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Episode #106  
Script #1006  
Production #01006

# UCP

## The Resort

“TBD”

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**Production Draft:**  
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# THE RESORT

Episode 106

"TBD"

PRODUCTION DRAFT

## CAST LIST

NOAH REED.....TBD  
EMMA REED.....TBD  
BALTASAR FRÍAS (/PENICHE).....TBD  
VIOLET THOMPSON.....TBD  
SAM LAWFORD.....TBD  
MURRAY THOMPSON.....TBD  
LUNA.....TBD

ILLÁN IBERRA.....TBD  
YOUNG BALTASAR FRÍAS (AGE 11).....TBD  
YOUNG ALONSO FRÍAS (AGE 16).....TBD  
BEATRIZ FRÍAS.....TBD  
ALONSO FRÍAS (AKA "SUITED MAN" FROM EPISODE 102).....TBD  
ANDREA IBERRA.....TBD

# THE RESORT

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## SET LIST

### INTERIORS

BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO  
EMMA AND NOAH'S SUITE  
BEDROOM

EL CARACOL  
BALTASAR'S BEDROOM  
(AKA BALTASAR'S/FRÍAS  
STUDIO)

FRÍAS VAN

GRAND MARQUIS

IBERRA'S HOUSE  
FRONT DOOR  
IBERRA'S BEDROOM  
KITCHEN  
LIVING ROOM

### EXTERIORS

BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO  
PARKING LOT  
PATIO BAR

DOWNTOWN PLAYA DEL CARMEN  
ELECTRONICS STORE

EL CARACOL  
DRIVEWAY  
FRONT GATES  
MAILBOX  
GROUNDS  
FOUNTAIN

EL EDEN VILLAGE

HIGHWAY

IBERRA'S HOUSE  
FRONT DOOR  
FRONT PORCH

JUNGLE

SMALL TOWN

## **THE RESORT**

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### **DAY/NIGHT**

#### **2022**

Day/Night	Scenes
DAY 5	6-14
NIGHT 5	15-19; 27-30

#### **2007**

Day/Night	Scenes
DAY 3 (12/26/2007)	20-26

### **BALTASAR'S 1986 TIMELINE**

Day/Night	Scenes
BALTASAR PRE-DAY(S)	1-5

WE KICK THIS ONE OFF WITH A BIG HIT TRACK FROM 1986 MEXICO  
("MI FRACASO" BY JUAN GABRIEL), AND BIG TEXT OVER YELLOW:

## *EL CARACOL ... 1986*

OPEN ON: A DETECTIVE FICTION BOOK -- **EL ESPEJO (THE MIRROR)**  
by **ILLÁN IBERRA** -- in a BOY'S PERFECTLY MANICURED HANDS.

1

**INT. BALTASAR'S BEDROOM (STUDIO), EL CARACOL - DAY - 1986**

1

At a DESK in his BEDROOM: **YOUNG BALTASAR** (11, bespoke suit).  
*We might recognize it as the SAME ROOM where Luna found him  
in 2022.* He's in deep focus, reading the end of the book. We  
see a growing agony in him... From his expression alone, we  
can tell this book is... terrible. And terribly frustrating.

Shaking his head, he pulls out a PIECE OF STATIONARY (FRÍAS  
NAME, YELLOW SNAKE LOGO), puts it in a TYPEWRITER -- then:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Baltasar! Our car is here!*

YOUNG BALTASAR

*Go ahead without me!*

He checks something in the book's inside cover -- A BRIEF  
BIO, including: "...**Illán Iberra is a professor of Latin  
American Literature at Universidad Autónoma de Yucatán.**"

DOORS SLAM; A CAR SPEEDS OFF (O.S.). Baltasar begins WRITING:

YOUNG BALTASAR (V.O.)

*Mr. Iberra: I write to you with a  
slight hesitation, as you are the  
only living author I have ever  
read. I have just finished reading  
your novella, The Mirror, and I'm  
afraid there are some pages missing  
from my copy, which ends on page  
42. Surely it does not end here, as  
there is no resolution to the  
mystery. But if this is indeed the  
ending, kindly reply if you would  
like me to help you become a better  
writer for your next story, if ever  
there is one. Atentamente...*

Baltasar finishes, grabs a FRÍAS PEN, then SIGNS -- we go  
CLOSE ON THE PEN, with a YELLOW SNAKE LOGO, as he signs:

YOUNG BALTASAR (V.O.)

*Baltasar... Frías...*

2

**EXT. FRONT GATES, EL CARACOL - DAY - 1986**

2

Baltasar exits the HACIENDA'S GATES and walks up to an ORNATE MAILBOX -- as he pulls its TINY DOOR open, we CUT TO:

**INSIDE THE MAILBOX:** He slides the LETTER inside, at CAMERA, then SHUTS the mailbox -- with this, we STAY IN THE DARK...

*TIME PASSES...* Then: Baltasar opens it, finds a NEW LETTER.

ON BALTASAR: He grabs the envelope and peels it open right away, reading the response with widened eyes of excitement.

IBERRA (V.O.)

*Mr. Frías: That was the end of the novel. Your letter shows me you did not understand it at all! But this does not surprise me, given the Frías surname. My apologies to you. You did not choose to be born with a microscopic brain, which favors haute couture over literature.*

Baltasar's face drops. We move to a **SERIES OF POPS** -- BALTASAR IN THE SAME PLACE IN FRAME AS HE WRITES/READS MORE LETTERS:

3

**INT./EXT. BEDROOM/FRONT GATES/MAILBOX - EL CAR. - DAY - 1986**

3

- **BEDROOM DESK:** Baltasar speed-types at his TYPEWRITER. DING!

YOUNG BALTASAR (V.O.)

*I am a studied scholar of detective literature, and this pamphlet you try to pass off as story is a complete failure of crime fiction, swollen with tropes and ideas that amount to first-thought theater. Your narrative unraveled well before the end of the Second Act...*

- **MAILBOX:** Baltasar opens it, finds a NEW LETTER, takes it.

IBERRA (V.O.)

*... Then again, such a sheepish reliance on Three Act Structure reveals your amateurism...*

- **BEDROOM DESK:** Baltasar licks the tip of his FRÍAS PEN.

YOUNG BALTASAR (V.O.)

*It is a crime story with no crime!  
You wrote a hero with no character!  
Your ending has no meaning!*

(CONTINUED)

- **BY THE GATES:** Baltasar hands a letter to a Postal Worker.
- **MAILBOX:** Darkness. Baltasar opens the door -- a new letter. In the BACKGROUND, WE SEE his MOM, BEATRIZ (40s), watching.

IBERRA (V.O.)  
*... If you seek the meaning of El Espejo, your tiny brain might need to read it again...*

- **BEDROOM:** Baltasar pores through El Espejo -- grimacing.
- **MAILBOX:** Baltasar walks down the driveway -- smirking.

YOUNG BALTASAR (V.O.)  
*I completed my tenth read and have concluded that "pamphlet" is too generous a word to describe what is essentially toilet paper with a binding. Now excuse me as I wipe.*

He puts it in the MAILBOX... TIME PASSES... But this time it's BEATRIZ who opens it and takes out the IBERRA LETTER.

Already curious as to who this is, she turns it over to see that it's been sealed by a THUMBPRINT OF WHAT LOOKS A LOT LIKE BLOOD... With deep concern, she opens it up and skims...

IBERRA (V.O.)  
*Perhaps the only Espejo your Frías vanity can understand is the mirror you look into every day. What is it you see in front of you? Maybe, MAYBE, you should disappear?*

OFF Beatriz's aghast look, we CUT TO:

**INT. FRÍAS STUDIO, EL CARACOL - DAY - 1986**

THE GOVERNOR's being fitted by Baltasar while Baltasar's brother, ALONSO (16), shoots SPITBALLS at the back of Baltasar's head. The door BURSTS OPEN -- it's BEATRIZ --

BEATRIZ  
*Baltasar Peniche Frías! Who is Illán Iberra?!*

**INT. BALTASAR'S BEDROOM, EL CARACOL - DAY - 1986**

Baltasar spies through his open window to the pathway below -- where Beatriz is walking TWO VERY OFFICIAL-LOOKING MEN out.

BEATRIZ  
*... Do whatever you need to do.*

(CONTINUED)

The Men nod, then walks off. Beatriz feels the eyes on her, so she looks up to see Baltasar spying...

**WHHHHT!** A SPITBALL hits him in the FACE. Down by Beatriz, Alonso emerges from behind a corner, LAUGHING. JUMP TO --

**MOMENTS LATER**

Baltasar is at his desk, still trying to make sense of *El Espejo* -- he has a STACK OF OLD IBERRA LETTERS next to him --

HE HEARS THE DOOR, so he quickly HIDES the letters.

Beatriz enters and leans down to Baltasar's eye level.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)  
*Needle and thread. You are a Frías.*

CLOSE ON: the YELLOW SNAKE NECKLACE dangling from Beatriz's neck, just in front of Baltasar's eyes. She lifts his head --

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)  
*You will forget about this,  
Baltasar... Is this understood?*

Baltasar barely nods, if only out of fear of his mother. She sees him struggling and softens, kissing him on the forehead. Baltasar watches her exit, and as his door SLAMS shut --

**CUT TO BLACK. OVER BLACK, SOME MORE BIG TEXT:**

2022

**EXT. ELEC. STORE/DOWNTOWN PLAYA DEL CARMEN - DAY - 2022 (DAY 5)**<sup>6</sup>

BALTASAR smokes by a yellow wall. Deep in thought, troubled by the revelations of 105. He glances across the street to --

THAT SAME BENCH WHERE EMMA TOOK APART THE RAZR IN 101. Now EMMA, NOAH, and LUNA all sit together. Violet's NOKIA PHONE PIECES beside them. Noah's watching the video of ALEX again (on a new phone). VIDEO ENDS -- ON A FREEZE FRAME OF ALEX.

NOAH  
Alex is exactly how I imagined.  
Another rich white dude who did  
acid and thinks he found God.  
(noticing Luna)  
Sorry. I know you were friends.

Luna's disturbed by the image of Alex -- it's been so long.

(CONTINUED)



EMMA

So there's an author named Illán Iberra, but I can barely find anything on him. Some of his old books are going for ten cents used on Amazon... Lemme watch it again --

Noah hands it over. As Emma watches, Noah looks at Baltasar.

NOAH

Is he okay?

LUNA

The last time he saw Alex, he was walking into the ocean.

EMMA

(re: video)

I don't get what any of this means.

LUNA

And I don't like it.

NOAH

Okay, I'm not saying I believe this, but WHAT IF he intentionally left the phones there for us to find? And that's why he painted us?

Emma and Luna both look at him -- *is this a new Noah?*  
Baltasar returns to them --

BALTASAR

I'm afraid this is much more unusual than I could have predicted, yet I am not surprised that it all connects back to me.

(beat)

I don't know why Alex decided to help Sam and Violet. But, if they were trying to find Illán Iberra, that is what we must do now, too. And in order to do this, we must go to El Caracol. I will explain on the way.

Luna gets up, spinning out, calling an Uber --

LUNA

*Nope. This is bananas and I'm too old for bananas! I want no part of whatever THAT is.*

(to Noah and Emma)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUNA (CONT'D)

Come back, I'll comp you massages,  
all the excursions, parasailing,  
you name it! I am so sorry to ruin  
your anniversary with all of this --

Baltasar puts a tender hand on her shoulder --

BALTASAR

*Luna, hey. My partner. What  
happened to you?*

LUNA

*I have a job, a family, a kid --*

BALTASAR

*You have a kid?! Since when?!  
(off her look)  
I'm kidding.*

LUNA

*They count on me. You don't know  
what that's like. Have you ever  
even been in debt?*

BALTASAR

*I'm crippled by emotional debt!*

LUNA

*That is a meaningless statement.  
Bullshit, meaningless, nonsense.  
(looking at Emma and Noah)  
Let them go back to their vacation.*

BALTASAR

*This is their vacation.*

Noah and Emma are trying to keep up with the Spanish --

EMMA

*Something vacation..?  
(looks at Noah)  
If you want to go back, I totally  
understand, but I kinda gotta see  
where this is going.*

NOAH

*Are you kidding me? I found a  
phone, too. I'm IN this now.*

Emma and Noah share a smile -- MUSIC PICKS UP, PLAYING OVER:

7 INT./EXT. FRÍAS VAN/HIGHWAY - DAY - 2022 7

MISC DRIVING SHOTS of the FRÍAS VAN. We might as well just INTERCUT with an ADVENTURE MAP -- where we can TRACK the VAN leaving PLAYA DEL CARMEN, with a RED LINE tracing its path from town to town toward, on its way toward... **IZAMAL.**

8 INT./EXT. FRÍAS VAN/HIGHWAY - DAY - 2022 8

Baltasar drives, Noah's up front, Emma's lying on the back bench, scrolling her phone, yawning.

BALTASAR

... I finally understood why people said you shouldn't fuck with the yellow snake. That's when I truly began to separate from my family.

NOAH

So your family does murder people.

BALTASAR

Ohh, no. My mother just had Iberra removed from the university, ruined his reputation, and made certain no publisher released another novel of his. You don't need to murder when you have influence.

NOAH

Jesus.

BALTASAR

I assumed Iberra was dead by now, so I'm relieved to know he might still be alive.

EMMA

(reading her phone)

I don't know if he is. His last book was in 1993. Something called *La Desilusión del Tiempo*. Self-published.

BALTASAR

*La Desilusión del Tiempo... La Desilusión del Tiempo...*

NOAH

(to Baltasar)

Gotta say, man, but you kinda sound like you were a prick as a kid. You didn't have to write this dude just to say you hated his book.

(CONTINUED)

BALTASAR

But I found it offensively bad.

NOAH

Why do you have to like it? He didn't write it for you.

BALTASAR

But if he's going to write a detective novel, he should know the rules and mechanics. My intention was not to enrage him, but rather to help him become a better writer on his next outing.

NOAH

And was his next book any better?

BALTASAR

I don't know, I never read anything else he wrote.

Noah shrugs it off, not worth it. He takes a sip of water. Something on his mind... He glances back at Emma -- she's nodding off while reading her phone.

Noah talks SLIGHTLY quieter to Baltasar...

NOAH

What were you guys doing earlier, before I found the phone?

BALTASAR

She was trying to remember where she landed in her accident.

Noah slowly nods. Baltasar can tell there's more on his mind.

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

Things have taken a very unexpected turn... You seem to have a lot on your mind.

Noah glances back again -- Emma's eyes are closed now.

NOAH

It's just something I hadn't thought about in a long time. I was talking to Luna right before. I think I was trying to forget it.

Baltasar understands. He nudges him along --

(CONTINUED)

BALTASAR

You remembered. And then you found  
Violet's phone.

NOAH

(trying to understand)  
Yeah... But what does that mean?

BALTASAR

Oh, I have no fucking clue.  
Probably nothing. It doesn't mean  
you were fated to find it, if  
that's what you are hoping for.  
(then)  
Why did you try to forget?

NOAH

Ya know, it's better to not stress  
about stuff we can't control, just  
gotta be present. "Now." All that.

BALTASAR

Pffft. "Now" is horseshit. That  
thinking turns people into idiots.  
All we have is our memory.

NOAH

Yeah... Maybe... But I don't see  
how that connects to finding the  
phones. And I agree, destiny is  
nonsense. But -- how do you explain  
a coincidence of this size? Two  
phones, man...

BALTASAR

I stopped trying to understand...  
But. I have noticed when you allow  
yourself to open up, to remember,  
tend to the light in the darkness  
of our unconscious, disparate  
elements seem to begin to click  
into place. Answers reveal  
themselves. And I don't know why.

Baltasar looks at him and shrugs. Then takes out a cigarette  
and lights it. He offers one to Noah. Noah takes it.

CUT TO:

THE SNAKE ON THE GATES OF EL CARACOL...

**INT./EXT. FRÍAS VAN/EL CARACOL DRIVEWAY - LATER - 2022**

THE GATES OPEN. Baltasar's VAN pulls up the long driveway and  
parks by a row of LUXURY CARS.

(CONTINUED)

Baltasar looks up at the house, nervous. Emma and Noah look out the window at the fancy Frías estate.

EMMA

Why don't we just crash here a couple nights?

BALTASAR

Don't leave the van. I'd invite you in and introduce my mother and sisters, but my brother is home.

Baltasar nods to a classic GRAND MARQUIS SEDAN.

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

And he does not like tourists.

(gets out of the van)

I'll be back. If we want Iberra's address, this is the only way.

He shuts the door. Emma and Noah look at each other...

NOAH

We gotta look around a little, at least, right?

EMMA

Yeah. It's a historical site.

10

**EXT. EL CARACOL GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER - 2022**

10

Emma and Noah wander the El Caracol grounds. They pass some massive, ancient CEIBA TREES with hanging vines. Down a narrow garden walkway. By a Landscaper who gives them a nod.

EMMA

*Buenos días.*

They stop at an ANCIENT-GREEK-STYLE STATUE: A NUDE, BEARDED MAN... It's familiar... (It looks a lot like Alex.) *Weird.*

11

**INT. BALTASAR'S STUDIO, EL CARACOL - THAT MOMENT - 2022**

11

CLOSE ON BALTASAR'S CHILDHOOD DESK. But it's now covered in dust and buried behind a RACK OF FRÍAS SUIT JACKETS (seen in 102). Baltasar emerges between two jackets. He reaches in a drawer and pulls out his STACK OF IBERRA LETTERS. *Got it.*

Then -- he hears FOOTSTEPS in his room.

ALONSO (O.S.)

*I smell you, baby brother?*

CLOSE ON BALTASAR'S SQUINTING EYES.

12

**EXT. FOUNTAIN, EL CARACOL GROUNDS - DUSK - 2022**

12

Emma and Noah walk on opposite sides of a long fountain. She glances across at him, thinking about all that she admitted to Baltasar. Noah looks at her. They FEEL some change has taken place, but aren't sure how to even talk to each other.

NOAH

I love you, you know.

EMMA

I know.

NOAH

Like, so, so much. But I don't think I show it in a healthy way.

EMMA

It's fine. I love you, too.

NOAH

It's not, though. I know I can be overbearing... I think I have this deep, deep fear of losing you... like, really losing you... I honestly don't know what I'd do... Walk into the ocean maybe. But it comes out like I don't trust you, but I do. I just don't trust the world... but when I say that, I just sound like every fucking dad, and obviously that's unhealthy... I don't really know what I'm saying.

EMMA

Yeah... I don't know.

Doesn't look like she's going to open up any more than that. And it kind of bums Noah out... They stop by a BENCH. **In the DEEP BACKGROUND, we should see a SECOND FLOOR BALCONY...**

Looks like Emma's about to say something when --

**THUNK!! TWO FIGHTING MEN FLY OUT THE WINDOW -- OFF THE BALCONY -- AND LAND WITH A LOUD THUMP BY THE FRONT DOOR.**

It's BALTASAR AND ALONSO (THE SUITED MAN FROM 102) -- both struggling to get back up -- Alonso pins Baltasar with one arm (the other might be broken). Baltasar sees Emma and Noah --

BALTASAR

CATCH!

Baltasar HURLS CAR KEYS -- and they land at Noah's feet.

(CONTINUED)

BALTASAR (CONT'D)  
Go-go-go!! Get the car started!

IN A PANIC -- Noah picks up the keys and they RUN DOWN THE DRIVEWAY --

-- TO THE VAN, Noah CLICKS THE KEY FOB, the GRAND MARQUIS **BEEPS!**

NOAH  
I think he wants us to take this.

**INT./EXT. GRAND MARQUIS/DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - 2022**

Noah drives, Emma sits passenger. He SLOWLY PULLS OUT -- both of their heads on a swivel -- *Where is Baltasar???*

EMMA  
That was the same guy from the store, right?

NOAH  
I think so, yeah -- there!

BALTASAR SPRINTS TOWARD THEM FROM THE HOUSE-- WAVING FOR THEM TO START DRIVING -- *ALONSO'S ON HIS TAIL* --

ALONSO  
*You goddamn Huach! Get back here!*

EMMA LOWERS THE BACK SEAT WINDOWS JUST IN TIME FOR --

BALTASAR TO DIVE THROUGH -- INTO THE BACK SEAT --

BALTASAR  
DRIVE, NOW!

AND LIKE A KID WHO'S BEEN WAITING YEARS FOR THIS MOMENT, NOAH STEPS ON THE GAS AND PEELS OUT LIKE A PRO --

Baltasar rolls up his window -- BUT JUST BEFORE IT CLOSES --

**WHHHHHT!** A KNIFE FLIES THROUGH IT -- PAST BALTASAR'S FACE -- AND STICKS INTO A SIDE PANEL --

EMMA  
JESUS CHRIST!

But Baltasar LAUGHS (*it nicked his cheek*) and he FLIPS HIS BROTHER OFF as they lose him down the driveway -- CUT TO:

**INT./EXT. GRAND MARQUIS/HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER - 2022**

They speed onto the open road --

(CONTINUED)



NOAH

WOOO! Yeah! A fucking RUSH, man!

Finally a moment to breathe. Baltasar sits back -- exhausted.

EMMA

What the hell was that?!

BALTASAR

Brothers.

(then)

Nice maneuvering, Noah.

EMMA

Why'd we have to steal the car?

BALTASAR

I've been wanting to do it for years. And we can't show up in a Frías van. Iberra can't know it's me. Who knows what he's capable of. But we're about to find out.

Baltasar passes a LETTER -- the one that's sealed with a BLOODY THUMBPRINT. Emma looks at the ADDRESS...

15

**INT./EXT. GRAND MARQUIS/SMALL TOWN - NIGHT - 2022 (NIGHT 5)**

15

THE ADDRESS ON A MAILBOX... The GRAND MARQUIS turns at it, off the main road and onto a dirt driveway... jungle on all sides... The car's LIGHTS reveal up ahead:

A rundown, single story house with a wraparound porch, an old PICK-UP TRUCK out front. This is **ILLÁN IBERRA'S HOUSE**. The complete opposite of the historical opulence of El Caracol.

The car stops... and they're all silent for a moment... *Huh*. This is much more unsettling than they may have thought...

BALTASAR

I did not expect to be so nervous.

NOAH

It's unlikely that HE did anything to Sam and Violet. He's just their next stop.

EMMA

He marked his letter in blood.

Baltasar breathes heavily...

NOAH

Maybe you should hang back --

(CONTINUED)

BALTASAR  
Absolutely not --

NOAH  
I don't want to get lumped into  
your family grudge --

BALTASAR  
I know more about this than anyone --

NOAH  
But we found the phones.

BALTASAR  
I'm the detective!

NOAH  
You're just a security guard, dude.

BALTASAR  
Take that back, you son-of-a-bitch --

EMMA  
STOP. We're all a part of this.  
We're all going in, together.

Noah nods... Then... Baltasar sighs and nods. They look back  
up at the house. *Let's do this.* They open the car doors. PRE-  
LAP **A DOORBELL RING --**

16

**EXT. IBERRA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - 2022**

16

Baltasar, Noah, and Emma are at the front door. A LIGHT turns  
on. Footsteps are approaching... Several LOCKS are being  
unlatched... And the (inner) door OPENS...

REVEAL (through the grate): ANDREA (50, in a blue jumpsuit).  
She's immediately suspicious and confused by her visitors --

ANDREA  
*Who are you?*

NOAH  
Hi, yeah, sorry to bother --

ANDREA  
No English.

BALTASAR  
*Yes, good evening. My name is  
Detective Peniche --*

He flashes a VERY REAL-LOOKING BADGE (*where'd he get THAT*) --

(CONTINUED)

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

*And these are agents Rutledge and  
Carson from the FBI --*

Noah gives a serious nod, Emma throws up a peace sign --

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

*Does Illán Iberra still live here?*

ANDREA

*He's my father. What is this about?*

BALTASAR

*It would be best if we could speak  
to him in private. May we come in?*

She eyes them suspiciously.

ANDREA

*No. Whatever you want to ask him,  
you ask me. He is resting and  
should not be having visitors.*

Baltasar shares a look with Emma and Noah. Okay then --

BALTASAR

*We're investigating a disappearance  
of two tourists who went missing 15  
years ago. We believe they came to  
see your father.*

Andrea's face darkens. She SHUTS THE DOOR and we JUMP TO --

**MOMENTS LATER...**

Our three are waiting around. Baltasar pees in a bush. Emma  
peeks in some windows... They HEAR the door, Andrea returns --

ANDREA

*He said no American tourists were  
here 15 years ago. Is that it?*

BALTASAR

*How can he be so sure? That's a  
long time ago, and I told you  
nothing about them...*

ANDREA

*He seems certain --*

NOAH

*Did she say "American" tourists?  
You never said they were American.*

(CONTINUED)

BALTASAR

*I never told you they were American  
tourists.*

Andrea realizes in the moment that Baltasar is right. She  
nods, nervous now, then SHUTS THE DOOR. Baltasar shoots Noah  
a suspicious look. And that's when he notices --

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

Where's Emma?

17

**EXT. IBERRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 2022**

17

Emma sneaks around the side, peeks in a **BEDROOM WINDOW**. Her  
view is concealed by **BLINDS**. She can't make much out:

*Andrea talks to a BEDRIDDEN IBERRA (but our view of him is  
blocked). An IV and other MEDICAL WIRES extend from the bed.*

EMMA

*...what...?*

Andrea leaves the room... Now it's just Iberra...

Emma looks UP -- at an OPENING IN THE WINDOW.

18

**EXT. FRONT DOOR, IBERRA'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT - 2022**

18

As Noah and Baltasar frantically look around for Emma, they  
HEAR the door open -- they jump back to the door just in time.

ANDREA

*He is not feeling well and he does  
not want to talk now, so please --*

**CRASH! -- THEY HEAR SHOUTING AND SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE!**

ANDREA RACES BACK TO THE BEDROOM, leaving the door open --

19

**INT. IBERRA'S BEDROOM, IBERRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 2022**

19

ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY -- ANDREA appears, BALTASAR, NOAH --

REVERSE ON: EMMA using a BEDPAN to block all sorts of PENS  
and CUPS and BOOKS that IBERRA hurls at her from bed --

IBERRA

*She's trying to kill me!*

EMMA

*I just want to ask you some  
questions!*

(CONTINUED)

Andrea rushes into the CHAOS to try and stop him -- then Iberra even THROWS HIS IV STAND, ripping the IV out of his arm...

At which point he realizes he's thrown everything he can. He lets out a big, disappointed SIGH...

IBERRA

*Hook me back up.*

**JUMP TO MOMENTS LATER...**

The chaos has settled... Andrea reconnects Iberra's vitals monitors and oxygen hooked up to his nostrils. Iberra (70s?) looks rough -- worn down by time and poor health.

Baltasar stands back by a corner DESK, shaken by the sight of Iberra, in the flesh. Noah scans a bookshelf... He pulls out ***La Desilusion del Tiempo***. Emma's trying to help Andrea --

ANDREA

*Ask what you need to, then leave.*

Emma looks at Baltasar to ask the questions... But he can't find the words for once. It's too much for him.

IBERRA

What is this inquisition?

NOAH

You speak English?

IBERRA

I know six languages, two of which scholars claim are extinct.

The others exchange looks. Noah jumps straight to it --

NOAH

So were they here or what?

He squints at Emma and Noah... then at Baltasar.

IBERRA

*... Has it happened again...?*

Emma and Noah share a strange look -- *what's going on?* Iberra retrieves an old, engraved FLASK from under his body.

IBERRA (CONT'D)

Yes. Those two were here.

Silence fills the room. Iberra itches a dead patch of skin on his arm. It bleeds.

(CONTINUED)

IBERRA (CONT'D)

We had a brief visit. And now it is likely they are dead.

A LOUD **DING! -- A DOORBELL FROM ANOTHER TIME -- AND SUDDENLY:**

*SWIRLS OF OUR CLOUD TANK BLEED INTO FRAME. BUT INSTEAD OF GLEAMING SPECKS OF LIGHT, WE ARE IN A DARK WHIRLPOOL OF GUNK.*

*WE MOVE UP THE VORTEX, SPINNING TOWARD A LIGHT, TO REVEAL:*

**INT. KITCHEN, IBERRA'S HOUSE - DAY - 2007 (DAY 3)**

**ILLÁN IBERRA**, 15 years younger, wearing a blue factory jumpsuit, fiercely pumping an overflowing sink with a plunger. The DOORBELL has been ringing repeatedly this whole time.

Then, as if he had just heard it now, he stops pumping, turns around and stares intently at it, trying to make sense of it. WE MOVE IN CLOSE TO the tiny HAMMER striking the BELL --

JUMP TO:

**INT. FRONT DOOR, IBERRA'S HOUSE - DAY - 2007**

Iberra swings the door open to find SAM and VIOLET, who jump back at the sight of this man, covered in some sort of sludge. They all size each other up. Violet breaks the ice:

VIOLET

(in chewed-up Spanglish)  
*Escuze mio. We are looking today for the Mr. Illán Iberra, writer of books, living now in this house.*

Iberra looks right, left, behind them. Convinced that they are alone and seemingly paranoid of what lies outside the perimeter of his house, he shoves them inside.

IBERRA

*Let's talk inside.*

It all happens too quickly for Sam and Violet to react. Iberra points to their feet and snaps his fingers.

IBERRA (CONT'D)

*Take off your shoes and socks.*

Sam and Violet give a smile -- but have no idea what he said.

VIOLET

(in chewed-up Spanglish)  
*Are you Iberra? Illán Iberra?*

Iberra just keeps snapping his fingers at their feet.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You want us to take off our shoes?

IBERRA

*Yes! Socks, too!*

A LOUD **GUZZLING** sound from the sink. Iberra GASPS and rushes to the kitchen, leaving the kids alone in the entrance.

Sam and Violet reluctantly take their shoes and socks off. They quietly make their way into the --

22

**INT. KITCHEN, IBERRA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - 2007**

22

Where Iberra stares down at the sink, filled to the brim with dark water. Violet is about to say something when Iberra raises his finger to silence her and points to the drain.

IBERRA

*There is a built-in cycle that brings on balance. What is down there holds the key to that balance.*

VIOLET

*Sir, please. We are looking for a Mr. Illán Iberra, the author of --*

IBERRA

*Come see it for yourself:*

They are all momentarily transfixed by the BLACK SWIRLING WHIRLPOOL sucking all the water back into the sink... Then it stops. A silence holds them in tension, something is wrong.

IBERRA (CONT'D)

*Oh no! I can't see the horizon on this one -- Make yourself useful! We cannot lose it! Ayuda! Help!*

Iberra throws Sam a COAT HANGER --

SAM

*Ah, yes! I got this --*

Sam quickly twists it apart into a long line with a hook at the end and sticks it down the drain as far as he can.

IBERRA

*At last! The youth contributes!*

Iberra goes UNDER THE SINK and taps on the pipes. Sam pulls back on the wire -- BUT IT'S STUCK.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Stuck!

Iberra pops back up and grabs hold of the wire, too. PULLLLL --

SAM (CONT'D)

A little help here, Violet --

Violet jumps on and they start PULLLING the wire together.  
But at that very inopportune moment, Violet turns to Iberra:

VIOLET

*Are you Illán Iberra? The author of  
La Desilusión del Tiempo?*

Iberra stops, lets go of the wire, completely taken by  
surprise -- as the wire tugs BACK on Sam, almost losing it --

SAM

Uhh-- Maybe ask him later?

IBERRA

*You know La Desilusión del Tiempo?!*

VIOLET

You are him! I knew it! I read it!  
Hold on, I'll go get it!

She lets go of the wire and goes to get the book. Sam is left  
alone and really gets into it, DETERMINED to get whatever  
this is OUT of there -- PULLLLLLL harder until --

A BALL OF SOME DARK GUNK **THING** IS YANKED OUT -- Sam falls back  
to the ground -- The **THING** seems to slither towards him --

SAM

OHH-- What the fuck is that?

Iberra appears with a large JAR and collects his sample.

IBERRA

That, my young friend, is the filth  
of time. I am in your debt.

SAM

You speak English.

IBERRA

I know six languages, two of which  
scholars claim are extinct.

Iberra examines the slime in his jar as he takes it outside.



23

**INT. LIVING ROOM, IBERRA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - 2007**

23

Sam finds Violet looking around the living room. There is nothing but BOOKS, a small framed drawing of a CEIBA TREE, and a PHOTO of a YOUNG IBERRA and ANDREA (at 12), fishing. A smile creeps up on Violet's face.

SAM

What are you smiling about?

VIOLET

We made it, Sam. This is Iberra. I can't believe it. If my mom knew --

Iberra stumbles back with two CHAPARRITAS sodas for them.

IBERRA

Now, you pair of gypsies. What can I do for you?

Violet shows him the book.

VIOLET

*It's about your book!*

IBERRA

Oh, please stop speaking in that awful, masticated Spanish. Let's talk in the language of your President Jimmy Carter. He is still the President?

VIOLET

Oh, no, I think he's dead.

SAM

No, he's still alive.

IBERRA

A great man. Crisis of Confidence!

Iberra sees Violet is antsy to get on with it.

IBERRA (CONT'D)

What's your crisis?

VIOLET

Well, sir, this has been a very long journey to find you. Where do I start? Fuck! I've been thinking about this moment for months! Here --

Violet holds up her copy of *La Desilusión del Tiempo*. Iberra gives the slightest smile, as if seeing an old friend.

(CONTINUED)

IBERRA

You came all this way here to ask  
me about *La Desilusión*?

Then he notices something that throws him off: Violet's ARROW  
FOREARM TATTOOS. He puts the BOOK next to it. Their eyes meet.

24

**EXT. FRONT PORCH, IBERRA'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER - 2007**

24

Sam and Violet drink their sodas, everyone seems at ease.  
Iberra flips through Violet's book. He has such intimacy with  
EVERY word printed there. He traces his finger over them.

IBERRA

You know what this is? These pages  
are the painful years of a man's  
life. It was to be my masterpiece.

SAM

What happened? It didn't sell?

IBERRA

No one read it. My name and career  
were sunk by a family of fucking  
parasites... But that's a story for  
another time.

He reaches the middle of the book and starts to see a flurry  
of notes written in the margins and on so many POST-ITS.

IBERRA (CONT'D)

This is a sacrilege, desecrating a  
book like this. You are supposed to  
use a pencil for such markings. Who  
did such a thing?

VIOLET

My mom. She got obsessed with it.  
Now I've been studying it for the  
last year -- I've been so in it.  
And I think she was onto something.  
Let me show you- -

He removes some of the POST-ITS.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Hey! Don't touch those!

IBERRA

What are these for? Was she some  
sort of book critic?

Iberra gets up, tearing off more POST-ITS. Violet picks them  
up, arranging them back in order.

(CONTINUED)

Sam just watches... sipping his soda. This is getting weird.  
She reaches for the book, he holds it away.

IBERRA (CONT'D)  
Does she think she can write a  
better story in between MY lines?

Sam swipes the book away from him.

SAM  
Okay man, we came a long way, and  
had a long day, just to see you, so  
please stop being an asshole.

VIOLET  
My mom died reading *THE*  
*DISAPPOINTMENT OF TIME*, ok!?

Iberra softens... But first he needs to make a point:

IBERRA  
I am sorry for your loss. I  
understand loss. But you say  
"Disappointment of Time"?

VIOLET  
That's the title of your book.

IBERRA  
No, no, no, no. No. No-no-no. No.  
*Desilusión*. THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF  
TIME. The Disappointment of Time. A  
somewhat adequate title also.

VIOLET  
Okay. Cool.

IBERRA  
Okay. What do you want to show me?

Sam passes her the book. She thumbs through HER MOM'S NOTES  
until she gets to the chapter on PASAJE. She shows Iberra.

IBERRA (CONT'D)  
"Meet me here"?

VIOLET  
I think she believed that Pasaje is  
real. And that there's a whole map  
to it, hidden in the pages of the  
book. But she ran out of time  
before she finished.

(CONTINUED)

Iberra is overwhelmed... *And we shouldn't be sure if he's stunned because someone has finally come close to cracking his secret code -- or stunned because this is totally insane.*

IBERRA

What do you believe?

VIOLET

I need to find it. But I'm missing a piece. I can't figure it out. My mom couldn't either. So I'm here.

IBERRA

And you?

SAM

I'm still playing catch-up, to be honest, so --

VIOLET

He's with me. Helping me. Now we need your help.

IBERRA

Show me what you think you know.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, IBERRA'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER - 2007**

Violet has cleared a table. She unfolds a MAP with markings all over, and flips through the book as she explains. Sam is right beside her to see it close. Iberra paces, listening.

VIOLET

The first chapter, INTEMPERIE.

SAM

INTEMPERIE? What's that mean?

VIOLET

It just means outdoors.

(to Iberra)

Right? INTEMPERIE?

Iberra gestures for her to continue on.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Ok. So the first half of the book is a pretty straightforward, compelling mystery story. We meet Alejandro, a washed-up detective. He's supposed to be a MEMORY DETECTIVE. But he's living alone in a small beach town, here --

(CONTINUED)

She points to a spot on the MAP (a close observer might notice it's also right where the Oceana Vista is located...)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Then Alejandro gets a mysterious call from some lady who tells him that his ex-wife, who he divorced ten years ago, has gone missing.

Violet continues, pointing to spots on the MAP as she goes.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

So Alejandro embarks on his big adventure across the Peninsula. First he goes to Tizimín, right here, where he picks up the first clue. He gets drugged by some "dame" and wakes up in a train construction yard, he has to find who did this... He does. Plot-wise, not a revelation. Semi-infantile.

IBERRA

The plot is never important. Is this all you understood from it?

VIOLET

Hold on! Then the next chapter, LAS 12 CABEZAS DE SITPACH, takes us to the town of PETO where he finds out his ex-wife was taken to someplace in the jungle. He's getting close...

Clock Sam falling more in love with her as she continues.

IBERRA

I could point out a beautiful reflection in that chapter...

VIOLET

Right. Chapter 4: PROGRESO. Except there is no progress. Here he just looks out to the sea and goes on about the asteroid.

IBERRA

There is a deeper meaning here.

VIOLET

Warped time? Anticipation and Dread? Memory vs. Foresight?

IBERRA

These are all themes, yes.

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET

Finally in Chapter 9, he reaches the village of HOMÚN, that he says was *una orilla del cosmos*. An edge of the cosmos. And this is where my mom started connecting the dots.

Violet flips through the book: the word HOMÚN is HIGHLIGHTED. The HIGHLIGHT continues off to the right -- Violet turns the page and the highlight keeps going across the next pages. She turns and turns, connecting places that her mom highlighted.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

See, the mystery is solved in HOMÚN. Right smack in the exact middle of the book, Alejandro finds out that his ex-wife wasn't missing -- she had been dead for years. Plot is over. But then the book switches over to a VERY meandering first-person narrative, but with two people: Alejandro and his drinking buddy, you, Illán Iberra. Alejandro spirals into a depression about his dead ex-wife, and then you two are at a bar one night, when a one-legged, one-eyed man from Chechnya, tells you he just climbed out of a thing HE called Pasaje.

IBERRA

The name Pasaje was a joke. I cut it from the novel, but the real Chechnyan's Spanish was nonexistent, and his English was pitiful. He said he came through a "pash-ejge-way vrom huu-doma." So we said: Pash-ejge-way... Pasaje.

Iberra shrugs. *So he's admitting it is / might be true...?*

VIOLET

Alejandro becomes obsessed. He goes to the Library of Anonymity and finds an anonymous journal entry.

(reading translated note)

"Follow nature's call to the three-legged guardian. 52 meters south is a hidden entrance. To the casual observer it would appear to be yet another cenote, but hold your palm above it and rather than a cool draft, you will feel heat, and only then will the arrow of time appear.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Down, down, down, through a system of tunnels, to Pasaje: a triangular-shaped room, made either by man or the asteroid or no one, a room simply described as '*Mundo fuera del tiempo.*' A world out of time."

Violet POINTS to the map --

VIOLET (CONT'D)

HORAS LENTAS is really ESPITA.  
Horas Lentas. The Slow Hours. LA  
LLUVIA ATRASADA is COBÁ.

Violet points to a big QUESTION MARK over a specific region.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

It's somewhere in here. My mom almost had it. I almost have it.

She finally takes a breath. That was a lot.

Iberra considers the plea. He looks through the book.

IBERRA

If you actually read the story, you wouldn't want to go there.

Violet and Sam share a brief look...

VIOLET

I did read it, and I have to go.

SAM

Waaait, wait, wait. So it is real?

VIOLET

(taken aback)

You didn't think it was?

Sam was kind of just going along with it... But now --

SAM

Kinda figured it was a metaphor.  
Like the ring in *Lord of the Rings*.

VIOLET

Then why'd you come?

SAM

For you.

Oh. Violet isn't sure what to do with that information...  
Iberra clocks this tiny exchange.

(CONTINUED)

Sam and Violet look back at Iberra.

IBERRA

It was so long ago that I went in. All that remains is a feeling, or a dream. Perhaps we all experience something different. Past, future, nothing at all. The Chechnyan said he met his father who died 30 years earlier in the Kurchaloy Rebellion. I entered Pasaje in 1982 with Alejandro, but once inside, I was alone. And when I exited, Alejandro was gone. I never saw my friend again. That's why I wrote the book.

Sam does not like this... And it even makes Violet uneasy...

VIOLET

But what did you see inside?

IBERRA

I recall stepping into the very room we all sit in now. I walked into my bedroom and saw myself lying in bed, but I was much older -- and dead. A mortician was lifting me into a body bag. He thought I was my own son, caring for my father, but both were me. I asked what year it was and he told me it was 2029. I suddenly felt the urge to urinate, so I walked into the bathroom. But instead of the bathroom I was back in the tunnels, at the entrance of Pasaje, soiling myself. I learned I would die inside this very house... in the year 2029, and not a moment sooner.

(then)

At first I thought this was a gift, but in the years since I released the book, I see it is only a curse.

They sit in silence...

VIOLET

Where is it?

IBERRA

You don't want to go there.

VIOLET

Where is it?

(CONTINUED)



IBERRA

What if I told you I wrote the book  
as a warning?

VIOLET

I would still ask: Where is it?

IBERRA

Pasaje baits you by promising to  
transcend time and therefore death  
as we know it. Do not chase this as  
your mother did. It's a place of  
loss, only loss, and nothing more --

VIOLET

And I lost my mom. And in the end,  
this was all she cared about. Help  
us or not, I'm not stopping.

Violet's grief outweighs Iberra's will. He sees the look of  
loss in her -- he knows that look so well -- and relents.

IBERRA

Okay. You don't get it. But okay.  
Sometimes the only way to learn the  
lesson is to experience it.

26

**EXT. JUNGLE/EL EDEN VILLAGE - DAY - 2007**

26

Iberra's truck moves down a dirt road...

IBERRA (V.O.)

The piece you and your mother were  
missing is the easiest clue I put  
in there. Right when Alejandro  
found out his ex-wife was dead: He  
planted a garden toward the east...

Iberra stops where the road ends. Violet and Sam get out.

IBERRA

This is as far as I will go. You  
know the markers from here. It's  
not too late give up this pursuit.

VIOLET

Thanks.

Iberra gets it. He glances up at the sky... Then reaches into  
the back seat to grab a big ORANGE TARP.

IBERRA

Here. Stay dry. And don't go in  
there if it's raining.

(CONTINUED)

Sam takes the tarp. Violet gives a nod. And they walk off into the JUNGLE. WE STAY WITH THEM as Iberra drives away.

VIOLET

You don't have to come. I feel like I'm dragging you with me.

SAM

You kidding me? I figure we're either going to **A-** find a cenote and go for a swim, **B-** find nothing at all then head home, or **C-** find a time-traveling room, which could be cool. I always felt like I was born in the wrong decade.

VIOLET

I could see you fitting in the 70s.

SAM

I've been told. But, yeah. Whatever it ends up being, it's more time with you. And I really like you.

VIOLET

I like you, too.

SAM

That's a really good start.

VIOLET

It's really the best start one can hope for.

SAM

Just imagine if we hated each other and still had to find this thing together. That'd be rough.

Sam reaches out and they hold hands as they continue this back and forth, away from us, deeper into the jungle...

At the sound of raindrops beginning to fall, OUR CLOUD TANK SWIRLS RETURNS, FLOODING THE FRAME, UNTIL WE'RE BACK IN --

**INT. IBERRA'S BEDROOM, IBERRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 2022 (NIGHT 5)** 27

Iberra SLURPS up some horrendous-looking SHAKE through a thick straw. Emma stares at him, feeling a strange combo of furious and curious. Noah is BAFFLED. Andrea looks HORRIFIED.

ANDREA

*You led two kids into the jungle,  
right before a hurricane?*

(CONTINUED)

IBERRA

*Adults!* They made their decision. I  
tried to talk them out of it.

Baltasar silently watches. Iberra glances at him, curious...

EMMA

Where did you take them? What was  
the thing they couldn't figure out?

IBERRA

It's all in the book.

EMMA

But why don't you just tell us and  
save us the time?

IBERRA

It's just the end of a road. If you  
want to find their bodies, they  
won't be close to that spot.  
(then, realizing)  
But you don't want to find them...  
You're after Pasaje...

Yes, she is now. Noah shoots Emma a concerned look...

IBERRA (CONT'D)

Were you not listening? You're  
supposed to stay away! That's the  
villain of the story!

NOAH

Then why did you send them there?

IBERRA

I couldn't get in their way!  
(a COUGHING fit)  
Who doesn't want to go back in  
time? But if you do, you lose sight  
of what matters in this existence.

Iberra glances at his daughter -- but Emma doesn't catch it.

EMMA

And what is that?

Iberra GROOOAAANS -- giving up on the sentimental.

IBERRA

Uff! Another one. You fools never  
learn. Fuck it. Pen and paper --

Iberra slowly tries to sit up -- Andrea tries to stop him --

(CONTINUED)

ANDREA

*No, no, lie down --*

IBERRA

*Stop. I have 7 miserable years left  
of life, I can walk.*

Andrea backs off. He lumbers to the DESK. He uses Baltasar's arm to balance as he sits down at his desk -- *OOMPH*.

Iberra puts on his THICK GLASSES, takes a PIECE OF PAPER from a DRAWER. And A JAR OF PENS.

CLOSE ON: Iberra touches the tip of the pen to the page -- he starts to write directions, but the pen isn't releasing ink --

CLOSE ON: Iberra's hand pulls ANOTHER PEN from the GLASS JAR next to him -- he tries that one -- but it's also dead -- he pulls out ANOTHER PEN -- also dead -- ANOTHER -- also dead --

IBERRA (CONT'D)

*Come on. What? This is absurd.*

ODD CLOSE-UPS: Iberra grunting, sweating -- a human moment as the author tries more pens on the page -- but they all fail.

IBERRA (CONT'D)

*I can't find one pen that works in  
this godforsaken house... Help! If  
you want this, find me a pen!*

Emma joins in the search -- trying pens from her purse -- but they all FAIL! It's so strange.

ON BALTASAR, silently watching all of this... Until, finally --

BALTASAR

*Here. Use mine.*

Baltasar pulls out a PEN from his breast pocket, hands it to Iberra. He takes it -- and it works!

IBERRA

*Ah! So satisfying! My hero. Thanks --*

But then he PAUSES (*before writing down the necessary info*) --

CLOSE ON HIS EYES: They FOCUS ON SOMETHING and WIDEN --

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON THE PEN: A tiny FRÍAS YELLOW SNAKE LOGO.

(CONTINUED)

IBERRA (CONT'D)

*This is a **Frías** pen...  
(to Baltasar)  
Why do you have this?*

BALTASAR

*I am a Frías.*

IBERRA

*It can't be...*

Emma and Noah freeze -- Oh no.

Struck by intense memory, Iberra locks eyes with Baltasar.

IBERRA (CONT'D)

*It's you...*

IBERRA (CONT'D)

*Baltasar... Frías...*

YOUNG BALTASAR (V.O.)

*Baltasar... Frías...*

BALTASAR

*From the depths of my being, I am  
sorry for whatever my family did --*

IBERRA

*You fucking snake!*

With every remaining ounce of OLD-MAN STRENGTH, Iberra LUNGES at Baltasar with the PEN -- Baltasar throws a defensive hand up -- the pen IMPALES HIS PALM -- Baltasar SHRIEKS in pain --

Iberra, weak and falling from the act, DROPS ONTO BALTASAR --

And his immobile, heavy body PINS Baltasar down... Baltasar's hands are useless and just make a mess with all of the blood.

EMMA

*Holy shit!*

ANDREA

*Father!*

NOAH

*Get off of him!*

Andrea, Noah, and Emma try to PRY Iberra off of Baltasar --

But Iberra is in a RAGE... drooling... now ... GASPING...

But then -- Iberra's body goes LIMP. His grip releases...

His EYES remain LOCKED with Baltasar's... The old man's heart has given out... And he lets out these final words:

IBERRA

*How... disappointing...*

(CONTINUED)

Baltasar stares into Iberra's eyes as the light leaves them.

**Iberra is dead...**

OFF ANDREA'S HORRIFIC SCREAM!!

CUT TO:

A GIANT TEQUILA BOTTLE SLAMS AT THE CENTER OF A LARGE TABLE --

**EXT. PATIO BAR, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - LATE NIGHT - 2022**

Emma, Noah, Baltasar (his hand wrapped in a bandage), and Luna at a table. Only a few late-night drunks are still at the lounge. And a CLEANING CREW. They're all totally shell-shocked. Luna just heard the story. They all drink in unison.

BALTASAR  
This is all my fault.

NOAH  
It's nobody's fault.

BALTASAR  
I wrote the man a letter that began  
a sequence of events.

LUNA  
You give yourself too much credit.  
What happened happened. Now you  
have to do the right thing.

Baltasar looks at her -- and he shakes his head.

EMMA  
We have to go find it. Pasaje.  
That's where they were headed.

A beat. Noah looks at her. *Is she serious?*

NOAH  
The guy also said he wasn't gonna  
die until 2029.

EMMA  
What if they found it? And it took  
them somewhere else.

NOAH  
... Whhhat?

Noah stares back, concerned. Luna's confused. Baltasar is checked out. He refills his tequila, heading to a dark place.

(CONTINUED)

NOAH (CONT'D)

No. Sorry, but -- yeah, I got sucked into this shit, too, but this is done. A guy died. In front of us. His hand is probably permanently fucked --

He gestures to Baltasar, who's staring at his hand --

NOAH (CONT'D)

No, Em'. Yeah, I can't explain a lot of this shit, but I can explain what happened to Sam and Violet. They met on vacation, hit it off, thought it'd be fun to check out some make-believe underground room, then they got lost and died in the jungle. Cuz there was a hurricane.  
(beat)  
Sorry, but no. You gotta move on.

Emma looks back at him. So disappointed... disgusted, even. She gets up to leave --

NOAH (CONT'D)

Oh come on, where are you going?

EMMA

Back to the room. Don't follow me.

Noah stays put. Shares an uncomfortable look with Luna.

Baltasar downs his entire tequila. Then he stands up, too.

LUNA

*And where are you going?*

He takes a moment, stands up straight, buries his emotions.

BALTASAR

To prepare for death.

Luna rolls her eyes. He grabs the tequila bottle.

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

*Please don't call him. I cannot bear to break the man again.*

He walks off. And then there were two.

LUNA

It's time to tell Murray.

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

Murray?

LUNA

Violet's father. Baltasar worked with Murray to find Sam and Violet. Until they hit a dead-end. And Baltasar abandoned him on the side of a road in Tzucacab.

NOAH

Where is he now?

Luna finishes off her drink. Then --

LUNA

He never left.

**MUSIC UP, PLAYING OVER THE FOLLOWING:**

29

**EXT. PARKING LOT, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - NIGHT - 2022**

29

A VERY INTOXICATED Baltasar pours tequila over his brother's GRAND MARQUIS, unlit cigarette dangling from his mouth. Lights his cigarette. Then tosses the match onto the car...

But nothing happens. He tries again -- but the flame goes out the second it touches the car. *What the hell?*

Baltasar KICKS the car -- but immediately regrets the decision as it hurts his already injured leg (from his fall). He THROWS THE TEQUILA at it, but it bounces right off without breaking.

He looks around -- ashamed that it's come to this, but it must: He unzips his pants and moves to pee on the car...

BUT -- no urine comes out. He can't do anything right. He gives up and heads back toward the resort -- across a large GRASS FIELD... then he collapses. And doesn't get up.

30

**INT. BEDROOM, E & N'S STE., BAHÍA DEL PAR. - LATE NIGHT - 2022**<sup>30</sup>

Noah is asleep on one bed. Alone.

Emma is sitting up on the other, bedside light on, looking at SOMETHING we don't see yet... She reaches to the NIGHTSTAND and grabs a PEN and PAPER. Writes some notes down.

Then zeroes back in on what she's reading:

**LA DESILUSIÓN DEL TIEMPO.** A copy she grabbed from Iberra's. Music swells as we PUSH IN on the WRITING ON ITS PAGES...

**END OF EPISODE**