

1 EXT. OUTER SPACE

1

Infinite darkness. An endless expanse of stars twinkle, scattered across the void.

Slowly, a spacecraft drifts into view, its surface a jagged blend of metallic plates, overlaid with intricate, pulsating patterns that shift and ripple like living organisms.

There's something aggressive and brutalist about its design.

2 INT. SPACECRAFT

2

The bridge is an intricate fusion of sleek, organic architecture and advanced technology.

The room is dimly lit. Alien silhouettes drift through the glow of holographic displays.

Alien crew members - identical, bio-mechanical clones - work at their stations, manipulating glowing interfaces.

One stands out.

NERD ALIEN, still a clone, but wearing thick GOGGLES, sat at a control console.

A SLIDING DOOR OPENS.

COMMANDING ALIEN enters - tall, imposing. Her movement is slow and deliberate, hips swaying with an unsettling authority.

Nerd alien stands to attention.

Commanding alien, her back still to us, studies the main viewscreen.

She emits a series of guttural sounds, low, then rising in pitch - unmistakably a question.

Nerd alien reacts instantly, tapping in commands.

The viewscreen floods with alien glyphs and unfamiliar mathematical symbols.

They reorganize, resolving slowly into a STAR MAP.

The image zooms in and we recognize it - THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

The image zooms further inward, settling on a BLUE PLANET.

Dark dots appear at the edges. They multiply and close in.  
The planet is swallowed.

The dots vanish. The planet is red now. It's MARS.

Nerd alien enters new commands.

The display pulls back shifting to a nearby GREEN-BLUE SPHERE - warm and flooded, turning through space.

Number-like figures accelerate, suggesting years rushing past, as the green-blue sphere on the screen changes and gradually becomes what we recognize as EARTH.

A crude, almost comic crosshair comes into place - locking on.

She grunts and sneers, claws tightening, her torso puffing up with an unsettling, almost eager hunger.

Nerd alien swiftly inputs a final sequence. He places his hand on a PULSING RED ICON.

He turns slightly to the commanding alien, awaiting order.

She releases a low, affirmative grunt.

3 EXT. OUTER SPACE 3

The spacecraft disappears into the darkness.

SUPER: FROM ABOVE

DOZENS of ALIEN BATTLECRAFT appear, hanging over EARTH ominously.

4 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - COLOMBIA - DAY 4

A winding Colombian mountain road. Towering peaks surround. Dense vegetation lines the narrow path.

Sunlight filters through, casting dappled shadows. Gravel and asphalt surface, occasional rocks. Sheer drop-off reveals a breathtaking abyss.

A dusty, battered - but brightly-painted - bus heads along it, beautiful scenery whipping past.

5 INT. BUS - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY 5

Typical Colombian music plays from the radio.

The bus is half-full; mostly locals, and a handful of tourists.

GRINGO, early 30s. A European backpacker. Round metal-rimmed glasses. Sunburned.

Disheveled hair. Worn leather sneakers. A wrinkled T-shirt that's crossed too many borders.

Everything about him is worn – except the immaculate SWISS WATCH on his wrist. He guards it.

Tired eyes. Perky nonetheless. A faint smile. He photographs the scenery rushing past the windows.

He slips the camera into his bag. Takes the last sip of warm soda.

A folded letter peeks from his pocket.

He sees it. Hesitates. Then takes it out.

Unfolds it. Reads – barely audible, almost to himself.

GRINGO

...just come back. Please. We'll  
sort it out. It's in the past.  
Love—

He folds it carefully. Puts it away. He swallows hard.

Looks out the window.

A CHATTY WOMAN, 50 years old – excessive make-up and cheap jewelry – leans across.

CHATTY WOMAN

First time in Colombia?

GRINGO

(smiling)  
Yes. It's beautiful.

CHATTY WOMAN

United States?

GRINGO

No, actually I am—

CHATTY WOMAN

(cuts in)  
How long are you here?

GRINGO

Open-ended. No real plans.

He rubs his face, trying to wake himself up. Red eyes – he hasn't slept much after the long bus ride.

CHATTY WOMAN

Running away, huh? Was it a woman? Running away from a woman? She break your heart huh? Too bad, Gringo.

This strikes a nerve with Gringo. She rambles on, before he has a chance to respond.

CHATTY WOMAN (CONT'D)

My son has been to the US. Nueva York...New York, you know? Big city...

GRINGO

(irritated)

I've never been... I'm not American --

CHATTY WOMAN

(interrupting, excited)

His father took him there a few times. He loved it all. The food, the people, the language. I never wanted to leave Colombia. I'm not adventurous.

Gringo craves the scenery, but she won't stop talking.

CHATTY WOMAN (CONT'D)

Where are you going to stay in the capital?

GRINGO

Maybe a hostel. Some place cheap.

CHATTY WOMAN

You can stay with us if you want. We have big house. I live with my son, Juanito, and my oldest daughter, Mafe.

She pulls out her cell phone, scrolls, then stops. She tilts the screen toward him.

CHATTY WOMAN (CONT'D)

(showing him the phone)

Mafe, twenty-four years old and is a doctor. She is pretty, isn't she?

GRINGO

She sure is! I am not sure she is gonna be excited having a stranger over.

CHATTY WOMAN

Strange? You're not strange. I am!

She studies his confused expression.

CHATTY WOMAN (CONT'D)

Well... if anything happened to you, she know what to do.

She winks.

He blushes, caught off guard.

CHATTY WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's always good to have a doctor around!

She laughs freely but stops abruptly. Puts on serious face. She notices his confused look.

CHATTY WOMAN

I am just joking.

GRINGO

(shifting in his seat)

Now, I feel a lot calmer, thanks. Honestly, it's fine --

CHATTY WOMAN

Write down my number. I insist.

Reluctantly, Gringo takes out his cell phone.

CHATTY WOMAN (CONT'D)

That'd be two, one, oh, oh, nine, seven, seven, six, one, one.

With a sigh, he starts putting the number in the phone.

The bus stops, and the doors open. HOMELESS CHILD enters - unkempt, filthy, and holding a paper cup.

He walks the length of the bus, shaking the paper cup, begging for spare change.

The Chatty Woman ignores him, but when the child approaches Gringo, he feels compelled to hand over whatever spare change he has.

HOMELESS CHILD

Gracias.

The child moves on.

CHATTY WOMAN

You should not encourage them.

Gringo ignores her, scrolling through older photos and messages.

A flicker of melancholy.

He puts away the phone and tries to think of something else. Gringo simply looks out the window.

6 EXT. STREET - BOGOTA - DAY 6

The bus enters the city limits of BOGOTA, weaving through the traffic, honking its horn sporadically.

It passes by historical landmarks and modern skyscrapers, showcasing the eclectic mix of old and new in Bogota.

It's chaotic and noisy.

7 INT. BUS - STREET - BOGOTA - DAY 7

Gringo takes it all in from the bus window; it was everything he wanted it to be.

It's real, and a far cry from the life he's left behind.

8 EXT. STREET - BOGOTA - DAY 8

ALBEIRO, 13, unkempt, shy but kind-hearted, walks past, superhero backpack slung over one shoulder.

He has his nose in his phone, and we stay with him as the bus drives on

- he is TEXTING someone called JHON, the messages appearing on-screen; he's smiling, happy.

**ALBEIRO: Bro when u coming 2 visit? Mamá driving me nuts**

**JHON: Got some things 2 do. See u later**

He walks into:

9 INT. LOCAL SUPERMARKET - LA LOMA - BOGOTA - DAY 9

Albeiro browses the shelves, putting away his phone.

Indecisive, he grabs a bag of milk, carrying it towards the checkout. The expression on SUICIDAL CASHIER's face as Albeiro puts the milk in front of him reveals that he is sick and tired of his job.

SUICIDAL CASHIER  
2000 pesos.

Albeiro realizes that he hardly has any money. He looks to the shelf, not sure whether to buy it or not.

Eventually he pays and leaves the store.

10 EXT. STREET - BOGOTA - DAY 10

Albeiro leaves the store, rips open the small milk bag and drinks the milk, as he heads on his way.

11 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - BOGOTA - DAY 11

Nestled amidst a modest neighborhood, this poor school is weathered, seen better days.

The walls are cracked and peeling, the roof bears the weight of time, with missing tiles and signs of repairs.

Surrounding the school is an unpaved courtyard, dotted with patches of dirt and sparse grass, upon which teenagers hang around talking, playing, shouting and laughing.

Trying to avoid attention, Albeiro keeps his head down as he arrives, and enters the building.

12 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY 12

Albeiro walks slowly down the busy hallway. He tries not to get knocked over as a group of boys run past.

Up ahead, he sees a group of girls his age, tries to avoid eye contact.

One of the girls spots him and pokes her friend - FLIRTY GIRL. She turns around and sees Albeiro.

She likes him and doesn't try to hide her feelings.

FLIRTY GIRL

Hi.

Albeiro slows down slightly, as if he's aware of her interest, but is too shy and insecure to act on it.

ALBEIRO

Hi.

The other girls start giggling, teasing their friend. The school bell rings, and students start heading towards their classrooms.

ALBEIRO (CONT'D)

Gotta go to class, so...

He walks away, embarrassed, as the girls continue to giggle among one another.

13 INT. CLASSROOM - HIGHSCHOOL - DAY

13

The TEACHER is standing to one side.

A girl, NERDY STUDENT, is reading from her schoolbook. The rest of the class is utterly disinterested.

NERDY STUDENT

... that's why my family is the most important thing in my life. Without them I would be lost. I love my family very much because they help me and support me in everything I do.

At the back of the class, Albeiro sketches SUPERHEROES in the rear of his schoolbook.

TEACHER

Thank you, Isabella. That was lovely.

A light round of applause. Nerdy student sits back down.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Who wants to go next? Albeiro?

Albeiro looks up, caught out.

ALBEIRO

Sir?

TEACHER

Would you like to read your story to the class?

Two of Albeiro's classmates, FIRST and SECOND BULLY, seated near him, are whispering.

FIRST BULLY

He probably wrote something about his boyfriends Batman and Superman.

Both laugh.

SECOND BULLY

It's those tight costumes that he likes the best.

FIRST BULLY

Yeah. They show off everything. Every bulge.

The laughter spreads out to the rest of the class.

Humiliated, Albeiro hides the homework and puts it into his backpack, his text with the title 'The Good, the Bad and the Superhero'.

TEACHER

That's enough. Albeiro?

ALBEIRO

(looking for an excuse)

I -- I forgot it.

TEACHER

It was due today. You've had a week.

ALBEIRO

I'm sorry, sir.

Albeiro doesn't realize that the second bully is leaning over, taking his short story out of his backpack.

TEACHER

I want it tomorrow. You can read it out then.

SECOND BULLY

Hey, sir. Good news. I found Albeiro's homework.

(mocking)

'Why the world needs superheroes', by Albeiro...

Immediately Albeiro tries to snatch his textbook away from him.

The bully hides it behind his back.

Albeiro stands up and starts pushing him.

ALBEIRO

Give it back!

The teacher reacts quickly in order to break up the fight.

TEACHER

Enough!

The first bully shoves Albeiro hard - and he goes down, crashes over a chair

- and the entire class LAUGHS at him.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Stop it now! Albeiro, are you okay?

ALBEIRO

I'm fine.

TEACHER

Good, then you can read out your story to the class.

Reluctantly, Albeiro snatches his story from the bully, and approaches the front of the class.

FIRST BULLY

Loser.

SECOND BULLY

Super-loser.

They snicker again.

14 INT. COMMUNAL ROOM - HOSTEL - DAY

14

GRINGO enters.

BEARDED and HIPPIE BACKPACKERS play cards with STONED BACKPACKER. He grins, gregarious, clearly fried.

BEARDED BACKPACKER

Hey, man.

GRINGO

Hey. Hi... Hola!

HIPPIE BACKPACKER

Welcome to the Bogota Hilton.

BEARDED BACKPACKER

Where you from?

GRINGO

I am from-

The stoned backpacker interrupts Gringo - he's been sizing him up the whole time.

STONED BACKPACKER

(eyes narrowed)

It's you, isn't it?

GRINGO

It is?

STONED BACKPACKER

It's me - Dan! Remember? How have you been?

GRINGO

(confused)

Fine...?