Episode #: 111

"Hearts and Minds"

Written by
Carlton Cuse

&
Javier Grillo-Marxuach

Directed by
Rod Holcomb

PRODUCTION DRAFT
November 3, 2004 (WHITE)
November 5, 2004 (BLUE)
November 8, 2004 (PINK)
November 9, 2004 (YELLOW)
December 1, 2004 (GREEN)
December 9, 2004 (GOLDENROD)
December 13, 2004 (SALMON)

Salmon Rev. Pages: 34A, 34B
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
SAIDID....................................Naveen Andrews
SHANNON..................................Maggie Grace
SUN........................................Yunjin Kim
WALT......................................Malcolm David Kelley

NICOLE....................................
BRYAN.....................................
MALCOLM..................................
LOST

“Hearts and Minds”

SET LIST

INTERIORS

SHANNON’S BUNGALOW – SYDNEY – Day – FLASHBACK
AUSTRALIAN POLICE STATION – Night – FLASHBACK
JUNGLE – BANYAN TREE – Day
SYDNEY HOTEL ROOM – Night – FLASHBACK
THE VALLEY – Night
  CAMPSITE – Late Afternoon

EXTERIORS

BEACH – Day/Late Afternoon
  TIDE POOL OFF THE MAIN BEACH – Day
MALIBU COLONY TENNIS CLUB – Day – FLASHBACK
JUNGLE – Day/Dusk/Night
  PATH TO NEW BEACH – Day
    FURTHER AHEAD – Day
  HATCH CLEARING – Day
  FURTHER IN – Day
  PATH – Day
  DOWNHILL GRADE – Day
  GARDEN – Day
  VALLEY – Day
  PATH TO THE VALLEY – Late Afternoon
MARINA – Later – FLASHBACK

*
TEASER

We PUSH THROUGH the “O” of the LOST logo and find --

1

EXT. BEACH - DAY

BOONE’S eye snaps open -- watching SAYID. From a distance...

SAYID

Carrying a box, approaching SHANNON. She is in her bathing suit reading the well-thumbed, passed-around copy of “Watership Down”.

Shannon looks up and sees Sayid, approaching. She’s not unhappy to see him.

SAYID

I brought you a present.

SHANNON

Did someone open a mall on the island?

SAYID

For helping me with the translations... Sorry, I didn’t have a chance to get it gift wrapped.

He hands her the box. She smiles, curiosity piqued, and lifts the lid to reveal the box holds a beautiful pair of designer shoes.

SAYID (CONT’D)

I found these in a pile of things rescued from the wreckage and have no use for them personally.

Shannon is amused.

SHANNON

They’re actually my size. Well, half a size off, but I think this place is actually making my feet swell.

SAYID

Another mysterious force on the island revealed.
BACK TO BOONE

Watching Sayid sit with her. They are smiling and joking and are even a bit flirtatious. Sayid is taking the longer approach of getting into Shannon’s life through friendship.

None of which pleases Boone.

HURLEY
Yo, Boone.

He’s pulled from his reverie as HURLEY walks up.

HURLEY (CONT’D)
Question for ya, dude.

BOONE
Yeah?

HURLEY
You and Locke are goin’ out every day and hunting boar, right?

BOONE
What about it?

HURLEY
It’s cool, except... how come you’re not comin’ back with any?

Hurley is not happy about this.

HURLEY (CONT’D)
We haven’t had any fresh pork on the plate in a week, dude.

BOONE
It’s not like they’re domesticated animals.

HURLEY
Maybe you’re not trying hard enough.

Boone just wants to be done with this discussion.

BOONE
We’re hunting, all right?

Hurley regards him dubiously.
HURLEY
Right on. I hope so, because
people need food. You know, solid
food. This isn’t a game, man.

OFF BOONE:

EXT. MALIBU COLONY TENNIS CLUB - DAY - FLASHBACK

Boone and NICOLE, 20, a cute California rich girl have just
finished playing tennis. They are walking from the court up
toward the clubhouse.

BOONE
I can’t believe you ran down
that last ball. Then hit if
for a winner. Lucky shot...

BOONE
(grins)
Yeah! I wish it was luck.

Lucky shot...

Playful banter. Boone has his arm around her. Obviously,
Nicole and Boone are in a relationship.

Boone’s cellphone RINGS.

BOONE (CONT’D)
(Into phone)
Yeah, hello?

SHANNON (O.S.)
Boone, it’s me.

Instantly his demeanor changes. He separates from Nicole,
without even realizing it.

BOONE
Shannon?

He HASN’T HEARD from her in a while.

SHANNON (O.S.)
Yeah. Hey...

And there’s SOMETHING BAD in her voice. Boone KNOWS HER and
SENSES it INSTANTLY --

BOONE
What’s the matter?

Nicole completely vanishes from Boone’s radar.
SHANNON (O.S.)
(finally; in a smaller voice)
Things aren’t so good.

BOONE
Where are you?

Nicole wants to know what this is all about.

NICOLE
Who is it?

BOONE
(cups phone)
It’s my sister.

Clearly a higher priority, as in “stay out of it.”

MOVING CLOSER ON BOONE we HEAR THE BLEED of Shannon’s side of the conversation -- getting heated now -- like the Nicole Brown Simpson 911 call.

BOONE (CONT’D)
Shannon...?

Someone’s in her apartment; she SLAMS the BATHROOM DOOR. We hear SHOUTING (A MAN in the b.g.), BITS and PIECES of CONVERSATION. And now Shannon saying --

SHANNON (O.S.)
(off phone to someone)
Just -- stay out of here! Get away from me!

BOONE
What’s going on?!

SHANNON (O.S.)
I can’t talk right now.

BOONE
All right -- Hang on -- I’ll come get you. Just tell me where you are.

SHANNON
(long pause)
Sydney.

BOONE
Sydney?
EXT. BEACH - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Sayid walks across the beach when suddenly BOONE CROSSES HIS PATH -- and this is no coincidental meeting.

BOONE
Stay away from my sister.

Sayid gives Boone the once over, completely unintimidated by this "lifeguard" boy.

SAYID
(deadly smile)
For a moment you seemed to be giving me an order.

BOONE
It’s a friendly suggestion --
SAYID
-- A suggestion, huh?

And if I were you, I’d

BOONE
listen. --

The men are up in each other’s personal spaces by now. This could go someplace -- but before it can escalate further --

LOCKE (O.S.)
Boone!

Boone TURNS -- on the call of THAT VOICE --

LOCKE
Standing on the edge of the jungle, carrying a supply pack. He sees exactly what’s going on. Defuses it with a lie --

LOCKE (CONT’D)
I found fresh tracks up by the stream.

Boone starts moving away -- pulled by Locke -- but he holds Sayid’s look.

BOONE
I’ll see you later.

SAYID
You know where to find me.
Boone breaks it off, strides over to meet Locke and walks away WITH HIM into the jungle.

OFF Sayid, concern growing about Locke’s influence.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

From a HIGH ANGLE we watch Boone and Locke trekking through the jungle. Sweating. Obviously hiking for a while.

CLOSER NOW --

LOCKE
You need to put aside your differences with Sayid.

BOONE
He’s hitting on Shannon.

LOCKE
We don’t want to make an enemy of him. We’re gonna want him on our side. He’s very competent.

Boone reacts. **Who even knew there were sides?** Boone isn’t sure where **ANY OF THIS IS GOING** -- asks --

BOONE
John... people are talking... what we’re doing out here every day. Especially since we never come back with anything...

LOCKE
You mean boar.

BOONE
Yeah.

The jungle is REALLY DARK AND MYSTERIOUS now. And we’re getting that deja vu feeling. We’ve been here before.

LOCKE
No lack of fruit and fish to go around.

Locke slows to a stop and looks **all around**.

LOCKE (CONT’D)
What we’re doing here... is far more important.
Locke begins to pull some brush and fronds off that are acting as camouflage covering the archaeological dig he and Boone began in episode 109 --

OVER THEIR BACKS WE CRANE UP TO REVEAL

Their progress in just a few days. The jungle undergrowth and dirt are all gone and what we see there *freaks us out* because it is --

A HATCH

*Six feet across, rectangular, made of metal and buried in the jungle floor.* Looks like stainless steel with a heavy hinge on one side and thick rivets all the way around it.

The hatch is slightly raised/concave. About one-third of the way down the hatch there is a very thick, clouded STEEL-FRAMED GLASS WINDOW. The rest of the hatch is smooth. No latch. No obvious way to open it.

*Trippy? Strange? SCARY?* *Fuck yes.* What the hell is this thing? Why is it buried there in the jungle ground? Who put it there? And when? All very good questions.

The very questions that Locke and Boone have been pondering for the last few days.

LODGE (CONT’D)
Right now *this* is our priority.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE - PATH TO NEW BEACH - DAY

JACK walks the path from the NEW BEACH toward the caves. As he walks, Hurley catches up with him.

HURLEY
So... Jack.

JACK
So... Hurley.

HURLEY
Something... kinda important I been meaning to ask ya about...
(clearly embarrassed)
Anything I tell you... it’s Doctor/Patient stuff -- confidential right?

Jack just looks at Hurley. Of course.

HURLEY (CONT’D)
Okay -- Thing is? I haven’t really been feeling too great...

JACK
What’s the matter?

HURLEY
It’s sort of like... my stomach? I’ve got some major... digestive problems...

Jack nods, falling into DIAGNOSTIC MODE. Throughout the following, Hurley keeps PICKING LEAVES. Feeling their textures, keeping some, discarding others.

JACK
What have you been eating?

HURLEY
Just some bananas... mangos... papayas... guavas... passion fruit... coconut...
(thinks)
...and some of those weird star fruit from up on the hill. Someone said they were good for digestion. But lemme tell ya... they lied.
JACK
It might help if you had some more protein in your diet.

HURLEY
Dude... What can I do? There’s no boar. No boar, no protein.

JACK
You can eat fish. Jin’s catching a lot of ‘em.

HURLEY
No way. That guy has it in for me.

Jack gives Hurley a look. Laughs good-naturedly.

JACK
C’mon, Hurley --

HURLEY
I’m not kidding. He offered me something to eat right after we -- you know -- got here. The thing with the spikes.

JACK
Sea urchin.

HURLEY
Yeah, sea urchin. I turn him down and it’s like I soiled his family honor or something. He hasn’t looked me in the eye since. Guy holds some kinda serious grudge.

Hurley STOPS. Suddenly panicky. Fiddles with the pile of leaves in his hand -- which Jack notices for the first time --

JACK
You’re not eating those, are you...?

HURLEY
Dude. These are not for eating.

The change of expression completely overtakes Hurley’s face.

HURLEY (CONT’D)
Excuse me.
And with that, Hurley runs off into the bushes. As Hurley scurries off to do his business, now Jack gets what the leaves are for. Jack continues on down the path.

EXT. JUNGLE - PATH TO NEW BEACH - FURTHER AHEAD - DAY

KATE is bending down gathering something from the jungle, putting it into a towel bag.

Jack sees her as he walks along the jungle path. He stops to watch her.

She moves along, collecting more stuff. He follows, keeps watching her. Moving in tandem -- until --

KATE (without ever looking up) I see you there, y’know.

Jack plays it off. They are tentative at first. Seeing where they stand with each other.

JACK I wasn’t hiding.

He moves closer to her, still curious. What’s she up to?

JACK (CONT’D) I just didn’t want to disturb you from doing... whatever it is you’re doing...

KATE It’s not like it’s a secret.

JACK Hard to tell with you.

Kate shoots Jack a sour look -- Jack decides maybe today’s not the day for this and gives in. He moves over to her. This woman is magnetic to him -- despite their issues. He sees what she’s holding.

JACK (CONT’D) Oh, gross little greyish yellow things.

KATE Passion fruit seeds.

JACK What are those for?
KATE
I’ll show you... if you wanna see.

Kate smiles, and heads deeper into the jungle.

KATE (CONT’D)
(simply, no innuendo)
Follow me...

Intrigued now, Jack walks after her...

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Jack follows Kate through the jungle --

JACK
Please tell me you found a coffee bar.

KATE
Not quite.

Into an OPEN CLEARING where they find --

A GARDEN. Nothing’s growing yet, but seeds are being planted, by SUN, in neatly arranged rows. Sun looks up, sees Jack and smiles modestly.

And although it’s just a start, we are struck - along with Jack - that this garden, this GROWING OF FOOD, is a symbol of the castaways taking another step in CULTURE BUILDING.

JACK
Wow...
(to Kate)
When did you do this?

KATE
I didn’t. It’s all Sun. I wandered into this place yesterday when I was out picking fruit.

JACK
(over to Sun)
This is beautiful. It’s great.

KATE
She’s got herbs and some lowgrowing stuff over here. And she’s... starting a grove over there...
Sun gives Jack a little smile and nod of appreciation, pretending she doesn’t get the words but gets the intent. Of course, LOST’s loyal followers know otherwise.

He wanders around looking at the rows.
This is smart. With the boar running out, we’re gonna need all the food we can get.

Maybe it’s not running out.

What do you mean?

Maybe Locke’s just decided not to catch ‘em for us anymore.

Jack throws her a look -- is she kidding?

Why would he do that?

(shrugs)

Lotta mouths to feed. If the boar’s thinning out, why should he feed everyone else at his own expense.

Jack shakes his head, smiles. She must be kidding.

You’ve got yourself some trust issues there, don’t you, Kate?

She smiles back --

Yup. And in a few weeks, I’ll have trust issues and lettuce.

And with that, Kate kneels down and gets to plantin’. And as we LINGER on Jack -- thinking about what she said -- his smile compromised by seeds of DOUBT...

EXT. JUNGLE - HATCH CLEARING - DAY

Locke and Boone have cleared the area around the hatch. The rectangular hatch is SURROUNDED and ENCASED IN --

I think it’s cement.
Boone is fixated and fascinated, walks around staring at the hatch from various angles.

Locke sits nearby, completely focused on the hatch as he goes about mixing a funky dark paste in a wood bowl, mashing in some jungle herbs. Boone takes notice --

**BOONE (CONT’D)**

What is that?

**LOCKE**

Hmm?

**BOONE**

In the bowl? What is that stuff?

**LOCKE**

It’s for later.

That’s all he’s getting. So Boone settles down next to Locke. Locke continues to stare at the hatch. Finally, after a few beats --

**BOONE**

So... not to be difficult or anything but... we’ve been coming out here for two days and... just staring at this thing. I don’t get what we’re supposed to be doing.

**LOCKE**

Ludovico Buonaratti.

**BOONE**

(uh...)

What?

**LOCKE**

Michelangelo’s father. He was a wealthy man who had no understanding of the divinity in his son. So he beat him. No child of his was going to use his hands for a living.

(beat)

So Michelangelo learned not to use his hands.

On Boone, wondering where this is going. PUSHING IN on Locke as he continues --
Years later, a visiting prince came into Michelangelo’s studio to find the Master staring at a single eighteen foot block of marble. The rumors he had heard were true -- that Michelangelo had come in every day for the past four months, stared at the marble, then gone home for supper. So the prince asked him the obvious -- “What are you doing?” And Michelangelo turned around. Looked at him. And whispered --

(flawless Italian)

Sto Lavorando.

(smiles; then)

“I’m working.”

Locke finally takes his attention off the hatch, turns to Boone, smiles --

Three years later that marble block was the statue of David.

Boone’s like HUH, what the fuck?! A long beat. Then:

...you’re not... we’re not gonna stare at this thing for four months, are we?

(then)

How are we gonna open it?

Locke looks at Boone like he’s finally getting the point.

That’s what we need to figure out. That’s why we’re sitting here.

Locke walks over and SQUATS DOWN next to the HATCH.

Because... how do you open a hatch that has no handle. No latch. No discernible way of opening it?

Boone takes in THAT conundrum.

Maybe we should just knock.
It takes a long beat... but Locke finally turns to Boone and smiles at him. And off BOONE, we CUT TO:

INT. SHANNON’S BUNGALOW - SYDNEY - DAY - FLASBACK

Boone KNOCKS on the door of a modest and funky rental. There is even a rental sign in the window.

The door swings open to reveal a guy named BRYAN, Australian, around 40, handsome, but with a dangerous edge. He gives Boone the once over.

BRYAN
Yeah?

BOONE
I’m looking for Shannon...

BRYAN
And you are?

BOONE
Her brother.

Bryan doesn’t get any friendlier. But he does swing the door open. Boone steps inside. And then Shannon appears from the other room getting ready to go out.

SHANNON
Boone...?

Shannon seems totally surprised to see him. It’s weird. No hugs. No greetings. Just a startled stare.

BOONE
Shannon? What’s going on...

SHANNON
What do you mean?

It’s like she forgot that she ever called him.

BOONE
Fifteen hours. I was on a plane for fifteen hours. “Good to see (MORE)
BOONE (CONT’D)

you”, “happy you’re here”. How about something like that?

SHANNON
I’m just surprised --

BOONE
You’re surprised? How are you -- You told me to --

Shannon looks from Boone, to Bryan -- who stays fucking inscrutable -- then back to Boone.

SHANNON
Listen, this isn’t the best time.
Bryan and I, we’re on our way out to meet some friends, and we’re * already like forty-five minutes late...

It’s clear from Shannon’s eyes that something is wrong, and her eyes plead this is neither the time nor the place to address it, not with Bryan standing here in front of them.

SHANNON (CONT’D)
Why don’t you call me tomorrow?

She brushes her hair away to REVEAL a slight BRUISE on her forehead. Her hair falls back over it.

SHANNON (CONT’D)
Please.

OFF BOONE -- realizing that something is rotten here, but he is not going to be able to save his sister just yet.

BOONE
...’kay.
(beat... then:)
Enjoy your dinner.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

JIN carries his fishing gear across the ocean side lava rocks, turns back -- what the hell? SEES Hurley scrambling after him.

HURLEY
Jin! Yo, Jin! Alto!

Jin doesn’t want anything to do with Hurley, but Hurley buttons him --
HURLEY (CONT’D)
Look. I know you don’t like me. ‘Cause of that sea urchin thing.

Hurley takes a moment to catch his breath, Jin waiting impatiently.

HURLEY (CONT’D)
And that’s okay, dude. Because I’m not asking for favors or anything. I just need to know -- where do you get the fish?
(pantomimes swimming fish)
Just point me in the right direction. I’ll take care of my own business, with my own tools.

Hurley holds up the spear he used in episode 102. Mimes spearing fish.

Jin BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER -- *

JIN
(in Korean, no subtitles)
I have no time for amateurs. Just stay out of my way.*

Beat.

HURLEY
You just said something mean, didn’t you?

Jin LAUGHS again, walks off. Hurley watches him go -- fine -- * he’ll do it himself.

EXT. JUNGLE - HATCH CLEARING - DAY

Locke and Boone pack up their shit, start humping it down their secret trail back to the camp.

BOONE
We’ve got to tell them. *

LOCKE
Tell them what? *

BOONE
(isn’t it obvious)
What we found -- y’know -- it. *

Boone’s trying to keep up; Locke’s walking fast.
BOONE (CONT’D)
They aren’t going to keep believing we’re out here hunting if we never come back with anything.

LOCKE
They’re not ready.

BOONE
But -- I mean -- why not?

LOCKE
Because they won’t understand it.

BOONE
...I’m not sure I understand it.

LOCKE
That’s the problem.

Boone finally gets to the heart of the matter for him.

BOONE
Look, at least I need to say something to Shannon.

LOCKE
Why?

BOONE
She’s my -- * Why do you care about her so much?

A beat. Then Locke shrugs, nonchalant --

BOONE
You don’t... She’s not always... (a bitch)
You don’t know her, man.

A beat. Then Locke shrugs, nonchalant --

LOCKE
Fair enough.

BOONE
She’s been asking me what we’re doing out here. I can’t keep lying to her.
LOCKE
You can't keep lying to her? Or you can't stand the way she makes you feel because you're lying to her?

BOONE
(beat, the fuck?)
Both. Whatever. Look, she can keep a secret.

LOCKE
You're sure?

BOONE
Yeah, for sure--

LOCKE
No, I mean are you sure you want to do this?

BOONE
I need to get her off my back. She keeps bugging me about this -- about you -- about this whole thing.

Boone looks over at him, awaiting his verdict.

LOCKE
(finally)
You sure you've thought through the ramifications...?

BOONE
(beat, confused)
Yeah.

LOCKE
Then so be it.

And with that, Locke flips one of his knives into his hand and uses the BUTT END to viciously SLAM BOONE in the HEAD.

Boone drops, folding to the ground. Locke stands over him with a look on his face that says he has a plan for this young man.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Boone’s eyes SNAP open --

-- he tries to shake the miasma of confusion and pain from his head -- but he is still stunned from Locke’s blow -- and as he tries to figure out what just happened --

-- PULL OUT TO REVEAL Boone: tied to a tree -- in a strange configuration of ropes strung around its trunk and branches.

BOONE

What th--?

Boone scans the clearing -- finds what he is looking for:

BOONE (CONT’D)

Locke!  LOCKE!

ANGLE ON LOCKE -- sitting on a stump.  Not answering -- not even turning.  Holding the paste he was mixing earlier.

BOONE (CONT’D)

What is this?  What are you--

But Locke just stares.  It is beyond creepy.

BOONE (CONT’D)

-- hey!  D’you hear me?  Look at me!  Hey, you untie my right now!

Locke slowly turns to look at Boone, then:

LOCKE

Or what?

Locke holds Boone’s eyeline, unbending.  Boone has no answer, so he breaks the stare -- his desperation growing:

BOONE

Look, I promise -- I swear --

But Locke says nothing.  Boone’s desperation grows.

BOONE (CONT’D)

I won’t tell anyone about that -- hatch thing -- okay?

Locke’s tone is warm and tender -- a teacher, not a tormentor:
LOCKE
I’m doing this, Boone, because it’s time for you to let go of some things. Because it’s what’s best for you. And I promise -- (beat) You’re gonna thank me for this later.

And the look on Boone’s face says what we’re all thinking: Holy shit! This guy is fucking nuts!

BOONE
Hey, you know what...? I don’t think this is best for me.

Locke steps up to Boone, starts spreading the paste over the raw spot on Boone’s head where Locke conked him.

BOONE (CONT’D)
What is that stuff? -- What are you doing?!

LOCKE
An open wound out here? Without treatment, it’s gonna get infected.

As if a fucking infection is Boone’s problem right now.

BOONE
What the hell are you talking about, man? You’re not leaving me out here?!

LOCKE
Whether you stay is up to you.

Locke steps back.

LOCKE (CONT’D)
The camp is four miles due west.

BOONE
What -- West? Which way is west?!

Locke just shakes his head -- EXACTLY. And after a beat, he turns. And walks away.

Boone strains against his ropes --
BOONE (CONT’D)

Hey! HEY!!
(no response; Locke just keeps walking)

Locke turns back -- holding a knife -- Holy Shit! -- and suddenly -- ZZZZZIP -- THWOCK! He THROWS THE KNIFE -- right toward Boone -- who clenches his eyes shut as the knife buries itself into the tree inches from his bound feet!

LOCKE

You’ll be able to cut yourself free. Once you have the proper motivation.

And with that Locke vanishes into the jungle.

Boone tries to free himself from Locke’s rope contraption. If Boone lowers his right arm toward the KNIFE -- the ropes pull his left arm up BEHIND his back -- the way a cop or bouncer would grab you to control you.

And that’s Boone’s exact situation. Because as he reaches down for the knife with his right hand, his left arm is PULLED UP BEHIND HIS BACK by THE ROPES causing him excruciating fucking PAIN.

BOONE

Agghhh!!

TIME CUT TO:

A13 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

CLOSE ON ONE OF THE MAPS TAKEN FROM ROUSSEAU. If it even is a map. We get the sense of geographical landmarks and the shape of what might be the island, but it’s all GREEK to us.

And now EVEN CLOSER on a CORK as what appears to be a SEWING NEEDLE is PUSHED through it. FOLLOWING the cork as it’s placed in a TUPPERWARE CONTAINER filled with water as we --

WIDEN to find --

SAYID on one knee beside the MAP and the container. Intense. He’s WORKING. Pulls a gnawed PENCIL from behind his ear as --

THE CORK with the needle begins to MOVE. Finally SETTLES.
Sayid makes a NOTATION on the map. Furrows his brow. Looks BACK the way he came. Checks the map again. Whatever it is he’s doing, it’s not making sense to him. And that’s when --

HE HEARS A SOUND. RUSTLING.

Sayid WHIPS AROUND -- Already getting up -- old training KICKING in because he’s already got his KNIFE in his hand --

And Locke is standing there.

LOCKE

Hi.

SAYID

Locke. I... didn’t hear you.

LOCKE

Sorry -- sneakier than I give myself credit for.

Sayid’s body instantly RELAXES. He sheathes the knife --

SAYID

What are you doing out here?

LOCKE

Hunting.

Sayid notices Locke is completely UNARMED. Before he can comment --

LOCKE (CONT’D)

Left my knife with Boone.
(smiles)
He thought I should take the afternoon off.

SAYID

Boone. Is hunting.

LOCKE

(shrugs)
Boy’s eager to learn.

SAYID

You think he’ll catch anything?

LOCKE

Nope.
Sayid SMILES -- charmed by Locke’s honesty. Locke notices the MAP, bends down over it --

LOCKE (CONT’D)
And what are you doing out here, Sayid?

SAYID
Orienteering. I’m trying to make something of Rousseau’s maps, but --

-- There’s nothing to make?

SAYID
Exactly.

Locke zeroes in on the NEEDLED CORK floating in the container. His eyes LIGHT UP as he taps it with a finger --

LOCKE
You made a compass. I haven’t seen one of these since I was a Webelo.

NOTE: PRONUNCIATION -- “Wee--beh--low.”

SAYID
What’s a “Webelo?”

LOCKE
Half way between a Cub Scout and a Boy Scout.

SAYID
And what does a Webelo do?

LOCKE
Gets badges mostly. Tying knots. Identifying birds.
(turns to Sayid; smiles)
I wasn’t the most popular kid.

Sayid smiles back as Locke gets up --

LOCKE (CONT’D)
Well. I’ll leave you to it.
(then; as if it just occurred to him)
Oh -- Here...

Reaches into his pocket and produces a full-on CAMPING COMPASS. All the bells and whistles --
LOCKE (CONT’D)  *

Maybe this’ll help your cause.

Sayid takes it, surprised --  *

SAYID  *

Don’t you need this?

And as Locke heads back off into the jungle --  *

LOCKE  *

Not anymore.

OFF Sayid, wondering what the hell that’s supposed to mean...  *

EXT. JUNGLE - LATER

THE SUN is high and beating down in shafts of light through the thick jungle.

Boone has been tied to his tree for a while now. He is tired, sweating, and totally freaked out about his horrible predicament.

He gathers his strength for another attempt. He reaches down, and the ropes wrench his other arm up behind him, and, by the way, he’s still WAY SHORT of grabbing the damn knife. Unable to take the pain, Boone stops -- Breathes hard -- SHOUTS OUT in wild FRUSTRATION...

BOONE

HEEEEEHELP!!!
INT. AUSTRALIAN POLICE STATION - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

MALCOLM

*Sorry, Mr. Carlyle... but I’m afraid I can’t help you.*

A Bullpen. Typical Saturday night crowd -- drunk-and-disorderlies. Boone is GETTING ANGRY at an Australian POLICE DETECTIVE named MALCOLM, 30s, who regards Boone with curious detachment.

BOONE

What do you mean, you can’t help me?!

MALCOLM

Unfortunately, sir, we need a little more to go on.

--I don’t understand! I’m reporting a crime here.

Malcolm hovers, like all the best bureaucrats, right on the edge of being patronizing.

BOONE (CONT’D)

(deep breath, centering)

Look, this is a cycle with her. My sister is attracted to the wrong kind of guy.

Right then -- the doors to the bullpen CRASH OPEN and in come four UNIFORMED COPS wrestling with a drunken and fighting, belligerent AMERICAN.

And since this is a cop station we might not think much of it -- until we notice that the DRUNK IS SAWYER!

SAWYER

It was his bottle -- I just gave it back to ‘im!

Yes, Sawyer. Sauced and STRUGGLING and YELLING.

SAWYER (CONT’D)

Yo, Croc Hunter -- how come nobody wants to hear my side of the story?!

Of course Boone doesn’t know Sawyer yet so it means nothing to him. But we wonder, holy shit! What does this weird coincidence mean? Why is Sawyer here? Why is he under arrest by the Sydney P.D.? But those, my friends, are questions to be answered in another episode.
Sawyer is rushed right on through and out another set of doors -- into the HOLDING CELL AREA.

MALCOLM
Now if that was her mate, see then I could help you.
(off Boone’s exasperation)
All right, let me finish taking down your information.
(writing)
You were saying she’s your sister... Then why is her name Rutherford and yours Carlyle, is she married?

Boone is getting progressively more and more annoyed.

BOONE
She was...
(holy shit!)
...but she’s not married anymore -- and that has nothing to do with this.

And that’s true because Shannon’s former marriage is a STORY for a different episode of LOST.

BOONE (CONT’D)
Rutherford was her dad’s name. Our parents got married when I was ten and she was eight.

MALCOLM
So she’s your step sister.

BOONE
That’s right.
(trying to drop names)
Maybe you’ve heard of my mother,
Sabrina Carlyle?
(no)
She’s got the largest wedding business in the US -- and I’m C.O.O. of the wedding clothing subsidiary.

In other words, pal, I’m not a schmuck. But Malcolm is not impressed.
MALCOLM
Would you like to buy my wife’s wedding dress? Cost two thousand dollars new and was only worn once.

Boone looks over at him.

BOONE
I just want somebody to pay this guy a visit, that’s all.

MALCOLM
Mr. Carlyle, in the absence of physical evidence or a direct complaint from --

Malcolm looks at his papers --

BOONE
--Shannon--

MALCOLM
--Shannon-- we can’t just go barging into people’s apartments. Sadly, we’re the police but not the dating police.

And Off Boone’s frustration...

EXT. MARINA - LATER - FLASHBACK

Bryan has been working on a boat. He comes off the deck onto the docks to see --

Boone, who approaches him, affecting a toughness he doesn’t truly possess.

BOONE
Bryan. We need to talk.

Bryan looks up at Boone like he’s never seen him before.

BRYAN
And you are?...

BOONE
Shannon’s brother. Boone.

BRYAN
Oh, right...
Bryan turns and gives him a small opening where he’s willing to listen.

**BOONE**
I won’t waste your time. Or mine. I want you to break up with my sister.

**BRYAN**
(you've gotta be fucking kidding me)
What?...

**BOONE**
I want you to end it. Now. Today.

Bryan can’t believe this -- he scoffs -- feeling NO THREAT here.

**BRYAN**
Bugger off, mate.

But Boone wasn’t expecting this to be easy. Which is why he takes out his CHECKBOOK --

**BOONE**
What you don’t understand, Bryan, is that you’ll be the third guy I’ve paid to leave. (beat)
You go to her house when she’s not there, you get all your stuff, and you never have contact with her again. Understood?

**BRYAN**
You flew all the way over here... to bribe me? I mean really-- What are you doing?! Shannon’s a grown woman --

**BOONE**
(unfazed)
And I’m going to give you twenty five thousand U.S. dollars.

This number gives Bryan pause. Then --

**BRYAN**
I love her.
BOONE

How much?

Bryan takes a long beat -- and maybe he does kinda love Shannon but obviously his love’s not running THAT deep.

BRYAN

My love for her...?

(beat)

Worth closer to fifty thousand.

Boone looks at him. Accepting the fact that this is how much the “exchange” will cost him...

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

CLOSE ON Boone. His eyes are closed. He’s resting his chin against his breastbone, letting the pain drain out of him -- wondering how the fuck he is going to get out of this.

That’s when he hears something...

SHANNON (V.O.)

SOMEBODY HELP MEEEEEE!

Oh my God! Is that Shannon?! His head snaps back up.

SHOUTS --

BOONE

Who is that?!

SHANNON (V.O.)

(far away)

Boone?!

BOONE

Shannon!

And Boone realizes Shannon is out here too! But NOT CLOSE BY because her voice is dampened by the THICK JUNGLE.

BOONE (CONT’D)

(yells to her)

I’m tied up!!

SHANNON (V.O.)

What?!

BOONE

Can you get over here and --
SHANNON
-- What? I’m tied up too!

And then we HEAR A HORRIBLE SOUND.

MMMMMMRRRRRRROOOOOOWWWWWR!

THE UNMISTAKABLE ROAR of THE MONSTER. Yeah. It’s out here too.

SHANNON (V.O.) (CONT’D)
BOONE!!!!

And OFF BOONE’S HORRIFIED FACE, WE...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

17 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Boone STRAINS against the ropes.

BOONE
Hang on, Shannon, I’m coming!

CLOSE ON BOONE -- his face beaded with sweat -- lined by the effort -- teeth clenched -- his sister calling out for him --

SHANNON (O.S.)
BOONE! HELP ME!

Boone struggles, trying to find a way out that doesn’t involve Locke’s rope trap using the strength of one of his arms to rip the other off --

-- but there’s little time to think -- because from the deepest recesses of the jungle, the sound keeps getting louder --

MMMMRRRRRRROOOOOOOWWWWWWRRR!

The monster --

SHANNON (O.S.) (CONT’D)
IT’S GETTING CLOSER --

Galvanized by his sister’s distress, Boone reaches once more for the knife. Finding the motivation Locke was talking about, he stretches down with his right arm causing his left arm to be HORRIBLY WRENCHED BEHIND HIS BACK.

Boone YELLS OUT IN PAIN but keeps going now...

BOONE
Eeeggghhhwwhhh!

Forcing himself down, further and further, straining against the SEARING PAIN -- until finally he GRABS THE KNIFE, pulls it out of the tree below him.

BOONE (CONT’D)
Agghhh!!

He cuts himself free. Takes off running, following Shannon’s cries.

18 EXT. JUNGLE - FURTHER IN - DAY

Boone races off across the jungle.
BOONE

Shannon!
(and again)
Shannon!!

Calling out her name -- and heedless of the MONSTER’S ROAR coming from the jungle NEAR HIM. Shit! He’s not even sure how close.

CRASHING OUT through the BRUSH he finds Shannon, also tied to a tree.

SHANNON

Boone -- thank God --
-- Get me out of here --
please --

BOONE

I’m working on it -- he --
how did --

Boone starts CUTTING Shannon’s bonds with the knife -- we’re HANDHELD CAMERA here -- urgent, terrifying --

MMMMMRRRRRROOOOOOOOWWRRRRRR!

SHANNON

Oh my god --

SWISH PAN from the JUNGLE back to our people: the monster’s close. And coming closer.

SHANNON

Hurry, Boone! Please... Almost... done -- There!

BOONE

Let’s go!

And the rope unravels as she’s cut free.

EXT. JUNGLE - PATH - CONTINUOUS

Boone and Shannon are running as fast as their legs will carry them -- pushing -- pushing -- on a MAD DASH through the jungle. The monster ROARING, tress SHAKING behind them as they make their way to --

EXT. JUNGLE - DOWNHILL GRADE -- CONTINUOUS

-- the two MOVE VERY FAST. Shannon can actually run. But something is becoming clearer with each passing second --

-- even running fast, there’s no outrunning this thing.

Boone looks around frantically, assessing his options, SEES --

A BANYAN TREE -- Massive. Boone gets an idea.
BOONE
C’mon!

He PULLS SHANNON with him toward the BASE OF THE TREE.

SHANNON
What are you doing?

No time to argue. The ROAR has become a THUNDERING DRONE -- it’s everywhere around them, thick and ominous --

SHANNON (CONT’D)
We have to run!

Boone grabs her --

BOONE
Shut up! In here.

And he pulls her with him into a HOLLOW in the BANYAN TREE. There is just enough room inside the colossal trunk to protect them.

INT. JUNGLE - BANYAN TREE - CONTINUOUS

They huddle together. Boone doing whatever he can to obscure himself and his sister from view.

And now the MONSTER is RIGHT THERE.

Shannon looks very vulnerable. Boone calms her -- fingers to her lips. JUST AS the massive shadow of the beast passes over them, cuts the shafts of light coming down into the jungle.

Is it past them?

They get their answer. No -- because -- SLAM!! SLAM!!! The tree BUCKS. The Monster ROARS -- and is SLAMMING ITSELF AGAINST THE FUCKING TREE!!

INT. SHANNON’S BUNGALOW - DAY - FLASHBACK

Shannon lets Boone inside. He enters quickly, pissed, having had enough -- she seems genuinely startled --
SHANNON
I thought you were coming -- d’you have any bags? Are you taking anything--?

SHANNON
-- you should come back --

BOONE
Shannon. We’re getting out of this country: are you taking anything with you?

But Shannon seems awkward -- as if something’s not going according to plan -- and doesn’t quite know how to react. And Boone stares at her, trying to figure this out.

BOONE (CONT’D)
-- what the hell’s going on?

SHANNON
You were supposed to come later.

BOONE
I’m not gonna sit in my hotel room all day, let’s do this, let’s go.

Just then, a SOUND -- Boone looks up -- and BRYAN enters -- either from outside or a distant door or a staircase -- the important thing is that he was far enough away not to have heard any of the preceding.

Suddenly Boone and Shannon are especially awkward. Bryan, however, seems calm and confident.

BRYAN
Oh... look at this.

BOONE
(firm, quiet, to Shannon)
Let’s go.

But she doesn’t move.

BOONE (CONT’D)
...it’s okay. We can go.

But there’s another odd, motionless silence. Boone moves to Shannon -- takes her by the arm to usher her out -- but she resists -- and he stops, looking at her, puzzled -- then:
Hey, mate, you don’t get this yet?
What’s what?

Boone stops -- no, he doesn’t... Boone looks at Shannon for a long, long beat. She tries to remain firm -- but her look
has such a trace of guilt that it begins to dawn on Boone (though it takes a while) just what the hell’s happening here: Shannon and Bryan are in on this together.

Boone stares in silence. It’s a horrible betrayal. Shannon knew he would do whatever it took to rescue her. Shannon played him for the money.

BOONE
This whole thing...? This was a set-up...?

BRYAN
Don’t get all bent, brother. She’s just getting what she’s owed.

Boone turns to Bryan -- a volcano about to explode -- Boone is still in shock, really -- but where the fuck does this guy get off?

BOONE
-- what’d you say?!

BRYAN
She told me your mum cut her off after her daddy died. Kept all of her father’s money for herself. Screwed over Shannon and used it to start her business. Sweet mum you got there.

(then)
I reckon this is just fair recompense. Wouldn’t you agree?

But Boone just looks at Shannon -- suddenly replaying past events in his mind -- a fucking tumble of now-revised memories:

BOONE
-- this isn’t the first time, is it? You’ve done this to me before, you little bitch--

Bryan puts his hands on Boone --

BRYAN
That’s enough.

Boone makes his gamest effort to shove Bryan aside --

BOONE
-- don’t touch me, you lowlife piece of--
BAM! Bryan’s PUNCHED BOONE -- and does it again and then again and it’s swift and brutal. Bryan knows a thing or two about fighting and Boone is getting the shit kicked out of him. Boone doesn’t even get a swing in.

SHANNON
Stop it! BRYAN! GET OFF HIM!!!

Boone falls to the floor -- but Bryan’s on bar-fight autopilot now -- Shannon throws herself on Bryan -- SCREAMING and PULLING --

SHANNON (CONT’D)
STOP!

-- Shannon finally pulls Bryan off him.

And all that’s left is an ugly silence as the three catch their breath and look at each other.

The thoroughly beaten Boone picks himself up -- looks at his sister -- wipes his bloody lip --

-- and leaves.

OFF Shannon -- trading looks with Bryan -- then looking at the closing door with remorse for what she has done.

A23  EXT. BEACH - DAY

SAYID
Which way do you think North is?

Find Sayid and Jack on the beach. Away from the others --

JACK
Sorry?

SAYID
North. Which way?

Jack studies Sayid -- he’s serious. Okay, he’ll play along --

JACK
Okay. Sun’s gonna set over there, so that’d be west. That makes North...

Based on this logic (and it is sound), Jack POINTS off in the appropriate direction.
SAYID
Correct. That is where North should be...

Sayid produces the COMPASS. Holds it up next to Jack’s upraised ARM --

CLOSE ON THE NEEDLE -- Sayid now raises his OWN ARM to match its direction -- about TWENTY FIVE DEGREES OFF Jack’s guess-estimation --

SAYID (CONT’D)
Yet that is North.

JACK
(understandably confused)
I’m not --?

SAYID
-- A minor magnetic anomaly might explain a variance of two or three degrees. Not this.

Okay, that’s fucking weird.

JACK
What’re you saying, Sayid?

SAYID
I am saying...
(beat)
This compass is obviously defective.

JACK
Where’d you get it? The compass?

SAYID
Locke gave it to me this afternoon.

JACK
Locke? Where’d you see him?

SAYID
About a mile East of here --
walking through the jungle.
(beat; then)
At least I think it’s East.

Sayid cracks a smile -- but that wasn’t necessarily a joke.
And OFF JACK, wheels turning --
CLOSE ON the dirty faces of Boone and Shannon peering out, listening intently to the now ordinary JUNGLE SOUNDS. Not wanting to MOVE A MUSCLE until they are fucking sure that the MONSTER is gone.

SHANNON
(barely a whisper)
Can we please get out of here?

BOONE
(peers out, beat, quietly)
...I think so...

Shannon gives a look out herself as Boone slowly works his way out of the tree. She follows him.

SHANNON
What did you do to him?

BOONE
What did I do to who?
SHANNON
Locke. What did you do to that psycho to piss him off?

And Boone KNOWS why. But --

BOONE
I didn’t do anything.

SHANNON
Oh -- so he did it because he was bored? Why us? Why me? I know you and him are --

BOONE
(enough)
Let’s just get back to camp.

Boone looks around trying to figure out which way to go.

SHANNON
Uh, scoutmaster? The path’s over here.

BOONE
What path?! There is no path.

And so he goes after her to see what she’s talking about --

CLOSE ON SHANNON’S face -- as she stops dead in her tracks -- SEEING SOMETHING scary -- but we don’t know what it is yet.

SHANNON
Oh my God...

Boone approaches alongside her. His mouth drops open as he sees it. CRANE UP BEHIND THEM to finally REVEAL --

A HUGE SWATH OF FLATTENED JUNGLE.

The path of destruction left behind by the monster.

And it’s a very scary sight. OFF the two of them.

EXT. BEACH — DAY

Jack walks along the beach -- finds Locke -- sitting by the shore staring out at the ocean. Jack approaches him.

JACK
Any ships?
LOCKE
Not yet. But I’m patient.

JACK
Mind if I join you?

LOCKE
(gestures to sit)
Please...

Jack sits beside him. A few beats. Then --

JACK
Been awhile since you and I talked, John.

LOCKE
Well... you’re a busy man.

JACK
(smiles)
So are you.

Locke chuckles. Touche.

JACK (CONT’D)
Where’s Boone?

LOCKE
(doesn’t miss a beat)
Haven’t seen him today.

JACK
Yeah? You two have been attached to the hip all week.

Jack doesn’t need to finish the sentence.

LOCKE
Well let me check my hip, then.
(he does)
Nope. No Boone.

Jack smiles -- but he doesn’t really smile. He’s no dummy, and although he doesn’t know what we know, he still feels something... something just OFF.

JACK
How’s the hunting going?

LOCKE
Between you and me?
Always.

The boar are learning out tactics. I fear they're migrating outside our valley. They're smart animals. And smart animals adapt quickly when a new predator is introduced into their environment.

You mean us.

And Locke turns to Jack, flashes a grin which to him might be “jokey,” but to us is FUCKING CREEPSTOWN --

The most dangerous predator of all.

And OFF JACK --

EXT. BEACH - A TIDE POOL OFF THE MAIN BEACH - DAY

Jin walks through a pool of water -- snaring yet another fish in a makeshift net. Satisfied, he turns around -- and the look on his face makes patently clear what he thinks about --

Hurley -- a few meters away, trying to emulate Jin by making a net from his outer shirt -- but having little success --

Dammit!

Jin is not about to help Hurley. He walks out of the pool -- looking Hurley up and down as he passes him -- and drops his catch on the beach a safe distance away.

Jin comes back to the tide pool --

(In Korean)
Don't eat my fish!

It doesn't take a U.N. translator to figure that one out.

Hey, you know what? You win, okay? You happy now? Keep your damn fish. I'm outta h--
but as Hurley has turned to go, he’s stepped on something -- a sea urchin -- the spine penetrating right up through his thin rubber shoes.

Hurley CRIES OUT in pain -- hopping to the shore and plopping down to the ground in a rather ungraceful manner --

HURLEY (CONT’D)

   OW! Damnit! Awgh! God, that--
   DAMNIT!

Jin watches -- now he has no choice but to help --

JIN

   What did you do?

HURLEY

   I stepped on one of those damn friggin’ URCHINS!

Jin looks down at Hurley’s foot as Hurley frantically pulls out the stuck needles --

HURLEY (CONT’D)

   Oh -- hell -- look man -- you gotta do something -- you don’t want to give me fish, that’s fine, but -- (doesn’t want to say it)
   -- You gotta pee on my foot -- OK? (then)
   I saw it on TV -- it’ll stop the venom -- you gotta --

JIN

   Just pull out the spines -- pull them out --

The two men are now pantomiming vastly different things. Hurley finally gets Jin’s attention by agitatedly pointing between his foot and Jin’s crotch -- and that’s when Jin finally understands what Hurley is getting at --

HURLEY

   Would you JUST do it? I’m gonna lose my foot if you don’t! PEE ON IT, MAN!

JIN

   No -- you idiot -- that isn’t going to do anything! That’s for jellyfish stings!

-- Jin finally says his first words of English on the island to emphatically get his point across --
JIN (CONT’D)
No. No. No.

Okay, it ain’t gonna get him a 750 on the SAT, but it does
make the point loud and clear.

Hurley wears a miserable expression as Jin begins to help him
pull the spines out of his foot. Hurley MOANS in pain.

EXT. JUNGLE - GARDEN - DAY

Kate and Sun are planting seeds. They can’t communicate,
except through the experience --

KATE
Well this is nice. Just us girls.

Sun just looks at her, smiles -- in a sweet but awkward way --

KATE (CONT’D)
Can you believe we’ve been here
over three weeks? *

(off Sun’s look; they keep working)
I was heading for Bali. I...
travel a lot. I was looking
forward to spending some time
exploring the island.

(beat)
But I ended up on a plane to LA
instead.

(beat...)
Guess this falls into the category
of be careful what you wish for.

Sun is planting, gives a small, “I’ll say” smile under her
hat. Kate immediately locks her eyes onto Sun. A long beat.

KATE (CONT’D)
...you understood me...

Sun’s smile vanishes. Kate keeps her eyes right on Sun.

KATE (CONT’D)
-- you did, didn’t you?... You just
understood what I said.

Under this pressure and scrutiny Sun is unable to hide her
fear. Kate’s amazed -- says quietly:

KATE (CONT’D)
You speak English?
Sun looks at Kate and the expression on her face tells us all -- and Kate -- that she’s busted.

**SUN**

Please. Don’t tell anyone.

---

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Hurley is nursing his swollen foot. Calls out --

**HURLEY**

You sure you don’t speak English?

He watches Jin picking urchins out of the tide pool.

**HURLEY (CONT’D)**

‘Cause there’s a rumor that you do.

Jin doesn’t react. After a beat of nothing for Jin --

**HURLEY (CONT’D)**

Your wife is hot.

Jin stares over at him blankly. Now Jin approaches having opened an URCHIN for Hurley to eat.

**HURLEY (CONT’D)**

I get it, this is some kind of payback ‘cause I wouldn’t eat urchin that other time, right?

And Jin smiles, pushing the urchin at Hurley. In KOREAN --

**JIN**

Here. Please.

Hurley realizes that this is his chance to make an apology --

**HURLEY**

I eat this... you give me fish... right?

Jin’s expression changes **not at all**.

**HURLEY (CONT’D)**

Okay. Fine.

Hurley stares at the fucking orange mucus ball, trying to get pumped up.
HURLEY (CONT’D)
Over the lips and past the gums,
yada, yada -- oh god! --

And Hurley takes the urchin, closes his eyes and pops it down his throat.

Jin stares at Hurley, a big smile on his face. And Hurley does his best attempt at a smile back. It’s a great moment of cross-cultural reconciliation...

Until Hurley’s face blanches. He bends at the waist -- and VOMITS UP the sea urchin. Really WRETCHES.

HURLEY (CONT’D)
Ohhhhh.

OFF Jin, cringing, this is not a pretty sight.

EXT. JUNGLE - VALLEY - DAY

Dark, scary -- light pours through the vines in shafts -- Boone looks up, trying to spot the sun through the foliage, hoping they are going the right way.

SHANNON
Are you sure we’re going in the right direction?

BOONE
You don’t want to follow me, then don’t.

SHANNON
I wouldn’t have to follow you if you weren’t best friends with the nutcase who brought us out here.

Boone walks on. Ignoring her. But she’s unrelenting --

SHANNON (CONT’D)
You and Locke weren’t hunting, were you? You were doing something else.

BOONE
Haven’t we been over this?

SHANNON
You’re a horrible liar, Boone.
BOONE

We weren’t doing --

-- Why are you keeping a secret for this guy!

SHANNON

Boone turns and fires back on Shannon --

BOONE

You know who “this guy” is? He’s the one person here who has a real clue what’s going on.

SHANNON

...the hell does that mean?

-- It means he’s smart.

SHANNON

He tied us up, Boone!

Despite her anger, it’s hard to argue with Shannon. Pretty much anything she wants from him, she gets. Several beats, pass. Then --

SHANNON (CONT’D)

Why?

BOONE

We found something.

SHANNON

What?

Another beat as he contemplates the plunge. Then --

BOONE

While we were out looking for Claire... we found this... this piece of metal. Buried in the jungle. We’ve been excavating it --

SHANNON

A piece of metal?

BOONE

A hatch. Buried in the dirt.

SHANNON

...like... like a door?

BOONE

Yeah. That’s what a hatch is, Shannon--
SHANNON
Where does it go?

Shannon’s a little creeped out.

BOONE
I don’t know.  
(beat)
I told him I wanted to tell you.  
That’s when he did this--

-- but suddenly: MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMWWWWWWWWR!

The monster’s back. And it’s FUCKING CLOSE this time! 

BOONE (CONT’D)
-- go!

And they run -- but this time there’s no outrunning it and no place to hide.

Shannon trails Boone slightly -- and we’re TRACKING WITH HER FAST in TIGHT PROFILE -- and we SHAKILY TILT TO HER LEGS AS SHE RUNS AND SUDDENLY THOSE LONG LEGS ARE LIFTED OFF THE GROUND AS SHE’S APPARENTLY GRABBED BY THE THING AND SHE SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER. We don’t see any more of the thing than when it ripped the pilot from the plane’s cockpit.

But it has her -- pulls her away through the thick brush.

Boone turns back in horror -- stumbling back, looking up in SHEER HORROR -- YELLING as his sister’s SCREAMS ARE HEARD --

BOONE (CONT’D)
SHANNON!!!

SHANNON
OH GOD! OH GOD! NO!

-- and he’s on the floor of the jungle -- eyes wide, red, wet, as his sister’s voice is SILENCED -- and he’s just there, in shock -- as the BEAST LUMBERS OFF -- something we don’t see -- but we’re TIGHT ON BOONE’S HORRIFIED FACE -- then WIDE, departing -- WIDENING -- on Boone, alone, alone... 

BOONE
Shannon!!

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE - PATH TO THE VALLEY -- LATE AFTERNOON

Kate and Sun are alone on the path, standing, talking quietly:

KATE
Does anybody else know?

SUN
Only Michael.

KATE
But not your husband.

Sun takes this in.

SUN
Please...

As in -- you mustn’t, mustn’t tell --

KATE
Don’t worry, I can keep a secret.

Sun gives her a small smile. Sun volunteers more --

SUN
I took English lessons in Korea.
(then; guiltily)
He doesn’t know. It’s... complicated.

Kate listens to this, realizing there’s a lot more to Sun than has yet been revealed.

KATE
Why don’t you tell him now?

SUN
(shaking her head)
I can’t.

KATE
Why?

That’s the question and we’re back to it again.

SUN
Because I love him.
KATE
I don’t understand.

Sun looks over at Kate and then puts it in terms Kate can understand.

SUN
Have you never lied to a man you’ve loved...?

OFF KATE. Okay, that resonates.

A30 EXT. BEACH – LATE AFTERNOON

And speaking of men that Kate has lied to, JACK taps a single TABLET out of a pill bottle into the hand of CHARLIE --

CHARLIE
Cheers.

PULL BACK to find the two beside tonight’s SIGNAL FIRE. Charlie dry swallows the pill and -- he returns to carefully building the log cabin of fire.

JACK
Give you a hand?

CHARLIE
Love one.

Jack squats down. Helps assemble the firewood as they talk --

JACK
Haven’t seen you around the caves lately.

CHARLIE
Yeah. Needed a change of scenery.

Charlie looks up -- and there’s something different about him. That twinkle temporarily dulled from his eye. And Jack is very aware of this. Serious, concerned --

JACK
How you doing, Charlie?

CHARLIE
How am I doing with week two of heroin withdrawal or how am I doing with Claire being abducted by the freak who tried to kill me?
Well, that about says it, doesn’t it? But Jack deflects with skilled bedside manner --

JACK
I gave you the aspirin for the heroin withdrawal.

And this gets a genuine SMILE out of Charlie. Warms him up a bit. The two continue to build as Jack’s attention is drawn back towards

THE BEACH

Where Locke still sits off in the distance, looking out at the water. His back to us in that old familiar posture --

And it’s patently clear. Jack very much has Locke on the brain right now.

JACK (CONT’D)
What do you think his story is?

CHARLIE
Who? Locke?

Jack nods.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
That man’s a freak of nature. Very disturbed. Quite likely murdered all his mates at the Post Office that day his mum forgot to put a cookie in his lunch tin. That was my first impression, anyway.
(beat)
But then he saved my life.

This certainly piques Jack’s interest. But --

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Another story for another time.

JACK
You trust him?

Charlie’s SURPRISED that Jack would even ask such a thing --

CHARLIE
Trust him? No offense, friend... but if there was one person on this island I’d put my absolute faith in to save us all, it’d be John Locke.
And Charlie fucking MEANS it. *
And as Jack again looks off in the distance at Locke... *

INT. THE VALLEY - CAMPSITE - LATE AFTERNOON 30 *
MICHAEL unzips his bag -- looks inside -- and as he does --

HURLEY (O.S.)
Found your bag? That’s pretty awesome...

REVEAL Hurley -- miserably munching on a papaya. He’s still in pain from the urchin. He watches Michael life something up from his bag.

It’s a WOOD BOX. And it brings back melancholy memories for Michael (more to come on this next week.) Michael looks over at -- WALT playing with Vincent a few meters away.

Then, he puts the BOX back in the bag --

HURLEY (CONT’D)
...must be nice using your own toothbrush again.

MICHAEL
You got some papaya there?

HURLEY
Yeah. Yippee.

MICHAEL
Mind if I --

Hurley throws Michael a papaya with no hesitation, rubs his sore foot.

HURLEY
Knock yourself out, dude. Hey, you want to wish something on your worst enemy? Hope they step on a sea urchin.

And as Michael eats, Hurley looks up to see Jin approaching --

-- Hurley looks down -- not wanting to face him, but Jin now stands over him... and hands him a WHOLE FISH.

HURLEY (CONT’D)
Whoa. Hey. Thanks... *
Jin shakes his head, then walks off. Hurley examines the fish. It’s sliced along the bottom.

HURLEY (CONT’D)
Dude, this has already been cleaned? You’re kidding me...

But Jin is already out of there, on his way to meet up with --

SUN

at the middle of the valley. The two talk together softly in KOREAN -- the gentle, normal discourse of a couple doing their best to cope.

KATE

Drifts INTO FRAME, watching them talk intimately. She wonders how two people have so little communication on one level yet obviously share love and loyalty on another.

And off this --

A31 INT. THE VALLEY - CAMPSITE - LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

JACK (O.S.)
They look happy.

And speaking of complicated couples... Kate turns around. It’s Jack, who has walked up behind her.

KATE
Happy?

JACK
Yeah, you remember happy, right?

Kate chuckles. But Jack didn’t come here to talk about Sun and Jin --

JACK (CONT’D)
Put out your hand.

KATE
(playful)
My hand?

JACK
(simply)
You’ll like it. I swear.

Kate looks at Jack, trying to figure out what he’s doing.
And we play up her indecision here: Is she going to give Jack her hand or not? Until she tentatively holds out her hand... slowly opens her palm.

Jack puts his hand on top of hers, their hands touching softly as he carefully puts something inside... Something too tiny for us to see. Kate looks at whatever it is --

KATE
(recalling what Jack called her passion fruit seeds earlier)
Gross little greyish yellow thingies?

JACK
(mock insulted)
Excuse me -- these are slimy little blue-black thingies.

KATE
Guava seeds?

JACK
What’s a garden without guava?

KATE
A question I’ve been asking myself forever.
(then)
Thanks.

Jack smiles at Kate. And as always, there’s so much going on between these two. But we’ll leave the audience wanting more and go to --

EXT. JUNGLE - DUSK

Boone prowls the jungle like a mad man -- truly: this guy may be losing his mind:

BOONE
Shannon?!

Hoping against hope that Shannon could have survived what he saw -- knowing that it’s probably impossible but following the path anyway... CLOSE ON Boone’s ragged expression as he calls again --

BOONE (CONT’D)
(even more frantic)
SHANNON?!
INT. SYDNEY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Boone holds an ice pack to his head. Thoroughly morose and humiliated, he stuffs his clothes into his bag. He’s getting the hell out of Dodge, having failed here in the most miserable of ways.

Then a SOFT KNOCK on the door sounds. Boone goes and opens it, revealing...

Shannon.
She enters -- without a word. Eyes red from crying. **Drunk.** Pretty seriously drunk. Boone breaks the silence.

    BOONE
    What do you want?

It’s hard for her to admit it, but finally she does.

    SHANNON
    Bryan took the money.

    BOONE
    What? --

    SHANNON
    He’s gone.

Boone sees the utter sincerity and vulnerability on her face. Despite that, he’s **still pissed** --

    BOONE
    So the player got played. That’s poetic, don’t you think?

Shannon looks stricken. She stumbles toward him and lashes out -- drunk and angry.

    SHANNON
    It’s all your fault.

Boone looks at her incredulously.

    BOONE
    Well that’s perfect.

    SHANNON
    I knew you’d bring the money. I knew you would.

    BOONE
    You’re **drunk**, Shannon...

    SHANNON
    And you wanna know why?

    BOONE
    Does it matter? Because I’m sure you’re gonna tell me.

Boone can’t wait to hear THIS ONE.
SHANNON
Because you’re in love with me.

Boone is stunned by this. It really takes a beat. And yet... he may be blushing, the slightest bit...

BOONE
What?

She says it again, simply.

SHANNON
You brought the money because you’re in love with me.

Boone FIRES BACK -- cutting, bitter and angry.

BOONE
You show up here plastered --
you’ve always been a self-centered bitch -- but now you’re delusional --

SHANNON
-- I know you’re in love with me.

Shannon looks at him -- with honesty -- but also some edge.

SHANNON (CONT’D)
I’ve always known it.

She’s daring him, challenging him to deny it.

BOONE
You’re sick.

Even as she’s moving closer -- and closer --

SHANNON
No...

BOONE
Stay away from me...

SHANNON
It’s all right...

BOONE
-- the hell are you doing? Get away from me --

-- but the truth is? He’s not moving. And now she’s right there --
BOONE (CONT’D)
-- Shannon...
(beat)
... stop it.

-- but slowly -- she keeps coming... and their lips finally meet.

They KISS. A tender and tentative exploration, after which they pause -- their hearts pounding --

And now they give themselves over to it -- abandoning themselves to the moment -- in FULL ON PASSION -- stumbling back -- and falling in a tangle onto Boone’s hotel room bed.

INT. SYDNEY HOTEL ROOM - LATER - FLASHBACK

Boone in his boxers sits on the edge of the bed. Shannon sits across from him in a chair, fully dressed.

They don’t say anything for a long moment. Her shame and regret hang heavy in the air. Finally:

SHANNON
When we get back to LA... you should just tell your mom that...
that you rescued me. Again. Just like you always do -- and we just go back --

BOONE
-- to what?

SHANNON
To what it was.

BOONE
SHANNON
How could you --

Like this.

And there is nothing he can do about it.

BOONE
Like it’s all up to you?

But her veneer is fully back up in place -- and she gives him nothing. Boone’s expression turns as he realizes that tonight never happened.

SHANNON
Get dressed.
Off Boone, the sadness, anger, and *resigned disappointment* play across his face.

**EXT. JUNGLE - EVENING**

Boone follows a trail of BLOOD DROPS and SMEARS through the tangle of jungle, fearing the worst. Tears flow from his eyes.

Finally he finds what he was hoping he wouldn’t --

**SHANNON**

Covered in BLOOD -- lying in a shallow pool of crimson water. Her limbs are splayed in an unnatural arrangement -- broken and useless.

**BOONE**

-- oh God... 

Boone pulls her out -- holds her close -- trying to restore her dignity -- and discovers Shannon is still breathing -- barely -- holding onto the last remnants of life.

**SHANNON**

Boone...?

Her torso IS STITCHED with a ROW of GIANT, DEEP, BLEEDING PUNCTURE WOUNDS. From what? Claws? Teeth? Whatever put them there, it’s fucking huge.

**BOONE**

I’m here.

Because as Boone strokes her hair -- Shannon’s eyes open, slowly, languidly -- *the life draining from them* -- and Boone’s eyes are WET, he’s in shock --

**SHANNON**

I knew you’d come for me... you always come for me...

Boone holds her, wipes the blood from her face.

**BOONE**

*(not believing this himself)*

I’m gonna get you back to camp. *You’re gonna be fine. Jack’s gonna take care of you...*
Shannon looks up INTO HIS FACE wanting to believe it -- that her brother will manage to pull her through.

SHANNON
Help me, Boone...

But there is nothing he can do. Shannon dies in his arms.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Boone, staggers back into camp -- his eyes hollow -- haunted -- and as he listlessly knocks aside vines and bushes, making his way toward the valley.

INT. THE VALLEY - NIGHT

Boone (dirty but no longer bloody) strides into the valley -- his eyes burning -- looking something like Martin Sheen in "Apocalypse Now".

Only his Colonel Kurtz is Locke, sitting alone at a campfire. There are some survivors at a distant campfire. Another campfire burns not far away, but no one sits at that one. In other words, Locke is here virtually alone.

Boone breaks into a run -- Locke’s knife in his hand -- and launches himself at Locke.

Locke is ready for him. Dodges. Boone and Locke tumble over and over. They grapple. Locke ends up on the bottom -- almost strangely passive. Not fighting back -- but CONTROLS THE SITUATION by holding Boone’s knife hand at bay off his throat.

BOONE

It killed her!

LOCKE

(impressed)

You made it back.

BOONE

That thing out there killed my sister! It’s your fault! You dragged her out there!

LOCKE

Your sister?

BOONE

(en-fucking-RAGED)

Don’t play dumb with me -- I know what you did to her you -- Calm down, son. Just -- sick freak --

BOONE

And now she’s dead. It... it mangled her. She died in my arms.
Locke stares into Boone’s blazing eyes. A beat. Then --

**LOCKE**

(beat)

Then why isn’t there blood on you?

Boone looks down at his hands, the rest of him. Holy shit! Locke’s right. No blood anywhere. Only dirt.

Boone knows it was there before. He looks up at Locke, confused, swirling with anger and bewilderment, waiting for an explanation.

**BOONE**

What happened to me out there?

**LOCKE**

I don’t know. You tell me.

(beat)

But your sister? Shannon?

And now Locke, still holding Boone’s knife hand, pushes himself up. THE WAY HE LOOKS AT BOONE -- Boone lets him do it. And then Locke turns his head... and Boone follows his gaze to --

THE NEARBY CAMPFIRE further back in the caves, where he sees--

Sayid and Shannon come into view! They sit together at the fire. She’s laughing, smiling, joking around with Sayid -- AND VERY MUCH ALIVE. It’s like she doesn’t have a CARE IN THE WORLD. And with obviously no knowledge of what Boone just went through.

WHAT. THE. F**K?

**BOONE**

She was dead...

**LOCKE**

Is that what it made you see?

**BOONE**

What what made me see?

(then; realizing)

That stuff you put on my head?

(shock)

-- You drugged me?

**LOCKE**

I gave you an experience.

(MORE)
LOCKE (CONT'D)

One I believe vital to your survival on the island.

BOONE
None of it was real? That... thing...

LOCKE
Was only as real as you made it.

BOONE
(at a whisper)
I saw her die...
(beat; eyes welling)
She was gone. She was dead.

Locke looks at Boone -- who is clearly having a lot of trouble figuring out what it all meant.

LOCKE
How did you feel -- when she died?

Boone doesn’t answer that question for a long moment. Everything Locke did was meant to bring him to this place.

LOCKE (CONT’D)
(sotto)
... how did you feel...?

And it finally DAWNS on Boone. Accepting it --

BOONE
...I felt... relieved.

Locke nods.

LOCKE
Yes.

Boone looks at Shannon for a moment. She’s gorgeous -- full of life -- she looks like a piece of candy...

LOCKE (CONT’D)
Time to let go.

And we notice something very important. Boone’s look to Shannon is no longer obsessive. Now Boone looks to Locke.

LOCKE (CONT’D)
Follow me.

And Locke walks off. We LINGER on Boone as he looks off at his sister. And then --
Boone turns away, following Locke out of the caves into the jungle. And as they disappear into the darkness.

SMASH TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE