

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

Rachel labors to bear Thomas's weight as they inch their way down a deserted road, blood dripping from his leg.

He's trying to stomach an apple.

THOMAS
(kidding)
Can't you go any faster?

RACHEL
Shut up and eat your apple.

He enjoyed that, but every step is sheer agony on the leg.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
There's a barn a little farther up
the road.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

A big barn, dark and damp. Rachel covers the floor with hay, then lays out her sleeping bag. Thomas looks through her backpack for anything he can use as a bandage.

RACHEL
You need rest.

She lowers him down - which puts her face mere inches from his open wound. She cringes without meaning to.

THOMAS
Sorry. I know it's--

RACHEL
It's fine. I'm just not a big fan
of blood.

THOMAS
You know, for such a tough girl,
you're kind of squeamish.

RACHEL
Your fever's still up. And we have
to get some more food in you.

THOMAS
I'm not hungry.

RACHEL
It wasn't a request.

She sits down next to him and takes out a loaf of bread.

THOMAS
Rachel, thanks for coming to get
me.

RACHEL
Family has to stick together,
right?

She starts to rise. He grabs her hand, dead serious.

THOMAS
Listen, if I don't make it--

RACHEL
Sshhh.

THOMAS
But if I don't...

Before he can finish, she drops down next to him and looks
him dead in the eye.

RACHEL
You're not going to die. I forbid
it. Okay?

THOMAS
Okay.

RACHEL
Get some sleep.

THOMAS
What about you?

RACHEL
I will. In a bit.