

LORD OF THE FLIES

A Screenplay
by
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JPA/ebp

Note

For purposes of differentiating the large body of boys who are not principals, we will designate them as "little ones" - that is 7 and 8; "Middle" - 9 and 10; and "Older"- 11 and 12.

The entire group will consist of 35 boys. Twenty-three of whom will be 7 - 10, and thirteen in the middle and older group. All of our principals except Simon are in the older group.

MIDDAY.

Wide shot of shiny-bright, still, tropical water.
Cloudless sky. A sense of profound emptiness.

There is no sound.

Slowly CAMERA moves toward horizon and we see a high, fluffy feather of black smoke and what appears to be a giant fin glittering in the sun. Now we notice specks of red bobbing in the water near the strangely angled fin. And we begin to discern little flashes of white around the red specks.

CAMERA moves across the water and we see the fin-like tip of a metal iceberg. One of the red specks takes shape. It is a seat cushion from a commercial airline. Bright, decorator colors...striped red and orange. Clinging to it is a small boy, his mouth open wide with terror, but no sound until:

THE SOUND TRACK explodes into a cacophony of screams, suction, choking sounds, cries for help, thrashing water...

The CAMERA is caught in a maelstrom of noise and movement... both above and beneath the water. There are many children struggling to stay afloat, to get away from the oil slick around the body of the slowly sinking plane. All of the children are boys. A number of them are without flotation cushions. Some boys know how to handle themselves in the water, others fight desperately to keep their heads up. Some of the stronger boys try to help the youngest ones...

OVERLAPPING VOICE OVERS:

MIXED VOICES

'Hang on!' 'Mommy!' 'Swim!'
'Kick your legs!' 'Get clear
of the plane!'

LOUDER VOICE (RALPH'S)

The pilot! It's the pilot!

MIXED VOICES

'Help me! Help me!' 'Oh God!'
'Don't! Don't! I can't...!' Etc.

UNDERWATER SHOT: An adult male body, bleeding profusely from the head, kicking too feebly to stay afloat. Slowly the man is sinking. Then we see a boy, a strong swimmer, diving down to grasp the man's hair and pull him toward the surface.

CLOSEUP THE SURFACING BOY. It is RALPH. He is twelve years old, incongruously clad in a sodden gray military jacket, braided and beribboned.

2.

RALPH pulls the PILOT's head above the water. It is bleeding heavily and there is also a trickle of blood from the mouth.

RALPH .

One of the pilots!
Somebody help me!

A cushion is thrust under the PILOT's limp arms. We see that this aid has come from another twelve year old. Unlike RALPH, this boy has already shed his clothes and moves in the water like a young seal.

He is JACK. Behind him, a third boy, ROGER, also virtually naked, shoots a black look at the bleeding PILOT.

ROGER

(yells at RALPH and JACK)
Let him go...he'll attract
sharks!

ROGER turns and swims smartly away. RALPH, looking after the defecting ROGER, spots...directly in ROGER's path... a large, clumsy boy without a cushion. The BOY is gasping for air and weakly trying to keep something clasped in one fist safe out of the water. A small splash hits him in the face and he chokes badly. RALPH yells at ROGER.

RALPH'S VO

Help that kid! He's gonna sink!

ROGER pays no attention, starts to swim around the flailing fat boy. But RALPH'S VOICE rises commandingly.

RALPH'S VO (CONT)

ROGER! Help him!

ROGER stalls, spits out a spray of water and gives the fat boy a push toward another child who has a cushion.

CUT TO:

THREE SHOT. RALPH, PILOT, JACK.

JACK

It's that fat kid. If we
save him, we'll have to feed him!

The astonished RALPH stares at JACK. JACK is thrilled by his own ability to joke in such a desperate situation. JACK's eyes shine with excitement. He is clearly in an adrenalin rush. He laughs. RALPH looks away, out to the others, again hears the cries, the terror.

RALPH

(yells)

Dogpaddle! Just keep dogpaddling! You can do it!

(to JACK)

Get their shoes off...
the little ones...

(yells again)

Try to kick off your shoes!

JACK swims off toward the thickest bunch of boys, leaving RALPH trying to struggle out of his jacket while also keeping the pilot afloat.

JACK has only gone three or four strokes when he plucks an abandoned gray jacket off the water, flings it over his head to catch wind, then quickly ties the arms together to make a flotation device which he then shoves at a struggling child. Then he dives underwater.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER SHOT OF JACK, swimming toward dangling little feet. He yanks off the heavy shoes.

We see ROGER doing the same with another child's feet.

CUT TO:

RALPH and PILOT. The PILOT is wearing the short-sleeved white shirt of a minor-league commercial pilot. He speaks with a pronounced Southwestern accent. He is about forty years old and even as badly hurt as he is, his rage at the situation is palpable.

PILOT

...get them all? Goddam...
forty-four...
(gasps)
...kids...

RALPH

I don't think...
(stops himself, tries to
reassure the helplessly
furious man)
I bet we did, sir.
(a beat as he looks
bleakly at the shining plane)
I bet we got them all...

PILOT

(weakly)
...fucking idiots! Didn't give
us time! Fucking lunatics...

CUT TO:

MED SHOT the FAT BOY, fist still tight, his eyes just as tight, being helped to cling to cushion by a smaller child, a delicately beautiful boy about ten.

INTERCUT shots of RALPH with PILOT. Shots of OTHER BOYS in various states of control or panic... OLDER BOYS generally helping young ones.

There are thirty-five boys ranging in age from seven to twelve. The smaller boys generally still have on most of their clothes, white dress shirts, uniform gray pants. Some of them still in gray blazers. We begin to see that only the older boys have been wearing military jackets like RALPH's.

Now JACK surfaces with a shoe in his hand, pitches it over his shoulder, turns in the water, stares briefly at the tip of the sinking plane; he begins to swim toward it in a fast crawl. When he is within six feet of where the plane's body must be, he dives.

CAMERA HOLDS on the spot where JACK has disappeared.

HOLDS for a very long moment.

CUT TO:

RALPH kicking his feet and guiding the PILOT on his cushion toward others. RALPH seems to be the only one who has seen JACK dive and when JACK doesn't come up, he yells...

RALPH
Roger! Somebody! Help me...

RALPH is desperate to let go of the PILOT so that he can go to JACK. But what hands there are, are too small and too inept to trust with the wounded PILOT. Frustrated, frantic, RALPH keeps staring at the spot where JACK disappeared.

RALPH
(softly, to himself)
He's caught...

Suddenly, just by the now almost vanished tailfin, close by the spot where JACK disappeared, there is a great terrifying WHOOSHING sound and an EXPLOSION OF YELLOW!

Children scream in panic.

JACK's head, slick with oil, appears. He makes quickly for the great yellow mass.

CLOSEUP RALPH.

RALPH
(yelling)
It's a raft! He's freed a
raft!
(softly, on a deeply
exhaled breath)
God.

CUT TO:

LIFE RAFT - MIDDAY

Filled with little boys in a variety of conditions. One retching convulsively, others concerned with their wounds (mostly minor cuts, and scratches, a few with-bruised and swollen spots). One or two of the smaller boys are almost catatonic, but most are lively and excited and already curiously exploring whatever small mysteries the raft offers.

Swimming alongside the raft are the bigger boys, some clutching pillows, some hanging onto the raft. Some, like JACK and ROGER, proudly free agents.

Still life-guarding the PILOT, RALPH is now wrapping his own undershirt around the bleeding head. The PILOT's eyes are open but he is only dimly conscious.

The delicate and solemn ten year old (SIMON) is now in the boat, but he continues to succor the fat boy (PIGGY) who remains in the water. SIMON leans over the side and tries to help the asthmatically wheezing PIGGY to get his glasses on. For it was the precious glasses that he nearly drowned to preserve. We see PIGGY peer through the thick, distorting lenses. We are aware that only now can he see at all. He blinks gratefully; the wheezing diminishes. SIMON, satisfied that PIGGY can now see, turns his worried attention to the bleeding PILOT.

The above action is played over the following dialogue.

RALPH
...of course there's land!
We flew over lots of islands.
There's land or there'd be
waves. We're in some kind of reef...
or something...that's why there's
no waves...

ANDY, a highly-strung and suspicious eleven year old voices the general worry.

ANDY
Do sharks come into reefs?

RALPH
(decisively)
No. (catches look ROGER
throws PILOT)
They don't.
(a beat)
I read it.

ERIC, an eleven year old is sharing a cushion with his mirror-image twin, SAM. ERIC glares at ROGER, who's expression clearly shows his disbelief of RALPH's shark expertise.

ERIC
Ralph's the Colonel and he ought to know.

During this, SIMON, reaching from the raft, tries to wipe the blood from the PILOT's mouth. At the same time, JACK, from the water, has been trying to instruct a small boy in the raft who is one of a pair obviously appointed to try to handle the plastic oars.

JACK
Sit down! Nobody stands up...

JACK yanks at the leg of the child's pants, causing him to tumble over another child.

RALPH
(yells)
Now do what Jack says!

JACK gives RALPH a rather amused look. RALPH is unconscious of the look. He speaks to ERIC.

RALPH
They're too little to row.
you and Sam get in the boat...

ERIC and SAM scramble into the already overcrowded boat among the complaining children. Somebody gets knocked into, starts howling. An outbreak of shoving. We notice briefly one little boy, LARRY, find the raft's survival kit - another helps him to try to dislodge it. RALPH gazes desperately around at the terrifyingly empty horizon. He looks up, conscious of a faint breeze.

RALPH (CONT)
 (to PILOT)
 Captain...sir...Shouldn't we row
 in the direction the wind's
 blowing, sir?

PILOT
 (too weak to shrug)
 ...good as any...

RALPH
Okay, sir. Good.
 (points)
 The Captain says that way.

PIGGY
 (squinting dimly)
 But what if there's nothing there?

Another of the little boys begins to wail. A third, sitting
 next to the wailer says "Shut up!" and gives him a hard shove.
 SAM reaches out and thumps them both on the head.

LARRY
 (pointing to survival kit)
 Did you see what I found?

Nobody pays attention. The older boys are all outside
 the raft and well below the line where they can see
 anything but the ballooning sides of the raft.

RALPH
Come on. Row!

JACK
 (to ERIC, straightfaced)
 Now do what Ralph says!

RALPH gives JACK a look. JACK very straightfaced.

JACK (CONT)
 He's the Colonel.

The TWINS bring the oars under some control and the raft
 begins to move.

EMPTY HORIZON - HOLD.

CUT TO:

SLOW FADE TO:

INT. RAFT - AFTERNOON

It is moving slowly, unevenly through the water. Other little boys now 'helping' SAM and ERIC. Four of the smaller boys are crowded around the survival kit which sits on the bottom of the raft. They have opened it and are rummaging through it. Others watch. By now, two or three little ones have simply gone to sleep. Others contend for the right to "help with the oars". From the water, PIGGY talks to the small boys nearest him, his voice low and comforting. We get the impression that he has been going on like this for quite some time. We hear him talking OVER THE OTHER ACTION, and when we cut outside the raft, to the Older BOYS, PIGGY's voice drones on under the other's talk.

PIGGY

...even if it's only a desert island, it'll be okay.

PETER

(confident, forthright
seven year old)

Like Blue Lagoon? That was a desert island. My brother saw it. He said...

GREG

(very small, skinny,
seven or eight year old)

I didn't see Blue Lagoon.

PIGGY

Me either, but I bet they had plenty to eat...bananas and coconuts and berries and fish and...

GREG

I'm allergic to fish. It swells me up in the eyes and everything!

PIGGY

Well there's plenty besides fish. There's berries and...and nuts and... I don't know what all. Bananas.

PETER

Blue Lagoon was all about a girl.

A small chorus of 'yucks'.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAFT in water with RALPH and PILOT. Once again, the PILOT is trying to talk.

PIGGY'S V.O.
...anyway there's probably going to be lots of nice grownups. They probably won't speak English but we'll communicate by signs and they'll take care of us and notify our folks and...and do what's necessary.

MID BOY V.O.
Our folks may all be dead.

PILOT
...Pendle...Pendle...down?

RALPH
What? I can't understand you...

PILOT
Pendle...ton. Pendleton? Where?

RALPH
Pendleton?
(a beat)
The other pilot? Pendleton?
(PILOT nods weakly)

RALPH looks back into the mercilessly empty waters. A few abandoned cushions float, but the tail of the plane is gone. He shakes his head.

PIGGY V.O.
Shut up. Just shut up.
Nobody's dead. It was all probably just an exercise.
So anyway when we get to this island...

PIGGY'S VO (CONT)
...everybody'll run out to meet us and take us in and... feed us and...

RALPH
(to PILOT)
He's...not with us, sir.
(beat)
You're the only grownup.

PILOT
...shit...

A yell of rage from the raft, then another howl of outrage.... clearly a fight has broken out.

SMALL VOICE OVER
He's eating it all himself!

ANOTHER SMALL VOICE
You've got to share!

LARRY'S V.O.
(shrill, defensive)
It's mine! I found it!

CUT TO:

INT. RAFT. LARRY, who discovered the survival kit, has obviously opened the package of survival food and helped himself to a package of banana chips.

The uproar over this is tremendous...everybody standing, shoving, protesting...ERIC using his oar to smack at one or two of the kids.

RALPH'S V.O.
STOP IT! SETTLE DOWN!

JACK'S V.O.
THAT'S AN ORDER!

CUT TO:

EXT. RAFT: JACK, ROGER, TWO OLDER BOYS, trying to use cushions, whatever to see into raft...little boys trying to lift the heavy kit but unable to.

LARRY
See?

JACK
Leave it alone! Don't fool with it!

PIGGY
It'll have medicines! And...
and instructions! Don't touch it...

LARRY
Look! It's got fishing stuff and...
(excited)
...a machete! It's got different compartments for stuff!
(lifting out a compartment, holding it up high as he looks to see what all the box contains)
Everything! A flashlight and wire and...

Unadvertently, ERIC's oar hits LARRY. The boy stumbles, falls over another child, LARRY teeters, trying to keep his balance...

PIGGY
Put it down!

JACK
Dummy!

RALPH
Help him! Catch him, somebody!

But no one does and LARRY tumbles into the water still clutching the compartment from the survival kit.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER - LARRY kicking, flailing; the compartment overturning, its contents...water containers, desalting kits, a solar still, package of water purifiers...begin floating gently to the depths.

Almost immediately we see JACK, ROGER and RALPH diving after the lost treasure. There is considerable splashing and confusion as the boys grab for whatever they can get. It is JACK who dives deepest, going for the container itself which, being metal, has fallen faster and deeper.

SHOT OF JACK'S HAND grabbing at container...then CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see...as JACK does...that the container has come to rest on sand.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAFT -

Wheezing again, PIGGY hangs onto the chagrined LARRY, who looks like a drowned rat. PIGGY and others anxiously looking down, trying to see beneath the waters. Then the heads of the two divers pop up...waving the booty, their faces alight with their discovery.

RALPH
It hit bottom! There's land!

JACK
(waving the container triumphantly)
Gotta be!

ERIC, SAM, other kids stand up in raft, begin to scan the horizon...three hundred and sixty degrees...

SAM
I see something!
(points)
There! See it! There!

What he sees is no more than a shadow and well to the left of the direction in which they've been rowing.

Everyone strains to see what SAM has seen...general yelling and conflicting opinions...

RALPH
(at last)
Turn the raft...everybody sit down and...
(a deep prayerful breath)
.. and we're gonna be okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAFT.

RAFT slowly approaching the empty curving beach of an idyllically beautiful coral island. Behind the lovely long white beach, against which the reef-tamed water gently washes, are palm trees, beach plums, a soothing green backdrop of tropical vegetation. Rising behind the beach and its edging of plants is an intensely, almost impossibly green mountain...a rain forest.

The long curve of beach is broken at one end by a sheer wall of jagged rock and forest. The other end, however, leads to a big green hill girdled by fantastically shaped volcanic rock in which are formed little coves and pools high above the water line. Unlike the rainforest rising high and forbidding behind the beach, the hill at the far left end, is of a height and conformation to look tempting, although it is a considerable distance from where the raft is washing ashore.

From the BOYS' POV the island is very beautiful, a picture-book, idyllic, welcoming. Awe-struck, they stare.

CUT TO:

INT. RAFT.

MIDDLE-SIZED BOY

It looks like Jamaica...
Maybe there's a Hilton.

This breaks the spell. There are howls of laughter... guffaws, boys pounding on each other...'Maybe there's a Hilton'! 'Room Service, please!' 'If there's no paper-band on the toilet, don't you dare sit!' Etc.

PETER

(reasonably)
We don't know what there is.
There might be a Hilton.
There might be anything.

PATTERSON

(barely a whisper)
Like natives?

MIKEY

(a seven year old)
There might be cannibals.

PIGGY

(firmly)

There's no cannibals and no
Hilton either, probably.
Probably just a little village
and some nice people...grownups.
And...

Suddenly JACK's upper body thrusts high up out of the water and he lets out a triumphant howl, begins cavorting wildly.

JACK

I can touch!

(He sinks and instantly
rises high in the water)

We're there!

CUT TO:

RALPH AND PILOT.

The PILOT's long legs hanging helplessly now begin to drag against the sand. He squeezes RALPH's hand, tries to smile. RALPH yells.

Suddenly all the other boys begin to swim toward the shore...a number of the smaller, more self-confident children dive or jump off the raft, including SAM who abandons his outraged twin to try to beach the raft.

The water is alive with swimming, splashing, cavorting boys; the noise from both water and raft is tremendous.

CUT TO:

ERIC, SAM, JACK and ROGER wade swiftly ashore and RALPH with three or four other older boys are right behind, pulling the PILOT with them.

JACK

I claim this island in the
name of the United States
of America!

ERIC

And to the Republic for which
it stands!

SAM

And the New Mexico Military
Institute!

JACK
 (gives SAM a euphoric,
 playful shove)
 Screw the New Mexico Military
 Institute!

JACK executes a not very skillful flip in the sand and then runs back into the water passing the place where RALPH and other boys have momentarily deposited the PILOT.

JACK (CONT)
 Come on you guys! Let's get
 'em all in!

They all run into the water and start swimming back to the raft.

CUT TO:

INT. RAFT.

PIGGY is the only big boy still clinging to the outside of the raft. SIMON, ERIC and most of the little boys still in the raft staring at the island. A variety of reactions. PIGGY, in spite of his reassurances to the little ones, is uneasy. Most of the little ones are thrilled and eager to get out of the raft and into the water...SIMON stares up toward the island's peak, his face empty of any expression. The child who was worried about cannibals, speaks again.

MIKEY
 How do you know there's no
 cannibals?

PIGGY
 I know, that's all.

SIMON
 (softly)
 There's a forest. And a mountain.

MIKEY
 Or werewolves? There could be
 werewolves.

SIMON
 (gently)
 No, Mikey. There are no
 werewolves. Not anywhere.

MIKEY
 That's what you say.

CUT TO:

ISLAND, SHELTERED SPOT NEAR BEACH - AFTERNOON

The boys have made the PILOT as comfortable as possible with cushions. His head wound is now bandaged crudely but effectively with closure strips and rolls of stocking net. SIMON squats quietly beside the PILOT, comfortably stroking the wounded man's arm. RALPH and PIGGY have opened the survival kit. Some of its contents are spread carefully on the ground: mosquito nets, scissors, machete, a box of flares, etc. The BOYS have removed the compartment containing medical supplies and are reading the names of various drugs...clearly an effort to find something suitable for their patient.

RALPH

...he can't swallow the
aspirin without water...

PIGGY

...Contact...Gelasil...Chapstick...
Dulcolax tablets?

RALPH

What about that, sir? Dulcolax?

PILOT just shakes his head weakly.

PIGGY

(also shakes his head)
That sounds like for bowels.
Pelucil? Betadine Solution?

PILOT

...rain forest...
plenty of water...
(RALPH looks up, tower
of green above them, nods)

PIGGY

(to PILOT)
Sir? Do you want some Betadine
Solution? Betadine sounds like
something okay...

(a beat)

Or salt tablets.
(finally something
reasonably homeopathic)
I think he ought to definitely
have those. Salt tablets.

PILOT

(weakly)

I'm okay. Just water...

PIGGY

(whispers to RALPH)

Morphine! That's a drug.

I mean like a real drug.

RALPH

I think we ought to just let him be...put up the mosquito net and give him aspirin. You know? Then go find water...

(picks up one of the mosquito nets and hands it to SIMON)

Simon, can you fix the net over him?

(SIMON nods)

PIGGY

(still absorbed in the pharmacopea)

I can't find any Primatene.

(plaintively)

I don't know what I'm expected to do about my asthma...

RALPH

(turns to PIGGY)

Asthma? They let you come to the Institute with asthma?

PIGGY

(bitterly)

He said it would cure me...

RALPH

(no time for this now)

Listen. We've got to break up into small groups and look for water.

CUT TO:

INTERCUT SHOTS OF BOYS EXPLORING

Few wander much beyond the fringe of the beach vegetation. They are all still in a state of euphoric relief at finding themselves alive and safe and relatively unscathed. Simultaneously we see:

1. Boys chase and smack at each other with palm fronds...

'Bop!'

'Bop me and you're dead, sucker!'

2. One kid tries to shinny up a palm, makes about ten feet, drops back into the sand, is pounded on the head by another boy...

'Ohh...What a nice ripe coconut!'

3. Some few boys are quite sensibly trying to dry out their clothes and salvage their belongings...emptying and sorting out the soggy contents of pockets. There are pocket knives, pens, watches, two sodden paper back books, a pocket computer. One boy has a Spiderman comicbook. LUCIEN, a twelve year old, spies it.

LUCIEN

Hey, Spiderman! I'll trade you.
What do you want for Spiderman?

The owner shakes his head, no.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

TWO OTHER BOYS, bolder ones, have begun to creep cautiously into the bushes...one of them, TONY, eleven, is a sunny, self-confident, optimistic boy. The other, PABLO, also eleven, is a handsome, high-strung, intelligent but insecure Mexican boy.

TONY

What there'll be somewhere is
a waterfall. There's always a
waterfall.

PABLO

(nervous)

What kind of wild life do
you think?

TONY

Oh...bunny rabbits and you
know...

(joking)

...maybe gorillas...

Suddenly they meet JACK already returning from the area into which they were uneasily committing themselves to explore. JACK swacks at the vegetation with a stick.

JACK
Gorillas? More like a couple
of frogs is it.
(grins)
Except for you chickens.

Resentfully, PABLO watches JACK move away.

PABLO
(mutters)
Big fuckin' deal.
(psyches himself up,
breaks into a run,
pushes through the
plants and trees)

TONY
But he saved the raft
remember...
(follows)

Almost instantly, TONY and PABLO find themselves climbing a wet and slippery incline. Vines grow along the ground and the two boys use them like ropes.

Now they are at the top of a little hillock, but still in deeply shadowed and not very reassuring terrain. There is nothing ahead but another incline, a darker and more forbidding green.

The boys stand a moment, then look at one another and silently decide to retreat. They start back down the hill, but going down is trickier than going up. It is slippery and TONY, in the lead, cannot control his descent. Hanging desperately onto a ground vine, he tumbles down; PABLO, equally in trouble right behind. They are slipping and sliding to the bottom when;

Suddenly there is a horrible, piercing scream and they are in a terrifying contact with hide and teeth and sharp hooves and rage.

The yelling BOYS are bowled over and tossed into a cowering heap as CAMERA follows the swift departure of a large and exceedingly displeased pig.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST (DIFFERENT AREA) - DAY

RALPH and ANDY and ROGER squatting by a small pool almost totally covered with ferns. The pool is fed by a trickle that comes down from an outcropping of rock. The three boys stare at the pool. RALPH puts his hand in, stirs the water.

ANDY

What do you think?

ROGER

I think we ought to try it first on the fat kid. Or the pilot.

Both ROGER and RALPH taste the water.

ANDY

Well?

ROGER

At least we know it's not polluted.

The boys throw themselves down to drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST (THIRD AREA)

PIGGY and ERIC and SAM pushing into different terrain. PIGGY alone of the older boys, is still completely dressed, still wearing his sopping military jacket, trousers and shoes.

PIGGY is not happy about penetrating the possibly evil vegetation.

ERIC

(smacks at PIGGY's sodden bottom)

We don't need water long as we got you, Piggy.

SAM laughs and also makes a splatting smack at PIGGY.

PIGGY

My name's Lawrence.
Lawrence Edward Purdy.
But I don't mind if you
call me Larry. I don't
mind Larry.

SAM

We've already got a Larry.
That little kid that ate
the survival food. He's Larry.

ERIC

Yeah. You're gonna have to
be Piggy!

ERIC laughs. Swiftly, he and SAM duck down and slither under a thick patch of green. PIGGY just stands, nervously contemplating the narrow opening the twins have wriggled through. He begins to wheeze slightly. The TWINS' voices come back to him.

SAM AND ERIC VO'S

Here, Piggy, Piggy, Piggy...
Here, Piggy-Wiggy...

CUT TO:

PIGGY walking alone on the beach, still in his sopping clothes, but carrying his shoes and socks. His head is down... We get a clear picture of a child who has entered a strange new world but found social conditions exactly the same as in the world he left. PIGGY stumbles over something, stops, peers down, then leans over and picks up a large beautiful pink conch. He frowns thoughtfully at it, then a little smile lights his face. He puts the conch to his mouth and tries to blow...a feeble little honk emerges but as the scene fades, the sound grows and becomes a deep summoning sound.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF BEACH - LATE DAY.

Echoes of the conch still sound before the CAMERA shows us the entire group of boys gathered on the beach near the life-raft which has been pulled near the vegetation line. The BOYS sit and sprawl in a semi-circle around RALPH who stands, holding the conch. Near RALPH sits the PILOT. He is obviously very weak, unable to conduct the meeting himself.

PIGGY is also as close as he can get to RALPH.

RALPH

...and whoever holds the conch
gets to speak. That's the rule.
Capt. Benson...he's still feeling
pretty bad and he says I'm to
speak for him.

PATTERSON

Is this like assembly, sir?

RALPH
Right. Except anybody who
wants to talk gets to.

Murmurs of approval.

PIGGY
But not before they get
the conch.

RALPH
Right. Well, the positive things
are, we're all safe and we've got
water and we'll find food and fish.
But the negative thing is there
doesn't seem to be anybody here
except us. And a pig.

PABLO
It was a wild boar!

TONY
No it wasn't. It was just a
regular pig. Big but regular.

PIGGY
If it was a regular pig then
it must have got here from people.

TONY
Yeah! If there's pigs, there's
people.

JACK
And vice-versa.

They all stare at JACK, then catch the joke, begin to laugh.
This laughter releases them from the alarming implication
of the occasion and suddenly their mirth is out of all pro-
portion to the joke. JACK grins, very pleased with the
response.

PIGGY
Come on, cut it out!
Ralph's got the conch!

But the laughter is reaching a low level of hysteria...hoots
and pig squeals and general uproar.

The indignant PIGGY turns for order to the PILOT.

PILOT
(whispers)
...fucking kids...

RALPH puts the conch to his mouth and gives a fairly good blow. JACK has put his fingers to his mouth and a truly impressive whistle accompanies the sound of the conch. The kids respond, some grateful to be called back to order, some still have to repress their own and each other's giggles with hands over mouths.

During all this PIGGY mutters disapprovingly at JACK.
 "You're not supposed to whistle. You're supposed to blow the conch."

JACK
 (to RALPH)
 You better pull a
 little rank, Colonel.

RALPH smiles, shakes his head, patiently, good-naturedly waits out the uproar.

RALPH
 Okay, cadets. Back to the briefing. Like I said, this island is probably uninhabited, so...

JACK
 But we don't know. We've got to explore.

RALPH
 Right. We've got to explore for lots of things. We've got a lot of work ahead of us but the island looks real neat and the main thing to remember is we're not, you know, by ourselves. We've got Captain Benson. He'll know how to utilize everything...
 (to the PILOT)
 ...after you get a good night's sleep and everything. You can get us all organized...show us how to...
 (shrugs)
 ...make it all work. Okay?

All eyes on the PILOT whose head is now buried weakly in his hands.

PIGGY
 (to PILOT)
Tomorrow. When you're rested up.

RALPH

(firmly)

Right. Now what else? I guess we could go ahead and make a few rules for ourselves...

(good-natured whistles and jeers; RALPH just grins)

...for instance, things to help us get rescued.

There is a beat of silence, then RALPH hurries on.

RALPH (CONT)

The first thing we've got to do is set up some kind of steady signal. Like a fire. We've got to find a high point and make a fire on it so that any plane that flies over sees it...or any ship that comes near...

JACK

No ships. Because of the reef.

The PILOT has staggered to his feet. He takes a few stumbling steps in the direction of the water. Everybody just stares except SIMON and PIGGY who hurry to him and without a word, lead the disoriented man back toward the place where they have made his bed. RALPH waits until they are well outside the circle, then reassures the uneasy boys.

RALPH

He just hit his head. He'll be okay tomorrow.

(beat)

Anyway...the reef may not go all around the island. You know? Maybe it's just on this side. But no matter what, we've got to make a fire and tend it. Night and day. We'll have to pull guard duty and always keep a good supply of wood and dead leaves. There's got to be rules for that.

As RALPH talks, we see, in the background, SIMON and PIGGY trying to take care of the PILOT. We also see that some of the boys can't help watching the unnerving sight of a non compos adult. Attention is split between RALPH and the background action.

LUCIEN

How are we gonna light a fire?

(he throws a stick)

That stuff where you're supposed to twist sticks is a lot of crap.

RALPH
There's waterproof matches in
the kit. There's a million useful
things in there like...

ROGER
Like one roll of toilet paper.
I swear!

Shouts and squeals of laughter.

ROGER (CONT)
And a bible.
(a beat)
For funerals?

RALPH
(firmly)
There's mostly very useful
stuff, like a flex saw.
And flares.

Sounds of excitement, repetitions of the word. 'Flares!'
'Rescue flares!'

RALPH (CONT)
So we're in pretty good shape
here. All we've got to do is
just act sensible and take care
of ourselves and...

PATTERSON
Sir? Are you the leader?

PABLO
Of course. He's the Colonel.

RALPH
(to PATTERSON)
What's your name?

PATTERSON
Patterson de Belle.

RALPH
Well, Pat, the thing is...
(to both PABLO and
PATTERSON)

RALPH (CONT)
 see, I don't think we need
 ranks like we had in school.
 Or rule manuals or demerits
 or any of that stuff...

Shouts of approval.

PATTERSON
 But are you the leader?

RALPH
 (shrugs)
 I guess. If that's what
 a majority wants.

THE BOYS make assenting sounds...shouts of 'Right on!'
 'Yea, Team!' Etc. RALPH grins.

JACK
 Hey, Colonel, you just won
 the election!

PIGGY rejoins the assembly, leaving SIMON with the PILOT.
 RALPH looks over the crowd, notices PETER who is the smallest
 of the children. He has his hand raised.

RALPH
 Peter? Is that right? Peter?
 (PETER nods and takes a
 step forward)
 You want to say something, Peter?

PETER
 No. I want to ask a question.

RALPH
 Okay. Go ahead.

PETER
 When is supper?

RALPH
 First we've got to try to put
 up some shelters...before it
 gets dark...get a camp started...
 (beat)
 Look. There's not going to be
 much supper tonight except coconuts.

JACK
 What about the kit? The emergency
 rations?

RALPH

There's not all that much.
Not for a gang and...

(beat)

Well, I figure we ought to try
to preserve it. I mean suppose
somebody was to get sick?

(indicates area behind
them where the PILOT has
been bedded down)

You know? Listen, there's got to
be plenty of food on the island.
We can fish and there'll be fruit and...
and roots...

Cries of 'Yuch!' and 'Yea! Soul food!'

PABLO

And pigs!

More shouts. RALPH patiently waits this out.

RALPH

So that's all I've got to
say. Does anybody else want
the conch?

PIGGY stands, hold out his hands. RALPH puts the conch in them.

PIGGY

Ralph mentioned like getting sick.

(very solemn)

This is the tropics. And all
kinds of things can happen to
you. In the tropics. You can
get sun-stroke. Everybody should
cover up their heads.

Real jeers, hoots.

PIGGY (CONT)

It's no joke. We're not in
Joke City, you know. There's a million
insects in the tropics. And in
some climates when you scratch
yourself and make it bleed it
won't heal. And coral. It's poison.
And snakes.

MIKEY

And werewolves.

Laughs. An argument breaks out over the prevalence of
werewolves.

RALPH
 (firmly)
 There's no werewolves.
 (beat)
 But there might be snakes.

PABLO
 Remember in 'The Black Stallion'?
 That goddam cobra? Slithering
 up while he was sleeping?

RALPH looks at the uneasy small boys around him.

RALPH
 Forget snakes. The thing is...
 The really important thing is...
 is we've got to all work together.
 All of us boarders know each other...
 I mean at least even if we weren't
 in the same class, all the boarders
know each other and can count on each
 other to act responsible...

We see JACK good-naturedly roll his eyes at this small pomposity...RALPH notices, blushes, then gives a sheepish grin.

RALPH (CONT)
 Look...I'm not trying to call
 all the shots...I mean who needs to?
 We've got Capt. Benson for that.
 I just mean we are in a pretty
 serious fix and it doesn't help
 for kids to start scaring each other
 and acting silly...

JACK
 Who's acting silly?

RALPH
 The thing is that it's just
 the first week of school and...

TONY
 (cheerfully)
 You mean it was the first
 week of school.

RALPH
 ...and there's the first year kids
 who don't really know anybody
 yet...and like new upperclass kids...
 Pablo...Larry...

ERIC
 You mean the Piggy Larry?

SAM

Oh, you can call him Larry...

ERIC

And you can call him Harry...

SAM AND ERIC

(together)

Or you can call him PigggyyPigggyPiggy...

Much laughter, even from RALPH. PIGGY himself assumes a distant, dignified, long-suffering look.

RALPH

(to PIGGY)

Come on, don't be mad.

It's just cause you're new.

PIGGY

No, it's not.

(hands RALPH the conch
and walks away)

RALPH stares after him a second then snaps around and yells at the kids.

RALPH

Hup-two-three-four!

Move your ass and make
a score!

CUT TO:

AREA SKIRTING BEACH

The boys are making camp very near the spot where they landed. The campground is bounded on one side by the PILOT's bed and includes all the shaded sand, some open beach where a fire will eventually be built and a timid incursion into the vegetation, some of which has already been hacked away. The camp will be a sort of three-quarter moon shape, the two points facing the beach and the back side turned against the forest's edge.

What we see now is the boys' hurried attempt to make a shelter against the coming night.

A couple of very primitive 'roofs' of layered palm fronds have been angled against one side of the raft. Two or three blazers have been tied together, attached to a palm on one side and tied on the other to a quite shaky stick that has been forced into the sand. Other boys have simply dug burrows in the sand and lined them with leaves or cushions.

There is a little pile of coconuts next to the spot which has obviously been selected for the campfire...wood and dead leaves and a couple of good-sized stones have been dragged there and a couple of little boys are busy adding to the pile of potential fuel. More bring extra coconuts.

RALPH is laboring with the machete, and what RALPH cuts down, ERIC and SAM and TONY clear away, sorting the product out for whatever possible use it might be put to.

PIGGY sweeps with a big palm frond and nearby, SIMON still tends the PILOT and sets up what is going to be the infirmary area. It is here that the survival kit will be kept.

PIGGY is sweating heavily and his glasses fog up. He puts down the 'broom', sits on a piece of dead wood and carefully removes his glasses and begins to clean them with his shirt tail.

PIGGY

There's also probably a lot of berries and things that look okay but are really poison.

TONY

I know what's poison or not. My brother did Outward Bound and how to survive. And he taught me.

PIGGY

Did he do Outward Bound in the tropics?

TONY

Not exactly.

PIGGY

Then where?

TONY

Colorado.

PIGGY

(patiently)

They've probably got totally different poison plants in Colorado than in this place. So we've got to take precautions. Or it won't matter.

JACK approaches carrying a good sized stone.

JACK

What won't matter, Piggywig?

PIGGY
(with great dignity)
Whether we get rescued.

JACK
(matter-of-fact, even
rather cheerfully)
It's all blown up anyway -
back there.

RALPH
You don't know that!

JACK
Well you don't know it's not.

PIGGY
(furiously to JACK)
Why don't you just shut up!

JACK
(incredulously)
Are you telling me to shut up?

PIGGY
What we need around here are
positive people! Not people
trying to scare people! You ought
to be put on demerits for saying...
what you said!

JACK
(mildly)
Where'd we get this turkey?

ERIC
That's no turkey, that's
a piggy!

RALPH
Cool it. Everybody just cool it.

JACK shrugs, moves on. TONY, ERIC and SAM move off dragging
between them an extra big piece of brush that RALPH has cut.

RALPH noticing PIGGY's very fancy all-things-to-all-men
wristwatch, attempts to distract the unhappy boy.

RALPH
Wow. That's some watch.
Where'd you get it?

PIGGY
(without the least pride
or enthusiasm)
It was a present from the wedding.

RALPH begins to hack off a boundary for PIGGY to sweep... which PIGGY does, roughly.

RALPH
(grins)
You got married?

PIGGY
My Mom got married. Two months ago. To this Army major.

RALPH
(wisely)
And you got sent to the Institute.
(a beat)
It happens.

PIGGY
He says I'm spoiled because of my asthma.

RALPH
My Dad's in the army, too. He's a Colonel.
(grins)
Not like me. A real one.
(beat)
Boy...I wish he was here.

RALPH's face tenses with a sudden attack of anxiety, and PIGGY realizes for the first time that maybe RALPH is just an ordinary little boy, probably as frightened as everybody else who's got a brain. PIGGY is reminded how frightened he, himself, is.

PIGGY-
(whispers)
Do you think it's true?
What Jack said?

RALPH gets a firmer grip on the machete and takes a punishing swing at a ground vine. As much for his own benefit as for PIGGY's.

RALPH
Finish sweeping. Where I marked. I'm gonna make a pit...

PIGGY
(still whispering)
But do you?

RALPH
(harshly)
How do I know? And I don't see what good it does to talk about it.

He strides off, leaving PIGGY, desperately worried and lonely.

Nearby, SIMON has managed to rig, very crudely, a mosquito net around the PILOT's head and chest. We see SIMON lean over the PILOT and push his little face against the net as if trying to hear something. As PIGGY turns to brush at the sand, he sees SIMON in this listening position.

CLOSEUP

PIGGY, staring down at the weirdly netted PILOT who is either sleeping or unconscious. SIMON is now in a squatting, sentinel position at the PILOT's side.

PIGGY
(whispering)
Was he talking about?
What did he say?

SIMON
Something about the wind.
(shakes his head)
And being lost.
(a beat)
But he didn't mean us.

PIGGY
(indignant)
But we're the ones that are lost!
He ought to be worrying about us!

SIMON
He was dreaming.

The MAN groans, shakes his head back and forth. His eyes remain closed.

SIMON
(softly)
I think he's worried about
more than just us.

PIGGY
(does not wish to hear this)
Well, anyway, he looks better.
His color's better.
(firmly)
He's stopped bleeding and he's
resting and his color's better.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT.

It is quite dark. Only two or three of the smaller boys, reluctant to leave the fire and the comfort of the older boys' company, are still awake. Most of the seven and eight year olds are bedded or burrowed down in makeshift nests. A few simply sleep against whomever they are next to in the circle around the campfire.

Two of the smaller boys have cozied up on either side of PIGGY.

All of the older boys and most of the nine and ten year olds are still wide awake.

JACK

...so this Englishman hits this Israeli and the Israeli says, 'Hey, what was that for?'

CUT TO:

SHOT OF PABLO listening to joke.

JACK'S VO (CONT)

And the Englishman says, 'For the Titanic'. 'But we didn't sink the Titanic! That was an iceberg!'

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT INCLUDING JACK AND PABLO

JACK (CONT)

'Iceberg, Goldberg, what's the difference?'

A fraction of silence, then a few of the boys laugh. But not Pablo.

BOY'S VO

...big ants and little ants and flying ants. Three kinds of roaches, crickets, flies, mosquitos...

CUT TO:

SHOT OF OTHER BOYS including ANDY, PETER.

BOY (CONT)

(this boy is one of the nine year olds)
...lizards, frogs, crabs, bats...

ANDY

Nobody checked out any bats but you.

BOY

I'm going to keep a journal
of all the animal life on this
island that I see. I don't have
to prove anything to you.

SECOND NINE YEAR OLD

Bats live in caves.

FIRST NINE YEAR OLD

Yeah.

(very interested in this)
You think there's caves?

Nearer the fire, sitting in front of the two older boys,
is MIKEY, the child who is so concerned with cannibals
and werewolves.

MIKEY

You might see a lion.

FIRST NINE YEAR OLD

There's no lions on this island.

MIKEY

(reasonably)
You could put a lot of cats
together and make a lion.

The OLDER BOYS stare at MIKEY, momentarily unable to respond
to this concept. Finally PETER, the smallest of the children
speaks up.

PETER

(kindly)
But we don't have a lot of cats,
Mikey.

MIKEY

Oh.
(a beat)
Okay.

CUT TO:

CAMPFIRE NIGHT.

It is much later. Only the OLDER BOYS still awake. They
speak now in low voices, very intimate, very confidential.

TONY

I want to be a brain surgeon.
(beat)
I was gonna be a lawyer but my
mother has high ambitions for me.

LUCIEN

Yeah. Mine too.

(deadpan)

When I went home last year
I told my mother...I said, Mom,
I been malfunctioning. What
happened was this other guy gave
me marijuana in this cookie? And
we went into town and I just went
like berserk. Running down aisles
at Millers' Provisions, picking up
stuff...about 45 ballpoint pens and
a...camera...a Canon AE1...and it had
a serial number and got tracked back
to the Institute. Which added to the
explosive nitro-glycerine I was keeping
in the dorm just pissed the Colonel
off, and he busted me. So now I'm
nothing, Mom. I got to start again
from scratch. At the bottom. But
I'm still aiming high, Mom...
My ultimate goal is to be President.

A moment of silence, then howls of laughter.

CLOSEUP PIGGY: shocked beyond measure.

PIGGY

(whispers to RALPH)

Is all that the truth?

RALPH

(grinning)

Old Lucien's just a
motormouth. He's a real good
cadet. Straight A's.

PATTERSON, one of the small BOYS, sleeping nearby, opens
his eyes.

PATTERSON

Is this like boarding?

This too gets its share of laughs.

RALPH

(smiling)

Well, yeah...in a way it is.
Or maneuvers. What it's really
like is we're a company on
field maneuvers.

PATTERSON

Is a company like a team?

RALPH
You got it, Pat.

The fire crackles loudly, sending sparks flying high into the black tropical night. One voice, TONY's starts to sing.

TONY
...I'm a pepper, You're a pepper...

Other boys join in.

'How'd you like to be a pepper?
Don't you want to be a pepper too?
Be a pepper...
Be a pepper...
Don't you want to be a pepper too?'

A pleased moment of silence then PIGGY begins.

'Oh little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie...

OTHER VOICES join in.

'Above a deep and dreamless sleep...'

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK

TWO MIDDLE-SIZED BOYS, WILL AND ANDY, sleeping huddled close together. One of them, WILL, turns over restlessly and we see that his eyes are open. He stares sightlessly for a moment, listening. Except for the faint sleep sounds of the other children, it is very quiet.

WILL sits up, peers toward the place where the fire is supposed to be kept. He scowls when he sees that it has been allowed to die out. Suddenly, the silence is pierced by a shrill shriek from the woods. WILL jumps in terror, then almost immediately realizes it is just a bird. Even so. He huddles back down against his nest mate, deliberately making such a squirm that ANDY wakes.

ANDY
(whispers irritably)
Settle down.

WILL
What time is it?

ANDY
What difference does it make?

WILL
If I knew what time it was
I'd know what's on TV.

WILL considers this.

WILL (CONT)
I'm not even sure what day it is.

ANDY
It's Thursday.

WILL
You sure?

ANDY
I'm sure.

WILL
(pleased)
Magnum P.I.

ANDY
So just figure it's about
eight o'clock.

WILL
But it's not. It's a lot
later.

A moment of frustrated silence.

ANDY
But I bet we're in a different
time zone. I bet it's really
about eight. Old Rick's probably
in it up to his ass.

WILL
Yeah.

WILL lies back down, a contented look on his face.

FADE OUT

FADE IN.

THE CAMP- MIDDAY.

Sound of boys again singing 'I'm A Pepper'. The part of the camp we see, the area near the PILOT's improvised bed looks very different. Very organized, very neat. Mosquito netting perfectly hung from a cleverly improvised arrangement of stakes. The net hangs in a well-tied knot that all properly tended mosquito nets are kept during the day hours when they are not in use.

THE PILOT's bed, beneath the net is also now a most comfortable looking arrangement. A large stone has been rolled to the cushions to be used as a bedside table. On the stone, we see the medicine compartment from the survival kit. There is also a small glass containing water and a beautiful tropical flower.

Now the PILOT moves into the frame. Although still wearing a bandage, a much smaller and neater bandage than before, he is vastly improved. He walks quickly, his movements brisk, decisive, as he picks up the tray of drugs and places it in its correct niche inside the kit at the foot of the bed. RALPH runs up, out of breath, excited. SIMON is just behind him.

RALPH

Is it true? Simon said that
you got it going...got through!

PILOT

I did. The whole thing was...
(as he carefully closes
and locks the case)
...a...false alarm. Thank God.
It's all over.
(picks up the heavy
case, straightens up)
Call the others...The rescue
copters will come in at 0.800...

Other boys come running. The PILOT speaks to them all.

PILOT

Get your things together, boys.
We're getting out of here.
All the others are already on
their way back. Tacos and fudge
sundaes coming up!
(his bright smile
singles out SIMON)
Simon...
(reaches out, puts a
hand on SIMON's shoulder)
...thank you, Simon. For the
flower.

The usually solemn child looks joyously up at the PILOT. And the PILOT returns SIMON's ecstatic smile. The look between them is held for a long moment...and held...It is almost a freeze frame until slowly, slowly, we see a terrible viscous ooze of blood begin to bubble from the PILOT's smiling mouth.

FAST CUT:

CLOSEUP SIMON in dark. His eyes suddenly open wide, staring in horror. CAMERA pulls back and we see that SIMON has been sleeping in the sand with all the other boys.

We understand that the scene with the PILOT has been SIMON's dream.

Hold briefly on the sleeping boys.

FADE

EXT. SEA - DAY

As in the opening shot of the movie...wide shot of bright, still tropical water. Then, once again in the distance, we see a high feather of smoke. CAMERA moves toward smoke, until we realize that this time it is coming from the island. Actually from the top of the dramatic rock formation at the far end of the beach.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE ROCK - DAY

Shot from above. We see an area of cleared flat ground, no more than ten by twelve, overlooking the sea. It is backed up by thick forest and best approached by climbing up the steep volcanic rock path from the beach. It is on this promontory that the boys have chosen to build their signal fire, the one that is to be kept going at all times. We see four boys guarding and tending the fire.

CUT TO:

(In the following scenes, in spite of minor complaints and inconveniences, there is a sense that the children have landed up in a near paradise. We should get the sense that the period covered in the following six pages is between two and three weeks.

The BOYS are progressively more shaggy-headed, more tan, more naked. Tougher.

The nakedness is clearly optional, because we see in the camp a well-ordered collection of all the jackets and pants and shoes, etc. that have been dried out and preserved.

The camp, itself, while far from the idyllic one of SIMON's dream, has been extended back a further distance from the beach. Ground has been fairly well cleared under the palms to take advantage of the shade. There is a pit for the camp fire which is kept at a careful low burn.

(The PILOT's area is where boys go to get whatever treatment PIGGY or RALPH or SIMON hand out. Just as PIGGY predicted, paradise has small draw-backs, among which are rashes and sunburn, insect bites that have been scratched hard and won't heal.

Only PIGGY of all the boys continues to wear most of his clothes. He wears pants, shirt, shoes and socks. He also wears a shade hat which he has concocted from giant beach-plum leaves.

JACK is sleek and tan and almost as naked as the smallest boys, although he has decorated his jockey shorts with a belt of gorgeous shells and wears another prize shell on a thong around his neck. Most of the time he carries a stick which he has sharpened at one end. He is quite wonderful to look at.)

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A rather large salt pool in an outcropping of the volcanic rock at base of CASTLE (SIGNAL) ROCK. PIGGY, in the company of several small boys squats down to watch something in the pool.

SHOT OF POOL. In its shallow depths, a female squid. In her wake, a family of baby squid.

CUT TO:

CAMP - DAY

A GROUP OF BOYS. They are trading. Trading shells, a couple of small turtles, a leashed crab, money, whatever.

The owner of the SPIDERMAN comic book is fatally attracted to the crab which is owned by LUCIEN, the older boy who made the earlier bid for the book. The trade is now effected.

LUCIEN

Yeah. Spiderman's got the power!

Slightly apart from the TRADERS, nearer to the hospital area where the PILOT tosses restlessly on his improvised bed, is SIMON. SIMON lies on his back, his head on a cushion, and on his chest is a lovely little green chameleon which he strokes delicately with one finger.

TONY and ANDY, excited and out of breath, run out of the forest and confront 'Hilton' with two very green balls of tropical fruit.

TONY

Hey, Hilton! What are these?
Are these something we can eat
or not?

'HILTON' stares blankly at the knobbly green lumps.

ANDY

Well? Yes or no? You ever see
anything like these in Jamaica?

HILTON

I don't know. They could be
something like mangos maybe.
I don't know.

TONY

Well, try one. See if it
tastes like mangos.

HILTON

(shakes his head)
Mangos are real orange-colored.

ANDY

So maybe it's just not ripe.
Try it.

HILTON

You found it. You try it.

TONY

But we never tasted mangos.
We wouldn't know.

HILTON

Well I only tasted them like
once or twice. When I was a kid.
And they weren't green.
(stares suspiciously
at the fruit)
I don't know what those things
are. They could be anything.
They could be deadly poison.

LUCIEN, who has pulled out a pocket-knife, takes one of the
fruits and gouges off the skin, examines the streaky flesh
of the unripe fruit, smells it, then digs out a sizable piece
and hesitates.

The OTHER BOYS stare wide-eyed at him. He looks from the fruit
to HILTON.

LUCIEN
Hilton, you're chickenshit.
You know that, Hilton?

LUCIEN pops the bite of fruit into his mouth and begins to chew thoughtfully. The other kids stare silently. LUCIEN swallows, waits a second, smiles, then quickly cuts out another bite and just as quickly starts to chew it up.

LUCIEN
Very tasty...

And then his expression changes. His eyes pop, he begins to choke, to turn red. He tries to spit out the fruit, but is gagging too badly. He clutches his belly and collapses, writhing on the ground. In the background, SIMON sits up, stares. The horrified eyes of all the boys watch as LUCIEN's body curls in anguish. Instinctively, they have all taken a step away from him. TONY has dropped the other piece of fruit. Only SIMON, once alerted, makes a move toward the boy thrashing in the sand. SIMON scuttles swiftly to LUCIEN; he doesn't know what to do, but his instinct is to help. He puts out a hand. LUCIEN grabs it, using it to help hoist himself to his feet.

LUCIEN
Hey, there, Simon, old man.
Mango- tango?

He yanks SIMON up, then bends down and picks the fruit up from the ground, and grinning, pitches it to HILTON.

HILTON
We got mangos in Albuquerque,
for Chrissake.

BOYS begin howling with laughter, pounding on the humiliated HILTON.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - DAY

There is a small pool formed at the bottom of a short, sharp drop in a mountain stream. Gorgeous vegetation all around.

Seven naked boys are bathing, splashing, playing. WILL and ROGER, the other five younger. Beside the stream are two plastic water containers from the survival kit.

WILL
Hey! Shouldn't we have
filled the containers first?
Before we bathe in it?

ROGER
Uh-oh! Will just peed in
the water, didn't you, Will?

The OTHER BOYS guffaw.

WILL
I did not! But I bet you did,
turtle turd! We've got to
drink this water!

ROGER
No we don't dummy. We just
climb a little higher and get
some fresh. Know what, Lieu-
tenant William Packer? You ain't
ever gonna make Captain. You
better get yourself born again...
(he forces WILL's head
under water in baptism,
pulls WILL's spitting head
straight back up)
...born smarter!

CUT TO:

JACK and RALPH. With the aid of the machete they have climbed high into the rain forest. They are in a foaming flood of green. Great ferns and other wondrously exotic plants, many of them with blossoms. The trees canopy above. JACK wears a flower behind each ear.

They are in a natural aviary and stop to gaze in real awe as a large and exquisitely feathered parrot flies contemptuously less than two feet from their faces.

When it is gone, they giggle a little nervously, move on and suddenly come into the open. They are on an outcropping that overlooks a great portion of the small island and the sea surrounding it.

Wordlessly they stare out, taking in the primeval beauty of this small verdant world that lies like a lost jewel in the bright blue water. After a moment, RALPH, suddenly gripped with terribly ambiguous feelings, sits down and hugs his knees. He is in Paradise, but at an unbearable price.

JACK is the first to speak.

JACK
It's our island. There's
nobody but us.
(RALPH doesn't respond.
JACK gives him a gentle
shot on the shoulder)

JACK (CONT)
 Hey...Colonel! Hang loose, man...
 (he takes the flower from
 one of his ears and adorns
 RALPH with it)
 You're King. King of the Mountain!

RALPH grins weakly, shakes his head.

JACK (CONT)
 We've got it made. No parents,
 no teachers, no Institute...
 (a beat)
 No girls...
 (grins happily, flops back
 to squint into the empty
 blue sky)
 You ever think how lucky we
 were we got put in a plane
 without girls? There is no
 way that girls could hack it
 here. Right?

RALPH
 I guess.

JACK
 You guess. You guess?

JACK rolls over and grabs RALPH's leg, flipping him onto his stomach. RALPH laughs and the two boys wrestle playfully. JACK is probably the stonger, but he does not try to impose his strength. It is just an explosion of euphoria.

JACK (CONT)
 We got our own island! Just
 kids! Just us!

The boys disentangle, sit up. JACK holds his legs, his head on his knees, sighs happily.

JACK (CONT)
 Just us chickens.

RALPH
 (a beat)
 We got Captain Benson.

JACK
 (cheerfully)
 But Captain Benson ain't
 gonna make it.

RALPH turns and stares at JACK who just continues to grin happily through the green lace of leaves between him and the bright blue sky.

RALPH
(after a beat)
Sure he is. He's a lot better.
He's just weak.

JACK
(cheerfully indifferent)
Yeah. In the head.

Suddenly RALPH stands up.

JACK (CONT)
Hey. Want to go diving?

CLOSEUP RALPH'S FACE. HE is obviously upset by JACK's diagnosis of the PILOT's state.

RALPH
Not now. I've got to get
back to camp.

JACK'S V.O.
Listen, what can you do?

CAMERA pulls back to show the troubled RALPH moving off. In the background JACK just shrugs, continues to laze in the bosky paradise.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. THE SEA - DAY

We see the raft, apparently anchored, a short distance from shore. In it are SAM and ERIC, PABLO, ROGER, LUCIEN and JACK. They are fishing.

In the bottom of the boat lies the fishing kit from the survival box. The BOYS have improvised poles...sticks and wired vines. For bait, they have a piece of mosquito net that contains an assortment of worms and bugs. Some of them quite exotic. Also in the boat's bottom, a shallow pool of water in which one miserable, small perch-ish looking fish gasps and flops.

JACK thinks he has a bite and quickly pulls up his line. Nothing.

JACK

Screw this. It's too hot to fish. It's the wrong time of day or something.

LUCIEN

Just because you didn't catch the first...

JACK shrugs, stands up in the raft and carefully removes his shell belt. As he is doing this, ERIC pulls up his line. Seaweed. But caught among the seaweed is a truly beautiful and exotic shell. Eagerly, JACK squats down and grabs at the shell, only to find that it is attached to the end of ERIC's line. A fishhook has been attached to it with line. The shell is both lure and sinker. JACK handles it enviously.

JACK

Hey. You make this?

ERIC

(shakes his head)

Simon did. He gave it to me.

JACK

Why'd he want to give it away?

SAM

He's always giving away good stuff.

JACK flings the shell and hook back in the water, unbaited, and then dives overboard. He is followed immediately by ROGER who gives a wild whoop as he dives splashily into the water.

SAM

Are you crazy!

(furious)

You'll scare off the fish!

LUCIEN

Salvage is more important than fish.

ERIC

It is not.

LUCIEN

(calls to JACK)

You gonna dive for the plane?

JACK

Come on with us!

LUCIEN does. The TWINS are outraged.

SAM

We've got to catch more fish!
You know that!

LUCIEN, JACK and ROGER swim off. Enviously, the TWINS watch,
but conscientiously continue to fish. A moment of silence.

ERIC

Jack got sent to military
school because he was in trouble.

PABLO

Who says?

ERIC

Tony. Jack told Tony he took
a car and drove it on a highway.

PABLO

(snorts disbelief)
He's a liar. He didn't steal
a car.

SAM

He didn't say he stole it.
He said he just like borrowed it.
It was a neighbor's and the neighbor
was away and Jack just borrowed it.
And drove it on the highway.

PABLO

(a beat)
He probably 'borrowed' his father's
car and drove around the block.

ERIC

Then how come he got arrested?

SAM

Yeah. By the Highway Police.

The TWINS watch PABLO's struggle to disbelieve this heavy news.

ERIC

They got him doing eighty.

PABLO

I don't believe it.

PABLO squirms around in his seat and squints in the direction where JACK and ROGER and LUCIEN have disappeared.

PABLO (CONT)

And he's not ever going to
locate where the plane went down.
He's just goofing off.

There is a heavy tug on SAM's line. Excited, he stands and yanks hard, lands the fish.

CLOSEUP THE FISH. It is an utterly outlandish creature... weird colors with spikes all over it and a fat stupid face. A porcupine fish. BOYS stare, fascinated, disgusted.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - LATE DAY

PILOT's bedside. RALPH, PIGGY, SIMON and a few other boys, frightened and curious.

The PILOT is delirious, thrashing around with a sudden and alarming strength. RALPH and PIGGY both feel they should restrain him, but are afraid to try. Only SIMON keeps trying to lay a soothing hand on him.

PILOT

(yelling)

Check the fallout!...
Wind from the South?...
Bullshit! Just because
you can't see it doesn't
mean it can't kill you!

He makes horrible choking sounds, then flops back, panting heavily, staring blindly.

SMALL CHILD

(a terrified whisper)

You can't see what that
kills you?

RALPH whirls on the group of frightened boys.

RALPH

Beat it! You kids are
out of bounds! Why the
hell isn't everybody out
getting food or wood?
Or crabbing or...Piggy
put 'em to work at
something!

PILOT

Use the counter!
Use the counter
What's the reading?

The KIDS back hurriedly off without PIGGY who stubbornly stays at the bedside.

PILOT
It's inside me!...Rotting...

PIGGY
(whispering to RALPH)
I've seen it in the movies.
It's called the DT's. We've
got to force him to take aspirin.

RALPH
(shakes his head)
He thinks he has radiation
poison.

A moment of frightened silence. Finally PIGGY whispers back.

PIGGY
Could he? Have...that?

SIMON
No.

PIGGY
How do you know?

SIMON
My Daddy told me about it.
He knows all about atoms and...
things. He works with them.
At Los Alamos.

RALPH and PIGGY look at SIMON with a mixture of awe and
disbelief. Even fear.

PIGGY
(referring to PILOT)
You're sure he couldn't have...
what he thinks?

SIMON
If he did, we would.
All of us.
(beat)
And we don't.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE ROCK - LATE DAY

FOUR BOYS climbing CASTLE ROCK. ROGER, WILL, HILTON and
PATTERSON. They are almost at the top when PIGGY's face
appears from above.

PIGGY

About time you showed up.
There ought to be fines for
being late for firewatch...

The new team just shrug, give way as PIGGY, pulling skinny little GREG in his wake begins his descent. The other two GUARDS, being relieved, have sticks and begin to joust and show off for the new GUARDS. There is a lot of horseplay and laughter as PIGGY and GREG retreat.

PIGGY

(grumbling)

...supposed to tend the fire...
not act like it's some kind of kids'
playground...

(to GREG)

Come on. You're not sick.

GREG

My legs are. They're inflamed.

Worriedly, the child fingers his ankles which are red and swollen from insect bites and bleeding from where he has clawed at them.

PIGGY

I know they're inflamed. I told
you they were inflamed. I also
told you not to scratch them. I
told you a thousand times.

GREG

I'm infected. You better put on
the prescription stuff.

PIGGY

Oh sure. Just because you scratch
at your bites like a baby, I'm
supposed to use up all the
prescription stuff on you. We can't
just call up the drugstore and order
more you know.

GREG

(starts to cry)

People die from infections.

PIGGY

You're not going to die. You're
just gonna drive me batty is
all you're gonna do. All you kids.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN SEA - AFTERNOON

Once again the yellow raft is anchored in open water. But this time it is further out, off a different stretch of empty beach. A short distance from the raft we see JACK do a surface dive.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER. JACK swimming down. From JACK'S POV we see a faint glitter deeper down...it is very unclear but JACK forces himself down toward it, quite deep. Suddenly he is within two feet of the shiny thing. It is a school of barracuda. He tries to stay as still as possible and out of line of their eerily frozen-focused eyes. The fish cut like silver knives through the water.

CUT TO:

JACK surfacing and swimming toward the raft.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - MORNING

PIGGY probably prodded into wakefulness by other boys is grumpily dressing...the whole works. He is wearing socks and underclothes and is carefully buttoning up his shirt. Now he reaches for his pants. He puts one leg in and then the other...something is definitely wrong with the second leg... PIGGY looks down.

The seams of his trousers have been ripped open and clumsily but effectively re-sewn into a different pattern. The trousers are now a skirt.

JACK

Good morning, Miss Piggy.

Screams of laughter. BOYS pop up from everywhere...almost all of them apparently in on the prank.

Silently, PIGGY removes the 'skirt' and walks with as much dignity as he can toward the hospital area and the sewing things. He has only taken a few steps when ROGER swats PIGGY's plump behind with a palm frond. The laughter crescendoes with shouts of "Hey, Miss Piggy!" "Show us your ass, Miss Piggy!" and "Is he wearing a bra?" "Come on, tell Miss Piggy she's pretty!"

CLOSEUP PIGGY, tears spilling down under his glasses, beginning to wheeze slightly.

RALPH yanks the palm frond out of ROGER's hand.

RALPH

Cut it out!

(turns to the
grinning JACK)

That was a shitty trick!
Why don't you pick on
somebody your own...

JACK

(incredulous,
comically)

Size?

RALPH looks over to where PIGGY squats beside the survival kit, trying to thread a needle. He can't help a small grin. He sighs, looks back at the impenitent JACK.

JACK (CONT)

Hey come on! Let's go pick us
up a silver Cadillac Imperial
and hit the road for Hollywood!
What do you say?

RALPH gives up, laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - LATE DAY

AN ASSEMBLY. TONY holds the conch.

TONY

...just run off into the bushes
and won't come when they're
called or anything, then get
themselves scared or hurt then
they cry and act ridiculous.
And some guys don't even know
when to use the bathroom.
There's one kid the other day
that just did number two in
his underpants and then just
sat in it. I'm not naming
names, because it's possible
he couldn't help it. I mean
we eat an awful lot of funny
stuff...

CALLS FROM THE CROWD: 'Roots are disgusting', 'Grody!',
'No more berries!', 'We're goin' bananas!', 'I want a
hamburger!'

TONY

LET'S EVERYBODY SHUT THEIR
GODDAM MOUTHS! I'VE GOT THE
GODDAM CONCH!

A rather shocked silence. TONY himself is shocked. He glances nervously at RALPH, who just gives a slight shrug.

TONY (CONT)

Anyway, all I mean is there's got to be a little more discipline. And more fishing. We've got to have more real food.

(a beat)

That's all I have to say.

(a beat)

Anybody else want the conch?

TONY glances at PIGGY, but PIGGY just stares at the horizon, removed from the crowd. We notice that somehow he has managed to re-sew the 'skirt' into pants, loose and puckered at the seams, but pants all the same. When PIGGY ignores TONY's glance, WILL stands, takes conch.

WILL

Some turkey stole my pocketknife.

ANOTHER VOICE

Everything disappears if you when just lay it down.

ROGER

So what are we gonna do with thieves when we catch them?

CROWD CALLS: 'Thirty lashes!' 'Bury them in sand for the ants!' 'No food but bugs!' 'Nuke 'em!'

RALPH

Okay, Okay.

(sighs)

We're gonna have to knuckle-down-buckle-down. We can't have stealing and kids just running wild. I guess we're gonna have to make stricter rules and...

(sighs)

Hand out demerits, I guess.

Laughter.

RALPH (CONT)

I'm serious.

ROGER

Demerits? Demerits for grand larceny?

PETER stands up and walks bravely forward. He holds out his hands and WILL transfers the conch to him. PETER takes it and faces not the crowd, but RALPH.

PETER
Are we ever going home?

Absolute silence before RALPH finally answers.

RALPH
Of course we are. As soon as they see our signal, Peter. It's bound to be pretty soon.

PETER
I heard him...
(indicates JACK)
...tell Roger that it was all blown up. There.
(beat)
At home. That everybody but us was dead.

RALPH
(quickly)
No. You misunderstood.
Nothing's blown up and we're going to be rescued. Honest.

Silently, PETER hands the conch to RALPH who takes it but stands silent.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIMON wandering alone in the rain forest. He seems not just solemn, but despondent, a very lonely little figure as he pushes his way upward and through the dark tangle of vines, moving at last into a patch of mountain mist.

Then, through the mist, he catches sight of a splash of brilliant crimson. He moves toward it and finds a riot of red flowers blossoming in an open spot in the forest roof where the sun has penetrated.

SIMON stops to look at the flowers, and to watch a number of bees drinking from the dazzling red cups. He moves closer, very much closer. Slowly, he bends in and stretches out his hand. Gently, fearlessly, he closes his fist around one of the bees.

SIMON holds the creature gently but firmly imprisoned in his small fist. Then he puts the fist with the bee up to his ear and listens to the loud protesting buzz.

The buzz gets louder and louder until it becomes another sound altogether, the sound of a ringing bell, shrill and sharp. Startled, SIMON releases the bee which flies off as SIMON stands rooted, waiting to see if the bell will ring again. It does. And then a third time. It sounds exactly like the insistent shrilling of a telephone.

SIMON looks around him and just to his left, totally unnoticed before, sits a white princess phone on the stump of a rotted tree. Without hesitation, SIMON picks the phone up and puts it to his ear.

We hear a woman's voice.

WOMAN'S VO

Simon? Sweetheart? Thank goodness I finally got through! I was so worried. Are you alright, darling? Are you eating? How's the food?

SIMON

(almost a whisper)
Where are you, Mom?

WOMAN'S VO

I'm with your father, darling. So I'm not allowed to say. Daddy's very busy and can't talk but he sends his love. And we're both fine. Except of course we miss you so much.

(a beat)

Simon? Are you there?

SIMON

I'm here. On the mountain.

(another beat)

Mom...did it happen?

(beat)

The...thing? Did it happen?

WOMAN'S VO

(another beat before
she answers)

Simon, darling...all that matters is that you're alright. I have to go now, baby. We'll talk next week. Goodbye, sweetheart. Goodbye.

There is a faint click and suddenly the sky goes dark. What was mist turns to rain, but SIMON just stands there the dead phone in his hand, the rain beating into his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - LATE NIGHT

Rain pelting down on the open, far-focused eyes of the just awakened SIMON. The camp is getting a hard soaking and the BOYS are groggily scuttling for cover, huddling miserably, complaining bitterly.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE ROCK - DAY

RALPH, JACK, LUCIEN and ANDY on duty. RALPH and JACK sit together, looking out over the sea, talking together. LUCIEN and ANDY are dragging and pushing a big log toward the reserve pile.

RALPH

...and it's not just the babies. I heard Will and Pablo last night. Real late. Whispering about their homes and stuff. I could tell they were really lonesome ..for their folks.

JACK

The only time kids get lonesome for their folks is when they're not having fun. So what you got to do is...

(shrugs)

...break a few rules, have a ball.

RALPH

My God, we just had to make a bunch of rules.

JACK

Sure. Got to make 'em before you can break 'em. Boy, if I was feeling bad...back there...I'd just go out and rip off somebody's Cadillac Eldorado and haul ass down old Interstate 317 at ninety miles an hour!

RALPH

(good-natured disbelief)
Bullshit.

LUCIEN straightens up from his labors, calls to RALPH and JACK.

LUCIEN

What time is it? We've been here for hours. If they don't show up soon I'm gonna chuck it.

ANDY

Right. Nobody does any damn
work around this place but us.

RALPH and JACK get up and join the others. Somewhat mollified,
ANDY checks the angle of the sun and petitions JACK

ANDY

Are you going to explore?
I want you to come next time.

JACK

I don't know what I'm gonna do.

RALPH begins compulsively making neater piles of the debris
that has been collected for burning...taking out bits that
are not dry enough, putting them to one side, poking a dead
spot with a stick.

ANDY

Jack...
(tries to think of
something interesting
enough to keep JACK's
attention)
...Jack, what do you think
of cannibals?

JACK solemnly considers ANDY's question.

JACK

It's just their way to eat.

ANDY, LUCIEN, even RALPH consider this. ANDY, eager for more
attention from the glamorous JACK, tries again.

ANDY

Listen, Jack. What if we got
rescued...what if we were home?
What would you do? I mean like
what would you be doing now?

JACK

You mean if I was free and
not in Leavenworth?

RALPH

Hey, come on. You've only
been at the Institute a year.
You've got to give it a chance.

JACK

(ignores RALPH,
responds to ANDY)
If I was home and it was summer...

JACK (CONT)
 (a dreamy beat)
 ...I'd just mess around, travel...
 maybe go for a fast ride...
 (grins)
 ...if you know what I mean.

LUCIEN chuckles at this hint of JACK's dangerous past.

LUCIEN
 If I was home, what I'd do
 is I'd beat up my sister.

ANDY
 (shocked)
 Beat up on a little girl?

LUCIEN
 She's two years older than me
 and as fat as Piggy. She'd gross
 out Meatloaf. So I beat her
 up pretty regular. If we ever
do get back I'll give you guys
 a shot at her.

Everybody laughs.

RALPH
 (grins)
 You know something, Lucy?
 You're really full of it.
 You and Jack are really full
 of it...

CUT TO:

EXT. RAFT - DAY

Once again JACK has the raft out. Once again in a different position. Again ROGER is with him. As ROGER is lowering an improvised anchor, JACK begins securing a pair of sunglasses to his face with a roll of tape. He is trying to make diving goggles.

ROGER
 Hey. Where'd you get all
 that stuff.

JACK
 From the kit.

ROGER
 (grins)
 You get permission from Nurse Piggy?

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER SHOT: BOTH BOYS diving, forcing themselves down and down.

SHOT OF ROGER shooting to surface gasping for air.

SHOT OF JACK diving again. We are aware that, as well as he swam when we first saw him, he is now much better. With greater strength and lung capacity.

JACK going quite deep. He sees something, swims toward it.

JACK'S POV: Through the dark glasses...dim, blurry but still pretty certainly the still intact body of the plane. Frustrated, JACK rips the ineffective glasses away from his face and moves as fast as he can through the water.

CUT TO:

SHOT OF PLANE: A medium-sized two engine commercial plane. A large red logo tells us that this machine was the property of SUN INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS.

SHOT OF JACK as he pulls himself down along one tipped wing of plane toward its body where fish patrol the windows.

Suddenly he is halted in his progress, almost yanked backward. His belt of shells has been snagged in wing's brake flap. Alarmed, JACK first begins to struggle, then managing to control his fear, tears the belt loose, sacrificing it to break free.

Once he is loose, he uses the very little breath he has left to reach the nearest window.

When JACK reaches window, he puts his face right up against it, trying to penetrate the dark interior.

On the other side of the glass, staring back at JACK are the sightless sockets of a child's skull attached to a skeleton still wearing the uniform of the Institute. The child has been caught and its skeleton is still held by a safety belt. Clearly fish have found their way into the plane's interior. Now from JACK's POV the remains of the child look like some exotic occupant of a fish tank.

JACK screams a silent scream and thrusts himself up and away from the plane.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK NIGHT

From some distance an extraordinary exhibit of flashing, shimmering lights...two light entities approaching and retreating from each other.

As the CAMERA moves in, we are conscious of being on the beach, itself a thing of mystery and excitement as the phosphorescent water breaks into the little coves and inlets. And we hear BOYS' VOICES...

FIRST BOY

Die, Darth Vader, for I have the power. I am the Jedi...

SECOND BOY

Fuck you're the Jedi! Darth Vader conquers all! You're dead, Jedi!

We can now make out that two middle-sized boys are dueling with hand-held flares...engaged in a wild dance in the sand, utterly carried away by fantasy. The location of the duel is some safe distance from camp - a spot where the beach is narrow and the jungly green edges close to the water. We see a group of boys huddling together in excitement, tittilated with guilt at the illegal midnight adventure...whispers, giggles...

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP THE PILOT

Also watching the show well apart from the other watchers, he is trembling, his mouth moving silently. When something touches his arm, he flinches in fear. But it is only the anxious SIMON.

SIMON

(whispers)

Come back to bed)

(a beat)

CUT TO:

BEACH. Flashing lights in the dark.

FADE

FADE IN.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

RALPH and PIGGY and JACK. RALPH very upset by the sight of the burned-out flares. PIGGY absolutely outraged.

JACK

They only took two.
There's plenty more.
What's so terrible?

PIGGY
Acting like a bunch of
hoodlums! Thieves and
hoodlums! And I bet you
were in on it!

JACK turns to PIGGY, looks at him, sighs heavily.

JACK
Who asked you, Fat Lady?

RALPH
Shut up, you two!

PIGGY
I bet he was!

RALPH
(aware that JACK is
about to pop PIGGY)
Just drop it, I said.
(he gives PIGGY a
little push away
from JACK)

JACK gives RALPH a tight little smile, then turns and walks away...covers about twenty feet before he turns back and calls to RALPH.

JACK
You and me could be working
out how to hunt the pig instead
of wasting time with him.
(shrugs)
I didn't swipe the flares last
night. But so what?

He marches off.

RALPH
(to PIGGY)
I don't know what to do
about the flares.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF BEACH - DAY

Small clear space in bush. RALPH, JACK, ROGER, TONY, LUCIEN and ANDY sit around, working diligently on 'spears'. They have taken the best sticks they can find and are laboring hard to sharpen them with inadequate tools, a couple of pocket knives, a not very sharp, hard-edged stone, the flex-saw. Their work is not very good, but it is done with great enthusiasm.

JACK, momentarily satisfied with the point of his spear, is now working on a handgrip.

ANDY
(doubtfully)
...I mean really run.
Faster'n any kid.

ANDY
We got to have a strategy...
youknow, trick him.

LUCIEN
Oh, sure, Andy. You just walk
up to this wild pig, real friendly,
and do him a card trick and when
you've got him bewildered, the rest of
us sneak up and pound him into the
ground. Right? That what you
mean, Andy?

Snickers from the group.

TONY
(enthusiastically)
Well, maybe we could get him
like off-guard. Like when he's
sleeping, couldn't we?

SIMON followed by MIKEY and a couple of other small boys approach, squat down on the edge of the group. SIMON curious, the little boys eager for any contact with the powerful older boys. ROGER, conscious of the newcomers, lowers his voice to create extra excitement.

ROGER
Smoke him out...just crawl up
and start a little fire...
(spots SIMON)
Hey, Simon, where's your lizzy?

SIMON just touches the pocket of his shorts. ROGER grins.

ROGER (CONT)
Pitch him out...
(SIMON holds his ground
but goes very still)
I need something to test my aim.

RALPH
(mildly)
Cut it out, Rog.

ROGER
 (ignores RALPH)
 You know, Simon...something
 that moves?
 (SIMON's hand doesn't
 move from its protective
 hold on his pocket.
 ROGER laughs)

ANDY
 (the scary excitement
 that ROGER had intended
 for the smaller boys,
 communicates itself to ANDY.
 He, too, speaks in an
 urgent whisper. To JACK)
 When do we do it? I mean
 like what time of day?

JACK
 (softly)
 You always go right before
 dawn. Maybe you can catch
 'im asleep.

There is a sudden agitated movement in the leaves of a
 large bush just behind the place where the boys sit. All
 heads turn and look: they hear a faint sound.

CUT TO:

JACK, spear in hand, pushes through the bush to see if
 anything is really there.

CUT TO:

THE PILOT - JACK'S POV.

On the ground, frantically trying but failing to get away,
 to hide. When he sees JACK, his lips pull back in a snarl
 of fear. For a second, JACK just stares, dumbfounded, then
 he yells.

JACK
 Simon!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

JACK and other spear-makers plus RALPH and most of the older
 boys including PIGGY sitting around the fire.

RALPH
 (voice low)
 I don't know what else we
 can do. Simon can't stay
 with him every single second
 and he's scared of anybody
 else.

PIGGY
 He thinks we...he thinks he's
 radioactive and we're going to...
 (hesitates)

JACK
 I know what he thinks.

PIGGY
 So, naturally, he's scared.

ANDY
 Well, I'm scared of him.
 He's crazy. And you've got
 to do something.

RALPH
 (angry)
 What? Tie him up? He's hurt
 bad and he's got fever, and...
 and we've got to take care of him.
 (a beat)
 He's the only grownup we've got.

ROGER snorts.

CUT TO:

Nest of three little boys. From a distance they lie very
 still, but very much awake, too far to hear what the older
 boys by the fire are saying. At the same time, they are
 very conscious of the hospital area where SIMON and the PILOT
 and PIGGY lie.

MIKEY
 (whispering)
 One time my little brother
 thought I was a werewolf.

A beat of silence, then a sniffing sound. MIKEY and GREG
 look at LARRY who is wiping his eyes.

GREG
 What's the matter?

LARRY
 I don't remember what my
 mother looks like.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - THREE A.M.

CLOSE-UP THE PILOT lying inside the mosquito net.
His eyes wide and staring.

His POV, through the net, an oppressive and threatening feeling of mysterious movement. After a moment, sounds, so mixed at first they are impossible to construe... leaves rustling, sand shifting, fire crackling, whispers, soft whacking sounds, whispers, and finally emerging words...

VOICES OVER

'...get him off guard...' like
when he's sleeping...' I got
the power!' '...crawl up and
start a little fire' '...just
before dawn' 'When he's sleeping!'

Sudden CLOSE-UP ROGER's face, horribly distorted.

ROGER

...something that moves...

THE PILOT starts to gasp, then fearfully clasps his own hand over his mouth to muffle the sound; he tries to sit up, tangles with the mosquito net.

CUT TO

SIMON sleeping. It is just dawn. His eyes are open and he lies quietly for a long moment. Perhaps he has been dreaming again. Then he sits up, looks around, gets up and moves quietly to the PILOT's bed. It is empty, the mosquito net torn from its anchor. A ragged foot or two of the net hang limply from the bush.

CUT TO

EXT. ASSEMBLY - MORNING

RALPH has the conch, speaks.

RALPH

...just don't believe he could
make it up into the rain forest.
He's gotta be close around here...
probably just hiding...so we'll
start just a bit inland from
the beach...

(looks toward hill where
the signal fire burns)
...and work our way up there...
if we have to...

SHOT OF JACK AND THE 'HUNTERS', spears at the ready, excited, ready to roll.

RALPH (CONT)
Anybody got any other ideas?

JACK
He might be dangerous.

ANDY
So don't try to catch him just
yourself. We got to surround him.

CLOSEUP SIMON.

SIMON
(softly)
He's scared.

PIGGY
He's crazy.

ROGER
And dangerous.

RALPH hands the conch to a small boy to put away.

RALPH
Let's go.

JACK
(in imitation of HILL
STREET BLUES Sergeant Esterhaus)
And I want you all to be ver-y ver-y
care-ful out there today.
(a little burst of nervous
appreciative laughter
from older boys)

INTERCUT SHOTS OF DIFFERENT BOYS AND GROUPS OF BOYS:

pushing through heavy vegetation, rushing in a small group the shadowed recesses of a volcanic upcropping.

THE HUNTERS alternately sneaking silently through the thick brush, or noisily charging a sunny clearing.

RALPH, PIGGY, SAM AND ERIC, four abreast, but well separated, making a sensible and systematic sweep of a wide swathe of ground.

Walking alone, a good distance ahead of the others, is SIMON. He alone walks on the edge of the beach where it meets vegetation. A path from which he can see well ahead toward the signal hill. SIMON unconsciously grips the pocket that contains his chameleon. CUT TO:

Again the HUNTERS. Stalking a man, they stumble on two pigs, calmly rooting for their breakfast. Yells, squeals, flying spears, and mutual retreat. Both pigs and boys escape with nothing worse than a flood of adrenalin.

Through everything, we get a sense of the boys covering considerable ground and moving steadily from the dense forest backing CASTLE ROCK.

SIMON's POV: CASTLE ROCK rising above, and the thin line of signaling smoke coming from the lookout.

SIMON starts to climb by the normal rocky route.

CUT TO

BOYS ON FIRE DUTY

They are yelling down at SIMON.

BOYS VOICES

'About time!' 'Where are the others?' 'We're starved!' 'There's gonna be a mutiny up here...'

SIMON climbing, then stopping to look out and down. His eyes travel across the rocks, searching.

And then he sees a patch of white. It is near the bottom of the rocks, recessed and out of normal sightlines of the lookout.

Slowly, SIMON begins to climb back down, followed by the outraged voices of the boys above. 'What's the matter with you?' 'Where's the others?' etc.

CUT TO

SHOT OF low rocks beside a narrow channel of sand leading into water. On the rocks is a little pile consisting of a pair of men's shoes, trousers, and a bloody rag...clearly the bandage from THE PILOT's head.

SHOT OF HUNTERS regarding the little pile of evidence. Silence. No one and nothing moves except the large lizard impaled on ROGER's spear. The lizard squirms weakly in its death throes.

CUT TO

CAMP -EARLY EVENING.

Atmosphere very subdued. Little ones already bedded down, not asleep, but quiet. THE HUNTERS, RALPH among them, preparing for hunt, readying their weapons, their costumes. ROGER is trying to dry out and stretch the lizard skin. PIGGY, SIMON and a few of the smaller middle kids watching.

PABLO

...hope wild pig tastes
better'n wild lizard.

SIMON gets up and moves away from the circle. RALPH gets up, follows SIMON who sits on PILOT's bed.

RALPH

It wasn't your fault, Simon.
Captain Benson. He didn't know
what he was doing.

SIMON

I don't think...he's...what you think.
(stops, swallows
painfully)
I don't think he's dead.

RALPH stares at SIMON. SIMON stares steadily back.

SIMON (CONT)

Where's the rest of his clothes?

RALPH

(gently)
Oh, Simon...he just...swam out
in them...in his shirt...

SIMON

(frowns)
...and his belt? He left his pants
but took his belt and swam out in his
shirt and belt?

RALPH

He was crazy, Simon.

SHOT of SIMON's doubting face.

CUT TO:

EXT. AREA IN WOODS - DAWN

Near where the pigs have been previously sighted. HUNTERS, including RALPH moving with as much stealth as they can manage.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SCENES showing progression and degeneration of the hunt as the sun gets hotter and there are no pigs. Although there are one or two interesting false alarms, the hunting discipline collapses. Soon the BOYS are just running and jumping and throwing their spears and yelling and trying to kill an alarmed bird.

And naturally, it is during one of these silly, playful moments that a pig is sighted and almost accidentally caught in a run between two groups of HUNTERS.

Pandemonium. Screams, flying spears, BIGGER BOYS knocking over smaller ones...the pig madly scrambling out of the run...it takes a spear point in its flank, screams. The spear, without barbs, falls out. The pig is clearly going to get away. ROGER, knife in hand, flings himself in a great dive for the pig, manages to nick it slightly before it escapes into impenetrable undergrowth.

The pig is gone. ROGER'S knife is tipped with blood, but so is his own head. In his mad leap, he has managed to knock himself almost out.

He sits dumbly, holding his bruised and slightly bleeding forehead, not altogether displeased with this mark of battle. The other kids crowd around ROGER, look with awe at both his knife and his head. JACK retrieves his spear, for it was his that pierced the flesh of the pig.

JACK

There was nothing to hold
it in...no barbs...

RALPH

Come on. We've got to get
Roger back. He may be hurt...

JACK moves to look down on ROGER.

JACK

Hey, Rog. That was some
jump, man. You hurt?

ROGER, looks up, grins groggily, shakes his head.

ROGER

I got her. Right up the ass!

ERIC

(to SAM)
D'you hear what he said?

JACK squats down, takes a finger and using the blood from ROGER's knife, draws a red inverted V across ROGER's nose and cheeks. Then he takes the blood from his spear and gives himself the same mark.

RALPH watches.

CUT TO

EXT. BEACH - LATE DAY

JACK and RALPH have been swimming. They come out of the water laughing, shaking themselves like dogs. RALPH turns, thoughtfully, regards the water.

RALPH

You know, there's just got to be like a million kinds of edible fish in that damn water.

JACK

We'll get the pig. I promise.

RALPH

Even if we do...how many pigs are there? There's a whole ocean full of fish.'

JACK

Well I'd rather hunt than fish, and so would everybody else. And besides, we really covered a lot of new territory when we hunt, we explore. We might find anything.

CLOSE-UP RALPH!

He turns his face away to hide the worry about what that 'anything' might be.

CUT TO

EXT. FIREWATCH - NIGHT.

PIGGY and RALPH and two smaller boys on duty. PIGGY and RALPH laboriously hauling in fuel. Younger boys sleepily tending fire. PIGGY eating one of his store of bananas.

RALPH

But where was his belt? It was in his trousers when he ran off.

PIGGY

What difference does it make?

RALPH
What does that mean?

PIGGY
It just means that...
(shrugs)
...that they all want him gone.
Or whatever. He didn't like us.

RALPH
But he was hurt! He didn't
mean to...

PIGGY
And he was scary, Ralph.

RALPH
It's horrible.

PIGGY
Well lots of things are
horrible but you can't
change them.
(a beat)
Are you going hunting tomorrow?

RALPH
How can I? They're leaving
before dawn and I'm on
fire duty.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF CAMP - PRE-DAWN

Back of boy's head. He turns his face, catches a flicker of firelight. It is JACK, his face painted like a primitive mask. He is completely naked except for his conch belt and a meager arrangement of leaves over his genitals.

CUT TO:

HUNTERS IN WOODS - DAWN

Several of the other boys are painted and adorned like JACK. ROGER wears the cured lizard skin attached to a wire around his neck like a glistening metal breast-plate.

On cue; a faint whistle from ROGER, the HUNTERS separate into two flanks. They are clearly executing a predetermined maneuver.

One flank of HUNTERS runs alongside an outcropping of volcanic rocks.

CUT TO:

Even further behind the large rock, flattened against its side, watching HUNTERS is THE PILOT, clad in underwear and shirt which is girdled by his belt from which hang a knife and a looped length of the mosquito net. His appearance, too, has the aspect of a hunter.

But the BOYS' painted faces have clearly frightened the PILOT adding to his terror of them. Although actually, THE PILOT seems less disordered, more purposeful. We feel that his dementia is no less intense, but that it has become focused now that he has freed himself to act upon its dictates.

As soon as the boys are out of sight, THE PILOT scrambles into the brush. CAMERA follows him up a short but sharp rocky incline where he suddenly disappears into a hole... a small black opening in the thick green.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - DUSK

JACK, whose face is now dirty and sweat-streaked but still marked with the hunting mask, is arguing furiously with RALPH.

The others listen, uneasy, uncomfortable, even frightened.

JACK

You don't own the kit!
You're not the...

RALPH

That's the whole point!
Nobody has the right to just
take whatever he wants from it!
It's all we've got! You dummies
used up good medicine to paint
your dumb faces!

JACK

Zinc oxide's not exactly
penicillin, for Chrissake!
It's only to stop sunburn
and nobody needs it anymore and...

RALPH

Yes they do! Peter still needs
it and...

JACK

What Peter and everybody else
needs is meat!

RALPH

What's meat got to do with...

(raging exasperation)

...painting yourselves up to
look like savages or something?
Play-acting...like putting on
make-up and running around
waving those...

(takes a furious swipe
at JACK's spear)

...dumb sticks and...shit!

Stunned silence, held breath from the crowd, and a long moment of seething silence from JACK. But when JACK finally speaks, he manages to sound rather calm, which is further upsetting to RALPH, already embarrassed and regretting his outburst.

JACK

Okay. If that's the way
you feel about hunting, okay.
Who gives a shit what you
think.

(turns to audience
and manages a grin
and a large theatrical
gesture toward RALPH)

'Let them eat coconuts'.

Nervous giggles, a couple of real laughs. RALPH, knowing he has lost ground, tries to steady himself down and sound in control. He takes a deep breath, speaks to HUNTERS.

RALPH

Listen, you guys, anybody who's
serious about really hunting and
getting more food, that's great.
But all of the senior boys can't
just take off whenever they like
and stay out as long as they like
and leave everything else to the
kids. I mean, Piggy and I can't take
every firewatch duty and we certain-
ly can't send the little ones up there
on their own. I mean my God, keeping
the smoke going is the most important
thing on the island, if the fire
goes out we'll never be rescued...
and, look, I know the fish we've
been able to catch are pretty nasty -
but fishing is steady. And it's
got to be done. Because there's no
guarantee anybody'll ever be able
to run down one of those pigs.

(a long beat during which
no one speaks)

You know?

Very subdued little sounds of possible assent. Nothing from JACK or any of the HUNTERS. RALPH speaks to JACK in a conciliatory tone.

RALPH (CONT)

Come on, Jack. I'm sorry I yelled. I didn't mean it the way it sounded, you know? It's just that we're all in this together...without Captain...without any help, you know? And we've got to work together.

(a beat. RALPH sticks out his hand)

What do you say.

JACK

I say screw you.

An audible gasp from PIGGY, on whom JACK now turns an ominous smile.

JACK

That goes for you too, Miss Piggy.

(to RALPH)

You're so crazy about Miss Piggy's company, well you can have a lot more of it, sucker.

HE turns and walks toward the main body of HUNTERS, addresses them.

JACK (CONT)

They don't want us here. Except to do chores and babysit. I'm going to make another camp. My camp is gonna be for hunters and guys that don't get hysterical about a little fun...

RALPH

This is ridiculous.

JACK

(loudly)

Who'll join my tribe?

Instantly ROGER gives a wild yell and moves to JACK - who laughs and throws his arm around ROGER's shoulder.

ROGER

(calling to LUCIEN)

Come on, Lucy, you guys...let's get out of this nursery!

RALPH
Don't! You don't know...

PIGGY
(beginning to wheeze)
Let 'em go. Let 'em get it
out of their system.
(a beat, then whispers)
We've got the kit and the
matches.

Slowly or swiftly, LUCIEN, WILL and ANDY join JACK, but not PABLO, SAM and ERIC or TONY...although we see that TONY is sorely tempted. Of the 7-10 group, only LARRY dashes to catch up with JACK. JACK laughs, pulls the bony little kid alongside him.

JACK
Right on, Larry. We'll
fatten you up.
(calls back to the
cowering small boys)
When you grow up a little or
get hungry enough, you can
join up too!

Laughter from HUNTERS and someone begins to sing 'I'M A PEPPER, YOU'RE A PEPPER, DON'T YOU WANT TO BE A PEPPER...' and soon the defecting group is in full voice...'... DON'T YOU WANT TO BE A PEPPER TOO!'

SHOT: From behind the dark and lonely outlines of RALPH and the wheezing PIGGY, we watch the departure of JACK's merry band disappearing down the beach in the direction of the signal hill.

Suddenly there is a frightened yelp from one of the small boys, then an echoing scream of fright.

CUT TO

RALPH questioning small boys, one of whom, MIKEY, is weeping.

RALPH
What? If you don't tell me
what it was that scared you,
what can I do?

PETER
(rather matter-of-factly)
It was just the ghosts.

RALPH
What ghosts? Where?

MIKEY
(sobbing)
Back there...behind the trees!

PIGGY
There's no such thing as ghosts.

PETER
Then why did Ralph ask where?

CUT TO

CAMPFIRE - LATE NIGHT

PIGGY, RALPH, SIMON, TONY and ERIC. The boys speak very softly.

RALPH
They're not going to bother
anybody just passing by to
tend the fire. That's too stupid
even for them.

PIGGY
(wheezing slightly)
Depends on what you call 'bother'.
I'm not going to march back and
forth by them everytime I have
to go up there.

RALPH
Maybe they won't even make a
beach camp. Maybe they'll clear
back in the woods to be nearer
fresh water or something.
(bitterly)
Nearer their precious pigs.

PIGGY
(shakes his head)
They're too lazy to clear. And
anyway, we've got the machete.

RALPH
Right. So they'll have to
come back.

TONY
(cheerfully)
Oh, they'll come back anyway.
Who wants to stay mad?

PIGGY gives the cheerful TONY a bleak look.

RALPH

Well, til they do come back,
there's no way after tonight
we can have two older guys on
firewatch, so in the morning,
Tony, you take three little
ones and relieve Greg and Sam
and...

TONY

That's too many little ones.
For duty. You turn your back
for even a minute they'd...
I don't know what! Push each
other off the cliff...
(laughs)
Or pee the fire out!!

PIGGY

Everything's breaking down.

CUT TO:

EXT. THICK, VINEY, VEGETATION. EARLY DAY.

Very still, then a HUNTER moves silently, stealthily
through the bush. After a moment, another follows.
Then another. No sound.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - EARLY MORNING

TONY and HILTON and PATTERSON making their way to the
signal hill along the beach. They stop by the spot
where the HUNTERS clearly spent the night...churned up
sand, frond-nests, smashed coconut shells and banana peels.

TONY

They've already gone hunting.

HILTON

(eyeing the HUNTERS' camp
with satisfaction)
I don't think they're going
to be very comfortable.

TONY

Who cares about comfort!

HILTON

(firmly)
I do.

They walk on toward their duty post.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST EARLY MORNING

The hunt continues. We see ROGER move swiftly through the amazingly thick undergrowth. He disappears. Then a very long interval, during which we see a small blur of fur dart through the green...it is a mongoose and it is spotted by another HUNTER, one who has fallen considerably behind the others. He is LARRY and he stares in astonishment at the sight of this strange and unexpected wildlife. When it turns off the line the other HUNTERS have taken and heads up an incline, LARRY follows.

MID-DISTANCE SHOT OF LARRY crawling and stumbling after the mongoose trail. We see him approaching territory that looks familiar to us, and we recognize it as the place where we saw the PILOT disappear into the hole.

CUT TO:

SHOT OF LARRY standing up, looking around. Not only is there no mongoose, but he has lost the HUNTERS. He stands very still for a moment trying to get his bearings or at least to hear some sound of the other boys. Nothing. Tentatively, he begins to move, decides to head up the sharp, rocky incline (we saw the PILOT climb) in hopes of getting a better view.

CUT TO:

LARRY standing in front of the 'hole'. It is clearly the entrance to a cave of some sort and LARRY stands rooted before its entrance, fascinated, but also frightened.

Dead silence. Not even a bird's cry. LARRY screwing up his courage. He takes one step toward the dark and uninviting opening in the hillside, then another. He stops, takes a breath, then, on tiptoe, he moves into the mouth of the cave. Stops.

LARRY'S POV: The Cave. Dark, utterly black, no light, no air, nothing.

LARRY SHOT AGAINST THE LIGHT FROM OUTSIDE THE CAVE. Another step into the dark...a poke even further with his spear. Nothing but a sound of dripping water and the echo of an echo.

CLOSEUP LARRY'S FACE, stiff with scary excitement.

SHOT OF LARRY backing out of the cave.

Once out of the evil smelling enclosure, LARRY turns, breathes a big sigh of relief, then his face lights up with excitement at the thought of the news he has to impart to the others.

LARRY
Oh boy...

A deep growl, then down and tight over the child's terrified face and head a dreadful white confining mask, tight and twisting tighter... LARRY's scream is muffled, he thrashes wildly...

We see that it is the deranged PILOT, trying to capture or perhaps only subdue one of the 'hunters' whose quarry he believes to be himself.

He has thrown the wet mosquito net over LARRY and although the child is small and not all robust, and is being badly choked, his terror at what is happening to him is so great that his strength becomes manic. He never lets go of his spear and is aware that it is connecting with some living, breathing thing.

The struggle lasts only a few seconds because the PILOT is as terrified as the child and he is weak and clumsy and when the spear is somehow thrust between his legs, he stumbles and LARRY breaks free. He tumbles down the incline, head over heel...

THE PILOT, tripped and felled by the spear, lies panting on the ground in the mouth of the cave, the wet mosquito net still clutched in his hand, LARRY's spear at his feet. His head wound is bleeding again. Heavily.

CUT TO:

SHOT OF LARRY, gasping, sobbing, scrambling, falling through the hairy ferns, the elephant grass.

CUT TO:

HUNTER'S CAMP - MORNING

LARRY, hunched up in the sand, hugging his knees, still in a kind of shock. JACK questioning him.

JACK
'Monster'...you keep using
that dumb word, you're gonna
go back to the nursery...
(snorts)
'Monster'!

Slightly uneasy giggles from the rest of the HUNTERS - And JACK, himself, is not as unconcerned by LARRY's tale as he pretends. He forces a scornful laugh.

JACK (CONT)

Well? What kind of 'monster'?
Did it have fur and poison
fangs? Or long slimy tenacles?
Did it give you a big huggy-hug
with its tenacles?

LARRY

(whispering)

...it...it growled and came
out of the cave...it caught
me...in...in...

(a whimper of horror)

...maybe it was its mouth...
it was wet...some kind of skin...
I could see through it...

He can't go any further. No one can think of anything
to say. JACK shrugs angrily, walks away toward beach.
ROGER follows.

ROGER

He's just a kid. Send him back to the others.

JACK

(shrugs)

This place is a mess.
We've got to get organized...
start a campfire.

ROGER

What with?

JACK

(indicates the firewatch
up the hill)

We'll borrow some. Come on.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIREWATCH - DAY

TONY, HILTON and PATTERSON, ROGER and JACK.

The atmosphere is not one between enemies from separate
camps, but rather of a group united in excitement and
adventure. They all squat together near the edge of the
fire.

JACK

I mean scared out of his gourd.

TONY •

You think there was
something there? Some kind
of wild animal or something?
And it went for him?

JACK

(beat)

I think there's something.
Something in the cave.

ROGER shoots JACK a look. He isn't sure of JACK's
intent. But TONY and the small boys are wide-eyed.

TONY

Will you go back there?
How far is it?

JACK

(sits up)

He says just over the
big rise behind our camp.
Real close.

TONY

God!

JACK jiggles loose a long piece of wood he has been
bringing to flame; he stands up, taking the burning
wood with him.

JACK

I just thought you ought
to know.

TONY

(for the first time we
hear a doubtful note
from this usually very
upbeat kid. The little
boys hear it too)

Yeah.

JACK

Thanks for the fire.

The eyes of TONY and the two small boys follow JACK
and ROGER as they disappear down the trail. The hand
of one of the small boys creeps into the only slightly
larger hand of TONY.

CUT TO:

TRAIL DOWN FROM FIREWATCH

ROGER and JACK, coming down, meet ERIC, SIMON, and one small boy coming up. SIMON's hand goes protectively to his lizard pocket.

JACK

(big smile)

Here come the Reserves.
Hurry on up. They've got
something to tell you.

ERIC

What? What are you doing
with that...

JACK

Got to make a campfire...
get everything ready to
cook the pig.

Raising the burning torch high above his head, JACK lets out a yell and plunges daringly down the hill, ROGER follows just behind, laughing and sliding.

SIMON, ERIC and the small BOY stare after them, then turn and continue their climb. Above, the excited TONY calls down to them.

TONY

(yelling)

Did they tell you about
the monster?

CUT TO:

RALPH'S CAMP - LATE DAY

HILTON and PATTERSON stand in front of RALPH, nervous and scared but filled with self-importance.

HILTON

...and he said to tell you
I was to bring his stuff.
His cushions...

PIGGY

They're not his cushions!
They belong to the camp!

HILTON

Well but there's the other
camp now. And he wants the
cushions he slept on and he
wants his shoes and socks and
his shell collection.

HILTON (CONT)
 (silence, then with
 less conviction)
 I'm just telling you what
 ToMy said.

PIGGY
 (bitterly)
 He's a defector! Just a
 damn defector!

PATTERSON
 It's because of the monster.

RALPH
 I told you there's no monster!
 Tony knows there's no monster!
 Tony just wants to be a hunter
 is all and he's too chicken-shit
 to come back and...
 (stops himself from yelling)
 Oh go on. Get him his cushions.

PIGGY
 Good riddance.

THE LITTLE BOYS scuttle quickly to grab up TONY's
 belongings...and a little else besides. While this
 is going on, SIMON speaks softly to RALPH.

SIMON
 They believe in it. The
 monster.

RALPH
 It's stupid!

SIMON
 They're scared.

RALPH turns around to try again to deal with the children...
 realizes that the eyes of all the little ones are on the
 two emissaries. And the reason is that HILTON and PATTERSON
 are also collecting their own 'belongings'.

RALPH
 Listen, Pat
 only trying to scare you. They're
 trying to scare everybody.
There's no monster.

THE TWO CHILDREN consider this soberly. HILTON nods.

HILTON
(nodding)
But what if there is?

PATTERSON
Yeah. And there's more big
guys there. And they've got
spears.

With which they run off, all eyes following their retreat. Then RALPH turns his gaze back onto the other small boys. Angry and hurt, he starts to speak, but PIGGY puts a restraining hand on him. Quickly, RALPH walks away, trying to hide his troubled tears. PIGGY takes a banana out of his pocket, starts to peel it.

PIGGY
(to the little kids)
Look at this place! What
a mess! Zoorama!

CUT TO:

SHOT OF RALPH'S CAMP - DAY

Now it is in much worse shape...unswept, cushions and other stuff in great disorder, a pile of garbage unburied, flies. RALPH and PIGGY dragging the survival kit to a hole already dug out in the sand. They bury the kit, then pull vegetation over it.

PIGGY
(nods to SIMON who
stands watching them)
Let Simon keep it. They won't
bother him.

RALPH hands SIMON a small key and SIMON puts it carefully into his pocket.

CUT TO:

SIMON, fondling his pet lizard, walking alone on the edge of the green that reaches down to the beach. Then he turns and enters the woods.

CUT TO:

SIMON in woods. He stops when he comes on a sheltered spot in a dense thicket. He squats down, bends and releases the lizard which first stands frozen on the spot. SIMON pokes the little creature gently with his finger and it skitters away into the bush.

CLOSEUP SIMON.

SIMON
 (calling out)
 Sir? Where are you?
 I have the key...
 (beat)
 They won't bother you...
 I have the key...

A long silence, then tears well up in SIMON's eyes.

SIMON
 Sir... Captain?

Then from the gloomy foliage...from somewhere nearby we hear JACK'S VOICE...soft, insistent...

JACK'S VO
 Are you sure?

ROGER'S VO
 If you're trying to fool us...

SIMON blinks but he stands very still, as still and alert as any threatened, hunted animal. Someone gives the ululating hunters' cry...it is answered. SIMON falls to the ground, trying to hide himself. Again the cry, nearer. SIMON's ear, on the ground, feels the vibration of running feet, then he hears a snicker, then a long breathless silence. Then very nearby, whispering.

And again snickering, a low excited laugh. Now a strange crackling sound.

Carefully, slowly SIMON pulls himself to the edge of the thicket and around the protecting cover of the fallen tree.

JACK'S VO
 ...He's in there...be careful...
 he's dangerous...

A twig snaps and someone stifles a laugh. Then another voice says 'No!' Someone coughs and smoke begins to seep through into the cavern of green. Someone laughs in terrible excitement.

SIMON falls back and starts desperately worming his way out the other way, toward the interior of the forest, his face low to the ground only looking up to search for an opening...he sees one. He starts to rise but then he sees a HUNTER move between him and the forest. But the HUNTER is a little one, striped red and carrying a spear, but coughing and smearing the paint about his eyes with the back of his hand as he tries to peer through the increasingly black smoke.

SIMON launches himself forward, like a cat, tumbling the little savage over and running for his life. There is a shout from behind, but SIMON is running as he has never run in his life...through the undergrowth into a pig-run... maybe a hundred yards before he swerves off. Behind him smoke and yells and running feet. Then the smoke overtakes him. He chokes, runs on, dodging behind trees, scrambling over rocks...and always, just behind, gaining, gaining, the pursuing feet, the shouts...he trips over a creeper, tries to pull himself up...a spear sinks into the earth only inches from his head. He cries out, turns to face the HUNTERS. And through the smoke he sees their legs and he falls back screaming as another spear sails straight into his face. The screen goes dark then cracks like shattered glass.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP SIMON crying out as his eyes open from the terrible dream. And he realizes that some part of it is true because there in the dark are the whispers, the giggles, the running feet, the whoops of triumph...

THE HUNTERS are raiding the camp, tearing through shelters, carrying off the water cartons, fighting with RALPH and PIGGY and SAM and ERIC in the sand over the contents of the survival kit. From the HUNTERS, laughter and a few thumps and a getaway.

SHOT OF THREE SMALLER BOYS peering out from under the shelter that has collapsed on them.

SHOT OF RALPH picking himself up and staring off after the raiders.

RALPH'S POV: JACK AND OTHERS running off down the beach, dragging and pushing the captured raft across the sand. The life raft had, of course, been the 'wall' against which the biggest shelter rested.

RALPH runs after them yelling.

RALPH
You can't take the boat...

JACK
(stops, turns to
face RALPH)
Yes, I can. I'm the one
that got it in the first place.

RALPH
So what? It belongs to
everybody...

A yell of terrible distress from PIGGY.

PIGGY
Ralph!

RALPH turns.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP PIGGY's glasses, one lens shattered.

PIGGY'S VO
(wheezing badly)
What am I gonna do, Ralph?

CUT TO:

SIMON, huddled over the cage of his lizard. It is perfectly safe, although frozen with fright. SIMON looks up at the grieving PIGGY as he tries to adjust the bent spectacle frames to his face. Over one sightless eye, the shattered lens. CAMERA moves in until the broken glass covers the whole screen exactly as in SIMON'S DREAM.

SIMON'S VO
I had a bad dream...

CUT TO:

JACK'S CAMP - DAY

The camp is much improved, moved well back to take advantage of the rock formations and sand coves that ascend a short way up the hill. A kind of platform of fallen logs has been constructed and anyone who clambors up onto it has a kind of stage. He also controls access to CASTLEROCK and the firewatch.

LARRY has been left, a disconsolate nanny, to two other small boys who are playing some arcane game with shells. They sing sweetly, absently, as they play.

BOYS

I'm a homo,
You're a homo,
Everybody be a homo,
Don't you want to be a homo too...

In the background, we see PATTERSON and another small boy scrambling in and out of the rocks and coves.

During all this, SIMON approaches, observes the barrier to the Firewatch.

LARRY

Anybody who wants up or
down has to ask.

SIMON doesn't speak, just looks around the deserted camp.

LARRY (CONT)

(bitterly)
They're hunting.

After a beat, SIMON speaks.

SIMON

Where's the cave you found?

LARRY's eyes widen. He shakes his head.

SIMON (CONT)

Don't you know where it is?

LARRY

Yes, and I'm not going back.
I showed Jack and the others
and that's it.

SIMON

Did they go in it?

LARRY

You think they're crazy?

SIMON

(after a long beat)
Will you show me where it is?

LARRY

(firmly)
I can't. I have to take care

(cont.)

LARRY (CONT)
of these kids. Anyway you've
got no business going anywhere
near it. Not alone.

SIMON
I just want to look at it.

LARRY
Well I can't help you.

SIMON
Can you tell me how to find it?

LARRY
Why?

A long beat. Then sadly SIMON shakes his head, whispers...

SIMON
What else is there to do?

CUT TO:

SHOT OF SIMON moving slowly, battling his way through
the increasingly complex growth.

CUT TO:

SIMON standing below and a good distance from the mouth
of the cave. But from the way he stands and stares up,
we know that he has located the opening.

CUT TO:

SIMON hunkered down, his back against a rotting stump,
closer to the sharp incline leading to the cave, but
still a safe distance away. He sits quietly, unconsciously
stroking the pocket that holds the lizard. We hold on
him for a minute, until suddenly, he jerks his head
around as if he has heard something. He listens intently,
then we hear it too. From a distance...not below, not
from the beach or the vicinity of the camps, but from
above and to SIMON's right as he faces the cave...comes
a chant...voices speaking together, in rhythm...slowly
we become aware of the words...

'Kill the pig, butcher him,
catch the blood...'

SIMON is frozen as he listens to the chant repeated over
and over as the chanters get nearer and nearer...then,
in a second, his paralysis is broken and he takes cover.

CUT TO:

Parade of HUNTERS threading through the forest, bloodied and triumphant, they carry a dead pig, his feet tied to a spear and the spear slung between the shoulders of the two HUNTERS. They chant louder, harder, louder... then silence.

SIMON's POV: The HUNTERS stops short just below the sharp incline leading up to the cave's entrance.

JACK's VO
Sharpen a stick at both ends.

THE CAMERA darts...as do SIMON's eyes...from the sight of the pig's inert body being dumped onto the ground, to a glimpse of ROGER sharpening the opposite end of a spear, to HUNTER carefully removing from over his shoulder the loop of a vine from which hangs a kind of sheath made of palm leaves, and from the sheath, SIMON watches the HUNTER withdraw the machete. CAMERA darts from the gleaming machete back to JACK who strides forward to look proudly down at the pig; then back to the now fiercely pointed spear end; then to HUNTER with machete handing it to JACK.

JACK takes the machete and bends over the pig and hacks at its neck. A great spew of blood...

CUT TO:

SIMON closes his eyes against the sight. SCREEN turns solid RED.

JACK's voice over the throbbing red screen.

JACK'S VO
Where's that stick?

ROGER'S VO
Here.

JACK'S VO
Jam it in the ground!

CUT TO

SIMON, his eyes again open. His mouth hangs open and he pants for air...but without sound. He stares.

CUT TO:

ENORMOUS CLOSEUP OF PIG'S HEAD Hold for moment

JACK'S VO

This head is for the monster.
It's a present.

CAMERA pulls back to show us the pig's head impaled on the stick and the stick rammed into the earth just below the cave. Silent, awed by JACK's act, THE HUNTERS have moved marginally back, waiting. But the gift is accepted in silence. The head seems to regard the giver...dim-eyed, grinning faintly, blood blackening between the teeth.

All at once the band of boys breaks. They run, as fast as they can and still carry the pig's body with them, through the forest and toward the beach.

CUT TO:

RALPH'S CAMP - LATE DAY

RALPH and PIGGY lie in the sand, idly flicking pebbles into the campfire.

RALPH

Where's Simon?

PIGGY

(shrugs)

Sometimes I think that kid's batty. You know?

(beat)

We ought to get some more wood.

A thin little flash of lightening, then an unexpectedly loud pop of thunder. Both boys jump. PIGGY nervously scans the sky.

PIGGY (CONT)

It's gonna pour. Buckets.
(sits up)

Who's on firewatch? Sam or Eric?

RALPH

I don't know...both.

(shrugs)

They try to do everything together. They can't help it. You have to treat them like one turn.

PIGGY

What if it rains hard enough
to drown out the fire? Wets
the fires and soaks everything?
Soaks everything so we can't
get it started again? What if...

RALPH

Piggy...what are we going to
do? We can't keep the fire-
watch going by ourselves.
I'm scared.

PIGGY

(cautiously)
What of?

RALPH

Not of the monster...
(tries to smile, but
can't pull it off)
...well, I am a little. I
mean...there could be some-
thing back there...

(a beat)

Something.

(another beat)

But what really scares me is
the fire. Without the smoke
signal we'll die here. Can't
they understand that? But
they don't give a damn! What's
more sometimes I don't either.

(darkly)

I don't know what's going to
happen.

PIGGY

Well, I don't either. We've
just got to keep on, that's
all. That's what grown-ups
do. All the time. They
just keep on.

Suddenly out of the forest a whooping, spear-waving
bunch of savages...howling demons with painted faces
and naked bodies. The LITTLE ONES who had been
playing quietly, flee in terror. As does PIGGY who
grabs up the conch and runs blindly into the water
with it. One of the savages stands till, eyeing
the unmoving RALPH.

RALPH
 Okay, Geronimo. You made your
 point. What do you want?

JACK raises his spear, calls out to all the scattered
 children.

JACK
 Listen. Me and my hunters have
 taken the mountain. You don't
 have to do firewatch anymore
 unless you want to. You can
 join my tribe and just be free
 and have fun. You know where
 we are, so come and see us.
 Maybe I'll let you join.
 (a beat)
 We killed a pig today! There's
 going to be a feast.

JACK spots the sheepish PIGGY inching back, clutching
 the conch and dripping wet. JACK laughs.

JACK
 Lots of roast pork.
 (off-hand, not
 unkindly)
 You can all come eat with
 us. If you want to.

He turns majestically to two of the savages, hisses
 at them.

JACK (CONT)
 Now!

The two mutter something. JACK pounds the butt of his
 spear in the sand.

JACK (CONT)
Go on!

The two savages look at each other, then raise their
 spears together and speak in time.

SAVAGES
 The Chief has spoken.

Then all three and the other two who had stayed on
 the outskirts turn and trot off.

RALPH shakes his head in disbelief, still looking off

to where the savages disappeared. He speaks without looking at the humiliated PIGGY who is now beside him.

RALPH

That was Will and Tony with him.

PIGGY

Talk about batty! He thinks he's Chief Sitting Bull or something!

(small boy giggles)

It's not funny! I was sure he'd go for the conch. When they couldn't find the box.

Most of the little ones have gathered around and one of them affectionately touches the conch.

RALPH

He's going to make us beg him to let us tend the fire! He's just totally crazy!

PIGGY

We've got to get the others back. Back with us.

RALPH

(bitterly)

Oh sure!

LITTLE ONE

Are we going to the party?
Are we?

GREG

I'm sure I'm not allergic to pork.

PETER

Why can't we get our own pork?

MIKEY

We don't want to go in the jungle.

GREG

We don't have to. The Hunters'll go in for us.

MIKEY
And take care of us?

GREG
They're kind of like the
Guardian Angels.

PIGGY
(snorts)
Oh sure. Some angels.

RALPH stands, shifting indecisively not able to make a decision. There is a flash of lightening, a crack of thunder.

PIGGY
(ominously)
This is the tropics and
that's a storm!

CUT TO:

SHOT OF WILDLY SHIFTING CLOUDS

CUT TO:

SIMON IN FOREST

Still near the pig's head. He now sits a short distance away, looking up at it. It is swarming with flees, and their incessant swarming up and down and around the head give it the appearance of movement, of life.

AS SIMON stares hypnotized by the sight, the sound, the smell...the buzzing gets louder and louder, like the buzzing of the captured bee in his dream.

But SIMON understands that this is no dream. And so do we. Some of the flies move from the pig to SIMON. He makes no attempt to brush them off. He doesn't move.

CLOSEUP SIMON and the flies, the relentless buzzing.

BIG CLOSEUP THE PIG, now wearing PIGGY's one-lens glasses.

THE PIG
(in PIGGY'S VOICE)
I told you he was crazy. And dangerous. What are you doing out here all by yourself? You're just a little boy and you've got no business out here by yourself.

(cont.)

THE PIG (CONT)

The others think you're batty.
You know that, don't you?

CLOSEUP SIMON, the flies crawling on him, his eyes staring fixed, glazed.

THE PIG'S VOICE continues, but it begins to change, to deepen and echo in some dreadful hollow way...after a few more words, it is no longer PIGGY's voice nor PIGGY's style of speech.

THE PIG'S VO

See how they all leave you
alone? Even some of the little
ones...they sense it...

(VOICE is now heavy,
ominous)

...they're afraid. Aren't you?
Aren't you afraid? You should be...

CLOSE-UP THE PIG, no longer wearing the glasses, but now subtly changed, bloated, its eyes alive and glittering at SIMON with pitiless amusement.

THE PIG (CONT)

What you should be afraid of,
Simon, is me. There's only me.
People really can't help it...

(chuckles)

...they love monsters. You love
me, too, don't you, Simon?
Love the Monster?

CLOSEUP SIMON struggling desperately to speak.

SIMON

(gasping between the
words)

...only...pig...head on...stick...

PIG'S VOICE

They don't get it...only you...

(laughter)

Only you know, don't you...
you understand...

CLOSEUP THE PIG even bigger, grosser, swollen with evil humor.

PIG (CONT)

How close I always am...like

(cont.)

PIG (CONT)

part of you. You know I'm
the reason things are like
they are...

A rumble of laughter starts low and the mouth gets bigger,
darker...the voice deeper, deeper inside the mouth. SIMON
is being drawn into it, into black and eternal union with
the monster.

PIG (CONT)

So you might as well make up
your mind, boy, we're going to
have things our way on this
island...have a little fun.
So just give up...go with the
flow...

SIMON enters the mouth...

THE SCREEN GOES RED

PIG'S HEAD VO (CONT)

You really haven't any choice,
you know. You've got to go
with the flow. Everybody does...
(chuckles merrily)

SLOW FADE

FADE IN

On fanciful geometric design. Red, white, brown. We
pull back to see that the design is painted on ERIC's
bare chest. Both ERIC and SAM stand naked and eagerly
cooperative with the HUNTERS who are adorning the bodies
and faces of the twins. MIKEY watches the process, riveted,
thumb in mouth.

It is getting on toward dusk and the sky is black with clouds.
The wind is blowing and as the pig cooks, the fire is
stirred into wild flames...sparks fly upward. The air is
filled with electricity. The BOYS are very high, very
manic. Their excitement breaks out like little brush-
fires...here a word of mild wit that excites screams of
laughter...her a bit of innocent horse-play that explodes
into near violence. The camp is in a very unstable
emotional mix

Only JACK, standing high on the rocks above the others,
seems under control. He looks from the pit where two

HUNTERS tend the pig and two more are putting the final artistic touch to the great pile of fruit arranged on huge fronds...piles of already opened coconuts. JACK briefly regards the vision of bounty, looks off anxiously down the beach...we feel that he has been doing this for some time. But he sees nothing, no one.

Suddenly, JACK, too, explodes. He raises his spear, yells.

JACK
Now! Now! Now!

On the instant, all the BOYS drop whatever they are doing, and run yelling to the feast.

Above them, JACK, beautiful in his paint and pride, laughs.

JACK
(to no one in particular)
I did it...I did it.

CUT TO:

SIMON, his face pressed against his knees, still sits before the staked pig's head.

Slowly, SIMON raises his head, blinks, looks not at the pig, but above the pig to the cave. He struggles to his feet, his movements like those of an old man. Ignoring the pig's head, he begins to walk toward the incline which he must climb to reach the cave. He stops, stares up at the dark opening.

SIMON
(mutters)
What else is there to do?

He starts to climb. He is stiff and clumsy, but he finally makes it. Now he stands, a very small, very lonely little figure facing the mouth of the cave.

The sounds of the uproar in JACK's camp waft up to him, borne on the rising wind. He turns, listens, caught in a last moment of light as the setting sun breaks through the rolling clouds. But the faint rays do not pierce the dark of the cave.

Now SIMON reaches inside his shirt and pulls out a glassy stick. It is the last of the chemical light-

sticks from the survival kit. He twists it; it lights up.

SIMON enters the cave.

CUT TO

CLOSE-UP SIMON, inside the cave. It is cramped and dank and so dully black that there is virtually no reflection from the light stick's thin and unsubstantial beam. There is no way even to guess what lies before SIMON or on either side of him or even at his feet.

He moves forward, cautiously but without any appearance of real fear.

CUT TO

SIMON'S FEET. Moving carefully over the damp stone, the dank earth, around extrusions of rock. We see his muddy little feet feeling their way only inches from a nest of snakes. The snakes uncoil, but do not hiss or strike. He passes them.

CUT TO

SIMON'S FACE peering intently, trying to make out the outline of the cavern. He is not looking down, but straight ahead. His foot touches something. He catches his breath, looks down, sees some bulky shapeless sort of thing. Holding the light stick down first, he bends over to examine his find.

It is the body of THE PILOT. Quite dead. From his crash wound or fever or the snakes, who can say?

CUT TO

PIGGY and RALPH and the three SMALLER BOYS. They are all slicked up, as well-turned out as they can make themselves under the circumstances. Very self-conscious, they approach JACK'S CAMP and the party, which has been underway for some time. The newcomers stand outside the circle with a great display of insouciance. PIGGY nervously and unconsciously whistling through his front teeth.

All the boys on the island, except SIMON and the three LITTLE ONES who accompany RALPH and PIGGY, are scattered about in the vicinity of the fire. They are laughing, singing, lying, squatting, holding food in their hands, but to judge by their greasy faces, the meat eating is almost done.

As they stand apart, unnoticed except by MIKEY who just stares at them, thumb still in mouth. One of the boys who was cooking the pig suddenly hauls off a great chunk of meat and runs with it toward the grass where RALPH and PIGGY are. The BOY bumps into PIGGY and inadvertently burns him with the sizzling piece of meat. PIGGY yells and dances. And immediately, RALPH and his LITTLE ONES and the OTHER CROWD are united by the storm of laughter. Once more PIGGY is the center of social derision so that everyone feels cheerful and normal.

JACK
(who has leapt back
upon his platform)
Take them some meat.

They are each given succulent chunks. RALPH cannot help himself, he simply tears ravenously into his share. PIGGY does too, but as he eats, tears roll down his cheeks.

JACK (CONT)
(to RALPH)
I promised I'd get meat;
didn't I?
(RALPH interprets this
as a rhetorical question,
continues to gobble the meat)
Didn't I? Didn't I, Ralph?
(RALPH, forced to respond,
resentfully looks up, nods)
I want you to tell the little
ones that I made you a promise
and I kept it.
(a long silence, then
RALPH shrugs)
Say it.

RALPH
You promised to get meat and
you kept the promise.

JACK
(smiles, raises his spear,
speaks to his accolytes)
Give me a drink and then
everybody sit down.

His orders are swiftly obeyed, the BOYS ranging themselves in rows on the grass before him, except for RALPH and PIGGY who continue to stand. JACK ignores them and turns his mask down to the seated boys, pointing at them with his spear.

JACK (CONT)

I give you food and my hunters' will protect you from the monster. You are all members of my tribe.

RALPH

(caught with JACK's meat in his own mouth, RALPH still cannot contain his outrage)

You don't keep the firewatch!
Or have the medicine and matches!
You don't have the conch!
(to others)

You guys! Who's going to keep things real? And together?
Things like the fire? You think one good meal is worth not getting rescued?

MIDDLE-SIZED SAVAGE

You don't have the conch! It doesn't matter what you say!

PIGGY

The conch is in our camp where it belongs!

MIDDLE-SIZED SAVAGE

Go on back where you belong!

SMALL SAVAGE

You're nothing but a homo sapien anyway!

JACK leaps down from the platform, gives PIGGY a shove.

JACK

What's the matter, tits?
Where you afraid to bring it with you? Anyway, the conch doesn't count on this end of the island, Miss Piggy-tits!

RALPH shoves JACK away from PIGGY.

RALPH

Stop that! The conch counts all over the island!

JACK
 (shoves back)
 Nobody's interested in you
 or your stupid conch!
 (gives RALPH another
 harder shove)
 Why don't you just take your
 fat friend and shove off!
 If you've had all the meat
 you can eat!

There is a tremendous clap of thunder, a few heavy drops
 of rain begin to fall.

RALPH
 There's going to be a storm and
 you flakes have been so busy
 putting on your make-up you haven't
 even put up any shelters!

The BOYS look uneasily at the sky, flinching from the
 stroke of the raindrops. A LITTLE ONE starts to whimper.

JACK leaps on to the sand.

JACK
 Do our dance! Come on!
 Hunters! Show them our
 dance!

JACK runs through the sand to the open space of rock
 beyond the fire, and the boys follow him...ROGER becomes
 the PIG, grunting and charging at JACK, who laughs and
 easily side-steps him. HUNTERS grab up their spears;
 the cooks take spits, the rest grasp clubs of firewood.

A circling movement begins and a chant, half-reggae,
 half-hunting invocation...the most frequently repeated
 words are 'blood' and 'kill' and 'stab'.

PIGGY
 (hand on RALPH's arm)
 Let's leave. There's gonna
 be trouble.

But RALPH doesn't want to leave. He wants to be with the
 others. So he and PIGGY stay, separate and uneasy for a time,
 but finally the rhythm of the voices, the electric night, the
 dark and the sparkling flames around which the BOYS mime, the
communion among the dancers is too much for RALPH and even
 PIGGY...the promise of the chanting voices...to kill and
smash and conquer whatever beasts or devils or monsters lie
 in wait outside the group...is finally irresistible. RALPH
 plunges in...then PIGGY eases into the line.

CUT TO:

SIMON, still gripping the green light of the chemical stick is scrambling down the incline outside the cave and running as fast as he can in the black enveloping forest. Finally awakened from the torpor that has lain over him for so long, he plunges recklessly through the undergrowth, not from fear but from the impulse to get to the other children, to tell them that the 'monster' is nothing but the poor dead pilot. Once again, the sounds from the beach are carried with the rising wind. SIMON hears the distant chanting, heads eagerly toward it, muttering indecipherably to himself as he runs.

CUT TO:

DANCE...The scene now has the throbbing intensity of a real Bacchanal. Some BOYS break out of the line in wild improvisations...torches of flaming wood are thrown high into the air with not much care for where they might land. The chant of rhythmic invocation to death and blood, 'Kill the Thing!' 'Cut his throat!' 'Spill his blood!'... The cries rise to a pitched scream when lightening scars the sky and thunder rages.

The smallest boys, dancing in a ring of their own, inside the other, suddenly begin to scream and blunder about, fleeing from the edge of the forest when they see a green, glowing eye moving toward them from the forest.

'HIM! HIM!'

The circle becomes a horseshoe. The THING was crawling out of the forest, darkly, uncertainly, it's terrible green eye moving erratically, then hides itself...on the ground? Where? The THING stumbles into the horseshoe.

'Kill...cut...Monster...kill...Spill and kill, and cut... the MONSTER! Now! Now! Now!'

The sticks and clubs and spears pound and pierce the creature...the THING is on its knees in the center, its arms folded over its face against the terrible attack, against the shrill screams for blood...and then, somehow crashing through the circle, the THING scrambling brokenly to escape, it falls over the steep edge of the rock and down to more rocks and sand and water.

Now the clouds finally open and the rain crashes down like a waterfall. The cries and screams...the chant dies away, the Body separates into all its separate parts... boys, small boys who run and stagger for cover.

SHOT OVER ROCKS to ground below where the body of SIMON lies in the shallow water, a very small very dead Thing.

SLOW FADE

RALPH'S CAMP - EARLY MORNING

PIGGY and RALPH alone. They are dirty, disconsolate. They sit in the sand in their empty storm-tossed camp. The fire is out. The only symbol of order that once prevailed is the conch, which RALPH cradles between his legs. RALPH, deeply depressed just stares blankly at the sand.

PIGGY

Come on, Ralph. Can't we even talk? What are you thinking about?

RALPH

My father. And like how I always wanted to be a military man like him. And my grandfather was in the army too. Both my grandfathers. One of them just died a couple of months ago. But they were both in the army. And what I want...

(a beat)

...what I wanted...wanted to do, was I wanted to fight for my country. How I see it is, it's one life for millions. You know? I'm willing to save my country... and it'd be like my life for all the people around me.

PIGGY doesn't know how to respond. He just lets the sand, still damp from the night's rain, dribble through his fingers.

RALPH (CONT)

What I think is...Jack and them... I think they're like draft-resisters.
(harshly)
They're all wierdos and cowards. They only care about their own lives.

PIGGY
(vaguely) .
Oh, well...looking at it from
the weirdo's side...a lot of
people think if you can't beat
'em, then you got to join them.

RALPH
Is that what you think?

PIGGY
No.

Silence again, then RALPH, who has begun to weep, tries
to say something, but his throat chokes up. He clears
his throat.

PIGGY (CONT)
What'd you say?

RALPH
Simon.

PIGGY neither answers nor even looks at RALPH.

RALPH
Piggy...what are we going to do?

PIGGY
Well, something.
(indicates the conch)
You could...

RALPH
Call an assembly?

RALPH begins to laugh sharply. PIGGY frowns.

PIGGY
You're still the Colonel.

RALPH laughs all the harder, a note of hysteria creeping in.

PIGGY (CONT)
Stop it! There's nothing funny!

The laughter stops as abruptly as it began.

RALPH
Piggy, that was Simon.

PIGGY
You said that before.

RALPH
That was murder.

PIGGY
 (shrilly)
 Stop it! What good're
 you doing talking like that.

. PIGGY jumps up and stands over RALPH.

PIGGY (CONT)
 It was dark! And there
 was that dance! It was like
 you hear how people act at
 rock concerts! Things like
 that. There was lightning
 and thunder!! We were scared!

RALPH
 (slowly)
 I wasn't scared! I was...
 I don't know what I was.

PIGGY
 (terribly agitated)
 You were scared! Anything
 could have happened. It wasn't...
 what you said!

RALPH
 Oh, Piggy.
 (he crouches over the
 conch and rocks to and fro)
 You don't understand...were you
 outside the circle? Didn't you
 see what we...what they did?
 (there is loathing but at
 the same time a kind of
 feverish excitement in
 his voice)
 Didn't you see?

PIGGY
 I've only got one eye now.
 You ought to know that.

RALPH continues to rock to and fro. PIGGY leans over and
 gives RALPH's shoulder a sharp shake.

PIGGY
 It was an accident. That's
 what it was. A terrible
 accident.
 (his voice suddenly goes
 shrill again)

PIGGY (CONT)

Coming down in the dark...
 he had no business out there
 in the forest in the dark...
 on his own...crawling like
 that out of the dark. He
 was a nut-case! He asked for it!
 (gesticulates wildly)
 It was an accident.

RALPH

You didn't see...see what they...

PIGGY sets himself down directly in front of RALPH and
 speaks harshly.

PIGGY

No, I didn't. And you probably
 didn't either. How could you?
 In that dark. Look, Ralph, we've
 got to forget this. We can't go
 around this island accusing people,
 you know? We've just got to
 forget it.

RALPH

I'm scared. Of us. I want to
 go home. Oh, God, I want to
 go home.

RALPH cradles his head in his arms, his thin brown back
 racked with silent sobs. PIGGY watches, helpless. Then
 he feels some other presence, looks up, sees SAM and ERIC,
 no longer the wondrously painted specimens of the night
 before, but now just as streaked and dirty and bedraggled.

SAM AND ERIC

Hi.

PIGGY

Hi.

RALPH forces himself to wipe his face and deal with the TWINS.

RALPH

You guys okay?

SAM

We came to see if you guys have
 any fire.

ERIC

Ours is out.

RALPH
What about the watch?

SAM
(mumbles, ashamed)
Everything's out.

ERIC
On account of the storm.

RALPH
(bitterly)
Oh, sure, blame it all on
the storm.
(the TWINS hunch
their shoulders
nervously)
Well, you needn't come
sucking around here. Your
'chief's got the matches...
he stole them.

ERIC doesn't answer, just looks away as SAM squats down
to check the ashes of RALPH's and PIGGY's dead campfire.
There is no vestige of a spark. THE TWINS exchange looks.

PIGGY
(sharply)
Jack has got the matches,
hasn't he? He'd better.

ERIC
We got to get back.
(they start off)

SAM
We'll see you.

RALPH
Sam! You and Eric hold
on a minute...
(they hesitate, stare
questioningly at him)
I want to talk to you.
About last night.

PIGGY
Ralph...

RALPH
...about the dance...

ERIC
(quickly)
We didn't dance.

SAM
We went swimming and
then fall asleep.

ERIC
We were...

SAM
Real tired!

Quickly, the TWINS make a getaway, leaving PIGGY and RALPH looking after them. RALPH with a hard, bitter little smile.

PIGGY
That's not the point, Ralph.
The point is has Jack got something
to start a fire with or doesn't
he. Because we don't.

CUT TO:

BASE OF CASTLE ROCK - DAY.

TONY climbing. He is astonished to be challenged.

VO
Halt! Who goes there?

TONY
It's me. Tony. I want to see
the rock.

One of the HUNTERS grins down at him.

HUNTER
The Chief says we got to
challenge everyone.

TONY peers upwards.

TONY
Nuts. You couldn't stop me
coming if I wanted to come.

HUNTER
Oh yeah? Wanta bet?

CUT TO:

THE HUNTER showing TONY the log that has been jammed under the topmost rock and another lever under that. THE HUNTER leans lightly on the lever and the rock groans. A full effort would send the rock

thundering down on the neck of the land below. TONY is suitably impressed.

CUT TO:

PLATFORM. His hands tied together in front of him, a naked and trembling PETER, stands before the basilisk-faced Chief. The drama is watched breathlessly by the crowd below.

PETER

I didn't know that was all there was! And I wasn't playing.

From the crowd, PATTERSON steps forward bravely.

PATTERSON

He wasn't playing...he...we... we were cold and the fire was out and nobody would wake up and help...

JACK

Shut up. Or you'll get it too.

JACK gestures to the HUNTERS who hold PETER to execute the punishment. Roughly pushing the little boy over a log, one HUNTER begins to whip him with a thick but supple vine while the other HUNTER holds him down. PETER yells in shocked pain and shame.

CLOSE-UP THE CROWD OF BOYS watching avidly. MIKEY, furiously sucking his thumb.

CUT TO:

The sobbing PETER being led away.

JACK

(to crowd)

We'll get fire. I promise you. And you know I always keep my promise. Tomorrow we'll hunt again. Some of you will stay here to improve the camp and defend the castle gate so that the others don't sneak in and try to spoil everything.

(he pauses, licks his lips slowly, thoughtfully)

JACK (CONT)

We have to be very careful.
We have to protect ourselves.
The Monster...it might try to
come in again...

A shivery murmur passes through the crowd.

BOY

But didn't we...
I thought we...

JACK

No! That was only a...only
a disguise. How could we...
kill...it?

(ominous beat)

It could come again...anytime...
in any shape.

JACK'S POV: THE CROWD OF BOYS We see what he sees:
unquestioning belief, disbelief tempered by the hunger
to continue the game...the excitement, belief to relieve
the anxiety of the shame...and in one boy, ROGER, disbelief
that is as openly cynical as JACK's is covert.

CUT TO:

RALPH'S CAMP - NIGHT

The two boys are huddled close together under a shelter
in a nest they have dug in the sand and lined with
leaves. They are cold and damp and thoroughly miserable.
When one turns or twists, the other must follow. RALPH
shifts, PIGGY sighs, sits wearily up.

PIGGY

I can't take it, Ralph. I can't
take another night without fire. It's
damp and...scary. We've got to figure
some way. There must be some way
we can make fire. What about all
those chemicals? We've still got
lots of stuff left...isn't there
acid or something in flashlight
batteries?

RALPH

Jack's got the flashlight.

PIGGY

(nagging)

There's extra batteries, Ralph.

RALPH

(dully)

I don't know how to make fire out
of batteries.

PIGGY reaches out for his trousers which are neatly folded beside the mat. He removes his glasses out of a pocket, wipes the one lens on his shirt tail and puts the glasses on. Then he gets up and puts on his pants.

RALPH
Going out for a beer?

PIGGY
It's not funny.
(a beat)
Ralph? Maybe we ought to try to steal back the life raft and just row off.

RALPH
(a beat)
Would you really try that?
I will if you will.

Silence from PIGGY.

RALPH (CONT)
Well?

PIGGY
We don't know what's out there...just endless water and we'd die of thirst...or it might be...what he thought... you know. Like radium everywhere.

RALPH
Or it might not. It might be perfect for all we know. We might be picked up right away. I'll bet out past the reef...I'll bet there's a boat going by practically every day.

PIGGY
Yeah, well suppose it was and suppose it was Russian. Then what? We'd be taken prisoner.

RALPH
No worse than here.

PIGGY
I don't know. Major Dingle... my new Dad...

RALPH
(grins)
Major Dingle?

PIGGY
My real Dad's name was Purdy.
Anyway, Major Dingle, he told
me that if the Russians invaded
the U.S. that they would take us,
they would take the kids, and
separate them from their parents...
they'd take us and they'd try
to train us for the Olympics or
something like that.

(beat)
And for one thing that I don't
get, if they invaded the whole
world which is what they really
want to do, is how would we have
Olympics in the first place?
They would be all Russian.

RALPH stares up through the dark at PIGGY, who sits on the
edge of the sand nest, hugging his knees and pondering his
fate under the Russians.

RALPH
Piggy, I just can't believe the
Reds would force you into the
Olympics.

RALPH cannot contain his laughter at this lunatic assumption.
He rolls over, shaking with laughter. PIGGY sits in dignified
silence. RALPH pounds the sand, almost howling, then trying
to muffle the great swells of laughter, that he senses is un-
appropriate...he gasps and wipes his eyes and tries desperately
to restrain his mirth...

PIGGY
I don't see what's so funny.

RALPH
Oh, Piggy...I'm sorry. It's just...
(a deep, shuddery sigh,
one last irrepressible giggle)
...come on back to bed...

CUT TO:

The TWO BOYS again spooning their chilled bodies together.
All is silent except for the continual creak and rustle
of leaves as they try for comfort. RALPH snuffles.

PIGGY
(whispers)
Don't. Be quiet. Listen

The BOYS lie immobile, straining to hear.

RALPH
I can't hear any...

PIGGY
Listen. Listen for a long time.

Quite clearly and only a yard or so away from the back of the shelter, a stick cracked. PIGGY clutches at RALPH's arm.

A voice, horribly close whispers outside:

VOICE
Come outside, Piggy...I want
you, Piggy...

PIGGY wrenches away from RALPH's hand. His breath is coming in terrible wheezes...an asthma attack is on him and the fearful and noisy struggle for air telegraphs his presence.

VOICE
I hear you there, Piggy...

PIGGY's back arches and he thrashes about in the nest. RALPH tries to roll away from him.

From the mouth of the shelter there is a vicious snarling and a plunge of living things and at once they are in a complex of snarls and crashes and flying limbs. Fists strike out, teeth bite, throats scream, then the shelter collapses.

In the dark we see figures pulling themselves out of the wreckage and flit away. Finally there is no sound but PIGGY's gasps.

RALPH emerges and runs toward the spot where the campfire lies dead. He scrambles around, finds what he was looking for. The conch glimmers in the faint starlight. He picks it up and goes back to PIGGY who, although still wheezing, has also extricated himself from the mess.

RALPH
They didn't take it. The conch.

PIGGY
They didn't come for the conch.
(a dry and dreadful sob)
Oh Ralph...what am I going to do?

CUT TO:

SHOT OF HUNTERS running on the beach just along the edge of

the moving streak of phosphorescence. One of them turns a cartwheel, others laugh; their leader, trotting steadily, makes stabbing motions with his spear. From his left hand dangles PIGGY'S GLASSES.

CUT TO:

RALPH'S CAMP - DAWN

RALPH

Can you see me?

PIGGY

Not much. I got to have my glasses back, Ralph. It's no use without.

RALPH

If they can start a fire through them...if they can... Piggy, I don't think it'll work, but if it does...

PIGGY

If it does they won't ever give them back! I'll have to be led around like a dog!
(begins to weep)
Why didn't we think to use them? What's the matter with us?

PIGGY has articulated the worry that is tearing at RALPH: that somehow, in someway, even with all the advantages of his background...his training at school, his intelligence and good intentions...all this going for him, he has failed as a leader.

RALPH

I don't know, Piggy.

PIGGY

We did everything just the way grown-ups would have done it... why didn't it work?

RALPH

I don't know. All I know is...
(beat)
I just know we've got to keep trying. They've got to understand about your glasses.

PIGGY

Ralph...

(beat)

If we go there...to try to
reason with them...we ought
to have our own spears.

RALPH

I know.

CUT TO:

JACK'S ROCK FORTRESS - DAY

RALPH, cradling the conch in one arm and holding a spear with pretended nonchalance over a shoulder, walks slowly up the beach toward the 'fortress'. He walks slowly because he is followed by the virtually blind PIGGY who shuffles cautiously in his footsteps. PIGGY also has a spear, which he uses more as a cane than a weapon.

They see no sign of fire either in JACK's empty camp, nor any whiff of smoke rising from the old firewatch. Nor do they see any boys as they continue their approach.

CUT TO:

POV THE HIGHER ROCKS. Looking down on a SENTRY who in turn looks down on RALPH and PIGGY.

SENTRY

Who goes there?

RALPH

Don't be stupid. You know who
we are. I've brought the conch
and I'm calling an assembly.

RALPH steps forward authoritatively. The blind PIGGY panics and lunges after him, grabbing for a hold on RALPH's pants. The SENTRY and a couple of other BOYS now watching from above all laugh.

RALPH turns, takes PIGGY firmly by the arm and they advance a short distance on to a neck of sand between two outcroppings of rock.

RALPH

Where's Jack?

CUT TO:

An even more elaborately painted and adorned JACK. He stands just outside the forest, on a level with PIGGY and RALPH at a short distance. Two other HUNTERS are with him.

JACK

What do you want now?

When PIGGY hears this feared and hated voice so near, he lets out a little yelp of fright. General hilarity.

JACK (CONT)

(raising his voice
over the laughter)

Why don't you just bug off,
you two! You keep to your
own end. This is my end and
my tribe. Just leave us alone.

RALPH

(frightened, and furious
because he's frightened)
You're the one that won't leave
people alone! Tearing up our camp
and stealing Piggy's glasses! He
can't see! You've got to give them
back!

JACK

'Got to?' Who says?

RALPH

(a helpless blaze of rage)
I do! And I've got the conch!
I've got the rank! I'm the only
one that takes any real responsi-
bility to get us rescued! You
let the fire go out!

JACK begins to advance on RALPH who is so inflamed that he not only stands his ground, but drops the conch and moves purposefully forward to confront JACK.

PIGGY

Ralph! Come back!

RALPH and JACK come to stop less than three feet from each other.

RALPH

You're nothing but a thief!

JACK

Say that again.

RALPH
Thief! Thief!

JACK makes a furious stab at RALPH's chest with his spear. But RALPH senses the move and counters JACK's weapon with his own. Then he brings the end round and catches JACK a stinger across the ear. They are chest to chest, breathing fiercely, pushing and glaring.

RALPH
(his eyes fixed on JACK,
he yells to the others)
Piggy can't see! If you want
to try to make fire with the
lens all you had to do was ask...
not steal them and leave Piggy
so that he can't...

TONY
(calls down)
When we get a fire, Ralph,
we'll give 'em back.

JACK
(shouts up at TONY)
You shut up, there!

Dead silence from everyone. JACK grins at RALPH.

JACK (CONT)
See? You see who's Chief.

RALPH
Yes, I see who's 'Chief'...a thief
who steals something valuable but
can't make it work! You don't have
fire, it's just making Piggy go
blind for nothing!

RALPH charges. JACK is ready. The TWO BOYS meet with a jolt and bounce apart. JACK swings his fist and catches RALPH on the side of the face...and gets a blow in the stomach in exchange.

Panting and furious, but unnerved by each other's ferocity, they face each other again, but are both aware of the shrill cheering above them...Then, there are suddenly, 'Boos!'. The eyes of both JACK and RALPH flicker with doubt...they look back.

CUT TO:

The object of the booing is PIGGY. He has picked himself

up out of the sand and is standing as tall as he can, his arms thrust above his head and in his hands, the CONCH.

PIGGY

Let me speak!

(boos, PIGGY shouts over them)

I've got the conch! Listen to me!

Please!

Surprisingly there is silence...the crowd is amused and curious.

PIGGY

This is serious, it's not...

There is a curious zipping sound by PIGGY's head. He hesitates.

PIGGY (CONT)

...not...

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT showing ROGER, up by CASTLEROCK. He is pitching rocks down...not big ones, nor is he throwing them hard, just kind of dropping them. But there is something profoundly threatening.

RALPH

(yells at ROGER)

Stop that! Play fair! Let Piggy speak!

A faint, very faint murmur of assent from the crowd. ROGER grins, rolls his eyes, comically holds back a tiny pebble.

TONY

Let Piggy have his say.

Another suspended moment of silence, then PIGGY regains his voice.

PIGGY

What I want to say is you're all...everybody's acting like a bunch of kids...

A storm of boos and catcalls, but PIGGY, waving the conch at them, bravely shouts them down.

PIGGY (CONT)

Which is better? Acting like grown-ups and getting rescued or just running wild and breaking everything up like little kids!

The jeers ring out and rocks start coming down again, a little more purposefully. Spears are shaken. PIGGY and RALPH and JACK are all trying to outshout the crowd and each other.

CUT TO:

ROGER, behind the big levered rock. ROGER's foot is on the lever and we are aware that probably has been there throughout the preceding scene. Now with the furious shouts of the others ringing in his ears like a validation of his own darkest impulse, ROGER leans all his weight on the lever.

CUT TO:

RALPH, finally aware that he and PIGGY are facing mass hostility...that there is more to fear than just the person of JACK, stumbles back a few steps, calling out a warning to PIGGY who still stands holding the beautiful, shining talisman.

RALPH

Piggy...

RALPH hears the great rock before he sees it. He looks up, screams.

RALPH's POV: The monstrous red rock crashes down onto the lower rocks and bounds for the the little neck of sand where PIGGY stands.

CUT TO:

SCREEN FILLED with a thousand shining white fragments of the shattering conch. The screaming VO is not that of PIGGY but of RALPH.

CUT TO:

SHOT OF RALPH fleeing into the forest.

CUT TO:

POV THE BOYS:

SHOT OF PIGGY'S BODY, broken and bleeding as the water boils white and pink over the rock on which he lies crushed.

FADE OUT

EDGE OF FOREST - DUSK

It is almost dark. RALPH, the fugitive making his way slowly through the foliage that edges the beach. He moves with great

care and stealth. He is filthy, his face bears not only a bruise where JACK's fist caught him, but is also marked by his earlier blind run through the forest. Not only his face, but his upper body and arms are scratched and vine-whipped and even, in a few places, bloodied.

RALPH stops, listens, crouches down, peers intently through the delicate trace of vegetation.

RALPH'S POV: RALPH's apparently abandoned beach camp.

No on there. Nothing moves.

CUT TO:

RALPH moving again, circling the camp, headed toward the rocks. He moves with desperate stealth until he reaches a place where the riotous green growth crawls up over the edge of the verticle rock that is the back side of the hill. His back to the stone, RALPH creeps toward the entrance to the fortress from the back side, the side away from the beach.

He is within two or three feet of the opening in the rocks before he stops and crouches down, making himself as small as he can. He listens anxiously for the sound of voices.

Nothing.

CUT TO:

LUCIEN and WILL on sentry duty. They are obviously tired, bored, distanced from each other. They do not look at each other. LUCIEN leans back against the rock and stares blankly at the sky. WILL stares in fixed fascination through the rocks at the neck of sand where small pieces of the opalescent conch shell catch the light of the rising moon.

WILL

What ime do you think it is?

LUCIEN

(looks at sky as if the
moon could give him an
answer just as the sun can.
He speaks with his con-man
authority)

Seven forty-five.

WILL

(signs)

Lucy, you're full of shit.

LUCIEN
Naww...it's seven-forty-five.

CUT TO:

RALPH, listening, recognizing the voices. Knowing that he will find no help from these two.

LUCIEN'S VO
You've already missed half of
Family Feud.

RALPH's head sinks onto his knees.

DISSOLVE TO

MOON, slightly higher, brighter. It shines down on RALPH, his head still resting tiredly on his knees.

WILL'S VOICE
About time.

LUCY'S VO
You guys by yourselves?

SAM'S VO
Yep.

ERIC'S VO
Just me and Sam.

At the sound of the last two voices, RALPH's head jerks up. An expression of hope flits across his face.

CUT TO

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD. LUCIEN and WILL off, SAM and ERIC on. Already WILL has bounded away. LUCIEN hesitates.

LUCIEN
Listen, you guys...you have to
stay awake. You know?

SAM and ERIC profoundly offended.

ERIC
Give us a break!

LUCIEN still hesitates.

SAM
Just let us get on with our
lives, okay?

WILL just grins, shrugs, starts up. Calls back down from the dark.

LUCIEN
Don't let the bedbugs bite.

SAM
Thanks, nurse!

Then SAM and ERIC stare silently at each other until they are certain they are alone.

SAM
(whispers)
What does he think, you've got
to be twelve years old or else
you can't stand a dumb watch?

ERIC
(equally resentful)
Yeah.
(a long beat)
Sam...what're they so scared of?
(another beat)
...there's nobody left except Ralph.
(still whispering)
They're scared of the monster.

SAM
You said we didn't believe in
the monster! You said!

ERIC
But they do. Jack's always...
(hesitates. We see the
two boys move closer
together)
...talking about it.

SAM
Well, we don't have to, you know!

ERIC
You already said we didn't.

SAM
I mean we don't have to talk about
it.

A moment of silence, then ERIC begins to sing softly... 'I'm
a pepper...you're a pepper...Everybody be a pepper...'

SAM joins in.

CUT TO:

RALPH, trying to make up his mind. The quavery little voices of the TWINS decides him. He stands.

CUT TO:

SAM and ERIC singing.

RALPH'S VOICE

(low, urgent)

Sam...Eric...it's me.

The song is cut off in mid-note. Both heads jerk around to where RALPH's voice came from.

SAM

(barely whispering)

Ralph?

ERIC

(out loud)

Where are you?

RALPH

Shhhhhh.

He appears, crawling up to them. The THREE BOYS stare at one another. Then SAM puts out an urgent hand.

SAM

You shouldn't be around here, Ralph.

RALPH

Are they going to come after me?

SAM and ERIC nod, suddenly terrified as they remember what's to come.

RALPH (CONT)

Why? What can I do? All by myself?

SAM

You have to hide, Ralph. Honest.

RALPH

What are they going to do? If they find me?

THE TWINS look nervously at each other. Finally ERIC speaks, almost inaudibly.

ERIC

Jack...he had Roger...sharpen his stick at both ends.

RALPH stares in horror at the twins neither of whom meets his eyes. After a breathless moment, RALPH speaks.

RALPH
 (desperately)
 Where is the life raft?
 (beat)
Tell me!

SAM
 He made it go down.

ERIC
 Let out the air and dragged it
 away somewhere.

RALPH
 He deflated the raft? That's
 crazy!
 (desperately wipes the
 sweat from his suddenly
 sweating forehead)
 Have you got a fire yet? From
 the glasses?

ERIC
 Not yet.

RALPH
 (with a flash of
 vengeance)
 And you won't! And you'll
 never get rescued and you'll
 stay here like animals the
 whole rest of your life!

VOICE OFF
 What's going on down there?

RALPH tries to sink into the very substance of the rock.
 ROGER appears. THE TWINS stare up at him.

ROGER
 Who're you talking to?

A trembling moment, then:

SAM
 (belligerently)
 Who do you think we're
 talking to? The monster?
 (ROGER is slightly
 taken aback at this
 boldness)

ERIC
 (matching SAM's bravado as
 best as he can)
Yeah. Who do you think?

ROGER thinks he understands, he relaxes, grins, turns and starts back up, calling to someone above him.

ROGER
...telling each other bedtime
stories...about monsters.

Sound of giggling, ROGER and SOMEONE ELSE. SAM and ERIC and RALPH all perfectly immobile.

CLOSE-UP:

SAM. He barely whispers.

SAM
You've got to go.

CUT TO:

FOREST - DAWN

RALPH asleep, nicely hidden on the ground in the thicket. Somewhere nearby we hear JACK's VOICE...soft...insistent...

JACK'S VO
Are you sure?

ROGER'S VO
If you're trying to fool us...

RALPH's eyes open but he lies very still, as still and alert as any threatened, hunted animal. Someone gives the ululating hunter's cry...it is answered.

RALPH's ear, on the ground, feels the vibration of running feet, then he hears a snicker, then a long breathless silence. Then very nearby, whispering.

And again snickering, a low excited laugh. A strange crackling sound.

(The ACTION is exactly that which we saw in SIMON's last dream.)

Carefully, slowly RALPH pulls himself to the edge of the thicket and around the protecting cover of the fallen tree.

JACK'S VO
...He's in there...be careful...
he's dangerous...

A twig snaps and someone stifles a laugh. Then another voice says, 'No!' Someone coughs and smoke begins to seep through into the cavern of green. Someone laughs in terrible excitement.

RALPH falls back and starts desperately worming his way out the other way, toward the interior of the forest, his face low to the ground only looking up to look for an opening... and then he sees one. He starts to rise but then he sees a HUNTER move between him and the forest. But the HUNTER is a little one, striped red and carrying a spear, but coughing and smearing the paint about his eyes with the back of his hand as he tries to peer through the increasingly black smoke.

RALPH launches himself forward, like a cat, tumbling the little savage over and running for his life. There is a shout from behind, but RALPH is running as he has never run in his life...through the undergrowth, into a pig-run... maybe a hundred yards before he swerves off. Behind him smoke and yells and running feet. Then the smoke overtakes him. He chokes, runs on, dodging behind trees, scrambling over rocks... and always, just behind, gaining, gaining, the pursuing feet, the shouts... he trips over a creeper, tries to pull himself up.

RALPH can hear them...everywhere...suddenly he realizes he is very near his own camp...he sees a shelter burst into flames... he gasps, no air...smoke everywhere...THE HUNTERS everywhere.

Suddenly a little flame touches his left shoulder...his smoke-filled eyes catch the glitter of water. He rolls away from the flame and plunges recklessly toward the water...the open beach. Then, once again he is down, rolling over and over in the sand, couching with his arms to ward off the spears, trying to cry for mercy...

He crouches, whimpering, babbling and it is a moment before he realizes that there is no more sound of the HUNTERS, no more menacing shouts, pursuing feet...his smoke-burned eyes open and see...

RALPH'S POV: Shoes. Men's shoes and khaki-trousered legs. He gasps and looks up.

A man in uniform stands above him. It is the uniform of a United States naval officer. The OFFICER stares down at RALPH in astonishment, and just as quickly looks up. His eyes narrow.

OFFICER'S POV: A sorry-looking crowd of bedraggled young savages...like a bunch of exhausted trick or treaters, caught red-handed in a trick. Warily they hang back.

OFFICER
(to RALPH)
Are you alright?

RALPH
(gasps)
You...you saw the fire?

THE OFFICER nods, inspects the shuddering little scarecrow in front of him, then, with narrowed eyes the gang of uneasy savages to rear.

OFFICER
Playing Indian?
(RALPH averts his eyes)

There is a roar as the flames reach the palm trees and swallows them noisily.

OFFICER (CONT)
What's been going on here?
It look like a war.

RALPH
(whispers)
Yes...there's two dead, sir.
Killed.

Before the profoundly uneasy OFFICER can respond to this. there is, at last, a movement in the silent circle of children. PETER comes forward, takes a step or two toward RALPH and the OFFICER.

PETER
There...there's a monster...

But he cannot continue. The OFFICER regards PETER, naked except for a vine tied around his waist with the remains of a pair of glasses hanging from it. Next to him stands MIKEY, eyes glazed, thumb in mouth.

OFFICER
(to RALPH)
Did you say two killed?

RALPH nods.

OFFICER (CONT)
Who's in charge here?

RALPH
I am, sir.

OFFICER
Jesus Christ, I'd have thought
a pack of American kids could do better than...

RALPH crumples, gives himself up to great shuddering sobs of grief.

CAMERA pulls back:

BUT before we see anyone else, we hear another man's voice overlap the OFFICER'S words and RALPH's sobs.

MAN'S VOICE

No sir...just a bunch of kids,
sir. A bunch of American kids...

We see a small open naval craft with several armed sailors standing near it. In the distant background there is an American destroyer. A few feet onto the beach, nearer the OFFICER and the CHILDREN is a PETTY OFFICER. It is his voice we hear. He is speaking into a ship-to-shore radio.

PETTY OFFICER (CONT)

...yessir, they seem absolutely
A-okay...playin' cowboys and Indians
looks like...About thirty that
I can see...yessir...over and out, sir.

The cheerful PETTY OFFICER strides across the beach.

PETTY OFFICER

Hey, Mister Burns...Captain wants
to know what's the story?

CUT TO:

THE WARSHIP. In the background, the beautiful island with black smoke rising like ruffling plumes into the cloudless blue sky.

THE END

