

LOST
"Hearing Voices"
by
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TEASER

EXT. VERONA BEACH - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

A bright, sunny beach -- clear skies, blue water, and powdery sand.

YOUNG SHANNON (age 6) lies right where the waves lap against the shore. Quiet. Peaceful, but --

She's not moving --

Her eyes stare lifelessly into some middle distance --

And we can HEAR HER BREATHE -- NOISY, LABORED BREATHS that expel little bubbles into those slight, gentle waves that LAP PAST HER MOUTH.

Something is seriously not fucking right.

We hear her father -- anguished, freaked out, running like hell --

ADAM RUTHERFORD (O.S.)
Oh, god! Oh, god! Shannon!
SHANNON!

SMASH CUT TO:

XCU: SHANNON's eye snaps open, and she squints from the bright light.

BOONE (O.S.)
Shannon!

EXT. BEACH BY SAWYER'S TENT - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Shannon lays out on a beach towel in a bikini, near the gentle ocean waves, and also near the ominous jungle.

BOONE stands beside her, all petulant annoyance.

He holds out a WALKIE-TALKIE -- a simple little box with an antenna, a speaker, and a BIG BUTTON (this'll be important later).

LOCKE stands at the edge of the jungle. He's got his own schedule to keep, and he damn well doesn't want Boone fucking it up.

SAWYER lounges in his tent, not too far away, reading a paperback and supremely not giving a shit.

Everybody's sweaty. It's a damn hot day, and that isn't improving anyone's mood.

BOONE
Take this and listen.

Shannon's expression: "What the fuck?"

SHANNON
What? No. What?

BOONE
We found a couple walkie-talkies.
Just listen to this and tell
Sayid --

SHANNON
The Arab guy?

BOONE
Tell him if you hear anything.

SHANNON
(going back to sleep)
Whatever.

BOONE
If it works, we could track down
the French broadcast.

This interests Shannon just long enough for Boone to hand off the walkie-talkie.

LOCKE
Tempus fugit, Boone.

-- and Boone's off like a shot.

SHANNON
But...

Boone and Locke disappear into the jungle.

Shannon is stuck with it. Dammit.

A FAINT WHISPER. Almost nothing at first, then a little louder, then a little louder. It's... Boone's voice? And where is it coming from?

Shannon listens closely to the walkie-talkie, but... no.

It's coming from the jungle.

Shannon gets up, casually ties the towel around her waist, grabs the walkie-talkie, and takes a few steps towards the sound.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Boone?

It's loud enough now that we can tell it's repeating something, but what? It starts out "You like...", but the rest is indecipherable.

Shannon takes another step, and another. She can make out what it's saying. And she's not happy. She stomps off toward the jungle.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Boone!

EXT. THE VALLEY - DAY

Almost as hot here.

Except for the TRICKLE OF THE WATERFALL, it's totally QUIET.

JACK picks PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES out of a BATTERED SUITCASE.

CLAIRE sits in her cave, and dabs her forehead with a CLOTH.

HURLEY naps in that same cave.

SUN absently folds a LEAF into origami by another cave.

A few EXTRAS sit very still, listless, indolent.

(Charlie's guitar rests against a tree.)

Some distance from these people,

ROSE

sits at the edge of the Valley. She stares off into the jungle intently.

CHARLIE approaches Rose and offers her a BOTTLE OF WATER.

CHARLIE

Drink up.

ROSE

I'm fine.

CHARLIE

Now, Jack says -- you think you're fine, you don't drink your water and -- *ppppllt* -- instant heat stroke.

ROSE

It's cool enough here in the Valley.

CHARLIE

Y'know. You could *move* here --

ROSE

No --

CHARLIE

It's more comfortable, and --

ROSE

I like to watch the ocean.
(off Charlie's confusion)
For ships.

CHARLIE

(humor the crazy lady)
Of course.

ROSE

There will be ships.
(conceding)
I *believe* there will be ships.
Heck, I believe my husband is out there somewhere.

CHARLIE

I respect that. Believing in something. In love.

Charlie can't help but steal a glance at Claire -- who catches him, and smiles back. Charlie lights up.

Rose sees all this, and can't help but grin.

ROSE

Okay.

She takes the water bottle, and takes a sip.

ROSE (CONT'D)

But I ain't movin' here.

Charlie gives a little half-nod. Fair enough.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

SAYID puzzles over the guts of THE OTHER WALKIE-TALKIE (it's identical to Shannon's). He snaps a CIRCUIT BOARD into place and snaps the PLASTIC CASING shut.

(Note: he's wearing pants with big, cargo-pants-style pockets. This'll be important later.)

He presses the big button. Nothing. Dammit.

He stands up, trying to clear his head. A NEW IDEA OCCURS TO HIM, and he walks over to his "tools" -- a few SHARDS OF METAL that serve for makeshift screwdrivers and files.

The walkie-talkie emits a soft BURST OF STATIC. Sayid stops momentarily -- did he hear something? Another BURST OF STATIC, and then SUSTAINED STATIC. Sayid turns around.

TIGHT on the walkie-talkie speaker -- it's NOISY as hell, and there's ODD ROARING SOUNDS --

TIGHT on Sayid -- with his years of training, he catches it before we do, and he's HORRIFIED.

Back to the walkie-talkie XCU -- then we hear it too, emerging from the STATIC --

SHANNON'S VOICE.

She SCREAMS DESPERATELY FOR HELP.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. BEACH BY SAWYER'S TENT - DAY

Sawyer still has his paperback, and doesn't even look up as Sayid runs up at breakneck speed.

Sayid stops.

There are tracks.

Two going one way, one going another. Where's the girl? He looks left, right -- no sign of her. But there's Sawyer --

SAYID

Tell me where Boone is.

SAWYER

You want your squawk box, de Sade?

The jibe at Sayid's background -- as a torturer -- stings like hell. Sawyer knows it.

But Sayid has to SHOVE THAT ASIDE --

SAYID

I don't have time for this.

He's really saying: *If you don't answer my question, I'll beat the living shit out of you.*

Sawyer reads him loud and clear, but maintains his demeanor: *I'm helping you, but only because I feel like it.*

SAWYER

Einstein passed it off on his sister. She --

He gestures vaguely at the single line of footprints, and Sayid busts off running. Sawyer goes back to reading, bemused.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

-- prob'ly broke a nail or something.

EXT. EDGE OF THE JUNGLE - DAY

We haven't seen this part of the jungle before -- a little hillside with a beach visible beyond.

Shannon walks up the hill, keeping an eye on the jungle, scared. She clutches the walkie-talkie tightly.

She hides in a decently-concealing spot in the underbrush. A BIT OF FABRIC tears from the towel/skirt on a nearby branch.

Shannon peers wildly into the jungle, terrified of something, and notices the torn bit of fabric.

INT. RUTHERFORD HOUSE/ATTIC STAIRS - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

A long, rickety staircase.

Shannon holds that same towel, neatly-folded and brand-new -- she's ready to go to the beach.

She climbs the stairs while arguing with SABRINA, her stepmother.

SHANNON

You can't get rid of Dad's stuff.
He's been dead, like, a week!

SABRINA

We're renovating.

They emerge into --

INT. RUTHERFORD HOUSE/ATTIC - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Boxes and boxes and boxes fill a hot, dusty attic -- obviously owned by a family of packrats.

The attic has an ALCOVE off to one side, and a STAIRWAY leading downwards.

Shannon takes it all in, and she's about to cry from the anger and frustration.

Sabrina looks cool and detached. *What a bunch of crap.* She LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.

SABRINA

Pick out what you want. And not too much.

(off Shannon's pissed-off reaction)

Don't be a brat.

Sabrina ambles back downstairs.

Beat.

Shannon SCREAMS with frustration, stomps across the attic, and sees --

BOONE

-- lying in the alcove. Perfectly still. Shannon prods him with her foot.

SHANNON

Boone.

Nothing. Prods again.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Boone.

Nothing. *What the hell?* She leans down, close to him, a little scared --

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Boone?

She watches for any response at all. Anything. Anything? And suddenly --

Boone's eyes snap open and he lurches bolt upright.

Shannon SCREAMS, from fear this time.

Boone grins. Shannon really doesn't want to laugh, but does. And then adopts a pose -- flirty, a little ditzy.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Hey --

BOONE

You need a favor.

Shannon looks at the endless shelves of boxes. It's daunting.

SHANNON

I need more time.

Boone groans.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Just talk to her? She's being all 'Evil Stepmom' to me.

Boone NODS, and HEADS DOWNSTAIRS.

BOONE (O.S.)

(shouting)

Mom?

Meanwhile, Shannon looks through --

THE DUSTY SHELVES

Baby toys. Piles of old photos. Dusty boxes.

ONE BOX is curiously un-dusty, and halfway open. It catches Shannon's eye. She opens it, revealing...

An old WALKMAN with HEADPHONES. A few spare BATTERIES. A small manila ENVELOPE addressed to Adam Rutherford, from a woman named Nicole, with an address somewhere in France.

Shannon doesn't notice the addresses. The envelope is open; inside is an old CASSETTE TAPE. No label.

INT. RUTHERFORD HOUSE/ATTIC - DAY - **FLASHBACK** - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Shannon sits in the alcove. She puts on the headphones. She hits play.

We don't hear the tape. We just hear the Walkman's MOTORS GRIND SLIGHTLY, and a tiny bit of INDECIPHERABLE NOISE bleeding from the headphones.

But Shannon hears it. She's puzzled.

Then SHE REALIZES WHAT IT IS.

She's overwhelmed. Distraught.

Shannon curls up and quietly sobs.

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - DAY

This is a beach we haven't seen before. There's a CAVE, a variety of LARGE ROCK FORMATIONS, and the usual sand and surf.

Shannon emerges from the jungle -- slowly at first.

And then: MONSTER NOISES.

She DROPS THE WALKIE-TALKIE and RUNS.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

KATE leads the way, and MICHAEL follows, gasping for breath.

Michael carries WALT, who is unconscious.

They race down the path, and emerge into:

EXT. THE VALLEY - DAY

Just as before: languid and uneventful. Jack EXAMINES A
PILL BOTTLE.

This is all about to change --

KATE

JACK!

Jack drops the pill bottle and rushes to meet them.

He sees Walt.

JACK

Set him down.

MICHAEL

(still winded)

Is he -- can you --

Jack steadies Michael, focuses dead in his eyes.

JACK

Michael? What happened?

MICHAEL

He... just got *woozy*. And then I
thought it was okay, but then he
was... he was flat on the ground.

Jack's already examining Walt -- opening and peering in his
eyes, checking his pulse, pinching a bit of skin on his arm.

JACK

Get him water.

MICHAEL

(desperate)

He'll be okay?

JACK

It's heat stroke. We gotta hydrate
him.

That's a non-answer.

MICHAEL

"Stroke"?!

Kate sees how Jack is bungling this, and steps in.

KATE
Once we get him water, he'll be
fine.

JACK
(not that convincing)
Yeah.

Kate all but rolls her eyes. *Dipshit.*

MICHAEL
Water.

Michael runs to the waterfall.

EXT. EDGE OF THE JUNGLE - DAY

Sayid hikes through the jungle at a good tack.

Slows.

Stops.

Looks around.

Yup, he's lost.

He spots the bit of torn fabric (from the towel), and heads
that way.

INT. THE VALLEY - JACK'S CAVE - DAY

It's a bit cooler inside the caves.

Walt lies on the cave floor.

Michael carefully TRICKLES WATER from A BOTTLE into Walt's
mouth.

Jack and Kate stand nearby: concerned but helpless.

JACK
I should have known. This heat,
everybody needs a *ton* of water.

KATE
Okay, we fill some bottles, we go
back to the beach.

JACK
Easier to bring everybody here.

Kate realizes: they've had this Valley-versus-Beach argument many times before. No point in arguing. No point. No point at all --

KATE

Yeah, *but* --

A MONSTER NOISE from the jungle.

Kate shuts the hell up.

Michael looks up from Walt and watches the jungle, scared but fiercely protective.

EXT. THE VALLEY - DAY

Everyone stares out into the jungle, stock-still.

Jack and Kate emerge from the infirmary cave.

Charlie stands up.

Silence. Waiting.

BAM! A tree CRASHES down into the valley, JUST MISSING CHARLIE.

EVERYONE PANICS as everything goes HANDHELD AND DISORIENTING.

MORE CRASHING SOUNDS, MORE MONSTER SOUNDS.

Rose staggers towards a cave.

JACK

Rose!

Jack nearly whisks her up into his arms and into the nearest cave.

CHARLIE

(loud)

Claire!

Looks all around. Can't see her. Fuck.

But the noise is all around now, the monster is ALMOST ON TOP OF THEM, and... and... he runs into the nearest cave and hides.

INT. THE VALLEY - CLAIRE'S CAVE - DAY

Everything's gone quiet for a moment. (Too quiet, in fact: THE WATERFALL HAS STOPPED.)

Claire backs away from the cave entrance.

Hurley sleeps fitfully.

INT. THE VALLEY - CHARLIE'S CAVE - DAY

Charlie peers all around.

Sees Claire in a nearby cave.

CHARLIE

Claire!

Another MONSTER NOISE. Charlie shuts up.

Claire looks back, beside herself with fear --

And Charlie looks at her, torn up, wanting more than anything to go to her -- to help her -- but he's TOO DAMN SCARED --

He feels like a bloody coward.

INT. THE VALLEY - ROSE'S CAVE - DAY

Jack and Rose hang out in this cave. After giving Rose a "You stay here" look, Jack emerges into:

INT. THE VALLEY - DAY

IT'S A MESS. All sorts of debris in the freshwater pool. Tree branches everywhere. The ground disturbed by all the running. (Charlie's guitar is unharmed.)

And indeed, THE WATERFALL HAS STOPPED, but Jack doesn't notice.

JACK

Everybody sit tight!

There's one very faint MONSTER SOUND. Then silence.

Kate walks out of the infirmary cave with a very "Holy shit" expression, staring at where the waterfall ought to be.

JACK (CONT'D)

That means "stay in the cave".

Kate ignores him.

JACK (CONT'D)

We'll clean this up. Then take some more water to the beach.

This finally snaps her out of it.

KATE
Jack! The waterfall.

Jack turns around and he sees it --

KATE (CONT'D)
It stopped.

And we see it in his eyes: *Oh my god.*

We're so fucked.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - DAY

Sayid emerges and quickly takes in the scene, spotting the dropped WALKIE-TALKIE instantly. He picks up the walkie-talkie.

SAYID

Shannon!

Looking around. No tracks.

SAYID (CONT'D)

Shannon!

Nothing. *Shit*. Nothing.

From close by in the jungle, MONSTER NOISES.

He whips around, faces the jungle, and very slowly backs away.

It's quiet again, but for the first time we see Sayid terrified.

INT. CLAIRE'S CAVE - DAY

Hurley is still asleep.

Claire sits against the cave wall, hugging herself. She looks ill and scared and vulnerable.

From here, we can see Charlie's cave. Charlie steps out of his cave -- scared shitless -- takes a tentative step towards Claire, and then another, and then runs to her.

He stumbles to his knees, and is about to clutch her in his arms, and Claire's response -- kind of spooked -- stops him.

He pats her on the shoulder. Friendly. Platonic. Awkward.

CHARLIE

Are you hurt?

CLAIRE

Is it gone?

CHARLIE

Think so. Don't hear it --

CLAIRE

Oh god.

CHARLIE

You're fine.

Claire takes deep breaths -- she's trying to avoid puking.

CLAIRE

Oh man.

CHARLIE

What? What -- the baby?

CLAIRE

I'm just pukey.
(admitting it)
I left my Zaconol on the beach.

CHARLIE

Za-what?

CLAIRE

For nausea --

-- and she ALMOST PUKES.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

The stress just --

CHARLIE

I'll get it --

CLAIRE

It's not safe!

And there it is: an opportunity. Charlie gets up --

CHARLIE

If it takes an act of incredible
bravery to make you feel better,
I'm up for it.

Claire smiles, and it hits Charlie like sunlight.

CLAIRE

Don't be silly.

CHARLIE

Too late! Already going!

-- and he's off to --

EXT. THE VALLEY - DAY

It's still a mess, but Jack and a couple of the extras pick
debris out of the waterfall basin.

Jack notices Charlie emerge from the cave.

JACK
Everybody okay in there?

CHARLIE
Claire's a bit nauseous.

JACK
Well, she *is* eight months pregnant.

Charlie notices his guitar.

CHARLIE
And my guitar is okay!

JACK
That's great, Charlie.

Jack notices Hurley emerge from the cave, yawning and confused by the destruction.

Jack walks over to --

THE ENTRANCE TO CLAIRE'S CAVE

-- to talk to him.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hurley -- you kind of know everybody, right?

HURLEY
I guess --

JACK
I need you to go to the beach.
Make sure everyone's accounted for.

HURLEY
(not digging this)
Okay. Um, what happened here?

But Jack's already walking away.

Hurley looks around.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Anybody?
(no reply)
Oh-kay...

EXT. ISOLATED ROCK FORMATION/NICHE - DAY

Shannon sits curled up in a niche in the rocks on the isolated beach. It's quiet -- no sounds but the surf.

She nervously, quietly, and gracefully drops down to the ground and steps back the way she came.

ERIC (O.S.)
You're just sneaking off? Alone?
You?

INT. FRONT DESK AT SABRINA'S COMPANY - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

A desk marked 'Reception'. A row of chairs. A few doors.

Clean, expensive, modern -- with many feminine touches that make it warm and inviting.

Signage identifies this as "Harmony Weddings".

ERIC sits behind the desk, dressed impeccably, probably eye candy for their female clients. Against all reasonable expectation, he appears to be straight... at least judging from how he looks at Shannon, who sits on the edge of his desk, dressed a little provocatively.

ERIC
I shouldn't be doing this.

Shannon pats Eric's bicep playfully.

SHANNON
Eric --
(feeling)
Ooh! It'll be okay.

ERIC
I should at least *tell* --

SHANNON
It's a surprise.

She's giddy, child-like, and conspiratorial.

He's putty.

ERIC
Okay.

He hands over a FLIGHT ITINERARY. She giggles.

ERIC (CONT'D)
You still have to purchase the
ticket. I can't --

She's already exiting.

SHANNON
Thanks Eric!

INT. BOONE'S OFFICE - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Boone has a spacious office. A BIG WINDOW with a SPECTACULAR VIEW. INSPIRATIONAL POSTERS on the walls. A desk mostly covered with EXECUTIVE TIME-WASTERS. He also has a BIG CHECKBOOK and a FANCY PEN.

Boone sits at the desk -- Shannon has pulled up a chair beside him.

BOONE
Why is it okay for me to give you
money *now*?

SHANNON
It's just eight hundred dollars.
But I need it right away.

BOONE
Right now?

And Boone sees something in Shannon's expression -- she's not fucking around. She needs this money, and it's for something that really matters to her.

SHANNON
Right now.

Sabrina sweeps through the door, carrying PAPERS. Sees Shannon.

SABRINA
Oh.

Looks over Shannon's outfit --

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Pays to advertise, I guess.

Shannon does not shout at Sabrina. Nope. Nope. Not screaming, not shouting, not throwing things at her. She just gets off the desk and stands by the window.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
(to Boone)
We need a new collection agency.

She hands Boone the papers.

BOONE
We have clients in Hawaii?

SABRINA
Delinquent honeymooners.

Sabrina goes to the window as well.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Have you picked over your dad's old
trash yet?

With Sabrina distracted, Boone casually writes out a check in the checkbook.

SHANNON
It's not trash.

SABRINA
That would be "no", then. Come on,
Boone. You need to gladhand some
new clients.

Boone gets up and follows Sabrina out, but not before catching Shannon's eye and glancing significantly at the checkbook.

Shannon smiles, mouths 'thanks'.

Boone exits.

Shannon smiles -- not so much about the money, but because she loves her brother.

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Shannon emerges from the rock formations and spots, some distance away --

Sayid. Face-down on the beach.

Shannon's shocked. Paralyzed. Afraid to come closer, but she can't look away.

HE'S INJURED. Some scrapes and bruises on his body. Clothes torn in places.

BLOOD IN THE WATER AROUND HIS HEAD. *Oh, shit.*

It's hard to tell just how serious it is, but he's OUT COLD.

As in the opening scene with young Shannon, the waves lap past his face.

SHANNON

Arab guy?

She reaches towards him, stops.

She backs away a few steps.

Then IT'S LIKE SHE GOES INTO A TRANCE.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Verona Beach.

She walks forward, in the same trance-ish state. Oblivious to the whole 'don't move head-injury victims' thing, she clumsily tugs Sayid out of the surf.

In the distance, something lets out a sustained BEEP.

That SNAPS HER OUT OF IT; she turns towards the noise.

Puzzled.

EXT. THE VALLEY - DAY

Jack picks things out of the pool as Michael follows him, irritated.

JACK

It's an *underground* spring.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but it's gotta be uphill.

Jack isn't convinced.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Something's blocking it
aboveground.

Jack still isn't convinced.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Right now? While we're arguing?
The water is cutting a sluice
downhill. Once that happens, it's
all over.

JACK

How do you know it's uphill?

Not watching where he's going, he nearly runs over Kate.

KATE

I know, Jack.

Jack stops short. They're close. And sweaty. And not-very-clothed.

KATE (CONT'D)

I've tracked it.

JACK

Okay.

Jack heads towards the jungle path.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll go and clear it up myself.

Kate overtakes him and blocks his way.

KATE

We're going with you, Jack.

JACK

No, you stay here.

Kate gives him a look: *You don't **tell** me what to do.*

JACK (CONT'D)

There's a monster out there. I'll go, I'll fix the blockage, I'll come back.

KATE

I know where the stream goes.

MICHAEL

I'll know how to redirect the water --

Jack looks annoyed, but before he can say anything --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

-- and somebody has to bring back some water for my boy.

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - DAY

Sayid is out of the water now, but just as unconscious.

Shannon, a short distance away, has spotted her walkie-talkie.

Unfortunately, it's right next to the cave entrance.

The cave is dark. Ominous.

Her expression: *Oh, god. I do not want to do this.*

She peers into the cave. *Is something moving in there?*

She takes a step forward.

MYSTERIOUS NOISES from the cave.

And another step forward. Almost crying.

Finally she RUNS FOR IT, NABS THE WALKIE-TALKIE, and RUNS BACK to where she was before.

Winded, but relieved. Victorious.

What was I so worried about?

Behind her, a POLAR BEAR emerges from the cave, and ROARS.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. DRY STREAMBED - DAY

A damp but empty streambed winds its way through the dark, dense jungle. It disappears into the thick overgrowth uphill.

Jack leads the way, Kate and Michael follow. Nerves are a bit strained.

JACK
It's a bunch of rocks.

KATE
It's a streambed.

JACK
This is where our water comes from?

KATE
Yeah.

JACK
How come it doesn't get dirty?

MICHAEL
(off the rocks)
No dirt.

Jack is about to reply, but Kate cuts him off, pointing uphill --

KATE
Okay, we'll go uphill.

Michael looks uphill, and notices something. He STARES IN THAT DIRECTION.

JACK
Why?

KATE
Because water goes downhill, Jack.

MICHAEL
Both of you shut up!

Jack and Kate are taken aback.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Listen.

They listen. And we hear it clearly now: RUNNING WATER.

EXT. THE OBSTRUCTION - DAY

Water gushes from a gap in the ground, proceeds about thirty feet along a streambed, and runs smack into a MASS OF DEBRIS - part plant matter, part airplane detritus.

Like Michael predicted, the water is finding its own way downhill, cutting a sluice through the dirt at right angles to the streambed.

Michael goes to the source and fills his empty water bottles.

Jack takes a closer look at the debris.

Kate, so happy to see the cool, clear water, CUPS HER HANDS IN THE STANDING WATER by the debris, and HOLDS IT UP TO HER FACE -- maybe to drink, maybe just to pour it over herself.

JACK

Kate.

Something in his voice stops her.

Jack uses a stick to prod at a DECAYING SEVERED ARM in the debris.

JACK (CONT'D)

Don't.

Kate shudders, spills the water out. *Ew.*

EXT. THE VALLEY - DAY

Hurley heads out, bandana around his head, ready for a hike.

Charlie catches up to him.

CHARLIE

You're going to the beach?

HURLEY

Oh. Is there more stuff I gotta do?

CHARLIE

I'm just going there too.

HURLEY

`kay.

CHARLIE

`Safety in numbers,' they say.

'Safety in numbers' is a painfully-ironic expression to Hurley, and his face shows it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I just thought -- with the monster
prowling around --

HURLEY

Monster?

Charlie looks askance at Hurley: *you've got to be fucking kidding me.* Pointing back at the piles of debris in the Valley --

CHARLIE

You slept through the whole thing?

HURLEY

Monster?

As they exit to the jungle path --

CHARLIE

You seriously slept through the
whole thing?

EXT. THE OBSTRUCTION - DAY

Michael has a ton of water. Kate sees him off, while Jack picks over the debris, tossing stuff into a PILE in the jungle.

KATE

Once you reach the second point,
you pick a third point on the line.

MICHAEL

And then keep going?

KATE

'til you get home.

MICHAEL

Got it.

He heads out. Meanwhile at --

THE DEBRIS PILE

Jack hoists an armload of vegetation out of the pile.

Jack all but double-takes at what he sees there.

He tosses the vegetation into the jungle, and takes a closer look at --

THE DEBRIS

It includes several BAMBOO branches, a COUPLE OF AIRPLANE BLANKETS, a BEATEN-UP BLACK RECTANGULAR PURSE... and a LOCKET.

Jack picks up the locket. Rubs off the grime.

It looks old and conservative -- theoretically, a guy could wear it.

Jack opens it, revealing two pictures: one of Rose, the opposite of an unknown black gentleman.

KATE

It's Rose.

JACK

I guess her husband wore it.

They both can't help LOOKING OVER at the debris pile in the jungle -- specifically, AT THE SEVERED ARM.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

Hurley and Charlie trudge through the jungle. Hurley is all but jumping at shadows. Charlie is affecting a swagger... unsuccessfully.

CHARLIE

Just relax, man!

HURLEY

Stop saying that!

CHARLIE

Okay. Um... just think of all the scary things that *aren't* on the island.

HURLEY

Huh?

CHARLIE

Like... secondhand smoke.

HURLEY

(feeling a *little* better)
'kay.

CHARLIE
Or building collapses.

Hurley winces.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Or not.

HURLEY
How 'bout -- okay, there's no risk
of getting drunk, and shoutin' that
you can fight anybody in the bar?

CHARLIE
Uh... Hurley?

HURLEY
Never mind.

Awkward pause.

CHARLIE
Zombies.

HURLEY
No, man.

CHARLIE
What? Come on.

HURLEY
We can't be a hundred percent sure
the island is zombie-free.

CHARLIE
Zombies. Aren't. Real.

HURLEY
You want me to start listing the
crazy things we've seen here?

Charlie just looks at him.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Could be Zombie Island, for all we
know.

They proceed in silence. Charlie's swagger is gone, and he
too eyes the shadowy jungle with alarm.

EXT. ISOLATED ROCK FORMATION - DAY

Shannon struggles to climb to the top of the BIGGEST ROCK in the rock formation.

She really, really sucks at this. Holding on to the walkie-talkie doesn't make it easier.

She already has a bunch of little scrapes, and AD LIBS A STEADY STREAM OF CURSES on the island, on her life, on polar bears, and on anything else she can think of.

In the background, the polar bear goes about its business, ignoring her for the moment. Is it... looking for something?

Shannon hazards a worried glance at the bear.

EXT. FRENCH STREET - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

A modest street with small, quaint homes. French signage. It'll get dark soon.

A little Citroën TAXI comes down the street. We hear Shannon, sounding like the stereotypical obnoxious American tourist --

SHANNON (O.S.)
Stop! Stop here!

The taxi screeches to a halt.

INT. TAXICAB/EXT. FRENCH STREET - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

A very Gallic CAB DRIVER, with a philosophical, "Eh, what are you going to do?" expression, sits in the driver's seat.

The interior of the cab is cramped and grubby, which doesn't sit well with Shannon, who leans forward from the rear seat, brandishing the envelope at the driver.

She speaks slowly and loudly.

SHANNON
Is this it? Is this --

She checks the envelope; massacring the name --

SHANNON (CONT'D)
"L'etaque Elysee"?

The cab driver sighs.

CAB DRIVER
(in French)
L'etaque Street. Fifty francs.

Shannon pulls a wad of money from her purse, shoves it at the driver.

SHANNON
Here is money. You stay here while
I go to the house.

She exits the car.

EXT. FRENCH STREET - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Shannon walks up to a dark and forbidding little house.

In the background, THE TAXI DRIVES AWAY.

SHANNON
Stupid French... dammit!

She seethes for a moment.

She looks around, worried, like she did climbing the rock.

She approaches the house with something like the trepidation we saw earlier, when she approached the cave.

She arrives at --

THE FRONT DOOR

She KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

No response.

She reaches out to knock again, and IT OPENS.

Standing there is MIREILLE (8) who looks up at Shannon nervously. Her resemblance to young Shannon (from the opening scene) is uncanny.

Behind her, what little we see of the house is dark and shadowy.

Shannon, as usual, tries out the 'universal language': loud, slow English --

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Hi. I'm looking for --

As Mireille disappears into the house --

MIREILLE

(in French)

*Mommy, there's a strange American
lady at the door.*

NICOLE

(in French)

What? One second...

Nicole (40) appears in the doorway. Again, there is a clear resemblance to Shannon. The years have taken a heavy toll on Nicole, but she retains a dignity and elegance in her dress and manner.

Still, there's always something in her expression -- haunted. Hurt. Whatever she's been through, it hasn't made her stronger; it's just made her sad.

SHANNON

(loud and slow)

Hi. You don't know me --

NICOLE

I speak English.

-- and with no accent whatsoever. Shannon finally speaks at a normal speed and volume.

SHANNON

Thank god. Look, I found this --

She shows Nicole the envelope, and Nicole's nonverbal reaction stops her cold.

A moment of tense, heart-in-throat silence.

NICOLE

Shannon?

Shannon's almost crying, almost can't force the word out --

SHANNON

Mom?

A hug. Tears.

EXT. ISOLATED ROCK FORMATION - DAY

Shannon sits on top of the big rock she was climbing.

CUT OUT TO REVEAL that it's actually not that big -- it's kind of pathetic, really, that Shannon had so much trouble climbing it -- and really, the bear could probably scale it easily.

The bear looks fixedly into the jungle.

It ROARS.

Shannon can't help but SCREAM a little.

This gets the bear's attention.

SHANNON

Oh no. No no no no....

The bear ambles towards Shannon, staring at her.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Just... stop!

The bear stops. Again, it looks into the jungle.

Shannon is perplexed: *Did I just make it stop?*

The bear, for no apparent reason, walks away into the jungle, going the opposite direction from where it was staring.

Shannon finally TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

She CLAMBERS DOWN from the rock, again making a neat landing in the sand.

Then, from where the bear had been fixedly staring:

LOUD-AS-HELL MONSTER NOISE.

A tree falls on to the sand, almost like it had been THROWN.

It knocks Shannon to the ground.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

Charlie and Hurley proceed down the path.

CHARLIE

I mean, to sit there --

HURLEY

Hmm.

CHARLIE
-- just *sit there* -- while someone
you care about is in mortal
danger....

Hurley isn't used to being Mr. Moral Support.

He puzzles over what he's supposed to say.

HURLEY
Uh... it sucks?

CHARLIE
I should have *run* to her. Damn the
monster and everything else.

HURLEY
C'mon, man.
(not really believing it)
Nobody thinks you're a coward.

Charlie knows that's bullshit.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
("uh-oh")
Are you gonna cry?

Charlie is incensed, and he's putting together a really witty
comeback when --

In the distance, off to their left, MONSTER SOUNDS.

That gets their attention.

And it's so far away we barely hear it, but we hear it:
SHANNON SCREAMS.

Charlie screws up his courage and stomps towards the sounds,
off the path, into the woods.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Charlie!

Hurley is so not cut out for this 'hero' crap.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Oh, c'mon!

Hurley tromps off after Charlie.

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - DAY

It's a fucking war zone.

The sand is churned over and kicked up everywhere, there's all sorts of dirt and trees scattered on the beach --

And the MONSTER NOISE is nearly constant --

Things CRASH TO THE GROUND in the jungle --

And Shannon, nearly covered in dirt, DRAGS Sayid by his arms.

She's aimed for the cave.

SHANNON

Damn it. Damn it. Damn it.

Shannon is doing it all wrong -- trying to pull with her back, and her arms can barely hold on to the guy.

She keeps trying.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Wake up! Wake up, you stupid,
useless little --

She trips backwards over a tree branch, and yelps in pain.

She gets up and resumes tugging.

INT. ISOLATED CAVE - DAY

It's more like a tunnel from the light of day into the pitch black. A STALACTITE drips into a POOL OF WATER.

Shannon approaches the cave mouth, with Sayid in tow. The MONSTER NOISES are quieter now. She peers into the cave.

SHANNON

Hello?

It echoes. No answers. No roars at least. *Good enough.*

Shannon manhandles Sayid into the cave, props him up against the wall.

In the process, her WALKIE-TALKIE CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR.

She's winded. She sits.

Then she gets up, dips her hands in the pool of water, and flicks water at Sayid's face.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Wake up.
(flick)
(MORE)

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Wake up.
(flick)
Wake up.

Then suddenly, THE LOUDEST MONSTER NOISE YET! (It reverberates creepily in the cave.) And there's also some sort of WRENCHING ANIMAL SCREAM.

Shannon gets a moment of *Oh my god I'm going to fucking die.*

Calms down the tiniest bit.

SOMETHING SLAMS DOWN ON THE GROUND at the cave mouth.

It's a gory clump of tissue and organs.

The tufts of white fur indicate what it is -- or was.

Shannon SCREAMS OUT LOUD for a split second, and then wills herself quiet.

Fainter MONSTER NOISE.

She crawls across the cave floor, to the WALKIE-TALKIE.

Quietly, quietly, quietly.

Faintest MONSTER NOISE -- she stops, tense, then keeps going.

She reaches out -- she's got it.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

(whispered)
Yes!

She presses the BIG BUTTON.

There's a little BEEP that reverberates around the cave.

Shannon looks a little puzzled.

She presses the BIG BUTTON again.

BEEP.

She STEPS SLOWLY TOWARDS SAYID, an "Oh shit" expression slowly appearing on her face.

She presses the BIG BUTTON again.

BEEP.

She leans towards him and opens one of the pockets.

Yep -- THERE'S THE OTHER WALKIE TALKIE.

Oh, god, no.

She absently presses the BIG BUTTON one last time.

BEEP, clearly from the other WALKIE-TALKIE.

Off of Shannon's face, reflecting a brand-new level of bitterness, panic, and despair --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

XCU of the walkie-talkie in Sayid's pocket.

BEEP.

BEEP.

INT. ISOLATED CAVE - DAY

Sayid is still propped against the cave wall.

Shannon pulls the other WALKIE-TALKIE out of Sayid's pocket. Holds them both a moment.

She's miserable. But she quickly builds up a hell of a lot of anger.

SHANNON

WHY?!!

She throws Sayid's WALKIE-TALKIE at the opposite wall.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

I'm stuck here, and I don't know where I am, and I'm gonna get eaten by a... big thing, and why the hell don't you wake up? Dammit!

Sayid, being unconscious, doesn't reply.

She punctuates the following by banging her WALKIE-TALKIE on the floor. Every word is as sharp as a knife's edge --

SHANNON (CONT'D)

I should have let you die.

She's spent. She sits -- flops down -- against the opposite wall.

BIRDS TWITTER outside the cave. It's kind of peaceful.

Sayid's finger TWITCHES.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

What was that?

Sayid doesn't respond.

Shannon gets up, looms over him.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?!

No response.

Shannon goes over to the WATER and starts SPLASHING IT AT HIM like mad.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
If you can twitch your stupid
little finger, you can get up and
walk, dammit --

It morphs into a scream of frustration.

She gives up. Slumps down on the floor.

Sayid COUGHS.

Shannon hears it, looks at him, surprised as hell.

Sayid's eyes flutter open.

SAYID
(in Arabic)
"Let me die?"

He coughs again, looks wildly around the cave.

Shannon just looks at him, beaming. And definitely not the woman threatening to leave him for dead. No, sirree. Not her.

SAYID (CONT'D)
Where are we?

Shannon is cheerful, like they're planning a picnic or a trip to the zoo --

SHANNON
Let's find out!

EXT. THE OBSTRUCTION - DAY

Kind of misnamed, as the PILE OF DEBRIS has been moved off into the jungle.

Throughout this argument, Jack and Kate carry rocks over to the new SLUICE and block it off.

KATE
We have a moral obligation to tell
her.

JACK

Moral obligations? That was a key part of your life of crime?

Kate's reply is like ice --

KATE

I know that if a man I loved --

Come on, power through it --

KATE (CONT'D)

-- if he died, I'd have to know.

JACK

Ever deliver news like that?

No reply. Jack takes it as a "No."

JACK (CONT'D)

Tell a woman her husband's dead?

Part of Kate thinks, *Fucking 'story-time'*. But she hears him out politely.

JACK (CONT'D)

Deck collapse. Guy must've fallen two stories. Impacted all his cervical vertebrae. I couldn't clear the bone contusions. And everything... stopped.

Jack's lost in the memory of it now. (But still carrying rocks.)

JACK (CONT'D)

And I told his wife. Quiet, middle-aged lady. And she went bonkers. I mean, *crazy*. Tore up the room, threatening everybody --

KATE

Have you ever been in love? I mean, really in love?

JACK

I just don't want anybody going nuts.

Kate gets a moment to wonder why Jack totally dodged the question, then --

KATE
Rose isn't crazy.

JACK
So let's keep it that way.

KATE
But she trusts you, Jack.

This reaches him. For the first time, he stops what he's doing. Pulls out the locket and looks at it.

JACK
Could we just think it over for a while?

This catches Kate off-guard -- *he's asking nicely?* She expected the statement to just bounce off him.

She TOSSES A ROCK TO HIM; he CATCHES IT with his free hand.

KATE
(playful)
You gonna just sit there?

Jack absently puts away the locket (Kate watches this like a hawk) and starts packing down rocks at the sluice entrance.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Hurley and Charlie hike through the jungle. They suck at hiking through the jungle. They look grave. Someone's in trouble out there, and neither of them are joking around any more.

Charlie looks just a little like he could use a fix.

HURLEY
We shoulda told somebody we were --

CHARLIE
It'll be fine, all right?

Really close by: a LOUD METALLIC CLANGING.

IT STOPS.

Then INDISTINCT VOICES -- two males, but we can't yet recognize them.

Hurley panics and drops to the ground -- not that graceful. Charlie stays standing.

HURLEY
(whispered)
Dude.

Charlie walks towards the pounding noise. Scared as hell, increasingly twitchy, but he's got something to prove.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
(whispered)
Oh no.

CHARLIE
Hello?!

Hurley looks panicked, and too scared to move.

The VOICES go silent.

A faint RUSTLING.

The nearby trees move around a bit.

Charlie watches, stock-still, scared out of his wits, no idea what to do --

Boone emerges from the woods, dirty and carrying a JAGGED LENGTH OF METAL. He looks like his usual, affable self -- but he's carrying that awful, stabby-looking thing --

Charlie sees this and YELPS.

HURLEY
Dude?

MORE RUSTLING. Locke emerges from the same spot.

Neither Charlie nor Hurley see this as a good thing.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Hey, guys.

Fumbles for a conversation opener.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
What's up?

BOONE
We're... um, we're --

LOCKE
Hunting.

Locke shoots Boone a look that emphatically says, "For the rest of this conversation, *you do not talk, dumbass.*"

HURLEY

-- with the sharp thing?

Charlie takes a couple steps to where Locke and Boone emerged from.

CHARLIE

Yeah, what was going on over there?

LOCKE

Charlie?

Boone's grip tightens on the piece of metal.

Locke steps in front of Boone. Locke smiles, but his unsettling calm conveys a different message --

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Do you really want to go there?

-- which is lost on Charlie --

CHARLIE

Right, we can't waste time.
(off of Locke's look)
Shannon's in trouble.

Boone drops the metal, slips past Locke and GRABS CHARLIE by the shoulders, his questions a sudden torrent --

BOONE

What is it? Where is she? What happened?

CHARLIE

We were on our way to the beach --

BOONE

Where is Shannon?!

Locke puts a hand on Boone's shoulder and gives him a look that steadies him.

CHARLIE

We heard screaming. And the monster.

LOCKE

Where?

Charlie and Hurley look around, puzzled.

They try to point in different directions.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
When you were on the path, which way?

CHARLIE
Our left. Left. HURLEY
It's all Boone can do to stand still.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(pointing)
You and Hurley go that direction 'til you hit the path, and then go on to the beach. Boone & I'll find Shannon.

CHARLIE
But I could --

LOCKE
GO!

HURLEY
We're goin'.

Hurley and Charlie HEAD OFF INTO THE JUNGLE.

Locke watches them go.

Boone impatiently watches Locke.

EXT. STREAMBED - DAY

No longer a dry streambed -- water flows along.

Jack and Kate walk along the stream.

Jack's shirt is off. Kate's is tied awkwardly at her midriff. Both sweating. This damn heat.

Jack checks over the stream. He doesn't watch where he's going.

JACK
Keep checking for debris -- especially in places like --

He trips and falls.

KATE
Jack!

She runs to him, helps him up --

KATE (CONT'D)

Are you...

They're standing REALLY CLOSE -- their faces INCHES APART.

Kate appears vulnerable and scared.

Jack stares back with a sort of hormone-induced blankness.

Jack LEANS FORWARD a tiny bit, PUTS HIS HANDS ON HER SHOULDERS --

And gently-but-firmly PUSHES HER BACK from him, only briefly making eye contact.

JACK

Fine. Just clumsy.

Kate's look: *I'll say.*

Jack awkwardly turns away and walks downstream.

JACK (CONT'D)

We gotta get back. Check on Walt.

Kate's expression is mostly the same, but somehow more calculating.

She's got the locket.

She POKETS IT and follows Jack.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Shannon and Sayid stumble through the jungle. Tired, obviously lost.

Sayid gives up, sits down against a tree.

SHANNON

We can't stop!

SAYID

We don't know where we are.

SHANNON

I can go and get help.

A lie. She's so trying to ditch him.

SAYID
(louder, slower)
Except we *don't* know where we are.

SHANNON
What do we do?

SAYID
We stop and get our bearings.

Shannon doesn't believe him.

SAYID (CONT'D)
Trust me.

She glares at him.

Shannon doesn't trust anybody.

PRELAP A TICKING CLOCK.

INT. NICOLE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

A modest, dim room. A coffee table, and a threadbare sofa and easy chair. A little claustrophobic, and cluttered with CHILDREN'S TOYS and PAPERS. A CLOCK TICKS in the background.

Shannon and Nicole sit opposite each other.

Nicole holds Shannon's ENVELOPE.

NICOLE
Your father never gave you the
tape.

Shannon shakes her head.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
And you recognized it?

SHANNON
(choked up)
How could I forget?

NICOLE
I wanted you to have it. To have
something. You never fell asleep
without my help.

Nicole's trying to get some sort of validation -- reaching
out --

SHANNON

Do you know if he left a will?

Bzzt. Wrong answer.

It hits Nicole: *that's the only reason Shannon's really here.* (Whether it's true or not, that's what she thinks.)

NICOLE

Yes.

Shannon looks desperately hopeful.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I doubt he kept it.

Shannon looks confused.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

No one told you why we split? Why
I moved back here?

Shannon shakes her head 'no'.

The haunted, sad expression comes to the fore. Nicole reaches out to Shannon, touches her hair, and somehow finds the strength to say it:

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I almost killed you.

This knocks the wind out of Shannon; she recoils.

SHANNON

What?

Nicole desperately tries to explain, but she's so stressed that it only comes out in FRAGMENTS --

NICOLE

At Verona Beach -- you had an
attack --

Nicole is turning away, practically curling into a ball, but Shannon is out of her seat, HOUNDING HER --

SHANNON

Asthma?

NICOLE

(nodding)
-- you fell. You -- weren't
moving --

SHANNON
What did you do?

NICOLE
I didn't -- I just *sat*
there --

SHANNON
You were just gonna let me die?!

Nicole finally gets the words out --

NICOLE
I WAS AN ADDICT!

SHANNON
What?

No answer. Nicole just cries.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
You were -- 'strung out', or
something?

NICOLE
(gently correcting her)
'High'.

SHANNON
You just *didn't care*?

Nicole looks dead at Shannon, and the words HIT HARD --

NICOLE
No. I didn't.

Shannon slumps back into her seat.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Your father never forgave me.
(a moment's thought)
And he was right.

Shannon looks like she agrees with him, too.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
I look at you, here, right now, and
all I can see is my little girl.
On a beach. *Drowning in three*
inches of water.

Shannon gets up out of her chair, reeling. *Another person*
who abandoned her, another parent that she couldn't count on.
There's nobody she can trust.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Wait!

Angry, bitter, confused -- Shannon is dizzy with the emotions, and she STUMBLES FROM THE ROOM.

BOONE (O.S.)

(some distance away)

Shannon!

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Shannon jumps to her feet, while Sayid looks in all directions.

SHANNON

Boone?! Boone, get over here!

SAYID

You're sure it's him?

Shannon shoots him a "Well, *duh*" look.

Boone emerges into the clearing. Shannon just glares at him. He hugs Shannon really tight.

SHANNON

Ow.

Locke emerges.

BOONE

You should just stay out of the jungle.

Shannon slaps him.

Sayid is as confused as we are, and watches them closely. Locke can't restrain a little amusement.

SHANNON

You shouldn't trick me into following you!

BOONE

What? When?

SHANNON

Right after you went into the jungle.

(quieter)

You were whispering stuff.

BOONE
I didn't whisper anything --

LOCKE
What did the voice say?

SHANNON
(lying)
Nothing.

From Shannon's guilty look, it must've said something really, really bad.

Locke files that fact away for later use, and heads out.

LOCKE
The beach is this way.

Boone and Shannon look at each other distrustfully.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Hurley faces a group: Sawyer, JIN, and a couple of EXTRAS, none of whom look happy.

JIN
(in Korean) *What happened to Michael?*

SAWYER
What's goin' on here?

Charlie arrives, pill bottle in hand.

HURLEY
(appeasing)
We're just checkin' on stuff. Just a regular head-count thing.

SAWYER
Bull.

HURLEY
It's no big deal.

SAWYER
You gotta be kidding --

Charlie steps between them.

CHARLIE
Guys!

All eyes on Charlie. *Gulp*. He takes as heroic a stance as he can manage.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

The monster. It attacked. But everybody in the Valley is okay. We're just making sure that all of you are accounted for.

Everybody is -- not calm, but at least satisfied, and much less lynch-mob-y.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This is not the time to go turning on each other. All right?

Charlie gets the tiniest moment to feel proud of himself.

But Sawyer is shaking his head --

SAWYER

Shannon and Sayid.

CHARLIE

What?
(completely deflated)
They're gone?

SAWYER

So what do we do now, shorty?

Charlie doesn't have any clue.

But Hurley sees something.

HURLEY

Hey.

Charlie sees it too, and points.

CHARLIE

Look!

ANGLE

Boone, Locke, Shannon, and Sayid stagger their way towards them on the beach.

HURLEY (O.S.)

Think that's everybody.

EXT. THE VALLEY - DAY

Still hot, but people are happy.

The waterfall TRICKLES into the pool, which is now full of clear water.

Michael, Walt, and various EXTRAS drink from bottles.

Jack and Kate emerge from the jungle.

Walt runs by their path, playing with Vincent.

Jack is relieved.

JACK

Kate.

Kate turns towards him; he leads her a few steps away from everybody.

JACK (CONT'D)

We need to talk about --

He gestures back in the direction of the stream.

Kate assumes he's talking about the near-kiss, and laughs.

KATE

It's okay, Jack.

Jack looks back quizzically: *What the hell is she talking about?*

JACK

Gimme the locket, Kate.

Kate's expression: the hell I will.

JACK (CONT'D)

You promised you'd wait, and --

KATE

I promised?!

She holds up the locket.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm giving it back to Rose.

(walking away)

I'm telling her that her husband is dead.

JACK

Don't!

ROSE (O.S.)
Would somebody just give me the
damn thing?

ANGLE

Ah. Rose was sitting there the whole time, in the same spot
she occupied at the beginning of the show.

JACK
How long were --

ROSE
Hour or so.

Kate hands her the locket.

She looks to Jack -- who offers no help -- and back to Rose.

KATE
There were --
(finding it)
-- remains with it.

Rose opens the locket.

KATE (CONT'D)
We recognized your picture.

ROSE
That's not my picture.

JACK
(sympathetic)
Rose, come on.

ROSE
That's my mother. And that's my
father.

Kate looks closer.

INSERT OF THE LOCKET: No, that's not quite Rose.

BACK TO SCENE

ROSE (CONT'D)
I kept it in my purse, which I left
in the overhead bin.

KATE
That arm could be anybody's.

Rose is a little thrown by this, but has other things to address --

ROSE
(to Jack)
You weren't going to tell me?

JACK
No. I thought --
(finding it)
-- you had faith in something. I
didn't want to take that away.

ROSE
(not unfriendly)
Faith isn't ignorance, Jack.

Jack considers debating it further. But what would be the point? Instead --

JACK
This purse -- black? Kind of
squarish?

ROSE
Rectangular.

JACK
I'll be back.

Jack heads back into the jungle.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. THE VALLEY - DAY

Same as before, except Jack re-enters the valley carrying the WATERLOGGED PURSE to see --

Boone, Sayid, Shannon, and Locke enter from the jungle path.
Sayid can barely walk.

Jack DROPS THE PURSE, rushes over to Sayid.

JACK
Set him down.

The other three put Sayid into a seated position.

Jack inspects the wounds.

JACK (CONT'D)
Lacerations, abrasions --

Jack pulls open Sayid's left eye, then the right --

JACK (CONT'D)
-- got yourself hurt pretty bad.

A moment's thought. Then Jack takes off Sayid's shoes.

Shannon looks askance at this.

JACK (CONT'D)
Wiggle your toes.

Wiggle, wiggle.

This has Locke's attention.

JACK (CONT'D)
What happened?

SHANNON
It was the monster.

BOONE
You said it was an accident!

SHANNON
Well, it *was*!

Okay, now this has Locke's undivided attention.

LOCKE
Remember anything?

Sayid dispiritedly shakes his head 'no'.

JACK
I'll be back. Don't move.
(to Boone and Locke)
You two -- with me.

They all head to Jack's cave, leaving Sayid and Shannon alone. Sayid looks thoughtful.

SAYID
You moved me into the cave. When
the monster attacked.

SHANNON
Yeah.

SAYID
You saved my life.

Shannon plays it 'aw shucks' --

SHANNON
I couldn't just let you die.

She smiles, starts to walk away --

SAYID
Who is 'Verona'?

Sayid watches her reaction closely.

SHANNON
It's not a 'who', it's a *beach* --

Then she gets it.

Sayid heard everything.

SAYID
I could hear.
(haunted)
I couldn't move.

Shannon is pissed. Off. Angry that Sayid was lying to her. Ashamed that she was so mean to him. The best she can manage to say is --

SHANNON
I was just really scared!

-- and STORMS OFF.

Sayid watches her go, not quite sure what to make of this girl --

SAYID
(quietly)
But you didn't run.

SHANNON (O.S., FILTERED)
Boone. Listen.

INTERCUT EXT. FRENCH STREET - NIGHT/INT. RUTHERFORD HOUSE/ATTIC - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Shannon stands outside the little house on the French street, her cell phone to her ear. At night it looks peaceful. The lights shine through the windows of Nicole's house.

Boone paces in the attic we saw in act one, holding his cell phone.

The attic is BARE. The boxes and boxes and boxes are GONE. Emptied out, the attic looks eerie and full of shadows.

BOONE
Where are you?

SHANNON
There's a will. A will where dad left a bunch of stuff to mom.

BOONE
So?

SHANNON
My mom.

BOONE
Shannon --

SHANNON
Look, we --

BOONE
Shannon, I know about the will.

SHANNON
You do?

BOONE
I burned it.

SHANNON
What?! WHY?!

BOONE
You don't want to know.

SHANNON
What the hell do you --

BOONE
You really don't want to know.

SHANNON
If you don't tell me --

BOONE
She was a junkie, all right?!

Boone regrets saying that.

SHANNON
You *knew*?!

BOONE
You *knew*?!

Boone sighs.

BOONE (CONT'D)
And mom cleared out the attic.

SHANNON
Oh, god.

BOONE
Shannon. Where are you? You have to come home.

Shannon looks into the window, where Nicole is happily serving dinner to her daughter. It's like her own past, somehow made right.

SHANNON
No, Boone.

She turns off the cell phone.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
No, I don't.

INT. RUTHERFORD HOUSE/ATTIC - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Boone throws the cell phone off into the darkness.

BOONE
Dammit!

Boone sighs, walks over to the alcove, sits.

Notices the Walkman.

INT. RUTHERFORD HOUSE/ATTIC ALCOVE - NIGHT - A FEW MINUTES
LATER - **FLASHBACK**

Puts on the headphones, hits play, and now we hear it:

NICOLE SINGS GENTLY --

NICOLE (V.O., FILTERED)
*Catch a falling star and put it in
your pocket,
Never let it fade away!
Catch a falling star and put it in
your pocket,
Save it for a rainy day!*

Boone listens, but has no idea what he's listening to.

THE MUSIC CROSSFADES TO AN INSTRUMENTAL VERSION OF THE SAME
SONG (WHICH IS THE SOLE AUDIO FOR THE REST OF THE EPISODE),
and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Shannon sits by herself, drinking a bottle of water and
hugging her knees.

Boone COMES BY, apologetic; Shannon GLARES DAGGERS at him and
he WALKS AWAY.

From a distance, Sayid WATCHES ALL OF THIS contemplatively.

OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S CAVE

Charlie plays a song for Claire. He really gets into it;
Claire laughs.

Nearby, HURLEY SLEEPS SOUNDLY.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Rose WATCHES THE OCEAN.

Jack EMERGES FROM THE JUNGLE and HANDS ROSE HER WATERLOGGED
PURSE: a peace offering.

He SITS BESIDE HER.

They WATCH THE WAVES.

From a distance, KATE EYES JACK SUSPICIOUSLY.

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - DAY

An UNSEEN FIGURE casts the walkie-talkies into the sea.

END OF EPISODE