LOST

2x04 - "Imaginary"

by Alden Hawking

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## **TEASER**

EXT. MID-BEACH, MORNING

An blue EYE looks out to sea. We flash backwards to see this is SHANNON, standing on the beach wearing shorts and a tank top. It is morning, and still hot, so she's standing where the tide will dance across her feet. But she's not paying attention. She stares off into space. We...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE HOTEL, DAY

A busy hotel lobby, filled with people rushing through with bags and cases. And one figure stands out, Shannon, as she pushes her way through the crowd. She bumps into MICHEAL, who we should recognise, but she doesn't.

MICHEAL

Hey, watch it-

SHANNON

Shove it.

Micheal just walks away as Shannon continues towards the front desk. Once there, she taps the bell to get the woman at the desk's attention, even though she's just looking at the computer screen.

She has seen Shannon's type all before - rich, snobby girls who don't care about courtesy. She levels her eyes at the impatient Shannon, who TAPS her foot in annoyance.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
(smiling falsely, knowing
desk clerks respond
better to 'cheery faces')
Hi. I need Dawson's room, please.
(The woman types into the
computer for a beat.
Shannon's fake smile
disappears - This is
important.)
Hurry up! I don't have all friggin'
day!

DESK CLERK (looking at screen) First name Dawson?

Shannon shakes her head, and corrects the woman.

SHANNON

Noel Dawson.

The woman nods, and taps with her mouse before scanning the screen with her eyes. She pauses for a second, pretending to read, enjoying watching the pushy girl squirm.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Could you just-

DESK CLERK

(interrupting)

One Noel Dawson in room 815. Shannon Ruthorford?

SHANNON

(pulls out wallet and flips an ID) Yeah, that's me.

DESK CLERK

He's left a key for you. (takes key from desk)

Here.

(hands Shannon the key.)

Shannon nods appreciatively, but hurried, before rushing off towards the elevators.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

(flatly)

Have a good day!

Shannon just keeps walking towards the elevators as we...

FLASH FORWARD

TO:

EXT. MID-BEACH, MORNING

Shannon turns around from her stance on the beach to look at Sayid's workplace where a group is gathered at his table. SAYID stands behind the desk, with JACK and KATE standing, leaning over the table. She smiles a little and steps over towards them, and overhears a little of their conversation before they stop speaking.

JACK

(not noticing Shannon)
Alright, so we'll head this way,
not going through the Dark
Territory-

SAYID

Jack, are you sure that is wise? I mean-

(notices Shannon, turns towards her to greet her) Shannon, good morning.

SHANNON

Good morning all. Anyways, what are you guys planning, and what do I have to do to get in?

She has obviously surprised Jack and Kate, who both remember her last foray into the jungle (which ended in them running for their lives). Both look puzzled, while Sayid just nods as if he'd been planning to ask her to come along himself.

SAYID

Alright - we're heading for the source of the French transmission. We hope we can find it before nightfall-

JACK

Danielle, the french lady, told us it was dangerous after dark. Although her honesty has been suspect sometimes, we think we should listen this time.

SAYID

I've pieced together another transceiver, and located we located the signal yesterday. But, Shannon... the reason we didn't approach you-

SHANNON

Sayid, come on. I'm the one who translated the thing in the first place - not very well, but better than anyone else at least! And I can use a gun, and I have no problem hiking...

Sayid looks troubled for a moment, and Shannon looks at him.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

(confused)
Sayid...?

SAYID

Shannon, it's dangerous, and I don't want you hurt-

#### SHANNON

Sayid, I can handle dangerous as well as you, or Kate, or Jack can. I wasn't in the army, and I didn't have a father who hunted or anything like that, but... Wait a second, Sayid. There's something you're not telling me. What do you think you can't tell me?

LOCKE

(coming up from behind them)

It's me. He wasn't sure you'd want to come because I am. Coming, that is.

Shannon turns around to see LOCKE walking up carrying a pack of water bottles and walking towards them. It's obvious she hasn't forgotten about what happened to Boone, and it looks like he hasn't either. He's obviously forgiven her for attempting to shoot him, but neither are sure if she would attempt it again. She obviously takes Sayid's picking Locke over her a personal betrayal.

#### SHANNON

(without turning around to look at Sayid, though it's obvious she's talking to him. Still staring at Locke.)

Oh, I see. You picked the island crazy instead of the only one who could figure out what the hell you were trying to translate. Nice vote of confidence, Sayid.

KATE

Oh come on, Shannon, you can't think that-

Both she and Locke ignored Kate, eyes locked, their expressions different. Shannon's face a mix of anger and repentance (had she gone too far?), Locke's one of apology. Sayid is tongue-tied.

SAYID

I... didn't think...

SHANNON

(still without turning
around)

Sayid? I'm coming with you. Locke or no Locke.

Locke smiles and nods. His face returns to his normal visage of joviality as she steps up and offers the pack of water to Shannon.

LOCKE

I'm glad, Shannon. We need you on this trip, and I told Sayid as much when he approached me.

These words were meant to calm her down, but the knowledge that even Locke had considered her feelings before Sayid incenses her to grab the pack and stamp off. Sayid watches her back as she disappears into the underbrush.

SAYID

Shannon? Where are you going?

SHANNON

I'm getting the guns. Spending a whole day with you three may finally convince me to shoot myself.

And these are her parting words as she disappears into the trees. Sayid watches her leave, looking pained over his mistake, while Kate looks sympathetic. Locke just shrugs, as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

### ACT ONE

EXT. LOWER BEACH, MID-MORNING

SAWYER is looking around his stash, refamiliarizing himself with it to make sure nothing's gone. Unfortunately, it seems there's plenty missing - with no Sawyer guarding it, people felt free to take things. Luckily, many people had left it alone. His books were fine, at least. He reclines on a chair as he flips through a blue folder.

He looks up, and sees CHARLIE and CLAIRE coming, Claire carrying AARON. Sawyer sighs, shakes his head and stuffs the folder into a pile, then sits as the three approach.

Claire smiles as she approaches him, and Charlie seems just generally happy. Was he high? Sawyer knew the difference, even if the babymama didn't. He gets a shrewd look on his face as he sizes Charlie up until they arrive.

SAWYER

(cocky grin)

Lemme guess, Mamacita. You and Rocky over here are gonna wrestle me inta readin' for you again?

CLAIRE

Well, Sawyer... It would be sop great of you. He doesn't cry so much, nowadays, but he loves your voice so much...

CHARLIE

(grinning)

Yeah, Sawyer. Get out your wizard glasses and magic us up a book.

SAWYER

(sighs)

Enough with the Harry Potter jokes... Hobbit.

CHARLIE

(Charlie seems a little offending by this)
What do you mean, hobbit?

SAWYER

It's 'cause you're short, idiot.
Anyways, what does baby Whiny want
today? A Wrinkle in Time, Watership
Down, I've got some Stephen King
around here...

CLAIRE

No offense, Sawyer, but I'd rather not have my baby listening to Stephen King.

CHARLIE

Yeah, it might give 'im ideas.

(Claire gives Charlie a
playful punch in the arm,
and he laughs.)

What about that blue folder thing
you were reading, looked
interesting enough.

SAWYER

That's, uhh, just some crappy graphs.

(He's lying, of course, with that telltale pause before his answer. Claire doesn't seem to catch it, but Charlie does.) We had a lot of boring guys on our

we had a lot of boring guys on our plane, din't we? Hey, here's one we haven't read to the kid before - Phantom Tollbooth?

Sawyer shrugs and grabs The Phantom Tollbooth before standing and leading the two away from his stash. Charlie looks back for a second at the folder, the bright blue, corner sticking out of one pile.

INT. CAVES, MID-MORNING

A group of people sit in the caves, milling around going about their work. SUN, ANA-LUCIA, and ROSE are sitting together, with MICHEAL lying on the ground, a wet towel (one of the kind they offer to passengers in First Class on planes) over his eyes. His fever from when they found him continues, and Sun is watching over him as he sleeps.

SUN

(pensive)

He sleeps so quietly, but when he wakes up... everything is strange for him. He hallucinates. The crash... it was bad for him.

ROSE

(reflective)

Yes, it is horrible to lose a child...

MICHEAL

(murmuring in his sleep)
I... have to save.. My son...

ANA-LUCIA

(to Sun)

He'll get better, right? It's just a fever, no infected cuts or anything, right?

Sun nods, and smiles a little at Micheal. He's been fighting so hard for his health since he was found. Ana-Lucia wrings her hands in a way that shows she isn't used to that sort of thing, and Rose pauses for a moment to pray quietly.

SUN

That is a prayer, yes?

ROSE

Yes, it's a prayer for Micheal's health and Walter's safe return... And for your husband's safe return.

SUN

Sometimes I worry Jin may have not survived...

ROSE

I have faith that he is alive, just like my Bernard. I'm just thankful so many have lived this long on this island.

Ana-Lucia pauses for a second, looking up at the sky and shivering.

ANA-LUCIA

I'm just glad we survived at all. It's horrible what happened to that guy, the teacher... And that kid you tol' me about... Boole?

SUN

Boone. He died in the jungle hunting boar with Locke... You've met Locke, haven't you, Ana?

ANA-LUCIA

Yeah, I've run into the guy once or twice. He creeps me out, frankly. Who goes on a plane with knives and stuff? ROSE

Everyone is different, with different fears, hopes and destinations. And pasts. It's so strange, nobody here really talks about before the crash.

All of the women nod, knowing how uncomfortable it can be when your past isn't the most shining thing in the world. Then, HURLEY comes up behind them.

HURLEY

Afternoon, dudes... err...

ANA-LUCIA

(smiles a little)

Yeah, we get it, Hurls.

When Hurley sees Ana, he smiles and sits on the rock near them.

HURLEY

Hey, Ana... So, how's he doing? (gestures to Micheal)

SUN

He's getting a little better every day. I think he will make a complete recovery.

HURLEY

Well, that's good... Hasn't woken up, has he?

SUN

No, not really. He's been awake, but he's so haunted by hallucinations... He talks about Walt, and Sawyer... And Jin...

ROSE

He'll come back, Sun. He'll be back, and so will Walter. I have completer faith that they are alive and trying to come home to us as we speak.

Sun seems to take some comfort in these word of comfort, and she smiles tentatively.

SUN

Thank you, Rose.

A moment of silence pervades the group, and Hurley seems to remember something.

HURLEY

Hey, Ana, I was actually looking for you. I was wondering - Sawyer's reading to the kid, maybe you'd wanna help me raid his stash?

ANA-LUCIA

(raises her eyebrows)
Well, that seems like something I'd
come up with... Saw's pretty
docile, though. Don't see why
everyone's got such a bug up their
ass about him.

HURLEY

He, well, was a lot worse than he is now. No, actually I was gonna ask you if you'd look after Vincent with me for a bit.

ANA-LUCIA

Vincent?

ROSE

Walter's dog.

HURLEY

Yeah, since Shannon went on the big secret hike with Jack'n them, I volunteered to watch him.

ANA-LUCIA

Ahh, I see. (grins)

Sure!

HURLEY

Uhhh... okay. Well...

As the two leave, we follow them through the caves for a bit and then, as they head through the exit, we

FADE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE, LATE MORNING

We're in the jungle, with trees covering most of the area. Jack is leading the group heading into the jungle. Following behind, in this order, are Kate, Sayid, Shannon and Locke. For a seconds they walk, before stopping for a break.

JACK

Alright... according to the map, we've still got quite a bit to go. Shannon, you have the water bottles?

Shannon nods and hands them over to Jack, who distributes them between the group. Kate takes one and looks around.

KATE

Looks like a lot of jungle to cover. Do we have any way of telling the others where we are?

LOCKE

We can use a fire for that, I guess. We don't want to do that too much, though. It would attract the beasts. Besides, it looks like ti might rain... Probably within the next 48 hours.

SAYTD

(nodding, agreeing with Locke) that's a good idea. We si

Yes, that's a good idea. We should press on- Shannon?

We notice that Shannon is with them, but she's staring at one spot in the trees. Sayid touches her shoulder, and she speaks.

SHANNON

Sayid... I thought...

SAYID

What, Shannon?

Shannon pauses, her eyes sort of staring into space. Then she bits her lip, blinking and looking down. When she looks back at Sayid's face, her eyes are watering.

SHANNON

Sayid.. I saw Boone!

This gets a reaction from the rest of them. Kate and Jack immediately move towards her, as if to comfort her, while Locke fell into a sitting position on a nearby rock, looking confused.

KATE

(touches Shannon's back, comforting) (MORE) KATE (CONT'D)

Shannon, it's hot out here... Are you sure you're okay?

SHANNON

Yeah, I'm alright,. I'm fine...
But... Boone!

JACK

Shannon, Boone couldn't have been there. He's dead, Shannon.

SHANNON

(staring at the spot she saw him)

I know, Jack, I'm not an idiot. Why the hell do you think I'm making such a big deal about this?

SAYID

Shannon, have you made peace with Boone?

She looks back at him, confused. A mix of emotions rushes through her features. Does he know about... what she did to Boone?

SHANNON

What?

SAYID

Is there anything you left unfinished, something that should be resolved?

Shannon's eyes go blank again as we

FLASHBACK TO:

## INT. DAWSON'S HOTEL ROOM

Shannon sits on a couch in a pretty expensive hotel room. They're in a small, furnished little living room. Noel's sitting on one couch, with a large window behind him spilling light into the rather dark room. Shannon sits parallel to him, on another couch, on the other side of the coffee table (on which sits her purse). She's looking across the table at the man sitting across from her. He's black, in his late forties, with a cunning air about him. He smiles. Shannon looks angry.

SHANNON

You're Noel Dawson, you're the friggin' best! Sadie told me about the things you've done.

(MORE)

SHANNON (CONT'D)

And I know you can tell me who did it... Who killed him. I want some damn answers!

DAWSON

(reclining on the couch,
his feet on the table,
with a lazy smile on
face)

I can do what I want to do, young lady. It's your job to make me want to, y'hear? I'm talking the old, good stuff - cold hard cash.

Shannon pauses at that, and bites her lip before nodding. It's obvious this is after she lost her money, at least to the viewers.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

I know your daddy cut you outta the will for your little fling with, what was his name, Andres something? You better know of some way to make this thing worthwhile for me.

Shannon stands, and makes her way to the window. She looks out on the busy New York city and sighs, her reflection showing in the glass. Then she pauses, thinking for a second before giving her reply.

## SHANNON

Sabrina stole all my money, but Boone's her son. She lets him buy whatever the hell he wants. I think he even bought off my last boyfriend - he was a real asshole, beat me up 'til Boone showed up to save the day...

### DAWSON

... And how does that relate to my payment, which leads to your answers? By the way, a job like this should cost at *least* 23 grand. American, of course.

## SHANNON

Don't worry, I'll have your money ready by the time you're done looking for that bastard.

Shannon walks back over to the couch, picking up her purse and heading out the door, looking determined. She would find some way to pay him. She would.

EXT. JUNGLE, AFTERNOON

Shannon's eyes are searching through the trees as her hands push leaves and branches away from her. She's alone, apparently having left the group to search for the phantom Boone.

SAYID (O.S.)
(from quite a bit away)
Shannon! Shannon!

SHANNON

(looking over her
 shoulder, calling back)
Sayid! I know what I'm doing! You
guys go on without me!

Then it seems like they are out of earshot, or that she's ignoring them. Of course, there's a reason - BOONE is standing a few metres away from her, through the trees.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Boone...

But Boone just shakes his head and disappears into the trees. She mutters incoherently and rushes through the trees.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

EXT. MID-BEACH, AFTERNOON

We see Hurley and Ana-Lucia playing ball with Vincent as we scroll to a group of three sitting: Sawyer (wearing his glasses), holding The Phantom Tollbooth and reading, sitting with Claire (holding Aaron) and Charlie.

SAWYER

(reading)

"...Milo and Tock wandered up and won the aisles, looking at all the wonderful assortment of words for sale."

(making a side comment)
Geez, the weird crap kids read
these days.

(reading again)
"There were short ones and easy
ones-"

CHARLIE

(interrupting)

Umm... I'll be right back. Taking a bathroom break for a second.

CLAIRE

(smiling a little)
Alright, Charlie. But hurry back,
you'll miss the best part.

CHARLIE

(huge smile)

Of course, wouldn't leave you with Sawyer alone for too long.

SAWYER

(slowly getting quieter as
we follow Charlie away
from him)

"...short ones and easy one for everyday use, and long very important ones..."

Charlie gets up before Sawyer says anything and heads up the beach. When he's sure neither can see him, or anyone for that matter, he walks and we

FOLLOW HIM TO:

## EXT. LOWER BEACH, AFTERNOON

Charlie slips near Sawyer's stash. Nobody goes here, and when they do they wouldn't look actually *in* Sawyer's stash, which was where Charlie was now sitting. They'd get beat up - and plus, they knew he was reading to the baby. Charlie's breathing is a little erratic.

CHARLIE

Nobody's here - They all know Sawyer's up at the beach. One sec...

He pulls out a packet of heroin from his pocket, tearing it open a little and snorting it up. His breathing returns to normal, and he smiles a little. Then, turning around to get out, he knocks the folder from the pile.

Charlie's looks at it and picks it up. He glances at the label, then flips it open. His eyes widen as he realises what he's looking at, and without seeing we

CUT TO:

### EXT. MID-BEACH, AFTERNOON

Ana-Lucia and Hurley are throwing the ball to VINCENT, and both sit down for a second to rest. Vincent walks up to them and trots around them, before laying at Ana's feet.

HURLEY

You're good with dogs, aren't you?

Ana nods, and leans over to scratch Vincent's back, still looking at Hurley.

ANA-LUCIA

I have a dog at home... Well, no, he's my ex-boyfriend's, but I took him when I left.

HURLEY

(ponders this)

I see... Hm... You aren't like everyone else, are you, Ana?

Ana raises an eyebrow. And stops scratching Vincent. She pulls back and looks straight at Hurley, sort of confused.

ANA-LUCIA

What d'you mean, not like everyone else?

HURLEY

I mean, secrets. Everyone here seems to have some deep, dark past. You don't know how long I've waited to stalk to someone who's normal and not completely boring here. One guy runs a porn company, then there's the woman who's cheating on her husband and doesn't want anyone to know she's married... I dunno, it's just weird.

ANA-LUCIA

You don't have any secrets, do you, Hurls?

Hurley shrugs, looking up at the blue sky.

HURLEY

Well... Yeah, I have a few skeletons in my closet. I guess everyone does, it's just there are so many people on this island with big problems, or big secrets. It's weird.

ANA-LUCIA

(shrugs)

I guess that's kinda weird. But try picking forty-someodd random people and stick them on an island. Everyone, at some point, want to be a new person. Heck, some of the things I've done...

Hurley looks back at her, but she shakes her head.

ANA-LUCIA (CONT'D)

Just forget it...

Hurley nods, and watches the tide come in for a second. He seems unsure of what to say to her. She starts the conversation again.

ANA-LUCIA (CONT'D)

So, you know any of these guys before the flight?

HURLEY

Charlie yelled at me from a hotel elevator before our flight, but that's mostly it. You?

ANA-LUCIA

I ran into Jack at the bar before the flight. His dad died in Australia, you know...

HURLEY

Really? Wow... He's the guy who ran around after the crash, telling everyone what to do to keep alive... Seems like so long ago. We've been here over a month, but it feels like forever.

Ana seems to think now. It was different, on her end. She speaks up.

ANA-LUCIA

Nothing happened, really, with us. We didn't have a doc on our side, so only a few of us survived... Me, Bernard, Erica, Daniel, Jordan... About fifteen of us survived at the beginning. It was chaos...

HURLEY

(nods)

Well... You guys are just lucky you lasted so long. You guys didn't get much of the food on your end, did you?

ANA-LUCIA

Actually, we got the opposite - the big storage of it. It must've had enough for a few flights, so they didn't need to out more on between flights. All that food lasted the fifteen of us a while, and we weren't greedy. Me and Jordan looked for the cockpit, but it was empty when we found it.

Vincent decides that it's time for more playing, as he stands and barks loudly.

VINCENT

(barks loudly)

The two smile, and get up. Ana grab's the ball and throws it into the water, and Vincent runs after it... Ana smiles, and we

CUT TO:

## EX. JUNGLE, AFTERNOON

Shannon is making her way through the trees, running as fast as she can to catch up with Boone's racing figure. Finally, after a few seconds, she breaks from the trees into a clearing, where Boone stands.

SHANNON

(confused)

Boone? That the hell are you doing here... You're dead! I watched you die, and now you just show up like nothing's happened? What-

BOONE

(quietly)

Shannon...

SHANNON

(less talking to Boone
 than to herself and the
 world)

What, Boone? Are you a friggin' zombie now? Am I crazy? What the hell am I doing in the middle of the jungle with you?

BOONE

Shannon... Finish what you started.

Shannon's intake of breath sharpens, as her eyes watch Boone accusingly. She knows what he means.

SHANNON

You.. You couldn't know about that, Boone. You had no idea...

BOONE

Finish it. I died because of it, and now it's your turn to make things right.

SHANNON

But... Boone-

Her head swings to behind her as Locke enters the clearing. Confusion flutters across her features as she looks between the two of them.

LOCKE

Shannon, have you made peace with Boone?

Shannon looks back at Boone, who's now covered with blood, just like when he died. Tears spring to her eyes as she turns back to Locke.

SHANNON

(quietly, dangerous tone in her voice) You did this...

LOCKE

What, Shannon?

SHANNON

I said, you did this! This is all your fault!

She whips out the gun and shoots Locke in the chest. And suddenly, he's not Locke. He's someone different, younger, a businessman.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
(eyes wide, shock
registering on her face)
... Dad?

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE, NIGHT.

Shannon WAKES UP, throwing herself into a sitting position, breathing as if she'd just run a marathon. Her hands as clenched, her nails digging into the ground. She looks around - everyone's asleep.

It was a dream. Boone, Locke, her father...

SHANNON

(almost disbelieving)
That... wasn't real? Nothing
happened?

She looks around the clearing they'd chosen to sleep in. Jack, Kate, Sayid... Where was Locke? Was he standing watch? She looks around, and the TREES RUSTLING makes her look to the side, where Locke enters the clearing.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Locke... you know all about this
mumbo-jumbo island, right?

LOCKE

I know a little. Why do you ask? Did the island... show you something?

Did the island show her something? That was not only stupid, it was ridiculous. Islands don't 'show' you things. She gave Locke a look like 'don't make me regret talking to you'.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

The island... it shows us things. It showed me what I needed to find the hatch, it showed Boone what he needed to get over you... What did it show you?

SHANNON

Screw it. It was just a dream, so you don't have to get all 'mystic' on me. I'll ask Jack in the morning.

LOCKE

(shrugs)

Suit yourself, Shannon. Do you want to take watch?

Shannon pauses for a second. She is tired, but she doesn't want the dream to come again. And plus, it is her turn-hadn't one of Boone's big issues with her been that she hadn't helped out as much as she could have? So she nods, and Locke slips onto the ground to sleep. Shannon looks around the clearing and shivers. This was going to be a loooong night. She stares off for a second.

SHANNON

(whispering)

Boone...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. MID-BEACH, NIGHT

It's nighttime, and everyone's asleep except a few, taking a watch against unknown foes. Charlie's up, and he's heading for the trees. When he's sure nobody's watching, he slips out a packet.

And IN A FLASH, Sawyer's on him. A blow to the face knocks Charlie over, and Sawyer pushes him against the tree, Charlie's packet in hand.

CHARLIE

SAWYER

What the hell are you doing, I had an idea, but I didn't Sawy-

know 'til now-

Charlie realises what Sawyer's talking about, and glares at him.

CHARLIE

'S none of your bloody business, is it?

SAWYER

I know your type - Big, druggie rock star who goes after the only woman who'll have him. She's got a baby, dumbass, and-

CHARLIE

(interrupting)

I know that! I love Aaron like my own kid!

SAWYER

Yeah, well what if the kid doesn't want a junkie for a dad? She's been left before, and it'd kill her if she found out her hero in shining armour was just some dirty junkie (lets Charlie go, steps back)

Realisation dawns on Charlie's face, and anger warps his features.

CHARLIE

(punches at Sawyer, who dodges it)

Bastard! You read Claire's diary, didn't you? No wonder you had it!

SAWYER

Shut up, someone'll wake up - and I really want someone to catch you with this.

> (he dangles the packet dangerously)

Both of the two stare at eachother, caught in a moment of mutual emnity. Then Charlie stops for a second.

CHARLIE

You know...I'm not the only one with secrets.

SAWYER

(taken aback)

Hey, what's that supposed to mean?

CHARLIE

What if I told her about what you have? She'd kill you - she almost killed Locke, and that wasn't too long ago!

Sawyer pauses for a second, then he remembers something. His eyes widen a little, barely noticeable. But Charlie's face to face with him.

SAWYER

You don't tell her anything.

CHARLIE

You mind your business, I mine.

Sawyer stops for a moment, then PUNCHES Charlie in the face before turning around and walking away. He tosses the packet back to Charlie.

SAWYER

(without turning around, still walking)

Fine.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

# ACT THREE

### INT. HOUSE IN AUSTRALIA

We are in the house from HEARTS AND MINDS, with Shannon and Bryan sitting at a table looking at eachother.

## SHANNON

This is the last phase of it. You'll get your money, and I'll learn who killed my father. Easy deal. Boone... he doesn't have to know.

#### **BRYAN**

As long as we get our money, I don't really care what happens to you or your brother, Ms.
Ruthorford. Or,
 (he smiles)
Seein' as we're boyfriend and girlfriend in this little charade

girlfriend in this little charade you've cooked up, maybe I should call you Shannon?

#### SHANNON

Psh. Whatever works for you. So, when do you think he should be here?

A beeper at Bryan's side starts to beep. The two nod and get ready, with Shannon grabbing her coat and Bryan getting ready to leave. If they time it right...

An a KNOCKING at the door. Shannon peeks out the window- it's Boone. She steels herself for what she has to do next.

FLASH FORWARD TO:

# INT. CAVES, MORNING

We watch the people of the caves wake in the morning - Sun watching over a sick Micheal, Rose and BERNARD sitting together, just being together, various castaways waking up and doing 'morning things', and finally Ana-Lucia and Hurley playing backgammon.

#### HURLEY

You know, I played this with Walt a lot... y'know, before.

Ana nods, rolling the dice and shifting a piece before looking back at Hurley. She looks troubled at the thought of Walt, so Hurley quickly changes the subject.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Apparently it's one of the oldest games in the world. I was in a backgammon tournament once, too.

Ana seems surprised by this, and smiles a little.

ANA-LUCIA

Really, Hurls? You never fail to surprise. How'd you do?

HURLEY

Alright, I came out in the middle. Can't blame me for trying, can you?

Ana nods and laughs a little, then nods at him to move. He rolls and pushes his piece forwards.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

What about you? You play this much? (looks at board)
You're beating me, too.

ANA-LUCIA

I used to play it with my grandfather. He preferred chess, but he couldn't find anyone who could play him. He was a pro.

Hurley nods, then pauses for a second.

HURLEY

Wait a second, Ana. What's your name? I mean, you know, your last...

ANA-LUCIA

Oh, Cortez. He was Jensen Collins - my mother's side. Why?

HURLEY

I think I met him, once- I mean, saw him. You know, at a tournament. On TV.

Ana nods, looking back at the board and rolling. It rolls a six, and she lightens up.

ANA-LUCIA

I've been waiting for one of those all game.

(moves piece)

Looks like I won, Hurls.

HURLEY

Yeah, guess so. Ummm... Ana?

Hurley looks a little worried, but more anxious. Would she believe him, if he told her about the numbers? He taps one of the dice against the board.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Do you... believe in curses?

ANA-LUCIA

What do you mean?

HURLEY

Just curious, I quess.

ANA-LUCIA

Well... I've never been a superstitious person, but I guess something like that could happen. Maybe.

Hurley looks down for a second, then looks up. He opens his mouth to tell her- and Micheal WAKES UP.

MICHEAL

(coughing, sitting up)

Walt!

(realising where he is)

Wait a second... I'm back at the caves. Those guys on that boat,

they got Walt!

Sun gets up to comfort Micheal, and Hurley decides against telling her... at least, for now. Sun sit's near Micheal, touching his arm.

SUN

Micheal!

(Micheal quiets, looking

at her)

Sawyer told us everything that happened.

MICHEAL

He told you about Walt? Where is he? And Jin? And... who's she? (nods at Ana-Lucia)

SUN

Sawyer washed up on another side of the island... and found survivors from the back of the plane-

MICHEAL

(surprised)

You mean, some people from the back survived? But, if the cockpit was that way, how did the back... end up farther than the front and middle?

SUN

We don't know. But Walt is missing... And so is Jin...

Micheal looks at Sun in realisation, and looks around the caves. Puzzlement crosses his features.

MICHEAL

How long has it been... since the raft launched?

SUN

Two weeks, about. Maybe a few days more.

Micheal seems to pause at this. Hurley looks at Ana, Ana looks at Hurley, and Sun just twists her hands and looks at them. We

FADE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE, MORNING

The group (Jack, Kate, Sayid, Locke and Shannon) are getting ready to go, packing up their supplies. Shannon is to the side of the rest with Kate, and they're talking quickly.

SHANNON

Kate, I know it looks like I'm bailing out on you guys, but... there's something I realised I really need to do.

KATE

(nods understandingly)
I know what it's like, when you
need to get something important to
you back. I won't tell you to come
back, because you might lose your
way, but... be careful, Shannon.

SHANNON

(nods and smiles a little)
Yeah, don't worry about me. I'm
glad, Kate.

KATE

(a little confused) What do you mean?

SHANNON

You're a lot nicer than I thought you were. We've never really talked, have we? The spoiled rich brat and the unresistable huntress.

Kate raises a brow at Shannon's description of her, and Shannon almost laughs.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

(whispering)

You honestly haven't seen the way Jack and Sawyer look at you? I mean, I have Sayid so I'm not jealous, but...

(shakes her head at Kate's
 cluelessness)

You have a lot to learn about men, Kate.

KATE

(not exactly sure how to respond to that) Uhhh... thanks, Shannon.

Shannon nods, then makes her way to Sayid. He looks surprised, seeing as they haven't been on the best of terms lately.

SHANNON

Sayid, I've been a brat the past few days. Forgive me?

SAYID

(smiles)

Shannon, you aren't a brat. (MORE)

SAYID (CONT'D)

After everything that's happened, your response was natural. And I know you have to go.

SHANNON

(a little surprised at his foreknowledge)

Well... Don't die on me, okay?

They kiss, and Sayid nods.

SAYID

I will be fine, Shannon. Do what you have to do. Do you need someone to show you the way back?

SHANNON

(hesitant to admit to
weakness, but honestly
doesn't know the way
back)

I... I think I can make it back-

LOCKE

Shannon, I could go with you. If you'd like.

Shannon nods, which garners confused looks from the rest of the group. Shannon, however, knows exactly what she's doing.

SAYID

You're sure? I could-

SHANNON

(interrupting)

No, Sayid. You go. I need to talk to Locke anyways.

SAYID

Well, don't do anything rash, alright?

Shannon pulled the gun from her back pocket and held it out to Sayid. He shook his head, but she pushed it towards him.

SHANNON

We'll be fine. You guys need as much as you can get. I want you to come back safe, Sayid.

Sayid nods, and Shannon divides the water - a few in a bag for her and Locke, most in another for the remaining group. Then, she and Locke head towards the way they were coming. We

FOLLOW THEM TO:

EXT. JUNGLE (2), MORNING

Shannon and Locke are making their way down a hill, dirty and pretty steep, but they use the trees and roots growing from the sides for balance.

LOCKE

What did you want to talk to me about, Shannon?

SHANNON

What?

Locke drops to beside Shannon, and the two make their way down side by side.

LOCKE

You told Sayid you needed to talk to me about something. Is it about last night? Or...

Shannon touches down at the bottom of the cliff, and Locke follows. Then she answers.

SHANNON

I needed him to let me go. If Sayid think I can't do things, like get along with you, he might finally realise I'm as useless as Boone said I was.

LOCKE

But you aren't. You came on this... hike, for lack of a better word. You got down this hill fine, and it's something I don;t think some people could have done without some sort of accident.

SHANNON

I broke a nail, I guess, on one of the trees.

LOCKE

And you didn't mention it?

Shannon stops and looks at her hand. She fingers the broken nail.

SHANNON

(murmuring)

I... didn't think it was important.

LOCKE

(nods)

Exactly. A month ago, before the crash - How would you have reacted?

SHANNON

I probably wouldn't have even tried to go down this thing...

LOCKE

See?

SHANNON

See what?

Locke and Shannon start making their way through the jungle, Shannon first, Locke behind her.

LOCKE

You've changed. Even Boone could see that - he once told me about how much you'd changed. He told me... about what happened between you two, too.

Shannon's face is a mixture of shock, fear and disgust. She remembered, as well. She looked at the ground as she walked.

SHANNON

It... It wasn't like it was. I needed the money, and Sabrina would have seen him giving me that much money without reason. Plus, Boone's a horrible liar. And if she was involved in my dad's death, like I thought, then she would have wrestled the money out of his hands the moment he told her. I needed to get the money somehow.

LOCKE

So you set him up for money, again and again.

Shannon turns and looks at Locke, crossed between hate that he knew this secret and worry that someone else would know.

SHANNON

As long as he didn't know, it would have been fine. But then, Bryan told him, and... I tried to go to his room and apologise, but I got drunk, and I don't know what the hell I was thinking... Why the hell would you talk about this? I screwed him over, but you... you killed him! I haven't forgotten about that, Locke.

Locke freezes, and we can see a range of emotions play across his features. The regret, the doubt, the self-loathing, all come to the surface for a moment. Then he speaks.

LOCKE

I... I knew you'd need to talk about it, resolve it. If Boone knew...

SHANNON

If Boone knew, he'd still hate me.

LOCKE

He never hated you, Shannon.

SHANNON

(shakes her head)

That's what makes it so hard! He loved me, and it's my fault he even came to this damn island. It's my fault he came here, and it's my fault he died here!

LOCKE

Shannon... we're all on this island for a reason, you know that?

Shannon pauses for a moment, then turns back towards the way they were walking.

SHANNON

No, Locke. I don't. I do know we better get walking to clear this way by dark, right?

Locke nods, and the two make their way towards their destination. Neither looks at the other, Locke just follows close behind her, as they walk. We

FADE TO:

MID-BEACH, NIGHT

Charlie and Claire are sitting with Aaron. Charlie smiles, and Claire smiles back at him. Then, Sawyer comes walking up to them. Charlie stands, and the two share a look. Cl; aire notices this, and stands too.

CLAIRE

Sawyer? Charlie? What's wrong with you two?

Sawyer looks at Claire. He glances at Aaron, then clears his throat. He doesn't want to say this, but he has to, damn the consequences.

SAWYER

There's something you gotta learn about Hobbit here-

Sawyer breaks off as Charlie rams into him, pushing him over and slamming his fist into Sawyer's mouth.

CHARLIE

We had a deal, you bloody bastard. We had a deal! You can't tell her, you can't!

Sawyer just lies there as Charlie stops puching him, and smiles a little.

SAWYER

It'll look pretty silly after all this if I don't, won't it? Don't tell me what I can't do... kid.

Sawyer rolls Charlie over, pressing his knees onto Charlie's legs and staring at him.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

She needs to know. If she forgives you, then hell, you really are perfect.

Claire stands with her baby, reaching out to tug on Sawyer's shoulder.

CLAIRE

(yelling)

Sawyer! Get off of him, please! Just get off him!

Sawyer stands, watching Charlie for any kind of movement, before turning to Claire and pulling something out of his pocket.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Is that...?

SAWYER

Mhm, that's gen-you-wine heroin, straight from the junkie's pocket. He's got a whole stash of it in his backpack over there... in Virgin Mary statues, no less!

Claire shakes her head, disbelieving every word Sawyer says, trying to deny everything. Sawyer drops the packet in front of the fallen man's face.

CLAIRE

That... that isn't true! Charlie isn't- Charlie wouldn't-

Aaron starts to cry because of all the shouting and anger.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Look, you've even scared my baby! What do you want, Sawyer?

Sawyer looks down at Charlie, whose eyes are tearing.

SAWYER

I don't know this guy well, but I know enough. This guy moves on from one addiction to another - his band, then his drugs when that crashed and burned, I bet. Then, he was running out of that and he latched onto you. But now, he's found some sort of stash, and he's back on the drugs.

Charlie's getting up, and Sawyer's leg twitches, as if he's fighting the temptation to kick him.

CHARLIE

No, Claire, that's not how it is-

SAWYER

You know how I know? I've seen so many of your types, desperate enough for money they'll do anything.

(MORE)

SAWYER (CONT'D)

If we get rescued, I don't want to have you ruining her life on my conscience.

Then, Sawyer turns to leave. Claire's crying, Aaron's crying, Charlie's weeping and Sawyer himself is a little wet. Then Charlie yells after Sawyer.

CHARLIE

That's it, Sawyer. Shannon!

Charlie has seen Shannon and Locke come out of the trees. He's got the eyes of a desperate man in search of revenge. Shannon and Locke are looking at the grouping confused. Locke's disappointment at Charlie is obvious - he's figured out what it's all about.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Shannon! I have something to show you!

She sees the folder in his hand, and seems to phase out of reality, confused and excited, and worried all in the same moment. As she stares, we

CUT TO:

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

INT. AIRPORT

Shannon stands in the busy airport, waiting in line for the telephone. She's tapping her foot at the woman in front of her.

SHANNON

Could you please hurry it up? This is really important. I have about five minutes until something very bad happens, and I lose a lot of money. So I'd like it if you could just... hurry your ass up?

WOMAN AT PHONE

(gathering purse, etc.
 walks away, muttering)
Teenagers, these days...

SHANNON

(yelling after woman)
I'm twenty, lady!

Then she fumbles through her own purse for a few seconds, finally finding a quarter. Sighing in relief, she pops it in and picks up the phone, dialing a number and watching the clock.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

(to self)

With three minutes to spare...

Then the phone CLICKS as someone picks up.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Is that you?

DAWSON (V.O.)

Ms. Ruthorford, you're almost too late. Then I would have had to take your money without delivering the information you asked for.

SHANNON

Yeah. But I'm here, so cut the crap - Who did it?

DAWSON (V.O.)

Impatient, aren't we? Bryan has
contacted me, told me the money's
all there-

SHANNON

-That ass told my brother everything-

DAWSON (V.O.)

Not our problem, Ms. Ruthorford. Anyways, the money was all there. So, he deposited the money in Locker 16-23 at your airport. The key is in the garbage can to your left. Have a nice day.

And on the CLICK of Dawson hanging up, we

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

EXT. JUNGLE, NIGHT

Back in the jungle, Jack, Kate and Sayid are walking, finally making progress. Sayid is looking at the map, and Jack is drinking one of the water bottles.

SAYID

We're almost there. Danielle told us to watch out after dark, however there is nothing we can do about it now. All we can do is press forwards. Jack, how many water bottles are there left?

**JACK** 

Seven. Enough for the trip back, at least. If we're careful-

KATE

Hey, wait. If it's dangerous, we should make camp here tonight and go tomorrow.

SAYID

Kate... I really don't think it's wise to fall asleep anywhere near here, watch or no watch. We should be in and out as quickly as possible.

KATE

(nods)

Yeah, that's a good idea, Sayid. If it's anywhere as dangerous as she said it was... We'll have to be on our quard.

The three make their way through the trees, up a steep slope, requiring them to grab eachother for support. Jack grabbed Sayid's hand, and Kate took jack's, and together they climbed. Then, when they reached the top... they walked. And walked, and finally...

The three stand at the ridge of an enormous crater-like pit, reaching down a long ways. And coming up, out of the trees like a pin in a pincushion, was a huge, tall tower. All three gasped in amazement - it was hard to see well in the dark, but it was there.

They started their descent into the trees, holding onto the thick branches and trunks for support.

This was hard, but they would continue, even if they were tired. They knew something might happen if they stopped.

None dared to talk as they crept through the trees, as the ground slowly levelled off. It wasn't that far from the tower-

Then, WHISPERS seemed to crawl around them in the darkness, and shapes formed, moving through the trees swiftly. Panicking, all three of the group, ran towards the tower - Jack, Sayid and Kate taking separate routes through the darkness. Kate runs through the trees, but trips on a root. Her whole body is flung forwards, and she lands, her whole side buried in mud.

Feeling almost unable to move, she watches the raindrops splash against the surface of the puddle as she struggles to release her arm from it. A shoe steps into the mud, and she gives a little shriek.

SAYID

It's alright, Kate, it's just me.

He leans and grasps her arm, pulling her out of the mud. The two work as fast as they can, looking all around for danger. The whispers have stopped, however. That doesn't keep them from running. Both see the tower in the distance, through Sayid's flashlight.

It's made of a metal frame, but mostly made of.. Mirrors. Thousands of panes of mirrored glass, right beside eachother. A way of making it invisible from a distance.

There are doors, however, and Sayid rush towards them, pulling them open and closing them shut. And we

FOLLOW THEM TO:

## INT. TRANSMISSION TOWER

The small light from outside can't make it in through the mirrors. But the room, long as it is, is lightened a little by the light of the flashlight. The light is reflected in all of the mirrors, bouncing off of mirrors of every angle. The room itself is a little dome of mirrored glass plates, not the full tower but seeming to be merely a lobby, a first floor.

KATE

Sayid... what is this place? And where's Jack?

SAYID

I... really don't know. But there must be some way of getting up to the top of the tower, finding the signal...

Both walk around the small dome of small lights, looking for some sort of door or elevator. But Kate pauses.

KATE

Sayid, the tower isn't any wider than this. So, really, any way of getting up...

SAYTD

... Should be in the middle! You are brilliant, Kate!

Both make their way to the centre of the room and, lo and behold, there is a some sort of elevator. It's a wooden platform, with a pole for holding on and a chain - presumably for getting it to move.

KATE

We... we should look for Jack, before doing this.

SAYID

There's nothing we can do for Jack. The doors are open, and anything we do could draw attention to ourselves - Which would doom all of us. We should stay in this building overnight, keeping ourselves safe. I can only hope this is safe...

KATE

... Because if it isn't, and we use it, we could both die.

SAYID

... Exactly.

Sayid steps, tentatively, onto the platform. It seems solid - no basement level, or a strong base. He tugs at the chain - it's strong. And he checks the pole.

KATE

We should go together. Neither of us should be alone.

SAYID

(nods)

You're right, Kate. We should go together.

The two step onto the platform, not sure whether to trust it or not, then pull with all their might while holding onto the pole. The pole doesn't move with them - meaning it would be safe to grab if the platform were to fall, then try to slide down to safety. Both keep one arm around the pole, and using their other to pull the chain together. Slowly but surely, they make their way to the ceiling. They have, for lack of better place, slid the matches in between the slats of wood. And once they reach the ceiling, the elevator of sorts clunks to a stop.

Both of them grab their matches and look around this new, identical dome. Except this has one panel that isn't mirrored. A door.

KATE

Sayid... Do you think there might be stairs on the other side? I can trust stairs more than one of those things...

SAYID

We can only hope, because this... elevator won't go any further.

Both make their way to the door, and Sayid grasps the wooden knob and turns. It's rather crude, as if it had been whittled out of wood from the jungle. If someone had lengths of metal and strong plates of glass, why didn't they have knobs without making their own?

And there is it. Rough wooden stairs, leading up to the top. Kate fingered the gun at her side as they climbed the steps... as they climb, we

FADE SLOWLY TO:

EXT. MID-BEACH, NIGHT

The rain has started on the beach, too. A drop or two has hit the surface of the paper folder, which Charlie has pulled from his backpack. He walks over to her and hands it to her. Claire runs to a tent with Aaron, but is now sitting at the edge of it, watching the showdown. Aaron has finally quieted down, but everyone is tense.

CHARLIE

This is yours, Shannon. Sawyer had it.

CLAIRE

(calling from tent)
Charlie? What's going on?

Shannon looks down at the folder, now in her hand. Her breath is hard, both from the walk and from seeing it in her hands after all this time.

SHANNON

This... this is something I've been waiting almost a year to see... It was in Boone's bag. He...

(looks at Sawyer)
You... you had this? And you didn't tell me? You...

She doesn't seem to be able to think of a suitable name for Sawyer. So she flipped it open. Sawyer steps towards her, but Charlie gives him a warning glare. She reads out in a high, clear voice, over the rain:

SHANNON (CONT'D)

"This document is a compiled record of evidence, witness testimonies, unofficial testimonies, withheld facts from the case's previous investigators of this crime, and various facts that ultimately prove two individuals murdered Kent Henningworth Ruthorford at his workplace in Tampa Florida, in the Spring of 2001. These two were, it is believe, hoping to force him out of his marriage to Sabrina Hamilton through blackmail, giving up all assets, and then be paid half of the wife's share. Unfortunately, things must have gotten out of hand, and Ruthorford was murdered either as an accident or to prevent their crime being reported to police."

All throughout this reading, Sawyer's face is falling to resignation to what Shannon will soon find out. She flips the page, and two rep sheets stick out.

JOHN HIBBS - Convicted for many assaults and cons, and JAMES FORD - Convicted with just as many of each. James Ford, however, is a face we recognise... Sawyer himself.

Shannon looks up from the folder, her eyes burning with rage.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

It was you... No wonder you kept this to yourself - This has your face on it, Sawyer!

Claire GASPS, and Charlie nods knowingly. Sawyer takes her glare peacefully.

CLATRE

But... it couldn't be... There's no way...

SAWYER

You don't have a gun now, Stix. Hear me out before you try to kill me, at least.

SHANNON

(accusingly)
You killed my father.

SAWYER

(shaking his head)
No, I didn't.

SHANNON

You can't trick your way out of this one, Sawyer! Your name's on here... James Ford! If you think you're going to get off be-

SAWYER

It was Hibbs!

A moment's silence as nobody talks. Shannon opens her mouth, but Sawyer interrupts her.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

I didn't think about it - To me, they were just another rich couple to scheme off of. Your daddy was working with some crazy Korean crime lord, and we had the dirt on him! But he pulled out this gun... And Hibbs shot him before he could do anything with it!

Shannon stops. The gears shift in her mind... Sawyer was a good liar. But, he really seemed genuine. He'd admitted to being part of it.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

He's is the reason I'm here! I told him after that, I'd kill him if I saw him again. And I swear, I'll be after him the moment I touch shore.

SHANNON

(bitter laugh)

Because he screwed up a con, and you got caught for it?

SAWYER

No, because he sent me on a wild goose chase! He found the guy who ruined my life, and told me where he was.. But it wasn't him at all! But, I swear it Stix, your dad wasn't my fault.

Shannon just stares at Sawyer for a second, then collapses to her knees. She feels as if she's lost them both again - Boone and her father. She can't do anything but cry... And nobody's sure what to do. Charlie walks up to her and kneels down in front of her.

CHARLIE

Shannon...

She waves him off, but he continues.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We all need to get out of the rain. You've been walking for a few hours, and you've just been through a very traumatic experience...

Charlie helps Shannon up, and he leads her to Claire's tent. Sawyer disappears (presumably to his own place), and Charlie notices that Locke is nowhere to be seen when he looks back at the jungle's fringe. We

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE (EPILOGUE)

INT. BEACH, MORNING

We see Hurley and Ana-Lucia playing with Vincent again, with Shannon sitting with them and even smiling a little. We see Sawyer walk up to Shannon, and the two exchange a silent dialogue. Shannon nods, and Sawyer looks relieved as he walks away.

Then we see Charlie and Claire sitting together, talking quietly near the tent with Aaron. Claire looks calm, and slightly confused while Charlie seems run down.

CLAIRE

Charlie, why didn't you tell me about... the heroin? We could at l; east try to help you stop...

CHARLIE

That's it, Claire - I kicked it. I thought I'd never have to tell you about it. But...

CLAIRE

But what, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Well, we found a plane in the jungle, full of it. Must've belong to some drug smugglers... and I just couldn't resist.

Claire looks troubled, and Charlie continues to talk.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Claire. I... I will kick it this time, completely. I won't even look at the stuff, and I'll stay on the beach. I promise!

CLAIRE

I guess that will have to do. But... I don't know, Charlie. Now that I know about it, I'm so worried about you. I've heard about the withdrawal on TV, and in movies... But, me and Aaron will help you through this.

CHARLIE

(glee fills his features)
Thank you, Claire!

Then,. He pulls out the packets from his backpack, stands up, and hurls them into the ocean, one by one, until he doesn't have any more.

From that we move to Hurley and Ana, who have been left alone as Shannon walks away.

ANA-LUCIA

Hurley... What were you going ot say, yesterday? You were talking about curses, or soemthing, and.. It seemed really serious. Are you cursed?

HURLEY

Well... Yeah, sorta.

ANA-LUCIA

What do you mean, sort of? Are you?

HURLEY

Alright... Yeah, I am.

ANA-LUCIA

But how do you know?

Now, Hurley seems uncomfortable. Here's where nobody seems to believe him.

HURLEY

Well, it started with a friend of mine. He's sort of... crazy.

ANA-LUCIA

What kind of crazy?

HURLEY

Crazy crazy. You know, institutionalized.

ANA-LUCIA

Ahhh, I see. How'd it start with him?

**HURLEY:** 

Well, there were these numbers...

Now, we

SHIFT TO:

EXT. LOWER BEACH, MORNING

Sawyer's sitting in his stash, reading *The Phantom Tollbooth* again. Shannon approaches with Vincent on a leash, and Sawyer looks up and puts up his hands in a 'surrender' kind of motion.

SHANNON

It's alright. I don't have a gun. And Vincent won't eat you, either.

SAWYER

(putting down his hands)
Well, good morning to you too,
Stix. What brings you to my house
of wares if not to blow my brains
out?

SHANNON

I... I wanted to forgive you.

Sawyer seems genuinely surprised. He raises an eyebrow.

SAWYER

Now, why would you do something like that-

SHANNON

Please don't make this any harder-

Both stop speaking for a second, then Shannon continues.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Alright... You didn't actually kill him, and... that sort of thing is what you do. And also, because of me you got bamboo shoved under your fingernails. So I consider us even... for now.

Sawyer smiles, and nods.

SAWYER

Glad to be forgiven, then. Most women forgive guys by hittin' em, but I'll take that too.

SHANNON

One last thing.

SAWYER

(raises eyebrow)
Now I'm intrigued. What did you have in mind?

SHANNON

Sunscreen.

Sawyer laughs as Shannon lets go of Vincent's leash. Music plays as Vincent runs past Charlie and Claire (with Aaron) and stops at Hurley and Ana, who are listening to his walkman (both trying to use a side each of the headphones) and accidentally brush lips. Both freeze, and Ana laughs.

And we

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSMISSION TOWER

Kate and Sayid are standing at the top of the stairs, looking at a rough wooden door. Kate looks at Sayid.

**KATE** 

After you.

Sayid reaches out and grasps the knob, then we

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW