

1 EXT. OUTER SPACE

1

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

A spacecraft drifts in – jagged metal, pulsating patterns shifting like living organisms.

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 – a goggled NERD ALIEN clone at a console.

A SLIDING DOOR OPENS.

COMMANDING ALIEN enters – tall, imposing, hips swaying with deliberate 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 into a STAR MAP – the SOLAR SYSTEM.

Zooming in, settling on a BLUE PLANET.

Dark dots appear at the edges. They multiply, closing 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 race by – years flashing past.

The green-blue sphere morphs, becoming 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 mountain road. Towering peaks surround. Dense vegetation lines the narrow path.

Sunlight filters through, dappled on gravel and asphalt. Rocks scatter. A sheer drop 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, a few tourists.

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

Messy hair. Worn leather sneakers. A wrinkled T-shirt. Everything is worn – except the immaculate SWISS WATCH.

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 from a dented steel bottle. His nails are chewed to the quick.

From the side pocket of the backpack, a folded letter peeks out.

He sees it. Hesitates. Then takes it out. Unfolds it. Reads – barely audible, almost to himself.

GRINGO
 "...that's where I'd start:
 C 6 #56-70 Bogotá. Good luck"

He folds it carefully. Puts it away.

A CHATTY WOMAN, 50 years old, leans across.

CHATTY WOMAN
 Estados Unidos? Are you
 American?

GRINGO
 No, actually I am-

CHATTY WOMAN
 (cuts in)
 How long are you here?

GRINGO
 We'll see...

The bus stops. HOMELESS CHILD enters—filthy, holding a paper cup.

Down the aisle he goes, shaking it, begging for change. When the child reaches Gringo, he ignores him.

Gringo stares out the window. A hint of melancholy.

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.

It's chaotic and noisy.

7 INT. BUS - STREET - BOGOTA - DAY 7

The Gringo presses his face to the bus window, eyes wide — the bustling streets, the noise, the chaos.

He takes it all in.

8 EXT. STREET - BOGOTA - DAY 8

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

Nose in his phone as the bus rolls past. Texting JHON. Messages pop on screen. He smiles.

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

JHON: Got some things 2 do. See u later

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

Albeiro browses the shelves, putting away his phone.

Indecisive, he grabs a bag of milk, heading towards the checkout.

CASHIER

Two thousand pesos.

He forks out a handful of coins. The cashier counts them.

Albeiro takes the milk and leaves.

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.

A run-down courtyard surrounds the school. Teenagers play, shout, and laugh across patches of dirt and sparse grass.

Albeiro keeps his head down and slips into 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 - spots Albeiro. Smiles.

FLIRTY GIRL

Hi.

Albeiro slows down slightly. Aware of her interest - but too shy to act.

ALBEIRO

Hi.

The girls giggle, teasing her. The school bell rings. Students head to class.

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..

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

TEACHER

Well done, Isabella. Lovely.

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

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Albeiro, you're up next.

Albeiro looks up, caught out.

ALBEIRO

Sir? Yes, I-

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

FIRST BULLY

Bet he wrote about his boyfriends—Batman and Superman—

Both laugh. The laughter spreads out to the rest of the class.

Humiliated, Albeiro stuffs the homework into his backpack — his story, "The Good, the Bad and the Superhero."

TEACHER

That's enough. Albeiro?

ALBEIRO

I-I forgot it.

TEACHER

It was due today. You've had-

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

SECOND BULLY

Found Albeiro's homework!

(mocking)

"Why the world needs-"

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

- and the entire class LAUGHS at him.

TEACHER

Enough! Albeiro, are you okay?

ALBEIRO

I'm fine.

TEACHER

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

Albeiro snatches his story from the bully and walks to the front of the class.

14 EXT. HOSTEL - BOGOTA - DAY

14

A lively street packed with vendors and tourists. Tropical music blasts from bars and stores.

Gringo Studies the letter, then the aging colonial building painted in bright colors before him.

He enters.

15 INT. HOSTEL RECEPTION - DAY

15

A tired, sweating GRINGO stands at the desk.

RECEPTIONIST

No señor, nobody here by that name.

Gringo scans the lobby.

GRINGO
 Could I get a room for a few
 nights?

RECEPTIONIST
 Sure, no problem.

16 INT. DORMITORY - HOSTEL - DAY

16

He enters a dark dormitory.

Four bunk beds – all beat-up, creaking, and past their
 prime.

JENNY (early 20s) sits on her bed, texting. Petite, with
 black hair and a warm brown complexion hinting at Latin
 American roots.

JENNY
 (under her breath)
 Fucking tourists...

GRINGO
 Hi!

Jenny slowly looks up from her phone.

JENNY
 Yeah, hi there.

She goes back to texting. Gringo shrugs off her frosty
 greeting.

He drops the backpack. Premium. Minimal. Everything in its
 place.

He empties it – items arranged across the bed and a
 rickety bedside table.

Unclips a sleek belt bag. Lays it on the bed.

Unscrews the base of a steel water bottle – a hidden
 compartment.

He pulls out a credit card and some cash, then slips them
 between the mattress and bed frame.

Jenny watches him from across the room, frowning.

GRINGO
 Gotta be careful.

She ignores him for a beat.

JENNY

Is it the girls, the salsa, the
drugs or la buena vida in
general that made you come here?

Gringo looks puzzled by the sudden question.

GRINGO

Are you talking to me?

JENNY

No, I am talking to someone that
looks like an evil counterpart
of Harry Potter from a parallel
universe.

GRINGO

I'm sorry?

JENNY

Duh, yeah I am talking to you...
Wait... now I know...

(beat; theatrical tone)

You are lost in life and you
came here to find yourself or
the meaning of life.

GRINGO

Well... it's kinda complicated...
let's talk about you.

He keeps unpacking—shirts arranged neatly in a closet.

He checks them from both sides. Perfectly aligned.

Jenny watches.

JENNY

Hmm... mysterious guy... like it...
who have you killed?

She snatches a fistful of local crackers from the open bag
on the bed and eats them greedily — never breaking eye
contact.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I am Jenny, by the way.

GRINGO

What? Oh yeah, I'm Friedrich.
Nice to meet you!

Jenny bursts out laughing, a sharp, almost disbelieving
sound.

JENNY

Fried... what?? You sound like
some lost Victorian royalty.

(laughing)

Nah, I'm gonna keep calling you
Gringo.

He gives a slight, awkward smile, trying to continue
organizing his stuff.

JENNY

You need to relax, stop being so
touristy and let your hair down.

(pointing at his sleek
belt bag and flask)

With all those...things!

Gringo looks at her for a beat, transfixed.

GRINGO

It gives you a sense of security
I guess...

He holds a few clothes, eyes the closet—then drops them
back on the bed.

GRINGO (CONT'D)

But hey, you're right. Let's
explore the city later, grab
some beers!

JENNY

(smiles, teasing)

Was that an invitation? Sure.
Just don't get me killed.

17 EXT. ALBEIRO'S NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

17

A worn-down neighborhood.

Cramped streets are flanked by decaying buildings. Faded
paint and crumbling walls bear witness to neglect. Trash
litters the ground.

Overcrowding is apparent as residents navigate the limited
space. Laundry hangs from balconies, adding to the sense
of confinement.

Makeshift stalls line the sidewalks, offering meager
goods.

The neighborhood buzzes with activity: honking horns,
barking dogs, and lively conversations.

A SCHOOL BUS drops Albeiro off outside a crumbling
apartment building. He walks towards the entrance.

KIMBERLY
Hey! What's up?

KIMBERLY (early 20s) exits the building – dressed to kill, a mix of homeless and Paris Fashion Week, oozing confidence.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
Help your momma. Please. She's
looking after my Manuelita
tonight, gotta work-

There's a loud, sudden, SONIC BOOM.

There are screams from people who duck and cover their heads and then the street turns QUIET.

Every pair of eyes looks up as a METEORITE roars overhead, burning through the sky.

KIMBERLY
Whoa! What the hell is that?

ALBEIRO
It's a meteorite.

KIMBERLY
A falling star? Must mean I'm in
for a lucky night.

She quickly pulls out her phone, trying to snap a photo – or start a video. Too late.

KIMBERLY
Damn.

She starts to shove the phone back into her jeans, then stops. A beat. She checks it again, tapping the screen.

KIMBERLY
Where is he at...
(under her breath)
Bastard.

She looks at Albeiro – not really at him, but through him.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
What is it with you men?

He looks at her confused, not quite understanding.

ALBEIRO
What do you mean?

She snaps back to reality, shaking her head lightly.

KIMBERLY
Never mind.