

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 holographic glow.

Bio-mechanical clone crew members manipulate glowing interfaces at their stations. One stands out – CONTROL MATRIX OPERATOR (CMO). A sliding door opens.

COMMANDING ALIEN enters – tall, imposing. She studies the main viewscreen. CMO snaps to attention.

She emits a series of guttural sounds, low, then rising in pitch – a question. CMO reacts, tapping 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, multiply, and swallow the planet.

The planet is red now. MARS. CMO enters new commands.

The display pulls back to a nearby GREEN-BLUE SPHERE. Number-like figures race by – years flashing past. It morphs into 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.

CMO enters a final sequence, hand on a PULSING RED ICON. He turns to the commanding alien.

She releases an 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.

GRINGO
(to himself, barely
audible)
"...that's where I'd start.
The address is: C 6 #56-70,
Bogotá. Good luck."

He swallows hard. Beat. He folds it carefully and 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
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 drivin 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.

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

ALBEIRO (CONT'D)
Hi... Um, gotta go to class, so...

He walks away, embarrassed, the girls still giggling.

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
Yeah, never better.

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, tired and sweating, looks from the letter to the colorful colonial building.

15 INT. HOSTEL RECEPTION - DAY 15

Gringo stands at the desk. A fan spins overhead. The walls are cluttered with tour flyers, hand-drawn maps, and notes from travelers. The RECEPTIONIST types with one hand, rocks a baby with the other.

RECEPTIONIST
No señor, nobody here by that name.

Gringo scans the lobby.

GRINGO
Um... could I get a room for a few nights? Cinco noches, por favor.

RECEPTIONIST
Sure, claro que sí.

16 INT. DORMITORY - HOSTEL - DAY 16

Dimly lit. Four creaking bunk beds, long 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, distracted and absorbed.

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 talkin' to someone that
looks like an evil counterpart
of Harry Potter from a parallel
universe.

GRINGO
Uh... I'm sorry?

JENNY

Duh, yeah I am talkin' to you...
Wait... now I know...

(beat; theatrical tone)

You're lost in life and came
here to find yourself.

GRINGO

Well... it's kind of complicated...

He keeps unpacking, aligning shirts in the closet. Checks
both sides. Perfect. Jenny watches.

JENNY

Killed someone or what?

That hits something in Gringo. Almost imperceptibly, he
flinches.

She greedily eats crackers from the bag on the bed, never
breaking eye contact.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I'm Jenny.

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 prefer Gringo.

A slight, awkward smile. He keeps organizing his stuff.

JENNY

Just relax, stop being so
touristy and let your hair down.
(pointing at his sleek
belt bag and flask)
With all them... things!

He looks at her, transfixed. He holds a few clothes, eyes
the closet.

GRINGO

Hmm... you're right!

He drops the things back on the bed.

GRINGO (CONT'D)
Let's grab some beers later!

JENNY
(smiles, teasing)
Was that an invitation? Sure.
Just don't get me killed.

17 EXT. ALBEIRO'S NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

17

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
Epa! 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 yo momma. She's lookin'
after my Manuelita tonight,
gotta work—

There's a loud, sudden, SONIC BOOM.

Screams. People duck for cover. Then silence. Every pair of eyes looks up as a METEORITE roars overhead.

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 (CONT'D)

Damn.

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

KIMBERLY

Where's he at...
(under her breath)
Bastard.

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

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

What's with you men?

He looks at her confused, not quite understanding.

She snaps back to reality, shaking her head lightly.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Never mind.

18 EXT. BAR - EVENING

18

The neighborhood is lively – and run-down. Gringo pays the driver and looks up at the bar.

The place looks rough. Dodgy. Thankfully, it's early and not too busy. They enter.

A METEORITE ROARS overhead. Silence swallows the street. All eyes turn skyward. It SPLITS–

The fiery fragments seem to come down in different parts of the city, causing muffled thumps.

And then it is gone, and the evening returns to normal.

19 INT. BAR - EVENING

19

Colombian ranchera music blares from the speakers, there are a number of drinkers and revelers already here.

Gringo stands out immediately as a tourist, heads turning towards him. They head straight to bar.

Jenny scans the bar, trying to catch a waitress's eye.

In a dark booth, two twenty-something guys – BRAYAN and CAMILO – clock their entrance with interest.

They exchange a nod.