

RALPH & JACK

RALPH: Meetings. Don't we love meetings? Everyday. Twice a day. We talk. Then we'd be, you know, very solemn, and someone would say we ought to build a jet, or a submarine, or a TV set. They'd work for five minutes, then wander off or go hunting.

JACK: We want meat.

RALPH: We haven't got any yet. And we want shelters. Besides, the rest of your hunters came back hours ago. They've been swimming.

JACK: I went on. I let them go. I had to go on. I ... I thought I might kill.

RALPH: But you didn't.

JACK: We want meat -

RALPH: And we don't get it.

JACK: BUT I SHALL! Next time! I've got to get a barb on this spear! We wounded a pig, but the spear fell out. If we could only make barbs —

RALPH: We need shelters!

JACK: Are you accusing —?

RALPH: All I'm saying is we've worked dashed hard. That's all.

Both boys pause. They look at each other, then the ground, then to Simon who is scared of what is to come. They both take a deep breath and RALPH pivots the conversation.

RALPH: You've noticed, haven't you?

JACK: Noticed what?

RALPH: They're frightened. I mean the way things are. They dream. Have you been awake at night?

JACK: (Shaking his head) They talk and scream. The littluns. Even some of the others. As if —

RALPH: As if it wasn't a good island.