

# **BACKPACKERS**

"PILOT"

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BACKPACKERS

"Pilot"

CAST

JACK WALTERS

CARLITA

BACKPACKERS

"Pilot"

SETS

INTERIORS:

SAN FRANCISCO

LOS ANGELES

EXTERIORS:

SAN FRANCISCO

LOS ANGELES

BUENOS AIRES

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

We hear the slow BEEP of a monitor over the darkness for a few beats.

Pulses of RED and BLUE shine faintly through the BLACK.

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nurses scuttle about. They notably ignore the CAMERA.

A holographic heart sits suspended in mid air. It pulsates in rhythm with the BEEPS.

A shaky hand reaches out from the CAMERA VIEW and falls away.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

How did I get here? I guess I  
shouldn't be so surprised. It's a  
funny thing cheating death. He  
always finds a way to collect his  
debts.

The BEEPING gets quicker. The visuals from the CAMERA perspective become distorted, melting and melding together.

The suspended heart contracts violently.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Shit..it's happening again.

A NURSE comes over hurriedly.

NURSE

(unconcerned)

You need to calm down, ok?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Damn it lady, I am calm! Not as  
calm as you apparently.

She flicks a needle and stabs it into the shaky arm by the gurney. A cloudy chemical seeps slowly into the IV drip.

(CONTINUED)

## CONTINUED:

The BEEPING slows down. The arm falls by the side of the bed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Y'know, when you face your mortality, all that societal bullshit falls away. It's laughable now. I followed the rules. I did what I was told to do. I went to a good school. Got good grades. Got a good job with good benefits. Good health, low cholesterol. All that Trainspotting shit. I'm just like you.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - VARIOUS:

A series of quick cuts and a barrage of images showing the Narrator partaking in various vices.

A) INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - A group of young men snort cocaine.

B) EXT. TAHOE NATIONAL FOREST - DAY - The Narrator puts a paper tab on his tongue, strips naked and jumps into a lake from a cliff face.

C) EXT. IBIZA - DAY - The Narrator waves his tongue around wildly on the beach while a DJ blasts electronic music.

D) INT. CABIN - NIGHT - A group of naked, young men and women laugh like hyenas in a hot tub.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see the Narrator underneath a beautiful girl humping him furiously.

His hands slide across her bouncing breasts as he continues.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Now I hope you don't take me for some soulless hedonist. But I never said I haven't experienced what life has to offer. This is the shit you remember. Sue me.

END OF MONTAGE

## INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The dark hospital room seems bigger and the lights have gotten dimmer. Steam rises from a discarded cup of coffee, and the hairs stand up on the arm by the gurney.

The holographic heart floats next to diagnostic screens.

Nurses continue to roam around the hospital bed. They seem to be moving faster and slower - like an invisible remote is controlling their movements. They are undulating with the Narrator's words.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For those that have stuck around.  
I know what you're thinking. Why  
should you give a shit about my  
story? Well...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

We see the Narrator slouched into a couch in sweatpants and a stained T-shirt. One hand is down his pants, the other rummaging for potato chips.

NARRATOR

Like I said. I'm just like you.

He pulls out a pair of what look like lightly tinted clubsider glasses and slides them on.

From the Narrator's point of view, we see a hologram appear in the middle of the living room.

A beautiful, pixelated woman looks directly at the camera.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(sultry voice)

Welcome back Jack. What should we get up to tonight?

The girl slides down one strap of her dress before the hologram abruptly changes to another scene.

The Narrator is blinking and the channels are changing.

COMMERCIAL

Jack! Stop leaving it up to chance.  
Use our Artificial Intelligence to  
find hot dates today!

BLINK.

COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

Stop buying outdated hardware Jack!  
Use our subscription service and  
get the latest stuff. All your info  
is in the cloud anyw-

BLINK.

The hologram commercials fade away. New holograms coalesce to form a show. It's a version of Law and Order. Ice-T looks like he's in the room with our Narrator - Jack.

ICE-T

Yo, who the hell are you callin' a  
bitch Jack? This is the police!

(CONTINUED)

Jack speaks up over the SVU commentary.

JACK  
(looking at the camera)  
I suppose you'd like a name. Yea,  
that must be my name. Jack, call  
me that.

EXT. NEO SAN FRANCISCO - CITY STREET - DAY

The fog is starting to descend on the city. The rest of the street walkers seem to be moving at warp speed, all on their phones, while Jack stands still.

The digital billboards on building walls flash with ads seemingly targeted towards Jack. Nike ads show Jack in sportswear. A travel ad shows Jack lounging on a beach in Bali.

A large glass wall with several floors yields view to a yoga class. A holographic woman leads. Several other holograms sit posed next to contorting patrons. They desperately try to align with their perfectly posed digital yogis.

Right next to the building is a sign that says "Feel Connected, Be Connected". It's an advertisement for some digital application that is impossible to make out.

Jack faces the CAMERA and starts walking.

Two passerby looking down at their phones nearly run into Jack. He swerves around them.

A third approaches, a young man. Jack holds his ground this time, and the man runs into him.

YOUNG MAN  
Hey watch it!

Jack looks on in disbelief. He thinks to say something, but cedes his high ground when he pulls out his own phone and makes a few taps.

Jack walks by a coffee bar. Some sort of scanning device takes a reading, and a robotic arm hands him a latte.

To his right, an invisible buzz saw cuts open a city street. Another arm reaches in, removes a section of piping, and replaces it with a shiny new one. No orange vests in sight.

(CONTINUED)



JACK

You know that saying - when it  
rains it pours? Well I had a  
fucking monsoon land on my head.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS:

A series of events showing Jack falling on hard times.

A) INT. OFFICE - NIGHT - A door is slammed in Jack's face. A  
box of his stuff is sent down to him by a dumbwaiter type  
contraption.

JACK (V.O.)

I lost my job.

B) EXT. ROOFDECK BAR - NIGHT - A young lady in a cocktail  
dress approaches JACK.

JACK (V.O.)

I got dumped by my girlfriend.

GIRLFRIEND

(smiling)

I just don't think this...is  
working out. (sweetly) You're  
just...a loser.

JACK (V.O.)

At a benefit I organized for her.

An older man in a grey suit approaches the couple. He  
caresses the girl in a suggestive manner.

BOSS

Hey Jack. How's it hanging?

Jack's Boss gives him a hard slap on the shoulder.

JACK

Oh hi Bob. I didn't know you were  
coming to this.

BOSS

Oh yeah. Well Jeannie invited me.

JACK (V.O.)

And I found out later she was  
fucking my boss.

C) EXT. PEAR PRODUCTIONS - DAY - A pear that looks like the  
Apple logo (white, glowing and minimal) sits on the door of a  
warehouse looking building.

INT. PEAR PRODUCTIONS - DAY

Jack is standing by a set of cameras. His hand is propped up and holding a smart phone. Ten people stare at it interestedly.

JACK (V.O.)

I did what I could for money.

CAMERA MAN

Ok now a little towards me. Ok now a little towards the device. Now a little towards the coffee cup. Good. Great. That's it.

Jack is moving his hand in accordance with the instructions laid down by the CAMERA MAN.

After each FLASH of the camera, the hand is shown in all its glory in a hologram display nearby.

CAMERA MAN (CONT'D)

Ok, can we switch out the coffee for the waffles now?

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. NEO SAN FRANCISCO - CITY STREET - DAY

Jack is walking towards the camera again.

JACK

Ah, fuck you. Not everyone is so far up their ass they can be a lifestyle writer. There are enough people online peddling their shitty answers to people's problems already.

INT. WAREHOUSE CLUB - NIGHT

Jack wanders into the next room, which is filled with a homogeneous crowd: young men in designer jeans and cashmere hoodies, girls in colorful, flowy and tight dresses. Nondescript electronic music is blaring from mounted speakers.

Across the room he spots JOHNNY HOLMBY and BRAVO BEVERLY sitting with three pretty girls, all wearing colorful dresses. BRAVO and JOHNNY are having a whispered argument.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY

What do you mean we're out of the  
M?

BRAVO

(holding up his hands)  
I mean we're out. Finito.

JOHNNY

Fuck. Well I don't intend to be  
sober the rest of the night. And  
this G and T is so watered down it  
might as well be swill from the  
tap.

BRAVO

Get over it. The girls don't seem  
to mind.

JOHNNY

(leering)  
Well I just want Leighna to be  
hopped up enough to make some bad  
decisions with me later.

BRAVO

And she'll be just another unhappy  
customer.

Johnny gives Bravo a slug in the arm.

BRAVO (CONT'D)

Relax. I have some ketamine on me.  
Directly from the hospital. Pure  
stuff.

JOHNNY

Oh. That will do nicely.

Jack looks at the girls. LEIGHNA And SABRINA are chatting  
away. JULIANA looks down at her phone, swiping through  
holographic pictures.

Johnny signals to Jack to help break the ice.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(Clapping his hands together)  
So Jack. We were just having a  
conversation about how men and  
women can never be just friends.  
What are your thoughts on the  
matter?

(CONTINUED)

Silence.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
(staring at Leighna)  
I'll start. I don't think it's  
possible, quite frankly. Can't  
escape biology.

BRAVO  
Thanks for leading us off, Darwin.

The girls slowly start to take an interest.

LEIGHNA  
Well I think that's total bullshit.  
I have plenty of guy friends.

SABRINA  
Yea. Me too.

Johnny gives a look of bemused pity.

JOHNNY  
Oh girls, you never stopped to  
think that they maybe, just maybe,  
want to fuck you?

BRAVO  
Do they do nice things for you?

LEIGHNA  
Well, yea...but they're just being  
nice. They're nice guys.

JOHNNY  
Ah the death knell for a man.  
"Nice". Friend zoned into  
oblivion. I'll tell you one thing,  
my buddy here isn't doing anything  
nice for me.

LEIGHNA  
Well maybe that's because you're a  
jerk.

JOHNNY  
Back me up here Jack!

JACK  
(looking at Juliana)  
What do you think?

Juliana looks up from her phone.

(CONTINUED)

JULIANA

I think you're all fucking idiots.

She goes back to swiping.

JOHNNY

Now now girls, be nice to our buddy here. He just lost his girlfriend.

JULIANA

Is that true? I'm sorry. That can be hard.

BRAVO

Yea. He lost his job too.

The group looks up and stares at Jack.

Jack looks down in embarrassment.

JULIANA

How...how can you afford to live here?

JACK

I guess I haven't thought that far ahead.

A few awkward BEATS pass.

Johnny forges on undeterred.

JOHNNY

Girls. We were going to get down on some party favors. Care to join us?

Leighna looks hesitant. But Sabrina nudges her with her hip.

Johnny slaps Bravo on the shoulder.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Great. We'll be right back.

The foursome leaves.

INT. WAREHOUSE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The group is on the dance floor, wiggling wildly to blaring electronic music.

(CONTINUED)

## CONTINUED:

Leighna is leaning into Johnny suggestively. Johnny is breathing on her neck heavily.

Bravo is twirling Sabrina and rubbing his hands up and down her sides. Jack and Juliana dance nearby.

The entire group is dancing wildly, blending with the young and raucous crowd.

UP AND SLOW MOTION.

The party seems to fast forward around Jack.

Drugs are snorted. Lips are locked. Limbs are wrapped.

Everything SPEEDS-UP and SLOWS DOWN. A barrage of images:

Patrons hooking up, joints being passed, drugs being snorted, Leighna kissing Johnny, Sabrina kissing Leighna, Juliana kissing Jack's neck, Jack snorting drugs, Bravo wiping sweat from his brow, the girls let out a scream towards the ceiling.

The motion of the Warehouse is sped up to a blur until finally: BLACKNESS.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

Jack is amongst a decidedly more tame set of young adults. They all seem to be wearing the same uniform. Men in gingham shirts and designer jeans. Girls in cocktail dresses.

Very stuffy. Stark contrast to the debaucherous night before.

They all smile and nod at Jack one by one.

PARTYGOER

Stanford. Google. Automating book creation with machine learning.

PARTYGOER 2

Harvard. Facebook. Creating a machine that allows you to be social while you sleep.

PARTYGOER 3

And that's when I bought my first apartment. But they were trying to make me move to Oakland! Can you believe that. Ugh.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARTYGOER 3 (CONT'D)

Talk about disgusting. And unsafe!  
Just dreadful.

They continue to speak while Jack narrates over them.

JACK (V.O.)

Have you ever gotten the urge to  
get up and go? I'm not talking  
about some working stiff that takes  
his three weeks a year. I mean  
really disappear. Go for good and  
never come back.

One of the Winklevoss look-a-likes proposes to an  
unremarkable girl in the living room. The crowd cheers.

JACK (V.O.)

I felt like I was living my own  
personal Groundhog's day. I was  
seriously flirting with the idea.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack is propped against the wall with one foot up. His hands  
are in his pockets.

JACK (V.O.)

I was listless, lost. And then she  
found me.

A young, PRETTY GIRL in a romper approaches and starts doing  
a little jig nearby. Her long hair hangs past her chest.  
She circles Jack.

PRETTY GIRL

(big smile)

You know, if you looked any more  
sad you might start bringing me  
down.

Jack looks flustered.

JACK

I don't know...I -

PRETTY GIRL

Relax. Don't have a panic attack.  
You don't have to perk up for me.

(CONTINUED)

Jack forces a smile. The girl giggles and sips from a straw.

PRETTY GIRL (CONT'D)  
Have you ever heard of radical honesty?

JACK  
What's that?

PRETTY GIRL  
You agree to tell the truth no matter what.

JACK  
That sounds...a little dangerous.

PRETTY GIRL  
Well. No only that. You blurt out what's on your mind. Even the unflattering stuff. Ready?

JACK  
Do I have a choice?

PRETTY GIRL  
So, what's your story?

JACK  
Well I -

PRETTY GIRL  
Don't tell me. You just got out of a relationship. That slight slump gives it away. And there's something else. I can't put my finger on it.

JACK  
(letting out an impressed sigh)  
She was fucking my boss.

PRETTY GIRL  
(bursting out laughing)  
I'm so sorry. I really am. But that is way too cliché. I didn't think shit like that happened any more. Not just the boss fucking, but the cheating. These apps measure your compatibility down to how you like your sheets scented.

The Pretty Girl holds up her phone.

(CONTINUED)



JACK

Well I don't think "are you a  
dirty, dirty cheater" is one of the  
qualifying questions.

Jack is hesitant at first but then he starts to laugh.

PRETTY GIRL

So why were you with her?

JACK

Huh?

PRETTY GIRL

Well. To just put it out there.  
Going after your boss seems like a  
pretty crummy thing to do. I'm  
sure there were other warning  
signs. So why were you the dumpee  
and not the dumper?

JACK

I guess.. I guess she made me feel  
good about myself for a time. She  
was beautiful. My friends seemed  
to like her. Then that grew into  
comfort. The thought of being  
single again was daunting.

PRETTY GIRL

Yea. I get scared sometimes too.

JACK

Who said I was scared?

PRETTY GIRL

Well if it looks and sounds like a  
duck. (beat) You know what helps  
me?

She opens an app that is reminiscent of Snapchat. The  
different "stories" appear as holograms dancing on the  
surface of the device. A tiny ballerina dances in 3D.

PRETTY GIRL (CONT'D)

My younger sister. Recital.

She flits through the different stories with a swipe of her  
hand through the air.

Jack looks at her confused.

(CONTINUED)

PRETTY GIRL (CONT'D)  
Duh. Happy memories. Happy  
memories always help.

She stashes the phone in her back pocket.

Her expression gets a little more serious.

PRETTY GIRL (CONT'D)  
What do you do for work Mr...?

JACK  
Jack.

PRETTY GIRL  
Mr. Jack then. I'm Kelly, just to  
even things out. Well?

JACK  
Well. I used to work in  
technology. Virtual and Augmented  
reality production.

Kelly perks up.

KELLY  
Interesting. Used to?

JACK  
Radical honesty?

Kelly nods.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I got sacked.

KELLY  
Performance issues?

JACK  
More like creative differences.

KELLY  
Oh yea...was it just..that? Or was  
it other things?

JACK  
I love the work. I just don't like  
the people that work around it.

PRETTY GIRL  
Maybe you were due for a change of  
pace.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PRETTY GIRL (CONT'D)

What's the next big thing you're looking forward to in your life?

JACK

Um. Hmm. No one's ever asked me that before. I don't have an answer. I haven't had something to look forward to in a while.

KELLY

Everyone needs something to look forward to. Are you happy?

Jack gives her a look.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Alright. Well have you thought about why that is?

JACK

Huh?

KELLY

Why you're not happy. Like, what would make you happy?

JACK

I just. I don't think I'm the person I thought I was going to be.

KELLY

There's always time. Go find yourself.

JACK

(chuckling)  
Maybe I should.

KELLY

So what are you still doing here?

JACK

You're trying to get rid of me already? We just met.

KELLY

No, no. I mean here. In this apartment. In this town. In this country.

JACK

Well I -

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

What's left for you here? What do  
you have to lose?

Jack is dumbfounded and ponders this.

Kelly slides down her shirt to reveal her left shoulder. She  
turns to show Jack. Five dots in different sizes sit above  
her clavicle.

KELLY (CONT'D)

My latest Kambo ceremony. I  
participated in one during my stay  
in Buenos Aires.

JACK

What's that?

KELLY

It's a traditional medicine used by  
tribes of the Amazon for centuries.  
Skip the prozac. Try this.

JACK

Well I was actually leaning towards  
going to Southeast Asia.

Kelly stares deeply into Jack's eyes.

KELLY

Skip Southeast Asia. Go to  
Argentina.

Kelly takes out her phone and stands next to Jack.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Smile!

Jack awkwardly smiles as she takes a selfie photo of the  
pair.

The hologram appears in her palm.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Memories Jack. Memories.

Kelly turns and sashays her way back into the party.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - DAY

In an ode to "Snatch", Jack bites off a piece of pot brownie and takes a shot on a plane.

EXT. BUENOS AIRES - DAY

The plane descends into a blood red sun as it sets. Beautiful shots of Mayo square and the Argentinian jungle flash across the screen. A couple tangos in La Boca.

JACK (V.O.)  
Buenos Aires. La ciudad de la furia. The "city of fury". The city has long been a haven for those seeking shelter. The downtrodden and the lost.

Some clips of old Nazi rallies and German WWII defeats flash across the screen.

We also see a clip of Joe Pesci from Goodfella's shooting directly at the camera.

JACK (V.O.)  
Unfortunately, that openness attracted a less benign element seeking shelter, as well.

Self-driving cars zip by the main Avenue de Mayo.

Jack walks into a hostel. He's lugging a red backpacking pack.

JACK (V.O.)  
I thought those ancestors were long since dead. And I'd hoped their ideologies died with them.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSTEL - DAY

Backpacks are strewn about the place. A GIRL with a nose piercing and a cinnamon tan sits behind a table.

Jack walks up to the Girl.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Hey. I should have a room booked  
for the night.

The Girl ignores him. She continues to chew her bubblegum.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hola. Habitación. Por favor?

The Girl looks up at him and just points to a screen on the  
right. She makes a waving motion with her hand.

Jack puts his hand up to the screen and it scans, glowing  
green.

MACHINE

Welcome Jack. Thank you for  
checking in. Your room is on floor  
3. Follow the signs to find your  
room.

Glowing signs appear along the edge of the room. They read:  
THIS WAY TO FLOOR 3. THANK YOU FOR CHOOSING OUR HOSTEL,  
JACK!

The Girl grins and points at the glowing signs.

Jack follows the signs to an elevator.

INT. HOSTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There are two bunk beds sitting in opposite corners.

Two young girls are ruffling through their bags. They're not  
twins, but one couldn't be blamed for thinking so. They wear  
variants of the same uniform: yoga pants, tanks and sandy  
blonde hair.

GIRLS TOGETHER

Hey!

JACK

Hey guys. I'm Jack. And what are  
your names?

WHITNEY

I'm Whitney!

CARMEN

I'm Carmen! Pleasure to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Likewise.

CARMEN

So what brings you to Buenos Aires?

JACK

Trying something different. What are your stories? Is that an accent I hear?

CARMEN

Ah yes, we're from Norway.

WHITNEY

We've been traveling for nine months. We liked BA so much that we've stayed for three weeks.

JACK

Oh wow. That's amazing. Where did you go before this?

WHITNEY

(casually)

Peru. Brazil. Colombia. We did a tour of Southeast Asia. Morocco, Spain and Berlin before that.

JACK

That's all huh? And how do you fuel that endless summer?

CARMEN

We go until the money runs out.

JACK

And then?

CARMEN

We haven't gotten there yet. So it's not worth thinking about.

Another man in his early 30s walks through the door. This is RICHARD.

RICHARD

Hey guys. New blood?

CARMEN

Rich, this is Jack.

Richard and Jack shake hands.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Nice to meet you Jack.

CARMEN

Rich makes us look like day trippers. He's been at it for three years.

WHITNEY

Yea. The people in his home town couldn't stand him. So now the world at large has to deal with his bullshit.

RICHARD

Very funny Whitney. Like you're such a gem. Didn't your mom boot you out of the house?

WHITNEY

She told me not to come back without a grandchild.

RICHARD

And how is that going for you?

WHITNEY

It might go better if I meet a gentleman. You seem to attract a different...element.

RICHARD

(spreading his arms)

It's not my fault you have horrible taste in men.

(turning to Jack)

Well. What brings you to our little slice of paradise?

JACK

No grandchildren yet. I figured I'd explore the world.

Richard flashes a broad smile.

RICHARD

Great. Another vagabonder.  
Welcome to Buenos Aires!

Richard turns to the girls.

(CONTINUED)



RICHARD (CONT'D)  
So girls, are we doing this or  
what?

WHITNEY  
Sure, we're gonna do this!

CARMEN  
(motioning to Jack)  
We're going to this club tonight.  
You should come.

Jack almost looks disappointed.

JACK  
That's it?

RICHARD  
What were you expecting? A  
treasure hunt?

The girls giggle.

JACK  
No no of course not. Sounds fun.  
I'm in.

Jack stares at the mirror. His clothes fly off him. New  
clubbing clothes magically fly onto him.

In a fast-forwarded blur the group snorts cocaine and tosses  
back shots.

Jack walks out the door and closes it behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB 69 - BUENOS AIRES - NIGHT

Go-go dancers sway on raised platforms. Scantily clad  
partygoers flit across the dance floor. A rave rages on with  
a latin flair.

A band of cross-dressers makes hay on the stage. They're  
acting out some sort of play. They take it seriously - like  
they sold out the Met.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)  
I didn't waste any time. I dove  
right into the night life that BA  
is so famous for. But..something  
was missing. I longed for more.

Richard is visibly inebriated. He turns to Jack.

RICHARD  
So my friend. What do you think?

The cross dressers have made their way into the crowd. One  
blows a kiss to Jack.

JACK  
(underwhelmed)  
I think this is pretty wild.

Richard snorts and finishes his drink.

RICHARD  
This is definitely one of the  
crazier cities I've spent time in.  
No Bangkok. But still.

JACK  
So how is it? You've been  
traveling for a while right? I  
never even asked. Where are you  
from?

RICHARD  
Oh it doesn't matter anymore  
friend. I'm a citizen of the  
world. Borders can't hold me.

JACK  
Amazing.

RICHARD  
Yea it is amazing. Of course.  
But, everything in life is a trade  
off right?

JACK  
What do you mean?

RICHARD  
Here's the thing with traveling.  
(pointing at the girls) You meet  
people, share your travel stories.  
Become the best of friends. Maybe  
you even form real relationships.  
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

But then you leave. They leave.  
Seekers continue to seek. It's  
hard to find something meaningful.

Jack ponders this a beat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Anyway. Let's not dwell on that  
shit. We're here to have fun.  
Carpe Diem, motherfucker.

Richard pats Jack on the back and makes his way towards the girls.

Jack follows in tow and the group dances to the blaring electronic music.

After a few beats, a waiter goes up to the group bearing four glasses of champagne.

WAITER

Compliments of the gentleman.

The waiter points to a group of men sitting behind a velvet rope. One is slouched in a leather chair. His half unbuttoned linen shirt barely covers an obscured neck tattoo.

He holds up his glass and nods his head.

CARMEN

Oh my god! Free champagne guys!  
Cheers.

She doesn't hesitate to down the drink.

The rest of the group follows suit.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

We should go up and thank them.  
Right?

RICHARD

I wonder who's doling out free  
champagne to random strangers?

Richard peeks around the corner.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Oh shit, Thomás!

WHITNEY

Who? He looks a little scary..

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

That's my boy! Where do you think  
I got that fire Colombian marching  
powder we've all been enjoying?

Richard bounds off toward the velvet rope.

CARMEN

Oh come on Whitney. They won't  
bite.

JACK

Yea. If Richard says he's alright,  
he can't be too bad. Right?

Jack puts his arm around Whitney.

JACK (CONT'D)

Just stick by my hip. It will be  
ok.

Whitney concedes with a shrug of her shoulders.

WHITNEY

Alright..

The rest of the group makes their way to the velvet rope.

A large man wearing an earpiece removes the rope and let's  
them into the VIP area.

The TATTOOED MAN is leaning in his chair, smirking.

Richard's eyes are watering. He's rubbing his nose and  
sniffing.

TATTOOED MAN

Welcome. I trust you enjoyed your  
drinks?

CARMEN

Yes! Thank you so much. That was  
very nice of you.

JACK

Yea man. Thank you. Much  
appreciated.

TATTOOED MAN

Rapé?

The Tattooed man holds out a pipe looking device with two  
sided ends.

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
What is that?

TATTOOED MAN  
Medicine. (putting his fingers on  
his temples) Helps to focus you.

The girls look slightly uneasy, taking a step back. Richard's nose is running and his eyes are bloodshot, but he gives Jack a reassuring nod.

Jack gives them a look and shrugs.

JACK  
I came down here to try new things.  
Hold my glass.

Jack hands his glass to Carmen and grabs the pipe.

JACK (CONT'D)  
How do I work this thing?

TATTOOED MAN  
You put this side in your nose.  
The other in your mouth. Then give  
it a quick, hard blow.

Jack does as instructed. He insufflates the snuff in the pipe.

His eyes immediately start to water and his nose is running down his lips.

JACK  
Fuck!

Jack wipes his face and tries to compose himself. His eyes are beet red.

Richard gives a quick series of nods and smiles with satisfaction. "Good right?" streaked across his face.

TATTOOED MAN  
So why did you come down here?

JACK  
(still dazed)  
Huh?

TATTOOED MAN

You mentioned that you came to our  
end of the Earth to experiment. Is  
that all?

RICHARD

(clearly hopped up)  
Of course that's not all. Tell him  
Jack!

JACK

Thanks Dick. To be honest...I'm  
not sure. Whatever I'm looking  
for, it's not where I was.

TATTOOED MAN

I doubt you'll find what you're  
looking for here either.

The Tattooed Man makes a gesture pointing to the club raging  
around him.

Jack looks confused.

The Tattooed Man taps Jack on the forehead.

TATTOOED MAN (CONT'D)

What you're looking for is right  
here.

JACK

My sinuses?

TATTOOED MAN

In your head hermano. What do you  
know about Ayahuasca?

JACK

Aya who what?

RICHARD

Ayahuasca man! You don't know?

TATTOOED MAN

Yagé. The godmother plant.

At this point, Whitney has walked back out onto the dance  
floor nearby, dancing to the music and keeping a wary eye on  
her friend.

CARMEN

The vine of the dead.

(CONTINUED)

TATTOOED MAN  
(looking impressed)  
Indeed. Have you met the spirit?

CARMEN  
No. But I have always wanted to try.

TATTOOED MAN  
My friends and I are going on a spiritual journey. In the jungles of Patagonia. I'm fairly certain you'll find your answers there.

The Tattooed Man and Carmen look at Jack expectantly.

JACK  
(to Richard)  
And you?

RICHARD  
I would. I'm flying out in two days. The next country is calling. But you're in good hands. Thomás here has never steered me wrong.

Jack turns to the Tattooed Man.

JACK  
Ok then.

The Tattooed Man lights a large rolled tobacco leaf and lights it. He blows smoke through the cracks in his grin.

TATTOOED MAN  
Ok then. For now, let's enjoy each other's company yes?

The Tattooed Man yells to a burly man behind him to his right.

TATTOOED MAN (CONT'D)  
Trae a las chicas!

A curtain moves aside to reveal a group of scantily clad girls.

TATTOOED MAN (CONT'D)  
Oy! Theresa! I want you to meet ..?

JACK  
Jack.

TATTOOED MAN

Jack. Show him a good time will  
you?

A man in a suit approaches and whispers something in the  
Tattooed Man's ear.

He gets up to leave.

RICHARD

You're not going to join us?

TATTOOED MAN

(winking)

Duty calls my friend.

RICHARD

(to Jack)

God. I love that guy. Now THAT is  
living free.

The group dances as the music blares louder.

JACK (V.O.)

You've heard it before. We all  
travel thousands of miles just to  
watch TV and check in to somewhere  
with all the comforts of home, and  
you gotta ask yourself, what is the  
point of that?

END ACT TWO



ACT THREE

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

Jack is on a plane and snorts the rapé again. The plane lands on a Tarmac, passing a sign that reads "Calafate, Argentina".

The stark mountains of the Andes and crystal clear lakes sit punctuated amongst the endless plains.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The Tattooed Man and Jack sit across from each other on the back of a beat up truck. The jungle is getting more fetid as they eat up more road.

JACK (V.O.)

Ayahwasca. The Peruvians call it medicine. A healing power. It's gained popularity in the West as a way to exorcise our demons, find meaning in life. This wasn't Peru, but it had to do.

Carmen looks nervous. She's sweating and holding her stomach.

The Tattooed Man smirks. He pulls out a cocoa leaf and hands it to Carmen.

TATTOOED MAN

Chew. It'll help.

One of the other men on the track stares at Jack and Carmen, not averting his gaze.

JACK

How much further is it? We've been traveling for a while.

TATTOOED MAN

It's not far. Just kick back and relax. Save your energy.

The caravan hits a big bump and Carmen falls from her seat.

The Tattooed Man catches her.

TATTOOED MAN (CONT'D)

Be careful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He caresses her hand.

TATTOOED MAN (CONT'D)  
You should hold on.

EXT. JUNGLE HUT - NIGHT

The group approaches a large hut in the distance surrounded by vine trees.

Women walk around the area. They seem drained and withered, looking older than their age.

One of the women stares down Jack as the car approaches.

INT. JUNGLE HUT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A SHAMAN sits in the middle of the hut wearing tattered pants. His two helpers both don stunning white dresses.

The Shaman is smoking what looks to be a giant tobacco leaf, and blowing the smoke into a large bamboo shoot filled with a sludge-like brew. He whispers as he blows the smoke into the brew. A subdued chanting.

Some assorted men and women sit in a circle around the Shaman.

The Tattooed Man wordlessly takes a seat in the circle with the others, looking straight ahead. Jack and Carmen follow suit.

A gong rings out. One of the helpers has started banging it at a slow tempo.

One by one, the members of the circle go up to drink from a cup the Shaman provides.

Jack and Carmen make their way to the front and take their drinks.

JACK (V.O.)  
Like a lot of people, I thought it  
was all bullshit. Then I started  
to hear the leaves  
shaking...shaking in the night.

The sound of shaking leaves bundled in the Chakapa starts to get louder. The ethereal sounds of a Shruti box and an Arco ring out, played by the Shaman's helpers.

INT. JUNGLE HUT - CONTINUOUS

Jack is starting to sweat profusely. The camera closes in on his face.

FROM JACK'S PERSPECTIVE:

The world around him is starting to swirl. Pieces of the hut have broken off into phoenix looking flying birds.

They circle a point of light. The room has grown darker and the light glows brighter until it explodes, creating planets and stars all around it.

The room has faded away. Out of the darkness a PANTHER approaches and circles Jack. It speaks.

PANTHER

Follow me.

JACK

But..I'm not fast enough. You're a...panther. And I'm just a man.

PANTHER

Are you sure?

Jack looks down at what used to be his hand, to see a paw.

Jack follows the Panther into the darkness.

The darkness gives way to neon jungle, lights streaking all around. Jack runs behind the panther until he comes across a cliff face. He can't stop himself. He falls and hits the water with a SPLASH.

INT. JUNGLE HUT - NIGHT

Jack opens his eyes. A couple of the people in the circle are still writhing on the ground. Most have disappeared.

Carmen, the Tattooed Man and the Shaman are gone.

Jack gets up and walks towards the palm fringed exit.

EXT. OUTSIDE JUNGLE HUT - NIGHT

Jack stumbles outside into the darkness. He walks around the hut until finally he stumbles into a mound of dirt. His heart pounds audibly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In a heap lies Carmen.

He yells out.

JACK  
What the fuck!

Jack leaps towards her body. Her eyes are lifeless. Her body limp. Her skirt has been lifted above her waist.

Shock waves are visible across his face. He's shaking.

Jack puts two shaky fingers to her neck. After a few beats he hangs his head.

JACK (CONT'D)  
No...

TATTOOED MAN  
Stupid bitch. Couldn't handle her brew.

JACK (V.O.)  
Even the purest and most beautiful things, can be tainted in the wrong hands.

Jack snaps out of it and turns to take in his surroundings. And then we hear a CLICK.

SHAMAN  
Giro de vuelta.

Jack is staring down the barrel of a Kalashnikov.

THE CAMERA zooms in on the Shaman's eyes. They look over Jack's shoulder. We see one of the Tattooed Man's friends approach Jack from behind with a rag held taught between his hands.

Jack stares at the Shaman's eyes. He looks on in disbelief, still reeling from his experience.

As the would be attacker goes to throw the rag around his neck, Jack ducks out and jumps over a small cliff face into the jungle brush.

JACK (V.O.)  
What the hell would you do? I ran.

The Tattooed Man screams out.

(CONTINUED)

TATTOOED MAN

Vamos!

Jack hurts his leg but still tries to limp away.

He weaves left and right, trying to navigate the thick jungle.

Jack makes a left turn. He's whacked in the head with a club. Darkness.

INT. JUNGLE HUT - NIGHT

Jack awakens tied to a chair. Across from him he sees one of the girls from the ceremony also tied and bound. She looks like she's drifting in and out of consciousness.

With a jarring tilt, the Tattooed Man appears in Jack's view. He's smiling and chomping on an apple.

TATTOOED MAN

Buenos Dias hermano.

Jack's eyes slowly shift from shock to anger.

JACK

What did you do to Carmen?!

The Tattooed Man doesn't seem phased.

TATTOOED MAN

Ah yes. Regrettable. Things got a little out of hand.

JACK

You sick fuck.

The Tattooed Man slowly and calmly puts a ring on his middle finger.

He backhands Jack across the face. The metal leaves a skull shaped imprint where it connected.

Jack struggles to get free, pulling frantically on his restraints.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is everyone?  
(pointing to the girl in the chair)  
Who is she? Did you hurt her?

(CONTINUED)

TATTOOED MAN

That's not your concern. Such a  
worrier. If you're going to worry,  
I'd worry about yourself.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees one of the Tattooed  
Man's associates walk by with his shirt unbuttoned. Across  
his abs lies a Nazi symbol tattoo.

JACK

(under his breath)  
What the fuck..

The Tattooed Man follows Jack's eyes and looks back at Jack,  
smiling.

TATTOOED MAN

Now. You're going to do something  
for me, hermano.

JACK

Fuck that...go to hell.

TATTOOED MAN

(turning to his friends)  
The cajones on this guy huh?

The Tattooed Man snaps his fingers.

The NEO-NAZI makes his way towards the girls chair. He's  
starting to undo her restraints.

JACK

No! Stop!

TATTOOED MAN

Are you going to let me finish now?

Jack holds his tongue.

TATTOOED MAN (CONT'D)

Good boy. I have a case. You see  
that there?

A black attaché case sits next to the girl's chair.

TATTOOED MAN (CONT'D)

There's an airstrip across the  
border in Chilean Patagonia. You  
need to get that there.

JACK

You want me to be your mule.

(CONTINUED)

TATTOOED MAN

Sure, if you want to think about it that way. And much like a mula, you can't be trusted to make it on your own. You will be escorted by one of my lieutenants.

The Tattooed man points to the Neo-Nazi.

Jack looks away disgusted.

JACK

I won't do it. Fuck you.

TATTOOED MAN

Well then.

The Tattooed Man pulls out a revolver. He puts one bullet in one of the six chambers. He spins the revolver closed and aims it squarely at Jack's head.

TATTOOED MAN (CONT'D)

How long do you think you'll last?

CLICK!

JACK

Stop!

TATTOOED MAN

Why? You're of no use to me now.

CLICK!

JACK

Fuck! Ok. I'll do it.

The Tattooed Man tosses the revolver to one of his henchmen.

TATTOOED MAN

Good.

Jack is shaking uncontrollably.

JACK

Wha-What's in the case.

TATTOOED MAN

Not your concern.

JACK

I want to know what I'm carrying.  
Cocaine?

(CONTINUED)

TATTOOED MAN

Yes. Cocaína. Now shut the fuck  
up.

The Neo-Nazi is buttoning up his shirt.

The Tattooed Man unties Jack. Another henchman holds a gun  
on him. Jack twists and rubs his wrists.

JACK

What about her?

Jack points to the girl in the chair. She has started to  
come to life. Looking around, frightened.

TATTOOED MAN

Huh?

JACK

She comes with us. Or I don't go.

TATTOOED MAN

This mother f- .. You're not in a  
position to negotiate punta!

JACK

Then kill me. I'd rather die than  
leave you alone with the girl.

The Tattooed Man grits his teeth.

He nods to the Neo-Nazi. The Neo-Nazi starts untying her  
restraints.

The Tattooed Man turns back to Jack.

TATTOOED MAN

Remember something hermano. You've  
seen my face. But I've seen yours.  
If you fuck around, you, your whole  
family and anyone you care about  
will die.

JACK

Bullshit. You don't know me.

The Tattooed Man smirks and pulls out a device. A hologram  
pops up showing a middle-aged man and woman in embrace.

Jack's eyes get wide.

(CONTINUED)



TATTOOED MAN  
She's quite pretty hermano. Your  
father did well.

Jack looks away, barely holding back tears.

JACK  
You son of a bitch. If you do any -  
I swear I'll fucking..

The Tattooed Man pulls out a knife and places it by the cheek  
of Jack's holographic mother.

TATTOOED MAN  
Do we have an understanding?

Jack nods in disgust.

The Tattooed Man turns to the Neo-Nazi and snaps his fingers.

TATTOOED MAN (CONT'D)  
If either tries to run. Kill them  
both.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

The trio walks past the truck they rode in on. Jack makes a move to get in. The Neo-Nazi puts his hand on the door and stops him.

NEO-NAZI  
We walk from here.

The door shuts with a CRASH.

The Neo-Nazi throws an oversized, black attaché case at Jack's feet.

NEO-NAZI (CONT'D)  
Pick it up.

Jack picks up the case reluctantly, awkwardly leaning where it buckles his knee.

The Neo-Nazi spits with something resembling satisfaction, hoisting a Kalashnikov over his shoulder. Steam rises where the loogie lands.

They march.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - CONTINUOUS

Jack kicks up dust as he makes his way down the path. He peers to his left at the GIRL.

Jack looks over his shoulder at the Neo-Nazi. Satisfied that he's far enough away, Jack peeps up.

JACK  
(to the girl)  
So what's your name.

The girl ignores him.

JACK (CONT'D)  
We'll probably be out here a while.  
Goebbels Junior won't try to kill  
us until they get what they want.  
We should -

GIRL  
Carlita.

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
What's that?

CARLITA  
My name. It's Carlita.

JACK  
See. That wasn't so hard.

All of a sudden, a sheep trots into view. It lets out a BAAHH, cutting the eerie silence.

JACK (CONT'D)  
What the...

NEO-NAZI  
Shut up!

The Neo-Nazi grabs his Kalashnikov tightly, scanning the area. He gnashes his teeth, pointing the barrel at the lost animal.

BAAHH.

The sheep seems unimpressed.

The sheep turns round. It continues around the corner, until it is out of view.

The Neo-Nazi nudges Jack in the back.

NEO-NAZI (CONT'D)  
Move.

The sheep comes back into view.

Wagging happily, it trots onto a plot of grass. The sheep joins his flock, losing itself in a cloud of white.

A farm appears on the grassy knoll in the distance. It looks out of place.

The Neo-Nazi pulls the strap to his Kalashnikov over his shoulder and makes his way towards the tiny farm house.

NEO-NAZI (CONT'D)  
You. Wait here.

The Neo-Nazi's boots CRUNCH the grass as he approaches the door.

Jack takes a look at the jungle. He takes a stutter step. He seems torn.

(CONTINUED)

He inhales slowly.

BANG. BANG. BANG. Gun shots ring out.

Silence for a beat.

The door bursts open.

NEO-NAZI (CONT'D)  
Come on. Inside!

Jack and Carlita make their way towards the house  
reluctantly.

INT. FARM HOUSE - EVENING

Carlita screams and covers her mouth.

Two bodies are face down on the kitchen table. Blood is  
pooling on the wooden floor, leaking through the cracks.

JACK  
You sick fuck! You didn't have to  
kill them.

NEO-NAZI  
(dispassionately)  
We can't have anyone see us or what  
we're carrying. We'll rest here  
tonight.

The Neo-Nazi pulls a lamb leg from the farmer's plate. He  
rips into it with gnashed teeth.

He points to Jack.

NEO-NAZI (CONT'D)  
You. In there.

Then he turns to Carlita.

NEO-NAZI (CONT'D)  
In here.

Carlita is shaking, still on the floor looking at the dead  
bodies.

She doesn't move.

NEO-NAZI (CONT'D)  
Vamos!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Neo-Nazi reaches to grab Carlita.

Jack's eyes turn red.

JACK

No.

Jack jumps on the Neo-Nazi's back. He struggles mightily to hold onto the man's neck, but it's like a wave crashing on rocks.

Jack hits the floor with a loud THUD. He scrambles to get up.

POW. A pistol hits Jack in the face.

The screen goes BLACK.

INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Jack's eyes slowly open.

He touches his hand to his face. Dried blood dusts off his fingertips.

He looks around in a daze before peering out the window. His eyes open wide.

Jack runs into the room in a huff.

The Neo-Nazi is carving a Yucca fruit with a machete.

Carlita sits at the table, watching the shavings drop. She is pale. Her face is emotionless.

JACK

You son of a bitch.

Jack takes a step towards the Neo-Nazi. The Neo-Nazi doesn't look up. He slowly tilts the blade towards Jack.

NEO-NAZI

We go now.

Carlita doesn't look up. A slight glint of a reflection shines from her dress. She stares at Jack.

EXT. DIRT PATH - DAY

A tumble weed rolls by the trio.

(CONTINUED)

## CONTINUED:

Jack looks weary. His lips are chapped.

JACK

Water.

NEO-NAZI

Huh?

JACK

I need water. Please.

NEO-NAZI

Pendejo. You'll get water when I say we rest again.

JACK

I need it.

Jack sits on the ground in a heap.

NEO-NAZI

This son of a bitch.

The Neo-Nazi pulls out his pistol from behind his back. He walks slowly towards Jack.

A flash of light strikes Jack's face.

Carlita stands holding a nine-inch knife.

Jack stares in her direction. The Neo-Nazi turns to look, but it's too late.

She comes up behind the Neo-Nazi and slices his manhood with frightening precision.

JACK

Holy fuck!

The Neo-Nazi drops his gun. He is shrieking and bleeding all over the dust track.

He is on his knees. He makes one more desperate attempt to reach Carlita.

Carlita sticks the knife through his windpipe. Slowly. Like she is savoring the moment.

The body falls unceremoniously in a heap.

Carlita looks at her work. Then she runs into the jungle.

Jack tugs at his hair in shock.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O.)  
Fuck if I was going to stay there.

Jack turns to run, but looks back. He stares at the black case a beat. It's covered in blood and dust. The neo-nazi lies motionless beside it.

Jack grabs the case, and takes one last look at the crumpled body.

He jumps into the jungle in tow.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

Jack chases after Carlita, lugging the case and breathing heavy.

JACK  
What the fuck just happened back there?

CARLITA  
I think I just saved your life.

JACK  
Well...a little warning would have been nice.

CARLITA  
I'll be sure to remember that the next time you're going to get your head blown off.

JACK  
Touché.

Jack tosses the black case he's been carrying on the ground. He squats near it.

Carlita looks back.

CARLITA  
What the hell are you doing? Let's get out of here!

JACK  
Aren't- Aren't you curious what's in the case?

CARLITA  
No. It's probably just drugs. I know how these people operate.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Yea. Could be. But what if  
something ELSE is in there?

Carlita rolls her eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)

We have all afternoon to run.  
There's no service down here  
anyway. It will take them a while  
before they figure out what  
happened.

Jack reaches for the latch on the case. He rips at it. It's  
locked.

CARLITA

Nicely done Rambo.

Jack turns red with embarrassment. In the heat of being  
emasculated, he reaches for the gangster's pistol.

Jack takes aim at the case.

CARLITA (CONT'D)

Wait! What are you-?

BANG. BANG.

Jack fires two quick shots. The latch gives way with a  
CLINK.

He gives Carlita a look. Carlita smirks.

JACK

Now let's see here.

Jack leans over the case and tosses it open. Two keys of a  
white powder sit side by side.

CARLITA

See. Great mystery. Cocaine. Now  
can we get out of here?

JACK

Just wait a second.

Jack shuffles through the bag. He takes out the cocaine and  
reveals a small black case. He pulls it out.

JACK (CONT'D)

Let's see what's in here...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Jack cracks open the case. Inside are a pair of glasses that look very similar to the ones Jack was using at his apartment. Alongside there are two lenses that look like contacts.

He puts them on.

And we FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE