

BORDER

Written by  
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**EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY**

A twenty-foot tall, rusted metal and mesh fence scars the landscape, stretching as far as the eye can see.

A ten feet wide sand strip follows its path on one side of the fence. Cactus, thorn bushes, and sand dunes dotted around the other side of the fence and beyond the road too.

SUPER: US-Mexico Border

A pronghorn antelope wanders over the road from behind some brush, considers the fence for a moment and then dips its head to nibble at something in the sand.

In the distance, a dust cloud travels along the road, the hum of tires on asphalt growing louder.

A white and green SUV stops with a final plume of dust and the occupants exit the car as the antelope bolts into the sparse cover as the vehicle approaches.

DON, 20s, green Border Control uniform and a dark frown on his face is first to hit the asphalt.

DON  
Fucking Lope, told ya.

GABRIELA, 30s, same uniform, pony tail pulled through the back of her cap, stares after the antelope.

GABRIELA  
Sets the pads off.

Don kicks the sand.

DON  
Joke, tech should be able to figure out it's not a fucking Tonk.

Gabriela shakes her head.

GABRIELA  
We don't say that word.

DON  
I still don't get why it's offensive.

GABRIELA  
Not getting into this shit again, get the rake out and let's make the run.

DON  
Fuck, I hate the fucki --

GABRIELA  
And does everything have to be  
prefaced with 'fuck'?

DON  
The fuck does 'prefiss' mean?

Gabriela sighs.

GABRIELA  
The rake, get on it.

Don grumbles some more but goes to the back of the SUV and swings round an articulated arm with rake attachment.

DON  
Okay, we good.

The pair climb back into the vehicle and pull slowly away, rake smoothing the sand and removing the antelope hoof-prints at the same time.

#### **INT. BORDER PATROL SUV - CONTINUOUS**

Gabriela drives slowly, keeping an eye on the rake through the mirrors.

DON  
I mean what does this do?

GABRIELA  
You can see illegal's foot --

Her sentence is interrupted by a squawk from the radio.

RADIO GUY  
You guys raking?

Gabriela grabs the mic.

GABRIELA  
Yeah, we're about five hundred meters  
from where the pad alarm was  
triggered.

RADIO GUY  
Oh.

GABRIELA  
Oh, what?

RADIO GUY  
Pad alarm still active.

Don shoots Gabriela a WTF glance.

GABRIELA  
You sure?

She glances in her mirrors.

RADIO GUY  
Yeah, and...

GABRIELA  
And?

RADIO GUY  
Alarms going off down the strip,  
coming towards ya all.

Don swivels in his seat to get a better view.

GABRIELA  
Bullshit.

DON  
(under his breath)  
Language.

RADIO GUY  
Hey, don't shoot the messenger!

GABRIELA  
We'll take a look - over and out.

The radio falls silent.

DON  
It'll be some prairie dog, coyote or  
another lope.

GABRIELA  
It's still our job to check these  
things out.

DON  
Fu --

GABRIELA  
Don't!

Gabriela rolls her window down and peers back they way  
they've come, Don follows suit.

A sand cloud moves along the fence, coming fast.

DON  
What the fuck is that?

Gabriela shakes her head.

GABRIELA  
Don't like it, whatever it is.

DON  
So?

Gabriela puts her foot down.

Sand cloud drops back slightly, but then it too accelerates,  
soon gaining again.

DON (cont'd)  
(nervous)  
Floor it!

She does.

Again, the sand cloud drops briefly back.

Then gains.

DON (cont'd)  
Jesus, what the --

The sentence is snatched away in a screech of tires and  
twisting metal as the sand rake and mechanical arm hits a  
large rock and is ripped from the car.

The vehicle spins, threatens to flip, rights itself before  
grinding to a halt.

## **FENCE**

The sand storm moves like a mini tornado.

Don and Gabriela stumble out of the car, disoriented, cut  
and bruised.

Only now do they see the second whirling mass of sand, hot  
on the heels of the first.

They stare at them, both seconds away.

Now out of the car they can hear it too.

GROWLING from somewhere in the sand.

DON  
You hear that?

She nods.

DON (cont'd)  
That ain't natural.

GABRIELA  
Run!

Don has never moved so fast, at least not sober.

They sprint down the road.

Behind them the two sand clouds edge inexorably closer.

Gabriela steals a glance over her shoulder, and redoubles her efforts.

GABRIELA (cont'd)  
Faster!

Don kicks it up a gear.

DON  
What the fuck are they?

Whatever they are, they are closing in.

Ahead of the pair is the just more road, the fence and the sand strip.

Salvation, absent.

Gabriela slows, then stops.

GABRIELA  
We're gonna have to make a stand.

DON  
No come on, keep running.

GABRIELA  
To where?

Don has no answer for that and stops too.

The first swirling sand storm approaches.

Slows.

Stops.

Ten feet from them, no more.

The second sand storm not far behind.

But slowing.

MEEP-MEEP

GABRIELA (cont'd)

Huh!?

MEEP-MEEP

DON

You've gotta be shitting me.

The sand settles to reveal a roadrunner.

THE ROADRUNNER.

The second sand storm comes to a stop.

DON (cont'd)

Let me guess.

WILE E. COYOTE emerges from the wisps of sand.

GABRIELA

No way!

Wile looks a little sheepish.

They both pull their ACME pistols (clearly labeled down the barrels) and blast the hell out of the coyote.

ROADRUNNER

MEEP-MEEP

GABRIELA

You can fuck right off too.

She puts one bullet straight in the bird's skull.

FADE OUT

THE END

