

Episode #: 320

LOST

"The Man Behind the Curtain"

Written by  
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&

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Directed by  
Bobby Roth

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT

April 24, 2007

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LOST  
"The Man Behind the Curtain"  
#320

CAST LIST

BEN (PKA HENRY GALE).....Michael Emerson  
CHARLIE.....Dominic Monaghan  
CLAIRE.....Emilie de Ravin  
DESMOND.....Henry Ian Cusick  
HURLEY.....Jorge Garcia  
JACK.....Matthew Fox  
JIN.....Daniel Dae Kim  
JULIET.....Elizabeth Mitchell  
KATE.....Evangeline Lilly  
LOCKE.....Terry O'Quinn  
SAWYER.....Josh Holloway  
SAYID.....Naveen Andrews  
SUN.....Yunjin Kim

MR. FRIENDLY/TOM.....M.C. Gainey  
ALEX.....Tania Raymonde  
RICHARD ALPERT.....Nestor Carbonell  
MIKHAIL BAKUNIN.....Andrew Divoff  
DR. MARVIN CANDLE.....Francois Chau  
NAOMI DORRIT/PARACHUTE WOMAN.....Marsha Thomason  
ROGER LINUS.....Jon Gries  
YOUNG BEN.....Sterling Beaumon  
HORACE GOODSPEED.....Doug Hutchison  
ANNIE.....Madeline Carroll  
EMILY LINUS.....Carrie Preston  
OLIVIA GOODSPEED.....Samantha Mathis  
DHARMA WELCOMER.....Jenn Boneza  
DHARMA REP #1.....Greggory Suenaga  
DHARMA REP #2.....Diamante Kielo  
JACOB (V.O.).....

CUT:  
DANIELLE ROUSSEAU.....Mira Furlan

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

BEN'S TENT - Day  
REC ROOM - Day - **FLASHBACK (1973)**  
CLASSROOM - Day - **FLASHBACK (1973)**  
BEN'S HOUSE  
    BEN'S BEDROOM - Night - **FLASHBACK (1973)**  
    LIVING ROOM - Night - **FLASHBACK (1973)**  
JACOB'S CABIN - Night  
VW BUS - Day - **FLASHBACK (1992)**

EXTERIORS

RURAL OREGON

    "JUNGLE" - Day - **FLASHBACK (1962)**  
    RURAL HIGHWAY - Day - **FLASHBACK (1962)**

JUNGLE

    OTHERS' ENCAMPMENT - Day  
    MIKHAIL TREKKING - Day  
    STREAM - Day  
    BEN/LOCKE TREKKING - Night, Day  
    YOUNG BEN - Night, Day - **FLASHBACK (1973)**  
    CLEARING/PYLONS - Night/Day - **FLASHBACK (1973)**  
    GREY ASH CIRCLE AREA - Night  
    CABIN CLEARING - Night  
    YOUNG BEN/ALPERT MEETING - Day - **FLASHBACK (1973)**  
    SCENIC OVERLOOK/HURLEY'S HILL - Day - **FLASHBACK (1992)**  
    NEAR BARRACKS - Day - **FLASHBACK (1992)**  
    MASS GRAVE - Day

BEACH

    TREE LINE - Day  
    WATER TROUGH - Day  
    JULIET'S TENT - Day  
    CAMP AREA - Night  
    KITCHEN AREA - Night

DOCK - Day - **FLASHBACK (1973)**

BARRACKS/NEW OTHERTON

    BACKYARD - Day - **FLASHBACK (1973)**  
    BEN'S HOUSE - Night - **FLASHBACK (1973)**  
    BEN'S HOUSE - Day - **FLASHBACK (1992)**  
    MAIN AREA - Day - **FLASHBACK (1992)**

CUT:

JUNGLE - JACK CAMPFIRE - Night

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TEASER

1 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1962)**

1

AAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHH!

WE OPEN CLOSE ON A WOMAN'S FACE. And she is PALE, SWEATING and fucking SCREAMING. Then WE HEAR A MAN'S URGENT VOICE --

ROGER (O.S.)  
Push, damn it! PUSH!

WIDEN TO FIND a man, mid-30s, ROGER, beside the SCREAMING, VERY PREGNANT WOMAN. She's laying on the ground in a very remote section of LUSH JUNGLE. Roger DRAPES his JACKET like a blanket over her legs --

ROGER (CONT'D)  
That's it, honey -- breathe... you can do it...

And while his voice is SOOTHING he's sweating, SHAKING -- a fucking nervous wreck. He raises his hand to wipe the sweat from his BROW -- OH SHIT -- HIS HAND IS COVERED IN BLOOD.

OKAY, we may not have a clue who these people are but we sure as shit know one thing -- this ain't going well.

ON THE WOMAN, screaming again as another contraction rattles her. Roger works to keep his voice calm as he gets into position beneath her --

ROGER (CONT'D)  
C'mon, Emily -- you can do this -- just PUSH!

Emily tries, SCREAMING with every PUSH, and then with one big, final, HEAVE WE HEAR...

WWAAAAAAHHHH! THE WAILING OF AN INFANT. Their son is born.

The MAN REACHES DOWN and PICKS UP his SON. And now he can't keep a small smile from the corners of his mouth --

ROGER (CONT'D)  
You did it, baby -- you did it!

(CONTINUED)

ON EMILY, she tries to smile but her eyes are closing...  
She's starting to lose consciousness.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
 Emily! EMILY!

Roger's eyes dart around the jungle. No one in sight. He can't leave her. Shit. He can't leave the baby. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. What the hell is he going to do????

He leans close to his wife, touches her cheek --

ROGER (CONT'D)  
 Listen to me, honey -- we have to get back... No one knows we're here...

Emily starts to rouse, ever so slightly --

ROGER (CONT'D)  
 (louder)  
Emily! -- can you hold the baby?!

Emily looks at her husband, NODS, as Roger carefully puts the baby in his mother's arms --

ROGER (CONT'D)  
 You got him...? Hold him tight!  
 (off her nod)  
 ...Okay, here we go...

Roger reaches down and hoists THEM BOTH INTO HIS ARMS.

And now WE'RE MOVING, FOLKS. TRACKING WITH ROGER, holding his family, as he TRUCKS through the WOODS. SPLASH. SPLASH. SPLASH. He runs over a narrow stream. Careful of the slippery rocks.

THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. He runs through VINES and OVERGROWTH -- the terrain is steep, he's breathing fucking hard.

And then, suddenly... he hits FUCKING PAVEMENT! Wait. This isn't the -- ?

HONNNNNKKKK!!

2 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - OREGON - CONTINUOUS - **FLASHBACK (1962)** 2

Holy fuck -- THEY'RE ON A RURAL ROAD.

With CARS and TRUCKS and A BIG SIGN... "PORTLAND 32 MILES."  
 That's right. This ain't the island. This is CIVILIZATION.

(CONTINUED)

Roger stands by the side of the road, his family in his arms.

ROGER  
(yelling)  
Help!! HELP!!

SUDDENLY A CONVERTIBLE VOLKSWAGON BUG, CIRCA 1960, SWERVES AND SKIDS TO SIDE OF THE ROAD. A very 60s HIPPIE COUPLE, HORACE and OLIVIA, get out and RUN OVER. IN THEIR POV NOW, as they see Roger putting Emily down on the ground.

And then they see that they are both COVERED IN BLOOD --

HORACE  
What happened, man?!

ROGER  
We were hiking -- she wasn't due yet -- she went into labor... she's bleeding...!

Horace turns to his wife, URGENT --

HORACE  
Okay... Okay -- let's put her in the car...  
(to Roger)  
We'll get you to a hospital --

Horace takes off his coat, indicates he wants to put it over Emily --

HORACE (CONT'D)  
We should keep her warm...

Roger NODS, sure, go ahead. As he does it --

HORACE (CONT'D)  
How's the baby?

ON ROGER, he looks at the infant, miraculously sleeping, wrapped in his MOTHER'S ARMS --

ROGER  
Okay -- I think -- I don't know...

Just then EMILY starts MOAN --

EMILY  
Roger... Roger...

Roger gets on his knees, takes his wife's HAND --

(CONTINUED)

ROGER  
I'm here -- I'm right here...

EMILY  
Roger...

ROGER  
...Stay with me, honey...  
it's gonna be okay...

And WE MOVE IN TIGHT ON EMILY NOW as she says --

EMILY  
(ever so softly)  
Benjamin...

ROGER  
What?

EMILY  
...Call him Benjamin...

Roger sees she's starting to lose consciousness again --

ROGER  
Hang on, honey -- c'mon --  
please...

But she closes her eyes for the last time --

ROGER (CONT'D)  
No... oh God, no...

It's too fucking late. He starts to weep...

And we PULL BACK now on this TABLEAU -- as it starts to dawn on us what we've just seen.

The birth of Roger and Emily Linus' son. THE BIRTH OF BEN.

And off the BABY, WE WHOOOOOOOSH TO:

The GROWN UP BEN. Sitting, staring at a small, carved WOODEN FIGURINE. And if we didn't know him better we might think he was feeling a little... SENTIMENTAL.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Whatcha got there?

Ben looks up to see RICHARD ALPERT standing at the OPEN FLAP of his tent. Ben lowers the figurine, waves Alpert in --

BEN  
 It's a birthday present. Mine just  
 so happens to be today.  
 (off Alpert's smile)  
 You do remember birthdays, don't  
 you, Richard? Or have you stopped  
 keeping track?

A beat, almost awkward, as they consider each other. We  
 might get the sense their relationship is a tad... STRAINED.  
 Then Alpert gets to why he's there --

ALPERT  
 So, did you want me to bring the  
 tape back to Juliet?

ON BEN, he looks... surprised --

BEN  
What?

ALPERT  
 The tape -- with your instructions  
 for Juliet...? Do you want me to  
 bring it back to the Medical  
 Station?

BEN  
 (features working)  
 I recorded it yesterday... before  
 we left -- I thought you already  
took it...

Alpert just shakes his head. Ben gets quickly to his feet --

BEN (CONT'D)  
 Where's Tom?

He doesn't wait for an answer, just starts moving for the  
 tent flap out into --

4 EXT. BEN'S TENT - JUNGLE ENCAMPMENT - CONTINUOUS

4

Ben emerges into the OTHERS' new NOMADIC TENT VILLAGE.  
 They've moved again, this time setting up camp INLAND nearby  
 a SMALL STREAM.

He finds FRIENDLY nearby sitting on a bucket --

BEN  
Tom -- have you seen my recorder?

(CONTINUED)



But Friendly doesn't even look at him. No, he's STARING OFF INTO THE DISTANCE. Ben TURNS, looks around, sees all the OTHERS ARE STARING OUT, FIXATED on... something... And now he follows their GAZES TO SEE...

JOHN LOCKE.

WALKING TOWARDS HIM. A LARGE, BULKY, STUFFED BURLAP SACK HOISTED OVER HIS SHOULDER. The one we saw in EPISODE 319 -- the one that contains the dead, murdered body of ANTHONY FUCKING COOPER.

ON BEN. His eyes grow wide. He knows exactly what's in the SACK. But his expression shows little -- maybe a hint of surprise, or maybe even a touch of FEAR.

ON ALPERT, coming out, too, seeing Locke. He too STOPS and STARES, his eyes twinkling with a private happiness, knowing, that he has played a huge role in making this moment happen.

WE GO WIDE NOW, on the whole group of OTHERS, standing, watching Locke's approach and we can't help but sense the feeling of... REVERENCE with which they watch.

And now Locke reaches Ben. His eyes are UNWAVERING. He says nothing. Simply dumps his payload at Ben's feet. THUMP.

A beat, as they size each other up.

ON LOCKE, renewed, strong, DEFIANT finally addressing Ben --

LOCKE

You said if I killed my father,  
you'd tell me everything I ever  
wanted to know about this island.

ON BEN, he says nothing, just stares back at Locke --

LOCKE (CONT'D)

So, why don't you start at the  
beginning.

ON LOCKE, and OFF BEN, happy fucking birthday indeed --

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 EXT. BEACH - TREE LINE - DAY 5

Hey, and remember THESE GUYS, back at OUR BEACH?

A ROAMING SHOT SCANS the beach -- we are in someone's POINT OF VIEW... and they're clearly fucking LOOKING FOR SOMEONE.

WE PASS from SUN and JIN, hanging out washing -- to CHARLIE, carrying AARON back to CLAIRE -- to HURLEY, talking with DESMOND... But whoever's eyes were currently looking through is not interested in them. Because we STOP ON --

SAYID. Approaching the WATER TROUGH. No idea he's being watched as we finally REVERSE TO REVEAL --

SAWYER. Crouching in the trees, drained... looking like HELL after his ordeal in #319. And it ain't over yet. He FOCUSES on Sayid, his eyes NARROWING as we UPCUT TO:

6 EXT. BEACH - TROUGH - MOMENTS LATER 6

Sayid finishes FILLING HIS CANTEEN at the trough, turns to go. But then, a HUSHED VOICE from the trees --

SAWYER (O.S.)

Hey!

He TURNS TO SEE Sawyer approaching him. Sayid takes one look at him -- DIRTY, BAREFOOT and a bit WILD-EYED --

SAYID

What happened to you?

But Sawyer's not ready to spill that he's just come back from MURDERING WITH HIS BARE FUCKING HANDS THE MAN who caused the death of his parents. Instead, he simply says --

SAWYER

I was with Locke.

And THAT ain't at all what Sayid was expecting to hear --

SAYID

What? Where is he?

SAWYER

He went back.

SAYID

Back... where?

(CONTINUED)

But Sawyer shakes his head, no fucking TIME for this as he steps forward, INTENSE --

SAWYER

With them. And don't ask me where the hell that is 'cause it don't matter right now.

(beat)

What does matter...?

Sawyer reaches into his front pocket, pulls out the MINI-TAPE RECORDER -- the same tape recorder Locke handed him at the end of their adventure. The same tape recorder Ben is currently fucking LOOKING FOR -- holds it up to Sayid --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Is this.

And before we actually hear the SPLAT of the shit hitting the fucking fan, we SMASH CUT TO:

7 INT. BEN'S TENT - DAY

7

ON A HAND -- SHAKING as it reaches for TWO GLASSES.

WIDEN TO -- BEN. In his tent, standing at his MAKESHIFT DESK. Amongst the mess of PAPERS, PERSONAL ITEMS and ONE SMALL PHOTO OF ALEX, stands a BOTTLE of DHARMA WHISKEY. Ben reaches for it, POURS TWO SHOTS while stealing glances at... LOCKE. Sitting a STOOL near the center of the room.

BEN

I know I promised to tell you everything, John, and I wish it were as simple as me taking out a dusty old book and opening it up.

(places a scotch in front of Locke)

"Once upon a time there was a wonderful island..."

(shakes his head, downs his shot)

But it's not that simple.

Locke ignores the drink, just looks at Ben expectantly --

LOCKE

How about you just tell me.

Ben sighs, a deep one, sits across from Locke --

(CONTINUED)

BEN  
You probably think I'm the leader  
of this little community. But  
that's not entirely true. We all  
answer to someone, John. Yes, the  
people out there answer to me, but  
I answer to someone else.

ON LOCKE, watching Ben very carefully --

LOCKE  
And who might that be?

BEN  
His name is Jacob.

A small smile plays on Locke's lips --

LOCKE  
Okay, then take me to Jacob.

BEN  
(beat)  
I can't do that.

Locke's had enough. He gets up, moves to open the tent flap.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

LOCKE  
Hell, Ben -- if you don't want to  
take me, maybe someone else will.  
I'm just gonna go ask Richard.

And now Ben starts to get a little defensive, even angry --

BEN  
Why would Richard take you? He  
doesn't know where Jacob is -- he  
doesn't talk to Jacob.

LOCKE  
Well, who talks to him?

BEN  
I do.

LOCKE  
You're the only one who talks to  
him?

(CONTINUED)

BEN  
That's right.

LOCKE  
(considers that; then)  
What if something happened to you?

A mini-beat, then Ben GLARES back at Locke --

BEN  
That would be up to Jacob.

LOCKE  
(skeptical)  
So no one else knows where he is?

BEN  
(simply)  
I was born here -- on this island.  
And I'm one of the last that was.  
Most of the people you see -- I  
brought them here.  
(beat; INTENSE)  
So, Jacob talks to me, John...  
tells me what to do... trusts me.

LOCKE  
And no one else has ever seen him.

BEN  
That's right.

ON LOCKE, as it all lands --

LOCKE  
How... convenient.

And then Locke does something very surprising. HE SMILES. A new sense of empowerment flowing through him --

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
You know what I think, Ben? I think there is no Jacob. And I think your people are idiots if they believe you take orders from someone else.  
(then)  
You're the man behind the curtain... the Wizard of Oz.  
(leans in)  
You're a liar.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

ON BEN, his eyes growing hard --

BEN

And what might you be basing  
that... theory on, John?

LOCKE

Because if you were telling the  
truth...? Your hand wouldn't be  
shaking.

TIGHT ON - BEN, and we understand the look on his face now,  
because we know that LOCKE IS FUCKING RIGHT. OFF WHICH, WE  
WHOOSH TO:

8 EXT. DOCK - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1973)**

8

SUPER CLOSE on an ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY'S FACE. Bright blue  
eyes slightly obscured by round, WIRE-RIMMED GLASSES.

WE SLOWLY PULL BACK to show him walking down a NARROW DOCK,  
having just emerged from the SUBMARINE. And as WE WIDEN WE  
SEE he's holding the hand of...

ROGER LINUS. A little older and grayer than when we first  
met him.

That's right. This shy, frightened looking little kid is  
none other than YOUNG BENJAMIN LINUS.

Now WE GO TO A HIGH WIDE SHOT, coming off THE PIER and  
SUBMARINE and BOOMING DOWN to the foreground where WE SEE...  
THE ISLAND. The one we know this kid will call home for the  
next thirty-plus years.

And as they reach the shore, we STAY in BEN'S POV. FOUR  
VOLKSWAGON BUSES WAIT AT THE END OF THE DOCK. MEN AND WOMEN  
in TAN DHARMA JUMPSUITS load the BUSES with BAGGAGE.

The place is TEEMING with ACTIVITY. We're seeing the fucking  
Dharma Initiative in its heyday.

Roger and Ben move with about a DOZEN other arrivals. At the  
end of the dock is small WELCOMING COMMITTEE. They put a LEI  
around each ARRIVAL'S neck while greeting them --

DHARMA WELCOMER

(cheery)

Namaste.

As Roger and Ben wait their turn, a familiar-looking MAN  
spots them and makes his way over --

(CONTINUED)

HORACE (O.S.)  
Welcome to the island!

Roger and Ben turn to see HORACE GOODSPEED (the hippie in the VW that pulled over the day Ben was born). He's WEARING a DHARMA JUMPSUIT unzipped enough to see a TIE-DYE T-SHIRT. It has an ARROW LOGO on the LABEL under which is written MATHEMATICIAN. Horace smiles, happy to see them, and shakes Roger's hand. And now we understand --

Holy fuck. Ben came to the island because his father was recruited by Horace as a member of the Dharma Initiative.

HORACE (CONT'D)  
So... what'ya think?

ROGER  
It's quite a... place. Thanks again for the opportunity, Mr. Goodspeed.

HORACE  
Glad you're here, man...  
(leans down to Ben)  
...and you must be Ben.

Ben looks down at the ground, UNCOMFORTABLE. Roger casts an unfavorable eye on his SON --

ROGER  
Mr. Goodspeed was there the day you were born, kid. He's doing us a big favor here.

But Ben still doesn't look up. This is one SHY BOY. And we can tell, the last eleven years have been ROUGH...

ROGER (CONT'D)  
He don't talk much.

Horace pats Ben on the back with genuine kindness --

HORACE  
Well, that's okay -- I bet he will when he's got something to say.  
(to Ben)  
You hungry, kiddo?

Ben finally looks up, manages a small nod --

(CONTINUED)

HORACE (CONT'D)

Great. Once you're through  
"processing" we'll meet back up for  
some lunch.

ROGER

Thanks again.

HORACE

No problem -- you're gonna love it  
here!!

And as Horace WAVES good-bye, WE GO OFF BEN, WORRIED, looking  
at his father TO --

9 INT. REC ROOM - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1973)**

9

The same room we saw Kate being held in EPISODES 13 and 15.  
ONLY NOW, besides a fresh coat of pain, it's got... folding  
CARD TABLES set up like stations around the perimeter with  
signs overhead with labels such as: "Registration,"  
"Inoculations" and "Uniforms."

THE ARRIVALS move through, greeted at each table by a DHARMA  
REP. FIND Roger and Ben, STARING at A TV MONITOR ON A  
WHEELED AV CART where we see...

DR. MARVIN CANDLE, in CASUAL ISLAND ATTIRE addressing the new  
arrivals as he wanders the island. This welcome VIDEO will  
continuously PLAY on a LOOP throughout the scene.

DR. MARVIN CANDLE

*Welcome to the island. You are now  
a member of the Dharma Initiative.  
There are properties on this island  
that exist nowhere else on earth.  
Our mission is to study these  
properties for the betterment of  
mankind and advancement of world  
peace. For your own comfort and  
safety, we ask that you stay within  
the confines of your new living  
quarters. Our barracks are  
surrounded by a high frequency  
sonar fence to protect us from the  
island's abundant and diverse  
wildlife...*

Through this, WE STAY ON YOUNG BEN. Overwhelmed, he reaches  
for his dad's hand. But Roger? He shakes him off, instead,  
reaching for a DHARMA REP --

(CONTINUED)



ROGER

Hey -- what kind of "wildlife" is  
this fence protecting us from?

Before the Rep can answer, WE HEAR ANOTHER DHARMA REP SHOUT:

DHARMA REP

Roger Linus...?

The Dharma Rep helpfully points them toward...

THE ASSIGNMENT DESK. Annoyed, Roger drags Ben to the front  
of the line. As Roger checks in with ANOTHER DHARMA REP, Ben  
wanders back a few paces. Stops in his tracks as he SPOTS --

A LITTLE GIRL, about his age. And it's clear by the ease and  
comfort with which she walks through that she's NOT new to  
the island. And oh yeah, she's also real CUTE. They LOCK  
EYES. She smiles and walks over. Speaks with total  
confidence -- the complete opposite of our Young Ben --

LITTLE GIRL

Hey. You're new, huh?

Ben looks away. Shy. But she's undeterred. She holds out  
her hand and offers him an APOLLO BAR --

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

My name's Annie. Want one? We can  
have as many as we want.

And Ben NODS. She smiles back at him. Hands over the candy  
bar. It's a sweet, innocent moment.

ANNIE

Have you ever seen a polar bear?

Ben's EYES WIDEN, just as HE HEARS his father YELLING,  
BERATING a DHARMA REP who's just given him a JUMPSUIT. On  
the label is: "Roger Work Man" --

ROGER

Work Man!?! What (the fuck) is  
this? I'm a... janitor?!?

DHARMA REP #2

I'm sorry, Mr. Linus --

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

Goodspeed told me you people were doing experiments, changing the world! I didn't come here to clean up after you.

DHARMA REP #2

Look, if anything else opens up, you can feel free to apply for it.

He continues to hold out the JUMPSUIT for Roger.

And Roger gets his meaning -- that right now? "Work Man" is his only fucking option. Roger's got no choice, so he yanks the JUMPSUIT from the guy, grabs Ben's hand and STORMS OFF --

ROGER

Come on.

HOLD ON BEN, being dragged out of the building by his angry father. Ben's eyes scan the room until they find -- ANNIE. And she smiles at Ben -- waving.

AND OFF BEN, taking this as a small glimmer of hope, it's time to leave this distant fucking past AND WHOOSH TO...

10 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

10

SWISH. SWISH. SWISH.

We are FOLLOWING FROM BEHIND a MYSTERIOUS MAN in a DHARMA JUMPSUIT who is MOVING FUCKING FAST THROUGH THE JUNGLE. He moves with the grace and ease of someone who knows this island well -- and he is also a man on a mission -- a man with a purpose.

And as we grow increasingly curious who this man is, he BURSTS THROUGH THE FOLIAGE and emerges into --

11 EXT. JUNGLE - OTHERS' TENT CAMP - DAY

11

The OTHER'S TENT CAMP. And the Others who are milling around ALL TURN AND STARE UP as he marches right through the camp.

FINALLY... We ARM AROUND to REVEAL it is none other than --

MIKHAIL.

Eye patch and all. He's worn and haggard but fucking DETERMINED as he grabs the first OTHER to cross his path by the collar and speaks urgently --

(CONTINUED)

MIKHAIL  
Where's Ben?

12 EXT. JUNGLE - OTHERS' CAMP - MOMENTS LATER 12

Ben, bursting from his tent, Locke following a beat behind.  
Ben looks up IN SURPRISE to SEE Mikhail approaching, parting  
a small crowd of Others --

BEN  
I thought you were dead.

Mikhail is still breathing hard and sweating, recovering --

MIKHAIL  
I'm fortunate the pylons were not  
set at a lethal level.

Just then Mikhail spots Locke --

MIKHAIL (CONT'D)  
What (the fuck) is he doing here?

BEN  
It's okay.

MIKHAIL  
Are you insane?! He's the one who  
tried to kill me!

Ben steals a quick glance at Locke, then back at Mikhail --

BEN  
He's with us now.

Mikhail looks less than satisfied with this explanation --

BEN (CONT'D)  
Where have you been, Mikhail?

Mikhail takes a beat, looks around, sees others are listening  
and he did come for a more important reason...

MIKHAIL  
I encountered several of...  
(gestures to Locke)  
His people in the jungle. They had  
an injured woman with them.  
(levels his gaze at Ben)  
Apparently, she had just parachuted  
onto the island.

(CONTINUED)

ON BEN. A BEAT. This is not good fucking news --

BEN

What?

MIKHAIL

Her helo crashed in the water. She says her ship's approximately 130 clicks to the west of us.

(beat)

She has a radio-telephone.

ON BEN as he tries to keep his GROWING APPREHENSION in check.

BEN

Where is she now?

MIKHAIL

I assume they've taken her back to their camp.

CLOSE ON BEN as he thinks it through. Mind racing. But after a beat, he just nods. It's all right --

BEN

We'll be visiting their camp the day after tomorrow. We'll take care of it then.

MIKHAIL

(incredulous)

The day after tomorrow?! We have to go, now.

And just as we can see Ben debating it LOCKE INTERRUPTS --

LOCKE

Ben's not going anywhere today.

Mikhail turns to him, anger mounting --

MIKHAIL

Excuse me?

LOCKE

He's not going anywhere, Mikhail, because he and I are going to see Jacob.

And now the CROWD starts to react. To hear this... OUTSIDER use JACOB'S NAME... it's fucking SEISMIC --

(CONTINUED)

MIKHAIL

Please tell me this isn't true,  
Benjamin.

Ben feels all eyes on him. He looks to Locke --

BEN

I'm sorry. But I have to deal with  
this, John. Our excursion will  
have to wait...

Mikhail's face grows redder with anger --

MIKHAIL

Since when do you explain yourself  
to him? An outsider? He's not  
even --

SMASH!

Locke HEAD-BUTTS MIKHAIL and sends him sailing on his ass.  
HOLY SHIT! THAT COMES OUT OF FUCKING NOWHERE! And Locke  
never gives him a chance to recover -- he PUTS A QUICK AND  
BRUTAL BEATING ON MIKHAIL. PUNCH. KICK. KICK. PUNCH.  
PUNCH. It's FEROCIOUS.

As this is happening, Ben turns and calls out to FRIENDLY and  
ALPERT to stop it --

BEN

Tom! Richard!

But Friendly and Alpert don't move an inch. They just stand  
there and watch. DEFYING Ben for maybe the first time.

ON LOCKE. He KEEPS GOING until Mikhail is fucking  
UNCONSCIOUS. Then stops, catches his breath and gets to his  
feet. Locke wipes his brow and looks over at Ben --

LOCKE

So. When do we leave?

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 EXT. BEACH - JULIET'S TENT - DAY

13

WHAP! WE'RE TIGHT ON A TENT FLAP as two hands GRAB and YANK IT OPEN... revealing... A TOTALLY EMPTY TENT. REVERSE TO:

Sayid and Sawyer at the entrance, staring inside --

SAYID  
She's not here.

SAWYER  
I noticed.

Suddenly they hear A VOICE BEHIND THEM --

KATE (O.S.)  
What're you doing?

They turn to see KATE approaching --

SAYID  
Looking for Juliet.

KATE  
She left with Jack.

ON SAYID. UN-FUCKING-HAPPY. Why? Because he has obviously heard the fucking TAPE Sawyer played for him. Kate gives Sawyer the ONCE OVER, taking in his disheveled state --

KATE (CONT'D)  
What happened to you?

SAYID  
Juliet... left with Jack?

And now, Kate turns to Sayid, not without a trace of ANGER --

KATE  
Yeah. He took off right after I told him about Naomi.

SAWYER  
Who's Naomi?

ON SAYID -- FUCK. In case we forgot, the whole point in hiding the woman who PARACHUTED onto the island was so fucking Jack wouldn't fucking find out.

SAYID  
Why would you do that, Kate?

(CONTINUED)

And Kate doesn't back down a fucking INCH --

KATE

Because she was hurt. Because Jack is a doctor. And because he had a (fucking) right to know.

ON SAYID. Now ain't the fucking time. CONTAINED --

SAYID

Where is he now?

KATE

I don't know, Sayid.

And Sayid is OVER IT.

SAYID

Of course you don't.

He heads off, WALKING PAST KATE --

KATE

It might be time to tell everyone else about Naomi, too.

But Sayid keeps moving, turns to Sawyer as he fucking GOES --

SAYID

Play her the tape.

ON KATE. Not quite sure what that fucking means as Sayid STRIDES down the beach as we CUT TO:

14 EXT. JUNGLE - STREAM - DAY

14

BEN, putting his WALKING STICK aside, KNEELING DOWN, dipping his CANTEEN into the small stream adjacent to their new ENCAMPMENT and filling it with FRESH WATER --

BEN

You know, you didn't have to beat Mikhail senseless to make your point, John.

PAN TO LOCKE. Beside him, filling his canteen as well --

LOCKE

Yes. I did.

The KKRACCK of a BRANCH. They both look up to see --

(CONTINUED)

ALEX. Missing since Episode 313 when Locke took her hostage from Ben's house right before he BLEW UP THE SUB.

She walks up, looks at Ben, REACHES INTO her WAISTBAND and PULLS OUT A GUN. Then, she HOLDS THE GUN OUT TO LOCKE --

ALEX

You're gonna need this.

LOCKE

(beat; studies her)  
Why?

ALEX

Because he's dangerous.

ON BEN, watching, not at all pleased. A beat, then Alex thrusts the gun at Locke. He takes it with a simple...

LOCKE

Thanks.

And puts it in his waistband. Alex turns and takes off throwing just one phrase over her shoulder as she goes --

ALEX

Happy birthday, dad.

A beat. ON BEN, EMBARRASSED and CLEARLY HURT. Then, he looks to Locke, muttering almost to himself --

BEN

And here I was hoping for a cake.

OFF BEN, AS WE WHOOSSSSSHHH TO:

15 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1973)**

15

ON YOUNG BEN sitting at a small CLASSROOM DESK. The room's aesthetic is familiar -- we're in a Dharma building in NEW OTHERTON. We SLOWLY PULL BACK to reveal he's sitting next to Annie in a classroom of fifth graders as WE HEAR --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Once water is added to the bicarbonate we will get our very own "volcanic" reaction...

Leading the class is Olivia, Horace's wife. Older than we last saw her but still LOVELY. She's in front of a CHALKBOARD that reads: "Be nice to Mother Earth!" Above the board is the DHARMA LOGO.

(CONTINUED)



She is in the midst of demonstrating a PAPER MACHE VOLCANO. A GLASS OF WATER sits on the table next to a GLASS of BICARBONATE. ANNIE'S HAND GOES UP --

ANNIE

Is that what happened to the volcano on this island?

OLIVIA

Exactly, Annie -- but that was a long time ago. Okay, so let's get ourselves an eruption...

Olivia starts to POUR the BICARBONATE in when SUDDENLY...

A MUFFLED KA-BOOM. The WATER in the GLASS SHAKES. The tables RATTLE. Everyone quiets. What the hell was that!?!?

**KAAA-FUCKING-BOOOOOOM!**

An even louder EXPLOSION, still in the distance. And SUDDENLY we see FIGURES running by the window as an AIR RAID SIREN STARTS TO WAIL IN THE DISTANCE. As the KIDS start to panic, Olivia tries to maintain order --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Everybody into the corner!

As the children move, Olivia tries to control HER OWN panic --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

That's right. All together now!  
Annie. Sean. Close those windows!

Annie and another BOY head to the windows and, hands shaking, throw them closed. And now Olivia TURNS, opens a CLOSET DOOR and PULLS OUT a fucking RIFLE which she holds somewhat uncomfortably. Yeah, Dharma schools are a bit DIFFERENT.

FIND BEN, frozen in his seat. All the other kids have filed into the corner. But Ben is freaked out -- explosions and now his hippy-dippy teacher is wielding a rifle!?!?

Annie comes back from the window, grabs Ben's hand and pulls him to the corner with the rest of the children.

ANNIE

It's just the hostiles.  
(as they crouch down)  
Don't worry. We'll be okay.

Ben looks into her eyes, FRIGHTENED. She squeezes his hand. OFF BEN, SHAKING --

16 INT. BEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK (1973)**

16

It's quiet now. A SMALL OVERHEAD FIXTURE sends shadows around the room. ON BEN, in his PJs still shook-up, laying on his bed, holding his PET RABBIT, CHESTER, to his chest.

Roger enters the room, carrying a BEER CAN. Without a word, he GRABS THE RABBIT, CARRIES it to its CAGE and PLOPS it in. Wheels around to face his son. And if we think he's gonna comfort his frightened child --

ROGER

I told you to go to bed!

-- we're dead wrong. Ben pulls the covers up to his chin and nods meekly at his father. Roger moves out, flipping the LIGHT OFF as he goes. And that's it, except for the HSSSSSSSS of a BEER CAN OPENING.

BEAT. ON BEN, in the darkness. And he's fucking SCARED. Just the sound of his own breathing. And then --

A KNOCK, KNOCK from the other room. It's the FRONT DOOR.

ROGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Yeah, hang on...

And then? MUFFLED VOICES. ON BEN, as curiosity gets the best of him and he slips out of bed and tip-toes over to the slightly open bedroom door to eavesdrop. Through Ben's POV, we see HORACE in the living room, talking to ROGER.

ROGER (CONT'D)

...We're driving back from the Flame and we hear a (fucking) EXPLOSION! Next thing I know a siren's wailing and we're driving through a (fucking) shoot-out! The Radzinsky kid almost got killed!

Horace tries to calmly explain --

HORACE

Look -- we've been having... skirmishes with the natives.

ROGER

What do you mean, "natives"?

HORACE

Well... we're not exactly sure who they are.

(CONTINUED)

All this settles on Roger as he takes a big swig from his beer. He's fucking WORKED UP, and a bit drunk, too.

ROGER

This ain't what I signed up for.  
You want me to empty your trash? --  
I want another thirty grand.

HORACE

Roger... all due respect -- I did  
you a favor. You were having  
trouble finding work. And don't  
forget Ben. He's getting a quality  
education --

ROGER

-- I don't (fucking) care about his  
"education"!  
(seething)  
If I'm gonna get shot at, I want  
some (fucking) hazard pay!

MOVE IN CLOSE ON YOUNG BEN'S FACE. He looks like he's been  
SLAPPED. His eyes well up -- a mixture of fear and  
heartbreak on his face. When --

**TAP. TAP. TAP.**

Ben STARTLES, turns. WE WHIP PAN with him to the WINDOW  
AND... There's nothing there.

ON BEN, PUZZLED. He takes a few steps toward the window AS  
WE HEAR ROGER START TO YELL. He looks to his door as...

ROGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Get the hell outta my house!

And SLAM! The front door fucking SHUTS.

Ben TURNS, looks back at the WINDOW, AND A BLONDE WOMAN IS  
RIGHT FUCKING THERE -- STARING AT HIM!!!!

Ben SHOUTS -- STUMBLES BACKWARDS, ASS OVER TEAKETTLE.  
SUDDENLY his door FLIES OPEN, Roger sticks his head in --

ROGER (CONT'D)

I thought I told you to go to bed!

SLAM. He's gone. Ben's eyes dart to the door, then whip  
back to the window. And now...? NO ONE is there.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

Ben stares at the window. BLINKS. But it's STILL EMPTY. We HOLD ON that WINDOW for a LONG SPOOKY BEAT. And then...

Ben moves to his NIGHTSTAND. PICKS UP a FRAMED PHOTO. WE ANGLE DOWN, SEEING IT, AS HE DOES...

It's HIS MOTHER. Her arm around Roger. Laughing. And she's the very same BLONDE WOMAN who just appeared in the window. AND OFF BEN, convinced he just saw a ghost, WHOOSH TO --

17 EXT. JUNGLE - OTHERS' CAMP - DUSK

17

We're on the outskirts of TENTVILLE. As the SUN SETS, Locke and Ben fill their packs, making ready for their journey. After a beat, Ben turns to Locke. SERIOUS --

BEN

You should know something, John, before we go...

(a beat; then)

Whether or not you think he's the Wizard of Oz, I assure you Jacob is very, very real. And we're going to see him... and he's not going to like it. In fact, I have a feeling he's going to be very... angry.

(pointed)

And that's why my hand was shaking. Because he is not a man you go and see. He's a man who summons you.

ON LOCKE. A beat, then --

LOCKE

Well, I guess there's a first time for everything.

Locke shoulders his pack and starts walking. Ben watches him for half-a-beat, then grabs his WALKING STICK and FOLLOWS.

WIDER NOW, on Locke and Ben as they leave the OTHER'S CAMP. A small crowd has gathered to see them off. Among them Friendly, Alpert, Alex and Mikhail, bloodied and barely able to stand, his expression filled with rage and betrayal.

AND CRANING UP NOW, AS WE GO OFF LOCKE AND BEN, their figures receding into the darkening jungle --

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

18 OMITTED 18

19 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT 19

TWO FLASHLIGHT BEAMS SWEEP THE LENS as Locke and Ben cut across the jungle, making their way through the dense foliage before ultimately stopping to catch their breath --

LOCKE  
How much further?

BEN  
Relax, John. Jacob is close.

As Ben drinks from his canteen, Locke studies him.

LOCKE  
Does it bother you? That your daughter gave me a gun?

BEN  
Alex is sixteen years-old.  
(then)  
She's in a rebellious phase.

LOCKE  
If this is rebellious, I'd hate to see what she does when she finds out you're not her real father.

And that STOPS Ben cold. All his earlier civility now gone. He stares Locke down. Locke doesn't look away.

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
I know that you kidnapped Alex when she was a baby. From Rousseau.

Ben takes a beat, choosing his words carefully --

BEN  
I didn't kidnap her. I'm just the one who raised her.

LOCKE  
Then... why did you tell her that her mother died?

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Because her mother's a raving lunatic who slaughtered her entire research team and spent the next sixteen years sleeping in ditches.

(beat)

What would you have told her?

Point... Ben. Locke doesn't respond. And as Ben turns, starts walking away --

BEN (CONT'D)

Think about it, John. Just imagine how much happier your childhood would've been if you didn't know who your parents were.

And OFF THAT FOOD FOR THOUGHT, we WHOOSH TO --

20 EXT. BARRACKS - BACKYARD - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1973)**

20

WIDE ON A CHILD'S NEW SWING SET -- Young Ben and Annie sit beside each other in separate swings. Ben's unwrapping a BIRTHDAY PRESENT. His eyes LIGHT UP as he tears off the wrapping paper, opens the box to reveal: TWO SMALL FIGURINES. Both carved out of wood. We recognize one of them -- it's what Ben was holding back in the Teaser.

ANNIE

It's us.

(points to the male)

That's you, and...

(points to the female)

...that's me.

She takes the female figurine and hands it to him. Keeps the male figurine for herself --

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Now we never have to be away from each other.

ON BEN, genuinely moved as he turns the Annie figurine over in his hand. In fact, we get the sense he's fighting off tears. He glances up at Annie, unable to hide just how much this means to him. Annie reads it on his face, says simply --

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Happy birthday, Ben.

(CONTINUED)

And for the very first time in the episode Young Ben OPENS HIS MOUTH TO SPEAK. His eyes are FULL and his voice is sweet and sincere as he says --

YOUNG BEN

Thanks.

We CUT WIDE now, on the backyard, as Annie smiles back --

ANNIE

You're welcome.

21 INT. BEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK (1973)**

21

We're SLOWLY MOVING ACROSS the floor of Ben's house. It's late at night. Dark shadows. We hear the HEAVY, RHYTHMIC sound of a man's slurred BREATHING. ZZZSHHHH... ZZZSHHH... As we move, we find EMPTY BEER CANS scattered across the floor. TILT UP to find BEN'S FATHER, passed out drunk on his couch. He's still dressed in his DHARMA JUMPSUIT boots and all. ZZZSHHHH... ZZZSHHH...

CL-CLICK. We hear the sound of the door opening... and we ADJUST TO FIND BEN as he walks into the living room. He's still carrying the BOX from the birthday present Annie gave him earlier.

And that happy look Ben had on his face earlier? Well, it's gone the moment he sees his father. His shoulders slump just slightly as he walks across the room, sets his present down on the coffee table, and begins to tend to his father.

Ben takes the beer can out of his hand, sets it on the ground. UNLACES his father's boots... And as he does it, we get the sense this isn't the first time Ben's had to look after his drunk dad -- this is their fucking ROUTINE.

Ben takes off his father's boot, tosses it on the floor. *Clump...* The noise makes his father STIR. His breath catches in his throat, his eyes flutter open slightly. He glances at Ben, mutters to himself, turns over to go back to sleep. But as he shifts, he sees --

The box for Ben's BIRTHDAY PRESENT. Sitting on the coffee table. And suddenly Roger's eyes go DEAD.

ROGER

It's your birthday...

Ben doesn't say anything. Just nods. His father stares at his son with those COLD, BLEARY EYES for a long beat. And then, in the slurred voice of a man who's SHITFACED DRUNK --

(CONTINUED)

ROGER (CONT'D)

Sorry I forgot...

(then)

But it's kinda hard to celebrate on  
the day you killed your mom.

And WE'RE ON BEN as those words hit him like a fucking  
jackhammer. He recoils -- what? We see pain FLASH ACROSS  
BEN'S EYES. But his father's just getting started...

ROGER (CONT'D)

She was only seven months pregnant.

We were just out for a hike...

(disgust)

But you had to come early...

CLOSE ON BEN -- as those words cut DEEPER and DEEPER, he  
desperately tries fight off tears. And fails --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Now she's gone... and I'm stuck  
here on this island...

He looks at his son with utter contempt --

ROGER (CONT'D)

With you.

And with that, his father shakes his head --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Happy birthday, Ben.

AND PASSES OUT COLD. ON BEN -- staring at his father. As  
the tears start to SPILL OVER, Ben BOLTS FOR THE DOOR --

22 OMITTED

22

23 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK (1973)**

23

We're WITH BEN as he races through the jungle, tears  
STREAMING DOWN HIS FACE. He's not heading anywhere in  
particular -- just trying to get the fuck away from his  
father as fast as he can. He cuts through the jungle --

24 EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK (1973)**

24

-- and spills out into a clearing, coming to a DEAD STOP when  
he reaches -- THE CONCRETE PYLONS. Ben stares at the fence,  
sees the pylons stretching as far as the eye can see. He's  
trapped. That realization makes the tears flow once again.  
He puts his head in his hands, about to double over when --

(CONTINUED)



He sees something. OFF IN THE DISTANCE, on the other side of the pylons, there's A FIGURE. Walking towards him.

Ben's EYES GO WIDE. His heart begins to POUND. He steps forward, slowly moves towards the fence. HIS POV -- as the figure approaches, we get a better look, realize -- it's a woman. The SAME WOMAN we saw earlier...

CLOSE ON BEN -- heart POUNDING OUT OF HIS CHEST NOW. The FEAR on his face slowly giving way to ASTONISHMENT. He opens his mouth, struggles to find his breath because...

It's EMILY, all right. Ben's mother. Looking near-angelic in her simple dress. She looks at her son, eyes filled with LOVE and COMPASSION, and SMILES. TEARS spring to Ben's eyes as he finally manages to find his voice --

YOUNG BEN

Mom...?

He reflexively races towards her, forgetting about the fence between them --

EMILY

Ben -- don't!

Emily HOLDS UP HER HAND -- Ben stops in his tracks, just short of the fence. His mother glances at the pylons -- Ben looks at the fence, desperate to race into his mother's arms. And we're CLOSE ON HIM as he realizes HE CAN'T. His mother sees the anguish on his face --

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's not time yet, Benjamin.

And with that, she gives him a kind, loving smile... and turns and walks back towards the jungle behind her.

YOUNG BEN

Mom...?

She doesn't turn. He yells after her, as loud as he can --

YOUNG BEN (CONT'D)

MOM!

And as that word RINGS OUT, WE WHOOSH TO --

CLOSE ON BEN as he makes his way through the dark jungle, his face UNDERLIT by the beam of his flashlight.

He leans heavily on his walking stick, his face intense, focused. BEHIND HIM -- Locke follows. Neither of them saying a word. We FOLLOW THEM as they walk in silence.

UP AHEAD, Ben stops as he reaches a break in the tree line. He glances down at his feet, sees something that catches his interest. Then he steps OVER it and disappears from view.

WE'RE WITH LOCKE as he reaches the same break in the trees. Glances down, sees what Ben was looking at... ON THE GROUND by Locke's feet -- an INCH-THICK GRAY LINE runs across the jungle floor. Locke frowns. Hmm. He kneels, TOUCHES this line. Checks his fingers, realizes --

It's GRAY PUMICE, like GREASY ASH. He shines his flashlight to his left -- the GRAY ASH LINE stretches as far as the eye can see. He shines his light to his right -- same thing. In fact -- it's as though someone has drawn a CIRCLE in gray ash around this ENTIRE AREA in front of him. And before Locke can wonder exactly why someone would do such a thing, we hear Ben's voice call out to him --

BEN

John.

Locke dusts his hands off, steps forward --

26 EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - NIGHT

26

We're WITH BEN as he glances over his shoulder, sees the approaching Locke. And as Locke looks up, he stops in his tracks. His eyes go WIDE. And as these two men stand there, staring forward, we ANGLE AROUND THEM TO REVEAL --

A CABIN.

Standing alone in the middle of the woods. It looks old -- ancient even. The WARPED, BLACKENED WOOD has been OVERGROWN by VINES that have long since DIED. From the looks of things, nobody has lived here for quite some time. Sensing Locke's veiled apprehension, Ben just looks at him --

BEN

We're here.

WE'RE WIDE ON THE CABIN as these two men step forward, heading into THE LAST PLACE ON FUCKING EARTH you want to go in the middle of the night. AND OFF THIS HAUNTING TABLEAU --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

27 OMITTED 27

28 EXT. JUNGLE - PYLONS - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1973)** 28

CLOSE ON YOUNG BEN as he treks though the jungle with purpose. He's wearing a heavy BACKPACK that's overloaded with every single possession an eleven-year old would have. And we GET IT -- he's RUNNING AWAY.

Ben exits the tree line, stops in his tracks, steels himself. We ANGLE AROUND HIM to reveal the massively intimidating PYLONS. Ben cautiously approaches, flips open a CONTROL PANEL on one of the pylons -- PUNCHES IN "54339." He turns the DIAL DOWN to GREEN... **VURRRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMM -- TWEEP.**

The pylons fall SILENT. Could it really be that fucking easy? But Ben is no dummy. He reaches into his SHOULDER BAG, PULLS OUT the last thing we were expecting -- his adorable PET BUNNY. What the hell...?!?

Setting it down on the grass, Ben reluctantly NUDGES the fluffy white rabbit BETWEEN the pylons. The bunny hops FORWARDS and -- HOLY SHIT -- he's using it as a GUINEA PIG just to make sure the deadly pylons are really OFF!

And WHEW! -- the bunny HOPS RIGHT ACROSS THE THRESHOLD, makes it to the other side unharmed. RELIEVED, Ben LEAPS ACROSS after his pet, and SCOOPS it up, strokes it as he carefully puts it back in his shoulder bag.

And now, Ben looks back the way he came... still not too late to go home. But he NARROWS HIS EYES. And ENTERS THE JUNGLE.

29 EXT. JUNGLE - A LITTLE LATER - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1973)** 29

FIND BEN -- a little tentative as he moves through the DARK TREE CANOPY. He looks around. Clears his throat.

YOUNG BEN

...Mom?

And now we realize... THAT'S what this little adventure is Ben's plan is to find his MOTHER out here. And now that he's COMMITTED to it, he begins to call out LOUDER --

YOUNG BEN (CONT'D)

MOM?!?

Calling out -- not in desperation, but with BOLDNESS --

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG BEN (CONT'D)  
MAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH -- !

-- **K-RRACK!**

Ben instantly QUIETS -- turns towards the sound of a BRANCH BREAKING. Something MOVING -- not far OFF. And he's not afraid... no... he fucking runs TOWARDS it. TRUCKING through the jungle, his shoulder bag and backpack bouncing -- **KRAK KRAK** -- and he hears it AGAIN -- sounds like... FOOTSTEPS? -- as Ben peels thorough some brush and INTO --

30 EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - CONTINUOUS - **FLASHBACK (1973)** 30

The middle of a dense CIRCLE OF TREES that blankets everything beneath its canopy with HEAVY SHADOWS. Ben stops SHORT, LISTENS to see if he can hear the noise again... And if the sight of this little boy completely ALONE in the dark wilderness isn't unsettling enough?

That's when the motherfucking WHISPERING begins. A surreal chorus of DISEMBODIED VOICES hisses words just quietly enough to be unintelligible. Ben TURNS, FREAKED --BUT THEY'RE ALL AROUND HIM. And getting LOUDER.

And Ben is now acutely aware that coming into the jungle was a HORRIBLE FUCKING MISTAKE. TERROR growing, all sense of adventure GONE as he begins to BACK AWAY the way he came...

And the WHISPERS STOP. Ben FREEZES. Silence. Nothing. Thank GOD. And he ain't waiting around for it to start up again. Turns around --

Right into the FUCKING MAN STANDING THERE. JESUS! Ben SHOUTS IN SURPRISE -- STUMBLES back... eyes WIDE as he looks up into the face of none other than --

RICHARD FUCKING ALPERT. He's got a neatly trimmed BEARD, Dressed in a threadbare sweater, worn cotton pants. Puts up his hands, COMFORTING --

ALPERT

Whoa... Hey -- I didn't mean to scare you...

ON BEN. He'd run as fast as he could if he weren't FUCKING PETRIFIED. Yet Alpert is completely non-threatening --

ALPERT (CONT'D)

Are you lost?

A BEAT. And despite his FEAR, Ben finds his voice --

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG BEN  
Are you... one of them?

ALPERT  
One of who?

YOUNG BEN  
A... hostile.

ALPERT  
(smiles)  
Do you even know what that word  
means?

Ben stops retreating. His CURIOSITY is winning out over his  
fear now. Finally, he looks at Alpert and SHRUGS.

ALPERT (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

YOUNG BEN  
(a beat; then softly)  
Ben.

ALPERT  
Tell me something, Ben -- when you  
go over to a friend's house for the  
first time, do you act like it's  
your house? Do you walk in and  
just start playing with his toys?  
Do you make a mess and not clean it  
up?

(beat)  
When you leave, do you take things  
that don't belong to you?

Ben shakes his head. And Alpert smiles --

ALPERT (CONT'D)  
No. You wouldn't do any of those  
things. Because that would be  
hostile.

And there's something about Alpert -- something about the way  
he doesn't talk DOWN to him -- that makes Ben visibly RELAX.

ALPERT (CONT'D)  
So. You wanna tell me what you're  
doing in the middle of the jungle  
all by yourself?

Ben's eyes DROP. Almost embarrassed to say it out loud --

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG BEN  
I'm... looking for my mom.

ALPERT  
And you think she's... out here?

Ben almost responds, but then thinks better of it --

YOUNG BEN  
You won't believe me.

Slowly, so as not to spook the kid, Alpert moves forwards,  
TAKES A KNEE, comes down to Ben's level --

ALPERT  
Try me.

And WHY NOT? Ben is emboldened by Alpert's total acceptance,  
even though he feels slightly RIDICULOUS when he says --

YOUNG BEN  
She's dead.

And Alpert's eyes suddenly WIDEN -- that was NOT what he was  
expecting to hear at fucking ALL.

ALPERT  
Did she die here? On the island?

YOUNG BEN  
No. When I was a baby.

Alpert takes a moment, ABSORBS that. He's INTRIGUED --

ALPERT  
Did you... see her out here, Ben?  
In the jungle?

YOUNG BEN  
(nods; and then)  
She talked to me.

ALPERT  
What'd she say?

YOUNG BEN  
That I couldn't come with her. She  
said it wasn't time yet.

ON ALPERT. PROCESSING THAT. For whatever fucking reason,  
what Ben just said has great significance to him.

(CONTINUED)

ALPERT  
Well how about that.

And now, Ben looks up at him. The HOPE in his eyes all but breaks our fucking hearts --

YOUNG BEN  
Is she... with you?

ALPERT  
(a beat; then)  
Sort of.

Ummmm... WHAT?!?

YOUNG BEN  
Are you dead, too?

ALPERT  
(laughs; shakes his head)  
No... No, Ben. I'm not dead.

And now Ben LOOKS UP with his intense eyes --

YOUNG BEN  
Then I want to come with you.

ALPERT  
You can't.

YOUNG BEN  
Why?

Alpert STANDS now, not without COMPASSION, but HARDER now --

ALPERT  
Because those kind of decisions,  
Ben, are made by a man much more  
important than me.  
(beat; then)  
And he's not the kind of man you  
just go and see. He's the kind of  
man who summons you.

And if that sounds familiar, it's because this kid is going to say the same FUCKING THING to Locke in about thirty years. Alpert can see the DESPERATION in Ben's eyes, however... Kindly puts his hand on the boy's shoulder --

ALPERT (CONT'D)  
You should go home now. Your  
people will be looking for you.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG BEN  
I don't want to go back -- I hate  
it there. Please...  
(intense)  
Take me with you.

No longer smiling, Alpert looks at Ben respectfully, almost as if he were a fellow ADULT --

ALPERT  
Maybe that can happen. Maybe. But  
if it that's what you really want,  
Ben? I want you to think about it.  
(serious as a fucking  
HEART ATTACK)  
And you're going to have to be  
very, very patient.

And OFF YOUNG BEN, no idea what those words mean, but feeling deep in his gut that whatever Alpert is talking about?

HE FUCKING WANTS IT. And we WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH TO --

31 EXT. JUNGLE - CABIN - NIGHT 31

Okay, folks. You've been very, very patient, so HERE WE  
FUCKING GO.

**CLICK.** BEN, that same FIRE IN HIS EYES, SNAPS off his  
flashlight as he limps through the DARK NIGHT towards...

THE CABIN.

And it's even fucking CREEPIER as we get close to it -- the  
invading jungle vines, the DIRTY WINDOWS... and most of all,  
the sense that something is just plain fucking WRONG about  
this place. Ben speaks quietly --

BEN  
You'll want to turn off your  
flashlight, John.

And here's LOCKE. A few paces behind him. And based on the  
look on his face? He's starting to have second thoughts  
about asking to come out here.

LOCKE  
...Why?

BEN  
Because Jacob feels the same way  
about technology as you do.



Well. O-kay. Something about the CALM ASSURANCE in Ben's tone that makes the words all the more fucking unsettling. So... CLICK. Locke snaps off his flashlight. And now, his hand instinctively reaches for the GUN tucked into his waistband... just to make sure it's still THERE as --

CREEE-AK. CREEEE-AK. CREEE-AK. Lit only by the MOON, Ben ascends the three steps to the PORCH.

There, next to the door, is a HOOK. On the hook, an OLD-SCHOOL OIL LANTERN. Ben delicately removes it as he produces a WOODEN MATCH from his pocket. SNAPS a match with his thumb, touches the flame to the lantern's WICK. Turns to --

Locke. Right behind him now. Both men OMINOUSLY LIT by the glow of the lantern. And Ben is DEAD FUCKING SERIOUS (and maybe a little... afraid?) as he softly says --

BEN (CONT'D)

Once I open this door, there's no going back. Are you sure this is what you want?

ON LOCKE. And after a beat, he NODS. He's come way too fucking far to turn back now. ON BEN. He blinks.

BEN (CONT'D)

So be it.

And without further ado, Ben reaches for the DOORKNOB, twists it with a DRY CH-CLUNK and ANNOUNCES --

BEN (CONT'D)

Jacob? I'm here with John Locke. We're coming in now.

Jesus. And with that, Ben STEPS INTO --

32 INT. JACOB'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

32

The INSIDE OF THE CABIN is DARK -- the pale FLICKER of the lantern doing little to illuminate it. There seems to be a complete ABSENCE of SOUND in here. And that ain't GOOD.

Locke steps in behind Ben, SQUINTING... scared... taking in the space. And what's most fucking unsettling is that he can't SEE what might be hiding in its DARK CORNERS. Locke FREEZES, his breath caught in his fucking THROAT as he sees --

On the opposite WALL, some CABINETS... slightly AJAR. The lantern light picking up a few BUZZING FLIES around a SHELF lined with JARS... FILLED WITH (what looks like) PRESERVES.

(CONTINUED)

A DUSTY PORTRAIT of an OLD, MANGY DOG hangs over a ROCKING CHAIR. There's a small WOOD STOVE... a TABLE IN FRONT OF IT. At the table is a STOOL.

THUK. THUK. THUK. Ben's footsteps echo dully as he crosses the room, places the lantern on the TABLE. Turns to Locke. A beat. A LONG BEAT. Because this? Is fucking FREAKY. And then, his eyes ZEROED ON LOCKE, Ben calmly says --

BEN

Jacob. This is John.

HUH? Locke SPINS towards the DARKNESS BEHIND HIM -- FUCK! Is there someone fucking BEHIND HIM?!?

But NO. There's NO ONE. And now, CONFUSED, Locke slowly turns back around to see Ben looking at him expectantly --

BEN (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to say hello, John?

Locke's brow FURROWS --

LOCKE

What?

And now Ben turns towards the STOOL, almost... PLEASED --

BEN

I told you he wouldn't.

Ummm... HUH?!?

LOCKE

Who...? What are you talking about?

BEN

You can't see him?

LOCKE

See who?

BEN

Jacob. He's sitting right here. On this stool.

And folks? We see the same stool Locke does. But there ain't nobody fucking ON IT.

(CONTINUED)

Yet, for the duration of this conversation Ben continues to behave as if there most definitely IS. He turns to it, shakes his head as if being LECTURED --

BEN (CONT'D)

Yes, I know. But he insisted.

ON LOCKE. Watching Ben conduct this discussion with what appears to be an IMAGINARY FRIEND --

LOCKE

What... is this?

But Ben turns back to Locke looking absolutely SANE --

BEN

You wanted the secrets of the island... well, here they are. This is the man who can answer every single --

(stops as if interrupted;  
turns to the stool)

I am not. He made me bring him here. Do you think it was my...

(pauses; frustrated)

Sorry -- may I finish? Because every minute I waste here...

LOCKE

-- You're... crazy.

Ben cuts off his conversation with the stool, turns --

BEN

Excuse me?

LOCKE

You're insane. This... you don't know anything about the island, do you? You... made it all up, you --

BEN

(to the stool)  
-- Jacob, please -- I can't hear him if you're talking over...

LOCKE

-- Stop it.

BEN

...what he's saying. It's hard enough to --

LOCKE

-- STOP IT!!! SHUT UP.

And Ben DOES shut up. Looks into Locke's WILD FUCKING EYES --

(CONTINUED)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Are you putting on a show for me?  
Or do you... Do you really think  
there's someone there?

A beat. And then, Ben says without a trace of doubt --

BEN

Oh, I know there's someone there.

LOCKE

You don't... know anything!

And now? We see a NEW expression on Ben's face. And it looks an awful lot like... RELIEF?

BEN

I'm sorry you feel that way,  
John. And I'm sorry that  
you're too limited to see --

LOCKE

-- There's nothing to  
(fucking) SEE! THERE'S NO  
ONE THERE!!!

CLOSE ON BEN. And he really fucking BELIEVES this --

BEN

Yes, John. There is.

ON LOCKE. Feeling very much the victim of the longest and most unfulfilling fucking SHAGGY DOG STORY in the history of Shaggy Dog stories. Looks at Ben with pure fucking DISGUST --

LOCKE

You're pathetic.

And with that, Locke turns around and heads towards the door. And just as he reaches out for the knob, he hears --

A VOICE. And this voice? It is NOT Ben's.

It is deeper. And more POWERFUL. And somehow... someway... it is not coming from behind Locke. It is coming from EVERYWHERE. And the two words it speaks are unmistakable --

VOICE

**HELP ME.**

OH. SWEET. CHRIST. Locke SPINS AROUND -- SPOOKED --

LOCKE

What did you just say?

(CONTINUED)

And the look on Ben's face suddenly transforms from relief to pure fucking SURPRISE. SHOCK, in fact.

BEN

I... didn't say anything.

Wait. What the...? And Locke reaches for his FLASHLIGHT, SNAPS IT ON -- SHINES IT RIGHT IN BEN'S FUCKING EYES --

LOCKE

No. I heard you. You said --

And before Locke can get another word out, EVERYTHING GOES TO COMPLETE AND TOTAL BATSHIT.

THE LANTERN FALLS OFF THE TABLE -- SMASHING as it hits the floor and GOES OUT -- OH SHIT!!! FUCK!!!! It's QUICK -- IMPRESSIONISTIC -- we'll have to see it twenty times before we get it all, but it happens in GLIMPSES as --

Locke's FLASHLIGHT BEAM TWIRLS -- Ben's BACK is to us, but it looks like he's STRUGGLING WITH SOMEONE and -- SQUISLISH!!! The JARS SMASH, spilling JELLYISH FLUID ONTO THE FLOOR --

BAMBAMBAM! The sounds of the CABINETS SLAMMING -- Locke MOVING BACK NOW -- something WHIZZES BY HIS CHEEK -- something BIG -- and GOOD CHRIST --

He's DOWN ON HIS ASS -- THE FLASHLIGHT OUT OF HIS HAND AND ROLLING ACROSS THE GROUND -- MORE BANGING -- BEN SHOUTS OUT IN ALARM as a WINDOW SHATTERS -- THE FLASHLIGHT COMES TO A STOP as it reaches the opposite WALL and for JUST ONE SECOND, its BEAM ILLUMINATES --

Some... ONE? Tall. Thin. Dark clothing. DEATHLY PALE.

JESUSGODALMIGHTY... what the living FUCK IS THAT?!?

But Locke ain't hanging around to find OUT -- he ROLLS -- HALF-CRAWLING as he launches himself OUT THE DOOR and --

33 EXT. JUNGLE - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

33

Back OUTSIDE. Locke scrambles off the PORCH, losing his footing -- RUNNING -- fucking TERRIFIED -- and finally gets a good distance from the CABIN before he finally STOPS.

Sweating. Breathing HARD. Just looking back at the cabin. Trying to process what he just fucking SAW. Or DIDN'T SEE.

Beat. And another beat. Another. FINALLY, the door OPENS.

(CONTINUED)

And Ben EMERGES. Locke watches breathlessly as Ben hangs the BROKEN LANTERN back on the hook. And --

CREE-AK. CREE-AK. CREE-AK. He descends the stairs.

And as he slowly approaches Locke, we can see that he's pretty fucking FREAKED OUT HIMSELF. Tussled. SWEATY.

He STOPS. And here the two men stand. Five feet away from each other. A beat. And then, Locke finally finds his VOICE and asks the very same question WE fucking are --

LOCKE  
What... was that?

And we are SUPER FUCKING CLOSE on Ben as he softly responds --

BEN  
That was Jacob.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

A34 EXT. BEACH - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

A34

CLOSE ON NAOMI. And the island's newest visitor is looking slightly... UNCOMFORTABLE. But this isn't because she's finally on her feet again... No, it might JUST have something to do with the fact that, as we ANGLE AROUND --

We find every single member of the BEACH CAMP looking at her.

Some FORTY CASTAWAYS gather by TORCHLIGHT around the KITCHEN AREA. It's become a de facto meeting place for our friends... and in this instance, it's just been used for a public UNVEILING. That's right -- Naomi has gone PUBLIC.

And Claire seems to sum up the mood of the camp quite nicely, as she levels her glare on Sayid --

CLAIRE

Why didn't you tell anyone?

But it's Charlie who fields the question. As he trades a glance with Desmond --

CHARLIE

Claire, just... give us a chance to explain.

CLAIRE

(betrayed)

You knew about this, too?

Before Charlie can defend himself, Desmond speaks up --

DESMOND

Look, we were trying to protect Naomi.

HURLEY

And we didn't want you guys to freak out when she told you we were all, like... dead.

Wait. HUH?!? STUNNED SILENCE as the entire crowd -- Socks included -- STARES at Hurley. Sun looks to Sayid --

SUN

What does that mean?

(CONTINUED)

SAYID

It means... the Others will do anything to keep us from being found.

CLAIRE

The world thinks we're dead?

SAYID

Please -- it's not important right now --

A WAVE OF DISCONTENT rips through the crowd, EVERYONE TALKING AT ONCE. We hear snippets, INCLUDING --

SUN

Not important?

CLAIRE

What are you talking about, Sayid?

NAOMI

Excuse me --

The crowds hushes, looks to Naomi. She looks at them in disbelief --

NAOMI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but... don't you people want to be rescued?

Did she just say "rescued"? THAT settles the crowd down a bit. Sayid nods -- she's right...

SAYID

This woman represents our best chance of getting off this island. We kept her a secret to keep her safe.

And it's Kate who asks the imminent follow-up... even though she knows the answer, she WANTS him to say it out loud --

KATE

Safe from what, Sayid?

SAYID

(doesn't even blink)  
Safe from Jack.

This gets the crowd MURMURING again, but Sayid continues --

(CONTINUED)



SAYID (CONT'D)

He spent a week with the Others.  
He brought one of them back with  
him. Here -- amongst us. And  
every time we attempt to get  
answers from this woman, Jack has  
prevented her from giving them.

HMMM. Pretty fucking GOOD POINTS. But Sun shakes her head --

SUN

But it's Jack. He would never do  
anything to hurt us. And Juliet...  
I believe she is a good person --

Before Sun can finish, someone who's been hanging back in the  
crowd finally comes forward to interrupt her. It's SAWYER.

SAWYER

Good person, huh? And you're  
basing that on... what?

Sun is dead silent. With Jin standing beside her, she  
certainly ain't about to reveal how Juliet came to her aid a  
couple days back. But Sawyer isn't finished --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

It wouldn't involve her taking you  
to one of their medical stations,  
now would it, Mrs. Kwon?

SUN FREEZES. Jesus.

SUN

How...?

Sawyer and Sayid exchange a look. Then, Sawyer holds up THE  
MINI-TAPE PLAYER. CLICK. And now, the unmistakable sound of  
JULIET'S VOICE fills the NIGHT AIR --

JULIET

(from recorder)

*...Kwon is pregnant. The fetus is  
healthy and was conceived on island  
with her husband. He was shooting  
blanks before they got here.*

WHAT? The crowd REACTS, all glancing at Sun, who's  
horrified. Jin sees everyone staring, looks to his wife --

(CONTINUED)

JIN  
(in KOREAN)  
*What's going on?*

And Sun can't even MUSTER A RESPONSE. She looks to Jin, shakes her head -- not right now...

JULIET  
*...I'm still working on getting samples from the other women. I should have Austen's soon --*

ON KATE. As she shares an AWKWARD GLANCE with Sawyer. They've heard this already -- but they're not ready to deal with what it could mean for them yet.

JULIET (CONT'D)  
*I'll report back when I know more.*

And CLICK. The crowd goes SILENT. Fuck. No refuting it now. Juliet's a SPY. But before they can fully process it --

JACK (O.S.)  
Where'd you get that?

And EVERYONE TURNS TO MEET THE SOUND OF THAT VOICE. Because it's one they're well acquainted with --

Standing ten yards away is none other than JACK. And JULIET is right at his fucking side. Both look like they've been TREKKING -- dirty, sweaty, wearing BACKPACKS. A LOOOOOOONG beat as everyone stares at them.

SAYID  
Where have you been, Jack?

But Jack's not backing down. Steps forward, eyes on Sawyer --

JACK  
I asked you where you got it.

And Sawyer ain't in the fucking MOOD for this. He walks right up to Jack and gets in his fucking FACE --

SAWYER  
You really think you're in a position to ask us questions, Doc?

Just before punches get thrown, Juliet interrupts --

JULIET  
Turn the tape over.

SAWYER  
Stay outta this --

JULIET  
You want to burn me at the  
(fucking) stake? Here I am. But  
first, turn the tape over. And  
press play.

Sawyer looks at Jack. Jack looks at Sawyer. EVERYONE waits to see what will happen next. Sayid nods.

And finally... Sawyer backs off. CLICK. POPS the tape out of the PLAYER. FLIPS it over, PUTS it back in. And HITS PLAY. The tape WHIRRS until we hear a FAMILIAR VOICE...

BEN  
(from recorder)  
*Juliet, it's Ben. I'm sending  
three teams to extract Kwon the  
night after tomorrow. We won't  
have time to run Austen's sample,  
so if you determine that she or  
anyone else is pregnant, mark their  
tents and we'll take them, too.*  
(a beat)  
*Good luck.*

HOLY SHIT. What the fuck did we just HEAR?!? All eyes turn towards Juliet, who after a beat, looks right at Sun --

JULIET  
The night I saw your baby on the  
ultrasound, I told Jack what they  
were making me do.

And we realize -- Jack wasn't betraying US... Juliet is a  
FUCKING DOUBLE AGENT!!! Sayid's the one who grasps it first.  
Turns to Jack, a little less judgement in his voice now --

SAYID  
And why didn't you tell us, Jack?

ON JACK as he looks at the expectant faces of the people who once -- and STILL -- think of him as their fucking LEADER. His eyes SHINE with that old INTENSITY as he answers --

JACK  
Because I hadn't decided what to do  
about it yet.

ON SAYID as he picks up on the same fucking thing we did --

(CONTINUED)

SAYID

"Yet"?

Jack NODS. Confident. This is a man with a fucking PLAN.  
And so, he delivers the official understatement of the year --

JACK

I think we've got some catching up  
to do.

34 OMITTED 34

35 EXT. JUNGLE - DAWN 35

WIDE ON THE SPRAWLING JUNGLE as the SUN crests the horizon.  
As dawn breaks across the ISLAND, we POP CLOSE to --

FIND BEN AND LOCKE. They're trekking through the jungle, Ben  
leads the way back from the cabin. Locke is in his own head,  
still trying to process what the fuck went on last night.

And Ben? Something is weighing heavily on his mind, too --

BEN

What did you hear in there, John?  
(off Locke's look)  
What did Jacob say to you?

Locke studies Ben for a beat. Says simply --

LOCKE

Jacob didn't say anything to me.  
(beat)  
You did.

That stops Ben. He frowns --

BEN

What are you talking about?

Locke shakes his head. Enough of this BULLSHIT --

LOCKE

There is no... Jacob, Ben. I'm not  
gonna be taken in by the little...  
show you put on last night.  
(frustrated, angry)  
You're a fraud. And it's time your  
people were told the truth.

ON BEN. STUNG. Maybe even a bit... scared?

(CONTINUED)

Locke turns and starts heading off. But after a few steps, he stops, realizes -- he's lost. His eyes flash to Ben --

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
This isn't the way we came.

BEN  
(nods)  
I'm taking us back another way.  
(off his look)  
I wanted to show you something first.

Locke's eyes flash as he levels them on Ben, absolutely NOT --

LOCKE  
I've seen enough.

But Ben just meets his glare. Back in CONTROL now.

BEN  
You know, John, you're not wrong.  
I haven't been entirely honest with you. Some of the things I've told you... some of the things I've told everyone... well, they simply aren't true.

ON LOCKE. Wary. But STILL, can't help but be intrigued --

LOCKE  
Like what?

BEN  
Well, for starters... I wasn't born on this island.

And that sets Locke back on his heels. His eyes narrow --

LOCKE  
Then where did you come from?

AND WE'RE CLOSE ON BEN as he turns to lead the way, nodding towards the jungle --

BEN  
That's what I want to show you.

OFF WHICH WE WHOOOOSH TO --

36 INT. BEN'S HOUSE - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1992)**

36

CLOSE ON A DHARMA JUMPSUIT as it's pulled on over a white t-shirt. ZZZIPP -- we follow a hand as it zips up the front of the jumpsuit to reveal THE WEARER -- and no, its not Roger...

Its BEN.

As he slips a WRISTWATCH on, we get a good look at him -- he's grown up. Thirty years-old now, but still that same look of BLANK STOICISM.

Ben glances at his watch, notes the time, then crosses the room and retrieves a BACK PACK. As he hefts it, something catches his attention --

THE FIGURINE. His birthday present from Annie, prominently displayed atop a chest of drawers.

ON BEN as he considers the figurine. Sadness FLASHES IN HIS EYES. Mixed with something else. Is that... DOUBT?

And then, just as quickly, it's GONE. Ben's eyes harden with RESOLVE. He PICKS UP FIGURINE, sticks it into his pack. As he SLINGS the backpack across his shoulder, we CUT TO --

37 EXT. BARRACKS - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1992)**

37

Ben exits his house. Crosses past a 1970s era VW BUS. Dharma symbol on the hood. (Yes, folks, the SAME BUS that Hurley discovered in Ep. #310, only now it's in good condition.)

As Ben moves around the bus we see someone in a similar Dharma jumpsuit loading crates of DHARMA FOOD into the VW's open rear storage compartment. The person glances up --

ROGER

Morning...

Ben's fucking FATHER. And it's clear the years have been hard on him -- grey hair, a deeply-lined face, tired eyes.

Ben doesn't respond. Just watches as his father loads CASES of BEER alongside the food. Then, done, Roger straightens up, looks at Ben. A look of DISDAIN --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Well, what's your problem...?  
You're usually (fucking) chatty-  
Cathy in the morning...

A long beat. Then Ben says simply --

(CONTINUED)

BEN  
It's my birthday.

Roger REACTS. News to him. He forgot his son's birthday.

BEN (CONT'D)  
(disappointed)  
I don't know why I keep fooling  
myself into thinking that one of  
these years you're actually going  
to remember.

ON ROGER. He just stares at Ben. And then his eyes SOFTEN.

ROGER  
Tell you what...  
(indicates the FOOD)  
All we gotta do this morning is run  
this stuff out to the Pearl  
Station. Why don't we go up to The  
Mesa, drink some beers and... you  
know... have some father and son  
time.

Ben studies his father a long moment -- clearly, this is a  
HUGE fucking gesture. Finally, he nods, says simply --

BEN  
I'd like that.

38 EXT. JUNGLE - SCENIC OVERLOOK - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1992)** 38

THE VW BUS breaks through the tree-line on a DIRT ROAD and  
CLIMBS UP A HILL and into a clearing. (And, yes, it's the  
SAME hill that Hurley drove the bus down in #310.)

39 INT. VW BUS - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1992)** 39

Roger pulls to a stop at the top of a hill. Kills the  
engine. Turns and stretches into the back of the bus to  
retrieve a SIX PACK OF BEER.

In the passenger seat, Ben GLANCES AT HIS WATCH. Then looks  
up at his father who hands him a can of beer.

As Roger settles into his seat, we're ON BEN. He doesn't  
open the beer. Instead he ROLLS DOWN HIS WINDOW.

KSS-SHHH. We hear the sound of Roger OPENING his beer,  
taking a long SWALLOW as Ben cranks the handle, lowering the  
glass. Ben's calm. Almost eerily so. The look in his eyes,  
somehow... UNSETTLING.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER (O.S.)  
You can't say it ain't beautiful.

A beat, then Ben looks at his father, who stares out the front windshield at the wide vista before them.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Y'now, there was a time... before  
we got to this damn island... when  
being out in nature like this...  
was actually my favorite thing.

Ben watches Roger take another pull on his beer. And a PAINED LOOK FLASHES ACROSS BEN'S EYES. A beat, then --

BEN  
Do you really blame me?

ROGER  
For what?

BEN  
Do you really think it's my fault  
that she died?

And despite his even tone, we see the VULNERABILITY in Ben's eyes. And Roger just stares at him. A long beat. And then, in what passes for KINDNESS with this man, he SHRUGS --

ROGER  
What (the fuck) do I know?

ON BEN. Realizing that's about as close to forgiveness as he's ever gonna get. He nods. Glances at his watch again. Roger still eyeing him --

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Why do you keep staring at your  
watch? You got a date or something?

Ben doesn't respond. Roger stares at him for a beat, then --

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Look, if it makes you feel any  
better... I'll do my best to  
remember your birthday next year.

Ben looks back at his father. Realizes he's actually trying to make a connection. But Ben just looks at him. Almost... SAD? Then says simply --

(CONTINUED)



BEN

I don't think that's gonna happen,  
Dad.

Roger's eyes narrow. He's confused -- what the hell does that mean? And now Ben reaches down between his legs and UNZIPS his backpack --

BEN (CONT'D)

I miss her, too. As much as you  
do...

Ben PULLS SOMETHING FROM HIS PACK as he continues --

BEN (CONT'D)

The only difference is, for as long  
as I can remember, I've had to put  
up with you.

He levels his gaze on Roger. His eyes going COLD --

BEN (CONT'D)

And doing that? Required a  
tremendous amount of patience.

ON ROGER as that lands. And now he sees what Ben has retrieved --

A GAS MASK. Roger's eyes FLASH --

ROGER

Wh-what the hell? What are you...

BEN

(simply)  
Good-bye, Dad.

And with that, Ben slips the mask on, pulls it down over his face.

ON ROGER. Officially at a loss for what the fuck Ben is up to, as... a trickle of BLOOD leaks out of Roger's nose.

Roger's hand goes to his nose... and he sees the blood. And before he can even register confusion, his EYES FLASH WITH INTENSE PAIN. His body VIOLENTLY JERKS... He looks to Ben -- suddenly PANICKED --

But Ben just fucking SITS THERE. Watching coolly from behind the gas mask... maybe even SATISFIED... as his father FLAILS, wide-eyed, not understanding what's happening to him...

(CONTINUED)

BEN'S POV: THROUGH THE GAS MASK -- as Roger's body SHUDDERS, his hand lurches for the CAR KEY. Trying to turn on the bus, looking for any means of fucking ESCAPE he can find...

VROOM: THE CAR RUMBLES TO LIFE -- we hear the EIGHT TRACK PLAYER kick in just as Roger's head crashes forward and lands sideways on the steering wheel! And just as ROGER DIES, we recognize THE SONG that's playing --

It's Three Dog Night. Fucking "Shambala."

The joyous music rising in ironic contrast to the horrific sight of Roger's now dead eyes, gazing someplace way out beyond Ben. And we CUT TO --

40 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1992)**

40

A GAS-MASKED BEN APPEARS walking through the foliage. His eyes stare out from behind the gas mask. We hold on him a beat, then ARM AROUND TO SEE --

He's on the edge of NEW OTHERTON. And, even from this distance, we can tell something is very wrong here --

There are bodies strewn on the ground.

ON BEN as he stares out from behind the mask. And though we may be a bit confused what exactly has gone on here... clearly, Ben is not surprised. He was expecting this. Ben's EYES GO DEAD. And as he moves forward, CUT TO --

41 EXT. BARRACKS - DAY - **FLASHBACK (1992)**

41

We're with Ben as he walks into New Otherton. Except no one is there to be surprised by Ben's appearance because... holy. Fucking. SHIT. THEY ARE ALL DEAD.

They've dropped right in the middle of walking, hanging laundry, chatting with their neighbors... Whatever killed Ben's father has clearly been released here as well.

And the CAMERA TRACKS WITH BEN as his eyes take in the macabre tableau --

Dead bodies are strewn in the grass. On porches. Blood pooled under their noses. Ben moves steadily along, surveying the bodies, his eyes icy and emotionless... until he sees something that makes him STOP...

IT'S HORACE. The man who's been consistently kind to Ben. Older now, and laying dead in the grass in a pool of blood. A look of fear frozen in his open, lifeless eyes.

(CONTINUED)

Ben crouches beside Horace. And as he reaches out and gently shuts Horace's eyelids, Ben hears something --

HIS POV -- FROM OUT OF THE JUNGLE ON ALL SIDES OF THE CAMP ELEVEN OTHERS EMERGE. They are all dressed in the same ornamental rags we first saw the Others wearing way back when. And you know what? It's pretty fucking eerie. They move forward and approach Ben. And standing at the center of the group... is RICHARD ALPERT.

CLOSE ON BEN -- as he straightens up. His heart POUNDS in his chest as Alpert approaches.

Alpert looks down, checks his watch. Then removes his mask. He takes a breath, nods to the others -- all clear.

Alpert's men all remove their masks. Ben hesitates for a beat, then removes his as well. As they breathe in the (now) fresh air, Alpert nods towards the jungle --

ALPERT

Do you want us to go get his body?

BEN

(after a beat)

No. Leave him out there.

Alpert nods. Fair enough. He gestures to his men -- let's get started. With that, the men fan out in pairs, begin to drag the bodies into a large central pile.

CAMERA CRANES HIGH UP as Alpert leads Ben away while behind them HIS MEN remove the remains of the Dharma and a new era of the island begins -- and we WHOOOSH to --

42 EXT. JUNGLE - MASS GRAVE - DAY

42

CLOSE ON A HUMAN SKULL -- its HOLLOW EYES and RICTUS SMILE stare up at us from its resting place in the fetid, decayed soil around it.

SLOWLY WIDEN to reveal the skull belongs to an ENTIRE SKELETON. From the looks of things, it's in a fairly advanced stage of DECOMPOSITION. A FEW SCRAPS OF ROTTED CLOTH cling to the bones -- including one distinct piece of fabric just above the skeleton's breast plate:

THE DHARMA SYMBOL.

And as we continue to WIDEN OUT, we realize this skeleton is not alone.

(CONTINUED)

Right beside it, half-buried in the soil, is ANOTHER SKELETON. And ANOTHER... and ANOTHER... and ANOTHER. In fact, as we CRANE UP we realize --

We're looking at a MASS GRAVE. Literally FIFTY BODIES were dumped in what looks like a large EXCAVATION PIT. And as we continue to CRANE UP and UP... revealing the sea of decomposed bones...

We find TWO MEN looking down the edge of the pit. Ten feet up. John Locke and Benjamin Linus.

ON LOCKE as he surveys this horrifying scene. He steps to the edge, looks out, at a complete loss for words. Ben stays a few feet behind him.

BEN

This is where I came from, John.

(beat)

These are my people... The Dharma Initiative.

(beat)

They came here seeking...

(said with disdain)

...harmony. But they couldn't even coexist with the island's original inhabitants.

(beat)

When it became clear that one side had to go... one side had to be purged... I did what I had to.

(beat)

I was one of the people smart enough to make sure they didn't end up in that ditch.

ON LOCKE. A beat as that lands. And now, behind him, Ben's voice takes on a menacing tone --

BEN (CONT'D)

Which makes me considerably smarter than you, John.

And Locke's eyes GO WIDE as realizes -- that's a fucking THREAT. WHIP-FAST, he reaches towards his waistband for his gun, only to find...

It's gone. And as he glances up -- oh fuck -- BANG! Ben SHOOTS HIM IN THE BACK.

Locke pitches forward from the blast -- he falls HEAD FIRST into the MASS GRAVE, tumbling in the air as he PLUMMETS...

(CONTINUED)

WHAM! He lands on his back, crashing right down on the PILE OF SKELETONS. We're WITH LOCKE as he gasps for air, looks down at the BLOOD SEEPING from his stomach. Oh god... oh god... He struggles to focus, looks up --

FROM LOCKE'S POV -- we're LOOKING UP at the edge of the pit as BEN STEPS FORWARD, looks down at us. He's HOLDING THE GUN Alex gave Locke earlier.

Locke gasps for air, in shock, TERROR in his eyes, as Ben stares down at him --

BEN (CONT'D)

What did Jacob say to you?

Locke COUGHS BLOOD, as looks down at his stomach, struggles to understand what's happening, GASPS --

LOCKE

Why...? Why did you do this?

BEN

Because you heard him.

He raises the gun, points it down at Locke.

BEN (CONT'D)

Now... I need you to tell me what he (fucking) said.

LOCKE

(through chokes)

Help me...

Ben's grip TENSES on the gun, ANGRY now --

BEN

John, I'm not going to ask you again. What did he say to you?

LOCKE

He said... "HELP ME!"

AND WE'RE ON BEN as those words land. Surprised. We can see the wheels turning: *Jacob asked Locke for help...* And from the look on Ben's face, that's not a good thing.

He looks down on Locke. Stares at him with pity. Shrugs --

BEN

Well, I certainly hope he helps you, John.

(CONTINUED)

And with that, Ben turns, walks away, HIS COLD EYES, FILLING FRAME and then disappearing...

And it's INSTANTLY CLEAR that the FLASHBACK of a young, sweet boy was not what we were watching.

No. We were watching the birth of a MONSTER.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW