SAGA

THE HAND OF FATIMA

Based on the Korean series "Memories of the Alhambra"

Pilot

Written by
David C. White

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EXT. ALHAMBRA PALACE - GRANADA, SPAIN - EARLY MORNING

A LONE MAN sits on a park bench, his back to us. Before him stretches a LONG FIELD above which towers the ruins of the ancient ALHAMBRA PALACE -- majestic STONE FORTRESS that once stood as the crown jewel of the Moorish Empire in Europe.

We hear a man's VOICE...

VOICE
We may one day be forgotten, our stories no longer told... but the past is never dead.

Gradually we PUSH IN on the man on the bench, the field laid out before him, peaceful & serene.

VOICE (CONT'D)
In the late 15th century, over 70,000 Moorish Knights & Catholic Crusaders battled each other for control of the Alhambra Palace in Granada, Spain -- a gruesome fight that would forever redefine western civilization.

At some point we hear the FAINT SOUNDS of BATTLE in the distance, perhaps some COMMOTION & EXPLOSIONS, etc.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Columbus's voyage, the American Revolution, colonialism, 9/11 -- none of these things would have unfolded the way they did -- none of us would understand the world the way we do -- without the events that transpired here. History defines us, the way we see the world... the very nature of our reality.

Eventually we're RIGHT UP CLOSE to the bench, the man's back still to us, looking out at this empty field. Quiet. Still.

VOICE (CONT'D)
And so it would be, 530 years later, in this very same field... that my story would be rewritten... my perspective altered...

With that, the man SLUMPS OVER onto the bench. Although we can't see his face, it's clear... *he's DEAD.*

VOICE (CONT'D)
And my reality forever redefined.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER IN PARIS - HALLWAY - DAY

High energy walk-and-talk through the halls of a BUZZING CONVENTION CENTER. Here we meet our lead, JIN-WOO YOO (30s), high-flying charismatic tech entrepreneur.

Following closely behind are three of Jin-woo's most trusted confidantes -- MAUREEN "MO" CRAMER (30s), company COO, BODHI IYER (late 20s), Chief Product Designer, and finally Jin-woo's longtime mentor, MICHAEL DAOU (60s), veteran Silicon Valley tech billionaire. We come in mid conversation...

BODHI
-- he's gone MIA *now*?

MO
It's been weeks -- *weeks* -- since he was last in that office.

BODHI
Maybe he's working remotely --

MO
(searching)
Where in the bloody fuck is this stage?

BODHI
-- or on some sort of peyote excursion.

MO
There isn't a chance they're fully capitalized by the fall. I don't know where he's going to find the money to buy all that peyote.

While Bodhi and Mo buzz behind him, Jin-woo remains quiet, SLY SMILE lighting up the room. A couple YOUNG CONVENTION GOERS make eyes at him. *There he is, holy shit, etc.* They snap a few photos. Jin-woo smiles and nods, charming.

BODHI
Is peyote even expensive? I feel like you sort of just jumped to that conclusion.

They finally reach a DOOR. Michael holds it open. He looks to the team, offering a WARNING...

MICHAEL
Do not underestimate him.

With that, the four enter into...

INT. CONVENTION CENTER IN PARIS - SECONDARY STAGE - DAY

A small auditorium, modest stage at the front. But the place is JAM-PACKED... and the crowd is LOVING IT. On stage we find BENJAMIN DAOU, rival tech entrepreneur around Jin-woo's age. And sure enough, he's absolutely CRUSHING IT.

On display behind Benjamin are a number of SLICK VISUALS for some HIGH TECH ATHLEISURE WEAR -- tech-infused SHOES, WATCHES, HEADBANDS, etc. -- the makings of a new WEARABLE TECH COMPANY.

BENJAMIN
... style forward, always. Unlike some of our competitors. Because...

The crowd chants along with him...

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
Style. Always. Counts.

CROWD
Style. Always. Counts.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
You're getting it! There's no shame in it. There's no shame in that.

Benjamin is a NATURAL SHOWMAN, a born leader. Michael looks to his crew, a bit of an *I told you so.* Benjamin continues...

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
Let me introduce you to the team. They're going to show off some of this gear we've been working on.

A diverse group of TECH FOLK walk onto the stage, prompting an IMMEDIATE REACTION from our crew in the back.

MO
You have got to be joking me.

BODHI
(re. two people on stage)
I knew about Mark, but I thought Georgina was going back to Toronto to spend more time with her niece or something.
(beat)
Come on, this has to be a lawsuit.

MO
We didn't sue when Benjamin betrayed us himself. We sure won't be suing over Georgina and *fucking* Mark --

BODHI (CONT'D)
He's poaching half the company! --

MICHAEL
No lawsuits.

As the presentation continues, Jin-woo becomes fixated on a woman in the FRONT ROW -- JULIA DAOU (mid 30s), Benjamin's new wife. Michael clocks it, reading Jin-woo closely.

A moment later, Jin-woo's longtime ASSISTANT appears, looking a bit frazzled. This is CHELSEA COATES (20s).

CHELSEA
There you are. It's like wrangling a lost cat. We have to get to main stage; you're on in 20 minutes.

BACK ON STAGE, Benjamin closes out his presentation.

BENJAMIN
We go live in 6 months. The name of the company: ***HERITAGE***.

The crowd erupts in APPLAUSE. ON JIN-WOO, charming as can be but ruthlessly calculating. And then...

JIN-WOO
Let's bury him before he begins.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER IN PARIS - BACKSTAGE - DAY

BEHIND THE CURTAIN at the main convention stage. A bustling team of PROGRAMMERS sit before a long table of COMPUTERS. On the other side of that curtain sit A FEW THOUSAND EAGER SPECTATORS, fired up & ready to go. The energy is CHARGED.

Jin-woo & Co. BURST IN, a flurry of ACTIVITY & EXCITEMENT. Bodhi & Mo huddle up with the programming team while Jin-woo heads straight to the curtain. He sneaks a peak at the crowd, maybe a bit nervous. Michael meets him there.

MICHAEL
You were born to do this.

Michael slips past the curtain, down to the crowd. A beat as Jin-woo takes a DEEP BREATH, gathering himself. And then...

INT. CONVENTION CENTER IN PARIS - MAIN STAGE - DAY

The room is at least 5 times the size of Benjamin's and the place is PACKED to the rafters. After a beat, Jin-woo slips on stage... and the crowd goes CRAZY. *They love this dude*.

JIN-WOO
How we all doing tonight?

The crowd ROARS. Jin-woo takes a drink from a WATER BOTTLE, COMPLETE CONTROL of the room. He's part Steve Jobs, part Tony Stark. Maybe a bit arrogant but it only adds to the appeal.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
Well you're about to be a whole lot better. *Because we are about to forever revolutionize the way you see & interact with the world.*

BIG REVEAL on a screen behind Jin-woo, 30 foot tall ANIMATED CG depiction of a pair of HIGH TECH CONTACT LENSES.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
Completely. Seamless. Augmented. Reality. All in one little pair of contact lenses.

The crowd goes absolutely APESHIT BANANAS, RAPTUOUS APPLAUSE. Jin-woo soaks it in. ON MICHAEL, big smile. *This is great.*

INT. CONVENTION CENTER IN PARIS - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Bodhi monitors the team from the backstage COMMAND CENTER while Mo and Chelsea watch Jin-woo from a MOUNTED TV.

JIN-WOO
... this ain't Google Glass -- we're talking a fully immersive experience. Imagine walking through the street and having instant access to emails, contacts, messaging apps...

Everything RUNNING SMOOTHLY. And then... a PROGRAMMER spots something. She hails Bodhi, who rushes over.

PROGRAMMER
There's some sort of anomaly in the Juno framework.

Bodhi looks to the code, EYES WIDE with concern. Mo notices.

MO
What's wrong?

BODHI
We'll fix it.

MO
Is it the killer app?
(no response)
Well get it fixed. Quickly. He's nearly there.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER IN PARIS - MAIN STAGE - DAY

Back to Jin-woo, gearing up for the presentation climax, the crowd buzzing in anticipation.

JIN-WOO
But here's what you're really here for: *Entirely virtual in-person meetings.*

As Jin-woo runs through the tech, the screen behind him updates with SLICK & ENGAGING VISUALS.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
Imagine sitting at your kitchen table, in the comfort of your home. You log in... & suddenly you and all of your coworkers are all seated around the table together, no matter where you are in the world in person.

The crowd EATS IT UP, *ooh*ing and *ahh*ing. Jin-woo amps things up, the visuals emphasizing the seamlessness of the tech.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
Imagine touring a new factory in Shanghai without ever having to leave the comfort of your backyard in Albuquerque. Or Toledo. Or, I dunno, bumfuck wherever.

The crowd breaks out into LOUD APPLAUSE.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
It’s the biggest revolution in workplace productivity since Microsoft Office!

INT. CONVENTION CENTER IN PARIS - BACKSTAGE - DAY

While Jin-woo is killing it out front, backstage is a PANICKED MESS, Bodhi & team FRANTIC, SCRAMBLING.

MO
Have you debugged?

BODHI
I don’t -- I --

MO
Cut the shit Bodhi!

BODHI
We’re working on it! We’re working.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER IN PARIS - MAIN STAGE - DAY

Unaware of the issue, Jin-woo slides into a demo. He presses a button on a PRESENTATION CLICKER. *Click.* Suddenly ON SCREEN behind him we're seeing his POV through the contacts.

JIN-WOO
Here is the world from my perspective. I have a little board meeting I need to attend.

Jin-woo walks over to a table on stage and takes a seat. While nothing happens on stage, ON SCREEN, from Jin-woo's POV, we can see he's now sitting with GANDHI, MOZART & MARIE CURIE.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
100% photoreal 3D avatars rendered in real time, with absolutely zero lag.
(beat)
Oh wait, hold on, got one more.

He turns to his left and there sits... JESUS CHRIST.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
Say hello to the people, Jesus.

A moment of anticipation. But then, in a clipped, staticky voice, a modulated version of Jin-woo's own voice...

JESUS
Bumfuck.

The crowd LAUGHS as if this was planned but Jin-woo is CLEARLY THROWN... *something is dangerously wrong.*

INT. CONVENTION CENTER IN PARIS - BACKSTAGE - DAY

FIVE ALARM FIRE as the entire team frantically works on a fix. Looks like one may not be coming.

MO
What the fuck was that??

BODHI
I have no idea, the entire thing is seizing up. We're locked out here.

Mo looks back to the stage with terror.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER IN PARIS - MAIN STAGE - DAY

Jin-woo laughs along, playing it off as intentional.

JIN-WOO
And the word was good, right?

The crowd laughs but Jin-woo's concern is growing.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
Alright, enough playing. Let's move on to the next little beat. A real life, in-person, virtual meeting with my team from across the world.

He presses a button on his clicker. Suddenly, on screen, from Jin-woo's POV, we see... FOUR JIN-WOO'S at the table.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
Well that's not --

The four Jin-woo's start talking at once -- a HARMONIOUS CACOPHONY of virtual Jin-woo's. *A total shitshow.*

VIRTUAL JIN-WOO 1
Bumfuck. Bumfuck. Bumfuck.

VIRTUAL JIN-WOO 2
Jesus jesus jesus jesus.

VIRTUAL JIN-WOO 3
Bullshit bullshit bullshit bullshit bullshit bullshit.

VIRTUAL JIN-WOO 4
Say hello say hello say hello say hello --

At this point the crowd realizes this is not meant to be happening. *The wheels are coming off the wagon.* Jin-woo frantically presses his clicker but nothing changes.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER IN PARIS - BACKSTAGE - DAY

A beehive of panic.

CHELSEA
Oh my god...

MO
Fix it, Bodhi. Now. *Now.*

BODHI
He's just gotta bail. It's not coming back.

A beat as Mo takes this in. She realizes he's right. She walks over to the curtain, peaking onto...

INT. CONVENTION CENTER IN PARIS - MAIN STAGE - DAY

Jin-woo spots Mo in the corner. Mo runs her hand across her neck. Jin-woo gets the picture. He turns to the crowd.

JIN-WOO
Alright. Well... that sucked.
(nervous laughter)
Look, we're obviously still working out some of the bugs here. But the revolution's coming. Stay tuned.

The crowd APPLAUDS, far from a raucous reception. Jin-woo looks out, finding Michael, who looks back with sympathy. And then he spots, way in the back... Benjamin Daou, looking on, clapping, perhaps the only truly happy person in the place.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER IN PARIS - PARKING LOT - DAY

Hours later in an empty parking lot. Michael & Jin-woo stand quietly beside a company van. Not much to say. Eventually...

MICHAEL
This was before you came to live with us but when you guys were kids I had to preview a product launch to some big investors in Hong Kong. Steve was pursuing something similar at NeXT and wouldn't back off. Which wasn't exactly surprising. Second day I'm there, day of the presentation, I wake up... and all of my pants are missing. Just *disappeared* from the drawers. Of course I scramble. Pants aren't anywhere. All the stores are closed. I end up having to do the thing in a pair of gym shorts. Which back in those days were pretty... *revealing.* Now nobody bailed or anything; launch went fine. But 30 years later, you can't tell me Jobs had nothing to do with it.

Jin-woo sees where this is going... but he's not having it.

JIN-WOO
It doesn't matter.

MICHAEL
What makes you say that?

JIN-WOO
The thing sucks anyway.
(Michael doesn't disagree.)
I'm not wrong, am I?

MICHAEL
It’s great, a total revolution. You are forever transforming the way business is conducted.

JIN-WOO
But?

Clearly there is, in fact, a *“but”*. After a bit...

MICHAEL
But how many little kids go to bed every night dreaming of one day growing up to use Microsoft Office?

Jin-woo takes this in.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You’re a visionary. You're not a product design guy. You were a *terrible* coder. But you have that vision. You shouldn’t be out here *maximizing productivity*. You should be changing people’s perspectives. Rewriting their history.

JIN-WOO
You couldn’t have said this a year ago?

Michael laughs. After a bit...

MICHAEL
I love you. Like a son. But I ran my race already.

A long beat, the conversation sinking in. A lot of history here. Eventually, Jin-woo’s mood begins to harden.

JIN-WOO
I’m running out of time.

MICHAEL
You’re 36 years old --

JIN-WOO
My father was dead at 38. His father at 24. His father before him -- I have no idea. No one was around to tell me about him. I don’t even know his name.

Michael takes this in. A lot weighing on this young man’s shoulders. Eventually Jin-woo spots something across the lot. Michael looks up to see... Benjamin Daou, heading their way.

MICHAEL
(quietly)
Go easy.

As Benjamin arrives...

JIN-WOO
There he is! The man of the hour.

BENJAMIN
J.
(to Michael)
Dad.

Yes, these two are, in fact, father & son.

MICHAEL
You looked good up there, son.

Benjamin smiles but it's clearly TENSE & AWKWARD between them. Benjamin turns to Jin-woo...

BENJAMIN
It's a great product. I really wouldn't --

JIN-WOO
We're fine. All good. You should send me one of those headbands, though! --

BENJAMIN
Ok, don't be a dick.

JIN-WOO
I'm serious! You know, once you get the kinks worked out and everything.

BENJAMIN
I don't know that we're going to be able to accommodate heads that big. You're looking like the bass player in the Chuck E. Cheese house band --

MICHAEL
Alright, alright. Jesus. It's like you guys are 14 again, still fighting over the Nintendo --

JIN-WOO
The Genesis.

BENJAMIN
Genesis.

MICHAEL
I don't care.
(to Benjamin)
Are you still flying home with me? They're fueling the jet right now.

BENJAMIN
I actually have some additional business to attend to out here.

JIN-WOO
Hmm sounds very real and not made up.

MICHAEL
(ignoring him)
Ok. But you're not missing Sunday night. Your mother's been looking forward to it for a month.

BENJAMIN
I'll be there.

With that, Benjamin nods and walks away, Jin-woo staring him down, a DEEP RAGE just beneath the surface. After a bit...

MICHAEL
We didn't have a Nintendo?

JIN-WOO
We had three. We just fought over the Genesis.

JUST THEN, Mo, Bodhi, Chelsea, & the team arrive at the van.

BODHI
I don't know if it was a hack or what, but just -- please don't kill me. I'm so nice and --

JIN-WOO
Not killing anyone. Not today. But we're starting over. I want the team on the next flight back to Redwood.

MO
Starting over on what?

JIN-WOO
Everything. We're going to re-engineer the entire suite. And we have six months to do it.

The entire team is SHOCKED, flabbergasted. *That's a shitload of work.* Mo looks to Michael, who smiles & shrugs. *My bad.*

MO
Alright, you heard the man. *The very stupid, stupid man.* Let's get to it.

JIN-WOO
You guys go now. I'm staying another night in Paris. I need to clear my head.

BODHI
Someone's got a date! --

JIN-WOO
-- no no --

BODHI
Is it the model? The tennis player?

CHELSEA
Oh god, not the tennis player.

BODHI
Romantic midnight hit at Roland Garros --

CHELSEA
Until she starts talking shit on Instagram Live about the actress --

BODHI
Oh the actress! *I love the actress* --

JIN-WOO
Alright enough! Enough enough. It's nobody. Nothing. Let's get to work.

Bodhi and Chelsea look to each other.

BODHI
It's the actress.

CHELSEA
It's the actress.

JIN-WOO
I hate everybody and everything. Every single one of you. But let's go change the world.

Michael & Jin-woo exchange a look. *A lot of pride here.*

EXT. PARIS - NIGHT

That night we find Jin-woo on a WALK through Paris, down the crooked ALLEYWAYS & BOULEVARDS, past scores of HAPPY COUPLES intoxicated with each other & the romance of the city.

Eventually Jin-woo comes to a GORGEOUS LITTLE RESTAURANT on a romantic street. Family owned. Charming. He enters into...

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jin-woo is greeted by the owner, ANTOINE (60s). The two converse in subtitled French. Jin-woo's French is impressive.

ANTOINE
Jin-woo! My handsome boy. So wonderful to lay these eyes upon you.

JIN-WOO
Antoine! I've missed you. Sorry it took so long for me to come by.

The two hug. Antoine then leads Jin-woo to his table.

ANTOINE
Your table is ready. It is perfect. How are you? How is your big fancy company? You look much too skinny. I do not like it at all.

JIN-WOO
The company is fine, thank you. How's Louise? I love the mittens.

ANTOINE
She is good, my friend. But you do not love the mittens. This woman and her "knitting". Ahh! But she sends her kisses. She wants you to teach me how to use my email.

JIN-WOO
Antoine you are not 100 years old.

The two climb a little flight of stairs...

ANTOINE
Tell that to these knees.

They then enter into a second floor PRIVATE DINING ROOM. There we're expecting to meet some gorgeous model/actress. Only... the room is empty. Just a single table in the middle. Antoine leads Jin-woo to the table, gesturing for him to take a seat.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)
Just one, yes?

Jin-woo nods, forcing a smile. Antoine removes the second place setting. Jin-woo clocks it. A depressing moment.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)
That's no problem. No problem. I just -- I worry. You know. You know this.

JIN-WOO
I'm fine. Thank you. Just hungry.

ANTOINE
(sad smile)
Bon appetit.

Antoine leaves, leaving Jin-woo alone. A beat as Jin-woo sits there by himself. Forlorn. A bit pathetic. Where we think Jin-woo's living a high-flying, playboy lifestyle, the truth is he's pretty much ENTIRELY ALONE in the world.

A BIT LATER

Jin-woo sits before the remnants of a GOURMET MEAL, a mostly empty BOTTLE OF WINE beside him. At this point, he's on his phone, a bit drunk, scrolling through an INSTAGRAM FEED -- JULIA DAOU, Benjamin Daou's new wife.

The first few photos are from Benjamin & Julia's wedding, posted quite recently. From there, he scrolls past a number of photos of Julia & Benjamin together, all cutesy & canoodled up. Much to Jin-woo's despair.

As Jin-woo scrolls deeper, however, the photos gradually transition from being of Julia & Benjamin... to being of Julia & Jin-woo. A much younger Jin-woo, maybe a less sharply dressed Jin-woo. But a happier Jin-woo. We can read the deep despair on Jin-woo's face. A sad beat. And then...

JULIA (O.C.)
Hi.

Jin-woo looks up, only to spot... Julia Daou. *WTF??*

JIN-WOO
Hi. Hello. Hi --

JULIA
I'm sorry, you probably hate me.

JIN-WOO
(painfully awkward)
No no, of course not. But, what, um... what are you doing here?

JULIA
I was dropping by to say hello to Louise and Antoine and Antoine told me you were up here.
(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)
He said if I didn't say hello Louise would stop sending me macarons.

The two look over to the doorway, where they spot Antoine, sly smile on his face. Antoine gives a little wave.

JIN-WOO
That sounds manipulative.

JULIA
Noo, Antoine??
(exaggerated French accent)
Oh-ho-ho, Madame, oh-hoo-ho-ho --

JIN-WOO
I think that might be offensive.

JULIA
Is it? Because I think I'm capturing him pretty well. *Oh-ho-ooh-ho-hoo-hoo --*

JIN-WOO
Yeah, no, that's definitely offensive.

Jin-woo smiles, always & forever charmed. Julia spots a half eaten CREME BRULÉE on the table.

JULIA
Can I?...

She sits down and immediately begins eating it. Jin-woo smiles, still deeply in awe. After a beat...

JIN-WOO
Well this is weird. Let's get another bottle going here --

JULIA
Oh no, I'm good with this. I don't want a repeat of that night on the Seine with the moss on the rock --

JIN-WOO
You mean, *"The softest thing you've ever felt in your entire life how has there ever been anything so soft maybe it's alien it must be alien this moss is an alien?"* That night?

Julia smiles. A happy memory. After a bit...

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
How are you? How is everything? How's work?

JULIA
It’s fine. These kids just keep getting cancer so, you know, not great? But... busy.
(beat)
How are you? How’s the company? How’s Mo?

JIN-WOO
I know you guys are still friends. You don’t have to pretend you haven’t seen her in a while.

JULIA
It’s too bad about the professor.

JIN-WOO
They broke up??

JULIA
Yes, J! Like a month ago.

JIN-WOO
Huh. I never ask. I always forget to ask, right?

An awkward beat. After a bit...

JULIA
She tells me you’ve been having loads of sex with oodles of wonderfully beautiful women.

JIN-WOO
Mo told you that?

JULIA
I may have surmised it through other means.

JIN-WOO
I need to change my Snapchat password.

JULIA
Ha! Since when are you on Snapchat?

JIN-WOO
You’re right, the filters make my --

JULIA
Ok, never mind, I regret I said anything.

The two laugh, clearly a charged energy between them. Julia looks to Jin-woo. A meaningful beat. Eventually...

JULIA (CONT'D)
I just want you to be happy.

Jin-woo smiles. A somewhat sad moment. After a bit...

JIN-WOO
Does, um -- does Ben know you're here?

JULIA
I thought it'd be weird. You know. This was our -- like, your and my --

JIN-WOO
Yeah yeah, no, right.

A bit of a victory here. But then... Julia instinctively touches her stomach. Jin-woo clocks it. After a bit...

JULIA
I should really be going.

JIN-WOO
Would you want to, I don't know, go for a walk, or, we could --

Julia stands up. She looks to Jin-woo a beat. And then she walks over and kisses him on the check.

JULIA
It was really nice seeing you.

She walks off. ON JIN-WOO, heart ripped to pieces.

EXT. BARCELONA - NIGHT

LATE NIGHT. A wiry YOUNG MAN rushes through the streets, DARK HOODIE & BIG BLUE BACKPACK on, a THIN CHAIN around his neck from which hangs a GOLDEN CROSS and a PENDANT in the shape of a HAND *(known as the HAMSA)*. This is Raul Morales (20).

Raul slips into an alley, making sure he hasn't been seen. He pulls a FLIP PHONE CELL PHONE from his pocket before grabbing a BRAND NEW SIM CARD from his bag. He slips the SIM card into the phone and checks his watch. *Almost time.*

EXT. PARIS - NIGHT

Jin-woo exits the restaurant, ready to get back to work. And then... his phone starts RINGING. He answers.

EXT. BARCELONA - NIGHT

Raul's on the other end, calling from the alley.

RAUL
Is this really Jin-woo?

EXT. PARIS - NIGHT

Jin-woo is at a loss...

JIN-WOO
I'm sorry, who is this?

RAUL (O.S)
Jin-woo Yoo, yes? --

JIN-WOO
-- can I help you? --

RAUL (O.S)
J. One Industries? I need to --

Jin-woo can barely hear what Raul's saying, his voice drowned out by the sound of CONSTRUCTION & a RINGING CHURCH BELL.

JIN-WOO
How did you get this number?

Raul says something unintelligible. Jin-woo is about to hang up. And then, clear as day...

RAUL (O.S)
I don't want to sell it to Benjamin Daou. I want to sell it to you.

And *that* gets Jin-woo's attention. A quick beat. And then...

JIN-WOO
I'm listening.

EXT. BARCELONA - NIGHT

Raul looks to his watch again. He checks the street.

RAUL
I sent you a demo. Meet me at the Hostel Bonita in Granada, Spain.

He hangs up. He then quickly removes the SIM CARD, throwing it to the ground & STOMPING IT TO PIECES before RUNNING OFF.

EXT. PARIS - NIGHT

Jin-woo looks to his phone, DISCONNECTED. He checks his email. Sure enough, there he finds a message from Raul attached to which is a file for his Augmented Reality system.

Jin-woo puts a pair of CONTACTS in and loads the file. He then BLINKS his eyes, LOGGING INTO the AR framework, the INTERFACE lightly visible on his IRISES. And then... nothing happens. He looks around the street. Nothing there. *WTF?*

Suddenly the skies open up, POURING RAIN. Jin-woo quickly rushes across the street, down into...

INT. METRO STATION - NIGHT

It's empty. Jin-woo catches his breath, leaning against a CLOSED NEWSTAND, soaked to the bone. After a beat, he looks down to an old discarded newspaper, seeing a blaring front page headline: ***TIGRE S'ÉCHAPPE DU PARC ZOOLOGIQUE.***

A beat as Jin-woo reads the article. And then... he hears something to his left. A LOW GROWL. He looks over, only to spot, in a darkened corner of the station... **a LIVE TIGER.**

The tiger SLOWLY LUMBERS over to him. Jin-woo backs towards the subway gates, looking to escape. *Only they're locked!* He starts to panic. The tiger LUNGES at him as Jin-woo FALLS TO THE FLOOR, terrified. The tiger gets right up in his face and lets out a terrifying "*ROOOAAAARRRRR*".

Jin-woo can smell his BREATH, he can feel it's warmth on his face. He's terrified! He doesn't know if this thing is about to bite his head off. And then, the tiger looks straight at him. And in perfect English...

TIGER
Come... to Granada. A new world awaits you there. I will show you.

With that, the tiger runs up the metro stairs. As he does he seemingly FADES AWAY. Jin-woo looks to the newsstand, which has also seemingly DISEAPEARED. He quickly runs up to...

EXT. PARIS - NIGHT

Jin-woo BURSTS from the metro station. No sign of the tiger anywhere. And then he realizes... no rain, either. The streets are COMPLETELY DRY. *Holy fucking shit, dude.*

ON JIN-WOO, breathing deep, EYES WIDE.

INT. HOSTEL BONITA - GRANADA, SPAIN - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON an ALARM CLOCK. 3:44 AM. Reveal in bed: A WOMAN. This is SARA MORALES (late 20s). A second later and the ALARM GOES OFF. Sara's eyes quickly BLINK OPEN. From here we launch into a QUICK CUT MONTAGE as Sara prepares for the day...

- Sara SHOWERS. BRUSHES teeth. Tosses on some COMFY SWEATS.

- In the KITCHEN. Mixing BATTER. Orange raspberry. Delicious. Pours it into a MUFFIN TIN. Throws in the OVEN. Licks SPOON.

- In a backyard URBAN GARDEN, picking VEGETABLES. Still DARK.

- At the PHARMACY. First customer. Picks up a bunch of PILLS.

- Back in the kitchen. 6:15 AM. Making breakfast. Throws veggies onto some CHILAQUILES. Pulls MUFFINS out of oven. Throws them into a BASKET. Places pills into PILL ORGANIZER.

- 7:15 AM. Sara's GRANDMOTHER enters. CARMEN (70s). She goes to the pill organizer. Pops the MONDAY pills. She finds a GLASS OF WATER right there waiting for her to wash them down.

- 7:45 AM. Sara's LITTLE SISTER enters next. MAYA (12). Precocious. Immediately starts in on those chilaquiles. Not a word to Sara, who smiles as she watches her sister eat.

- Back in her BEDROOM. Sara changes out of her MORNING SWEATS and into a NICER SUNDRESS. Looks at herself in the mirror. Holding it together. In the back of the reflection, she spots... a GUITAR leaning against the wall. Long UNUSED.

INT. CAFÉ - EARLY MORNING

A sparsely occupied café, EARLY MORNING CROWD. There we find Sara seated across from a stylish PLAINCLOTHES COP, shiny little BADGE on her hip. This is CLAUDIA ARAGON (late 30s).

Claudia holds in her hands a TORN PIECE OF PAPER on which is written an address: ***257 Rambla de Prim, Barcelona.***

CLAUDIA
(in Spanish)
So it's a warehouse? In Barcelona?

Sara eagerly hands over some more records, including a PRINTED GOOGLE EARTH IMAGE of a SKETCHY WAREHOUSE.

SARA
It's been abandoned for 10 months.
The last company left in November.

Claudia looks to the documents. She doesn't seem to be responding in the way Sara would hope.

CLAUDIA
(re. the address)
And you found this...?

SARA
In Raul's room, under his bed. I had missed it earlier because it was pinned against the wall.

Claudia puts the document aside, leveling with her friend.

CLAUDIA
I can't.

SARA
Claudi!

CLAUDIA
I can't! This is just a piece of paper. I can't open an investigation based on this alone.

SARA
Something's going on. I can feel it.

CLAUDIA
It's not like it's strange for your brother to disappear like this --

SARA
It's different this time. He had all these new friends. He was on the computer all through the night --

CLAUDIA
This is about the fight.

SARA
It's not the fight!

CLAUDIA
He needs space! He's still a kid. Men are indecipherable idiots. The young ones, especially. <u>Trust me</u>.
(a beat, meaningfully)
You two have been through so much. This isn't permanent.

A sad beat, ON SARA, struggling. After a bit...

SARA
I told him I hated him. The last thing I said. "I fucking hate you."
(a beat, Sara near tears)
I don't hate him.

Claudia reaches over the table, taking Sara's hand. After a beat, Sara's phone begins to ring. She looks to it, giving a disgusted reaction to the CALLER ID. She screens the call.

SARA (CONT'D)
Ugh. The bank. More rich people telling me how to live my life.
(she checks the time)
I'm sorry. Thank you. I have to go open the hostel.

Sara stands to leave. Claudia calls after her...

CLAUDIA
Sara.
(Sara turns to her)
If there's anything else, anything real, anything new... we can talk about opening an investigation. But for now, just... none of this is your fault. OK?

Sara smiles... and then exits.

INT. PLANE - DAY

First class cabin. Jin-woo & Chelsea seated side-by-side, faces buried in Chelsea’s laptop. Jin-woo is fidgety, eager.

CHELSEA
Please stop.

JIN-WOO
Wait, what about --

CHELSEA
Don’t touch the screen.

JIN-WOO
I didn’t touch the screen!

CHELSEA
You touched the screen.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
... Why would I (touch the screen) --

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
All this because it started raining.

JIN-WOO
The tiger! The freaking -- you know what? Never mind.

CHELSEA
Wait, I got something... shit, I don't.

JIN-WOO
You hacked my email, why can't you hack his?

CHELSEA
That was five years ago!

JIN-WOO
What are you, Sandy Koufax? Lost a little heat off your fastball?

CHELSEA
Oh my God, who even are these people!? You're just making them up now.

JIN-WOO
Ugh, millennials.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
... You're a millennial!

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
Oh no I am not.

CHELSEA
Just because you're rich doesn't mean you're not a millennial.

JIN-WOO
I saw *Clueless* in theaters. I'm young Gen X.

CHELSEA
Yeah, ok.

JIN-WOO
Are you going to find this guy or --

CHELSEA
You have the name Raul. And the country of Spain. How easy do you think this is going to be?

JIN-WOO
The email address!

CHELSEA
I don't --
(deep sigh)
(MORE)

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
This guy covered his tracks. He's not some idiot tech douche who didn't bother to enable multi-factor identification on a gmail account.

JIN-WOO
Well that idiot douche was so impressed he hired you so you should really be much nicer to him.

CHELSEA
The kid is good. Whoever he is. We should respect that.

A beat, ON JIN-WOO, thinking this over. Seemingly moved. Suddenly Chelsea starts laughing uncontrollably.

JIN-WOO
What?

CHELSEA
You made Jesus say, *"Bumfuck."*

EXT. HOSTEL BONITA - GRANADA, SPAIN - DAY

Bustling city, rich with history. A CAR pulls up. Jin-woo & Chelsea hop out, BAGS in tow. They look up to the hostel. It's a bit beat up, falling apart... though still has its charms.

JIN-WOO
Do we think they have indoor plumbing?

CHELSEA
Oh enough. It's cute. And you could afford to go a weekend without a bidet. It builds character.

They walk towards the hostel. As they enter...

JIN-WOO
I don't understand how everyone can just go through life with shit all over their hands all the time --

CHELSEA
Who the hell taught you how to wipe?!?

INT. HOSTEL BONITA - LOBBY - DAY

A LARGE FOYER. Paint chipping, the walls bare. A LARGE & BEAUTIFUL STAIRCASE in the middle.

LOADS OF PEOPLE run this way and that. Jin-woo & Chelsea enter. Chelsea attempts to get someone's attention...

CHELSEA
Excuse me. Hello, so sorry.
(no response)
Hi, sorry, could you help us?

Jin-woo watches her squirm for a bit, not eager to engage the clientele himself. Eventually someone stops for Chelsea...

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Hi, sorry, we're looking for Raul?

HOSTEL PATRON
Good luck! Haven't seen him in months.

Jin-woo and Chelsea exchange a look. *That's a little weird.* Chelsea tries talking to more people. As she does, Sara emerges on the staircase, a TOTEM OF CALM in a SEA OF CHAOS.

Sara watches the commotion a bit, Chelsea stopping more patrons. She then focuses on Jin-woo, who leans against the wall before quickly thinking better, brushing dust off his expensive suit jacket. *Who the fuck is this guy?*

Just then, Maya enters, running up to Jin-woo.

MAYA
(in Spanish)
Are you rich?

SARA
Maya!

Jin-woo spots Sara for the first time. He turns back to Maya.

JIN-WOO
(in Spanish, charming)
Yes. Obscenely.

Sara could puke. She descends the steps to Jin-woo & Chelsea.

SARA
I'm so sorry. She's a pest. Can I help you?

JIN-WOO
We'd like to stay the night.

SARA
You would like to stay here?

JIN-WOO
(somewhat amused)
Yes. Is that a problem?

Sara looks to his expensive luggage, his clothes, his watch. *Who is this guy? What's he after?*

SARA
Oh not a problem at all. But perhaps you would be more comfortable in a hotel? I have a few we could recommend.

JIN-WOO
No no. Here will be nice.

SARA
You and your wife --

JIN-WOO
She's not my wife.

CHELSEA
I'm not his wife.

SARA
You both seem very happy about this.

Chelsea LAUGHS, somewhat uncontrollably, SNORTING a bit.

SARA (CONT'D)
We do have a few beds available, Sir, but I warn you they're in a dorm structure. Multiple beds per room.

JIN-WOO
(to Chelsea, sotto voce)
Do they all share the same bidet?

CHELSEA
(ignoring him)
You don't have any singles at all?

SARA
We have a suite. But the family over there has booked it for the week. They've just checked in.

Sara nods to a FAMILY by the door. Jin-woo immediately walks over to them. He pulls out his wallet.

JIN-WOO
Hi, hello, excuse me. You're staying in the suite? Here.

He pulls out about €1,000 in cash and hands it to the FATHER, who doesn't seemingly speak English.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
Yes, sorry, it’s money. It’s a lot of money. So much money. You can stay in a hotel. A very fancy hotel.
(he gestures to Sara)
That woman over there will help you find one.

Sara can hardly believe this. The man is super confused. After a bit, he finally gets the picture. He gestures to Jin-woo with the money, thanking him. Jin-woo walks back to Sara.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
Ok. The suite. Where do we find it?

Sara remains flabbergasted. *Who the fuck does this guy think he is??* She does her best to shake it off.

SARA
Well this will be fun... it’s on the 6th floor.

Jin-woo looks up to the TALL STAIRCASE, spiraling six floors high to a VERY DISTANT CEILING.

JIN-WOO
Elevator?

SARA
There is no elevator.

JIN-WOO
(gesturing to the stairs)
We have to --

SARA
Yes.

JIN-WOO
Do you have someone who could carry our bags?

SARA
Would you like me to fetch you a mule?

Chelsea bursts out laughing.

CHELSEA
Oh I like her.

Chelsea grabs her bags and begins the climb up the stairs. Jin-woo realizes he has no choice but to follow. ON SARA, watching Jin-woo closely, HEAVILY SUSPICIOUS.

INT. HOSTEL BONITA - UPSTAIRS SUITE - DAY

A modest two room suite. Jin-woo & Chelsea enter, scoping the place out. Jin-woo tries to open a window... but it's jammed shut. *Shit.* He looks to his fingers, covered in dust. *Gross.*

JIN-WOO
Let's get on with this. If there's something here worth writing home about I want to track it down before Benjamin Daou and his little turncoat cronies can get their dirty hands on it.

Chelsea flips open her laptop, popping it on a coffee table. Jin-woo starts pacing, hands clasped behind his back.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
That kid downstairs seemed to know Raul, right? So this isn't some random place; he's a part of this community.

CHELSEA
True.

JIN-WOO
I wonder if --

CHELSEA
Ah! Look at this.
(Jin-woo rushes over)
It's a Pinterest board. Username Raul_GranadaBONITA.

ON THE SCREEN, sure enough, is a PINTEREST BOARD, dozens and dozens of photos of MEDIEVAL CHURCHES pinned.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
It's just... churches. Just a bunch of old churches.

JIN-WOO
Wait. The call. There was a church bell in the background. And all this... construction noise.
(he spots something)
Wait... go back... is that... *La Sagrada Familia?*

Sure enough, there on the Pinterest board are a good 10 or 11 photos of *LA SAGRADA FAMILIA* from various angles.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
It's a Basilica in Barcelona. It's been under construction for like 100 years.

Chelsea pulls up a VIDEO of the basilica. She presses play. Sure enough, in the background is the sound of CONSTRUCTION.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
And that is pretty much exactly what it sounded like.

CHELSEA
Well ok then. Barcelona.

Jin-woo heads to his bag, pulling out his CONTACT LENS KIT.

JIN-WOO
You stay on that. I'm going to go try to find a tiger in Granada.

INT. HOSTEL BONITA - OFFICE - DAY

A MESSY OFFICE at the back of the hostel. There we find Sara on an old BEAT-UP COMPUTER, on the hunt. ON THE SCREEN we can see she's googled Jin-woo, pulling up a number of RECENT ARTICLES about the disastrous presentation in Paris...

RARE STUMBLE FOR TECH BRO ON A ROLL / UNEXPECTED MISSTEP IN THE SAGA OF JIN-WOO YOO / SCORE ONE FOR DAOU IN THE BATTLE OF FORMER CO-FOUNDERS TURNED BITTER RIVALS

After a bit, Sara starts combing GOOGLE IMAGES: *Jin-woo with ELON MUSK, Jin-woo with JEFF BEZOS, Jin-woo hobnobbing with CONGRESSMEN and other POWER PLAYERS, etc. etc.* She takes it all in, SUSPICIONS GROWING. *Who the hell is this guy?*

EXT. HOSTEL BONITA - NIGHT

Jin-woo exits out into the street. He takes in the city -- a somewhat DESERTED STREET, a handful of PASSERSBY, some SHOPS, CAFÉS & RESTAURANTS, etc. He grabs his phone & places a call.

JIN-WOO
Are we ready?

INT. J. ONE INDUSTRIES - RESEARCH LAB - DAY

A WAR ROOM of sorts. Rows and rows of COMPUTER SCREENS at which we find Bodhi & Mo, headsets on, plugged in.

BODHI
We're good. Just loaded up.

EXT. GRANADA - NIGHT

Jin-woo puts his CONTACTS in and BLINKS, logging into the AR SYSTEM. Unlike in Paris, the transformation is IMMEDIATE & COMPREHENSIVE: **Instantaneously the street is COMPLETELY TRANSFORMED into a late 15th century version of itself.**

Jin-woo can hardly believe what he's seeing. The BYSTANDERS are now decked out in MEDIEVAL GARB. What had once been a HARDWARE STORE is now a BLACKSMITH SHOP, the PHARMACY an APOTHECARY. The effect is JAW-DROPPING -- as if he's just TIME TRAVELLED BACK to a moment from the distant past.

BODHI
(over earpiece)
How is it? It looks amazing here.

Jin-woo catches sight of his REFLECTION in a window. He's now dressed as a 15TH CENTURY PEASANT, TORN CLOTHES cinched at the waist by a LEATHER BELT.

JIN-WOO
It's... magnificent. I've never seen anything like it.

BODHI
Round the corner, I want to see how large the field is --

MO
I've never seen stereoscopic imaging like this --

BODHI (CONT'D)
-- Touch something virtual, we need to stress test the haptics --

JIN-WOO
Stop! Stop. No talking. Let's just... *live.*

A beat as Jin-woo breathes in the moment. He looks up at the STARS, marveling at how much more BRILLIANT & BEAUTIFUL they look. SERENITY. *(Remember this moment.)*

And then... Jin-woo HEARS SOMETHING in the distance. He looks right, only to spot... a LARGE BOULDER SAILING THROUGH THE AIR before COLLIDING into the side of a building, which instantly EXPLODES, showering the street below with DEBRIS.

Jin-woo runs for cover, cowering beside a LARGE WAGON. Above him FLAMING ARROWS streak across the sky. And then...

An entire CAVALRY UNIT comes charging through the street on HORSEBACK, KICKING DIRT up into the air.

CAVALRYMAN
For Isabella & Ferdinand! For the Lord of Rome! Vengeance for Roderic! We ride for thee!

CHEERS ring out from the cavalry, who then RIDE ON.

MO
Oh wow oh wow oh wow oh wow!

BODHI
OH MY GOD THEY'RE ON HORSES!

BACK IN GRANADA, we get a quick glimpse of what the scene looks like to the outside world -- Jin-woo a crazy man, crouched beside a MINIVAN, cowering from UNSEEN DANGERS.

Eventually the cavalry clears. Jin-woo exits back into the street, hair tousled, out of breath. He stumbles a few steps backwards, turning around only to see...

An enormous MOORISH KNIGHT falling from the sky, landing directly in front of Jin-woo, sending SHOCKWAVES that THROW HIM to the ground. *What the fuck????*

Jin-woo staggers to his feet. The knight TOWERS over him, decked in THICK ARMOR covered by a LONG CLOAK holding an ENORMOUS SWORD. The dude looks 7 feet tall. As the series (& game) progresses, we'll come to know him is NASR BEN ALI.

NASR BEN ALI
(a booming voice)
Who are you?

JIN-WOO
Um... I'm Jin-woo Yoo --

NASR BEN ALI
Who are you? Friend or foe? Nasrid or Crusader?

BACK AT J. ONE HQ, Bodhi & Mo exchange a LOOK. *This is unreal.* Bodhi realizes what's going on.

BODHI
Oh shit! This is a video game.
(he pipes into Jin-woo)
It's a game. You have to choose what side you're on.

JIN-WOO
What does that mean?

BODHI
It's probably something with the Granada War, the fall of the Moorish Empire in Spain --

MO
We should take this step by step --

BODHI (CONT'D)
-- This is unbelievable, are you kidding me? --

JIN-WOO
(to Nasr ben Ali)
Who the fuck are you?

ON BODHI & MO, *what the fuck did he just do??* BACK IN GRANADA, Nasr ben Ali grows OUTRAGED.

NASR BEN ALI
Abu Abdallah is nothing but a puppet! My father belongs upon that throne -- true leader of Granada. By the eyes of Emma, the treasure of the Lost Kings shall forever be his!

Nasr then RAISES HIS BLADE above his head. And then, in one swoop... he SLICES JIN-WOO'S NECK RIGHT THE FUCK OPEN. Blood GUSHES OUT. Jin-woo COLLAPSES, promptly LOGGED OUT of the game. A SHOCKED BEAT. And then... Bodhi & Mo EXPLODE...

BODHI
Oh my gooodddddd! The haptics are off the charts. What's the effect in person?...

MO
Holy shit holy shit holy shit! How are the lenses? Do they feel hot??

Jin-woo is too DAZED to answer. He rubs his neck, where the sword had sliced him open. He seems a bit FREAKED OUT.

JIN-WOO
That felt... so real.

He looks up ABOVE HIM. There atop a pedestal he spots a STATUE of a KNIGHT -- Nasr ben Ali, the Moorish Knight who just nearly decapitated him. He's enthralled. *This is fucking amazing.*

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
So what's next?

Bodhi looks to Mo, thinking it over. Eventually..

BODHI
I think you have to find a weapon... and then you have to kill this statue.

JIN-WOO
(big smile)
Ok.

And he LOGS BACK IN.

INT. HOSTEL BONITA - UPSTAIRS SUITE - NIGHT

BACK AT THE HOSTEL, Chelsea deep on her hunt, headphones on, focused, munching on some CARROT STICKS, mumbling to herself.

ON HER SCREEN: A BLOWN UP PHOTO from the Pinterest board. In a CHURCH WINDOW REFLECTION we can see the fuzzy image of the photographer -- and it's RAUL, HOODED SWEATSHIRT on, BIG BLUE BACKPACK. Beside the photo is a PDF of a TRAIN TICKET.

CHELSEA
Is this you, Mr. Raul GranadaBonita?

Chelsea then hacks into an ONLINE SECURITY CAMERA at what looks to be a TRAIN STATION. Combing through footage. And then she spots him... *Raul*. Same hoodie. Same backpack.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
There's our boy. Train due to arrive --

She checks her watch. *Oh shit.* She jumps up and heads out.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - EARLY MORNING

5:00 AM. Chelsea arrives at the station. A sign above the platform reads "BARCELONA: *A Tiempo*". The platform is mostly empty, only ONE OTHER PERSON there waiting. After a beat, Chelsea realizes... that other person is Sara Morales.

ON SARA, drinking from a cup of coffee. She checks her watch, eager, maybe a bit anxious. From down the platform, Chelsea watches her carefully. *Are they there for the same reason?*

Eventually the train arrives. A few PASSENGERS disembark. Sara searches their faces, looking for Raul. Only he's nowhere to be found. Eventually the final passenger exits. Sara's CRESTFALLEN... but somehow UNSURPRISED. She turns to leave, walking past a STATION AGENT, who seems to know her.

STATION AGENT
(in Spanish)
Not today?

SARA
Maybe tomorrow.

Chelsea clocks the exchange. And then... she spots THREE TOUGH DUDES slipping out of the train. One slides in front of the train, disappearing into the BRAMBLE on the other side of the tracks. The other two immediately begin following Sara.

Chelsea doesn't know who to follow: *The guy in the bramble? Or the dudes after Sara?* After a beat... she chooses Sara.

EXT. GRANADA - NIGHT

Back with Jin-woo & Nasr ben Ali. QUICK CUT MONTAGE as Jin-woo plays the game...

- Jin-woo discovers an old RUSTY SWORD in a corner of the plaza, which he uses against Nasr.

- The two BATTLE. Nasr kills Jin-woo OVER and OVER. Jin-woo logs right back in, OVER and OVER.

- Jin-woo gradually begins to get the hang of the game, DODGING & WEAVING, inflicting increasing damage on Nasr ben Ali... only to eventually be SUMMARILY KILLED.

- At some point in the fighting, we may notice a SMALL BOY (9 or 10) watching Nasr ben Ali intently. *(Remember him.)*

All throughout, we INTERCUT WITH...

EXT. GRANADA - EARLY MORNING

Chelsea sneaks down a NARROW STREET, following about a block behind the two tough dudes, who themselves follow Sara from a safe distance. The four snake their way through the city.

At some point, one of the dudes gets a message in an EARPIECE. The two quickly DOUBLE BACK, heading STRAIGHT FOR CHELSEA.

The two dudes BLOW BY Chelsea. Another moment of indecision. She looks to Sara and then back to the dudes. After a beat...

She doubles back, following the dudes. Through the STREETS & NARROW ALLEYWAYS. Keeping a fair bit of distance.

And then she LOSES THEM. She scrambles through the alleyways. *Where the hell did they go?* She rounds a corner and then...

There they are. ALL THREE. The two dudes who'd been following Sara argue with the guy who slipped into the bramble. They don't look happy, fighting over some sort of OBJECT.

Chelsea quickly scrambles around a corner. *Shit, did they see her?* She breathes heavy. A couple tense beats. And then...

The three men STORM OUT of the alley and CHARGE DOWN the street. After a beat, Chelsea sneaks into the alley. There, beside a dumpster, she finds... a BIG BLUE BACKPACK.

She grabs it. Looks to have been torn open, VIOLENTLY. Inside she finds a BOOK. It's thick, hardcover... and COMPLETELY BLANK. Just 400 EMPTY PAGES. *That's fucking weird.*

On the cover she finds a POST-IT NOTE, the words *“HAM”* and *“MAM”* written above some SQUIGGLY DOODLES.

CHELSEA
(confused/intrigued)
“Ham mam”?

And then she gets an idea. She pulls out a pair of CONTACTS, putting them on. She BLINKS, logging into the AR framework. She looks back to the book... and her EYES GO WIDE.

EXT. GRANADA - CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

Back with Jin-woo & Nasr ben Ali, BATTLING. After a bit of back and forth, Jin-woo finally gains the upper hand. He pins Nasr against a FOUNTAIN, placing the blade against his throat. Nasr breathes heavy. And then...

NASR BEN ALI
You have a very important choice to make here... of exactly how you would like to be remembered.

JIN-WOO
What’s he talking about?

BODHI
Oh shit! It’s probably some sort of *‘karma’* system. Lots of games have it. Each choice you make affects who you become & how you're perceived --

JUST THEN, the young boy we saw earlier runs up to Nasr at the fountain, PLEADING...

YOUNG BOY
Father! No!

Jin-woo looks to the boy then back to Nasr, BLADE still at Nasr's throat. The two men LOCK EYES. And then...

NASR BEN ALI
Give me an honorable death. A death my son can be proud of. So he knows his father’s life had meaning.

A beat of hesitation as Jin-woo doesn’t know what to do. The moment seems to have a deep, profound EMOTIONAL EFFECT on him. Eventually... he LETS GO, freeing Nasr.

Nasr staggers back to his feet, SURPRISED. The little boy, his son, runs up and the two EMBRACE. After a beat, Nasr looks back to Jin-woo, a RENEWED RESPECT.

Nasr sheaths his sword and removes his CLOAK, handing it over to Jin-woo. The boy approaches, handing Jin-woo a LETTER.

YOUNG BOY
Deliver this to Emma.

With that, Nasr and the little boy walk away. As they do, they FADE TO GHOSTS, disappearing. Jin-woo opens the letter. It's torn & faded. At the top is a passage of the Qur'an:

6:97 It is He who made the stars, so that you can be guided by them in the dark, on land or sea: We have made the signs clear for those who have knowledge.

At the bottom is a LONGER PASSAGE, a fragment still legible...

... for when the Hand of Fatima is to grasp the Key to the Kingdom of Heaven, the Palace shall crumble & the treasure shall be revealed.

Jin-woo has no idea what any of this means. *But it doesn't matter.* Mo taps into Jin-woo's earpiece.

MO
So what do you think?

JIN-WOO
(wide eyed, intoxicated)
This is it. This is... everything.
(beat)
We're going to change the world.

INT. HOSTEL BONITA - OFFICE - DAY

Sara returns to her office, plopping down. After a beat, she looks up at the wall. There we find a LARGE MAP of Barcelona, onto which she's pinned dozens of NOTES, PHOTOGRAPHS & OTHER CLUES -- clearly the result of MONTHS & MONTHS of work.

Sara looks to the map, focusing in on a RECENT PHOTO of Raul. A HEAVY MOMENT, Sara EXHAUSTED, nearing the BREAKING POINT.

INT. HOSTEL BONITA - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Jin-woo returns to the hostel, EXHAUSTED, a little bleary eyed. But life has suddenly become MUCH CLEARER.

Jin-woo tries calling Chelsea but his phone is dead. He starts tearing apart the kitchen looking for an OUTLET. He tries one, it's broken. Tries another, broken again. As Jin-woo grows increasingly frustrated, impatient, Sara enters.

SARA
Can I help you with something?

JIN-WOO
I need an outlet.

SARA
There are a few --

JIN-WOO
I tried them! They don't work. This place is a mess.

SARA
Sir, I really believe you may be happier at a hotel. Allow me to recommend one for you --

JIN-WOO
Is that your business strategy? Turn away whatever respectable clientele just happens to stumble in --

Chelsea enters, seeing Jin-woo going after Sara.

CHELSEA
(trying to interject)
Wait wait -- no no --

SARA
I have been nothing but kind to you. I did not invite you to come here. I did not *ask* for you to stay here --

JIN-WOO
An entrepreneur should take pride in their business. They should strive to build something that will last, something their family can be proud of --

Something inside Sara SNAPS. She grabs some CASH from a CASHBOX, strides over to Jin-woo & forcibly hands it to him.

SARA
You don't know me. You don't know anything about my life, about my family. Take your dirty money and get the hell out of my hostel.
(in Spanish)
Rich son of a whore, think you own everything, that the world is yours to do what you want with it --

Sara STORMS OFF. Jin-woo calls after her, in Spanish...

JIN-WOO
I don't care about you or your family! All I care about is tracking down this hacker kid Raul before Benjamin Daou does. And I don't even know if the kid exists at the moment!

Sara DOUBLES BACK. Long, tense beat as she looks to Jin-woo.

SARA
(in English)
What do you know about my brother?

Jin-woo looks to Chelsea. *Her brother?* Chelsea shrugs. *Tried to tell you.* ON SARA, who shakes her head & STORMS OUT.

INT. HOSTEL BONITA - UPSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

BACK UPSTAIRS, Jin-woo & Chelsea huddle up, big BLUE BACKPACK laid before them. Jin-woo holds the EMPTY BOOK in his hands.

JIN-WOO
I don't understand.

CHELSEA
Log in.

Jin-woo looks back to the book. He BLINKS, logging into the AR system. Instantly the book is TRANSFORMED. It's now an OLD HISTORICAL TOME, it's cover WELL WORN, pages THIN, as if it's been read 1,000 times. The title: ***MEMORIES OF THE ALHAMBRA***.

Jin-woo is BLOWN AWAY. As he turns the book over in his hands, a stack of LETTERS, NEWS ARTICLES, etc., suddenly fall out of the back. He starts leafing through them.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
They're from Sara to Raul. Sounds like the guy's been in Barcelona six months. Seems like they had some sort of falling out... it doesn't look like he responded to a single one.

JIN-WOO
He digitized them, though. Put them into the system.
(he considers this)
So she didn't know he was coming today?

CHELSEA
She's just there every morning, patiently waiting for that 5 AM train, hoping one day he'll be on it.

The situation seems to hit Jin-woo on a deep level. After a bit, he looks to the stack of ARTICLES, some of which include OLD PHOTOS of a YOUNG SARA holding a GUITAR.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
From what I can piece together, Sara and Raul were born in Guadalajara, Mexico. Very poor, family struggled. But our girl Sara was something of a child prodigy classical guitarist. Their parents scraped together what they could, uprooted the family to here, so she could study the guitar. Opened up this hostel --

Jin-woo comes to an article with a photo of a DEADLY CAR CRASH. The headline: ***DOS MUERTOS EN ACCIDENTE DE TRAFICO***.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
And then that happens.

JIN-WOO
How old was she?

CHELSEA
15. Sounds like she was in the back of the car. They were on their way to a recital.

Jin-woo takes this all in. After a beat, he looks to the backpack, TORN APART, clearly the sign of a STRUGGLE.

JIN-WOO
Someone’s after this guy.

A beat as this sinks in. Eventually, Chelsea gestures to the book, *MEMORIES OF THE ALHAMBRA*.

CHELSEA
The book is the key.

Jin-woo opens the book and leafs through it more carefully -- pages & pages of DENSE TEXT punctuated by hundreds of ILLUSTRATIONS & DIAGRAMS, MARKED UP with copious NOTES, hand drawn SKETECHES, ARTWORK, etc., all pulling from the history of the Alhambra & Granada -- a TREASURE TROVE of information.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Apparently it’s longtime family lore that the family is somehow related to the last Moorish Sultan of Granada -- a guy named Abu Abdallah, or Boabdil.

Jin-woo looks through the sketches, etc. They're truly impressive, completely STUNNING. GENIUS, even.

JIN-WOO
He's a visionary. An artist. This thing is a work of art.

A heavy beat as Jin-woo looks to the book. A moment later and he tosses the book to the table, SHOOTING OUT of his seat.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
I was going to kill this guy. I was so dead set on killing this guy. And then the game... got in my head. It knew exactly what to say to get me to change my behavior, to get me to change the way I saw the whole situation, to alter my perspective in that moment. Do you have any idea how powerful that is? The potential in that? To change the way people see things, how they experience themselves, their world...

CHELSEA
Ok...

JIN-WOO
"Ok"? That's it? We're talking about the greatest experiential software revolution of the 21st century -- the birth of an entirely new artistic medium more profound & more revolutionary than any in the history of humanity. We're talking about quite literally giving people a new lens through which they can see and understand their world, redefining the very nature of their reality. And all you can say is *"Ok'?*

CHELSEA
Well what do you want me to do about it? --

JIN-WOO
I want you go get me the rights to this game! That's the entire reason you're here. That's the entire reason you *exist* at this moment. So why don't you just go and fucking do it?

ON CHELSEA, stopped dead in her tracks. *No pushing back at this point.* She nods and heads out, leaving Jin-woo ALONE.

INT. HOSTEL BONITA - OFFICE - DAY

We find Sara in her office, pacing the room, on the phone.

SARA
(in Spanish)
-- I don't know, he just showed up at the hostel. I think he might be famous or something.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

On the other end of the call is Claudia, seated at her desk in the middle of a musty police station.

CLAUDIA
Maybe someone Raul was doing business with?

INT. HOSTEL BONITA - OFFICE - DAY

Sara is a bit AMPED UP, adrenaline rushing.

SARA
I don't know. Maybe.

Sara looks up at the wall and the map of Barcelona.

SARA (CONT'D)
This is something new, Claudi.

ON CLAUDIA, feeling for her friend. Eventually...

CLAUDIA
Ok. Ok, I'll look into it.

The two hang up. A beat as Sara stares at the map, lost in it. Eventually Carmen, Sara's grandmother, enters. She walks over to Sara and puts her arm around her waist.

CARMEN
He'll be home soon.

After a beat, Sara's eyes wander over to the corner of the map, where she's pinned a number of FAMILY PHOTOS: *Sara & Raul as kids, at the beach, playing soccer; Sara, Raul, Maya, & their PARENTS, etc.* She grows emotional.

SARA
I pushed him away. I was supposed to keep us together. I should never have --

CARMEN
Too much. Too much pressure.

The two look to the photos, focusing on one of Sara & Raul, taken when young, Raul in a TIGER COSTUME. It's then that we realize the Raul in the photo is the SAME BOY who handed Jin-woo the letter -- Nasr ben Ali's son *(same actor, etc.)*

CARMEN (CONT'D)
For 10 years, you have been two ships without an anchor, colliding in the storm. But he loves you. I know he loves you, hija.

Sara looks to the photo & then back up at the map, a tangled web of CLUES & DEAD-ENDS. She begins to grow frustrated.

SARA
I don't know what I'm doing. The cops are useless. I don't have the resources, the money, the time...

CARMEN
(shushing her)
Keep faith. He'll return.

Sara looks up at the map, DEEP IN THOUGHT.

INT. HOSTEL BONITA - KITCHEN - DAY

Frustrated & losing patience, Jin-woo bursts into the hostel kitchen. He looks around, seeing it empty. He then heads right towards a BACK DOOR, marked "**SOLO EMPLEADOS**". A beat of hesitation... and then he PUSHES ON INTO...

INT. HOSTEL BONITA - LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Jin-woo sneaks through the HOSTEL LIVING QUARTERS, walking down the hall, past a number of BEDROOMS, a FAMILY DINING AREA, etc. The place is quaint, furnished with HAND-ME-DOWNS.

Eventually Jin-woo comes to a small LIVING ROOM. There he comes across Sara & Raul's younger sister, MAYA, running through what looks to be a POP DANCE ROUTINE -- mimicking some moves on a video playing on an OLD LAPTOP. Jin-woo quickly JUMPS BACK, trying not to be seen. *It doesn't work.*

MAYA
(in Spanish)
Hey! Rich Man! Mr. Rich Man.

Jin-woo doubles back. *Caught.*

MAYA (CONT'D)
Can you help me with something? You're Korean, yes? I need you to translate something for me.

JIN-WOO
(bemused)
Yes, I'm Korean.

Jin-woo walks over as Maya quickly pulls up a YOUTUBE VIDEO. It's an interview with RM, leader of K-Pop supergroup BTS.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
Oh RM. I know him.

MAYA
You're ARMY??

JIN-WOO
What?

MAYA
A fan of BTS??

JIN-WOO
Oh, no. Well, they're fine, I guess. But I know RM. We're friends.

MAYA
(brain exploding)
... what ...

JIN-WOO
We met at the ESPYs. He's a nice guy. Very funny.

Maya can't even speak. She looks to Jin-woo, SLACK-JAWED, BLINKING a few times. After a bit...

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
Did you need me to translate something?

Maya COMES TO, pressing play on the video. Jin-woo watches. After a little bit...

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
He's saying he gets nervous to perform on large stages sometimes but he does it anyway because the fans deserve only the best.

MAYA
OH MY GOD, WHO SAYS THAT!? He's the hardest working musician of ALL TIME!

Jin-woo can't help but be charmed. After a beat, he notices the feed Maya had been dancing along to earlier. It appears to be from some sort of HIDDEN CAMERA.

JIN-WOO
What is that there?

MAYA
Contradanza Granada, the best dance studio in Spain. I'm a dancer. I'm going to join BTS on tour one day. We can't afford for me to take lessons so Raul, my brother, he put these cameras there so I can.
(gasps & covers her mouth)
Oh no oh no, it's supposed to be a secret! Don't tell, don't tell!

JIN-WOO
(smiling)
Don't worry. Your secret is safe. Your brother sounds like a nice guy.

MAYA
He's the best! I love him.

JIN-WOO
You must really miss him.

MAYA
Not really.

JIN-WOO
(confused)
No?

MAYA
No. Because of the moon.
(Jin-woo doesn't follow)
When I was little, Raul would go away a lot, and I'd get scared. But then he taught me our song...
(singing, in English)
~ I see the moon and the moon sees me. / The moon sees the somebody I'd like to see. / Please let the stars that shine on me / shine on the ones I love. ~

ON JIN-WOO, TOUCHED. And then... something HITS HIM.

JIN-WOO
"He who made the stars"...

EXT. GRANADA - DAY

Jin-woo BURSTS out of the hostel into the city streets, excited, animated. He immediately places a call.

INT. MO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mo jolts from bed, awoken by her RINGING PHONE. She answers.

MO
Hello?

INT. BODHI'S ROOM - SAME

Bodhi awakens to the same.

BODHI
Yeah?

EXT. GRANADA - DAY

Jin-woo shouts into his cell phone.

JIN-WOO
Get to your computers. He's using the game to lead us to him. The game is a puzzle. We have to solve it.

While Bodhi & Mo pull out LAPTOPS, shaking themselves awake, Jin-woo throws in his contacts and logs into the game. He quickly opens a MAP. Although much of the map remains obscured, a NEW SECTION has been revealed. Sure enough, there Jin-woo spots ANOTHER USER currently logged in, leading a COVERT RAIDING PARTY somewhere on the other side of town.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
There he is. Raul.

From here we launch into a **HIGH ENERGY SEQUENCE**...

Jin-woo RUNS THROUGH the city, tracking Raul in the game, CRUISING through the streets ON FOOT.

A group of MOORISH BOWMEN suddenly appear on the ROOFTOPS, FIRING ARROWS down below, Jin-woo RACING, DODGING.

At some point, Jin-woo is STRUCK with an arrow, which GRAZES his arm, SLICING it open, BLEEDING. *Ouch! Feels real.*

Eventually Jin-woo seemingly CATCHES THE ATTENTION of the RAIDING PARTY, who SEND WARRIORS chasing after him.

The raiding party HUNTS JIN-WOO, who SLASHES through them, INTENSE & BADASS FIGHTING, making his way to Raul. For every WARRIOR he kills THREE MORE suddenly appear coming after him.

All along, Mo & Bodhi monitor the action from their home laptops, glued to the screens, RIVETED, TENSE.

INT. CYBER CAFE - DAY

With Jin-woo racing through the streets, we find Chelsea at a café, Raul's history book spread before her. She looks to the POST-IT NOTE, the words "HAM MAM" written above some DOODLES.

CHELSEA
'Ham mam'.

A confused beat. And then... *it hits her.* Chelsea eagerly flips through the book, finding an ILLUSTRATION of an ancient TURKISH BATH in the city of Granada. The caption below reads: *Granada's baths, known as the HAMMAM.* Her EYES GO WIDE.

EXT. GRANADA - CITY CENTER - DAY

Chelsea RUSHES THROUGH the streets, searching for the site of the historic *hammam*, referencing an ANCIENT MAP of the city.

Eventually, she finds it. Only of course the baths are long gone. In their place... a MUNICIPAL PATENT OFFICE. *A-ha!*

INT. PATENT OFFICE - DAY

Chelsea frantically searches records on a COMPUTER TERMINAL. It's not going well. She types in an array of potential search terms. *Raul's name*. Nothing. *Their address, birthdays, varied spellings, etc.* Nothing. *Nothing nothing nothing.*

She looks to the post-it note, down to the squiggle mark symbols below the word *"hammam."* She gets an idea...

She flips through Raul's book, finding a photograph of some ORNATE TILEWORK within the Alhambra. Sure enough, the symbols from the post-it are in the tilework, each symbol directly above a NUMERAL. She types the numerals into the computer. *427912*. A result pops up -- a direct match. *Holy shit.*

EXT. GRANADA - DAY

We end the sequence with Jin-woo CORNERED by the raiding party, a dozen masked NASRID WARRIORS crowding around him, about to finish him off. Snarling, intimidating.

Three of those warriors REMOVE THEIR MASKS. We immediately notice that they look *exactly* like the three men Chelsea saw earlier following Sara through the streets of Granada (played by the same actors and everything). *Interesting.*

After a beat, the pack of warriors part as their LEADER gradually emerges. He's quite a bit shorter than them, in full NASRID REGALIA, including a MASK. He STANDS BEFORE Jin-woo a beat before SLOWLY REMOVING his mask, revealing, it's not Raul... *it's BENJAMIN DAOU.*

ON BODHI & MO, back in Silicon Valley, BLOWN AWAY by this. Mo immediately realizes just how high the stakes have become.

It's clear Benjamin is MORE ADVANCED in this game than Jin-woo, his ARMOR MORE IMPRESSIVE, his WEAPONRY MORE POWERFUL, Jin-woo still wearing Nasr ben Ali's SIMPLE CLOAK.

One of the warriors turns to the others.

VENEGAS SOLDIER
Banu Sarraj?

VENEGAS COMMANDER
(shaking his head "no")
Another who seeks the key. No friend of Aisha or El Zagal --

Benjamin RAISES HIS FIST, silencing the men. After a beat...

JIN-WOO
You're just going to fuck this up.
(Benjamin rolls his eyes)
You're doing your Kanye thing, with the light-up streetwear or whatever. This is a real product.

BENJAMIN
Don't do this --

JIN-WOO
Do what? --

BENJAMIN
You know exactly what you're doing. This thing, this competitive fucking bullshit thing you always do. It's been like this since we were kids.

JIN-WOO
Well you left. We're competitors now --

BENJAMIN
-- For years I told you guys we should be getting into wearables. And you never listened. Neither of you. And then the *second* I leave, what's the first thing you jump into, full scale R&D? *The fucking contacts!*

JIN-WOO
So this is about your dad, then --

BENJAMIN
J --

JIN-WOO
-- I know it’s harsh, man, but I can tell you right now -- there’s a reason he’s working with me and not with you.

A beat. *That’s a low blow.* After a bit...

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
But really... you won the big competition, didn't you?

BENJAMIN
I told you I didn't want to do this --

JIN-WOO
I mean, that's what this is about, right? I steal your father so you steal my girl. Fair trade --

BENJAMIN
I didn't *steal* Julia! She's not a prize to be won; she's not an asset to be procured. She left you. For a reason. For many reasons.
(a beat, Benjamin turns)
But you know that.

A heavy beat, ON BENJAMIN. He genuinely feels bad for Jin-woo. After a bit...

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
You've got everyone out here thinking you're killing it, but there's, like, three people in the world who know just how broken you really are. And I can tell you right now -- my dad's not one of them.

A long beat. Benjamin looking to Jin-woo. Eventually...

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
I know this doesn't mean anything to you. But I'm sorry. I am. And... this is all fucked, but -- I miss you, J. I really do.

JIN-WOO
I don't need any apologies --

BENJAMIN
She's pregnant. Due this fall. I need you to know that.

Jin-woo looks to Benjamin, heart broken. After a beat... he DRAWS HIS SWORD, ready to BATTLE. Benjamin's warriors immediately DRAW THEIR SWORDS as well. *Clang clang clang.*

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
Come on, dude, what are you doing?

But Jin-woo isn't messing around, DETERMINED TO BATTLE. And then... Jin-woo's PHONE STARTS RINGING. It's Chelsea.

JIN-WOO
Hello?

CHELSEA (O.S)
I know how we get the rights. But we have to move quickly.

Jin-woo HANGS UP and LOGS OUT of the game. Instantly all of Benjamin's warriors DISAPPEAR -- including the three we recognized from earlier. Apparently *(at least in this incarnation)* these weren't REAL PEOPLE but VIRTUAL NPCs.

Benjamin is now left ALONE -- and much more vulnerable. The disparity between the two is gone, now in modern clothes, Jin-woo five inches taller & in a much nicer suit.

JIN-WOO
J. Crew's a much better fit for you. *"Style always counts."* Right?

After a beat, Jin-woo leaves, Benjamin watching him go.

EXT. GRANADA - ANOTHER STREET - DAY

Charging through Granada, Jin-woo gets a call. He doesn't even have to look to see who it is. He answers.

JIN-WOO
It's fine, Mo. I have things under control.

INT. MO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mo's on the other end, worried.

MO
I have the names and numbers of half a dozen fired therapists who would disagree with that assessment.

JIN-WOO
It's fine. Nothing personal. Strictly business --

MO
Oh you daft prick. I don't care how much EPMD you've listened to, it hasn't been *"strictly business"* with you two since Stanford. It wasn't *"strictly business"* then!

JIN-WOO
We're not 19 anymore. I am a grown man doing grown man things --

MO
It was never going to work at the company. We had two Jobses and no Wozniaks. And I know with Julia, and all that history, how painful it all is. But the Daous took you in. When you needed them most, when you needed a family, they --

JIN-WOO
(emphatic)
They are not my family. I am not one of them. And I never will be.

A quiet moment. Mo looks to an OLD PHOTO: *Her, Jin-woo, Julia & Benjamin back at Stanford.* A long, thoughtful beat.

MO
I'm coming to Granada --

JIN-WOO
-- Mo --

MO
I'm coming. You need me. You can't do this without me.

JIN-WOO
Absolutely not. I need you there --

MO
(cutting him off)
I'm one of the three people he's talking about.

That stops Jin-woo in his tracks. After a beat...

JIN-WOO
Mo. I appreciate you. I appreciate your concern. But I'm fine. I can handle this. You stay in Redwood and --

MO
(pretending the phone is breaking up)
Hello? J? You there? Hello?

She hangs up. Jin-woo looks to his phone, disconnected.

JIN-WOO
Of course.

EXT. GRANADA - DARK ALLEY - DAY

Jin-woo shakes off the call. He finds Chelsea in a DARK ALLEY behind the patent office building. She hands him an ENVELOPE.

CHELSEA
I've tracked the patent to the game. Sure enough, that patent was filed about six months ago. But here's what's interesting... just yesterday control of the patent was reassigned.

JIN-WOO
To who?

CHELSEA
The Hostel Bonita.

A beat as this sinks in. *Intriguing... & possibly concerning.*

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
You said Raul sounded pretty panicked on the phone. He looked pretty panicked walking onto that train. And then --

JIN-WOO
The bag.
(putting it together)
He wanted the game to stay in the family. That's the only reason to make that transfer now.

CHELSEA
I think we need to at least entertain the possibility that this guy's in trouble. Kidnapped? Or...

She trails off. Jin-woo doesn't respond, seemingly struck by this. But after a beat, he buries his concern, refocusing.

JIN-WOO
What does this mean for the game?

CHELSEA
Moral of the story, to get the rights to the game, all you have to do is buy the hostel.

JIN-WOO
And who owns the hostel?

CHELSEA
Sara Morales.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
Sara Morales.

Not exactly Jin-woo's biggest fan. The two think this over.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
So what's the move? Buy her out?

JIN-WOO
No. That'll just piss her off. We need to be smarter about this.

INT. HOSTEL BONITA - KITCHEN - DAY

Jin-woo & Chelsea track down Sara, busy doing DISHES in the kitchen. She isn't exactly happy to see them.

SARA
I thought I asked you to leave.

JIN-WOO
You did. And I'm an asshole... so I didn't.

SARA
(in Spanish)
Well you certainly are not lacking self-awareness --

JIN-WOO
(in Spanish)
I want to buy your hostel.

A beat. Sara is taken aback. After a bit...

SARA
This hostel? The one you viciously insulted just this morning?

JIN-WOO
One year from now, Granada won't be known for the Alhambra... it will be known for something else.

SARA
And what is that?

JIN-WOO
Magic.

Sara turns off the water in the sink. She dries her hands on a dish towel. A long beat as she looks to Jin-woo. And then...

SARA
What the absolute fuck are you talking about?

JIN-WOO
I am telling you, Ms. Morales, mere months from now, people from all over the world will flock to Granada to experience this magic -- to have their worlds forever altered, their eyes reopened --

SARA
This is bullshit. All of it. Just a mirage. Like you, Mr. Handsome, all charm on the surface, but deep down just a damaged, broken man -- a man who represents everything that is wrong with the world.

JIN-WOO
I will pay you $1 million.

Sara is thrown. *An obscene about of money.* We hear a SQUEAL from the doorway, where we spot... Maya & Carmen, WATCHING INTENTLY. Carmen hushes Maya. Sara turns back to Jin-woo.

SARA
No. Absolutely not.

Jin-woo cracks a SLY SMILE. *He saw this coming*.

SARA (CONT'D)
This may be difficult for you to understand but it is not about the money. It is not about the hostel.
(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)
My parents poured *everything* they had into this place, to provide for our family, to provide for me -- to make possible whatever dreams we wanted to achieve. The building is *not* for sale.
(beat, pointed)
I know it doesn't look like much of a life to you. But it is *my* life. And it is one my parents sacrificed everything to give to me.

With that, Sara WALKS OUT. As she goes...

JIN-WOO
When I was 11 my father killed himself.

That stops Sara in her tracks. She turns back. After a bit...

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
They had moved from Korea when I was four. Today they probably could have just stayed, but back then... there was nothing like an American education.
(sad smile, a beat)
They didn't have a lot of money. But he was enterprising. He was an artist, really. He ran an auto body shop. In Oakland. He did what he could to keep up appearances -- to allow his son to fit in with elite company, to attend those fancy schools. But it was... too much. He was gone. And no one really knew who he was. His obituary was (indicating an inch) this big.
(an emotional beat)
My mother never recovered. She drank. There were probably drugs. She was gone within a year. So now here I was, 12 years old, living in a country I wasn't born in... without the parents who brought me there.

Sara looks to Jin-woo, a connection forming -- two broken people with much more in common than they may have realized.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
It's not about the money. But think about what the money can buy for you. Think of Maya. Whatever dance lessons she wants, any school, anywhere, in person, with the top instructors.
(beat)
Think of Raul.

And that really gets Sara's attention.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
At any given moment in history there are 8, maybe 9, people whose names will be remembered. People who change everything, who redefine the way we see the world. Your brother has a chance to be one of them. A person that brilliant -- an artist that special, that visionary -- should have access to whatever resources necessary to enact those dreams, that vision -- to leave behind a true legacy.

A beat as Sara considers this. Jin-woo drives it home.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
Think of everything your parents always wanted to give to you but were never able to.

A long beat. Sara looks to Jin-woo with RENEWED KINSHIP. After a bit, she looks to her sister & grandmother, watching from the doorway. Eventually, she turns back to Jin-woo.

SARA
Fine. You can have the hostel... for $5 million.

JIN-WOO
$5 million!

SARA
You seem to really want it.

JIN-WOO
It can't possibly be valued at more than $200,000 --

SARA
Fine. $6 million.

JIN-WOO
That's not a real thing! That's just the movies --

SARA
Ok, $7 million. But first, *first*...
(a beat, emotional)
You help me find my brother.

ON JIN-WOO, thinking this over. After a beat...

JIN-WOO
Ok. You have a deal. *For $5 million.*
And we'll find Raul.

Maya SQUEALS from the doorway. Sara SHOOTS HER A LOOK, shushing her. She then looks back to Jin-woo. After a beat, she walks over to him, reaching out her hand. The two SHAKE HANDS, meaningfully. And then, very genuinely...

SARA
Thank you.

ON JIN-WOO, who SMILES, a NEW BOND between them.

EXT. HOSTEL BONITA - NIGHT

Jin-woo and Chelsea exit out into the early evening.

JIN-WOO
You work with her. Find out what she knows. Anything that might be helpful.

CHELSEA
What's your plan?

JIN-WOO
Benjamin.

CHELSEA
(confused)
What about him?

JIN-WOO
This kid Raul isn't dead. But you're right -- he's in trouble. And I can tell you right now... Benjamin Daou is the reason why.

With that, Jin-woo places a call. It goes to VOICEMAIL.

JIN-WOO (CONT'D)
It's me. You know, we can fight for the girl. We can fight for a father's love. But at the end of the day -- end of a lifetime, really -- there's only one thing we all want... *legacy*.
(beat)
Meet me in an hour at the Alhambra.

He hangs up. A thoughtful beat. Jin-woo RUBS HIS ARM where the arrow hit earlier. Even though he's not logged in it somehow STILL HURTS. After a beat, he looks up to the stars.

EXT. GRANADA - NIGHT

Jin-woo rushes through the city, IN GAME, clad in his CLOAK, passing 15TH CENTURY BYSTANDERS, etc. At some point he walks past a POOR BEGGAR WOMAN, SHIVERING in the night's air. Out of the corner of his eye, he notices the woman is PREGNANT.

A moment of hesitation, Jin-woo very much on a mission... but that pregnant woman looked pretty cold. After a beat, he doubles back. He approaches the woman, taking the cloak off his back. He hands it over to her.

The woman takes the cloak, SMILING. And then... she reaches behind her, pulling out a WOODEN BOX. She hands it to Jin-woo. He opens it. Inside is a long BROAD SWORD -- much more advanced than the rusty sword he's been using.

The woman nods to Jin-woo, granting him the sword -- his reward for a kind deed. Jin-woo smiles and nods back, turning to rush back up towards the Alhambra. As he goes...

The beggar woman breaks into a SMILE, mischievous & knowing. And then, out of the shadows behind her... **the TIGER emerges**, a GOLDEN CROSS & HAMSA PENDANT hanging from his collar. The two watch as Jin-woo rushes up the street.

EXT. ALHAMBRA PALACE - NIGHT

Jin-woo arrives at a park beneath the Alhambra Palace. We may recognize this as the field from the open of the show -- Alhambra up above, Granada down below.

Jin-woo pulls out his new broad sword, admiring it. As he does, Benjamin Daou arrives -- just as Jin-woo knew he would. The two stand before each other, Jin-woo in his peasant rags, Benjamin in his 15 century Nasrid armor. After a beat...

JIN-WOO
I just idolized you when we were kids. You were so cool. You had all this money. That house. Those parents. And then I came to be a part of it. To live that life myself. As your brother. But now, all these years later, I gotta say... you're not the man I thought you were.

A heavy beat, ON BENJAMIN, emotional. Eventually...

BENJAMIN
There is so much more to this than you realize.

Jin-woo looks RIGHT BACK at him. A TENSE BEAT. And then...

JIN-WOO
Where is Raul?

Before Benjamin can answer...

A FLAMING PROJECTILE streaks across the night's sky, CRASHING into the side of the palace in a TERRIFYING EXPLOSION.

Jin-woo & Benjamin look down the hill, only to spot about 9,000 CATHOLIC CRUSADERS storming towards the Alhambra.

In response, hundreds of MOORISH KNIGHTS suddenly line the palace walls, FIRING ARROWS on down.

An EPIC BATTLE breaks out -- the Siege of the Alhambra (the historic battle described in the show open). As the battle rages around them, Jin-woo glares at Benjamin. And then...

The two break into an EPIC SWORD FIGHT. Totally badass. Hacking & slashing. Bloody, intense.

Benjamin has the upper hand, moving Jin-woo across the park, SLICING him open, DRAWING BLOOD.

After a bit, Jin-woo begins to TURN THE TIDE, pushing Benjamin back, knocking him about. His new sword is POWERFUL & DEADLY, DRAWING BLOOD.

Eventually Jin-woo is able to pin Benjamin on top of a rock. Benjamin looks to Jin-woo, chest heaving. A beat as the two former BEST FRIENDS turned BITTER RIVALS STARE EACH OTHER DOWN. Benjamin looks straight at Jin-woo.

BENJAMIN
How do you want to be remembered?

A beat. And then... Jin-woo DRIVES HIS SWORD deep into Benjamin's stomach, KILLING HIM IN THE GAME.

Jin-woo rises off of Benjamin, BREATHING DEEP. Instantly an ITEM appears a few yards away in the grass, GLOWING. Jin-woo walks over and grabs it. It's a BUSINESS CARD, on which is an address: ***Emma / Calle Duquesa, 13, 18001 Granada, Spain***. Jin-woo's MAP is likewise updated, a GLOWING BEACON for EMMA.

With that, Jin-woo LOGS OUT of the game. Suddenly we're back to the modern day. The siege disappears, soldiers gone, as we realize the rock Benjamin is on is actually a PARK BENCH.

Jin-woo BREATHES DEEP. He looks back to Benjamin, on the bench, back to us. And then... he walks out of the park, HEAD HIGH -- one step closer to solving this epic puzzle.

EXT. HOSTEL BONITA - MORNING

EARLY AM. Quiet. And then... BLUE & RED LIGHTS start flashing. A beat later and Claudia Aragon approaches the hostel. She knocks three times. Sara answers, surprised to see her.

CLAUDIA
You're right. It's something new.

INT. HOSTEL BONITA - UPSTAIRS SUITE - DAY

Jin-woo asleep in his suite. Peaceful. And then... his eyes BLINK OPEN, sensing something. He looks to the corner, where he spots... Benjamin Daou, sitting in a chair.

JIN-WOO
What the hell are you doing here?

Benjamin STARES BACK at him, a CREEPY BEAT. Eventually...

BENJAMIN
You did it. You finally did it.

Before Jin-woo can respond, a KNOCK at the door, startling him. He looks to the door then back to the chair. Only... Benjamin's now gone. Disappeared. *What the fuck?*

Another KNOCK. Eventually, Jin-woo rises and answers. There he finds Claudia Aragon, ringed by COPS, Sara behind them.

CLAUDIA
Jin-woo Yoo?

JIN-WOO
Yes?

Claudia hands him a PHOTOGRAPH of Benjamin on the bench. Only it's quite clear from the picture... ***he's FUCKING DEAD.***

CLAUDIA
Benjamin Daou was found dead this morning in Parque Periurbano beneath the Alhambra Palace. We have some questions we'd like to ask you.

Jin-woo looks back to the chair. Still no Benjamin. He then looks over to his CONTACT LENSES on the nightstand. *He's not logged in.* He looks back to Sara, as the two LOCK EYES.

ON JIN-WOO, his entire world changed. *History rewritten.*

END PILOT