

INT. OLD TRAIN CART - MORNING

RAIN begins to FALL. Niles pops his head up and looks at the others who are still sleeping. He stands up and looks out the broken window. Looking at the train track, west bound. Trying to estimate how long it will take to walk it. He sighs. He sits back down, looking inside. Graffiti, rust, two window frames, with cardboard on them. He opens his sack and takes out his marbles. He tosses the bag a few times, but puts it away, as it is waking up some of the others. Dima wakes up. She stretches and looks at Niles. Niles looks down. She smiles.

DIMA

Niles, up already, I see. Why don't you go out there and catch us some food. I'll start the fire.

Niles gets up and heads to the door. She laughs and grabs his arm.

DIMA (CONT'D)

Niles, it's like pouring rain out there man, I'm just kidding. Have a seat.

She goes into her backpack and takes out two apples and gives one to Niles.

DIMA (CONT'D)

You know it's funny. It wasn't until I ran away that I really started to eat fruit. Hell, I'll eat anything to survive out here, I guess. Freezing nights, a different place to sleep every week. Yeah, it doesn't get better than this.

She looks at his sack.

DIMA (CONT'D)

Do you have a picture of your family in there?

He takes the photo out and hands it to her. She looks at it, then at him. Hands back the photo.

DIMA (CONT'D)

You look more like your mom, but you have your dad's nose.

He puts back the photo.

DIMA (CONT'D)

If you were to ask me, I say you did not runaway from them. You seem too sweet of a person to runaway from your parents.

He makes eye contact with her for the first time. Eyes are a little red.

DIMA (CONT'D)

Damn, don't tell me.

He looks down. She comes over and puts her arms around his shoulders.

DIMA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for your loss. Look, I don't know where you are headed, but it's better that you go. You don't want to end up like us. You still have a future, a chance. Don't take the lazy way out like us. It's not worth it.

She goes back to her seat. She takes a deep breath. He looks out the window, then at her. The others start to wake up. Buka looks at the apples.

BUKA

Apples, where did you get those?

Dima grabs out the rest of the apples and puts them on the table for the rest. She gestures to Niles with her chin.

DIMA

Young warrior here woke up early and snatched them from some yard nearby.

Buka smiles. They all grab an apple. She looks at Niles and smiles.

BUKA

He knows no boundaries; I love it!

They all eat the apples.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION AREA - AN HOUR LATER

The rain has stopped. They are walking to the train station. There is a line of three people, with a train departing.

He turns to the group. He scans the group, looking at Dima last. They pound their fist with him after saying goodbye.

NILES

Thank you.

BUKA

Stay strong.

MISHA

Good luck out there.

PETROVA

Thanks for the apples.

Dima gives him a hug. They speak in RUSSIAN:

DIMA

Even if you find what you're
looking for, you may have to fight
to keep it. Stand your ground,
Niles.

NILES

Thank you, Dima.