

HURLEY, MICHAEL, ETHAN (who we remember from #108 -- even though we haven't shot it yet) and some OTHER CASTAWAYS arrive -- \*

HURLEY  
What's going on?

CHARLIE JACK  
We should fan out -- search  
the area around the caves... -- Wait... hold on --

CHARLIE  
-- He can't have gotten far.  
(to some others)  
Hurley -- You two -- come on!

Charlie and the others RUSH OFF through one of the cave  
FINGERS as Jack puts his arm around Claire -- She's totally  
PANICKED -- HYPERVENTILATING -- Jack in nurture mode --

JACK  
C'mon, let's sit down. Okay?  
(to Ethan)  
Can you get her some water, man?

ETHAN  
Sure. Yes -- of course.

Ethan heads off. Claire left just with Jack and Michael --  
CAMERA settling down... but not completely --

JACK  
Okay -- you're safe, Claire. Try  
to calm down -- We're here...

MICHAEL  
Did you get a look at him at all?

CLAIRE JACK  
It was dark -- I didn't see --  
-- Where did this happen?

CLAIRE  
Here -- I was sleeping and woke up  
and he was...  
(petrified)  
... he was trying to hurt my baby.

Unseen to Claire, Jack and Michael exchange a LOOK.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
(all over the place)  
He had a -- a thing -- it was -- I  
don't know -- a needle I think --  
he was... he was doing something --

\*  
\*

Claire pulls up her shirt -- but her belly is completely UNMARKED. When she talks again, it's softer:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
He was trying to hurt my baby.

And for the first time, we see DOUBT on Jack's face.

DOLLY OFF A FIRE, revealing, in the distance, CHARLIE, MICHAEL and some of the others tending to Claire. But we find Jack and Hurley over by one of the TORCHES -- a conspiratorial conversation between FRIENDS.

HURLEY  
We hoofed it around the entire perimeter, man.

JACK  
Nobody saw or heard anything?

HURLEY  
Uh-uh. Everyone was asleep. Nada.

Jack shakes his head. Fuck. What the hell is going on here?

HURLEY (CONT'D)  
So I had an idea. I'm out there looking for a psycho with Scott and Steve right... and I'm realizing... who the hell are Scott and Steve?

JACK  
I'm not following you...

HURLEY  
If I were a cop and some woman got attacked, we'd canvas, right? Find a witness. Knock on doors.  
(beat)  
But we don't have any doors.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JACK  
None of this is helping me understand--

HURLEY  
We don't know who's living here and who's still at the beach. We don't know each other.  
(MORE)

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(CONT'D): 14  
HURLEY (CONT'D)  
My name isn't Hurley, it's Hugo  
Reyes. Hurley's a nickname. Why? \*  
(MORE)

HURLEY (CONT'D)

I'm not telling you -- but what I'm saying is, we need to start finding out who everyone is here.

JACK

You want to start a census?

HURLEY

Yeah, like a registry. Names. What people look like. Who's related to who. We lay down the law, maybe everyone won't go around attacking each other. I mean -- c'mon -- It feels like someone's getting punched or stabbed or something every other day, man.

(beat; serious)

We gotta find who did this to her.

And Jack NODS... but there's more to it -- because that DOUBT is still etched on his face...

15 INT. THE VALLEY - CLAIRE'S CUBBY - LATER 15

A little later. Charlie drapes a BLANKET over Claire's shoulder. She's still WIRED. SCARED.

CHARLIE

You all right?

She doesn't say anything -- just offers a small nod.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Don't worry... You want to shut your eyes, I'll be here all night. No one's gonna get near you.

(beat; intensely sincere)

I won't leave you, Claire. Promise.

And on that sentiment, we move in TIGHT on Claire's UNBLINKING EYES as --

16 INT. LOFT - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 16

JOHN MAYER PLAYS on the stereo. Claire stands on a chair, putting up drapes. The sun pours in behind her, putting her figure in silhouette -- and her figure has changed since we last saw her in FLASHBACK; SHE'S FOUR MONTHS PREGNANT NOW. A cute little belly.

She turns as Thomas enters, carrying a backpack he slings down. Gotta love Claire's smile. Sweet and heartbreaking. \*

Thomas, moving to the kitchen, glances at the drapes. He  
seems a little distracted -- \*

THOMAS

-- wow, we have drapes now.

CLAIRE

(climbing down)

I know, I sort of feel grown up all  
of a sudden. Do you like them?

THOMAS

-- yeah, they're good.

CLAIRE

(going through the bags)

I don't know why drapes represent  
age for me, it just... feels like  
something my mum would do--

Thomas pops a beer, heads to the pantry. Wants a snack. \*

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Sasha called-- they're going out  
tonight, wanted to know if we  
wanted to come...

And Thomas is motionless now, staring into the pantry --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What? I didn't eat all the chips,  
there's another bag --

THOMAS

Claire...

(empty)

... I can't do this.

CLAIRE

Do what? \*

(moves to him, sweetly)

D'you have a bad day? You're pale.

She's being so loving... but the truth is, Thomas just isn't here. He turns to her. And from his face, she just gets it.

THOMAS

... this isn't working.

She stares for a long beat. Thunderstruck. Mortified -- \*

THOMAS (CONT'D) \*

-- you knew that. \*

CLAIRE \*

-- I what? \*

And he's walked past her, to the window, where she just hung the drapes. He looks out. Guilty as hell, but fronting with all the pride of a young man. Claire turns toward him -- she barely moves, her whole being in shock. Her face wracked.

CLAIRE (CONT'D) \*

Just... so I don't over-react...  
 Tommy, are you breaking up with--?

THOMAS

The past two months, you-- you're--  
 there's always some plan, some  
 responsibility, somewhere we have  
 to be, someone we have to talk to-- \*

CLAIRE

-- like who? Like what? Am I--  
 being too-- I'm just trying to-- to  
 make sure when the baby comes-- \*

THOMAS

-- and the baby! That's like not--  
 I mean it's like this now. Y'know? \*

CLAIRE

(softly) \*  
 But you said we should do this. \*

THOMAS

Yeah... well now it's real. \*

CLAIRE \*

You can't just... change your mind. \*

THOMAS  
How the hell am I supposed to be a dad, Claire? I've got my own -- I mean, what about my painting, my life?

CLAIRE  
God, I knew this was gonna happen.

THOMAS  
"I told you so." Perfect. Now I get all your daddy abandonment crap, right? That's great--

CLAIRE  
Hey, you bastard, don't justify what you're doing by trying to make this about --

THOMAS  
I'm not doing anything. Okay? I'm doing nothing. You think I don't see what you did? You were supposed to be on the pill.

CLAIRE	THOMAS
(holy <u>shit</u> )	
-- <u>you think I got pregnant on purpose?! That this was some--</u>	I don't even <u>care!</u>
-- <u>some scheme?! Some way to trap you?! Are you out of your m--</u>	-- <u>it's over!</u>
-- <u>It isn't over! Look at me!</u>	-- I'm outta here--

-- he's walked past her, grabbed his keys -- now he leaves, SLAMMING the door behind him. Claire stands there, just in trauma. She cries now -- and the FINAL SHOT is WIDE, Claire's belly once again silhouetted by the window light.

17 EXT. BEACH - MORNING - ESTABLISHING 17

A new day.

A18 EXT. BEACH - DAY A18 \*

ON HURLEY in census-taking mode, jotting stuff down as he converses with SCOTT and STEVE, on the move. \*

HURLEY \*

Okay, so it's Scott Jenkins... \*

SCOTT \*  
Jackson. \*

STEVE \*  
I'm Jenkins. Steve. \*

HURLEY \*  
Right. Steve... Jenkins. \*  
(then) \*  
And you dudes were on vacation in \*  
Australia. Just the two of you... \*  
Together. \*

STEVE \*  
Yep. \*

HURLEY \*  
So... Safe to assume... I mean, I \*  
guess you're, uh... I mean, you two \*  
are... y'know... \*  
(gay) \*  
...Married... Or something? \*

Scott and Steve share a look. \*

SCOTT \*  
Nah. We're both single. \*  
(re: Steve) \*  
And my buddy's got serious \*  
commitment issues. \*

STEVE \*  
No, I don't. \*  
(back to Hurley) \*  
Just haven't found the right person \*  
yet. \*

ON HURLEY, somewhat uncomfortable as Steve looks at him. The \*  
ambiguity of these two guys' relationship still ambiguous. \*  
Gratefully, Hurley then notices \*

HIS POV - LOCKE, laying out boar pelts to dry in the hot sun. \*

HURLEY \*  
Excuse me, guys. \*

Hurley crosses to Locke, as Steve and Scott move off. \*

HURLEY (CONT'D) \*  
Yo. \*

Locke peers up at him, but says nothing, continuing his work. \*

HURLEY (CONT'D) \*

It's John, right? John Locke? \*

LOCKE \*

This about your census? \*

HURLEY \*

Yeah, thought it'd be a good idea \*

to, y'know, find out who everybody \*

is. Get their names, places of \*

residence -- \*

LOCKE \*

(challenging) \*

And who's checking to see who you \*

are? \*

Hurley's slightly taken aback at that. \*

HURLEY \*

M-me? \*

LOCKE \*

(a grin comes to him) \*

It was a joke. \*

HURLEY \*

(forcing a chuckle) \*

Oh... Yeah... Good one. \*

LOCKE \*

Well, you already know my name. \*

Lived in Tustin, California for \*

most of my life. \*

HURLEY \*

(writing) \*

Uh huh. And your reason for \*

travel? \*

Locke suddenly pauses and looks at him. \*

LOCKE \*

Sorry? \*

HURLEY \*

Y'know... The reason you were in \*

Australia. \*

After a beat, Locke looks off, pondering. \*

LOCKE \*  
I was looking for something. \*

Hurley eyes him for a moment. \*

HURLEY \*  
Looking for... \*  
(then) \*  
O-okay. So, uh... Did you find it? \*

LOCKE \*  
No. \*  
(looks back at Hurley) \*  
It found me. \*

Hurley stares at Locke, finding himself strangely unnerved by \*  
these cryptic answers, but without the nerve to pursue it. \*

LOCKE (cont'd) (CONT'D) \*  
Anything else? \*

HURLEY \*  
No. No, that's great. \*

Locke offers up a smile, and moves off, leaving Hurley to eye \*  
him as he goes. \*

18 EXT. BEACH - OPEN JUNGLE - DAY 18

KATE  
She was attacked? Is she okay?

Find KATE with Jack and Charlie.

CHARLIE

She'll feel a lot better when we  
find the nutter responsible.

(then)

Did you see anyone leaving the  
beach last night?

\*  
\*  
\*

KATE

People come and go, but I don't  
think so...

\*  
\*  
\*

Kate looks over at Jack -- Something clearly on his mind.

\*

KATE (CONT'D)

What?

\*  
\*

JACK

(beat)

I'm not sure anything happened.

\*

CHARLIE

What?

JACK

Claire told Michael and me this --  
"attacker" -- was trying to inject  
her with something...

JACK (CONT'D)

... Two nights in a row she  
wakes up screaming. The  
first time she was  
sleepwalking...

CHARLIE

-- You think this was all in  
her head? Did you see her?  
She's terrified, man...

JACK (CONT'D)

Look -- she said this guy was  
trying to hurt her baby. Why would  
someone do this now? With all of  
us sleeping twenty feet away?

CHARLIE

You think she's lying?

JACK

No -- pregnant women have  
extremely lucid -- These are  
textbook anxiety nightmares --

CHARLIE

-- "Lucid?" Right -- You  
just know exactly what's  
happening with everyone,  
don't you?

KATE

Hey.

The men stop fighting. Turn to Kate --

KATE (CONT'D)  
(to Charlie)  
Let's say she's telling the truth.  
What do we do?

Good question. And Charlie really doesn't have the answer for it. At a loss. So Kate turns to Jack --

KATE (CONT'D)  
Okay. And if it's all in her head?

JACK  
(beat; serious)  
Claire's due in a little more than a week. Maybe two. \*  
(then) \*  
If she stays stressed like this --  
has another panic attack... it  
could trigger an early labor. And  
out here? With no instruments, no  
monitors, no anaesthetic? That  
would not be good.

And maybe because there is a ring of truth to the possibility that none of this is happening --

CHARLIE  
It's not all in her head.

Charlie WALKS OFF. After a beat, Kate turns to Jack --

KATE  
So what do we do?

19 EXT. COCONUT GROVE - DAY 19 \*

Hurley approaches Ethan. Our first real look at him. He's pleasant. Unassuming. But there's something INTERESTING about him too. Something we can't quite put our finger on...

HURLEY  
Hey -- Lance. \*

ETHAN  
Sorry?

HURLEY  
Your name's Lance, right?

ETHAN

Ethan.

HURLEY

(remembering)

Dude. That's right. Lance is the little skinny guy. With the glasses and the red hair.

Ethan looks nothing like the person Hurley just described.

ETHAN

(good natured)

I can see how you'd get us confused.

HURLEY

Sorry, too many names and faces. Pretty pathetic -- I mean, you'd think after a couple of weeks on an island with the same people we'd all know each other...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ETHAN

Yes. You would think that.  
(smiles; then)  
Well... it is what it is.

\*  
\*  
\*

Hurley looks at this guy. O-KAY...

\*

HURLEY

So, uh, we're doing a list, you know, of survivors. Name, home address. Like that.

\*

ETHAN

Well you already have my name.

HURLEY

Not Lance.

ETHAN

-- Definitely not.

HURLEY

Last name?

ETHAN

Rom.

HURLEY

Rom? R-O-M?

ETHAN

That's right.

HURLEY

Great. Where you from Ethan Rom?

ETHAN

Ontario. Canada.

HURLEY

Right on. Love Canada. Great...  
uh... weather.

(then)

Well, that covers it. Thanks for  
your time, dude.

And just before Hurley walks off --

ETHAN

Hey, Hurley -- What's this for? \*

HURLEY

Nothing, man. Just...

(finding it)

Thought it'd be a good idea.

And OFF HURLEY, not the greatest liar in the world --

20 INT. THE VALLEY - CLAIRE'S CUBBY - DAY 20

CLOSE ON -- CLAIRE, writing in her journal. Eyes bloodshot.  
She's shaky. Anxious. Seen much better days.

JACK (O.S.)

Claire?

She jumps! Startled by his arrival. Looks up, DESPERATE --

CLAIRE

D'you find him?

JACK

No--

CLAIRE

-- what if he comes back?

Jack sits down next to her. He's very COMPASSIONATE here --

JACK

Claire... this situation we're in --  
The crash. That no one's come for  
us -- And this place...

(beat)

It can mess with your head a  
little. Maybe make you see things  
that aren't there. And I know it  
feels real...

CLAIRE

(confused)

I don't...?

JACK

Your baby's coming. Soon. And I  
can't imagine how scary that must  
be... but the more upset you get,  
the more dangerous it is for you...  
and the baby.

(then)

I want you to take these.

Jack holds out his hand. TWO PILLS in his palm.

CLAIRE

What is it?

JACK

A sedative. It's very mild.  
Commonly used in situations like  
yours.

(off her look)

It won't hurt the baby. I promise.

It takes Claire a moment to put together the implications of  
this.

CLAIRE

You... don't believe me.

JACK

Claire --

And she's already UP. Ramping from ZERO TO SIXTY --

CLAIRE

You think I'm making this up?  
I get attacked and you want  
to give me sleeping pills?

JACK

-- They're not sleeping --  
It's a very mild sedative...

Claire STUFFS her things into a BAG -- including her JOURNAL. \*

CLAIRE

I'm leaving --

JACK

What? Wait --

CLAIRE

I was okay at the beach --  
It's not safe here...



Now we see the REVERSE. It's Claire. Four months pregnant. \*  
It's sort of a rainy day. She's wearing a hooded raincoat.  
She pulls back the hood. Looking sweet and vulnerable.

CLAIRE  
Mr. Malkin, I met you before.

He stares at her for a long beat. Finally:

MALKIN  
... yes, I remember.

CLAIRE  
... you wouldn't give me a reading.  
(then)  
I was hoping maybe you would now.

And on Malkin, staring at her, debating, nervous...

23 INT. MALKIN'S HOUSE - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 23

Claire sits at the table, counts out two hundred Australian dollars. She is not accustomed to carrying this kind of cash. She hands Malkin the money. He takes it. Counts it.

CLAIRE  
(nervous smile)  
If you're a psychic, why do you  
have to count the money?

MALKIN  
That's not how it works.

CLAIRE  
I was just -- I was joking.

Malkin pockets the money. She knows the drill, so she extends her hands, palms up. Waits. Then withdraws them:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
-- are you not-- ready yet? For--?

MALKIN  
Yes.

And she extends them again. He takes her hands. Holds them.

CLAIRE  
... so... how does it work?

MALKIN  
... I don't know.

Then he closes his eyes, as he did before. Head tilts back just a touch. Claire watching him hopefully. Then: \*

MALKIN (CONT'D) \*  
When did he leave you?

And that's all it takes; tears come to her eyes. She doesn't sob, she's just saddened, and tries to keep it together.

CLAIRE  
Last week.  
(then)  
Was that... why you didn't want to do my reading? Last time?

Malkin opens his eyes -- looks at her now.

MALKIN  
Oh, no.  
(then, back to her hands)  
I saw something. A sort of... blurry thing.

CLAIRE  
And... blurry's bad?

MALKIN  
... blurry's bad...

She waits. And with his eyes closed again, we PUSH IN SLOWLY ON MALKIN as he "sees." And Claire can tell it's bad... and Malkin almost says, under his breath, "Oh no..."

MALKIN (CONT'D) \*  
You want to know what to do. About your baby.

CLAIRE  
Yes. Please.

And we're getting CLOSER -- all SOUND FADING AWAY -- and it's getting WORSE -- it's like he's sensing something TERRIBLE in those palms. The more he sees, the more HE wants to cry. Finally, he looks at her. His eyes red and worried. A beat.

MALKIN

... I can tell you. \*

(she waits)

... this is... important.

CLAIRE

... okay...

MALKIN

(how does he say this...?)

It's... crucial. That you. You,  
yourself, raise this child.

CLAIRE

(staring, unsure)

I'm... you mean with Thomas?  
Is he going to c--?

MALKIN

-- The father of this child  
will play no part in its  
life. Or yours.

CLAIRE

Then what do you mean "you,  
yourself must raise..." \*

MALKIN

This child... parented by anyone  
else -- anyone other than you... \*

(beat, this is tough)

Danger surrounds this baby. \*

CLAIRE

(this is preposterous)

... "Danger"?

MALKIN

Your nature... your spirit -- your  
goodness... must be an influence in  
the development of this child.

CLAIRE

I-- look, if Thomas and I don't--  
you know, get back together, which  
I don't even want... I'm putting  
this baby up for adoption. \*

(then)

I just wanted to know -- What would  
give the baby the happiest life. \*

MALKIN

This is no happy life. Not for  
this child. Not without you.

Now Claire is offended. She doesn't like this at all.

CLAIRE  
 Listen, I don't think that--

MALKIN  
It can't be another. YOU MUSTN'T  
ALLOW ANOTHER TO RAISE YOUR BABY.

Claire just looks at him for a moment. Something authentic -- \*  
 genuine about what he's saying... but she doesn't want to \*  
hear it. She gets up -- \*

CLAIRE  
 Got it. Fantastic. Thanks so much \*  
 for taking my two hundred -- \*

Malkin JUMPS UP, pulls out the MONEY and gives it back to \*  
 her. Now this has become important to him --

MALKIN  
 Take it-- Ms. Littleton, I'm  
 begging you just to consider--

CLAIRE  
 I can't raise this child by myself-- \*  
 I can't raise me by myself --

MALKIN CLAIRE  
YOU HAVE TO LISTEN TO ME-- -- thanks for your time-- and  
 my money back --

MALKIN  
 Ms. Littleton, please!

And she heads out -- they're both moving for the door --  
 Malkin now passionate, imploring:

MALKIN (CONT'D)  
 I promise you -- the baby needs \*  
 your protection -- CLAIRE, YOU \*  
CANNOT GIVE UP YOUR CHILD! PLEASE!

But she's gone now, through the front door, into the rain --  
 and just as this spring-loaded screen door SLAMS SHUT --

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

24 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK** 24

TIGHT ON CLAIRE, asleep on her back. Her stomach now at a whopping EIGHT MONTHS pregnant. SLOWLY PUSHING IN on her as the PHONE RINGS, waking her -- she reaches over -- it is (as is everything) harder with that belly -- she answers it:

CLAIRE  
-- Hello?

MALKIN (V.O.)  
Ms. Littleton. It's Richard Malkin.

Claire's reaction indicates that he has, on a number of occasions, contacted her. She sighs, incredulous, exhausted:

CLAIRE  
-- oh my God...

MALKIN (V.O.)  
-- listen to me-- I have a plan. Something that will make this all better--

CLAIRE  
-- you can't keep doing this: calling me, dropping letters in the post box -- I know what you want, but it's too late. I'm seeing adoption services tomorrow, the--

MALKIN (V.O.)  
I know. Do what I'm suggesting and you'll still be able to give up the baby--

CLAIRE  
-- what I do with my baby is none of your business --

MALKIN (V.O.)  
If you don't do what I'm suggesting, great danger will --

CLAIRE  
-- Great danger will befall you if you keep calling me in the middle of the night --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MALKIN (V.O.)  
I have money for you.

She stops -- this is what she needs. But how weird is this?!

MALKIN (V.O.) (CONT'D) \*  
Come see me. Listen to my offer -- \*  
I know what you're feeling inside, \*  
Claire. That you're doubting your \*  
decision to give up the -- \*

CLAIRE  
-- good night.

She hangs up. Lies there. She won't be asleep for hours.

25 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT 25 \*

TIGHT ON Claire -- unsettled by this MEMORY -- still revved up -- anxious, upset, scared -- ALL OF IT -- as she strides down the JUNGLE PATH (this should be the same location we saw Locke/Charlie/Kate/Jack come through on their way to the caves) carrying her bag.

Then -- a NOISE. She freezes. Frightened.

SOMETHING COMING from behind her -- FAST -- Moving through the DENSE FOLIAGE -- and just as she's about to SCREAM --

Charlie emerges from the JUNGLE.

CHARLIE  
Hi.

Claire just looks at him sadly. A beat. Then, she turns around. And continues walking. Charlie scampers after her --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Where you going?

CLAIRE  
Back to the beach.

CHARLIE  
What happened? Did Jack --

CLAIRE  
Jack tried to dope me up is what happened. He thinks I'm -- I'm making all this up. That it's not really happening.

CHARLIE

Ah. So as proof of your sanity,  
you go tromping through the jungle  
alone. Well done.

Good-natured as that was intended, Claire stops. Squares off  
with Charlie.

CLAIRE

I'm not crazy.

And she's off again. ON CHARLIE. Clearly, she wants nothing  
to do with him. Nothing to do with anyone. But after a beat  
-- he follows her anyway.

26 EXT. BEACH - DAY 26

BACK ON THE BEACH, we find SHANNON and BOONE in the midst of  
PACKING. Hurley here with them, writing in his notebook --

SHANNON

You want my "information?" Name.  
Shannon Rutherford. Age. Twenty. \*  
Address. Crap Hole Island. \*

HURLEY

So where were you guys last night? \*

SHANNON

(that was the stupidest  
question ever) \*  
Uh... the beach? \*

Boone looks at Hurley, suspicious -- \*

BOONE

What's up with the interrogation? \*

HURLEY

Y'know, you're like the twentieth  
person to ask me that today. Why's  
everyone so uptight about answering  
a few questions?

BOONE

Maybe we're not cool with you  
starting up your own little Patriot  
Act, man.

SHANNON

(to Hurley; simply)  
He's a liberal.

26 LOST "Raised by Another"  
(CONT'D):

(BLUE)

9/22/04 36A.  
26

Boone lets that go and refocuses on Hurley --

BOONE  
So why the list?

\*

HURLEY

It's nothing, really -- we had an incident in the valley last night.

SHANNON

"Incident?"

HURLEY

Claire -- the pregnant girl? Ya know her? Yeah, she kinda got, uh... attacked a little

SHANNON

-- what?

BOONE

Is she okay?

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Yeah. She's shook up, but...

SHANNON

I am not moving to the rape caves.

Shannon abruptly stops packing. Boone's lost in thought for a second, something DAWNING on him -- to Hurley --

BOONE

Hey -- y'know your life would be much easier if you just had the manifest. We crossed off the names of the dead after we burned the fuselage... so it should be a full roster of the rest of us.

HURLEY

(psyched)

What? You serious? Who has it?

BOONE

... who do you think?

Hurley PLOPS down in the sand next to SAWYER. Sunning in his "deck chair." Shirt OFF. Arm still bandaged from his torture adventure.

HURLEY

I'm gonna lay it out straight.

SAWYER

(yawning)

You do that.

27

HURLEY

I hear you have the flight  
manifest. I need it and I want you  
to give it to me.

SAWYER

That so.

HURLEY

Now you can do what you usually do  
when someone asks you for something  
and tell me to screw off...

SAWYER

Screw off.

HURLEY

Or you can just give it to me.  
Because dude? You could use the  
points.

SAWYER

Gosh. You sure know how to butter  
a man up, Stay-Puff.

Hurley doesn't rise to the bait of the insult. Just offers  
up his winningest smile --

HURLEY

It's a gift I have.

Sawyer takes a beat. Then another beat. Finally --

SAWYER

Manifest's in the tent. Take it.

And OFF Hurley, surprised that this actually WORKED...

28

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

28

Find Claire, still making her way down the path. Charlie,  
never one to quit -- and certainly even more determined given  
his emotional attachment to this girl -- a few paces behind --

CHARLIE

Please let me carry your bag...

CLAIRE

I'm fine.

CHARLIE

Yes. You are. But I can still  
 carry your --

She stops. Turns to him --

CLAIRE

Why'd you come after me?

CHARLIE

(little uncomfortable)  
 Uh... well... it's probably because  
 I like you.

Claire shakes her head, starts walking again --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What?

CLAIRE

You don't like me, Charlie. You  
 only think you like me. Maybe  
 because I'm so damn... pathetic  
 with my big disgusting belly...  
 (full-on tirade now)  
 And yes, aren't you sweet and  
 affectionate -- But you'll change  
 your mind. Maybe it'll be a week  
 or a month... but it'll wear off  
 and you'll get on with it and I'll  
 be a stark raving madwoman with a  
 crying b--OW!

And Claire suddenly stops walking -- DOUBLES OVER in PAIN --

CHARLIE

Claire -- ?

CLAIRE

OW -- Oh no... OW--

He puts his arm around her, nuturing. Scared. Concerned--

CHARLIE

What's the matter?

Claire looks up, IN PAIN -- TERRIFIED and totally VULNERABLE--

CLAIRE

I think it's coming --

And as Charlie's eyes slowly drop to her BELLY...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

AND WE SMASH OUT OF COMMERCIAL TO FIND --

28

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

28

CLAIRE IN THE MIDDLE OF A CONTRACTION.

She's in PAIN, but this is not the anxious Lamaze breathing of LABOR. And she's keeping it fairly well together...

Charlie, on the other hand, is PANICKED.

CHARLIE

Was that another one?

CLAIRE

Yeah...

CHARLIE

CLAIRE

We need to time these, right?  
That's what you do -- time  
the contractions --

-- Charlie...

CHARLIE

You just need to stay calm, all  
right? Big deep breaths...  
(to himself)  
Aw bloody hell --

CLAIRE

CHARLIE

(scared)  
You need to get Jack.

-- What?

CLAIRE

I'll be all right...

CHARLIE

I am not leaving you alone. I can  
deliver a baby!

CLAIRE

Charlie, please just get --

CHARLIE

I can do this-- it happens all the  
time, it must!

CLAIRE

You don't know how to --

And Charlie is ALL OVER THE PLACE --

CHARLIE

Listen: trust me -- I'm not going to let anything happen -- You're safe -- Yeah -- I may not know what I'm doing, but I'll figure it out -- If I can kick heroin, I can deliver a baby.

And it's out of his mouth before he realizes he even said it. Claire's just staring at him. Beat. Then --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Okay: let me explain. I'm an addict. Was an addict. But look, I've been clean for five days!

Another beat. Then, more than ever:

CLAIRE

Get. Jack.

CHARLIE

Right.

One more beat of indecision -- concern for her -- opens his mouth to say something -- but instead, HE TAKES OFF RUNNING.

And as we sit here with Claire, another SHOT OF PAIN crosses her face. And the WIDER we get, the more ALONE she is. HER BREATHING the only thing penetrating the SILENCE of the jungle as we BLAST INTO --

30 INT. LAW OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 30

Claire, at eight months with-child, sits alone on one side of a conference table. EARL SLAVITT, an attorney, and his clients, ARLENE and JOSEPH STEWART, sit across from her.

SLAVITT

Arlene and Joseph will bring you to Melbourne. They'll pay your living and medical expenses. \*

ARLENE

We found you an apartment. It's a nice place -- it has a balcony.

Slavitt slides the substantial contract over to her.

SLAVITT

As discussed, once the baby is born and handed over to the Stewarts you will have no right to see the child again.

ARLENE

(anxious)

-- But so you know, we live here, now, I mean, I moved from Chicago years ago and... we'll be raising the baby here, and...

Slavitt shoots Arlene a look -- shut up and let me finish.

ARLENE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

SLAVITT

(to Claire)

You will have no right to correspond with the child and it will be entirely up to Arlene and Joseph to decide whether to tell the child anything about you. Understood?

Claire listens, considers. Then, staying strong:

CLAIRE

Yes.

SLAVITT

Upon your discharge from the hospital, you will be given an additional payment of twenty thousand dollars.

CLAIRE

I just... just want you to take good care of the baby.

ARLENE

Of course we will.

Slavitt slides documents and PEN across the table to Claire.

SLAVITT

I'll need you to sign and date where indicated.

30

Claire lifts up the pen, but hesitates. Is she changing her mind? Has Malkin gotten to her?

CLAIRE

Do you know "Catch a Falling Star?"  
It's a song, like a lullaby? \*

ARLENE

Catch a falling star, put it in  
your pocket--?

CLAIRE

My father used to sing that to me.  
Could you sing it for the baby?  
Every once in a while?

ARLENE

Of course.

And now, things are getting emotional. Claire opens the documents. Finds the signature line. Puts pen to paper. Signs, BUT THERE'S NO INK. So Slavitt offers another pen -- she takes it -- tries to sign. BUT AGAIN, NO INK. This is fuckin' weird. Arlene hands her a pen of her own. Claire takes it -- scribbles on a POST-IT. The pen works. And she brings the pen to the page. Is about to sign. Everyone's watching her -- waiting -- sensing that she's unable to do this... finally, she stands:

CLAIRE

I've... I'm sorry-- I'm-- leaving--

ARLENE

-- you're what?! You can't -- \*

-- but Claire is up and heading out and --

31

EXT. MALKIN'S HOUSE - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

31

A very pregnant Claire pounds on the door. Urgent. \*  
Finally, Malkin opens the door and -- \*

CLAIRE

Okay, what is it? Your "offer." \*

OFF Malkin, we go to: \*

32

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

32

Charlie hauls ass through the jungle. SMASHES through LOW HANGING BRANCHES as he goes. He BLASTS out of the brush and almost runs into --

33 EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - CONTINUOUS 33

ETHAN. Alone. Carrying firewood -- \*

CHARLIE  
(frantic)  
Hey -- Oh, thank God -- What's your name?

ETHAN  
Ethan -- are you all right?

CHARLIE  
Ethan -- I need you to go to the caves. Run back to the caves -- and get Jack... tell him that Claire's --

ETHAN  
(concerned)  
Claire? Is she okay?

CHARLIE  
She's having the baby --  
(no time to explain)  
Get him. Fast. I'll be with her --

Charlie points back to where he came from --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Right through there. On the path.  
(then)  
Go!

Ethan stands there for a moment. Seems to process all this.

ETHAN  
Of course.

And OFF CHARLIE as Ethan turns tail and RUNS for the caves...

34 EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY 34

Charlie RACES through the jungle -- frantic, eyes wide, hoping he hasn't lost his way -- and finally he sees her: Claire, up ahead, lying there in distress.

CHARLIE  
Claire! Claire!!! He's coming!

He arrives at her side -- drops to his knees, out of breath, but encouraging:

CHARLIE (CONT'D) CLAIRE  
Jack's on his way, he'll be -- it hurts--  
here-- are you--? What's--?

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Okay, okay-- he'll be here, just  
breathe, keep breathing...

-- and he's holding her hand now, breathing overtly, trying  
to help lead her --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Like this. Inhale, exhale, all  
that-- do it with me --

And he breathes -- so does she -- and it actually seems to be  
helping. Still, she's scared, in some pain, and frustrated  
as hell. Under her breath and mostly to herself, she says:

CLAIRE  
... I'm not supposed to be here.

CHARLIE  
I think we've all been feeling a  
bit of that--

CLAIRE  
I know... there was just... someone  
who promised me I wouldn't be here.

CHARLIE  
He was wrong. Keep breathing.

CLAIRE  
(breathing, with regret)  
... yeah... he was wrong...

-- and on CLAIRE, TIGHT, breathing, we CUT TO...

35 INT. MALKIN'S HOUSE - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 35

Claire stands in the middle of the over-crowded apartment  
with Malkin. He's handed her a small manila envelope. She  
pulls out six-thousand Australian dollars. Can't believe  
this. Is suspicious and uneasy about it.

CLAIRE  
You've spent the last three months  
telling me I need to raise the baby  
myself. Now you're giving me money  
and saying I don't have to.

\*

MALKIN

I've found a couple in Los Angeles  
who are very eager to adopt. The  
baby will be safe in their care.  
I've foreseen...

\*  
\*

CLAIRE

Foreseen?

(starting to lose it)

What am I even doing here? I can't  
believe I'm listening to --

And Malkin shakes his head. Empathizing. REAL.

MALKIN

I know it sounds ridiculous,  
Claire. All of this... "psychic"  
business. And I appreciate that  
you must think I'm a madman --  
(totally genuine)  
But this is what must happen.

Her reaction: she doesn't believe a word.

CLAIRE

So you're giving me six-thousand  
dollars to give my baby to a pair  
of strangers in Los Angeles.

MALKIN

Twelve-thousand. The other six  
when you get to Los Angeles. And  
they're not strangers -- They're  
good people.

CLAIRE

(considers; then)

How do you know I won't just take  
the six and run?

MALKIN

Because I know your soul. I know  
your honesty. That if you promise  
me you'll go... you will.

He hands her a PLANE TICKET in a ubiquitous sleeve. Off the  
CLOSEUP of the ticket, and OCEANIC AIRLINES LOGO, CUT TO:

Charlie with Claire, still in the deep breathing exercises:

36

CHARLIE

A psychic.

CLAIRE

I know. I'm so embarrassed.

(then)

And after everything... he was just full of it.

A breathing beat. A long one. Then:

CHARLIE

Or not.

(off her look)

All he wanted was that no one else raise your baby, right?

(with dread)

... so maybe he knew.

TIGHT AS HELL on Claire as she turns to Charlie... just now starting to figure out what he means. She stares at Charlie, stares, horrified by the thought...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

... I mean... if he wanted it bad enough... if that guy really... does have the gift... and I think some people do...

(could this be...?)

... he could've known, Claire...

SO TIGHT on Claire -- the very idea ghastly -- and Christ, if she doesn't suddenly remember details of the moment:

37

INT. MALKIN'S HOUSE - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

37 \*

-- in the same moment that he gives her the ticket:

CLAIRE

(smiling)

I can't leave tomorrow, I need a few days to--

MALKIN

No. It has to be this flight. It can't be any other. They're already scheduled to meet you when you arrive. Flight 815.

\*  
\*  
\*

Claire stares at him. This man is so odd...

38 EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY 38

TIGHT ON CLAIRE, eyes wet, staring off as she remembers... in pure horror...

CLAIRE

(sotto)

... there was no couple... in Los Angeles...

(then)

He knew...

\*

39 INT. MALKIN'S HOUSE - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 39

TIGHT ON MALKIN as he watches Claire, agreeing, leaving his apartment.

\*

CLAIRE (V.O.)

... he knew about the plane...

(then)

... he knew what was going to happen...

And Claire heads off, walking away from him -- forever --

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... he knew... oh my God, he knew...

And we're SO TIGHT ON MALKIN as he watches -- tears coming to his eyes -- staring at this woman... who he's just put on a flight he knows is going down.

CUT TO BLACK:

\*

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

AND THE SOUND OF HEAVY BREATHING POUNDS US INTO --

40 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 40

RUNNING LEGS as they JACKHAMMER through masses of PLANTS --  
scrabble over ROOTS --

SOMEONE is trying to get through the dense jungle as fast as they can, but a LIMP from an injured leg prevents them from reaching top speed -- and now we see -- it's SAYID -- His clothes weathered from an ordeal (you'll read all about it in EPISODE 108.) His face and arms TORN UP from his TWO DAY TREK. He runs, smashes his way through the jungle. \*

And if this wasn't ENOUGH action to get us excited about staying tuned for the denouement --

41 EXT. JUNGLE - ELSEWHERE - DAY 41

ANOTHER PAIR OF LEGS pounds through the foliage, running in the opposite direction -- NO LIMP -- A different RHYTHM to the BREATHING that accompanies them -- very different, because we pull up and see, IT'S HURLEY. \*

By the way this is CUT, we get the sense that Sayid and Hurley -- are RUNNING TO THE SAME PLACE. \*

And off this pure KINETIC INTENSITY we find --

42 EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY 42

STILLNESS.

Claire sits against a tree. CHARLIE huddles at her side with friendly concern. The TRADE WINDS ease around them, prompting the grass to sway with reassuring grace.

CHARLIE  
You feel another one coming?

CLAIRE  
I don't know...

CHARLIE  
(looking around)  
Where in the bloody hell is Jack?

Claire shifts, starts to get to her feet --

CLAIRE  
I think... I think I'm all right.

CHARLIE

Wait. You shouldn't -- the  
contractions --

CLAIRE

Maybe that was the last one.  
(a half-prayer)  
Please, let it have been the last  
one.

CHARLIE

(hopeful)  
Jack said the stress might cause  
some kind of false labor...  
(beat)  
Are you sure you're all right?

She assesses for a beat, then --

CLAIRE

No pain.

CHARLIE

Well, there you are, then:  
Birthing emergency averted.  
Told you I'd take care of you.

CLAIRE

(a heartbreaking smile)  
Thank you, Charlie.

CHARLIE

... you're quite welcome.

And a moment of GENUINE WARMTH. Claire finally giving in to  
it, too. After all they've been through, we want these two  
to be together.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Any chance of you making it back to  
the caves?  
(beat; and he means this)  
I won't let anything happen to you.

And after a moment, she NODS. But lest we get too  
comfortable, we CRASH BACK INTO --

\*

43 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 43

SAYID -- RUNNING -- LIMPING -- His breathing more RAGGED --  
More DESPERATE --

INTERCUTS WITH:

44 EXT. JUNGLE - ELSEWHERE - DAY 44

HURLEY -- RUNNING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION -- A COLLISION  
COURSE.

And we cut back and forth between the two until --

SMASH CUT TO:

45 INT. THE VALLEY - RED ROCK WALL - DAY 45

ON JACK standing with KATE as they both turn to find --

KATE

Sayid?

SAYID limps toward them -- And now that he's made it home,  
willpower gives way to reality and he COLLAPSES --

-- Jack immediately moves for him, eases him to the ground.  
Kate is close behind. Sayid is really fucking WEAK, out of  
breath -- DISORIENTED -- Trying to get it all out at once --

SAYID

-- Listen -- on the island -- I  
found her -- the woman -- she --

\*  
\*

-- Jack checks over Sayid's body for injuries. Sees his  
rather brutal LEG INJURY.

JACK

I need some water!  
(to Sayid)  
What happened? Where were --?

SAYID

I had to come back. I had to...  
(and now, completely  
clear)  
We are not alone.

Find LOCKE as he approaches, more INTRIGUED than concerned --

Just then, HURLEY (the other pair of legs) bursts out of the  
brush -- Gasping for breath --

HURLEY

We -- got -- a problem!

And HOLY SHIT this is just big-league INSANITY. Sayid on the ground, WIPED. Jack tending to him. Hurley desperately trying to communicate something himself --

QUICK CUTS covering all of this as (sorry, Marita) --

Hurley holds up a METALLIC CLIPBOARD --

HURLEY (CONT'D)

The manifest...

JACK

What?

HURLEY

My census -- the names of--  
 everyone who survived. All forty-  
 six of us. I interviewed  
 everybody. Here. At the beach.  
 Got everyone's -- name...  
 (beat; catching his  
 breath)

But one of them -- Jack, one of  
 them isn't in the manifest.

Jack. Kate. Locke (oh yes, we LINGER on Locke) all exchange a look. Even with Sayid's arrival, Hurley's information has take on major SIGNIFICANCE.

And we PUSH IN on Hurley just so we GET IT when he says --

HURLEY (CONT'D)

He wasn't on the plane.

And now it's time to PUSH IN on Kate --

KATE

Who wasn't on the plane?

SMASH CUT TO:

One of the DARKER sections of the jungle. Definitely CREEPY as we find --

CLAIRE and CHARLIE as they make their way back along the path toward the valley. Charlie carries her BAG in one hand.

Claire suddenly STOPS -- puts her hand on her belly. Charlie instantly WORRIED --

CHARLIE

You okay?

CLAIRE

Yeah -- he just kicked.

Claire SMILES and reaches out, taking Charlie's hand in hers. Charlie smiles, abashed, as --

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello there.

Charlie and Claire both JUMP. Didn't hear anyone come up. They both look up to see --

ETHAN.

Just kinda standing here. Arms at his sides. More than just a little UNSETTLING.

CHARLIE

(confused)

Ethan? Where's Jack?

ETHAN

Oh. Jack?

(simply)

I didn't go and get him.

Ethan exudes a creepy calm -- he's still the same guy we've come to know, but there is something slightly askew in his delivery, something just... OFF. \*

CHARLIE

What do you mean you didn't go?

Ethan ignores him. Turns his attention to Claire, takes a step forward --

ETHAN \*

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

CHARLIE \*

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

AND SUDDENLY, a NOISE in the DENSE JUNGLE behind them --  
 MOVEMENT -- NON-DESCRIPT -- \*

Charlie and Claire both turn towards it -- NOTHING. And the \*  
instant they turn back -- \*

Ethan is standing right in front of them -- \*

ETHAN \*  
I'm sorry it's come to this. \*

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

SMASH TO BLACK. \*

END OF EPISODE