

"Still Lost" - The *Virtual* 7th Season

LOST

"The Difference"

Episode 7.03

by
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LOST
"The Difference"

TEASER

AN EYE OPENS

INT. KENNEL - MADRID, SPAIN - DAY - **FLASHBACK (2004)**

A golden Labrador PUPPY opens its eyes.

DR. ELIZA VASQUEZ, mid-forties, slender, clad in a white labcoat, smiles as she feeds a small treat to the puppy.

Her finger clicks a compact iPod. Nellie McKay's "THE DOG SONG" begins to PLAY from the portable media player.

Vasquez taps her foot. She pours DHARMA bottled water into feeding dishes assembled atop a counter.

She shakes a partially opened box of DHARMA doggy chow, fills several bowls with it.

Cages surround her, each one housing a Labrador of various age, size, and furry tint. A calendar on the wall reads: "FEBRUARY 2004." A MALE VOICE interrupts Vasquez's glee.

VOICE

Pardon me?

BRIAN PORTER stands at the front counter, dressed in a nice business suit. He lays down his briefcase. Vasquez answers him in a Spanish accent:

VASQUEZ

My apologies.

She turns down the music.

BRIAN

I'm Brian Porter. I was referred to this lab by Dr. Honale.

VASQUEZ

Ah, yes. Amy is visiting us from Cape Town.

BRIAN

She attended a presentation of mine, and we got to talking.
(beat)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

She said you house a kennel in here. The dogs you raise -- I understand they're... special?

VASQUEZ

We breed them specifically for intelligence. They are unlike any other canines. Anywhere.

Brian surveys the kennel.

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)

So you are looking for one as a companion?

BRIAN

For my stepson, actually. Walt. He gets kind of lonely.

VASQUEZ

Nothing better than a trusted dog to keep a young boy company. But the affection of a pet cannot replace human love.

Vasquez stares intently at him. Brian averts his gaze.

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)

I'm sure Walt will come to accept you, in time.

BRIAN

Actually... I've been in his life for almost nine years. I adopted Walt when I married his mother.

VASQUEZ

Mmm. Yet you still refer to him as your "stepson."

Brian holds a stare on the doctor, who raises her eyebrows.

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)

Do you think he would prefer a puppy or an adult canine?

BRIAN

Adult. I want him to feel protected when we're not around.

(beat)

And if Walt doesn't take to it, I won't be stuck with the mutt for twenty years.

Vasquez holds up one finger, heads toward a section of cages.

VASQUEZ

I know of one who will be perfect.

She opens the door to a kennel, revealing...

VINCENT, who makes a winsome doggy face at Brian from afar.

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)

Is he not lovely?

BRIAN

Looks reliable. Like he'd be a great friend to my steps-- my son.

Vasquez smirks at Brian, puts a leash on the dog. As she leads Vincent out of his quarters:

VASQUEZ

This one has been with us for some time now. Dr. Vincent Bolé sent him here from the Retrievers of Truth Institute in Luxemburg. You have heard of it?

BRIAN

Can't say that I have.

(beat)

Vincent.

VASQUEZ

Dr. Bolé. A pioneer in canine parapsychology and neuroveterinary medicine.

BRIAN

No, I meant... Vincent. Sounds like a strong, virile name.

VASQUEZ

He is well-behaved, and very, very smart. Trust me -- take him home to young Walt. Your son will not be disappointed.

OFF VINCENT, who stares good-naturedly at Brian. AND AS HE STICKS HIS TONGUE OUT --

EXT. THE ISLAND - BEACH - DAY - **PRESENT (2023)**

Vincent stares in a direction from which some WHISTLES waft. He turns, frolics down the shore.

CLEMENTINE PHILLIPS, 21, brunette, still dressed in a Greco-Roman tunic, approaches him.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Vincent! Where are you going, boy?

Vincent sprints around the corner of some sandstone cliffs.

CHARLIE HUME, 18, curly blond bobs of hair, catches up her. He still wears a toga from the earlier ceremony. Puts one hand on his new spouse's shoulder. In his British accent:

OLDER CHARLIE

What's gotten into him today? He usually loves it when you pet him.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Maybe he's having a Scooby Doo midlife crisis?

AARON LITTLETON -- 19, Caucasian, shaggy, dark-blond hair -- and JI YEON KWON -- 18, Asian, with long, jet black hair -- both also in togas, arrive next to their peers. Aaron sounds very American, whereas Ji Yeon's accent is slightly Korean.

OLDER JI YEON

Where is Vincent going?

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Gee, I forgot to ask him.

OLDER AARON

Well we'd better follow his trail. Olivia's expecting us back at the Temple before nightfall.

The four of them follow Vincent's footprints across the sand.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Vincent!

OLDER CHARLIE

Come out, mate! We've got a treat for you!

Clementine smirks, elbows her husband in the ribs.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Liar.

OLDER CHARLIE

Hey, what he doesn't know...

OLDER AARON

Vincent!

They hear VINCENT'S BARKS echo. The quartet veers toward the jungle, passes through underbrush. Clementine gestures to:

A CLEARING

Amid vegetation and layers of stones piled beside a babbling brook, the youngsters wander across...

BRAZEN FEMALE VOICE

Ahem. A little privacy, please?

...ROSE and BERNARD sitting atop a 1970s-style blanket.

Rose, now 74, graying hair braided past her shoulders, holds a submarine sandwich inches away from her mouth.

Bernard, now 77, with a considerable growth of scruffy facial hair, pours wine from a DHARMA bottle into two goblets.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Sorry, Rose. We're looking for Vincent.

BERNARD

Well, you've found him.

Their gazes shift to see...

Vincent, making himself at home on Rose and Bernard's picnic cloth. The yellow Labrador gnaws on a thick Kaiser roll, amid jars of DHARMA ranch dressing and DHARMA mustard.

ROSE

He decided to help himself. And they say there's no such thing as a free lunch.

OLDER CHARLIE

Oh, Vincent. What are we going to do with you?

Vincent simply looks back at them, innocent. He drops the bread, snatches up a FISH BISCUIT with his teeth. Tromps across Rose and Bernard's spread, flees from the clearing.

Plates of lettuce, tomatoes, cheese, and lunch meats scatter in his wake.

BERNARD

There goes dinner.

OLDER AARON
Vincent! Come back here!

OLDER JI YEON
Rose, Bernard, we're so sorry --

Rose sighs, shakes her head.

ROSE
It's always something with you
people.

BERNARD
We'd better go after him.

OLDER CLEMENTINE
I promise, we'll make it up to you
guys.

ROSE
Yeah? I call dibs on the éclairs
when they make the next food drop.

A twinkle in her eyes. The young islanders beam at their
elders, respectful.

JUNGLE - TEN YARDS AWAY FROM THEM

Vincent scampers over more vines and grass, the "fish
biscuit" still in his mouth.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. BEACH - DAY - TEN MINUTES LATER

Clementine leads Aaron, Ji Yeon, and Charlie across the beach. They follow a trail of four-legged footprints. Rose and Bernard lag behind the youngsters.

OLDER CLEMENTINE
He went south down the beach.

She unfolds her hand, reveals a COMPASS.

OLDER JI YEON
Where do you think he is going?

OLDER CLEMENTINE
Hell if I know. Do I look like an animal trainer?

OLDER CHARLIE
Clem...

OLDER CLEMENTINE
Sorry. You know Vincent. He does whatever he wants.

OLDER AARON
I'm sure his actions make sense to him.

OLDER JI YEON
If only we could get inside that dog's head.

Rose and Bernard catch up to the younger quartet; they huff and puff. Bernard holds a fish biscuit in one hand.

ROSE
Kids...!
(catches her breath)
I'm an old woman, here. Would you mind slowing down a bit?

OLDER AARON
We're sorry, Rose.

BERNARD
These fish biscuits really grow on you.

He takes another bite. Rose rolls her eyes at him.

ROSE

Bernard, do you have to be snacking
all the time? I thought we were
trying to find Vincent.

BERNARD

I'll share the leftovers with him.

A doggy's BARK. Vincent runs out from the jungle, snatches
the half-eaten fish biscuit out of Bernard's hand.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

See. This pooch is smart.

ROSE

This pooch is a voracious eater --
and he gets that from you, sweetie.
(turns to "the kids")
We were forced out of retirement
for this? To be glorified dog
catchers?

OLDER CHARLIE

He wasn't ready to give you up.
(a twinkle)
You guys are just too soddin'
lovable.

Rose shows him the back of her hand, feigns a few swats.

ROSE

Yeah, I'll show you some "love,"
curly.

Vincent stares off toward the jungle, barks. He flees from
the group once more.

OLDER JI YEON

Oh, not again!

JUNGLE

The group moves forward, brushes aside foliage.

OLDER AARON

Vincent!

OLDER CHARLIE

Vincent! Come back, old boy!

OLDER CLEMENTINE

His tracks have disappeared.

BERNARD

That's what happens when the underbrush piles up.

OLDER JI YEON

He could have gone anywhere. I think we should split up.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Just like the Scooby gang.
(sighs)
I'll check the caves.

OLDER AARON

I'll come with. I know every inch of them. Vincent might be playing hide and seek with us.

OLDER JI YEON

Rose and I will head off toward the mesa.

ROSE

Fine by me. All these trees are making me claustrophobic.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Charlie, take Bernard to the shoreline. Vincent may have doubled back.

The group parts. We follow Charlie and Bernard, who eventually emerge from the jungle onto:

THE COVE

Rocks and petrified lava streams form plateaus next to the gently crashing ocean waves. Charlie and Bernard stand atop one of the highest points, gaze down at the coastline.

OLDER CHARLIE

(points)
Look.

Vincent stands on a lower plateau, his snout to the ground. He gently rolls an empty, abandoned DHARMA peanut butter jar against a rock.

OFF VINCENT, as Charlie and Bernard watch him in the background.

Still here, after all these years? AND AS VINCENT SEIZES THE RIM OF THE JAR WITH HIS TEETH --

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF JUNGLE - DAY - **FLASHBACK (DAY ONE)**

Vincent sniffs the sleeve of a human arm, belonging to...

JACK SHEPARD, who lies sprawled out -- wearing a business suit, ripped and scorched -- beneath bamboo trees. The dog licks Jack's wrist, then backs up as Jack awakens.

Vincent begins to trot off as Jack gets to his feet. The doctor leans against a bamboo shoot, retrieves a small vodka bottle from his jacket. SHOUTS and SCREAMS can be heard from a short distance away. SMOKE billows from above the trees.

As Jack runs out onto the beach, Vincent turns and watches. A PERSON looms over Vincent, and he stares up at...

KELVIN INMAN, wearing a beige DHARMA jumpsuit.

KELVIN
Hey, buddy.

Kelvin motions for Vincent to come forward, then begins to walk away. Vincent turns, tongue sticking out -- as he veers his head back, he sees Kelvin is gone.

Vincent begins to run through the jungle, a virtual blur.

THE COVE - HALF AN HOUR LATER

Vincent plods out onto the lava streams, which overlook the ocean. In the distance, he sees SMOKE arising from the direction of the beach, where the fuselage would have crashed. Turning back his head, Vincent notices...

Kelvin, standing in the distance. Vincent runs toward him.

KELVIN
This is the place, partner. This
is what'll have started it all.

Vincent stops short as he bumps into --

Kelvin's CORPSE, collapsed against a rocky ledge. Fresh blood dripping from the back of the skull.

KELVIN (CONT'D)
Yes, that's me. Or, it was.

He now towers over Vincent... but not casting a shadow.

KELVIN (CONT'D)
Unlucky in love, unlucky in life.
Never could catch a break.

Vincent veers his head upward, stares. THE ELIZABETH is docked in the nearby bay. He bows his head to the ground.

A DHARMA peanut butter jar lies partially abandoned behind a boulder. Vincent reaches for it, rolls the jar with one paw.

KELVIN (CONT'D)

You'd better get back to your people. They're going to rely on you now. A lot.

OFF VINCENT, looking back at Kelvin. AND AS HE STARES AT THIS MAN'S SPIRIT WITH INTENSITY --

EXT. COVE - DAY

Charlie and Bernard slowly approach Vincent... who takes off running. Charlie throws up his hands.

OLDER CHARLIE

Are you kidding me?

VOICE

He's leading you.

They look up to see...

Jack, dressed in jeans and a dark blue T-shirt.

BERNARD

Jack?

JACK

Who would have thought, out of all of us, he'd end up being a leader?

OLDER CHARLIE

Dr. Shephard.

JACK

Call me by my first name.

OLDER CHARLIE

Jack. What do you mean he's -- ?

JACK

Vincent was brought here for a reason, Charlie. We all were. And he stayed behind for a reason.

Bernard juts out his arm, tentative. Bernard's hand PHASES straight through Jack's spirit form.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Nope, still between places,
 Bernard.
 (beat)
 And it's up to you guys now. Let
 him guide you.

ANOTHER VOICE
 Truer words were never spoken.

OLIVIA GOODSPEED -- still appearing in her early-seventies,
 but now wearing plain brown -- stands several feet away from
 where Charlie and Bernard converse with Jack's spirit.

OLIVIA
 So much insight, Jack. More than
 you had when you were alive.

JACK
 Being dead does that to you.

OLIVIA
 I wouldn't know.

Bernard's and Charlie's mouths hang open as they listen to
 Jack and Olivia banter like old rivals.

JACK
 Don't be so modest, Olivia.

OLIVIA
 I'm not.

JACK
 (grins)
 Bull. After all the secrets you've
 kept... the people you've deceived.

Olivia looks away from Jack, gives Charlie and Bernard a
 knowing smirk. She looks down at her own feet, kicks at the
 wrapper of a DHARMA fruit rollup.

OFF OLIVIA, who reaches down, clutches the fruit rollup
 wrapper in her hand --

Those were the days. AND AS SHE STARES UP AT THE SKY --

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - SRI LANKA - **FLASHBACK (1991)**

Olivia, at the age of 50, loads an entire box of DHARMA fruit
 rollups into a wooden crate alongside other PEOPLE in blue
 DHARMA uniforms. Supervising them is RICHARD ALPERT, still
 as ageless as ever.

OLIVIA

Final count on the oat bars was eighty-four boxes. That should hold them for a few months.

RICHARD

Do we have enough canned salmon?

ISABEL appears next to him, adorned in a red DHARMA jumpsuit. She appears thirteen years younger than when we last saw her alive. Her blonde hair is slightly longer.

ISABEL

We have plenty.

RICHARD

Don't worry, Isabel. I've got it.

ISABEL

Just trying to earn my keep.

OLIVIA

We all are.

RICHARD

And you have.

(to Isabel)

Why don't you check on the Galaga? See how the maintenance is progressing.

ISABEL

I already did, Richard. It'll be ready in time.

OLIVIA

How are Ben's preparations coming along?

RICHARD

He's laying the groundwork. Goodspeed completely trusts him. We should be ready to strike within fifteen months.

OLIVIA

Should I feel bad about what's going to happen to those people?

RICHARD

No.

ISABEL
I'd lived and worked among them for
so long...

OLIVIA
And I used to be one of them.

RICHARD
You're both where you're supposed
to be right now.

Olivia looks to Isabel for affirmation, but stays silent.
Isabel gives Richard a tight, complacent smile.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You'll go back when we need you to.
Which should be soon.

Olivia nods, as a SRI LANKAN GENTLEMAN strolls over to them.
Scrawny, shifty-looking, in his mid-thirties. He and Richard
speak in a foreign language, for which we're given SUBTITLES.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(in Sinhala)
Good afternoon, Nimal.

NIMAL
(in Sinhala)
Good afternoon, Mr. Alpert. We
will be ready to make the drop
eight hours from now.

RICHARD
(in Sinhala)
Ensure that Jill makes a final
inspection of the helicopter.

NIMAL
(in Sinhala)
Do they know of the new time
difference?

RICHARD
(in Sinhala)
The supply drop will proceed as
scheduled. I have indicated when
they should expect it.

Nimal begins to pile more boxes of foodstuffs into the crate.
Olivia watches, her eyes locked onto the boxes of DHARMA food
products. Tentative, uncertain...

OLIVIA
Richard, I don't think I'm --

RICHARD

Yes you are, Olivia. Now isn't the time to be doubting yourself.

(beat)

Horace isn't the man he once was.

Olivia gulps, but nods -- as Richard's smile reassures her.

Another man, ROBERT -- Caucasian, early-thirties, adorned in an orange DHARMA jumpsuit -- walks over to them, leads a FOUR-YEAR-OLD BOY by the hand. Isabel turns to acknowledge him.

ISABEL

Robert. You've spruced up the engines, I take it?

ROBERT

We're ready to go.

RICHARD

Very good.

ROBERT

I still don't understand... why not just send the food on the sub?

RICHARD

Radzinsky and his new partner -- Inman. Dropping it by air is easiest way to keep them from wandering... to make sure they stay inside the Swan. We can't let them think that it's safe.

ROBERT

But it is safe.

RICHARD

We need people to push the button. They were chosen. If they learn that they have a way out, a choice... God help us all.

Robert looks down at the young boy, then back up at Richard.

ROBERT

My son --

RICHARD

He'll stay with Rosie and the other children, at the center in Chennai. We'll bring him to you once he's received his preparatory education.

ROBERT
He's all I have left.

OLIVIA
You should be able to see him again
in a few months.

ROBERT
(to the boy)
Daddy's going away for a little
while. Be good for these nice
people, okay.

The boy nods at his father, stoic. Robert kisses him on the forehead -- then quickly leaves the room, suppressing tears.

Olivia bites her lip, gives Richard another look of skepticism. Richard ignores her, pats the boy on the head... then makes eye contact with Isabel's grim face.

RICHARD
What was his name, again?

ISABEL
Robert Martin. One of Horace's
engineers.

RICHARD
Does he have any idea?

ISABEL
No.

OLIVIA
I'm concerned about his son. He
shouldn't have to pay for his
father's sins.

RICHARD
Don't worry, Olivia. We'll take
good care of Karl.

OFF OLIVIA, who reaches down to stroke young Karl on the shoulder. AND AS HER WEAK ATTEMPT TO SMILE WAVERS --

EXT. COVE - DAY

Olivia continues to frown, as Jack gives her a creepy, taunting smile.

OLIVIA
All of it was meant to happen,
Jack.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry things had to end for
 you. And I'm sorry you can't bring
 yourself to move on.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
 Ben claimed you weren't murderers.

OLIVIA
 There's a difference between murder
 and self-defense.

OLDER CHARLIE
 He's right. I'd lay down my life
 for the people on this island.

BERNARD
 So would I.

JACK
 Yeah, keep telling yourselves that.

OLIVIA
 You can go now, Jack.
 (beat)
 There's nothing left here for you
 to fix.

Jack's bemusement turns into a frown. He FADES from sight.

BERNARD
 He didn't seem too happy.

OLIVIA
 Can you blame him? But we can't
 change the past. Whatever
 happened, happened.

Olivia leads Charlie and Bernard back into the jungle.

THROUGHOUT THE NEXT SEVERAL HOURS

Their three sets of FOOTSTEPS trudge across terrain, for at
 least a few miles' worth of trekking.

OLDER CHARLIE
 His trail's getting hotter.

OLIVIA
 Vincent is headed for the Temple.
 I'm certain of it.

BERNARD
Why do you think -- ?

OLIVIA
Familiarity.
(stops, turns)
Familiarity, Bernard. He knows who
he wants to find.

YOUNG MALE VOICE
You sure about that, Olivia?

The three of them swivel at the sound of the third voice,
stare at a cluster of coconut trees where...

WALT LLOYD, appearing not a day older than seventeen, emerges
from the vegetation. He wears brown, tattered clothing. In
his now-deeper voice, reminiscent of an adolescent's:

WALT
Hey, guys.

Charlie and Bernard smile at him. Olivia simply gives him a
professional, curt nod.

OLIVIA
Hi, Walt.

Walt shakes Olivia's hand, as Charlie and Bernard look on.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT - WALKING

Walt -- now holding a torch -- leads Charlie, Olivia, and Bernard through the jungle.

WALT

So he just ran away?

OLDER CHARLIE

Aye. One minute, he was licking Clem's hands. In the next... shot off like a rocket.

OLIVIA

He went to the bamboo field. Because that's where Jack...

Olivia trails off. They all stop. Walt reacts.

BERNARD

You think that means something?

OLIVIA

Everything on this island means something.

OLDER CHARLIE

So, what? Jack brought him there? To taunt Vincent... or us?

OLIVIA

From what you guys tell me, Jack was always stubborn.

(beat)

When people move to the other side, they tend to retain those traits.

WALT

Are you sure it was really Jack? Maybe it only looked like him?

(beat)

Maybe it was... him?

OLIVIA

Impossible.

WALT

You're the one who always tells me nothing's impossible here.

OLIVIA
 If it was him, we would have felt
 it.

She forges on ahead, as Walt lights their path.

OUTSKIRTS OF THE TEMPLE WALL - AN HOUR LATER

Walt shines his torch onto the wall's hieroglyphs, calls out:

WALT
 Vincent!

BERNARD
 How would a dog have gotten through
 the wall on his own?

OLDER CHARLIE
 The furry chap can't do much with
 his bare paws.

OLIVIA
 Maybe they already let him in?

WALT
 Come on.

Walt leads them through the stone entrance.

INT. TEMPLE - CORRIDOR - WALKING

By torchlight, they follow the tunnel's contours.

WALT
 I don't know what you're so afraid
 of. It's not like we haven't been
 coming here for years.

OLIVIA
 What I don't like is that no one
 was keeping watch outside.

OLDER CHARLIE
 Yeah, someone's always supposed to
 be on duty.

WALT
 The sentry probably took a break.

BERNARD
 Who was assigned for tonight?

WALT
 Adam, I think.

OLIVIA
Way to be all-knowing, kiddo.

WALT
Hey, since when has this ever been
an exact science?

Walt turns, faces his three comrades. Holds the light up to their faces...

WALT (CONT'D)
If you don't want to play follow
the leader, there's the exit.
(points)
Otherwise, just take some deep
breaths, compose yourselves --

VOICE
Gentlemen?

Walt yelps, almost loses his grip on the torch.

Whipping his head around, Walt shines his flame to see...

CINDY CHANDLER, now 49, who wears a violet blouse with tan cargo pants. Her hair is cut short and layered, albeit with the slightest hint of gray. She gives Walt a half-snicker and a friendly smile.

CINDY
I didn't scare you, did I, love?

WALT
(unconvincingly)
Of course not.

OLIVIA
Cindy, have you seen Vincent?

CINDY
Sure have. Wandered in, about an
hour ago. Come on.

Cindy leads them toward a lit chamber in the distance.

CINDY (CONT'D)
The kids are feeding him.

WALT
Um, we're not exactly kids anymore.

CINDY
You can still pass for one,
sweetheart.

With a twinkle, Cindy brings them into:

A REFECTORY

Lamps provide light to a communal dining area decked out with Eastern Orthodox architecture. Tables and benches line each side of the commissary.

HARPER STANHOPE, now 55, stands to greet them.

HARPER

Walt.

WALT

Hey, Harper.

As Olivia, Charlie, and Bernard stand behind him, Walt veers his head across the room, sees...

A YOUNG WOMAN, 28, blonde hair past her shoulders, dressed in a maroon cloak. A YOUNG MAN, 26, blond, skinny, wearing brown threads, sits on the bench -- in his arms is...

Vincent, licking a popsicle. Walt suppresses a smirk.

WALT (CONT'D)

Zach, I thought I told you not to give him any ice cream.

OLDER ZACH

It's fortified with amla extract.

OLDER EMMA

Yeah, like he really needs that, you dork.

(gestures at Walt)

Neither of them do.

OLIVIA

Those treats are only for special occasions.

OLDER ZACH

So? We'll have more after the next food drop.

HARPER

Okay, let's cut down on the arguing, shall we?

WALT

I guess it's all right... just this once.

CINDY

Are you sure, Walt? The decision
is yours.

Walt exchanges glances with Olivia, then looks back over at his trusted dog, still in Zach's arms. Emma reaches over, strokes Vincent's forearm.

OFF VINCENT, who continues to lick the frozen treat.

Every little bit makes the difference. AND AS HE ALLOWS ZACH TO SCRATCH UNDER HIS EARS --

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - **FLASHBACK (DAY 27)**

Vincent wanders through the jungle, sniffs around on the vine-strewn ground. All of a sudden...

A DART PENETRATES Vincent's coat of fur. The dog slumps over, as TWO PAIRS OF FEET approach him. Ragged legs of brown fabric, noiseless shoes.

TOM (aka "MR. FRIENDLY") and DANNY PICKETT stand over the woozy dog.

VINCENT'S P.O.V.

Tom and Pickett talk to each other, in low voices.

PICKETT

We're wasting our time, Tom. This is stupid. Ethan's gone AWOL, and we're worrying about some mutt.

TOM

He's on the list. Ben said Jacob made it clear the dog gets the serum.

RESUME OMNISCIENT P.O.V.

Vincent manages to stand on all four feet, docile.

PICKETT

Will it even work on an animal?

TOM

Hey, if it's good enough for Richard...

PICKETT

But how do we know -- ?

TOM
 You heard Ben. Jacob said he's
 different from most of the
 survivors

PICKETT
 We've never even met this Jacob-
 guy. How do we know Ben isn't just
 making him up?

TOM
 Because he isn't, Danny.
 (beat)
 The boy's on the list too. I hope
 you don't wimp out when it's time
 to grab him.

Pickett looks at Tom, offended.

PICKETT
 Of course I won't.

He gestures to the tranq gun in Tom's hand.

PICKETT (CONT'D)
 When Colleen and I have kids, we're
 going to wrangle some of that stuff
 for our family.

TOM
 Yeah, good luck with that, Danny.

Tom prods Vincent into the jungle.

TOM (CONT'D)
 Go on, Vincent. Go back to Walt.
 (to Pickett)
 Let's find Claire.

Vincent slowly frolics into the jungle.

TOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 The sooner we get them back, the
 sooner we can chow down. Richard's
 expecting a new pallet delivery.
 Rumor has it there's dried ice
 cream on-board.

PICKETT (O.S.)
 You know how long it's been since
 I've seen a popsicle?

OFF VINCENT, tongue hanging out. AND AS HE TROMPS TOWARD THE
 BRUSH --

INT. TEMPLE - REFECTORY - NIGHT

As Vincent licks the last of the popsicle, Zach removes the stick from Vincent's mouth. Walt looks on.

WALT
Okay, that's enough.

OLDER EMMA
We were going to take Vincent for a walk --

WALT
No.
(beat)
He's coming with me.

OLDER ZACH
Man, you're no fun.

HARPER
(warning)
Zach.

CINDY
Walt's been making the decisions so far, and it's worked out pretty well, hasn't it?

OLDER ZACH
I guess.

WALT
You guys, we've got work to do.
(to Zach)
Quit acting like you're still a kid.

OLDER ZACH
Easy for you to say. You don't have to worry about getting older.

Walt gives him a Look, but Zach continues to pout.

OFF WALT, who watches Zach stroke Vincent's fur.

Hey, it's no picnic having all this responsibility. AND AS HE CLOSES HIS EYES --

TEMPLE - SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK (2017)**

Walt, still appearing to be the age of seventeen, sleeps soundly in a bed. He tosses, turns, mumbles in his sleep.

WALT
Dad? Dad, where are you?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - THE ISLAND

Walt, now dressed completely in brown, plods across the terrain. Everything is hazy all around him. He calls out...

WALT (CONT'D)
I know you brought me here, Dad. I
can feel it. I feel you.

He stops short, gasps. Comes face-to-face with...

MICHAEL DAWSON, slightly bearded, who wears a brown, collared deckhand shirt. A bloody gash on the left side of Michael's face, his hair cut short and close. He looks somber.

MICHAEL
Hey, son.

WALT
Dad.

MICHAEL
I'm so proud of you, little man.

WALT
It's so lonely here. I miss you.
I'm sorry for --
(chokes up)
-- for shutting you out. I wish I
could have --

MICHAEL
I'm the one who should be
apologizing, man. I messed up. I
could have found another way.

WALT
What am I supposed to do?

MICHAEL
Keep doing what you're doing.

WALT
How do you know -- ?

MICHAEL
I've been watching over you.
You've got a ton of friends who
support you.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Zach, Emma. Rose, Bernard,
Cindy... and that one bitchy brood.

Walt trades momentary smiles with his father's spirit.

WALT

Harper.

MICHAEL

And Aaron. Don't forget little
Aaron.

WALT

He's not so little anymore.

MICHAEL

Neither are you, partner.

They exchange another set of grins. A familiar voice suddenly calls out...

VOICE

Hey, Walt...

Walt swivels around, grunts. Looks down...

A BLOODY KNIFE sticks out of his own stomach. He looks up, only to see...

JOHN LOCKE, wearing a black suit. He stares Walt down, unafraid.

WALT

John?

Walt turns back around, sees that Michael is no longer there.

LOCKE

Your father's gone, Walt. And he's
never coming back.

WALT

You made him go away! Who are you?

LOCKE

You don't remember me? I'm your
old buddy, Mr. Locke.

WALT

No, you aren't.

LOCKE

Oh, Walt. Trying to cause pain in my heart. Too bad I beat you to it.

WALT

Listen to me, you bastard! This is my island now. You've given up any claim you thought you had --

LOCKE

You're going to lose them all, Walt. One by one, they'll all turn on you.

WALT

Not if they turn on you, first.

LOCKE

You can't destroy me. You'll never find a loophole.

WALT

I'm pretty good at finding things.

Locke raises his eyebrows. He steps to the side... revealing Vincent, lying dead and bloodied on the jungle floor.

Walt gasps, and --

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS

-- sits straight up in bed.

VOICE

Walt?

Walt exhales, looks over to see Zach -- at the age of 20 -- by his bedside.

OLDER ZACH

She's here. Mr. Ford's daughter.

WALT

She just arrived?

Zach nods.

OLDER ZACH

Emma and Charlie are with her.

(beat)

You don't look too good.

WALT

I had another one. He appeared to me... as Locke.

Zach reacts.

WALT (CONT'D)

Thirteen years. It never ends.

OLDER ZACH

Olivia said the dreams will stop for you, eventually.

WALT

She should know.

OLDER ZACH

Don't complain. You're two years older, but you look three years younger than me. And my dreams will never end.

(beat)

I'm different from you and Olivia.

WALT

You can control what you see in your sleep, Zach. You don't have to be a hostage anymore. I'm not.

(beat)

Use your mind's eye. It'll give you what you need.

Zach gives him a slight nod. Walt gets out of the bed, rises.

WALT (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go welcome Clementine to her new home.

OFF WALT, donning an uncertain expression. AND AS HE ALLOWS ZACH TO LEAD HIM OUT OF THERE --

INT. TEMPLE - REFECTORY - NIGHT

Walt stares at Vincent in Zach's lap. Vincent suddenly breaks into a run, dashes through the arched exit.

WALT

Vincent!

OLDER ZACH

I should have seen that coming.

Walt looks around the room, meets individual gazes. Zach. Emma. Cindy. Harper. Bernard. Charlie. Olivia.

Then, Walt looks back at the doorway, sighs.

WALT
Let's bring him home.

EXT. JUNGLE - MINUTES LATER

Vincent zips through the jungle, practically a blur. Thrashes over weeds and exotic plants, through treelines.

THE MESA - SEVERAL HOURS LATER - DAY (DAWN)

Vincent arrives at the edge of a long, grassy stretch. He stops running, catches sight of...

FROM A DISTANCE

...Rose and Ji Yeon, exploring the mesa. They don't notice Vincent in the shadows.

OLDER JI YEON
Vincent!

ROSE
Come on out, you little rascal!

ON ROSE AND JI YEON and their extremely tired faces.

ROSE (CONT'D)
We've been looking for hours.

OLDER JI YEON
Maybe he isn't in this area?

ROSE
I can't imagine why not. It's one of his favorite places to run free.

A chilling VOICE flows from behind them.

VOICE
Freedom has its price, Rose.

The two women turn, only to see...

BENJAMIN LINUS, staring at them -- his stoic self. Blood drenches his striped, button-up shirt, as well as his face.

BEN
Are we ever truly free?

Ji Yeon looks shocked.

 OLDER JI YEON
Wait, is that -- ?

Rose makes a face, sneers at Ben.

 ROSE
Oh, not you again.

Ben tightens his lips at Rose and Ji Yeon, raises his eyebrows.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Walt leads Harper, Emma, and Charlie under vines and over vegetation.

HARPER

Do you think Olivia's group is having better luck?

OLDER EMMA

I doubt it.

OLDER CHARLIE

Well, your brother is with them. Maybe he'll get some of his flashes?

(beat)

Like my dad used to.

Silence. Then, Walt speaks up.

WALT

We're doing what we should be. Approaching from Vincent's flank.

HARPER

While the other group stays hot on his trail.

WALT

Just like Locke explained to me. After we'd first crashed...

Silence again. Walt motions, leads them forward.

THE MESA - SAME

Rose glares at Ben, while Ji Yeon looks on.

ROSE

We don't want to hear anything you have to say.

BEN

I thought you should prepare yourselves. Things are going to change here... very soon.

OLDER JI YEON

How do you know this?

BEN

If I were you, I'd appreciate the insight of someone whose history on this island dates back a little farther than yours.

Rose looks down at Vincent, who wags his tail. She glares at Ben again, then sighs.

ROSE

Just like a member of the male species to avoid a direct question.
(to Ji Yeon)
Don't ever let Aaron get away with that.

Ben tightens his lips. Faint traces of a smirk.

BEN

Bernard's a very patient man.

ROSE

Benjamin Linus, even as a ghost, you're still a pain in the ass.

Leaves RUSTLE. Ji Yeon and Rose veer their heads toward the brush to see...

Olivia, who leads Bernard, Zach, and Cindy onto the mesa.

OLIVIA

Rose. Ji Yeon.
(to Ben)
Hello.

BEN

Olivia. Still pulling strings, I see.

OLDER ZACH

Where's Vincent, Mr. Linus?

Ben says nothing. Everyone looks around.

ROSE

He was right here, a moment ago --

BERNARD

Are you sure, Rose?

ROSE

(sarcastic)
No, Bernard. It was the Smoke Monster wearing a Vincent costume.

BEN

I'd be less concerned with Vincent
and more focused on being ready.

CINDY

Ready for what?

OLDER JI YEON

Ignore him.

(to Ben)

They don't have to listen to you
anymore.

BEN

You really are your mother's child.

OLDER JI YEON

Don't you dare talk about her.

ROSE

And what about you, Ben? Are you
your mama's child?

BEN

Well, that hardly matters anymore.

Leaves RUSTLE again. Vincent darts out of the bushes, a
cracked-off VIRGIN MARY HEAD in his mouth.

CINDY

I thought we'd gathered up all of
those, years ago.

OLIVIA

Looks like we missed a few.

OFF VINCENT, who stares at the cluster of Others.

A constant of this place. AND AS HE KEEPS HIS DOE EYES
LOCKED ONTO THEIR CONFUSED STARES --

EXT. SUN'S GARDEN - DAY - **FLASHBACK (DAY 57)**

Sun pats dirt around plants. A CLAP OF THUNDER.

Leaves RUSTLE. She stops, listens. Sun looks up and around,
returns her attention to her gardening.

Leaves RUSTLE again. Sun looks even more alarmed, then
glances at some moving grass. Suddenly...

Vincent comes bounding out onto her garden.

SUN
Oh, Vincent! What are you doing
here?

She scolds him IN KOREAN.

A clap of THUNDER. Sun looks up, sees the RAIN begin to
pour. Abruptly...

A bag comes down over her head. Sun screams desperately, as
her abductor binds her wrists. He begins to drag her away.

Vincent stares at the hooded figure of CHARLIE PACE, who
pulls Sun across the muddy ground. The dog follows them.

SEVERAL FEET AWAY - TWO MINUTES LATER

Sun grabs at Charlie's feet, and her would-be abductor takes
off running.

As the back of Charlie's hood disappears into the jungle,
Vincent sees KATE AUSTEN and JAMES "SAWYER" FORD approach
where Sun lies in a drenched heap. They kneel beside her.

SAWYER
Is she alright?

KATE
She's breathing.

SAWYER
Go get Jack. Go get Jack!

KATE
Okay!

Kate runs off. Sawyer scoops up Sun in his arms, begins to
carry her away. Vincent just stands there, focuses on the
spot where the struggle ended.

SUB: "FOUR HOURS LATER"

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE JUNGLE

Vincent makes his way through more brush, approaches two
figures whispering conspiratorially under a banyan tree:

CHARLIE AND SAWYER

SAWYER
I told you, it ain't smart for us
to be together.

CHARLIE

This was the wrong move. We shouldn't have done it. Sun's a good person -- she deserves to know the whole truth.

SAWYER

Sorry, Rock Star -- you're the one who came to me. There's no going back now.

CHARLIE

If we're just honest with them... what's the worst that can happen?

SAWYER

Oh, I don't know -- Jin could get his hands on one of the guns, blow our brains out. Or maybe we'll be shunned and exiled, *Witness*-style.

Charlie looks over, sees Vincent watching them -- an innocent expression on the dog's face.

CHARLIE

Vincent.
(turns back to Sawyer)
He's heard everything we've said.

SAWYER

What, you think Lassie's going to blab to anyone?

Vincent does an about face, backtracks through the jungle.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, we're fine as long as we keep our mouths shut.

OFF VINCENT, passing underneath hanging vines that whack him in the face. AND AS HE PICKS UP SPEED --

EXT. THE MESA - DAY

Vincent's tongue hangs out, as Bernard's hand reaches down to pet him.

Ben flashes his audience a knowing grin. Rose, Bernard, Olivia, Ji Yeon, Cindy, and Zach all study his face.

OLIVIA

Ben, if you have something to say, just say it.

BEN

None of you are above reproach.
Eleven years is an eternity here.
I've had ample time to watch the
consequences of all your choices
unfold.

(to Olivia)

You, letting Walt think he has free
will.

OLIVIA

He does have free will.

BEN

As long as the island approves.

He shakes his head.

BEN (CONT'D)

You taught me so much, Olivia...
yet, you learned so little.

She scowls at him.

BEN (CONT'D)

(to Rose and Bernard)

And the two of you, acting all high
and mighty -- as though you haven't
had a role in this.

ROSE

Don't even start with me. We were
forced back.

BEN

And little Ji Yeon -- wanting
everyone to believe her union with
young Aaron is so selfless... that
she's doing it for the good of the
entire world.

OLDER JI YEON

Zou Gou.

BEN

As I said -- your mother's
daughter.

Cindy steps forward, irate.

CINDY

You talk about choices, Benjamin.
But you didn't even give me one!

BEN

Ah, Cindy. No one asked you to play by our rules. You could have quit at any time.

CINDY

I seem to remember differently there, dear.

OFF CINDY, who reaches back and gently prods the adult Zach away from where Ben stands --

I did what I had to do, to protect these children. AND AS SHE GLARES AT BEN THROUGH VICIOUS EYES --

EXT. CLIFF - DAY - **FLASHBACK (DAY 48)**

Cindy helps haul an injured Sawyer up the cliffside on his makeshift gurney. ANA LUCIA CORTEZ, LIBBY SMITH, MR. EKO, JIN-SOO KWON, Michael, and Bernard heft the bamboo carrier.

ANA LUCIA

Okay, we've got to get a better grip on him. On my count...

EKO

(calls down)

Cindy, we need you to spot us.

Cindy lags at the rear of the caravan, nearest the river embankment they've just cleared. As everyone above her GRUNTS and lifts, Cindy's eyes wander over to...

THE CLIFF'S BASE - A SMALL CAVE OPENING

A WOMAN -- African-American, mid-forties, braided hair, nice clothing -- peers out at Cindy. As Cindy reacts, the woman ducks back behind the cavernous enclosure.

CINDY

(whispers)

Nancy?

Cindy quickly moves forward, steps into the crevice within which she'd spotted her former fellow Tailie.

INT. CAVERN

Nancy stands against the cave wall with an absolutely terrified expression.

CINDY

Nancy, how did you -- ?

A BAG suddenly comes down over Cindy's head, BLACKENING HER SIGHT. She struggles against the joint grip of:

Ben and Tom. They hold onto her, firmly.

A hand softly touches Cindy's arm, amid the flight attendant's MUFFLED NOISES. Cindy calms down, the bag comes off her head, and...

Cindy finds herself staring straight at Isabel -- at the age of 49 -- who holds a knife to Nancy's neck. Composed:

ISABEL

If you scream, you'll be ending her life.

Cindy says nothing. She struggles to catch her breath against a horrified expression. From outside...

ANA LUCIA (O.S.)

Cindy. Cindy? Where's Cindy?

BERNARD (O.S.)

She was just here.

ANA LUCIA (O.S.)

Cindy? Cindy!

BERNARD (O.S.)

I don't know, she was --

LIBBY (O.S.)

Did they take her?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

How could she just be gone?

The Tailies' FAINT SHOUTS continue. Cindy turns, catches Tom's glance. He puts a finger to his lips. Cindy swerves her head to the other side, meets Ben's gaze.

NANCY

Do what they say, Cindy. They have Zach and Emma.

CINDY

Are the children safe?

BEN

Yes. And they'll stay that way, if you join our family.

ISABEL
They need you, Cindy. They've been asking about you.

BEN
But the choice is yours.

Cindy looks at Nancy, who silently nods.

OFF CINDY, reacting to the ECHOES of the other Tailies' voices. AND AS SHE GLANCES BACK AT THE CAVE ENTRANCE --

EXT. MESA - DAY

Cindy shakes her head at Ben's spirit. Trades frowns with her fellow island residents.

CINDY
If that's what you want to think.

BEN
It's what I know.
(beat)
I also know that Vincent is going to become even more of a handful. Check the graves.

OLDER JI YEON
Vincent! He's gone!

They all look around -- Vincent is nowhere to be seen. Ben merely smirks at them.

BEN
Vincent is the only one who still enjoys our company.

Olivia turns to look at everyone else. When she turns back...

Ben is gone.

BERNARD
Where'd he go?

ROSE
Do you really want to know the answer to that, Bernard?

Bernard shrugs, as the rest of them eyeball the jungle... in constraint.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. JUNGLE - JUST OUTSIDE THE CAVES - DAY

Clementine and Aaron trudge through the jungle, weary.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Well, that was a waste of time.

OLDER AARON

Don't worry, Clem. We'll find him.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

We scoured every inch of those caves, then back to the beach, then back to the caves --

OLDER AARON

It's like he's playing hide-and-seek with us.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Honestly, I can never figure out what that dog's thinking.

OLDER AARON

Trust me, he'll show up. He always does. Probably when we're least expecting it.

Clementine does a double take. Aaron follows her gaze to...

Vincent, standing in the underbrush. He looks at them with innocent doggy eyes, tongue sticking out.

OLDER AARON (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy!

Aaron whistles, smacks his own hip. But Vincent swerves around, takes off in another run.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Son of a bitch!

OLDER AARON

Vincent!

They sprint after him, thrash through leaves and vegetation.

JUNGLE - HALF A MILE AHEAD

Vincent continues to run, a virtual blur. He soon emerges from the brush, maneuvers past a fence line, onto...

BURIAL GROUNDS - AKA "BOONE HILL"

Homemade graves adorned with crosses dot the hilly, beachside landscape. Vincent surveys the graveyard, then approaches:

A SPECIFIC GRAVE SITE

The dog stares at it... sad, almost contemplative...

JUNGLE - A QUARTER-MILE BACK - SAME

Clementine and Aaron race through the jungle, follow Vincent's trail. They shriek, nearly colliding with...

Ji Yeon, who also shrieks.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

We found Vincent.

OLDER AARON

And then we lost him.

OLDER JI YEON

I figured. Cindy saw him from afar, half a kilometer that way.
(gestures)

The others are right behind me.

The trio emerges from the jungle, onto the cemetery. They clear the fence line of logs, see Vincent in the distance.

OLDER AARON

What's he looking at?

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Someone's grave. Someone who came before we did.

ON VINCENT

He still focuses on the lone grave site. A bouquet of fresh flowers lies by the wooden marker's side.

OFF VINCENT, who sniffs at the grave.

She seemed so nice... but she had such a sad life. AND AS HE BRUSHES HIS PAW AGAINST THE WOODEN CROSS --

INT. HOTEL - SYDNEY - **FLASHBACK (THE NIGHT BEFORE THE CRASH)**

Vincent wanders on four feet across the carpet, past bustling human legs.

HOTEL PATRON (O.S.)
Whose dog is that?

ANOTHER PATRON (O.S.)
Must be lost.

Vincent nears a HOTEL RESTAURANT/PUB, filled with people sitting at tables. He sneaks past the HOSTESS, who's preoccupied chatting with SOME CUSTOMERS.

A TABLE

Libby sits across from two people in their early-sixties -- RUPERT SMITH, a burly, balding man with a perpetual scowl, and his wife, ANNABELLE, a stiff, prudish woman with salt-and-pepper colored hair. Both are dressed conservatively; they pick at plates of APPETIZERS, speak with Australian accents.

LIBBY
You didn't ask me here just to treat me to a partial-dinner.

ANNABELLE
You're not getting the Canberra estate, Elizabeth.

LIBBY
Dave wanted me to have it.

RUPERT
Our son never put that in his will.

LIBBY
It was a fluke accident. He couldn't anticipate everything.
(beat)
I'm his wife.

ANNABELLE
Were. You were his wife, dear.

LIBBY
I'm supposed to inherit whatever he didn't leave to anyone else.

RUPERT
That vineyard has been in our family for generations. You're not getting it.

ANNABELLE
You got the house. You're getting the summer home in Melbourne.

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)
 You've collected his financial
 trust. What more do you want?

LIBBY
 The vineyard in Canberra.

RUPERT
 How heartless can you be, woman?
 To snatch away something that
 doesn't belong to you --

LIBBY
 It belonged to us. Dave and I
 shared a lot of special moments
 there.
 (beat)
 Moments we'll never get back.

ANNABELLE
 Admit it, Elizabeth. You --

LIBBY
 My name is Libby.

Her eyes suddenly wander... up to a TV SCREEN near the bar.
 A still-frame of a WOMAN with grayish-auburn hair.

A CAPTION underneath reads: DR. LIDDY WALES - 1944-2003"

Ziping across the screen is A SCROLLING HEADLINE, which
 reads: "BODY OF ARSON VICTIM FINALLY IDENTIFIED AFTER ONE-
 YEAR INVESTIGATION."

Libby turns back to her dinner companions.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
 And whether you like it or not, I
 loved your son.

ANNABELLE
 You only married him for his money.

RUPERT
 (mutters)
 Head case.

Libby scoots her chair back, rises.

LIBBY
 I will not be spoken to like this!

Libby turns, sees the ENTIRE RESTAURANT staring at her.
 Then, she looks down...

Vincent nuzzles against her leg.

RUPERT
Where did he come from?

VOICE
Sorry! I'm sorry...!

Michael rushes into their dining area. He grabs Vincent by the collar.

MICHAEL
I'm so sorry. He's my son's. He
got away from me.

Libby doesn't bother to look at Michael -- her piercing eyes are glued to her former parents-in-law. Deadly, ice-cold.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Vincent, bad dog. Bad, bad dog!

He begins to pull Vincent out of the restaurant.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. Sorry for disturbing
your dinner.

ANNABELLE
Que sera.

The Smiths turn their eyes back onto Libby. Michael removes himself and Vincent from the situation, quietly.

RUPERT
You won't get away with this.
Someday, you'll crash and burn.

LIBBY
Go to hell.
(beat)
That's what I get for flying all
the way here with an olive branch.

Libby turns to leave.

ANNABELLE
Have a nice flight.

LIBBY
(over her shoulder)
Have a nice life.

Libby flounces straight out of the bar.

HOTEL HALLWAY

OFF VINCENT, who watches next to Michael as Libby jets down the hallway, in tears. AND AS VINCENT STARES AFTER LIBBY --

EXT. BOONE HILL - DAY

Walt arrives next to Clementine, Aaron, and Ji Yeon, almost out of breath. Leaves RUSTLE -- and Emma, Charlie, and Harper emerge from the jungle. The septet watches Vincent.

OLDER CHARLIE

Why's he focused on that one grave?

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Must know who's buried there.

OLDER EMMA

It's Libby.

Everyone turns to gape at the young woman.

OLDER EMMA (CONT'D)

He told me. See the flowers?

The group catches sight of Vincent sniffing at the colorful bouquet next to Libby's grave.

WALT

I never met her. But, in some way,
I feel responsible --

HARPER

Don't.

Walt reacts. All stares shift to Harper.

HARPER (CONT'D)

You can't blame yourself, Walt.

OFF HARPER, who stares at Libby's grave, indifferent.

They've got nothing to mourn, compared to the ones we've buried. AND AS SHE CONTORTS HER FACE --

INT. LAB - YALE MEDICAL SCHOOL - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1991)**

Harper -- at the age of 24, with slightly shorter, spunkier hair -- squints through a microscope.

HARPER

It just amazes me that there aren't
more blood types.

She looks up from her work.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Don't you agree, Libby?

Libby -- at the age of 25 -- approaches Harper's side. Both women wear medical jackets.

LIBBY
Fewer letters for us to memorize.
Works for me.

HARPER
You don't really want to be here,
do you?

LIBBY
Of course I do.

HARPER
Right.

LIBBY
I've always wanted to be a doctor.
Ever since I was a little girl.

HARPER
You didn't have dreams of becoming
a nurse?

LIBBY
I took Pre-Med as an undergrad.

HARPER
Yet, you scored twenty out of fifty
on Emerson's last quiz.

Libby's expression morphs from casual to burdened. Harper's stare retains scrutiny.

LIBBY
It's a lot of material to remember.

HARPER
I had Emerson when I was a
freshman. Doesn't get any easier.
(beat)
When you're in the O.R. you won't
have time to glance at your notes.

LIBBY
How do doctors memorize it all?

HARPER

Motivation. It's their choice.
Just like it was your choice to
become a med student.

(half-mumbles)

But it wasn't my choice to get
stuck as your graduate mentor.

LIBBY

Well, Harper, maybe I'll become a
clinical psychiatrist. Like you're
going to be.

HARPER

Good luck with that.

DR. DUANE EMERSON -- early-fifties, Caucasian, rugged
physique, balding -- pokes his head into the lab's doorway.

EMERSON

Ladies.

HARPER

Dr. Emerson.

EMERSON

We have some visitors.

Emerson leads TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS over to his med students.
One is a FAIR-SKINNED WOMAN -- 47, Caucasian, auburn hair
with faint traces of gray -- who nods at Harper and Libby.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

May I introduce Dr. Liddy Wales,
currently a medical anthropologist
at Oxford. She sits on the Board
of Directors for the Hanso
Foundation.

Liddy Wales speaks with an extremely slight British accent,
although it's much more New England-sounding.

WALES

Hello, ladies.

EMERSON

And this --

He gestures to the labcoated man next to Dr. Wales --
revealed to be Richard Alpert, as ageless as ever.

EMERSON (CONT'D)
 -- is Dr. Richard Alpert,
 neurobiologist and recruitment
 coordinator for Mittelos
 Bioscience.

RICHARD
 Pleased to meet you both.

EMERSON
 Dr. Wales, Dr. Alpert, meet Harper
 Price and Elizabeth Franklin, two
 of my best--... two of my students.

LIBBY
 I go by "Libby," actually.
 (looks at Dr. Wales))
 Kind of funny, huh? Libby, Liddy.

WALES
 Mmm.
 (turns to Harper)
 Ms. Price, I read your thesis paper
 last semester on the behavior of
 orangutans with rare blood types.

HARPER
 You did?

WALES
 A fascinating study.

HARPER
 Um... thanks.

Libby bristles, as Harper directs a half-smirk at her.

WALES
 I have a few colleagues who work
 with primates. They might be
 interested in some of your
 observations.

RICHARD
 Have you ever considered veterinary
 biology, Ms. Price?

HARPER
 Actually... I think I'd rather
 specialize in human psychiatry.

RICHARD

Well, once you've received your MD, there's a research group overseas getting ready to set up a new operation. I suspect you may fit right in.

WALES

Absolutely.

Libby frowns, breaks away from them.

OFF HARPER, who turns back to her professor and the visitors.
AND AS SHE BEAMS, CLEARLY FLATTERED BY THEIR ATTENTION --

EXT. BOONE HILL - DAY

Harper returns her attention to her fellow Others.

HARPER

If she'd been meant to join us,
Jacob would have --

Vincent begins to BARK. All heads turn to see the dog scamper to the tree line.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

You've got to be joking.

But Vincent stops underneath a shady willow. The seven humans trail him, curiously. As they approach, Walt reaches out, brushes aside willow leaves, revealing...

HURLEY -- now appearing no older than forty -- who unsuccessfully hides his rotund body behind the tree trunk. He still wears a DHARMA jumpsuit with his name stitched on.

HURLEY

Hey.

OLDER JI YEON

Hurley?

WALT

Hey, man. Why aren't you inside?

HURLEY

I wanted to see her. It's sort of an... "us time" thing.

OLDER AARON

And you were waiting for us to leave, weren't you?

Hurley nods, silently. Vincent starts to bark again. Walt pulls on his dog's collar.

WALT

Take it easy, boy.

HURLEY

Dude, I think he's still getting used to the fact that I'm... like, still alive.

Walt reaches out, puts a comforting hand on Hurley's wrist. Hurley just gulps, gazes toward Libby's grave.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

A hand holds a COMPASS, which points north.

Clementine extends her arm, watches the arrow wiggle. Walt walks alongside her, Vincent by his side. They lead Hurley, Olivia, Aaron, Ji Yeon, Charlie, Harper, and Emma.

WALT

Wait. Everyone stop. I hear something.

They all halt in their tracks. Leaves RUSTLE.

HURLEY

Uh, oh. That's never a good sign.

The thick leaves part. Cindy, Zach, Rose, and Bernard trudge into the group's path.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Took you guys long enough.

CINDY

Sorry, love. We lost the trail.

OLDER ZACH

Guess no one's quite as good at it as Mr. Locke was.

A long pause blankets the group. Then...

WALT

Come on. The Temple's just up ahead.

All thirteen of them make their way through underbrush and hanging vines. As they approach the Temple wall...

A rifle CLICKS, aimed straight at them.

OLIVIA

Steve, is that you?

STEVE JENKINS, now in his late-forties, steps forward with the weapon in hand. He wears vintage Army threads.

STEVE

Sorry. Never can be too careful in this place.

HARPER

What's with the trigger-happiness?

STEVE

Still trying to sort out who's actually a ghost and who's someone pretending to be a ghost.

ROSE

Well here's a hint, sugar -- all of us are fully corporeal.

FEMALE VOICE

That's good to know --

An AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN -- fairly trim, early-fifties, her hair in dreadlocks -- ducks her head out from within Steve's blind spot. It's "MS. DREADLOCKS" -- one of the elusive Others from 2004.

DREADLOCKS

-- because I need Hugo to take over my shift.

OLIVIA

Why is that, Josephine?

JOSEPHINE

Stomach cramps.

(to Hurley)

Remember that time I creamed you in backgammon? You still owe me one.

HURLEY

Yeah, I know, JoJo.

(beat)

Hey, at least I don't confuse you with Nancy anymore.

Josephine suppresses a grin, punches Hurley in the arm. Smiling broadly, Steve lowers his weapon.

STEVE

Remember when you guys would always call me "Scott?"

(beat)

Man, I miss him.

OFF VINCENT, who nuzzles up next to Steve's leg.

You guys always take care of me... and I'll always take care of you. AND AS VINCENT STARES UP, TONGUE WAGGING, AT THE RIFLE THAT STEVE LOCKS BACK INTO SAFETY MODE --

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK (TIME JUMP - 1954)**

Vincent rubs his neck against a human leg. A HAND reaches down to pet Vincent's golden coat of fur. We pull back to see it's...

A younger Steve, standing with a group of other FUSELAGE SURVIVORS. Now stuck fifty years in the past, brought there by a mysterious flash of light.

MILES (O.S)
What's your problem?

NEIL (O.S.)
My problem is we don't have a knife.

Vincent, Steve, and the rest of the castaways watch the ensuing argument between MILES STRAUME and NEIL FROGURT. Among the onlookers standing nearby are JULIET BURKE, Sawyer, Rose, and Bernard.

NEIL (CONT'D)
And it wouldn't even matter if we did, because Bernie the Dentist over there can't even start a fire!

Bernard reacts from where he kneels in the sand.

SAWYER
Ease up there, Frogurt.

NEIL
It's Neil, you inbred.

Steve reaches down to stroke Vincent behind the ear, while Neil continues to argue with the other castaways.

NEIL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And I'm not going to ease up, because I'm tired, and I'm hungry, and I'm screwed! We're all screwed!

JULIET (O.S.)
Calm down, Neil. We're going to get through this.

Steve looks up from Vincent, resumes listening. He veers his head toward Frogurt.

NEIL
How are any of us going to get through this?

NEIL (CONT'D)
 Didn't you hear what I just said?
 We can't even get FIRE!

From O.S., A FLAMING ARROW nails Neil in the right breast.
 He hollers.

More shrieks as additional FLAMING ARROWS fly toward them,
 cascading in arcs through the sky.

SAWYER
 Run!

Vincent barks as Steve pulls him along. Neil gets hit with
 two more arrows, screams at the top of his lungs in the b.g.
 Steve makes it past the tree line, Vincent on his heels.

Arrows pelt the sand. People SHOUT. More Losties are hit
 with fire. Rose and Bernard run in front of Steve.

SAWYER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Come on! Split up, everybody! Get
 to the creek!

Steve trips, sprains his ankle.

STEVE
 Dammit! My foot!

Steve staggers on the ground, winces in pain. Vincent bites
 Steve's sleeve between his teeth, prods him to find cover.
 They take refuge behind a thick patch of underbrush.

FLAMES continue to alight the skyline overhead. VOICES
 become more faint. Steve squints through the darkness.

STEVE'S P.O.V.

The dim view of the surrounding vegetation becomes HAZY.

RESUME

Steve collapses back against the branches.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 The creek...

He faints. Vincent curls up next to him.

A FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT causes the night to turn into...

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - **FLASHBACK (TIME JUMP - DAY 41)**

Steve opens his eyes, sits up. The sun rays beat down on him
 through vines.

STEVE
Where is everyone?

Vincent nudges his leg, leads Steve through the jungle.
Steve cups his hands, calls out:

STEVE (CONT'D)
Sawyer! Juliet!
(beat)
Bernard! Rose!

With Vincent several steps in front of him, Steve hobbles...

FOR SEVERAL HOURS

Through valleys, over cliffs, past water sources, across more
vine-covered terrain. Finally, in the distance, between more
trees, he sees:

THE OCEAN

Steve steps closer to...

A SECLUDED BEACH

He peers out between branches, reacts.

SHANNON (O.S.)
Are you lost?

SAYID (O.S.)
No, absolutely not. Those trees
look really familiar. It's this
way -- I think.

SHANNON (O.S.)
Did you just say "I think?"

STEVE'S P.O.V.

SAYID JARRAH -- wearing a black tank top and a backpack --
and SHANNON RUTHERFORD -- dressed in a pink blouse over a
white top -- emerge onto the private beach, where a beautiful
picnic spread awaits them.

SAYID
Surprise.

SHANNON
You did this?
(beat)
Sayid, this is... awesome.

SAYID

What's the point of being on such a beautiful island if we can't enjoy ourselves, occasionally?

SHANNON

No one's ever done anything like this for me before.

SAYID

Have a seat.

They both kneel atop the picnic cloth.

FROM BEHIND STEVE'S HIDING SPOT

Steve looks down at Vincent, whispers:

STEVE

Isn't Shannon dead?

Vincent licks his lips.

STEVE (CONT'D)

And Sayid... he was on the freighter when it blew up.

He looks down at Vincent.

STEVE (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

Vincent takes off, runs away through the brush. Steve whispers, helplessly...

STEVE (CONT'D)

Vincent!

Steve shuffles after Vincent, both of them virtual blurs as they make their way through the jungle.

In the interim, DUSK FALLS. As Vincent slows down, Steve speeds up -- right on Vincent's tail, they intersect with...

Charlie Pace, bearded and wearing a brown shirt, and Jin, wearing a blue shirt and following Charlie.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Charlie? Jin?

CHARLIE

Claire's having the baby!
(waves him forward)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Scott, come on! Jack says we've got to help her!

STEVE

I'm Steve!

Charlie runs ahead. Jin looks at Steve, and then glances down at Vincent.

JIN

(in Korean)

Kate has to deliver the child.

Jin runs after Charlie, leaves Steve in their dust.

STEVE

But Claire already had Aaron...

Steve looks down at Vincent, confused. The dog merely stares back up at him. As Steve begins to step forward...

He **LOSES HIS BALANCE**. Steve tumbles to the ground, cracks his head against a large rock. He falls unconscious.

Vincent tucks his nose against Steve's unmoving wrist, licks him. We slowly pan up at the stars in the night sky.

ANOTHER WHITE FLASH. It's suddenly...

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - **FLASHBACK (TIME JUMP - 2007)**

Steve still lays motionless on the ground, a stream of blood flowing from his temples. Two pairs of FEET approach Vincent's four legs, next to Steve's body.

Cindy and Harper, both sixteen years younger and dressed in pirate-like attire. Cindy's hair is extremely long, thick, and curly. They exchange glances.

HARPER

Pick him up.

CINDY

What about the dog?

HARPER

You honestly think a golden Labrador can help us?

CINDY

I guess not.

Cindy and Harper each bring Steve to his feet; they begin to carry him away, as Vincent looks on. All of a sudden...

Steve's eyes pop open.

 STEVE
 What the -- ?
 (struggles)
 Who are you?

 HARPER
 Cindy, do it.

As Harper restrains Steve, Cindy reaches into her pocket and pulls out a jet injector. She quickly injects a relaxant into his arm vein. Within seconds, Steve goes limp, falls into Harper's arms.

 CINDY
 He'll thank us later, right?

 HARPER
 He'll be better off now.
 (beat)
 Let's get him to the Temple.

They haul Steve away. Vincent dashes off in the opposite direction.

AN HOUR PASSES...

As Vincent continues to scamper through the jungle, he thrashes through weeds and flora -- a virtual blur. Abruptly, he bumps into two sets of legs, belonging to...

Rose and Bernard, wearing the same clothes they had on during the flaming arrow attack.

 BERNARD
 Vincent!

 ROSE
 Sweetheart, where've you been?

They kneel, pet Vincent with affection.

 BERNARD
 Where's Sawyer? Juliet? Miles?

 ROSE
 Oh, Bernard. He can't answer you.
 He's just a dog.

OFF VINCENT, nuzzling his snout against their wrists. AND AS HE SAVORS THIS AFFECTION GIVEN TO HIM BY THE ELDERLY COUPLE --

EXT. TEMPLE WALL - DAY

Vincent charges forward, away from Steve and the rest of the group. He sneaks through an opening in the Temple wall.

WALT
Well, at least we know exactly
where he's headed, this time.

As the group approaches the Temple wall...

HARPER
(to Steve)
I thought Adam was supposed to be
on patrol last night?

STEVE
He was. I found him asleep in the
bushes.

HURLEY
Way to step up, Scott.

Steve gives him a dirty look.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
(hastily)
I mean, Steve. Steve.

Walt leads the large group of his followers through the Temple entrance. Olivia brings up the rear.

INT. CORRIDOR - FOUR MINUTES LATER

As they walk through the dim tunnel between rooms, an ominous BEEPING -- reminiscent of that from the Swan hatch -- echoes.

HURLEY
Uh, oh.

Walt breaks into a run. Everyone dashes after him. Hurley and Josephine stay directly on Walt's tail. As they run...

WALT
Hurley, you were supposed to be at
the console!

HURLEY
Dude... JoJo said she'd do it!

JOSEPHINE
Liar! You said you'd be back in
half an hour!

HURLEY

Since when have I ever been good at
keeping track of time?

The fourteen humans turn a corner, into:

A HIGH-TECH EQUIPMENT ROOM

A fancy computer terminal is hooked up to the wall,
surrounded by a row of electronic operational towers with
FLASHING LIGHTS. World MAPS, file cabinets, and numerical
COUNTERS line the walls.

As the BEEPING becomes LOUDER and MORE RAPID, Walt plops
himself down in front of the keyboard. Rapidly types in a
sequence of numbers. 4 8 15 16 23 42.

WALT

Good going, guys.

JOSEPHINE

(pointedly)
Yeah, Hugo.

HURLEY

(pointedly)
Yeah, JoJo.

ROSE

Stop it. You're acting like
children.

WALT

(frustrated)
Rose.

He hits a computer key. Repeatedly. Nothing happens.

WALT (CONT'D)

Dammit!

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Walt...

She rushes to his side, hits the "ENTER" key. A panel of
numbers RESETS to:

ONE HOUR, FORTY-EIGHT MINUTES.

Walt's finger lifts away from the righthand "SHIFT" key. He
blushes, breathes a sigh of relief, as does everyone else.

WALT

Sorry. I got nervous.

Then, Walt eyes both Hurley and Josephine.

WALT (CONT'D)

Both of you are taking the next shift.

(to Josephine)

"Stomach cramps" or not.

Hurley and Josephine glare at one another.

Steve pats Clementine on the shoulder, and she beams.

STEVE

What would we do without you, Clem?

OFF STEVE, who gives the flattered Clem a squeeze on her shoulder.

She saved us all. AND AS STEVE SMILES FONDLY --

INT. ORCHID STATION - **FLASHBACK (2017)**

Steve, six years younger, looks straight ahead as he rides down an elevator car.

STEVE

Are you sure we don't need any weapons?

Zach, at age 20, shakes his head from Steve's left flank. Emma, at age 22, stands on Steve's opposite side.

OLDER ZACH

It's just like I saw it. She'll be too scared.

OLDER EMMA

I can only imagine. After what she's been through.

The elevator arrives at the underground level, stops. As the door slides open, they exit.

STEVE

Has this portal ever been used in reverse?

OLDER ZACH

Ben never told us. I only know what happened in my flash.

They walk up to an empty room. Emma looks at her brother.

OLDER EMMA

Well...?

OLDER ZACH
Any second now.

Suddenly, A WHIRLWIND of BRIGHT LIGHT surfaces in the room. SCREAMS ECHO, as the trio of Others winces.

When the light clears, a younger Clementine -- at the age of sixteen, her hair dyed black -- kneels, curled up in a ball.

Emma steps forward.

OLDER EMMA
Clementine?

Clementine looks up, frightens. She quivers.

OLDER EMMA (CONT'D)
You don't need to be afraid.

CLEMENTINE
Wh--who are you?

OLDER ZACH
We're friends.

Clementine looks around, eyes wide. She brushes away tears.

CLEMENTINE
Where's Eloise? Where's the desert?

No one answers her.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
Where am I?

STEVE
You're home, Clementine.

Emma reaches out with an extended arm, and Clementine allows herself to be helped to her feet.

OFF STEVE, a warm smile crossing his lips. AND AS HE WATCHES ZACH AND EMMA HUG A SOBBING CLEMENTINE IN THEIR ARMS --

INT. CONTROL ROOM - TEMPLE - DAY

Steve smiles, as the adult Clementine gives him a friendly punch in the shoulder.

STEVE
Let's go decide on lunch.

Everyone -- except for Hurley and Josephine -- begins to exit the room.

SUB: NINETY-SIX MINUTES LATER

A CHUBBY HAND hits the "Play" button of a CD PLAYER. Within seconds, Sean Kingston's "ME LOVE" begins to play.

Hurley turns to Josephine, who sits at the computer terminal. He shoots her a friendly smile, extends his hand.

She takes it, jumps to her feet. They began to dance along with the music -- letting loose and having a good time.

ABOUT ONE MINUTE INTO THE SONG...

HURLEY

I'm glad Olivia got us this newer stuff. You can only listen to so much Mama Cass.

JOSEPHINE

I'm still trying to get over the fact that El DeBarge made a comeback.

HURLEY

I guess doing hard time makes you miss what you no longer have.

Clementine pokes her head into the control room.

OLDER CLEMENTINE

Hey, guys. Cindy's frying up the last of the DHARMA frizzled ham. Want me to bring you some?

HURLEY

Sure. After our shift's over, I was going to make some of my famous banana pancakes.

JOSEPHINE

Yum-yum.

WALT (O.S.)

Yeah, I've been craving them all week.

Walt appears in the doorway, from behind Clementine's shoulder.

WALT (CONT'D)

Who's taking the next shift?

JOSEPHINE
Adam said he'd do it.

OLDER CLEMENTINE
If he doesn't fall asleep again.

HURLEY
(to Walt)
Hey, little dude. How about I whip
up your favorite? Cherry Jell-O
with mango chunks?

WALT
Awesome.
(beat)
But you still owe me forty-eight-
point-three million dollars.

HURLEY
For now, all I can give you is some
extra whipped cream.

WALT
I'll take it.

As Walt and Clementine begin to duck out of the room...

HURLEY
Oh, you two. Remember --

They pause to listen to him.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
-- don't be late for the book club
tonight.

Walt and Clementine flash him smiles. Hurley gives them a
modest grin as we...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW