

BACKPACKING

Written by

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EXT. LAS RAMBLAS. NIGHT.

In the plaza, the bus pulls away leaving Atlas at the center. Neon toy 'copters shoot into the sky.

BRENNAN, CHANTELE, and MARCELLA (we'll meet them later) drink out of a bottle of wine and hang out on a bench.

Throngs of CATALANS bustle around Atlas as he heads for a well-lit street.

A face-tatted DEALER gets in Atlas' face.

DEALER
Coca? Weed? PCP?

Atlas keeps walking.

DEALER (CONT'D)
Good time. Crrrazy time.

The man follows alongside him.

DEALER (CONT'D)
Come on, hombre. Special price for
the dollar.

ATLAS
Do you know where I can find a bed?

DEALER
I knew it. You see we all need
something. What kind of girl you
want? Little tatas? Big butt?
Black? Yellow? Green?

ATLAS
Green?

DEALER
Ah, my friend frrreaky.

Dealer pulls out his cell phone.

DEALER (SPANISH) (CONT'D)
I need Kiki.
(to Atlas)
175 euro. Two hours.

ATLAS
No, no! I need a hotel. Not a ho.

DEALER
Come on! Good time. Crrrazy time.

ATLAS

Hotel!

DEALER

(dejected)

Hotel? That's it? Mierda. Go that way.

ATLAS

Grassy-ass!

DEALER

Put a. It's gracias.

ATLAS

That's what I'm saying.

DEALER

You saying *grassy-ass*. It's grrracias.

ATLAS

Grrracias.

DEALER

Better.

Atlas walks on. The dealer approaches another American looking TOURIST.

DEALER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Coca, weed, PCP? Good time. Crrrazy time.

Atlas walks down a dimly lit side street.

EXT. DIAGONAL STREET. NIGHT.

The hustle and bustle is gone replaced by closed down storefronts with graffitied metal doors.

Atlas scans the store signs for anything resembling a hotel. He spots a red neon lit place called "EURO HOTEL." He enters.

INT. EURO HOTEL. NIGHT.

In the dingy, cramped lobby, Atlas approaches a Spanish MAN watching soccer on the small tv in the corner.

ATLAS

Excuse me.

The man doesn't turn.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
Err...Pardon?

MAN (IN SPANISH)
Yes.

ATLAS
I would like a room please.

MAN (IN SPANISH)
We are sold out.

ATLAS
A room with a bed?

MAN (IN SPANISH)
We have no space.

Atlas writes on a piece of paper. It says, "Room, please?" He drew a bed.

ATLAS
See?

MAN
No.

Atlas pulls out a hundred dollar bill.

ATLAS
A bed. To sleep. Entiendo?

The soccer team scores. The man sees the player celebrating.

MAN (IN SPANISH)
(frustrated)
You made me miss the goal! There is
no bed, no room! Get out of here.
Go!

The man tears the drawing in half.

Atlas races out the door.

EXT. DIAGONAL STREET. NIGHT.

Atlas clammers back into the street.

Glancing around. There are signs for laundromats, pharmacies,
groceries. He's sweating now.

He walks on and turns a corner.

EXT. CURVED STREET. NIGHT.

A few BUMS pass wine bottles between them, laughing. He walks fast passed them.

Suddenly, he feels something hit his hand. He turns around. A 5-year-old BOY stares at him.

ATLAS

I'm sorry!

The boy runs away.

Atlas pats himself down. He pulls out his pants pocket. His wallet is gone.

Atlas runs after the boy.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Get back here, you little brat!

Atlas races passed the bums. One of them trips him. Atlas falls on his face. The bums laugh.

Atlas sees the boy turn the corner. He can't get up.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Not again.

Atlas rocks himself to the side, gets up and sprints after the boy.

EXT. UNKNOWN STREET. NIGHT.

Atlas gains on the boy. The boy throws down the wallet, mocks him, and escapes down a narrow corridor.

ATLAS

You better keep running!

Atlas picks up his wallet. It's empty.

Atlas goes to the wall. He unclips his backpack from his chest and waist. He drops it, slides down the wall, and sits on the ground.

The street is quiet, desolate, barely lit. A hotel's "No Vacancy" sign taunts him.

Atlas buries his head in his hands.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
Stupid. Stupid. Stupid.

A bottle skitters(O.S.) into his foot. He looks up to see the people from the park: BRENNAN, late 30's Irishman, MARCELLA, early 20's Australian, and CHANTELLE, late 20's French, walking passed.

MARCELLA
If this is a big night, we're going to need much more drinks.

BRENNAN
You already had a bottle of wine. What more do you need?

MARCELLA
Another bottle and a good shag.

BRENNAN
I can help with that.

MARCELLA
Should've bought more beer if you want to play doctor.

BRENNAN
But I am a doctor.

MARCELLA
Ehhh. Then you still should've bought more beer.

CHANTELLE
I think we turn here.

BRENNAN
Least someone's got her wits.

MARCELLA
Already? Maybe I am a bit fuckt.

Atlas pockets his wallet. He slings his backpack over his shoulder. He quietly follows them.

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