

## SAMnERIC

*Purple night hangs over the mountain as SamnEric emerge from sleep to tend the fire, which has dwindled considerably.*

SAM: I believe it's out.

ERIC: No.

*Eric lays down and blows on the embers.*

ERIC: Sam — give us —

SAM: — tinder wood.

*Eric continues blowing on the fire as Sam adds tinder. Slowly, the light grows brighter.*

ERIC: Don't burn the lot, you're putting on too much.

SAM: Let's warm up.

ERIC: We'll only have to fetch more wood.

SAM: I'm cold.

ERIC: So'm I.

SAM: Besides, it's —

ERIC: — dark. All right, then. (beat) That was near.

SAM: He'd have been —

ERIC: Waxy.

SAM: Huh.

*Eric laughs.*

ERIC: Wasn't he waxy?