

C A R A V A N

Written by

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Photograph: Hannah McKay/Reuters

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**EXT. BORDER WALL - MIGRANT CAMP - MEXICO - MORNING**

Stood at the looming concrete blocks that together form the camp's perimeter fence, OSCAR (42, slack shoulders, tired) peers through gaps in the wall.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Packed up?

Oscar nods, looks on.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You can't see it. It's all empty land. Then another wall.

Oscar turns, sees ISABEL (45, strong hands, tired) willing him away from distraction and back to the road.

OSCAR

I have to get my washing.

Isabel bores into Oscar.

Oscar's face cracks, rupture in the veneer.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

It's so far away...

Isabel moves for him, steps to the wall, reaches out.

ISABEL

How it's always been.

(in a whisper, terrified)

Do not leave me now.

The pair embrace, Isabel's head on Oscar's chest as the two stare out into no man's land, unnerved at its reach, the bare space, the land ruthless.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

(stronger)

Come on.

She pulls out from Oscar and looks at him, her back straight, shoulders up, face on.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

This *caravan* won't move itself.

Oscar smiles, brought back into himself.

*Last stretch.*