

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY

EXPLOSIONS echo periodically through the desolate valley.

JAIME - sweaty, disheveled, and breathing heavy - is squatting behind a LARGE ROCK.

He has a pistol, but it's doubtful he could even find the safety switch.

A WOMAN'S VOICE (GEMMA) calls out

GEMMA  
(whisper/shout)  
Psst! Hey!

Jaime (shakily) POINTS THE PISTOL at the sound

JAIME  
D-don't come over here. I'm a real  
good shot!

GEMMA and FRANK are well-hidden behind a boulder

Frank's leg is oozing from a SHRAPNEL WOUND

GEMMA  
Jesus, Jaime - it's Gemma!

FRANK  
Oww!

JAIME  
(lowering the gun)  
Oh - well...not so loud!

GEMMA  
With bombs and gunshots going off  
fuckin' everywhere - don't think  
we're making much of a difference.  
Help me with Frank!

JAIME  
Who?

FRANK  
Goddammit, kid - get over here!

Jaime looks around nervously before bolting to Gemma's hidey hole.

Jaime spots the wound immediately

Gemma is trying to put pressure on Frank's leg, but she keeps tweaking a particularly pointy piece of shrapnel

FRANK

Gah!!

GEMMA

Frank, Jaime - Jaime, Frank.

Doc's apprentice looks away

FRANK

Yeah - we met. He's seen my wife a few times. Little help?

GEMMA

He stepped on a mine-

FRANK

I didn't step on it! Locusts can't build for shit - thing malfunctioned, went off by itself.

(to Gemma)

AHhHH! Stop doin' that!!!

(to Jaime)

Anyway, I was a couple yards from it, so...how 'bout a look-see? While I'm still conscious?

JAIME

(eyes averted)

We- we can carry you back to camp, Gemma and me.

FRANK

Camp!? You been huffing gas, boy? It's a Locust den!

GEMMA

You gotta patch him up so we can move. Cain's Cave is the rendezvous - if anyone else made it, they'll go there.

JAIME

Look, Gemma shrapnel wounds are tricky. Taking it out, I could make everything worse - way worse. And I don't have tools - sanitation; I don't-

GEMMA

Jaime!! Stop talkin' about what you don't have and help him! 'Cause what we really don't have is any fuckin' time!

Jaime swallows hard, rolls up his sleeves, and looks at Frank's wound

DOC'S VOICE

First thing's first - you can't see the problem if you don't look at it.

Jaime wants to turn away, but he stares deeper

DOC'S VOICE

Look at it, Jaime! You've always been a healer - that's why I chose you. Healers are the ones who look.

Jaime kneels down and examines Gemma's hand placement -

He gently grasps her arms and adjusts them for greater efficiency and comfort

JAIME

(to Gemma)

Pressure here and...here - those are the big vessels. Do you at least have water - to wash my hands?

FRANK

(leaning forward)

I got water. In my pack.

Jaime unzips Frank's (large) backpack, and produces a JUG OF WATER.

GEMMA

Damn, Frank!

FRANK

I've had my 'in case' bag packed for weeks now. Should be a first aid kit too.

Jaime finds it - not much, but better than nothing

The young Doc pours water over his hands, disinfects with rubbing alcohol, takes a breath and begins:

Jaime dumps the jug over Frank's leg

It hurts - Frank is doing everything he can not to scream like a wounded animal

GEMMA

That'll make it bleed more!

JAIME

Not much, and it clears all the junk so I can see what's in there. Can't solve a problem if you don't look at it, Gemma.