

THE BORDER LAND

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A field being hand tilled by a farmer. The setting and clothing seems reminiscent of Eastern Europe, post-Communist, pre-mobile phone and internet. Modern technology hasn't got here yet.

A herd of goats run through a well trod path. The Goatherder shouts at them and occasionally cuts the air with a cane.

EXT. BORDER LAND - DAY

A group of locals, most of them in their late fifties to early sixties walk along a pothole ridden road. The men are dressed in suits which have seen too much manual labour, the women mostly wear shawls, both of them have got loads of bags or cases with them.

Somewhere a whistle is heard blowing.

INT. BORDER POST BEDROOM - DAY

DUSHAN, 22, wakes up. The whistle sound is distant but sharp.

DUSHAN gets up from bed and goes over to a nearby sink, his uniform is hanging from the peg on a door, it's not been ironed or even washed. Damp sweat patches are still visible on the armpits.

EXT. BORDER LAND - DAY

HARIS, 24, is outside his border post. He's the complete opposite of Dushan, his uniform is freshly pressed and he's shaved. Right now he's blowing a small tin whistle.

HARIS

(shouting)

Get up Dushan. Get up!

We now see there are two border posts facing one another on a small road. Two fences stretch out from either side to further define this man made separation.

The locals we saw earlier are gathering on Dushan's side of the border. His barrier is down whilst Haris is raised up.

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HARIS

I can't believe it. How can you tolerate this? Don't you pay this man?

Dushan appears from his hut, still trying to get himself ready.

DUSHAN

Enough with the noise. I'm up.

The Locals start moaning but Dushan ignores them.

HARIS

I'm doing you a favour. You're too cheap to even own a watch.

DUSHAN

You're causing me a headache.

Dushan raises the barrier and they start walking through.

Haris receives them courteously, waving them through his barrier.

HARIS

Enjoy today... have a good time... not too many bags granddad...

The crowd move down into Haris' country. Dushan is looking at a reflection of himself in the glass window, trying to make himself more presentable.

DUSHAN

What are you doing? You're treating them as if they're going shopping.

HARIS

I have to make an effort and they are going shopping.

DUSHAN

Ha! Why didn't you work at a store. It'd suit you.

Haris gets out a cigarette and starts smoking it. He throws the packet to Dushan who catches it and throws it back.

HARIS

What kind of soldier doesn't smoke?

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CONTINUED: (2)

DUSHAN

A healthy one.

HARIS

(appraising Dushan)

Or a fat one.

DUSHAN

I'm not fat.

HARIS

How did you get this job Dushan?

DUSHAN

My brother, he's an important man
in the government-

HARIS

He must have sent you here to keep
out of trouble.

DUSHAN

I don't see any trouble here.

HARIS

So it was to stay out of trouble.

DUSHAN

You think too much. What got you
sent here?

HARIS

I asked for it. It's quiet. No one
to watch over you. Leaves me time
to think.

DUSHAN

That's your problem. You think too
much. Me? I get told what to do
and I do it. No questions.

HARIS

You must live an easy life.

DUSHAN

It never gets into any trouble.

A stunningly attractive woman, MILA, 21, is walking down
the road on Dushan's side of the border. She's dressed
plainly and not wearing any make up but she doesn't need
it.

Dushan quickly looks at himself and then lowers the
barrier and runs back into the post.

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CONTINUED: (3)

Haris sees Mila walking towards them.

INT. BORDER POST BEDROOM - DAY

Dushan is at the sink, splashing water on his face, grabs some shaving cream, lathers that on and then looks for a razor. There's none nearby. He searches around the room and then looks at the last place one should look.

The dust bin.

He quickly runs over to it and gets out a rusty disposable razor blade.

EXT. BORDER LAND - DAY

Haris is at his side of the border whilst Mila is standing at Dushan's.

HARIS

How are you today beautiful?

MILA

I'm fine.

HARIS

Coming for the market again?

MILA

No, to see family.

HARIS

Family. How are they?

MILA

They're fine.

HARIS

Living so close here, you should introduce me to them.

Dushan quickly bursts out of the border post, his face is covered in small shaving cuts.

DUSHAN

Hello? Sorry, I just needed to...

Mila looks at his face, some of the small cuts are bleeding.

MILA

You cut yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUSHAN

It's nothing.

Dushan stumbles over and raises the barrier.

MILA

Thank you.

Mila walks through the borderland towards Haris.

HARIS

Beautiful, when you going to marry me?

Mila laughs and walks past Haris post.

HARIS

Bye Beautiful.

(Blows her a kiss)

I love you.

DUSHAN

You shouldn't treat her like that. She doesn't like it.

HARIS

She loves it. All girls do.

DUSHAN

No. She's not like that.

HARIS

How do you know?

DUSHAN

She's a good woman. She's respectable and all.

HARIS

Get some time out, come over my side of the fence and I'll show you how much women really like men to treat them.

DUSHAN

Another time.

Dushan walks back into his post.

INT. BORDER POST OFFICE - DAY

Dushan is neatening up the office. There are a few chairs about for people to wait on and a desk which is desperate need of dusting.

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The radio is switched on and playing some popular folk tune. It then fades out with the national news-

ANNOUNCER

This is the twelve o'clock
bulletin. Tensions are rife-

Dushan goes over and tunes the radio to another station. More folk music, he gets back to work.

EXT. BORDER POST - DAY

A car driving towards Dushan's border post, it's heavily loaded with luggage piled both inside and on top of the car, letting it almost hug the road.

The DRIVER, his WIFE and their two CHILDREN are nervously looking out of the window.

INT. BORDER POST OFFICE - DAY

Dushan goes behind the desk and tries to make himself look presentable.

The Car stops right outside the border post door.

The Driver and his Wife walk in with their passports.

DRIVER

Hello.

DUSHAN

Sir, how can I help you?

The Driver hands over four passports. Dushan flicks through them, he comes across the stamps marked "Exit Visa".

DUSHAN

Purpose of business?

WIFE

Tourism.

Dushan looks through the door and sees how much luggage the car is loaded with.

DUSHAN

Duration of visit?

DRIVER

A week.

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For the complete script (for production or representation consideration only)
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