

Episode #: 111

LOST

"Hearts and Minds"

Written by  
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&

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Directed by  
Rod Holcomb

PRODUCTION DRAFT

November 3, 2004 (WHITE)  
November 5, 2004 (BLUE)  
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December 1, 2004 (GREEN)  
December 9, 2004 (GOLDENROD)  
December 13, 2004 (SALMON)

**LOST**

"Hearts and Minds"

CAST LIST

BOONE.....Ian Somerhalder  
CHARLIE.....Dominic Monaghan  
CLAIRE.....Emilie de Ravin  
HURLEY.....Jorge Garcia  
JACK.....Matthew Fox  
JIN.....Daniel Dae Kim  
KATE.....Evangeline Lilly  
LOCKE.....Terry O'Quinn  
MICHAEL.....Harold Perrineau  
SAWYER.....Josh Holloway  
SAYID.....Naveen Andrews  
SHANNON.....Maggie Grace  
SUN.....Yunjin Kim  
WALT.....Malcolm David Kelley

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

1

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:

2 EXT. MALIBU COLONY TENNIS CLUB - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 2

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 NICOLE  
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.

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?

SHANNON  
Australia.

3 EXT. BEACH - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT 3

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 -- And if I don't?  
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.

4 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 4

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.

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Right now this is our priority.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. JUNGLE - PATH TO NEW BEACH - DAY 5

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.

6 EXT. JUNGLE - PATH TO NEW BEACH - FURTHER AHEAD - DAY 6

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...

7 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 7

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...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*



JACK  
This is smart. With the boar  
running out, we're gonna need all  
the food we can get. \*

KATE  
Maybe it's not running out.

JACK  
What do you mean?

KATE  
Maybe Locke's just decided not to  
catch 'em for us anymore.

Jack throws her a look -- is she kidding?

JACK  
Why would he do that?

KATE  
(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.

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

She smiles back --

KATE  
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...

8 EXT. JUNGLE - HATCH CLEARING - DAY 8

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

BOONE  
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 \*

Hmmm? \*

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 -- \*

LOCKE (CONT'D)

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 --

LOCKE (CONT'D)

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

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

BOONE

...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.

LOCKE

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.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

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

Boone takes in THAT conundrum.

BOONE

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:

9 INT. SHANNON'S BUNGALOW - SYDNEY - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 9 \*

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.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?

Boone isn't sure what to make of his sister's cautious, not too friendly behavior.

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.

10 EXT. BEACH - DAY 10

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. \*

11 EXT. JUNGLE - HATCH CLEARING - DAY 11

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

What do you mean "why?"  
She's my --

LOCKE

-- Why do you care about her  
so much?

Boone stops. Kind of... OFFENDED by this.

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

12 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

12

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!

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 A13 \*

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 LOCKE  
Orienteering. I'm trying to -- There's nothing to make?  
make something of Rousseau's  
maps, but --

SAYID \*  
Exactly. \*

Locke zeroes in on the NEEDED 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... \*

13 EXT. JUNGLE - LATER 13

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

HEEEEEELP!!!

14 INT. AUSTRALIAN POLICE STATION - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK** 14

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.

BOONE

--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. Sourced 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...

15 EXT. MARINA - LATER - **FLASHBACK** 15 \*

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...

16 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 16

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.

MMMMMMRRRRRRROOOOOOWWWWR!

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 17

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 --

MMMMRRRRRRROOOOOOWWWWWRRRR!

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 18

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

Boone -- thank God --  
-- Get me out of here -- please -- I'm working on it -- he --  
how did --

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

MMMMMMRRRRRRROOOOOOOOWWRRRRRRR!

SHANNON

Oh my god --

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

SHANNON

BOONE

Hurry, Boone! Please... Almost... done -- There!  
Let's go!

And the rope unravels as she's cut free.

19 EXT. JUNGLE - PATH - CONTINUOUS 19

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 --

20 EXT. JUNGLE - DOWNHILL GRADE -- CONTINUOUS 20

-- 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.

21 INT. JUNGLE - BANYAN TREE - CONTINUOUS 21

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!!

22 INT. SHANNON'S BUNGALOW - DAY - **FLASHBACK** 22 \*

Shannon lets Boone inside. He enters quickly, pissed, having had enough -- she seems genuinely startled --

BOONE

SHANNON  
I thought you were coming -- d'you have any bags? Are  
later-- 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:

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(CONT'D): (2) 22

BRYAN

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 A23 \*

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-  
timation --

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 --

23

INT. JUNGLE - BANYAN TREE - DAY

23

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. \*

24 EXT. BEACH - DAY 24

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? \*

JACK

Always.

LOCKE

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.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JACK

You mean us.

\*  
\*

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

\*  
\*

LOCKE

The most dangerous predator of all.

\*  
\*

And OFF JACK --

\*

25 EXT. BEACH - A TIDE POOL OFF THE MAIN BEACH - DAY 25

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 --

HURLEY

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 --

JIN

(In Korean)

*Don't eat my fish!*

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

HURLEY

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! Damn it! 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)  
No? You understand infection?  
Gangrene? AMPUTATION?  
(off Jin's look)  
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	JIN
Would you JUST do it? I'm gonna lose my foot if you don't! <u>PEE ON IT, MAN!</u>	<i>No -- you idiot -- that isn't going to do anything! That's for jellyfish stings!</i>

-- 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.

26 EXT. JUNGLE - GARDEN - DAY 26

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. \*

27 EXT. BEACH - DAY 27

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.

28 EXT. JUNGLE - VALLEY - DAY 28

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 SHANNON  
We weren't doing -- -- Why are you keeping a  
secret for this guy!

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 BOONE  
...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: MMMMRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOWWWWWWR!

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

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29 EXT. JUNGLE - PATH TO THE VALLEY -- LATE AFTERNOON 29

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 A30 \*

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... \*

30 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 A31 \*

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 -- \*

31 EXT. JUNGLE - DUSK 31

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?!

32

INT. SYDNEY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

32

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.

A33 INT. SYDNEY HOTEL ROOM - LATER - **FLASHBACK** A33

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

How could you --

SHANNON

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.

33 EXT. JUNGLE - EVENING 33

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...

\*



33 LOST "Hearts and Minds" (PRODUCTION DRAFT) 11/3/04 53.  
(CONT'D): 33

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.

34-35 OMITTED 34-35

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

A36 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT A36

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

36 INT. THE VALLEY - NIGHT 36 \*

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 sick freak --

LOCKE -- Calm down, son. Just --

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. FUCK? \*

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.  
(then)  
(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

