### 🎙️ ****Scene: Dedi & Euis's Wedding – Reception Hall - 2005****

#### 🥂 ****Xavier's Speech (at mic, smiling, holding a glass)****

**Xavier:**  
"You know... traditionally, the best man is supposed to be the most eligible bachelor in the room."  
[beat — people chuckle]  
"So I’d like to formally apologize to Dedi, my best friend and big brother in everything but blood..."  
[smiles toward Dedi]  
"...because I got married last week, overtaking him in the last turn."   
[guests laugh]  
"It wasn’t planned. But it turns out happy accidents are a thing... especially when Luna is involved."  
[guests laugh louder — cut to Luna smiling, shaking her head]  
"To Dedi and Euis — may your life be full of surprises... hopefully less chaotic than mine."

Everyone claps. Some good-natured laughter follows.

### 🎯 ****Cutaway – Luna and Cadet Bima at the corner of the hall****

#### ****Bima**** (leaning slightly toward Luna)

“Luna, you just graduated high school, right? And now your first year in uni... Why rush into marriage?”

#### ****Luna**** (rubs her tummy a bit, tired smile)

“Let’s just say... it wasn’t exactly a master plan.”  
[visible baby bump now more obvious as she shifts]  
“We made a mistake, and now we’re dealing with it.”

#### ****Bima**** (concerned)

“And Xavier? He’s still working on his thesis, isn’t he?”

#### ****Luna**** (sighs, arms crossed)

“He was. Now he says he’s doing full-time racing.”  
[beat]  
“Which is great... if racing could pay rent.”

#### ****Bima**** (soft chuckle)

“It’s crazy...”

#### ****Luna**** (quietly, looking at Xavier from afar)

“I just hope he doesn’t forget he’s not racing alone anymore.”

### 🛠️ ****Scene: Dedi’s Garage – Late Morning****

Xavier and Dedi are under the hood of a sedan. Dedi’s sleeves are rolled up, grease on his arm. Xavier’s trying to loosen a bolt, failing and swearing under his breath.

#### ****Xavier****

“This bolt’s been here since Soeharto was president. It’s practically welded in.”

#### ****Dedi**** (chuckles)

“That’s because you’re turning it the wrong way.”

#### ****Xavier**** (grins)

“No I’m not—wait. Oh... okay. Maybe I am.”

They laugh. Inside the house, voices are heard.

### 🍳 ****Cut to: Kitchen – Euis and Luna cooking****

Luna is chopping carrots with confidence. Euis leans over the pan and— FWOOSH! —a puff of smoke rises.

#### ****Euis**** (coughing)

“Is it supposed to smell like that?”

#### ****Luna**** (laughing)

“Not unless you want ‘smoked shallot’ fried rice!”

#### ****Euis**** (fanning the smoke)

“I swear I followed the recipe!”

#### ****Luna****

“You don’t read a recipe, Teh. You feel it.”

Both women laugh. Euis, older but clearly inexperienced in the kitchen, hands Luna the spatula in surrender.

### 🏁 ****Cut to: Street Outside – X and Dedi in the car****

The sedan rumbles to life with a cough and a roar.

#### ****Xavier**** (grinning)

“Let’s see if all that elbow grease paid off.”

#### ****Dedi**** (buckling in)

“Just don’t kill us before dinner.”

They take off slowly, turning a corner into the quiet residential street. Kids are playing. The sun is low.

Suddenly, a **primary school kid on a bicycle** swerves into the road from a blind alley—

#### ****Dedi**** (shouting)

“X, BRAKE!”

Xavier stomps the pedal—**SCREECH!** The car halts just a meter away. The kid freezes, wide-eyed.

For a moment, silence.

#### ****Xavier**** (panting)

“…you okay, Dek?”

The kid nods, then speeds off without a word.

#### ****Dedi**** (quietly)

“You could’ve killed him.”

#### ****Xavier**** (still staring ahead)

“Yeah. I know.”

They sit in silence for a beat, the gravity settling in. Then Xavier starts the car again—more carefully this time.

### 🏥 ****Scene: Hospital – Day - 2006****

Phone ringing.

#### ****Xavier (on phone, urgent whisper):****

“Dedi... it’s time.”

### 🚗 ****Cut to: Hospital Lobby – Moments Later****

Dedi and Euis rush in. X’s parents and Luna’s parents are already seated. X is alone in a hallway, pacing, eyes fixed on the floor. He doesn’t say a word, just walks in tight circles.

Time passes. Footsteps echo.

A **doctor** emerges from the delivery room, pulling down his mask.

#### ****Doctor****

“Family of Luna Wijaya?”

Everyone stands. Xavier takes a step forward, eyes wide.

#### ****Doctor**** (smiling)

“It’s a girl. Healthy and strong.”

Gasps, cheers. Xavier smiles for the first time in hours, face breaking into silent joy.

#### ****Xavier****

“Luna? Is she okay?”

#### ****Doctor****

“She’s stable. Just recovering now. You’ll be able to see her soon.”

### 👶 ****Scene: Maternity Window – A Few Minutes Later****

Everyone is crowding behind the glass. A nurse gently places a tiny baby in a bassinet. Camera click. The room is filled with soft awe.

Xavier steps in to Luna’s room. She’s pale, eyes half-open.

#### ****Xavier**** (sitting beside her)

“She’s beautiful. You did it.”

Luna gives a weak smile, brushing a tear.

Dedi and Euis walks in, quietly.

#### ****Euis****

“What’s her name?”

Xavier looks down at Luna, then back up at his friend.

#### ****Xavier**** (softly)

“Aurelia. Aurelia Wijaya.”

### 🌙 ****Scene: Xavier’s House – Few Days Later, Midnight****

The house is quiet. The baby monitor hums. Luna groans softly.

She sits up, breath shaky, pressing her chest.

#### ****Luna**** (waking Xavier)

“Honey... I don’t feel right. My heart’s... racing. And my leg... it’s swelling.”

X jumps up instantly.

### 🚗 ****Scene: Car – Rushing to Luna’s Parents’ House, Then Hospital****

They drop off Aurelia with Luna’s mother in panic. Xavier kisses her forehead and runs.

### 🏥 ****Scene: ER Waiting Room – Later that Night****

A nurse runs past. Alarms sound faintly in the background. X waits, hands shaking, his hoodie half-zipped and wet from sweat. Minutes pass. A doctor walks out, solemn.

#### ****Doctor**** (gentle, but direct)

“Mr. Wijaya... I’m very sorry. It was a pulmonary embolism. A complication from deep vein thrombosis. We tried everything, but... it was too late.”

Xavier stares at him. Doesn’t blink. Doesn’t cry. He just nods—once.

### 🎭 ****Montage (Silent Sequence)****

* X staring at an empty crib.
* Aurelia’s things packed into a small overnight bag.
* Luna’s mother holding Aurelia, quietly leaving the house.
* X back in the garage, hands covered in oil, obsessively tuning an engine.
* Helmet on. Full throttle. Empty streets. Blurred lights.

### 🏁 ****Final Line – Voiceover (Xavier, months later, inner monologue)****

“I didn’t know how to be a father. I barely knew how to be a man. But I knew speed. I knew engines. And for a while... that was all I had.”

### 🔧 ****Scene: Dedi’s Garage – Afternoon, 2008****

Sunlight leaks through the slats of the garage. Two XP90 Vios chassis sit side-by-side. One is matte grey, the other still half-primer. Xavier’s sleeves are rolled up, grease on his face. Dedi tightens a bolt under the hood. Inside, faint kitchen sounds—Euis humming.

Suddenly, a knock and the gate creaks.

#### ****Bima**** (enters, in police uniform)

“You two are still playing with Toyotas, huh?”

#### ****Dedi**** (grinning)

“XP90s aren’t toys, Bima. They’re war machines. Even on your squad deployed them.”

#### ****Xavier****

“Cheap, light, and faster than your bureaucratic promotions.”

They all laugh as Bima removes his cap and sets it on the table.

#### ****Bima****

“I came to say goodbye. I’m being transferred—Magelang. Promoted to Iptu.”

#### ****Dedi****

“Damn, already? Thought we’d get at least one more Ramadan together.”

#### ****Bima**** (serious tone suddenly)

“Also, X... if you get caught street racing again, I won’t be able to cover for you.”

A beat of silence.

#### ****Xavier**** (smirking)

“So... no more ‘I’m-just-testing-a-suspension-setup’ excuse?”

#### ****Bima**** (grinning)

“Nope. From now on, if you get locked up, your car will go straight to the impound.”

They all laugh again.

### 🍲 ****Scene Shift: Kitchen Table, Later****

Dedi sips iced tea. Xavier leans back in his chair, fiddling with a fork.

#### ****Xavier****

“Hey... have you thought of a name yet? For the kid?”

#### ****Dedi**** (shrugs)

“Still waiting for the ultrasound. But I’m hoping it’s a boy.”

#### ****Xavier****

“I just feel it. It should be a girl. Fast, strong one. You should name her Cahaya.”

#### ****Dedi**** (raising an eyebrow)

“Cahaya?”

#### ****Xavier**** (soft smile)

“Lola never had a mother. Never had a sister. If it’s a girl... maybe she could be a sister for her.”

A quiet moment. Bima looks thoughtful.

#### ****Bima****

“Cahaya’s a solid name. Light. Fastest thing in the universe. Good name for a racer girl.”

They nod in agreement. Dedi sighs.

#### ****Dedi****

“Fine. But if it’s a boy...”

#### ****Xavier****

“Cahyo! It is strong, and like... ancient royal court Javanese Raden Cahyo the Third.”

#### ****Euis**** (from the kitchen doorway, smiling)

“It sounds the name of a village chief in a 1950s drama.”

Everyone laughs.

#### ****Euis**** (wiping her hands on a towel)

“Anyway, lunch is ready before you three name our baby after an engine parts.”

### 🥘 ****Closing: Dining Table – All Three Eating****

They’re eating together, smiling. The garage door creaks as warm wind blows in. Dedi looks at Euis, then at Xavier and Bima, his friends from different worlds, all at one table.

The bond between them is clear — forged in grease, risk, and shared dreams.

### 📱 ****Scene: Dedi’s Garage – Late Afternoon – Few weeks later****

Xavier is lounging on the hood of his XP90, sweaty and half-oiled up. Dedi’s checking brake lines under the lift. Xavier’s phone vibrates — a message from Bima.

He opens the BlackBerry. There are **pictures of a winding mountain road**, cloaked in fog — narrow lanes, sheer cliffs, and sharp turns.

#### ****Xavier**** (grinning, scrolling)

“Look at this. Bima just sent me photos from Magelang. That mountain pass—what’s it called... Irung Petruk? Man, look at those corners. Pure heaven.”

Dedi keeps working, uninterested.

#### ****Dedi****

“You just saw a mountain and immediately thought of tires squealing.”

#### ****Xavier**** (still scrolling)

“It’s calling me, bro. Like, spiritually. That’s not a road — that’s a love letter to drivers.”

#### ****Dedi**** (dry)

“It’s a death trap on a weekday.”

#### ****Xavier**** (nudging him)

“Come on. Let’s go. Just a few days. Bring Euis. The baby on her belly needed all the fresh air, mountain breeze... And for you, fried tempe from a roadside warung.”

Dedi finally stands up, wiping his hands with a rag.

#### ****Dedi****

“I’m not going anywhere until I ask my wife.”

### 🏠 ****Scene: Dedi’s House – Later That Night****

Euis is folding laundry, belly already showing. Dedi brings up the idea, half-expecting rejection.

#### ****Dedi****

“X wants us to go to Magelang. Says the mountains are good for... whatever it is he thinks he needs.”

#### ****Euis**** (smiles)

“You could use a break too.”

#### ****Dedi**** (surprised)

“You’re okay with it?”

#### ****Euis****

“As long as we don’t sleep in the car or eat instant noodles the whole trip.”

### 🚗 ****Scene Transition: Packing the Vios****

Fast cuts: Xavier loading tools, Dedi filling a cooler with bottled drinks, Euis packing a bag with layered clothes.

### 🛣️ ****Scene: Cikampek Toll Road – Late Morning****

Two XP90 Vios is cruising in the middle lane. Dedi’s car up front, Euis in the passenger seat. Xavier is behind the wheel of the second Vios — Aurelia, a little girl, maybe three years old, buckled in the back, quietly looking out the window.

Suddenly, a **roar of engines**. A **supercar convoy** blurs past: **Lamborghini Murciélago, Gallardo, Ferrari 360, Ferrari 430**. The wind pressure rocks the Vios slightly.

#### ****Xavier**** (grinning, eyes lighting up)

“You see that? They’re flying.”

He shifts slightly in his seat, adrenaline rising.

He grabs his Blackberry.

#### ****Xavier (called Dedi):****

“Hey, you thinking what I’m thinking?”

#### ****Dedi (crackling back):****

“Nope. Wife’s and baby in the her. And you have a kid in yours.”

#### ****Xavier:****

“Come on. Just a little throttle. See if we can hang.”

#### ****Dedi:****

“Absolutely not. We built these to handle Sentul, not to play Top Gear on a toll road.”

Xavier sighs, disappointed. But just then—

#### ****Aurelia (from back seat):****

“They’re gone already.”

Xavier glances at the rearview. The supercars are dots now.

#### ****Xavier**** (muttering)

“...not that far gone.”

He downshifts, presses the throttle. The Vios surges forward, surprisingly quick. The engine hums louder. The car weaves smoothly into the fast lane.

He manages to **catch up to the tail end of the convoy**, even overtakes the 360 briefly—heart racing.

#### ****Aurelia**** (nervous now)

“Dad... Dad, it’s too fast.”

Xavier glances at her in the mirror—sees her grip the seatbelt tighter, eyes wide.

#### ****Aurelia (louder):****

“I don’t like it. Please stop.”

A beat.

Xavier exhales, slowly lifts his foot off the gas. The Vios slows, slipping back into the middle lane.

#### ****Xavier**** (softly, regretful)

“Sorry, Lola. Got carried away.”

### 🎵 ****Scene Transition: Calm again****

The convoy disappears into the distance. Wind noise fades. Aurelia relaxes slightly, looking back out the window. Xavier keeps both hands on the wheel, quieter now, more thoughtful.

### 🌄 ****Scene: Warung Pecel – Morning****

Outdoor seating under a tin awning. Birds chirp. Plates of pecel are being devoured.

#### ****Dedi**** (mouth full, blissful)

“I swear... pecel in the mountains just tastes better.”

#### ****Euis**** (nodding, smiling)

“The peanut sauce has garlic in it. That’s the trick.”

#### ****Xavier**** (poking his rice, distracted)

“Bima... what’s the status of Irung Petruk?”

Bima sips his kopi tubruk, not amused.

#### ****Bima****

“It’s not a ‘status.’ It’s a village road. Where people live. And walk. And carry things.”

#### ****Xavier****

“Come on, bro. It’s Sunday. Nobody’s going anywhere. Just clear it. Please?”

#### ****Bima**** (sighs)

“X, this isn’t a game. If something happens—”

#### ****Xavier****

“Nothing will. Just a test run. I’ll drive like a saint.”

#### ****Dedi**** (half-smiling)

“Saint of blown head gasket.”

Bima exhales again, pulls out his phone, starts typing. He’s quiet for a moment.

#### ****Bima**** (finally)

“Okay. Done. Five minutes. Go now before my superior chew me!”

X and Dedi exchange grins. Euis rolls her eyes and pats Dedi’s shoulder.

#### ****Euis****

“I’ll stay at the hotel with Lola. Don’t break anything.”

### 🛣️ ****Scene: Irung Petruk – Later That Morning****

A beautiful, narrow mountain road. Sharp cliffs. Mist rising. Lush green jungle on both sides.

Xavier’s Vios is already on the move, tires squealing, engine howling as it rips through a hairpin.

#### ****Bima (radioing):****

“You’re not in Sentul, X. Keep it together.”

Dedi follows soon after — smoother, more calculated, less flash, more grip.

First run complete. The two pull over at a flat section.

#### ****Xavier**** (ecstatic)

“God, that was beautiful. I swear the car just sings in third.”

#### ****Dedi**** (checking temp gauge)

“You're overdriving the rear. I smelled tire.”

#### ****Xavier****

“Smells like victory.”

### ⏩ ****Second Run – Disaster****

Xavier goes first again. Faster this time. Too fast.

A blind curve.

Suddenly—

**An old man with a bamboo load steps onto the road.**

Too late. Xavier swerves. Tires screech.

**BAM!**

The Vios slams sideways into a ditch. A wheel pops off. The front end is crumpled. Steam hisses.

The old man is shaken but unharmed, standing there with a dropped bundle of bamboo.

#### ****Old Man (angry):****

“Gendheng! Ini jalan desa, buat balapan!”

### 🧑‍🔧 ****Scene: Crash Aftermath****

Dedi pulls up, brakes hard, rushes out of the car. Bima arrives seconds later, face stormy.

Xavier crawls out, winded, face pale.

#### ****Xavier (quietly):****

**“I didn’t see him... I couldn’t stop.”**

#### ****Bima**** (furious)

“I told you! I told you this would happen!”

The old man glares at them. Villagers are starting to gather.

#### ****Bima**** (to Dedi, coldly)

“Help him. I’ll make the call.”

### 🏨 ****Scene: Hotel Room – Late Afternoon****

Xavier sits on the edge of the bed, curtains partially pulled back. A soft haze of light paints the room. He stares at the carpet, silent, distant. Still in his torn racing shirt, a fresh bandage on his arm.

Dedi stands in the corner, silent. Euis walks in from the kitchenette with a glass of water, arms crossed.

#### ****Euis**** (firm, not unkind)

“You’re lucky, X. You walked away from that crash. You’re still breathing.”

X doesn’t respond. Eyes fixed, jaw tight.

#### ****Euis**** (stepping closer)

“Aurelia still has a father. That should mean something.”

Still nothing. She puts the glass down, more softly now.

#### ****Xavier (quietly)****

“I know.”

#### ****Euis**** (sighs, softer)

“That car was your dream... I get it. But dreams don’t run on selfishness.”

She steps closer, voice low.

“You risked everything. For what? A thrill?”

Xavier exhales, finally lifting his gaze.

#### ****Xavier**** (voice barely a whisper)

“I put everything into that car. My savings... the build... Gone. Racing season is in a few months. I... I need a sponsor.”

The words weight in the space. He rubs his hands together, panic behind the calm eyes.

Euis softens, steps to sit beside him.

#### ****Dedi****

“Then we get you one. But no more shortcuts. No more mountain roads, no more blind corners.”

Xavier nods, but his eyes remain distant—haunted by the crash, worry tangled with regret and the looming urgency of making it right.

**INT. LUXURY GOLF CLUB LOUNGE – MIDDAY – JAKARTA**

Sunlight glints off polished chrome, supercars glitter outside the glass windows, Lamborghini, Rolls-Royce, Ferrari. Inside, Arya lounges with a cigar, enjoying his drink. Around him sit Nyoman, Wirawan, and Suryana, all in post-golf relaxation.

**Arya**

“Gentlemen, what’s golf without whisky and war stories?”

**WIRAWAN**  
 (laughing)

A loud yellow Ferrari 360 pulls up outside. A man steps rushes in nervously.

**Club Member 1:**  
 “Mr. Slow himself! You still alive after getting smoked on the toll road?”

**Club Member 2 (laughing):**  
 (laughing louder)  
 “How’s life after being smoked by a Vios on Cikampek?!”

**Club Member 3 (Arsyad Ramadan):**

“A Ferrari! Beaten by a Taxi car! What a legend!”

Laughter erupted around the table.

Arya leans forward, intrigued. His cigar smoke curls slowly upward.

**Arya**:  
“A Vios, huh…? At speed, on Cikampek?”

**Nyoman** (smirking):  
“You want to know more?”

**Arya**:  
“Find that Vios for me.”

Nyoman casually texts on his phone. A few moments later, his Blackberry pings with a blurry highway CCTV video. A racing-liveried XP90 Vios streaking past a yellow Ferrari.

**Nyoman** (reading):  
“Fake registration, no police record. Car’s… off-grid.”

**Arya** (grinning):  
“Now you’ve got my attention. Dig deeper. I want everything on that car. Driver too.”

**Nyoman (typing):  
 Already on it.**

**INT. DEDI’S GARAGE – NIGHT – JAKARTA, 2008**

The garage is dimly lit. A **XP40 Vios** sits quietly. Dedi unlocks the door and gestures toward it. X, with a slight limp, follows alongside Aurelia and Euis.

**DEDI**  
Here. You can borrow my old XP40. It's not much, but it runs.

**X**  
(sincerely)  
Thank you, Bang Dedi. Way better than walking home.

**DEDI**  
(grinning)  
Her chassis might be fatigued, but still decent. A lot of racers still used older cars. You might still podium with this, if you're fast enough.

**X**  
(smiles faintly)  
Fast, maybe. But I just want to rest now.

**EUIS**  
(teasing)  
Yeah right. Until someone challenges you again.

**DEDI**  
(shaking her head)  
Just promise me no more crashes, okay?

**X**  
(mock salute)  
Yes, Boss!

**EXT. JAKARTA STREET – MORNING**

X, now clean-shaven and dressed like an average Jakarta worker, drives the XP40 through narrow streets. The car hums steadily. He pulls up in front of a modest house.

**EXT. Aurelia’s Grandparent HOUSE – CONTINUOUS**

Aurelia, dressed casually with a backpack, hops in the passenger seat, a Bumblebee Playgroup clipped to her bag.

**Aurelia**  
You’re early.

**X**  
Gotta impress the boss.

**Aurelia**  
(laughs)  
You mean my grandma?

**EXT. JAKARTA SIDE STREET – LATER THAT DAY**

X finishes dropping Lola and pulls into a quiet alley. He opens the trunk, pulls out a **blue taxi roof sign**, and places it on the car roof. Then he sticks on a **fake yellow registration plate** on the the car.

**X**  
(muttering to himself)  
Well... back to business.

He merges into traffic, cruising slowly like a normal taxi cab, waiting for his first “illegal” fare.

**EXT. JAKARTA STREET – AFTERNOON**

X's XP40 Vios with fake taxi livery idles at a street corner. A well-dressed man in sunglasses raises his hand — it’s **ARYA WICAKSANA**.

**ARYA**  
(tapping the window)  
Mister, you free?

**X**  
Yeah, hop in.

Arya gets in, his eyes subtly scanning the car interior.

**ARYA**  
Hmm… This livery looks familiar.

**X**  
(smiling, keeping it vague)  
We’re a new fleet. Not big yet. Just a few cars running around. Still under the radar.

**ARYA  
(**nods slowly**)  
I see. Jl Kamboja 2.**

**X  
On it.**

X pulls away smoothly. They drive for a moment in silence. Then Arya pulls out his phone and plays a video — footage of a Vios weaving through Ferraris on the Cikampek toll road.

**ARYA**  
(pulls out phone, shows footage)  
So tell me... this Vios from the Cikampek toll—was it your fleet too?

X glances quickly at the screen. He exhales with a half-smile.

**X**  
Yeah. That was me.

**ARYA**  
(surprised)  
You? What are you doing driving a taxi now?

**X**  
(sincere)  
Wrecked that car in a toge run. No money left. Gotta survive.  
Also looking for a sponsor, actually.

**ARYA**  
(smirks)  
Show me what you can do!

**EXT. JAKARTA OUTSKIRTS – MOMENTS LATER**

The taxi is a blur under the scorching hot sun, dancing through traffic with eerie precision. Arya holds onto the grab handle, but his expression is calm—impressed.

**INT. TAXI – CONTINUOUS**

**ARYA**  
(smirking)  
You just found your sponsor.

He looks out the window, then speaks again.

**ARYA**  
Forget Kamboja 2. Take the next left.

**X**  
Where to?

**ARYA**  
Warehouse. You’ll see.

**INT. ARYA’S RACING FACILITY – DAY**

A gleaming, state-of-the-art garage. Bright Xenon lights shine on pristine floors. Engineers in branded polos walk between two **XP90 Vios chassis**, flanked by tool carts and workstations with CAD renderings on screen.

**ARYA**  
Welcome to the lab.  
You’ll work with the best. Pick your poison.

X stares wide-eyed, like a kid in a candy store.

**X**  
Can I… start now?

**ARYA**  
(grins)  
Be my guest.

**INT. ENGINE BAY – MOMENTS LATER**

X, now in overalls, peers into the open hood of a stripped XP90. He grabs a clipboard and starts pointing.

**X**  
I want high-lift cams, titanium valve springs.  
Upgrade to forged pistons. 11.5:1 compression.  
Get me titanium retainers too.

**ENGINEER**  
We can get that machined in-house. What about the head?

**X**  
Port it. Flow-tested. Balance everything down to half a gram.

X touches the 1NZ engine block like it’s sacred.

**X**  
(softly)  
I missed this.

**INT. WORKSHOP – LATER**

X glances at the clock — eyes widen.

**X**  
(shocked)  
Crap. Aurelia.

He rushes off, pulling off his gloves and grabbing his keys from a bench.

**INT. ARYA’S RACING FACILITY – ENGINE BAY – MORNING**

The 1NZ engine sits gleaming under bright lights. Everything’s assembled — polished, torqued, balanced. The head engineer, **RAFI**, grins proudly.

**RAFI**  
Engine’s done. She’s ready to scream.

**X**  
(beaming)  
That fast? Damn… you guys are monsters.

Rafi walks X to another workbench where a small turbocharger sits — sleek, unfamiliar.

**RAFI**  
Now this… is your next toy.  
Variable Geometry Turbocharger.

**X**  
(suspicious)  
Wait wait—VG Turbo? Isn’t that… illegal?

A man in a suit steps forward — **EDWIN**, Arya’s legal advisor.

**EDWIN**  
(calm, reassuring)  
I reviewed the rulebook myself.  
No mention of variable vanes or geometry.  
Diameter’s within spec. Boost pressure’s capped.

**X**  
So… it’s not cheating?

**EDWIN**  
Nope. Just… clever engineering.

**X**  
(grinning wide)  
Then give me one!

**INT. BRAKE STATION – CONTINUOUS**

Rafi now brings X to another table. Lying on black foam padding: **carbon ceramic brake discs**, painted calipers, and race-grade pads.

**RAFI**  
You ever seen one of these?

**X**  
(eyes glowing)  
Only in magazines.

**RAFI**  
Imported one of a kind. Light weight, and they won’t fade—ever. You’ll stop like a jet hitting a carrier deck.

**X**  
This is insane…

**RAFI**  
But.

**X**  
(eyebrows raised)  
There’s always a but.

**RAFI**  
These don’t bite when cold. So your first few turns? Brakes will feel dead.

**EDWIN**  
Heat it first, or you’ll end up in the grass.

**X**  
Got it. Heat 'em up first.  
(brimming with excitement)  
This is gonna be fun.

**INT. Kenanga 12 – LIVING ROOM – DAY**

Dedi steps inside, looking around. The place is a bit messy — car magazines and papers scattered. X is on the floor, working on a laptop showing engine maps.

**DEDI**  
Bro! I knocked like three times—thought you passed out or something.

**X**  
(grinning)  
Sorry, still doing fuel trims. What’s up?

**DEDI**  
(casually looking around)  
Where’s Aurelia? Usually she’s bouncing around like a ping pong ball.

**X**  
She’s with her grandma today. I had to tweak a few things undisturbed.

**DEDI**  
(nods, then pauses)  
You seem… different. Happier.

**X**  
Yeah? Maybe because things are finally moving.

**DEDI**  
You tuned the XP40 already?

**X**  
(laughs)  
More than tuned, bro. Got a sponsor now.

**DEDI**  
(surprised)  
Sponsor? From where?

**X**  
(cheeky grin)  
A taxi passenger.

**DEDI**  
(pulls a face)  
Taxi?

**X**  
(laughing)  
Long story. Basically, this one guy I picked up liked my driving. Turns out, he’s loaded. Owns a whole race facility. Full team. Proper stuff.

**DEDI**  
(suspicious)  
Wait, wait. You just… randomly met him?

**X**  
He saw the livery. Thought I was the guy from the toll road video. I told him, yep, that’s me.

**DEDI**  
You mean you use my car as taxi? Then he boarded it and just throwing money at you?

**X**  
Basically, yeah.

**DEDI**  
(worried)  
X… there’s no such thing as free lunch.

**X**  
(grinning)  
Relax. I’m not eating lunch—I’m taking pole position.

**DEDI**  
(sighs)  
Just... keep your eyes open. Rich people don’t play fair.

**X**  
(smiling, unfazed)  
Noted. But hey—let me enjoy this honeymoon phase, alright?

**INT. ARYA’S RACING FACILITY – WORKSHOP FLOOR – DAY**

The Vios is finally complete—sleek, stripped, and brimming with power. The final step: wheels.

**X**  
(eyes gleaming)  
Are those... magnesium alloy?

**RAFI**  
Yup. Lightweight, forged. Will reduce unsprung weight and improve your cornering speed like magic.

**X**  
(grinning)  
Beautiful. But are we still within regulation?

**RAFI**  
That's what I'm asking you, man. Magnesium's exotic.

**EDWIN**  
(gives a confident shrug)  
As long as the diameter matches stock, he is good. No rules against alloys—yet.

Rafi chuckles, tightening the last lug nut.

**INT. DYNO ROOM – LATER**

X stands with the engineers behind the glass. The XP90 Vios roars on the rollers, turbo screaming as the dyno graph spikes.

**ENGINEER**  
(checking the screen)  
Five-fifty. Horsepower. From a 1.5L.

**X**  
(jaw drops)  
This… this is insane. We actually did it.

Everyone claps. Some high-fives go around.

**INT. WRAP BAY – NIGHT**

The Vios stands under soft lights, its body ready for final touches. X walks around, pondering the final look.

**X**  
Let’s follow the XP40 livery.  
(beat)  
And give it number twenty-eight.

**RAFI**  
Any reason?

**X**  
Double eight. In Chinese luck, eight means fortune. Double it, double the luck.

**RAFI**  
(smirks)  
Alright, driver number 28 it is.

The heat gun begins to hum. The car of a ghost racer is born.

**EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE – MORNING**

X's newly wrapped number 28 Vios pulls up. It gleams in the morning sun. X steps out in a racing jacket, nervous but smiling. He rings the bell.

The door opens. AURELIA, bright and full of energy, runs out and hugs X.

**AURELIA**  
Daddy!!

**X**  
(lifting her up)  
Ready for Sentul?

**AURELIA**  
(nodding)  
Yes!!

**EXT. SENTUL CIRCUIT – PADDOCK AREA – LATER**

Two race cars—No. 83 and No. 28—are parked beside each other. DEDI, EUIS, and ARYA are chatting near the pit garage as X arrives with AURELIA.

**ARYA**  
(smiling)  
And who’s this?

**AURELIA**  
(shyly)  
Auelola…

**ARYA**  
(kneels to eye level)  
Well hello, Lola. That’s a lovely name.

**EXT. TRACKSIDE – MOMENTS LATER**

Everyone gathers in front of the two cars for a photo. DEDI wraps an arm around X, while EUIS holds Aurelia. A few quick snaps, then EUIS takes Aurelia to the paddock.

**X**  
Thanks, Bang Dedi. Feels good having you all here.

**DEDI**  
(nods)  
Proud of you, bro. But remember—drive smart, not just fast.

**INT. GARAGE – MOMENTS LATER**

AURELIA sneaks back from the paddock with a black marker. She climbs into the passenger seat of car No. 28, eyes full of mischief. She opens the glove box.

**AURELIA**  
(whispers)  
Daddy wants to win… this will protect you and the car.

She scribbles under the glove box: a shaky heart, a stick figure of her and X, and a lopsided smiley face. She giggles, then runs back out.

**EXT. SENTUL – TEST SESSION – TRACK – LATER**

X guns the engine. The 1.5L turbocharged engine screams as the car rockets out of the pit. Edwin and Rafi watch from the wall, stunned.

**RAFI**  
That launch… it's unreal.

**EDWIN**  
(grinning)  
We built a monster.

X nails the corners, pushing the car to its limits. In his mind, he hears Aurelia’s laugh. The scribble is working.

After several blistering lap session. The tires are hot, the car flawless. But then—crackle on the radio.

**RADIO** (COMMITTEE)  
“Car 28, return to pit. Now.”

Rafi looks to Edwin, who frowns. X slowly roll the car back into the pit. Waiting there are several racing committee members with clipboards and stern faces.

The committee surrounds the car. One taps a panel, another peeks under the wheel well. Rafi stays silent. X leans against a toolbox, wiping sweat.

Edwin steps forward casually.

**COMMITTEE 1**  
This build… it’s too fast. Something’s not right.

**EDWIN**  
How so?

**COMMITTEE 2**  
Variable-geometry turbo, carbon ceramic brakes, magnesium alloys wheels? That’s all prototype technologies.

**EDWIN**  
They’re production-available parts. Not mass produced? Yes. But nothing in your rules says they’re prohibited.

**COMMITTEE 1**  
This car must've cost, what, two billion rupiah?

**COMMITTEE 2**  
Way over any normal team budget. That’s not fair.

**EDWIN**  
(calmly)  
Still not against the rules. Show me the rulebook section that forbids expensive builds.

The committee goes quiet for a beat, flipping pages on their tablets.

**COMMITTEE 2**  
The spirit of the competition is fairness.

**EDWIN**  
(steps closer, voice low)  
And the letter of the rulebook says nothing about prototype bans.

Edwin stays quiet for a beat. Then he shrugs slightly and reaches into his coat pocket, pulling out a thick envelope.

**EDWIN**  
Let’s just say the team is willing to contribute to keep the race… smooth.

He subtly offers the envelope to the lead committee member. The man hesitates, eyes flicking between Edwin and the envelope.

**COMMITTEE 1**  
(coldly)  
You trying to bribe us?

**EDWIN**  
(smiling)  
No, I’m trying to save you from unnecessary headaches.

The committee doesn’t take the envelope. Edwin pauses, then slides it back into his pocket. His tone shifts.

**EDWIN**  
Or… you can talk directly to our sponsor.

He reaches into the other pocket and hands over a sleek silver-embossed business card. The lead member reads it. His face instantly pales.

**COMMITTEE 1**  
(under his breath)  
Arya Wicaksana...

**EDWIN**  
Now you understand. Just pass the car. Or you’ll have more than regulations to worry about.

The committee members look at each other, visibly shaken.

**COMMITTEE 2**  
...Alright. Car 28 is cleared.

They quickly walk away. Rafi exhales. X smirks and crosses his arms.

**X  
(**to Edwin**)  
You didn’t even raise your voice.**

**EDWIN**  
(deadpan)  
Didn’t need to.

**INT. GRANDMA’S HOUSE – AFTERNOON**  
The table is set with homemade dishes. X and AURELIA eat happily while GRANDMA watches with quiet pride.

**X**  
(smiling, tasting the food)  
You know… the Luna must’ve gotten her cooking talent from you, Mam.

GRANDMA freezes for a second, then lets out a soft, bittersweet smile.

**GRANDMA**  
(voice gentle, a little shaky)  
Ah, Luna… Yes, she always loved the kitchen. Just like me.

She lowers her gaze, the weight of memory heavy in her eyes. X notices, his smile softening.

**X**  
(quietly)  
We all miss her.

AURELIA looks up, sensing the mood but too young to fully understand. She hugs Grandma’s arm.

**AURELIA**  
It’s okay, Grandma. I’m here.

GRANDMA pats her hand, blinking away a tear, still smiling softly.

**INT. GRANDMA’S HOUSE – LUNCH TABLE – AFTERNOON**

Plates are half-finished, laughter and warmth filling the room. X wipes his mouth, looking proud.

**X**  
Now that I’ve got money and sponsors, I can finally hire a nanny for Aurelia. No need to trouble you, Mom, or Dad , as her guardians.

**GRANDPA (LUNA’S DAD)**  
(raising an eyebrow, teasing)  
Just be careful, X, Some nannies can get… flirty with their single bosses.

**X**  
(snorts, waving it off)  
Relax, Dad. I hired a fifty-year-old daytime nanny. Safe as a tank.

Everyone bursts out laughing. AURELIA giggles without fully knowing why.

**GRANDMA**  
(grinning, but with a sly tone)  
If you’ve got time to think about nannies… maybe it’s time to think about a new wife too?

X almost chokes on his drink, coughing while the others laugh even harder. GRANDPA pats his back.

**X**  
(half-laughing, half-serious)  
Grandma, one Aurelia is already enough to keep me busy!

**INT. GRANDMA’S HOUSE – LUNCH TABLE – AFTERNOON**

The chatter dies down. GRANDMA sets her spoon aside, speaking softly.

**GRANDMA**  
X… I can’t take care of Aurelia forever. My health checkup wasn’t good. She needs… a mother figure.

X stiffens, caught off guard. The silence hangs heavy. Little AURELIA looks up, her voice small but clear.

**AURELIA**  
Papa… I want a mommy at home. All my friends in playgroup have one.

The words pierce him. X forces a smile, his voice gentle but trembling.

**X**  
Lola… you already have a mommy. Your Mama Luna. She’s always here with you… with us. Even if you can’t see her.

AURELIA looks confused, not fully understanding. GRANDMA lowers her eyes, tears welling. X reaches across the table and strokes AURELIA’s hair, his smile faltering as his own eyes glisten.

**X (softly, broken)**  
I loved her too much, Lola. No one could ever take her place.

Silence.

GRANDMA lowers her gaze, fighting back tears. AURELIA pouts, unconvinced, but stays quiet.

The sound of cutlery clinking in the distance fills the room. AURELIA leans into him, and X holds her close, his heart heavy, hiding his own grief

**EXT. KENANGA 12 – SUNSET**

LITTLE LOLA tugs at X’s shirt as she sees men working around the house.

**AURELIA**  
Papa, who are those men?

**X**  
(smiling)  
They’re workers, Lola. Building a new room… just for you.

**AURELIA**  
(really excited)  
For me? Can I see?

**X**  
Sure. Come on.

He lifts her onto his shoulders, carrying her through the unfinished frame of the house. They step out onto the raw balcony. The orange glow of the sunset washes over them.

**AURELIA**  
(wide-eyed)  
Wow… it’s so high!

**X**  
(chuckles softly)  
From here, you’ll see everything. The sky, the city… and one day, a bright future ahead of us.

Aurelia beams, leaning her cheek against his head. X gazes at the horizon, his smile soft, his eyes heavy with unspoken hope.

**AURELIA**  
Papa… I’m really happy.

**X**  
(meekly, almost whispering)  
Me too, Lola. Me too.

**INT. KENANGA 12 – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT**

ARYA enters, eyes pausing on a framed photo of LUNA. He smirks faintly, then turns to X, who sits on the sofa with tension in his shoulders.

**ARYA**  
You need to slow down, Xavier. Other drivers are threatening to resign if you keep humiliating them.

**X**  
(tired chuckle)  
Too fast for their comfort, huh?

**ARYA**  
(cutting in, sharp)  
This isn’t a joke. The betting market is already tilting toward you. If you win, fine. If you lose, I win even bigger. Either way—I profit.

X shifts uncomfortably, lowering his gaze.

**X**  
I’m just worried about the prize money. Without it, I can’t finish the remodeling… Lola’s room—

**ARYA**  
(interrupts, firm)  
Forget the prize money. I’ll cover it.

He leans in, voice low but commanding.

**ARYA**  
Don’t mistake this for charity. You race when I tell you, how I tell you. That’s the deal. Your little family dreams? They exist because I allow them to.

X clenches his fists, jaw tight, but says nothing. ARYA exhales cigar smoke, filling the silence with his quiet dominance.

**INT. KENANGA 12 – DINING ROOM – FINAL RACE NIGHT**

The family is gathered for dinner. The table is warm with dishes, laughter, and clinking cutlery. Upstairs, AURELIA runs down excitedly, tugging on EUIS’s arm.

**AURELIA**  
Tante Euis, come see my new room! It’s almost finished!

EUIS, visibly pregnant, chases after her with a spoon in hand, trying to feed her between giggles.

**X**  
(laughing)  
Think of it as training before your own baby is born.

**EUIS**  
(smiling, catching her breath)  
Where’s the nanny anyway?

**X**  
She’ll come again tomorrow morning, before we head to Sentul.

There’s a sudden **knock on the door**. Everyone looks at each other. X opens it to find **BIMA**, in full police uniform.

**X**  
(stunned)  
Bima?

**EUIS**  
(delighted)  
Come in! You’re just in time, we still have another serving of satay!

AURELIA hides a little behind X’s leg, intimidated by BIMA’s uniform.

**EUIS**  
Don’t be scared, Aurelia. This uncle is one of the good guys.

They all sit. BIMA places his cap on the chair beside him, smiling awkwardly.

**BIMA**  
Actually… I came to tell you something. I’m going to propose to my girlfriend. Tomorrow night, after your race. But before that—I’ll be at Sentul. I don’t want to miss the final.

EUIS beams. X raises his glass of iced tea to toast.

**X**  
Then tomorrow is a big day for both of us.

**BIMA**  
So… how’s the championship?

**DEDI**  
(takes a sip, calm)  
Tied score. Whoever wins tomorrow takes the crown.

X smirks, leaning back in his chair.

**X**  
That’s fine by me. I want the title. National champion—so I can race overseas. Arya’s got the connections. He can sponsor me there.

DEDI’s eyes narrow slightly.

**DEDI**  
Just don’t forget—Arya’s not giving you wings for free. Be careful, X. To him, you’re just a cash cow.

X’s smirk falters. BIMA looks between them, confused.

**BIMA**  
Wait—cash cow? What are you two talking about?

Awkward silence falls. Spoon clink against plates. They continue eating quietly, tension thick in the air.

After dinner, BIMA and DEDI stand to leave. EUIS packs some food into a food container. AURELIA waves from the stairs. X lingers by the door, watching them drives into the night.

**INT. KENANGA 12 – NIGHT**

X is alone, stacking dishes after dinner. A knock. He opens the door — ARYA enters, sharp suit, cold eyes. He casually studies the house, then turns his gaze to X.

**ARYA**  
Your performance… not bad. A tie. Controlled. Clean. I made good money off that.

X wipes his hands with a rag, guarded.

**X**  
And tomorrow I win. The championship is mine. Then I go overseas—Le Mans, DTM, SuperGT—the big league. You’ll sponsor me there.

ARYA chuckles, shaking his head.

**ARYA**  
Sponsor you? No. I’m not interested in racing. Only money. Overseas, forget it. Rules are strict, big teams own the cutting-edge tech. We’d lose our edge before even starting.

X bristles, his jaw tightening.

**X**  
So what? You want me to just throw the race?

**ARYA**  
Exactly. Tomorrow, you lose. I’ll earn ten times what I made already. You? You’ll retire young. Rich. Comfortable.

X stares at him, voice low and sharp.

**X**  
And if I don’t comply?

ARYA’s smile fades. He steps closer, his voice smooth but icy.

**ARYA**  
Then there are… consequences.

The silence after hangs heavy. X looks away, his jaw trembling. For a moment, silence.

**X**  
(quietly)  
Then what about next year? Keep racing locally—like this season?

**ARYA**  
(sharp, dismissive)  
Unlikely. The rulebook’s changing. Others will quit, or find real sponsors. And if that happens, the betting market? Finished. No more games.

X’s fists clench. He forces himself to stay calm, but his voice cracks with frustration.

**X**  
So you’re telling me… this is it? No future?

**ARYA**  
(flatly)  
Be grateful. Most men never touch the money you’ll make tomorrow.

ARYA grabs his coat, heading for the door. He doesn’t look back.

X doesn’t move, frozen between rage and despair. The door closes with a heavy **thud.**

X stands alone in the dim light, his dream shrinking under Arya’s shadow.

**INT. ARYA’S CAR – NIGHT**

The city lights flicker through tinted windows. ARYA sits back in the leather seat, cigar smoke curling lazily. NYOMAN, in the passenger seat, scrolls on his BlackBerry.

**NYOMAN**  
Your car was too fast. Should’ve played it subtler. That way, you could keep milking the market longer.

**ARYA**  
(smirks coldly)  
Maybe. But it doesn’t matter. That speed… it burned his own dream.

**NYOMAN**  
(skeptical)  
A guy like him? He’ll never let go of his dream. He’ll keep pushing.

ARYA turns his head slowly, eyes narrowing with a calculating stare.

**ARYA**  
Nyoman… I think you know what to do. Make sure he complies.

NYOMAN nods, expression hardening. He flips open his BlackBerry, thumbs moving fast across the keypad.

**NYOMAN**  
Understood.

The faint click-click of the keys fills the silence, as ARYA exhales another plume of smoke, a predator satisfied.

**INT. AURELIA’S ROOM – NIGHT**

The new room is not fully furnished, smelling faintly of fresh paint. AURELIA lies in her little bed, hugging her stuffed bunny. X sits on the edge, staring blankly at the floor, lost in thought.

**X  
(soft, broken)  
Sleep well, Lola… Daddy’s here. Always here.**

AURELIA watches him, sensing the sadness he can’t hide. She suddenly sits up, grabs a photograph of her dad and herself from a night stand, and pulls X closer.

**AURELIA  
(softly)  
Daddy… why you sad?**

X forces a smile, brushing her hair back, but his eyes are clouded.

**X**

I’m not sad, sweetheart… Just tired. Big race tomorrow.

**AURELIA  
It’s okay, Daddy. You always win. You fast.**

X’s lips tremble. He hides his face in his hands, fighting the weight pressing on him — Arya’s threat, the shattered dream, the fear of losing everything. AURELIA pats his arm gently, almost like an adult comforting a child.

**AURELIA**  
Don’t worry. I protect you. Just like I protect your car.

***She then took a marker from her drawer, with her tongue sticking out in concentration, she scribbles clumsy shapes and lines all over the photo.***

**X  
(confused, gently)  
What’s that, Lola?**

**AURELIA**  
My magic protection talisman! See? This… this makes you safe forever.

X takes it with trembling hands, staring at it like it’s the most precious thing in the world. His eyes glisten.

**X**  
(choked whisper)  
Thank you, Lola… Maybe this is what I need the most.

AURELIA cuddles into his chest, already drifting to sleep. X sits frozen, clutching the photo tight. For the first time, he feels both utterly fragile and fiercely determined — his daughter is his shield, his reason, and his weakness all at once.

## 🏠 ****Scene: Early Morning – Kenanga 12 Residence, 2009****

The first rays of morning sunlight filtered through the thin curtains of a modest suburban home in Kenanga 12. Birds chirped faintly in the distance, and the quiet hum of the neighborhood waking up was beginning to stir.

Inside the house, **Aurelia**, about three years old, sat cross-legged on the living room rug. Her short bob haircut was slightly messy, and she still wore her pastel pajamas. A small backpack with racing stickers lay next to her. Her eyes sparkled with excitement.

**Aurelia**  
“Papa race today! Papa fast like Lightning McQueen!”

From the bathroom down the hall, the sound of water running could be heard. **Xavier** was brushing his teeth, his head half-dizzy from lack of sleep. Today was a big day.

**Xavier (from inside)**  
“Aurelia, please wait! Papa will be ready in no time.”

**Aurelia** (singing to herself)  
“Papa race… Papa won… Lola watch...”

Then — outside, a faint engine hum.

A Toyota Kijang pulls up slowly in front of the house. The engine cuts off. A BEAUTIFUL LADY, elegant and neatly dressed, steps out carrying a small handbag. She walks to the front door and knocks gently.

**AURELIA**  
(surprised)  
Oh… you’re not Mpok Lela.

**BEAUTIFUL LADY**  
(charming smile)  
That’s right, dear. Mpok Lela couldn’t come today. Don’t worry — Om Arya, your father’s good friend, asked me to look after you instead.

**AURELIA**  
(tilts her head)  
Om Arya?

**BEAUTIFUL LADY**  
(nods)  
Yes. He wants you to have a whole day of fun at Dufan. Istana Boneka, ice cream, everything you like.

**AURELIA**  
(hesitant)  
But… I wanted to be with Daddy...

**BEAUTIFUL LADY**  
(sweet but firm)  
Of course. Your father will join us at Dufan after the race. You’ll see him there.

While the lady wedges her foot against the frame, preventing the door from closing.

**AURELIA**  
(frowning) I want to watch Daddy race.

**BEAUTIFUL LADY**  
(soft laugh)  
Alright then… maybe Sentul instead? We can drive you there right now.

**AURELIA**  
(stern, childlike logic)  
No. I’ll wait until Daddy’s finished bathing. I’ll ask him myself.

The lady’s smile falters. Her eyes darken. She wedges her foot in the doorway to stop Aurelia from closing it.

**BEAUTIFUL LADY**  
(low, cold)  
I’m afraid we can’t wait.

Suddenly, TWO MEN from the Kijang rush up the steps and barge into the house. The door crashes open, Aurelia screams.

One of the men reached for her.

But **Aurelia** ran — toward the kitchen. Her tiny feet slipped on the tile floor.

She fell, hard.

A sickening thud as her head hit the corner of the cabinet. Blood trickled from her eyebrow. Her little body didn’t move.

## 💥 ****Scene: Inside the House – Seconds Later****

The moment Xavier heard the scream and the crash, he bolted out of the bathroom—shirtless, dripping wet, toothbrush still in hand.

**Xavier**  
“**Aurelia**?!”

He froze at the scene.

Aurelia, motionless on the floor.

A stranger holding her arm.

Another lunging toward **him**.

Xavier roared and tackled the closest one. They crashed into the TV stand, breaking the glass. But he was still wet, disoriented. A third attacker hit him hard behind the head with something blunt.

Everything went dark.

## 🚐 ****Scene: Front of the House – Moments Later****

The Kijang sped off with **Xavier inside**.

The neighbourhood remained quiet. No one saw it. Just a few fluttering leaves and Lola’s small backpack left on the steps.

## 🏁 ****Scene: Race Circuit – Pit Area, Late Morning****

Engines roared and buzzed as teams made their final adjustments under the heat of the late morning sun. The final race of the season was just hours away.

**Dedi**, already in his racing suit, paced near the pit lane. His car was prepped. Euis were seated in the shade nearby, sipping bottled water.

But something felt off.

**Dedi (checking his phone)**  
“He should’ve been here by now.”

He redialed.

No answer.

Again.

Still nothing.

A creeping dread washed over him. He turned away from the team and pulled out another contact.

**Dedi (on phone)**  
“Bima, check on X. Go to Kenanga 12. Something’s not right.”

## 🏠 ****Scene: Kenanga 12 – Moments Later****

**Bima**, already in uniform, parked his bike at the curb and noticed something immediately wrong — the gate was half-open, the door slightly ajar.

He pushed it open.

The air was eerily still.

The TV was knocked over. Furniture overturned. A broken glass on the floor.

Then his eyes fell on **Aurelia**.

She was lying motionless near the kitchen doorway, blood dried at her temple, her breathing shallow.

**Bima**  
“Oh gosh… Aurelia?!”

He rushed to her side, gently scooping her up. Her skin was clammy, and she whimpered softly.

**Bima (urgent)**  
“Stay with me, Aurelia… Stay with me…”

He reached for his phone to call Xavier—

But heard something ringing.

From inside the bathroom.

Xavier’s phone was on the counter, toothbrush still foamed and above the bed.

**Bima (muttering)**  
“Sh\*t…”

No Xavier.

Just an eerie, hollow silence.

Without wasting another second, Bima sprinted out the door, cradling Aurelia in his arms like a lifeline.

## 🚑 ****Scene: Emergency Room – Local Hospital****

Minutes later, Bima burst into the ER, shouting for help. Nurses rushed forward as he placed Aurelia on the gurney.

**Bima (breathless)**  
“Three-year-old. Head trauma. She needs help. She’s the daughter of Xavier—Xavier Wijaya. Father is missing.”

The nurse nodded, already shouting for a doctor.

As they wheeled Lola in, Bima stepped back, hand trembling, his shirt soaked with sweat and streaked with dust.

**Bima (to himself)**  
“What the hell happened…”

He pulled out his phone and called Dedi. but no answer. He then called Euis.

**Bima**  
“Kenanga 12 is wrecked. Aurelia is in the hospital. But X—he’s gone.”

## 🕳️ ****Scene: Unknown Location – Hours Later****

Xavier’s eyes blinked open to darkness. Dried blood caked the side of his head. Zip-tied to a chair. No idea where. No idea why.

A voice behind the door: muffled, in Balinese accent. Formal, clipped.

He listened. They were talking about the race.

## 🔓 ****Escape – Midday****

By sheer luck or stubbornness, Xavier broke free—wrists torn, one knee almost dislocated. He slipped out through a drainage exit and wandered the highway barefoot, flagged down a passing trucker. No words exchanged. Just a long ride back to the city.

He returned to his house.

Empty.

Aurelia was gone. Aurelia’s pink backpack on the floor.

Then — two knocks on the door.

## 💼 ****Scene: Xavier’s House – Afternoon****

Xavier opened the door with a kitchen knife in hand.

It was **Arya**, wearing a linen suit, unbothered, and **Nyoman**, younger, overweight but commanding, standing behind him.

Arya looked him over and gave a faint smile.

**Arya**  
“You look like hell.”

**Xavier** (hoarse)  
“Where’s my Aurelia?”

**Arya**  
“I have no idea. It wasn’t meant to be her. It was you. My enemies are playing games.”

**Xavier** (steps back)  
“You knew this would happen?”

**Arya**  
“No. But I knew something would. Which is why I came.”

He pulled out an envelope. Inside: an air ticket.

**Arya**  
“Singapore. Lay low.”

Xavier stared at the ticket. Then at Arya.

**Xavier**  
“Why help me?”

**Arya**  
“Because you owe me now.”

He walked out, Nyoman following behind.

Xavier stood there, the hum of the city returning. In the kitchen, Aurelia’s pink backpack still sat untouched.

He looked at the ticket again.

Then back at the door.

## ✈️ ****Scene: Soekarno-Hatta Airport – Evening****

The departure hall buzzed with travellers and announcements, yet **Xavier** heard none of it.

His steps were heavy.

His posture slouched.

Still wearing the same clothes from the chaos at Kenanga 12, **X** walked beside **Arya** and **Nyoman**, quietly shielding him from attention.

**Arya (softly)**  
“This isn’t giving up, X. It’s just... regrouping.”

**Nyoman** (trying to lighten the mood)  
“Singapore’s not far. We can pull strings from there.”

**Arya**  
“We’ll hold things here. You do what you must. We’ll contact you once it’s safe.”

But Xavier said nothing.

His gaze was empty. The only thing on his mind was **Aurelia’s tiny, bleeding body**... the sound of her whimper... and the image of her hand slipping from his.

The gate announcement echoed.

“Final boarding call for Singapore Airlines Flight SQ963 to Changi International…”

**Xavier** prepares the documents. His hands trembled slightly. Then he walked alone toward the gate.

## 🛬 ****Scene: Changi Airport – Arrival Hall – Night****

Bright. Cold. Sterile.

**Xavier** stepped off the plane with the numbness of a man who’d left a part of himself behind.

He was just one of hundreds walking down the glass corridor, but his eyes were vacant, staring into space.

He didn’t notice the orchid arrangements.

He didn’t register the signs in Mandarin, Tamil, English.

He followed the flow like a ghost until he reached the **baggage carousel**.

There, he stood still.

Other passengers moved around him, collecting their bright Rimowa suitcases and hardcases.

X didn’t even have a bag.

He just stood there.

Watching the belt rotate, empty-handed.

And for the first time in a long time...

He felt completely alone.

## 🛬 ****Scene: Changi Airport – Arrival Hall – Continuous****

A mountain of **designer luggage** tumbles down the baggage carousel, marked with glittering initials: **L.V.**, **Goyard**, **Rimowa**, and a rather loud **red Power Rangers case**.

**Mr. Darmawan** (eyes wide)  
“How long do you plan to stay? The whole year?”

**Mrs. Darmawan** (sniffing)  
“Its global financial crisis now, don't forget the 1998 tragedy, dear. If the markets crash again, at least I’m already in Singapore—with our son. Safely.”

**Mr. Darmawan**  
“It’s supposed to be just a short trip—”

**Mrs. Darmawan** (cutting him off)  
“And while you’re alone back in Jakarta, I suggest you stop staring at your new secretary. Her skirt is 5 centimeters too short, your neck is too old to turn that fast.”

**Mr. Darmawan** chokes on air, caught.

Meanwhile, **Mr. Abed**, the tall, muscular **Ambonese bodyguard**, is sweating profusely as he juggles bag after bag onto a trolley.

**Abed (grumbling)**  
“Mati saya... ini koper atau kulkas semua isinya?”

Then—

A **blur of motion**.

**Raka**, no older than 9, sprints away, excited by the bright terminal. A silver paper airplane in his hand.

**Mrs. Darmawan**  
“RAKA! Don’t run! Watch for people—”

Too late.

**BUMP!**

Raka slams right into **Xavier**, standing dazed by the empty carousel.

Both stumble slightly. Raka drops his airplane.

**X** blinks, snapping out of his trance. He looks down at the boy, trying to steady him instinctively.

**Xavier** (softly)  
“Whoa there…”

**Raka** (rubbing his forehead)  
“Sorry, Mister!”

From a distance, **Abed's senses go red**. He sees:

* A **man alone**.
* **No luggage**.
* A face full of stress.
* And now… touching **young Master Raka**?

**Abed drops all the suitcases.**

**Abed** (to himself)  
“Threat. Confirmed.”

He **sprints forward**, one hand already reaching behind his back for… something.

**Xavier**, still dazed, raises both hands instinctively as Abed storms in.

**Xavier** (confused)  
“Wait, what—?!”

**Abed**  
“Step AWAY from the boy!”

Raka grabs X’s hand, unbothered.

**Raka** (laughing)  
“Om Abed! It’s okay! He’s not a bad guy! He’s just sad.”

Everyone freezes.

**Mr. Darmawan** arrives seconds later,

**Mr. Darmawan**  
“What’s going on here?”

**Abed** (panting)  
“Potential threat neutralized, sir.”

**Mr. Darmawan** (eyebrow raised)  
“He looks tired, not dangerous. But thank you.”

He looks at X briefly. Their eyes meet. He quickly glances away, uninterested.

**Mr. Darmawan** (to Raka)  
“Come now. Leave the man alone.”

As the family moves away, **X** stands frozen, watching them — especially the playful boy who smiled at him.

A moment of warmth in a cold day.

But it passes.

He’s still alone.

## 🛬 ****Scene: Outside Changi Terminal – Late Morning****

**Mr. Darmawan** steps out of the terminal as the humid Singapore air greets him. A **sleek Mercedes S-Class** pulls up. The door opens, revealing a **burly Indian man** in a tight black polo, thick neck, sharp eyes.

**Mohan** (smiling with a bow)  
“Welcome to Singapore, Mr. Darmawan.”

**Mr. Darmawan** (relieved)  
“Ah, Mohan. Good to see a familiar face.”

He turns to **Abed**, who is still glaring suspiciously toward X, who lingers by the pillar with slumped shoulders.

**Mr. Darmawan** (handing over crisp bills)  
“Take the day off, Abed. Have fun. Singapore’s clean, safe... expensive.”

He slides over **a thick stack of blue SGD 100 bills**—at least a thousand.

**Abed** (grinning)  
“I’ll try not to spend it all on bubble tea.”

Mr. Darmawan chuckles, then slips into the Mercedes. It glides away silently, tinted glass sealing away the elite world.

## 🕶️ ****Scene: Curbside Walkway, Changi Airport – Moments Later****

**Abed**, now off-duty, hangs back… but his gaze hasn’t left **Xavier**.

He walks beside him, shoulder to shoulder. X doesn’t speak. Doesn’t even flinch.

**Abed** (probing)  
“You always fly international with no bags? That’s either gutsy... or suicidal.”

X keeps walking.

**Abed** (half-smile)  
“You know, if you're here to cause trouble, I suggest you don’t. But if you're in trouble…”  
(nods subtly) “…I might care.”

X finally glances at him. His eyes tired. Broken.

But he still says nothing.

Until—

**Outside the terminal**, across the taxi lane, a group of **rough-looking men** loiter. Locals wouldn’t notice them, but Abed does. Sharp eyes. Hardened posture. Scanning.

**Abed** (quietly)  
“Don’t turn around. Three men, across the road, wanted your head.”

X’s face pales slightly.

**X** (voice low)  
“…They’re after me?”

**Abed** (nodding)  
“Thought so.”

Abed subtly turns, just enough to make eye contact with one of the men. No words. Just presence.

The men immediately lose interest. Drift away.

**X** (shaken)  
“I had a daughter. She’s gone now. And now these people want me gone too.”

**Abed** (softens)  
“…Daughter?”

**X** (gazing ahead, almost whispering)  
“One day I was on top of the world. Races. Sponsors. Daughter. I had it all. Now?”

He gestures to himself: **no luggage, no destination, no hope.**

**X**  
“Now I’m nobody.”

They walk a few more steps in silence. Then, **Abed stops** near a covered bus terminal.

He a bought ticket from a counter.

**Abed**  
“Johor. It’s a start. Go far. Get out. Before they try again.”

X looks at the ticket. A simple **coach ride**—from Changi to Malaysia.

**X** (quiet)  
“…Why are you helping me?”

**Abed** (shrugs)  
“You reminded me of someone I couldn’t help. Maybe this time I can.”

X stares at the ticket, then at Abed. No thanks. Just a look. A man too tired to speak.

Abed pats his shoulder.

**Abed** (with a faint grin)  
“If you ever get back on top, try not to forget the people who helped you on your way down.”

X nods, slow and heavy.

And then he boards the bus.

The door hisses shut.

Abed watches as the **blue coach** pulls out of Changi, carrying a broken man into the unknown—toward **Malaysia**, and ultimately… **Dubai**.

## 🏥 Scene: Hospital Room – Jakarta, 2009

The room is filled with soft beeping from a heart monitor. Light streams through half-closed blinds. A girl lies in bed, bandaged and pale.

**Aurelia** stirs.

Her **Grandma and Grandpa** are at her bedside, eyes wide with hope.

**Grandma** (tearfully)  
“Aurel…? Can you hear us?”

**Aurelia** opens her eyes, weakly blinking.

**Aurelia** (groggy)  
“Who… are you?”

A beat. Her **Grandpa’s** hopeful expression turns heavy.

**Euis** and **Dedi**, standing quietly behind, exchange worried glances.

## 👮‍♂️ Scene: Hospital Corridor

**Bima** speaks in hushed tones with the grandparents.

**Bima**  
“Her memory loss might protect her… for now. But if those people find out she’s alive—”

He stops, glancing at the hospital door.

**Bima** (firmly)  
“They’ll come for her. And maybe… you too.”

**Grandpa** nods grimly.

**Euis** (softly)  
“What if we… adopt her?”

**Dedi**  
“We know the risks. We’ll take them.”

**Bima** hesitates.

**Bima**  
“I wish it were that simple. The law—with next of kind alive, guardianship can’t be granted.”

**Grandma**  
“Then we’ll protect her regardless.”

**Bima** sighs, gently but firmly placing his hand on the window ledge.

**Bima**  
“Ma’am, I know you’ll give her the best care anyone could ask for.”  
(pauses, locking eyes with her)  
“But when they come to your home… there will be nothing standing between you and them.”  
(grimly)  
“They won’t hesitate. They’ll kill you… and then they’ll kill Aurelia.”

The weight of the words sinks in. Grandma’s breath hitches. Grandpa swallows hard.

**Grandpa**  
“You really think they’ll find her?”

**Bima** looks back toward the hospital door.

**Bima** (quiet but resolute)  
“I don’t know when. But if they even suspect she’s alive, they’ll never stop.”

Silence. The air feels heavier now. Grandma’s eyes begin to well up.

**Grandma** (softly)  
“So… what do we do?”

**Bima** straightens.

**Bima**  
“I have a plan.”  
(firm, reassuring)  
“She’ll be hidden. Off the records. The most important thing—”  
(beat)  
“—is that Aurelia stays alive. She’s a Jane Doe now.”

## 🚗 Scene: Race Track – Late Afternoon

The track is eerily quiet. Workers are packing up tents. The paddock is half-empty.

**Bima** runs in, out of breath.

A **clerk** behind a folding desk greets him with a bored tone.

**Clerk**  
“You here for the Xavier’s Vios? Been sitting for days. You owe storage fees.”

**Bima** pulls out his badge.

**Bima**  
“This car is evidence in an open case. Impound it.”

The **clerk**, startled, stammers and nods. A tow truck rolls up behind them.

The XP90 Vios — dusty — is slowly hauled away.

## 📦 Scene: Police Impound Lot – Sunset

The car is locked behind chain-link fences. The warehouse door rolls shut.

An officer removes a sticker that reads:

**“X. Wijaya”**

## ****🧱 Scene: Construction Site – Noon Heat in Dubai - Few Months Later****

The **sun blazes** over a dusty half-finished building. Workers hammer, sweat, and yell in a mix of **Urdu, Hindi, Pashto, and Arabic**. Among them: **X**, hauling cement sacks in silence, face burnt by the sun, muscles sore from weeks of manual labor.

At night, X sleeps shoulder-to-shoulder with **Pakistani and Indian migrant workers** in a cramped **shared room**. His bed is a thin mattress on the tile floor. His life is survival.

## 🕌 ****Scene: Empty Parking Lot Beside Masjid – Evening****

After Maghrib, the younger workers gather around a long stretch of a road where cars are drifting, X watches quietly from a distance.

Then, cautiously walks closer.

**X**  
“Can I try?”

The group of young men stop, look at each other… then laugh.

**Guy #1** (grinning)  
“Try? You don’t even look like you fast.”

**Guy #2** (mocking)  
“Go back to lifting bricks, boy.”

X doesn't flinch. He points randomly at one of the showoffs.

**X** (challenging)  
“I bet I can drift better than him.”

The laughter grows louder.

**Guy #1** (mocking)  
“This guy thinks it’s Fast and Furious Dubai.”

But then, one guy, leaning casually against a wall, tosses a **set of keys** toward X.

**Stranger** (grinning)  
“White Camry. Old tires. Parking lot’s yours.”

X catches the keys mid-air. No hesitation.

## 🚗 ****Scene: Deserted Lot – Night****

The **white ACV36 Camry** roars. Dust flies. Tires scream.

**X drifts it like a madman**, using the handbrake precisely, counter-steering as if he’s back on a Japanese circuit. Even with its age, the car glides under his control.

The laughter turns to silence.

Then cheering.

**Guy #3** (shocked)  
“Wallahi, he’s real.”

The stranger walks to X as he parks.

**Stranger**  
“I made a bet with that big-mouth over there.” (points at the guy X challenged)  
“If you could drift, he gives me the Camry. He lost.”

The guy scowls, clearly furious.

**Stranger** (tossing keys again)  
“So now it’s yours.”

**X** (startled)  
“What? No, I can’t just take someone’s car—”

**Stranger** (smirking)  
“He should’ve shut up if he didn’t want to lose it.”

Crowd starts chanting **"Camry! Camry! Camry!"**

**Stranger** (leaning closer)  
“You’ve got something. I don’t know what. But I’d like to see where it goes.”

X stands there, sweaty, dusty, clutching the keys to **his first car** since losing everything.

## 🐫 ****Scene: Sheikh Zubair's Ferrari 458 vs. the Camry — Dubai Desert Road, Late Afternoon****

The **Ferrari 458** — red, polished, aggressive — tears through the desert highway, followed by a convoy of blacked-out **G-Wagens**.

Suddenly…

**A white, scratched-up ACV36 Camry** comes out of nowhere. It overtakes the convoy cleanly, then the Ferrari itself — with a perfect line on an S-curve.

Inside the Ferrari, **Sheikh Zubair**, mid-50s, wears a crisp white dishdasha and dark Tag Heuer sunglasses. His eyebrow lifts.

**Sheikh Zubair** (to his bodyguard, calmly)  
“Get me that Camry.”

## 🚨 ****Scene: Outside a Grocery Store — Later****

X is casually loading groceries into the Camry.

Suddenly — **a bag is thrown over his head**. He's pulled into a van.

## 🕌 ****Scene: Marble Courtyard in a Desert Villa — Evening****

X, hood removed, blinks as his eyes adjust.

He’s kneeling before **Sheikh Zubair**, who sits under a ceiling fan in a shaded terrace. Around him are men with earpieces and **two teenage sons** — smug, pampered-looking kids dressed in racing overalls.

**X** (tense)  
“If you're going to deport me, just do it fast.”

**Sheikh Zubair** (chuckles)  
“Deport you? Why would I waste a driver like you?”

The Sheikh gestures to a TV screen playing **camera footage** from the G-Wagen — showing the Camry's overtake in slow motion.

**Sheikh Zubair**  
“You're not just fast… you’re composed. That’s rare.”

X stays quiet, arms crossed.

**Sheikh Zubair**  
“I want you to race for me. I fund three GT teams across the Gulf. You'll drive whatever you want. Name it.”

**X** (flat)  
“I’m not racing anymore.”

The sheikh leans forward, smile fading.

**Sheikh Zubair**  
“You are in my country, working illegally, with no visa, no papers… You see, this is not a negotiation.”

**X** (dry)  
“…Blackmail?”

**Sheikh Zubair** (smiles again)  
“Call it… opportunity with urgency.”

**Sheikh Zubair** (gestures to his sons)  
“Fine. Don’t race. But teach my sons. If they lose again in Abu Dhabi, I will cry. My enemies will laugh. I cannot allow that.”

X eyes the boys. One is picking his nose. The other is scrolling on his phone.

**X** (resigned)  
“Fine. I’ll teach them. But no cameras. No records. I don’t exist.”

The sheikh nods.

**Sheikh Zubair**  
“Done. You will be known only as Coach X.”

## 🏎️ ****Scene: Private Track — Montage Begins****

* X teaching the Sheikh's spoiled sons to brake properly.
* One of the sons spins out and pukes.
* X sighing as he fixes their lines with cones and chalk.
* But over weeks, they begin improving.
* And slowly, X starts smiling again… behind the wheel of the Camry, late at night, drifting alone in the dark.

## 🌆 ****Scene: Indonesian Consulate General (KJRI) — Dubai, Morning****

The waiting room is sterile, filled with quiet murmurs and fluorescent light. X sits nervously, holding a **worn brown envelope**. His **passport is expired**, its pages faded.

A junior staffer comes out and calls his name. X is led into a private office, where the **Consul General**, a sharp-eyed woman in her 50s, waits.

**Consul General** (flipping through his expired passport)  
“There’s… no Dubai entry stamp. No visa. No re-entry. Nothing.”

**X** (calmly)  
“I came here… a long time ago.”

**Consul General** (sternly)  
“Mr. Xavier, you’ve been in this country **illegally** for over a decade. You could’ve been deported, or had your citizenship revoked.”

X stays silent. A long pause.

Suddenly, the phone on her desk rings. She answers. Her tone shifts completely.

**Consul General** (into phone)  
“Yes, Your Highness… understood… of course.”

She hangs up, exhales slowly, then turns back to X.

**Consul General** (softer tone)  
“It seems your employer is very concerned for your… travel needs.”

She places a **fresh Indonesian passport** in front of him. X stares at it, unsure whether to touch it.

**Consul General**  
“This never happened. The system says you went home in 2010. You returned last month.”

She leans in.

**Consul General** (quiet but firm)  
“Don’t misuse this again. One misstep and you’re not Indonesian anymore.”

X finally takes the passport.

**X** (quietly)  
“Thank you, Bu.”

**Consul General** (coldly)  
“Don’t thank me. Thank the Sheikh. Now go—before I change my mind.”

## ✈️ ****Scene: Dubai International Airport – Later That Night****

X stands alone at the boarding gate, holding a **new passport** and a **business class ticket to London**.

He watches the departure screen:

✈️ DXB → LHR: Emirates EK001 – Boarding

## ✈️ Scene: Heathrow Airport – Arrival Hall, London

X exits immigration, walking behind the **young prince**, who’s all smiles. The prince glances back:

**Prince**  
“Welcome to London, Coach. Hope you packed warm clothes.”

X smirks, still awkward in a place that feels too clean, too foreign.

## 🏎️ Scene: Silverstone Circuit – Practice Day

Cut to: The red **Ferrari SF90 XX Stradale** growling through the corners.

X stands at the pit wall with a **track map in hand**, pointing at key spots as the prince returns to the paddock.

**X**  
“Turn 3… brake before the shadow. You’re going in too hot.”

**Prince** (nodding)  
“Understood.”

**X**  
“Turn 7, hug the inside — trust the car. And the straight after Maggots… go flat. You lift, you lose.”

The prince clenches his fist. “Let’s win this.”

## 🏁 Scene: Race Day – Silverstone GP Support Race

With X watching from the pit lane, stopwatch in hand, the prince **overtakes cleanly** on the final lap and **wins** by one seconds.

X doesn’t celebrate wildly — just closes the stopwatch, exhales, and nods in satisfaction.

## 🏙️ Scene: Dubai – Night, Two Weeks Later

X is blindfolded, sitting in the backseat of a Rolls-Royce. The prince is grinning.

**Prince**  
“My father wanted to say thank you… in our own way.”

They arrive at a **sleek, glass-covered penthouse tower**. The elevator opens to reveal a modern, lavish suite — already customized for X.

A tall, smooth man in uniform bows slightly.

**Jamal**  
“Good evening, Mr. Xavier. I’m Jamal, I’ll be your butler. Welcome home.”

X stands speechless.

**Prince**  
“No more shared studio apartments shared with Pakistani workers. This is yours. Sheikh’s order.”

X walks to the balcony. The Dubai skyline gleams below — a city that once chewed him up now lays itself at his feet.

**X** (quietly)  
“I don’t know what to say.”

**Jamal**  
“Start by telling me how you take your coffee.”

## 🗂️ Scene: Denpasar Police HQ – Immigration & Intelligence Desk

Daylight filters through dusty glass windows. Ceiling fans whirl lazily above desks cluttered with folders, coffee cups, and computers.

**Nyoman** sits at his desk, his uniform slightly unkempt, reading a tourism report on a tablet.

**Nyoman** (grumbling)  
“Ever since King Salman came with those 500 staff, Bali's become like a second Jeddah…”

His **staff sergeant** knocks and enters.

**Staff**  
“Speaking of Arabs, sir — got a flag from KJRI Dubai. An Indonesian just renewed his passport after more than a decade. Illegally entered Dubai, stayed under the radar for years.”

Nyoman raises an eyebrow.

**Nyoman**  
“We expecting a deportee?”

**Staff**  
“Apparently not. Guy’s working for a Dubai prince now. High-level. Got his documents fast-tracked.”

Nyoman frowns, reaching for a pen.

**Nyoman**  
“And why do I care?”

**Staff** (shows printed sheet)  
“Because the renewal triggered a match on the national missing persons database.”

Nyoman takes the paper. His eyes scan the name:  
**Xavier Wijaya**.

He leans back slowly.

**Nyoman**  
“Xavier... That name sounds familiar.”

**Staff**  
“Disappeared 2009. No records since. The new passport shows he's flying to London with a royal delegation.”

Nyoman flips the document over, thinks for a second, then speaks low:

**Nyoman**  
“Could be a case of identity fraud... or something deeper.”

He puts the paper into a folder, labels it “**X-TRACK**”, and locks it in his drawer.

**Nyoman**  
“Just to be safe… I’ll look into it myself.”