

UNTITLED TERMINATOR DANI
PROJECT REVISED 12/4/2017

INT. FREIGHT TRAIN - DAY

START
>>>

Dani looks through the open door at the passing desert landscape. Behind her, Grace removes a bloody bandage from her own shoulder.

DANI

Things got a little crazy back there.

GRACE

Crazy. Standard operating procedure where I'm from.

DANI

Why don't you tell me about where you're from? What's it like there?

Grace glances with concern at some men huddled nearby.

DANI (CONT'D)

Don't worry about the obreros. They're heading north for work. They learn to stay clear of trouble. And you sure look like trouble. (to the men) ¿Qué pedo? (back to Grace) There's so much I don't understand about all this. Why it's happening now... how it's even *possible*.

GRACE

I can't help you with that.

DANI

You can't? Or you won't?

GRACE

Affirmative.

DANI

Will you at least tell me why? I mean, why me?

GRACE

I assume you're someone of great importance.

(smiles)

Not that you've been all that impressive so far.

DANI

I'm not that impressed with you either. You don't even know why you're here, do you?

GRACE

Beyond keeping you breathing? Don't know. Don't care to know.

DANI

Clearly you don't give a shit... but I do. I have a life back there. People I care about. People who care about me *beyond keeping me breathing*. I'm *someone of great importance* to them. I have a family!

Dani stops, looks stricken for a moment but with an effort manages to get herself under control.

DANI (CONT'D)

I mean I *had* a family.

Grace absorbs Dani's outburst with indifference, then methodically finishes removing her bandage. She calmly examines the torn and bloody wound in her shoulder.

Dani scoots closer, eyes the wound critically.

DANI (CONT'D)

That scar's gonna be sick. But I got it beat.

She pulls up her sleeve to reveal a scar of her own on her shoulder.

DANI (CONT'D)

Like it? Bus accident. The big one in Puebla. I was fourteen when they pulled me out from under. It made the news, even in the States. They gave me *oblas* to calm me. Like candy can make you forget the pain. The bodies. The weight of twisted steel bearing down--

She touches the scar, gently with her fingers.

DANI (CONT'D)

I'll never eat *oblas* again.

Grace studies Dani as she traces the line of the scar with her finger.

GRACE

You wanted to understand where I
come from? You already do.

Dani's eyes meet Grace's for a moment.

DANI

My mother told me scars make the
skin stronger.

Dani covers her scar with her shirt, then looks out again as
the train slows, approaching Nogales.

DANI (CONT'D)

We're almost to Nogales. What do
you think we'll find there?

GRACE

Hope.

// END