LEAN ANGLE
EPISODE 3
EL FORASTER & LIO Y LAIA

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INT. DUCATI GARAGE - MORNING

The garage is quiet in that suspended moment before engines wake. Tool carts aligned. Helmets upside down. Laptops closed. A large TV MONITOR dark on the wall.

XAVI stands at his locker. New Ducati leathers hang pristine. Red. White. Perfect.

On the back, stitched small and deliberate:

EL FORASTER

Xavi runs his hand over the letters once. Not sentimental. Just checking they're real. He pulls the leathers on. Zips up. Rolls his shoulders.

Then — instinctively — he makes a fist, thumb out, and points back at the name. A footballer's gesture. Private pride.

Across the garage, ERV watches. He clocks the gesture immediately — attachment. He says nothing. The first engine fires. Then another.

Laptops snap open. Telemetry streams. The TV MONITOR lights up — split screens, onboard feeds, sector times.

ALYSSA stands with GIACOMO at the back of the garage. She moves towards some Ducati workers.

ALYSSA
Keep the garage clear, quiet. No media near the garage or the pit wall until after Q1.

Xavi swings a leg over the bike and rolls out.

EXT. TRACK - QUALIFYING 1 - CONTINUOUS

The sound leaves pit lane like it's angry. Too sharp. Too eager. Xavi is fast immediately. Too fast.

IN-HELMET AUDIO:

XAVI (V.O.)
Okay, easy.

The rear steps out under braking. The engine note skews sideways. Ugly. Saved.

The sound comes past the garage again — wilder this time. Unsettled.

INT. DUCATI GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

No one watches anything.

Erv stands at the open door, head tilted, listening for difference.

ERV
He’s over it.

Another engine slices through the noise — cleaner. Colder.

SPENCER (V.O.)
When riders push early, they’re not chasing lap times. They’re chasing certainty — mistake.

The sound changes again. Two engines now. Braided. Intertwined.

SPENCER (V.O.)
Alonso has joined him. And neither wants to blink.

The engines trade positions by sound alone. One higher. One lower. Back and forth. Chess played at two hundred miles an hour.

A sudden rupture — gravel hitting fairing. A bike howls, then stumbles, then survives.

A breath moves through the garage. Not relief. Recognition.

Erv doesn’t look anywhere else. He watches Xavi’s body as the bike passes. How he leans. How he breathes. How he commits.

Someone steps beside him.

SETE ALONSO, early 50s, calm, still, eyes that have seen everything.

They stand together without greeting.

SETE
Fast.

ERV
Too fast.

The engines go out again — then return — different now. Focused.

SPENCER (V.O.)
Thirty seconds left. Last lap cost you or names you.

IN-HELMET AUDIO:

XAVI (V.O.)
Hold it. Just hold it.

The bike dances — on the edge — held together by instinct and refusal.

The final pass is clean. Finished.

Silence follows.

SPENCER (V.O.)
Vega has done enough. But not everything.

Another engine passes. Stronger. Final.

SPENCER (V.O.)
Diego keeps it. Pole or nothing.

INT. DUCATI GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa exhales once. Giacomo doesn't move.

ALYSSA
(quietly)
If he survives this lap, we move him straight to media. If he doesn't, no statements for at least 15 minutes.

Sete watches Xavi disappear down pit lane.

A small nod. Then a grin.

Sete turns to Erv. They shake hands.

Not celebration. Recognition.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PADDOCK - NIGHT

The track is quiet now. Generators hum. Lights glow soft between motorhomes. The air loosens. A deep house beat rolls low and steady from a portable speaker — not loud, not soft. Constant. Like breath.

Between two trailers, mechanics play futsal with a low, heavy ball that never leaves the ground. Quick passes. Tight space. Laughter.

Shouts overlap:

MECHANIC (SPANISH)
¡Vamos, vamos!

ENGINEER (ITALIAN)
Dai! Dai!

MECHANIC (FRENCH)
Allez, allez!

RIDER (PORTUGUESE)
Mais rápido!

The ball comes to Xavi, wearing a Lamine Yamal #10 Barça shirt. He traps it clean. Juggles once. Twice. Keeps it moving — instinctive, economical, perfect. The game adjusts around him.

MECHANIC (CATALAN)
Mira això… mira això…

Laughter erupts. Penelope watches — genuinely amazed. This is a different Xavi than the one on track. Alyssa watches from the edge — wary. Calculating.

ALYSSA
Erv, he relaxes he rides better. He relaxes too much, we lose him.

Erv watches too — but he's seeing something else. Effortless control. He nods once to himself. The ball moves faster now. The beat rises.

Then — Sete steps into the game. Calm. Light. Barely moving. Always in the right place.

Xavi notices immediately. They play two-touch — simple, respectful. Erv looks up. Sete glances at him. A nod is exchanged. Nothing spoken. Diego joins late — sharper, more competitive.

DIEGO (SPANISH)
Ahora. Dame.

The game tightens. A quick pass. A laugh. A missed touch. One last exchange. Sete traps the ball. A small feint. A touch. Then — a sudden strike. The ball slides between two boots and hits the side of a trailer.

GOAL.

SETE
(laughing, loud)
Goooooooaaaaaal!

Cheers erupt. Whistles. Shouts. Applause. Hands go up. Someone claps him on the back. Diego shakes his head, smiling despite himself.

The game dissolves into laughter. People drift away — still talking, still joking. Sete reaches into a cooler, pulls out beers. Hands one to Xavi.

SETE (CATALAN)
A sobreviure.

Xavi clinks without thinking. Sets his beer down. He slings his backpack off his shoulder. Unzips it. Pulls out a hacky sack — old, worn.

A beat.

Someone laughs.

MECHANIC (ITALIAN ACCENT)
No way, bro…

Xavi drops it. Kicks it up. One foot. Then another. One mechanic joins.

MECHANIC
NON, NON...COMME CA!

Another joins.

ENGINEER (ITALIAN)
Piano, piano!

Then Penelope — awkward, laughing, trying.

PENELOPE (SPANISH)
Esto es imposible…

A loose circle forms. Languages overlap. Rhythm syncs. Xavi is at the center — not performing, not trying. Belonging without effort.

The deep house beat hums lower, slower. Bodies relax. Rhythm takes over. Sete steps back, watching the circle.

Erv stands beside him, arms folded, quiet. Not excluded. Choosing distance. This is practice too.

They don’t speak. They don’t need to. The night holds them.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. PADDOCK SERVICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The noise of the paddock fades behind them. Concrete walls. Fluorescent light. Quiet.

Diego and Sete walk side by side. For a moment, neither speaks.

Diego still carries the energy of the night — adrenaline that hasn’t settled. Sete notices. Says nothing. They walk a few more steps.

DIEGO
He rides like him.

Sete doesn’t ask who. He already knows.

SETE
Sometimes.

Diego glances back toward the paddock lights. Toward where Xavi still is.

DIEGO
People forget.

SETE
No.

A beat.

SETE
People continue.

Diego stops walking.

DIEGO
You lost everything.

Sete studies him. Calm.

SETE
I lost racing.

A beat.

SETE
But I kept my son.

Diego looks up.

SETE
Lio lost his life.

Another beat.

SETE
And Xavi lost his father.

Silence settles between them.

SETE
Corners don’t choose. Riders do.

A breath.

SETE
It was racing.

Diego’s jaw tightens.

DIEGO
It was his mistake.

Sete considers this. Not defensive. Not dismissive.

SETE
Maybe.

A beat.

SETE
But that was twenty years ago.

Diego doesn’t respond.

SETE
You were one year old.

Another quiet moment.

SETE
You are not angry with his father.

Diego finally looks at him.

SETE
You are angry that he is here.

That lands.

SETE
And you must beat him.

Not cruel. Just truth. Sete places a hand briefly on Diego's shoulder. A father. Not a coach.

SETE
That is racing.

Sete walks on. Diego stays where he is a moment. Thinking. Then he turns back toward the paddock lights.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CIRCUIT - NIGHT

The paddock noise fades behind them. Xavi and Erv slip through a side gate — quiet, practiced. No one stops them. No one cares.

The track is empty now. Floodlights hum. Asphalt breathes heat back into the air. Erv opens his tablet. Onboard footage plays — Turn 3, Turn 4, braking points, lean angle graphs.

Xavi watches. Focused. Erv stops the video. Turns the screen off.

Black. He hands the tablet to Xavi.

ERV
Numbers end here.

They step onto the track. Their footsteps echo — soft, deliberate. They walk Turn 3.

The camber reveals itself. The downhill fall. The place where courage becomes decision.

Erv crouches. Runs his hand across the asphalt.

ERV
This is where the numbers lie to you.

Xavi kneels too. Touches the surface. Silence stretches.

No bikes. No data. No models. No audience. Just asphalt. Just breath. Erv stands.

ERV
Tomorrow, trust what you feel. Not what they tell you.

Xavi nods once. Not agreement. Acceptance. Erv walks on.

Xavi stands still.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. PADDOCK - LATER

Away from the noise. Music somewhere in the distance. Smoke drifting from a small portable grill.

Kevin Schwantz stands over it with barbecue tongs in one hand and a beer in the other.

Jorge Lorenzo sits on the tailgate of Kevin’s old pickup.

Beer. Sunglasses. Calm.

Xavi approaches.

KEVIN
You look like somebody told you the race already happened.

XAVI
Feels like it.

JORGE
That is Catalunya.

Xavi looks at him.

JORGE
Your mother was Catalan. So you know the problem with home races?

XAVI
What?

JORGE
Everyone thinks they belong to them.

A beat.

JORGE
They don't.

JORGE
The track belongs to itself.

Kevin flips something on the grill.

KEVIN
Listen to the man. He's Catalan. They come out of the womb arguing with corners.

JORGE
Mallorcan.

KEVIN
See? Exactly.

Xavi laughs despite himself.

JORGE
Catalunya is dangerous because you want too much.

XAVI
So what do I do?

JORGE
Take less.

A beat.

JORGE
Then, when everyone else gets emotional...

JORGE
You take everything.

Kevin hands Xavi a bottle of water.

KEVIN
And first lap? Don't win the race.

JORGE
Second lap either.

KEVIN
Third lap gets interesting.

JORGE
For Kevin, yes.

KEVIN
That's why people remember me.

JORGE
Manage the emotion. The tires.

KEVIN
The expectations.

Xavi nods. Walks away.

XAVI
These guys.

INT. MEDIA CENTER - DAY

Flashes. Voices. Logos. Controlled chaos.

Riders sit under lights — smiling, repeating answers, performing comfort. Cameras pivot constantly.

At one table, Diego Alonso laughs easily — born to this. Reporters lean in. Phones record. He gives them exactly what they want.

Across the room, Xavi waits — helmet on his knee, unreadable.

Penelope works the perimeter, slipping between clusters, catching fragments.

PENELOPE
(in Catalan, then Spanish)
Just one quick—

A PR REP steps in front of her.

PR REP
You're not on the list.

Penelope stops. Holds her ground. Nearby, Alyssa stands with a Ducati rep — eyes everywhere. She clocks Penelope. Clocks Xavi. Clocks the cameras.

This is her battlefield.

Off to the side, Spencer watches — not working yet. Just studying. He's reading Xavi like a corner.

Erv stands near Penelope now — quiet, observant. Two outsiders watching the same machine.

He steps forward.

ERV
She's with us.

The PR Rep hesitates. Alyssa sees it. Giacomo sees it too.

A half-second recalibration.

PR REP
Five minutes. No follow-ups.

ALYSSA
Three minutes, then exit with him through the side exit.

Penelope nods — already moving.

As she passes Alyssa, they exchange a look — professional, sharp, unfinished.

ALYSSA
(to PR Rep)
From now on, she checks with me first.

PR Rep nods. Spencer finally steps forward.

SPENCER
Xavi?

Xavi stands. The room shifts — just slightly.

The circus continues behind them as they walk away.

INT. QUIET INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Two chairs. A small table. Water glasses untouched.

A small camera hums. Spencer sits opposite Xavi — relaxed, unthreatening, patient. He waits until Xavi settles.

SPENCER
They call you El Foraster now.

Xavi nods.

SPENCER
You've embraced it.

XAVI
It's accurate.

A beat.

SPENCER
Outsider everywhere?

Xavi considers.

XAVI
Most places.

SPENCER
Your father rode here.

Xavi’s eyes flick up — just once.

XAVI
Lio Vega.

SPENCER
You were very young.

Xavi nods.

SPENCER
And your mother?

Silence. The camera doesn’t move. Xavi looks down. Breath slows.

XAVI
She raised me.

That’s all.

SPENCER
Mallorca.

Xavi looks up now.

SPENCER
You still go back?

A long beat.

XAVI
Not anymore.

Spencer lets it sit.

SPENCER
So when you ride… who are you riding with?

Xavi thinks. Really thinks.

XAVI
No one.

A beat.

XAVI
That’s the quiet part.

Outside the room, Erv stands in the hallway. Eyes closed. Breath slow. He knows this moment. He’s lived it.

Inside, Spencer nods once.

SPENCER
Thank you.

The camera keeps rolling.

INT. PADDOCK MEDIA CENTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Spencer exits the interview room. Erv opens his eyes, nods to Spencer, and moves off. Giacomo approaches, espresso in hand.

GIACOMO
Spencer! My friend!

SPENCER
Just spoke with Xavi. Interesting kid.

GIACOMO
Ah, yes. Very fast.

SPENCER
And good television.

Giacomo grins.

GIACOMO
Even better when he wins!

Spencer laughs.

SPENCER
Some things never change.

Giacomo pats his shoulder. They part ways.

CUT TO:

EXT. PADDOCK COMMON AREA - NIGHT

A folding table. Mismatched chairs. Takeout containers. Paper plates. Nothing precious.

Xavi, Diego, Penelope, Erv, and Sete sit together - loose, tired, still buzzing.

Someone deals cards. A simple board game sits half-played - no one remembers the rules anymore.

Laughter comes easy now. Beers are opened. Passed around.

Sete stands, holding his can - not formally, not ceremonially.

Just enough to pause the table. They quiet, naturally.

SETE
Before we eat.

A beat.

No one knows what's coming - but no one interrupts.

SETE
Body is nothing more than emptiness. Emptiness is nothing more than body.

He says it plainly. Like weather. Like fact.

Erv nods - not surprised. Not impressed. Just aligned.

SETE
Nothing is born. Nothing dies. Nothing is pure. Nothing is stained.

The table is silent now - but comfortable.

SETE
That's why we trust each other.

He sits.

A beat.

Erv lifts his beer.

ERV
That's why the data lies.

A ripple of laughter breaks the spell - gentle, relieved. Sete smiles. Just once. Beers clink.

SETE
To surviving.

Xavi clinks without thinking. Diego hesitates - then joins.

Penelope reaches toward the cooler. Looks inside. Skips the heavier beers. Grabs an Amstel Light instead.

Xavi clocks it.

XAVI
Light beer?

PENELOPE
Twelve-hour days.

A beat.

PENELOPE
Survival.

Xavi looks at the can.

PENELOPE
I learned from people older and dumber than me.

Penelope watches them - finally seeing it.

Not rivalry. Not drama. A code. They drink.

The game resumes - badly. Cards are dropped. Rules ignored. Food is passed. Stories overlap.

Languages mix again - Catalan, Spanish, Italian, French, English.

Xavi leans back, listening. He doesn't understand yet.

But he feels it. And for the first time all weekend - he's not alone at the table.

FADE OUT.

INT. DUCATI HOSPITALITY UNIT - NIGHT

Glass. Steel. Espresso machines humming.

Giacomo stands at the window, looking out at the paddock — the noise, the lights, the looseness.

Alyssa enters. Closes the door behind her.

GIACOMO
(pointing)
That.

Alyssa knows what he means.

ALYSSA
They’re blowing off steam.

Giacomo turns. His voice stays low — but sharp.

GIACOMO
This is not a summer camp.

A beat.

GIACOMO
We are two points behind Aprilia.

Alyssa nods.

GIACOMO
Constructors. Riders. Narrative. We lose any of those — we lose control.

Alyssa holds his gaze.

ALYSSA
Xavi brings attention. Attention brings pressure. Pressure brings mistakes.

Giacomo slams his espresso cup down — just once. A crack of porcelain.

GIACOMO
Then we stop the mistakes.

A beat.

His voice settles again. The temper gone as fast as it came.

GIACOMO
No crashes. No stories we don't control. Tomorrow — results.

He straightens his jacket.

GIACOMO
Dinner.

Alyssa opens the door.

The noise of the paddock floods back in.

They step out — composed, aligned — as the system closes ranks.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Long table. White tablecloth. Perfect lighting. A place chosen for deals, not comfort.

Ducati red everywhere — jackets, watches, accents. Wine is poured before anyone asks.

Xavi sits midway down the table — neither honored nor ignored. Exactly placed. Diego sits near Giacomo — easy, fluent, relaxed. He belongs here.

Sete sits beside his son, quiet, observant, hands folded.

Erv sits near Xavi, back straight, listening more than speaking.

Penelope sits at the far end — invited, but barely. She knows the line and stays just behind it.

Alyssa presides without appearing to. Small adjustments. Small corrections. Invisible control.

Conversation flows — contracts, logistics, schedules. Language shifts constantly — Italian, Spanish, English, Catalan.

Xavi listens. Eats slowly.

GIACOMO
(to the table)
Tomorrow is simple.

A beat.

GIACOMO
Finish clean. Bring the bike home.
No heroics.

Eyes flick briefly to Xavi — not unkind, not warm. Xavi nods once. Diego raises his glass.

DIEGO
To Ducati.

Glasses lift.

SETE
(to Xavi, quiet)
To staying on the bike.

Xavi smiles despite himself. Across the table, Alyssa watches the exchange.

The system notices everything.

A waiter clears plates. Dessert menus arrive. No one opens them. A waiter tries to refill Penelope’s glass. She covers the glass with two fingers.

Done.

The waiter moves on. She reaches for the sparkling water instead.

Xavi notices.

XAVI
Thought you'd drink more than that.

PENELOPE
Sometimes I do.

A beat.

Giacomo still talking. Alyssa listening. Cameras still nearby.

Then she lowers her voice.

PENELOPE
Then I watched people ten years older than me start acting twenty years older.

Xavi looks at her.

PENELOPE
DJs. Journalists. Promoters.

A beat.

PENELOPE
People who thought the party was the job.

A beat.

PENELOPE
The night is not for indulgence, Xavi.

That lands. Not as advice. As fact. Xavi leans back.

Not fatigue. Recognition. Erv catches it.

ERV
(quiet, to Xavi)
Sleep.

Xavi nods. Around them, the table continues — efficient, polished, relentless.

Xavi realizes: This isn't family. It's a machine. And tomorrow, he has to ride inside it.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. TRACK - NIGHT

The circuit is empty. Floodlights buzz. The air is cool now.

Xavi and Erv walk side-by-side, hands in pockets, no rush. For a while, they say nothing.

XAVI
Dinner was… intense.

Erv nods.

ERV
Free food is always intense.

Xavi smiles despite himself. They walk a few steps more.

XAVI
I don't think Giacomo blinked once.

ERV
He blinks. Just not in public.

A beat.

They reach Turn 3. Xavi looks down the drop — instinctively measuring it. Erv notices — immediately changes subject.

ERV
You ever notice how every track has one corner that feels personal?

Xavi looks at him. Considers.

XAVI
This one's angry.

ERV
Yeah. Laguna was arrogant. Austin, loud. This one — this one waits.

Xavi laughs — quiet, surprised. They keep walking.

ERV
You've done the work.

Xavi nods — but still restless.

ERV
Tomorrow, don't think about tomorrow.

XAVI
That seems… unlikely.

ERV
That's why you practice.

A beat.

ERV
Just ride the way you ride when no one's watching.

Xavi breathes out. Long. Slow. The tension leaves his shoulders. They reach the end of the straight.

Erv stops.

ERV
And if you get lost out there —

XAVI
— I'll listen to the track.

Erv smiles.

ERV
Good. Because it's been trying to talk to you all week.

They turn back toward the paddock — two silhouettes dissolving into the dark. The floodlights hum.

Tomorrow waits.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CIRCUIT - RACE DAY - DAY

Ninety thousand people breathing at once.

A wall of sound. Flags everywhere — red, yellow, blue, green.

Engines scream like a living thing. Too loud. Too close.

Xavi sits on the grid. Helmet on. Still.

IN-HELMET AUDIO:

XAVI (V.O.)
Breathe steady. Hands loose. Eyes forward.

The engines rise together — a single animal tightening. Then the sound breaks open. We don't see the launch. We feel it.

The first engine pass is chaos. Heat. Noise. Wrong rhythm.

SPENCER (V.O.)
Race day isn't about speed. It's about what you keep when everything is taken away.

The sound comes past again — cleaner now. Separated. Two engines. Braided. Pulling away from the rest.

SPENCER (V.O.)
They've found each other. This is a private race now.

INT. DUCATI GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Erv stands perfectly still at the open door. Not watching. Listening.

Alyssa grips the rail. Giacomo doesn't blink. Sete stands like prayer. Penelope forgets to write.

EXT. TRACK - FRAGMENTS

— A brake note snaps late — A downshift hits clean — A rear breathes, not breaks — A gap opens, closes, opens again.

The bike settles. Then lifts. Then settles again.

IN-HELMET AUDIO:

XAVI (V.O.)
Hold it.

SPENCER (V.O.)
This is where you stop riding the track and start riding the man.

The sound surges forward — then drops back.

Xavi's engine note is ahead now.

SPENCER (V.O.)
Vega has found flow. And flow is dangerous.

In helmet audio.

XAVI (V.O.)
Quiet.

The rhythm breaks. A sharp note. A mistake.

SPENCER (V.O.)
Diego has overreached.

In helmet audio.

XAVI (V.O.)
No crashes. Ride like no one’s watching.

The engine note lifts. Just enough. The sound ahead returns. Order restored. But different.

SPENCER (V.O.)
He let it go and that may be the race.

The final engine pass — close. Controlled. Alive. Silence follows.

SPENCER (V.O.)
Alonso takes it. Vega holds second and for him — not a loss.

INT. DUCATI GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

A beat.

Then relief moves through the space.

Alyssa exhales. Giacomo nods once. Erv smiles — small, proud, real. Sete closes his eyes and breathes out. Penelope wipes tears she didn’t know were there.

EXT. PODIUM - LATER

Champagne explodes. Sunlight shatters on spray. Xavi laughs. Not wild. Not hungry.

Present.

He looks down at the crowd and then up at the sky.

The sound fades.

Holds.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. PADDOCK - LATER

The noise is gone. Motorhomes closing. Teams packing. A week off. Erv walks beside Xavi. Penelope joins them.

PENELOPE
So… where do you go now?

Erv smiles.

ERV
Surf? Sleep? Disappear?

Xavi doesn’t answer right away. He looks at the bike. The track. The horizon.

XAVI
Mallorca.

A beat. Penelope clocks it. Erv does too. They don’t ask why.

They walk on. The season continues.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK.

Waves crashing. Slow. Rhythmic. Mediterranean.

LIO Y LAIA

NOTE: Dialogue is primarily in English. Laia and local characters speak in Catalan when appropriate (subtitled in English). Lio does not speak Catalan.

VISUAL NOTE: The entire “Lio y Laia” interlude is photographed on Super 8 film.

SUPER: MOTOGP — CATALONIA — EARLY 2000s

SOUND — an engine.

Distant. Rising.

The engine climbs. Strained.

A Doppler scream—

CUT — FLASH:

A MotoGP bike at full lean.

Impossible angle.

CUT:

Rear tire steps out.

SNAP—
Carbon fiber shattering. Metal grinding across tarmac.

CUT TO BLACK.

Silence.

Then—

“Truth is a Slow Bullet” begins. Sparse. Minimal.

OPENING CREDITS:

Still image: Lio as a kid on a pocket bike.

Title over image:

Written and Directed by Sean MacDougall

Still image: Old newspaper clippings.

Still image: A teenage Laia on a beach in Mallorca.

Still image: Race gloves. Helmet. Leathers.

Title over image:

Music by MacoFumi

Still image: A photo of Lio on a podium.

Still image: A family vineyard in Puigpunyent.

Still image: MotoGP stills — impossible lean angles, blurred crowds, pit lane lights.

Still image: Old Palma streets.

Still image: A close still of Laia’s eyes.

Still image: A photo of Lio standing beside his bike, helmet off, looking somewhere else entirely.

The music carries.

SUPER: PALMA, MALLORCA — EARLY 2000s

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Stone walls. Wooden shutters. Streetlight cuts through in thin lines.

A ceiling fan turns. Slow.

Close on skin. Breath. Movement. Fragments.

A hand on LAIA — Mallorcan. Early 20s. Dark, striking — green eyes that hold.

Fingers tighten.

A small sound.

Then—

Stillness.

They lie there. Heat fading.

The fan ticks. Distant voices from the street below.

LIO — Early 20s. American MotoGP rider. Lean, precise. Built for speed, not stillness.

He shifts. Reaches down.

A pause.

He looks at his hand.

The condom — torn.

A beat—

A low, fragile note enters. Cello. Barely there.

SOUND — engine spike (memory).

CUT — FLASH:

Handlebars shaking.

Sky.

CUT BACK.

He stares at it.

Doesn’t speak.

LAIA (O.S.)
What?

He doesn’t answer.

She turns.

Sees.

Stillness.

Then—

She sits up fast.

LAIA
How long?

LIO
I don’t know.

She’s already moving. Getting dressed.

Fast. Controlled.

LAIA
Did you—

He nods.

She exhales once.

Not panic. Calculation.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - MORNING

Quiet.

A folded NEWSPAPER outside the door.

Lio opens the door. Sees it. A beat.

He picks it up.

Front page. Catalan.

Headline:

"LIO VEGA CAU A BARCELONA" "TOT O RES — EL TÍTOL ARA EN QÜESTIÓ"
(English subtitles)

"THE AMERICAN CRASHES IN BARCELONA"

"ALL OR NOTHING — THE TITLE NOW IN QUESTION"

A photo — Lio sliding through gravel. Bike tearing away.

His number visible. Half-buried.

Lio takes it in. No reaction. Not yet.

Down the corridor—

Laia walks past him.

Doesn’t look.

Keeps moving.

He watches her go.

Then looks back at the paper.

A faint note. Cello.

Barely there.

Folds it once.

Carries it inside.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

A small TV. Muted.

Grainy race footage.

Lio leading—

Then gone.

Replay.

Again.

Lio watches once.

Turns it off.

Laia moves through the room. Packing. Unbothered.

EXT. OLD TOWN PALMA - DAY

Cobblestone. Narrow. Sun hitting stone.

They walk.

A few people pass. Normal day.

A MAN glances at Lio.

Recognition.

Then keeps going.

Nothing more.

Laia doesn’t notice.

LAIA
If you rush here, the place closes itself.

Lio doesn’t respond.

They pass fruit, bread, open doors.

Life continuing.

LAIA
My mother used to make me shop here.

A beat.

LAIA
Said if you can feed yourself, you don’t panic.

A KID approaches Lio.

He holds out a pen.

KID
Are you okay?

Lio nods.

Signs quickly.

Hands it back.

The kid smiles. Runs off.

Laia keeps walking.

Doesn’t turn.

Lio catches up.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Small. Lived-in.

Laia cooks.

Precise. Controlled.

Olive oil. Garlic. Tomatoes.

Lio stands in the doorway.

Watching.

Out of place.

LIO
You don’t have to do this.

LAIA
I’m not doing it for you.

She plates. Slides it onto the table.

He sits.

She doesn’t.

He eats.

Stops.

It’s very good.

He looks at her.

She’s already cleaning.

LAIA
Eat.

He does.

Too fast.

LAIA
Slow down.

He tries.

Not natural.

LIO
That...that is so good.

She doesn’t react.

Just watches him.

LAIA
My family makes wine. Here, Puigpunyent.

A beat. He doesn’t know what that means.

LAIA
Nearby.

He nods, eats.

LAIA
And food.

Another beat.

LAIA
You don’t rush either.

He nods.

Doesn’t fully understand.

She takes a bite.

Calm. Controlled.

For a moment—

Still.

Then—

She stands.

Done.

LAIA
We should go.

EXT. STONE STEPS TO SEA - LATE DAY

They descend.

Stone worn smooth.

The sound of water grows.

The world quieter here.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN EDGE - SUNSET

Rock. Open horizon.

Laia stands at the edge.

Holding the box.

Lio behind her.

Closer now.

But still not equal.

Water moves. Steady.

LAIA
The island doesn’t care how fast you are.

A beat.

LAIA
It just waits.

Silence.

LIO
Barcelona.

A beat.

LIO
I had it.

A beat.

LIO
Then I didn’t.

She doesn’t respond.

LAIA
You were leading.

He ponders. Beat.

LAIA
That’s not a problem.

A faint cello note.

Barely there.

A beat.

LAIA
I can’t have a kid.

LIO
What?

She looks at him.

Switches.

LAIA
I can’t have a kid.

A beat.

LIO
Okay.

A beat.

LAIA
No. Not okay.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bright. Tight. Mirror.

Laia alone. A pill in her hand.

A knock.

MONTSERRAT (O.S.)
You want me here?

A beat. Laia opens the door. Nods.

MONTSERRAT — Mid 20s. Friend. Composed. Practical without being heavy. She enters.

LAIA
I hate that fear gets to decide.

MONTSERRAT
It doesn't.

Laia looks at the pill.

LAIA
I don't know if this is me.

MONTSERRAT
Then don't decide it is.

Silence. Laia nods.

EXT. SEA ACCESS - DAWN

The music returns. Clearer now. Soft light. Same place.

Laia steps in. Cold. Keeps going. Water rises.

She disappears—

A beat—

Then she comes up. Breath. A small laugh.

Not relief. Something else.

Lio watches. Doesn't follow.

Laia floats. Still.

Her hand drifts to her stomach. Barely there.

Not a decision. Just awareness. The horizon opens.

Light spreads.

A faint engine sound— It slips beneath the music.

Then gone.

Silence.

A beat.

LAIA (V.O.)
(in Catalan)
People think it’s the big moments.
It’s not. It’s this.
(a beat)
LAIA (V.O.)
(in Catalan)
And it goes...before you even
notice.

The music carries.

FADE TO BLACK.